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Frank M. Pixley, - - - - - - - - - - Editor.

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It has been our privilege to witness some of the more important actions of our civil war, and, since its conclusion, to read very many biographies of men who took honorable part in the suppression of the great rebellion, but no military narrative has given us the same satisfaction as in perusing the personal memoirs of General Philip H. Sheridan, just recently issued from the press of Charles L. Webster & Co., of New York. General Sheridan has, in two volumes of plain print, of typographical elegance, and elaborate maps, the whole ornamented with fine portraits of those with whom he was brought in direct military association, given, in modest and unassuming narrative, a most interesting account of himself from the age of boyhood, when he was clerk in a country store in Ohio; through the school at West Point; through his Indian campaigns in California and Oregon; his services in the civil war in Missouri, Kentucky, and Tennessee; with General Thomas at Chickamauga; with Rosecrans at Chattanooga, describing the battles of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge; with General Meade from Spottsylvania Court-house; the fights of The Wilderness and about Richmond, where, at the head of the cavalry branch, he encountered the rebel cavalry under Early, Stuart, Wade Hampton, Fitzhugh Lee, and Mosby; his operations in the Shenandoah Valley, till the final capture of Richmond and the conclusion of the war by the surrender of General Lee—in all of which he took important part, advancing from a second lieutenant in an infantry regiment till he became a major-general. After the capture of Lee and the final collapse of the Confederate Government, he was assigned to the command west of the Mississippi, embracing the States of Texas and Louisiana, where he rendered important service to the sister republic of Mexico in aiding to bring the French invasion to a disastrous conclusion without crossing into Mexican territory; and, notwithstanding the treasonable and unfriendly attitude assumed toward him by President Johnson, he gave great assistance in the reconstruction of these States. The breaking out of the Franco-German war found General Sheridan in the West again engaged in Indian fighting. Upon General Grant's election as President, his first act, and upon the very day of his inauguration, was to commission Sheridan lieutenant-general. Then, consent having been obtained for a prolonged furlough, he visited Europe, witnessing the battles of Worth, Gravelotte, Résonville, Beaumont, and the other actions around Metz and Sedan, the capture of Napoleon, the investment and final surrender of Paris. During this time, General Sheridan and his traveling companion, Colonel Forsyth of his staff, were the guests of the King of Prussia and in intimate association with Bismarck, Von Moltke, and the other distinguished personages of the German head-quarters. While the German army was awaiting the capitulation of Paris, General Sheridan availed himself of the opportunity to visit Belgium and Italy, where he was very kindly received and entertained by both their kings. This narrative embraces the interesting personal events of a romantic life, leaving the impartial reader with the most exalted opinion of this brave and modest writer. There is an absence of egotism and personal vanity that is especially noticeable in the writings of General Grant, and especially prevalent in most of the war narratives that we have read. General Sheridan speaks kindly of nearly all with whom he came in contact, and truthfully, we think, of all under whom he served and over whom he held authority. That General Grant commanded his respect and confidence as a military chieftain, and his very highest personal regard, is apparent wherever his name appears in the narrative. That Sheridan was named as lieutenant-general of the army on the very day of his inauguration, is the highest evidence that General Grant could give of the estimation in which he held this bravest, most patriotic, and serviceable of all the men who served under him. General Sheridan does not criticise either the German or French army except in the kindness of eulogy; of the German infantry and cavalry he speaks in commendatory terms; of the gallantry and bravery of both armies he makes generous mention. He hints at treason by Bazaine, and censures the conduct of the war by Napoleon, and the regency in Paris over the French army, and attributes to these the series of military blunders that overwhelmed France in the mortification of showing how unprepared she was for the conduct of a war she had so deliberately and so willfully provoked. The German-French war was, so far as the causes which were given to the world, a fraud on either side. Whether a Hohenzollern should or should not occupy the throne of Spain was a matter about which no member of the dynasty and no statesman of Germany, France, or Spain cared an iota. The time had come when the King of Prussia, and the statesmen and warriors who surrounded his throne thought the German-speaking states should be consolidated into a great German empire; they could only be brought together and the unification of Germany accomplished by a great war in which all should be interested; hence, it is apparent that while Count von Moltke was organizing the Prussian army to take foremost rank among the fighting powers of Germany, Count Bismarck was laying his plans to invite the emperor into his toils. When the war was ended, the Prussian King was crowned Emperor of Germany in the palace of Louis the Fourteenth, at Versailles, and in the presence of the united armies of Germany. The Emperor Napoleon had lost his health, the imperial crown sat not firmly upon him, the empress had gained undue influence over him, and the Church of Rome had gained undue influence over her—corruption and profligacy reigned supreme in the French court and camp. Her majesty the empress, with a graceful smile and waving her embroidered Spanish fan at a court banquet, remarked, "This is my war; it is not the emperor's." It was not her war, nor a war for her son, nor for the glory of France or the honor of Frenchmen, but for the restoration of the civil power of the Papacy, for the subjection of Italy to the Papal throne. It was priest-governed France against the possibility of a Protestant German Empire. In the struggle, the French army was destroyed, the profligacy of its organization exposed, the Government of France was changed, and now, after more than eighteen years, it has remained republican. Napoleon died a prisoner, dethroned and in exile. The empress mourns in grief and widowhood the loss of empire, crown, husband, and imperial son. France, shorn of provinces, mulcted in money damages, hurt, and humiliated in her loss of military prestige, is now involved in a struggle with priests and political adventurers over her form of government. But France will never again come permanently beneath monarchical or imperial government, and never again in its legislative and executive councils fall under the control of ultramontane clericism. The future of France is under a republican form of government, acting in independence of a state religion, though its course to a peaceful, prosperous, and dignified future may be along a stormy pathway crimsoned with the blood of civil war and strewn with the wreck of private interests. In the future and strength of the French people and in the perpetuity of the French Republic we have abiding confidence.

Women's suffrage has received an immense impetus of late both in England and America. The Primrose League in the British Empire and the action of the women of Boston have contributed largely to advance this sentiment in both countries, till now it commands the support of men eminent in the public affairs of both nations. The position taken by Lord Salisbury in favor of granting their political rights to women, defines the position of the Conservative party, although it does not, so far as we understand, give authority for asserting that it is probable that the present Cabinet intends to introduce a bill for that object, nor do we understand that all the members of the Cabinet have given assert to the principles embodied in such a measure. Lord Salisbury, the Premier, the Duke of Rutland, Mr. W. H. Smith, leader in the House of Commons, Mr. Ritchie, and very many other prominent members, of both the administration and the opposition, are in favor of such a measure, and would give it their support. Lord Beaconsfield favored the measure during the latter years of his public life, and it is probable that Lord Randolph Churchill, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Goschen, and Mr. Balfour, the Secretary for Ireland, would favor the scheme, while it is believed that Lord Hartington, Sir Henry James, and other leading minds of the Liberal party would withhold from such a measure their support. It is well-known that among the leading gentlemen of our Senate and the House of Representatives and other prominent citizens of the country, that the measure is finding great favor. Lord Beaconsfield favored giving the elective privilege to women householders, and, so far as we know the sentiment of our own countrymen in this respect, they would limit the enfranchisement to females who pay taxes as the representatives of real property. The right of voting—with the property qualification—to intelligent women of exemplary lives and good moral character, might be a step in the right direction. We are, and for a long time past have been, convinced that it would have been better to so limit the elective franchise as to exclude impecunious, ignorant, and immoral males from the privilege of voting, and to restrict franchise to citizens of American birth by repealing existing laws that arm foreign criminals and political adventurers with this most dangerous power. The question of admitting female practitioners before the courts has been for the first time presented in Europe. An application to practice at the Belgian bar was recently presented by a very accomplished lady, and rejected

because the law of that country does not admit females to the legal profession. We are not prepared to admit from our own observation that the experience in our country is very encouraging. Our female lawyers, almost without exception, engage in politics, and usually for hire to whatever party or whatever side will pay the largest remuneration. Another objection is that they are usually more aggressive and saucy than either their law learning or sense of responsibility justifies.

Sentimental Gladstonians have pretended to be very much shocked at an expression by the Marquis of Salisbury, who styled Mr. Dadhabhai Naoroji, an Indian Parsee, a "black man." As the Parsees are so designated in India, and take pride in it, as it brings them certain political advantages from being associated with the native races, we presume the incident will not overthrow the Union-Conservative party, although the Irish, under the leadership of Parnell, would take pleasure in expressing their sympathy for a race under the heel of British persecution. The Irish are not especially sensitive in this direction, unless when under political influences. The "dom'd nagur" is rather a political than a social term of reproach. Of the marriages that have occurred in our country between the white and the colored races—both African and Asiatic—it most often happens that one of them is Milesian. The Church of Rome is especially active in pressing its missionary efforts in the direction of the "dark continent." Its most fashionable church at Washington, D. C., and where the best music is supplied, is a colored one, and presiding at the altar is a darky. Its strongest effort at proselytism is among the African contingent of the South. Against the prejudice of color, Ireland gave us most emphatic expression the other day in San Francisco in a contest between a colored pugilist, black as spades and powerful as the king of clubs, and an Irishman, born to the sod and hod, with clover on his teeth. Under the patronage of gentlemen, in a popular hall, with the countenance of the police, the assent of the press, and the approval of polite society, and, so far as we know, without the objection of pulpit, stock-board, social club, priest, preacher, or politician, this most illegal and blackguardly prize-fight was conducted to its brutal conclusion. Price of admission tickets, thirty dollars; audience composed of our best merchants. We do not feel at liberty to criticise this exhibition, since it has received such universal indorsement, except that the colored man had our entire sympathy. First, because he was an African and not an Irishman; second, he does not boast of being white, with only a skin for the justification of his claim of superiority; third, he was a stranger and especially entitled to our hospitality for having thrashed one who violates the law and our peculiar ideas of morality, decency, and good citizenship; fourth, because all our gambling sports lost their money on the Pat, while as a rule gentlemen bet for the odds and for a sentiment that in its expression was uniformly for the "nigger" and against "Mr. Muldoon, the solid man." Now we hope Mr. Peter Jackson, from Africa, will encounter Mr. Sullivan, from Ireland, Mr. Mitchell, from England, and Mr. Kilrain, also from the bogs, and whip them all in quick succession, so that he may bear off the gold-stuffed purse, the diamond-studded belt, the broken nose and pummeled countenance that indicate the royalty of the prize-ring. If blackguards and gamblers must have over them a reigning monarch, they have our consent that he should be a negro. We sincerely hope that the Queensbury rules that govern this manly art may not be so changed as to permit a blow below the belt, for so long as the darky's shins and heels are protected from assault and only his head exposed, there is no possibility of his defeat.

The old 1888 went out of existence with dignified serenity and 1889 came in with uncommon distinction. Save here and there upon earth's broad surface, its sons are at peace and its daughters are in health, multiplying the species. Of all nations, the United States of America is the most prosperous; of all the states that compose the commonwealth, none has had a more healthful, happy year than our own and none gives promise of a more rapid progress. For now these forty years we have been having a series of advertisements for our coast, some sensational, like the discovery of gold that announced throughout the world the fact of our existence; some startling, like earthquakes, suggesting that our geological foundations were unstable; great floods, that made navigable our interior valleys, made boating a pastime through the streets and into the dwellings of our capital; great scares, that sent our adventurous mining population to search for gold everywhere, from the mouth of the Arctic Yukon in Alaska, by the Fraser, along gold-bluffed coasts, across the Sierras to the silver bonanzas of Washoe, adown their western slopes to Kern, San Bernardino, and San Diego; great fires, which swept our cities of canvas and of wood from existence; great Indian wars and civil uprisings, which called heroes from the obscurity of their quiet lives and gave us generals whose names had else been buried in oblivion; great vigilance committees, overturning courts that had not force enough to vindicate the laws, subverting municipal governments, exercising supreme authority in demanding human life as a penalty for crimes, demonstrating that beneath the ashes of forms destroyed there burned the pure flame of loyalty to the law; great riots, race prejudices, class agitations, and election frauds have alternated with great popular demonstrations in favor of the Union; great contributions to sanitary funds; great charities in aid of science, which enabled our scientists to give a New Year's greeting to the solar eclipse, through the generosity of James Lick; a great university, which lays the foundations of a school broader in scope, more practical in its promised results, more munificently endowed than any other institution of learning in the world, the gift of the Stanfords in memory of their son; charities on every side, which have contributed to the welfare of our people, private benevolences which are wide-spread and silent, kindergarten schools that summer-fallow the soil of civilization in early preparation of the golden harvest which comes in age to a youth that is guarded, cared for, and cultivated—with this noblest of all our charities we associate the name of Solomon Hydenfeldt; all these things have advertised our State of California to the intelligent world. Our climate is so admittedly incomparable to that of any other land that we are no longer laughed at, nor are we chargeable with vain conceit in alluding to it; our fruit productions in their abundance, variety, and superiority are demonstrated in the markets of the world, in the fairs of distant cities, and upon the tables of the luxurious, who are generous enough to indulge their own appetites by providing them. Our wines are challenging comparison with more ancient and celebrated vineyards, and all we have the right to demand is "comparison by taste." Of all the things on this earth that must rely upon real merit, tested by intellectual conscientiousness, wine is the most conspicuous. A religion may impose itself upon an ignorant and credulous world as of divine authority, as clothed with civil power, as subject to a faith that is unassailable and a head that is infallible, but a wine can not rely upon any of the accessories, weaknesses, accidents, or human follies that build up churches, dynasties, and human powers, or give birth to traditions, superstitions, or enduring errors. A wine must depend upon its own inherent superiority, its own constituents; its body, color, and flavor must come from itself; it must be honest and unadulterated; manipulate properly and properly combine the products of the vine, give them proper casking, bottling, and corkage, and they will take the exact place where they belong. Wine-making is one of the exact sciences, and the sooner that fact is admitted by our wine-growers and wine-traders, the sooner will our wine take its proper place. All this is preparatory to saying that California, having been properly and abundantly advertised to secure the immigration of the world's best people — and we want none other—it is time to stop advertising and content ourselves with the enjoyment of our superior conditions, without hastening to divide them with the greedy and starving of earth's indolent and ignorant vagabonds. We regard with little favor the sending of specimen fruits, grains, and minerals to London as a commercial venture to tickle trade; we do not look with an over degree of enthusiasm upon the efforts of great land-owners, or town-lot speculators, or steam-transportation companies, or impecunious adventurers to break down all the barriers of foreign invasion, and to send to our shores the unfortunates of Europe. We are quite content to enjoy for a time our own abundance, and in order that our own labor forces, our own poor people, and our own children may come to possess the same, we would not forestall them nor deprive them of their inheritance by inviting to our shores ALL the ignorance, bigotry, pauperism, and political, personal, and religious deviltry that now possess alien lands.

Our profound sympathy has been stirred for the imprisoned Pope. For these eighteen years he has been confined within his own sumptuous palace of the Vatican, not allowed to walk abroad save in his own extensive pleasure grounds; not permitted to see the light of heaven except through stained glass; compelled to subsist upon prison fare sumptuously prepared by skillful cooks and served upon dishes of silver and plates of gold; breathing no breath of fresh air that did not come through perfumed groves filled with the melody of birds; his only freedom of personal movement through many thousand rooms, galleries, broad halls, stairways, gilded, tapestried, and frescoed by Michael Angelo, enriched and adorned by sculpture, painting, wood-carving, pictures in mosaics of marble; provided with bands of music; guarded by Swiss; waited on by cardinals, priests, and laymen; adored as the vicegerent of God; receiving deputations from foreign lands, visits from crowned kings, presents from an admiring world, to the extent of millions in value; clothed in embroidered vestments, blazing in jewels, and recognized by an hundred millions of worshipers as civil monarch of all the earth, as representative of God, as holding the keys of the heavenly Jerusalem. Poor, persecuted, imprisoned, unhappy Pope! As successor of St. Peter, who was a fisher of fish, he has been compelled to fish for men. Christ the God was permitted in freedom to vie with the beasts of the field and the birds of the air for a place where to lay his head, while this poor sovereign of all the earth has been confined to a sumptuous royal palace, amid works of art and surrounded by all the vain pomps and pageants of royalty. Christ the Lord made a mistake while on earth by surrendering to the "powers," by living obedient to "authority," by "rendering unto Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's," and by "rendering unto God the things that were God's"; had he been a king by divine authority, had he enjoyed the "keys," had he been clothed with "infallibility"—while in the flesh—he might have lived in a palace, been surrounded by guards, worn a crown other than thorns, and died a happier death than by crucifixion. We are so glad that this cruel persecution of Leo the Thirteenth is ended, so delighted that he has consented to walk down the magnificent, chiseled, Parian stairway from out the splendid environments of his sumptuous palace into the great Basilica of St. Peter's, that we can not refrain from the expression of our satisfaction and the hope that he will further emancipate himself from the thraldom of his surroundings by tossing his three-storied tiara from the tower of Castle San Angelo into the yellow Tiber, resigning his absurd assumptions of civil power, regaining his spiritual dominion over the vast empire of his followers, and resuming his true position as Bishop of Rome. Let Pope Leo the Thirteenth leave to Humbert, the king, the responsibility of transmitting the glories of Pagan Rome to a civilization that shall survive when popes and kings, basilicas and palaces, churches governing states and states submitting to the interference of religious meddlers shall be buried in historical oblivion, and the relation between governments and church organizations shall be relegated to the place assigned them by the divine master and the first Pope, who, for a living, cast his nets in the Sea of Galilee for fish. Perhaps, as a matter of information, we should inform our readers that the faithful of San Francisco celebrated the descent of the Pope from the Vatican to the Basilica by exposing some wine in a silver vessel and a wafer upon a silver plate to adoration, and that, as a result, very many of our citizens have received "plenary indulgence" and many of the dead have been emancipated from purgatory. Now we are advised that if we will subdue our worldly pride, close up the "evil" press—dailies, of course — change our system of education by adopting parochial schools instead of our soulless system of public education, restore the Pope to civil authority, get rid of our present wives by turning Romanists, becoming baptized, and getting married over again before the altar and after mass, we may save our souls, make our wives respectable, and legitimatize our children. We are glad, also, to communicate the intelligence that Gladstone is now in Italy, charged with seeking to bring about an arbitration of nations, with a view to reinstate Papal authority over the states of the church within the jurisdiction of King Humbert. If his Italian Majesty would arrest, imprison, and try both Mr. William Gladstone and the Pope for treason for their audacious interference in political affairs of the Italian Government, it would raise some novel and interesting questions of international law.

The Republicans of the Legislature of Colorado have done themselves great credit and the nation great service by selecting Mr. Edward A. Wolcott, of the Denver bar, to represent Colorado in the Senate of the United States. This adds another brilliant and able member to our group of Western senators. In our judgment, the legislators now representing what we call the Pacific Empire are, in all the essentials of statesmanship, more than the equal of any other sectional group. There was a time when the men from New England regarded only as their equals the men of the South; then from New York and Ohio came members to rival Virginia, Carolina, and Massachusetts; Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri have been represented by famous orators and leading minds; in later years the credit of high capacity and practical statesmanship moved westward. Now we think we may compare our group of Western senators favorably with those of any other section of our country. The senators from Nevada—the least of States—are exceptionally brilliant; the senators from Oregon are serviceable in comparison with those of any other State, and we place Governor Stanford as the equal, and, when he shall have had the broader experience of his senatorial chair, the superior of many older senators, nor would we mention any name to the prejudice of any one of our Pacific senators, for all of them are honorable men, and most of them of large experience in political life and public affairs, and all are true and most loyal to the government of the American people. In the national Senate, with its distinguished and eloquent members, its men of learning, and broad experience, and earnest loyalty to republican institutions, the Constitution, and the law, we shall expect the honorable senator newly elected from Colorado to take honored rank.

Sarah Bernhardt's earnings in Constantinople are South American in size. She is having enormous success there.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Irish Question—Mr. Gladstone's Career.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The close of my letter of the seventeenth instant, inserted in your issue of this date, brought me to the formation of the Conservative administration, which lasted from the spring of 1866 to the end of 1868. The events which occurred during the existence of this government were of most momentous consequence to Ireland and deserve the closest attention. The Fenian conspiracy—which had its beginning during Lord Palmerston's administration and while the present Sir Robert Peel was chief secretary for Ireland—came to a head during the winter of 1866–7, and was of a most formidable nature, supported as it was by an unsparing supply of money and organized by leaders of great daring from this country.

It would be beyond the scope of this letter to attempt to go into the details of the Fenian rising in 1866–7; suffice it to say that it was firmly dealt with by the military authorities, and, after a number of more or less sanguinary conflicts in various parts of the south and west of Ireland, including a serious attempt to bring together a formidable force of rebels at a place named Tallaght, near Dublin, was completely put down, and the leader of the entire movement, General Burke, captured by a troop of the Twelfth Lancers after the destruction of one of the police stations, which was simultaneously attacked by the rebels as a part of their general plan of operations.

The beneficial effects of this triumph of the authorities were soon apparent in Ireland, large numbers of rebels leaving it immediately for this country, and from that time Fenianism ceased to be a pressing danger to the peace and security of the loyal and law-abiding people of Ireland.

The only serious attempt made by the Fenians in England was a preconcerted plan to seize the Castle of Chester (in which were large stores of arms) by surprise; this was happily frustrated without bloodshed. But two serious outrages were committed at Manchester and Clerkenwell—the first, the murder of a police constable, Sergeant Brett, by three Irishman, Larkin, Allen, and O'Brien, because he refused to deliver up to them a Fenian prisoner who was being conveyed in a prison van, under his care, to prison; and the second, a terrible outrage committed by a man named Barrett in blowing down a portion of the prison wall at Clerkenwell at a time when the prisoners usually took their daily exercise, in the hope that three Fenian prisoners, who were there at the time, might be able in the confusion to effect their escape. The scheme failed entirely, so far as the release of the prisoners was concerned; but it succeeded in another direction only too well, inasmuch as a number of small houses in the immediate vicinity of the prison were either totally or partially wrecked, and a considerable number of people—men, women, and children—were killed and wounded, many poor families being reduced to destitution. My reasons for referring somewhat in detail to these outrages will be evident further on.

And now I come to an event which exercised a most important influence on the course of Irish affairs, and which I do not think has ever received that close attention which its extreme importance deserves; in fact, I look upon it as the turning point for evil in Mr. Gladstone's political career, inasmuch as it immediately led to his taking up the "Irish question" and to the fatal consequences which have followed.

In January, 1868, Lord Derby, who had been suffering some time under severe illness, insisted, in spite of all remonstrances from his friends, on resigning the premiership, and the queen thereupon summoned Mr. Disraeli to assume the leadership of the government.

Within ten days of Mr. Disraeli taking his seat on the treasury bench as Prime Minister of England, Mr. Gladstone laid on the table of the House of Commons his resolution for the disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish Church.

Bearing in mind the relations of Mr. Gladstone to the Irish Church, so fully entered into in my last letter, there can be but one satisfactory explanation of the most astounding "volte face" ever performed by a statesman on an important question, viz., that, stung by the success of his illustrious rival in attaining the premiership before him, he looked round for the readiest weapon of offense wherewith to destroy his administration, and found it in the disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish Church, a measure which, he well knew, no Conservative government could allow to be passed while they remained in office. There is absolutely no other explanation of this act of Mr. Gladstone's, as he had not given, up to that time, the slightest intimation that he had receded from the position taken up by him on this question in his Oxford letter. The resolution was, of course, opposed by the government, but was carried, after a long debate, by a majority of sixty-one.

Under ordinary circumstances the government would have immediately resigned, but the state of affairs at that time was exceptional; the Houshold Suffrage Bill for cities and boroughs had been passed during the previous year (1867), and it was tacitly agreed to by both parties that the question should be referred for decision to the constituencies immediately after the conclusion of the registration of the names of the very large number of new voters enfranchised under that act. It was not, therefore until the month of November, 1868, that the opinion of the constituencies was taken, and, in the December following, the result of the general election being greatly in favor of Mr. Gladstone, the Conservative government immediately resigned.

During the interval which elapsed between the acceptance of his resolution by the House of Commons and the general election, Mr. Gladstone entered upon his "Lancashire campaign," viz., his effort to secure the seat for South-West Lancashire—then held by him, but threatened by the Conservatives, and afterward wrested from him, as stated in my last letter.

In this "campaign," Mr. Gladstone entered more fully upon the fatal course which his resolution on the Irish Church question had initiated; professing to take this as the test question of confidence between himself and his great rival, he explained fully, in his various speeches to his Lancashire constituents, that Ireland was groaning under the baneful influence "of the three branches of the great upas-tree, which overshadowed her prosperity and poisoned her life"; these three branches were the church, the land, and the education questions, and it would be his mission, acting on the mandate and authority of the constituencies, to cut them down.

The church question was the keystone of his policy; by taking it up, he secured the support, not only of the bishops and priests of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland, but, also, of the great mass of Dissenters in the United Kingdom, who objected altogether to church establishments, and who looked upon the disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish Church as the preliminary to a similar measure for the English Church; and it was in a vain endeavor to account for and justify his sudden and astounding change of front on this question that he made use of an argument which, although it failed of its original intention with all thoughtful and intelligent men, had a most disastrous and fatal effect on the disaffected Irish, who, to this day, have never forgotten it. When charged by his opponents with the gross and glaring inconsistency of his course on the Irish Church question, and reminded of the declaration, made by him with regard to it in his letter to his Oxford University correspondent only three years before, Mr. Gladstone fully acknowledged the inconsistency of his present course with his previous declaration, but added that "two events had occurred during the interval, which had changed his views and had compelled him to see that the Irish Church question had been brought within the range of practical politics, and those two events were the murder of a police constable at Manchester and the blowing down of the prison wall at Clerkenwell."

Let your readers fully and carefully consider the full import of these words; I was in Ireland at the time, and well remember the effect they had on both the loyal and disaffected Irish, spreading consternation and dismay among the former and giving increased confidence and boldness to the latter; teaching them, as it did, that, so long as Mr. Gladstone had power and influence in the government of the country, the road to the attainment of any object upon which they might set their desires lay through murder and outrage. This lesson they have never forgotten. It has been a potent factor in the affairs of Ireland ever since, and I have no hesitation in attributing a large proportion of the murders and outrages of every description (including the torture and mutilation of animals too horrible to dwell upon), which have disgraced Ireland during the last twenty years in the eyes of the civilized world, to the effects produced upon the minds of the disaffected Irish by these fatal words.

It is melancholy to compare the actual results flowing from the act for the disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish Church with the promises made by Mr. Gladstone, and the fond expectations indulged in by the English people at the time it was passed; religious discontent and discord were to be banished from the country, the Protestant lion and the Papal lamb were to lie down together, peace and good will between the rival churches were to prevail, and, in one word, things were to be made pleasant all round, so far as religious affairs were concerned. Have matters turned out as predicted? On the contrary, the Papal Church has become more and more threatening in her attitude, the Roman Catholic bishops and priests have become more aggressive and intolerant, and it is now quite palpable to all but the willfully blind (and there are many such), that they will never be satisfied until they attain supremacy and every vestige of Protestantism is banished from the country.

And a long step toward the consummation of their wishes was taken when the Irish Church was disestablished and disendowed; people are beginning to see now what they were too blind or unwilling to see then, that with all her defects and shortcomings (and she has them both), the Irish Church is the great barrier to the march of the Roman Church toward supremacy in Ireland, and that the weakening of the former, especially in the country districts where her members are comparatively few and scattered, by the Act of 1869, has been entirely to the advantage of the latter, because, as the present incumbents die off, and there are no means of replacing them, the only choice left to the members of the Irish Church is to join the Church of Rome in order to avoid persecution, or to leave the neighborhood altogether.

That this has been the result in far too many parts of the country districts in Ireland is certain, the Irish Church having been too much crippled in her resources by the unsparing manner in which her disendowment was carried out by Mr. Gladstone's iniquitous and sacrilegious act, to enable her to replace many of the clergy in the outlying districts as they have died off. And before quitting this branch of the subject I will add, for the information and astonishment of your readers, the disgraceful fact that the sum of half a million pounds sterling ($2,500,000) was taken from the funds of the plundered church and given to the College of Maynooth (a training college for Roman Catholic priests in Ireland) as ten years' purchase of the sum of fifty thousand pounds per annum, which had hitherto been paid, under an act passed in the days of Sir Robert Peel, out of the consolidated fund!

The step between plundering a church and plundering private property proved to be a very short one. The Irish Church Act of 1869 was soon followed by the Irish Land Act of 1870, which took away, without the shadow of compensation, a portion of his property from the Irish landlord and gave it to the tenant, a mere sop to Cerberus, as the events proved a few years later. I have already entered so fully into the provisions and effects of this act in a previous letter, that I need only refer to it here; suffice it to say that Mr. Gladstone, still secure in his large and subservient majority, carried this act in spite of its palpable injustice and dangerous tendency, accompanied, however, by promises of security, in the property still left to them, to the Irish land-owners, which were shamelessly broken in 1881; but even this first act of confiscation was not carried without the serious loss to Mr. Gladstone of one of his most valued colleagues, the Duke of Argyll, then Lord Privy Seal, who, unable to concur in such an act of spoliation and wrong, and foreseeing its future effects, resigned office rather than incur the responsibility attaching to such a measure; and it is instructive to observe that among those who either were members of his government at the time or have been his warm supporters, the following more or less eminent men may be named who have left him and have gone into the ranks of his avowed opponents: The Dukes of Bedford and Westminster; Lords Derby, Hartington, Braborne, Lansdowne, and Sherbrooke; Messrs. Bright, Chamberlain, Forster, Goschen, and many others, constituting the flower of what was once termed the great Liberal party.

In 1871 and 1872 no further attack was made by Mr. Gladstone upon "the great upas-tree," but, in 1873, he attempted to redeem his pledge to deal with the education question, bringing in a measure by which he would have effected a partial and real, though not ostensible, endowment of the Roman Catholic Church by taking away a portion of its property from Trinity College, Dublin, and endowing therewith a Roman Catholic university in Ireland. This measure, however, failed to obtain sufficient support to become an act of Parliament; on the one hand it alarmed the susceptibilities of Mr. Gladstone's non-conformist supporters in England and Scotland, who already began dimly to suspect that they had been playing into the hands of the Roman Catholic bishops and priests by so deplorably weakening the Irish church, and it did not go far enough to satisfy the latter, who bitterly complained that Mr. Gladstone had broken faith with them by bringing in so paltry and unsatisfactory a measure. They, therefore, at a meeting of all the Roman Catholic bishops in Ireland, formally rejected the measure as incomplete and unsatisfactory, the consequence being that, when it came to a second reading in the House of Commons, it was rejected by a majority of five, upon which Mr. Gladstone resigned.

He was compelled, however, to resume office, as Mr. Disraeli declined to comply with her majesty's invitation to form a government at that time, and his administration continued its inglorious career for a few months longer, until the beginning of 1874, when Parliament was dissolved and the constituencies, thoroughly disgusted with the career of this "plundering and blundering" administration (as it was then termed) returned a House of Commons which gave the Conservatives a clear majority of sixty, or thereabouts, and enabled Mr. Disraeli to form a government which entered on its seventh year of office before it was dissolved. And here, at the risk of apparent inconsistency, I must express my sympathy with Mr. Gladstone under the treatment he received from the Irish Roman Catholic bishops at this time. It may have been quite within the bounds of the agreement entered into between them, that the bishops should express a moderate amount of dissatisfaction at the inadequacy of the bill as an endowment for educational purposes of the Roman Catholic Church, but to go to the length of condemning the bill in a synod formally convened for the purpose of discussing its provisions, and thereby commanding their obedient representatives in the House of Commons to vote against it, was surely going beyond the bounds of reason and moderation. The words of the well-known couplet:

> "You might have dissembled your love,
> But why did you kick me down-stairs?"

must have irresistibly occurred to him under the trying circumstances, as it was by the votes of the Irish members that his bill was rejected. I must ask your indulgence to allow me to send you a third and last letter to enable me to complete my subject and to bring events up to the present time. Before concluding, however, I must observe that the secret of the great support given by the Roman Catholic bishops and priests to the home-rule movement lies in the fact that the only chance they have of ever obtaining the endowments they aim at, through their university and educational establishments, is from a legislative body in Dublin, an assembly in which their influence would be practically supreme, as they have long since fully realized that there is no hope whatever of their obtaining a measure of that kind satisfactory to them from the imperial Parliament. I remain, gentlemen, faithfully yours,

SAN FRANCISCO, December 24, 1888. JOHN KEYMER KANE.

Beyond the Veil.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The reëlection of General Master Workman Terence V. Powderly, Knights of Labor, is the crowning act of a conspiracy conceived by the propaganda at Rome. The boasted church of the proletariat, in a spirit of conservatism, is to extinguish the Order of the Knights of Labor. The Pontifical fingers are fastened upon its throat, and it is but a question of struggle before the greatest organization of this or any century will succumb to the power of Papacy. The process by which the Church of Rome has led up to this *coup de grace* is in accordance with the most approved Jesuitical methods.

In the early years of the Order of the Knights of Labor absolute secrecy was required of the members, and the oath taken when "passing beyond the veil" was rigid in the extreme. In these years the mysterious organization was assailed by the clergy of all denominations; but the church which was most hostile and bitter in its attacks was the Roman Catholic, and, through its secret machinations and through its priests in the pulpit and in the confessional, it strove to dominate the growing organization and destroy it. In Terence V. Powderly, who is an ardent Romanist, they found a suppliant tool. When elected to the important position of general master workman in 1879, and, before assuming its functions, he sought the late Cardinal McCloskey and laid bare to him every secret of the order. The cardinal, who was a wise churchman—wise as a serpent withal—instructed the grand master workman-elect that he might enter upon his duties, and that the order would not be disturbed by the Church of Rome, providing the rigid and religious oath be supplanted by the word of honor and the methods and mission of the order be made public. The simple rites of initiation were somewhat pruned, but, as a whole, allowed to remain. This was the first victory of Papacy over the knights.

After the accession of Mr. Powderly to power, the instructions of the cardinal were faithfully carried out. The growth of the order soon after became phenomenal. It became three-quarters of a million strong. Mighty throes of labor followed, and momentous and reckless strike after strike convulsed the republic and threatened to paralyze all business. The Vatican at Rome trembled to its foundations before the insolence of muscle. Conservatism was overthrown in the very domain of the church. Rome hesitated to openly attempt the overthrow of this great body of men intoxicated with suddenly acquired power, but brought its powerful hand to bear in other ways. The order in the United States was left to rage on. The wily plotters at Rome began their work of destruction in Canada. Cardinal Taschereau, of the Province of Quebec, some three years ago, following out the policy indicated, issued a *mandemento* forbidding Roman Catholics from joining the Knights of Labor. The words of the cardinal were these:

"Having learned that delegates from the organization known as the Knights of Labor have been endeavoring to enlist the sympathies of you in this province, we believe it to be our duty to put you on your guard against it. The congregation of the Holy See, after having looked carefully over the rules and constitution of the Knights of Labor, states that to be freed from condemnation the principles, organization, and statutes of the society would have to be altered, and while waiting for the decision of the Holy See the society must be considered a forbidden one."

The decree of the cardinal was cabled to Rome, and having met with the approval of the Pope, Cardinal Taschereau issued this carefully worded pastoral letter:

"The cosmopolitan character of secret societies, and of that of the Knights of Labor in particular, necessarily exposes many of their members to execute an order of a council residing in a foreign country, which council at a given time may not only have interests at variance with those of the government to which its members owe allegiance, but may even be at war with the government. For this and other reasons the church could not consistently tolerate the organization or approve of the means resorted to in order to attain the desired end. The council also deemed it prudent and in the interests of the church and Christianity to consider the secret aims of the promoters of Free Masonery, and to warn the adherents of the Catholic Church against joining any such organization."

Neither the Pope nor the cardinals issued any more *mandementoes*, and the order was apparently allowed its head; but it will be noticed that within a year after the Canadian decree the Knights of Labor began to disintegrate. With the grip of Rome upon the knights, the trades-unions, with a membership in the aggregate of from three to four hundred thousand, one by one dropped from the order and resolved into the organization known as the Federation of Labor. The American, or native, element, numbering upwards of one hundred thousand, followed the trades-unionists, leaving perhaps two hundred and fifty thousand on the rolls. It is probable that the actual membership—members in good standing—will not to-day exceed two hundred thousand. Of this number, without doubt more than one-half are of the Roman Catholic faith, and the greater number of these are of Irish extraction. Mr. Powderly is an Irish-American, and being a faithful Romanist, as before stated, he holds the majority of the whole number of the Knights of Labor by the inseparable bonds of a common nationality and religion.

Again the dictatorship of Rome shows itself in the affairs of the knights. On the eve of Mr. Powderly's reëlection at the late convention at Indianapolis, the following instructions were wired from the Vatican to Cardinal Gibbons by the prefect of the propaganda:

"It is my duty to inform your eminence that fresh documents relative to the association known as the Knights of Labor, forwarded to this sacred organization, were examined by it at its sitting of the sixteenth of August, current year. After having attentively studied the whole subject, the sacred congregation has directed me to reply that, so far as it at present appears, the association of the Knights of Labor can for the moment be tolerated. The sacred congregation merely requires that necessary modifications should be produced in the rules of the society to make clear whatever might seem obscure or might be interpreted in a bad sense. These modifications are required particularly in passages of the preface to the rules concerning local associations, and then the words savoring of socialism and communism must be corrected in such a way that they shall only affirm the right conferred by God on man acquiring property by using legitimate means and respecting proportionate rights of all others."

General Master Workman Powderly will see to it that these instructions are carried out. Given autocratic powers by the convention, including the choosing of his councilors, known as the executive board, he is independent of control by the order and will faithfully execute the mandates of the church, which, if he cared, he would not dare to disobey.

The Order of the Knights of Labor has thus been transformed into a Romanish Church militant of labor, passive to the rule of the cardinals, subject to the imperious sway of Pope Leo the Thirteenth. When the appointed time comes, at the will of Rome, the order will be annihilated.

It is perhaps well that the career of the Knights of Labor should speedily end, and the course of the Roman Church in curbing, decimating, and finally blotting them out be commended. The order as an entity represents a great body of undisciplined and unskilled labor without any broad principle as a basis of action. Without autonomy this heterogeneous mass follows blindly the leadership of certainly not a great man. A beck of this autocrat's hand can impair the fair peace and prosperity of the nation. It is a dangerous association of men, because it is not a democratic one.

But the lesson to be gained from the brief history of the rise and fall of the Knights of Labor is the flow of the powerful Church of Rome in the heart of the body politic here in the United States. Every social, every political institution in America feels the impulse of Rome, feels the weight of her palsying hand. MINOS.

Sound is the sensation produced on us when the vibrations of the air strike on the drum of our ear. When they are few, the sound is deep; as they increase in number, it becomes shriller and shriller; but (says a writer in the *Popular Science Monthly*), when they reach forty thousand in a second they cease to be audible. Light is the effect produced on us when waves of light strike on the eye. When four hundred millions of millions of vibrations of ether strike the retina in a second, they produce red, and as the number increases the color passes into orange, then yellow, then green, blue, and violet. But between forty thousand vibrations in a second and four hundred millions of millions we have no sense capable of receiving the impression. Yet between these limits any number of sensations may exist. We have five senses, and sometimes fancy that no others are possible. But it is obvious that we can not measure the infinite by our narrow limitations. Moreover, looking at the question from the other side, we find in animals complex organs of sense, richly supplied with nerves, but the function of which we are as yet powerless to explain. There may be fifty other senses as different from ours as sound is from sight; and, even within the boundaries of our own senses, there may be endless sounds which we can not hear, and colors as different as red from green, of which we have no conception. The familiar world which surrounds us may be a totally different place to other animals. To them it may be full of music which we can not hear, of colors which we can not see, of sensations which we can not conceive.

Bishop Coxe, of New York, is the son of the late Dr. Cox, a Presbyterian divine of local renown. The father was stern and austere, a dyed-in-the-blue Calvinist. Great was his disappointment at the son's apostasy to the ritualists. He used to laugh grimly and say that the young priest had added an *e* to his name to stand for episcopal. And when the son wrote to invite the old gentleman to attend the ceremonies of consecration, or "laying on of hands," as bishop, the answer came: "No, my son; if there had been more 'laying on of hands' when you were young, there would be no need of it now."—*America.*

The German Empress wears an apron at home as a token that she attends to the children and the cook, and does not meddle with social and political questions, nor seek to win a place in the intellectual world.

A MODERN GLADIATOR.

How a Toreador Threw away His Life for a Pretty American Girl.

It was time this persecution stopped. Miss Laura had borne it too long already, and she could endure it no more. She did not wish to become the talk of all Madrid.

Undoubtedly she was running a risk in what she was about to do. To recline in the soft cushions of her calèche, cold and unruffled, as her proud studs dashed along the great avenue called the Prado; to look about her with a careless gaze that gave the impression of an untroubled mind, while the equestrians pointed her out to each other with an almost imperceptible nod of the head and with that insinuating curl to the corners of the mouth; to be whirled around the corner and encounter the end of a fan suddenly folded into a pointer from among some rustling group of mantillas, whose impertinent whispering one could not escape hearing. "Indeed! Is that she? Upon my soul, my dear, is that the one whom Enrico has gone crazy over? Well, if that is she, we can expect to see Enrico soon——why, there he is?" This was what, perhaps, awaited her.

Enrico! A bull-fighter! A man whom any one could see for money at the bull-ring! An actor!

An actor, yes, and a superb one. Not of that kind who bring smiles to the face, but one of those who cause you to shiver. A tragedian who played but a single rôle, always the same, but what a rôle! In the arena, where the blood gushes from the ground, where the fallen bodies of the disemboweled horses lie, with the last quiverings of the death agony in their flanks—in this atmosphere of horror, where ten thousand people, palpitating with anguish, have risen breathless as the mighty bull, bellowing with rage and his eyes on fire, stands at bay. Now for the struggle to the death. Before him—a scarlet scarf trailing over his left arm, his chest protected with but a simple jacket of silk—advances a solitary man, his sole defense a slender length of steel. It is a tragic encounter, where that sovereign power, courage, which stretches this savage monster at the feet of a feeble man, shines in all its splendor.

These were the conditions under which she had first seen this calm, handsome fellow march to the peril of his life with a smile upon his face. There were other *toreros* as brave as he, perhaps; but they were brutes, they were vulgar, heavy rustics who had tended cattle as cow-herds before coming here to kill them as *toreros*.

But Enrico was slender, elegant, *distingué;* one could not deny that he had the air of a gentleman in disguise. He always entered the amphitheatre, his sword on his arm, as a man of the world enters a drawing-room, his silk hat in his gloved fingers, a flower in his buttonhole, and a madrigal on his lips.

Moreover, they told a story about him—the only one now passed into legend, something about the son of a family ruined by his prodigalities, who, disappearing for years, no one knew whither, suddenly returned from South America to make his début in the midst of the Royal Circus and set all Madrid aflame.

It was there, one day, that Miss Laura Dennison had allowed the marvellous performance of the illustrious *toreador* to carry her away. Miss Dennison was not one of those feather-brained young persons whose dreams, peopled by powdered tenors, with poetic airs and frizzled wigs, are taken from the opera of the night before, as seen from her *loge* through a lorgnette. If she had ever taken fancies of this sort she was now twenty years of age and had passed the time for such silly ideas. Her father, Nathaniel Dennison, owned the richest gold mine in Arizona, his fortune was more than he could compute, and his only law was the caprice of his idolized daughter. She had passed the last four years with him, visiting every portion of the globe, and she had acquired too much experience and sound sense for puerilities like these.

Nevertheless, she had recently committed an error—a pardonable error, or, at all events, an involuntary one; one of those deviations which the world thinks a trifle, but which is still an error. When she first beheld Enrico, standing triumphant with his foot on the head of the bull he had just slain, Miss Laura, in this wild moment of universal excitement, forgetting in her enthusiasm the usual phlegm of a daughter of the North, in common with the Spanish-women, who, on all sides of her, tore the flowers from their corsages to throw to their favorite—she had hurled the bouquet of rare flowers which lay in her lap down to the victorious *toreador's* feet. But, in the quick movement, she had parted with not only the flowers but the little card-case of gold-mounted tortoise-shell which she had held in her hand.

Later on, Enrico, in his room, found among the armfuls of flowers which had rained down upon his head the dainty little card-case, bearing within it several visiting-cards, upon which was engraved the name of Miss Laura Dennison. "An invitation!" thought the *toreador*.

It did not take much inquiry to find the residence of the American Crœsus. When he had done this, the *toreador* himself returned the lost card-case, without asking to see her, but leaving one of his own cards. This was the limit of his audacity. But a few days later some one pointed out Miss Laura upon the street, as she passed quite near him. His eyes drank in the beauties of this adorable creature, who retained the complexion of a lily even under the sun of swarthy Spain, and the image of those eyes of heavenly blue beneath her crown of golden hair never after left his mind. He was transfixed with love. Since that encounter, from day to day, his folly had continued to grow upon him, until at last it had gained the mastery and harassed him by its tyrannous sway. It seemed to seek opportunities, through the contemplation of his idol, hopelessly barred from his approach, to keep his misery ever fresh in his mind. It caused him to choose his promenade so that he might cross her path as often as possible, even while by his silent but unmistakable adoration he ran the risk of compromising her. Finally, it drove him to pass hours in view of her windows for the chance of an occasional glimpse behind the cruel curtain of the beautiful phantom that haunted his days and nights.

To-night he was at his post, and Miss Dennison, happening to look out on the street as the *toreador* leaned forward to see her from behind the doorway which half-concealed him, beheld the light of the neighboring gas-lamp shining full in his face. This was why, utterly wearied of this affair, she had drawn back angrily from the window and decided that something must be done.

She formed a sudden resolution. She would carry it out in spite of the gossiping of this Spanish town. She would see him herself. Her father had gone out; so much the better, she would be more at liberty; if he returned, so much the worse—the comedy might change to tragedy. But in either case she intended to accomplish her end. She rang for her maid, and, indicating the love-lorn *toreador*, said:

"Tell him to come here!"

Now, so agitated that his lips trembled, the *toreador* stood in her presence. What could she mean by this unexpected summons? A fugitive hope crossed his mind only to be frozen, as, in a cold voice, she began to speak, going straight to the point. In a few dry, cutting words she described the annoyance which this ceaseless pursuit had caused her, and, not without some haughty irony, demanded that he should give up the insane passion that impelled him to such conduct. For, indeed, had he ever deceived himself, even in his dreams, about this matter? She was not for such as he! Did he mean an impertinence or insult by what he had been doing?

He gently interrupted her: "I knew all this, señorita," he said, simply; "to know it was torture, but to hear it from your lips is death."

She saw that his eyes were full of tears. Silently, with a profound bow, the *toreador* left the room.

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The next day, as Miss Dennison sat in her usual place at the amphitheatre, just as it was time for Enrico to appear, an old woman, who sat near, held out a bunch of flowers, which she had just picked up, saying: "Your bouquet, señorita."

Her bouquet? She had brought none with her. She looked at the flowers which the unknown stranger had dropped into her lap. Between two roses appeared the corner of a piece of paper. At this moment the bull entered the arena, and, as all around her leaned forward to catch sight of him, unseen she drew forth a little note and read:

"*Search in your world for a man who, for you, would do that which I do to-day.*"

It was signed "Enrico."

What was he going to do? Miss Dennison felt a slight shudder. Pshaw! some unexpected feat of slaughter, no doubt; some act foolhardy beyond the ordinary, prearranged and dedicated to her. He was reckless enough to attempt anything; but however perilous the position, he was agile enough to escape uninjured.

However, she would soon see.

Twenty minutes passed. Already the panting bodies of six horses were strewn about the arena, and the bull, dripping with blood from the *banderillas* stuck in his flanks, roamed about, blind with rage, seeking his foes.

Suddenly the *toreador* appeared. A buzz of astonishment swept from one end of the amphitheatre to the other.

Enrico, whose costumes were famous for their fastidious elegance and the rich splendor of their colors, was now clothed entirely in sombre black. Every article he wore, from the silken hose to the lace collar, was of the same sinister hue, and at the handle of his sword a favor of black crêpe was knotted. Whom could the great Enrico be mourning?

Slowly the *toreador* moved toward the beast, advancing in a straight line without a feint or a moment's hesitation. The bull had suddenly come to a halt, and now, as if surprised by this quiet boldness, stood with distended nostrils regarding the enemy. Then, with a deep bellow, it lowered its head, ready to dash upon him.

At this moment Enrico was seen to grasp his sword in his two hands, break it over his knee, and dash the pieces to the ground. Then, with crossed arms, he stood motionless in the middle of the arena.

The cry of amazement which arose from the multitude at this unaccountable act suddenly changed into one of horror.

The body of the superb Enrico, after turning thrice in the air, fell lifeless to the earth, gored by both horns of the ferocious Andalusian bull.

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When Miss Dennison came to herself, her first thought was of the note which she believed still tightly clasped in her hands. It was gone.

It was through this that it became known in Madrid for whose pretty eyes Enrico, the famous *toreador*, had met his bloody death in the arena.—*Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Joseph Montet by M. J. Danneville.*

Nine-tenths of the statements made as to murderers "dying game" are so much arrant nonsense. In almost every case where a criminal is led to execution, whether it be by the guillotine or by the gallows, it is found absolutely necessary to administer some kind of alcoholic stimulant to the trembling wretch, and, in olden times, when the condemned prisoner was allowed to drink as much as ever he liked on the morning of execution, it was probably the man who was most drunk who died exceptionally game.

The word Gramercy, used to designate the locality, Gramercy Park in New York city, is derived from "der Kromme See," which is the name given to that district in an old map, still extant.

Mr. Froude's book on Australia has given birth to a new word in the assembly-house at Melbourne. It is "Froudacity."

Italy has promised a subvention of several million francs for piercing the Italian section of the proposed Simplon tunnel.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

An interesting character has recently died in Berlin in the person of Fraulein Otto, the keeper of the "Frenzluner Inn." Berlin has few places, such as London is full of, where the criminal poor seek lodging at poverty-stricken rates, and are subjected to regular inspection by the police. But Fraulein Otto owned one of these. Half of Berlin knew the little old woman, to whom the hooked nose, low forehead, wrinkled face, and shawl-covered head gave the appearance of the traditional witch of a few centuries ago. The house over which she presided had stood for several centuries, and had succumbed to the ravages of time in many places. The sunken walls and tile-covered roof were in strange incongruity with the rows of palaces which joined them on either side. Within, it was so filthy that the polite visitor's call was not apt to be repeated. Fraulein Otto was nearly eighty years old, and had lived all her life in the "Old Barracks," as the place was disrespectfully called. Capitalists had tried in vain to purchase the house, and the beer monopolists of Munich, who are fast securing the available property in the rapidly growing city, shook their gold pieces in her face, without arousing the least temptation to yield. She died worth several hundred thousand marks. Her heir was a former nurse in the city hospital, where old Fraulein Otto was once taken on the plea of insanity. The nurse was particularly kind to her, and when the day of examination came instructed the old dame to answer quietly and deliberately. In consequence, she was restored to her home, and out of gratitude installed the waitress as mistress. Her death places the whilom attendant in affluent circumstances, and will probably lead to the razing of the pile and the erection of a building worthy of the street and neighborhood.

The late Duke Maximilian of Bavaria was an expert performer upon the zither. In the reign of Maximilian the Second it was the custom to admit wandering minstrels to the summer castle of Hohenschwangan, where they were feasted in the great dining-hall, as in the days of old. Late in the evening of a June day, an extraordinary looking player struck his notes and sang his ditties before the castle-gate, which was opened, as usual, to admit him. He was soon seated at the festive board, and the servants came and went at his bidding. "But," he cried, lifting a glass of wine to his lips, "it is sour. The king has better wine in his cellar. Bring it at once." The servants naturally objected, and ordered him to take what was set before him. He demurred and grew impudent. Other servants came to the rescue, and were upon the point of forcing him to depart, when the king appeared. "Your majesty," cried the minstrel, "your menials have served me with poor wine. If I visit Hohenschwangan, I expect to be treated accordingly. I will not play for wine of this quality." The servants were speechless with astonishment. But Maximilian the Second recognized his cousin in the garb of the ministrel, despite the false beard and fantastic robes, and ordered at once the better wine, which was drunk with glee. He once invited the poorest musicians of Munich to a dinner at his city palace, and offered them unlimited quantities of beer. The duke kept the scores himself and was greatly amused to find that the most modest drinker of all, the flute-player, had consumed eighty-six liters, while the drummer had poured ninety-six "seedels" into his camel-like stomach. Duke Maximilian was a contributor to the well-known comic paper, *Fliegende Blätter*. His most popular production was entitled "My Ideal," with the following text: "My ideal is a being of classical beauty, a woman with an eye of glowing depths, an ear so small that none could be smaller, with a foot as petite as can be found, and a hand as dainty as woman ever bore." Upon turning the page, one found the duke's ideal to be a woman with one eye, one ear, one foot, and one hand.

Few names are read oftener on the shop-windows of Berlin than the aristocratic one of Carl Maria von Donau. In the Passage, along the Linden, on the Friedrichstrasse, it stands out, with the nobiliary particle, in bright red letters. Below it are the words "Candy and Caramels," which are now the favorite sweetmeats of the young ladies of Berlin. Ten years ago the young nobleman, a cadet of one of the most potent and distinguished houses in the empire, was an officer of the Guards in the university city of Breslau. Like most of his kind, he lived a fast life and contracted debts for which there was but one solution—a wealthy bride. Despair and the threats of exacting creditors drove him to the daughter of a wealthy Hebrew. Large sums were promised by the old banker, the height of whose ambition was the union of his daughter with the scion of this ancient house. The engagement was published, preparations were made for the wedding. But Von Donau was selling himself. He made no secret of the fact to his companions, who continually chaffed him with his engagement to a Jewess, and it irritated him. One morning he sat in his room to answer the letter of a friend, who had begged him to renounce the girl. He wrote in reply in scathing terms of the woman he was soon to marry, declaring that dire necessity alone forced him to take a wife so distasteful to himself, family, and comrades. At the same time he wrote a *billet-doux* to his fiancée, filled with words of endearment, and longing for the approach of the nuptial day. The envelopes were interchanged, and the friend received the declaration of love, while the bride read the words which denounced her. With tearful eyes and heavy heart she handed the letter to her old father, who determined to prosecute his intended son-in-law. The letter was read to his commander, and his villainy was exposed. Explanations and entreaties were in vain. He was dismissed in disgrace for "conduct unbecoming an officer," and the engagement was broken. Utter ruin seemed imminent. But, as an amateur, he had gained a reputation for making candy which pleased the palates of his fair friends. So he opened a little shop in Breslau. The ancient name attracted buyers, and his trade increased. He enlarged his shop, and soon established branches in other cities. His factory was removed to Berlin, and his fortune assured. He is now almost as wealthy as the man who published his perfidy to the world.

The death of Lord Newborough, a few days ago, will, it is said, lead to a revival by the present peer of the claims of the family to the whole of the property to the princely house of Orleans. The wife of the first Lord Newborough, and the grandmother of the present holder of the title, was a certain Maria Stella, the adopted daughter of one Chiappini, the jailer of the city prison of Modena. Proofs, however, are said to exist, not only in the Newborough family, but also in the imperial and royal archives at St. Petersburg and at Amsterdam, which conclusively prove that Maria Stella was the oldest daughter of Philippe Egalité, Duke of Orleans, and of his wife, the duchess. Louis Philippe was born at Modena on exactly the same date as Lady Newborough, and the proofs above mentioned show, without a doubt, that the infant son of the jailer Chiappini was substituted for the new-born daughter of Philippe Egalité and his wife; the illustrious pair were then Duc and Duchess de Chartres, and, having no male issue, the motives for the substitution were both obvious and of a powerful nature. The little girl grew up into a beautiful woman, and made the conquest of the first Lord Newborough. The jailer Chiappini made a confession on his death-bed concerning the whole matter, which was taken down in writing by the procurator and by the head of the ecclesiastical tribunal of Modena. Chiappini's wife confirmed the dying statement of her husband, and related how the substitution had been effected at the time when the duchess was confined in her house. The story was further corroborated by the registry of the parish in which Maria Stella was christened, and in which she figures as the legitimate daughter of their royal highnesses the Duc and Duchess de Chartres. On the demand of the first Lord Newborough, the Supreme Court of Modena issued a judgment fully confirming the claims of his wife to public recognition as the legitimate daughter of Philippe Egalité and his wife. Copies of this judgment exist to this day in many of the public libraries of France, and notably in that of Rouen. Lady Newborough addressed duly legalized copies of the documents relating to her claims to the Emperor of Russia and to the King of Holland, with both of whom she was acquainted, and not only the Dutch monarch but also the Czar Nicholas absolutely declined to recognize King Louis Phillipe in any possible way. During the whole of the Citizen King's reign both Holland and Russia were without diplomatic representation at Paris. As the Citizen King inherited the whole of Egalité's vast property, which constitutes the basis of the immense Orleans fortune, the recognition by the French and English tribunals of the decision of the Supreme Court of Modena, relative to Lady Newborough's parentage, would invalidate the pretensions of the Comte de Paris, the Duc d'Aumale, and of all the other members of Louis Philippe's family to the throne of France, to royal blood, and even to the very name and fortune which they now possess.

WHY MEN SHUN SOCIETY.

One of the cardinal differences between the sexes may be found in their disposition or indisposition to go out socially. Women generally, whether young or not young, are exceeding fond of entertainments, so-called, whatever their form. Heat, pressure, disorder, any degree of inconvenience or discomfort, does not deter them; indeed, they seem to enjoy it. Even their latest, most elaborate toilets, which they prize beyond measure, they will imperil—yea, sacrifice, if need be—to the exigencies of a notable social occasion. Let any assembly be regarded as particularly distinguished or fashionable, and where is the woman who will not, in all the bravery of clothes, dedicate herself to a certainty of wreck? She may bitterly lament her torn laces, her indelibly stained skirts, her ruined gowns, but, despite those, added to physical exhaustion and wildly despotic nerves, she will triumph in the thought that she was there, that she was one of what Jenkins delights to name the gay and brilliant throng.

Why women take, or how they can take, pleasure in society, pursued under circumstances so discouraging, so distressing, is not for man to explain or comprehend. It belongs to the mystery of their organization, which they pride themselves upon and never attempt to fathom. Whatever savors of society draws them instinctively. They do not consider what it offers; indeed, they do not appear to care. Their sole desire is to be part of the show, a much-dressed fragment of the parade; and to be rich, they will pay any price—material or immaterial. Nor do they tire of society; intimacy with it seems to increase their relish. The girl, still in her teens, who makes her début, naturally likes it from its newness and strangeness. It is another and an alluring world while her first youth and freshness last—while hope is buoyant and flattery sweet. But, after she has become wife, mother, grandmother, she continues to find delectation in it; its formalism fails to tire, its monotony to cloy. Society is, in nearly all languages, feminine, and though, by the rules of grammar, neuter in ours, it is, by the rules of life, so emphatically feminine as never to vary its gender. There are women, to be sure, who do not affect society; but there are also white blackbirds and children with two heads. Every civilized woman, in whom the sense of sex has not been stifled, tends to society as terriers to rats, as birds to try their wings. The tendency is at once congenital, temperamental, and sexual. It may be checked; it can hardly be overcome.

It is very different with men. A few years of society satisfy and usually satiate them. With marriage, its charms, whatever they may have been, pall; its old light goes out in the thick darkness of habit. It has become an ancient story, and no ingenuity or device can lend it more than a fleeting freshness. They do not desert it. If they should, it would cease to be, for society, in conventional significance, means the commingling of the sexes. Barbarism would, it is declared, result from continual association of men with men, many of whom, it must be admitted, are glad to be, to an extent, that kind of barbarians. In truth, such barbarism is steadily generating in big cities, where it is easy for men to see enough of women to prevent its confirmation.

Most men are induced to frequent society through the influence of women, especially after they have become husbands and fathers. They go there at first, perhaps, in unconscious quest of possible wives, and having got them, the bulk of them would permanently retire, were it not for the coaxing and urgency of those very wives. They are continually told, with solemnity and emphasis, that it would look strange, would excite comment and gossip, would reflect unfavorably on their wives, if these were seen habitually, even generally, alone in the drawing-rooms of their set. If they are really fond of their wives, if they sincerely esteem them, if they are jealous of their good name, they are unwilling to make them topics of discussion, to have them in any way misunderstood, particularly if submission to periodical loving on their part may hinder it. They may not quite believe that the penalty of their wives going out unattended would be so severe as represented; and yet they are forced to acknowledge that wives, seen regularly in public without their husbands, are subject to unpleasant suspicions—whether entirely from that cause, it would be difficult to say. But the mere fact may be regarded as presumptive evidence of the correctness of the opinion.

The most loyal, the most devoted of husbands, however, often abstain from accompanying their wives to evening parties, which, as a rule, they detest. They find some good excuse or reason for absence, such as a professional or business engagement, unusual fatigue, an important meeting, the unexpected arrival of a friend from the country, or a sudden summons out of town. These may be pretexts or causes; they are more frequently mere pretexts. The most truthful man, who has suffered year after year in behalf of society, may be pardoned if he occasionally take refuge in harmless deceit. Self-protection in a measure justifies it, and escape is so pleasant that deceit, it is to be feared, becomes in time commendable. The husband who learns in advance of the houses to which he has been invited must he tempted to so arrange his engagements that they may fall on the same dates. Madam explains to the hostess why he can not come and expresses his regrets, which he certainly does not feel. He often appears at the close of the evening in season to take his wife home, and so simultaneously saves his reputation and himself from being bored. These late-arriving husbands are rapidly increasing, and they say that the plan is conducive to a deal of comfort, at least to themselves. Who has not seen them enter a drawing-room as the guests are beginning to depart, or have half gone, a victorious smile on their face, and, after exchanging a few words with the hostess and the lingerers, escort madam to her carriage with the conscious air of one who has done a noble deed? Who has not then overheard from the women the low-toned approval of those model husbands who, notwithstanding important business, always find time to be courteous and show their sense of duty to their wives? Married women are prone to be unanimous on this point. Whether they love their lords, dislike them, or are simply indifferent to them, their opinion is the same. They all wish to appear generally on good terms with them, whatever their private disharmonies or antagonisms. Every woman dreads to seem neglected; for she knows and the world knows that she would not and could not be neglected by her husband unless she had ceased to interest him. If she should hate him with her intensest hate, she would still be glad to have him treat her outwardly with respect and attention.

This society question affects matrimony more seriously than is commonly thought; it really has much to do with its happiness or unhappiness. There are certain professions, such as medicine, law, literature, journalism, whose members can not command their time, who, being frequently engaged at night, are obliged to decline social invitations. They indubitably avail themselves of their calling to the utmost, conscious that it always offers a specious and acceptable excuse. When they are absent from entertainments, the most inveterate gossip seldom infers that they therefore hate society, or are tired of their wives. What a shield and support any one of those professions is to a married man who shrinks from what are ironically termed social gayeties! It enables him to avoid them without scandal or misunderstanding, and may have furnished many a bachelor with courage to commit wedlock with all its social consequences. There are lawyers, authors, physicians, journalists who have not for years had any work to perform after dinner; but they too clearly comprehend the value of their privilege to disclose the fact to any woman. They often go so far as to pretend that they enjoy society, and that their deprivation of it, from the exactions of their employment, is a source of sorrow. This is excessive hypocrisy; but what will we not say and do to be preserved from the torments of regular, tedious, insane festivity? Its effect upon the minds and spirits becomes, after a time, extremely depressing, and immunity will be sought at almost any hazard. Some husbands, very robust, never ill, indeed, so industriously circulate reports of their ailments as to gain the reputation of invalids in order to be relieved of the intolerable burden of going out. They should not be confounded with the class who intimate that their wives are invalids, though they are healthy enough, as an excuse for leaving them at home. The former are tired of meeting other men's wives; the latter are tired of being with their own.

The subject of going into society together is one of endless discussion between men and their wives; these favoring, pressing, insisting on it; those opposing, ridiculing, protesting against it. Women often carry their point by declaring that if their husbands will not go out they will not either. A just or generous man is averse to keeping his wife at home simply because he considers social entertainments of any and every kind stupid and disagreeable. He knows that she delights in them, and that for her to relinquish them is a positive sacrifice. There is no more reason why she should stay away than why he should go, and, therefore, he goes, but goes reluctantly with ill-will, and, as it were, by compulsion. It may seem singular that she should permit him to, knowing, as she does, how hateful the thing is. It seems downright selfish in her—and women are rarely selfish—but she believes that she can not afford to release him; that her frequenting society without him is the beginning of their separation, of their leading distinct lives, of their steady divergence. Her belief may not be correct, but it is sincere. Hence is she not warranted in maintaining her position to the last? At any rate she maintains it, though not without great cost, greater often than she realizes. Her husband resents more and more his dragooning into society. He never puts on his dress-suit or orders the carriage for that purpose without a feeling of inward bitterness of his wife's exactingness, of his submission to a wrong, and the feeling finally produces habitual dissatisfaction and cynicism. His wife is unconsciously bringing about what she is trying to avoid—settled discontent with her and the conjugal condition. It were better she should let him obey his propensity than thwart it thus, for alienation would be slower with freedom than with fetters. What a deal of mischief is society, frivolous, hollow, insignificant society, capable of doing!

The dragooned husband feels that he is a social impostor, that he abuses hospitality by partaking of it in perverse spirit. He is in no mood to entertain or be entertained. He is bored to death, and his countenance shows it. He yawns behind hand or handkerchief, and for the moment fairly despises his wife, noticing across the room her animated manner and obvious gratification. His look, and air, and gait are funereal. If he were burying a friend he would, he fancies, feel more cheerful. Stealing into a corner, ever and anon, to glance furtively at his watch, he thinks that it must have stopped. Has there ever before been so long an evening? His wife indicates that she is about to leave; but he knows what that means, and resigns himself to another leaden-footed hour. Everything must have an end; finally she departs, and his face for the moment is flushed with pleasure, immediately dispelled by the remembrance that there are to be five evenings more of similar boredom within the coming week. He dreams of what he has undergone and must undergo in the torture-chambers of society; his sleep is broken and feverish; he rises in the morning despondent and irritable. His wife may dimly suspect the cause, but she lacks the intelligence, perhaps the magnanimity, to relieve him of his onerous obligation. In the end, he will be very likely to throw it off, and it will be accompanied by no little of his old affection and sympathy.

The women are few who would make good their declaration of surrendering society, if their husbands should flatly refuse to escort them. They think they would, and for awhile they might abstain; but the enticement is too great to be long resisted. First, they will go out alone, occasionally; then frequently, at last regularly. Women who have dragooned their lieges for several seasons, and then acquitted them, may run the risk of losing the early place occupied in their hearts (is not such loss mutual and unavoidable, with most couples, in any circumstances?); but they get on far more comfortably. Men love freedom above everything, and, when they have it, they are more amiable and patient than when it is in any way curtailed. Husbands, who have been exceedingly disagreeable at home, so long as they have felt constrained to discharge social duties in their own persons, have behaved quite decently after turning over those duties entirely to their partners. The average woman gets rid of her romance and sentiment by five or six years of connubial experience (the first year will answer for the average man), and prefers domestic peace and toleration to the cherishment of the loftiest ideals.

Society in New York is an enormous draft upon time, nerves, health, strength—far beyond what any one would imagine who does not live there. Its demands incessantly and rapidly increase. Even those who go out very little, as they think, are engaged three or four times a week, from December 1st to the middle of April. As to those who count themselves fashionable, they are almost never at home; they very rarely have a night off. They are dressing and undressing, sending and receiving invitations, driving, gabbling, feasting perpetually through the season. The most socially devoted man will soon tire of such an everlasting round; he can not endure it, though he be an athlete. Not so woman. She may be delicately organized, physically frail; but of social dissipation she can bear what would exhaust any man. When one remembers the long, late hours, the hot rooms, the elaborate suppers, the labored trifling, the vacant chatter, the ever-recurring agony of clothes, clothes, clothes, which she must undergo for months, the fortitude seems, from a masculine standpoint, positively superhuman.

The representative forms of social entertainment are, as everybody knows, dinner-parties, diversified with breakfasts and luncheons, balls, weddings, and receptions. These have, of late years, frequently occurred in the afternoon, are christened kettledrums, four-o'clock teas, afternoon receptions, and are not generally approved. Nevertheless, they flourish and multiply. Women condemn them almost universally; but men, as a rule, like them, because they do not feel bound to attend them, and their wives have not the audacity to urge that they shall. Men can usually leave study, office, or counting-room at four or five o'clock; but somehow their detentions are extraordinary whenever a kettledrum or tea is to take place. Those are the very times when they can not get away; the coincidences are remarkable, but inevitable. It is supposed that women object to such receptions because so few men are present. Does their enjoyment depend, in a measure, on the suffering of the other sex, or is that sex necessary to their happiness? If women, commonly mad for society, would assent to its being exclusively feminine, all might be well. Men would be liberated and their persecution would cease. But women, it must be confessed, do not relish, for any time, the company of their own sex unrelieved by ours. The savage element may be needed to leaven the mass. And yet the savages find their proper company, notably in clubs, wholly and durably satisfying, which unmistakably indicates how very savage they are.

Dinner-parties, including breakfasts and luncheons, are to men the most agreeable of social entertainments, and are agreeable to women, of course, as everything relating, directly or indirectly, to society always is and must be. They are limited in number, seldom exceeding twenty, as well as in time; are arranged with a view to the geniality of the guests, of couples in particular; are free, in short, from most of the objections to larger and less selected assemblies.

Balls are, as a rule, abominated by men after adolescence, and the fact, not less than feeling, is so incontrovertible that women accept it without question or challenge. Knowing it is useless to attempt to secure any but youths for such occasions, they do not invite men, except as lookers-on, as a background for the festal picture. The supply of even dancing youths is so small, and steadily growing smaller, that the hostess is driven to her wits' end to obtain the necessary number. She is often forced to ask the coöperation of her feminine friends in such emergencies, and receive striplings of whose personal existence she has not been aware.

Weddings are, perhaps, even more hateful to our sex, when mature. The species known as cubs attend them; but they are not to be depended on. Many of these fulminate against them as senseless and spooney exhibitions. It is very rare that a husband, whether a young or an old one, wishes to see another man married; he is not like the fox in the fable. But women of all ages, conditions, and races dote on a wedding, the very name of which stirs their emotions. Their universal eagerness to witness a nuptial ceremony is actually pathetic, and they use every endeavor to make it so. Not only does the bride weep as the rite is performed, but the bridesmaids, her friends, and most of the feminine spectators also dissolve in tears. It is a serious, solemn occurrence, certainly, one of the most solemn occurences in life; but they do not so regard it. They paint its future with the brightest hues of happiness, and weep at the vision of joy they have conjured up. Why are they so deeply concerned with weddings? Why are women women? So many of them have been made wretched by marriage that we might think they would never want to see another ceremony. But they are so very hopeful, they have so divine a faith in the impossible, that they may believe that each repetition of the rite will result ideally. Hence, they lend to it their presence, their blessing, and their tears. But, whatever a wedding may be to them, it is wearisome or hateful to men, some of whom cynically say that they prefer a funeral, which ends human woe, while marriage only begins it. Man happens to be right in his disapproval of public weddings. Good taste and discretion demand, especially when the sequel of so many is considered, that they should be strictly private. But, if they were private, what a host of women would be denied the opportunity of exhibiting their luxurious sorrow.

All this from a masculine point of view. Receptions in the evening are the kind of entertainments men are expected to take part in. Women despaired long ago of inducing them to attend, to any numerous degree, afternoon parties, balls, or weddings, but on evening receptions they have made, and continue to make, a most determined stand. Men are slipping away steadily and swiftly from their grasp, by open rebellion and covert device. The prospect is, in New York, at least, that society will ere long be abandoned to women, very young

men, and the few who get some sort of compensation out of its mummeries. It is not pretended that there are not pleasant, interesting persons in the company one meets at the houses of one's friends and acquaintances. But the crowd, the heat, and all the circumstances prevent anything like commingling or conversation. The rule is that you should distribute yourself as much as possible; say a few words in the way of small talk here and there; draw out the dull and shy, and leave the bright and spontaneous to somebody else. Everything should be of the touch-and-go order. If you fall into agreeable relations with another man, drop him at once; men should, in such environment, do no more than nod to one another, and cleave to some remarkably stupid woman until you find another still stupider. The traditional injunction of society is to make yourself uncomfortable in the vain hope of making others comfortable, and, whether willing or unwilling, you carry the injunction out. No man can tell, until it is all over, exactly how he could have been bored so supremely in two or three hours. He never will be able to tell, but his experience will, at each return of a social occasion, always be the same.

Within a few years the boredom of receptions has often been augmented ten-fold by piano-playing and recitations—additional tortures which the most depraved humanity does not deserve. These would, ordinarily, put the bravest to flight; but in a thronged drawing-room everybody deems it his duty to remain at his post without faltering. He must even assume to listen, however his senses may be afflicted, and to enjoy withal.

Had pianos and recitations been invented in the thirteenth century, Dante would surely have introduced them as torments into the lowest circle of his Inferno. Many men who have been dragooned into society may, in morbid moments, share Calvin's monstrous views and imagine that, beyond the grave, society, as at present managed, will be eternal. But those views will fade with the evening reception; once more in the open air and under the smiling sky they will be convinced that society, like sin and evil, must pass away, and woman be permanently cured of her social heresies and infatuations.—*Junius Henri Brown in America.*

A SMALL BUT BRILLIANT STAR.

Mrs. Atherton writes about Elsie Leslie in "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

There is a great deal of talk about the influence of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" over the rising generation. That a child should be divinely tempered, beautifully brought up, and still not a prig, but most fascinating and interesting, seems to have touched a note of surprise all over the land. Every child within a radius of twenty miles is being taken to see this most delightful and instructive of plays, in the hope of tuning the young brains to emulation as well as pleasure; but, unfortunately, children do not bring themselves up, and the lesson, if for any, is for the mothers. I heard a woman say, the other day: "Even when I am on an elevated train, I try my best to be polite, and think of some one else, as I know little Lord Fauntleroy would have done." And if Mrs. Burnett manages to introduce politeness into the elevated train she will go down to posterity as the one great woman America has ever produced.

It is certainly very interesting to watch the transformation of the crabbed, choleric earl into quite a decent and kind old gentleman: the transformation owing itself to the fact that the earl has not the courage to acknowledge that he is otherwise than what his little grandson expects. Fauntleroy, never having met any one who was not good-tempered, polite, and ready to adore him, approaches and treats his formidable grandpapa with the same confidence he would show his idolizing mother, and takes it for granted that his grandpapa is a nobleman who spends his life doing good and making others happy. The earl, at first, resents the greatness thrust upon him, but gradually succumbs, and Fauntleroy never discovers that his grandfather is not the paragon he has invented. The change is worked out with much subtlety and knowledge of human nature, and the play would be a good finish to a diplomatic education.

The child who takes the part of Fauntleroy, Elsie Leslie, is almost phenomenal. She is only nine, very beautiful, with her mass of gold curls, her regular features, and graceful, perfect figure, and acts with a confidence and ease which would put many an older actress to the blush. She has not an affectation or an atom of consciousness, but she has such a mental conception of her part that it is a mystery how she can be otherwise so unstudied. Some one said it was mere mimicry, that she was severely tutored to the last gesture. But no one who has seen her will admit this. The child understands what she is doing, and one is quite willing to believe her mother, who says that the little actress invents most of her own stage business. One never realizes that she is acting, or, at all events, that she has been taught her part; she might merely have had the idea explained to her, and then been seen on the stage to go through by her own wit. I have never seen a grown actress who gave me this impression, and I believe I have seen all the footlight planets. As a matter of fact, she frequently does startle the management by innovations, and, when she puts in a new piece of business, she knows how to place it with most effect.

Perhaps one reason why she is so delightfully unspoiled is because her mother will allow her to hear nothing of her success, and her hours at home are spent with her toys and books. But the town is wild over her, and she is deluged with gifts. She gets applause enough to turn her head, and draws tears and provokes mirth as easily as she will strike sound from her toy piano.

It seems a pity that she should ever grow up. She is unique and flawless now, but when she is a woman all spontaneity will have been polished out of her. She will be, undoubtedly, the most perfect artist living, but she will be little more than a plastic mimic.

As I said before, there is much talk about the moral effect of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" on the rising generation, but he also threatens to have a dire effect upon the present. There is an awful but too well authenticated rumor that his curls have aroused the envy of woman, and that the hideous ringlets of our great-grandmother's day are once more to be worn. Women will be going to bed with their hair done up in sugar-water, to perambulate Broadway next day with flowing tresses. For those whose locks are intractable, or too scant, the hairdresser is getting ready his wig, and soon we will have the Amandas and Amelias, the Clarissas and Evelinas who have been decently coifed these hundred years.

Tommy Russell plays on alternate nights with Elsie Leslie and satisfies those who have not seen the little girl. He is a good-looking child of eight or nine, and shows much cleverness and adaptability. Annie Hughes has made a great success of the part in England, and when Mrs. Burnett saw her she despaired of finding any one over here as good. But Elsie Leslie is undoubtedly the queen of the trio. The six prominent children of the world to-day are: Josef Hofmann, Elsie Leslie, Tommy Russell, Annie Hughes, Lucy Webbling, and Olive Berkely. Together, they are said to earn a hundred thousand dollars a year.

The principal result of "Lord Fauntleroy" will undoubtedly be an avalanche of child's plays and a new crop of precocious kids. Every needy author will at once set to work to write a play of which the hero or heroine will be some child whom all other children will want to see, and mothers will begin to await eagerly the development of the dramatic instinct in their offspring. All the grown actresses will be mad, and all the children will get wrinkled.

GERTRUDE FRANKLIN ATHERTON.

NEW YORK, December 24, 1888.

"Jokes to Let" is a sign that may be read on some office-door before long, if a young man who thinks that he has got an inspiration carries out his threat. He revealed his scheme one night recently to a person whom he happened to meet. Said he: "I have got an idea that is going to make me a fortune, and a big one at that. I am going to start a joke-shop and a funny-story factory. You see, I am something of a hand at making jokes myself, and I can hire two or three others to get up funny stories for me. Then I intend to advertise for patrons, and I'll get them easy enough. There are plenty of young men who like to appear clever, when they really are no more clever than a cow. When they go out in company, or with a party of their fellows, they want to say something smart or tell a story that will delight the girls. Now to remedy the inability of most young men to do this is a long-felt want. That is just what I propose to fill. I will simply contract to allow them to use the jokes or stories once, twice, or three times, or as often as they care to pay for. In fact, I will rent them my jokes. If they violate my confidence, I will expose them; that is, if I can find them out. I tell you, my boy, it is a great scheme."

Major O'Gorman is dead; and in his death there passed away one of the most notable characters that ever adorned the British House of Commons. "The Major," as he was called in the Parliament of 1874, was a man of stupendous girth and volcanic voice. He really took seriously to politics, and his speeches in the house were delivered with an air of deep conviction that added the last touch to their grotesqueness. The first and perhaps the most famous speech was delivered in a debate on a motion with respect to convents. The major, as a good Catholic, opposed it, and, in the course of his oration, introduced some quaint allegory, the mystery of which has never been fathomed to this day, the last man capable of explaining it being the major himself. It was something about a nun, who was supposed to be questioned by one of the inspectors to be appointed under the propose bill. Major O'Gorman undertook to recite what this nun would say to the inspector, and began in a tearful voice, proper to a nun in distressed circumstances. But he never got beyond the opening sentence, "I had a sister; her name was Sophia." Inextinguishable laughter from the crowded houses broke in upon his oration.

Future exploration of the Tiber's bed is expected to yield marvelous results. It has been found that, contrary to anticipation, the river-bed is really full of antiquities of the most valuable and interesting kind. In a sort of experimental dredging of a very small area under an arch of an old bridge recently, the finds were astonishing. Among them was a striking Bacchus. The poor fellow was discovered standing on his head in the mud, and in that awkward position he had doubtless remained for a thousand years. The Jews have always maintained that the golden candelebra and other treasures from the Temple at Jerusalem, taken by Titus, were thrown into the Tiber. Some years ago, they asked permission to dredge for these precious objects, but were refused. Now the strong belief of archæologists in the wealth of the river-bed will probably create a sentiment certain in a short time to bring about the exploration from which so much is expected.

An anonymous writer in a medical journal gives the following description of massage: "Upon the nervous system massage exerts a delightful and at the same time a profoundly sedative and tonic effect. While it is being performed, and often for hours afterward, those who submit to it are in a blissful state of repose; they feel as if they were enjoying a long rest, or as if they had just returned from a long vacation; it makes optimists of them for the time being. An aptitude for either rest or work generally follows, with an indifference to the ordinary cares of life, and needless apprehensions are dispelled. Hence, it has been recommended by high authorities."

The daughters of the Empress Frederick wear what would be considered widows' caps. The empress wears a widow's cap with strings nearly to her feet.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

In the tailor's shop: "I am looking for a fashionable overcoat." "All right, sir. Will you have it too short or too long?"—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Husband (getting ready for the theatre)—"My dear, what in the world are you taking that newspaper along for?" *Wife* (coldly)—"To read between the acts."—*Life.*

Two naval vessels have been sent to Hayti. The country would feel more certain of the result if Uncle Sam could have sent the Maryland oyster pirates.—*Boston Post.*

Indulgent papa—"Why, my dear, you had a party last month. How often do you wish to entertain your friends?" *She*—"This one is not to entertain my friends, papa, but to snub my enemies."—*Life.*

Family doctor—"Your wife needs out-door exercise more than anything else." *Husband*—"But she won't go out. What am I to do?" "Give her plenty of money to shop with."—*New York Weekly.*

Mother (to daughter)—"Well, Celia, did you have a pleasant ride with young Mr. Slattery?" *Celia*—"Oh, yes, mamma; and do you know that as soon as we got out of town he let me drive!"—*New York Sun.*

A counterfeit money-mill conducted by convicts in the Nashville, Tenn., prison, has just been discovered by the prison authorities. This is what may be called a clever piece of detective work.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

He (calling)—"I'm here promptly, Miss Fannie." *She*—"Yes, Mr. Staylate." *He*—"I never like to keep people waiting." *She* (significantly)—"Waiting for you to come, you mean, of course."—*Washington Post.*

"I hope the United States won't go to war with England." "So do I; it would ruin the country." "Oh, no; the nation could stand it. The expenses of a war would not ruin it." "But you forget the pensioners."—*Time.*

Young lady—"Anything new in writing-paper?" *Dealer*—"Yes, miss, we have one new style ugly enough to give folks a fit and so rough that no human being can write on it." "How cute. Give me a box."—*Philadelphia Record.*

She—"Just now, when I told the crockery merchant that I wanted to buy a pitcher, he said that the season was over and all of them had been sold." *He*—"That fellow is not a crockery merchant—he's a director of the league."—*Time.*

Blotterwick—"I see that the bustle is no longer worn." *His wife*—"Where did you see that, my dear?" *Blotterwick* (meekly)—"In the newspapers." *His wife* (sharply)—"Well, when you see it in the street, just let me know."—*Time.*

Englishman—"You—aw—live in Californiah, I believe?" *American*—"Yes, sir; San Francisco is my home." *Englishman*—"Quite so. Ah, I presume you frequently come in contact with my friends, the Courtneys, in Arizonah—an adjoining State, I believe?"—*Harper's Bazar.*

Citizen—"What'll you charge me, Uncle Rastus, to cart away that pile of stone?" *Uncle Rastus*—"'Bout two dollahs, sah." *Citizen*—"Isn't that very high?" *Uncle Rastus*—"Yes, sah, jes fo' cahtin' away de stone, but I got ter hire a man to be'p hahness de mule."—*Harper's Bazar.*

"Hadn't you better wash the dishes before we go?" said a man who was taking a hired girl out for a walk; "your missis will be sure to see them and scold you." "No, she'll not," replied the girl; "as soon as she learns I am going out for the evening, she'll spend all the time looking through my trunk."—*Puck.*

Miss Hecksher—"Why, Tom, what *is* the matter?" *Tom*—"I'm irretrievably ruined! I sent Uncle Bullion a snake-ring to-day for a Christmas remembrance!" *Miss Hecksher*—"I don't see anything particularly sad about that." *Tom*—"My dear girl, I forgot that he had recently been confined in the Bayside Inebriate Asylum."—*Time.*

"Clara," shouted the old man from the head of the stairs in a husky tone of voice as though he had just got out of a warm bed. No response. "Clara, I say," he repeated. Then an uneasy sort of a sound came from the parlor. "Your daughter, sir," in a weak, piping, let-us-have-peace voice, "has just gone to the cellar for a fresh pitcher of cider."—*New York Sun.*

Mr. Wabash (to Miss Waldo, of Boston)—"I suppose, Miss Waldo, that your father is in business in Boston?" *Miss Waldo*—"Oh, yes; he is one of the prominent shoe-manufacturers there." *Mr. Wabash*—"Ah, indeed. I have never had much business experience myself. Now, about how long does it take your father to make, say, a good eight-dollar shoe?"—*New York Sun.*

They were at the theatre and she had thoughtlessly eaten, at dinner, some soup with the flavor of onion in it. "Oh, Mr. Howlingswell," she said, adroitly, putting a morsel of perfumed lace and cambric to her face, "do you notice that some one near us has had the bad taste to eat onions before coming to the theatre to-night?" "Why, no, Miss Clara, I hadn't until you spoke."—*Epoch.*

Merchant—"Swannagum, your face looks as if it had gone through a corn-sheller. What's the matter?" *Swannagum*—"Mr. Phipps, did you sell this razor to my wife the day before Christmas?" *Merchant*—"I presume I did." *Swannagum* (with a dangerous gleam in his eye)—"I have come, sir, to request you to take it back and give me the worth of it in court-plaster."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Lecturer on art—"Before I sit down I shall be happy to answer any questions that any of you may wish to ask." *Gentleman in audience* (from St. Louis)—"I have enjoyed the lecture much, sir, and have understood it all except a few technical terms. Will you please tell me what you mean by the words perspective, fresco, and mickle-anjelo?" (Lecturer sits down discouraged.)—*Chicago Tribune.*

In a shy, embarrassed way he began: "Would you, Miss Clara—or—er—could you—or, that is to say—h'm—this is really distressing, it is all so new to me—er—I was going to remark, Miss Clara——" "Oh, don't be embarrassed, Mr. Gusty," said the girl, with modest encouragement; "pray go on and——" "Would you," he blurted out, "be good enough to lend me a nickel to get back home with?"—*New York Sun.*

Woman (to tramp)—"Why do you stand in that dejected, pleading attitude? Ain't the pie good?" *Tramp*—"Yes, ma'am, the pie is all right, but I used to be a waiter and I got the habit of taking this pathetic posture while looking for a fee." *Woman*—"Well, what did you do when you didn't get any fee?" *Tramp*—"What could I do? I just brushed a few crumbs into the customer's lap or let his hat drop and let him go."—*New York Sun.*

Grocer—"What do you want, boy?" *Hans*—"One pound of coffee, 1.20 marks; one pound of sugar, 50 pfennigs; one pound of butter, 1.30 marks; two pounds of rice, at 20 pfennigs; and two pounds of suppengerste, at 20 pfennigs per pound. If I now give you 5 marks, how much do I still owe?" *Grocer*—"1.20 marks." *Hans*—"Please write me the figures." *Grocer*—"Well, now, where are you going?" *Hans*—"I am going home to copy the exercise; I must give it at school this morning."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Old Mrs. Bentley—"Josiah, there comes a shabby-looking old man, with a bundle on his back, and I think we ought to do something for him." *Old Mr. Bentley*—"I am willing, Mariar." *Old Mrs. Bentley*—"I say, old man, if you'll come into the house I may be able to find some decent clothing for you." *Old man* (gratefully)—"Dank you, mem." *Old Mrs. Bentley* (in the house)—"Now, there's a lot of cast-off clothing that my hushand doesn't want." *Old man* (examining the lot very carefully)—"Vell, I gif you tree dollar fur the lot, und, so help me, not von cent more." *Old Mrs. Bentley*—"But, sir, I want to give you the clothing." *Old man* (looks over the lot again, very, very carefully)—"Vell, I tell you vot I do: I dake 'em."—*Life.*

VANITY FAIR.

There is that wise old Scotchman, Professor Blakie, of Edinburgh, adding to the literature of the matrimonial problem. In an article in *Chambers's Journal*, he gives forth the following: "It is not in the power of the most sagacious young lady to discern the character of the future husband in that of the present lover. Look, therefore, for a certain change in the character of your present admirer. The best woman in the world would be spoiled and become intolerable if she were habitually to receive such tribute and such service as lovers so lavishly offer on the shrine of their idol. Men are naturally less amiable and more intractable than women. The first point, therefore, to secure a married woman's happiness, after the holidays of the honeymoon are over, is that she should study carefully the peculiarities of her husband's temper. Let no woman foolishly attempt to gain from her husband in a rough way what she can surely achieve by gentleness. In your study to master your husband's temper, do not forget to keep a firm hold of your own. Obey your husband in all reasonable matters. When he becomes imperious about crochets, take your own way and smile bewitchingly. Always attend conscientiously to the kitchen and the pantry; also to wardrobe, and, if you have children, to the nursery. But, beware of becoming altogether a mere housekeeper or bringer-up of bairns. Dress well. Good dress is a sort of poetry addressed to the eye, which it is in the power of every well-conditioned woman to compose; and a woman who has no taste for decoration is as much out of nature as a bird without wings. When you wish to obtain anything from your husband, and have reason to anticipate his refusal, choose with delicate care a favorable moment. Don't annoy your husband with officious displays of loving attention in small matters when he is busy and occupied with affairs of serious concern. Bear in mind, also, that your husband, though a very important person in your eyes, may be a very small person in the eyes of the world. Do not, therefore, be eager to bring him forward on all occasions, quoting all his opinions as if they were an oracle, and discussing publicly his small peculiarities, as if the manner in which he smoked his cigars and shaved his beard were a matter of parliamentary concern. To parade your husband after this fashion is the surest way to make the man appear ridiculous and the wife petty. Whatever his faults, a man naturally expects sympathy from his helpmate in the first place and not criticism. If your husband is a weakling and can not manage his own establishment properly, you are entitled to assume the reins by the law of the stronger; but, in doing so, be careful to use this superiority wisely and to display it as little as possible. No proper woman should wish to exercise any power over her husband save that which is the natural and quiet result of conjugal love and loyalty, acting in harmony with the graciousness and the tact which are the characteristic excellences of the sex."

The word "tacky" (says the Memphis *Avalanche*) is a Southern colloquialism. It was coined by a wealthier or more refined and educated class for general application to those who were not sheltered by the branches of a family tree, who were "tainted." Those who were wealthy and yet had no great-grandfathers were "tackies." The word was used both in contempt and in derision. It is now nearly obsolete in both senses. There are no aristocrats in the South now, and therefore no "tackies." No man who has the instincts of a gentleman is spoken of as a "tacky," whether he can remember the name of his grandfather's uncle or not. But it has its uses. It is employed in describing persons of low ideas and vulgar manners, whether rich or poor. It may mean an absence of style. In dress, anything that is t dry is "tacky." A ribbon on the shopkeeper's counter, a curtain in the bolt, a shawl or bonnet, a bolt of cloth fresh from the loom may be "tacky," because it is cheap and yet pretentious. In Louisiana the inferior grade of creole ponies are known as "tackies."

The banking-house of Bleichroder (says the Berlin correspondent of the New York *Tribune*), has grown much as did that of the Rothschilds. Its founder was a poor man, but possessed of that indomitable energy so characteristic of his race, which rapidly placed him upon the road to wealth and influence, so that to-day few great financial transactions are made without the consent, aid, or advice of Bleichroder. But his career has been fraught with disappointments. With wealth came social ambition, and with social ambition a campaign of defeats. It is difficult for Americans to realize the barriers in the way of the Jews in Germany. The anti-Semitic sentiment is widespread and violent. The aristocratic classes are thoroughly in sympathy with the movements of Court Chaplain Stocker and the drawing-rooms of the nobility, filled with "Judenhetzer" and closed to the Jewish Crœsus. They are debarred from all society other than their own; they are excluded from certain offices in the judicial career and rejected as candidates for the army, and are accepted objects for jokes and witticisms. But the noblemen of Germany are in their power, and the money-bags and estates are fast passing into their hands. Bleichroder's strength in this way is enormous. Half of the cavaliers in the city are deep in his debt. Even Emperor William the First owed him money and was greatly indebted to him for assistance during the Franco-Prussian War, for which he raised him to the nobility. A short time before the death of the old kaiser, Bleichroder employed the Countess of Schleinitz to chaperon his daughter and introduce her to the society of the great. The old countess was a prime favorite at court, having been once lady-in-waiting to the queen, and her task was considered as easy as her pay was large. But the social career of the girl, upon whom nature had bestowed little beauty, was shortlived. By strenuous efforts of the chaperon, she was finally invited to a ball at court, the emperor ordering her name upon the list, despite the manifold objections. A magnificent costume decked her form, and jewels more expensive than those of any dowager in the room ornamented her hair, glittered in her ears, and sparkled from her bosom. But the marshal thought her presence a disgrace, and ordered his brother officers to let her go unnoticed. The strains of music began again and again; still she sat unasked by the high-headed officers, and the titled ladies passed her by without a sign of recognition. Her face began to pale. Even the old emperor had forgotten her. She bore it bravely, but left with a downcast face, cruelly treated in the house of her king. The old banker was full of righteous indignation over the treatment of his daughter, and but for the interference of his majesty would have ruined half of the cavaliers of Berlin, who had dared insult his child. Fraulein von Bleichroder never attended a second court ball. She married since then a man not of her own race or religion. The career of the brother has been just as disappointing. Though excluded from the regular army, his father finally succeeded in having him attached to a regiment of the reserves. But his service was unpleasant and his pride was continually wounded. Upon one occasion, while attending the manœuvres with his corps, the commander had the bugle blown to assemble his aids. Bleichroder naturally came up with the rest, but the commander turned to him with the words: "Sir, I wish it distinctly understood that when I call the officers, you are not included in the number." Bleichroder's title was as good as theirs. The old banker once thought it incumbent upon himself to invite the officers of his son's regiment to dinner. The invitation was at first refused, but the emperor hearing about it, ordered its acceptance. Accordingly, at the appointed time, the corps attended in a body. Herr von Bleichroder was called to the door. "At the command of his majesty, William, Emperor of Germany, sir, we appear here for dinner," said the spokesman. Silence reigned throughout the meal, after which the insolent fellows left the house without waiting for the benediction of their host.

Naturally enough, the English find the marriage of Joseph Chamberlain to an American woman more significant of the drift of popular taste than the previous matches with our countrywomen of several noble personages, because Mr. Chamberlain did not marry for money, while the others did, the commoner being rich and the noblemen poor. And Mr. Chamberlain's alliance with Miss Endicott is significant, and the precedent it establishes is causing the British mothers genuine alarm. Heretofore, the preference of the Briton for the American woman had been explained on financial grounds. Now there is every opportunity for the unendowed American beauty to win the flower of English manhood. And when the London *Times* comes to this conclusion: "To be self-reliant and worldly wise, and yet to be truly womanly and a fitting shrine for the chivalry of men; to be independent without being 'loud'; to be maidenly and dainty without being helpless or affected; to lean upon man's strength without flopping; to sustain and help him without the assumption of any portion of masculine attire—this is a golden mean of womanhood which is, perhaps, more frequently attained at present in America than in England, where Mrs. Grundy, mistaking her duties, has striven long and too successfully to set a gulf between sense and sensibility. This severance is becoming a thing of the past, but the complete union of two qualities, each essential to perfection, is more frequently found in the new world than the old"—it is quite time for the British matron to become thoughtful. Perhaps if the English girls were sent over here to be taught American manners, they might be more successful at home.—*Life.*

Patti is fast becoming a rival of the famous Ninon de l'Enclos, who preserved her beauty to such an extent up to her sixtieth year that the grandsons of the men who loved her in her youth adored her with as much fervor as their ancestors had done in their days. Patti is, to say the very least, a long way from "sweet and twenty," more like "fair and forty," without the third qualification, yet people who saw her the other day in Paris could see no visible change, no mark of the last ten or fifteen years upon her. She was still as slim and rounded, still without a gray hair in her head or a wrinkle upon her. There had not come under her chin that small break in the contour of the throat which is the first knell of dead youthfulness. Her hair lay in rich, plentiful black locks about a brow where not one line was to be seen. Her eyes were clear and bright as a child's, her cheeks smooth and pink, her teeth snowy and faultless, and the delicate lines of her figure just exactly what they were a score of years back. Some impulsive woman seized her and demanded to be told the secret of her eternal youth, and this is what Patti revealed to her. She said: "When I am at home I go to bed early—at half-past ten. I rise early, that is early for singers, which means half-past ten. So you see, when I am not singing, I sleep nearly twelve hours in the twenty-four. Plenty of sleep, that is the secret of beauty and freshness. I don't sleep until ten, of course, but I make it a point not to get up at once when I wake, but to take a glass of hot water and a lemon and read my letters before getting out of bed. It's a mistake to jump up right away after waking. I bathe in tepid water and then sponge off with a cold sponge. On singing days I take a light and early dinner at three and only a biscuit and a cup of hot bouillon after the performance. No great quantity of food and plenty of sleep, that's the way to keep one's complexion and figure intact. I rarely touch wine, a liqueur-glass full of whisky after luncheon or dinner, sometimes a glass of champagne. Nothing more." But the real and main secret of Patti's perennial youth, and the one she did not dwell upon, is the fact that she has never given way to any emotions. She has avoided all feelings of every sort, as far as possible, hate, love, everything that might make a line on her fair face.

On the afternoon and evening of Sunday, December 3d, the Flower Festival was initiated in Palermo Park, the most popular Sunday resort of Buenos Ayreans—after the Belgrano race-course. Elaborate preparations were made, according to a New York *Tribune* correspondent. Immense importations of artificial flowers and ladies' costumes were ordered by dealers, and several carriages were ordered from Europe expressly for the occasion. One of these imported carriages cost the aspirant for notice in the Corso the trifling sum of twenty thousand dollars. A single importing house sold French flowers for carriage decorations to an equal amount. All the artificial-flower artisans in the city were worked to exhaustion to supply the demand and failed in the attempt. Arches of gas-lights were erected at frequent intervals across the broad drive in Palermo Park, which is devoted to the Corso, or carriage procession on festival occasions. A hundred private boxes were erected, all of which were taken several days in advance at fifty dollars each. The admission fee for carriages or equestrians was put at ten dollars. The festival opened at two o'clock P. M. on Sunday and closed before midnight. The day having been rainy and a raw, cold wind prevailing, the attendance was little over ten thousand. Monday proved more favorable. Some fifteen thousand persons attended and seven thousand carriages. The sum netted for charity was forty-six thousand dollars. The decoration of the carriages showed great variety and much taste. Some were entirely covered with flowers. Others had wreaths and festoons, the harness, traces, and bridles being covered. Some had linings of velvet or satin corresponding with the color of flowers used in the decoration; in others, the satin or cloth suit of the coachman and outriders took the tint of the owner's favorite blossom. The carriages circling around the Corso were from four to six abreast. Many of them were drawn by two, four, or six horses. One of the most noticeable turnouts was that of the wife of President Celman. The pedestrians ranged themselves about the Corso and enjoyed the spectacle of the fine horses, beautiful decorations, lovely ladies in elegant costumes occupying the carriages, and the gay music of the accompanying bands.

Observers of society in New York have frequent occasion to note and to deplore the lack of any suitable provision for a social need that does not seem to have attracted the attention of speculative builders and owners of real-estate. In all the development that has taken place within the past few years, both of the separate and of the "associated" dwelling, it has been rashly assumed that a dwelling was primarily a place to dwell in, and that it should be arranged and furnished with the object of making its inmates comfortable, and its space fairly divided between the rooms that are intended for the entertainment of visitors and the chambers allotted to members of the family. In theory this is all very fine, but in practice families of limited means, who have business reasons for embarking in New York society, find it very grievous. It is ordained by the unwritten law of that society that its members must reside east of Sixth and west of Fourth Avenue, and rentals within the limited space inclosed by these boundaries and available in respect of latitude are such as to appal many of the persons who have the strongest possible motive for desiring to enter society. That motive is, of course, the marrying of their daughters to advantage, which may be said to be the business basis of society everywhere, from Paris to Oshkosh. Since it is well known that girls are as prone to falling in love at a period beginning at the age of seventeen or eighteen as they are to catching the measles at an earlier period, the aim of the thoughtful parent of straitened means is that they shall be exposed only to eligible, as well as infectious, young men. As the district just described is the centre of eligibility, the thoughtful parents find it necessary to secure quarters in it after the girl or girls of the family have "come out" and until it is quite certain that they are not in demand. Success may crown their efforts the very first season, it may be delayed till the second. But, after the third, it is generally considered by prudent parents that their daughter has had a fair chance, and that they have done their duty by her. They feel that they are justified in retrenching and removing to the comfortable obscurity from which they emerged to put her on the market to the utmost advantage, leaving her to pursue further investigations on her own account. The want of a house in these cases is not that of a dwelling in the ordinary sense of the word so much as of a "stand." A house with one story of rooms for the entertainment of possibly profitable visitors, to three of bedrooms, shows a monstrous and most wasteful sacrifice to personal comfort. All that is really needed is a spacious drawing-room and a spacious dining-room, with commodious offices in which the caterer's men may arrange the banquets. A kitchen would not be necessary, for when not dispensing or accepting hospitality the family would naturally subsist on simple fare procured from the nearest bakery. Bedrooms of the ordinary dimensions are madly extravagant for the purposes of the matchmaking householder. The frugal Chinese have given a valuable lesson in the economy of sleeping-apartments. Tiers of bunks against the wall would not be available in many cases, but a series of closets under the roof could be arranged which would answer the same purpose at a small additional expense. In fact, it might not be really necessary for the family to live in the house at all. They might repair to cheaper lodgings in a less fashionable neighborhood at the close of business hours in the early morning, returning to their happy home just before the opening of business the next afternoon. An apartment-house erected in accordance with these principles in a really fashionable neighborhood, and wasting no space upon ordinary domestic requirements, would be a great boon to many anxious parents of marriageable daughters. It should, of course, be completely furnished, so that the family residences of its inmates in Greenpoint or Hoboken might be kept ready for their return as soon as their enterprise succeeded or it became manifest that it had definitely failed. The heart of the speculative builder must glow within him when he considers the effect of such an advertisement as the following in the daily papers about the first of September: "To let, for business purposes, an apartment in the Circassia, consisting of ball-room, drawing-room, and banquet-hall." The rush of applications would not only convince him that he was a shrewd man of business, but would give him the gratifying sense of being a public benefactor who had supplied a long-felt want.

IN A DUCAL CHÂTEAU.

How the Duchesse d'Uzès Entertained her Imperial Russian Guests.

The grand dukes of the imperial house of Russia are in the habit of paying periodical visits to France. They are almost fonder of the Champs Elysées than of the Nevskoi Prospekt, and are always glad to exchange the rigor of a Moscovian winter for the sunny Mediterranean coast. There is a Grand Duke Michel and his family now at Cannes, and here in Paris we possess for the time two grand dukes and a grand duchess.

Grand Duke Vladimir is the brother of the Czar, and comes next to him in age. He is, however, his inferior in point of appearance—the Czar is one of the finest men in his vast empire, though the palm for manly beauty must be awarded to their brother Alexis, who is the other grand duke now within our walls. Parisians find the Grand Duchess Vladimir quite to their taste, and to listen to them she has but one fault, that of being a German. They try to forget this, however, and only remember that she is now by her marriage a Russian—and Russians are io high favor just now—that she is pretty and bright, and is dressed to perfection, by a French *couturier*, of course. As for the Grand Duke Alexis, he is the special pet of Parisian salons. Think of it, a prince tall as an old viking and with a romantic story, too. You all know how, of late, a Swedish prince played King Cophetua to—not exactly a beggar maid, but the daughter of a colonel without fortune, and how, thanks principally to his mother's intervention, he was finally allowed to marry her on the condition that he gave up his title of prince of the blood royal. Alexis had no mother to plead for him, and when the Czar of all the Russias heard that his brother had fallen in love with a maid of honor, he forthwith dispatched him to foreign parts, and for three years the sailor-prince was kept out of temptation, while his sweetheart was sent back to her parents with strict injunctions to marry her off at the first opportunity. I bave no doubt both the young lady and her family would very readily have accepted a morganatic or left-handed union—considered no disgrace—but Alexander refused Alexis leave to come home (knowing, I daresay, what would happen if be did), and, in the end, tbe latter accepted the imperial decree, but not before he had sworn a big oath to die a bachelor.

Of all the Russian grand dukes, save perhaps an uncle, Nicolas Nicolaowitch, who lives bere in semi-incognito, none is more often in Paris than Alexis. The Vladimirs have family affairs that keep them at home, though they, too, are fond of gadding about. And as for the youngest brother of the Czar, Grand Duke Paul, he is seldom allowed to quit the court, for he, too, it was whispered, was sweet on an American prima donna, and one rebellious prince was enougb. Besides, they have found him a bride in the royal family of Greece.

During their stay, the imperial visitors bave been most social. They were to be met everywhere, in the drives, on foot, on the boulevards, at the theatre, while they have accepted the invitations of the French nobility and of Russian and Polish residents with delightful readiness. A short time since Duke Alexis dined at tbe Marquise de Galliffet's with tbe Prince of Wales. What a clever little woman she must be to have thus outlived scandal, after throwing her *bonnet pardessus les moulins* and spending every balfpenny she had in the world, to be still a leader of *ton* and able to place the best before two such guests. Moreover, to have defied time as well as Mrs. Grundy and to be still youthful and bewitcbing, with a nursery full of grandcbildren!

Nor bave these royalities confined their attention to town amusements, by any means. Of huntiog and sbooting they are extremely fond. The grand dukes hunt and shoot; the grand duchess shoots only, though, sometimes, she will ride to a meet. She is quite an expert witb her gun, and you may be sure they place her in the best situation, so that at the end of a *battue* the score of birds against her imperial highness is quite a long one. When I sat down to write this letter it was with the intention of telling you of a visit paid by these distinguished personages to Bonnelles, and giving you a peep into château life *à grandes guides*, having, on a former occasion, discussed the other side of tbe questioo and shown you bow very narrow and restricted may be the existence of a French landed proprietor.

Bonnelles is one of those exceptional bouses wbere everything is done in the best style, and upon which every comfort that money can purchase is lavished. It is so near Paris that an hour will take you there by rail. Frequently, during the winter, the Duchesse d'Uzès will take up her head-quarters in her mansion in the Champs Elysées, and go down there three times a week, or as often as the hunt meets. There is at the Montparnasse Station a saloon-carriage for her special use, which is hooked on to the express for Rambouillet, my lady of Uzès always traveling as befits her rank. But during autumn the town house is closed and the duchess is regularly installed at Bonnelles.

From the time of the Merovingians, Rambouillet Forest has been a favorite hunting-ground of royality. There is no French king now to follow the hounds, but a portion of the old park, which is national property, is preserved for the use of the chief of the state, and it was only a day or two ago that President Carnot went shooting therein with these same grand dukes. Another portion of the once royal forest, called Clairfontaine, is let out to a company, and the shares are divided between a number of noblemen and barons of finance, who were very anxious that Vladimir and Alexis should come and pop at the partridges and pheasants with them, so it was arranged that they should go down in the morning of the day they had accepted the Duchesse d'Uzès's invitation to dinner, sleep, and attend a hunt on the morrow.

Bonnelles is not an ancient château, but it plays the part of one very creditably; there are four square towers at each corner of a vast quadrangle, and a magnificent horse-shoe staircase in front of the principal entrance. The grounds and park are far older, for the house was rebuilt some forty years ago on the site of the original tenement wherein lived the Marquises of Bullion for several generations. But the last marquis, who flourished in the seventeenth century, having no son, the property passed into the hands of the Duc d'Uzès, who had married his only daughter. The Uzès are one of the few noble families that have preserved the estates from which they take their name through tbe changes of time and revolution. But Château d'Uzès is far away in the centre of France, in a mountainous and volcanic district, and, though the place is kept in good repair, it is chiefly inhabited by owls and bats, albeit about once every year the *châtelains* put in an appearance and spend a few days hawking. So that Bonnelles is the principal seat of the family.

When the carriages, with their imperial and noble freight, stopped at the foot of the staircase, the doors were thrown wide open, discovering a huge vestibule, in which was drawn up a small battalion of flunkies, and a young man of some twenty summers ran lightly down the steps to help the guests to alight. This young man, with only a pale mustache on his lip, is the prospective owner of the wide acres of the Uzès. Tbe lands will be his with the title a few months hence, when he is twenty-one, but mamma holds the purse-strings. His father, the late duke, was rich in fair estates; most of the ready money, however, came into the family with the duchess, who is a Mortemart, and her mother was the daughter of the celebrated Veuve Cliquot, who left almost untold wealth to the Duchesse de Mortemart, which was afterward equally divided between her two children. Until quite lately, the Duchesse d'Uzès had still a considerable interest in the making of champagne, but was bought out by M. Verly for a pretty long figure, with a number of naughts to it. Somehow I do not think this pretty sprig of nobility will make ducks and drakes with the combined paternal and maternal fortunes when he gets the handling thereof. He looks a good sort. He distinguished himself at school, as a row of red and gold prize books in the duchess's private boudoir shows. Last year he was serving as a volunteer in the army—grooming his own horse and sleeping on straw (which, I am told, is not quite so soft as down), when it was his turn to be on service in the stables of the cavalry barracks. True, most young Frenchmen have to do this, but a widow's son is exempt if he cbooses.

From the vestibule tbe whole party pass into the drawing-room. A noble room, grand in its proportions, and furnisbed not exactly richly, but with evident search after comfort. A big log-fire is burning in the ball chimney, around wbich a circle of chairs and sofas are drawn. In one corner, a little out of the way of the fire, is a tea-table, with its own particular chairs and lounges, differently upholstered to the others. Opposite is a marvellous collection of Japanese lacquer-work couches, arranged in Oriental fashion, and a low table, covered witb knicknacks. The piano is a good bit further off, behind a pyramid of flowers and palms. There is one corner devoted to art, where pictures stand on easels, and ricb stuffs are thrown negligently over settees, and lamps, with reflectors, illuminate the paintings on whicb the rays fall. It is tbe duchess wbo planned the room, and it does her great credit.

There she is, standing by the fire, talking to one of her noble guests, a plain figure in a plain gown. She was never particularly remarkable for good looks, but sbe has a wholesome, intelligent face and a somewhat masculine manner. A woman does not ride after the hounds three days of the week throughout the hunting season without getting a little bit horsey or losing something of her feminine charm. A servant has entered noiselessly and spoken a word to his mistress. The Grand Ducbess Vladimir's carriage has entered the drive. So the hostess repairs to the vestibule, and goes out and down the whole flight of stairs to meet the imperial lady, and they come back together into the warmth and the lights and shadows of the salon.

Mlle. d'Uzès, who presides at the tea-table, brings her imperial bighness a cup. But it is time to dress for dinner, so, after a little desultory chat, the grand duchess rises and is conducted by her bostess to the apartment prepared for her on the next floor.

If you ever, fair reader, have to entertain or are a guest in the same bouse with royalty, remember you must not be long over your toilet. Every one under pain of dreadful penalties must be in the drawing-room when the great personage comes in. And so at Bonnelles there are half-a-dozen dukes and duchesses and some smaller fry, such as you and me, in the drawing-room when the *valet de pied* throws open the door and announces "Leurs altesses impériales!" Dinner? No, not yet. The hostess has to present every one to the highnesses with whom they are to sit at table. But when this ceremony is over the embryo duke witb the budding mustasche offers his arm to the grand duchess, his mother takes that of the grand duke, and they file off into the dining-room, where the young host takes the centre of the table, placing the princess on his right, while his mother sits opposite, flanked by a grand duke on each side.

What! I hear the perspicuous reader exclaim, you told us, Parisina, that French hosts and hostesses gave up their places at table to royalty. True, for common mortals, but not an Uzès. Louis the Fourteenth held the family in bigh favor and loaded them with honors—barren, if you will. An Uzès, by decree of the Grand Monarque, may retain his seat save when entertaining his sovereign. They became first peers of the realm under his sire, but only by a fluke. It had been announced that all the peers should come and subscribe themselves at the Louvre, and Louis the Thirteenth, whose dear friend and crony was the Duc de Luynes, just told him what was up, and the first man who put his name down should take precedence of the rest, and so on. Therefore, early next morning there was the duke out betimes hurrying to the palace in his coach. Unfortunately for him the Duc d'Uzès had got wind of the matter, and he, too, was minded to be the early bird; his coach came up with that of his rival in the narrow Rue St. Honoré, and his jehu being a man of expedients just managed to upset the vehicle in front, and while De Luynes was picking himself out of the mire the Duc d'Uzès was writing his name down in the royal vestibule.

Next morning, hosts and guests, noble and otberwise, were awakened early. The men got tbemselves into tbeir bunting-breeches and red coats, and some of the ladies appeared in habits. Ceremony was discarded during breakfast, but cropped up again when it came to stowing themselves away in the various vehicles provided for the purpose. They were to drive to tbe meet, where horses awaited them. Directly the Duchesse d'Uzès was in the saddle she took the direction of affairs, for she is mistress of the Rambouillet Hunt, I must tell you, and knows almost as much about woodcraft and hunting etiquette as the oldest *piqueur* in her employ. Hark! the horns sound tbe *Rallye Bonnelles*, the hounds have found. Tally-ho! and the duchess, leading the way between the two grand dukes, is off at a gallop, leaving the grand duchess to follow at her leisure in a carriage. On they crash througb tbe dead leaves that November has scattered thickly on tbe ground, and so during four hours. A mighty hard run, too. But the stag is brought to bay at last, and, I need not tell you, the bunting-duchess is in at the death. The carriages have driven up somehow, and Mme. d'Uzès, armed with the foot of the animal that a *piqueur* has hastily cut off, presents it to her guest. Out burst the horns playing the *Rallye Royale*, while the hounds send up a deep bay as the huntsman throws them the entrails of the poor dead stag, and his fellows set ligbt to tbeir pine torches to escort the tired party home again. Tbat evening the grand dukes and duchess traveled back to Paris, and their visit to Bonnelles was over. PARISINA.

PARIS, December 12, 1888.

MAGAZINE VERSE.

Ballad of the Bird-Bride.

(ESKIMO.)

They never come back, though I loved them well.
  I watch the south in vain;
The snow-bound skies are blear and gray,
Wild and wide is the wan gull's way,
  And she comes never again.

Years agone, on the flat white strand,
  I won my wild sea-girl:
Wrapped in my coat of the snow-white fur,
I watched the wild birds settle and stir,
  The gray gulls gather and whirl.

One, the greatest of all the flock,
  Perched on an ice-floe bare,
Called and cried as her heart was broke,
And straight they were changed, that strange bird-folk,
  To women young and fair.

Swift I sprang from my hiding-place
  And held the fairest fast;
I held her fast, the sweet, strange thing.
Her comrades skirled, but they all took wing,
  And smote me as they passed.

I bore her safe to my warm snow house;
  Full sweetly there sbe smiled;
And yet, whenever the shrill winds blew,
She would beat her long white arms anew,
  And her eyes glanced quick and wild.

But I took her to wife, and clothed her warm
  With skins of the gleaming seal;
Her wandering glances sank to rest
When she held a babe to her fair, warm breast,
  And she loved me dear and leal.

Together we tracked the fox and the seal,
  And at her behest I swore
That bird and beast my bow might slay
For meat and our raiment, day by day,
  But never a gray gull more.

A weariful watch I keep for aye
  'Mid the show and the changeless frost:
Woe is me for my broken word!
Woe, woe's me for my bonny bird,
  My bird and the love-time lost!

Have ye forgotten the old keen life?
  The hut with the skin-strewn floor?
O wild white wife, and bairnies three,
Is there no room in your hearts for me,
  Or our home on the low sea-shore?

Once the quarry was scarce and shy,
  Sharp hunger gnawed us sore,
My spoken oath was clear forgot,
My bow twanged thrice with a swift, straight shot,
  And slew me sea-gulls four.

The sun hung red on the sky's dull breast,
  The snow was wet and red;
Her voice shrilled out in a woeful cry,
She beat her long white arms on high,
  "The hour is here," she said.

She beat her arms, and she cried full fain
  As she swayed and wavered there.
"Fetch me the feathers, my bairnies three,
Feathers and plumes for ye and me,
  Bonny gray wings to wear!"

They ran to her side, our bairnies three,
  With the plumage black and gray,
Then she bent her down and drew them near,
She laid the plumes on our bairnies dear,
  And some on her own arms lay.

"Babes of mine, of the wild wind's kin,
  Feather ye quick, nor stay.
Oh, oho! but the wild winds blow!
Babes of mine, it is time to go:
  Up, dear hearts, and away!"

And lo! the gray plumes covered them all,
  Shoulder and breast and brow.
I felt the wind of their whirling flight:
Was it sea or sky? was it day or night?
  It is always night-time now.

Dear, will you never relent, come back?
  I loved you long and true.
O winged white wife, and our bairnies three,
Of the wild wind's kin though ye surely be,
  Are ye not my kin too?

Aye, ye once were mine, and till I forget,
  Ye are mine forever and aye,
Mine, wherever your wild wings go,
While shrill winds whistle across the snow
  And the skies are blear and gray.

—*Graham R. Tomson in Harper's for January.*

THE MISTAKES OF ANGLOMANIACS.

"Cockaigne" writes of the Essential Trifles of English Etiquette.

The mistakes which Americans make when in England arise not so much from fault as from ignorance. These are generally regarded by English people with "more of sorrow than of anger," and are treated with a sort of compassionate good humor, which, while it overlooks the fault, finds no excuse for the ignorance. In an Englishman's estimation every one should know all about England. It does not matter that a man or woman is a foreigner. That is no excuse. *Ignorantia legis* is a plea which can not be set up in English society by anybody, any more than it can be pleaded in a court of law. Whoever thinks differently, and will have the hardihood to contend that the contrary is the case, does not know English society, and by his contention will prove himself one of the class of persons whom English people would pity. I do not suppose there are a people on the face of the earth who are so crassly, so indifferently, so uncaringly, so confessedly ignorant of the social usages of other countries, which do not conform to their own, as are English people. What the people of other countries do at home in their own land is of no interest or significance to them. The rules of society in England are the only correct ones, and no one has any business to act differently than as they command or direct.

There is a vast army of anglomaniacs who come to England every year, who, I am painfully aware, imagine that they could not make a mistake in English society. Now, it is all very well to assert that the characteristics of a gentleman are the same the world over. So they are. No one doubts it. But the ways of exhibiting these characteristics differ. In no two countries are the ways identical. Perhaps, in diplomatic life, you may find Englishmen and Frenchmen, Russians and Spaniards, Germans and Italians, Americans and Austrians, Japanese and Chinese, all comporting themselves in obedience to one studied governing code of manners and conduct. But nowhere else will you observe it. It may be that in a general way the usages of polite society in every civilized country are, if not identical, very similar. Full dress at evening entertainments is one. Taking off your hat in the presence of a lady is another. Returning calls, answering invitations, being punctual at a dinner-party, and things of that sort. But for a man to suppose that because he knows these general fundamental principles of good breeding he is a master of all the details which in each country go to make up the social life of each, is simply absurd. His knowledge of these general rules of all countries does not inform him of the many subordinate regulations and customs of England any more than it does of those of Portugal or China. The usages and customs of English life are in many particulars as different from those which obtain in America as usages and customs can be.

It has been my fortune to come in contact with many Americans in England, both gentlemen and ladies, anglomaniacs included. I can candidly say that I have never met one who passed for any length of time as English. Those who did at all were very few in number. While the majority disclosed their nationality at once, the few I mention, by a studied imitation of English manner, speech, and accent, managed to keep up the deception for a short time. But the English eye and ear, doubtless thrown off guard by Poole-cut coats and Redfern-made gowns, and, therefore, for a space not on the alert, soon regained their wonted keenness of perception, and then the mask fell off. Sooner or later something betrayed the fraud. And it was not so much in speech or accent, which had apparently been studied and fairly acquired under a competent coach, as in some decidedly American and decidedly *un*-English action that the American cat was allowed egress from the fragile and counterfeit English bag.

I remember some years ago an American clergyman, who, through the introduction of mutual friends, was received into some of the highest and best English society. He was very much liked, and was made a good deal of in one way or another. He did not pose as an Englishman, it is true. A seemingly unconquerable habit of rattling his final *r's*, as well as an apparently invincible inclination to say "Why, yes," and "Why, no," on every possible occasion, would have precluded the possibility of any success on his part if he had tried to do so. But his admiration for England and things English was unbounded, and to stand well with and to be thought well of by English people, especially those with whom he was associating, was his constant aim and desire. He *was* thought well of and did stand high in the estimation of his English friends. But I am free to confess that he would have been thought better of and would have stood higher had he not, when at meals, laid down his knife on his plate and gone on eating with his fork in his right hand. This may seem trifling, and no doubt it is; but, all the same, it will give away an American every time. At any rate, it will show that the person is not English. Of course, in saying this, I do not refer to the habits of the middle-classes, about which I must admit my ignorance.

On another occasion another American clergyman, a well-known man in New York, had been most hospitably entertained at one of the southern county towns by some ladies of rank and position living there, and, wishing to make some small return, he invited the ladies to tea with him at his hotel. Upon their arrival within his comfortable, fire-lit sitting-room on a chill autumnal evening, he kindly suggested:

"Ladies, won't you remove your sacques?"

I was not present, so did not hear it, but I have heard the two ladies laughing condescendingly, though good humoredly, over the poor fellow's benightedness. The flaws were many in the short and single sentence. In the first place, no English gentleman (except in a political speech at the delivery of which Primrose dames were present) would ever address the opposite sex as "ladies." It would be "Mrs. This or That" or "Lady the other," or both names repeated; but never "ladies" in a bunch. In the next place, the stilted and pedantic "remove" would, in an English gentleman's mouth, become "take off"; and, lastly, "sacques" would be "jackets." Trifling matters again, perhaps, some people will think. Possibly they are. Yet it is just such little drops and little grains of the water and sand of social life and custom which make the mighty ocean and pleasant land of the anglomaniac's dream. It is useless for any American to wear Poole-made coats; to carry a tightly rolled-up silk umbrella on sunny days; to screw a rimless eye-glass into one eye; to have his horse's tails docked and squared; to stick cockades on his servants' hats; to come over and hire a country-house every year in England; to drive about in a four-horse drag with two grooms; to say *chawnce*, and *dawnce*, and *cawn't;* to pretend not to know what the "Glorious Fourth" means, or who was born on the twenty-second of February; to affect disdain for people who work, and to have his crest and coat-of-arms on everything that belongs to him—unless he takes the trouble to study and to master these self-same little drops and little grains of knowledge.

I was once staying at a country-house with a young American gentleman. A capital nice fellow he was in every way, and rather a favorite with the young ladies; for, beside being decidedly good-looking, he was reputed to be very rich. Among other accomplishments, he had a fair voice and sang not badly to his own accompaniment on the pianoforte. There was one song that he, however, did *not* sing well. It suited neither his voice nor his style. Yet he was obliged to sing it regularly every night after dinner (and sometimes before) at the earnest solicitation of the young ladies, who made it a point of sitting together out of his sight during its performance. The poor fellow was highly delighted and immensely flattered at what seemed to him a genuine compliment. He did not know that he was asked to sing so that he might amuse the assembled company to the verge of audible guffaws, by his Western burr in the pronunciation of "Oh, ye tears!" Nothing is more ruinous to success than ridicule, and quizzing soon becomes that if kept up. The social success this young American gentleman would have been was undoubtedly spoiled by this nightly incident, which would never have occurred had he had his clothes made in Broadway and learned to say "Oh, ye t'yahs!" instead. I daresay that h-dropping and sing-songing Englishmen are frequently drawn for some expression or pronunciation, which, to American ears, may sound ludicrous. But I hardly think a more cruel instance can be given than the one I have just related. It is not only in these final *r's* and the whirring rattle, which *all* Americans give them, to English ears, but in the articulation of vowels as well. The prolongation of an *i*, or a *u*, or an *a*, or an *o* in certain words is the scratch which discloses the American Tartar through the anglomania Cossack. Thus, lion must be called *lahn;* briar, *brah;* fire, *fah;* sire, *sah;* and liar, *lah;* not ly-on, bry-ur, fy-ur, sy-ur, or ly-ur. So also should sure be *shah;* cure, *k'yaw;* jury, *jory;* fury, *feory;* and pure, *peor;* not shoor, k'yoor, jewry, fewry, or p'yoor. The proper use of the vowel *a* is the most difficult of all. Thus, while can't is pronounced *cahnt*, the word cant is given the very flattest tone, and while ask is called *ahsk*, ass and dash, and splash, and dozens of similar words are all made as flat as you please. As for the *o* words, story is called *stawry;* glory, *glawry;* shore, *shaw;* bore, *baw;* door, *daw;* poor, *poah;* and fore, *faw*. Of course, it will not do to take each of these words by itself and pronounce it as I have given the pronunciation in England. It would thus sound far-fetched and absurd to the ears of those who have never heard English people of the upper class talk. Even to those who have, it would be likely to appear exaggerated. But use the word in a spoken sentence, with other words, and the similarity in tone to the word as spoken by such Englishmen will easily be observed by those Americans who have had the advantage of hearing the English language in English good society. Thus: "Put some coals on the *fah;*" "It is a most amusing *stawry;*" "Be good enough to shut the *daw;*" "He is a great *baw*," etc.

But, as I say, it is not so much in mistakes of pronunciation that Americans incur the British stare of pity as in errors of conduct under circumstances which, though excusable in a foreigner, lessen the person decidedly in English estimation, whatever may be said to the contrary at the time. One more illustration: I happened to be staying, a year or so ago, with some friends in Buckinghamshire during the hunting season. There was a large house-party, and among the guests was an American gentleman. Indeed, Americans are to be met, in these days, frequently enough at English country-houses, and for that reason do I wonder that they do not put themselves to the pains of informing themselves, more generally than they seem to care to do, or seem to consider it necessary to do, of English customs. During this gentleman's stay there was a meet of the swell pack of fox-hounds of the neighborhood at the place of one of the noblemen of the county, and a large contingent from my friend's house, both of hunting and non-hunting people, attended it. Of those who went, none were more keen about going, or took more interest in the expedition, than "Mr. Jones, of Philadelphia," to put him in true Gunterian form. He was a man well past middle age, of large means, and had come to see the old country at his leisure, and meant to do it as thoroughly as he could. He was not, it must be confessed, what in America is known as a "society man," and was just a trifle uncouth; but, all the same, he was a genial, kind-hearted man, and an agreeable companion.

"No, miss," he said, at breakfast, to one of the young ladies of the party who asked him if he was going to hunt; "I'm no hunter, that is to say, of foxes. I go for a hunt up in the Rockies, once in a while, after a big horn; but that isn't carried on on horseback. I know nothing of the art of fox-hunting, and am very desirous of witnessing a fox-hunt."

"I'm afraid you won't see much of the hunting unless you ride. It's a pretty sight, however, to see the hounds throw off."

"Ah? Then I shan't see the fox, shall I?" with a disappointed face.

"It's not likely. You might, however, if you were riding; but not in the carriage. I think you had better get Mr. —— to mount you."

A puzzled look.

"Ah?"

"Yes, and then if you kept close by the huntsman and whips—but I hardly fancy Lord Blazaway would like you to do that, as you're not a member. He's the M. F. H."

Still bewilderment.

"Ah?"

"You see, only members and foremost people on the best mounts keep in the first flight."

Continued perplexity.

"Ah? But suppose I walked round and watched the place where the fox is chased out of?"

"What, the covert? I don't know, I'm sure; there's always a great crowd of poor people on foot about there when the hounds draw. I don't think I should advise you. There's sure to be a great rush when Reynard goes away. You might be ridden down."

Mr. Jones did not say any more; but when he came to take his seat in the wagonette to which he was told off, it was evident, from a pair of patent-leather leggings which reached to his knees, and a stout crook-handled walking-stick which he carried over his arm, that he intended to try his luck on foot.

The hounds were just trotting on to the lawn when we arrived at Oatthorpe Park, and though I was in a different conveyance, I saw Mr. Jones quickly leave the wagonette, and, lighting a big cigar, disappear in some woods near by. After that I forgot all about him, and so I daresay did every one else. He, however, brought himself to every one's notice again later in the day by an exploit, the account of which I think I had best let him tell in his own words, as he told it to us when standing waiting for us on the door-steps where we found him on our return in the afternoon. Though covered with mud and looking uncommonly tired, his eyes sparkled with repressed glee.

"What, Jones! You here?" said Mr. —— "I thought you were lost. We looked about for you everywhere."

"Lost? Not much. That's not the kind of a man I am," and Mr. Jones stroked his chin with his open palm, while his eyes sparkled again.

"It's a great shame you missed seeing the meet. It was a very pretty sight even to English eyes, accustomed to such scenes."

"Yes, indeed. Why did you run away?" asked his young lady friend of the breakfast-table; "and you never saw the fox, after all?"

"Didn't I though?" proudly. "Well, then, I did for a fact."

"I'm so glad."

"And, what's more, I took a small-sized hand in the hunt."

"Never!" "Nonsense!" "Really?" on all sides.

"Honest, I did. Shall I tell you how? Well, when I left the carriage I asked a man where he thought likely they should seek the fox, and he showed me. So I went and hid myself behind a tree and waited. It was a good way back of the house, and the bushes were so powerful thick, I couldn't see any of the hunters. Well, I waited and waited, and though I could hear plenty of voices and noises of dogs and horses in the distance, I couldn't see anybody. I had got about tired of waiting and had come to the conclusion the man had fooled me, when I heard some one shout 'Gone away!' and I was beginning to think perhaps it meant me, when I heard a sound in the bushes close by me, and then out sneaked a curious looking animal which I knew at once was the fox. He didn't seem to take any notice of me, and crept along so close to me that I could have put out my hand and grabbed him by his big bushy tail. I was just a-going to——"

"What? You didn't, though?" Mr. —— asked quickly; "I certainly trust you——"

"No, I didn't, for, as I moved, the blamed scoundrel heard me. He turned his head, crouched back, showed his teeth, and then started off on the jump, but not before I gave him a whack with my cane here, across the flank, that staggered him, and sent him hopping away on three legs. I tell you it was fine. Talk about your fox-hunting—ha! ha!"

Words fail me to describe the faces which greeted poor Jones on the termination of his recital. "Shame!" "Deuced shame!" "Outrageous!" "Scandalous!" sounded on every side. Indeed, one or two men made a stride forward as if to give utterance to their displeasure in more forcible language in closer quarters. Mr. —— held up his hand and motioned them back.

"I am sure no one is more sorry than Mr. Jones himself would be, if he knew what a breach of English rules of sport his conduct has been."

"He ought to know!" "That's no excuse!" exclaimed the two.

"Whether he ought to know or not, is not the question. He does not know, as a matter of fact, and that must be his excuse while he remains under my roof," said Mr. —— quietly but firmly.

An awkward silence ensued. Jones essayed to explain, but was stopped by Mr. ——

"Better not say any more. You've said quite enough. I should strongly advise you to go to your room."

"Look here," said my friend to me, after Jones, looking decidedly crestfallen, made his way through the frowning faces and retired, "I can't tell him to go away from my own house. But you might. There will be a row if he stays. I didn't tell them I'd heard the first fox's hip-hone was broken, but it is sure to get out, and when it does, then—oh, you must beg him to go at once."

And so, in accordance with a gentle hint from me, Mr. Jones, of Philadelphia, took his departure forthwith. No one would have had anything to do with him had he stayed. And yet all this might have been averted had he but known that in England no vandalism is so great as that which, except in the orthodox, settled fashion of the land, injures a fox.

LONDON, December 7, 1888. COCKAIGNE.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The New York *Ledger* has been successful in obtaining a number of unpublished poems of the late John Godfrey Saxe.

According to the *Epoch* Amélie Rives is at work on another new novel of the goody-goody order, the scene of which is laid in Russia, and the greater part of the dialogue is to be in Russian.

A weekly journal for young people, backed by Philadelphia capital, is to be called *Santa Claus*. It will be published simultaneously in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Toronto, and London.

Marshal MacMahon does not intend to waste his "Memoirs" on the public. They are to be published immediately, but they are intended for the delectation of his own family and a few intimate friends.

Mr. Lewis Morris has been invited to write the lines on Admiral Blake for the memorial of the hero of the Commonwealth, which is to be set up in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster. For the Caxton window in the same church the lines were written by Tennyson.

Mr. Andrew Lang, from whose pen the ink seems to be ever flowing, like the brook, has collected his letters to the *Independent*, and will issue them in book-form under the title of "Letters on Literature." The publishers, Messrs. Longmans, announce the early appearance of the volume.

Lemerre, the French publisher, is to issue in conjunction with Guillaume a series of illustrated novels beginning with Daudet's "Les Femmes d'Artistes" and continuing with the Goncourts's "Sœur Philomène" and Bourget's "Mensonges." The edition is to be called the Collection Guillaume-Lemerre, and one may anticipate its excellence from the works of Daudet which Guillaume has already so artistically produced. The price is to be four francs per volume.

Tennyson is better, but, at the age of seventy-nine, his working days are over. He will undertake hereafter no more laborious task than a little revision of his poems. His severe illness was brought on through indulgence in a life-long passion for walking in the rain. The New York *Tribune* thinks there is a probability that Browning will be the next laureate. Though only three years younger than Tennyson, he is as robust in mind and body as a man of fifty.

Mr. Stedman writes thus to the Boston *Advertiser*, in response to a query as to what theme offers the greatest scope to the coming American novel: "It never has occurred to me that a specific theme is essential to a novel—which I take to be a work of the creative imagination, and neither a sermon nor a school-composition. And I suppose the coming novel will be written by a novelist, and not by one who is, first of all, a propagandist or reformer."

Mr. Gladstone would not write an article on "John Ward, Preacher," when asked to do so. "I never write about religion," he said, "unless I have a special object. My reason for writing about 'Robert Elsmere' was to show that the arguments brought forward against Christianity in it were fallacious. No such excuse would justify an article on 'John Ward, Preacher,' in which no attack on Christianity is contained." Mrs. Gladstone once said that her husband considered it one of his most sacred duties to do his utmost to check the flood of infidelity which was sweeping over England.

Oscar Wilde recently announced his opinion of the prose of the day. It's "terribly dull and cumbrous," he says; it's "heavy in movement and uncouth or exaggerated in expression." Among the masters in English prose, whom he mentions, are Matthew Arnold, "who is a model"; George Meredith, "who is a warning"; Mr. Lang, "who is the divine amateur," whatever that may mean; and Mr. Ruskin, "whose rhythm, and color, and fine rhetoric, and marvellous music of words are entirely unattainable." Mr. Wilde fancies that women may bring a new and important manner into English prose.

The following account of Sir Walter Scott is from the Earl of Stanhope's recent "Notes of Conversations with the Duke of Wellington": "I thought him a very agreeable man, full of anecdote. On several occasions, though, when I met him, he was talked down by Croker and Bankes, who forgot that we might have them every day—but not Scott. He was a little too fond of his own preconceived notions. When he went to Paris and was writing his 'Life of Napoleon,' several persons offered him facts of value; but he said no, he had already formed his notions and would not disturb them. Before I knew that he was going to make a novel of it I gave him a memoir on the Russian campaign, which I think he inserted bodily."

The latest victim of an alleged plagiaristic outrage is Mr. Marion Crawford. A short time ago M. Jean Richepin read to the directors of the Opera the poem of a piece for which M. Massenat has agreed to write the music. The title of the new opera is "Le Mage," and in announcing the work the Paris *Temps* said: "'Le Mage' reminds one very much of Mr. F. Marion Crawford's novel entitled 'Zoroaster.'" And the author seems to be of the same opinion, if we may judge (says *Galignani*) from a letter written by Mr. Crawford to his translator in Paris. In this letter Mr. Crawford points out several "coincidences" between M. Richepin's Magician and Zoroaster; and, since the latter as described by Mr. Crawford is not an historical but an imaginary character, Mr. Crawford "protests energetically" against M. Richepin's production.

In the *Critic* recently Mr. O. B. Bunce, of Appleton's publishing house, threw some light on "The Mystery of the Christmas Book." Among other things he said: "The senior partner of one of our well-known publishing houses said recently to his younger partners and head assistants: 'I hope I shall never see another Christmas book published by us. After I am dead, do as you please, but while I live please make no more books for the holidays.' It is not only possible, but generally true, that the making of Christmas books is not the brilliant thing financially that it seems to be. . . . But, if holiday books do not pay, why do publishers produce them?" To this Mr. Bunce replies, that "the making of Christmas books is attended with the same fascination and with the same assurance of 'better luck' next time as allures the speculator or gamester back to the play. . . . The ease and apparently little cost with which illustrations may thus be produced have led to the publication of ambitious and costly folios, many of which are very artistic and reflect great credit upon artists and publishers. But the size is cumbersome, the prices are high, and hence although a small sale would be sufficient, I am afraid the results in most cases have not been pecuniarily gratifying. . . . While the consumption of children's books is very great, the competition is intense, and in the struggle many promising works go to the wall. . . . One house in New York puts forth every season a volume for children that for artistic beauty is really captivating. This book—so choice, so charming in every feature—is, I am informed printed in Germany, large editions being duplicated for America, for France, and for England. . . . Perhaps we shall in time see some such world plan enter into the production of the Christmas book for elders. One thing to deter this, however, is that abroad, especially in England, Christmas books are almost exclusively for young people."

New Publications.

"The Blackhall Ghosts," by Sarah Tytler, is published by Rand, McNally & Co., New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Patriotic Reader" is a collection of short extracts from many sources and many lands, all praising the virtue of patriotism and the beauty of liberty. The selections are divided into sixteen separate headings, fourteen of which are devoted to American subjects. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.20.

"Orthodox," a tale by Dorothea Gerard, is the latest issue in the Gainsborough series. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, 25 cents.

"Tancred's Daughter," a poem by Charles G. Blanden, gives the title to a small volume of verse published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Pierson & Robertson; price, 75 cents.

Plutarch's "Lives of Romulus, Cimon, Lucullus, and Lycurgus," have been issued in Cassell's National Library. Published by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

"Another's Crime" is the fifth issue of the firm of Inspector Byrnes and Editor Hawthorne. It contains the usual amount of mystery, crime, and cunning. Published by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by Strickland & Co.; price, 50 cents.

"A Modern Don Juan," described as a "powerful, realistic novel of the day," is a sensational story whose hero lives up to the standard set by the title of the book. Published by the Minerva Publishing Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

The latest issues of the Franklin Square Library are "For Faith and Freedom," by Walter Besant, and "The Peril of Richard Pardon," by B. L. Farjeon. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 50 and 30 cents, respectively.

"Readings from the Waverly Novels," edited by Albert F. Blaisdell, is a series of selections from the principal novels of Scott, preceded by an account of the novelist and a general description of his novels. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, 75 cents.

"Minora Carmina" is a volume of graceful verse, by "C. C. R." The rhymes are arranged under the headings In the London Season, In the Country-House Season, Riverside Rhymes, and Miscellaneous Verse. Published by Swan Sonnenschein, Lowrey & Co., London; for sale by the booksellers.

"Chapters from Jane Austen," edited by Oscar Fay Adams, has been issued in the Cambridge Series of English Classics. A rather lengthy biographical and critical introduction is followed by selections from her principal novels. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, 75 cents.

"The Story Mother Nature Told" is a series of chapters on the methods of nature, described in a simple manner for the apprehension of very young readers. The author, Jane Andrews, is already well-known as a writer for children. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.00.

"The Tory's Daughter," by A. G. Riddle, is a story of the War of 1812, the scene being laid on the north-west frontier and many of the leaders on both sides appearing as characters in the story. The author claims some historical value for his story in addition to its charm of fiction. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Pierson & Robertson; price, $1.50.

Thomas J. Murrey, who has already done good work for the inner man by publishing numerous special cookery books, now adds another to the list, entitled "Oysters and Fish." It contains numerous hints about the cooking and serving of these articles of food and many recipes for their preparation. Published by Frederick A. Stokes & Brother, New York; for sale by William Doxey; price, 50 cents.

T. C. de Long, whose cleverly written parody of Amélie Rives's popular story, "The Rock or the Rye," was so popular, has issued a new edition of a story somewhat in the same line, entitled "Cross Purposes." The story was first published long enough ago for it to be new to the average reader. Published by the Gossip Printing Co., Mobile, Ala.; for sale by John W. Roberts & Co.; price, 50 cents.

"Hints about Men's Dress" is a small volume of hints such as might have been useful to Robinson Crusoe, or some man who had been absent from the civilized world long enough to forget the more familiar canons of society in regard to dress. The author describes himself as a New York clubman, thereby reminding us how wide a field New York clubdom covers. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, 30 cents.

The second series of "Essays in Criticism," by Matthew Arnold, has the distinction of having been collected by the author himself from among his fugitive writings. The book opens appropriately with his essay on "The Study of Poetry," which forms the general introduction to Ward's English Poets. The notices of Thomas Gray and John Keats, contained in Ward's collection, are also republished. An address on Milton, critical notices of Wordsworth and Byron, from the editions of their poems edited by Arnold, and essays on Shelley, Tolstoï, and Amiel, from recent magazines, complete the book. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.50.

"Daylight Land," by W. H. H. Murray, is described as being a record of "The Experiences, Incidents, and Adventures, Humorous and Otherwise, which befell Judge John Doe, Tourist, of San Francisco; Mr. Cephas Pepperell, Capitalist, of Boston; Colonel Goffe, the man from New Hampshire, and divers others, in their Parlor-Car Excursion over Prairie and Mountains." Were it not that such a stiff price is set upon the book, one might think it an elaborate puff of the Canadian Pacific route. The book is handsomely printed on heavy paper, and is illustrated by numerous illustrations in colors. Published by Cupples & Hurd, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price: paper, $2.50; cloth, $3.50.

Some Magazines.

The complete novel in the January *Lippincott's* is "Hale-Weston," by M. Elliott Seawell. Among the notable articles are: "Edgar Allen Poe," by R. H. Stoddard; "Literary Society as She was Seen," by Charlotte Adams; "The Capture and Execution of John Brown," by P. Poindexter, an eye-witness of the events; and the fourth day of John Habberton's "Six Days in the Life of an Ex-Teacher." The verses are by A. W., Curtis Hall, and Wilson K. Welsb. The Monthly Gossip, Book-Talk, and One Hundred Questions are interesting as usual.

Harper's for January opens with "Commodus," by General Lew Wallace, a tragedy in blank verse, founded on the story of Maternus. "Manufacturing Industry in Ireland" is described by Commissioner Mac Carty; Archdeacon Mackay-Smith discusses "The Clergy and the Times"; "The Beaver" is described by H. P. Wells; Charles Dudley Warner contributes "Comments on Kentucky"; Professor A. S. Hill writes of "Colloquial English"; Clarence Cook has an illustrated paper on "Russian Bronzes"; "Modern Amateur Photography" is described by F. C. Beach; and W. W. Thomas, Jr., has a paper on "The Ancient City of Wisby" The first chapters are given of a new novel, "Jupiter Lights," by Constance Fennimore Woolson, and Annie Porter has a short tale entitled "Isabel's Story." Graham R. Tomson contributes the "Ballad of the Bird-Bride," the only poetry in the number except the blank verse tragedy.

The January *Century* opens with an article on "Giotto," by W. J. Stillman, in the series of Old Italian Masters. Next comes a paper, written and illustrated by Frederick Remington, on "Horses on the Plains." Other articles of interest are: "Pagan Ireland," by Charles de Kay; "The Life of Administrative Exiles," by George Kennan; "Olin Warner, Sculptor," by Henry Eckford; "An American Apprentice System," by Richard P. Auchmuty; "Round about Galilee," by Edward L. Wilson; "The West Point of the Confederacy," by John S. Wise; and "The Announcement of Emancipation" in Nicolay and Hay's history of Abraham Lincoln. In fiction there are new chapters of Mary H. Catherwood's "Romance of the Dollards"; another "Strange True Story of Louisiana," by George W. Cable; and "An Old Man from the Country," by George H. Jessup. The departments are good, and verses are contributed by William Wilfred Campbell, Edith M. Thomas, Zoe Dana Underhill, Agnes Maule Machar, James Whitcomb Riley, and others.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

That good-natured but extremely silly prince, the Duke of Gloucester, once visited a madhouse and was suddenly confronted with a raving lunatic who, surveying the duke with an eye of speculation, ceased his howling and exclaimed, "Hello! Why, here's Silly Billy!" "Good gracious," said the duke; "why, the man knows me!" "Oh, yes," replied the governor; "he has lucid intervals."

Not long ago Sarah Brown, the Parisian model whom "Parisina" told us of last week, wanted one hundred dollars very badly. A painter lent her the sum, but reluctantly, and after making observations and reserves. Sarah felt hurt, and immediately borrowed the same sum of another painter, in order to pay back the money to the first. Accompanying the return of the loan was a note with these words: "Je te remercie. J'ai trouvé un autre imbécile."

Mexicans have a nice, delicate way of saying even unpleasant things. A young Mexican lady, talking with a prisoner in the penitentiary, politely asked: "How long do you expect to be away from home?" A lawyer in Mexico writes, politely, of a certain señor: "I have written to Señor —— about the documents, and I am awaiting his reply. He has not answered, although there has been plenty of time. I hear he is in jail, and that, of course, handicaps him to some extent."

Not long since I was right on a car line (writes a Washington correspondent) and could have ridden where I wanted to go for five cents, but I was in a hurry and took a cab, for which I paid fifty cents, telling the man of my anxiety to save time. Many times I called to him to drive faster, but each time he replied that he could not. Finally, in desperation, I demanded why in —— he could not go faster. "Because," he said, calmly, "the car's in the way." He was following in the track just behind that fine vehicle which I had rejected as slow.

During a feint made by Marshal Soult against Wellington's army, the Guards occupied an unfinished redoubt on the right of a highway. Wellington, happening to pass on his return to head-quarters, saw, to his surprise, many umbrellas, with which the officers of the Guards protected themselves from the falling rain. Immediately an aide-de-camp galloped up, saying, "The commander-in-chief does not approve the use of umbrellas during the enemy's firing, and will not allow the 'Gentlemen's Sons' to make themselves ridiculous in the eyes of the army."

Sir James Scarlett, when practicing at the bar, one day had to examine a witness whose evidence promised to be damaging unless he could be previously confused. The only vulnerable point of the man was said to be his self-esteem. The witness, a portly, overdressed person, went into the box and Scarlett took him in hand. "Mr. John Tompkins, I believe?" "Yes." "You are a stock-broker?" "I *ham*." Scarlett regarded him attentively for a few moments, and then said, "And a very fine, well-dressed *ham* you are, sir." The shout of laughter which followed completely disconcerted Mr. Tompkins, and the lawyer's point was gained.

Lord Cranworth, when lord chancellor, used to sit continually with the lords justices, for the purpose, it was said, of enlightening himself on points of which he was ignorant. "I wonder why old Cranny always sits with the lords justices?" said some one to Sir Richard Bethell. As usual, he was humorous, and at the same time caustic. "I take it to arise," said he, "from a childish indisposition to be left alone in the dark." When attorney-general, Bethell once finished an elaborate address just as the court adjourned at noon. His junior, who expected to follow on the same side after lunch, said to him: "Mr. Attorney-General, you have evidently made a strong impression on the court." "I think so, too," replied Bethell; "*don't disturb it*."

Bouffé, who died the other day full of years, was an actor whom the French stage with all its present versatility of talent has never replaced. In some memoirs, just published, there is a story of a first night which throws strange light on the realities of the stage. His daughter was very ill, and, almost hopeless and brokenhearted, he had to leave his house to come to the theatre to create the piece. He came in good time, and dressed carefully in his room, and made his appearance on the stage. The applause of the whole house—no mere turbulence of the claque—greeted him as he stepped on before the footlights. It puzzled him. He could not make it out. Then suddenly it occurred to him that this applause was sympathy and that the house had heard in some way of the death of his daughter. He fell into the arms of Lafon, and whispered to him the words, "My daughter is dead." His presentiment was true.

The French author, Martainville, who began his career toward the close of the last century, was a Royalist, and did not hesitate to attack the French Revolution and its authorities. Presently, of course, he was summoned to appear before the revolutionary tribunal, with the terrible Fouquier at its head. The revolutionary tribunals at that time did not hesitate to send everybody to the guillotine who had ventured to attack them. Martainville expected to go with the rest of the victims. "What is your name?" asked the revolutionary judge. "Martainville," said the young author. "Martainville!" exclaimed the judge; "you are deceiving us and trying to hide your rank. You are an aristocrat, and your name is *De* Martainville." "Citizen President!" exclaimed the young man, "I am here to be *shortened*, not to be lengthened! Leave me my name!" A true Frenchman loves a witticism above all things, and the tribunal was so much pleased by Martainville's grim response, that it spared his life.

Berlioz (wrote Heine in a letter) is of a fantastic mind. His outward appearance denotes something extraordinary. It is a pity he has cut his antediluvian head of hair. Six years ago I saw him at a concert at the Conservatoire, where he performed one of his grand symphonies. He played the cymbals. A young man by my side said to me, "You see that beautiful Englishwoman in yonder box—she is Miss Smithson. Berlioz has been in love with her for the past three years, and it is to that passion we owe the savage symphony we have just heard." Yes, it was the celebrated actress of Covent Garden. Hector looked in that direction at every moment, and whenever he caught her eyes he beat his cymbals furiously. She has since become his wife, and he has cut his hair. When I heard him last winter play the same symphony again, I saw he presided once more over the cymbals; the beautiful Englishwoman was again in her box; but when their eyes met he no longer beat the instruments like a madman.

The late Mr. N. J. Bradlee was summoned to appear as an expert on real-estate in Boston some years ago, in a law-suit over the value of certain property. The lawyer on the other side, not knowing Mr. Bradlee, undertook to counteract his testimony. In the cross-examination the questions and answers were somewhat as follows: "What did you say your business was, Mr. Bradlee?" began the lawyer. "Well, I have charge of a good many trusts, mostly real-estate," said Mr. Bradlee. "How much real-estate have you ever had charge of at one time?" "Well, I don't think I can say, exactly." "But how much should you guess?" "I couldn't even guess." "Well, sir, would you say it was five thousand dollars' worth?" "I should put it as high as that, certainly." "Would you put it as high as ten thousand dollars?" "Yes." "Fifteen thousand?" "Yes." "Twenty-five thousand?" "Yes." "Fifty thousand?" "Yes." "A hundred thousand?" "Yes." "Five hundred thousand?" "Yes." "A million?" "Yes." "Well, how many millions?" roared the astonished lawyer, who only now began to discover that he had caught a Tartar. "Well," said Mr. Bradlee, very coolly, "I told you at the start I couldn't say, but since you insist on it, I will roughly estimate it at, say, a hundred millions." "You may stand down," said the attorney, who was soon non-suited.

SOCIETY.

The Del Monte Ball.

One might have supposed it was midsummer at the Hotel del Monte last Monday, had not the calendar shown otherwise, for the weather was balmy, the sun shone with warmth, and the thermometer marked a much higher degree of temperature than San Francisco people have of late experienced. Then there were about the same people at the hotel that one is accustomed to seeing during summer, and the patronage of the drives, the tennis courts, and the baths was about as usual. The principal attraction, however, that drew these people to the hotel was the ball to be given that evening, and the two hundred and fifty guests had made every preparation to enjoy it. Ballenberg's band opened the ball at nine o'clock, and for about three hours the smooth floor in the handsome ball-room was the scene of a succession of dances in which the many elegant toilets worn by the ladies were displayed to the best possible advantage. Just previous to midnight all proceeded to the commodious dining-hall, where an elaborate supper was served. At the last dying moment of the old year the band appeared at the entrance and played "Auld Lang Syne," and the diners with one accord arose and made the room resound with the added melody of their voices. After supper dancing was resumed for an hour On the following evening there was another ball, which was made delightful in every way.

Among those at the ball were: Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tubbs, Captain and Mrs. W. H. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Tallant, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Worden, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Wallace, Mr. and Mrs Charles N. Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Bourne, Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Pierre La Montagne, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Moody, Mr. and Mrs. Horace L. Hill, General and Mrs. James F. Houghton, Mr. and Mrs. S. H Hammond, Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Hooker, Dr. and Mrs F K. Ainsworth, Mr and Mrs. Adam Grant, Mrs. Volney Spalding, Mrs. A. A. Tafft, Mrs. Henry L. Tatum, Mrs. Slocovich, Mrs. C. Babcock, Mrs. Thomas Breeze, Mrs. Boyd, Mrs. F. F. Low, Mrs. W F. McNutt, Mrs. D. J. Tallant, Miss Flora Low, Miss Edith Taylor, Miss Mary Taylor, Miss Hastings, Miss Nettie Tuhbs, Miss Anne Tallant, Miss Slocovich, Miss Grant, Miss Boalt, Miss E. Le Roy, Miss M. C. Le Roy, Miss Shepard. Miss Bessie Hooker, Miss Bonner, Miss Marie Voorhies, Major B. C. Truman, Colonel J. S. Fleming, Mr. J. W. Pope, Mr. A. H. Small, Mr. A. C. Tuhbs, Mr. A. S. Tuhbs, Mr. C. C. Thoro, Mr. Robert L. Sherwood, Mr. C. F. Landers, Mr. George D. Boyd, Mr. H. S Boyd, Mr. Milton S. Latham, Mr. Ward McAllister Jr., Mr. Daniel Murphy, Judge Ogden Hoffman, Mr Duncan Hayne, Mr. S. J. Holladay, Mr. M. Theodore Kearney, Mr. George Crocker, Mr. J. O. Earl, Mr Charles L. Fair, Mr. Christian Froelich, Jr., and many others.

The Bandmann Reception.

New Year's Eve was happily celebrated at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Julius Bandmann, 514 Lombard Street, as they had invited a few intimate friends to join them in celebrating the arrival of the new year. Dancing was enjoyed to excellent music, and musical selections, both vocal and instrumental, helped in making the hours extremely pleasant. Just previous to midnight a delicious supper was served, and the incoming year was toasted appropriately. In every respect the affair was thoroughly delightful.

Among those present were: Mr and Mrs. Julius Bandmann, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Bandmann, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Willey, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Schroeder, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Mau, Mrs. H. Albert Mau, Miss Bandmann, Miss Carrie Platt, Miss Florence Shaw, Miss Sesnon, Miss Alice Mau, Mr. W. H. Stinson, Mr. Walter M. Painter, Mr. Frank L. Unger, Mr. Joseph D. Redding, Mr. Harry Gillig, Mr. Percy Rothwell, Lieutenant L. P. Brant, U. S. A., Mr. Robert Sesnon, Mr. Willard T. Barton, and others.

The De Ynung Receptinn.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young gave a very pleasant reception last Monday evening, at their residence, 1919 California Street It was entirely informal, as no regular invitations had been issued. About seventy of their intimate friends were present, and they were most agreeably entertained. Dancing was the feature of the evening until near midnight, when an elaborate supper was served. The old year departed and the new one was ushered in while they were feasting, and the event was emphasized by general merriment, the blowing of horns, and exchange of felicitous greetings. It was quite a late hour when the affair ended, and it was enjoyed fully by all who were present.

Ladies Relief Sncietv.

A delightful entertainment was given at Camron Hall in Oakland last Monday evening, under the auspices and for the benefit of the Ladies' Relief Society of Oakland. The hall was filled with a large attendance from both sides of the bay, and was made very attractive by an artistic decoration. The particular attraction was the presentation of "The Irish Cantata," the words of which were by Mr. Peter Robertson and the music by Mr. H. J. Stewart In addition to it there were several selections, the entire programme being as follows:

PART I.

Overture, "The Merry Wives of Windsor" .....Nicolai
Song, "Nazareth".....Gounod
F. G. B. Mills
Song, "La Floraja".....Bevignani
Miss Josephine Pritchard.
Song, "Good-Night, Beloved".....Balfe
Ben. Clark.
Solo, Pianoforte with orchestra, "Capriccio Brillante," Op. 22.....Mendelssohn
Mrs. H. J. Stewart.
Song, "Give My Love Good Morrow".....Macfarren
Mrs. Marriner-Campbell.
Violin Obligato, Henry Heyman.
Song, "Non Mis Corda".....Vieweg
H. M. Fortescue.
Violin Solos { "Gondoliera".....Franz Ries
"Maiden's Song".....Helmud-Musin
Henry Heyman.
Song, "The Tower Watcher's Song".....Weidt
Walter Campbell.

PART II.—AN IRISH CANTATA.

Dennis Mulhooly (an Alderman of New York).....Frank L. Unger
Biddy Mulhooly (his wife).....Willard T. Barton
Norah Mulhooly (a Colleen).....Ben. Clark
Patrick Mavourneen (a bogtrotter).....F. G. B. Mills
Lord Numskull (an English Peer).....H. M. Fortescue
Assisted by a disinterested advisory chorus.

The entertainment throughout was excellent, and afforded much enjoyment for the auditors. At its conclusion several figures of a cotillion were danced, Mr. Chauncey M. St. John leading with Miss Maud O'Connor. Other dances followed, and light refreshments were served. The lemonade booth was in charge of Mrs. J. L. N. Shepard, Mrs Ralston, Mrs. Janin, and Mrs. J. P. Hale. Tea and coffee were served by Mrs. Wadsworth, Mrs. Crantz, Mrs. Shafer, and Miss Lou Shepard. Ice-cream and cake were served by Mrs. Williams, Mrs. N. P. Perrine, Mrs. Watt, and Mrs. Starr.

Mnvements and Whereabouts.

Senator and Mrs. A. Yell, of Mendocino, are at the Grand Hotel en route to Sacramento.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Barroilhet, of San Mateo, are located at the Grand Hotel for the remainder of the winter season.

Dr. and Mrs. F. K. Ainsworth, of Riverside, arrived here Thursday from Del Monte, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Kittle and family, of Ross Valley, are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. M. Theodore Kearney, of Fresno, who has been passing the New Year holidays at Del Monte, came to the city on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Sharon arrived here on Thursday from Virginia, Nev., and are at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Margnerite Wallace has gone East to remain several months.

Miss Charlotte Bermingham and Miss Alice Johnson, of Oakland, have returned from a two weeks' visit with friends at the Mare Island navy-yard.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Code passed New Year's Day in Sacramento as the guests of Mr. Harrison R. Crouch.

Mr. William S. Tevis has arrived here from New York on a visit to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis.

Captain and Mrs. William B. Collier are located at the Occidental Hotel until next spring.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Tallant have returned from a pleasant visit at Del Monte.

Miss Leslie Van Ness has postponed her departure for Washington, D. C., on account of illness

Mrs. H. M. Newhall has gone East for a prolonged visit.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Rutherford went to the Hotel del Monte a week ago, and passed the New Year holidays there.

Mr. and Mrs. L. L Baker were at Del Monte for several days recently.

Mr. Duncan Hayne and Mr. George D. Boyd were at Del Monte on New Year's Day.

Mrs. F. F. Low and Miss Flora Low have been enjoying a visit to the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. Peter Donahue has returned from her Eastern trip, and is the guest of her sister, Mrs. E. Martin, at her residence on Sutter Street.

Captain and Mrs. A H. Payson and Judge and Mrs. R. Y. Hayne are guests of Mrs. A. M. Parrott, at her new home on Sutter Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles N. Shaw have returned from an enjoyable visit at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Lansing are passing the winter at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mrs. John McMullin will not depart for the East for several weeks.

Mrs. Fred W. Sharon will return to-day (Saturday) to New York.

Captain and Mrs. W. H. Taylor, Miss Edith Taylor, and Miss Mary Taylor passed the recent holidays at Del Monte.

Miss Virginia Hanchett has been passing several days with friends in Sacramento.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tuhbs, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tuhbs, Miss Nettie Tuhbs, Mr. A. C. Tubbs. and Mr. A. S. Tuhbs passed several days at Del Monte recently.

Mr. J. P. Le Count and Miss Le Count left for the East, hy steamer via Panama, last Thursday, and will be away about three months.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Tyson, *née* Carroll, have returned from their visit to Del Monte.

Mrs. Volney Spalding and Miss Hastings were at Del Monte dnring the early part of the week.

Mr. Carleton C. Coleman has returned from a visit to the Hawaiian Islands.

Mr. William S. Hicks, who has been East several months, has returned to the city, and is at the Occidental Hotel.

Major B. C. Truman and Colonel J. S. Fleming passed New Year's day at Del Monte.

Doctor John F. Foulkes has returned from the East.

Notes and Gossip.

From the London *Court Journal* of December 8, 1888, the following excerpt is taken: "Last week Mrs. Mackay gave a dinner-party at her residence in Buckinghamgate. The guests of the evening were: Lord and Lady Esher, Baron and Baroness Henry de Worms, Countess of Cottenham, Hon. Alexander Yorke, Sir Julian and Lady Goldsmid, Sir Arthur and Lady Haliburton, Hon. Fitz-Roy and Mrs. Stewart, General Sir Francis Seymour, Hon. Helen Henniker, Hon. Kenneth Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Cavendish Bentinck, Mr. and Mrs. Beer, Mrs. Washington Hibbert, Mrs. Ronalds and Mr. Reginald Ronalds, Miss Gurwood, Mr. Gillett, and Mr. Thaddeus."

Major and Mrs. D. S. Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. McCoy, Mrs. S. F. Thorn, Miss Bessie Sedgwick, Colonel William Shalter, U. S. A., General John T. Carey, Lieutenant Carrington, U. S. A., and others were pleasantly entertained at Alcatraz Island on Thursday, December 28th hy Colonel Charles Bartlett, U. S. A.

Party Calls were made at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Sherwood, 1357 Post Street, on Thursday evening, and the hours were very pleasantly passed in dancing.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip D. Code have issued invitations for a reception which they will give at their residence, 930 Valencia Street, next Thursday evening, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. James A Code, *née* Shaw

A large number of the guests at Mr. and Mrs. Peter Hopkins's reception paid their party calls on Friday night. They were entertained with music, and also enjoyed dancing until a late hour.

The engagement of Miss Nellie G. Grow, daughter of Mr. Charles A. Grow, to Mr. Andrew S. Mosely, is announced. They will be married in February.

The members of the Bachelors' Cotillion Club will give their next german at B'nai B'rith Hall next Friday evening. Mr. George A. Newhall will lead. It will be a "pink and white" cotillion, and it is expected that the ladies will regulate their toilets as much in harmony with those two colors as possible.

Mr. and Mrs. George C. Boardman entertained a number of friends at dinner at their residence, 1750 Franklin Street, last Saturday evening.

Army and Navy.

General and Mrs Gibbons, U. S. A., and Miss Gibbons are at the Palace Hotel.

Major D. S Gordon, U. S. A., who has been in command at Fort Bidwell for the past three years, is now located permanently at the Vendome, 720 Pine Street, with his family.

Lieutenant R. H. Fletcher, U. S. A. (retired), has been quite ill recently at the Hotel Bella Vista.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Boston Quintet Club, a famous musical organization, will give a concert at Metropolitan Hall, on Tuesday evening, January 18th. The club comprises, Mr. John F. Rhodes, violinist; Herr Paul Mende, violinist; Herr Oscar Hentschel, flautist; Mr. Paul Stoeving, violinist and violaist; Mr. Louis Blumenberg, violoncellist; and Miss Annie Carpenter, soprano.

Mr. Rosewald's last orchestral matinée of this series will occur next Friday at Irving Hall. Compositions of Mr. Fred Zech, Mr. John Parrott, Mr. R. Lucchesi, and other local composers will be played. A second series of concerts will commence on January 28th.

The Handel and Haydn Society is rehearsing "The Golden Legend" for its next concert at the Grand Opera House.

The third concert of the Hermann Brandt String Quartet will take place on Wednesday evening, January 16th, at Irving Hall. The quartet will be assisted by Miss Alice Bacon and Mr. Joseph Wrba.

The School of Design will open on January 7th, with Mr. R. D. Yelland as instructor, and Mr. A. Joullin as assistant instructor, and Mr. Oscar Kunath in charge of the portrait class. A life class will be opened soon.

The Funeral of Mrs. Jnseph Austin.

The funeral ceremonies over the remains of Marie Therese Austin took place Thursday afternoon from Trinity Church, at one o'clock. The services were very simple, in compliance with the wishes of the deceased lady. As the hearse approached the portals of the church it was met by Rev. Dr. Beers and the pallbearers, and the casket was reverently borne within to the chancel rail. The pallbearers were: W. B. Wilshire, W. E. Browne, R. Martiner, William Alvord, R. P. Hammond, Jr., A. Chisholm, Joseph D. Redding, Captain Dearborn, and Frank M. Pixley. The choir sang the chant "Felton" to the words "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," and Dr. Beers read the hurial service, and, at its conclusion, pronounced the words "Ashes to ashes, dnst to dust." After the singing hy the choir of "Rock of Ages" and "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," the casket was carried out of the church and again deposited in the hearse. Only the members of the family accompanied the remains to the family vault in Laurel Hill Cemetery. The floral remembrances were many and very beautiful, the entire chancel being filled with them.

CENTURY BRIC-A-BRAC.

The Jester.

All the court's in a stir
Over my mating,
Her Majesty made me her
Lady in waiting,
I had of suitors more
Than you could name them:
Yet I did give them o'er,
Nor wish to claim them.
My heart waxed warm for none
Whom others smiled upon—
I had been moved and won
By the King's Jester.

Folks question, How can I
Bide a fool lover?
Faith! an I do not lie
I do discover
Fools wearing wisdom's cloak
As though it fitted.
There is Sir Godfrey Hoke,
Quite sorry witted;
He proved his peacock-pate
When he avowed that fate
Meant me to be his mate—
Give me my Jester.

My grandame is mad with grief
Over my choice;
It gives her great relief
To use her voice.
Harshly she chides when he
Culls me sweet posies,
And all the maids, perdee!
Up tilt their noses.
They are sore shocked, I wis,
But I care naught for this.
Flouting at them, I kiss
My motley Jester.

Those waiting-maids would be
Crimson with anger
If they hut knew how he
Mocked at their languor
And silly, mincing ways.
There's Prudence Penny,
Of her I like dispraise
Far more than any;
For she's a haughty jade.
Alack! I am afraid
His gaming at first made
Me love the Jester.

With love o'erflows my cup:
Still, he's not handsome,
Yet I'd not give him up
For a king's ransom.
He will ne'er anger me
When we are married;
His face will never be
Scowling and harried.
What though his wits are light?
I love him in despite:
At church this very night
I'll wed my Jester!

—*Maude Annulet Andrews.*

Her Smile his Sunlight.

Sweetheart, when rhymes I make
For your dear sake,
Yon hring
Into your face a smile
To cheer me while
I sing.

Like to that hird am I,
Which, when the sky
At night
A deeper azure grows,
No longer knows
Delight;

Or like of flowers that one
Which loves the sun
And gives
The beauty of its bloom
Tn him for whom
It lives.

Pleasure nor joy to hless
Have I unless
Your face
Over my paper shines
And lights the lines
With grace.

For me your smile is day—
The golden ray
That climbs
Imagination's wall
And sweetens all
My rhymes.

For you the hird's song, this—
The flower's fresh kiss
And breath;
Nor may their nightfall come
Till both are dumh
In death!

—*Frank Dempster Sherman.*

—*January Century.*

DXVIII — Bill of Fare for six persnns — Sunday, January 6, 1889.

Ox-tail Soup.
Boiled Salmon. Mayonnaise Sance.
Broiled Quail. Potato Croqnettes.
Mushrooms Brussels Sprouts.
Roast Beef.
Lettuce.
Ice-cream. Bouchées des Dames.
Oranges, Bananas, and Japanese Persimmons.

BOUCHEES DES DAMES.—Make any nice drop-cake hatter, sponge or other kind; drop on huttered paper and bake: if it runs, beat in a little more flour and sugar, but not much, or your cake will be hrittle; they should be the size when done of a fifty-cent piece, and I find half a teaspoonful of hatter generally makes them right. Have a tin cutter or box-lid, and trim each cake when baked; then take half the number and spread with a very thin layer of red currant jelly, then cover them with those unspread. Ice these with different colord icing, if you wish different colors—some may be white, others chocolate, and pink may be made hy adding a little prepared cochineal or cranberry juice.

Though the police of London do not shine in the task that "Jack the Ripper" is giving them, there are several things that they do which are strange to Americans. They are trained to serve the people. They answer all questions civilly, either direct or take strangers to where they want to go, wake up householders along their beats to catch early morning trains, take charge of houses or shops left vacant for a few moments, or actually live in houses vacated for the summer or the winter. All this seems part of a very paternal sort of government, but it has its advantages for the public.

General Boulanger's one idol in life is said to be his mother. She was with him in 1859 during the ten months in which he was in danger from a wound received at Solferino, and which has never entirely healed. He spends every Sunday afternoon and evening with her, and if away, always send her a telegram.

Prof. De Filippe's simplified new system of acquiring the Spanish language; indorsed by the "Royal Spanish Academy" and adopted by the best institutions; price, $1.50. **The Bancroft Co.**

THE INNER MAN.

HOW TO MIX ABSINTHE.

Versez, avec lenteur, l'absinthe dans le verre:
Deux doigts, pas davantage—ensuite, saisissez
Une carafe d'eau bien fraiche: puis versez,
Versez tout doucement, d'une main hien légère.

Que, petit à petit, votre main accélère
La verte infusion; pnis augmentez, pressez
Le volume de l'eau, la main haute: et cessez
Quand vous aurez jugé la liqueur assez claire.

Laissez-la reposer une minute encore:
Couvez-la du regard comme on couve un trésor
Aspirez son parfum qui donne le hien-être!

Enfin, pour couronner tant de soins inouis,
Bien délicatement prener le verre—et puis
Lancer, sans hésiter, le tout par la fenêtre!

Dr. Schultz, of Vienna, has been advising the citizens of that beer-drinking community to drink their beer out of mugs, and not out of glasses. The glass may be more agreeable to the eye, he says, but the mug is more healthy and pleasanter to the palate. If a glass full of beer is left standing in the open air, or set in a window under the direct rays of the sun, in four or five minutes the beer will contract an unpleasant taste; whereas, beer left in a mug with a cover remains undeteriorated, even though the mug should be exposed to the sun. Direct sunlight will spoil the best beer in a very short time; and similar injury to taste and smell is effected, though in a less degree, by gaslight or lamplight.

Celery is the latest cure for rheumatism. It is asserted that the disease is impossible if the vegetable be freely eaten. The fact that it is so generally put on the table raw prevents its therapeutic powers from being known. The celery should be cut into bits, boiled in water until soft, and the water drank by the patient. Put new milk, with a little flour and nutmeg, into a saucepan with the boiled celery, serve it warm, with pieces of toast, eat it with potatoes, and the painful ailment will soon yield. Such is the declaration of a physician who has again and again tried the experiment and with uniform success. He adds that cold or damp never produces, but simply develops, the disease, of which acid blood is the primary and sustaining cause, and that while the blood is alkaline there can be neither rheumatism nor gout.

Quite a flutter has been caused in the wine trade in New York city owing to action which has been taken by the Austrian-Hungarian Government to protect Hungarian wine interests in this country. For some time past, it appears, the attention of the Hungarian Minister of Agriculture has been directed to the fact that great quantities of spurious Hungarian wines were being sold in the United States as the genuine product. Of nothing is Hungary more careful than of the reputation of its wines, and the government promptly arrived at the decision to put a check to the sale of adulterated and spurious Hungarian wines in this country by establishing, in New York, under the protection of the Austrian minister at Washington and the Austrian consul in New York, an agency, with branches throughout the United States, for the sale of wines guaranteed by the government as coming direct from the royal wine cellars at Buda-Pesth. Thus the Hungarian Government, in its scheme of protection to its wine-growers, may be said to have entered upon a vast scale into the wine trade in this country. In Hungary the government seeks by every means to foster and encourage the culture of wines of a high grade. To this end the famous government wine cellars were established some years ago in Buda-Pesth. These cellars, which are the largest in the world, are under the management of government officials responsible to the Minister of Agriculture. Any Hungarian wine-grower may send his wines on consignment to these government cellars, provided they can stand various exhaustive tests as to purity and quality. From these cellars the wine is sold in bottles only, the bottles bearing a government label, which is recognized throughout Europe as an unquestionable guarantee of excellence. It is from these cellars that the establishment which has been put in operation in New York will be exclusively supplied. The establishment is under the direction of government agents, who, like the officials of the royal cellars at Buda-Pesth, hold their commissions under the Hungarian Minister of Agriculture.

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PIANOS.

BILL NYE'S BUDGET.

Jeffersonian Simplicity.

Not long ago I visited Monticello and paused to weep over the grave of Thomas Jefferson, the great yet simple man who wrote the poetic but impracticable statement that all men are created equal. As a matter of fact, if all men are created equal they very early develop signs of inequality which must be recognized by the most obtuse. That they are, under the law, endowed with certain inalienable rights, among which may be enumerated life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, no one will deny, but in the pursuit of happiness how varied are the tastes and ambitions of man! What a wide gulf yawns between the joys of a life spent in reading Browning and that experienced by Jack the Ripper. And yet it only illustrates the divergence of opinion as to what constitutes life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

Mr. Jefferson was the author also of what is called Jeffersonian simplicity. It consisted somewhat in living well and dying in debt. Jeffersonian simplicity, as introduced at Washington during the latter part of the present century, is a delightful relaxation. It is as pleasant a way of whiling away an evening as one could well think of. The only objection to it, of course, is the expense. The great outlay necessary in order to perfect it is what has kept Jeffersonian simplicity back.

I saw the neat little brick smoke-house where Thomas brought his Virginia bride. It consists of one room on the ground floor, containing, among other things, a window.

Mr. Jefferson married, and with his wife at once set out on a bridal tour on horseback from Richmond to Monticello, arriving between twelve and one o'clock on the night after his wedding. I can, in imagination, see the two young people riding through the brush, up the hill, Mr. Jefferson shifting uneasily in his saddle, from time to time, in order to give the saddle much-needed rest and change of scene. In his hair I see the burr of the chestnut, and I hear him roguishly say that he calls it his chestnut hair, partly on that account and partly because it has been used before. Then I hear him swear a little as he climbs a persimmon-tree for his bat.

Mrs. Jefferson rides along behind, with a look of chastened regret, thinking how she will reply to a letter of inquiry sent her by a New York paper, asking if she regards marriage as a failure. She is dressed plainly in a bronze dress and Garibaldi waist, laced down the back with porpoise strings. Over all she wears a riding-habit, more or less fluted by the briars, and held in place by means of large white majolica buttons. It is the only bad habit she has.

Mr. Jefferson gets off his horse at the door of the little red smoke-house, and, walking in a stately but fatigued and rocky manner to the door, shouts: "What, ho, within there!" and then, taking an eight-pound key from his pocket, opens the door and welcomes his bride to her new home.

This picture is not overdrawn, for under similar circumstances the girl, whose dowry was enormous, and whose home had been one of luxury and ease all her life, arrived in the middle of the night within the bare walls of the little brick refrigerator on the top of the mountain, and at the hands of her husband received, by way of refreshment, the settlings of a bottle of Rhine wine.

Mr. Jefferson was always regarded as a good provider. He also rode to Washington from Charlottesville in a gig, in order to avoid one of the lunch-counters on the way. I am surprised that while President he did not board at home and bring his dinner.

When the time comes for a good but simple President, I hope to get a crack at it myself. Then you will see a gentle, plain, and unassuming man drive up in front of the White House every morning, with a pair of grass-fed mares and a pale, slender colt following behind. An armful of hay will suck out at the tail of one of the wagons, and the team will work at this while the Executive goes in to bobnob with the representatives of other powers.

What could be more touching than for the President of the United States to drive in from the farm, and, entering an office in the morning, with a sunburned nose and the odor of new-mown hay and new milch cows still hovering about him, to grasp the hand of a crowned head and present it with a large red apple as a mark of esteem?

At the noon hour I see Mr. Jefferson as he untied a large red handkerchief and took out his dinner, consisting of bread and molasses, a hard-boiled egg, and a wedge of prune pie. Hastily eating the bread and molasses and peeling the egg, he produces from his pocket a large horn-handled clasp-knife, and, cutting up the pie on a copy of the *Congressional Record*, he stores it away in the recesses of his being. This was what first set the example at Washington for what is now called the Congressional recess.

But there was something, after all, in the welcome of Thomas Jefferson to his bride as she landed in the new home, bare and desolate as it was, which was not humorous. In fancy I can see the young wife, with loosened and disheveled hair, as she looked about her, and then bowed her head upon the bosom of the great man, while tears of tenderness and joy wilted the shirt-frills of the mighty American. No picture is more beautiful than honest affection in the foreground, with a background of genuine greatness. It touches all hearts and disarms every foe. To be great in the eyes of a majority of voters is a triumph, but to be great in the eyes of one good woman is a good deal greater.

And so, by the roadside, as we come away, we find the graves where the groom and the bride have again together found rest.

The South at present is showing a greater degree of progress, perhaps, than any other portion of the country. On every hand marked improvement is manifested. The newer policy has in it less of oratory and more of business. The carpet-bagger and the reconstruction days have shorn the glory from politics as a leading industry, and now the President who will deal out his favors to the solid men, the enterprising, responsible men of the South, instead of the professional politicians, will win a warm place in the hearts of good men, and change the whole aspect of the political parties.

Another suggestion here, at this time, may not be out of place. If some good man would introduce south of Mason and Dixon's line an automatic door-slammer, which would close a door, and, at the same time, kick the lumbar region clear loose in the man who leaves it ajar, you would see a marked improvement in the South, and, also, large numbers of shiftless men going to the dentists to get their spinal columns filled.

The race problem, of course, is also a serious one for consideration all over the South. The policy which will do something toward establishing the fact that what is best for one race is best for the other will be the policy that will win, and then you will see a new division between the two great parties. Now, too many men are Democrats because they are white, and too many are Republicans because they are black. Protection in the South to-day, if brought to a vote in some way so as to test it outside the race question, would pile up majorities which would astonish everybody.

I rode the other day for an hour with an old Southern colonel, who was very cordial and talked freely of the Southern outlook.

"And how would you regard the importance of the race problem at this time, colonel?" I asked.

"Oh, it is the most important thing we have to deal with here, of course."

"Well, what do you regard as the most important feature of the race problem?"

"Why, sah, I have been mixed up with the affairs of the South all my life, sah, and my notion about it is that the great question for us here to solve in the race problem is, which horse will win first money."

Yesterday a bore sent his card up to Mr. Riley and me at our hotel, and we gave the talented brunette a quarter to say that we were not in. I tell this to show the sporting tendencies of the coon here. He went down and told Mr. Vendette that we were not in.

"Well, I'll bet you they *are* in," says the bore, straightway.

"All right, boss, you can bet so if you want to. I'll give you a chance right now, for I've got a quarter that says they ain't."

The affliction then loaded up a two-gallon cuspidor and went away.—*Once a Week.*

MR. SKIMMER'S EXPERIENCE.

Mr. Skimmer was the editor of a humorous weekly. He had a very easy time of it, for he got a comfortable salary, and had nothing to do but edit.

As he had just turned into Broadway one morning, on the way to his office, a paper was thrust into his hand, on which he read:

ROUND AND AROUND.

"It seems to me, doctor," said old Baggs, "that your bill has got surprisingly round?"

"Perhaps," said the doctor, "but you were got surprisingly around, too."

Looking up he saw an old gentleman walking beside him.

The aged unknown bowed and said:

"I am the Embodiment of the Humorous Conception, sir."

Mr. Skimmer said he was happy, etc.

"I think I could be useful to you, Mr. Skimmer," said the Embodiment of the Humorous Conception.

"In what way?" asked the editor.

"In the last number of your paper," pursued the Embodiment of Humorous Conception, "you had this," and he handed Mr. S. a cutting.

On it was:

OVERHEARD AT LURAY.

Guide—"I could tell you things about this cave that would make your hair stand on end, sir."

Tourist—"I don't think so."

Guide—"You are very brave?"

Tourist—"I am totally bald."

"Well?"

"Do you consider that humorous, Mr. Skimmer?"

"Well——" said the editor.

"I hope for your own sake you do not."

"If you know anything about humor," said Mr. Skimmer, testily, "you must be aware that nothing is more difficult than to produce a continuous series of short dialogues that are original, pointed, and amusing."

"I know it full well. Still, you should not print a thing that is not original, pointed, and amusing. Read this, also from your paper."

The Embodiment gave Mr. Skimmer another cutting.

The editor for the first time appreciated the position of the doctor compelled to swallow his own physic. He read:

PECULIAR, VERY.

"You don't think much of Callow?"

"Wouldn't believe him under oath!"

"But he's certainly candid. He told me he never spoke the truth."

"Bah! he lied to you."

"That paragraph, dear editor, is not original, nor pointed, not amusing."

"Upon my word——"

"The humorist, though," added the Embodiment of the Humorous Conception, "has one great difficulty to contend with. On the stage it is permitted to use old contrivances. The same properties, the same tinsel, the same lights, the same actors may be employed a hundred times on the stage to produce varying effects. The humorist, on the contrary, must not only bring forth entirely new creations at every manifestation, but his material must be wholly original as well as his production. He may not employ the same properties more than once."

"Then why your condemnation?" asked Mr. Skimmer.

"Because to be simply funny is not to be humorous. Clowns and jesters are intended to provoke mirth, but the humorist should appeal to our intellect as well as to our risibility."

"I tell you what I'll do," said Mr. Skimmer; "I'll let you edit the paper for a while."

The offer was accepted.

At the end of the first month the humorous weekly's circulation had dropped two-thirds.

"We'll have to part," said Mr. Skimmer, "I'm being ruined."

"The public must be educated up to me," said the Embodiment of the Humorous Conception.

"It would take a thousand years," said Mr. Skimmer; "you must go!"

So he went. The best paragraph in the next number of the weekly was the following:

THE BEST THING TO DO.

"Begorra, Mrs. Clancey, nie owld man's on a tear."

"Then let him up, Mrs. Dennis."

The paper is now proving a gold mine for its owners.—*Life.*

Miss Brown—"Why, what's the matter, Mr. Paulus; you look fatigued—hard work?" *Mr. Paulus*—"No, not that exactly; but I went to church three times last Sunday—at different churches—and 'twas the same old thing at all three." *Miss Brown*—"Why don't you come over to our church? We have good music, comfortable pews, and not one word about Robert Elsmere."—*Life.*

EAST OF EDEN.

Far down upon the plain the large round moon
Sank red in jungle mist; but on the heights
The cold clear darkness burned with restless stars:
And, restless as the stars, the grim old King
Paced with fierce choleric strides the monstrous ridge
Of bowlders piled to make the city wall.
Muttering his wrath within his cloudy beard.
He moved, and paused, and turned. The starlight caught
The huge bent gold that ringed his giant head,
Gleamed on the jewel-fringed vast lion-fells
That clothed his stature, ran in dusky play
Along the ponderous bronze that armed his spear.
He fiercely scanned the East for signs of dawn;
Then shook his clenched hand above his head,
And blazed with savage eyes and brow thrown back
To front the awful Presence he addressed:

"Slay and make end; or take some mortal form
That I may strive with Thee! Art Thou so strong
And yet must smite me out of Thine Unseen?
Long centuries have passed since Thou didst place
Thy mark upon me, lest at any time
Men finding me should slay me. I have grown
Feeble and hoary with the toil of years—
An aged palsy—now, alas! no more
That erst colossal adamant whereon
Thine hand engraved its vengeance. Be Thou just,
And answer when I charge Thee. Have I blenched
Before Thy fury: have I bade Thee spare;
Hath Thy long torture wrung one sob of pain,
One cry of supplication from my mouth?
But Thou hast made Thyself unseen; hast lain
In ambush to afflict me. Dog and night
Thou hast been watchful. Thy vindictive eyes
Have known no slumber. Make Thyself a man
That I may seize Thee in my grips, and strive
But once on equal terms with Thee—but once.
Or send Thine angel with his sword of fire—
But no; not him! Come Thou, come Thou Thyself;
Come forth from Thine Invisible, and face
In mortal guise the mortal Thou hast plagued?"

The race of giants, sunk in heavy sleep
Within the cirque of those cyclopean walls,
Heard as it were far thunder in their dreams;
But answer came there none from cloud or star.
Then cried the aged king:

"A curse consume
Thy blind night fevered with the glare of stars,
Wild voices, and the agony of dreams!
Would it were day!"

At last the gleam of dawn
Swept in a long gray shudder from the East,
Then reddened o'er the misty jungle tracts.
The guards about the massive city gates
Fell back with hurried whispers: "'Tis the king!"
And forth, with great white beard and gold-girt brows,
Huge spear, and jeweled fells, the giant strode
To slake his rage among the beasts of prey.

* * * * * * *

The fierce white splendor of a tropic noon;
A sweltering waste of jungle, breathing flame;
The sky one burning sapphire!
By a spring
Within the shadow of a bluff of rock
The hoary giant rested. At his feet
The cool green mosses edged the crystal pool,
And flowers of blue and gold and rose-red lulled
The weary eye with color. As he sat
There rose a clamor from the sea of canes;
He heard a crash of boughs, a rush of feet;
And, lo! there bounded from the tangled growth
A panting tiger mad with rage and pain.
The beast sprang roaring, but the giant towered
And pashed with one fell buffet bone and brain;
Then staggered with a groan, for, keen and swift,
At that same instant from the jungle flew
A shaft which to the feather pierced his frame.
Shrill cries of horror maddened round the bluff:
"O Elohim, 'tis Cain the King, the King!"
And weeping, tearing hair, and wringing hands,
About him raved his lawless giant brood.

But Cain spoke slowly with a ghastly smile:
"Peace, and give heed, for now I am but dead.
Let no man be to blame for this my death;
Yea, swear a solemn oath that none shall harm
A hair of him who gives me my release.
Come hither, boy!"

And, weeping, Lamech went
And stood before the face of Cain; and Cain
Who pressed a hand against his rushing wound
Reddened his grandson's brow and kissed his cheek:
"The blood of Cain alight on him who lifts
A hand against thy life. My spear, boys! So.
Let no foot follow. Cain must die alone.
Let no man seek me till ye see in heaven
A sign, and know that Cain is dead."

He smiled.
And from the hollow of his hand let fall
A crimson rain upon the crystal spring,
Which caught the blood in glassy ripple and whirl,
And reddened moss and bowlder.

Swift of stride,
With gold-girt brow thrown back to front the Unseen,
The hoary giant through the jungle waste
Plunged, muttering in his beard; and onward pressed
Through the deep tangle of the trackless growth
To reach some lair, where hidden and unheard
His savage soul in its last strife might cope
With God—perchance one moment visible.

* * * * * * *

A sweltering tract of jungle breathing flame;
A fiery silence; all the depth of Heaven
One blinding sapphire!

Watching by the cliff,
The giant brood stood waiting for the sign.
Behold! a speck, high in the blazing blue,
Hung black—a single speck above the waste;
Hung poised an hour; then dropped through leagues of air,
Plumb as a stone; and as it dropped they saw
Through leagues of high blue air, to north and south,
To east and west, black specks that sprang from space,
And then long sinuous lines of distant spots
Which flew converging—growing, as they flew,
To slanting streams and palpitating swarms;
Which flew converging out of all the heavens,
And blackened, as they flew, the sapphire blaze,
And jarred the fiery hush with winnowing wings;
Which flew converging on a single point
Deep in the jungle waste, and as they swooped
Paused in the last long slide with dangling claws,
Then dropped like stone.

Thus knew the giant brood
That Cain was dead.

Beside a swamp they found
Hoar hair, a litter of white colossal bones,
Ensanguined shreds of jeweled lion-fells,
The huge gold crown and ponderous spear of Cain,
And fixed between the ribs the fatal shaft
Which Lamech shot unwitting; but against
The life of Lamech no man lifted hand.

—*William Canton.*

"Is that the second bell?" queried a drummer, as the hotel-man across the way sounded his gong. "No, they don't ring but one bell over there," replied the grocer. "Why, you're mistaken, I——" "Have you any cigars on it?" "A dozen!" "John," calling to a colored porter, "do they ring two bells at the Rhodes House?" "No, sah; dey don't sah; dey rings de same bell twicet."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Mrs. Besant and Mrs. Ashton Dilke have both been elected to the London school board.

Dividend Notices.

PEOPLES' HOME SAVINGS BANK HAS DEclared its semi-annual dividend as follows, and will be paid at their banking offices on Market and Fourth Streets, in the Flood Building, on and after January 2, 1889: Ordinary deposits at the rate of 4.25 per cent. per annum; term deposits at the rate of 5.10 per cent. per annum; stockholders at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum. On all deposits the percentage is furthermore apportioned from date of deposit, the deposits thus bearing interest for the entire term of deposit. J. K. WILSON, Secretary and Cashier.
COLUMBUS WATERHOUSE, President.

THE PACIFIC BANK HAS DECLARED ITS regular semi-annual dividend, at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum on the par value of the capital stock, and the same will be paid at its banking house, on the north-west corner of Pine and Sansome Streets, San Francisco, on and after January 2, 1889. O. F. MINER, Secretary.
R. H. McDONALD, President.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 520 California Street. For the half-year ending December 31, 1888, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and one-tenth (5 1-10) per cent. per annum on term deposits and four and one-fourth (4¼) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits. Payable on and after Wednesday, January 2, 1889. GEO. TOURNY, Secretary.

THE CALIFORNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIety, north-west corner of Powell and Eddy Streets.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1888, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five (5) per cent. per annum on term deposits and four (4) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after WEDNESDAY, January 2, 1889.
VERNON CAMPBELL, Secretary.

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TIME TABLE.

Commencing Monday, October 1, 1888, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 3.25, 4.50, 6.10 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 1.30, 3.15, 5.00, 6.45, P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 1.45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.15, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 3.25, 4.55 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 1.30, 3.30, 5.00, P. M. Extra trips on Saturday at 1.45 and 6.25 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents, round trip

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 10.00, 11.50 A. M.; 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.45, 10.45 A. M.; 12 45, 2.15, 4.15, 5.45, P. M. Extra trips on Saturday at 2.30 and 7.05 P. M.
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

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Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From Dec. 8, 1888.	ARRIVE
7.30 A.	For Haywards, Niles and San José..	*12.45 P.
7.30 A.	For Sacramento, and for Redding via Davis....	7.15 P.
8.00 A.	For Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga and Santa Rosa....	6.15 P.
9.00 A.	For Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville and Red Bluff....	5.45 P.
8.30 A.	Los Angeles Express, for Fresno, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	11.15 A.
9.00 A.	Fast mail for Ogden and East.......	11.45 A.
10.30 A.	For Haywards and Niles..........	2.15 P.
*12.00 M.	For Haywards and Niles..........	* 3.45 P.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.........	**6.00 A.
† 2.00 P.	Golden Gate Special, for Council Bluffs and East....	‖ 9.45 P.
3.00 P.	For Haywards, Niles and San José..	9.45 A.
3.00 P.	Central Atlantic Express, for Ogden and East....	8.15 A.
4.00 P.	For Stockton and §Milton; for Vallejo, Calistoga & Santa Rosa	10.15 A.
4.30 P.	For Sacramento, and for Knight's Landing via Davis....	9.45 A.
* 4.30 P.	For Niles, San José and Livermore..	* 8.45 A.
5.30 P.	For Haywards and Niles..........	7.45 A.
7.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East....	7.45 A.
8.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East....	8.45 P.
SOUTH PACIFIC COAST RAILWAY DIVISION.		
‡ 3.00 A.	For Newark and San José	‡ 7.20 P.
8.15 A.	For Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz....	5.50 P.
*2.15 P.	For Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz...	*10.50 A.
4.15 P.	For Centerville, San José, Almaden, and Los Gatos.....	9.20 A.
NORTHERN DIVISION (Fourth & Townsend Sts.)		
7.50 A.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations..	2.30 P.
8.30 A.	For San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos; Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Templeton (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations....	6.38 P.
10.30 A.	For San José, Almaden and Way Stations....	5 35 P.
12.01 P.	For Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations....	4.36 P.
* 3.30 P.	For San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Monterey and principal Way Stations	*10.02 A.
4.30 P.	For San José and principal Way Stations	9.03 A.
* 5.00 P	For Menlo Park and Way Stations..	* 7.56 A.
6.30 P	For Menlo Park and Way Stations..	6.35 A.
†11.45 P	For Menlo Park and principal Way Stations....	†7.40 P.

A for morning. P. for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only. § Saturdays excepted. ‖ Fridays only. ** Mondays excepted.

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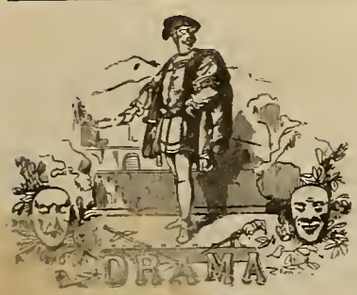

Mrs. Joseph Austin, for a number of years [illegible] this column over the signature of "Betsy B.," died in this city January 1st, after a lingering illness of many months.

Last Monday evening, in a special train carrying Hading, Coquelin, and all their fortunes, our French friends winged their flight for the land of the Montezumas, leaving the Baldwin to darkness and to Carleton. They were memorable visitors. Of those who saw them, many for the first time saw what acting really was—that it was not rant, fustian, mouthing, and declamation, but a real counterfeit of actual life. It was said of Garrick that on the boards he was naturalness itself, but in private life his conceit bred in him such an affectation that he was always acting a part. Of Coquelin it may fairly be said that neither off nor on the stage was he other than a generous Providence had made him—a gentleman of infinite delicacy of perception and of wide education in the art of translating his perceptions by gesture, tone, emphasis, and facial trick. Mme. Hading's life has yet to be lived. Great as she is—perhaps unequaled—in "Frou-Frou" and "The Adventuress," her dramatic possibilities are as yet unrevealed, and it may be that we shall only know what is in her when she returns to the United States to give us Juliet in the English tongue.

From these sovereigns of the drama to Mr. Carleton and his charming troupe the distance is considerable, but at the end of the journey the traveler is rewarded. Like Miss Abbott, Mr. Carleton is a faithful, hard-working operator in light opera. Whatever he does he does fairly well. In the finish of his choruses and his ballets one reads the story of incessant, protracted, and painstaking rehearsals. He is, above all things, conscientious, and honestly tries to give his audiences the worth of their money. He is ever on the alert to serve up any new dishes that are to be had for love or money; and, failing these, he serves up the old dishes in the best style.

His new dish, on the occasion of his present visit to San Francisco, is "Mynheer Jan," a very light comic opera based on the plots of the Dutch to throw off the rule of the Spaniards about the year 1550, and written by Harry Paulton and Mostyn Tedde. The music is by Jacobowski. The playwright finds so few virgin fields to exploit that he may be forgiven for seeking a theme for comic opera in the struggles of the Dutch republic, but, in reality, there was very little that was comic in the grim Dutch burghers and still less that was picturesque in the costumes of themselves and their wives and daughters. To make their play funny, Mr. Paulton and his associate introduced a buffoon butcher (Mr. C. H. Drew), who does a good deal of farce business, more or less genuinely humorous. Mr. Drew seems to have received *carte blanche* from Mr. Carleton to throw in local gags at pleasure, and we are entertained by the views of a Dutchman of the sixteenth century on the subject of Mrs. Grover Cleveland's bustle. Mr. Drew is always on the best of terms with his audience; they laugh at his jokes as heartily as if there was nothing incongruous in the criticism of the Chinese question in California by a contemporary of Alva and Egmont.

The costume business presented graver difficulties, but the charms of the members of Mr. Carleton's *corps de ballet* would have suffered a total eclipse had the dress of the Dutch in the sixteenth century been adopted, and, with the exception of a few leading characters, it was wholly and judiciously eschewed. Sixteen young ladies in four different colors—as to their tights—perform a variety of evolutions with a precision which would do credit to the graduating class at West Point. Their figures should enable them to serve as models, and they are prettier than the ordinary average among ballet-girls. They seemed to be highly appreciated by the audience.

"Mynheer Jan," we are sorry to say, does not bid fair to take rank with "Pinafore" or "The Mikado." It is not even as bright and as entertaining as "The Yeomen of the Guard." The libretto is flimsy, and among the melodies there is hardly one which lingers in the memory. The choruses are dashing and there is a good deal of *rat-a-plan* throughout, but the general impression the music produced was that Mr. Carleton, Miss Lane, and Mr. Taylor were trying to fit themselves with clothes which were too small for them. A good, bright *opèra comique* is a rare production. They do not bloom like the flowers every spring; we are lucky when, once in every two or three years, we get one that can be enjoyed four or five times in succession. In the meantime, purveyors to the public pleasure like Mr. Carleton and Miss Abbott give us the best there is in the market. They can not do more. "La plus jolie fille du monde ne peut donner que ce qu'elle a."

"Mynheer Jan" will probably fill the Baldwin while it runs, just as "Mazulm" is filling the Grand Opera House. This latter is the genuine old Christmas pantomime, over which we laughed till we cried forty or fifty years ago, and which is the supreme joy of our children to-day. There is old Pantaloon, aiding and abetting the Clown; there is Harlequin, flashing around in spangles; there is sweet Columbine, with whom every boy of twelve has been in love; there is the preternaturally tall policeman, whose head, we know, will fall off if he is roughly handled; there are the bears, poor things, and we know that their knees are getting sore and that they wish the performance was over; and there are all the surprising tricks by which the eye is confounded and the ear is brought to naught—just as of old. When Columbus sailed over the ocean in search of a new road to China, Pantalone and Arlequino formed the delight of Italian *children*; in those days, Harlequin's face was blacked, like that of a modern *minstrel*, and he was barefoot. But the jokes, we imagine, were kith and kin to the jokes of to-day.

People say that pantomimes are for children and that grown folks should be above going to such shows. But a glance at the audience at the Grand Opera House shows that the great majority of the spectators, and those who seem to enjoy the show with the most zest, are adults, or even persons of middle-age. Near the front of the auditorium on Thursday sat an Eastern railroad magnate whose name is a household word in railroad circles; with him sat a San Francisco merchant, also well-known in business circles. No child of ten enjoyed that show more heartily than these two grave and staid citizens. When the bear got into the clown's bed, the railroad magnate almost rolled off his seat, and when the clown blew the flour into his face, the merchant held his sides for fear they might split. It has always been so. Every now and then some manager tries to frown down pantomime in the interests of the legitimate drama; but the public will not have it. People believe with Horace that there is something wholesome in fooling. In the hope of educating London audiences the two Cibbers, Colley and Theophilus, gave a play first and then a pantomime, and offered to return the money to any one who left before the pantomime; it is on record that in ten years less than one hundred dollars was called for.

The most interesting feature of "Mazulm" is the high trapeze performance of the Onger sisters. These are two English girls, who outdo the daring young man on the flying trapeze. They swing over the audiences by their hands or their feet at an altitude which makes the spectator giddy; they leap from trapeze to trapeze; one lets herself fall from the ceiling of the theatre, catches her sister's ankles in mid-air, and swings by them in a fashion which makes the athlete of the Olympic Club feel that he is a very tyro; then they fall with the historic dull thud on the net, and people sitting beneath catch their breath as they think what might have happened if the young lady's vertebral machinery had chanced to strike the netting at a square angle. They are both pretty girls, with handsome figures and honest pleasant faces; people hope that they will never lose their grip in their aerial flights.

The last foreign mail brought copious accounts of the opening of the new Burg Theatre at Vienna, but most interesting are the reports of the proceedings in connection with the last performance in the old one. So great was the desire to be present that people took up their positions at the gallery door as early as six in the morning. Every seat was sold, but the greatest sell was for those who were enthusiastic by deputy, and who sent their servants to do the waiting and to secure and occupy places for them until the time for performance arrived; for an order went forth that no exchange of places would be permitted. Thus the servants who had suffered enjoyed the show, while the masters and mistresses who had paid were shut out. The most piteous case was that of the ladies who undertook to do their servant's housework during their absence at the theatre doors, and had no reward for their labors. After the performance some of the high and mighty ones began with scissors to clip the box fittings to secure relics of the old house. The example was speedily followed, and humbler folk quickly laid violent hands on everything within their reach, even tearing the paper from the walls and cutting pieces from the plush coverings of their seats.

It will surprise some, perhaps, to learn that the French stage but a few years ago was Puritanical on the question of kissing. In M. Legouvé's recently published life of Delaunay, the *jeune premier* par excellence of the Théâtre Français, we learn that in the first production of De Musset's "On ne Badine pas avec l'Amour," several scenes were cut out on the ground of being too free. For example, the scene where Perdican says to a peasant girl, "I respect your smile," and gives her a kiss, she says, "You respect my smile but you don't respect my lips." This was considered inadmissible. But when Delaunay came to London he played the piece as it was written, for the first time, and on its revival at the Français he repeated his London rendering with success, although the critics objected a little. On the tenth night of the revival there was rather an amusing scene. Just at the critical moment Mlle. Dubois whispered to Delaunay, "Don't kiss me on the lips for I see my lover in the stalls."

A man was found stealing the music of the "Yeoman of the Guard" at the Casino, not long ago, by means of a phonograph. He had taken the instrument into the box in a hand bag, and it was drinking in the melody when one of the ushers saw it from the front.

STAGE GOSSIP.

The Carleton Company will produce the "Queen's Lace Handkerchief" at the Baldwin Theatre next week.

"A Night in Venice" will resume its pleasant course at the Tivoli to-night, after the slight interruption caused by Campobello's benefit last night, and will be continued for another week.

"A Noble Rogue," with George Osbourne in the title rôle and L. R. Stockwell as Peter Slink, has been satisfying the Alcazar Theatre audiences. It will probably be continued for another week.

The adoption of the drop-a-silver-quarter-in-the-slot opera glass attachment in the New York Casino may have an unexpected effect in bringing that city to a hard-money basis and crowding out the fractional currency.

During Lydia Thompson's coming season at the Bush Street Theatre she will try a new burlesque. It is called "Columbus," and is now being put in shape by Archibald Gordon, an English playwright who lives in New York.

Miss Jeffreys-Lewis has been playing a round of her favorite characters at the Standard Theatre. She announces "Led Astray" for next week, after which she will probably betake herself and her company to the interior towns.

"Mazulm" has been crowding the Grand Opera House afternoon and evening during the week, without any indication of a dropping off in business to justify the substitution of the "Black Crook," which is announced to follow.

Richard Stahl, who was leading the Tivoli orchestra a month or so ago, is now in New York superintending the rehearsals of his opera, "Said Pasha," which is to be produced there in the middle of the month. He has hired an elephant and four camels from Adam Forepaugh to appear in the finale of the first act.

The European Specialty Company, which has been occupying the boards at the Bush Street Theatre during the last two weeks, emphasizes the fact that farce-comedy is drawing away all the talent from the American variety stage. The temptation to appear in a real play is too strong for the specialty performers.

Since her last visit to this city Mme. Trebelli has been quite ill, and was obliged to cancel all her concert engagements in London for this winter. Mme. Scalchi has been filling these, in addition to her own engagements, and her time has thus been fully occupied. Mme. Scalchi, by the way, is now singing in St. Petersburg.

Isabella Irving, who charmed theatre-goers here last year when she appeared with the Rosina Vokes Company, has become a member of the Daly Company. Her peculiarly fresh beauty and her manner gave the impression that she was an English actress, but she is a true Yankee girl, owning to Bridgeport, Conn., as her birth-place.

There are as many theories to account for Jane Hading's long and languorous eyes as for her odd name, but in Paris they say that Nadaud's lines cover the whole subject:

> Que j'aime, autour de ta prunelle noire,
> Ce cercle bleue tracé par le bonheur;
> Liste d'azur qui garde la mémoire
> Des amoureux effacés de ton cœur.

The Bush Street Theatre will be closed after to-morrow night's performance for the purpose of extensive alteration and renovation—not a bad idea, in view of the fact that nothing has been done, save the hanging of a new drop-curtain, to improve it since Charles E. Locke took the theatre for Emelie Melville's season, eight years ago. The management promise something unusually fine, and the cosy little theatre may be expected to be one of the most attractive in the city when it is reopened three weeks from to-night.

Lydia Thompson, who might be called the mother of burlesque in this country—if burlesquers ever reach a motherly age—will appear at the Bush Street Theatre on January 29th. She recently met with a slight mishap in New York. It seems that her silk costume had not been finished when she left England, and so it was sent to her in a letter by mail. The postal authorities, suspecting that all was not right, opened the package and notified her that tights were dutiable, and that it would cost her two dollars to obtain her theatrical wardrobe. The two dollars were paid, and the engagement at the Bush Street Theatre will not be postponed.

"Kleptomania," a farcical comedy in England, has lately justified the claim that the stage may have a strong moral influence. The play turns on the attempt of a husband to cure his wife of her propensity for pilfering by engaging a professional kleptomaniac, so to speak, to go shopping with her, the idea being that the wife will be so shocked by the moral obliquity of her companion that she will be cured of her malady. A gentleman in London, whose wife had a similar failing, tried the plan, persuading his niece to accompany her and play the rôle of the companion. He testifies to the complete success of the plan, but whether the cure is permanent or not, time alone can prove.

ACTORS OFF THE STAGE.

During a talk held, a year or two ago, with the delightful veteran actor who has just left us, William Warren, of Boston, he told me a story of himself that seemed to me a finer piece of dignified humility than anything he had ever enacted on the boards. After the death of a well-known Bostonian, some years since, Mr. Warren, who had been one of his friends, was invited to be a pall-bearer at the funeral. "On going to the place appointed," he said, "I learned for the first time that my companion in the funeral procession was to be Mr. Robert C. Winthrop. I went at once to the gentleman who had charge of the arrangements, and said to him, decisively: 'This must not be! The thing is utterly inappropriate. Mr. Winthrop is an historic character; he bears an historic name, and has added dignity to it by his own career. I am a strolling actor; the Boston public is accustomed to seeing me in all manner of grotesque costumes and ludicrous positions. I should be wholly out of place beside Mr. Winthrop on an occasion like this, and every one who looked on us would feel as I do.' Accordingly, the arrangement was completed." When I asked "Did Mr. Winthrop ever know about this circumstance?" he said, thoughtfully: "'I can not say, but I suspect that he did. The next time we met in the street, he raised his hat to me with great courtesy, although we were not previously acquainted, and we met, with the same greeting, several times afterward."

I am far from thinking that this piece of generous self-humiliation was needed; but whether it was or not, how fine the situation, how almost Shakespearian the recognition of a subtle human propriety! Who does not like to think of these two men of similar years and dissimilar lives, both such well-known figures on the streets of Boston, and passing each other from day to day with this silent and dignified greeting, as expressive as the ceremonious snuff-box of colonial times. Yet surely there is something curious and almost undesirable in a profession which can suggest to one of its most honored ornaments such self-depreciation as this. A blacksmith, a shoe-maker, would have had no such feeling, but would have walked side by side with the most eminent citizen without any thought of incongruity, so strong is the force of republican institutions. Can it be that, as an actor once pointed out to me, men of his vocation very rarely vote, and so feel themselves no part of the political community? Yet they often belong, I doubt not, to the secret societies which so abound among us, and which are almost as democratic as democracy itself. Is it that there is, after all, some essential want of dignity in an assumed part, at least in one having a tinge of comedy? I remember one case, in which a Harvard student lost the prize for public speaking, which his friends all expected him to obtain, and lost it mainly—as I always thought, having been one of the judges—because even his serious attitudes brought before us irresistibly the gyrations of his long legs as an opera-dancer at one of the "Hasty Pudding" theatrical performances. Who could ever help associating Henry Irving's movements in private life with his gait and action upon the stage, or remembering the very jerk of the nightcap, possibly, with which Malvolio retreats up-stairs, leaving Sir Andrew and Sir Toby to their revels? Indeed, I knew a fastidious mother who used resolutely to refuse all requests to let her pretty daughter appear even in the privatest of private theatricals, on the ground that those who had once seen her in an acted part would never be able to disassociate her from it, or think of her as her simple and genuine self again, and, the better she acted, the worse it would be. "It cheapens a girl," she said.

Perhaps the alleged unwillingness of the public to see husbands and wives acting in the same play may have a touch of this same feeling in it; we do not like to have the real and the fictitious confused together. This, too, may be one reason why parents are still so often averse to having their children, and especially their daughters, adopt the stage as a vocation, not so much that they fear moral danger or even loss of social standing, as that those who are thus enlisted seem to be, in a manner, rapt into a different world, where old realities and associations have no power. The very tone in which an actor speaks of "the profession," as if there were no other profession, seems to recognize this changed relation. That tone draws round him an atmosphere apart from the rest of us, like that created by the wand of Ariel, or that fine circle drawn by Booth in "Richelieu," by which the church protects those who seek its guardianship. It is no doubt the self-defense of an estimable and cultivated class from the long prejudice which has been directed against them. When Dr. Johnson, the friend of Garrick, spoke of all players and musicians as "amusing vagabonds," he gave the key to that secret attitude of apology which William Warren expressed in his frank disavowal, and which lingers in younger actors under the guise of self-assertion. It is an act of self-defense, like the close caste of the gypsies, or the avaricious wealth of the mediæval Jews, or the clan feeling of the half-starved and half-naked Highlanders.

Some of the best virtues of actors, as their great mutual generosity, are in part the survival of this clannish, outcast feeling, just as we have still the Scotch proverb, "Highlanders, shoulder to shoulder." There seems no reason why they should not be the most delightful of companions, could they only forget while in mixed society that they are actors, as lawyers lay aside the courts and merchants their business. Goldsmith says acutely of David Garrick:

> "On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
> 'Twas only that when he was off he was acting."

Yet how simple, how fine their manners, when at the best! I remember meeting Mr. John Gilbert at a fashionable entertainment in Newport, years ago, where his demeanor was so much finer than that of anybody else that he really seemed the only man of high-breeding in the room. It seems a pity to waste upon merely assumed characters the men who have spent their lives with Shakespeare, and Goldsmith, and Sheridan, and who ought to be perpetual object-lessons in social graces for us all. On the whole, Mr. Warren did himself injustice.—*T. W. H. in Harper's Bazar.*

A recently published correspondence of Mme. De Lieven shows that one of the greatest English gamblers of recent times was the late Lord Granville. When arriving in Paris as ambassador he was presented as "le Wellington des joueurs." He was one of the best whist-players of the present century, the two others being considered by Lord Henry Bentick, a recognized authority, to be General George Anson and Lord de Ros. Lord Granville once lost twenty-three pounds sterling at one sitting at whist, the play beginning at midnight and lasting till seven the next evening. The great chess and whist-player, Deschapelles, said that with Lord Granville for a partner he was willing to play two archangels.

FIRST NIGHTS IN LONDON.

By Clement Scott.

There are few things that strike an American with more surprise, and I may confidentially add disgust, than the attitude of an audience toward actors and actresses on the occasion of the first representation of a new play in London. "In America," as I have often been told, "we do not hiss or disturb the performance. When we do not like a play we simply walk out." Foolish and superficial people, who look only on the surface, imagine that the discourtesy of an English audience is only expressed to foreign artists and those who do not enlist under the English banner. They believe that people only chatter in the stalls and flirt in the boxes and cavil in the pit when an American or a foreigner is submitting his plays or his talent for the consideration and criticism of an English audience. Believe me, this is not the case. I have had some experience of English play-going life, seeing that I bave written about plays and players continuously for twenty-five years, but I have never yet known the day or the time when good art, from whatever country it proceeded, was rejected. We have welcomed from France in my time the best actors and actresses of the century. We have lauded to the skies on two occasions the whole of the Comedie-Française Company, including Got, Delaunay, Mounet-Sully, Bressant, Coquelin, Favart, and Sarah Bernhardt. We have welcomed the last incomparable artist as a stock actress and a star. We have showered golden opinions—too golden, many people think—on French farces with Céline Chaumont and both Ravel and Daubray. We have cheered to the echo every form of opera bouffe from the days of Schneider and Dupuis down to Theo and Judic. We have made a god of Salvini and written enthusiastically about Bernay, the Meiningen Company, and this harmony of art. We have lauded Dutch actors, such as those who came over from Rotterdam with Bursmans at their head. Whatever is good is welcome here; but at the same time our welcome is not always given in very polite terms. For a bigh-civilized nation it would be difficult to find one more discourteous or rude. When Maurice Barrymore tried over here his extremely clever play, "Nadjesda," and he rashly engaged Miss Emily Rigl to play the heroine, our brutes in the pit did not spare the poor girl because the part was too strong for her and would have been almost too much for Sarah Bernhardt at her best; they simply howled and hooted and hissed until the tears came into the poor lady's eyes, and she nearly fainted with agony and vexation. There is no mercy or consideration with an English audience, and I will give you two recent examples of bad temper in order to prove my case. A few nights ago, at Drury Lane, was produced an enormous drama founded on certain historical facts and fancy episodes connected with the Spanish Armada. Mr. Augustus Harris, anxious to get away from the commonplace of modern melodrama, tired of its conventionality and want of definite character, determined to illustrate an historical period. This he did with marvelous accuracy and completeness. He spared no pains or expense. He consulted history, he copied historical portraits, he called to his aid the best authorities on costumes, and on the Armada he spent a mint of money. But simply because the subject was novel and the style of costume was unfamiliar to the majority, they were inclined at the outset to treat the whole thing with scorn and ridicule, which they obviously did not and could not understand. A minuet is danced by Queen Elizabeth and her court, accurately and exactly reproduced from old pictures; but because the hooped petticoats and the enormous ruffs and the jeweled brocades of the period were unusual, hisses rained down on the poor actors and actresses wbo were doing their best very successfully to recreate a period. It would have been possible for the authors to give us a stagey and unreal Queen Elizabeth, to represent her as a lovely girl of eighteen, with peach-blossom complexion, the gloriana of her own toadies, the virgin Queen of her exalted biographers, but because the dramatists knew by reading Froude and Miss Strickland's lives that Queen Elizabeth was fifty-eight years of age at the time of the Armada, that she wore a carroty wig and painted her face not too well, when they knew that she was at times imperious and weak, and represented ber as she is shown to be by the light of modern history, tbe vulgar gallery and the autocratic pit hissed Queen Elizabeth, not because the part was badly played, but because they did not like the look of her.

But the very next nigbt after the Drury Lane play a circumstance occured that placed a first-night audience in a still more unfavorable light. It was a special occasion, because a new theatre was to be opened to the public. This was the Court Theatre, in Chelsea, built on the site of the old one recently pulled down for metropolitan improvements. Mrs. John Wood was to be the new manageress and Mr. John Hare, recently emancipated from the Kendals, was to come and give the new theatre a good start-off with a new play by Sidney Grundy, founded on the popular "Surprises du Divorce." If ever there was an occasion when toleration should be shown it was on this one. It was a first night, a new theatre, and the manageress was extremely popular, to say nothing of the fact that she was a woman. Well, disturbances come from very slight causes. It seems tbat that ridiculously effete body, the Metropolitan Board of Works, will not allow barricades or barriers to break a crowd entering a theatre. They are afraid that the same barrier will be an obstruction in case of an accident coming out. Well, there was a rush into the pit on the first night. Tbe position was taken by assault and some got in without paying. Well, what did it matter? Tbere were the people in their places. They had got in, and that ought to have been enough. No, these silly aud obstinate people thought that they were called upon to lecture the manager, or the architect, or some other official for daring to interfere with their comfort on entering the theatre. The dignity of these consequential gentlemen had been hurt, so they commenced a vulgar riot the very instant they entered the theatre. They shouted, they yelled, they bawled for every one and everything. They would not have the music, they refused to listen to the first piece, and they behaved with the utmost discourtesy when Miss Florence Wood, Mrs. John Wood's daughter, attempted to open the play. In fact, they behaved like spoiled children as they are. For, after all, wbat did they want and what could be done at that moment? The theatre could not be reconstructed on the spot. The differences between the architect and the governing powers could not be settled then and there. Why ruin Mrs. John Wood's speculation, make a riot, and hiss a young girl who had no more to do with the pit difficulty than the Queen of England, simply for the sake of showing a little childish temper? Tbe brutality of the pit and gallery in England has no parallel in other countries.—*America.*

AT THE PLAY.

A Work of Art.

'Tis but a painted face,
  A face without a heart;
But charming, all admit,
  A perfect work of art.
A symphony in pink,
  And white and blue and gold.
Alas, that such a face,
  So flowerlike, should grow old!

Pink cheek, white brow, blue eyes,
  Hair colored like the sun.
The artist's dainty work,
  Ah, deftly it was done!
Still, tho' scarce fair to make
  Invidious complaint,
Somehow, I'd fain suggest
  A *soupcon* less of paint.

Yet that's what keeps ber young
  Forever—on the stage:
The paint's laid on so thick
  You can not guess her age.
But, spite of it, she is
  La plus belle dame au monde—
When she is on the boards—
  My old-time burlesque blonde.
—*Town Topics.*

The Other Girl.

The scene—a box theatrical.
  The actors—He and She,
The Other Girl, a dainty fan,
  And a chaperon for three.

She sits beside the Other Girl,
  And He is just behind,
While in the rear the chaperon
  Is trying to be blind.

He means to be attentive
  To Her and Her alone;
But the Other Girl is pretty,
  A fact he has to own.

She wields and waves a pretty fan
  Of feathers, gauze, and lace,
Which, as the footlights flare and blare,
  She holds before her face.

She can not see him; that He knows,
  And so, with manner bland,
He turns and presses, just by chance,
  The Other maiden's hand.

A closing fan, a little shrug,
  Indifference sublime,
Tell him too late that She had been
  Watching him all the time.

He did not know that modern fans
  Have peep-holes filled with lace
Through which the gentle owner looks
  With the fan before her face.
—*Harper's Weekly.*

Entr'acte.

Between the acts, upon the stage,
Tbe idle Thespians engage
  In games of poker without end,
  The while the heroine doth mend
Her ball-room gown ol musty age.

The stage director in a rage
Doth war upon the "supers" wage,
  Because the scraggy limbs offend—
    Between the acts.

The swell, emotion to assuage,
Doth suck his cane in manner sage.
  While men go out "to see a friend,"
  Their wives, the interim to spend,
Peruse the programme—every page,
    Between the acts. —*America.*

To a German Prima Donna.

I saw thee, *diva*, heard thee sing.
Thine *Elsa* was a lovely thing,
  So soulful and ethereal.
Thy presence as the grand *Brunhild*
With sentiment my being thrilled;
  'Twas noble, aye, imperial.

I heard thee sing *Elizabeth*,
And sat enrapt and held my breath,
  In ecstasy auricular.
Each of thy lyric heroines
My ardent admiration wins—
  And *I* am quite particular.

Enthused by my esthetic sense,
I purchased seats at great expense.
  With constancy most sedulous,
Thou seemed a creature half divine
With nature loftier than mine;
  But I was far too credulous.

Oh, *Mignon* fair, blonde *Marguerite*,
Alack the day I saw thee eat
  With that Teutonic band wbich is
Among thy troupe. Gadzooks! 'twas queer
To see *Isolde* drinking beer
  And eating Schweitzer sandwiches.

From dreams I woke like one accursed
To see the deadly *Wiener wurst*
  Absorbed by my divinity;
To see my angel put to rout
Infinitudes of *sauer kraut*
  Doth wreck her pure sublimity.—*America.*

The Opera Tenor.

She sits at my side in the opera box,
  With the light on her dark sweet face,
And ber soft white neck, thro' a gauzy fan,
  Gleaming out, amid creamy lace.

And close to ber breast are the roses red
  That I placed in her hands to-night;
A message sweet from my hoping heart
  That her own may read aright.

Will I whisper now, while the music swells,
  Of a love that will never tire,
That will bloom 'neath her eyes like the roses red,
  With their leaves, like my heart, of fire?

Now the tenor sings and there falls a hush,
  While the lights on the stage are dim;
'Till she leans far out, with her lips apart
  And ber thoughts and ber eyes on bim.

Then sbe tears from her breast the roses red—
  My flowers, with their perfume sweet—
The flash of an arm, in its tawny glove,
  And they lay at the tenor's feet.

And, safe in the sheath of her gauzy fan,
  I glare with a maddened eye,
For they cost me three dollars apiece—they did—
  And she needn't have been so fly. —*Judge.*

When Ethel Talked.

When Ethel talked across the crimson sea of plush
  From wbich her snowy shoulders rose as sunligbt fair,
Her voice was sweeter than the notes of wren or thrush—
  When Ethel talked.

Forgotten then the sainted maiden Elsa's prayer,
  Lost to my soul the ricb harmonious gush
Of muted strings and sighing flutes; my heart was there.
To Ethel's box, with passionate and unchecked rush,
  It flew upon the viewless wings of Love's sweet air;
But some unsbackled Wagnerite cried loudly, "Hush!"
  When Ethel talked.
—*Harper's Bazar.*

STAGE DANCES OF THE DAY.

Mary Andersnn's Dance in "A Winter's Tale."

During the past week or two the matter of stage dancing has acquired an interest and an importance in the eyes of New York theatre-goers which it certainly never had before.

The theatre orchestras have leaped into quainter rhythms and less hackneyed melodies, and while the air is still pulsating in response to these unaccustomed strains Mary Anderson comes madly and merrily footing it to the footlights, transformed from the statuesque beauty of Galatea and the romantic imperiousness of the Lady of Lyons, and scattering tbe text of Shakespeare on every hand. At the Standard Theatre, where the London Gaiety Company is playing the burlesque of "Monte Cristo," two young English girls, with such attractive names as Sylvia Grey and Lettie Lind, have been waving away the ghosts of "Philip Herne" from the points of their dainty and daring toes after a fashion that is entirely unique.

At the theatre where Mary Anderson appears, there is a visible preparation throughout the house as the time approaches for the dance. There is a flutter among the ladies, a getting ready of opera-glasses among the men. The aisle at the back of the theatre fills up. Club men and men-about-town have come in simply for this feature of the evening's entertainment. Even the ushers have ceased patronizing the mirrors on the walls of the auditorium, and have found good places from whicb to secure a view of the stage. The curtain has risen on the fourth act of "A Winter's Tale" and disclosed a rustic picture whose pale and lovely effectiveness is strongly suggestive of the work of Alma Tadema. There is a distant and delightful water effect in the scene. At one side of the stage is a picturesque mass of rock and a little stream of water gushing into a miniature pool, whicb Perdita naively uses as a mirror whereby to arrange a wreath of flowers around her head.

"Here a dance of shepherds and shepherdesses."

These are all the stage directions supplied by the text of Shakespeare, and all the warrant found by Miss Anderson for this delightful interpolation. After the woodland love-scene between Perdita and Prince Florizel, which begins the fourth act, the shepherds and sbepherdesses of Shakespeare come laugbing, shouting, and leaping on the stage. Here again the grays and browns of the costumes, the flowing and girdled robes, recall the English painter who has done so mucb for the scenic productions of Henry Irving, and obviously also for Mary Anderson, and the modern scenic art as a whole. A moment afterward the rural musicians, both men and women, group themselves on the rocks with pipes and tabors and cymbals, and complete the picture on the stage.

When the music strikes into the opening bars, and the lines of dancers form, Mary Anderson is seen away at the rear of the stage, she and ber lover the last of the dancers, ber lithe body swaying to the rhythm of the melody, and every movement expressive of the joy which the presence of her lover and the out-door scene have lavished on ber. The lines are headed by Dorcas and Mopsa and their partners. Mopsa, by the way, is the plump and pleasing person of Miss Tilbury, Lydia Thompson's daughter.

Then there is a lull in the music and the dancers running up the stage dispose themselves in a single line across, with Mary Anderson and Prince Florizel in the middle. An instant afterward there is a wild and concerted rush toward the footlights as toward the bottom of a hill. Perdita's sandals appear and disappear beneath her fluttering garments with incredible swiftness, and the light Arabian silk of her skirts is followed by the rapid and supple limbs beneath into momentary outlines of rounded loveliness. She reaches the footlights flushed and panting. There is a burst of applause, and as it dies away the music of the dancers again fills the theatre, the lines of the dancers again form, and Perdita and Florizel are the couple at the head.

With what eager and breathless attention the audience follow every movement. Miss Anderson dances with the most graceful abandon, seeming to give herself up without reserve to the mad merriment of the dance.

As Polixenes puts it, Miss Anderson "dances featly," and the skill and grace she shows are understood to have been the results of seven months' study and practice under the sagacious monition of Miss d'Egville, of London, whose special task there is to teach the women about to be presented at one of her majesty's drawing-rooms the proper way to conduct themselves on so trying an occasion. The dance in "A Winter's Tale" is, of course, no more bistorically correct than the costumes or the scenes are. It is just as impossible to date "A Winter's Tale" as it is to ascribe a period for "A Midsummer's Night Dream." Lorraine, a ballet-master in London, who now accompanies Miss Anderson, devised the dance, and the music, quaint and of ancient flavor as it is, was composed by Andrew Levy, the leader of Mr. Henry Irving's orchestra.

But rapturous as the applause is that follows Miss Anderson's dance, it does not transcend in point of volume or enthusiasm that which is evoked nightly by the fantastic and fairy tripping of Sylvia Grey and Lettie Lind in the burlesque of "Monte Cristo." On the first night the riotous and enthusiastic plaudits with which the hands in the audience testified to the feet on the stage were something to be remembered. The rbythmic movement of these girls' dances were a revelation to New York.

Without disparaging for a moment the wondrous grace and skill of these two English girls, it may be said at once that the dancers' costumes and the way in which they are worn do a great deal toward recommending the dances to the admiration of the audience. In the earlier part of the burlesque Miss Lind wears a costume of brilliant yellow silk, with stockings and slippers to match, and the masses of white underskirts fall softly into place, no matter how rapid or eccentric the movements of the dancer's limbs. And they do so with a tantalizing emphasis of decorum, both in her case and in the case of Sylvia Grey, which soon excites the wonder of every spectator, with the result of presenting a problem in gravitation over which the gilded youth of the town and the old gentlemen in the front row are probably still struggling.

With the upward movement of the supple knee and the grotesque twirl of the expressive toe, the accumulation of dazzling lace rises like dashes of spray, with tbe yellow sunlight of Lettie Lind's golden dress fluttering about the edges of the spray. And in the last act, where Miss Grey, gowned in pure white, comes leaping down toward the leader of the orchestra, kicking her beribboned tambourine into resounding protestations, eager and searching eyes are again greeted with a snow-storm of white lace and nothing more, a fact wbich demonstrates, if the owners of the eager and searching eyes did but know it, that the divided skirt of Lady Habberton has, perhaps, found its uses after all.

Kate Vaughan is usually credited with introducing this style of dancing in London. It is dancing wherein daring and decorum are happily and daintily united. Kate Vaughan came to the Gaiety Theatre about ten years ago. She bad already introduced what, in London, is called fairy-tripping, and it had made her the rage. After four years of it, she married Lord Wellesley, brother of the present Duke of Wellington and, from present appearances, the heir to the dukedom.—*New York World.*

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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Mr. C. P. Huntington has committed a grave offense against the press of California. He has committed the indiscretion of entertaining an opinion of his own upon an important public question and has had the temerity to express it. Not only has he done this wicked thing without consulting the daily press of California, but he has said some things not altogether complimentary to the sovereign electors of our State. Mr. Huntington—presuming upon the fact that he is worth some score of millions and representing many more engaged in Eastern trade and in the transportation of Oriental commerce across our continent—has presumed to express an opinion in reference to an act of Congress restricting the immigration of Chinese to this country, to the citizenship of which he was born and where his fortune is located. The enormity of this crime is measured by the plain way in which he has stated his opinion and the truths which he has enunciated. It might have been endured that a leading merchant of California should have communicated his views to a prominent merchant of New York concerning so important a national question as that of Chinese immigration, and this letter might have been read to the chamber of commerce in our greatest commercial emporium if the writer had not been guilty of the unpardonable offense of reciting certain unpalatable truths concerning partisan legislation, to wit, the scandalous treatment in Congress of the Chinese treaty and the indecorous and undignified passage of the Scott Bill. Perhaps, even this might have been overlooked and the offensive reflections upon Congress, the State Department, and the President condoned if he had not been guilty of an altogether more serious and more unpardonable crime in his reflections upon that most excellent class of our fellow-citizens, the Roman Catholic Irish of California. That this should have aroused the indignation and stirred the resentment of our daily journals is not surprising, when we consider the relation which our newspapers hold to the Romish Church and to the Pope's political Irish. Referring to the disgraceful character of the anti-Chinese legislation, its undignified haste and wanton violation of international courtesy, he asks: "Is "this not a heavy price to pay for the luxury of the hoodlum "vote of California, for, I believe, the fanatical hostility to "industrious Chinamen is limited to California, where the Irish "Catholics swing the balance of power?" If California journals and party organs should overlook this wanton assault upon the church and nation that supports them with "wants and ads." and holds the balance of political power for the distribution of offices, they would be unworthy the reputation they have acquired for high intelligence and moral courage, and would deserve to decrease in circulation as a reward for their base ingratitude. We are not discussing the question of Chinese immigration, our position has been too long taken and is too well known to require us to squirm or seek to gain favor with the mob by denunciation of a citizen and merchant who is as well known, as long resident, and as intimately connected with all the interests of California as is Mr. C. P. Huntington; nor are we defending him for not loving the Roman Catholic political Irish; nor for his attempt to withhold from them and the church to which they belong the right to rule America, and hold its offices, and educate its children in the schools. When we have compared these two races in our mind there has sometimes arisen the inquiry as to which was the most desirable citizens: the Chinese who can not vote and do not want to, or the Irish who vote too much, and too early, and too often? The Irish are good railroad-builders, but the Chinese are better. The Irish have the land-hunger to such an extent that, while they are tenants in Ireland, they will avoid the payment of rent, resist eviction by murderous force, mutilate dumb animals, and boycott their neighbors to acquire their landlord's title; yet, upon their arrival in America, where land is free and homesteads attainable without price, they will not run the risk of not getting on the police or the chance to become an alderman, through means of a gin-mill, by going to the country and working for a living. They will not imperil their immortal souls by getting beyond the precincts of a parish church in which masses are said, nor without the reach of a priest to whom they may confess their sins and receive extreme unction when a misstep on the ladder puts them in peril of their lives. In point of sobriety and the attendant virtues that grow out of abstention from alcoholic drinks, such as obedience to law, respect for the rights of property, industry, economy, cleverness, maintenance of order, we concede that the use of opium is attended with less disastrous consequences than that of whisky. The Chinese do not so often engage in riots; nor have as many professional sloggers of the prize-ring; nor so often beat their wives; nor commit so many burglaries; nor engage so often in labor-strikes as some others; and, in order that we may be entirely just, we will accredit Chinese virtues to the drug they eat and will charge Irish crimes to the alcoholic habit they have acquired. There are one or two peculiarities of the Chinese which, we confess, command our admiration. Of all the foreigners who come to our shores for the purpose of improving their condition, the Chinese mind their own business the best of all; they live by themselves; when they are out of employment they go to their places quietly and stay till they find occupation; if they are not in demand as laborers they find work for themselves in abandoned mines, fishing in the sea, raising vegetables upon reclaimed land. If they make cigars and boots, run sewing-machines, do laundry-work, and engage as domestic servants to the exclusion of Irish laborers, washerwomen, and household helps, it is not because they work for less wages, but because they are better workmen and more obedient to those who pay them. If in the vineyards, orchards, berry-patches, hop-fields, and on farms they are preferred, it is because there is more of profit in their labor, more of security, order, and comfort in their employment. There is another, and a broader, and a higher view to be taken of this question of Chinese immigration than is assumed by Mr. Huntington, or than is being considered by the raisin-makers, fruit-growers, and farmers who are considering it. As laborers, farm servants, and domestics, the Chinese are, beyond comparison, superior to the Irish. Because the Chinese are not citizens, and do not wish to secure the elective privilege, they are superior to all the Irish who abuse the privilege when it is secured. The Chinese do not establish their families in this country, and hence the evils that attend the presence of a male population are terminable with the generation. The Irish are fecund as grasshoppers, and if the Church of Rome shall obtain control of the marriage legislation, and of the distribution of charities, the United States of America will become a breeding-house of Romanists. If orphanages, houses of correction, Magdalen asylums, and places of refuge for the sick and poor can be made chargeable upon the public taxes, Ireland will lie down upon our treasury and its politicians will rule our country through an ecclesiastical organization that has cursed and impoverished every civilized nation where it has gained political supremacy. Perhaps Mr. Huntington would compromise this great American question by agreeing to limit the immigration of aliens from both Europe and Asia, and denying to any more new-comers — whether through the English gate at Canton or the one ever swinging inward at Castle Garden—the privilege of the elective franchise. Perhaps, when Mr. Huntington consents to visit Indianapolis for the purpose of advising General Harrison as to the principles that should govern the policy of his administration in reference to the importation of foreigners, he will say to him that sixty millions of citizens are enough to demonstrate the success of republican government without leaving to Asia open gates for its redundant millions, nor to Europe gates ajar for the inroad of its undesirable population, nor to the Church of Rome the introduction of its ignorant, bigoted, and disloyal masses.

Every speech that has come to us from General Harrison since his nomination at Chicago, and since his election, has been replete with common sense. He has not made, nor attempted to make, any eloquent harangues; he has not essayed any sensations, and apparently he has not undertaken to foreshadow any policy. His speeches seem to be a reflex of the immediate occasion and read as though he was simply "thinking on his feet," which, by the way, is an English expression conveying the distinction between the labored effort at strained eloquence and the simple endeavor to convey ideas in rational and modest discourse. His allusion to his being "mustered in again to public service," made to a visiting Grand Army Post, and his recognition to the importance of a "free ballot and a fair count" as preservative of the principles of free government, is an admirable illustration of his oratorical methods and his mode of satisfying an audience without treading upon dangerous ground. Mr. Blaine certainly, and Mr. Sherman possibly, and Mr. Ingalls probably would, to the same audience, have waved the blood-red shirt in defiance of a solid South and its methods of excluding the colored vote. General Harrison has the sense to know that there are more villainous crimes perpetrated against the ballot-box by the rogues of Tammany and the political party bosses of San Francisco than at the South; and whether there is, or is not, that it is impossible to long preserve political order in any portion of our country where honest and intelligent minorities are submitted to the rule of ignorance. Another admirable feature of our President-elect is that he keeps his own counsel, and is not taking either the press or the politicians into his confidence. It looks very much as though he intended to rely somewhat upon himself in administering the Presidential office.

It appears there are three States in the Union producing sugar—from the cane in Louisiana, from sorghum in Kansas,

and from the beet in California. As sugar is a prime necessity, and its consumption is very large, and, as it has come mostly from foreign countries, it is not surprising that the senators of sugar-raising States should regard with some degree of apprehension the reduction of the tariff on imported sugars. The gulf borders of Texas, the Territory of Arizona, and probably some parts of Nevada, Oregon, and Washington Territory—and if Kansas, why not neighboring regions contiguous to it?—are likely in the future to be interested in the growth of sugar-cane, sorghum, and sugar-beets. From beets in Germany, Belgium, and parts of France, beet-sugar is produced in large quantities. Mr. Claus Spreckels, the largest of our sugar-manufacturers, has passed beet-raising and sugar-manufacturing and refining beyond the experimental state in California, and is authority for the assertion that this country can not only produce sugar enough within its own borders to meet the consumption of our own people, but will in a few years be able to export one million of tons or more. If these things are even approximately true, it would be a most egregious blunder for our statesmen in Congress to so reduce the tariff upon sugars as to keep us in perpetual bondage to the foreign sugar-grower. If the South, and the country bordering upon the Mississippi and upon the Pacific Ocean, can supply this necessity through the growth of cane, sorghum, and beets, it would be a most unwise policy for the representatives of these States to concede a reduction of tariff upon sugars just at the time when the infant industries are engaged in making the experiment of sugar production. California is interested in this experiment probably to a greater degree than any other section of the country, as it has millions of acres of land undoubtedly well adapted to the raising of sugar-beets. Our great valleys of the Sacramento and the San Joaquin, as well as hundreds of other localities like Santa Clara and Sonoma, would, if the experiment is a success, become the home of a most remunerative agricultural industry. Governor Stanford, in taking the position he has in the Senate of the United States, favoring the payment of a bounty to encourage the growth of sugar-beets and to engineer sugar-producing to success, has suggested a wise policy. If the accumulation of a surplus in the national treasury is likely to become embarrassing, this mode of distribution is a wise one, and we know of no national achievement promising greater good to greater numbers than the home production of sugar, and none in which the State of California is more largely interested.

The proposition of certain of our traders, and those of a special class, to obtain from our State treasury the appropriation of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the exhibition of themselves and other more valuable Californian productions in London, does not commend itself to our judgment, nor do we believe that Governor Waterman can be induced to regard the matter favorably enough to give assent to any such proposition. It is in no conceivable sense a public matter; it is emphatically a private venture, and we are not convinced that it does not originate from selfish interests and for private gain. We do not regard Mr. David Lubin, of Sacramento, as in any sense a representative merchant, nor do we understand that he is especially interested in the advancement of any great industry or connected with any class of productions that should put him forward as the man to represent the leading merchants, manufacturers, and fruit-growers of California to the merchants of London. Perhaps we do not comprehend the true motives that underlie this raid upon the State treasury, but, if we do, it is personal vanity and desire of self-ish gain. If Mr. Charles Justi, an Italian fruit-dealer of San Francisco, desires to sell dried peaches in foreign markets, and Mr. J. O. Gregory, of Santa Clara, seeks a broader market for his wines, and Mr. A. Lusk and Mr. Elfelt for their packed fruits, and Mr. Frank Johnson for his commercial commodities than are afforded them in the legitimate pursuit of their occupations through the ordinary channels of trade, we think they had better put their hands directly in their own pockets and send their drummers abroad, or go themselves, and not attempt to steal taxes from the State treasury that were never gathered or placed there for any such purpose. Why not pay our expenses to Rome and Ireland that we may increase the circulation of the *Argonaut* in these places, where it seems to be but indifferently appreciated? We think we smell a job in this public-spirited enterprise of David Lubin, of Sacramento.

The Sacred Inquisition of Rome wants to know the number of "mixed" marriages in the United States? What number between Catholics and persons not baptized? Whether the ante-nuptial promises required by the church have been faithfully made and generally kept? In how many instances have the Protestant parties been converted to the faith? How are these children educated, and how many have been lost to the church? Perhaps the *Examiner* would demonstrate its peculiar enterprise by hunting up the "mixed" marriages and save the bishops a deal of trouble. We can inform His Holiness the Pope that in California ante-nuptial promises are often made and but seldom kept, and that children are not regarded as responsible for engagements entered into by their parents before they were born. A great many children, indeed most children who are well-educated, are "lost to Rome," and when they are not educated at all, they are liable to go astray in the direction of the penitentiary, or fall into the city hall, or get upon the police—they are never so altogether lost that they will not turn up on election day, early in the morning, at the polls. There are a great many conversions, Protestants become Papists when they want offices, but just now the tide is running out; the defeat of Cleveland, the election in Boston, and some slight signs in San Francisco and California, indicate the return of the popular mind to the ordinary level of common sense. As the *Argonaut* is "the society journal," it is perhaps in our line of duty to inform His Holiness that some of our very best Catholic girls have shown a disposition to slip their necks out of the Roman noose when the opportunity presents itself to slip into the noose matrimonial. If the rule of our journal did not forbid the mention of names we could give a long list of the most charming of our best Catholic young ladies who have deliberately and with parental consent given themselves, their hearts, and their fortunes into the care of Protestant gentlemen. Just what promises the gentlemen have been induced to make, and what undertakings they have entered into, in reference to the education and culture of the unborn hopes, we can not inform the Sacred Inquisition at Rome; whether any very reliable data may be gathered from the confessional, we have no means of ascertaining; and whether any of the wives who have entered into an alliance with Protestants have succeeded in rescuing their husbands from the perils of a Protestant faith, we are equally uninformed. And while we are giving advice to the members of the Roman Inquisition, we would suggest that an improvement might be made in the character of confessors who are designated to receive the confidences of young ladies at this very critical turn of their lives. One delicately reared, highly cultivated, and deeply in love, is perhaps not quite willing to pour the secrets of her young and tender heart into the gross ears of an unrefined, common, base-born Irish peasant who has been educated in Latin and canonicals, but not born to the refinements and sensibilities of a superior nature. Our suggestion is that, from among the gentlemen of the church, perhaps Italian, perhaps French—for gentlemen are gentlemen, wherever born or whatever profession they may follow—it establish them in all the leading cities of America to hear this class of confessions, or if this can not be done, let the canons of the church authorize the confession of young ladies in love by telegraph. This is safe and convenient, and would be more agreeable to Catholic girls and their Protestant lovers than to pour their secret confidences into the ears of some priests we know.

On the nineteenth of last November we saw in an Oregon journal an item that Mr. J. D. Coleman was engaged in revising the American party, and that "all the anti-Irish and anti-Catholic principles were to be eliminated from it." This red rag roused the brutality of our nature. We lowered our head and went for Mr. J. D. Coleman in a mean way; we called him Dennis, we did; in our wrath we turned red-eyed and tossed him upon both our horns; we pawed the ground and bellowed; we even went so far as to charge him with being an Irishman and a Romanist. We found out our mistake and were ashamed and sorry. We are always ashamed and sorry when *detected* in any mean act. The idea of an American party which, in the scope of its design, could not abuse Democratic Irish Romanists was to us inconceivable. It was the play of "Hamlet" with both the Prince of Denmark and the Ghost omitted. The scene where old Polonius stabs rats behind the arras was left out. Mr. Coleman wrote us a letter explaining our error and the injustice we have done him, and had the good sense to keep his temper. Amiability is a virtue we especially honor and one we have always desired to attain. Human nature is apt to aspire to what it can not reach and to desire what it may never hope to possess. We wrote, at the time, a full explanation and rendered an ample apology, and supposed it had been printed in the *Argonaut*. Now comes another mortification. By accident our explanation was not printed, and we had not discovered the omission till Mr. Coleman wrote us again to remind us of our neglect; and, because he still keeps his temper, we print his letter of November 24, 1888. We print it for two reasons—first, because he did not get angry and abuse us, and second, because his letter contains most excellent American sentiments, well and forcibly expressed. It reads as follows:

PORTLAND, OR., November 24, 1888.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Referring to the *Argonaut* of November 19th, I beg to say that for several years last past I have been a constant student of your political philosophy, a devout believer therein, and have endeavored in my humble way to be a worthy disciple of such zealous apostleship. Your experience taught you long ago that newspaper men sometimes make mistakes as to men and things. I regret that the fervor of your devotion to a splendid principle has led you to do me an injustice. This mistake, however, will not abate my own ardor, though frequent repetition of such errors will, I believe, have a tendency to injure the cause with some. Is it not better sometimes to temper zeal with discretion? By mistake of our local press I was given undue prominence in the matter of the organization mentioned, and was to some extent misrepresented. Your mistake lies in the acceptance of such misrepresentation as true, which I beg you to correct. My great-grandfather was a revolutionary soldier, my grandfather fought in the War of 1812, and my father's life was consecrated to his country in behalf of the Union in the late rebellion. Is not a scion of such stock a fit graft for the tree, the roots of which we hope will permeate all the soil of the Union, and whose branches shall shelter all the homes and hopes of America? While humbly plodding in your daring footsteps, you ought not to weaken my efforts by shooting shafts of ridicule from your big Columbiad. My initials are "J. D." "J." stands for the apostolic name "John," and "D." does not stand for "Dennis," in this instance. [We had called him Dennis—ED.] My "veins do not course with 'Irish' blood," nor is my "heart bursting with Romish faith," my people were Puritans. I grant the same privileges to, and exact the same qualifications and duties of the Irish that I do of other foreigners; I have no class or religious prejudices. Following is my political creed: I believe in the Republic of the United States of America and the Constitution thereof; I believe in the American party, conceived in patriotism and born of this republic — in her infancy she is swathed in the American flag, her mature years shall be crowned with glory; I believe in the American flag for America and none other; I believe in American lands for citizen settlers and limited area thereof; I believe in the non-sectarian free school and compulsory education; I believe in a free ballot to every qualified American citizen and the reading and counting of that ballot as cast; I believe in the educational qualification of every elector, namely, ability to read understandingly our constitutions and laws in English and with his own hand write his name; I believe that no foreigner should be permitted to vote in any State of the Union who has not first obtained his final papers; I believe in the elimination of foreignism, sectionalism, and sectarianism from American politics; I believe in the exclusion of all pauper and criminal immigration; I believe in honoring, protecting, and promoting American labor; I believe in equality of taxation; finally, I believe in the everlasting life of the American party and its early dominion over an undivided country, cementing the hearts of all true citizens, whether North, South, East, or West. These general principles involve, of course, minor matters of detail or method, wherein true believers should not be discordant. This "political reform" movement antedates the late election more than one year. Toiling for the same end, we must not "kick" a willing brother if he chance to be left-handed or a little rheumatic. He "who does the best he can does well" and is worthy of encouragement rather than criticism. I expect you to confess your error and set me right. Hoping for assistance in our cause, I am yours, for America and the party,

J. D. COLEMAN.

The Christmas holidays and the opening year brought to the few who write for and the many who read the *Argonaut* a great loss and a great sorrow in the death of Mrs. Joseph Austin, our "Betsy B." From the little writing band its earliest and brightest ornament has passed away, and the larger number who enjoyed her charming, quaint, and natural style have lost from our columns a most acceptable contributor. The higher intellectual and the better social circles in which Mrs. Austin was ever welcome, and all who came within the charm and magnetism of her intimacy, have experienced a personal loss that can not be expressed. There was about this lady an infinite charm of manner and gracefulness of character that crowned her life with an intellectual and moral beauty that was transcendent. We may not invade the innermost circle of relatives and friends to express their grief, for it will long be inconsolable. We speak of Mrs. Austin as she appeared in those more public relations she chose to assume toward society at large. As a traveler in foreign lands, as a critic in the field of music and the drama, as a writer in the broader domain of literature, her unfinished life, scarce half rounded out, was just giving promise of those larger and more beneficent results that to most womanly women await the maturer age for development. That Mrs. Austin should have accomplished so little while capable of so much, is a source of profound regret to those who knew the abundant resources of her brain and soul. She sickened in the prime of life. She died before her mental faculties had fully ripened. Her European trip was for health, and she brought home with her from that voyage the knowledge that her life was short. Yet, under the shadow of that great terror she was the same cheerful, genial woman, and wrote sketches, stories, and graceful descriptions of foreign scenes

as though there stretched before her a long life. What might she not have done, had she been spared to life, society, and the world for the meagre three-score-years-and-ten which to some are allotted. She has been taken away, and we will not affect to admit that we understand the reason, or that we are reconciled to her untimely death.

The subjoined communication of Mr. Andrew Powell does not in all respects meet our approval. We, nevertheless, give space for its publication because of its suggestions, and because we regard its author as genuinely and sincerely American. Why not organize American clubs throughout the country, and let them in their respective localities perform such work as in their judgment may be desirable? Better, we think, to hold and exercise the balance of power over all parties than to work within the lines of any one. The Republican party has had our best services for a life-time, and it has been continually departing from American principles till now it displays abject cowardice in the presence of the alien vote—especially that of the Irish Romanist—which in all our great commercial cities of the North control it. Suppose in two years we of California, having brought our feeble American organization within the lines of the Republican party, what would the Republican party do with it? And when it had absorbed us, and snubbed us, and run over us, and nominated an Irishman for governor, and a lot of cowardly American politicians for lesser offices, and put a Romanist or two upon the supreme bench, and given us a Jesuit for superintendent of schools, and allowed Bill Higgins, an Irish boss, to nominate a legislative ticket, a board of supervisors, a school board, and city officers, what would then be left for members of an American party to do but to vote the Republican ticket, swallow the dose, or be snubbed as "bolters," "traitors," and such other opprobrious epithets as kerb-stone and professional political loafers fling at honest men and gentlemen? This may be the best and only thing left for us to do, but as our next election is nearly two years away, we ask for time to think before we lie down with the swine. We may come to it, we may have to. This is the letter:

NEW YORK, January 2, 1889.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: When we last met it was at the organization of the American party in the First Ward of Philadelphia, nearly or quite a year ago. At that time I had great hope for the future of the movement, but sad have been the results.

Unfortunately, the drift-wood in the organization, when the national convention was held in September, 1887, was not the kind of material for building a sound structure. While many worthy men joined it at a later period, they were driven out shortly after by the plotters and schemers who unsuccessfully attempted to run it for their own profit.

I know you approved of the Washington gathering that put in the field a crank and an imbecile for the Presidential campaign. I also know that the majority of the delegates from your State were deceived into the support of a most unrepresentative faction from New York. The result was even worse than I predicted to your people. A year ago there was life in the American movement; to-day it is dead, so far as any agitation is concerned, and the foe of American institutions walks unmolested in our land, striking and ready to strike effective blows for our downfall.

The mistake in the first effort was not having proper men as leaders, and to revive the cause by reorganizing the old party will not be a success; neither will a secret order, with the old principles, receive the support of the masses. If principles are worthy of support, they require and should have open advocacy. Neither you, nor I, nor any of us, oppose any man on account of his religious dogmas. He has a right to them, providing they do not assume political activity. What we do deny is the justice of any sect in entering the political arena, and, through its influence at the polls—by the action of its clergy or its members—bidding for the support of any political faction and seeking the promotion of its faith by or through such faction.

When we find such schemes are being concocted, it becomes our duty to controvert and oppose them.

If men were not so strongly bound by party ties and by bitter hatred, we could easily accomplish the destruction of any conspiracy against American ideas.

It is no easy matter to change a Republican to a Democrat, and it seems almost impossible to induce a Democrat to become a Republican.

I know the bitter hostility of very many American Democrats to the Republican party, and yet, when our country is in danger, no man should consider party for a moment. How can our country be saved? That should be the query.

It is undoubtedly true that nothing can be expected from the Democratic party and not much more from the Republican leaders. Yet, among the latter are many good and true men, and if the leaders could believe their interests lay in opposing the clerical conspiracy that threatens their country, I think they would pursue a different course than that which they now follow.

It is certain that four-fifths of the rank and file of the Republican party are true to the old flag and all that it represents, and, if they could be assured of the sincerity of an American movement, they would heartily lend it their aid.

Prior to and since the late Presidential campaign, I have written a number of American friends in various States, and have presented a plan of campaign, which I have studied for months. I find a large majority of those, who have replied, indorse my views and are willing to aid in their support.

I have suggested the formation of American clubs, and when a sufficient number have been organized, to call a State convention; then, later, when several States have held their conventions, to call a national convention. These bodies should use their influence to secure the enactment of laws which will accomplish the purpose in view, and, in order to do this, the members should unite with the Republican party and work through that channel. Failing to obtain their demands, they will then be in shape to bring into existence a party of their own, go into the field, and fight for their principles.

I urge joining the Republican party, because I believe in that party only is there any hope, and because I know what it costs to start, or even attempt to start, a new organization.

Very many who were connected with the recent American movement are bitterly hostile to the Republican party, and it will require a great sacrifice on their part to engage in any scheme that involves a separation from their old party and a union with its foe.

However, I have great faith in the intelligence and patriotism of large numbers of American Democrats, and believe they will make the sacrifice, if by so doing the end can be attained.

The motto with our foes is: "The end justifies the means." Let this be our motto also—in a patriotic sense.

Would it not be advisable, for those who indorse American principles, to have a conference at an early day? And would not Washington be the place? And about March 4, 1889, the proper time? I have but little leisure to devote to politics, but having been more or less identified with a movement of this kind from early manhood to the present time, I shall continue to support these ideas while I live.

Your influence in such a cause I know is very great, and if you will sustain it through your paper much can be done.

My duty is performed, and if you can not view matters in the same light as myself, I trust we may be able at an early day to stand together on the same platform.

All I ask is, that you will think of what I have said, and perhaps some plan you may propose will be better than mine.

Very truly yours, ANDREW POWELL.

Senator Stanford, according to the *Daily Star* of New York, has resorted to a very ingenious mode of convincing his associates in the Senate of the importance of beneficent legislation for the protection of California fruits. He introduces them to the stomachs of the Senate, and, while the fruits exert their persuasive influence upon the digestive organs that influence the opinions of members, he addresses himself to their mental faculties. The *Star* says of our representative:

Senator Stanford may not be an orator, but he has convincing ways about him that have upset more than one of the eloquent tariff experts who have stumbled up against him on questions in which the Pacific Slope is interested. It is rarely, indeed, that the great California millionaire makes any remarks before the Senate, and a set speech from his lips would be the surprise of the session, but the senator is a good deal less of an ornamental senator than some of his more pretentious fellow-senators. He is a worker, a scientific worker, who makes every stroke tell, a calculating dealer in cold facts, who knocks out his theoretical and argumentative opponent every time.

Some of the senator's methods are being brought into practice, to the discomfiture of Republicans and Democrats alike, on the free-fruit proposition. Senator Stanford has had something to say, but his remarks have been neither noisy nor lengthy. He has done more than any orator could do, and he has done it very quietly. Day after day sees in the Republican cloak-room of the Senate a sample, or a number of samples, of California products. The sample which was there yesterday differed entirely from that which is on exhibition to-day. On one occasion it may be a box of Fresno raisins, and the senators walk in and help themselves to handfuls of the delicious fruit. At another time it will be a basket of Fresno figs, finer than any figs the senators ever saw before. Then it will be Riverside oranges, large and luscious, and the arrival of a box of the great yellow beauties is whispered around the chamber until every senator who knows the quality of "Stanford's oranges" has buried his lips in their sweet juicy pulp. Even the Florida senators temporarily forswear their allegiance to the local staple of their State, and enjoy the California article. Prunes and grapes are to be found in the cloak-room frequently, and even the members of the sub-committee on finance eat thereof and are very glad.

When everybody has satisfied himself as to the quality of the fruit which happens to be on exhibition, then Senator Stanford incidently remarks that the fruit-raising industries of the United States must be protected from competition on uneven terms with the fruits of foreign lands. The fruit itself is the backbone of his argument.

A new departure is about to be made in the matter of bringing the native wines of California before the public. The movement has taken a practical shape, in so far as central and commodious location, namely Platt's Hall, has been secured for head-quarters, and most of the prominent viticulturists of the State are lending their countenance to the enterprise. The time has arrived when California can rightfully assert her position as a producer of pure wines of good grade to an extent sufficient to place her in the front rank of wine-producing countries. France, Spain, the valleys of the Rhine and Danube, and, in more limited extent and of poorer quality, portions of Italy and Greece, have hitherto been the wine purveyors of the world. In the production of light wines—to call them by their commonly applied generic titles, clarets, hocks, champagnes, and burgundies—the valleys of the Rhine and its affluents, and the volcanic *scoriæ* which drape the hills of Southern France, have had hitherto no compeer or rival in the ancient world, and none in the new, till California sprang into the field; for the vintages of our central and Southern States can not be talked of in this connection, and those of the Pacific Coast of South America and those of Australia are still so much in embryo that, as yet, no reliable deductions regarding their future can be drawn. The pioneer viticulturists of this State, prominent among whom are such names as M. M. Estee of Napa, L. J. Rose of Los Angeles, West of Stockton, De Turk of Sonoma, Schram of Napa, and others, have labored hard and honestly to improve the culture of the grape, and to introduce the best processes and methods for its treatment in the manufacture of wine which experience or science can devise, and it is much to say that, in the score or so of years since wine-making began to be an industry at all, so many encomiums and so much eulogy have been heaped upon our native California products. Nor must it be forgotten that this has been done in the face of such disadvantages as would swamp any industry save that which had a foundation of the solidest. Cellarers, middlemen, and possibly retailers have made such a practice of mixing and tampering with the original product of the winery, that it speaks volumes for its basic merit that the stuff which reached the consumer gained any recognition at all. And it is to do away with most of the opportunies for adulteration and the substitution of inferior grades, which have hitherto acted as a serious drawback to a great and growing industry, that the present protective movement has been set on foot, not by speculators, but by gentlemen directly interested in demonstrating to the world the merits of the wares which are the products of their own hands and brains, and for the purity and excellence of which they are responsible. One of the objects of this wine exchange is to bring the purchaser into direct communication with the grower, the advantages of which need no explanation; another is to bring the producers into closer communication with each other, the interchange of ideas consequent upon which can not fail to exert a beneficial influence upon the character of the products in general. Cellarage will be provided for storing wines only in bottle, and each bottle will bear the name and label of the producer, a provision which should certainly tend to excite emulation and to restrict the exhibit to wares of good quality. The raisin industry will also be represented; the various diseases to which the vine is subject will be exemplified, along with the methods that have been effective, or proposed, for their extermination; in short, to improve and develop viticulture in all its branches is the aim and object of this association. The vineyards of France have, within late years, been ravaged and almost ruined by the phylloxera; its soil has been so impoverished and depleted of the natural salts necessary to the normal growth of the grape that this exhaustion has now to be supplied by costly artificial means. It is only the cheap labor prevalent in the Rhine Valley which renders it possible to expend upon the vine the care requisite to produce a serviceable crop, by mulching, training in baskets, and the like. Here in California there is probably more acreage adapted to the growth of the grape than in France and Germany combined, from the light, gravelly mountain soils—suited to produce wines of fine bouquet rather than strength—to the fat valley lands, where the grape is rich in alcohol and where the raisin can be manufactured to perfection. Such being the conditions of the wine industry of the world, it is not arrogating too much to predict that within the next quarter of a century California will rank with the favored wine countries of Europe, both in the quantity and quality of its output. Enterprise, vigilance, and patience will bring about this result, and the present movement is one long step toward its accomplishment.

COMMUNICATIONS.

"Mr. John Keymer Kane on Mr. Gladstone."

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I have been greatly entertained by the attack made upon me by Mr. Gamble, of San Mateo, in his letter of the eighteenth instant, under the above heading, inserted in your issue of this date.

Mr. Gamble is very astute, and, I may add, rather disingenuous in his method of controversy. He ignores altogether the main contention of my letter of the eleventh instant, raises an entirely new issue, and then presents to your readers a series of half-truths which are proverbially more difficult to meet and expose than direct misstatements.

For instance, he ignores the fact that in my letter, which he is pleased to refer to in such sarcastic terms, I specially laid before your readers the case of the large number of land-owners in Ireland who had bought their estates from the land court established in Dublin under the authority of the act of Parliament, entitled the "Incumbered Estates Act." In plain English, these unfortunate and "bitterly wronged" landlords had purchased their estates, and given good prices for them, from the entire nation (not the "Irish nation" only), and it was the faith of the entire nation which was broken when Mr. Gladstone began his iniquitous and disastrous course of land legislation for Ireland in the year 1869. Is Mr. Gamble aware that an act of Parliament, embodying as it does the will of the entire nation, expressed by the consent of the three estates of the realm—the Lords Spiritual, the Lords Temporal, and the Commons—and confirmed and approved by the crown, is the very highest authority in the British Empire, and that, therefore, when the landlords, whose case I placed before your readers in my letter of the eleventh instant, purchased their properties under the provisions of an act of Parliament passed expressly for the purpose of inducing them to make these purchases, they had every ground, both legal and moral, to stand upon in regarding their rights obtained thereby as absolutely secure?

In the third paragraph of his letter, Mr. Gamble endeavors to convey to your readers the impression that it was the "landlords" who by "their printed advertisements called the attention of intending purchasers to the improvements," the fact being that the landlords did nothing of the kind; it was the judge of the landed estates court who issued the advertisements, and the landlords whose cause I plead were the purchasers, not the vendors, of these estates. Is this a fair method of controversy on the part of Mr. Gamble?

Mr. Gamble's method of controversy is more fully exemplified by the assumption he makes that Irish landlords are in the habit of "drinking champagne, going to Paris, and the devil on the fruit of the tenant's labor"; a case which stands on a wholesale charge of this kind against a large body of land-owners, including a number of ladies, must, indeed, be rotten to the very core. I might, with equal good taste, and, perhaps, more truth, retort that Irish tenant-farmers have been putting by in the savings banks throughout Ireland, year by year, larger and larger sums of money plundered from the unfortunate landlords, while at the same time living on the fat of the land and indulging in the consumption of whisky to their heart's content in greater quantities, year after year, as the revenue returns plainly indicate.

If "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth" with regard to the position of the Irish tenant-farmers could be fully known to "the Californian farmer," I venture to think that the latter would not be so easily gulled by his broad and inaccurate statements on the question of the "improvements" to the estates effected by the tenants, as Mr. Gamble seems to imagine, for, if he had cared to tell the whole truth about this matter he could have told "the Californian farmer" that in very many cases these so-called "improvements" were no improvements at all, so far as the landlords' interests were concerned, and that in very many more they were carried out by the tenants, not only without the consent or approval of the landlord, but against his wish. There are two sides to every case, a fact which Mr. Gamble does not seem to recognize.

At the close of his letter, Mr. Gamble indicates that he may revert to this subject in another letter; I hope, if he does so, that he will bring a little accurate knowledge to the consideration of the case and not indulge in such sweeping statements as those he has indulged in with regard to the method in which Irish landlords spend their money, and to the wholesale performance of the works of improvements by the tenants, to which, I fancy, such landlords as Lord Lansdowne, Lord Derby, the London city companies, and a vast number of other landlords would have something to say, and, with regard to the latter part of the third paragraph of his letter I would very much like him to give full and accurate particulars, names, place, and date of the case therein mentioned, and, above all, I would like very much to have, if possible, the landlords' version of the case upon which so much stress is laid by Mr. Gamble, for it is wonderful to remember in how many instances an entirely different complexion has been put upon a case of "tenant-wrong" when the landlord has had a fair opportunity of laying his version of the circumstances before the public; and will Mr. Gamble have the assurance to contend that this is a typical case, as is most undoubtedly the case which I presented so fully to your readers in my letter of the eleventh instant?

In conclusion, let me assure Mr. Gamble that his "Grand Old Man" has been found out, and that the very excuse of "English fair play," to which he refers, has so completely risen against him that the great mass of the intelligence and enlightenment of the kingdom is now thoroughly alienated from him; his party is in a miserable minority in Great Britain, and, even with the assistance of the eighty-five votes which Mr. Parnell is able to bring to his support, the Unionist majority in the House of Commons, which has proved itself to be solid and compact, is but very little short of one hundred votes.

The English people have already shown their sense of "fair play" by passing, and, subsequently, extending, the provisions of Lord Ashbourne's act, enabling tenants to purchase their farms under government sanction from their landlords; an act which has done something already to remedy, to a limited extent, the injustice under which so many landlords in Ireland have suffered, but much, very much, more in the same direction will have to be done if the mischief done by Mr. Gladstone's iniquitous and disastrous legislation is ever to be remedied.

I remain, sir, faithfully yours, J. KEYMER KANE.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 31, 1888.

P. S.—With reference to Mr. Gamble's remarks to the effect that my thirty-four years' service under the English War Office would naturally predispose me to take the side of the Irish landlord against the tenant-farmer, allow me to inform that gentleman that officials of the English War Office and officers on the staff of the army are not permitted to interfere in political matters, while so serving, with the single exception that they are allowed to vote at an election, if they happen to possess a vote at the time. If an officer on the staff of the army or a permanent war office official is elected to a seat in the House of Commons, he is ineligible to take his seat without previously resigning his official appointment. During the entire course of my service under the war office I never interfered in political matters, except to give my vote on one occasion, viz., in 1874, when Colonel Taylor defeated Mr. Parnell in the parliamentary contest for the County of Dublin; I think, therefore, there is not much foundation for Mr. Gamble's sneer on that point.

The Rev. Dr. William M. Taylor, of New York, has in his study a chair which he uses instead of riding horseback. It is moved by working two handles, and gives the rider, or the sitter, about the same motion as that of a galloping horse, only a little more violent. Dr. Taylor finds the exercise of this chair very beneficial after a long pull at his desk.

Agreeable to the wishes of the German Emperor, the theatres have resolved to abolish all French theatrical terms which have crept into the language.

Warnings have been issued that Raphael's "Entombment of Christ" in the church of St. Peter's in Perugia has been stolen.

TEN THOUSAND YEARS IN ICE.

How a Prehistoric Man was Resuscitated from a Frozen State.

While lounging listlessly along the sea-wall one afternooo about the begioning of August last—the eighth, I think it was—enjoying the sunshine and inhaling tbe sea-breeze, my atteotion was attracted to an unusual bustle and commotion on the quay of Section Two. I could see from where I was that considerable exertions were being made to transfer some heavy object from a vessel moored alongside the quay to the quay itself. As I got nearer I discovered by the name on the stern that the vessel was the whaling-bark *Marion*, and that the object which the crew, assisted by a number of longshoremen, were making such efforts to get on shore was an immense rectangular block, measuring some nine feet in length by about four in breadth and thickness. Had it been a block of granite, the men could not have worked harder, prying it with rollers and levers along a gangway made of a dozen or so of stout planks laid abreast from the ship's deck to the quay. As, however, this object, whatever it was, was swathed and enveloped with a plentiful supply of sacking, securely bound with ropes, I could, of course, form no opinion as to its nature.

While standing abstractedly by, looking on and speculating as to what this very heavy object might be, and wondering what it could be doing aboard a whaler, I was tapped gently on the shoulder by somebody, and, looking round, my eyes rested on a heavily bearded and bronzed individual in pea-jacket and rough trousers, with a laughing eye, who said, cheerily:

"What! don't you know me?"

I was certain I had never seen the man before, though sometbiog in the voice sounded familiar. My doubts, however, were speedily set at rest by this individual exclaiming:

"Don't you recollect Joe Burnham? Has a year made such a difference? If so, I'm glad of it. You couldn't bave paid me a better compliment."

"Can it be possible?" I said, in surprise, as I grasped his hand; "why, Joe, who would have expected to meet you coming off a whaler? And with a heavy beard, too! When I saw you last, you know, you only sported a mustache."

"Why, I tbought you knew all about it," he returned, with equal surprise; "just wait a minute," he added, as he turned to give some directions to the men who had now got the heavy object safe on shore, and were proceeding to hoist it upon a dray.

While be was thus eogaged, I recalled some circumstances wbich served to explain tbe unexpected and original appearance of my friend.

Joe Burnham, the son of the well-known millionaire mining-man, bad, I knew, been recommended to go abroad for change of air about a year before, owing to failing health arising from too iotense application to study. This, however, was all I knew, and I had no idea that he had concluded to take his change of air aboard a whaler. But knowing his taste for scientific pursuits of any and every character, I can not say that I was very much surprised to meet him again as I bad just done. At any rate, the trip had certainly been most beneficial, as he had changed from a sickly and rather delicate student to a bale, hearty, and robust man.

"Yes," he remarked, as he came back from the dray, which was now moving slowly off, the four sturdy horses which drew it evidently straining under the weight with which it was loaded, "my doctor prescribed absolute freedom from brain-work of any kiod. He sbook his head when I suggested Europe. There was too much, he said, to be seen in Asia, or, in fact, in any otber quarter of the globe, to insure the perfect repose he thought oecessary. Even a prolonged yachting excursion did not meet his views. That, he said, would be worse than anytbing else. Its very monotony and loneliness would drive me to cogitation. Tbe sea part of it, he admitted, was capital. If a sea voyage could be combined with excitement and sometbing to do—but would I work? Tben some lucky inspiration seemed to flash across my mind, and I asked him if there were any objections to a whaling trip. 'The very thing,' he said; 'you bave plenty of money and can go more as a passenger than a sailor. You won't have much time to study on board *that* kind of a vessel, and I'll risk all the chances you get to indulge in tbe study of the *flora* and *fauna* of the Arctic.' And now you see how it is that I happen to be disembarking at the present moment from the stanch bark *Marion*."

"You seem to have got plenty of baggage, anyhow," I returned, motioning toward the dray, which was now fast retreating in the direction of the city; "your share of the blubber, perhaps," I added, banteringly; "or maybe specimens of the flora and fauna of the Arctic, which your doctor cautioned you against."

"Partly right and partly wrong," said Burnham, sententiously and somewhat seriously; "you may have got nearer the truth about that queer parcel than you think. But this is no time or place to speak about it. Come up to the house tomorrow forenoon, if you have time, and I will show you something that will astonish you. I particularly wish you to come," he added, with emphasis; "you will be amply repaid for doing so by what you will see. Meantime, I have something more to arrange on board this vessel." So saying, he crossed the gangway and disappeared.

Next morning about ten, in accordance with my friend's invitation, I ascended the steps of the Burnham mansion, rang the bell, and sent in my card. I was evidently expected, as the servant requested me to follow him and led the way downstairs. There, in a small court-yard sacred to himself, and in which, together with two apartments opening thereon, my friend conducted his experiments, I found him in his shirt-sleeves, superintending the disposition of the ponderous mass which had excited my curiosity the day before on the sea-wall. The workmen had just succeeded in hoisting it on to a strong and massive trestle-work, some three feet from the ground, and upon this the nondescript oblong package, swathed with sacking and bound with ropes, now rested.

"There!" said Burnham, as he settled with the men and turned the key of the door leading into the ordinary court-yard of the house; "the most laborious part of the job is over. It was no easy matter getting the package up here. But now, as publicity at this stage must on every consideration be avoided, I must ask you to stand ready to lend me a hand when necessary. Better leave your coat in the laboratory or in the studio—which you please—you can suit yourself."

The "laboratory" and the "studio" were the respective names of the two rooms opening on to the court-yard where we were now standing, which was itself separated, as I have said, from the main court-yard of the building by a tolerably high wall, opposite which were the entrances and windows of the rooms aforesaid, which had been originally intended for out-houses of some sort. The other two sides of this little court-yard were blind-walls of the house itself. Certainly, if secrecy were the requisite aimed at in my friend's enterprise, whatever it might be, a happier place could not have been chosen. The "laboratory" and the "studio," while each opened on the court, and there was also inside intercommunication between the rooms, differed greatly in interior arrangement, as well as in the uses to which they were put. The laboratory was fitted up with benches, tables, and shelves, littered with chemical, optical, electrical, and photographic apparatus, zoölogical and botanical specimens, *et hoc genus omne;* a perfect scientific chaos, in short, without a semblance of law and order. The studio, on the other hand, was richly and luxuriously furnished and kept in scrupulous order by Burnham's own valet, who, I noticed, however, was not there at this time.

Passing into the laboratory first, I noticed that a trestle-work similar to that in the court-yard stood in the centre of the floor, and that it was surmounted by a shallow pan of zinc, fitted at one end with a waste-pipe, like that of a bath-tub, leading to the gutter of the court. I was still further surprised to note, when I passed on into the studio, that the centre of that chamber also contained what might be termed a supplement to the trestle-work, in that the furniture had been moved to one side to make room for an improvised table on which rested an ordinary mattress. In addition to this a bureau-bed had been unfolded and set in readiness at one of the walls, while a blazing fire burned in the grate, although the day was anything but cold. Before I had time to speculate upon the meaning of all these mysterious preparations, I heard Burnham calling, so throwing my coat on a settee I hastened to join him. I found him engaged in firing up a small portable steam-engine that stood in one corner of tbe yard, and in affixing to the exhaust-pipe of the cylinder another pipe, several feet in length, with a movable arm, evidently for the purpose of ejecting steam in any desired direction.

"Now," he said, as he completed the connection, "wbile the boiler is getting up steam, you and I must get to work and uncover our package. I expected Dr. Dunne bere before this, but doctors you know are always entitled to latitude in non-professional matters."

So saying he took a knife and began to cut away the ropes from the package, I following his example. Then we removed layer after layer of sacking, the air growing, I thought, all the time sensibly colder, till upon removing tbe last of tbe sack-cloth—we could not, of course, remove tbe wrapping on which the weight rested, but merely contented ourselves with ripping the top open and letting it fall on either side—what was my surprise to see before me an immense oblong block of blue, pellucid ice. But who shall express my feelings when, a moment after, I discerned *imbedded in the heart of the transparent crystal the form of a man.*

But let me describe what I saw. Tbere, lyiog on its back in the middle of the frozen slab, was unmistakably the body of a man, but so wonderfully life-like in every detail that it was as difficult to believe that the man was dead as it was to conceive how he bad come into his present position. The eyes were dark and wide open, and whether or not it was due to some peculiar refracting qualities of the medium tbrough which they were observed, they did not look glassy or seem to have lost their lustre. Tbe short, thick, curly black locks that clustered about the forehead, and the closely trimmed beard that fringed the cbeeks, looked as natural as tbey could bave done in the hey-day of life. But just as inexplicable was the dress. It was composed of some light material such as is worn in hot climates, and had more in common with the ancient Greek chlamys, or the Arab burnous, than with any other type of dress tbat I recall. Such colors as it had were tasteful and resplendent, and had lost none of their original freshness. The feet were shod with sandals, and a gemmed ring still sparkled upon one of the fingers of the right hand. It was the face and figure of a handsome man of thirty, or thereabouts, and tbe whole posture was so indicative of repose as to indicate that, whoever he might be, he had met his end calmly and without pain.

I turned mechanically toward Burnham and saw that he was watching my surprise and smiling.

"Well, what do you think of my package," he asked; "was it worth the trouble of bringing it here from the Arctic circle?"

"I must congratulate you on your specimen," I returned; "it will certainly be a great acquisition to our scientific men and antiquaries. But how are you going to preserve it? Won't you find it rather a difficult matter to keep the ice in a state of congelation—and expensive, too, I should think?"

"That is not my intention," he replied; "I mean to thaw him out."

"And then?" I queried.

"Resuscitate him."

I looked at my friend to see if he was not joking, but could detect no sign of mirth about his face.

"Why not?" he said; "that man in the ice there is as organically perfect as you or I are. No fibre or atom of his organism has undergone any change since he came into the condition he is now in. Say that he met his death—if indeed he is dead—by drowning, and the water he was drowned in was subsequently frozen, he is no worse off at this moment, even though he has been lying where he is thousands of years, than the man who was drowned five minutes ago. And I hold, and my friend Dr. Dunne agrees with me——"

Dr. Dunne, one of the most scientific physicians and surgeons in the city, as is well known, entered the court-yard at that moment, after giving a secret knock, and apologized for his tardiness.

"My friend, Dr. Dunne, I say, agrees with me, that our treatment of drowned, or so-called drowned, men, is all wrong, and that they can be resuscitated bours after death has apparently supervened, if the proper measures are taken. Drowning is simply a case of arrested function, that is all. Provided the organism is sound, why should it not be made to perform its functions again? Does a temporary stoppage ruin a watch if the works are all right? If so, what are doctors and watchmakers for, I should like to know? Is it not so, doctor?"

"At all events we can try," rejoined the doctor, impressively; "I am heartily glad of such a favorable, such an ultra-favorable, opportunity, I should say, of testing the efficacy of my treatment of drowned men upon so promising a subject."

"But what about the freezing, doctor?" I ventured to remark, for the coolness with which the whole subject was treated reminded me painfully of my own deficiencies of scientific lore and rendered me proportionately modest. "I have always understood that frozen limbs are as good as dead, and that amputation alone can save the life of the rest of the organism in such a case. It seems to me that when the whole body is frozen, so much the worse."

"So much the better," returned the doctor, warmly; "it is mucb easier to work where the conditions are homogeneous."

By this time the steam escaping from the safety valve of tbe portable engine showed that the pressure was considerable, and Burnham, who had previously shifted the slide-valve so that the steam would pass straight into the exhaust, now wheeled the engine opposite the block of ice, pointed the lateral pipe, which he had connected with the exhaust, and which he manipulated on its joint by means of a fork, toward the side of the block, turned the globe-valve and let the jet of blue vapor play upon the ice. The court-yard was soon thick with clouds of steam, but the huge ice-block kept dwindling away as the steam was directed upon one point or the other, by wheeling the engine round it, till in less than half an hour the court-yard was little better tban a puddle and nothing remained of the ice-block but a crystal envelope, a few incbes thick, around the inclosed body, so deftly and skillfully had Burnham directed the steam-jet upon all portions alike.

"We shall now have to exercise more care," he remarked; "the remaining ice must be removed in a more gentle manner. Help me to carry the body into the laboratory."

So saying, we all lent a hand and transferred the ice-bound body to the zinc tray upon the trestles in the laboratory, in which a roaring stove-fire bad previously been lit, and the temperature of which, when the doors were shut, was like that of a Turkish batb.

"There!" ejaculated Burnham, who, though in bis shirt-sleeves, was perspiring freely and panting after his work; "so far, so good. Let us go into the studio and sit down and rest, while *our guest*"—I was struck with tbe quaintness of the epithet as applied to the corpse in the next room, as also witb the emphasis Burnham gave it—"sheds the remnant of the crystal mantle he has worn for who shall say how many thousand years. It will take at least half an hour before he is completely thawed out, and meanwhile, if you like, I will tell you how I managed to run across him in the far North."

We were all curious to know, so Burnham gave the following details:

"After leaving San Francisco in March last year, we sailed North with the intention of reaching Behring's Sea by the time the ice broke up, hoping to do well enough with whales and seals to return before the season closed. I had, of course, made my arrangements with the captain, going as a volunteer, to do duty or not as I pleased, and living in the cabin. We had the usual adventures which are part and parcel of a whaler's experience and which I will not bother you with, as they are not germane to the question, and I found my health improving wonderfully under the influence of the fresh air, exercise, and excitement.

"By June we had passed Behring's Straits and then cruised for a good many weeks in tbe open sea beyond; but our luck was bad, and, owing to trying to better it before we left, we waited too long; worse than that, we were caught by a storm which blew us nearly due north for several days to a point some hundred miles east of Banks's Land and the Parry Isles; and before we knew where we were, we found ourselves shut up by the ice, luckily in the lee of some bluffs, forming part of a small island only a few square miles in extent, to which circumstance alone we could attribute the escape of our vessel from being crushed by the ice-pack. Subsequent observations showed that we were in longitude 162° W. and about latitude 76° N.—a point, by the way, rarely reached by navigators even under the most exceptionally favorable circumstances. There was nothing for it, however, but to make the best of a bad job and prepare to winter it out with the best grace we could. Luckily we had plenty of provisions—I had looked after the matter of commissariat, personally, before embarking—and I think I may safely say that few whalers ever wintered in the Arctic circle better equipped in that respect than we were.

"As you can readily imagine, the life of a ship's crew, ice-bound during the long, dark, northern winter is not an enviable one. Suffice it to say that we got through it with probably less than the ordinary amount of hardship, and were very glad to catch a glimpse of the sun about the beginning of April, as it looked like a sign of release, though the captain did not think the ice would break up for at least six weeks longer. There was now some pleasure in rambling, as there were a few hours of sunlight to do it by, and I used to make the most of it, as one might get an occasional pop at a seal or otter, and not unfrequently the captain—we were by this time great chums—would accompany me.

"One day in May we were tramping along, gun in hand, over the ice-fields, going over some new ground to the east of the ship, when we came upon a patch of remarkably clear and

transparent ice, about a mile from the vessel. This was the more peculiar as the generality of the ice in our neighborhood was rough, jagged, opaque, and usually coated with snow. Looking down casually as we were crossing this patch, my eye was arrested by the curious spectacle of the body of a man embedded in the ice, some sixteen or eighteen feet below the surface. I called the captain's attention to the phenomenon, and getting down on our hands and knees, we spent a good while in examining the strange object as well as we could, and speculating upon how it could have got there. What puzzled us most was the white clothing upon the body, the captain's theory being that it was the corpse of some officer of consequence, belonging, perhaps, to some government expedition, whose shroud had burst its canvas casing after being consigned to the deep, and which had afterward drifted there by the currents and got frozen fast. I, however, whose eyes were keener, could see that the dress upon the body was no shroud, and that the features, instead of being livid, bloated, and swollen, like those of a corpse that had been some time in the water, were clear-cut, fresh, and untouched by decay. I became anxious to obtain a nearer view of this strange discovery, and at length prevailed upon the captain to let me have the use of half-a-dozen of the crew to dig down through the ice till I could satisfy my curiosity regarding it. Accordingly, next morning we set to work with pick and shovel to sink a shaft in the ice, and it was only the work of an hour or two before we were within two feet of the body.

"At this distance I renewed my examination and became the more and more impressed and mystified as I did so. But my astonishment was still further increased when, upon gazing downward through the pellucid depths below, I saw, or thought I saw, the dim outlines of buildings, just as they might seem from the top of some tall monument. I thought I could detect lines of streets and squares, the buildings on which were white as of marble, their architecture seeming to approach the Grecian in type. Gardens and trees, too, I thought I saw, but the light of the low sun was so feeble that I did not know whether it might not all be due to the fantastic forms of sea-weed and that imagination was doing the rest. As it was, however, the impression I received served to increase my interest in the mysterious object beneath me.

"I now formed the resolve of securing possession of the wonderful windfall, from a scientific standpoint, which luck had thrown in my way; and by dint of promising a liberal *douceur* to my assistants I succeeded in persuading them to dig round and below the body, leaving the block, which we just now melted, only supported securely enough at its ends to keep it from breaking down, till such time as we were prepared to remove it. Here, again, I had a bitter altercation with the captain, when I mooted my design of carrying off my prize. It was absurd, he said, preposterous, to think of packing a huge block of ice, containing only the dead body of a man, and of no earthly use to anybody. Did I think that whalers were fitted out for costly voyages into polar seas for the fun of the thing? Look at the room it would take, if nothing else. No; he must draw the line there; he would be d——d if he gave his countenance to any such nonsense as that, science or no science.

"I now saw that it was neck or nothing. There is nothing so obdurate as a sea-captain, if he sets his foot down, and by long association I knew my man. I determined to try him on a new tack, and to go to almost any length in doing so, partly through the spirit of opposition which is strong within me, and partly because I had already formulated, in a vague manner, the scheme which we are now carrying into practice. I felt a deep conviction, too, that I was in some mysterious way working out mysterious ends, and that gave new strength to my resolve.

"'Captain,' I said that evening as we sat in the cabin, 'what do you estimate that your present trip is worth?'

"'Worth nothing as yet,' he answered, with a growl; 'worse luck to it.'

"'I mean what would you take for the net earnings of the voyage, provided somebody bought your chances for what you might pick up upon the return?'

"The captain studied. It was plain that I had given his ideas a new turn. Perhaps he divined the bent of mine.

"'Well,' he said, at length, 'there would be the crew to be considered, as well as myself, in a case of that sort. We're all working on shares. Captain gets half, and the other half of the net proceeds are divided *pro rata* among the petty officers and crew. What would suit me mightn't suit them.'

"'Well, what could you reasonably expect to take on the home voyage with average luck?' I said, returning to the charge.

"'Half-a-dozen sperm-whales wouldn't be out of the way,' returned the captain, cheerily; 'might get more. Catch might range anywhere from twenty to forty thousand dollars.'

"'Call it thirty thousand,' I said; 'would that be a fair average?'

"'Well, there's twenty-two of a crew. That would net about seven hundred dollars apiece for their share. I don't think they would growl at that. Fifteen thousand would suit me, and I think I should be very well out of it, for that matter. But why do you ask such questions?'

"'Read that,' I said, for answer, and shoved a slip of paper across the table.

"'Why, what's this?' said the captain, taking up the slip of paper and reading:

OFF THE PARRY ISLES,
Long. 162° W., lat. 76° N.
MAY 14th, 1888.

BANK OF CALIFORNIA,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Pay to the order of J. F. Manson, captain whaling bark *Marion*, the sum of thirty thousand dollars ($30,000) and debit

RICHARD BURNHAM.

"'Simply a check for your possible gains on the return voyage, captain. I want the use of your ship as far as San Francisco. Everything satisfactory, I suppose. Good-night.' So saying, I strolled into my state-room, leaving the worthy captain to deliberate upon my proposal.

"Next morning I purposely got up late; but by the earnest and many-voiced conversation, which I could faintly hear, upon the deck above me, I knew that the seed I had sown was germinating, if not bearing fruit.

"Well, to cut a long story short, my proposal was accepted; the ice-block dug out and conveyed to the vessel with a good deal of trouble; my check certified and cashed in Victoria, where most of the crew were paid off, and——here we are. Now, suppose we adjourn to the laboratory and see if *our guest* has completely thawed out yet."

The strong heat from the stove had, in truth, very nearly finished what the steam had begun. Though there was still a shell of ice surrounding the body, it was little more than a shell, and Dr. Dunne recommended that the next stage in the treatment should be approached with all expedition. Burnham, accordingly, went off to prepare a bath in the bath-room adjoining the studio, and when he hailed us, the doctor and myself carried in the zinc tray with the body and deposited the latter in the bath.

"We must proceed very slowly," said the doctor, as he stood by, thermometer in hand; "I shall begin with a temperature of fifty and increase it very gradually—say, in half an hour or so—to blood heat. All the internal organs are, of course, frozen; the lungs, too, are doubtless full of ice, and the first thing to be done is to relieve them of the water. Not the least remarkable feature, gentlemen," he continued, turning to us, "is that this body must have been frozen almost before—in my theory, certainly before—it was drowned. But how to account for this? That is the point. It is certainly beyond the range of our scientific experience, nor can we conceive of any natural or chemical force powerful enough to effect such a result. This man, too, is clad in the garb of a tropical, or sub-tropical, region. These are evidently his every-day clothes which he is wearing. He must have been both drowned and frozen almost simultaneously. The drowning and the freezing must have been nearly coincident events—at all events, within an hour or two of each other. I can not see into it. I give it up," concluded the doctor, with a shake of the head.

"Still," said Burnham, "have we not something of a parallel in the elephants which, some years ago, were found embedded in the ice to the north of Siberia, just as this man was? The elephant is a tropical animal, and can scarcely be credited with going to the North Pole on a pleasure trip. How do you account for that?"

"Perhaps," suggested I, "it was a case of the mountain coming to Mahomet in both instances. Perhaps the Pole came to them. Suppose that through some unknown natural cause, or some outside cosmical agency, the axis of the earth should change abruptly, as it is probable that it is now doing gradually, and that what were formerly the equatorial regions became the polar, and *vice versa*, what would be the consequence? In the first place, the oceans and seas would be hurled over the continents in tidal waves miles high. Only mountaineers dwelling in the highest altitudes would escape. That would be the first result. The second would be that the waters upon what were formerly the tropical regions would be frozen. The third would be——what we see before us now in that bath."

"Very ingenious, certainly," remarked the doctor, dryly; "but we have got no time for speculation now. Let us attend to business. Our friend here should be pretty thoroughly warmed through by this time. Please lend a hand to get him on the operating-table."

Accordingly, we removed the body from the bath to the mattress in the studio, the room having been meanwhile closed and its temperature raised to blood heat.

"We must first get the water out of the lungs," said the doctor, as he reached for what looked something like a stomach-pump, but which, instead of the suction tube, terminated in a diaphragm made of some elastic substance, which he applied to the open mouth of the body, pressing it closely with his left hand, at the same time asking me to compress the nostrils tightly—the flesh was now warm, soft, and yielding. The doctor then drew back the piston of his pump and a stream of water followed through the discharge tube. This was repeated several times, till the lungs were pronounced free from water.

A consultation now followed between the doctor and Burnham.

"The blood in the veins and arteries," said the doctor, "though it has undergone liquefaction, is probably, to a certain extent, coagulated. Though why," he continued, musingly, "should such be the case? At any rate, let us see."

He then took a lancet from his instrument-case and proceeded to make an incision in the median vein of the left arm, when, to his manifest joy, as I could see, a few drops of blood spurted out.

"Yes! it is as I thought," he exclaimed, joyfully; "the blood has *not* coagulated. It is a simple case of drowning, and, to all intents and purposes, our friend here is no better and no worse off than if he had been asphyxiated by water only a few hours ago. Mr. Burnham, I congratulate you," taking that gentleman by the hand and shaking it with the utmost enthusiasm, "upon being instrumental in providing a subject for resuscitation—for resuscitate him I do not doubt that I shall, now that I have direct evidence that the blood has undergone no chemical change—a subject, compared with which a mere, ordinary case of drowning sinks into the most infinitesimal insignificance; for—who can tell?—perhaps this man has lain in this condition for hundreds, aye, for thousands of years; perhaps he belongs to a remote prehistoric age, for ice, the great embalmer, knows neither time nor seasons, and a thousand years are to it but as one hour. Whatever our friend here is, or has been, he will presently be one of us; he will open his mouth and unlock the secrets of the past. He will tell us how he came into his present plight. He will add another page to the world's history."

I felt myself catching all the doctor's enthusiasm, and now hung upon everything that he did with breathless interest.

"The next step," said the doctor, "is to stimulate the heart's action and restore the circulation. To do this will require our united efforts. You, Mr. Burnham, will take charge of the battery and apply the electrodes; our friend here"—signifying myself—"will assist in inflating the lungs; I will attend to the circulation. Your battery is ready, is it not, Mr. Burnham."

The battery, with its auxiliary apparatus for intensifying the current, was brought round and placed on a table close by. Dr. Dunne then made an incision in the breast so as to expose the breast-bone, or sternum, and another in the back, in the region of the third vertebra. To the former of these the negative pole of the battery was applied and to the latter the positive electrode.

"Where is that phial, I wonder?" interjected the doctor, looking over his medicine-chest and taking out bottle after bottle; "ah! here it is," he said, at last, "here is the substance on which I rely to restore the action of the heart and give new life to our friend here. It has only lately been introduced into the pharmacopœia; but, since its introduction it has done wonders in cardiac affections. It is distilled from a plant which grows only in East Africa. Its name is *strephanthus*, and its effect is to accelerate the action of the heart. It is now my purpose to inject a portion of this powerful stimulant into the median vein, which I have just opened in our friend's arm, whence it will be conveyed to the heart. Meanwhile, you, Mr. Burnham, and our friend here will induce artificial respiration in the lungs, so that the blood may be oxygenated after it has been expelled from the heart by the spasmodic valvular action which the *strephanthus* will excite in that organ. Now, let us each attend closely to his alloted duty."

My part consisted in inflating the lungs by means of a tiny bellows, the nozzle of which had been introduced into the larynx, till such time as the breathing should become automatic and the rise and fall of the lungs regular. At a given signal from the doctor, Burnham turned on the current, the electrodes having been previously placed in position, and, at the same instant, the chest expanded. I plied my bellows as the breast rose, and a second afterward it collapsed, the discharged air rushing back through the larynx with a whistling sound. Three seconds afterward the chest rose automatically again, and again I assisted its rise by inflating the lungs as before. This was kept up for some dozen or more respirations, occupying in all about two minutes.

Meantime, the doctor was intently engaged with a syringe and graduating glass at the left arm of the body. So absorbed was he in his occupation that he seemed oblivious to everything else. Suddenly he sprang to his feet, with an exclamation which startled us.

"We have won!" he shouted; "see! the blood is circulating."

I looked down at the arm, and, sure enough, blood was spurting in a thin jet from the lower extremity of the vein which the doctor had severed. In my excitement I had withdrawn the bellows from the mouth, but there was no further use for artificial respiration, as the chest was now rising and falling automatically and in regular cadence. The doctor now tied up the severed vein, sewed up the incision in the arm, and, after dressing the patient—for such he must now be called—in a suit of Burnham's underwear, we lifted him into the bureau-bed that had been prepared at the side of the studio next the fire.

"There is nothing more to be done," said the doctor, simply; "he will wake by-and-bye of his own accord, and will then need some nourishment. Soup and stimulants will be the proper thing to administer at first."

Burnham went out and returned presently with a tray containing the desired refreshments. We now waited anxiously for the awakening, which must sooner or later come. The breathing, which had hitherto been labored and stertorous, was becoming easier, the color was returning to the cheeks, and the occasional twitching of the muscles showed that our strange patient was on the point of awaking. At length he turned on his side, opened his eyes, stared fixedly at us, and then uttered an exclamation in some foreign tongue. Burnham got up, wheeled a table to the side of the bed, set the tray of refreshments upon it, and motioned him to help himself, at the same time pouring out a glass of wine. Here Dr. Dunne interposed.

"No," he said, smiling; "after a fast of so many thousand years I certainly must prescribe hot water as an initiative. It is absolutely necessary for the stomach to begin with."

The hot water was brought, and our patient, evidently comprehending that he was under medical treatment, shifted his position in bed so as to recline upon his elbow, took the tumbler which was handed him, and, after eyeing it critically, raised it to his lips and tasted the contents. A shade of surprise and faint protest passed across his features as he elevated his eyebrows, shrugged his shoulders, and swallowed the potion.

"Now let him attack the viands if he wants to," said the doctor, as our guest's eye roved somewhat greedily, I thought, over the table. Burnham pushed the tray a little nearer, no second invitation being necessary, and the bowl of soup that had been brought, together with a couple of glasses of old Madeira, speedily disappeared. This duty having been performed our guest became voluble. He gesticulated and spoke, and, to judge by the inflexions of his voice and the character of his gestures, he was, I should, say, appealing to us for an explanation of his presence there and of the strange objects which met his gaze. It need scarcely be said that we could not understand one word of what he was saying, though the voice was clear and mellow and the syllables of his words as distinct and sonorous as ancient Greek, though they bore no other resemblance to that language.

"Suppose we bring him pen and ink and see if he can write," suggested Burnham, and the idea struck us as a peculiarly happy one.

Pen, ink, and paper were accordingly set upon the table. Our patient eyed the articles curiously for a moment or two, took up the pen, and examined the steel nib with an expression of critical approval, then took up a sheet of the paper, examined its texture, and smelled, at the same time spreading it out before him. It was evident that he comprehended what was required of him, for he dipped the pen into the ink and wrote a few words upon the paper, guiding the pen, however, from

right to left, according to Oriental usage. The characters partook more of the Chaldaic, or ancient Sanscrit, than any other type. As it was, none of us could make them out. Our guest watched our efforts at deciphering with an amused smile, but when one of our daily papers was handed him by Burnham, this quickly changed to an expression of rapt attention and intense interest. He did not, however, handle the sheet like a savage, but like one who knew the object of it, examining the words and letters with the closest attention, evidently to see whether he could gain any clew to their meaning. After a minute or two he gave up the task, and then, tapping his forehead with a tired expression, smiled at us, lay back on his pillow, and was soon fast asleep.

"He will be all right by evening," remarked the doctor; "and then," turning to Burnham, "what will you do with him? Introduce him to the Academy of Sciences, I suppose?"

"Not just yet," returned Burnham; "I have no objection to some inkling of our wonderful prize getting out—our friend here," alluding to me, "will, no doubt, attend to that—but I certainly shall not bring him before the public in any way, nor even introduce him to our scientific men, till I have educated him to some little knowledge of our language. There will, I think, be no difficulty about that. He is evidently a man of superior intelligence, and I shall go right to work in the same way as if he was any ordinary foreigner cast upon our shores with no knowledge of our language and I myself equally ignorant of his. It is merely giving names to objects, he learning my name for the object, I his. In that manner we shall speedily arrive at a solution of the all-absorbing question who this remarkable being is whom we have rescued from the jaws of death, and who, to all intents and purposes, has been dead for—who can tell?—how many ages past."

The events I have here detailed occurred on the ninth of August last. Since that time, my friend Burnham has been enthusiastically engaged in carrying out the project which he mapped out on the day of the resuscitation of his remarkable patient and guest. His tailor was called in, and, when Mr. Kourban Balanok, as the stranger calls himself, left Burnham's studio three days after, he did so as a nineteenth-century gentleman, and is now installed in Burnham's house as one of the family. People may have noticed the young, handsome, and distinguished stranger, who may be seen occasionally walking arm-in-arm with Burnham on Kearny or Market Street, but none would guess that he had lain in the North Polar ice in the neighborhood of ten thousand years. Such is the case, however, and, as he is fast acquiring an intimate knowledge of the English language, we may confidently look forward to the appearance, in the near future, of a detailed account of the economy of the prehistoric world and of the vast cataclysm which swamped it and left Mr. Kourban Balanok imbedded in the ice.

ROBERT DUNCAN MILNE.

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1889.

CALIFORNIANS IN NEW YORK.

Mrs. Atherton writes of their Achievements in Art and Letters.

What a list of them there is! And yet there are probably four times as many more of whom I know nothing, and California is but just forty years old. The restless fever of the pioneers lingers in the veins of their descendants, and those who are not striving for gold are working for fame. It has been said that when a Californian wants anything he wants the earth. It is doubtful if any true Californian ever found himself the happy possessor of a nice little quiet ambition. The moment he enters the race he makes straight for the head of the line, never turning aside to allow some one to pass, trampling down any one so unfortunate as to cross his path, and kicking aside all obstacles with a singleness of purpose which wins admiration if it sometimes frightens affection. Of course he does not always reach his goal; all can not win, some must fall by the wayside; but that does not deter the next comer from making the same race.

There is a touch of barbarism in this, a near kinship to elemental nature, which older civilizations may scoff at, but which is the source of California's power. For I firmly believe that California to-day has more native genius, more originality and vital strength than any other country in the world. The very mountains, the very atmosphere, every landscape—all are unique, and not to be duplicated elsewhere in the world. And this individuality her people absorb with the air they breathe. Every Californian has that about him which singles him out at once. And yet he has not a mannerism. It is not until you strike Council Bluffs, on the trip overland, that you hear that abominable Western burr. Californians have no provincialisms, and what slang they use is imported from the East. Even their voices are more agreeable; one rarely hears the high-pitched organ so common over here. And yet, in spite of this absence of stateisms, there is none of the monotony about the Californian people that marks the inhabitants of almost every other State in the Union. The very lack of homogeneity which still presides over California like a restless spirit is partly responsible for the aggressive individuality of the race.

No one can thoroughly understand and appreciate California until he has lived away from it for at least a year. Nor is it likely that he will ever understand it if he lives only in the cities of the East—especially the city of New York, which has an extraordinary fascination. And to one who has always lived in San Francisco the change can be only a welcome one and contain no subtle meaning. But San Francisco is not California, and New York is not the East. It is in the country that the difference lies. I defy any one with a square inch of soul to get up early on a summer's morning in California and go out into the woods, or up on the mountain, without feeling that primeval nature is about him and the modern world is an unsketched picture. Up in the great redwood forests of the mountains there is a stillness which would belong to the calm of eternity were it not for an electrical vibration of the atmospheric waves which flashes direct from the fiery heart of the world to the blood of eager, uplifted man. No man, or woman, who possesses a talent-furnished cell in his brain, can throw back his head and draw long breaths of that rare, fine ether without having his brain intoxicated with its oxygen and his talent forced to perfect flower. He realizes his possibilities, as in a tamer land he never might, inspiration comes to him and ambition towers. Nor is it necessary for him to go to the mountains. Everywhere in California, by her ocean and in her hill-locked valleys, is the same wonderful atmospheric quality, which is like the first breath from nature's lungs before its life is spent in rolling about a hungry planet.

I have found no such mysterious quality over here, although I have seen much of the country and none that was not beautiful. I spent the summer on the side of a mountain, overlooking a magnificent view of forty miles—rivers and valleys, hills and mountains, chestnut woods, lakes, and creeks. The climate was perfect, the quiet absolute. And yet it was commonplace. I had never found so much together in California, but in a barren field sloping to the Pacific I had never found so little. There is nothing of homesickness nor sentiment in this; it is purely an abstract study. Nor am I a discoverer; I have heard many tourists say the same thing.

California is to-day full of talent of the strongest and most unique quality, but it is undeniably crude. The very barbarism that gives the talent precludes the necessary finish. A man of genius may bless his natal star for having shone over his cradle in California, but if he wants to become an artist he must come East and imbibe its conventions. If he have real originality and audacity, Eastern polish will do no more than rub off the sharp points and polish the bristles. But that he needs this minimum that only an older civilization can give him is proved by the fact that no Californian has ever made a national reputation with the aid of California alone. Bret Harte went there with an Eastern-trained mind. So did Joaquin Miller; he inhaled the madness of California, but he put the method of Boston law-givers in it.

Of Julian Rix I spoke a few weeks ago. I did not say, however, that he has made his mark here, not only by the daintiness and strength of his brush and the beauty of his color, but by his original method in the use of water-colors. He began, as all Californians know, a painter in oils; and, when he took up water-colors, instead of learning the new technique, used them with the same method that is supposed to apply only to oils. Everybody scoffed, but the result was that Rix stands out among the famous Eastern water-colorists by means of his individuality and the absolute success of his strange method. His etchings are also perfect in their wonderful combination of delicacy and breadth. He lives in Patterson, N. J., and seldom comes to New York. The charming Jersey landscapes are the usual subjects of his brush.

David Belasco is said to make more money than any playwright in America. I must confess that I find nothing of the subtle quality of genius in his work; he is rather a clever observer and adapter of common material, but his success is unquestioned and dignifies his work. He is a master of the art of construction, for, although the whole story of "The Wife" and every situation could be told in five minutes, yet so ably is it put together that one's interest does not flag throughout the three hours of its presenting. "Lord Chumley" is more interesting in itself, but has as little originality. But if Belasco has not genius, he has immense cleverness. That much misused word can be applied freely to him. He is manager of the Lyceum Theatre and of the Lyceum School of Acting. In his direction of the latter, he shows that he understands the spirit of his age. He cares little for true dramatic talent. If the applicant has a name environed by the glitter of social prestige and two or three famous uncles or grandfathers, she is quite sure of finding favor with Belasco, and he will drill her into a commendable artist. Raw genius must apply to Boucicault, who gives not a rap for extrinsic appendages.

Mrs. Julia Dunn, who came to New York no longer a young woman, wrote a brilliant spectacular play called "Ahmed," which was one of the successes of the year and brought her large profits as well as recognition and high praise. A year or two ago she discovered that she had a talent for art, and, after painting for a time here, went over to Paris. She had not been there six months before she had two pictures accepted and well hung in the Salon. She is an indefatigable worker, tramps all over the country, indifferent to rain and mud, sketches on a rock with a pool of water at her feet, and rises at five every morning.

Clay Greene sits up in his bright, handsome rooms at the Aberdeen and finds inspiration in the roar of Broadway. He is one of the most successful Californians in New York, and has two or three plays on the road all the time. He wrote the most popular play of Lotta's repertoire, and has just finished rewriting the always delightful "Polar Star." It has a new interest—a mystery and a murder—and is to be produced with great splendor and expense at Niblo's. There is great, vigor and Californian freshness in everything Clay Greene writes, and he has for "society plays" the contempt they deserve. He has just finished a comic opera, the hero of which is Miles Standish, and is writing a play for Minnie Maddern called "The Little Conspirator." The material for this play is comparatively new, the scene being in Cuba, and the plot turning on the insurrections. It is full of romance and color, and has a deep and sustained interest. Probably the reason why there is nothing "puffed up" about Mr. Greene's work is because he writes with a natural gift, and has done so ever since he could hold a pen. Half the people who are writing to-day made up their minds suddenly to do so after they were well on in life and without having ever experienced a natural impulse pen-wise. But although they are frequently successful, the line between originality and acquirement is never to be overlooked.

When I came to New York I heard right and left that Harry Dam—who had been a sort of guy in California, or who at the best was looked upon as having long since exhausted the promise of his youth—had made the most brilliant hit in journalism which had happened here in twenty years. He was the traveling correspondent of the *Times*, and his letters were attracting widespread attention. There was an originality, a rattling audacity, a new, pungent flavor to them which was hailed with delight by the sated New Yorker. It was nothing in the world but that his letters were saturated with *California*, and, consequently, hovering high above the usual rut.

It must honestly be said that Gunther has not a very strong literary instinct, and that of the principles of style he is blissfully ignorant. Indeed, he has no hesitation in acknowledging that each novel is evolved after much the same method and with not a little of the agony with which teeth are pulled. And yet what Eastern author has written such a rattling good story as "Mr. Barnes of New York"? People may call it a dime-novel and expatiate upon its many faults—there is scarcely one it has not—and yet it is doubtful if any one who has once begun it has laid it down until finished. After all, the power to tell a good dramatic story of absorbing interest wins a writer the favorable verdict of the great reading public, as intellectuality and spirituality never do, and if anybody doubts this I have only to refer them to the great sale of "Mr. Barnes of New York."

Mrs. Macdonald ("Ballard Craig") attracted the attention of the syndicates and newspapers as soon as she came East, and has had her hands full. She wrote some of the most original articles for the *Evening World* that paper has printed, and her children's verses are as dainty and fanciful as if she had never journalized her faculties into marching order. She has lately gone on the staff of *Current Literature*, and has been its ablest contributor from its start. Her translation, or rather adaptation, of "The May Bug" in the September number was a remarkable piece of work.

Miss Letitia Aldrich, who was formerly a society girl in San Francisco, has gone on the stage under unusually pleasant auspices. Her connection with Senator Stewart and General Sherman insured her immediate attention at the Lyceum School and also secured her a place in Palmer's company. She has recently gone on the road in "Jim the Penman." It is impossible for me to say anything of her talents, as I have never seen her act; but she is well spoken of, and certainly has every chance. She is a pretty girl, and her voice is flexible and rich.

Marie Burroughs (Lily Arrington) has conquered her awkwardness, improves from year to year, and is leading lady at Palmer's. She has no great dramatic fire, but she has pathos, emotional power, and is rapidly becoming an artist. Her beauty has lost none of its freshness and she is one of the best-dressed women on the New York stage. She is famous for her gowns.

Mrs. Anne Toland is a successful and regular contributor to several of the most prominent papers in New York. She has also written a novel and a book for children, and, with it all, finds time to go up on the East River and teach the dirty little street-gamins carols at St. Mary's Mission. Her industry repays her, however, and she has a charming apartment up-town on the West Side, where she entertains her many friends in a delightful manner.

I suppose I may call Mrs. Kate Wiggin a Californian. At all events she spent a number of years there, and should claim the friendship and admiration of all Californians for the great and good work she did in San Francisco. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have lately republished her book, "The Birds' Christmas Carol," and say that it is one of their two successes of the year. Twenty or thirty thousand copies were sold during holiday time, and it is being read aloud at public meetings for children everywhere. One man made a very comfortable sum out of it in Brooklyn. It is beautifully bound, and its contents have been praised everywhere as "that sweetest and tenderest of Christmas stories." Mrs. Wiggin knows all the literary people in New York worth knowing, and has a most satisfactory position among them.

So much has been said about Theodore Wores by New York correspondents that there is little information left to give. A few evenings since, on a page of the *Sun*, a piece of music appeared which was dedicated to Mr. Wores. It was titled "The Lady Picking Mulberries," and was inspired by one of Wores's Japanese paintings. The music was by Edgar Kelley, the English words by Henry Richards, and the Japanese by Yung Kwai. Mr. Wores takes what pictures he has left to England in February.

Henry Alexander confines himself principally to portrait-painting, but has sold several large pictures during his stay in New York, one of them to the Munich Government.

Miss Nannie Craddock, daughter of Judge Craddock, of Marysville, came East some time ago and joined the Lyceum School of Acting. Later she became a member of Palmer's company, made her début in "Partners," and has gone on the road in that play. It will be remembered that she appeared as Cynisca when Miss Aldrich played Galatea in San Francisco.

Charles Dungan has just signed a three years' contract with the McCaull Opera Troupe. His career since he went on the stage has been uniformly successful, and he has never wanted an engagement.

D. F. Verdenal has piled up the shekels of late years, and does little literary work outside of his weekly letter to the *Chronicle*. He lives in the Dakota Flats, one of the largest apartment-houses in New York, overlooking the Park. He takes as great an interest in Californians as ever, and there are few with whom he is not acquainted.

GERTRUDE FRANKLIN ATHERTON.

NEW YORK, December 28, 1888.

An Alabama man, charged with stealing a calf, made the following statement: "I was always teached to be honest, an' most always have been, but when I seed that calf I caved. I never wanted a calf so bad in all my life, an' you all know that when a man wants a calf he wants him." The jury returned the following verdict: "We, this jury, air satisfied that Steve stole that calf, but, as the feller that owned the animal is considerable of a slouch, we agree to clear Steve an' make the owner pay the costs."

VANITY FAIR.

To be casually informed by some chance acquaintance that the head of his family came over in the *Mayflower* is becoming so common nowadays, that people begin to wonder not who *did* come over in the *Mayflower*, but rather who *did not*. As a matter of fact, only one hundred and one persons landed at Cape Cod Harbor on December 11, 1620. Here are their names and the number in each family:

Jno. Carver, 8.	Jno. Turner, 3.
Wm. Bradford, 2.	Frs. Eaton, 3.
Ed. Winslow, 5.	Jas. Chilton, 3.
Wm. Brewster, 6.	Jno. Crackston, 2.
Isaac Allerton, 6.	Jno. Billington, 4.
Capt. Miles Standish, 2.	Moses Fletcher, 1.
Jno. Alden, 1.	Jno. Goodman, 1.
Sam. Fuller, 2.	Degory Priest, 1.
Chr. Martin, 4.	Thos. Williams, 1.
Wm. Mullins, 5.	Gilbert Winslow, 1.
Wm. White, 5.	Ed. Margeson, 1.
Rd. Warren, 1.	Peter Brown, 1.
Jno. Howland, *	R. Britteridge, 1.
Stephen Hopkins, 8.	Geo. Soule, *
Ed. Tilly, 4.	Rd. Clarke, 1.
J. Tilly, 3.	Rd. Gardiner, 1.
Frs. Cook, 2.	Jno. Allerton, 1.
Thos. Rogers, 2.	Thos. English, 1.
Thos. Tinker, 3.	Ed. Dotey, †
Jno. Ridgdale, 2.	Ed. Leister, †
E. Fuller, 3.	

* Howland was of Governor Carver's family; Soule of Governor Winslow's. † Dotey and Leister were Mr. Hopkins's servants.

"I should recognize that Papanti step if I came across it among the Esquimaux in Greenland," said a young American dandy to a pretty compatriot whom he had just met for the first time at a ball in Florence. "It is unmistakable. I've been trying all the evening to place you, hardly supposing that you could hail from Boston, for you certainly don't look like it," with an admiring glance at the fashionable figure, the rich complexion, and clear, bright eyes, unobscured by any disfiguring glasses, "but the moment they played the 'Estudiantina,' and you gave me a turn, I doubted no more. You see, I'm a Harvard man myself, spent a year in the Friday-evening class and three in the Saturday; so I know the whole story." Miss X. had been holding off rather distantly, uncertain as to whether she ought to treat him with warmth or chilliness. Americans abroad have to be so very careful of their countrymen. But the instant he mentioned the Friday-evening class, she unbent in a moment. That placed him at once in the ranks of people one might know. "Then, of course, you agree with all good Bostonians that there is no 'Muse but Terpsichore, and Papanti is her prophet,'" said she, merrily, swinging her great fan of ostrich feathers slowly to and fro. "I wonder we never met. How long ago were you in college? Who had the Saturday-evening class in your day?" "Oh, it was in '83, long before your time," replied the Harvard man, laughing; "Mrs. Cabot had the class, if I remember correctly. Are there as many struggles and heart-burnings about it now as there were then?" "Yes, indeed," responded Miss X., warming to her subject, "of late years there have been many new people risen to the surface. Nobody knows who they are or whence they came, but they are disgustingly rich and build themselves superb houses in the best neighborhoods. Then, don't you see, they want to get into society, and they are determined to push their way into the private classes. Did you ever hear about that dreadful Mrs. Biscay?" "No," the Harvard man said, enjoying himself immensely, "that must be something recent. Tell me about it, do." "Before she was married," went on the mellow tones, always mindful of the broad A's, "Mrs. Biscay lived in South Boston." An impressive pause. "Her father had made a great fortune by boiling soap, or putting up pickles, or something of that sort, and she had a certain beauty of a common, showy kind. Hamilton Biscay met her at the mountains one summer, fell in love, some said with her beauty, more with her money; married her, brought her to the old Biscay house on Beacon Street to live. I dare say she is a good wife, for he seems to be happy, but she never got on socially at all. She was bad form, and people absolutely refused to take her up. They called formally and nothing more. She had a daughter who was her exact image, and common and pushing like the mother, who was sent to the best schools. Somehow they contrived to get her into the private classes for the younger children at Papanti's; but when it came to the Friday afternoon, Mrs. Faneuil, who had the class that year, refused up and down to take her in. 'I haven't a place,' she wrote to the Biscay woman; 'my list is full!' 'Oh, no, it is not,' answered Mrs. Biscay; 'Louisa Fuller is going abroad unexpectedly with an aunt, and that leaves a vacancy.' 'It is already promised,' said Mrs. Faneuil, curtly. All this was on paper. Then Mrs. Biscay called upon Mrs. Faneuil. Not at home. She called the second time. The same result. She went to Mr. Papanti. The wise man was immovable. 'I have nothing to do with the private classes,' said he, 'you must go to Mrs. Faneuil.' 'I have been to Mrs. Faneuil, and she declares there is no place. Is that true?' 'I know nothing about it, madam,' said Mr. Papanti, again. 'But my daughter must be in this class. She has a right to be there,' said Mrs. Biscay, furiously; 'she is a Biscay.' 'If she were the Queen of Sheba,' answered the dancing-master, imperturbably, 'I could do no more. It is Mrs. Faneuil's class, and she decides who are to compose it. I have nothing to do with it.' And Mrs. Biscay flung away in a towering rage. What do you think that woman did?" Miss X. asked. "When the first Friday afternoon came, she had the little girl dressed in purple and fine linen, ordered the carriage, and drove down to Papanti's. 'Mrs. Faneuil,' she said, defiantly, addressing that lady, who sat cold and impassive before her, 'my daughter has a right to be in this class. It is her place. Her father is a Biscay and a connection of your own. Now, I bring her here and put her in the class myself. You may send her out of the ball, if you like to treat her so cruelly. I consider that I am doing my duty, no more,' and with that she turned and walked deliberately off, leaving a maid to take charge of the child. Mrs. Faneuil always declared that Bessie Biscay was not in her class, but she was there at Papanti's every Friday afternoon just the same, and had a good deal of attention. What do you think of that? Is it not disgraceful? And, to crown all, I had a letter from home the other day, telling me that Bessie Biscay is the belle of the assemblies this year! So she got in there. Well, it shows what push will do."—*Boston Herald.*

Will the craze for wearing as much false hair and as few garments as possible afflict our womankind, and will the wigs rule the West? In the early days of the Directoire, wigs were made for which six thousand and ten thousand francs were paid. Wigs of every color were worn. Mme. Tallien possessed thirty wigs. Fair women were expected to have a brown wig in their collection of perukes; dark-haired women, a fair wig.

Here is a Canadian view of the international marriage question from the Toronto *Globe*. "We have read scores of articles on the Anglo-American marriage epidemic. In every one of them the writer has striven to reach a solution by inquiring, Why should the rich and titled Englishman fly from the maidens of his native land and seek a wife on the other shore of the Atlantic? As long as the question is approached from that side the true answer will be sought in vain. This writer may prove that it is because American girls are the prettier; that one will demonstrate that it is because American papas come down handsomely; a third will insist that it is because the American girl is the more stylish, independent, better informed, *chic*. None of these answers will cause any one to change his opinions. The real question is, not why Englishmen marry American girls, but why American girls marry Englishmen. In the first place, the American girl is in active rebellion against the American man because the latter has set himself up as the perfect husband. We have our doubts whether any daughter of Eve would willingly marry a man whom she thought to be perfection—there is no doubt whatever that she would not marry a man who sets himself up as the best possible husband, and that is what the American man is constantly doing through his representative press. In our journalistic experience we have read many hundred times, in American newspapers and magazines, that American men are not only the best of husbands, but that they are models which men of other nations may aim to reach, but which they never will. It requires no great knowledge of womankind to tell us that 'the lady intellect' revolts at the idea of marrying a monster of perfection. The American man has, in a word, overdone the business of self-puffery. The rich American girl, having a mind of her own, constitutes herself the judge of the relative desirableness of husbands, and she seems to be more and more frequently coming to the conclusion that the Englishman, professing to be only of flesh and blood, and of a good deal of each, is a more satisfactory partner for life than is the perfect American. The American girl can find plenty of support for her opinions by simply observing what passes around her. She sees American young men wholly given up to imitation of Englishmen—principally as respects their vices and defects. She finds that a young man, with six generations of American ancestry behind him, can be made happy for a week by the suggestion that she has mistaken him for an Englishman. Naturally she comes to the conclusion that the Englishman whom her countrymen almost worship must be the superior being. The choice seems to her, on the strength of the American man's own judgment, to be one between gold and pinchbeck. Having traveled thus far by means of her reasoning powers, she proceeds to apply her knowledge to practice. When she meets an eligible Englishman she waves a flag to him. He, of course, capitulates. With such marvelous art is the affair managed that to the end of his life he remains under the delusion that he was the captor and she the surrendering party."

The English system of giving long credits is gradually getting a foothold in New York, according to the New York *Sun*. There are are a great many sons of rich parents in that city, who are perfectly responsible and who will be abundantly able to pay their bills when they fall into their heirlooms, but with whom ready money is a scarcity. It is an actual fact, according to the caterers, who generally know the facts about prominent young New Yorkers, that there are many men who literally live like millionaires without spending five dollars cash a week. They take their meals at the club, where their cabs are also charged to their father's account. Their theatre tickets are put on the monthly account of the family at one of the big speculating stands, and all of their tailor's, boot-maker's, and other bills stand over until the time comes when the younger son gets the money, which everybody knows is to be his in time.

One of the striking facts of city life (says the Boston *Courier*) is that circumstance, quite as much as liking, seems to determine companionship. People are too busy to look up their friends and accept the company which comes to hand. Mme. de Girardin epitomizes the matter when she says: "In Paris the people who are most fond of each other are often those who see each other the least. The man who neglects his best friend because he lives at a distance, passes his life in the house of a neighbor whom he detests." This is less true here than there; yet how large a proportion of people, even in this country, find themselves constantly separated from the people whose society they enjoy and thrown constantly with others to whom they are indifferent, or whom they really dislike, and yet submit from mere social inertia. It is singular that an age so distinguished as is ours for the development of individualism should also be preëminently the age of centralization in cities, with the modification of character which that necessarily implies. When people are crowded together, the force of social customs extends itself to all the details of life, until the dweller in a city is a slave to conventions to a degree undreamed of by the untrammeled mind of his rustic brother. The inevitable result of city life is to make a man yielding and submissive. He accepts things as they are presented to him, with the feeling that it is far too much trouble to attempt any assertion of his own tastes, and the result is that society is far less the result of individual choice than it would be supposed to be, and than it ought to be. The wear and tear of modern life, which make all exertion outside of forced lines irksome, of course increases this social inertia, until it bids fair to become one of the most marked characteristics of city life. It would certainly on the face of it seem that a man should first of all not only select his friends, but make an effort to model his life so that his friendship shall be an important factor in it. Surely his friends have a right to suppose that at the very least his friendliness must mean a desire for their society, if it means anything. And yet when the lesson had been read, teacher and taught would go on in the same old way; for one of the most stubborn of vices is social inertia, and it is one of the hardest to overcome.

Max O'Rell gives in the January *Forum* a spicy condensation of the book he has written about America since his visit here. It is complimentary on the whole and contains many true and happy hits, but in the following case he makes a miss which is simply astounding. He writes: "It must strike Europeans as very droll to see ladies attired in low-necked ball-dresses to receive afternoon callers, *but I found the practice was universal.*" Both young and old so appear, and, looking at the "bare necks" of the latter, he has often felt like exclaiming: "Ladies, throw a veil over the past." With respect to the dress of American ladies, he comes, in other respects, near the mark. They dress well and carry their dress well, "but they have yet to learn the highest effect in dress—a commingling of simplicity and elegance."

A casual remark, attributed to Mr. Ward McAllister, to the effect that the number of men and women in New York who can properly be regarded as in society does not exceed four hundred, has done more than anything else in the social history of America to provoke curiosity and stimulate investigation (says the New York *Sun*). Who are the four hundred? Nobody supposes that there was the slightest malice or oppressive assumption in the alleged remark. It did not claim for the four hundred superiority over the rest of the population of New York in point of good breeding, amiability, intelligence, financial responsibility, or any of the virtues that adorn character or the graces that beautify human intercourse. It simply stated what was to the author's mind an established mathematical fact, and with no more intention, or assumption, or emotion of any kind than an astronomer would feel in declaring that Jupiter has only four moons. Nevertheless, the McAllister census marks an important epoch in the evolution of an American aristocracy. For the first time vague and unsatisfactory ideas as to the numerical extent of what is known as society in New York are replaced by precise figures from an authoritative source. How far out of the way people had been in the previous estimates is perceived by recalling that ancient but superseded phrase, "the upper ten thousand," which did service for so many years. Instead of being ten thousand in number, New York society consists of four hundred or thereabouts. Assuming that the town now contains one million six hundred thousand inhabitants, the ratio of people in society to the population is one to every four thousand. There is no reason to suppose that the ratio established by this valuable computation varies in other cities of the land. The social element represented by New York's four hundred must number, let us say, from ninety to a hundred and ten in cities like Boston, Baltimore, and St. Louis. In smaller towns it is less than one hundred. In a little city or village of four thousand it would have only a single representative; and he or she would be compelled to support in loneliness the dignity and responsibilities of the station until such time as the population had doubled. We are not surprised that since the dimensions of New York "society" have been accurately determined, public curiosity should concern itself with the names of the four hundred. In this inquiry no help can be expected from Mr. McAllister. Alleged lists of the four hundred have begun to appear, but these are merely tentative. When the names of the four hundred have been finally ascertained and registered beyond the possibility of dispute, ought there not to be some method of distinguishing them from the names of the remaining one million five hundred and ninety-nine thousand six hundred men and women of New York? Few persons, however deeply interested in problems of social development they might be, would take the trouble to commit the entire list to memory. Annoying mistakes would continually happen. In other countries, when a socially distinct class has been differentiated by the course of evolution, this difficulty is met by a system of prefixes; but titles of nobility are abhorrent to the spirit of American institutions. Neither a system of prefixes, as in European aristocracies, nor of suffixed initials, as with the select of learning, is feasible in the case of New York's four hundred. We venture to suggest the employment of two stars as the distinctive mark, either before or after the name, thus: ** Mr. Thomas Henry Smith. Mr. Thomas Henry Smith. ** Two stars are suggested instead of one, for several good reasons. By force of long habit and association, the single asterisk, when encountered in print, at once sends the eye to the bottom of the page in search of a foot-note. Furthermore, in many catalogues it is habitually used to chronicle the death of the person whose name is thus distinguished. Neither of these objections applies to the double star. In treatises like Mr. Baedeker's guide-books it is generally employed to designate objects of more than ordinary interest. Two stars at the beginning or end of every name rightfully belonging to the four hundred would render identification a simple matter. On visiting-cards, in all printed narratives of social or ceremonial occasions, on the doors of coupés or landaus, above the house entrance in connection with the street number—the various useful ways in which the symbol could be employed will occur to the least ingenious mind.

A REALISTIC PLAY.

"Parisina" writes of "Germinie Lacorteux."

Parties are hardly more divided in politics than they are in literature. The republicans alone may be subdivided into half-a-dozen groups quite distinct one from another, and those whom the realists describe as idealists often agree only in the horror and detestation of the tenets professed by the former.

Fuel has been added to the fire of discussion by the production at the Odéon of "Germinie Lacorteux," by Edmond de Goncourt, which, according to the showing of the extreme realistic party of which De Goncourt is the venerated chief and leader, was to revolutionize modern drama. In the meantime, the only immediate effect has been to transform the Second Théâtre Français into a howling bear-garden. A similar scene of disorder was enacted yesterday across the way at the Luxembourg, when the worshipful chamber of senators rose as one man to howl at and to hustle and hound out of the place Senator Naquet. Surely we are becoming very tempestuous here in Paris.

But it must be admitted that if there was some excuse for the audience at the Odéon, there was none at all for the gray-beards of the senate house, who, we should have a right to believe, had sown their wild oats before assuming the toga and the curule-chair. When you take a stall at the theatre, paying for it out of your purse, or are invited to occupy one as the representative of the press, you are left free to signify approval or disapproval, though your own sense of what is fitting ought to save you from exhibiting it in an over-loud or offensive fashion. But the "Tout Paris" that was present at the *première* of "Germinie Lacorteux" was troubled with no such scruples; it hissed—or rather whistled, that being the most contemptuous fashion of showing dissatisfaction here—and made a fearful uproar, so that at times the words uttered by the actors were quite inaudible, and then broke forth into applause which it was extremely careful to make fully apparent was not leveled at the play itself but at the actors. It has often amused me to hear an English audience receive the villain in a melodrama with groans and hisses, which he accepts with a bow as an acknowledgment of his admirable rendering of an unsympathetic character. I do not suppose a French audience could possibly be so carried away. There is always a leaven of simplicity in the Saxon nature that the Gaul would spurn as childish.

Perhaps, all things considered, they were right to condemn Goncourt's play, not so much for what it lacked as for what it had the pretension of being—a new start in dramatic literature. If this sort of play once became the rule, there would be an end to all our interest in the stage. Goncourt does not belong to the same school as Zola—though both are realists. The former finds an interest in the contemplation of the small details of life, the commonest and most ordinary manifestations of our being have alone the power of arresting his attention; he loses himself and drowns his ideas in a sea of trivialities; the very opposite of the Greek philosopher who was unable to guide himself from terrestrial dangers because his head was for ever in the clouds, he seems to enjoy wallowing in the mud and never cares to look heavenward at all. Zola, on the contrary, always introduces a melodramatic element into his works, and is, therefore, more of an artist and infinitely more interesting in every way. Both have bestial natures, and both lack the graces of refinement and moral cleanliness of thought. Yet neither is a bad man. If we only knew them through their lives and not through their works, we should say that both are admirable members of society. Zola is an excellent husband, with none of the vices he describes, and if he were a banker or a stock-broker (he looks like one or the other), and had never written a line, he would be considered the most moral of men. Goncourt is a literary recluse—almost a hermit—inconsolable for the loss of his more talented brother, for whom he had an unbounded affection and admiration.

The novel from which this unfortunate play of "Germinie Lacorteux" is adapted, was the joint production of the two brothers. Jules is supposed to have been vitally hit by the failure of "Henriette Maréchale" which was hissed off the stage of the Français some twenty years ago, a fact which has not deterred Edmond from a second dramatic effort.

It is typical of what I should term the intellectual deformity of the Goncourts that the discovery of the turpitude and vulgar ruses of a servant who had been in their employ for twenty years, should, as they describe it, have caused them to entertain ever afterward a feeling of distrust for the sex, "a horror of the undercurrent of the soul of this handmaiden, of the refined genius of her being for falsehood." The woman, whose name was Rose, is the original of Germinie. It was only at her death that they discovered they had been the prey of their domestic; that she had simulated devotion, and robbed them right and left; virtue, and had lived a life of degradation under their very roof. It shows what kindly men they were to be so crushed down and mortified by such wrong-doing, and also how easily—students of humanity though they styled themselves—they were hoodwinked.

Equally soft and unsuspicious have they drawn Mlle. de Varandeuil—who is Germinie's mistress in the novel and the play—an old maid of aristocratic birth but decayed fortunes. It is impossible to imagine any one so blind as this respectable dame, where her servant is concerned. She sees no change in her even when, a debauched, broken-hearted woman, she tries to drown her cares in the bottle, and it is only at the end of the play that—having just furnished the winding-sheet from out of her linen chest that shall envelop the poor remains of Germinie—she finally learns the truth, and is as deeply chagrined and pained thereby as were the brothers at Rose's dereliction from the paths of duty.

All this sounds ordinary enough and not of a nature to excite an audience one way or another. But we are permitted to follow Germinie in her downward path, and between the scenes where she still plays as being the devoted servant, almost the slave, of Mlle. de Varandeuil, there are others in which the heroine appears in a very different character—a slave still, it is true, of one of the most loathesome scoundrels ever put upon the stage.

Up to the age of twenty-nine Germinie, virtuous as she is industrious, has never known what it was to love, and then she gives her whole heart to the youth Jupillon, the son of a *crémière* in the neighborhood. We see them walking on the fortifications, she making love to him, he accepting her advances under protest, as it were. Then we are shown the interior of a barrier ball, where this pale Lovelace of the gutter is dancing and flirting with the vulgar *habituées* of the place. Germinie seeks him there, and carries him off. She spends her little hoard in buying Jupillon—who is a glover by trade—the good-will of a little shop; her hope is that he will marry her and legitimize the child shortly to be born to her. But the infamous lover treats the proposition with derision, and he and his equally infamous mother turn her out of doors. However, Germinie can not give up Jupillon; he draws a bad number at the conscription (the scene is laid in the fortress), and she becomes a thief and worse to procure the necessary money to buy him off. Conscious of her ignominy, Germinie takes to drinking, and, after assisting at a scene of debauch on the threshold of a *brasserie*, we are dragged to the hospital to see her die, and, finally, to the cemetery to see her buried.

It will certainly be matter of no surprise to the reader that so lamentable a drama should be unsuccessful. Nor do we feel inclined to carp at the critics for their unanimous condemnation of it; we would rather that they were in a general way more censorious, less ready to find excuses for immoral productions. Goncourt has chosen to show us the gradual downfall of an unfortunate human being, the victim of a misplaced affection, and has painted vice in its most degrading colors; yet he can not be exactly accused of immorality for all that. To weep over the sorrows of Marguerite Gautier, or propound such texts as are to be found in "Denise" or "Françillon" is, I take it, to pander to lower instincts still, and more harmful. By no possibility can "Germinie Lacorteux" do more than shame and disgust us. It was the same with Zola's "Assommoir," by no means so dangerous a book or play as his "Nana" or Daudet's "Sapho." I purposely add the latter because I think it only fair that the author of "Nana" should not be left alone to bear the brunt of the odium cast on French literature abroad. Vice gilded and made to look attractive is surely less moral than vice in unlovely form, hiccoughing out low and vulgar slang. Ah! there it is! This is what puts every one in such a tantrum, excites the ire of the stalls, and sets even the gallery in an uproar. It is the wrong done to the language, the ignoble French spoken by Mother Jupillon and her hopeful son, the half-uttered dashes, the new words coined by the author's own grim humor. These are the real blots in "Germinie Lacorteux," and the critics, if they were frank, would acknowledge as much. Nothing would ever make them swallow such a word as *fontimasser*, for instance. "Où est Jupillon qu'est ce qu'il fontimasse?" which, translated freely, means "What is he up to?" "Tu m'emmoutarde," cries the lover to his mistress; *s'emmoutarder* is a less forcible and more picturesque word than *fontimasser*; "to send the mustard up into my nose" is an elegant way of saying "you put me in a passion."

But what do the realists mean when they call this a new start in literature? I hear the inquiring reader ask. Does the coining of new words constitute a novelty in drama, or the introduction of personages not hitherto brought before the footlights augur the commencement of a new era? Not precisely. The fact is, "Germinie Lacorteux" is not divided into acts, but into scenes, and the stage is inclosed in a huge wooden frame, to give the appearance of pictures—real, living pictures, *à la* Goncourt, no rose-water chromo-prints. Yes, here lies the special realism of the play. A wooden frame and ten short *entr'actes* instead of three or four long ones. It does not seem a very important innovation to you, but then, perhaps, you do not look below the surface, nor take a glory in details—you think them trivial. Well, if you ask me, so do I.

Poor Goncourt! I pity him, too, from the bottom of my heart. He thought to make such a grand hit, and M. Porel, the director of the Odéon, was so proud of the picture-frame and of the scenery, too. He took a peculiar pride in the view of the fortifications by night, he gloried in the wonderful realism of the *crèmerie*—I assure you Mother Jupillon serves real cream as well as really shocking bad language to her customers—and was very particular that the right man should be cast for the *gardien de la paix*, who tells Germinie "to move on and not bother a gentleman who is saying nothing to her." It is refreshing to note how neatly the Médéric Gautruche slides on the kerb and how naturally he subsides into the gutter; and, as for the hospital ward, I could almost swear it smelled of beef-tea and poultices. By the time it came to the last scene in the burial-ground we were soused in realism and dead-tired into the bargain. I feel as if a little idealism would do me good, and shall go to-morrow to hear Patti and Reszke sing "Roméo et Juliette."

PARISINA.

PARIS, December 21, 1888.

Plans for cable elevated-roads seem to be attracting much attention in New York. Says the *Tribune*: "A cable system, if practicable, ought certainly to present many advantages over the present methods. If the locomotives were withdrawn we should no longer have the smoke and foul smells that now afflict us, and the noise as well as the strain upon the structure would be greatly diminished. It is claimed in behalf of at least one of these projects that a speed of twenty miles an hour can be obtained, and it is proposed to give up Broadway to a new elevated-road built upon this plan."

Elliman, the proprietor of a very valuable wash for horses, who has just died, failed thirty years ago as a linen-draper, and paid ten shillings on the pound. He left an injunction upon his heirs that the creditors should receive the other ten shillings due with compound interest at three per cent., and his instructions have been faithfully carried out.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

A Madrid correspondent declares that ex-Queen Isabella of Spain improves so much in her poker-playing that her intimates fear to take a hand with her, especially as she insists upon high stakes.

Micajah Henley, the man who invented roller-skates, lives in Richmond, Ind. He was a poor wood-sawyer, and it took nearly his last dollar to pay for the patent, but the craze for skating that spread over the country made him rich.

Kaiser Francis Joseph is passionately fond of out-of-door exercises, particularly of shooting. His favorite game is chamois and capercailzie. He shoots with a muzzle-loading gun, and attired in the ordinary Styrian dress. The emperor is no bureaucrat, he dislikes town life, and is not a lover of society.

Thomas Cook, of the personally conducted tours, has undertaken to clear the summit of Mount Vesuvius of the ragged, dirty, impudent brigands calling themselves "guides," who have been plying their nefarious avocation there these two centuries past; and the local authorities promise him every assistance in their power.

When Phil Daly, the gambler, went before the New York grand jury to give testimony on which a second indictment against his assailants, Edward Meredith, Addie Stanton, and Ella Hammond, could be based, and retold his story of the affair in the Hammond woman's flat at No. 406 Fourth Avenue, he showed the shattered condition the affair had left him in by breaking down during the recital and weeping bitterly.

Miss Lulu Hurst is evidently made of the stuff which survives oblivion. Her career as a magnetic girl was sufficiently pronounced to win national fame for her, and when she married her agent and disappeared in the far West it was supposed that she had definitely forsaken the surface of human affairs. She turns up, however, in the remote West as an agitator of female suffrage and an apostle of temperance of no mean energy.

Mr. Thomas P. Taylor, of Bridgeport, Conn., who was reported as having closed his hustle manufactory because Mrs. Cleveland's aversion to the dress-improver had ruined his business, declares there is no truth in the story, and says: "Whatever aversion to the hustle Mrs. Cleveland may or may not have, the hustle industry is a lively one, the demand being as great as ever. The ladies are all wearing hustles, and the indications are that the fashion is going to last."

Pretty Alma Fohstroem, who was here in Henry E. Abbey's last opera company, is engaged to be married to a Russian aristocrat, Baron Basile de Rode. He is a soldier, a captain of the Russian Guards, and he is a tall, manly fellow of twenty-nine, and a thorough musician. He was a pupil of Rubenstein. He saw Miss Fohstroem in Riga when she was singing in "Faust," fell in love with her instantly, his love was reciprocated, and they will be married at St. Petersburg on March 30th.

The Duke of Sutherland, who is now in this country, is the greatest land-owner in Great Britain, his possessions, which are principally in Scotland, embracing one million three hundred and fifty-eight thousand five hundred and forty-five acres. Stafford House, the duke's London residence, is perhaps the most magnificent mansion in the city. His father paid three hundred and sixty thousand dollars for it, and one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars has since been spent in improving and decorating it.

Dr. Scott, the father-in-law of President-elect Harrison, is eighty-eight years of age, and holds a twelve-hundred-dollar clerkship in the pension office at Washington. Dr. Scott comes of an old Virginia family, the same from which General Winfield Scott was descended. He was at one time a professor in the Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, and later was the principal of a famous girls' school in that town. Notwithstanding his years, Dr. Scott is bright and hard-working, and it is needless to say that he is looking forward with interest to March 4th next.

Mr. George W. Childs, of the *Public Ledger*, Philadelphia, walks daily to his office from his home in Walnut Street, a distance of over a mile. His passage along Philadelphia's chief thoroughfare—Chestnut Street—partakes of the nature of a public reception, and many are the greetings, nods, and handshakings to which the "First citizen of the Quaker City" is subjected. His constant companion is Mr. Anthony J. Drexel, the well-known banker, and their daily walk has become so prominent a feature of Philadelphia life that the spectacle is familiarly dubbed the parade of "Me and Tony."

"I drank," says P. T. Barnum, "more or less intoxicating liquors from 1837 till 1847. The last four of these years I was in England, and there the habit and my appetite for liquor grew so strong from month to month that I discovered that if continued it would certainly work my ruin. With a tremendous effort and a most determined resolution I broke the habit square off, and resolved never to practice it again. I have religiously kept that resolution for more than forty years. Had I not done so, I should have been in my grave a quarter of a century ago, for my health had already begun to be affected by alcohol."

Mrs. John E. Ward and her daughter, Carrie Fairgrieve, aged about seventeen years, were putting down a carpet at their house on Garey Avenue, Pomona, Cal., recently. They found that a box of tacks was wanted, and the daughter, jumping up, said that she would go for the tacks. Her mother noticed that the girl spent extra time in putting on a good dress and her best hat before starting for the hardware-store, but said nothing about it. The last seen of the girl was when she was on her way for the carpet-tacks. For a whole day the mother was deeply alarmed at her daughter's absence, but her worry and alarm changed to anger when she received a telegram the next day announcing that Sylvester Cahill and Miss Carrie Fairgrieve were married in San Bernardino the very next day. The daughter evidently forgot the carpet-tacks.

Mr. Rylands, the great Manchester manufacturer, almost up to his death, at nearly ninety years, insisted upon conducting personally the concerns of his business, which he founded nearly seventy years ago. Every morning he would be driven to his office, and with the kindly connivance of his managers and head-clerks made believe to direct affairs as he used to do in former years. One day, recently, when the end was growing very near, he was driven as usual to his office. When he was helped out of his carriage and looked up at the building, he turned to reënter the carriage, exclaiming, pettishly: "No, no, I want to go to my own place." He did not know the palatial building in which his later fortunes were cared for, and his failing mind, suddenly turning back for sixty years, saw the modest building in which he had started.

Kossuth relates in his "Memoirs of Exile" that the Duchess of Sutherland—whose death was recently recorded—was at one time very enthusiastic about the Hungarian cause, and did a great deal for many of the Magyar refugees in London after 1849. She even took lessons in the Hungarian language, and succeeded within a short time in speaking that idiom remarkably well. Once, in 1859 (while still Marchioness of Stafford), she was at a ball given by Napoleon the Third at Compiegne, and there she met an Hungarian noblewoman, Countess H., whom she addressed in the Magyar tongue. But the countess replied that she was educated in Vienna and could not speak her own native language. To which the Marchioness of Stafford rejoined: "I was educated in London and yet I speak the language of your brave nation," and turned her back to the unpatriotic Countess H.

The shocking death of a female tamer of wild beasts is reported from Hohenmuth, in Bohemia. She was a girl twenty-six years old, named Bertha Baumgartner. During a public performance in a strolling menagerie she entered an empty cage, and the door of an adjoining cage was then opened to let a lion and a Bengal tiger enter. The lion walked in quietly, but the tiger, a ferocious beast, which had three times wounded its keepers, crouched in the doorway and showed temper. The girl lost nerve, cried for help, and slipped. As she did so, the tiger made a spring, bit her on the shoulder, then in the throat, literally rent her to pieces, and tossed her body about. Half the audience ran to the doors in horror, while the attendants tried to beat off the tiger by poking hot irons into the cage. But the girl was dead long before the animal was driven away. The lion seems to have been as much frightened as the human spectators, for he took no part in the carnage.

WILLIAM R. HEARST.

From the New York Journalist of December 28, 1888.

"YOUNG HEARST'S success with the *Examiner* has upset all our cherished ideas regarding the experience necessary for the successful management of a newspaper," remarked John Russell Young to the present writer, recently.

A great deal has been said in the daily papers during the past year about the professional career of W. R. Hearst, proprietor and editor of the San Francisco *Daily Examiner*, and the extent and causes of his success, and it has generally heen stated that, as suggested by Mr. Young's comment, Mr. Hearst had no experience in newspaper work prior to taking charge of his paper. This is not the case. For several years before assuming personal control of the *Examiner*, Mr. Hearst was a closer student of journalism than of any course he "took" at Camhridge, and, after leaving Harvard—he was an '86 man—he devoted nearly one year to a hard detailed study of the great newspaper establishments of New York, Chicago, and St. Louis. It was not a year of superficial inspection. He was introduced into the offices and watched the work from the first morning detail in the local-room to "thirty" in the telegraph-room; from lay-out to lock-up in the composing-room.

Of course such experience would have been of no practical benefit had it not been that he had a keen taste for the work, and, as the result has shown, a great natural aptitude for it. He went to San Francisco in March, 1887, and on the fourth of that month entered the *Examiner* office as editor and proprietor. At that time the paper was a four-page daily, eight-page Sunday, calm, easy-going journal of little over twenty thousand circulation. There were three English morning contemporaries for whom the young editor set a hot pace from the start. European cahlegrams, full Eastern sporting events hy daily specials, eight-pages daily, sixteen Sunday, daily illustrations, weekly special trains, and other innovations came in rapid succession. San Francisco, with more than three hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, with rich populous suburbs, had never had a metropolitan journal; not one, actually, that puhlished cable specials or that gave anything more than a telegraphic synopsis of Eastern sports, and Hearst found that he was working an almost virgin soil. A single instance will show this: San Francisco has more base-ball cranks than any other city of twice its size in the Union. He began running full telegraphic reports of the National League games, and in one week his subscription list was swelled with the names of a thousand base-ball cranks.

"Where do you want this stuff run?" asked the telegraphic editor, with the first hatch of base-hall copy in his hand. "On the first page, and head it up," answered Hearst.

For one year the young editor worked harder on the paper than any man in his employ. The city and news editors were made nearly frantic by daily demands for "features." With a tremendous amount of nervous energy and a genius for hard work he kept up the almost daily "feature" until he brought down on his head the awful charge of "sensationalism" from one of his alarmed coutemporaries. It is characteristic of him that, instead of denying the charge, he admitted and defended it in an article in the *Overland Monthly*, in which he asserted that "intelligent sensationalism" was exactly what he was striving for. Some of his demands for "features" gave members of his staff queer experiences. He capped the amateur photography craze by sending one of his men up in a halloon to photograph the earth. Another reporter was committed to one of the State's insane asylums to get at the facts regarding charges of cruelty there. The *Examiner* charged the San Francisco Home for Inehriates with being a place where any one could be indefinitely imprisoned without cause. It was denied, and Hearst got one of his reporters "under the influence" and had him confined in the home, and kept him there three weeks, against the unhappy scribe's protests. The *Examiner* charged the officers of the Oakland ferry-hoats with incompetence in handling the life-boats. It was denied, and an *Examiner* reporter, an expert swimmer, jumped from a ferry-hoat in the middle of the bay, and was enabled to write a graphic account of his chilly experience while the deck-hands were in the usual confusion with the life-hoat gear. There was the usual denial of the *Examiner's* charge that the fishery police winked at illegal fishing in San Francisco Bay hy Chinese. Hearst sent out a tug-hoat with a force of armed reporters, and, after a lively chase, succeeded in capturing a crew of Chinese fishing with interdicted nets. This class of work could not help attracting attention to the paper. "That," said Mr. Hearst to the writer, "was what I was aiming at; I hoped I had made the *Examiner* a first-class newspaper entirely aside from its sensational features, but I had to get the people to look at the paper before they could see its general improvements, so I had to do many things out of the usual order."

Under its old management the *Examiner* kept watchful guard over the political interests of Senator Hearst's friends. Young Hearst had heen so little in San Francisco since his school-days hegan that he did not know even the names of the "Hearst" or "Anti-Hearst" factions of the Democratic party in California. Some results most amazing to the politicians followed. In a vigorous campaign for municipal reform, which the new *Examiner* made, the cudgel not infrequently fell with sharp raps on the astonished heads of conspicuous "Hearst" men in hoth State and city politics. The senator, in Washington, was appealed to in vain; the new management displayed a continued lack of all respect for party factions, and evinced to the minds of old line politicians a destructive tendency, politically. This suggests what is perhaps the most conspicuous feature of Editor Hearst's conduct of his paper: absolute freedom from all factional—almost from party—restrictions.

But of course the hest that can be said of his efforts is that they were successful. He has nearly trebled the *Examiner's* circulation—it is more than fifty-four thousand now—and the paper prints daily more columns of advertisements than the total columns of advertisements and reading matter combined in the paper when he took it. In the necessary more than doubling of his staff, Mr. Hearst has shown great preference for young men. He is exacting of their labor, especially in the case of executive heads, but liberal in vacations. He is said to be more capricious than Mr. Bennett in his "turning things over," and no man on a desk is not reasonably certain at having a go at every other desk in turn, and generally unexpectedly. This is said to be a result of Mr. Hearst's especial horror of newspaper ruts.

Having recently estahlished a young San Francisco newspaper man at the head of the *Examiner's* New York and Washington hureau, he sailed on Novemher 23d for Europe with another young Californian, who is to be placed in charge of the *Examiner's* cable service, to estahlish which is the object of Mr. Hearst's trip.

OLD FAVORITES.

What My Lover Said.

[This poem was printed in the *Argonaut* some eight years ago, with a note explaining that Barton Hill had read it in this city at one of his "Evenings with Unknown or Forgotten Poets." Mr. Hill stated that it was given him by a friend who declared that he had clipped it from an old copy of the New York *Tribune*, where it was credited to Horace Greeley. During all these years there have been many newspaper controversies as to its authorship, hut Mr. Homer Greene has always declared that he is the sole author of the poem, and that he published it in the *Tribune*. Now he comes forward and is willing to wager fifteen thousand dollars that no one can produce an authentic copy of the poem of earlier date than his clipping from the *Tribune*. In No. 20 of "One Hundred Choice Selections" (for school recitations, etc.) the poem is printed and is credited to Homer Greene. In the only anthology in which it appears, so far as we know, no author's name is appended. This book is "The Humbler Poets," edited by Slason Thompson, and it is not absolutely reliable in questions of authorship.—EDS. ARGONAUT.]

By the merest chance, in the twilight gloom,
  In the orchard path, he met me—
In the tall, wet grass, with its faint perfume,
And I tried to pass, but he made no room;
  Oh! I tried, hut he would not let me.
So I stood and blushed till the grass grew red,
  With my face bent down above it,
While he took my hand, as he whispering said——
How the clover lifted each pink, sweet head,
To listen to all that my lover said!
  Oh, the clover in bloom—I love it!

In the high, wet grass went the path to hide,
  And the low, wet leaves hung over;
But I could not pass upon either side,
For I found myself, when I vainly tried,
  In the arms of my steadfast lover.
And he held me there, and he raised my head,
  While he closed the path before me;
And he looked down into my eyes, and said——
How the leaves bent down from the boughs o'erhead,
To listen to all that my lover said!
  Oh, the leaves hanging lowly o'er me!

Had he moved aside but a little way,
  I could surely then have passed him;
And he knew I never could wish to stay,
And would not have heard what he had to say
  Could I only aside have cast him.
It was almost dark, and the moments sped,
  And the searching night-wind found us;
But he drew me nearer, and softly said——
How the pure, sweet wind grew still, instead,
To listen to all that my lover said!
  Oh, the whispering wind around us!

I am sure he knew, when he held me fast,
  That I must be all unwilling;
For I tried to go, and I would have passed,
As the night was come with its dew at last,
  And the sky with its stars was filling;
But he clasped me close, when I would have fled,
  And he made me hear his story,
And his soul came out from his lips, and said——
How the stars crept out, where the white moon led,
To listen to all that my lover said!
  Oh, the moon and the stars in glory!

I know that the grass and the leaves will not tell,
  And I'm sure that the wind, precious rover,
Will carry his secret so safely and well,
  That no being shall ever discover
One word of the many that rapidly fell
  From the eager lips of my lover.
  And the moon and the stars that looked over,
Shall never reveal what a fairy-like spell,
They wove round about us that night in the dell,
  In the path through the dew-laden clover;
Nor echo the whispers that made my heart swell,
  As they fell from the lips of my lover.

The wedge of two-story buildings at the corners of Broadway, Fifth Avenue, and Twenty-third Street, which was damaged by fire recently, belongs to Amos R. Eno, the millionaire, who owns a large amount of property in that thickly populated neighborhood. When asked, some time ago, why he did not put up a fine building on that corner, Mr. Eno replied that it already paid better than any strip of land of its size in the United States, so he thought that he would leave well enough alone. If the recent fire had destroyed the present buildings, he would have probahly continued out the thin edge of the wedge to harmonize with the thick end, hut now it is likely to stand as it is for some time to come.

Just after the war, and when the poet Whittier lived at Ameshury, Massachusetts, he received a heavy and queer-looking box from Lookout Mountain. His niece, a timid young woman, feared that the strange arrival might he an infernal machine from the rebels, and persuaded her uncle to have it buried in the garden, where it remained till the mail hrought a letter saying that the hox contained an inkstand quaintly modeled from Northern and Southern bullets, picked up on the famous Tennessee battle-field.

One of the greatest innovations in the House of Parliament is the introduction of a boothlack in the Commons cloak-room. He is the first of his kind.

Lady Salishury has placed herself at the head of a movement to present a hracelet to Mrs. Phelps as a souvenir of her stay in London.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Mr. Mildly—"I think I will apply for a divorce." *Mrs. Mildly*—"Apply for one for me while you are ahout it."—*Puck.*

Lobbs—"Did the old gentleman leave much when he died?" *Bobbs*—"He left the earth. What more could I expect?"—*Harper's Weekly.*

"That's a fine wallet you have, Henry." "Yes. M'wife gave it to me for Christmas." "Indeed! Anything in it?" "Yes; the bill for the wallet."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Guest—"Have you sheen (hic) anyshing my fren' Bozworsh lately?" *Hotel clerk*—"He was here half an hour ago." *Guest*—"Well, wuz 'e 'lone, er wuz I wiz 'im?"—*Life.*

Miss Parentalstem (age thirty-five)—"So you are going to get married at last, Pauline?" *Pauline*—"Yes, dear, I should think it was about time; you know I'm twenty-four."—*Life.*

Young man (to servant)—"Is Miss Clara engaged?" *Servant*—"Hiven rist your sowl, I hope she is. She's in the parlor now wid a young man's arm twict around her waist."—*New York Sun.*

Mrs. Golddust—"I have always considered Mr. Paperwate a gentleman, and I am sure you are prejudiced. Tell me what you have against him?" *Mr. Golddust*—"A judgment, my dear."—*Life.*

When a girl hounces out of a crowded stage, Wagner skirts and hound to Parsifal the men do stare at her, she has Götterdämmerung carelessness if she slips and shows a Lohengrin stocking and the Niebelungen to it.—*Puck.*

Irate passenger (as train is moving off)—"Why the —— didn't you put my luggage, as I told you, you old ——" *Porter*—"Eh, mon! yer baggage es na sic a fule as yersel. Ye-re 'i the wrang train!"—*London Punch.*

Sweet girl graduate—"Oh, Cicely, dear, I'm so tired; these monsters of men do hother me so. I thought I would come over in this quiet corner and sit with you for a while." *Cicely* (who won three prizes, coldly)—"Thanks, dear."—*New York Sun.*

Mrs. Youthfulbloom—"So good of you Bella, dear, to pour tea for me to-morrow. I've given you a lovely nook right here with your back to the light." *Bella Passée* (equal to the occasion)—"Thanks, awfully! But what will you do?"—*Harper's Bazar.*

Cadby Brannue (to Mr. Madison Squeer)—"Look out, Squeer! If you eat any of that terrapin, you'll go to hed tonight and dream of your grandfather." *Mr. Madison Squeer*—"Well, Cadhy, there's one comfort—I've got a grandfather to dream ahout."—*Puck.*

A celehrated criminal lawyer, having just defended a noted assassin so brilliantly that the wretch was acquitted in the face of overwhelming evidence, steps up to the judge: "A word in your ear, your honor." *Judge*—"Well, what is it?" "I would ask that the prisoner he detained in jail until to-morrow morning. I have to cross a lonely field on my way home, and the rascal happens to know that I have money about me." *Obliging Judge*—"Oh, certainly!"—*Cartoon.*

Tramp—"Hi say, sir! cahn't you 'elp me a hit? Hi'm Hinglish meself, sir." *American dude* (pleased)—"Aw—what's that, me good fellow (takes out a hill), and—aw—why d'you think I'm English, y'know?" *Tramp*—"Hoh, sir, henny one could see that! I heg parding; harn't you the Duke of Southampton, sir—your grace, I mean?" *American dude* (sick with bliss)—"There, there, me good fellow, take that to help you back to Lunnun." (Walks haughtily on.)—*Life.*

Gentleman (to harher)—"Have you one of these nickel weighing-machines in the place?" *Barber*—"Yes, sah, right da' in de cornah." (Gentleman weighs himself.) *Barber*—"Hah a shave, sah?" *Gentleman*—"No, I want to take a hath." *Barber* (to hoy)—"Alexander, git a hath ready fur dis gemman." (After the gentleman has returned from the hath-room.) "Eherything all right, sah?" *Gentleman*—"Oh, yes." *Barber*—"Does yo' wan' ter weigh yo'self agin, sah?"—*Epoch.*

Pepi—"Mamma, may I say something?" *Mamma*—"You know the rule is that you must not speak at the tahle." *Pepi*—"But may I say just one word?" *Mamma*—"No, Pepi; but when papa has finished the paper then you may speak." (Papa finally lays the paper on the tahle.) *Mamma*—"Now, Pepi, what did you wish to say?" *Pepi*—"I wanted to tell you that the water is running over the tub on to the floor, in the bath-room."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Stranger (to har-tender)—"Was there a man in here this afternoon, Mr. Barkeep, who claimed to be the bow-legged hoss of Snorty River, and when he wanted to cross the stream he always drank the river dry?" *Bar-tender*—"Yes, sir, but he didn't look as though he could drink that much water." *Stranger*—"He kin drink anything." *Bar-tender*—"Did he have a hlack and blue hulge under each eye?" *Stranger*—"No'p; I never noticed 'em." *Bar-tender*—"Well, you will notice 'em the next time you see him."—*New York Sun.*

Superstitious young man (to clairvoyant)—"Can you reveal the dark secrets of the future?" *Clairvoyant*—"With the aid of my powerful horoscope I can, for fifty cents; hut I must go into a trance first." *Young man*—"All right; here's your fifty cents, and you can get into your trance as soon as you like. I only want to ask one question. (Clairvoyant in a trance.) Do Sullivan and Kilrain ever mean to fight?" *Clairvoyant* (arousing from the trance)—"Here's your fifty cents, young man; you must ask me something easier."—*New York Sun.*

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Professor Goldwin Smith has written for the January number of *Macmillan* a paper on "Shakespeare's Religion and Politics."

A life of James Thomson, the author of "The City of Dreadful Night," will be published in London early this year. The author is H. S. Salt. Many letters and two unpublished poems will be given.

Messrs. Macmillan & Co. will issue some time this month "The Works of Edward Fitzgerald," with a memoir by W. Aldis Wright, of Trinity College, Cambridge. Mr. Fitzgerald's chief work is his free translation of the "Ruhâiyât of Omar Khayyâm."

When Mr. J. H. Shorthouse published his romance, "John Inglesant," in a small private edition, a copy was sent to Cardinal Newman, with a request for his opinion upon it. The cardinal replied that he had read the book with much interest; "but," he added, in gratification of the request for an opinion, "I observe that it lacks an index."

The announcement is made that Ginn & Co., of Boston, have purchased the *New Princeton Review* and will incorporate it in the *Political Science Quarterly*, of which they are already the publishers. Professor Sloane, the editor of the *New Princeton Review*, will become associated with the work of the *Political Science Quarterly*.

The star of Mrs. Barrett Browning seems curiously in the ascendant just now. In the Routledge Pocket Library, Mrs. Browning's "Poems" has sold second best of all, fourteen thousand two hundred and fifty copies in the last two years. Messrs. Smith & Elder have also been selling a similar but authorized edition, making a total issue during two years of eighteen thousand five hundred copies, or nearly ten thousand a year.

The new and much-needed edition of Arthur Young's "Travels in France in the Years 1787, 1788, and 1789," which is to be brought out in London, will be edited by A. W. Hutton, the librarian of the Gladstone Library at the National Liberal Club. The edition will include the tracts which Young afterward wrote on the progress of the revolution. A preface by Thorold Rogers will be printed. An American edition of this work ought to be undertaken.

Mr. Rider Haggard has a story now being published in a syndicate of newspapers under the title of "Cleopatra: Being an Account of the Fall and Vengeance of Harmachis, the Royal Egyptian, as set forth by his Own Hand." The story is to contain a "Chant of Isis" and a "Song of Cleopatra," done into verse from the author's prose by Mr. Andrew Lang; and a song sung by Charmion is translated by the same hand from the Greek of the Syrian Meleager.

Mr. James Whitcomb Riley declares that, in his opinion, the poetry of the future will celebrate deeds that are not ancient but happen daily. Is not this taking a rather narrow view? The poem which deserves to live, which has in it the thrill of real poetry, will live without regard to the date of its subject. It is a dangerous thing to nurse theories about poetry; it is especially dangerous to communicate them to a mob of young poets. A great many of the young poets of the day might study with advantage the benediction bestowed upon Mr. William Nye by a visitor, who desired "that heaven would bless you for your unpublished works, and especially for your posthumous works."

The Emperor of Russia has decorated several French authors and has thereby offended the Germans, some of whose principal writers would also have been decorated, no doubt, but for the fact that neither the emperor nor the empress reads German. His majesty's favorite authors are Dumas *père*, Balzac, Paul de Kock, and Edmund About, while the empress likes Prosper Mérimée, Victor Hugo, and Octave Feuillet; and she also reads many English works, preferring those of Dickens, Scott, Marryat, Thackeray, and Wilkie Collins. They are both particularly fond of Lever's novels, and "Ten Thousand a Year" and "Valentine Vox" are constantly taken up by them, and "Vivian Grey" and "Henrietta Temple" are also favorites.

The London correspondent of the *Book Buyer* says: "The Christmas annuals are this year fewer than ever, the holiday volumes are rather less in number than usual, and the gorgeously bound, choicely illustrated children's books do not make my table groan so much as formerly. The annual now only survives in the special numbers of the leading weekly newspapers. A great feature in all these annuals is that literature is looked to as well as art. Many an illustrated newspaper has been ruined by the proprietor spending so much on the pictures that he had not money enough left to remunerate writers of any standing. When once people say that they only care about a paper for the pictures, you may be sure they do not buy it—because they can easily look at the pictures in a shop-window, on a club-table, or at a railway bookstall. I am not at all sure that it was not from this cause that the rage for Christmas cards has somewhat diminished."

The old query, "Who reads an American book?" which used to afford the English critics of this country so much amusement and entertainment, is no longer heard. That English readers are becoming more and more interested in American books is shown by the fact that English editions have been issued of every important work published by the Scribners the past season. The London publishers are: of "The Cyclopædia of Music and Musicians," Bernard Quaritch; of ex-Secretary McCulloch's "Men and Measures," and Mrs. Stranahan's "History of French Painting," Sampson Low, Marston & Co., who also issue Howard Pyle's "Otto of the Silver Hand"; of Gouverneur Morris's "Diary and Letters," Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.; of Dr. Shedd's "Dogmatic Theology," T. & T. Clark (Edinburgh); of Stockton's "Amos Killbright" and Page's "Two Little Confederates," T. Fisher Unwin; of the Darley edition of Mitchell's "Reveries of a Bachelor," F. Warne & Co.; of Frost's "Stuff and Nonsense," John C. Nimmo; and of Miss Hook's "Little People" and Miss Wright's "Children's Stories of the Great Scientists," Ward & Downey.

The *Critic's* "Lounger" says: "I sincerely hope that the publisher of the *Overland Monthly* did not pay 'on acceptance' for the article, 'Seeking the Golden Fleece in Costa Rica,' which appears in the December number of that magazine over the signature 'P. M. R.' The article—a gracefully written and amusing one—is simply the last chapter of a little volume of 'South-Sea Idyls,' by Charles Warren Stoddard, published in 1873 by J. R. Osgood & Co. In the book the sketch is called 'A Prodigal in Tahiti,' and the writer who has palmed it off as original has garbled it just enough to show that he recognizes the meanness of his act, and would like to stave off the inevitable moment of detection as long as possible. Thus, where Mr. Stoddard speaks of setting foot 'on the leaf-strewn and shady beach of Papeete,' 'P. M. R.' speaks of setting foot 'on the leaf-strewn and shady beach of Punta Arena, in the year of our Lord 1865.' Other sentences are similarly altered, and lines and paragraphs are omitted here and there; but nine-tenths of the matter in the magazine sketch is a verbatim reproduction of the chapter in 'South Sea Idyls.' This is the second time the magazine has been victimized in this way, the first sufferer being, if I recollect rightly, Mr. E. C. Stedman."

New Publications.

A very cheap edition of Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth's novel, "The Discarded Daughter" has been published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia; for sale by the booksellers; price, 25 cents.

"A Hand-book for Pilgrims" is a pretty little book, containing quotations from the Scriptures and from various other prose and poetical writings of a religious character, compiled by Mary B. Dimond. The book is square, bound in thick paper, and handsomely printed. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Amber Witch," Lady Duff Gordon's translation of a German novel, which satirized well-known persons of the first half of this century, is the latest issue of the National Library published by Cassell & Co.; for sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

H. H. Culver's "Epitome of Anatomy" is a useful little brochure, containing an account of the various parts and constituents of our bodies, with directions for their preservation in health. Published by Ginn & Co., Boston; for sale by the booksellers.

"That Girl from Texas," by Jeanette H. Walworth, has been made into a novel from the play which was written for Estelle Clayton, and is published by Belford, Clarke & Co., Chicago, New York, and San Francisco; for sale by the publishers; price: cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cents.

"The World of Cant" is the title of a book which is advertised as "a companion book to 'Robert Elsmere,'" and further ingratiates itself by quoting on the title-page and cover recommendations of Mrs. Ward's book. Published by J. S. Ogilvie, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

A bright little book for young readers is "A Dog Story," by Charles Remington Talbot. The mixing of ownership of two canine Dromios gives rise to many funny situations, and the dialogue in these scenes is cleverly handled. Published by D. Lothrop Company, Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.00.

"The Nun of Kenmare: An Autobiography" is a life of Sister M. Francis Clare (Cusack), until recently the head of the Order of Peace, which she established not many years ago. "The Nun of Kenmare" is a familiar name to those who read of her services in the famine in Ireland in 1879, and to readers of the New York *Sun* and other journals to which she has contributed, and they will doubtless hail with satisfaction this statement from the Nun of her differences with the Roman Catholic authorities in this country. Published by Ticknor & Co., Boston; for sale by the booksellers.

"Gibraltar," by Henry M. Field, is an account, historical and descriptive, of the Pillar of Hercules of the ancients and the present British stronghold which commands the entrance to the Mediterranean. Mr. Field puts this little-visited rock before us in most graphic description, telling of its sights and its society, and he dips into history, narrating the most important and most interesting event in the annals of the mighty rock to which the Moorish invader, Tarik, gave his name. The book is illustrated from sketches and photographs. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Strickland & Co.; price, $2.00.

"California—'46 to '88," by Jacob Wright Harlan, is the autobiography of a pioneer who crossed the plains with the Donner party, narrowly escaping their terrible fate, and has since lived in this State, mining, ranching, farming, as a soldier under Frémont, and in the thousand-and-one occupations which the sudden growth of the country called into being. Mr. Harlan ended his school days when he mastered Webster's spelling-book, and the literary quality of the book is naturally not of the highest; but it is a graphic narrative of a varied and adventurous life, and contains much that is of value to future historians. Published and for sale by The Bancroft Company, San Francisco.

"Glorinda," by Anna Bowman Dodd, begins with a scene in a Kentucky wood, in which a girl who is almost a wood-nymph recites a scene from "Romeo and Juliet" to an audience of a dozen little darkies. A young man, who has come on a hunting-trip from a distant city, sees this strange performance and falls half in love with the unknown and untutored actress. That the girl eventually marries a sturdy young neighbor does not prevent many interesting episodes with the city man, and it would be a jaded novel-reader whose interest would flag before the last page is finished. Published in the Handy Library by Roberts Brothers, Boston; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 75 cents.

"The Immortal" is the literally translated name given an English version of Daudet's "L'Immortel," done from the French by J. M. Percival. This satire on the Académie Française has a number of hard hits at well-known Academicians, and has created such a stir in France that Daudet has effectually barred to him the portals behind which slumber, in intellectual coma, the Forty Immortals; but for us who can with difficulty pierce the disguises of two or three prominent personages the book has but little interest. Daudet can not be utterly vapid, but "The Immortal" is less a novel than a series of sketches in which the wit is based on personal characteristics which are unknown to us, and is consequently lost. Published by John B. Alden, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"The Standard Symphonies," by George P. Upton, is the fourth volume in the series in which the "Standard Operas," "Standard Oratorios," and "Standard Cantatas" have been its predecessors. The same scheme is here adopted—a chapter descriptive of the symphony, giving the history of its development; brief biographettes of the masters of the symphony, with critical descriptions of their most notable compositions of this form; a long chapter in which symphonic poems are similarly considered; an appendix consisting of an alphabetical list of all the important symphonies, with names of composers and dates of composition, and an index. Mr. Upton's task has been conscientiously performed, and the result is a valuable addition to the literature of music. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Some Magazines.

The December number of the *Studio* contains as a frontispiece a notable etching by Mr. Otto H. Bacher, printed on Holland paper, and in addition contains three full-page reproductions of paintings from the Ehrich Collection, which is considered in a closing article. The pictures copied are a "Holy Family," by Roger Van der Weyden; a "Virgin and Child," by Lucas Cranach; and "An Allegory," by Lucas Van Leyden.

In the January *Outing* the following are the principal articles: "Among the Taurus Mountains," by L. B. Platt; "Mask and Foil for Ladies," by Charles E. Clay; "Fast Ice Yachts," by Colonel Charles L. Norton; "The Lake Champlain Yacht Club," by Fred G. Mather; "Hints to Foot-ball Captains," by Walter C. Camp. The concluding installments of "American College Athletics," Harvard University, by J. Mott Hallowell, and "Sport—Past, Present and Future," by Alexander Hunter; "Mr. Perker's Bear; or, Mr. Bear's Perker," by President Bates; "The Breaking of Winter," a story by Patience Stapleton; "California Lyrics," by Minna C. Smith; and "The Faun Dance," by M. E. Gorham.

The *Popular Science Monthly* for January contains: "The Guiding-Needle on an Iron Ship," by Lieutenant-Commander T. A. Lyons, U. S. N.; "House-Drainage from Various Points of View," by John S. Billings, M. D., U. S. A.; "Town Life as a Cause of Degeneracy," by G. B. Barron, M. D.; "Sea Lions and Fur-Seals," by W. H. Larrabee; "Genius and Talent," by Grant Allen; "Inventional Geometry," by Edward R. Shaw; "Science and its Accusers," by W. D. Le Sueur; "The Suanetians and their Home," by Douglass W. Freshfield; "The History of a Doctrine," by Professor S. P. Langley; "Gauss and the Electric Telegraph"; "The Sacrifice of Education—A Protest"; "Sketch of Moses Ashley Curtis"; and the usual ably conducted departments.

The *Forum* for January contains two well-timed historical essays, one by President Angell, of Michigan University, on "The Recall and Dismissal of Ministers," and the other on "Defeated Presidential Candidates," by James Parton. Senator Morrill discusses the disadvantages and the advantages of political union with Canada. Senator Dawes reviews our dealings with China. Under the title of "A Scheme for Public Plunder," Leonard Woolsey Bacon reviews our pension legislation. Andrew D. White traces the great recent advance of American universities. "An Easy Lesson in Statistics" is contributed by Edward Atkinson. George B. Cowlam shows the industrial development of the South. Mr. James Payn gives advice to young writers—especially of stories; and Max O'Rell prints an advance epitome of his forthcoming book on Americans and American manners.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Miss Fannie Davenport is a victim of the autograph fiend. Recently in Boston she made a test of the sincerity of one of these hunters. A woman wrote her a feeling note, stating that she would consider Miss Davenport's autograph invaluable. "Well, we'll see if she does," said the actress, and, taking out a *carte-de-visite*, she wrote across the face of it, "Pass two. Fanny Davenport." "Now, there is my autograph," said she, "and I will see whether this party considers it of sufficient value to hold or to get into the theatre." It is hardly necessary to state that the pass was found in the ticket-box next evening.

Some years ago (a correspondent writes to the *Stage*) Mr. le Moyne, who was then a member of the Boston Museum Company, played Launcelot Gobbo to Mr. Charles Barron's Shylock. The relations between Mr. le Moyne and Mr. Barron were not of the pleasantest, and Mr. Barron seemed not unpleased when Launcelot's finest points failed to elicit any response from the audience, who somehow failed to appreciate Mr. le Moyne's acting of the part. As Launcelot made his exit after his first and longest scene, Mr. Barron, who was standing in the wings, remarked: "They don't seem to like your Launcelot, Mr. le Moyne." To which the reply was: "No, they don't think it half so funny as your Shylock."

The absent-mindedness of Byron, the playwright, is famous. A new play was running through the dramatist's head as he was walking along Pall Mall, when a friend stopped him and said: "I am in grief." "What is it?" asked Byron, mistily. "I lost my father last week," said the man. "Too bad, too bad," said Byron, with an air of absent sympathy; "very sorry." Then he walked on and continued to think about his play. Three weeks later he happened to be again in Pall Mall, when the same man came up to him and said: "More misfortune." "Eh?" said Byron, absently. "I have just lost my mother," said the man, lugubriously. "Dear me!" said the dramatist, petulantly; "you lost your father only a little while ago. What an exceedingly careless man you are!"

"Some years ago when I was at Racine College," says a Chicago *Herald* writer, "Dr. De Koven was at the head of it. The doctor was kind and good-hearted, but a strict disciplinarian, and he had a good deal of trouble with my room-mate, who is now a well-known broker on the board of trade. Jack was a fine fellow, but an awful joker. I often preached to him on the quiet, and told him that his pranks would sooner or later get him into serious trouble, but he only laughed at me. One day, after a particularly wild escapade, he received a note to call on Dr. De Koven. He went up and faced the warden, who eyed him severely for a few moments, and then said, coldly: 'Mr. ——, I have invited you up here to spend the afternoon with me.' Jack was unabashed. He said: 'Well, doctor, what's your limit?' Jack was expelled."

A newspaper correspondent relates some personal anecdotes of Muley Yezid, nicknamed Redbeard, who lately adorned the throne of Morocco, which are worthy of preservation. His favorite religious exercise (like that of some most Christian kings of earlier date) was to roast Jews, and his pet relaxation to decapitate half a dozen of his most immediate attendants and play bowls with their heads. Queen Victoria sent his father in 1872 a little steam-launch, in which he used to voyage on the lake in his garden, accompanied by his favorite wife. It upset one day and nearly drowned them both, but she was saved by the intrepidity of one of his soldiers. The gallant fellow (expecting promotion) was ushered into the royal presence an hour afterward. "You rescued my wife," he said. The soldier bowed, and pictured a pension. "Did you see her?" "Well, yes, of course, your majesty." The Sultan beckoned to an officer and murmuring "His head," fell back among his cushions. The correspondent very properly adds: "It is satisfactory to add that the Sultan caught cold and died of his ducking." But what a picture of life in the nineteenth century within a few hours' sail of European shores!

Chicago is justly noted for swift divorces. A young man there some months ago met at the house where he lived a young lady of rare beauty, and in a few weeks they were married. But their bliss did not last long. One day he departed for Kansas City, where, he said, he had been sent by his firm. The following week she left for Michigan to see her folks. Then two letters came to the house a few days apart, addressed to the husband and wife, and as neither returned, it was concluded to open them. The one addressed to the wife read: "My dear Edith: I am convinced that you and I are unfit for one another. We can not be happy. I left five hundred dollars in the lower bureau drawer. Take it and get a divorce. You can do so on the ground of desertion, as I now tell you I will never live with you again. Good-by, and may you have better luck next time. Charlie." It was mailed at Cincinnati. The one addressed to the husband was mailed at Buffalo. It read: "Dear Charlie: I am tired of you and I know you are tired of me. You will never see me again. I took five hundred dollars which you forgot in the bureau drawer. I will never trouble you, no matter what you do. Good-bye forever. Edith."

A man may give a brutal kick with all the grace of a dancing-master; so one may be insolent and yet witty. A man said in Douglas Jerrold's presence that he loved to lie on his back on the grass and look up in the face of a cow. "With a *filial* smile?" asked the insolent wit. Lord Chancellor Westbury was also an insolent wit. A brother lawyer once said to him, when he was plain Richard Bethell, that society was compounded of strange elements. "Well," replied Bethell, "my experience constrains me to say that the world is made up of but two classes, the foolish and the designing." "Where, then, are you and I to be placed?" asked the other, not satisfied with the classification. "My dear sir," said Bethell, smiling, "the simplicity of your inquiry assures me that we should not go into the same lobby on that division." In consulting with his associates about a case, he was fond of exhibiting his reasoning powers, and while thus employed detested any interruption. One day, at a consultation, the solicitor's clerk corrected him as to a date. He paused, looked at the clerk significantly, but said nothing. The clerk, soon after, again corrected him. "Will you," said Bethell, in silvery tones, "have the goodness to go outside of that door—and shut it?" Richard Bethell became lord chancellor, which position he was obliged to resign in disgrace. Few pitied the fallen man, for his pointed, polished wit had been so insolent as to make him a hated man.

General Sherman tells this little episode of his famous march to the sea: "One day I halted with my staff at a house on a large plantation and asked the gray-headed old planter sitting on the piazza for a drink of water. He called to some of his colored men, then slaves, and ordered a bucket of water, which was brought, with a gourd to drink from. While I and my officers were drinking from the gourd, the old planter sat and eyed us inquisitively. He, of course, knew that I was an officer from my dress and staff, but did not know my rank of office or name. Hearing one of my staff address me as 'general,' he turned quickly with a look of surprise, and said: 'Are you a general?' 'Yes, sir.' 'What is your name?' 'Sherman.' 'Sherman; you General Sherman?' 'I suppose I am.' 'How many men have you got?' 'A million.' 'Now, I'd just like to have you answer me one question more—where are you going from here?' 'Well, now, that is considerable to request of an entire stranger and under the circumstances.' 'But I promise to keep it a secret.' 'Are you sure you can keep the secret if I impart it to you?' 'Certainly, certainly I will; on my honor as a gentleman.' 'But there is risk, you know. What if I should tell and my intentions become publicly known.' 'I promise I will not tell your secret to a single human being. You can trust to me implicitly.' 'You are quite sure I can trust you?' 'Most certainly I am; with the utmost safety.' (Said eagerly.) 'Well, then, I will tell you; I am going where I d—— please. Good-day.' The expression of that man's face can better be imagined than described on his being informed of my intentions."

SOCIETY.

The Bachelors' Cotillion Club.

The Bachelors' Cotillion Club gave another successful german on Friday evening, at B'nai B'rith Hall. It was managed and led by Mr. George A. Newhall, who succeeded admirably in producing pretty figures, all of which were well executed. It was termed a "Pink and White Cotillion" as everything incidental to it was arranged to conform to those two colors. The ladies, too, had entered into the spirit of the affair by donning dainty costumes of pink and white, which in combination with the decorations produced a bright and cheerful effect. In fact the hall has seldom appeared so attractive. Pink and white streamers fell gracefully from the centre of the ceiling to the gallery, and beneath this conical canopy hung several baskets of mountain ferns, making a pretty contrast to the otherwise light decorations. All around the gallery railing was a continuous drapery of white and gold striped cloth, which was festooned with pink hunting. There were pink and white banners and artistic draperies of those shades hung at intervals around the walls, while at the doors were portieres of the same colors. The rear of the stage was set with white and gold striped hunting in loose folds, and from the arch hung curtains of pink and gold. Ballenberg's band was partially hidden by an array of palms and ferns on the front of the stage.

Mr. Newhall commenced the german soon after nine o'clock, when the band played a delightful waltz, "The Love Letter." He led alone, and the first couples comprised Miss Edith Taylor and Lieutenant S. L. Faison, U. S. A., Miss May E. Pope and Lieutenant F. P. Peck, U. S. A., Miss Evelyn Carolan and Lieutenant S. D. Sturgis, U. S. A., Miss Ella Goad and Mr. Walter L. Dean. The "N" figure was the first one. Twelve couples were called out, and after a short dance they secured twelve more couples. After forming in line at the end of the hall, they were led down the side by the leader and then to the centre, where the letter N was formed with sixteen people in each line. The bar of the letter was then broken, the couples falling back to the ends of the columns, and the grand right and left was then executed, ending in a waltz. After the usual intermission came the "Rain" figure. In this six couples were called out first, and each partner carried a pink-tulle parasol, which had a white stick and was decked with pink bows on the handle. They danced for awhile and, separating, called out six more couples, all of whom danced the five-step polka, the gentlemen holding the opened parasols over the heads of their partners. The music to this was the well-known and appropriate air from a comic opera, called "Rain, Rain, Go Away."

"The Mysterious Ribbon" was the title of the third figure, wherein six couples danced first and afterward secured six more couples. In the centre of the hall a large white pole had been placed, and from it hung an equal number of pink and white ribbons. The gentlemen took one end of the white ribbons and the ladies secured the pink ones. The leader then touched a spring in the pole, and the ribbons fell, whereupon each gentleman danced with the lady who had hold of the other end of his ribbon. The York was the dance this time, and the new music for it was composed specially for the club. The "Racing" figure was fourth in order; in this the first five couples secured five more couples and formed four teams of five people each, two of them being driven by ladies and the other two by gentlemen. The horses held white poles, hung with sleigh-bells and adorned with pink and white bows. The reins were of the same colors, and the whips were of pink satin trimmed with white streamers. A team was placed in each corner of the ball, and, after being driven around once, large tissue paper hoops, fancifully designed, were placed at the ends and sides and upon their second tour they were driven through them. The five-step polka ended this figure to the enlivening strains of the ever popular "Dixie." The "Wheel" figure was the last of all, and the "Blue Danube" waltz was its pretty accompaniment. Six couples were called out, and after dancing they approached the leader, who stood in the centre of the hall holding a white pole to which were attached twelve bands of pink tarleton decorated with white bows and bells. The participants each took one end of the bands, forming the twelve spokes of the wheel, and revolved around the leader. While doing so they signaled to the partners they desired, who advanced from their seats, and all joined in the waltz. It is not necessary to qualify any one particular figure, for they were all unique and interesting, and their execution afforded three hours of unalloyed pleasure to the members of the club, besides reflecting much credit upon Mr. Newhall who made a most efficient leader. As usual after the cotillion a bounteous supper was served in the dining-hall, which was artistically trimmed with smilax in combination with draperies of pink and white tulle. It was about one o'clock when the pleasant affair terminated.

The Mardi Gras Bal Masqué.

The board of directors of the San Francisco Art Association have decided to hold the next Mardi Gras masquerade ball at the Grand Opera House on Shrove Tuesday. The orchestra will be floored over, and in conjunction with the stage will be used for dancing. The decorations will be highly artistic, and an elaborate supper will be served. The following committees have been appointed: Executive committee—Mr. Joseph D. Redding, Mr. John A. Stanton, Mr. J. B. Crockett, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. George H. Hopps, Mr. L. L. Baker, Mr. S. M. Brooks, Mr. David Bixler, Mr. Edward Bosqui, Mr. C. O'Connor, Mr. Henry Heyman, and Mr. E. E. Potter; committee on decorations Mr. R. D. Yelland, Mr. A. Joullin, Mr. John A. Stanton, and Mr. F. Marion Wells: committee on invitations and tickets—Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. L. L. Baker, Mr. E. E. Potter, Mr. J. B. Crockett, and Mr. W. H. Chamberlain; committee on refreshments—Colonel A. G. Hawes, Mr. Louis Sloss, Jr., and Mr. J. D. Redding: committee on music—Mr. Henry Heyman, and Mr. Joseph D. Redding.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. George S. Ladd will leave for New York at Thursday, and will remain East until May, when they will go to Europe.

Mrs. A. E. Head and Miss Anna Head are guests of Mrs. George Hearst in Washington, D. C.

Senator George Hearst is now en route to Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Barreda and the Misses Barreda will leave for Washington, D. C., in a few weeks

Mrs. Martin Regenshurger has gone East, and will be away several weeks.

Miss Grace M. Spencer and Miss Mattie S. Baker have returned to San José, after a pleasant visit to Miss Jennie de Montanya, who is now the guest of Miss Spencer.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wilshire are visiting Los Angeles.

Mr. H. Clifford Stuart has gone to Omaha to remain several months.

Mrs. M. J. Finley and the Misses Jennie and Mary Finley have returned from their Eastern visit.

Miss Lillian Waters has returned from a visit to Mrs. A. V. Kautz at Fort Niobrara, Neb., and is with her father at the Occidental Hotel.

Mrs. A. N. Towne returned from Del Monte last Monday, after an extended visit there.

Mrs. Henry L. Hutchinson has returned from Europe, and is stopping at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels and Miss Aileen Ivers returned from San Diego last Monday. They are at the Palace Hotel.

Major B. C. Truman left on Tuesday for a tour through Southern California, and is now at the Raymond in East Pasadena.

Mrs. James de la Montanya is visiting Mrs. F. E. Spencer in San José.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Richardson have been visiting San Bernardino, Riverside, San Diego, and other southern resorts.

Mr. Irving M. Scott is in Washington, D. C., where he will remain several weeks.

Mr. E. W. Newhall, Mrs. H. M. Newhall, and Miss Palache are at the Hoffman House in New York city.

General Samuel W. Backus and family moved into their new residence, on the north-west corner of Howard and Twentieth Streets, last Monday.

Mrs. Alexander Campbell, of Los Angeles, is visiting Mrs. Julius Reis for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Hobart arrived from New York last Wednesday, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Beylard and Miss Howard, of San Mateo, and Miss Redington, of Santa Barbara, have been passing several days at the Sea Beach Hotel in Santa Cruz.

Mrs. John F. Miller and Mrs. Richardson Clover will leave here soon for Japan, to meet Lieutenant Clover, who is expected there soon on the U. S. steamer *Dolphin*, which will sail from there to Europe, and thence to New York, arriving there about October 1st.

Notes and Gossip.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Frank Goad will entertain a party of friends at their residence next Tuesday evening, with private theatricals and a dance.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Stanford gave an enjoyable party a week ago Friday evening, at their residence in honor of their daughters. Dancing made the hours delightful, and delicious refreshments were served.

The members of the German Club have issued invitations for their next cotillion, which will occur on Tuesday evening, January 29th, at Union Square Hall. As this will be an army and navy cotillion, the officers will be present in full uniform, and the ladies in compliment, are requested to wear in the way of ribbons the national colors, red, white, and blue.

The officers at the Presidio will hold a reception there next Wednesday afternoon, from three until seven o'clock, as a compliment to General and Mrs. Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip D. Code gave a delightful reception at their residence, 930 Valencia Street, last Thursday evening in honor of Mr and Mrs. James A. Code, *née* Shaw, whose wedding occurred last month.

Army and Navy.

Captain F. A. Cook, of the U. S. steamer *Ranger*, has returned to San Diego after a pleasant visit here.

MUSICAL NOTES

The Orchestral Matinée.

The sixth and last orchestral matinée of the first series was held at Irving Hall on Friday and attracted quite a large audience. The programme was an excellent one, and comprised principally selections by local composers. Each number won hearty applause, and the concert was deemed a thorough success. The programme was as follows:

Concert Overture.....Fred Zech, Jr.
Adagio (Suite, E minor).....John Parrott
Fantasie for violoncello .....Servais
(By special request.)
Mr. Louis Heine.
Barcarolle (Santa Barbara).....J. D. Redding
Introduction (Le Pompadour) .....R. Lucchesi
Gavotte (Sweet Marguerite).....J. C. Sorg
Dance of the Elves.....Romandy
(*a*) Paraphrase } .....J. H. Rosewald
(*b*) Marche d'Eglise }

The success of these matinées encourages the orchestra to announce a second series, to take place on Friday, January 25th, February 8th and 22d, March 8th and 22d, and April 5th. The subscription list will be ready at Sherman & Clay's music store on Monday, January 14th.

The Mauzy Musical Club.

There was a large audience in Byron Mauzy's warerooms last Thursday evening when the Byron Mauzy Musical Club gave its third concert of the third series. Applause was liberally bestowed on the participants in the following excellent programme:

Overture, "Lebenslust".....Latann
Orchestra.
Professor H. R. Austin, Conductor.
Piano Solo, "Tarantelle".....Mills
Miss Carrie Bowes.
Serenade, "Open thy Lattice".....Gregh
Mrs. E. K. Laird.
Boehm Solo, "Field Flowers".....Wysham
Professor H. Clay Wysham.
Violin Solo, "Zigeuner Weisen" .....Sarasati
F. Victor Austin.
Song, "Ask Me No More".....Tosti
Miss Marion Chase.
Cornet Solo, "The Favorite".....Hartmann
Nickolas Brown.
Accompanist, Miss Tillie Friedman.
Finale. "Pot-pourri Operatic Airs"... ..... Schlepegrell

The Boston Quintet Club, a well-known Eastern musical organization, will give its first concert in this city next Tuesday evening at Metropolitan Hall, which will be followed by a second concert on Thursday evening. Interesting programmes have been arranged for both concerts.

The Herman Brandt String Quartet will give its third concert of the present series next Wednesday evening at Irving Hall. The quartet will have the assistance of Miss Alice Bacon Miss Jacobine Wichmann, Miss Ada E. Weigel, and Mr. Joseph Wrba.

The Louise Pyk subscription concerts promise to prove a social as well as a musical success, as many of our prominent society people have already subscribed. Mme. Pyk will give two musical evenings, and will have competent assistance.

Miss Annie Gleason, the celebrated California vocalist, who is known on the European stage as Mlle. Anita Alameda, arrived here on Tuesday, and is at the residence of her parents, 2415 Fillmore Street.

Mme. Louise Pyk does not intend leaving San Francisco, as has been wrongly announced.

ART NOTES.

Miss Jean Murray, the well-known landscape artist, has resumed her drawing and painting-classes at her studio, 1708 Clay Street.

Invitations have been issued by the Art Students' League for its third studio evening, which will occur on Monday evening, January 14th. Tableaux and dancing will be the features of the affair.

Miss Florence A. Densmore, principal of the Women's Institute of Technical Design in New York city, delivered an illustrated lecture on "Industrial Arts and Training," on Friday evening, at the Van Ness Seminary. The lecture was very interesting and was enjoyed by a large audience.

DXIX—Bill of Fare for six persons—Sunday, January 13, 1889.

Mutton Soup.
Fried Flounders, Excelsior Sauce.
Broiled Chicken. Mashed Potatoes.
Mushrooms. Tomatoes.
Roast Ducks. Currant Jelly and Lemon Sauce.
Celery Salad.
Flaming Omelet. Fruits in Season.

FLAMING OMELET.—Break six eggs; heat the whites and yolks separately; add to the yolks one tablespoonful of powdered sugar; stir whites and yolks lightly together; put butter the size of an egg into a clean frying-pan, let it get hot and begin to boil; then pour the omelet in; lift the pan on one side for a minute, then let the mixture that is not set run over to the other side; detach the omelet with a spoon from the side of the pan; when it is partly set, shake the pan gently back and forth to loosen it; turn it half over with a cake-turner; slip it on a hot dish, dust over with sugar, and pour over it six teaspoonfuls of rum, warmed if the weather is cold; set it alight and serve flaming.

The oldest musical society in the world, the Antlitzgesellschaft, celebrated its two hundred and seventieth anniversary two weeks ago at St. Gall, in Switzerland.

THE INNER MAN.

The scheme of the waiters of the French capital (writes a correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*) is to pretend to have a tremendous interest in the guest. I remember one day walking in the Avenue de l'Opéra with a lady, who had been shopping in the Louvre, and who was a bit fatigued. She did not want to eat luncheon, as it was about five o'clock, and it would spoil her dinner, but she said she felt as though she could eat a chicken sandwich. We went into Bignon's, which is, perhaps, the most pretentious of the Parisian restaurants, and found it deserted, except for the white-aproned attendants. As we entered the head-waiter made a profound bow, and five or six other waiters rushed ahead of us, and stood in a picturesque semi-circle around a corner table. One of them hauled back a chair for the lady; another got a hassock for her feet; a third shook out a napkin; a fourth fumbled with the window-blinds, while the head-waiter himself and another of his assistants rushed off after the menu-card. I told the man shortly to bring some chicken sandwiches, and he communicated the order to an assistant. There was a great rushing around while the head-waiter talked to us with some excitement—we had both been there a good deal and knew him well—about a winning his brother had just made at Monte Carlo. He could not understand what the lady meant by eating at that hour of the day, as he knew she dined at half-past six o'clock, and he was in a state of almost painful solicitude for fear she would spoil her appetite for dinner. He begged to suggest that only one sandwich should be brought upon the table, and when a dish of them came he hurried the waiter back, got some lettuce, placed it between the chicken and the bread, gave it a dash of mustard, brought a small glass of iced kummel and the sandwich before my companion. It was at this point that the waiters began to act. As the guest reached forward and cut a bit off the sandwich, the five or six waiters leaned forward with clasped hands and faces indicative of the utmost anxiety. I watched them amusedly from the corner of the table, where I was smoking a cigarette. There were six of them, including the head-waiter. Anxiety, trepidation, fear, and excitement were depicted upon their mobile features. The pantomime meant that they were afraid that the guest would not like the sandwich. She bit a piece out of it delicately, found it to her liking, nodded her head and said, with an amiable air, "Very good." In an instant a mighty change swept over the group. There were grunts of satisfaction, a general lighting up of eyes, an array of six broad, extensive and intense Gallic smiles, a general happy shrugging of shoulders, and the waiters hurried all about the room chattering in whispers and expressing by every conceivable sort of tomfoolery their intense delight over the fact that madame had found the sandwich to her satisfaction. Of course it was all the rankest sort of nonsense, because none of them really cared a rap whether she liked it or not. But it was tremendously flattering to madame, and she told me that although she had lived in Paris for eight years she had never succeeded in recovering from the charm of it. "It makes one eat like a pig," she said, "for it seems cruel to disappoint the villains after all their mugging and acting."

I was at dinner a few days since (writes Dr. William F. Hutchinson in the *American Magazine*) where two ladies astonished me by the quantity of salt they ate. Each half-emptied her individual cellar into the soup, finished it with fish, called for more with entrées, and were out again before the meal was done. Roughly, I believe that an ounce apiece of pure salt would have been about what they each ate. Both were thin, nervous women, with sallow, muddy skins and weak, flabby muscles. Inquiring later of one of them if that was her common consumption of salt, she replied that she ate as much or more at every meal, and had done so ever since she could remember; also, that she believed a larger consumption than hers was not uncommon. Salt in moderation is absolutely necessary to health, indeed to prolonged life. Its chief component, hydrochloric acid, is part of gastric juice, and needful in small quantities. But when these are increased, free acid appears on the scene, and, acting as a powerful irritant, develops acid or nervous dyspepsia to an uncomfortable degree. Continued, stomach membranes lose secreting power, become thickened and insensitive, and a long train of symptoms like those of organic heart-disease begin to appear, and prove exceedingly obstinate to cure. A half teaspoonful of salt daily, exclusive of what is used in food, is all that should be eaten by any adult.

It is difficult to realize what a modern invention the table-fork is. Queen Elizabeth never heard of one. She had, it is true, a few dainty forks, perchance with crystal handles, for eating preserved fruit at desert. But long after her time dinner-forks were unknown in England. The very earliest now to be found are not older than the reign of Charles the Second. The few early forks of the reign of George the First are three-pronged, and but few of our neighbors can show us four-pronged forks much before the reign of George the Third, from which time their fashion has remained unaltered to the present day, except for their handles, which have followed the fashions of spoons, finishing up with the familiar "fiddle pattern" of nineteenth-century use. Before the days of forks, the ewer and basin, which have now generally disappeared, were much in request after every course; whereas now the basin alone, with a little rose-water, makes its appearance at civic feasts after dinner, as a matter of fashion rather than necessity. Four out of five fine old basins have no doubt been melted up to supply the very forks whose invention rendered the washing of the fingers superfluous.

Deborah Franklin was an exemplary wife, and her husband was devoted to her welfare; but she was sadly deficient in what she might have called "larnin'." And yet she wrote letters and even ordered books for her husband. Here are several sentences (or rather, they ought to be sentences) from a letter to Franklin himself: "O my dear hough hapey am I to hear that you air safe and well hough dus your armes doe was John of servis to you is your Cold quite gon o I long to know the partic hear I must levef of Salley not up."

This is news from the London *World*: "An American journal has it that Mr. Pierre Lorillard, the owner of Iroquois, presented the horse to his countryman, Mr. James Olive Green, who now rides him habitually as a park hack in Rotten Row. If I remember rightly, Mr. Lorillard refused eight thousand pounds sterling for Iroquois shortly before his Derby victory."

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THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

No Doubt.

She was a pretty sales-girl,
He asked her for a kiss;
For he was the accepted
Of this fair and blushing miss,
She gave him one, and as she drew
Her rosy lips away—
"Is there," asked she, in trembling tones,
"Anything else to-day?"
—*Springfield Republican.*

A Christmas Dinner.

Unto a little nigger,
A-swimming in the Nile,
Appeared, quite unexpectedly,
A hungry crocodile,
Who, with that chilled politeness
That makes the warm blood freeze,
Remarked: "I'll take some dark meat
Without dressing, if you please!" —*Life.*

Experiment Teaches.

"Sue," said Tom, "did you hear this?"
(Could it be he meant to trick her?)
"The concussion of a kiss
Always makes the gas-flame flicker."

Then experiments they tried
In the interests of science,
And their lips, as she complied,
Soon had formed a close alliance.

After trials two or three,
Happy as a man in liquor,
"See it flicker, Sue!" said he;
Quoth the maiden, "Let it flicker."
—*Judge.*

Worth her Wait.

When Dick became an ardent lover,
His chosen lass did hesitate—
She begged for time to think it over,
And Dick allowed that he could wait.

But oh, she *was* so undecided—
She put him off, and put him off,
Till knowing ones his chance derided,
With hidden sneer, and open scoff.

At last said one: "Why longer tarry.
Distracted by a maid's caprice?
If I were you the maid should marry
Or marry not—and give me peace."

Said Dick: "No doubt, my friend and tutor,
My faithfulness seems over-meek,
But I'm an impecunious suitor,
And, therefore, changeless—so to speak.

"And this, I think, is ample reason—
(If I my reason must unfold)—
Why I should humor, for a season,
A woman worth her wait—in gold."
—*Time.*

Sam Wah Lee.

It was only a week or two ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That there lived a heathen whom you may know
By the name of Sam Wah Lee.
And this heathen he seemed to have no other thought
Than to euchre and bamboozle me.

I had a check and he had a peck
Of clothing he washed for me;
Since the check I did lose I heard him refuse
The bundle to let me see;
So I climbed all over his dusky frame
In that kingdom by the sea.

And this was the reason, a week ago,
In the kingdom by the sea.
I climbed on the neck, on the willowy neck,
Of the radiant Sam Wah Lee.
So that a high-born peeler came
And pulled him away from me,
And shut me up in the city jail,
In that kingdom by the sea.

The bundle of clothing the heathen had washed
Was needed quite sorely by me;
And that was the reason (as all men know
In this kingdom by the sea)
That I camped on the heathen's symmetrical form,
Knocking the stuffing from Sam Wah Lee.

And my fine it was higher by far than the fine,
I thought would be levied on me;
I supposed would be taxed upon me:
And neither the peelers in alleys asleep,
Nor those on the streets that we see,
Can ever convince me that it was a crime
To paralyze Sam Wah Lee.

And the gong never rings but I think dark blue things
Of that heathen, that Samuel Lee;
In my dreams, it is said, I keep punching the head
Of the bland, smiling heathen, Sam Lee.
My feelings are hurt, and I lie in the dirt
Of the jail, and I think of the collar and shirt
That were hooked by the heathen Sam Lee,
That were nailed by that wretched Chinee.
—*Nebraska State Journal.*

Talking in Slang.

She was a Boston maid of high degree,
With eyes that shone like incandescent lights,
And just such pouting lips as seem to me
The kiss invites.

I met her on the Common's grassy sod,
Near where the fountain plays in squirtive mood;
She stood reflective, while a plastic wad
Of gum she chewed.

"It does one good to seek this spot," said I,
"When weary of the city's hum and buzz,"
She ceased her waxic pastime to reply:
"That's what it does."

"This sylvan spot," then softly I averred,
"The foot of man seems almost to defile,".
Her voice came, sweet as notes of woodland bird:
"Well, I should smile."

"The balmy breezes whispering overhead
With such enchanting softness kiss the brow!"
In tones of liquid melody she said:
"You're shoutin' now!"

"And have you noticed, fair one, how each bird
Seems here to choose its sweetest vocal gem?"
I dwelt in rapture on her every word;
"I'm onto them."

"And now the leaves like moving emeralds seen,
When in response to the sweet breeze they shake!"
Her voice came soft as echo from a dream:
"They take the cake."

"Dost wander often to a sylvan spot,
The dreamy sense of quietude to seek?"
Soft purled her answer: "Well, I take a trot
'Bout once a week."

In converse sweet I lingered by her side,
And felt that there forever I could dwell,
And as I left her after me she cried:
"So long, old tel."

I was not captured by her voice so rich,
Nor with her lovely face, so fresh and young,
But with the sweet dexterity with which
Her slang she slung.
—*New York Clipper.*

THE MAN FROM DENVER.

His Philanthropic Experience in New York.

A man came up on the *Tribune* elevator recently, and as he got out at the top floor he handed the elevator-man ten cents in a weak, nerveless way, and then looked around him with an uncertain air. He was tall, and his hair had a rather jagged appearance, as if some one had blown out the gas on his barber. He had a somewhat reluctant growth of red chin-whiskers, and wore a flannel shirt and a gray-felt hat which sagged considerahly over the left ear. He approached an office-boy, handed him a quarter, and asked to see the grievance editor. The hoy searched nut this functionary, but found him busy looking up the law for an East Harlem man who signed himself "Many Old Subscribers," and wanted to know if the tide had any right to hack up into his basement twice a day, and put out the fire and float the hired girl around on the refrigerator and hump her head against the ceiling. It being impossible for the grievance man to respond, he came to me and said he noticed that I was, as usual, acting simply as an office ornament and killing time, and asked me if I wouldn't go out and harvest the gentleman's crop of woe. I accordingly assumed a deep, scholarly expression and stepped out. I shook hands with the man and asked him to sit down on a wide and convenient window-sill. A breeze strayed up the elevator-shaft, which caused the low portion of the stranger's hat-hrim to flop gently up and down.

"I am from Denver," said the man with the short-sighted barber, as he felt aimlessly in his vest-pocket and then withdrew his hand; "I'm a Colorado man, but I have been in the city several days and I s'pose I have had a good time."

I expressed my regret that there should he any doubt about it, and he continued:

"Oh, I s'pose mehby it's all right, only some things ain't jess the way they are in Denver. As I mentioned, that's where I live, only out on a small ranch I own. Monday I got to New York on a little bus'ness and pleasure trip. The thing that strikes me most in this country is the amount of money it takes to fix up ev'rybody 'round you, and make it all easy going and clear sailing. 'Tain't that way in Colorado," he added, thoughtfully, extracting a dime from his pocket and handing it to a passing telegraph messenger-boy.

"I mind once in Colorado," he went on, "I hroke the hind-wheel of my wagon on a muddy day. I was swearing at it pretty free, without it seeming to do much good, when 'long come a man afoot, seed the fix I was in, went 'cross a field and over a hill a mile through the mud, took a wheel off'n his own wagon, backed it over to where I was and put it on my wagon. I felt so good I offered him a dollar. I don't go 'round the country making a specialty of heing licked, but I got it that day. It 'peared as if he was one of these kind o' men that didn't know when he had pounded a feller-cit'zen enough. He wooled me 'round in that mud for fifteen minutes, and then took his wheel and toted it back off over the hill. I never seed a man so insulted in my life. I'd he willing to be pounded that way to-day, jess to meet that kind of a man again.

"I took a sleeping-car the second night coming here, having heard them recermended. I didn't sleep much, owing to the fact that I had al'ays been used to beds that wa'n't on the go all the time; hut I didn't make any kick about that. When I went to put on my hoots in the morning, which I had left under the hed, I noticed that they wa'n't quite so red 'round the toes as the night before, and there was some mysteerous-looking marks on the hottom of them reading something 'bout 'lower five,' which I rubbed off on my sleeve; but I didn't think nothing of none of this. We hummed along a while after breakfast, and when we got here I climhed out with my grip and started up the platform. I had took three steps when the nigger that had heen sort o' choring 'round in the car on the way touched me on the shoulder and says he: 'Ain't you forgetting something, boss?' 'I reckon not,' says I, slapping my pockets and looking at my grip. 'But you forgot the porter, sah,' says he. 'I didn't have none,' says I. 'I mean,' says he, 'you forgot to give me anything.' 'Am I owing you very much to-day?' says I; 'have you hought up a note agin me anywhere? Is this some old outstanding claim, or is it jess an open account still a-running? Speak up,' says I. 'I hlacked yo' boots,' says the nigger. 'I didn't tell you to,' says I. 'Can't help it,' says he; 'we al'ays blacks gen'l'men's boots. Can't no gen'l'man ride in de sleeper 'thot having his hoots shined, sah. We sets up, sah, when we oughter be a-hed, and polishes the gen'l'men's hoots and shoes.' He said a quarter would do, so I give it to him. I then walked to the hotel and registered in a hold hand.

"While I was registering a feller come up and took my grip and carried it over and put it through a hole in the wall, and got a brass bus'ness with figures on it and hrought it to me. 'Thank you,' says I. He bowed and drawed back his hand a little and then stuck it out again. 'Much ohliged,' says I. He bowed and started to take his hand hack, hut concluded not to. 'Very kind of you,' says I. He hobbed his head some more, hut his hand still appeared froze up. I thought I seen what was the trouhle and tried him with ten cents, and it thawed him.

"While I was getting a drink of ice-water a man pounded my hack with a brush-hroom and said they gen'rally gave him ten cents at least, so I forked it over. I went into the barber-shop to get shaved, and when the harher hrought me my change, he hung on to the last dime so hard, turning it over and looking at it 'sif it was an old friend, that I told him to keep it. A nigger brushed my clothes and I gave him a nickel. I then went across the office. They stopped me and dusted my clothes twice, and I gave ten cents once and a quarter the other time. I went into the wash-room, and, while I was washing my hands, a white man and a nigger hoth pounded me with whisk-hrooms. I gave each ten cents. I tried to set down in the office and read a newspaper, hut they kep' broomin' me so much and it was gitting so expensive, that I give it up.

"I went into the restaurant and got something to eat. When I got through, the waiter mentioned that I had forgot something. I asked him what it was. 'Ze waiter,' says he, so I give him half a dollar. My clothes were beginning to look threadhare they had been brushed so much, so I steered clear of the office and started down the street. I thought I had got away, when a young feller come after me and said I forgot I was going on the street without having my clothes brushed; so he pounded 'em some more, and I give him a quarter.

"On the corner I asked a man, that was selling rubber dolls, the way to Broadway. He told me and looked nnxious, and I gave him a dime. I had walked down Broadway a piece, when I seen a hig building that interested me. 'What building is that?' I asked of a hack-driver. 'That,' says he, 'is the State Cap-'tol building.' I thanked him and give him fifteen cents. When I got to Union Square I stopped to look at the stature of Lincoln. I hadn't looked more than a minute, when a dark-colored man, that had been looking at it when I come up, came over and said I must give him a quarter. I asked him if he owned the stature. 'No-a, I not-a own heem,' says he; 'hut I look-a at heem when you come-a. You disturb-a my look-a.' I produced the quarter. I walked along and a man asked me if I didn't want to see Cha'ncey Depew and Jay Gould. I said yes, and he said there they were across the street, walking home together. Depew had long gray whiskers and carried a scraggy-looking umhrella under his arm that looked as if it was wearing a hoop-skirt, and Jay Gould was a hig man, who took long steps, and wore his hat on the back of his head, and carried a small Christmas-tree in one hand. I was somewhat disappointed in both of them, but I offered the man, who had so kindly pointed them out, twenty cents, which he took. I then went hack to the hotel and let the hoys dust my clothes till they were all tired out, and then went to hed, giving the elevator-man ten cents, the hell-hoy fifteen, the hall-hoy ten, the watchman twenty-five, a scrub-woman twenty, chambermaid thirty, man that brought ice-water fifteen, two men that was going past ten each, porter thirty-five, another bell-hoy fifteen, man that come in and dusted my clothes ten, and sent half a dollar to the head-waiter, and asked him to place it to my credit. A man took my coat and vest, and said he would carry them down and dust on them during the night. I handed him seventy-five cents.

"I got to thinking about it after I got to hed, and I jedged I wa'n't having a very good time, though the sight of the State Cap'tol and Cha'ncey Depew and Jay Gould was something. It seemed some expensive, too, though I didn't know nothing 'hout it then. I had got off easy without knowing it. The next morning 'bout light there come a knock at my door, and I stuck my head out, and a young feller said they was gitting up a Christmas present for the bell-boys, and asked what I would give. I looked over the paper and a dollar seemed to he the style, so I made mine the same. While I was putting on what was left of my clothes I helped out the Christmas presents of the porters and whisk-hroom switchers. I thought I had better get away while I could, hut when I got out in the hall I run agin 'em on all sides. I put up for Christmas presents for the boot-hlacks, the chamhermaids, the barhers, the dish-washers, and the bartenders. I then seen a hig fat feller coming that I was afraid might he the proprietor looking for his Christmas present, and I thought this might he expensive, so I got hack into my room and locked the door. There was a long rope fastened hy the window, which I jedged was for use in such immergencies, so I let it out the window and started down it myself, while the cooks and carpet-heaters and another division of whisk-broom players were pounding at my door. I seen I was well rid of them all and wouldn't have to help on any more Christmas presents. I struck the sidewalk rather hard, and was looking at the inside of my hands, which were blistered some, when a boy with a hlue suit come up and said he was gitting up a Christmas present for the telegraph messengers that served my hotel. I give a dollar. It took the same amount to satisfy a hoy that was raising a present for the newsboys that stood around my hotel. The outside boot-blacks come next, and the hack-drivers wasn't much behind. The street-car drivers that went past also caught me, as well as the ash-men, the shoe-string peddlers, and the ice-men. During a temporary lull I started across the street, when I met a man who asked me if I was going to forget him on his Christmas present. I asked him who he was, and he said he was the sewer inspector. He said he had walked through the sewer which went past the hotel, looking for leaks every day since I had been boarding there. I give him a dollar and started down the alley, closely pursued by the car-conductors, the hutcher-cart-drivers, and another faction of whisk-broom flourishers.

"I dunno, of course, what your grievance editor will say to this. He may think it's all right, hut it don't strike me as heing jess the correct plan. It ain't that way out in Colorado, and that's all I know 'bout it."

He drew out a quarter, started to offer it to me, drew it back and turned away down the stairs.—*Fred H. Carruth in New York Tribune.*

The severe and perfect style which has always characterized the dress of men and women riding in the Row is passing out. For women the tall hat and perfectly fitting dark habit and plain linen collar and cuffs have been succeeded by conical and soft and Tyrolese hats, sometimes even decorated with ribbons and feathers, and also gray tweed caps and other styles. A well-dressed man on horseback is rare.

Two Gamins.

This incident, which we print from the New York *Times*, points so many morals that we publish it for the benefit of our readers who are not in the habit of giving away their money as fast as they earn it:

"Hello, Stumpy," said one gamin as he met another, "have yer fed yet?"

"Naw," replied Stumpy, "I guess dis is de eve I don't eat."

"No coin?" asked the other.

"Nixey red," was the response; "I owed Gimpey fourteen cents and paid him so's 'e could git some shoes."

"How's yer appetite?" was the next query.

"Oh, dere's never any trouhle on dat line," was the laconic response.

"Well, Stump," said the little fellow, "I tell yer. I got twenty cents, and I was going to have a scrumptious feed; hut I reckin I'll have to let Del's slide ter-night. Let's adjourn ter de beanery."

He took Stump's arm, and the two walked off. The beauty of the act was that it was done without the least condescension, hut with a frank I-may-he-there-myself-some-day air that was delightful.

In New York city, a few evenings ago, a thief threw a hrick, slung in a piece of cloth, through the plate-glass window of a large jewelry store under the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Through this hole he inserted his hand, and, in full view of the astonished clerks, seized a diamond necklace which hung with other strings of jewels in the window, and fled. There was an immediate attempt at pursuit, but when the special officer, who was in the store, tried to get out to the sidewalk he found the front doors fastened. The thief had pushed a stick through the outside handles of the doors so as to har them and lock his pursuers in. The officer tried in vain to kick the doors down, and called loudly for help from the outside. A man came along and pulled the stick out in a few minutes, hut hy this time the thief was out of sight. Fortunately the pursuit had heen taken up by less interested persons, and several men chased the thief through many streets before they caught him. He was a slender, little man, under twenty years, and he ran well, hut the crowd kept increasing and he was winded at last. He drew a pistol when seized, hut it was knocked out of his hand. At the police-station the stolen necklace was found in his pocket. It was worth six thousand dollars. Next to it in the show-window had hung another string of diamonds worth twenty-nine thousand dollars, hut he had missed that.

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TIME TABLE.

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From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 3.25, 4.50, 6.10 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 1.30, 5.00, 6.45, P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 1.45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.15, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 3.25, 4.55 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 3.30, 5.00, P. M.
Extra trips on Saturday at 1.45 and 6.25 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents. round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 10.00, 11.50 A. M.; 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.45, 10.45 A. M.; 12 45, 4.15, 5.45, P. M.
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THROUGH TRAINS.

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LEAVE	From Dec. 8, 1888.	ARRIVE
7.30 A.	For Haywards, Niles and San José..	*12.45 P.
7.30 A.	For Sacramento, and for Redding via Davis	7.15 P.
8.00 A.	For Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga and Santa Rosa	6.15 P.
9.00 A.	For Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
8.30 A.	Los Angeles Express, for Fresno, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	11.15 A.
9.00 A.	Fast mail for Ogden and East	11.45 A.
10.30 A.	For Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
*12.00 M.	For Haywards and Niles	* 3.45 P.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	**6.00 A.
† 2.00 P.	Golden Gate Special, for Council Bluffs and East	‖ 9.45 P.
3.00 P.	For Haywards, Niles and San José..	9.45 A.
3.00 P.	Central Atlantic Express, for Ogden and East	8.15 A.
4.00 P.	For Stockton and §Milton; for Vallejo, Calistoga & Santa Rosa	10.15 A.
4.30 P.	For Sacramento, and for Knight's Landing via Davis	9.45 A.
* 4.30 P.	For Niles, San José and Livermore..	* 8.45 A.
5.30 P.	For Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
7.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	7.45 A.
8.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.

SOUTH PACIFIC COAST RAILWAY DIVISION.

‡ 3.00 A.	For Newark and San Jnsé	‡ 7.20 P.
8.15 A.	For Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	5.50 P.
*2.15 P.	For Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 A.
4.15 P.	For Centerville, San José, Almaden, and Los Gatos	9.20 A.

NORTHERN DIVISION (Fourth & Townsend Sts.)

7.50 A.	For Menlo, Park and Way Stations..	2.30 P.
8.30 A.	For San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos; Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Templeton (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations	6.38 P.
10.30 A.	For San José, Almaden and Way Stations	5.35 P.
12.01 P.	For Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	4.36 P.
* 3.30 P.	For San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Monterey and principal Way Stations	*10.02 A.
4.30 P.	For San José and principal Way Stations	9.03 A.
* 5.00 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations..	* 7.56 A.
6.30 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations..	6.35 A.
†11.45 P.	For Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	†7.40 P.

A for morning. P. for afternoon. * Sundays excepted.
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Arabic		**Saturday, April 6**
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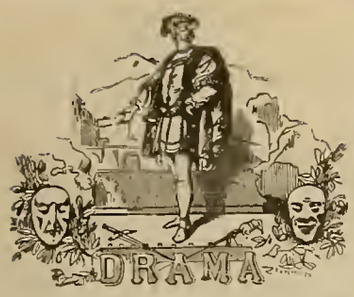

"The Queen's Lace Handkerchief" is one of those operettas which are so successfully secretive in the matter of plot that the audience never thoroughly realizes the danger of the Queen, the indifference of the King, the serape of Cervantes, or the deviltry of the Premier until they are all safely over and every one is preparing to live happy ever after. As you watch the movement of the piece, you experience a languid, dreamy pleasure in wondering what all the excitement is about, and, between the tuneful melodies which are sprinkled throughout the three acts, you find yourself lazily speculating as to whether the King is in love with Irene, the Queen is in love with Cervantes or the King, and whether the Marchioness is the Premier's wife, sweetheart, or mother. But it will all come right in the end. Just before the last chorus there will be a general straightening out—the most crooked relationships will be smoothed, the performers will be all neatly paired off like the animals in the ark, and every Jack will have his Jill.

Such popularity as this little operetta has won is due solely to the music. The libretto is dull in the extreme. There are weary wastes of persistent fun-making, and love scenes between the King and the Queen, where they make love in a manner to have commended itself to Bulwer at his earliest period, or to be found to-day in "Hill's Manual of Social and Business Forms." Some of the performers showed an inclination to lapse into the making of "gags," a practice reprehensible enough in a minstrel show, and hardly to be expected in a company with the reputation for refinement and finish which Mr. Carleton's has heretofore enjoyed. The ministry with its qualms and fears is a bore. German humor is always rather ponderous, and in its uninspired moments is a thing to make the boldest hold his breath. When the laugh must be raised by a pair of spurs put on the wrong way, or a nose unnaturally rubicund, humor is at rather a low ebb. Even Sancho Panza's desperately determined fun is not amusing, and the Marchioness's modest veiling of the statue of Cupid might have commended itself to Anthony Comstock, but looked upon as a joke, it is without value.

What has kept "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief" so long a popular favorite is the delicate and inspiring melodies which fill it from beginning to end. If the one waltz song in "Nanon" was capable of giving that tame and flavorless production a brief span of active life, Strauss's operetta should live on indefinitely. The aria "Where dwells the Wild Rose" is to the waltz song in "Nanon" as wine to water. "The Truffle Song" atones for a wilderness of dreary ministers. The chorus of the toreadors is so inspiring, so dashing, so brilliant, that it causes the wearied auditor to forget the preceding love-passages between the Marchioness and Sancho Panza—a feat that a moment before seemed forever impossible. If Strauss could have found some one who could have written a libretto as bright and charming as his music, his operetta might have ascended into that galaxy where "Erminie," "Madame Angot," and the "Mikado" shine as fixed stars.

In Mr. Carleton's company the masculine voices are superior to the feminine. Miss Alice Vincent invests the part of the Queen with much dignity and grace, but her voice is hardly as sweet as it was three years ago, when she made such a charming impression as Pitti-Sing. The Queen is rather an elf-like personality. She is illusive as a will-o'-the-wisp, despondent, gay, proud, tender. Apart from the question of voice, it would take a more than usually clever artist to convey the impression of irideseent moods, changing whims, alternate shade and sun which marked the conduct of this erratic young sovereign. That she loves the King while in the act of inscribing tender messages to Cervantes, should be made plain. Miss Vincent's Queen is rather too mature to have committed the *gaucherie* which the author ascribes to her.

For the other ladies, Miss Clara Lane does well and tries her best, which is always a recommendation. Miss Lane, physically and vocally, is rather too small for the part of Irene. Her voice was inadequate for the spirited bull-fighter's song, but she was so animated, so full of dash and vivacity, at once so graceful and so dramatic in her various gestures, that the lack of voice was forgotten. Irene in character and motive is more of a puzzle than the Queen. In the first act, one is led to infer that she has a *tendresse* for the King. At least, it is obvious that the King has a *tendresse* for her, which is much the same thing in royal circles. In the second act she appears attired as one of a commission to report on Cervantes's lunacy, and, from her determination to defend violently the ill-used author of "Don Quixote," it appears that she has transferred her affections to him. In the third act they announce their engagement, but this is no criterion of the previous state of their hearts, for every one is paired off willy-nilly in the third act, so that the curtain may fall on a semi-circle of smiling couples.

Cervantes, in the hands of Mr. Carleton, is a gentlemanly and stately poet, extremely well dressed, and singing his numbers with an accuracy and ease which, in these days of voiceless nightingales, is particularly agreeable and surprising. Mr. Carleton's rendition of "Where Dwells the Wild Rose" was the feature of the performance. It was rich, easy, and full of tenderness and feeling. His voice has in no wise suffered from the constant use to which it has been subjected since he "went in for himself." It is still one of the most agreeable baritones to be heard in light opera. His portrayal of Cervantes was reserved and courtly, if rather stiff. In the third act—in a handsome and picturesque Spanish costume—he sang the song of the Toreador from "Carmen" with fine spirit and dramatic effect. If all Mr. Carleton's company would subdue their boisterous desire to be funny and to shine individually to the level of quiet, unobtrusive endeavor which characterizes Mr. Carleton's performances, it would materially benefit every representation they have so far given.

Mr. Taylor as the King was not remarkable for dramatic ability, but Mr. Taylor has a voice, which, though small, is clear, sweet, and true. In the earlier part of the operetta he appeared to be afraid of giving his voice free scope. It was especially noticeable in the first verse of the "Truffle Song," which should be sung with such vim and *élan*. Here Mr. Taylor seemed to be fearful of singing with any sort of freedom, and, in consequence, the song, though correctly and agreeably rendered, was rather spiritless. But in his romanza in the third act he threw off his constraint, and sang the dainty little air with sweetness and feeling, earning a hearty encore. When Mr. Taylor has overcome his embarrassment at finding himself behind the footlights and has learned not to be afraid of letting his voice loose, he will be an acquisition to Mr. Carleton's company.

Mr. Drew, as Sancho Panza, and Mr. Murray, as the Premier, had little singing to do. Both parts are uninteresting, the tutor being palpably dragged in to introduce an element of humor, in which he as palpably fails. Mr. Drew strove hard to render his part amusing, and deserves credit for lightening it to the extent that he did. Local San Francisco slang emerging from the mouth of a Portuguese courtier has rather a startling effect. The Premier is quite the villain of the old-time Bowery days.

The choruses were much better than the average. The finale at the end of the second act was given with enthusiasm and spirit. As to costumes, Mr. Carleton's were particularly picturesque and rich. Mr. Taylor's old-gold suit was quite sumptuous, and the blending of the colors in the choruses showed the supervision of an artistic eye. The ladies were not as successful in their dresses, which were common-place and modern. The same materials, in the hands of one blessed with a sense of the picturesque, could have been manipulated into the most artistic masterpieces.

G. B.

The movement among native actors to get the anti-contract-labor law extended to English actors has called forth some very interesting theories of preference for the foreign artists. The most concise objection to the proposed extension of the law appears to spring from the alleged superiority of English actors over their American brothers when clad in dress-coats. Probably the man who wore his dress-coat with the greatest ease, and who would be most generally called a gentleman among the recent English actors, was the late H. J. Montague. He was far preferable to Mr. Terriss in London, or to Kelcey, Bellew, Coghlan, or Osmond Tearle. But so, also, is Mr. George Riddle, a native of this country. The quality of Mr. John Drew's stage manners rests upon a sounder foundation of gentility than can be discerned in any of his foreign contemporaries at work here. Yet the verdict of American audiences is in favor of the Englishman when a dress-coat is to be worn, and doubtless it is as unanimous in that confessedly shrewd and competent critical circle, the gallery, as on the floor. To be sure, Mr. Herbert Kelcey's quiet manliness is not that of a Chesterfield. No gentleman would ever assume the fawning affectation or the lackadaisical self-consciousness of Mr. Kyrle Bellew, or the inanimate stiffness of Mr. Charles Coghlan, or the rapidly increasing coarseness of Mr. Osmond Tearle. But there can be no comparison between the portrayal of genteel rôles in their hands and that, for example, by one of the most popular American actors known to society dramas, the late Charles Thorne, a genuine actor, but a man with barely a suggestion of the style of a gentleman. He was a man of decided, sometimes almost thrilling, dramatic force. But in the severe black and white of social dress he was out of his element, and as distinct a failure, so far as the particular requirements of his coat were concerned, as though he brought only strength to replace skill, or attempted to make quantity serve for quality. Taken on the whole, the ability to support the dress-coat with success seems to be acknowledged to be more generally possessed by Englishmen than by Americans.—*New York Sun.*

Rudolph Aronson declares that next year he will give "Erminie" with a cast that will attract the attention of both this country and Europe. Arthur Roberts, who, he thinks, will accept his offer of five hundred and fifty dollars a week, is to take Frank Wilson's place. Fred Leslie will play Daboll's part, Sadie Martinot fill Marie Jansen's little shoes, and Lillian Russell enliven the rôle now wandered through by Pauline Hall. Aronson is also dickering with Emma Juch to join the Casino forces. Emma says, "Yes, but I'll only sing four times a week." Aronson says, "You must sing five nights and on Saturday afternoon, and I'll let you off on Saturday evenings." That is the way it stands at present.

STAGE GOSSIP.

"A Night in Venice," with its trained pigeons of St. Marc, has run its course at the Tivoli. "Martha" is announced for next week.

Jeffreys-Lewis is making the most of the present dearth of entertainments, and announces still another week at the Standard with "The Adventures of a Love-Letter" as the play.

"A Noble Rogue" has run a noble course of three weeks at the Alcazar, but it will be retired next week in favor of "The Golden Giant." The characters will be taken by the Alcazar stock company.

The repertoire for the Carleton Company's third week at the Baldwin is as follows: Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday evenings, "Dorothy"; Thursday and Saturday evenings, "The Mikado"; Friday evening and Saturday afternoon, "Nanon."

"The Black Crook" will at last supersede "Mazulm" on Monday night at the Grand Opera House. The very name is suggestive of bald-heads and stale jokes; but the spectacle is so old that it is almost new again, and fresh vitality will be infused into it by new tricks from the specialists.

Little Emma Nevada, whom we have not heard of for months, has been singing in opera in Madrid, and has been very well received by the Madrilenes. At her farewell performance Queen Christine, the Countess of Paris, and Prince Ferdinand of Bavaria were present and sent flowers to the diva.

Those who came to know and like Alfred Cellier, when he was here some years ago as leader of the orchestra for the Comley-Barton troupe, will be glad to learn that while Carleton is giving us three nights of that tuneful opera, "Dorothy," it is running into its eight hundredth consecutive performance in London.

Osmond Tearle has found himself growing too stout for the "Silver King," and has gone in for Shakesperean characters. He is playing in the English provinces, and his Othello and Virginius quite took the wind out of Wilson Barrett's sails when the two played at rival theatres in the same town not long ago.

The Philadelphia production of "Said Pasha" is to be something dazzling in several respects. Helen Dingeon, Carrie Godfrey, Edwin Stevens, Stanley Felch, and Arthur Mesmer will repeat the rôles they created here, and there are to be one hundred and fifty people and four elephants on the stage in one scene.

Ellen Terry's heroism in assuming the rôle of Lady Macbeth has inspired Mrs. Langtry and Margaret Mather to like aspirations. It was announced that the ushers at Mrs. Langtry's "Macbeth" were to be attired in kilts, but in view of the peculiarities of the genus usher the customary denial from the Lily, after the rumor had been widely circulated, has proved unnecessary.

Mathilde Veneta, a German tragedienne and reader whose fame has been carried to us by her compatriots from the Fatherland, will give an entertainment consisting of readings in German, at B'nai B'rith Hall, on Sunday evening, January 13th. Frau Veneta is not an entire stranger in San Francisco; she played Lady Macbeth with John McCullough at the California Theatre some sixteen years ago.

Mrs. McKee Rankin, who is now mentioned on the play-bills as Kittie Blanchard Rankin, has been playing "The Golden Giant" in Philadelphia, and no sooner had she ended her engagement there and moved on to the next town than McKee Rankin showed up at another Philadelphia theatre with a new play called "The Runaway Wife," in which Miss Mabel Bert plays the leading rôle. From the rumors that reach us of domestic difficulty in the Rankin *ménage*, "The Runaway Husband" might be a fitter title.

California is looking up as a lecture field, and the agency recently established here by John F. Bragg will bring out a number of Major Pond's best entertainments during the present year, including Bill Nye and James Whitcomb Riley, who are now in the South, and Mrs. Alice J. Shaw, the pretty "whistlist" who created such a furore in London a few months ago. The Boston Quintet Club, which gives concerts at Metropolitan Temple on Tuesday and Friday evenings of next week, is under Mr. Bragg's management while on the Pacific Coast. This organization, by the way, should not be confounded with the Mendelssohn Quintet Club, of Boston, which easily takes first place in its particular field; but the Boston Quintet Club can boast the finest violin soloist in the United States.

Sarah Bernhardt is having a grand time in the land of Cleopatra. The something Egyptian of her facial outline, on which so many have commented, is more than ever remarked. Her visit to the Great Pyramid was a sight to be remembered. She stood for half an hour in front of the Sphinx, and then turned to her favorite companion and said: "*Temez*, if her nose were not broken she would resemble me. My friend, if you could see me a hundred years from now I would look exactly like that." Then she gave a little shudder and said she was "devilish hungry." It would not be Sarah if she did not give some such turn to her solemn moments. While she is making immense sums, she is spending even more. She allows her son, Maurice, $60,000 a year. Her expenses have been enormous everywhere. Her bill for baggage transport in Austria was $6,500, in Roumania $4,000, in Turkey $7,000.

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THE BISHOP AND THE BALLET-GIRLS.

A Story of the Stage.

Every reader of the daily papers has heard of the great debate in the Pan-Anglican Synod on that momentous topic, "The attitude of the church toward the stage." The Bishop of Sadlers Wells it was who, on that occasion, took up his parable on behalf not only of the drama as a fine art, but on behalf of actors and actresses as human beings. His lordship even went the length of saying a word in defense of the ballet-girl, being nobly seconded in this respect by the Bishop of Fiji, who stated that in his own diocese saltatory exercises, not dissimilar from those of the ballet, were considered to possess a deep religious significance. One or two other liberal-minded prelates took the same side; but, on the whole, the feeling of the meeting ran high the other way. Indeed, so warm became some of their lordships that, if the conference had not had to rise early in order to attend the banquet given in their honor by the Poulterers' Company, there is no knowing what the difference might have grown to.

Now, among the anti-theatrical party there was none more violent or dogmatic than Dr. Septimus Grundy, Lord Bishop of Malta. If raving and thumping could have destroyed the British drama, the Bishop of Malta's speech would, undoubtedly, have had that effect. He ridiculed actors, he denounced actresses; but it was against the ballet and all who took part in or abetted it that he directed the brunt of his attack. "He was pained and grieved beyond expression," he said, in a fine peroration, "by the words which had fallen from their brother of Fiji. For the poor cannibals of heathen climes there might be some excuse. But what condemnation could be too strong for those who would encourage their white sisters in this Christian isle to exhibit themselves in a condition which put the naked savages of the South Sea to the blush?"

Several other prelates spoke to the same effect, if less eloquently, including the Bishops of Coventry, Laputa, California, and Botany Bay, as well as one of the most conspicuous figures in the conference—the black Bishop of Ulundi. They all went home together in an omnibus, comforting themselves with a further interchange of virtuous indignation, and their speeches were subsequently published in pamphlet form by the Anti-Theatrical League and distributed gratis at the doors of Exeter Hall.

The day after the discussion, when the Bishop of Malta came down to breakfast (which he did rather late, having overslept himself, owing to the exhausting effects of the Poulterers' banquet), he found the following note among his letters:

MY DEAR GRUNDY: I am asking the few members of the conference whom I know personally to honor me for an hour or two after dinner to-morrow. Will you make one of them? We shall hope to see Mrs. Grundy on a future occasion, but I am planning this evening specially for the bishops.

Yours very truly, STANLEY HAWTHORNE.

Now, although the bishop had formerly known the Rev. Stanley Hawthorne rather well, he did not much like him, and he resented being addressed as "My dear Grundy." Moreover, Mr. Hawthorne was a clergyman of notoriously heterodox views, especially on the subject of the theatre.

"I don t think I shall go," said the bishop to his wife; "let me see; what is arranged for to-morrow night?"

"Dinner of the Home and Foreign Prayer-Book Society, 7:30," replied Mrs. Grundy, referring to a list of her husband's Pan-Anglican engagements. "I myself have arranged to dine with Mary Anne, but I shall be home at ten o'clock, and I should not advise you to go to Mr. Hawthorne's. After your speech yesterday, he ought to know that you and he have nothing in common."

"Just so, my dear," said the bishop; "but I do not wish to offend the man. I wish you would drop him a line for me, and say that I will come if I can, but have another engagement for that evening."

Mrs. Grundy did so accordingly.

The next evening, however, at the Home and Foreign Prayer-Book Society's dinner, the bishop discovered that his brethren of Coventry and Laputa, who were sitting near him, were both going to Mr. Hawthorne's. They pressed him strongly to accompany them, and, as the dinner was over at 9:30, Dr. Grundy thought that he might as well look in at Mr. Hawthorne's for half-an-hour and see what was going on.

There was quite a string of broughams and hansom cabs at the door when they arrived, and as they went up-stairs the bishop heard the sounds of a piano and female voices in the drawing-room.

"Dear me," said Bishop Grundy to Mr. Hawthorne, who was awaiting them on the landing, "I was hardly prepared for this." His lordship was a little shy by nature, and was accustomed to rely on the support of Mrs. Grundy in female society.

"There are only one or two lady friends of my wife's here, who have come to give us a little music," said Mr. Hawthorne; "pray do not mind them. You will find it is quite a bishops' party." And with that he ushered the three new arrivals in and presented them to Mrs. Hawthorne.

The Bishop of Malta looked around him rather nervously when he had paid his compliments to his hostess. He did not feel more comfortable when he discovered that, beside the two ladies at the piano, several others were scattered about the room, while the back drawing-room was quite full of young ladies, with the Bishop of Sadlers Wells gadding about among them like an episcopal butterfly. After this sight it was a relief to Dr. Grundy to find some of his own friends among the dozen or so of prelates who were standing about talking to the ladies. There was the Bishop of California and the Bishop of Botany Bay, and presently, in a distant corner, his lordship detected the ebony complexion and flashing teeth of the Bishop of Ulundi, who appeared to be very much tête-à-tête with a decidedly attractive lady in black lace and diamonds.

"Let me introduce your lordship to my friend, Miss Tottie Simpson," said the voice of Mrs. Hawthorne.

The bishop submitted mechanically. In another moment he found himself seated in a bay-window beside a siren with a bewitching little smile and a pair of eyes which at first made the bishop blush each time they looked at him. Miss Simpson, however, proved to be one of the most agreeable, as well as the most beautiful, ladies the bishop had ever met. She asked him innumerable questions about his diocese and the work of the synod, and presently the good man was telling her all about Malta and the Maltese, and the Carthaginian Mission, and chatting as confidentially as though they had been friends for years.

There was more music, vocal and instrumental. The young ladies in the back drawing-room—Dr. Grundy was quite surprised on a closer inspection to see how young they were, and how comely—came out in a body and sang a lively little chorus, in which Miss Tottie took a part. Some one told the bishop it was out of "Ali Baba," which did not enlighten him much. Then the black-lace lady left the Bishop of Ulundi, and sang a song in Italian, in a style which even Dr. Grundy dimly perceived to be magnificent. Our good bishop was introduced to the black-lace lady, and to several other young ladies, and found them all very chatty and pleasant and deeply interested in church affairs and the work of bishops. Altogether his lordship was having a very agreeable time of it, when he suddenly looked at his watch and found it was ten minutes to twelve. A Cinderella in apron and gaiters could not have got down Mrs. Hawthorne's staircase more expeditiously than did Dr. Grundy on making this discovery.

"Oh, but you mustn't go yet, Grundy," said Mr. Hawthorne, encountering his guest in the hall; "I have got several things to say to you; in fact, I want to have a word with the members of the synod collectively."

"I really can't stop a moment, thank you. Should like to very much, but my wife expected me at ten o'clock."

"Well, I hope you have had a pleasant evening. Did you like that Miss Simpson?"

"A most charming girl," replied the bishop, struggling into his overcoat; "perfectly charming. Who is she?"

"Well, she's a professional dancer. I fancy she is now engaged in the ballet at the opera. My wife could tell you. I am so glad you——"

"You don't mean to tell me, Hawthorne," gasped the bishop. Then a light broke in upon him. "Who were the other women?" he asked, in a very different tone.

"All theatrical people. They belong to our Gospel Players' Guild, you know. Most of the younger ones were chorus or ballet-girls, but there were one or two actresses of higher standing in the room. Miss Kitchen—the one in black lace, who sung last—is the new prima donna, Mme. Schicini, who has just made such a hit at the opera. The truth is, I planned this as a little surprise, Grundy, in the hope of dissipating prejudices which——"

"Upon my word, Hawthorne, I can not compliment you upon the good taste of your joke." (The bishop drew himself up as he spoke and frowned portentously.) "Under your roof, I can hardly say more, nor have I time to discuss the matter. I wish you a very good evening."

With that his lordship stalked majestically off to the cab which had been called for him.

"What on earth makes you so late, Septimus?" asked Mrs. Grundy, as her spouse came in, and there was something in her voice which the good man did not at all like; "where have you been to?"

"To Hawthorne's, my dear."

"Indeed; and what was going on there?"

"Oh, tea and small talk," returned the bishop, evasively.

"And who was there, pray?"

"About twenty members of the synod, I should think." His lordship had a feeling that he would rather defer any allusion to Miss Tottie and the other ladies at present.

"But what have you been doing all this time, Septimus?" persisted the lady.

"Hawthorne wouldn't let us go. He wanted to get up a church and stage discussion, I think; but I left before it came to anything. Excuse me, my dear," added the misguided man, conscious that he was not showing well under cross-examination, "but I have a bad headache and should like to go to bed." And to bed his lordship went, where he dreamed all night that he and Miss Simpson were playing harlequin and columbine, with the Bishop of Ulundi as clown, in a private pantomime at Lambeth Palace.

Some few days after this incident, Mrs. Grundy received one of the most severe shocks she had ever experienced.

"My dear," said the bishop one afternoon, on returning from his Pan-Anglican labors, "a Mr. Oldrury, whom I understand to be a theatrical manager of some eminence, has sent, through the honorary secretaries, an invitation to the entire synod to witness a performance of Italian opera at his theatre."

"Was ever such impudence!" exclaimed Mrs. Grundy.

"No doubt," replied the bishop; and then, after a little hesitation, he added: "The matter was talked over at the rising of the conference and it was agreed that, as a refusal in the name of the synod might expose the church to obloquy, no joint action should be taken, but that individual bishops should be left to accept or not, as they think fit."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Grundy, pursing up her lips.

"Yes, my dear, and—h'm—taking various circumstances into consideration, I have—h'm—purely on public grounds, you understand—h'm—in short, made up my mind to attend."

Mrs. Grundy literally jumped out of her seat.

"*You*, Septimus!" she shrieked, and the shriek was distinctly audible in the basement.

"Yes, Maria," said the bishop, with a deprecatory wave of the hand; "the position I have taken up in relation to the stage makes it important that I should show myself perfectly unprejudiced. I shall let it be publicly known that my purpose in attending this performance is solely to inform my own mind. On the occurrence of any breach of propriety I shall at once leave the building. Those who supported me in the recent debate agree that this is the wisest course. They also intend to be present."

Mrs. Grundy was silenced. Apparently she was also convinced; for, when a week later the Bishop of Malta took his place in the front row of the stalls at the opera-house, strange to relate, Mrs. Grundy was by his side.

Looking around her as soon as her eyes grew accustomed to the unwonted glare, the good woman was much comforted to find in the seats immediately behind her the Bishop of Laputa and his lady. Further down in the same row were to be seen their Lordships of Coventry and Botany Bay, each accompanied by his wife, while in the very centre of the house stood out the burly form and curly locks of the Bishop of Ulundi, who was a single man. Of course there were many more bishops. The house seemed swarming with them—not to mention the lesser ecclesiastical lights which studded the firmament in all directions. The news of such an unusual audience had also drawn a very full attendance of the general public.

All went well till the end of the second act, and, happily, up to then no "breach of propriety" compelled the Bishop of Malta to fulfill his threat of retiring from the scene. At that point, however, some evil spirit had prompted Mr. Oldrury to interpolate a ballet, as though that were the one thing wanting to adapt the opera to the taste of an episcopal audience. Not having studied his programme very closely the Bishop of Malta was quite unaware of the treat in store, until at the end of the act troops of short-skirted damsels suddenly invaded the stage and commenced to pirouette and caper, apropos of nothing. His lordship hardly knew how to act in this terrible emergency. He had a constitutional aversion to creating a scene, and, besides, the movements of the dancers struck him as picturesque and interesting.

"Sit still for the present, Maria," he whispered, in answer to an inquiring glance from his wife; "we need not look."

So Mrs. Grundy thought; but she noticed that the bishop did look all the same, and, an instant later, she saw him start and color crimson. Little did she know the cause. In the front row of the band of coryphées who tripped down to the footlights at that moment his lordship had recognized Miss Tottie Simpson.

"It surpasses the worst I could have imagined, Septimus!" whispered Mrs. Grundy; "look at that dreadful creature in front—painted up to the eyes! Why, what is she doing? I declare the hussy is nodding and laughing at us!"

"Nonsense, Maria; it must be some one behind," said the poor bishop, with a jerk of his shoulder in the direction of his brother of Laputa.

"It is *some one* in this direction," continued the lady; "and I declare that there's another behind her doing it, too."

Mrs. Grundy was right. In the row behind Miss Tottie was another of Mr. Hawthorne's gospel players, who had just recognized the Bishop of Laputa, and bestowed a friendly nod on that young and good-looking prelate.

Bishop Grundy took out his handkerchief and mopped his brow. What would Tottie do next? That was the agonizing thought upon his mind. Would she kiss her hand? Heaven alone could tell what these girls were capable of. His lordship felt the eyes of the whole house (not to mention those of Mrs. Grundy) upon him and Tottie. It was the most awful moment of his life.

"I shall leave the theatre for a moment, Maria," he whispered; "it is worse than I expected. I feel it is—h'm—necessary to make a protest. You had better remain here. I shall return for the last act." With that he arose and made his way out.

It seemed as if all his lordship's party in the synod were only waiting this signal, for simultaneously the Bishops of Laputa, Coventry, Botany Bay, and California rose and left, followed by the ebony prelate of Ulundi, who created a profound impression by treading on the toes of every lady he passed on his way out. The withdrawal of their lordships was, of course, noticed all over the house, and its significance could not be mistaken.

The six dissentient prelates met in the corridor. While they were standing there, up came a gentleman of affable bearing and courteous manners, and introduced himself as Mr. Oldrury. He expressed himself stricken with remorse and dismay that anything in the ballet should have given offense to his guests, and besought their lordships to remain for the rest of the performance.

The bishops murmured that such was their intention.

"I confess I think it a pity that you introduced this dancing business," said the Bishop of Malta, with a mixture of hauteur and condescension; "still, we must not look a gift-horse in the mouth, Mr. Oldrury. On the whole, we are indebted to you for a very agreeable entertainment."

"Delighted to hear it, I am sure," said Mr. Oldrury, in a much more cheerful tone; "now, might I ask if any of your lordships would honor me by taking a peep at our stage and scenic arrangements? I take the liberty of hoping that a moment's personal inspection would correct many misconceptions. Thank you, my lord. This way, please. Mind the steps, gentlemen."

Mr. Oldrury had moved off as he delivered his invitation, and was followed instantly by the Bishop of Ulundi. The example of the black bishop led the others to follow one by one, until Dr. Grundy found himself bringing up the rear of the procession.

* * * * * * *

The curtain had been down some time, and the orchestra were taking their places again for the next act. Mrs. Grundy was looking rather anxiously at the door by which her husband had disappeared, when simultaneously exclamations from several parts of the house called her attention to the stage.

"Look, look," she heard; "the curtain's going up! Something's wrong!"

Something certainly was. The curtain was going up, and—good heavens!—what was it revealing? Left centre—two bishops with two ladies of the ballet. Right centre—two more bishops with two more ladies of the ballet. Up the stage, centre, one bishop (my lord of Malta) in conversation with one lady of the ballet (Miss Tottie Simpson). In the extreme distance a negro bishop tête-à-tête with Cherubino (Mme. Schicini). It was all over in a quarter the time it takes to tell. There was a wild shriek on the stage. In an instant fleshings and gaiters scuttled wildly away in different directions. Then down came the curtain again amid one of the most spontaneous roars of laughter ever heard in a theatre, and Mrs. Grundy was seen to rise from her seat and rush wildly out of the auditorium.

* * * * * * *

There were six empty chairs at the Lambeth Conference next morning. Within a few hours six ladies, each attended by a bishop, might have been observed leaving London en route for various portions of the globe.—*London Truth.*

The dramatic editor of the Brooklyn *Eagle* deserves credit for being first in the field with a paragraph on Gilbert and Sullivan's next opera. He says it is to deal with America, and goes so far as to state that it is to be called "The Puritan Maid."

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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One of the embarrassments attending greatness is the necessity of pretending to be modest and avoiding as much as possible the display of those qualities which have given fame, lest their too frequent airing gives occasion for jealousies and subjects the humble possessor of an eminent name to the unjust suspicion of being solicitous of notoriety. When Columbus or Amerigo Vespucci were called before a special committee of the Spanish lords and legislators, in the old capital of Valladolid, to answer questions in reference to their services in discovering a continent, had they undertaken to describe such countries as Columbia or America with a view to fixing in doubloons, honorary titles, or landed estates the value of their discoveries, they would have been embarrassed to keep the gold of placers, the sparkling jewels of the mines, the gorgeous foliage of tropical trees, or the splendid plumage of tropical birds distinct from their glorious achievements of navigation or their inglorious conflicts with barbarians in planting the banner of the cross and fertilizing it with the prayers of priests and the blood of natives. If the conqueror of the world, who wept for the want of other nations to conquer, had corresponded from Alexandria to the *Weekly Argonaut* of Macedonia, giving account of the splendid resources of Egypt or the fertility of the Nile, which in seasons of generous inundation gave to the Roman world overflowing granaries, he could hardly have kept from his narrative the glories of the city he had founded and to which he had given his own illustrious name. We have just returned from Pixley, the growing metropolis of the splendid valley of the San Joaquin. If our readers will indulge us in prophesying its future magnificence as indicated by its present progress, if from the fact of its one hotel, one warehouse, one school-house, one store, two blacksmith-shops, three two-story brick blocks in process of construction, its lines of railroad—drawn on paper—converging there as to a common centre, its one Chinese wash-house, its one real-estate office, and its three private dwellings, we may venture to suggest that, in the future, it is destined to rival Alexandria, Petersburg, Philippopolis, and other great emporiums and capitals that have taken their names from distinguished generals and men of royal lines, from discoverers and conquerors, we will spare our readers any further reflections connecting ourself with the name of the city—that is to be—and confine ourself to a description of the great valley and coming empire, whose metropolis it is destined to become and whose geographical centre it really is. It is a good season to visit the San Joaquin Valley, or any other valley of California, and a good time of the year. This incomparable valley has just passed two dry seasons, and is now in the enjoyment, so far, of the best and most promising rainy winter it has had in the last forty years; hence it is our advice to our associates in the journalistic line to whoop up immigration, and for our friends, the land-auctioneers, to make ready their auction sales of country lands; this is the time of the year to sell villa lots and lay out suburban towns and write gorgeous descriptions of country residences; this is the time for the lead-pencil to do its most effective work, to figure out fortunes on paper by planting vines, olives, fruits of all descriptions, nuts, and berries, and to explain the profits of silk culture, and the production of raisins, and the delights of our unexceptionable climate; now is the time for our transportation companies to get up excursions to California, and for our real-estate brokers to gather the one-lunged Eastern tourist, the school-master that is abroad for vacation, take them into the beautiful valleys of our interior, stand them upon the banks of purling rivulets, under the shadow of umbrageous oaks, to look out through the misty fogs over the green lawns of grassy plains, and lie to them; tell them that our streams are constant and do not get so dry in summer that beefsteaks may be broiled on their gravelly beds; that the plains do not get brown and dusty, and that in some years they are so devoid of grass that the stock die of hunger and that the jackass-rabbit is driven to the closest economies to maintain his long-eared little ones; that it requires three or four years to grow peaches, six years to grow oranges, and eight years to grow olives; that wine-making and raisin-culture must be in inclosed fields, with cuttings and young trees irrigated; that cottages are manufactured out of lumber that comes from the saw-mill and the forest at extravagant prices, and that every thing that is done, every improvement that is made, costs labor; that labor lives not on pomegranates and olives, it eats corned-beef and cabbage, sleeps under a hayrick, and, while it is always available to build ornamental cottages and embower them in vines, it demands large payment. This is a country in which no man toils for pleasure, or works because labor is honorable; men work for money; hence, those that come to California for a home must come prepared to work themselves or bring money to pay for every hour's labor they receive. California is a land of illusions and delusions; it gives nothing for sentiment, it refuses nothing to honest and well-directed toil. Its lands—all through its beautiful valleys, all over its extensive plains, all along its foot-hills, and clear to the summit of its lesser heights—are clothed with productive soils; its great valleys of the Sacramento and San Joaquin are the seats of a future empire; the climate is fit for the gods that have money to build the proper houses. California is the rich man's paradise, and it is the home for industrious temperate toilers who are content to work and willing to economize. Lands are cheap and water is dear. Land without water is valueless, and with water in abundant supply there is no end to the resources of the soil, there is no limit to the variety it may produce. There is no State in the American Union where so luxurious and comfortable a life may be passed as in the State of California, and there is no place in the world where hardships are more unendurable. In the future, society will be divided into two classes—the class now wealthy, cultured, careless, and improvident is not the one to survive, and not the one which, in the coming generations, will stand first in the social rank. Many of the Eastern tourists who have come to California upon the crest of the excursion tidal-wave, bringing with them comfortable means sufficient to have anchored them in safe harbors, have been swindled by a band of most knavish speculators, whom we are glad to be able to assert they brought along with them; they came to the southern part of our State—which is not the best part and not in any sense the most desirable for residence—and began to gamble with each other. They sent valueless desert and unwatered lands to fabulous prices; their imaginations were played upon by the shrewd and unscrupulous Yankee bankers of their own excursion parties, till they were made to believe that an orange-grove was a fortune. Los Angeles is an ancient and beautiful village; San Diego is a perfect and valuable harbor; San Bernardino is a most fruitful and lovely valley; but in the three counties of Los Angeles, San Diego, and San Bernardino there are more worthless lands, more barren hills, more absolute deserts than in any country we have ever visited. The place where the Coronado Hotel is located is on the waters of a lovely bay, beside a beautiful ocean, where the sea breezes are balmy and the climate is perfection, and where the resident will in three months die of ennui, unless he can return to the delights of a New England winter, the pleasures of an Eastern snow-storm, the cheerful exchange for a Northern blizzard, or a Western cyclone. The comforts of life come from the social, the literary, the scientific, and not from gazing upon the placid waters of an expansive sea, or being fanned with breezes laden with perfumes. Human nature is barbarism in the harness of civilization; it can not endure the luxuries of life; it can not live on pomegranates; it can not survive by feeding on the imagination; it requires coarse bread and fried baçon, and must have an opportunity of occasional combat and the hope of killing somebody. In the California climate, luxurious civilization is short-lived, and hence it is that our wealthy classes must expect to give way to the enervation of idleness and the decay arising from the inactivity of a luxurious race. They will be succeeded by the descendants of those argonauts who are now poor toilers in our great valleys. We have been a long time getting around to the point of saying that in the valley of the San Joaquin, in the valley of the Sacramento, and in the northern parts of California, and along the coast line from the Oregon to the Mexican borders, and away back to the Sierras that reach from the northern to the southern line, are most attractive and valuable of lands for sale at the lowest possible prices. Lands are cheaper in California than in any other part of the United States. Compared with the population that California can maintain, she is uninhabited. Our State can support millions where now she has hundreds of thousands. We do not desire any immigration from Europe or Asia, and, if we could have our own way, no immigrant from any foreign land should be urged by inducements to take residence in this State; we would keep its ultimate acre for Americans born in America. When we recall the contemptuous upturning of Eastern noses at early Californians for not discovering the financial possibilities of Pasadena, Pomona, and the other staked cities of the southern plains, which they found out before visiting the other portions of the State, we have no apologies to make. They were self-deceived, they brought their roulette-table with them, they spun the ball themselves, and fed and fattened upon each other. The Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railroad, which bought and built southern towns and got rich enough from building them to float bonds in Boston for their construction, had its harvest time in the planting of the crop. Every town and locality that had its boom, is now undergoing reaction. All unnatural forcing of immigration to give artificial values to

property is unhealthy and undesirable, and is certain to lead to corresponding depression and to corresponding reduction of values. Southern California is in deep distress, and any attempt upon the part of the press, or mortgage creditors, or speculators to deny it with statistics of buildings in process of construction, or by any other procession of figures, is in vain. The southern boom has injured the State, and the sooner our press, our immigration societies, our companies interested in transportation, and our real-estate speculators realize the fact that it is better to tell the truth about California than to lie about it, the better it will be for the State and for those who immigrate to it. The tourists are very few this winter and we are glad of it; those who anticipated a boom are going to be disappointed. In the counties of Tulare and Kern there has been no boom, no speculation in lands, lands have not declined in value, and are now held at low prices. Town lots can be purchased from Stockton to the foot of the Tehachapi Mountains, in any of the towns of Modesto, Merced, Madera, Fresno, Tulare, Pixley, Delano, Poso, Lerdo, or Bakersfield at low prices, and where they can not be thus purchased it is evidenced that the town property is held by speculators. A forced sale of town lots, in a paper city, by a speculative firm of real-estate gamblers, is a circumstance that should be regarded with suspicion. When a town is placed within the surroundings of a good territory, its lots are presumably safe to purchase. While there are hundreds of towns in which to invest in California, in no one of them is the venture so certain to bring remunerative returns as in the city of San Francisco. Lands judiciously purchased, where water can be obtained, are good investments in any part of California, and to no class are they so safe as to those who desire to live upon and till them. There is going to be no considerable speculative excitement over landed or town property, in our judgment, this winter in any portion of the State; there is a healthful immigration now gradually spreading itself throughout California of the middle agricultural class, desirous of procuring cheap lands for homes. Lands of the very best quality can be purchased in every county of the State—not under the curse of a speculative conspiracy for land swindling—at very low prices. Twenty-five dollars per acre we regard as a high price to pay for the best unimproved lands that are well watered, and we are confident that for half that price desirable land may be acquired in the northern, and central, and coast counties. But no farmer should come to California and invest in lands till he has given the particular locality where he intends to locate a thorough and careful scrutiny.

The Sacramento *Record-Union* reads the *Argonaut* a scolding lecture, because it finds no reasonable excuse for the appropriation of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars by the legislature of California for an exhibition of its productions in London. We may admit that the Sacramento journal occupies the higher level of debate when it assumes that the enterprise is undertaken for the general good, and is managed by public-spirited gentlemen through State pride and for disinterested and unselfish motives. If the facts justify the position assumed by the *Record-Union*, and the gentlemen who have been most active in promoting the scheme are as unselfish and disinterested as the *Record-Union* asserts, then we have still the right to consider the policy of taking money from the treasury of the State for the purpose required. If we may expend money for an exhibition in London, why not at Paris, Berlin, Copenhagen, Brussels, Rome, Vienna, St. Petersburg, and Dublin? If we may promote the interests of producers and the merchants by foreign exhibitions, why not do the same thing for mechanics, inventors, manufacturers, and for all other classes that could be advantaged by similar efforts and like expenditure? If it is legitimate—we will not say honest—to promote the business enterprise of the vine-grower and fruit-canner, then what legitimate industry ought not to be encouraged by the same assistance? If this is anything more than a scheme of advertising for the benefit of a limited class, we do not see it quite clearly. A great national exhibition like the original World's Fair at London, like the great Centennial at Philadelphia, like the International Exposition now called for Paris, might justify the expenditure of public effort and public money to make exhibition of our products and make known the peculiar merits of our productions. This might be justified as a matter of State pride and universal interest, but we do not compare such international expositions where the people of all nations meet to display the productions of their native land, to look upon the products of other countries, and to bear away the observation of other men's inventions and ingenious devices to produce profitable results. If we have done Mr. David Lubin, of Sacramento, who we understand is not in any sense a producer, or in the larger sense a merchant, or if we have questioned the disinterestedness of any of the gentlemen whose signatures to a petition have been *procured* through solicitation and canvass, or improperly impugned the motives of anybody engaged in stirring up this beneficent and public-spirited scheme, we hope the result of our efforts may only awaken our legislators to a more earnest investigation and our governor to a more careful consideration of the proposed bill to appropriate two hundred and fifty thousand dollars of the people's taxes to send a handful of merchandise and a commission of small traders to London. We regard the whole matter as the "job" of a small band of very small men, to give them a foreign jaunt, and brief notice at the expense of the tax-paying fools who stay at home. We are just the least bit suspicious of all public enterprises, and all public charities, and all public schemes that depend upon the treasury of the State. If the men who furnish the brains, the energy, and the tongue-labor to carry out the idea of exhibiting California productions in a London market would also furnish the money, the *Argonaut* would cheerfully give them free advertising. The *Record-Union*, after criticising the "unworthy and unpardonable" spirit in which the *Argonaut* discusses the enterprise of creating a market in London for California productions, attributes it to the "ignorance" of the writer, and in a very ingenious manner interweaves into his argument favoring the London exhibition a compliment to two very worthy citizens of San Francisco. Mr. John P. Irish is accredited with far-seeing wisdom in sustaining the speculative adventure of certain prominent members of the mercantile community for whom he advertises. Somehow, by a system of logical demonstration—which only one man in California could have written—Governor Stanford and his splendid gift of a university is dragged into the discussion, not to illustrate the importance of learning, nor to give honor to the donor for the munificence of his gift, but for the purpose of roasting and skinning the old chestnut, that money properly expended for education of the masses returns to the treasury through muscles made dextrous by education and minds made capable by study. No one doubts or questions this proposition. Lands in California are to be enhanced in value through accessible and competing markets, says this most adventurous explorer into the dark continent of political economy. No one doubts or questions this proposition. That the wines and canned fruits of California will attain higher prices in better markets no one doubts and no one questions. Everybody applauds and honors Governor Stanford, because, in recognizing the importance of learning, he has poured out his own millions for its accomplishment. If Senator Stanford had imitated Mr. David Lubin, of the retail store of Weinstock & Lubin, of Sacramento, agents for a pulverizer and clod-crusher, and had busied himself to draw money from the State treasury to found his college of learning, would his "enterprise" be comparable to this squirming, corkscrew, angle-worm business of gopbering the State treasury for coin? We favor the London Exhibition; we favor enterprise; we know that the better our State is understood, and the better its soils, climate, and productions are appreciated abroad, the more rapidly will it advance in population and material wealth. This is not the point of discussion, and the gentleman who assaulted the *Argonaut* in the *Record-Union* knows it. The question is simply whether the State treasury should be made to sweat money in order to send such men as Mr. David Lubin and his enterprising co-conspirators on a jaunting tour to Europe for the purpose of making California's resources known. Why not send a commission to represent the mining interests, the forests, the ship-building, and to advertise Mr. John P. Irish's and Mr. W. H. Mills's newspapers, or Mr. David Lubin's pulverizer and clod-crusher, or any other of the most excellent private enterprises with which these gentlemen are, or have been, or are likely to be connected?

The sheet-anchors of a free republican government are freedom of speech and freedom of the press; but liberty of conscience and liberty of thought would be of but little value if unaccompanied by the liberty of utterance and the freedom of expression. Just what the political doctrine of "anarchy" may be, or by just what particular mode the anarchist proposes to accomplish results, we do not understand. Perhaps they are desirable and perhaps they are not; perhaps they are founded in philosophy, high intelligence, humanity, and the most admirable principles of political economy, perhaps they are not. We must permit the leaders of this party and the teachers of this faith to present their views to our intelligence before we condemn them; we can not permit a judicial or executive censorship to come between anarchists and intelligent citizens to silence the argument when being made. All we have the right to demand in the name of organized government is, that it shall proceed to no illegal extremities, nor take one unlawful step in an illegal direction. Anarchists who talk and write in reason may be heard; anarchists who throw bombs must be hanged. We know of no reason why a policeman should have greater authority to prevent an anarchist band from talking than a Methodist camp-meeting from praying. We do not regard socialists as any more or less responsible for utterances than Roman Catholics or Mormons, and we would be just as jealous of a church as a political organization if it took a step in the direction of subverting the law, and we would punish with equal impartiality and severity all illegal acts by whomsoever done. Let the anarchists and socialists of Chicago know that they are at liberty to advocate any political measure however absurd, but that they can not perform any illegal act however rational. Hence, we are glad to be informed of the decision of Judge Tuly of the circuit court of Illinois, restraining the Chicago police from improper intermeddling with the meetings of the Arbiter Bund.

The *St. James's Gazette* says: "It looks very much as though the Irish 'Plan of Campaign' was as dead as a door-nail." "The policy of Balfour," which is nothing more than the "policy" of enforcing the laws of property, suppressing crime, maintaining order, and executing the authority of the English courts and the parliamentary law of the British Empire in Ireland, is being carried out. Mr. Edward Harrington and Mr. Finucane, members of Parliament, the mayor of Dublin, Roman Catholic priests, and all the riffraff of demagogy—from Roman bishops to the most ignorant and bigoted layman, from the member of Parliament and lord mayor of an Irish city to the noisiest of criminals—are punished by imprisonment at hard labor in county jails for violation of laws. Only this and nothing more. The policy of Balfour is succeeding. Anti-rent and boycott conspiracies under countenance of the land league are breaking up. On the Spencer estate, in Kildare, the "Plan of Campaign" has broken down; tenants have paid their two years' rent in full. Limerick victualers are buying cattle reared on evicted farms. Crime is diminishing in Ireland, as it does elsewhere where the law is enforced, and Mr. Balfour, the bravest of public men, has had the courage to do his duty in the face of threats. The Union ministry under the premiership of the Marquis of Salisbury and the leadership of Lord Hartington is fully maintained. Scotch Protestantism and the liberal non-conformists of Ireland and England are becoming alarmed at the insolence of Papal pretensions. The late elections in England indicate the strengthening growth of the anti-Gladstone party. The *Times's* special commission is burrowing to the very depths of the Irish conspiracy and exposing a system of most infamous and cowardly crimes, and it really looks now as though in the contest between the British Empire and the Roman hierarchy in Ireland that the empire would survive. What are the rights of Irish landlords, and what the rights of Irish tenants, it is not profitable for us to discuss, or allow to be discussed, in the *Argonaut*. We think the acts of an English Parliament are the law in Ireland. We have the fullest confidence in the Irish courts and the Irish judges, for scarcely any of them have been established or appointed in Mr. Balfour's time or by the present administration. We do not hate all criminals, but we do hate all who endeavor to avoid paying their honest debts by assassination of landlords from behind hedges, or by the mutilation of dumb beasts. We hate cowardice and assassination more than we do rebellion against authority, and we are glad to think that the Irish rebellion against the rights of property is being crushed. We are helping to prevent its victory in Ireland lest it should, in its arrogance, transport itself to America.

Colonel Oates, member of Congress from Alabama, favors the disfranchisement of the negro. So do many intelligent men at the North, not because the negro is black, but because he is ignorant. The people of the South made a mistake to rebel; the Republican party of the North made a mistake, not when it gave freedom, but when it gave votes to the manumitted slave. It is unendurable for an intelligent people to fall under the misrule of ignorance. It is harder when the one race is white and the other black, when the white race has once owned the black. Slavery had its evils, its crimes, and its disadvantages, it had its benefits, its good, and its moral and social advantages. The war is over and should be ended. If Colonel Oates, of Alabama, could disfranchise all the ignorance, bigotry, and crime, all the idleness, profligacy, and treason of all the country, North and South, white and black, it would be better; it would be well; it would preserve the life of the republic; it would make the American Union immortal; it would make the nation prosperous and all its people content. Negroes, as a race, do not appreciate the ballot, nor comprehend its value, nor understand the practical use they can make of it. The negro, as a rule, looks upon the ballot as merchandise, worth three dollars. Negro votes are purchasable in San Francisco for five dollars. What they are worth at the South, where the market is overstocked, we do not know. There are floaters in New York and Indiana, and in "Tar Flat," and "Barbary Coast," and they are white. Tammany is white. The Roman Catholic vote in Boston is white, and their votes are for sale, not because they are white but because their owners are ignorant of their value and the uses to which they may be put. The negro question is to become in the future of our country more important than it has been in the past. Three millions

of slaves cost us a civil war. Six millions of enfranchised Africans returning to the Congo type, growing blacker and more kinky-haired in freedom, multiplying faster than the white race, with race prejudices intensifying, and murderous collisions multiplying—there are perilous times ahead. The race conflict approaches. Whether the African shall continue to be regarded as an equal and clad in the garments of sovereignty, armed and panoplied with full electoral privileges, is a question that must be met and considered. There are troublesome complications in the consideration of the question of immigration. We are being invaded by pauperism and crime from Europe, by barbarism from Asia, and we have planted upon our soil captives of war snatched from Africa—a population now numbering six millions of black people. Shall we leave ajar the gates at Castle Garden? Shall we throw wide open the Golden Gate? What shall we do with the Africans to whom we have given homes and Christian civilization? How shall we undo the wrong perpetrated upon the American Indian? These are questions for statesmen to consider. If Colonel Oates, of Alabama, should happen to see this notice of his work, perhaps he will permit us to say, there are many persons of the highest intelligence, the broadest humanity, and the purest patriotism, who regard with favor his endeavor to correct the mistake of Northern loyalty by disfranchising the ignorant blacks of the South.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Chinese Question.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: We are witnessing the beginning of the fourth act in the Chinese comedy. The first act covered the period of gold washing, when a Chinaman meant a rival digger and the other diggers wanted him out so as to grab his claim. In the second act, which covered the period of good-feeling, a reaction from the prejudices of 1849–59 combined with the Burlingame policy to set John on his legs, very much to his own and to our satisfaction. The third act grew out of the depression caused by the exhaustion of the Comstock; John was as good a scapegoat as any, and agitators gave hungry workmen something to occupy their minds by proposing a mock election, at which the people of California were asked to decide whether they would divide the labor market with John or keep it all for themselves. We are now spectators of the first scene in the fourth act, which opens with the inevitable reaction from the stupidities of 1878–9 and the brutalities of the past ten years.

When Harrison carried this State without losing a vote by reason of his enlightened views on Chinese immigration, it became evident, first, that the pretended antipathy of Californians to Chinamen was insincere; and, secondly, that it was a mere question of time when the real sentiment of the State would make itself felt. The *Examiner* realized the situation, and published a series of interviews with fruit-growers denouncing the policy of Chinese exclusion. If there had been any real hatred of the Chinese or any real dread of the effects of their coming, the paper would probably have been boycotted, its office would have been mobbed, and its owner and editor maltreated. That so much was feared may be inferred from the ludicrous contortions with which the editor has tried to explain that he is not as sensible as he appears to be, likewise from the droll reservation with which the planters qualify their demand for Chinese labor by an expression of their personal aversion to John. But in fact the *Examiner's* course has roused no feeling, created no alarm. So far as appears, it has involved no loss of either subscribers or advertisements, though rivals have labored to show that the sheet is a public enemy, requiring chastisement.

The only people who appear to be distressed at the possibility of the repeal of the Scott Act and of the revival, on a limited scale, of Chinese immigration, are such professional agitators as Messrs. Hoffmeyer, McGlynn, and Raabe—Mr. Roney is not among them this time, owing to circumstances beyond his control. These gentlemen, together with certain writers in the *Call* and *Bulletin*, are alarmed lest the pure and undefiled strain of blood which flows in our veins should be polluted by Mongolian adulteration. Mr. Denis Kearney is likewise of their mind, as he explains nightly to audiences far smaller than the orator's virtues should attract. Dr. O'Donnell has also stolen a few moments from his practice to denounce, in his classic style, the citizens who are trying to solve one of the hardest problems of the day; and Mr. Buckley's legislature, realizing that the Irish have votes, while the Chinese have not, abounds in his sense. But the rank and file of working-men in this city appear to be indifferent on the subject. No meeting has been called to protest against the course of the *Examiner;* articles denouncing it have fallen flat; nobody seems to care one straw whether the Chinese are admitted or not, except the professional agitators above mentioned.

Now, the latter are not only opposed to Chinese immigration, but they are opposed to all immigration. Time and time again that precious body, the Council of the Federated Trades, has passed resolutions falsely declaring that the labor market was overstocked, the object being to prevent Eastern mechanics from coming here, and so to maintain a monopoly of the labor market for the workmen who are here now. Thus the opposition of the labor agitators to Chinese immigration is simply selfish, and is entitled to no more consideration than any other selfish appeal. If we were receiving a thousand mechanics every ten days from the East, Hoffmeyer, McGlynn & Co. would probably show us that the migration would prove fatal to our prosperity and our morals, and that we ought to have an exclusion act against New York and New England. They are opposed to the Chinaman, not, as they falsely pretend, because he is a heathen and will not assimilate, but because he is a man and works for his living, and so divides the employment field with the members of the unions which they represent. If, of course, there is no interest to be considered but the interest of the mechanic who works with his hands, then perhaps we ought to listen to the spokesmen of the Federated Trades; but if theirs is only one interest, and the merchant, the builder, the manufacturer, the ship-owner, the railroad owner, the professional man, the planter, the industrial, and the tradesman likewise have interests which are entitled to be considered, then the vote of Hoffmeyer, McGlynn & Co. is only one vote among many—a minority vote against a majority.

An opinion appears to prevail that there is no need of Chinese labor here, because an abundant supply of white labor will come from the East if it is needed. All that can be said on this head is that it does not come. Perhaps the distance is too great; perhaps railroad fares are too high; perhaps denizens of the Atlantic States are afraid of going so far afield as the Pacific; whatever the reason may be, certain it is that the labor does not come. This winter the planters could consume twenty-five per cent. more labor than they did last; the railroads made every preparation for a heavy winter and spring business; it has not materialized, though the foreign immigration at Atlantic seaports was unusually large last year, and the Eastern labor markets contain the usual surplus. The flow of white labor to the Pacific Coast is not increasing in the very least, and it is ludicrously inadequate to supply the demand for labor from an industry which is growing at the rate of more than twenty-five per cent. per year. Complete statistics of Eastern immigration are kept at the office of the Southern Pacific; they know at Fourth and Townsend precisely how many laborers came to this State in every month for several years. An examination of the figures establishes two facts: first, that with the present supply of labor we have reached the limit of the fruit-productiveness of the State—if any more fruit is grown it will be lost for want of labor to pick it; and, second, that the course of the Western migration justifies no hope that it is going to increase. We can count on so many laborers from the East and no more.

It is not generally accounted the part of wisdom to attempt the impossible. People who have tried to prevent water running down hill have rarely succeeded. Here are two countries facing each other, with an ocean flowing between them, the one with a surplus of labor which causes it to be worth fifteen cents a day, the other with a scarcity of labor which causes it to be worth one dollar and fifty cents a day. In twenty-five days, at a cost of forty dollars or less, laborers can be ferried from the fifteen-cent country to the dollar-and-a-half country. Is there any chance that the transfusion can be prevented by law? Suppose we make a law that the Sacramento shall not flow to the ocean, and that the trade wind shall not blow in July or August; would this be less rational than a law which says that the value of labor on the two sides of the Pacific shall not tend to equalize itself? Is there a single instance in all history where any government, however powerful and despotic, defeated a law of nature and a law of trade by statute or decree? Perhaps the most striking example of the failure of laws to defeat natural tendencies is to be found in the history of this very Chinese agitation. Years ago, when the Chinese began to emigrate to Java, the Hollanders, under the lead of some Dutch Denis Kearney, undertook to stop the immigration by summary methods. They declared that any Chinaman landing in Java should lose his head. And this was no idle threat. The law was carried out, and lots of Chinese heads with pigtails attached were rolled into the water at Batavia. But it had no effect on Chinese immigration. The almond-eyed Mongol kept coming all the same, with his smile that was childlike and bland; for one who lost his head, three crept through the picket line, and, after a time, the Dutch wearied of trying to keep out so irrepressible an invader. The Chinese are now valued citizens of Java; certain industries, such as livery-stable keeping, have fallen into their hands; with the others they do not meddle. They have freely intermarried with the Dutch and the half-breeds.

If the continued exclusion of Chinamen involved no worse consequences than loss of fruit and depreciation of property, it might be borne, for property can always be replaced and lost money can always be regained. But the fallacy to which we have been wedded has demoralized the public mind, and this is a calamity which is not easily cured. For many years it has been an axiom that no politician of either faith could expect preferment unless he pandered to a mean and vile prejudice against Chinamen, and hence it has come about that men of learning and principle like John F. Swift have debased themselves to the level of the cheapest demagogues, and have made the world wonder that a community like this should be led by such shallow and contemptible time-servers. Just as at the South before the war, the ablest and purest public men were compelled by their surroundings to stultify themselves by a defense of an institution against which every humane instinct revolted, so here, the disastrous vote of 1879 against Chinese immigration has laid such a stress on our public men that they have felt bound to profess sentiments which were disgraceful to Americans and abhorrent to the moral sense of the civilized world. The thing was carried to such a length last fall that it was openly proclaimed and believed throughout the East that the vote of California was only to be secured by the avowal of opinions which Washington would have scorned, Jefferson would have scouted, and Lincoln would have loathed.

An acute writer, discussing this curious anomaly, lays the blame on the San Francisco press. This view may involve injustice to the editors. The journals of this city, as a rule, have not reached that stage in their career where they proceed by the deductive method; the inductive method still commends itself to their approval as the safest. Experience has taught them that deference to prejudice and applause of ignorance are likely to yield better fruits in the way of public patronage than devotion to principle; they see more profit in fawning than in attempting to instruct. The tremendous mistake which they made last fall in their estimate of public opinion may possibly teach them that it will be politic as well as manly hereafter to be guided more by their own sense of right, and less by their notions of what their readers would like.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 14, 1889. B.

Unrestricted Immigration.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The recalcitrant Knight of Labor, Thomas Barry, said, in denouncing the order, that the knights are too largely composed of Irish and Americans. Why the latter are objected to he does not make clear. Mr. Barry, who was born of Irish parents, but in the United States, would have declared himself more to the purpose if he had said that the decaying order was too largely composed of Irish, Irish-Americans, and other foreign races. Mr. Barry, who is of the "rule or ruin" stripe characteristic of the entire Irish race, very well knows that at the present time not one in ten of the active members of the Knights of Labor is an American representing the second generation in this country. It is because of the overwhelming excess of the bog-trotting Irish, socialistic Germans, cringing Slavs, and the like, that the Order of the Knights of Labor is rapidly disintegrating. The order never had any definite purpose in the social evolution except to create riot, breed disaster, and provoke bloodshed—never rose to the dignity of autonomy, and now that riot may not be indulged in, it is feeding upon its own carcass. It would have been different under American rule.

The question of the invasion of foreigners leads to a pretty dilemma in which labor now finds itself. The shibboleth of the trades-unions and other labor organizations from the beginning has been the "brotherhood of man." This keynote was followed by Victor Hugo when he telegraphed to the Internationals his famous "Salut et Fraternité." This principle is the basis of every labor organization in the land. The organizations of labor, particularly those of skilled workmen, have gradually awakened to the fact that they have a veritable old man of the sea on their backs in the "brotherhood" fallacy with the fierce competition of labor—the mighty iron law of wages. The bolder of the trades-unions have lately dared to foreswear the tradition and principle of universality. Here is what a powerful union, the glass-workers, has just declared:

"What the wage-earners now demand is unbreakable legislation that will close from our ports all except those who come honestly and naturally, with a determination to become citizens. Of such a class there are plenty without stimulating emigration by advertising in Europe for a degrading, debauching, labor-destroying element, whose lives, habits, and language are alien to the American people. The representatives of labor should unite in one voice demanding the absolute exclusion of these continental Chinese. The gates at the Pacific no longer swing inward to the degraded classes from China, and there is no reason why the gates at Castle Garden should longer remain open to an equally degraded class of Hungarians, Poles, and Italians."

The glass-workers meet the question but half way. The argument is destroyed when it is attempted to draw the line governing immigration by nationalities. The question as an economic one hinges upon the desirability of the immigrant, no matter from whence he comes. So far as the good of the republic is concerned, it is doubtful, when the immigrants belong to the proletariat, if the German swollen with socialistic doctrines, the turbulent Irishman wedded to the Romish Church, and the Englishman who leaves his head and heart at home and brings only his stomach here, are more desirable additions than the groveling Slav. The first three may smell a little sweeter than the latter, but they will be even more ready than he to subvert American institutions to their several idiosyncrasies. Their environment has been less degrading than his perhaps, but they are not a whit more capable of or desirous of adapting themselves to the American plan than he. Complete amalgamation with the body politic is the sequence of a high order of immigration. To benefit the republic the immigrant should come with all the requirements that constitute a good citizen, and should come to stay. With this class of incomers, and their number limited, patriotism may not become an extinct virtue among us, and our children may in time rule the land of their birth.

The importation of pauper labor into the United States has already become, not only a crying evil, but a curse. While this riffraff of immigration includes a large representation from Southern and Western Europe, it also includes an equal number of undesirable immigrants from Germany, England, and the Emerald Isle—characterized by respective localities as socialistic, brutal, and lazy. Too ignorant to understand the plan of the republic, and too biased to unreservedly adopt its provisions, they are a constant menace to free institutions, or at the best a disturbing element. They are a more dangerous element than the more debased Slavonic increment because they are less amenable to proper restraint.

Somewhat over a year ago, Superintendent Jackson, of Castle Garden, told the writer that the English Government was renewing an old practice of sending her refuse humanity to these shores, and that magistrates there were suspending sentence on pauper criminals on the condition that they emigrated to the United States. He also revealed the fact that the laws afford ample protection against the incoming of this criminal class of immigrants, but are wholly inadequate to arrest the overwhelming arrivals of pauper immigrants. Under this loose system, immigration to these shores has increased to startling proportions, and has been drawn from the very dregs of British and continental populations. In the decade ending with the last fiscal year Chinese immigration dwindled from a little over seven per cent. of the whole to comparatively nothing, while pauper immigration from Great Britain and continental Europe increased from eleven per cent. to twenty-four per cent. of the whole. In other words, the falling off of alien immigration from China has been more than replaced by a class no better, so far as the needs of the republic are concerned, than the Chinese. In ten years, the total immigration from all parts of the world to the United States has increased forty-two per cent. Since the founding of the national government the population of the United States has been increased fifteen millions by direct immigration. New York city is a striking example of the growth of immigration. According to the Malthusian, or geometrical, theory of natural increase, the population of New York city would now be only about one hundred and fifty thousand. As it is over one million and a half the great gain of one million and a third is due to interstate and foreign immigration, and nearly one million of these immigrants were aliens. The Irish influx into the New England cities has leavened the entire population to the extent that, taking Boston, for instance, you scarcely meet in a day's travel with any but an Irish or Irish-American face. New York is run by the Irish. In Chicago and other large cities of the Union, the foreign aspect of the populations is most noticeable, and the alien races are in the ascendancy.

There would be little cause for complaint because of the above conditions, if the status of the immigrants was on a plane with that of the average native-born citizen. But it is not. The fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man is a beautiful theoretical proposition, but as practically applied to immigration, breeds a thousand ills. For the sake of a sentiment, to make the United States the asylum for the outcast poor and the criminals of the whole world may be all right from the standpoint of the humanitarian, but it is against all sound ethics of public economy. The humanist is always more or less of a Pagan, and practical politics are too ignoble for his excited fancy and philanthropy. The labor market is overstocked and the wage-earner is ever throttled by the fierce competition of the pauper alien. The jails and charitable institutions of the country are filled to overflowing and more are being built.

The Ford Committee Bill, now being discussed, makes it a criminal offense for immigrants of proscribed classes to enter the United States. It also requires intending immigrants to give notice to the United States consular officers of their intention to come to this country, and it will require them to secure immigration certificates as an essential prerequisite to their landing at any port of the United States. This is good, so far as it goes; but the total number of immigrants allowed to land yearly should be determined by law and the number be regulated by the development of industries and the competition of labor. The government has no more land to give away to aliens and a very little left to give to those at home.

As to Irish immigrants, God knows we have enough of them. It has been said that Ireland is the mother of the world; but why shou'd Americans be subsidized to support her progeny, be overwhelmed by her fecundity? Shut out the Irish! shut out the Germans! shut out the Slavs! shut out all nationalities if it be necessary to strengthen the republic and perpetuate American institutions! AMERICUS.

LOS ANGELES, January 14, 1889.

Is Murchison a Traitor?

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Now that the identity of Murchison, the author of the famous, or rather infamous, Sackville-West letter, stands revealed, the question arises: Does not the text of his letter to the British Minister lay him open to the charge of treason? I hold that the tone of his letter from beginning to end is treasonable, and that he has attempted to betray the country of his adoption, and stands before the country a self-confessed traitor. He begins his letter by saying: "The duties of those voters who are of English-birth, but still consider England the motherland, constitute the apology I offer for intruding." Now, what is the duty of a voter of English-birth? Is it to the land of his adoption, to which he has sworn allegiance, or is it to the land of his birth, which by that act of allegiance he has renounced? We will see before we get through that he considers his first duty to be to England, his "motherland," and that his act of naturalization is but a self-confessed subterfuge to aid him in the expressed purpose of furthering the interests of that motherland. Hear what he says: "Many English citizens have for years refrained from being naturalized, as they thought no good would accrue from the act." No good to whom or what? It is evident he means no good to England. They would only become naturalized, if by so doing they could use the advantage gained by that act for the benefit of England. Again, he says: "Mr. Cleveland's administration has been so favorable and friendly toward England," etc., "that by the hundreds, yes, by the thousands, they have become naturalized for the express purpose of helping to elect him over again, the one above all of American politicians they consider their own and their country's best friend." "Their own" (Englishmen's) "and their country's" (England's) "best friend." Here he openly confesses that although he has sworn allegiance to America, and by that act renounced his allegiance to England, he still considers England his country. In view of the fact, as he admits above, that his act of allegiance was only a subterfuge for the express purpose of furthering the interests of his country (England), does he not stand a self-confessed perjured traitor? Again, he says: "I am one of these unfortunates." What unfortunates? One of these who have become naturalized citizens of America. Great God! has it come to such a pass that America and American citizenship are held in such low estimation and contempt by this bigoted Englishman that he considers it a misfortune to have become a citizen of this country? Americans, where is your patriotism, your loyalty? will you quietly submit to this most outrageous of insults? shall this Englishman, who stands convicted a perjured traitor, be permitted to remain in the enjoyment of a privilege that he holds in such scornful contempt? If American citizenship is such a misfortune to him, then, for heaven's sake, let him be relieved of the burden as soon as possible and sent back in disgrace to his boasted motherland. If there is a law in this country for the punishment of perjury and treason, then let that law be invoked and this bigoted Englishman be taught that America can not be thus insulted with impunity.

The enormity of this man's act already stands forth in such damnable colors that it seems almost unnecessary to pursue the subject further, yet let us go on and probe the disgraceful affair to the bottom, and further analyze his motives.

He says: "With a right to vote for President in November, I am unable to understand for whom I shall cast my ballot," etc., and continues, "If Mr. Cleveland . . . intends to cease his policy when his re-election is secured in November, and again favor England's interest, then I should have no further doubts, but go forward and vote for him." Still, as seen, he has only England's interests in view. Further, he says: "Mr. Harrison is a high-tariff man, a believer in the American side of all questions, and undoubtedly an enemy to British interests generally." Oh, no; he does not want to vote for Mr. Harrison because he (Mr.

Harrison) is a believer in America, and it does not suit this Johnny Bull to do anything for America; he is for old Hingland, ye know. Again quoting: "Such information would put me at rest myself, and, if favorable to Mr. Cleveland, enable me on my own responsibility to assure many of *our* countrymen that they would do England a service by voting for Mr. Cleveland and against the Republican system of tariff." Still only England he wants to serve, everything for England, no matter how great the damage to American interests. And he winds up his letter with the clinching statement that he is a "true Englishman."

I want to say right here that I do not look at this matter through a pair of either Republican or Democratic spectacles, but from the standpoint of an American citizen.

Now, from the whole text of his letter, we see that this Johnny Bull, who has sworn allegiance to the United States, sworn to support and protect its laws and constitution, sworn to renounce his allegiance to his motherland, sworn to give his life's blood, if called upon, in defense of the cause of his adopted land, and to cleave unto that land, renouncing all others—we find him at every opportunity ready to cut the throat of his adopted country for the benefit of the country that he has sworn to renounce. If this is not treason, then what is it?

And now, in view of the fact that an effort is being made to obtain from the President-elect "recognition" (with all that that word means and implies) for this infamous scoundrel, on the ground of alleged service, in behalf of all true American citizens of the United States I call upon General Benjamin Harrison, President-elect, with all respect and deference to the exalted position which he will soon occupy as the chief magistrate of the greatest nation on earth, I call upon him in the name of all true Americans, in the name of that glorious document that went forth from Faneuil Hall, July 4, 1776, not to put upon the American people the indignity of rewarding treachery and infamy by bestowing a country's preferment upon this ingrate, who deems it such a great misfortune to have become a citizen of that country, and who openly confesses that he only became a citizen that he might do her harm.

And as a test I ask that all who may read and approve of the above petition to the President-elect, as an equivalent to their signature to the same as a petition, that they send to General Benjamin Harrison, President-elect, a marked copy of any newspaper in which the above may be printed, or if a paper is not obtainable, to send their written approval.

Respectfully, THE LONE AMERICAN.

POMONA, CAL., January 10, 1889.

The Irish Question and Mr. Gladstone's Career.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The defeat of Mr. Gladstone's government at the general election of 1874 and the formation of Mr. Disraeli's second administration (who became Lord Beaconsfield at the close of the year 1876) were speedily followed by an extraordinary episode in the career of the former statesman. In a letter addressed to Lord Granville (the leader of the Liberal party in the House of Lords), Mr. Gladstone not only resigned the leadership of the Liberal party, but also expressed his intention of retiring from active political life, under the plea of advancing age and the feeling that his services, as their leader, could no longer be useful. I regret extremely that I have not the text of that letter to refer to, as it would be well worth while, even at the risk of encroaching unduly on your space, to ask you to insert it in its entirety, presenting as it would to your readers the extraordinary contrast between Mr. Gladstone's present attitude in political affairs in his eigbtieth year, and that assumed by him just fifteen years ago. I have, however, given the general purport of this remarkable letter which, in the absence of the letter itself, must suffice for my present purpose; I may add that the universal impression at the time of its publication was that Mr. Gladstone had not only definitely resigned the leadership of his party, but would cease, from that time, to take any active share in its management and councils.

The significance of Mr. Gladstone's defeat at the general election of 1874 is intensified by the fact that in his manifesto to the electors, just before the dissolution of Parliament, be offered to repeal the income tax if confirmed in office by a sufficient majority in the next House of Commons; this gigantic bribe (for it was nothing else) was refused by the constituencies, a plain and decided proof of the complete manner in which he had lost the confidence of the country at that time.

After an unavailing remonstrance from Lord Granville, to which Mr. Gladstone paid no attention, the Liberal Parliamentary party in the House of Commons held a meeting at the Reform Club for the purpose of electing his successor. Two candidates were proposed, Lord Hartington and the late Mr. Forster (who was afterward chief secretary for Ireland, from 1880 to 1882, in Mr. Gladstone's second administration of 1880–5), and the former was elected to the post which be occupied for the next six years. The services rendered by Lord Hartington, during these six thankless years of opposition to the Conservative administration, have never, I think, been duly recognized by the great bulk of the Liberal party. In succeeding to the post vacated so precipitately by Mr. Gladstone after bis defeat at the general election, Lord Hartington undertook the leadership of a disorganized and demoralized party, and, by dint of bard work and unflagging attention to his duties as leader of the opposition, combined with his known character in the country for moderation in political matters, he laid the foundation for the victory at the polls which the Liberal party achieved in the spring of 1880, and which, there can be little doubt, was mainly attained by the fact that a very large proportion of the electorate wbo voted for Liberal candidates at this election did so under the impression that they were assisting to bring into office a moderate Liberal administration, with Lord Hartington as prime minister and Lord Granville as his lieutenant, in the House of Lords.

Instead of this Mr. Gladstone, who, for the greater part of Lord Hartington's leadership of the Liberal party, had, like Achilles sulking in his tent, remained in seclusion from political life, suddenly returned to active life in the House of Commons, and, deserting his seat for Greenwich, entered upon the celebrated "Midlothian Campaign" (to which I shall refer more fully shortly), succeeded in defeating Lord Dalkeith (who had previously held the seat), and, on the resignation of Lord Beaconsfield immediately after the result of the general election was ascertained, so arranged matters, by means of his great influence with the rank and file of the Liberal majority in the new House, that neither Lord Granville nor Lord Hartington was able to comply with her majesty's summons to form an administration, and the queen was therefore compelled to call upon Mr. Gladstone, who thus, for the second time, became prime minister of England, with Lord Granville as secretary of state for foreign affairs and Lord Hartington as secretary of state for India. During the period which elapsed between the passing of Mr. Gladstone's Land Act of 1870 and the dissolution of March, 1880, events had been marching on in Ireland toward the disastrous and lamentable state which they have since attained with a sure and steady pace, and to these it is necessary now to refer at length, for although Mr. Gladstone's personal influence in political life was in abeyance for a considerable portion of this period, the legislation which he had persuaded the imperial Parliament to adopt when at the height of his power in the early part of his first administration was in full force, and the first evil step of invading and interfering with the rights of property having been once taken, it became (from his point of view) absolutely necessary to proceed still further on the downward course of spoliation and wrong. The nation, under his guidance and by means of his large majority in the House of Commons, consented to the passing of the Land Act of 1881, and thus by sowing the wind speedily reaped the whirlwind, as I shall presently show.

In my letter of December 11th, inserted in your issue of the seventeenth, I endeavored to show as clearly as possible how cruelly Irish landlords, and more especially the large number of them who had purchased their properties under the Incumbered Estates Act, passed in the Parliament of 1841–6, when the late Sir Robert Peel was prime minister of England, had been affected by the operation of the Land Act of 1870, which established what is unknown in any other country in the civilized world—a joint ownership in land by landlord and tenant.

The result of this was, that during the eleven years which elapsed between the passing of Mr. Gladstone's first and second Land Acts, a large number of landlords, who, fortunately for them, had the money or the means of raising it, available, purchased the tenant-right from their tenants, thus paying a heavy fine to resume possession of the entire control of their property of which they were partially deprived by the Act of 1870. In a much larger number of cases, however, the impoverished landlord being unable to find the funds wherewith to resume complete possession of his property, the tenant-right was disposed of by the existing tenants to strangers, who, by purchasing the tenant-right, became tenants of the property without the landlord having the power to make any objections; the result being that a very great number of the tenants who were in possession at the time of the passing of the Act of 1870, after disposing of their tenant-right, for which they received substantial sums (in many cases actually exceeding the value of the fee-simple left to the landlord), emigrated, some to the United States, some to Canada and the other colonies of the British Empire, and many others remaining in Ireland to enter upon some other line of business with the capital obtained by the sale of their tenant-right either to their landlords or to their successors in the tenancy. I will not add, as Mr. Gamble, of San Mateo, so charitably writes of the Irisb landlords in his letter of the eighteenth, inserted in your issue of the thirty-first, that they "drank champagne and went to Paris and to the devil" with the money thus obtained, although it is very probable that many of them may have recklessly spent their money and have since been reduced to poverty.

It will thus be seen that a large number of Irish landlords who had been unable to resume complete control of their property by purchasing the tenant-right from their existing tenants, were brought face to face with new tenants from whom they had to look for the rent still left to them of estates of which they were now only in fact annuitants. But how changed the conditions of the new tenants with whom the landlords were now brought into intimate relations, as compared with the old tenants who had been bought out?

It will be observed at once by your readers that it was only upon the tenants renting the properties of the landlords at the time of the passing of the Land Act of 1870 that Mr. Gladstone could confer the great boon of a share of the landlords' interests; the tenants who succeeded them could only do so by paying the outgoing tenants a substantial sum for the tenant-right, which had been conferred upon them with the power of disposing of it to their successors in the tenancies; and how was this money obtained by the incoming tenants?

In some cases, no doubt, the new tenant was able to buy out the old tenant with his own money, but, even so, it is palpable that in sinking his own money in this manner the new tenant must have lost whatever interest he had previously received on the capital thus sunk, which, of course, could only be looked upon as an addition to the rent still payable to the landlord; but in the vast majority of cases the money necessary to purchase the tenant-right from the outgoing tenant was obtained from the money-tender, or "Gourheen-man," as he is termed in Ireland, and that, too, invariably at an exorbitant rate of interest.

The consequences were that the landlords soon found themselves worse off than ever; they were, in a vast number of cases, brought face to face with tenants, who, animated by the "land-hunger" so prevalent in Ireland, had paid large sums for their tenant-rights, for the interests on which they were remorselessly pressed by the "Gourheen-man," who is to be found in every town, and even village, in Ireland, and they were, therefore, quite unable to pay the rent due to the landlord, especially in the unpropitious years from which they occasionally suffered, so that the relations between landlord and tenant soon became more and more strained; the latter, finding it difficult to meet his liabilities to bis creditors, and the former, to obtain the rent which was, in most cases, his sole means of existence.

In the meantime, the utmost efforts of Lord Beaconsfield's government were required to maintain order in Ireland and to repress the rebellious organizations, which still existed in many parts of it; efforts in which they were so far successful that, toward the close of their administration, Mr. Gladstone himself testified, in one of his speeches made during the "Midlothian Campaign," that Ireland was, at that time, enjoying "a period of peace, comfort, and satisfaction, to which she had long been a stranger." This result had been obtained by the resolute attitude of the authorities in carrying out the provisions of a law, passed in the early days of Lord Beaconsfield's administration, commonly called a "Coercion Act," but which, both in name and in reality, was nothing of the kind. And here I must ask your indulgence while I enter my strong protest against the scandalous manner in which the term "coercion" is misapplied by the disaffected Irisb and their sympathizers in this country.

In the strict and literal sense of the word, "coercion"—which means "compulsion" or "restraint"—is exercised by the officers of the law in every country of the civilized world, and no country would be worth living in by any peaceable or law-abiding citizen wbere this coercion is not exercised; the control by the police of an unruly and riotous moh bent on the destruction of the property of an obnoxious individual is "coercion"; the arrest, and subsequent punishment, of a murderer, a burglar, or a pickpocket is "coercion"; in fact, the law in all its operations, whether of restraint or punishment, both in matters criminal and civil, necessarily exercises "coercion"; it is the knowledge that, behind the decisions of the judges and juries of the land, stand the armed forces of the state, ready, if necessary, to carry them into execution, which gives them tbeir irresistible authority, and this again, in the strict and literal sense of the word, is "coercion."

But this is not the sense in whicb the term "coercion" is now generally used and understood by the masses of the people, whether in this country or in the United Kingdom; the general idea now attached to the word is the restraint exercised by a tyrannical government over the people to prevent them from exercising their just and lawful rights and the power used by the strong to compel the weak to do anything repugnant to their wishes, interests, or principles, and thus the word has attained a meaning whicb has made it odious to the popular ear.

And it is this meaning, now generally attacbed to the word "coercion," of which such an unprincipled use has been made by Mr. Parnell and his allies and supporters, whenever the measures taken by the English Government for the maintenance of the law, the prevention and punisbment of crime, and the protection of peaceable and law-abiding citizens from outrage in Ireland are referred to. There has been, and still is, I regret to say, "coercion" in Ireland, but it is the coercion exercised by the National League in preventing, under severe penalties, which are ruthlessly enforced, tenants from paying their just debts to their landlords; it is the "coercion" exercised by the Moonlighters, who commit outrages at night on men wbo have taken vacant farms from obnoxious landlords, and not only on them, but on their wives, daughters, and cattle; it is the "coercion" exercised by the infamous system of "boycotting," by which the lives of men, who have dared to exercise the rights of free citizens in carrying out their daily occupations, have been made (as Mr. Parnell once so euphemistically expressed it) "unhappy"; this is the coercion which, of late years, has, more or less, prevailed over a considerable part of Ireland, and against whicb the English Government has been, and still is, engaged in waging war—a war in which, I feel convinced, every reputable citizen of this great republic would wisb them success if they were fully acquainted with the real state of affairs in Ireland.

I venture to assert, without fear of truthful contradiction, that if an organization were to spring up in this country with similar aims to that known as "Parnellism" in Ireland, and acting by similar methods, throughout the length and breadth of the land, and, if the supreme government of the United States found itself unable to cope with it, the owners of property throughout the republic would find it a matter of vital necessity to band themselves together for the purpose of sweeping it away, for it is as certain as it is that night and day follow each other that the ultimate aim of Mr. Parnell and his followers (whatever their present professions may be now that they are in intimate alliance with Mr. Gladstone) is not only the extinction of the rights in their property still held by the landlord class, but the entire and complete separation of Ireland from England. The "last link" speech, as it is termed, made by Mr. Parnell in this country (I think at Cincinnati), in which he said "that be would never have taken off his coat to advance the work of the land league if he had not looked upon it as leading, eventually, to the severance of the last link which bound Ireland to England," has never been formally repudiated or withdrawn, and I very much doubt whether Mr. Parnell would dare to repudiate or withdraw it at a public meeting of his supporters and sympathisers in this country.

The so-called "Coercion" Act passed by Lord Beaconsfield's government, and which exercised such a beneficial effect on the peace and security of the country so long as it continued in operation (until the month of June, 1880), consisted in reality of three acts entitled "Peace Preservation Acts Nos. 1, 2, and 3," and the provisions of these acts I will now proceed to describe; but the length to which this letter has already extended warns me that I must absolutely ask your indulgence to allow me to address another letter to you, my only apology being that I have found it quite impossible to do justice to this important subject without going fully into the details of the political events which have taken place in connection with it. I remain, sir, faithfully yours,

SAN FRANCISCO, January 3, 1889. JOHN KEYMER KANE.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

No contributions to the "Is Marriage a Failure?" discussion have yet arrived from Salt Lake City.—*Puck.*

Howling swell (known)—"Garçon, can you lend me a dollar?" *Garçon*—"Avec plaisir." "Thanks. Keep it for your *pour-boire.*"—*Time.*

Fond father—"Begorra, Bridget, hut he pulls a pipe like a shtameingin'. What company he'll be for both iv us whin be can drink and swear a hit!"—*Life.*

He—"Have you been dancing much, Miss Porcine?" *She* (from Cincinnati)—"Yes, indeed! I think if there is one thing I dote on more than all else it is shaking my hoof."—*Judge.*

Under officer—"Sechauser, you are the most tiresome fellow in the whole regiment. Why, compared to you, an Egyptian mummy is a buffoon."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Bobby—"Ouow! Ouow!" (Weeps hitterly). *Bobby's mother*—"What *is* the matter?" *Bobby*—"I've got colic and the dessert hasn't come on yet. Ouow! Ouow!"—*Time.*

Tramp—"Please, madam, will you give me something to eat?" *Madam*—"I kin give you an old vest if you want it?" *Tramp*—"Madam, do you take me for a Yorkville goat?"—*Exchange.*

Winks—"So you married a divorced woman whose husband is still living. Don't you hate him?" *Jinks*—"Well, I felt that way at first, but now I'm beginning to sort o' sympathize with him."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Madeleine—"Wasn't it hot at the Johnson's last night? Fred Johnson and I had to go out on the piazza, the air got so close." *Marguerite* (pleasantly)—"Didn't the heir get pretty close out there, too?"—*Harvard Lampoon.*

"Of course, no young lady should go out at night without a chaperon," said a Harlem belle to her Chicago visitor. "That's so," replied the Wabash Avenue damsel, "but every girl hasn't got a chap of her own, you know."—*Time.*

Mrs. Taussig—"Have you ever heard Patti?" *Mrs. Lakeson* (of Saint Joe)—"No; but I've seen her picture hundreds of times. She's the one who writes those charming little testimonials for the face-powders and things, isn't she?"—*Judge.*

"My detective caught a woman stealing goods in the store this morning, Capias," said Thread; "now what kind of a charge shall I make against her?" "Well that depends," returned the cautious lawyer; "bow was she dressed?"—*Puck.*

Bigbee—"Ticker, how long does it take a man to get to be a first-class operator?" *Ticker* (a telegraph operator)—"Oh, 'bout three years!" *Bigbee*—"Ticker, how long have you been in the business?" *Ticker*—"Oh, 'bout three years!"—*Puck.*

Citizen (entering a store, to boy)—"You have a jolly lot of employees here, my son. They seem to be enjoying themselves hugely." *Boy* (dodging a paper ball)—"Yessir; de boss is at home sick abed and de bead clerk is gittin' tight."—*New York Sun.*

Small boy—"Can you help a poor boy, sir, whose fadder has been dead for twenty years?" *Old gentleman*—"Nonsense; how could a ten-year-old-boy's father be dead for twenty years?" *Small boy*—"He was me fadder by me mudder's first marriage."—*New York Sun.*

"Miss Briggs made those slippers," remarked the parson's wife, as she glanced over the proceeds of the donation party. "How do you know, dear?" asked the meek, long-suffering man. "Because I recognize the old blue shawl she ripped up to get the worsted."—*Puck.*

"Who is your family doctor, Bobbie?" "Dr. Green." "Why, I thought you had Dr. Brown?" "So we did until Dr. Green began courting sister Sally. Pop gets even with Greeny for coal and gas by havin' him keep the rest of us healthy for nuthin'."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Officer Kelly (who is getting the aftermath of the New-Year's dinner, and has taken an olive by mistake)—"Phot kind o' grapes is thim, Miss Norah?" *The second girl*—"Thim kem from Malligy." *Officer Kelly*—"They did? Well, thin, be hivins! they kem in th' shteerage."—*Judge.*

"Gracious! How well it is preserved," said one traveling man to another as they gazed at a mummy in a museum; "it looks as if it might wake up and speak, if you could only arouse it with some familiar words." "So it does. Suppose you try it with that story you just told me."—*Exchange.*

Mr. Threebagger—"Hello, Wrightsy! You're lookin' up in de world." *Mr. Wright Field*—"You het. I've got an engagement wid a t'eatrical comp'ny." *Mr. Threebagger*—"But *you* can't act!" *Mr. Wright Field*—"I know it; but dey can; and dey uses me for a kinder back-ground."—*Puck.*

Poldoody—"Did you hear ahout my fight with the editor of the *Budget?*" *Fudge*—"No; who whipped?" "It was a drawn battle." "Neither whipped?" "Neither of us was there. I hired a man to do the whipping, the editor hired a man to receive him, and they nearly killed each other."—*Time.*

Old Wayback Wayback (from Wayhack Township)—"Gee whack! things is scrumptious, ain't they? What fur is that 'ar ax in th' furrard part o' th' kyar?" *Young Wakeup Wayback* (from the city)—"That's to help kill the passengers in case of accidents, so as to bring the damages down to five thousand dollars."—*Life.*

They were packing Mr. Billus's trunk for a journey: "There's just room in that corner for this Bible, John," said Mrs. Billus. "I'd like to take it," he replied, as he put the book regretfully aside; "but I can't conscientiously do it and leave that box of cigars, Maria. They would be a temptation to Tommy."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"What are you going to do, my dear Sue," asked Gracie, "if you recover the twenty thousand in your breach-of-promise suit?" "I guess," replied her friend, "the best thing I can do is to try and marry my lawyer." "Why?" "Because he is to have half I get, and it would be an awful lot of money to let go out of one's hands."—*Puck.*

Attorney for defense (to man drawn as juror)—"Permit me to ask you, Mr. Idunno, if you have conscientious scruples against capital punishment?" *Juror*—"Hey?" *Attorney*—"Are you opposed, on principle, to the execution of condemned criminals?" *Juror*—"Huh?" *Attorney* (hastily)—"We'll take this man, your honor."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Well, how did you make out with those articles you were writing?" asked Snippit of Pennihs. "Very badly, very badly! Couldn't sell one of them. Tried every magazine in the country." "That's bad; what are you doing now?" "Oh, I'm editing a paper of my own now, which makes a specialty of giving advice to writers for the press."—*Time.*

Long-haired customer (to barber)—"Is there any way to shorten a man's hair without using the shears or clipper?" *Barber*—"Yes, sir. I've done that for several gentlemen since the election. You made a vow about a year ago, perhaps, that you wouldn't have it cut till Cleveland was elected President again?" *Customer*—"Er—yes." *Barber*—"That's all right. I can singe it for you." *Customer* (relieved)—"Then I wish you would singe off about six inches. I may be a durn fool, but I'm a man of some conscience."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Eminent statesman (walking up to reporter)—"My face is familiar to you, I presume?" *Reporter*—"I have certainly seen you somewhere, and yet I can not exactly——" *Eminent statesman*—"There is no use in trying to keep anything from the watchful eye of a reporter. You recognize me, of course, as Congressman Blank?" *Reporter*—"Why, so it is! May I inquire, sir, the object of your visit to our locality?" *Eminent statesman* (with dignity)—"You may say, sir, that I am traveling through here in a quiet way and as far as possible avoiding publicity."—*Chicago Tribune.*

A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

"So the little boy came home again to his mother, and she tucked him into his little bed to dream of all that his friends the fairies bad promised him." Thus ending her customary evening story, my pretty wife picked up our small son, who was almost asleep from his entertainment, and quietly packed him off to bed. As she was leaving the room, I called after her: "Well, good-bye, Maggie; I'll get home as early as possible, but don't sit up for me." I knew that she would watch by her boy until he was soundly asleep for the night, and I had to go down to the office to get off some accounts for the next day's Australian mail. It was the usual summer night in San Francisco, foggy and raw, and I did not like to go out, but I had to. We lived in a little house out on Geary Street, west of Van Ness Avenue, and I walked over to Turk Street and took the horse-car, which carried me as far as the corner of Market and Front Streets on my way to the office, near the foot of California Street.

On my way down-town, the closing words of the child's favorite story lingered in my memory. "So the little boy came home again to his mother——" and I rebelled against the duty which took me away from my comfortable home for the evening. We were much to each other, my wife and I. We had no intimate friends and few family acquaintances, consequently we were much alone together with our little boy. I was fond and proud of my pretty brown-eyed wife, and loved her with the singleness of mature love, which made her to me without peer among women. No other woman had for me so many and such perfect attractions, and my devotion to her never deviated nor wavered. We were poor, and lived quietly and economically in a rented house, but were happy and contented, with bright hopes for the future.

I was book-keeper and general clerk for a man named Simpson, who did a small shipping and commission business, principally with the colonies, and also had charge of some trust funds and estates. Simpson was an agreeable man, as men go, with some wit and a good deal of dry humor, but I never quite liked him, and I noticed that he was less popular with men than with women. He was always very pleasant to my wife whenever she happened to come into the office, and she thought him, as she expressed it, "Quite nice." He was married, but childless, and was notoriously not on good terms with his wife, who seemed to have a dislike and sort of contempt for him. My wife, woman-like, laid the blame upon her, saying that so well-mannered a man could not be the aggressor in their matrimonial difficulties.

I finished my work at the office, and, as I put out the gas, saw by the clock that it was ten minutes to eleven. I groped my way down-stairs, pulled the heavy iron door shut from the outside, locked it, and put the key in my pocket. The street seemed to be entirely deserted, and I started to walk briskly away, thinking of my Maggie at home waiting for me, with the child's story still running in my head, "So the little boy came home——" I remember a swift, shadowy sense of falling, and then—oblivion.

* * * * * * *

As I was coming to myself again, lazily and painfully struggling out of what seemed to be half-stupor, half-dream, I heard a soft and pleasant, but entirely unfamiliar, woman's voice, saying: "——again to his mother, and she tucked him into his little bed to dream of all that his friends the fairies had promised him." I was lying on my back in bed in a strange room, and I seemed to have been ill, for there were compresses on my head, a strange liniment-like odor hanging about me, and my muscles and joints seemed stiff and sore. My memory was rather refractory, but, lying there with my eyes open, the floating fragments of recollection gradually fitted themselves together, and I remembered leaving my office on California Street on my way home last night—was it last night? There was something unfamiliar to me about myself. My hands were not precisely mine, as I knew them; my beard—why, last night I wore a quite long beard, while now—I had only a mustache and such beard as two days' neglect of shaving would bring out. What could it mean? I painfully turned in bed, and saw the pleasant-voiced lady sitting in a low rocking-chair, with a little boy standing at her knee. It seemed by the light to be late in the afternoon, and, to my astonishment, I saw autumn leaves on a tree, near one of the windows. As the lady beard me turn, she rose quickly from her chair and came to me.

She stooped and kissed me, saying: "Oh, James, I am so thankful. How do you feel, dear?" I gazed at her in speechless amazement.

"Where am I?" I finally said, "and why do you call me James?"

"Why, dearest, don't you know me?"

"I certainly don't; where am I?"

She rose with a distressed look, exclaiming softly: "Oh, heaven, his mind is wandering!" then, stooping to me again, she soothingly patted my face, saying: "Never mind now, dear; you will be better after a little more sleep."

"But I do mind very much. What has happened to me and how came I here? Where is my wife?"

The look of distress deepened on her face, but she only said: "You must not talk now; the doctor will be here again at half-past six, and you must be quiet and try and sleep till he comes."

"But I am all right, only I am very sore," and I tried to rise, but found myself too weak to do so; "what does it all mean?"

"James, if you talk, I sball leave you. I am going to take Horace to Margaret for his supper, and I will darken the room so that you can sleep. I shall be in the next room till the doctor comes, and will leave the door open." Tben she moistened and adjusted the compresses on my head, pulled down the window-shades, and went away with the little boy, whom I heard as he went babbling about his poor sick papa.

I was very weak and my brain was in a whirl. I struggled to comprehend my situation, but could make nothing of it, and must have gone off to sleep again in the midst of my perplexity.

After awhile I woke up again, and, thinking that it was probably nearly time for the doctor's visit, I worked myself up into a sitting posture, ready to receive him. Presently he came in, accompanied by the pleasant-voiced lady. He was a good-looking, middle-aged man, with iron-gray whiskers and mustache, and a high, squeaking, rasping voice. He greeted me with, "Well, sir, how are you feeling now?" and, looking critically at me, felt my pulse.

"Well, I feel pretty well-shaken up and sore, but I think I am all right, and I will get up and go home."

"Hm-m! no fever, eyes clear, apparently sensible—curious, at least. Now, look here, Mr. Wilson, you mustn't talk about getting up to-night, for you're not going to. I am going to give you a little powder to help you to sleep some more; your wife will see that every one keeps out of the room to-night, and when you wake up in the morning you will feel better, and then we will talk about getting up."

"But my name is not Wilson. What are you talking about? Where *is* my wife? I want her."

"My dear sir, nobody shall listen to you now. You just take this powder and be quiet." I helplessly did so; the lady kissed me again, saying "Good-night, dear. I sha'n't watch by you to-nigbt. Think how narrowly you have escaped with your life, and do as the doctor tells you," and they were gone, leaving me alone again, in this strange apartment, to ponder over the mystery which involved me.

It is impossible to describe the surging crowd of thoughts and feelings which were bursting my brain and goading me into frenzy. That I was myself, I even began to doubt. But last night I was in San Francisco on my way home to my waiting wife and sleeping boy. I must be tbere still, yet there are no autumn leaves there. The strange surroundings, the unknown lady who addressed me so tenderly and familiarly, the unfamiliar name, all made me doubt if I were not in dream-land, yet I was certainly awake and sensible, and the story which the lady was telling the child was my own little son's favorite story. Could it be that my vision and perceptions were so distorted that I could not recognize familiar people and familiar things? Yet I did recognize the little story. I pondered upon this nineteenth century, and wondered if the age of fairies and genii were so absolutely a thing of legend and fable as we practical moderns were given to supposing. Then I thought of the Arabian Nights, and of that fellow Bedreddin Hassan, who was transported in a night by a fairy from Cairo, and awoke in the morning, clad only in his shirt, by the gate of Damascus. The sleeping powder probably affected my head somewhat, for I laughed at the similarity between his predicament and mine, and, half delirious, wild Oriental fancies reeled through my brain, roses, camels, dancing-girls, till I was, by turns, Sindbad, the one-eyed calendar, Haroun Alraschid, or Mesrour, and dropped off into another dreamless sleep which lasted all night.

In the morning I felt refreshed and determined to get up. I deliberated over my situation and resolved to let matters take their course until I was up and dressed, when I would find out from the doctor and the lady who attended me what it all meant, and would extricate myself from my plight. Presently the lady came in and greeted me fondly and affectionately, as before. I told her that I felt much better and thought that I would get up.

"Very well," she said, "but I will bring you some breakfast first, which you must try to eat."

I was well pleased with this, for I felt rather bungry. After a dainty little breakfast, she removed the cloths from my head, sponged my face and hands, and laid out some clothes for me on a large cbair. After all these preparations were finished, I lay there expecting that she would go, but she lingered about, busying herself in settling the furniture and setting the room to rights, and she finally said: "Hadn't I better help you to dress, dear?" This was perhaps more astonisbing yet than anytbing that had occurred, but I had determined to make no comment then, so I simply declined her services with thanks, assuring her that I felt perfectly able to dress without help, and would do so if she would kindly retire for a short time.

"Very well," she said, in a resigned sort of way, and went out.

On examining the clothes which were laid out, I found them entirely strange to me, though they were evidently not entirely new. They were all marked with the name of James Wilson, yet they fitted me like my own. Finding nothing like my own clothes in the room, I did not scruple to dress in the others, and to help myself to a handkerchief and tie from the dressing-table, where lay a watch, a bunch of keys, knife, match-box, and the usual contents of a man's pockets. These I left as they were, and rang the little bell by my bedside, to signify that I was ready. The lady at once came in, and with her came the little boy of the previous evening, wbo left her and ran to me, crying, "Good-morning, papa. I'm awful glad you're better," and clasped me around the legs, putting his face up to be kissed. This was more trying to me than anything which had yet happened. Whatever might be the motive of the lady and the doctor in assuming for me a false identity, this child could not possibly be a party to it. The deepening mystery began to terrify me, but I suppressed my agitation and lifted him up to kiss him, saying "Good-morning, little boy." The lady, who was watching my face, said hastily: "That will do, Horace; poor papa is not very well yet, so you must go to Margaret, and be very quiet, so as not to disturb him." He was a good-looking little fellow, with brown hair and blue eyes, resembling the lady very much. He looked disappointed, but obediently walked out and closed the door after him.

"Now, dear," said she, "the doctor is coming up-stairs, and we will go out into the sitting-room to see him." We went through the short passage-way on which the bath-room gave, and came into a very comfortably furnisbed sitting-room, evidently at the front of the house. I walked at once to the window, and as I looked out a Madison Avenue 'bus passed up the street. I felt myself growing rigid with amazement! How could it be that I was in New York? This was certainly Madison Avenue as I remembered it years ago; and it seemed to be late in the autumn, for the few people passing were warmly clad, while the styles of their clothing had a somewhat grotesque, foreign look. My emotions were almost overpowering as I silently turned from the window, but I controlled myself as well as I could, and picked up a photograph which stood on a davenport near by. It was of myself, and bore the stamp of a New York photographer; the expression of the face was strange to me, and my beard was gone, but it was manifestly I. I was not very strong and my head felt light and flighty, so I sat down in an easy-chair, and just then the doctor entered. He asked me the few customary questions about how I was, felt my pulse, and sat down facing me. The lady sat on a lounge near me, at my left side.

Suffering as I was, for I began to feel a mental agony which met with a physical response in my head, I could wait no longer, though I felt the necessity of proceeding with caution.

"Now, doctor, if you please, I want to know something about myself. In the first place, who am I?"

He looked at me with a sort of keen professional scrutiny, and answered: "You are James Wilson."

"And who are you?"

"I am Doctor Taylor, your family physician."

"Who is this lady?"

"Your wife."

"How came I here?"

"Night before last, as you were crossing the avenue, just below the house here, you were knocked down by a hansom cab, and struck the back of your head on the pavement. You were picked up insensible, but were recognized by some one, and brought home. Your skull was not fractured, but we feared concussion of the brain."

"How long have you known me?"

"About five years; ever since your return from Europe with your wife. I have known ber ever since her birth."

And so I was not myself, but another man, married to a strange woman in New York, and my pretty Maggie and my boy—what, ob, my God! what had become of them? I was stifling with emotion, but I choked down the rising sobs, and tried to collect myself.

"Doctor, what year is this?"

"It is 1885."

Eighteen eighty-five, and only yesterday was July, 1876! Where had the years gone, and what bad come to my wife? Was she dead, or—worse? I could not stop then if I had tried.

"Doctor, my name is not James Wilson, but Jobn Whitney. I never saw you before and I don't know this woman whom you say is my wife. I live in San Francisco, on Geary Street, near Laguna, and my wife and my boy are there. The other night—it was in July, 1876—I went down to my office to finish up some work in the evening, and left there to go home at about eleven o'clock. I remember starting away from the office and nothing more. And you tell me that nine years have passed since then, and—and—oh, my wife, my darling, my dear, my dear, where are you now, and what has been done to me? I must go, now——" as I rose from the chair I saw the doctor turn to the lady, who seemed to have fainted; my feelings overpowered me, and I fell back again, breaking into a storm of tears and sobs as if my heart would burst its bounds.

After a little, I succeeded in calming myself somewhat, the doctor, meanwhile, having resuscitated the lady and assisted her out of the room. When he returned he again gave me a long, searching, critical look, apparently running my condition over in bis mind as he sat opposite me. He then asked me to repeat the detail of that last day which I remembered. I did so carefully, and, after pondering in an excited sort of way for a short time, he got up and, rather brusquely though gently, made a careful examination of my skull. That finished, he sat down deliberately and said:

"Mr. Wilson, I have no doubt in the world that what you say is absolutely true. I find on the back of your head traces of an old fracture which you undoubtedly received on the night of which you speak. The result of that must have been such a complete loss of identity that you have been living another life as another man for nine years. You are married as James Wilson to Mrs. Wilson, yet it appears that you are also married to some one else as John Whitney. Mrs. Wilson is just now so prostrated by wbat she has heard that she *must* have time to recover. I can fully understand your grief and horror about the uncertainty of the fate of your former wife and child, yet it is imperative, in your present weak state, that you should not overexcite yourself. I shall give you a strong sedative and leave orders that you be left entirely to yourself until evening. Meanwhile, I shall see Mrs. Wilson's brother, Horace Greene, a lawyer and your intimate friend, and will bring bim to you to-night after dinner, when we will talk the matter over, and see what is to be done. During the day you may read, think, and sleep, if you can, but you *must* remain calm and persuade yourself that the only way out of this awful complication is to move cautiously and with method, for the lives and happiness of other people besides yourself are innocently bound up in it."

That day was the most distressing of my whole life. I could not sleep, I tried to read, but could do nothing but try to think, though my mind was mercifully so dazed as to be almost benumbed. However, by evening I succeeded in regulating my faculties sufficiently to bring them in train for the task which lay before me.

My strange brother-in-law, Mr. Greene, proved to be a very agreeable gentleman of about my own age, and, as the doctor had prepared him on the developments of the morning, the preliminaries were soon got over, and at my request he gave me a succinct account of myself, so far as he knew me.

"In 1880," he said, "my father, who was a retired banker, took my sister Louise, now Mrs. Wilson, to Europe; and at Carlsbad they met you. You were a very quiet and re-

served man, unquestionably a gentleman, intelligent and well informed. You and my sister seemed attracted to each other from the first, and you all traveled together through Switzerland and Italy, until, that winter in Florence, you became engaged. In pleading your case before my father you told him that, owing to a severe illness, your early life was almost entirely a blank to you. That your active recollection really dated from 1877, when you were employed at some coal mines in Washington Territory. From there you drifted over into Utah with some Cornish miners, where you were very fortunate in getting hold of some silver mines, out of which you eventually realized something like half a million dollars. The negotiation of the mines brought you to New York, and, by judicious investments and speculations, you had raised your fortune to about a million, on which you concluded to retire. You referred him to several bankers and capitalists in New York and London, who afterward gave the highest testimony to their opinion of your character; but the old gentleman was very opinionated about his own judgment of men, and welcomed you as a son-in-law on his own estimate, without investigation. You were married at our consulate in Paris in February, 1881, and came directly home to this house, which was my father's. He died in 1882, and you have lived here ever since. I am your lawyer and have your affairs in charge, and can tell you that your fortune is all right, as you have never spent your income. You belong to two or three clubs, are director in two banks, and vestryman of St. Paul's Church. You have been an exemplary and devoted husband to my sister, and are esteemed in the community, though you are reserved and silent and have no intimacies."

"My God!" exclaimed I, "what is to be done? You see my unhappy position. I am now not the man who married your sister; that man is dead, and I, who have been dead and am alive again, am the husband of my wife in San Francisco, and the father of her son. You are all strangers to me, while I love my far-away wife and boy with all my soul. What shall I do?"

"The first thing to be done," said Horace, "is to find out if your former wife be still living. Afterward, we will try and pick up the thread of your lost identity. We must proceed carefully, however, and avoid publicity for every one's sake. Leave me to talk to my sister to-night, and to-morrow we will arrange for action." He then took his leave, and the doctor ordered me away to bed, whither I was not sorry to go.

The next morning I had become a little accustomed to my situation and surroundings, so that when Horace brought his sister to see me I was enabled to meet her calmly. She showed deep traces of great emotion, but greeted me pleasantly with a sweet seriousness.

"James, my husband," she said, "while this great shock has been almost too heavy for me to bear, I must look upon it as one of the inscrutable dispensations of God, who doeth all things well. You are my husband in His sight, and the father of our child. I would lay down my life for you gladly, and misfortune or poverty would only make you dearer to me; but that poor woman whom you left in San Francisco has a prior claim. Your first duty is to her. I have talked with Horace, and will leave him to tell you what we are agreed should be done. I shall not see you again, but I shall fervently pray to our Heavenly Father to restore my husband to me, never more to leave me." She then silently kissed me and left the room.

"Now, Wilson," said Mr. Greene, "you appreciate the serious position in which my sister is placed, through no fault of any one. The shock came near to upsetting her mind, but she is a sincere Christian, and bows to the decree of Providence. It is a bad business, but, perhaps, not so bad as we think. Your first wife may be dead or remarried, which, with all respect to your feelings, would help to straighten matters out. You and I will leave for San Francisco to-night. You will travel under your present name, and during to-day you will see no one but the doctor. The servants will pack your traps, and all you will have to do is to walk down-stairs to the carriage when I call for you this evening."

I passed the day in grave meditation over my unfortunate position, interrupted by one or two paroxysms of grief, but with the doctor's aid was ready to start at the appointed time. Our journey was uneventful, our time being occupied in planning our movements after arrival. I grew to like Greene very much as my acquaintance with him proceeded, and I found him a clear-headed, practical man and honest gentleman. My head gave me little trouble, and seemed entirely well before the journey's end.

We put up at the Palace Hotel, arranged to have our meals served in our apartments, and sent for the city directory. Perhaps nothing had so forcibly impressed the lapse of time upon my recovered brain as the material changes in the aspect of Market Street on the way up from the ferry. So many fine buildings could not have sprung up in a week, yet I recognized the signs of many familiar business-houses. I saw no person whom I knew, however.

We applied ourselves to the directory at once, but could find no name of Mrs. John Whitney nor Mrs. Margaret Whitney. The mist which came over my eyes and oppressed my brain forbade my looking further, so I bade Horace search for Simpson's name—John Martin Simpson—but neither could that he found. "Then," said Horace, "you must think of some man who knew something about you and your family, of whom we can inquire. Here, take the book and look through it until you strike a familiar name."

"No," I replied, "wait a bit. There was a young lawyer named Eugene Gooding who knew something of us. See if he can be found."

Yes, Gooding's name was there, with offices on Pine Street, so it was agreed that Horace should call on him and find out if he recollected me.

When Horace returned he told me that Mr. Gooding would call that evening; that he perfectly recollected me and my mysterious disappearance, and would be able to tell me much. "I told him," he said, "enough of your story to account for your absence and return without entering too much into details. You must prepare yourself for the worst. Neither Mrs. Whitney nor your son is now alive."

The shock of this announcement was deadened by the conviction which had been growing upon me through the development of events, and in the depth of my grief I remained outwardly composed until the evening. After dinner, Mr. Gooding's card was brought up to Horace, and we had him ushered into my room. The preliminary greeting being over, he sat down and proceeded with his narration.

"After your disappearance, which caused a good deal of stir down town and in the newspapers, no trace of you could be found. It was as if you had been swept from the face of the earth. Several days having elapsed, Simpson announced publicly that you had embezzled quite a large amount of money from the trust funds in his control——"

"The damned scoundrel!" I exclaimed, "I'll make——"

"Never mind, Whitney. It's all cleared up now, and he is beyond earthly punishment. However, no better explanation offering, the public generally accepted that one, and concluded that you had 'skipped' with the funds. Simpson made a good deal of parade of sympathy for your wife, and, I believe, did supply her with money to some extent. About a month after your disappearance your boy was taken with diphtheria and died in a few days. Mrs. Simpson then came out nobly, paid the funeral expenses, and afterward assisted Mrs. Whitney in drumming up scholars for a little day-school which she established in your house. You remember the strained relations between Mrs. Simpson and her husband. Well, your wife struggled along rather precariously with the school for about a year, during which time Simpson's attentions to her became so marked as to cause comment, so much so that Mrs. Simpson gradually withdrew her countenance from Mrs. Whitney and the school began to fall off. In the light of after developments nobody believed that your wife was anything but a good and pure woman, but it is known that he lent her money, and probably got her wound up in an entanglement of obligations. At about eleven o'clock one Sunday evening in November, 1877, the neighbors were aroused by a pistol-shot sounding from your house, followed shortly by another. The servant was out and they could get no answer from the inside, so, with the assistance of a policeman, they broke in the door. There, on the floor, at opposite sides of the parlor, lay Simpson and Mrs. Whitney, both dead. The coroner's inquest decided that he had made a criminal assault on her, and, failing in his purpose, had shot her in his frenzy and then killed himself with the same weapon."

"Can there be a God," I groaned, "to allow such persecution? What had we done, my wife and I, to deserve all this?"

"On investigation of Simpson's affairs your reputation was cleared from the charge of embezzlement, for he was found to have made away with all the trust funds, including such of his wife's property as she had not kept out of his hands. His papers and memoranda also indicated something of the connection between him and your wife. He had loaned her money, for which she had given acknowledgments, as were found, but also among his memoranda were found hints and indications which showed his intentions toward her. It is sufficient to say that (with the coöperation of Mrs. Simpson and at her entire expense) your wife was buried beside your son in Laurel Hill Cemetery. Mrs. Simpson has since remarried, and is now Mrs. Gleason, living on Franklin Street. I would advise you to see her."

After a little desultory conversation we parted for the night. There is little more to say. My interview with Mrs. Gleason confirmed her as a noble woman and established Gooding's opinion, as shown by his statement, of Simpson's despicable and depraved character and of my wife's simple, virtuous, and womanly personality. I visited her grave, with feelings too deep for expression, and erected a monument to her memory to evince my devotion to her.

We employed Gooding's assistance in tracing the lost threads of my life, but could only conclude that I had been waylaid and robbed, and then "shanghaed" aboard a ship bound for Puget Sound. It being seen that I was useless as a sailor, I was put ashore at Seattle, and then drifted into a charity hospital, whence I started on my new career. It was probable that the initials "J. W." on my underclothing prompted the suggestion of the name James Wilson.

In returning to New York, I insisted that I should retain my real name, so, after arrival, I resigned my club memberships and my various official positions, and had transferred all my stocks and holdings from James Wilson to John Whitney.

With my wife and son I then went to Europe and stayed for some time, after which we went to California and bought a vineyard in Napa County. My brother-in-law, Horace Greene, is my most intimate friend, and, while I revere the memory of and cherish my affection for my pretty girl-wife, my present wife, Louise, is my companion and a true-hearted woman, whose wifely tenderness is my constant support and solace, and who merits the love of my declining years.

SEATTLE, January, 1889. T. F. ROBERTSON.

The reform of the queen's household will abolish the ten pages of the great chamber, with fifty pounds sterling a year and no duties; three of the four lords in waiting, and the eight women of the bed-chamber, who had three hundred pounds a year. A point will be made, though, as to the queen's right to take twelve thousand pounds a year appropriated for the buck-hounds, which she has abolished. The buck-hounds were on the civil list.

The most splendid tomb in England is undoubtedly that of the Duke of Hamilton in the grounds of the Hamilton Palace. It cost one hundred and eighty thousand pounds sterling. It is a model of the Castle of San Angelo at Rome. The gates are a copy of the Ghiberti gates at Florence, and the coffin of the duke is inclosed in an Egyptian sarcophagus of black marble, which was brought from Alexandria.

The lamp in St. Catherine's lighthouse, Isle of Wight, is estimated to be more than seven million candle-power.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mr. Maddison Morton, author of "Box and Cox," recently celebrated his seventy-eighth birthday anniversary. He lives at the Charter House, enjoys excellent health, takes snuff, and loves to watch a game of cricket.

At the unveiling of the Wellington statue the other day the Prince of Wales wore a dark overcoat with broad velvet collar and cuffs, fawn-colored trousers, and seamless boots without toe-caps. He was looking well and in capital spirits, but it was observed that his beard is turning very gray.

The Russian Empress thinks little of court etiquette. Recently at some function at the Danish court, where properly she had precedence of the Princess of Wales, she laughingly invited the princess to go ahead of her, saying: "When I am here I am only my mother's second daughter."

H. Rider Haggard has become a vegetarian. He found by experiment that he could work longer and to better effect on a meatless diet than when he indulged freely in beef and mutton. He has become a convert to the theory that the imagination becomes more active when the body abstains from animal nourishment. Cereals, garden vegetables, etc., now form the basis of Haggard's diet.

Captain Boycott will be remembered, in name at least, long after his bones have turned to dust. According to his years he should still be in the prime of life, but for a decade the captain has not lain upon a bed of roses, and he has aged prematurely, his hair and beard—the latter long and luxuriant—being almost snow-white. Captain Boycott is the agent of Sir Hugh Adair, and has his head-quarters in the sleepy little village of Flixton, in the heart of Suffolk, miles away from a railway-station, or a post-office, or a telegraph-office. To the villagers he is known as "the captain."

There has been an interchange of letters between the President and his elected successor, and between Mrs. Cleveland and Mrs. Harrison, and also between the present and future private secretary. Mrs. Cleveland has warmly invited Mrs. Harrison and her husband to be guests at the White House before the inauguration. The ladies have further corresponded upon household matters, while the President has instructed General Harrison upon the routine business of the executive office. This is an agreeable illustration of that amenity which sometimes tempers the unreason and bitterness of party controversy.

The thirteen trees planted by Alexander Hamilton at the Grange, now bounded by One Hundred and Fortieth and One Hundred and Forty-fifth Streets, New York, were named by him in honor of the thirteen original States. Notwithstanding the devastation that has been going on in this part of the city, these trees are allowed to remain. They are owned by Mr. W. H. de Forest, who purchased the Grange in 1879 for three hundred and twelve thousand dollars, which was then regarded as almost a fancy price, but which now would hardly pay for more than a few of the lots into which the property has been divided.

The venerable mother of General Lew Wallace, Mrs. Zarelda Wallace, is stumping the State of Arkansas in favor of woman suffrage. Wherever she goes she is greeted by large and enthusiastic audiences. At the little town of Cotton Plant it was agreed that her arguments should be answered by the Rev. Joseph Jones, a brother of the Rev. Sam Jones, of Georgia. Mrs. Wallace made her speech with the divine at her side on the platform, and, to the amazement of everybody present, when she had concluded it, the Rev. Mr. Jones rose and frankly declared that he had never known the facts before, and should henceforth favor the granting of the ballot to women.

At a recent phonograph party at the home of his father-in-law, Lewis Miller, in Akron, Ohio, Thomas A. Edison delighted a number of Akronians with exhibitions from his original experimental phonograph. One of the little shells, or phonograms, he used was put in motion and gave through the funnel, in distinctly audible tones, one of John McCullough's speeches in Bloomingdale Asylum, in which he was confined up to the time of his death. By turns the poor man was going through the most intensely tragic lines from "Virginius," by turns protesting that he was not mad, and then breaking out into a spasmodic maniacal laugh that sent a shiver through the listeners.

In a recent lecture, Mr. William Blaikie, author of "How to Get Strong," contrasted Thomas A. Edison and John Ericsson, both inventors, the one forty-two years of age, the other just double that age. Edison never takes any exercise and breathes comparatively little fresh air; Ericsson has a gymnasium fitted up in his house and takes regular exercise every day. Edison is almost totally deaf, is pale of face, and stoops. Ericsson has all his organs in their early perfection, is ruddy of face, and straight as an arrow. Only recently, in a trial of strength, he outstripped two young men in their twenties. Moral—early to bed and early to rise, with a regular course of exercise.

Levi P. Morton's place at Rhinebeck, on the Hudson, was originally purchased from the Indians in 1686 by Gerrit Aartsen, Arrie Roosa, and Jan Elting. In 1702 it was sold to Hendrick Heermance, the son-in-law of Aartsen, who left it to his son-in-law, Jacobus Kip. It remained in the Kip family until 1814, when it was sold to Maturin Livingston. It passed through several other hands until it was purchased by William Kelley, of New York, who added a thousand acres to it, spent a fortune on it, and whose heirs, at his death, sold it at a sacrifice to Mr. Morton. Mr. Morton has also spent a fortune in improving it, and it will be, when completed, one of the costliest places in the United States.

Two *mots* contrasting the three emperors—William the First, Frederick the Third, and William the Second—are "Gang und Gabe" in Berlin at present. The three emperors are distinguished as: William the First, "Der Greise Kaiser" (the aged emperor); Frederick the Third, "Der Weise Kaiser" (the wise emperor); William the Second, "Der Reise Kaiser" (the traveling emperor). Again, William the First, "Der Hochselige" ("the illustrious sainted"); Frederick the Third, "Der Leutselige" (for which the dictionary gives "affable, engaging, condescending, amiable"; literally, "happy with people"); William the Second, "Der Redselige" ("the talkative," or rather, "having the gift of the gab").

The Empress Eugénie is back again in Paris. She stays with the Duchess de Mouchy (Anna Murat) and keeps quiet. Nevertheless, a concourse of visitors, who went to pay her their respects, were received. She had a long interview with General du Barail, the head of Prince Victor's plebiscitary committee. Dr. Metzger's treatment has brought her from a sad and almost crippled state to cheerfulness and the activity that arises from the muscles being flexible and in ready obedience to the nerves. Dr. Metzger does not allow her to eat much bread, or, indeed, any kind of food rich in phosphates of lime, which he says make the bodies of elderly persons stiff and dense and the organs failers rather than agents of the spirit. The Princess Mathilde has not yet been to see Eugénie. The former regards Prince Victor as a low scamp and will have nothing to say to him, whereas the ex-empress treats him as a son and is disposed to spend a good deal of money in helping him to realize his pretensions.

The Duchess of Montrose is very fond of dress. Her favorite color is scarlet, and when this elderly lady (she is seventy) is gotten up in a toilet of her favorite hue, supplemented with a scarlet ulster, her appearance is certainly peculiar. She is extremely popular with the lower orders, to whom her grace is well known by sight from her constant frequentation of race-courses. Curiosity took her to go to take a look at the great Socialist demonstration in Hyde Park. On arriving there she was instantly approached by a number of roughs, who proceeded to give her some good-natured advice. "Now, your grace, don't stay here—go home and take care of yourself—it isn't a fit place for you." "Well, boys, I'll go," answered the lady good-humoredly. And as she turned away some one in the crowd cried, "Three cheers for Caroline, Duchess of Montrose!" an appeal that met with a hearty response. It has been stated that the Duchess of Montrose is the lady who became, some thirty-five years ago, greatly attached to James Buchanan when he was United States Minister to London, and who would have married that gentleman had not her relatives strongly opposed her alliance with an American.

VANITY FAIR.

Concerning the reluctance of well-to-do English bachelors to assume the burdens of matrimony, the *St. James's Gazette* has this to say: With persons of gentle breeding probably the strongest inducement to shun matrimony is the vastly improved lot of the bachelor. The days of his thralldom to landladies are past. With an income which would leave him in straitened circumstances were he married, he can be as comfortable in chambers or "mansions" as in a house of his own, and can enjoy far greater freedom than is possible to the family-man. Of late years every care has been taken to make the bachelor happy and to keep him single. The latest improvement in residential chambers is succeeded by a more luxurious installation in "mansions"; and now a scheme which is essentially new in London has been propounded. Lord Strafford's house in St. James's Square has been purchased with a view to its conversion into a "lodging-house for single gentlemen." The enterprise has been undertaken to provide unfurnished rooms for about one hundred bachelors. While tenants will be required to provide their own furniture, the landlord will place at their disposal drawing, dining, and visitors' rooms, furnished with every comfort. The rent paid for sleeping apartments will include attendance, and no extra charges of any sort will be made. Tenants will have the privilege of receiving visitors whenever they please during the day, and arrangements will be made for private dinners and other festivities. It is expected that a sum of quite ten thousand pounds sterling per annum will be derived from the rentals—that is to say, the average rent of each bed-room would be at least one hundred pounds a year. Taken by itself, that would be rather a high figure; but since it is to include rent, attendance, the use of handsome and well-furnished reception-rooms, and the not inconsiderable convenience of an address in a West End square which has for generations been the centre of all the respectabilities, it is by no means extravagant. The scheme has the advantage of placing the bachelor who has, let us say, five hundred pounds a year or so to spend, in a pleasanter and more independent position than ever. Whatever may be the result of this particular project, it is quite obvious that bachelor life in chambers, and the developments of it which may be in store, are likely to have far-reaching social consequences. When a young man can live not merely in comfort but in actual splendor, with liveried servants, a first-rate cook, and an unexceptionable cellar at his command, for at least fifty per cent. less than he would have to spend upon an infinitely more modest scale of living were he married, it is not surprising that he prefers his incomplete and unregenerate condition. Marriage is a costly condition of life. Moreover, the expenses of an establishment may reasonably be expected to increase; whereas those of the bachelor in chambers can be kept stationary without the slightest necessity for unpleasant economy, much less for actual pinching. The income which renders the bachelor's life a delight condemns the married man to an existence of seclusion, tempered by the anxious counting of sixpences. It is regrettable, no doubt, that such causes as this should operate in restraint of marriage; but that they do so operate is within the experience of everybody. It seems likely that the multiplication of devices, whereby the unmarried man of strictly moderate income may obtain all the material comfort which is at the command of his married friends with double or treble the means, will end in still further raising the average age at which men of breeding and education take wives.

The livery of the coachman of Count d'Arco Valley, the German Minister at Washington, is creating a sensation in that city. Gold and lace seem to be the principal part of it. A double row of silk buttons runs down the front, while rows of gilt cord are swung across the breast and fastened upon the right side, from which depends a sword. The tall blue hat is decorated with a plume and cockade of German colors. No one seems to know what the sword is for, unless it is to "cut behind" at the small boys, whose republican irreverence causes them to "steal a ride" on the gorgeous equipage.

In *Harper's Bazar*, "T. W. H." thus writes: A lady, widely popular as a guest in very pleasant houses, was once asked, within my knowledge, what made her such a favorite. She answered that she did not know, unless it was that she took a great many naps in her own room. She further explained that the most welcome guest was inevitably some restraint on the movements and occupations of the family, and that she herself aimed to reduce this to a minimum by keeping herself out of the way for a good deal of the time. In reality, she rarely went to sleep in the daytime, but by locking herself into her own room for that ostensible purpose she not only gained rest for herself, but gave it to those around her. It will be seen that happiness in this case came from a judicious letting alone on both sides; and yet this is, for both host and guest, a hard thing to attempt. It is practiced magnanimously every morning in the great English households, where each guest is left for a time to his own devices. But this method is based upon such endless resources in the way of rides, drives, walks, guns, fishing-rods, tennis-courts, billiard-rooms, and libraries that it is really a provision by wholesale instead of retail; like a breakfast-table in the same establishments, where there is no formality, and a guest helps himself to what he likes. But it is no easy thing to adopt the same breadth of treatment in a small family where there is no great variety of rooms or appliances, and one domestic perhaps does duty for all. Still it is possible even there to deal with a guest in this general spirit; to assume that be or she has resources of some kind—likes to read, or to write, or to sew, and can be allowed to choose among these occupations; or can be allowed to stroll about the neighborhood unattended without being suspected of being home-sick and miserable. The private room, too, can usually be secured to a guest, and kept sacred, being so provided with a fire in winter, with flowers in summer, and with books and writing materials always, that it becomes a little home for the time being, and is respected as such. As a man's house is said to be his castle, so should a guest-chamber be, and Elizabeth should be allowed to take as many naps as she pleases, with none to molest or make her afraid. Then the real occupations of the family may go on—cooking, dusting, art, philanthropy, no matter what—and the hours when host and guest meet will be a relief and not a burden. It must be remembered, too, that a guest comes as often for rest as for stimulus. Whether country cousins be transplanted to the city or city cousins to the country, they must not be worked too hard. It is not essential that they should inspect every art museum and cooking-school in the one case, or drive to every mountain view in the other, but it is essential that they should not go home more tired than they came. It might be well to adopt the rule which many have found useful at international expositions, at Philadelphia, or elsewhere, not to go sight-seeing oftener than every other day, keeping quiet on the alternate day. One reason why men like club life is that it is usually attended with a certain judicious freedom on the part of the host; he introduces you, or "puts you down," and commonly leaves you to yourself, secure that the needful appliances will be found at hand.

Mrs. August Belmont has the finest collection of sapphires in this country, though Mrs. William Astor is credited with possessing the finest single one. When one of the younger Astors was married a dainty present was given her by her uncle. It was her wedding slippers; they were of white satin, elaborately seeded with pearls, put in a white-satin box, on the inside of which in pale colors were "lady's-slippers" and on the outside china-asters. The sentiment was really very pretty, and the work was most artistically done.

That which struck me most in America, from first to last, is the total absence of stupid-looking faces (writes Max O'Rell in the *Forum*). All are not handsome, but all are intelligent and beaming with activity. In my opinion, it is in this that American beauty mainly consists. In the large cities of the East the first thing which caught my attention was the thinness of the men and the plumpness of the women. This seemed to hint that the former lived in a furnace of activity and the latter in cotton wool. This impression soon deepened into a conviction. It seemed to me that woman's lot was as near to being perfection as an earthly lot could be. A respect amounting to reverence is shown for her, and it appears to be the chief aim of her protectors to surround her with luxury and make her path through life a sunny one. So far as adding to her mental and physical grace goes, this plan of making every woman an uncrowned queen has answered completely. Seeing her high position, she has set herself to work to fill it becomingly, and it is the cultivation of America's daughters, it is their charming independence, and a consciousness of their power that make them so attractive and render American society so delightful to the stranger. In their treatment of women, the Americans might give more than one lesson to the men of the old world, even to the Frenchman, who, in the matter of politeness, lives a good deal, I am afraid, on the reputation of his ancestors. The respect for women in America seemed to me to be perfectly disinterested, purely platonic. In France, this respect almost always borders on gallantry. A Frenchman will always stand back to let a woman pass, but he will generally profit by the occasion to take a good look at her. If an outsider be competent to form an opinion, I venture to say that the American woman does not render to man a tithe of the devotion she receives from him. The French wife repays a husband's devotion by protecting his interest—an American one too often repays it by breaking into his capital.

The Princess of Wales has set the fashion for a new boot which is intended for rough-country walking and is impervious to any amount of damp. It is very high, buttoning nearly up to the knee, of black leather, with an inner lining of stout water-proof tweed between the leather and the kid lining. The sole is about half an inch thick. It has already been introduced at Tuxedo, where it is found a great comfort in walking and tramping about in the snow surrounding the toboggan slide.

Fifty-six years ago American gentlemen wore blue broadcloth coats, with high rolling collars, short waists, gilt buttons, and long tails, with skirts cut away over the hips. Their waistcoats were very short, and their pantaloons—there were no "pants" or trousers in those days—were very long and tight. Yellow nankeen was the material of the former, drab or buff mole-skin of the latter. It was a perpetual mystery how a man got into his pantaloons, and once in, how he got out. They came down to the very bottom of his heel, and buttoned beneath his instep, giving him an uncomfortably strapped-up appearance. His collar was of the big "side-board" type, and his cravat was either an enormous stock of black satin or a couple of yards of white lawn wrapped in ample folds about his throat. Tight sleeves to his coat, with turned-back cuffs, a heavy cane, an enormous white-beaver hat, and a clean-shaven face, made up his *ensemble*. Nobody wore mustaches then, and a man with whiskers was followed in the streets by a crowd.

Quite a space has been devoted in the leading French papers to the news that a fresh material has been discovered for corsets. One would not expect English influence to assert itself in so delicate a department. But leather corsets are to be traced remotely to the influence of the insulars. French ladies have taken up tennis (in a very dainty way) and croquet. They even mention cricket as within feminine possibilities. However, the Parisian corsetier has seen his opportunity. For such robust exercise the ordinary fabric is quite insufficient. A concession is made to English demands. French girls are to play tennis and English girls are to wear leather corsets. The change will probably be greater for the French than for the English, though neither innovation is much more than a revival. In the days of Henry the Fifth—if Shakespeare is any authority—the Parisians played a kind of tennis, and certainly in the days of Cromwell, if the English girls did not wear kid corsets, their fathers put on leather jerkins.

The sudden and apparently permanent change in the matter of masculine neckwear from the graceful and always stylish-looking sailor-knot, in all the different changes which it semi-periodically experienced, to the now popular puff, is as surprising to the manufacturer as to the retailer and the fashionable public. If any one had predicted a year ago that this article would be the fashionable scarf for this season, he would have been laughed at, and when only six months ago the London manufacturers offered through their representatives the various puffs and Ascot scarfs as the coming style, they were not believed except by such metropolitan dealers as were better posted as to what was being worn in London. It only goes to prove that, after all, we are regulated almost entirely by what is being worn on the other side, and that the fashion is being set *there;* we may modify or change a little, but the styles and shapes brought out and shown here by London manufacturers are sure to be adopted sooner or later.—*Haberdasher.*

A Philadelphia paper says: When the Duke of Sutherland and his concubine made their way through the crowd which during business hours always throngs "Wanamaker's," the duke, short, stocky, red-faced, and intensely vulgar, clad in a shabby ill-fitting suit of tweed, looked what he was, a fit companion for the creature, a foot taller and as vulgar looking as himself, who, dressed in a cheap, faded pink sateen-gown and blue pork-pie hat, divided with him the mocking homage of observers. When promenading down Chestnut Street at a fashionable hour, the duke, dusty and perspiring, and the female in a black-velvet dress en train, with an immense garland of artificial Jack-roses encircling her immense waist, and light tennis-shoes on her elephantine feet, the sight was one so ridiculous and absurd that had it not been for the presence of officers to keep off the curious crowd, it would have soon grown into a hooting mob.

When I lunched with W. H. Vanderbilt's widow the other day, writes a correspondent of the Boston *Herald*, the table was set for eight people, and the service was of Dresden china. On each plate was a large, white linen napkin, so folded as to show an embroidered monogram, about one and one-half inches square, of the letters "W. H. V." At the four corners of the table were tall, single silver candlesticks, with pink candles and pink-silk shades, and in front of these, small silver dishes for bon-bons, salted almonds, olives, etc. The glassware was finely cut and sparkled like diamonds, and on the buffet stood other specimens of cut-glass ready for use. It all shone like a collection of huge gems. In the centre of the table stood a large cut-glass bowl, of rare workmanship, filled with chrysanthemums from Mrs. Vanderbilt's own conservatory, which just now contains an immensely beautiful display of these autumnal flowers. Just outside the dining-room is a store-room, with safes built into the wall. It also contains the butler's pantry. There is a balcony with a wrought-iron railing which extends around the room, five feet from the top. The safes on the lower range are lined with purple velvet, and contain large pieces of silver. There are silver punch-bowls, tankards, candlesticks, tureens, all exquisitely engraved and of immense size. One safe contains only immense silver trays, and one tray, especially large, has a tiny railing an inch high surrounding it, and large, showy bandles. It is said to be the largest and finest-engraved piece of silver-plate in the country. Another contains a solid gold dinner-service and tall gold candlesticks. There are few people of royal blood who can excel in their table appointments this New York widow. In the balcony row of safes the smaller pieces of silver are kept; spoons of every kind and variety, ladles, knives, forks, and small dishes. They are in gold, silver, and platinum. One may very naturally ask, What does so small a family as Mrs. Vanderbilt and her son George do with this immense amount of silver, glass, and porcelain? The dinner is the one ceremonious occasion of the day, and each day the butler is requested to set the table with an entirely different service of plate, glass, and china. There are not three hundred and sixty-five of these sets, but there are enough to last for a long time before beginning over again. In this way Mrs. Vanderbilt learns that her possessions are intact. It seems a great responsibility for one man to have charge of all these possessions, yet the butler of the family is that man, and he is required to give bonds as to his faithfulness. He it is who holds the keys to all these safes and cabinets, and he is not only responsible for their safe keeping, but he is accountable for any breakage. The present butler has been in the family some time, and previously held the same position with Oakes Ames.

About Lord Tennyson's well-known horror of publicity it is told that once, when walking in his own grounds, he was informed that some enterprising tourist was looking down on him from a tree almost over his head. The enthusiast was soon brought down from his coign of vantage. The laureate, however, secured a page-boy to keep off all such intruders in future, he being too short-sighted to notice them. Soon after this youth had begun his duties it happened that the Prince of Wales walked over from Osborne to see Mr. Tennyson. Arriving at the poet's house at Freshwater, he asked the boy whether Mr. Tennyson was in. The boy, thinking he smelled a rat, said, "And what's that to you, if he is?" "Tell him," said H. R. H., "that the Prince of Wales wishes to see him." The knowing youth thereupon, not to be caught, said, "You don't take me to be so green as that?" and to emphasize his remark he "placed his thumb to his nose and spread his fingers out." The prince, however, had parleyed sufficiently, so taking the young hopeful by the collar he placed him aside and walked into the house.

THE FOOTLIGHTS OF ISRAEL.

Mrs. Atherton describes Two Strange Jewish Theatres in New York.

It may be something of a conviction among those who know their Bible that Mrs. Potiphar and her domestic life, flirtations, etc., were hardly available for footlight reproduction. Let those skeptics go down to the Oriental Theatre in the Bowery and see Mrs. Silberman clutch the folds of Mr. Silberman's decorous traveling costume and exclaim: "O-h-h-h-h, lieber Shoseph!" and hear him remark, with mild reproval: "Wos ist, madame?" they will freely acknowledge that no incident of the Bible is hopeless for dramatic purposes. Joseph Lateiner, the "Shakespeare of jargon," has written a very charming historical drama for the Oriental, and it is put upon the stage in a manner in which its audience finds no defect. If the tropical and the temperate zone flower side by side, and if the tigers are meek and unwinking, and the nightingales look ready to swear like a parrot, no fault should be found, for standard in taste as in morality is determined by climate, and this is the standard of the Oriental.

Mrs. Silberman, the Mrs. Potiphar of the play, is a stunning-looking woman and capable of carrying off a worse opera than "Joseph and his Brothers." In fact, there is not a stock actress in New York to compare with her in beauty. On her head she had a square-topped silk cap, and from it escaped a mass of jet-black hair. Her rich red-ivory skin showed no trace of paint, and her delicate glistening brows arched over a pair of magnificent, yet coquettish, black eyes. Her features were Semitically perfect, and not a line of her full, round figure curved prophetically toward avoirdupois. She was richly dressed for this part in a soft, loose, clinging, red-silk gown, trimmed with bands of gold. About her waist was a girdle, from which swung tabs of golden embroidery, and on her bosom were a dozen ropes of pearls. She acted quite well enough for such a pretty woman, and if she sighed and languished a good deal and rolled her eyes about—particularly at Joseph—she met with no criticism. When she flung herself on her knees to the stern and honest captive, she looked like a maid of the French Revolution pleading for her father's life.

There were several other effective pictures in the play. When Joseph—clad in pink silk and corded legs—appeared among his ten big, black brothers, who, in the meantime had been absently killing a bear, and by them had his dainty clothes torn off, the dramatic effect was very exciting. Joseph, in heart-rending tones, cried "My brothers! oh, my brothers!" and sang his appeal and despair with much pathos and abandon. His brothers listened to him with fiendish scorn and demoniacal bursts of laughter, and finally put him in a hole. These brothers were strapping six-footers, with the muscles of prize-fighters, and their bare legs looked as if they might have upheld a piano. They wore sandals on their feet, and blue blouses, brass girdles, arm-rings, and head bands, and their voices were mighty as their calves. The chorus-girls, most of them extremely pretty Jewish maidens, wore red wrappers and odd little caps.

Another striking scene was Jacob on his throne—or on a chair that suggested the absent crown. His gray hair and beard flowed over his shoulders and breast, and his robe was very rich and sombre. Three daughters stood on his right and three on his left, clad in fezes and gayly colored gowns. The wicked brothers came in one by one, each bending his knee in turn to the patriarch. The whole thing looked like an antique frieze. Mr. Schoengold, who is an actor, threw much quiet yet dramatic dignity into the character of Jacob.

The theatre was packed to overflowing, and the audience represented the trade-Jews of the Bowery and vicinity. The young girls were almost invariably pretty and well dressed, and although as much could not be said for the men, at least they were well-behaved and appreciative. An air of general sociability prevailed, the audience freely exchanging remarks, and when the comedian was pleased to be facetious the laughter rang to the gold-starred ceiling.

The theatre itself is not ugly, although made from an ordinary house and somewhat irregular. It holds about eight hundred people. The walls are paneled with gold and red paper, and the private boxes are cosy and gay. The entire programme and most of the advertisements are printed in Hebrew, but one finds plenty of accommodating neighbors to translate.

This theatre is run on principles of its own, and borrows few hints from the more pretentious but less individual establishments over which Daly and Palmer preside. It has an immense repertoire of pieces, seldom playing one more than two nights in succession, and, what is more, has its own playwright. Mr. Joseph Lateiner is a remarkably brilliant and versatile young man, with good manners and handsome face. He has written plays of every description for this insatiable little theatre and generally in Hebrew-German, or what is familiarly known as "jargon." Occasionally a Russian playwright named Chaikovich sends over a play to the company, and Mr. Goldfaden, the editor of one of the New York German papers, supplies them with a comedy.

The company originated in Russia, wandered to England, and finally brought up in New York, where they seem quite contented. Good as their plays are, the music is the great attraction to a stranger, for it is both fine and unique. There are ballads, hymns, marches, and serenades, and many of the impressive recitatives sung by the "readers" in synagogues. There is a great deal of this music, and its audience would not part with a strain.

The Roumania Opera House, the other Jewish theatre, is a trifle more aristocratic, although still in the Bowery. It is quite large, and has had a good deal of money spent on it. Gold, stucco, and frescoing are everywhere. There are four large proscenium-boxes hung with curtains of both lace and silk, the house is illuminated with electric-lights, and there are seats for a thousand persons. This theatre is patronized by the middle class of New York Jews—Roumanian, Russian, Polish, Hungarian, and German. Some of the plays are written in jargon, others in German, and the music is religious, classical, and popular; in fact, its variety is startling to the conventional mind. The prices are the same as at the best up-town theatres, and the costumes are all handsome.

This theatre has its own playwrights, also Professor Horowitz Halévy, who is also the comedian of the company. He has written the historical operas of "Solomon" and "Jehuda and Israel"; but, like Joseph Lateiner, he prefers to take modern incidents in the history of his race as the bases of his plays.

But the Roumania has aspirations above its retainer, and frequently produces such classics as Schiller's "Robbers," "Uriel Acosta," "Leah," and "The Jewess."

On the whole, however, the little Oriental is more interesting and characteristic, and the Roumania has no such drawing card as Mrs. Silberman. There are about thirty or forty thousand people in this *bourgeois* Jewish colony, and they all live in the vicinity of the Bowery, making a settlement as individual, as interesting, and as independent as the Chinese quarter in San Francisco.

GERTRUDE FRANKLIN ATHERTON.

NEW YORK, January 8, 1889.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Ballad of the Colors.

A gentleman of courtly air,
Of old Virginia he;
A damsel from New Jersey State,
Of matchless beauty she;
They met as fierce antagonists—
The reason why, they say,
Her eyes were of the Federal blue,
And his, Confederate gray.

They entered on a fierce campaign,
And when the fight began,
It seemed as though the strategy
Had no determinate plan.
Each watched the other's movements well
While standing there at bay—
One struggling for the Federal blue,
One for Confederate gray.

We all looked on with anxious eyes
To see their forces move,
And none could tell which combatant
At last would victor prove.
They marched and countermarched with skill
Avoiding well the fray;
Here, lines were seen of Federal blue,
And there, Confederate gray.

At last he moved his force in mass,
And sent her summons there
That she should straight capitulate
Upon conditions fair.
"As you march forth the flags may fly,
The drums and bugles play;
But yield those eyes of Federal blue
To the Confederate gray."

"You are the foe," she answer sent,
"To maidens such as I;
I'll face you with a dauntless heart,
And conquer you, or die.
A token of the sure result
The vaulted skies display;
For there above is Federal blue,
Below, Confederate gray."

Sharp-shooting on each flank began,
And 'mid manœuvres free
The rattle of the small-talk with
Big guns of repartee,
Mixed with the deadly glance of eyes
Amid the proud array,
There met in arms the Federal blue
And the Confederate gray.

Exhausted by the fight, at length
They called a truce to rest;
When lo! another force appeared
Upon a mountain's crest,
And as it came the mountain down
Amid the trumpet's bray,
Uncertain stood the Federal blue
And the Confederate gray.

A corps of stout free-lances these
Who poured upon the field,
Field-Marshal Cupid in command,
Who swore they both must yield;
That both should conquer; both divide
The honors of the day,
And proudly with the Federal blue
March the Confederate gray.

His troops were fresh and theirs were worn;
What could they but agree
That both should be the conquerors,
And both should captives be?
So they presented arms, because
Dan Cupid held the sway,
And joined in peace the Federal blue
With the Confederate gray.

Twelve years have fled. I passed to-day
The fort they built, and saw
A sight to strike a bachelor
With spirit-thrilling awe.
Deployed a corps of infantry,
But less for drill than play;
And some had eyes of Federal blue,
And some Confederate gray.

—*Thomas Dunne English.*

A few evenings since, as a young lady of Bridgeport was dressing for a party, a mouse put in an appearance, and, naturally enough, created considerable confusion, but finally disappeared. After the lady had returned from the party, and while disrobing for the night, what was her astonishment to find the poor mouse in her bustle, but the place of fancied security it had sought in the excitement of the chase had proved a death trap. At some time during its presence there it had been crushed to death. The young lady's feelings can better be imagined than described.

Churchill County, Nevada, is in danger of breaking in two. A crack has recently appeared three feet wide, several miles long, and how deep no one can find out.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The season of Christmas brings children to the front rather more than than at any time of the year. "My bills this year have been enormous," said a man to his friend, also a parent; "fancy it, a dentist's bill for my small boy of nearly two hundred dollars." "Horrible," said the other parent; "I would not pay it." "Not pay? What would you do? How would you get round it?" "Easily enough," said the other; "give him the child."

An English rector in a Sussex parish once visited a poor old widow who had nine or ten children. All of them, except the daughter, had gone out into the world and left her. At last the daughter married and left the mother alone. "Dame," said the rector, "you must feel lonely now, after having had so large a family." "Yes, sir," she answered, "I do feel it lonesome. I have brought up a large family, and here I am now living alone. And I misses 'em and I wants 'em; but I misses 'em more than I wants 'em."

An English general, about to attack Cadiz, and knowing the prejudices of his men, excited their enthusiasm in a novel way: "You Englishmen," said he, addressing them, "who are fed upon beef, don't surely mean to be beaten by a lot of Spaniards, who live upon oranges!" Even the hospitality of the grave is begrudged Frenchmen by English peasants, as an anecdote told in a recent English book illustrates. At the time of the abortive attempt at invading England made by the French in 1797, several of their soldiers, prisoners of war, were buried in Burton church-yard. Many a time it has been suggested to the present rector by the peasants of the village, when complaint was made of the crowded condition of the burial-ground: "Dig up them old French, sir; what's the good of them?"

Can a brave soldier carry coolness in battle to the point of affectation? An incident told of the French general, Custine, and his aide-de-camp, Baraguay d'Hilliers, seems to prove that this may be possible. During a battle, Baraguay d'Hilliers was reading a dispatch to the general, holding the letter with both hands, when a ball passed between his two hands and cut a hole straight through the letter. The aide-de-camp paid no attention to the bullet, but paused in his reading and looked closely at the riddled page. "Go on, go on!" said the general. "I beg pardon, general," said Baraguay d'Hilliers, "but a word seems to have been blotted out here. Well, I will go on with the next." This story is not unlike one told, with what truth we do not know, of a Western captain in the American civil war, who, after an engagement, had seated himself under a tree and was smoking a pipe when a stray bullet knocked off the bowl of the pipe, leaving the stem in his mouth. He continued to puff for a moment, and then said to his orderly: "This pipe draws too well, Robinson; I wish you would bring me a fresh one!"

A slender, dark-faced, and studious-looking man of uncertain age, thick, dark hair falling in bangs on a thoughtful forehead, and earnest, even impassioned manner, stood in the temporary cloak-room of the Players' Club on New Year's morning with bat-check No. 49 in his taper fingers. He had organized a personally conducted search party for the head and body coverings he had removed an hour or more before when he went in to hear Edwin Booth give "the poor players" their magnificent new club-house. He was Richard Watson Gilder, the poet-editor of the *Century*. As he groped in the shelves and cubby-holes, a rasping voice called out to him: "Here, take my hat and coat!" Raising his small, alert head to transfix the brusque stranger with his dark, deep-sunken eye, Mr. Gilder and Mayor Hewitt recognized each other, bowed and smiled. "I thought you were the attendant," explained Mr. Hewitt; "but you might as well put my hat away, as you don't seem able to find your own!" "Your hat, Mr. Hewitt," replied Mr. Gilder; "I don't see why you should need a hat when your head goes off to-day!"

A charming but eccentric professional gentleman, from long brooding on the subject of midnight visitations, came to a definite conclusion as to what he would do if his house was ever broken into. The other night he heard unmistakable sounds of burglars at work on his parlor floor. With unwonted bravery he put his sage plan into operation. He gathered up every portable thing in his bed-room—the heavy articles of earthenware, a great tin foot-tub, a tumbler or two, and, in fact, every toilet-stand appointment, and, making a double armful of them, crept to the head of the stairs and flung them all down, uttering at the same time the most diabolical yell of which his lungs and his desperate state were capable. The amazing noise he produced, to be likened only to the fall of the upper stories of the house, was instantly followed by an echoing cry and the shattering of a front-parlor window. The marauder had been frightened into a sudden exit from the house in that way. The timid gentleman's plan had worked to a charm. Unfortunately, it was discovered next day that it had not been a burglar, but a valuable dog an inmate of the house had brought home the night before, and that had escaped from the kitchen and was prowling about the parlors.

Of all practical jokers, the actor Sothern was the most daring, incorrigible and cruel. Sometimes his cleverly conceived plots caused his personal friends to make themselves ridiculous, and again it was a stranger who suffered; but occasionally his jokes were not heartless. One day he went into a hardware store and asked for a copy of Macaulay's "History of England." "We do not sell books, sir," said the assistant; "this is a hardware store." "Well, I'm not particular," replied Sothern, pretending to be deaf; "I don't care whether it's bound in calf or russia." "But this is not a bookseller's!" shouted the man. "All right; wrap it up neatly. It's for a present I wish to make to a relative." "We don't keep it!" shrieked the assistant, getting red in the face. "Do it up as you would for your own mother," said Sothern; "I don't wish anything better than that. I would like to write my name on the fly-leaf." "Sir," screamed the assistant, at the top of his voice, "can't you see we do not keep books?" "Very well," said Sothern, quite undisturbed; "I will wait for it." The clerk left him and appealed to his master, saying he thought the customer must be insane. "What is it, sir? What do you desire?" asked the owner of the shop, coming forward. "I want to buy a file," replied Sothern, quietly; "a plain file, four or five inches long." "Certainly," said the master, and he cast upon his assistant a look which should have withered that misunderstood young man.

Edmond de Goncourt had the essentially Parisian characteristics of easy, spontaneous *mots*, which were not so much a retort or witty repartee as the expressions of an amiable moralist, a philosophic witness of contemporary events, and a shrewd but benevolent observer. His plays sparkle with such gems at almost every scene. French play-goers remember the exquisite enjoyment with which the audience received the answer of Mme. Pontaubert to her husband in the "Parisien," when he was trying to tell her that Brichanteau owed them no assistance, being only a distant relative: "A wealthy and influential relative is never distant." In the same clever comedy the clauses of a lease are said to be absurd, eliciting the reply: "In France, nothing written on stamped paper is absurd." Again, in the "Panache," when the government candidate explores his future *prefecture* and finds that "Montbrison is a town built near an extinct volcano," he exclaims: "What! they had a volcano and they have allowed it to go out!" And further on: "They possess natural unsavory springs and have not built a casino." And the definition of a husband by an *ingénue* in the "Grandes Demoiselles," "a master who obeys," and the dialogue of two other innocent maidens: "I know that I shall always keep my husband's love." "What is your secret?" "To make him believe every day that I can love him better to-morrow." Not less good is the interview between the doctor and Abel in the club: *Doctor*—"Take salicilate." *Abel*—"You believe in its virtues?" *Doctor*—"No." *Abel*—"Then why prescribe it?" *Doctor*—"To use it up."

A LETTER FROM JAPAN.

A Trip to Nara, the Ancient Capital of the Mikado's Empire.

A fragment of a letter received from my friend, who was passing the summer months in the vicinity of Kioto, filled me with a sudden longing to see Nara. In her bright, characteristic way she wrote of her wanderings through the country, and so tempting was her description of Nara that I decided at once to join her, and make a pilgrimage to the once gay capital of Japan. She wrote: "Meet me at Kioto and together we will go to Nara, one of the loveliest spots in all Japan. We will work or dream, and in the most charming of tea-houses we will pass our summer holidays. I engaged one of the little detached pavilions. Nara is full of sunny splendor and there is no end of sketching material. Its beauties and its traditions seem inexhaustible." This charming epistle suddenly ended with the traditional postscript—a short but touching one—"Bring plenty of flea-powder."

I left Yokohama on a bright June morning, and reached Kioto after a two-days' trip. The bit of sea-voyage to Kobe was delightful, and a few hours by train brought me to Kioto, where I found my friend awaiting me. The old capital looked so lovely and serene, so peaceful on that warm June day, that it was hard to realize it had once been the scene of terrible bloodshed. One likes to forget the tragedies and to remember only the romance and poetry that have clustered about the place for the last thousand years.

We passed some delightful days in the once prosperous town, now greatly changed since the removal of the imperial court to Tokio. What an intensely interesting old place it is, and what memories it holds of the past! We visited the Mikado's palace, which, to me, was disappointing, for I expected a scene of gorgeous magnificence; we haunted temples, poked about curio-shops, reveling in blue and white porcelains, old and new bronzes, and ivory carvings; and, early one morning, we found ourselves in *jinrikishas*, bag and baggage, servants, provisions, and—flea-powder, all equipped for our Nara trip.

Our coolies were powerful-looking men, who pulled us apparently without any effort. The heat of the June sun had effected a slight change in their dress, for its chief characteristic was its primitive simplicity. Their bronzed skins fairly sparkled, as we turned corner after corner, flying by shops innumerable, and catching little glimpses of pretty interiors, till we came to lovely open country, stretching far away to blue hills beyond. We whizzed by green rice-fields, crossed tea plantations, and passed the prettiest of farm-houses, each with its miniature garden, and growing from the thatched roofs were tufts of a grass called *hinodé* (sunrise), dearly prized by the people, who have a belief that the house would take fire were they destroyed.

We tiffined at Uji in an ideal tea-house, and, an hour later, found us once more on the road. Uji is a famous tea district, and those same old shrubs we passed have been yielding two crops of tea annually for over three hundred years.

Our thirty-mile ride came to an end at last; the shadows were deepening as we turned into the village of Nara, the once imperial capital of Japan. For seven reigns it was a scene of magnificent splendor, but now, alas! its glory has departed and little remains except the old temples, standing like so many monuments of the past.

Leaving the long, straggling street and the shouting cries of *ijin-san* (foreigner) from the excited children, we ascended the forest hill. Through the foliage gleamed scarlet bits of numerous temple shrines, while here and there, dotted over the place, towered temple roofs and pagodas. A five minutes' pull up hill, one vigorous push from the coolie behind, and into the garden we went with a rush. What a scene! Figures came flying from every corner, and I thought the bowing and head-ducking would never cease.

The Musashino tea-house faces a grassy hill called Mikasa Yama (Three Hat Hill), while the back and four little detached pavilions overlook the village and country beyond. Before twilight came we had explored our charming retreat. It consisted of four rooms with the usual division of *shoji* (sliding-door) that could be taken out if necessary, thus throwing the house into one large, airy apartment. The gray-toned walls were in full harmony with the pretty natural woods, and in the *tokonoma* (recess) hung a well-executed *kakimono*, the only bit of wall decoration. Over the doors were artistic studies—a unique device in bamboo, a long, quaint bit of landscape or flower, a poem in black and white. Odd-shaped jars, filled with prettily arranged flowers, were in each room. *Fatamis* (wadded mats) covered the floors, and, with the exception of a few chairs and a table, our surroundings were purely Japanese.

After installing the cook in the *chesi* (little) four-by-five kitchen, we sat on the veranda until twilight closed, and in dreamy stillness looked long at the landscape before us. Beyond the village and far across the tea-plantations of the ancient province of Yamato rose the purple hills against the golden yellow of the evening sky, and, almost at our elbow, towered a tall, rugged pine, giving strength and character to the foreground.

Dinner over, we struggled desperately with the dimmest of candles and in despair sought our cot-beds—but not to sleep. I have heard of an English traveler who said, while passing a night at some wretched country-inn, that if the fleas had been quite unanimous they would have dragged him out of bed. I echoed the Englishman's thought, and, for fear of its being realized, I slipped into my *kimono* and groped about blindly for the flea-powder. After a vigorous sprinkling, I bought the pillow once more, but in a few minutes I heard an unmistakable buzzing about my ears. Ye heavens! was I to pass the night killing mosquitoes? Forty winks I had and no more, and when dawn broke I was up, a forlorn figure in solitary reverie, waiting for the sun to rise. My first duty was to call the *o-kami-san* (house-wife), and in tragic silence I pointed to the innocents slaughtered. She grinned, nodded, and disappeared, and in a second returned, dragging behind her several green, musty mosquito-nets, which looked painfully like huge meat-safes. We bankrupted ourselves in *eau-de-cologne*, for the musty smell was more than we could stand.

In drawing the little sketch of the house I have forgotten the bath-room, or rather bath-house, which stood round the corner, a pretty, white-wood affair. In their love for harmony and effect, they had forgotten the fact that a foreigner might possibly prefer screens to the little glass windows and transparent doors.

We lived the days in the woods, with palette and camera, sometimes sitting in the shadow of a temple, sometimes in the shade of the old trees in the parks, where the world seemed far away and forgotten. Nara is full of traditions, and must have been a wonderful old place during the imperial reign. Now it is changed, though still beautiful, its temples and grounds, its parks full of sacred deer, and its cryptomeria groves are full of harmonious coloring. From the veranda we could see, rising out of the middle distance and towering high above the trees surrounding it, a five-storied pagoda one hundred and fifty feet high, the solitary remains of the once famous Buddhist temple Ko-buku-ji, built somewhere I believe in the year 700. Many of the temples contain wonderful old wall-paintings and wood-carvings, for in the old days Nara was distinguished for the cultivation of religion and the arts. There is a pretty but sad legend connected with the sheet of water lying on the left of the pagoda, a tale of unrequited love of a beautiful maiden who refused offers of marriage from all the courtiers of the Mikado because she was in love with her royal sovereign. He took pity on her for awhile, but neglect drove her to the little pond of Sarusawano-Ike, where she drowned herself.

In our wanderings through the temple grounds one day, we made the acquaintance of a young Japanese lad, whose face always wore a smile, and, whenever I started out on my morning walk, I found Yamasa-ki-chi waiting for me. We called him the "kid" for short. He became my guide, and evidently appreciated the distinction. He adjusted my easel, squeezed my colors—that he thought great fun—and when the usual crowd of loquacious pilgrims gathered round me, he flourished a brush with an air of proprietorship and rattled in his native language at a lively pace. Nara is seldom visited by foreigners, and during our pilgrimage there we afforded amusing studies for the natives. They were never weary asking one questions, and when too busy to answer the avalanche showered on me, my young cavalier responded. Their curiosity was great and their questions personal. How old was I, where did I come from, and so on.

I made a pilgrimage one morning to the temple Fo-dai-ji, which contains the famous bronze image of Dai Butsu (Great Buddha). I stood in silence before that glorious and wonderful creation of man, and found myself exclaiming with the people, "Namu, Amida Butsu! (Hail, Great Buddha!) It is a colossal thing, measuring fifty-three feet in height. An idea of the immensity of the idol can be had from the fact that a person can lie down in the palm of the hand. Buddha sits on a lotus flower, the symbol of religious truth. The original head was destroyed some years ago and was replaced by the present one, which is expressionless and exceedingly ugly. Occasional traces of gilding were visible, enough to show that originally the whole image was gilded. It was during the casting of this Buddha that gold was first discovered in Japan. Legend tells us of the Mikado Sho-mu-Tenno who first conceived the idea of erecting this Buddhist idol. Before doing so he consulted, through a priest, Naiku, the great Sun Goddess, and, meeting with her approval, he commenced work on the image.

> Up on the hill-side among the cypresses
> Stands the bell-tower;
> At noon and night I hear its silvery tongue,
> It echoes the voice of the gods,

runs an old Japanese poem. I retraced my steps through the monastery grounds, passing an old stone wall over which hung a wealth of azalias, blood-red in the sunshine, and mounting a long flight of broad stone steps I came to the tower where hangs the old bell. How many, many times in past centuries have its sweet solemn tones called the people to worship! I was in an atmosphere of legend, and its influence was on me as I sat down on the old worn steps and mused. I pictured to myself scenes of past glory, I could almost hear the chanting of yellow-robed priests as they walked to their morning matins. How quiet and dreamy it was, and how melancholy in its aged unchangeableness! In one temple, as I peeped through the latticed door, I saw innumerable bits of wood, painted with odd-looking pictures of children. I was told by my young guide that women go there and pray, when their babies have been howling more than is good for their little lungs. They offer up a prayer which is supposed to stop their cries.

Not far from this scene stands an old wooden building, one of the oldest in Japan. It was built to hold the property of the Mikado at the close of the eighth century, before the court left Nara for Kioto. The collection is said to be a most wonderful and interesting one, as it comprises everything, from a hair-pin to a screen. It has been examined every sixty years and repaired if necessary, but the old building itself has weathered the storms of a thousand years.

I walked homeward, passing through the Nan-Dai-Mon (Southern Great Gate), a massive two-storied structure; enshrined in niches on either side were colossal images, the guardians of Buddhism. The once brilliant red lacquer had worn to a faded pink. The images were extremely hideous, with fearfully distorted faces, but they are prayed to nevertheless, for I was told that men who were not fortunate in possessing great physical strength went there to pray for what they lacked. When I asked the meaning of the legion of spit-balls that had been thrown at them, my little guide said that the prayers are written on small pieces of paper, chewed into balls, and then flung at the monsters. Their prayers will be answered if the spit-balls stick, and I think, judging from the number I saw, few were left unanswered.

Of the very few Shinto temples, the Kasuga-no-Miya is the most interesting. It stands on the hill-side, embowered in a grove of lovely cryptominas. One notices the absence of idols and ornaments which characterize the Buddhist temples, and to visitors the Shinto temples are not so interesting. The only symbol is a steel mirror where the gods are said to dwell, and before this the devout people bow and pray. "As the mind reflects our faces, so may the invisible reflect upon our minds, our sins, and duties." In the Kasuga I missed the mirror, and was told by the priest that owing to its Buddhist origin it had been removed. The *gohei*, another sacred emblem, is always seen in a Shinto temple. It is a bit of wood, long and narrow, with notched pieces of white paper hanging from it. This is to attract the gods, and they go wherever it is exhibited. At almost every angle were long galleries, hung with curious old brass lanterns, hanging high, hanging low, lanterns everywhere.

Many grand festivals are held here during the year, when feasts are offered up to the gods. In February, on the third evening, the villagers meet and scatter beans to drive away the evil spirits. We sat one morning at the great gateway of this temple. What a scene lay before us! We looked down a long avenue of stone lanterns, all gray and moss-covered, standing out in relief against the dark green of the forest trees, with patches of clear blue sky between the branches. It was full of pathos and solemnity, and the very atmosphere breathed of antiquity. Nature was slowly devouring the work of man, yet with the destruction came certain elements of grandeur. A sound of music coming from the far end of the avenue brought us to a long low building where the priests live. Many pilgrims had gathered in front to witness the Kagura, an ancient dance performed by two little priestesses. Their costumes were extremely picturesque and full of brilliant color. They consisted principally of very wide red trousers, under a white garment, and over them hung a long mantle of gauze, with the Kagura crest of Wistaria. Their hair hung down behind, wrapped in white paper and tied with gold, and their faces were masses of white powder. Standing out from their heads and dangling in their eyes were fantastic looking hair-pins. Whistler would have called them an arrangement in scarlet and white. They moved gracefully in the dance, holding in their hands alternately a fan and a bunch of bells. Two or three priests played on the *suzumi* (flute) and drum, and sang, or rather chanted, to the very monotonous strains of the orchestra.

The golden days drew to a close, and only too soon our Arcadian holiday ended. We could no longer dream among the shadows, but with us forever would linger sweet memories of our happy Nara days.

I ought not to have forgotten the "small boy" in the personnel of our establishment, for he was one of our daily companions, and Nara life would have been incomplete without him. He had the head of Richter's "Neapolitan Boy." What twinkling eyes he had and what buoyancy of spirit. We dubbed him "small boy," and he evidently enjoyed the sobriquet, for ever after he came to us with his dirty little fingers pressed to his nose, and said, in his musical voice: "*Watakushi* (I or me) small boy." I have noticed that when the Japanese say *watakushi* they put the forefinger to the nose, making the pronoun more emphatic. I do not think that anything could depress the lightness of his spirits. His cheerfulness and perpetual laugh, and his aptitude for learning, made him a bright companion on our many rambles.

Our last evening was a lively one. As we sat *en kimono*, the *banto* (clerk) entered, and, with a bow and sardonic grin, drew a chair to where we were sitting, sat down, and in a lordly manner presented the bill. It was a most formidable-looking document, and as he unrolled it we felt positively poor. There were three yards of thin, narrow, Japanese paper, with a wild scattering of characters all over it. Had we really eaten all these things? He commenced to read it off—eggs, potatoes, rice, candles, rice, potatoes, eggs; and when he could think of nothing else to make the amount would add *nado*, *nado* (etc., etc.), until it ceased to be ludicrous. As our cook had marketed in the village every day, we knew that the few things the tea-house furnished could never in the wide world amount to the figures he read. We were women; what could we do but talk, when we ached to knock him down? And in the background stood the grinning servants, which only increased our anger. Our patience was waning, in fact, the old fellow himself was growing rather turbulent, gesticulating wildly when he failed to make us understand.

At last we thought of an American friend who had arrived that day and taken the little pavilion across the garden. Yes, a man to the rescue. The "small boy" was dispatched, and in a very short time the sliding door moved and in walked Mr. C., with his friend—a prince of royal blood—Count K. I laugh even now when I think of the transformation that took place. The grinning servants dropped on the floor and commenced a vigorous ducking of their heads. Down flopped the old *banto* on his marrow-bones, knocked his head on the floor, and, after a considerable bowing, he knelt at the feet of Count K. and remained so during the interview. The *nesaus* flew frantically for chairs, and, as the mosquitoes were on the wing, down dropped the "small boy" with two fans and started a lively fanning in the vicinity of the count's feet. During the wild discussion our American friend acted as interpreter, and, after much talk and many threats, a satisfactory bill was produced.

Bright and early the next morning we started for Kioto, and the last thing we saw as we were whirled from the courtyard was the group of bowing servants, and their cries of *sayonora* (farewell) lingered long in our ears as we sped down the wooded hill.

We turned for a last look at the tea-house when the mellow tones of the old To-dai-ji bell flooded the air and seemed to say, in its sweet, solemn voice, *sayonora, sayonora!*

NELLIE HOPPS HOWARD.

YOKOHAMA, December, 1888.

A woman has designed a fan which ought to be popular with masqueraders. A mask is folded in the upper part; a powder pouch hangs under a rosette on one of the outside sticks, within which is a case for scissors, pencil, and button-hook. It costs thirty dollars.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

A new novel by Mr. F. Marion Crawford will soon be published by the Macmillans. It is to be entitled "Greifenstein." The same firm will bring out "Neighbors on the Green," Mrs. Oliphant's new book.

It is said that Miss Mary L. Booth, the editor of *Harper's Bazar*, has translated more than fifty works from the French, and that when Scribners were in a hurry for Augenor de Gasparin's "Uprising of a Great People," she translated the whole book in five days.

Mrs. Mona Caird, the woman who started the discussion of "Is Marriage a Failure?" will probably find in that fact the means of a "boom" for her forthcoming novel. The book presents the history of the daughter of a country squire and his puritanical wife, who, from different motives, induces her daughter to marry the son of a neighboring proprietor. Matrimonial misery is indicated.

Both Erckmann and Chatrian now have comfortable fortunes made out of their literary work. They are about seventy years old. Erckmann is a blue-eyed, pink-cheeked bachelor. Chatrian is a little, curly-haired, black-eyed man, with a bumpy forehead. The two were schoolfellows. It is said that they are engaged in preparing a new novel; it is a long time since they have published anything.

Julian Hawthorne is after the receipt for making popular books. He would like to know just what ingredients go to the making of a story or novel which must be popular. He says: "It is not plot, because some popular stories have no plot; it is not style, because the style of popular stories is frequently atrocious. It is not even novelty. . . . Then what, in the name of the Sphinx, is it?" Perhaps the answer is the same as given to the Sphinx centuries ago—a man. Mr. Hawthorne is willing to pay a round sum for the answer to his enigma, so he offers a reward of one hundred thousand dollars spot cash "to that person, male or female, who first communicates to *America* the exclusive information how to make a novel popular."

After Collier's *Once a Week* had published its list of six hundred and eleven leading society people, nearly five hundred letters were received by the editor with comments on the subject. It is certainly curious, in the face of this fact, that Mr. Stockton's story, "The Great War Syndicate," running through three numbers, called out only one letter, and this was from a Washington man who desired his name dropped from the list of recipients of the paper. "I do not desire to subscribe to a paper," he says, "that publishes such nursery tales as Frank R. Stockton's last article, 'The Great War Syndicate.' The underlying satire in that story is too crude to be effective." There are obviously some topics with the interest of which it is hopeless for even Mr. Stockton to compete.

The printing firm of Theodore L. de Vinne has been doing the printing and other mechanical work for the Century Publishing Company for many years, until recently, in hired premises. About three years ago Mr. Roswell Smith, the president of the Century Company, and Mr. de Vinne united their financial strength in the proportions of three-fourths and one-fourth, respectively, and erected the De Vinne building on the corner of Lafayette Place and Fourth Street. This was done upon the understanding and agreement that the firm of De Vinne & Co. should have the contract for the Century Company's work for twenty years. Two years ago last May the *Century* and *St. Nicholas* were first printed in the new building. But the growth of these magazines has been so great as to make necessary already an addition to the firm's plant, to enable them to keep their contract with the Century Company. The present building is seventy-five by one hundred feet on the ground, and six stories high. Messrs. Smith and De Vinne have just contracted for the erection of an addition, fifty feet wide, on the Fourth Street side. It will be of the same height as the main building, and of similar architectural design and material. When Mr. de Vinne first began to manufacture for the Century Company, Mr. Smith told him he was laying the foundation for the largest printing-house in the world. Such rapid growth indicates that Mr. Smith's words may one day be fulfilled.

In the series of illustrated volumes begun by "Tartarin sur les Alpes" (of which book nearly one hundred and fifty thousand copies have been sold), M. Daudet's "Jack" is soon to appear, and so also is "Uranie," by M. Camille Flammarion. M. Daudet's "Souvenirs d'un Homme de Lettres" is really a continuation or second installment of his "Trente Ans de Paris." It is made up partly out of ten-year-old contributions to the *Nouveau Temps*, of St. Petersburg, and partly of later contributions to *l'Illustration* and the *Nouvelle Revue*. The "Histoire de mes Livres" now includes accounts of the genesis of "Numa Roumestan" and "Les Rois en exil." There are sketches of Emile Ollivier and Gambetta to mate with those of Villemessant and Rochefort in "Trente Ans"; a flattering outline of M. Edmond de Goncourt to match that of Turgenef; half-a-dozen neatly limned portraits of *gens de théâtre*—Déjazet, Lesueur, Félix, Mme. Arnould-Plessy, Dupuis, and Lafontaine. There is also a little tale called "Un Membre du Jockey Club," which seems to have been left over from the "Lettres de mon Moulin" or the "Contes du Lundi," and there are half-a-score more essaylets of less importance. Obviously a third volume will be forthcoming in due season, to contain the paper on Mistral contributed to the *Century*, and further installments of the "Histoire de mes Livres." Externally the "Souvenirs" resembles the "Trente Ans" and the "Tartarin," but the illustrations are sparser and less tasteful.

There is at present attached to many of the Paris and London illustrated papers an excellent and most prolific artist named Maurice Bonvoisin, who was born in Belgium in '49 and made his début in Paris in '72, by some excellent caricatures in a number of the *Journal Amusant*, attacking the Berlinese. As this was suppressed by the censors, the artist jumped into notoriety. He has since worked for the *Charivari*, *l'Illustration*, the London *Illustrated News*, and *Graphic*. His sketches of children are quite charming, and though his types of women and babies are all very much alike and more doll-like than natural, he has much *chic* in his style, and he is so accurate in delineating the fashions that his work is most popular, and now that Grévin is *en décadence*, he is better known than most black-and-white artists throughout Europe. If "Mars," for that is his *nom de crayon*, is not as well known in America as he is in London and Paris, he ought to be; for at the present moment it is hard to say how many original artists are providing American journals with "Mars's" work. "Clara Belle's" letters in the New York *Sun* were illustrated by "Mars" *adapt* nearly two years ago, and the Belgian's plump beauties crept into every article in the Sunday *Sun* in which the liveliest imagination could make them not incongruous. But they are not used by the *Sun* now. There is a New York weekly, however, which lives entirely on reproductions of his pretty girls and babies taken bodily from European illustrations, and the *Sun*, in its Sunday supplements, still produces his drawings wholesale, giving them, of course, as sketches of New York society women, done in ball-rooms or the Metropolitan, by their own ubiquitous geniuses. Even other well-known journals are continually receiving "Society bendings" and other *cuts* made up from "Mars" and *adapted* to New York requirements.

The new Century Dictionary, which has been in course of preparation by the Century Company during the past seven years, is approaching completion, and will be published during the coming spring by subscription, and in parts or "sections," the whole consisting of about sixty-five hundred pages, to be finally bound into six quarto volumes. Although the printers have been engaged upon the type-setting for more than two years, the publishers have waited until the work can be regularly issued at intervals of about a month and completed within two years. The editor-in-chief, Professor William Dwight Whitney, of Yale University, who is, perhaps, the highest authority in philology in both America and England, has been assisted by nearly fifty experts, college professors, and others. Each expert is reading the proofs of the entire work; indeed, the proofs are read by more than sixty people. Over two thousand authors will be quoted, and it is understood that American books, and even the current literature of the magazines, have been liberally drawn upon. It is said that the new Encyclopædia Britannica alone furnished ten thousand new words to be defined in the Century Dictionary. The new dictionary will contain definitions of probably two hundred thousand words, and these without including any useless compounds. The work gives, in addition to definitions and the etymological history of words, a very great amount of detailed information which has hitherto been found only in the encyclopædias, and often not even in them. There will be about six thousand cuts in the text, the subjects of which have usually been chosen by the experts in charge of the special departments. They have been drawn, whenever possible, from the object itself, and engraved under the supervision of the Art Department of The Century Company. The engravings are said to be of a higher class than have yet found place in any work of this character. It is understood that all rights have been obtained for the issue of this dictionary throughout the English-speaking world, and that it will be published in England simultaneously with its issue in this country.

Is it Immoral?

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton has written a new novel for Belford, Clarke & Co.—who brought out her first story, "What Dreams May Come"—but they refused it on the ground of immorality, after it had been diagnosed, discussed, and branded as the most immoral novel ever written in the English language by a consultation of eight learned doctors of letters. Now it is to be published by Fred. M. Somers, the editor of *Current Literature*.

The name of the story is "Hermia Suydam," and a friend who has read the manuscript sends us this summary of the plot:

The first part of the book is given over to the childhood and early youth of Hermia, a young woman who so loathes her eventless, narrow little life that she lives in her imagination, which, partly owing to heredity, partly to the mediæval and ancient history and poetry she loves, is extremely romantic. She is also very plain, and has that wild desire for beauty and power which all plain women have. She lives with her sister, a thoroughly good, commonplace little woman, whose tame, dully happy married life fills Hermia with a fierce hatred of matrimony. When she is just about desperate, her uncle dies and leaves her a million dollars, and she makes up her mind to materialize every dream of her barren twenty-four years. By the aid of a fashionable physician and a trained nurse (physical culture and all that sort of thing), she makes herself beautiful; she has her house fitted up in such wise that each room is the embodiment of a dream—feudal, Babylonian, Oriental, etc.; as she belongs to one of the oldest families in New York, she has no difficulty in getting into society, and then the story really begins. Of course her life, from the moment she finds herself able to take it into her own hands, is a tissue of mistakes, and her punishment is heavy in consequence.

The same correspondent goes on to say that "the book is undoubtedly unconventional, and takes deeper plunges into human nature than most novels; but it certainly is not an immoral novel," explaining that an "immoral" novel is one which "makes vice alluring or debases the mind by steeping it in several hundred pages of filth, written deliberately to pander to the worst side of human nature." Perhaps there are some who might not accept these limitations of immorality in fiction, but individual judgments on the book may be formed in a few days, for the novel will be out during the present month.

The Development of Oregon.

HISTORY OF THE PACIFIC STATES OF NORTH AMERICA. By Hubert Howe Bancroft. Volume XXV. Oregon, vol. ii. 1848–1888. San Francisco: The History Company. 1888. pp. xv., 808.

The development of Oregon, from the time of the discovery of gold in California to the present day, is hardly less remarkable than that of our own State during the same period. If Oregon has not yet reached quite as high a point as we in the scale of civilization, her ascent has been characterized by the slow but sure quality that in the end often outstrips the surprising but furtive leaps of the more agile. California had a long and lethargic infancy in the indolent Spanish régime, and burst into full bloom under the magic influence of the gold fever, as the seed becomes a tree and bears fruit at the touch of the Indian juggler's wand. But Oregon was still almost a *terra incognita* in 1847, peopled with Indians and Canadian trappers, and to-day she stands well in the list of States for population, enlightenment, and material prosperity. The processes by which this transformation has been effected in four decades form the subject-matter of Hubert Howe Bancroft's latest volume, the second on the history of Oregon. He shows us the almost virgin soil and then brings before us each step, small or great, which has led our northern neighbor to her present prosperity.

Fourteen years after Jason Lee had founded his missionary station on the Willamette, the population of Oregon, including whites and half-breeds, amounted to some ten or twelve thousand souls. The major part of these were agricultural settlers, who had been dropping in upon the fertile valleys from the trains that crossed the deserts from the Western States. The Hudson Bay Company's people, traders and trappers, comprised the other civilized element in the population, consisting of French-Canadians, half-breeds, and a few English agents. Oregon City was the metropolis, with seven hundred citizens—for the legislature of 1844 had granted it a charter. The country people, and that includes all but a handful of the future State's residents, lived on farms and ranches, the annual product of wheat being little more than twenty thousand bushels, while stock-raising, offering the surest living with the least output of labor, was the favorite occupation. There was practically no currency in the Territory, and the medium of exchange was government scrip, orders for wheat, and orders on merchants—the latter fluctuating in value with the varying fortunes of the firms on which they were drawn. The first notable amount of money brought into the Territory was a barrel of silver dollars received at Vancouver to pay the wages of a ship's crew. Of postal facilities there were none; men who had been to the settlements brought their neighbors' letters or not as they chose. The Hudson Bay Company's men were not available for this service, for the decline of the fur trade and the duty imposed by the treaty of 1846 made their business unprofitable, and they were already abandoning the field.

The discovery of gold in California had its due effect on the Territory. When the rumor became a certainty "several thousands" left their wheat ungarnered in the fields and hastened to the new El Dorado, almost depopulating the Territory. Even the governor's call for the meeting of the legislature, after issuing proclamations for the election of substitutes for resigned members, brought out only nine legislators, and a sergeant-at-arms could only rout out four more, so that the legislature did not meet in that year. But as many, especially among the French Canadians, returned to enjoy their sudden wealth in their own homes, the returning tide soon almost compensated for the outflow. And, too, the fever spread up northwards, and prospecting parties explored the Klamath and even higher points in Oregon, though with but meagre reward. Those sober bodies who stayed at home garnered famous harvests and made snug little sums through the suddenly increasing demand for grain. But there came an increased demand for the trader's wares, and he put up his prices until the poor farmer found that all his heavy harvest brought him little good.

The barrel of silver dollars and the few odd pieces the emigrants had brought amounted to little in this commercial activity, and gold dust became the medium. Its value soon fell, however, to twelve or fourteen dollars an ounce—a fact that several shrewd Californians, to whom an ounce was equivalent to sixteen dollars, soon took advantage. The legislature of 1840 ordered the minting of fifty thousand dollars, but Governor Lane declared the country a Territory of the United States and the enactment consequently illegal. Private parties took the matter into their own hands, however, and the Oregon Exchange Company coined some thirty thousand dollars' worth of five-dollar pieces and somewhat less of double that value. The coins were entirely unassayed and varied in intrinsic value with the quality of the dust; they bore a figure of an otter, surmounted by the initials of the members of the company, with the alleged value stamped below. These odd coins proved very useful, however, and saved much money that would otherwise have been lost in exchange with the shrewd California speculators and others, who paid for dust in Mexican or Peruvian silver dollars.

This period of excitement soon passed, and the Oregonians began to think of political affairs. Mr. Bancroft's study of this period has been most careful, and is of great value in its results. We regret that we may not follow it at length, but we must be content with briefly summarizing the amusing circumstances attending the choosing of the Territorial capital. The legislature passed an act making Salem the capital, but as this act improperly contained other provisions, it was deemed unconstitutional by the governor and the supreme court, who favored Oregon City. When the next legislature met, a majority of its members assembled at Salem, but a minority and all but two of the supreme court met in Oregon City. Congress was thereupon memorialized, with the result that Salem was declared the capital by a joint resolution of both houses. The legislature of 1854–5 changed the capital to Corvallis, but the act was generally deemed inoperative until approved by Congress, and the next legislature moved the seat of this migratory government back to Salem. Congress had meanwhile, however, confirmed the Corvallis Act and appropriated forty thousand dollars for Territorial buildings, which sum Corvallis secured and used, leaving the legislature to the unpleasant necessity of meeting in hired apartments for twenty years before the State was able to provide a suitable structure.

The political history of the Territory and State has little that lifts it above the ordinary plane. An early expression of the public feeling showed that the people did not desire slavery, but that they would not harbor the freedman any more than the fugitive: the legislature of 1849 forbade negroes or mulattoes to enter or reside in the Territory, though this, of course, was rendered nugatory by the Fourteenth Amendment, which was in force when Oregon entered the Union. But there was much feeling over the free-soil question, and the fight over Kansas at this time kept Oregon out of the sisterhood of States for a long time.

During all this period of State-building the settlers were having constant and increasing trouble with the Indians, which culminated in the Shoshone and Modoc wars. Mr. Bancroft records the minutest facts which are of value in determining where lay the blame, whether with bad policy or bad faith on whichever side, and the chapters on the Indian troubles and wars form an exhaustive and useful treatise on the treatment of the Indian. Perhaps the methods of General Crook were the most effective. He was a terrible foe in the field—in his first engagement in Oregon, with thirty white men and a dozen allies, he defeated eighty braves, capturing much *impedimenta* in the way of squaws and camp outfit, and killing thirty Indians while but one white man was lost—and when he had conquered them his plan was to release them "on good behavior." But he was early sent down to Arizona, and took no part in the Modoc War.

This series of engagements is described by Mr. Bancroft in a chapter of some four score pages, and forms the most thrilling portion of the book. How Captain Jack, aided and abetted by an Indian agent who was at least very foolish, grew in pride and insolence until nothing but force could bring him and his braves to their reservation; how they fled to the lava-beds and intrenched themselves in positions of wonderful natural strength; and how the troops suffered untold hardships and displayed the most distinguished skill and bravery before they could dislodge the cunning foe—all this Mr. Bancroft tells graphically, vividly, and brings up before the reader's mental eye as if he himself were a spectator of these moving scenes. Even a brief summary would be useless; the reader should have the pleasure of this fresh and striking narration in the historian's own words.

This is almost the last chapter. Two more are devoted to political, industrial, and institutional progress from 1862 to 1887—the quarter of a century in which broad fields have been reclaimed from nature, mighty forests turned to the uses of man, railroads and telegraph lines constructed to bind the people closer to themselves and to the outer world, and cities built in which learning and culture point out the path for future generations. The present social condition of the State is shown in an appendix to the twenty-third chapter, how education and religious institutions and material progress have advanced hand in hand; and an additional chapter has been prepared to detail the results of the great railroad development of the past year.

An index to the two volumes completes the book.

New Publications.

"A Fair Emigrant," a novel by Rosa Mulholland, is the latest issue of the Town and Country Library, published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

Shakespeare's "Cymbeline," with a critical and historical introduction by Professor Henry Morley, is the latest issue of the National Library, published by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

"Albine, or The Abbé's Temptation," a translation of the second part of "La Faute de L'Abbé Mouret," has been reissued in a cheap edition by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia; for sale by the booksellers; price, 25 cents.

"The Sunday-School Stories," founded on the Golden Texts of the International Lessons of 1889, by Edward Everett Hale, have been issued in a single volume by Roberts Brothers, Boston; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, $1.00.

Arthur Helps's somewhat quaint novel, "Casimir Maremma," having to do with a young man of good birth and education who has to fight his way up in the world from the lowliest beginnings, has been republished as the third issue of the Handy Library published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, 75 cents.

"A Gallant Fight" is the title of a new novel by Marion Harland. The scene is laid in New England, of which the author writes with the fidelity of long familiarity and close observation, and the moral struggle which gives the tale its title is a clever study of the conflict of natural and educated motives. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, $1.50.

Three of the novelettes in which Henry James has proved so fertile of late have been republished in a single volume. They are: "The Aspern Papers," "Louisa Pallant," and "The Modern Warning"—a new title for a story in a recent number of *Harper's Magazine*. The book takes its title from the first story, "The Aspern Papers," and will be found a charming companion for a few odd half-hours. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, $1.50.

"Pen and Powder," by Franc B. Wilkie, is an account of the work of war correspondents in the West, that vast region which extends from Cairo to the Gulf and from the Alleghanies to Kansas, during the civil war. It is full of moving adventures by flood and field, in which the narrator was a prominent figure, graphically described and flavored with a certain lack of diffidence which has no hesitancy in alluding to the describer's achievements as "grand labors" and which, no doubt, was a great aid to Mr. Wilkie in his career as a gatherer of news. Published by Ticknor & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers.

Walter Besant's "impossible" novel, "All Sorts and Conditions of Men"—he calls it an impossible novel on the title-page, because his friends called it so, though he can not see why it is impossible—has been reprinted in the new edition of novels by Besant and Rice—and by Besant alone, since his partner's death. It is a strange novel, but that it is not impossible events have shown, to the immense improvement in moral and material condition of the people of East London. "All Sorts and Conditions of Men" has not the absorbing interest of "The Chaplain of the Fleet" and some other of Mr. Besant's tales, but he can not be a tedious writer. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Eating for Strength" or "Food and Work"—the titles are different on cover and title-page—by M. L. Holbrook, is a book written by an enthusiast in the science of dietetics, a subject which has recently been receiving much attention in the scientific world, and is now attracting the interest even of doctors. Dr. Holbrook has put little that is original into this book; he has rather collated and arranged in convenient form much of the latest information on the value and properties of foods, both animal and vegetable, showing their constituents and their effects in the various states of bodily health. An appendix is added, giving tested recipes for a large number of dishes made from vegetables, fruits, milk, and eggs, and also a variety of non-alcoholic beverages. Published by M. L. Holbrook, New York; for sale through the book-dealers.

SOCIETY.

Gnad Private Theatricals.

It is so seldom that society people here indulge in private theatricals that a performance of this kind is quite a novelty; hence when Miss Ella Goad issued invitations recently to a couple of hundred friends to be present at the residence of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Frank Goad, and witness an entertainment given by amateurs, the responses were, for the most part, in the affirmative, and there was considerable speculation as to its outcome. Last Tuesday evening was the time selected, and at half-past eight o'clock the guests were present. Mrs. Burnett's popular society drama "Esmeralda" was the piece presented, and an admirable choice it was, for it seemed so well adapted to the budding talent of each of the participants. The billiard-room on the lower floor had been especially fitted up to represent a theatre, the auditorium containing raised tiers of seats and the stage being arranged with a drop curtain, footlights, appropriate scenery, and all of the ever essential properties. Illumination was afforded by a couple of lamps and the footlights only, in order to avoid overheating the room. The audience being comfortably seated, the curtain was rung up and the play progressed. The four acts were gone through with without a hitch, and in fact the entire audience was surprised at the uniform excellence of the performance.

Miss Corbitt had rather an undesirable character to assume—that of an old woman—but she was perfect in her portrayal of it, and her make-up was excellent. It was in the drawing-room scene in Paris where the most elaborate toilets were displayed, and at that time she appeared in a costume of black satin having an exceedingly long train. Red and green tulips were brocaded in the skirt, and the décolleté bodice was of black and green satin combined. She wore diamonds, and carried a black ostrich feather fan.

Miss Nellie Corbitt was dressed very becomingly in this act, wearing a Directoire toilet of white crêpe, around the short waist of which was a wide silk sash that was tied under the arms, the ends falling to the base of the skirt. The bodice was décolleté without sleeves, and the gloves of tan-colored undressed kid extended to her elbows. She carried a fan of white ostrich tips She showed remarkable ability upon the stage, and was warmly complimented.

Mrs. James A. Robinson appeared in the third act in a toilet similar to the foregoing, the exception being as regards the color, which was pink instead of white. She carefully interpreted the character of Nora Desmond, and was rewarded with much applause.

A goodly meed of praise is due to Miss Goad, who appeared as Esmeralda. Her portrayal of the character was entirely natural, and she delighted every one with the dramatic ability she displayed. Her toilet in the drawing-room scene was a pretty one of pink tulle, trimmed with pink bows and cut décolleté without sleeves. A necklace of sparkling diamonds encircled her throat, and she carried a large cluster of La France roses. Her fan was of pink ostrich feathers, and her gloves of tan-colored kid.

Of the gentlemen, Mr. Hugh Tevis was capital in every way, and Mr. Perry Eyre carried the audience by storm. He was especially good in his love-scenes with Esmeralda. Lieutenant Sturgis also deserves credit in this line particularly, his passages with Nora Desmond being excellent Mr. Greenway is no novice on the amateur stage, and acquitted himself creditably. Captain Hooker, in the rôle of Esmeralda's suitor, met with favorable criticism from the audience, and Mr. Smith acquitted himself very well.

Mr. Robert M. Eberle was the stage manager and instructor of the participants, all of whom unite in praising him highly for his able and conscientious labor during the past month in their behalf.

Between each act the guests promenaded to concert music by Ballenberg's band and enjoyed the refreshing iced punches. It was about eleven o'clock when the performance terminated, and then the salon up-stairs was sought. Dancing was participated in and a delicious supper was served from a buffet as it was desired Wednesday morning was well advanced when the guests retired to their homes, and all felt that they had been charmingly entertained. The success of the play was so marked that there was some talk that evening of presenting the piece at the Baldwin Theatre in aid of some charity, but the departure of Mr. Tevis for the South and the natural unwillingness of the young ladies to appear in public precluded that plan. The cast of characters was as follows:

Mrs Rogers	Miss Corbitt
Nora Desmond	Mrs. James A. Robinson
Kate Desmond	Miss Nellie Corbitt
Esmeralda	Miss Goad
Mr. Rogers	Mr. Hugh Tevis
Estabrook	Mr. S. D. Sturgis, Jr.
Jack Desmond	Mr. E. M. Greenway
John Drew	Mr. A. C. Smith
Marquis de Montessin	Mr. R. C. Hooker
Dave Hardy	Mr. Perry Eyre

Mr. Rnbert M Eberle ..... Stage Manager

I Act. Old Man Rogers' Cabin—North Carolina.
II and IV Acts. Desmond's Studio, Paris.
III Act. Rogers' Drawing Room, Paris.

The guests were as follows: Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Wilson, Colonel and Mrs. Stuart Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Evan J. Coleman, Rev. and Mrs. Mackenzie, Captain and Mrs. W. B. Collier, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Brown, Mr. and Mrs Henry Barrollhet, Mrs. Holt, Mr. and Mrs H. B. Chase, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Walter McGavin, Mr. and Mrs. L. S. B. Sawyer, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Girvin, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Eyre, Mr. and Mrs E. D. Beylard, Mr and Mrs. W. H. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Saulsbury, Mr. and Mrs. Ansel Easton, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Redding, Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid B. Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. Fisher Ames, Mr. and Mrs. Hunter, Mr. and Mrs. William B. Tubbs, Mrs. Fred W. Sharon, Miss Carrie Gwin, Miss Jarboe, Miss Harrington, Miss Boardman, Miss McKinstry, Miss Fair, Miss Tompkins, Misses Friedlander, Misses Ashe, Misses Hooker, Miss Bowie, Miss Bessie Bowie, Misses Brooks, Miss Carolan, Miss Perry, Miss Van Ness, Miss Maggie Gwin, Miss Otis, Miss Hager, Miss Newlands, Miss Eyre, Miss Bissell, Miss Nickerson, Miss Cheeseman. Misses Voorhies. Captain W. N. Tisdall. U. S. A., Captain John W. Dillenback, U. S. A., Lieutenant William H. Bean, U. S. A., Lieutenant F. P. Peck, U. S. A., Lieutenant S. L. Faison, U. S. A., Lieutenant W. C. Rafferty, U. S. A., Lieutenant Strong, U. S. A., Lieutenant Dargan, U. S. A., Lieutenant John A. Towers, U. S. A., Lieutenant Gilbert P. Cotton, U. S. A., Dr. M M. Walker, U. S. A., Lieutenant Hayden, U. S. N., Lieutenant J. A. Bell, U. S. N., Lieutenant Roger Wells, Jr., U. S. N., Lieutenant Lopez, U. S. N., Dr. Whitney, U. S. N., Dr. Bartlett, U. S N., Mr. Walter Dean, Mr. John P. Jackson, Jr., Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Hugh Tevis, Mr. Paul Jarboe, Mr. Cockburn, Mr. Horace G. Platt, Mr. George A. Newhall, Mr. Carter Tevis, Mr. Samuel Tevis, Mr. Robert Hooker, Mr. Cutler Paige, Mr. George W. McNear, Jr., Mr. Harry Babcock, Mr. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. A. H. Small, Mr. Winfield S. Jones, Mr. Osgood Hooker, Mr. Edward H. Sheldon, Mr. T. Cary Friedlander, Mr. Samuel Boardman, Mr. Brooks Jones, Mr. William Harrington, Mr. Richard Tobin, Mr. Allan St. J. Bowie, Mr. Charles Mayne, Judge Lorenzo Sawyer, Mr. William R. Sherwood, Mr. J B. Crockett, Mr. Russell J. Wilson, Mr. M. Theo. Kearney, Mr. Gulich, Mr. Messersmith, Mr. Henry Redington, Mr. Frank J. Carolan, Mr. Herbert E. Carolan, Mr. Claude T. Hamilton, Mr. S. Parker, Mr. Everett N. Bee, Mr. Colin M. Smith, Mr. Harry Coleman, Mr. Edward McAfee, Mr. Edgar Mizner, Mr. Lansing Mizner, Mr. A. J Casserly, Mr. Shafter Howard, Mr. H. K. Spaulding, Mr. Blagrave, and others.

The Presidio Reception.

The most pretentious social affair that has ever occurred at the Presidio was the reception given there last Wednesday afternoon by the officers of the post in honor of General and Mrs. Nelson A. Miles. Fully six hundred invitations were issued, and it was quite evident that there were but few that were not represented there in person. The various committees had devoted themselves untiringly to their respective duties, and the result won for them many compliments. The bop-room was illuminated by numerous lamps, and its decoration was in excellent taste. American flags, regimental colors, signal flags, evergreens, and blossoms were arranged upon the walls and ceiling with artistic effect, while gleaming sabres and brightly polished guns and mortars were disposed appropriately. The conservatory adjoining had been transformed into a realistic bower of beauty by means of pretty draperies of colored tulle and numerous fancy Japanese lanterns which shed their light upon the exotics in the centre. Here chairs were arranged for tête-à-têtes, and rugs covered the floor. The punch-room at the other side of the hall was also gayly decorated with the national colors and festoons of cypress, and upon a long table bowls of Dr. Walker's famous brew refreshed the heated dancers. Next to this room was the dining-hall, where refreshments were served throughout the afternoon. The Presidio band occupied a handsomely draped alcove at the side of the hop-room, and at three o'clock its members played "Hail to the Chief" as General and Mrs. Miles entered. They took positions at the head of the hall, which was arranged with Persian rugs and seats to represent a parlor scene Behind them were rich draperies around a central banner of blue silk, upon which in letters of gold was emblazoned a list of the battles in which General Miles had been engaged and the Indian tribes he has subjected. They and their daughter, Miss Miles, were assisted in receiving by several ladies of the post, comprising Mrs. William M. Graham, Mrs. Thomas McGregor, Mrs. John I Rodgers, Mrs. Joseph P. Sanger, Mrs. Robert H Patterson, Mrs Charles H. Hunter, Mrs. Dr. Fisher, and Miss Graham. As the guests arrived they paid their respects to the general and the ladies of the party, and then indulged in dancing, promenading, listening to the excellent music, and feasting. In this way the hours from three until seven o'clock were passed, and the reception proved from beginning to end a most delightful affair.

The committees to whom the success of the affair is due were as follows: Reception committee—General William M. Graham, Major Joseph P. Sanger, Captain John W. Dillenback, Captain Frank U. Robinson, Captain Edmund K. Russell, Lieutenant William H. Bean, Lieutenant F. P. Peck, Lieutenant S. D. Sturgis, Jr., Lieutenant Joseph V. White, Lieutenant Henry L. Harris, Lieutenant Robert H. Patterson; general committee—General William M Graham, Lieutenant Robert H. Patterson, Lieutenant H L. Harris, Lieutenant J. S. Oyster, Lieutenant J. V. White, Lieutenant William H. Bean; invitation committee—Major J. P Sanger, Captain J. W. Dillenback, Captain E. K. Russell, Captain F. U. Robinson, Lieutenant S. D. Sturgis, Jr., Lieutenant F. P. Peck, Lieutenant W. H Bean (secretary); decoration committee—Captain Gustavus C. Doane, Lieutenant Gilbert P. Cotton, Lieutenant J. S. Oyster, Lieutenant Frederick Marsh, Lieutenant Adam Slaker, and Lieutenant Oscar I. Straub; refreshment committee—Lieutenant Charles H. Hunter, Lieutenant John A. Towers, and Dr. M. M. Walker; sub-committee—Captain Allyn Capron and Lieutenant Henry M. Andrews.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Miss Minnie Hathaway, of Sycamore Park, has gone to Washington, D. C., to pass the winter with the family of Senator Dawes, of Massachusetts.

Mr. Chauncey M. St John has gone to Mare Island to visit friends for a couple of days.

Mr. James Watt, who is making a tour of the West Indies and South America, will return in April.

Mr. and Mrs Horace Blanchard Chase, of Chicago, are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Charles L. Fair returned to the city last Tuesday, and is at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. John D. Yost is at the Gilsey House in New York city.

Miss Jennie Sanderson, daughter of Mrs. S. W. Sanderson, will pass the winter in Washington, D. C.

Mr. Charles Miller will arrive here soon from New York.

Mr. Alexander Badlam is at the Hoffman House in New York city.

Miss Mattie Gibbs has been visiting Miss Maggie Jones at San José.

Miss Maude Badlam has returned from a visit to Fresno, accompanied by Miss Maude Berry, who is her guest.

Mrs. James de la Montanya, Jr., has returned from a visit to Mrs. F. E. Spencer at San José.

Mrs. W. L. Elliott and Miss Elliott are at the Hotel Arcadia in Santa Monica

Mr. and Mrs. W. Hinckley Taylor, of Oakland, are making a tour of Southern California

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Miller have returned from a visit to Los Angeles.

Judge O. C. Pratt and Miss Lillie Jones will leave in a few days to make an Eastern trip.

Mr. Frank J. Carolan has returned from a visit to Virginia, Nev.

Mrs. John S. Baker has returned to her home in Tacoma, after a pleasant visit to her parents, Captain and Mrs. J. C. Ainsworth, in Oakland.

Among the San Franciscans who passed the Christmas holidays at Nice and along the Riviera were: Mr. George Bonny, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Holbrook, Miss Mamie Holbrook, Miss O. M. Holbrook, Mr. H. M. Holbrook, and Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Selby.

Miss Naglee, of San José, was in the city recently.

Miss Fannie Morrison, of San José, has returned home after an enjoyable visit to the family of Hon. Stephen M. White at Los Angeles.

Mr. Thomas I. Bergin will return from Honolulu in a fortnight. His health is completely restored.

The Misses Maybury, of San José, have returned from a visit to Coronado Beach.

Mr. Gardiner Hammond has returned to his ranch near Lakeport, after a visit here of a few weeks.

Mr. James C. Dunphy has been visiting his ranch in Monterey County.

Miss Maud Nickerson will leave to-day for Germany, to join her mother, Mrs. A. A. Nickerson.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Howard have gone to Santa Barbara, to visit Mr. Redington's family for a few weeks.

Mrs. John McMullin has gone East, and will pass most of the winter in Washington, D. C.

Mr. John W. Taylor, who has been passing a few weeks here, has returned to his cattle-ranch in Utah.

Mr. Hugh Tevis will leave to-day, to visit New Mexico.

Mr. Eugene Dewey and Mr. Leonard Chenery have arrived from the East, via Southern California, where they spent some weeks.

Nntes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss May V. Ives and Mr. Henry J. Crocker, son of Mr. Clark W. Crocker, is to take place in April.

At the next cotillion of the German Club, which will occur on Tuesday evening, January 29th, the army and navy offices will give appropriate souvenirs to the dancers, and the club in compliment will present mementoes in the last figure in the form of army and naval scenes hand-painted in water colors.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid B. Chapman have issued at-home cards for Tuesdays in January. They are now residing at 1123 California Street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Haggin gave an elaborate dinner-party, last Thursday evening, at their residence on Taylor Street. Beautiful flowers graced the table and the menu was sumptuous.

Mr. Leonard Chenery, U. S. N, Mr. Eugene Dewey, Major E. C. Truman, and Commodore Canfield, of the New York Yacht Club, were entertained at dinner by Mr. Walter S. Maxwell, at the California Club, in Los Angeles, on the 13th instant

Dr. William J. Younger has purchased the former residence of Mrs. John McMullin, 1414 California Street, and will occupy it after his marriage to Mrs. Henry Edgerton.

Army and Navy.

Lieutenant William H. Bean, U. S. A., one of the most popular officers at the Presidio, departed for Washington, D. C., last Thursday, and will be away about two months.

Colonel William R. Shafter, First Infantry, U. S. A., of Angel Island, has been granted a leave of absence of one month and a half.

Lieutenant Lewis H. Strother, First Infantry, U. S. A., has returned to Alcatraz from Fort Gaston

In their mad race for freaks, the dime museum managers occasionally make queer hauls, but probably nothing more startling has been put on record than by the manager of a Boston five-cent museum. He has engaged several opium-smokers to "hit the pipe" in true "joint" style before the throngs who pay a nickel to look on.

A LADIES' CLUB.

How the Dear Creatures Dispose of Business.

[There has recently been organized in San Francisco an institution called "The Century Club." It is composed entirely of ladies. Before the club real papers are read, real business transacted, real motions made, real points of order raised, real questions of privilege risen to, real previous questions called for, and a real nice time had. The club, however, may gather some points from the experience of other ladies' clubs; hence, this article from the Chicago *Tribune* will prove timely.—EDS.]

(Scene—A large room. Eighteen or twenty ladies disposed in easy attitudes about the centre-table and in groups here and there. A hum of voices like that of a girls' school. President raps sharply on the table with the edge of a paper-weight. Audible silence.)

The president—Ladies, the programme for the club to-day is a discussion of the question, "Why are Women Not More Business-like?" with an endeavor to put in practice some of the simpler rules and methods by which proper habits of accuracy may be induced. Oh, I *beg* your pardon! The subject is *not* for discussion; it is treated in a paper which Miss Page has kindly consented to prepare, and which you are first to hear read. I hope you will pay the closest attention.

Miss Page (rising)—Mrs. Pres——

Mrs. Ford (also rising)—Oh, *please* may I say a word first? It's about——

Miss Shallow (pulling her by the dress)—That's not right! You ought to rise to a point of order, or to make a motion, or something.

Mrs. Ford—Mrs. President, I rise——

The president—Mrs. Ford.

Mrs. Ford—To say that there is a chance just now for a woman to be put upon the town board of overseers, and my husband says——

Miss Quickly—I don't think a man's say has any right to be brought in here. This is a women's meeting.

Mrs. Ford—But he's *real* woman's rights, and he feels just as we do in this, and he says we *ought* to have a representative just as much as——

The president—Mrs. Ford, I'm not exactly sure, but I *think* you're out of order or something, and——

Mrs. Ford—Well, I'm sure *this* concerns women, and this club is *for* women, and I don't see why we can't talk on the subjects we were formed for—that is, as a club, I mean.

The president (doubtfully)—Well, go on; but——

Mrs. Ford—Perhaps I ought to ask Miss Page's pardon for speaking in her time, but this is *so* important——

(Miss Page bows politely.)

Mrs. Ford—And my husband thought it had better be brought up now, and so I put the motion.

Two or three (speaking together)—But what is the motion? What do you want us to do?

Mrs. Ford—Why, I'm sure I spoke plainly enough; to have a *woman* put on——

Several voices—Oh, *that's* all right! Women ought to be put on everywhere! We'll move *that!*

Mrs. Slender—I second the motion. There! I'm sure *that's* parliamentary.

The president—But I don't quite see——

Mrs. Slender—Why, *dear* Mrs. President! *you* don't have to see! You just have to say, "Contrary minded, 'tis a vote." You are the executive officer.

Mrs. Ford—Yes, and an awfully sweet one.

Miss Quickly—I don't think this thing's been done right at all. There ought to be a committee and an investigation, and some one ought to say something about——

Mrs. Ford—About what? Hasn't a woman brains enough to be an overseer if she wants to, and doesn't she know more than half the men, and——

The president—Ladies, really this must stop. We must go on in order. It has been moved and seconded that—why! I've forgotten what *has* been moved and seconded?

All (in chorus)—That a woman should be——

The president—Oh, yes! Well, now, that *that's* settled, will Miss Page please go on?

Miss Page—Mrs. President, ladi——

Miss Shallow—Just one instant, Miss Page, or Mrs. President, or whoever I ought to address. I——

(The president looks toward Miss Page, who bows resignedly.)

Miss Shallow—Oh! You're both *so* good! I just wanted to say a word about a subject that appeals to *every* woman. It's about dress—a national dress. I want to ask why we can't have something original and striking, something at once elegant and refined that would fit every lady and that every lady would look lovely in without having to potter so much around among dress-makers and——

Mrs. Slender (ecstatically)—It would be the loveliest idea! Something Japanesy, or Spanish, or Greek, like those Jahrmarkt people, where every one looks so picturesque, and where——

Mrs. Ford—But we don't want to copy other countries. If we're going to do it at all let's have a costume of our own, with long angel sleeves and a soft clinging train, and——

Mrs. Slender (who has pretty feet)—We don't want trains. If woman is ever to be emancipated from her present helpless condition she ought to wear short skirts—*real* short. Don't *you* think so, Mrs. President?

The president—Really, I haven't made up my——

Miss Quickly—I don't think the president has a right to have any mind—oh, I don't mean that! But she can't express an opinion while she's in the——

Chorus—Well, let her come out of the chair, then. She has just as much right to her opinion as any of us.

Mrs. Slender—Of course she has, and she knows it would be better for her sex to wear short skirts that won't pull on the hips, and no corsets, but just lovely loose folds that would lap over the breast, and one of those great, beautiful, soft sashes. They have some now at Field's, and——

The president—Aren't we forgetting the debate, or rather the paper that we proposed——

Several voices—Oh, hother proposing! Man proposes, but woman disposes; and this is our meeting.

(Miss Page sits down.)

Miss Shallow—Well, then let's take a vote on this. I'm sure there could be no better beginning of business training for a woman than to give her a proper dress, so we are beginning just in the right way.

Mrs. Ford—Don't you think we ought to decide what the dress should be first—some of us mightn't like it?

Miss Shallow—It must be made so that we'd all have to like it. And, beside, liking isn't the point. We must keep to the subject, for that's just what men say we can never do. Now the point here is——

Miss Quickly—I don't think there's any need of going all over that again. We all know that point; only I think we ought to be sure that every one could do just as she pleased about it. My dress-maker won't do anything that isn't right, and I can't give up my dress-maker.

Mrs. Ford—But you must if you want a purely American dress.

Miss Quickly—I shan't! If that's what you mean by national I won't vote for it. Catch me making a guy of myself for patriotism.

Mrs. Ford—Well, I never heard——

The president—Well, at least (catches sight of her watch)—goodness! four o'clock and time to adjourn, and that dear Miss Page has been unable to read her paper yet. Never mind. We'll take it up next week, and then we must try to be a little more methodical. I say it has been an interesting meeting, however, and that if we haven't succeeded in doing just what we came to do we have at least succeeded in contributing to woman's emancipation from her old position of weakness and want of purpose.

Miss Fenton (a little deaf, to her next neighbor)—Hasn't it been a nice meeting? But I couldn't make out just what we did.

The neighbor—Why, we made two motions and seconded them, and now we've adjourned.

(They depart in smiles, chatting and content.)

DXX—Bill of Fare for six persnns—Sunday, January 20, 1889.

Clam Chowder.
Broiled Quail on Toast.
Sweet Potatoes. Cauliflower.
Macaroni with Parmesan Cheese.
Roast Veal.
Cold Slaw
Cup Custard. Lady Cake.
Japanese Persimmons, Oranges.
Bananas, Apples, and Plums.

CUP CUSTARD.—Fill saucer champagne-glasses nearly to the top with cold custard, whip the whites of three eggs stiff, beat in three teaspoonfuls of currant jelly. Heap a tablespoonful of this méringue on the surface of each glassful; set in a cold place until it goes to the table.

The difference between the outlay and the returns at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, averages $1,000 nightly. In other words, there is a dead loss of between $60,000 and $70,000 on a four months' season. This is not excessive, if compared with the figures shown by some other great opera houses. The profits in Paris, for example, are purely nominal, and against them must be set the annual subsidy of $160,000 granted by the State. A New York opera season in German costs $200,000. This includes $105,000 for artists' salaries and $40,000 for the magnificent orchestra. The rest is spent on scenery, costumes, chorus, supers, and hallet. It will thus be seen that the margin allowed for presenting new works is limited. Weighing all the difficulties, it is wonderful that so much is accomplished for so little.

Mrs. Potter has hit on a new idea in jewelry advertising, and has taken to losing seven-hundred-dollar bracelets down washstand pipes. Mrs. Langtry, who is an easy first in this sort of thing, now comes to the front with a "mad drive" through the streets of New York, owing to her having overslept herself during her nap before the evening performance, and being forced to reach the theatre, in Williamsburg, in a miraculously short time after leaving her house in Twenty-third Street. It may interest Mrs. Potter to hear, apropos of her recent experiences, that a renowned European statistician estimates that jewels valued at seventy-five million dollars have been stolen from actresses and prima donnas during the last ten years.—*The Stage.*

VICKERY.

Crayon Portraits artistically framed in hard woods.

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THE BANCROFT COMPANY,
History Building, San Francisco.
PACIFIC COAST AGENTS FOR
HENRY F. MILLER & SONS'
The first choice of the great artists.
PIANOS.

TRIED OUT BY FIRE;

OR,

What Shall a Fat Man Render When He Shall be Tried?

By the author of "The Horse and His Diseases," which the same is Bill Nye.

CHAPTER IV.

It is time for the Christmas-tree exercises. The organ swells slightly on one side as the young organist fills it full of wind and begins that grand old nocturne, "Shall we gather at the river?" The choir accompany him, at times getting a neck or two ahead and then falling behind again.

Then the pastor opens the tree with prayer. He gives the Lord a brief but succinct account of what the church has accomplished, number of souls lost and saved during the past year, number of damaged souls taken on probation and repaired, amount of indebtedness of church and prospects for the future, with a resolution at the close indorsing the general wisdom and good judgment of the Lord in many instances during the past, and expressing a hope that the same kindly and conservative policy may characterize the future.

And now the gifts are being distributed by a number of light-footed young men, among whom we see Kyrle Ellsmere, who leaves a present and an air of bergamot wherever he alights. Here are a few of the gifts:

Handsome camp-chair, with red and blue stair-carpet seat, for Mrs. Earl, from her loving daughter who is married and lives in Montana.

Beautiful pair of decorated salt-and-pepper bottles, holding one squirt each, for Mrs. Saxe-Horn, from her husband.

Heavily chased napkin-ring, made from the olive-tree under which the Sermon on the Mount was preached, from the Bible-class as a token of kind regard to the wife of the pastor.

One-hundred-dollar bill from Judge Parkersburg, "our leading capitalist," to his wife. According to common report, he will choke her on the way home till he gets it away from her again. He can then use it for next year.

Pair Bohemian glass-vases for the pastor from the infant-class.

Plush floral album for the wife of the pastor from the president of the First National Bank.

Bright-red jumping-jack to the editor of the paper from the local humorist.

Fine floral display from Halford Remson to his wife, consisting of a barrel of flour.

Beautiful red sugar-cured ham to president of the First National Bank from his admirers at the poor-house.

Another pair beautiful Bohemian glass vases for the pastor from Judge Parkersburg and wife.

Very unique popcorn-ball for the pastor's children from the Woman's Little Hustler Band.

Seven-foot hand-sled for Johnnie Butts (Pearl's brother) from Henry Hornblower.

Handsomely bound volume of the report of the National Bureau for the Prevention of Cholera among Swine, from the member of Congress for this district to the pastor.

And so it went on for nearly an hour, when just as Kyrle Ellsmere was about to reach down a rare pair of pictures called "Wide Awake" and "Fast Asleep," for Miss Butts, his foot slipped, he caught wildly at the top of the Christmas-tree and pulled it over on him like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams.

In less time than one could ejaculate "scat!" the little tapers had set fire to the tree, popcorn, cornucopias of candy, large, thick yarn wristlets, woolen socks, and other bijouterie.

As the audience discovered that the church was already on fire and remembering that the fire department was giving a ball at Early's Mills, a shrill, piercing shriek might have been heard, after which most everybody took his presents and went away. Those who had received no presents so far took their presence of mind under one arm and left.

The awed multitude stood outside then, watching the fire-fiend, as it rapidly devoured the fruits of so much toil, so many sociables, prayers, and entreaties.

All at once some one asked: "Where is Pearl?" It was Henry. He could not find her. Neither could her parents. He did not shriek or moan. He took off his overcoat and hung it up where it would be safe. Then he borrowed a bed-quilt from a neighbor's sleigh, and dashed into the church as the fire-fiend licked up the blinds and burst from the roof above.

It seemed like a year that he was gone. Surely he could not live so long in that—living hell, I was about to say.

And now even the spire is wrapped in flames, the belfry has begun to totter, and a warning note from the old, moaning tongue of the bell, the bell that cost wagon-loads of marble-cake, and colic, and tears, breaks the starry stillness of the night.

Then Henry bursts forth with something done up in the bed-quilt, which he carries in his arms. His whiskers are gone, but what of that?

Gently he put his burden down on the green grass, or, rather, on the deep, soft snow, I should say, and then he undid the quilt and kissed the quiet face.

The multitude crowded about him, but he yelled at them: "Stand back and give her air!" and most everybody decided that it would be better under the circumstances to do so.

Every time people came inside the fence he would pick up a sled-stake and beg them to stand back and give her air. Then he would smother her with kisses. After two or three hours the pastor came inside the inclosure with his only surviving Christmas present, consisting of a perforated card-board match-safe, on which was the statement, "Scratch my back." He held this in one hand and his life in the other. Gradually he approached Henry. Pearl was sitting up and he was fanning her with the blue tail-board of her father's sled.

The audience could see that the pastor was kindly received and that he was conversing with both of the young people and reading something by the light of the burning church.

That is about all. As the years went by, Mr. and Mrs. Hornblower got more and more happy, and now he is at the head of every great enterprise, making money hand over fist, as one would say.

And what became of Kyrle Ellsmere? you ask. And I make answer that I do not know. As he did not come out of the church at all, and as nothing remained of the building after it was consumed, there is a tradition at Muzzy's Forks to the effect that death was his portion.

And now can any one read this simple little story and not be better for it?

I hope so. —*Judge.*

THE END.

SEA SONGS.

Green earth has her sons and her daughters,
And these have their guerdons; but we
Are the wind's, and the sun's, and the water's,
Elect of the sea. —SWINBURNE.

Sea Wisdom.

When the wind has died away,
Sinking with the sinking sun;
When the gold haze turns to gray,
And the purple fades to dun,
Lap the low waves of the sea
Through the twilight peace-possessed,
Sighing, hushed and drowsily:
"Rest forever—rest, ah, rest!"

Fair witch-maidens, long ago,
Hearkening to the same sea-speech,
Saw the black ships come and go,
Longed to lure them to the beach;
Wove a song of subtle rhyme,
Calling all things weariest,
Of the burden of old time:
"Rest forever—rest, ah, rest!"

Wisdom doth the hoar sea hold
In his slowly heaving deep;
Knows the rites and runes of old,
Knows the path beloved of sleep
To the goal desirable
(Boon of all the last and best):
Sings us still the siren spell:
"Rest forever—rest, ah, rest!"
—*Graham R. Tomson.*

Dreaming.

I dreamed as I slept last night,
And because the wild wind blew;
And because the plash of the angry rain
Fell heavily on the window-pane,
I heard in my dream the sob of the main,
On the seaboard that I knew.

I dreamed as I slept last night,
And because the oaks outside
Swayed and groaned to the rushing blast,
I heard the crash of the stricken mast,
And the wailing shriek as the gale swept past,
And cordage and sail replied.

I dreamed as I slept last night,
And because my heart was there,
I saw where the stars shone large and bright,
And the heather budded upon the height,
With the cross above it standing white:
My dream was very fair.

I dreamed as I slept last night,
And because of its charm for me,
The inland voices had power to tell
Of the sights and the sounds I love so well,
And they wrapt my fancy in the spell,
Wove only by the sea. —*Anon.*

In Sight o' Land.

Above the restful summer sea
The skies are clear, the winds are bland;
And the ship rides on full merrily,
In sight o' land.

Glad songs of home float on the air
From those upon the deck who stand;
And eyes grow dim and wistful there—
In sight o' land.

An hour—and friend with friend will meet,
Lip cling to lip, and hand clasp hand.
O how the heart throbs sorely sweet
In sight o' land!

But lo! athwart the radiant heaven—
(Alas for hopes by mortals planned)
The thick clouds of the storm are driven,
In sight o' land.

Cursed by confusion dark, as though
God had awhile resigned command,
The furious waves crash to and fro,
In sight o' land.

And that proud ship, which oft has crossed
The changeful sea from strand to strand,
With every soul on board, is lost
In sight o' land.

The morning comes, with joyant breath—
But cold and silent on the sand
Lie some who saw the face of death
In sight o' land. —*W. F. E. I.*

The Boat that Never Went to Sea.

It lies forsaken on the sand,
Forgotten on the lonely beach,
A thing of neither sea nor land,
Beyond the waves' incessant reach.
The tide may fall, the tide may rise,
The wind may whistle joyfully.
It has no fibre that replies—
The boat that never went to sea.

Ah! happier were the derelict
That tosses with the tireless waves,
Where currents of the sea conflict
Above the calm of deep sea caves;
It had its part of storm and shine,
It bore its colors valiantly,
Its keel has cleft the bitter brine,
Its sails were set, it went to sea.

And happier even were the wreck
When masts are snapped and sails are torn,
And waters meet upon the deck,
Than this poor boat, untried, forlorn.
That never, driven by the wind
And blind with foam, ran desperately
With rocks before and storms behind—
This boat that never went to sea.

The wild convolvulus sows its seeds
And blooms above the sun-warped planks
That never met the water-weeds
And passed between their parted ranks;
The rudder that remembers not
A hand to guide it steadily
Through warring waves, must waste with rot—
The boat will never go to sea. —*E. Cavazza.*

The Pilot's Wife.

"The moon shines out, with here and there a star,
But furious cloud-ranks storm both stars and moon.
The mad sea drums upon the harbor-bar.
Will the tide slacken soon?
O Sea, that took'st my youngest, wilt thou spare?"
—And the Sea answered through the black night-air,
"*I took thy youngest. Shall I spare to-night?*"

"The thundering breakers sweep and slash the sands;
To westward, lo! one line of cream-white foam;
I raise to darkling heaven my helpless hands;
I watch within the home.
O Sea, that took'st my eldest, wilt thou save?"
—And the Sea answered as from out a grave,
"*I slew thine eldest son for my delight.*"

"The giant waves plunge n'er the shingly beach:
The tawny mane! great lions of the sea,
With pitiless roar howl down all human speech.
Is God far off from me?
O Sea, that slewest my sons, mine husband spare!"
The Sea's wild laughter shook and rent the air!
Lo! on the beach a drown'd face deadly white.
—*George Barlow.*

HEALTH HINTS.

How to be Well and Miserable.

The mild weather—or something—is bringing forward a remarkably large amount of advice about what to do to preserve health and live to be a hundred years old. There is never any lack of advice from the health and longevity experts, but a warm winter always seems to call out an especially large supply. If the people of this country lived up to half the advice given them by physicians and scientists who have got hold of theories, and it worked as well as they claim, sickness would be almost unknown. Figuratively speaking, most of us appear to be a very tall tree, and sewer-gas and disease germs are sitting around the foot of it howling and trying to climb up and get us.

We may sit down to our breakfasts, but the food is adulterated and we do not eat the right kind. We go to our offices, but the air is not fit to breathe, and the silver quarter we get in making change after luncheon has typhoid-fever germs on it. We lie down to sleep at night, but the room is not properly ventilated and the electric currents do not go right. And over all our daily life, when we eat, work, play, sleep; while we stay at home and while we travel, hangs the dread monster, sewer-gas. Sewer-gas has been known to chase a strong, healthy man all the way through Harlem and half-across Westchester County, gaining on him at every jump.

These various enemies of the human race will also coöperate to a surprising extent. It has been shown by recent elaborate experiments, carried on by Dr. Foogay, of Boston, that malaria will frequently get hold of a man and hang on till sewer-gas comes up and finishes him. Dr. Foogay has also shown that there is nothing safe in this world except bran-pudding and a vacuum, and he is preparing an indictment against the vacuum.

Personally, I have always tried to live the way these theoretical gentlemen advised in most things. Take, for instance, the movements of the electric currents. This is something you do not hear about as often as sewer-gas or tobacco, but when you do see an article on the subject it is deep. Several years ago I read a paper by Professor Crazybone, in which he showed that you should sleep with your head toward the north so the electric currents on their way to the North Pole would pass through the body the right way. The plan looked reasonable, and I adjusted my bed to meet its requirements. A few years after I ran across an equally scholarly article by Dr. Allhead, in which he proved that the electric currents should not pass from the feet to the head, but from the head to the feet, and, therefore, we should all sleep with our heads toward the south. I turned my bed. Now, at this late date, there comes an elaborate report of recent investigations by Professor Dry and Sear, in which it is shown that the electric currents are had for the body no matter how they pass through, and the minimum of danger is found in sleeping with your head toward the east or the west. I have again wearily turned my bed. Perhaps, after awhile, it will get so I can get up in the night and change its position. If any man will show me a bed hung on a pivot I will buy it. I am quietly working on a hedstead myself which can be wound up like a clock and will revolve all night and occasionally get up on its hind casters and prance about the room and turn a few hand-springs.

If you are a man who wishes to retain his health, you should rise at six o'clock in the morning. You have slept, of course, in a chamber the windows of which were open, allowing free access and circulation of the air. If the bed-clothes should happen to be blown off at five o'clock you might get up then, though this is a disputed point, Dr. Harpever claiming that you should, while Dr. Withered is positive that in order to be regular in your habits you should stay in bed till six, even without the clothes. Regularity, the doctor says, is the keynote of life, and the man who gets up some mornings at six and others at five, does so at his peril.

After rising, take a cold bath for twenty minutes, practice with dumb-bells for ten minutes, go out doors and walk briskly up hill for ten minutes, run up a steep hill or the roof of an Episcopalian church for ten minutes, practice high jumping and handsprings for five minutes. Enter the house and sit down to breakfast at exactly seven o'clock.

Remember that everything depends on what you do not eat. Dr. Husks, of Philadelphia, has made the food question a life study, and you can not do better than to follow his advice. In the first place, you must not eat meat in any form. Meat is not a natural food of man. The man who eats meat is weak; the one who makes a diet of vegetables is strong. This is illustrated, Dr. Husks has ably pointed out, even in the animal kingdom; the stronger and more robust animals feed on vegetable matter while the weaker and less active are meat-eaters. To show the force of this it will only be necessary to call your attention to the weak and nerveless lion and the powerful and aggressive lamb; the debilitated tiger and the hearty hen.

Dr. Husks can not, of course, recommend all kinds of vegetable food, but has prepared a list of things which he considers comparatively safe when not adulterated and which have not been exposed to disease germs or sewer-gas. You may select for breakfast not above three dishes from the following list: Macaroni, graham gems, oatmeal, cracked wheat, hulled oats, husked corn, patent infant food, hominy, string beans, warm water, oats in the sheaf, corn-starch pudding, tapioca, sago, bran, shorts, and mill-feed. Do not overload your stomach. Keep your appetite under control at any cost. Remember that you eat to live and not live to eat. If the bran or the oats are too great temptations, banish them from your table. Do not, I beg of you, become a victim of bran.

The oatmeal is recommended as best to start the breakfast on. It may take either the form of mush, gruel, or porridge. Each is made by the addition of water to the oatmeal, but a wide difference is made in the cooking, the mush being cooked over a slow fire, the gruel over a moderate fire, and the porridge over a quick fire. Bran-biscuits make an excellent second course. Do not forget to practice moderation. The bran should be carefully sifted before using and the coarser part retained for the biscuits. Do not overeat.

You will unfortunately have to drink something, experiments by Professor Rollingstone in an attempt to prove that drinking any kind of fluid is simply a habit having failed. Dr. Husks can not for an instant consider anything but water. Tea and coffee are dangerous. We can learn much as to what to eat and drink from a study of the lower animals, whose tastes and instincts have not been corrupted as have man's. The cow does not drink tea, nor, for that matter, coffee either. If man was not enfeebled by generations of coffee and tea-drinking, he might be as large and strong as the cow.

Nothing but water should be drunk for breakfast, or, indeed, other meals. It should be as near as possible at a temperature of ninety-eight degrees, so as to avoid cracking the enamel off the teeth or injuring the linings of the stomach. As many of the disease germs as possible should be removed from the water before using by boiling, and, if possible, distilling. Even then you will swallow a large number of germs every time you drink. You should of course have a filter. In a recent paper Dr. Wachem strongly recommends Dr. Snachem's filter, and, during the course of an address delivered the other day by Dr. Snachem, he spoke highly of Dr. Wachem's filter. Dr. Search-party, who has a patent ventilator to sell, speaks highly of both filters. Probably you had better get both. The cow does not use a filter, but cows are not men.

Rise from the table promptly at half-past seven, with a slight feeling of hunger. You will thus know that you have not eaten too much. No matter if the third dish of bran does look tempting, do not weakly yield. For an hour after breakfast indulge in light and humorous conversation. Do not attempt any work, as the forces of the body are engaged in digesting the macaroni you ate and should not be disturbed. Do not for an instant think of indulging in a cigar. Tobacco is poisonous. Cigarettes are worse than cigars. Dr. Jekle and Professor Hyde estimate that if our old friend, the cow, were to smoke a cigarette it would kill her. Dr. Sombody says that no man can smoke three cigarettes a day and live to be forty years of age. The fact that there are men living sixty years old who have smoked more than that per day, only shows to what lengths men will go right in the face of science. A little learning is a dangerous thing. "Had these men the least respect for medical science," says Dr. Sombody, "they would have lain down at forty and died. What kind of a way is it for a man to act in this nineteenth century to go smoking around for twenty years after we have declared him dead?" Unless you want to go on thinking that you are alive after all of we scientists know well enough that you are dead, you want to let cigarettes alone. Watch yourself closely for symptoms of gout.

After the hour of light and vivacious conversation you may walk about for thirty minutes, taking care to keep your shoulders well back and to breathe twenty or twenty-one times per minute. After this begin the business of the day—attempting to exclude sewer-gas from your house. Take a practical plumber and a good sanitary physician with you and go over your house looking for gas. A light luncheon of wheat and oats may be taken at one o'clock, and dinner of wheat, oats, and Indian corn served at six o'clock. Go slow on these things. Be in bed by eight o'clock and immediately fall asleep. Do not dream—Drs. Lasthope and De Spare's experiments show that dreams are injurious to the general health. Breathe as little as possible on account of the sewer-gas.—*Fred H. Carruth in the New York Tribune.*

"I read in the *Sun* recently," said a bright young married woman, "that there is now a way of removing hairs from a woman's lip by the use of electricity. That is not new, and I want to sound a note of warning to any woman who may be tempted to use it. I have a very dear friend who was a class-mate of mine in college. She was a real pretty girl, but she was greatly annoyed at the fact that a few hairs were growing on her chin and upper lip. They really did not look bad, more like the down on a beautiful peach than anything else, but they were eyesores to her. She tried everything to get rid of them, and finally was persuaded to try electricity. An experienced physician performed the operation, and left her face as smooth as a billiard hall. Six weeks later the hairs returned, greatly increased in size and several shades darker. This time they really did look bad, and the poor girl was almost wild. She has never been able to do anything with them since, and, unless she clips them every day—a very tiresome operation—her face looks as though she was really growing a beard. The best way for a woman is to leave her face alone. She only spoils it by tampering."

The only plunger at Monte Carlo worth naming during recent days has been the Grand Duke Peter, a nephew of the Czar. The young man, by industriously betting the limit, managed to lose one million francs in a very short time. Instead of being sorry, all the other Russians were glad, for his mother is enormously rich and a notorious miser. Another less distinguished loser was a very unprepossessing specimen of an exotic princess. This lady carried her belief in fetishes to an extreme degree. She sat at the table with a large rope, with which a murderer had been hanged, wound around her neck, and a bull's horn under each arm, an idea which will probably be new to American gamblers. In spite of the rope and the bull's horns, her last penny melted away. She made it uncomfortable for the quiet croupiers by gathering a meeting in the Casino and declaring that, because she had been fleeced in the Panama Canal business, it was no reason for her also being robbed of her money at the roulette-table; that M. de Lesseps would certainly die of it, and so should she, after which she started away with the bull's horns as her total assets.

Max O'Rell relates this experience in the *Forum*: On board the steamer we had a party of Americans who passed seven days of the voyage in playing poker. The smoking-room rang from morning to night with the oaths that they uttered every time that they threw a card on the table. They were so fluent with them that they hardly used the same twice in an hour. Their stock seemed inexhaustible. On Sunday, after breakfast, a young lady sat down to the piano, and began playing hymns. What happened then? Our poker-party gathered round the young lady, and for two hours sang psalms and holy tunes to the edification of the other occupants of the saloon. I was dumbfounded. In France we have men who swear, and also men who sing hymns. But I believe that the Anglo-Saxon race alone can furnish men who do both with equal facility and gusto.

"The Lady Picking Mulberries," the song composed by Edgar S. Kelley under the inspiration of Theodore Wores's picture, with English and Chinese words, which the *Argonaut's* New York correspondent spoke of in her letter in last week's issue, has been published by Byron Travers & Co., of New York, and is for sale by the local music-dealers.

Rubinstein has written a cantata to celebrate the preservation of the Czar and Czarina in the recent railway accident. It will be given in St. Petersburg.

Transportation- Rail.

SAUSALITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN, via

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, January 6, 1889, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 3.25, 4.50, 6.10 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 1.30, 5.00, 6.45, P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 1.45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.15, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 3.25, 4.55 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 3.30, 5.00, P. M.
Extra trips on Saturday at 1.45 and 6.25 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 10.00, 11.50 A. M.; 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.45, 10.45 A. M.; 12.45, 4.15, 5.45, P. M.
Extra trips on Saturday at 2.30 and 7.05 P. M.
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

11.00 A. M., Daily (Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Cazadero at 6.45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12.20 P.M.

EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rate.
Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays and Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.00; Tomales, $2.25; Howard's, $3.50; Cazadero, $4.00.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Cazadero daily (except Mondays) for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, and all points on the North Coast.

JNO. W. COLEMAN, General Manager. F. B. LATHAM, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.
General Offices, 327 Pine Street.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.
(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From Jan. 15, 1889.	ARRIVE
7.30 A.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	*12.45 P.
7.30 A.	For Sacramento, and for Redding via Davis	7.15 P.
8.00 A.	For Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga and Santa Rosa	6.15 P.
9.00 A.	For Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
8.30 A.	Los Angeles Express, for Fresno, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	11.15 A.
10.30 A.	For Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
*12.00 M.	For Haywards and Niles	* 3.45 P.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	**6.00 A.
† 2.00 P.	Golden Gate Special, for Council Bluffs and East	‖ 9.45 P.
3.00 P.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
3.00 P.	Central Atlantic Express, for Ogden and East	11.45 A.
4.00 P.	For Stockton and §Milton; for Vallejo, Calistoga & Santa Rosa	10.15 A.
4.30 P.	For Sacramento, and for Knight's Landing via Davis	9.45 A.
* 4.30 P.	For Niles, San José and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
5.30 P.	For Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
7.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	7.45 A.
9.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.

SOUTH PACIFIC COAST RAILWAY DIVISION.

‡3.00 A.	For Newark and San José	‡ 7.20 P.
8.15 A.	For Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	5.50 P.
*2.15 P.	For Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 A.
4.15 P.	For Centerville, San José, Almaden, and Los Gatos	9.20 A.

NORTHERN DIVISION (Fourth & Townsend Sts.)

7.50 A.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	2.30 P.
8.30 A.	For San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos; Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Templeton (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations	6.38 P.
10.30 A.	For San José, Almaden and Way Stations	5 35 P.
12.01 P.	For Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	4.36 P.
* 3.30 P.	For San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Monterey and principal Way Stations	*10.02 A.
4.30 P.	For San José and principal Way Stations	9.03 A.
* 5.00 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 7.56 A.
6.30 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A.
†11.45 P.	For Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	†7.40 P.

A for morning. P. for afternoon. * Sundays excepted.
† Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only. § Saturdays excepted.
‖ Fridays only. ** Mondays excepted.
"Standard Time" furnished by Lick Observatory.

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YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,
Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

Steamer	From San Francisco for Hongkong,	1889.
Arabic		**Thursday, January 24**
Oceanic		**Wednesday, February 13**
Gaelic		**Saturday, March 2**
Belgic		**Thursday, March 20**
Arabic		**Saturday, April 6**
Oceanic		**Tuesday, April 23**
Gaelic		**Saturday, May 11**
Belgic		**Saturday, May 25**

Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Offices, Room 74, cor. Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.
For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or at No 202 Market Street, Union Block, San Francisco.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
GEO. H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

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FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA

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For Hong Kong, via Yokohama:

City of Sydney... ..Monday, Feb. 4, at 3 P. M.
City of Rio de Janeiro .. . Feb. 21, at 3 P. M.
City of New York..Monday, March 11, at 3 P. M.
City of Peking...Thursday, March 28, at 3 P. M.

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For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HOOKTON, Humboldt Bay: POMONA, Wednesday, at 9 A. M.
For POINT ARENA, MENDOCINO, etc., COOS BAY, every Monday and Thursday, at 4 P. M.
For ENSENADA, SAN JOSE DEL CABO, MAZATLAN, LA PAZ, GUAYMAS: NEWBERN, 10 A M., 1st of each month except when 1st falls on a Sunday, then day previous.
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PATENTS THOMAS P. SIMPSON, Washington, D. C. No atty's fee until Patent obtained. Write for Inventor's Guide.

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Educational.

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Announces a second series of six orchestral matinees, the first of which will take place at Irving Hall, on Friday, January 25th. The orchestra of forty-five will be assisted by Miss Cecelia Adler.

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Dividend Notices

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 520 California Street. For the half-year ending December 31, 1888, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and one-tenth (5 1-10) per cent. per annum on term deposits and four and one-fourth (4¼) per cent per annum on ordinary deposits. Payable on and after Wednesday, January 2, 1889. GEO. TOURNY, Secretary

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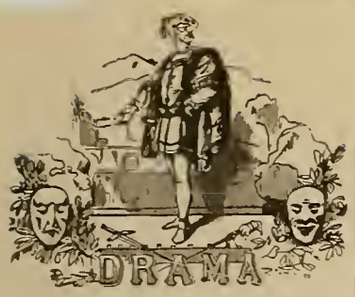

When one hears those classic words "there's blood on the face of the moon, our Queen's in danger," what beautiful visions of tinsel, lights, calcium-light effects, marching Amazons, and pirouetting premières spring into existence! "The Black Crook" is now so old that it is fast arriving at that stage when it is reborn and becomes new. It is passing into what in art is called its "second manner." Twenty years from now it will subside into a third manner, and so on indefinitely, passing down to posterity with the twinkling of sandaled feet, the glittering of spangles, the flashing of breast-plate and buckler, and the forest of Amazonian legs and the feathery skirts of the smiling premières.

"The Black Crook" in its second manner, as performed this week at the Grand Opera House, confesses a few original points. Bibb and Bobb, the musical eccentrics, are original, also the Onger Sisters, and the Dare Brothers. Last winter in New York there was only one Dare Brother. In the course of a year this accomplished acrobat has achieved fame and a brother—the latter full grown and very amusing. Beyond these innovations the play remains little changed. Hertzog, the Crook, is still in the midst of the "first manner." This manner, as illustrated by Mr. Vernon, is an artful compound of the Bowery villain, Bulwer's Eugene Aram, and Booth in the "Fool's Revenge," all this lightened with a dash of one of Mrs. Radcliffe's heroes. Hertzog has a passion for grand language. Had he been an author he could never have avoided falling into the error of "fine writing." Fine writing, which those who know say has blighted the fame of "Ouida," would have been the ruination of his efflorescent genius. When he wishes to impress upon his servant the magnitude of his genius, he remarks modestly: "I, before whose name the strong grow weak and the weak faint," a form of expression which reminds one rather forcibly of that alluring advertisement of a complexion lotion which "makes the old young and the young so beautiful."

Rudolph, described on the programme as a "poor artist," is also still saturated with the first manner. Mr. Holden as Rudolph showed himself still in the thick of the stage where hearts and chains "ber-ake," and where, in terrifying moments, the "ber-lud" is chilled. Rudolph was never a particularly interesting person. How different was he from that daring lover in "Mazulm," who, having turned his rival Bariano, the dissipated gallant, into stone with a magic branch, valiantly smote him on the cheek. This is the kind of courage which causes the "ber-lud" of the audience to course wildly through their veins. But Rudolph is good for naught except to provoke his opponents to unexpected and daring flights of fine language. He goads them on to ecstasies of florid English. No one ever requests Rudolph to leave. They say to him—everybody seems desperately anxious to get rid of him—"Be-gone, sirrah!" And, being a well-brought-up young artist, he obediently goes. In the prison, Rudolph's elaborate manners never desert him. He and the Skeleton in the Serpents' Glen are wonderful exponents of the beauties of the Delsarte method. The honors are easy between them, though there is a thought more of graceful *abandon* in the gestures of the Skeleton, whose bones have free play unincumbered with ligaments of flesh.

Everything approached by Rudolph seems to feel the power of his enchanting presence. The little shallop in which he enters the domains of Stalacta is so overcome with the honor conferred upon it that it stops outright and only can be coaxed onward in a series of nervous jerks. The forest, under whose gloomy boughs Count Wolfenstein's myrmidons prepare to execute their deed of darkness, is so averse to being a party to the crime that it refused to come down, and hung suspended in mid-air, pendulating back and forth in coy resistance. When it finally did subside and poor Rudolph, true to his *métier*, babbling of a "purling rill," was spirited away, the forest obstinately persisted in staying. Only the most determined urging finally induced it to roll reluctantly up into the celestial realms of the flies. Had Count Wolfenstein been present he would probably have met the occasion by saying; "Begone, sirrah!" For Count Wolfenstein made a great point of saying this.

The Count, Mr. George Turner, is "Bariano, the Dissipated Gallant" done over. It is awful to think of what would happen to the Spectacular without the aid of these members of an effete aristocracy. They are the spice in the pudding. The Count is not quite so persistent in his courtship as was Bariano, to flee whose importunities the lovely heroine makes the circuit of the earth in something less than two hours and a half. This puts Milton Noble's villain quite in the shade. The Count shares with Rudolph an inclination to introduce alien syllables into old, familiar words. He, too, would "ber-ake" and "cer-rush" those who seek to throw obstacles across his primrose path.

The ballet—the one and only feature of this fossil of the tertiary period of American dramatic art—is good in conception, poor in execution. If Mr. Kiralfy could get efficient dancers to work out his ideas, he would produce the most beautiful ballets to be seen in the country. He has the artist's eye and the sense of color so singularly rare among Americans. Henry Irving himself could not have produced a more artistic and brilliant effect than the outpouring of the King's troops from the pillared gates of Babylon. It is in large spaces, in general effects like this, that Mr. Kiralfy, giving rein to his picturesque, rich, and glowing fancy, can produce pictures as vivid, as gorgeous, as startling, and intense as the paintings of Benjamin Constant or Henri Regnault. But on the stage of the Grand Opera House he is hampered not only by a set of clumsy and frightened coryphees, but by the lack of space. In the finale of the third act, with the effective manipulation of fans and the grouping of bunches of Japanese lanterns, a charming and brightly tinted picture would have been given, were it not that half-a-dozen girls were out of time with the rest, and were either too stupid, or too preoccupied, to notice their mistake. In "The Fall of Babylon" Mr. Kiralfy proved to the Eastern world that he possessed a sense of the picturesque, a feeling for color, and a capacity for reproducing his sumptuous ideas, more pronounced than that of any other American manager. It is rather unfortunate that he should allow his carefully constructed tableaux and effects to be spoiled by inefficient dancers. The two Allen Sisters are still the most graceful and charming *secundas* in his entire corps. Mlle. Lile, as the première, did some graceful pirouetting, but as Buttercup in the Operetta Ballet reminded one of the Private Secretary's words—"Poor lady! she imagines she is swimming."

"Dorothy" at the Baldwin is a series of pretty reminiscences. It has caught most of its color from "Erminie," but lacks the brilliancy, the piquancy, the vivacity of that immortal operetta. The second act is so redolent of the last act of "Erminie" that one waits in pleasant expectation to see the elegant figure of Ravvy, in all the sumptuous toggery of the Directoire, glide glimmering down the darkened staircase, or listens for the cry of the terrified Caddy as he peers over the balustrade. But Geoffrey Wilder and his companion soon dispel the illusion. There is nothing particularly romantic or picturesque about them. They are a pair of good-looking, rather wild young gentlemen, threatened by a sheriff who holds over them a debt of eighty pounds sterling. In the most commonplace and tranquil manner they fall in love several times over. They have a gay, dashing manner compounded of Jack Absolute and young Marlow. When an actor dons the dress which well-bred Englishmen wore in the days of the Gordon riots, he always puts on with it this manner, half swaggering, half patronizing, when he whips his boots and kisses the maid who brings him his ale.

The ladies of the caste wore dresses which, like certain types of genius, may be said to belong to all time. Whether the village-maiden, with whom Diggory and David discoursed over pewters of home-brewed ale, were dressed in such costumes as those worn by Miss Vincent and Miss Lane, is open to doubt. Bo-Peep wears such a frock in all the nursery-rhyme books, Audrey occasionally does, and Phœbe constantly, the chorus in "The Mascotte," and the villagers in "Louis XI." are not infrequently attired in these popular short skirts and flowered paniers. They appear in the opera on the villagers in "Linda di Chamounix" on Monday night, on the servant-girls in "Martha" on Tuesday night, and on the German dancers in the Kermess in "Faust" on Wednesday night. With such precedent the Misses Vincent and Lane may be excused for violating historical accuracy. A costume which has held its own—according to stage tradition—since the days of *La Praguerie*, has staying powers which are not to be despised. But there are no excuses for Mr. Drew's "gags." Jests at the expense of Mrs. Cleveland's bustle issuing from the mouth of a Dutchman of the sixteenth century are no more incongruous than a neat allusion to a sewing-machine at the time when young gentlemen of fashion wore their hair *à la queue* and young ladies of the great world played "quadrille" and "ombra."

The music of "Dorothy" is pretty and mild. It is of the "rose-water" style of music, gentle, sweet, unagitating. There is little or no variety about it—it is all pleasant and soothing. It is the sort of music that invisible orchestras play in the fairy tales which lulls the exhausted prince into a deep and dreamless sleep. The hunting chorus is the nearest approach to anything demonstrative and lively. Many of the other airs are pretty and catching, and they all have a sweet and somewhat sentimental undertone which will recommend them to certain tastes.

The caste was good. Mr. Carleton and Mr. Taylor as the gay young bloods from London-town were sufficiently dashing and swaggering. They fell in love with flattering promptitude, and inspired as deep affections as they experienced. The ladies were coquettish and pretty, and sang agreeably. Mr. Drew, as the comic element, was decidedly clever and funny. When he ceases to make jokes on Mrs. Cleveland's bustle and the sewing-machine, he will become a "funny man" who is really funny. G. B.

STAGE GOSSIP.

"La Traviata" is to be revived at the Tivoli next week for the farewell engagement of Signor Campobello. Signora Ida Valerga will also be in the cast.

"The Black Crook" proves as popular as "Mazulm," and will doubtless have large audiences next week, which is the last of the Kiralfy engagement at the Grand.

Katie Mayhew, whose name is familiar to playgoers of a dozen or fifteen years ago, has become a soubrette of the Lotta type, and will appear in "Fanchon" next week at the Alcazar.

George Osbourne will play his last nights at the Alcazar next week. Both he and Mrs. Helen Mason Osbourne will be in Mme. Modjeska's support, and at the close of that engagement they will go over to the Paris Exposition for a well-earned rest.

"The Adventures of a Love-Letter," which Jeffreys-Lewis and her company have been playing at the Standard, is our old friend "A Scrap of Paper" with a new name. Next week the same company will present "Claire and the Forge Master."

The spectacular will probably be a regular feature of our winter theatrical season hereafter. Imre Kiralfy will have the new California for six weeks next winter, Bolossy will return the following year, and so, *Deo volente*, they will alternate for many winters.

Billy Emerson and his minstrels have emerged from the shadow of the law courts, and will reopen the Bijou Theatre to-night. Emerson will sing "Moriarty," and all the members of the company will do their best to inaugurate the new season auspiciously.

The Conreid Opera Company is down on the Bush Street Theatre's list of attractions. There are seventy-five people in the troupe, which achieved a great success in Chicago in "The King's Fool." They will begin their Bush Street season with this new opera in March.

Lydia Thompson's English burlesque company will reopen the Bush Street Theatre next Saturday evening. The theatre is to be a marvel of comfort, safety, luxury, and beauty after its renovation, and what with a new theatre and a new burlesque, "Columbus," the occasion should draw a crowd.

Mr. Paul Davis, a young San Franciscan who has won a high reputation as an amateur, has determined to abandon the shekels of land-booming for the fame of the footlights. He appears in Mme. Modjeska's company, and, at the conclusion of her tour, goes East to join a more permanent organization.

Next week will be the last of the Carleton season, and the following bills have been arranged: on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday evenings, and at the Saturday matinée, "Erminie," and on Thursday evening, "Mynheer Jan." Friday evening's opera has not yet been announced, nor has Saturday's, which will be a bumper to the departing company.

Mme. Modjeska will open her season at the Baldwin, which follows the Carleton engagement, with "Cymbeline," and her repertoire further includes "Mary Stuart," "Adrienne Lecouvreur," "Camille," and "As You Like It." E. H. Vanderfelt, E. J. Henley, George Osbourne, Henry Walton, George Paxton, H. B. Phillips, Leo Cooper, E. J. Holden, George Turner, Paul Davis, Charlotte Tittel, Helen Mason Osbourne, Mrs. Bates, and Miss Tuholsky will comprise the company.

The familiar words, "Robson and Crane," stand for a thing of the past now. This famous firm of actors played their last nights together a week ago. Stuart Robson will continue in "The Henrietta," the comedy they have been playing, and will bring out a new play by Steele Mackaye. Crane is having a play written by D. D. Lloyd, who wrote "The Woman Hater" for the late John T. Raymond, and he also contemplates a revival of "Henry IV.," with himself as Falstaff.

We reprinted a paragraph from a New York paper, some weeks ago, stating that P. T. Barnum had retired from the show business, which has called forth the following from Mr. Barnum:

"Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might."—*Bible.*

WALDEMERE, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.
January 11, 1889.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I have *not* retired from the show business and never will do so. The contract with my only and equal partner, Mr. James A. Bailey, the best showman I ever met, is for fifty years dead or alive, and the "Greatest Show on Earth" is so perfectly systematized that we believe our posterity will carry it on successfully for centuries.

Truly yours, P. T. BARNUM.

A novel mode of dealing with the female high-hat nuisance in theatres was employed at the Savoy Theatre, London, the other evening. There were a number of ladies in the amphitheatre with hats which prevented the "gods" from getting a good view of the stage. They, therefore, handed down a paper, on which a request to the ladies to remove their head-gear was written in a large, round hand, and which was passed from hand to hand along the front rows. Some of the ladies at once took off their hats; and, in the next interval, another paper was sent down in the same way, thanking them for their kind and obliging conduct.

THE HOUSE OF THE VOICE.

Patti's Castle from a Visitor's Point of View.

Yes, my dear friend (declares a writer in *La Vie Parisienne*), so it is. If you are not an operatic manager, or a manager of a traveling company, you will not obtain admission any more than we did, and you had best make up your mind to spend the Sunday in London. I tell you you will not get in, others have tried it before you. You must be a manager; they only receive people of whom they have need. Ah! if you were a manager and you could bring six hundred and eighty-three thousand francs on a golden plate, it would be different. Then you could take the train and have the honor of riding for an hour in the *châtelaine's* carriage—very well appointed, by the way, correct without being obtrusively so. The carriages, for that matter, are the only things correct.

The château! a lot of buildings in all sorts of styles, gothic, and then big green-houses intermingled with square towers and pointed turrets; something quite special, in fact, and perfectly unendurable, if one did not find a certain pleasure in thinking that each stone represents a note paid for by a Yankee. The cornice up there is the last measure of the rondeau of the "Sonnambula," paid by an inhabitant of Montevideo; the gate represents the *floritures* of the "Barbiere," paid by a Chicago pork-packer. I assure you it is quite interesting to make nice calculations as one looks at the château and the green mountain on which it is built. They are going to buy the mountain, you know; it will shorten the road from the station to the château. A few notes in Chili, a few more in Peru, and the mountain will be bought. If it is in the way they will have it transported elsewhere, or pierced like an isthmus. Nothing is easier. A few trills to the Patagonians and the thing will be done.

Besides, when you have a cash-box in your throat why deprive yourself of anything? You build châteaux on mountains, plant parks on bare rocks, have a private gas-works which you show to the managers who come to offer you millions on golden plates! But, and here is the joke, you are bored to death in your fine château. The good Chilian gives his beautiful money to hear the famous note, but he gives only his money; with this money you can build châteaux, but you can not have friends. And so monsieur and madame live alone, all alone, with monsieur's secretary, madame's lady companion, monsieur's billiard professor, and madame's pianist. There are also madame's dogs, but lately they have been voted common, and there remains only one poor little dog without any hair, a marvel of hideousness, who never leaves madame, sleeps in madame's chamber, and has a fur coat like madame.

A strange thing happens in this still stranger château. Madame, who has gained this château with her voice; madame, who is everything, or who ought to be everything, has been absorbed by monsieur, who is nothing but the husband of madame! Oh, love! Madame loves monsieur; there is no doubt about it; she loves him, adores him, admires him, and he lets himself be loved. He loves her, too, perhaps. At any rate, he takes care of her; it is he who looks after her "elixirs that Mario used," who opens her letters, who tells her what is in the newspapers, for she, poor lady, is never allowed to read a single paper, because she might find in it disagreeable things which would irritate her and hurt her voice.

Around this Voice everything turns. Breakfast and dinner are served at hours which suit the Voice; conversation is allowed only on topics that suit the Voice; no matter what the weather, they go out because the Voice requires it, and during the promenade it is forbidden to stop an instant on account of the Voice, and the promenade ends at a certain hour, always on account of the Voice. But this Voice is never heard in the immense château. For madame does not talk; she might spoil her Voice. There is something fantastic in this: the Château of the Voice in which the Voice is never heard.

You hear monsieur, though. Monsieur does not sing any more, so that he has no need to take care of his voice, and he talks, and talks a great deal. You have to talk a great deal when you have to command forty-five servants. There are forty-five of them of all sizes, sexes, and colors to wait upon monsieur and madame. There are some who do nothing but look after madame's toilets, those six hundred and ninety-two dresses which have been admired in the six parts of the world, which have caused astonishment in Chili, Peru, and Ecuador, and which are now hung up like relics in a museum, each one with a ticket relating the triumphs of the Voice. Everything that has any connection with the Voice is carefully preserved, even old shoes and silk stockings.

In this château, where the great distraction is to dress in grand toilet for dinner, monsieur and madame admire each other. Monsieur takes care of madame, who can only drink a certain water, warmed to a certain temperature, and in a certain manner. Monsieur has come to take particular care of himself, too; at table there is monsieur's wine, which monsieur's valet serves while the other guests drink ordinary wine; there is monsieur's roast beef, which he alone eats; there is even monsieur's *buen retiro*, which the butler begs us not to use: "It is reserved for monsieur."

The great pleasures are monsieur's game at billiards and monsieur's fishing excursions. After dinner, monsieur plays at billiards with a special cue, kept in a box, of which monsieur has the key, with the billiard professor who is attached to the person of monsieur. Madame watches monsieur play, and all is silent; not a sound. Monsieur is playing billiards!

After lunch monsieur goes fishing; rivers and salmon have been bought for monsieur's favorite pleasure. Lines are manufactured specially for monsieur, and rods of wonderful wood cut specially for monsieur by slaves in foreign countries; the maggots for monsieur's bait are maggots raised specially for monsieur. Monsieur fishes for hours while madame watches him, and the servants stand around to prevent the vulgar from approaching.

From time to time you hear a few sounds of the Voice singing airs that are always detached and always the same. Madame is going over her repertoire, and a few days after the château is all shut up. Monsieur and madame have gone away to distant lands. Madame earns millions. The Voice performs its function, and when the Voice has functioned they return to the château, and the silence continues with games of billiards and fishing excursions. And in this château, built by the Voice, paid for by music, never a sound, never a piano, never any singing. No music! Nothing but an orchestrion, an immense orchestrion, famous, unique, phenomenal, which cost millions. A servant is attached to the orchestrion, and every night monsieur and madame discuss gravely what rolls of notes shall be ground out. For hours the handle is turned, and in the château of the Voice you hear but the zim-boum-boum of the Neuilly fair and of the night restaurants of Moscow.

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"BEFO' DE WAH."

By A. C. GORDON.

Ebo.

All o' dese here doin's
Don't suit me;
Ise an ole-time nigger—
Don't you see?
Dis here eddication's
Humbug, sho';
It's done played de devil
Wid Ebo.
Somewhar 'bout lars' summer,
Dicy she
Tuck'n struck a notion—
Don't you see?
Says she: "I'se been thinkin'."
An' I says:
"What you done thunk, honey?"
Says she: "Yes,
I'se been thinkin' mons'ous
'Bout Ebo;
He's fo'teen year ole now—
Don't you know?"
S'I: "Ole 'oman, you is
Right, I spec';
Dar's fo'teen—he kim fus'—
Dat's kerrec'!"
Says she; "He's a-growin'
Up a fool;
An' I'se gwine ter sen' him
Ter de school."
Bein's how it looked like
She was bent
On de projick, Ebo
Tuk 'n' went.
An' sence dat lars' summer—
Don't you see?
Dat 'ar boy hav p'int'ly
Outdone me!
Whe'ew! de norrations,
Dem o' his'n!
Umph! I husses langhin'
Jes' ter lissen!
What you think dat Ebo
Come tell me?
Dat all dis here y'arth here—
Flat, you see—
Dat it's roun', and rolls jes'
Like a ball!
"Ebo, dat's a lie," I
Says, "dat's all!
Don't you see yer Mammy
Evvy night,
Set de water piggin
Out o' sight
Oh you chillun, up dar
On de shelf?
Now, 'Mars' Spellin'-booker,
'Splain yerself—
Sunrise, dat 'ar water's
In dar still;
Ef de y'arth turned over
It 'nd spill!"
But he keeps resistin'
It are so—
Eddication's den gone
Sp'ilt Ebo.
He's forever tellin'
Some such lie;
He's gwi fine out better
By-um-by.
Ef Ebo keeps 'larnin'
At dat school,
Nex' thing, he'll be provin'
Ise a fool!
I are p'int'ly gwine ter
Take Ebo
Way t'om dat ar school-'ouse,
Sartin sho'!

Two Centuries Old.

"Ole?" How ole does you have ter be?
Warn't dat Reuben I jes now see
Walk up an' put his paper in?
Don't you 'spec' I se as ole as he?.
Marster, you mus' be makin' fun!
Ain't got ter be hut twenty-one?
I'm pas' two hund'ed, as sho' as sin!
Look at dat Reuben over dar!
Ain't no gray in his kinky hyar;
Now adzamine dis wool o' mine.
My back's bent wid de rheumatiz;
Nothin' de martter at all wid his.
Marster, sho' as de sun do shine,
Ole Jim's over two hund'ed, sir.
"Prove it?" Well, sir, you keep de sco'—
Keep it fyar, an' I'll prove it, sho'!
Ole Jim's over two hund'ed year—
My ole marster, I buried him—
Sixty-nine years dat counts fur Jim;
Mistis was forty; young Mars' Joe
He was nigh about thirty-fo'—
I tuk'n' buried bofe o' dem dar.
How many's dat, sir? Well, keep count—
I'm gwine ter give you de 'zact amount.
My ole 'oman was sixty-three—
Gittin' on to'ds it, don't you see?
Over two hund'ed fyar an' squar'—
Two o' de chillun Ise put away—
Over two hund'ed now, you say?
Jes' you adzamine dat ar sco',
Down on yer paper da, onst mo'—
Over two hund'ed, sho' as sin!
Here is de vote, sir! Put it in.
Twenty-one years! Umph! what's dat?
Hope I may never eat possum-fat,
Never tech ash-cake-pone no mo',
Ef I ain't over two hund'ed, sho'!

Virginia Creepers.

Ole Mistis offen afo' she died—
You know how she used ter set
Out dar on de Gre't House porch, o' days;
I thinks I sees her yet—
Offen she said: "You's good enough—
But Anniky's pizen mean;
An' dem chillun o' her'n an' yourn's de scruff
O' de y'arth!" Now, y'alt done seen
How what she tole me is done come true:
I always knowed it, and said so, too.

What is dat sass you's np ter, now?
What does you want ter know?
Ef you says one word 'gin ole Mistis, boy,
I'll smack you, sartin sho'!
"How come she go call you scruff?" Jes dis,
Y'all was de ladies' crew
Dat de Lord 'ever made, in doin' de work
Dat she wanted you ter do;
"Ferginyer Creepers!" she used ter say,
When she seen you a-pokin' along all day.

An' now, sence de freedom come, it's wus'
Dan ever it was afo';
You stretches out dar in de sun, an' sleeps
An' sleeps foreber mo',
Ef you's got a rag ter yer back, somehow
You thinks dat dat's enough.
An', boy, dat's de reason o' how come why
Ole Mistis called you scruff.
You lets me slave fur de grub you eat;
You sleeps, while I gethers de hread an' meat.

I'm gittin' w'ared out wid dis here thing
O' t'lin' fur all o' you;
Sometimes I wishes de ole slave ways
Was back fur a week or two.
"How come?" Jes dis: Ter make you work!
De niggers never did lay
Out on a bench in the sunshine den,
An' sun deyselves all day.
"Ferginyer Creepers" was bad, at fus';
"Ferginyer Sleepers" is p'int'ly wus'!

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Pasmore Concert.

At Metropolitan Hall Mr. H. B. Pasmore and his pupils gave an interesting concert on Friday evening, January 11th The attendance was quite large, and the following programme was well presented:

Prelude and Fugue in A minor.....Bach
H B. Pasmore.
Song, "Serenade".....Schubert
Charles M. Elliot.
Song, "Oh! That We Two were Maying".....Gounod
Miss Esther Needham, of Sacramento.
"The Night," chorus, with pianoforte and organ accompaniment.....Rheinberger
J. H. Pratt, at organ.
Song, "Sognai".....Schira
Mrs. Hillman Smith, of San José.
Sonata in D.....Mendelssohn
Mr. Pasmore.
Songs, (a) "Moonlight" (b) "Devotion" } .....Schumann
Miss Anna M. Wood.
Sea song.....H. B. Pasmore
Edwin Engelstad.
Aria, "Una voce poco fa".....Rossini
Miss Marie Sunson.
Quartet, "Skylark".....Bavarian
Miss Marie Stinson, Mrs. Smith, Miss Anna M. Wood, and Miss Annie M. Forester.
Part song, "Spring Time".....Aht
Chorus.
(a) "Bridal Song".....Jensen
(b) "Wedding March".....Sœdermann
Mr. Pasmore.

The chorus comprised: Miss Ida Miller, Miss Bertha Collins, Miss Lillie Callahan, Miss Dora Krauss, Miss Eda Krauss, Miss Mary Easton, Miss Myra Gibson, Miss Carrie Waters, Miss Minnie Love, Miss Cora Morse, Miss Marie Stinson, Mrs. Hillman Smith, Miss A. M Forester, Miss A. M. Wood. Miss Esther Needham, Miss Kate Byrne, Miss Brought, Miss Preston, Miss Ida Weed, Miss Josie Weed, Miss Belle Miller, Miss J. Harrigan, Miss Kitty Forester Miss H. B. Fairweather, Mr. W. J. Keeley, Mr. C. M. Elliot, Mr. Emmet Rixford, Mr. J. M Curragh, Mr. Walter J Phelps, Mr. Fred Shanks, Mr. W. B. Kollinger, Mr. J. E. Graham, Mr. Edwin Engelstad, Mr. F L. Hunter, Mr. W. M. Wood, Mr. H. J. Barron, Mr. L. P. Rixford, Mr. W. J. Mugan, Mr. E. K. Drew, and Mr. Charles L. Turner.

Brandt String Quartet.

The third chamber-music recital of the third season given by the Hermann Brandt String Quartet occurred last Wednesday evening, at Irving Hall. An attentive audience enjoyed the following programme:

Quintet, A minor op. 14.....Saint-Saëns
I. Allegro moderato e maestoso.
II. and *III.* Andante sostenuto. Presto.
IV. Allegro assai, ma tranquillo.
Miss Alice M. Bacon, Messrs. H. Brandt, L. N. Ritzau, Henry Siering, and Louis Heine.
Ewige Liebe.....Brahms
Miss Jacobine Wichmann.
Valses, for String Quartet, op. 73.....Kiel
Dedicated to Herr von Moltke.
2d Concerto for 'Cello, D minor.....Goltermann
Mr. Louis Heine.
(a) Ah! 'Tis a Dream.....Lassen
(b) A Riddle.....Ruhinstein
Miss Jacobine Wichmann.
Quintet, for Clarionet and String Quartet, op. 108...Mozart
I. Allegro. *III.* Tema e Variationi.
II. Larghetto.
Mr. Joseph Wrba and Quartet.

The Hermann Brandt String Quartet announces a new series of four afternoon concerts to take place at Irving Hall on Thursday, January 24th, February 7th, and 28th, and March 21st, at three o'clock. Miss Estelle Hanchette will assist at the first concert.

A gentleman who returned from Paris recently, announces that Howell Oshorne not only has a trunkful of money which he made at Monte Carlo and the races, but he has recently added another trunkful of coin to his collection through his winnings at haccarat. The talk of his marrying Miss Fay Templeton is regarded by his Parisian friends as the rankest sort of nonsense.

Charley Reed, the comedian, will appear in a few nights at the Lambs' Club, in the character of Barbara, in a skit on "The Quick or the Dead?" The little one-act piece is written by Clay Greene. The most touching scene in the play is where Barbara finds the old cigar-butt on her table and reveres it because it had been once smoked by her dead husband. Mr. Reed's Barbara lights the cigar-butt after moralizing upon it, and the act closes with her deathly illness as a consequence.

Personal.

Any gentleman having a capital of $5,000 to invest, and desiring to acquire a safe and very profitable manufacturing business, will do well to investigate the rare business opportunity advertised on page 16.

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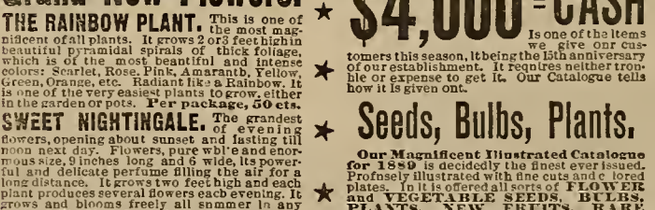

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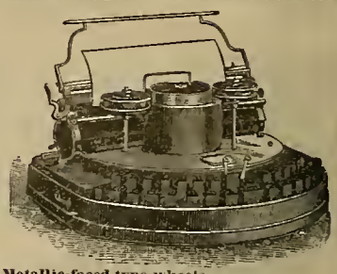

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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We decline to print the communication criticising the "crazy" evangelist Moody and the "mountebank" Sam Brown, now in Southern California. Not because the writer calls one "crazy" and the other a "comical mountebank," and charges both with being mercenary; nor for saying that they "serve the devil for hire," that they are "hypocrites," and "are doing more evil than good in the world"; nor do we reject the communicated article because it compares the methods of Protestant soul-saving with the "more dignified" Roman Catholic system of "missions"; nor because the evangelical clergy are unfavorably compared to the "more learned" Jesuits and the "more eloquent" Paulist Fathers. There are many things in the article we approve, some facts stated that we indorse, some things referred to concerning our sensational Protestant preachers that we despise. We always despise cant, hypocrisy, sham, and all that is absurd, hollow, and insincere. There are many learned, conscientious, and honorable men in the Church of Rome entitled to respect, and in its teachings and history there are some things to admire. The columns of the *Argonaut* are open to any well-written, brief, and courteous comment on the sins, follies, and mistakes of any church or any order of priests. There is, however, one thing we never ought to do, and never intend to do, and hope we have never done, and that is to allow an anonymous writer the use of our columns to say over a pseudonym that which he has not the manliness to write over his true name. We hate crimes, shams, and hypocrisies, we despise cowardice. The one first, best, highest quality that we recognize in man is moral courage. Physical courage may be a matter of physical condition, and is common to animals. The bravest animal only fights when it is hungry, or called upon to protect its young, or to defend itself, or in the mating season. There never was a man born of woman brave enough to fight a black cat in a dark room voluntarily, with no one to have knowledge of the encounter or to look on and applaud. Moral courage is the growth of principle; physical courage is the result of pride. The best trait—or at least one of the best traits—of the human character is pride; it is the synonym of a thousand virtues. A proud man will go open-eyed to deliberate death, no other animal that lives will willingly encounter destruction. The dude is a hero on the battle-field because he is a dude. The man who is proud, well-born, and moves in good society, who is ambitious of the esteem of men, the love of women, the honors of life, will expose himself at the head of fighting squadrons, on decks where bursting shells are hurtling, and on the field of honor, mid conflagrations and storms, to do a duty that will win applause. When the British Household Guards sent their gentlemen to Waterloo, the market-women taunted them and flung bones; they were decimated in the bloody struggle that prevented Napoleon from invading England. When from New York and New Orleans the plug-uglies went forth as Zouaves and Turcos, in red legs and vulgar bluster, to the conflicts of the civil war, they gave a new term to the vocabulary of cowardice by "skedaddling" from the battle-field. We are not very enthusiastic concerning "revivals," "camp-meetings," "protracted meetings," or any of the modern methods of whooping up religion—any religion—by the methods now in favor; our ideas of religion are somewhat old-fashioned; we think unless religious convictions or impressions result from deeper and more deliberate consideration than usually attend the sensational, story-telling, traveling evangelist that they are liable to be evanescent. Religion caught like an endemic disease from contact with those who pretend to have it, does not last. It catches, but it does not stick. We speak from experience, because we have been converted several times in our youth, and, save in our own opinion, we are no better now than some who passed successfully through the trying ordeal. A youngster educated in the sternest Presbyterianism—and from his days of childhood taught to look upon God as a holy terror and hell as only avoidable by a miraculous interposition of divine providence—is a brave boy if he can withstand the thunderings of an eloquent divine who, in the basement-story of a meeting-house on a dark night, pictures to him the enduring torments of the damned. We recall our earliest conversion as distinctly as though it happened yesterday; it lasted only one night, and passed away with the bright morning sun that burst in its glorious radiance over the church, the village, and the farm. We were caught in a relaxed mental condition; we were in love, and the black-eyed, curly-haired little maiden of our first adoration was present. She caught it first, and somehow when her susceptible feelings were touched and she went forward to the anxious seat to be prayed for, we sheepishly followed, not so much for the "love of Jesus" as for the love of the maiden. We do not pretend to say that we were not frightened. The Reverend Doctor Burchard was the divine, and he was eloquent beyond any man we ever knew; his voice was musical as a lute, and he could roar like the red dragon with seven heads and ten horns, represented in Revelations. The time was night and dark, the place an underground room in the village church; upon the dais where the preacher stood were two tallow dips, and on the walls sconces or tin-reflectors that seemed to make the darkness visible; there was no gas in those times; the theme was hell; the audience all the pious people of the congregation, all the devout deacons, all the trembling old maids, and here and there some wicked ones gathered in from curiosity. The Reverend Dr. Burchard afterward became president of Oberlin University in Ohio. There were no stenographers in those days, but we recollect the discourse, for it was branded in upon our soul as with an iron heated in the inner furnace. Extending his hand toward the lighted candle, he said: "Now, my beloved sinners, should I place my little finger in this burning taper and hold it there for one moment, you can conceive the pain I must endure. Now, with this little finger compare the human body, with its complex and marvelous organization, its nerves, sinews, ligaments, bones, and muscles, its sensitive vital organs, the brain that thinks, the heart that beats, the blood that courses through the veins, and with this dull taper, its simple wick of cotton, its envelopment of tallow, compare the intense heat of the sulphurous fires that burn and surge in the lowest depths of eternal hell; consider their capacities of torture and the torment of the revolving billows of flame as they envelop not only the human body but the human soul, and remember that in this flaming torture you must struggle and writhe as the worm that never dies; for unending ages you must endure the torture that never ends, the fire that never consumes; for, if you pass this opportunity, you may have lost the only chance of conciliating an offended God, and when once the decree of punishment is pronounced, the penalty can never be annulled and forgiveness can never be considered. I despair of conveying to your minds the duration of eternity; but if all the waters of all the rivulets, rivers, streams, lakes, and oceans, all the mountains of ice that are piled in polar seas were melted and gathered in one great reservoir, and this liquid ocean was turned to ink, and on its brink sat the recording angel who, once in ten thousand times ten thousand years, should dip his pen to make his mark on some enduring, endless scroll—when this vast reservoir was exhausted eternity would have but just began." And then he invited us to come forward to the anxious seat, and while we were coming up he sang, in gentle tone, some sweet hymn that thrilled our inmost souls. Does any reader, who knows our prudence, doubt that we hastened to the front, and that, on that anxious seat, we were most anxious? Does anybody doubt that we repented ourselves of sin and were entirely willing to be pardoned of all our transgressions? The same careful prudence that makes us invest in masses, and that has purchased and paid for eleven millions of chances for purgatorial relief, induced us then to hedge and dodge the divine wrath by permitting the Rev. Dr. Burchard to pray that our sins might be forgiven. Emotional religion is not as permanent as it should be, and yet it is not for us to question the sincerity of the gentlemen who hire themselves out to snatch the souls of sinners from perdition and rescue them from the wrath to come; theirs is a calling that seems to meet the approval of the Protestant clergy and payment by the evangelical pious. The industry is legitimate, and, if it compensates, we may not complain. If we are wrong, we hope Mr. Moody, and Mr. Samuel Jones, and the tramping army of salvation will all pray for us, for we are not at all convinced that we do not need it. We know that ten righteous men could have saved Sodom and Gomorrah and themselves from the destruction that attended those wicked cities of the plain; Mrs. Lot might have been preserved from salt, the old gentleman from sin, and the girls from shame. We do not know how populous or how wicked were these ancient cities. We presume they were not worse than San Francisco; hence, if the efforts of evangelists can secure enough Christians in this city to preserve it and us from destruction, we shall have cause, we hope, to be eternally grateful.

The intelligent American most friendly to Germany and most disposed to preserve peaceful relations with all nations will scarcely undertake to hold the German Government excusable for its recent acts in Samoa, if the intelligence from that country has been correctly transmitted to the daily journals from which we obtain our information. The death of twenty-two and the wounding of thirty-two Germans, in an encounter with the natives of an island in the Pacific, would be a matter of very little interest to the ordinary American citizen, if he thought the conflict grew out of any ordinary commercial

complication resulting from the trade between a German house doing business at Samoa and the natives of that island. When, however, it is represented that Prince Bismarck has an interest in the house of Godefroy & Co., and that the conflict was a prearranged and predetermined aggression on the part of the Germans, under the cover of a German gunboat, by German sailors, in violation of a treaty with the island government and a compact with the United States of America and England to preserve the neutrality and independence of the island realm—then it becomes a matter of interest to both America and England. If Germany has imprisoned a native king, carried him from beyond his own country, made midnight attacks, destroyed American property, and torn an American flag from an American residence, and insultingly mutilated it, then the question becomes national and serious. That German officers, in command of a German war-ship, have been guilty of outrages we doubt; it is not the German way of doing business, and we are not prepared to credit the display head-lines of our sensational journals, nor to believe that the imperial administration at Berlin would authorize the violation of treaties in the presence of American and English gunboats, whose officers will communicate to their governments an accurate narrative of all occurring events. We can afford to await results in patience, for whatever may be the opinion of any citizen regarding the administration or the ability of President Cleveland, or the diplomatic strength of Secretary Bayard, no one doubts their courage or their patriotism. We feel very confident there will be no war between the United States and Germany, because we think a war will not be demanded. Neither the honor, the interest, nor the policy of either of the great powers can, by any possibility, be advantaged by a resort to arms. Germany may have some reasonable pretext to claim the military service of her returning citizens; she may reject our pork and be ever so disobliging and beery in her diplomatic intercourse, but when the alternative is presented either to perform her treaty obligations with Samoa or engage in a naval war with England and America, she will not hesitate. This little agitation may suggest the necessity of more guns afloat and more harbor defenses for our Pacific Coast.

If the *Examiner* has succeeded in inaugurating a great war between the Empire of Germany, the Empire of Great Britain, and the Republic of the United States by having dispatched a reporter to the Samoan Islands, who is accredited with having led a successful attack upon the German naval forces, killed twenty-two and wounded thirty-two, and achieved a victory over the sailors of the German fleet, it is an immense advertisement. The *Call*, *Bulletin*, *Chronicle*, and *Alta* would feel exceedingly mortified, not over the fact that the Pacific Islands were devastated by war, our commerce driven from the ocean, our city of San Francisco bombarded and destroyed, but that the *Examiner* had outwitted them in enterprise. Mr. Klein is accredited with having led the Samoan forces to victory, and Mr. Klein is a correspondent of the *Examiner*. The rival journals would, either one of them, willingly see the world embroiled in war, and the universe wrapped in flames, and their journals destroyed in the consuming conflagration, if they could survive the distinction of creating the muss. There is a vast amount of enterprise demonstrated in modern journalism, but more is shown to attract popular attention than for any other purpose. The *Examiner* is, we think, justly accredited with the commotion in the South Pacific seas, and if war, grim war, should occur, to light up the darkness of our moonless nights with blazing ships and merchandise on fire, the "monarch of the dailies" will be happy—will, perhaps, call off its dogs from Spring Valley and let Mr. Charles Webb Howard and his meters alone. If the *Chronicle* would desist from its endeavor to reform our insurance companies in some other way than by driving all the foreign capital away from San Francisco, we should be quite willing to have it take sides with liberals in Servia against King Milan, or the rebels in Khartoum against the allied English and Egyptian forces, or the Pope of Rome against Italy for the restoration of his capital and civil power. But, of all the mean and dangerous experiments in the direction of attracting popular good will and securing public attention, that resorted to by Messrs. Fitch and Pickering, of the *Bulletin* and *Call*, is the most alarming. We can understand why the twin relics of journalism do not love the *Chronicle* and the *Examiner*. When the *Chronicle* was struggling for journalistic supremacy—*i. e.*, circulation and small ads.—the *Bulletin-Call* went for it; since the *Examiner* emerged from its obscurity and crowned itself monarch of Pacific journalism, the *Bulletin-Call* have opened upon it. The community could endure assaults upon Hearst the father and Hearst the son, with a plague upon both ends of this upstart royal house. Uncle George might enjoy the Senate, and his son might travel in Europe, and De Young might build an opera-house and a seven-story *Chronicle* building, and Mr. Pickering, who is rearing a young family, and Mr. Fitch, who is too old to travel, might employ themselves by abusing the whole staff of the *Examiner* and *Chronicle*, and the *Alta* might libel young Hearst by amusing blackguardism, but when these two papers deliberately set to work to revive Kearneyism and repeople the sand lots; when they daily and with deliberate purpose strive to fan into criminal activity the smoldering fires of riot; when, to increase their own business and destroy that of their rivals, they endeavor to bring upon this community a repetition of the history of 1877, with its scenes and incidents of violated law, a city ruled from the sand lot, and a State constitution changed by violence and agitation, a history for which the *Chronicle* was responsible and to which the twins contributed—then it is time for respectable people who own property, pay taxes, and are interested in good government, to cry halt. The people of San Francisco and the State have not forgotten the means employed to give Kearney his unfortunate prominence twelve years ago, and will readily recognize the sensational booming this sand-lotter is now getting in the *Call* and *Bulletin* as the same style of newspaper work which made him an evil power then. Kearney, with the same style of backing he had then, and with the same criminal elements behind him, and the same vulgar mob around him, is as potent for evil now. The *Call* and *Bulletin* are endeavoring to set him up again for a central figure, around which all the idle, vicious, and criminal element may again rally. His abuse of men and institutions, his strong vocabulary of opprobrious epithets, his compliments more questionable than denunciation, are reported at length with display head-lines in the *Call* and timorously copied by the *Bulletin*. Whether these journals advertise his meetings, hire his halls, and pay him wages to revive this agitation, may be a matter of divided opinion. These were the methods of the first sand-lot rebellion, and were the modes by reason of which that agitation reached prominence that led to the burning of wash-houses, lighted bonfires before the houses of prominent citizens, made street riots, depreciated property values, and arrested the growth and development of San Francisco for many years. The same efforts are suggestive of the same results. We wish these journals well, long life and prosperity, large circulation and profitable advertising, but only so long as they resort to legitimate modes of securing the public favor. If they are declining in circulation and advertising patronage, and must go down, we protest against their dragging the community down to the ruin which is impending over them. We can stand cobble-stone pavements, dilapidated and dirty streets, assaults upon the park and city hall, we can endure the one-dollar limit of taxation, we are willing to put off the time when San Francisco shall be made attractive to men who expect to enjoy life before they die, we can endure to live in a city administered upon the line of village improvements, but we should like to avoid disorder, riot, fire, bloodshed, reduced property values, and Kearneyism until after our estate is settled in the probate court. This rivalry between journals is only endurable when conducted in moderation and on proper lines; we protest against being involved in loss of property and domestic peace in order that one newspaper may triumph over another in the line of vulgar and dangerous sensationalism.

We took up the *Record-Union* of the date of October 4, 1888, and read an address by William H. Mills, a member of the State board of trade and editor of the very excellent journal to which we refer. Mr. Mills had been in charge of an exhibition of California productions at Columbus, and in reporting it he said that in the East knotty pears and gnarly peaches are all sold by middlemen as the choice products of California orchards; that this middleman is not content with one hundred per cent. profit; that he demands exorbitant and extortionate prices; that the sale of our fruit is impossible. He describes the crazy zeal of Eastern folk for our productions. There were countless demands for information. The climatic map was in great demand by intending emigrants; stereopticon views of the State attracted great attention, creating a great desire to witness our wonderful land; ten thousand people came daily to witness the display. Intelligent inquiry from twenty different States convinced Mr. Mills that for our fruits there is an absolutely unlimited market beyond our Sierras; that for California fruits there are forty millions of people hungering in the Eastern States, and we think he might have said fifty millions. Mr. Mills also informs his readers that eight hundred thousand foreigners are coming annually to the East, and that he is seeking to hold out inducements to bring this desirable element of population to this State, and he is satisfied that the Columbus Exhibition contributed largely to this end. All of this we read with pleasure, so far as it enabled us to make exhibit of our productions to Eastern people as an inducement for emigration, for the purpose of giving correct information to our own American Eastern folk we have no objection. We should hail with pleasure their coming among us, because we have good lands at low prices and our population is limited. By the *Record-Union* of late dates we find Mr. William H. Mills, land agent of the Central Pacific Railroad, Mr. David Lubin, agent of a pulverizer, and one hundred and seven orchardists, traders, and others engaged in the effort to obtain two hundred and fifty thousand dollars from the State treasury for the purpose of sending seven politicians to London to make in that great centre of European markets an exhibit of our fruits and other productions. This project the *Argonaut* has opposed by presenting an argument in courteous terms and decorous language in opposition to the policy of thus spending our public money. To us it looked, and still looks, as though it was a political junketing at the expense of tax-payers—the mode of appointing the seven commissioners justifies this conclusion. It is at best the effort of a class to extend its market at the expense of the State, and until we have educated our forty millions of American home-buyers to understand the difference between knotty pears, gnarly peaches, and the luscious fruits of our California orchards, we thought it unwise to exploit a more distant and uncertain market. Why not first inform the citizens of our own country that California is overflowing with desirable fruits, and that they are cheap, before we undertake the extravagant and absurd advertising scheme involved in sending seven gentlemen to London for that purpose? Why not make such an exhibition as that of the flying-car now exhibiting California productions in our own land? When Governor Waterman consents to this grab, and the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars is placed in the hands of seven persons for expenditure, we shall reserve to ourselves, as the only journal not favoring this beneficent scheme, to analyze the character of the seven disinterested gentlemen of high intelligence and lofty patriotism who will be designated to expend this money in London. If we did not know the prolixity of the Mills vocabulary and the unending outpouring deluge of his purgative words, we should have been surprised at seeing two columns of the *Record-Union* devoted to the *Argonaut*, in which the name of its editor is mentioned twenty-three times. To the shallow mind, personal misrepresentation stands for argument and false insinuation for facts. We have not suggested that Mr. David Lubin is a Jew, or that he once dealt in second-hand clothing, or that he was going to London to sell a clod-crushing barrow, for we have no knowledge that he is of Israelitish race and Hebraic blood. We said he was not a representative merchant, nor a producer of California fruits. All that is meanly suggestive and personally offensive to Mr. Lubin is found in the editorial of the *Record-Union*. Our allusion to Mr. John P. Irish, editor of the most respectable of our daily journals, was as a friend whom we honor and a man whose opinions we respect, yet upon this name our ill-natured Sunday-school teacher reads us a pious homily concerning the Pope and an admonition not to offend the Irish race. We may be "grotesque," "absurd," "brilliant," and "picturesque," our logic faulty, our argument inconclusive, our motives insincere, our writing cynical, but we never suggest a falsehood upon which to build a false argument. To the limited readers of this unimportant interior journal references to the Crucifixion, the Magna Charta, King John, the barons, the tea of Boston Harbor, Metternich, Napoleon, and the Pope may sound encyclopedical and learned; to us it is rank rot and superficial nonsense, and by it we think its author achieves the very pinnacle of garrulous and empty-brained absurdity. The scheme to steal two hundred and fifty thousand dollars out of the State treasury in order to send seven politicians on a junketing trip to London meets the approval of no honest, intelligent, disinterested gentleman in the State of California.

The remains of the Paris Jumbo will not be lost to posterity. The aged elephant died the other day in the Jardin des Plantes of tuberculosis, as has been proved by M. Pouchet, who made the post-mortem examination of the animal. The skeleton, the trunk, the heart, and the liver of the colossal pachyderm will be placed, after due preparation, in the Anatomical Museum, but the body has been ignominously cut up and divided among various naturalists for experimental purposes. The animal, which was a female, came to Paris from the Indies in 1862, and had survived the Franco-German War, the Commune, and the various changes of ministry that have taken place since the foundation of the third republic.

The late Empson C. Bird, of Baltimore, Md., left a peculiar will. It begins as follows: "I, the said testator, say to all concerned in this last will and testament, viz.: Behold, ye good people, it behooves me in this matter to name the fact that all animated bodies have to die and pass through some kind of chemical change, and by virtue of intuition I know the fact that my time for decomposition by natural chemical analysis is drawning nigh." The chemical analysis of Mr. Bird's estate revealed only about five thousand dollars' worth of property.

"Mrs. Cleveland is engaged in translating a French novel into English. She reads French with perfect ease, and her English style is flexible and graphic. She has received offers from various publishers, who are anxious to obtain the outcome of her labors; but, up to the present time, she has refused to make any bargain for the production of her first literary achievement." She has probably undertaken it simply as an evidence of good faith and not necessarily for publication.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Chinese Question.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: It was to have been hoped that after the Exclusion Act became a law we should have had a rest from the further agitation of the Chinese question, which has been such a fruitful source of political clap-trap and demagogism for the past twenty years. But the *Examiner's* statement of a well-known fact concerning the insufficiency of labor for certain purposes, followed by Mr. C. P. Huntington's letter as to the policy of that act, has revived the subject again and given a new stimulus to the filthy journalistic virus which has heretofore characterized the discussion of the subject, and has apparently even reconciled those distinguished patriots, Mr. Denis Kearney and Dr. C. C. O'Donnell.

If we are again to endure another infliction of journalistic putrescence and sand-lot hillingsgate, it may be as well, while the subject is under discussion, to pay some little attention to the real facts lying at the bottom of this industrial problem; for, so far, its discussion has only been made subservient to political purposes, and has been controlled by journalistic antagonisms, in utter disregard of all the essential facts relating to the industrial aspects of the question.

In 1880 there were something over 75,000 Chinese in this State, of whom about 54,000 were employed in the interior and 21,000 in this city. That the exigencies of our agricultural system in this State require large bodies of men for a few months and but comparatively few for the remainder of the year, has been perfectly well understood for the past ten years by every intelligent citizen. That the complaints against the presence of these people among us have not come from those who employ them, but principally from the political slums of this city, is equally well known, and that this alien outcry has been taken up by a cowardly public press and a set of political demagogues, is but the outcome of political antagonism and journalistic jealousies, which disgrace American manhood in their unseemly strife to control the alien vote, and in total disregard of the economic and industrial considerations involved.

That white labor can not supply the places of the Chinese, except by radical changes in our industrial system which will require years to accomplish, is evident from the fact that it can not subsist on such transitory employment as it now affords, even were it to be obtained in sufficient quantities to satisfy our demands for the busy season; and the consequence would be that the State would be overrun by tramps for the balance of the year, who would live by begging or by crime.

This condition of things is largely the result of physical causes and climatic conditions, and hence, the more difficult of solution. But it is also partly due, so far, at least, as it relates to the production of our cereals, to the peculiar system of cropping which has grown out of this peculiar condition of things. From the matchless advantages which our climate affords we can conduct agricultural operations upon a scale wholly unknown, if not impossible, in any other portion of the country; and the perfection to which our agricultural implements and appliances have been brought enables a few men, within a few weeks, to seed a crop which requires hundreds to harvest.

In the United States, the average size of farms in 1880 was 134 acres. In Illinois, the leading State in agricultural products, it was only 124 acres, while in California, it was 462 acres, or nearly four times as great. In the former State, there were only 649 farms over 1,000 acres, while here there were 2,531, with less than one-third the population. Here our open fields are our granaries and store-houses, and with volunteer crops, unknown elsewhere, it is nothing unusual to see fields of grain of 5,000, 10,000, and 20,000 acres, and, in exceptional cases, even larger. Fruit-growing in the East is, to a large extent, merely incidental to farming. Here it is a separate and distinct industry. There every farmer has five or ten acres of orchard, principally of apples, in which he cultivates corn, wheat, or vegetables; and in the fall, the ordinary farm-labor collects and barrels them for market, to which they can be sent whenever it best suits the farmer's pleasure. Here we have hundreds of acres in single orchards, and thousands in vineyards, that require the most careful cultivation and constant attention, and in which nothing else can be cultivated, as it is difficult to supply even the orchard with sufficient moisture. When the picking season arrives they require myriads of hands, as from the nature of the fruit it must be picked, wrapped, and shipped immediately, or it is either lost or injured. And so also with the vineyards. These peculiar conditions of our fruit industry create a necessity for a limited time of an amount of labor wholly unknown elsewhere, and which so far has only been found practicable with Chinese. These people are by nature migratory, and, when unemployed, can live in tents and subsist upon a mere pittance, while white labor requires a domicile and a home, as well as constant employment, or it otherwise becomes criminal and abandoned.

From essential differences in climatic conditions, similar exigencies arise in our agricultural industries. In the East where they have small farms and a rotation of crops, combined with more or less of stock-raising, their methods are entirely different, and require comparatively much less labor, or rather, it is distributed over a greater space of time. There, wheat is reaped when it is still in the milk and left in "shocks" upon the field to become cured, or seasoned, before threshing. In the interim, the farmer looks after his corn crop, and when that is "laid by," returns to his wheat and threshes it, "stacks" his straw, and houses his grain. With us these operations are all performed at one and the same time. From our open seasons and abundant pasturage we only "head" our cereal crops instead of reaping them close to the stubble, as in the East, but at the same time it entails the necessity of employing, relatively, a much larger force while the harvest lasts, to say nothing of the greater magnitude in the acreage of our crops. And hence the extraordinary demand for labor during this period.

The natural tendency of the Chinese is to drift off into other States and Territories, but so long as the supply was kept up by those returning, or new comers, the growing disparity between the supply and demand was not so apparent as it must now become in the near future, when the immensely increased acreage of fruits already planted shall come into full bearing. All these facts were quite as well known before the Exclusion Act was passed as they are now, and no one can plead ignorance as to its probable industrial results. But both of the political parties were, apparently, so much afraid that the other would get the credit of the act and capture the "alien vote," that neither had the manhood either to condemn the undignified and indecent international discourtesy involved, or to call attention to its probable industrial results; and the utter insincerity of the whole thing is conclusively shown by the recent vote of the State.

Notwithstanding the magnitude of the interests involved, we have been persistently told that the industrial progress of our State has been seriously retarded by the presence of the Chinese, as white labor would not come among us, so long as it had to compete with this degraded element and the low wages for which it worked. Each and all of these allegations are utterly false, and wholly without foundation in fact, and every newspaper, and every political demagogue making such assertions knew them to be so. The facts are, that in material development and the products of industry, we surpass all the States of the Union in proportion to the industrial population engaged. In population, notwithstanding our isolated situation and the great cost of immigrant passage to this coast, our increase of white population by the last census surpasses that of any other State which has been in the Union an equal length of time; and our laborers, both agricultural and mechanical, receive the highest wages paid in the United States.

I shall not imitate the public press, nor the politicians, in making gratuitous assertions upon this subject and calling them "arguments," but will prove what I assert. Comparing California with the most prosperous States of the East in the various productive industries, we find that Rhode Island stands first and Massachusetts second in manufactured products *per capita* of population. Iowa first and Illinois second in the products of agriculture, and the latter also high in manufactures. Pennsylvania stands first and Michigan second in mining. The former also high in manufactures as well as in the products of agriculture; and the latter also high in the "products of agriculture," and far above all other States in "products of the forest." Massachusetts also leads all other States in the "products of the sea." In comparing California, therefore, with these States in the aggregate products of industry, we subject her to the severest ordeal possible. We may also observe that California was defrauded by the census returns of 30,000,000 pounds of wool, and her "orchard products" were greatly undervalued, otherwise she would doubtless have made a still better showing in the "products of farms."

We will first state the population engaged in each of the productive industries in the several States indicated, to wit: Agriculture, manufactures, mining, and mechanical occupations. We also state the horse-power employed in each State in manufacturing industries, as it is an important factor of industrial energy:

	Population engaged in agriculture.	Population engaged in manufactures, mining, and mechanical occupations.	Horse-power employed in manufacturing.	Horse-power to number of employees.
California.....	79,896	118,282	32,921	1 to 6.00
Illinois....	436,371	205,570	144,288	1 " 4.45
Iowa.	303,557	69,941	54,221	1 " 6.88
Massachusetts.....	64,973	370,265	309,759	1 " 1 40
Michigan	240,319	130,913	164,747	1 " 2.25
Pennsylvania.....	301,112	528,277	512,408	1 " 1.61
Rhode Island.....	10,945	66,160	63,575	1 " 1.21

It will be observed that Iowa is the only State below California in horse-power to industrial population. And when it is remembered that one horse-power is theoretically equivalent to the manual labor of six adult males, it will be seen what an immense advantage the States compared had over California in the foot tons of productive energy, and, therefore, makes the result in products so much the more remarkable.

PRODUCTS OF

State.	Farms.	Manufs.	Mines.	Quarries.
California..... ..$	59.721,435	$ 43.611,264	$19.009,989	$ 172,450
Illinois.....	203,980,137	125,020,766	8,911,279	1,342,572
Iowa..... .	136,103,473	22,341,615	2,492,327	670,754
Massachusetts....	24,160 881	244,162,629	328,100	1,711,104
Michigan	91,195,858	57,814,756	41,305,295	79,165
Pennsylvania	129,760,476	279,797,882	65,359,576	19,544,208
Rhode Island.....	3,670,135	46,660,178	15,440	623,000

PRODUCTS OF

State.	Sea.	Forest.	Crude Petroleum.	Total Products.
California.....	$1,860,714	$ 9,749,366	.. ..	$134,215,208
Illinois.....	60,100	17,096,199	.....	356,411,053
Iowa	.....	18,634,941	.....	180,243,110
Massachusetts ...	8,141,750	6,449,760	..... .	284,945,224
Michigan.....	716,170	44,016,243	.....	208,091,487
Pennsylvania.....	320,050	28,246,240	$16,340,581	539,399,013
Rhode Island	880,915	822,096	....	52,071,764

Comparing, now, the States highest in agricultural products, to-wit., Iowa and Illinois, with California, we find that Iowa produced $84 *per capita* of her total population; Illinois, $64; and California, $69. But comparing these products *per capita* of the population engaged in agriculture, we find that California produced $752; Illinois, $467; and Iowa, $448. In California there were only twenty-eight per cent. of the land in farms improved; in Illinois, eighty-two and one-half per cent.; and Iowa, eighty per cent. Comparing next the total products of all kinds with the total population in each State engaged in productive industries, we find that they assumed the following order: California, $679 *per capita;* Rhode Island, $675; Massachusetts, $655; Pennsylania, $650; Michigan, $565; Illinois, $555; and Iowa, $482.

This does not look much as if our industrial progress had been very much retarded by the Chinese when we have surpassed all other States in the Union, though the youngest in the list and laboring under many disadvantages from which they were exempt. And now for the question of wages. The report of the bureau of labor statistics of this State gives us tables of wages of the various European countries as well as of the Eastern States, and, also, of the cities of New York, Chicago, and San Francisco. As New York is the highest among the Eastern cities, I will only compare that city with San Francisco. Taking the weekly wages of twenty of the most prominent occupations, I find that the mean for New York is $12.52 1-2 per week, and for San Francisco, $23.37 1-2, an excess in favor of the latter of eighty-eight per cent. Taking, now, agricultural labor, I find that the average of monthly wages in thirty-seven States, without board, to be $22.58, and in California, $38.25, a difference of $15.67, or seventy per cent. And wages with board was $14.93 per month, while in California they were $23.45, a difference of $8.52, or sixty per cent. Now, as to the cost of living. Taking from the same authority the cost of thirty-one articles of food, I find the mean for New York city to be 12.97 cents per unit of measure, and in San Francisco, 15.30 cents, a difference of 2.33 cents, or an excess of eighteen per cent. So it would appear that while our wages are from sixty to eighty-eight per cent. higher than the highest paid in the East, our cost of living is only eighteen per cent. higher, a difference of from forty-two to seventy per cent. in our favor. It must be quite evident, from these figures, that "Chinese competition" has not been more disastrous in its effect upon wages than upon our material progress and industrial development; nor will it appear to have been very effective in repelling immigration.

Taking, for example, the six New England States, we find that the average increase of population from 1870 to 1880 was only fifteen per cent. The highest was Rhode Island with twenty-seven per cent., and the lowest was Vermont, which was only a half of one per cent. Taking next the six Western and North-western States lying east of the Mississippi, to-wit., Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota—the paradise of the immigrant—and the average increase was only twenty-five per cent. The highest was Minnesota, which, however, did not become a State until 1857, showing an increase of seventy-seven per cent., and the lowest was Indiana, with only seventeen per cent. The second highest in this group was Michigan, with thirty-eight per cent. Now, the increase of white population in California for this same period was fifty-three per cent., being only exceeded by Minnesota, which, as before stated, did not enter the Union until 1857, and, like all other young States, shows an exceptional increase. This fallacy will become still more apparent if we will examine the increase of the six Pacific States and Territories having the greatest number of Chinese in proportion to white population. Idaho, 11,647 Chinese to 100,000 whites, increased one hundred and eighteen per cent.; Nevada, 10,113 Chinese to 100,000 whites, thirty-seven per cent.; California, 9,793 Chinese to 100,000 whites, fifty-three per cent.; Oregon, 5,832 Chinese to 100,000 whites, eighty-seven per cent.; Washington, 4,741 to 100,000, two hundred and two per cent.; and Arizona, 4,636 to 100,000, two hundred and sixty-seven per cent.; grand average increase, sixty per cent., as against twenty-five per cent for the six Western States and fifteen per cent. for New England. Thus does every allegation as to the injurious effect upon our progress and prosperity of the Chinese vanish into thin air when examined with a view of ascertaining bottom facts, instead of indulging in political clap-trap.

Equally false is the assertion, constantly repeated, that the Chinese send everything out of the country that they make, including their bones. Any one who will examine our imports and exports of merchandise from and to China, and our exports of treasure to that country, or who has any knowledge of our system of bank exchanges with it, will at once see the absurdity of such statements. For, apart from the settlement of our own balances, no inconsiderable portion of these exports of specie are for English and Mexican account, for which bills are drawn on London. Some years ago that erratic statesmen, Benjamin F. Butler, stated that the Chinese of California were sending $45,000,000 of gold out of the country every year, at a time that our total exports of treasure did not exceed $12,000,000 and the total product of gold in California did not exceed $20,000,000, ninety per cent. of which went to the mint and was coined. And yet every paper in San Francisco published this statement with apparent approval. And it has been by such means that most of the popular prejudices concerning these people have been engendered and disseminated.

Did time and the valuable space of the *Argonaut* permit, it would be interesting to examine for a moment some of the benefits which we have derived from these people. After years of close observation, I am entirely satisfied in my own mind that but for the industry of these people California would be ten years behind where she is to-day in material development and wealth. When we consider the important part they have played in the construction of our four thousand miles of railway, and the influence that these have exerted upon our industrial development and increase of material wealth, and the employment of white labor which has resulted from their construction, it is difficult to trace or to measure the benefits which have resulted directly and indirectly from their industry. They have taken millions from our abandoned mines which otherwise would have been lost; they have built our highways, canals, and ditches, and have largely contributed to our two great industries of cereal and fruit cultivation, which sustain so many collateral industries, and contributed in so many invisible ways to the support and comfort of our white population. Some idea may be formed of this from the recent annual statements of the daily press giving statistical data as to our products and commerce, from which it appears that nearly one-third of the through freight by the Central Pacific system was on the products of our orchards and vineyards, to say nothing of what must have been collected on the local business. And yet the report of a committee of our board of supervisors made some years since, and published in the report of the bureau of labor statistics for 1885–6, asserts that after searching diligently "to find some good that the community at large derives from the presence of the Chinese among us. . . . when we try to ascertain how much or in what direction he contributes to the material or moral welfare of the community, the search is in vain, the results nil." By the way, we observe that Governor Waterman recommends abolishing a number of State commissioners which "have outlived their usefulness," but seems uncertain which they are. I should think if he had ever looked into one of these reports of the bureau of labor statistics, he would at once place it at the head of the list, for out of seven hundred and forty-five pages there are not over twenty that contain anything of the slightest practical value.

It is not my intention to discuss the policy of admitting or excluding the Chinese, for I am opposed to the whole system of immigration. I have merely attempted to state certain facts relating to those who have been admitted, and the relations they bear to our industries and progress.

LOUIS A. GARNETT.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 22, 1889.

The Irish Question and Mr. Gladstone's Career.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The close of my last letter, inserted in your issue of the seventh instant, brought me to a consideration of the three Peace Preservation Acts of Lord Beaconfield's government, under the provisions and administration of which the tranquility of Ireland improved to such a marked extent, until they unfortunately lapsed in the summer of 1880, a few months after the defeat and resignation of the Conservative ministry, in consequence of the disastrous result of the general election of March in that year.

I refer to these acts somewhat in detail, as I am most anxious to disabuse the minds of your readers of the idea that the improvement of affairs in Ireland during Lord Beaconfield's administration (to which Mr. Gladstone himself bore so marked a testimony in his speeches during the Midlothian campaign) was due to the severe provisions of a stringent "Coercion" Act, by showing that these acts, which were mildness itself when compared with Mr. Gladstone's Crimes Acts of 1881 and 1882, were, nevertheless, far more effective, inasmuch as they acted in the nature of prevention rather than punishment, and, being firmly and impartially administered, improved the condition of the country, both socially and politically, to an extent that could only be fully realized by those who were living in Ireland at the time.

"Peace Preservation Act No. 1" gave the police and constabulary authorities the power of stopping any suspicious-looking characters at night and ascertaining from them the business which took them abroad during the hours between sunset and sunrise; if unable to give a satisfactory account of themselves they were liable to be searched to find out whether they were carrying arms on their persons. They could then be arrested for the night, but the officers of the law were bound to bring them the next morning for examination before a magistrate, with whom rested the power of immediately releasing them, or, if satisfied that they had an unlawful purpose in view, of remanding them for further inquiry, and for any legal proceedings which the authorities might think fit to take with regard to them.

By means of this act many lawless designs were nipped in the bud, and a vast number of outrages prevented, especially in the country districts where the Royal Irish Constabulary (a mounted force), by means of frequent patrols kept the disaffected classes in awe, and rendered it very dangerous for them to issue forth at night for the purpose of enacting their moonlighting outrages on men, women, children, and cattle, in connection with the political and agrarian troubles of the time.

"Peace Preservation Act No. 2" was an Arms Act. This gave the authorities power to order a search for arms in any place where, under a sworn information, the police had reason to suppose that arms had been concealed; it also gave them the power to open any packages coming into the country at the various ports, if they had reason to suspect that these packages contained arms; if they were found to do so, and the persons to whom the packages were addressed could not show that they were being imported for a lawful purpose, these arms were seized and became the property of the government. By means of this act large quantities of arms, which were found concealed either in houses or buried underground, were from time to time seized by the authorities while the act was in operation, and, after the first seizure of arms at the various ports of Ireland had been made, the attempts to import them were abandoned altogether.

It may easily be imagined what a beneficial effect on the peace and tranquility of the country these seizures of arms must have had, combined, as it was, with the paramount necessity which rested on the disaffected classes to keep such weapons as they still possessed closely concealed from the vigilance of the police, and, therefore, for the time being to a great extent unavailable for the perpetration of their lawless acts.

But, perhaps, the most valuable act of the three, in preventing the perpetration of murder for agrarian purposes, was the third act, entitled "Peace Preservation Act No. 3." Under this act the country was parceled out into districts, and, wherever the murder of the head of a family had been committed, the value of the life of the murdered person to his widow and children was carefully assessed by the bench of magistrates to whom that duty had been assigned by the act, and the amount levied on the inhabitants of the district in which the murder had been perpetrated. The fact that these magistrates themselves were mostly either owners or occupiers of property in the district was, in itself, sufficient security that no exorbitant or unreasonable assessments would be made; but the effect of this provision, in the preservation of life from agrarian murder, was, nevertheless, very great, as it had a most potent effect in restraining the operations of the farmers' sons (who chiefly composed the bands of Moonlighters), knowing, as they did, that the murder of an obnoxious person would certainly result in their fathers being heavily fined under the provisions of the act. That many lives were preserved by this act is demonstrable from the fearful increase in the number of agrarian murders and outrages of every kind which took place in Ireland in the winter of 1880–1, when it was no longer in operation, and the harassed authorities had only the ordinary law to fall back upon in grappling with the great amount of crime which then took place.

Before proceeding further, I would ask your readers dispassionately to consider whether, under the circumstances of the times, there was anything in the provisions of these acts to which any law-abiding citizen could reasonably object. I feel convinced that the answer of the great majority of them would be that these acts were admirably adapted to attain their main purpose—the prevention of crime—and that their

withdrawal, before the necessity for them had ceased, was a national calamity.

It would be entirely foreign to the purpose of these letters to enter into the causes which led to the defeat of Lord Beaconsfield's administration at the general election of March, 1880, after it had been upward of six years in office, especially as it is quite certain that its management of Irish affairs was not one of them; suffice it to say that the defeat was complete and was partly owing to overconfidence and defective organization, for which the managers of the Conservative party were mainly responsible.

Immediately before the dissolution of Parliament, Lord Beaconsfield addressed a manifesto to the country in the shape of a letter to the late Duke of Marlborough, then lord lieutenant of Ireland, in which, while asking for a renewal of the confidence of the electorate in his administration, he adverted specially to the Irish question. Here, again, I regret extremely that I have not the text of this important letter to refer to, as it would be well worth the space it would occupy to reproduce it *in extenso*, as it is undoubtedly one of the most valuable historical documents of these times. In it, Lord Beaconsfield, after referring with just pride to the great improvement in the peace and security of Ireland which had taken place during the six years of his administration, owing to the operation of the acts to which I have so fully referred, nevertheless warned the country that it would not only be necessary to renew them before they expired, but even, in some respects, to strengthen them, to enable the government to meet and grapple with "a coming danger worse than a pestilence," the signs of which were becoming plainly discernible, and he urgently besought all men of "light and leading" in the country, irrespective of party, to join in supporting the government in dealing with this evil.

The danger referred to by the prime minister was the formation of the land league, which had recently been organized by Mr. Parnell and his confederates, and which, being both of an agrarian and political character, was intended to enlist the support of the great body of Irish tenant-farmers to the agitation for a complete separation from England (under the specious title of "home-rule"), by holding out to them the prospect of still further appropriating the property of the landlords by means of a large and ruinous reduction in their rentals, and by the promise that whenever Ireland had obtained her wishes and become "mistress of her own destinies," every vestige of landlordism would be driven from the country. It may here be observed that during the Parliament of 1874-80 Mr. Parnell obtained a seat in the House of Commons and speedily became the leader of the Irish party, thrusting into the background Mr. Shaw and the more moderate members of the party who followed his guidance, and, finally, at the general election of 1885, ejecting them from Parliament altogether.

As may readily be imagined, the letter of Lord Beaconsfield to the Duke of Marlborough caused a perfect storm of fury in the camps of the English Radical and Irish Nationalist parties; its warnings were scorned and its language denounced in the most unmeasured terms; the very expression "men of light and leading" (then used for the first time) was held up to ridicule and contempt, and the entire manifesto treated as an unprincipled attempt on the part of a political charlatan to obtain a renewal of power by holding up an imaginary danger for the purpose of working upon the fears of the country. Mr. Gladstone, who had abandoned his seat at Greenwich, knowing that it was virtually lost already, and was then engaged on his "Midlothian Campaign," took the lead in denouncing Lord Beaconsfield's letter, using the most unmeasured language and plainly declaring that it was his mission to oppose and thwart the policy of his rival in every direction, both at home and abroad. In his eagerness to "smash and pulverize" this letter, he twisted it entirely from its original meaning, and, ignoring altogether the fact that Lord Beaconsfield's warning to the country referred to "a coming danger," he made the fatal admission which was afterward used against him with telling effect, that so far from Ireland being then in a dangerous condition, "there was a sense of peace, comfort, and satisfaction prevalent throughout the country, to which it had long been a stranger"—a fatal admission, because it bore the most unimpeachable testimony to the immense improvement in the state of Ireland at a time when a Conservative administration had actually entered on a seventh year of office; and here, when "in a position of greater freedom and less responsibility" (his own phrase), he committed himself and his coming administration to the disastrous and fatal policy of refusing to renew the Peace Preservation Acts, which were soon to expire, stating that the ordinary law would be quite sufficient for the purpose of maintaining tranquility in Ireland, combined as it would be with a policy of "conciliation," the immediate result being that he secured the seat for Midlothian, and the country, misled again by his profuse eloquence and hoping to see a Liberal government, largely influenced by such moderate men as Lords Hartington and Granville, return to power, gave Mr. Gladstone a majority of about one hundred and twenty over the Conservative party, and, not only so, but a clear majority of at least sixty over all other parties in the House combined.

The result was that Lord Beaconsfield's government immediately resigned, and, in the early days of April, 1880, Mr. Gladstone's second administration was formed; Lords Granville and Hartington, who, for the previous six years had been the leaders of the Liberal party in the Houses of Lords and Commons, respectively, consenting to serve under him, the former as secretary of state for foreign affairs and the latter as secretary of state for India, with Mr. Forster as chief secretary for Ireland.

A significant, and, I believe, unprecedented incident occurred on the entry of Mr. Gladstone's administration into office; the late Duke of Marlborough, before resigning the office of lord lieutenant of Ireland, addressed an official communication to the prime minister, warning him of the "coming danger" to which Lord Beaconsfield had previously called the attention of the country, and urging him in the strongest manner not to allow the Preservation Acts (which had still three months to run) to lapse. There is every reason to believe that this most important communication engaged the serious attention of the new government at the cabinet councils held immediately after its entry into office, and that several of its members were strongly inclined to follow the advice of the duke and renew the acts, but Mr. Gladstone's speeches in Scotland had fatally compromised the government, and they were consequently precluded from taking a step, which, however desirable and even necessary they might think it, would have been so glaringly inconsistent with the positive and repeated assurances of the prime minister to his constituents that "the ordinary few combined with a policy of conciliation" (by which he meant another Land Act) would be sufficient to maintain peace and security in Ireland. And not only so, at the meeting of Parliament for the second session of 1880, the government was pressed by Lord Beaconsfield in the House of Lords, and by the late Lord Iddesleigh (then Sir Stafford Northcote) in the House of Commons, to renew these acts, and the Duke of Marlborough (who had then resigned and left Ireland) repeated his warning in the House of Lords, in the gravest and most weighty language, but to no purpose. Mr. Gladstone's administration was bound by its leader's electioneering declarations, and the acts were allowed to expire. After a short session, Parliament was prorogued, and the government was soon brought face to face with the terrible events which convulsed Ireland and caused an intense feeling of horror not only in England, but throughout the civilized world, in the winter of 1880-1.

The winter of 1880-1 will not soon be forgotten in Ireland; the salutary restraints of the Peace Preservation Acts having been removed, and Mr. Gladstone being again in office, the disaffected classes again commenced operations, and a fearful catalogue of crime was the consequence; the murders of Lords Leitrim and Mountmorris, of Mrs. Burke (shot instead of her husband's brother, who was aimed at by the assassin when sitting by her side in the carriage on their return home from church on a Sunday morning), of the two Huddys (father and son), whose only offense was that the father was a bailiff, engaged in serving writs by order of the land court, and the son was in the habit of accompanying him on his rounds. These and many others, together with an immense number of agrarian outrages of every description, made up a total of crime at which the whole nation stood aghast. The consequence was that the government was compelled to call Parliament together at an earlier date than usual, and, at the urgent and peremptory demands of Lord Cowper, the lord lieutenant, and of Mr. Forster, the chief secretary, the government brought in a measure of repression far exceeding, in the stringency of its provisions, the Peace Preservation Acts which Mr. Gladstone had declared to be unnecessary, and had, in spite of every warning, refused to renew. Under this act upward of a thousand suspected persons were arrested by the government and kept in prison at their pleasure, without being taken before a magistrate, the warrants issued by the chief secretary merely stating the offenses in which they were suspected of taking part by the authorities, and a very large proportion of this number were kept in prison for many months, and, finally, from time to time, discharged without ever being brought to trial.

But this Coercion Act did not comprise the whole of Mr. Gladstone's policy. True to his doctrine that "coercion and conciliation" should go hand in hand, and secure in his large and obedient majority in the House of Commons, he brought in his Land Act of 1881 which established a land court, whose duties were to revise the rentals of the farms throughout Ireland wherever the tenants applied for a reduction of rent. The principle to guide them being to fix such rentals for the various farms as would, in the opinion of the commissioners, enable the tenants to meet all their other liabilities and to live in comfort beside. This principle was frankly announced by Mr. Justice O'Hagan (now Lord O'Hagan), the chief commissioner appointed under the act, who, at the opening sitting of the court, stated that it would be the duty of the commissioners to adjust the rentals of all properties brought under their authority on "a live and let live principle." The consequence was that, on the whole, there was a very large reduction made in the rentals of Irish farms, reductions so large that in an immense number of cases the unfortunate landlords, for whom the "live and let live" principle did not appear to be intended, were reduced to absolute poverty, the rentals still left to them barely covering the fixed charges on their estates (from which the act did nothing to relieve them), and, in many instances, not even that. The only provision in the act which in any way favored the landlord was that if the revised rentals were not paid, and arrears had accumulated which the court was satisfied the tenant, if acting honestly and fairly by his landlord, could have paid, then, on the application of the landlord, the court had the power to issue warrants for the eviction of the tenant, who was, in that case, only entitled to receive the value of his tenant-right after the arrears of rent due to the landlord had been deducted from it, and, subject to this condition, the landlord again became the sole possessor of his property. It is very important that this should be noted, because all the evictions which have taken place in Ireland since the year 1881 have been carried out under the authority of Mr. Gladstone's land court, and subject to the conditions above named, and when your readers peruse the sensational accounts of evictions in Ireland which are constantly appearing in your daily papers (notably that account of an eviction which appeared in the *Examiner* and *Chronicle* of Saturday, the fifth instant, headed "Another bloody fight at a County Donegal eviction"), they should remember that these evictions are ordered by the judges of the land courts established under Mr. Gladstone's Act of 1881, and that the writs are not issued until the judges are satisfied that the conditions laid down in the act have been fulfilled, and that the tenants have been left without excuse for withholding from the landlords the rent to which they are justly and lawfully entitled.

The stormy session of 1881 proceeded to its close; the government was already reaping the fruits of Mr. Gladstone's wild and reckless conduct in opposition. They had troubles to contend with not only in Ireland, but abroad—in the Transvaal, in Zululand, in Afghanistan, in Central Asia, and in Egypt; dangers and difficulties, the results of a vacillating and cowardly policy in foreign affairs were bristling around them, but the worst and most pressing danger was in Ireland. Mr. Parnell and his followers who had opposed Mr. Gladstone's Coercion, or Crimes, Act by every means in their power, including the art of obstruction which then came into prominence, issued a "no-rent" manifesto to the people of Ireland, in which they exhorted them to adopt a course of proceeding, better known as the "Plan of Campaign," and urged them to refuse altogether to go into the land courts for the purpose of having their rentals revised. This was too much for Mr. Gladstone. He announced at a banquet given in the Guildhall by the lord mayor of London, that the "resources of civilization were not yet exhausted," and that Mr. Parnell and a large number of his followers had been arrested and imprisoned. At the same time the lord lieutenant of Ireland "proclaimed" the land league, which was consequently dissolved, and all its officials who had escaped arrest fled from the country.

The winter of 1881-2, though an improvement on the winter of 1880-1, was nevertheless very much disturbed; the country was in a state of chronic alarm, the disaffected classes, notwithstanding the imprisonment of their leaders, were encouraged to continue their resistance to the law wherever and whenever a favorable opportunity presented itself, by the knowledge that they had already obtained further concessions from Mr. Gladstone, and might hope for more if the necessary pressure were applied; the loyal and peaceable classes were disheartened and discouraged both by the present state of affairs and the prospects of the future. The government, in a state of distraction and indecision, harassed, not only by the disturbed state of Ireland, but by troubles and difficulties confronting them in all parts of the world, with divided counsels within and determined foes without, at last made up their minds to compromise with sedition, and, in doing so, to desert Lord Cowper and Mr. Forster, who, being on the spot, confronted by the treasonable combination which even threatened their lives, realized far more completely than their colleagues the dangers of the situation, and saw the absolute necessity, if the law was to be vindicated and the authority of the queen upheld, of maintaining in full force the powers of repression and punishment with which they had been armed by Parliament.

This brings me to the most disgraceful of all the disgraceful episodes which have marked the career of the three administrations of Mr. Gladstone. I refer to the agreement, or understanding, arrived at by his government with Mr. Parnell and his confederates, commonly called the "Kilmainham Treaty." This "treaty" or "understanding" was negotiated by Captain O'Shea, who was at that time a mutual friend of Mr. Parnell and of the government. By the terms of it Mr. Parnell and his immediate followers were to be released from prison and a policy of so-called "conciliation" in Ireland to be substituted for the policy of repression which had been so vigorously enforced by Lord Cowper and Mr. Forster; it was understood, also, that at the first favorable opportunity the government was pledged to introduce a bill dealing with arrears by which the poorer class of tenant-farmers would be relieved from them on very favorable terms; in return, Mr. Parnell pledged himself to do his utmost to put down outrages, by using all the influence he and his friends possessed, and for that purpose it was actually proposed the famous, or infamous, Sheridan (who was known to have been the chief organizer of outrages throughout the south and west of Ireland, and who had fled the country), should be allowed to return, under a safe permit from the government, in order that he should use his influence with the disaffected classes to put down the very system of outrages which he had been the chief agent in organizing; and, lastly, Mr. Parnell pledged himself and his followers to a parliamentary coalition with the government "for the purpose of forwarding and passing liberal measures for the kingdom generally." Such were the terms of the famous "Kilmainham Treaty" which was partially carried out at once by the release from prison of Mr. Parnell and his principal followers, though subsequent events of a terrible and tragic nature shattered it to pieces, and caused Mr. Parnell and his followers to resume their former attitude of bitter and relentless opposition to Mr. Gladstone and his administration.

The immediate result of the conclusion of the "Kilmainham Treaty" was that Lord Cowper and Mr. Forster, who were resolutely opposed to it, declined any longer to remain responsible for the government of Ireland, and simultaneously resigned; upon which Lord Spencer (who had been lord lieutenant of Ireland in Mr. Gladstone's first administration from 1868 to 1874) resumed that office, and the ill-fated Lord Frederick Cavendish (a son of the Duke of Devonshire and brother to Lord Hartington) was appointed to the chief secretaryship in succession to Mr. Forster, carrying with him (in Gladstonian phraseology) another "message of peace," with its accompanying "olive branch," to the people of Ireland.

A few days afterward Mr. Gladstone realized that his "message of peace" had been scorned, and his "olive branch" returned to him dipped in blood, for the terrible tragedy of the murders of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke in Phœnix Park, Dublin, took place on the afternoon of the very day on which Lord Spencer made his ceremonial entry into Dublin as lord lieutenant of Ireland.

The subject has grown so immensely upon me since, at your suggestion, I took it up, that I find it absolutely impossible to complete it in this letter. I must therefore once more appeal to your indulgence by asking you to allow me to devote to it another and final communication.

I remain, sir, faithfully yours, JOHN KEYMER KANE.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 16, 1889.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Elsmeria" is the name given by the correspondent of a Boston paper to a complaint which, in these days, is considerably prevalent.—*Life.*

The Western newspapers relate the case of a dentist who tried to fill the teeth of a buzsaw. He succeeded, so the coroner thought.—*Life.*

Regular customer—"Are you a married man, Arthur?" *Head-waiter*—"No, sah; but it cos' me jes' ez much as ef I was, de way I dress!"—*Puck.*

"Who is General Bickett's family physician?" was asked of a doctor. "I guess I am," was the reply; "at least, he owes me three hundred dollars."—*Puck.*

Mamma—"I told you not to play with that Jones boy, Arthur." *Arthur*—"I wasn't playing with him, mamma; I was just chasing him to give him a licking."—*Life.*

Customer (after a shave)—"Great Scott, barber, that razor of yours is in a terrible condition!" *Barber*—"Yes, sah, I 'spect it am; it was out to a darnce las' night."—*Epoch.*

"I never saw such an unlucky man as I am. Here I find a piece of money and it is only a nickel. If any one else had found it, it would have been a quarter."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Mistress—"Why, Bridget, it can't be possible that the sugar is out so soon!" *Bridget*—"Yis, mum; the milk turned sour last night, mum, an' it tuk all the sugar lift to sweeten it."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Camby (lunching his Medford, Mass., cousin)—"How would a little pistache do to top off with, Sally?" *Miss Arlington*—"I don't mind, my boy, but don't order more than a small bottle."—*Time.*

Miss Smith—"Did anybody call this evening, Bridget?" *Bridget*—"Yis, miss; Moike O'Shamus and Tim Blarney." *Miss S.*—"What? I don't know them!" *Biddy*—"They called on me, mum."—*Life.*

Countryman (registering at hotel)—"I s'pose I'll have to pay in advance, mister?" Just then an alarm of fire sounded from one of the upper floors. *Clerk* (hastily)—"Yes, sir; one dollar, please."—*Harper's Bazar.*

One more from Chicago: *Mr. Calumet*—"What clergyman would you like to have officiate at our wedding, my dear?" *Mrs. Laker*—"Oh, Dr. de Tiegh, by all means! He's done all my marrying for years."—*Judge.*

Tom Bigbee (at the club)—"How devoted young Sidney is to Miss Oldmayd!" *Rockaway Beeche*—"Yas, very. Cleahly love at first sight." *Tom Bigbee*—"It may be with him. But it's love at last sight with her."—*Puck.*

"You must stick to facts," said the editor, instructing the new reporter; "the only fictitious character you can introduce in your articles is the well-known man who consents to speak on the subject providing his name isn't mentioned."—*Puck.*

Social agonies. *Mrs. de la Bore-Brown* (to Jones, who, instead of listening to her story, has been deeply interested in what young Smith is saying to Miss Robinson)—"And now, tell me candidly, What would you have done in my place?"—*Punch.*

Bertha—"You seem very happy, Dora." *Dora*—"Ah, yes; I have every reason to be. We have a beautiful home, two lovely children, a snug sum in the bank, my husband's life is insured for twenty thousand dollars, and his health is very far from robust."—*Life.*

Miss Dovey—"Why did you bring a coupé to take me to the theatre, Mr. Simpson? I'd just as soon go in a car." *Mr. Simpson*—"I wish I'd known that an hour ago, Miss Dovey. But we'll go without supper and make up the difference in that way."—*Buffalo Courier.*

"I don't like Mrs. Gore's teas, Carrie." "Nor I. Everything is so formal." "Yes; one never enjoys oneself. Couldn't we get up something and invite all our set for a real, rousing, noisy, old-fashioned, unrestrained jollification?" "I have it! Let us get up a theatre-party."—*Time.*

Miss A.—"Don't you find New York society rather empty and unsatisfactory?" *Mr. S.*—"Not necessarily; you can take your choice in that respect. There is the Bohemian set, all brains and no style; society proper, with a fair amount of each; and the four hundred, all style and no brains."—*Life.*

Snap actor—"I have called, sir, to ask you to insert a line to the effect that I have just refused an offer of five hundred dollars a week." *Accommodating editor*—"With pleasure. Is there anything else I can do for you, sir?" *Snap actor*—"That's all, unless you have a spare dime about you."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Mr. Hamm (the eminent tragedian)—"Yes, we opened our new play in Chicago on the twenty-third of April." *Friend*—"And did you have a long run?" *Mr. Hamm*—"Well, no, we didn't have a long run, but after the second performance we had a long walk—all the way from Chicago to New York."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Mrs. Hobson (to caller)—"Oh, by the way, Mrs. Van Blunt, did you know that my husband left the bank and is spending a few days in Canada?" *Mrs. Van Blunt*—"Why, no; that is a surprise to me. And so he really left the bank?" *Mrs. Hobson*—"Yes." *Mrs. Van Blunt*—"Too heavy, I suppose?"—*New York Sun.*

On his arrival at a fashionable watering-place, Herr A. met Herr L. and his family about to return to Berlin, with bag and baggage. "What, going back to town so soon? Why, the season is not over yet." *Herr L.* (whose two daughters have become engaged)—"What's the good of staying any longer? I've sold out!"—*Unterhaltungstunden.*

Anxious mother—"I wisb, Susan, that when you give baby a bath you would use the thermometer so as to ascertain whether the water is at the proper temperature." *Susan*—"Oh, don't you worrit about that, ma'am; I don't need no 'mometers. If the little one turns red, the water's too bot; if it turns blue, it's too cold, and that's all there is about it."—*Time.*

Gus (to friend)—"I say, Jack, you've met that handsome English girl who is visiting the De Courceys?" *Jack*—"Yes, I have met her." *Gus*—"Well, I proposed to her last night." *Jack*—"You don't tell me. What did she say?" *Gus*—"She didn't say anything; she was in her usual torpid condition, and I couldn't make her understand me."—*New York Sun.*

Physician (with decision)—"What you need, my friend, is exercise, exercise——" *Patient* (desperately interrupting him)—"But, doctor, I'm mail-carrier on the hardest route in the city." *Physician* (ignoring the interruption with calm dignity)—"Exercise of the brain and complete repose of the muscular system. I prescribe a course of hammock and all the reviews of 'Robert Elsmere.'"—*Time.*

"You told me, darling," he said, "a week before Christmas that you wanted time to think it over, and that immediately after the holidays I should learn my fate." "I know I did, Mr. Sampson," and the diamond ring which he had given her flashed merrily on her finger; "and I have considered the matter night and day. I regret to say that I can not be your wife, but I shall always respect and admire you as a friend."—*New York Sun.*

She had expected it for some time, and she thought it had come at last. "Miss Lulu," he began, in a low tone of voice, "living alone at the Hoffman House is not what it is cracked up to be. It is a lonely life at best for a young man of domestic tastes, and I feel that I must make a change. I want to ask you, Miss Lulu, if—if——" *Miss Lulu* (with a beating heart and a rising inflection)—"Yes, Mr. Cruikshank." *He* (continuing)—"If it wouldn't be the wiser plan for me to take up a suite in some bachelor apartment-house?"—*New York Sun.*

MOSES COHEN, THE JEW.

Yes, he were a Jew, for a fact, and the littlest Jew I ever laid eyes on. I reec'lect well the first time I seen him. Me an' my pardner was workin' a claim up on the North Fork, an' had come down to Tin Cup to lay in a stock of gruh. A fellow they called "The Parson," a new-comer in that section, joined us on the trail. We were all used to tradin' at Silverstein's, principally 'cause it were the only decent store in Tin Cup, an' then there was no denyin' that takin' everything into consideration, Ahe Silverstein was as square a man as ever turned a card. So in we walked, the Parson first, me next, an' Gentleman Jack, that's my pardner, last. Silverstein was not there, an' at first I thought there warn't no one in, till I see this yere Moses Cohen come around from behind the counter. As I tell you, he warn't no bigger than a puff o' wind, an' you couldn't see his head over the calico an' stuff piled up on the counter. When he come out in front he stood there and rubbed his hands together an' howed like an owl afore it flies, and said: "Vell, shentlemen, vat can I do for you?"

The Parson, who was lookin' up at the shelves an' round at the hoxes, didn't see him at first an' begun: "Have you got any cheese?" an' then, ketchin' sight of Moses, he wound up, "sus, what a nose!"

I reckon the little fellow was used to being made fun of, 'cause when the Parson laughed fit to kill himself, he only sunk his head a little more between his shoulders, an' looked up at us and then down at the floor again.

"I allow," said I, "that you didn't bring your Eyetalian an' organ along with you, pardner."

Then right away I felt sort of mean for sayin' it, partly because the poor devil looked at me in such a helpless kind o' way, an' partly 'cause I didn't like the Parson an' didn't want to stand in with him even on a joke.

But the Parson, who had heen fillin' up on the trail an' was half drunk, laughed louder than ever at my remark, an' picking up a lariat that lay on the counter, he said: "I'll be the Eyetalian!" And takin' a turn 'round the Jew's neck he begun singin' an' movin' his hand round an' round as though he were grindin' an organ, an' cried out: "Dance, now, you little monkey, dance!"

Well, at that the Jew held up his hands an' begun to protest in a very serious way: "Ah, now, shentlemen, dat is not right, really. I don't like you to do dat vay. Oh, come now, if you please!"

But the Parson only yanked him round with the rope an' cried: "Dance, durn you, dance!"

Then Gentleman Jack, who had thrown one leg over a barrel near the door, an' was sittin' there twirlin' his spur again' the side, lookin' out in the street, turned round.

"Let him go, Parson," he said, getting up and takin' the rope off the Jew; "I've got to get back to camp some time to-night."

Now if anyhody else had interfered with the Parson when he was half drunk, ten chances to one hut what it had ended in shootin'. But Gentleman Jack had a sort of quiet, easy way of goin' right ahead an' doin' a thing, as pleasant as possible an' without a sign of mistrust, that didn't give a man time to get mad, until, maybe, he got to thinkin' it over afterwards, when it were too late. At any rate, the Parson only bucked a little about some fellows al'ays puttin' on airs an' spoilin' fun, which Jack, who had begun tradin', didn't take no account of. An' the Jew set up the drinks an' was very eager to say that it was a joke, of course, an' it was all right; he could take a joke as well as any man, an' so no more was done about it.

But from that time on, Moses, or Nosey, as we called him, took a great fancy for my pardner. He used to ride over to our claim on the North Fork every once in a while, an' stay there for a day or two. An' that was how I come to know him an' how I found out what brought him into that section. For he was such a little, sensitive, shrinkin' kind of a thing, for all the world like a half-fed kitten, I wondered what wind had blowed him into Tin Cup, an' what it was that kep' him there. To he sure the town warn't no worse than other towns in the Injun country, so fur as that goes. Not that it was much of a town, neither. Just a long street that begun somewhere on the road that led over the *mesa* an' ended at Jim Day's ferry across the Sweetwater, or *Skookumchuck*, as some called it. The houses was mostly shanties made of boards and canvas, though there was some good ones, like the Grand Hotel, which was kep' by French Joe, an' Silverstein's store, an' the Crystal Palace, where liquors was high, an' they had every kind of a gambling lay-out, and the Black Dog dance-house. The rest you could count on for bein' low-down saloons an' hash-houses, an' such like. There was an Injun Agency and a military post about twenty miles off, an' all the stores was freighted up from below into Tin Cup, where the guv'ment teams come for 'em. Then there were a heap of packing goin' on up into the mines. So that what with the miners comin' in to get rid o' their dust, an' the soldiers after pay-day, an' the packers and freighters comin' in and goin' out with their pack-trains an' teams, and Injuns tradin', an' the gamblers an' riffraff gener'ly, Tin Cup was pretty lively at times, specially in the summer. Of course Silverstein's bein' the post-office an' Wells-Fargo's, as well as the biggest store, was a sort o' gathering place for the hoys, an' as they gener'ly filled up when they got into town, waitin' on 'em to their satisfaction warn't no easy job. Not that they meant any harm, but they was playful, an' bein' nat'rally keerless and rough they was liable to hurt somebody without meanin' it. And Nosey bein' such a queer little creatur', as timid an' skeery as a prairie-dog, only a heap sight uglier, it warn't a matter of surprise that the boys kind of made a play-thing out of him. It's a holy wonder they didn't kill him a dozen times over.

Why, to hear that little cuss tell of some of the things that happened to him every day, was enough to make a cayuse laugh. Only, as he sat there talking in our shanty of an evenin', with his feet scarce touchin' the ground, an' his head down in his shoulders, an' his bright, black eyes shinin' out of his yellow face a-watchin' Gentleman Jack, somehow or other the laugh never seemed to come. Not that he whined about the deal he was gettin', or tried to make us think it were a durned shame—for that's what it was, an' no mistake—or that he wanted to make us sorry for him. Not a hit of it. That's where the queer part of it come in. He talked just as he might have talked 'bout fallin' off the east side of Bald Butte without gettin' killed, or takin' a kick from a bronco without gettin' a leg broke, or any other surprisin' adventure where it was all luck an' none of his doing. He never 'peared to consider about the lay-out he was givin' himself in other people's minds. Only, when my pardner, Jack, would show interest an' throw in a good word for his pluck or his nerve, the little fellow's eyes 'ud dance and he'd perk up his head an' chip in eager an' fresh to tell something still more wonderful.

"Oh, dat vas not anyding, my God, no!" he would say, poking out his head and shakin' his finger at us; "dat vas not anyding to vat Big Bill und his hrudder do de very next day. You know dose fellows, Jack, dey got a ranch up on Camas Prairie. Vell, I vas standing in de street, training my dog, Grouse, to retrief—und he brings de ball back very vell, Jack, I dell you; yes, really!—ven I see dose two fellows come tearin' down de road on deir cayuses, hollerin' und yellin' like dey vas crazy. I t'ought dey vas goin' to ride right over me, I did, indeed. But de next minute dey came one on each side vithout stopping und picked me up hy de collar of my coat, und carried me between dem down to de ferry. Und den dey turned und come back again up around Dutch Jenny's, racin' und hollerin' like wild Injuns, und dropped me at de store. I tell you, Jack, I vas afraid. It vas de greatest vonder in de vorld dat dem cayuses didn't kick me! You see it vas mighty lucky dat I had on a good coat vat didn't tear. Dey're pretty strong, too, dat Big Bill und his brudder, for dey hold me right up all de time, und de vay dey carried me along und vouldn't listen ven I begged 'em, 'Shentlemen, dat is not right! If you please, put me down!' It made eferybody laugh. But I don't like dat kind of fun."

"No," said Jack, who was leanin' over the fire makin' bread in a dutch oven, "no, I should think not, Nosey. I wouldn't like it myself."

"No, now vould you, Jack, really," said the Jew, leanin' forward eagerly an' throwin' his hands out.

And I kind o' laughed to myself to think of Big Bill, or any other galoot, trying that kind o' thing on Gentleman Jack! Why, the very first day he showed up in Tin Cup an' got his chris'nin'——but there! if I start in to work that lead I'll never let up. But that's the way with Jack; he kin lay over any man in Idaho on book-learnin'; he kin ride, an' he kin shoot; there ain't anything he can't do, from packin' a mule to talkin' to French Joe's old woman in her native dialect. Yet no man ever heard him *say* he could do anything. It's only from me seein' him do it when he got the call, that I know there ain't anything my pardner can't do! And with it all he's as quiet an' nat'ral like, no matter who he's talkin' to, whether it's the colonel over at the fort or Dutch Jenny. An' that's how he treated the Jew, just as though Nosey an' him was panned out of the same identical earth, and, barrin' Jack's little extra experience in the mountains, was equals in every respect.

Well, when Nosey finished his yarn, I chipped in sort o' laughin', and said: "I should think you'd lay some of them fellows out, Nosey. You're handy enough with your gun to get the drop on 'em, now."

"Yes, I tell you, ain't dat so!" cried the little fellow, eagerly, takin' it all in dead earnest; "I tell you I can hit a dree now, at ten paces, vith my pistol. Yes, I can, really, Jack. But, listen. Let me tell you vat some of dose boys did last night. Jim Ford's pack-train came in, und Packer Charley he got very drunk, und he und dat one-eyed fellow from Bald Butte—I don't know vat dey call him—come in to de store. Und Packer Charley he bet dat oder fellow dat he could stand in de door und hit efery lamp in de place vithout missing. Den he begun to blaze avay. Yes, he did! Vell, I told him, I said: 'Shentlemen, dat ain't right. No, really, you ought not to do dat vay.' Vell, I hadn't no more than spoken, Jack, ven dat one-eyed fellow, he said: 'By thunder,' he said, 'come to think of it, I never killed a Jew!' Und he pointed his pistol right at me. I pledge you my vord he did. He said, 'By thunder, I never killed a Jew!' So then, I tell you, I vas scared, und I got behind the ize-chest, und I said: 'Vell, but shentlemen, dat ain't right, really, 'cause if you break all the lamps my cousin Abe he'll blame me for it.' Den Packer Charley, he said: 'Hold on! Vun Jew ain't enough between two of us. Let's keep him till ve get anoder.' Und the oder fellow, he said: 'All right, ve'll put him in de ize-chest.' So dey picked me up und put me in de ize-chest. Yes, I give you my vord, dat is vat dey did. Und dey shut the lid und got on top of it und danced, und hollered, und shot all de lights out, till pretty soon Sheriff Brinley come in und chased 'em avay. I tell you, ven dey opened dat ize-chest I vas pretty near dead. Oh, it vas horribly close in dat ize-chest, dere. I could hardly breathe, it vas so close. Und I vas glad to get out, I tell you."

And the little man stroked his long, black mustache an' blinked his eyes at the fire, an' looked at me, an' then at Jack, very serious an' earnest, waitin' for an opinion. Now, why I didn't bust out laughin', beats me. 'Cause I'm nat'rally given to seein' the funny side o' things, an' a good many of my little unpleasantnesses has cropped out o' that same fact. The way I lost them there two fingers of my left hand was for laughin' when the other fellow didn't see anything to laugh at—and I reckon he never will, now. But, as I tell you, when the little Jew sat there, with his feet scarce touchin' the ground, an' his head down in his shoulders, an' his eyes a-blinkin' at the fire while he talked, I never felt like laughin'. It warn't till afterwards, when I got to thinkin' about it, that I seen how funny it was. Then, when he'd done talkin', the way he watched us two, 'specially Jack, so patient, an' yet so eager an' hungry-like, it put me in mind for all the world of Jack's dog when we're eatin' our grub. And when Jack 'ud chuck him a good word for his pluck or his nerve, as I say, Nosey 'ud look as pleased, an' brace himself up, an' rub his hands, an' twirl the end of his mustache, an' say: "Yes, I tell you."

As for Jack, when Nosey told about bein' put away in the ice-chest to keep, he didn't laugh. He weren't much of a hand to laugh, noways, an' I never seen him laugh at the Jew. He just shoveled up some fresh coals on the lid of the Dutch oven, an' then, tippin' one into his pipe, he sat hack in his chair an' took a whiff or two.

"Nosey," said he, "why don't you go down to Portland and stay for awhile? I spoke to Ahe ahout it the other day, and he said he'd give you a place in his store there."

"Oh, my gracious, Jack," protested the little fellow, lookin' very much disappointed, "I don't vant to go. I like it very well up here, my friend. An' dose fellows, dey vas just in fun. Und dat one-eyed man, he come in de next day un' he pulled out a sack of dust and threw it down on de counter und told Ahe to pay himself out of it. Und he made me take a drink vith him to show I hore him no ill vill, he said. So dat's all right."

Well, as I tell you, seein' the deal that Moses Cohen was getting in Tin Cup, it ain't any wonder that I was clean puzzled to know what made him so bent on stayin'. Cool an' shrewd a hand as old Ahe Silverstein was himself, an' raised, as you might say, in the mines, that store kept him in a pretty constant sweat. But Ahe could put up with a heap, he-cause he was makin' money hand over fist. Not but what, as I said before, he was square enough, and 'ud help a man on a close call, hut it all come back to him in dust. If he lost a little now and then copperin' a white man he al'ays charged it up in tradin' with the Injuns. But Moses didn't have no interest in the store, an' I reckon that his month's pay warn't much more than a Chinaman would wash out of the bed of North Fork in a day. Not only that, but I soon found out that Nosey didn't care for money, noways. Now, I know that that sounds queer, but it's a fact, all the same. He cared no more for money than I do for last year's snow. Old Abe himself used to shrug his shoulders an' allow that his cousin was a durned fool. An' generous! I ain't one of those who think that 'cause a Jew's keen in trade he ain't willin' to put up when he's called on. 'Cause I've seen Jews as were a heap sight more liheral than some what called themselves Christians. But this fellow, Nosey, where it concerned any one he took a fancy to, laid over anything I ever did see in Jew or Christian. Why, I'm a sluice-rohher if he didn't want to give me the very coat off his hack. It were a brand-new, canvas hunting-coat, lined with flannel, an' the first day he got it he wore it out to our shanty as proud as a magpie with a new feather in its tail. He was al'ays great on huntin', Nosey was, and had a fine Winchester an' a breech-loadin' shot-gun, an' good dogs, hut I never heard of his killin' anything. Exceptin', to be sure, one day he come hack into Tin Cup in great excitement, with the stock of his shot-gun broke short off, an' said that he'd killed a major, meanin' a badger. Some of the boys made helieve to arrest him, an' were for taking him out to the fort an' handin' him over to the military, until, of course, it ended in his settin' up the drinks for the crowd.

Well, when I seen him with that coat, it bein' much too hig for him, as everything was, I tipped the wink to Jack an' said: "That's a fine coat, Nosey. 'Pears to me it's a size too large for you, though. It looks as though it 'ud fit me better."

I hadn't no more than got the words out of my mouth when Nosey whipped the coat off his back an' handed it to me.

"Dat's all right, Bill, you can have it," he said, looking at me as serious as an owl.

"Why, you durned little cuss," said I, "do you s'pose I want the coat? Put it on or I'll put it on for you in a way you won't like!" For it made me hot for him to think I was in earnest, especially as I could see that Jack was a-laughin' at me.

"Why, Bill," said Nosey, as soft as though he were trying to sell me the coat, "vat's the matter? The coat's yours if you vant it, my friend."

"Well," I said, "I don't want it, so shut up about it!"

After that, seein' that I was mad, Nosey didn't say anything more, but kept follerin' me about, tryin' to make it up with me by helpin' me whenever he got a chance, until, at last, I couldn't stand out again him an' had to say something pleasant. Then he perked up an' was cheerful as ever, only I could see he didn't understand about my refusin' the coat, an' didn't take no more pleasure in ownin' it himself. Well, when he went back to Tin Cup on his cayuse, I got to ponderin' about the little Jew. I couldn't make him out, noways. And so I turned to my pardner, Jack, an' I put the case to him. Jack was mendin' an *aparajo*, an' when I asked him the question he put down his tools, cut some tobacco, rolled it fine in the palm of his hand, filled his pipe, lit it, an' did a little smoking an' thinking afore he answered. For Jack warn't like some fellows who al'ays have an answer so pat they make you feel like a durned fool for not knowing it yourself, or some others who give you a heap of talk which you've got to pan out in your mind with nothing to show for your trouble in the end but words.

"Well, I don't know, Bill," said my pardner; "Nosey hasn't ever said anything to me about it. As you say, it does seem queer that a weak, timid, shrinking, little fellow like that should quit selling clothes in Baxter Street and come out into this rough country where he's liable to get hurt every hour of the day. It ain't money, that's plain. The only way that I can put it up is that Nosey's got a man's heart in him that ain't fitted to his queer little body."

I warn't quite sure that I'd got on to Jack's trail. 'Cause Jack don't do your thinking for you; he just sort o' gives you the general direction an' let's you work it out for yourself. But I'd struck a hlaze. And, after thinking it over for awhile, I said: "You allow that this yere Nosey's ambitious to 'pear like he was one of the boys?"

"Not exactly that," said Jack, sort of meditating; "he ain't laying for what people'll think of him. It's more what he's trying to be. He's little and misshapen, but he admires those who are big and well made, and wants to be like them; he's easily scared, but he tries to be brave; he can't hit anything with his gun, but he keeps on trying; he can't ride, but he'll break his neck before he quits crossing a horse. There's a heap of things he can't ever hope to do, but he keeps on

making a bluff at them just the same, and he likes to associate with the sort of men that can do them, even at the risk of his skin, and though he'd be much better off in Baxter Street selling clothes. That's the way I size it up. He wants to be a man. And it appears to me that he comes nearer the mark than some I've met with twice his size and natural gifts."

Now, when my pardner gives an opinion it's pretty safe to gamble on. An' what happened a little later showed tol'ably conclusive that he was right about this yere Nosey. What happened was just this:

As I've said, Tin Cup was about thirty miles west of our camp on the North Fork, an' about twenty miles west of Tin Cup was an Injun agency. The reservation was a big one, an' Tin Cup lay just outside the line. All the best land in that section was reservation, an' the guv'ment had laid out farms for the Injuns an' was aiming to civilize them an' make 'em raise enough stuff to feed themselves. Meantime, it issued 'em rations to keep 'em from starvin'. There was a blacksmith-shop, an' a carpenter-shop, an' schools for the kids, an' a church, and teachers at the agency. And about five miles off was an army post with some soldiers. But with all that they couldn't keep the *siwashes* from leavin' their farms an' all the rest, an' going off the reservation. To be sure, there was al'ays plenty of 'em hanging 'round the agency, livin' in the houses the guv'ment had built for 'em, leastways they put their outfits in the houses and pitched their wickiups alongside, and, on ration-day, the whole tribe was on hand. Nevertheless, every spring there were al'ays more Injuns camped on Camas Prairie, which was twenty-five miles south of the reservation, than there were on it. It were a sort of habit with 'em every spring to light out for the prairie to dig camas—that is, the squaws 'ud dig camas, while the bucks 'ud have horse-races, an' hunt, an' fish, an' gamble away what they'd got from the guv'ment. Well, when settlers commenced to come in to that part of the country they nat'rally objected to the Injuns comin' there, 'specially as they tore down fences, an', every once in a while, 'ud run off some of their cattle. Then sometimes there'd be a row and an Injun 'ud get killed; then the Injuns 'ud get ugly an' threaten to clean out the country. So, what with one word and another, the troops at the fort 'ud have to go down there, an' there'd be a gener'l Injun scare all over that section, an' the outlyin' settlers and miners 'ud be warned, an' every fellow 'ud work with his rifle mighty handy. But, after awhile, we got sort o' used to hearin' that the Injuns was on the war-path in Camas Prairie, an' so we didn't take much stock in the rumors, 'specially as those fellows over there al'ays had a heap of hay an' grain to sell, an' it was mighty convenient for 'em to have the cavalry come down there for a month or two an' eat it at guv'ment rates.

But, finally, one summer—that was the summer that Nosey first turned up in Tin Cup—things got so hot over in Camas Prairie that the guv'ment at Washington was forced to take a hand, an', after sendin' out commissioners to have a talk with the Injuns, an' one thing an' another, orders was issued that the whole tribe should go on the reservation an' stay there. Well, that was all right, 'cause it were gettin' late in the year an' the grass was mostly gone off the hills, an', after the first frost struck the valleys, every *siwash* was back on the reservation, an' never a word to say again it. But the following spring, just as soon as the grass begun to turn green an' the cayuses commenced to get the wrinkles out o' their hides, the Injuns were at their old game, slidin' out. I reec'lect well, now that I look back on it, that the snow warn't fairly off the ground afore they were mighty restless, a-ridin' around an' more impudent an' ugly than I'd ever seen 'em afore. Of course, after winter fairly broke, rumors 'bout their goin' on the war-path begun flyin' around thicker than ever; but we didn't pay no attention to 'em. Till one day, 'long toward the middle of April, when me an' my pardner was workin' in our claim, we seen a fellow come ridin' down the trail that led to the river, as though the devil were after him. He pulled up when he seen us, an' hollered to us. Well, I dropped my pick an' went down to the ford, where he was lettin' his horse drink, to see what was up. I recognized him for a miner that belonged at Eagle Gulch. He had just come from Tin Cup, an' he told me that the Injuns had broke out over in Camas Prairie in dead earnest, an' were murderin' the settlers.

"You had better look out for yourselves, an' get into Tin Cup," he said, "an' let everybody know. I'm goin' up to Eagles to pass the word."

An' with that he got an extra pull on his cinch an' was in the saddle and off afore I could get anything more out of him. Well, me an' Jack, after talkin' it over for awhile, allowed there warn't anything in it. An' as for pulling up stakes and loafin' round Tin Cup, now that the weather were just set for workin', I reckon neither of us give it a thought. But later on, toward nightfall, a white man that had married a squaw an' was livin' just over the divide, on Boulder Creek, come to our shanty, an' told us that it were a true deal; that a lot of young bucks had got loaded with whisky over on Camas Prairie, an' had laid for a settler that they had a grudge against for killin' an Injun the year before, an' had taken him in. After that they'd had a big pow-wow an' persuaded the rest of the tribe that was off the reservation that the soldiers 'ud shoot 'em all, an' they might as well go on the war-path an' clean out the country. So that were the beginning of it. What followed ain't pleasant to tell about and 'ud do no good in tellin', exceptin' in so far as it concerns what I was going to say about this yere Jew, Moses Cohen.

When me an' Jack heard what this squaw-man told us, we begun to think that maybe the Injuns meant business, after all. 'Cause, havin' an Injun woman for a wife, this fellow was tolerably well-posted on what was goin' on among 'em. He allowed that there was two or three hundred bucks out, an' as there was only one troop of cavalry on their trail, the soldiers was pretty liable to get licked, if they tackled 'em. It would take a week to get reinforcements from below, an' in that time the Injuns could make it pretty hot for the settlers, an' after that 'ud most likely make for the mountains. He advised us to get into Tin Cup while we had time. But still, me and my pardner, after ponderin' over the matter, concluded that we warn't goin' to throw up our hands at the very first bluff, an' that we'd wait awhile an' see what turned up. So the next day we contrived a sort of a fort, to be fixed for the Injuns in case we should get jumped. Our claim was on the east side of North Fork, on the shoulder of a hill where a little creek made in. There was a level stretch of bottom land, about half-a-mile wide, between us and the river, which run close up to the hills on the west side. The trail from Tin Cup come in from the west, down the opposite hill, which was pretty steep and timbered with pine, crossed the bottom, an' passed near our shanty up into the mountains towards Eagle's. There was an old abandoned claim at the foot of our hill, where some fellows had run in a good-sized tunnel, an' this was where we made the fort. It looked out on the river bottom, so that we could face anything comin' from the west, an' had the bluffs at our back. We could get water in the tunnel by diggin' down a few feet; in fact, there were more water than anything else. But we cut some logs an' made a barricade in the shape of a horseshoe in front of the tunnel, an' built a little shanty inside it, so as to live dry. Then we cached our grub an' stuff in the tunnel an' went ahead working our claim, keepin' one eye open for developments.

They weren't long comin'. It sort o' got rumored around that we'd fortified on the North Fork, an' every day or two some prospector or trapper 'ud come in an' conclude to stay with us. An' every time a fellow 'ud come in we'd hear some new yarn of the deviltry those Injuns was playin'. They'd cleaned out Camas Prairie, killin' a good many of the settlers, men, women, an' children, only some of the women they carried off with 'em, and had run off all the stock, an' burnt the houses. Then the soldiers had had a fight with them, an' being outnumbered five to one, had been pretty near wiped out. Then we heard of some Chinamen that was mining on the North Fork, about forty miles up the river, bein' took in. Then a party of miners from Eagle's, that had passed our place goin' into Tin Cup, was jumped on the *mesa* about fifteen miles this side of town, an' only about half of 'em got back to tell about it. So then we knew that we'd got to play a lone hand, an' it wouldn't be long afore the game begun. By that time there were thirteen of us livin' in the fort, ten men, two women, an' a kid. One of the women was the wife of a rancher, the other was——well, she come down with the miners from Eagle's. We sort o' naturally made Gentleman Jack captain. An' talk about your captains, there ain't many of 'em can lay over Gentleman Jack, if you hear me! He just got things straightened out in that fort in no time; reg'lar army discipline. We took turns at keepin' look-out, an' every fellow knowed just what he had to do. An' Jack, he was up an' around night an' day; 'peared to me like he never did go to sleep. Along about now we begun to see Injuns skirmishin' around on their cayuses on the other side of the river, just one or two at a time, scouts, I reckon they were, 'cause we knew their main camp were back in the mountains, with the soldiers gatherin' in on their trail. For two or three days they'd just take an occasional shot at us, then finally, one morning early, about twenty-five or thirty of 'em come down to the river an' made a reg'lar attack on us. I don't reec'lect much about that fight, 'cept that the Injuns did a heap of hollerin' an' shootin' from the first, an' we lay low accordin' to Jack's orders, an' never opened our mouths or fired a gun. Then the *siwashes* bragged each other on, bein' pretty confident from havin' got away with the soldiers in their big fight, an' havin' everything their own way over on Camas Prairie. And so they come on, snakin' through the grass an' behind rocks an' trees, an' blazin' away at the logs, and bla'guardin' us, an' darin' us to come out an' fight. And still Jack says, "Wait, boys, wait!" till I'm free to confess that it shook my nerve a trifle, an' I wondered whether my pardner warn't playin' it a little too fine. Till at last the redskins must have 'lowed that we were skulkin' back in the tunnel, for they started to cross the clearin' that we'd made for a hundred yards or so around the fort. Then Jack says, very quiet: "Now, let 'em have it!" and you bet your life we did! And out of the twenty-five or thirty that crossed the river, six of 'em never went back at all, an' a good many of them that took to cover carried lead along with them. We was mostly all armed with Winchester repeaters, an' there warn't none of us that couldn't a-hit our man at double the distance. But ammunition was mighty scarce with us, an' though it were a bold game that Jack played, it were a-winnin' one; for it made the Injuns mighty sick, an' after that they just lay off in the brush across the river an' kept us from showin' our heads. We had one man killed and two wounded in that scrimmage; one fellow hit in the leg, an' the other in the arm. An' that's where Gentleman Jack showed up again, for the way he clapped what he called "turnkeys" on them fellows an' stopped the bleeding was a wonder even to me, who knowed him so well. But, as I tell you, there warn't nothin' that that pardner o' mine warn't equal to.

Well, after that fight, there warn't nothin' to do but lay low in that fort an' watch the grub an' ammunition get scarce, an' the Injuns peggin' away at us every chance they got. On the second day we was down to beans an' hard tack, an' what was worse, only ten cartridges left to each man. In the early part of the deal, Jack had managed to send a message into Tin Cup, by a friendly half-breed, tellin' how we was fixed an' askin' for ammunition an' grub. But either the half-breed had gone back on us, or else, if anybody had tried to get to us, the Injuns had taken 'em in, bein' between us an' Tin Cup. At any rate nothin' come of it, an' things begun to look pretty blue, until finally on the fourth day we was down to bedrock, an' it were a question whether we had better stay where we was an' get killed, or slide out at night an' take our chances. Jack was for stayin', principally, I reckon, on account of the women an' the kid, an' he prevailed in the end, though there was a heap of buckin' again it, an' one fellow he skipped out in the night an' lost his scalp for his pains. But we was pretty blue, an' that's a fact, and it sort o' come to be understood that if nothin' turned up the next day we'd have to mosey out o' that, an' trust to luck in the brush.

Now it happened that the next mornin' it was my turn to be on watch. An' just afore sunrise I seen something comin' up what we call the river trail; it was a mighty rough trail that led along the river down to where the North Fork puts in to the Sweetwater, an' it was seldom used 'cause it was so rough an' dangerous. At first, I thought it was two stray ponies, then I seen that it were a man on a cayuse leadin' a pack. I roused out Jack, an' as soon as he seen what was comin' he called the rest of the boys, very quiet.

"Now," says he, "that's for us. An' half of us'll have to go out an' help bring it in. We'll have to play Injun on 'em for all we're worth, 'cause we're not fixed for a fight, and this is our last chance. Bill," he says to me, "you stay here and look out for things, and cover us as well as you can."

With that, he an' four others slid out by the mouth of the tunnel an' begun to snake through the grass. There warn't a sign of the Injuns movin' yet, an' I begun to hope that the little mist that hung over the water would keep 'em from seein' what was goin' on. Now I've been in many a tight place in my life, but I'm free to confess that when I stood in that fort with those women behind me an' them Injuns in front, an' Jack between us a-layin' for that pack, which, as he said, was our last chance, I never had a closer call, an' I never want to! As I watched the grass a-movin' where the boys was creepin' up on to the horses, an' the stranger a-comin' along, as it seemed to me, slower than the wrath of God, the sweat just broke out on my forehead like I'd been usin' my pick in the middle of August. At last the horses got down off the bluff into the bottom, an' I was just drawin' a long breath, when suddenly I heard a noise I was used to, like the shuttin' of a door, an' a little wreath of smoke come out of the pines across the river. At the same moment I seen the fellow on the cayuse drop off. Then, quick as a flash, our boys was on their feet an' had grabbed the pack-horse afore it had a chance to break away, an' begun to run it to the fort. Meantime we on the inside commenced blazin' away wherever we saw a puff o' smoke—for the Injuns had opened out all along the river—while some of us threw down the ends of the logs to let the cayuse in. Well, for just about a minute it seemed like hell had broke loose. The Injuns charged across the river, yellin' an' shootin' an' tryin' to cut the boys off, an' me an' the other fellows in the fort yelled back an' made it hot for 'em; until all of a sudden in come the cayuse, with three of the boys fairly liftin' it along, an' fell dead inside the logs, shot plumb to pieces, an' one of the boys on top of it. Then come Jack with a man on his shoulders, an' down he tumbles. An' that were all, for the other fellow never did come back. Then just as quick as it had begun the whole thing ended. The Injuns seein' that they couldn't head us off, slipped back across the river, an' we let 'em go without another shot, for the durned good reason that there warn't a cartridge left in our belts.

For a minute we just stood as we was, gettin' our breath. Then Jack sat up an' tore a piece off his shirt an' made a "turnkey" for his arm, whereby I knew he was hit; though he didn't say anything. Then he begun givin' orders as quiet as ever. He made the boys undo the pack an' each one fill his belt with cartridges, the first thing. Then he looked at the fellow that had fallen over the cayuse, an' seein' that he'd only got a scalp wound he tied it up for him, give him a drink an' set him on his feet as good as new. After that he straightened things out in the fort, had the cayuse butchered an' hung up, and the place cleaned as well as could be done, an' the grub an' cartridges that had come in the pack stored away in the tunnel. An' all the time I seen that he had a queer sort o' look in his face, a look I hadn't ever seen there afore, but I set it down to his wound hurtin' him; an' we was all too busy to ask questions. As for the fellow he had brought in on his back, Jack had laid him in the tunnel with a coat thrown over him, an' I took it for granted that it was the last one of the boys that had gone out with him, an' I knew, without inquirin', that he was dead. It warn't till we'd got everything in shape for the Injuns in case they come back at us again, an' there warn't anything else to do, that I begun to speculate on what had become of the fellow that had brought us the pack, an' that'd been dropped off his horse at the first clatter. I was hopin' to myself that he'd been killed so that the Injuns wouldn't have no show to work their deviltry on him. An' I wondered who it could have been, for a man-like that who'd bring a pack over the river trail must have had a heap of nerve, let alone bringin' it over thirty miles of country that was swarmin' with hostile Injuns, an' him single-handed an' alone! I was just about turnin' around to find Jack an' ask him something about it, everything bein' done, when my pardner come up an' laid his hand on my arm, an' says in a low tone, "Come here, Bill."

An' with that he took me into the tunnel, an' kneelin' down alongside of the man he'd fetched in, he raised the coat very gently with one hand an' with the other motioned for me to look at the face he'd uncovered. Then I seen that it was Nosey.

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How we stood those Injuns off for two more days by reason of that pack, an' was relieved on the third day by a company of soldiers, don't much signify. But when at last the Injuns was licked an' put back on the reservation, an' me an' my pardner went into Tin Cup to do some tradin', we heard how it were that Nosey had come out to us alone. It seems that the half-breed had carried the news into Tin Cup about our bein' corraled on North Fork an' out of supplies, an' they'd organized a party to go to our relief, an' Nosey went along with it; but the Injuns had turned 'em back afore they'd gone ten miles. Then Nosey tried to get 'em to go again, but they 'lowed that we'd been wiped out by that time, an' wouldn't risk it. Then for two or three days Nosey couldn't talk about nothin' except Gentleman Jack bein' a friend of his, an' how he ought to go out an' help him. An' so he kept frettin' an' worryin' about it, till finally he said he'd got to go, an' if no one 'ud go with him, he'd go alone. So he made up a pack an' started. And the boys laughed at him an' made bets as to how many yards he'd get afore he turned back. For he was as white as a sheet when he got into the saddle, Abe said, an' nobody counted on his gettin' out of sight o' town.

"But then," said Abe, shrugging his shoulders, "my cousin, Moses, always was a derned fool!"

But it's pretty near as I tell you. When my pardner, Gentleman Jack, gives an opinion, it's tol'able safe to gamble on. An' I'm thinkin' that he were just about right when he 'lowed that there were many a fellow with twice the size an' nat'ral gifts, that didn't come as near bein' a man, as this yere Moses Cohen. ROBERT HOWE FLETCHER.

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1889.

VANITY FAIR.

The discussion of Mr. Ward McAllister's assertion that four hundred select souls constitute society still goes on. A well-informed New Yorker took up the point made in the *Sun* that the alleged McAllister list does not include the Rutgerses, Livingstons, Stuyvesants, Beekmans, and other historic families. He retorted that there is a good reason, since these families are either extinct or have hut few representatives, who either live quietly or are unable to support the pecuniary exactions of high life. As to the statement that the Astors or Vanderbilts have lists of one thousand persons whom they invite to grand affairs, be pronounced that untrue. "One of these families," said he, "may have had a list of say six hundred, but it included men and women influential in politics or elsewhere, whom it was desired to conciliate for various reasons. McAllister was right, in the main. Those who are in the whirl are very few in number. They may number four hundred or a few less or a few more, but it is a small circle in which the same few names and faces keep constantly coming up." "Brunswick" writes in the Boston *Gazette:* Mr. Pat Collier's *Once a Week*, and now Mr. Seligman's *Epoch*, have given us what they claim to be an authentic list of the names of Mr. Ward McAllister's famous Four Hundred. The *Epoch's* list is headed with this line: "Here is *the one and only authentic* list of *the* Four Hundred." The italics are the *Epoch's*. I have neither the time nor the inclination to characterize all the mistakes of the *Epoch's* Jenkins, but they are many. This whole subject is a silly one, and not worth discussing; but Mr. McAllister is right. There are about four hundred people in New York who have been rich and fashionable longer than another four hundred, and they form what is called the "exclusive circle." But it is only exclusive until its exclusion is penetrated, which is simply a question of time and tact, not always of money. It is hard to say just what the shibboleth is. You will find one man in and the other man out, though both may be equally rich and equally vulgar. I am watching, with a good deal of amusement, the social progress of a rich vulgarian who is gradually making his way. He has nothing in his favor but money and ambition. A few years ago—less than ten, possibly—he had never spoken to gentlemen, excepting, maybe, in the line of business; but he longed to be one of them; not for any refinement that might come from the association, but because he thought that if seen among them, he might be mistaken for a gentleman. He went cleverly to work. A woman with the same ambitions would have worked herself in through church charities; he fought clear of this side, and began with the sporting men. He bought fine horses and dogs, and entered them at the shows, and he offered prizes for the best breeds. Then he took a house at a fashionable summer resort, and finally the men made him a member of the hunt, for he was useful to them. And then he spent his money freely, and they did not mind his commonness, for he was a rather jolly fellow with it all, if he did squirt tobacco-juice around while talking to their wives and sisters. Now I see that he has a box at the Metropolitan Opera House, and I will be willing to wager something that when Mr. McAllister's list reaches five hundred his name will be among the elect. Load your guns with golden bullets if you want to break down the social barricade. Other ammunition may accomplish the object, but not so surely.

Broadway shows three new things in the way of devices for drawing the eyes of women. One of these is at a restaurant in the shopping region, where many women go at noontime for luncheon. A white-aproned waiter is rubbing up the glass and brass-work of the front door, always at the same busy time of the day, when it would seem as though the services of all the waiters would be required inside the establishment. The explanation is this: Women are freakishly dainty as to the places in which they eat. This restaurant is a spacious and well-appointed one, and no suspicion of uncleanliness is to be found in it; but it struck the ingenious proprietor that the sight of a man polishing the big front door would strike the women as they entered as proof of uncommon neatness. Therefore, one of the waiters is detailed every day to this shrewd advertisement. The second invention for drawing feminine eyes to the stores of retail merchants is a particularly neat girl on a step-ladder in the window of a shoe-store. She is kept there arranging and rearranging the exhibits during the daily period of crowds of shopping ladies, who do not fail to see that her unusually small and shapely feet are shod in the newest and nicest of shoes. The very latest novelties in gaiters and slippers are displayed by means of her, and in an artful manner that has the appearance of artlessness. The third contrivance is in a candy-store, which is open late at night, in order to catch the trade of the dispersing theatre audiences. One of the latest of the Edison phonographs is on exhibition there, and its specialty is the repetition of kisses. A considerable variety of osculation is interestingly imitated by the machine, and one can not help wondering just how, when, and where the original kisses were fed into the phonograph. It is a comical and suggestive series of smacks and chirrups, although unprintable, since the English language does not supply the requisite characters, but true to life, as every bearer laughingly admits.

Writing of Frenchwomen in the *Fortnightly Review*, Jules Simon says: Do not trust our newspapers. Above all, shun those journals which pretend to describe society. The society that they know, the only society that they can describe, is not society at all; it is Bohemia. They talk, it is true, of a live duchess, but they have only seen their duchess from a distance. She was in her box, they were all away below in the stalls. The woman whom they really know is Marguerite Gautier, and it is Marguerite to whom they assign the ducal name. Most frequently they do not even take the trouble to find a fictitious trade-mark for their wares; they furnish you, without disguise, with the scandal of the world of pleasure, a perfect series of orgies, a Bacchanalia of courtesans. Thereupon you say to yourself, This is great Babylon! Indeed it is not; it is only a tiny corner of Babylon, no bigger than a nut-shell—a tiny corner, such as may be found in London, in Rome, or in Vienna. This corner is a trifle larger in proportion as the town is more famous and attracts more foreigners. But this is not the immorality of Paris, it is the immorality of the world; nay, it is not Paris nor is it the Parisian woman. There is no more amusing mad-cap than the Parisian courtesan, and no more sensible and charming person than the Parisian woman. The two exist in two distinct worlds, and have nothing in common except their hats. We have, at the outside, two or three thousand of the mad-caps, reckoning in that number those who are on the border line and who have one foot in each of the two worlds. It is a large number, but only think what a host of foreigners come to us! And yet the mad-caps attract more attention than our five hundred thousand virtuous Parisian women and our twenty millions of virtuous Frenchwomen. Foreigners are not the only persons who make a mistake about this matter. In France itself, the novel makes such a fuss that many Frenchmen fancy that the one class of women is the other.

It is sometimes maliciously whispered that there are certain garments of peculiarly masculine attributes which many of the ladies find so pleasing that they adopt and wear them themselves with much persistency and satisfaction. Whatever may be the name of the garments hinted at, it is certain that it is not the tennis blouse which the athletic girl has hitherto worn of just the same pattern as that of her younger brother; in fact, the girl who has gone in for tennis, yachting, tricycling, etc., has had to be content, not through choice but through necessity, with the blouses made with especial reference to the needs and the shape of young boys. It need scarcely be said that this enforced choice, or lack of it, was *not* satisfactory. The girls were not built that way, and there appeared no reason why flannel blouses should not be made for women with a due regard to their shape. To make girls' blouses for young women, instead of compelling them to wear boys' blouses, is the very natural innovation introduced late last season; and this season some improvements have been introduced that make the woman's blouse more sightly as well as more comfortable. The blouses made for them this year are large in the bust and small in the waist, tapered in the sleeve, and finished with pretty cuffs; and they also have an improvement in the collar. The improvement combines a rolling sailor collar, with a standing collar inside. It is all very well to talk about ease and comfort and that sort of thing in woman's dress, but you may set down one thing as certain—that ease and comfort are always bound to play a small second to appearance. However comfortable a rolling collar on a woman's blouse may be, it is not very sightly on most women, even on women with pretty necks. Here the standing collar comes to the rescue, for it gives a trim and needful finish, and is at the same time quite pliant and comfortable enough not to interfere with the legitimate end of a garment intended for active outdoor exercise.—*Haberdasher.*

The revolution in the sphere of women is extending to club life. With the opening of the house of the Verein Freundschaft, the other day, another Gotham club throws its doors open to the wives, sisters, and sweethearts of its members. First in the field was the Riding Club. It is as much a ladies' as a men's club. This had to be the case, because the club was formed by a party of men and women who had been taking lessons together at one of the riding academies. They were exclusive in their tastes, and had money enough to buy what they wanted, which was the right to choose their own company and enjoy riding by themselves. When their splendid club-house was built the ladies were thought of in the arrangement and furnishing of the parlors. When it came to the lockers for the members' clothing, and the baths, and dressing-rooms, and attendants, the ladies got a little the better of the men, because they needed more room and waiting upon. But though every American woman is a princess in her own way, the sex never was royally treated until the Lawyers' Club was fitted up in the Equitable Building. The magnificence of the women's quarters in that club-house must amaze the average woman, whose invitation comes from some man who need not be any better off than to be able to pay a hundred dollars a year to belong to the club. It is said that there are no rooms of equal magnificence in any club-house in the world. The woman who enters them does so by ringing a porcelain bell that hangs overhead inside, and is connected with a silken cord outside the door. A woman opens the door and admits the visitor to a parlor all in pure white, faintly tipped with gold, and appointed with exquisite furniture of old French patterns. The maid takes the visitor's hat and wrap. She finds at hand all the tools and fripperies of the toilet for the hair, the face, and the fingers. She is shown to an especial dining-room, all white and gold again, where meals are served to her at twenty per cent. less than the prices of the Café Savarin which furnishes them.

Just a little startling to old-fashioned ideas of bridal outfits is the modern idea of black underwear. It was looked upon at first as the momentary freak of some aspiring fashion leader, but there is no denying its popularity. Black hosiery and petticoats are a fixture; night-robes, chemises, and so forth soon will be. Forming a part of a unique bridal set made in one of the large cities for an expectant bride, are some of these sombre-hued garments. The black night-robe is of China silk, made Mother Hubbard. A short, shirred yoke is drawn up with orange ribbons, these to be removed at will. A coat sleeve with a puff at the top, black lace frill at the neck, and sleeves and bottom flounce, finished the novel garment. These black night-robes are startling, but they grow on one. They are well adapted for traveling, for sleeping-cars, and for possible accidents. They neither catch dust, wrinkle, or advertise their use. To be mashed up in that sort of a garment would be no humiliation. The black night-robe is a garment of destiny. The chemise to match is a low-cut, sleeveless thing, trimmed with black-silk lace, through which runs orange ribbon. At the waist line runs a shir, through it the orange ribbon to tie it down. The bottom of the chemise, finished with lace ruffles, makes the underskirt.

Concerning the expenses of débutantes, the New York *World* says: Some one in Philadelphia has been figuring out what the début of his daughter this season has cost him. The same thing would probably apply to a New York début, only, if the Philadelphia figures are correct, it costs considerably more here than in the Quaker City. Here are the figures: Two imported gowns, $450; six ball-gowns, $600; two street-dresses, $300; tea-gown, $82; two house-dresses, $60; two pairs satin-shoes, $24; two pairs walking-boots, $10; three pairs house-slippers, $6; church dress, $50; monkey-skin furs, $27; opera-cloak, $53; handkerchiefs, lingerie, and umbrellas, $150; hair-pins, $10; total, $1,822; ditto for summer outfit, $1,822; grand total, $3,644. There are many items which would be more costly here, as, for example, walking-boots worn by women of means cost $10 a pair, and slippers $6 to $8. Then the allowance for furs was a very small one, and nothing was said of bats, gloves, coats, trinkets, and all descriptions of the thousand belongings necessary for a girl who is to be well dressed on all occasions and with the proper accessories for every toilet. The item of furs alone would probably mount up into the hundreds. A girl's bill for gloves during a hard-worked season must be somewhere close to the hundred mark, not to mention bats, which are even more costly. After the first season the darling daughter is not so expensive; she has accumulated many articles which last from one season to another, which are used as a basis for new combinations and are, like furs, umbrellas, bits of jewelry, cloaks, etc., things that do not need renewal.

The new boot which the Princess of Wales adopted in England has appeared here. "Most of them," said a prominent shoe-dealer in New York, "are intended for Lenox or Tuxedo. The princess is a very slim woman, you know. A thin woman can wear a boot which laces up to her knee where a fat one can not. Here is a pair that we made last week. It is an improvement on the earlier make." He went to a case at the side of the shop, and took out a pair of buttoned boots that looked as though they might have been designed for Lydia Thompson during her reign in burlesque. They were very fetching-looking boots, but it is really difficult for a man to see why they should be worn. They were like the ordinary woman's walking-boot, except that the soles were exceedingly thin, the heels were square and not very low, and there was a Spanish arch to the instep, which gave a certain elegance to the boot which it would not otherwise have possessed. There was a little cap over the toe, but the main portion of the boot extended from the heel upward. It was the exact shape of the leg, with a pronounced "bulge" for the calf. The material was soft kid for the upper portion and light calf-skin for the foot. "That pair is more for looks than for service," said the shoe-maker, pulling out a drawer and exhibiting another variety of the boot; "the lace boot, you know, is the only boot that is fit to walk in, because, after you have worn a button-shoe for any length of time, it becomes loose and wabbly on the foot. Laced boots can, on the other hand, be made to fit the foot and ankles snugly. There is an inner lining to this shoe of stout water-proof tweed between the leather and the kid lining. With this shoe laced on, the wearer could walk in water half-way up to her knees and not a drop of water would reach her foot. There are at Tuxedo, Blooming Grove, and many other resorts where sportsmen congregate, a great many ladies who enjoy fishing, and who make more or less of an attempt at shooting with light rifles and shotguns. These boots will suit them admirably if they are particularly hardy women. It is a curious thing, you know, that American women can not wear boots as heavy as those of their English sisters. Another odd thing is the fact that the women here can not wear the boots they bought in England and wore there with perfect comfort. When we make shoes for an English-woman we always make them heavier than when making them for an American. These English buttoned-boots will, therefore, I think, not be much of a go here." "It must be a lot of work to button or lace such English boots." "It doesn't bother me in the least," said a clerk, with a smile; "that work is always done by one of the female clerks. Women will stand a great deal from the average shoe-maker in the way of an exhibition of hosiery, but they draw the line at this sort of thing, so that the girl clerks in the shop have exclusive charge of this sort of foot-gear. It is not unlikely that the Princess of Wales's boot may be turned into a new fashion of American boot for ladies next summer. We have taken two orders within a week for boots of this design, only of an entirely different character. They will be worn by ladies who do a lot of boating and yachting. It is impossible, while lying around on the deck of a yacht, or particularly while scrambling around in a row-boat, for ladies always to keep their hose well covered, and the new boot which we are going to make will be in demand by boating and yachting women. It will lace very high up, have very thin soles, and an exceedingly small heel. The material will be French kid, with possibly patent-leather tips and heels, and it will solve the problem which has often bothered yachting and boating girls."

Minister Stallo is quoted as saying that, judging from what he had been able to do for himself, he could make a comfortable living in Rome picking up the old books desired by the American libraries.

A POCKET CLEOPATRA.

Mrs. Atherton writes about Mrs. Potter as the Serpent of Old Nile.

A little book has recently appeared called "A Dream of Love and Fire" (theosophical, not erotic) which is dedicated to the reincarnation of Cleopatra. According to this methodically mad and madly methodical brochure, that most interesting of history's women is due just about now. She is to be tall, blue-eyed, gold-haired, white-skinned, and born in the West.

I went down to Palmer's Theatre the other night, inspired by much curiosity and interest. It is true that Mrs. Potter is a *chataine foncée* and twenty-six years old, but then a seer of 40 B. C. might be expected to err on such trifling questions as color and a few years more or less of a lady's age. Mrs. Potter had quite as good a chance as anybody, and her affinity for the part was in her favor. What was more, she had mastered the part in eighteen months, whereas the average aspirant takes ten years, and then generally gives it up. And her southern fire and passion, including her now historical temper, her royal scorn of the world's slanderous tongue, and her contempt of family restraint—surely no woman was ever better equipped of nature for the part of Egypt's queen.

On the whole, however, I should not say that Mrs. Potter was Cleopatra reincarnated. I mention this immediately, that every blonde in the Western hemisphere may once more take heart. At the same time, I did not jump at an unfavorable conclusion, but reserved my opinion until the fourth act. Mrs. Potter, when age shall have wisdomed her and custom broken her infinite monotony, will make an acceptable actress, but she will never electrify the world as the flawless embodiment of the most complex individuality the world has ever known.

Nevertheless, and although it is the fashion to hound Mrs. Potter to a cover to which she is too plucky to retreat, I will venture the assertion, that with the sole exception of Sarah Bernhardt, Mrs. Potter is the only woman on the stage to-day who could give even an acceptable rendering of Cleopatra. It is true that she can portray but one side, but then that side is the most difficult of all to convey with grace and without repulsiveness. Mrs. Potter is too small to be majestic, and she has not that trick of carriage which lends inches, but she has mobile features which lend themselves easily to fiery glances and voluptuous suggestion, and the far-famed Serpent of the Nile had not a figure more lithe and pliable. When she coils all round her leading lady, Miss Kyrle Bellew, she looks like a young boa-constrictor crunching a calf; and when she writhes around a sofa or undulates out of the barge she is a national advertisement for physical culture. She is the wanton always, the queen never, but as the wanton she leaves nothing to be desired. This is her conception of the character, and as far as she goes she deserves both credit and admiration.

Her motions—when she is not undulating, coiling, and writhing—are still ungainly, but show steady improvement. Her gestures are as awkward as ever, and she has a way of stretching out five, stiff, rigid fingers, and swinging them automatically at her chest, which is disheartening to her well-wishers. Her voice is at its best when heavy with voluptuousness or coaxing with drawling sweetness. The way she says "Ch-a-r-mi-ain" should melt the heart of her critics. But the moment she raises her voice in command, wrath, or declamation, it becomes harsh, rasping, and inflexible. Some one should write a play for Mrs. Potter in which the heroine is an amorous Sultana whom the trials and annoyances of life never approach. Her reading of Shakespeare could not well be worse. She is incapable of sustained effort, and her early "elocution triumphs" must have been won with quatrains. What is more, she makes the mistake of imitating Sarah Bernhardt. A good imitation of the one and only Sarah would be fatal; a mere suggestion is damning.

But, criticism aside, the performance in its *ensemble* is the most enjoyable that has been seen in New York for many a day. The scenery and costumes are magnificent, and the illusion of that barbarous and sensuous time complete. The interior of Cleopatra's palace is a vast room upheld by unnumbered pillars, painted with the gorgeous colors and the mystic devices of the Orient. As the curtain goes up, women beautifully dressed are lounging indolently about. High on a dais lies Cleopatra, with querulous sweetness and decidedly suggestive motions, longing for Antony. She is wound up in yellow gauze, with a lavender sash, fringed with rubies. She sits up, after a time, and writes a letter to Antony, while half-a-dozen Nautch girls dance in the foreground. But the audience give these correctly attired but not too graceful young women little attention; nowhere is Mrs. Potter more attractive than in the charming by-play of this scene; nowhere is her extraordinary mobility of features so gaze-compelling. When she comes down later and horse-whips the messenger, she looks like an angry child, whose unfortunate playmate has broken her doll.

A great deal has been written about Mrs. Potter's hair. If she plays Cleopatra very long, its reputation will speedily become a memory. I never saw a more attractive tangle. It looks—to put it mildly—as if she had just got up; at times it looks as if it had not been brushed for a week, and had been very much slept in, indeed. Only twice does it look well; once when it hangs in soft curls, and once when it falls beneath her helmet in a number of tight, glossy braids. In the latter case, it is doubtless a wig.

Kyrle Bellew has boiled the play down to six short, swiftly moving acts, and in each of them does Mrs. Potter wear a different costume. When she descends from the barge, in the first act, she is draped in flimsiest white gauze, and suggests Eve arrayed in a morning mist. A good deal of fun has been poked at her legs, but had they been Helen's own the critics would have been equally unmerciful, because they were attached to Mrs. Potter. I was near the stage and had an opera-glass, and I could not tell the shape of her legs were I put on the stand; the gauzy illusion was as jealous as it was revealing. A yellow scarf, sewn with black pearls and diamonds, was wound about her, and she wore the diadem of the sacred asp—a golden coronet of intertwined and jewel-incrusted snakes.

Her third garment was white and bronze-green, and up and down her arms twisted metallic, vicious-looking serpents, who seemed to writhe in sympathy. During the battle scene she wore white-gauze skirts under a corselet of armor, which was blue enameled, and a blaze of diamonds. On her head was the Egyptian helmet, tall, jewel-studded, ostrich-plumed, a royal thing had it been worn on a majestic head. Falling from one shoulder was a mantle of primrose satin, embroidered with the sacred eye of Isis. She wears her most magnificent costume in the scene where she meets Antony upon his triumphal entrance into Alexandria. She seems a blaze of jewels from head to foot, and about her loins are wound the wings of the sacred vulture. The splendid pinions of the same bird reach down from her head to either side of her face, and in her hand she carries a sceptre which overtops her.

In the monument scene she wears black gauze, plentifully besprinkled with gold. On the night of her first representation she was so nervous that when about to apply the asp, she tore this gown open furiously near to the waist-line, and the critics shrieked in virtuous indignation. The mishap did not occur again.

And what shall be said of Bellew? Sacred shades of Marc Antony, Shakespeare, and Plutarch, that Cleopatra's warrior-bold should be portrayed by a Kyrle Bellew! But it is charitable to say no more. Dan Robertson is pretty bad as Cæsar; in fact, none of the support is too good. It is Mrs. Potter, the swiftness of the play, and the magnificent setting that carry the performance. The costumes were designed by E. Hamilton Bell, the well-known archæological artist, and are said to be more correct than any Egyptian costumes heretofore seen on the stage.

Mary Anderson has written an article in the *North American Review*, in which she sniffs at society women who go on the stage, and evidently thinks they have no right to succeed, even have they the ability. I have no sympathy myself with people who are bitten by fads, and the theatrical world, like the literary, is full of women who have rushed to the footlights merely for the sake of posing before the public. But if they have talent it is another thing, and I think Mrs. Potter has. So do many others, although it takes courage to own it; but a reaction is slowly setting in, and in the course of time Mrs. Potter will receive the justice which her courage and her cleverness demand. There are no present indications that she will ever be a great actress, but strong ones that she will rise above the average. And in spite of the critics, in spite of predisposed prejudice, in spite of faults and lacks, the fact remains that in "Cleopatra" Mrs. Potter has made a hit.

GERTRUDE FRANKLIN ATHERTON.

NEW YORK, January 14, 1889.

The unusual spectacle of fifteen young and presumably comely women capering on a tin-roof in the wee sma' hours, to the wild music of their own excitement and woe, and appareled against the storm only in such scanty habiliments as could be grabbed up in a tumultuous hurry, was presented to gazers at the Manhattan Club on Fifth Avenue at an early hour the other morning. If the pallid fifteen had merely been grouped on the metallic eaves of this bachelor palace wonder might well have stood agape, but when they displayed agility, recklessness, and balbriggan in a can-can of most bewildering celerity of movement, the astonishment of the beholders most properly grew. The explanation of this rarely exciting phenomenon is that a fire broke out in the loft of the club; that the frightened fifteen—women employed about the club—scampered madly through the scuttle, and that the subsequent heating up of the tin-roof made the can-can an exercise of necessity and not of joy. The fire department promptly arrived, the roof was cooled, the coryphées of this weird nocturnal ballet retired to indulge in raiment and mutual congratulations, and the Manhattan Club's involuntary twelve-thousand-dollar public entertainment came to an inglorious close.

Patti is to become the possessor of the famous château of Chenonceaux, says the London *Standard*. Engravings and photographs of it are more common, probably, than those of any dwelling-house in Europe not actually royal. Chenonceaux has running water at every door, every window, in front, behind, underneath, and round about. It stands in the very bed of the River Cher, supported on vast buttresses that stretch out from shore to shore—a building in the style of the French Renaissance, with *tourelles*, and balconies, and highly ornamental gables, broken here and there by irregular additions, which purists may cry out against, but lovers of the picturesque adore.

Messrs. Blackburn Brothers & James built a bridge across the Salinas River at a cost of several thousand dollars; the approaches cost several hundred more. The bridge was then thrown open to the public, and has been of the greatest value to the county, which has never been at a dollar of expense for it. As a noble expression of its gratitude and appreciation of this act of public benevolence, San Luis Obispo County this year assesses the bridge to these gentlemen for four thousand dollars and taxes them sixty dollars therefor. This will doubtless encourage public spirit in that county very greatly.

The latest nickel and slot device is a sort of big stereoscope which has been invented and manufactured in Paris. You drop in your nickel and apply your eyes to a pair of protuberances like the eye-pieces of an opera-glass. Pictures are then displayed in rapid succession, one picture lasting seven seconds, until the contents of the box are all exhibited. The pictures are shown in the glare of an electric light, which is extinguished when one has had his five cents' worth.

Boston Corbett, who killed John Wilkes Booth, and has of late years been confined in a Kansas insane asylum, has escaped, and is supposed to be in Mexico.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Alderman's Funeral.

(MEPHISTOPHILUS LOQUITUR.)

Bring out the plumes that honor the dead,
Mocking the mourner's bended head,
From the top of the hearse that holds the dead
And tell the mutes and all the grooms
To mind and take care how they tread,
And be sure the coachman's eyes are red.
Don't splash the ends of the velvet pall,
Nor let the drooping black fringe fall,
Nor the mud-drops spatter you one and all.
I know 'tis hard to strain a grief
On a cold and biting autumn day,
When the road is heavy with mud and clay,
And the churchyard distant a terrible way,
With an alderman heavy some seventeen stone,
A heap of fat—a swollen tun.
I find these supporters of church and state
Require support to the churchyard gate.
As the soil was never so fit to weed,
Nettles and other poisonous seed,
Will be the mound over Alderman Vaughan,
Who laughed both God and man to scorn,
And yet, having plenty of money to lend
At cent. per cent., made a holy end,
Surrounded by many a weeping friend,
And leaving an inconsolable wife,
And four inconsolable orphans too,
Who already are leading a cat and dog life,
And squabbling over the legacies due.
What a feature it is of the present day,
That every virtue is sold for pay!
Men hire mourners—for half that die
Would get no tears unless they bought
The drops that fall from a hireling's eye.
And these bought tears are just as salt
As those of friends; and they look as real,
Till we shut the door of No. II. vault,
And pull off the cloaks and all the ideal,
And pass the pot to moisten our clay,
Quite run dry with the grief of the day.
And the brittle pipe teaches us all how frail
Man's tenure is—though the moral's stale.
How the plumes of the pompous hearse
Bend and mock, as we slowly pace
Through the crowd to the cheapest burial-place,
Where the sexton is itching to finger his fees
All the while he is on his knees;
And the parson thinks, while he looks at the mold,
That his Christmas dinner is getting cold;
And the parish boys think it jolly fun,
And wish that every day "there was one";
And the urchin that runs for the key of the vault
Throws a comical somersault,
And thinks it a lark to see the graves
Heaving up like the Dead Sea's waves.
There's always a crowd for men's delight
To see a corpse put out of sight,
Snugly feeling themselves all right.
It's quite a show: the old hag crows,
And puts her spectacles on her nose.
"We pay at the fairs for the puppet-shows,
But this fine sight comes right to our doors,
For no admittance fee is ours."
"Come on," the crowd of the street folk roars:
The funeral pomp quite rivals Punch,
And the juggler in his tinsel tights;
And the cripple, giving his crust a crunch,
Hobble to see such solemn sights.
I wonder that the mutes don't laugh
As they stand at the dark silent door,
When they hear within how the live men quaff,
And fretfully over the torn will pore,
And curse the dead, and spit on the floor.
These plumes at half a sovereign each
Make pride and sorrow count the cost,
Calculate the coming hill,
And look in the dead man's brimming till
To see what tears they may dare to spill.
Without this cost we should be in extremes—
Our gutters would run with tears in streams;
Our very carpets would be of crêpe,
The poodle himself would be dyed black,
And we should *discard* the red toast-rack.
Now the plumes waver and toss about
Like the proud beauty at last night's rout—
I think they are trying the dead to flout,
Who, pale and calm, not heeding expense,
Not caring how many piles of pence
The heir who waited so patiently,
Came so many a time to tea,
Spends to show his grief and woe,
Trying to keep the charges low;
How he kissed the dog that hit his calf—
At all had jokes he strained a laugh;
And, in fact, for three and twenty years
Was a slave to the mingled hopes and fears.
The dead man cares not now for waste—
But then the world is rather tight-laced,
And expects a pious heir to spend
A good round sum on a dying friend.
He spends it, grudging it all the time,
And quarreling at the said long bill,
And swearing his income is really *nil!*
And "weren't the plumes a trifle dear?
And couldn't they dock the sum for beer?"
Then, knowing the whole wide world will see
The one result of his piety—
By the world I don't mean the round world fair,
But about one-half of Berkeley Square—
Pays "the hill" with a whispered oath,
And tries to look as if nothing loth,
Combined with gilded scrolls and show
Is the epitaph of the broad tombstone;
Showing "earth has one angel less,
And heaven one more." His loneliness
He represents with sigh and moan—
"A tender husband, a father fond,
Good citizen, and *faithful friend*."
That is to say, he was ready to lend
At cent. per cent., and never wronged
Those whom he found it better paid
To treat with justice in his trade.
A tender husband (you well may start—
His first wife died of a broken heart!)
Oh! half the lies of this lying race
Are written on stone in the burying-place;
And the house of God is paved and lined
With monuments of human shame;
Proof of the baseness of men's mind,
For tears are water—sighs are wind.

—*Walter Thornbury.*

Miss Edith Davis and other London philanthropists are taking steps to form the "Lady Guide Association," the principal object being to give gentlewomen in straitened circumstances a means of livelihood by acting as guides for strangers.

BRITAIN FOR THE BRITONS.

Lord Lorne's Tirade Against Foreigners.

The Marquis of Lorne—after an uneventful existence of negative mediocrity, which hut for his marriage with one of the queen's daughters and the consequent "hoosting" he has received from government, would have been one of positive obscurity, shared in common with the majority of peers' eldest sons—has been distinguishing bimself hy a speech which possesses some interest for Americans. In a harangue (its hlatant style and ruhhishy diction entitle it to no higher description), which is mainly devoted to the subject of the increase of a foreign element in England, he proposes that all foreigners residing in Great Britain should be compelled to become naturalized, as one means toward the checking of what he considers an evil of sufficient gravity to call for legislative aid in its ultimate suppression.

He has evidently got his idea from tbe American party movement in the United States, and would appear to have taken bis cue from it. But it is very clear that he misapprehends the object and motive and spirit of that movement altogether. It does not take a man of more than average ability to see the injury that a large influx of foreigners must inflict upon the people of the country they invade. The fact is so glaringly patent to the commonest mind that no argument would seem necessary to estahlish it. In no country on earth are the conditions which make excessive foreign immigration injurious more marked than in America. In no country on earth is the foreign element so numerous, so aggressive, so interfering, and so self-asserting as in the United States. Certainly no country on earth stands in so much danger in consequence as does America. The American movement in America is merely an act of self-preservation on the part of Americans. Its object is to protect the national spirit and genius of America as it was left to posterity by the founders of the Union, the great forefathers of the American Republic, against gradual destruction through the insidious effects of a recognition of foreign sentiment as a distinct factor in the management of puhlic affairs. Its aim is to encourage and maintain an American tone of tbought on all subjects, and to foster an American spirit in national affairs whether at home or ahroad. Its mission is to make America the country of Americans who are so in thought, and feeling, and in spirit, as well as in name. Americans have heen driven to this course hy the tremendous influx of foreigners from all parts of the world, wbo have taken (through the workings of defective naturalization laws) upon themselves the government of the country. It is notorious the world over the power that Irishmen wield in America, not as Americans hut as Irishmen. And so with Germans, and Frenchmen, and Italians, and Spaniards.

But this is not the state of affairs in England. Beside America on this question of nationalism, England is like a grain of sand to the Sahara desert. At the present moment, there are no more thoroughly national people than are the English. They know no flag hut one, they speak no language but one, they owe no allegiance to any sovereign hut one, and as a nation they have no religion but one. Everything is English. There are no Irish voters, and no Irish vote; no German voters, and no German vote. If anything, a foreign-horn naturalized Englishman would have less chance of being elected to a representative office in England tban a native-born one. To compare England with America is simply ahsurd, and for the Marquis of Lorne to work himself into a passion over the "foreign invasion" is as grotesque an exhibition of pointlessness, and that condition familiarly called "apropos of nothing," as one could well imagine. A handful of Germans have lately "invaded" London and ousted in places the Englisb waiters from hotels and restaurants. This bas heen hy no means distasteful to customers, who have no time to waste over the slow and cumhrous movements of the napkin-fondling, tip-toadying English waiter, and prefer the rapidity and seemingly superior cleanliness of the dapper and agile German or Frenchman. I believe a few Germans have also lately found employment in the city as clerks. This is the basis of Lord Lorne's bue and cry; for this would he compel every foreigner who resides in England to hecome naturalized.

It is curious to observe that the noble marquis proposes to adopt, as a check upon foreigners coming to England, a measure the very reverse to that which the American party in America wish to enforce as a hindrance to foreigners coming to America. He wants to compel them to he naturalized, whereas the American party in America desire to ahridge the naturalization laws, if not suspend their operation altogether. At all events, such I take to he their object. How compulsory naturalization is to check the arrival of German waiters and Russian clerks in England is a puzzle the solution of which I douht even the Marquis of Lorne, if put to it, could achieve. Whom else the hugbear measure is intended to frighten away it is difficult to conceive, unless it be the American ladies and gentlemen of means who have lately taken up their residence in England for longer or shorter terms. There seem really to he no other "foreigners" residing in England except the German waiters and clerks and Americans. What special barm these resident American ladies and gentlemen inflict upon England in general and the Marquis of Lorne in particular, is another problem beside which the squaring of the circle becomes a sum in simple addition. Take, for instance, Mr. Vanderhilt, Mrs. Mackay, Mrs. Hicks-Lord, Mrs. Frank Leslie, Mr. Fitzhugh Whitebouse, Mr. John P. Bigelow, Mrs. Murphy, Mr. Singer, and others whose names I can not recall. What possible injury is done to tbe English people, from the queen down to the humhlest farm-laborer, hy their hiring expensive houses in London during the season, and renting grand country-seats in the home counties, shooting-boxes and grouse-moors in Scotland, or villas in tbe Isle of Wight? One would think house-owners and trades-people would he only too glad to bave such people come among them, witb their full purses, big bank accounts, and free money-scattering ways. Tbey are hardly the people to wish to chase away, yet the Marquis of Lorne's proposed compulsory naturalization law for foreign residents can have no other possihle effect. American travelers in Europe are proverhial for their lavish expenditures, and are the particular delight of shop-keepers and hotel proprietors wherever they go. As residents in England, they apparently in no wise give up their extravagant way of living. The tradesmen whose good fortune it has heen to supply Mrs. Mackay and Mr. Vanderbilt, can douhtless tell how willing they would he to have Mayfair and Belgravia peopled by such Americans.

I can not in the least imagine what has got into Lord Lorne, or what can have started him on this raid upon foreigners. It is true that he seems especially down upon the Germans. This, to use his own words, "would free us from the influx of Germans and other foreigners." Taking into consideration that his own wife is really, to all intents and purposes, a German, such language does not lie in his mouth with much grace or consistency. Thus, look at the German princes and princelings, princesses and princesslings, who are at present kept, clothed, fed, and boused in England out of the pockets of the British tax-payers. Does Lord Lorne, I wonder, propose to naturalize them?

Let us take a few of these and see who they are. We will leave out of the question the royal family. They are as German as a full-hlooded German father and mother can make them. But they are the royal family, and as long as tbe Britisb crown is maintained under the present settlement, tbe English people must be content to put up with them. The first great German maintained in ease and grandeur in England, hy English money, is the Duke of Luneberg. This "foreigner" is known in England as the Duke of Camhridge, an English title baving been in 1801 graciously conferred upon his father by George the Third, a monarch who, during his sixty years' reign, amused himself hy creating six dukedoms, twenty-three marquisates, one hundred earldoms, one hundred and four viscountcies, and two hundred and eighteen baronies, thus manufacturing four hundred and fifty-one titles of nohility to add to the British peerage. Doubtless an English title was considered tbe easiest-applied whitewash for the German duke, wbose descendants it was proposed to quarter upon the English nation. As time went on, the people would forget Luneberg and think only of Camhridge. Well, this cooked-up English duke succeeded his father in 1850, and has, for many years past, been the commander-in-chief of the British army, heing also a field-marshal in the army, the colonel of the Grenadier Guards, the Royal Artillery, the Royal Engineers, the Seventeenth Lancers (called the Duke of Camhridge's Owu), and the King's Royal Rifle Corps. For all of these positions he receives pay. If he did not, he would not be appointed to them, and would not take them if he were. He is also Ranger of St. James's, Green, Hyde, and Richmond Parks, and separate and apart from all other salaries, pay, fees, perquisites, and emoluments, receives, as the cousin of Queen Victoria and therefore a prince of the blood, the annual sum of twelve thousand pounds sterling. It may he mentioned *en passant*, that the duke's mother gets six thousand pounds a year "annuity" from the British nation, and his sister, the Duchess of Teck (married to another German), five thousand pounds. Why?

The next German who enjoys English hospitality of this cbaracter is Prince Cbristian of Schleswig-Holstein. He is a full general in the army, a position to whicb thousands of native-born officers aspire in vain, and tbey men wbo have seen service and gone through a regular military education in the army and passed all requisite examinations. He is also "Ranger" of Windsor Park, which gives him a fine residence rent free. He is married to Princess Helena, one of the queen's daughters, wbo, in consequence of her marriage, draws six thousand a year from the puhlic purse. One of their sons—Prince Alhert—has just been given a commission in the Seventeenth Lancers. Next comes Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar. He is another general, and, as such, is the colonel of the Lincolnshire Regiment, which of itself gives him a thousand a year. He is, furthermore, commander of her majesty's forces in Ireland, receiving as pay therefor upward of three thousand pounds per annum. Then comes Prince Henry of Battenherg, wbo is married to the Princess Beatrice. He is supposed to he penniless himself, hut his wife (on account of this advantageous alliance) receives the sum of six thousand pounds a year out of the national exchequer. His hrother, Prince Louis of Battenberg, is a captain in the royal navy, and bas lately been given the command of a fine sbip in preference to dozens of English officers. In the navy also are the Prince of Leiningen, who is a vice-admiral, and Prince Victor of Hohenlohe, another vice-admiral and also governor of Windsor Castle.

Beside these, a cursory glance at a few "foreigners," chiefly Germans, who fill positions of royal or puhlic trust, may he of interest. Hermann Sahl is "German" lihrarian to Queen Victoria, and Carl Grimm is ber agent at Clermont. Josepb Edgar Boehm is "royal" sculptor in tbe lord chamberlain's department. F. Wagenreider is a state page. Ludwig Straus is the conductor of the queen's band. Sir W. C. Hoffmeister and W. Hoffmeister are surgeons and apothecaries at Oshorne (one of the queen's residences). Maurice Holzmann is librarian to the Prince of Wales. P. Solovieff is private secretary to the Duchess of Edinburgh. Frederic de Bernhardt is passport clerk at the treasury. A. H. H. Engelhack is assistant financial clerk in the colonial office. Reinhold Rost is librarian to the medical hoard of the India office. Maurice Holzmann, secretary and keeper of record to the Duchy of Cornwall. H. Louis Goertz, private secretary to the librarian of the British Museum. Peter de Page Renouf, keeper of Oriental antiquities at the British Museum. Charles Ricu, keeper of Oriental manuscripts at the Britisb Museum, and E. de M. Rudolf, clerk in the "Works and Public Buildings" department. These are all I can find. Tbey are not many; certainly not enougb to justify the tempest in a tea-pot which tbe Marquis of Lorne has raised. Like the waiters, they work for tbeir living at all events, which is a thing that can not be urged in favor of the princes.

COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, December 28, 1888.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Emperor of Germany has issued a decree forbidding his mother to use the imperial crown on her coat of arms, and directing that in future she shall use only the inferior rank of Queen of Prussia.

Empress Frederick, a month ago, requested her son, the emperor, not to mock her with any presents. "A year ago at San Remo," she wrote, "I thought no family could celebrate a sadder Christmas than we. But I was mistaken."

Miss M. E. Orr, of New York, has fairly won the medal as the champion type-writer. In a contest last week she defeated F. E. McGurrin, the Salt Lake expert, Miss Orr's score being one hundred and thirty-nine correctly printed words in one minute to one hundred and thirty-seven for McGurrin.

Mr. Richard Quay, son of the Pennsylvania senator, is a partner of Senator Cameron in the ownership of a splendid cattle ranch, eight miles square, in Mexico. Mr. Coleman Cameron and Mr. Brewster Cameron are also in the firm. The Camerons are spending the winter on the ranch, and Mr. Quay will soon join them there.

Phineas T. Barnum gave a farewell party at his Connecticut place, "Waldmere," a fortnight ago, before deserting the old home for New York, and, although in his seventy-eighth year, the old gentleman looked the picture of health and danced a minuet with Mrs. Barnum, wbo was attired in a dress of the First Empire of pale-green crêpe.

Princess Carolath Beuthin, the lady with whom Count Herbert Bismarck took a little trip to Florence several years ago, to the surprise and disgust of the lady's husband and the young man's august father, was divorced from her husband, and is now living in Dresden, where Count Herbert Bismarck visits her frequently. He has remained true to her since the day he left her, with a promise never to marry any other woman. He is naturally courted by the feminine world as one of the best matches in the kingdom, but their charms are displayed in vain, and their words fall upon ears which are deaf. When his sire is gathered to his fathers, Count Herbert will doubtless lead to the altar the Princess Carolath Beuthin.

The name of the young Marquise de Belboeuf, the exceedingly masculine sister of the exceedingly effeminate Duc de Morny, is again on everybody's lips in Paris. Her latest eccentricity consists in riding in the Bois every morning at eight o'clock, mounted astride of her horse instead of on the ordinary side-saddle. Accustomed as the Parisians are to the pretty marquise's freaks and extravagances, they are somewhat staggered to see her riding "à califourchon"—a practice hitherto confined to the peasant-women in the south of France and in the Savoy—and it is doubtful whether the other ladies of the "mannish" school now in vogue will have the courage to follow her example in the matter. Separated from her husband, always dressed in the most masculine of tailor-made gowns, her brown curly hair cropped close to her shapely head, and a single eye-glass fixed in her saucy eye, Mme. de Belboeuf presents the most striking contrast which it is possible to conceive to her brother the duke, who, it may be remembered, figured a few years ago at some amateur theatricals in the guise of a première danseuse of the ballet corps.

Ex-Minister Lathrop says, in a letter to the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*: "If everything should be true that is written about the Czar, he would certainly occupy a position that no man could envy. His bomb-proof bedroom, secret chambers, and passages for escape, that are often described in the papers, are mere inventions. I remember a little over a year ago, when the last attempt was made by the nihilists to assassinate him, he appeared that very night at his brother's, the Grand Duke Vladimir, at a ball, and was as calm and unconcerned as an American citizen would be at any festivity here. I did not know then that an attempt had been made on his life, and none of the guests knew it. The Czar did not change his intention of attending the ball because he came near being killed. He is a true representative of the Romanoff family, and I do not believe he knows what fear is. Educated as a soldier, and knowing the dangers that surround the ruler of Russia, he has thus far shown a bravery and disregard for his secret enemies that can only be admired. The idea, too, that he never ventures outside of his palace without a strong guard is entirely erroneous. One day I was walking along the streets of St. Petersburg with my daughter, when I suddenly heard some one near me say, 'There goes the emperor.' I turned in time to see and bow to him. He was in a carriage with his wife, but there was no guard and no retinue of liveried servants. From what I learned, he often drove about the city almost unattended. Many wonderful stories have been written in foreign papers about precautions taken at his country-palace at Gatschina to prevent attempts to assassinate him. Gatschina palace is not a bristling armory, and the emperor enjoys himself when attending to affairs of state like any Russian citizen of the higher class.

Mgr. Bauer, the former confessor and favorite chaplain of the Empress Eugénie, is one of the notables of Paris. A Jew by birth, he became converted to Catholicism when about twenty years of age, and at Madrid soon became known as one of the most eloquent preachers of the day. Having become acquainted with some of the Empress Eugénie's Spanish relatives, he was warmly recommended to her imperial majesty, and shortly after his arrival at Paris received the appointment of court chaplain. Thanks to the influence exerted in his behalf at the Vatican, he was promoted a few months later to the prelacy and received the title of Monsignor. Toward the end of the empire, however, he lost much of his religious fervor, and was far more frequently to be met in boudoirs and salons than in the pulpit or confessional. He became a great dandy, wore a corset under his exquisitively fitting cassock, and was extremely fond of displaying his shapely leg incased in the very finest of violet-silk stockings. It is even asserted that on one memorable occasion at Compiegne, he imitated the pleasure-loving abbés of the eighteenth century to the extent of taking part in a somewhat risky comedietta in which the inimitable Princess Pauline Metternich assumed the principal rôle. On the fall of the Napoleonic dynasty he fled to Brussels, and on his return, in 1872, cast his cassock and stole to the winds, resumed his Jewish faith, and has now become one of the most prominent figures on the Bourse and in the salons of the *demi-monde*. Another well-known father of the church, Abbé Bertrand, has likewise deserted the pulpit, in this case for the stage. Not content with writing a play, he insists on himself filling one of the leading parts, and nightly pirouettes in an extravagant *pas seul* before the footlights of the principal theatre at Tours.

The tremendous drama of the Rue Prony, in which the principal actors were M. Jan Van Beers, the Belgian artist, M. Hackelberger, a young man engaged in finance, and a Mlle. Georgette Duvernet, and the minor characters a cook and a chambermaid, has had its *dénouement* in a Paris police court. M. Hackelberger, a clerk in the greatest banking-house in Paris (the Paris correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* says) amused his lighter hours in the society of Mlle. Duvernet, on whom he lavished not only affection but coin. He was foolish enough to believe that the gay and giddy nymph was all for him, but M. Jan Van Beers had also an interest in her. In October M. Hackelberger left his situation, and told Georgette that he could no longer spend so much money upon her. Nevertheless, the two sometimes met, and on the night of the thirtieth of October the nymph had an appointment with her admirer but did not keep it. Hackelberger accordingly took a revolver and a sword-stick and went to Georgette's abode in the Rue Prony at two o'clock in the morning. He was ushered in by the cook and chambermaid, and found Georgette in the arms of Morpheus and the company of M. Jan Van Beers. Upon seeing him, M. Hackelberger howled, prodded the furniture with his sword-stick, and discharged his revolver at the glass and crockery-ware. Van Beers took out his revolver and also fired, but nobody was hurt, although the jilted lover escaped within an inch of his life. During the hearing of the case great amusement was caused by the depositions of the cook, who said that Mlle. Duvernet's letters to her jilted admirer were written by Van Beers. In one of these epistles Hackelberger was called her "Little Popo," and the damsel signed herself "Your Own Little Moutonneuse." The gorgeous Georgette could say nothing in court but "He fired at me!" She is no beauty and is uneducated; but, like most of her class, makes up in a magnificent manner. Her ex-cavalier was eventually condemned to ten-days' imprisonment, with a fine of twelve pounds sterling.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mr. Besant made a queer mistake in his last novel, "For Faith and Freedom." He described one of his characters as going "on board a steamer bound for New England" in 1687.

Max O'Rell's book on the United States will be published toward the end of this month by Messrs. Cassell & Company. It will be issued in Paris and London at about the same time. M. Calmann Levy, who publishes the book in France, has already taken advance orders for forty thousand copies; the English outlook is quite as good. The title of this book is "Jonathan and His Continent; Rambles through American Society," by Max O'Rell and Jack Allyn. The work of translating has been done by Mme. Blouet, who is an Englishwoman and a thorough French scholar.

A Denver reader, Mr. Edwin K. Buttolph, sends us this note: "EDITORS ARGONAUT: Apropos of a little poem entitled 'Old Friends,' by Robertson Trowbridge, copied in your paper of December 31st from the *Independent*, allow me to call your attention to the inclosed, taken from the American edition (Henry Holt & Co., 1885) of Austin Dobson's 'At the Sign of the Lyre.' I do not know that a comparison of the two will warrant a charge of intentional plagiarism against Mr. Trowbridge; but I think you will agree with me that the main difference between the two lies in the choice of favorite books, and that Mr. Trowbridge, when he wrote 'Old Friends,' must have been tolerably familiar with Dobson's 'My Books.' Mr. Dobson has the misfortune to be an Englishman, and, therefore, has small chance of American copyright for his books; but American writers should at least do the fair thing to protect him in the copyright of his ideas." Mr. Buttolph incloses the poem he refers to, with a request that we print it. It appeared in the *Argonaut*, however, five or six years ago, when it was first published in England. There is little doubt that "Old Friends" was suggested by "My Books."

The January number of the *North American Review* contains another "Arthur Richmond" letter to Mr. Bayard. The authorship of this latest effusion (says the New York *World*) may not be easily traced, as was a former one, signed in the same way and addressed to the Secretary of State. In that paper there was reference made to "a white champagne bottle." Mr. Bayard detected the authorship by this allusion. He and William H. Hurlbert were guests on one occasion at a small dinner-party. In the course of the evening a white-glass champagne bottle was found, and, naturally enough, commented upon. So Mr. Hurlbert's unfriendly feelings were disclosed through his newspaper habit of making a point. The "Arthur Richmond" papers are understood to have had a number of authors, none of them, however, bearing the name of Rice. "Gail Hamilton" is credited with at least two of them. Mr. Clarke, one of the editors of the *North American Review*, is believed to have written the "Arthur Richmond"-Delaware paper. James Redpath is credited with another, and so is Judge Tourgee, who is also believed to be the author of one or more articles signed editorially.

Journalistic Chit-Chat.

Mrs. John A. Logan is editor of the *Home Magazine*—recently started so promisingly at Washington, and Mary S. Safford is her assistant.

Among the new periodicals started with the new year are: *Santa Claus*, a weekly juvenile published in Philadelphia; *The Quaker*, a weekly in the same city; *The Illustrated Medical Journal*, a new weekly paper; *The Gospel Argosy*, an illustrated monthly, *Tinsley's Journal*, *The Library*, a magazine of literature and biography, all published in London; *The Disestablishment Banner*, a monthly, published in Edinburgh; and *The Maritime Medical News*, printed at Halifax, N. S.

John Brisban Walker, who has recently purchased the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, was editing the Denver *Inter-Ocean* about six years ago when he thought he saw an opportunity to make a fortune. He accordingly sold the *Inter-Ocean*—which soon died—and purchased a farm on the outskirts of Denver. By judicious improvement of intervening marsh-lands he drew the city in his direction, and soon sold a large portion of the farm as city lots. In six years he has made a round million of dollars, and he now returns to journalism with enough money to publish even a monthly magazine.

The *Green Bag*, "a useless but mildly entertaining magazine for lawyers," to be edited by Horace W. Fuller, is announced by Charles C. Soule, Boston. It is to be a monthly, intended to interest and entertain lawyers. It will cover legal history, antiquities, biography, news, gossip, and facetiæ, together with correspondence and book notices. The first number will contain an excellent portrait of Chief-Justice Fuller in his robes of office. Each subsequent number will contain the portrait of some distinguished judge or lawyer. There will also be illustrated articles—among them a series of papers upon the leading American law-schools.

The telegraph some time ago announced the death of Joseph Moses Levy, one of the principal proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph*, the most widely circulated of English newspapers. Mr. Levy left a fortune of a million pounds sterling. His father, Lionel Levy, who was known by the *sobriquet* of "Bull-dog Levy," was a man of some wealth and gave his children a good education. His son Joseph entered the printing business and established himself in a small way in Shoe Lane, Fleet Street, while his elder brother, Lionel, became a manufacturer of printing inks at Paris. His father died in 1830, leaving about nine thousand pounds to each of his children. The same year Joseph Levy married a daughter of Godfrey Alexander Cohen. About this time he was printing a twopenny daily paper, called the *Daily Telegraph*, for a certain Colonel Sleigh. This paper fell into difficulties, and when Colonel Sleigh owed his printers a matter of twelve hundred pounds, it fell into possession of the Levys. In the acquisition of the paper, Lionel Levy—afterward so well known in London society as Lionel Lawson—took a large share, and minor shares were obtained by Edward Levy (now Edward Lawson) and a certain Mr. Moss, who had been clerk to Mr. J. M. Levy, and who ventured five hundred pounds in the concern. The new proprietors reduced the price of the paper to a penny, and devoted themselves so industriously to its management that to-day it produces an income of one hundred thousand pounds a year. Moss, who died in the early stages of its success, realized a considerable fortune by his share, which he left to his mother, who, at the time, kept a small public house in Fleet Street. The Levys are now, of course, a great family. Mr. Edward Lawson is a country gentleman, with large estates in Buckinghamshire. They are members of the Reform Synagogue, but in reality have drifted much further from Judaism.

The late William Dorsheimer, who lived only a few doors from Mr. C. P. Huntington in New York, was accustomed to drop in and see the latter about once a week. On a certain evening he seemed to be in great distress, and Mr. Huntington jumped to the conclusion that his agitation was caused by financial troubles. As the editor of the *Star* arose to go the Forty-niner said to him: "Dorsheimer, if you think you can sleep any better by knowing that you can have ten thousand dollars of my money to throw away to-morrow I will write you a check for that amount this minute." And, suiting the action to the word, he opened the check-book that lay upon the library table and wrote a check for ten thousand dollars on the Merchants' National Bank. Mr. Dorsheimer did sleep better with the little piece of yellow paper under his pillow. All told, he borrowed forty-two thousand dollars from Mr. Huntington to sink in the *Star*, and seventy-five other men lent him from time to time sums ranging from fifteen hundred to twenty-five hundred dollars. In round numbers the decrepitude of the *Star* forced him to borrow two hundred thousand dollars. These creditors are the present owners of the paper. Some of them are millionaires. One of them bought stock in the *Star* because he got the impression that Mr. Huntington was doing so. As the abandonment of the paper meant a loss to each of these men, they concluded to form a company and continue the publication, either to lose a little more or get back everything. "The newspaper business," Mr. Huntington says, "is a great business for those who understand it. I know nothing about it. I never had anything to do with but one paper and I went into that to lose money. It is not necessary to tell you that I lost it with great ease and rapidity. That paper is now the *Sacramento Bee*. Four of us chipped in, established it on a paying basis, and turned the entire plant over to the printers. I think the experiment cost me about fifty thousand dollars. But we wanted a good paper and we got it."

New Publications.

The first volume of Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living" has been issued as the latest volume of the National Library published by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

"The Astonishing History of Troy Town," by "Q," a novel which was to have created a social sensation and has not been heard of since it left the publishers, was published not long ago by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 25 cents.

A new translation of Nikolai Gogol's novel, "Taras Bulba," has been made by Jeremiah Curtin, who has written an explanatory preface. He has also written a long and laudatory dedication of his translation. Published by John B. Alden, New York; for sale by the booksellers.

"Counter Currents," a pleasant story about a lot of Eastern tourists who are in Southern California in search of health, has been written by the author of "Justina," and is published in the Handy Library by Roberts Brothers, Boston; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 75 cents.

"The Year's Best Days for Boys and Girls," by Rose Hartwick Thorpe, is a little book containing the stories of the religious holidays generally observed in the United States, told in prose or in rhyme. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.00.

"Mademoiselle Solange," by François Julliot, a novel of life and love in Paris during the siege, which has been "crowned" by the Academy and yet is suited for household reading, has been published in the Romans Choisis by William R. Jenkins, New York; for sale by William Doxey; price, 60 cents.

"Chrystal, Jack & Co." and "Delta Bixby," two of Kirk Munroe's admirable stories for children, have been republished in a single volume which takes its name from the first tale. The book contains all the illustrations which accompanied the tales in the magazine in which they first appeared. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, $1.00.

"A Friend to the Widow" is the title of a new novel by Maja Spencer. It is a story of life in a rushing modern metropolis, where philanthropy is open to misconstruction when the object is an attractive widow and the benefactor a soft-hearted man. A portrait of the author serves as a frontispiece. Published and for sale by Belford, Clarke & Co., New York, Chicago, and San Francisco; price, $1.00.

Maurice Thompson has written the history of Louisiana for the third volume of the Story of the States Series, and has made of it a volume of unusual interest. The varying fortunes of the State, as a colony of France and of Spain, as the Mecca of Northern adventurers, and in the War of Secession, are full of romance, and these Mr. Thompson has utilized to the utmost. His chapters on the Creoles are especially notable. The book is fully illustrated. Published by D. Lothrop Company, Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.50.

"The Household History of the United States and Its People," by Edward Eggleston, is a somewhat enlarged edition of his excellent school history which we noticed some weeks ago. It is a book for the young—including all those who have not yet made themselves familiar with the principal features of their country's history—clearly and explicitly written, with interesting anecdotes and curious and picturesque details added to lend a greater human interest to the narrative. The book is copiously illustrated, especially with marginal vignette portraits. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers.

"When a Man's Single," by J. M. Barrie, is a tale of literary life in London. We first see the hero as a Scotch saw-miller, whose ambition leads him to reading and so rising above his crassly ignorant fellow-townsmen. He becomes a reporter on a provincial paper, and love then carries him to London. There are many amusing pictures of the journalistic back's life in the great city, of his leaderettes and stories, his subjects and his bills, his Bohemianism and his struggles on the road to success; the amusing chapter on the Wigwam presumably sketches a meeting of the famous Savage Club. For young readers of the gentler sex there is a love-story, in which the incidents are most naturally perverse to the very last; and for still other readers there are not a few epigrammatic and cleverly turned phrases. Published in the Franklin Square Library by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 35 cents.

When Julian Hawthorne gets that recipe for making a popular novel, for which he is now offering a fabulous reward, he may be sure it will contain no instructions to begin with two chapters of misty metaphysics. This is how he opens "The Professor's Sister," his latest novel—or novelette, for it is only a short story strung out—and it is not inviting to the novel-reader, despite its setting of German student life. The story grows in interest, however; presently a man sees in a camera obscura the professor's handsome and passionate young step-mother try to murder the professor's sister by rolling a bowlder down upon her as she stands on the brink of a precipice, and sees the sister saved by the warning gesture of the professor's astral form, though the professor is miles away at the time. The step-mother's motive is jealousy, which eventually leads her to murder the sister by instilling little understood and indestructible disease germs into her system. The professor, however, mesmerizes her, keeps her for two years in an oaken chest, and revives her in time to marry her to the cause of the step-mother's jealousy. The metaphysics and the mystic mechanism by which all this is made to seem possible are cleverly handled, and Mr. Hawthorne increases the vraisemblance by killing off the newly wedded pair, apparently under the constraint of an incorruptible allegiance to the inevitable outcome of characters and circumstances. The story is curious and entertaining, but it is palpably the hack-work of the cleverest hack-writer American letters can boast. Published and for sale by Belford, Clarke & Co., New York, Chicago, and San Francisco; price: paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1.00.

Some Magazines.

The complete novel in the February *Lippincott's* is "A Transaction in Hearts," by Edgar Saltus. The other contents are "The Days When I Went Journaling," by an ex-editor; "Nathaniel Hawthorne," by R. H. Stoddard; "My Experience as a Government Clerk," by Frances E. Wadleigh; the fifth day in John Habberton's "Six Days in the Life of an Ex-Teacher"; "Missionary Joe," in Judge Tourgee's With Gauge and Swallow Stories; verses by Homer Greene, Helen Gray Cone, Mary Bradley, and M. P.; and the departments.

St. Nicholas for February is opened by Joaquin Miller with a poem, "The Gold that Grew by Shasta Town." Noah Brooks writes of "The White Pasha"; Arthur L. Shumway of "Seeing the Real Mikado"; John R. Coryell of "Lassoing a Sea-Lion"; John H. Gibbons, U. S. N., of "A Modern Middy"; Frederick Starr of "A Rose in a Queer Place"; and Edmund Alton his fourth paper on "The Routine of the Republic." Mrs. Catherwood continues her story, and there are verses by Arlo Bates, Tudor Jenks, Lisbeth B. Comins, Eudora S. Bumstead, Helen Gray Cone, Emilie Poulsson, and Jessie McDermott.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The lady who writes under the pseudonym of "Ouida" was recently present, it is said, at a party at which Mme. Patti was singing. Just as the prima donna had commenced, Ouida turned to her hostess and made a remark. "Hush," said the lady of the house, "Patti is singing." "Yes, and I am speaking," replied Ouida.

Napier's famous dispatch from India announced his victory in one word, "Peccavi"—which is, by interpretation, "I have Scinde." Very much of the same kind was General de Bourmount's message to the French War Minister in 1830, when the Dey of Algiers escaped him after being taken. "Perdidi" Diem—"I have lost a Dey." It is said that Drake, when the ships of the Armada turned their sails, sent to Elizabeth the word "Cantharides"—that is, "The Spanish fly." This last is probably a fable.

A case of mistaken identity recently caused great amusement in a Western court. A colored prisoner, about sixteen years old, appeared before the judge, charged with stealing a pie. "Take off your cap," said the judge. "What for?" asked the prisoner, without obeying. "What for? You are in court. Take off your hat." "I jess don't have to," replied the prisoner, calmly. Whereupon the judge, turning to the father of the prisoner, asked angrily, "Is that your son?" "No," replied the man, with an appreciative grin; "I guess she aint nobody's son."

When Dr. Keats was head-master at Eaton, the boys of a certain class were told to write a theme on the Latin maxim, *Temere nil facias*. When the time came for handing in the papers, one boy named Rashleigh appeared without his. "Where is your theme, sir?" asked the doctor. "I haven't done it, sir." "Not done your theme, sir?" "No, sir," persisted the youth, apparently quite undismayed at the prospect of apple-twigs; "why, sir, you told me not to do it!" "I told you?" "Yes, sir; "you said, '*Temere nil facias*—do nothing, Rashleigh' (rashly)." The head-master was so delighted with the pun that he smiled on the joker and said no more.

One day at Windsor the Duke of Wellington spoke of Massena's invasion of Portugal, and his surprise at discovering the natural strength of the country about Torres Vedras. The duke explained that the marshal's Spanish advisers had, either through incompetence or treachery, failed to provide him with the requisite topographical data. So when Massena came before our lines and was stopped by them, he reproached these gentlemen with having deceived him. They retorted that it was the marshal's business and not theirs to have received information of the works which Lord Wellington had lately constructed. "The devil!" answered Massena, "he did not construct these mountains."

A lieutenant-colonel of engineers, while stationed at a Western city, was engaged upon some harbor improvements at a lake port some distance from his station, and needed lime. He went to several dealers at the small port, and was offered lime at a price double its worth. Upon his saying that they were asking too much, they replied: "Ah, but the government can afford to pay high prices. The money does not come out of your pocket." The officer immediately sent to his station for lime, and got it at its market price. The dealers who had tried to make a bargain with him were rendered very angry by this, but they were still more so when, upon his offering to them at cost price the lime left over and they refused to buy, he sold it by the barrel at cost price to their own customers.

Here is a story which is vouched for by a well-known Conservative member of Parliament. Mr. Gladstone walked down to the House of Commons one afternoon, enveloped, after his wont, in a thick dark cloak. Behind him, at a distance of a few yards, walked the Conservative member in question. When near St. Stephen's, the Conservative member observed that a man who was on the pavement stepped forward and said something in the ear of the Liberal leader. Mr. Gladstone threw his head in the air and walked on, while the man looked after him with a satisfied expression. The Conservative member's curiosity was awakened, and he went up to the man. "What did you say to Mr. Gladstone?" he asked, "Oh," was the reply, "I only told him he was a d——d old scoundrel."

An old duchess, on one occasion, requested Dr. Abernethy to pay a professional visit at her house. The doctor went as requested, and was introduced into the drawing-room, where the duchess, with tears in her eyes, showed him an ugly little monkey, apparently in great agony, lying on elegant cushions, and almost buried in lovely laces. The doctor felt thoroughly disgusted at being called upon to act as a monkey's doctor. He felt the monkey's pulse in silence, examined it with attention, and soon recognized the nature of its illness; then, perceiving the lady's grandson in a corner of the drawing-room, rolling about on the carpet, he advanced toward the child, examined him also, felt his pulse, and, returning to the duchess, said to her, in a grave manner: "Madam, *your two sons* are suffering from indigestion. By drinking tea and living on a plain diet they will soon recover." And, bowing profoundly to the stupefied duchess, the doctor retired, avenged.

Mr. Jones had joined a French class, and was telling his wife how well he was getting along. "I am afraid," she said, "that it is nothing but a 'spasm.' I've known people before who would tackle a foreign language, expecting to know all about it in a month, and by the time they could translate 'The son of the baker has the loaf of bread of the daughter of the gardener,' or some such rank nonsense as that, and had bought a few dollars' worth of foreign books, their enthusiasm would die away like the morning mist." "But that's not the case with me," replied Mr. Jones, confidently; "I am progressing splendidly. Professor Crapaud says that in a short time I ought to begin to think in French, and when one can accomplish that, progress is always rapid." "Well," said Mrs. Jones, with a sigh, "I don't want to interpose any objection, of course, and if you can learn to think in French I shall be glad of it. It's something you have never been able to do in English."

Rank in England dominates even the servants' ball. In the "high life below stairs," a duke's footman is sometimes addressed as "your grace." A duke's valet is obsequious to his master, but supercilious to the servants of noblemen of inferior rank, and, when they dare to be so, to the noblemen themselves. An amusing illustration of this happened at the British Embassy, in Constantinople, at the beginning of the Crimean War. The Duke of Cambridge, who is a cousin of the queen, was expected at the embassy, and his valet, having arrived early in the morning, was busy in getting his royal highness's rooms in order. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, the ambassador, who had a habit of personally seeing everything done, visited the duke's rooms attired in dressing-gown and slippers. The chamber floor was strewn with articles of baggage, and he undertook to instruct the valet as to the best method of arranging them. "I'll tell you what it is," said the man, staring at the ambassador, "I know how his royal highness likes to have his things arranged better than you do, so just you shut up and be off, will you, old fellow?" Lord Stratford, whose temper was as explosive as gunpowder, left the room in great anger, and sent an attaché to tell the valet who it was that he had addressed in such insolent language. The messenger seemed amused when he returned. "Well, what did you say to him?" asked the ambassador. "I said to him, my lord, that the person to whom he addressed such language was her majesty's representative in Turkey." "Quite right. And what was his answer?" "He answered, my lord, that he 'never said you wasn't.'" The reply so amused Lord Stratford that his anger vanished in a hearty laugh.

SOCIETY.

The Hopkins Matinée Tea.

Mrs. E. W. Hopkins gave her first large entertainment in her new and beautiful residence, on the corner of California and Laguna Streets, on Saturday afternoon, January 19th. It was a high tea, to which nearly six hundred of her friends were invited, and the preparations were of an elaborate character. The hours of the reception were from four until seven o'clock, and a stream of arriving and departing visitors filed in and out of the residence during that time. Every apartment was illuminated with gaslight, and each of them bore evidence of artistic decoration. The hallway was touched here and there with greens and blossoms daintily displayed against the oaken wood-work. In the main parlor ferns and flowers were so disposed as to heighten the effect of the usual pleasant surroundings. In the bay-window in the corner, under a rural bower of mountain ferns, climbing vines, and festooned roses, the amiable hostess, attired in a rich and becoming costume, received her many guests. In this somewhat arduous, yet pleasant, task she was assisted ably by Miss Hopkins, Miss Scott, Miss Fitch, and Miss Dutton. The drawing-room adjoining had also been beautified by charming arrangements of fragrant bloom and emerald-hued foliage. Next to this was the dining-room, where a buffet was spread with tempting delicacies. This room was embellished with clusters and wreaths of oranges and their foliage, the golden and green hues of which were varied with by the softer tints of lemons that combined with them in completing the pretty decoration. Music was provided by Ballenberg and his assistants. A few of the younger guests, who remained during the evening, enjoyed several dances.

The Parrott Reception.

Mrs. A. M. Parrott entertained a few friends informally last Thursday evening at her new home on Sutter Street. It was the first reception she has given there, and, although no elaborate preparations were made for it, it was very enjoyable. Aside from the rich and attractive furnishings of the parlors there was but little attempt in the way of decorating, and this was confined to festoons of smilax and clusters of acacia which were tastefully arranged. Noah Brandt's orchestra provided musical selections during the evening and a number of dances were enjoyed. A pleasant feature of the affair was the supper which was elaborate.

A Dinner to General Miles.

General John T. Cutting and his staff of the Second Brigade, N. G. C., gave a complimentary dinner to General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., at the Bohemian Club, on Saturday evening, January 19th. The decorations were elaborate and of military character and the repast was sumptuous. During its progress appropriate music was discoursed by Brandt's orchestra.

Among the officers present of the Brigade staff were: General John T. Cutting, Lieutenant-Colonel McAllister, Major Koster, Major A. D. Cutler, Major Frank McLennan, Major Chester Cutter, Major James D. Phelan, Major J. N. E. Wilson, Major R. P. Hammond, Jr., Major Denicke, Major Cluff, Major Sheldon I. Kellogg, Captain Stanley, and Captain Edwards. The guests were: General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., Lieutenant J. A. Dapray, U. S. A., Lieutenant Gatewood, U. S. A., Major-General W. H. Dimond, N. G. C., and Hon. George T. Bromley.

The Low Dinner-Party.

Miss Flora Low gave a charming dinner-party last Thursday evening at her residence on Gough Street, covers being laid for twelve at a beautifully appointed table. The rich service of silver and crystal surrounded a centrepiece of Perle du Jardin roses mingled with acacia and handsomely variegated coleus leaves. The menu was bounteous and the repast was made the occasion of much enjoyment.

Those present were: Miss Flora Low, Mrs. J. Henley Smith, Mr. and Mrs. George M. Pinckard, Mrs. R. C. Hooker, Miss Daisy Casserly, Miss Mary Eyre, Mr. Henry Redington, Mr Casserly, Mr. Marvin, Mr. Hudson Heaven, and Mr. F. F. Low.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. George S. Ladd went East last Monday on the vestibule train, and, after passing three months in New York and Washington, D. C., will go to Europe.

Miss Margaret Jones, of San José, is in the city on a visit to Miss Mattie Gibbs.

Captain and Mrs. N. T. Smith and Major B. C. Truman are at the Hotel del Coronado near San Diego.

Miss Virginia Bonynge, formerly of this city, is the guest of H. R. H. Princess Christian at Windsor.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sonntag are located at the Palace Hotel for the remainder of the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Williams, of this city, and Miss Cooke, of Chicago, have returned from an enjoyable visit to Santa Barbara.

Mr. James V. Coleman is passing the winter in New York city.

Miss Marie Voorhies has returned from a pleasant visit to Miss Carrie Campbell in Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. John P. Young, who are making an Eastern trip, are in New York city.

Hon. and Mrs. Lansing B. Mizner have gone to Washington, D. C., and will be away about two months.

Mr. and Mrs. William M. Lent are expected here next month, after a long residence in New York city.

Miss Mollie Hutchinson, of Oakland, has gone to Santa Barbara, to visit friends for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. D. A. McKinley and Miss McKinley have returned to the Palace Hotel, and will receive on Mondays.

Mr. Harry Hall and Mr. Clinton E. Worden went East a week ago.

Miss Maud Nickerson has gone to Germany to join her mother, Mrs. A. A. Nickerson.

Mrs. O. W. Childs and the Misses Childs arrived here from Los Angeles last Monday, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Walter E. Dean has arrived in New York city.

Miss Jennie Sanderson will pass the winter in New York and Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Moses Hopkins, and Miss Lockwood have been passing the week at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Florence Reed, of this city, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Paran Stevens, in New York city.

Mr. W. E. Sharon, of Virginia, Nev., is at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Irving M. Scott is now in New York city and expects to return here soon.

Judge and Mrs. F. E. Spencer and Miss Grace M. Spencer, of San José, will come to the city next Tuesday.

Mrs. Fred W. Sharon returned to New York last Monday.

Hon. and Mrs. B. D. Murphy and Miss Mary Murphy, of San José, will arrive here on Tuesday to attend the cotillion of the German Club.

Mr. Irving Dearboro returned from China on Thursday.

Notes and Gossip.

The members of the Bachelors' Cotillion Club will give a german next Friday evening at B'nai B'rith Hall. Mr. Edward M. Greenway will once more assume the rôle of leader, and has some attractive figures in preparation.

Baron and Baroness von Schroeder have issued a large number of invitations for a grand ball which they will give at Odd Fellows' Hall on Tuesday evening, February 5th.

The German Club will hold its next cotillion at Union Square Hall next Tuesday evening. It promises to be the most brilliant affair the club has ever given. The leaders will be Lieutenant Elmer W. Hubbard, U. S. A., Dr. Millard H. Crawford, U. S. N., and Mr. Chauncy M. St. John. Carriages may be ordered for one o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Williams will give a large reception at their residence, 1925 Octavia Street, on Thursday evening, February 7th.

Mrs. Alexander J. Perry received a large number of her friends at the Presidio last Saturday afternoon, when she gave a tea. Her guests were very pleasantly entertained.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Mullins entertained a number of friends on Friday evening at their residence, 1809 Gough Street. Dancing and music made the hours very pleasant, and a delicious collation was served before midnight.

Arrangements for the Mardi Gras masquerade, to be given by the Art Association, are progressing well and everything points to its success, artistically, financially, and socially. It has been decided to hold it at the Grand Opera House on Tuesday evening, March 5th. Even at this early date quite a number of ladies are arranging about their costumes, and it is evident that the display of toilets this year will be unusually elegant.

Miss Maude Badlam gave a delightful dancing-party on Friday evening at her residence, 1024 Franklin Street, which was enjoyed by quite a number of her young friends.

Army and Navy.

Mrs. Nelson A. Miles, who was accompanied East by Lieutenant William H. Bean, U. S. A., has arrived safely in New York.

Lieutenant Charles B. Gatewood, U. S. A., aide-de-camp to General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., has gone to Fort Verde and San Carlos, A. T., on official business.

MUSICAL NOTES

Brandt String Quartet.

The first afternoon concert given by the Hermann Brandt String Quartet was held at Irving Hall last Thursday. A music-loving audience was present, and was well entertained by the annexed programme:

Quartet, B flat major, op. 18, No 6. .....Beethoven
I. Allegro con brio. *II.* Adagio ma non troppo.
III. Scherzo. *IV.* La malinconia (Adagio)
Allegretto quasi Allegro.
Messrs. H. Brandt, L. N. Ritzau, Henry Siering and Louis Heine.
Rhapsodie No. 12..... Liszt
Miss Estelle Hanchette.
Theme et Variations (Quartet).....Schubert
"Der Tod und das Mädchen."
(a) Etude D minor.....Chopin
(b) Bourree..... Silas
Miss Estelle Hanchette
Quartet.....Haydn
I. Allegro. *II.* Andante quasi Allegretto. *III.* Menuetto. *IV.* Vivace assai.

The second afternoon concert will occur on Thursday, February 7th.

Rosewald Orchestral Matinée.

The first orchestral matinée of the second series, under the direction of Mr. J. H. Rosewald, was given at Irving Hall on Friday, and attracted a large and appreciative audience. The selections throughout were excellent and their execution afforded a couple of hours of pleasure to the auditors. The programme was as follows:

Reiter March.....Schubert
(Orchestrated by Franz Liszt.)
Introduction 2d act Tannhauser..... Wagner
Aria of Elizabeth.....
Miss Cecelia Adler.
Concert Overture.....Kuecken
(This composition is descriptive of "Sunrise," "Preparation for the Chase," "Huntsman's Song," and "Merry Return from the Chase.")
(a) The Violet.....Mozart
(b) Springtide.....Reinhold-Becker
Miss Cecelia Adler.
Song of the Naiads.....Thadewaldt
String Orchestra.
Suite Algerienne.....Saint-Saëns
(a) Prelude, *(c)* Reverie du Soir,
(b) Rhapsodie Mauresque, *(d)* Marche Militaire
The second matinée will occur on Friday, February 8th.

The De La Mothe Musicale.

Mme. de la Mothe gave an interesting musicale last Tuesday afternoon at Spencer Hall, 723 Market Street. She had the assistance of Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt, pianist, and Signor Rehagliati, violinist, in presenting the following excellent programme:

Piano Solo { *(a)* Romance.....Mansfeldt
(b) Dance.....Payne
Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt.
Vocal Solo, "Ave Maria".....Gounod
With violin, organ, and piano.
Mme de la Mothe.
Violin Solo.....Selected
Signor Rebagliati.
Guitar and Mandolin, "Maritana".....Wallace
Misses Theresa and Lily Sherwood.
Piano Solo, "Hungarian Rhapsodie".....Liszt
Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt.
Vocal Solo, "Air de Pygmalion" (Galathée).....Masse
Mme. de la Mothe.
Violin Solo.....Selected
Signor Rebagliati.

The Mauzy Musical Club.

Quite a large audience was assembled last Thursday evening in Byron Mauzy's warerooms to listen to the fourth concert of the third series given by the Byron Mauzy Musical Club. An attractive programme was presented comprising the following selections:

Overture, "La Souveraine".....Herman
Orchestra.
Professor H. R. Austin, Conductor.
Piano Solo, "Valse de Bravoura".....Beringer
Miss Elene Austin.
Aria, "Sul Campo d'onore".....Donizetti
Mrs. Eunice Westwater.
Oboe Solo, "Air Varié".....L. Canivez
Professor H. R. Austin.
Violin Solo, "Masaniello".....De Beriot
Miss Madeline Beckhuson.
Song, "If thou didst love me".....Denza
Professor J. Wesley Wilkins.
Zither Solo, "Charms of Love," fantasia de concert, Composed and performed by Professor Josef Gschwandner.
Finale.....Orchestra

The first subscription concert to be given by Mme. Louise Pyk will occur at Irving Hall on Friday evening, February 8th. Among those who will assist her are: Miss Mary E. Barnard, Miss Alice Bacon, Miss Ada E. Weigel, Mr. J. H. Rosewald, Mr. Alfred Wilkie, and Mr. N. B. Pteton.

A special musicale will be given next Tuesday evening at Byron Mauzy's warerooms by the members of the Vocal Conservatory.

The San Francisco Quartet will give its first matinée next Tuesday. A good programme has been arranged.

Two fine portraits by Fred Yates will be on exhibition next week at Morris's. The portraits are of Major and Mrs. Camp, and are very striking pieces of work.

Some people who have little faith in Mary Anderson's ability as a writer hold that the snobbish essay which appears in the *North American Review* over her signature bears the ear-marks of a New York newspaper writer who devotes much of his time to the service of Mary—that the article, in fact, is a sort of modern "Winter's Tale."—*New York World.*

Mme. Marie Geistinger, the famous German actress, well known in this country, is reported dying in Klagenfurt, Switzerland, from the result of an operation for cancer of the eyelid.

— STEELE'S Palace Drug Store, 635 Market St.

A Sore Throat or Cough, if suffered to progress, often results in an incurable throat or lung trouble. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" give instant relief.

MAGAZINE VERSE.

The Gold that Grew by Shasta Town.

From Shasta town to Redding town
The ground is torn by miners, dead;
The manzanzita, rank and red,
Drops dusty berries up and down
Their grass-grown trails. Their silent mines
Are wrapped in chapparal and vines;
Yet one gray miner still sits down
'Twixt Redding and sweet Shasta town.

The quail pipes pleasantly. The hare
Leaps careless o'er the golden oat
That grows below the water moat;
The lizard basks in sunlight there.
The brown hawk swims the perfumed air
Unfrightened through the livelong day:
And now and then a curious bear
Comes shuffling down the ditch by night.
And leaves some wide, long tracks in clay
So human-like, so stealthy light,
Where one lone cabin still stoops down
'Twixt Redding and sweet Shasta town.

That great grave-yard of hopes! of men
Who sought for hidden veins of gold;
Of young men suddenly grown old—
Of old men dead, despairing when
The gold was just within their hold!
The storied land, wherein the light
Of other days gleams faintly still;
Some-like the halo of a hill
That lifts above the falling night;

The warm, red, rich, and human land,
That flesh-red soil, that warm red sand,
Where one gray miner still sits down!
'Twixt Redding and sweet Shasta town!

"I know the vein is here!" he said;
For twenty years, for thirty years!
While far away fell tears on tears
From wife and babe who mourned him dead.

"Oh gold! oh gold! And he grew old
And crept to toil with bended head,
Amid a grave-yard of his dead,
Still seeking for that vein of gold.

Then lo, came laughing down the years
A sweet grandchild! Between his tears
He laughed. He set her by the door
The while he toiled his day's toil o'er,
He held her chubby cheeks between
His hard palms, laughed; and laughing cried.
You should have seen, have heard and seen
His boyish joy, his stout old pride,
When toil was done and he sat down
At night, below sweet Shasta town!

At last his strength was gone. "No more!
I mine no more. I plant me now
A vine and fig-tree; woro and old,
I seek no more my vein of gold.
But, oh, I sigh to give it o'er;
These thirty years of toil! somehow
It seems so hard; but now, no more."
And so the old man set him down
To plant, by pleasant Shasta town.

And it was pleasant: piped the quail
The full year through The chipmunk stole,
His whiskered nose and tossy tail
Full buried in the sugar-bowl.

And purple grapes and grapes of gold
Swung sweet as milk. White orange-trees
Grew brown with laden honey-bees.
Oh! it was pleasant up and down
That vine-set hill of Shasta town!

* * * * * *

And then that cloud-burst came! Ah, me!
That tore ditch there! The mellow land
Rolled seaward like a rope of sand,
Nor left one leafy vine or tree
Of all that Eden nestling down
Below that moat by Shasta town!

* * * * * *

The old man sat his cabin's sill,
His gray head bowed upon his knee.
The child went forth, sang pleasantly,
Where burst the ditch the day before,
And picked some pebbles from the hill.
The old man moaned, moaned n'er and o'er:
"My babe is dowerless, and I
Must fold my helpless hands and die!
Ah, me! what curse comes ever down
On me and mine at Shasta town!"

"Good grandpa, see!" the glad child said,
And so leaned softly to his side—
Laid her gold head to his gray head,
And merry-voiced and cheery cried:
"Good grandpa, do not weep, but see!
I've found a peck of orange seeds!
I searched the hill for vine or tree;
Not one!—not even oats or weeds;
But, oh, such heaps of orange seeds!

"Come, good grandpa! Now, once you said
That God is good So this may teach
That we must plant each seed, and each
May grow to be an orange-tree.
Now, good grandpa, please raise your head.
And please come plant the seeds with me."

And prattling thus, or like to this,
The child thrust her full hands in his.

He sprang, sprang upright as of old.
"'Tis gold! 'tis gold! my bidden vein!
'Tis gold for you, sweet babe, 'tis gold!
Yea, God is good; we plant again!"

So one old miner still sits down
By pleasant, sunlit Shasta town.

—*Joaquin Miller in February St. Nicholas.*

A Jacobite's Farewell, 1715.

There's nae mair lands to tyne, my dear,
And nae mair lives to gie;
Though a man think sair to live nae mair,
There's hut one day to die.

For a'things come and a'days gane,
What needs ye rend your hair?
But kiss me till the moro's morrow,
Then I'll kiss ye nae mair.

O lands are lost and life's losing,
And what were they to gie?
Fu' mony a man gives all be can,
But nae man else gives ye.

Our king wins ower the sea's water,
And I in prison sair:
But I'll win out the moro's morrow,
And ye'll see me nae mair.

—*Algernon C. Swinburne in February Magazine of Art.*

DXXI—Bill of Fare for six persons—Sunday, January 27, 1889.

Tomato and Okra Soup.
Boiled Salmon, Egg Sauce.
Beef-steak and Mushrooms. Fried Potatoes.
Green Peas. Young Beets.
Roast Turkey, Cranberry Sauce.
Lettuce.
Lemon Pudding.
Fruits in Season.

LEMON PUDDING.—Twelve ounces of bread-crumbs, six ounces of finely chopped beef-suet, four ounces of flour, four ounces of sugar, the grated peel and juice of two lemons, four eggs; mix all together, and then add milk enough to make a thick batter. Boil in a buttered mold three and one-half hours. Sift sugar over it when it is done. Serve with lemon or wine sauce.

Society Assumes the Lead.

The continued efforts to establish a name for certain brands of champagnes which have outlived original merit, and obtain for them a foot-hold similar to that which Pommery Sec enjoys among all lovers of a good and incomparable wine, reminds one vividly of the antique coquettish damsel who cannot grow old gracefully. These spasmodic attempts are like puny shadows passing before the sun, through which the reputation of Pommery Sec shines all the brighter and its hold upon the esteem of the aristocratic and refined grows stronger and more enduring than ever. As an example of this, in 1888 over sixty thousand cases of Pommery Sec were imported to the United States. Pommery Sec is the wine of princes and the prince of wines, and the high place it has steadily won among the refined and epicurean of this country is a good sign of the progress made in the discrimination of the best things in life. The verdict of the Prince of Wales and the wine-drinkers of Europe has received the amplest confirmation from the aristocracy of this country.

— THE CREAM OF MONTEREY COUNTY WILL BE sold at the Buena Vista Rancho sale on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday of the coming week. The land is as fine as any in the State, and Messrs. Fergusson & Butler have shown much business tact and energy in arranging this sale. Their advertisement will be found in another column.

— THE WILLARD KINDERGARTEN IS NOW LOcated at 1503 Turk Street, corner of Steiner. Visitors are welcomed during school hours from 9 till 2. Miss H. Gereau is the teacher. The school is doing much good, but its finances are limited.

Finest oysters in all styles, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

THIS WEEK

— WE HAVE RECEIVED —

"TRANSACTIONS IN HEARTS,"

By EDGAR SALTUS.

Price 25 cents.

NEXT WEEK

"HERMIA SUYDAM,"

A ROMANCE,

By MRS. ATHERTON.

Price 50 cents.

The above-mentioned books sent post free to any address on receipt of price. We expect a large demand for these books and suggest that orders be filed with us at once and thus secure the books before the first editions are exhausted.

PIERSON & ROBERTSON,

BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS,

NO. 126 POST STREET,

Bet. Grant Ave. and Kearny St., San Francisco.

(Opposite Irving Hall.)

"WHITE SEAL"
THE ROYAL COURT WINE
MOËT & CHANDON
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SOLE PACIFIC COAST AGENTS
SHERWOOD AND SHERWOOD
212-214 MARKET ST
SAN FRANCISCO.

THE BANCROFT COMPANY,

History Building, San Francisco.

PACIFIC COAST AGENTS FOR
HENRY F. MILLER & SONS' PIANOS.
The first choice of the great artists.

During the fourth act of "As You Like It," at a Philadelphia theatre, last week, a very pretty and quiet scene was passing on the stage, which was occupied by Miss Marlow, Mr. Tabor, and Miss Shaw. Suddenly a frightful sound caused Miss Marlow to start visibly, and diverted the gaze of the audience to the musicians. The French horn had broken forth into one deep, long "ter-ra-rum!" The question as to what was the matter with the French-horn man became of paramount interest. There were various whispered speculations, mainly to the effect that he had fallen asleep with his mouth to the instrument and had been dreaming. The fact was that the sound of a horn should have come from the distant shades of the Forest of Arden at that moment, but the man had neglected to go behind the scenes, and his strong sense of duty would not allow that fact to interfere with the performance of his office.

300 COLONY TRACTS

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BUENA VISTA.

THE CREAM OF MONTEREY COUNTY,

— ON —

TUESDAY, January 29th, WEDNESDAY, January 30th, THURSDAY, January 31st,

7,725 ACRES

— OF THE RICHEST —

AGRICULTURAL LANDS

IN CALIFORNIA,

In tracts of from Five to Two Hundred Acres.

Only three miles from Salinas, the county seat; 3½ hours by rail from San Francisco, and 15 miles from the ocean, Del Monte, and Pacific Grove.

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One-third cash; balance in three equal payments, due in two, three, and four years, with interest at 7½ per cent. per annum, less the mortgage tax, making the

INTEREST LESS THAN 6 PER CENT.

A DEPOSIT of TEN per cent. will be required on fall of the hammer.

TITLE PERFECT! TITLE PERFECT!

GRAND EXCURSION

— FROM —

SAN FRANCISCO

— TO THE —

BUENA VISTA RANCHO

Train leaves the depot, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets.

Tuesday, January 29th, at 8 A. M.

ROUND-TRIP TICKETS. | **$2.50** | ROUND-TRIP TICKETS.

Returning, tickets good on all regular trains to and including February 2d.

Correspondingly low rates from all intermediate points. For rates and time-cards see circulars and all local papers.

Tickets for sale at all S. P. offices and depots.

— BY —

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Real Estate Agents and Auctioneers,

314 California Street, San Francisco,

— AND BY —

GASKILL & VANDERCOOK,

458 Ninth Street, Oakland.

LOVERS' PERJURIES.

A Lock without a Key.

Was it Mary,
Little fairy,
Gave this lock of golden hair,
The day we parted over there?
Or was it Nell?
I can not tell.

Stay! 'Twas Jessie's
Auburn tresses
(Darling) now I closer look,
Kept within my pocket-book—
No—'Twas Flo's?
Heaven knows!

Why! what folly!
It was Polly
Cut them off her pretty head.
No. It wasn't. Polly's red.
—I'm insane:
It was Jane.

Am I crazy?
Who but Daisy?
Now it comes before me clear.
She was blonde as wheat, the dear—
My poor pate!
It was Kate!

Lord! 'Twas Sue!
If she knew
I had doubts—but her's were *brown!*
On what cranium were they grown?
Little Pet!
I forget. —*Anon.*

Convinced.

"Now, tell me, dearest, truth for truth—
I sometimes fear you may have known
In boyhood, or your earliest youth,
Another girl you called your own.

"Forgive me if I seem to lapse
From perfect faith—that is not it!
I only wonder if, perhaps,
You ever loved, a little bit!"

He thought of Kate, whose brilliant mind
Once gave to life its keenest zest;
He thought of Maud, whose hair had lined
The left-side pocket of his vest.

He thought of Lillie, Nell, and Sue,
Of gentle May and saucy Nan,
And then he did as lovers do,
And proved himself a truthful man.

With injured air and mournful eye
He sadly turned away his head,
"If you can think"—she heard him sigh,
"Oh! no—no—no! I don't!" she said.
—*Madeline S. Bridges.*

My Pictures.

They dwell on the broadest of mantels,
Save hers—in an ivory shrine,
Which warrants that each of the others
Is merely a fancy of mine.

In the creamiest velvet is Fanny
(A coquettish poise to her head),
Flanked closely by Dolly and Helen—
"Such angels," I almost had said.

Marguerite wears an air of dejection,
Yet forces a smile from her niche;
Doubtless due to the fact that Louisa
Is fresh from the altar—and rich.

Poor Hortense is that girl with the jewel
Surmounting the Pompadour hair;
She's the one that I kissed by the newel
That lighted the Berryton's stair.

And Lily—the fairest of women!—
Is watching me now as I write;
She declares I'm too old for this nonsense,
And *must* hid my pictures "good night."
—*De Witt Sterry.*

Ballad of Early Loves.

First was my nurse-maid, little Kate,
Kate with the yellow patch of hair;
I was in pinafores—age just eight—
When I wooed her in Union Square;
When she jilted me—what despair!
Vowed that the favored one I'd slay,
The plumber she kissed on the kitchen stair;
Griefs of the past are joys to-day.

Then comes the saddest to relate:
Twenty I was, and debonnair,
When I encountered my second fate;
A coryphee in the footlight's glare
Took all the heart I had to spare;
Though with a "super" she skipped away,
Now I'm glad of it, I declare;
Griefs of the past are joys to-day.

Twenty-two, and I grieve to state,
Still a-hungry for love's poor fare,
A widow I wooed with heart elate;
Ah, a narrow escape was there!
But a husband or two, I swear,
Bobbed up serenely by the way,
So I managed to miss the snare;
Griefs of the past are joys to-day.

ENVOY.

Lastly, after all wear and tear
Of my heart, I am glad to say,
Still you will find it in good repair;
Griefs of the past are joys to-day.
—*E. de Lancey Pierson.*

Ballade of Lost Loves.

What has become of them all? you ask,
Fan and Florry and Jane and Gill,
Mary and Madge. Beshrew the task,
If questioned nothing, my lies are *nil.*
They were, they are not—what will you? Still,
If you'll solve *me* a problem of yesterday
I'll read your riddle with hearty will:
Say, what becomes of the pins, I pray?

Francis Villon, full as a cask,
Seams too soaked for a drop to spill,
Under his old-world, cut-purse mask,
Sang this music to words that thrill.
Where is Flora? the rogue would trill,
In querulous note and a hang-dog way;
But could he, master of quip and quill,
Say what becomes of the pins, I pray?

This year's lambs in the pasture bask,
This year's mutton is good to grill;
Whitsun's pullets were eggs at Pasch,
Michaelmas chickens the cook will kill.
So love's dead doings make food to fill
With tid-bit thinking a wise gourmet.
Can you count your dinners? For further skill,
Say, what becomes of the pins, I pray?

L'ENVOI.

Friends, regret is an unmixed ill,
A devil's worry one's wits to fray.
A figuring fever my screed will chill—
Say, what becomes of the pins, I pray?
—*A. E. Watrous.*

THE THOMPSON STREET POKER CLUB.

By Henry Guy Carleton.

The first lecture of the scientific series announced to be given this winter under the auspices of the Thompson Street Poker Club, was delivered at the club's rooms last Saturday evening by the chairman, Rev. Mr. Thankful Smith, who announced as his subject, "De Bankah."

There were present Messrs. Cyanide Whiffles, Gus Johnson, and Tooter Williams, Professor Brick and Elder Jubilee Anderson; and besides these regular members five highly esteemed citizens of Hoboken, whom Mr. Williams, at the low rate of fifty cents apiece, had consented to steer against the lecture and the subsequent game.

The minutes of the last meeting were read by the secretary and approved.

The resolution introduced by Professor Brick that members who may hereafter offer to blow in opulent relatives at the regular game shall deposit twenty-five dollars with the treasurer, to partially cover losses and partially as a guarantee of good faith, was carried after strong opposition by Mr. Tooter Williams, who voted in the negative.

The Rev. Mr. Thankful Smith then resigned the chair to Elder Jubilee Anderson and spoke as follows:

DE BANKAH.

"Gen'lemen membahs 'n guesses ob de Thomps'n Street Pokah Club: Endurin' a speeunce of mo'n thutty yars razzle wif de noble game, playin' 'm bigh 'n skinnin' 'em close, penny anta 'n quartah limmick, er go ez yo' dern please 'n sock her fer all she's wuff—endurin' dis long speeunce, hit am been my sufferin' priv'lidge ter be mos'ly bankah, 'n dey hain't no coon what kin say he didn't git squar' casb fer de beans er de cbips jess aftah de lass roun' ob jackers."

"Dasso," asseverated Elder Jubilee Anderson, with fervor, forgetting that he was acting chairman. He then remembered, and with a rap of the gavel called himself to order.

"De man wot banks on Wall Street," continued the reverend gentleman, "hez got a soft layout, bud de man wot banks in Thomps'n Street hez gotter keep his eye skint. De bankah in pokah hain't got no perkintage—de perkintage am all agin' him."

"*How yo' figger dat?*" inquired Mr. Tooter Williams, with some asperity; "bow yo' figger dat—dat's whad I wanter know?"

"How I figger dat, Tooter?" said the reverend gentleman, sweetly; "tree yars ago dar wuz a game yar 'n I was bankin'. De janitor hed garnisheed de chips. Yo' went out 'n buyed beans—doan' yo' membah dat?"

"No, zah," exclaimed Mr. Williams, with warmth; "doan' membah no sitch thing."

"Yo' buyed de beans, Tooter, 'n I counted out tree hundred 'n thutty-fo' 'n sold 'em, 'n yo' bought two dollahs wuff, fohty beans, 'n played fo' hours, 'n lost all de time, n' den cashed in six dollahs wuff 'n jumped de game, 'n den in de wind-up aftah de lass jacker, I hed mo'n eight hundred beans howlin' fer casb, 'n aftah all my big streak o' luck I fotched up twonny-two dollahs in de hole."

"'N what yo' call dat?" inquired Mr. Williams, in a voice inclining to war.

"Dat, Toot," replied the lecturer, calmly, "dat am de perkintage again' de bankah what makes hisse'f 'sponsible again de man wot's got a numbrellah case full ob beans a dribblin' from he sleeve. I'se got a family, 'n I kaint feed 'em on beans wot cost twonny-two dollahs de haff-pint. Does yo' see de pint, Toot?"

Mr. Williams sniffed contemptuously, but did not vouchsafe a reply.

"Some bankahs gin out fresh chips fer de chips wot draps on de flo'," continued the lecturer; "dat's perlite, bud it doan' pay. Cy Whiffles drapped fo' blues 'n two yallers one night, 'n I guv bim fo' blues 'n two yallers to save him de trouble er browsin' down to pick 'em up, 'n dat perliteness cess me jess s'teen dollars."

"Didn'—didn' yo find dem chips on de kyarpin aftah de game?" queried Mr. Whiffles, who was blushing at the personal turn the lecture had taken.

"Nary a blue 'n nary a yaller, Cy," said the lecturer, sadly but firmly; "but I foun' s'teen dollah's wuff er speeunce. Yo' drapped nine blue 'n six yallers at de next game, didn' yo'?"

"Yezzah," faltered Mr. Whiffles.

"'N yo' didn' git no fresh ones from de bank?"

"Nozah."

The reverend gentleman here slowly closed one eye, and regarded Mr. Whiffles' blushes for several moments, and then resumed:

"Wen I'm bankah, I hain't no Jay Gool, nor I hain't no Vanderbilk, nor I hain't no Kemmikle Bank, 'n wen a player says, 'Gimmy another stake,' er 'pass ovah ten mo' blues,' er 'pud me down fer twonny mo',' er 'I'll owe yer fohty fer two minutes,' I jest gaze bim squar in de eye, 'n my deefness troubles me powerful. I kin be de deefess man dis side er Kallymezoo wen any man wants ter borry. De Wall Street bankah makes he money lendin', bud de same rule 's got lame tryin' de dodge in Thomps'n Street pokah."

"Am de bankah 'sponsible fer all de chips?" queried Mr. Gus Johnson, who was not animated by any particular desire for information on this point, but wished to show that he took an interest in the lecture.

"De bankah am," retorted the Rev. Mr. Smith.

"An' who am 'sponsible fer de bankah?" interrupted Mr. Tooter Williams, who then laughed immoderately at his own joke.

The lecturer fixed a cold and fishy eye upon Mr. Williams.

"Dat's de darkess mistry in nater, Toot," said he, impressively; "'n de lass time yo' banked, five coons went inter mo'nin', 'n dey've been in mo'nin' ever since, tryin' ter find out who was 'sponsible fer yo' bankin'."

"Dat's a lie!" shouted Mr. Williams, aggressively.

"W'en a man banks," continued the reverend gentleman, "'n de players blow in good chicken-feed again' cbips, 'n den de bankah starts in 'n whoops her up, 'n hists de limmick, 'n straggles, 'n plays kilters, 'n fires in all de chips, 'n all de money in jackers, 'n den says, 'jess leave me out one hand w'ile I goes down fer sassengers fer de gang,' 'n den fergits ter come back, 'n is next heerd from sashayin' aroun' in Newark er Weehawken—dat bankah's got ter be cbained up befo' I parse aroun' de aces wif him agin'."

Mr. Williams subsided.

"De bess bankah am de bank. Git a cigyah box, chuck in de wads, kyount out de chips, 'n keep de box up on de top shelf, where no niggah wif a long reach kin fool wif it. Let de bankah buy his chips, 'n no borryin'. Splits only kyount half in de cash up."

"Splits?" queried Professor Brick.

"Yezzah, splits. One night Gus Johnsing dar hed a razzer 'n a ball er bluin', 'n we was playin' wif papah chips, 'n he split 'em 'n blued de raw side, 'n he'd er cashed in mo'n fohty dollahs ef I hadn' drapped. Dat so, Johnsing?"

"Yezzah," said Mr. Johnson, gloomily.

"I drapped, didn' I?"

"Yezzah."

"Let de bank keep hisself," said the reverend gentleman in conclusion; "see dat yo' money is in, 'n yo' naybers' money—specially yo' naybers'. Let no man cash in twell de wind up."

"Why's dat?" inquired Mr. Williams, rising.

"Didn' yo' cash in thutty-fo' dollahs dat night wen yo' said yo' doctah said you had small-pox 'n kuddent stay up later'n one o'clock?"

"Yezzah," said Mr. Williams; "'n I was troubled in me stummick."

"Yo'd been mo' troubled in yo' stummick ef I kud have seen yo' later. Twonny-eight dollahs ob dem chips come from de pondbrokahs aroun' de cornder."

Mr. Williams sat down.

"I'se been thutty-fo' yars bankin'," said the Rev. Mr. Smith, "'n I'se jess got my eye-teeth cut sose I know bettah. I'se quit bankin'. I'se smoked in a powder-house 'n I'se druv a dynamike kyart wif skittish mules in Pennsylvany, but bankin' at pokah is trifilin' wif Providince, Rhode Island. De next lesson'll be on 'De Bline, Straggle, 'n Limmick', by Perfesser Brick, 'n suckahs from Hoboken 'll be admitted free on payment of half a dollah."

The club then went into executive session.—*Once a Week.*

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TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, January 6, 1889, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 3.25, 4.50, 6.10 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 1.30, 5.00, 6.45, P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 1.45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.15, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 3.25, 4.55 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 3.30, 5.00, P. M.
Extra trips on Saturday at 1.45 and 6.25 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 10.00, 11.50 A. M.; 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.45, 10.45 A. M.; 12.45, 4.15, 5.45, P. M.
Extra trips on Saturday at 2.30 and 7.05 P. M.
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

11.00 A. M., Daily (Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Cazadero at 6.45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12.20 P. M.

EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rate.

Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays and Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.00; Tomales, $2.25; Howard's, $3.50; Cazadero, $4.00.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Cazadero daily (except Mondays) for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, and all points on the North Coast.

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From Jan. 15, 1889.	ARRIVE
7.30 A.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	*12.45 P.
7.30 A.	For Sacramento, and for Redding via Davis	7.15 P.
8.00 A.	For Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga and Santa Rosa	6.15 P.
9.00 A.	For Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
8.30 A.	Los Angeles Express, for Fresno, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	11.15 A.
10.30 A.	For Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
*12.00 M.	For Haywards and Niles	*3.45 P.
*1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	**6.00 A.
† 2.00 P.	Golden Gate Special, for Council Bluffs and East	‖ 9.45 P.
3.00 P.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
3.00 P.	Central Atlantic Express, for Ogden and East	11.45 A.
4.00 P.	For Stockton and §Milton; for Vallejo, Calistoga & Santa Rosa	10.15 A.
4.30 P.	For Sacramento, and for Knight's Landing via Davis	9.45 A.
*4.30 P.	For Niles, San José and Livermore	*8.45 A.
5.30 P.	For Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
7.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	7.45 A.
9.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.

SOUTH PACIFIC COAST RAILWAY DIVISION.

‡3.00 A.	For Newark and San José	‡ 7.20 P.
8.15 A.	For Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	5.50 P.
*2.15 P.	For Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 A.
4.15 P.	For Centerville, San José, Almaden, and Los Gatos	9.20 A.

NORTHERN DIVISION (Fourth & Townsend Sts.)

7.50 A.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	2.30 P.
8.30 A.	For San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Templeton (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations	6.38 P.
10.30 A.	For San José, Almaden and Way Stations	5 35 P.
12.01 P.	For Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	4.36 P.
* 3.30 P.	For San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Monterey and principal Way Stations	*10.02 A.
4.30 P.	For San José and principal Way Stations	9.03 A.
* 5.00 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 7.56 A.
6.30 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A.
†11.45 P.	For Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	†7.40 P.

A for morning. P. for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only. § Saturdays excepted. ‖ Fridays only. ** Mondays excepted.

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Oceanic	Wednesday, February 13
Gaelic	Saturday, March 2
Belgic	Thursday, March 20
Arabic	Saturday, April 6
Oceanic	Tuesday, April 23
Gaelic	Saturday, May 11
Belgic	Saturday, May 25

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City of New York	Monday, March 11, at 3 P. M.
City of Peking	Thursday, March 28, at 3 P. M.

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For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HOOKTON, Humboldt Bay; POMONA, Wednesday, at 9 A. M.
For POINT ARENA, MENDOCINO, etc., COOS BAY, every Monday and Thursday, at 4 P. M.
For ENSENADA, SAN JOSE DEL CABO, MAZATLAN, LA PAZ, GUAYMAS: NEWBERN, 10 A. M., 1st of each month except when 1st falls on a Sunday, then day previous.
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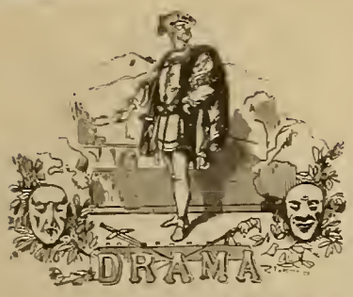

"Erminie" has never been the success in the West that it has been in the East. When the Carleton Company first produced it in San Francisco, it was completely overshadowed by the trumpery beauties of "Nannn," than which which no tamer operetta ever was written. No one hummed the "Lullaby," or the "Dicky-bird" song, or the inspiring ensemble of the robbers. No one laughed at Caddy's immortal "first offense," or, more damning still, no one said Ravvy was like Robert Macaire. It might almost have been called a failure, while the blue satin in "Nanon," with the blue page in blue tights, was pronounced one of the successes of the season.

But where in New York "Nanon" enjoyed only a half-hearted popularity—mainly due to the appearance in the title rôle of that redoubtable charmer, Miss Sadie Martinot—"Erminie" took the city by storm. She had admirers from Avenue A, who came across town in one-horse cars, and admirers from those corner houses on Fifth Avenue, with sweeping flights of steps, iron-clamped, oaken doors, and huge palms in the front windows. Some of them came from that quarter, where fashion and wealth once reigned, which lies about lower Sixth Avenue. There are curtains of a cheap, spotted muslin in the windows, and the denizens on the upper story are wont to put their marketing—in rolls of brown paper, with a bunch of radishes and a head of lettuce—out on the tin roof to keep cool. Others came from the venerated neighborhood of Washington Square, and the stately purlieus of Waverly Place. The young man of the gay world took his charmer and her mamma in a carriage, and sat on the opposite seat watching that enchanting face as the light of occasional lamps fell on it in passing. Other young men took their best girl alone in a hansom, rattled along the glittering streets, and if the horse fell down, as it usually did, got out and walked the rest of the way. Some walked all the way. The night is too pleasant for a car, so arm-in-arm, in a cosy and confidential manner, they stroll away under the glimmer of the electric-lights—a tall figure in an ulster, with a turned-up collar and a cape, a short figure in a jacket and a high hat, the short one holding up her skirt with one hand and showing a white fringe of laced petticoat, and a slender mist of cigarette smoke streaming out from above the turned-up collar of the ulster.

They walk up Broadway, past Wallack's and Daly's, and the elevated station at Thirty-Third Street, with a quantity of people clattering down the stairs. They stop to look at the time at the clock outside Parkes's. They quicken their pace and plunge into the comparative dimness of Broadway above Thirty-Fourth Street. At the Normandie Café they peer through the doors. The banquet-hall is deserted, only a few waiters stand gossiping, with napkins under their arms, and oily, dark, French heads. Lilli Lehmann used to live at the Normandie. The top flat was hers, half-a-dozen stories up under the stars. Here she spent her honeymoon with her husband, Herr Kalisch, such a handsome, German tenor without a fragment of voice!

Presently the Casino looms up through the distance, with the "eight-foot lyre" all ablaze with lights and the Moorish tower clean-edged against the sky. Opposite is The Mysuc, with more waiters peeping over the sash curtains of light silk. The cars disgorge well-dressed crowds, hacks rattle up, out skip gay young boys about-town with clean smug faces and bows for their friends. The speculators assail the guileless ones from Hoboken and Harlem. Miss Pauline Hall's illustrious name starts out from the posters; her picture, with the mighty biceps, is framed in the foyer. The sounds of the overture drift faintly down that little winding stairway, with the fairy grotto and the walls of imitation stamped leather. The music sounds gay and inspiriting. Let us go up the winding stairway—down which, the men who know, say we would never come again if there was a fire—let us venture up and hear the new operetta.

There were many things in those early days which gave "Erminie" its first fillip toward success. There was the lovely Pauline, really handsome then. The tradition still clung about her, adding lustre to those exuberant charms, that she had been chosen from the rose-bud garden of chorus-girl antiquity to personate Venus in "Orpheus and Eurydice." Erminie was a little stouter than Venus had been, with the melancholy prospect, so dreaded by Lady Jane, that "there would be too much of her in the coming by-and-bye." Then there was Victoria Morosini-Schilling. Poor Victoria was quite as thin and wretched-looking as Miss Hall was fat and buxom. But everybody was bent upon seeing her, and when she ran down to the footlights singing in the smallest voice that ever proceeded from human larynx, there was a rustle of interest all through the house, like the sudden rising of partridges. Moreover, the rumor ran that the devoted husband—who like Imogen Donohue's father "near and far was known as the driver of a bob-tail car"—stood in the wings driving off the lovers in the attitude of Rizpah in the famous painting. It was rather the thing among the downy brood of dudes to try and fall in love with Mrs. Schilling. They had all been in love with Lillian Russell who had married, and they tried to transfer the affection *en bloc* to Victoria.

Another attraction in the original cast was the soubrette, Agnes Folsom, who created the part of Javotte in this country. That was just at the time when that venerated symbol, the "Sunset No. 2," was engaged in chronicling Miss Frankie Folsom's ideas on literature as furnished by "The Duchess," and publishers were making bids for her romance entitled "Little Moll." Of course the Casino soubrette was a cousin of the future mistress of the White House. And as you could not see the latter the next best thing was to go and see the former. She was rather pretty and made a neat little Javotte; unfortunately a cast in her eye somewhat impaired the sweetness of the glances she threw at that *beau sabreur*, Captain Delaunay.

But where are these three graces now? Pauline, one hears, is shrieking on the high C's at a concert-hall in Philadelphia. Her palmy days at the Casino are over. No more will she roll her black eyes upward at the Moorish lantern in the dome, or strut down the stage, handsome, heavy, dark, and petulant, a La Tosca cane in her hand, a great bent hat with curling plumes fanning her brilliant, discontented face, a *mouche* near her eye, her pink skirts swinging, and her high and artificial laughter shivering upward to the café and the garden on the roof. When she sang the "Lullaby," in a white silk dress, with a fine expanse of smooth brown arms and shoulders, heads used to peer over the railing from the café. It sounded much better up there, the razor-like edge of her voice was worn off in its passage through the air before it reached that paradise of scattered tables and bent-wood chairs, half-empty glasses, melting castles of ice-cream, and still layers of cigarette-smoke. No more will one be appalled by the sight of Pauline taking a constitutional up Broadway—Pauline no longer resplendent with the glare of the footlights on her scarlet lips and darkened eyes, but Pauline in a dress of checks a foot square, with the most wonderful waist, the smallest of pick-axe-toed shoes, the broadest of shoulders, and the blackest of eyes glancing through a veil of chenille dots. She has gone to join that alluring galaxy of stars who have retired into the limbo of the past—the ponderous Cottrelly, reminiscence of the days when there were giants; the piquant Ricci, with a little turned-up nose and a little, clear, bird-like voice; Marie Jansen, who as Iolanthe rising from the stream, dripping with long sea-mosses and tangled river-weeds, was a vision of romantic beauty; Madeline Lucette, spirituelle and innocent-eyed as a young cherub. They have all vanished! Peace to their ashes!

The-President's-wife's-first-cousin has been followed by a line of Javottes as long as that of Banquo's kingly descendants. In winter they were pretty and sprightly, in summer they were always abnormally ugly. It was positively unfeeling, the way the Casino management used to treat their summer audiences. The chorus grew uglier and uglier, until by August they were a sight to make one's hair stand on end. The poor summer audiences—they came for the most part from the West—used to try and look as if they liked it, having heard of the astounding success of "Erminie." Most of them came away thinking sadly that their taste in beauty was not cultivated up to the Eastern standard. They eventually grew to believe that Caddy was an ideal of manly loveliness, and a Javotte with a mouth like that of the lady in "King Pest," which was so large that her ear-rings constantly fell into the corners of it, was popularly regarded as the American Langtry.

But setting aside these beauties, the ponderous Pauline, the-President's-wife's-first-cousin, and even the sprightly Mrs. Schilling, the success of "Erminie" in New York is mainly due to Frank Wilson, who created the part of Caddy, and who is the cleverest comedian of his sort in the country. His Caddy was delicious, exquisite, perfect, and never lost its spontaneity or its first freshness. He wore out two or three Ravvys. There was one called Dabolle, a very stunning-looking man, graceful, elegant, and stately, who wore the dress of the Directoire, and in the last act, when the burglars execute that weird dance before the fire, was picturesque enough to have been painted by Kaemmerer. Then there was Mark Smith—he wore the Louis Seize costume, powder, patches, and jabot—who danced the minuet like a noble of the old *régime*. Mr. Carleton is a capital Ravvy. He has all the attributes of that fascinating mobsman—a tall, light figure, a gentlemanly and stately address, a good presence, and an agreeable voice. The indifference which has been found fault with in his other parts is not amiss in Ravennes; in fact, it is scarcely marked enough in his scene with Erminie, when he is preoccupied in following the movements of Captain Delaunay.

Mr. Carleton's company is, in fact, seen to better advantage in "Erminie" than in any other operetta. The parts are well fitted and well carried out. Mr. Drew is a good Caddy, spontaneous and amusing. He is a little too exuberant in his demonstrations of joy and fear. Miss Vincent is a fairly good Erminie. It is odd that they should always apportion Erminie to the large and more stately type of actress, when the text goes to prove that she must have been a sort of fairy-like creature, full of vivacity and sparkle. She is rebuked by her more serious cousin for her perpetual levity and light-heartedness. She is always laughing and cracking jokes and making fun of that interminable old bore, the chevalier. Yet she is always personated by a tall, sedate, and majestic lady, with manners to match. There seems to be a sort of tradition about this, just as Charles the First always wears one ear-ring and Hamlet always dresses in black. Miss Hall used to testify to her gay and merry temperament by breaking out into wild, shrilling roulades of laughter. Miss Vincent maintains a dignified gravity. They neither of them give you an idea of the Erminie that the author had in his mind's eye. Miss Lane is a piquant and attractive Javotte. She should, however, refine her method, for at present she suggests too forcibly a "song-and-dance artist."

G. B.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Jeffreys Lewis's season at the Standard Theatre runs smoothly along. "Moths" is to be given next week.

Katie Putnam and her own company will occupy the Alcazar next week. Her play is called "Erma, the Elf."

The Campobello season at the Tivoli comes to an end to-morrow night, and on Monday "The Beggar Student" will be sung, with a new comedian, Max Figman, in the cast.

E. H. Vanderfelt, who is to be Modjeska's leading man, has been playing in the same capacity in Mrs. Langtry's "A Wife's Peril." He is an Englishman by birth, and has not been long on this side.

The Carleton Company leaves the Baldwin after a special performance to-morrow (Sunday) night. The occasion is a benefit to Dan McCullough, the treasurer of the theatre, and "The Mikado" will be sung.

Mme. Modjeska will give us almost a novelty on Monday night at the Baldwin. "Cymbeline" has not been given here for many years, and the Polish actress's Imogen is conceded to be a splendid realization of the character.

"Cymbeline" will be given all next week at the Baldwin. Mme. Modjeska's engagement runs for three weeks, and during that time she will play "Mary Stuart," "Adrienne Lecouvreur," "Camille," and "As You Like It."

The Kiralfys will close their season at the Grand Opera House to-night, and the great house will be shrouded in darkness until Mary Anderson comes in March to show us how "The Winter's Tale" should be put upon the stage.

A pleasant word comes across the continent now and then from a former San Franciscan, Gustav Hinrichs. He is managing the American Opera Company, and recently made a great success in St. Louis with "Trovatore" and "Maritana."

Mlle. Alameda, who completed her season with Augustus Harris's Italian Opera Company in London a few weeks ago, is now in this city, resting at the home of her mother, Mrs. Sarah A. Gleason. She stopped a few days in New York on her way out here, and was entertained by ex-Mayor Grace, Patrick Ford, and others.

Billy Emerson opened his new season at the Bijou to a packed house last Saturday night. When he came on to do Moriarty he was greeted with rapturous applause, and he so warmed up at the reception accorded him that he sang his "Italian opera" scene and took Manrico's high note with the greatest ease. Emerson studied for grand opera once, but he never learned any rôle but Manrico.

The Bush Street Theatre will reopen its doors to-night after a fortnight of mysterious gloom, during which time wonders have been performed in the way of renovation and embellishment. Much interest has of late arisen in the minds of our male inhabitants in the subject of applied art, and a lively curiosity over the form of the new decorations and the splendor of the general effect has led to a heavy advance sale of seats. A humorous dramatic representation, entitled "Columbus," will be enacted by one Lydia Thompson and a troupe of players on the occasion, and will be continued during the following week.

Anybody who cares to see the Gaiety girls on parade, should go to the restaurant where they drop in every night after the performance, says the New York *Sun*. They drink champagne and absinthe as though they had been accustomed to it all their lives. Nevertheless, this is not so. Even casual visitors to London are quite aware of the fact that gin and bitter ale form the staple of the liquid nourishment of the average Gaiety girl at home. The girls walk in with the air of queens of the realm. Some of them wear gloves and some do not. As a rule they are negligent in attire, but the shining feature of the entrance of every Gaiety girl is the train which accompanies her. Exactly where all the queer little anglomaniacs and dudes who follow in the wake come from is a mystery, but there is a certain number of them in cape coats, single glasses, and tight trousers who have at last found what they have been yearning for for years. The assertion that a large number of the Gaiety girls will return here when the organization returns to London seems to be based on a firm foundation.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

A Modern Instance.

She's past the age of the caramel,
But not the age of gum;
When out her teens she'll be a belle,
As riper years shall come.
A dress of dainty drab she wore,
A bat of modest gray;
She has admirers by the score,
But chews her time away.

"My pretty maid,"
I gently said;
"Your name, what may it be?"
Her eyes she dropped,
Her chewing stopped,
Then mumbled back to me:
"Begum, yum-yum,
Yum-yum, begum." —*Town Topics.*

A Serious Question.

In reading the story of Jonah and whale,
There arises the serious question:
Was it ground for a solemn, miraculous tale,
Or merely the whale's indigestion?
—*Merchant Traveler.*

Naughty Claude.

When little Claude was naughty once,
At luncheon-time, and said
He'd not say "Thank you" to mamma,
She made him go to bed,
And cover up and stay two hours;
So when the clock struck two,
Then Claude said, "Thank you, Mr. Clock,
I'm much obliged to you!"
—*James Whitcomb Riley in St. Nicholas.*

Tit for Tat.

He timidly climbed up the brown-stone steps,
He timidly rang the bell,
He felt that this visit might be his last,
Though the reason he couldn't tell.

As he stood at the door the winter wind,
Whirled in the streets about,
But above its roaring he heard her say,
"John, tell him that I am out."

Then timid no more, with stately mien,
He said to the butler tall,
"Pray go to Miss Jones with my compliments,
And tell her I didn't call."
—*Williams's Weekly.*

The Brilliant Afterthought.

How wise we are when the chance has fled
And a glance we backward cast!
We know just the thing that we should have said
When the time for saying it's past.
—*Boston Courier.*

To the Sea Serpent.

Strange and numerous monster of the deep,
Across whose placid bosom thou dost sweep,
In sinuosities;
Beware, yea, watch, lest thou be caught
By him who hast for decades sought
Monstrosities.

'Tis well thou tacklest only smaller craft,
And trifle not with such as Leary's raft,
You must know,
Take warning, and when Barnum comes in view,
Secrete thyself, or he will make of you
A side-show! —*Queen.*

Consistency.

Her waist it is short, her umbrella is long,
She's got her Directorate costume all wrong;
But she tries the new style for consistency's sake,
And its slight incongruities show no mistake.
She is dressed for her name, and her mind is serene,
For that name is Hortense Beauharnais Josephine
Green. —*Puck.*

Casey's Table D'Hote.

Oh, them days on Red Hoss Mountain when the skies wuz fair 'nd blue,
When the money flowed like likker 'nd the folks wuz brave 'nd true!
When the nights wuz crisp and balmy, 'nd the camp wuz all astir
With the joints all throwed wide open 'nd no sheriff to demur!
Oh, them times on Red Hoss Mountain in the Rockies fur away—
There's no sich place nor times like them as I kin find to-day!
What though the camp bez busted! I seem to see it still,
A-lying, like it loved it, on that big 'nd warty hill;
And I feel a sort of yearnin' 'nd a chokin' in my throat
When I think of Red Hoss Mountain 'nd of Casey's tahble dote!

This Casey wuz an Irishman—you'd know it by his name
And by the facial features appertainin' to the same;
He'd lived in many places 'nd had done a thousand things,
From the noble art of actin' to the work of dealin' kings;
But, somehow, hadn't caught on—so, driftin' with the rest,
He drifted for a fortune to the undeveloped West,
And he come to Red Hoss Mountain when the little camp wuz new,
When the money flowed like likker 'nd the folks wuz brave 'nd true;
And, havin' been a stewart on a Mississippi boat,
He opened up a caffy 'nd he run a tahble dote!

The bar wuz long 'nd rangey, with a mirror on the shelf—
'Nd a pistol, so that Casey, when required, could help himself;
Down underneath there wuz a row of bottled beer 'nd wine,
'Nd a kag of Burbun whisky of the run of '59;
Upon the walls wuz pictures of hosses 'nd of girls—
Not much on dress, perhaps, but strong on records 'nd on curls!
The which had been identified with Casey in the past—
The hosses 'nd the girls, I mean—and both wuz mighty fast!
But all these fine attractions wuz of precious little note
By the side of what was offered at Casey's tabble dote!

A tabble dote is different from orderin' aller cart;
In one case you git all there is—in t'other, only part!
And Casey's tabble dote began in French—as all begin—
And Casey's ended with the same, which is to say with "vin";
But in between wuz every kind of reptile, bird, 'nd beast,
The same like you can git in high-toned restauraws down East;
'Nd windin' up wuz cake or pie, with coffee demy tass,
Or, sometimes, floating Ireland in a soothin' kind of sass
That left a sort of pleasant ticklin' in a feller's throat,
'Nd made him hanker after more of Casey's tabble dote!

The very recollection of them puddin's 'nd them pies
Brings a yearnin' to my buzzum 'nd the water to my eyes;
'Nd seems like cookin' nowadays ain't what it use to be
In camp on Red Hoss Mountain in that year of '63;
But, maybe, it is better, 'nd may be, I'm to blame—
I'd like to be a-livin' in the mountains jest the same—
I'd like to live that life again when skies wuz fair and blue,
When things wuz run wide open 'nd men wuz brave 'nd true—
When brawny arms the flinty ribs of Red Hoss Mountain smote
For wherewithal to pay the price of Casey's tahble dote!
—*Eugene Field in the Chicago News.*

THE PLAYERS' CLUB.

On the last night of the year 1888 a scene of uncommon beauty and significance was visible in the new club-house of the Players, in Gramercy Park. On that night, and just before the death of the old year, the members of that club assembled for the first time, and were formally installed in their home. The assemblage began to convene about eleven o'clock, and soon upward of a bundred gentlemen, destined to become hereafter the comrades of every-day life, were gathered in the cheeriest of parlors and around a spacious fire-place awaiting the signal for the beginning of a new career of festival and happy fellowship. Among the Players were Edmon S. Connor, James E. Murdock, and John Gilbert, the oldest actors, of national reputation, who survive in America. It was near twelve o'clock when Mr. Edwin Booth, the founder of the club and its first president, taking his stand upon a dais in front of the hearthstone, formally addressed his associates, and in a brief speech, marked by deep feeling, great dignity, and winning sweetness of manner, together with perfect sincerity and simplicity of language, presented to them the title-deeds to their club house—the building No. 16 Gramercy Park, next to the mansion of the late Samuel J. Tilden—which, with all its unique furniture, beautiful and rare works of art, and costly decorations, is his personal gift to the club. The applause that greeted him was emphatic, and it came directly from the hearts of all who heard his voice—for every heart felt the absolute earnestness of his quiet words of truth, and recognized the simple and noble generosity of bis conduct. No speech was ever in better taste, nor was there ever a good deed done with more exquisite grace, humility, and sweetness. Mr. Augustin Daly, Vice-President of the Players, responded to Mr. Booth's address, fitly remarking upon the opulence and significance of the gift, and accepting the club-house, not alone in the name of the Players now existent, but also in the name of generations of Players yet to come.

Mr. Lawrence Barrett, who has had a principal hand in helping Mr. Booth to accomplish the organization of the club, followed Mr. Daly, and after a graceful and fervent expression of his sympathy with the purpose of the Players and with the feeling of the occasion, read a touching letter from Mr. Booth's daughter and only child, Mrs. Edwina Booth Grosman, presenting a wreath of laurel to be placed on ber father's head, and inclosing a poem commemorative of the occasion, by Thomas W. Parsons, of Boston, the distinguished author of that noble ode on Dante which is one of the immortal gems of American literature. The poem will be found in the February number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Mr. Barrett, wbo excels in this special field of elocution, read the lines with felicity of taste and cordial warmth of feeling, and the effect of them was that of pleasurable interest and excitement. At one line, beginning "Tragedian, take thy crown," a deep-toned clock near by suddenly and solemnly boomed forth the midnight hour. To Mr. Booth the letter and tribute of his beloved daughter and the poem from his old friend were altogether unexpected and a complete surprise; and those who stood by and saw his emotion knew that his heart was deeply touched. Not often in a lifetime occurs a moment so memorable and so fraught with feeling as that moment was when Lawrence Barrett extended to Edwin Booth the wreath of laurel sent from a daugbter's love, and then and there consecrated with the blessings of a host of friends. Mr. Booth said a few faltering words in reply, and directed the lighting of the Yule-log, also bis daughter's gift, and summoned and set in motion the loving-cup of the Players. On the card that came to him with the wreath from his child was written the inscription, culled from Shakespeare—and nothing could be more appropriate—"Hamlet—King—Father." The loving-cup is the one that was given to William Warren in 1882, in honor of his fiftieth year upon the stage, by Edwin Booth, Joseph Jefferson, Mary Anderson, Lawrence Barrett, and John McCullough. It is a massive and uncommonly handsome cup, and is inscribed with all these names. Warren, who died on September 21st last year, bequeathed it to Jefferson, and Jefferson has given it to the Players. As soon as this had circulated, the formal services to dedicate the club came to an end, the supper-room was opened, and the Players, obeying the Shakespearian injunction to "apprehend nothing but jollity," devoted the rest of the night to the enjoyment of their festivai.

In that way was ushered in the Happy New Year of the metropolitan stage. For in Edwin Booth's design, to which he has given an expression so substantial and so practical, the establishment of the Players is to augment the social comfort and influence of actors, and thus to exert a beneficial power upon the stage. The club-house is one of rare beauty; but it is not upon opulent and lovely surroundings alone that the renowned tragedian and leader of his profession chiefly depends in this enterprise of brother-like affection and professional honor. He has sought to establish an institution in which influences of learning and taste shall be brought to bear upon the members of the stage—a place where they may find books and pictures, precious relics of the great players of the past, intellectual communion with minds of their own order, and with men of education in other walks of life, refinement of thought and of manners, innocent pleasure, and sweet and gracious and ennobling associations. The club library is already considerable, and many treasures have been promised to it. One sequence of the club will, it is hopeful, be the preparation of a comprehensive, minute, thorough standard history of the American stage. Great care has been exercised in the selection of members, and it is anticipated that no element unfriendly to art or culture or gentleness will ever obtain an entrance to this garden-ground of social happiness. The club will represent all that is best in the dramatic profession, and will labor to foster the dramatic art and to exalt the standard of personal worth among the actors of America.—*William Winter in Harper's Weekly.*

The Players will be limited to 500; 250 resident, and 250 non-resident members. These names are now on the list:

ACTORS—Joseph Anderson, Lawrence Barrett, Edwin Booth, E. S. Connor, John Drew, Harry Edwards, Owen Fawcett, Charles Fisher, W J. Florence, John Gilbert, Joseph Jefferson, Edward Harrigan, John A. Lane, James Lewis, W. J. Lemoyne, James E. Murdock, Gene W. Presbrey, Walden Ramsey, Sol Smith Russell, Alexander Salvini, Francis Wilson.

MANAGERS—J. W. Albaugh, Arthur P Chase, J C. Duff, T. Henry French, Daniel Frohman, Charles E. Jefferson, Marshall H. Mallory, A. H. Palmer, Frank Sanger, E. C. Stanton, Eugene Tompkins.

DRAMATIC AUTHORS—T. B. Aldrich, S. L. Clemens, Augustin Daly, William Gillette, G. P. Lathrop, D. D. Lloyd, Brander Matthews, T. R. Sullivan.

DRAMATIC WRITERS ABOUT THE THEATRE—William A. Andrews, J. H. V. Arnold, William Bispham, H. H. Furness, Lawrence Hutton, Joseph N. Ireland, Thomas J. McKee, J Hampden Robb, Franklin Sargent.

MISCELLANEOUS—S. P. Avery, S. L. M Barlow, C. C. Beaman, E. C. Benedict, Charles E. Carryl, Charles P. Daly, Joseph F. Daly, R. W. Gilder, Parke Godwin, John Hoey, A. S. Hewitt, Brayton Ives, James Russell Lowell, Stephen H. Olin, James R. Osgood, John W. Mackay, Horace Porter, G. L. Rives, Elihu Root, Augustus St. Gaudens, J. Alden Weir, Stamford White.

The decorations of the Players' Club are handsome and solid. The great seal of the order, in papier-maché, is inserted in the ornamental brickwork under the mantlepiece. The seal represents tragedy and comedy. Immediately above it are these lines of warning, which all are expected to heed:

"Good friends, for friendship's sake forbeare
To utter what is gossip heare
In soceal chatt, lest unawares
Thy tongue offende thy fellow-plaiers."

The dining-room is filled with curiosities and inviting conveniences. It is finished in old polished oak. The antlers of a monster elk spring from the wall over the fire-place at the east end. These were a present from Lawrence Barrett. On the encaustic tiles above the grate is this invitation:

"Mouth it, as many of our players do."

At the opposite end of the room is another fire-place like it, but with this invitation:

"Sit by my side and let the world slide,
For we shall ne'er be younger."

A bristling boar's head, with protruding tusks, looks from a panel on one side wall. The centre chandelier, peculiarly constructed of stags' horns, is arranged for both gas and electric lgbts. Among the decorations hang many framed and rare old play-bills. In the lounging room are two oil paintings from the brush of Joseph Jefferson. Sir Joshua Reynolds' celebrated portrait of David Garrick hangs beside Mr. Jefferson's work. On the opposite wall is a portrait by Gainsborough. Both of these were presented to the club by Mr. Booth. Another canvas is J. Alden Weir's portrait of John Gilbert.

A splendid collection of dramatic literature fills the library on the second floor. Here are twelve hundred volumes presented by Mr. Booth, two thousand presented by Lawrence Barrett, and a large number of rare and priceless works from Augustin Daly, T. B. Aldrich, Stanford White, Lawrence Hutton, and others.

The third and fourth floors are given over to baths and bedrooms. In the basement are billiard tables and the kitchen. A passenger elevator runs from top to bottom.

The poem by Mr. Parsons, referred to above by Mr. Winter, is as follows:

[*The speaker advances with a chaplet bearing a label on which is written the name of Booth.*]

Let us crown Edwin. Though he wears
The crown already of his Art,
Grateful Manhattan's mighty mart
May well a civic garland spare
For one who hath deserved so well
Of his whole country, carrying far
And wide the great Enchanter's spell
Under whose thraldom we all are.
Yet not alone his laurel twine
With civil oak. The poet's bays
And critic's ivy should combine
Besides, to speak our actor's praise.
For he hath educated men,
(Who knew none other lore but this),
Making past history live again—
A lofty mark which many miss!
Through him those rough lads of the West
That never slept beneath a roof,
Men from the mountains, tempest-proof,
Gold-hunters, rugged and untaught,
Feel Romeo's passion heave their breast,
Or Hamlet's wisdom swell their thought.
Even the great Marlborough, we are told,
More history learned from Shakespeare's page
Than Holinshed's; nor seems it bold
To guess that many a sapient sage,
As well as soldier, may have known
More of mankind from gifted bards
Than chroniclers, though he had grown
Gray o'er the schoolroom's history-cards.

[*To the Players.*]

Players! I ask your benison for this wreath:
Oh, read the name that here is writ beneath
Approvingly, as of all words the one
Most fit to glorify the sire and son!
Perchance the coming centuries will say,
There was a home by Massachusetts Bay,
Whence children came to keep that flame alive
Which Edwin kindled, and may long survive
Till each America, both North and South,
Shall speak him honor with a single mouth,
And England's language from the Arctic main
To San Rosario's watch-tower hold one reign.

[*To Mr. Booth.*]

Tragedian, teacher, take the crown
Where Love her myrtle with our laurel blends:
These portals open to large troops of friends,
But I behold, to cherish thy renown,
A line, aye stretching, as in Banquo's glass,
Of thousands following after these do pass.

W. S. Gilbert, of the Gilbert and Sullivan firm, does bis writing at a table upon which the light falls from a mullioned window across his paper. His house is described as little sbort of a palace; but even the dwellers in palaces must work, and Mr. Gilbert keeps himself busy, not only in writing plays, but in designing the costumes for actors and actresses. He was asked recently if he had any standard of taste for stage costumes. "Most decidedly I have," said he; "I will allow no one to appear on the stage in any piece which I may control in a dress which might not be worn in a fancy-dress ball. I consider our pieces at the Savoy to be burlesque, and I have never allowed a lady to play a man's part, or to wear a costume that sbe would blush to appear in at a fancy-dress ball. This is my limit. I would abolish tights if they were merely worn to enhance the attractions of the legs. A Rosalind may wear decent tights, but they are necessary for the part. But what I object to are the rows of ladies' tight-clothed legs, which are merely worn, in my opinion, to gratify the eyes of the young gentlemen in the parquet. In the old days when I wrote burlesques I was glad enough to get my pieces produced, but, having no authority, I had no choice in the matter. When I came into power I was told that burlesque without legs meant ruin."

Fanny Davenport has had good luck. Not long ago she bought some land in the suburbs of Chicago known as the Grant estate. It belonged to the late General Grant, and for it Miss Davenport paid eighteen thousand dollars. Last week she received a letter from her attorney inclosing an offer of fifty thousand eight hundred dollars for the property. Miss Davenport will probably sell the land and invest the proceeds in other Chicago real-estate.

PART OF A DIARY.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 1ST.—The first day of another year, and this ume I am going to keep my good resolutions. Wish I'd gone to the De Teacup house-party yesterday, even if they do live on Long Island. I'd feel better than I do after seeing the old year out and the new year in with Tom Von Tank at two or three clubs and a chop-house. My exchequer would be in a better condition, too, if I'd been farther away from a faro game last night. Well, that's all over, anyway. I've got through playing the races in summer to improve the breed of horses, and faro and roulette in winter to improve the breed of gamblers.

Therefore decided not to pursue the customary New Year's avocation of going around to the hotels and viewing the spreads, since that entailed the necessity of buying drinks, and stayed at home until four o'clock. Needed some exercise then, and so I took a stroll up to the club. Met Tom Von Tank and Percy Golddust. Percy had only got back from Europe that morning, and he had brought a new drink from Paris that he said the Prince of Wales invented for the Jockey Club. Told the boys I'd sworn off for 1889. Von Tank said that he was going to swear off the next day. Told him I wanted to begin with the new year. He said I couldn't, because I had had several drinks after twelve o'clock the night before. Decided, as it seemed a trifle inhospitable to refuse to drink with Percy the day he got back to his own town, to swear off on the second with Von Tank, so as to start even with him. We tried Percy's new drink, but he had forgotten several of the ingredients, and the recipe was in his trunk. Decided to go over to hotels and see the spreads. Queer crowd! Men you never see any other day—clerks and those sort of fellows, I suppose, who bad crawled out of their boarding-houses and come round to pretend they were bloods. Decided not to go home to dinner, and dined at Del's. Had a great deal more champagne than we intended at first, but, as this was my last dissipation, it don't make much difference. Von Tank and I went to the theatre; but stage was a trifle dim and he suggested faro. Told him I'd sworn off faro, but would go around and mascot for him. Decided, as I was not going to swear off drinking until second, not to swear off faro until second, and begin even. Luck was bad and had to give a check.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 2D.—So there's to be a whole year before I take a drink again! Who would have thought it was so easy to swear off? Time I did it, too! Well, every fellow sows his wild-oats some time, and I'm glad I'm done with mine. Believe I will take up some study to occupy my spare time. Spent day at office and went to family theatre-party in the evening. Am glad my wild life is a thing of the past. Got to bed early.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 3D.—Spent day at office and came right home afterward. The governor laugbed when I refused wine at dinner. That's a nice way for a father to assist his son in a struggle to be virtuous. Rather dull in the evening. Must get some books tomorrow. Got to bed early, but did not sleep well.

MONDAY, JANUARY 7TH.—Not a drink for five days. Felt immense this morning. Believe I could lick Sullivan. Tom Von Tank came into office in afternoon and reminded me of a *petit souper* that we had made arrangements for two weeks ago for after the theatre to-night. Was sorry about it at first, but thougbt afterward it might be just as well to have one little affair of the kind as a wind-up of previous career. Decided not to drink anything, bowever, no matter what occurred. Bought "The Descent of Man" on way home, and decided to study science and philosopby this winter. Found Darwin rather dull. Was glad when Tank came after me to go to supper. Girls laugbed when I told 'em I wasn't drinking, and pretended they thought I was joking. Decided, as I bad sworn off without remembering the supper, that, as tbis was my last racket before beginning reformed life, to swear off on Saturday. After the supper, went to Daly's. Thought I might well begin gambling and alcoholic reform together. Came out pretty big winner for me, and had to celebrate a trifle. Boys would think it was mean if I didn't, and, as it was my last game of faro, I didn't want to leave the ring with a bad reputation.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 8TH.—Got up to breakfast for a bluff. Didn't feel like it. The governor looked me over and grinned, and then ordered a bottle of soda-water for me. But this ends it for me, anyway. Now everything is settled, and I can begin new career without loss of self-respect. Pretty hard work to get along without a bracer to-day, but I did it.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 12TH.—Not a drink for four days. Went to club this evening and met Percy Golddust. He bad the recipe for the Jockey Club cocktail, but I refused to drink with him. He wanted me to try it very much to get my opinion of it, he said. I am something of a connoisseur, but told him I couldn't, as I had sworn off. Tom Von Tank came in and told me be'd postponed swearing-off until February 1st, and wanted me to begin with him. Said it would give him strength to keep his resolutions if I did. He *is* a trifle weak. As I wanted to do Percy a favor too, decided not to swear off until February 1st and begin with Tom. It don't make much difference about the day you begin, and February 1st is, after all, a better time than January 1st, because there are no holiday obligations such as a gentleman is bound to recognize then. Lost a trifle at faro, but will not play at all after February 1st, and I'm ahead of the game for the year on what I won Monday, anyway.—*Life.*

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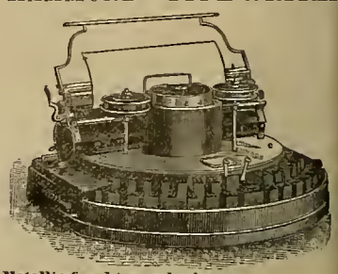

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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There lies upon our table an attractive chromo-lithograph, forty inches square. Its pictures are interesting, its coloring is brilliant, its maps are faithfully drawn. In either corner is represented a splendid farm, with orchards, vineyards, spacious farm-houses; a well-dressed and comfortable-looking farmer is driving his plow, with team sleek and fat; raisin-makers are at work in a colored vineyard, blue mountains in the distance; broad, winding canals, with cascades of blue water, wind among orchards, vines, and painted fields; a twenty-acre plat, in green and pink, is divided into fields—ten acres of raisins, five acres of orchard, two and one-half of alfalfa, two and one-half acres for the house plat. This picture is margined by clusters of purple grapes, pears, peaches, strawberries, cherries, and stems of yellow grain, and a view of the flourishing town of Fresno, a bird's-eye map of California, with Fresno in the centre of the State, and a tolerably correct representation of the country lying between the Sierras and the sea. The Sierras in purple, the beyond in gold, the interior in pink, the ocean in richest blue. All this art work margins Fresno County, dotted with colonies—Pomona, Fruit Vale, Union, American, Central, Washington, Malaga, Sierra Park, Belfast, Wiltram, and others, and in the centre of them all, in deepest red, is "Perrin Colony." Eighty square miles of land, with fractions marked to E. P. Perrin—more than fifty thousand acres of land—are dotted upon the attractive circular. The whole is an advertisement of Sharp, Blakely & Thomas, of Fresno city, who offer twenty-acre lots at fifteen hundred dollars; quarter down, balance in one, two, and three years, on easy terms, at eight per cent. interest. C. H. STREET is the San Francisco agent, WILLIAM BUTTERFIELD the auctioneer. These lots to be disposed of at auction in the city of Fresno on the 6th, 7th, and 8th days of February, 1889, with special excursion tickets, round trip from San Francisco, at seven dollars, good for five days. Fifteen thousand acres are for sale at what, in block letters, is described as a "SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY." On the reverse side of this photographic picture, issued by C. H. Street & Co., of San Francisco, printed in display type, is a text of descriptive illuminations, extracts from picturesque writings, extravagant representations of climate, soil, water, and a schedule of all the grains and fruits that can be produced in regions arctic and tropical, in all the zones temperate and semi-temperate. Here in glowing language are portrayed, in simile and extravagant assertion, facts and fancies, truths and falsehood; figures are made to lie; there are falsehoods and suggestions of falsehood intermingled with sober truths, defying in their entanglements the coolest, calmest brain of a Siberian philosopher. The soil is represented as inexhaustible. It is light and sandy; it produces "year after year without fertilization." No soil on earth does this. Everything, from the apple to the pineapple, from the Alaskan iceberg to the horned tropical frog, grows side by side. It beats Smyrna for figs, Spain for raisins, Madeira for wine. It is magnificently watered. Its soil is "granulated granite," whatever that is, and rich in plant food. Its gardens outrank Hesperides, public ditches reach one thousand miles in Fresno—and not a drop to drink unless you buy it—peach and pear-trees will yield two hundred and three hundred dollars per acre. If any farmer has grown rich through perishable fruits, we have never heard of it. Our home market is oversupplied, our Eastern market is distant and costly to reach. Miss Austin sells her grapes on the vine at a clear profit of one hundred and seventy-nine dollars per acre; Mr. Barton his at two hundred dollars; Mr. T. C. White's raisins brought him four hundred dollars per acre; Mr. Forsythe's vineyard averages six tons per acre, which are sold unpacked for one hundred dollars per ton—from fifty-nine acres; Mr. Ball sold eight thousand seven hundred dollars' worth. We know all these people and do not believe half the story. "The climate is glorious"—in summer it is gloriously hot. The Japan current sweeps our shores, "frosts are rare"—frosts are not rare, they are common and severe. The manufacture of raisins is represented as the work of unfreckled maidens—they are cured by negroes and Chinamen, and the labor question is one full of difficulties and dangers. "All roads lead to Fresno," but many a mishap occurs when speculative land-gamblers drive. Wealth, health, and happiness are represented to the man who buys twenty acres of unwatered sandy land in Fresno at seventy-five dollars per acre. We once questioned the ability of an industrious family to live comfortably from the product of twenty acres of land. We have changed our mind, and, upon investigation, find it can be done. When the land is paid for, and the house is built, and the acres are inclosed, and water acquired, and the time passed till the trees and vines are matured; when horses, vehicles, agricultural implements, and furniture have been obtained, then industrious labor, strict economy, unbroken health, will bring to a family, all of whom labor, the luxuries of comfortable existence. Fresno is a splendid county, and it is not altogether a lie to represent its allurements of soil and climate, but it is a crime for land-speculators to suppress information necessary to completely inform the investing agriculturist of what lies in his path of toil. Fresno is not the only county in California, and its lands are not more fruitful nor its soil more productive than hundreds of thousands of acres that can be purchased for less than seventy-five dollars per acre. The great valleys of the Sacramento and the San Joaquin, the foot-hills of the Sierras and the Coast Range are attractive beyond comparison with most other lands. In all the counties from the northern to the southern boundaries of California there are as good and cheaper lands than are offered in this colony scheme. Sacramento, San Joaquin, Merced, Stanislaus, Tulare, and Kern have the same attractions of climate, soil, productions, and water, and Fresno has many thousand acres of equally good land at infinitely lower prices. We said recently that good lands could be obtained at from ten to twenty-five dollars; a more recent visit and ride through that country, in company with a Mr. Bacigalupi, has confirmed our opinion and enables us to affirm the statement that the very best lands can be bought for one-fifth the price at which these dealers are placing these lands—land abounding in water, as near to railroads, existing and projected, as that offered in the speculative scheme we are criticising and condemning. We have the right to denounce all shams, frauds, and misrepresentations concerning our agricultural lands, because we know how desirable it is that a population that is expected to work for a living should not be defrauded and inveigled into the purchase of farms by lies and misrepresentations. The gentlemen of Fresno County, the honest men of California, and all intelligent persons who do not desire to make money fraudulently, agree with the *Argonaut* in expressing disapprobation concerning land-booms and speculative frauds. Our country is too splendid and its opportunities too enticing to make it necessary to resort to any chicanery to induce people to come to it or to rob them after they have arrived. The southern counties are feeling the reaction of booms. We opposed them when the fever was hottest. Fresno will reap the same evil results if it persists in the same evil practices. We can afford to write thus concerning this wonderful and most attractive county and its most prosperous city; we know its people and we know its lands as we know the counties adjoining, and we are confident the better class of the residents of Fresno, who are not engaged in booming, agree with us in opinion. If they do not now, they will when reaction comes to them, as it has to every place in California where this land frenzy has been encouraged and the boom worked to fever height. That we may not be misunderstood, we do not undertake to say that certain lands may not be worth seventy-five or one hundred and seventy-five dollars per acre, that the time may not come when they will produce fair interest on that capitalization, but no land is worth such a price when land equally as good and in every respect as desirable can be purchased for one-fifth or one-fifteenth the price asked by speculative land-agents. No living man is justified in fixing his family in a permanent home until he has visited the location, and, after careful inquiry, informed himself of what he ought to know. The man who—tempted by a cheap excursion to a place he has never visited, under the excitement of touch with land-gamblers and under the inspiration of champagne, free-lunches, and social fellowship with cappers of a land game—purchases for himself and family a farm, whether of twenty acres or six hundred and forty, is an irremediable fool.

The Samoan incident is pregnant with grave questions that might entangle our government in serious complications with Germany and England, unless conducted with great deliberation and managed with discretion. It is fortunate, we think, for the civilization of the world that these difficulties have occurred between the three nations who are most interested in preserving peace, and it is further fortunate that the subject-matter of controversy is unimportant. It is probably true that there exists a proctocol between England, Germany, and the United States that neither of the three shall seize permanent and sovereign power in the Samoan group, and that they shall not permit any other nation to secure dominion over them. In these islands, Germany has a trading interest in them, and the United States has acquired the harbor of Pago-Pago as a

coaling station. They lie in the track of commerce with which no foreign power must be permitted to interfere. America could not afford to allow any strong naval power to establish itself at the Hawaiian or Samoan Islands, or at any other place in the Pacific Ocean. All of the great naval powers, embracing those of Russia, France, and Italy, are equally interested in preserving these and other groups similarly situated from falling under the exclusive dominion of any European government. We rely upon the honor of the officials to whom will be intrusted the settlement of this misunderstanding to see to it that it shall be settled without war. We rely upon the interest of the three powers to see that peace is maintained, and that the difficulties, whatever they may be, shall be adjusted with honor to all concerned. It is impossible to know just what has occurred and who may be responsible for what has happened. Germany has lost some sailors in a fight upon Samoan soil. Whether they were rightfully on land is still an open question. Whether any intentional insult has been put upon the American flag, is a matter of doubt, with the presumption that it is not true. We dismiss the charge that the Samoan forces were led by an American; his name —Klein—suggests that he is a German, and his profession—news reporter—that he is an adventurer. If he has been guilty of a crime he is liable to punishment. That he had committed any act by authority of our government is to the last degree improbable, and we know of no means by which any one citizen can involve his government in war. We have confidence in the character of the German people and in the honor of the German Government. England is the natural arbiter in this controversy, and in our judgment its settlement could not be intrusted to a more discreet and responsible authority. We feel confident that neither England nor Germany can afford to engage in a war with the United States at this time, nor that under any circumstances could it prove profitable to either of them. Germany's allies—Italy and Austria—could not be held to aid in the contest, and Austria could afford but little assistance if it were inclined. If France and Russia are allied—as they presumably are—and if both are disposed to a struggle with Germany—as France most assuredly is—Germany can not afford to send her fleet or her sailors upon service in foreign seas to fight for so insignificant and costly a colony as Samoa would undoubtedly prove itself to be. England's empire is peace, and in event of her engaging in war with America, our sympathies would be with Ireland, which would be very hard for England and very unpleasant for ourselves. England is not quite free from complications in Egypt, and in event of a war which would involve Russia would be compelled to defend her Indian Empire from Russian invasion. It is, we think, certain if Germany should turn loose her fleets and armies to engage in a conflict with America, she would soon find occupation for her ships in the Mediterranean and her soldiers in defending Alsace and Lorraine. While we do not think it possible that a war will grow out of this Samoan misunderstanding, and while we admit that a war between these powers would be disastrous to our country, and that we are not in condition to engage with any people in a naval conflict, yet we would have our government at Washington make no concession to the combined governments of earth that would in any respect compromise our honor or the dignity of our flag. We shall be glad to see our Democratic administration pass down and out with decorum and the new Republican administration come upon the political stage with serenity, and hope both may act with a cool self-possession becoming a great power unprepared for war, but confident of resources that can place all the ships at sea, and all the forts on shore, and all the soldiers in the field that may be necessary to uphold the dignity of our flag and the supremacy of our national power. Such a conflict, or any important conflict, in which the United States will ever engage will be upon the ocean. With Mexico or Canada we may have border controversies to be settled by arms, but with European or Asiatic nations the contest will necessarily be upon the high seas. England has too much commerce afloat to make it profitable for her to embroil herself in war with any respectable power. Germany has too many enemies watching her at home to permit her to send a navy to the Pacific. But if war should come, we naturally ask ourselves what would become of San Francisco? Would it be bombarded? We think the time of bombarding cities has gone by. No city in these modern times is ever bombarded that can pay for immunity, and we have enough money in our National Treasury in Commercial Street to purchase exemption from German shells. A speck of war may suggest to our statesmen the necessity for a fleet of war-ships to protect our cities upon the sea-coast and our honor upon the high seas. San Francisco is the only great city whose street-lamps are visible from a deep-sea anchorage, and whose municipal buildings are within the reach of shotted guns from armor-clad vessels of war. San Francisco needs a navy. We may dismiss our anxieties, we think, over this war-cloud, confident that it will only burst in ink and resound in the clamor of stump oratory. The country editor, upon his nail-keg, will be given opportunity to air his knowledge of international law and national rights, and the orator may display his love of country and wag his tongue in defiance of a combined world in arms. Such displays of intelligent and fearless courage are good for the men who can thus relieve themselves and void their patriotism into the long ears of willing listeners. In this connection, the appointment of a Secretary of State becomes an interesting speculation. If we had the same confidence in the wisdom and mental balance of Mr. Blaine that we have in his ability; if we thought him as calmly deliberate and as coolly careful in his statesmanship as he is versatile and brilliant in diplomacy, we would intrust him with the helm of the ship of state through this little fluster; but this "fluster," unimportant as we regard it, might, under the management of an ambitious and unscrupulous politician, embroil the world in the conflagration of universal war. It is a matter of natural congratulation that we have a President-elect in whose patriotism and judgment the nation places implicit confidence.

At Apia, in the Samoan group, on the eighteenth of December, 1888, a detachment of German naval forces, which had been called ashore by the German Consul for the protection of German interests, were encountered by native Samoans, routed in the engagement, with fifty Germans killed and wounded. The German gun-boat then bombarded such villages as were within reach of German guns. Prince Bismarck, in his communication to our government, says the Samoans were under the leadership of an American named Klein. Klein's parents were Germans, his name is German, he was born in England, and is a naturalized American citizen. He is a brave, intelligent, restless adventurer, and, whatever he may have done at Samoa, America is not more responsible for him than is Germany or England. The situation is a dangerous one, and it requires coolness and moderation on the part of our government to avoid the calamity of war. The existing condition of affairs almost of necessity will bring Germany and Samoa into war. Germany will claim the right to punish the Samoans and to hang Klein. The death of fifty Germans must be avenged and the German flag be supported. The nation that has conquered France will not rest under what it regards as an unprovoked massacre by barbarians. Bismarck declares that in the contest English and American interests will be respected. Would the United States under the same circumstances act differently? Can our government demand any other course of Germany? Has not Germany the right to punish the murder of German soldiers, and to protect German lives and German property? Prince Bismarck asks for the coöperation of our government and friendly instructions to our consul and naval commanders to bring about these results, instructing German forces to avoid all cause of offense against neutral commerce or property, promising to pay due regard under all circumstances to the treaty rights of England and the United States. At the same time it must be understood that out of these difficulties, or any complications that may arise in the future, the Samoan group will not be permitted to pass under the dominion of any foreign power. Senator Reagan in his bellowing imitates the angry bull of the Texas plains when he talks of "humiliation to an arrogant power, and the rights of the United States being brutally overridden and trodden down by German subalterns." Mr. Dana, of the New York *Sun*, in his ratiocinations regarding the independence of Samoa, Tonga, and the Hawaiian group, counsels of his passions rather than his reason, and allows his anger toward the President to overcloud his judgment in forming an opinion. We hope the interview, published in Thursday's *Examiner*, with Commander Leary and his subordinates on the steamer *Adams*, is incorrect, and that the gentlemen therein named have not allowed their brief authority to so far turn their brains as to justify us in regarding them as vain, garrulous, and self-opinionated as they are represented. If a war should occur, our naval officers will be afforded the opportunity of displaying heroic qualities, which will be better appreciated by the performance than by wordy boasting before the chance of heroic acts is presented. Moderation and modesty will prove admirable qualities in politicians, journalistic writers, naval officers, and statesmen till war becomes inevitable, and, in the meantime, let San Franciscans remember that our consuls and officials at Samoa have for the past ten years been a sorry lot of political adventurers. Our consular system comes from the kerb-stone and the village court-house, and it is not impossible that the United States has been represented at Apia by adventurers who, in their intercourse with German and English officials, have not been as prudent, as wise, and as judicious as they ought.

The last intelligence upon which we have opportunity to comment is that Germany has declared war against Samoa, has proclaimed martial law at Apia, has announced its right to search all vessels for articles contraband of war, has exercised it upon an American vessel, has suppressed a journal of English ownership, and is preparing to wage on land and sea an aggressive punishment against Samoa and Samoans. Within these lines Bismarck expresses a desire to regard treaties and to respect the rights of American citizens and British subjects. We do not see, in view of the defeat of a German force and the slaughter of German soldiers, that Germany can do otherwise than it has done; nor do we think that any offense has been perpetrated against the dignity of our government, or the honor of our flag, or the rights of our citizens that wise counsel and generous sentiments among nations and people so long friendly may not peacefully adjust. These countries so powerful as Germany, England, and America, standing confessedly at the head of nations and in the foremost rank of civilization, may not be compelled to take any position for fear their honor, their greatness, or their dignity may be compromised. This is an occasion for the display of broad and generous statesmanship at Washington and Berlin. The less Fourth of July oratory that shall come to the surface the better. There will be many questions to consider, many acts to explain which may be deferred till after Samoa is reduced to order, given a government acquiesced in by the three powers, and peace finally established. The remarks made in the Senate of the United States by Sherman, of Ohio, and Frye, of Maine, indicate that our statesmen and State department will bring to these difficulties cool and careful judgment exercised with intent to preserve the peace of nations. There will be fools enough among American politicians, orators, and writers who will desire to let slip the dogs of war and bring havoc to the nations without any encouragement from those who at Washington, Berlin, or London are intrusted with the settlement of misunderstandings growing out of Samoan difficulties or jealousies arising among traders on this unimportant island in a distant sea. We are not yet disposed to unkindly criticise the diplomatic conduct of Mr. Bayard, our outgoing Secretary of State; when the facts are better known, all the correspondence exposed, and the attitude of the three powers fully understood, it will be time enough to determine whether this gentleman has exhibited a lack of intelligence or a want of patriotism or has in any sense been unmindful of his duties or the dignity of his country. Perhaps it is too early to expect the bitterness of a partisan conflict to be forgotten, but toward this distinguished Democratic and Southern statesman there should linger some memories of his long active and honorable public life before we heap upon him obloquies only deserved by those who lack the sentiment of patriotism.

The election which in Paris resulted in a majority for Boulanger is an expression of contempt not for Republicanism but for Republican government as it is administered in France. One of our correspondents assumes that Boulanger's majority in the Department of the Seine comes from the *sans-culottes*. We do not so regard it. Bonapartists, Orleanists, unsatisfied capitalists, the Clerical party, and, indeed, every element of opposition to the existing government of France, united with *sans-culottes* to bring about the not unexpected result. It is not improbable that this "plebiscite" demonstration in favor of one who appears to us at this distance to be a mere adventurer on horseback, sustained by the money and votes of intriguers for the throne, indignant priests, disgruntled stock-gamblers like De Lesseps, and the passionate, angry, hungry mob, led by Louise Michel, may turn out advantageously to France. We have great confidence in the French people, admiration for their valor, and respect for their virtues when submitted to the test of fair opportunity. Paris is a boiling cauldron, and France becomes at times a sea of turmoil and confusion which must not be estimated from surface indications. Not France in the feudal age, nor France under the first Napoleon, nor in the time of recuperation and rest under Louis Phillippe, nor when betrayed by Napoleon the Third, nor when led unprepared to battle against Germany, is to be regarded as embodying the virtues of the French people. France has an hundred times in her history come triumphant from conditions more desperate than now environ it, and the French people have arisen from complications a thousand times more difficult than now beset them; we do not despair that they will successfully emerge from their present political embarrassments. If upon the ruins of this eighteen-year-old republic an empire should arise, or out of the complications and confusion that attend the strife of parties and the ambition of leaders a crown should appear, we shall not consider that France has lost her proud position among European nations, or that her people have been bereft of any of the virtues that have distinguished them on battle-fields and in councils during their past honorable and glorious history. There are military leaders and statesmen in France capable of lifting the nation from the embarrassments in which it is involved through the crimes and follies that have distinguished these later years of its republican administration. Most sincerely do we hope that priestcraft, demagogy, imperialism, and partisan ambition will be successfully crushed out, and in place of the present government a more dignified, patriotic, and stable commonwealth may be established. Nor do we despair that such will be the outcome of the popular demonstration in favor of Boulanger and the excitements that will naturally attend his ambitious political efforts.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Chinese Question.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: All goes well. Hardly anything could be improved. The public pulse has been carefully and constantly felt, and it beats right. He must be blind, deaf, and imbecile who does not see that the educated class in California is pretty nearly ripe for a repeal of the exclusion laws and that working-men are lukewarm in opposition. A variety of causes have combined to elicit the truth regarding the public temper. Stirring appeals by widely circulated papers have called upon the working classes to rise up and protect their homes against the "Asiatic hordes"; nobody has risen up, no public meetings have been held, no citizen of character has dared to place himself on record as opposed to the new departure. The appeals have fallen flat. For the first time in their lives, the rapscallions O'Donnell and Kearney have proved their usefulness by taking the lead of the new anti-Chinese crusade and so disgusting decent people with it.

It was not to be expected that Mr. Buckley's legislature would rise to the level of the situation. The best men on both sides, led by Dibble, of San Francisco, and Ostrom, of Yuba, did oppose the anti-Chinese resolutions by subterfuge; but the rank and file of the members of both houses continue to vote, not as their principles dictate, but as they conceive the meanest, and basest, and most ignorant of their constituents would have them vote. But time-serving is the badge of all their tribe. There are few, indeed, among them who, when a question of principle comes up, do not exclaim, with the Pope's tenor: "Che sciagura d'essere senza co . . . .ne!"

In the press, the most copious fountain of instruction is not the *Examiner*, which, though recklessly precipitate at first, and foolishly vacillating afterward, has rendered priceless service to the cause of truth by drawing attention to the facts; nor yet the *Call*, which has done capital work in exposing the shallowness of the anti-Chinese case, and the worthlessness of its supporters; but the *Chronicle*, which has remained gravely silent throughout. Whatever may be said against the *Chronicle*, its editor and proprietor is endowed with the gift of reading the public mind. If he had felt that the demand of the fruit-growers for Chinese labor was in opposition to public sentiment generally, he would have said so; he said nothing, and it is safe to infer that he has convinced himself that the sentiment which he believed to exist when he opposed Harrison's nomination at Chicago has really died out. The change in public temper is not yet clear enough to justify him, in his judgment, in demanding the repeal of the Exclusion Acts; but it is sufficiently pronounced to warrant him in refraining from saying a word in their defense. Here is monstrous progress from 1880, when the *Chronicle* could not mention a Chinaman without foaming at the mouth.

When the facts are observed it is really wonderful, not that opinion should be changing, but that it should change so slowly. The Scott law was contrived by Mr. Cleveland, in a spirit of demagogy, for the purpose of carrying California by pandering to a mean prejudice which was supposed to be dominant here; the response was a majority of over seven thousand for Harrison. The law was intended to keep out Chinamen; its real effect has been to transfer the immigrant business from San Francisco to Victoria, B. C., where every steamer arriving from China is bringing in five hundred Chinamen to work in California. The passage of the act was welcomed in this State with firing of cannon and brass bands, because it was said to mean more employment and better wages for white workmen; there has been no influx of white men into California, and the wages of those who are here have not risen one cent. But Chinamen who were glad to get farm work at one dollar a day now demand one dollar and twenty-five cents, and Chinese house-servants, who get five dollars, now insist on eight dollars, and both classes obtain what they ask.

An impression appears to prevail in circles from which the schoolmaster has long been absent that the working class is benefited by a scarcity of labor. That model idiot asylum, the Council of Federated Trades, having done its little best to build a wall against the ingress of Asiatic labor, now issues a notice to Eastern workmen in these words: "Do not immigrate into California with the expectation of finding any scarcity of labor here, either at the present or during the coming picking season."

The federated traders evidently imagine that they will benefit by a scarcity of labor. But a scarcity of labor implies a diminution of products; a diminution of products means smaller profits to divide; and smaller profits mean less earnings for all classes. If the gains of the members of the Federated Trades increased in proportion to the diminished number of workmen, then they would be greatest if there were no workmen at all. There is most work for workmen of all classes where production is largest. If instead of producing a million boxes of raisins, as it is doing this year, California produced five millions, there would be more money in the State, more houses built, more industries started, more iron foundries running, more woolen mills at work, more furnaces in blast, more railroads laid, more boots and shoes turned out—in a word, more products of every form of human industry, and this, of course, would benefit every workman in the State. The larger the uses for human labor, the better off the laborer becomes, and, *per contra*, the more the field for industry is narrowed, the less its rewards. If, instead of having sixty-five thousand Chinamen in California, we had six hundred and fifty thousand scattered through the orchards and vineyards, every trade that is represented in the Federated Trades would find the demand for its wares increased, and workmen would not need to employ artificial devices, like union compacts, to keep up wages.

June and July will tell the story. From every fruit county in the State there will then come the cry that from the want of pickers the planters are losing as much fruit as they are harvesting. The want can not be supplied from the East; white men—much less white women and children—can not endure the heat and fatigue of fruit picking in California, any more than they can pick cotton in Alabama, or work on sugar plantations in Louisiana. They were not created for any such toil, and they could not perform it if they were willing to undertake it, which they are not. The planters, this year, must stand the loss. Last year, a close calculator figured that the loss of the fruit-growers from want of hands in the picking season was nearly equal to the entire gross receipts of the fruit union from its Eastern shipments. This year, the area in fruit being very much larger than last year, the loss will probably about equal the entire gross receipts of the growers, from domestic sales of green fruit, sales to dryers and canners, and sales to the East. In other words, the greatest industry of the State, the industry on which its future prosperity must depend, will sacrifice fifty per cent. of its gross income in order to appease the ferocious prejudice of a few ignorant asses against foreigners. How long the respectable classes will submit to this is the question of the hour. B.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 29, 1889.

The French Election.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: A review of the present political situation in France leads one more and more to the conclusion that French statesmanship, if statesmanship it can be called, is the creature of passion and prejudice and not of any calm consideration of fact. A more puerile action than that of the ministry tendering its resignation in consequence of the election of Boulanger, last Sunday, to represent the Department of the Seine, in other words, the city of Paris, in the Assembly, has scarcely ever occurred in the political annals of any country, for the simple reason that undue weight has been attached to a mere parliamentary incident, with the further damaging result that the government has proclaimed itself alarmist, and in so doing weakened its influence in the state. The importance attached to the election of Boulanger is a relic of the *ancien régime*, which ascribed to Paris undue political influence in the affairs of the French empire. The only member of the government who appreciated the exact value of the situation was President Carnot, unless we are to believe that the act of resignation was merely a theatrical demonstration on the part of Floquet, out of mock respect for the success of his arch-enemy, Boulanger, and with full knowledge that the farce would end as it did. This view of the matter gains further color from the suggestive expression made use of by President Carnot, in refusing to accept the resignation of the cabinet—"Remember the words of M. Thiers, 'All things must be accepted seriously but nothing tragically.'" As a matter of fact, the *sans-culotte* element has the same weight in the ballot-box at Paris as its equivalent has in San Francisco, and under this aspect of the case the otherwise phenomenal success of Boulanger loses its significance and can not be accepted as representing the sober verdict of the *bourgeois* element which has real interests at stake. In addition to this, Boulanger may be credited with the support of the Monarchists or Imperialists, perhaps both, for from this source undoubtedly comes the monetary support which enables him to conduct his political campaign. It is easy, then, to see where the fifty-four thousand majority—which simply means taking twenty-seven thousand votes from his opponents—came from; and this surplus does not seem so big, when it is known to what it can be readily attributed. The German press is pretty unanimous in its opinion that the election is a real victory for the Monarchists, in that it is really a vote of want of confidence in the republic—likewise that it throws another weight into the scales for war. That the sober sense of the community, of which the commercial barometer of a country is the most trustworthy guide, does not take any such gloomy views of the situation, is evidenced by the fact that the quotations on the Bourse have fallen merely an inconsiderable fraction in consequence of the election. A way, however, in which the event may influence German action in the Samoan difficulty and render its adjustment easier, is that Germany can not afford to enter into any serious complications with this country, in the face of a possibly hostile France engaging her whole attention at home at any moment. M.

High Courts of Election in "The Next National Reform."

EDITORS ARGONAUT: If the business or occupied men of the country would take time to consider the purport of the article in the January number of the *North American Review* upon the important question of "The Next National Reform," it seems almost certain that some plan could be evolved which would result in great good, not only to the present generation, but secure to future generations the perpetuity of the Union, as the ballot is the best power to correct the errors of bad government.

In this effort for reform the same spirit should dictate the action taken as that stated in the preamble to the Constitution of the United States, *i. e.*, "to secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity." Can such a spirit be successfully invoked?

The national election law should start from the foundation and permit only tax-paying citizens to vote, such as have sufficient knowledge to read and write in English, and to understand that basis of intelligent liberty is not founded upon improper license.

There seems no valid reason why elections should not be as fairly conducted as the high courts of the land, or why citizens should not be subject to serve for election duties by summons, the same as for jury duty or as witnesses in courts. The best service could thus be invoked and none should be excused, if possible to serve, no matter what their calling. The officers of election should not be taken from party managers, but great care should be taken to select only active, industrious men of known honesty and capability instead of men willing to serve party manipulators for the spoils to be obtained at election season.

Instead of the numerous precincts, let every district or ward of a city have a high court of election, presided over by a State or United States judge, or have judges appointed especially for the occasion, with full power to commit for contempt and to issue summary processes to compel attendance and punish offenses.

Every citizen, without regard to age or occupation, should be obliged to obey the summons of this court for duty that might be assigned to him. Every citizen should be obliged to vote unless excused.

Each judge should have power to call upon men learned in the law to assist him, in the event that he should find too great an amount of labor for one man. Every voter, if not known, should be questioned as to his right to vote. Names should be announced so that all present could see the voter and know the name given, so that men could be marked if illegally voting, or claiming the right to vote, upon any other than their own names.

In every court of election there could be any number of ballot-boxes deemed necessary, and the polling-places sufficiently large, so that there would be no crowding. The small precinct votes could be kept separate in special boxes as they now are in this city, if thought best, with a separate registration.

It might be well to have two days, thirty days apart, when all other business should be suspended, one day for registration and one day for voting and counting the votes; returns should be complete before the close of the day.

Then the judges of the land could be called upon for this service.

There are many other details that suggest themselves, but the purpose should be to throw around elections all the dignity that a high court under a national law could give, to secure to the people of each State all the rights that they are entitled to under a free, enlightened republic.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 29, 1889. L. L. BAKER.

The Irish Question and Mr. Gladstone's Career.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The murders of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke in Phœnix Park by the "Invincible" assassins, who compassed and executed this fearful crime, completely broke up the alliance which had so recently been formed between Mr. Gladstone's government and the Parnellite leaders; the feeling of horror and consternation which prevailed throughout the kingdom was so strong that the government dared not disregard it, and, putting aside all idea of any further "remedial" legislation, they brought forward another "coercion" bill, by which they obtained still further and more stringent powers for the detection and punishment of crime than they already possessed under the Act of 1881. This measure passed rapidly into law, the Irish opposition in the House of Commons being at that time too much paralyzed to offer any effective resistance; but it excited in them the greatest animosity toward the government, and from that time until the fall of Mr. Gladstone's second administration, in the month of June, 1885, they offered it the most bitter and irreconcilable opposition.

Mr. (now Sir George) Trevelyan succeeded Lord Frederick Cavendish as chief secretary for Ireland, and toward him and Lord Spencer the Parnellite party showed the most envenomed hostility; accusations of the most foul and infamous nature were recklessly and pertinaciously made, not only against their administration of the law but against themselves personally. It is impossible to reproduce these accusations here, suffice it to say that one of the least of them was that they had knowingly caused innocent persons to be hanged. Mr. Trevelyan was subjected to the greatest indignities in the House of Commons—indignities so great that they, on one occasion, wrung from him the exclamation that, "although he had the misfortune to be chief secretary for Ireland, he was still a gentleman!"

At last Mr. Trevelyan, completely broken down by the persecution to which he was subjected, resigned. Mr. Shaw Lefevre succeeded him, and, by presenting a firmer and bolder front to the Parnellites, kept their hostility more within bounds, though it still frequently broke out in violent explosions which, on one memorable occasion, necessitated the temporary expulsion of several of their number from the House. One great and deplorable mistake, however, he made during his tenure of office, which was to allow the revival of the "Land League" under the specious title of the "National League," defending his conduct to his constituents in England by drawing the distinction between the two associations—that the former (the Land League) was "agrarian and unlawful" in its character, while the latter (the National League) was "a constitutional body working only for political ends and, therefore, lawful in its character."

The disastrous results which flowed from this decision of the government soon began to show themselves, and were made fully apparent later on when, in 1885 and 1886, the National League became so powerful that it was truly said, of a great portion of Ireland, that "the law of the land had been superseded by the law of the Land League."

Mr. Gladstone's Act of 1882, being only a temporary measure for three years, expired in 1885, at about the same time that his own tenure of the premiership came to an end, and, for reasons to which I will refer later on, was not renewed; the consequences were that the magistracy and police authorities were again deprived of the powers which had enabled them to keep crime, disorder, and terrorism in check; the disaffected classes, encouraged by this further proof of the vacillation and indecision of English statesmen (and here I regret much to be obliged to refer specially to the leaders of the Conservative party), broke out into greater disorder than ever, and the so-called "National League," in a very large portion of the country, became virtually supreme. In the meantime, Mr. Gladstone's ill-omened administration of 1880–5 ran its disastrous course, covering itself with disgrace and infamy by crowding into the term of its existence a series of dangers, disasters, and humiliations for the empire, from the evil effects of which the country has not yet been fully extricated.

Not only in Ireland, but at the Cape, in the Transvaal, in Zululand, in Egypt, in Afghanistan, and in Central Asia (where the steady and onward march of Russia toward the frontiers of the Indian Empire proceeded unchecked by the feeble diplomacy of Lord Granville), the Gladstone government involved the country in humiliating disasters, in reckless expenditure of millions of treasure, and in the useless shedding of priceless blood which it could ill spare—treasure recklessly squandered and blood uselessly shed because directed by no policy from which the nation could derive any benefit.

There can be no doubt whatever that if the constituencies of 1880 could have been again appealed to in 1885, there was awaiting the administration of Mr. Gladstone one of the most complete and tremendous defeats to which any English Government had ever been subjected at a general election, but this defeat was partially, though not wholly, averted by the craft and subtlety of the "old parliamentary hand" who clearly foresaw the disaster that was awaiting him if the electorate, as it existed in 1880, were only afforded the opportunity of reconsidering and reversing the verdict which it then gave. Mr. Gladstone effected this by bringing forward in the sixth year and in the seventh session (for there had been an extra autumn session to revise the rules of procedure) of a dying Parliament—and, moreover, a Parliament which had long ceased to represent the feelings of the country—a measure for extending the franchise to the agricultural laborers throughout Great Britain and Ireland. Household suffrage had been granted to the cities and boroughs by Lord Derby's government in 1867, and although since that time Mr. Gladstone had been in office for upward of eleven years in two Parliaments (those of 1868–74 and 1880–85), both of which gave him commanding majorities, the claim of the county householders to the franchise had never troubled him; it was only at the very close of the Parliament of 1880–5, which had then very nearly run out its allotted legal tenor, that he brought forward a measure for giving effect to that claim.

The reason was obvious; by passing a County Franchise Bill Mr. Gladstone not only made a vast change in the electorate by adding to it upward of two millions of voters (mostly agricultural laborers), but, at the same time, he gained the enormous advantage of placing an entirely new issue before the country, viz., the proposed provision of small farms for agricultural laborers, commonly called, at the time, "three acres and a cow," thereby obscuring to a great extent the real issues, which would otherwise have decided the result of the general election of 1885, and which were not only the lamentable and dangerous state of affairs in Ireland, but the complete failure of his administration to carry on the foreign affairs of the country with a due regard to its honor, to its interests, and to the maintenance of its rightful position among the nations of the world.

It is deeply to be regretted that the Conservative party did not, at this crisis, present a bolder and firmer front to the designs of Mr. Gladstone; it is quite true that they were in a decided minority in the House of Commons, but it was, also, evident that that House was no longer in touch with the prevalent feeling of the country (which had already partially found expression in the by-elections), and that if the constituencies, as they then existed, could have been again appealed to, Mr. Gladstone would have suffered a most overwhelming and crushing defeat; and there can be no reasonable doubt that it was the consciousness of this which impelled him to place a fresh issue before the country as the only means of averting the irretrievable disaster which otherwise inevitably awaited him. Another reason which alone should have decided the Conservative party to do its utmost to thwart Mr. Gladstone's designs was that his measure also extended the franchise to the agricultural laborers in Ireland, the result of which has been that, with the exception of about sixteen or eighteen seats in Ulster and the two seats for the University of Dublin, the entire representation of Ireland is now in the hands of the Parnellites, who command the remaining eighty-five or eighty-seven seats, so that the loyal minority in Ireland—which numbers probably one-third of the population and certainly contains within it the vast preponderance of the wealth and intelligence of the country—has barely half the number of representatives to which it is justly entitled. It is quite true that the Conservative party were powerless to prevent the passage of the Franchise Bill through the Commons in face of the alliance *ad hoc* between the Ministerialists and Parnellites; but they had an admirable opportunity of forcing an appeal to the country when the bill had passed into the House of Lords, and that they failed to take advantage of this opportunity must ever be a cause of regret.

The events which took place while the Franchise Bill was passing through the House of Lords are not only of great interest in themselves, but they illustrate, in a most striking manner, the intense craving for power which characterizes Mr. Gladstone and which is the key to a clear understanding of his political character, as they show that, in order to avert the danger of an appeal to the then existing electorate, he submitted to a humiliation which no prime minister had ever undergone before. To place this matter clearly before your readers, it must be explained that previous to the passing of the Franchise Bill, out of the five hundred members allotted to England and Wales, the cities, boroughs, and universities returned three hundred and ten and the counties one hundred and ninety. Even before the great increase in the county voters, caused by the Act of 1885, the counties possessed less than their proportionate share of seats in the House of Commons, taking the number of voters in the counties and towns respectively as the basis of calculation. It is clear, therefore, that if the Franchise Bill, which added about two millions to the county voters without making any appreciable change in the towns, had been unaccompanied by a bill for the redistribution of seats, the disproportion already existing between the two sets of constituencies would have been greatly increased and the injustice to the counties thereby intensified. And yet, strange to say, Mr. Gladstone's original plan, obstinately adhered to until the resolute attitude of the House of Lords compelled him to change it, was to pass his Franchise Bill into law, unaccompanied by any measure for the redistribution of seats, a question which he maintained should be left to the consideration of the next Parliament, and, although repeatedly pressed on the point by the leaders of the Conservative party in the Commons, he refused to give way. It remained, therefore, for the House of Lords to bring him to terms, and the result of the conflict which ensued will show that the peers of England are not the impotent and useless body which the ignorant radicalism of the day would make them appear to be, but that they are capable of rendering valuable service to the country whenever their intervention is called for at a crisis in its affairs. When the bill came before the House of Lords for a second reading, an amendment to the following effect was proposed by Lord Cairns: "That this house (I write from memory), while prepared to give effect to the principle of the extension of household suffrage to the counties, is not prepared to give the bill now before it a second reading, unless it be accompanied by a measure for the redistribution of seats, and it, therefore, defers reading this bill a second time until such a measure is produced by the government with a pledge that the two bills shall become law simultaneously." After a long and heated debate, in which the leaders of the government in the House of Lords strenuously opposed the amendment, it was carried, on a division, by a large majority, involving a serious ministerial defeat. It will be observed that by agreeing to Lord Cairns's amendment, the House of Lords did not (as has since been frequently asserted by members of the Radical party) reject the bill; they merely postponed its second reading until the production by the government of a bill for the redistribution of seats and its passage through the House of Commons, so that the injustice to the counties which would otherwise have been the result, if Mr. Gladstone could have had his will, should be averted by the allotment to them of a much larger number of seats than they already possessed. The bill, in fact, was left for a time in a state of suspended animation.

Mr. Gladstone and his more ardent followers were furious; a violent but spurious agitation was got up in the country, culminating in a great meeting in Hyde Park, preceded and followed by an immense procession through the principal parts of London for the purpose of bullying and browbeating the House of Lords into submission. But it soon became evident that there was also a very strong feeling throughout the country that the peers were only doing their duty, and large meetings were held in many places at which resolutions were passed approving of their action, and urging them to stand fast in their determination not to allow the Franchise Bill to become law, unless accompanied by a fair and satisfactory measure for the redistribution of seats. The conse-

quences were that the agitation suddenly collapsed, and Mr. Gladstone was apparently left with the prospect of that appeal to the existing electorate which he so much dreaded, as he well foresaw that it would inevitably result in a defeat so complete and overwhelming as to preclude the possibility of his ever returning to power; it being perfectly clear that at the close of the sixth year, and of the seventh session of the existing Parliament, it would be quite impossible for the government to frame a bill for the redistribution of seats—an intricate question, bristling with dangers and difficulties of every description, involving as it did the disfranchisement, either wholly or in part, of a considerable number of the towns, and, therefore, certain to meet with opposition from many of their own supporters who were principally members for borough constituencies—with any reasonable prospect of being able to pass it before the close of the session.

I write "apparently," because at this supreme crisis of his fortunes "the old parliamentary hand" showed that, even in his present desperate position, he had not come to the end of his resources, and, to the astonishment of the country, he took a step which—although as I have previously remarked, it involved him in a humiliation unprecedented and unparalleled in the political history of the times—saved him from the great and pressing danger which threatened him, viz., an appeal to the then existing constituencies. He invited Lord Salisbury and the late Lord Iddesleigh (then Sir Stafford Northcote), the leaders of the opposition in both Houses, to Downing Street, and requested them to assist him in framing a bill for the redistribution of seats by forming, with Sir Charles Dilke and himself, a sub-committee of the cabinet, so that by their united labors a measure might be produced which, being presented to the House of Commons under the joint responsibility of the government and of the leaders of the opposition, would pass easily and rapidly into law, in spite of any desultory opposition which independent members, on both sides of the house, might offer to it. Whether Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote were wise in accepting this invitation—thereby rescuing their great opponent from the greatest danger which had ever threatened him in the course of his political career—is a point which I will not attempt to discuss, as it lies beyond the scope of these letters; suffice it to say that this "sub-committee of the cabinet," this *imperium in imperio*, after several sittings succeeded in framing a measure which, under the joint authority of the government and of the leaders of the opposition, passed rapidly through the House of Commons, and that the House of Lords then gave the Franchise Bill a second reading; the two measures becoming law, practically, at the same time.

The administration of Mr. Gladstone soon came to an end after this had been accomplished. Discredited in every possible way by their miserable failure to conduct the affairs of the country, both at home and abroad, with credit to themselves or with advantage to the nation, they eagerly seized the first opportunity of slipping out of office and of throwing the immense task of evolving order out of chaos (for that was the condition of affairs generally at that time) upon their Conservative opponents, and, on a mere detail of Mr. Childer's budget, a proposed increase in the beer and spirit duties, which was opposed by the Conservative party and defeated by the narrow majority of fourteen, they resigned; the defeat having been brought about partly because the Parnellites chose to vote with the Conservatives in the division, but mainly because a number of Liberal members deliberately abstained from voting, it being well known among them that the government wished to be relieved from office now that Mr. Gladstone's main purpose had been assured.

At this important crisis Lord Salisbury committed two serious errors of judgment. The first was in taking office at all at that time, an error which had a disastrous effect on the state of Ireland, as I will presently show, and the second was the removal of Sir Stafford Northcote (who then became Earl of Iddesleigh) from the House of Commons, where the Conservative party soon felt the loss of his wise, prudent, and statesmanlike leadership, in which he was succeeded by Sir Michael Beach, who became chancellor of the exchequer, with Lord Randolph Churchill as his lieutenant and secretary of state for India. If Lord Salisbury had followed the wise example of Lord Beaconsfield in 1873 by refusing to take office with a Parliament in which Mr. Gladstone still possessed a considerable majority, he would not only have compelled him to go to the country "with all his imperfections on his head," as he had to do in 1874, but he would also have forced upon the government the duty of renewing the powers of restraint and prevention of crime in Ireland, which were about to lapse, and, without which, the Irish executive had reported that they would be unable to maintain order in the country; a duty which was all the more incumbent upon them, inasmuch as Mr. Gladstone had already announced in the House of Commons, a very short time before his resignation, that it was the intention of the government to bring in a measure containing "some of the more valuable provisions" contained in the acts then about to expire. On this point, however, it was well known there were serious divisions in the cabinet, and it may be easily realized that this was another and very strong reason why Mr. Gladstone rejoiced to be released from office at that disturbed and critical time; and here I can not relieve the Conservatives from a share in the guilt of making Ireland the battle-field of party, because, when they took office in June, 1875, they were compelled to allow the acts which were soon to expire to lapse, being bound by the disastrous declaration of Lord Randolph Churchill (who, at that time, though not in alliance, was at least on friendly terms with the Parnellites) "that it would be inconsistent in the highest degree to pass a Coercion Act for Ireland at the very time that the Legislature had shown such confidence in the people by the very large extension of the franchise granted to them by the recent act." The consequences were that disorder again increased, the dissatisfied classes gained courage, and the winter of 1885-6 was so disturbed that, at the meeting of the new Parliament in February, 1886, Lord Salisbury's government was compelled to announce the introduction of a measure for the repression and punishment of crime in Ireland, a proceeding by which their previous inaction stood self-condemned.

The other error, the removal of Sir Stafford Northcote from the House of Commons, was a most unfortunate one; posterity will do that justice to the memory of this statesman which the present generation has so scantily accorded to it; no man ever served his country with a more single eye to its welfare; during a long and arduous career he worked unceasingly for its benefit, and to no man could the motto *sans peur et sans reproche* more fitly apply. During four sessions he was the leader of the House of Commons and for seven more he led the Conservative opposition in that house, and, though he never attained the premiership, a post to which he was fully entitled and which he would assuredly have filled with credit to himself and with advantage to the country, he will always rank as one of the best among the leading statesmen of the empire. His removal from the House of Commons was followed not very long after by his death, in the midst of the crisis brought about in the winter of 1886-7 by the rash and headstrong proceeding of Lord Randolph Churchill, in precipitately and without any good reason resigning the post of chancellor of the exchequer in Lord Salisbury's second administration, and with it the leadership of the House of Commons, a step followed by changes in the government which painfully affected him, Lord Iddesleigh was suddenly called away amid the regret, accompanied by a feeling of remorse of the nation, leaving to his friends the precious recollection and to his family the priceless heritage of an unstained and honored name.

The general election of 1885 took place in the month of November of that year, and the returns for the cities and boroughs, which took place some days in advance of the counties, plainly showed what a crushing defeat Mr. Gladstone would have experienced if the old constituencies had been again appealed to. In these constituencies which were not affected by the Franchise Act, inasmuch as they had already possessed household suffrage since the year 1867, even with the greatly reduced number of representatives which the Redistribution Act left to them, the Conservatives gained no fewer than sixty seats, making a difference of one hundred and twenty on a division; it is clear, therefore, that if the county constituencies, in which the strength of the Conservative party had always hitherto been manifested, had not been revolutionized by the enormous number of voters added to them principally from among the agricultural laborers, Mr. Gladstone would have suffered one of the most overwhelming defeats ever inflicted on a minister. But the returns from the counties went far to redress the balance; in these constituencies which were now largely dominated by the agricultural laborers, a class of voter almost entirely ignorant, and, therefore, taking little or no interest in Imperial affairs, the promise of "three acres and a cow" made to them by the extreme Radical party, who carried on an incessant agitation by means of their numerous emissaries among them, had a very great effect, and the consequence was that, on a balance of the gains and losses as between the counties and the towns, the combined Liberal and Radical parties lost only about twenty seats; but added to this, was the disaster which beset the party in Ireland where the section of the Irish members under the leadership of Mr. Shaw—which had always given a firm and unwavering support to Mr. Gladstone's government—was entirely swept away, not one of them being reëlected; the result of the election in Ireland being that about twenty Conservatives were returned, and the remaining eighty-five seats were filled by Mr. Parnell and his followers, a result which might and should have been foreseen when the Franchise Act was passed; the Parnellites (who only numbered about forty in the previous Parliament), wresting fifteen seats from the Conservatives and taking possession of the whole of the thirty seats previously held by Mr. Shaw and his followers.

A strange state of things then supervened. The first Parliament elected under the Franchise and Redistribution Acts was a Parliament which lasted only from November, 1885, to June, 1886; the still united Liberal party under Mr. Gladstone obtained three hundred and thirty-three seats, the Conservatives two hundred and fifty-two, and the Parnellites eighty-five, making up the six hundred and seventy-three members of which the House is composed; it will thus be seen that Mr. Gladstone failed to obtain a clear majority in the House precisely by four votes, and, such being the case, Lord Salisbury's government decided not to resign, but to meet the new Parliament which was summoned to its first session in the latter part of January, 1886.

During the interval between the general election of November, 1885, and the meeting of the new Parliament in January, 1886, Mr. Gladstone may he said to have taken his final plunge; at the close of December a balloon was sent up from Hawarden which, metaphorically speaking, may be said to have caused more wonder, astonishment, and consternation than any actual balloon which had ever floated in the air over the island of Great Britain; in plain English, Mr. Herbert Gladstone (the "hereditary" member for Leeds) communicated to the country, by means of the press agency, the astounding intelligence that his father had become convinced that a measure of home-rule was absolutely necessary to satisfy the aspirations of the Irish people. The excitement that prevailed throughout the country when this extraordinary announcement became generally known was intense; the usual denial, with its tortuous qualifications, was soon forthcoming from Hawarden, but it was not believed. Lord Hartington immediately hastened to London, and, after a consultation with Mr. Forster, issued a manifesto to the country, declaring that no such measure would ever receive his support, but, on the contrary, would meet with his uncompromising opposition. This assurance, coming from such an eminent member of the Liberal party (who had actually been its recognized leader for six years), did much to calm the agitation of the public mind; but Mr. Gladstone, after his first ambiguous denial, remained obstinately silent, and it was generally understood that he was then in consultation with the Parnellites, through his son, maturing his plans for defeating the government immediately after the meeting of the new Parliament, and again seizing the reins of power.

The opportunity soon came. At the meeting of the new Parliament the government was compelled reluctantly to announce that in consequence of the disturbed state of Ireland, and the inability of the executive to maintain order in a large part of it without the powers which they had possessed under the lapsed Peace Preservation Acts, it would be necessary to introduce a measure at once for giving these powers to the authorities. The very day after this announcement an amendment to the address was proposed by Mr. Jesse Collings (the apostle of the agitation for "the three acres and a cow"), expressing the regret of the House that the government had not announced, as a part of their programme of legislation, a measure for the purpose of providing allotments for agricultural laborers. This amendment, which received the support of Mr. Gladstone and the great majority of the Liberal party, was also supported by the entire strength of the Parnellites, and, on a division, was carried by a majority of seventy-five, upon which Lord Salisbury's administration resigned, and Mr. Gladstone became, for the third time, prime minister of England.

But under circumstances and conditions greatly changed from those which existed when he took office as prime minister in 1868 and again in 1880; then he was supported by the entire strength of the combined Liberal and Radical parties, the Dukes of Argyll, Westminster, Bedford, and Devonshire, Lords Selborne, Braborne, Hartington, Sherbrooke, Lansdowne, and many other peers, beside such men as Sir Henry James, Mr. Forster, Mr. Caine, Mr. Jesse Collings, Mr. Peter Ryland, Sir Henry Hoare, Mr. Goschen, and other commoners too numerous to mention who had been among his warmest supporters, now stood aloof from his ministry, and were, more or less, in open and avowed opposition. Even Mr. Chamberlain, who took office in this administration, resigned as soon as he had been made acquainted with the terms of the new Home-Rule Bill, and, together with Mr. (now Sir George) Trevelyan, went into open opposition. It is true that the latter has since returned to Mr. Gladstone's allegiance, but this defection from the Unionist cause is far more than outweighed by the fact that Mr. John Bright ("the great tribune of the people") has repeatedly expressed his thorough disapproval of Mr. Gladstone's recent course, and has given his measure his strongest and most determined opposition.

In consequence of this change the state of affairs in Ireland became worse and worse, no additional powers were granted to the authorities, and the disaffected classes increased in violence in spite of the efforts of the Parnellite leaders to keep them quiet in order to assist Mr. Gladstone to pass his Home-Rule Bill. Lord Aberdeen—whose tenure of office may be termed a vice-royalty *pour rire*—succeeded Lord Carnarvon as lord lieutenant of Ireland, and Mr. John Morley became chief secretary. The consternation and alarm of the loyal and peaceable portion of the population may easily be imagined with such a man as Mr. John Morley (the Danton or Robespierre of the coming revolution) in office as chief secretary; the executive became paralyzed and the police-force demoralized; and the alarm of the Orangemen in Ulster, at the imminence of the dangers which threatened them, became so intense that terrible and bloody riots broke out in Belfast and other places, which were not put down until large forces of military and police had been drafted into Ulster for that purpose.

While this was going on, the Parliament of 1885-6 ran its course and proved more faithful to the Unionist cause than from the peculiar circumstances which attended its election could have been expected. The support given to Mr. Gladstone's Home-rule Bill by the entire strength of the Parnellites was more than counterbalanced by the defection of the whole of the moderate Liberals under Lord Hartington, and of several Radicals under Mr. Bright and Mr. Chamberlain, many voting against the measure and the remainder abstaining from voting altogether. The consequence was that when the bill came on for its second reading, it was thrown out by a majority of thirty after a long and animated debate, and, thereupon, Mr. Gladstone announced his intention to dissolve Parliament and appeal to the country. The most momentous general election within the memory of living man then took place, involving, as it did, the question of the union of the United Kingdom and the unity of the empire. Mr. Gladstone and his supporters made the most tremendous efforts to carry the constituencies, making the most determined and envenomed attacks on the seats occupied by the Liberal-Unionists, which in one notable case succeeded, as Mr. Goschen lost his seat for Edinburgh, but, on the whole, the Separatists sustained a great defeat, and the composition of the Parliament of 1886 was very different to that of 1885. The Conservatives gained greatly, numbering about three hundred and sixteen, the Liberal-Unionists returned seventy-two members, the Parnellites eighty-six, and the Gladstonian Separatists one hundred and ninety-six, thus making up the six hundred and seventy members who constitute the House of Commons, giving the Unionists a clear majority of one hundred over the Gladstonians and Parnellites combined. The defeat of Mr. Gladstone was so complete that, as soon as the result of the general election was known, he immediately resigned, and Lord Salisbury's present administration was formed with Lord Iddesleigh as foreign secretary, Lord Randolph Churchill, chancellor of the exchequer and leader of the House of Commons, the Marquis of Londonderry, lord lieutenant of Ireland, and Mr. Balfour, chief secretary.

The state of affairs with which Lord Salisbury's government found itself confronted on taking office in July, 1886, and the subsequent progress of events, together with some general remarks on the state of affairs at the present time and the prospects of the future, must, with your permission, form the substance of another and final communication. I remain, sir, faithfully yours, JOHN KEYMER KANE.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 18, 1889.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Teacher—"What is the future of 'He drinks'?" *Johnny* (after considerable thought)—"'He is drunk."—*Life.*

First shopping fiend—"Madam, that's my muff!" *Second shopping fiend*—"Why, how inexcusably stupid of me to pick up an *imitation* monkey-skin."—*Time.*

Both saw the point: *She*—"Do you love me still?" *He*—"Yes, dear." (And then she thought, and he thought, and she wondered if he saw it, and he wondered if she saw it.)—*Time.*

Suburban (proud of his little garden)—"Well, sir, I made over fifty dollars on hens this winter." *Townley* (who lives in a flat)—"How?" *Suburban* (joyously)—"By not keeping any."—*Burdette.*

"We are related, I believe," said the Earthquake to the Case of Ague. "I think so, though we have never met before," replied the Case of Ague. "Shake!" both exclaimed, simultaneously.—*Life.*

"Poor little boy," she said, sympathetically, to the one-armed urchin; "did you lose your little arm?" "No'm," he replied, tearfully, "I picked it up after the smash-up and dad he had it buried."—*Time.*

Salesman—"What can I do for you, madam?" *Mrs. Silberstein*—"I aind buyin' noddings. Leedie Saul's popper said I should hring him down unt see der cash fly arount fer an objecdt lesson!"—*Puck.*

A Southern hotel advertises among its attractions a "parlor for ladies thirty-five feet wide." We trust this paragraph will catch the eye of the woman who occupies three seats in a crowded car.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Beethoven von Dinkenspiel (trombonist of street band)—"Mein gootness, Herr Conductor, can't you bead us around de obbosite way? Dot December wind blows all the music down mein throat!"—*Life.*

First leading citizen (in Southern lynching-party)—"The sheriff threatens that if we break in and get those prisoners he will shoot." *Second leading citizen*—"Wall, reckon we'd better lynch the sheriff first."—*Time.*

Clibbey (in the Union Club smoking-room)—"What did 'Antony and Cleopatra' most remind you of, ancient Egypt or old Rome?" *Klubby*—"Neither." *Clibbey*—"What then?" *Klubby*—"Modern Gall."—*Town Topics.*

Mr. Howells (of New York)—"Mrs. Poinvant's ball was one of the best managed I've seen since I've been here." *Miss St. Lawrence* (of Montreal)—"Fabncy!" *Mr. Howells*—"Oh, no; just ordinary full-dress."—*Judge.*

Beggar (preliminarily)—"I've seen better days——" *Busy man*—"So have I; looks as if it had set in for an all-day drizzle. Confoundedly unpleasant. Got to take 'em as they come, though. Tra la la."—*Texas Siftings.*

Mrs. Westend—"My dear Mrs. Kaintuck, how is your husband? Is it true that he is suffering from malaria?" *Mrs. Kaintuck* (from Louisville)—"Oh, it's not so serious as that, thank fortune. It's nothing but jim-jams."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Miss Culture—"I had no idea you were English, Mr. Standish; I thought you were an American." *Mr. Standish*—"I am an Englishman, born and bred." *Miss Culture*—"Indeed! you speak remarkably good English for an Englishman."—*Puck.*

Absent-minded man (in a bob-tail car)—"Conductor, I think I dropped a five-dollar gold piece in the box instead of a nickel." *Street-car driver*—"Well, sit down in the corner and ride it out. I'm very busy just now, and can't be botbered."—*Puck.*

"What do you think of the modern style of writing-paper?" asked Cora; "do you like it as well as the old?" "I'm afraid I am not competent to form an opinion," replied Merritt; "I should judge that a great deal can be said on both sides."—*Life.*

Poor suitor (to rich belle who has accepted him)—"I—I can not give you diamonds, darling. I am poor." *Rich belle*—"Oh, never mind, Edwin, I can buy my own, all I want; but you can give me an occasional ruby or sappbire now and then."—*Harper's Bazar.*

First stage-robber—"What did you git yesterday, Jerry?" *Second robber*—"Nothin'; there wasn't nobody in the stage 'ceptin' a lawyer, two plumbers, and a prima donna, an' professional courtesy wouldn't allow me to touch 'em, of course."—*Terre Haute Express.*

"So this Italian count not only turns out to be a humbug, but he abuses you into the bargain," said Beatrice; "he's such a wretch it's a wonder he didn't strike you before the marriage." "He did," sobbed the young bride; "struck me every time he called for five dollars."—*New York Sun.*

Miss Fanny T. Phayre (after the proposal)—"It is impossible, Mr. Askin! But though this refusal may bring you pain, I hope that we may meet in the future as friends. *Mr. Askin* (bitterly)—"Oh, that is quite possible. There seems no chance now of our ever meeting as relations!"—*Puck.*

Mrs. Morbid—"I have called, sir, to offer some words of sympathy to the unfortunate wife-murderer in Cell 1001." *Prison official*—"Take a chair, madam. As soon as a new block of six is made up, we will dismiss the ladies who are calling on him now. Our corridors are very narrow, you know."—*Puck.*

Colonel Steers (of Montana)—"It seems to me you New Yorkers are entirely too 'uppish' and on your dignity. If you only were out where I live, you'd see what Western hospitality is!" *Mr. Manhattan*—"I have. I once took a drink with Six-Toed Hank of your town at the point of a pistol!"—*Puck.*

"Doctor," said a citizen, as he overtook him on the street, "what do you do in case of a gone stomach?" "Well," replied the doctor, thoughtfully, "I've never had such a case myself, but I would recommend you to advertise for it and then sit down in a large easy-chair and wait until somebody brings it back."—*Life.*

A woman went into a Boston store and inquired for a cravat. "Do you want a simple tie or a Windsor, a Harvard, a four-in-hand, or what?" "Any one will do." "But gentlemen have some choice in neckwear." "Never you mind; the man this is for will wear it and say nothing. He's dead."—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

Miss Blight—"I met Jennie Cashcroft to-day. She told me, by the way, that she never allowed Cashcroft to kiss her until after they were married." *Miss Spite*—"So he married her out of curiosity, I suppose. If you had only tried that plan last summer, perhaps you might have been Mrs. Cashcroft yourself, dear."—*Terre Haute Express.*

Friend (to sick man)—"Don't you find the long days lonesome, John, confined as you are to your bed and easy-chair?" *Sick man*—"Lonesome, man? That doesn't express it. Why, the gas collector called this afternoon with a six months' gas-bill, and I paid the bill and put my arms around his neck and called him brother."—*New York Sun.*

Miss Kate Field—"I have called to see the religious editor. As the great American champion of California wines as a solution of the temperance problem I sent him a case of the wines, with a request for a strong article on the subject in the religious department, but the article has not appeared." *Office boy*—"No, mum; he's drunk yet."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Miss Breezy (to Professor X., of the Natural History Museum)—"Do you not think, Professor X., that Miss Smith, at the piano there, is a very beautiful girl?" *Professor X.*—"Er—yes, indeed, Miss Breezy, she is exceedingly lovely." *Miss Breezy*—"I have always contended, professor, that she is one of the most beautiful girls in Chicago and that there are no flies on her." *Professor X.* (here his profession shows itself)—"Yes, Miss Breezy, but I suppose that in the summer, when the weather is very warm, she is naturally more or less troubled with them."—*New York Sun.*

A PECULIAR CASE IN SURGERY.

By W. C. Morrow.

[This powerfully written sketch is, as its title indicates, a detailed account of a most extraordinary surgical operation. People with delicate nerves had better refrain from reading it. If after this warning they read it, they have only themselves to blame.—Eds.]

Looking at my friend as he lay upon my bed, with the jeweled knife-handle protruding from his breast, I believed that he was dying. Would the physician never come?

"Pull it out, old fellow," begged the sufferer through white, drawn lips, his gasping voice being hardly less distressing than the unearthly look in his eyes.

"No, Arnold," said I, as I held his hand and gently stroked his forehead. It may have been instinct, it may have been a certain knowledge of anatomy, that made me refuse.

"Why not? It hurts," he gasped. It was pitiful to see him suffer, this strong, healthy, hare-brained, daring, reckless young fellow.

The resident physician walked in—a tall, grave man, with gray hair. He went to the bed and I pointed to the knife-handle, with its great bold ruby in the end and its diamonds and emeralds alterooatioo in quaint designs in the sides. The physician started. He felt Arnold's pulse and looked puzzled.

"When was this dooe?" he asked.

"Ahout twenty minutes ago," I answered.

The physician started out, beckoning me to follow.

"Stop!" said Arnold. We obeyed. "Do you wish to speak of me?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the physician, hesitating.

"Speak in my presence, then," said my friend; "I fear nothing."

It was said in his old imperious way, although bis suffering must have been great.

"If you insist——"

"I do."

"Then," said the physician, "if you have any—any matters to—to adjust, they should be attended to at once. I can do nothing for you." There was a little unsteadiness in his voice.

"How long can I live?" asked Arnold.

The physician thoughtfully stroked his gray beard. "It depends," he finally said; "if the knife be withdrawn, you may live three minutes; if it be allowed to remaio, you may possibly live an hour or two—not longer."

Arnold oever flinched. It was not the first time that he had faced death, which had no terrors for him.

"Thank you," he said, smiling faintly through his pain; "my friend here will pay you. I have some things to do. Let the knife remain." He turned his eyes to mine, and, pressing my hand, said, affectiooately: "And I thank you, too, old fellow, for not pulling it out."

The physician, moved by a sense of delicacy, left the room, saying: "Ring if there is a change. I will be io the botel office."

He had not gone far when be turned and came back.

"Pardon me," said he, "but there is a young surgeon in the hotel who is said to be a very skillful man. My specialty is not surgery, but medicine. May I call bim?"

"Yes," said I, eagerly; but Arnold smiled and shook his head. "I fear there will not be time," he said. But I refused to heed him, and directed that the surgeon be called immediately. I was writing at Arnold's dictation when tbe two men entered the room.

There was something of nerve and assurance in the young surgeon tbat struck my attention. His manner, though quiet, was hold and straightforward and his movements sure and quick. These are general peculiarities of higbly educated young surgeons. This young man had already distinguished himself in the performance of some difficult hospital laparotomies, and he was at that sanguine age when ambition looks through the spectacles of experiment. And then, zeal and ambition are often identical. Dr. Raoul Entrefort was the new-comer's name. He was a Creole, small and dark, and he had traveled and studied in Europe.

"Speak freely," gasped Arnold, after Dr. Entrefort had made an examination.

"What think you, doctor?" asked Entrefort of tbe older man.

"I think," was the reply, "that the knife-blade has penetrated the ascending aorta, about two inches above the heart. As long as the blade remains in the wound the escape of blood is comparatively small, though certain; were the blade withdrawn, the heart would almost instantly empty itself through the aortal wound."

Meanwhile, Entrefort was deftly cutting away the white shirt and the undershirt, and soon had the breast exposed. He examined the gem-studded hilt with the keenest interest.

"You are proceeding on tbe assumption, doctor," be said, "that this weapon is a knife."

"Certainly," answered Dr. Rowell, smiling; "what else can it be?"

"It *is* a knife," faintly interposed Arnold.

"Did you see the blade?" Entrefort asked him, quickly.

"I did—for a moment."

Entrefort shot a quick look at Dr. Rowell and whispered: "Then it is *not* suicide." Dr. Rowell nodded.

"I must disagree with you, gentlemen," quietly remarked Entrefort; "this is not a knife." He examined the handle very narrowly. Not only was the blade entirely concealed from view within Arnold's body, but the blow bad been so strongly delivered that the skin was depressed by the guard. "The fact that it is not a knife presents a very curious series of facts and contingencies," pursued Entrefort, with amazing coolness, "some of which are, so far as I am informed, entirely novel in the history of surgery."

A quizzical expression, faintly amused and manifestly interested, was upon Dr. Rowell's face. "What is the weapon, doctor?" he asked.

"A stiletto."

Arnold started. Dr. Rowell appeared confused. "I must confess," he said, "my ignorance of the differences among these peoetratiog weapons, whether dirks, daggers, stilettos, poniards, or bowie-knives."

"With the exception of the stiletto," explained Entrefort, "all the weapons you mention have one or two edges, so that in penetrating they cut their way. A stiletto is round, is ordinarily about half-an-ioch or less in diameter at the guard, and tapers to a sharp point. It penetrates solely by pushing the tissues aside in all directions. You will understand the importance of that point."

Dr. Rowell nodded, more deeply interested than ever.

"How do you know it is a stiletto, Dr. Entrefort?" I asked.

"The cutting of these stones is the work of Italian lapidaries," he said, "and they were set in Genoa. Notice, too, the guard. It is much broader and shorter than the guard of an edged weapon; in fact, it is nearly round. This weapon is about four hundred years old, and would be cheap at twenty thousand florins. Observe, also, the darkening color of your friend's breast in the immediate vicinity of the guard; this indicates that the tissues have been bruised by the crowding of the 'blade,' if I may use the term."

"What has all this to do with me?" asked the dying man.

"Perhaps a great deal, perhaps nothing. It brings a single ray of hope into your desperate condition."

Arnold's eyes sparkled and he caught his breath. A tremor passed all through bim, and I felt it in the hand I was holding. Life was sweet to him, then, after all—sweet to this wild daredevil who had just faced death with such calmness! Dr. Rowell, though showing no sign of jealousy, could not conceal a look of incredulity and also of pain that Entrefort should offer any hope to the sufferer.

"With your permission," said Entrefort, addressing Arnold, "I will do wbat I can to save your life."

"You may," said the poor boy.

"But I shall have to hurt you."

"Well."

"Perhaps very mucb."

"Well."

"And even if I succeed (the chance is one in a thousand) you will never be a sound man, and a constant and terrible danger will always be present."

"Well."

Entrefort wrote a note and sent it away in haste by a hell-boy.

"Meanwhile," he resumed, "your life is in imminent danger from sbock, and the end may come in a few minutes or hours from that cause. Attend without delay to whatever matters may require settling, and Dr. Rowell," glancing at that gentleman, "will give you something to brace you up. I speak frankly, for I see tbat you are a man of extraordinary nerve. Am I right?"

"Be perfectly candid," said Arnold.

Dr. Rowell, evidently bewildered by his cyclonic young associate, wrote a prescriptioo, wbicb I sent by a boy to be filled. With unwise zeal I asked Entrefort:

"Is there not danger of lockjaw?"

"No," he replied; "there is not a sufficiently extensive injury to peripheral nerves to induce traumatic tetanus."

I subsided. The man's coolness and promptness were amazing.

Dr. Rowell's medicine came and I administered a dose. The physician and the surgeon then retired. Tbe poor sufferer straigbtened up his business. Wben it was done he asked me:

"What is that crazy Frenchman going to do to me?"

"I bave no idea; be patient."

In less than an hour they returned, bringing with them a keen-eyed, tall young man, who had a number of tools wrapped in an apron. Evidently he was unused to such scenes, for he became deathly pale upon seeing the ghastly spectacle on my bed. With staring eyes and open mouth he began to retreat toward the door, stammering:

"I—I can't do it."

"Nonsense, Hippolyte! Don't be a baby. Why, man, it is a case of life and death!"

"But—look at his eyes! be is dying!"

Arnold smiled. "I am not dead, tbough," be gasped.

"I—I beg your pardon," said Hippolyte.

Dr. Entrefort gave the nervous man a drink of brandy, and then said:

"No more nonsense, my boy; it must be done. Gentlemen, allow me to introduce Mr. Hippolyte, one of the most original, ingenious, and skillful machinists in the country."

Hippolyte, being modest, blushed as he bowed. In order to conceal his confusion, he unrolled his apron on the table with considerable noise of rattling tools.

"I have to make some preparations before you may begin, Hippolyte, and I want you to observe me, that you may become used, not only to the sight of fresh blood, but also, what is more trying, tbe odor of it."

Hippolyte shivered. Entrefort opened a case of surgical instruments.

"Now, doctor, the chloroform," he said, to Dr. Rowell.

"I will not take it," promptly interposed the sufferer; "I want to know wben I die."

"Very well," said Entrefort; "but you have little nerve now to spare. We may try it without chloroform, however. It will be better if you can do without. Try your best to lie still while I cut."

"What are you going to do?" asked Arnold.

Save your life, if possible.

"How? Tell me all about it."

"Must you know?"

"Yes."

"Very well, tben. The point of the stiletto has passed entirely through tbe aorta, which is the great vessel rising out of the beart and carrying the aerated blood to tbe arteries. If I sbould withdraw the weapon the blood would rush from the two holes in tbe aorta and you would soon be dead. If the weapon bad been a knife, the parted tissue would have yielded and the blood would bave been forced out on either side of the blade and would have caused death. As it is, not a drop of blood has escaped from the aorta into the thoracic cavity. All that is left for us to do, then, is to allow the stiletto to remain permanently in the aorta. Many difficulties at ooce present themselves, and I do not wooder at Dr. Rowell's look of surprise and incredulity."

That gentleman smiled and shook his head.

"It is a desperate chaoce," continued Entrefort, "and is a novel case in surgery; but it is the only chance. The fact that the weapon is a stiletto is the important point—a stupid weapon, but a blessing to us now. If the assassin had known more she would have used——"

Upon bis employment of the noun "assassin" and the feminine pronoun "she," both Arnold and I started violently, and I cried out to the man to stop.

"Let him proceed," said Arnold, who, by a remarkable effort, had calmed himself.

"Not if the subject is painful," Entrefort said.

"It is not," protested Arnold; "why do you thiok the blow was struck by a woman?"

"Because, first, no man capable of being an assassin would carry so gaudy and valuable a weapon; second, no man would be stupid enough to carry so antiquated and inadequate a thing as a stiletto, when that most murderous and satisfactory of all penetrating and cutting weapons, the bowie-knife, is happily available. Sbe was a strong woman, too, for it requires a good hand to drive a stiletto to the guard, even thought it miss the sternum by a hair's-breadth and slip between the ribs, for the muscles here are hard and the intercostal spaces narrow. She was not only a strong woman but a desperate one also."

"That will do," said Arnold. He beckoned me to bend closer. "You must watch this man; he is dangerous."

"Then," resumed Entrefort, "I shall tell you what I intend to do. First, bowever, I must congratulate you on tbe fact that, as the weapon may not be withdrawn, it did not enter the heart instead of the aorta; for if left in the heart inflammation of the tissues would follow and produce death. Tbat danger exists even as it is. There will undoubtedly be inflammation of the aorta, which, if it persist, will cause a fatal aneurism by a breakiog down of the aortal walls; but we bope, witb the help of your youth and bealth, to check it.

"Another serious difficulty is this: With every inhalation, the entire thorax (or bony structure of the chest) considerably expands. The aorta remains statiooary. You will see, therefore, that as your aorta and your breast are now held in relation to each other by the rigid stiletto, the chest, with every inhalation, pulls the aorta forward out of place about half an inch. I am certain tbat it is doing this, because there is oo indication of an escape of arterial blood into the thoracic cavity; in other words, the mouths of the two aortal wounds have seized upon tbe blade with a firm hold and thus preveot it from slipping in and out. This is a very fortunate occurrence, but one which will cause pain for some time. Tbe aorta, you may understand, pulls the heart backward and forward with every breath you take, but that organ, though oow undoubtedly much surprised, will accustom itself to its new condition.

"What I fear, however, is the formation of a clot around the blade. You see, the preseoce of the blade in the aorta has already reduced the blood-carrying capacity of that vessel; a clot, therefore, need not be very large to stop up the aorta, and of course if that should occur death would ensue. But the clot, if one form, may be dislodged by the heart and driven forward, in which event it may lodge in any one of the numerous branches from the aorta and produce results more or less serious, possibly fatal. If, for instance, it should cboke either the right or the left carotid there would ensue atrophy of one side of the brain and consequently paralysis of half the entire body; but it is possible that in time there would come about a secondary circulation from the other side of the brain and thus restore a bealthy condition. Or the clot, which in passing always from larger arteries to smaller, must unavoidably find one not large enough to carry it, and must lodge somewhere, may either necessitate amputation of one of the four limbs or lodge itself so deep within the body that it can not be reacbed with the knife. You are beginning to realize some of the dangers whicb await you."

Arnold smiled faintly.

"But we shall do our best to prevent the formation of a clot," continued Entrefort; "there are drugs wbich may be used with effect."

"Are there more dangers?"

"Many more; some of the more serious have not been mentioned. One of these is the liability of the aortal tissues pressing upon the weapon to relax their hold and allow the blade to slip. That would let out the blood and cause death. I am uncertain whether the hold is now maintained by the pressure of the tissues or the adhesive quality of the serum which was set free by the puncture. I am convinced, though, that in either event the hold is easily broken and that it may give way at any moment, for it is under several kinds of strains. Every time the beart contracts and crowds the blood into the aorta, the latter expands a little, and then contracts when the pressure is removed. Any unusual exercise or excitement produces stronger and quicker heart-beats and increases the strain on the adhesion of the aorta to the weapon. A fall, a jump, a blow on the chest—any of these migbt so jar the heart and aorta as to break the hold."

Entrefort stopped.

"Is that all?" asked Arnold.

"No; but is not that enough?"

"More than enough," said Arnold, with a sudden and dangerous sparkle in his eyes. Before any of us could think, the desperate fellow had seized the handle of the stiletto with both hands in a determined effort to withdraw it and die. I had had no time to order my faculties to the movement of a muscle, when Entrefort, with incredible alertness and swiftness, bad Arnold's wrists. Slowly Arnold relaxed his hold.

"There, now!" said Entrefort soothingly; "that was a careless act and might have broken the adhesion! You'll have to be careful."

Arnold looked at bim witb a curious combination of facial expressions.

"Dr. Entrefort," he said.

"Well?"

"You are the devil."

Bowing profoundly, Entrefort replied:

"You give me too great honor;" then he whispered hurriedly to Arnold, "if you do that"—with a motion toward the hilt—"I will have *her* hanged for murder."

Arnold, almost choking and with a look of horror, withdrew his hands, took one of mine in both of his, and placed them on the pillow above his head.

"Proceed with your work," said he to Entrefort.

"Come closer, Hippolyte," said Entrefort, "and observe narrowly. Will you kindly help me, Dr. Rowell?" The latter had sat helpless, wondering.

Entrefort's hand was quick and sure, and he used the knife with marvelous dexterity. First he made four equidistant incisions outward from the guard and just through the skin. Arnold winced and held his breath at the first cut, but soon regained command of himself. Each incision was about two inches long. Hippolyte shuddered and turned aside his head. Entrefort, whom nothing escaped, said:

"Steady, Hippolyte! Watch."

Quickly was the skin peeled back to the limit of the incisions. This was excruciatingly painful. Arnold groaned, and his hands became moist and cold. Down went the knife into the flesh, and blood flowed freely; Dr. Rowell sponged it off.

The swift knife went again at work. Arnold's marvelous nerve was breaking down. He clutched my hands with unconscious strength. His eyes danced. His mind was weakening. Almost in a moment the flesh had been cut away and removed down to the bones, which were exposed—two ribs and the sternum. A few quick cuts cleared the blade of the weapon between the guard and the ribs.

"To work, Hippolyte—be quick!"

He had evidently been coached. With slender, long-fingered hands, which trembled at first, he selected certain tools with nice precision, made some quick measurements of the weapon and of the cleared space around it, and began to adjust the parts of a queer little machine.

"What——" Arnold started to say, but a deeper pallor settled on his face, his hands relaxed, his voice was hushed, and his eyes closed.

"Thank God!" exclaimed Entrefort; "he has fainted. He can't stop us now. Quick, Hippolyte!"

The machinist attached the queer little machine to the handle of the weapon, grasped the handle with his left hand, and with his right began a series of short, sharp, quick motions backward and forward.

"Hurry, Hippolyte!" cried Entrefort.

"The metal is very hard."

"Does it cut?"

"I can't see for the blood."

In a moment more something snapped. Hippolyte started—he was very nervous. He removed the little machine.

"It is very hard," he said; "it breaks the saws."

He adjusted another saw and went to work. In a little while he picked up the handle of the stiletto and laid it on the table. He had cut it off, leaving the blade inside.

"Good, Hippolyte!" exclaimed Entrefort. Almost in a minute the bright end of the cut metal was closed from view by the skin flaps, and these sewed together and the blood wiped away.

Arnold returned to consciousness and glanced down at his breast. He looked puzzled.

"Where is the thing?" he asked.

"Here is part of it," explained Entrefort, holding up the handle.

"And the blade——"

"Is an irremovable part of your internal machinery."

Arnold was silent.

"It had to be cut off," resumed Entrefort, "not only because it would be troublesome and an undesirable ornament, but also because it was necessary to remove any possibility of withdrawing it."

Arnold said nothing.

"Here is a prescription," said Entrefort; "take the medicine as directed for the next ten years, without fail."

"What for? I see it contains muriatic acid."

"I may explain ten years from now."

"If I live."

"If you live."

Arnold pulled me down to him and whispered:

"Tell her to fly at once."

Noble, generous boy!

* * * * * * *

I thought I recognized a thin, pale, bright face among the passengers who were leaving an Australian steamer which had just arrived at San Francisco.

"Dr. Entrefort!" I called.

"Ah!" he said, peering up into my face; "I know you now, but you have changed. You remember I was called away immediately after I performed that crazy operation on your friend, and have spent the intervening seven years in India, China, Siberia, the South Seas, and God knows where not. I am glad to set foot on my native soil again, for I am tired. But wasn't that the most absurd, hare-brained experiment that I tried on your friend! I dropped all that kind of nonsense long ago. Poor fellow, he bore it so bravely! Did he suffer much? How long did he live? A week?"

"Seven years."

"What!" exclaimed Entrefort, startled.

"He is alive now, and in this city."

The man staggered. "Incredible!" he said.

"It is true; you shall see him."

"Tell me about him," he asked, eagerly, his eyes glittering with the peculiar light which I noticed on the night of the operation.

"Well, the change in him is shocking. Imagine a young dare-devil of twenty-one, who had no greater fear of danger and death than of a cold, now a cringing, cowering man of twenty-eight, nursing his life with pitiful tenderness, fearful that at any moment something may happen to break the hold of his aorta on the stiletto-blade, a confirmed hypochondriac, peevish, melancholy, unhappy in the extreme. He keeps himself confined as closely as possible, avoiding all excitement and exercise, for fear they will produce disastrous results, and reads nothing exciting. The constant danger has worn out the last shred of his manhood and left him a pitiful wreck. Can nothing be done for him?"

"Possibly. Let us find him. Ah, there comes my wife to meet me! She arrived on the other steamer."

I recognized her instantly, and was overcome with astonishment.

"Charming woman," said Entrefort, "and you'll like her. We were married four years ago at Bombay. She belongs to a noble Italian family and has traveled a great deal."

Then he introduced us. To my unspeakable relief she recognized neither my name nor my face. I must have appeared a peculiar person to her, but it was impossible to be perfectly nonchalant. We went to Arnold's rooms, I with painful fear. I left her in the reception-room and took Entrefort within. Arnold was too greatly absorbed with his own troubles to be dangerously excited by meeting Entrefort, whom he greeted with indifferent courtesy.

"But I heard a woman's voice," he said, and before I could move he had gone to the reception-room, and he stood face to face with the beautiful adventuress who, wickedly desperate, had driven a stiletto into his vitals in a hotel seven years before because he refused to marry her. They recognized each other. Both started and turned pale; but she, quicker witted, recovered her composure at once and advanced toward him with a smile and an extended band. He staggered back, his face ghastly with fear.

"Oh!" he cried out, "the blade has slipped out—I felt it fall—the blood is pouring out—it burns—I am dying!" and he fell into my arms and instantly expired.

The autopsy revealed the astonishing fact that there was no blade in him at all. It had been gradually consumed by the muriatic acid which Entrefort bad prescribed for that purpose and with which Arnold had kept his system constantly filled, and the wounds in the aorta had closed in steadily with the wasting blade and were perfectly healed. All his vital organs were sound. My poor friend, once so reckless and brave, had died simply of a childish, groundless fear of a woman; and she unwittingly had accomplished her revenge.

SAN JOSE, January, 1889.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We commend to those of our readers who are interested in the English-Irish home-rule question that they read the very intelligent communications of Mr. Kane, which have appeared in the *Argonaut*. The articles are impartial and correct, and present the political career of Mr. Gladstone in its true light. Mr. Goldwin Smith, writing in the London *Globe*, charges Americans with "pandering to the Irish vote," and says that President Cleveland, though a sensible and cool-headed man, was induced to dismiss Lord Sackville because the Irish were leaving the Democratic party by thousands when they learned through the Murchison letter that he was not unfriendly to England. He also charges the President with "glaring inconsistency and wrong-doing" in threatening Canada with retaliation after acknowledging, by sending the Fisheries Treaty to the Senate, that Canada had shown herself willing to agree to a fair settlement. The Irish believed that the party of Mr. Blaine was the party of enmity to England, Mr. Goldwin Smith is correct in asserting that the Republican party pandered to the Irish vote. It was a shameful contest between the Democratic and Republican parties to see which should be guilty of the most cowardly and dishonorable subserviency to this Irish conspiracy, which had been organized in America against England. This distinguished English writer, speaking from his personal observation of the working of political parties in this country, declares that the Irish in America, "working under a different set of institutions, are be-"having much as they do at home, forming the army of cor-"ruption, oppressing and butchering the negro, maltreating "the Chinese, organizing the Molly Maguire outrages in "Pennsylvania, raising under the ruffian Kearney the banner "of confusion and plunder in California, and regarded politi-"cally as the bane of the commonwealth." If he had discriminated between the Protestant and Romanist, the men of the north of Ireland and the south, he might have attributed to the first-mentioned class other brutalities equally repugnant to civilization. He might have truthfully asserted that nearly all the riots, unlawful combinations, and political atrocities perpetrated in the northern line of States from New York to California, result from and are attributable to this class of Irish. "Americans," as we define the class, do not favor home-rule, or tenant right, or agrarian outrages in Ireland. Irish-Americans and American demagogues do unite in upholding Irish atrocities done in Ireland, and do excuse all political offenses engaged in by them in America. There are very few Americans who have the courage to oppose the unlawful conduct of the Roman Irish, because of their vote. English immigrants in foregoing the privilege of becoming American citizens and standing aloof from party contentions have contributed to this condition of things. The true American feeling never exhibits itself till it becomes necessary to punish Irish rioters and law-breakers with lead and steel. It is true that more Irish have been punished for their lawlessness and criminal conduct in America by being shot to death in one day than have died for political or agrarian crimes on British scaffolds since the Union. The same sentiment is in reserve for those who shall set American laws at defiance and the same punishment will be meted out to similar offenses in the future. In America, honest and intelligent public opinion favors upholding the law and enforcing the rights of property, and, while as politicians we may be seemingly indifferent to Irish offenses perpetrated on Irish soil, we will not endure them in this country. There are other things that Americans will only endure till patience ceases to be a virtue.

BRITISH RANK AND TITLE.

"Cockaigne" on Mistakes of the "Tribune's" American Peerage.

Considerable amusement has been created over here by the New York *Tribune's* "American" peerage. In the first place, it strikes the English mind as particularly ludicrous that any American paper should deem the subject of sufficient interest to republican readers to justify it in devoting so much space to the publication of data of the sort, which it must have taken much time and trouble to collect. In the second place, all American efforts of the kind are provocative of British laughter. In the present instance the use of the word "peerage" is absurd. "Peer" is not synonymous with "title." In England the peerage consists of the peers, viz., men who, though of different grades of nobility, are all *noblemen*. Baronets are not noblemen, and are not peers, and the book which in England includes baronets is not called a peerage, but a "baronetage." The *Tribune* groups Viscountess Mandeville and Lady Randolph Churchill with Lady Hesketh. The first two are married to English noblemen, the latter to only an English baronet. In America this distinction may be tweedledum and tweedledee. Doubtless to the New York *Tribune* people it is, or else they would not have made such a mess of it. In England, however, noblemen and baronets are as distinctly separate in rank as two sets of men can be. Explanation ought not to be necessary on such a very self-evident matter. If it was worth while going to the trouble of getting up an American peerage it was surely worth while doing so properly. Take Burke's "Peerage," for instance. Baronets are not included in it. They are sometimes added to it, and then the book is called a "Peerage and Baronetage."

It always strikes me as odd that Americans, who, on the one hand, lay so much store by English titles as to be incessantly talking about them and referring to them, on the other hand consider it beneath them to make an endeavor to do so correctly. While English titles are thought to be sufficiently important to make them a subject to be continually harped upon, their meaning and science are ignored with self-satisfied disdain. Why not drop them out of mind altogether? I would a great deal sooner hear Lady Randolph Churchill called "Mrs. Churchill" at once, as her uncle Larry Jerome always insisted on calling her, than "Lady Churchill." One can respect the republican consistency of the one, while one despises the affected ignorance of the other. Strictly, legally speaking, she is "Mrs. Churchill." But she is not and never can be "Lady Churchill." Her husband is not "Lord Churchill." There is a Lord Churchill in the English peerage, but he is a different man altogether from Lord Randolph Churchill. He is a baron in his own right, and as such sits in the House of Lords, whereas Lord Randolph Churchill is only a duke's younger son with nothing but a courtesy title and a seat in the House of Commons.

The continued neglect of Lord Salisbury to appoint a successor to Lord Sackville as Minister to the United States is beginning to assume the proportions of a question of some moment. It has been reported that Lord Salisbury has said that as the United States Government refused to accept Lord Sackville any longer they would get nobody else. I can scarcely believe this. As things are at present, the diplomatic relations between England and the United States are in a very one-sided, not to say awkward, state. The United States has a minister in London, but England has no minister in Washington. How long is it proposed to allow this condition of affairs to continue? If it can be permitted for two months, it can be permitted for all time. Such being the case, why should the United States keep Mr. Phelps in London? If the English Government, under the lead and direction of Lord Salisbury, is of the opinion that diplomatic intercourse with the United States is so unimportant that there need be no English Minister resident in Washington, it is high time that the United States took the same view of the matter, and withdrew Mr. Phelps from London.

It must be quite a month ago that Lord Randolph Churchill, who evidently then had some grounds to go upon, urged upon the government the advisability of filling the post at once. Within a fortnight Mr. Gourley, I think it was, asked Mr. Smith, the leader of the government in the House of Commons, what were the intentions of the government as to the appointment of a successor to Lord Sackville. Mr. Smith rather flippantly replied that the government had no information to give as to their intentions in the matter, and the reply was received with applause from the Conservative benches. Perhaps it is that Lord Salisbury is waiting for the Republican President and Cabinet to get into power, and will then send Lord Sackville back again. It does not look unlike it. Yet it would not be possible for General Harrison to accept Lord Sackville without discourtesy to Mr. Cleveland. The more one looks at it, the more inexplicable does it seem.

There can be no doubt that Englishmen generally feel very irate at the treatment Lord Sackville received at the hands of President Cleveland. Whether Lord Sackville's conduct justified the row which Mr. Bayard kicked up about it or not has nothing to do with the question whether Lord Salisbury should send some one else to take his place. The Government of the United States decided that Lord Sackville was not acceptable to it as a minister from England. It had a perfect right to do this, as it has a perfect right to refuse to accept any minister which a foreign country may send to it. Not very long ago did not Austria refuse to receive a minister from the United States—I forget his name—and another had to be selected? The fact is, that Lord Salisbury should have recalled Lord Sackville the moment he was informed that Lord Sackville was not acceptable to the United States. To refuse to send any other representative is not only puerile, but insulting. I can not but regard such a course on the part of Lord Salisbury toward the United States as yet another instance and exhibition of the love and affection which Mr. Lowell so often assures his countrymen lies imbedded in the heart of England. COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, January 4, 1889.

VANITY FAIR.

Annexed will be found a series of extracts from "Max O'Rell's" new book on America. While the opinions of foreigners concerning us are not of much importance, they are frequently interesting: "There exist in America social sanctuaries into which it is more difficult to penetrate than into the most exclusive mansions of the Faubourg Saint Germain, or of Mayfair and Belgravia. There are in Philadelphia; in Beacon Street, Boston; in Washington Square (north side), New York; in Virginia; in Canal Street (right side), New Orleans, Americans who look upon common mortals with much more pity and contempt than the Montmorencys of France or the Howards of England. The Americans, not having any king to give them titles of nobility, have created an aristocracy for themselves. This aristocracy boasts as yet no dukes, marquises, earls, or barons, but the blue blood is there, it appears—Dutch blood, as a rule—and that is sufficient. When a European nobleman arrives in the States, the American aristocracy leave cards upon him at the hotel where he has alighted. He may, perhaps, be personally known to none; it is an act of international courtesy, as it were. The European nobleman, who often goes to America for a dowered wife, is much obliged to them, and returns all the visits paid him. A New York lady, who is quite an authority on such matters, told me one day that society in New York was composed of only four hundred persons. Outside this company of elect, all are Philistines. Money or celebrity may allow you to enter into this charmed circle, but you will never belong to it. You will be in it, but not of it. The lady in question entered also into very minute details on the subject of what she called the difference between 'society people' and 'people in society': but, in spite of all her explanations, I confess I did not seize the delicate 'nuances' she tried to convey. All I clearly understood was that the aristocracy of birth exists in America, not only in the brains of those who form part of it, but also in the eyes of their compatriots. The desire to establish an aristocracy of some sort was bound to haunt the breasts of the Americans; it was the only thing that their dollars seemed unable to procure them. The second aristocracy is the aristocracy of money, plutocracy. To belong to this it is not sufficient to be a millionaire—you must, I am told, belong to a third generation of millionaires. Of such are the Astors, the Vanderbilts, and company. Three-quarterings of 'nobility' are the necessary key of this little world. The first generation makes the millions, the second generation is *parvenue*, the third is *arrivée*. In the eyes of these people, to have from thirty or forty to fifty thousand dollars a year is to be in decent poverty. To have two or three hundred thousand dollars a year is to be in easy circumstances. The third aristocracy is the aristocracy of talent, literary and artistic society. This third aristocracy is incontestably the first, if you will excuse the Hibernianism. I do not think that one could find anywhere, or even imagine, a society more refined, more affable, more hospitable, more witty, or more brilliant. I should like just here to indulge in a string of adjectives, after the fashion of Mme. de Sévigné.

"One of the consequences of the position which woman takes in the United States is that in good American drawing-rooms conversation is never dull. French women are the only ones I know who can compare with the American lady in charm of conversation, and even then I am obliged to admit two things: that the American women of intellectual society are often more natural than their French rivals, and that they make less effort to charm. There is no country where you hear so many good anecdotes, and no country where they are so well told. The Americans are delightful raconteurs; they are past-masters in the art of making those light, graceful, witty little speeches, which give to their dinners such a unique charm. Then the humor is delicate, the wit of the brightest. Irony and elegance combine to make these discourses veritable little literary gems. The Americans have their heads full of anecdotes and reminiscences, and it little matters in honor of whom or of what the dinner is given, they are sure to be ready with anecdotes and reminiscences that are suitable to the occasion.

"The American men are generally thin. Their faces glow with intelligence and energy, and in this mainly consists their handsomeness. I do not think it can be possible to see anywhere a finer assemblage of men than that which meets at the Century Club of New York every first Saturday of the month. It is not male beauty such as the Greeks portrayed it, but a manly beauty in all its intellectual force. The hair, often abundant, is négligé, sometimes even almost disordered-looking; the dress displays taste and care without aiming at elegance; the face is pale and serious, but lights up with an amiable smile; you divine that resolution and gentleness live in harmony in the American character. The features are bony, the forehead straight, the nose sharp, and often pinched-looking in its thinness. At times, one seems to recognize in the faces something of the Indian type; the temples indented, the cheek-bones prominent, the eyes small, keen, and deep set. The well-bred American is to my mind a happy combination of the Frenchman and the Englishman, having less stiffness than the latter, and more simplicity than the former.

"As for the women, I do not hesitate to say that in the East, in New York especially, they might perfectly well be taken for French women. It is the same type, the same gait, the same vivacity, the same petulance, the same amplitude of proportions. The beauty of the American women, like that of the men, is due much more to the animation of the face than to form or coloring. The average of good looks is very high, indeed. I do not remember to have seen one hopelessly plain woman during my six months' ramble through the States. American women generally enjoy that second youth which nature bestows also on numbers of French women. At forty, they bloom out into a more majestic beauty. The eyes retain their fire and lustre, the skin does not wrinkle, the hands, neck, and arms remain firm and white. It is true that in America hair turns gray early, but, so far from detracting from the woman's charms, it gives her an air of distinction, and is often positively an attraction. If the Americans descend from the English, their women have not inherited from their grandmothers either their teeth, their hands, or their feet. I have seen in America the daintiest little hands and feet in the world. The New Yorkers and Bostonians will have it to be that Chicago women have enormous feet and hands. I was willing to believe this, up to the day I went to Chicago. I found the Chicago women, and those of the West generally, pretty, with more color than their Eastern sisters only, as a rule, quite slight, not to say thin. That which is lacking in the pretty American faces of the East is color and freshness. The complexion is pale, and it is only their plumpness which comes to their rescue after thirty and prevents them from looking faded. Those who remain thin generally fade quickly, the complexion becomes the color of whity-brown paper, and wrinkles freely. If American women went in for more out-door exercise; if they let the outer air penetrate constantly into their rooms; if they gave up living in hot-houses, they would have some color, and their beauty need, perhaps, fear no competition in Europe.

"Love of woman, innate in the American, is not enough in itself to explain the luxury that man lavishes on her in the United States. America is not the only country where man is devoted to woman and ready to satisfy all her caprices. The Frenchman is as keenly alive to her influence as the American, if not more. The luxury of the American women must be explained in another way. Money is easily earned in the United States, and is freely spent. Business savors more of gambling than of commerce, in the proper sense of the word. To the American woman the diamond is not an object of luxury; it is an object of prime necessity. An English old maid would do without her tea before an American woman would go without her diamonds. Diamonds, at night with evening-dress and artificial light, are things of beauty; but diamonds in the street with morning-dress, at early breakfast in company with morning wrappers; diamonds in the ears, at the neck, in the bonnet-strings, on arms, on fingers—diamonds all day long and everywhere; it is a remnant of savagery. Nay, I saw diamonds on shoe-buckles one day in broad day in one of the fashionable shops of Union Square. Diamonds are worn by the woman of fashion, the tradesman's wife, shop-girls, work-girls, servants—all the womankind. If you see a shabbily-dressed woman who has not a pair in her ears, you may take it for granted that she has put them in pawn. Décolleté toilets are universal in America, old ladies vying with young in the display of neck and shoulders. The wives of men with middle-class incomes imitate the luxury of the millionaire's wife. I expected to find it so; in a democratic country frogs try to swell into oxen. They puff themselves out until they burst, or rather until their husbands burst. In France always, and in England when he will let her, a wife keeps an eye on her husband's interests. In America she often lays hands on his capital. The well-read, well-bred American is the most delightful of men; good society in America is the wittiest, most genial, and most hospitable I have met with."

Concerning men's scarfs, it is announced that the wide four-in-hand is coming back in renewed force during the spring, for late spring and summer wear. It is largely worn in London just now. The new four-in-hands will beat the record in size. Two and one-half to three inches are the correct proportions, with the latter in the lead. These wide scarfs are not tied in the smooth American fashion, but are drawn down into a close and wrinkled knot. Of course only fine heavy silks can be tied thus and keep their shape. The puff-scarf, particularly in the "Protean" form, has been very much of a success the past season, but it will probably drop out in favor of less expansive shapes. English flat scarfs, which promised to share the boom with the puffs, have been left in the lurch, and lie absolutely dormant in swell haberdashers' stocks.

All things considered, the Spaniards do their courting in the most unique manner. On the Alameda, or public square, a Spaniard encounters some dark-eyed beauty, whose glance fires all the susceptible nature of his southern bosom. To follow her footsteps when the gay throng disperses, to linger in the narrow street where her home is, and by one of those mute but expressive signs, known in southern climes, to testify his passion to her as she sits on the balcony that commands a full view of the moving world in the street—such are the usual steps that precede an interview. This, however, let it not be imagined, is to be sought amid the shady alleys of the Alameda. No; the fair ones of Spain are too jealously guarded by mammas and duennas ever to know much of solitude, far less to enjoy it with a companion. But when gates are barred, and the household wrapped in sleep, it is then that the Spanish maiden rises to keep her tryst with her lover. And should you have occasion, after nightfall, to traverse the dimly lighted streets, you will not go far without brushing past a figure muffled in an ample cloak, and with the sombrero slouched over the eyes, leaning against the iron bars of a gate. As you pass, your ears inform you that the muffled figure is conversing in a low voice with some one within, whom the darkness shrouds from observation. If you are more curious than wise, and bestow on the whispering pair more than a passing look, another becloaked figure will probably step out from some corner and politely request you to refrain from interfering with other people's business. If this hint be not sufficient, he will prepare to enforce it by an appeal to arms. He is engaged in one of the most sacred duties of Spanish friendship—that is, guarding from danger of discovery—or, as it is termed, "guarding the back" of a friend who may be playing the lover. This is an office to be undertaken only by a tried comrade, whose devotion and courage may be proof against the rude trials to which such a position subjects him. If the fair one be noted for her attractions, there are rivals to be encountered, whose jealous passions, if aroused by witnessing another thus engaged, nothing would so soon appease as a thrust of a knife, given without much regard to the rules of fair play. Under these circumstances, the second is summoned to stand, like the knight of old, ready to do battle against all comers, should they approach with hostile intentions. These nocturnal meetings are a frequent occasion of brawls, and lives are sometimes lost, and usually dangerous wounds are given and received, when the knife is brought into play. This custom, though more prevalent among the lower classes, is not entirely banished from the upper ranks of society. In truth, the mystery and romance attending it have too many charms for Spanish lovers of every degree ever to permit it to become the exclusive usage of any one rank in life.

At the grand ball given at the Elysée the other day by President Carnot, of France, the dress worn by Mme. Jane Dieulafoy, the celebrated traveler in Persia, Susiane, etc., is easier to describe than admire. She always affects male attire, and on this occasion actually appeared in full evening-dress—black trousers, dress-coat, white cravat, and gibus, or opera-hat. Of course it gave rise to much comment and remark, and the gentlemen especially regretted she had not thought fit to come in a ball-dress, like the rest of her sex, and in which she would appear to much greater advantage.

A souvenir of England's virgin queen is extant to-day in the shape of a slipper and sandal worn by her more than three hundred years ago. They are at present in the possession of Joseph F. Graham, who keeps a shoe-store in New York. The shoe is still in a wonderful state of preservation, and is a specimen of the handicraft of the crispins of those days. The queen must have had a tiny foot, as the shoe is only a No. 1 in length, though rather too broad to be considered precisely shapely at the present time. It is very similar in shape and form, however, to a lady's fashionable dress shoe of to-day. It is made of yellow-brocaded satin, lined with fine, stout linen canvas. The sole is of oak-tanned leather, somewhat coarser and heavier than would be put into such a shoe to-day. The heel is exactly like the high French heel of modern times, though well under the rear of the foot, and is at least two inches high. The toe of the shoe runs to a sharp point. Across the instep are two satin straps which were evidently fastened to a buckle or clasp, and the back of the shoe is entirely devoid of a counter or stiffening. The edges are bound with yellow-silk braid. The workmanship is remarkably good, as many shoe manufacturers who have seen it testify. The stitching is very fine and regular, and can not be excelled by the best that is done to-day. Accompanying the shoe is a sandal, evidently made to go with it, as the bits of silk in the straps across the instep are of the same yellow satin of which the shoe itself is made. The sandal is even more curious in its way than the shoe. It consists simply of two thicknesses of sole-leather, corresponding in size and shape with the sole of the shoe, except that it is flat on the bottom and heelless. On the upper side there is an elevation to fit in the hollow of the shoe itself. It was evidently only intended to keep the sole from contact with the ground, and is without sides or uppers except the narrow straps to hold it in place, and which, like straps on the shoe, were intended to be fastened with buckles. The authenticity of the relic is vouched for by the possessor, who has its history back to the time when one of the queen's maids of honor gained possession of it at the time of the queen's death.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We give space on our page devoted to communications to the well-expressed opinions of intelligent contributors upon all questions of public interest. With some of them we agree in opinion and with some of them we do not. On the question of Chinese exclusion we have seen no occasion to change our mind. We have been and are in favor of prohibiting by congressional legislation the incoming of the Chinese to our shores—not that we dislike them, for we employ them as domestic servants; not because they are not serviceable laborers in many important fields of industry. There is an argument within the lines of material progress, cheap labor, and business convenience hard to answer. This line of argument is presented in a series of communications by our correspondent "B." They are worthy of careful perusal, and they express the convictions of a large class of our best citizens, and because they do we give them welcome admission to our columns. We find ourselves in harmony with Denis Kearney, Dr. O'Donnell, and the anti-Chinese mob. We mean in harmony not with their modes of treating the subject, for we think them unworthy of intelligent and generous men, but from higher and distinctly different reasons which we shall discuss when this angry tempest of vulgar minds and mean motives shall have passed over. The Chinese question is one of the most important ones that will ever arise upon this continent, and will demand the calm consideration of our best thinkers and broadest-minded statesmen. It is more than a question of material and money-making progress. It is a question involving the highest considerations and the most important consequences to the civilization of our race. There is and can be no homogeneity between the people of China and the white European race. They can not be clothed with any of the responsibilities or duties of citizenship. They are not an inferior race, they are a different race. They can never amalgamate with the white family, or assimilate with it, or become a desirable element in Christian civilization, or a valuable factor in a republican government. The best argument that can be made for breaking down the exclusion laws and opening up the country to the incursion of the moon-eyed barbarians will be made by our correspondent "B." Our readers must guard themselves against forming prejudiced and erroneous opinions upon the question of admitting or rejecting Chinese immigration because their admission is opposed by the vulgar-minded, the ignorant, and the brutal. It happens that the higher and the meaner roads of discussion lead to the same conclusion.

MRS. LANGTRY IN "MACBETH."

Mrs. Atherton ranks Her among the World's Foremost Actresses.

Lady Macheth and Mrs. Langtry had a tussle at the Fifth Avenue Theatre last night, hut, in common justice, it must he said that Mrs. Langtry came off victor. When one looks hackward and recalls Mrs. Langtry's first appearance on the stage, one gasps at the long strides she has taken from the rôle of professional heauty to that of the greatest of tragedy's queens. When she ahandoned society for the footlights it was generaliy understood that her vanity demanded a wider audience for her charms—that, in short, she went on the stage only to show herself. That she had even the most remote histrionic promptings was a proposition which, if advanced, would have heen hailed with scorn.

And there was little during her first visit to America to inspire hope in the most amiahly disposed. When she was not gawking ahout the stage she was meandering through her lines in a manner which would have hrought a hlush to the cheek of an amateur. Upon her second visit she had so materially improved in grace, flexihility, and hreadth that she won respect as a woman of determination and purpose; hut still people hesitated ahout accepting her as an actress. Her record as society woman and professional heauty was against her; people couid not understand why a woman should have a talent for acting who had not followed the world's traditions and heen stage-struck from infancy. In San Francisco, if I remember aright, Mrs. Goodman was the only dramatic critic who was hold enough to prophesy that Mrs. Langtry would one day hecome an actress.

That Mrs. Langtry has lived down her violation of stage traditions has heen widely admitted during the past year or two, during which she has drawn crowded and enthusiastic houses all over the United States, people whose curiosity had long since heen gratified going to see her again and again. It is true that Mrs. Langtry is prohahly the most popular woman in America to-day. Her tact, her extraordinary personal magnetism, and her individuality have won her thousands of personal friends, with whom she has never exchanged a word; but, at the same time, her admirers would not, time and again, sit and watch her for three hours were not her acting something more than acceptable. This it always has heen, except at the very first, and, furthermore, she has never made a fool of herself. It is a singular fact that, although her private life has been criticised, she has never lost her dignity, never heen guyed. In the same way, whatever faults her stage career may have revealed, she has never inspired a laugh. She may have failed to scale the heights of passion, hut the effect was not ridiculous; she was still the dignified woman who commanded respect.

Last night she astonished those who had not seen her since her failure to delineate the complexity and the passion of Julia, and deeply gratified those who have watched her progress and evolution step hy step. In spite of its faults, Mrs. Langtry's Lady Macheth lifted her to the small and exclusive coterie of the world's foremost actresses. Her personation of the character was a remarkable mingling of the original and the traditional. A more natural performance was never given or a more intellectual rendering. In fact, the performance was so thoroughly natural and intellectual as to he at times almost monotonous. All the old theatric demonstrations and climaxes were discarded; one felt more as if he were reading "Macbeth" than seeing it acted. In the first act she read the letter in a semi-agitated, semi-meditative fashion, without the spouting of a line, and the fierce promptings of amhition were admirahly suggested. She was very nervous, hut the wild and prolonged applause with which she was greeted should have reassured her. When the scene was revealed she made a heautiful picture leaning against the deep window-casement and looking out into the moonlight. When she drew herself up and came down the room into the light, she looked so young that it was almost ahsurd. Her hrown hair hung on either side of her neck in two long plaits, and from her head flowed to her feet a veil of saffron-colored silk. An outer robe of dull red flowed away revealing a corsetless figure—which has lost the mature curves it developed a year or two since, and has now the slim roundness of girlhood—clad in dim green and corded ahout with a rope-like girdle. Her skin was as smooth as of yore, and the outlines of her face as pure. She has lost none of the heauty which gave her her first notoriety, and is to-day the handsomest woman on the stage.

In the first scene with Macheth, one would have wished that she had studied Richard Grant White's analysis of the part and heen a little more seductive. But she was always a little cold, and threw no sexual fascination into her influence upon Macheth. She was amhitious, unscrupulous, indomitahle; in those passages where she taunted and spurred, she was very fine; hut when she hung upon Macheth's shoulder, the curves of her mouth did not lose their cruelty or her eye its restless fire. She looked like a woman who had no time to waste on womanly weaknesses; and in those passages where she illustrates the measure of her own relentless ambition, she sent a positive thrill through the house.

In the dagger scene she once or twice failed to rise to the part, hut left little douht upon the mind of her audience that she needed hut the ripening influences of time and practice. Her talent has already acquired such flexihility that further ohstructions must yield as the years go on. In this scene she looked so demure that her dramatic achievements were a douhle triumph. She wore a gown and long veil of sage-green, the veil handed about her brow and edged with white; it made her look like a penitent nun. When she snatched the dagger from Macbeth and made for the staircase, the hloodthirsty, undaunted woman dilated her attire into insignificance. Then again, when the murder is discovered, she is the woman only, and faints with all a woman's horror. There is a shudder in her very eyelids and lips. It would not he Mrs. Langtry, however, if there were not something individual in this faint. As she drops into the arms of her handmaidens and lies half in their embrace, half on the floor, she catches the hem of her skirt with the toe of her shoe, and for some three minutes the audience gather a clearer idea of the shape of her thigh and leg than they do of Mrs. Potter's, with all her gauze skirts.

In the hanqueting scene she is a magnificent ohject to look upon. Not queenly, for she has not yet learned to carry herself with majesty—hut perhaps she is the more natural for that reason. Lady Macheth not horn to the purple has not accustomed herself to its wearing. Over a jeweled cuirass and skirt of soft, white, jewel-sewn stuff, she wears a court train of red silk, stiff with gold embroidery and lined with cloth of gold. Her crown looks much like a helt of fahulous price, and pendant from its hack is a short tulle veil, embroidered with pearls. Macheth is also gorgeously rohed, and as the two sit on a dais at the end of the hanqueting hall witb its dull rich tapestries, its time-stained walls, its hattered armor, and a wonderful mellow glow over all, they make a picture which should go down to posterity.

It must he confessed that there was an unspoken yearning that Mrs. Langtry's originality would manifest itself in the Banquo husiness. But no, he stalked in, gory and ghastly, as he has stalked in since Shakespeare dropped his pen, and looked the same old galvanized corpse.

In this act Mrs. Langtry was a fine mingling of the woman and the queen fearful of losing her state through the indiscreet ravings of her hushand. She did some very delicate shading and some strong emotional vihrations. When she resolutely thrust her fear hehind her and turned to her guests, hegging them to go on with their feast, her smile was so captivating, her arts were so purely feminine, that she hrought down the house; and when later, in her despair she bade them hegone, she was so intensely natural that she moved one of the most critical audiences ever gathered together to call her out hefore the curtain three times.

In the sleep-walking scene she looked as ugly as her ingenuity could accomplish. When sbe descended the steps at the hack of the stage, a white veil flowing over her white gown, a white hand ahout her hrow, and ber face as ghastly as powder could make it, she looked like a corpse hrowsing in her grave-clothes.

Her interpretation of this scene was her own. There was not a dramatic moment, not a theatrical spout. It was awfully, horrihly still. It was a somnambulist, with weary brain and exhausted passion, muttering the iterations of wretcbed years. Her eyes never rolled, they were half-shut and fixed; her lips barely moved. Her voice was hollow and her movements full of ineffahle weariness. It was monotonous, pitiful, weird, impressive. No one who saw it will ever forget it.

Cogblan, who took the part of Macbeth, was equally natural and intellectual, and, in some of the climaxes, very fine. But he did not suggest the king, and he was never sufficiently fierce and impassioned. There was always a suggestion of remorse, of hesitation. Nevertheless, in the first scene with the witches, he indicates plainly that he has conceived the idea of Duncan's murder and is not waiting for his lady's suggestion. With his sunken, restless eyes, his straggling hlack beard, his unkempt hair, and bis costumes of harharic magnificence, he looked the part to perfection and was a relief from the usual red-headed, snub-nosed Scot. His reading and enunciation and mental grasp of Shakespeare's suhtleties were a delight. So, it may he mentioned here, were Mrs. Langtry's.

Wheelock, who played his Macduff with all his usual fire and emotion, was treated to storms of applause; and when he received the news of the murder of his wife and children, bandkerchiefs were in requisition all over the house.

In a word, Mrs. Langtry's great venture is a success. The company is high ahove the average, the scenery is superh, and the costumes as rich and varied as the date and scene of the play will allow. The new York papers this morning have given her applause as warm as prohably ever has heen given to a first representation, and she has won from the public the admiration wbich her determination, talent, and womanly charm deserve. When she made her déhut she was anything but a gain to the stage, for she elevated personality ahove art; if she left the stage to-day she would be a loss.

In regard to the audience, it was a mixture of the fashionable and the professional. There was the usual dearth of pretty women and the usual crowd of good-looking men. Even the lohhies were crowded, and, from pit to dome, there was not a vacant chair. GERTRUDE FRANKLIN ATHERTON.

NEW YORK, January 22, 1889.

The payment of an insurance policy of five thousand dollars on the life of "Doc" Haggerty, a teamster, who was so thoroughly hlown away hy the explosion of a wagon-load of nitro-glycerine which be was driving, near Pleasantville, Pa., that not more than a pound of his hody was found, is heing disputed by the companies interested on the ground that such utter annihilation was impossihle, even with so powerful an explosive. They claim that the "remains" found are no proof that Haggerty is dead. Interesting testimony is heing gathered to show that nitro-glycerine has proved at times more of an eraser of human identity than the Pleasantville incident would indicate.

The general density of what are called our best society circles on points of American literature is illustrated by the personal experience of a lady recently, to whom a young "dude" spoke of "that fellow Stockbridge, you know, who writes those funny things." Repeating this trihute to another group, from whom she hoped to gain a smile, the hostess was met with: "Oh! yes; Stockton, he meant—the one that wrote 'The Tiger and the Lily'—didn't he?"—*Critic.*

The late Lord Eversley was a most successful Speaker of the House of Commons, and never failed to recognize the right man when a score or more sprang to their feet apparently at the same instant. "I have been shooting rabhits all my life," he once explained, "and have learned to mark the right one."

HOOSIER VERSE.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

The Stepmother.

First she come to our house,
  Tommy run an' hid,
An' Emily, an' Boh, an' me
  We cried jus' like we did
    When mother died—an' we all said
    'At we all wisht 'at we was dead!

An' nurse she couldn't stop us,
  An' par he tried an' tried;
We sohbed an' shook, an' wouldn't look,
  But only cried an' cried.
    An' nen some one—we couldn't jus'
    Guess who—was cryin' same as us!

Our stepmother? Yes, it was her,
  Her arms around us all—
Fer Tom slid down the banister
  An' peeked in from the hall!
    An' we all love her, too, because
    She's purt' nigh good as 'mother was!

Old-Fashioned Roses.

They ain't no style about 'em,
  And they're sorter pale and faded;
Yit the doorway here without 'em
  Would be lonesomer, and shaded
With a good 'eal blacker shadder
  Than the mornin'-glories makes,
And the sunshine would look sadder,
  For their good, old-fashioned sakes.

I like 'em 'cause they kind o'
  Sorter make a feller like 'em;
And I tell you when you find a
  Bunch out whur the sun can strike 'em,
It alwus sets me thinkin'
  O' the ones 'at used to grow
And peek in through the chinkin'
  O' the cahin, don't you know.

And then I think o' mother,
  And how she used to love 'em,
When they wuzn't any other,
  'Less they found 'em up ahove 'em!
And her eyes afore she shut 'em,
  Whispered with a smile, and said
We must pluck a bunch and put 'em
  In her hand when she was dead.

But, as I wuz a sayin',
  They ain't no style ahout 'em
Very gaudy or displayin',
  But I wouldn't be without 'em,
'Cause I'm happier in these posies
  And the hollyhawks and sich
Than the hummin'-bird 'at noses
  In the roses of the rich.

Waitin' fer the Cat to Die.

Lawzy! don't I rickollect
  That 'ere old swing in the lane!
Right and proper, I expect,
  Old times *can't* come back again;
But I want to state, ef they
Could come back, and I could say
What *my* pick ud be, 'y jing!
I'd say, Gimme the old swing
'Nunder the old locus'-trees
On the old place, ef you please,
Danglin' there with half-shet eye,
Waitin' fer the cat to die!

I'd say, Gimme the old gang
  Of barefooted, hungry, lean,
Or'n'ry boys you want to hang
  When you're growed up twicet as mean!
The old gyarden patch, the old
Truants, and the stuff we stoled!
The old stompin'-groun', where we
Wore the grass off, wild and free
As the swoop of the old swing,
Where we uset to climh and cling,
And twist roun', and fight, and lie—
Waitin' fer the cat to die!

'Pears like I 'most allus could
  Swing the highest of the crowd—
Jes sail up there tel I stood
  Downside up, and screech out loud,
Ketch my hreath, and jes drap back
Fer to let the old swing slack,
Yit my tow-head dippin' still
In the green boughs, and the chill
Up my hackhone taperin' down,
With my shadder on the groun'
Slow and slower trailin' hy—
Waitin' fer the cat to die!

Now my daughter's little Jane's
  Got a kind o' hahy swing
On the porch, so's when it rains
  She kin play there—little thing!
And I'd limped out t'other day
With my old cheer this-a-way,
Swingin' *her* and rockin', too,
Thinkin' how *I* uset to do
At *her* age, when suddently,
"Hey, gran'pap!" she says to me,
"Why you rock so slow?" Says I,
"Waitin' fer the cat to die!"

—*Harper's for February.*

Want to be Whur Mother is.

"Want to be whur mother is! Want to be whur mother is!"
Jeemses Rivers! won't some one ever shut that howl o' his?
That air yellin' drives me wild!
Can't none of ye stop the child?
Want yer daddy? "Naw." Gee whizz!
"Want to he whur mother is!"

"Want to be whur mother is! Want to be whur mother is!"
Coax him, Sairy! Mary, sing somepin fer him! Lift him, Liz—
Bang the clock-bell with the key—
Er the meat-axe! Gee-mun-nee!
Listen to them lungs o' his!
"Want to be whur mother is!"

* * * * * * * *

"Want to he whur mother is! Want to be whur mother is!"
Nights like these and whipperwills allus hrings that voice of his!
Sairy, Mary, 'Lizabeth;
Don't set there and ketch your death
In the dew—er rheumatiz—
Want to be whur mother is?

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN FRANCE.

"Parisina" describes its Customs, Duties, and Prerogatives.

We have been busy all this week conjugating the verb "to give"; not, perhaps, as the grammars have it, "I give, thou givest, he gives," etc., but "I give and thou receivest, we give and you receive, thou givest to him, and you give to them." It is a curious fact that for one "you give to me," there are a dozen "I give to you," in the ordinary way.

Of course there are those who, in the natural order of things, are only recipients always, and among these may be counted children, *concierges*, servants, and the fair, frail ones of the *bataillon léger*, and equally, as a matter of course, those who never do get or expect to get anything. It is but just, you will admit, that the latter generally belong to the list of hardened middle-aged bachelors. Young bachelors bave parents and relatives to spoil them at the new year; mamma, with a purse full of gold pieces—she worked the purse with her own hands, you may be sure; papa, with a nice, crisp bank-note or check; aunts and uncles also generously inclined, and sisters and cousins each with their little offering. But the man who has got well on in the forties, who has thought by escbewing matrimony to avoid a great many responsibilities, finds that on the first of January he has to pay "through the nose" for the privilege of being an unincumbered bachelor. He generally gets a very bad quarter of an hour, having to reckon not only witb the same number of persons as his friend Benedict, but also to wipe off a host of social obligations at one fell swoop. It has been immensely pleasant, no doubt, throughout the year to have had a number of hospitable houses open to him, where be has been an honored and welcome guest, and he has times and oft thought how infinitely more agreeable it is to have no home ties, no return dinners to give, no dances to get up for daughters budding into womanhood. Nemesis, however, awaits him in the shape of the *Jour de l'an*, when he must pay back all hospitalities received, and rack his brains in search of novelties for New Year's gifts, and spend his money in the purchase thereof. One domestic rules in his simple hachelor establishment, but there are servants in all the houses in which be is wont to dine, and into all of their itching palms he must slip a broad gold piece at New Year. The system of tips exists here no longer, or rather it is summed up in one comprehensive word, *etrennes*.

This is bad enough, but three times alas! for him, if in his state of single blessedness he has been the protector of some siren of the music-hall or coryphée of the ballet. In this case he must come down handsomely, and must spend tbousands of francs instead of hundreds. And the fees to the servants! I bave it on the best authority that Nana's maid pocketed three or four thousand dollars in the course of New Year's morning. And she is not the only one to *etrenner* (here is another verb to conjugate in a restricted number of persons); there is Jean, who drives madame's brougham; Pierre, who knows bis taste in champagne; and Bot, who brings him those patchouli-scented *billets-doux*. Last year, perhaps, Circe herself was contented with a pair of *dormeuses*, but that was before yonder financial baron came on the scene; now a whole glittering row of brilliants is the least he can offer, poor devil. If he happens to be the lover *en titre*, he will doubtless have to refurnish the drawing-room on an extra little *douceur*, or make some definite arrangement about that chalet at Trouville or Etretat. I should not wonder if in the course of Christmas week many a buck wishes he had not been quite so sure celibacy were preferable to the married state, and grows maudlin over his own graceless condition, not because he has had to eat his Christmas dinner with his legs under some one else's mahogany, but in looking forward to the terrible ordeal that is before him.

Married men, too, have reason to fear the first of January. They, too, must put their hands frequently in their pockets. Beside the servants and the tradesmen, the underlings at the office, the porter who brings the letters, the fellows who sweep the chimneys, see to the drains, and water the roads, and Cerberus, who pulls the *cordon* to open tbe door, there is the family who owes him for its bread. Wives, if they bave grown-up daughters, are easily pleased, but the girls must eacb have something, a pretty fan from Duvelleroy's, a gold watch or bracelet, a new dress or mantle from some good *faiseuse*, while the boys' allowance must be tripled for this month. In the matter of choice he has little trouble, materfamilias is always well aware of the desires of all her dear ones, and is there to prompt or stir up his generosity. Should she happen to be a young wife, with children in the nursery, then the costly garment or trinket will be for her and a truck full of toys—which they sallied forth together one happy day to choose—make the little ones happy.

Do you know that more than a million dollars' worth of toys were purchased in the course of Christmas week in Paris alone? At every international exhibition the court wberein the French toys are shown is always crowded with visitors. You will see how it will be at the Champ de Mars this year. And, in the meantime, the shops are a sight well wortb gazing at, as the *flaneurs* on the boulevards will readily allow. Can anything be more exquisite than tbe dolls, the peach-blossom glow of their complexions, the liquid depth of their eyes, the perfect set of their Parisian-made clothes? Why am I not a child again to play with those elegant little dears, comb out those waving locks, and wash those patent peach-blossom skins? I remember certain waxen friends of my youth that would neither stand the test of fire or water, but the modern doll fears neither the one nor the otner. Then dolly may be provided nowadays with everytbing she can possibly want, a mixture of every sort suited to her size, pretty china and glass, well-stored linen closets, toilet knicknacks, even the dishes she prefers from the miniature cooking-stove.

And beside the dolls what an assortment of other wonderful toys—horses with carefully adjusted harness, carts and vehicles of every kind, even to the four-in-hand with its freigbt and big-coated swells and fair dames; white woolly lambs the size of life, with pink bows and gilded horns, and cows that the amateur dairy-maid in the nursery can milk and which "moo" dismally if their noses are pulled; Polichinelle, radiant in red and green and gold; sprites, whose limbs are deftly hinged so that they may he placed in any posture infantile fancy may suggest, and animals that strut, amble, jump, swim, wriggle, climh, crow, dance, crawl, and prance like real peacocks, elephants, frogs, ducks, serpents, monkeys, bears, cocks, snails, and horses; trains that puff and blow and run off the line, and small steam-packets and locomotives which now and again burst up as realistically as you please. And then the musical toys—stuffed cats playing the harp, a monkey scraping a tune on the violin, and Pierrot twanging a love ditty to the moon on one of the horns of which he sits astride. It is an *embarras de richesse* indeed, and the difficulty is which among them all to choose for Jack or Jill.

Sorely, too, is Chose perplexed as he wanders from shop to shop in search of knicknacks that will please the hostess where he dines once a month at least, or his *amie de cœur* in the bijou mansion near the Parc Monceaux. Perhaps he is ambitious that his present should have a delicate meaning or shine out among a hundred, in which latter case he deserves our commiseration. Oh! the hric-à-brac he has looked over and priced, the different bibelots whose relative merits he has weighed before purchasing. If he hates trouble and only wished to do the needful, he hied him to one of the three confiseurs, who possess the favor of the fashionable world, and invested in a number of their latest novelties, bonbon-boxes, more or less disguised in the shape of empire dolls, satin birdcages, frosted yule-logs, silk slippers, swan sleighs in feathers, baskets trimmed with delicate lace, natty bows, and flowers, or bags in painted satin, or made of Louis Quinze brocades, decorated with gold lace that has grown tawdry on the church vestments it once ornamented.

A gentleman's present to a lady—of the whole, not the half, world—must needs be a vehicle for sweetmeats or flowers. The goodies or the blossoms are the excuse. But it is quite possible to tie a pound of *fondants* round a Turkey carpet or to suspend a packet of iced chestnuts from the neck of a Parian bust. This year small sedan-chairs, covered with damask or painted in Vernis Martin, were converted into jardinières and crammed witb waxen lilies-of-the-valley, nodding cyclamen, or the regal orchid; while Dresden shepherdesses carrying baskets and Arcadian gardeners trundling porcelain barrows were also pressed into the nurseryman's service, the basket or barrow being fitted with ferns and pale-hued violets or sweet hyacinths. Some of these trifles cost a pretty penny.

Formerly it used to be the habit for the visitor to bring his offering with him and present it with his own hands when he came to pay his respects on New Year's Day. But then the present was a trifle, a parcel that could be easily carried in the left hand along with the hat and cane. Now it is generally sent the evening before, straight from the shop, done up in several layers of tissue-paper and tied with pink or blue favors. And when the giver arrives on the morrow he gets a few words of thanks from his hostess, a nice little speech in praise of the gift if it be something very new or very choice.

All the simplicity has gone out of the transaction along witb the custom of claiming a kiss, or rather the liberty of touching each cheek with the lips, as used once to be the fashion here. A few men who have passed into middle age still kiss a lady's hand at New Year, but their number is dwindling and the present generation as it puts on gray hairs is not allowed to take payment of this kind in exchange for a packet of goodies or a handful of flowers. Even the compliments of the season are often omitted altogether, and the ceremonious "Madame, allow me to wish you a happy New Year," or the more stilted, "I crave the honor of placing the homage of my devotion at your feet," is altogether out of date.

When an unmarried man has emptied his purse in buying expensive inutilities for all his lady friends and acquaintances, he must further carry his weary limbs up endless pairs of stairs. He is not expected to call at every friendly house on New Year's Day itself, though he must go to a good many—sucb a labor would be more than human nature could support; but he is obliged to make his rounds in the course of the first week, choosing the "at home" day of each lady whom he has to visit. If he looks fagged and tired next Sunday who shall wonder? The visiting hours extend mostly from three to seven o'clock, which make a total of some twenty hours of small talk, with frequent interregnums of driving and stair-climbing. Are you surprised after this that conversation is vapid and stupid, and that flashes of wit and bumor are as rare in a modern French salon as they used to be common to it? Society does not improve as its duties increase. For my part, I wish men of the world would spend a little less on *etrennes* and cultivate their *esprit* a little more diligently. Of course we appreciate bonbons, but we still have an appetite for epigrams and a taste for the refinements of that special Parisian art, *la causerie*.

PARISINA.

PARIS, January 4, 1889.

The good people of Bordentown, N. J., will be interested to know that the Empress Eugénie bas been staying in Paris with ber loyal friend the Duchesse de Mouchy. Elderly Bordentownians remember the duchess when, as little Annie Murat, she played on the sidewalk of the Murat mansion on Park Street. Her father, the improvident Prince Lucien Murat, was at that time waiting tbe coming into power of the Bonapartists, while his wife, an American lady, to bridge over the pecuniary crisis, taught the young girls of Bordentown to read, write, and cipher.

It was found that the loss by evaporation from a large tank for supplying the city of Nagpur with water was in the hottest season two and a half times as great as the quantity supplied for consumption.

Fresb water always freezes at the surface first. Sea water during calm weather begins to freeze at some point beneath tbe surface.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

James Gordon Bennett has borrowed one hundred and thirty-one thousand five hundred and fifty-nine dollars from the estate of his hfater, and given a mortgage on the Bennett Building in Nassau Street.

At the wedding of Miss Louise Drexel, the wealthy Philadelphia heiress, to Mr. Morrell, the family servants were present at the ceremony, and their names were printed, with those of the guests, in the account of the affair in the *World*.

The late Oliver Ditson, Boston's famous music puhlisher, was probably the best known man in his business in the United States. He began at the hottom of the ladder and worked his way up from a poor hoy to be a millionaire puhlisher. His publishing-house in Boston was virtually the American exchange for musical information.

Mr. Barney Barnato is the "diamond king" of South Africa. Sixteen years ago he was a penniless boy of nineteen. Three years later he had fifteen thousand dollars. Then he bought four claims at Kimberley which paid him net nine thousand dollars a week for four years, and then he sold them for six hundred thousand dollars.

Miss Braddon, whose novels have made her familiar to every American, is a tall, active-minded woman of fifty-two, with gray hair and a ruddy complexion. She is the daughter of a solicitor and has a country-house in the heart of tbe New Forest. She is an expert horsewoman, writes three novels a year, and is married to her puhlisher.

Verdi, the composer and philanthropist, has erected and equipped a hospital at Villanova, and has also deposited funds sufficient for its maintenance. It is a large but unpretentious huilding, commanding a fine view of the river Po and the Apennines in the distance. There are wings for the separate treatment of the sexes, a ward for contagious diseases, and a hydropathic department, while all the arrangements are elaborate and modern. With characteristic modesty the giver refused to let the institution be named after himself, and it is to be known simply as the Hospital of Villanova.

A correspondent of the *Critic* says: President-elect Harrison has not a drop of Pocahontas's hlood in his veins, as the most cursory glance at the genealogy of the famous princess, to be found in all of our puhlic libraries, proves to any writer in search of truth—the only thing that gives any value to genealogy. Surely Wyndham Robertson's "Pocahontas and her Descendants" might have heen consulted hefore attempting to promulgate this cheap sensation. Next, there is no evidence that President-elect Harrison is in anyway or degree related to Thomas Harrison, the parliamentary general and regicide.

Parisian society is very outspoken in its comment on the unpardonahle hreach of good taste committed a few Sundays ago at the evening reception of Princesse Mathilde, hy the "Countess" Cahen d'Anvers, the wife of the head of one of the great Jewish banking-houses of the metropolis. Mme. Cahen d'Anvers had been one of the largest purchasers at the sale of the crown jewels, and, having at length ohtained the long sought for invitation to the Sunday evenings of the princess, had the impertinence to make her appearance in the imperial salons decked out like a peacock in the famous collar of pearls of the Empress Eugénie, with several other gems which formerly belonged to the Bonaparte family in her hair and on her dress.

A large part of the estate of the late Edward Richardson, of Vicksburg, consisted of thirty-seven plantations. There are five heirs to the estate, four sons and one daughter. A novel method was adopted to make an equal and fair division of these plantations among the heirs. Five lists were made out, with the names of seven plantations on each list, so selected as to make each list as nearly desirahle as any of the others. The lists were numbered and corresponding numhers placed in a hat. The parties in interest drew the numhers from the hat, and each took for a share the list of seven plantations belonging to the number drawn. Every one was satisfied and pleased with the result, as Mr. Richardson had left his affairs in good shape and had shown such good judgment in his investments that all the plantations are desirahle and profit-paying property. The Refuge Oil Mills and Wesson Mills are still undivided, the heirs equally sharing in the profits.

Apropos of the rumored engagement of Miss Leiter and Mr. Barclay, of the British Legation, a good story is told. When Miss Leiter was about to go ahroad last year with her father, Mr. Barclay decided that a European trip would henefit him. He said nothing of his plans to her, hut engaged his stateroom on the Cunarder that the Chicagoans bad incidentally mentioned as their choice. He went ahoard in fairly good time, and, after arranging things to suit him, sent his valet out to find the stateroom of the Leiters. The servant returned with the hlood-curdling news that there was no one of that name on the hoat. Rememhering that Miss Leiter had spoken of the French steamer *La Bourgogne* as a possible second choice, Mr. Barclay grasped his valise, leaped from the boat as it reached Sandy Hook, and feed a driver as royally as the lover of Lord Ullin's daughter feed the hoatman. He gained the *Bourgogne's* dock just as she was ahout to leave, and was pulled on board hy two sailors. Miss Leiter was on hoard, and the Englishman was happy.

Baron Clemens Freiher von Zedlitz und Neukirch on the second day of February led Miss Cornelia C. Roosevelt to the altar. The haron—a very handsome young fellow of thirty, six feet two inches in height, a typical German hlonde, and a lieutenant of the fifteenth regiment of the Holstein Uhlans—is said to be one of the handsomest men in Germany. At present he is a member of the German Emhassy to St. Petershurg, and enjoys the acquaintance of the German Emperor. Miss Roosevelt is nineteen years of age, tall, with dark-brown hair and eyes, a creamy complexion, a willowy figure, and charming manners. She was born in New York city, hut has lived ahroad since her father, the late Charles Y. Roosevelt, was appointed American Consul to Copenhagen fifteen years ago. Last year, at a grand ball at Baden Baden, she met the baron. It was a case of love at first sight. Miss Roosevelt has ahout twenty thousand dollars a year, and the haron suggested that steps he taken to secure all his future wife's personalty to herself. In order to do this it was necessary that the young lady's guardian should sue him in chancery to compel the haron to make an ante-nuptial contract renouncing all right which he might otherwise acquire to her property under the laws of Germany, where they intend to reside after marriage. The baron has written to the emperor and gained his consent to wear his Uhlan uniform during the marriage ceremony, which took place February 2d in New York, Bishop Potter officiating. After a tour of this country the baron and his hride will return to Germany.

"Mr. du Maurier's home is at Hampstead, hut about the heginning of the new year he migrates to the West End, where he is to be found till the London season wanes. The artist is a well-known figure at society functions, where he studies character. Ladies keep him posted up in all the changes of fashion, and if Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns's dress has a plait too many or a plait too few, the morning's post corrects the error. The artist has just had the mysteries of a new and wonderful hat explained to him, which we shall soon see in Mr. *Punch's* pages. 'How ever does Mr. du Maurier think of his subjects?' is a question often asked. He depends almost entirely on his own imagination. Suggestions are frequently sent to him, hut they are seldom serviceable. On the mantel-piece of the pleasant studio at New Grove House is a blue vase, known as the 'joke pot.' Into it go all the letters he receives containing jokes, and when the artist is hard up for a subject this vase is useful. In appearance Mr. du Maurier bears a striking resemhlance to Mr. Alma Tadema. This likeness has given rise to many amusing complications. Some time ago, at a dinner-party, he happened to sit next to a daughter of his host. 'I can not understand,' remarked the young lady, 'how people can be so absurd as to mistake you for Mr. Tadema. To me the likeness is very slight.' A little later she said: 'Oh, I bought your photograph the other day. Would you mind—er—putting your autograph to it?' Mr. du Maurier expressed his willingness, and later on in the evening the young lady conducted him to a writing-table and handed him the photograph for his signature. Mr. du Maurier looked at it, sighed, and then laid it very gently on the table. 'That,' he said, 'is Mr. Alma Tadema's portrait.'"

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The New York *Graphic* says that Julian Hawthorne has accepted an offer of three thousand dollars to write a novel to be used for bare advertising purposes by an enterprising business syndicate.

The last number of *Paris Illustré* is devoted entirely to the British Army, and is brilliant with its beautiful designs in color, by Vallet. Beside the full-page illustrations, there are numerous sketches in detail, with charcoal effects, that add to the completeness of the picture.

Poet-Lore is the title selected for a monthly magazine "devoted to Shakespeare, Browning, and the comparative study of literature," which it is proposed to issue from No. 223 South Thirty-Eighth Street, Philadelphia, with the imprint of J. B. Lippincott Co., an assurance of sufficient support. It appears to be an offshoot of *Shakespeariana*.

The death of the *Princeton Review* shows, to a striking degree, the difficulty of establishing a new periodical successfully nowadays. This enterprise had behind it abundant capital and pretty much the whole of Princeton College, yet it succeeded in losing five thousand dollars a year or more during the three years of its existence and died so quietly that few people knew of its demise. The old *Princeton Review* was published by Professor Libbey for many years at a great loss, and the new one, with all the energy and push put into it, has succeeded no better. Mr. J. B. Lippincott used to say, many years ago: "Some people keep fast horses, others steam yachts, but my little extravagance is keeping a magazine—it costs about as much as a yacht, but I take more pleasure in it." The promoters of the new *Princeton* evidently did not look upon the publishing of a magazine as an altogether pleasant pastime.

Lawrence Oliphant was the inventor of M. de Blowitz, the Paris correspondent of the *Times*. Oliphant was himself for a while the representative of the journal in France, and M. de Blowitz was his secretary, or perhaps employed at first in some humbler capacity. A friend was dining with Oliphant. A servant came in with a message. Said Oliphant to his guest: "One of my staff is here on business. Do you mind his coming in?" The guest did not mind, and he of the staff was summoned to enter. Oliphant spoke to him as he stood by the table, gave him his orders and a glass of wine, and sent him about his business. It was M. de Blowitz. Whether he was then called by his present name, or M. Oppert, or M. Oppert de Blowitz, or had finally blossomed into M. de Blowitz, is not known. M. Oppert he certainly was in the beginning. Oliphant quitted the *Times* one day very suddenly, on a summons from his spiritual chief, Harris, or for some similar reason. He telegraphed the manager in London that he was obliged to sail at once for America and could make no arrangement for a substitute, nor had any successor to propose, but that there was a sharp fellow in the Paris office who could look after things for a day or two till they could send somebody over. The sharp fellow was M. de Blowitz, and he has looked after things in Paris ever since; or until very lately, for there is a rumor that his duties are now, or soon will be, hardly more than nominal.

A new turn has been given to the copyright question by a letter in the *Times* signed "An English Author"—evidently of position from the tone of his letter and from the big type in which it is printed. He writes to warn his fellow-authors and the British public in general that if the pending Copyright Bill be passed by Congress the effect will be nothing less than to make New York the literary centre of the English-speaking world. Various reasons for this theory are set forth. The substance of them all is that all books will be printed in New York instead of in London. America buys books, England does not. Publishers will look simply for the largest market, and will not only manufacture their books in New York for that market, but will cause books to be written to suit American taste instead of English. The real issue is, therefore, he concludes, not whether a few writers shall continue to be robbed, but whether London or New York shall in future rule the English world of letters. On this ground he hopes, or professes to hope, for the rejection of the bill. It is more probable that his letter was really intended to promote its passage. It is a clever appeal to national vanity based on considerations more plausible than sound. Another Englisb author, who likewise appears in large type, writes in the tone of a victim, which be probably is, and with unprofitable ill temper. Congress, in his opinion, is not yet ripe for questions of abstract rigbt. That is his idea of the way to forward honest legislation.

Says the *American Queen*: The other day a critic remarked of one of America's brightest story-tellers, "For a man who writes as well as he, it is a shame to stick at home. What could he not accomplish if he wou'd travel and see something." Very good, my friend; and yet the greatest poet the world has produced was born at Stratford, lived for a few years in London, and died in Stratford. That was the extent of his travels. Spenser only went as far as Ireland, and, in the home of Raleigh, wrote "The Faerie Queene." Cowley and Bacon wandered as far as France, but never farther. Ben Jonson, in a mania for seeing, accepted the post of tutor to Sir Walter Raleigh's son, but by the time they had colored the city of Paris, Jonson was satisfied that he had seen enough. Bunyan never went farther from Bedford than London. Defoe, though he traveled far in his books, never went beyond the borders of Scotland in the flesh. Had it been bis fortune to undergo the adventures of Robinson Crusoe, the world would never have had the delightful story. Pope's longest journey was to Bath. Swift's life, as a traveler, was spent between Dublin and London. Congreve never left England, and even at that he suffered sufficiently by travel, for he died from the upsetting of a coach on the road to Bath. Cowper never crossed a sea. Charles Lamb went to Paris once, and once he went to Keswick to visit Coleridge; but beyond that his only journeys were those which the state of his finances necessitated—from one boarding-place to another, in the confines of London. Dr. Johnson observed, "Those whose lot it is to ramble can seldom write, and those who know how to write very seldom ramble."

New Publications.

Plutarch's "Lives of Numa, Sertorius, and Eumenes" have been issued as the latest volume of the National Library; published by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

Ernest Daudet's novel, "The Apostate," in a new translation by Elizabeth Phipps Train, has been published in the Town and Country Library by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"Carlotta Perry's Poems" is the title that stares out from the cover of a pretty volume fresh from the publishers. The best part of the book's contents is the second, "In Merrier Mood"; it contains several clever things that have been widely read. The other divisions are "Miscellaneous" and "Love Songs and Sonnets." Published and for sale by Belford, Clarke & Co., Chicago, New York, and San Francisco.

"The Despot of Broomsedge Cove," by "Charles Egbert Craddock" (Miss Mary N. Murfree), which has been appearing serially in the *Atlantic*, is completed and now appears in book form. It is another of Miss Murfree's tales of the Great Smoky Mountains. The "despot" is a muscular young man, a religious fanatic, who makes converts by moral suasion if possible and by brute force if necessary. He falls in love with a young girl of his part of the country, and the courtship is naturally none too pacific; indeed, the girl does not capitulate or even acknowledge to herself the love she bears him, until she has to steal a horse and ride a mad race to warn him of the men who are coming to kill him. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.25.

One of the most attractive books of personal memoirs that has appeared for some time is "The Diary and Letters of Gouverneur Morris," edited by Anne Cary Morris. The man who wrote the original draft of the Constitution will always be remembered among the fathers of his country; but this work shows him as a keen observer of men and manners, and a capital hand at describing what he sees. Morris was a thorough man of the world, and his account of the corrupt court of St. Germain, whither he was sent as United States Minister shortly before the French Revolution, is marked by a most unprudish frankness. But the people he describes were not prudish; they had infinite *politesse*, but thought it nothing odd if a lady received gentlemen callers, as one lady received Morris, while she was in her bath—the bath was of milk, *bien entendu*, and, moreover, it was the custom of the country. He frequented the salons of Mme. de Staël, Mme. de Flahut, the Duchesse d'Orleans, and Mme. de Tessé, knew Necker, Talleyrand, Lafayette, Montmorin, and all the notable personages of the court, and has left what the publishers' circular aptly terms a "vividly indiscreet" picture of French society on the eve of the revolution. He remained in Paris through the dark days of the Terror, and was recalled by his government because of his undisguised sympathy for his former friends. When Monroe succeeded him he made the grand tour, and then returned to this country, where he died in 1816. His diary was punctiliously kept through all his public life, and as but little of it has hitherto been used, these two volumes contain a vast store of curious and valuable information about the social and political history of a century ago. The work is elegantly published in two royal octavo volumes, each of which contain a portrait of Morris, from an early silhouette and the later portrait now at Old Morrisania. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Strickland & Co.; price, $7.50.

Miss Wormeley's translations of Balzac's novels is undoubtedly a commendable enterprise. She manages to transmute his essentially French mode of thought into excellent English, and, while occasional stories have been translated before and many have been "borrowed"—with no possibility of restitution—by English and American dramatists, still no systematic translation has been made of the Comédie Humaine, and Miss Wormeley brings to English readers a novelist who has been ranked above Dickens and Thackeray by many critics. Still she need not give us everything he wrote, and, least of all, "Cousin Bette," which has just been issued by her publishers. There are twelve or fifteen characters of prominence in the story; of these, two are magnificent old men, another is a high-minded and admirable young lawyer, and a fourth is his insignificant but virtuous wife. The other people descend the moral scale in a parabolic curve, from a wife who, after suffering her husband's infidelity for twenty-five years, would sell herself to save his good name; her daughter, who is driven by well-founded jealousy almost to retaliation; the latter's indolent and faithless husband; his father-in-law, whose gallantry reduces him to beggary and dishonor, and ends in the most horrible erotomania; his wife's sister (Cousin Bette), who, through jealousy of her handsome sister, fosters his passions and spreads discord and dishonor among her relatives; Mme. Marneffe, the *femme galante* who ruins three men and would cry for more, but that one of them puts her to a horrible death just when she has reached the summit of her ambition; and the latter's "complaisant" husband. It is a terrible picture of the desolation wrought by a senile gallant in the hands of a woman with wit, beauty, and tact, and no emotion but greed. It may teach a great moral lesson, but one who has read it feels that it is unnecessary to explore a cesspool to know that it is not a nice place to get into. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, $1.50.

Gertrude Franklin Atherton's second novel, which has just come from the press, is called "Hermia Suydam." The plot was well summarized in the letter of a correspondent, published in these columns a fortnight ago, which we reprint. "The first part of the book is given over to the childhood and early youth of Hermia, a young woman who so loathes her eventless, narrow little life that she lives in her imagination, which, partly owing to heredity, partly to the mediæval and ancient history and poetry she loves, is extremely romantic. She is also very plain, and has that wild desire for beauty and power which all plain women have. She lives with her sister, a thoroughly good, commonplace little woman, whose tame, dully happy married life fills Hermia with a fierce hatred of matrimony. When she is just about desperate, her uncle dies and leaves her a million dollars, and she makes up her mind to materialize every dream of her barren twenty-four years. By the aid of a fashionable physician and a trained nurse (physical culture and all that sort of thing), she makes herself beautiful; she has her house fitted up in such wise that each room is the embodiment of a dream—feudal, Babylonian, Oriental, etc.; as she belongs to one of the oldest families in New York, she has no difficulty in getting into society, and then the story really begins. Of course her life, from the moment she finds herself able to take it into her own hands, is a tissue of mistakes, and her punishment is heavy in consequence." This statement of the plot sounds somewhat bald, however; it gives no idea of the inevitableness of the incidents. Given the girl with her strange nature, her sudden elevation to the power which much money brings, and her false views of life and ignorance of the world, and her destruction is unavoidable. The story is hurried along, "written with a white-hot pen," as were the early poetical effusions of Hermia herself; but Mrs. Atherton stops now and then to give a bright picture of some phase of New York life. Hermia's interviews with the editors, the bright table-talk, and bold discussions of moral questions, the clever reply of the Scotch-American—it is a pity be appears but once—to the defender of "dialect" novels, Helen Simms's chatter, Cryder's tactics in his "episode" with Hermia, and several other scenes give the needed relief to the strength and tension of the narrative. Published by the Current Literature Company, New York; for sale by Pierson & Robertson; price, 50 cents.

Some Magazines.

The *Atlantic* for February contains "A Winter Courtship," by Sarah Orne Jewett; "Butterflies in Disguise," by Samuel H. Scudder; chapters of "Passe Rose," by Arthur Sherburne Hardy; "A Plea for Humor," by Agnes Repplier; another installment of "The Tragic Muse," by Henry James; "Under which King?" by Harriet Waters Preston; "The Spirit of American Politics as Shown in the Late Election," by Charles Worcester Clark; "The Gift of Fernseed," a story by Harry Perry Robinson; the metrical "Address to the Assembly at the Opening of the Players' Club in New York," by T. W. Parsons; "The New Talking-Machine," by Philip G. Hubert, Jr.; "Brianda de Bardaxi," by Henry C. Lea; "Letters of Felix Mendelssohn"; "Ancient Rome in the Light of Recent Discoveries"; "Illinois Life in Fiction," and a poem, "Eurylochus Transformed," by Wendell P. Stafford.

A portrait of John Ruskin is the frontispiece of the February *Harper's*, and Dr. Charles Waldstein contributes a long paper on "The Works of John Ruskin." The leading article is "The Hôtel Drouot," by Theodore Child. P. F. McClure describes "Dakota," John Habberton writes of "Bulb Gardens Indoors," Vassili Verestchagin contributes "A Russian Village, Björnstjerne Björson gives the first of a series of papers on "Norway and Its People," Henry Ballantyne describes "Nepaul, the Land of the Goorkhas," and Emilie Christina Curtis discusses "The Training of Children's Voices in Public Schools." In fiction there are the second part of Constance Fennimore Woolson's novel, "Jupiter Lights" and "To Whom this may Come," a short story by Edward Bellamy. Verses are contributed by Annie Fields, Amélie Rives, Coates Kinney, Annie Kent, James Whitcomb Riley, and Clinton Scollard.

The February *Century* opens with an illustrated article on "Gérôme," the French artist, by Fanny Field Hering; W. J. Stillman writes of Simone Memine in the series of "Old Italian Masters," and Lawrence Hutton describes "The Portraits of Mary, Queen of Scots." George W. Kennan gives an account of "Exiles at Irkutsk," Albert Fleming writes of "The Revival of Hand Spinning and Weaving in Westmoreland," Edward Atkinson contributes a paper on "Slow-Burning Construction," Charles de Kay tells of "Fairies and Druids of Ireland," and Washington Gladden discusses "Safeguards of the Suffrage." Mary Hallock Foote's fourth picture of the far West is "The Orchard Wind-Break." George W. Cable contributes another "Strange True Story of Louisiana," Mary Hartwell Catherwood's "The Romance of Dollard" is concluded, Mary Spear Tiernan has a story called "Two Negatives," and George H. Jessop has another with the title "Under the Redwood Tree." Nicolay and Hay's "Lincoln" treats of financial measures, Seward and Chase, and the removal of McClellan. The verse is by Kate Putnam Osgood, James Whitcomb Riley, Langdon Elwyn Mitchell, and Caroline Hazard, with Julia M. Lippman, H. S. Edwards, "C. P. C.," and Frank Dempster Sherman in the "Bric-à-Brac."

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

It is related that Sir Nicholas Bacon was about to pass judgment upon a man who had been guilty of robbery, at that time punishable by death; but the culprit pleaded for mercy on the ground that he was related to the judge. "How is that?" he was asked. "My lord," was the reply, "your name is Bacon, mine is Hogg, and hog and bacon have always been considered akin." "That is true," answered Sir Nicholas; "but as hog is not bacon until it has hung, until you are hanged you are no relation of mine."

When Lord Beaconsfield first became prime minister, one of his friends asked if he might venture upon a word of advice. "Yes, by all means," said the new premier; "what is it?" It was with regard to ecclesiastical patronage—that he should be especially careful in the appointment of bishops to select moderate men. "Moderate men! moderate men!" echoed Mr. Disraeli. Then, after a pause, apparently questioning his adviser's intention: "Ah! I see what you mean. You want me to appoint men without convictions!"

The famous Lord Elden had occasion to discharge a coachman whom he suspected of purloining his corn. In a few days after he received a letter from a merchant inquiring into the man's character, and his lordship replied that he was sober and a good coachman, but he entertained suspicions that he had cheated him. The man came next morning to return thanks to his lordship for procuring him so excellent a place. "My master," said he, "was contented to find I was sober and a good coachman, but as to cheating your lordship, he thought the devil himself could not do it."

"Go to bed, sir, in the closet there," said an enraged Scotch father to his son, who had given him just cause of offense; "were it not that these gentlemen are present I would give you a sound whipping, but you shall have it before breakfast to-morrow, certain." The little rebel went to his crib with a heavy heart, and the enjoyments of the party continued until a late hour. Just when the party was about to break up, the closet-door was quietly pulled back, and the young offender put out his head, requesting that the sentence might be put in execution. "Father, would ye just gie me my liks this night, for I canna sleep without them?"

Sol Smith Russell undertook the other day to teach his son Bob a lesson in self-denial. "Look here, Bob," said he, "whenever you get anything good you must give the best of it to your mother." "I allus do," said Bob; "t'other day I had two app'es; one uv 'em wuz runty, 'nd t'other was yaller 'nd big. I kep' the runty one 'nd give the big yaller one to mother." "That was noble, that was manly, that was just what I should do!" said Mr. Russell, proudly patting his pampered darling's head; "now that, my son, is what we call an act of self-abnegation, of denial, of sacrifice." "Yes, sir," said Bob; "but mother doesn't eat apples."

Oscar Wilde has been writing about artists' models in London, and tells these two stories: They are very sensitive to kindness, respect, and generosity. A beautiful model who had sat for two years to one of the most distinguished English painters got engaged to a street vender of penny ices. On her marriage the painter sent her a pretty wedding present, and received in return a nice letter of thanks with the following remarkable postscript: "Never eat the green ices!" Models are extremely good-natured and very accommodating. "What do you sit for?" said a young artist to a model who had sent him in her card (all models, by the way, have cards and a small black bag). "Oh, for anything you like, sir," said the girl; "landscape, if necessary!"

Southern patriotism has a local peculiarity that Northerners little understand. Pride of county, city, and State is, in the South, carried at times to an excess that blinds the mind to any other excellences of clime or country. What might be called a caricature of this pride of State was forced upon the writer a short time ago. He had stopped at the Charleston police-station for a moment, to see the workings of the Southern police system. Very soon an officer came in with a colored man in a state of complete collapse. The morning "dew" had been very intemperately indulged in. "What's your name?" asked the officer. "I dunno. I'm a poor man. Lemme go." "But what's your name? Tell me your name and I will let you go." "Hain't got no name." "Well, what's your name?" reiterated the officer, as he searched the nameless one's pockets. "I dunno my name." "Come now, quick! Your name!" With an exultant leer, "I'm a *son of South Carolina!* Lemme go!"

The late Baron James Rothschild was always on excellent terms with Balzac, who dedicated more than one novel to him. Once, when he was obliged to make a trip to Germany, and when, as often happened with him, he was in money difficulties, Balzac went to the baron, who, with his usual benevolence, advanced him the sum of three thousand franes, giving him also a letter of recommendation to his nephew at Vienna. The letter was unsealed, according to custom. Balzac read it, found it cold, poor, and unworthy of him, and never took it to the nephew. Returning to Paris, be went to see Baron Rothschild. "Well," said the latter, "have you seen my nephew?" Balzac proudly said that he had kept the letter. "I am sorry for you," said the baron; "have you got it with you?" "Yes, parbleu—here it is." "Observe this little hieroglyphic below the signature; it would have opened a credit of twenty-five thousand francs for you at the Vienna firm." Balzac bit his nails and said nothing more.

Mr. Lincoln was an early settler in Springfield, Ill., and used to tell some spicy stories about pioneer life in that locality. He said there were at first in that flourishing town three regular orthodox churches, a Methodist, a Baptist, and a Presbyterian, and all were getting along swimmingly, when suddenly a Universalist preacher made his appearance upon the scene, and held his meetings in the court-house. He was a young man of talent, and soon made such progress in winning people over to his views as to alarm the regular ministers, who, in view of the danger, held a consultation and agreed to take turns in preaching the Universalist fellow down. It fell to the lot of the Methodist brother to open the war, and a large congregation assembled to hear what he had to say. He began his discourse in the usual off-hand way by announcing that the moral condition of Springfield was good and that religion was prospering there; but of late there had come among them, in the guise of a preacher of the gospel, one who openly taught that there is no hell and that all men are to be saved. "But, my brethren," said he, "let us hope for better things."

"I had a curious experience not long ago," says the superintendent of one of the departments of a New York dry-goods establishment. "A fashionably dressed lady came in early, and in the course of her bargaining put her parasol on the counter near a large feather duster which one of the clerks had been using. After making some purchases the lady caught up the duster instead of her parasol, and went out hurriedly. As soon as I discovered the mistake I sent a boy after her with the parasol, but he did not overtake her until she had made quite a journey. In fact she flourished that duster along the street, flourished it about as she went into another store, and put it down on the counter, still under the impression that it was her parasol. When her purchases in the second store were made, she turned to pick up her parasol, and seeing the duster, asked for her parasol. The clerk explained that she had not brought any parasol in, but had come in carrying that duster. She was supremely indignant at such an intimation, and was delivering the young man a sharp lecture on the subject, when in came our boy with the parasol and an explanation. She was so overcome that she had to be sent home in a carriage."

SOCIETY.

The Eyre Reception.

Colonel and Mrs. E. E. Eyre gave a delightful dancing-party last Wednesday evening in their apartments at the Palace Hotel. It was attended by about one hundred and forty guests, who, for the most part, were the young friends of their daughter, Miss Mary Eyre. The parlors were canvassed for dancing, and were decorated tastefully with mountain fern sprays and trailing smilax. The host and hostess were assisted in receiving by Mrs. George M. Pinckard, Mrs R. D Girvin, and Miss Eyre. Ballenberg's band gave its choicest selections for the dancing, which was participated in by almost all present until about midnight, when supper was served. After this the festivities were resumed until the hour of departure, when the pleasant affair was brought to a close.

Among those present were: Colonel and Mrs. E. E. Eyre, Captain and Mrs. A. H. Payson, Mr. and Mrs. R. D Girvin, Mr. and Mrs. John Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Haggin, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mr. and Mrs. Evan J. Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. R. Y. Hayne, Mr. and Mrs. Percival Selby, Mr. and Mrs H. B. Chase, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Baltour, Mr. and Mrs. Walter McGavin, Mrs. M. S. Latham, Miss Mary Eyre, Miss Mills, Miss Page, Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Emelie Hager, Miss Iner Macondray, Miss Helen Otis, Miss Leslie Van Ness, Miss Hopkins, Miss Ralston, Miss Evelyn Carolan, Miss Kate Jarboe, Miss Howard, Miss Cooke, of Chicago, Miss Redington, Miss Ella Good, Miss Dimond, Miss Dora Boardman, Misses Griffith, Miss Nellie Corbitt, Miss Slocovich, Miss Wright, Miss Newlands, Miss Daisy Casserly, Misses Brooks, Miss Rita Haggin, Miss Edith Taylor, Miss Adele Bagley, Misses Maynard, Miss Mamie Kohl, Miss Bowie, Miss Irwin, Misses Shepard, Misses Bissell, Miss Scott, Miss Sophie McPherson, Miss Ames, Miss Allen, Misses Gwin, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. Frank J. Carolan, Dr. Parsons, Mr. Brooks Jones, Mr Winfield S. Jones, Mr. George T. Marye, Mr. Gulich, Mr. John E. de Ruyter, Mr. Ball, Mr. A. Smith, Mr. Cockburn, Mr. Dickson, Mr. Messersmith, Mr. Everett N. Bee, Mr. Joseph M. Quay, Mr. John W. Twiggs, Mr. James Otis, Mr. E H. Sheldon, Mr. A. H. Small, Mr. Herbert E. Carolan, Mr. Arthur Page, Mr. Paul Jarboe, Captain John W. Dillenback, U. S. A., Lieutenant James E. Runcie, U. S. A., Mr. Osgood Hooker, Mr. Robert Hooker, Mr. Washington, Lieutenant S. D. Sturgis, Jr., U. S. A., Mr. William R. Sherwood, Mr. W. Lee, Lieutenant John A. Towers, U. S. A., Mr. Edgar A. Mizner, Mr. Lansing Mizner, Mr. William Mizner, Mr. William Heath, Mr. A. J. Casserly Mr. J B. Casserly, Mr. F. P. Deering, Mr Henry Redington, Mr. C. McAfee, Mr. Samuel Boardman, Mr. Beazley, Mr. David Bagley, Mr. Bissell, Mr. Thoroton, Mr. Le Breton, Mr. Smith, Mr. J. H. Deering, Mr. C. Thoro, Mr. John Doyle, Mr. William Macondray, Mr. George Macondray, Lieutenant S. L. Faison, U. S. A., Mr. Vernon Gray, Mr. Duncan Hayne, Mr. Tevis, Mr. Garnett, Mr. Southard Hoffman, Mr. Walter L. Dean, Mr. Mendell, Mr. H G. Platt, and Mr. Robert L. Sherwood.

Bachelors' Cotillion Club.

B'nai B'rith Hall was the scene of much merriment and pleasure on Friday evening, when the members of the Bachelors' Cotillion Club gave their regular german. Beautiful girls in elegant costumes flitted to and fro with their more somberly attired partners, tasteful decorations gave additional brightness to the hall, flashing jewels contributed their brilliancy, and melodious music inspired all of the younger element to join in the pleasures of the dance. Chaperons were present, too, in goodly numbers, with their escorts, and enjoyed the gay scene in a quiet manner. The spacious hall was decorated very prettily with bright tinted draperies, hanging baskets and foliage, and seemed an ideal place for dancing Mr. Edward M. Greenway was the leader this time, and, appreciating the fact that new and complicated figures are often difficult to execute, he chose figures which, with but one exception, all present had previously danced and were thoroughly acquainted with. This resulted in the easy progress of the cotillion, and gave the fair sex the boon they most desired—that of being called out often. He gave a few stern rulings against the "pirates" who would insist, as usual, in stealing a chance out of turn.

The couples in the first set comprised: Miss Nellie Corbitt, Mr. Mountford S. Wilson, Miss Bessie Hooker, Lieutenant S. L. Faison, U. S. A., Miss Fair, Mr. James D. Phelan, Miss Emelie Hager, Lieutenant Oscar I. Straub, U. S. A, Miss Evelyn Shepard, Mr. Southard Hoffman, Miss Flora Carroll, Mr. A. H Small, Miss Jennie Hooker, Mr E. H. Sheldon, Miss Evelyn Carolan, and Mr. Robert Hooker. The cotillion was started early with the "Grand Right and Left" as an introduction, followed by the "Double Columns." Then came the "Star and Circle," the new and pretty figure which Mr. Greenway brought out first at the german recently given by Miss Fair. After this was the "Opposite Rounds," then the "Basket" figure, and last of all the "Gliding Lines." As all of these figures have been described in these columns before, a repetition is unnecessary. They were all enjoyed, however, if happy and smiling faces may be used as a criterion.

Promptly at midnight Ballenberg's band stopped playing, and the supper-room was sought. Festoons of smilax, clusters of scarlet berries, and draperies of pink tarlatan were combined here in making the large room attractive. The sumptuous supper was admirably served, and the time devoted to it was passed very pleasantly. In fact, the entire evening was one of pleasure, and the cotillion passed off very successfully. No extra invitations will be issued for the last german, which will occur on Friday evening, March 1st.

The German Club.

Of all the cotillions that the members of the German Club have given, the one which occurred last Tuesday evening was eminently the most successful, both in its general attractiveness and in point of attendance. It was termed the "Army and Navy" cotillion as a compliment to the officers of those branches of the United States service who by their leading and presence contributed in a large extent to the success of the affair. Union Square Hall was picturesque with the national colors, which were profusely disposed with artistic effect. Suspended from the ceiling and on a line with the edge of the gallery were American flags gracefully draped, and behind them on the walls were cloth panels in which the national colors were repeated. A large Japanese umbrella hung from the centre of the ceiling, having lanterns beneath it, while above was a tent-like canopy formed of wide streamers of bunting which were looped up on the gallery stanchions. At intervals around the hall hung circular arrangements of long pennants of red, white, and blue, from which hung Japanese lanterns. The gallery railing was faced with festoons and wreaths of evergreens, with occasional bright signal-flags around paper vases filled with flowers. The walls down-stairs were ornamented with shields and flags, and at the doorways were portières of red, white, and blue. The stage appeared exceedingly pretty, having a painted tent in the distance with flags draped over it, while from the proscenium arch American flags were also draped in soft folds. The front of the stage was trimmed with colored bunting and festoons of evergreens, above which arose a semi-barrier formed of clusters of calla lilies and oranges. The seats around the hall were arranged in elliptical form, and every one was occupied by participants in the cotillion In addition to the one hundred and fifty dancers there were about one hundred onlookers who surveyed the gay scene from the gallery and the rear seats down-stairs. Ballenberg's full orchestra was in attendance, and provided the latest music.

The army and naval officers all wore their uniforms, and the ladies had donned their most becoming gowns, adding much to the attractiveness of the scene. Many of the young ladies wore ribbons of red, white, and blue. There were three leaders, which was quite an innovation. Lieutenant Elmer W. Hubbard, U. S A., led the first two figures and had Miss Edith Clarke as his partner. Surgeon Millard H. Crawford, U. S. N., led the third and fourth figures and had Miss Maud Shepherd as his partner. The last figure was led by the secretary of the club, Mr. Chauncey M. St. John, whose partner was Miss A. Joie McCabe. The participants in the first set were, in addition to the foregoing, Lieutenant Charles C. Rogers, U. S. N., Miss Minnie Nightingale, Lieutenant Oscar I. Straub, U. S. A., Miss May Andruss, Lieutenant J. A. Dapray, U. S. A., Miss Lucille Edwards; Mr. John P. Jackson, Jr., Miss Mamie Farren, Lieutenant John A. Towers, U. S. A., Miss Jeannette Havemann, Ensign A W. Wood. U. S. N., Miss Alice Johnson, Lieutenant Burr, U. S. A., Miss Hettie Donnelly, Lieutenant C. M. Perkins, U. S. N, and Miss Anita Plum. Soon after nine o'clock the hall was filled and round dances were enjoyed for over an hour. Then the cotillion commenced.

The first figure, the most effective one of the evening, was termed the "Sabre" figure In this Lieutenant Hubbard formed the participants in four columns, the gentlemen being on the inside facing each other, and the ladies being behind them facing the stage. Each gentlemen was provided with a sabre, with which an archway was formed under which the ladies passed in couples and then formed in two lines at either side of the ball. While they marched under this arch of glistening steel, the sabres were clanked together in cadence with the music. The sabres were then laid upon the floor and the gentlemen advanced to their partners, and all danced the five-step polka. The movement signals in this and the next figure were given by one of the uniformed buglers from the Presidio. The favors were white silk badges upon which in golden letters was printed "U. S. Army and Navy. German Club. January 29, 1889."

"The Light Brigade," a marching figure, was second. Two lines were formed on one side of the hall, facing the end. The columns then marched down the centre of the ball to the stage, where the ladies filed off to one side and the gentlemen to the other. Then at a signal all advanced and waltzed. The movement was simple, but pretty. The favors were golden army buttons, tied with baby ribbons of red, white, and blue. This ended Lieutenant Hubbard's figures, both of which were greatly appreciated.

Surgeon Crawford then took charge of the proceedings, and, as his figures were based on naval tactics, he called the first one "The Double Echelon on Centre." The ladies were ranged in company front on one side of the hall and the gentlemen opposite. Four gentlemen, acting as pivots, took positions respectively in the exact centres of the sides and ends of the hall, forming the four corners of a diamond, with the bugler in the centre. Then the ends of the two columns swerved to the two pivots at the ends of the hall, thus forming an inclosed diamond. As the bugle sounded the first couples at each end advanced and danced the five-step polka, and so this continued until finally all were dancing. The favors for the ladies were small golden naval buttons, attached to red, white, and blue cords, which were tied around the wrists as bracelets. The gentlemen received silk badges, inscribed as the others were, which were fastened to the coat-lappels by means of silver eap devices, upon which the hemisphere, an anchor, and an eagle were displayed.

The fourth figure was entitled "Seamanship, or Homeward Bound," and was quite striking. A white cotton rope, tied at intervals with bows of red silk, was stretched from one end of the hall to the other and was held in the centre by a uniformed orderly. The ladies grasped the portion of the rope nearest the stage with their left hands and the gentlemen took possession with their right hands of the portion at the right of the orderly, the participants facing each other as if for a "tug of war." The bugle sounded the call and the ladies took in the slack of the rope as the gentlemen advanced to them in single file, and, as a lady and gentleman met face to face, they glided off in the York. In this figure the favors for the ladies were long belt ribbons of silk, fastened by little silver sabres with golden hilts, and upon them were printed in letters of gold the names of various vessels such as the *Thetis, Patterson, Mohican, Independence*, and *Monongahela*. The gentlemen were given golden naval buttons, attached to ribbons of the national colors. Surgeon Crawford acquitted himself admirably in his two figures, which were well executed. In the last one he had the able assistance of Lieutenant C. M. Perkins, U. S. N.

The fifth and last figure was led by Mr. Chauncey M. St. John, and was called "The United Service." It was the most complicated figure ever essayed at a cotillion here, comprising six different combinations. He led out twelve couples each time, and each set danced a different figure. In the first set the gentlemen were arranged in the centre of the hall, forming a square, each gentleman being about three feet distant from his neighbor, and the ladies formed company front at the side of the hall. Then the band played "The Star Spangled Banner," and the ladies marched around the room and down through the avenues formed by the gentlemen, winding in and out in serpentine turns and finally forming a complete circle around the outside facing the gentlemen, who formed another circle inside facing their partners. Then at one point in the circle two of the ladies joined hands with their partners, which broke the two circles and resulted in the formation of a larger one wherein the ladies occupied one-half and the gentlemen the other half. All then forwarded to the centre and partners waltzed. The remaining five combinations were equally interesting, and the music for the most part was composed of national airs. Mr. St. John was warmly congratulated on his skill and ingenuity. The favors presented by the club in this set of figures were hand-painted panels, done in water-colors by Chris. Jorgenson, representing landscape and marine views. They were exceedingly pretty, and made charming souvenirs of the affair.

It was half-past twelve o'clock when the dancing terminated, and the march to supper was then in order. The dining-hall was handsomely draped with American flags, and the well-appointed buffet had a beautiful centre-piece of bright blossoms and foliage. The menu was bounteous and a happy half-hour was devoted to its enjoyment. Mare Island, the Presidio, Angel Island, and Alcatraz were well represented in the dancing contingent as well as among the on-lookers, and General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A, was one of the most interested of the spectators.

Among the army guests were: General Nelson A. Miles, Miss Miles, General and Mrs. Graham, Miss Graham, General and Mrs. Perry, Miss Perry, Colonel and Mrs. Irwin, Miss Irwin, Colonel and Mrs. W. R. Shafter, Major and Mrs. McGregor, Major and Mrs. J. P. Sanger, Captain and Mrs. E. Van A. Andruss, Miss May Andruss, Captain and Mrs. Eagan, Miss Eagan, Lieutenant F. P. Peck, Lieutenant S. L. Faison, Lieutenant F. L. Winn, Lieutenant O. I. Straub, Lieutenant J. A. Dapray, Lieutenant Hayden, Lieutenant John A. Towers, Lieutenant W. H. Bean, Lieutenant Burr, Lieutenant W. C. Rafferty, and Lieutenant S. D. Sturgis, Jr.

The naval guests included: Commodore and Mrs John Irwin, Captain and Mrs. L. G. Shepard. Captain and Mrs. M. A. Healey, Captain and Mrs. Charles M. Thomas, Captain and Mrs. W. H. Emory, Captain and Mrs. W. S. Muse, Captain and Mrs. J. W. Philip, Colonel and Mrs. J. J. Foroey, Miss Irwin, Miss Smith, Miss Taylor, Paymaster S. Rand, Paymaster J. Q. Lowell, Paymaster F. H. Arms, Paymaster A. Peterson, Captain W. S. Schenck, Captain George E. Wingate, Surgeon Millard H. Crawford, Surgeon T. J. Babin, Surgeon H. B. Scott, Surgeon H. P. Harvey, Surgeon D. N. Bertolette, Surgeon Henry Whiting, Dr. W. E. Taylor, Chaplain Frank Thompson, Engineer H. Webster, Engineer W. B Dunning, Engineer McElroy, Engineer Buroap, Engineer George Bates, Engineer and Mrs. Smith, Lieutenant T. M. Brumby, Lieutenant J. C. Wilson, Lieutenant E. Moale, Lieutenant M. Johnson, Lieutenant J. R. Edmunds, Lieutenant J. W. Carlin, Lieutenant A. E. Culver, Lieutenant R. F. Lopez, Lieutenant R. Wells, Jr., Lieutenant F. E. Sutton, Lieutenant Heath, Lieutenant F. R. Falkenstein, Lieutenant A. L. Broadbent, Lieutenant G. H. Jarvis, Lieutenant Horace B. West, Lieutenant George W. Tyler, Lieutenant J. H. Oliver, Lieutenant C. M. Perkins, Lieutenant Dimmock, Lieutennnt Charles C. Rogers, Lieutenant D. T. Terrill, Lieutenant W. E. Sewell, Ensign A. N. Word, Ensign H. R. Hall, Ensign J. H. Gibbons, Ensign John Bell, Ensign T. G. Dewey, Ensign McC. Gorgas, Ensign Edward Simpson, Cadet E. K. Cole, Cadet Charles E. Johnson.

The club members and other guests comprised: Mr. and Mrs. John Nightingale, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Grayson, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Hinckley, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac L. Requa, Mr. and Mrs Edward Bosqui, Judge and Mrs. F. E. Spencer, Judge and Mrs. Selden S. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Sears, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas F. Meagher, Mr. and Mrs. Remi Chabot, Mr. and Mrs. William M. Starr, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Kittredge, Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. James Spiers, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Henshaw, Mr. and Mrs. Horace L. Hill, Colonel and Mrs. Stuart Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Tinnin, Mr. and Mrs. James de la Montanya Jr., Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Mead, Mr. and Mrs. William McP. Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Sangtellar, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Hinckley, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Harrub, Dr. and Mrs. M. Regensburger, Dr. and Mrs. J. M. Dunn, Mr. and Mrs. George Wright, Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Spence, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph B. Spence, Dr. and Mrs. J. Thomas Boyson, Mrs. Jeremiah Clarke, Mrs. Dillon, Mrs. J. W. Annan, Miss Edith Clarke, Miss Maud Shepherd, Miss A. Joie McCabe, Miss Grace M. Spencer, Miss Lucille Edwards, Miss Ella Nightingale, Miss Minnie Nightingale, Miss Jennie de la Montanya, Miss Helen A. Bosqui, Miss Roberta E. Lee Wright, Miss Stella Sears, Miss Etta Chabot, Miss Anita Plum, Miss Emma Sanders, Misses Rogers, Miss Emily Dean, Miss Susie Le Count, Miss Wagner, Miss Cora M. Bonestell, Miss Daisy Crowell, Miss Goewey, Miss Marie Bucknall, Miss Blanche Hubbard, Miss Florence Weihe, Miss Olga Speyer, Miss Kyle, Miss May Norton, Miss Lilly Winans, Miss Meek, Miss Maude Badlam, Miss Alice Mau, Miss May Wickersham, Miss Jennie Hopkins, Misses Huff, Miss Jeannette Havemann, Miss Jennie Boland, Miss Lena Brigham, Miss Georgie Grayson, Misses Hayes, Misses Simpson, Miss Charlotte Bermingham, Misses Farren, Miss Marie Dillon, Miss Kate Dillon, Miss Mary Murphy, Miss Mattie S. Baker, Miss Margaret Nelson, Miss Lyda Hill, Miss Belle Cohn, Miss Ida Harrub, Miss Doyle, Miss Alice Shattuck, Miss Burrell, Miss Gail Jackson, Miss Tillie Doolan, Miss Ada Weihe, Miss Alice Johnson, Miss Barber, Mr. Chauncey M. St. John, Mr. E. H. Sheldon, Mr. John P. Jackson, Jr., Mr. J. M. Kilgariff, Mr. Arthur Painter, Mr. A. T. Badlam, Mr. Frank D. Willey, Mr. W. H. Stinson, Dr. John Nightingale, Mr. George H. T. Jackson, Mr. John Parkhurst, Mr. Harry A. Wise, Mr. Donald Y. Campbell, Mr. Henry J. Crocker, Mr. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. Warren D. Clark, Mr. Edward Hinckley, Mr. Harry Gibbs, Mr. R. R. Wallace, Mr. Frank Vail, Mr. Joseph Nightingale, Mr. A. M. Cummings, Mr. Walter Hinkel, Mr. W. A. Powning, Mr. R. R Gray, son, Mr. A. St. J. Bowie, Mr. P. Hopkins, Jr., Mr. R. C. Seagle, Dr. James P. Dunn, Mr. Daniel T. Murphy, Mr. W. V. Bryan, Dr. John F. Foulkes, Mr. A. W. Baldwin, Mr. James O'Kane, Mr. R. K. Gardner, Mr Edward Taylor, Mr. John E. Owens, Mr. Mabry McMahan, Mr. Ellis Wooster, Mr. J. T. Bonnell, Mr. Byron Mauzy, Mr. A. P. Brayton, Mr. Clark Wise, Mr. Bush Fennell, Mr. James A. Maguire, Dr. N. T. Coulson, Mr. Seymour E. Davidson, Mr. George James, Mr. Thomas Dillon, Mr. George McGillivray, Mr. C. G. Sherwood, Mr. James H. Montgomery, Mr. A. F. Barnard, Mr. W. M. Speyer, Mr. A. S. Macdonald, Mr. W. E. Meek, Mr. F. T. Griffith, Mr. Ward Wright, Mr. R. P. Doolan, Mr. A. E. Shattuck, and others.

The Miller Dinner-Party.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller entertained a number of friends at dinner last Thursday evening at their residence, 2002 Jackson Street. It was a charming affair in every way and proved a source of much pleasure to the guests. The dining-table was embellished with a cluster of Riverside oranges, prolific with foliage and their sweet blossoms, which were tied together with broad moiré ribbons of a golden hue. The favors for the ladies comprised a Mandarin orange, with foliage and blossoms, tied with moiré to correspond in color, and having the name of the guest painted in golden letters upon the ribbon. The gentlemen received a large navel orange, upon which the name was painted. Mandarin oranges à la glace were also presented. The dinner was highly enjoyed, and the discussion of the delicacies provided consumed considerable time. An amusing feature of the evening was the endeavor of the guests to solve the conundrum, "When is a lady like a ship?" The ladies' first prize was a handsome hand-painted cup and saucer, and the first prize for the gentlemen was a beautiful paper-knife. Booby prizes were also awarded, that for the ladies being an unique bonnet made of a pale-green, curly-leaved cabbage, tied with green ribbons. The gentlemen's prize was a miniature clown in a fantastic attire of blue and gold.

Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Miss Slocovich, Miss Edith Taylor, Miss Scott, Miss Kate Jarboe, Miss Shepherd, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr William R. Sherwood, Mr. Herbert E. Carolan, Mr. George A. Newhall, and Mr. C. Froelich, Jr.

Rutherford Dinner-Party.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Rutherford recently gave a charming dinner-party at their residence, 1105 Bush Street. Red was the predominating tone of the table decoration. A mass of thistle leaves and holly berries ornamented the centre and sprigs and leaves were loosely scattered over the damask cover, which was handsomely embroidered in red. The menu cards were very artistic, being in the form of tulips, each petal bearing the name of a course. Ribbons, decorated with tulip leaves, constituted the name cards. A bounteous dinner was enjoyed, followed by music in the parlors.

Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Rutherford, Miss Virginia Hanchett, Miss Etta Birdsall, Miss Fair, Miss Upson, Miss Ella Boalt, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. Osgood Hooker, Mr. Frank J. Carolan, and Mr. Edgar Mizner.

Mrs. Baker's Lunch-Party.

A pretty lunch-party was given on Friday by Mrs. L. L. Baker at her residence on Washington Street. Her guests were seated at a handsomely appointed table which was decorated with daffodils, snow-drops and other flowers of early spring-time. They received dainty souvenirs in the form of satin pin-cushions bordered with pearl pins and fringed with lace. Flowers and the name of the recipient were painted upon each cushion and the color of each one was different. The afternoon was delightfully spent in the enjoyment of the repast.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Miss Alice Mullins is expected to return home early in the spring, after a prolonged visit to relatives in England.

Mr. T. T. Dargie is convalescent after his recent severe illness.

Mr. and Mrs. William J. Dunphy and Miss Jennie Dunphy expect to leave for the East in April, and will then proceed to make an extended tour of Europe.

Miss Etta Birdsall, of Sacramento, is visiting Miss Virginia Hanchett.

Judge and Mrs. F. E. Spencer and Miss Grace M. Spencer, of San José, passed a few days at the Palace Hotel recently.

Hon. Frank J. Sullivan, Miss Ada Sullivan, and Miss Arcadia Spence are at the Windsor Hotel in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Howard, *née* Schmiedell, are expected back from Europe in a few weeks.

Mr. Peter J. Donahue is at the Windsor Hotel in New York city.

Mr. A. D. Gibon has gone to New York en route to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs A. D. Wilder, of Oakland, have been visiting the Hotel del Monte.

Miss Lizzie Parks will leave for the Hawaiian Islands next Saturday on the steamer *Alameda* for a trip of six weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick C. Lowrey and Miss Lowrey, of Honolulu, and Mr. and Mrs Dwight Marshall Collins, of Pittsfield, Mass, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Hathaway at Sycamore Park, near San Lorenzo.

Mr. Irving M. Scott is in Pittsburg, Penn.

Notes and Gossip.

The Misses Jennie and Bessie Hooker will give a tea this (Saturday) afternoon, from four until seven o'clock, at their residence, 912 Bush Street.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Bowie have issued invitations for a dancing-party, which they will give on Monday evening at their residence, 1913 Clay Street.

Baron and Baroness von Schröder have issued seven hundred invitations for the ball which they will give next Tuesday evening at Odd Fellows' Hall. Elaborate preparations are being made for it.

Cards have been issued by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Williams for a reception to occur on Thursday evening, February 14th, at their residence, 1925 Octavia Street.

Miss Emelita Ralston, daughter of Mrs. William C. Ralston, will be married to Mr. Arthur Page next Saturday morning at the home of the bride's mother in Oakland. They will leave for the Hawaiian Islands that afternoon for a wedding trip, and will reside at San Rafael when they return.

Mr. Theodore Gibbs Dewey, U. S. N., will be married to Miss Maria Gilless Bradley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Wolcott, next Wednesday noon at the chapel at the Mare Island Navy Yard.

MUSICAL NOTES.

San Francisco Vocal Quartet.

The San Francisco Vocal Quartet gave its first concert last Tuesday afternoon at Irving Hall. It was attended by a fashionable audience and the various selections won their hearty appreciation and applause. The quartet comprises Mme. Louise Pyk, soprano, Miss Mary E. Barnard, contralto, Mr. Alfred Wilkie, tenor, and Mr. N. B. Pretson, basso. They were assisted by Miss Susie M. Blair, violinist, and Mr. Clarke W. Reynolds, accompanist. The programme was as follows:

Quartet, "Ecco quel fiero instante" ..... M. Costa
San Francisco Quartet.
Song, "A Day Dream" ..... Strelezki
Miss Mary E. Barnard.
Serenade, "The Star of Love" ..... Wallace
Mr. Alfred Wilkie.
Violin, "Russian Airs" ..... Wieniawski
Miss Susie M. Blair.
Romanza, "Waiting" ..... Millard
Mme. Louise Pyk.
Trio, "Memory" ..... Leslie
Soprano, Contralto and Tenor.
Song, "Devoted Lover" ..... Valerie White
Mr. N. B. Pretson.
Duet, "Edenland" ..... Dana
Soprano and Tenor
Violin, "Galop de Concert" ..... Schubert
Miss Susie M. Blair.
Quartet, "You Stole My Love" ..... Macfarren
San Francisco Quartet.

Mme. Louise Pyk will give her first subscription concert next Friday evening at Irving Hall. She will have the assistance of Miss Mary E. Barnard, Miss Alice Bacon, Miss Ada E. Weigel, Mr. J. H. Rosewald, Mr. Alfred Wilkie, and Mr. N. B. Pretson.

Mr. J. H. Rosewald announces his second orchestral matinée, to occur next Friday at Irving Hall. The dates for the subsequent matinées have been unavoidably changed to March 1st, 16th, and 29th, and April 12th.

The second afternoon concert of the Hermann Brandt String Quartet will occur next Thursday at three o'clock. The Quartet will be assisted by Miss Smith and Mr. Espinosa.

Mr. Robert Tolmie is delivering a series of lectures on "Music" at the residence of Mrs. John R. Jarboe, on Saturday afternoons.

The second concert of the San Francisco Vocal Quartet will be held at Irving Hall on Tuesday afternoon, February 12th.

The Loring Club will give its third concert of the twelfth season at Odd Fellow's Hall, on Wednesday evening.

Champagne and Nine-Pins.

In order to meet the desires of some members of one of our leading clubs, it has been decided to establish a bowling-alley adjoining the club-rooms. The novel feature in this departure will be that the pins are manufactured of California oak and will resemble in appearance Pommery Sec bottles, and the monogram of this swell wine will be reproduced on the pins. The club will present the best player at the end of the year with a case of Pommery Sec.—S. F. *Chronicle*.

— A LADY OF EXPERIENCE, WELL KNOWN IN this city and State, who speaks four languages, would like to travel as companion or governess, with a family going to Europe this summer, or would take a class of young ladies. Address, Europe, *Argonaut* office.

Prof. De Filippe's simplified new system of acquiring the Spanish language; indorsed by the "Royal Spanish Academy" and adopted by the best institutions; price, $1.50. **The Bancroft Co.**

— MRS. GERTRUDE ATHERTON'S NEW NOVEL, "Hermia Suydam," has just been published, and is for sale at the bookstores and news-stands.

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PIANOS.

SLANG IN NEW YORK.

Specimens Heard Here and There About the Town.

Slang has reached its highest development in New York. Without it the gossip of the town would be barren, arid, lethargic, and inert.

It lends an airy grace to the most prosaic and commonplace events.

"A collar, duchess," remarked a Sixth Avenue swell to the lady who stood behind the counter of a small shop.

"Paper or tin?" asked the duchess, with a gleam of sudden admiration in her downy brown eyes.

"Tut-tut," said the swell reprovingly, as he admired his cheap finery in a convenient mirror, "I'm not buying a dog-collar, sweet-tart."

"It's not for yourself, then?"

"Tush. Go to. Thou art a larking jade," was the dignified rejoinder. "Get me a four-ply, beveled-edged, standing collar of the vintage of '88, and without any whiskers on the seams."

She passed it over the counter, and the swell examined it critically for a moment, and then he remarked sententiously:

"It's a lol-lah."

"Sixteen cents," said the duchess, with an air of sudden listlessness as she meditatively scratched her head with a pencil.

"Beg parding?"

"Sixteen cents."

"Well," said the blood, thoughtfully, "I'll just take it around to my apartment and see if it fits my polka-dot shirt. If it does I'll drop in, make good, and get more."

"Nix," said the duchess.

"Nix?"

"Nix."

"Why?"

"Because," said her grace, calmly, "I'm just about half way onto your curves."

"In which case," remarked the swell, with unruffled suavity, "I had better produce the scads."

"Sixteen cents," said the duchess.

The money was paid, there was a knowing interchange of smiles, and then the swell sauntered out.

"She was onto my curves fer a fac'," he said amiably to me as he passed out; "wasn't she?"

"Rather."

"And, son," he added, with an air of great sincerity, "I'm pretty near onto yours. This is no place fer a mash."

So we left the shop together, and I had no further chance of enjoying the conversation of the duchess.

The phrase they bandied so easily struck me as being the latest thing in slang. It comes from the ball-field, of course. To "get onto a pitcher's curves" indicates great skill, prescience, and knowledge on the part of the man at the bat. I have heard the phrase often of late as indicating sharpness and intuition.

There are one or two words which set the people laughing as soon as they are mentioned. For some reason or other the great North American public has made up its mind that there is nothing more exquisitely funny than allusions to "whiskers."

A long while ago Pat Rooney used to tell a story in his inimitable dialect about the manner in which he had been abused by mankind.

"Oi'm a law-abidin' man," he would say, savagely; "an' Oi have a schwate timper, but when Oi'm lyin' down under a tree in the park takin' a nap, an' a man comes along an' wipes his feet on me phwiskers, begob Oi draw the line."

This reference to whiskers started the ball. Any variety-man who speaks the word "whiskers" is sure of a roar. One of the funniest things I think I ever heard is a song of Evans's, the comedian of the "Parlor Match," detailing the woes of a poor woman who went forth into the world to seek her husband. Evans has a magnificent baritone voice, and he sang this particular song with a depth of feeling and intensity that would have been deeply moving except for the words. I heard it last night. If it had not been for the lack of time I would be able to give the verse here. It detailed the awful misery of the unhappy wife, who went out to search for her husband, "with her shoes," sobbed Mr. Evans, in his song, "filled up with feet." He tells how she goes from door to door and finally finds her husband sitting on a horse-block, with a cordial smile on his handsome face, while the wind sighs through his whiskers. The effect of the song on the multitude of theatre-goers is inconceivable to people who have no idea of the real hold that slang has upon the majority of New Yorkers. It pervades every section of the town.

"This year's buds," said a society man in Delmonico's, the other night, "are a bit shaggy about the fetlocks, but they're loaded to the limit with the stuff."

"Stuff," by the way, means money.

It is a rather curious sort of thing that the slang of people of one sort in town does not coalesce with that of another. The idioms of the stage are astounding. There are two words that actors and actresses are using almost constantly now which are never heard outside the profession. I heard an emotional tragedy queen employ both of them recently at the theatre, in referring to a gentleman who was making a courageous, but utterly futile, attempt to support Mary Anderson by playing Claude Melnotte.

"What a jay he is," remarked the actress, shaking her head sadly; "he is a quisby, nothing else."

It is in the Fourth Ward, however, that slang reaches its highest point. Some time ago I was coming out of Harper's building, when the voice of a boy, who seemed scarcely five years old, arrested my attention. He was a ragged little urchin, and he was pulling his mother's dress with one hand, while he pointed at the driver of a passing hearse with the other. The driver had a rich burgundy color, and it was concentrated at the end of his nose. It was this that attracted the child's attention.

"Hey, mudder," he said, excitedly, "pipe his jags wid de rosy beak on de Morgue wagon!"

The quarrel scenes which one reads in plays and books are stilted. I happened to be present at a quarrel on Broadway not long ago, in which the language was of the customary sort. It was very early in the morning and two gentlemen were having a bitter dispute about a personal matter.

"The trouble with you, Chimmie," said one of them, with engaging candor, "is that you fatigue my uppers."

"Oh, I do, do I?" said Chimmie, sarcastically; "it's a pity about you, isn't it?"

"Well, I've stood all the imperial nerve from you that the season allows. You make me tired."

"Oh, go eat mud."

"Who eat mud?"

"*You* eat mud."

"ME eat mud?"

"Ya-as——"

Biff!—*New York Sun.*

THE LATEST VERSE.

The All-Kind Mother.

Lo, whatever is at hand
Is full meet for the demand;
Nature oftimes giveth best
When she seemeth chariest.
She hath shapen shower and sun
To the need of every one—
Summer bland and winter drear,
Dimpled pool and frozen mere.
All thou lackest she hath still,
Near thy finding and thy fill.
Yield her fullest faith, and she
Will endow thee royally.

Loveless weed and lily fair
She attendeth, here and there—
Kindly to the weed as to
The lorn lily teared with dew.
Each to her hath use as dear
As the other; an thou clear
Thy cloyed senses thou may'st see
Haply all the mystery.
Thou shalt see the lily get
Its divinest blossom; yet
Shall the weed's tip bloom no less
With the song-bird's gleefulness.

Thou art poor or thou art rich—
Never lightest matter which:
All the glad gold of the noon,
All the silver of the moon,
She doth lavish on thee, while
Thou withholdest any smile
Of thy gratitude to her,
Baser used than usurer.
Shame be on thee an thou seek
Not her pardon, with hot cheek.
And bowed head, and brimming eyes,
At her merciful "Arise!"

—*James Whitcomb Riley in the February Century.*

The Sailor Song.

In my sluggish gait,
As it drags along of late,
Is the roll of the Captain on the deck;
Or the lurch of the sailor in the hold
Courageous from of old,
In the storm and in the wreck;
In the rising, setting suns,
The thunder of the guns—
With a heave and a ho
And a loud rumbelow;
In every sort of breeze
On southern, northern seas,
Like a dancing leg.
At old Wapping Stairs,
Where Meg, and Poll, and Peg
Are dancing unawares
Like you, Bess, and me
Near the margent of the sea;
At Oxford or Cambridge where ferrymen abound
And merry men are found,
But sober or tipsy,
Not the scholar gypsy,
Who forsook his learned books
For forest's streams and nooks
And was robbed, or was hanged, or was drowned,
Two hundred years ago—
With his heave and his ho
And his mournful rumbelow,
With not a soul to know
Or to toll his passing knell,
His Ding Dong Bell.

—*Richard Henry Stoddard in the Independent.*

Peaked Rock.

A LEGEND OF NARRAGANSETT.

September night, with struggling moon,
And mist that shifts, and sinks, and whirls,
And darkness coming all too soon,
And tender ferns, which sharp frost curls
And phantom shape inclosed in fog—
A woman at the Crying Bog!

She hears the cry; she kneels, she cries:
Before her cry the voice is dumb,
She spreads her arms, again she tries,
She prays the answering voice to come;
But silence falls on all around,
There is no voice, no faintest sound.

She beats her breast with hollow blows,
Then hurries from the dreadful place,
Her black hair round her wildly flows
And covers all her weeping face;
The fog in pity shuts her in,
And hides her from her mortal sin.

On, on, she speeds, o'er bog and field
With giant bowlders thickly set,
She slips and falls, but will not yield,
She hastens on, in fog and wet;
The baby's cry is in her ears,
It fills her with a thousand fears.

At last she wins the ocean's shore—
A great expanse of dusky gray
In motion with a mooning roar
And dashing on the rocks its spray.
Oh! welcome sound, its sobbing moan
Drowns out the baby's piercing tone.

It is so vast, so great, so strong,
Beneath its fleecy cloud of mist,
How restful is its sobbing song
To ears which ever as they list
For years have heard beneath the fog
The baby of the Crying Bog.

She creeps down to the water's edge—
How soft it breaks upon the rocks,
And gently covers all the ledge
With foam as soft as maiden's locks;
It spreads a bed of softest down,
White, cool, and fair, all care to drown.

How white, how soft! With spell-bound gaze
The woman stands; there is no sound.
How soft, how white! For many days
She's wandered and no rest has found.
A look of peace comes in her face,
That gives her back her maiden grace.

And then, upon the foamy bed,
A sudden space of blackness comes,
An instant only; overhead
The moon looks out; her gaze benumbs
The white wave slowly creeping on—
An instant more, all trace is gone.

But lo, up from the water rose
A giant rock, and stood upright;
The angry waves beat it with blows,
And on it wasted all their might;
But there it stood in wind and wave,
To mark that lonely woman's grave.

The Peaked Rock, they called it then:
Long stood it there, for many a year;
None saw it rise, and none knew when
The giant rock would disappear.
It went at last; and some will say
A soul was purged from sin that day.

—*Caroline Hazard in the February Century.*

Heinrich Heine.

This was a singer, a poet bold,
Compact of Fire and Rainbow Gold;
Compact of Rainbow Gold and of Fire,
Of sorrow and sin and of heart's desire;
Of good and of evil and things unknown,
A merciless poet who cut to the bone.
He sounded the depths of our grief and our gladness,
He wept at our mirth and he laughed at our madness;
He knew all that's strange in the world and that's rife,
He knew, and yet knew not, the meaning of life.

—*Walter Herries Pollock in St. James's Gazette.*

THE THOMPSON STREET POKER CLUB.

By Henry Guy Carleton.

The second lecture of the scientific series was delivered last Saturday evening by Professor Brick, at the rooms of the Thompson Street Poker Club, the Rev. Mr. Thankful Smith in the chair. Present were Mr. Tooter Williams, Elder Jubilee Anderson, Mr. Cyanide Whiffles, and Mr. Gus Johnson. Seven gentlemen from Weehawken were admitted by courtesy, upon payment of fifty cents each. The club was called to order at 8:15 P. M.

The reading of the minutes of the last meeting was dispensed with upon motion of Mr. Whiffles, as the secretary had forgotten to take any notes.

The report of the House Committee, to the effect that the janitor had declined to fill the lamps until the last kerosene bill had been paid, was read and approved.

The name of Judge Montgomery Zerubabel Wax, of Jersey City, proposed for membership by Mr. Tooter Williams, was referred back by the Governing Committee, with a request that the following points be considered: first, that the nomination had not been seconded as required by Paragraph V., Article 21, Section XVI. of the Constitution; and, second, that the committee had ascertained that Judge Wax was not a judge of anything but Jersey whisky, and bad had but little recent opportunity to judge that, as he had just been released from a two years' engagement at Sing Sing, whither he had been sent for borrowing a stove said to have been the property of an entire stranger. Under these circumstances the Governing Committee had been placed in doubt.

Mr. Williams rose to a question of privilege. He moved that his friend be unanimously elected by a suspension of the rules. As to that stove incident, he was certain that either a *habeas corpus* or an *alibi* could be proven. The motion was lost, Mr. Williams alone voting in the affirmative. He then begged to be allowed to withdraw the judge's name, and by unanimous consent the application was granted.

Professor Brick then advanced to the rostrum and, announcing his subject, spoke as follows:

"De study ob de Bline am psychylogumcholly nex' ter de study ob de Straggle, 'n bofe am proximus ter de study ob de Limmick.

"De Bline am chips called de Ante, 'n am sboved up befo' the kyards am parsed round, 'n befo' de bline man sees he's got tree jacks, fo' fo's, er a bobtail. Some mokes kinder fergit ter put up de bline till aftah dey has a squint at de skin, 'n den ef dey has trees dey shoves up harf de limmick, 'n on two par shoves up quartah de limmick, 'n on one par a fo'th de limmick, 'n on a nace higb don't shove up no bline ceptin' dey kin borry chips handy. I don't name no names, but I see Gus Johnson squirmin' oneasy in de cha'r."

All eyes were turned upon Mr. Johnson, who colored violently, but pretended to be absorbed in reflection.

"Some niggahs b'leeve in wboopin' up de bline continuous, 'n rises hit, bad luck er good luck," continued the professor.

"Now whad's de good in dat? Sposen de reg'lar bline am a quartab, 'n yo' hasn't bed nuffin' ceptin' bobtails 'n kilters fer two hours. Will a dollah bline work a mirrykle 'n brung yo' fo' naces? Am a two-dollah bline gwinter coax tree jacks 'n a par outen de pack?"

"Dad's what I bleeve," interrupted Mr. Tooter Williams, "fo'ce de luck, 'n fo'ce her hard."

"Fo'ce nuffin'!" retorted the lecturer, with some warmtb; "yo' fo'ced de luck at de lass meetin', yo' did—yass yo' did!—'n yo' went bline a dollah, 'n straggled two dollahs, 'n ef I bedn't got yo' overcoat outen soak 'n loan yo' t'ree dollahs, yo'd bave et yo' C'rissmuss tukky in de po'-house. Doan' talk ter me about fo'cin."

Mr. Williams muttered something relevant to seeing the lecturer outside, and then folded his arms defiantly and glowered upon him.

"De bess way," continued the professor, calmly, "am ter make de bline bumble 'n keep ber downsperrited."

"'N den sposen yo' gits in a pat strake," suggested Mr. Whiffles.

"Rise her," said the professor; "aftab de suckahs bez come in on de meek and lowly bline, give her a jintle histe, boost her up, kinder stimmylate ber wif a dollah. Den de niggah wif a kipple o' squeens, be comb 'em over 'n sorts 'em out 'n says kinder soffly ter bisse'f, 'Well, I'se stuck fer a quartab, 'n I mout ketch another squeen, 'n I kaint drap now, befo' de draw,' 'n he comes in fer a dollab. Den de coon wif de bobtail flisk, be sends a dollah ter belp de quartah *he's* blew in, 'n de moke wif two par, *he* goes a dollah, 'n dar yo' is."

"'N sposen," inquired Mr. Whiffles, "sposen de flisk 'n de two par fill?"

"W'y den," asseverated the professor, "de moke wif de flisk'll bet de limmick, er play coony 'n bet a chip, 'n de full niggah'll draw be breff hard 'n rise a dollah, 'n yo'll know de red flag's out, 'n git onto de side track."

"Jesso," murmured Elder Jubilee Anderson, who had recently been there.

"Keep de bline down ter po'-house figgers, 'n den all de fools kin cum in, 'n ef yo' doan' find nuffin' in yo' own han', wizzle yo' pet hymn 'n dror fo' kyards 'n hit hain't coss much, but ef yo' find tree kinks er a flisk, yo' kin rise her de limmick."

"How mucb did yo' win at pokah lass yeah?" sarcastically inquired Mr. Williams, rising.

"Not kyountin' tree bundred 'n steen dollahs wuff er yo' papah, wot I tuk at pah," rejoined the professor, "I'se 'bout thutty-six dollah out. W'en yo' gits crazy 'n fergits yose'f 'n pays up, I'll be mo'n two hunded in. I'll jess call it thutty-six out, Tooter."

Mr. Williams sat down.

"De straggle am only good w'en yo' wanter crowd de mo'ners 'n hog de aige. Doan' straggle 'ceptin' yo' am de pet chile o' calamity, 'n feels yo' power a-comin'. De straggle doan' give no aige aftah de dror. W'en yo' makes up yo' mine ter straggle, make up yo' mine to histe her de limmick aftah de dror, take two kyards, look fierce, 'n bet de limmick. I never straggle 'ceptin' I'se fairly bilious wif luck 'n de mo'ners am skittish. De man wot straggles w'en he luck am weak 'n in the back is a man wot'll be fust ter borry chips and last ter pay 'em. Doan' straggle, niggahs."

At this juncture the lecturer paused, waved his hand to the audience as a signal that they might converse for a few moments and discuss the weighty matters he had laid before them, and proceeded to refresh himself with a glass of milk, which he had previously placed upon the rostrum, and, with a triangle of pie, which he extracted from his coat-tail pocket. Then he continued, as follows:

"De mattah ob de limmick am mo' secryus. De limmick should be ten times de ante at de leastest, 'n bettah twonny times de ante. Quatah ante 'n half-dollah limmick am good chucky-lucky, but po' pokah. Ten-cent ante 'n two-dollah limmick 'll give a niggah all de chance ter lose he wants. Ten-cent ante 'n five-dollah limmick 's de game I hopes ter play aftah Gabril toots he ho'n, 'n we'll all be Vanderbilks. W'en de limmick 'n de ante am fixed, doan' let no niggah r'ise ber. W'en some mokes git t'ree dollahs ter de bad, dey wants ter r'ise de limmick, 'n den hard feelin's 'n bad papah begin ter git in cirkylasbin. Dat's all I's got ter say."

"Befo' dis lectur closes," observed Mr. Williams, rising with bauteur and holding his left band in such a manner that his amethyst ring showed to best advantage, "I wanter know did de perfesser mean ter spress any doubts ob my honah in de remarks 'bout de trifilin' bits o' paper I bez out. Dat's whad I wanter know."

"I didn' say nuffin' 'bout yo' honah, Toot," explained the professor, sweetly; "I said dat I had t'ree hundred 'n steen dollahs wuffer yo' I. O. U's., 'n I'se held 'em fer fo'teen mumfs, 'n yo' seem willin' I shud hole 'em fer fo'teen mo'. Ef yo' honah's sensitive, Toot, I'll sell de hull lot ter yo' fer t'ree dollahs."

"I—I gess—ef yo' means ter doubt my bonah——" began Mr. Williams, hotly.

"Am dat t'ree dollah offer a go?" queried the professor.

"I doan' 'low no coon ter doubt my bonah," said Mr. Williams, glaring upon the assemblage.

"I'll sell 'em fer two dollahs," said the professor.

"De bonah ob a gentleman——"

"Gimmy a dollab, 'n de hull batcb am yo'n," said the professor.

"I'll fight ter de lass gasp fer my honah," said Mr. Williams.

"Haff a dollah," said the professor, holding up the notes in question.

"Ef—ef yo' didn' mean nuffin' agin my bonah," said Mr. Williams, "yo' 'pollygy am 'cepted."

Here the gavel fell; the cbairman announced that the next lecture would be by Elder Jubilee Anderson, on "Mirrikles in de Dror," and the club adjourned to put the professor's theory into practice.—*Once a Week.*

The Charms of New York.

"You see, it is this way," said the New York man as he was walking along the street talking to a friend from out of town; "New Yorkers won't bave anything but the best of everything. This being the metropolis of the Western Continent, we are put in a position wbere we can bave our pick of everything, and you can well believe that we take the best every time. You will notice this," he went on, as they just managed to get out of the way of a truck-team on a crossing, got punched in the backs with the pole of a furniture-van, heard the driver of an ice-wagon swearing at tbem, and were well spattered with the six inches of mud on the pavement by a hack-team, being driven twelve miles an bour; "you will notice this the longer you stay here. Little annoyances that you have been accustomed to submit to you will see regulated in New York. We reason like this," he went on, as he dodged around a couple of garbage barrels and a brick fell from the sixth story of a new building and cut a notcb out of his hat-brim, "our idea is this: that if we demand the best and stick to it, we will get it. Of course now, in your town, a country village, you have some rural advantages that we can't have, but then, we have numberless other advantages that you can know nothing of. New York," he ran on, as bis foot slipped on a banana peeling and a policeman threatened to arrest him for being drunk, and a grocery-wagon borse took a bite out of his coat-sleeve, "New York leads in everything in this country. It is not, of course, London or Paris, but we manage things better bere.

"In the old countries," he continued, as be dodged a bob-tail car that already had blood on its wheels, jumped ten feet to one side as the cap on an electric subway blew off with a loud report, and stood and waited for a procession of ten trucks to pass, each one of which spattered two quarts of mud as it went over a loose place in the pavement, "the people haven't got the energy we have bere and they don't demand the best like we do, and so they don't get it. Now with us," he went on, as he rubbed an elevated railroad cinder deeper into his eye, and felt bot water running down his back from the same source, and went up the dirty and crowded steps and the ticket-seller refused to take a good quarter because it was a little worn, and the ticket-chopper accused him of dropping in only one ticket, and the guard slammed the gate in their faces and swore at them a couple of times; "with us we pride ourselves on leading in everything in this country, and have that reputation and so have to keep it up.

"This elevated road," be continued, as the next guard yelled "Step lively there!" and they crowded into a car and hung on to eacb other because there were already two men and one woman suspended from each strap; "this road is something you won't find anywhere else. Instead of crawling along in street-cars or paying exorbitant hack-fares, we bave this to carry us back and forth at a rapid rate. As I said, New Yorkers demand and get the best. We——" bere the train ran into another one, and the car ahead fell into the street, and the one bebind stood on end. "Sit still right where you are on the window," shouted the New Yorker from wbere he lay on the roof with four men on him; "keep perfectly still; the coroner will be here inside of ten minutes. We bave the best system of coroner service in the world—nothing but the best satisfies us, you know. Breathe easy and hang on—you'll never want to live anywhere else after trying New York for two weeks!"—*New York Tribune.*

Mrs. Potter's appearance as the languorously loving Cleopatra has been described but not with full justice done (according to "Clara Belle") to her filmy skirts, with their revelations of pink tights, or her realism in the suicide scene. Of the former it is perhaps enough to write that no ballet-girl or burlesquer in tights ever made a more alluring or artful display. There was no novelty in that—except in seeing it done by a former darling of "our best society." But it was when Cleopatra killed herself with the poisonous asp, that the new exploit came. Mrs. Potter tore her already low corsage open, with an imitation of reeklessness, to place the reptile where it could do the most harm. It was here that Shakespeare's text and the usages of civilized modern society were opposed to each other, and Mrs. Potter frankly gave her adherence to Shakespeare. Anything like her achievement in realism has not been seen. A fair acquaintance of Mrs. Potter's, who sat in one of the boxes on the first night, bore the unexpected exhibition with well-bred calm; but this is what she remarked to a companion: "Well, if they bold an autopsy on the remains of Cleopatra, I should say they'd find that the poisonous bite caused peritonitis."

Transportation- Rail.

SAUSALITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN,
via
NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, January 6, 1889, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 3.25, 4.50, 6.10 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 1.30, 5.00, 6.45, P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 1.45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.15, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 3.25, 4.55 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 3.30, 5.00, P. M.
Extra trips on Saturday at 1.45 and 6.25 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents. round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 10.00, 11.50 A. M.; 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.45, 10.45 A. M.; 12 45, 4.15, 5.45, P. M.
Extra trips on Saturday at 2.30 and 7.05 P. M.
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

11.00 A. M., Daily (Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Cazadero at 6.45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12.20 P.M.

EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rate.

Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays and Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.00; Tomales, $2.25; Howard's, $3.50; Cazadero, $4.00.

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Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From Jan. 15, 1889.	ARRIVE
7.30 A.	For Haywards, Niles and San José..	*12.45 P.
7.30 A.	For Sacramento, and for Redding via Davis	7.15 P.
8.00 A.	For Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga and Santa Rosa	6.15 P.
9.00 A.	For Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
8.30 A.	Los Angeles Express, for Fresno, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	11.15 A.
10.30 A.	For Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
*12.00 M.	For Haywards and Niles	*3.45 P.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	**6.00 A.
† 2.00 P.	Golden Gate Special, for Council Bluffs and East	‖ 9.45 P.
3.00 P.	For Haywards, Niles and San José..	9.45 A.
3.00 P.	Central Atlantic Express, for Ogden and East	11.45 A.
4.00 P.	For Stockton and §Milton; for Vallejo, Calistoga & Santa Rosa	10.15 A.
4.30 P.	For Sacramento, and for Knight's Landing via Davis	9.45 A.
* 4.30 P.	For Niles, San José and Livermore..	* 8.45 A.
5.30 P.	For Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
7.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	7.45 A.
9.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.

SOUTH PACIFIC COAST RAILWAY DIVISION.

3.00 A.	For Newark and San José	‡ 7.20 P.
8.15 A.	For Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	5.50 P.
*2.15 P.	For Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 A.
4.15 P.	For Centerville, San José, Almaden, and Los Gatos	9.20 A.

NORTHERN DIVISION (Fourth & Townsend Sts.)

7.50 A.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations..	2.30 P.
8.30 A.	For San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos; Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Templeton, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) & principal Way Stns	6.38 P.
10.30 A.	For San José, Almaden and Way Stations	5 35 P.
12.01 P.	For Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	4.36 P.
* 3.30 P.	For San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Monterey and principal Way Stations	*10.02 A.
4.30 P.	For San José and principal Way Stations	9.03 A.
* 5.00 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations..	* 7.56 A.
6.30 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations..	6.35 A.
†11.45 P.	For Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	†7.40 P.

A for morning. P. for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only. § Saturdays excepted. ‖ Fridays only. ** Mondays excepted.

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Oceanic	Wednesday, February 13
Gaelic	Saturday, March 2
Belgic	Thursday, March 28
Arabic	Saturday, April 6
Oceanic	Tuesday, April 23
Gaelic	Saturday, May 11
Belgic	Saturday, May 25

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For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HOOKTON, Humboldt Bay: POMONA, Wednesday, at 9 A. M.
For POINT ARENA, MENDOCINO, etc., COOS BAY, every Monday and Thursday, at 4 P. M.
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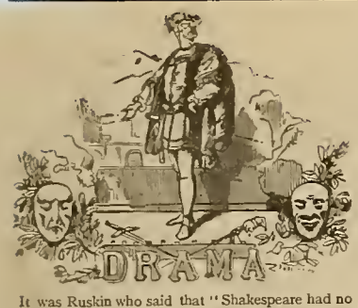

It was Ruskin who said that "Shakespeare had no heroes, only heroines"—and of these Imogen is the flower. She is the most perfect woman of dramatic literature, with a beauty of character as unforced and apparent as Beatrix Esmond's beauty of face. Beside her the poetic figure of Rosalind, flitting between the mossed oaks of Arden in leathern jerkin and dangling points, wrinkled, yellow boots, and drooping cloak, seems masculine and almost coarse; the splendid Beatrice, in gleam of stiff brocade and heavy, knotted lace, her eyes sparkling through the slits in her narrow mask of black velvet, her mocking laughter drifting out into the dim garden where the masked revelers pace up silent alleys and linger in the denser shadows, becomes a shrew, harsh and brilliant. By comparison with Imogen, Desdemona, fascinated by the swarthy captain, hastening back from her household duties to devour up his discourse, finally confessed by her husband to have been "half the wooer," shrinks into a common coquette, and one begins to suspect that, after all, there may have been something in that little affair with Cassio. As for Juliet, with her balcony, and her rope-ladder, and her nurse, with her involved flirtations, which not only nearly drove her family to distraction, but almost put an end to that insufferably prosy luminary of the church, Friar Laurence, one wants no more to do with her once they have had even a reading acquaintance with Imogen.

The harsh and unfriendly nature of her surroundings draw one closer than ever to Cymbeline's unfortunate daughter. Here is a flower of finest texture and perfume, struggling to blossom amid choking weeds, here are the pearl and the swine. Every man's hand is against her. There is something frightful in the absolute loneliness of this tender creature, made to be loved and cherished.

> "A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
> A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
> That hath her husband banished,"

so she sums up her position.

Juliet was misunderstood and abused, too. Her father, in his greatest extremity, called her a baggage and a tallow-face; her mother, "would the fool were married to her grave"; her nurse abused Romeo with marrowy choice of language, calling him, among other names, a "dishclout"; but she loved her Romeo, and he was certainly a man worth loving. Imogen's Posthumus—on whom she pins her faith and lavishes her hoarded affection—is a poor creature. His character was not that of the great and loyal gentleman who "sits 'mongst men like a descended god." He was a dependent of the court, brought up by the king, whose generosity he rewarded by marrying the princess. This called down upon him the wrath of the court, and he was banished. Comfortably housed in Rome with one Philario, a gay, hospitable fellow, who always had his house full of cosmopolitan company—a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard—they feast pleasantly, lying prone on sofas in the luxurious Roman fashion, with aromatic herbs burning in censers, slave-boys handing round fruit, and bragging lazily the while on the charms of their sweethearts. So Posthumus spends his time, having laid aside the furry habiliments of his native land for the more graceful draperies of the Roman, while Imogen pines in Britain.

Beyond the character of Imogen—a heresy to all but the frivolous modern—the play, as a play, is not interesting. "Cymbeline" should be read of autumn nights by a crackling fire, or of winter evenings when the sun sets red behind black boughs, with a foreground of crusted snow and the gleam of an ice-pond from a distant hollow, or of summer twilights when the thin muslin curtains swell out and in, the songs of the frogs rise from the reedy marsh, and the "long, withdrawing roar" of the surf is heard faintly. But it is not a play to see performed. There are an irreverent and iconoclastic set of moderns who say that Shakespeare, beyond "Hamlet," "Othello," "Romeo and Juliet," and "King Lear," ought not to be performed at all. They say:

"If you want to study Shakespeare do it as much as you like, but don't ask or expect us to go and see him performed. We love, in our studious moments, to read 'Troilus and Cressida,' 'King John,' and 'The Tempest,' but we would be bored to death, we frankly acknowledge, if we had to sit out for three hours and see them played. The secret of it is that in reading we can always skip the dull parts. No one, when he reads 'Romeo and Juliet,' patiently plods through Friar Laurence's endless discourses about the herbs with which he is going to fill his basket. But, when we see 'Romeo and Juliet,' we are forced to sit and listen to some third-class actor, with a Bowery accent, go murmuring on like a brook about the contents of that eternal 'osier cage.'"

What would such carpers say to "Cymbeline"? Old Belarius and the two princes are undoubtedly wearying. To the ardent student of Shakespeare their words are fraught with exquisite interest, read slowly by a shaded lamp in a silent, book-lined library, where one can pause and con over some rich passage and make the lingering note for future reference. But even the Shakespeare student would find old Belarius in the flesh, with his boar-spear and his stockinet skin, a little fatiguing. Outside Imogen the play has no acting interest. When she is not there we yawn. Sometimes, when she is there, the patching of the sentences amazes the listener. The interpolations of those fraudulent writers, who worked in their own words with the tremendous fancies of the master, crop up all through "Cymbeline." It is hardly probable that Shakespeare would have made two savage boys, living like Troglodytes in Britain in the first years of the Christian era, sing a song about chimney-sweeps.

And, after all, it is better to read reverently the words of Imogen and shrine a sacred image of her in the mind than to see her portrayed in a manner always artistic, conscientious, painstaking, yet never satisfying. Mme. Modjeska's Imogen is a poetic and picturesque figure. Be she drooping on her husband's shoulder, with swathing yellow draperies falling about her, sleeping on her couch by the flame of a small lamp, her yellow dress piled on a stool, the tale of Tereus, with turned-down leaf lying on the table near, a kneeling figure, in dull red browns, imploring with outstretched hands Pisanio to kill her, or a tired youth in doublet and boots, sleeping on a pile of skins—she is always graceful, refined, and encompassed by romantic suggestion. Her voice is ever low and sweet, an excellent thing in woman. Her methods show careful study, painstaking endeavor, and yet she does not satisfy. Her Imogen is a study in monochrome—a pale, coldly correct, flat piece of work. There is no warmth, color, or humanity about it. She rouses speculation and reflection rather than sympathy and love. She never once in the performance carries her audience past a state of chill criticism to one of warm enthusiasm. In endeavoring to produce a deep impression of the submissive sweetness of Imogen she has robbed her of her vitality, her warmth, her life. As certain authors by overwork will gradually refine away all the original force and power of their work, so Mme. Modjeska seems to have refined, sweetened, spiritualized her Imogen until she is more like an essence than a human being. The mortal part has been so attenuated that Imogen seems to walk the earth with her head among the stars, like Kilmeny, when she returned from her heavenly visit. The words of Imogen are on her lips, but the spirit of that peerless creature is not there.

In fact, Mme. Modjeska takes a place in the histrionic scale somewhat similar to that already occupied by Henry Irving. They both have intellects far above the average, they both have the dramatic instinct, they both are painstaking and conscientious, they both have that great patience and power of concentration which, according to Buffon, was genius—to sum up, they both "know how it ought to be done but can't do it themselves." They are two thorough artists in whom nothing is wanting but the divine spark. But this is a serious defect—it reminds one of those tenors, whom Mapleson used to advertise, who had everything but a voice.

Every dog has his day—we retain the old reading despite Henry Irving—and Miss Lydia Thompson has certainly had hers. Successive generations still go to see her, but more from a sense of duty, a feeling that one should not neglect the curiosities of history which one encounters in the march through life than from a desire for recreation and amusement.

Though Miss Thompson appears to have discovered that fountain, to hunt for which Ponce de Leon deserted the shores of sunny Spain for those of malarious Florida, she has not shared her treasure with any of her old companions. Those blonded beauties who rallied to her standard too many years ago to be written out in cold blood, are all dispersed and scattered like leaves before the wind. All, all are gone, the old familiar faces; only Miss Thompson is left blooming sadly alone, as limber, as piquant, as gay as ever.

When Miss Thompson and her golden-haired Amazons first landed on American soil, they did not exactly follow the example of the Pilgrim fathers, "who," says Secretary Evarts, "first fell upon their knees and then fell upon the aborigines," but there was a similarity in the mode of attack. They came over a long time ago, not quite on the *Mayflower*, not even "Before de Wah," the B. C. period of American history, but somewhere in the late sixties. They were quite new, nothing of that kind had ever been seen before, and they were really handsome.

Some of them had voices, none of them could act. There was not an artist in the lot. Miss Pauline Markham was the beauty, and also was extravagant enough to have a rich and pleasant voice. For two years she was the admiration and idol of New York—New York risen like a phœnix from the war, and, to use an expression which is vulgar but descriptive, fairly "dripping with money." Miss Markham was as luxurious and extravagant as an "Ouida" heroine. Her apartments shamed in richness those of Prince Djalma, all black marble and white velvet, with ermine carpets. Her diamonds were the finest to be had, her pearls were like those presented to Lady Corisande by the princely Lothair. She even had the honor of being put into a very stupid novel. She rose to the crest of the wave. Years after, ugly, old, and ill, she appeared in Buffalo, was forced through sickness to break her contract, and died in poverty and obscurity.

How many artistic lights go out in this way! A short time before, Pasquale Brignoli had died in the direst poverty in a garret in New York. When people heard of it they said, with an air of reminiscence, "Dear me, is that the Brignoli who used to sing so beautifully?" A few fervent admirers recalled the sensation made by his singing of the "M'Appari" in "Martha." He had been a prince while his voice lasted. He was a handsome but rather under-bred Italian, but "all swelldom was at his feet." It spoiled him dreadfully. He became conceited to an extent that was amusing. Never much of an actor, he gave up every pretense of striving to give his personations some dramatic value, and stood with his hands hanging by his side, rolling out liquid notes with the ease of a bird, the insolent confidence of a spoiled Italian tenor. There was a prima donna, an impassioned actress, who used to sing with him, and in the love-scenes clutch him round the neck shrieking on the upper register while he stood impassive as a statue.

"Why don't you show some more life?" some one asked; "why don't you even look pleased, when Mme. So-and-So is acting in such a glowing manner?"

"I don't like to sing with her," he said, with a bored expression; "she do so muss my hair."

One day the voice went away, carrying with it all the fine friends, the invitations, the rich and pleasant life, and the waters of oblivion closed over the Signor Brignoli's head. The next thing he was dead in an upper story in New York.

But to return, not exactly to our muttons, but to our blondes. While Miss Markham was the beauty, Miss Lisa Weber was the brains of the company. Miss Weber was of good parentage and had been educated and brought up in a cultivated manner. She was not a bit pretty, but she was clever. She was one of those wonderful people who can do anything. One hears of them occasionally—Doré was one, he could paint landscapes better than he could figures, and he could compose music better than he could paint landscapes, and he could sing better than he could paint landscapes or compose music. Miss Weber, too, could compose music, and sing, and write. When the company got into difficulties she could always get them out again. Upon one dreadful occasion a wicked costumer played them false, and Miss Weber designed and executed costumes more ravishing than anything ever seen before.

In the course of time she too disappeared with the other old familiar faces to reappear some six years ago in Leadville, then booming gloriously. She had several irons in the fire, and was a subdued and preoccupied woman of business. She was a *rentière*, owning several houses, and she had the sole rights to some popular comic operas. Then she opened a little restaurant, where the fare was extra dainty, and epicures could get Eastern oysters less than three weeks old, and various delicious made-dishes. It was not a success, though Miss Weber devoted herself to it. She was a familiar figure in those days, arguing with the butcher and haggling at the fruit-stands over a box of half-ripe Californian plums. She was probably as good-looking then as she ever had been—a tall, plain woman with rough reddish hair, a shrewd, peaked face, and beautiful, dark-brown eyes, probably a heritage from her mother, who was a Portuguese. She always wore a seal-skin coat and a black turban hat, always walked rapidly, hrushing her way between the groups of miners on the kerb, with a brown paper roll under her arm, and an absorbed expression in her handsome eyes.

The memories of the others are vague. Edith Challice, one of the most beautiful, is dead. It was she who went to the New York charity hall in a white-silk dress with the front studded with artificial tea-rose buds—a fashion which was afterward widely copied—and a white-lace shawl pinned round her neck. In those days the four hundred attended the charity ball, and even mingled with the dancers in a superb, magnificent sort of way. They were staggered by her beauty, which was the topic of conversation for the next few days.

Out of the original galaxy of stars Miss Thompson alone remains. She is well preserved and agile, and has no voice—which should promise her instantaneous success on the burlesque stage. The play, "Columbus," may possibly be entertaining to one who likes that sort of performance.

G. B.

Dion Boucicault is getting old and wants to give up active work on the stage and retire to the peace and quiet of his school of acting. He is writing a new play, however, in which he will make his farewell appearances. He will sell all his plays, as soon as a young Western actor's claim is disposed of, and though he has made a million and a quarter of dollars out of them, he will sell them now at fifteen hundred dollars each.

The Chinese version of Edgar S. Kelley's pretty song inspired by Theodore Wores's picture, "The Lady Picking Mulberries," is being sung with great effect in "The Pearl of Pekin," at the New York Bijou, by Bella Thorne, whom the New Yorkers call "a sort of brunette Lillian Russell."

STAGE GOSSIP.

Jeffreys-Lewis announces "Moths" for next week at the Standard.

Lydia Thompson and her burlesque troupe will give "Penelope" at the Bush Street Theatre next week.

Joseph Grismer and Miss Phœbe Davies are back in town, and will begin an engagement at the Alcazar on Monday night, with "Fairfax."

Kennedy, the mesmerist, has returned to the city with a company of specialty performers, and will occupy the Bijou Theatre next week.

The Modjeska programmes for next week at the Baldwin are: Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday, "Mary Stuart"; Wednesday and Thursday, "Adrienne Lecouvreur"; Friday evening and Saturday afternoon, "Camille."

When Mary Anderson comes out here in March, she will come like a meteor, with a nucleus of two Pullman coaches and a tail of seven cars for scenery, traveling through from Boston without stops. Her American tour ends with her engagement here, during which she will produce Tennyson's play, "The Cup."

In "Jonathan and His Continent," "Max O'Rell" says "the greatest actress on the American stage is a Pole. Mme. Modjeska has no living rival, but Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, whom, to my thinking, she sometimes even surpasses." He thinks her Camille superior to Bernhardt's, that it is, in fact, the courtesan, redeemed, purified by love, as Dumas conceived.

The better part of the Pyke Opera Troupe has been amalgamated with the remnants of the Tivoli stock company since the "Said Pasha" people went East, and Max Figman has been engaged as comedian. He is a San Franciscan and a comparative new-comer on the stage, his only other appearance as a professional having been with the Kiralfys, when he played Passepartout in "Around the World."

Millöcker's tuneful opera, "The Beggar Student," is being given at the Tivoli in the authorized version. One or two other companies have sung it in German, or in an English version, for which a new libretto had been vamped up from the published piano score; but the present version is the translation which was so successful in New York, and is given by special arrangement with the American agent of the composer.

Ovide Musin, the violinist who was here with Mme. Trebelli a few months ago, and was away again almost before we knew that a violin virtuoso of the first rank was in our midst, has organized the Ovide Musin Grand Concert Company, consisting of M. Musin, Annie Louise Tanner, soprano, Whitney Mockridge, tenor, and Edwin M. Shonert, pianist. They began their tour in Kansas on the first of the year, and will be in San Francisco early in April.

The local Théâtre Français will open its sixth year on Sunday evening, February 10th, with a mixed performance at Irving Hall. Little Louise Grosset will make her second appearance, and Georges Bacon; a pupil of the Paris Conservatory, Henri Jannaud, and Henri Le Goic, will make their débuts. The programme will consist of "La Fée Cocotte," a comedy bouffe by Mélesville and Xavier; "Le Hanneton," a *saynete*, by Paul Bilhaut; and Dumanoir's "Le Code des Femmes."

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has made a pot of money out of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and has just engaged to write a play for the Lyceum Theatre in New York for five thousand dollars. This new play, which is to be of the society order, is to be ready for production before June, for Manager Frohman desires to produce at least one original play by an American author each year, and the Lyceum Company is due here in the middle of June. They will play at the Baldwin, the repertoire comprising Mrs. Burnett's play, "The Wife," and "Sweet Lavender," which is now nearing its one hundredth night.

The Press Club of San Francisco is to take a benefit on the afternoon of St. Valentine's Day, Thursday, February 14th. The Baldwin Theatre has been tendered by Mr. Hayman for the occasion, and a programme has been made up which will equal any of the kind ever given in the city. The orchestra, under Mr. Rosewald's direction, will number fifty musicians, and those who have volunteered their services are: Mme. Modjeska and her company, Joseph R. Grismer and Miss Phœbe Davies, the San Francisco Vocal Quartet, comprising Mme. Louise Pyk, Miss Mary Barnard, Alfred Wilkie, and N. B. Pteton; the Hermann Brandt String Quartet, Billy Emerson, the Tivoli Company, the ballet of the Madrid Opera Company, Mme. Zeiss-Dennis, Mrs. Eno Wadsworth Vivian, Miss Susie Blair, and Ben Clark. Tickets, including reserved seats, will cost one dollar, and may be obtained from any member of the Press Club.

It takes very little to lessen the intensity of a scene on the stage, no matter how realistic it may be. The other night, during the mob scene in "Paul Kauvar," in Philadelphia, one of the men threw a window-curtain, which he had torn from the wall, out of the balcony at the back. The curtain, instead of falling, caught on one of the canvas towers of the church of the Notre Dame, which was so painted as to appear to be a mile distant, and completely hid that edifice from view.

THE GENESIS OF FARCE COMEDIES.

Charles H. Hoyt Tells How he Writes Plays.

"The 'Rag Baby' has made over one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars." The "Rag Baby" is one of Hoyt's farce comedies, and Charles H. Hoyt himself was the speaker. The figures point to the surprising growth and success of farce comedy in the past few years. Hoyt will find it difficult to get rid of his reputation as a prime factor in this odd theatrical evolution.

"I was passing the Boston Athenæum one day in '82," he said, in relating his experience in play-building, "when I was accosted by the manager of the house. 'Charley,' said he, 'I want you to write me a play.' The suddenness of the proposition somewhat staggered me, but I asked as indifferently as I could when he wanted it. The time was short, but I went to work.

"I certainly have not labored so hard or continuously since. The play was soon finished and I called it 'Gifford's Luck.' It was presented with a very good cast, and ran for three weeks.

"Harris thought probably he had found an incipient bonanza in me, and encouraged me to write another and more ambitious effort. The critics said very pleasant words in its praise, but somehow the public refused to be coerced into a like view of thinking. A success is governed by the box-office, and the play was withdrawn at the end of the week.

"In my subsequent work all of the characters, with a few exceptions, were taken from life. I had prepared a series of articles which I intended publishing in the *Post*. The subject was a hotel-keeper in a small town whose peculiarities so impressed me that I saw what I considered excellent material to be written up. I mentioned several of the incidents to Willie Edouin and he was much pleased with the idea. 'Put those incidents into a play for me and I will play that part.' So 'A Bunch of Keys' was written and was produced with indifferent result in Jersey, but its success in the larger cities was pronounced. It has probably netted Sanger and Edouin one hundred thousand dollars each.

"The success of the play fired my hopes and I set to work on the 'Rag Baby.' As in the previous piece, Old Sport had a counterpart in real life. The Old Sport of real life was known in Charlestown, N. H., my home, as Mr. Prouty. He was a man of considerable education, and acted as private secretary to my father. During the pedestrian fever, the trainer of pedestrian Dan O'Leary came to our town and opened a tavern. Then he began to dispense lectures on pedestrianism and physical culture between drinks at his place. Old Prouty caught the fever and was a constant visitor to the loquacious trainer's.

"Prouty was a wizened little man, but he went heart and soul into physical culture and put himself wholly into the hands of the 'man who trained Dan O'Leary.' There was a driving-track attached to my father's property, and around this Prouty, in the early hours of the morning, would walk, walk, and walk until nearly exhausted. Then the trainer would put him through a regimen which was very trying. Prouty would be starved one day and overfed the other, and sometimes rubbed down with such vehemence that he was almost raw; but he liked it. He never became a luminary in athletics, but took the keenest interest in sporting matters, even up to the time of his death. He was the town oracle on all sporting matters, having soon supplanted Libbey in that capacity, much to the latter's disgust.

"I found it hard work to secure a purchaser for the 'Rag Baby,'" continued Mr. Hoyt, "for I determined to get some manager or star to produce the piece and allow me royalties. I offered it to Nat Goodwin and he refused it with a smile full of commiseration and pity. Robson and Crane also refused it. At that time, my partner, Mr. C. W. Thomas, was associated with me on the *Post*. One night, while we were together, we met Eugene Thompkins, of the Boston Theatre, in a little club called the Ace of Clubs. I spoke to Thompkins about my failure to dispose of the play. After some discussion of the matter he asked:

"'Why don't you and Thomas produce it yourselves? I'll go in on part of the expense.'

"From that date we started as our own managers. The 'Rag Baby' has earned for us about one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. That is about the amount that one of our pieces is averaged to make in four seasons. I do not know how much Evans & Hoey have made out of the 'Parlor Match,' though I understand that their profits are very comfortable. The 'Tin Soldier' was the next piece. The number in it is still living in New Hampshire. When the 'Tin Soldier' was done in Chicago for the first time, I played the plumber. Eugene Field was present and seemed to enjoy the performance immensely. Next day he gave the piece a very flattering criticism, and said that all the people played their parts well with a single exception. The actor who played the plumber seemed to have no conception of what the author intended. I determined to get back at Field. On the following evening I had him occupy a box at the theatre. In one of my scenes I took a copy of the *News*, and, advancing to the front, pretended to read. 'General Field's Sharps and Flats,' I said, as if just coming to the column of his sight exploitations. Then, with a broad smile, I apparently continued reading. After a while the smile gradually faded and was succeeded by an expression of positive pain. The paper was thrown to the floor, and, with a very tired expression, I threw back the lapel of my coat and rang a chestnut-bell. The chestnut-bell was something new in Chicago then, and the little piece of business went tremendously. Field's box was so situated that he could not withdraw from the view of the house, and he had to take the laugh like a good fellow. The 'Tin Soldier' has made on an average about twenty-four thousand dollars a season.

"'A Hole in the Ground' was suggested by incidents of railroad travel. All of the characters are familiar friends to those who travel. 'Stranger' is taken from a type in my home. His name is Stebbins, and George Richards, who does the part, makes it to look just like him. The 'Hole in the Ground' averaged last season ten hundred and thirty dollars a week, and is drawing just as well this year.

"'Jonah, in the 'Brass Monkey,' is a reality, and the manner in which the character is acted by Charley Reed is surprisingly true. There seemed to me to be a mind of serious dry humor in the real Jonah. What he did, how he did it, his sayings and actions strongly impressed me. I took Charley Reed up to Charlestown to see if he considered the old man such a figure. We stayed five weeks, at the expiration of which time Reed had learned the peculiarities of the old man thoroughly.

While the receipts are sometimes very large, still the running expenses of one of the shows is not inconsiderable. The average expense of one show each week, including everything, is fifteen hundred dollars. Sometimes it drops to eleven or twelve hundred, but the first figures are nearer the average."—*New York World.*

TEA-TABLE POETS.

Thou, great Anna! whom three great realms obey.
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.
—POPE.

Afternoon Tea.

When Polly puts the kettle on
To brew her choice Bohea,
And asks me, with a witching glance,
If I am fond of tea,
Although I hate the horrid stuff,
I hasten to reply
That few regard that beverage
With such delight as I.

For, oh! to watch her dimpled hands
Go flitting in and out
Among the quaintly flowered cups
That edge the tray about;
To see her pout and hesitate
Above the sugar-bowl,
And wonder if one lump or two
Is nicer, on the whole!

For privileges such as these,
'Twould be a foolish man
Who did not swallow all the tea
Imported from Japan;
And in my heart I think myself
The happiest soul alive,
When Polly puts the kettle on
Each afternoon at five!
—*M. E. W. in Life.*

Sacharissa.

No man, I think, can say of tea,
With truth, that he adores it;
Yet where is one withstands the draught
When Sacharissa pours it?
If poison lurked along the brim,
I'd take the cup she offers,
So I might chance by some good hap,
To touch the hand that proffers.

Elusive fingers—those of hers.
My grasp is almost on them,
When by some swift and airy feint
The nymph has quite withdrawn them.
And so I ask for tea again,
Almost convinced I love it,
Because her face looks gentler in
The steam that floats above it.

The square of sugar she slips in
Makes all my life grow sweeter!
Though swift the seething flow of cream,
Hope's snowy wings are fleeter.
When next she bids me have more tea,
I mean to say I'll take it,
Both now and henceforth evermore,
If *she* will always make it!
—*Eva Wilder McGlasson in Time.*

Under the Influence of Tea.

The tea-pot was blooming with roses,
The cups and the saucers were blue;
Antique were the chairs and the table—
Her tea-gown, however, was new.

The sun fell asleep in her tresses,
Her face was a flowerful song;
The sugar grew sweet in her fingers
That poured the delicious Oolong.

It seemed like a vision of China;
I saw quaintest birds, green, and brown,
And yellow, and crimson, and olive,
With lilies mixed up on her gown.

With her, through the loveliest bowers,
In fancy I lazily strayed—
We lived in a vine-colored chalet,
And doves in the mulberry swayed.

The skies were a delicate turquoise,
The fields with blush-roses were red;
The trees were all blooming with lanterns,
The birds sung till darkness was fled.

I tell you, the beauties of China
And all other regions unfurl
In your vision, when sipping sweet Oolong
With a lovely Fifth Avenue girl. —*Puck.*

Five O'clock Tea.

There's a crowd in the parlors of Mistress Van V.—
A crowd that has come to the Five O'clock Tea,
A crowd that is jostling and pushing around
The wee little stand where the tea's to be found,
And where three pretty maidens unbonneted be
With white hands a-dealing out Five O'clock Tea.

'Tis a pretty old fashion, this Five O'clock Tea,
And I'm glad that she clings to it, Mistress Van V.,
If only because now and then she sends down
A polite little note into Old Chelsea Town
And invites a poor cousin—who's still a Van V.—
To receive with her daughters at Five O'clock Tea.

The daughters are fair, and their figures are fine,
And each nose of the three is a pure aquiline;
And their figures are full, and their backs have a fall,
And they're bright and they're clever, and stately and tall;
But my eyes look at them, and my heart looks to see
The girl who is handing my Five O'clock Tea.

A still little girl in a simple blue gown,
A small poor relation from old Chelsea Town;
A pale little girl, with a look on her face
As though she felt shockingly out of her place
In the splendid great parlors of Mistress Van V.,
Among strangers distributing Five O'clock Tea.

O dear little maid, did I dream you looked up,
With a look for myself, as you gave me my cup?
Did I dream that the lace fluttered soft on your breast—
The lace that your mother wore, long laid at rest—
Did I dream?—ah, I'm dreaming a deal, you will see,
Now I've come here to meet you at Five O'clock Tea.

I dream of a flat that is near Central Park;
And I dream of myself coming home in the dark;
And I dream of your arms 'round my neck on the stair;
And I dream of a parlor awaiting me there—
It is not like the parlor of Mistress Van V.—
But you're there to give me my Five O'clock Tea.

ENVOI.

The flat is already my own—will you be
The first—and the last—at my Five O'clock Tea?
—*H. C. Bunner.*

A difficult problem is presented to French women desiring to conform to the fashion of wearing flowers by the way in which certain flowers have become attached to political ideas. For example, the violet is the symbol of the Bonapartists. Boulanger claims the carnation. The corn-flower is recognized as German, and the rose has been appropriated by the Orleanists.

Count Herbert Bismarck is the only new representative of statecraft who bears a scar received in battle. He was shot through the thigh in the cavalry charge at Mars la Tour, in which he rode as a private dragoon.

DXXII—Bill of Fare for six persons—Sunday, February 3, 1889.

Crab Soup.
Beefsteak and Mushrooms. Housekeeper's Potatoes.
String Beans. Cauliflower.
Roast Ducks, Currant Jelly and Lemon Sauce.
Lettuce.
Chocolate Ice-cream.
Fancy Cakes. Fruits in Season.

HOUSEKEEPER'S POTATOES.—One quart of cold boiled potatoes, cut into dice, one pint of stock, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, one of butter, one teaspoonful of lemon juice, salt, pepper; season the potatoes with the salt and pepper, and add the stock; cover and simmer twelve minutes; add lemon juice, butter, and parsley, and simmer two minutes longer.

The substitution of the restaurant for the tavern is of recent origin. In the year 1837, there were restaurants, but they were humble places and confined to the parts of London frequented by the French; for English of every degree there was the tavern. Plenty of the old taverns still survive to show in what places people then took their dinners and drank their punch. The Cheshire Cheese is a survival; the Cock, until recently, was another. Some of them, like the latter, had the tables and benches partitioned off; others, like the former, were partly open and partly divided. The floor was sanded; there was a great fire kept up all through the winter, with a kettle always full of boiling water; the cloth was not always of the cleanest; the forks were steel; in the evening there was always a company of those who supped—for they dined early—on chops, steaks, sausages, oysters, and Welsh rarebit, of those who drank, those who smoked their long pipes, and those who sang. In those days the song went round. If three or four Templars supped at the Coal Hole, or the Cock, or the Rainbow—one of them would presently lift his voice in song and then be followed by a rival warbler from another box.

A brother of Lord Wolseley, Mr. Frederick Wolseley, an Australian squatter, claims attention for having invented a sheep-shearing machine by which one man can shear one hundred and forty sheep a day, clean as a whistle.

THE LUCKY ONES.

Lifted From a Life of Labor to Comparative Opulence.

Fortune has not only smiled upon A. W. Adams of this city, but her face has taken on a broad grin. This facial expansion is justifiable, and the dear creature could even be forgiven for bursting out into loud and uproarious shouts of joyous laughter, for Mr. Adams yesterday received $15,000, all in shining gold pieces, for the paltry investment of $1 in the November drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery.

Mr. Adams is a carpenter by occupation, and resides at 915 Guerrero Street.

"It's a great stroke of luck," he said to a *Call* reporter; "when I bought the ticket I had but the faintest, dreamiest, far-away idea that such fortune would be mine."

"I have been a hard-working man all my life, never hoping for more than the common comforts that attend industry and frugality, and it was left for The Louisiana State Lottery to raise me in one day from the necessity of labor to moderate opulence. What I thought was a dollar wasted proved to be a great speculation."

Mr. Adams is not yet 50 years old, and being in robust health will be able to spend many years in the quiet enjoyment of his snug little fortune. He is intellectually capable of appreciating the many pleasing features of life, and after satiating his fancy for travel will still have a sufficient competency to make the evening of his life pleasant.

There is a rumor whispered about, only in the strictest confidence, that Cupid will cut a figure in this turn in Mr. Adams's fortune, and that in winning the prize in The Louisiana State Lottery he gained confidence in his speculative sagacity and will soon take a coupon in the matrimonial market.

Mr. Adams does not deny this soft impeachment, but merely says: "I wonder how they found it out?"

The wife of Max J. Franklin, of the firm of Greenzweig & Co., Jewelers, is the lucky winner of $5,000 in the same drawing which enriched Adams.—*San Francisco (Cal.) Call, Dec. 2.*

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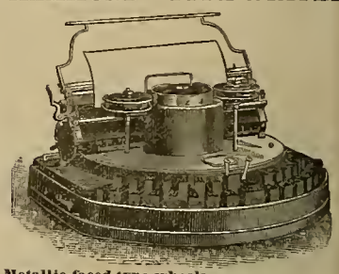

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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In our leading article of last week we undertook to criticise with some earnestness the principle of booming agricultural lands. The motive that has prompted all the articles we have written in this direction since the excitement in Southern California is to protect the immigrant from the misrepresentations of the speculative land-dealer. We understand that this article has subjected the *Argonaut* to severe animadversions in the locality where the projected auction sale is to occur, and that members of the real-estate firm engaged in advertising the property are indignant to a degree far exceeding their ten per cent. commissions for making the sale. We did not know that Mr. E. P. Perrin was the owner of the land in question, nor have we any personal acquaintance with the agents in Fresno acting for him, hence we could have had no intention to question anything other than their judgment in making the representations upon which we commented. In reference to Mr. Perrin, we take great pleasure in admitting his integrity in all real-estate and all other business affairs with which he is concerned. There is no one in California whose extended travels in foreign lands and whose thorough and intimate knowledge of lands in our own country and in California, through ownership, is better qualified to give an intelligent opinion than he of this most beautiful county of Fresno. He informs us that he is the owner of one hundred and sixty thousand acres of its most fruitful soil, adapted to the growth of the grape and to raisin culture. He has made this study a specialty, and, as the result of his travels and observations, has selected the county of Fresno as better adapted to the vine and raisin culture than any other place visited by him. Dr. E. P. Perrin's statements in reference to what may be done and what has been done on Fresno County lands is sufficient to set the vine-growing world stark mad, and if one-tenth part of what he says may be depended upon for practical demonstration we have underestimated the value of these lands most seriously. What he states to us of the capacity of the soil for the production of grapes and for the yield of wine is a revelation. We are not unmindful of the capacities of the soil, we appreciate the full value of water, we know the absence of rains and of frosts in the raisin-curing season is of incalculable importance, and it is possible that the value of the lands may justify the price at which they are offered for sale. We have admitted, and, in the article referred to, said, "that an industrious family may be supported upon twenty "acres of land. When the land is paid for, and the "house is built, and the acres are inclosed, and water ac-"quired, and the time passed till the trees and vines are ma-"tured; when horses, vehicles, agricultural implements, and "furniture have been obtained, then industrious labor, strict "economy, unbroken health, will bring to a family, all of whom "labor, the luxuries of comfortable existence. Fresno is a "splendid county, and it is not altogether a lie to represent its "allurements of soil and climate, but it is a crime for land-"speculators to suppress information necessary to completely "inform the investing agriculturist of what lies in his path of "toil." The burden of our offense is in having said that in other counties there were just as good lands at cheaper prices, and this is true. It is all very well with illuminated pictures, and extravagant rose-colored statements of climate, and fortunes penciled in figures, to induce some poor, industrious immigrant to pay fifteen hundred dollars for twenty acres of irrigated land, upon which he may plant vines and await their growth, but there are other moneys to expend, other things to provide, and when all is done, there is then the possibility of fruit pests, of phylloxera, and the thousand and other incidents that may arise to annoy, distress, and impoverish the poor farmer and fruit-grower. If the *Argonaut* has written anything to guard industrial agriculturists coming to a new and strange country against any of the deceptions that are put upon them by land-speculators and real-estate dealers, we shall have accomplished what we desire. If we can make them cautious in their investments and careful in their selection of homes, we shall have accomplished some good. If with the same money instead of twenty acres they can purchase forty, or eighty, or one hundred and sixty acres, the *Argonaut* will have proved itself to them a blessing. If fifteen hundred dollars is required to purchase twenty acres, fifteen hundred dollars more will be necessary to build houses, barns, fences, and purchase agricultural implements, and something more to tide over the period before a vineyard will make raisins, or an orchard grow fruits, and with this money the working farm-family can fix itself on broader acres where it may be self-supporting from the first hour of its settlement. We are not writing to prevent Eastern capitalists from doing what they please with their money. Our advice is to the toiling farmer with limited means, and to him we say there are safer land investments than in Fresno County in the scheme we have criticised. To those journals and property-owners in the city of Fresno who wish immigration, do they think it desirable to impress upon Eastern people that the value of their county lands is seventy-five dollars per acre; land without house, or fence, or a plowed furrow, or a shrub for fuel, and two years to wait before subsistence from the soil can be earned? San Francisco would have been located at Vallejo, and Sacramento would have been some miles down the river, had it not been for unwise speculation. Speculation in lands is a curse to the country, is a wrong to the people; it is crime kindred to that which forestalls the necessaries of life. Agrarianism and contempt of the laws of property will come soon enough if our rich men and real-estate operators will deal liberally in disposing of lands. Only a few years ago lands in the valley of the San Joaquin were comparatively valueless; the building of the Southern Pacific Railroad has given them too recent an increase for any class of dealers to become indignant because one journal in California questions the speculative prices at which they are being offered for sale, or doubts whether values are promoted by excursions, pictures, and lurid inducements.

"Cleveland's administration goes out on a full tide of disgrace." This is an announcement made by special dispatch to the *Chronicle*, and is a specimen of Republican expression to Republican journals throughout the land; and yet it is not true, nor does it reflect the honest opinion of intelligent Republicans and non-partisans concerning Mr. Cleveland and his administration of the government during the last four years. Mr. Cleveland has made mistakes and these have cost him his reëlection, but as a rule his administration has been honorable, honest, and patriotic. Except where he has bowed his head to the tempest of shot and clamor that has raged around him, coming from the Roman Catholic Irish, his faults and his mistakes have not amounted to crimes, nor have any of his other blunders arisen from lack of patriotism. His integrity and his courage have not been questioned. The reason for the assertion that Mr. Cleveland's administration goes out in disgrace was because on the first of this month a treaty, negotiated between him and Lord Sackville for the rendition of criminals for using dynamite and explosives to the destruction of life and the injury of property, was rejected in the Senate by a vote of thirty-eight to forty-five. This was a treaty negotiated by two English-speaking nations, between whom existed the most intimate relations of blood, commerce, and social ties. An Irish rebellion—encouraged by Roman Catholic priests and participated in by criminals, demagogic politicians, and agrarians of the country—was being agitated in Parliament and encouraged by aid from the Irish in America to divide and disintegrate the British Empire. As a means of carrying on this internal war and to enable a three-fifths part—the least intelligent and most impecunious—of the people of Ireland to accomplish a political end and to relieve themselves from the payment of rent, new chemical explosives of dangerous and terrible character were brought into requisition for the destruction of life and property. Dynamite and gunpowder were used at the gate of Kilmainham Jail, under London Bridge, in the Houses of Parliament, in the waiting-rooms of railroads, in the Tower of London, and elsewhere, to the terror of innocent persons not engaged in the political controversy and in no sense parties to it. Friends, foes, and neutrals were alike subject to destruction by these terrible explosives, used by irresponsible individuals, and, so far as we can learn, authorized and sanctioned by the leaders of the Home-Rule party in Ireland. The use of dynamite is but the expression of crime. It has never been used for the destruction of life by any but criminals. No nation has yet sanctioned it, even in war, for other use than in naval engagements for the destruction of ships and the protection of harbors. The universal consent of civilization stamps the use of dynamite in the settlement of political controversies as lying outside the boundary of humanity. No brave or respectable man ever sanctioned it. The use of dynamite even as a war measure ranks with the poisoning of springs and water-courses and the diffusion of endemic diseases by the distribution of infected clothing. Dynamite is the secret weapon of the cowardly assassin who stabs in the dark or murders his enemy while he sleeps. This treaty was to arrest the commission of this crime and to send back to trial in English courts the cowardly assassin and murderer who would escape to the United States to avoid detection, arrest, punishment, and deserved death. Extradition treaties exist among all civilized people. All offenses other than political are extraditable. We are asking that Canada will return to us

for punishment our fugitive bank-cashiers and other swindlers. The world is becoming small by the use of steam, and unless there be established an extended system of international comity for the exchange of criminals, our country will become a haven of refuge for the vicious classes of other lands. This treaty was defeated in the Senate of the United States from no other or higher motive than political and party cowardice. Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, and the other fourteen who voted with him, endeavoring to maintain the treaty, represented the intelligent and respectable sentiment of the American people. Mr. Stewart, of Nevada, Mr. Teller, of Colorado, and others who think with them, represent the Roman Catholic Church, the political demagogues, the party cowards, and the criminal sentiment of the country, and if Mr. Stewart is correctly reported in the *Chronicle* of February 2d he has been guilty of a misrepresentation of the most questionable character in the statements accompanying his "vigorous" reply to the senator from Vermont. In order that we may show the character of the debate, the animus of the senators opposing the treaty, and do justice to Mr. William M. Stewart, of Nevada, we print the following summary of his very absurd and indefensible demagogy, a speech altogether unworthy of him, of the Senate where it was uttered, and the American people whom he misrepresents:

He hoped that it was the end of negotiations for the surrender of criminals of any kind while England disregarded not only the usages of civilized nations but *also the laws of humanity* in her treatment of Ireland; that under the Crimes Act persons were arrested on mere suspicion, with no opportunity of defense, and *allowed to rot in prisons*, and if they survived the barbarity of Irish prisons they were insulted by a *pretended trial* at which no *opportunity of defense* was allowed; that it was altogether unjustifiable to make any treaty with England or any other nation while she *was carrying on a war of extermination against one-third of her population*; that nearly all the crimes in Ireland for which England wanted extradition were political offenses. They were the result of the strugg es of an oppressed people against *intolerable tyranny and brutality*. He said that the Coercion Act, which was now being enforced with *brutality* and *suffering*, found *no parallel among civilized nations*, and to deliver persons charged with crimes to be delivered under the provisions of that act was to make the United States *particeps criminis* in the greatest crime the people of England ever committed.

When Mr. Stewart declares that "England disregards the usages of civilized nations and the laws of humanity in her treatment of Ireland," when he asserts that men are arrested on "mere suspicion," with "no opportunity of defense," allowed to "rot in prisons," and insulted with "pretended trials," and that England is carrying on a "war of extermination against one-third of her population," he is guilty of uttering the most inexcusable and revolting stupidities, not resulting from ignorance, not arising from any honest hatred of England, but from a most contemptible desire to minister to the ignorance, prejudice, and criminal malice of a low and vicious class of Irish voters. Mr. Stewart is the mouth-piece of his party to bid for the votes of the Pope's Irish. He is carrying out a prearranged plan to secure this vote to his party, by stealing it away from the Democratic party, and to do this most ignominious and base party service he is willing to misrepresent the English people and government and make statements in perversion of truth, history, and common sense. Mr. Stewart knows how thoroughly we appreciate his turning tail upon his *professed* Americanism, because he remembers with perfect accuracy the opinions he expressed to us in a private conversation when he was last in San Francisco. Duplicity, cowardice, and evasion are becoming too common among our public men. There will never again be any real statesmanship exhibited in congressional deliberations till our representatives shall be elected upon an American issue distinctly and clearly defined. That time will come, and it is not far distant, when the majority of senators of the United States will represent constituencies which will have the courage to demand of them adherence to American principles and to refrain from continual, abject, and revolting cowardice before an alien voting class whose political course is directed from the Tiber. This recalls an incident in the political history of one of California's most ambitious and brilliant politicians. When the Hon. John F. Swift was a candidate of the Republican party for governor he made two mistakes—only two—both of the same kind, and either sufficiently accounting for his defeat. In the opening of his campaign at the Wigwam he attacked in the same temper, but in better language and better taste than Mr. Stewart, this same treaty. He denounced it in order to secure the Irish vote; this mistake led to the other and the course led to defeat. Had Mr. Swift refrained from any endeavor to secure the Irish Democratic vote and intrusted himself to the Republican party and the Americans who composed it, he would now be governor of California. Had Mr. Cleveland denied himself the pleasure of hobnobbing with Cardinal Gibbons, the prelates, and Roman-Irish politicians, had he stood manfully up to his treaties and not fallen down in cowardice before the Irish vote, he would have been reëlected President. Had Mr. Cleveland possessed and displayed the same principles demonstrated by him as governor of New York in dealing with the Charities Bill, there would have been no doubt of his triumphant election and the permanent triumph of American principles in the Republic. When Mr. Harrison shall inform the country what he signed in an Irish album, which is to be presented to the Pope, and explains his reasons therefor, and when Republican representatives in Congress, and members of State assemblies, and municipal officers of city governments shall have the courage to declare themselves Americans and be willing and brave enough to advocate American sentiments, it will not be longer necessary to insult England, China, and Canada by the abrogation of treaties, nor to dismiss ministers without excuse, nor to pass laws to exclude immigrants from Asia while laws exist inviting a more obnoxious class from Europe. In the political cowardice of the American people lies a great national danger. So long as Americans are divided into Democrats and Republicans, and the ignorant, bigoted Irish, under the intelligent leadership of priests and party bosses, shall hold the balance of power, our country will be subject to continued mortification and debasement. Unless we can find some speedy emancipation from this dilemma it may become necessary to permit the Republican and Democratic Irish, and other Roman Catholic aliens, to divide, and let the native-born unite with loyal adopted citizens for the purpose of holding the balance of power in the administration of the government of the United States. Whenever this issue comes, the records of the cowardly native-born demagogues will be brought up against them. One of the motives for writing this article is to place Mr. William M. Stewart's name among those who misrepresented English history, vilified English civilization, and put a stigma upon his own native land through the cowardly fear of the Irish vote.

On Sunday next the new Starr King Church—Unitarian—on Franklin Street, will be dedicated by appropriate and interesting ceremonies. It is an edifice of substantial structure, commodious, and well calculated for the purposes for which it is to be used. Its architecture is attractive and is an ornament to that part of the city where it is located, reflecting great credit on the generosity and taste of those who have managed its construction. Occupying the same relative position to the former church on Geary Street as did the sarcophagus holding the remains of the Rev. Starr King, now rests all that is mortal of him who gave to the Unitarian Church its best character. This community will ever associate the name of this distinguished and most respected gentleman with all that is good and useful in connection with Unitarianism in California. The church itself is a monument to his religious zeal, his eloquence, and his patriotic devotion to his country when the national life hung in the balance of a great civil war. His connection with the sanitary fund—the most successfully organized charity that ever contributed to the relief of soldiers suffering in hospitals and on battle-fields—would, of itself, be sufficient to endear his name and memory to all early Californians, who respect great talent and integrity of purpose, and who remember that, in his religious and charitable work, he sacrificed his life. There was, we believe, at one time some differences of opinion as to the propriety of placing his remains in the grounds adjoining the modern church edifice. This controversy terminated—happily, we think—in giving to his sarcophagus a permanent resting-place within the shadows of the church to which he gave the life and labors which have placed the Unitarian among the foremost congregations of our State. The spirit of the Rev. Starr King will hover around the spot where his remains rest, and will pervade, we hope, the new church and its members so long as it and they shall be spared to carry on the work in which he so successfully engaged. Just at this time there comes to us a ceremonial commemorative of his well-remembered services in connection with the Hollis Street Church, in Boston. A memorial window has been placed in the edifice, and a few days since it was unveiled with appropriate ceremonies and an eloquent eulogium by his friend and co-worker, the Rev. Edward Everett Hale. The design of this window is illustrative of Starr King's career in California, and is represented as an art-work of the highest excellence; its upper portion represents a broad sweep of sky, in the midst of which an angel with extended wings appears, with one hand holding a trumpet to her lips, while the other arm is uplifted in significant gesture. In scroll over the figure, as though voiced by the trumpet, are the words: "Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make his paths straight." In the background at the left, as one looks upon the window, appears a view suggestive of San Francisco. In the middle background is the setting sun, half sunk beneath the horizon, with the Golden Gate, the bay of San Francisco, the mountains beyond, and the lower sky bathed in crimson light. In the immediate foreground are dark masses of trees and foliage, through which the river winds, its waters reflecting the golden glow of the setting sun. And of him whom it is intended to honor, and whose memory it is calculated to preserve, the eloquent eulogist said: "The artist gives to us a "symbol of the western ocean, and of the mountain range "which parts us from it, and he reminds us how one tri-"umphant voice of eternal truth speaks to the East and to "the West. The people who sat in darkness—and the peo-"ple whom Drake found on that shore did sit in darkness-"waked to a great light, when the eternal word of God w "proclaimed to them in intelligent language; and of "missions which have proclaimed it, Jesuit, Franciscan, Pre "estant, scriptural or scientific, mediæval or of the nineteen "century, no mission has been more dramatic in its histor "nor more permanent in its result, than the mission thith "of our prophet—King. His own church never ma "so noble a contribution in one act for the uplifti "of the world as in the sacrifice which yielded hi "for God's service on the shore of the Pacific. H "made himself felt at once all over California as a le "urer, as a preacher, as a political speaker, as an orator "great public occasions, and as laying the foundations f "those successive millions paid to the sanitary commission "which are gifts without a parallel in history—his lead was f "everywhere. He was a matchless extemporaneous speake "When he left Boston he did not know this, though some "us did. But in those four years of unrivaled service it ha "pened once and again that, on the spur of the moment, "stood as the prophet of God's present word and moved t "thousands before him as only a prophet can. None the le "were the sermons and orations which required study ca "fully thought out and finished, and I doubt if we could an "where lay the hand upon such a literary memorial of vari "force as we should have in the collection of those marvelo "appeals." In a short time there will be erected in Gold Gate Park a statue in bronze to the deceased orator, teachi and gentleman, that shall be worthy of him. This work is t gift of admiring friends—old friends from the East and ne admirers in the West. His fame is as broad as the contine The Eastern sun in its rising will gild his stained-glass mem rial in a New England church, its setting rays will cast th effulgence upon his Western grave, his statue in imperisha bronze shall stand upon the shores of a continent whose ins tutions he aided so much to preserve for the home of a fr liberty-loving, united people. Peace to his ashes, honor to memory.

We have sometimes indulged ourselves in severe anima versions upon the cowardly indifference of the Protestant clerg because they did not protest against the criminal advances Jesuitism as energetically and forcibly as we thought th ought to do. We have often been compelled to admit th the Episcopal bishop of Western New York was an excepti to an almost universal rule. The Right Rev. Arthur Cle land Coxe has brought to the discharge of his duties gre zeal, great learning, and great courage; he has dared to assa the Roman Catholic hierarchy for its crimes against our publican government and to expose, with the most searchin exhaustive, and effective methods, its political intrigues and ambitious designs. This example has brought to the front vast following, till we may express the hope that the time h come when the secular press may confine itself to the po ical side of the controversy, leaving to theologians the cont over dogmas. Bishop Coxe delivered an address recently Lockport, in New York, remarkable for its severe atta upon both national parties. One of the Eastern journ commenting upon his speech, says:

Bishop Coxe made an attack on the Catholics and their action politics. Alienism, he said, in politics was characteristic of newly rived immigrants, who were being rapidly admitted to citizenship were voted in masses through the influence of religion and early pr dices, while completely ignorant of the genius of this country and of things which will inure to its best interests. Catholic immigrants w sure to enter politics, and they had made repeated boasts of their fluence.

Bishop Coxe stated that the Jesuits ran the Pope, that the Pope the Roman Catholic Church, and that an intellectual priest soon fo himself in trouble if he gave vent to his thoughts. The sermon crea a sensation.

When the press, the pulpit, and the politicians shall g sufficient courage to discuss this Papal organization as fe lessly as its crimes justify, there will no longer exist in country any danger of its encroachments and there will e no fear of its abuse of power.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Chinese Question.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Accept my thanks for the courtesy with wh in your own clear and terse language, you put the strongest of all arguments against Chinese immigration. You say: "There is and he no homogeneity between the people of China and the white E pean race. They can not be clothed with any of the responsibilitie duties of citizenship. They are not an inferior race, they are a diffe race. They can never amalgamate with the white family, or assimi with it, or become a desirable element in Christian civilization, or a uable factor in a republican government." You here state seven aff ative propositions. Four of them I deny; the other three are immate and have no bearing on the issue in the case.

You say that there can be "no homogeneity between the peopl China and the European race," that the Chinamen can never "ama mate with the white family" or "assimilate with it." How do know that? Ethnographers tell us that the Indo-Germanic famil which we belong sprang in part from Mongolian stock. From the of historical records, the origin of races is involved in obscurity; there can be no doubt of the migration of Mongols in large numbe Europe, before the beginning of the historical period, and of their c plete amalgamation and assimilation with the races which dwelt on borders of the Danube, the Po, the Rhone, the Rhine, and the Se

To that amalgamation we owe our origin. Both types lost prominent characteristics; the Goth and Scythian lost their prognathous heads and their coarse joints; the Mongol gained in stature and learned to open his eyes. From the union of two barbarous and uncomely races grew the most intelligent and the most handsome race the world has ever known. Yet you desire us to believe that the fusion which took place, two or three thousand years ago, between our European ancestors and the kin of these very Chinese whom you would exclude, can not be repeated to-day!

If, when you say the Chinese will not amalgamate or assimilate, you mean that they will not mix with us, intermarry with us, associate with us socially, or adopt our dress, our customs, and our habit of thought, then I ask you what have you done to induce them to become flesh of our flesh, eaters of our bread and salt, guests at our table? For thirty-five years, with brief intervals of respite, you have persecuted them like dogs. You have taught your boys to stone them in the streets. You have encouraged servile editors to lie about their habits and their morals. You have driven them from pillar to post, and winked at Chinese man-hunts as a good joke. You have abetted mobs to steal their property and burn their houses. You have drawn a broad line between them and all the rest of humanity by declaring in your statute book that while a negro, a Papuan, a Malay, and a Hottentot may become an American citizen, a Chinaman may not. This you have done to members of a race which was lettered and polished when your ancestors were breechless kernes, who lived like the beasts of the field, without God, or law, or the marriage relation, or the commonest instincts of humanity! And you wonder they do not want to make friends with you! That the Chinaman who emigrates is quite willing to become a useful citizen of his adopted country if he gets fair treatment and an equal show with others, the palatial homes of Chinese merchants at Singapore, Rangoon, and Calcutta and the good citizenship of the Chinese in Java sufficiently attest. It is only where he is persecuted that the Chinaman withdraws within himself, accepts the isolation you mete out to him, and meets your persecution with contemptuous scorn. In this he but follows the example of every persecuted race throughout history.

You say that "the Chinese can not be clothed with the responsibilities and duties of citizenship," and "can not be a valuable factor in a republican government." I ask you again, How do you know? You have never given them a chance to assume the responsibilities of citizenship, and you have taken precious good care that they shall not be factors in your society, except as victims of oppression. There are other races *de par le monde* of whom it has been said that they too could not be clothed with the responsibilities and duties of citizenship. One of these is the very race which is now most prominent in persecuting the Chinese—the Irish. For several generations Irishmen could not be citizens in Massachusetts or Virginia; their fitness for citizenship is still denied by a large body of intelligent men in England. Yet whenever the march of progress has enfranchised the Irish, they have proved themselves on the average as fit for citizenship as any other race, and we have come to realize that their ostracism sprang simply from race prejudice. Before the war, negroes were denied the suffrage in Illinois and Indiana; now only cranks pretend that they use it worse than the whites, even in Virginia and Texas. The fad that one race holds a monopoly of wisdom is as old as the hills. All through history majorities have disfranchised minorities on the ground of race, or religion, or superior virtue. But if experience teaches anything, it is that all men fashioned in God's image are fit for liberty and self-government; some more fit than others, by reason of greater familiarity with political institutions, but all so fit that to disfranchise them by reason of supposed unfitness is as illogical as it is infamous.

You are sure that Chinamen could not "become a desirable element in Christian civilization." The Chinaman, I admit, is not a Christian, and I notice that this fault in him is strongly reprobated by persons who, I suspect, do not haunt the churches. I wish he were an Episcopalian, or a Catholic, or a Methodist; but if he is not, I, for my part, will not have a hand in robbing him of his right to labor and better his condition by reason of his misfortune. Whether his presence in this country militates against our civilization depends a good deal on the meaning of the word. If it be civilization to gather a mob, to menace the dwellings of peaceful workers, and only to desist when it was discovered that the workers were prepared to defend themselves, as Denis Kearney did in this city; or to gather another crowd and sack a negro orphan asylum, as a mob did in New York; or to hunt fugitive women and children with blood-bounds, which is said to have been a favorite pastime with the chivalry before the late unpleasantness; or to drag unoffending men and women from their beds and beat them with hickory withes, as the White Caps are now doing in Indiana and Ohio—if these are civilization, then I think it likely that peaceable Chinamen would not be an element in it. I submit to you, Messrs. Editors, with profound deference, whether it might not be wise to defer gibbeting the Chinaman by the light of our superior civilization until the fragrance of these transactions has blown away.

The people of California are engaged in a wrong which will have to be redressed and paid for. They have no right to exclude any race of men from the soil to which they first came within the memory of persons now living. There is something monstrously preposterous in an Irishman, with the mud of his native bogs still clinging to his breeches, undertaking to say that another race shall go or shall not come. Who are we that we claim the fee simple of part of God's footstool in such exclusive ownership that we can forbid any other human being from placing foot on it? For less impudent assumption wars have been fought, monarchs overthrown, nations conquered. Through less idiotic folly France lost her best textile workers, and the Spaniards drove from their soil the race which was the bone and sinew of the Spanish nation. Shall history have been written in vain?

Retribution is coming slowly but surely. The insult which we offered to the Chinese people and in which our example has been followed by the ignorant colonists of British Columbia and Australasia, has at last penetrated the Chinese mind and is rankling there. On December 24th, Mr. Frank G. Carpenter, a correspondent of the New York *World*, was admitted to an audience with Li Hung Chang at Tientsin. The viceroy inquired if his visitor could publish a statement so that it would reach the eye of the American people. The correspondent replied that he could. "Then," said the viceroy, "please say to them, from me, that the passage of the Exclusion Act is entirely contrary to the spirit of the treaty relations between the two countries. It is an outrage, and I hope it will be repealed. I wish you to tell the American people for me that if it is not repealed I propose to advise our government to exclude Americans from China, and I think it will be no more than right if we do so."

How many Americans there are in China it is difficult to say. The Hon. Chester Holcomb said there were fifty-two American missionaries in the province of Chih-li alone and that there were missionaries in every one of the eighteen provinces. The career of usefulness of all these good men is to be cut short to please O'Donnell, Kearney, and a parcel of ignorant blatherskites in trade unions. B.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 5, 1889.

The Irish Question and Mr. Gladstone's Career.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The second and existing administration of Lord Salisbury, on taking office, found itself confronted by a state of things so dangerous as to imperatively demand its instant and serious attention. The Conservative party, although not possessing an absolute majority in the new House of Commons, was nevertheless by far the strongest of the four parties into which that House was, and is still, divided; and, secure in the loyal and steadfast support of the Liberal and Radical Unionist party under Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain, it could afford to look forward to the meeting of the new Parliament without apprehension. But in Ireland a state of things had arisen, thanks to the unfortunate circumstances under which Lord Salisbury had so unwisely taken office in June, 1885, aggravated by the scandalous maladministration of Mr. John Morley's chief secretaryship, which bore a marked resemblance to that of a large part of France in 1790–1; the "Plan of Campaign," as it was termed—an iniquitous conspiracy to plunder the landlords by withholding from them their rents, already greatly reduced by the land courts, as a means to compel them to make still larger and positively ruinous reductions—prevailed over several districts of Munster and Connaught, and had succeeded in inflicting severe losses on the owners of estates by a process which, if adopted throughout the United Kingdom, would have shaken the very frame-work of society by destroying the rights of property altogether.

The so-called "National League," having its chief seat in Dublin, with its organization in numerous parishes, its fanatical lay and priestly agents, its emissaries of vengeance, and police of crime, was a counterpart of the Jacobin Club in Paris, with its affiliated societies and its ubiquitous instruments; and it exercised genuine Jacobin tyranny by visiting want of "patriotism" with the severest penalties and subjecting "unpatriotic" and "suspected" persons to a social ostracism, universal and terrible; it may be added that the resemblance between the proceedings of the "National League" and the Jacobin society in Paris is not purely accidental, some of the Parnellite leaders being, it is well known, in close relation with the extreme revolutionary party in France, the genuine descendants of Danton and Robespierre.

The league, in fact, wherever it gained ascendancy, had become an *imperium in imperio* of the most threatening kind, and in many parts of Ireland it had practically annihilated the law of the land; it became, therefore, absolutely necessary for the government to put an end to a state of things which had become unbearable. A bill was consequently introduced in the House of Commons by Mr. Balfour in March, 1887, and this measure, though denounced in endless harangues by the Gladstonian and Parnellite alliance, was one of the mildest of the repressive measures ever introduced against disorder in Ireland; the main objects of the bill were to put down the organized violence, the "Plan of Campaign," the "boycotting," and the defiance of the law which so extensively prevailed, and, at the same time, to strike decisive blows at the National League and its branches, which were the real sources of agrarian crime, and so to break down the power of a deadly and widespread conspiracy.

These ends, however, were not to be obtained, as in previous cases, by enlarging the scope of the existing law, but by a change in its machinery; the cause of the mischief being attributable, not to any defect in the existing law, but to its defective administration. All the misdeeds punishable under the Crimes Act, now in force in Ireland, are crimes punishable by the criminal law of England, but the cognizance of these offenses was withdrawn from the tribunals ordinarily employed and taken out of the hands of juries, from whom, in many districts, it was quite impossible to obtain an honest and truthful verdict; instead thereof the trial of these offenses was intrusted to special courts of magistrates, and this was the main change effected by the law. Power was also given to the lord lieutenant to proclaim and suppress societies committing or promoting crime or violence, or interfering with law and order, subject, however, to the direct control of Parliament; and other provisions of the bill secured means for the discovery of crime, and, where considered necessary by the legal advisers of the crown, for a change in the place of trial, and, in the case of crimes of a more serious character, for special juries; finally the bill, though not limited in point of time—being made a permanent addition to the law of the land—was strictly limited in point of space, as it was only made to extend to such districts as had been proclaimed by the lord lieutenant, with the covering sanction of Parliament. Compared with this measure, Mr. Gladstone's Acts of 1881 and 1882 were severity itself; under them the chief instruments of the land league, including Mr. Parnell and many of his principal followers, to the number of upward of a thousand, had been thrown into prison and kept there for months without trial, or even a preliminary investigation before a magistrate, and the Act of 1882, introduced immediately after the murders of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke, was of a nature so stringent, that compared with it Mr. Balfour's act, which is now in operation, may be fairly described as a mild and insignificant measure.

The Parnellite movement may be truly described as an "organized hypocrisy." The contrast between the language held by the Parnellite leaders in England and in Ireland distinctly proves this; in England they now descant—since the conversion of Mr. Gladstone to "home rule"—sentimentally on the "wrongs" of their country, and exclaim in idyllic language that "Ireland must be ruled by love," while they talk to English constituencies about the "union of hearts," the "friendship of the allied democracies," and the union of the two "under separate and independent legislative bodies, with the golden link of the crown" joining them together in peace and friendship. In Ireland they indulge, on suitable occasions, in frantic exhibitions of their hatred of England and Englishmen, and denounce, in the bitterest language, not only the Irish government but their loyal fellow-countrymen, and, as an indication that all this is part of a prearranged plan, the words of Mr. Parnell may be quoted in which, addressing a meeting in Ireland, he laid down as a fundamental proposition that "a true revolutionary movement in Ireland should partake of both a constitutional and illegal character"; "constitutional," that is to say, in England; "illegal" in Ireland.

And I may add here, with regard to the present personal relations between Mr. Parnell and Mr. Gladstone—the man who was imprisoned for several months, with the man who imprisoned him—that on the ninth of October, 1881, at a meeting of the National League in Ireland, the former described the latter as "the greatest coercionist and the most unrivaled slanderer of the Irish race that ever undertook that task; I refer to William Ewart Gladstone; no misrepresentation is too low or too mean for him to stoop to." And, further on, he added to the foregoing description of Mr. Gladstone's character the following choice language: "This masquerading knight-errant, this pretended champion of the liberties of every nation except the Irish nation," while on the twenty-sixth of June, 1886, at a meeting in England, he speaks of Mr. Gladstone as "that illustrious Englishman who towers head and shoulders above all other living men, for whose equal as a statesman and a philanthropist we have to search the pages of history in vain!" At another meeting on the thirteenth of June, 1888, he used these words: "That great man, Mr. Gladstone." Comment on the contrast between Mr. Parnell's earlier and later utterances is unnecessary. The language of Mr. Dillon is plainer still; in England he tones it down, as far as his temperament will allow him to do, but in Ireland, at a meeting at the Rotunda in Dublin, as recently as the month of August, 1887, he made use of this language: "If there be a man in Ireland base enough to turn and hack out, now that the Coercion Act is passed, his life would not be a happy one in Ireland or across the seas." In a speech made at Clare, in the September following, he used these words: "The hour is close at hand when we shall be masters in Ireland, and, in that time, I know the reward we shall mete out to those who opposed us;" and, again, "I never concealed from the people of Ireland that I believed in the 'Plan of Campaign,' because it is a policy which would make the fate of a traitor an unhappy fate;" and, further still, so recently as the month of November, 1888, speaking from his place in the House of Commons, on the first reading of the bill for the extension of Lord Ashbourne's act authorizing the advance of a sum of ten million pounds sterling to Irish tenants in order to enable them to purchase their holdings from their landlords, he distinctly warned Parliament, though not in so many words, that the time "would probably come when the influence of the 'National' party would be brought to bear on those purchasers to compel them to repudiate the liabilities they had incurred toward the English government and people, when they obtained from them the money which enabled them to become the absolute owners of their holdings."

The contrast between the language used in England by the Parnellite leaders and that used by their supporters and sympathizers in this country is more striking still. To Mr. Parnell's "last-link" speech at Cincinnati I will not again refer, but Mr. Patrick Ford, who is, I believe, the chief leader and organizer of the Irish movement in this country, distinctly laid down, in a speech delivered by him on the fourth of September, 1886, the proposition that "if the Irish are to fight at all they must avail themselves of such methods and such agencies as nature and science put within their reach; we have made up our minds to Ireland's independence at any cost." This language is explained and emphasized by that of Mr. John O'Connor, M. P., addressing a meeting in Ireland on the fifth of August, 1885: "The Irish in America will not only be prepared to aid you in the fight for freedom with dimes and dollars, but also with rifles and bayonets." If Mr. Ford denies having used the above language or repudiates the meaning which, in the light of the previous utterance of Mr. O'Connor, may be fairly attached to it, I shall be glad to see such denial or repudiation. Let me add here, with regard to the alleged acceptance by Mr. Parnell and his followers of Mr. Gladstone's scheme for home rule as a final and satisfactory solution of the Irish question, that Michael Davitt, the plainest and most outspoken member of the party, "let the cat out of the bag" when, in justifying himself for supporting Mr. Parnell in this course, he explained that he accepted it, but only as a man "accepts his breakfast, looking forward to his dinner and supper in due course." Accepted as a "breakfast"—"yes," I may add, addressing Mr. Davitt in Shakespearean language, "I thank thee for that word." Accepted, but only as a "breakfast," the "dinner and supper" which are to follow being clearly the severance of the "last link" and the complete independence of Ireland.

Having now considered, as fully as my recollection and researches have enabled me, the events of the past, and the state of things with regard to the Irish question existing in the present, the thought arises, what are the prospects of the future? One thing is certain, and, I think, I have abundantly shown it in this and in my previous letters, that, in attempting to solve the complicated problem called the "Irish Question," we must altogether give up the notion that there is any *via media* that will lead to a permanent and satisfactory solution of the difficulty; any idea of a legislative body in Dublin, controlling the executive, the judiciary, the magistracy, the police, and the constabulary, with the power of taxation and all the authority which it implies, united in friendship to England by allegiance to the crown, must be dismissed as an idle dream. Such an union, in the very nature of things, could not last, and Mr. Parnell, himself, in his utterances already quoted, both in this country and in Ireland, has given the death-blow to such an idea. The only alternatives, therefore, are the maintenance of the union as it now exists under the supreme authority of the imperial Parliament, and a complete severance of Ireland from Great Britain.

To this latter alternative there is, there can be, but one reply if the British Empire is to maintain its place in the scale of nations—England can not allow the union to be severed with a country the people of which have done so much to aid her in the spread and aggrandizement of her dominions. In this great work, by the bravery and endurance of her sons, Ireland has borne, at least, her share. The great Iron Duke himself, in whose name and memory the glories of England are enshrined, was an Irishman, and, at this time two of her leading and most distinguished generals are of the Irish race. But it is not only in the upper ranks of the British Army that Ireland has been and is still so ably represented; the Irish peasant taken from his surroundings, freed from the noxious influence of designing and unprincipled agitators, subjected to the salutary discipline of the British Army, has proved himself worthy to be classed among the best of soldiers, and, in the many gallant actions in which England's sons have carried her flag to victory, he has nobly done his duty, and earned the right to rank with the bravest of the brave. And so, not only in arms, but in all the careers by which the life of a nation is ennobled and adorned, whether in arts, science, literature, diplomacy, or statesmanship (in which last I include the government of the numerous colonies and of the vast dependency of India which, together with the United Kingdom, make up the British Empire), the Irish race has borne its part and has had, at least, its full share; in that splendid assemblage, that galaxy of warriors, statesmen, diplomatists, men of literature, science and art which is the pride and glory, not only of Englishmen but of the English-speaking race throughout the world, names of Irishmen, too numerous to mention here, have their place. This being so, I ask are the traditions which cluster round these names to be violated? Is the union which produced and fostered them, and under which, by the careers thereby opened to them, they flourished, to be dissolved at the bidding and for the selfish aggrandizement of men who, instead of using their influence over their less instructed fellow-countrymen to lead them to bury past animosities—the fruit of darker times—in oblivion, teaching them to grapple bravely with the difficulties of the present, and thus enabling them to look forward with hope and confidence to the future, strive, rather, to use it for the purpose of keeping alive the dying embers of by-gone hatreds, and raking up from their ashes the bitter memories of the past?

To these questions there can be but one answer: England can not, must not, give up her union with the race which has so ably aided her in pursuing her beneficent career, however checkered that career may sometimes have been, under the flag which has done so much to carry enlightenment and civilization "from sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth." She can not consent, by a tame and cowardly policy of compromise, to be soon followed by final surrender, to allow a country, so closely associated with her own to become a hostile republic sitting at her very gates, and, above all, she can not, at the risk of national dishonor, desert the large and loyal minority which comprises an overwhelming preponderance of the wealth, the intelligence, and enlightenment of the country, and which clings to the union with the British Empire as its only guarantee of freedom and security, to be crushed and trampled on by the disloyal and priest-ridden masses who blindly follow Mr. Parnell's guidance and look upon him as their "uncrowned king."

If I am asked what is the solution of the problem which in the past has perplexed statesmen and has caused the best friends of Ireland and of the Irish race to despair, my reply is "patience." Instead of a firm and continuous policy—a government determined to maintain the law—to protect peaceable citizens in the performance of their daily duties from outrage, from murder, from a system of terrorism worse than death itself, English parties have made Ireland the sport of faction and the victim of sensational legislation as in 1869, in 1870, and again in 1881. No wonder, therefore, that Ireland has suffered from the effects of agitation and outrage within, aggravated by incitements to rebellion from without; no wonder that the horizon of her prosperity has been overclouded and her national progress checked. But if the English people once realize their duty with regard to Ireland I have no fears for the ultimate issue, long though that may be delayed. Even now, amid the uncertainties and difficulties of the times, there are to be seen glimpses of a brighter day. In spite of the agitation which has convulsed her, the effects of a firmer administration of justice throughout the disturbed parts of the country are becoming apparent. During the eleven months of 1888, from January to November, inclusive, there have only been three hundred and fifty-four agrarian outrages, as against five hundred and forty-eight in the corresponding period of 1887, and only forty-eight offenses against the person in 1888, as against eighty-eight in 1887. It has been officially stated by the registrar-general that in 1888 there were eighty-six thousand more acres of land laid down in corn, meadow, and clover than in 1887; last year there were four million nine hundred and seventy thousand pounds (nearly twenty-five million dollars) in the savings banks, as compared with three million seven hundred and sixty thousand pounds (less than nineteen million dollars) in 1881, and the number of paupers throughout the country had decreased by one hundred thousand since that date. If this has been her progress during times of disturbance and agitation, it may easily be imagined what that progress would have been if Ireland had been left in peace to pursue her onward course of prosperity, free, alike, from the designs of rebellious separatists and from the unsound and sensational legislation which have been her bane. Again, comparing 1841 with 1888, a striking proof of the onward march of Ireland in general prosperity, in spite of all hindrances and drawbacks under the shelter of the union with her richer and more powerful sister, is afforded by her statistics of house accommodation. Dividing the houses in Ireland into three classes, according to comfort and accommodation, there has been an increase since 1841, in the first class, of twenty-six thousand houses, and in the second class of one hundred and fifty-eight thousand, while in the third class, or hut-houses, there has been a decrease of one hundred and forty-nine thousand, and the mud-cabins, in which human beings and pigs formerly lived together, have to a great extent disappeared.

It is clear from the foregoing that Ireland, which, under the shelter of the union with Great Britain, has advanced so greatly in prosperity in troubled times, will, if the union be maintained, advance in the future at least surely and steadily, if not "by leaps and bounds." But, if by timidity and vacillation of administration, accompanied by the continuance of the evil practice of allowing Ireland to be made the battle-field of party, the English people fail in their duty to Ireland in the future as lamentably as in these respects they have done in the past, then, unless they are prepared to submit to an entire surrender to the demands and designs of the separatist confederacy, thereby consenting to descend from their high position in the scale of nations and committing treason to the memory of the illustrious dead, who, by their bravery, endurance, patriotism, and statesmanship have built up for them the great empire which they have inherited, we may make up our minds that the Irish question will not only continue to harass and agitate the country long after Mr. Gladstone's career shall have terminated, but even possibly remain an insoluble problem to the end of time.

In thanking you for your courtesy in affording me so much space for these communications, I may be allowed, in conclusion, the expression of a hope that in placing before your readers the foregoing statements and opinions I have at least satisfied them that there is another side to the Irish question than that which is generally placed before the American people by the telegraphic press agencies of the country.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 20, 1889. JOHN KEYMER KANE.

VENTURA'S LOVE.

A Tale of a Woman Scorned.

All Mexico had been pining for a new sensation, the wine of life to its people. It is a breathless city, this wondrous ancient capital of "The Great Tenoxtitlan," as well may be believed, when is taken into consideration its anomalous contrasts and combinations. The teeming life in its narrow streets is the first thing to impress the stranger, who wonders where all these hurrying, hustling mortals find shelter; for indeed the area covered is entirely incommensurate with the population. The street life is kaleidoscopic, and its swift, transforming changes never shape themselves twice to the same form. What wonder that the very atmosphere seems pervaded by a feverish, unrestful eagerness, all at variance with the accepted ideas of existence in Mexico as being a languid, rather monotonous tranquillity? In good truth, this traditional idyllic life of *dolce far niente* is felt only in the tropic lowlands; on the great plateau and in the northern districts life is a struggle and a constant contest, as elsewhere. But at the City of Mexico the elements of bustle and excitement are in geometrical ratio to the population. Some source of excitement must be had for the distraction of the people. Hence the popularity of bull-fights. If no such source exist one must be created, for an artificial excitement is better than none.

And for days there had been an absolute dearth of motives to inspire the lively *charla* that gives spice to the somewhat prosy journals and zest to conversation. A duel had been fought out beyond Tlalpam, but that was so long since that the wounded man was out of danger. A minister had lost thirty thousand dollars at a sitting over the national game at cards of the northern neighbors, one of whom, sent down thither on an international mission of delicacy and importance from the sister republic, had been the winner. But, after all, that was no cause for excessive admiration; the minister was amply able to pay the reckoning, and as for the *gringo*—the mild dissipation of "pokare" could provoke no wonder or censorious comment, so innocent and reputable a pastime is it, by comparison with the unholy excesses in which most Americans think themselves authorized to indulge at such a distance from home. The last sensation had been the attempted elopement of the niece of a very great dignitary with a too-fascinating member of the American circus troupe stationed at the capital; but the plan was discovered, the indiscreet damsel safely immured in a seclusion to which a convent routine were gayety; the over-gallant acrobat had been permitted to retire across the border, the managers of the circus had received a handsome sum as indemnification for the loss of his services, and the scandal was well-nigh forgotten. All Mexico was bored unspeakably from the lack of a whet to interest, and slept longer *siestas*, went later and less gayly to the *paseos*, and spent more money with milliners and tailors, in effort to kill time.

Then something happened. Leopoldo Moron came back to open another dramatic season at the capital, and Ventura Gil y Campos arrived the same day in the city. Moron was, by all odds, the favorite of the actors Mexico had known. Indeed, he was by far the best who had come thither. Strangely enough, the masters of the stage were all but unknown in this city. Judic and Théo, and less and greater graces of the stage, had shed the light of their smiles around the dingy space of the Nacional upon the assembled rickety array of *lagartijos;* but few or none of the leaders in drama or song of the sterner sex had brought their talents thither. Moron was the only competent exponent of the drama the old Aztec city had known. But Moron was a fine actor and every inch a man. His three seasons played in Mexico had been successful in every sense, and the most unemotional of the great society folk awakened to unwonted enthusiasm when they knew that he had crossed the seas again to set his gifts before them.

And that at one and the same time Ventura Gil y Campos should be among them! it was almost too good to be true—a windfall, a veritable bonanza of social incident. It can not be sustained, with good and sufficient reason, that the most of interest centres in the feminine sex in Mexico. It may be that women themselves are to blame for that they cut so insignificant and subordinate a figure in general life. However this may be, the fact remains that, for all the surface gallantry and impressive show of devotion, the watchword "*Place aux dames*," particularly where it involves a sacrifice of masculine comfort or gratification, is practically a dead-letter principle in Mexico. Nevertheless, Ventura Gil y Campos absorbed more attention than did Moron at this given juncture. "Old things are best," says the poet, but novelty is more attractive. And Ventura was all unknown at the capital, although her fame had gone through the breadth of the land. Her father's wealth and standing, and her own reputed beauty, awakened all the curiosity—perhaps, after all, the very strongest of passions—in the city. Then certain of her characteristics, which were far from commonplace, had been reported by two young deputies who had spent a week at the home *hacienda* of her father.

"She is a real *fiera*—a wild animal," said Ruben Ochoa; "her place is in the jungle, among palm branches, tropic orchids, glittering, bright-mailed serpents."

"Bravo! *hombre!* how fanciful thou art! Wilt thou be turning poet? Venturita has surely inspired thee!"

"Oh, laugh," said Ochoa, placidly; "all the same, she is a pantheress. You will say it when you see her. Venturita, indeed! No diminutive would suit her—nothing gentle or tender. And as for my inspiration, an it please you, I will take it from another type of woman. The tigress, no doubt, means love by her caresses, but her kisses draw blood; and while her dappled coat is bright and silken, her claws are like pointed steel. And now, no more of Ventura—I have been her father's guest!"

"But who then knows her?—who has seen her?" demanded anxiously one of the *lagartijos*—vapid young men, that is to say—who at the hour of the daily promenade range themselves along the streets San Francisco and Plateros, flattened against the wall like lizards (whence their cant classification) to watch the women and ogle them as they pass. "She has been in the capital a fortnight, so they say," he pursued, plaintively, "and no one has yet set eyes on the lovely thing!"

Ochoa laughed. "Oh, that is Ventura, indeed. She knows how to stimulate curiosity—none better. She will manage so as to create a sensation when she does appear."

And so Ventura did. It was at the opening night of Moron's season that she was first seen of the public, and she came into her father's *palco* during the first moments of the opening scene. The play was a translation of "Keane." Now, in all her twenty-three years, Ventura Gil had seen a play not ever before. She came forward in the box, close to the balustrade, scanning the graceful figure lying across a table in a figured drunken sleep. It took more than one summons from her father to induce her to sit down. And from the first posture she took, she never stirred, after Moron, awakening in the play, once turned his beautiful, spiritual face to her view. Even through the *entr'actes* she sat motionless, like one in a dream, as if all unconscious that she divided the attention of the audience with the players. There could be no question as to the beauty of Ventura Gil y Campos. Hers was the marvelous charm of the women born in the "zone of beauty" of Mexico. These are the women of traditional southern beauty. Theirs is a loveliness so soft, so warm, so rich and seductive, that the sons of men may well be pardoned the madness they display in such a cause. And if Ventura's heavy-lidded, glowing eyes were set a trifle close together, and if her full, red lips made on her creamy face an exoteric point of color that, to a fanciful mind, might suggest the blood-stained mouth of a vampire, these were inconsiderable defects that did not obtrude themselves upon the non-analytical perceptions of Mexico's gilded youth, whose admiration found that night a pole-star and whose binoculars were directed, with slavish unanimity, to the *palco* Gil y los Campos.

Ruben Ochoa, who had seen Ventura before, and who, as has been seen, was not enthralled by her, delivered himself of an observation during the first *entr'acte*, as he fitted his cigarette into the tiny golden smoking-tongs affected by such Mexican youths as would not dye their finger-tips with the dun pigment of nicotine. "The play should have been 'The Rivals,'" declared Ochoa, dryly; "*la bella* and Moron are running neck and neck. Their mutual admiration, however, is unfairly distributed. I need not blazon the fact that the fair Ventura, ignoring all you poor devils in private life, has eyes for Moron only. He, on the other hand, finds her little to his taste. I have been watching him, whilst you fellows were mooning at the beauty, and after his first brief gaze of natural curiosity, he looked not at her again."

"Oh! eh!" the bloods groaned in derision; "we know Moron is a saint, or rather a stick! His veins do not run blood but water-gruel! For him no woman charms!"

Ochoa raised his brows. "Such is not the reputation generally accorded to our cousins the Gachupines, and Moron is a true Spaniard—and at that a Sevillian. Now, I have heard that his interest has been awakened; from a respectful and bumble distance he admires, but still he does admire. No, señores, no! I tell you; I am not a paragraphist for the *Gazeta de Holanda* that I should retail gossip to you! If you would know Moron's affairs, inquire of him about them!"

But that proposition was not at all to the tastes of the *lagartijos*, who remembered how one of their band, the year before, had hustled Leopoldo Moron on the *paseo*, with the consequence that the actor had bidden the swell to a little morning tryst under the moss-draped cypresses of Chapultepec, and there had neatly put a ball through the youth's left wrist, following that up with another through the corresponding spot on the right arm, when the wounded man and his seconds had insisted (phenomenon in the annals of Mexican duels!) on a second chapter, no doubt in the hope of slaying the handsome Spaniard. It is all very well to fight a duel with a fellow of one's own calibre and get a paragraph of heroic allusion in the chronicles of the day, at cost of a ball fired a yard wide of one's precious person, or even one put through the fluttering skirts of one's second-best coat. But to stand up a target for a dead-in-earnest chap like Moron, trained, moreover, in the use of pistol and rapier alike—no, señores, in this there is no fun.

Miguel Murillo pursed up his mouth knowingly. "Ochoa has no need to give himself airs over what he knows or does not know. Moron is simply partial to our northern little cousins. Any one with half an eye can see how he watches *la preciosa* Avery——"

But Ochoa laid his hand on Murillo's arm in warning. "My good fellow, let me counsel you to discretion. Here, close to us, are Kelland, Warn, and Liner. They are friends of the young lady you name so glibly, and Americans are sometimes sensitive about flippant mention of their country-women."

Murillo was an inveterate and systematic traducer of American women, but—perhaps it were better to say therefore—he was a coward. The orchestra crashed out its closing chords, the bell rang sharply, and the recusants filed back into the auditorium.

Ventura Gil had not observed the ingress of a little group of actors in the box beneath where she sat, and when Moron, in his Hamlet garb, continually bent thither his burning glances of love and jealousy, all Ventura's face turned hard and white. She was puzzled by the play, and in her mystification firmly believed that the mimic Hamlet's impassioned address was directed to some woman in the audience. The thought was enough to move her almost to frenzy, and when the actor cast for Melville came to the front of a box across the way, and cried, "*Afuera* Hamlet! away with the crazy fool!" Ventura, in her exaltation, quivering like a hound in leash that spies his quarry, sprang to her feet and flung defiance back to him.

"More fool art thou!" she cried across the house; "sit down and hush! be quiet and worship! Crazy or not, he is beautiful! divine!"

She stood close beneath a gas-jet just above the box, a magnificent figure, her lovely face ablaze, her full and queenly form poised with heroic balance and seemingly outlined in fire, from the gleam of light on the flashing, many-colored opals that were set like bordering beads thick along the seams of her dress. But alas for thee, Ventura! Not all the spell of her beauty, nor the restraints of convention with this people with whom forms are all potent, could keep back the mirth that rose in billowing waves of laughter, shaking the chandeliers. Even Moron, vexed and chagrined as he was by such public tribute to his charm and by the spoiling of one of his best scenes—even Moron bit his chiseled lips to keep down a smile. And just here it was that Ventura Gil gave proof of the mettle that made her different from other women. Mortified though she must have been by her blunder, she showed nothing of the mien of an abashed woman, but stood with infinite nerve facing them all until the laughter died out, and then, with a mocking smile, she waved her hand and bent her head in one of the gestures in whose art the Mexicans are certainly past-masters—a gesture of thanks, indeed, whose application, taken in conjunction with her scornful gaze, flung in their faces their unwonted rudeness and inhospitable disrespect to a stranger in their midst. Ventura Gil knew the characteristics of her race, and she had conquered. For the rest of the evening, more even than before, were broadsides of opera-glasses turned admiringly toward where she sat, farther forward in the box and more conspicuous than ever. That night, as Leopoldo Moron was leaving the theatre, he was accosted by a *cargador*—one of the sandaled, brass-badged gentry, who have municipal license for the performance of errands, from the bearing of burdens that would stagger a mule to conveying letters across the city for a *real*. This fellow, slightly touching his hat, put into Moron's hand a folded missive.

"Stay," said the actor, "is there to be an answer?" for the custom is to return reply by the bearer.

"I think not. The *niña* is already gone. Oh! but a beautiful young lady," he added, garrulously; "your worship will know her. She was in a *platea* on the left—I saw her from the door—hers was the face of an angel—a thousand thanks, *patron!*" for Moron, whose face had at first rebuked his loquacity, was smiling now, and had given him an additional coin.

The actor took the billet on to the nearest street-lamp and conned it—a line merely, scrawled on the leaf of a note-book.

"If you care to meet her who writes this, wear a red rose in the first act to-morrow."

There was a very tender smile on Moron's face as he entered the Yturbide, and, instead of turning into the billiard-rooms as was his wont, he went straight to his own apartment.

The play the next night was a translation from the French—a society play, so-called; that is to say, a play calculated to cause the cleanly-minded to shun that dubious combination dubbed society. And Moron played very oddly. Instead of the tempting, mocking, Mephistophelian lover of the cast, he gave to his part the interpretation of a stern, censorious man, condemning and scoffing at the follies and frailties into which he is drawn against his better nature. He acted very badly, said the major part of his audience, unappreciative as the ruck of humanity is always of serious aim or lofty purpose and resentful of what is beyond its comprehension. But some there were who understood the lesson he set before them.

"But this is no metamorphosis!" said an old mustache, a diplomat and soldier from over the seas, who chanced to sit that night in the *palco* of his minister; "this is not a man who has put on a mask to trick us into belief that we see the portrayal of a type—this is the embodiment of the part—he is identified with it. Those are his own sentiments he voices. *Mon ami*, will you present me to him afterwards?—no, me to him—for his is the rank of genius."

"I think I have heard that Moron has other rank—the prestige of a title—in his own country," said another man there, a *boulevardier*, who was supposed to know everything worth knowing.

"Aha!" again said the diplomat; "a species of Corréze, eh? But how comes it he is still unmarried? I understand there is no Señora de Moron. He is a splendid fellow as to face and figure, and quite the man to capture soft hearts by the dozen."

"Ah! but he is a cynic. He has no faith in women. He has seen the world, has this Moron."

"So much the greater reason why women should be his religion," said the man of missions, gravely; "but if he knows not love, he is clever at some of its signals. See how tenderly he caresses that rosebud in his hand! Have you observed that he has carried it since the play began?" The others put up their glasses and noted that the actor indeed carried a half-open bud of Agrippina, now beginning to wither from the warmth of his hand, and that the very clasp he gave it told of affection. Others had been sharper of sight than were these veterans, and that same rosebud had caused more than a ripple of curiosity in the assemblage. More than one wager had been offered and taken concerning it—whether it were a caprice of the actor, or an inadvertency, or a token, the identity of the donor, the sentiments of Moron toward her, and not a few other frivolous details that gave a pretext for indulgence in the resort to hazard. The flower continued to hold its own. True, it disappeared for a time, but in the last scene Moron took it up, bruised and darkened, from a table, and pressed it in his fingers while he spoke his farewell to the woman he had, in his mimic identity, idolized. But this farewell and renunciation, instead of the reciprocal cruelty of a profligate to a traitress, took on the stern, admonitory accents of an accusing angel, and his face was white with condemnation and even repulsion.

"He has a bad taste in the mouth to-night, has Moron, there is no question," said one of the former critics, filing slowly through the vestibule, between the ranks of young men drawn up there to stare at the ladies; "he has not amused us to-night—he has exhorted us, shown us the vanities and the

vileness of our fellows and the wives of our fellows; oh, no! surely not our own. Why, we ourselves are free from spot or blemish. *Hola!*"

A surging movement of the crowd had thrust him aside and outward, and he had been thrown against Moron, standing in the mouth of a narrow passage leading from the stage, and who was saying to a slim young *mozo*, "Tell her I will not come, I will not meet her there!"

The intruder lifted his hat, with a courteous word, as he recovered his balance, and stepped back into the place he had involuntarily left. His friends were full of witticisms over his mishap, and he heard them with an absent smile of indulgence. But, over and over, in his mind he was saying: "But a miracle! this is an anchorite! Then the red rosebud did mean something. Yet he fondled the flower—why should he flout the lady?"

Moron went home in a rage of disgust and disappointment, none the less passionate that its demonstration was perfectly negative. The reaction from the versatility of pose and expression of his stage counterfeits of emotions, resulted in a complete outward phlegm and stolidity when his own psychic forces were awakened. Nevertheless, his intense magnetism made strongly evident his disturbed condition. His usual mood was a grave and gracious sympathy toward all humanity, albeit not effusive. To-night the doors of his heart were closed and darkened. He was adored of the servants about him for his kindly consideration, but to-night they shrunk from approaching, even to serve him. He passed directly to his own rooms and threw himself into a great arm-chair, where he sat until the dawn broke chillily over the great volcanoes.

When the streets had awakened to traffic he called a messenger and sent him away with a letter over which he had pondered for hours.

"Your face is true and pure," so ran the missive; "God knows what has moved you to essay an intrigue. Let this abortive levity, your first, I am convinced, be also your last, I pray you. Let me speak to you as a brother, as a father; forget, as I shall, this momentary madness, and be true to yourself. MORON." And the sheet enwrapped a crushed crimson rosebud.

Moron stood among his company, directing a rehearsal of a new play. His people were perplexed and moved by his humor. He was never harsh, never impatient or hasty, but to-day he was more than ever forbearing and gentle. "One would say that he had lost his sweetheart," said Magdalena Perez, the first soubrette, "and had vowed a perpetual sweetness and deprecation in memory of her." And that verdict described not inaptly Moron's sensations, as of something he had loved and lost, but owned not.

A youth came down the aisle of the dim auditorium—one of the peripatetic venders of flowers who obstruct the thoroughfares of Mexico. He beckoned to Moron, with a certain air of mystery and importance.

The man looked coldly upon him. "What is it? You can speak out. I have no secrets."

The young fellow made a contortion designed to express a very agony of reluctance, and handed up a letter.

Moron tore it open impatiently. As he read his face became transfigured.

"I shall run—yes, *run* to tell her how he is delighted!" the youngster muttered; "and she will give me at least a *duro* as *albricias*."*

Moron turned to the company. "We will adjourn the rehearsal," he said, and his voice trembled; "or—no!—that is hardly fair as you have given yourselves the trouble of coming. Señor Bàrcenas, will you do me the grace to take my place as director this morning? I will meet you all to-night and again to-morrow morning."

"And I will run and tell her you are coming, *patroncito*," said the lad, who had brought the letter; "*caray!* but she will be delighted!"

Moron stopped as short as might be. "You will tell her never again to write or speak to me," he had begun to say, but he checked himself; "after all, as a woman I owe her courtesy. Was it her fault that I was blind and an idiot?" He dismissed the boy briefly and went blithely away, a load lifted from his heart since he had seen the name "Ventura" for the first time signed to one of the bold and lawless letters he had been miserably believing had come from another woman. From the chief club-room of the city he penned a letter so coldly courteous, so hopelessly indifferent, that Ventura Gil y Campos, presently receiving it, ground her teeth in fury, tore the paper to atoms, hurled them to the ground and trampled upon them, then gathered up the insensate scraps and hid them like a treasure in her bosom.

Moron went into a wide, cleanly cross-street and entered a *zaguan* that led to a court-yard full of tropical plants and flowers. "The *niña Americana?*" he said, to the door-porter, a grim Zacatecano, with a face like that of a Roman warrior in a bas-relief.

"She is in her apartment," the old fellow answered, with some reluctance; "but she does not receive unless the *patrona* is with her—that is to say, not men and strangers—only well-known people."

"Very well; I have business with the *niña*. You may summon the *patrona*," said Moron, not displeased with this suspicious, jealous care. Then he ascended to the entresol where Bonny Avery had her studio. "They nestle her in precautions," he said to himself, going thither; "and that I could think she would plan or execute a vulgar intrigue fit for the Gil y los Campos! She lives like a little nun, the foreign *niña!*" he dwelt on the word in its Mexican acceptation, so distinct from its Spanish value, and the familiarity of its usage pleased him.

"*Adelante!*" cried a clear voice at his summons, and Moron stepped around a tall screen and faced Miss Avery at her easel.

She arose and stood before him, tense and slender, with a face of haughty challenge and displeasure.

"I am beneath my own roof, sir," she said, "yet I must ask what brings you hither?"

"You are right—how very right! and yet how wrong!" said Moron, humbly, even sadly; "a man is ever in a false position when he must strike a woman to save her."

"There is no question of salvation here!" said Bonny Avery; "what possible pretext can you offer for the insulting note you sent me early this morning? What possible excuse for daring to follow it hither? But no! Such things can neither be explained nor forgiven!"

"Yet stay!" Moron said, gently; "there seemed no possibility of mistake. 'In the third box on the right—a girl with the face of an angel'—said the messenger. You were in the third box on the right, and—I will utter no gallantry to you, even to defend myself. But my thoughts were too full of you to revert easily to another woman, and the difference of tier did not once occur to me. I thought at first it was but the caprice of a young girl, making a little romance, a little mystery of her first fancy, her first awakening of sentiment, but the character of the second note was revolting and unbearable. One does not care to think of one's tutelary saint as a heroine of *petits soupers*. Then—how shall I say it without seeming a coxcomb, a puppy?—one grows to believe in the impossible in this city of many intrigues."

The girl's face softened somewhat as she listened. "But I am an American," she said, proudly.

"Forgive me," Moron answered, softly, "but that could not guide me, for not all the women of your colony are like you. Not a few of your compatriots here are famed for their gallantries."

She made a gesture as of impatience or repulsion. "It may be. I know so little of them. Yet I would have you remember that the fair fame of a woman is at the mercy of any dastard who would revenge himself upon her for a repulse. I know! for I myself have suffered from a slanderous tongue, venomed by that same motive."

Her face grew hard and bitter. Moron felt his blood boil at thought of the baseness of falsehood to which may stoop creatures in the form of men.

"Then I see all the more reason for your fierce, just resentment of my injustice. But—you are not vindictive? Shall it be, if not forgotten, forgiven? Will you grant me opportunity to set myself right in your eyes, to show you I am more of a man and less of a coxcomb than you have a right to deem me? I seem, perhaps, importunate," he said, as she kept silence, "but I am loth to relinquish the standing—false standing as it is—that this wretched business has opened to me—our paths lay so far apart, I hardly dared hope to know you ever. Since it has led to our meeting, I could almost find it in my heart to thank fate for my offense, unless you banish me henceforward. Will you let me stay now, and come again, and try to earn your—your regard, your friendship?"

"Yes, stay," she said, as with a sudden impulse; "I will present you to Pepita."

They had been standing, but now she sat down and motioned Moron to a chair, as if to put the interview upon the conventional basis of an ordinary visit, and uttered half-a-dozen conventional speeches to the same purpose. Then, as if with a resolution to have done at once with the weight of a perplexing doubt, she said, half timidly, half challengingly: "Would you mind telling me just what you meant when you said your mind was already full of me when you received that letter?"

Moron's face flushed deeply, and there was an odd fall in his voice, like the tone of a man who makes a disturbing confession, but he answered steadily: "I meant just what I said. You had been in my mind for weeks—since your face first came before me."

It is one of the anomalies of human nature that, though Bonny Avery was by no means offended by this statement, and though her companion found her downright question artless, ingenuous, childlike, and altogether adorable, it was undoubtedly with a sense of relief that they saw the entrance of Bonny Avery's hostess.

If no events of striking interest in connection with Moron gave zest to the conversational pabulum of Mexico in the weeks that followed, a certain interest, quiet at first, grew to attain the importance that attaches to all accumulated forces. It came to be understood that the splendid Spanish actor was devoted to the American artist, and curiosity was stimulated all the more strongly for that so little was known of the matter. Moron knew how to keep his own counsel. He had no notion of allowing the woman he cared for to be battered and buffeted by idle gossip, if reserve could prevent it. On the other hand, Bonny Avery led a secluded life, shut in and guarded by the few who knew and loved her, with no other associates beside a few of the artists and writers—guilds by no means extensive or powerful socially in this city which so inconsistently plumes itself upon its love for and protection of the fine arts. The inquisitive who sought her on the pretext of her painting were referred to the dealer in whose establishment were shown from time to time her wondrously clever depictions of types and scenes of the country. The artist herself, it was made clear, was not on exhibition. Only on play-nights her chaste, somewhat severe young face was seen, and her slim form, garbed in perfectly appointed raiment, in the *palco* against a background of dignified, elderly Mexicans of unquestionably respectable standing. And her demeanor in public was so absolutely emotionless and neutral that it might easily be questioned whether she knew Moron at all, save as an actor, or contemplated him with other than a critical regard.

So the dear gossiping public was thrown back entirely upon the resources of conjecture, supplemented by the rumor that Moron would play no more in Mexico after this season, whose last *abono*, or subscription for twelve performances, was now beginning. It was said, too, that he, the dignified, the self-contained, had been seen in the execution of "the great bear-playing act," as the irreverent flippantly term a lover's patrol beneath his lady's window. This tale was confirmed by some of the gilded youth, who made cautious pilgrimages through the street where dwelt Miss Avery, in the hope of seeing Moron moved by the one touch of nature which should make him kin to the amatory students and their confrères.

It was true that the actor did go for a last look at Bonny Avery's window nightly before he went to rest. This alien girl, with her quiet, retiring habits, her artistic genius, her stern self-repression and force, and her mighty potentialities of tenderness and devotion—this was just the nature to awaken a mighty passion in a man of Moron's temperament, if only for its contrast to the garish light and exaggerated traits that had long surrounded him. He found himself swayed to feelings and actions of which he had never suspected himself to be capable, among which was this nightly vigil under the lady's window, which was the result of effusive ardor or sentimentality far less than of a vague though settled presentiment of evil.

Meanwhile, Ventura Gil y los Campos had abated no whit of her enthusiasm—to use no stronger term—for Leopoldo Moron. She had contrived to meet him speedily—not so easy a matter since Moron, asked everywhere, went nowhere. But Ventura Gil had had herself enrolled in a singing-class of Robert Vaste, whose wife, Cathy Alberti, held an anomalous sort of reception weekly in their rooms at the Yturbide, and the good lady saw the discretion of humoring a pupil of the wealth and prestige of Ventura. Cathy Alberti had been in her day an opera-singer, and so commanded to some extent Moron's allegiance. So it befell that Ventura one night poured the intoxicating light of her velvety eyes on Moron as he bowed before her, and then leaned beside him for a blissful quarter hour in one of the straitened balconies which gave on the hotel main court-yard.

She looked like a young sultana, framed in a daring garb of royal purple satin, stiffly incrusted with the gold-thread embroidery for which Mexican handiworkers are famous. For it must be said to Ventura's credit that she was intensely patriotic, and in her modish raiment she sought ever to incorporate something of the natural products of her country. Now it was a glittering, flashing, flaming mass of opals, now barbaric garnitures of festooned chains and massive ornaments of silver, again a costume, Parisian in cut and draping, fashioned from the common blue-and-white cotton *rebozos* or headscarfs worn by the women of the people. Daring in conception, audacious in execution, her toilets were characteristic of the woman, and therefore too extravagant and theatrical for the liking of Moron, who saw no charm like that of the classic coiffure and puritanical draperies of Bonny Avery.

Ventura Gil had followed up the attack by a constant siege against the heart of the handsome actor, who, sooth to say, met all her overtures with most graceful ungraciousness. Ventura, the creature of her own passionate impulses, was as ignorant as a child of the subterfuges and pretexts of convention, and she found only an additional stimulus in Moron's evasive repulse of all her advances. She set up for herself an awe-inspiring ideal of the intellectual qualities of a man who avoided society from devotion to his studies, never dreaming that nowadays his "only books were woman's looks"—the looks of Bonny Avery. Poor Ventura! She had entertained an illusive dream of going upon the stage for her own part, but had been promptly disillusioned by Moron, who found here again grounds for repulsion, as in contrast to the distaste for his profession that, for all her reticence, he knew existed in the mind of his ideal. There was something superb in the masterliness with which Ventura overlooked or ignored the letter episode. Indeed, but for the revolting phase of so much unwomanly boldness, there would have been much to admire in the determination of her procedure. And all the while she was in absolute ignorance of Moron's devotion to the foreign painter. There were not many who would care to hear unwelcome news to Ventura Gil.

It came upon her one night as she sat with a party dawdling over ices in one of the red-plush alcoves of the Concordia, looking out across the way at the moonlight silvering the leaning tower of the church of the Profesa. It was Leonor Paredes told her. Leonor, something of a snob as well as something of a poet, had made cause with Ventura at once, when, returning from the interior, she had found the girl a sensation of the day.

"And so that *simpatico* Moron at last is captured," Leonor said, in her own languid, affected fashion.

Ventura Gil looked conscious, and over her face rose one of her rare sullen blushes. She never dreamed that allusion was made to another than herself, since she had chosen to consider Moron her own especial trophy. She was playing with a pet dog of Leonor's—her favorite—a genuine Chihuahueño, of the breed that is now almost impossible to obtain—one of those tiny creatures of mysterious origin that were first found by the Spaniards in the ancient church of the hamlet Nombre de Dios. A dignitary of Chihuahua had given it to Leonor in acknowledgment of some verses of particularly adulatory and personal style, and she was correspondingly fond and vain of her plaything.

"The wedding is to be, I hear," went on Leonor, all unconsciously, "as soon as the season is over, and then they sail for Spain. And Moron will play no more—the Señorita Avery dislikes the stage for her husband."

The others had maintained a malicious silence, all too willing that Leonor should be the scapegoat.

"What—did—you—say?" asked Ventura, hoarsely.

"That Moron is to marry Miss Avery—yes! but that is known of all. I flatter myself only that I have given of detail somewhat that is new," replied Leonor, complacently.

"IT IS A LIE!" said Ventura; and her voice was like the clank of a sabre, as she started to her feet and flung across the table, straight in the face of its mistress, the palpitating body of the Chihuahueño, strangled by her strong white fingers. Then, without a word or a look at her companions, she went straight to her carriage, while half the people in the restaurant crowded about Leonor Paredes, clinging to her dead pet and writhing in violent hysterics.

For two days no one but her *ayah* saw Ventura Gil y Campos. She was locked in her own room, deaf to all entreaties to open, save to the old nurse, who slipped in and out, carrying to her young mistress now food, that she brought back almost untasted, and, later, certain mysterious parcels, of which none of the household could guess the contents.

* A gift to the bearer of good tidings.

Two hours after midnight of the second night Moron, passing as usual through the street where dwelt Miss Avery, was struck by the absence of the policeman whose station was in front of a theatre midway of the block, before which debouched a street running no farther in that direction. He passed on, but was so depressed by an unconquerable uneasiness, that he turned around the block, and again approached the house from another direction, keeping on that side of the street within the darker shadow.

So light was his step and noiseless that he came unperceived upon two people standing close together and looking toward the goal of his affections. That circumstance would not have impressed him particularly, had he not caught, as he came near, the words "*la niña Venturita.*"

Promptly he stepped into the deep embrasure of a shop-window, where he could hear every syllable of the sibilant whispers.

"But I am afraid, Teodoro," the woman's voice was saying, "it may cost thee a term in Belem or San Juan de Ulva, and what good would the *hacendada's* money do thee then, *marris!*"

"Keep still! thou shouldst be glad if it were so, since thou wouldst have the coin all to thyself. But there will be naught. If one should come and see what passes over yonder do thou fall as I have told thee, and groan and squirm like a very devil! How could I be punished for neglect of duty for anything that happened while I was off my beat to take in a woman with a fit, eh? Haven't I made all solid?"

"But, oh! I fear me! there is more than a trick, a little joke, here! Doña Venturita's eyes looked like coals of fire, there was hate in her voice, too, if ever I heard it; and she has always smiled and bidden the good-day so kindly—she is always full of civility to the lowly—the *niña Americana*——"

With one bound Moron was past them, and in a breathless space had reached the home of Bonny Avery. Some one stood below her window, steadying the cords of a rope-ladder that dangled from the balcony—a figure in the garb of a manservant. But the person struck down by Moron gave a faint cry, and the voice was the voice of an old woman.

The next moment Moron was sounding the knocker of the great *zaguan* door; that call was well-known to the grim old porter, who had come to thaw toward this kindly guest, and on the instant one of the heavy leaves swung open.

"Come, Gregorio, follow me!" Moron, already half up the first flight of stairs, called back to the stout old fellow, standing but half awake beside the sheep-skin that was his bed, on the flags of the entrance; "follow me! there is something wrong going on in your mistress's house—it may be murder!" And the Zacatecano sprang after his leader, and overtook him as Moron burst in the glazed-door that led to the rooms of Bonny Avery.

Through the painting-room, dimly lighted from the open window, the lover dashed on into the sleeping-room. Here, too, a faint light shone, and Moron felt his heart turn to ice as he saw the shape of a man standing by the bedside, with one hand pressed over the mouth of the occupant, and the other armed with a knife that glittered faintly—a knife that fell at the very moment that Moron and the porter entered. It rose again, too, with murderous swiftness, but before the second blow the Spaniard caught the miscreant by throat and wrist, and, with one strong, skillful movement, threw him to the floor.

Gregorio struck a wax-light and held it aloft. It was a light, lithe, but well-rounded form that lay in the grasp of its conqueror. By the embroidered leather garb one would say some dashing *charro*—but the face that looked up at them, full of a devilish rage and passion, was never the face of a man.

"*Dios mio!*" gasped Moron, hoarsely; "this is no hired assassin—it is herself, Ventura Gil y Campos! Here, Gregorio, hold the murderess while I see to *la niña*—oh, God! if she has killed my loved one!"

He lifted Bonny Avery, but she lay in his arms limp and lifeless, with a stream of blood draining from her neck over her white draperies. Moron groaned aloud, as he pressed his first kisses upon that death-like countenance. At the sight of his tenderness Ventura Gil y Campos wrenched herself loose from the hard detaining hands of the Zacatecano, and for a moment it seemed as if she would throw herself again upon her victim, and tear the girl from the fond, pitiful arms of the lover. Then she turned away, with a cry whose horrible cadence had naught of the tones of a woman, and hounded to the balcony.

"Eloisa!" she cried, "Eloisa!"

But the *ayah*, faithful to her nursling through any crime and danger, was silent. The blow Moron had struck her, unwitting her sex, was a hard one, and she still lay on the pavement, with life and consciousness but beginning to stir within her.

Ventura swung herself over the railing and down upon the ladder. Unstayed at the bottom, it swayed and swung wildly with the weight of her. She was giddy and weak with excitement and turbulent passions, and her hands and her vision failed her. She slipped and fell like a clod head downward on the uneven stones of the street beyond the pavement.

The thought of outward seeming is ever foremost and paramount with the Mexican people. To a calamity great, let it pass without remedy; is a crime black, foul, and monstrous, let it go unpunished, so silence but save the appearances. So Ventura's mangled corpse was housed for days, while bulletins of her illness were issued to her friends and her world, and when the black-bordered *partes* were sent out they bore as the date of her death one that would correspond with that discreet and cautious fiction. And the memory of her passing beauty still whets the jaded thoughts of the capital's *lagartijos.*

Long, painful, and perilous was the illness of Bonny Avery from the wound in her shoulder. Her voyage to Spain, home to the home of her husband, did much to shorten her convalescence. Moron never acted after the night his love was struck by Ventura's dagger. Indeed, he seems to have forgotten he ever acted, and certainly his own stage triumphs never gave him a tithe of the pleasure he takes in his wife's steadily growing fame as a painter. Y. H. Addis.

City of Mexico, January, 1889.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Patti will sail for Buenos Ayres March 4th. She is thoroughly disgusted with the French people on account of her recent cool reception in Paris, and threatens to sing there no more.

The Duke of Westminster has made deadly enemies of the London doctors. He has stipulated in granting new leases to medical men that no brass plates shall be placed on their doors.

Viscount Hinton still perambulates London with his barrel-organ and a placard attached, setting forth that he is the stone-broke son of Earl Poulett, and he is said to be doing a roaring business.

Ex-Governor Holbrook, of Brattleborough, Vt., says the present mild winter was duplicated about fifty years ago. They had only two weeks of sleighing in the Green Mountain State, and farmers plowed their fields in January.

Says a Washington correspondent, speaking of the recent state dinner at the White House: "Near each cover, except Mrs. Cleveland's, were six wine, a champagne, and a water glass. Mrs. Cleveland's cover was marked only by two tumblers, the second for Apollinaris."

"Lew" Brown, once the most famous base-ball catcher in the country, has just died at Boston. He easily captured the most boldly pitched balls, and once offered for twenty-five hundred dollars to catch a ball fired with a full charge from a cannon at the Boylston Museum.

Ilma di Murska and her daughter were cremated last week at Gotha. The urn containing the ashes of the mother is inscribed: "These ashes are all that remain of a nightingale." The urn containing the daughter's ashes is inscribed: "The woman whose remains lie here battled and suffered much in vain."

Chauncey M. Depew, Alonzo B. Cornell, Erastus Wiman, Warner Miller, Dan Lamont, and Ella Wheeler Wilcox's husband all make close confidantes out of their wives and behave toward them as if they were still courtiers uncertain what the answer of the ladies would be if marriage was proposed.

Mr. Naoroji, Lord Salisbury's celebrated "black man," has received upward of four thousand messages in the form of letters, telegrams, and cable dispatches, expressive of condemnation of the use of the phrase and of sympathy for the object of it. The United States was well represented in this sympathetic batch.

Rev. Father Augustus Tolton, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, in Quincy, Ill., is the only colored Catholic priest in America. He is the son of slave parents and was himself born in slavery, first seeing the light on April 1, 1855, in one of the huts comprising the negro quarters on the plantation of Stephen Elliott, in Ralls County, Mo.

The university building on Washington Square, in New York, is still given over to well-to-do Bohemia. It is the favorite lodging-place of artists and journalists, though ladies are not admitted as they were in the days of "Cecil Dreame." During the years of his bachelorhood, William Henry Hurlbert was an inhabitant of the university, and now his rooms are occupied by Ballard Smith, who also occupies Mr. Hurlbert's position on the staff of the New York *World.*

The New York *World* says: "Mrs. Senator Stanford has a Chinese cook in her employ who is becoming a nuisance, owing to his overweening ambition. Mrs. Stanford sent him to a cooking-school in New York, in which he learned all the scientific features of the gastronomic art. The result was, that on his return to Washington, he displayed a desire to serve a banquet every day. He is not happy unless the Stanfords are giving a dinner-party every twenty-four hours. There is a growing conviction in Mrs. Stanford's mind that the Chinese must go."

The sons of the late President Garfield are practicing law in Cleveland, Ohio, under the firm name of Garfield & Garfield, and they are said to be succeeding better than they expected. Harry is married, and lives in Cleveland with his young wife, while James, who is unmarried, lives at Mentor with his mother, and goes in and out by the train every day. Webb Hayes, the son of the ex-President, also lives in Cleveland, where he is secretary and treasurer of the National Carbon Company. He is a young bachelor, with all a young bachelor's love for and popularity in society.

Thomas A. Stevens is to be for the New York *World* what Stanley was for the *Herald*—an envoy extraordinary to the heart of Africa. His instructions are to find Stanley and solve the mystery of Emin Bey. But he will take with him into Africa a phonograph and a graphophone, with all the necessary cylinders, actuating devices, etc. If he can get no other material for the writing of a fascinating book of travels, Stevens will find this material in recording the effect of a talking machine upon the natives of Central Africa. He stands every chance of being regarded as a supernatural being before he reaches the head-waters of the Congo. He can fill a cylinder with the voice of some powerful potentate, and at the proper time and place send this voice into the ample ears of the tribes that oppose his advance.

Mlle. Margaret Carnot, daughter of M. Adolphe Carnot, brother of the president, was married a fortnight ago. Mlle. Margaret marries into an old and rich Burgundian family of the Carnot kindred. Ancestors on both sides were intermarried long before the Revolution. The church was beautifully decked with flowers sent from the city gardens. An orchestra played during the ceremony, which (a thing unusual in France) was given a festive and imposing character. The bridal party then stepped across to the church where the religious wedding was solemnized. M. Carnot was attended by his military household. Its members wore their uniform, it being customary in France for officers to go to weddings in full regimentals. With his usual perversity, M. Rochefort attacks M. Carnot for this, calling him a holy-water sprinkler.

One of the men much talked about just now is Frederick Remington, the first American artist to catch the true spirit of the blithesome *bronco* and to depict the breezy life of the plains and ranch-men as it picturesquely is. Mr. Remington's father was the late Pierre Remington, of Ogdensburgh, an eminent St. Lawrence County politician, whose death occurred about eight years ago, just as the present artist was leaving Yale College. Taking twenty-five thousand dollars left him from the estate, he went out into the Wild West to nurture the gentle sheep. In the course of three or four years various ranching experiments of this sort left him penniless, a condition which he encouraged by getting married. He got back East on the scrapings of his fortune and went to the Hon. Thomas C. Platt, who found an empty desk for him in the office of the United States Express Company. The ex-ranch-man went in and looked at the job and went out at once with the expressed conviction that he would die before he would tie up to it. Then, with a desperate impulse, he took a few random sketches of Western life to *Harper's.* They were at once accepted and his crisis was past.

The Empress Frederick, it is said, will not return to Berlin with her daughters until next April. On her last drive along the Linden, after the death of the emperor, at a time when the papers and court ring still accused her of having plotted to obtain the dictatorship with the cunning intrigue of a Pompadour, hardly a man turned about, scarce a hat was doffed. A half-year's absence has not changed matters, although a few liberal papers have dared to write a paragraph in her favor. The nobility speak of her still with bitterness. The passport to popularity in the salons of the upper ten is abuse of the Empress Frederick, and stories derogatory to her character are applauded with vigor. Where so much aversion is manifested it could not be a home to her, and the remnants of her party are now too powerless to reinstate her. Many of her trusted friends have deserted the poor woman, knowing that there was no preferment to be hoped for and that the young emperor looks upon her intimates with disfavor. In the meantime, she is engaged in literary work. Emperor Frederick left a rich legacy of writings which have not been published, and will not be, judging from the fate of the journal, for years to come. There is material, it is said, to fill a number of volumes, including the prince's correspondence with all the literary, musical, scientific, and diplomatic celebrities of his time, as well as with statesmen. His sketches of people are said to be charming.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

In the Chicago *America* we read many good things, none better than its statistical table of immigrants arriving at Castle Garden for the week ending January 20th. During the entire week only seven hundred and sixteen arrived. Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday were white-letter days, for no alien landed at the port of New York. An editorial writer in *America*, H. C. T., pays his respects to the Italians in the following complimentary manner:

"The average Italian peasant is uneducated and superstitious. He has been reared in a priest-ridden land, and is not possessed of enough intelligence to ever comprehend the meaning of free institutions. If he is not so vicious in some respects as his neighbors, it is because he is held in subjection by the power of Rome. The adult Italian peasant is beyond the influence of the school-master—not more so, perhaps, than the Bohemian, the Russian, or the Pole, but ages of servitude have impressed their stamp upon his character, and made him, what he is, an untutored, superstitious, filthy, hard-working, physically well-developed specimen of humanity. He is not a desirable acquisition to the American people, and we can do without him."

The congressional committee, of which Mr. Ford is president, has decided to impose a tax of five dollars upon immigrants. This is nonsense; if aliens are at all desirable as citizens of this republic the country can pay a premium for their landing. Some of our counties pay more for the heads of coyotes, wolves, and other "varmint" because they kill sheep, and yet our Congress admits ignorance, crime, superstition, and offenders against the law for five dollars. Extremes do sometimes meet; the anarchists of Milwaukee have decided that something must be done to counteract the influence of American schools. The Church of Rome has come to the same conclusion, because the American school system is godless. The anarchists fear education, because it teaches good government and obedience to the law; the Romanist because an educated mind is emancipated from the thralldom of superstition and bigotry. Anarchists desire anarchy and misrule that they may plunder. The Romanists would overturn the Constitution and destroy the republic in order that the Pope might exercise civil authority. The anarchists propose to establish Sunday-schools to teach their deviltry; the Romanist would inaugurate parochial schools to teach submission to a spiritual and alien power. Anarchists throw bombs in Chicago, Romanists riot in New York. These extremes of society meet on a common ground, for the commission of a common crime, when they conspire against the American system of common schools. The Emperor William has ordered the dismissal of all French cooks, for fear they will poison the imperial family in event of war. Boulanger travels with a special cook to protect himself from being poisoned by his political opponents. If the German Emperor can survive upon sauerkraut, wiener wurst, lager beer, and Limburger cheese, he deserves immortality. *America* says that Mayor Hewitt refused to appoint a Mr. Berry tax-commissioner because he was a Roman Catholic, and gave that as his reason. We never heard of it, and do not believe it, and do not respect Mr. Hewitt if he committed so indefensible an act. A Catholic—if he is a good and loyal citizen and is honest and competent—should not be excluded from office; the only trouble is if he is a good Romanist he is not apt to be loyal. A good Roman Catholic is one who looks upon the Pope of Rome as above the American Constitution. Perhaps, however, the mayor was right not to place a Romanist in position where he would be called to tax church property, for we have heard that somehow, by a bargain between Tammany and the church, some millions of property have passed over to the archbishop of the diocese of New York. The Rev. Dr. McGlynn is authority for this statement. We understand that the Roman Catholic cathedral stands upon lands obtained from the city through a swindling political bargain. Dr. McGlynn is not yet squelched by Rome; his fight with the priest Corrigan still continues as bitter as ever; in an open letter to the archbishop, published in the *World* of January 26th, he accuses him of "untruthfulness," "malevolence," "intimidation and persecution of the clergy," charges that he is "narrow and illiberal," and that his vicar-general is guilty of the crime of perjury. Dr. McGlynn takes issue with the church upon land doctrines, and adheres to his own opinions and judgment concerning the theological value of the opinions of the Pope and his priests and cardinals, by saying:

Catholics may, therefore, attend our meetings without the slightest violation of their conscience, and can receive absolution from any of the priests of your diocese without confessing such attendance; they can resent as an impertinence any question on the subject, and the priests of your diocese can refrain from questioning them about attendance at our meetings, and can give absolution to persons who have admitted such attendance.

This interesting quarrel presents a very pleasing view to us of the wicked world. We behold how these Christians love one another, and admire the meek and Christian spirit which they entertain for each other. We watch them indulging in malignant epithets, vituperation, and abuse, calling each other liars, and using other choice selections from the vocabulary of vulgar billingsgate, and wonder, when they reach the eternal beatitudes, whether St. Paul will permit them to carry their malevolence through the unending ages of psalm-singing. We sometimes indulge ourself in questioning whether a peaceful repose in that other place of departed spirits would not be more endurable than in association with wrangling priests, who will, during all the ages of time, and who will, for all the eons of eternity, be engaged in tearing and rending each other. We think Dr. McGlynn right in this particular controversy, because he is waging war in favor of personal liberty, intellectual freedom, and Americanism against the insolence of an alien priestcraft which would bend every human soul in subjection to the blasphemous arrogance of an ambitious and unprincipled spiritual organization, and which seeks political dominion over all the nations of the earth.

An immense blast of granite was recently made in Scotland, displacing seventy-five thousand tons.

VANITY FAIR.

"Americans are getting more sensible in matters of finance," sd one of the directors of the Metropolitan Opera House the ier day, "than they formerly were. I remember very well ven any man who presumed to let his box regularly at the cl Academy of Music during the régime of Italian opera vuld have been looked upon more or less as a sharper by lf of his friends. Now, however, it is a customary thing at t: Metropolitan Opera House for a man to let his opera hox, vether he is worth half a million or twenty millions. It is a sisible plan, for it saves a great deal of money, and makes ls of a rush. Beside that, there are certain ladies whose kxes were always unoccupied on certain nights of the week. Ny wife, for instance, receives on Wednesday. The result s that our box was never occupied on Wednesday, unless sent it to friends, and we never liked to send it to friends om we expected to drop in when we were at home. This nt on all about the circle, and the result was that at many rformances there was always a depressing number of vacant es. This has been obviated by the new fashion which has in at the Metropolitan, and which is taken from the habits eople on the other side of the water. My box, for instance, rented every Wednesday night of the season, and every er Friday night. My income from this source is about ee thousand dollars, and it goes far toward liquidating the ense of the box. More than that, it keeps the appearance popularity at the opera. There is one other point about it, l that is that when one goes to the opera more than once a ek he is more than a frequent attendant. There is no such ra in the world as our German opera, but it is possible to e too much of a good thing, particularly when a good tbing s trifle heavy in character."

Upon the rigid lines drawn by McAllister when be declared lt the society of New York was composed of about four hdred persons, there has already been one very powerful o put hy the Astors. The Astors, it may be said, are the iters and leaders of New York society. Mrs. Astor never ites the same people to dinner twice in a season. There a a certain list of folk whose due it is to be seen at her bird, and that list is so large that she has no chance to re-t invitations, whicb are sent out many weeks in advance, so lt there can be no possibility of previous engagements inter-ng with what has almost the mandatory power of a royal itation. The invitations for her dinners for this winter have eady been issued, and two hundred and twenty persons are bden to come and revel at a board where the gold plate on ch they are served is valued at something like seventy-five lusand dollars, and where they are warranted not to meet a one whose claims upon their notice and distinguished con-sieration are not beyond dispute. But it is only those who a actually numbered among the Astors' friends who are summoned to their salt, outside of which list is a larger one, iuding all those the Astors are willing to know and to stamp h the seal of their approval. These they invite to a recep-tin. This yearly reception took place this last week and even hundred and twenty people were asked, about one thou-d of them accepting and appearing in the huge Astor draw-r-rooms; only one hundred and twenty of all that great nher being too ill or too occupied to come. This fixes very nitely the number of people in the best society in New rk as being very much greater than McAllister's estimate uld make it. These seven hundred and twenty individuals whom the Astors have officially approved, and yet who are on the Patriarchs' lists, have declared war and also inde-ndence. The first manifestation took the form of a grand cy-dress ball at the Academy, last Tuesday, the same night the Assembly ball. This left the "swagger" girls in a ndary. If they went to the fancy ball, they tacitly admit-e that they belong to the eleven hundred instead of the four dred. On the other hand, if they went to the Patriarchs' danced solemnly as usual, they missed the very jolliest e of the season and the most magnificent fancy ball New k has ever seen.

Many girls, some of them of the very "swaggerish" sort, : their decision in favor of fun, and the artists were busy igning their costumes. The fiat went forth at first that all dresses must be of a period prior to the begioning of the teenth century; and, that as far as possible, all such sses as nigbt, day, evening, winter, and jockey cos-es were to be avoided. There were several beautiful drilles planned, one of them a Shakespeare quadrille, in ch Hamlet, Ophelia, Juliet, Romeo, Perdita, Florizel, Bea-e, Benedick, Orlando, Rosalind, Desdemona, Othello, Cleo-a, Antony, Ferdinand, and Miranda make up the set. Perdita wears a crêpe gown of pale-rose color, in imita-of the one designed for Mary Anderson by Alma Tadema, like the fair Mary, with a lapful of pansies, poppies and ies, a wreath of the field blossoms crowning tangled, flow-hair. The wearer was Miss Virginia Coudert, who has such a slim, graceful body and bright-brown locks as y, and is very nearly as pretty. Mrs. Charley de Kay, is famous for her resemblance to Mrs. Potter, was the patra in a copy of one of the costumes worn by that lady ier present revival of the tragedy. Juliet's gown is an otation of one worn by Ellen Terry in Irving's famous re-l some years back. Even more interesting was the Niebel-en quadrille, composed of characters from Wagner's great ogy. Brunhilde is a big, handsome blonde girl, who ed superb in her silver corselet, white draperies, and great ged helmet, carrying shield and spear. There were Rhine dens in tbe quadrille, Walkure, and the goddesses Fricka Freya, while Siegfried, Siegmund, Wotan, Laki, Thor, Froh were among the men. The Laki costume was par-larly beautiful and was copied from the one worn by Max ary in the "Rheingold." It was displayed upon the person slim young fellow, with a sbarply oval face, straight black ws, clean-shaven face, and glittering teeth. He wore a wig of fluffy silken curls brushed up straigbt from his face, a tunic of light India-red silk embroidered in a fretwork of black and gold, a broad, rude gold collar with jangling pendants hanging on his breast. His legs were incased in flesh-colored tights, with black, red-heeled sandals on his feet, which were tied with wide black-velvet thongs about the calves, the thongs being studded with big gold hosses. To one shoulder was fastened a deep scarlet cloak, bordered with a broad black fret, the other end of it floating free. It was the most vivid and delightful combination of reds that one can imagine. There were other Wagnerian characters arranged for—Lohengrin, Tristan, Elsa and Isolde, and Walter von der Vogelweid. Another beautiful series of costumes was taken from the description of "The Idyls of the King"—many of them copied from Doré's illustrations. The picture of Arthur, all in armor, with the dragon of "the great Pendragonship" upon his helm, was the costume of one of the tallest and handsomest men in New York. The man who assumed the part of Launcelot is said to have chosen wisely in every way, while Mrs. Burke-Roche, one of the most famous of the American beauties went as Guinivere. Mahel Wright, a high-bred, delicate blonde, was Elaine, in a garment of pale-green silk, delicately wrought at the edges with golden needlework, her fair locks hanging in loose braids upon her shoulders. The Lady of Shalott was dressed in golden India tissue, with her yellow hair spread all about her in the fashion one sees io Rossetti's picture of the fairy lady. Vivien was represented by a little dark woman, with a countenance sparkling with vivacious diablerie, and she wore a dress of clinging white crêpe, with leaves of the oak-tree wound in ber black hair and sprays of golden mistletoe embroidered in the corners of her drapery.

The tickets were placed at a pretty high figure, and many young fellows of the dancing set, who know their power and use it, held back somewhat on the plea of poverty and the expense of a costume of the historical periods designated. But a resolution was passed to admit the pink coat as a costume. The ladies made a condition, however, that knee-breeches, silk stockings, low shoes, and buckles should be *de rigueur* with the pink coats, either white or black, at the pleasure of the wearer, although white was preferred. This will, it is hoped, establish the fashion of knickerbockers and silk stockings at all hunt club dances. They are infinitely more suitable than the ordinary wear of long, black trousers, and exceedingly becoming to a well-made man. Indeed, it is hardly possible to get up a more manly and effective costume than a pink coat with white or black-satin knickerbockers, silk stockings, and pumps, with diamond buckles at knee and instep. Mrs. James P. Kernochan gave a pink dinner on the night of the fancy ball, when tbe ladies were *poudré* and the men in full-dress hunting garb.

Concerning a recent book on "Men's Dress" the New York *Post* has this to say: American men, as a rule, are said to be less enlightened on the subject of dressing well than the men of a good many other modern nations. This, the author of "Hints about Men's Dress" thinks, is because "their forefathers, immediate and remote, have not been able to give them much information about dress or manner, having always been too busy to think about the minor things of life." The difficulty is, that the art of dressing correctly, like the art of speaking correctly, or of good manners, is part of that breeding whicb, while it may be more or less closely described in books, is derived in practice from inheritance and the early formation of habits. After examining the author's treatise with care and impartiality, we are more than ever convinced that there is an impalpable something about a well-dressed man which can not be taught through the medium of print. Most of his advice is excellent. When he says tbat the morning "tub" is not a mere English affectation, and that a man, to be well dressed, must first be well washed; when he insists that perfumes should not be used; when he recommends white underclothing (except in cases of rheumatic tendency, requiring of course material of a different color); when he objects to top-boots for evening dress; when he warns tbe student against having his boots hlacked at the street-corner; when he places paper collars and celluloid collars under the ban, and says of a shirt whicb opens behind that it is only one remove from the "dickey," than which nothing could be lower; when he says that to be well dressed is to be inconspicuously dressed; when he urges upon us that we should never be afraid to be well dressed, whether others are so or not—in all these and a thousand other matters, we are entirely at one with the author, and in all that he has to say on the subject of economy he is very judicious. Except for one fatal chapter, we should be almost ready to commend his work as a perfectly satisfactory *vade mecum* of the learning on the subject. In this chapter tbe author gives a list of clotbing which he considers essential to a gentleman, and, melancholy to relate, this is what he has to advise as to shirts: Shirts with collars and cuffs attached, two; shirts without collars and cuffs, six; collars, ten; cuffs, ten pairs. Here is the difference between the most careful theoretical study and the practice of dressing as a matter of early training and breeding. The author evidently does not know the great cardinal principle that the unit of shirts is one dozen—that it is not possible to have less than a dozen shirts. Nor is he aware that the custom of having collarless and cuffless shirts, with more cuffs and collars than shirts, however economical it may be, is a relic of that pioneer period when our forefatbers acquired the slovenly and indifferent habits which he is now trying to eradicate. This cuts deep. It is these inadvertences and incompletenesses, these weak spots in the best teaching, which makes us douht whether we shall ever be perfectly well dressed.

A London fashion journal says that there is in New York city a fashionable boarding-school where young women are taught to enter and get out of a carriage. "A vehicle with the proper pedal arrangements for this sort of exercise, which determines a lady's breeding and claim to social position, is kept in the back-yard of the educational establishment, and the carriage classes are put through the most arduous training." The information is also given that "another accomplishment peculiar to this gilt-edged academy is learning to eat asparagus, oranges, grapes, and other juicy and unmanageable viands in a style that shall represent the perfection of tahle manners."

"The magnificence of garter-buckles," said a jeweler recently, "is significant of the extent to which the rage for personal decoration has grown among women. We finished a pair of garter-buckles yesterday that were valued at eight hundred dollars. It would not be well, perhaps, for me to say who they are for, though the name is well known among the four hundred. They were a present from one sister to another. The design was more or less original. One side of the buckle was in the form of a heraldic shield, which had to be very skillfully enameled, owing to the amount of work in the quarters, while the other clasp of the buckle had the monogram set in diamonds. It is probable, by the way, that they will never be worn, but the idea was exceedingly pretty. In the majority of instances the more expensive buckles are kept on view and not in actual use. Tbere is a pronounced swerve in fashions of jewelry of late for small things. Formerly men were in the habit of giving diamond ear-rings, finger-rings, necklaces, or bracelets whenever they made presents, and the gewgaws and knickknacks were more or less inexpensive. Ten years ago it was impossible to find a glove-buttoner, lace-pin, hat-pin, hair-pin, sleeve-link, card-case, pocket-comb, or any one of a thousand trinkets which cost more than forty-five or fifty dollars. Now one can find an endless number of these accessories of a fashionable woman's attire which cost anywbere up to a hundred dollars."

The Paris correspondent of the New York *Tribune* says: "I was remarking not long ago to an American woman of fashion, who is no longer in life's delightful morning but ignores that fact, the greater civility to her sex of American manhood. 'You call it well, civility,' she answered; 'but in some things I prefer the Frenchman's way of taking us. In France one is not constantly reminded of the flight of time by the neglect with which one is treated. America is a very nice place for the miss in her teens. But ladies who are turning thirty do not like it so well. In ball-rooms they are utterly neglected, and they are looked upon as old and only good to be shelved at forty. A French lady who is at all agreeable is never reminded of the flight of time when she goes into society.'"

Flannel shirts well illustrate the doctrine of total depravity of inanimate things. They are totally depraved in their tendency to shrink. They will do it. Not that it is necessary, when opposing tendencies are brought into play to correct and restrain their disposition, but that eternal vigilance which is the price of liberty is also tbe price of freedom from shrinkage. This involves a personal strain to overcome the persistent willfulness of laundry-maids in the matters of hot water, hard rubbing, and strong twisting, which set into activity the tendencies of the flannels and cause them to wrinkle, kink, and shrink with devilish satisfaction, and plunges the man who has to wear sleeves about six inches too short for him into a cave of gloom. To nullify the laundry-maid, to let her do her worst without harmful result, is the promise and potency of a new idea in making flannel shirts, just brought out by an Eastern firm. With their new idea the flannel shirt which shrinks is not thereby reduced to *nocuous* desuetude. It is simply necessary to let out a link, and there the sleeve is as long and as good as ever. A simple tuck is the idea, and the value of the idea lies in the application of it. Tbe tuck is not made in the body of the sleeve, where it shows and scares off a customer, nor is it made in the cuff, where it would be hungling and difficult to let out, hut it is made on the shoulder on the inside where it does not show at all, and where, by cutting a thread, the sleeve can he instantly lengthened two inches.

We are nothing now, if not of the Directoire. Though it must be said that we charmingly mix up the Directoire, the empire, and the incroyable styles. However, if the result is good, the lack of artistic knowledge is forgiven to lovely woman. The gowns of our great-grandmammas are counted the smartest, though whether we will be scrupulously correct about them only time will prove. These dear old ladies, when they were young, went in for a scantiness of *lingerie* that would be thought a wee bit immoral, not to mention that it would be decidedly cold. A very closely gored camhric was the only thing worn under the empire gown, and it was made as short as possible, so that the ankle and—whisper it very quietly—even a part of the leg could he seen through the thin silk or India muslin gown. The effort was made to look as much like statuary as possible, and there was an entire week when the *lingerie* might have been represented by the figure o; but Napoleon objected to this, and insisted that something must he worn, so they shortened the petticoats still more and increased the size of their muffs. A very old lady, visiting in Paris, in 1802, describes in her letter what was worn: "It was the month of November, and cold weather, and therefore the walking-dress of the majority of the women surprised us not a little. It consisted of a gown *très décolleté*, and extremely short-waisted, with apparently only one garment under it. This gown tbey held up so as to discover one *jambe;* a shawl hung over the shoulders, the feet *chaussés* in their slippers, no bonnet or cap, and the curls on each side of the face greasy with *huile antique*." Thank the goddess of good taste we do not use oil nowadays, unless it is to rub the hody to make it supple. But the funny part of it all was that the fashion magazines of the day told these gentlewomen that "a petticoat was an odious and vulgar article, and that they could not form their under-dress too scanty, in order to exhibit to advantage the drapery which flowed over it!" A very hitter winter induced some of the very fashionable women to put on enormous coats like a hackney coachman's, with a numher of capes, and with these were worn the boa of hear-skin and the enormous muff, sucb as is pictured by Vigée le Bruo.

SOME NEW YORK CELEBRITIES.

Mrs. Atherton writes of an Actress, a Financier, and a Bishop.

In the death of Selina Delaro New York has lost one of her most picturesque and familiar figures. No one ever went to a first night without seeing the fragile, almost transparent, little creature, with her great, burning brown eyes hungry for life and haunted by death, and her mass of burned-gold hair framing a face that was like the disembodied outline of a once perfect and most material beauty. Everybody here is familiar with her history, but I do not know how it is on the other side of the Rockies. Her career was so short that I imagine her fame was confined to London, Paris, and New York. She was an Englishwoman by birth, and, having made a most unfortunate marriage, she went on the burlesque stage. She not only by her beauty and talent brought the world to her feet, but became the queen of Bohemia as well. She had the gayest of dispositions, the best of hearts, and the cleverest of minds. In fact, she was more than clever, she was a very brilliant and brainy woman, as her book, "Bella Dæmonia," conclusively proves. During her career in London she probably met every man and woman of note who made old or new acquaintance with the fogs of the city; and, if I am not mistaken, she had a similar experience in Paris. During her visits to New York she had equally brilliant success and was as great a favorite. Then consumption claimed her, and, refusing to accept silver laurels where she had worn gold, she left the stage forever.

After that, life was a hard struggle and she finally drifted to New York, where she was received with open arms by those who had applauded her in palmier days. Everybody was willing to lend her a helping hand, and, although the several plays she wrote were failures, it was not for want of earnest effort on the part of the actors and stage managers. For some reason she could not write a play that would go, and she finally gave it up and devoted herself to newspaper work, in which she was more successful. A year or two ago she brought out a book called "Mes Amours," which was a collection of the sonnets and letters, "playful and passionate," which had been addressed her by adoring swains in the days of her triumphs. This book had a wide sale among the curious and friendly, and filled her winter's larder.

It is probable that she never kept the wolf further off than the front gate, and at times he approached perilously near the front door, but she never lost her light, gay spirits, and twice a day, when well enough to be out, was surrounded at her café on Sixth Avenue by the cleverest journalists in the city. Probably no woman in Bohemia was ever so popular or had fewer unkind remarks made about her. At times she would not leave her bed for weeks; then, when her life had been despaired of for the twentieth time, some one would meet her on the street looking as gay and as active as ever.

Last summer she managed to get down to the sea-shore on Long Island, and with Heron-Allen's help—she was incapable of sustained effort—wrote her brilliant novel "Bella Dæmonia." She had previously written it for a drama, but it had proved a failure, so Heron-Allen suggested its possibilities as a novel. Both she and her gifted collaborator gave up the entire summer to its writing, only to have it stolen a month or two after it was finished. Belford, Clarke & Co. accepted it, then gave her the privilege of selling it first to a syndicate, as she was in great need of money. It was stolen from the *World* office, and the theft was doubtless actuated by malice, as no one would dare produce so widely read a manuscript. As she had not one enemy, the supposition is that as the manuscript was in Heron-Allen's handwriting, and as he has more than one enemy in the *World* office, the spite was misdirected against him.

For a short time she was in despair; the winter was coming, her intervals of prostration were becoming more frequent, and she was absolutely penniless. But with the courage that never long deserted her, she propped herself up in bed and once more with Heron-Allen's help rewrote the manuscript—entirely from memory; she had not even a rough draft. Lippincott in the meantime had heard of the story and asked her for it, offering her a fair price. She accepted it, and once more was at ease for a few months. She took a bare little apartment on Twenty-Third Street, next to Mrs. Langtry's house, and there lived during the few months left her. The place was cheerless, but she was always so gay that her many visitors rarely remembered the surroundings.

A couple of weeks ago she went out and bought tickets for the first night of Mrs. Langtry's "Macbeth," in which production she was much interested. Immediately upon her return home she was attacked with hemorrhage and sank steadily until she died last Friday morning. She seemed to be on the eve of brighter days, for her "Bella Dæmonia" (which appears next month) will undoubtedly be a success, and would have encouraged her to further effort. There is a report that she did some collaboration on "The Princess Daphne," and she unquestionably is the Mahmouré di Zulita of that book.

Another New York comet who recently shot under a cloud, which as yet has displayed no silver lining, is Henry S. Ives, the "Young Napoleon of Finance." No such genius had appeared in the American financial world since Ralston's death. I think he was about twenty-three when his unparalleled career began. After leaving college he went into one of the departments of Harper & Brothers, his original ambition being literary; but his nature was not prone to plod, and he soon drifted to Wall Street and became a clerk in a broker's office. For a year or so no one noticed the boyish-looking young man, with his long smooth face, his spectacles, and general cut of a country parson. But underneath that hair—which looked as if it were put up on crimping pins every night—was a brain which was destined to give Jay Gould some of the uneasiest moments of his life. One morning Ives calmly cornered the market on the stock exchange (of which, of course, he was not a member) in the matter of Mutual Union Telegraph stock, and used the exchange's own methods with the most conscientious punctiliousness. That august body squealed so loud that by night even the echoes were worn out. Then it kicked and refused to play; in other words, in an arbitrary and dishonest manner it used its superior power and declared Ives's contracts void.

Ives was now famous and held in holy terror, but was in great disrepute with the stock exchange. But he was a man of many cards. He gradually worked himself into the confidence of the promoters of different railway schemes and effected the combination of a number of railroad properties, which brought him several millions and additional fame.

This was the time when the comet was in mid-heaven and dazzling the arc and both horizons. The stock exchange toddled meekly at his heels and ate such crumbs from his hand as he chose to give them. He spent hours at Jay Gould's villa in grave consultation, and many a night did Gould spend on Ives's yacht, sitting under the stars until dawn, and listening with deep respect to the words of wisdom which fell from the lips of this phenomenal boy. And Ives had a good time with it all; he was a philosopher and made his hay while the comet gave its light. He fitted up a house in Brooklyn at the cost of a hundred thousand dollars, had his apartments in New York, and spent money like water. Parasites clung to and amused him, women smiled, nay, they grinned, and no one had a better time while it lasted than New York's young Napoleon.

Then the tide began to turn, for the fear in which he was held caused powerful forces to combine secretly against him. There was danger that he would ultimately control every railroad in the country. I met C. P. Huntington one day after Ives's downfall and asked him what he thought of the young man. He replied, with a shrug of his shoulders, "Oh, he made a ripple on the surface of the stream." But no one spoke of ripples when Ives was lashing the stream into a whirlpool.

He purchased the option on the Baltimore and Ohio road with the intention of consolidating it with certain Western roads, and of selling the telegraph plant to Jay Gould. These plans would have been carried out and Ives been the most powerful man in America had he been fairly dealt with by the financial part of the community. His plans were reputable and well conceived—a point freely conceded by all disinterested people who understand the question—and would have resulted in profit to every interest concerned; but he was betrayed in his final arrangements, and his downfall is the result of the deliberate breaking of promises solemnly made.

There was a suit which looked black for a time, but out of which he finally issued triumphant, and although many subsequent attempts were made to indict him, all failed until Saturday last. In the meantime, his money was gone and his hands were tied. His genius remained, however, and Wall Street was not easy. He sold his house in Brooklyn and moved to Hoboken, living quietly with his faithful negro valet and his dogs. Just as the world was beginning to wonder again what scheme he was hatching, he and his partner, Stayner, were arrested, the suit being brought presumably by the Cincinnati, Hamilton, and Dayton Railroad Company for misappropriation of funds, but claimed by Ives to be simply a move on the part of Dexter. The suit is a civil one and for something over two millions. The bail is fixed at two hundred and fifty thousand dollars each, and, as it is not yet forthcoming, the defendants are quartered in handsome apartments at the Sinclair House.

The progress of this suit will be watched with great interest. Public sympathy is with Ives, not only on account of his genius and the way he played marbles with the old heads of Wall Street, but because, through it all, he was the most modest, unassuming, unpretending youth who ever faced the world. He never got the swelled head for a moment.

In contrast to these two worldly yet glittering celebrities of our wicked New York stands out in cool relief the delicate, aristocratic figure of Bishop Potter. A favorite of destiny, born to the robes, donning them as his father laid them down, leading a life of unruffled prosperity, incensed with sanctity, the arbiter of all things religious in Gotham, society at his feet, his manners a proverb, his hand historical, old age yet lingering afar, he stands out as one of the most prominent and enviable figures in New York. The wild slide of his daughter-in-law from society to the footlights ruffled him a little, but he has long since recovered his calm serenity. I saw him twice—once at the Authors' Readings and once at a confirmation. Upon the first occasion he delivered the opening address, and as he arose and walked with graceful, stately dignity to the desk and lifted his hand, he looked as if about to offer up that address to the throne which he is accredited of delivering nightly: "O, Lord, thou makest the clay, but we are the Potters!" He did not, however; he merely delivered an amiable, somewhat pointless, speech in a peculiar, jerky, but striking fashion, and, this condescension over, retired from the stage and left the authors to scramble for themselves.

I saw him next at the Church of Saint Mary the Virgin—a beautiful little box upon which many thousands have been spent, where the music is superb, and the service so high that Bishop Potter takes particular delight in turning his back upon the altar as many times as he can manage upon such occasions as he is obliged to officiate. He never enters the church if he can avoid it. I shall never forget how he looked that night. He strolled on to the rostrum, his handsome, intellectual head bent, his aristocratic nostrils curved protestingly against the incense, his eye coldly oblivious of the mummeries of Rome. When the time came to confirm, he sat down on a chair, and, with an air of ineffable condescension, laid his hands on the successive heads and got off the formula with the unuttered but unmistakable sequel, "There, thank heaven, I'm through with you." When this was over, he stood up and delivered a perfunctory address to the uninteresting young creatures he had been obliged to waste some twenty minutes upon, and then went out and—not a soul in that church doubted—washed his hands without the delay of a moment.

Gertrude Franklin Atherton.

New York, January 21, 1889.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

The pictures most frequently seen in the papers just now are Cabin sighs.—*Boston Transcript.*

In Boston: "What are you doing, Agatha?" "Weadin'." "A what are you reading?" "'Woberi Elsmere.'"—*Life.*

Tommy—"Say, paw, was there a best-man at your wedding?" —"I should remark. There she sits right now."—*Terre Haute E press.*

"I don't write for money," said the poet, proudly. "Then, in heave name, what do you write for—revenge?" asked the editor.—*Yan Blade.*

Four bunters fire simultaneously at a rabbit that keeps on runnir and they ask altogether, "I wonder who missed that time?"—*Te Siftings.*

The man who wrote "Nothing is impossible" never tried to find pocket of his wife's dress when it was hanging up in a clothes-press *Toronto Mail.*

"Waiter, bring me some Eastport herrings in cottonseed oil." "I on the bill, sah." "Never mind the hill—bring me a box of sardine —*Boston Post.*

Mr. S.—"Shall we call on the Wetherbee's to-night, my dear *Mrs. S.*—"No; I have nothing to wear." *Mr. S.*—"Oh, then w go to the opera."—*Life.*

At Delmonico's. "Have you heard the news?" "No, what is it "Mrs. Potter's asp is dead." "Good beavens! What was the cause "Lack of nourishment."—*Exchange.*

There are four millions of collars made in this country every year, yet the young husband can never find one that will fit comfortably o home-made shirt.—*Somerville Journal.*

Railway superintendent (to car-inspector)—"Any of the cars ou order?" "Yes; No. 412 is unfit for service." "Well, use it only excursions after this."—*Lincoln Journal.*

Sixteen young ladies in Lowell have formed a whist club and m weekly for practice. It is said that the neighbors can hear them p whist three blocks away.—*Somerville Journal.*

Tommy Traddles (threateningly)—"I'll tell my father on you." H *Waffles*—"What do I care for your father? He can't hurt me." *Tom Traddles*—"Can't be? Can't he? My father is a doctor."—*New Y Sun.*

Mrs. de Temper—"Well, I declare! and so you are as old as husband? Why, you look twenty years younger. Does your wife l young, too?" *Mr. Hailfellow*—"I never married."—*Philadelp Record.*

Mrs. Manhattan—"But what a bopelessly vulgar lot those Jon are! Why, I hear that Mr. Jones pays all of his bills in cash, and Jones, to my personal knowledge, will go shopping for a pair of gl and carry them home herself!"—*Life.*

"I suppose," said Upton, meekly to the real-estate agent, "that hire this flat from you, I will be allowed to sleep in it when I am tir "Well, yes," returned the autocrat, adding a new clause to the co tions of the lease, "provided you don't snore!"—*Puck.*

"Oh, the terrible pawnshops!" said the actress to Paperwate, had rescued her diamonds; "what tales of misery those places c unfold had they tongues!" "Even a pawnshop has its redeeming ure," responded Paperwate. "What is it, I'd like to know?" " ticket."—*Life.*

Liberal pew-holder (dropping ten-dollar bill in contribution-box whispering to deacon)—"Smallest I have. I'll take four or five of silver dollars in the box and let it go." *Business-like deacon* (dra counterfeit-detector from his pocket)—"Wait a moment, please. *Chicago Tribune.*

Wife—"John, my housekeeping allowance won't suffice this w You'll have to help me out about five dollars." *Husband*—"Is that What's the trouble?" *Wife*—"Oh, it won't happen again, but I been trying some of the dollar dinners that the newspapers are full —*Harper's Bazar.*

Old James Brown Stone—"More money? Why, Jack, I'm tounded! When *I* was twenty, I lived on fifteen dollars a we *Jack Stone* (modestly)—"That may be, father; but you know didn't marry until you were forty; and I suppose I've inherited forty-year-old babits."—*Puck.*

Hoffman Howes—"Good gwacious, Gibby, what's the mattah never saw you look so dweadfully flusbed." *Howell Gibbon*—"A mawtification, Hoffy! I was standing in the car, and a man go saying: 'Pway take this seat, miss!' I'll nevah go out withou single eye-glass again."—*Puck.*

Chicagoan (to friend just arrived from Wyoming)—"Well, J how are things out in Shantyville?" *Jones*—"Booming! We'v six inhabitants now, and only two of them children. Don't you to come out there and start a newspaper? There's a fine opening newspaper-man."—*Burlington Free Press.*

Dumley (helping Brown home)—"What'll your wife say (hic), Br it's two o'clock." *Brown*—"Oh, she won't shay noshing. She' help me up the stairs (hic) an' put me to bed an' feel sorry (hic) tha so sick again. I tell you, Dumley, y' ought to be a married ma (hic) enjoy the comforts of a home."—*Epoch.*

Miss Clara—"Is that a new ring you have on, Ethel? It strik I have seen it before." *Miss Ethel* (blushing)—"Yes, Clara; Mr. Paperwate presented it to me last night. I have accepted *Miss Clara*—"Oh, indeed! I'm so glad. Accept my best wish thought that ring looked strangely familiar."—*Life.*

Mr. Turtledove (in the course of his daily spat)—"There's talking, my dear. A woman is always bound to have the last wo *Mrs. Turtledove*—"No, she isn't; and you wouldn't say such p ing things if you didn't know I would deny them!" (Turtledove creet silence proves the truth of his statement.)—*Puck.*

"Hasn't that young man gone yet, Clara?" impatiently asked t man from up-stairs; "if he doesn't start soon he'll find the parl ing giving way." "He's going in a moment, pa—just as soon as h singing 'I'm Going to be Married, ha, ha, Mamma.'" "I don' any singing," growled the old man. "No, papa, I'm singing it in soft tone for fear of rousing the dog."—*New York Sun.*

First department official (at Washington)—"I had a strange ence to-day—strange." *Second department official*—"You loo you'd seen a ghost. Come, tell me the story; anything to relie monotony." "It is not a ghost story. It's all flesh and blood." " well! out with it." "A man came to me to-day to ask about a which I couldn't refer to any other department and I actually had tend to it myself."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Bridget—"The nurse says, mum, that yez worr in the kitchen worr out?" *Mistress* (timidly)—"Yes, Bridget." *Bridget*—" dade, mum; an' what wud ye think if I wint into your boodwa ye worr out?" *Mistress* (more timidly)—"I should think it s Bridget." *Bridget* (modifying a little as she shatters a piece of on the floor)—"Well, mum, hut hereafter if yez will stick to yo part of the house Oi'll stick to mine."—*Epoch.*

"Mamma," said a fasbionable up-town girl, "there's a gentle the parlor who wants to see you." Mamma enters the parlor. cuse me, madam, for not sendink h'in me kiard, but h'unfortun forgot to hring one. I h'am a professor of the h'English language h'is spoke h'on Pell Mell and Piccadilly. I thought, perhaps, h' h'are young ladies h'in the family that you would like to have the me class h'in h'order to catch the correct Piccadillian and Pell h'accent." "Why, certainly, professor, I think I will be glad t (touching a bell). James, call Miss Laura."—*New York Sun.*

THE MAN IN SAN FRANCISCO.

"Where every Prospect Pleases, and only Man is Vile."

In criticising the Man in San Francisco one should remember that he is a rarity. The January peach, the special car, the steam-yacht, and the Man in San Francisco—these are the luxuries of life. So scarce is the latter that there is not nearly enough of him to go round. By skillful carving, neat dissection at the joints, they try to make up the deficiency, and those who get the neck, back, or gizzard, are expected to look as if they liked it, and were not jealous of the lucky one who daintily picks the liver-wing.

The Man in San Francisco is a good-looking fellow—not quite so much of an exquisite as his New York brother—with manners woodrous easy, if not absolutely off-hand. He parts his hair in the middle—unless of Hebrew extraction, when he affects what is known in the tonsorial profession as a "Pompadour"—and trains it to form little rings on his temples, wears a dress-suit with quite an air, and, in wet weather, a yellow overcoat with a deep cape. His collars are high, with dog's-ears, and he carries a cane with a buckhorn handle, silver-mounted. The highest form of modern civilization—a non-magnifying eye-glass—has not yet reached him, but the hopeful believe that its advent is near; the times are ripe for it, for be wears English tweeds in business hours, and has been known to carry an umbrella in the middle of the dry season.

The worst thing about the Man in San Francisco is that he knows his worth. When a man knows his worth and a horse knows its strength those in their immediate vicinity are apt to suffer from the knowledge. Tbe Man in San Francisco knows that he is not easy to duplicate. He can dictate his own terms, and, these not agreed to, retire to his tent and there luxuriate in sulks, while the social system of California falls to wrack for want of his sustaining presence. Wben his worshipers have sued long enough he comes fortb and rides over their prostrated bodies, imperturbable as Juggernaut. No fear of his value decreasing, the demand for him will never die, and the supply of him will never be suddenly replenished with a fresh stock, unless San Franciscan Beauty, like Old Colonial Valor, sends East in desperation for a consignment of marriageable young meo.

This jewel of the Pacific slope has the wisdom of the serpent. Knowing himself a social necessity, be makes society support him. "If you want me you must pay for me, and I am expensive," he says, and society takes him at his own figure, and is thankful. He has to perfection tbe art of managing life. He is gloriously triumphant where the Man in New York is an ignominious failure. Who has not heard the latter's plaintive wail?—

"How can I—handsome, charmiog, clever though I be—enjoy society? It is too expensive. Where can I get money for carriages, candies, flowers, little dinners at Del.'s, and opera-tickets? Society is not for me. I am too poor to enjoy it." And so, despairing, this mute, inglorious D'Orsay sinks with a bubbling cry into oblivion.

The Man in San Francisco has none of these qualms. "It's not a question of my enjoying society," says he; "society shall enjoy me. In short, I will make myself society." History repeats itself. The great Louis's "L'état c'est moi" thus finds its modern prototype. Of course he must labor in the vineyard. He constitutes himself the Luther of society and rids it of certain abuses. In the first place, there is no necessity for flowers and candy. He and his fellows form a union and boycott the candy and flower men, and when this pleasant species becomes extinct, that which takes its place is perforce accepted. A live dog is better than a dead lion, says the preacher—a live lover, penurious though he be, is better than an extinct one, no matter how lavisb of offerings at the shrine of Beauty.

The theatre-and-little-dinner habits were tougher growths to destroy. But the Man in San Francisco, sustained by the greatness of his mission, laid axe to their roots and worked untiringly. All that he did was not to go to the theatre. Beauty, with anxious glances ever shifting toward the entrance, sat lonely in her plush-hung box or orchestra chair, yawning dismally between mamma and papa. Sometimes the Man—in the largest capitals—would let his ligbt so shine before Beauty that she could see him, radiant in the distance. Gorgeous in trim evening-dress he leaned against the Pompeiian-red walls, studying the players through his opera-glass, and never so much as looking Beauty's way. She soon runs up the white flag. Papa is primed to the muzzle with messages and sent to accost the misogynist leaning against the wall. Papa, who fears the scorn of the lofty creature, hazards a timid invitation:

"Won't you come and take a seat in our box? Got to go? Too bad! Would you come up and dine with us on Tuesday? Just a few friends and go to the theatre after dinner. Thiok you can make it?"

The great Man, pulling bis long mustacbe as his memory languidly goes over his numerous engagements, bends his head with princely condescensioo, and thinks he can manage it.

He manages it. The dinner is excellent, the company good. They drive him down in a carriage, and after the play take him to supper. Papa treats, and all is merry as a marriage bell—for every one but papa, that is. He, dear, old, generous gentleman, has treated so long that his patience is stretcbed to the very thinnest tension, like a piece of strained elastic

Now and then—wben times are good—the Man evens tbe score by asking Miss Edith to the play. Papa and mamma are not asked. He feels tbat he is doing more than is expected of him by payiog for Miss Edith. If society was constructed on a practical basis tbe lady would pay for berself. Of course Edith is much flattered by bis invitation. It is something to be cbosen from so many unevened scores. Sbe thanks bim, but he interrupts ber to say:

"I asked two of the otber girls first, but they couldn't come. Molly had a sore throat and Ethel was out at a dinner. If you couldn't have come I would have gone on and asked Sally."

But Edith comes. She reasoos to berself thus:

"If I get angry and don't go he will never ask me again, and not dance with me all winter. I can't afford the risk. Anytbing rather than be a wall-flower."

In return for this uoexampled kindness to Edith, Edith's mamma asks him to her best parties, and, in the hope of extracting similar kindnesses, Ethel's mamma, and Molly's mamma, and Sally's mamma all bid him to their choicest festivities. Sally's mamma—she is not a woman of the world, poor creature—says, when Sally reads his name off her invitation list:

"That man! oh, Sally, what do you want him for? He is so very presumptuous!"

"But, mamma, we've got to have him. Of course he's borrid and nobody likes him, but he'll say such awfully disagreeable tbings about us if we don't ask him."

So he comes.

His married friends regard him as almost supernatural.

"Why don't you marry and settle down, old boy?" ask tbey, slightly envying and wondering how the deuce he does it. To whom he calmly confesses his creed:

"Why should I? I have a salary of a hundred a month. I live like a prince. I am asked to dinners almost every night, and feed upon terrapin and canvas-back. I go to every new play worth seeing in a fine carriage, sit in the best seats in the theatre, have a good supper and a pretty girl to talk to, and it doesn't cost me a cent. They write to me: '*Mamma wants you to come with us to "Storm-Beaten" on Wednesday. Can't you come up to dinner?*' I marry, and all this goes, and I'm reduced to my hundred dollars in a boarding-house and the society of a wife in curl-papers. My pretty girls, canvas-backs, terraoin, theatres, and carriages—all gone like smoke. No marriage for me, if you please!"

He is naturally extremely chary about his flirtations. No man has a greater horror of matrimony. He loves the chase, but not the fox. And though bis wealtb and his attainments are not such as would ordinarily captivate the female heart, he lives in a perpetual state of fear that some day a masked battery will open upon him, or a flank movement surprise him, and he will ignominiously capitulate. Already he has had several hair-breadth 'scapes from the imminent, deadly spinster. He, therefore—for still greater security—tries to strew his attentions broadcast over the whole rosebud garden of girls. Once concentrate them on the individual and it becomes dangerous. Rumors of an engagement might follow such an indiscretion, and a rumored engagement is the next worst thing to a genuine engagement. His prestige would drop like the mercury of a tbermometer moved from sun to shade.

Now and theo, of course, more or less successful attacks have been made upon him. He has been pursued by damsels whose offers of dinners and theatre-tickets disguised their more fell design of doworight capture. The Californian huntress, when her sporting blood is roused, enjoys to the full the pleasures of the chase. And to this particular kind of still-hunt does she seriously incline. It was after the mildest of affairs with Miss Tompkins—a Diana of ripened charms—that the Man suddenly was greeted with the news of his approaching nuptials. Strange to say, be did not envince that rapture wbicb, in his position as one of the contracting parties, might have been expected.

The horrible rumor broke upon him gradually. It was started at a tea, whispered at a reception, murmured at a dinner, discussed at a german. Going to tbe club in the evening, he meets those two exquisites, Jones and Smith, under the shadow of the columned portico, the ground-glass door swinging to behind them, the pendant-lamp casting a feeble light over their elegant, tall figures, gleaming on their high hats and the diamond sparks which prick the snowy expanse of sbirt-bosom visible between the loose fronts of their unfastened overcoats. Jones, pausing on the step to light his cigarette, his head bent, his hands curved over the match, the ligbt flickering red on his face, says:

"So you're to be congratulated, old boy! We didn't expect it of you—you've been so deuced quiet about it. Wish you joy!"

"She's a lovely girl," says Smitb, tbe friendly man of tact: "you're a fellow to be envied."

"Heard it at the dance last night," continues Jones, tossing away bis match and descending the steps; "you're in luck—lovely girl! A thousand congratulations, dear boy."

And they drift away into the darkness, the clicking of their canes on the pavement sharply breaking through the distant rumble from the larger thoroughfares. The Man is left standing on tbe steps in frozen horror. Then his rage rises. He knows wbo has done this deadly deed, the trail of the serpent is visible. He jams his hat fiercely down over his ears, hails a cab, and, gasping out the perfidious Tompkins's address, leaps in. As be rattles over the pavement he rehearses the approaching interview. Liberties, whicb shall be avenged, have been taken witb his sacred name. A surreptitious attack has been made on bis solvency. The code forbids cballenging her with fists or swords, but there is no law against the use of spoken language.

Entering, hat and stick in hand, he finds Miss Tompkins reading by a red lamp with a high-brass stand, accessories all rich and harmonious as befits the shrine of Beauty. The lady presents a charming tableau, profile turned, bair in a Greek twist, one pointed, patent-leather toe tbrust from the froth of white-silk frills lying along the carpet. Greetings over, the gentleman says, breathing fiercely through his nose:

"I heard this afternoon a rumor of our engagement. How could that have been started?"

The Lady (in great alarm)—"Really, bow should I know? How embarrassing!"

The Man—"I wish it stopped immediately, this instant, without fooling."

The Lady (feebly)—"Of course, of course!"

The Man (witb a vengeful, glaring eye upon her)—"I should like to catch the person who started it."

The Lady (following bis brilliant lead)—"So should I."

The Man—"Rumors of this nature are unpardonable—insulting!"

The Lady (her spirit rising)—"Sir!"

The Man—"If I could find the idiot who started it, I'd give tbem a lesson!"

The Lady (bridling wrathfully)—"Do you mean——"

The Man (interrupting)—"I mean that I don't wish my name coupled with anybody's—anybody's in that manoer."

The Lady—"Really, sir, this language——"

The Man—"Never mind about the language—just remember what I say. The next person who starts a rumor that I'm engaged, will be sorry they were born. I wish you good-evening, Miss Tompkins!"

Exit, slamming the door. Miss Tompkins falls prostrate on the sofa in a picturesque attitude, decides to cry, and then forgets to in the absorbing interest of thinking over which of the things she has said has most probably started the rumor.

"Something I said to one of the girls; I suppose they have repeated it to him," she remarks, with an abstracted sigh, dusting her face with her handkerchief; "he was quite rude, but I can't afford to quarrel with him. He always took me out in the german."

So at tbe next german she gives him two favors, and tbey smoke "the calumet, the peace-pipe."

After all, one must not blame him; to have not only the bread but the terrapin and canvas-back taken out of your mouth, is enough to ruffle the sweetest temper. IRIS.

FEBRUARY, 1889.

Those unfortunate men who have to speak at dinners know in what travail success is born. They also know the bitterness of failure. But they can never tell whether they will succeed or fail. In the progress of years, however, the after-dinner-speaker acquires a certain *cachet*, or hall-mark, and is accepted of the vulgar as a post-prandial Demosthenes. After that, anything he may say with a snivel, is pathos; anything with a snort, wit. These reflections are inspired by the following remarks, delivered by Joseph Howard, the well-koown correspondent, at a dinner given the other night by the New York Typothetæ, a club of publishers, publicists, etc. The dinner was in memory of Benjamin Franklio. Mr. Howard said:

If I had failed to receive an invitation to your dinner, I should have felt that life was hardly worth living. (Laughter.)

When I saw His Imperial Nibs over there, General Ewing, who reminds me so constantly of Roscoe Conkling, and my old friend yonder with a suggestion about him of Silver Jones, of Nevada, and there, beyond the reporter's table, my other friend who so strongly resembles Henry Bergh, I said to myself, Joe, you're at home! (Laughter and applause.) I am here not as a journalist, hut as a newspaper worker. A journalist has the same position that a salesgentleman has in A. T. Stewart's emporium. We are either dudes or workers. (Laughter.) I am a worker, thank God! (Applause.)

While we have been honoring B. Franklin, we have forgotten the later Franklin, Horace Greeley. (Long continued applause.) I regret more than I can express that brother Dana is not here to-night. As I sat in my study to-day I found written in a hook entitled "Many Men," given to me hy Tom Evans, a note hy Dana, written on February 14, 1872. Mr. Dana wrote that it would be a good scheme to erect a statue to Horace Greeley, that $15,000 had been raised, and he suggested the names of several gentlemen to assist in raising $15,000 more. There were William Page, who has gone, Bayard Taylor, and Marshall O. Roberts, who are both gone—and who do you think was the other? The greatest mind this country or century has ever known, a man who stood hy his friends like a man, Henry Ward Beecher. (Loud applause.)

This money was not to toy with, hut to raise a statue to Horace Greeley, who did more for journalism, until politics cankered his soul, than any other man ever known. (Enthusiastic applause.)

I received a hundle of papers to-day. One of them to the Editor of "The Press" said, "Why don't you suppress that Howard column? It casts a gloom all over the paper?" (Laughter.) It was signed "A Reader." Now I'll wager it was written hy my old friend "Veteran Observer." (Continued laughter.)

The Apostles, great and good and harefooted as they were (laughter), did not contrast favorably with Dr. Halls and Talmages and other military chaplains of to-day. (Laughter.) The only thing I heard to-night which produced a favorable impression on me was the suggestion that the printers of the country have it in their power hy fraternization and comradicity, those are pretty hig words for me (laughter), to take the dog of life hy the tail of distress, lift it over the rail of despair, and land it on the highway of self-support. (Laughter and applause.) When you are handed together, what is there the papers and magazines of the country cannot accomplish in the uplifting of the human race? (Loud and long-continued applause, after which Mr. Howard's health was drunk with enthusiasm.)

This speech was the success of the evening. But can any one tell why? It certainly is not the matter—it may have been the manner. But to a dispassionate observer, reading it in cold type at a distance of several thousand miles, it seems most dismal rubbish. All the speeches at this dinner, by tbe way, were reported stenographically. The New York dailies give much space to matters of this kind. In San Francisco our live papers allot the corresponding space to the intrigues of rake-hell barbers witb the frail wives of cuckolded chiropodists.

Mr. Pierre Lorillard is certainly a man of ideas. Not satisfied with founding Tuxedo, he has invented a floating stable, which is now following his yacht through Southern waters. A coach and coach-horses, besides horses for cross-country riding and a pack of hounds, are accommodated on this raft, and when the owner gets tired of sailing he anchors his stable, mounts his horse, and away he goes. Tbe advantages of a floating stable are only to be appreciated on inla .

Herbert Bismarck has acquired the ill-will of the London reporters. On arriving in London recently he was accosted by a representative of a London newspaper, who presented his visiting card. Bismarck put his bands behind his back, saying with quiet contempt: "I have enough luggage already, thanks!"

Tbe remedy against sore throat of wearing a few threads of Berlin wool around the throat is said to act by keeping up a belt of skin action and so acting as a counter-irritant.

Professor Graham Bell says that the congenital deaf-mutes of the country are increasing at a greater rate than the general population.

SOUVENIRS OF EUGÉNIE.

"Parisina" discusses a Volume of Recollections of Her Court.

It is by no means generally known that the first time the future bride of Napoleon the Third saw the man who was afterward to raise her to the purple was from the windows of the prefecture of police. Mme. de Montijo and her daughter were paying a visit to Mme. Delenert, the wife of the prefect, and she, having been informed that Prince Napoleon, who had just been arrested at Strasbourg, was being examined by the magistrates, placed her guests at the window where they could see the captive prince pass out under the escort of a captain of the gendarmerie.

Who could have imagined that one day the child of fourteen, whose eyes followed the prisoner as he rode past on his way to captivity, would one day be his wife and reign with him over France?

This, and many other interesting things, does Mme. Carette tell us in the volume of souvenirs which she has just published.

One has to go back nearly twenty years to remember who was Mme. Carette. My memory tells me she was a very handsome woman, and that Cabanel, in his well-known portrait of her, was no flatterer. I do not think French artists do flatter in a usual way—they place their art too high. The empress, who was one of the most beautiful women of her time, was a great admirer of beauty, and so was the emperor you will say. Therefore, happening to note a lovely young girl in a bevy of others who were assembled in the big drawing-room of the prefecture at Brest to present the empress with a bouquet on her arrival in that town, they were both eager to learn who she was. And it appeared she deserved recognition, not only for her beauty, she being the granddaughter of a worthy veteran, Admiral Bouvet. That evening a big ball was given, and Mlle. Bouvet was singled out by their majesties, who deigned (I quote the phrase of the young courtier) to speak a few kind words, to which she was too much awed and frightened to reply, though her looks must have been eloquent enough, for, as Copperfield did when he first met Dora, she "fell then and there into captivity."

Eugénie, in all the splendor of her queenly beauty, was well-fitted to excite the admiration and worship of an ardent young provincial. A week later there was to be a second ball at St. Malo, and Bouvet *père* consented to take his daughter and stay over night. There was a difficulty about vehicles, and, as it was impossible to walk, the night being stormy, the future lectrice (for it was in the capacity of reader that Mlle. Bouvet went to court) was trundled to the ball in a sort of sedan-chair on wheels, which a man pushed from behind like a wheel-barrow. As on the first occasion, the happy girl was the object of special remark, and went home to dream of the empress in her pale-blue gown, with her crown of golden tresses.

Six years later Colonel Bouvet—his promotion had been rapid—died, and Empress Eugénie offered to take his daughter and provide for her future. The only difficulty was in what capacity should she serve her imperial patron. There had been no maids of honor at the French court since Louis the Fourteenth's time. It was decided that she should be a reader—second reader—for there was already one who bore that title, a Comtesse de Wagner, a foolish old woman with a brown wig, who would fain have transformed it into a flaxen one had not the empress strictly forbidden the transformation. And henceforth she was made one of the imperial household and until her marriage was the almost constant companion of the empress.

The number of persons actually admitted into the intimacy of the great ones of the earth is so restricted that really one knows very little how they live and what existence is like in the inner recesses of a palace, and, therefore, it is pleasant to dip here and there into Mme. Carette's reminiscences. We do not naturally care a fig for politics, her minor details and anecdotes alone amuse us. Thus it is interesting to be told that the emperor was very fond of relating the various incidents of his escape from Ham; how, feeling so well concealed by the disguise of a mason and the loss of his mustache, he passed the sentries almost without a heart-beat, and was cool-headed enough when he let his pipe fall to think of stooping down and picking up what remained of it, knowing that this was what a workman would certainly not fail to do.

During that ride into captivity, which commenced at the prefecture of police under the eyes of the girl who later on was to share his honors with him, he suffered some hardship—not the smallest being, to the then dandy prince, that he had no change of linen. The officer in command of the escort, a great hulking fellow, kindly offered him one of his own clean shirts out of his traveling kit, and the offer was accepted, though the garment proved inconveniently long and wide. In later years the gendarme had reason to thank his stars that he had a change of raiment about him; the shirt brought him promotion, for the emperor had one good point at least, he never forgot a kindness. On the very day when he was elected president he telegraphed for the ex-governor of Ham Castle, who was then serving in a regiment at Lynns, and who had been severely blamed by the government of Louis-Philippe for not having looked more carefully after his prisoner. The poor man came up to Paris in a great fright, bringing his wife with him, and they repaired to the Elysée together, where he was informed by the president that he had been appointed governor of the Château of St. Cloud. "You guarded me so well at Ham you must take good care of me at St. Cloud. And you, madame, cease to regret your brnth," said the prince, with a mischievous smile, for the governor's wife had been occupied at the time of the evasion in making beef-tea for the prisoner, who had pretended illness so as not to be obliged to answer the roll-call in the morning.

When Mlle. Bouvet first took up her abode at the Tuileries she was the only person unconnected with the domesticity of the palace who actually resided there; the dames du palais were brought every day at two o'clock and taken back at night. True, there was Mme. Pollet, but though promoted to be the treasurer of the empress after her marriage with an officer of infantry, she had commenced her career as Eugénie's maid in the Montijo days, and was not really one of the suite. This first waiting woman was a Spaniard; her mistress called her Pepa and spoke to her in her own language, and, indeed, her knowledge of French was very imperfect. She had a nasty little temper of her own, and was given to scolding the women under her direction, and if they laughed at her behind her back and enjoyed to hear her teased by the empress, who was wont to laugh at her for her timidity, saying "Pepa, go and see what is moving behind that curtain!" which she, nervous, would do trembling, why she really brought it on herself. Mme. Pollet was popularly supposed to have great interest with the empress, and so she had, in a way. That is to say, all purchases and orders were made through her for the imperial wardrobe, of which she had the care, including the jewels which were the private property of the empress; those that belonged to the crown being brought from the treasury every time they were wanted. She occupied an apartment over that of the empress, where the dresses and finery were kept, and where, too, Mlle. Bouvet was installed in a couple of rooms with attic-windows looking over the garden. It has been said that the dress which the fair Eugénie was to wear was arranged with the petticoats inside, and let down over her head from above, through a trap-door in the ceiling; but Mme. Carette denies this, and tells us how she amused the empress by telling her what she had heard on the first occasion of her being admitted to the imperial dressing-room. The fact was this: in one corner of the room there was a lift by which the different articles of apparel were conveyed from the upper regions, the small staircase that led from thence to the empress's apartments, and down to that of the emperor's beneath, being most narrow and inconvenient. The reader, on the first day of her residence, thought she should never reach the bottom as she followed the groom of the chambers down its windings, lighted only by a lamp here and there. In the corridor, too, that divided the emperor's suite from that of the Prince Imperial, it was pitch dark, and lights burned there night and day. You see the Tuileries was built long before people really understood what home comforts meant, and the fact is this palace was so inconvenient that on more than one occasion the emperor made up his mind to pull it down and build it up again on a better plan. The communists in the end saved future occupants the trouble.

Once a year the empress distributed her dresses among her maids, who reaped a good deal of money by selling them. It appears that a large proportion were shipped off to America. The boots and shoes, of an unusually small size, were reserved for the orphans of the Maison Eugénie, and girls of twelve wore the white-satin boots of their patroness when they were confirmed.

All those who can remember the beautiful empress as she appeared in her landau, driving to the Bois, as I can, clad in a rich mantle and with one of Mme. Virot's latest creations on her head, naturally supposed that the gown beneath was of a similarly rich fabric; but Mme. Carette informs us that she almost invariably wore black silk in the day-time. And think of it, fair ladies—who are to be seen in the most ravishing succession of morning-gowns and tea-gowns—she was dressed for the day when she got up, and did not even possess such a thing as a regular robe-de-chambre. When the Prince Imperial took the measles and she insisted on sitting up with him, the reader—who was of about the same height and figure as the empress—was sent to purchase one at the Louvre, as if for herself, and brought back a flannel gown which her royal mistress declared was "an extremely comfortable garment."

Every evening, however, Eugénie put on full dress for dinner. A little before half-past seven o'clock the emperor went up-stairs to fetch his wife, and they entered the drawing-room together with the prince, who, from the time he was eight, dined with his parents. Before the arrival of Mlle. Bouvet, the table on ordinary days was laid for thirteen covers, and one or two superstitious souls hailed the advent of a fourteenth with delight. The emperor and empress sat together, the prince on his father's right, opposite was General Rollin, the prefect of the palace, with one of the dames du palais on his right and the reader on his left.

The food was exquisitely prepared and of the most *recherché* description. Almost all the year round asparagus and green peas, peaches and strawberries figured on the menu. The plates and dishes were in silver, the old silver-gilt service and old Sèvres porcelain being reserved for state occasions. Never did the dinner last more than three-quarters of an hour. The waiting and general organization were the admiration of every royal guest to the Tuileries. Of course the imperial hosts had special servants to attend on them, and the empress, moreover, had a black boy dressed in the richest Oriental costume—an awful little Turk who obeyed no one but his mistress, and handed her the dishes as if he were performing the highest function of the state.

When dinner was over, the whole party returned to the drawing-room and coffee was served, which the emperor drank standing while he smoked cigarettes. Etiquette was observed so far, that even on ordinary occasions the ladies also remained standing until the emperor told them they might be seated, which he did in a usual way, and the conversation became general. Here and there about the tables were packs of cards in morocco-cases. Mechanically, as it were, Louis Napoleon would take one out, shuffle it, and go through that complicated game of patience of which the French *bourgeoisie* is so fond. Otherwise, cards were never played at the Tuileries. Sometimes, to amuse the prince, they would get up a game of loto, when the emperor, walking into his study, would bring forth some rolls of ten-sou pieces fresh from the mint, and, breaking their envelopes, scatter the glittering shower on the table to serve as markers.

At ten o'clock, tea was brought in, the dames du palais brewing the fragrant beverage and serving it with their own fair hands. On the same board stood a pot full of orange-flower tea, which some of the gentlemen preferred to Hyson. Then the emperor generally retired, but the party did not for that break up. Eugénie liked conversation, and cultivated it with success, and it was seldom much before midnight when she rose, bowed a congé to the company, and took her departure, accompanied by her reader. Outside the door of the salon stood, silent and immovable, a sentinel of the Hundred Guards, his breast-plate and white plumes shining out in the semi-obscurity. Another was stationed at the top of the corkscrew staircase. At first Mlle. Bouvet used to feel startled by these silent apparitions, but she soon got accustomed to them, and also to the quiet foot-fall of the well-drilled grooms of the chambers as they flitted to and fro on various errands.

For all its grandeur it was a quiet, monotonous life for a young girl to lead. She was permitted to see her relatives and friends at the palace—her female friends—but she could not return their visits, nor, indeed, did she, except on one or two occasions, ever stir out without the empress, and she went with her everywhere, even to see the cholera-stricken patients at the hospitals. Mme. Carette more than hints that it was even dull for the empress—a woman cut off from her own people, so to speak, and elevated to so giddy a height that she could have little in common with those around her. Princesses born to the purple have known no other life, but Eugénie de Montijo had tasted of the sweets of freedom. She spent a good many hours of the day alone, seated in a low chair by the fire reading or writing, while Mlle. Bouvet was busy sorting papers in a narrow gallery, divided from the private room of the empress by a curtain.

Ah! those papers! If Mme. Carette's tongue were not tied, how readily she would let us into some of the secrets of those pigeon-holes! Empress Eugénie had a perfect mania for collecting papers and letters, not only her own, but also those that the emperor would otherwise have committed to the flames. He used to call her his little mouse. The reader's principal occupation was to catalogue and arrange these documents. When the war was in progress and things were going ill, the empress-regent had them packed up, sent to Brest, and put on board a man-of-war, and now they are safely stored in England. I expect there are people, who, having changed their coats since the fall of the empire, would by no means be pleased to hear there is a possibility of those papers seeing the light. I daresay they will some day, or at least some portion thereof.

Empress Eugénie preferred to read to herself, and, so far as reading aloud was concerned, Mlle. Bouvet's office was almost a sinecure. Sometimes, however, of an evening when sleep did not come easily, the reader was told to take a seat by the imperial lady's bedside and read the evening papers to her. More often than not they were an excuse for half-an-hour's quiet chat with the girl, whom Eugénie treated almost as a daughter. It is plain that Mme. Carette, if she were never made the actual confident of her patron's domestic troubles, divined them.

Louis Napoleon was an affectionate and kind husband, but he did not consider that faithfulness was necessary, or even possible, for a man in his position. He was extremely fond and proud of his wife; in speaking to her he always used the intimate *tu*, was playful in his manner toward her, and treated her somewhat as a spoiled child. That she should be jealous of this mistress or that never occurred to him, and when once or twice she made him feel she was hurt and pained, he turned the matter off with a joke, and would go off as usual at ten o'clock to a rendezvous that his aide-de-camp had arranged, as if it were the simplest thing in the world. And on the morrow he would meet his wife with that placid, inscrutable face of his, and call her his little mouse, and play with his boy—a very model of husbands, to all appearances. In the meanwhile, Eugénie may have cried her eyes out during the long lonely night. Ah! the head is not always easy that wears a crown. And yet, when they have lost it, how eagerly they clutch at every straw that may, perchance, help them to regain it! PARISINA.

PARIS, January 17, 1889.

We have received the following note and enclosure:

LONDON, January 12, 1889.

TO EDITOR OF ARGONAUT—*Dear Sir:* The following is a copy of a document in a Western cathedral in Catholic times, *anno* 1182. Please send me by return what it is worth to you. K. SUTHERLAND.

6 SCARSDALE TERRACE, KENSINGTON, W., LONDON.

To work done:	£	s.	d.
For soldering and repairing St. Joseph	0	0	8
Cleaning and ornamenting Holy Ghost	0	0	6
For repairing the Virgin Mary and making a new child	0	4	8
For screwing a new nose on the Devil, putting a new horn on his head, and glueing a bit on his tail	0	5	6
	£0	11	4

Inasmuch as the item in question has been banging around the newspapers for a quarter of a century until it is frayed, frizzled, and out at elbows, and inasmuch as it has appeared in all of the 15,879 newspapers of the United States and Canada, as well as in Ayer's Almanac, we regret that we can tender to our distant correspondent nothing but the assurance of our most distinguished consideration.

The Argentine Republic, with its 1,125,000 square miles and less than 4,000,000 population, has debts of the national and provisional government and of municipalities of the republic amounting to $600,000,000, of which $100,000,000 has been created during the past year. In addition its railways, of which it has 5,000 miles, and its other industrial undertakings have been upon an enormous scale. Altogether the public debts of the country are $900,000,000, which, in proportion to the population, is between six or seven times as great as ours are.

Oscar Wilde's mamma, Lady Wilde, asserts that a man does not become deadly dangerous to female susceptibility until he reaches the age of fifty. This from a British standpoint may be critically correct, but in this country our maids and widows find the young men in the twenties quite dangerous enough.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the ecipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolic- ed by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for nsideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting man- ripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to ays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" ill return all unavailable MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are closed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we e not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The Travelers Insurance Company is to issue this month, in five ctavo volumes, the only uniform edition of the works of Walter Bage- ot, the economist, yet published. Whether or not the scheme is a ovel scbeme for advertising the company, the work, if well done, is ire to be valuable. It was of Walter Bagehot, when be died, that ugustine Birrel said: "He took with him more originality than he left ehind in all the three kingdoms."

At the Encyclopedia Britannica banquet last month Mr. Adam W. Black, on behalf of the publisbers, said that the authors' "corrigenda mounted to what was equivalent to setting up the twenty-four quarto olumes from beginning to end twice over." This of itself is sufficient account for the tedious delay in its issues. The suggestion of the *pectator* that it migbt be possible to issue an edition of the Encyclo- edia Britannica "in one hundred instead of twenty-four volumes—an dition of a size which could be lifted without a backacbe, and read hile sitting in a chair," is meeting with unexpected favor from readers ho buy books to read, and not to look at.

Mr. Kitton's new book, "Charles Dickens by Pen and Pencil," is kely to be one of the most interesting works that has been published oncerning the author of "The Pickwick Papers." Edmund Yates, eorge Augustus Sala, E. L. Blanchard, Godfrey Turner, E. L. Finlay, rederick Locker-Lampson, Charles Kent, Arthur Locker, W. P. Frith, nd G. D. Leslie are among those who will contribute to its pages, and liss Dickens will write a special chapter. It will be issued in twelve arts, and will be copiously illustrated. Among the illustrations will be a eproduction of a pencil-drawing from life—now in possession of the ueen—by R. J. Lane, which is an admirable portrait of the novelist in e days when "Pickwick" was in course of publication. Only five undred copies of the work will be printed for England and the same umber for America.

The copyrigbt question raised in the matter of Mr. Hale's copyright two short stories, "The Man Without a Country" and "My Double, nd How He Undid Me," presents some curious features. A recent aragraph spoke of Mr. Hale's "issuing" an injunction against Messrs. orter & Coates, which was a misprint. He claimed the right to an in- unction, but the question had not, at last accounts, been brought to a st in the courts. Both stories were published in the *Atlantic Monthly* its early days, and were made part, by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, of a olume originally called "Atlantic Tales." The plates of this, with all ghts, were bought at the Osgood sale by Messrs. Porter & Coates, and ere was no notice in the catalogue, or verbal or other notice, that it as subject to copyright. Messrs. Porter & Coates renamed the book Modern Classics," and copyrighted under this title. It has, of late ears, been made part of their popular *Alta* series. Messrs. Porter & oates, under these circumstances, sbould scarcely be called "pirates." is now stated that in the original publication one of these stories was ot copyrighted at all, and that the other was entered only under the eneral *Atlantic* copyright, which in the year in question was wrongly ated and therefore tenchnically void. Under the whole contention is n interesting question of the rigbt to reprint sbort stories.

Some Magazines.

Lippincott's Magazine for January contains a complete story, "A ransaction in Hearts," by Edgar Saltus. R. H. Stoddard contributes paper on Nathaniel Hawthorne, and there are also articles by Judge ourgee and John Habberton.

The February number of *The Studio* contains full-page reproductions f two of Rembrandt's largest canvases. They are life-size, three- uarter portraits of Christian Paul Van Beeresteyn, burgomaster of elft, and his wife Volkera Nicolai Knobbert. In addition, the number lso contains a pboto-etching reproduction of an important terra-cotta roup recently received from Cyprus.

The initial number of *The Library* comes from England, informing s that it is the organ of the Library Association of the United King- om, and that its special province is to be "bibliography and literature." he place of honor is awarded Austin Dobson, who opens the pages ith "A Forgotten Book of Travels," the record of a young Prussian iergyman, Charles P. Moritz, who crossed to England over a century go for a seven weeks' sojourn, and, in anticipation of a prevalent cus- om nowadays, on his return home gave his impressions to his country- en in a volume entitled "Travels, chiefly on Foot, through several arts of England." The remainder of the periodical is devoted mainly things bibliographical rather than literary.

The *Popular Science Monthly* for February contains the following rticles: New chapters in "The Warfare of Science," I—Demoniacal ossession and Insanity, by Andrew D. White, LL. D.; "Physical raining of Young Children," by M. F. Lagrange; "The Political ontrol of Railways: Is it Confiscation?" by Appleton Morgan; Giant Reptiles of a Past Age," by Otto Meyer, Ph. D.; "The Yezi- ees, or Devil-Worsbipers," by Dr. L. E. Browski; "The Dance of the ady Crab," by T. H. Morgan; "On the Causes of Variation," by rofessor C. V. Riley, Ph. D.; "The Story of a Scbool," by Professor ames Johonnot; "Underground Waters in Rock Transformations," y Professor G. A. Daubrée; "The Origin of Holidays," by Harlow iale; "New Facts in Alcoholic Heredity," by T. D. Crothers, M. D.; omments on "The Sacrifice of Education," by Professor F. Max Müller, rofessor E. A. Freeman, and Mr. F. Harrison; "Sketch of John B. tallo, with portrait; and the usual departments.

New Publications.

"The Weaker Vessel," a new novel by D. Christie Murray, has been ublished in the Franklin Square Library by Harper & Brothers, New ork; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 50 cents.

"Bible Characters," a series of scrappy analyses by the late Charles eade, has been republished in a thin volume bound uniformly with his her works as issued by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by he Bancroft Company.

"The Story of Realmah," in which Sir Arthur Helps pictured life one of tbose cities wbicb have for centuries lain at the bottom of cer- in Swiss lakes, has been republished in the Handy Library by Roberts rothers, Boston; for sale by The Brancroft Company; price, 75 cents.

John Frost's book on "The Presidents of the United States" has been vised by Harry W. Frencb, so tbat it now gives the personal and polit- al histories of our chief-magistrates from Washington to Cleveland. ach biographette is accompanied by a portrait of the subject. Pub- ished by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; rice, $1.50.

The latest volume to appear in the excellent translations from Balzac y Miss Katherine Wormely is "Louis Lambert." Those who are inter- ted in Theosophy, Occultism, and other Oriental isms, sbould read the ook. Tbose who have read it before and failed to understand it sbould ad it again, as its mysteries are here unlocked. Mr. George Frederic arsons—formerly of California, now one of the New York *Tribune* litors—has written an elaborate introduction to the new translation, in hich the connections between modern scientific hypotheses and the abbalistic and Hindu theories upon which Balzac founded his philoso- ny, are set forth most clearly. This is another one of the series which alzac entitled "Etudes Philosophiques." In this group may also be found "La Peau de Chagrin" and "La Recherche de l'Absolu." It is in these studies that we think Balzac is at his best; he strips from bis wings the sordid realism wbicb clogs them in such work as "Eugénie Grandét," and soars toward the zenitb in the realm of fancy. Published by Roberts Brothers; for sale by the booksellers.

"Æsop's Fables," translated by the Rev. Thomas James, and "Ancient Spanish Ballads: Historical and Romantic," translated by J. G. Lockhart, are the latest English classics reprinted in the Knickerbocker Nuggets. These two volumes are illustrated, the one by John Tenniel, the other by William Allen, David Roberts, William Harvey, and others, in a style that compares very well with our vaunted cheap and artistic engravings; and in the other departments of the book-maker's trade they are equally charming. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Strickland & Co. and Pierson & Robertson; price, $1.25 and $1.50, respectively.

The subject of "animal magnetism," "bypnotism," or "mesmerism," as it is variously called, is one in wbicb much interest is taken of late years. Considering the length of time since Mesmer's day, it is extraordinary how many intelligent people regard the phenomena of hypnotism as fraudulent. It is, perhaps, true that many itinerant "mesmerists" are charlatans, but it is also true that there are many genuine phenomena mixed up with their charlatanry. Those who are interested in this subject can find no better authority than a work called "Animal Magnetism," by Alfred Binet and Charles Féré, physicians at the Salpêtriere Hospital, in France. These gentlemen have for years been conducting experiments in bypnotism, and the results as set down in this volume are most extraordinary. Some of the chapter headings will give an idea of the scope of tbe work: "History of Animal Magnetism," "Mesmer," "Hypnotism," "The Modes of Producing Hypnosis," "Symptoms of Hypnosis," "The Hypnotic States," "Imperfect Forms of Hypnosis," "Hallucinations," "Paralysis by Suggestion," "Anæsthesia and Motor Paralysis," "The Application of Hypnotism to Therapeutics and Education," and "Hypnotism and Responsibility." The work is well translated and forms one of the excellent International Scientific Series. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York: for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.75.

Journalistic Chit-Chat.

Mr. W. T. Stead, editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, recently had an interview with the Czar of all the Russias. Mr. Stead was received very graciously, and he discussed in his most eloquent vein the advantages of Russia and England becoming good friends. The Czar was charmed to find that the journalistic tribune of the democracy was in sucb thorough harmony with the greatest autocrat in the world. In his heart he must bave been surprised, but outwardly the autocrat beamed in a kindly manner on his plebeian ally. And the time slipped away pleasantly enough. After a wbile, however, Mr. Stead thought he might be intruding on bis imperial host, and with a bland smile arose, consulted his watch, and said: "Really, your majesty, I feel that a poor journalist has no right to take up any more of your valuable time," and with this he departed. Now, if there is any rule more stringent than another in the etiquette of court life, it is that royalty sbould always terminate an interview. The Czar was immensely amused when Mr. Stead usurped the imperial prerogative, and he repeated the story many times afterward witb intense delight.

Once a Week is a new paper which is published in New York, and is spending mucb money for literary matter. P. F. Collier, the proprietor, is an Irishman, and his fortune, which one may figure with millions, has been built up in the business of publishing. He has created and controls the most enormous and effective subscripiuon system of its kind in the United States, and the editions of standard and devotional works that he bas marketed are something quite colossal. He published an encyclopedia of whicb over half a million copies were sold at four or five dollars apiece. Doing business on this scale has ripened him for the vast plan on wbich the conduct of bis paper is based, while his widely ramified subscription machinery has enabled him to secure a commanding circulation for his weekly at an age when other journals would be still struggling for existence. He has towering worksbops in the beart of New York's New Jerusalem, yclept Attorney Street, where the squalid roadway quivers from the perpetual earthquake of bis press-room, and where, amid the whirr and clatter of macbinery, an army of hands, which includes some of the prettiest working girls in New York, are kept busy night and day.

The Parnell libel suit has lifted the awful veil wbich had previously hidden the ownership of the London *Times*. It had been generally supposed that the sole owner was Jobn Walter. But this is not quite true, as Jobn Walter the third of the line bas testified. The first John Walter, in 1804 or 1806, distributed five-sixteenths of the value of the property among the members of the family. The next Jobn Walter made another distribution, and the present Jobn Walter declares that he owns only "a sixteenth and one-ball." Nevertheless, he has always acted as sole owner, and the other owners have no scrap of paper to sbow for their property, and only receive sucb checks for their sbares of the profits as Jobn Walter sends them. There is no company, and they bave no supervision of the books. Indeed, the law of 1831, requiring that the names of all proprietors of newspapers be published, has never been obeyed by Mr. Walter, who says he did not know there was sucb a law. But though Mr. Walter owns but one-sixteenth and one-balf of tbe *Times*, be strangely enougb owns the wbole of the plant by whicb the paper is produced; land, buildings, macbinery, everything except the right of a bundred family connections, more or less, to receive their nice little checks out of the profits of the big paper.

Concerning syndicates, Alfred Trumble writes: "The decay of the syndicate system is visible to the naked eye. The ingenious and industrious middleman, wbo, a few years back, bade fair to sweep the field of letters clear of all independent workers and to put an end to all relations between author and publisher, has about completed his rocket flight. His inglorious and precipitate descent is now only a matter of time. This is but a natural outcome of the system itself. It held within it the seed of its own destruction. Its original proposition was fair enough. It said to the writer, 'Give us a manuscript that you would get one hundred dollars for from any single publication, and we will give you two hundred dollars for it and use it in several.' It said to twenty-five different publisbers, 'Here is a story by Brownjobn. He gets one bundred dollars apiece for such from the magazines. We can sell you the use of it for your State for ten dollars.' Brownjobn was satisfied with his profit of one bundred per cent., the publisher was pleased to be able to secure a popular author's work for a nominal sum, the syndicate was pleased with its profits, and all nature smiled. But there was a canker in the rose. A canker born of the vanity of the author in the first place and of the vanity of the publisher in the second. Comforting as the gains to one and the economies to the other out of the syndicate system might be, they could not offset the annoyance caused by the inevitable vulgarization of the system itself. Even money gained or saved can not salve the bruises popular reprobation inflicts on self-respect. At the commencement of the syndicate system, the publisher got great credit from his public for his enterprise in securing for their delectation the productions of authors whose popularity made their works notoriously costly. It was a featber in the publisher's cap to exploit a story by a great magazine-writer or the successful novelist of the day. Presently, however, it began to be noticed by the public that the same contributions from famous pens appeared simultaneously all over the country. The syndicate made its rounds like a peddler with bis pack, selling as long as it could find a sale, subject only to such contract restrictions as it imposed on itself in order to keep its clients from clashing. The public, having smelled this rat out, were not long in baving their eyes opened to the fact that what had passed for enterprise with them was really economy. The spread of the syndicate system, too, fed them full of syndicated letters, syndicated essays, and syndicated poetry, as well as syndicated fiction, unil they commenced to yearn for an occasional bit of literature that did not bear the copyrigbt imprint of a syndicate at its head. Tbe next step in the decadence of syndicate matter in popular estimation was an easy one. The belief began to prevail that the author was grinding out his work like a machine, for the sake of its price alone, and that his work was consequently unworthy of him. Now an author must have a pride in his work, and a publisher must have a pride in his paper, else eacb will suffer in purse as well as in fame. From the moment the author's and the publisher's pride was touched, the syndicate system began to wane."

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

This story is told in the *Graphic* of a young and handsome New York author, who has written several novels. Finding a lag in his tête-à-tête with a charming admirer of his books, he asked, "Pardon me, but may I ask you the old, old question?" Imagine the surprise of our young author when, with drooping eyes and a succession of blushes, his fair companion softly answered: "W-h-y, Mr. S——, it—is—rather s-udden—but——" Grasping the situation in a moment, the author broke the embarrassment by quickly interrupting with, "I was going to ask, have you read 'Robert Elsmere?'"

Botb Hood and Hook—perhaps we might add Porson also—were punsters by profession. But there are puns extant by unknown authors which either might have felt a pride in owning. A Cambridge fellow, walking witb a visitor, met by chance the master of St. John's on horseback. "Who is that?" inquired the visitor. "That," replied the other, "is St. John's head on a charger." We are given instances of puns which have only one defect, they are too witty to be used. Thus "the heir of the Duke of Penthièvre died in 1764, ruined by an attachment to an opera singer, Mademoiselle Miré." The wits of Paris made his epitapb of five notes of music—"Mi re l'a mi là"—"Miré has brought him there."

When the Blaines were living at Washington, some lady heard that their cook was an unusually good one. The lady had an ambition to possess one berself that she might give good dinners, and she promptly went round, rang the bell at the front door, and asked to see Mrs. Blaine's cook, and offered her higher wages than she was then receiving. Afterward this lady and Mrs. Blaine met at dinner. The lady was introduced, was sugary in her manner, mentioned her own name to make sure Mrs. Blaine should remember it, and was making pleasant speeches of all sorts, when Mrs. Blaine looked at her and said: "Ob, yes, I remember you—you called on my cook," and refrained from adding any word of explanation. It was rather embarrassing for the other lady.

A day is added or taken from the calendar when a ship is crossing the Pacific Ocean. Those who remember this fact will be interested in the following extract from the journal of a traveler on bis way from China to San Francisco: "We ran a north-easterly course at first, going as bigb as forty-seven degrees fifty-eight minutes north, in which latitude we crossed the one hundred and eightieth degree of longitude on July oth, and consequently had two Fridays and eight days in the week. This fairly puzzled one of our party, wbo came to breakfast in a bewildered state of mind, asking whether to-day was yesterday or to-morrow, and declaring that he had certainly gone to bed on Friday nigbt, and yet had got up again on Friday morning! For my own part, I must say that it looks very strange to see in my diary, 'Friday, 9th July, No. 1,' 'Do., do., No. 2.'"

It is undoubtedly a fact that some people take pleasure, though it must be of a doleful sort, in attending funerals, reading accounts of tragic occurrences, and other experiences of like nature. To that class must have belonged a model employed by Mr. Frith, the English artist, who is described by that gentleman as good-tempered, patient, and depressing. If a disagreeable remark could possibly be made, he was sure to indulge in it. "I thought you said I suited you exactly for that figure," he announced one day, after a sitting was concluded, "and that you was going to make him a likeness of me." "Well," said the artist, "what of that?" "Well, I ain't as ugly as that, I know." Again he announced: "I was a-reading the *Athenæum* the other day, and they do just pitch into you, to be sure!" "Well, what do you tell me that for?" "I thought you might like to know, that's all." This sympathetic model knew that fogs are the great enemies of painters, and so he was wont to reply, in answer to the greeting, "A fine day!" "Well, I don't know; it was thickish where I came from, and the wind sets in this direction. Shouldn't wonder if it comes over dark presently, just when you're finishing a heye, perhaps." One more example of delicate consideration must suffice. "You know Mr. B.?" he said, one day; "he's a great artist, ain't he considered?" "Why, certainly; he's a tremendously clever fellow. What of him?" "Oh, nothing, much. I was a-setting to bim the other day, and he was talking about you." "Was be?" "Yes, and he says you don't paint near so well as you used to."

Probably nothing more unexpected ever happened to the heroine of this anecdote than the sudden ride she took one day without a side-saddle. It happened, according to a St. Louis paper, on a street more or less frequented by sboppers. There is an alley between two dry-goods stores whicb offers a tempting gate-way for wandering swine, and half-a-dozen of the brutes at a time may be seen on pleasant days in the narrow passage picking up hits of garbage or lying in the gutters. A lady well-known in the city, having occasion to pass that way after a recent rain, saw a huge sow in the gutter which she wished to cross, and whicb was plentifully charged with soft mud. Thinking she would rather step over the beast than awaken it, as it seemed to be asleep, she lifted her foot to make the attempt. Being a small woman, she miscalculated, and, to ber horror, just at that moment the big hog sprang up and ran grunting down the street, carrying the lady with ber. The unlucky rider instinctively seized the hog's ears to bold berself on, but she was as squarely mounted as Tam O'Shanter or John Gilpin, and evidently she was on pig-back "to stay." The only effect of ber clutch was to increase the creature's speed. The more she screamed the faster the sow cantered, punctuating every jump with terrified squeaks and grunts; and the small boys and the passing pedestrians laughed till they cried. A number of compassionate people began a chase, and the race had become quite exciting, when the lady lost her hold and was dumped into the middle of the street. Leaving the pig to continue its mad career, the pursuers and bystanders assisted the lady into a neighboring store, and after making sucb necessary repairs as she could, she was driven to her residence in a coupé. She does not believe in letting hogs run loose in the streets of a city.

When Pezon, the lion-tamer, was at Moscow with his menagerie, he had occasion to employ a *moujik*, a fine specimen of a Cossack, to clean out the cages of the wild beasts. The Cossack did not understand a word of French, and the terms of the contract were settled in dumb show. By way of instructing him in his new duties, Pezon went through a sort of pantomime with the broom, sponge, and water-bucket. The *moujik* watched bim closely, and appeared fully to understand the details of the lesson given. Next morning, armed with a broom, a bucket, and a sponge, he opened the first cage he came to, and quietly stepped in, as he had seen his master step, on the previous day, into two cages of harmless brutes; but this one happened to be tenanted by a splendid but untamed tiger, that lay stretcbed on the floor fast asleep. At the noise made by opening and closing the door the creature raised its head and turned its green eyes full on the man, who, all unconscious of his danger, stood in a corner dipping his big sponge into the bucket. At that moment Pezon came out of his caravan, and was struck dumb by the terrible sight that met his gaze. What could he do to warn the man of his danger? A sound, a movement on his part might enrage the great beast, and hasten its attack on the defenseless Cossack. So Pezon stood, awaiting developments, ready to rush to the scene when the crisis came. The *moujik*, sponge in hand, coolly approacbed the tiger, and made ready to rub him down with the stolidity of a military bootblack polishing his captain's boots. The sudden application of cold water to its bide evidently produced a very agreeable effect on the tiger, for it began to purr, stretched out its paws, rolled over on its back, and complacently offered every part of its body to the vigorous treatment of the *moujik*, who went on scrubbing with might and main. All the while Pezon stood there with bis eyes wide open and as if nailed to the spot. When he had finished his job, the Cossack left the cage as quietly as he bad entered it, and it required tbe most energetic and expressive gestures on the part of the lion-tamer to prevent his repeating the experiment on a second wild beast.

THE THOMPSON STREET POKER CLUB.

By Henry Guy Carleton.

The third lecture of the scientific series at the Thompson Street Poker Club was delivered by Elder Jubilee Anderson last Saturday evening. There were present, Professor Brick, Messrs. Tooter Williams, Gus Johnson, and Cyanide Whiffles, and the Rev. Mr. Thankful Smith, who occupied the chair. There were also present four invited guests, who had paid fifty cents apiece and became thereby eligible to receive the club's hospitality.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. Mr. Tooter Williams, of special committee, reported that, in accordance with instructions, he had consulted a legal adviser, who informed him that by only one process of law could the club recover its chips from the janitor, who held them in garnishee for nine dollars' rent.

Professor Brick rose to a question of privilege:

"Ken de hon'ble genleman tole de club whad prossis ob law dat am?"

"Cern'ly," replied Mr. Williams, affably; "pay de bill."

Professor Brick sat down.

Mr. Cyanide Whiffles arose with some excitement. Had Mr. Williams any objections to naming the eminent legal adviser whom he had consulted?

Mr. Williams, proudly, had none. He had not gone to cheap and worthless sources of information. He had consulted no less an authority upon jurisprudence than the gentleman who regulates the domestic economy of Mr. Delancey Nicoll's house. Was Mr. Whiffles satisfied?

Mr. Whiffles was.

Mr. Gus Johnson moved that the club allow the chips to remain in garnishee until the nine dollars was paid, and the motion was unanimously carried.

There being no further business before the club, Elder Jubilee Anderson advanced to the rostrum and spoke as follows:

"DE MIRRYKLES OB DE DROR.

"When de Profit Mosis he done grew weary chasin' de pillows ob smoke in de desert ob Sary Hary, 'n he 'n King Faro——"

Mr. Williams rose to a question of privilege. Was this a poker lecture or a Salvation Army address. He did not think the invited guests had paid their half-dollars to get their salvations repaired, but rather to——.

"Ordah!" The gavel fell, and Mr. Williams sat down. "De honnerble genleman 'll kernfine hese'f ter pokah 'n not blow in gospil." Thus the chair.

The Elder, thus admonished, folded the first nine pages of his address, inserted them in his left coat-tail pocket, and somewhat nervously resumed.

"Dey is no mo' mirrykles in dese yar sinful days, 'ceptin' de mirrykles in pokah."

"Jesso," echoed Professor Brick.

"I was playin' ten dollah froze-out wif Mistah Willyums lass Choosdah," continued the lecturer, "'n I had fo'-eight speckers in de deal, 'n Toot he didn' have nuffin', 'n I drored one kyard, 'n Tooter he drored fo' kyards, 'n he lay down a juce on de table, jess so, 'n he says, says he, 'I kin jess dror like a chimly wif juces,' 'n I cotch a juce in de dror, 'n Toot, he comb over he fo' kyards 'n bet a quartah, 'n I rise him a dollah, 'n he rised me back a quartah, 'n I rise him five dollahs, 'n he skin he han' agin 'n rise a quartah mo', n' I shoves up my lass chip, 'n he calls, 'n den I shows up de fo'-eight speckers 'n de juce, 'n Toot he skun out fo' squeens."

A murmur of wonder ran through the room. Then the Rev. Mr. Thankful Smith reflectively inquired:

"Who doled de han'?"

"Ibe jeck!" excitedly exclaimed Mr. Williams.

"Toot," sweetly remarked the chairman, "dat info'mation am nessary ter know de size ob de mirrykle. *Who* doled de kyards?"

"Mistah Willyums," said the lecturer.

"No mirrykle," said the chairman.

"Whuffer yo' say dat?" hotly demanded Mr. Williams; "kint a genleman win squar on he own deal?"

"Yezzah," replied the Rev. Thankful Smith, courteously; "a genleman kin win on he deal, 'n he kin lose on he deal, bud when de only mirrykles ob de dror happens wen he's fingered de pack, 'n wen all de mirrykles am glued ter his side ob de table fer keeps, Prov'dence am gittin' too lopsided—dat's all."

Mr. Williams breathed heavily for several minutes, but made no reply.

"Mirrykles," continued the lecturer, "am mo' apt ter happen wen de lass roun' ob jackers is parsin'. Wen Ise opened a jacker wif two par, naces up, 'n one coon he draps in 'n drors fo' kyards, 'n anothah moke he say he'll foce he luck 'n dror five kyards, 'n de othah mahogany genleman say he doan' speck nuffin' but jess fer fun he'll make her lively 'n dror two kyards, 'n de cullerd suckah nex' ter me he say he doan' keer fer he chips, 'n puts up 'n want tree kyards—den I feels dat sorter shiver in de toes wat means dat dars gwineter be fo' er five mirrykles out, 'n I lies low."

"K'rect!" remarked Professor Brick, approvingly, and Mr. Gus Johnson applauded.

"Whad I wanter know," respectfully inquired Mr. Cyanide Whiffles, "am whedder mirrykles am apt ter happen mo'n once in a game?"

"Dat am de onsartinest thing whad kin be specunced," replied the lecturer; "de mirrykle——"

"De mirrykle," interrupted the chair, acting under Rule 19, Article XXXI, of the By-laws, "de mirrykle am de leastest apt ter happen w'en I'm in de game, 'n got my boodle in de pot, 'n de othah coons knows how spry I kin be in a mix-up wif a razzer. Bud ef Brer Tooter 'n Brer Cyanide is pokin' wit tree Weehawkin barbahs on two-dollah limmiek, a fa'r crap ob mirrykles might be 'spected jess as long ez de barbahs kud 'strain hard feelin's 'n pud up de cash."

"Didjer meanter say——" began Mr. Williams, in a voice of war.

"I ment ter say, 'Toot," sweetly rejoined the chairman, "dat dey is mo' moanin' in barbah suckles in Weehawkin since yo' 'n Cy Whiffles got ter drappin' over Sunday fer a fren'ly game, dan since Black Friday struck dis town, 'n mo' talk 'bout mirrykles dan dey was befo' de flood."

"Ef Cy an' me doan' play squar', I'll——"

"'Strain yose'f, Toot," gently said the chairman; "jess so long ez yo' mirrykles is wukked in Weehawkin, an' ef de barbahs kin stan' it, *I* kin. Bud w'en mo'n one mirrykle draps inter a game whar I'se keepin' my own feelin's on tap, dar's gwine ter be a namberlance call in five minits. Once in fo'teen monts a man kin dror fo' squeens ter a juce in a jacker on he deal, 'n I won't say nuffin', bud dat fernomynon hed bettah be as seldom ez a six-tailed comiek in de sky. Dat's all. Eldah Jub'lee'll quit dis yar lecter. He doan' understan' de subjeek. Dey ain't no mirrykles in pokah, 'ceptin' w'en a man doan' keep he eye skint. Dad's all. At de nex' meetin' Brer Johnson'll lecter on Bobtail Strakes 'n Flisks, wif some remarks on Holdin' up Siders."

The club then went into executive session.—*Once a Week.*

VALENTINE VERSES.

Grace's Valentine.

Such a dainty valentine!
Cupids, mottoes, lace,
Roses, satin frills—in fine,
Just the thing for Grace!

Push the satin frills apart,
Lo! beneath the lace
Lies a flimsy, tinsel heart—
Just the thing for Grace!—*Exchange.*

Two Valentines.

Love, at your door young Cupid stands
And knocks for you to come:
The frost is in his feet and hands,
His lips with cold are numb.
Grant him admittance, sweetheart mine,
And by your cheering fire
His lips shall loosen as with wine
And speak forth my desire.

He left me not an hour ago,
And when the rascal went
Barefooted out into the snow
I asked him whither bent.
Quoth he: "To her whose face is like
A garden full of flowers,
To her whose smiles like sunlight strike
Across the winter hours."

No more he said, nor need of more
Had I to know. I knew
His path lay straight unto your door—
That face belongs to you.
"Godspeed," I cried, "and give her this
When you her face shall see;"
And on his lips I set a kiss,
A valentine from me!"

—*Frank Dempster Sherman in the February Century.*

A Colonial Valentine.

In the days of patch and powder—
Dreamful days of long ago—
If the damosels were prouder
Than to-day we may not know;
But it is no elf of fancy
That low whispers to us how
Love's persuasive necromancy
Then was much the same as now.

On the island of Manhattan
Dwelt there one of beauty rare,
Where sleek beeves were left to fatten
In the pastures broad and fair.
There, in his provincial glory,
Ruled her sire—so stories run—
In the times of merry Tory,
And of *Colonel* Washington.

This sweet maiden had a lover,
Though her father kept her hid
(Trust a youth's eyes to discover
Beauty 'neath the closet lid!)
And at every tender meeting
Would he urge her, "Love, be mine!"
And he pondered such a greeting
For an ardent valentine.

How he marred the virgin paper
Ere he saw a perfect page,
Burning many a midnight taper
In his "fine poetic rage"!
But at last, when he had penned it
Neatly o'er, and made no blur,
By a servant did he send it,
Waxed and perfumed, unto her.

Came the servant dashing faster,
Faster still the highway down,
Cried, "Your lady says, my master,
That her sire has gone to town."
"Not in vain did I implore her,"
Thought he as he cleared the stile.
Surely happier adorer
Never rode a madder mile.

Little at the door he tarried;
Sought he out the fair one's shrine:
"Let us fly, love, and be married;
Be this day my valentine!"
We will draw the modest curtain,
For she answered with a kiss;
If she had not, I am certain
I should not be writing this!

—*Clinton Scollard in the January Harper's.*

Verses with a Valentine.

I can not send you in this iron time,
A dainty lace and paper thing,
With wreaths of roses and a pretty rhyme
Of love, devotion, and the wedding-ring;

And Cupid's self imprinted on the page,
In varied colors, in suggestive way,
With bow and arrows, relics of an age
We laugh at and despise in this stern day.

Lace paper's out of style, and quite passée
Are tinsel roses, while the rhymes themselves
Are in our mother's albums, laid away
With school-girl fancies on forgotten shelves.

And Cupid's self can never claim a thought,
Nor all the symbols that his worship deck;
Love, nowadays, is not won but bought:
I'll send you for your valentine—a check!

—*J. M. in Life.*

The table on which Noah Webster wrote his dictionary, and the saddle-bags in which he carried the manuscript of his famous spelling-book when he rode from State to State to secure the copyright, are preserved in the New Haven Colony Historical Society rooms.

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TIME TABLE.

ommencing Sunday, January 6, 1889, and until urther notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

om SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 3.25, 4.50, 5.10 P. M.
undays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 1.30, 5.00, 6.45, P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 1.45 P. M.

om SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.15, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 3.25, 4.55 P. M.
undays)—8.00, 10.00 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 3.30, 5.00, P. M.
Extra trips on Saturday at 1.45 and 6.25 P. M.
re, 50 cents. round trip.

om SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—5.45, 8.15, 10.00, 11.50 A. M.; 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
undays)—8.45, 10.45 A. M.; 12.45, 4.15, 5.45, P. M.
Extra trips on Saturday at 2.30 and 7.05 P. M.
re, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

.00 A. M., Daily (Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Cazadero at 6.45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12.20 P.M.

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iday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays and Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.00; Tomales, $2.25; Howard's, $3.50; Cazadero, $4.00.

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(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE From Jan. 15, 1889.		ARRIVE
7.30 A.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	*12.45 P.
7.30 A.	For Sacramento, and for Redding via Davis	7.15 P.
8.00 A.	For Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga and Santa Rosa	6.15 P.
9.00 A.	For Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
9.30 A.	Los Angeles Express, for Fresno, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	11.15 A.
9.30 A.	For Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
10.00 M.	For Haywards and Niles	*3.45 P.
12.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	*6.00 A.
2.00 P.	Golden Gate Special, for Council Bluffs and East	‖ 9.45 P.
3.00 P.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
3.00 P.	Central Atlantic Express, for Ogden and East	11.45 A.
4.00 P.	For Stockton and §Milton; for Vallejo, Calistoga & Santa Rosa	10.15 A.
4.30 P.	For Sacramento, and for Knight's Landing via Davis	9.45 A.
5.30 P.	For Niles, San José and Livermore	*8.45 A.
5.30 P.	For Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
7.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	7.45 A.
9.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.

OUTH PACIFIC COAST RAILWAY DIVISION.

9.00 A.	For Newark and San José	‡ 7.20 P.
3.15 A.	For Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	5.50 P.
12.15 P.	For Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 A.
4.15 P.	For Centerville, San José, Almaden, and Los Gatos	9.20 A.

ORTHERN DIVISION (Fourth & Townsend Sts.)

7.50 A.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	2.30 P.
8.30 A.	For San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos; Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Templeton, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) & principal Waystns	6.38 P.
9.30 A.	For San José, Almaden and Way Stations	5.35 P.
11.01 P.	For Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	4.36 P.
3.30 P.	For San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Monterey and principal Way Stations	*10.02 A.
4.30 P.	For San José and principal Way Stations	9.03 A.
5.00 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 7.56 A.
5.30 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A.
12.45 P.	For Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	†7.40 P.

A for morning. P. for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only. § Saturdays excepted. ‖ Fridays only. ** Mondays excepted.

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PENINSULA'S QUANDARY.

The Thrilling Romance of a New England Maiden.

[NOTE.—This remarkable story—published exclusively by the Chicago *Tribune*—is from advance sheets of Mr. W——m D——n H——lls's next novel. As printed below it appears in somewhat condensed form, but contains all that is noteworthy in plot, incident, and dialogue in the entire story.]

CHAPTER I.

A picturesquely commonplace, ordinary, unemotional New England day.

The sun, having risen some three hours previously, was now about three hours high. Its rays, shining in through the second-story back-parlor window of a plain frame dwelling-house on a quiet street in Dismalton, lit up a split-bottomed chair occupied by a thin-haired young woman evidently suffering from heart-burn. The window, it should be mentioned, was of ordinary construction, being made of pine sash and nine by fourteen or possibly ten by fourteen glass. The putty had dropped off in places, and the fastening at the top of the lower sash was partially broken off, as if it had been hastily raised by inserting an axe or soup-ladle at the bottom and prying upward. This might have been done in a moment of forgetfulness by the auburn-haired and contemplative domestic, who was employed at a stipend of three and one-half dollars per week to do the cooking and look after the house.

The young woman who sat in the chair was near-sighted and wore steel-rimmed glasses. She was not handsome, but there was an expression about her sallow face, with its square jaw and aquiline nose, slightly reddened at the tip, that sometimes caused persons who met her to look at her a second time.

"Mother," she said to an angular matron who entered the apartment, "I am impressed with the conviction—or perhaps I should say I am at times dimly conscious of an impression—that this life of excitement is making me slightly nervous."

And she put away the yarn stocking she was darning and picked up a late New England novel by Jenry Hames.

"Peninsula," said her mother, after a pause, during which she had been vaguely watching the uneasy slumbers of a dejected cat that lay limply on the rug before the fire, "I think you had better spend a few months in Italy. What shall we have for dinner?"

CHAPTER II.

Three weeks later. Rome. Vatican. Catacombs. Pigeons. Gloomy sunshine. Oppressive feeling of *ennui*.

"Mother," said Peninsula, as the two stood in front of the Pamphilia-Doria Palace, "isn't that aged horse terribly lame? Ah, me! What is life good for, I wonder, anyhow?"

"My daughter," replied the mother, with a dreary yawn, as she aimlessly looked at her watch and remembered she had not wound it since she left Dismalton, "we will go to Venice."

CHAPTER III.

Gondolas. St. Mark's. Pervading dampness, odors of garlic, and pensive memories of Venetian days. Continuation of *ennui*.

"Mother, I yearn for my New England home. Life here is so intense, so aquatic, so——"

"I know it, my daughter. And the eggs are too Oriental. I want you should not become too much excited. Remember how the story of Annie Quillhurn worked upon your sensitive nature."

"Mother!" exclaimed Peninsula, in a voice of hopeless melancholy, "we will return home."

CHAPTER IV.

Dismalton. Another ordinary New England day. The mother and daughter alighted from the two-seated carry-all, had their trunks carried into the house, paid the man and went in. They had returned home. A few more chunks of putty had fallen from the second-story back window, and the cat was rather thinner than formerly. Otherwise the place was unchanged.

"What time is it, mother?"

"I think," said the mother, looking at the sun, "it must be about eleven o'clock. Or half-past," she added, reflectively.

CHAPTER V.

The evening shades had fallen, but a faint odor of boiled cabbage still pervaded the quiet New England home. There was a knock at the front door. The bell, it should be explained, was out of repair.

The caller was shown into the parlor.

"I have called, Peninsula, to——"

The young village doctor paused a moment to suppress an involuntary spasmodic action that looked like a yawn, but may have been a hiccough.

"I have called, Peninsula, to ask if you will marry me."

"Fotheringay," she answered, looking at the hickory-wood fire in the grate with painful incertitude, "I can not say whether I will or not."

THE END.

The young sons of the German Emperor are continually getting into mischief. During the afternoon games, the chamberlain introduced them into the mysteries of the opera-hat, which pleased the children, "because," as the martial Crown Prince said, "it goes off like a cannon and will be a good thing with which to frighten mamma." Shortly afterward, they were in the reception-room with their father, when the court preacher, Dr. Kogel, was announced. He was asked to enter, and the children, after greeting him, were sent to the corridor to await the audience's end. Here they espied the court preacher's high hat, and believing all such appendages possessed of the qualities of the *chapeau claque*, considered it a fit object for experiment. Little Eitel Fritz, the most adventurous of the four, took it in his small arms and pressed it against his breast with all his might. But it would not grow less, the expected report failed to come, and the little fellow tugged away in vain. "I can not do it," he cried, looking for advice to the older brother, who stood uniformed at his side. The Crown Prince drew his sword, and, straightening up as a soldier, commanded at once, as the brilliant thought came into his head: "Sit upon it!" Straightway it was done. The hat was crushed and Eitel Fritz rolled upon the floor. The uproarious laughter which followed the accomplishment of this feat brought the emperor from the room, asking what was the cause of the unusual hilarity. The Crown Prince pointed to the dilapidated remains of the court preacher's hat, and said: "It would not go off at first, but I commanded Eitel Fritz to sit upon it, and then it cracked just like the others." The emperor could not forbear to laugh, while scolding the children for their pranks. He presented the hat to Dr. Kogel as a memento of his future ruler and sent the servant to purchase a new one.

Sir John Lubbock, in an article on "Problematical Organs of Sense," in the *Popular Science Monthly*, expounds the alluring theory that "the familiar world which surrounds us may be a totally different place to other animals. To them it may be full of music which we can not hear, of color which we can not see, of sensations that we can not conceive."

The wine crop is becoming the chief industry of Algeria. The production of wine has already reached immense proportions. In three departments last year the amount was about fifty millions of gallons.

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SOCIETY.

The Von Schröder Ball.

Fully five hundred invited guests were present at the ball given by Baron and Baroness von Schröder last Tuesday evening, at Odd Fellows' Hall, and they were entertained in a manner that was almost regal. Every possible detail of preparation had been carefully attended to and the result must have been as gratifying to the host and hostess as it was pleasant to their guests. The hall was beautiful to a degree, in fact, the transformation effected in its appearance was almost marvelous. It resembled, more than anything else, a vast tropical green-house, for no matter where one looked the eyes met greenery in some form. The gallery seats were entirely concealed by arrangements of cypress and cedar foliage, orange, magnolia, acacia, bamboo, holly, and other trees which were set against the railing, the latter being elaborately festooned and trimmed with cedar, vinca, ivy and varied vines presenting many shades of green. Baskets of spreading ferns and clusters of ivy were pendant from the ceiling, and festoons of cypress swept downward gracefully from the centre to the side walls. Floral balls of red, white and blue were hung all around the hall, and the walls were massed with cedar and cypress. Running along the north side, about six feet from the wall, was a wire screen, stretched from the gallery to the floor, upon which was a trellis-work of smilax and other vines. Before it was a low hedge of cypress set with cineraria, camellias and cyclamens of many colors, and the space at the rear made a quiet retreat for non-dancers. Large palms and other tropic plants were set at intervals around the hall, and the stage was bordered with flowering plants and ferns. At the south side was a dais, arranged as a boudoir with Persian rugs and easy-chairs, where the Baron and Baroness received their guests. When the spacious ball-room was filled the scene was exceedingly attractive, the bright colored toilets of the ladies seeming like a setting of blossoms in the conservatory. Noah Brandt's orchestra of twenty pieces supplied the music for a score of dances which prolonged the affair until a late hour. Mr. Edward M Greenway acted as floor manager. A special feature of the evening was the supper, which was exceptionally elaborate. It was served at midnight in the large hall down-stairs where there was seating accommodation for all. This room was also attractively decorated, having acacia wound around the may columns, filmy veils of tulle between the openings, spheres of flowers hung overhead and streamers of smilax spanning the ceiling. The buffet was beautifully appointed, the menu was sumptuous, the flow of wine unlimited, and the service by fifty attendants was admirable. The ball was in every way an unqualified success.

The Hamilton-Shafter Wedding.

A pretty wedding occurred last Tuesday evening at the residence of Judge J. McM. Shafter, 951 Chestnut Street, the contracting parties being his daughter, Miss Julia Ruth Shafter, and Mr. Alexander R Fisher Hamilton. The ceremony was celebrated quietly at eight o'clock in the presence of the relatives and but a few intimate friends. Rev. Horatio Stebbins officiated and Judge Shafter gave his daughter away.

The bride was elegantly attired in a becoming Directoire toilet of white satin artistically brocaded and made with a long court train. The trimmings were of point d'Alençon lace, and the veil was of white silk moleine. She wore a diamond and sapphire ornament in her coiffure, a present from the groom.

After the ceremony a reception was held from nine until one o'clock, which was attended by over two hundred invited guests. The spacious grounds around the residence looked picturesque with numerous gayly-colored lanterns distributed around among the trees, and the interior of the house was bright with illumination and attractive with a tasteful decoration. Potted plants of various varieties were distributed in the halls and parlors, while vases full of roses and large jardinieres containing calla lilies added much to the pretty effect. A wedding-bell of fragrant blossoms was pendant between the two parlors, and the lace curtains were fringed with sprays of mountain ferns. As the guests entered they tendered their congratulations to the newly married couple, and then promenaded or danced as they desired. A delicious collation was served throughout the evening, and every provision was made for the comfort and pleasure of the guests. Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton were the recipients of many elegant presents. They left the city on Thursday for a Southern trip and will be away several weeks.

The Hooker High Tea.

A delightful high tea was given by the Misses Jennie and Bessie Hooker at their residence, 917 Bush Street, on Saturday afternoon, February 2d. Each of the apartments bore a tasteful ornamentation in the way of large sprays of ferns, which were disposed where the best effects would be produced, and in combination with them were wreaths and clusters of acacia bloom, tied with silk ribbons of harmonizing tints. One pretty feature was an arbor of ferns in the bay-window of the back parlor, where the Hungarian band played selections, and another was seen at the folding-doors between the two parlors, where shoots of blossoming pussy-willow were hung with small, colored wicker baskets containing flowers.

Amid these charming surroundings, the hostesses entertained their many guests, and, in receiving them, they were ably assisted by Miss Edith Taylor, Miss Evelyn Carolan, Miss May E. Pope, Miss Flora Carroll, Miss Nellie Corbitt, and Miss Emelie Hager. The usual pleasures of matinée teas were enjoyed, the music being declared excellent and the refreshments delicious. The affair ended at seven o'clock.

The Mardi Gras Bal Masqué.

The indications are entirely favorable for the success of the forthcoming Mardi Gras bal masqué, to be given by the Art Association on Shrove Tuesday at the Grand Opera House. Messrs. Stanton and Joullin, of the committee on decoration, have turned the large exhibition hall of the Art Association into a property-room, where the material for the decoration is being prepared by a corps of workmen. Many inquiries are being made at the libraries and of artists for new and original designs for costumes.

The executive committee, comprising Mr. Joseph D. Redding, Mr. James D. Phelan, and Mr. Henry Heyman, met at dinner last Tuesday evening with the floor committee, consisting of Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. George A. Newhall, Mr. Henry J. Crocker, Mr. Osgood Hooker, Mr. Edgar A. Mizner, Mr. Chauncey M. St. John, Mr. Henry B. Houghton, Mr. Frank J. Carolan, Mr. Walter L. Dean, Dr. Robert Whitney, U. S. N., Lieutenant J. A. Dapray, U. S. A., Lieutenant Gilbert P. Cotton, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Frank L. Winn, U. S. A., to decide upon the costume to be worn by the latter committee.

The Bowie Reception.

The festivities of the week opened with the reception given on Monday evening by Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Bowie at their residence, 1913 Clay Street. It was a dancing-party, pure and simple, and as such it was thoroughly enjoyed. The parlors, with their canvased floors and neat floral decorations, were well filled by about one hundred guests, all of whom had a most delightful time. The hospitality of the entertainers was well displayed in the bounteous supper which was served, and, in fact, in the generous arrangements of the entire affair.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Dr. and Mrs. Maurice Sullivan have returned from their wedding journey to Monterey and are residing at the Berkshire. Mrs. Sullivan receives on Wednesday.

Mrs C. F. Mullins and Miss Maud Mullins have been visiting Mrs. F. E. Spencer, at San José, during the past week.

Colonel George W. Macfarlane arrived here a week ago from Honolulu and is at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs Timothy Hopkins have been passing most of the week at the Palace Hotel.

Mr and Mrs. Isaac L. Requa, of Piedmont, came to the city Tuesday for a brief visit.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Rose, Jr., of San Mateo, were in the city during the early part of the week.

Mrs. William Kohl and Miss Mamie Kohl have returned to San Mateo after a brief visit here

Mrs. W. V. Huntington has been visiting at Del Monte.

Hon. and Mrs. B. D. Murphy and Miss Mary Murphy, of San José, came to the city on Tuesday and passed a couple of days at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Richard Rising and Miss Nettie Rising, of Virginia, Nev., arrived here Tuesday and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. J R. Vail, of Carson City, Nev., are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Staples will leave next Thursday for a month's trip through Southern California, making San Diego and Coronado Beach their objective points.

Miss Kittie Chalmers, of Stockton, is visiting Mrs. W. P. Buckingham.

Mr. Irving Dearborn returned to China last Monday.

Miss Alice Johnson, of Oakland, is the guest of Senator and Mrs. Foley at Carson City, Nev.

Major B. C. Truman has returned from an extended Southern trip greatly improved in health.

Mr. and Mrs. Faxon D. Atherton will soon occupy their country residence at Menlo Park.

Miss Lizzie Parks will leave for the Hawaiian Islands today and will remain away about six weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Meade are occupying their residence, Hollyoaks, in Sausalito, after being at the Palace Hotel for a couple of months.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin have returned to Honolulu after a pleasant visit here.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Flavin have gone to the Hawaiian Islands on a pleasure trip and may extend their visit to Australia and New Zealand.

Mr. T. R. Hutchinson, and Miss Mollie Hutchinson, of Oakland, are in Los Angeles.

Mrs. John McMullin, Miss Perrin, and Miss Marguerite Wallace are having an enjoyable time in Washington, D. C., and will remain there until after the inauguration.

Senator George Hearst departed for Washington, D. C., last Monday.

Mr. James C. Dunphy has returned from a visit to his ranch in Monterey County

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Code have removed to 1126 Twenty-first Street, and are at home on Thursdays.

Mr. Arthur Bull has returned to the city after a brief sojourn at Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. John P. Young have returned from a pleasant Eastern trip.

Notes and Gossip.

The day previous to the sailing of the U. S. steamer *Carlisle P. Patterson* for Mare Island, Miss Tazie Harrison was the honored guest at a dinner-party given on the vessel. Covers were laid for seventeen and a delicious menu was served. The table was beautifully adorned with La France roses and smilax.

An open-air concert will be given at Sutro Heights next Saturday, through the kind permission of Mr. Sutro, who has given the use of the grounds to the ladies of the Pioneer Kindergarten Association, whose schools will receive the benefit of the proceeds. Excellent music is promised, and the ladies hope for a large attendance.

Mrs. J. William Brown will give a high tea this (Saturday) afternoon at her residence, 930 Pine Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Willians will give a reception next Thursday evening at their residence, 1925 Octavia Street.

Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe gave a delightful dinner-party at her residence, on Harrison Street, on Saturday evening, February 2d. Covers were laid for eighteen.

Mr. and Mrs. David Bixler have issued cards for a dancing-party to occur on Wednesday evening, February 20th, at their residence on Pierce Street.

Army and Navy.

Surgeon Millard H. Crawford, U. S. N., who has been stationed in this city for the past three months, returned to Mare Island a week ago. He will go to the Samoan Islands next week on the *Monongahela*.

Lieutenant E. J. McClernand, U. S. A., arrived here from Santa Barbara recently.

Captain Henry S. Kilbourne, U. S. A., has returned to Vancouver, W. T.

The promotion of Lieutenant Frank U. Robinson, U. S. A., to be Captain of Troop H of his regiment is announced. He will join his troop, stationed at Fort Spokane, W. T.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Louise Pyk Concert.

The first subscription concert given by Mme. Louise Pyk was held at Irving Hall on Friday evening, and attracted a fashionable audience. The participants in the annexed programme received much applause, and the concert passed off satisfactorily:

Piano Solo, "Le Rossignol" ..... Liszt
Mr. M. Espinosa.
Romanza, "A Vision" ..... G. Polloni
Mr. N. B. Ptetson.
Aria, "Ah, Perfido" ..... Beethoven
Mme. Louise Pyk.
Violin Solo, "Souvenir de Haydn" ..... Leonard
(Musin version.)
Mr. J. H. Rosewald.
Valse de Concert ..... Gelli
Miss Mary E. Barnard.
Romanza, "Celeste Aida" ..... Verdi
Mr. Alfred Wilkie.
Russian Songs, (a) "Dissonance" ..... Borodine
(b) "Moja Pieszczotka" ..... Mickiewicza
Mme. Louise Pyk.
Piano Solo, Ballade op. 23 ..... Chopin
Mr. M. Espinosa.
Duet, "Edentand" ..... Dena
Mme. Louise Pyk and Mr. Alfred Wilkie.
Violin Solo, "Fantasie Caprice" ..... Prume
Mr. J. H. Rosewald.
Songs, (a) "The Dream of Spring" ..... M. Spicker
(b) "The Lesson" ..... A. Foster
Miss Mary E. Barnard.
Trio, "I Naviganti" ..... Randegger
Mme. Louise Pyk, Mr. Alfred Wilkie, Mr. N. B. Ptetson.

The second concert will occur on Tuesday evening, February 19th.

The Loring Club

Odd Fellows' Hall was crowded last Wednesday evening with the friends of the Loring Club, which gave its third concert of the twelfth season. The club was assisted by Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, accompanist, and Mr. Louis Heine, violoncellist. The concert was as successful as these affairs of the club usually are, and the programme presented was as follows:

Trooper's Song ..... Gade
Jabberwocky ..... Chadwick
Fantaisie et Variations ..... F. Servais
Suomi's Song ..... Mair
The Woodland Rose ..... Fischer
Viking's Last Voyage ..... Chadwick
(Œdipus at Colonos ..... Mendelssohn
Ave Maria ..... Abt
(a) Etude Melodique ..... Cesar Casella
(b) Gavotte ..... David Popper
Tar's Song ..... Hatton
The Gondolier ..... Schubert
Bacchus Chorus ..... Mendelssohn

Rosewald Orchestral Matineé.

The second concert of the second series given by the Rosewald Orchestra occurred on Friday afternoon at Irving Hall and was well attended. The selections all met with marked appreciation. The programme was as follows:

Overture, "Ferdinand Cortez" ..... Spontini
Fantasie, for piano ..... Schubert-Liszt
(Two movements)
Miss Ada E. Weigel.
"Elegie" ..... Reinicke
Cavatina, "Pia de Tolomei" ..... Donizetti
(a) "The Mill" ..... Gillet
(b) "Un petit rien" ..... Hartog
String orchestra.
Entre'actes to "Rosamunde" ..... Schubert
I. Andantino. II. Allegro molto moderato.
"Kaiser March" ..... Richard Wagner

The third matineé has been postponed until Friday, March 1st, and the remainder of the series to March 15th, and 29th, and April 12th.

The Four-Leaf Clover Club.

An interesting concert was given at Spencer Hall last Monday evening by the Four-Leaf Clover Club, comprising Mrs. Virginia Edgerton, Mrs. Arthur Gutterson, Mrs. Alma Mansfeldt, and Mrs. Marie Crowley. Many of their friends were present and enjoyed the following programme:

Overture to "Tannhauser" ..... Wagner
Four-Leaf Clover Club.
Nocturne, A major ..... Field
Mrs. Dr. Crowley.
Andante ..... Milde
Mrs. Edgerton and Mrs. Mansfeldt.
"In questo semplice" ..... Donizetti
Mrs. Eno W. Vivian.
"Polacco Brillante" ..... Hills
Mrs. Arthur L. Gutterson.
Romanza, Fantasia, } ..... Foerster, Ad. M.
Mr. Henry Heyman.
"Danse Macabre" ..... Saint-Saens
Mrs. Crowley and Mrs. Gutterson.
"The Tower Watcher's Song" ..... Weidt
Mr. Walter Campbell.
Novellette in F ..... Schumann
Mrs Virginia Edgerton.
Romanza, op. 40, G major ..... Beethoven
"Maiden's Song" ..... Helmund-Musin
Mr. Henry Heyman.
Rondo Capriccioso ..... Mendelssohn
Mrs. Alma Mansfeldt.
"Slavonic Dance" ..... Dvorak
Four-Leaf Clover Club.

The Mauzy Musical Club.

The fifth concert of the third series given by the Mauzy Musical Club occurred last Thursday evening, at Byron Mauzy's warerooms, and attracted a large and appreciative audience. An excellent programme was presented comprising the following numbers:

Overture, "Marionetten" ..... Gurlitt
Orchestra.
Professor H. R. Austin, Conductor.
Song, "Rita" ..... Mattei
Miss Alice M. Thomas.
Piano Solo, "Etude in C" ..... Moskowsky
Miss Laura M. Adams.
Violin Solo, "Melodie des Alpes" .....
Miss Charlotte Gruenhagen
Baritone Song, "Bedouin Love Song" ..... Pinsuti
Mr. Thomas S. Gore.
Trio; Zither, Violin, and Piano, "Elegie" .... Louis Moeser
Mme. Lada, Professor J. Moeser, and Master
Edward Lada.
Song, "Tell Me, My Heart" ..... Bishop
Miss Alice M. Thomas.
Finale ..... Orchestra

The Brandt String Quartet.

The Hermann Brandt String Quartet gave its second afternoon concert last Thursday at Irving Hall before an appreciative audience. The quartet was assisted by Miss Marie Schmitz and Mr. Miguel Espinosa in the execution of the following excellent programme:

Quartet, D minor ..... Antonio Bazzini
I. Allegro appasionato, II. Andante con moto,
III. Gavotte, IV. Quasi presto.
Messrs. H. Brandt, L. N. Ritzau, Henry Siering, and Louis Heine.
Song, "Sog'nai" ..... Schira
Miss Marie Schmitz.
(a) "Au bord d'une Source" ..... Liszt
(b) "Allegro vivace" (from op. 23) ..... Chopin
Mr. Miguel Espinosa.
(a) "Träumerei" ..... Schumann
(b) "Scherzo" ..... Mendelssohn
(a) Song, "Lieti, Signor" ..... Meyerbeer
(b) "Old Words" ..... Roeckel
Miss Marie Schmitz.
Theme et Variationi (Emperor Quartet) ..... Haydn

On Monday evening, March 4th, Mr. H. J. Stewart, M. B., will deliver a lecture on Church Music, at Metropolitan Temple, under the auspices of the Union Guilds of the Parishes of St. John's, St. Paul's, and of the Church of the Advent, assisted by a choir of seventy-five voices. The lecturer will review the progress of church music from the earliest Christian period up to the present time. The chorus will illustrate the lecture by rendering vocal numbers selected from the music of the various periods. The lecture itself will treat of the music of St. Ambrose, St. Gregory, introduction of organs into churches, the Italian school, the English school, church music in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, introduction of counterpoint, modern church music, and the oratorio of churches. The vocal selections will be taken from the compositions of Palestrina, Felece Aneris, Joaquin de Pres, Richard Farraut, Henry Purcell, John Goss, Joseph Barnby, Thomas Tallis, John Stainer, and Arthur Sullivan. Miss Josephine Pritchard, Mrs. Julie Pracht, Mr. Hubert Fortescue, and Mr. N. B. Ptetson will assist in the music. The box-office will open at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, on Monday, the fourth instant.

The Mendelssohn Quintet Club, of Boston, whose visit seven or eight years ago is remembered with delight by all lovers of good music, is on its way, and will give us several concerts about the middle of March. Mr. Thomas Ryan, the veteran organizer of the club—which dates back to the famous days of forty-nine—is still at its head. Several changes have been made in the personnel, but it is claimed that, in many respects, the club was never so well equipped. Herr Anton Hepping is a 'celloist of European reputation, and has been most enthusiastically received wherever he has appeared. The other members of the company are: William Ohligio, first violin; Max Adler, second; Fritz Schlacker, viola; and Miss Alice Ryan, soprano.

The Handel and Haydn Society has engaged Camillo Urso, the celebrated violinist, for its next concert, which takes place on February 21st. They will offer a fine programme—comprising Mr. Stewart's oratorio "Nativity" with a chorus of two hundred and fifty voices and orchestra of thirty-two pieces; "Inflammatus" from "Stabat Mater"; concerto by Mme. Camillo Urso, and other selections. This will be the first appearance of this celebrated artist, who has not visited San Francisco for a number of years.

The fourth concert of the Hermann Brandt String Quartet will be held at Irving Hall, Wednesday evening, February 13th The quartet will be assisted by Miss Cecilia Adler and Mr. Theodore Mansfeldt.

The San Francisco Vocal Quartet will give its second concert at Irving Hall next Tuesday afternoon, and has prepared an interesting programme.

Mr. Theodor Vogt, organist of the Central Presbyterian Tabernacle, has returned from his European trip and has resumed giving lessons.

The Cornell School of Journalism has been tested and found wanting. The New York *World* conceived the idea of testing the capacity of the Cornell school to do actual newspaper work. Hearing that the students of the university were to be vaccinated *en masse*, the managing editor of the *World* telegraphed to the Professor of Journalism as follows: "Please wire the *World* full report made by your school of the vaccination of Cornell's thousand students—scenes, incidents, etc. Must file the report by seven o'clock, as a test of efficiency of school." Although four hours' notice was given, Professor Smith and his school failed to get their copy to the telegraph office, and the simple test offered by the *World* demonstrated that the theoretical school of journalism was not capable of doing practical newspaper work.

DXXIII—Bill of Fare for six persons—Sunday, February 10, 1889.

Mulligatawny Soup.
Smelt à la Española.
Lamb Chops. Mashed Potatoes.
Flageolets. Oyster Plant.
Roast Chickens.
Tomatoes, Mayonnaise Dressing.
Mince Pie.

Mulligatawny Soup.—Chicken or turkey left from a former dinner, bones and scraps from roast veal, lamb, or mutton, two quarts of water, two stalks of celery, two tablespoonfuls of butter, two of flour, one dessertspoonful of curry, one onion, one piece of carrot, salt, pepper, and two tablespoonfuls of rice or barley. Put on the bones of the poultry and meat with the water. Have the vegetables cut very fine, and cook gently twenty minutes in the butter; then skim them into the soup-pot, being careful to press out all the butter. Into the butter remaining in the pan put the flour, and, when that is brown, add the curry powder, and stir all into the soup. Cook gently four hours; then season with salt and pepper and strain; return to the pot, and add bits of chicken or turkey, as the case may be, and the barley or rice, which has been simmering two and one-half hours in clear water, to cover. Simmer half-an-hour and serve.

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MOLIERE.
Œuvres Completes. Nouvelle edition. Plates. 7 vols. 8vo. Half-olive morocco, by Tout. Fine copy. Paris, 1863.

LYTTON, LADY.
Life of, by Louisa Devey. 8vo. Half-morocco. London, 1887.

HOMER'S ILIAD.
Translated by Edward, Earl of Derby. 2 vols. 8vo. Half-orange morocco. London, 1864.

MDRE, SIR THOMAS.
Utopia. Notes by Dibden. 2 vols. Half-calf. London 1808.

SHELLY, MARY W.
Frankenstein. Plates. Half-calf. London, 1831.

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Dramatic works, with notes and memoir. 3 vols. Foolscap 8vo. Half morocco. London, 1873.

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Dramatic works. 3 vols. Foolscap 8vo. Half-morocco. London, 1873.

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MARRAYATT, FRANK.
Mountains and mole-hills travels in California in 1850. Illustrated. 8vo. Half-calf.

HENSEL, SEBASTIAN.
The Mendelssohn family, from letters and journals 2 vols. 8vo. Half-calf. London, 1881.

CRUIKSHANK, CEORCE.
Life by Blanchard Jerrold. Numerous illustrations. 2 vols Crown 8vo. Half-calf. London, 1882.

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WILSON, HARRIETTE.
Memoirs of herself and others. Portraits and plates. 3 vols. Half-calf. London, 1825.

CHESTERFIELD, LORD.
Letters, including many now first published, with notes by Lord Mahon. Best edition. 4 vols. 8vo. Half-calf, gilt top. Very scarce. London. 1845.

KEATS, JOHN.
Letters and poems. Edited by Jno. Gilmer Speed. Printed at the De Vinne Press, Holland Paper edition. Elegantly bound. Three-quarter levant by Tout. New York, 1883.

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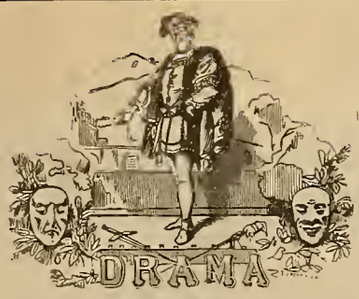

STAGE GOSSIP.

It is rather amusing to read the names of the chorus-girls in some of the burlesque companies now in New York. Two programmes show such extraordinary names as Miss Tessie Vanderbilt, Daisy Astor, and Tootie Lorillard.

Miss Sadie Martinot, who has been so long under an eclipse, and whose efforts to gratify the public by a reappearance in English have been constantly disappointed, is now to emerge in German. She has appeared in a German version of "The Mascot," at the Amberg Theatre, New York.

Mrs. James G. Blaine is at present undergoing the preliminary steps of her starring tour. She is now in the photographic stage, and the results are a series of pictures which the public will see before long in the shop-windows and theatre lobbies of the country. The pictures represent a woman of unusual beauty.

A supplement devoted to a discussion of the American drama, by the following American playwrights, Augustin Daly, Edward Harrigan, Bronson Howard, William Gillette, John Grosvenor Wilson, and Steele Mackaye, with a critical review of the subject by William Winter, appears in the number of *Harper's Weekly* issued January 30th.

In Philadelphia, the Tivoli Company with "Said Pasha" seems to be an indubitable "go." Last week the company was taken from Philadelphia to Washington to appear in the Elks' benefit there. The members were given a luncheon, introduced to the President at the White House, and returned to the Quaker City in time for the evening performance.

On Monday, February 11th, at the various theatres the bills will be as follows: At the Bush Street, the Lydia Thompson burlesque troupe in "Robinson Crusoe." At the Baldwin, Mme. Modjeska in "As You Like It." At the Tivoli, "The Nightingale." At the Bijou, Kennedy the Mesmerist and his variety company. At the Alcazar, "Under the Gaslight."

New York *Truth* says: "Miss Mary Anderson's article in the *North American Review* has not only stirred up a great deal of newspaper comment and criticism, but it has produced an entirely unexpected effect upon Miss Anderson herself. Having written what appears to be a deliberate and critical essay on society and the stage, to which she affixed her name, and which was given to the public as a *bona fide* contribution of Miss Anderson's, the lady now, we understand, disavows having written it."

Lotta is enjoying her trip through the South, for she travels now in her private car, "The Newport," in which she manages to enjoy all the possible luxuries of railroading. It is a magnificently equipped car, and she carries with her a couple of maids, a cook, and a well-filled larder. Under such very pleasant auspices it is hardly surprising that Miss Lotta takes so much enjoyment out of her professional career. Mrs. Crabtree, by the way, in very much improved health, is traveling now with her daughter.

Agnes Booth fainted during a performance of "Captain Swift" one evening lately. Maurice Barrymore picked her up and carried her off the stage, while the audience applauded, some people imagining it to be part of the performance, while others admired Mr. Barrymore's muscle. Mrs. Booth is no light-weight, but Barrymore is a stalwart, and dearly loves to display his prowess as an athlete. He likes no part so well as Orlando, and the bigger the man who plays Charles the Wrestler, the better is Mr. Barrymore pleased.

Rosina Vokes has presented in Philadelphia a new burletta, which is said to have won success. It is described as "a burlesque society melodrama in one horror." As Lady Aqua Tofani in this play, Miss Vokes is said "to die *à la* Bernhardt in 'The Sphinx,' with a clutching and a dragging at the strychnine demon in her fair throat; struggles with her lover, Sir Crimson Fluid, *à la* Davenport in 'Fedora,' and finally dies again *à la* Langtry in 'As in a Looking-Glass,' tearing down the lace curtains and giving a final agony on the floor within their filmy folds."

Emma Abbott played in Memphis, Tenn., last week. On Sunday Montegriffo, tenor of her company, sang in a local church, the minister of which thanked him publicly for his services. A newspaper contrasted the clergyman's conduct with the illiberality of Chandler, of Nashville, whose bitter denunciation of the stage caused Miss Abbott to reply from her pew some time ago. This worked the dominies who sympathized with Chandler up to a high pitch of excitement. They held a meeting, denounced Miss Abbott, and declared war. The result was a very large week's business.

The twenty-first anniversary of the Benevolent Protective Order of Elks will be held at the Baldwin Theatre on Sunday night, February 17th. Mme. Modjeska has been invited to act as president on the occasion, and has accepted the invitation to preside. Once or twice a year the Elks give a Ladies' Social, and always invite a lady to act for the night as president; and as Robert M. Eberle is chairman of the Entertainment Committee, the guests are assured that the programme will be a good one. The tickets are complimentary, and can be obtained only from members of the organization.

Mme. Modjeska plays three weeks in San Francisco, and then makes a tour of California and Oregon, after which she will rest until next season, when she will make a tour under Nixon and Zimmerman or join the Booth and Barrett forces, as fate shall decide. Mr. Barrett has by no means abandoned the idea of securing her, and it is only a question of money that stands between him and Nixon and Zimmerman. A gentleman who has kept thoroughly posted regarding the negotiations says that the difference between them is only four thousand dollars, Mr. Barrett having offered eleven thousand dollars for Modjeska's release, and Nixon and Zimmerman demanding fifteen thousand dollars. If this is the case, a compromise on a split-the-difference basis is very likely to be the outcome.

Miss Sophie Eyre's departure from England was sudden and timely. She had an immense amount of trouble with her creditors, who were annoying her most inconsiderately with writs and summonses, and so she very quietly packed her trunks, registered under an assumed name, and sailed gayly for the land of the free. She now announces herself completely recovered from her seasickness and ready to accept an engagement. She will not have much difficulty in securing a good one, for she is a woman of many good points. She is a muscular, handsome, voluptuous-looking creature, with a decided histrionic power for heavy parts.

The other day, at the Grand Opera at Pisa, the *première danseuse* miscalculated her distance, and made a pirouette clean over the footlights into the orchestra, where she alighted, greatly to the dismay of the musicians, and with much damage to their instruments. One of her shapely legs pierced the big drum, two violins were smashed to matchwood, and then, ricochetting, she impaled herself upon the apex of the bald head of the double-bass player, and only escaped complete transfixion by the expanse of the musician's shoulders. Two of the performers were slightly injured, but the fair danseuse escaped with but a few scratches.

The Boston *Gazette* says: "The Lambs Club has two hundred and fifty members, fifty of whom are actors, the rest are lay members. The Lambs occasionally give a banquet, and invite others than members to partake of their food and join in their debates, but to their 'gambols' none but members are admitted. At these times they usually act a little play written for the occasion, and thoroughly enjoyed, for it is done, not because it has to be, but because they want to do it. For the last 'gambol' Clay Greene, one of the club's brightest members, wrote a travesty in one act on 'The Quick or the Dead?' which those who saw it thought the funniest thing they ever saw in their lives. Four or five men played it, all well-known professionals, except one, and the Lambs never had such a good time."

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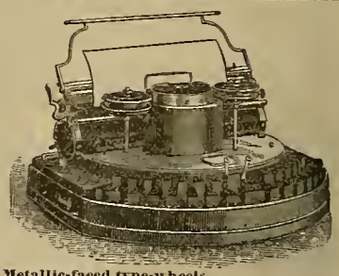

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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The "Blessed La Salle" is the subject of paroxysmal excitation of the Holy Papal Church of San Francisco just at present. This not very ancient or very distinguished French schoolmaster was born past the middle of the seventeenth century. He was not distinguished for his learning but for his piety, and when his most uneventful life was brought to a close he had established twenty-two schools. One would suppose that so humble and modest a career would scarcely occasion any great commotion, nor perhaps would it if the Roman Church had not felt the necessity of recognizing the fact that the printing-press had been established and the awakening intelligence and civilization of the age demanded schools. The church has always opposed the education of the common people; is doing so to-day so far as it can. When it was compelled to give way, it determined if it must have schools to keep them within its influence and under control of its priests. Hence the system of education, hence parochial schools, hence the order of a teaching fraternity called "Christian Brothers," hence the "Blessed La Salle." When the Papal Church recognized the necessity of general instruction, and had chosen the educational system of this most pious clerical schoolmaster of Rheims as the one best calculated to serve its purpose, it began to whoop up the "Blessed La Salle" and started him on the way to the saintship. He has been already beatified, and has so far progressed that it is reasonable to expect his safe arrival at that happy immortality within a century or so. The ceremonies of the "Triduum"—whatever that may be—are at this time of writing going on at the Roman Catholic Cathedral. The streets about the church are crowded; its aisles are thronged; there is splendid music by its choir, and masses, ever so many, during the morning hours; and in the streets and in the cars we meet little knots of smug-faced, clean-shaven, unintellectual priestly schoolmasters in long black gowns of cheap, thin cotton stuff, buttonless, seamy, soiled—we can quite understand that poverty is a synomyn for piety, but do not see why it is that in the Papal Church and its roll of saints uncleanliness is so highly appreciated, so nearly allied to godliness. According to church teaching, our patron saint of San Francisco—St. Francis—was an exceeding dirty fellow, and not in good favor with even the pious Romanists who were within crawling distance of his parasites. We would not say anything to the disparagement of the "Blessed La Salle," nor St. Francis, our patron saint, nor would this obscure teacher of the boys of Rheims be entitled to any other notice than that given it by the San Francisco *Chronicle*, if it were not a part of the conspiracy against our public-school system. "Blessed La Salle" may be all that is claimed for him by the priests of Rome. We can not find his name in any encyclopedia or biography in our library, and while we are not convinced that he has done as much good as many teachers and educationists of our own city and own time, we do not at all object to his being fixed in the saints' calendar of the Roman Catholic Church. We have no right to question that he was as pious and deserving and much more cleanly in his life than the general average of the early saints. We here reach the line which we would not willingly cross. The "Blessed La Salle" may be an hundred times blessed for all we care, and be categoried with Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John if they have no objections; we think our original J. C. Pelton—who established the first public free school in San Francisco, and contributed by his early and unselfish devotions to an American system of free, public, non-sectarian schools which will live and flourish and do good when all bigotry, superstition, and priestcraft shall die out of this free republic and be forgotten—is as well entitled to beatification and saintship as any Jesuit or Christian Brother. We think our friend and whilom Democratic superintendent of schools, Andrew J. Moulder, would grace the galaxy of saints and wear the halo with as becoming taste as the "Blessed La Salle." Making saints, or worshiping them after they are made, belongs to an age, a creed, and a measure of intelligence with which we have no sympathy. If we believed this mummery of the Roman Church had no connection with a scheme to undermine and destroy our public schools, we should let it severely alone in our confidence that we have reached an age of such enlightenment that all bigotries, and superstitions, and all the baneful creeds of a past, and dark, and ignorant age, would wilt and die under the blazing sun of persevering, intelligent, sensible, and scientific investigation. The Church of Rome has entered upon a deliberate war with American schools. From head-quarters at the Vatican the order has passed down the line for an attack upon the American non-sectarian system. From Pope to cardinal, from Rome to Baltimore, the proclamation of war has gone forth to archbishops, bishops, priests, and laymen that our schools are godless, propagate infidelity, are at war with religion and Christian civilization, and must be destroyed. The republic accepts this warlike declaration, and summons its citizens to the defense of America's most loved and cherished institution. The free, non-sectarian, common school is the bulwark of American liberty, constitutional freedom, and national independence. This conflict is the issue of ecclesiasticism against republicanism, of the civil authority of an alien hierarchy against American sovereignty. Shall a church govern the state or be compelled to submit to the law as something under it and in subservience to it, or shall it crush out law, to be followed by anarchy? New England has been the first to accept this issue and Boston the first to respond to the summons of conflict. Boston answered the challenge of Irish Romanism, and declared that the truths of history should be taught in the common schools. The first contingent in arms were not the men of Lexington and Concord, but the women nurtured at the foot of Bunker Hill and near the plains where the first blood of the revolution was shed; heroic descendants of the women who went without tea gave to Rome, its Irish politicians, its priests, its Jesuits, and its skulking, cowardly, native-born Yankee knaves their first drubbing in the skirmish-line of the new rebellion against the tyranny of superstitious, ignorant, priest-ridden, insolent Papal Rome. Parochial schools, Jesuit colleges, ecclesiastical seminaries, and all the educational system of the Roman Church can have but little influence upon the higher education taught throughout Protestant civilization; within the last one hundred years the system of church education has accomplished less than nothing. Theology may be taught as a science; we would not underrate the value of instruction in moral philosophy or researches into the fields of literature. Dogmatic theories may have value, but the educational system which subordinates science, art, and mathematical learning to the established doctrines of a church which never changes, represses history and makes it lie in order to hide the superstitious errors, mistakes, and crimes of an ambitious political organization and an ignorant and superstitious spiritual conspiracy, can not compete with free and independent investigation in all the broad fields of science, art, literature, and learning. There is no Roman Catholic school in the world which, within the last half-century, has turned out any number of eminent scholars or distinguished men, while the Protestant seminaries, colleges, and universities of Germany, England, and America have inundated the earth with men and women distinguished in every avenue of learning and in every domain of science. When any parochial school taught by priest or nun, Christian Brother or Jesuit father in America shall begin to equal Eton, Rugby or Harrow, Oxford or Cambridge; when any theological seminary under the influence of the church, whether at Washington or Rome, shall be comparable to our own Yale or Harvard, or to any of the first-class institutions of Heidelberg, Bonn, or Berlin; whenever any ecclesiastical school, anywhere on earth, shall begin to compete with free institutions that are at liberty to follow where learning and science lead, it will be time enough to take alarm. We oppose parochial schools not because they are rivals and competitors of our free system, but because they are not. We do not care so much what they teach as what they refuse to teach. If patriotism, truths of history, and science were taught by free-minded, fearless, cultured, independent teachers, we would trouble ourself but little with the outcome. Regarding the educational system of the Roman Church as teaching false political doctrines and suppressing what ought to be learned, we look upon it as an institution that encourages ignorance, and for its own base purpose prefers to have the common class grow up in superstition. Except that the alien class is vicious because ignorant, and hard to manage because vicious, and by a mistake of our early fathers is clothed with the right of the elective franchise, we should be quite indifferent whether they should be educated at all or not. Except that there are more paupers and criminals coming from the illiterate than from the educated class, we should not concern ourselves about instructing them to any other vocation than labor, or any other virtues than sobriety and obedience to the law. In 1887 there were over half a million of pupils in the parochial schools in the United States; that number is annually increasing, and just to the extent that Irish or alien children are intrusted to the care of priests, monks, nuns, sisters, church brothers, Jesuit fathers, just to that extent will they grow up in ignorance and be handicapped in the struggle of life when they come in competition with American youth educated at free, non-sectarian schools. If the Roman Catholic Church can stand it, and thinks to survive and triumph over Protestantism, intelligence, and civil government, or is willing to run the risk of the struggle, we do not doubt that the spirit of free government, intel-

ligence, Protestantism—aided by the heresy, the infidelity, and the spirit of independence that are becoming manifest in the Roman Church—will place its back to the wall, draw its claymore, and give the bawd of Babylon a good, earnest contest. A writer in the Chicago *America*, of January 31st, "H. C. T.," wisely remarks, "Religion must meet the nineteenth century philosophers half-way. Compulsory and narrow-minded religion advances the cause of agnosticism." Unrestrained intelligence, unrestricted learning, thought, free and untrammeled, with conscience at liberty, and personal freedom within the law, are all the favors that a Protestant republican government demands of the Church of Rome for any of its institutions.

One of the most appalling calamities that has overtaken any people of modern times is now existing in China, extending over an area of thousands of miles in the most fertile and populous of the provinces of the empire. Eleven years ago more than thirteen millions of people were destroyed in China by famine. A fund was organized at the Lambeth Palace in London, which resulted in the collection of fifty thousand pounds sterling for the relief of the sufferers. It will be remembered that last summer there occurred—by the bursting of the banks of the Yellow River, inundating populous valley lands, submerging and destroying towns, villages, and cities—a loss of more than two millions of lives, and a cost to the government of fifteen millions of dollars for repairing the banks of the stream. This is the location and the cause of the present famine threatening the death of more millions than were destroyed by the famine of 1878. Such destruction of life is beyond our power to comprehend. If this famine in its results shall equal that of eleven years ago—and it is said to be more dreadful—there will have been starved and drowned in the valleys of the Yang-tse and Yellow Rivers, within less than twelve years, fully thirty millions of people, nearly equaling the population of England and Ireland and fully half that composing all the population of the United States. A recent meeting has been convened by the lord mayor of London to take measures of assistance and relief; the calamity is so overwhelming as to overtax the resources of the Imperial Government of China. A meeting has been called for the same purpose in the city of New York. It would seem to be appropriate that from all the great commercial cities, from all the missionary societies, and from all persons engaged in trade or rescuing souls from the peril of heathenism, there should be made an effort to aid the starving Chinese. We have been called upon to contribute to the suffering in India, and the starving in Ireland, and to relieve our Irish fellow-countrymen from being persecuted by the tyrannical oppressions of the Government of Great Britain; and as a rule Americans have generously responded when appealed to in the name of suffering humanity. Whether anything can or ought to be done in San Francisco will naturally depend upon the large and wealthy class of Chinese resident among us, and, organized as they are into what the Chinese claim are charitable societies and companies for mutual aid, they will be expected to take the lead in any work for aid to their suffering countrymen. If the Chinese merchants and Six Companies remain indifferent, no one else will move.

Any one who has had the patience to wade through the wearisome account in sixteen columns concerning Samoan affairs in the *Examiner*, must have been impressed with one important feature of its dreary detail, viz., that the whole tangle has grown out of the greediness of German merchants to secure an unimportant island trade; that in their ignorance of international law—an ignorance which has seemingly extended to the German consul and the commander of the German war-ship—these very arrogant and insolent German traders and ignorant German officials have dragged Germany exceedingly near to the brink of war with America and England. The Navigator Islands, or Samoan group, are so situated in the track of commerce, so located in reference to English possessions in Australia, China, and British North America, so positioned in reference to the western coast of the United States, Mexico, and Chile, and so placed in the commercial highway of nations whenever the Darien and Nicaraguan ship-canals shall have united the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, that it is possible that the imperial councils of the German Empire may have desired to secure their sole occupancy, and it is possible that this desire of German sovereignty over so important a Pacific possession may have induced Prince Bismarck to encourage the greed of its traders, and to permit local jealousies to lead up to a war with Samoa. Germany must have underrated the character of the people of England and the United States if she supposed that two such powerful governments directly concerned—and every other commercial power of Asia, Europe, and South America indirectly interested—would look on with indifference while it blazed out its path of colonial empire by hewing its bloody way through breach of treaties, murder of natives, and destruction of a government not younger than its own boastful empire. While we are not disposed to accept without some grains of salt the account of village traders, political adventurers, and newspaper correspondents, we are not prepared to acknowledge the right of any European power to acquire the sole occupancy of any Pacific possession, and certainly not when it can only be accomplished by destroying the autonomy of the Samoan state, by abrogation of international compacts, and by the most shameful exhibition of German insolence in dealing with the properties, liberty, and personal rights of American citizens and English subjects. While it must, we think, be admitted that Consul Knappe and Captain Fritze have acted with most lager-beery-sweitzer-case-and-sausagey arrogance and ignorance in their innumerable proclamations and manifestoes, in declaring war, martial law, and search for contraband articles in vessels of neutral nations, in arresting free citizens, in suppressing an independent journal, in seizing guano, onions, and three barrels of cement, we do not regard the war-cloud as dangerous, nor do we think it will burst into a storm between Germany and the United States. We do not believe that Prince Bismarck will have the temerity to invite it nor the courage to engage in it. The German Empire is strong with its armies on land and at home, but it is weak with its small navy and its bad sailors on a distant sea. Our own officials at Samoa, both civil and naval, have, so far as we can learn, acted with intelligent judgment and great discretion. The same is true of the English. Our administration, under Secretary of State Bayard, has well sustained the dignity of the country, and when it changes we shall have confidence that nothing will be claimed and nothing conceded in derogation of right or in any way calculated to call in question the honor of the government of the United States or the courage of the American people; nor should this little war-scare be permitted to become the opportunity of ship-builders and naval-contractors to impose upon us an unnecessary fleet of war-vessels or extravagant coast-defenses. England, with her island empire, may demand great ships of war and impregnable coast-defenses, because of her vicinage to hostile nations; because, if her soil could be invaded by armies or her ports be blockaded from the introduction of food supplies, her government would fall in sixty days and her people suffer; England has great wealth to guard, great interests to defend, a great commerce to protect, and a vast colonial empire to watch, while our food supplies are inexhaustible, our wealth well diffused, our interests too widely scattered to need guarding, our military strength for home defense irresistible, and we have no outlying colonies to cost us anxiety. The strength of the Republic of the United States lies in the intelligence and character of its people. Its empire is peace, and it rests upon a courage never questioned, a conflict never lost, a credit never betrayed, an honor never challenged, and resources that could meet an united world in unending conflict. We need a fleet of swift, active, light-heeled Uhlans of war; we want a cavalry of the sea to scout the oceans for danger, and when it becomes necessary we can purchase for coin a navy ready built, or we can construct one, calling upon the best mechanics of the world to aid us, taking advantage of the best improved modern enginery of war. If San Francisco should be threatened by some strong pirate of the main, we would buy off the enemy by a few boat-loads of gold and then demand its repayment with interest when we were ready to present our account for wounded honor and hurt pride. When Canada becomes a part of our empire, and from the arctic to the semi-tropic lands our northern continent is occupied by an intelligent people who love peace and know how to profit by it—if we are more ambitious to do right than to gain glory in arms—we shall present to the world a government stronger and more honored and more feared than any guarded by fleets and surrounded by forts. Let Europe continue to employ her six millions of stalwart young men in upholding her glory on battle-fields; let every continental power maintain standing armies and cover the seas with sailors—we will keep ours at home raising grain and fruit and food, working in mines and shops, fishing along our coasts, trading in foreign lands, and cultivating the arts that make life enjoyable. This Samoan group embraces nine islands located some three thousand miles from our western coast; the native population is something less than forty thousand people, who are superior to any other of the Polynesian islands; the soil of the islands is exceedingly fertile, the climate tropical, and they are altogether delightful and attractive. The trade of the group, which is well provided with convenient harbors, is large and largely increasing. Eleven years ago our government entered into a treaty with the Samoan chiefs; by that treaty, and similar ones with Great Britain and Germany, the autonomy and neutrality of the islands were guaranteed. The United States have secured a coaling-station at the harbor of Pago-Pago, and are in all respects bound in honor to see that this rude and friendly people are not imposed upon by any European power, however strong it may be or however formidable its navy. The conduct of the Germans has been in every particular outrageous, not only in disregarding treaties but in assuming the political control of the islands, setting up a king in the place of one imprisoned by German authority, and assigning to him as premier a clerk from a German trading-house. Germany has taken a position at Samoa from which it is compelled to recede, and the sooner it does so the more graceful it will appear to be.

In conclusion of what we have written concerning land-booms and land-speculation in the agricultural portions of our State, we must not be misunderstood or misrepresented. We have said, and believe, there is no State in the Union more attractive to farmers, more desirable as a residence, or more profitable for the industrious laborer. We believe there is no part of our State presenting greater inducements for those who desire to engage in grape-culture, fruit-raising, the manufacture of raisins, and the drying of wine-grapes for exportation, than the valley of the San Joaquin. We agree that water is indispensable for the profitable culture of lands in these industries. We concede the importance of an Eastern immigration, and that without it our State will be arrested in its healthful and prosperous development. Believing all these things, we regard speculative booming as prejudicial and injurious. We look upon the cornering and holding of agricultural lands by banks, syndicates, and speculators, whether corporate or individual, as morally criminal, and to the last degree prejudicial to every legitimate business of the entire State. There are good lands in Fresno and great fortunes are there being realized, but there are equally good lands for the same general use in the three or four counties bounding it upon the north and south. There are lands in these counties just as good and held for sale at prices far less than those we have criticised. Let it be understood that we are not questioning the legal right of any bank, corporation, or individual to withhold lands from cultivation and hold them for speculative advancement. It is the policy of thus placing our lands without the reach of the industrious toiler, who is desirous of purchasing them and occupying them for a home. This general policy would contribute to the general prosperity of the entire State of California, while the speculative, grasping, gambling policy will act in a directly opposite manner. When the farmer abandons his home in Eastern States, selling his land for from fifteen to fifty dollars per acre, it is hard to convince him that any land uncultivated and unimproved is cheap at prices from fifty to one hundred and fifty dollars per acre. We lay down the proposition that no land is worth fifty or fifteen dollars per acre while lands equally good can be purchased for a less sum in the immediate vicinity. We declare as undisputable that there are millions of acres of cheaper lands in California than any held by the individuals, corporations, or syndicates whom we have styled "speculators," "land-grabbers," "land-thieves," and "water-thieves"; these are quotations from Shakespeare and the current literature of the times, and when we use them we intend for them no personal appropriation. Again, we are plain to remark that in this discussion—for reasons that are unanswerable and arguments that defy refutation—the best interests of all honest classes are with the policy that places our agricultural lands within reach of working-men who are poor. If our reasons and arguments are unsatisfactory to land-agents, land-speculators, and land-gamblers, we are sorry—sorry to injure their feelings, but delighted if we compel them to modify somewhat their extortionate and unreasonable demands. We are writing down no section and we are writing up no section. We have no lands to sell and none to purchase. And now, in illustration of the truth of our assertion of cheaper lands, we give the location of certain sections in the valley that have been pointed out to us by a respectable land-agent, represented to us as an intelligent gentleman of irreproachable character. Happening to visit Mr. T. Bacigalupi, at Tulare city, he kindly invited the writer to ride with him in the vicinity of that very prosperous town. He drove us through miles of rich and fruitful lands, equaling any we had seen in the somewhat extensive travels we have made. We have visited the splendid country that lies about Killarney Lake, in the south of Ireland, and there is none more beautiful; we have visited Piedmont and Lombardy, lying at the foot of the Julian Alps, and watered from their eternal snows; we have seen the fruitful valleys of Switzerland, the fat and luscious meadows of Holland, the lake lands of England; horn in central New York, reared in the valley of the Genesee, we have had some opportunity to observe the attractive spots of beautiful countries. There are but few States or Territories in our country that we are not familiar with, and we think there are no places on earth more desirable for a residence than California. We think there is no spot in California where the poor man, capable of labor, willing to work, and enabled to endure a hot climate, can find a better or more desirable place to try his fortune than the region over which we rode with Mr. Bacigalupi in the county

of Tulare. He pointed out innumerable acres of unimproved lands, and all within the artesian-well district, with numbers of flowing wells, at prices varying, according to their nearness to towns or railroad, at from six to twenty-five dollars per acre. One splendid mile square, within three miles of the Southern Pacific, uninclosed, but plowed and sowed to wheat at thirteen dollars per acre; the crop does not go with the land, but the land is improved by plowing and will next year bear a volunteer crop. Seven miles north of Fresno city, on the banks of the San Joaquin, are twenty-five hundred acres of land in one lot at sixteen dollars per acre, and all good land. One-quarter section in Tulare, free from alkali and near a railroad line, at fourteen dollars per acre. A farm of four hundred and eighty acres, all fenced, cross-fenced, sowed to wheat, and presenting promise of a good yield of grain, two-story commodious house, with hall and drawing-rooms, dining-room, and kitchen in wing, painted white, with yard of ornamental flowers, spacious barn and out-houses, thirty acres in alfalfa, ten acres in bearing orchard and vine, five miles from Tulare city, near to Elk Bayou, with four wells, one a flowing artesian well, within the artesian belt, three of them surface wells, with pumps, oak timber, and for sale at thirty-five dollars per acre. Five thousand three hundred acres seven miles west of Pixley, in Tulare County, one section, inclosed with thirteen hickthorn wires, five-inch redwood board at bottom, strong redwood posts eight feet apart, stock-proof and rabbit-proof, with two artesian wells pouring five million gallons daily into a five-acre reservoir, good barn, small house, with cattle-corrals, the whole section having been cultivated to wheat and barley; the land is leveled in checks; the soil is rich and well adapted to fruit, vines, and alfalfa; two railroad surveys through the land; climate the same for raisin-curing as Fresno; and the whole tract of fifty-three hundred acres will be sold in lump for twenty dollars per acre. This gentleman pointed out other lands recently sold and for sale, and we have named the highest price for any land pointed out by him for sale. Nine-tenths of this broad valley is uncultivated and unoccupied, and it is nearly all for sale. This gentleman has four sections of good land, and all within the artesian belt, for sale at from five and one-half to six and one-half dollars per acre. These and similar facts are within the knowledge of an hundred real-estate firms doing business in the city of San Francisco and throughout the valley of the San Joaquin. Our State abounds with the most desirable and attractive lands which are for sale cheap. There is a thermal fruit-belt four hundred miles long and twenty miles broad of rich rolling foot-hill lands from Butte to Kern County, abounding in water, traversed by great rivers and lesser streamlets from the Sierras. There are splendid lands in the valleys of the coast ranges, and most attractive farming lands all the way from the county of Humboldt to San Diego. The population of our State is numbered by hundreds of thousands of people, while it is capable of maintaining as many millions. San Francisco, San Diego, and every other commercial port demands the honest distribution of these lands at fair, cheap prices. Every legitimate industry of this State, every working-man, mechanic, merchant, professional man, banker, and capitalist, is interested in securing a good immigration of industrious and respectable people, and they have the right to secure these broad acres—which within a generation belonged to the government—at honest values. We have used the name of Mr. Bacigalupi because we were compelled to use the name of some dealer to secure our figures. He resides at Tulare city, and may be appealed to for the confirmation of what we have written. Other real-estate dealers may be corresponded with for the verification of what we have asserted, only this must be stated for the protection of all land-buyers: there are patches of alkali, and alkali is undesirable; there are streams that go dry in summer, and water is indispensable; soils differ—some are sandy, and some are adobe; some have the bedrock too near the surface. No farmer should purchase land for cultivation and a permanent home unless he has visited it, exercised his own judgment concerning it, and made all the inquiries about it that are within his reach. Let no buyer be imposed upon through haste to purchase, there are millions of acres for sale.

The employment of three attorneys by the State of California, and one by the labor associations, to assist the attorney-general in the argument of the Chinese Exclusion case, was unauthorized by any necessity. It has been found that the law department of the government was fully prepared for the argument of the case in the Supreme Court, and it is known that the action by the State legislature was a political and cowardly concession to the Irish element. Governor Waterman would have done well to veto the bill, and the gentlemen of the Senate would have done well not to pass it. Judge Maguire has shown that he appreciates the position by throwing up his brief and retiring from a case where he can not honorably earn the money tendered him as a retainer. If the three attorneys engaged by the State will imitate the example of Judge Maguire, they will afford testimony tending to prove that the whole business is not a political scheme and a personal job to give them a jaunt to the national capital at the expense of taxpayers.

That it is easier for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven by way of the Roman Catholic Church than for a needle to go through the eye of a camel, is the palpable moral of the following narration of facts which we reprint from the New York *Independent*: "John McGuire was a New York Catholic belonging to St. Stephen's Church. He was an adherent of Dr. McGlynn, and continued to attend his public meetings after the rebellious priest had been excommunicated. While attending one of the Anti-Poverty meetings at which Dr. McGlynn was speaking, he suddenly died of heart-disease. He was reputed to be an honest, pure, and hard-working man, faithful to his family and to his social and public duties. No scandal attached to his name. He was a worthy and useful member of society and loved his God and his fellow-men. But he was guilty of one error of judgment. He believed that Henry George's and Dr. McGlynn's panacea for abolishing poverty would work. He believed in the single-tax theory, a tax solely on the ground value of land; and the adoption of this theory he believed would destroy monopoly, which is, he believed very foolishly, the one chief cause of poverty and crime. Private ownership of land he held to be unjust, land not being the product of private labor. He thought that only the State could hold the absolute ownership of land, but that private individuals could lease it, paying as tax or rent a fixed amount to the government so long as they used it. This theory has been pronounced by the archbishop of New York false and heretical, and Dr. McGlynn for preaching it and refusing to submit to discipline on the subject has been excommunicated. Now, on the face of it, however false this political doctrine is, it is a matter of political economy, and not of religion, and so John McGuire believed, and he refused to give up his pastor at the orders of the archbishops. But John McGuire died at one of Dr. McGlynn's meetings, and the archbishop gave orders that his body should not be buried by the side of that of his wife in his lot in Calvary Cemetery. The courts, probably correctly, decided that being disobedient to his church its authorities had the *legal* right to refuse him its ministrations and privileges. Upon its moral right the courts could not pass; the public does that. So his body, we regret to say, still lies in a receiving vault, unburied and unblessed by the church. Crown Prince Rudolf of Austria committed suicide two weeks ago. He was an immoral, and vicious, and useless man; but he was heir to the throne. He was a notoriously licentious man, whose infidelities drove his wife once and again from him. He was the terror of husbands and fathers. At last, perhaps caught, perhaps threatened, in the midst of an intrigue with a countess—so it is said—he committed suicide. It is generally believed that the two guilty persons committed suicide together. The rule of the Catholic Church forbids Christian burial to suicides. If ever a suicide had forfeited the privileges of the church by a vile life and a violent death, it was the Crown Prince of Austria. But no sooner was the question of burial raised than it was answered by the archbishop and the Pope. From Rome came the reply that it must be *presumed* (?) that it was a case of mental aberration, and that for the suicide under those circumstances he was not responsible. It makes no difference that he was well enough to go hunting, well enough to be allowed to meet his mistress, well enough to be left alone, that he had not been suspected of mental aberration; he was of the imperial family, and that explains and atones for everything. The church bows down before the throne and says it can not do wrong. So Rudolph, debauchee and suicide, is buried in the consecrated cathedral, in the odor of all the sanctities, while John McGuire, an honest, pure enthusiast, is refused Christian sepulture."

M. Jacques, the unsuccessful candidate in Paris against Boulanger, estimates that his election expenses amounted to two millions of francs. The chief expense was for bill-sticking, one hundred thousand being pasted up every day in competition with a still larger number put up by Boulanger. But the question is, where does the latter get his money?

COMMUNICATIONS.

How We Cut Off Our Noses.

Editors Argonaut: We are now in a position to observe the working of the Scott Act in practice. It went into effect on October 1, 1888, and a few days afterward began to be understood and enforced. At the time it went into effect there were, in round numbers, about sixty-five thousand Chinamen in California, about one-half of whom, or say thirty-five thousand, were employed on farms, in orchards, in vineyards, in hop-fields, and in canneries. Of these thirty-five thousand, some three thousand have already left for China, not to return, and against these about one hundred have arrived, being merchants, scholars, and the like. Thus, in a little over four months, nearly ten per cent. of the labor supply upon which the rural districts of the State rely has been driven out of the country by the law.

At this rate, nearly one-third of that supply will vanish at the end of the first year of the new régime, and in three years, or say by January 1, 1892, the vineyards, orchards, hop-fields, farms, and canneries will be denuded of Chinamen. This, according to the labor unions, the Federated Trades, and their organs in and out of the press, is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

It may be so. A rural population, consisting of thrifty, sober, industrious people of our race, would undoubtedly be preferable to a rural population alien in race, thought, speech, religion, and habits. But if the people of our race will not come to take the place of the Chinese, it would seem that the consummation so devoutly to be wished can only be purchased by the sacrifice of our fruit, wine, hop, and can industries—which are pretty much all that we have to support our population of a million and a quarter. In driving out the Chinese are we not unconsciously imitating the man who burned down his barn to get rid of the rats?

This subject is actively discussed by the body which consists of delegates from the various labor unions, and is known as the Council of Federated Trades. It appears, from the reports of the meetings of this body, that it despises political economy, and is not on speaking terms with the laws of trade. Its idea of promoting the interest of its members is to restrict production and to throw obstacles in the way of industrial development. The fewer houses that are built the better, in its opinion, for carpenters; the more it costs to carry on iron-works, the more prosperous iron-workers grow; the more the State is developed by an increase of population, the poorer it becomes. These eccentric principles are asserted at each meeting of the council; they are taken up and echoed by the lickspittles of workmen in the legislature and the press. Quite naturally this body is enamored of the Scott Law, and contributes money out of its savings to defend that atrocious measure before the supreme court.

But even the most pig-headed of the federated workers will admit that carpenters, and masons, and plumbers, and iron-founders, and boiler-makers, and tailors, and shoe-makers, and painters, and plasterers, are not going to throw up their jobs in the city to pick apricots in Alameda, or dry grapes in Fresno; and if they will not, that the fruit must rot. For it is idle to look for an influx of Eastern labor. It is not coming. It will not come. West-bound immigrant-trains are carrying fewer passengers than usual. There is no sort of prospect that the vacuum created by the departure of the Chinese will be filled by new arrivals from the East or Europe. Why?

The reason is—not, as is so often said, that the presence of Chinamen keeps away white workers, but—that the impression is universal at the East that California is ruled by the most ignorant class in the State, hangers-on of workmen who materialize in labor-unions and trade-councils. The East has never forgotten that calamitous period when the sudden stoppage of work from the exhaustion of the Comstock generated a popular wave which carried a lot of demagogues and ignoramuses to power in California. Subsequent observation of our legislation has convinced Eastern men that this baleful influence still prevails, and that the State is dominated by the worst form of what is commonly called agrarianism. It is believed that power in California rests with a body of men who would plunder the rich in the crazy notion that they would thus benefit the poor. Eastern men read the reports of workmen's meetings and the comments of friendly newspapers, and they conclude that this is no place for them. They peruse with amazement resolutions denouncing a peaceful race of laborers, on the ground that they are aliens, and they declare that they will have no part nor lot in a State where such barbarism prevails. They see a State legislature moving heaven and earth to deprive the State of its labor supply, without which it would become a desert, and they resolve that they will not pitch their tent in a community which is ruled by idiots. They discover by inquiry that there is a population in California which can compare in point of intelligence with any population on the continent, but they learn that these people tamely submit to the rule of the sand lot, and are too mean-spirited to shake off the yoke of the hoodlum, and they conclude that they want no partnership with such an invertebrate race. They find that an elaborate system of trade-union rules bars the avenue to almost all mechanical trades to youth, and they decline to take their families to a region where boys can not learn to support themselves at an honest calling. These—not the presence of Chinamen—are the reasons why Eastern laborers will not come here. Eastern people are prejudiced in favor of civilization. And they do not know that the brawling demagogues who run the unions and the federated-trades are an infinitesimal faction of the great body of workmen in this State. The former are in full cry, while the latter run mute.

We bemoan ourselves over a drought; we weep over a killing frost among the vines or in the orange groves; we mourn over a norther which nips the wheat-berry in the milk. But frost, and norther, and drought all together are trivial accidents in comparison with the overwhelming disaster of a withdrawal of our labor supply. Their efforts are evanescent, their traces vanish at the end of a season; but an orchard, or a vineyard, or an orange-grove, once gone to waste, and left unpruned and uncultivated, becomes a mass of weeds which stifle its bountiful growth. And cruel as would be the effects in the country, the destruction of the fruit industry would be still more severely felt in the cities. It never seems to occur to city carpenters, and painters, and masons, and shoe-makers, and mechanics generally that their living depends on the productiveness of the State. If there were no fruit, nor wine, nor hops, nor wheat grown in the interior, the city would decay for want of nourishment, and all industries would stop. It is the money which is derived from a judicious use of Chinese labor in the rural districts which enables property-owners to pay Irishmen three or four dollars a day for their labor in the city; take away the one, the other disappears as a matter of course.

If the mechanics of San Francisco knew their own interest, they would bonnet the first agitator who blethered to them about cutting off the supply of rural labor by expelling the Chinese; for in fact, be is inviting them to cut off their noses in order to give him a claim to some miserable political office. B.

San Francisco, February 20, 1889.

"The Devil and the Preachers."

A correspondent writing from Eureka, Cal., says: "Here is an article under the above heading that appeared in the *Western Watchman*, which I think will be of interest to your readers. The *Watchman* is a weekly paper published in Eureka, and the editor and all his people are Catholics."

It has been the task of the writer of this article at different times to criticise severely some outrageous action of Protestant ministers filling pulpits in this city, for really it seems that both priests and preachers are at times moved by the spirit of the very devil, rather than the spirit of God. It comes now our turn to refer to the Rev. Sheridan, of the Catholic church. Eighteen hundred and fifty years ago the Saviour scourged the money-changers out of the temple, saying to them: "It is written, my house shall be called the house of prayer; but you have made it a den of thieves." If Christ had chosen to walk upon the earth last Sunday afternoon, and had visited St. Bernard's Church, he would not have found any Jews changing money and selling doves for sacrifice on the altar, but he would have found a big fat Irishman selling the privilege of seats in the church for twenty-dollar pieces, and telling the earnest followers of the Catholic creed that the pews of the church, which they had helped to build, would hereafter be locked against them if they did not plank down the money for the privilege of worshiping in their chosen faith. The spectacle was a strange one and a very aggravating one to the many earnest, faithful, and hard-working members of that congregation. An overfed priest, sitting within the portals of the church, a table before him covered with gold and silver, and selling for money that which Christ proclaimed should come to man without money and without price. The good people of that congregation have, by continued effort, built a magnificent church, and as each succeeding year rolls around, the ladies, God bless them! go to work with renewed energy to get up their Christmas fairs for the purpose of raising more money for the church; and then, when weary with work and anxiety, they would like to know something of how their church affairs stand and of the results of their labor, they are flatly told that it is "none of their business; that it is their business to pay the money in," and that he (Rev. Sheridan) will make his accounting and report to the bishop, not to them. Now, there are many very intelligent business-men in this Catholic congregation, and it is composed of as true and loyal a community as we have ever seen gathered into any church congregation; but this unreasonable demeanor in one who makes a scandalous burlesque of walking in the footsteps of the Master is having the very decided effect of thinning out the attendance and drying up the support, and they go to their devotions very much like a man taking a nauseating emetic. The Rev. Sheridan seems more fitted to teach religion with a shillalah than by the grace of his ministrations. He seems to be incapable of preaching an edifying sermon or any sermon at all, his addresses from the altar being almost entirely made up of scolding complaints about money and church matters, sending his hearers home with a feeling of bitterness rather than with a spirit of worship and prayer. His methods are offensive to Catholics and repulsive to Protestants, and if the bishop does not find some more congenial field for the Rev. Sheridan before long, we are likely to be treated to as broad a farce as when Father Quigley abused the dignity of the church and shamed the good people who adhere to that faith. To common minds there can be only one solution to Rev. Sheridan's flat refusal to report to his congregation an accounting of the many thousands of dollars they have placed in his hands. For our part we would not trust a priest or preacher in such matters any further than we would any other man—the temptation to speculate in Humboldt redwoods or real-estate will down a preacher or a priest just as quick as it will a layman.

THE WORLD'S LAST CATACLYSM.

Described by the Prehistoric Man Resuscitated from the Polar Ice.*

About a week ago I received a message from my friend Burnham, inviting me to call at his house as soon as possible, as something very important was on hand in connection with his protégé, who had been resuscitated in so remarkable a manner by Dr. Dunne and himself some four months previous, in September last. Though I had been absent from the city since that time, I had received an occasional letter from my friend dilating upon the remarkable progress that had meanwhile been made by his resuscitated guest, and the intelligence and aptness he displayed in mastering not only our language in the matter of talking, reading, and writing, but in the appreciation and appropriation of our modern methods of thought through studying abstruse historical and scientific works.

"I have had far less difficulty," the letter concluded, "in teaching Mr. Kourban Balanok than I conceive I should have had in the case of an intelligent and well-educated foreigner introduced to me under similar circumstances. Come up this evening and judge for yourself. While, of course, we have talked matters over before this in a disconnected and cursory manner, I propose to ask our friend to-night to give a detailed and connected account of himself and his foreign surroundings in that ancient world before he became one of us, and I wish you to be present in the capacity of historian as well as guest. We dine, as you know, at six."

A quarter before that hour found me in the drawing-room of the Burnham mansion, where, after being welcomed by the family, consisting of my friend, his father, and a maiden aunt, I was introduced to a distinguished-looking stranger—Mr. Kourban Balanok—in whom I had no difficulty in recognizing the gentleman whom some four months before we had rescued so wonderfully from a living tomb. Though faultlessly attired in evening-dress, I at once recognized the regular, clean-cut, aristocratic features, crisp, curling, and rather close-cropped black beard, and bright black eye of our whilom patient. His clear, olive complexion struck me then as bearing a marked resemblance to that of the high-caste Hindoo of our day, though the features were more pronounced and Grecian in type than is consistent with pure Orientalism. A quick glance of recognition passed across his face as he shook me cordially by the hand, saying at the same time to Burnham in excellent English, though with a slight foreign accent:

"I think I have had the pleasure of meeting this gentleman before—once—in your laboratory, was it not?"

"A Hungarian friend of my son's," whispered old Mr. Burnham to me, confidentially, as at that moment Dr. Dunne entered the room and engaged the others in conversation; "a count," he added, impressively, "whom he met abroad some years ago. Has been staying with us quite a time. Very pleasant fellow, Balanok. Funny name, isn't it?"

We adjourned to the dining-room, where our little sextet-dinner passed off very pleasantly, as old Burnham's little dinners always do, as his wines are excellent and the cuisine faultless; Mr. Kourban Balanok making himself especially agreeable by apt allusion and piquant illustration, which were sufficiently indicative of a very foreign origin and a civilization far different from ours.

Dinner over, as old Mr. Burnham and his sister both had engagements that evening, one of a financial, the other of a charitable character, Burnham proposed that we adjourn to his studio below, where we could smoke and talk at leisure.

"Suppose, Balanok," said Burnham, after we had arranged our easy-chairs comfortably in a semi-circle round the fire and lighted our regalias, "suppose you give us some account of your past history, and what the world was like when you lived on it before, how you came to be imbedded in the ice where I found you, and such other matters as you think might interest us. We are all of us here now—all who took part in your resuscitation, and, although you have already told me much in a disconnected manner, I should like to know still more, and I am sure my friends here join me in the desire."

Burnham's strange guest grew grave and relapsed into meditation.

"It is all so strange, so inexplicable," he said, at length, "to find one's self transplanted, as it were, from one civilization to another without notice and in a moment of time; to lose consciousness in a death-struggle with water, and to wake up shortly after, as it seemed to me, upon yonder lounge, surrounded by strange people, wearing strange clothes, and speaking a strange language. I remembered the irresistible onslaught of the waves, I remembered my drowning struggles, and recalled what I thought my death gasps, and had I waked among friends, or even among people whose costume or language was familiar to me, I should not have been surprised. But—what could I think at first?

"My first impressions were that I had been carried by the current to some country of whose existence I knew nothing, and this was the more surprising to me, as I had at that time traversed every portion of the globe. Our facilities for travel in these days were infinitely superior to those you possess now, air-navigation, indeed, was our ordinary mode of locomotion. It was not for many days after when I was able to converse somewhat intelligibly with my friend Burnham here and had gained some slight smattering of your language, that I began to realize the true state of the case. By degrees I comprehended that I had not been revived from a drowning, or semi-drowned, condition only, but that my body had actually been discovered imbedded in a vast field of ice in the region of what is now the North Pole. Still, even this did not surprise me as it might have done, as in the ancient world, as I have now learned to call it, the method of ice-conservation of animal life was not unknown to our scientific men. It was not until lately, however—not till a few weeks ago, indeed—that I began to entertain the stupendous and almost inconceivable idea that I must have lain in a comatose condition for centuries, with the necessary conclusion that these centuries must far antedate and outnumber your eras of recorded time.

"This conclusion, I repeat, I have only arrived at very recently, as it is only within the past few weeks that I have felt myself sufficiently master of your language to permit of my dipping into your profounder scientific works. This has indeed opened up a new and most interesting field to me. It has proved, in the first instance, how utterly ignorant is the human race at the present moment of all that relates to its past history, and how deplorably it is misled by those who profess to be its teachers. I see that while the researches of your geologists and other scientific men have done much to eradicate the popular idea that the world is but six thousand years old, there still lingers, even among these, the idea that the existence of the human race upon this planet does not date very much farther back than the period of recorded history, and that your progenitors were debased and brutal savages, possessing only the rudest conceptions of mechanics or the useful arts, and none whatever of the sublime truths of science. While this is certainly true of your *immediate* progenitors, it is utterly erroneous as regards the race in the abstract.

"I have been reading with the deepest interest your histories of what you call the ancient world. I find that the records of these histories go back to the Egyptian and Assyrian nations, but that back of these you possess no records at all. Did the colossal pillars of Carnac, the stupendous moles of the Pyramids, the peristyles of Tadmor and Baalbec, the friezes of Persepolis, the winged lions and monstrous halls of Nineveh, spring into existence before some magician's wand, or were they the work of men as we are? And if the work of men as we are, how is it that the men who possessed knowledge of mechanics and arts sufficient to raise such memorable piles, and intelligent enough to devise such a beautiful and regularly written language, as the Assyrian cuneiform characters represent, should have been able to write down nothing of their past, but merely the bare facts of their contemporary history? Does it seem reasonable that the immediate forefathers of these intelligent and energetic peoples were ignorant and debased barbarians? If they were so, whence came this sudden accession to knowledge and power? If they were not so, how and why was the secret of their antecedents lost? How is it that there is a point, in the not very remote past, where history breaks abruptly off, and beyond which even tradition is silent?"

"There is scarcely a people on earth," interpolated Burnham, as his guest paused in his argument, "which does not possess some tradition, more or less vague, of a flood. The Mosaic, or Hebraic, records go still further and furnish a history and even a chronology of the antediluvian epoch. The Chinese and Hindoos, on their part, claim a much more remote antiquity for the origin of their respective races, their alleged records stretching back twenty thousand years or more into the dim past."

"You will comprehend," resumed Mr. Balanok, "when I give you an account of the awful cataclysm, of which I was in part a witness, how there should exist traditions of it such as you mention. You will also comprehend why—if my theory is correct—there should be only traditions and no authentic history of the times precedent to the cataclysm. I have studied the matter over in the light of my own experience, what I see before me, and the books I have read, and have come to a satisfactory conclusion on this point. I will now, if you like, give you some brief account of my previous existence upon this world, prior to the last cataclysm, and of the cataclysm itself, begging that you will not fail to interrupt and question me when occasion demands, just as I shall appeal to you upon all points where my knowledge of your history or scientific methods is deficient.

"To begin then, I was born in a prosperous commercial city, Entarima by name, upon the shores of an inland sea—by far the most important sea in the world of that period. It was roughly circular in shape, and corresponded to what is now known, I see by your maps, as the North Polar Sea—a sea as yet unpenetrated by navigators of your day, but which was, at the time I speak of, the great commercial highway of the world. Wait a moment, gentlemen, till I get yonder globes, and I think I can, by demonstration, make myself more intelligible."

So saying, Mr. Balanok went over to a corner of the room where stood two large globes, one geographical the other astronomical, and proceeded to wheel them over to where we were sitting.

"Now," said our instructor, after he had got his globes in position and stationed himself between them, something after the manner of a schoolmaster addressing his class, "I perceive from this globe"—tapping the geographical one with his finger—"that the axis of our planet is nearly coincident with the centre of the sea, on the southern shore of which I was born. You tell me, Mr. Burnham, that my body was discovered in the ice near what you now call the hundred-and-sixty-fifth meridian of west longitude, and in what is now latitude seventy-six north, in other words, at a point about one sixth of the entire distance between the pole and the equator. I hope you will understand, gentlemen," remarked Mr. Balanok parenthetically, "that though I am not yet thoroughly conversant with your modern methods of computing angular distances, we arrived at the same, and even more exact, results by simpler methods, employing a decimal system of notation, which has been transmitted to you now through the Arabians. I have been studying your globes, and I find that my ancient home, Entarima, was situated in a latitude corresponding to twenty-six north. Now let us depress the pole of this globe so as to bring Prince Edward's Island to the meridian in latitude twenty-six north, and in the ninetieth degree of latitude on that same meridian, reckoning from the horizon circle, we shall find that spot upon the earth's surface which was the north pole of my younger day."

Mr. Balanok proceeded to manipulate the globe, and presently announced that the north pole, thus located, would fall upon a point in the Mediterranean between Sicily and Africa.

"I have been studying your geographies, maps, and globes," resumed our friend, "with intense interest for the past few weeks and drawing inferences therefrom, and I have now arrived at conclusions so peculiar and stupendous in their character, connected as they are with phenomena of which I was a personal eye-witness, that they can not fail to utterly derange all your present conceptions regarding the history of the world we live in and of the human race. Neither is anything left to guess-work, for I am able to verify, by comparatively simple astronomical calculations, the dates at which the various events I am about to relate transpired.

"My home was situated, as I have said, in a commercial city of considerable importance upon the southern shore of what is now the North Polar Sea, near what is now the twenty-sixth degree of north latitude, or just outside of the tropic zone. You must understand that the human race, in these days, was much more highly and generally civilized than now; our scientific knowledge was far superior to that which you now possess; our ideas of the aims and ends of life were infinitely higher and nobler than yours—that is so far as, in my as yet brief sojourn among you, these have come beneath my notice; we had a history dating back about thirteen thousand years, till it, like your own, was lost in mythology and tradition. We, too, had dim, legendary records of a vast convulsion that overtook the planet and nearly blotted out the human race.

"Our scientific methods, as I say, were similar to yours in kind, though differing widely in degree. Your knowledge of astronomy, mathematics, and mensuration is founded upon the relics that were saved from the last cataclysm, of which I am apparently the only survivor. We, too, had globes, and maps, and instruments, far transcending yours in nicety and efficacy. Our schools and universities did not confine themselves to abstract science and philosophy, as it seems to me yours mainly do, but investigated the inner meaning of all natural phenomena, reducing all the teachings of chemistry, physiology, and mechanics to direct practice in their minutest details. The consequence was that we attained as great a measure of happiness as it seems possible for a race situated as ours is to attain. You still have traditions, in your most ancient classical histories, of a Saturnian, or golden age; these traditions are but the dim remembrance of human life as it was before the last convulsion.

"With such perfect control as we then possessed over all natural forces, the vast, unceasing, and wearing effort to sustain life, which is now the lot of the majority of mankind, was unknown. The force which it has taken you thousands of years to discover, and at the real powers of which you as yet but faintly guess—the force which you term electricity—was the tool, the instrument of our daily life. It was the slave of the lamp and the ring, which one of your story-books tells about, reduced to as complete subjection as that genii and accomplishing results equally marvelous, for so they would now appear to you. As a consequence of the ease with which all results in the field of action—the term labor would be misapplied in the absence of effort—were accomplished, money, in the sense you now understand it, was reduced to a mere medium of exchange. Where there was no necessity for labor, there could, of course, be none for capital, which is only valuable as the purchaser of labor. The precious metals, as you term gold and silver, had not been used as currency for some thousands of years before my time, and had been replaced by verbal contract or written memoranda of transactions. As gold and silver no longer represented values, the accumulation of these metals or their equivalents became valueless; and as their possession conferred no benefit upon the possessor, the great incentive to all the frauds, villainies, and crimes, which now afflict and debase human life, was absent. Agriculture, industrial pursuits, manufactures of all kinds were carried on in tenfold measure, but to such a pitch of excellence had our machines and mechanical knowledge been brought, that the production of the necessaries of life was a pleasure instead of a toil.

"Art flourished in an extraordinary degree, painting and statuary adorned every dwelling. As there could be no poverty where every necessary or luxury could be so easily supplied, so there were no hovels, no wretchedness or squalor. Two thousand years before the time I speak of, the various nations and races had, with the cessation of wars, adopted a common language. The continents now known as Africa and South America, with the now submerged continent of Kandafu, as large as Africa, situated then in the centre of the Pacific Ocean, where now the Polynesian islands are and what is now the region lying about the south pole, called upon your maps the Antarctic Continent, were then the most favored and cultured regions of the globe. The Mediterranean was then the frozen Polar Sea, and Europe and Northern Africa were one sheet of ice. Greenland and Spitzbergen were then in the tropic or subtropic zones, as well as portions of Siberia, as both the vegetable and animal remains discovered there—as I learn from some of your scientific works—conclusively prove. In no other way can we account for the presence of the carcasses of elephants, of the remains of magnolia-trees, vines, bananas, and other tropical vegetation in that inhospitable climate, or for the presence of the reindeer in Central France.

"We possessed the same domestic animals as you do now, and even a greater variety of the wild species, though these latterly had been nearly exterminated, and were driven to such remote fastnesses and jungles as here and there yet remained free from the encroachments of man. Our knowledge of chemistry, physiology, hygiene, together with our perfect control over the mechanical arts, enabled us to prolong human life to a term undreamed of in the present time, but which is vaguely shadowed by the traditions of antediluvian life in your Mosaic Scriptures. Yet even with the possession of this ability, the population of the world, though more than five times as great as it is now, did not exceed its resources, so admirably did our scientific knowledge enable us to husband and conserve them; nor was death regarded with the dread and horror which it seems now universally to inspire. It was looked upon as the performance of a natural function, one neither to be unduly sought after nor averted. Assured as our race then was of the existence of a future state, to which our present life stood but in the relation of a preparatory

* See the *Argonaut* for January 14, 1889.

course, and communing, as it did, with the spirits of the departed in a manner so free and unrestricted, as would astound the most advanced of your modern theosophists, death could not be regarded as aught but a transit from one condition of being to another.

"But it would be impossible for me to give you, in such brief remarks as I must necessarily restrict myself to at present, any adequate idea of the character or scope of the ancient civilization of which I formed a part. From the bare outline, however, which I have given you, you can, in a manner, judge of its inner nature. I shall now go on to tell you what I know of the terrible catastrophe which befell that happy and smiling world and at one fell stroke relegated it to the misery, the degradation, the ignorance, and the barbarism in which I see it now.

"My friend, Mr. Burnham, here—to whom I owe an incalculable debt as having been the means of restoring me to the privileges of life, as otherwise I might have remained for untold eons in a state of coma, neither man nor spirit—Mr. Burnham has told me that when he discovered my body in the ice, he saw, or thought he saw, at a considerable depth beneath, what looked like the streets, squares, and gardens of a city. From the necessarily imperfect description that he could give, I still gleaned enough to convince me that what he saw was really the remnant of my ancient home, Entarima, in which it seems only yesterday that I lived. This city being situated, as I have said, about what you now term the twenty-sixth degree of north latitude, and my supposed dead body having been found about the seventy-sixth degree, it follows that this change of location from a tropical to a frozen zone must have been brought about either by a change in the angular relations of the axis of this planet to the plane of its orbit, or by a change in the relations of the surface of the planet to its axis. The investigation of this matter was one of the earliest to which my curiosity prompted me, and I became at once assured that the latter of these alterations was the factor at work. The inclination of the earth's axis to the plane of its orbit—about twenty-three and a half degrees—is the same now as it was ten thousand, or, to speak more accurately, nine thousand eight hundred and seventy-six years ago, at which time the catastrophe I am going to tell you about happened——"

"Pardon me," interrupted Burnham, "I do not see how you can fix your dates so confidently and with such a degree of accuracy. How can you possibly tell how long you were lying imbedded in the ice? Since between the ancient world you are speaking about and our own there is unquestionably a period of time, regarding which history is silent, how is it possible to estimate the duration of that period at all, far less to estimate it so exactly as to compute the chronology of the past in terms of the present to a year?"

"By the simplest and most unerring of observations, in the taking of which the earth is its own chronometer," returned Mr. Balanok, smiling; "one of the first astronomical features which I remarked, after my resuscitation, was that the pole star of the present was also the pole star of the past, and that consequently the relations of the equator and the ecliptic were still unchanged. I recalled that, at the time of the cataclysm, the vernal equinox, that point at which the equator is intersected by the ecliptic, called by your astronomers the first degree of the sign Aries, but which now falls in the beginning of the constellation Pisces, then fell in the constellation Leo. Finding from your astronomical works that the precession of the equinoxes is still fifty and one-fifth seconds of angular arc annually, as it was then, it was simply an ordinary arithmetical computation to reduce the distance in degrees between the equinoctial point of the present and that of the past to years. I found this distance to be one hundred and thirty-seven degrees forty-two minutes fifty-five seconds, which, at the rate of fifty-two seconds annually, gives the period of years I have stated.

"But to resume my narrative. In the early summer of that most eventful year, a comet suddenly appeared in the southern heavens. Comets were no strangers to us in these days any more than they are now, and our astronomers had accurately computed the periods of such as recurred at regular intervals. The visitant in question, however, was one which had not previously been observed, and measures were at once instituted to calculate the curvature of its orbit, the time of its perihelion, and such other elements as might be of interest to people in general. Public interest did not, however, centre very strongly upon the wanderer, till it was announced in the journals—our method of printing, by the way, did not involve the labor of composition yours does and was much more expeditious—that its nucleus would cut the plane of our orbit at a point extremely close to that which our planet would occupy at the moment. As the days went on, the comet grew in size and became a most magnificent object in the nocturnal heavens. Larger and larger grew its tail, until it filled more than one-quarter of the sky, and before the day set for its nearest approach, its tail only was visible in the sky at midnight, its nucleus being below the southern horizon. This alone sufficed to show the proximity and rapidity of its approach. It was now asserted by astronomers that its present course must bring its nucleus within a very short distance—a few hundred miles at most—of our earth, and though the supposition that it would do any damage was pooh-poohed by the wiseacres, still the common run of people could not help regarding the ominous phenomenon with feelings of alarm.

"The time of nearest approach had been set down for an hour after midnight, and, on the evening in question, when the sun went down, the streets of Entarima were thronged with people gazing at the weird spectacle. The tail of the comet which had, the night before, been seen stretching from the southern horizon to the zenith, had now disappeared, and in place thereof a bright, yellowish radiance filled the sky. The air was most sultry and oppressive, and I was quite prepared for the statement of one of our professors, who passed me on the street, that we were now enveloped in the substance, or *nimbus*, of the comet's tail. He also remarked that the speed of the comet, when rounding the sun at perihelion, would be equivalent to a million of your miles an hour—be, however, called it two diameters of our earth, or about sixteen thousand miles a minute.

"As the hours wore on toward midnight the air grew more dense and sultry. So deadly was the calm that a leaf or a feather would have fallen to the ground like lead; yet a perceptible tremor seemed to affect every object in nature. An indefinable dread now settled upon the people. None went within their homes, but all, as by mutual consent, remained out of doors upon streets, or terraces, or upon the house-tops. The domestic animals, too, evinced the liveliest symptoms of uneasiness. Fowls neglected to roost, and dogs ran yelping and whining piteously about the streets. After midnight, the nebulous light in the south grew more condensed and brighter. Brighter and still brighter it grew as the minutes passed, the tremor of the earth becoming all the time more and more perceptible. Meanwhile, a moaning sound, like the murmur of a distant storm, was momentarily increasing in distinctness and volume. Suddenly the southern horizon was crowned with a blood-red flush, in shape and outline like an aurora-borealis, and a few seconds afterward an angry orb of fire, subtending some thirty degrees of arc, rose majestically toward the zenith, accompanied with a rushing noise as of a mighty but distant whirlwind. I stood rooted to the spot, overawed by the magnificence of the spectacle, and incapable of thought or action. Utterly oblivious of my surroundings, all I could do was to stand still and gaze at the frightful phenomenon. As the seconds passed, the tremor increased in violence till it assumed the character of an earthquake. My eyes now turned instinctively north, in the direction of the sea. Could I believe my senses? Where a minute before there had been fathoms deep of water, there was nothing but a shining, oozy bottom, upon which scores of ships, that had been riding at anchor, now lay stranded upon their sides. The waters had evidently retired swiftly and noiselessly from the shore, but how and whither? Strain my eyes as I would there was nothing in sight but an oozy, slimy plain, hundreds of feet beneath me, stretching away into the dim distance and gleaming in the light of the weird radiance above.

"But as I gazed, the northern horizon became crowned with the same borealis-like flush that had suffused the south not ten seconds before—for all that I am telling took place more speedily than I can tell it—and from it rose an orb which I at once recognized as the sun. In an instant the scene was lit up with the full glare of day, instead of the baleful light shed by what I intuitively comprehended must be the nucleus of the comet in the south. The sun rose swiftly and perpendicularly from the northern horizon, till it reached no further motion. But while I looked, spell-bound and paralyzed by a chain of phenomena which seemed to set all the laws of nature at defiance, I became aware that something was transpiring far out across the waterless sea-bottom which stretched leagues away before me to the north. I strained my eyes across the expanse and saw approaching a wall of water as lofty as a mountain and as regular as a line of battle. It grew before my gaze. I found myself calculating in a breath, from some headlands that I knew, that it could not be less than twenty miles away, nor less than a mile high, nor moving at a speed less that half a mile a second.

"And at that moment, as if moved by a common impulse, the vast throng of life about me found a tongue. It seemed as though the appearance of the approaching wall of water had unlocked the spell that had held them bound since the appearance of the nucleus of the comet, scarce more than a minute before. They now seemed to realize their impending and inevitable doom. Oh! the awful horror of that despairing wail. From tens of thousands of voices it rose with a sonorous force which swelled higher than even the roar of the rushing waters that towered thousands of feet above us and engulfed us the moment after. It sounds in my ears yet. Then I knew no more—till I opened my eyes in yonder corner of this room."

When Mr. Balanok concluded his remarkable narrative, nobody seemed inclined at first to hazard any remarks upon the astounding events he had described. At length Burnham spoke.

"Your story, Mr. Balanok, involves so many phenomena that are without precedent or parallel, and so many apparent contraventions of what we are taught to consider invariable natural laws, that it seems to me difficult or impossible to account for them on any substantial scientific hypothesis. A minute after the nucleus of the comet rose from the southern horizon, the sun, you say, rose in like manner from the northern one. We, of course, know that the sun has no proper motion of its own relative to the earth, and that its apparent motion of rising in the east and setting in the west is due to the diurnal rotation of the globe. The only way, therefore, in which it is conceivable that the sun rose suddenly in the north is to suppose that the earth changed its axis of rotation and moved for a short time from south to north. But you assert that the axis of the earth's rotation has not changed in relation to the plane of its orbit. How then do you reconcile these apparently contradictory conditions?"

"You must remember," replied Mr. Balanok, "that all that I have described was the work of little more than a minute, that I had no time to theorize then, and that, so far as my opportunities to explain satisfactorily the phenomena go, I am on the same footing as you are. I have, however, given the matter some study, and have reconciled the apparently incompatible conditions in a way satisfactory, at any rate, to myself. While we of the ancient world understood the principle of the mariner's compass, it was not of the same benefit to us as it is to you. The earth's magnetic pole is not even coincident with the true pole, but in the ancient days it was situated many degrees—some three thousand miles, in fact—further south. I have, therefore, come to the following conclusions. The nucleus of the comet was probably composed of iron, and as it swept past our planet, from south to north, in close proximity and at such terrific speed, it exerted such an attracting force upon the vast body of iron ore of which the earth's crust is composed at the magnetic pole, as to cause that portion of the crust to follow its northerly course. We well know that the crust of our planet is merely an envelope or shell of extreme tenuity, floating on and incasing a fluid sphere of molten metal. It was an easy matter, therefore, for a comet, possessed of magnetic properties for a certain portion of this shell, to cause the shell to revolve, so long as the attraction lasted, upon the frictionless fluid body within, without disturbing its original direction of rotation. The comet, having a proper motion of its own, rose from the south dragging the envelope of the earth with it, and the waters even more forcibly than the land, causing the sea to seem to retire, as I have described, and the sun to rise in the north, till it was sixteen degrees above the northern horizon, as it is now at midnight in the latitude where I was found. The abrupt stoppage of the northerly rotation of the crust, when the comet ceased to exert its force, caused the waters of the seas and oceans upon the meridian of greatest motion to be carried over the lands in a vast tidal wave of thousands of feet high, as I have described. This motion would naturally diminish to zero as the extremities of the imaginary axis on which the crust revolved was reached, and accordingly the effect of the cataclysm would be less felt at these portions of the globe. It was sufficient, however, as I can now see, to swamp all the level portions of the continents, to destroy all traces of the civilization which then existed, to root up and overwhelm vast forests, to leave marine shells, as I have read, on your Rocky Mountains, and to leave few of the human race but the mountaineers to begin again the battle of life under the most toilsome and disheartening auspices.

"As for myself, the city of Entarima then lay in a sheltered nook backed by hills of considerable height, so that the waters soon became still, and congelation, at that latitude, at once set in. And now you know the main circumstances connected with the last cataclysm which overtook the world we live in."

ROBERT DUNCAN MILNE.

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1889.

To show the low esteem in which cable-roads are still held in the East, we reprint the following from an article on electric-roads in the New York *World*: "Cable traction has the disadvantage that it necessitates the moving of a long and heavy mass of wire-rope, the friction of which is beyond conception, and the wear of which is constant and rapid; but beyond this there is the disadvantage that any damage to the cable itself, or any cause of stoppage of any part of the power plant, will put the entire line out of service; and even the breaking down of one car by an accident to running gear, or the blocking of the track by an obstacle foreign to the railway itself, will similarly disable the line, as the cars can not be run off the track and around the obstacle as with many other systems. Whenever a cable-road has to go around a block the immense strain which has to be taken, with the corresponding expense in power and wear and tear, removes all the economy from the system. Take as an example the Philadelphia road where it goes around the public buildings. When the writer was last in Philadelphia the trouble was so great at these curves that the cable grip was released and horses towed each car around the block. The 'unit' objection is the strongest of all against the cable. It can not be a success except in broad streets, where 'blocks' are an impossibility. The twenty to fifty cars which are often blocked in Broadway near the post-office, for instance, could never catch up time, as they do at present with horses, as soon as the jam is opened. Those lines in New York which, at their down-town end, have to make way through crowded streets with many curves, can never hope for anything from the cable, and they know it. No cable (the rope itself) has ever lasted in regular use a year. On the Chicago city road twenty men are constantly on duty oiling the sheaves every twenty-five feet along the line. Mr. Holmes's figures are that eighty odd per cent. of the whole power is used in moving the cable alone. The cable system is very costly to start with; being a unit, a broken cable suspends the entire traffic; the cars can not make up lost time, as they can not travel faster than the cable itself; nor can they ever run more slowly than the cable without such slipping as will cause wear of the cable itself and of the grips, and unpleasant noises; the conduit is an open sewer, which collects droppings and water from the street, and which, because of the pulleys and cables, can not be cleansed; the expense of lubricating and repairing the numberless moving parts is enormous; the difficulty of turning corners is not as yet fully solved; it is impossible to work turnouts, sidings, and single tracks, and extensions of the line are expensive and difficult because of terminal machinery and of cables of definite length. The Chicago cable-road, which cost one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars per track-mile, according to Mr. Holmes's own statements, is the only one which is not roundly and constantly condemned, and no decent cable-road has ever been laid where the conduit did not cost at least one hundred thousand dollars per mile before cars ran properly."

On the road connecting Teheran, Persia, with one of the suburbs, a Mahometan was killed not long ago. His infuriated friends who soon gathered in the neighborhood rushed upon the engineer and fireman, both of whom were left half dead. The station was burned to the ground, and the rolling-stock along the line completely destroyed. The intervention of the army alone stopped further demolition. The company, which was Belgian, placed their loss at ninety thousand roubles and demanded restitution from the government. At first it was utterly refused, the authorities arguing that the company owed its merited loss to carelessness. After the company had threatened to run no more trains and to withdraw entirely from the country, the government compromised by giving them sixteen thousand roubles and the exclusive privilege of establishing the only match factory in Teheran. These terms were accepted. But the people were not quieted for some time. The road was avoided by the majority of the inhabitants, who preferred walking to risking their lives. Confidence was not restored until the crown prince, a man of great influence among his people, entered the car to ride to the castle in Teheran. With this encouragement traffic was resumed.

M'ALLISTER'S WARDS.

Mrs. Atherton discusses the Four Hundred and the Costume Ball.

The snobs of New York are agitating the vital and impending question of Mrs. Cleveland's admittance or non-admittance within the sacred fold. Their reasons are varied. When the opinion of Colonel de Lancy Kane was solicited, he replied, with the drawl which stamps the delicate breeding of the Four Hundred: "Mrs. Cleveland? She is the lady who lives in Washington, is she not? We really have not decided." When laid before the tribunal of the late, though living, Mrs. Paran Stevens, the said tribunal replied, haughtily: "I have never heard of the young woman." Another dame of bank-account-and-mutton ancestry hurled forth the fiat that Mrs. Cleveland was nothing but the wife of a politician, and would have to take her place as such. Mrs. Astor, having held her position long enough to be relieved of its burden, can see no reason why Mrs. Cleveland should not be the four hundred and first white sheep. The matter will probably be decided ultimately by Ward McAllister, whose word is law.

The Four Hundred find much material for prattle and plan in this question. It is a deep delight to their mighty souls, and to their large and resounding brains, to be able to relegate to obscurity or decorate with sacred badge the woman who, for the last three years, has rent their hearts with envy. Mrs. Cleveland, ex-first lady of the land, knocking at the gates of the sacred corral, is a righteous and refreshing sight. The only sting in all this anticipatory bliss is the awful rumor that Mrs. Cleveland may not care a rap about becoming the Four Hundred and First, but may elect to be a member of the upper literary set of which Mr. Gilder and Mr. Stedman are leaders as stern and exclusive as the great firm of McAllister & Kane. In this chaste and lettered Century Guild she has been welcomed more than once, and if she makes up her mind to have a salon in New York, she will be quite as famous as when Lady of the White House. Certainly it will be more interesting to read of her evenings and visitors than the columns anent Mrs. Harrison's shopping, with which the papers have been replete of late. Who, in the name of conscience, in this broad republic cares a dash about Mrs. Harrison's shopping? And yet, if we may draw any conclusions from the yards of reportorial rhetoric which have been lavished upon the details of this petty but necessary episode in Mrs. Harrison's career, it is that a large army of snobs and cads devour eagerly every word written about a person of high estate. Else why has Mrs. Harrison come and gone these fifty years, and shopped, and hargained, and expended without a passing paragraph? And why has no one ever asked or cared before whether she took her beauty-sleep just before midnight or an hour prior to dinner?

Colonel de Lancy Kane—understudy of Ward McAllister and viceroy of New York society, familiarly known among the "buds" as Colonel de Prancy—is a short, heavily-built man, looks somewhat like a Frenchman, and has dark, good-sized eyes. He has the amiable expression of great success, and the proud carriage of Terpsichore's head graduate. De Prancy, as his nickname indicates, is an exquisite dancer, and once led all the germans. No cotillion, in fact, would be given without him. Moreover, he can drive—drive a four-in-hand backward, his fond admirers state—and achieved his first arm-chair in the temple of fame by the way he handled the reins of the coach "Tally-ho." At the Patriarchs' ball the other night, he wore the robes of state for the second time since Mr. McAllister's temporary retirement. His duties were difficult and somewhat prosaic, but he lightly cast over all the halo of the "best manners in New York." He had to be on hand early and see that the floor was suitably polished and the room properly ventilated. He had to descend to the kitchen and inspect the refreshment-bumpers. Later he had the double task of observing if a black and unbranded sheep had crept into the fold and of selecting the most beautiful woman to lead into supper. But the sublimity of his position doubtless compensated him for attendant responsibilities. But how, how can this dazzling satellite consent to slink into the thickly-studded milky-way when the McAllister planet once more swings into the heavens? It will be a sadder sight than that of Mrs. Cleveland knocking at the gates. And De Prancy, alas, can not take refuge within the Century Guild!

A costume ball was given a few evenings since at the National Academy of Design, and nothing more elaborate has ever taken place in America. The Water-Color Society is at present holding its exhibition in the academy, and all pictures were hung with reference to keeping each room in the same key of color. All the pictures framed in white and having white mats were hung in one room, and above and around were draperies of white. The effect was chaste, but somewhat chilly. Some of the other rooms, however, were gorgeous with Oriental stuffs and rich and dim with tapestries. Palms were on the staircase and in every corner, and in the smaller rooms were rugs and divans.

Everybody was in costume, from De Lancy Kane to the cook, and even a messenger-boy could not have entered unhistoried. Lander (the Ballenberg of New York) and his fifteen men were in costume and so were the Hungarian band down-stairs. The cook was dressed as head-caterer to old King Hal, and all the waiters might have danced attendance upon the same blood-thirsty lover of good cheer.

Before the ball came off, nine costume-dinners were given, among them one by Mrs. Abram Hewitt to thirty guests. It was a sixteenth-century banquet, and the table was set after a painting by Paul Veronese, and adorned with a stuffed peacock.

At the ball Mrs. Astor wore the handsomest costume—the robe of a Venetian princess. It was of royal purple-velvet, the enormous train embroidered with huge gold roses sprinkled with diamonds by way of dew-drops. The front of the bodice was of antique white-satin embroidered with golden roses, and the long veil of Venetian point was fastened by a coronet of diamonds. Of course she wore all the diamonds the Astor flesh is heir to.

There were Rubens hats in the Sir Roger de Coverly quadrille, and pink hunting-coats and all the rest of it. Sir Walter Raleigh was galvanized as usual, and Claud Melnotte, Undine and Germania, Mary Stuart and Olivia, and all the rest of the old boys and girls. Mrs. Paran Stevens—heaven save the mark!—went as Cleopatra, and reconciled her observers to Mrs. Potter. Pretty Elsie Leslie went as that charming chromo, Little Lord Fauntleroy, and our own Harry Tevis was resplendent as a Toreador.

Mrs. Langtry finds herself obliged to withdraw Macbeth on account of the severity of the mental and physical strain. It has been a success, however, and she doubtless feels that she has gained the great point of her life. She will produce it on the road later.

Sibyl Sanderson will make her début as soon as the scenery is completed; but it is very elaborate and delay occurs again and again. The costumes have been designed by the best artists in Paris and are said to be superb and unique.

A Paris letter to the *World* states that Miss Nina Macondray is the belle and leader of the younger wing of the American colony. GERTRUDE FRANKLIN ATHERTON.

NEW YORK, February 11, 1889.

The Metropolitan Stenographers' Association, of New York, is now the largest and most influential body of its kind in the world. The rooms of the association are frequented by young men and women every evening, and yet it is more like a well-conducted school-room than a thickly populated club-house. In the club there is a practice-room, which is large, well-lighted, and fitted with tables and wide-armed chairs. When a *Sun* reporter visited the place the other night, there were between thirty-five and forty young men and women industriously plying the pencil, while a young man, with long flowing locks, was reading, with a rather theatrical air, one of Daniel Webster's great speeches. The gentleman was reading at a moderate rate of speed, but in an adjacent room the "fast class" was practicing. Here the speed was very high, frequently touching two hundred and more words a minute. Just at the moment they were practicing somewhat after this manner: The reader would read forty or fifty words as fast as the words could be pronounced, and would then wait until all the stenographers had written the last sentence. This method quickens the intellect and is said to be one of the best-known methods for stenographers to increase their speed. Adjoining the practice-room was what might be termed the "sitting-room," though it more resembled a counting-room. There were five type-writing machines in the room. All the machines were in active operation, and the click, click of the keys was incessant. In another part of the room was a large case, well filled with all the standard works on stenography, and not a few histories and works of fiction. Connecting with this room was a large and comfortably furnished parlor. On the centre table were all the current magazines and periodicals. The chief object of the association is the protection and advancement of the interests of its members. To this end speed contests, both in short-hand and on the writing-machines, frequently occur. Connected with the association is an employment bureau, through which positions are found for members without charge of any kind. The social element is not lacking either, and charades, mock trials, debates, etc., take place at short intervals. The annual reception is, however, the great stenographic event of the year. The membership includes about two hundred and fifty stenographers, including the associate members, among whom are Isaac S. Dement, who recently wrote two hundred and fifty words a minute for five minutes in a contest, and Frank E. McGurrin, official court reporter of Salt Lake City, and probably the fastest type-writer operator in the world.

It is reported that this has been a period of unprecedented fogs in London—frequent, dense, black, choking. It is difficult to make American readers understand what a London fog is (writes James Payn in the *Independent*). It is only less suffocating than would be a room filled with smoke. Fancy a great city of five or six millions of people being so enveloped in a deep green-yellow cloud that it is impossible to see three feet in advance of you; almost impossible to keep on the pavement because one can not discern where it leaves off and the street begins. Traffic is practically suspended. For a while the "bus" drivers descend and seek to lead their horses, only to give up and abandon all attempts to get on. The same is true of other drivers and vehicles. The gas-lamps are of no use practically, except that as you grope your way through the choking darkness you are enabled to know that you are in some highway by the fact that, when you get directly under a gas-lamp, you are aware of a dim flicker of light just above your head; but, as for throwing any light, they do not. Even the rays of the electric-light are arrested, absorbed, and lost before they travel far enough to illuminate a street or pathway. Moreover, the fog is filled with particles of coal smoke which, besides the damp, oily, slimy, raw mist which fills your lungs, sets you coughing and choking with every inspiration of air into your lungs. Indeed, it is by means of this hacking, coughing, and clearing of throats that you know that there are other sufferers abroad besides yourself. A London fog is a thing to be experienced once and then eschewed and avoided forever.

There are 183 Presidential post-offices in Pennsylvania, the salaries of the postmasters of which aggregate over $350,000 a year. The salaries of other postmasters in the State amount to over $1,000,000. There are between 10,000 and 15,000 persons employed in connection with these post-offices, and the total salaries paid amount to nearly $2,500,000 a year.

The Sèvres dessert service in Windsor Castle is valued by an expert at fully one hundred thousand pounds sterling, the punch-bowl alone being estimated at ten thousand pounds. The value of the china at Buckingham Palace and that of Windsor together is thought to exceed considerably two hundred thousand pounds.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mr. Ruskin uses candles for illuminating purposes at night.

The German Emperor has started an elaborate daily *Court Circular*, which he edits himself.

M. Jacques, who was defeated by General Boulanger in the Paris parliamentary election the other day, was once a college professor. Failing at that, he became a successful distiller.

President Cleveland's mail is now heavy with advertisements from hotels, flat-houses, apartment-houses, boarding-houses, etc., sent from New York. It is said he has been offered suites in desirable houses free of charge. He is considered a great advertising card.

Miss Louise Drexel, of Philadelphia, who was married recently, presented to her husband as a wedding gift the title-deeds for her country residence at Andalusia and a city mansion in Rittenhouse Square, for which Miss Drexel paid one hundred and seventy thousand dollars.

Andrew Carnegie, the millionaire iron-founder, says that he began his business career by sweeping out an office, and that his fellow-sweepers were David McCargo, now president of the Allegheny Valley Railroad, Robert Pitcairn, superintendent of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and Mr. Moreland, city attorney of Pittsburg.

Fairly well settled in life, Valerie, Archduchess of Austria, and Franz Salvator, archduke and half-brother of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, will be when they get married. The bride's fortune is a round million; Parliament adds two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, and papa Francis Joseph gives fifty thousand dollars a year as long as they live.

Mrs. Harrison is fond of the old-fashioned crochet work, and it is said that the ladies of the White House circle during the next four years will attempt to revive the wearing of linen lingerie trimmed with home-made embroidery and crochet. It is believed that this may assist in giving employment to many women whose means of livelihood have been seriously curtailed by the fashion suggested by actresses of ladies wearing silk under-garments.

The sum of money the Empress Frederick will get under the will of the Duchess of Galliera is said to amount to five million francs and is left to her absolutely. She will be very rich when all her money is invested and her affairs settled, and she has been wisely advised in the arrangements by the queen's lawyers. The arrangement made for her by the Emperor Frederick, apart from her annuity of forty thousand pounds sterling as Queen Dowager of Prussia, was very generous.

Wayne MacVeagh and Daniel Dougherty having removed to New York, the Philadelphia *Ledger* explains that they did so because they lacked excitement in the Quaker City. "In the civil courts of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania they had and have abundant employment, but they yearn for the excitement of defending great criminals, of whom there are none here. New York overflows with criminals of the deepest dye, hence Wayne MacVeagh and Dan Dougherty go to New York."

An eccentric bachelor and schoolmaster, William W. Merriam, dropped dead while addressing a class of boys at Springs, near Riverhead, L. I., recently. He was the son of one of the original firm of publishers of Webster's Dictionary at Springfield, Mass., and a graduate of Williams College. His estate of about eighty-five thousand dollars was willed to the United States Government, but Mr. Merriam had expressed the intention of changing the bequest if Mr. Blaine was not made Secretary of State.

Pay-Director Cunningham, of the navy, recently started with an English friend, James Ashbury, for a trip through Mexico. Mr. Cunningham is a *bon-vivant*, and did not trust to the gastronomic mercies of the Mexicans. At Laredo the customs officials were attracted by the elegance of his lunch-basket, and confiscated it and its contents. Colonel Cunningham is much enraged over the affair. If they had taken his pocket-book he would have forgiven them in time, but the seizure of his luncheon was a tragedy.

A year ago Mrs. M. E. Dow, of Dover, N. H., bought up enough of the stock of the local horse-railroad company to have herself elected president and save the property from a Boston syndicate, which was fishing for it. The road was in debt and paid only five per cent., while neither stock-holders nor patrons were satisfied with its condition. Within the year Mrs. Dow has improved the facilities of the road greatly, paid off part of the debt, laid aside a snug surplus, and declared an eleven-per-cent. dividend. While a girl, Mrs. Dow helped her father to manage his farm, and circumstances, aided by natural ability, have since made her a good business-woman. She is also a skilled housewife and a judicious mother, an accomplished lady, a good shot with a gun and pistol, a fine swimmer, and the possessor of property worth two hundred thousand dollars. Her present husband is her second.

The new and thoroughly-accomplished *escrimeuse*, or "lady-fencer," is Mme. Trigault-Gabriel, daughter of M. Trigault, a Lyons fencing-master of renown, and wife of Adjutant Gabriel, who is chief master-at-arms in the great military school of St. Cyr. Mme. Trigault was a fencer when she was a mere child and crossed foils with cuirassiers and dragoons from the camps. She is to try conclusions with M. Tixier, master-at-arms of the Polytechnic School. The lady is by no means the only example beside Mme. de Valsayre of the fencing prowess of her sex. There was another terrible person, Mlle. Jean Louis, who was also daughter of a fencing-master, and invariably and ignominiously defeated all her adversaries of the other sex who were of only average skill in fencing. She eventually became a countess. All the budding actresses and singers of the Conservatoire take fencing-lessons of M. Jacob, and there was a lady in Paris, only a short time ago, who gave fencing-lessons to fair Yankees.

The rapid rise and immense wealth of the Astor family are due mainly to the thrift, enterprise, and sagacity of John Jacob Astor, the peddler, who accumulated a fortune of something like fifteen million dollars. John Jacob Astor, his grandson, is unquestionably the richest man in New York to-day, his fortune, which is mainly in real-estate, being estimated at one hundred million dollars. He is about seventy years of age and a widower. His only son, William Waldorf Astor, stands six feet-three in his stockings, and is built in proportion. He affects sombre raiment and wears a priceless cameo-pin which was dug out of the Tiber during his sojourn in Italy as minister. His wife, who is a Philadelphian by birth, is a tall and graceful brunette of charming manners. She has a separate fortune of her own, is very generous to the poor, and leads the german on occasion. William Astor is the brother of John Jacob and the uncle of William Waldorf. Mrs. William Astor is the recognized leader of New York society. She is said to spend ten thousand dollars a year on dress and fifty thousand dollars a year on charity. She is noted for her tact, her diamonds, and her pink-dinners. Her turn-out is one of the very best in town, and she has a dinner-service of solid gold.

The engagement of Prince Leopold of Prussia to the Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, daughter of the late Duke Frederick and sister of the present empress, has caused considerable surprise. Prince Leopold, now about twenty-four years old, is the brother of the Duchess of Connaught. He is a handsome young fellow and has vast estates in various parts of Prussia. Prince Leopold's name is unsullied by scandal, and his life has been exemplary. His engagement is a disappointment to the English royal family, who had hopes of arranging a marriage between him and a daughter of the Prince of Wales. The emperor, who is chief of the house, and through whose consent alone a marriage can take place, has prevented the consummation of their wishes as another means of showing his hatred for his English relatives. Princess Fédora Louise Sophia Adelaide Henrietta Amalia, who has carried off the Hohenzollern prize, has more name than beauty or intellect. She is now twenty-two years of age. She resembles her sister, the empress, both in appearance and mind, and, like her, reminds one more of the daughter of a country-house than a princess of the blood. Her mother, Princess Adelaide of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, was once wooed by Louis Napoleon, and would have been Empress of the French had Queen Victoria and the prince consort not interfered to prevent it.

VANITY FAIR.

But twenty-five days more remain of Mrs. Cleveland's position as first lady in the land. It is definitely settled that she will make her home in New York city, and the inquiry of the hour is, will society receive her? Before all the brilliant ladies from all the States in the Union she has ranked first, and at the numerous entertainments where she has appeared, no one has left the parlor at a reading or musicale, or risen from a table until after the girl-wife. Now, after all this honor, distinction, and success, she will go to New York, and it remains to be seen whether or not she will be received. The interviews had on the subject with the recognized leaders of the famous Four Hundred, which may not be used, would make most interesting reading. One lovely lady, whose papa peddled fish in the old Washington Market, said Mrs. Cleveland will come to New York as the wife of a politician. Another lady, a Virginian by birth, who has a lot of colonial candlesticks and three coats-of-arms, asks the question, "Who is Mrs. Cleveland?" and a gentleman, who is a direct descendant of one of the proudest families of Madison's day, says: "What claims have the Clevelands over the Grants?" Ask the Newport set about either, and the answer will be, "Never met them." Mrs. Benjamin Harrison begged to be excused from giving an opinion. Mrs. Levi P. Morton was ill and could not be seen. Mrs. Henry Clews declined to speak and said she had no opinion to express. The wealthy Misses Furness, who have been the honored guests of Mrs. Cleveland, sent down word that they had nothing to say on the subject. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt was not at home. Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt was out driving, and Mrs. Sloane sent down word, "I don't know anything about the matter." Mrs. Mason Jones said: "Tell her I never met the person and don't know anything about her relations to society." Mrs. Elliott Shepard said: "If Mrs. Cleveland comes to New York she will be cordially received by society." Mrs. William Astor said she "did not know the President's wife and was therefore quite incapable of giving an opinion, although she had heard only the kindest things of her." Ward McAllister was seen, and delivered himself as follows: "Mrs. Cleveland, of Washington, I suppose you mean? Yes, yes. Well, in three weeks more, don't you know, she'll be the wife of an ex-President. The wife of a politician, don't you know. Well, really, I don't know her, but I hear, don't you know, that she's quite a nice sort of person. Mrs. Cleveland is coming to New York to attend the centennial ball, don't you know. Well, every paper is full of it, don't you know; your editor ought to tell you about it. Yes, it's to be April 30th, and Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland have cards, don't you know, and they may be asked to dance in the administration quadrille with President and Mrs. Harrison and Vice-President and Mrs. Morton. The mayor will be counted in, too, and as he has no wife, and as Mr. Cleveland can't dance, Mrs. Cleveland might be Mr. Grant's partner, don't you know." "How sweet! and after the ball do you think Mrs. Cleveland will go into your set?" "That's hard to say, don't you know."

"Nellie Bly," a female reporter of the New York *World*, wanted to see what the great French ball was like, and gives this account of her adventures: Covered from head to foot with a shapeless black domino and fortified with a great, strong companion, I drove to the Metropolitan Opera House. As I was there to see, I stood for a moment watching the occupants of the cloak-room. The room was not large and it was more than comfortably filled; but as the majority of the women were pleasing to the eye, it was endurable. Very few were masked and nearly all were busy adding the last touches to their costumes. Pretty silk-clad feet were being transferred from boots to dainty satin slippers. "Can't one go on the floor without a mask?" asked a pretty black-eyed girl. The vender of masks assured her that no one could. "It's a perfect shame," she continued, as she put her dainty foot on a chair. A quick movement, a flash of skirts, a faint idea of delicate color, and, presto! a roll of hills. She bought a pink mask, with which she covered up her pretty face. Outside the cloak-room, in the corridor, I waited for my escort and watched others who were waiting. Occasionally a masked girl saluted one who was not masked, and the latter would say: "Who are you? Oh, yes, I know!" and then they would fall to making inquiries as to who was there and who was not. Sometimes the men who came up to wait for their companions, not yet ready, would be spoken to by masked girls. Then there would be little tusslings, as if trying to see under the masks, and little yells of "Don't!" but it was done quietly.

As soon as I was in my box, I eagerly leaned over the railing and viewed the pretty scene below. The room was dazzlingly bright, and the atmosphere, balmy as an Indian summer morn, was faintly laden with the perfume of flowers. The orchestra was playing a waltz, and the centre of the floor was a swaying, sweeping, circling, spinning mass of colors. The waltz was ended, and the orchestra in the opposite gallery took up a refrain. The whirling dancers fell into a circle of promenaders, and so I transferred my attention to other things. The first tier of boxes was filled with beautifully dressed women, most of whom were masked. They all made a lavish display of flowers, and two or more boxes were outlined with magnificent bouquets. One very noticeable thing was the general division of men and women—the women in boxes alone and the men likewise. One box in particular I noticed. In it were four rows of good young men. That is, they looked good—they sat there so quiet and prim. Even their vast shirt-fronts, gleaming immaculately white, seemed to suggest sobriety and goodness. In the second tier were some few people who looked more as if they were there from curiosity, and still above in the circle were two rows of people who surely came to see and not to be seen. The only real French women at the ball sat, closely veiled, in this circle watching the queer capers of those below them. The floor at a quick glance was hut a conglomeration of colors, shapes, styles, and sizes, hut on closer observation each assumed an individuality. There were women masked and unmasked. Invariahly the eldest women wore the youngest costumes, the ugliest wore the loudest and most pronounced, the most hoidenish and awkward assumed the *grande dame*, and the most quiet had on men's apparel. The girl with the hig feet was kittenish and showed them; the girl who had a turkey-hefore-Thanksgiving look posed as a sylph. Many costumes were very low at the top, just as many were high in the skirts. Very few men, surely not more than fifteen, were in costume, and, with three or four exceptions, none was masked. I wondered as I looked why men do not mask at a mask-ball? Are they hetter than their neighbors, or are they holder, or do they not think it detrimental to them when occasionally they are less the man, or are they too vain to cover their faces for even one evening? But the music kept on and the dancing was resumed with more ahandon. One young man with very supple feet began to do some fancy dancing with a girl in a short pink gown. It took but a second for a ring to form ahout them, and when the music ended they were warmly applauded. A kittenish girl in a hlue-satin Kate Greenaway gown and cap hegan to throw a ruhher-hal' and in catching it made it whistle. She succeeded in attracting some men in search of fun who would catch the ball and throw it to others, keeping the kittenish girl on the run for her lost toy. She enjoyed it. She was there for fun, and she was one of the jolliest in the house.

When the hoxes commenced to thin out and the dancers to go out one door, but to come in at another with an air of reinforced ahility to make amusement or find it, we concluded to leave our place of security and to mingle with the crowd. We went down and out along the corridors to a small wine-room. It was so crowded that there was notbing but tobacco-smoke and humanity visible. Every table held glasses and wine-bottles. Around every table were men and women laughing, talking, drinking, and smoking. The spaces between tables were so filled with people who bad a thirst that the waiters could bardly perform their duties. Watching our cbance, we secured a vacant place wbere we could view, unmolested, a contest between the four occupants of the nearest table to see whicb couple could kiss the longest without taking a breath. No one seemed at all ahashed by this display of affection. Kisses were as thick as bees in a rose-harvest, and the yarns of old-fashioned country kissing-bees were knocked out of time. While I sat there, a pretty girl, witb large brown eyes and sbort brown bair, came in. She wore a short red gown and no mask. Evidently she had been sampling wine before she came to the ball, and ber escort half led, half carried ber, while sbe laughed until her dainty cap was all awry on ber curly bead. She was the merriest girl in the room, and the room was a sample of the unrestrained merriment everywbere. None looked so bright and happy. None was so quick and clever of speech. One year ago, wben I was investigating Blackwell's Island Insane Asylum, this girl was confined in the same ward witb me. She was put there for leading tbe life of wbich sbe is now in the midst.

Not caring to look longer at this scene, we decided to go upstairs to the larger wine-rooms. At a centre table was a quietly-dressed and well-hehaved Frencb family. At another table was a girl in tights and one in ballet-costume, with their escorts. Tbe table nearest to us bad two girls. One was a very pretty, short-haired blonde, in a violet costume. The sbort skirt, hodice, and cap were composed entirely of violets. There were four men witb "Violet" and her companion. In the hall-room, when we returned, the floor looked very empty. The boxes were all right. Almost every mask had disappeared, and men were in the boxes wbere earlier in tbe evening only women bad been, and the four rows of good young men with the immaculate shirt-fronts were tossed and flusbed-looking. They bad added several women to their box, and, while I looked, they hoisted one up from the floor, a performance wbicb was higbly amusing to all beholders. At four o'clock "Home, Sweet Home" was played.

At tbe recent costume-ball in New York, one gentleman, whose costume called for those long-pointed Venetian shoes one sees in paintings of the early centuries—they are often a yard long from heel to toe—was in a great way hecause the stairs of the Academy of Design were not wide enough for his tapering toes. He, however, cut the Gordian knot hy going up backwards, bowing to friends below bim as he ascended, so that they would think tbat his method of mounting was one of choice and not of necessity.

It is extraordinary (says the London correspondent of the February *Book Buyer*) that among the countless works on costume the dress of children has never yet had proper attention paid to it. In olden times, as a general rule, the children were simply miniature copies of their elders. An interesting correspondence on this subject has recently been going on in *Notes and Queries*. Many of the letters therein printed sbow how very little is really known about the matter. As early, I believe, as 1780 cbildren began to bave fashions of their own. Mrs. Merrifield, in ber "Dress as a Fine Art," publisbed in 1854, says: "Since the commencement of the present century, at least, children may be said to have had a costume peculiar to themselves, modified, however, by the prevailing fashions. They bave had short and long waists, long and sbort dresses; at one time they had trousers reaching to the heels, at another the drawers were kept out of sigbt and the legs incased in long white stockings. These again gave way to socks, and the legs were left bare to the knee." Tbe American little girls, if my picture-books do not misinform me, had a costume as different from the English lasses as that of the English lasses was from the French. Since 1854, when Mrs. Merrifield wrote, the changes in children's fashions have heen infinite. From 1860 to 1870 was a very ugly period in children's dress. It hegan to improve with the introduction of short petticoats, snowy frills, and sable hose in, I think, ahout 1874. Since then it has gradually advanced, and was prohahly never more sensihle and tasteful than it is at the present moment. Any one desirous of adding to our large library of hooks on costume would find a good subject—of which apparently little is known—in the dress of children.

British women are rising in opposition against the manner in which the waltz is overwhelming and suppressing all other dances, round and square. A spokesman in behalf of the men says that they are too husy and untaught to carry the figures of the square dances in their heads sufficiently to give them requisite assurance, and hence with them it is the waltz, the best of the round dances, or nothing. It is suggested that some new quadrilateral should he invented of easier movements.

Great preparations are heing made by the women of New Orleans to amuse the many Northern visitors who will he in their city at the time of the Shrove Tuesday carnival, whose pageants attract great throngs every year. On Lafayette Square they have had huilt a "Cotton Palace," in rivalry of the ice palaces of the Northwest and the corn palaces of the grain cities, which are erected during the carnival seasons. In this palace will he exhihited all the industrial achievements of the Southern women. In one department will he a group of the Acadian women, from Evangeline's country, making their famous blankets, which are growing almost as mucb in demand for decorative purposes as the Navajo hlankets of the Indians. These hlankets are spun on the old-fashioned wbeels and woven in the primitive hand-looms, while the dyes are all made from roots dug on the prairies. The wbole labor, from the very heginning, will be in progress in this department. The beautiful basket-work of the Chata and Attakapas Indians, too, will be seen, and there is to be a Creole restaurant, where fat old negro mammies, with their heads tied up in butterfly tignons, will prepare the famous Creole dishes in the old-fashioned bake-ovens at a buge open fireplace—"calla tout chaud," gumho, crayfisb bisque, grillades, Jombolaya bouille haisse, court bouillon, Creole coffee, and potato pone, beside the fried cbicken, corn bread, and biscuits wbich are well-known *pièces de résistance* in Southern cookery. There are to be sold all the queer, tasty Creole confections too—tbe drowsy syrups concocted of tbe fragrant blossoms of the orange and the sweet olive-tree, praline of nuts, and of every sort of blossom, of which dainty conserves the Creole cooks possess the choicest secrets. There are to be flower-bootbs, wbere every sort of blossom known to the splendid sub-tropical flora may be had; there will be cboruses of negroes, with old plantation songs, and Creole choruses to sing the plaintive patois melodies which George Cable has made famous.

The interlopers wbo infest Washington society, going uninvited to all manner of private receptions, are especially at bome at the receptions given at the Mexican Legation. At tbe end of the broad entrance ball-way of the legation opens out the magnificent ball-room, wbere, during the receptinns, dancing has been tbe order of the afternoon. It is an easy matter for one desiring to be guilty of such a breach to enter the legation and pass direct to the ball-room witbout greeting the bostess, wbo stands always just within the doorway of the large parlor to the right. This bas heen the plan of many young people, who, attracted by the accounts of the receptions, bave made a practice of going to tbe legation, passing into the hall-room, enjoying a number of dances, and then leaving again without even making an effort to see the bostess. Instances of people attending receptions solely for the purpose of feasting upon tbe good things in tbe tea-room provided by the hostess for her friends are frequently heard of. Every season, with a regularity tbat is astonishing, tbere comes to tbe surface in Washington some person or persons whose advent seems to bave heen made with but one aim—that of gaining admittance to tbe best bouses in the city, and, after vague hints thrown out as to tbe wealth and position enjoyed by them in the locality from wbicb they profess to have come, they are successful in obtaining a sort of footing of intimacy, and are included in the list of guests invited everywhere. In this way the strangers manage for a brief season to keep themselves well hefore the public. Then suddenly society begins to hestir itself in the matter; inquiries are made; some one with friends in the city from wbich the strangers give names of ostensihle sponsors are written to. The facts are discovered, the bubble bursts, and the strangers decamp as suddenly as they bave come. This season tbe mysterious stranger has appeared in the person of an attractive middle-aged woman, who is always dressed with a quiet elegance which is irreproachable. She has by some method engineered so skillfully as to become thoroughly well-known in society, where her well-bred manners render her a decided favorite. Unfortunately for her, the lady was unwise enough to mention as among her life-long intimates the names of several prominent families in one of the leading cities of the North. Had the families mentioned heen of less prominent standing, the matter would douhtless have heen allowed to stand, but tbey have been written to on the matter, and because of the unsatisfactory answers obtained the lady now finds herself received in a freezing manner, where heretofore she has been welcomed as a favored guest. A delegation of uninvited guests at tbe tea given a week ago by the Japanese Minister and Mme. Mutsu was fortunately prevented by an error in one of the local papers, which announced the date for the entertainment as a week previous to that on which it really took place. On the date erroneously announced the legation was fairly overrun with a horde of strangers whom the minister and his wife courteously received, enjoying meanwhile the evident discomfiture of their guests when it dawned upon them that the expected collation was lacking.

A LUCKY DOG.

"Parisina" discusses the Mysteries of Boulanger's Success.

I flattered myself at the time that my appreciation of the Boulanger character was the right one, and I see no reason now to change or even modify the opinion I had formed concerning him. However, I admit the situation is not the same, even if the man, as I fully believe him to be, is the same identical Boulange' who caracoled at Longchamps in the not too palmy days of Grévy the First. Then General Boulanger was a danger, perhaps, and certainly a mountebank. In my poor opinion he is a mountebank still, and he is of a surety a most pressing danger to France.

On the night of the elections I was on the boulevards with a rabid anti-Boulangist. The result of the day's voting had just been reported, and my companion, enraged by what he considered the idiocy of the Parisians, cried: "And this all comes of Paulus and his songs! What sort of people are we, to be swayed by a music-hall bawler?" As a foreigner I should have hesitated to put my thoughts into such language, and, after all, it is not the first time that a nation has set up an idol of straw and done homage to a puppet surmounted by a cocked hat.

Wherein lies the extraordinary attraction of the man? This question I have asked right and left without obtaining any satisfactory answer. He is not bad-looking, and yet no one would call him exactly a handsome man, being rather below the middle height, with fairly good features, a slightly heavy manner and utterance, eyes that do not look you straight in the face, and hair which is of a somewhat dingy, light brown. "Dost like the picture?" I do not fancy you will say the description reads like that of an Apollo. No, Boulanger's form is the reverse of godlike. Even the beard, of which we have heard so much, is a disappointment; there is no rich curl about it, no golden streaks in the brown.

So much for outward appearance. Is he witty? No. What! not an *homme d'esprit?* I can fancy the reader exclaiming; then perhaps he has a wonderful gift of eloquence? That must be it; he sways the populace with the charm of his words and talks it out of its better senses by the magic of his tongue! It is not that, either—not that, by any means. Even before he reached the high pinnacle on which he now stands he was never reckoned a wit, a humorist, an orator. And now he is sparing of his words in society, and when he has to make a speech in public, he gets it by rote, or reads it like a provincial mayor from a neatly prepared roll in his hand. He does this in the Chamber of Deputies, and is visibly embarrassed when he is called upon to answer an interpolation, or to make any remark that he has not bargained for, or has not been crammed for, would perhaps be nearer the mark. I was never so much astonished in all my life as when I first saw what a poor figure he cut in the tribune of the Chamber of Deputies. Somehow I had expected to be much impressed. I did not think I should find in him a Gambetta—ah! there was a man!—but I certainly fancied General Boulanger would inspire me with admiration of some sort or other, if only of his impudence. Why, he is not even plucky! The only time I ever felt inclined to admire "not' brav' général" was when he cantered about at the review, and that is ever so long ago. Indeed, now I think of it, it must have been his horse that inspired me with admiration. Why do popular heroes ever show themselves otherwise than in the saddle?

Of course if General Boulanger were not only a good horseman but also a brilliant officer, then everything would be explained. But his military career contains no splendid *fait d'armes*, no record of a victory that should place a halo around his brow, and his duels were by no means wonderful exploits, as we have seen; nor, when in office, did he otherwise distinguish himself, save in painting the sentry-boxes tri-color and inventing a new cap for soldiers and officers that is as heavy and uncomfortable to wear as it is hideous to look upon.

Yet there is no doubt about the matter, General Boulanger is a hero, the most popular man in France. The reason for his success may be veiled in mystery, but it is success of a most positive sort, nevertheless. Frenchmen, with a cynicism in which they take a certain pride, will tell you that it is because he has the women on his side. They will, moreover, explain that any man who is sure of the women must be successful, and this in a country where females have about the worst chance of ever obtaining the franchise! I will admit for the sake of argument that all the women are for Boulanger. Certainly a good many are, and either he befools them or they befool him, which is it? Essentially he is a man *à bonnes fortunes*, that we all suppose, though how the secrets of the alcove leak out is another mystery. The Comtesse de Martel, who writes under the pseudonym of "Gyp," has, perhaps, a good deal to answer for. Oh! the many racy stories that have appeared in the *Vie Parisienne*, signed by that enticing monosyllable. Must we take it for granted that it is the dream of every fair Parisian to be made love to by this irresistible Lovelace, and that when he deigns to throw the handkerchief he never meets with a refusal? Is this so? Well, I have noted the flutter in the dove-cote myself when General Boulanger is announced. There is a rustle of draperies, a craning of pretty throats, while a thrill of subdued excitement sends the rich blood to the cheeks and enhances the brilliance of the eyes which glance so admiringly toward him. To be asked out to dine with the great man is the thing of all others women most covet just now. Doubtless they do not say to themselves that they want him for a lover—this would be unwomanly; but if their charms should bring him to their feet, what a feather it would be in their caps, and how all their female friends would envy them, to be sure.

When the general has signified to a hostess that he will accept her invitation, then, and then only, she makes out her list, which is always submitted to the guest *par excellence* beforehand, and to which he gives his princely approval. The next thing to be done is to decide who shall be honored with a place on his right hand. If the hostess be an elderly female politician, she will know it is her duty to provide a young and pretty neighbor for him; but should she have designs of her own upon his well-worn heart, then a dowager is all that is required. Of course the table is decorated with carnations. At a dinner-party that took place last week, the general deigned to explain that the badge was none of his choosing; once, when he was in Italy, a lady sent him a big bunch of these flowers, which suggested the idea to his followers.

But there are not only heaps of these brilliant blossoms on the white napery among the glittering silver, but they are worn by all the ladies present, enhancing by their rich hues the delicate alabaster of their bosoms. Carnations are certainly becoming. Boulanger, what a lucky dog you are! The golden rose of the Comtesse de Paris is a paltry bit of trumpery beside nature's vivid crimson, tempered by velvet softness of petal and enriched by a pungent, insidious perfume.

Yes, lucky is the word that suits our hero best. He has had such a run of luck as no one ever had before. Why, he never did a foolish thing but it turned out to his advantage, and he even profits by other men's wisdom as well as by their errors. I wonder whether he really knows what a gigantic fraud he is, and that his success is merely due to a fluke? Does he cry with Puck, "Lord! what fools these mortals be"? or does he take himself *au grand sérieux?* More likely the latter. It requires a good deal of wit to disbelieve in one's own importance. And then every one, friends and foes, are in league to persuade him into the fact that he is the "coming man." The very fear and anxiety with which his opponents regard him is an extra feather in his cap.

I have been made, what Tom Sawyer would call, "right-down mad" many times the last few weeks by what I—in my anti-Boulangist heart—call the craven spirit of the Parisian *bourgeois*, who makes up his mind that this prince of mountebanks is going to be his master, that nothing he, or the like of him, can possibly do will prevent it. This submitting to the supposed inevitable is one of the great mistakes they make in France. Why, they are bigger fatalists than the Turks. If they went and voted for the other candidate, it was without a spark of enthusiasm, having come to a foregone conclusion that it was not the slightest good, and they more probably stayed at home and did not trouble to vote at all—which is one way of getting over their duties as responsible citizens, though it would not be my way, I can tell you. But then I am only a woman. Cassandra-like beings of this description do a deal of harm, and help to bring about the catastrophe they make a show of deploring. Their excuse is that they want to be able to turn on their friends and say, "I told you so!"—a poor consolation enough.

When you read that General Boulanger had been elected by a large majority, I daresay you imagined that the two hundred and forty-four thousand and seventy electors who voted for him were all his most devoted adherents and would gladly hail him king hereafter! And well you might. But you never made a greater mistake in your life. The men who put Boulanger's name into the urn last Sunday included the malcontents of all parties, and Paris has always a large assortment of these gentry on hand, whether it happens to be under a monarchy, a republic, or an empire. The capital is forever in a chronic state of discontent, it loves opposition, and it is never happy unless it is crying "à bas!" to the powers that be, and shrieking "vive!" something or other in defiance of the police. It, I am sure, thoroughly enjoyed the warfare of words that went on before the elections, and the sticking and counter-sticking of bills was as exciting to the Parisian *flaneur* as prize-fighting is to the ring.

What a business this bill-sticking was! Every building in Paris was bedizened with flaming red, blue, pink, and yellow posters as high up as the men who wielded the paste-brush could reach. A fellow would slowly work round a block, covering it with protestations from General Boulanger and his committee, then another fellow would come and transform the walls with proclamations from his rival Jacques—"Pauvre Jacques" as they call him now—adding insult to injury. The next morning another Boulangist issue had to be pasted about everywhere, and a second from Jacques, and so on. The man with his brush and his pail of paste was forever at work, imperturbable as fate. Persons with an inquiring mind have found as many as thirty-six layers on one innocent bit of wall. It took quite an army of municipal scavengers to scrape them clean again.

Sometimes I think that I could hail Boulanger as dictator or emperor quite cheerfully, if it were only to see the wry faces that some of the two hundred and odd thousand who voted for him would pull. The Legitimists and Bonapartists have acted scandalously in the matter. Their journals have openly espoused the general's cause with the hardly concealed avowal that it was to spite the government and bring about a change of dynasty at all hazards. I have listened to drawing-room politicians upholding this iniquitous policy till my blood boiled. With unblushing faces they would urge their brother *réactionaires* to vote for Boulanger, their man of straw, and explain with beautiful simplicity of language how he was merely a stepping-stone for the reëstablishment of a monarchy or an empire.

I was not far wrong, I think, when I told you that Boulanger was a danger to France. It is possible that his luck may turn, and that the republic may get the better of him. But it is also not impossible that the mountebank may triumph on his own account, or that he may be used as a cat's-paw to pull the hot chestnuts out of the fire for somebody else.

PARIS, February 1, 1889. PARISINA.

An attractive new book, "The Folklore of Plants," has been published, in which we learn that the human race sprang from ash trees, by the Norse mythology. Homer tells us that the Greeks came from oaks. The Zulus claim descent from a bed of reeds, the Sumatrans from a cane, the Chiapanecas from a silk cotton-tree, and the Tamanaquas from a date.

It is said that the Empress Frederick has collected twenty-four thousand obituary notices of her husband.

OLD FAVORITES.

Private Theatricals.

BEFORE THE CURTAIN RISES.

The guests assemble. Down stairs I steal,
As if I'd dressed a century before,
And pause, a courtly beau from head to heel,
Close by the green-room door.
The fire-light glows within; the leaping blaze
Shines on an eager face. What happy spell
Summoned that sweetest glimpse of olden days,
That arch and radiant belle?

Ready to play her part in quaint disguise
Of powdered hair and old brocaded gown,
She warms a dainty foot, nor turns her eyes,
Where, with an anxious frown,
Conning his book, our crafty Villain sits;
Tall, handsome, honest, he's a wealthy squire—
A trifle heavy—in our telling bits
He rather misses fire.

I push the door, and meet a smile from each:
My lady's eyes are lifted from the flame:
The Villain keeps his finger on a speech,
And greets me by my name.
I am the happy hero of the play,
With Love, and Luck, and Valor on my side;
I am to conquer everything to-day,
I am to win my bride.

And I will win her! Ah, they do not know—
Well may they praise me as I act my part!
This courtship of a hundred years ago
Is living in my heart.
Yet I can plead my cause without the aid
Of studied phrases—they are poor and weak;
Wait only till our comedy is played—
This is no time to speak.

The actors hurry in, and one and all
Appeal to me to listen or to look.
The footman's livery is a size too small,
The prompter wants his book.
My father comes to show his wrinkled face,
And loiters nervously behind the scenes;
I praise his baldness and his feeble pace—
He's only in his teens!

There are so many duties to perform,
And at a moment's notice I must say
Who is to see about the thunder-storm,
And who takes in the tray.
Where is the fatal deed that must be signed?
I give them all their answers, and by chance,
Lounging beside the window, lift the blind
And cast a careless glance.

Nothing to see—how heavily it rains—
Nothing but here and there a gliding spark,
Where carriages along the country lanes
Come rolling through the dark.
Beyond, there lies a world of gloom unknown;
Our little space of glitter, warmth, and light
Is but a many-colored bubble, blown
On a black sea of night.

Well, let the bubble break without a sigh,
And let to-morrow come, as come it will;
I am the happy hero till I die,
If she is with me still!
And when hereafter we recall this day
Of painted, powdered courtship from the past,
We'll laugh at stage and prompter, while I play
The lover to the last!

AFTER THE CURTAIN FALLS.

All's over now. It was a great success.
Our honest Villain did the best he could;
Took pains, and plodded through his wickedness;
He's really very good;
And when he drove the lady to despair
With darkly scowling threats and feigned alarms
I rushed upon the stage, defied him there,
And clasped her in my arms!

An explanation followed. I embraced
A few relations, quite unknown till then;
Virtue was lucky, Villainy disgraced—
We all were better men.
Then came my wrinkled sire—"Nay, I mistook—
You won't bear malice for a blunder—zounds!
Take your old father's gift—a pocket-book"—
'Twas twenty thousand pounds.

"Bless you, my children! She's a pearl, my boy!"
The others gathered round for their farewell,
And stood in attitudes, and wished us joy,
And so the curtain fell.
They called us back. The laughing plaudits swelled
To welcome us. That moment was divine—
The token of my triumph! As I held
My darling's hand in mine

I seemed to feel her happy pulses beat,
As mine were beating in my joy and pride;
I trod the whole world underneath my feet
Since she was by my side!
And then—why, as we passed I overheard
A hurried whisper, caught a meaning smile:
Enough—it was the Villain she preferred—
The Villain all the while!

That was the end, and here I am alone,
Dismally laughing at my sorry plight;
I listen to the wind's unceasing moan,
I gaze into the night,
Only to see my pale reflection cast
Upon the gloom. A bitter lash of rain
Falls, with a sudden fury of the blast,
On the black window-pane.

She loves him—loves him! She will be his wife!
And strangely I recall, as here I stand,
How in another world, another life,
I bowed, and dropped her hand.
What did I think of as I bent my head?
The firelight flashed upon my buckled shoes—
Poor hero! Well, there's nothing to be said—
Was she not free to choose?

She did not know! With my whole heart I played.
What then? She thought I acted well, no doubt;
If Love came stealing through the masquerade,
How should she find him out?
She did not know! God bless her in her choice!
(Aye, and the Villain, too!) No thought of blame
Shall ever lend its hardness to my voice,
When I would speak her name.

There will be other plays in coming years
When this is half-forgotten; there will be
New scenes, new dresses, and new hopes and fears—
But this old play for me!
One can't be always learning things by heart;
Variety is charming—yet it palls.
"Zounds!" (as the father said), I'll play my part
Until the curtain falls! —*Margaret Veley.*

THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

ow Our Ancestors Lived in Merry England in the Mediæval Time.

"The Coming of the Friars, and other Historic Essays," by e Rev. Augustus Jessopp, appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* riginally, and created wide-spread interest by reason of their eshness and the important new light thrown by them upon fe, manners, and customs in that old England of which, depite the standard histories, few moderns have more than a ague and dim idea (says the New York *Tribune*). Dr. Jesopp has been enabled to illuminate this cloudy region of the ast by means of a magnificent literary "find," consisting in everal chestfuls of ancient muniments of every kind, extendng in an unbroken line back to the thirteenth century. These recious parchments had been preserved in an East Anglian anor house, at different times some order had been taken ith them, and the entire collection was put at the disposal of e author. The documents furnished something like the ame-work or skeleton of a continuous local chronicle. Surise and conjecture are often necessary in filling up gaps and pplying missing links. Stories are begun and never finished, r the end is found without the beginning. People appear, do omething, or suffer something, and vanisb. All manner of uzzles crop out. Of course, these difficulties only add to the est of the research, and notwithstanding them Dr. Jessopp as been able to reconstruct the archaic conditions in many spects witb a life-likeness and fullness which would not have scredited the paleontological skill of Professor Owen.

The titles of the essays indicate their scope. These are "The Coming of the Friars," "Village Life in Norfolk Six undred Years Ago," "Daily Life in a Mediæval Monastery," "The Black Death in East Anglia," "The Building up of a niversity," and "The Prophet of Walnut-Tree Yard." In e first paper we have a clear and striking picture of the adent in England of the Preaching Friars, those enthusiastic ligionists who for a time redeemed their incredibly corrupt hurch by reverting to the principles of primitive Christianity nd winning the confidence of the masses by sharing all their overty and privations. St. Francis of Assisi was tbeir under. They were sincere and pure-minded men, willing to ve up the world absolutely, bent upon self-sacrifice and ortification, and exhibiting their resolution, not by isolation ter the monastic manner, but by ministering to the most ject, helpless, and despised classes. Tbus the friars served r choice among lepers, in pauper bospitals, and wherever ch service, while needed most, was hardest and most repelnt. Nor was there any lack of opportunity for the manistation of the Christlike spirit, for the state of tbe poor roughout Europe, six hundred years ago, was most miserble. In England, outside the chartered cities, the old feudal stoms prevailed. The villain, or peasant, was tied to the nd and went with it. He could do little or nothing without e consent of his overlord. He was a serf in the strictest nse of the term. He could not buy his own freedom, though nother might purchase it for him. His only hope of acquirg it was by escaping to one of the chartered towns. If he uld do that, and remain in the town a year and a day, his rd lost all hold upon him.

Between the nobles, who ruled with a high hand, and the lains, who barely existed, were the merchants and traders nd the clergy. To belong to the ranks of the latter conferred any privileges and exemptions, and it was the aim of nearly l who had received some education to be admitted clerics. ractically, as Dr. Jessopp shows, most professional men in ose days were clerics, and tbus it may be said that the church sorbed the intelligence of the age. But it did not necesrily benefit directly from this absorption. The men who beme clerics acquired the protection of the church, but they d not need to serve tbe church or to lead the religious life. hey, of course, were allies and friends of the power that eltered them, and so they were useful. The friars were not ved by the church, however. Tbey rebuked ecclesiasticism openly. Their lives contrasted too sharply with those of e bishops and abbots and fat monks, whose conventual establishments were really more like the modern club than anytng else. The friars, too, preached while the parsons had used to do so, and, as the common people flocked eagerly to ar this preaching, tbe parisb churches were often deserted. there was no love lost between friars and parsons and bhops and monks. Nor, indeed, was tbere any amity beeen the monks and the bishops and the parsons. The onks were greedy of land and revenues, and were continuy trying to acquire church possessions by hook or by crook. hey were jealous of episcopal jurisdiction, too, and resisted itations and inquests obstinately. They were perpetually at r in the courts, and being wealthy tbey enjoyed litigation, d frequently their long purses proved too beavy odds for the hops who joined issue with them.

Dr. Jessopp, in "Daily Life in a Mediæval Monastery," es a most interesting detailed description of the conduct of e of these establishments. Its system was elaborate, its ular discipline rigid. The duties and functions were disuted among many monks, and eacb office was obliged to p account of everything punctiliously. A monastery, in ct, was managed like a large business-bouse. It administed often an immense estate. It had hundreds or thousands tenants, villains, servitors. It maintained granaries and lars on a large scale. It entertained travelers with profuse pitality. It was, as is here shown, a gregarious and in no se an isolated community. The monastery as a rule had cells in it. The monks really lived in open sigbt of one ather, working together in the cloisters, eating and drinking ether in the refectory, worshiping together in tbe church, l sleeping together in the dormitory. The monks appeared ave lived well on tbe whole, and certainly much better than people at large did or could. In fact, "Village Life Six ndred Years Ago," as reconstructed by Dr. Jessopp, must e been almost immeasurably below plantation life at the uth during the slavery period. It is true that every man d and tilled some small segment of land, for land in England then was plentiful, and most of it was still wild, and the population was small. But all tbe wbeat or barley grown must go to the mill owned by the lord of the manor to be ground—and to be tolled heavily. The people lived mostly in wooden or clay-plastered huts. They had no chimneys, but built their fires in the middle of the earth floor, and the smoke (or some of it) escaped by a hole in the roof. The poor had no beds or bedding, but slept on dirty, damp straw around the embers of the fire, in their single room. The potato was unknown. Vegetables were confined to "a few cabbages, onions, parsnips, or carrots, apparently some kind of beet or turnip."

And now concerning food, listen to Dr. Jessopp: "As to the food of the majority, it was of the coarsest. The fathers of many a man and woman in every village in Norfolk can remember the time when the laborers looked upon wheat bread as a rare delicacy; and those legacies which were left by kindly people a century or two ago, providing for the weekly distribution of so many wbite loaves to tbe poor, tell us of a time when the poor man's loaf was as dark as mud and as tough as his shoe-leather. In the winter-time things went very hard indeed with all classes." Everybody lived on salted provisions during the winter, and as salt was very dear, being obtained by evaporation of sea-water in pans near the coast, "a couple of bushels often cost as much as a sheep." The poor could not always get enough, "and it tnust have been only too common to find the beans more than rancid and the ham alive again with maggots." Sugar was unknown, except to tbe very ricb, the only sweetening ever seen by the masses being boney. The people drank water, beer, and cider, and nothing else. The beer must bave been queer stuff, for hops were not used in brewing until long afterward. Horehound and other bitter herbs were put in it, and it must, one fancies, have tasted unpleasantly like physic. Still, if it was nasty it was pure, though the thirteenth-century publicans cheated their customers by giving them short measure—a trick which seems never to have been lost or to have passed out of practice like several other arts.

The tired laborer could not have his pipe with his pot then, for tobacco had not been introduced. Tea and coffee, of course, were unknown, wine was for the sick, and so were spirits, which latter, indeed, were only used under the name of "cordials," and rarely. Housewives made and kept them for medicinal purposes chiefly, and it was a salutary custom to steep various herbs in them until they absorbed divers uncanny flavors. "As for the dress of the working-classes," says Dr. Jessopp, "it was hardly dress at all. I doubt whether the great mass of the laborers in Norfolk had more than a single garment—a kind of tunic leaving the arms and legs bare, with a girdle of rope or leather around the waist, in which a man's knife was stuck to use sometimes for hacking his bread, sometimes for stabbing an enemy in a quarrel. As for cotton goods, they had never been dreamed of, and I suspect that no more people in Norfolk wore linen habitually than now wear silk." Naturally the people were very unclean in their persons. Probably they never wasbed themselves with malice aforethought. Neither did they change their clothes. Consequently all kinds of skin-diseases, and even true leprosy, were common; so common that a modern finds it difficult to realize the filthy and diseased condition of the majority of those poor ancestors of ours. They were a savage, quarrelsome lot, moreover, and lawlessness prevailed among them almost as mucb as among their social betters, the lords of the manors. It was a period when forbearance, consideration, what we call humanity, were scarcely known or understood. When a man was down he was everybody's prey, and this was even more tbe rule where a woman was helpless, because she herself was merely a chattel, to be seized, and beld, and dealt with at pleasure by the strongest. Truth to say, our progenitors in old England were so near the status of savages tbat one finds a difficulty in defining their claims to be considered anything bigher in the scale of development. Crime was rampant in those days, and justice was ferocious. "In a single year, the year 1285, in the hundred of North Erpingbam, containing thirty-two parishes, the catalogue of crime is so ghastly as positively to stagger one. Without taking any account of what in those days must have been looked upon as quite minor offenses—such as simple theft, sheep-stealing, fraud, extortion, or harboring felons—there were eleven men and five women put upon trial for burglary; eight men and four women were murdered; there were five fatal fights, three men and two women being killed in the frays; and, saddest of all, there were five cases of suicide, among them two women, one of whom banged herself, while the other cut her throat with a razor. We have in the roll recording these borrors very minute particulars of the several cases, and we know, too, that not many months before the roll was drawn up, at least eleven desperate wretches had been hanged for various offenses, and one had been torn to pieces by horses for the crime of debasing the king's coin." It is, indeed, as Dr. Jessopp observes, "impossible for us to realize the hideous ferocity of such a state of society as this; the women were as bad as the men, furious beldames, dangerous as wild beasts, without pity, without shame, without remorse; and finding life so cbeerless, so hopeless, so very, very dark and miserable, that when there was nothing to be gained by killing any one else they killed themselves."

Dr. Jessopp can find little evidence of the people's recreations. He doubts "whether they had any more amusement than the swine or tbe cows had." Getting drunk and fighting with knives perhaps constituted their favorite excitements. Now and then a wandering minstrel came by, or somebody brought a new batch of songs, "for the most part scurrilous and coarse," from one of tbe towns. Then there were the sessions of tbe courts, held three or four times a year, and the visitations of the archdeacons and the rural dean, and the gossip about tbese occasions afforded some liveliness; but it must have been generally a dull life, varied more by dangers and misfortunes than pleasures of any kind.

A diamond of wonderful purity, weigbing 240 carats was found at the Jagersfontein mine in South Africa on Christmas Day.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

In gay Chicago: *Edward*—"And you'll be my bride, Dollie?" *Dollie*—"No, darling; but I'll elope with you for the fun of the thing." —*Lies.*

If any man attempts to haul down the American flag pat him on the back and report the facts to the State Department.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Jack—"Now, look out, I'm going to kiss you." *Sallie* (preparing to run)—"Oh! oh! oh! You wouldn't *dare!*—(Jack wavers)—would you?"—*Drake's Magazine.*

When the truth comes out, it will probably be found that Julius Cæsar was assassinated by a mob of aspiring statesmen to whom he had refused Cabinet positions.—*Puck.*

Old lady—"Little boy, what would your father do if he should find you smoking?" *Little boy*—"He'd (puff) prob'ly lick me; this is (puff) one o' his cigars."—*New York Ledger.*

Wife—"Where are you going, John? It's getting very late." *Husband* (wbo has been reading a patent-medicine almanac)—"I'm going to see a doctor, if I live to find one."—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Wichita man hauled eight hundred cart-loads of dirt in one month, and the boom-editor of the *Journal* published it as "eight hundred transfers of real-estate for the month."—*Kansas City Star.*

New library attendant—"Who is that serious young man who comes every day to look over our file of old almanacs? An astronomer, isn't he?" *Librarian*—"Not at all. That's Freshwit, the paragrapher."—*Accident News.*

"In what condition was the Patriarch Job at the end of his life?" asked a Camden Sunday-school teacher of a quiet-looking boy at the foot of the class. "Dead," calmly replied the quiet-looking boy.—*Philadelphia Item.*

Street fakir—"Shoe-strings, sir; shoe-strings!" *McHurry*—"Can't you see that I'm wearing buttoned-shoes?" *Street fakir*—"Yes, sir; that's why I thought maybe your laced ones were at home without strings."—*Puck.*

In Germany it is said to indicate good luck to have a spider spin his web downward toward you, but bad luck when he rises toward you. It is also a species of bad luck, if the spider is large, to have it drop down the back of your neck.—*Oil City Blizzard.*

Dry-goods-dealer (politely, to customer who has made a purchase)—"Won't you sit down, sir, while waiting for your package?" *Customer*—"Well, I have been sitting down more or less. Haven't you got a bed handy so that I can lie down?"—*Harper's Bazar.*

"Hi you, Jonas, quit yo' hangin' wid yo' head down. Fus ting yo' know de blood 'll all run in yo' head an' gib yo' digestion ob de brain." "Waal, standin' on my feet won't de blood run in dem?" "Yaas, yo' niggah; but deah's whar it b'longs."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Mr. Lard (to garçon at hotel in Padua)—"What is there to see here?" *Garçon*—"There are some famous pictures by Giotto." *Mr. Lard*—"Do you suppose he will let us see them?" *Garçon*—"Well, he certainly will not prevent you, sir."—*Harper's Bazar.*

At a hugging-bee for the benefit of a church along the Upper Hudson a few evenings since, a man, while blindfolded, hugged his wife for several minutes without knowing whom he was hugging. When he did find out he wanted his fifteen cents back.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Young waiter (at a medical dinner)—"Them doctors use a lot of wine, but I s'pose they kin stand it." *Old waiter*—"Dunno about that. I'm thinkin' they're gettin' pretty tight already." "They don't look so." "No, but they're beginnin' to agree."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Alarmed mother—"Why, my daughter, weeping? What's the matter?" *Daughter* (bride of a month)—"I—I have been shopping, or trying to." *Alarmed mother*—"Well?" *Daughter*—"I find my husband has always paid cash and hasn't any credit anywhere."—*Time.*

A rather strange affliction happened to a Minnesota conple who were sleigh-riding. The young man's right ear and the lady's left ear were frosted, while the other two were not cold at all. Why all four ears were not frosted is a problem which has been submitted to the high-school class in physiology.—*Helena Herald.*

"Well, William," said Mr. Hardhead to his new confidential clerk, "you are in a first-class position now at a good salary. I shall expect you to be faithful and diligent; in fact, to make all my interests your own. It won't be necessary, however, for you to make love to the typewriter. I'll attend to her myself."—*Terre Haute Express.*

Northern gentleman (who has been reading on the subject of Voodooism among the colored people and thinks he will make a little original research)—"Jasper, do any of your people carry charms about them for protection?" *Jasper*—"Oh, yes, sah; but I nebber hear dem call charms 'fore; more ginerally call dem razors, sah."—*Harper's Bazar.*

He—"I know I'm not bwilliant, Miss Mattie, but it's hahdly faiah to call me the missing link, as Miss Mentwell did, do you think?" *Miss Mattie*—"Of course not, Mr. Empte, for you are not missing and haven't been all evening, have you?" *He* (relieved)—"No, I haven't, and I'll just go ovah, and tell her so, don't you know."—*Washington Critic.*

Applicant (with little girl)—"Do you take children, madam?" *Landlady*—"Oh, yes, ma'am; we love children. The family on the third floor have five, on the second floor there are seven, and we have three of our own. You needn't feel any hesitation on that score." *Applicant*—"H'm, yes; I think I will look a little further, madam."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Young wife—"How the world moves! There's Bessie Gray, an old chum of mine, a graduate of the normal school, has just entered a medical college. She will soon be able to write M. D. after her name. Women are coming to the front, I tell you. Formerly girls were taught nothing but housekeeping." *Young husband*—"Yes, and now they're taught everything but housekeeping."—*Boston Courier.*

He—"Will you marry me?" *She*—"Wait a minute." (Exit. Reappearing with a shot-gun.) "Hold up your hands! Higher yet! I am sorry to say, Mr. Brown, that I can only be a sister to you. You must pardon my seemingly rude conduct, but so many young women are getting killed nowadays by rejected suitors that I thought a little precaution would not be out of place."—*Terre Haute Express.*

"Pardon me," said the detective, deferentially; "but I have noticed, madam, that while you have been making your purchases in the store, you have appropriated several small articles." "Allow me to congratulate you on your polite bearing," returned the lady, producing a card; "you will see from this that the firm has employed me to see that its detectives act with good manners toward anybody they may suspect!" —*Puck.*

A Boston paper suggests that steeples be constructed with hinges at the base, so that they can turn them down for painting. Another brilliant architectural idea would be to have a rope and tackle suspended over theatres, so that when a fire broke out during a performance the house could be lifted six or eight feet and permit the audience to exit in all directions. Of course the floor should not be drawn up at the same time.—*Norristown Herald.*

Polite man on suburban train (rising and calling out after two young women who are going down the aisle)—"Here is a seat, ladies." (Young women walk on and pay no heed to the invitation.) *Polite man* (louder)—"Ladies, you will find a seat back here." (Young women still ignoring the proffered courtesy.) *Polite man* (growing red)—"Of course, ladies, you can stand up if you prefer, but (at the top of his voice) you can get a seat if you come back." (Polite man sees young women accept a seat at farther end of car and proceed to converse with each other in deaf and dumb alphabet, whereupon he goes into forward car to cool off.)—*Chicago Tribune.*

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The scene of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's next novel is said to shift from London to the South Seas. He is thinking of calling it "The Gaol-Bird," and he will publish it in the autumn.

Rosamund Oliphant, the widow of Laurence Oliphant, will continue her husband's work at Haifa, and will be assisted by two Scotchmen, who have become converted to "Scientific Religion."

The MS. of a story by "Ouida" was lately purchased by *The Cosmopolitan*. It is written on large sheets of pale-blue paper in a broad manly hand. It was returned by the compositors, who refused to set it up until it had been translated into type-written MS.

"Contes Rapides" is the title of a new book of short stories by François Coppée. Of these, "Lettres d'Amour" is the most remarkable in conception; it tells the story of a worthless young poet who publishes the love-letters of the woman whom he has basely deceived as his own work, and by their aid makes a name for himself as a powerful writer of passion.

A new series of the familiar "Tales from *Blackwood*" is announced from Edinburgh. It will embrace a selection of the best short stories that have appeared in the magazine during the past twelve years. Another series of *Blackwood* reprints will be entitled "Travel, Adventure, and Sport from *Blackwood's Magazine*." A volume in each series will appear on alternate months.

"The Romance of a Shop" is the title of a novel which Cupples & Hurd are about to publish. It is the work of Miss Amy Levy, an English Jewess, a pretty brunette of twenty-five. She was a student of Newnham College, where she is said to have distinguished herself by wearing wondrous æsthetic dresses, and still more by writing some charming translations of Heine and original poems. Soon after leaving college her father suffered some serious money losses, and she determined to earn her living by writing. Besides poems, she has contributed many short stories to "Temple Bar" and other magazines.

We have received from the author a little pamphlet entitled "An Ode by Patrick M. King: A Spray of Western Pine for the Wreaths that Surround the Brow of Washington." The author has also been good enough to send us a notice of the same. It reads as follows: "We have received from Mr. P. M. King an advance copy of an ode, written by him for this anniversary of Washington's Birthday. It is a lengthy effort, with thoughts cradled in bold, manly words, and has a true poetic ring. We think, however, the author in one or two verses restrains himself. His nag evidently does not need whip or spur, and we would suggest to him to ride with a freer rein next time. Let him take for a motto, 'Fiat justitia, ruat cœlum.'"

There was a sensation, some years ago, over the publication in the *Tribune* of extracts from certain letters of Charles Dickens which had come into the possession of J. W. Bouton, of New York city. They were addressed mainly to Dickens's lawyer, Mitton, and contained many bitter references to Dickens the elder, the original Wilkins Micawber. Mr. Bouton now has several interesting additions to this list, in the valuable collection of Dickensana which he has recently acquired. In one long letter to Mitton, Dickens is especially severe upon his sire, whom he accuses of virtually black-mailing him and leeching upon him. In another, of a year's later date, the charges are repeated with scathing severity. To judge from both letters, Dickens was being steadily bled of money by his father and his father's family, and while he gave up did so under protest and in revolt.

M. Gerard, councillor to the French Embassy at Rome, has been appointed minister to Montenegro. M. Gerard is the author of the "Société de Berlin," the publication of which in Mme. Adams's *Nouvelle Revue* at Paris caused such a sensation throughout Europe a few years ago. M. Gerard commenced his career in 1872 as a French reader to Empress Augusta of Germany, and his bitterness against Berlin society is attributable to the insults and humiliations to which he was subjected at the German court. Having become the Berlin correspondent of the *République Française*, he attracted the notice of its proprietor and editor, M. Gambetta, to whose influence he owes his nomination as an attaché of legation and his subsequent rapid rise in the diplomatic service. M. Gerard is also the author of the "Société de Rome," but the remainder of the series, which have appeared under the pseudonym of Count Vasili, are due to the pen of a M. de Cyon and some other of Mme. Adams's friends.

Mr. Bok says, in his Literary Leaves, published in the New York *Daily Graphic*, that an editor of one of the great magazines said to him, in reply to his question, "Are personal introductions helpful to young authors?" "Don't go to a friend who knows the editor and get a letter of introduction; it will bore the friend, the editor, and eventually yourself. If you suggest the value of a 'friend at court' remember that the editor has met this scheme a thousand times. It means that you ask him to make an exception of your case against his judgment, and this annoys him to begin with. If you want to sell a firm a bill of goods you do not feel that you need a letter of introduction to the buyer, and an editor is in exactly the position of one who is always buying what he thinks is salable." There is a good deal of truth in this advice about the magazine editor. The author's best friend or his worst enemy is his manuscript. That should be his letter of introduction without any preliminary flourishes in the shape of actual letters of introduction.

Victor Hugo was a great man, though not nearly so great as he was considered by himself and by the French nation. His greatness had many "off times"—especially when he undertook to reply to the effusions of his adorers. To the dedicator of an ode he is reported to have written, "My master, you pass before me like a comet and illuminate my path!" An American poet who dedicated a romance to the great Frenchman was rewarded with the following acknowledgment: "You possess a sublime inspiration; the tender streams of your harmonious speech impart to my feelings a sense of recovered youth; I press your hands across the ocean." On one occasion a drawing was sent to him. He replied by writing to the artist: "Each of your lines is a verse; you could say 'Thou' to God." A poor stone-mason in Roubaix, who had an enthusiastic admiration for Victor Hugo as poet and as politician, amused himself during his leisure hours in attempting to compose verses. He ventured to send some of them to the poet. "I can trace your image," replied Victor Hugo, "in your poetry. Each of these thoughts must have proceeded from a head encircled with blonde locks. Oh, my child, for many a year may you preserve untinged with gray those locks, which the shears of age have not yet touched!" The poetic mason, says the narrator, was fifty-five years old.

Wilkie Collins has just entered upon his sixty-sixth year, says the February *Book Buyer*, which has also a portrait of the novelist. His first book was a volume of memoirs of his father, William Collins, a Royal Academician, which was published forty-one years ago. William Collins was a painter of English country-life and of sea-coast scenes, and there was talent for painting also in his wife's family. Wilkie was the eldest son of this couple, but he had no taste for painting. His younger brother, Charles, who married the eldest daughter of Charles Dickens, inherited this gift. The novelist's stories, however, show that a harmonious and artistic sense for form is a part, and an important part, of his intellectual equipment; and this trait, together with a highly imaginative temperament and a strong feeling for the essentially dramatic, is, without doubt, a natural endowment. When the lad was thirteen years old his father took him to Italy for two years, the change bringing grateful relief from Greek and Latin, which the youth disliked, and serving to make him acquainted with French and Italian. When he returned to England, young Collins was asked to choose between the university and the church. Neither of these alternatives suited him, and he went into a merchant's office, where he remained four years. While here he began to write modest little articles and short stories for the small periodicals of the day, this avocation supplying a welcome variation from the routine of his office life. Finally mercantile pursuits lost their attractions for him, and he read law and was admitted to practice, making Lincoln's Inn his home. Meanwhile, as a relaxation from the law, he had written his first novel. The scene was in the island of Tahiti before it was discovered by Europeans. "My youthful imagination," wrote the author years after, "ran riot among the noble savages, in scenes which caused the respectable British publisher to declare that it was impossible to put his name on the title-page of such a novel." The young author was discouraged at his inability to get the tale published, but he soon plucked up heart and began another—a romance of the fifth century, Rome being the scene. The death of young Collins's father interrupted the labors of the briefless barrister upon this story, and the volume of "Memoirs," an affectionate and appreciate tribute to his father, was prepared and was published in 1848, the author being twenty-four. This was the beginning of Wilkie Collins's literary career. He finished his mediæval tale, and it was published in 1850, under the title of "Antonina; or, the Fall of Rome." Two years later "Basil" appeared, but it was not until 1857, when "The Dead Secret" was published, that his work attracted general attention. He had some qualities which were revealed in their best form in "The Woman in White"—an extraordinary faculty for the invention of incidents which give the story a brisk movement from start to finish, remarkable ingenuity in the fashioning of a plot that holds the interest of the reader at a high pitch, and a nervous, dramatic style. At times the effect is melodramatic and sensational.

New Publications.

"Toilers of Babylon," a novel of English life, by B. L. Farjeon, has been published in the Franklin Square Library by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 40 cents.

"Under the Maples," a story of village life in the northern part of central New York, by Walter N. Hinman, has been published and is for sale by Belford, Clarke & Co., New York and San Francisco; price, $1.00.

"Raleigh Westgate, or, Epimenides in Maine," a romance by Helen Kendrick Johnson, has been published in the Town and Country Library by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"The Viking," by Elwyn A. Barron, a drama in blank verse, the scene of which is laid in Norway in the tenth century, has been published, with a preface by Lawrence Barrett, by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.00.

"Our Glorified" is the title of a little book containing poems and passages of consolation, especially for those bereaved by the loss of children, edited by Elizabeth Howard Foxcroft. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.00.

A somewhat curious book is "The Apostle of Burmah," by William C. Richards. It contains a long "missionary epic," written in commemoration of the centennial of the birth of Dr. Adoniram Judson, who brought the Christian religion to the Burmese idolaters. Copious notes explain the allusions in the text. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.00.

The eleventh volume of "Alden's Manifold Cyclopedia," which has just appeared, carries the work from *debt* to *dominie*. There are six hundred and forty pages in the book, and a great number of words are treated in that space, for the work combines the functions of a complete though carefully condensed encyclopedia. Published and for sale by John B. Alden, New York and San Francisco; price: cloth, 50 cents; half-morocco, 65 cents.

"Across Lots," by Horace Lunt, is a volume of papers describing the common objects of nature around Boston, reprinted from various magazines. The titles of some of the papers are: "Wood Notes and Nest-Hunting," "Winged Robbers and Nest-Builders," "Wonders of Pond Life," "Field Notes in Seed-Time," and "Cross-Cut Views of Winter," common-place subjects enough, but made entertaining and instructive by the writer's graceful style and love of his theme. Published by the D. Lothrop Company, Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.25.

To describe such points in the geology and physical features of Italy, Egypt, and Syria as might throw light on the ancient history of those countries, and especially the history of the Scriptures, is the aim of a new book on "Modern Science in Bible Lands," by Sir J. W. Dawson, author of "The Earth and Man." The text is accompanied by several explanatory maps and illustrations, an appendix gives additional technical notes on the geology of Egypt and Palestine, and there is an alphabetical index. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Portfolio Papers" is the title of a volume containing a dozen short biographies and essays which Philip Gilbert Hamerton has contributed to the *Portfolio* during the twenty years he has edited that pioneer in art journalism and which have not hitherto been reprinted. They are divided into four classes: "Notices of Artists, comprising Constable, Etty, Chintreuil, Adrien Guignet, and Goya; notes on æsthetics, written in 1879 and 1880; essays on "Style," "Soul and Matter in the Fine Arts," "The Nature of the Fine Arts," and "Can Science help Art?"; and a series of conversations on book illustration, held by an artist, a poet, a critic, and a scientist. A portrait of Hamilton, etched from life by Henri Manesse, serves as a frontispiece to the book. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, $2.00.

Some Magazines.

Another curiosity in periodical literature launched this year is the *Magazine of Poetry*, an illustrated quarterly review published at Buffalo by Charles Wells Moulton. The biographical data and the portraits will prove acceptable, and more or less of the poetry, according to taste.

Selina Dolaro's novel, "Bella Demonia," is the novel in the March *Lippincott's*. Other articles are: "Reminiscences of Edgar Allen Poe," by John Sartain; "How I Succeeded in Literature," by Charlotte Adams; "The Apotheosis of Travel," by C. Davis English; the conclusion of John Habberton's "Six Days in the Life of an Ex-Teacher"; verses by Wilson K. Welsh, Edgar Fawcett, and Elliott Coues; and the departments.

Poet Lore is the name of a new monthly magazine just issued by the Lippincott Company, of Philadelphia, "devoted to Shakespeare, Browning, and the comparative study of literature." Dr. W. J. Rolfe, H. H. Furness, W. H. Wyman, and others are to contribute to it, and it is to be conducted by Charlotte Porter, ex-editor of *Shakespeariana*, with the assistance of Helen A. Clarke. Thirty-nine of the fifty-six pages of the first number are devoted to Browning.

Blackwood's Magazine for February opens with an article accompanied by two maps on Major Barttelot's camp on the Aruhwimi, which will be found of interest in connection with recent events in Africa. Other notable papers are a review of the life of Titus Oates and the famous "Popish Plot," a sketch of Minicoy, a sympathetic notice of Laurence Oliphant, by Mrs. Oliphant, and a story entitled "A Philanthropist." Additional chapters are given of the new novel "Lady Baby," and the miscellaneous articles are of more than general interest.

The *Contemporary Review* for February, in addition to the already famous article on "The Bismarck Dynasty," contains papers on Laurence Oliphant, by Lady Grant Duff; "The University of Wales," by Lewis Morris; "A Cask of Honey with a Spoonful of Tar," by Mme. Novikoff; "The Commune and the Parish," by F. S. Stevenson, M. P.; "Ideal Sabbaths," by Francis Peck; "Impressions of Australia," by R. W. Dale, LL. D.; "Sir Henry Haine and his Work," by Sir Frederick Pollock; "Christian Union," by Rt. Hon. Earl Nelson; "The Defeat of President Cleveland," by President Charles Kendall Adams, of Cornell; and "A Rejoinder to the Duke of Argyll," by Frederick Harrison.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Greville informed the Duke of Wellington, as they chanced to be riding together, that Lord Brougham had declared that there was more of political wisdom to be found in the duke's Spanish dispatches than in all the works of Thucydides. "By Gad, sir!" replied the duke, with straightforward simplicity, "and that is quite true. I can't imagine how the devil I came to write such things."

It was on the island of Grand Manan, down in the Bay of Fundy, last summer, that a comment was made upon the scarcity in the community of young people of both sexes (says a writer in the *Atlantic*). "How is it," we asked, "that we see so few young men and women here?" "Well," the captain replied, "a great many have married and gone West." "West?" we said; "to what part of the West?" "Well," said the captain, "mostly to Boston."

Mr. Choate, president of the Old Colony Railroad Company, believes there is, in homely phrase, more than one way to kill a cat. A wrecked ship, bearing the date of 1626, was recently dug up on Cape Cod and given to the Pilgrim Society of Plymouth. "Can't you ship it to us over your road free?" they asked him. "No—o," he said, "I'm afraid I can't. The interstate law won't let me. But," he added, reflectively, "what did you say the date was? 1626? Oh, then we can fix it. I can make a special tariff for ships and marine articles manufactured previous to 1627!" And under the "special tariff" the venerable hulk went free.

We are told of McDermot, known as the Prince of Coolavin, who belonged to one of the principal Connaught families, that his income in 1776 barely amounted to one hundred pounds sterling a year, yet he never suffered his children to sit down in his presence. His daughter-in-law alone was permitted to eat at his table; even his wife was not accorded this privilege, as, though well-born, she was not of royal blood. When Lord Kingsborough, Mr. Ponsonby, Mr. O'Hara, Mr. Sandford, and others, all men of position, came to see him, he took notice of only the two last named, whom he thus addressed: "O'Hara, you are welcome! Sandford, I am glad to see your mother's son" (his mother was an O'Brien). "As to the rest of ye, come in as ye can."

Hopkins Turney, of Tennessee, was a remarkable man. His career was in most respects similar to that of Andy Johnson. Like Johnson he was apprenticed to a tailor when young, and only learned to read after he was of age. At the time of his election to the United States Senate, somewhere in the 'Forties, his brother, Tom Turney, a man of limited education but of fine abilities, was speaker of the popular branch of the legislature, and voted for his brother. This, in Tennessee, at that time, was thought to be a breach of propriety, and some members of the body over which Tom presided took him to task for it. He bore their strictures for some time in silence, and then arose to defend himself, saying, that there was a great mistake about the matter, that he did not vote for Hop. because he was his brother, at all, but he voted for him "because he was the most fittenest man for the place."

When the Emperor William visited Rome, in his recent tour upon the continent, he was assigned apartments in the Quirinal. The rooms had been newly furnished and filled with flowers, and the Italians who had inspected them were delighted with the result of their hospitable forethought. Especially were they pleased with the dressing-room, which they pronounced "truly wonderful." An Englishman, having heard this encomium, when he visited the apartments, pressed forward to that room with some curiosity. What was his disappointment, however, to find it an ordinary bath-room, filled, of course, with modern bathing appliances. A remark of an Italian friend soon disclosed one cause of the general wonderment. "Do you suppose he will use *that?*" asked the Italian, pointing to a shower-bath. "I suppose he will." "With cold water?" "Yes, of course!" "Then," drawing a long breath, "then he is a truly wonderful man!"

Colonel "Dan" Lamont was an expert on the subject of pie before he ever began his now famous series of pastry-seances at the White House. He was steward of his club at Union College, and an uncommonly shrewd steward, too. A privilege enjoyed by members of the club was that of abstaining from any of the delicacies of the table, receiving in exchange a rebate from the weekly assessment. A student from Vermont, who did not particularly enjoy pastry, one day announced that he would henceforth eat no pie, but, instead, would draw five cents a day from the treasury. Lamont's eyes twinkled when he heard the announcement, but he said nothing. The next day at dinner he had chicken pie, the next oyster pie, the next veal pie, and so on for a fortnight. The victim made no complaint, but at last his patience gave out, and he left the club in high dudgeon. Thereafter, when any member angrily withdrew, he was said to have "pied out."

When Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable" was about to be produced for the first time at the Paris Grand Opera, Dr. Véron was at the head of the institution. The composer was still a man without fame and name, and his opera was put upon the stage in a meagre and anything but brilliant scenic setting. "Ah," said Meyerbeer, to the manager, "you fear to lay out much money upon this opera. I see you have little confidence in my music." Véron made no reply; but he planned in secret to arrange a splendid decoration for the nuns' scene, whereby he hoped to surprise as well as gratify the composer. The scene was regarded at the time as a veritable wonder. At a final rehearsal of the opera, when the curtain was drawn up and revealed the new scene, the invited guests burst out into loud cries of admiration. Véron smiled triumphantly at Meyerbeer and expected to read astonishment and delight upon the composer's face. But Meyerbeer merely said: "The decoration is much too splendid; I see that you have no confidence in my music."

There appeared in a Washington paper the other day the following advertisement: "Wanted—By a gentleman and wife, old residents of Washington, half a pew or two seats in St. John's Episcopal Church; best of social references given." This willingness to give social reference to secure the privilege of worshiping at St. John's Church reminds me (says a Chicago *News* writer) of a story of President Lincoln. One day, during the war, a young officer called upon him to secure an appointment in the army, and brought with him letters of recommendation signed by all the F. F. V.'s in the District of Columbia. There had been no application for office before President Lincoln so strongly supported by the aristocracy, and turning to the young man, he told him that he would give him the appointment, and handed him back the papers. "Don't you want to place the papers on file?" asked the office-seeker; "I supposed that was the custom." "Yes, that is the custom," said President Lincoln; "but you had better take them with you, and you might want to join St. John's Church."

Judiciousness and tact are virtues that we hardly expect to find in "Faddists" of any kind, or it would strike one that these days of Whitechapel murders and their imitative horrors are singularly inopportune for the advocates of the abolition of capital punishment to write to the papers. The theory of the latest of these enthusiasts is that murderers, however atrocious, should not be put to death, but should "live and work for years and repent of their sad crimes." Think of the Whitechapel fiend deriving instruction from the prison-chaplain and engaged till let out on ticket-of-leave, in useful and "elevating" labor. The sanguine individual who believes this possible, signs himself "an ex-sheriff," and gives the plaintive information that, during his year of office, "a poor love-sick youth" was actually put to death for shooting his sweetheart. "Only that, and nothing more." In France, it appears, that if even a professional assassin "is young, has blue eyes, and hair like a girl's," these are always held to be extenuating circumstances. Perhaps the ex-sheriff's deceased young friend was similarly dowered; but what he seems to me to have lost sight of, even in that case, was that the victim was also young, may have had blue eyes, and certainly had hair like a girl's.

SOCIETY.

The Bixler Receptinn.

The hundred and more guests who were at the reception given last Wednesday evening by Mr. and Mrs. David Bixlet were most delightfully entertained. As the carriages rolled up to the Bixler mansion on the corner of Union and Pierce Streets, their inmates were treated to a pretty spectacle. Every room in the residence was illuminated, and the lights shone through the windows in bright relief, throwing the house in a semi-shadow. The spacious grounds, with their terraces and the long granite stairway, were hung throughout with colored Japanese lanteros, which produced a charming picturesque effect. Upon crossing the threshold there was observed a swinging sign of terra-cotta colored cartridge paper, pendant from ribbons of pink silk, upon which in golden letters, shaded with black, was the greeting:

A hundred thousand times we call,
A hearty welcome to you all.

Passing to the second floor the dressing-rooms were sought, and then upon descending to the parlors the reverse of the above sign attracted one, for there was seen tbe happy wish

"May Joy Crown You."

Mr. and Mrs. Bixler received their guests in the library, and were assisted in this pleasant duty by Miss Hyde. Few residences are better adapted for entertaining than this one. There was nothing conventional about the decorations, for every flower and every piece of drapery was placed with true artistic grace The pedestals of the marble busts of the host and hostess, in the library, were draped with colored silk, and the well-filled book-cases around the room were gracefully hung with Japanese, India, and pale-blue silk. On the cases were set masses of marguerites, and here and there were long, pointed palm leaves, arranged like sun-bursts. The hall decoration was particularly unique. The molding framing the entrance to the music room was completely draped with pale-pink silk, which extended to either side, encircling the oil-paintings which flanked the entrance. Hung amid this heavy drapery were large clusters of calla lilies, with long stalks, and these same flowers decked all the pictures in the hall. The bannisters were wound with terra-cotta and pink silk, hand-painted, and half-way up was an Indian basket full of laurestine in full bloom. All along the railing, from the newel post to the upper floor, were red toy balloons which bobbed to and fro with every breath of air and produced a most odd effect. The wall at the side of the staircase was fringed with shoots of green bamboo and hung with tapestry. The music room was especially pretty. The Presidio band occupied the bay-window, against the curtains of which hung a Japanese priest's robe of fancy colors, which was set with a guitar. The mantel mirror at the left of the entrance was draped with Turkish embroidered linen, caught up with canary-colored silk ribbons and traced with gilded ivy leaves. The other mantel mirror was similarly arranged, with draperies of yellow silk in three shades and delicate vine traceries in tints of silver and copper. A charming combination of pale pink and green silk draperies and Virginia creeper leaves, gilded and bronzed, embellished three water-colors directly opposite. The entrance to this room was draped inside with folds of pink silk set with magnolia leaves partially silvered, and tbe entrance to the salon adjoining was hung with crimson portières, against which gilded magnolia leaves were laid with pretty effect. A Persian rug, ornamenting one side of the room, was decorated with long, spiked pine leaves, which were gilded and arranged like lattice-work against the rich background. The spacious salon also appeared attractive with its handsome furnishings and decorations. The pedestals of the large rosewood-bordered mirror were draped from side to side with blue Turkish camel's-bair, elaborately embroidered with gold, wbich was caugbt up by wide bands of corn-colored silk. An antique French étagère in the coroer was set with pansies, pink roses, violets, and daisies, placed among folds of gray and pink silk.

Almost all of the guests arrived comparatively early, and at half-past nine o'clock dancing was well under way. The salon and music-room were canvased for this purpose, and the music was excellent. The library and hall were used for promenading. A visit to the art gallery, up-stairs, was not to be forgotten, and an inspection of the valuable collection of paintings was a feature of the evening. The toilets of the ladies were all elegant. At midnight supper was announced, and a surprise awaited the guests. The regular dining-room was too small to accommodate a large number of people at once, and a canvas-covered pavilion had been erected on the lawn adjoining the dining-room. This pavilion was lighted with lanterns and candelabra, and was decorated with yellow cloth, palms, ferns, bamboo sboots, and almond blossoms, which were held up in netting. The dining-room proper was prettily draped with red silk and glossy magnolia leaves in artistic combinations. Vases of cowslips adoroed the mantel, and the buffet was ornate with rich service and *pièces montées*. After supper dancing was resumed until about two o'clock, when the delightful affair ended.

The Moseley-Grnw Wedding.

There was a pleasant wedding at the Hotel Bella Vista last Wednesday evening, when Miss Nellie G. Grow, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Grow, was united in marriage to Mr. Andrew S. Moseley. About seventy-five guests were invited to witness the ceremony which was performed at half-past eight o'clock in the billard-room of the botel. This apartment was tastefully decorated with festoons of blue tulle and clusters of ferns and almond blossoms which adoroed the walls, and with gilded palm leaves, tied with silver and pink silk, which graced the chandelier. Between the two windows was a pretty nuptial bower of gilded rustic work massed with almond blossoms which were tied with white-satin ribbons. The hall was decorated with acacia bloom, ferns and yellow-silk draperies; a special feature being a gate of bamboo over wbicb hovered a flight of doves.

The "Bridal Chorus" from "Lobengrin" beralded the approacb of the bridal party. It was headed by Mrs. Charles A. Grow and Mrs. H. L. Hutchinson, of Oakland, wbo were followed by the groomsmen, Mr. Charles Spinney and Mr. Frank West. After them came the groom and his best man, Mr. L. L. Long, preceding the bridesmaids, Miss Mattie Knowles, of Oakland, and Miss Fannie Page, of Portland, Or. The maid of bonor, Miss Susie Le Count, was next, and following ber were the bride and her father. The impressive ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. McLean, of Oakland, after wbich congratulations were tendered to the happy couple. About seventy-five additional guests were invited to the reception which followed. After the bridal quadrille bad been danced, waltzes and polkas were indulged in until eleven o'clock, when a sumptuous supper was served in the large dining-room. This apartment was decorated with ferns in groups, and at one end were tall screens, above which arose a lattice-work of large bamboo poles, wbich were covered with flowering eucalyptus. Every one enjoyed the supper and the subsequent festivities, which were prolonged until early morning. Mr. and Mrs. Moseley were the recipients of a beautiful array of elegant presents. They departed for Southero California on Tbursday, and will be away four or five weeeks.

The Mardi Gras Bal Masqué.

A glimpse into the rooms of the Art Association, on Pine Street, will give one somewhat of an idea of how artistically the Grand Opera House will be decorated on Tuesday evening, Marcb 5th, when the Mardi Gras *bal masqué* will occur. Messrs. Joulin, Stanton, Yelland, and Wells, of the committee on decoration, are devoting all of their energy and skill toward the completion of novel, fantastic, and beautiful designs with which tbe interior of the opera house will be embellished. An immense sphinx is seen in one corner, a gilded lion in another, bundred of fancy masks are arranged on stringers around tbe walls, curious emblems are laid here and tbere, thousands of bright colored paper roses and hollyhocks are displayed, and bales of richly tinted bunting lie scattered around. All of these things are to be used, and even more, and tbey sbould certainly tend to make the interior highly picturesque. Applications for tickets are being received with a regularity that betokens a large attendance, and it will necessarily be select, as no one will be allowed to enter the opera house without passing before tbe visé committee. The display of costumes promises to be unusually elegant, as the ladies are putting forth their best efforts to appear as attractive as possible, and many gentlemen have evinced an inclination to anpear in costume. Officers of the army and navy and the National Guard are requested to wear their uniforms, and Knights Templars their insignia. The grand march will commence at nine o'clock, and supper will be served at midnight in the rooms on the second floor. The orchestra chairs will be covered by flooring, and this space, in conjunction with the stage, will make a large ball-room. Ladies must wear a costume and mask, but with gentlemen this is optional. One band will furnish music for dancing, and another will play concert selections. The committees are all bard at work, and success will surely crown their efforts.

The Baker Matinée Tea.

Mrs. L. L. Baker pleasantly entertained several hundred of her friends on Saturday afternoon, February 16th, at a high tea, which she gave at her residence, 1882 Washington Street. Early spring blossoms played a most important part in adding to the natural attractiveness of the commodious rooms and ball on the first floor, where the guests commenced to assemble at four o'clock. Marigolds and eschscholtzias seemed to rival each other in their bright golden tints; roses, violets, and honeysuckle threw out their delicious fragrance; while bell-shaped daffodils, Paris daisies, pretty snow-drops, and the national flower of France, the fleur-de-lis, all claimed attention in their pretty groupings. Long sprays of Woodwardia ferns were also introduced effectively in contrast to the light-tinted draperies of soft silk and crêpe, which were hung with true artistic taste. The odd foliage of the pussy-willow, the pale-yellow blossoms of the acacia-tree, and the bright scarlet of holly berries were also seen in combination with the other flowers, foliage, and grasses, and assisted in completing the very attractive ensemble. Mrs. Baker had the assistance of Mrs Horace L. Hill and Miss Stone in receiving her guests, all of whom were most cordially welcomed and delightfully entertained. Noah Brandt's band played concert selections at regular intervals, and a delicious luncheon was at all times in readiness to refresh the callers. The pleasant affair terminated at seven o'clock.

Robert Lnuis Stevensnn's Cruise.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson are enjoying the quiet and beauty of Honolulu, where they propose to remain some time. Tbey arrived on their yacht *Casco*, Captain Otis, early in January, having spent seven months cruising among the South Sea Islands, where they left many friends. The voyage has been a most successful one in every way, and the trim little ship is crowded with curiosities, many of them being presents from admiring natives.

His Majesty King Kalakaua has been entertained on board the *Casco*, and many civilities have been exchanged between the royal family and the yachting-party.

Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson are at present the guests of Mr. Henry F. Poor, occupying bis charming seaside residence "Manuia."

Mr. Stevenson's bealth is much improved. He is bard at work, writing every day, only stopping occasionally to drop into verse in praise of the beauties of Hawaii.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Howard have returned from Santa Barbara. They will go to Europe in May.

Mr. Harry East Miller, second son of Mr. Albert Miller, of Oakland, returned home last Thursday. He has been absent for the past three years at the University of Strasburg, where he recently took the degree of Ph D. with high bonors.

Miss May Norton and Miss Minnie Hennessy bave returned from a visit to friends in San José.

Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels and Miss Spreckels have gone to Honolulu.

Mr. James C. Dunphy returoed from San José early in the week.

Mr. Adolpb Sutro and Miss Clara Sutro have returned from a trip of the southern counties.

Mr. Jerome Lincoln and Miss Ethel Lincoln bave been visiting the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Rosewald have removed to 938 Geary Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Winsor L. Brown returned from Del Monte early in the week.

Mrs. Alphonso Wigmore, who has been in Santa Barbara and Los Angeles for a number of weeks, has returned to her home on Leavenworth Street.

Mrs. George J. Bucknall and the Misses Marguerite and Marie Bucknall will leave in a few weeks to pay a prolonged visit to Mrs. John P. Jones at Santa Monica.

Mrs Henry Lund will depart soon on a European tour.

Mr. M. G. Pritchard, formerly consul for Mexico, is occupying his new residence on the south-west coroer of Octavia and Vallejo Streets.

Mr. and Mrs. Franklin B. Poore, of Fort Bidwell, Cal., are making an extended sojourn in this city.

Mr. Harry E. Wise will go to Europe in May.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton will pass the spring and summer months in Menlo Park, having leased the Johnston place there.

Miss Jennie de la Montanya has returned from a pleasant visit to Miss Grace M. Spencer at San José.

Mr. Hans H. Kohler went East a week ago.

Mrs. Lillie M. Coit bas left for the Hawaiian Islands, and will be away several months.

Mrs. John Gillig and Mr. Harry Gillig have gone to Los Angeles to remain a couple of weeks.

Judge and Mrs. O. C. Pratt and Miss Lillie Jones have returned from their Eastern visit.

Notes and Gossip.

Tbe wedding of Miss Bettie McMullin, daugbter of Mrs. John McMullin, and Mr. Charles L. Weller, assistant U. S. district-attorney, will occur at the residence of Mr. John C. Hays in Visalia, Tulare County, on Tuesday, March 5th.

Invitations have been issued by Mr. and Mrs. James L. Martel for the wedding of their daughter, Miss Eugénie Martel, and Mr. Josepb M. Masten, son of Mr. and Mrs. N. K. Masten, of Oakland. The wedding will occur at the residence of the parents of the bride-elect, 420 Ellis Street, next Tuesday evening.

A matinée tea will be given from four until seven o'clock to-day (Saturday) by Mrs. James Carolan and Miss Evelyn Carolan, at their residence on California Street.

The Misses Sherwood will entertain a party of friends next Thursday evening at their residence, 1357 Post Street.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Mullins gave an informal musicale on Friday evening at tbeir residence, 1809 Gouzh Street, which was enjoyed by quite a number of their friends.

Mrs. Evan J. Coleman will give a reception next Tuesday evening at ber residence, 1450 Sacramento Street.

Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Wilson bave issued invitations for a reception to occur next Wednesday evening at their bome on Pine Street.

The members of the German Club have postponed their final cotillion of the season until Tuesday evening, April 30tb. It will be a Queen Anne floral cotillion, and will be replete with novel fancies.

Mrs. Henry L. Dodge will entertain a large number of her friends this (Saturday) afternoon at a high tea, which she will give at her residence on Van Ness Avenue.

The members of the Bachelors' Cotillion Club will give tbeir final german of this season next Friday evening, at B'nai B'rith Hall. Extra efforts are being made to make it a grand success.

Invitations have been issued by the young ladies of the Van Ness Seminary for an "at bome" which will occur next Saturday evening.

Miss Birdie Fair will give a party next Thursday evening at the residence of ber mother, Mrs. Theresa Fair, on Pine Street, to celebrate her birthday anniversary.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph C. Harrison entertained a number of friends very pleasantly last Wednesday evening at their residence on Pine Street. Cards and music were enjoyed for several hours.

In the Paris letter of the Baroness Althea Salvador to the New York *World*, we find this paragraph: "Thus far this winter all has been done simply; soirées, dinners, musicales, are given without ceremony, but we may except the *soirées-dansantes* at the residence of Major and Mrs. Rathbone, 84 Avenue des Champs Elysées. The United States Consul-General and bis graceful wife bave endeared themselves to Parisians, and if the change of administration deprives us of their presence in Paris their places can not easily be filled. Miss Macondray, the charming niece of Mrs. Rathbone, is the leader of young people in the American colony, and a great addition to Parisian society in general."

The following is an excerpt from *Galignani's Messenger* of February 1, 1889: "Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Bonynge gave, a few days ago, a farewell dinner to the American Minister and Mrs. Phelps, at their residence, 42 Princes Gate. Amongst the guests were Lord Cook, Lord Chylesmore, Sir Alfred and Lady Slade, Lady Decies, Lady Isabella Stewart, and others. Miss Virginia Bonynge returned for the ocasion from a ten days' visit she had been paying to the Princess Cbristian at Cumberland Lodge."

Army and Navy.

Brigadier-General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., and Lieutenant John A. Dapray, U. S. A., aide-de-camp, will soon proceed to Los Angeles on official business.

Lieutenant James E. Nolan, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted two months' leave of absence.

Mrs. Adsit as an Art Critic.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: When Ruskin wished to apologize for the frantically bad trees of one of his favorite painters, he said: "If the figures were finished, and he only had five minutes in wbicb to do the trees, they were (however absolutely bad) quite perfect; that is as perfect as they could be, under the conditions." This, like much of Ruskin's art ethics, was pettifogging, but there is truth in it nevertheless. Mrs. Adsit shows in her ninth lecture (the one comparing etching with engraving) that etching as an art expression is "quite perfect" according to Mr. Ruskin's plea, and more than that the very "conditions" which make defense necessary, are also the conditions wbicb give etching its high and peculiar rank among the graphic arts.

When, for example, the lecturer takes the wax-covered plate in her hand—as she will some time during the course—and standing before her audience proceeds to draw with her needle the head of some impromptu sitter or to make a picture of some inanimate object or angle in the hall, one quickly realizes both the scope and the limits of that sort of pictorial work. As the line is drawn so it remains. There is no mending a fault; there is no hiding of a defect. If, into a Madonna-like face a mistaken line a thousandth part of an inch long puts a coquettish dimple, no other line may transmute or suppress it.

But first therein lies its quiet fascination and its great success, if success comes. For the subtle charm of a beautiful singer consists largely in the fact that each song is an experiment. Like the trapeze-performer, or the rope-walker, a fatal failure is always possible, and hence the thrill and delight of the spectator or auditor at a fresh triumph.

Neither painter nor engraver can reproduce the passing emotion as can an etcher. Etching is to engraving what oratory is to writing—the spontaneous, free, living expression of the thing seen and felt. This clever critic claims tbat in order to criticise art fairly one *must* not be an artist. Tbe critic should be outside the limitations of technique, and able to speak for those to wbom the artist addresses his interpretations of nature; able to show for and why he bas succeeded in recreating in their minds the images he has bimself created.

It is, indeed, an abundant pleasure to sit at feast witb this gentle lady over the heaped up intellectual viands she has gathered through years of painstaking, ardent, intelligent study at the elbows of famous artists the world over. Her lectures in Union Square Hall on Tuesday evenings and Thursday afternoons are supplemented in the most enjoyable fashion by an exhibition of the rare masterpieces she has brought with ber in the shape of hundreds of famous pictures, and which she talks over amply and lovingly and lucidly to all wbo visit her on the days between the lectures. The pictures are at 325½ Geary Street, and are freely shown to all who attend the lectures. X. Y. Z.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 21, 1889.

After an absence of seven years Mr. Thomas Ryan, of the Mendelssohn Quintet Club of Boston, is again on his way to the Pacific Coast, desiring once more to visit the friends who have always reached out a welcoming band. He also wished to introduce his daughter, and then say "good-by," feeling at his age that this might be his last visit. Mr. Ryan bas been known both in this country and abroad as a faithful devotee to what is best in music, and for "forty years" bas never swerved from bis bigb ideal. Talking with bim not long since of bis first visit to San Francisco, he said "Our first concert was a failure, the second a little better, the third, having been advertised for the same nigbt on wbich a concert had been arranged for a benefit to the organist of Trinity Church (the lamented George Gee), the committee waited upon the club, begging them to postpone their concert for that evening and asking their assistance. At first Mr. Ryan refused, tearing from the size of the Opera House, where the benefit was to take place, they would be entirely lost. But on second thought they decided they would rather suffer from that than have a brother artist think they were unwilling to respond. So, amid the varied attractions of that brilliant evening (for the Opera House was crowded with the beauty and fasbion of San Francisco, and the stage with the best local talent) the five quiet-looking artists with their five instruments stepped upon the platform and putting mutes upon the strings played the minuetto Boccherini-larghetto clarinete quintet, Mozart. The buzz of talking ceased, the house was hushed, and the applause wbich followed assured the future success of the Mendelssohn Quintet Club in San Francisco."

Miss Lena Devine is singing with great success in Nice, and has been especially engaged by the Nice Cercle Musicale for the solo soprano parts in the cantata, "The Holy City," by Alfred Gaul, which will be presented during Lent.

DXXV—Bill of Fare fnr six persons—Sunday, February 24, 1889.

Okra and Tomato Soup.
Fried Trout. Mashed Potatoes.
Beefsteak and Mushrooms.
Celery stewed with cream.
Baked Squabs, Port-wine Sauce.
Tomato Salad.
Banana in Cream. Kisses.
Lady-Fingers and Macaroons.

SAUTEED KIDNEY FOR BREAKFAST.—Cut up half an onion; brown it in a pan with an ounce of butter; slice a calf's kidneys; toss about over a slow fire in the pan; add salt, pepper, one-half pint of red or white wine and one piece of cut sugar. Simmer until tender; dissolve a teaspoonful of flour in cold water; add to the disb. Toast a few slices of bread; trim them neatly; place them on a dish; pour the kidneys over them, and serve.

One evening, at the Vaudeville, the spectators were suddenly startled by a false alarm of fire, and general confusion prevailed. The occupants of the pit and stalls with one accord made for the doors, and in another minute the theatre would have been entirely deserted, when Arnal, who happened to be on the stage, came forward and coolly inquired what was the matter. Shouts of "Fire! Fire!" greeted him on every side, and the stampede continued until the actor, who had meanwhile ascertained by a reassuring gesture from the stage-manager behind the scenes that the report was unfounded, assumed an indignant air and exclaimed with a comic energy which at once arrested the panic: "Ah ça, messieurs, do you suppose, if there were the slightest danger, that I should be such an idiot as to stop here?"

Adley H. Cummins will deliver a lecture entitled "Among the Gods and Goddesses" at Irving Hall, next Tuesday evening, February 26th, and on the 12th and 26th of March he will lecture on "The Semitic Race" and "The History of Liberty," respectively.

In "La Porteuse de Pain," which is being played at the Ambigu Comique in Paris, the handcuffs used in making the arrest of Jeanne Fortier are the same that adorned the wrists of the assassin Prado.

— EXTRA MINCE PIES, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

Coughs and Colds. Tbose who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, etc., sbould try BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. *Sold only in boxes.*

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PIANOS.

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW.

A Croon on Hennacliff.

Thus said the rushing raven
Unto his hungry mate,
"Ho, gossip! for Bude Haven!
There be corpses six or eight.
Cawk, cawk! the crew and skipper
Are wallowing in the sea,
So there's a savory supper
For my old dame and me."

"Cawk! gaffer! thou art dreaming!
The shore hath wreckers bold,
Would rend the yelling seamen
From the clutching billows' hold!
Cawk! cawk! they'd bound for booty,
Into the dragon's den,
And shout 'For death or duty!'
If the prey were drowning men."

Loud laughed the listening surges
At the guess our grandam gave;
You might call them Boanerges
From the thunder of their wave!
And mockery followed after
The seabird's jeering brood,
That filled the skies with laughter
From Lundy Light to Bude.

"Cawk! cawk!" then said the raven;
"I am four-score years and ten,
Yet never in Bude Haven
Did I croak for rescued men.
They will save the captain's girdle,
And shirt, if shirt there be,
But leave their blood to curdle
For my old dame and me."

So said the rushing raven
Unto his hungry mate:
"Ho, gossip! for Bude Haven!
There be corpses six or eight.
Cawk! cawk! the crew and skipper
Are wallowing in the sea;
Oh, what a dainty supper
For my old dame and me."

—*Robert Stephen Hawker.*

Lynched.

The tramp of horse adown a shadowed glen;
Dark forms of stern, unmerciful, masked men;

The clash of arms, a cloven prison door,
And a man's cry for mercy! Then, high o'er

The trampled ground, dim outlined in the storm
The swaying of a lifeless human form.

—*F. L. Stanton.*

The Demon of the Gibbet.

There was no west, there was no east,
No star abroad for eye to see;
And Norman spurred his jaded beast
Hard by the terrible gallows-tree.

"O Norman, haste across this waste,
For something seems to follow me!"
"Cheer up, dear Maud, for, thanked be God,
We nigh have passed the gallows-tree!"

He kissed her lip; then, spur and whip,
And fast they fled across the lea;
But vain the heel and rowel steel,
For something leaped from the gallows-tree!

"*Give me your cloak, your knightly cloak,*
That wrapped you oft beyond the sea;
The wind is bold, my bones are old,
And I am cold on the gallows-tree."

"O holy God! O dearest Maud,
Quick, quick, some prayer, the best that be!
A bony hand my neck has spanned,
And tears my knightly cloak from me!"

"*Give me your wine, the red, red wine,*
That in the flask hangs by your knee;
Ten summers burst on me accurst,
And I'm athirst on the gallows-tree."

"Oh, Maud, my life! my loving wife!
Have you no power to set us free?
My belt unclasps, a demon grasps
And drags my wine-flask from my knee!"

"*Give me your bride, your bonny bride,*
That left her nest with you to flee;
Oh, she hath flown to be my own,
For I'm alone on the gallows-tree."

"Cling closer, Maud, and trust in God!
Cling close!—Ah, heaven, she slips from me!"—
A prayer, a groan, and he alone
Rode on that night from the gallows-tree.

—*Fitz-James O'Brien.*

Corpus Delicti.

Lipped by the oozy waters of the tide,
Low in the dank, limp death-fringe of the sedge,
Ghostly and purple in the falling night;
With features swollen beyond all shape of life;
With limbs that show death's horrors in their twists;
With hands that clutch, but hold naught in their grasp;
With hair that swims and fringes to the wave,
And eyes that shine not, save in phosphorus fires—
Through life—through life! It comes and floats and lies,
Thus ever—It, the Body of the Crime!

God! God! I gaze—I can not flee nor stir;
And gazing—Hark! Out in the twilight dim,
O'er the dull sluggish flood of earthy waves,
Sounds a hoarse voice, and plashes a faint oar!

—*E. Hough.*

"The Body of an Unknown Man."

I came at dawn from out the silent house,
(The last night's kisses warm upon my lips)
Wearied the dance, and stilled the revel's rouse;
Done the long joys, where these joys found eclipse,
(The last night's kisses warm upon my lips).

I mind the street; it runneth broad and straight,
(The last night's pressure warm upon my throat)
River to river, dawn's to sunset's gate;
Trees arched it; one bird waked—I heard its note,
(The last night's pressure warm upon my throat).

I mind the wharf—a wharf disused and lone,
(The last night's whispers sighing in my ears)
Gray waters weltered 'round each slimy stone;
Gray waters weltered through its crazy piers,
(The last night's whispers sighing in my ears).

The tide went out. I marked its ebb desist,
(The last night's glances graven on my brain)
I heard, below, great horns shriek from the mist,
Saw ghosts of ships dim drifting to the main,
(The last night's glances graven on my brain).

The city woke. I heard its hum and stir,
(The last night's odors in my nostrils quick)
I said: Thank God, this is no grief to her;
This path she led she strewed with raptures thick,
(The last night's odors in my nostrils quick).

Small travail mine; long-planned and picked my way,
(The last night's kisses warm upon my lips)
I stare at noontide from the glassy bay;
Beneath my head the long swell lazy slips,
(The last night's kisses frozen on my lips).

—*A. E. Watrous.*

AN INTELLIGENT WAITER.

"Yes," said a waiter in a Park Row coffee-and-cake saloon, as he brought my order and sank down in a chair on the opposite side of the table for a little rest; "yes, I've seen smart waiters in my time. Seldom talk 'bout 'em, or anything, for that matter—I ain't no talker—don't run on and on and converse with my mouth when I ain't got nothing to say—'tain't my style; but I want to jess mention Bill Bushnell—smartest man I ever knowed."

I was at his mercy. It was almost morning and business was slack.

"Bill used to work in a coffee-and-cake saloon over in Jersey City where I did, and I tell you he was a hustler. And intelligent and educated. Nothing dusty 'bout Bill. Very independent man, was Bill. If a customer at a table that he wa'n't tendin' to called to him, Bill would spot him right in the head with a cake the first thing. Might's well of throwed a pavin' block at the man, you see. But Bill was independent. He used to work from midnight to noon. He didn't believe in puttin' in no extra time, neither. When the noon-whistle blowed, if he was carryin' an order to a man, he used to let right go of it. He said it wa'n't his fault cause the dishes didn't stick up in the air. He claimed he wa'n't responsible fer the attraction of gravelation. He blamed it on a man named Ike Newton. Said he was an Englishman and claimed he used to know him over in Brooklyn. They both worked in the same place, he said.

"Bill was very independent, too, 'bout how he done his work. He wouldn't carry no dishes 'cept in his hands. He said there wa'n't no reserved seats for ham 'n' bean-dishes along on his arms. Couldn't no cups o' coffee get up above his wrists and sit there and sun themselves. It was bad enough, he told us, when a scientist like him had to carry around dishes in a cheap restaurant 'thout 'lowin' them to crowd clear up to his elbow. Bill al'ays claimed he was a scientist. Said water was composed of oxyergen and nightergen, and consequently was a dangerous mixed drink, and he never took any. Whisky was diff'rent, he claimed, bein' composed of pure fuselile, and so was very healthy and invigorating to the system, 'specially when a man was 'bout petered out by water-drinking.

"Bill had an idea that the same style o' man orter al'ays take the same thing. He al'ays brought a fat man Boston beans and coffee in the dark. If the man tried to kick, Bill used to put one hand on his shoulder and hold him down and make him eat 'em. He al'ays brought a lean man beef and cakes and coffee with plenty of milk. It built up their systems, he claimed. He made 'em eat it, too. Used to say it made bim sick to see a man act as if a scientist didn't know what was good for him. If a man was pretty well dressed and carried a gold-headed umbrella, Bill al'ays took him the whole list—ham an', beef an', three off, white wings, boot-leg, floaters, threes to comealong, and ev'rything else. He'd collect the bill, too, if he had to fight the man for half an hour and drive all the other customers out of the room. If one of these well-dressed men tried any such dishonest trick as refusing to pay for what Bill brought him, you bet he made it hot for the gentleman. He hated dishonesty, Bill did, and if one of these fellows acted cranky about paying, Bill would usually pick his pocket of ten dollars and place it to the man's credit, so that be wouldn't have the trouble of having a fight with him ev'ry time he come in. It saved time in making change, too.

"Bill was very fond of tips 'mong other things. Sometimes when a man forgot to give him anything, Bill would follow him to the door and kick him half-way 'cross tbe street. He claimed that he was entitled to ten cents and he believed in rebuking dishonesty wherever it showed its hydrant head—that's the way Bill put it. He said it had a good effect on the others at the tables, too—they seen honesty was the best policy. This practice used to be very dangerous for people going along the streets and the chief of police tried to stop it, but Bill tbrowed a cruller at him and settled him.

"Bill was a great waiter—wish he was here to liven up things, but he ain't. He got discouraged and quit. He was having a big fight with a man from Hackensack one day, trying to make him eat a cheese sandwich when the man wanted a glass of milk, and had just about got bim subdued when another customer sneaked up, who had a grudge agin Bill 'cause he bad one day made him eat a big dish of beans when he wanted boiled eggs, and pulled an old iron pump-bandle out from under his coat and cracked Bill's head with it. They took him away to the hospital for three months and when he got out he said he would never wait on folks no more. He said the public didn't appreciate it when a man of brains took bold of the business."—*New York Tribune.*

Exonerated.

"Great heavens! What is the matter? Lily, my darling, what is it? Oh, Mr. Buskin, what has happened?"

Tbese words were uttered by William G. Simpson as he entered the luxuriously furnished drawing-room of James P. Buskin, of the firm of Sock & Buskin, the great theatrical managers. He bad been engaged to the lovely daughter of the house for only one week, but, oh, how blissful that period bad been!

And now, what had occurred? His *fiancée* was in tears, and her father was in the room to meet him, with sternness upon his brow. Had the misfortune of William G. Simpson's earlier life, the awful secret of his youth, been discovered? He trembled at the thought.

His worst suspicions were confirmed when the father spoke.

"Mr. Simpson," he said, "all is over between you and my daugbter. You have kept back from us a part of your life. You have been accused of crime."

William Simpson fell upon his knees. "I was innocent!" he cried; "I declare before heaven that I was innocent!"

"That may be," responded the stern old man; "but my che-ild shall not go through life with her name linked to that of a man against whom one breath of suspicion lingers. Prove your innocence, William G. Simpson, and all may yet be well. What was the crime of which you were accused?"

"It was," sobbed the young man, "of—of stealing Mlle. Blanche de Ballet's diamonds."

"My son, my son! how could I ever have doubted you?" cried James P. Buskin, as he fell upon the other's neck; "you are innocent! we were advertising her for a summer tour."

"William, my own darling, my love, my life!" cried Lily, as her lover pressed her to his bosom.—*Life.*

Post-Nuptial Comments.

First maiden—They say he really has an income of thirty thousand a year and will have more when his father dies. Only think of it!

Second maiden—Don't you envy her? Marguerite always was a lucky girl anybow. How I envy her!

Third maiden—And I! They say, too, that he isn't a bit stingy and Marguerite can run up all the milliners' and dry-goods bills she pleases and he won't say a word about it. Only think!

Fourth maiden—How perfectly delightful! I wonder if he is a club man? But I daresay he is, and how charming for Margie if he is. Dear me! How lucky some girls are!

Fifth maiden—Oh, don't mention it! It makes me green with envy when I think of it! How she will dress! And there's a cottage at Bar Harbor, too, and——

Sixth maiden—Oh, girls! I can't keep still any longer. I've such news for you! All of those stories are utterly without foundation in fact. He really and truly has only ten thousand a year, and, would you, would you believe it, she actually married bim for love?

First maiden,
Second maiden,
Third maiden, } How—perfectly—absurd!
Fourth maiden,
Fifth maiden,

—*Time.*

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TIME TABLE.

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(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 1.30, 5.00, 6.45, P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 1.45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.15, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 3.25, 4.55 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 3.30, 5.00, P. M.
Extra trips on Saturday at 1.45 and 6.25 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 10.00, 11.50 A. M.; 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.45, 10.45 A. M.; 12.45, 4.15, 5.45, P. M.
Extra trips on Saturday at 2.30 and 7.05 P. M.
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LEAVE	From Feb. 9, 1889.	ARRIVE
7.30 A.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	*12.45 P.
7.30 A.	For Sacramento, and for Redding via Davis	7.15 P.
8.00 A.	For Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga and Santa Rosa	6.15 P.
8.30 A.	Los Angeles Express, for Fresno, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	11.15 A.
9.00 A.	For Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
10.30 A.	For Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
*12.00 M.	For Haywards and Niles	* 3.45 P.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	**6.00 A.
3.00 P.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
3.00 P.	Central Atlantic Express, for Ogden and East	7.15 A.
4.00 P.	For Stockton and §Milton; for Vallejo, Calistoga & Santa Rosa	10.15 A.
4.30 P.	For Sacramento, and for Knight's Landing via Davis	10.45 A.
* 4.30 P.	For Niles, San José and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
5.30 P.	For Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
7.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	7.45 A.
† 8.00 P.	Golden Gate Special, for Council Bluffs and East	‖ 7.45 P.
9.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.

SOUTH PACIFIC COAST RAILWAY DIVISION.

†3.00 A.	For Newark and San José	‡ 7.20 P.
8.15 A.	For Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	5.50 P.
*2.15 P.	For Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 A.
4.15 P.	For Centerville, San José, Almaden, and Los Gatos	9.20 A.

COAST DIVISION (Fourth & Townsend Streets.)

7.50 A.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	2.30 P.
8.30 A.	For San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos; Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) & principal Way Stations	6.38 P.
10.30 A.	For San José, Almaden and Way Stations	5.35 P.
12.01 P.	For Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	4.36 P.
* 3.30 P.	For San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Monterey and principal Way Stations	*10.02 A.
4.30 P.	For San José and principal Way Stations	9.03 A.
* 5.00 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 7.56 A.
6.30 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A.
†11.45 P.	For Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	†7.40 P.

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THE THOMPSON STREET POKER CLUB.

By Henry Guy Carleton.

Mr. Cyanide Whiffles was disappointed at the meagre attendance of invited guests at the Thompson Street Poker Club last Saturday evening, on the occasion of his lecture. The regular members showed up, however, in force, there being present Messrs. Tooter Williams, and Gus Johnson, Elder Jubilee Anderson, Professsor Brick, and the Reverend Mr. Thankful Smith, who as usual occupied the chair. The club was called to order at eight o'clock sharp.

A recess of one-half hour was then taken, but no applicants for admission appeared. Mr. Tooter Williams volunteered to go outside as a committee of one, to hark, and try to induce some citizens with a thirst for science to come and drink at the pure rills within, but at eight forty-five he returned without success, and the meeting was recalled to order.

Elder Jubilee Anderson arose to a question of privilege. The absence of guests might be looked upon with indifference by certain members whom he would not name, but the absence of their half-dollars from the club treasury would be missed at the end of the evening if the janitor should drop in with that long-suffering kerosene hill. He did not wish to make any unpleasant remarks, but the five guests who remained to play after the last meeting had gone home without either ulsters or money, and probably had either to swim to Hoboken or work their passage, and he feared this fact had somewhat dampened the enthusiasm on the other side of the North River. He therefore desired to know what the club was going to do with guests at the next meeting?

"Skun 'em!" exclaimed Mr. Williams.

"Ordah!" commanded the chair.

"Show me a Hoboken niggah, 'n I'll show you my meat!" continued Mr. Williams.

"Ordah!"

"I'll skun anny Noo Jarsey moke outen he salvation ef it's de lass ack er my dissypatid c'reer!"

"Tooter Williams am fined a quartah!" said the chair.

"I'm gwinter 'spress my feelin's in dis club ef it costs a dollah!" yelled Mr. Williams, flinging a hill of that denomination on the desk; "yar I comes wif a wad 'n hruk a nengagemint wif my bess lady ter rip de hide offen some suckah coon from Hoboken, 'n dar hain't no suckah come. I'm raw, I is, 'n bilious, 'n ef it coss me de lass dollah I got, I say it free."

"Hez—hez yo' got yo' dollah's wuff now?" calmly inquired the chairman, folding the hill lengthwise and putting it behind his ear; "kase ef yo' feels colicky nuff ter 'spress ten-dollahs' wuff er feelin's, I'll give yo' two minits mo'."

Mr. Williams's only reply was to fling himself haughtily into his seat, and favor Professor Brick with a prolonged and belligerent stare without any cause which that gentleman could ascertain.

This breezy interlude having thus come to an affable close, Mr. Cyanide Whiffles ascended the dais, and after an elaborate bow to the chair, announced his subject as "De Kitty 'n Jackers," and spoke as follows:

"De kitty am a leak in de bar'l ob profits at pokah whad oughter be stopped by ack of Kungresh. In de good ole days befo' de wah, de kitty useter he onny a small slice outen de biggest jacker, whad didn't kyount nohow, bud now de kitty-keepah rakes in a wite chip outen a one-par pot, 'n a red chip outen trees, 'n a hlue chip outen de jacker, 'n w'en dey's a big razzle 'n de coons is climbin' one ovah de udder, he steals a blue chip on each rise——"

"Dass de Lan's troof!" exclaimed Professor Brick.

"'N himehy whad's de resulk?" inquired the lecturer; "w'y, de resulk am dat de kitty gits all de boodle, 'n de playahs gits bruk."

"Doan' de kitty pay fer de passengers, 'n cigyahs, 'n beer?" queried Mr. Williams.

"Yezzah," responded the lecturer; "'n each moke eats sassengers w'en he doan' wantem, 'n smokes mo' cigyahs dan would kill a mewl, 'n drinks mo' beer dan would pizen a Milwaukee hog, sozeter git he share. Ef pokah am onny ter skin de membahs, ter set up a free-lunch costin' mo'n two dollahs a head, I'll go ter Delmunniky's 'n feed cheapah."

"Wudjer bollish de kitty?" inquired the chairman, under the right given him by Article LXI. of the Constitution.

"Nozah," said the lecturer; "bud I'd put de kitty-keepah undah bons not ter blow her inter he own stack wen de membahs ain't watchin'."

"Whad yo' mean by dat?" queried Mr. Williams, in a voice of war.

"I doan' mean nuffin' pussonal, Toot," said Mr. Whiffles; "but I membah dat de lass time yo' kep de kitty, 'n we played twell sun-up, 'n all de membahs got leff 'ceptin' yo', 'n yo' raked outen all de pots, 'n tuk two hlues outen each jacker, de kitty was onny fo' hlues, six reds, 'n tree wites at de en' ob de game, 'n der beer-bill 'n sassengers was onny two dollahs—dat's whad I mean."

"'N didjer spose I swinnle de kitty?" pursued Mr. Williams, still unmollified.

"Nozah. I onnysposed dat de kitty got ter meanderin' car'less like, 'n crope inter yo' pile."

"Dat's a lie!" yelled Mr. Williams, who felt that his honor was at stake.

"Ordah!" cried the chair.

"I'll pay a fine ob five dollahs ter lick Cy Whiffles dis minit!" exclaimed Mr. Williams, capering with anger and flourishing his wad.

"Make her ten 'n I'll s'pend de rules," said the chair.

"*Come outside 'n I'll make it cheapah'n dat*," remarked Mr. Whiffles, preparing to take off his coat.

"I—I done leff my razzer home," said Mr. Williams.

"I'll loan yo' one," said Mr. Whiffles.

Mr. Williams sat down, and order was restored.

"Dar's a limmick on de game," said the lecturer, "'n der should he a limmick on de kitty. Two sassengers 'n fo' bottles er beer, 'n fo' cigyahs coss haff er dollah, 'n six haffs is tree dollahs, 'n dat's enuff fer dis club, 'n at de nex' meetin' I'll pud in a mendmink ter de rules, puttin' dat limmick on de pussy."

"Hooray!" exclaimed Professor Brick, who was promptly fined ten cents for undue enthusiasm.

"Now ez to jackers," pursued the lecturer, "I'se onny dis ter say. De game whad hez jackers ebery fo' minnits, am a game whad gits a good man to go wrong. Dar's no mo' skyence in a jacker dan in climbin' a greezed pole, hud it's de easiest way ter slide ter de po' house. In de good ole days befo' de wah, dey warn't no jackers, 'n pokah wuz pokah 'n not chucky-lucky. Now, w'enever a coon gits tree dollahs out, he sez, sezee, 'Less have a roun' er jackers,' sezee, 'n den er cose some odder moke gits low-sperrited, 'n *he* sez, sezee, 'Less jacker one roun' mo',' sezee, 'n den deys all jackers 'n no skyence. Lass time I played, I wus fohty-tree dollahs ter de good aftah nine hours' hard wuk, 'n de perfesser he call fer one roun' er jackers, 'n Gus Johns'n, he call fer a roun,' 'n Tooter, he arst fer jess one mo', 'n den Elder Jubbly, *he* howls fer one, 'n in twonny-eight minnits I done loss all my chips 'n hlowed in s'teen dollahs mo'."

"Den yo' wuddent have no jackers," queried Professor Brick.

"Nozah, not reglar," returned the lecturer; "make her de rule ter have de jacker come onny wen all de coons draps 'n parses, 'n tree jackers at the lass ob de game, 'n I'se wif de mo'ners at de funeril, bud dis yar game whad's one-foth pokah, 'n tree-foths jackers, wud skun Gah'ril hese'f outen he ho'n. Yo' heah my hazoo."

The chairman then announced that at the next lecture Mr. Tooter Williams would give expert views on "De Deal," and the club went into executive session.
—*Once a Week.*

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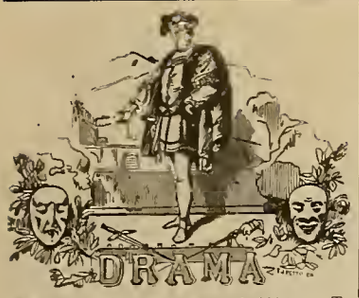

Spanish opera has no place in musical history. To verify this, one has but to look over the repertoire of the Madrid Opera Company, now singing at the Orpheum, and recognize various French and Italian light operas masquerading under Spanish disguises. Offenbach, Suppé, Strauss, the Brothers Ricci, Flotow, Verdi, Hérold, have been done into Spanish and used to fill the gaps in a programme insufficiently supplied by a country whose genius was directed into other channels.

The Italian is musical by instinct; he produces melodies as George Sand confessed to having produced her novels—the thoughts rose bubbling spring-like to the surface of her mind and overflowed into words. She wrote as birds and Italians sing, because she could not help it. Opera, light or heavy, buffa or tragedia, was indigenous to the Italian soil. It grew there in the beginning of the seventeenth century, as tenors and titles grow there now. Long before that, miracle-plays and moralities prophesied its approach. It is more than probable that Numa wooed the nymph Egeria with song. It is positively certain that they played "The Conversion of St. Paul" to music in Rome before America was thought of. Many of those merry men, the Popes, wrote librettos in their idle moments, one of the Clements going so far as to write seven, then laid down pen and died in the odor of both sanctity and literary fame. When opera was finally born—Poliziano, Monteverde, and Merulo assisting—it was at once loved, tended, petted, fostered by the public. "Berenice" was produced in Bologna with a chorus of one hundred singers, two live lions, several elephants, aerial cars, dragons, etc., when Sir William Davenant was as yet only thinking about his private theatre and "The Siege of Rhodes."

The mass of the Germans are musical by education, they love music because it is the proper thing to love it, as certain men go to church because it is a gentlemanly thing to do. The French are musical because they will adopt and love anything that amuses them. A national pride made them stubbornly resist Italian opera. Finally, when Spontini converted them with "La Vestale" and "Fernand Cortez," they became its most ardent worshipers, and now point the finger of pride at the luminous niches occupied by Auber, Hérold, Gounod, and Thomas. The Spaniards alone remained unbeered by the orchestral harmonies of the power so wickedly abused by Timotheus when placed on high amid the tuneful choir. Now and then, in the course of centuries, a vagrant musical star burst on their unaccustomed visions—a Cristofano Morales held them in thrall with mellow, melting harmonies, lyric dramas of mingled song and speech, the charms of which, however, did not sufficiently entice to spur the Spaniard to the production of a work where song ousted speech entirely.

But he had compensations. There was Lope de Vega. We modern Americans might not perhaps have appreciated this dramatist of old Spain. They say of him what they do of Dr. Luther, that if you began to read his works at the age of ten, worked eight hours a day without intermission, at the age of eighty you would not yet be finished. De Vega, on his death, was found guilty of eighteen hundred plays, not to mention such bagatelles as novels, interludes, etc., with which the well-read Spaniard was supposed to have at least a bowing if not a quoting acquaintance. Is it surprising that this victim of De Vega's fruitful muse had no time to acquire the art of operatic composition?

"Even Don Ferdinando
Can do, you remember, no more than he can do."

And hardly had he recovered from the perusal of the one thousand and eightieth, when Calderon rose luminous above the poetic horizon, tendering the tragedy of "King Herod"—footsteps in the sands of time originally made by Josephus and since modestly trodden in by Voltaire and Miss Amélie Rives.

There was no opera of any moment in Spain when Cambert turned from Versailles, sought sanctuary in Whitehall; when the Duchess of Mazarin was sent for to oust the fading but powerful De Querouelle, and had Italian singers brought over from Paris to entertain her royal guests; when, later on, "Almahide" was first produced, with a king speaking Italian and a court answering in English; when Handel came over, wrote "Rinaldo," planted opera fast in England, and engaged in war with Buononcini; when Mlle. Sallé invaded London, danced her way into public favor, and laid an interdict on Hamlet's bag-wig, Lady Macbeth's basket-hoops, and Galatea's three feathers; when the Earl of Peterborough made love to Mrs. Anastasia Robinson, and the Duke of Devonshire (aged seventy) offered his heart to Miss Campion (aged eighteen), who was so surprised that she died of the shock.

There was no opera in Spain when, in France, Mazarin had attempted its introduction from Italy; when the Abbé Mailly wrote his "Akéhar, Roi de Mogol"; when "Pomone," with music by Cambert, and "Psyche," with tragédie-ballet, burst on Paris together; when Beaujoyeux came over from Italy, with his head full of the most wonderful dances he had seen at Venice and Florence, and taught them to Mme. la Dauphine and the Princess di Conti; when the Grand Monarque took pleasure in performing as the Sun at the theatre at Versailles; when Lulli, then a page, wrote a ballad on Mlle. de Montpensier, and was relegated to the department of scullions, whence he rose to the leadership of the "little fiddles," and fell into the favor of the king by falling off the stage on a harpsichord; when Lulli, recovered of his tumble, was composing successfully with fat, vulgar, ungrammatical, lovely Desmatins to create his heroines, and La Maupin had scandalized even the Paris of that day by appearing at a ball given by Monsieur, and killing three gentlemen in three successive duels on the terrace, then wiped her sword, apologized to Monsieur, and retired; when La Fontaine was so bored by the libretto he had written to "Astrée" that he fell asleep; and when the Regency began and all great gentlemen appeared at the opera in a state of hilarious intoxication.

The operas produced by the Madrid Company are of that lighter growth which sprang from the opéra-comique or buffa, popular at the beginning of the present century. They float on the top of the soup; they grow on the smallest twigs of the great, fibrous, spreading tree. Light winds come, and most of the leafage of this kind is snapped dryly off, and, curled and yellow, whirls down the wind. A few of these operettas live, in comparison to their grand companions, as moonlight is to sunlight, or as water is to wine. But there are people who prefer moonlight to sunlight and water to wine. The French, for example, from *vaudevilles* by nobody worth remembering, to such opéras-bouffes as "La Cecchina" and "Le Déserteur," they passed to the perfected opéra-comique of Auber and Boieldieu in his first manner. Since then their most successful compositions have been in the style of opéra-comique. They have not the nature to comprehend more ponderous music. Paris hissed "Tannhauser"—a fact which no German can ever forget. Blood alone can wipe out that insult.

The Parisian dislikes and sees no music or charm in either Gilbert or Sullivan. The positive honesty and blunt straightforwardness of anything English is opposed to the subtle use of suggestion and innuendo dear to the Frenchman as his revolution. The sincere, simple, direct melodies of the English collaborator are as the clanging of kettledrums on the ear of the devotee, of the changeful, mocking witcheries of "La Femme à Papa," the delicate, dodging fripperies of "the swallow-flights of song" which glance through the "Rose of Auvergne," ring in the ears to the next street-corner, then fade into the jingles which reverberate through the last half-century. The direct honesty, sincerity, simplicity, and occasional quaintness of the English light opera are to the Frenchman coarse and clumsy, fit musical outcrop of a nation fed on beef, and beer, and Dickens. The cloud of butterflies of song let loose by Offenbach and his followers, "frail, pale wings for the wind to try," are already, say the English prophets, doomed to that ignominious extinction which they merit. The honors are easy.

The comic operas, operettas, and bouffes of other nations all show the influence of the French. Offenbach is still the master. Even the Spanish operas played at the Orpheum are French in their twinkling, meretricious gayety, sparkling and cloying as sweet champagne. The two-act opera, "Tela de Araña," is a series of woven memories, dulcet, agreeable, and familiar, but showing no strong individuality.

The artists are of more interest than their operas. They show the foreign element as much in their modes of acting and singing as in their strongly individual and attractive dancing. Musically they exhibit the instincts of the artist, histrionically they exhibit to what extent the national characteristics of a people can modify their acting. The languor of all Spain is observable in their gently dreamy personations. They say the modern Spaniard is so lazy that, sitting in the sun against the door of his shop, he droops into delicious half-slumber, to answer the inquiry of a possible buyer if he has a certain style of wares within, first, with a slow upraising of a languid lid, then with a dreamy "God knows," and so once more to sleep. This same lassitude—modified to suit the exigencies of the situation—is obvious in several of the members of the company.

Imagine the overabundant vivacity which a French troupe would inject into some of these operettas. They would be all nerves, nods, becks, smiles, glances, froth, and *chic*. They would be theatrical, rich of gesture, slightly forced, elegantly finished, determinedly piquant, and the coy laugh would be drawn from reluctant lips as by a corkscrew. The Spaniards are, on the contrary, permeated with a thoughtful, though friendly, gravity. In such a performance as "Boccaccio," where one has seen much gayety, stamping, kicking, laughing, posing, this comes with a shock of grateful novelty. Their solemnity reminds one of the tales of the Spanish grandees, who greet their enemies with a courtly, "Señor, I kiss your hands and feet," and recalls those mythological stories of Virginian hosts before the war, whose manners were marked by a gravity almost Oriental.

Señora Alemany shows at times a soft piquancy. She has a charm of manner mainly due to her expression of gentle and unaffected friendliness, exhibiting some of that potent power which the admirers of Mrs. Potter claimed for her in her amateur days, when through the medium of "'Ostler Joe" or "Lorraine, Lorraine, Loree," she could put herself *en rapport* with the chilliest audience. Señora Alemany possesses in common with almost every other member of the company a metallic vibration of voice almost like the reverberation which thrills through a smitten metal disk. This is even more apparent in Señorita Goyzueta, whose use of the *vibrato* is so persistent that it amounts to a perpetual oscillation of the voice between two notes and prevents it from ever being perfectly true.

In Spain alone the male dancer still survives. In other countries he belongs to the period of the musk-ox and the mammoth. Professor Marwig in training a recent Kermess objected to teaching the minuet, on the ground that there was not a man in the United States able to dance it properly—the stately grace of the days of powder and patch had become extinct. Spain remains the home of dancing. Camargo came from Spain, and she danced with all the grace of a Salome. There is a story that Madeleine Guimard was a Spaniard too—a thin Spaniard who, bad they ever met, might have inspired Byron's remark on thin women—that if they were old, they reminded him of spiders; if young and pretty, of dried butterflies.

The dancing of Maria and Jesus Lopez is striking, graceful, and original. The movements and gestures are familiar, but the style is unique and charmingly harmonious. It is as foreign, novel, and unusual as the dresses of the four coryphées which triumph over form, color, cut, and finish in their vivid, brilliant, daring picturesqueness. G. B.

STAGE GOSSIP.

"Yetiva," an original American opera, composed by Ion Arnold of this city, will be presented at the Tivoli next Monday night.

The Orpheum had the "first night" crowd on Monday night, and a goodly audience greets the Spanish singers whenever they appear in their native operas.

Miss Kathlynne Heron appeared in the rôle of Celia in "As You Like It" last Saturday evening at the Baldwin Theatre, and created a very favorable impression.

Jules Verne's marvelous story of "Michael Strogoff" will be played at the Alcazar next week, with Joseph R. Grismer and Miss Phoebe Davis in the principal rôles.

Frederick Warde is with us again as a star. He will appear at the Baldwin in "The Mountebank" next Monday, and in "William Tell" during his second week.

The new California Theatre is already becoming a factor in our theatrical world, and its manager is busy booking engagements for the summer season. The latest attraction announced is Robert Mantell, who begins his engagement in the second week in July.

M. B. Curtis is aweary of piling up rouleaus of gold in his bank across the hay, and pines for the footlights' glare and the rabble's plaudits. He wants to be the clown in a Kiralfy pantomime, and offers to put up half the necessary shekels. So the Eastern papers say.

Fred Leslie, the comedian of the London Gaiety Burlesque Company, recently confided to the public press that he had been especially struck by the severe discipline maintained in our American choruses. "On this side one never sees a chorus-girl making a sign of recognition to an acquaintance in the audience."

That "A Hole in the Ground" is the most popular of the Hoyt plays with San Franciscans is abundantly shown by the large audiences that have witnessed it every night this week. The few changes in the cast have neither improved the farce nor made it worse, and there will probably be few unoccupied chairs during the remainder of the run.

We felt some misgivings when we followed the cable in saying that Emma Nevada was to get only three hundred dollars a night for her forty-night season in South America. Now the cable says she is to have twenty-eight hundred dollars a night, and traveling expenses paid for herself, her baby, and her maid. Evidently the cable is not more reliable than a press-agent.

Mme. Albani has been received like a prodigal daughter by the Canadians; they applaud her, feast her, and indite verses to her, with no thought of the time, nearly twenty years ago, when they regarded the little French-Canadian with the marvelous voice as mad because she wished to become a public singer. In Montreal they got up a snow-shoe carnival in her honor.

Marie Van Zandt nearly broke down in Lisbon recently, when she had to sing Rosina in "The Barber of Seville." It was in this rôle that she had her terrible experience in Paris, and she was naturally very nervous. But the audience received the Baroness de Rothschild's "Si vous n'avez rien à me dire," which she introduced in the music-lesson scene, so well that she took heart and saved the situation.

The girl who dances in "A Hole in the Ground" does not seem to wear much of a skirt until she kicks, when it clings to her in a manner quite surprising in an insensate thing like a skirt. But one of the photographs about town shows her with the skirt held out at the sides till she looks like an inverted fan. The shirt is called "the fan," in fact, and is very popular among farce-comediennes and burlesquers. Kate Vaughan used to wear a series of fan-skirts made of lace valued at five hundred dollars.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Louise Pyk Concert.

Mme. Louise Pyk gave her second subscription concert last Tuesday evening at Irving Hall, before a large and fashionable audience. The following excellent programme was presented and highly enjoyed:

Piano and Violin, Sonate op 47.....Beethoven
(Dedicated to R. Kreutzer.)
Mr. Hermann Brandt and Miss Alice Bacon.
Air, "Elijah".....Mendelssohn
Mme. Louise Pyk.
Violin Solo, Concerto.....Mendelssohn
(Andante and Allegro)
Mr. Hermann Brandt.
Recit and Aria, "Salve Dimora" (Faust).....Gounod
Mr. Alfred Wilkie.
Duet, "Aida".....Verdi
Mme. Louise Pyk and Mme. Zeiss-Dennis.
Piano Solo (a) Polonaise in C minor } .....Chopin
(b) Etude in A minor }
Miss Alice Bacon.
Serenade, "Si tu Voulais".....Ritter
Mme Zeiss-Dennis.
Songs (a) "Der Nussbaum" } .....Schumann
(b) "Frühlingsnacht" }
(c) "Liebestreu".....Brahms
Mme. Louise Pyk.
Violin Solo (a) "Album Leaf".....H. Brandt
(b) "Valse Diabolique".....L. Eller
Mr. Hermann Brandt.
Song, "Queen of the Earth".....Pinsuti
Mr. Alfred Wilkie.
Swedish Songs.....
Mme. Louise Pyk.

The Gleason Concert.

A testimonial concert was tendered to Miss Annie E. Gleason (Mlle. Anita Alameda) last Wednesday evening, at Metropolitan Hall, when she made her first appearance in public since her return from Europe. The audience was large and all seemed to enjoy the programme. Miss Gleason met with a warm reception and created a favorable impression. The following selections were presented under the direction of Mr. J. H. Rosewald:

Piano Solo, Impromptu, C sharp minor.....Chopin
Miss Ada E. Weigel.
Song, "Hymn to Hymen" ("Nero").....Rubinstein
Mr. W. H. Keith, Jr.
Violin Solo, Fantasie, op. 24.....Vieuxtemps
Mr. J. H. Rosewald.
Aria, "I Pescatori di Perle,".....Bizet
(With chorus under the direction of Mr. J. H. Rosewald.)
Miss Annie E. Gleason.
Piano Solo, (a) "Les deux Alouettes".....Leschitisky
(b) "Carnival of Milan." (valse) ...Von Bulow
Miss Ada E. Weigel.
Song, "Per Sua Madre" ("Linda di Chamounix"), Donizetti
Mrs. Eunice Westwater.
Violin Solo, "La Sentimentale" (caprice)...Edmund Singer
Mr. J. H. Rosewald
Waltz, "L'Incantatrice".....Arditi
Miss Annie E. Gleason.
Song, "Bella Siccome" ("Don Pasquale").....Donizetti
Mr. W. H. Keith.

The Mauzy Musical Club.

The sixth concert of the third series given by the Mauzy Musical Club occurred last Thursday evening at Byron Mauzy's warerooms and attracted an appreciative audience, which was well entertained with the following programme:

Overture, "Light Cavalry".....Suppé
Orchestra.
Professor H. R. Austin, conductor.
Trio, "Meditation".....Richardson
F. Victor Austin, violin; Adolf Lada, 'cello;
Miss Elene Austin, piano.
Contralto solo, "To Yonder Hill".....Roeckel
Miss Emma Provost.
Viola solo, "Air Varie".....Rode
Arranged and played by F. Victor Austin.
Guitar and mandolin, "Il Trovatore".....Verdi
Misses Therese and Lily Sherwood.
Soprano solo, "Dream of the Summer Night".....Tosti
Miss Minnie Holborn.
Four violins concertante, Introduction et Polacco..E. Petzold
Miss Gruenhagen, Masters Reynolds, Hartmann, and Schernstein.
Finale, "Tannhauser".....Wagner

The Handel and Hadyn Society.

The Handel and Haydn Society gave a very successful concert at the Grand Opera House last Thursday evening, the audience being large and appreciative. The first part of the evening was devoted to the presentation of Mr. H. J. Stewart's oratorio, "The Nativity," with a complete orchestra and a chorus of two hundred voices. After that Mme. Camilla Urso appeared and played a violin concerto, by Mendelssohn, in her incomparable manner. Rossini's "Inflammatus" from "Stabat Mater" was given next, and was followed by a vocal fugue, a composition by Mr. John Parrott. Last on the programme was Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus" from the "Messiah."

At a musicale given in London recently by Mme. Marchesi, several of her pupils sang with marked success. Among them was Miss Catherwood, of this city, who sang "Myosotis" by Faure, "Fidele Cœur" by Vidal, and "Les Papillons" by Tosti, in addition to assisting in a trio from "Carmen." She is regarded as one of Mme. Marchesi's most promising pupils.

A grand sacred concert will be given at the Baldwin Theatre on Sunday evening, February 24th, by Mme. Camilla Urso, the violin virtuose, assisted by Mlle. Anita Alameda, the Cecilian Quartet, Signor Sigismundo Martinez, pianist, and a selected orchestra under the direction of Mr. J. H. Rosewald.

Mr. H. J. Stewart, M. B., will deliver a lecture on church music on Saturday evening, March 2d, at Metropolitan Hall, under the auspices of the Union Guilds of the parishes of St. John's, St. Paul's, and of the Church of the Advent, assisted by a choir of seventy-five voices.

The Bandurria Club will give its third concert at Odd Fellows' Hall on Monday evening, March 4th. The club will be assisted by Miss Carrie Millner, soprano; Señor Regabliate, violinist; and Señor L. T. Romero, guitarist.

The Music Teachers' Association will give its annual entertainment next Friday evening at Irving Hall. Several papers on musical subjects will be read and an excellent musical programme will be presented.

The third matinée of the Rosewald Orchestra will occur next Friday at Irving Hall. Miss Wichman and Mr. Louis Heine will be the soloists.

The Hermann Brandt String Quartet will give its third afternoon concert next Thursday at Irving Hall.

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One-Night Stands.

Creeping o'er the prairie,
An hour or two behind;
Stopping to take water—
And "Injuns," too, we find—
Gazing at the mountains,
And the seas of sand;
Bless me! this is pleasant!
Doing one-night stands!

Grabbing hasty breakfasts,
Flying to the train;
Getting in at seven,
In a pouring rain;
Rushing to the "Opery,"
Braving country hands;
Bless me! this is pleasant!
Doing one-night stands!

Leading lady frantic,
Forgot to bring her keys,
"Heavens! get a blacksmith
To open this trunk, please!"
Soubrette yells: "No water!
How'll I wash my hands?"
Bless me! this is pleasant!
Doing one-night stands!

Audience all impatient,
Hear them stamp their feet;
Dressing-room divided
By a simple sheet;
"Properties" all missing,
Scenes "non compos ment,"
"Jay" won't let the curtain up
Till he gets his rent.

Star all full of trouble,
Thinks he's lost his voice;
"Props" comes in with tidings,
Makes us all rejoice:
"Leader so disgusted,
Gone off on a drunk,
Says you'll find the music
Right on top his trunk."

Gallery-gods keep howling,
Till the show begins,
Then comes expiation
For our former sins.
Finally it's over,
Down the curtain lands,
Bless me! this is pleasant!
Doing one-night stands!

—*Earle Remington in the Clipper.*

The Tenor's Wife.

I'm six feet high, my form is fair,
My voice is like Kuhini's,
My eyes are black, and all my hair
Is golden, like Giuglini's.

I'm always ready any time
To give the "*do di petto*,"
And critics say I am sublime
When singing "Rigoletto."

My mustache has a rakish twist,
My limbs are rarely padded,
And women never can resist
My charms, it may be added.

My nose is somewhat *retroussé*
Which renders it more charming,
And makes of me in every way
A Lovelace quite alarming.

My valet brings me every night
A hundred perfumed letters,
From ladies who would find delight
To see me in Love's fetters.

They smile upon me in the street,
And as I pass on proudly
They softly murmur, "Oh, how sweet,"
Or simply praise me loudly.

And this for years has been my lot
Where'er I've sung a ditty,
And I am loved in every spot,
Especially this city.

But lackaday! unhappy fate!
As sure as I'm a sinner,
I have a wife aged 48,
Who beats me after dinner!

—*Town Topics.*

The Sad Super.

Oh, well-intentioned "super,"
You permeate the play
As citizen or trooper
And fill us with dismay.
With what heroic efforts
You've often interfered;
What "startling situations"
Demoniacally "queered!"
When Richard fights with Richmond
And beats him to the stage,
He glances at the "supers,"
And that works up his rage.
The author dreads the "supers";
He grovels as their slave;
If he be super-sensitive
They'll hound him to his grave.
In weirdly quiet moments your
Super loves to talk;
He'll shuffle and he'll shamble,
But he'll never, never walk!
Unhappy looking Romans all—
Elbows, hands, and knees
With tights forlornly flapping like
Banners in the breeze—
What wonder if young Antony
Is saddened and undone
And breathes a prayer unto the gods
For vengeance—and a gun!
What marvel if Virginius
Is hounded on to crime
While waiting for responses
Which never come in time!
And who can blame a public
That earnestly appeals
For "talented auxiliaries"
Made up of cogs and wheels?

—*Edward E. Rudder in the New York World.*

The Old Drop-Curtain.

Yes, I can see the paint is cracked and peeling,
The canvas shows at the discolored border,
The yellow streak that creeps from stage to ceiling
Is dismal evidence—a mute recorder
That the old drop is worn—has had its day.
You're right; 'tis time that it was put away.

Paint us a new one; some more modern topic.
I will not have another classic myth.
I wish my sight for once was telescopic,
To scan the future drop's successes with.
I long to see its glorious breadth unrolled.
But will it know such triumphs as the old?

You recollect that night—our first production
Of "Hamlet"; what a house to play to, Jack?
When the close plaudits give us the instruction—
So welcome, eh?—to draw the curtain back,
Dear curtain! Its Greek cars and Ilian towers
Were fairly pelted then with modern flowers.

That was a splendid season. Heavy tragic
Could fill the building then from pit to dome.
The raising of that curtain had a magic;
It seemed to draw the populace from home.
Now they want spectacle and panorama.
This drop is out of sorts with modern drama.

Yet it has served us even there; when, later,
The quaint old bastions of the Ilian town
Have met the tear-dimmed eyes of the spectator
As Camille's death-scene rang the curtain down.
Why not? The moral of our "Led Astray"
Was known too well in Troy, the poets say.

To work, to work! We need another curtain;
Poor Hector's face is smudgy as burnt cork;
Achilles' shield looks shadowy and uncertain,
And Troy might just as well be Troy, New York.
Absurd to raise that thing of shreds and patches
On Pekin-pearls and legs and parlor-matches.

Spread yourself, Jack! Put genius in the new one;
A fête-champêtre, or picnic on the Rhine—
The Rhine! That's good, you can throw in a ruin,
Fit emblem of this faded friend of mine.
And use bright colors (some called this one cold)
But will it know such triumphs as the old?

—*George N. Jessop in the Mirror.*

Helen Dauvray Ward, the wife of the literarily inclined member of the famous New York Base-ball Club, the Giants, has at last succumbed to the fascinations of the stage and will return to it this spring. She has been before the footlights for more years than it is perfectly civil to enumerate, at all events, ever since she was as young as Elsie Leslie Lyde, when she used to be the darling of the mining-camps of the West, under the title of "Little Nell, the California Diamond." She did the song-and-dance business then, and the miners, in the flush days of the unexhausted gold mines, used to fill her little silk dancing-slippers with money and cheer themselves hoarse as she continued her wild jigs in her stocking feet. When hard times came to the miners and there was less money to be made she found a new and equally enthusiastic clientèle in the miners of Australia, the gold-fields having just been opened up there. Altogether she accumulated quite a fortune, and then the fatal passion for the "legitimate" came upon her, and in pursuit of it the jigs were given up, and she hied to Paris to study under the best masters. She remained there long enough to acquire a pretty French accent and learn certain things which enabled her to convince herself that she had found her vocation at last. Her first play, "One of Our Girls," was a success, and her ambition seemed justified, but during the second year nothing went well; she lost all that she had made and a considerable share of her original fortune as well, and then she decided to leave the stage for an appearance in the rôle of matrimony. Since her marriage, however, she and her husband have been separated for long periods by his professional engagements, and so, suddenly, she has decided to go back to her darling project and make a new endeavor to succeed in comedy. She is now busy getting together her company, and will probably make her reappearance in New York some time during the latter part of February in her original success, "One of Our Girls." She has collected some pretty strong people as her support, but the name of her leading man is not announced. She will find it difficult to replace Southern, whom she discovered and to whom she gave his first opportunity in that play, with the result that he promptly became famous. Her repertoire will include "A Scrap of Paper," "Masks and Faces," "A Love Chase," and possibly "The Inconstant," and "She Stoops to Conquer." After her engagement here she will travel over all the theatrical routes. It is not announced whether Mr. Ward will continue his career as short-stop or undertake to manage his wife's new venture.—*New York World.*

Mrs. Langtry, Mrs. Potter, and Marie Wainwright, all of whom have been playing Shakespearian rôles in New York at rival theatres, are closely connected with what the *Sun* calls professionally religious families. Mrs. Langtry's late father was a clergyman of the Church of England; Mrs. Potter is the daughter-in-law of a bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church (and there are one or two other bishops in the Potter family), and Marie Wainwright is the granddaughter of a bishop of the same denomination.

While Mr. Sothern was playing "Lord Chumley" at the Chestnut Street Theatre recently, the scenery of his other play, "The Highest Bidder," was stored there, and when it was being loaded for New York, a very important piece was left on top of a car by mistake. It was missed when the scenery was unloaded at Jersey City. Telegrams were sent to all stations along the route, and the missing scene found uninjured, hanging from the ridge-pole of a barn, about ten miles from Philadelphia. It is now on duty again.

Blackmailing, by gallery roughs, at Birmingham has become so serious that the police have been called on to break it up. The gallery gang is regularly organized for the purpose. Emissaries call on all actresses and openly demand money, and if the demand is refused they raise such a tumult in the theatre at night that the whole performance of the actress is spoiled. Several members of the gang were entrapped at the rooms of Marie Loftus recently and are now under arrest.

Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll was not black-balled at the Players' Club. His name was posted as that of one whom some of the members would like to see in their club, but there was such general opposition to it that it was withdrawn. A member of the Players said the other day that it was not because Colonel Ingersoll is an agnostic that he was not wanted, but it was because of his connection with the Star Route scandal, and, to use his expression, because he is a "blatherskite."

Emma Abbott says that as an actress Mrs. James Brown Potter has fine eyes and pretty hair.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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A very wide-spread warm rain has extended from the northern to the southern extremity of our State. Coast Range, interior valleys, and foot-hills have been refreshed by a most welcome, gentle storm. Grain, that began to show its thirst in yellow patches across broad acres, springs into a greener and stronger life. The country looks more beautiful, and every drop of dew, or mist, or rain, gives promise of better harvests, more money, greater improvements. No one living abroad can appreciate the winter rains of California. A dry season is a calamity, a season of floods is a blessing. When our friends abroad hear that our rivers are booming, our plains deluged—that barns, houses, and hog-pens are floating from their foundations and being carried down the Sacramento and San Joaquin, that their broad plains are inundated—let them rejoice with us, for California is assured of a rich harvest of golden grain, luscious fruits, and abundant money widely distributed. Money gathered by the miner does not seem to do half so much good as that disbursed by the farmer. The first goes in sluices, and is not sweetened by the foul sewers through which it passes. Pure virgin gold, from the hills and deep hiding-places of mountain ravines, finds itself drifting across bars, over green gambling-cloths, through the slums, and out into the broader fields of speculation. The farmer's gold comes from the arteries of the world's great commerce, and though soiled from many a hard and greedy conflict, when filtered through the soil, sweetened by honest toil, changed into golden grain, it is like newly-minted eagles as they fall from the die. It goes to the merchant to pay for advances for the table, implements of agriculture, builds and furnishes a house, sends the children to school. The farmer's money distributes itself through all the finer arteries of trade, refreshes every occupation, hires labor, and is carried to the remotest boundaries of the State. The rain of which we write does not give absolute guarantee of a full harvest, but is the assurance of progress; a few later rains, and California's harvest will reach into the millions. Should it happen that we receive during the months of March and April copious, drenching showers, the quantity of golden bushels will be miraculous, and should the further unexpected good luck come to us in the shape of a booming foreign market, our agriculturists will realize Aladdin's dream of wealth. Should all these things occur, California will take such an advance as has happened but occasionally in its happy history of now forty years. When the farmer prospers, all other legitimate industries feel the healthful thrill; when the country prospers, the great towns prosper; when the season is dry and the soil lies gasping under the infernal beauty of a cloudless sky, everything languishes except gambling, drunkenness, money greed, dissipation, ungodliness, and crime. It is no sign of industry when the sheriff is busy. It ought to be a first principle of legislation, of judicial tribunals, of financial and professional circles of all manufacturing, trading, and commercial classes, to protect, aid, and encourage the farmers. The land, and the toil that cultivates it, underlies all our progress, and if greedy Jews as local traders, unscrupulous, thieving lawyers, usurers and money-lending sharks, unconscionable speculators and land-gamblers, political bosses, and thimble-riggers, a careless supreme court, or any other rascally class shall be permitted to prey upon the farmer, it will tumble the whole business, political, and social structure into the hole from which we have chased the farmer. The country members of the legislature, the gentlemen in the senate from the rural districts, alone save us from being eaten up and destroyed by the political, professional, gambling, and business vermin that infest our community. When the season is dry, the farmer is "carried" by the local trader and aided by the money-lender, but at such a schedule of fares and freights as makes the devil grin when he beholds man's inhumanity to man. Per cent. is placed upon everything from table-salt to circumference of boushold necessities, and as the security diminishes, the interest on mortages, which works nights, Sundays, and holidays, grows apace. In San Francisco there are two bundred millions of dollars of half-idle money, some reposing in government bonds, some loitering in savings banks—too idle to engage in business, too cowardly to go to the country, content to earn from three to five per cent. per annum—while the farmer must pay twelve per cent. per annum for the use of money for an industry which maintains every brick of the superstructure that is above it. If some wealthy syndicate would organize a trust to provide cheap money on the safe security of farming-lands, aid farmers to protect their titles from black-mailing attorneys, and keep them out of the hands of the class which steals, and throw over them as much protection as the Southern owner gave his slave, it would be better for the farmer and better for the State. With the prosperity of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Arizona is involved that of our city of San Francisco. The progress of these States depends directly upon the industrious working-men and women engaged in agricultural pursuits; just to the extent we aid and encourage them and assist them in achieving success, just to that extent do we help San Francisco; just to the extent we vex them by hostile legislation and hinder their progress by ambushing them with professional black-mailers, commercial and trade buccaneers, business bandits, and greedy usurers, just to that extent we steal oats from our own work-horses, out of our own grain-bins. Every bag of grain, every pound of fruit, every flagon of wine, every grain of gold, every foot of timber or of stone, every fish, or bird, or fowl, of stream, or marsh, or farm which comes from north of Tehachapi, west of the Sierras, or south of Siskiyou Mountain, everything produced from inland waters, of bays, or contiguous ocean's shore, all come to San Francisco and pay tribute to it. Our business is as wide as the continent, our commerce is as broad as all the oceans, but these mountain-passes are the octroi-gates at which all productions pay tribute to San Francisco. We get very sick and uneasy sometimes over our labor classes of the towns, and sometimes revolt at their absurd demands, rebel at their exactions, get disgusted at their follies, and endeavor to become indifferent to their clamorous ravings. It makes us tired to witness the twistings of the press and the wriggling of the smaller politicians, in their endeavors to crawl into the holes dug for them by the class that labors with its jaws and only perspires with drooling tongues. It is not an agreeable spectacle to observe Senator Stewart, of Nevada, presiding over working-men's hoodoos to denounce the civilization, laws, government, and character of England in order to conciliate the wild Irish because they vote; it does not please us when we hear that distinguished senators, like Sherman, of Ohio, and twenty others, lend themselves to whoop up resolutions favoring home-rule in Ireland, nor that the President has written his name in an album for the Pope. This seems to us to be political cowardice and demagogy. The entire labor question, as presented in great cities, comes in an insolent shape. It reminds us of the only time we ever witnessed the spectacle of a beggar on horseback. It was at Hermosillo, in Mexico; there came one afternoon, riding to our hotel door, a patriarchal man, gray-hearded, and mossy with age; a broad sombrero covered his venerable locks, a cavalier's cloak, somewhat impaired by age, was thrown across his shoulders. He was a stately, venerable, graceful ruin. His saddle gave evidence of a once fashionable existence; his bridle was silver-mounted; spurs jingled at his heels; the ass he rode was fat and dignified. The cavalier was a beggar, but he begged with the arrogance of a rightful claim. He asked alms, but with the air of a blue-blooded Spanish hidalgo, and when we gave him a few small coins he thanked us with graceful eloquence as touching as though it came from a grateful heart. The greaser commanded our respect, for he was a genuine, transparent, honest, beggar-gentleman, who assured us he had seen better days, and as he was courteous and clean, it gave us pleasure to contribute in aid of luxuries otherwise unattainable. But for the impudent, huncombe, alien beggar, who swarms in our towns, scrambles at our polls, and only sweats when he is struggling for coin he is too indolent to honestly earn, we have have the honest contempt which we have earned the right to express through early years of labor. He smells unpleasant to us; he drinks too much whisky; he is too pious, and too patriotic, and too fond of intramural life. We contrast the dishonest, superstitious, ignorant, alien labor mob of our cities with the cleanly toiler of our farms, and hope to be excused from complimenting the beastly criminal element that votes, and from every perspiring pore sweats principles of political economy, precepts of philosophical government, and axioms of moral progress in the direction of eight hours' labor for ten hours' pay; who drinks beer, beats his wife, and sends his children to parochial schools for an education, preparing them for a position on the police and a place in the city hall. The labor class of the farms contrasts with that of the slums. From the first we came, and to the other hope never to descend.

The *Examiner*, with a glee that is almost fiendish, rejoices over what it pleases to designate as "SPRING VALLEY'S TRIBULATIONS." To what extent that journal has contributed to the depreciation of this valuable property we have no means of forming an opinion. If it is a matter of congratulation that a property of such universal necessity to the very existence of this city should be dragged through political demagogy to confiscation, then we may congratulate the thousands of stockholders in Spring Valley, that the press, the political party organizations, and the demagogues, are on the way to its

speedy realization. If a property of this character can be made to fluctuate in value because its dividends depend upon the policy to which such politicians as now control the Democratic party of this city are compelled to resort for success, it is an unfortunate thing for the owners of any corporate property of a public character, for under similar necessities the same political principles as control in Spring Valley will produce the same disastrous results to all similar property. The vicious principle underlying municipal legislation, in reference to Spring Valley water, is that which provides that the consumers of water, through their political representatives in the municipal board, may fix its price every year; or, in other words, the three hundred thousand people, who divide into party organizations, shall have a political issue framed for them whereby the majority, who consume an article of indispensable necessity, shall fix the price at which the minority, who own it, shall be compelled to provide it. The principle is in subversion of every moral or political axiom known to any code or party that has ever existed. It is in subversion of right and justice, and contrary to any accepted rule of legislation known to civilized government. It will be no stretch of this power to declare that gas, or salt-water for sprinkling streets, or street railroads for conveyance of passengers, or risks to cover losses by fire, or rates of interest for the use of money, shall also be the subject of municipal regulation; from this to a municipal provision fixing the price of bread and beer will be but a natural step, and when Socialism shall have made its way through the ballot-box to confiscation of all property-rights and franchises necessary to the convenience of the impecunious classes, the end will have been attained. If the majority of the board of supervisors may rightfully and legally so fix the income of the Spring Valley Water Company that it can only divide five per cent. per annum, why not invoke the same power to regulate all other properties in similar position till they shall only pay two per cent.? Why not declare at what price the savings and commercial banks shall lend money, and establish a commission of Democrats to pass upon the securities? Why not fix rents at the mandate of a political board, elected by those who are the tenants of property? Why not subordinate all property to the control of the political power exercised by the majority, which has nothing to lose and everything to gain? Why not permit the "Lambs" to control the shambles where butchers' meat is sold and the bars where gin is dispensed? The press is necessarily united and favorable to the confiscation of Spring Valley property, because it mouths the popular voice; it will always unite when capital is to be wrenched from the bands of the provident few to be divided among the profligate many. It is the many who vote and the many who patronize newspapers.

Our city of San Francisco stands at the head of American cities in the greatest and most effective work of practical benevolence which characterizes the age in which we live. It is the work of women; its organization is in the hands of women; the money that supports it and the brains that direct it are those of women. About this work there is no sectarianism, and while the Christian spirit of broad philanthropy inspires it, it is above denominationalism. Connected with it are such names as Mrs. Leland Stanford, Mrs. George Hearst, Mrs. Charles Crocker, Mrs. Cyrus Walker, Mrs. A. J. Pope, Mrs. Charles Lux, Mrs. Ariel Lathrop, Mrs. Charles Clayton, Mrs. E. B. Crocker, Mrs. Charles Alexander, Mrs. Charles Holbrook, Mrs. Ira Pierce, Mrs. Louis Sloss, Miss Lathrop, Miss Adams, Miss Van Winkle, Miss Mary L. Browne, Miss Fitch, Miss Mary W. Kincaid, and many others, and with them are associated our best business-men, capitalists of large wealth. Many of these ladies are millionaires in their own right, the wives and sisters of millionaires, the best women of best society, and at their head, Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper, inspiring and directing. Ranking first in this scheme of benevolence is Mrs. Leland Stanford, who has already contributed more than forty thousand dollars, and given to it her time and personal supervision. Before us is the ninth annual report of the Golden Gate Kindergarten Association, which, during the year, has expended nineteen thousand one hundred and twenty-eight dollars and ninety cents in instructing one thousand three hundred and seventy-eight children from two to six years of age in the kindergarten system, where they are prepared for entering the free public schools. In addition to the pupils enrolled in the Golden Gate Association, is an equal, or superior, number at other schools supported by ladies of society, and the work is extending to adjacent States and Territories, and to all the prominent towns of California. It is a grand work of practical benevolence that aids the poor without degrading them, and benefits children without implanting in their young minds the idea that they are the subjects of charity. The child that comes from a home demoralized, and from parents lost to a proper sense of parental responsibility, is benefited by being brought in contact with the refinements of a better life, is made to feel that it is a treasured unit in the great fabric of society when it comes under the influence of refined and cultured teachers. When cleanliness, order, and obedience become a part of the system of discipline—when it is made to feel that it is no longer a waif on the world, no longer an estray in the highway of life—the child carries this influence home and reflects its beneficial effects upon parents who are careless, criminal, and indifferent to the responsibilities and duties of family life. There will be few criminals from the kindergarten schools, and the statistics of crime will lessen in the circles from which the kindergarten pupil is drawn. Looking at the subject from this point of view, it would be a wise experiment in the direction of practical political economy for tax-payers, business-men, and legislators to inquire whether it would not be a proper expenditure of public moneys to subject the tax-roll to the burden of maintaining the kindergarten schools. It is better to rescue a child from a criminal career than to attempt the prevention or punishment of adult criminals. Prevention of crime is ofttimes possible, while the reformation of a hardened criminal is almost impossible. Kindergarten training lies at the foundation of technical and industrial education. We are delighted to see these schools increase, and their pupils, drawn from all classes of society, multiply. That broad-minded senators and statesmen, great millionaires, with their comprehensive money-making schemes, fashionable women, and society belles can become interested in young children of the poorer class and can take pleasure in looking after their homes, their health, their clothing, their deportment, and their education, that they may be lifted up to lives of honorable usefulness, is most creditable to the members of our higher, political, business, and social circles. Many thanks are due to Mrs. Cooper, Mrs. Stanford, and the many other noble women and generous men who are spending their time and money in this most commendable of all good works.

There is great rejoicing among the Clan-na-Gael; there is a swelling note of triumph coming to us from the Fenian bands; the land-leaguers who have combined to pay no rent for the farms they till, and the priesthood and peasantry of that most distressful country that for seven centuries has squealed and wriggled under the iron heel of Saxon oppression; the political adventurers, who, under the lead of the grand old Parliamentary band, have undertaken to destroy the British Empire in order to give home-rule to anarchy and agrarianism in Ireland, are profoundly moved—because an Irish conspiracy has succeeded in imposing forged documents and lying statements upon the greatest English journal in the world. How complete is the victory won we shall not know till we read the history of the struggle in the London *Times*. We pay no respect to the opinions expressed in our local journals coming from Davitt, O'Connor, Labouchère, or any other of the home-rule politicians. They are incorrect and unreliable, and reflect the political prejudices that always drag our daily journals to the most contemptible and cowardly subserviency to the Irish vote. It is not surprising that the London *Times* should have become a victim to Irish crime. The Irish informer is the masterpiece of infamy. The Irish criminal has distinguished himself in all the avenues of crime. The assassins of Lord Cavendish and his secretary were Irishmen, the men who employed them were Irish, the man who informed upon and betrayed the conspiracy was an Irishman, the man who pursued and murdered him was an Irishman hired by Irishmen to perpetrate the cowardly crime of his murder. The mobs who riot are composed of Irish and the constabulary they kill are Irish. Resistance to the payment of rents and to the eviction process are made by Irish against Irish. It is Irish who kill Irish from behind hedges. Irish destroy the cattle of Irishmen, Irish boycott Irish, Irish dynamiters take Irish lives. Hatred of England is a sentiment which is used to hide crimes personal and crimes political, indiscriminately and recklessly perpetrated. "Whenever you see a head, hit it," is the motto of Donnybrook, and is the motto of the Celtic race wherever it exists. The same crimes, the same indifference to personal rights, the same disregard of property rights, the same disposition to political agitation, riot, and unrest that disturbs the poorest and most ignorant peasant-toiling Romanist in Irish bog or hut of mud, characterizes the Roman Catholic Irishman in this land of plenty, liberty, and law. A people who for seven hundred years have been engaged in fighting England are entitled to an occasional victory, and it is not improbable that in the contest with the *Times* they have achieved it. The *Times* may have been imposed upon, and may have done injustice to Parnell by attributing to him a knowledge and approval of crimes perpetrated by his political partisans, and in the interest of the political schemes he advocates. If so, the journal will make all the apologies, and do all that honorable men can do to repair the wrongs resulting from its mistake. But the *Times* will not be injured, nor the British Empire disrupted, nor home-rule in Ireland established, nor the Tory ministry overturned, nor the Union-Liberal majority in Parliament be outvoted because an Irish spy has insinuated himself into the confidence of an English editor, or an Irish forger imposed himself upon an English journal. The time has not come when Roman Catholic priests, ignorant peasants, political adventurers in Ireland and America, or party demagogues in England, can successfully accomplish the confiscation of landed property in Ireland, or refuse to obey English laws as now administered in the British Empire. We await the arrival by mail of the London *Times* to correct the misrepresentations of the Associated Press news, and the editorial inkfish who blacken our journalistic waters.

California awakes to a profound mortification. This splendid State—with its soil of unparalleled productiveness, its genial climate, its luxuriant fruits, its big trees, its immense pumpkins — has three statesmen whom it had hoped to see invited to the Cabinet council of our Republican king. The Hon. Morris M. Estee, the Hon. John Franklin Swift, and the Hon. Michael de Young, Esq., would have adorned any position near the throne; would have reflected honor upon it. Their universal popularity has been demonstrated in the honors they have won and the distinctions they have achieved. Their steadfast loyalty to their party, their recognized intellectual superiority over all other gentlemen of the Republican organization, their high personal characters, their dignified bearing, their social rank, their distinguished service upon the stump, and in the press, and in national councils, had, by common consent, marked them for reward and for the highest honors that could be conferred by the President whom they had so largely aided to elect. That the Pacific empire was entitled to a Cabinet position, was conceded by every Republican who lived within its borders; that the three gentlemen named would have honored Cabinet positions, none deny; if the President shall have failed to recognize their claims, it will a great disappointment to—themselves, and if the general public does not so keenly feel the blow, it will be another illustration of the fact that republics are ungrateful and that politicians are not without honor save in their own country. Is there not some other position, some less important place—anything, good Mr. President—whereby you can recognize the services of these, our most distinguished fellow-citizens? Can not they be sent abroad to honorable exile? Mr. Swift as Minister to Ireland in event of its becoming an independent state, Mr. de Young to Italy in event of its being again restored to the dominion of the Pope, and Mr. Estee to the Austrian court, where elegant manners, dignified deportment, and aristocratic bearing are so essential to successful diplomacy. Perhaps there is some hope that this blunder may yet be repaired and the success of Mr. Harrison's administration be assured by the naming of one of the gentlemen to a Cabinet position. We await the coming Monday with impatient anxiety till the names of the Cabinet officials shall be disclosed, sincerely in earnest in expressing the hope that Mr. Swift may be honored by a seat in the Cabinet.

The Samoan difficulty grows less formidable, and we may thank Prince Bismarck and whoever else controls the German Emperor that he and they understand how very unprofitable it will be to permit a few greedy island traders in the Pacific to embroil two great nations in war. It is all very well to say that the importance of the Samoan group does not justify a resort to arms to determine the character of its government. If it were but a barren rock in mid-ocean, the German Empire might anchor an insult to it which the government of the United States could not overlook. The Samoan Islands are under control of the Samoan people, who, having chosen a form of government agreeable to themselves and established a king acceptable to themselves, have the right to be protected in their rights and to have the autonomy of their kingdom, empire, or republic preserved so long as the administration of the government is in harmony with civilization. The United States of America and the British and the German Empires having entered into an agreement by protocol, or treaty, or by any less authoritative understanding, it is impossible that either should depart from that understanding, or endeavor to acquire any especial authority in those islands without a breach of what nations regard as "honor." No nation so great and powerful as either of the powers named, can afford to submit to any trespass upon its rights, or, after the treaties entered into by England, Germany, and America, any trespass upon the rights of the Samoan people. We have been friendly to Germany for an hundred years; we have given our country as an asylum to German immigrants; but, all the same, no German Kaiser, or German prince, or German hund, whether at Berlin or Chicago, will be permitted to aid in the political advancement of Germany, at home or abroad, where it comes in conflict with the dignity and honor of the American flag.

We have received from Pasadena a well-written communication complaining of our climate and the fact that dwellings are not artificially heated. The writer contemplates returning to the "artificial warmth of a generous coal or wood-fire of

the blizzard Northb." We are usually very glad to publisb communications containing criticisms of California, but not when they harp upon such trifling matters as are involved in the construction of hotels and other buildings. Tbe sun shines upon just as many sides of a house in this location as at the East. Furnaces that warm a dwelling amid the storms of an arctic winter can render a house comfortable in California. We are not prepared to discuss the questioo of ordinary comforts involved in domestic residences by giving space to their comparison with the climatic conditions of our Eastern and Northern States. If there is no dwelling which the writer finds comfortable in or ahout Pasadena, wby not build one? And if the grand climate of California is unendurable, why not go back to your agreeable New England or Nova Scotia, or to that more deligbtful Western land wbere playful blizzards and merry lightniogs sport themselves on prairies and plains? We are quite willing to print all that is a subject of just and fair criticism of our State, hut for puerile fault-finding with God because he does not accommodate nature to the wants of every whimsical woman or capricious man, we bave no space. If vine-clad cottages in orange groves, warmed by fires of perfumed woods and lighted by alabaster lamps, were furnished; if wine was supplied in well-corked bottles, with pomegranates, olives, figs, and the whole served to the music of lutes and viols, some of our Eastern immigrants would complain if they were required to furnisb their own corkscrews and toothpicks. Grumblers and fault-finders are of no value to a State in want of industrious working-men aod women.

THE SPRING VALLEY QUESTION.

Ten days ago the stock of the Spring Valley Water Company commanded a ready sale at $100.75 per share. During the week it dropped to $93, a depreciation of $7.75 per sbare.

The Spring Valley Water Company bas 1,039 stock-holders, of which number 286 are women. Only eight own 1,000 hares or over, the largest stockholder is the president, wbo owns 1,339 shares, and eigbt hundred own 100 shares or less. These figures are taken from tbe stock-books of the company, which are open to the inspection of any interested person.

During the past ten days no accident bas happened to the works of the company, no disaster bas come nigh the city it supplies with water, no rival company has come into the field with a threat of disastrous competition unless bought off, an ample rain has fallen to fill the reservoirs which were getting low, and at the same time it bas given tbe State assurance of be abundant harvest needed to guarantee the prosperity of his city for the present year.

What then is there to account for this depreciation io tbe value of a legitimate investment, the security for whicb is the business of selling water to some 400,000 people wbo have no other source from whicb to purcbase tbis necessary of life?

The answer is, that the board of supervisors bas decided to reduce water-rates sixteen per cent., and bave done this act under a law which gives them the authority to fix water-rates at such a figure that the company supplying water shall earn a reasonable profit on its investment. Tbis law we are told is a just and legal measure necessary to protect the public against corporations, or individuals wbo have a monopoly of such a commodity migbt charge extortionate rates and enforce their cbarges witb the option of deatb from thirst. Assuming that it is just and proper to vest in the representatives of the people the power to control the rate at which water may be sold, it is still pertinent to ask why the exercise of that power should be permitted to take $7.75 from the value of each share of stock owned by 1,039 people of this city, 286 of whom are women.

It is because every coosideration, except right and justice, operated on tbe board of supervisors when they made the cut of sixteen per cent. in the rates now prevailing. The present rate barely sufficed to pay the expenses of the water company, and a dividend of six per cent. to the 1,039 stockholders, whose mooey is invested in the great water-system that supplies this arid peninsula, which boasts no wells except a few holes that gather seepage, and is well pleased with a rainfall of one-fifth the precipitation of the Eastern States. Six per cent. is not even a reasonable rate of interest for an investment of such a cbaracter that nearly $8 in eacb huodred may be wiped out of existence by a supervisors' vote or a mayor's veto. There was not even a public demand for a reduction of the rates. The 39,000 people wbo pay for all the water used have bad no complaint to make about the profit made off them by their 1,039 fellow-citizens, wbo own the water-stock. For weeks the water committee of the board of supervisors, personally and through the public press, invited water-users to come before it and state their complaiots, if tbey had any, and when the meeting was called, all the kickers they could muster up was a man named Robinet, who thought his meter was incorrect, and an *Examiner* reporter, whose appearance gave the lie to the statemeot that he had any ioterest in water, and who never paid Spring Valley a quarter of a dollar, directly or indirectly. The proposition to change the grade of a street, extend the limit for impounding predatory goats, or put up a new electric-light mast will bring people by the score to voice their wishes to the supervisors' cbambers, but of the 39,000 water-buyers, not one could be found to appear and say he bad any cause of complaint against the company. It was clear that 38,999 were satisfied and only one was not, yet the board decided that that one must prevail, and made an order whicb, if put into force, will rob the stockholders of the Spring Valley Water Company of $775,000, for that is wbat a fall of $7.75 in the stock represents. There was no pretense made that tbe cut was based on anything save tbe supervisors' will. The company made its showing, and all there was against that was one man's complaint that a bit of machinery was out of gear. Yet the supervisors chose to make a cut of sixteen per cent., and could as easily have made it sixty per cent. It was purely an arbitrary act, and, as sucb, was unjust, inequitable, illegal, infamous, and it will not stand the test of a court of law if an attempt sbould be made to enforce it. That the reduction was made for any good reason or was based on any legal fact or finding, we deny absolutely. We assume no greater knowledge of men's actions tban appears on the surface, and it is not at all difficult to get at the motives behind this arbitrary confiscation of property without due process of law, for tbat is what this reduction amounts to. Some of the supervisors, backed by the pleadings of the profitless and predatory *Examiner*, may bave thought it a popular move to rob 1,039 people to benefit a larger number, even if the latter did not ask tbem to do so. Perhaps they wanted to go back to their coostituents in the slums where water is not in good standing, and say: "Look how we cut down the Spring Valley rates!" But others had a more definite purpose than demagogy. It needs no gift of second-sight to see bow a scoundrelly political boss, unable to wring from the company the money be demanded, might go to the stock-market to make it at the expense of the 1,039 citizens who own Spring Valley stock. It was so easy to sbort the stock at $100.75 aod deliver it at $93, wben a cut of sixteen per cent., of which he knew in advance, was made public. That some one knew the reduction was coming is shown by the fact that the order was brought into the committee-room ready prepared, and was pushed through with that absecce of discussion whicb indicates programme work. Having filled his shorts at an enormous profit, wbat is there to prevent the same scoundrel who runs our city affairs from loading up with stock and waiting till the next time for rate-fixing, wben an increase in the rate would send up the stock to a high figure and prepare tbe way for the repetition of the operation? It is ahsurd to suppose that the law will put any man's property at the mercy of such rascality, as absurd as it would be to suppose that in fixing water-rates the supervisors were only actuated by a desire to do their duty. The action of some part of the daily press in this matter has been contemptible. The *Examiner* started off on a debaucb of misrepresentations two months ago, and bas not yet sobered up. It began by swearing that the meters were all fixed to steal for the company, and wben, after a mucb heralded test, it found that ninety-three per cent. of them—as sbown by its own report—registered in favor of the consumer and against the company, it still kept up the falsehood.

We wonder if the general public bave any idea of what this reduction means to many people wbo bave money invested in the stock. We know of one lady of culture and refinement whose sole income for her own support, and the support and education of ber daugbter, are the dividends on 400 shares of water-stock, wbicb amount to about $200 per month. If the company can only pay five per cent. bereafter, ber income is cut down $40 per month. This will leave ber the alternative of recalling ber daugbter from tbe seminary wbere she is being educated, or of giving up entirely the social position to which she has been accustomed all ber life. Tbat $40 per month to ber means the difference between ease and comfort aod grinding economy. Yet sbe invested ber money in Spring Valley stock under the guarantee of the law that the board of supervisors must allow her a reasooable profit on her investment. Her property is to be destroyed, to the extent of nearly eigbt per cent., that a rascally politician may make a turn in the stock-market and a groggery-keeping supervisor may get water for seventy cents per month that beretofore has been costing him the frightful sum of eigbty-five cents. "But," says the supervisor, "I live on less than $200 a month, and I guess this woman can get along. I am working in the interest of the poor." We know many people wbose sole fortunes are little lots of thirty, forty, or fifty shares of this stock, and whose sole income the $15, $20, or $25 a month tbey draw regularly in dividends at the office of the Spring Valley Water Company. The poor woman wbo bas starved on $15 per month, and is hereafter to suffer on $12.50, will no doubt be among the poor, singing pæans of praise to her protectors, the board of supervisors, and next year, or the year after, when another political coovention sball have wormed itself into office on a Spring Valley platform and votes bougbt in alley-ways at $2 eacb, no doubt her $12.50 per month will be cut down again, and still again, till she gives up the fight and goes out to the alms-house, where her keep will cost the city $10 a month, and the supervisors will still be boasting of what they saved the city.

We hope that the managers of the Spriog Valley Water Company will not be sucb cowards as to allow their stockholders to be robbed in this way. We bope they will take this case into court, where we are confident tbe robbery that demagogues seek to commit will be promptly stopped. Six-per-cent. divideods are not even a reasonable profit. Mooey on the best and safest mortgages is earning eight per cent., and an electric-light company in this city, in whicb a political boss is interested, pays one per cent. per month in dividends. If the supervisors can cut down the profit to five per cent. to make rates, why not cut it off altogether and hecome demigods to whom the people will erect statues?

Some parties boring for gas at Litchfield, Ill., were horrified at striking blood and afterward hearing cries at the depth of three hundred feet. A voice called up to them through the bole: "You bave killed some one down bere!" Later the mystery was solved by the presentation of a bill for fifty dollars "for one mule killed by drill." There was a coal mine underneath whicb the drill had pierced and struck a mule, killing him.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Cabanel left a fortune of more than four hundred thousand dollars.

Count Herbert Bismarck cynically says: "The only advantage of better society is that its morality is worse."

The Crown Princess of Austria wore at her husband's funeral a gown with a train made from the mourning-dress worn by Maria Theresa at the funeral of Francis of Lorraine.

The recent death of Vicar-General Patrick Healey, at Chicopee, Mass., hy apoplexy, was made doubly tragic by the sudden termination, from the same disease, of the life of Dr. William G. Breck, who had been called from Springfield in consultation on the case.

President Cleveland during his stay in Washington has never crossed the threshold of more than two houses in that city outside the residences of the Cabinet officers. He has never seen Congress at work, and in four years he has not once entered a department huilding.

Ex-Empress Eugénie is said to entertain serious intentions of leaving her property to Princess Beatrice and Henry of Battenberg. It is well-known that the Prince Imperial was to have married Beatrice, and that Eugénie would have been delighted to receive her as daughter-in-law. Beatrice is the only person capable of enticing the empress to leave her solitude and indulge in harmless gayeóes.

A pleasant custom is observed hy the son and daughter of Mr. D. O. Mills, who has lived alone at his house in New York city much of the óme since the death of his wife. The son, Mr. Ogden Mills, entertains his father at dinner on one evening, the next evening Mr. Mills is the guest of his daughter, Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, at her home, and on the third evening he is the entertainer of his children, the rotation being so observed that the father never dines alone.

One of the most conscientious of dietarians and vegetarians was Joseph Garretson, of Cincinnati, who died recently at the age of eighty-one. He had abstained for sixty-two years from tea or coffee, for fifty years from meat, and for twenty-six years from salt. All kinds of grease, he claimed, were injurious to the human system, fried meat being his *bête noire*. In his later years, his fussiness extended to cooking himself all the food he ate, and whenever he traveled he took along with him his peculiar preparaóons. Water was his principal drink, although he sometimes dissipated with a lemonade.

Miss Maria M. Dean is a physician who took a little office and hung out her sign three years ago in Helena, Montana, which has a populaóon of about eighteen thousand souls. Miss Dean never practiced anywhere else. Her income last year was between eleven and twelve thousand dollars. Born in Madison, Wis., she was graduated from the Wisconsin University and from a Boston medical school. Then she went all alone to Berlin to prosecute still further her studies. Dr. Dean is about thirty years old; she is an excellent shot, and can hit eleven or twelve hirds out of thirteen on the wing. She is of medium height, has light hair and complexion, weighs one hundred and fifty ponnds, does not want to marry, and probahly never will.

James Tyson is at once the wealthiest and the stingiest man in Australia. In a voyage along the Australian coast, Tyson slept on deck and munched sandwiches the whole of the way, a berth and meals from the ship's resources not being in accordance with his ideas of economy. Lady Brassey was the first to call attention to the existence of an emigrant who has become wealthier than either the Duke of Westminster or the Duke of Devonshire, and who owns more land than the two of them together. Lady Brassey localizes him in Queensland, hut he has enormous landed interests in Victoria and New South Wales as well. This twenty-five-times millionaire is now about seventy years of age, unmarried, and goes ahout like a day-lahorer, in the commonest clothes.

Among the department items which recently appeared in the Washington newspapers was the following: "Resignaóons: patent office, Miss Lucia M. Delano, of Massachusetts." Last summer this young clerk, while on a leave of ahsence, was dining with a company of friends at a certain house in Boston. Certain stories about the President which found their way into print for the first time in an orthodox Mugwump organ were alluded to, and the patent office clerk said: "Well, of course, I do not know anything about the accuracy of these stories, hut as far as I am concerned, I believe Cleveland is a pig." This outspoken language was used in the house of a Democratic host. Some young man remembered the remark, and. in a moment of vindictiveness since the election, wrote to the White House stating what he had heard the young woman say, giving date, circumstances, and full name and office where Miss Delano was employed. Only a few days ago, the chief of division where she was employed sent for her, and lo! before her eyes was the astounding document asking for her immediate resignation.

Lady Eva Quinn, who has killed in the last year five tigers with her own rifle, is an Irishwoman, the daughter of the late Earl of Mayo, and is pretty in the typical Irish way, with rosy cheeks, gray eyes, and curling black hair. Her uncle is Lord Connemara, Governor of the Madras Presidency, and Captain Quinn, her husband, has, until recently, been employed as the governor's private secretary. Lady Eva is a perfect Amazon and fears nothing on the earth or the waters under the earth. She has the British passion for killing things, and shot at everything lawful to shoot at on the Continent of Europe before sailing to India with the ambition and purpose of killing man-eaters. Her uncle, being governor of Madras, facilitated her purpose, and she persuaded him to take Captain Quinn as secretary while she went on the war-path. She was more looked up to by the natives and more courted by the residents than the governor himself, for the killer of tigers is a person of importance in India. In fact, she became altogether too popular, for Lady Connemara, her aunt, naturally resented being cast into the shade, so the governor was instructed to dismiss his secretary.

It is almost a rule in this country that men do not make their fortunes until they are forty years old or older. The grand exception to the rule is Jay Gould, but the contemporary fortunes were nearly all made when their founders were at or beyond middle age. Alexander T. Stewart came here in 1823 from Ireland, hut he was forty-five years old when he became ahle to put up the first of the two great stores in which he afterward transacted his business. Henry Clews spent his early manhood as a clerk, and when the war hroke out and found him a broker in a small way, he began to make money. He failed, but further demonstrated the rule hy making his way over again, as Henry Villard has done. Henry Villard is about fifty-five years old. He came here from Germany at twenty years of age and sold subscription-hooks at first, then became an irregular writer for the press. He studied law later, but gave that up and adopted iournalism as his profession. He was forty-one years old when, in 1874, he began the great Oregon railway operation which made him wealthy. Nine years later, when the famous golden spike was driven through a Northern Pacific Railroad sleeper, he was worth five millions of dollars. He impoverished himself in trying to sustain the value of his property and went under. Next, at more than fifty years of age, he rose again as a financier. Warner Miller is fifty years old. Beginning in the humblest way, he managed to organize a mill company, and worked sixteen hours a day for ten years to make his fortune. He was past forty when his bank accounts showed him that he could afford to take the world more easily. He is a millionaire now. Levi P. Morton is about sixty-three years old. Twenty-five years ago, when he was thirty-eight or thirty-nine, he founded his hanking-house. He was fifty-one when his wealth enahled him to devote a part of his time to public life. Charles Crocker was past forty when he began to be a millionaire. John B. Slawson, the car-fare-box inventor, was past fifty when his big money began to pour in. His friend Stephenson, the horse-car builder, also a millionaire, had to wait for middle age to get great riches. So did the elder Bennett of the *Herald*, so did the Hon. Oswald Ottendorfer, and so did the late Marshall O. Roberts. The Standard Oil fortunes nearly all prove the rule. Mr. Rogers made his share of that pile while younger than forty years old, hut Messrs. Rockfeller, Starhuck, and Fiagler were beyond that age when they grew rich. In Philadelphia, John Wanamaker only began the making of his fortune in 1876, when he was thirty-eight years old. He was nearer fifty than forty when he became really rich.

A FEMALE HIGHWAYMAN.

How the San Luis Obispo Stage was Halted by a Woman.

"Some fifteen or sixteen years ago," began the stockman, "my business, at certain periods of the year, carried me pretty frequently up and down the road between San Luis Obispo and Soledad, on the Salinas River, as I had interests to look after in both neighborhoods. At such times, it was necessary for me to carry, now and again, considerable sums of money to pay off hands and do other things connected with my business. Of course the only way practicable to do this was either to carry the money on my person or send it by Wells-Fargo. Sometimes I did the one, sometimes the other, for though stage robberies were almost unknown in that section, I thought it as well not to show my hand, and so sometimes simply packed the coin in my saddle-bags or in some of the many ways known to old-timers, and trusted to my pistols for protection. Now I look back upon it, I am surprised that such a lonely and almost uninhabited section, as the country lying between Monterey and San Luis Obispo was then, was not more frequently the scene of such highway robberies as we hear of now. I suppose, though, the road-agents of these days had more profitable fields to work, and that probably accounted for the immunity we enjoyed.

"Well, some time in March, '71 or '2, I forget which, I had occasion to make a trip from the neighborhood of Jim Low's, as the next station south of the Salinas Crossing at Soledad is called, to San Luis Obispo on business, partly to get money to pay my shearers and others—all that neighborhood was little better then than a vast grazing-ground for sheep and cattle, and March was one of the busiest months in the year for both classes of stock-raisers, the cattle-men being engaged in branding and the sheep-men very frequently in shearing. As the gang I had came from the north, and had made dates ahead for other ranches, it was necessary for me to pay them off in coin. Mexicans—all the sheep-shearers in these days were Mexicans—do not like checks, even though they know they are perfectly good, as their custom is to gamble off at night what they have earned during the day, and when gambling they prefer the jingle of the hard cash, to say nothing of its convenience in measuring the extent of a stake. I had had about twenty working for me for the past fortnight, and as their earnings averaged some four dollars a day apiece, my pay to them alone footed up something like a thousand dollars, beside what was coming to the fleece-binders, sackers, and others. I calculated that about fifteen hundred dollars would see me through, and so, as I say, about the end of March I rode into Jim Low's, and leaving my horse there, boarded the south-bound stage for San Luis when she came along.

"The rivers were running pretty high that spring, I remember, and we had some difficulty in crossing the San Anton some miles below, the sands having shifted at the regular crossing. However, we got to the Pleito Ranch all right, where we changed horses, took dinner, and again started on our journey. There was, however, one more river to cross, and that was the Nacimiento, lying between the Pleito and San Miguel, after which it was plain sailing clear into San Luis. This is another tributary of the Salinas, with a treacherous quicksand bottom, which we could hear grinding ominously under the swollen waters brought down from the Coast Range on the west. I happened to be the only passenger in the stage that trip, and while the driver and myself were discussing the feasibility of risking the passage, a man, whom I recognized as a rancher who lived close by, rode up and advised us not to try it, as his own wagon had been nearly carried down the stream that morning, saying, at the same time, that if we cared to, we could put up at his place all night. As the past two days had been clear, there was every probability that the freshet would go down before morning, and after a brief consultation we concluded to do so.

"'We shall have to pay, though,' said the driver, *sotto voce*, with a wink, as he turned his leaders from the bank; 'and pretty roundly, too—mind that. Old Williams is a hard one. I've got stalled here once or twice before, and the comp'ny gave me h—l for it, you bet. It's just nuts for the old man to ketch the stage in a tight place. Did ye note how he was layin' for us as we come up? The river's too high, though, this trip to fool with, an' I ain't agoin' to risk my life for no comp'ny, leastwise not for no sich wages as I'm gittin',' and with a vicious crack of his whip to the off leader, he turned into the yard where our host was awaiting us.

"I wasn't surprised at the caustic remarks of the driver, as old Williams's parsimony was the talk of the country side, although rumor had it that he was worth many thousand dollars in cash, besides herds of cattle in the foot-hills and roaming along the Salinas.

"We passed the time as best we could till supper was called, when we went in and were received by our host's wife, a woman of about forty years of age, who had meanwhile been doing the cooking in the kitchen. The meal was really a good one, plentiful in every respect and well cooked—better, in fact, then were usually served at the wayside taverns of that day, though these, too, were generally good. This, I considered, argued well for the hospitality and good disposition of Mrs. Williams, whatever her husband's character might be. Her conversation and demeanor, too, were courteous and pleasant, though one could see by her face she was a woman of determined character. I remarked, however, that she said little to the old man, who seemed to be, I thought, a little afraid of her and to avoid her glance.

"After supper we were shown the sleeping accommodations, which consisted of a single apartment, or loft, on the second story of the house, directly under the roof. At each side of the room, at intervals of about four feet, were spread six camp beds, twelve in all, for old Williams's ranch had been the supper stopping-place of the up stage some years before, until his inordinate charges caused the stage company to remove its patronage to the Pleito Ranch, and sleeping accommodations had been provided for such passengers as might not feel inclined to travel through the night, as well as for such chance wayfarers as might find themselves stopped, like ourselves, during the rainy season by a rise in the river. As we had our pick of the beds, I chose mine at the end of the loft furthest from the door, and as I had been up very early that morning about nightfall I turned in and was presently fast asleep.

"I am anything but a heavy sleeper, however, and can not have slept long before I was awakened by a sound that might best be described as a cross between a hog's grunt and a nutmeg-grater in violent action. As there was nobody else in the room but Jim, the stage-driver, I at once comprehended that the obnoxious noise emanated from him. I am peculiarly sensitive in the matter of sleep, and once aroused, find it very difficult to resume slumber unless the cause of the interruption is removed. Jim, however, kept stertorously and laboriously on, and I knew that there was no alternative but to grin and bear it, unless I got up and shook him, and knowing that he was a very tired man and of somewhat quick temper to boot, I preferred to wait till nature came to the rescue. After about a quarter of an hour Jim gave a stifled gasp, turned over on his side, and relapsed into silence. Then with a feeling of relief I again composed myself to slumber.

"But it was not to be. Thought kept chasing thought through the corridors of my brain. My fancy became more vivid, my senses more acute, through the surcharged vessels of the head due to a recumbent posture. Then I became aware that some persons were talking quite close by, and as I was sleeping on the bed next what I originally thought was the wall of the house on my right, I was at first puzzled to make it out. I quickly came to the conclusion, however, that the wall near me must be a partition wall—the house was a plain board one, and as the voices were male and female I reasoned that they must proceed from the family bedroom of Mr. and Mrs. Williams.

"Now, I am not an eavesdropper. I have an utter contempt for anything of the sort. Still the voices were so clear and plain that I could not help hearing them; my senses, too, were so preternaturally acute that what was said made a deep impression on my memory. Nor do I look upon it as a breach of confidence on my part to speak of matters of which I was the involuntary recipient, considering the distance of time and the disappearance of the parties involved from the scene of action.

"'Marthy,' said a voice which I at once recognized as that of old man Williams, 'I tell you I kaint afford it. You'll ruin me with your extravagances. What with your house bills, an' your dress hills, an' your gallivantin' about, an' your trips to town, I'm s'prised you should dream of such a thing. Five hundred dollars for a trip to Frisco! Why, you must be crazy!'

"'It's you that's crazy, you old hunks,' replied the female voice, in scornful tones; 'it's six years since I've been to anywheres but San Luis. Do you think I'm agoin' to toil an' slave to make money for *you* all my life, an' get no good out of it. I put my foot right down here, an' say I won't. I'm agoin' to 'Frisco to spend a month with my sister, an' I'm not agoin' to be laughed at when I get there, you can just bet your sweet life. Five hundred dollars an' not a cent less. Why, I hain't got a rag fit to be seen in—hain't had these six years, an' I don't propose to stand it no longer.'

"'But who's agoin' to take charge of the ranch, Martby, when we're both away?' queried the old man, querulously; 'it'll go to rack an' ruin, sure.'

"'Why, wouldn't Mr. and Mrs. Jeffreys be glad to come? Hain't I asked them, an' hain't they said so? An' hain't they got Tom an' Bill to help 'em, an' old man Morgan to do the chores? What're ye talkin' about?' disdainfully rejoined the female voice.

"'I see it all, Marthy,' rejoined old man Williams; 'it's all beca'se I've got to go to the bay that you want to go, too. But mine's *bizness* an' you know it. Ther ain't no 'arthly use of you goin' 'cept to spend money. Now look a-here, Marthy, there's four hundred dollars, as you know, nes'ry to meet that little bill o' Baxter's for that last bit o' land. My stagin' back an' forrud, twenty-five dollars each way—that's fifty. Two days in town, two dollars—kain't do it a cent less 'cept Baxter treats—them cities is orful 'xpensive. Now there's four hundred an' fifty-two dollars got to be paid. An' you want five hundred more for nothin' at all!' Here the old man groaned as if his heart would break.

"'Nothin' or no nothin',' replied Mrs. Williams, decisively, 'I'm goin' to hev it. Don't you forget that.'

"'Well, well, Marthy,' said the old man, after a pause, in what was evidently meant for a soothing and mollifying key, 'you was allus a good gal. I'll see what kin he done. Them hanks in San Luis is orful close, though. You mustn't 'spect too much.'

"'Don't give me none o' your games,' rejoined his better-half, sternly; 'you tried that once afore, an' if you go for to try it agin, you'll try it once too often. Mind what I'm a-tellin' ye.'

"After this the voices ceased, and as the snoring had also ceased, at last I managed to fall asleep.

"Next morning we found the river had gone down according to expectation, and after paying our bills for man and horse—which were certainly pretty steep—we resumed our journey at daybreak, supplemented, however, by another passenger in the person of old man Williams.

"'No foolin', now, Si,' shouted his dame as we drove out of the yard; 'five hundred or nothin'.'

"'Aye, aye, Martby,' replied her spouse; 'I'll be back tomorrer ev'nin'.'

"Well, we got into San Luis without further mishap about noon, taking extra horses at Santa Margarita to get us over the hill and make up for lost time. In order not to delay the passengers who had arrived from Santa Barbara and southern points the night before, it was decided that, as we had lost half-a-day, the same stage would start on its return trip in the course of an hour. As the only business I had to do was to draw money, I was perfectly ready to start the same afternoon. While I was in the bank getting my coin, old Williams came in and also made out a draft. I was a little curious as to the amount and purposely hung around to see what was paid him. I noticed that the clerk counted him out just four hundred and fifty-two dollars.

"At one o'clock we left San Luis, again taking extra horses to see us over the hill. There were now four passengers, old Williams, a well-known land-owner in Santa Barbara, now deceased, a whisky-drummer, and myself. As the weather was cold, we all got inside the coach and enlivened the tedium of the route as well as we could in the various ways known to old stagers. By the time we got to San Miguel it was quite dark, and as we approached the Nacimiento River, about an hour afterward, I noticed that old Williams's trepidation, which had been noticeable for some time past, became more apparent than ever. As the horses plashed out of the stream upon the further bank, I remarked that the old man had retired into the furthest corner of the coach, had muffled his head in a traveling rug, and was snoring heavily.

"As soon as we gained firm ground the driver whipped up and the stage bowled past the approach to old Williams's house at a lively pace. Not, however, before a female figure, in whom by the coach-lantern I recognized Mrs. Williams, had looked into the stage and detected her recreant spouse, muffled up as he was, in the corner.

"'I saw ye, Si,' she shouted after us, as we bowled along; 'ye can't fool me. I thought ye'd try to play me, you old whelp, but wait a bit——' the rest of her speech was lost in the distance.

"From the Nacimiento Crossing to the Pleito Ranch is some ten miles, and here the north-bound stage in these days always stopped to change horses and let the passengers eat supper. Half-an-hour afterward we resumed our journey. We began to get livelier under the influence of the good cheer to which we had done ample justice. The colonel from Santa Barbara was particularly entertaining. The drummer's best samples circulated freely, and even old Williams joined in the general exhilaration, when, all of a sudden, the coach drew up with a jerk which nearly threw us out of our seats, and the familiar muzzle of a double-barreled shot-gun was shoved in at the window.

"'Never mind throwin' down the box, Jim,' shouted a voice, which I fancied I had heard before; "that ain't what I'm after. Come, pile out on the road, you galoots inside, an' be quick about it. Wake up, old man,' continued the voice, ironically, evidently addressing old Williams, who had shrunk half dead with terror into his corner.

"It is needless to say we obeyed the injunction with alacrity. People always do under such circumstances. But who shall depict our astonishment when we saw that this daring road-agent who had stopped us was *a woman*, and still more to my surprise I saw that it was neither more nor less than Mrs. Williams.

"'Hold up yer hands, gents,' said our captor, quietly; "tain't *you* as I'm after. It's *you*, ye good-for-nothin' nincompoop,' she continued, addressing her husband as she covered him with the shot-gun. "Jest shell out that money ye got to-day at the bank—all—every cent of it.'

"With trembling hand old Williams drew from his breast an old leathern pocket-book and handed it to his spouse, who opened it and glanced at the contents, still keeping the shot-gun leveled in our direction.

"'Four hundred an' fifty-two dollars,' she said, slowly, after a careful scrutiny; 'I thought so. Si, ye're forty-eight dollars short. Hain't ye got no more?'

"'Not a cent, Marthy,' returned the terror-stricken man, 'as God's my witness.'

"'Well, ye kin borrow it off some o' them gents. They know ye're good for it,' returned his obdurate spouse.

"The whole situation was so ludicrous that we other three passengers and the driver burst into a roar of laughter. I immediately reached for my purse, but the colonel was before me, and with a low bow and benignant smile tendered his. The woman accepted it with the utmost gravity, and took from it two twenties, a five, and three dollars in silver.

"'This,' she said, solemnly, as she returned the purse, 'is a loan to the old man. Never fear. He'll pay. I'll make him. Now, Si,' she continued, turning to her husband, 'you'll find my hoss tethered over thar. Git on his back an' go to San Luis for more money. I'm goin' to 'Frisco in this yer stage, if them gents has no objections. I'll meet you up thar.'

"We, gallantly, simultaneously, and unanimously assured her we had none. Two minutes afterward we were bowling along merrily again as if nothing had happened. Mrs. Williams was the lion, or rather the lioness, of *that* trip. She had, of course, mounted on horseback after the stage passed the ranch, with the intention of overtaking us while we were taking supper at the Pleito, which she did with the above result.

"None of us, I think, ever gave the business away, not even the colonel, though he relished the joke hugely. Few people care to confess that they have been stood up by a woman, and, though I have told you the story, I trust to your honor that you will not mention my name." M.

San Francisco, February, 1889.

Two very queer mistakes were made in one up-town New York club in one week. First, three down-town business-men dropped in and ordered and ate a dinner without discovering they were in a club house, and without the waiters discovering they were not members. The business-men were tipsy, but the waiters were sober. On the other hand, the president of the same club invited an old friend to join it, and then discovered that the friend was one of the oldest members on the club's rolls.

Mr. Clark Russell has long been a suffering cripple from rheumatism. He has tried all sorts of remedies and has at last found relief at an English therapeutic establishment, where the pine treatment is given. Here the sufferer inhales, swallows, bathes in, and is rubbed with the essence of the pine.

VANITY FAIR.

Last fall the great French dress-makers issued the fiat that the fashions in the days of the Directoire, the Consulat, and the early Empire were to be worn again by the ladies of to-day. The idea was seized upon with eagerness, and the short waists, the eccentric lappets and hats, the classic garments of our great-grandmothers, reappeared in Paris. The man of to-day shows no inclination to return to the extravagance in costume of the Muscadins and Incroyables—coats short-waisted to the hips, chins hidden in folds of muslin, beribboned knee-breeches or trousers wide as a woman's skirts, hair falling in long ringlets, and watch-chains with trinkets falling on either side of the waistcoat. There is something incongruous in women—so different in their habits and their education as those of to-day from the Frenchwomen ninety years ago—choosing to be clothed in the same trappings. How little the ladies thought of study in those days, how much of elegance and good manners, how unmasculine they were in their work and in their play. A masquerade of eccentric costumes and of transparent garments came into vogue. The Incroyables ladies wore redingotes, and waistcoats, and vast neckties fastened with pins, heavy chains and enameled watches, immense hats, beribboned, beplumed, and blonde wigs. The Merveilleuses wandered about in diaphanous draperies, their throats, necks, and arms bare. We hear of these ladies clad in pink knickerbockers, fastened with diamond garters and jeweled bands round the hips showing under a single thin white-muslin upper-garment. A craze for the antique had set in; tunics, jewels, head-dresses were all copied from Greek and Roman models. The painters David, Prudhon, Gérard formed the taste of the day in classic art. The beautiful Mme. Tallien wore at a hall a transparent gown, the folds falling like the drapery of a statue by Phidias; her golden garters could be seen through the diaphanous texture; a girdle of gold, the clasp formed of an antique gem; cameos at the shoulders holding the drapery of the almost sleeveless tunic; every toe of her stockingless feet, shod in purple sandals, was laden with rings; on one arm a bracelet of gold fashioned like a serpent, the head of which was formed of a single emerald. Mme. Leclerc, Bonaparte's sister, appeared at a ball beautiful as an animated Greek statue of a Bacchante. The lady's hair was dressed with bands of spotted fur simulating that of a tiger, surmounted by grapes of gold. Her fine India-muslin dress bordered with a gold wreath of vine-leaves her Greek tunic, fastened at the shoulders by cameos, down to the knees, was likewise edged with vine-leaves; the short sleeves adorned with more cameos; a girdle of gold fastened by an antique-carved gem was placed under the bust; bracelets of gold and of cameos on the arms. No wonder those who saw her said the salon grew brighter when this fair vision glided in.

The pagan bareness of attire which is such a marked feature of the real Directoire costume became modified as the influence of religion grew. Paris went wild with delight in 1799 as a bevy of veiled young girls publicly, for the first time since the revolution, appeared before the altar as communicants. The bridal dress became a pattern of modest attire. It was usually of India muslin embroidered with sprigging and open work, made with a train, high in the neck, short in the waist. The front breadth, the hem, and the sleeves were embroidered. The high frill was made of English point lace; the small cap, of Brussels lace garlanded with orange blossoms. The long veil enveloped the wearer from head to foot. This delicately virginal dress, suggestive in its softness and mystery, contrasts favorably with some of the bridal dresses of to-day, gowns that might be worn as ball-dresses, hair elaborately "done up," as on conquest bent. The old habit of presenting the bride with a *corbeille de mariage* was revived, and when, in 1800, Mlle. Pirmont (afterward Mme. d'Abrantes) married General Junot, she was one of the first lucky brides thus distinguished. She gives a glowing account of all the dainty stores of feminine attire that met her delighted eyes of sixteen when, on the eve of her wedding, the great box in pink Gros de Naples embroidered in black chenille arrived. A great regard for the fineness of their linen distinguished the men and women of that day. It was the true note of elegance that the embroidery, the sewing, the perfume used should be exquisite, and the names of the fashionable lingères are handed down to us. The pink box contained under-linen, gauffered and embroidered as only Mlle. l'Olive could embroider; handkerchiefs, petticoats, morning-jackets (short-waisted with open sleeves, and training white skirts, all embroidered at the hem.) India muslin *peignoirs*, night-jackets, night and morning caps, of every shape and color; and all this pretty finery edged and trimmed with Valenciennes, Mecblin, or English point lace. The wedding casket, or corbeille, was shaped like a large vase covered with white and green velvet, embroidered in gold; the foot, of gilt bronze, was filled with the husband's offerings of India cashmere shawls, veils of English and Flemish point lace, Turkish stuffs brought by the general from Egypt for his future bride. India muslin, worked with silver thread, all the pretty trifles, the ribbons, the fans, the artificial flowers, the jewels dear to women's hearts. Directoire and early Empire gems have a cachet of their own. Ladies collect them now, and they are part of the revival of the period. It was an age of jewels, spoils brought back by Napoleon's generals from Eastern campaigns, topazes large as small apricots, necklaces and parures of cats' eyes, combs of pearl and diamonds, the inevitable long-handled eye-glass of tortoise-shell incrusted with diamonds, sets of cameos, and medallions containing miniature portraits surrounded by brilliants, and engraved antique gems.

The fashions of the day were influenced by Napoleon's restless career. The expedition into Egypt brought into favor everything Eastern. Indian cashmere shawls worth eight thousand, ten thousand, or twelve thousand francs, formed part of every fine lady's wardrobe. The style with which she draped the folds about her figure is interpreted as a subtle expression of her personality. Mme. Récamier, too poor to enhance the witchery of her beauty with the sparkle of gems, wore her cashmere shawl with the air of a goddess. Mme. Tallien wound hers with classic grace over her girdled peplum. Mme. Bacciochi, half muse, half pedant, founder of a society for the literary women of her day, draped herself as a sibyl in her mantle as she lectured to an audience of blue-stockings. The effect of the scarlet shawl and the Greek sleeveless tunic were enhanced by the wreath of gold laurel-leaves placed under the turban of gold-and-silk embroidered muslin twined round her majestic head. The fashion of wearing turbans came in after the campaign in Italy. Mme. Méchin, beautiful as Guido's "Cenci," appeared wearing one of fine white muslin that had the effect of a snowy cloud above her brow, from which escaped a few stray ringlets. Mme. de Staël's turban is memorable with its jeweled aigrette and its ample folds. The turban, except in a modified form, has not yet appeared on the feminine heads of to-day.

The Directoire merged into the Consulat, and Josephine, as plain Mme. Bonaparte, held a sort of court at the Tuileries and at Malmaison. She was middle-aged, and yet a charm belonged to her which made her seem young among women half her age. With the tact which is part of genius for dress, Josephine exchanged muslin, fitted for the young, for the more dignified flow and sheen of silk and satin draperies. She kept to the last the slender figure of the Creole, a fact it would be well for all stout women to remember when they contemplate following the fashion she set in dress. Her passion for flowers influenced the fashions of her time. Flowers decked her dresses, her hair, her bonnets. All her ladies wore flowers. At small dancing-parties all the women who danced usually wore white crêpe dresses (tulle was not worn in those days) classically made, with a glimmer of diamond clasps at the shoulders and wreaths of flowers on their heads. To-day, natural blossoms, or exquisitely imitated, are again plentifully worn. In the daytime the coal-scuttle bonnet, or more properly speaking, the hat trimmed with feathers or flowers, was a characteristic feature of the walking costumes. It did not strike the wearers that the head-gear and the classic draperies made an incongruous ensemble. The quaint redingote, brought into fashion in the dawning days of the Directoire by the Incroyables, with its huge lappets, big buttons, and short waist, gradually disappeared, and the long, flowing, round mantle and narrow pelisse took its place. The muff, large as a pillow of fur, appeared on the scene. Under the guidance of Josephine, luxury and splendor increased. The Empire was an age of splendor. The ladies of the court wore, to please their mistress, a quantity of diamonds in wreaths, in hands, in ears of corn. Their court-dresses cost at least fifty louis each; the masses of jewels with which they decked themselves were almost embarrassing, gold chains twining six or seven times round the neck, rings on every finger, ear-rings with three pendants, lockets covered with diamonds, three or four bracelets on each arm, diadems, long gold pins, and cameos in the hair. Josephine, with her passion for luxury, delighted in all this glitter around her. She was an easy prey to every tempter who approached her with some new personal adornment. With an allowance of six hundred thousand francs she was always in debt.

Out of five women who, in the last *North American*, have discussed whether housekeeping is a failure, not one has been willing to admit that it is (says *Life*). Their ten hands have been raised in sympathetic exclamation at the shortcomings of servants; they all admit that nineteenth-century housekeeping is not what it was, and that the woman who undertakes it will need all the hands of Briareus and all the wits (now deceased) of London *Punch* to make it go. Still they unanimously maintain that life in a hoarding-house is an objectionable and fallen state, and that houses must and shall be kept at any cost. That two of the ladies who thus express themselves are notoriously the authors of cook-books can not justly be regarded as germane to their opinions. Of course, the more housekeepers the greater the demand for cook-books, but it is improbable that such a consideration ever entered the mind of either Marion Harland or Maria Parloa. The judgment of the five ladies is entitled to full weight as an impartial and unanimous decision. Be encouraged, then, young fellow. Everybody that knows, speaks well of homes, and boarding-houses are merely condoned, like other asylums and institutions, as objectionable necessities. Your disposition to start a new home is natural and commendable.

The sex owes to Sarah Bernhardt the thirty-two-button glove, the Empire dress, Directoire sash, and the revival of the long boa, dear to the hearts of our grandmothers. She has set the fashion for Théodora hair-pins and Tosca hats, and has, in fact, wielded an influence over the world of dress beyond that exercised by any other woman in the world since the days of the Empress Eugénie.

Club life is on the increase in New York. Perhaps we should say that clubs, rather than club life, are on the increase (says a correspondent of the Boston *Gazette*). American men are not club men in the sense that Englishmen are, and it is just as well for domestic happiness that they are not. Besides the clubs that are gorgeously housed on the avenue and on the side streets, there are a great many that have no homes at all. Among these, the most fashionable is the Thursday Evening Club, which has no regular time for meeting, except that, when it does meet, the evening is that of a Thursday. While the membership of this club includes a score or more of millionaires, the dues are not more than five dollars a year. It meets alternately at the houses of the members, who provide refreshments for the body and the mind. Toward the latter the club contributes one hundred dollars, and the host adds as much more as he likes. When Cornelius Vanderbilt entertained the club, it must have cost him at least fifteen hundred dollars; but five hundred dollars is about the average expense. The members never know what is in store for them, and it always comes in the nature of a surprise. At a recent meeting Bill Nye and James Whitcomb Riley entertained the guests by their drolleries; and at the last George Kennan lectured on his Russian experiences. Sometimes there is music, but never dancing. It is the aim of every host to get up some novelty by way of entertainment, and no one appreciates how hard a thing this is to do until it comes to his turn.

An eccentric New Yorker, much given to hospitality, has concealed among the flowers on his dinner-table an artificial mocking-bird, which, at the pressure of an electric-wire by his foot, flutters and gives a musical chirp. Strangers are amused by the ingenious toy, but his family and friends understand that the bird only flies and sings when a subject is bróached which is likely to prove offensive or painful to one of the guests. A Russian boyar, in the days of Catherine, carried out a similar conceit by a rougher method. "When Demetri Paulovski," says tradition, "sat down to dine, a trumpeter stood beside him with his eyes fixed upon him. If any one at the table made a remark disagreeable to the prince, the trumpeter, at a signal from him, sounded a warning note, and the guest remained silent during the meal. If the offense was repeated, the trumpet sounded twice, and the guest was led from the table and his tongue cut out." The American host can not resort to such radical measures, yet how often he sits in helpless agony longing to silence the tongue of some garrulous guest.

A very delicate compliment was paid to one of the rosebuds of Washington the other evening at a reception—one of the prettiest tributes from an old to a young belle that could possibly be offered. The old belle, who has seen a dozen or more winters in Washington, and is getting a little *passée*—a fact she is perfectly aware of and does not try to conceal—was standing in a group with several of her admirers, when one of the freshest and brightest of the season's débutantes approached and thrust a hand affectionately through her arm. The old belle looked down admiringly into the face of the young one, and remarked: "My dear, I love you, but I wish you would keep on the other side of the room. You are not very becoming to me."

Arthur Young, an Englishman whose travels in France about the time of the French Revolution are still regarded as giving the best picture of French society at that time, was much struck in 1789 with the rapid alteration in costume and fashions. "There is a great change," he writes from Paris, "since I was here last year; many of the guests (at the Duc de Liancourt's entertainments) were dressed *en polisson (i. e.*, like blackguards), without powder in their hair, and some in boots; not above four or five were neatly dressed." It would seem to us now neater to omit the powder, but it was at that time essential to the dress of a gentleman, even in the morning, and the style of costume to which it belonged is still known on the dramatic stage by the name of "powder parts." The change which Young remarked was just as noticeable in this country at about the same period, but the habits of the old *régime* lasted, perhaps, longer. In the late memoirs of Rev. W. H. Channing, he describes his grandfather, Stephen Higginson, at his morning toilet in Brookline, Mass., about 1815. "The large japanned box, with powder-puffs, brushes, and combs, was opened (after breakfast), a large, clean napkin was spread over the shoulders of my grandfather, the ribbon of the queue was unrolled, shaken, and smoothed, the locks were carefully brushed out, the powder used on the previous day was carefully removed, the forehead was cleansed with the sponge, and then the readjustment began. The hair was carefully brushed back over the head and behind the ears, though not so tight as to be flat, but rather loosely, and then bound neatly into a queue. Then the powder-puff was freely used; a half-moon of pure white was marked upon the summit of the forehead in front of the hair; next the napkin round the shoulders was removed and a fresh white cravat, with long lapels, was folded and skillfully tied round the neck. So much for the upper part of the person" (Memoir, page 11). Then came the process, not less laborious, of adjusting accurately the small-clothes and long hose. As one reads the narrative it seems incredible that any one could have had the leisure for such elaborate costuming; yet the person described was a busy merchant, and had held important public offices. It was simply the way in which gentlemen habitually arrayed themselves in those days. But the truth is that the American Revolution, like the French, struck a death-blow at the institution of the gentry. That class lasted a little longer in the Southern colonies of America than in the Northern, partly because it had at the South the institution of slavery to sustain it, which at the North was weak, and fell at the same time. Another difference was that the gentry of the Northern colonies, being much nearer the British provinces, took largely the loyal side, and retreated there after the evacuation of Boston; while at the South they remained at home, and threw in their cause with the rebellious colonies. The extremes of wealth and—by comparison at least—of poverty are now far greater than in colonial days or in the early days of our republic. But they do not show themselves, at least among men, in so great a discrepancy of dress and manners. At the most superb entertainment no one can tell host from head-waiter by his costume. The rise of a new aristocracy of wealth has not brought with it any corresponding demarcation of external usages; even the hat, the gloves, the cane, which for a time took the place of sword and snuff-box as the insignia of a gentleman, are now less insisted upon than formerly. The new aristocracy has substantial and even perilous power beyond that of the old-time gentry, but it wears more common garments, and is not to be recognized at sight. If Arthur Young were to come to life again, it is doubtful if he would regard even a dinner-party of millionaires as gentlemen, since not even four or five of them would, in his opinion, be "neatly dressed."—*Bazar*.

LOVE-MAKING IN AMERICA.

By Julian Ralph.

"It's the front room," said the American, "that's where the demon lurks."

"Your stories don't prove that, exactly," said my English friend; "they show that it's an amazing factor in your society at large, like your garden gate which is the subject of so many of your minstrel jokes, hut you carn't do without either, you know."

"There's nothing like it in England; there's no room like the American front parlor in any other country in the world," said the American.

"Simply hecause you've no ooe on guard there," said the Englishman.

"Exactly, that's what I'm driviog at," was the reply.

The discussion was upon the rapid increase of divorces in this country; the participants were an Englishman, a Germao, and three Americans—a railroad official, a merchant, and an artist—all of whom had traveled, and had seen from boyhood the contrast between the American and all other methods of courtship. The party had had frequent luncheons together, and, between the meat and the last whiffs of the cigars, it had grown to he a habit for the Americans to explain courtship customs in this country—each man narrating some of his own front-parlor experiences—and for the foreigners to drink them in with open-eyed wooder. The stories told by the Americans of their adventures during that blind groping for a wife that every young man engages in, amazed these strangers. Since those conversations took place, I have retold some of the stories several times, and always with the same result. It astonishes my own fellow-citizens to hear anecdotes such as these, ofteo very like leaves from their own biographies, treated in any way except jocuhrly, and even used to point a moral. Here is a sample of the anecdotes that were used as illustrations in the discussion. It was a leaf from the diary of one of the Americans.

"One of the girls I knew very well," said he, "was a normal college miss. Her associates duriog the time that I knew her were as a rule excellent. She had, apparently, entirely removed the front parlor of her father's house from parental control, in the American fashioo, and eotertained when, how, and whom she pleased. She was a girl of tall, almost queenly build and haughty carriage, thoroughly good, hut very self-willed and obstinate. Ooe day, in passing through Ceotral Park with a schoolmate, she was introduced to a young man of smart appearance, with whom her schoolmate was acquainted. Almost from that moment she surrendered her spare time and her parlor to this young man. Her parents knew this; they and her hrothers had had chance meetings with the youth. No especial attention to the matter was given hy any one in the family until their daughter announced to the parents that she was engaged to he married. Then all listened to the tales her hrothers hrought them, to the effect that their prospective son and hrother-in-law was the had sheep of his family, was doing nothing for a livelihood, was overfond of driok, had been discharged from a down-town counting-room for dishooesty, and had no reputable companions. The girl's parents pleaded with her to give him up, but it was too late. She said she loved him—an argument unanswerahle in modern fiction and American life. Of course she helieved what he said in reply to all accusations. He bad been a little wild and very uofortunate, hut all this was part of a past that was dead. In proof of his ahility to support a wife, he exhihited a commission in the Mexican civil service. He was married to the young girl, and started with her for Mexico. In one month she wrote home that the commission was spurious, that the clothes that her hushand was married in were not paid for, that every dollar in his pocket was horrowed, and that he was urging her to beg money from home to set him up in business in the City of Mexico. She said that she saw how she had heen duped and desired to come home. Her parents replied to her that she might get back as hest she could; that since ber departure from home they had learned that her hushand had previously married a Baltimore girl, taken her to London, forged a draft on her parents, and would he locked up as soon as he reached New York again. The second dupe is at home now, broken in spirit, divorced from the man she married."

This is the only anecdote to he repeated here of the many that followed the subject from the root to the fruit. The others all treat of courtship. For more sad and more tragic results of this one of the many customs in Young America—the only country on earth that is ruled for and hy its youths—the news of every day supplies too many examples to make it worth while to repeat any more here. There is no eccentricity in the wide range hetween marriage in a balloon to the case of the pair out West, who were recently married for the third time, after two divorces, that a close application to the reports in the daily press will not reveal to whoever wants that form of what is called "the spice of life."

The criticism may be made (by those who have not combined city and country courting experiences in the United States), that the narratives of the Americans deal only with especial classes. That is not the case; they deal with the customs of the mass of Americans in city and country; in the main with the sons and daughters of persons comfortably circumstanced and proud of their positions in the social circles of which they formed a part; which were the circles where the current books, the magazines, and the daily newspapers have their principal support.

"This front room of ours is a thing we are so used to, just as it is," said the American merchant, "that we have never philosophized ahout it.

"Our main diversion in New York city, fifteen to twenty years ago, was in the giving of parties. Time has not altered the way this was done. One young lady after another invited all the rest of us to her house, or else, if it was to be a surprise for one of the girls, we invited ourselves. What part the master or mistress of such a house had in the matter beyond that of providing the refreshments I do not know, hut it could not bave been of consequence, for the girls usually determined among themselves when and where the next gathering should be, and I seldom knew their plans to be altered. In some houses the 'old folks,' as the adults were called, no matter what their age, used to join with us, and when there was such a crowd as to make everything of necessity public, I do not remember that we minded the intrusion or avoided the houses where this was the custom, but these were the exceptions. As a rule we had the parlor floor to ourselves, and managed our amusements to suit ourselves. Kissing games were played sometimes, but always more decorously than those I took part in in the country, and dancing was in high favor, as well as cards and the current games of each year: 'quotations,' charades, tahleaux, and that sort of thiog. These assemblies were, in the main, proper. Where there were so many of us together we all behaved very well in the parlors, so far as I can remember. Yet the principle was, and is, wrong. The assumption on the part of school-boys and girls, or even of youths nearer their majorities, that they are to manage their own amusements, are to preëmpt a part of the houses of their pareots when they choose, are to miogle together—a score or two at a time—with no more supervision of the selection of companions than juveniles are able or are likely to exercise, is altogether improper; and that a mother should permit her young daughter to be visited by a miscellaneous gathering of youths about whose characters she knows little, or, perhaps, absolutely nothing, seems simply scandalous when one knows of better methods with the young. As for the unchaperoned journeys homeward from the parties late at night, in carriages, or cabs, or otherwise, is there need to speak of these except in amazement?

"Suppose," continued the merchant, "that one of my front-room heroines was blessed with a sister. I have called at houses where there were sisters nearly of an age, in city and in country, time and time again, and only three or four years ago I used frequently to visit a house wbere there were two young ladies undergoing courtship, so that I know that no trifle like the possession of a sister is allowed to interfere with the sacred secrecy of the American front room. Once when I called on Miss Vira Dash in Newburgh, she greeted me thus: 'Oh, I'm so sorry you did not come half-an-hour earlier; Stella's got the parlor.'

"'Got the parlor?' I repeated; 'what do you mean?'

"'Why, her particular friend, you know, Mr. Laferm, came a few minutes ago. Oh, you don't understand. Well, then, it's my fault. I ought to have told you that Stella and I have an arrangement wherehy whoever gets the first call is to have the parlor, and Harry Laferm and she are ahead of us at least half-an-bour.'

"'Well, isn't there room in there for us?' I asked, innocently. This question startled her, hut not her sense of propriety.

"'I don't think so, if you do,' she replied; 'and I don't imagine Harry thinks so, either. I have to take my chances when Stella gets ahead of me. However, pa's out of town, and we can go in his study, if you don't mind; it's hetter than the sitting-room.'

"At the home of a retired sea-captain in Patchogue, Miss May G. and a young lady friend, who was stopping with her, used to entertain me and a friend of mine when we were detained there a few weeks. I was the heau of the captain's daughter and my friend was smitten hy her companion. We spent almost every other night there and always followed the same programme. When my friend and I called, we and the young ladies formed a quartet in the front room—a veritahle museum of South Sea and Asiatic curios collected hy the captain. There we sat and talked, or beard tbe young women sing. Presently the girl my friend had chosen went into the hack room, the doors heing wide open, and upon one excuse or another, or on no excuse at all, called bim in there, leaving Miss May and me together in the front parlor. An attempt to render this less noticeable was made by occasional questions or remarks passed from one girl to the other. Then, in half an hour, one of the young women arose and, with her face as imperturhahle as an actress could have worn, closed the doors, and shut the couples apart. After that, if either of the young women had occasion, as was frequently the case, to go into tbe room occupied hy her companion and the other young man, she never failed to knock and then wait a moment before she slid the doors apart.

"You may well ask why was this caution necessary? What is the nature of the affairs of young women and their callers that causes a demand for such privacy? I do not exaggerate wben I say that I have had very similar experiences in a great numher of houses, and have in mind a score of anecdotes by my friends including the same circumstances and relating to every section of the land.

"If there is an explanation for this feature of life in this vast array of mismanaged households, it is that the usages of the young people are not such as court observation. In most cases, that which shrinks from scrutiny or takes advantage of its absence is merely the heing seated close together or with an arm of one ahout the waist of another, an indulgence in occasional caresses or the enjoyment of a languid communion of tender feelings in dreamy silence, and with a head on a lover's shoulder and hands that are not mates loosely clasped.

"Then it is—when the stage of dreamy silence is at hand—that the more thoughtless maidens in the country arise and turn down the light—theme of so many misplaced minstrel jests and comic paragraphs. This performance by no means warrants the hasty conclusions on the critic's part. The singular custom of darkening the room is a fashion, and, where it obtains, the young men demand the ohservance of it as a right and a mark of respect, if not of affection. In the larger cities one seldom hears of the practice.

"Louise and Fanny Varian were sisters," the artist said, "daughters of a lady and gentleman who kindly offered me a room whenever I came to their house to prosecute some work on which their son and I were jointly engaged, a few years ago. We could work only at night, so tbat I was ahle to renew part of my youth in observing the courtship of these girls. When I went to the house early in the evening in the summer-time, I found the sisters seated on the front stoop with the young dandies of the neighborhood around them in terraces of broad-cloth and linen on the steps. For some occult reason, Mrs. Varian saw no hreach of etiquette in joining these little *al fresco* parties, and her daughters did not seem to ohject to her company, either. One was only sixteen and the other eighteeo, and their mother was as young in spirits as either, so that it would have been cruel to exclude her, as many daughters would have dooe. She was typical of the great class to which is due the front room of tne day—one of the kiod that hang up such worsted mottoes as 'Obey your Parents' and 'God Bless our Home'—put down a mat with 'Wipe your Feet' worked on its face, and there reach the end of their scheme of home discipline. Her husband's position in the house was apparently that of a privileged boarder. He slept and took his meals there.

"Each of the girls had a lover, and, in the course of time on these oights, the fortunate young men went either separately or together into the house. Tbat was the signal that they wanted to have the girls to themselves and to enter formally upon the work of courting. How do you suppose they arranged this matter? Louise's young man went directly to the front parlor, and Fanny's beau went down to the front basement. Presently the young ladies announced to the less favored youths on the steps that they were obliged to go in aod bid them all good-night. Then followed a slow scattering and Louise went to the parlor while her sister descended to the dining-room. Fanny was the elder and the front parlor was hers by right, but Louise had been the first to secure what is called 'steady company,' and claimed the room on the nine poiots of possession. Mr. and Mrs. Varian sat in the back parlor reading, talking, and Mrs. Varian sewiog. They would just as soon have thought of goiog into the parlor of a stranger's house across the street as of entering either of the rooms in which the young ladies were entertaining their visitors—and this the young women and the young men knew, with a knowledge as confident as any they possessed on any subject within their ken.

"On one night, while Miss Louise was undergoing courtship in the front room, she was heard to scream several times, and this was followed hy sounds of an unquestionable scuffle or 'fracas,' as the vernacular puts it. Several times Mrs. Varian laid her sewing in her lap and looked at the doors that separated her from her daughter. Each time she took her sewing up again. Her husband did not raise his face from his newspaper. When an hour or more afterward, Miss Louise had hidden her young man 'Good-night,' at the front door, she appeared hefore her parents with hair dreadfully rumpled, her collar torn, and many other signs of a general disturhance of her usually neat appearance.

"'What on earth were you doing in there?' the mother asked.

"'Oh, just foolishness,' Louise replied.

"The mother went on with her sewing and soon afterward left the room. The father appeared unconscious of the conversation.

"Miss Fanny came in and ohserved her sister's appearance. She also inquired into the matter.

"'George thought he could kiss me,' said Miss Louise, 'but I thought otherwise. We bad a regular fight.'

"'Louise!' said Fanny, in a most solemn tooe. Fanny was primness starched and laundried.

"'Fanny!' ecboed Louise, melodiously. She was a romp.

"'What do you suppose George thinks of you?' Faony asked.

"'Thinks? Wbo cares what he thinks? 'Tisn't what he *thinks* so much as what he *knows*, and what he knows, he knows hetter to-night than he ever did before.'"

"Oh," said the Englishman, "there is not the least doubt that your American girls can take care of themselves. It is that ahsolute confidence in themselves that makes them 'take' so on the other side."

"They may he masters of the art of self-defense," said the artist; "all are trained to depend upon themselves, as you say, and the great majority become distinguished for their self-possession. The others, those who fail, you do not hear of. But this training does not give them knowledge in girlhood—such knowledge as is needed to fit a girl to choose a hushand—knowledge of men, of herself."

"It is a grand thing so far as it goes," said the German, "hu it certainly does not go far enough to enahle a girl in her teens to choose a husband without consulting her parents."

"A friend of mine, a soher enough fellow, now that he is twice a father," said the railroad official, "was strolling alooj the main residence street in a city in the central part of thi State with a companion who was as full of ingenious and sur prising mischief as a youth of twenty-one, with all the worl before him and no trouble bebind him, could he conceived t be. In the parlor-window of a fine hrown-stone house sat tw young women, aged sixteen and eighteen, looking out upon th street. My friend's companion raised his hat to them, an both the young women smiled and bowed.

"'Let's go in and call on those girls,' said the man, wbo ha provoked the courtesies.

"'Do you know them?' my friend asked.

"'Know them? Of course not,' was the reply; 'I neve was in the town before. Come on.'

"Up he went to the door-bell, and almost before he coul ring it, and before my friend could make up his mind what t do, one of the maidens had opened the door.

"'We thought we'd stop in a moment,' said the lively yout

"'Why, how do you do?' the young woman said; 'I' sure we're very much obliged. My cousin and I were tortu ing our hrains to entertain one another, and now you've con to the rescue.'

"When the young men went into the parlor and one g introduced the other to hoth the visitors, who began to expla that they were strangers from New York in town on busine down swept the lady of the house and mother of one of t young women, thinking, or pretending that she thought, th one of the callers was a young gentleman she very mu wished to see. Perceiving her error and that these were fac

wholly strange to her, she swept out again after exchanging some passing word with the girls.

"'Well,' said the daughter of the house, with a sigh of mingled resignation and pity, 'I do believe ma's growing curious.'

"The young men spent a very pleasant hour or more, and were invited to return in the evening, as the young women found that one of them could play a game at cards that she very much wished to learn. My sedate friend was occupied with business in the evening, but the merrier youth went to teach the young ladies the wished-for game. Another gentleman, belonging in the town, dropped in, and all four sat down to cards. Later, while the daughter of the house played the piano, her pretty cousin and the late-comer waltzed. The sliding-doors between the parlors were open, and presently, after the dancing had gone on five minutes, the pretty cousin guided her partner into the rear room, dexterously released herself from his arm, and, with a merry peal of laughter and an arch glance at the pianist, drew the doors together and separated the couples.

"'She wants to have Mr. Blank all to herself,' said the daughter of the house, 'and if you don't mind, we won't disturb her.'

"The young man expressed himself overjoyed with the arrangement, and passed a long evening with his newly found companion. No other member of the large household disturbed them. That it was a large household was evident to the young man, because several persons let themselves in and out at the front door, met one another in the hallway, and conversed there briefly, and were to be heard going up and down stairs and moving in the rooms overhead. But no one so much as opened the parlor door, as if in ignorance of the fact that the girls had company. The household had been posted. The young man did not *guess* this to be the fact; experience had left him so nearly positive of it, that he would have been surprised, in all probability, had any one come in to share the room with him and the young woman.

"Was she not charged with the responsibility of getting a husband for herself, trained for the task with a few terms in a young ladies' seminary and a course of lovers' novels, besides the weight of seventeen or eighteen years? And if the parlor was not for her to use as a sort of tourney-field for her suitors to exhibit their merits upon, or as a sieve for her to shake them in, what on earth was it for? And this being the case, what right had any one but herself and her beaux in it? Thus she would have reasoned, and thus would her young male callers have argued, without, I warrant, her parents being able to perceive any flaw in that presentation of the case."

"In the country," said the railroad official, "the customs of courtship are what they were when I was governed by them, which is not so many years ago, as you may fancy, for I married late in life. The same conditions governed the matter whether it was in Massachusetts, Michigan, Ohio, or Pennsylvania, for I have done a great deal of 'heauing' in all those States. Wherever it was, when I called upon a young lady I either saw no other member of the family, or if I found the young woman's mother in the front room, she was preparing to vacate it. Usually the mother wore an apologetic mien, and made evident haste to withdraw, greeting me with a few words about the weather before she retired for the rest of the evening. Often and often, when my knock or my ring was mistaken for that of some neighbor or friend of the family, have I known a general scamper from the front room to follow the first sound of my voice in the hall; usually though it was the young lady's voice that did the work, as she exclaimed, purposely aloud: 'Why, Mr. ——, I didn't expect you,' and so forth."

What is recommended as a substitute for present usages? The reader had best draw his own conclusions. One deduction—and the main one—must be that mischief must come from leaving youths of both sexes shut up in front parlors, with no other guardians than juvenile discretion affords. The mischief may come before marriage, or imprudent marriage may itself be the mischievous result. That the majority pass the trying ordeal of present courtship and marriage methods in a wholly satisfactory manner, is a debatable proposition; at any rate, the minority is very large, and if the divorce list is even measurably drawn from this number, the evil is certainly growing.—*Epoch.*

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We have received from the Reverend Gerard Woollett, Passionist (rector), St. Joseph's Retreat, Highgate Hill, London, N., an appeal to help build the new church of the Great Patriarch St. Joseph. This appeal—and the plan of realizing enough money to build the church edifice at Highgate Hill—is approved by Leo the Thirteenth, who, we are assured, writes with his own hand that "he heartily approves the work, and most lovingly in the Lord imparts his apostolic benediction." The proposal comes to us with a handful of handsome tickets for sale at sixpence each. We are assured that sixpence will insure to the purchaser the following "spiritual advantages": "One thousand masses will be especially offered for all the contributors"; "two masses each month in all the houses of the order for all living benefactors"; "a mass each month for deceased benefactors, besides the office of the dead for continual prayers in every Passionist church and monastery in the world." All this for sixpence, and, in addition, the name of all purchasers of tickets will be placed under the high altar of the new church, where it will remain forever. Sixpence will put six bricks in the church wall, name under the altar, and remembrance in prayers and sacrifices as long as the church will last. Those who purchase or dispose of twenty tickets will receive a fine large photo of His Eminence Cardinal Manning or Cardinal Newman. Five hundred splendid prizes will be given to those who dispose of the greatest number of tickets. The *Argonaut* will act as agent for disposing of these tickets, and any one sending us a good sixpence will have his name placed under the altar, masses for his soul every day, benedictions will be continually given, prayers unceasingly offered for the living and the dead. In addition, a chance at five hundred splendid gifts: "a superb marquise-brilliant ring, gold watch and chain, solid gold viaticum pix, card-cases, portrait of the Mother of God on mother-of-pearl, tea-services, tea-spoons, dessert-spoons, table-spoons, fruit-spoons, salt-spoons, silver forks, cut-glass silver mounted claret jug, gold and ruby rings, family Bible (Douay version), walking-sticks, revolvers, lockets, clocks, watches, ear-rings, gold crosses, vases with portraits of popes, cardinals, and St. Joseph, with other useful and valuable prizes." The gambling sinner has a chance to save his soul and get a prize for sixpence. To any good Roman Catholic, who has faith in this mode of saving souls, we will sell two tickets for sixpence. Any reader of the *Argonaut*, who would like to secure salvation, through masses, for his unbelieving soul, will be served at going rates. Any impecunious poor devil without sixpence or hope of happy immortality, who is afraid of purgatorial fires or other inconvenient torments, will, upon application, be given a chance of saving grace, and, upon inclosing us a two-cent postage-stamp, we will send a through ticket—no return—for nothing. If we had not secured so many masses we would take the entire lot ourselves, and bury our honored name under the high altar of the new church of the Great Patriarch St. Joseph, upon Highgate Hill, London, N. The Rev. Dr. Moody and the Rev. Samuel Jones will please permit their attention to be called to this cheap and novel plan of saving souls for sixpences, a plan approved by His Holiness Pope Leo the Thirteenth, who is the representative on earth of God, vicar of Christ, charged with the keys of the new Jerusalem, which he opens for sixpence.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Confessional.

[SPAIN.]

It is a lie—their Priests, their Pope,
Their Saints, their . . . all they fear or hope
Are lies, and lies—there! through my door
And ceiling, there! and walls and floor,
There, lies, they lie—shall still be hurled
Till spite of them I reach the world!

You think Priests just and holy men!
Before they put me in this den
I was a human creature too,
With flesh and blood like one of you,
A girl that laughed in beauty's pride
Like lilies in your world outside.

I had a lover—shame avaunt!
This poor wrenched body, grim and gaunt,
Was kissed all over till it burned,
By lips the truest, love e'er turned
His heart's own tint: one night they kissed
My soul out in a burning mist.

So, next day when the accustomed train
Of things grew around my sense again,
"That is a sin," I said: and slow
With downcast eyes to church I go,
And pass to the confession-chair,
And tell the old mild father there.

But when I falter Beltran's name,
"Ha!" quoth the father; "much I blame
The sin; yet wherefore idly grieve?
Despair not—strenuously retrieve!
Nay, I will turn this love of thine
To lawful love, almost divine;

"For he is young, and led astray,
This Beltran, and he schemes, men say,
To change the laws of church and state;
So, thine shall be an angel's fate,
Who, ere the thunder breaks, should roll
Its cloud away and save his soul.

"For, when he lies upon thy breast,
Thou mayst demand and be possessed
Of all his plans, and next day steal
To me, and all those plans reveal,
That I and every priest, to purge
His soul, may fast and use the scourge."

That father's beard was long and white,
With love and truth his brow seemed bright;
I went back, all on fire with joy,
And, that same evening, bade the boy
Tell me, as lovers should, heart-free,
Something to prove his love of me.

He told me what he would not tell
For hope of heaven or fear of hell;
And I lay listening in such pride!
And, soon as he had left my side,
Tripped to the church by morning-light
To save his soul in his despite.

I told the father all his schemes,
Who were his comrades, what their dreams;
"And now make haste," I said, "to pray
The one spot from his soul away;
To-night he comes, but not the same
Will look!" At night he never came.

Nor next night: on the after-morn,
I went forth with a strength new-born.
The church was empty; something drew
My steps into the street; I knew
It led me to the market-place:
Where, lo, on high, the father's face!

That horrible black scaffold dressed,
That stapled block . . . God sink the rest!
That head strapped back, that blinding vest,
Those knotted hands and naked breast,
Till near one busy hangman pressed,
And, on the neck these arms caressed. . . .

No part in aught they hope or fear!
No heaven with them, no hell!—and here,
No earth, not so much space as pens
My body in their worst of dens
But shall hear God and man my cry,
Lies—lies, again—and still, they lie!

—*Robert Browning.*

The temperature of Siberia was once much milder than at present. This change of climate is said to account for the conversion of what were once sedentary birds there into birds that migrate to South Africa and elsewhere.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

The self-closing door-spring is an awful aggravation to the man who is going out of your office mad and wants to slam the door.—*Somerville Journal.*

Disgusted husband—"Is there no way to stop you from kissing the nasty little pug-dog?" *Wife*—"You might teach him to chew tobacco."—*Terre Haute Express.*

Encouraged by Mr. Gillette's success with "Robert Elsmere," a Terre Haute man intends to dramatize the dictionary. It will be a play upon words.—*Terre Haute Express.*

"Ah, George," she said, "when one is happy how quickly time flies!" "Yes, dear," he responded, "and how quickly time stops flying at the end of the thirty days."—*Epoch.*

Jones, who is an inveterate diner-out, is also a bit of a philosopher. This is his "mot": "I hear a great deal said about the slowness of the turtle, but notice that he generally arrives in time for the soup."—*Judge.*

Miss Ketchon—"Did you knock at the door when you came to-night, George?" *Mr. Tumblety*—"Yes, Amy, why do you ask? *Miss Ketchon* (shyly)—"I thought perhaps you had come with a ring."—*Puck.*

Lady (to applicant for coachman)—"Are you an Englishman?" *Applicant*—"No, mum. I was born in Ireland, but I've lived so long in America that I s'pose I do seem quite English, you know."—*Harper's Bazar.*

George—"Will you miss me when I'm gone, Ethel?" *Maud*—"Indeed I will." *George*—"Then I shall be so happy." *Maud*—"So shall I be." *George*—"Be what?" *Maud*—"Happy to miss you."—*Buffalo Courier.*

Locksley (who has just given a cigar to Sharpson from his own private box)—"I say, Sharpson, tell me what you think of that cigar." *Sharpson*—"Well, if you say so, I will; but I want you to understand that I'm no optimist."—*Life.*

She—"What a shame Mr. Ivison should be so intemperate! He is just ruining himself by it." *He*—"Ruining himself! It's the brightest thing he ever did. He is just engaged to a half-a-million girl who is bent on reforming him."—*Life.*

New bride (who does the cooking, starts up in bed at 2 A. M.)—"Wake up, Charlie! What is the matter? Why do you groan so terribly in your sleep? *Charles* (half awake)—"I was dreaming, darling, of to-morrow's breakfast!"—*Lies.*

Miss Uppercrust (out shopping)—"What a beautiful woman!" *Mrs. Uppercrust*—"Yes, but she doesn't amount to anything—moves in some vulgar set or other. I just heard her ask the price of a bonnet before trying it on."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Fond mother (proudly)—"Yes, Johnnie won the reading-prize in school. Come here, Johnnie, and tell Mrs. Brown how you won the prize." *Johnnie*—"Oh, I took it hands down. Billy Waffles got it for readin' good, but I played marbles for it an' won it."—*Harper's Bazar.*

An accident of the play: *Wipe-up-the-ground* (the Pawnee chief)—"The scalp of the white traitor shall grace the wigwam of the great red man!" *Petered Dick* (the scout, under his breath)—"Leggo there, you harn-stormin' chump! You've got holt of some of my real hair!"—*Judge.*

Paperwate—"How are you getting on with your English, count?" *Count Chartreuse*—"Ver' well, indeed. Las' night I ask ze hotel clerk who is ze what—you—call 'Whitechapel fiend,' and he say to me, 'He ees a dandy!' I look in ze dictionary, and I find me zat ze dandy is ze lady-killer."—*Life.*

Miss Depride (who doesn't understand French, but goes with an escort to see Coquelin, and carefully laughs when others laugh)—"Wasn't that funny, Mr. English? Why didn't you laugh?" *Mr. English* (who doesn't understand French, either, and who neglected to laugh)—"That was a chestnut."—*Puck.*

Bink's coachman (colored)—"I t'ought you sayed yoah folks was so dog-gone rich." *Jink's coachman* (Celtic)—"So they are, ye black divil." *Bink's coachman*—"Huh! I guess not. I looked in de winder las' night an' seen two oh de young ladies playin' on de same pianny. Guess you all has ter economize."—*America.*

Newspaper amenities: "Are you really writing to him, Polly, and do you feel it your duty to break it off?" "Oh, yes; he had deceived me completely, and led me to suppose he was a man of intellect and cultivated tastes." "And how do you know he is not?" "Why, Bessie, I found a copy of *Puck* in his overcoat pocket!"—*Life.*

A misunderstanding. *Miss Knickerbocker* (of New York, dining in Boston, adapts her conversation to her environment)—"Do you consider the religion of the American Indian a pure theism, Mr. Twombly?" *Mr. Twombly*—"Oh, I say, come off! I beg your pardon. You are under a slight misapprehension. I am from Chicago."—*Puck.*

Farmer Saugus—"Why, Miss Moodus, where be you agoin' to?" *Mrs. Moodus*—"Wall, I'm agoin' up to Danielsonville to see Darius's folks." *Farmer Saugus*—"No; you *been't.*" *Mrs. Moodus*—"I be, *too!*" *Farmer Saugus*—"You been't neither; this train goes t' other way." *Mrs. Moodus* (with a wild shriek of conviction)—"My Lord! So I been't!"—*Puck.*

"I trust, Robert, when you grow up you will show yourself on the side of temperance and morality by voting the Prohibition ticket." "Oh, rats! Why, aunt, water's killed more folks 'n liquor ever thought of doing." "I am ashamed of you, Robert! Can you think of one instance in which water, judiciously applied, has caused death?" "Well, what's the matter with the flood?"—*Life.*

Harry (horrified at seeing Kate puffing at cigarette)—"Mercy! Do you smoke, Kate?" *Kate*—"Not because I enjoy it, Harry. I want to fill the rooms with smoke so that, should a burglar break in, he'll think there's a man in the house." *Harry*—"Well, you're only losing your time and soiling your lips. A man never smokes cigarettes—leastwise no man that a burglar need be afraid of."—*Boston Transcript.*

Conductor (authoritatively motioning to a line of people)—"Move up, please, and give this lady a seat." (The lady is one of the numerous individuals who invariably persist in clinging to the rear end of the car.) *District messenger-boy* (at head of the line, who has "moved up" already oftener than he thinks consistent with his dignity and comfort)—"Dis ain't no pergressive euchre-party. If de lady wants a seat, dey's one up at dis end."—*Puck.*

"My son," said the solemn passenger, tickling the young man's neck with his breath, "remember that integrity is the foundation of character, and character is the vital principle of all moral life. I never see a life just crystallizing from youth into manhood's prime, like yours, that I do not feel impelled to impress these great truths upon the mind." "Excuse me," replied the young man, languidly, laying down his paper, "but—er—did you speak?"—*Epoch.*

Jack Spooner (who has managed to blunder through it)—"Edith, dear, I—I—hardly know just what to say—I am so happy and so agitated. It may seem foolish to you—but—I put my sentiments in writing before I came—half-intending to leave a letter!" *Miss Korton* (with admirable foresight)—"Well, John, dear, we understand each other now; but please *do* let me have the letter, too. I would so love to keep it as a memento of this happy evening!"—*Puck.*

On one occasion, when Tom Ochiltree returned home from Congress, there was very little travel upon the railroad, and he was the only person of consequence on the train. When it stopped at his town there was an unusual crowd around the depot, and, naturally enough, he thought it had assembled to welcome him. So he stepped out on the platform and began: "Gentlemen, I thank you for this hearty demonstration——" "Demonstration! thunder!" said one of the crowd; "John Dills has just committed suicide in the depot."—*Washington Critic.*

THE CLOWN IN TRAGEDY.

Seized with a sudden rage that turned his face livid, the young man sprang from his knees where he had been kneeling before her.

"Have a care, Dora!" he cried, with flashing eyes; "you know how I love you, and you know how far I might go. Don't push me too hard!"

The young woman, reclining calmly on the sofa, shrugged her shoulders.

"Threats, eh?" she said, coldly; "that was all that was lacking, and by what right——"

"By the right you gave me in allowing me for the last six months to think that you loved me."

"Well, if I have let you think so, are you fool enough not to see that perhaps it was because I did love you?"

"But you have ended with it all now; is it not so?" replied the young man, clenching his teeth.

"It appears so——" she paused, and, throwing aside her indifferent air, became more earnest; "come, let us finish this right here, Mario. But let us finish it once and for all. That will be the best thing for both of us. You talk of rights. I have not given you any, unless it was to love me as much as I wanted you to. It is the same story always, and all the world over, my good fellow. Chance brought us together in the same circus at Vienna, I, a rope-dancer, you, a clown. It was an accident like any other, was it not? It might not have happened. But it did happen—so far so good. I took a fancy to you, or, rather, you pleased me, that is better still. I told you that I liked you, a strange thing to say, perhaps, but it was true and I said it. You profited by it for six months, and now what more do you want? Do you expect this to go on forever; do you want to live your whole life this way? Ah, no, no, indeed! I see no reason for it; I do not wish it. Here we are at Paris, still with the same circus, for luck would have it that the same manager should engage us together. But that is no reason why we should remain chained to each other like a couple of convicts. For my part I have had quite enough of the chain. If it were a golden one, I might consider the matter. But that is not the case, as you know, eh? Well, now I have found one which is truly of that metal, and, moreover, an easy one which I can carry as I please, provided that I carry it with decency. Now, my dear fellow, you are in the way, you are a hindrance, even a danger. Do you think I have no ambition, no dreams to gratify? Do you suppose I should be content to follow in such a track as this all my life-time? I have my future to look out for, but you don't seem to consider that. I can never be certain that you won't spoil everything with your bursts of stupid jealousy. Do not think I would hesitate for a moment between you and a fortune. You are very agreeable, but I prefer the hundred thousand francs a year which I am offered; I prefer the carriage and dresses and servants which I can have if I only say the word. I prefer them, I tell you. And that is why I declare to you thus frankly that all is at an end between us, quite at an end. Come, give me your hand and let us not speak of it again. Is it agreed?"

Mario stood before her—a handsome fellow, indeed, with an athletic figure of which his street dress could not conceal the powerful yet elegant outlines. He remained looking at her without speaking, gazing into her face, his black eyebrows fiercely contracted, as if struggling with a frightful temptation to strangle the words in her throat.

"That is your last word?" he demanded, finally, with an effort.

"My last. What more is there to say?"

"Dora, I beg you——" he broke out, with trembling voice.

"There, you are not going to commence again, I hope. Ah, there goes the bell! It is the count. Quick, get out by this door and don't put your foot in here again. I have no more time to waste with you. Come, don't you hear what I say?" she cried, brutally. And, running up, she pushed him out by the shoulders.

When she had slammed the door on his fingers, the clown turned and shook his fist at it.

* * * * * * *

Eleven o'clock. The circus glares with its myriad of lights. A murmur of impatience runs along the tiers of seats, glittering with the bright toilets of the ladies. The jugglers, the tumblers, the dashing equestriennes, the performers upon the trapeze, all accompanied by the ridiculous clowns, have each had their turn. Now nervous hands are crumpling the satin programmes. They await the performance of the daring Mlle. Dora.

"Fifty feet high on a steel wire, without a pole! It's marvelous."

"And without a net, too!"

"It is madness. Why do they not take that precaution, at least?"

"Simply to produce a sensation, my dear. Without danger there is no excitement. It would be an insipid affair with a net. You might as well go to see a lion-tamer perform with his beasts muzzled, or an exhibition of wrestling between a man and a stuffed bear. One comes to the circus to be thrilled, and it is the business of the manager to see that you are frightened your money's worth."

"Well, I am already frightened enough. If she should fall!"

"Dora doesn't fall. She startled Vienna all last summer with the same performance. She has been doing it in Paris for a month. When you see her it looks as if nothing were easier than to dance in the middle of space without the breadth of an inch to support you, and you never think of the danger, she appears to accomplish it all so easily. Ah, there she is!"

With a bound, Mlle. Dora has just appeared in the middle of the ring, light and quick as a bird, her strong, slender body incased in flesh-tings the color of a rose.

Through the lorgnettes the vast audience converges its interested gaze upon her, and from every mouth comes a cry of admiration. She bows to the right and left, bending gracefully, her beautiful lips half-parted in a smile, which displays a double row of pearls. Then she turns, steps back a dozen paces, seizing a cord which hangs before the performers' entrance, and pulls herself up to the wire, hand over hand, with an easy, confident strength. There she is, away up at the end of a wire, her form supported on the two cords that lead to the side of the building. She stops here an instant, looking down at the sea of faces fixed motionless with interest. She extends one silk-clad limb, and with the sole of her foot gently taps the narrow thread of steel on which she is about to commence her perilous journey. A second later and you will see her start, run along the wire, stop, turn around, and balance on one foot as gracefully as a bird.

In the middle of the ring three clowns are going through a series of contortions and tumbling. In exact time they fall upon their feet altogether. Two of them, doubling up their bodies until their grimacing faces are to be seen peeping from behind their knees, slide off the scene. The third has stayed behind, his neck craned up toward Dora, who is about to take her first step into danger. What is he going to do? Some crowning absurdity, no doubt. You will have your pains for your trouble, my good fellow, no one is looking at you now.

A conscientious fellow, this Mario. Not a glance is for him now, but what of it? He will act his part; there he is, in the middle of the ring, trembling violently in all his limbs. A rather good bit of comedy this. It is she, up there, who walks along to death, it might be, but it is he down below who is frightened. But it is an old trick, that sort of farce. From a clown of his standing one would expect something better. Especially as there is no variation to it. Come, that will do. What do you think you are doing, you great booby, following the movements of the aerial-walker step by step, and holding out your arms as if she were going to fall? Mlle. Dora is not in the habit of falling, you know well enough. And for a mirth-provoker, really your appearance is not very funny. Where in the world did you pick up that undertaker-face? One would even think you were pale underneath all that white paint and that it is from real fear you tremble!

"What is that?"

A simultaneous cry of horror has broken from a thousand throats. Under Mlle. Dora's feet the wire has just snapped in twain! Whirling over and over through the air, she falls.

The audience has risen to its feet with dilated eyes and blanched faces. On the sawdust the clown and the unfortunate girl have rolled together; for, by a remarkable feat of agility, Mario has caught her in his arms.

They are lifted and borne away. Mlle. Dora has received no injury; she has only fainted. But the man who by a miracle has saved her has not come off so easily. A shoulder dislocated, a broken arm, and internal injuries, the surgeons say.

"Another man finished for the circus business," muttered the ring-master, as he left his stand.

* * * * * * *

Two days afterward Mlle. Dora, in a rich street-dress, was seated at the bedside of her former lover. There were the four white walls of the hospital chamber, the bare floor, a small table with a bottle on it, a chair, and that was all.

"Well, my poor Mario, how do you feel?" she asked in a voice that tried to be sympathetic.

"As you see," replied the clown, with a woeful smile, pointing to the bandages wound round his arm and shoulder.

"It is to you that I owe my life, Mario. I shall never forget it."

"Ah!" said the young man with a ray of hope in his eyes; "you will love me again?"

"Yes, but not as you mean. Come, Mario, do not commence that sort of thing again. Pray let us speak of something else. Do you know what they discovered?"

"No," he replied, absently.

"The wire was cut."

"Cut!"

"And they have the culprit."

"They have? And who is it?"

"The property-man. You know that fool who hates me so much because I put him out of my dressing-room."

"But it is not possible that he could have done it."

"Why not? He is arrested, and the thing is proved against him."

There was a short silence. The tight-rope walker was thinking how much time decency required her to prolong her visit to the man who had saved her life. The face of the clown betrayed a series of changing emotions. His brow was contracted, and he seemed to be suffering great mental anguish.

"Listen, Dora," he broke out suddenly, in a half-whisper; "this man must be released."

"Why?"

"Because I am certain that it was not he who cut the wire."

"What do you know about it?"

"I am sure of it."

"Who was it, then?"

"It was I."

"*You!*" The young woman had started back with a movement of horror.

"Don't leave me, I beseech you!" he groaned; "forgive me! I loved you so much that I became crazy over it!" sobbed the poor fellow.

Dora arose with a look of pitiless disgust upon her face. She took up her parasol, and coldly, without a look, without a word, walked to the door and went out.

The poor wretch, immovable upon his cot, heard down the steps the hard click of her high heels, the swish of her silken skirts. Doors opened on the floor below, and then banged to.

Mario was alone. A strange, hopeless look came into his eyes, and with a shudder he turned his face to the wall.

He had what was worse than a broken back, a broken heart, and when he left the hospital, a month later, it was in his coffin.—*Translated for the Argonaut from the French of J. Montet by M. J. Danneville.*

THE LATEST VERSE.

A Midwinter Song.

Oh, where do you think, my Beauty,
  Where do you think I have been?
And what, O my Beauty, my Beauty,
  Do you think I have heard and seen
All in the midwinter weather,
  While the wild west wind was blowing
Asunder cloud and sun,
  And the snow in the air was snowing,
Weaving, with gossamer tether,
  Heaven and Earth in one?

I went to the forest, my Beauty,
  And I climbed the forest hill
Where wrinkled old cedars were bowing,
  I think much against their will;
All powdered with snow and ruffled
  And bewigged with powdered curls,
Scraping like giant old dandies
  To a lot of dowager girls;
All under the sky like sapphires
  Mingled with monstrous pearls;
And the pearls all ablush in the centre
  With the gaze of the sun in the west,
Pearls like the bed of my Beauty
  When her lovely form is at rest,
Downy with odorous whiteness,
  A rose-leaf dropt in the nest!

Under such sky stood the forest,
  Within the forest, I.
And the forest sounds so fine were fit
  For a lady's lullaby.
The wind, in minor monotone,
  Its wild note did supply,
And the gurgle 'neath ice of the streamlet
  In the forest valley by;
And the woodchopper's chop, and its echo
  Beat in the hasso plain;
And the woodpeck's steady tap, tap, tap
  Struck in a secundo strain;
And the rustle of last year's leaflet
  Keeping a shivering tryst
With all things ghostly, whispered
  Whatever notes they wist.

And another note I fancied
  I heard. Was the fancy wrong?
One could never be sure by guessing,
  And telling would take too long.
But one little fact is blessing
  This brain where fancies throng:
When I went out I was sighing, my Beauty,
  But I came home singing a song.

—*Rose Elizabeth Cleveland in the Youth's Companion.*

Love's Unrest.

Thou lovest me. I am a woman, so
I loved thee whom I liked before I loved;
For love creates itself, and therefore love
Is God. . . . Come, lover mine, and sit you down;
There at my feet I'll teach you how to love.

Take first my hand, as one who plucks a flower
To love it, not to crush it in his hold—
Oh, fie! Think you a tender flower could bear
So fierce a pressure, stupid that you are?
Poor flower! See, now, thou hast a rosier hue
Given to its petals. Nay, thou shalt not have
It more. . . . Where was I? How can I proceed
If thou hast not my hand? There, take it then,
But yet, forget not it is but a flower.

Now look at me. . . . Nay, turn thine eyes away—
I—do not like their gaze—I—I forgot
To say 'tis better thou shouldst often look
Another way, that thou mayst scan thyself
To understand if truly thou dost love!
And to this end I'll question thee. Dost think
Of me at morn and eve, and ever with
The self-same love, and love and naught but love?

Nay, turn away thine eyes! . . . And dost thou know
That love for me will ever be as now,
When I am old and wrinkled, weak perchance?
Say naught. If ever thou dost love no more,
My love will die as it had never been;
For my love hangs on thine as bee on flower,
Who, when the honey-cup is void, hums off
To gather more—or die—as it may be.

* * * * * * *

Look back at me, O lover mine! and say,
"I love thee," o'er and o'er. My heart is full
Of saddened thoughts that I myself have wooed.
The bee not thus would turn his honeyed wine
To bitter—nor will I! I do believe
Thus truly lovest me, as—I love thee.

—*L. M. S. in the March Century.*

The Shipman's Tale.

Listen, my masters! I speak naught but truth.
From dawn to dawn they drifted on and on,
Not knowing whither nor to what dark end.
Now the North froze them, now the hot South scorched.
Some called to God, and found great comfort so;
Some gnashed their teeth with curses, and some laughed
An empty laughter, seeing they yet lived,
So sweet was breath between their foolish lips.
Day after day the same relentless sun,
Night after night the same unpitying stars,
At intervals fierce lightnings tore the clouds,
Showing vast hollow spaces, and the sleet
Hissed, and the torrents of the sky were loosed.
From time to time a hand relaxed its grip,
And some pale wretch slid down into the dark
With stifled moan, and transient horror seized
The rest who waited, knowing what must be.
At every turn strange shapes reached up and clutched
The whirling wreck, held on awhile, and then
Slipt back into that blackness whence they came.
Ah, hapless folk, to be so tost and torn,
So racked by hunger, fever, fire, and wave,
And swept at last into the nameless void—
Frail girls, strong men, and mothers with their babes!

And were none saved?

My masters, not a soul!

Oh shipman, woful, woful, is thy tale!
Our hearts are heavy and our eyes are dimmed.
What ship is this that suffered such ill fate?

What ship, my masters? Know ye not?—The World!

—*Thomas Bailey Aldrich in March Harper's.*

PHELPS'S FAREWELL.

"Cockaigne" tells how Our Minister Left England.

The Phelpses are having a fine time. Judging by the amount of attention they are having paid them, all on account of their going away, one would think it was almost better to be superseded as United States Minister to England than to be continued in, or appointed to, the post. So it would appear to he were the sentiments of Minister Phelps. I bad generally understood that it was customary for an official to remain in possession of his office until a successor was chosen and appointed. Of all people ought such a custom to be applicable to amhassadors and ministers to a foreign country. At all events they sbould wait at their posts until the arrival of their letters of recall. Exceptional circumstances justify an absence from the post. A minister may ohtain leave of ahsence as a sort of holiday after arduous official labors, or his presence at home may he required by his government for conference on some important question arising out of international affairs. In such cases the office is left in the care of a *chargé d'affaires*. Neither of these exceptional cases has happened with Mr. Phelps, so that his virtual relinquishment of the United States Embassy in London is without cause, and, I imagine, without precedent. It is not unlikely that his hurried return to the United States is on account of a fit of huffiness, pique, in fact, because the good people of the United States thought proper to relegate Mr. Grover Cleveland (Mr. Phelps's patron) to the walks of private life. But that does not excuse his going. Until he is given notice to quit, he should stay where his government placed him. It is difficult to understand why be sbould ahsent himself at the tail-end of his term any more than at the heginning or in the middle of it. His ministerial duties (save the mark!) are as onerous now as they ever were, and call quite as much for his presence in England. If be has nothing to do and is only willing to admit the fact hecause his term is nearly up, is it not time that the United States Government took some notice of it and reduced the civil service expenses by seventeen thousand five hundred dollars a year, which is the annual salary of the United States Minister to the Court of St. James? If the office, without rhyme or reason, can he vacated at the caprice of a minister and left in the hands of a *chargé d'affaires* for several months, why can not the *chargé d'affaires* carry on the husiness all the time?

Tbese are a few questions whicb are suggested by Mr. Phelps's precipitate desertion of his post, hecause he thinks there is no more to he got out of it. It is fair to presume that if Mr. Cleveland had been elected President instead of General Harrison, Mr. Phelps would bave taken very good care not to exhihit to the reform-loving eyes of his countrymen the patent fact that a United States Minister to England, at a salary of seventeen thousand five hundred dollars a year, is a most useless tax upon the people of the United States. Now, he does not care. It is very selfish of him, but United States Ministers to England are apt to grow selfisb and wanting in patriotism. But while he so readily relinquishes the reins of office to Mr. Henry Anglomania White, the first secretary of legation, as *chargé d'affaires* and divests himself of the necessity of performing any labor connected with the ministership, he is careful to go on drawing the ministerial salary. He does not relinquish that. Oh, dear, no, not hy any manner of means—catch him! If he felt sore at his candidate's defeat and saw no chance of his heing retained as minister, let him resign the office and come home. It were easy enough to do that. That would save the people of the United States from six weeks' to two months' salary. It must he six weeks to two months from now hefore President Harrison will have appointed a successor to Mr. Phelps.

I see by the cahlegrams from Wasbington that a bill has been passed to raise the minister to England a step higher. It is to he hoped that tbere is to he no increase in the salary. It is altogether too bigb now. It is all the veriest nuhhisb, keeping up a grand society centre in London for anglomaniac flunkies and dudes to congregate at and excbange bows and scrapes with Mr. Henry White and Commander Chadwick, preparatory to heing presented to the queen. Mr. White gets nearly three thousand dollars a year for being a sort of conduit-pipe to the presence of royalty for New York anglomaniacs, and Commander Chadwick the shore pay of a commander in the United States Navy for neglecting his profession and sticking in London, instead of heing ahoard a government ship and doing a sailor's duty at sea.

Now, the reason of Mr. Phelps's hurried departure without giving the grace and courtesy to wait and introduce his successor, is very clearly this: He desired to he hanqueted and feted hy the English people hefore he left, and as the English are rather slow movers and want time to think well hefore they act, he thought he would give them plenty of time to arrange their hanquets and fêtes. Had he waited till the new man came, not only would everything be hurry-scurry, but—and most potent consideration of all—the new man would have taken all the wind out of bis sails and made him flat, stale, and unprofitable" as a guest. He would have been *passé* and uninteresting, and a case of "Get up, Bill, let William sit down," if ever there was one. Shrewd Mr. Phelps! Neither you nor your party are likely to come to England again officially for some years, if ever. You can hardly be blamed for making tbe most of the remnant of your "little hrief authority."

Thus far the farewell proceedings have found public expression in four separate—functions, I was going to say, only that I detest the word, it is so hackneyed and vulgarized hy penny society papers, and even the larger ones. I will say directions, instead. The first proceedings consisted of the presentation of a costly gold hracelet, set with eleven large diamonds, to Mrs. Phelps "from her friends in England," so is the inscription. The Marchioness of Salisbury and the Countess of Rosehery, after attending the wedding of Lord Salisbury's son, Lord Robert Cecil, on Wednesday, at St. George's, Hanover Square, drove to the United States Legation in Lowndes Square and informally presented the hracelet to Mrs. Phelps. It was a kind and graceful action on the part of these two great ladies whose hushands represent each one of the great political parties; and it was most generous of the ladies and gentlemen who suhscrihed for it. But it seems to me, it were, perhaps, better not to have hestowed the gift. Not only does it raise jealous feelings in the hreasts of other amhassador's wives who have had a much longer residence in England, and are also very popular — the Austrian Minister's wife, the Countess Karolyi, for example—but it leaves the door open for people to talk.

"Why should Mrs. Phelps get a magnificent present like that?" said one lady to me; "who is she?"

"The United States Minister's wife," I told her; "didn't you——"

"Yes, I did. I knew it perfectly well. I wasn't asking you to tell me. I was merely wishing to direct your attention to the fact that she filled a puhlic position. Now, to my mind, her public position should have induced her to decline to accept such a present. If her hushand is to he a sincere, unprejudiced, conscientious, patriotic, and loyal representative of the United States, his wife oughtn't to accept expensive presents from English suhjects—while he bolds the office, anybow."

"But what harm?" said I, wishing to draw her on; "Mr. Phelps is going home at once, so it can't signify if he should be hrihed hy British gold—or, at least, his wife, I mean to say."

"I am not so sure ahout that. It may not signify so far as he is concerned, but look at the precedent it establishes. A minister or amhassador is sent to represent his country and not to earn presents for his wife from the people of the country he goes to. He can't conscientiously do hotb. He must neglect the interests of the one in the desire to further the interests of the other."

"But," said I, "you can't say that of Mr. Phelps. He had a most awkward husiness to deal with in the Lord Sackville affair."

"Awkward business? In wbat way, pray? He had the pleasure of staying with Lord Salisbury at Hatfield as a guest, if you mean that. Perhaps he found it awkward heing in such high society. I believe he took bis wife with him." She was fast lapsing into ill-nature, hut I let ber go on. "And what did he do after all? Nothing!"

"Oh, come. He got Lord Sackville recalled."

"Yes, and in such a way! Without another man heing appointed to the place. Fancy standing sucb an indignity to his country as that! The accredited representative of the United States stands calmly by and lets his country be insulted."

"But he can't act without orders from his government. He'd get into a pretty mess if he did."

"Well, at least, he needn't allow his wife to accept a present at the bands of Lady Salisbury, whose hushand is treating the United States with so much incivility. He could certainly avoid that."

"But his refusal to accept the present wouldn't have made Lord Salishury appoint a new minister to the United States a whit the sooner. And just imagine any woman oheying her hushand when his orders would prevent her getting a magnificent diamond hracelet! I think I see one." No answer. "The fact is, I'm afraid it's the diamond hracelet which makes all the bother. Had it heen a sixpenny German-silver thimble there wouldn't have heen all this row over it."

She glared at me.

"All this row? And quite proper that there should he one. It's simply disgraceful and a slur upon all the other ministers' wives. Such a thing never bappened hefore. Indeed, I douht if any other amhassador's wife would have accepted it. No one but an American would he so wanting in good taste."

"Then it must have heen had taste on the part of Lady Salishury and Lady Rosebery to present the hracelet?"

"So it was. I really wonder at Lady Salishury. Of course one can't he surprised at Lady Rosehery. She bas lots of money, hut tbe Rothschilds are really nobodies, if you come to that."

"Wasn't there just such another row when the queen gave Lady Randolph Cburchill the crown of India?" I asked.

"Yes, there was," she replied; "and why shouldn't there be? There were dozens of Englishwomen far better entitled to the order. . It was only because she was an American, and in deference to the Yankee craze which the Prince of Wales started some years ago, and which has grown steadily ever since to such proportions that no peer from duke downward will marry any one hut an American girl. I'm amazed at their taste."

"But you must admit that Lady Randolph Churchill is most——"

"Charming and deligbtful. Oh, yes, I know. It's become tbe fashion to praise her. I daresay she's very nice, hut not a bit nicer than hundreds of Englishwomen that I could name. But shes an American, that's enough. It ought to he enough," she added, with a sneer, *sotto voce*.

"How severe you are," said I.

"Am I? Severity is sometimes just."

I could not help thinking there was considerable truth in what she said, in so far as it related to the acceptance of a present by a foreign minister.

The night following the day on which the bracelet was presented to Mrs. Pbelps, Mr. Phelps was entertained by the lord mayor at a farewell banquet specially given in his honor at the Mansion House. I do not know why it should he so—unless that Reverdy Johnson during his term as minister to England got English people to think so—but there seems to be an idea prevalent in England that the only way you can entertain a United States minister is to ask bim to a dinner. It is then, no doubt, that the American minister shines. The object of his being in England at all is then satisfactorily demonstrated. He always makes a speech. I wish that some enterprising compiler would collect the post-prandial oratorical efforts of these wine-mellowed gentlemen, beginning with Reverdy Johnson and running down through General Schenck, Edwards Pierpont, and James Russell Lowell to Edward J. Phelps, and have them published in hook-form for the delectation of American readers. They would make interesting reading, I have not a douht, and would enlighten Americans more than anything else as to the love, esteem, and veneration which they have for England, apparently unknown to themselves. This lord mayor's hanquet was a heterogeneous affair, so far as guests were concerned. There was a representation of all sorts. Lords, actors, doctors, poets, judges, artists, surgeons, novelists, consuls, no army officers—except a few American "colonels" at present in London—harristers, journalists, and clergymen. The nobility were much in the minority, being represented hy two earls, viz., Dunraven and Rosebery. Lords Brassey and Magheramorne were also present. But they are altogether too freshly gilt to represent such old gold as the British peerage. "Tom" Brassey and "Jim" Hogg will stick in peoples' minds notwithstanding their titles. But though hlood was lacking, hrains made up the deficiency. There was the dapper little lord chancellor, the lord chief-justice of England (Lord Coleridge), and a dozen or so of the lords justices of appeal, and plain justices of the high court of justice, including the entire hench of the Parnell Commission. The bar was led hy the attorney-general, and emhraced such leading legal lights as Sir Charles Russell, Q. C., Mr. Montague Williams, and Mr. Poland. Medicine was ahly represented hy Sir Andrew Clark, Sir James Paget, Sir Joseph Lister, and Professor Flower; art by Sir Frederick Leighton, Sir Jobn Millais, Mr. Alma Tadema, and a dozen more or so long-baired gentlemen witb deep-set, sleep-craving eyes, while journalism shone forth in Edmund Yates of the *World*, who even now revels in a sly dig at Lord Lonsdale; "Bull Run" Russell of the *Times;* F. C. Burnand of *Punch* and "Happy Thoughts," Lucy, Greenwood, and others. The drama had Charles Wyndham, Wilson Barrett, Mr. Bancroft, and Gilhert, Sullivan's partner; wbile science may he said to have heen represented hy Professor Stokes of the Royal Society. Rohert Browning was the sole delegate from the poetic muse. Browning seldom if ever goes out to dinners or other entertainments, so this must he regarded as an especial compliment to Mr. Phelps from the heir-presumptive to the crown of the poet laureate. Among Americans present were Mr. Henry A. White, Mr. Charles Phelps (the minister's son), and Commander Chadwick, U. S. N. (waiting orders—it is a pity he does not get them), all of the United States Legation; Mr. Oakey Hall, the London manager of the New York *Herald;* Colonel Gourand, Edison's phonograph agent; Mr. Edwin Ahhey, the American artist who resides in a pretty villa at Notting Hill with Alfred Parsons; Mr. Loomis, Mr. Lothrop, United States Consul at Bradford, Consul-General Waller, whose twenty-five-thousand-dollar-a-year post in London will soon fall into the hands of the enemy; Mr. Penfield his *vice;* Mr. Albert van Wagner, known as the "American Barrister"; and Mr. C. T. Russell, United States Consul at Liverpool. From a social point of view the company was decidedly mixed, and especially so from an English point of view as well. Tbere were a few memhers of Parliament among them, and I saw in one paper of markedly Phelpsian predilections, that "every department of the puhlic service was in evidence." How ahout the army? It does not signify very much anyhow. One can not help wondering where were Mr. Gladstone, Lord Salishury, Lord Charles Beresford, Earl Granville, Lord Carnarvon, Mr. Chamherlaine, Lord Hartington, and other leading men of the day.

Of course Mr. Phelps made a speech. *Cela va sans dire.* One gushing journalist described it as "a masterpiece of post-prandial oratory." To give it in full would he hoth unnecessary and impossible. One extract will show its tone, and that even as be steps across her threshold with the words "good-by" on his lips, the American minister can not resist lingering a moment to fawn once more on England. "I go freigbted and laden witb happy memories—inexhaustible and unalloyed—of England, its warm-hearted people, its measureless kindness. Spirits more than twain will cross with me, messengers of your good-will. Happy the nation that can thus speed its parting guest. Fortunate the guest wbose lines have fallen in such pleasant places; who has found his welcome almost an adoption, and whose farewell leaves half his heart behind." It will certainly take Mr. Chauncey Depew (if he comes as Mr. Phelps's successor) to heat that.

On Tuesday Mr. Phelps traveled all the way down to Oshorne, in the Isle of Wight, to take formal leave of the queen, and, having performed that most arduous duty, traveled hack to town again, arriving in time to attend another farewell hanquet given him by the Century Cluh, at their quarters in Grafton Street. Among those present were Lord Coleridge, who presided, Sir Edward Thornton, formerly British Amhassador to Washington, "Colonel" Cheeseborough, "Colonel" Gourand, Mr. White, and Commander Chadwick of the United States Legation, and Consul-General Waller. Mr. Phelps made another speecb. I have not heard whether he made one on hidding the queen good-hy, hut should not he surprised bad be done so. The speech at the Century Club dinner was about on a par with the others. I can not refrain from giving a short extract from it for the edification of the American people in America, who have heen laboring under the delusion that Mr. Phelps was the paid and accredited representative of the great American people who live at home happy and content with the ways and customs of their once native land:

"If I have met (said Mr. Phelps) with any success during my sojourn in England, I am sure it has heen due to what I may call the constituency whicb I have the honor to represent in London. I refer to the American gentlemen wbo live in the English capital, and who have given America a sort of character among those who know it."

It seems a pity that these resident American Englishmen, or Anglicized American residents, who give such character and tone to their benighted countrymen at home, can not be induced to pay tbe legation's expenses. Mr. Phelps and Mrs. Phelps left London for Liverpool yesterday en route for New York.

COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, February 1, 1889.

SOUTHWARD HO!

"Iris" writes of the Joys of Travel on the Jersey Coast.

If you were in New York now you would just be starting for Old Point Comfort. Lent is the season down there, and all the married chappies, pale and drooping after the fatigues of the season, and all the faded buds and withered blossoms, pack their trunks and valises, and southward ho! The wise ones go in the train, with a comfortable accompaniment of silver-mounted dressing-cases, Shetland shawls, and porters feed to the point of slavish courtesy. It is only the foolish ones, with weak lungs, or nerves, or no appetites, who are enticed into taking the voyage by sea.

There was once a party went down from New York to Point Comfort hy sea. They were an Uncle, a gay and jovial uncle in tweeds, a full brown beard, and a deep, merry voice, quite the ideal of an uncle; the Uncle's son, a little boy of ten, very pale and learned and suffering from an attack of anglomania in its most acute form; the Uncle's daughter, a miss of fourteen, still without a waist, in a gray tailor-made dress, a trim black hat, and with her curly brown hair hanging in a knohhy plait, tied with a black velvet; tbe Matron—the Uncle's niece—young and blonde, with a little blonde girl by the hand, and the Matron's sister, the Young Lady, who suffered from "nerves," which gave evidence of their existence in an extreme pallor of complexion whenever the steamer rolled in its gait.

Tbe start was most propitious. The *Wyandotte* was a new hoat, with a screw, a sweep of clean, heaving deck, a neat saloon, all red velvet, varnish, swivel-chairs, and brass. There were no passengers but The Party, and as the *Wyandotte* steamed down the bay, past the dark and massive Liberty, past the low Jersey shore, with the smoke of gliding trains creeping through the trees, past the Kill Van Kull, all shining and yellow witb the sunset which shone through a forest of masts and clouds of purpled factory smoke, past the round hills of Staten Island, with long streaks of snow lingering in the valleys, they felt as if they owned the vessel.

They paced up and down the deck in a lordly fashion. The sea was level as a parquet floor, and where it met the pale sky, a deep, intense blue. The west was a blaze of gold, across which little ragged shreds of cloud, purpled and orange, drifted like colored thistle-down. The air was bracing, keen, and clear, there was a slight soothing motion in the vessel, especially at the stern, like that which lulls one in a hammock when "the old cat" is about to die. In the rear, a white wake glimmered to a streak, and on the horizon the smoke of an invisible Cunarder melted into the primrose sky. As the marching couples passed eacb other, they called out glad congratulations, then paused to wriggle into ginger-colored ulsters and tight jackets, for the air grew chill as the evening deepened.

And now a welcome sound—a gong! A pleasant aromatic odor of coffee, hot cakes, fried smelts, all blended, rushed up the stairs to bid the travelers make speed. They hurried below, eager-eyed, pink-cheeked, and with keen edges on their appetites. The captain sat already at the head of the table, presiding over a feast whence rose a cloud of perfumed steam. The captain was a gray New Englander, and greeted his guests with friendly courtesy.

"Set the little gal here," he said, designating a seat near him, and the stiff and rather alarmed Little Girl skinned out of her ulster, and, revealed in bouffant skirts of pink gingham, was lifted into the chair by a friendly colored waiter, who tied a napkin under the chin and set before her a plate of smelts.

They were all very hungry, and the fare was delicious. The captain, who had tucked his napkin into his collar, was feasting royally on batter-cakes under a coating of molasses which drihbled in a reluctant stream from a brown jug which the captain took pleasure in holding high in air. Through the port-holes the last blaze of the sunset streamed like light from fiery eyes, and hy rising in your chair you could see the low, cold New Jersey coast, mingled snow, and melancholy sand-dunes, outlined by a fringe of breaking waves.

"What a fortunate thing Columhus didn't discover New Jersey first, he would never have had the courage to land," remarked the Matron, who had been studying the topography of her native land with a disapproving eye.

"It is bleak," assented the captain, with patriotic reluctance, and spearing a whole pile of fresh cakes with his fork, he poured on them a libation of molasses from a daring height.

"Do you ever have it very rough along here, captain?" queried the Uncle, which spurred the captain to a recital of gales off New Jersey, which held the company in thrall, thrilled through witb shudders of delicious horror.

To these the Little Girl listened with the wide eyes of alarm, a diminutive and stiffly-fried smelt held up by the tail in her small fingers, while she delicately gnawed it, her large and intent blue eyes fixed on the captain. Her iniquitous behavior was quite lost on the rest of the party, and, for a time, she continued to revel in this enchanting breach of etiquette, softly craning her neck until she could eat all round the little smelt's spine, hut never moving her fascinated gaze from the captain's face. For a time she luxuriated in a state of unbridled license and grease, a mustache of fried flour formed itself round her mouth, and, changing the now fragmentary fish from hand to hand, she gently licked the tips of her fingers and meditatively wiped them on the hosom of her pink-gingham frock. But soon a decline in the vivacity of her hunger was ohservable. She no longer gnawed the fish, though she still held it up. Her glance moved uneasily about until it rested on her aunt. That Young Lady's attention was at once attracted by it. The Little Girl's face was hright with anxious, suspended apprehension.

"What's the matter, dearest?" queried the Young Lady.

"I feel very funny," said the niece, with her look of vague alarm growing more definite.

"What is it, lovey?" asked the Matron, with tender solicitude.

"If he'd only stop this rock-a-way just for a moment," said the sufferer, with a look of agonized appeal at the stony captain.

The captain, with suspended knife and fork, cast upon her a look of smiling experience. The Matron untied the napkin ahout her neck. They departed ahruptly, the sufferer in the preoccupation of her unhappiness keeping firm hold of the tail of the fatal smelt, and speeding away with a vision of crumpled pink-gingham skirts and flying black-silk legs. The captain impassively helped himself to a fresh pile of cakes, hut a gloom settled on the rest of the party.

The voyage is not long. The next afternoon they sighted the Hygeia's glass balconies and breathed the balmy scented air of Virginia.

They made the return trip on the *Old Dominion*, pioneer of the line, and recommended hy the Uncle as being a side-wheeler, "and in these," said he, "the motion is hardly felt at all." This, on an immovable wharf, did not seem much of a recommendation to such soaring spirits as the Young Miss and the Young Lady. These two panted for adventure and excitement.

"It would be jolly if it blew a gale, wouldn't it?" said the Miss, as they leaned over the rail on the upper deck, watching brawny, muscular negroes roll into the hold barrels of kale.

"Perhaps it will," said the Young Lady, hopefully; "perhaps the waves will wash over the deck. They sometimes do."

They laughed joyously at the bare thought of this blissful possibility, and communicated their hopes to the Matron, who just then appeared in the radiant glory of a Redfern costume. She, however, made the spiritless admission that she had passed the age when the thought of being washed over by waves afforded her intense joy. The others had difficulty in concealing their contempt.

The *Old Dominion* was late in starting, and it was already supper-time when she weigbed anchor and steamed up Hampton Roads. With recollections, fresh and succulent, of the supper on the *Wyandotte*, The Party clattered down the stairs. Their surprise was violent when they found the place of honor on the captain's right hand already occupied by another passenger. She was no longer young, and was neatly done over with a coating of white cosmetic. She was nicely dressed and talkative to a surprising degree, choosing the captain as the object of her confidences, but not neglecting an occasional sentence thrown carelessly at the Uncle, or a request for articles not in her reach made to the Miss and the Matron. The meal was not half over when much of her history had been made public. She was in the navy—or her husband was—and had just come from Japan, via San Francisco and Panama. She was a splendid sailor, "never ill once," she said to the table, with pride. She was going up to New York now. She chose the steamer because she liked the sea so much. The captain—a black-bearded and silent man—regarded her with some awe. The Party were frozen into thoughtful silence, for, to add to their surprise at the appearance of the stranger, they were unpleasantly shocked to find everything on the table bad.

"Try the baked potatoes," said the Miss to her cousin, who had desperately been sampling the strange unknown dishes sprinkled over the table.

"Oh, I can't," groaned the second of the adventurous spirits; "the butter's horrible, and how can I eat potatoes without butter."

To still further heighten her discomfiture, she had the pleasure of seeing the navy lady eat everything with splendid relish, even the little square bits of pork floating in grease. She began to believe the intruder had really traveled over from Japan. Nothing else could explain it. After the meal she appealed to the Matron, who sat in one of the red-velvet chairs reading "Les Misérables."

"Who on earth is that woman who sat at supper with us?" said she, with that deadly distrust of the traveling female which lurks in every feminine heart.

"My dear, how should I know?" answered the placid Matron; "but if you're so anxious to find out you had better ask her. I'm sure she seems willing to talk to any one who will listen."

The Young Lady glimpsed from under her hat at the corner where the navy lady sat regarding her with an encouraging eye. Her courage died, and she retired to her cabin wrapped in meditation.

The next morning she awoke with a peculiar feeling that her brain was washing ahout unsteadily in her skull. She charily opened her eyes and saw a phenomenon. Her dress was hanging out from the wall at the most unprecedented angle. The laws of gravitation could never have permitted such a thing. She rose on her elbow and turned her eyes toward the port-hole. More phenomena. First, she saw naught but water, lumpy and foaming, which sank suddenly, and she saw again that low shore, with dunes, and snow, and breaking waves. The Young Miss, who had occupied the upper berth, was already dressed, and stood leaning against the wall, hat in hand.

"What is the matter with everything?" said the bewildered Young Lady.

"Oh, it's awful," said the other; "just wait till you get up. It's a gale."

"Are the waves washing over the deck?" inquired her cousin, in a weak voice.

"Over the masts, I should think;" then, in a tone of conscious pride, "I am seasick, I know I am. I feel so odd," and she put on her hat and went out.

Dressed and in the saloon, the Young Lady encountered the Matron and the Little Girl in pallid dishevelment, fleeing up the stairs.

"Where are you going?"

"On deck. Come up. You can't possibly stand it in the cabin."

"What makes it lurch about so?"

"The captain says it's blowing three-quarters of a gale."

"Three-quarters! Heavens! I should think it was blowing the concentrated essence of three full gales."

They went on deck, where they discovered the Uncle ministering to the Little Boy, who, green and limp, lay in an arm-chair. He had already heen experimented on with an orange, beef-tea, and champagne, and was now being watched solicitously as the fourth experiment—brandy—was heing tested. The Little Boy, cautioned not to move, rolled his eyes in speechless misery on his companions. The Uncle alone survived the general wreck.

"Like any breakfast?" said he, cheeringly; "toast, tea, coffee?"

Looks of sickening horror answered him, hefore which he fled.

That was an awful day! It blew three-quarters of a gale till evening. The waves rose to prodigious heights, bursting in showers over the decks, but the sun shone, the cordage creaked and sang, gulls flew low, and the interminable coast of dunes and snow came and went on the left between the heaving of the swells. The Party sat in ashen misery on four chairs, with their feet upon four others, their chins sunk on their chests. They heeded not the singing of the wind, the creaking of the ropes, the greetings of the Uncle or the captain, the calls to lunch, the stinging of the spray, or the fact that they looked unnaturally disheveled. A loosened lock of hair, horrible on *terra firma*, lashed out unheeded. The Young Lady's hair came down entirely, and threshed out on the wind in long, moist rat-tails, but tbe Young Lady heeded it not. Once only did she rouse from her lethargy of misery to remark, with a gleam of malice in her lack-lustre eye:

"Where's the navy lady?"

"She has never appeared."

"Sick in her cabin, of course. I'm so glad," and her bead sunk down into a chaos of shawls and ulsters.

During the afternoon, the others fell off one by one to the cabin. The Matron revived and took to "Les Misérables" once more. The Young Lady, in lonely majesty on the deck, was recalled from wondering how long one could endure absolute misery by a tapping of feminine heels. She looked up and beheld the navy lady. She was resplendent in a fresh sprinkling of powder, a seal-skin ulster, and another hat. She must have brought a trunk. She paused by the sufferer and looked thoughtfully at her.

"Is it possible that you're ill?" she asked, sweetly.

"I am," came the muffled answer.

"How odd," reflected the navy lady, looking commiseratingly upon her victim.

"It's funny, isn't it?" said the victim, fiercely.

"My dear," said the navy lady, "you had much better go in the cabin. You will catch pneumonia out here."

"I don't care."

"Oh, yes, you do. Come, go in."

The Young Lady, from under tbe brim of her rakishly-tilted hat, cast such a burning glance upon the navy lady that she retired. Her very walk was irritating, it was so confident. She swung her clothes with such an easy air and stepped along with the precision of a sea-dog. Execrable navy lady! What millions would not the Young Lady have given could she have seen her laid low in ber pride.

She disappeared after that. When they landed at New York late in the evening, she emerged again from her state-room, with a fresh coat of paint on and another hat. At the wharf a gentleman met ber, kissed her amiably, and they disappeared into the night. The Party, exhausted and hedraggled, passed a resolution that she was one of the most disagreeable people they had ever met. Iris.

February 21, 1889.

Dr. Jessopp bas two papers on the Black Death in East Anglia, in his book, "The Coming of the Friars." The rolls and muniments show, with appalling particularity, the devastation of the plague. Whole families were extinguisbed. Hundreds of the clergy were swept away. Sometimes every member of a religious house would be exterminated. The deaths were so frequent that burials became a mere form, and the festering corpses, covered with an inch or so of soil, poisoned the air far round the church-yards. The records show that in one small village of about fifty families, twenty-one families were absolutely obliterated in six months in the year 1349. In another case, of a suit for which sixteen witnesses had been summoned, eleven of the sixteen were dead when tbe case came on for trial. Again, these suits were set for a certain date. When it arrived, the defendant in one case, the plaintiff in the second, both plaintiff and defendant in the third, "were dead of the pest." The clergy suffered terribly. "In a single year upward of eight hundred parishes lost their parsons, eighty-three of them twice, and ten of them tbree times in a few months." Dr. Jessopp concludes from all the evidence "that during the year ending March, 1350, more than half the population of East Anglia was swept away by the Black Death"; and he adds: "If any one should suggest that many more than half died, I should not be disposed to quarrel with him." The people fled to the monasteries from the cities, and brought the plague with them. Dr. Jessopp believes that the monastic institutions never recovered from the hlow; that "they never were again what tbey had been." Of course there was an increase of crime following the Black Death, but on the whole the people took the scourge with surprising courage and cheerfulness, and showed a buoyancy and power of recuperation which has never been surpassed.

Prince Rudolf had a private income of three hundred thousand dollars and an allowance of three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and yet owed one million five hundred thousand dollars when he died. As a surplus-reducer tbe rapid young man was a pronounced success.

From November 1st to January 6th at least twenty meters were added to the height of Vesuvius, and the base of the cone of eruption was proportionally increased.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mr. Du Maurier has not done a particularly creditable, but possibly a profitable, thing in illustrating an edition *de luxe* of that unpleasant novel, "As in a Looking-Glass."

In its issue of February 21st, *Truth*, of New York, sharply denies the statement recently made by Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, that Herron-Allen assisted Selina Dolaro in writing "Bella Demonia."

That remarkable linguist, the late W. G. Palgrave, never sought to retain a language; when he ceased to need it he let himself forget it. It is said that in two months he acquired facility in colloquial Japanese.

Judge Tourgee says, in the *Forum*, that "a foreigner studying our current literature, without knowledge of our history, and judging our civilization by our fiction, would undoubtedly conclude that the South was the seat of intellectual empire in America, and the African the chief romantic element of our population." There is a good deal of truth in this, though it is, of course, too sweeping.

Richard H. Clark, the Philadelphia banker, possesses one of the most costly sets of books in this country. Originally Motley's nine-volume edition of the "Rise of the Dutch Republic," it has grown by the insertion of some two thousand five hundred portraits, engravings, autographs, and maps into twenty-nine volumes, which are said to have cost their owner fifty thousand dollars, and are still incomplete.

Mr. J. H. Shorthouse, the author of "John Inglesant" and "The Countess Eve," is a chemical manufacturer, and the successor of several generations of Shorthouses who have carried on the business in Birmingham. He is short, and has rather a strong face, a big nose, black hair, and an impediment in his speech. It is said that to this little inconvenience he probably owes his literary achievements. All through his life it has prevented him from expressing in words his ideas on any subject that strongly interests him. He can talk easily enough on business matters, but for the expression of deeper thought his only medium is the pen. So in early life he joined an essay society, each member of which was pledged to read the essays which the others wrote. "John-Inglesant" was the development of this essay-writing.

The *St. James's Gazette* thinks that probably the mass of working-men of letters make more money than they or their predecessors did twenty or thirty years ago. On the other hand, the "stars"—to borrow a word from the dramatic profession—probably make less. Mr. Blackmore, Mr. Black, Mr. Stevenson, and Mr. Hardy do not receive the prices paid to Dickens, Thackeray, Trollope, George Eliot, Charles Reade, and Wilkie Collins in the old days. We doubt whether any living novelist would expect more than ten thousand dollars for the copyright of a new book. But some of the writers we have named habitually received twenty thousand, twenty-five thousand, and even thirty thousand dollars for their novels. The highest price ever paid for an English work of fiction is said to be the sixty thousand dollars given for Lord Beaconsfield's "Endymion."

An amusing incident has arisen from a notice given in the December *Blackwood* of "Letters from and to Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe." Sharpe was rather sharp by name and nature, and prone to presenting queer old stories of the past having to do with Scotch families. Sharpe repeated that ancient legend, still current in Scotland, which ran somewhat as follows: That one of the Maxwells gave over his first-born to the devil, but as the child grew to man's estate, the Satanic relationship did him no harm, and that in time he became so canny as entirely to outwit the old boy. This story is venerable, at least for its age. It dates back to prehistoric times, having a savor of human sacrifice about it. Sir Patrick Maxwell left descendants, and to-day the Maxwells, instead of being proud of the story, declare themselves incensed at a repetition of the yarn, and want to hold the editors of *Blackwood* responsible for its publication. It would be a cause for libel of a highly entertaining character. Musty tomes might be brought into court, and, from St. Dunstan to Faust, all references to Mephistopheles would have to be consulted. The editors of *Blackwood* treat the incident as it deserves, declining to concern themselves further over "so ridiculous an incident." It does not, however, escape them that the Maxwell reclamation serves as a capital advertisement for *Blackwood's Magazine*.

James Payn says: "About the likings of novelists, even of modern ones, for their own creations, we know very little. There is, indeed, an incident in 'Vanity Fair,' of which Thackeray remarked when he had written it: 'That was a stroke of genius'; but he does not tell us that Rawdon Crawley was the pet offspring of his brain. He had a special weakness for 'The Great Hoggerty Diamond,' because I think it was rather 'a rickety child,' despised somewhat by the world and needing a father's love, but not so far as I know for any one of its *dramatis personæ* in particular. One can fancy Scott with his affections wavering between his own Rob Roy and Bonnie Dundee. I feel pretty confident that Dickens, in his heart of hearts, clung to David Copperfield. But how pleasant it would be to be assured of these things. How very much more interesting it would be to read them, in a literary biography, than to learn that 'our hero' comes of an old Norfolk, or even Suffolk, family, and had a grandmother from whom, perhaps, he inherited his extraordinary vivacity. This has always struck me as being very hard measure to authors' grandmothers, who never receive a word of eulogy during their life-time, and are even unaware themselves of the obligation under which they have laid posterity. Let us for the future make certain of this question of authors' favorites, while they are still alive. Let the dramatists be interviewed first, and *seniores priores* let the creator of Box and Cox, who has been the cause of as much innocent mirth as any playwright living, be asked which he likes best, Box or Cox?"

Journalistic Chit-Chat.

Proprietors of London newspapers must dread a summons in a suit for libel. The editor of one of the many weekly newspapers in London was fined by a jury the other day two hundred and fifty pounds sterling, or about one thousand two hundred and fifty dollars, for libel. The judgment carried with it the court costs, which amounted to two thousand five hundred pounds, making in all his total judgment two thousand seven hundred and fifty pounds, or thirteen thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars.

Pick Me Up is the title of a London weekly which proposes to share its profits with its readers. At the close of every year the books will be audited and the net profits certified by a leading firm of accountants. One-half of such net profits will be divided by way of bonus among the readers. Each number of *Pick Me Up* will bear a coupon, and every person sending in, at the close of each year, fifty-two coupons, taken from any issue or issues of the paper, will participate in the division of profits. The profits of advertisements will be included, and the money already sunk is not to be a charge on profits.

The *Journalist* suggests that if the number of advertising pages should be cut down one-half, shrewd advertisers would be willing to pay double or even treble the present rates for space. Naturally neither of the great magazines would care to take the initiative; the rates must be raised simultaneously all round and on some fixed basis. An agreement should be entered into not to cut each others' throats, in the advertising line, at least. The daily papers of Washington, D. C., have made such an arrangement and find that it works well. It is only a question of time when the newspapers of other cities will be forced to follow their example.

There was a time (says New York *Truth*) when to read the Sunday papers was recreation. It is now hard work, and Sunday is becoming the working day of the week with Americans in New York. They no longer rest on that day. They begin at nine o'clock their struggles with the Sunday sheets, and by four o'clock have utterly collapsed and are put to bed, only to wake up on Monday morning with a sense of relief that Sunday comes only once in seven days. To see the average householder on a Sunday morning staggering home under a load of Sunday papers is harrowing in the extreme. The strained look of tension and premature decay which has settled upon the community is owing entirely to the weight of Sunday journalism and the iron clang of elevated railways. The New York dailies present on the Lord's day matter equivalent to a good-sized library, and there is a popular superstition that every intelligent man, woman, and child is compelled to devour this library before the afternoon. As much of it relates to actresses' stockings, and courtesans' paint, and professional beauties' boots, and baseball players' salaries, and ballet-girls' amours, one can estimate the forlorn and broken-down condition of the rising generation in the course of the next five years if shut up for one day in the week with this appalling library.

New Publications.

"Broken Lives," by C. F. McNutt, has been issued as the eleventh volume of Denison's Series by T. S. Denison, Chicago; for sale by the booksellers; price, 25 cents.

"The Beginner's Reading-Book," by Superintendent Eben H. Davis, of Chelsea, Mass., intended to aid children to learn to read through the exercise of sight and memory, has been published in the Popular Series by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; for sale by the booksellers.

"Conklin's Handy Manual of Useful Information and World Atlas" has been issued for 1889. It contains a great amount of statistical and political information, curious incidents and facts, and much miscellaneous matter—"Ostler Joe" being included in the latter—and a number of maps with descriptive text. Published by Laird & Lee, Chicago; price, 50 cents.

"The Musgrove Ranch," by T. M. Browne, is a story which combines in some degree the glowing descriptions of nature of the land-hoomer's "settlers' guide" with the religious fervor of a Sunday-school tale. The Musgrove Ranch is a typical Southern Californian home, rich in this world's goods and stricken with the impiety that Eastern people consider California's besetting sin. A little cousin from the East, with whose arrival at the ranch the tale begins, brings the people at the ranch back to religion. The description of her conversional methods does not add anything to religious literature, and as a novel "The Musgrove Ranch" is dull. Published by Thomas Whittaker, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.00.

Recent adverse criticisms of John Brown, the hero of Ossowatomie, have led Frank Preston Stearns to compile a book which is intended to restore him to his old place among our heroes. It consists of an introduction by the editor, reviewing the social and political conditions in which Brown came to the front as seen by the German historian, Von Holst; a translation, by Philippe Marcou, of Dr. von Holst's chapters on John Brown; a vindication of the character of Brown from the principal charges recently brought against him, notably by Nicolay and Hay in their "Abraham Lincoln"; and a few words on the Brackett bust, from which the frontispiece of the book is taken, and on Brown's grave. Published by Cupples & Hurd, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.50.

"The Countess Eve," by J. H. Shorthouse, has been called a novel of mesmerism, but it is rather a novel of morality; its most notable feature is the idea of the personal existence of evil spirits born into being by the commission of sin, and its aim is to show the inevitable retribution that follows breaking the moral laws. Of the two young and handsome Provençal actors, to whom we are first introduced, one, De Brie, is descended from a long line of noble ancestors, and is himself, by hereditary inclination and early training, pure and noble, "one of those rare natures to whom God has given the faculty of purity;" the other, La Valliere, descended from a family of players, is equally fine in person and witty, and is one of those born actors who become for the time the characters they portray, and in real life act according to the inspiration of their surroundings. There is a Comte du Pic-Adam, the memory of whose youthful sin has risen as a barrier between him and his beautiful young wife, and when he invites the two actors to supper, La Valliere makes the occasion the beginning of a flirtation with the Countess Eve. Given this motive, Mr. Shorthouse has written a beautiful story; the scene is laid in some Provençal city of a century and more ago, and he gives us charming glimpses of the *ancienne noblesse* of the time, and much of the exquisite writing which is his forte. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.00.

Some Magazines.

The contents of the *Atlantic* for March are: "The Tragic Muse" (continued), by Henry James; "Simplicity," by Charles Dudley Warner; "The Keiths," by Hope Notnor; new chapters of "Passe Rose," by Arthur Sherburne Hardy; "The Two Mothers," by E. Wilson; "The Isthmus Canal and our Government," by Stuart F. Weld; the first part of "Hannah Calline's Jim," by Elizabeth W. Bellamy; "Some Colonial Lawyers and their Work," by Frank Gaylord Cook; "Personal Reminiscences of William H. Seward," by Samuel J. Barrows and Isabel C. Barrows; "The Christmas of 1888," by John Greenleaf Whittier; "Ticonderoga, Bennington, and Oriskany," by John Fiske; and "A Bird's-Eye View of the United States."

In the *Popular Science Monthly* for March, Dr. Andrew D. White's "New Chapters in the Warfare of Science" conclude the subject of "Demoniacal Possession and Insanity." The three methods of making window-glass are described in Professor Henderson's "A Pane of Glass." Professor Ira Remsen, of Johns Hopkins, gives a view of "The Chemistry of To-day." "Competition and Trusts" is by George Iles. J. M. Arms contributes an article on "Natural Science in Elementary Schools." Professor T. G. Bonney writes of "The Foundation Stones of the Earth," and the Hon. Horatio Hale of "The Aryan Race: Its Origin and Character." "Law as a Disturber of Social Order" is by Benjamin Reece. Mr. Coutts Trotter contributes "Among the Fiji Islands." Dr. Krauss discusses "South Slavic Moon-Myths."

The opening paper in *Harper's* for March is "The Institute of France," by Theodore Child. Charles Dudley Warner contributes "Comments on Canada" and a portrait of Sir John A. Macdonald, Prime Minister of Canada, is the frontispiece of this issue. Kenyon Cox has an illustrated article on William M. Chase, the painter, Curt von Zelau another on "New Vienna," and Björnstjerne Björson contributes his second paper on "Norway and Its People." J. Norman Lockyer writes of "The Origin of Celestial Species," and George William Curtis of "Motley's Letters," and Augustus Van Cleef of "Poe's Mary." In fiction the third part of Constance Fennimore Woolson's "Jupiter Lights" is given, and there are three short stories, "Slowtopp's Confession," by John Lillie, "A New Arabian Night," by Edward Everett Hale, and "One Story is Good till Another is Told," by Brander Matthews and George H. Jessop. The verse is by Thomas Bailey Aldrich and Louise Imogen Guinea.

In the *Century* for March George Kennon's article is on "The Grand Lama of the Trans-Baikal." Gaddo and Taddeo Gaddi are the subjects of the "Old Italian Masters" paper, by W. J. Stillman. Charles de Kay writes of "Christian Ireland." Lieutenant W. H. Beebler, U. S. N., discusses "The Use of Oil to Still the Waves." "York Cathedral" is discussed by Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer. "Something Electricity is Doing" is by Charles Bernard. Gustav Kobbé writes of "Amateur Theatricals." Emma Eames Chase has a paper on "Dutch Painters at Home." Edward Eggleston discusses Brice's "American Commonwealth" under the title of "A Full-Length Portrait of the United States," and Thomas B. Reed, M. C., gives "Rules of the House of Representatives." "The Edict of Freedom" is the subject of the present installment of Nicolay and Hay's "Abraham Lincoln." In fiction there are "The Rival Souls," by Harry Stillwell Edwards; "The History of Alix de Morainville," in Cable's "True Stories of Louisiana"; "The Correspondence of Miles Grogan," by George H. Jessop; and "The Last Assembly Ball," by Mary Hallock Foote. The verse is by Florence Earle Coates, Frank Dempster Sherman, James Whitcomb Riley, L. M. S., Herbert D. Ward, Charles Henry Lüders, and Tudor Jenks.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Here is a story of Hans von Bülow. An old acquaintance whom Von Bülow wanted to drop met him after a long absence, saying: "How do you do? I bet, though, that you don't remember my name." "You've won that bet," replied Von Bülow, and turned on his heel.

Once when Sir Robert Peel was present at a meeting of the trustees of the British Museum, somebody else noticed some expensive purchases of pictures made by young Tomline, and added: "What would his grandfather, the bishop, say if he could look up?" Peel said, slyly: "I observe you don't say look *down*."

An American man-of-war's man was once in a Washington church on an Easter Sunday. Seeing an American flag laid down in the aisle, he indignantly asked what it was placed there for. He was told that it was to save the carpet. Thereupon Sailor Jack picked up the flag from the floor, and, as he folded it carefully, exclaimed: "You people may be good Christians, but you are d—d poor Americans."

That worthy chip of an old block, Dumas the younger, inherited no small share of the paternal gift of repartee. Many years ago, when the pair were traveling in Spain, they came to a part of the country said to be infested by brigands. "What idiots we were," exclaimed Dumas the son, "to forget our pistols!" "You might as well speak in the singular number," quietly suggested Dumas the father. "True," replied the son, with a smile, "I stand corrected. I ought to have said, what an idiot you were to forget them!"

The late Richard H. Dana, Jr., the author of "Two Years Before the Mast," used to tell a story illustrative of the effort made by hosts to entertain their distinguished guests. Mr. Dana once lectured in a country town, and then walked home with the president of the Lyceum, a farmer. After a long silence, the farmer said: "Mr. Dana, I b'lieve you wrote a book once?" "Yes." "Waal, I never read it myself; my folks have, though." Dead silence again fell upon the two, until their arrival at the farmer's house, where Mr. Dana was introduced to the invalid wife, who had not been to the lecture. "My dear," said the farmer, "I b'lieve you've read Mr. Dana's book?" The wife stared, and then, recovering herself, answered: "I b'lieve I've heard speak of it." Apples were brought in, and with them came the farmer's daughter, a little, black-eyed, sharp-looking school-girl. "Susan 'Liza," said the farmer, "you've read Mr. Dana's 'Two Years Before the Mast,' haven't you?" Susan 'Liza replied, quickly, "No, sir," and there was dead silence.

The following anecdotes are from Lady de Ros's "Reminiscences of the Duke of Wellington" recently published in an English magazine. A man who squinted very much asked Talleyrand, "Comment vont les affaires à present?" Talleyrand looked at him a moment and answered, "Comme vous voyez."——The Emperor Paul, meeting an Englishman one day in St. Petersburgh, who did not take off his hat to him, inquired the reason, and on being told that he was short-sighted, he issued a decree, which the duke saw, ordering the Englishman to wear spectacles for the rest of his life.——When the duke was either at Houghton or Holkham, he had, contrary to the rules of the house, killed a number of hen pheasants. He carried them home himself, but he did not dare to show them, so he secreted them behind his bed, and they were only discovered when he left the house.——"People are so fond," said the duke, "of talking of a 'respectable man.' The waiter at the salon, when pressed on a duel inquest, admitted that it meant a 'man in good clothes.' Lord Liverpool used to talk of 'respectable men,' and when I pressed him as to what that exactly meant, I never could get a satisfactory explanation. I own my object was to bring him to the same admission as this waiter—that it meant a 'man in good clothes.'"——General Tchernicheff was very fond of recounting his exploits at the battle of Chalons, and his wife, having heard him often, used to say to him: "Eh bien, donnez-nous votre Chalons, et puis—taisez-vous!"——Bonaparte said one day to Mlle. Condorsay: "Je deteste les femmes d'esprit!" She answered: "Pourtant, puis qu'on leur fait l'honneur de leur couper la tête, il faut bien qu'elles aient assez d'esprit pour savoir pourquoi."——The duke said General Alaon described his wife as "excellente femme! mais fort ennuyeuse!"

The credit of the invention of pig-music belongs to the Abbé de Baigne, a great musician, who supplied the court of Louis the Eleventh with many other curiosities in this way. The ingenious abbé was one day asked by the king if he thought it possible to produce musical sounds from the cries of pigs. The abbé thought it was possible, and received a grant of money from the monarch for that purpose. With this money he proceeded to purchase a number of porkers, of different sizes and ages, and, after testing the pitch and quality of their voices, secured them fast, and arranged them in order in a large tent. He further constructed a keyed instrument, furnished with a number of wires, tightly drawn, corresponding with the number of animals. At that end of each wire which was inside the tent, and almost touching each pig, was attached a short, sharp spike, which, when moved by the action of the key, pricked the pig and made him squeak. "By this means," says an old chronicler, "the abbé produced such harmony as to astonish the whole court." That the cat has been pressed into the service of musical science, appears from the account given by Juan Christoval, a Spaniard, of a procession which took place at Brussels at the fêtes in honor of Philip the Second. "The orchestra," says Christoval, "was upon a large car; in the middle sat a great bear, playing on a kind of organ—one not composed of pipes, as usual, but of twenty cats, separately confined in narrow cases, in which they could not stir. Their tails protruded from the top, and were tied to cords attached to the key-board of the organ; and, according as the bear pricked upon the keys, the cords were raised, and the tails of the cats were pulled to make them mew in bass or treble tones, as required by the nature of the airs." Live monkeys and other animals danced to this music. "Although," continues the chronicler, "Philip the Second was the most serious of mortals, he could not refrain from laughing boisterously.

Hector Berlioz once wrote a fantastic story on the tragic consequences of the examination of eighteen female and thirteen male students of the piano-class at the Paris Conservatoire. The piece selected for execution before the jury was Mendelssohn's concerto in sol mineur, which had thus to be executed thirty-one times in the course of the day. Erard lent one of his best pianos for the occasion—a piano which he intended to send to the forthcoming Universal Exhibition—a truly magnificent instrument, against which it could only be said that the key-board was a little hard, for which reason he lent it for the examinations, imagining that the thirty-one candidates and the concerto in sol mineur put together would effectually soften it in the course of the day. Well, the candidates played one after the other; the first, second, and third thumped bravely; the fourth and fifth found the keys not so hard as they had expected; ten or twelve others considered the piano excellent; the next complained even that the piano was too easy. Finally, the twenty-ninth candidate, with tears in his eyes, affirmed that there was somebody inside the piano who worked the keys, so easy were they to the touch. But the thirtieth scoffed at him, and played his concerto in turn; only, when he rose to go away, the piano spontaneously began the concerto all alone, and continued with ever-increasing fury and force, and in the midst of the general terror and confusion, M. Erard was sent for to stop this runaway piano. But the piano paid no heed to its maker; it paid no heed to the holy-water that was sprinkled upon the possessed key-board. Then the key-board was taken off and thrown into the court-yard; but it still continued the concerto in sol mineur. The key-board was chopped to pieces with axes; but each individual note hopped and danced over the pavement, playing fragments of the concerto. At last, in despair, a blacksmith was called in to carry off the fragments of this diabolical automaton and to cast them into his forge; and thus only could the piano be cured of the habit it had acquired of playing the concerto in sol mineur. This strange story will suffice to give an idea of the terrible ordeal through which the jury of the piano-class must pass.

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CREDIT AUCTION SALE

— AT —

MILBRAE, SAN MATEO CO.,

By order of WM. DUNPHY, Esq.

— WHERE —

BOVEE, TOY & CO.,

— WILL SELL —

AT AUCTION,

SATURDAY,

SATURDAY.....MARCH 9, 1889

At 11 o'clock A. M., on the ground,

The Milbrae Villa Tract, in Business, Residence Lots, and Subdivisions of from 1-2 to 10 acres.

This picturesque tract extends from the village of Milbrae to the slope of the foot-hills, a gradual and gentle declivity, from every portion of which a grand panorama of bay and mountain spreads to the east, including the Alameda hills and the bay-shore, running far to the southward. On the eastern line lies the spacious and beautiful domain of D. O. Mills, Esq., with its exquisite lawns, parterres and shrubberies.

To the north is the picturesque series of rolling hills which lie between Milbrae and San Francisco, plentifully dotted with neat farm-houses and handsome residences, making the trend of the city beyond its southern boundaries. The views from the higher portion of this tract, and, indeed, from every portion of the grade in its gentle ascent to the eastward,

Are Strikingly Picturesque,

Presenting some of the most exquisite bird's-eye glimpses of the beautiful Santa Clara Valley.

Its Climate is Bland and Equable,

And the air is a mingling of the salt, bracing atmosphere of the bay and the mild, warm zephyrs of the valley.

For Beautiful Country Homes

For those doing business in San Francisco nothing more meritorious than this property can be desired. Its future can be assured, as there is the most authentic authority for the statement that Milbrae will be the first station from San Francisco of the new cut-off of the Southern Pacific Railroad, a work which will be commenced within the year, and the time between the city and Milbrae will then be only fifteen minutes, with the fares down to Oakland rates, 15 cents sing'le trip and commutation $3.00 monthly.

The water facilities positively leave nothing to be desired, the mains of the Spring Valley Water Company passing through the property, which, moreover, is fortunate in the possession of a number of inexhaustible natural springs, well distributed. As an investment to hold for the

Sharp Advance in Values

Which must inevitably follow the reduction in time and fares to all parts of the valley, this property presents the most important considerations. The county road, that much traveled highway, always kept in turnpike condition, passes through the Milbrae Villa Tract, and the railroad track marks the division of the flat and rolling sections, a portion of the property lying between the tract and county road, with the Milbrae Railroad Station a stone's throw from the Hotel Milbrae, which has been recently refurnished and remodeled throughout with all the modern improvements, and without exaggeration is the neatest and most elaborate hotel between San Francisco and San José, and will be offered for sale with the balance of the property.

Directly on the great stream of southern travel, no better opportunity in this line can be found in this State to-day than this picturesquely situated and elegantly appointed hotel.

GRAND SPECIAL EXCURSION

Will leave Southern Pacific Depot, Fourth and Townsend Streets, Saturday, March 9, 1889, at 9 A. M. Returning, leave Milbrae, at 4 P. M.

25 CTS.--ROUND TRIP--25 CTS.

These Special Excursion tickets can be obtained Thursday and Friday, March 7th and 8th, at the office of Bovee, Toy & Co., 19 Montgomery Street, and on the morning of the sale at the depot.

A Free Collation will be served on the grounds.

TERMS OF SALE—One-third cash; balance in twelve and eighteen months at 8 per cent.

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THE THOMPSON STREET POKER CLUB.

By Henry Guy Carleton.

The sixth lecture of the scientific series was given at the rooms of the Thompson Street Poker Club last Saturday evening. The Rev. Mr. Thankful Smith occupied the chair. There were present, Messss. Tooter Williams, Cyanide Whiffles, and Gus Johnson, Professor Brick, Elder Jubilee Anderson, and a select party of gentlemen from Weehawken.

Elder Jubilee Anderson, of special committee, submitted his report. At the last meeting it had been decided to give a dinner on Inauguration Day, free for club members, and two dollars apiece for invited guests, and he had been appointed to select a caterer. He had the honor to report that while, no doubt, Delmonico's was fairly capable enough in its way, and although he had heard most favorably of the Brunswick from Mr. William McGlory, who gave a large supper there about four years ago, there were reasons why the club should not dine at either of those popular resorts. After a long and careful search, he had found a gentleman in Weehawken who was able and willing to provide the club with a dinner——

"C. O. D.?" inquired Professor Brick, thoughtfully.

"Y—yezzar," admitted the Elder, with regret; "'cordin' ter de constitution I done my bess ter git credick 'n give de club's note fer de paymink in thutty days, but de gemman he say he kuddent do zackly dat, but ef de club wanted ter pay cawsh down 'n den wait thutty days fer de dinnah, he'd fix it dat way so's ter 'blige de club, an'——"

"De club's note am skured by de club's honah," said Mr. Williams, haughtily.

"Yezzah," returned the Elder; "I 'splained dat, but de mo' I talked 'bout de club's honah, de furder we seemed ter git from de dinnah, 'n——"

"Am de gentleman outside?" asked the Rev. Mr. Thankful Smith.

"Yezzah. Dat's him dancin' on de landin' ter keep warm."

"Shome in," said the Rev. Mr. Smith.

The Elder opened the door and a half-frozen gentleman from Weehawken Heights sidled in and humbly took up a position near the stove. A deep silence fell. The Rev. Mr. Thankful Smith regarded the stranger with great benevolence for several minutes, and then said:

"Yo' name am Beesly?"

"Yass, boss—Beesly!"

"Beesly," continued the reverend chairman, "doan' yo' run a chop-house?"

"Yass, boss."

"Kin yo' git yo' chops on credick, Beesly?"

"No, boss."

"Does yo' know any membah ob dis yar club, Beesly?"

Mr. Beesly took a careful survey of the room, and then jerked his head in direction of Mr. Tooter Williams and Mr. Cyanide Whiffles, both of whom essayed to look unconcerned.

"Yo' knows Brer Willyums 'n Brer Whiffles, Beesly?" queried the chairman.

"Yaas, boss, 'deed I does—gottum on de slake," said Mr. Beesly, sadly, but firmly.

"I wanter 'splain dat me 'n Cy——" began Mr. Williams, rising.

"Yo' is outen ordah, Toot," ruled the chair.

Mr. Williams sat down and twiddled his thumbs in a manner calculated to express defiance of both Mr. Beesly and public opinion.

"Fer how much am Brer Willyums 'n Brer Whiffles hung up, Beesly?" queried the chair.

Mr. Beesly extracted from his ulster a large package, which, being unwrapped, proved to contain a slate.

"Mistah Willyums tree dollahs 'n twonny cents 'n Mistah Whiffles two dollahs 'n a quartah," he announced.

"Didn't I tole yer ter sen' dat bill ter my office?" haughtily demanded Mr. Williams.

"Ordah!" ruled the chair; "Beesly," he continued, "I see dat yo' hez hed too much speeunce to catah fer dis club. De kummittee'll browse round in some naberhood whar Brer Williams' lunch-route hezn't spiled de credick. Dat's all, Beesly."

"Kint I stay 'n c'lect my money?" asked Mr. Beesly, who has just emerged from his chill and was prepared to spend the evening.

"Not dis evenin', Beesly. Bud yo' kin darnce outside 'n keep yo' eye skint until de show's ovah," ruled the chair. "Good evenin', Beesly."

Mr. Beesly meekly departed. Both Mr. Williams and Mr. Whiffles drew a long breath of relief, and then whispered together and laughed immoderately. The gavel then fell, and Mr. Williams mounted the rostrum with a jaunty air, blew a kiss to the secretary, winked at the chairman, smiled at Mr. Whiffles, and, announcing his subject as "De Deal," spoke as follows:

"De honess dealah am allers caffle ter dole de kyards slow, 'n let all de mo'ners see dot de deal am squar——"

"'Scuse me, Mistah Willyums," interrupted Elder Jubilee Anderson, rising, "bud de slower yo' deals, de offener de naces 'n kinks seemter wandah into yo' han'—how yo' 'splain dat?"

"Am de dealah 'sponsible ef de luck driffs he way?" queried the lecturer, with some warmth; "some mokes seemster tink dat de dealah oughter only git juces 'n kitters, 'n dole all de fulls 'n flisks ter de——"

At this juncture the door slowly swung open a few inches and Mr. Beesly's head cautiously appeared. His eyes sought out Mr. Williams, then rested upon Mr. Whiffles, and then bis head mournfully withdrew and the door closed again. This had the effect of punctuating Mr. Williams's discourse with a long and somewhat painful pause, not demanded by the rules of oratory. Mr. Whiffles, although not hitherto known to be a spirit medium, went into an abysmal trance.

"De dealah," continued Mr. Williams, endeavoring to appear at his ease; "de—de dealah kint swinnle 'ceptin' when he's got a confederick, 'n de confederick walks in wif a tray-full ob——"

"How am de confederick to get a tray-full when he's outen de room?" queried Professor Brick, with the air of one who has propounded a staggerer.

"De confederick walks in wif a tray full of drinks," scornfully continued Mr. Williams, "'n slaps her down on de table jess aftah de pack hez been cut, 'n den de dealah rings in de cole deck 'n pertends ter git mad, 'n de confederick takes a kick 'n gits out, 'n——"

Here the door slowly opened and a chill, accompanied by the sad countenance of Mr. Beesly, again made its appearance; the rueful eyes sought Mr. Williams and Mr. Whiffles, and then the vision slowly vanished. Again a long pause, and a deepening of Mr. Whiffles's trance. Mr. Williams coughed, looked over his notes, cleared his throat, gazed at the ceiling, leaned on the table, and did his utmost to appear at ease. Then he said:

"I—I jess—jess found out dat—I——"

"Mistah Willyums," said the Rev. Thankful Smith, who, by virtue of Article XXIV. of the Constitution had a right to ask questions of the lecturer, "kin yo' 'splain ter de comp'ny what am a Hoboken 'sbake down'?"

"Cer'nly," returned Mr. Williams, affably, glad of the interruption; "dey plays de game usual wif six coons in Hoboken, 'n w'en all de coons comes in on de jacker, 'n dey all wants kyards on de dror, 'n dey ain't kyards enuff ter go roun', one coon he calls out, 'shake down!' 'n all de mokes shake out de kyards whad dey's got up dey sleeve, 'n de dealah shuffles 'em up 'n goes on wif de deal, 'n——"

Here again the door slowly opened. Mr. Beesly's head did not appear, but a tremulous and sad voice murmured, sepulchrally:

"Kin I spoke wif Mistah Wiffles jess—jess a minnit befo' I froze ter deff?"

A grewsome silence fell. Mr. Whiffles arose, still in his trance, slowly moved toward the door, and vanished. For a few minutes there was no sound, and then the corridor without echoed to the strains of activity, a cyclone and an earthquake appeared to roll together down the stairs, and all was still. Mr. Williams listened a moment, then continued his lecture.

"De lass time we had a shake down in Hoboken," he said, "de late Mr. Whiffles wuz dealin', 'n I was jess——"

Again the door slowly opened, and thus the voice:

"Kin I spoke wif Mistab Willyums a minnit?"

The silence became so deep that Professor Brick, listening intently, could hear his hair growing. All eyes centered on Mr. Williams.

Again the voice:

"I wanter spoke wif Mistah Willyums."

Mr. Williams's hand went toward his hip-pocket.

"Yo' hed bettah see de genelman a minnit, Toot," sweetly suggested the chair.

"Am *yo'* razzer honed?" inquired Elder Jubilee Anderson, with a slight rising emphasis which implied that the other party had probably honed his.

"Woodlawn er Calv'ry, Toot?" darkly inquired Mr. Gus Johnson.

Mr. Williams threw back his head with a haughty air.

For a third time, the voice:

"Am Mistah Willyums a-comin'?"

Mr. Williams moved toward the door.

"Niggahs," he said, "I'm agoin'."

So saying, he vanished.

Again a grisly silence reigned. Professor Brick tiptoed softly to the door, locked it, and applied his ear to the panel, by which process, according to well-known laws of acoustics, he could accurately appraise the value of any sounds occurring without.

The silence continued. Five, eight, ten minutes passed. The professor opened the door. A keen blast entered, but nothing visible.

"De perfesser 'n Gus Johns'n am app'inted a kummittee ter wisit 'n report on de remains," ordered the chair.

Mr. Johnson and the professor departed. Three minutes later they reappeared. The professor was speechless. Mr. Johnson was hysterical.

"Bofe dead?" queried the chair.

"My new ulcer 'n my skyarf 'n dicer!" gasped Mr. Johnson.

"My sealskin ovahcote 'n a dozen cigyahs 'n a hat," hoarsely whispered the professor.

"Dey ain't—ain't no murdah!" exclaimed the Rev. Mr. Thankful Smith, upon whom a light was beginning to break.

"No—bud dey will be ef I evah kotches Toot Willyums," exclaimed the professor, capering with woe.

"De bull lay-out in de dressin'-room's gone," asseverated Mr. Johnson.

There was a wild rush of guests and members to verify this dire news. It was true. The dressing-room—a new convenience, opened by Mr. Williams especially for this lecture—was bare of hats, coats, canes, and mufflers. The club gloomily reassembled. Controlling himself by a strong effort, the Rev. Mr. Thankful Smith rapped for order and then said impressively:

"Niggahs, dat Beesly eppysode wuz a fake, 'n Brer Willyums 'n Brer Whiffles am sot up in secon'-han' clothing fer de wintah. Doan' spoke nuffin'. Dey ain't no use spressin' our feelin's. Brer Willyums promised us a sprise ternight, 'n we's got it, 'n got it large. Doan' spoke nuffin', coons. Jess pile in de coal in de stove 'n set aroun' 'n wizzle, 'n I'll borry de jannyter's ovahcote 'n a hat 'n git out de perlice 'n de milishy, 'n wake up de kentry wif a howl fer justice. Doan' spoke nuffin', niggahs."

"Kint we git no dammidges?" queried Mr. Johnson, who with great forethought had ensconced himself behind the stove and was prepared for a siege.

The Rev. Mr. Thankful Smith slowly turned. There was a cold, calm glitter in the spectacles through which he gazed. Then he spoke slowly and with majesty:

"Dar hez been a panel game wukked on dis club ter-nigbt, 'n de dammidges all berlongs to Brer Whiffles 'n Brer Willyums. Jess wait, niggahs. Wait till yo' see 'em. Dey'll git de dammidges."

So saying he disappeared.

The club is still in session, with no chance of adjournment until the weather moderates. — *Once a Week.*

Rumors are current that negotiations are in progress between Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau and Anton Rubinstein. The pianist is willing to revisit the United States for a nightly fee of two thousand to twenty-five hundred dollars, and it is believed that people are sufficiently anxious to hear him once more to make the venture a profitable one. Among first-rate pianists of lesser note who are desirous of coming, or willing to come hither, are D'Albert and Grünfeld. The chances of reaping a golden harvest with concerts of piano-music, however, are not roseate.

The Drury Lane Theatre, in London, formerly had its ceiling painted to represent a blue sky with clouds, among which were cupids flitting about. This ceiling extended over the gallery; hence occupants of the gallery were said to be "among the gods," and occupants of the higher tiers in theatres generally came later to be called "gallery-gods."

A suit against Bessie Bellwood, London's popular music-hall artist, gives information about the prices paid for songs. The highest price paid was two hundred pounds sterling for "We Don't Want to Fight." "Two Lovely Black Eyes" brought twenty-one pounds.

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TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, January 6, 1889, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 3.25, 4.50, 6.10 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 1.30, 5.00, 6.45, P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 1.45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.15, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 3.25, 4.55 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 3.30, 5.00, P. M.
Extra trips on Saturday at 1.45 and 6.25 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 10.00, 11.50 A. M.; 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.45, 10.45 A. M.; 12.45, 4.15, 5.45, P. M.
Extra trips on Saturday at 2.30 and 7.05 P. M.
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

11.00 A. M., Daily (Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Cazadero at 6.45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12.20 P.M.

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STAGE CONNECTIONS.

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Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From Feb. 9, 1889.	ARRIVE
7.30 A.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	*12.45 P.
7.30 A.	For Sacramento, and for Redding via Davis	7.15 P.
8.00 A.	For Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga and Santa Rosa	6.15 P.
8.30 A.	Los Angeles Express, for Fresno, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	11.15 A.
9.00 A.	For Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
10.30 A.	For Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
*12.00 M.	For Haywards and Niles	* 3.45 P.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	**6.00 A.
3.00 P.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
3.00 P.	Central Atlantic Express, for Ogden and East	7.15 A.
4.00 P.	For Stockton and §Milton; for Vallejo, Calistoga & Santa Rosa	10.15 A.
4.30 P.	For Sacramento, and for Knight's Landing via Davis	10.45 A.
* 4.30 P.	For Niles, San José and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
5.30 P.	For Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
7.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	7.45 A.
‡ 8.00 P.	Golden Gate Special, for Council Bluffs and East	‖ 7.45 P.
9.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.

SOUTH PACIFIC COAST RAILWAY DIVISION.

‖3.00 A.	For Newark and San José	‖ 7.20 P.
8.15 A.	For Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	5.50 P.
*2.15 P.	For Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 A.
4.15 P.	For Centerville, San José, Almaden, and Los Gatos	9.20 A.

COAST DIVISION (Fourth & Townsend Streets.)

7.50 A.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	2.30 P.
8.30 A.	For San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) & principal Way Stations	6.38 P.
10.30 A.	For San José, Almaden and Way Stations	5 35 P.
12.01 P.	For Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	4.36 P.
3.30 P.	For San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Monterey and principal Way Stations	*10.02 A.
4.30 P.	For San José and principal Way Stations	9.03 A.
5.00 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 7.56 A.
6.30 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A.
11.45 P.	For Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	†7.40 P.

A for morning. P. for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only. § Saturdays excepted. ‖ Fridays only. ** Mondays excepted.

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Argument—Jack has married Jenny and taken a flat near Washington Square. The play showeth what they and other people think about it.

Jack's father—By Jove! I believe the puppy has some glimmerings of sense! His mother and I began life in a one-story frame house; but I thought this young shaver wouldn't be content with anything less than a thirty-foot front on Fifth Avenue. If he goes on like this, I'll take him into partnership—if he'll accept the offer.

Jack's mother—Just like the dear boy! *So* sensible—*so* economical! You don't know what a *comfort* it is to have such a son. Some young men of his age would have done something extravagant. But a nice little flat—what did you say? Will Jenny be contented? Well, I should *hope* so! She never was so well off in her life. After that ramshackle old house of theirs up at Kingshridge! Why, the wind used to whistle in the windows enough to kill you, while that *absurd* old grandmother of hers was talking about the glories of their old family estate. Well, *we* may not have a title from Anthony Van Dam; hut we *have* got weatherstrips. No, indeed, I'm sure Jenny has all that her heart could desire—a most *charming* home and open grates in every room. And I must say for the dear child that I think she appreciates her position. I'm sure she ought to—why, the room she slept in at Kingshridge (lowering her voice to a horrified whisper) positively, my dear, tidies on the back of the chairs and Nottingham lace curtains!

Jack's bachelor chum—Well, the old man's gone and done it, and no mistake. Love in a flat, and the whole outfit! Well, I hope it goes. No more club—no more poker nights! Wonder how he'll make out in a flat? He used to say *these* rooms were too small for a grown man. Pretty badly stuck, Jack must be. Well, if he's satisfied, it's all right, I suppose. What in thunder am I going to do this evening? Guess I'll go up and pay my *pousse-café* at the Quiverfuls'. That youngest girl's worth ten of Jack's wife.

Jenny's family: *Her mother*—Poor child, I've tried to do my duty by her, and I do sincerely hope she'll be happy. I'm sure I can only wish that she'll have as much done for her comfort and pleasure as *has* been done—hut she'll miss a mother's care, that's *one* thing sure. *Nothing* can take the place of *that*. She doesn't know it now; hut she *will*. I *hope* she'll be contented in her new home—it isn't what *I* should have chosen, perhaps; hut the dear child is adaptive and——

Her elder sister—And I should think she'd have to be, in *that* place!

Her mother—I dare say he's done his best——

Her elder sister—I don't see how you can say so, mamma! Why, that little stived-up coop of a place! If *I* were a man——

Her mother—It *is* small, of course, and after having lived all her life in a large, comfortable house——

Her elder sister—And *no* closets!

Her mother—Well, I *hope* she'll be contented.

Her elder sister—I don't understand how she can put up with it.

Her younger sister (dreamily)—Well, you see, she's married, and I suppose that makes a difference.

Jenny (alone in the flat)—It's awfully, awfully nice, and the dear boy *has* taken *such* pains to have everything the way I wanted it! But—somehow—I don't know—I wish—oh, it doesn't seem as if I'd *ever* get used to it.

Jack (on the stairs)—Wonder how she likes her first day in a flat? Poor little girl! Curse it all, if I'd been the saving sort, like some fellows, I should have been able to do things up in style, the way she had a right to expect. Blame a flat, anyhow! I've tried to make the place look like something; hut I suppose she feels as if she were in a hen-coop.

Jenny (at the door)—Is that you, Jack? Oh, yon dear boy! Come in and see my flat! I've had the *loveliest* day, fixing up and making things look pretty for you to come home to. (With her head on his shoulder.) *Home*, Jack. *Our* home. Come and see what I've done. And—oh—nobody's been here except that *horrid* Mrs. Hardee-Upton, and—oh, Jack, I *do* love my flat so much—it's the dearest, prettiest——

Consensus of the dissensus—And it would have been just the same all aronnd whether he took her to a flat, or to a palace on the Lake of Como, or to a Hole in the Ground.—*Puck.*

DOWN TO THE CAPITAL.

By James Whitcomb Riley.

I' be'n down to the Capital at Washington, D. C.,
Where Congerss meets and passes on the pensinns ort to be
Allowed to old one-legged chaps, like me, 'at sence the war
Don't wear their pants in pairs at all—and yit how proud we are!
Old Flukens, from our deestrick, jes turned in and tuck and made
Me stay with him while I was there; and longer 'at I staid
The more I kep' a-wantin' jes to kind o' git away,
And yit a-feelin' sociable with Flukens ever' day.
You see, I'd got the idy—and I guess most folks agrees—
'At men as rich as him, you know, kin do jes what they please:
A man worth *stacks* o' money, and a Congerssman and all,
And livin' in a buildin' bigger 'an Masonic Hall.
Now mind, I'm not a-faultin' Fluke—he made his money square.
We both was Forty-niners, and both busted gittin' there;
I weakened and onwindlessed, and be stuck and staid and made
His millions; don't know what *I'm* worth untel my pension's paid.
But I was goin' to tell yon—er a ruther goin' to try
To tell yon bow be's livin' now: gas burnin', migbty nigh
In ever' room about the house; and all the night, about,
Some blame reception goin' on, and money goin' out.
They's people there from all the world—jes ever' kind 'at lives,
Injuns and all! and Senaters, and Ripresentatives;
And girls, you know, jes dressed in gauze and roses, I declare,
And even old men shamblin' round and waltzin' with 'em there!
And bands a-tootin' circus-tunes, 'way in some other room
Jes chokin' full o' bot-house plants and pinies and perfume;
And fountains, squirtin' stiddy all the time; and statutes, made
Out o' puore marble, 'peared like, sneakin' round there in the shade.
And Fluke he coaxed and begged and plead with me to take a hand
And sashay in amongst 'em—crutch and all, you understand;
Bnt when I said bow tired I was, and made fer open air,
He follered, and tel five o'clock we set a-talkin' there.
" My God!" says be, Fluke says to me, "I'm tireder 'n *you:*
Don't put up yer tobacker tel you give a man a chew.
Set back a leetle furder in the shadder; tha'll do:
I'in tireder 'n yon, old man; I'm tireder 'n you!
" You see that-air old dome," says be, "humped up ag'inst the sky;
It's grand, first time you see it, but it *changes*, by-and-bye,
And then it stays jes thataway—jes anchored higb and dry
Betwixt the sky up yender and the achin' of yer eye.
" Night's purty; not so purty, though, as what it ust to be
When my first wife was livin'. You remember her?" says be.
I nodded like, and Fluke went on, "I wonder now ef *she*
Knows where I am—and what I am—and what I ust to be?
" *That band in there!*—I ust to think 'at music couldn't wear
A feller out the way it does; but that *ain't* music there—
That's jes a' *imitation*, and like ever'thing, I swear,
I bear, er see, er tetch, er taste, er tackle anywbere!
" It's all jes *artificial*, this 'ere higb-priced life of ours.
The theory, it's sweet enough tel it saps down and sours.
They's no *home* left, ner *ties* o' home about it. By the powers,
The whole thing's artificialer 'n artificial flowers!
" And all I want, and could lay down and sob fer, is to know
The homely things of bomely life; fer instance, jes to go
And set down by the kitchen stove—Lord! that 'u'd *rest* me so—
Jes set there, like I ust to do, and laugh and joke, you know.
" Jes set there, like I ust to do," says Fluke, a-startin' in,
'Peared like, to say tbe whole thing over to hisse'f ag'in;
Then stopped and turned, and kind o' coughed, and stooped and fumbled fer
Somepin er nother in the grass—I guess his handkercher.

Well, sence I'm back from Washington, where I left Fluke a-still
A-leggin' fer me, heart and soul, on that-air pension bill,
I've half-way struck the notion, when I think o' wealth and sich,
They's nothin' much patheticker 'an jes a-bein' rich!

—*The Century for March.*

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SOCIETY.

The Wilson Reception.

One of the most brilliant affairs of the winter season was the reception which Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Wilson gave last Wednesday evening at their commodious residence, on the corner of Pine and Stockton Streets. No detail was overlooked and no expense was spared in making it successful. Everywhere one strayed throughout the residence evidence was seen of care and attention; the arrangement of the dressing-rooms, the preparations for proper ventilation, the music, supper, decorations—all were perfect. When the first notes of the music were heard every one was prepared for a good time, and none was disappointed. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson were assisted in receiving by Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, *née* Mizner, and gave to each of their guests a cordial welcome. The scene seemed to brighten as the evening advanced, and at eleven o'clock it was really brilliant. The assemblage comprised about three hundred of the friends of the family, and as the ladies had all donned their most elegant and becoming toilets and their richest jewels, their presence gave an additional charm to the beautiful scene. They danced, talked, and promenaded, stopping here and there to admire some one of the many pretty conceits of the decorator, Miss Bates.

As one glanced through the long hall masses of bright, green Woodwardia ferns were seen covering the doorway moldings, and wild cranberry vines, laden with their scarlet fruit, ran riot over the tall mirror and wall. Across the mirror was a diagonally draped sash of white silk, having loose bow-knots at either end, and below on the marble pier were clusters of calla lilies and little beds of violets. At the entrance to the reception-room were two wreaths of white and Russian violets suspended from ribbons of pale-pink silk amid delicate traceries of smilax. Pink-silk draperies, arranged like the letter V, hung in the bay-window of this room, and sustained a green wicker-basket containing Bon Silene and La Marque roses, while the curtains were garlanded with these same flowers. Peculiar, yet effective, was the decoration of the pier-mirror, which was half concealed by a long drapery of pussy willow and large variegated leaves thickly set with perfectly formed La France roses. The Parian marble pedestal in front of the mirror was surmounted by a handsome white marble carving representing two children, whose feet rested upon a ground of pink and red camellias. A pretty collection of daffodils, narcissus, adiantum, violets, and roses graced the mantel near by, and the elegant jardinières in the corners were filled with tall fern sprays and clusters of marguerites.

Passing across the hall the main salon was reached, and here the eyes were feasted with elaborate frescoing, rich works of arts, and blue silk curtains which were hung at each of the windows, the handsome marquetterie floor and the gilded chandeliers received their share of attention, but the chief beauty of the spacious room was its decoration. One point in particular was picture of beauty. This was the gold trimmed ebony mirror, over the silvery depths of which almond blossoms were deftly arranged with true artistic taste. The mantel directly opposite was ornate with almond and red Japanese fruit blossoms arranged in handsome vases, and around the entire room the windows, curtains, and walls were traced with blackberry vines in graceful curves. This vine in its prettiest tints was massed overhead at the entrance to the music-room, with draperies of blue silk mingled with it and sustaining a basket of almond blossoms. In the centre of the music-room bay-window was a sash drapery of yellow silk holding branches of flowering eucalyptus, and at one side were long draperies of blue and green silk extending to the wainscoting where they ended in garlands of Jacqueminot roses. Half-way up among the draperies was a wreath of silvered pine cones in odd contrast to the draperies. Clusters of acacia and ferns were arranged around the walls and in front of the grate. The mirror over the mantel was draped with brightly silvered gauze which held a basket full of sharply pointed palm leaves. The conservatory adjoining was as attractive as usual, and the dining-room was even more so. A delightful combination of gold and green was effected in front of the mantel mirror, where spheres of marigolds bung irregularly from cordons of smilax. Marie Henriette and white violets and fern sprays embellished the bronze clock and statuettes on the mantel There were more balls of marigolds and strands of smilax over the face of the sideboard mirror, and a huge ball of these golden-hued flowers hung at the entrance. The apartments up-stairs were not neglected by any means, for in each one beautiful flowers were disposed in pretty combinations.

The polished floor of the salon and the canvased floors of all the other apartments afforded splendid dancing surfaces, and Ballenberg played so well that none could refuse the seductive influence of the music; dreamy waltzes, lively polkas, and the pretty York were danced to the heart's content. The supper was served at small tables. It was sumptuous, and the service was admirable. This did not end the affair, however, for the guests danced for several bours.

The Masten-Martel Wedding.

At the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Martel, 420 Ellis Street, a happy wedding occurred last Tuesday evening, when their daugbter, Miss Eugénie Martel, was made the wife of Mr. Josepb M. Masten, son nf Mr. and Mrs. N K. Masten, of Oakland. The invitations to the wedding were limited, owing to the size of the residence, to the relatives and most intimate friends of the young couple, and eight o'clock saw them all assembled in the handsomely decorated parlnrs. The decorations were the kind work of a young lady, a friend of the bride, and ber artistic taste achieved a result that was greatly admired. The front half of the main parlor represented an Hymeneal bower of pretty design, the ceiling being half-concealed by a net work of smilax, just below the frescoing, intermingled with which were graceful traceries of white tulle and festoons of white silk baby ribbon, while here and there was a fluttering dove, with plumage of snowy whiteness, in whose bill were little clusters of the tangled ribbons. Sprays of flowering almond blossoms filled the space between the two windows, and spreading palm leaves adorned the lace curtains. The chandelier was entwined with wavy smilax, and in each corner of the room were potted palms and tall masses of glossy magnolia foliage. A white silk ribbon was stretched across the room from the entrance, which was wreathed with magnolia leaves, to the marble mantel, which was set with vases of almond blossoms, magnolias, ferns, and acacia, and lightly veiled with white silvered tulle. Over the folding doors were sprays of ferns, branches of almond and sash draperies of pale pink silk in pleasing combination. Above the mantel drapery in the back parlor masses of acacia bloom were placed effectively, and the entrance was set with large palm leaves and clusters of acacia. Calla lilies, violets, pansies, palms, and ferns were all combined in making the sitting-room very attractive, while ferns, marigolds, and red silk draperies gave their beauty to the dining-room. The bannisters in the hall were covered with eucalyptus, and beneath the staircase was an embowered recess where lemonade and punch were served. The decorations, the bright illumination, and the handsome toilets of the ladies combined in making a very pretty scene.

When the band played the wedding march, the bridal party entered from the sitting-room and walked to the front parlor, where the silk ribbon was drawn aside by little Viola Piercy. The two bridesmaids, Miss Alice Mau and Miss Irene Masten, were in advance, and looked charming in toilets nf shrimp-pink China silk made in the style of the First Empire. They wore souvenir pearl pins, and carried bouquets of fine ferns and fragrant blossoms. They stood at either side of the entrance to the front parlor, allowing Miss Ethel Martel, the maid of honor, to pass between them. She wore a becoming costume of white nun's veiling. The corsage was cut à la Infanta and was finely shirred, while at the side of the skirt was a sash of silk. Next came the bride and her father, who advanced, meeting the groom and his best man, Mr. Woodworth Wethered.

The bride, a handsome brunette, appeared even more than usually attractive in her elegant wedding-gown of cream-colored faille Française It was made in the Directoire style, with a long and gracefully laid court train, and its pretty simplicity was just sufficiently relieved by sprays of orange blossoms. The bodice was made with long sleeves and cut high in the neck, where an elegant pin, a pansy set with diamonds, nestled Her auburn tresses were dressed high and ornamented with a small spray of orange blossoms, from which fell in soft folds and ripples the long veil of white-silk moleine. Sbe carried a hand-bouquet of pale heliotrope and jasmines, and wore gloves of white undressed kid.

As the bride and groom stood before the crimson-velvet prie-dieu, the marriage rites were impressively performed by the Rev. Robert Mackenzie. Then the happy couple were congratulated by their friends. Meanwhile, the hand gave its sweetest melody, and soon the bridal lancers were danced. After this the bride was blindfolded and threw her hand-bouquet in the air to decide wbom the next bride would be. Miss Alice Mau deftly caught it, and was duly congratulated. Dancing became general and continued until eleven o'clock, when an elaborate supper was served. When the newly-wedded pair left the house, they were showered with rice until their carriage was reached. They left the city on Wednesday for a southern trip, and will be away about two weeks. Their popularity was attested by the many elegant presents they received. Mr. and Mrs. Masten will reside in this city.

Bachelors' Cotillion Club.

The members of the Bachelors' Cotillion Club gave their final german of this season on Friday evening at B'nai B'rith Hall, and it was the most pleasant one of the series. Almost every member was present, and there were more dancers than ever before. The hall was tastefully decorated with brigbt-colored streamers and draperies, hanging-baskets, and hundred of fern sprays, all combining effectively. Ballenberg's band of fifteen pieces was relegated to the gallery, and played its most inspiring music The members were quite prompt in arriving, and the cotillion was commenced soon after nine o'clock. Mr. Edward M. Greenway, the leader, bad Miss Bessie Hooker as his partner, and the other participants in the first set were: Miss Fair, Mr. George A. Newhall, Miss Flora Carroll, Mr. Mountford S. Wilson, Miss Minnie Corbitt, Mr. A. H. Small, Miss Nellie Corbitt, Mr. R. S. Hooker, Miss Nellie Jolliffe, and Mr. Edgar A. Mizner.

A pretty waltz was played for the opening figure, the familiar "Grand Right and Left," which served to have all of the dancers meet in the moving circle. The "Double Columns" was the second figure. Although it has been danced frequently it is always attractive, and was more so than usual this time owing to the introduction of colored calcium lights, which made the scene picturesque as the changing colors were thrown upon the beautiful dresses of the young ladies. The third figure, "A Night in Japan," was very successful. A very large Japanese umbrella was stationed in the centre of the hall, and over it twenty-four colored tarlatan scarfs were thrown, with the ends projecting over the rim. The ladies caught the ends of the scarfs and tripped around in a circle, while selections from "The Mikado" were played to polka time. At the same time the gentlemen advanced, each holding a red or white lantern, and circled around the ladies in the opposite direction. When partners met all danced The calcium lights were again introduced and added much to the beauty of the figure. Another popular figure, "Gliding Lines," followed, and then came the "Serpentine" figure, wherein the participants march in a circle until a coil is formed with the leader in the centre, and then the series of circles are uncoiled and all join in a waltz "The Star and Circle" figure, which created such a favorable impression at the last german, ended the cotillion at midnight. Then the handsomely decorated dining-hall was sought, and an elaborate supper was enjoyed. Afterward regular dances were participated in for over an bour, and at two o'clock the hall came to an end. Owing to the increased interest manifested in the cotillion the series just closed has been more enjoyable and successful than any beretofore, though of course the expenses have been higher.

The Coleman Receptinn.

About two bundred and fifty guests were present at the reception given last Tuesday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Evan J. Coleman at their residence, 1450 Sacramento Street. The entire first floor was thrown open for tbe affair, with snowy canvas covering the carpets, and handsome foliage and flowers disposed to advantage. A profusion of brightly tinted wild flowers, baskets of fragrant roses, and the pale yellow blossoms of the acacia-tree were particularly noticed. Mrs. Coleman, who was elegantly attired in pink satin and Chantilly lace, was assisted in receiving by Miss Gwin, wbose toilet was of apple-green silk and Chantilly lace, and by Miss Inez Shorb, of San Gabriel, wbo appeared in a becoming costume of pink satin. Ballenberg's band played for tbe dancing from nine o'clock until midnight, when supper was announced. It was served at tête-à-tête tables, which were quickly distributed throughout the rooms, and was very refreshing. Afterward dancing was resumed until almost three o'clock, wben the pleasant affair came to an end.

The Dndge High Tea.

Tbe bigh tea given by Mrs Henry L. Dodge on Saturday afternoon, February 23, was a delightful affair, and was enjoyed by several hundred of her friends. Her residence, on Van Ness Avenue, bad been duly prepared for the reception and comfort of the many visitors, and its delightful decorations, under the soft glare of gaslight, made it particularly attractive. Mrs. Dodge had the pleasant assistance of ber daugbter, Mrs. C. J. Bailey, and Mrs. James A. Robinson, Mrs. John F. Merrill, Mrs. W. B. Tubbs, Miss Laura Mc. Kinstry, and Miss Emelie Hager in receiving her guests. Each apartment was prettily embellished with ferns, palms, silken draperies ot varied tints, clusters of almond blossoms, marigolds, calla lilies, and wild-flowers, and festoons of blackberry vines. Delicious punches were served on the rear porch, whicb was canvased in and set with brigbt rugs and easy chairs. Noah Brandt's orchestra gave the latest musical selections during the afternoon, and tempting refreshments were provided.

The Parrntt Receptinn.

A reception was given last Thursday evening by Mrs. A. M. Parrott, at her residence on Sutter Street, where about a hundred of ber friends assembled in the commodious parlors and enjoyed dancing to the excellent music which was provided.

Boardman Lunch-Party.

Mrs. George C. Boardman gave a charming lunch-party last Tbursday at her residence, 1750 Franklin Street Tbe dining-table was exquisitely decorated with pretty fruit blossoms set among the elegant service, and the menu comprised a tempting array of delicacies.

Among those present were: Mrs. George C. Boardman, Mrs W. Frank Goad, Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mrs. Robert Balfour, Mrs. James A. Robinson, Mrs. Louis B. Parrott, Mrs. E. W. Hopkins, Mrs. J. Wdliam Brown, and others.

The Sharp-Trowbridge Wedding.

A very pretty wedding was celebrated in St. Paul's Churcb last Wednesday evening, when Miss Evelyn L. Sbarp, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Sharp, was united in marriage to Mr. Charles C. Trowbridge, formerly of this city and now a resident of Riverside. Tbe church was thronged with the friends of the contracting parties when, at a few minutes after eight, the bridal party entered the church. First came the ushers, Messrs. F. C. Garlick and E S. Tucker, then Miss Evelyn Sharp and Mr. William F. Sharp, and Miss Marguerite Sharp and Mr. L. S. Vassault, and finally the bride, leaning on the arm of her father. They were met at the chancel rail by the groom, who escorted the bride to the altar, where the impressive service of the Episcopal ritual was read by the Rev. Dr. Spalding, assisted by the Rev. W. S. Neales.

After the ceremony, a reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents, 2519 Washington Street, where about two hundred and fifty ot the more intimate friends of the happy couple offered their congratulations and hearty good wishes for the future. Dancing was commenced by a wedding quadrille at half-past ten, and was continued, with a pleasant interruption of an hour and more for supper, until an early hour of the morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Trowbridge will remain in the city for a few days and will then depart for Riverside, their future bome.

The Payne High Tea.

At her beautiful residence on Sutter Street, Mrs. Theodore Payne gave a most delightful high tea last Thursday afternoon, which was attended by a large number of her friends. The residence is well adapted for large gatherings and there was ample room for all. The Hungarian Band gave some excellent concert selections at intervals, which were highly enjoyed. Refreshments were served at small tables, and the buffet was a thing of beauty with its decoration of tulips and its handsme appointments. Mrs. Payne entertained her guests in a most bospitable manner, and made the afternoon very pleasant fnr them.

Tbe Carnlan High Tea.

Mrs. James Carolan and her daughter, Miss Evelyn Carolan, gave an enjoyable higb tea at their residence, 1714 California Street, on Saturday afternoon, February 23d. All of their friends had been invited, and all of them came and made the afternoon, from four until seven n'clock, very pleasant in the prettily decorated parlors. The hostesses were assisted in receiving by Miss Ella Goad, Miss Dora Boardman, Miss Jennie Hooker, Miss Bessie Hooker, Miss Edith Taylor, Miss Eyre, Miss Jennie Cheesman, and Miss Corbitt. With melodious music, bright conversation, and the service of refreshments the hours were delightfully passed.

The Sherwnnd Receptinn.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Sherwood and the Misses Sherwood gave an exceedingly pleasant, but informal, musicale and dance last Tbursday evening at their residence, 1357 Post Street. About fifty of their friends were present, and they were entertained during the earlier portion of the evening by some vocal and instrumental selections, which were followed by a number of dances. At midnight a delicious supper was served, and at its conclusion the festivities were resumed for some time.

The Otis-Davison Wedding.

Miss Fredda Davison, the youngest step-daughter of Judge R. B. Canfield, of Santa Barbara, was married on Wednesday, February 20th, to Mr. James Otis, son of the late Hon. James Otis, of this city. The ceremony was performed by the Very Rev. Father James Vila at the residence of the bride's parents, and was witnessed only by the near relatives of the young couple The rooms were beautifully adorned with ferns, tropical plants, orange-blossoms, and roses, of which Santa Barbara furnisbes such a bounteous profusion. The bride was attired in a lovely toilet of white silk, veiled with illusion which was embroidered with pearls, and ornamented with pearl passementerie. After the ceremony a most delicious déjeûner à la fourchette was served, at which the health and happiness of the newly wedded pair were pledged and drunk. The gifts were numerous and beautiful. Mr. and Mrs. Otis left in the afternoon for Los Angeles and San Diego. They will reside in this city.

The Fair Birthday-Party.

Miss Birdie Fair celebrated the anniversary of ber birthday last Thursday evening by giving a party to ber young friends at the residence of her mother, Mrs. Theresa Fair, on Pine Street. It was a joyous affair in every way. The decorations were beautiful, and were so prettily arranged as to please the most critical. Hundreds of roses were displayed in garlands and wild-flowers were distributed profusely in the parlors, while the hall was transformed into a tropical jungle by arrangements of bamboo, frnm the boughs of wbicb hung numerous wreaths and gay boutonnières for the guests. About sixty little ones were present, and they passed the evening delightfully in dancing several figures of the german and in the enjoyment of other dances and a refreshing supper.

Tbe Mardi Gras Bal Masqué.

The success of the Mardi Gras bal masqué, which the Art Association will give next Tuesday evening at the Grand Opera House, is now fully assured, The sale of tickets is far in advance of the sale last year at a corresponding date.

On Monday, March 4th, at twelve o'clock, at the Grand Opera House, the mezzanine and proscenium boxes will be offered at auction to those having tickets to the Mardi Gras. Only persons wbo have tickets will be admitted to the Grand Opera House on that occasion for the purpose of securing these boxes.

Mnvements and Wbereabouts.

Mrs. A. J. Pope and Miss May E. Pope have been enjoying a visit to the various points of interest in Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Le Count and the Misses Le Count will pass the summer at Seapoint, Sausalito.

Mr. George W. Meade has returned from a trip to New York.

Miss Maud Nickerson reached Bremen last Monday after a pleasant trip across the Atlantic. She is now at Dresden with ber mother, Mrs. A. A. Nickerson, and ber sister. Miss Myra Nickerson. The latter is making excellent progress in ber violin-playing, ber instructor speaking of her as his most promising pupil.

Miss Ferrer has been passing tbe winter months with Mrs. J. Bartning in Mazatlan, Mexico.

Colonel and Mrs. J H. Dickinson have leased Cbedder Villa, in Sausalito, for the next six months.

Mr A. A. Nickerson returned from Del Monte early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. I. G. Wickersham and Miss May Wickersham, of Petaluma, have been passing the week at the Grand Hotel.

Miss Jennie de la Montanya is visiting Miss Grace M. Spencer at San José.

Mr. Charles J. Bandmann, wbo has been confined to his residence for several weeks by a stroke of paralysis, is constantly improving.

Mr. and Mrs. James Stewart, *née* Will, who have been traveling in the East and Europe during the past year, have returned to the city and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs Henry Schmiedell and Miss Matie Peters have been passing a couple of weeks pleasantly at Santa Barbara.

Mr. Charles L. Fair has been passing several days at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs A. W Rose, Jr., came up from San Mateo on Wednesday, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Inez Shorb, of San Gabriel, is the guest of Miss Gwin.

Mr. and Mrs. William Dunpby, Miss Jennie Dunphy, and Mr. James C. Dunphy will leave for New York early in April, and on the twenty-third of that month will sail for France. After viewing the exposition, they will pass several months in traveling.

Mr. A. N. Towne left early in the week for a trip to Arizona.

Mr and Mrs. Moses Hopkins are enjoying a visit to Los Angeles.

Mrs. Frank Leslie is expected here in a couple of weeks from the East.

Miss Ruth Turnbull is now at Lytton Springs, convalescing after her long illness.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs and Mr. Alfred L Tubbs have been visiting Southern California for several weeks.

Notes and Gossip.

Captain and Mrs. J. C. Ainsworth will give a large reception in Oakland on Monday evening, March 4th.

The opening ball at the Hotel Vendome, in San José, occurred on Friday evening, and was one of the most brilliant affairs the residents of the Garden City have ever enjoyed. A long programme of dances, a sumptuous supper, beautiful toilets, and scores of pretty girls were the attractions of the evening. Many people from this city were present.

Mrs D. J. Tallant will give a high tea this (Saturday) afternon at her residence on Bush Street.

"As You Like It" will be produced soon in Oakland by a company of young society people there for the benefit of the Oakland Homœopathic Hospital. Sir Henry Bishop's fine woodland and hunting music, with some additions by Mr. Stephen W. Leach, will be given by a carefully selected body of voices, numbering about thirty, accompanied by French hunting horns. Mr. Leach has charge of the production, the exact date of which has not yet been determined upon.

Mrs. Homer S. King will entertain a large number of her friends this (Saturday) afternoon at her residence, 1001 Leavenworth Street.

A dancing-party will be given this (Saturday) evening by the young ladies at the Van Ness Seminary.

Army and Navy.

Colonel William R. Shafter, First Infantry, U. S. A., is enjoying a six weeks' leave of absence.

Lieutenant John A. Dapray, U. S. A., who returned recently from Los Angeles, was accompanied on bis return by his brother, Mr. Thomas Dapray, wbn will visit here for a couple of weeks.

False News.

The San Francisco *Bulletin*, of February 6, 1889, publisbed the following item, which is absolutely false and without foundation:

"BRIDGEPORT, CONN., February 6.—Tbe New Home Sewing Machine Company will go out of business. It is not able to continue at a profit owing to strong competition."

The San Francisco *Morning Call*, of February 7, 1889, publisbed the following:

"GOING OUT OF BUSINESS."

"BRIDGEPORT, CONN., February 6.—Tbe New Home Sewing Macbine Company will go out of business. It is not able to continue at a profit owing to strong competition. Several bundred bands will be thrown out of employment."

This it is useless to say is also false, being substantially the same as the other. "The New Home Sewing Machine Company" is solid financially. It has the finest equipped and best appointed sewing-machine factory in tbe United States, located at Orange, Mass., wbere upward of 500 machines per day are turned out. Tbe Company bas sold over 1,000,000 machines and is selling 150,000 machines per year on the second million. This sbould be conclusive evidence that it is not going to retire from a business in wbich a large capital is profitably invested. In other words, the Popular New Home is bere to stay, as "it ranks bigh above all competitors and is the leader of the age in practical improvements." Tbe publications quoted above being "false news" constitute a libel, and parties reading this card will confer a favor by mailing us copies of any paper in which they may have seen the same printed. Being publisbed to the world they will doubtless injure our business, and we warn all people not to credit any publication or verbal assertion of such a nature regarding our company, but wben information is required or a first-class machine wanted, please interview the undersigned.

Most truly, CHAS. E. NAYLOR,
General Manager Pacific Department,
The New Home Sewing Machine Company.

Main office, 725 Market Street, History Building, San Francisco.

Company Branch Offices — 46 Morrison Street, Portland, Or.; 18 South Second Street, San José, Cal.; 55 North Spring Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

Local agencies everywbere.

A notice of the above publication having been wired to our factory, the following telegram was received in reply.

"Orange, Mass., February 9, 1889.

"Charles E. Naylor, Manager New Home Sewing Machine Company, San Francisco, Cal.: Mistake. The New Home Sewing Macbine Company not embarrassed. They are solid financially as the granite hills of New England. Business good and the machine the most popular. JOHN W. WHEELER,
Vice-President, Secretary, and Treasurer."

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MUSICAL NOTES.

Music Teachers' Association.

The second annual entertainment of the Music Teachers' Association of San Francisco, held in Irving Hall on Friday evening, was greatly appreciated by the many present. The programme was as follows:

Opening Address by the President
Mr. J. H. Rosewald.
Valse Caprice (op. 16).....Taussig
Mr. M. Espinosa.
Aria ("Il Giuramento").....Mercadante
Mrs. Eunice Westwater.
Prize Essay.....
Subject: "In what manner may parents assist music teachers in the performance of their duties?"
Written and delivered by Mr. E. von Adelung.
"Ciaccona".....Tomaso Vitali
(Written in the 18th Century.) The accompaniment from figured bass added by Ferdinand David.
Mr. Noah Brandt.
"Hommage à Haendel" (op. 92).....Moscheles
Messrs. S. Arrillaga and Aug. F. Zech.
Accompanist.....Mr. C. W. Reynolds.

The Brandt String Quartet.

The Hermann Brandt String Quartet gave its third afternoon concert last Thursday at Irving Hall, and attracted a music-loving audience. Mr. Santiago Arrillaga assisted the quartet in the execution of the annexed programme:

Quartet, D major, op. 44, No. 1.....Mendelssohn
I. Allegro Vivace. *II.* Menuétto.
III. Andante espressivo. *IV.* Presto con brio.
Fantasie, for violoncello.....Servais
Mr. Louis Heine.
Quartet, Andante.....Eiwob
Allegro assai, op. posth.....Schubert
Quintet, for piano and strings, C minor, op. 79....Jadassohn
I. Allegro energico. *II.* Adagio sostenuto.
III. Scherzo. *IV.* Allegro agitato.
Messrs. H. Brandt, L. N. Ritzau, Henry Siering, Louis Heine, and Sig. S. Arrillaga.

The fourth concert will occur on Thursday afternoon, March 21st.

Rosewald Orchestral Matinée.

The third Rosewald Orchestral Matinée of the second series occurred on Friday at Irving Hall, and was enjoyed by an appreciative audience. The following excellent programme was presented:

Overture, "Flying Dutchman".....Wagner
Aria, "L'Africaine".....Meyerbeer
Miss Christine Wichmann.
"Rakoczy March".....Liszt
"Duo Concertant".....Leonard and Servais
Messrs. J. H. Rosewald and Louis Heine.
Songs, (*a*) "Liebestreu".....Brahms
(*b*) "The Echo".....Bohm
Miss Christine Wichmann.
Ballet Music, "Donna Diana".....Heinrich Hoffman
I. Seguidilla. *II.* Gavotte. *III.* Tarantelle.

The fourth matinée will be held on Friday, March 15th, at Irving Hall.

Mr. Robert Tolmie, who, for a number of weeks, has been lecturing to select audiences on "Musical Literature" at the residence of Mrs. J. R. Jarboe, had for his subject last Saturday morning, "The Compositions of Beethoven." Op. 27, No. 2, op. 31, No. 3, and the beautiful Adagio movement of op. 2, No. 3, were illustrated and rendered by Mr. Tolmie in a manner highly enjoyable as well as instructive.

The third concert of the Bandurria Club will be held at Odd Fellows' Hall on Monday evening, March 4th, under the leadership of Señor José Sancho. Miss Carrie Milzner, soprano; Señor L. T. Romero, guitarist; Signor R. Rebagliatti, violinist; and Mr. S. Arrillaga, pianist, will assist, and a well selected programme has been prepared.

Mme. Louise Pyk will give a song recital at the Hotel Pleasanton Friday evening, March 8th, at half-past eight o'clock; pianist, Miss Weigel. A limited number of tickets will be issued at $1.00 each, and may be obtained at the hotel office or at Sherman & Clay's music-store.

Mr. H. J. Stewart, M. B., will deliver a lecture on church music at Metropolitan Hall on Monday evening, March 4th, under the auspices of the Union Guilds of the parishes of St. John's, St. Paul's, and the Church of the Advent, assisted by a choir of seventy-five voices.

A special concert will be given at Byron Mauzy's Hall next Thursday evening, at which Mrs. Eunice Westwater, Miss Elene Austin, Mr. T. S. Gore, Mr. F. Victor Austin, Mr. A. Lada, the Misses Sherwood, and Signor Podesta will appear.

The increasing attendance and interest manifested at the art lectures of Mrs. Adsit are creditable alike to the lecturer and to our city. It was difficult to predict whether San Francisco possessed, outside the strictly artist-class, many persons whose knowledge and taste in this direction would suffice to carry them through twelve talks on etching and engraving; but the result has fully justified the hopes of those who undertook to bring this valuable course within the reach of our people. Three of the series of twelve have been given to good audiences, which will probably double in numbers before they close.

Miss Clara McChesney, of Oakland, a former student in the San Francisco Art Association, has received many favorable notices in leading New York papers of her pictures in the recent Water Color Exhibition in that city.

DXXVI—Bill of Fare for six persons—Sunday, March 3, 1889.

Vermicelli Soup.
Fried Trout. Potato Croquettes.
Broiled Chicken. Green Peas.
Oyster-Plant Fritters.
Roast Beef.
French Artichokes, Mayonnaise Dressing.
Omelet au Rhum. Wine Jelly. Fancy Cakes.
Fruits.

OMELET AU RHUM.—Break eight eggs, separate the whites from the yolks; put them into a bowl, and whisk them thoroughly with a fork. (The longer they are beaten, the lighter will be the omelet.) Add two teaspoonfuls of milk and beat up with the eggs; beat until the last moment before pouring into the pan, which should be over a hot fire. As soon as the omelet sets, remove the pan from the hottest part of the fire; slip a knife under it to prevent sticking to the pan; when the centre is almost firm, slant the pan; work the omelet in shape to fold easily and neatly; and when slightly browned, hold a platter against the edge of the pan, and deftly turn it upon the hot dish; dust a liberal quantity of powdered sugar over it, and singe the sugar neatly into stripes with a hot iron rod, heated on the coals. Pour a wineglassful of warmed Jamaica rum around it, and when on the table set fire to it. With a tablespoon dash the burning rum over the omelet, blow out the fire and serve. This had better be made in two omelets.

"By Semi-Tropic Seas" is the title of a pretty pamphlet which has been prepared by E. McD. Johnstone. The text describes and the pictures illustrate the beauties, natural and artificial, of Santa Barbara, Montecito, and that delightful neighborhood. It will be sent to any address by the Southern Pacific Company on receipt of fifteen cents in stamps.

Prof. De Filippe's simplified new system of acquiring the Spanish language; indorsed by the "Royal Spanish Academy" and adopted by the best institutions; price, $1.50. **The Bancroft Co.**

STAGE GOSSIP.

McNish, Ramzo, and Arno's Minstrels will be at the Bush Street next week.

"Yetiva," Ion Arnold's comic opera, seems to please the Tivoli audiences mightily, and will run for a fortnight longer.

Señora Enrequeta Alemany was tendered a benefit at the Orpheum last Wednesday night. A large attendance showed that she has made many friends during her stay in town.

The Spanish opera troupe is going out into the interior towns next week, but will return and give one week of their best operas at the Bush Street, if pending negotiations are successfully concluded.

Frederick Warde will play "William Tell" on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday evenings, and Saturday afternoon at the Baldwin; "Virginius" on Thursday and Friday evenings, and "Gaston Cadol" on Saturday evening.

At Mme. Camilla Urso's concert at the Baldwin last Sunday evening, Mlle. Alameda did not sing. She sent word that she was ill shortly before the concert began, and, as no substitute could be found, Mme. Urso gave several extra numbers with her violin rather than disappoint the people.

Ovide Musin will be in the city during the latter part of the month. He is at the head of the Ovide Musin Grand Concert Company, and is now in Colorado. His concert tour will take him pretty much all over the State, but he will give three concerts in this city, the first being announced for Sunday evening, March 31st.

"The Calthorpe Case," a four-act "society romance" by Arthur Goodrich, something after the style of "Jim the Penman," will receive its first American production at the Alcazar next week. Joseph R. Grismer, Miss Phœbe Davies, and Miss Ethel Brandon will be the notables in the cast. "Youth" is announced to follow "The Calthorpe Case."

Mme. Louise Pyk and the San Francisco Quartet will appear at the Bijou on Monday evening, March 18th, and every evening during the week. The first night will be devoted entirely to Irish songs and melodies, it being St. Patrick's Day. Mme. Pyk will sing "Kathleen Mavourneen" and "Dear Little Shamrock," two gems of Irish songs, and Mr. Wilkie and the other members of the quartet will contribute numbers of a similar character. Each evening will be dedicated to a different nationality, and on Saturday the national hymns of all nations will be sung.

Miss Kate Mayhew opened the Standard Comedy Theatre permanently for the production of old English comedies, comic operas, operatic burlesques, and musical comedies, on Saturday evening last. The opening bill consisting of Coleman's comedy, "The Jealous Wife." The evening's entertainment concluded with a burletta entitled "Ill-Treated Il Trovatore," Miss Dora Wiley singing the rôle of Leonore. The theatre has been renovated, and the following comprise the company: Miss Kate Mayhew, Miss Dora Wiley, Mrs. Sara Stevens, Miss Nellie Buckley, Miss Harriett Atkinson, Miss Blanche Aubrey, Miss Rita Mann, H. Mainhall, J. J. Wallace, W. F. Rochester, Frank Valerga, Charles M. Gray, Frank D. Riddell, Chester N. Miller, and James Leonard. The orchestra is under the direction of Professor Louis Ritzau.

Adley H. Cummins began his series of Tuesday-evening lectures auspiciously this week, with his lecture on "Gods and Goddesses." At the second lecture, on "The Semitic Race," to be delivered March 12th, at Irving Hall, Mr. H. B. Pasmore will play.

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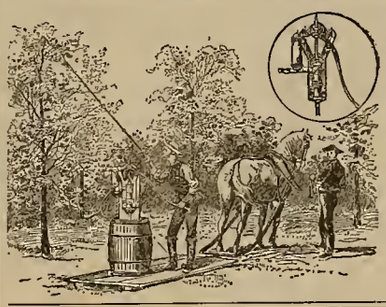

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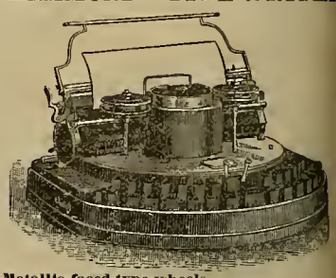

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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The city of San Francisco, with three hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, is located upon a peninsula bounded upon the west by the Pacific Ocean, and surrounded upon the north and east by the bay of San Francisco, separated from the sea at its southernmost boundary by a narrow neck of land. This peninsula has no running streams, a very small number of natural springs, no overflowing artesian wells, and—with the exception of Lake Merced—no body of fresh water. Merced Lake is elevated but a few inches above the ocean's level, so that there is no water that is capable of distribution by gravitation. The few wells that furnished water forty years ago no longer produce pure water, by reason of the growth of a great city. Our first water-supply was furnished to all the residences located upon our hills, and to business localities, from casks upon the backs of mules, and retailed in tin-pails at extravagant prices; then followed water-carts that with difficulty reached the higher elevations, and water was distributed and sold by the bucketful. A small spring near the corner of Washington and Taylor Streets—where is now the residence of J. B. Haggin, Esq.—forming a rivulet that crossed Montgomery Street at about its intersection with Pacific, was, we believe, the first water appropriated for public use by Mr. George H. Ensign, and gave name to the present Spring Valley Water Company. We recall the effort of Colonel William H. Wood to introduce the waters from Mountain Lake, a pond upon the Presidio Reservation near the place now occupied by the government hospital for seamen; this was a failure for want of a sufficient supply to justify the completion of the tunnels and cement-pipe deemed necessary for the conveyance of water. The Benchley project was the next in order of water experiments, taking the waters of Lobos Creek and bringing them around the western and northern end of the peninsula to the woolen-mills near Black Point, where they were pumped to a reservoir upon a neigbboring hill for distribution. Early conflicts, after serious litigation, consolidated these enterprises, and the result was the present Spring Valley Water Company. Our space does not permit us to pass in review the history of this company from the time of its inception to the present. It has been a history of expensive legislation and judicial struggle; it has, for more than thirty years, been dragged through perilous and costly conflicts; it has been black-mailed in the lobby and bled by an hundred-score of adventurous politicians; men have gone to the legislature in order to "scoop" Spring Valley; men have been elected as aldermen and supervisors that they might "bleed" the company; newspapers have waged against it an unceasing war. We recall no instance in this State in which so vindictive, unscrupulous, and determined a contest has been waged against property as in this case. Legislative committees and municipal officials have, at public expense, explored the mountains of California for a supply of water for San Francisco. Foreign and domestic corporations have been formed to extort compromises by threatened competition. Whether any have been bought off, or at what price, we have no means of knowing. Clear Lake, Merced Lake, Lake Tahoe, the Blue Lakes, with all the mountain streams, lakes, and rivers, have been exploited. The Feather, Yuba, Russian, American, Calaveras, Tuolumne, and Stanislaus Rivers, the streams that flow from the Santa Cruz hills—indeed, there is no considerable flow from Sierras, Coast, or Middle Range, or any of the intermediate country that has not figured in proposed antagonism to the Spring Valley Water Company. In the meantime, this company, with commendable enterprise, has purchased lands for catchment in the county of San Mateo, has purchased for a million dollars the valley of Calaveras, has tunneled mountains, built reservoirs, acquired an interest and established a pumping-plant upon the borders of Lake Merced, impounded waters in Lake Honda, built great storage places in the Cañada Raymundo, dammed the small streams in its own lands till they have impounded sufficient rainfall to supply the city. Great mains and tunnels have brought these waters within our city and to the tops of the hills, thus making the water more efficient for the suppression of a conflagration than that supplied to any other large city in the world. These bills, on which the reservoirs are situated, are in different parts of the city, and five of them are three hundred and seventy-five feet above tide, one two hundred and fifty-two feet, one one hundred and seventy-five feet, and one one hundred and forty feet above tide. On these heights continually rest ninety million gallons of water, protecting the property in the city; it is distributed by gravitation through iron-pipes, thus supplying San Francisco and its inhabitants with good, pure water, and—considering the conditions of our location, the character of our climate, and the absence of any natural supply of water—at reasonable prices. For many years this company paid no dividends; its dividends have always been small and never unreasonable. Its earnings have afforded its stockholders less average returns than any other like amount of capital invested in lands, banks, railroads, insurance companies, and kindred investments of a legitimate character. During the last six years, the company has expended in enlarging its works seven million five hundred thousand dollars, and in no year of its existence has it expended so much as in the last twelve months. Two million seven hundred and twenty-three thousand dollars have been expended in the year 1888, and the work was being pushed to completion as rapidly as possible when it received from Mayor Pond and his supervisors the blow that arrested improvements and sent the stock reeling from above par to eighty-two cents on the dollar. By this act of unparalleled brigandage this company, with its more than one thousand stockholders, was deliberately plundered of nearly two millions of dollars, and the seeds of distrust planted that makes Spring Valley stock a plaything of the gambling stock-board. It has been the investment sought for by persons of limited means to whom certainty of income was more desirable than increase of value. Until Spring Valley stock fell under the control of politicians of very questionable character, it had maintained its position in the stock market, and was sought for by the holders of trust funds and for the benefit of dependent persons. Political conventions and party bosses, under the leadership of a press that has deliberately violated every principle of honor in dealing with corporate property, ten supervisors and the mayor of San Francisco have so "fixed" water-rates as to reduce the revenues of the company sixteen per cent. positively,—which can be made over forty per cent. if the rate-payers so elect, by paying meter rates only on the twelve thousand meters now set, and demanding eighteen thousand more to be set, as they have the right to do under the order—and this in the face of a threatened dry season, and the fact that the rates of the two last years have fallen below its necessary disbursements for operating interest on bonded debt, six-per-cent. dividends, repairing, and maintenance. The principle of destruction that enables the press and the politicians to work this injury to a particular property, and a menace to all property having similar relations to the public, lies hidden in the constitution that grew out of the Kearney anti-Chinese revolution. This labor rebellion—encouraged by nearly all the journals through shameful subservience to the slums, through labor agitation, riots, and strikes—culminated in an amended constitution under the leadership of the San Francisco *Chronicle*. Into this new constitution was injected the provision giving power to county boards of supervisors to "fix" water-rates once each year. In other words, the purchasers of an indispensable necessity—water—were, through officials elected by their votes, authorized to establish the price at which private individuals should sell it. This is the vicious principle that has started our city government on the way to the confiscation of twenty millions of property. Two millions were swept aside by last week's municipal order. Unless arrested, it is the application of a system and the introduction of a principle which will lead to agrarian outrages ultimately ending in the confiscation of all property rights and franchises of a public character. If the majority who require the use of water may, through officials chosen by themselves, and party manipulation conducted by party bosses, fix the value of water, they may apply the same rule to the furnishing of gas or electricity for lighting streets and houses, or for the regulation of fares upon street-cars or ferries, and if for such things as these, why not establish the rates at which banks or individuals may lend money at interest or the value of rents which property-owners may receive for dwellings or business-places? Keepers of hotels, restaurants, bath-houses, barber-shops, and all kindred occupations which supply house-rent, transportation, food, clothing, or public amusement, or whose business is in any sense connected with the public, will in time find themselves struggling in the same entanglements. The step taken by the supervisors is the first one in the direction of agrarianism that through confiscation leads to anarchy and the overturning of law and social order. Given these conditions, a majority of those who have nothing over those who have something, universal elective franchise and trial by an elective judiciary, where in civil cases nine jurors may find a verdict, and republican government has entered upon its decadence. This condition of things may be hastened by such legislators as we have now in session; such a mayor and board of supervisors as are now working in a harmonious ring in our municipal government; such political bosses as now exercise political ascendancy; such infamous and unprincipled journalism as now rules in our public press; such cowardice and indifference as now distinguishes the control of political affairs; nor may we pass without criticism the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the Chicago elevator case; the decision of our own supreme court in its disposition of riparian and water-rights; nor would our article be complete without serious reflection upon the capacity and moral fitness of a great many incompetent persons who

are now dishonoring judicial positions. To revert to the Spring Valley water question, the company ought not to lie down supinely and submit to the injustice and robbery with which it is threatened by this most iniquitous measure, and allow supervisors and mayor to fix arbitrary water-rates without reference to the necessities of the company in furnishing the supply; the question should be submitted to the courts for adjudication, in order that this iniquitous and vicious principle should be at once and forever settled; if the majority which buys can fix the price at which the minority must sell, the sooner determined the better. It should be determined at once; the interest of every legitimate industry and the property accumulations of every honest man are in danger if this principle shall be carried out. In the meantime, dividends are suspended, improvements arrested, a water famine, with all the possible inconveniences, losses, and discomforts are suggested, tunnels and reservoirs in process of construction will not be finished, while stockholders, bond-holders, laboring-men, and consumers will all be compelled to submit to the discomforts and losses of this piece of insane legislation and political confiscation. The board of Spring Valley directors have met the board of supervisors in the most open manner, have furnished them everything required, the name and residence of every water-rate payer, with amounts paid by each, and a detailed statement of revenue and expenditures. The books of the company have been open to the inspection of authorities and stock-holders. Its meters have been submitted to the closest inspection and their honest measurements vindicated, and yet in absence of anything like a general complaint, indeed without any complaint at all, this most unjust and unreasonable order has been hastily passed, and two millions of San Francisco's most staple corporate wealth has been taken from the possession of innocent and unprotected persons and either destroyed or swept into the pockets of stock-gamblers. The conduct of the board of supervisors is indefensible upon any hypothesis. Had they been sitting as a court, days and weeks would have been given to the consideration of a question affecting the value of twenty millions of property and a thousand owners. Had such a question been before the legislature, committees would have been appointed to investigate, counsel would have been heard, accounts investigated, and enough deliberation given the matter to make it at least appear decent, if not honest, fair, and impartial. To present this case in a paragraph: Eleven supervisors, with the mayor, have, under the guidance of an Irish political boss, the cowardice and demagogy of the Democratic party, and the lash of an unprincipled press, so interpreted a provision of the Kearney constitution as to arrest the expenditure of two millions of dollars a year for water purposes, and have imperiled the water supply of San Francisco in the event of a dry season. The health, comfort, and convenience of all our citizens is to be risked—for what? No one has complained. The prices of water are not extravagant, the city was never more prosperous, the sewers are flushed, the streets are sprinkled, houses are abundantly supplied, and water for manufacturing industries afforded in abundance, and, so far as any movement of a public character is concerned, there is no evidence of discontent or complaint. The movement of the Spring Valley brigands is, just at present, most untimely, when the Spring Valley directors are, as they say, "straining every nerve to increase the water supply and provide against the threatened contingency of a scarcity of water during the coming year" by the expenditure of three million nine hundred and eighty-one thousand two hundred and thirty-three dollars and five cents within the period of two years. This question interests every class of the community, insurance companies, and the class of businessmen who have their property insured. Every man who has any part of his substance invested in corporate enterprises; every citizen who requires an abundant supply of pure water at reasonable charge, and especially the labor class, who are to be suspended from remunerative labors, ought to view this Spring Valley water question as the criminal conspiracy of dishonest politicians and unscrupulous newspaper proprietors, and ought to combine together for its defeat.

Perhaps it is of but small concern that in this prosperous age and in this progressive city a million or two of money has been seized by the political and speculative bandits who, from the ambuscade of constitutional and legal underbrush, have compelled a thousand or so of Spring Valley stockholders to throw up their hands and submit themselves to official and legalized plunder; that old men, who thought to rest on the hard-earned accumulations of honest toil, widows, bearing the burdens of families to rear and educate, and children, born to the inheritance of independent comfort, should be robbed and the plunder divided among political blackguards and their more respectable bawds. We might endure this spectacle with the equanimity which enables us to witness unmoved the sorrows which only reach our friends, but the spirit of agrarianism which is abroad in the world—which is making alarming demonstrations in our own country—admonishes us that these indications are premonitory of a cloud of socialism and anarchy which may, by its unexpected bursting, bring calamity in our day and involve the fortunes of those who now regard other folks' troubles with indifference. The English-Irish, home-rule, no-rent complications; the Bulgarian difficulties, which embroil four otherwise prosperous countries in political embarrassments; the socialistic difficulties of Germany; the Boulangist agitation in France; the Ultramontane controversies between the Pope and the sovereign of Italy; nihilistic principles, which shake the throne of the Romanoffs; labor agitations, disturbing the entire European world and already beginning to extend themselves to our country; the unrest of religious, political, and social controversies, now agitating every class of society, with their riots, strikes, and criminal combinations, are suggestive of troublous times in store for the class that looks upon its privilege to own legally acquired property as protected by law, and its authority to hold or dispose of it as an inherent right. When thrones, dynasties, landed estates, great fortunes, corporate wealth, vested rights, personal privileges, are swirling in the air, we may look upon the political cyclone as having begun, even brave men may be admonished that it is time to take to their caves, or organize to protect life, property, and social order from the tempest that is gathering. The Spring Valley will resist the confiscation of its property by appeals to the courts; what the result of a suit at law will be, it is difficult to predict when we consider the material of which our courts are composed. Let us hope we are not drifting to the bad in this direction.

While we are in the doleful dumps at what we observe going on in the world around us, we have the spectacle of a splendid incident just occurred that is calculated to inspire us with confidence in the future of our own country. The American Republic has just erected another mile-stone in that pathway of empire which it is so successfully carving out; another administration enters upon its constitutional term, charged with the conservation of our liberties in the peaceful and undemonstrative manner that has so far characterized our triumphant, onward, stately march. After a great civil war which had tested the enduring qualities of our constitutional government, tried the courage and heroism of all our people, the strength of our credit, the resources of our country, and the patriotism which, surviving the destruction of slavery, still clung to the union and the flag, the Republican party came into power. Its history, this is no place to produce. It did grandly. Abraham Lincoln, the President who led us through the wilderness of war to the promised land of peace, was sent to the nation's defense by the special providence of God. When Lincoln's work was done, he was called home to enjoy an immortality of glory. He was succeeded by less worthy Presidents, and when, in the progress of time, it became necessary to examine the books, review the administrations, and take observations to determine by chart and compass our political reckoning, the nation did so and elected Mr. Cleveland to be President of the United States. A party twenty-four years in power laid down its authority, leaving its records to be investigated under the closest scrutiny of political opponents. The history of the Republican party—from the time of Abraham Lincoln down to the hour that President Arthur left the chair of state, all through its long and dismal night of conflict, through its morn of victory, through the long laborious day of toilsome and difficult reconstruction of States, in distributing back to Northern and Southern fields of labor its millions of men in arms, in the restoration of its credit, and in the effort to rearrange political conditions disturbed by the enfranchisement of slaves and the disruption of political, social, and business ties—is a splendid history. The election of General Harrison and the restoration of the Republican party to power resulted from the deliberate judgment of more than sixty millions of intelligent people exercised through an independent secret ballot, not under the fear of power, the influence of bayonets, or the terror of any extrinsic force. This ballot was counted, and, as the result, on Monday last, in the midst of some vain pageantry, in the presence of the national Congress, accompanied by the outgoing President and his wife, the incoming President elected takes his oath to support the Constitution, makes his modest speech, kisses his wife and children, and, by a prayer to the good God who holds in his hand the destinies of nations, the new Senate is called to order by the new Vice-President, Cabinet councilors are named, the new President inaugurates his administration with a dance, and goes home to the White House to serve and not to rule the people, whose chief magistrate he has become. As the millions of men in arms returned to plow, and bench, and professional service, Mr. Grover Cleveland, with his beautiful wife, steps back from the office he has honored to the private station he will adorn, and the new President, with his honored wife, will establish their domestic altar in the comfortable home the nation has provided for its servant. The chief executive of a nation of sixty-three millions of people, the commander-in-chief of its army and navy, the first gentleman of the grandest republican empire of earth, will enter upon his duty of administering the executive department of the government in accordance with the constitution and the law. May we not appeal to this peaceful change of administration as a splendid spectacle of moral power, worthy the imitation of all other nations?

The President's inaugural message is, in many respects, a model state paper. All questions treated in it are considered with a moderation, earnestness, and common sense that will command the attention of all reasonable and intelligent minds; the absence of florid rhetoric or undignified buncombe is worthy of the chief executive of a great nation, who makes his first salutation to the government whose highest office he is chosen to fill. The attitude taken by the President in reference to foreign states, will go very far toward the assuring of their rulers that it is the American policy to maintain friendly and peaceful relations with all the world, while it is sufficiently explicit to convince them that the government of the United States is not unmindful of its rights nor indifferent to the dignified position which it claims the right to hold in the family of nations. It breathes in every line the spirit of true Americanism. That General Harrison will act an independent part in discharging the duties of his great office, we have every confidence; that he will rise above partisan prejudices and party cowardice, we sincerely hope, and, when we consider the part he has successfully played in his military and senatorial career, we feel that we have the right to believe that he will intelligently, and patriotically, and, we trust, successfully administer the executive department for the constitutional period of four years. We are glad that he has refrained from any utterances limiting his future aspirations or calculated to embarrass the people when they come again to the selection of a Presidential candidate. We are confident that his best efforts in the direction of uniting all the people of the country in harmonious political relations will be earnestly put forth. Cabinet appointments are not at this time the proper subject of comment or criticism. In such a contest there are necessarily difficulties of choice. What constitutes the strength or weakness of the individuals whom General Harrison has called together as his advisors, must be left for time and circumstance to determine. Why California has been ignored and the Pacific Coast has not been complimented by a Cabinet position, is well understood in this State, and is not the subject of deep regret or of the least unkind feeling. Over-fed pigs are liable to cut their own throats with their own feet in swimming.

While we do not think the site chosen for the post-office a desirable one, we see no reason for attributing dishonest motives to Mr. John Irish, of the *Alta California*, by whoever may be the responsible manager of the *Examiner*, and if Mr. Irish is as bad as alleged, there seems no decent pretext for coupling the name of the Hon. Stephen J. Field with a land transaction between his wealthy brother-in-law and the government of the United States. It must be a base and groveling mind, which hides under the cowardly shadow of its own obscurity, to ambuscade honorable men in an attempt to assassinate their character. We know the jealousies which exist between these rival journals; we are familiar in all its details with the political indignities which have been heaped upon Mr. Justice Field by the small and snarling curs who have yelped at his heels. Mr. John Irish can fight his own battles, but we respectfully suggest to the *Examiner* that it can scarcely expect Judge Field to come so far down as to answer its cowardly and slanderous suggestions. The place for a post-office is where it now is, upon land—an entire block—now owned and in part improved and occupied by the government. The location is in the business centre of the town, convenient to ferries and railroads; every boat from Alameda County, Contra Costa, and Marin receives passengers in its immediate vicinity. Every avenue and street horse-car and cable line goes within a short distance of it. If Congress had eight millions instead of eight hundred thousand to expend, it could find no more eligible location for a post-office, nor a place where the city would be more advantaged by the erection of an elegant building, or the community unserved by postal delivery better accommodated for the reception and distribution of its mail matter. The whole scheme of purchasing land elsewhere and erecting a fine public edifice is the result of speculative enterprise in order to contribute to the importance and value of the locality where a new post-office may be located. Mr. Morrow ought to remember that he is the representative of the northern part of the city, and that it will be badly served by permitting the post-office to be removed from its present locality. Governor Stanford might suggest that this locality is in the very centre of the arc of the belt-railroad that is to margin our water-front, built by the State, and opened to the use of all merchants doing business with any ship or car engaged in the transportation of passengers or merchandise. The post-office is, after all, but a great receptacle for the receipt and distribution of mail matter, and it is more indispensable that it should be commodious, substantial, and conveniently

ocated than that it should he an architectural adornment to Montgomery or Market Streets.

Lahouchère is an Englishman, with a French name. He is f good family, wealthy, and owns and edits a weekly journal alled *Truth*. He is a memher of Parliament, a partisan of Gladstone, a writer of gossipy and sometimes bitter para-raphs. He is garrulous as a hen. In Parliament he talks nd in his journal he writes upon every possihle topic—news, olitics, foreign diplomacy, society gossip, social scandals are ll material in the "pot au feu" which he keeps constantly oiling. When his prejudices draw the red-herring across the rail of narrative, it is as impossihle for him to follow the scent f truth as for a hlind dog, with a nose stuffed with Limherger heese, to follow the trail of the fox. Mr Lahouchère's wealth, is memhership of Parliament, his newspaper, do not so oc-upy his time that he does not sell himself as a newspaper orrespondent, and is employed as a "special" upon the New ork *World*. There is another weekly journal puhlished in ondon called *Lies*, and from reading the special correspond-nce of the editor of *Truth*, we should infer that he also edited e other hehdomadal.

THE GRAND OLD—WHAT?

Cockaigne" pictures English Sentiments for and against Gladstone.

I do not know which is the most amusing—to hear Glad-onians or anti-Gladstonians talk. With the one, he can do wrong; with the other, he can do no right. I was never so uch struck hy this as I was some days ago, on the occasion my attendance at two dinner-parties. The first was at the ouse of a prominent (though not puhlic) Gladstone man, gentleman of large private means, who for many years (and efore inheriting from an aunt the income from money in the nds which enahles him to retire and live at his ease) was a olonial official, his K. C. M. G., as a supposed reward for his rvices, coming to him, curiously enough, after he had heen ised ahove the need of any such trumpery title as knight to ve him position. He could not refuse it, and so rejoiced (or ther his wife did in the consequent dignity of "lady") in the le of "sir." Sir William Hayes is his name. He lives in adogan Place, and his estahlishment is that of a swell.

"There's one comfort ahout the meeting of Parliament," goes on; "it will hring Gladstone home from his travels."

"Poor, dear old man!" exclaims his wife, ever grateful to e hand that he-ladied her; "I'm sure you don't grudge him s hard-won holiday. He never takes any rest."

"Grudge him a holiday? No, indeed. I was only selfish wanting the soothing influence of his presence in England. never seems to me that England is England when Glad-one is out of it."

"Quite so," remarks a celehrated church dignitary; "to me, ing in Mr. Gladstone's presence is like hreathing an atmos-ere saturated with the perfume of a garden of the choicest wers. Let him never say a word, and the mere conscious-ss that he is there fills you with an ecstasy little short of pture."

This from a man of the most profound intellect. A man hose name is almost a household word through the length d hreadth of the land.

"No douht ahout it," concurs an Oxford don; "his inert wer, if I may so denominate the passive quality of his pon-rous intellectual force, fascinates, I was going to say, quite potently, hut I will qualify what might otherwise appear as ging upon the uttermost limit of excessive hyperhole, and nark instead—um—er—ah, yes, as I was saying, his giant ellect when inactive enthralls you with an awe that is only erior to a—to a—um—er—ah—yes—what you feel when gives his—his——"

"Powers free scope?" suggests a certain Q. C., who got his ilk" from Gladstone's last lord chancellor, and aspires to a geship, or may he the attorney-generalship—who knows?

'Ah, yes. Just so. Allows his powers free scope. Ah, y."

'I am often filled with amazement," continues the Q. C., the don suhsides and strokes his chin with his finger and mh after adjusting his spectacles; "I am often filled with azement that men who recognize this extraordinary latent higuity—er—I heg your pardon—latent ahility in him, are wanting in an ohservance of the common law—er—princi-s, I should say—the common principles which govern a : acknowledgment quite as much as a just appreciation of louhted merit. Some do, of course, and some don't. ere's Charles Russell, for example, and Lockwood; hut, on other hand, there's Dick Wehster, and Henry James——"

Do you mean the American novelist? Oh, isn't he charm-? " from Sir William's eldest daughter, who, not heing of right complexion to he a Primrose dame, takes hut little rest in politics.

The American novelist?" says the Q. C., while Lady yes favors her erring offspring with a frown; "I was not nizant of the fact that there was such a person, Miss yes. I was referring to Sir Henry James."

Oh." There is a pause, while the Q. C. looks as though were going to ask the court for protection against interrup- in his opening speech.

Don't you think the Tories will give in hefore the next ses- is over, and give Ireland home-rule?" asks a young man he foreign office—a *very* young man, indeed, is he, or we ald have heard his voice long ago. He is not yet up to the al F. O. pace. The Q. C. turns on him.

Give Ireland home-rule? Beyond the peradventure of a bt, sir. The Parnell commission have settled that. They e now sat—let me see—forty-seven days, and not a scin- of evidence has the *Times* comhination produced to justify the puhlication of those forged letters. Home-rule, indeed! We shall see the 'Grand Old Man' hack in Downing Street inside of six months."

"Hear! hear!" accompanied hy a fusilade of knuckles on the tahle, goes round the hoard.

"What a sell for Hartington and Chamherlain!" exclaims Lady Hayes, who has the making of a good Primrose dame in her if her hushand was hut a Tory.

"Yes, and John Bright," adds the Oxford don; "imagine a man like that, without the education of a gentleman, setting himself up against the most profound classical scholar of our time! It's preposterous. They tell me he doesn't know a word of either Greek or Latin."

And so on to the end of the meal.

Now for the other side. The Reade-Baykors live in Bel-grave Square. They are enormously rich from—no one knows just exactly what, though there are many suggested sources, the one having the largest majority heing that Colonel Reade-Baykor's father made his money in trade, and in the trade of a ready-made clothing-dealer, at that. There are also reports that the family patronymic originally started as Baker, the first alteration heing the evolution of the letter *y* from ohscurity, the *e* heing changed to *o* some years later. After that it was compounded with its present prefix, which, in its infancy, was spelled Reed. But a change in its orthography was requisite to harmonize the tone of Baykor. But do not imagine that the Reade-Baykors are not great swells. They have a country-house in Sussex, where they once had the Prince of Wales for a night, and their entertainments are among the hest the season affords. The only thing they lack is a title. But, like the Brasseys, it is hut a matter of time how soon they get one. In the meanwhile, the head of the family contents himself with colonel, ohtained at the hands of a grateful hattalion of volunteers in return for a large annual donation. But the dinner. As everywhere else, there is a preface of small talk of all sorts. Then some one says:

"I see the 'Grand Old Muddler' is on his way home."

"And what a jolly facer he got from the King of Italy! There *was* a snuh for you," says Lord Cecil Westminster, M. P., for South-Western Boshhorough.

"But, hless you, my dear hoy, Gladstone don't mind a snuh," ohserves Sir Plantagenet Villiers of the Scots Guards; "he laughs and grows fat on 'em."

"I'm sure I wish people wouldn't give him any more, then," remarks Mrs. Reade-Baykor, who is the presiding dame of a Sussex hahitation.

"But you see, people forget, my dear," says her hushand; "they snuh him hefore they know it, it comes so natural, the old hlackguard" *(sotto voce)*.

"Oh, I say, Colonel Baykor! You needn't say that he-hind your hand," shouts the Earl of Twickenham; "it's too universal a sentiment to offend."

"There's one comfort. He's on his last legs. Salishury's smashed up his home-rule game," says the colonel.

"And the Parnell commission's finished his cards for him," adds the earl; "the old Parliamentary hand hasn't a hand left to play."

"Old Parliamentary humhug! He hasn't a card left," oh-serves Lord Cecil.

"The hest of the joke is that the Liheral party goes to pot with its Sweet William," suggests Sir Plantagenet.

"Yes, and Lord Hartington and Chamherlain will of course at once join us for good and all."

"What a sell for Sir William Harcourt and Morley!"

"Serve 'em right, for sticking to the 'Grand Old Man.'"

"Grand old maniac, you mean."

"I expect we shall he having another of his ruhhishy, neither head nor tail, lying speeches soon."

"Yes, worse luck, the mischievous old scoundrel."

And so on to the end of the evening. COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, February 15, 1889.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Contemporary Journalism.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The evolution of journalism will he a fasci-nating study for the future historian of the latter part of the nineteenth century. The successive stages hy which the newspaper of an earlier day has hecome the metropolitan journal of to-day, are full of interest. To present the news of the day was the earlier aim, but now we have changed all that. To call a modern journal a newspaper would he a misnomer, because news is the last thing it aims to set before its readers. The ideal journal, judged hy the modern standard, would give its read-ers a new sensation each morning. If there are any facts upon which the sensation may be based, it is a lucky accident, but your true journal-ist is hy means circumscrihed by facts. He is a necromancer, who, hy a touch of his magic pen, transforms facts into sensations. Truth in his hands is as pliahle as is the clay in the hands of the potter. He is familiar with truth as the lawyer is familiar with the facts of his oppo-nent's case—in order that be may pick out the flaws. He is the knight-errant of the nineteenth century, who acknowledges no allegiance to anything hut his fancy. It is not innate mendacity that renders the modern journalist unahle to tell the truth, hut an illimitahle imagination which can not be trammeled hy the narrow hounds of veracity. The American novel that we have been looking for among the productions of literature, is served to us every morning with our coffee. An eminent writer of fiction lies in wait for us in all the walks of life, "inter-views" us, and then puhlishes the hright hlossoms of his fancy as our opinions.

The modern journalist is the grandest production of civilization, for he settles the affairs of nations while smoking his after-dinner cigar. He sets up kings and deposes them; he makes and unmakes ministries; he selects cabinets, and he dictates foreign policies; he plunges coun-tries into disastrous wars over the most trivial disputes, and then, hy a stroke of his pen, extricates them from their difficulties without the loss of life.

An amusing instance of the work of the journalist is furnished hy our recent "war" with Germany over the complications arising in Samoa. The earlier dispatches, emanating from one of the hrilliant members of this craft, indicated a most flagrant infraction of the rights of American citizens. Germany was accused of high-handed outrages, of destruc-tion of the property of our citizens, and deadly insult to our flag. Had one-half of the report been true, nothing short of a war of extermina-tion would have been justified. The unfamiliarity of the subject sur-prised us into believing the tale of an irresponsible reporter, and the country was ablaze with righteous indignation. Our sensational jour-nals fanned the flames, and the government was accused of inaction in not declaring immediate war. When the atmosphere began to clear, and official reports made us acquainted with the true state of affairs, it was found that the "war" amounted simply to a periodic native revolu-tion, the petty jealousies of two consuls, and the vaporings of a news-paper reporter wbo was being paid "space rates" for all the sensation he could work out of the affair. Our treaty rights had not been in-fringed, our citizens had not heen maltreated, our flag had not been in-sulted. The sensation threatened to die out, and something desperate had to he done to keep up the interest.

A recent issue of the *Examiner* of this city illustrates the method em-ployed to keep up the excitement. The following startling head-lines appeared a few mornings ago:

BUT IT CAN'T GET HIM.

GERMANY MAKES ANOTHER DEMAND FOR THE "EXAMINER" CORRESPONDENT.

THE SAME OLD CHARGE.

EVEN SECRETARY BAYARD SAYS HE IS GLAD THAT KLEIN IS SAFE ON AMERICAN SOIL.

The newspaper reader who gathers his news from the head-lines would be liahle to be misled by this. The first assertion is that Germany has demanded the surrender of the irresponsible reporter. The dispatch upon which this assertion is hased reads as follows:

[Special to the EXAMINER.]

BERLIN, Feburary 20.—The Cologne *Gazette* says Germany will demand that the United States arrest and punish Klein, the American correspondent, on a charge of leading the Samoans against the Germans.

It will he noticed that it does not hear out the heading in several im-portant particulars. First, no demand has been made hy the Ger-man Government; second, no demand has been made at all; third, the demand, if made, is not to be for the delivery of Klein, but for his trial by the United States; and fourth, the prohahility of a demand being made rests upon the unauthorized statement of a German newspaper.

The next assertion of the head-lines is that "Even Secretary Bayard says he is glad that Klein is safe on American soil." The basis for this is contained in the following telegram:

[Special to the EXAMINER.]

WASHINGTON, February 20.—Secretary Bayard was disinclined to talk to-nigbt regarding the report telegraphed from Berlin that Germany will demand of our government that it arrest and punish Mr. Klein, the EXAMINER'S special corres-pondent in Samoa. Mr. Bayard said be had received no such demand, and, therefore, could not tell what crime migbt be imputed to him, if any. If he had any information, there was no paper to which he would more gladly communicate it than to the EXAMINER. His own impression was, without any special knowl-edge on the subject, that Mr. Klein was not a leader against the Germans, nor even a combatant, but merely a scribe. In any event, Klein was now safe on American soil.

Mr. Bayard did not say it in so many words, but he left it to be inferred that Mr. Klein would not be surrendered or punished, unless it was plainly required by the rules of international law. He seemed rather pleased than otherwise that Klein was safe on American soil.

From this, what Mr. Bayard really says is that he has no infor-mation; if he had any, he would gladly give it. Upon this the corre-spondent raises two presumptions of his own: First, that Klein will not he delivered to Germany contrary to law, and second, that Secretary Bayard *seemed* rather pleased than otherwise that Klein was safe on American soil. The fact is, that the correspondent gained ahsolutely nothing from his interview (if he had one), hut the demand for sensation must be satisfied, so he implied all that he dared to imply in sending his report. The courage of this irresponsible correspondent, however, did not reacb far enough, so the telegrapb-editor announces that Bayard *said* something that he did not say, in order to give the interview a semhlance of importance.

An even more startling piece of journalistic enterprise follows. Recog-nizing the fact that the Bayard interview was valueless, he tacks on an-other interview, as follows:

After leaving Mr. Bayard, the EXAMINER correspondent called upon Francis Wharton, the distinguished author of "Wharton's Digest of International Law." Mr. Wharton took the same view as Mr. Bayard, that no opinion could be ex-pressed on the case in the absence of information as to charges which migbt pos-sibly be made against Mr. Klein

The astonishing part of this interview only appeared when the follow-ing telegram was puhlished the next day:

WASHINGTON, February 21st.—Dr. Francis Wharton, solicitor of the State Department and author of the "Standard Digest of International Law," etc., died at his residence in Washington yesterday morning, aged sixty-eight years. He has been suffering for some time from partial paralysis of the larynx, and sub-mitted to the operation of tracheotomy recently.

It seems, therefore, that Dr. Wharton, suffering from paralysis of the larynx, while on his death-bed, only a few hours before his demise, and after having undergone the painful operation of tracheotomy, submitted to an interview by the *Examiner* correspondent, on a subject concerning the details of which he could not have heen familiar, owing to his long illness!

It is not among the ultra-sensational newspapers—"the dime-novel" press—alone that this perverted sense of moral responsihility is seen. It has even infected the more staid and respectahle family journals. The New York *Post*, a most conservative paper, which has hitherto set the pace in this country in condemning this irresponsihle sensationalism, re-cently developed symptoms of a severe attack of the spirit of journalism. During the recent political campaign it joined with the grand army of the press in sustaining its side of the struggle by accusing its opponents of the corrupt use of money. After the election it became more explicit, and insinuated that John Wannamaker, chairman of the Business Men's Advisory Committee, had raised money for corrupt purposes, and had connived at the hribery of voters. This was followed hy a repetition of the insinuation the next day, and hy an attack on Wannamaker on the third day, in whicb the first insinuation was referred to as conclusive proof of guilt. Upon being called to account, the *Post* qualified its statements, and finally admitted that it had no direct evidence. The *Post* has assumed the existence of fraud from the reports published in the daily papers of what had happened in the head-quarters of the com-mittee after the election. But the accusation had been started on the rounds of the press, and Mr. Wannamaker's reputation was smirched. A more recent and more striking illustration is the exposure of the "Thunderer," the most conservative paper in the world. No fact has been proved more clearly in the Parnell trial than that the *Times*, carried away hy partisan feeling and the desire for a sensation, accepted the Parnell letters as genuine and puhlished them without any critical scru-tiny. The result has been to raise an undeserved sympathy for the Irish leaders and to shake public confidence in the *Times*. The paper will be mulcted in heavy damages, hut this will not counteract the impetus to sensationalism resulting from the accession of so prominent a journal.

These two instances empbasize the danger that lurks in modern sen-sational journalism. It is not so much in the manipulation of public affairs, as in its intrusion into private life that its pernicious activity is seen. There is no complete reparation when a false charge is made against a man in the public press. The stain can not be wiped out even by a retraction. Reports of puhlic meetings, ohservations on public affairs, comments on puhlic officers, stand on a different footing. The puhlic are rightly presumed to have an interest in such matters, and, even though the report may be false, the law refuses to punish the pub-lisher, unless it is proved that he was actuated hy malicious motives. But when the sanctity of private life is invaded, and the domestic scandal dragged forth to the puhlic gaze, an outrage is committed. It is simply a pandering to a morbid taste for sensation, hred and fostered by the press. This distinction is recognized hy the laws of hoth England and America. Reports of puhlic affairs are privileged, and the puhlic good is the test in determining the extent of the privilege. In earlier times the English law, considering the publication of a libel calculated to cause a hreach of the peace, refused to allow the truth of the accusation as a defense. "The greater the truth, the greater the libel," said the court, because the greater the presumption of a resort to force. More recently, however, the law has been modified and hrought more in consonance with reason. If the charge is false, there is now no defense, unless it is

a matter of public interest and no malice on the part of the publisher is proved.

Upon the statute books, the law of libel in both England and the United States is almost identical. But, as generally happens, public opinion, acting through the jury system, materially modifies its administration. That easy-going spirit, which is so characteristic of the people of this country, renders a conviction for libel extremely difficult. We have an almost exaggerated idea of the liberty of the press, while the English have an equally strong sense of the sanctity of private life. We rather enjoy reading about another man's private affairs, and, after the publication, whatever harm has been done can not be undone. This attitude of the community renders redress by legal action so uncertain that it is seldom resorted to, and encourages if it does not excuse sensational journalism.

An illustration of this spirit was furnished by a bill introduced before the legislature of this State by Senator Yell, but happily killed through inaction. This bill provided that a retraction made within fifteen days would deprive the libeled person of all legal redress. It is difficult to conceive a more dangerous proposition. A paper wishing to ruin the reputation of a man, might make the most unwarranted charges against him. John Smith might be accused of robbing a bank on Monday, of murder, incest, embezzlement, and arson in succeeding issues. A new crime might be added to the catalogue each day, set forth with the most harrowing details, and finally a two-line retraction in an obscure place in the paper would deprive him of all legal redress. It is our misfortune to be at the mercy of legislators who have not the capacity to see the results of the laws which they propose, but our senator has a counterpart in Michigan, where a similar law is proposed. It is to be hoped that the author of the Michigan bill found no more supporters than did Senator Yell in his attempt to hand all private reputations over to the tender mercies of the newspapers. The liberty of the press is an important consideration, but not more important than the liberty of the individual. In former days, when the press was muzzled by a despotic government, its liberty was fought for, because it defended the rights of the people. But there is no despotic government to grind down the press of this country. The press deserves liberty when it is the champion of individual liberty, but not license to assail private character and parade private affairs before the public gaze. X. Y. Z.

San Francisco, March 7, 1889.

The German Sailor.

Editors Argonaut: I hope that this letter will find excuse in your eyes, from the fact that I think so highly of your editorials, as a rule, that I am sorry to meet with any mistakes about *facts* in them.

In an editorial in the *Argonaut* of February 25th, I note this sentence: "The German Empire is strong with its armies on land and at home, but it is weak with its small navy and *its bad sailors* on a distant sea." I underscore the especial error to which I beg your attention, though I think exception may also be taken to the "small navy."

As I have voyaged much in American vessels, besides others, and as I held the position of German consul at Fayal, Azores, for some years, and thus saw considerable of German sailors under their own flags, commercial and naval, I can, of my own knowledge, assure you that the best sailors, to a large proportion in *our* present merchant marine, are North Germans. They are good "sailor-men" (nautically understood), brave and hardy. In the German service the seamen are, in comparison with other services, astonishingly orderly and temperate, and the German naval vessels are extremely well-manned, officered, and disciplined.

It will prove, I think, very unwise in any nation contemplating war with Germany to rate the German navy and the German sailors as weak antagonists.

I believe you will find my opinion corroborated by that of most American ship-masters of experience, if you make inquiry among such.

With much respect, I am, yours truly,

George S. J. Oliver.

Santa Barbara, February 25, 1889.

The Home-Rule Movement.

[Omitting for want of space that part of the subjoined communication criticising the demagogy of Senators Stewart, of Nevada, and Voorhies, of Indiana—exhibited in their recent public conduct and utterances at Washington—every word of which we indorse, we print the remainder.]

Editors Argonaut: I wonder whether the learned senator from Nevada read the editorial in your issue of the eleventh ultimo? When Mr. Stewart declared "that it was altogether unjustifiable to make any treaty with England—or any other nation—while she was carrying on a war of extermination against *one-third* of her population," he knew that he was stating a falsehood. The Roman Catholic population of Ireland does not exceed 3,800,000, *not all* of whom are in favor of "a repeal of the union." The Protestants of Ireland, numbering over 1,200,000, are not in touch with Parnell, and look with contempt upon all such demagogues as W. M. Stewart. Your correspondent, Mr. John Keymer Kane, speaks of the great increase of deposits in savings-banks, but does not state in what section of Ireland this marked progress and increase in material wealth has taken place. I will now inform you that ninety per cent. of this increase in wealth can be found within the boundaries of *Protestant Ulster*. Belfast has increased her population from 120,000 to upward of 240,000 within the past two decades, and is growing rapidly; throughout the provinces of Munster and Connaught there are few or no manufacturing industries, and there never will be any signs of prosperity while the people continue to be as they are to-day—illiterate, superstitious, lacking in energy, and priest ridden. The Protestants of Ulster are progressive and enterprising, and point with pride to the enormous development of their manufacturing industries. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes drove a great number of French refugees to the North of Ireland, "in order to escape the tyranny of the Pope," and to them Belfast is largely indebted for its gigantic trade in linen. The most extensive manufacturing establishments of their kind in the world are located in and around Belfast. The York Street Flax Spinning Company is indeed a gigantic concern, and gives employment to over 4,000 hands. The Ulster linen manufacturers have the energy, the industry, the adaptive power which have placed their country at the head of the linen trade of the world. They have over 800,000 spindles at work, while England has only 117,000. They have over 30,000 power-looms, while England has only about 4,000. The volume of their trade is estimated at no less than twelve million pounds sterling. Besides the manufacture of linen, Belfast excels in several other industries. It is engaged in the building of magnificent vessels for the leading shipping companies of the world, and also for the British Navy. The *Teutonic*, which is now the largest ship afloat, was recently launched for the White Star line from the yard of Harland & Wolff, where over 3,000 men find employment. There is labor of almost all kinds for the male population, and no lack of employment for the female population. This prosperous and industrious portion of Ireland will never submit to the Gladstonian scheme of autonomy; nor will the 32,000,000 Protestants of Great Britain give their sanction to the turning over of 1,200,000 Protestants in the North of Ireland to be heavily taxed for the support of Maynooth College and the Irish priesthood; in other words, the Protestants would be taxed for the support and education of an army of priests, to be sent abroad to fill the churches throughout America and Australia.

There are not more than a corporal's guard of Protestants in Ireland allied to the Home-Rule party. The men of Ulster who represent the wealth, enterprise, intelligence, and bone and sinew of Ireland, will fight to the death all attempts to bring about home-rule. In the years to come the Roman Catholic population of Ireland will continue to decrease, while the Protestants will show an increase in population and prosperity. The Roman Catholics of Great Britain and Ireland are not as numerous to-day as they were in 1840—nearly half-a-century ago—whereas the Protestants have increased from fourteen to thirty-two millions during the past half century.

W. M. Stewart is not only a demagogue but a hypocrite; in his heart he despises the Pope's Irish as much as he hates Roman Catholicism. The senator from Nevada is fully aware that the "home-rulers" have no respect for him or any other heretic, but, Jesuit-like, will use his assumed friendship to assist them in their endeavors.

In the United States, at the end of another decade, the English and Scotch will most assuredly outnumber the Irish, and when we have a preponderance of English over Irish in our foreign-born population, the demagogues will be cursing the Pope's Irish at every street corner in their zeal to pander to the English voters. J. E. W.

OLD FAVORITES.

Opium.

A breath of passion fills all space—
The world holds naught but you and me—
We seem two boats which idly drift
Upon a smooth and boundless sea.
Your hammock's still as is the breeze—
The time has merged our hearts in tune—
The air is dense with odors sweet—
O God, how rare this night of June.

We talk De Musset, Lamartine—
The channel brings us to our fate—
How deaf we are to prompting voice,
How blind to all but dreams elate.
Our lives will always be as now,
Each cleave to each forevermore;
Then let the world say as it will,
We'll madly dream till life is o'er.

Oh, blissful night, oh, rapturous time,
Oh, meeting eyes that look in mine,
Oh, smiling stars which brightly gleam,
Oh, air so fraught with passion's wine.
We drift—what does it matter where?
The world holds naught but you and me;
We'll sail together through all time
Across the smooth and boundless sea.

* * * * *

October winds around me blow,
Our dream is wan and gray and dead;
Why did we heed the tempter's voice—
Why did we follow where he led?
June's rose-leaves mingle with the wine;
We live apart, by passion cleft,
A friendship might have been divine;
But now, there's only coarseness left.

—*Ramsay Morris.*

Hasheesh.

If ever you should desire to gain
A glimpse of the primal regions where
The vital tissues of the heart lie bare,
The intricate coils of Life are plain;
If you have strength enough to dare
The apocalypse which turns the brain
With too much peering of mortal eyes
Into the immortalities;
And—stabbed with splendors that hurt like pain—
Wake from the gorgeous dream at last
Dogged by phantoms which cleave and cling
Closer than any living thing;
Haunting your future with their past,
Liming you in a charmed ring,
Cutting you with a wizard wing
Out from the darkness, till you die—
Eat of the hasheesh, as did I.

It was not the drug of the Orient,
With which the poet simulates
A warmth in his veins when the fires are spent,
A flight in the blue when the bitter weights
Of the world have broken his wings; it was
More beautiful, awful, terrible!
Clothed on with fantasies which surpass
Whatever is known of heaven or hell,
When, under the touch of the other spell,
Back the mystical curtains roll,
And up, unscreened, to the seeing soul,
Past and present and future rise,
Bearing their secrets in their eyes.

She could not help that she distilled
A blessed aroma all around;
She could not help it that she filled
My arid silence with cooing sound;
She could not help that her sweet face
Was as a reverential hymn;
She could not help that round her place
Lingered the Lord God's cherubim.

Was it so strange that, brooding thus,
Over her saintly humanhood,
Deliriums multitudinous
Wrought in my pulses and my blood?
That I dreamed dear dreams of a wedded wife?
That some one walked in my sleep by my side?
That I stood in a tremulous bush of life,
Content to stand so until I died?
Oh, the clear beneficent days!
Oh, the calm and reverent nights!
Oh, the mornings of perfect praise!
Oh, the evenings of pure delights!
Oh, the whispers in which we talk!
Oh, arch replies of merry lips!
Oh, the trances wherein we walked!
And the beautiful fellowships!
Spirit with spirit so ingrooved,
Sympathies so divinely blent.

My blessing watched the flowers she loved;
She made my poverty opulent.
The well-pleased angels smiling on
That most ineffable unison!

* * * * * * *

No trance is life-long; all dreams flee—
I am awake now; something cut
The path of the currents lifting me,
And close the inscrutable blankness shut
Down on my mount Delectable;
Down on my fields Elysian;
Down on my Palace Beautiful!
Over the Universe something ran
Which trod the gold and the amethyst
Out from the mornings and the eyes;
Something withered the grass and leaves;
Out from the vastness something hissed;
And something within me moans and grieves,
Like a lost soul's wail for something missed.

—*Richard Realf.*

"Ouida's" first work was sold for two hundred and fifty dollars, and Mr. Tinsley says she was glad to get as much. He adds that how she obtained her close acquaintance with the manners and customs of those languid heroes, whose manners belong to the messroom, was by inviting young officers to her mother's house to dine and smoke. She would entreat them to "carry on" just as if no ladies were present, and while they took full advantage of her permission, she noted their peculiarities for literary use in the future.

The holy city of Tunis, Kairwan, can now be entered by Christians and its mosques can be visited. The great mosque has five hundred and sixty-five columns of marble of every conceivable color and of every variety of architecture, and is, perhaps, the next in beauty to the great mosque in Cordova.

Canadian insurance companies announce a reduction in premiums upon all vessels which carry a store of oil for the purpose of putting it on the water.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

There is a melancholy coincidence in the fact that this is the age of scientific cookery and the age of dyspepsia.—*Boston Courier.*

"Tell me, is your wife curious?" "She? I really believe she came into the world only out of pure curiosity."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Miss Lovelorn—"Would you believe De Garry made me blush last night?" *Miss Caustic*—"No, I wouldn't."—*New York Sun.*

"Those Thompsons are a bad lot. Three out of the four ought to be in the penitentiary." "What of the fourth?" "He's there."—*Time.*

Dasher—"I hope you don't object to my smoking." *Rev. Mr. Mylde*—"N-not in the least, if—you don't object to my being sick."—*Pick-me-up.*

Yes, a young woman possessed of a million certainly has a good figure, and the young man who lives on Washington Square has a pleasing address.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Susan B. Anthony greatly admires Mrs. Potter's Cleopatra. Miss Anthony knew the original Cleopatra when her brother Marc was attentive to the Egyptian Queen.—*World.*

An echo from the ball: *Masker*—"Have you got a knife about you, waiter? My friend and I came here as the Siamese Twins; but he's been overdoing it a little, and I want to cut the rope!"—*Puck.*

Mrs. Lenox Hill, Jr.—"I'm so glad you've come, Lenox. Christina, the nurse-girl, left this morning; and, as she's taught little Beekman nothing but Swedish, I can't find out what he wants!"—*Puck.*

The Miss Browns—"Oh, so glad to see you, Mary! But we've such dreadful colds, we can't *kiss* you, dear, we can only shake hands!" *Fair visitor*—"Oh, dear, how sad. I hope *you* haven't got a cold, Mr. Brown!"—*Punch.*

Hatters assert that the average American head is considerably smaller than it was fifty years ago. This is strange, considering that the average American head is often so much larger to-day than it was last night.—*Philadelphia Press.*

"Pshaw!" said a Sixteenth Street lady to her husband, who had been criticising her attire; "what does a man know about a woman's clothes, anyway?" "He knows the price, my dear," he replied, gently, and she retired.—*Washington Critic.*

Mrs. de Culture—"Horrors! Going to marry that young Mr. Hayseed! Are you crazy? He eats pie with a knife." *Miss de Culture*—"I know it, ma, but I love him." "You'll die of disgust." "No, I won't. I'll never have pie."—*Philadelphia Record.*

"Why are you shoveling that snow on to the clean sidewalk?" "Faith, sor, Oi conthracted wid th' womin in th' house for ter clane off th' sidewalk for tin cints, an', bedad, whin Oi finished she wouldn't pay me; an', begorra, back goes her blothy snow!"—*Life.*

Old Mr. Wearilee—"Yes, I know I'm old, and blind, and lame, and poor, and forgotten, but I never cease to thank the Lord for one thing, parson." *Parson*—"What is that, my friend?" *Old Mr. Wearilee*—"That I'm not a retired President."—*Burlington Free Press.*

Dude (entering Delmonico's, to waiter; the dude carries a heavy stick with an enormous horse's head)—"Hat, waiter!" *Waiter*—"Yes, sir." *Dude*—"Coat, waiter!" *Waiter*—"Yes, sir." *Dude*—"Cane, waiter!" *Waiter*—"Yes, sir. Have it blanketed, sir?"—*Life.*

Brown (producing his scrap-book and pointing with pride to one of his early effusions)—"There, read that! I wrote that when I was only twelve years old!" *Fogg* (after reading)—"Can it be possible, Brown, that you were so old as twelve when you wrote this?"—*Boston Transcript.*

Mistress—"Marie, I saw you kissing a young man at the kitchen door this morning. I want you to understand that I will not stand that sort of thing at all." *Marie*—"Pardon me, madam; I did not know the young man was a friend of yours. It shall not occur again."—*Terre Haute Express.*

Mrs. Ghastor—"Oh, Mrs. Thoughtly, I was surprised to hear that your eldest daughter is engaged to an Irish tradesman." *Mrs. Thoughtly*—"Perfectly true. He's a plumber and owns six large shops. He takes us all to Europe after the wedding." "You have my sincerest congratulations!"—*Texas Siftings.*

Simonstern (the auctioneer)—"Here I bef a chenuine diamont-ring, vort' dree hundert unt feefty tollar. Der vidow ohf a man dot died sudden has godder sell it. How mooch am I offert?" *Customer* (promptly)—"Ten cents!" *Simonstern*—"Take it, unt pay at der desk. Chakey, pring up der nexd lot!"—*Judge.*

Brickley—"Excuse me, sir; that's a fine watch you wear. May I look at it?" *Corplesby*—"Certainly. It's a chronometer presented to me by the British government for rescuing a crew at sea." *Brickley*—"Really? I wonder where they found the ticket? I lost it a year ago just after hocking that time-piece."—*Judge.*

Popstar—"I was just conversing with a gentleman whose name I do not know. Perhaps you can tell me who he is, Mrs. Lopstar?" *Mrs. Lopstar*—"I am inclined to think it was my husband. Oh, by the way, what was he talking about?" "Well, about himself, chiefly." "Oh, yes; that was Charlie, sure enough."—*Yankee Blade.*

He was taking her home, after the theatre and a little supper at Delmonico's. "Darling," said he, suddenly, as he gazed dreamily at the silvery disk overhead, "why am I like the moon?" "It isn't because you're full, is it?" she asked, as she edged away from him. "No," said he, sadly, "it's because I'm on my last quarter."—*Puck.*

Young actress (seized with stage fright)—"Oh! Oh! I'm afraid to go on." *Manager* (reassuringly)—"Oh, pitch right in; don't bother about the audience. No one will see you." "They won't?" "No; there is a large and fashionable theatre-party having a good time in one of the boxes, and they will monopolize attention this evening."—*Philadelphia Record.*

They were on their way home from the theatre. "We had an interesting discussion last night at the debating club," remarked George; "the subject was 'What shall we do with our raw material?'" "I know little about matters of that nature, George," returned the girl, timidly, "but I think some of our raw material should be disposed of on the half-shell."—*Epoch.*

"Dear George, I deem it only just to tell you that I am not the rich girl the world thinks me. My father's income is smaller than it has been, and my own private fortune, from my losses on the turf, yields less than thirty thousand a year." "Lulu, dear, do you think me a fortune-hunter that filthy lucre influences my love for you? Never! I love you all the more for your poverty."—*Life.*

Customer (angrily)—"Look here, Hafton, what do you mean by sending me this coal-bill a second time? Why, man, I paid that bill a month ago, and got a receipt for it!" *Hafton* (consulting the books)—"Um! Ah! Yes, I see. Well,-don't mind that, my dear fellow. You see, my son was just graduated from a business college, and this is some of his double-entry book-keeping."—*Puck.*

Caller (to Mrs. von Moulten)—"Did your trip to Honolulu benefit you, do you think?" *Mrs. von Moulten*—"Yes; I think it did. Honolulu is delightful socially, but I went out very little." *Caller*—"Did you see any of the cannibals?" *Mrs. von Moulten*—"No; but I met most of the old families, and frequently heard the cannibals spoken of as delightful people. As I said, however, I went out very little."—*Life.*

Mrs. Angy Tupper (née Golddust, after the elopement)—"Oh, please papa, forgive us. I loved Angy so that I couldn't help it; but I love you, dear papa, so that I couldn't rest until I had come back to tell you all!" *Papa*—"Well, well! I suppose I must make the best of a bad job. But where's Angy?" *Mrs. Tupper*—"Outside with the cabman. Couldn't you lend your own dear Caramella enough to pay the brute? Poor Angy only had enough for the minister."—*Puck.*

THE RAJAH'S NEMESIS.

By W. C. Morrow.

In my travels abroad I once encountered an extraordinary illustration of the shifts to which nature will resort in her efforts to overcome the inconvenience arising from a deprivation of the tools with which she is accustomed to work; and the facts of the case are sufficiently peculiar and tragic to warrant their relation.

I was summoned from Calcutta to proceed to the heart of India, being wanted by a certain rich and powerful rajah to perform a dangerous surgical operation upon one of the women of his household. I found the rajah to be a man of lofty character, noble and generous; but, as circumstances afterward developed, he was possessed of a sense of cruelty purely Oriental and in sharp contrast to the extreme indolence of his disposition. He was so grateful for the success which attended my mission that he urged me to remain his guest at the palace as long as it should please me to stay; and, as may be surmised, I thankfully accepted the invitation.

One of his servants early attracted my notice, for he was a man of marvelous capacity of malice and vindictiveness. His name was Neranya, and I am certain that there must have been a large proportion of Malay blood in his veins; for, unlike the Indians (from whom he differed also in complexion), be was extremely active, alert, nervous, and sensitive. He had one redeeming trait, and that was love for his master.

Once his violent temper led him to the commission of an atrocious crime—the fatal stabbing of a dwarf. In punishment for this the rajah ordered that Neranya's right arm (the offending one) be severed from his body. The sentence was executed in rather a bungling fashioo by a stupid fellow armed with an axe; and I, being a surgeon, was compelled, in order to save Neranya's life, to perform a second amputation upon the stump of the arm, wbich left not a vestige of the limb remaining.

Just here, as a possible partial explanation of the terrible and extraordinary things which followed, I must call intelligent attention to a matter which has long engaged my notice.

We see that when one arm has been lost, the other acquires an unwonted dexterity, thus measurably compensating for the loss. Further, if both arms have been removed, an extraordinary nimbleness is exhibited in the feet, for they come to discharge to a considerable extent the functions of hands—to so great an extent that the toes display a power of prehension which one might suppose had not existed in them since our abandonment, in the evolutionary process, of the tree-climbing habit. Thus, with the toes an armless man may learn to hold a pen and to write, to load and fire a pistol, to cut food with a knife, and convey it to his mouth with a fork, to sew, and to do a hundred other useful things, and some which are purely ornamental, as painting, playing a harp, and the like. I once saw an armless man give his wife a sound thrashing with a rawhide whip.

If, now, one of the legs be removed, the remaining foot will develop an almost redoubled capacity, its agility beiog marvelous. But suppose that this member too sbould be parted with —has nature reached the end of her resources? Remember, the dexterity that she developed in tbose members whicb remained after the amputation of others was primarily of a character to take the place of that which enabled the otbers to minister to the needs of life. Granted tbat both arms and both legs are gone, has nature, I have asked, reached the limit of her resources, in the accomplishment of an earnest and controlling purpose, praiseworthy or perverted?

Let us inquire into the philosophy of the process by which tbis compensating dexterity is developed. It is easy for the scientists to tell us tbat this is done by the concentration of the will and the persistent exercise of the muscles in obedience thereto; but to my understanding this explanation is not sufficient. The principle of life, tbe amazing persistence of this principle, and the ways in wbich this persistence is maintained, are all inscrutable mysteries, necessarily and forever beyond our comprehension. It is the fashion of transcendentalism (not followed, however, by tbe greater scientists) to maintain that we bave a spiritual, as well as a material, nature; and by evolution there has grown out of that belief another, that this spiritual nature is imperishable, indestructible—the fashionable, though inaccurate, term is "immortal." The spirit is assumed to be the *ego*, the consciousness—that which fixes individuality and determines identity.

Now, we know that mind is consciousness, and that the mind has its seat within the brain. But the brain is identical in its chemical, structural, molecular, and functional characteristics with the nerves which lead from it and ramify throughout the body; therefore the mind, and consequently the spirit, ramifies throughout the body; and hence it follows tbat if tbe spirit is indestructible and should be separated from tbe body (by death or otherwise) it must have the essential form and appearance of the body. The fact of our being unable to see it presents no obstacle to the argument; for we are unable to see countless tbings whicb we are certain exist. Tbe argument thus put in logical shape may account, by unconscious synthetical reasoning, for the prevalent belief, seemingly inberent, that the spirit retains the form of the body after death; for there is no other conception of the human spirit's form—we never imagine it as having the shape of a ball, or a comet, or a balloon, or a cloud, or as being formless.

Then it must follow that, assuming the spirit to be indestructible and as having the form of the body, the amputation of a limb does not exterminate that part of the spirit whicb occupied that limb; but as the indivisibility of the spirit must be admitted as an essential factor of identity and individuality, that part of the spirit whicb had occupied the amputated limb must always be present in the place wbere the limb had been, and must there, in that place, possess all the consciousness and intelligence which belonged to it before the limb was amputated.

This argument may be pursued to some astonishing conclusions which do not vitally concern the purposes of this relation. I might be asked, for instance, if the potentiality of a spirit is dependent upon its possession and control of a body, of what avail is it to speculate upon the unseparated existence of the spirit of an amputated limb? But there are some who declare that this dependence need not and does not always exist.

This, it must be understood, is not the line of argument pursued by scientists, for they have a purely materialistic explanation for all the singular phenomena resulting from amputation; but are they not inconsistent? They admit the inscrutable mystery of the principle of life and all its countless corollaries, and yet they glibly explain the evidently marvelous results of a serious interference with the normal operation of tbat principle, as in the case of amputation. Is it not possible that tbere is danger of too much explanation of these wonderful mysteries?

Let us proceed with the strange story of Neranya. After the loss of his arm, he developed an increased fiendishness, an augmented vindictiveness. His love for his master was changed to hate, and in his mad anger, he flung discretion to the winds. He was so unruly and violent in disposition that he could not conceal his feelings. The rajah, a proud, scornful man, increased Neranya's hate by treating him with contempt and scorn, which had the effect of driving the wretch to frenzy. In a mad moment he sprang upon the rajah with a knife, but be was seized and disarmed. To his unspeakable dismay the rajah sentenced him for tbis offense to suffer amputation of the remaining arm. It was done as in the former instance.

This bad a temporary effect in curbing the man's spirit, or rather io changing the outward manifestation of his diabolic nature. Being armless, he was at first largely at the mercy of those who ministered to his wants—a duty which I undertook to see was properly discharged, for I felt an interest in tbis horribly perverted and distorted nature. This sense of helplessness, combined with a damnable scheme for revenge which he had secretly formed, caused Neranya to change his fierce, impetuous, and unruly conduct into a smooth, quiet, insinuating manner, which he carried so artfully as not only to secure a peace and comfort which he bad never known before, but also to deceive those witb wbom he was brought in contact, including the rajah himself.

Neranya, being exceedingly quick, nimble, and intelligent, and having a tremendous will, turned his attention to the cultivation of dexterity in his legs, feet, and toes; and in due time be was able to perform wonderful feats with those members, such as I have noticed already. His capacity especially for destructive mischief was restored.

One morning, the rajah's only son, a young man of an exceedingly lovable and noble character, was found dead in bed. His murder was a singularly atrocious one, the body being mutilated in a sickening manner; but, in my eyes, the most significant of all tbe mutilations was *the entire removal and disappearance of the young man's arms.* In the wild distraction whicb ensued in the place upon the discovery of the mutilated body, the importance of that one fact was overlooked. It was the basis, however, of a minute investigation, which I made, and which, in time, led me to the discovery of the murderer.

The murder of the young man nearly proved the death of the rajah, wbo was thrown into a serious illness, which required all my skill and attention to combat. It was not, tberefore, until his recovery that there began a systematic and intelligent inquiry into the murder. I said nothing of my own discoveries and conclusions, and in no way interfered with the work of the rajah and his officers; but, after their efforts had failed and I bad completed my own work, I submitted to the rajah a written report, making a close analysis of all the circumstances, and closing by charging Neranya with the murder. (I still have a copy of that singular report, and I regret that its length prevents its insertion here. It deals with unusual facts and is an illustration of the value of special knowledge and pure reason in the detection of crime.) My facts, arguments, and deductions were so convincing tbat the rajah at once ordered Neranya to be put to death, this to be accomplished by slow and frightful torture. The sentence was so cruel, so revolting, that it filled me with horror, and I implored that the wretch might be shot. Finally, purely through a sense of noble gratitude, the rajah yielded. When Neranya was charged with the crime, he denied it, of course; but, seeing tbat the rajah was convinced, and upon being shown my report (which embodied a knowledge of anatomy and surgery that he had never dreamed of), he threw aside all restraint, and, dancing, laughing, and shrieking in the most horrible manner, confessed his guilt and gloated over it—all this, believing that he would be shot on the morrow.

During the night, bowever, the rajah changed his mind, and sending for me in the morning, informed me of his new decision. It was that Neranya's life should be spared, but that both his legs should be crushed witb heavy hammers and then that I should amputate both limbs as close to the trunk as possible! I was too much astounded to utter a protest; and, besides, there was grounded within me that unyielding, and often inhuman, medical principle, which counts the saving of life at any cost the highest duty. I may add that, appended to this horrible sentence, was a provision for keeping the maimed wretch a prisoner and torturing him at regular intervals by sucb means as afterward might be devised.

Sickened to the heart by the awful duty which confronted me, I nevertheless performed it with success, and I must pass over in silence the hideous details of the whole affair. Let it suffice to say that Neranya escaped death very narrowly and that he was a long time in recovering his wonted vitality. During all these weeks the rajah neither saw him nor made inquiries concerning him, but when, as in duty bound, I made an official report that the man had recovered his strengtb, the rajah's eyes brightened, and he emerged with deadly activity from the stupor of grief in whicb he so long had been plunged. He ordered certain preparations made for the future care of his now helpless victim.

The rajah's palace was a noble structure, but it is necessary bere to describe only the grand hall. It was an immense room, with a floor of polished stone and a lofty arched ceiling. A subdued light stole into it through stained glass set in the roof and in windows on the sides. In the middle of tbe room was a fountain which threw up a tall slender column of water in the centre, with smaller jets grouped around it. Across one end of the hall, half-way to the ceiling, was a balcony, which communicated with the upper story of a wing, and from which a flight of stairs descended to the stone floor of the hall. This room was kept at a uniform temperature, and during the hot summers it was delightfully cool. This was the rajah's favorite lounging-place, and when the nights were hot, he had his cot brought hither and here he slept.

This hall was chosen for Neranya's permanent abiding-place; bere was he to stay as long as he might live, without ever a glimpse of the face of nature or the glorious heavens. To one of his restless, nervous, energetic, discontented nature tbe cruelty of such confinement was worse than death; but there was more yet of suffering in store for him, for at the rajah's order there was constructed a small iron pen, in which Neranya was to be kept. This pen was circular and about four feet in diameter. It was elevated on four slender iron posts, teo feet from the floor, and was placed half-way between the fountain and the balcony. Around the edge of the pen was erected an iron railing, four feet high, but the top was left open for the convenience of the servants whose duty it should be to care for him. These precautions for his safe confinement were taken at my suggestion, for, although the man was deprived of all four of his limbs, I still feared that he might develop some extraordinary, unheard-of power for mischief. It was provided that the attendants should reach his cage by means of a movable ladder. All these arrangements having been made and Neranya hoisted into his prison, the rajah emerged upon the balcony to see him, and the two deadly enemies faced each other. The rajah's stern face paled at the hideous sight which met his gaze, but he soon recovered, and the old, hard, cruel, sinister look returned. Neranya, by an extraordinary motion, had wriggled himself into an upright position, his back propped against the railing. His black hair and beard had grown long, and they added to the natural ferocity of his aspect. Upon seeing tbe rajah his eyes blazed with a terrible ligbt, his lips parted, and be gasped for breath. His face was white with rage and despair, and his thin distended nostrils quivered.

The rajah folded bis arms and gazed down upon the frightful wreck which he bad made. Neranya returned the gaze with blazing eyes. Oh, the pathos of that picture, the inhumanity of it, the deep and dismal tragedy of it! Who might look into that wild, desperate heart and see and understand the frightful turmoil there, the surging, choking passions, unbridled but impotent ferocity, frantic thirst for a vengeance that should be deeper than hell! Neranya gazed, his shapeless body heaving, his eyes ablaze, and then, in a strong, clear voice which rang throughout the great hall, witb rapid speech be burled at the rajah the most insulting defiance, the most awful curses. He cursed the womb that conceived him, the food that nourished bim, tbe wealth that brought him power; cursed him in the name of Buddha and all the prophets, in the name of heaven and of hell; cursed him by the sun, the moon, and the stars, by all continents, oceans, mountains, and rivers, by all things living; cursed his head, his heart, his entrails; cursed him in a furious outpouring of unmentionable words; heaped insults and contumely upon him; called him a knave, a beast, a fool, a liar, an infamous and damnable coward. Never had I heard such eloquence of defiance, curses, and vituperation; never had beard so terrible a denunciation, so frightful and impetuous an outflow of insults.

The rajah heard it all calmly, without the movement of a muscle or the sligbtest change of countenance, and when the poor wretch had exhausted his strength and fallen helpless and silent to the floor, the rajah, with a grim, cold smile, turned and strode away.

The days passed. The rajah, not deterred by Neranya's curses often heaped upon him, spent even more time than formerly in the great hall, and slept there oftener at night, and finally Neranya wearied of cursing and defying him, and maintained a sullen silence. The man was a study for me, and I noticed every change in his fleeting moods. Generally his condition was one of miserable despair, which he attempted bravely to conceal. Even the boon of suicide had been denied him, for when he was erect the top of the rail was a foot above his head, and he could not throw himself over it and crush his skull on the stone floor below; and when be had tried to starve himself the attendants forced food down his throat, so that he abandoned such attempts. At times his eyes would blaze and his breath would come in gasps, for imaginary vengeance was working within him; but steadily he became quieter and more tractable, and was pleasant and responsive when I conversed with him. Whatever the tortures the rajah had decided upon, none had as yet been ordered, and although Neranya knew that they were in contemplation, he never referred to them or complained of his lot.

The awful climax of this terrible situation was reached one night, and even after this lapse of years I can not approach a description of it without a shudder.

It was a hot night, and the rajah had gone to sleep in the great hall of the palace, lying on a high cot. I had been unable to sleep in my apartment, and so I stole softly into the hall tbrough the heavily curtained entrance at the end furthest from the balcony. As I did so, I heard a peculiar soft sound above the gentle patter of the fountain. Neranya's cage was partly concealed from my view by the spraying water, but I suspected that the unusual sound came from him. Stealing a little to one side and crouching against the dark hangings of the wall, I could faintly see him in the dim light which illumined tbe hall, and then I discovered that my surmise was correct—Neranya was at work. Curious to learn more, I sank into a thick robe on the floor and watched him. My sight was keen and my eyes soon became accustomed to the faint soft light.

To my great astonishment Neranya was tearing off with his teeth the bag which served as his outer garment. He did it cautiously, casting sharp glances frequently at tbe rajah, who, sleeping soundly on his cot, breathed heavily. After starting

a strip with his teeth, Neranya would by the same means attach it to the railing of his cage and then wriggle away, much after the manner of a caterpillar's crawling, and this would cause the strip to be torn out the full length of his garment. He repeated this operation with incredible patience and skill until his entire garment had been torn into strips. Two or three of these he tied together with his tongue, lips, and teeth and secured the ends in a similar way to the railing, thus making a short swing on one side. This done, he tied the other strips together, doubling some which were weak, and in this way he made a rope several feet in length, one end of which he made fast to the rail. It then began to dawn upon me that he was going to make an insane attempt—impossible of achievement without hands or feet, arms or legs—to escape from his cage! For what purpose? The rajah was asleep in the hall——! I caught my breath. Oh, the desperate, insane thirst for revenge which consumed the impotent, miserable Neranya! Even though he should accomplish the impossible feat of climbing over the railing of his cage and falling to the stone floor below (for how could he slide down the rope?), he would in all probability be killed or stunned; and even if he should escape these dangers it would be impossible for him to climb upon the cot without rousing the rajah, and impossible even though the rajah were dead! A man without arms or legs might descend by falling, he never could ascend by climbing. Amazed at the man's daring, and fully convinced that his sufferings and troubles and brooding had destroyed his reason, I watched him with breathless, absorbing interest.

He caught the longer rope in his teeth at a point not far from the rail. Then, wriggling with great effort to an upright position, his back braced against the rail, he put his chin over the swing and worked toward one end. He tightened the grasp of his chin upon the swing, and, with tremendous exertion, working the lower end of his spine against the railing, he began gradually to ascend. The labor was so great that he was compelled to pause at intevals, and his breathing was hard and painful, and even while thus resting he was in a position of terrible strain, and his pushing against the swing caused it to press hard against his windpipe and nearly suffocate him.

After amazing effort he elevated the lower end of his body until it protruded above the railing, the top of which was now across the lower end of his abdomen. Gradually he worked his body over, going backward, until there was sufficient excess of weight on the outer side, and then with a quick lurch he raised his head and shoulders and swung into a horizontal position. Of course he would have fallen to the floor below had it not been for the rope which he held in his teeth. With such nicety had he calculated the distance between his mouth and the point of fastening, that the rope tightened and checked him just as he reached the horizontal position on the rail. If one had told me beforehand that such a feat as this man had accomplished was possible, I would have thought him a fool.

Neranya was now balanced on his stomach across the top of the railing, and he eased his position somewhat by bending his spine and hanging down as much as possible. Having rested in this position for some minutes, he began cautiously to slide off, slowly paying out the rope through his teeth. Now, it is quite evident that the rope would have escaped from his teeth laterally when he slightly relaxed his hold to let it slip, had it not been for a very ingenious device to which he had resorted. This consisted in his having made a turn of the rope around his neck before he attacked the swing, thus securing a three-fold control of the rope—one by his teeth, another by friction against his neck, and a third by his ability to compress it between his cheek and shoulder.

A stupendous and seemingly impossible part of his task was accomplished. Could he reach the floor in safety? Gradually he worked himself backward over the rail, in momentary imminent danger of falling; but his nerve never quivered, and I could see a wonderful glitter in his eyes. With something of a lurch, his body fell against the outer side of the railing, and he was hanging by his chin. Slowly he worked his chin away and then hung suspended by the rope, his neck bearing the weight of his trunk. By almost imperceptible degrees, with infinite caution, he descended the rope, and finally his unwieldy body rolled upon the floor, safe and unhurt!

What next? Was this some superhuman monster who had accomplished this impossible miracle? Would he immediately spring to invisible feet, run to the rajah's bedside, and stab him with an invisible dagger held in an invisible hand? No; I was too philosophic for such mad thoughts; there was plenty of time for interference. I was quick and strong. I would wait awhile and see what other impossible things this monster could do.

Imagine my astonishment when, instead of approaching the sleeping rajah, Neranya took another direction. Then it was only escape after all that the miserable wretch contemplated and not the murder of the rajah! But how could he escape? The only possible way to reach the outer air was by ascending the stairs to the balcony and leaving by the corridor, which opened upon it, and surely it was impossible for Neranya to ascend that long flight of stairs! Nevertheless, he made for the stairs. He progressed by lying on his back, with his face toward the point of destination, bowing his spine upward, and thus causing his head and shoulders to slip nearly an inch forward, straightening his spine and pushing forward the lower end of his back a distance equal to that which his head had advanced, each time pressing his head to the floor to keep it from slipping. His progress was slow, painful, and laborious, as the floor was slippery, rendering difficult the task of taking a firm hold with his head. Finally, he arrived at the foot of the stairs.

It was at once manifest that his purpose was to ascend them. The desire for freedom must have been strong within him. Wriggling to an upright position against the newel-post, he looked up at the great height which he had to climb and sighed; but there was no dimming of the bright light in his eyes. How could he accomplish the impossible task before him?

His solution of the problem was very simple. While leaning against the newel-post, he fell in a diagonal position and lay safe upon the bottom step on his side. Turning upon his back, he wriggled forward along the step the necessary few inches to reach the rail, scrambled to an upright, but inverted, position against the rail, and then fell and landed safely on the second step. This explains the manner in which, with inconceivable labor, he accomplished the ascent of the entire flight of stairs.

It being evident that the rajah was not the object of Neranya's movements, the anxiety which I had felt on that account was entirely dispelled, and I watched Neranya now only with a sense of absorbing interest and curiosity. The things which he had accomplished were entirely beyond the wildest imagination, and, in a sense, I was in a condition of helpless wonder. The sympathy which I had always felt for the unhappy man was now greatly quickened; and as small as I knew the chances of his ultimate escape to be, I nevertheless hoped that he would succeed. There was a bare chance that he would fall into the hands of the British soldiery not far away, and I inwardly prayed for his success. Any assistance from me, however, was out of the question; nor should it ever be known that I had witnessed the escape.

Neranya was now upon the balcony, and I could dimly see him wriggling along as he slowly approached the door. The rail was low, and I could barely see him beyond it. Finally he stopped and wriggled to an upright position. His back was toward the hall, but he slowly turned around and faced me. At that great distance I could not distinguish his features, but the slowness with which he had worked, even before he had fully accomplished the ascent of the stairs, was evidence all too eloquent of his extreme exhaustion. Nothing but a most desperate resolution could have sustained him thus far, but he had about drawn upon the last remnant of his strength.

He looked around the hall with a sweeping glance, and then upon the rajah, who was soundly sleeping immediately beneath him, over twenty feet down. He looked long and earnestly, sinking lower, and lower, and lower upon the rail. Suddenly, to my inconceivable astonishment and dismay, he toppled over and shot downward from his lofty height. I held my breath, expecting to see him crushed into a bloody mass on the stones beneath, but instead of that he fell full upon the rajah's breast, crashing through the cot, and hurling him to the floor. I sprang forward with a loud cry for help, and was instantly at the scene of the disaster. Imagine my indescribable horror when I found that Neranya's teeth were buried in the rajah's throat! With a fierce clutch I tore the wretch away, but the blood was pouring out in torrents from the frightfully lacerated throat, the chest was crushed in, and the rajah was gasping in the death agony. People came running in, terrified. I turned to Neranya. He lay upon his back, his face hideously smeared with blood. Murder, and not escape, was his intention from the beginning; he had adopted the only plan by which there was a possibility of accomplishing it. I knelt beside him, and saw that he was dying—his back had been broken by the fall. He smiled sweetly into my face; and the triumphant look of accomplished revenge sat upon his face even in death.

San Jose, March, 1889.

VANITY FAIR.

A drawing-room need no longer be as fatal as a battle-field, nor will it be necessary for ladies to shiver for hours with bare shoulders in wind-swept carriages and draughty corridors. The queen has approved "high" dresses. The following is the official announcement, circulated from the lord chamberlain's office: No. 1. Bodice of silk, satin, or velvet, high and turned back in front with revers. High collar at back of neck and small ruffle of lace inside, falling in a narrow V-shape down the front. It also has a flat-folded fichu on either side, which passes under a stomacher, such as was worn in the eighteenth century. Sleeves to the elbow, turned up with small cuff, below which fall long drooping ruffles of lace; No. 2. Demi-toilet bodice of silk, velvet, or satin, cut round at back, three-quarter height. The front heart-shaped. Sleeves to elbow, with full deep ruffles of lace. Transparent sleeves may also be worn with this bodice. Trains, gloves, and feathers as usual. "The queen has been pleased to permit ladies who, from illness, infirmity, or advancing years are incapacitated from wearing the usual court-dress at her majesty's drawing-rooms, on permission being obtained through the lord chamberlain, to appear in a high court-dress, of which particulars may be obtained at his lordship's office." On the new bodice, the *Daily News* writes: Both artistic and hygienic is the high bodice, opening V-shape in front. To take the more important matter first, it may be said that all physiologists are agreed as to the danger of exposing the back of the shoulders to cold or draught. Again, the backs of the arms, from the elbow to the shoulder, are among the most susceptible parts of the human frame to the influences of cold. The high bodice, described in the lord chamberlain's edict, protects both arms and shoulders completely, and the high collar at the back of the neck, included in the description, adds to the defensive character of the garment. Every woman who has ever worn a V-shaped bodice is well aware that nothing is easier than to guard the open front of the neck by thrusting in a lace handkerchief, which can be withdrawn in a moment; so that the high bodice can be made, by those who choose to have it so, almost as warm and comfortable as a tailor-made dress. With regard to its aspect from the point of taste, it could scarcely be improved upon. This form adds to the apparent height and gives a dignity to the figure that the low bodice must always fail to impart. The softly veiling laces of the front portion are as becoming to a white and satin-smooth skin as they are kindly and concealing to the cuticle that is neither soft nor white. In the same way, the long drooping ruffles of lace from the elbow are equally well adapted to enhance the beauty of a lovely arm, as to soften the asperities of one that is angular and bony. The "flat-folded fichu," to be worn on either side the bodice, is familiar to us all in the portraits painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds. In the beginning of Queen Victoria's reign the fichu was much worn, but its salient characteristic was not the flatness insisted upon in the recent order. It was ruffled with frillings of its own material, or trimmed with many folds of delicate lace. The flat fichu, passing under an eighteenth-century stomacher, is as becoming to a fine figure as it is possible for any trimming to be, giving fullness on the chest, and yet preserving the slender outline of the waist by being passed beneath the stomacher. The second form of high bodice described in the lord chamberlain's order is better suited to youth and freshness than to the charms of maturity. The "demi-toilet bodice, cut round at back three-quarter height," is that which society owes to the æsthetical movement of some years ago, when it was largely adopted and since when it has never disappeared. It is usually associated with a falling frill of lace, which surrounds the "three-quarter line." It is a pretty bodice for a girl, combining the most perfect modesty with a display of the lovely curves of the neck and throat. It is almost to be regretted that the royal commands have added the words "the front heart-shaped." Cut three-quarters height all round, the bodice is consistent in itself and fairly protective. The above condition opens the door to far different possibilities from those we have enumerated as advantages. Transparent sleeves may be worn with this bodice, but not necessarily. There is a choice between these and silk, satin, or velvet, matching the bodice; but whatever the material, they must be cut to reach the elbow and be trimmed with full deep ruffles of lace.

Concerning the drawing-rooms, Lewis Wingfield writes from London to *Once a Week:* The queen is notoriously quite indifferent as to the comfort or convenience of others, and it is surprising that she has at last been brought to give way on this point. It is too much to expect that she will give way on another point—namely, the holding of drawing-rooms by night instead of by day, as is the practice in Dublin. Even the loveliest look best by candle-light, and there is something ugly as well as grotesque and unfitting in the long row of hapless patricians in diamonds and plumes that lines St. James Street on drawing-room day. They are blue and numb with cold, faint from hunger and long waiting, and are moreover subject to ribald and critical remarks from the vulgar street urchins, who congregrate for that purpose on the sidewalk. I remember last spring, on a bitter, bitter morning, when the east wind cut one like a knife, I happened to be passing down St. James Street, and was gazing with pity on the long line of carriages. Suddenly, a fan gave a sharp rap on the window. The occupant of the carriage was the Duchess of Montrose, looking more dead than alive. "For heaven's sake, get me something warm to drink, or I must give it up and go home!" Something warm, in St. James Street! I looked around, and by chance the carriage was drawn up exactly opposite Christopher's, the wine merchant. Now, Christopher is my own wine merchant. In I rushed. "A bottle of best port, quick," I cried; "and get it mulled for the Duchess of Montrose!" The young men bustled about, and presently I appeared in triumph at the window with a tumbler and a steaming jug. Her grace having refreshed herself, returned the jug, saying: "Now take the rest to the carriage behind. I am sure the occupants will be grateful." Behold me in my best frock-coat and shiny hat administering warm drinks to freezing ladies through the windows. The miserable footmen in their silk stockings eyed the jug with envy; but none cared for them, poor souls, whether they lived or died! Is it not a shame that such barbarism could obtain till now, and that the rich and powerful husbands of the martyrs did not rise in indignant protest? As it is, the new sleeves and coverings will have to be of nothing thicker than lace; but we must be thankful for small mercies.

In connection with the much-discussed question of Mrs. Harrison's wearing décolleté gowns, investigation has brought to light the fact that every mistress of the White House has worn them, so that, though Mrs. Harrison when in Washington as a senator's wife never cut her gowns low, she will be breaking a tradition if she refuses to do so as a President's wife. Martha Washington began it, and, having a pair of very white, plump shoulders, she wore décolleté gowns whenever there was a reasonable excuse for doing so. Mrs. Jackson had low bodices made to her evening-dresses after her husband's election, but died before the inauguration and never wore them. Dolly Madison was a Quaker and did not wear them always, but on state occasions of diplomatic and Cabinet dinners she, too, wore low dresses, and, grievous to say, rouged as well. Harriet Lane Johnson, who presided over Buchanan's household, had got her ideas of décolleté gowns from the Englishwomen during her long residence at the court of St. James, and in consequence wore them as low as they are to be seen in the queen's drawing-rooms, which is very low indeed. She came into power during the reign of the bodice cut across from shoulder to shoulder, with a deep curtain of frilled lace hanging from it. She cut hers pretty far down. Mrs. Cleveland wears décolleté gowns, but very modest ones. This has been an administration of pretty shoulders. Beside Mrs. Cleveland's are Mrs. Whitney's, famous for their whiteness and symmetry. Only less beautiful are Mrs. Dickerson's, whose nuque is perfect and as white and smooth as satin. Mrs. Fairchild has dimples in her shoulders, which are of that pulpy, translucent fairness that one sees in the rosy flesh of a child.

Eighty-two girls from Vassar College (says New York *Truth*) came down to the Casino to attend a Saturday matinée of "Nadjy," and, of course, were delighted beyond all bounds. It seems that in offering the girls a half-holiday, the professors had in view an historical play. They had heard that "Macbeth" was being performed, and that "Cleopatra" was a worthy spectacle, and so, with edification in view, they proposed that the girls attend the theatre. It was then determined that the girls select the theatre and performance. When the vote was taken, there was an unanimous preference for the Casino, and the professors rolled up their eyes and held up their hands in worthy amazement. Still, popular majorities rule at Vassar, and public opinion in favor of "Nadjy" could not be overlooked. The charming eighty-two therefore

set out, in spectacles and waterproofs, for the Casino. They were guarded by four matrons, two professors of ethnology, and one doctor of divinity, the latter leaving them at the door. The daily press was for once a little behind time, and only heard of this visit when it was too late to interview the girls on their opinions as to tights, high-heeled shoes, and high-kickers. The brigade of reporters that arrived at the Casino were just ten minutes too late. The eighty-two had taken omnibuses and departed before the reporters got there. We are, therefore, deprived of the columns of learned opinions from these spectacled girls on the influence of the ballet, its relation to the church, and its historical significance. But I (says the *Truth* writer) was more fortunate than the esteemed daily press, for I caught one of the girls who fairly represented her group, and I had a pleasant chat with her. Her profound convictions were summed up in a very few words. When I asked her what she thought of "Nadjy," she condensed into one phrase what ordinarily takes sixteen reporters and fourteen columns of the Sunday paper to convey to the public. She said: "I think it is just 'scrum,' and if it were not that my pa keeps such a tight rein on me, I should like to be in that chorus myself." I asked her if her subtle and profound views of comic opera were shared by her sisters, and she said: "Shared? Oh! worse; some of them are studying for the ballet, but you must not give it away. After chapel on Sundays we rehearse in our rooms with high-heeled slippers, and nobody knows anything about it."

Denying the foregoing statements, *Life* says: "Little wonder that Vassar College was indignant at the report in the papers that eighty-two students attended the Saturday matinée performance of 'Nadjy' at the Casino. At the present writing it is not plain who is to blame for the libel. Manager Aronson shows a telegram from the college inquiring the price of seats, and declares that the next day a man bought eighty-two seats in a block for said matinée, all of which were occupied by young ladies whom he took to be Vassar girls. The college claims, on the contrary, that only two students from Vassar were present, and that they went without leave. Of course it is a blow to the college that a report should be circulated indicating a preference on the part of these highly cultured young women for low comedy; and, doubtless, the man who purchased the tickets was the agent of a rival institution of learning, perhaps Wellesley."

A Philadelphia society woman writes deprecatingly of the want of manners which so many people exhibit at balls and other social entertainments, and of the ruthlessness with which they will interrupt an interesting conversation. "Once upon a time," she says, "it was understood that opportunities were to be waited for, and tête-à-têtes were not abruptly broken in upon. But such a state of things—if it ever existed—exists no longer. A woman will beckon to a man across a drawing-room and, lo! he will arise and go, leaving the woman he had been talking to all alone, and perhaps she knows no one else in the room. Another woman will cross the room and enter into conversation with a man who is enjoying a quiet talk with another woman, whom she does not know. But it is so easy to ignore the other woman! A man will seek out another man who has retired to a secluded corner with a pretty girl, and, not knowing the girl, will tell his friend he wants to introduce him to a certain lady. If you are a woman, your host or hostess comes up and carries off the man to whom you are talking, in order to introduce him to some one else, and you are left standing alone, perhaps in the middle of the room. These are actual occurrences."

That Mrs. Cleveland did not mingle in the vulgar crush which so absurdly attends the inaugural hall of the President, shows her wisdom. We never knew that any lady had been advice present at an inaugural hall, and any lady who has witnessed the brutality of a Presidential levee, the struggling, sweating, common mob that invades the executive mansion whenever it is opened, can readily imagine what a scandalous miscegenation occurs when the opportunity is presented which affords anybody and anything the chance to attend who can pay ten dollars for a ticket. The Methodists of Indianapolis were altogether right in their endeavor to discourage this vulgar scramble. If, instead of opposing it because it was wicked, they had denounced it for being common, nasty, and democratic, it would have been better. There are two classes of society in Washington, and the better is never seen at inaugural halls or Presidential receptions, unless there is some political object to gain. There is a very high social class of officials necessarily living at the national capital—ladies of the Cabinet, the court, the Senate, and the foreign embassies. This official class, by gradation, slides down imperceptibly through the wives of members of Congress, the clerks of departments, to the ladies who perform menial offices in kitchen and laundry of the executive mansion, and who sell refreshments in the corridors and passage-ways of the great departments of state. By the rules of this splendid, democratic, American commonwealth, founded by the wisdom of our fathers and the patriotism of our sires, these ladies, with their voting lords, have equal rights, given them by the constitution and a ten-dollar greenback, to step in stately minuet or whirl in Virginia reel with the proudest and grandest dame in the court circles of our republican king. Mrs. Bridget Flanagery, *née* Rafferty, has as unquestioned a right to display her green gown and Palais Royal pebbles at an inaugural ball as has any wealthy widow in the land to make an exhibit of her velvets, laces, and sparkling gems. This pure democracy makes splendid reading in the historic pages of our republican court, but sometimes smells bad in the crowded salons of an inaugural ball. Mrs. Cleveland, having been first lady of the land, exercised most excellent judgment in avoiding the mob that celebrated her outgoing, and, we presume, Mrs. Harrison will look upon the next inaugural ball with the same loathing Mrs. Cleveland did upon this, unless across its mud is thrown the jeweled cloak of another four years of authority over the great gentleman of the land.

THE MAGIC CIRCLE.

"Iris" discusses a Remarkable Phase of Social Diversion.

The Magic Circle is popular all over the United States. It can be found in New York and San Francisco, in New Orleans and St. Paul. It has chilled the hearts of the gregariously inclined from Dan to Beersheba, it has caused the cold perspiration to break out on the forehead of the hostess from Nantucket and the hostess from Vancouver.

Among a luxuriously fashionable or a wickedly Bohemian coterie, the Magic Circle is not found. It is generally confined to sets of the most intense respectability—that type of respectability which wrung from Mme. Ratazzi the caustic remark that "respectability was merely a varnish for dullness." In truth, the sets where the Magic Circle is most prevalent are not, as a rule, remarkable for their mental brilliancy. The Magic Circle has a sobering effect on the most vivacious.

It always forms in the front parlor. The guests dropping in hesitatingly find themselves firmly in its grip the moment they pass the portals of the front-parlor door. In the back parlor, or even the dining-room, people have to sit about in little friendly, careless groups, courageous ones even stand easily leaning against the door-posts and talking together in the most nonchalant, airy way. From the dire rigidity of the front parlor and the Magic Circle the guests look yearningly into the back parlor. Happiness is only comparative; to them supreme happiness is represented by the careless liberty which reigns in the back parlor.

To one who is not initiated, the Magic Circle on first sight raises in the foolish heart the pleasant thought that some round game, some pleasant sport, is to ensue. The seated guests have formed an exact circle round the room. Their chairs are drawn back as close to the wall as possible, as though a basilisk occupied the centre of the apartment. They are perfectly grave and a heavy silence reigns over them, due to the depressing effects of a long continuance in the Magic Circle. The outsider, by an air of silent expectation which broods over the room and the marked manner in which a bare place is left in the centre, is led to expect that there is shortly to be a prize-fight, or, more suited to the refined lassitude of the company, a game of "spin the platter." He looks on hopefully, waiting for the exciting denouement. But there is none. Perhaps they are trying to form the electric current. That may account for the silence. But nothing happens. Now and then a remark disturbs the placidly flowing currents of the atmosphere—which settle again as no answer comes—a man crosses his legs, a lady rustles her skirts, the gaslight beats down upon them, a young man, whose chair is slightly out of line, pushes it back against the wall—this is the Magic Circle.

Determined hostesses, with martial, uncowed spirits, have been known to try to break the Circle. They have fought it single-handed. Running the eye of trained experience over the melancholy faces of the Circlers, they select the most depressed-looking and beckon them out. The Circler reluctantly leaves, comes into the back parlor, is toned up with beer and salad, and revives gradually. Three or four others are enticed away. The Circle is full of breaks, and though not absolutely obliterated, still is so distorted from its original symmetrical form that it is hardly to be recognized. The proud hostess returns to view the battle-field and rescue the wounded. What a sight meets her gaze! The remaining Circlers, true to their common cause, have closed in and formed another Circle—much smaller to be sure, quite restricted, but a Circle! It could not suggest a prize-fight or a game of "spin the platter" to any one. They appear to be scrutinizing something quite small. It is impossible to suppress their noble rage on this point; they are as industrious as ants at reconstructing their almost demolished ring.

The Magic Circle, in its highest forms, is observable in the flats and apartment-houses about the eastern side of New York. In these, the student of the Human Comedy can see this phenomenon of the nineteenth century developed to a high degree. The average "Flatter" is fond of giving parties. In the larger flats small gatherings at Mrs. Brown's, Mrs. Hicks's, and Mrs. Tompkins, occur weekly up to Lent. These ladies find sufficient society in the flat—there are twenty-four apartments in the building—to give their weekly gatherings without having to rely on the presence of outsiders, who would not understand the mysteries of the Magic Circle, and would therefore introduce a fast, wild element, and the reprehensible custom of conversing continuously.

The party begins generally at eight o'clock. First come the steps of the Hickses, the lady having the air of having arrived from a great distance, with a white lace round her head, and under her party-cloak the punch-glasses. She exchanges whispers with her hostess and departs toward the dining-room down the narrow hall. Then, clattering and laughing on the stairs, come the Grant girls from above. They make no false pretenses of having come from a distance, and have swept down the stairs in white cashmere frocks, trimmed with swan's-down and with silver girdles round their waists, to the admiration of the janitor's wife. They carry their guitars, and their brother comes behind with their music. In their train comes two young-men-escorts they have asked leave to bring. They are openly proud of the beauty of these escorts, whom they present to the company with a smiling flourish, gazing expectantly at the young men. The escorts bow deeply with a mingled air of nonchalance and uneasy embarrassment which it must have taken a long time to acquire. They are splendidly dressed in swallow-tails, pumps, and fancy shirts, the one boasting a pattern like that stamped upon waffles, the other powdered with embroidered dots, and each bearing in the centre, like the jamb of an electric-bell, a large stud of beaten gold. They appear rather crushed by the gorgeousness of their apparel, and let their beauty devastate surrounding hearts in luminous silence.

The other guests now arrive in a bunch. The artistic young lady from across the hall, who wears esthetic clothes and frizzled hair; Miss Bailey, from No. 12, with the punch in a large pitcher in her hand. Then comes the trampling of numerous ascending feet, and an irruption of Tompkinses fills the room, and seems to cram the other guests breathlessly against the walls, and the corners of the piano, and the mantel-piece. The Tompkinses are all stout and out of breath. Mamma Tompkins falls puffing into a chair, papa makes puffing welcome, then come the girls in pink-and-blue nun's veiling, and with a young man captured and pinioned between them, who silently suffers and is strong. They all fall into vacant chairs, push them back against the wall, and sit looking at the pictures in ponderous silence. A few belated Flatters stray in, and the party is made up.

At first a heavy silence benumbs the community. No one seems inclined to speak. They are all as close to the wall as they can get, and those who are not devoured with curiosity about the pattern of the wall-paper, suffer correspondingly about that of the carpet. The Tompkinses sit together and occasionally murmur hoarsely apart, as disinterested spectators will do at a funeral. They all have the appearance of being unduly stout and tightly confined by ribbons at the throat, over which their healthy cheeks bulge in blushing exuberance. The girls sit side by side, with the unresisting captive between them, who seems to have sunk into a state of suspended animation, precipitated by sheer misery.

When any one, daring and desperate, as Ney at Waterloo, makes a remark, everybody turns slowly in his chair and fastens on the savage a pair of large, solemn, surprised eyes set in a musing stare, which freezes speech at the fountain-head. This shows the savage his error, and he not wrongly concludes that speech in these select Circles is considered rather vulgar, not to say fast. Among the denizens of East-side apartment-houses, to be absolutely *comme il faut* and elegant, a thoughtful silence must be preserved at any cost. It is not so much a curative of dullness, as a preventive against all grammatical slips. To the consistent Flatter the sound of his own voice, breaking one of these genteel silences, is as dreadful as the trump of doom. It is also part of the education of a well-bred Flatter always to assist in the forming of the Magic Circle. It does not add to the harmonious appearance of the room to have people sitting about in little broken-up groups. It disturbs the perfect balance of the apartment, just as having the blinds at different altitudes in the front windows imparts but small style to the appearance of a house.

The Magic Circle carefully framed, silence reigning—the party has fairly begun. The ladies rustle occasionally and change their attitudes. The Misses Tompkins both sit bolt upright, one elbow on the arm of the chair, one hand hanging down limp at a right angle, and caught and held by the other hand—an attitude having popularity among the photographers of the last generation. When any one speaks, the Misses Tompkins slowly turn their heads, but keep their bodies absolutely immovable in this carefully acquired attitude. The guitar-playing young ladies giggle nervously, and try to be daring enough to lounge. Mrs. Hicks, with tightly gloved hands folded over her handkerchief, occasionally leans toward her neighbor, and speaks in a hoarse undertone, as though guiltily conscious of her breach of etiquette.

"How was the night, Mrs. Bailey? Fine, I expect?"

Every one turns and stares at Mrs. Hicks, but she supports the trial with unblushing front.

"A splendid night; all the stars out," observes Mrs. Bailey, referring them all to the window with a wave of her hand, for she is anxious to relapse into the slothful stillness of yore. She feels that, like the sluggard, she has been wakened too soon.

The silence resettles. But Mrs. Hicks grows irrepressible, her vivacity approaches vulgarity. This time she tries Miss Tompkins, leaning toward her and speaking in her strained undertone as though she were about to impart an anecdote slightly off-color:

"How's your dear Aunt Sue?"

"Quite well, thank you," came the answer, with repellent hauteur. For the fact is, Miss Tompkins is going to maintain her reputation as a lady of the highest social culture, and a member of the Magic Circle, at any cost. She may drop asleep at her post, but the rack itself will not wrench speech out of her. But here, unfortunately, her cavalier, who has been slumbering like the dormouse, wakes and yearns maddeningly for interchange of thought. He tries Miss Tompkins:

"Missed the car getting here," says he, jauntily.

Miss Tompkins turns her head with awful slowness, and lets the light of her eyes shine upon him with intended Medusa-like effect. He is not to be repulsed. He turns to the other Miss Tompkins, for he grows desperate for speech:

"Saw you at the theatre last Tuesday?"

"Yes?" assents the lady, with a rising inflection.

He then tries Mrs. Bailey:

"Large apartment-house, this?"

She bows her head with an air of unresisting, patient acquiescence, as one who has learned the beauty of submission, and who will stubbornly resent nothing. The young man in his wicked heart longs to say something rude. He would like to rouse these lethargic ladies from their sacred calm. But he suppresses his rage and tries Mrs. Hicks. He has lost some of his brilliant sprightliness, but he is still polite and smiling.

"How do you like living here? How'd's it compare with the other side of town?"

"Well," says Mrs. Hicks, musingly—she rolls up her eyes in a paroxysm of reflection; it appears to the young man that she actually contemplates conversing, and is, at this moment, selecting choice hits from a store of hoarded information; he is filled with palpitating expectation—"well," she continues, suddenly, "I don't know," and, raising her handkerchief in a hand which has the appearance of being false, she slowly wipes her lips as a sort of polite intimation that the conversation is over—a figurative "shaking the dust off your feet."

The young man gives way to unbridled despair. He sinks back between the massive Misses Tompkins and falls into a state of coma, from which Mrs. Brown's voice rouses him, crying:

"Come in to supper and try Mr. Bailey's punch."

February 28, 1889. Iris.

NELLY BLY.

Mrs. Atherton tells the Story of a Daring Girl Reporter.

Three or four years ago a little girl in Pittsburg left school to find that she must earn her own bread. She had not the faintest idea how crackers were earned, or even the homely ginger-snap. She had a good common-school education, and the usual allowance of painting and music, but felt herself in no way fitted to teach. Once or twice she thought of the factories, but she had no affinity for the working-class, and shrank from the idea. The common resorts of the impecunious—journalism and literature—did not occur to her. One day, however, she saw an article on girls in a Pittsburg paper which she did not like, and, acting on the impulse of the moment, wrote an indignant protest to the editor. The letter was not signed and was intended only for the editor's benefit. In the next issue of the paper was a personal, asking her name and address as a guarantee of good faith, as the editor wished to publish the article. Very much surprised, she gave the required information, the article was printed, and a week later the editor wrote her an impatient note asking her why she did not send something more. So she wrote another article, and then another, finding it an easy way of making a few dollars, and feeling a girlish vanity and pleasure in airing her ideas. The editor finally put her on a small weekly salary and gave her charge of the dramatic and society departments of his paper. Thus Nelly Bly, to-day the most famous newspaper woman in America, found herself accidentally launched on the uneasy sea of journalism.

She was then seventeen, and she remained with her original editor two or three years. From the first she had the same extraordinary fearlessness and independence which have made her later reputation. Being dramatic critic, she was, of course, detained at her work until late at night and after the trains had stopped running. Consequently, she had to walk home, across a dark bridge of unholy reputation, and two miles out into the country. She says that the idea of fear never occurred to her.

After a time, she became tired of her somewhat monotonous work and inspired with a desire to go to Mexico. She went to the various railroad directors, and, after arguing with them for three months, got her passes. Her editor did not approve of the project, and said that he would only give her fifty dollars a month. She said she would go if he only gave her fifty cents, and, taking her mother under her wing, started off.

She traveled all over Mexico, her letters were copied far and wide, parties were made up to go out and see the quaint and picturesque towns she so graphically described, the railroads congratulated themselves upon their generosity, and the circulation of her editor's paper increased. She visited every town, little and big, and wherever she went met everybody worth knowing. In the City of Mexico she met Diaz and all the other big bodies, and had a fine time until one of her letters came back and made Mexico extremely warm for her. It contained some reflections upon the Mexican Government, and was not intended for publication until her return to free soil. A council of state was called, and Miss Nelly Bly summoned to appear. She did so, and defended herself with the intrepidity of the West. She said that what she had written was true, that she had a right to say what she pleased, and defied them to imprison a girl and sound the whole United States to arms. Diaz concluded that she was right and let her go, but invited her to no more state receptions.

Upon her return to Pittsburg she determined to go to New York. Everybody protested, from her mother to the printers' devils in her editor's office. But when this square-chinned young Pennsylvanian had made up her mind, her decision and that of no one else was carried out. With a hundred dollars in her pocket and a note of introduction to a boarding-house-keeper, she came to New York. She might have been a stranger on a strange planet. Behind those monotonous miles of ugly, cold, brown-stone houses she knew not a soul, and no one, outside of a few newspaper offices, knew of her. Her reputation was almost entirely confined to the West. But it is doubtful if she was ever low-spirited for five consecutive minutes. She took a small room and managed to get a little work from the syndicates. But she was progressing very slowly, and in a month or two found that she had not replaced her hundred dollars. At this point her purse was stolen.

For an entire evening she sat and thought, one wildly improbable scheme after another chasing itself through her head. But with no medium between desperation and starvation—for she would not write home—she, the next morning, borrowed ten cents from her landlady and went down to the *World* office. She sent up her card to Mr. Pulitzer, having written on it that she had some important ideas to communicate to him. He sent down his secretary with the message that he had no time to listen to women's crazy ideas, but to talk to the secretary. She repulsed the secretary with scorn, told him that she had no intention of imparting her ideas to hirelings, and insisted upon seeing Mr. Pulitzer. Three times she was put off and three times she replied that she would not leave the *World* office until she had spoken with Mr. Pulitzer. Finally she gained her point and was shown up into Mr. Pulitzer's office, where he was sitting with the editor of the paper, Colonel Cockerill. (For Colonel Cockerill, it may be remarked *en passant*, Nelly had not deigned to ask, as he was in her black books. She had asked him, a few days before, to let her go up in the *World* balloon, and he had told her to go jump off the Brooklyn Bridge.) In the fewest possible words she outlined her scheme of feigning insanity, having herself committed to the asylum, and writing up her experiences. Mr. Pulitzer and Colonel Cockerill told her to give them three days to think it over, and gave her twenty-five dollars for the ownership of the idea during that time. At the end of three days they told her to try it, but that they had no hope of success. However, as the idea was so original it was worth a trial.

She went to a working-woman's lodging-house and asked for a night's shelter. During the evening she sat in a corner with her eyes fixed on her lap and refusing all attempts at conversation. Finally the landlady went over to her and asked her why she was so quiet. Nelly raised her eyes, and, fixing them on the woman, replied in a solemn whisper: "Because I do not like these people. They are all MAD." The landlady asked her one or two more questions, then retired precipitately to the other end of the room, spoke hurriedly to the other women, and, in a twinkling, Nelly Bly was alone. An excited discussion took place outside in the hall, one woman fainted, several had hysterics, and a chorus went up with one refrain, "I won't sleep with her." Finally one woman, more courageous than the rest, announced her intention of taking charge of the poor crazy girl, and much to Nelly's discomfiture led her up to bed; she had hoped they would call a policeman.

She did not dare go to sleep; she was afraid that she would forget herself upon awaking and reveal her sanity. So she sat on the edge of the bed all night, and, in a quiet way, so succeeded in agitating her brave room-mate that a policeman was called immediately after breakfast. She was taken to the station, where she created a sensation, she was so young, very pretty, and her case seemed such a peculiar one. She was pronounced hopelessly insane by one of the most competent judges in New York and removed to the hospital to await transference to the island. While at the hospital she experienced many qualms; every reporter in town visited her and she was afraid of recognition. Her case was the sensation of the hour, and so eager was the public to hear news of the pretty crazy girl, that the reporters went so far as to take off her shoes and examine the shape of her feet. She used to sit in convulsions of laughter behind her handkerchief while consultations, grave and idiotic, went on around her.

Finally she was removed to the island, and there underwent a series of experiences more sensational than pleasant, but which have already been given to the world. She was there about ten days and received hundreds of visitors, the papers still being agog over her case. Finally, when she was nearly starved, the *World* managed to get her out, and the night of her return to New York she wrote eighteen columns for the Sunday edition. In the meantime, the other papers were publishing wild accounts of her escape, and each announced its intention of discovering her whereabouts. Public sympathy was thoroughly aroused in her behalf.

At last Sunday came, her story was published, and it is doubtful if any such sensation had ever occurred in journalism before. All the other papers were furious, but Nelly Bly was famous, or, as she very sensibly puts it, "notorious."

After that she was put on a salary, and made one sensation after another, doing things that no other woman would dare and no man had ever thought of. Finally she announced her intention of going to Albany and exposing Phelps, the great lobbyist. Her editor discouraged the idea, for he did not believe the thing could be done, but she was determined and went.

She introduced herself to Phelps as the wife of a patent-medicine manufacturer, and told him that she wanted him to prevent the passage of the bill against patent medicines. She said they were willing to pay any price, and so won over Phelps by her earnestness that he took out a list of legislators' names and meditatively marked a number with a pencil, remarking, at the same time, that they were the ones to be bribed. The game would be in her own hands if she could get that paper, and, as she rose, she asked him for it, on the plea of a bad memory for names. He shook his head; he had no intention of parting with it, and looked for another, but he could not find one, and so compromised by putting a similar pencil-mark opposite every name on the list. Nelly Bly was in despair; but, as he handed her the paper, her spirits revived. He had laid it on a rough book this last time and the new marks were a succession of dots while the first ones were straight. After that she saw him every day, and so charmed was he with her ingenuousness and engaging manner, that he made many dangerous revelations and swore he would prevent the passage of the bill for the consideration of eight thousand dollars. He returned with her to New York and agreed to meet her with his son in the parlor of the St. James's Hotel at a certain hour in the afternoon and receive the money. (The bill, in the meantime, had been defeated.)

Nelly Bly went directly to the *World* office and told the editor to send a couple of men to the St. James's as witnesses that Phelps was there, then wrote her article. It appeared the following Sunday, and the consequence was that Phelps, who for twenty-five years had been the most unprincipled lobbyist in New York State, disappeared from the haunts of men.

Not long ago she exposed, at great personal risk, a scoundrel who was making the park an unsafe place for any woman to frequent alone, and a few days ago she had herself arrested, and has an account of prison abuses in to-day's paper. Some weeks ago she had an adventure, which, although she has not written it up, is worth recording. She was in Philadelphia on business, and, having a few hours on her hands, hired a cab and went for a drive in the park. Knowing nothing of the place she gave no order, and the man drove her to a lonely spot, where, as far as the eye could reach, not a sign of life was visible. At the foot of a declivity was a marsh, and on the other side a waste. At this point the driver got down and demanded her purse. For a moment she hesitated and revolved the situation. She had forgotten her pistol, it would be idle to call for help, and equally vain to fly. Nothing was left but her native pluck. She leaned forward and looked squarely in the man's face. "You are a fool," she said; "if you rob me and take me back to town, I will have you arrested; if you kill me, you will be found out, for my friends will make inquiries, and at least a hundred people have seen me with you to-day. All this risk you will take for twenty-five dollars. Now, you had better get up on the box and drive me back to town." The man looked as if he would like to murder her on the spot, but he had sense enough to see the logic of her remarks and drove her back to town with all possible speed.

And this girl, you will ask—who, little beyond twenty, has such extraordinary audacity and walks willingly into such astounding adventures—she must be a bold, brazen thing with nothing of womanishness about her? On the contrary, I never saw a more modest, unassuming, lady-like girl. I talked to her for three hours, and have met few women in New York as interesting. She is a thoroughly good, business-like girl, who is by no means in love with her trade, but who has her mother and herself to support. She has that peculiar order of repose and absolute self-reliance which comes out of the West alone, and which can not be confounded with boldness by even the most casual observer. Her manners are as pretty and dignified as those of many society girls. She has a supreme contempt for the New York man, because always obliged to be on her guard with him, and has no circle of acquaintances whatever. It took me two months to get hold of her, and she finally came because she had an idea that I was an old lady and should be treated with respect. She has no conceit about her achievements and frankly avows that she knows nothing whatever about literary style. "That is the secret of my success," she said; "if I knew how to write, the masses wouldn't read me." She puts down everything she has seen in a simple, direct way with the force of her young vitality, and she relates events exactly as they happened; the consequence is that she is the idol of the sensation-loving class.

She has kept her identity concealed with remarkable expertness, and it is astonishing how few people know her by sight. Every paper has described her, and from no description could she be recognized. Here it is enough to say that she has black, curly hair, which she wears in a demure little knot, large Irish-gray eyes, and a fresh olive skin. Her teeth are very pretty, her hands and feet small, and her figure very slender and erect.

Her name, by the way, is not Nelly Bly.

GERTRUDE FRANKLIN ATHERTON.

NEW YORK, February 25, 1889.

College boys sometimes have a queer sense of fun (says the *Independent*). To destroy property, to terrify the unsuspecting, to make a noise, and even to endanger life are to them pastime. Of late years, however, these forms of amusement have fallen into disrepute among the students themselves. Hazing, with all its associated boorishness, has about come to an end, and our students have become more gentlemanly in the manly sense of the word. We were already so used to the new order of things that the report of the Washington's Birthday celebration at Wesleyan University was a great shock. It seems that there was a deliberate plan to explode nitro-glycerine cartridges in and about the college buildings. Six bombs were procured from New York, being sent by the father of one of the students in answer to a telegram. This is to us inexplicable. A freshman may be thought to know so little that he is even ignorant of the explosive power of nitro-glycerine, but that a freshman's father could be equally ignorant is impossible. We regard this father's action as about the worst feature of the whole case. It seems to us that he is criminally liable. Of the bombs he sent, but three were exploded. Two of these were, from the perpetrators' point of view, successfully used in North College and Observatory Hall with more or less disastrous effects to the building; the third exploded in the hands of the student who was about to set it off, and he is now lying in the New Haven Hospital with the possibility of losing his life. There has been nothing more outrageous than this in the annals of American student life. That one of the perpetrators is the one to suffer does not soften our censure. It is a lamentable thing that men who are old enough to go to college and have had any advantages of education and associations, should have so little moral sense as to make it possible for them to commit such an outrage. There is just one thing to do with those implicated, and that is to hand them over to the civil authorities. The faculty of the college has no rights of criminal jurisdiction and should not attempt to settle this case by any of the ordinary methods of college discipline. The time has come when students committing crimes must be treated as criminals. If their moral sense can not be quickened by precept, let us try the effect of the law on them.

Among the grandest monuments of the Roman occupation of Spain and Portugal are the aqueducts, which brought supply of water to the ancient towns, and some of which still serve their original purpose. That of Lisbon crosses the valley of Alcantara by arches, which are nearly three hundred feet high. Pipes would not have lasted so long, though the first cost would have been less. It has been supposed that the Romans were ignorant of the principle that water carried in pipes will rise to the level of its source, for otherwise it is thought that they would not have built these massive aqueducts. But in the "Natural History" of Pliny this principle is clearly stated, so that we are forced to conclude that the Romans acted upon the maxim that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well. So long have these remains stood that the common people have lost their history, and refer their building to later hands than have only repaired the ruins. In his "Journey Overland to Lisbon," Mr. Hughes remarks upon the aqueduct of that city: "On the most conspicuous part of this great Roman work are daubed the royal arms of Portugal, with the inscription 'Dona Maria II. Anno Domini, 1846.' I witnessed the effect of a similar deception at Merida. The superb Roman bridge has some repairs made in it by Philip the Third in 1610, and it was forthwith inscribed on the portico with the royal arms of Spain. Accordingly, as I passed over the bridge, the driver had the coolness to contend that it was the work not of Romans, but of Spaniards, and to point to the inscription on the portico in proof of his allegation!"

On January 4th, Treasurer Hyatt signed a treasury check payable to himself, for fifty-eight million nine hundred thousand dollars. This was to reimburse himself for money expended during the preceding month in the purchase of honds, etc., which he had theoretically paid from his own pocket. Mr. Hyatt said this is the largest check he has issued since he has been in office.

ANOTHER IMMORAL PLAY.

"Parisina" discusses Victorien Sardou's "Marquise."

I once heard an unsophisticated American express his astonishment anent the want of gallantry exhibited by Frenchmen in allowing so many pretty women to drive in solitary grandeur in the Bois: "What do they mean hy lolling on the sidewalks, when they might he so much more amusingly engaged in a flirting conversation with the fair denizens of all these perfectly appointed victorias? See that lovely creature there, she is barely twenty, and it is hardly proper that she should he there alone. True, her manners are perfect; look how careful she is to conceal a portion of her face beneath her lace sunshade, and not once does she lift those long lashes of hers as she passes hefore those grinning puppies yonder!"

Believe me, if you will, but I felt ashamed to inform my companion of the true state of the case. Let him find it out for himself, thought I, far he it from me to pull the scales from off those honest eyes.

It may be straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel, and as illogical as you please, yet, according to the code of honor professed by the man about town, Anonyma may be visited and treated in the quasi-puhlicity of a Boulevard restaurant, but she is not to be accompanied in her drives abroad; men may ruin themselves for her, or commit suicide for her sake, hut they shall not marry her. And for him who sins against this unwritten law, dire retrihution is meted out.

Thus, when a few months ago a baroness of the *demi-monde*, who owned a splendid carriage and pair, was seen accompanied by a beardless youngster every afternoon, the world cried fie on the stripling, and he would—seeing his years—have douhtless been expostulated with by some well-meaning mentor, had it not got abroad that for all his baby face he was as old a *roué* as any among them. Society, therefore, contented itself with cutting him, and his old intimates and school-fellows passed him by without a nod of recognition when they saw him sitting next to his middle-aged inamorata in the hlue-satin-lined vehicle drawn by the prancing hays. The incident, however, was destined to be a nine-days' wonder, for some time afterward it was discovered that the Baronne d'A—— had married her prey! People who always manage to know everything, told you that he of the baby face was over head and ears in debt, and that his father had sworn he would do nothing more for him. Some gambling debts were extremely pressing, and young hopeful, finding his parent obdurate, declared he would do something that they would regret till the end of their days—a threat which was disregarded. Then he made his first appearance as the *cavalier-servant* of the haronne, and, after the necessary legal delays, married her. Poor creature, she did not long enjoy connuhial felicity, but died shortly afterward, and the widower now wears the willow, making the most of the wealth for which he sold himself.

Perhaps it is this very story that suggested to Victorien Sardou the plot of the play which has just heen produced at the Vaudeville, and has caused a chorus of disgust and horror to arise on every side. What, I hear the reader exclaim, is it possible that the French play-goer has still a shred of prudery left? After "Divorçons," "Nana," "Sapho," "Monsieur Alphonse," "Parfum," and "Germinie Lacerteux," after the crudities of the Théâtre Déjazet which culminated in "La Mariée Récalcitrante," and the lucuhrations of the dramatists in ordinary to the Théâtre Libre, they can still call up a hlush, still own themselves shocked and scandalized!

Even so. And the fact is certainly to their honor. Yes, all feeling of decency is not lost when Sardou is openly accused of pandering to the worst side of human nature, of degrading the French drama to a lower level than it had yet reached.

Strange, how often in these pages wherein I review the questions that are uppermost in people's minds, it is a play that necessarily occupies my attention. The drama is the form of literature which nowadays appeals most pressingly to the attention of society. Men and women of to-day devote little time to reading, hut every one goes to the theatre, and not to have seen the last new piece is to he nowhere in the running. It is the subject of general conversation and comment, and herefore those who undertake to be the echo of the *on-dits* of Paris must often find themselves discussing subjects theatrical.

The title of Sardou's latest effort is "Marquise." Nothing in that, you will say, to compromise Victorien's reputation for clean writing, or to give an inkling of the plot which has shocked every one so dreadfully—even the critics, whom habit might easily have rendered less squeamish than ourselves. Nor is it the first time by any means that a woman with no character to speak of has heen made the heroine of three acts—more's the pity—only to mention Dumas's "Dame aux Camélias," and Meilhac and Halévey's "Fanny Lear," which, by a curious coincidence, has just been revived at the Odéon. The former was ahsolved long ago, having loved well and suffered much, and moreover had heen, as it were, sanctified hy the sacredness of song. It were less difficult to find an excuse for putting on the stage such a one as Fanny; hut then, though hers is the title part, there is a young and innocent heroine, Geneviève, on whom all our interests are centred, and whose love-story is within an ace of heing marred hy the wicked machinations of the wretched woman to whom her grandfather—in a moment of senile folly—has given his name. We are only called upon to detest Fanny. And in the end, poetical justice is meted out all round, Geneviève gets paired off with her lover, and the old man recovers his liberty and his reason.

The case is quite different in "Marquise." Lydie Garousse is the heroine, and the interest of the story—if such a word may be used—centres round her alone. It is not left to our imagination to fill in the details of Lydie's existence previous to the commencement of the play. We are informed that she ran away from her father's farm at sixteen and then ran wild in Paris, to such good purpose that in the course of nine years—thanks principally to the generosity of her last patron, a fantastically rich Russian—she is now mistress of her own person and the comfortable income of forty thousand dollars a year, and is, moreover, in possession of a handsome town-house, a cottage by the sea, and a country-residence in the near neighhorhood of Rouen.

It is in this pleasant Norman retreat that the scene is laid, not far from the farm of Papa Garousse, her unworthy parent, who reflects with simple cynicism that if he had not neglected his daughter in her youth she would never have risen to such high honor. A party is assembled at the château—not the cream of the noble faubourg assuredly, hut couples assorted in a somewhat irregular manner and an ex-lover of the hostess, an artist, Olivier Piquenot. As may he imagined, Lydie's advent is not hailed with anything like pleasure by the gentry of the commune; a venerable old countess in particular—whose patrimonial estates are only divided from those lately acquired by the *belle-horizontale* by a narrow stream—persists in treating her neighbor with the greatest disdain, and even the poor pocket her money as if she were making restitution, not conferring a favor upon them.

This is where the shoe pinches. Lydie has everything she can possibly need, ample means, troops of friends—or sycophants, perhaps—so she cries for the moon. She wants to be honored and respectable. Her one idea now is to discover some decayed gentleman sufficiently poor and degraded to give his name in return for a fixed income, which he would undertake to enjoy at a convenient distance from his legal spouse, leaving her entirely to her own devices. Lydie explains all this to Olivier, who acts the part of confident, and even goes so far as to offer himself as a substitute for the decayed gentleman, but is rejected because the name of Piquenot falls so very far short of her ideal.

M. Campanilla, who is the hero of the piece—if such a piece can he said to have a hero—makes his appearance upon the scene as the representative of an insurance company sent to appraise the house and its contents. He and Lydie get into conversation over some *soi-distant* Ruhens, and he surprises her by the extent of his worldly knowledge. She, scenting the man of expedients and intrigue beneath the shabhy coat of the expert, thinks it not unlikely he may know the sort of husband of whom she is in search, and commissions him to hunt up the required article after telling him the conditions. To these Campanilla makes some objection. It would be necessary to throw in a few thousands for the settlement of pressing debts. This Lydie refuses to do at first, hut consents to after a little more argument. "Very well, then, I have the man you want," says the gray-headed but not venerable Campanilla, in a husiness-like tone; "I am he!"

It appears that Campanilla is a marquis, that he has dissipated two millions of fortune in Parisian boudoirs, and is reduced to earn his bread in the latter days of his life as an insurance clerk, and is ready to barter his Neapolitan title for a handsome consideration. He will marry Lydie, accepting her conditions, and Lydie will be a marquise! This is better than her fondest dreams. The arrangement is made off-hand, and in the second act the pretty pair are married.

So far, the whole mean and pitiful story may be easily related. Afterward it is another matter. I hardly know how to put it, but Campanilla declines to execute the contract to which he has hound himself . . . he ahsolutely refuses to quit the house that night. A hideous imhroglio follows. The arrival of a girl with a new pair of boots for the chatelaine causes a complication. The girl and Campanilla meet by accident; she is a discarded mistress to whom he has promised marriage, and she upbraids him with his perfidy. Finally he conceals her in his hedroom. Then Lydie, having discovered that her hushand is ready to give up his income in return for the favors she refuses, changes her mind. (I am getting into difficulties again.) But the presence of a third person naturally throws cold water on the ardor of the middle-aged spouse, Lydie, indignant, draws back a curtain, and—discloses Mlle. Augusta. She requires nothing more. Of course she can now claim a divorce, and calling to her friends she hids them hear witness to the indignity to which she has been subjected.

Yes, the man who wrote this is Sardou, the author of "Dora," "Fédora," and "Theodora," of "Uncle Sam," "Maison Neuve," and the "Benoitons," and many a good amusing play heside. It is hardly credible. "Marquise" has not a single fine scene in it, the characters are one and all actuated hy the meanest, the basest motives. We used to complain that French playwrights were always harping on one string—unlawful love—hut at least it was passion of a kind, and as such it was preferable to this. Anything, indeed, is preferable to this, hecause, as I have said, such a bargain, such a marriage, is looked upon as the lowest depth of ignominy in France, and it had indeed been well if Sardou had saved it and himself the shame of seeing such a story reproduced on any stage.

PARISINA.

PARIS, February 15, 1889.

Nitro-glycerine hids fair, say the doctors, to become an important remedy for diseases of the kidneys, and experiments are now making in cases of Bright's disease. Nitro-glycerine of a pure quality, possessing all the explosive powers of the suhstance, is prepared in alcohol (which removes the explosive quality) in the proportion of one part of the nitro-glycerine to ninety-nine of alcohol, and is then prepared with sugar or milk in tablets. Thus prepared it is called "Trinitrin." A patient in a Philadelphia hospital has had the dose increased until now he is taking eighty grains a day. He has Bright's disease, and the effects are said to he highly satisfactory.

Victoria's will was made in 1876, engrossed on vellum, and is now a great bound volume fastened with a lock, with several blank pages left for suhsequent codicils. The last was made recently and distributed the juhilee gifts. Some are left to the state, and the others are distrihuted among the members of the royal family.

A royal Egyptian mummy, landed at Marseilles, France, the other day, was taxed the usual duty on dried fish, no scale for preserved Pharaohs heing known to the customs officials.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mrs. Harrison is growing daily more and more annoyed at the gossip about her and her hahits in the newspapers.

The Czar has ordered his painter-in-ordinary, Michael von Zichy, to paint a picture of the railway disaster at Borki. The artist was on the wrecked train, hut escaped unhurt.

Adelina Patti celehrated her —th hirthday last week in her castle at Craig-y-Nos, and received many handsome presents. A concert was given in the conservatory, at which the madam actually consented to sing without charge.

Lord Tennyson writes as follows to the *Critic*: "I thank you for asking me to be among the numherless number of those who greet Mr. Lowell on his seventieth hirthday. I wish that I had seen more of him while he was among us. All hlessings he upon him and upon his country."

The latest expensive whim indulged in hy the King of Wurtemberg is the photographing of the moon to ascertain whether it is inhabited. He has the negatives magnified one hundred thousand fold, and has thus far discovered nehulæ covered with little dots, which he helieves to be lunar people.

M. Mayer, of *La Lanterne*, and M. Meyer, of *Le Gaulois*, were parties to a bet of two thousand dollars on General Boulanger's election. M. Mayer lost, hut his friend did not want the money. So they sent it, half to the Fund for the Victims of Duty, and half to the French Journalists' Benevolent Association.

The New York *World* says: "Major Rathhone, consul at Paris, had a curious experience during the Boulanger-Jacques election excitement. A newspaper article advocating the choice of 'le hrav' général' appeared over his signature. He was ahle to prove, however, that he had nothing to do with the article in question."

The hringing of suits against the government for ancient claims is growing in fashion. The heirs of Colonel Nicholas Lotz, who died in the last century, have met at Reading, Pennsylvania, and organized a raid on the treasury for seventeen million dollars, the amount due, it is alleged, on an unpaid hill for hay furnished the Continental forces by the colonel during the revolution.

Prince Rudolf was addicted to remarkahle comhinations of intoxicants, his favorite drink heing a mixture of champagne and cognac, a concoction calculated to shatter the nerves and addle the hrain of a Hercules. Of this compound, he is said to have absorhed great quantities in a day, and his conduct on several memorahle occasions attests the potency of his peculiar tipple.

Mr. C. A. Henderson, who has been in the British consular service since 1858—seventeen of these thirty years having heen passed in Boston—says that the principal part of his official duties is to hunt up lost relatives and heirs to estates. Every mail hrings him letters from England inquiring after some relative who has migrated to this country. Whether the missing person settled in Massachusetts or California the inquirer seldom knows, and looks to Mr. Henderson to do the work of discovery.

General J. A. Williamson, of Iowa, formerly Commissioner of the Land Office, has recently inherited five hundred thousand dollars in a curious way. Some years ago, when counsel for the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, he refused to prosecute the hondsmen of a contractor named Casey, who had failed to meet his engagements, hut who was believed to he entirely honest. Casey completed his contract, and afterward became rich. When he died the other day he rememhered General Williamson handsomely.

Perry Belmont had rather an awkward experience on his arrival at the court of Madrid. When he prepared himself for presentation to the king, he was informed from the foreign office that the Spanish Government had received no official notification of the withdrawal of Mr. Curry as the United States Minister. The Spanish court is nothing if not formal, and, in the absence of this notification, the credentials of Mr. Belmont possessed no significance. Under the circumstances, it was not good form for Mr. Belmont to remain in Madrid, or in fact to appear in public. He therefore withdrew to Seville, and went into retirement until the Department of State could forward, in formal official style, the notification that Mr. Curry had been relieved.

Miss Will Allen Dromgoole is a literary lady who has cut her official throat with her little pen. Some of her recent magazine sketches of life in the Tennessee Mountains carried a sting to the denizens of that section, and when Miss Dromgoole recently sought an election to a senate clerkship, a hig, rough-bearded Solon from an up-county arose and roared out: "She wrote agin the mount'ns! I war be known'st ter it, an' I'm agin her!" The senate sat petrified and Miss Dromgoole incautiously giggled. It sealed her fate. Another hill-country legislator was hoisted to his feet hy his indignant colleagues to second the objection. He did it tersely and effectually. "She 'lowed the wimmen folks went h'arfoot an' ther men talked a diurlec. I'm agin anybody as is agin the mount'ns." The issue was joined, and on the ballot being taken, Miss Dromgoole was heaten.

General Gilman Marston, who has just heen appointed United States Senator from New Hampshire to fill the gap from March 4th till the convening of the State legislature in June, is seventy-seven years old. He has twice been in Congress, and he won the commission of brigadier-general hy hrave service during the war. Two incidents of his army-life illustrate the peculiar force of his character. On one occasion he declined to let his men remain on hoard a crowded transport, although ordered to do so hy a superior officer, saying that he had "hrought that regiment from New Hampsbire to fight, and not to be drowned," his action being afterward sustained by General Hooker; and at another time, when directed hy a tyrannical superior to huild a guard-house "without so mucb as a crack in it," he interpreted the order literally, and had one constructed solidly of logs, not having a door or a crack to enter hy.

The talk about the Bismarck dynasty article in *The Contemporary Review* for February is out of all proportion to the importance or novelty of the article itself. The key-note may he found on the second page, in this sentence: "The desire to secure the succession of the chancellorship to Count Herbert is the clew to the policy of Prince Bismarck, without whicb it appears an inexplicable tangle of hrutalities, and even of banalities." The Empress Frederick has thought it necessary to disclaim the authorship of this foolisb paper. The step was, perhaps, imperative. Her cause is ostensihly and pretentiously championed. Sir Morell Mackenzie has also disclaimed it. Mr. Stead, who was not at first thought of, is now named. Mr. Labouchère says he almost knows it was Mr. Stead. There is a good deal of circumstantial evidence against him. He is furious with Count Herbert Bismarck for saying on the death of the Emperor Frederick: "We shall have no more petticoats meddling in politics now"—the exultant and hrutal phrase, he calls it. And he winds up with a prediction—again a thing of which Mr. Stead is fond—that the Bismarck dynasty will fail, while the empress is to set up a sort of glorified woman's rights throne, seated in the centre of the European continent, its influence coextensive with the civilization of which it would be the finest flower. Mr. Stead's sympatbies with Russia, which he prefers to England, would lead him to attack the Bismarcks. So, perhaps, would Prince Bismarck's refusal to see him when he went to Berlin on that wonderful mission of last year—a self-imposed mission to find out wbether the sovereigns and great powers of Europe meant to fight. The mission ended in an interview with General Boulanger in Paris, a view of the outside of the outer door of Prince Bismarck's palace in the Wilhelmstrasse, and a visit to Count Tolstoï, the Russian novelist. Prince Bismarck has committed, in fact, two unpardonahle sins. He bas not always preferred the interests of Russia to those of Germany, and he failed to understand the importance of Mr. Stead's mission. There are those in London who will tell you that Mr. Stead has never forgiven Mr. Gladstone for refusing to support him in the "Maiden Trihute" husiness; refusing and sending Mr. Stead word that he would no longer allow the paper which printed these horrors to enter his house. There are other points, hut it is enough to add that while it is not certain that Mr. Stead wrote this article, it is probahle enough. There is, after all, nothing in it so comic as the suggestion in his book about Russia that the Emperor of Russia ought to edit a newspaper.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Miss Rhoda Broughton lives in a little old house on a little old street at Oxford, with a walled garden filled with roses. She keeps a number of pet dogs, chiefly of the "pug" breed.

Mr. Cordy Jeaffreson, author of "Lady Hamilton and Nelson," is writing an additional volume, clearing the Queen of Naples from Lady Hamilton's charge of being the mother of Nelson's daughter Horatia.

A paper on American humorists, decked with portraits, is in preparation for *Harper's Magazine*. Mr. Nye ought to be represented as delivering his brilliant advice to husbands: "Ask your wife's advice about your business, and then do what you like. It pleases your wife and doesn't hurt your business."

How many people read a popular novel? Mr. James Payn brings the result out in millions by calculating that every English newspaper has six readers—taking families and reading-rooms into account—and that a common form of syndicate is one of eight newspapers, with an average of twenty-five thousand readers, this along with an American and Australian publication and the ordinary book-form. Probably the estimate is below the mark. Several London weekly papers circulate more than one hundred thousand copies; in the provinces, a popular novel is usually published in six or eight places at once. But it is not likely that all who purchase a weekly paper read the story. Novelists are divided in opinion as to the advantages of this system; some of them imagine that so extensive a publicity injures the sale of books. A well-known author takes what appears a much more sensible view. Purchasers of books, he says, do not take their fiction in weekly installments; and, on the other hand, every interested reader of a newspaper serial excites the curiosity of at least half-a-dozen non-subscribers by talking of it and praising it.

The Washington correspondent of the *Independent* describes a watering-place episode of last summer. A quiet, pious old lady, well known to be peculiarly careful of her reading, was seen to settle herself one morning in her chair with a number of *Lippincott's Magazine* in her hand. Quick eyes saw immediately that it was the one with the story of Miss Rives, and the whisper went round, "She has been deceived by the name, 'The Quick or the Dead?' She thinks that it is a theological controversy." There were smiles, but nobody said anything, and the unconscious victim was allowed to begin and go on. Presently she glided out of her chair and up-stairs, without a word, but holding the book by one corner and away from herself as if there were contamination in it. The lady who tells the story had occasion afterward to help her pack her trunk when she was going away, and came upon the magazine hidden in its depths. "My dear," said the old lady, regarding it with a look as if a snake were coiling there, "could you—could you get rid of that for me? I should hate to take it home among my nieces and nephews, and I don't know what to do with it."

The now celebrated lady who wrote "The Quick or the Dead?" has a formidable rival in Anna Bowman Dodd. At the close of Miss Dodd's latest story, "Glorinda," we are told that, like gods of old, unseen forces do battle for our souls. "The living bind us to them with bands of love, and the dead from their immortal abodes whisper to us unceasing incentives for good." But far more remarkable than Miss Dodd's transcendental philosophy is her way of illustrating it. Glorinda's destiny, which somehow resembles the fluctuant ocean's wind-swept surface, has its turning-point. This young lady, the daughter of an American land-owner in the Southern States, is dying to be an actress, and is accustomed in the solitude of the forest to recite Shakespeare to an audience of negro children. With a view to realizing her conception of Orlando, she arrays herself in blue-silk tights, and the effect is thus described: "The delicate limbs, released from their petticoat bondage, and freed for the full play of their lovely sinuous action, palpitated in motion." The connection between blue-silk tights and the unseen forces that do battle for our souls, must be left to the reader to discover. Glorinda does not become an actress, and the young gentleman, who watches her performance from behind a tree, loves and rides away. In the end she becomes the wife of an unromantic person called Jake.

Mrs. Burnett, the author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "Sarah Crewe"—two books which are said to have sold to the extent of one hundred and twenty-five thousand copies—writes a long letter to *The Critic* of March 2d, protesting against certain attacks upon her, which have appeared in the American papers since her return from Europe. Referring to one in particular, she says: "The member of my family who would be missing if it were true, is at the present moment, I believe, reading in an adjoining room. It says I am harsh to women. This may, perhaps, account for my being continually surrounded by a number of the very dearest and kindest, and for all my business affairs being in women's hands. It describes me as encircled by an army of young men. I am encircled by an army of two young men — aged respectively twelve and fourteen. They draw themselves up in battalions and form themselves into hollow squares, and I am rather popular with them. I have no other masculine acquaintances who are not older than myself — which gives them an excellent opportunity to be of ripe years. . . . Is it, or is it *not*, of consequence that a statement published and copied all over the United States is untrue in every word and detail? Does it, or does it *not*, matter in the least that a man or woman who has done honest and respectable work should on that account feel that his or her character, good taste, and good manners may be impugned at so much a line in any newspaper? Does it not matter that such an individual can not live a life so simple, so secluded, and so well-meaning as to escape the most grotesque misrepresentations? I ask these questions not only for myself, but for a number of modest, respectable persons who have had the misfortune to write a popular book or play, or to occupy a prominent position."

New Publications.

"Daniel Trentworthy," by John McGovern, a tale of the great fire in Chicago, has been issued in the Rialto Series by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Reading Club," containing fifty selections in prose and poetry, edited by George M. Baker, has reached its sixteenth issue. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, 15 cents.

"Arius the Libyan: A Romance of the Primitive Church," a novel by the late Major Nathan C. Kouns, which we noticed when it appeared a few years ago, has been issued in the Town and Country Library by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"A Strange Manuscript Found in a Copper Cylinder," a curious story of adventure in a strange inner world, which we noticed shortly after its appearance in *Harper's Weekly*, and "French Janet," a novel by Sarah Tyler, have been issued in the Franklin Square Library. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the booksellers.

A second edition has been issued of Venier Voldo's "Poems from the Pacific." The opening poem, "My Lord the Laureate," bewails the degeneracy of Lord Tennyson; the remainder of the book is taken up with love songs, sonnets, ballads, and other verses in which there is no great fault or merit. Published and for sale by The Bancroft Company, San Francisco.

"Scenes in Hawaii; or, Life in the Sandwich Islands," by M. Forsyth Grant, is a little book in which are reprinted eleven letters sent to the Toronto *Week* during Mrs. Grant's visit to the mid-ocean kingdom. They are written in a fresh, unconventional way, but contain little or nothing that has not been told before. Published by Hart & Co., Toronto; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Smooth rhyming and a comfortable philosophy are the chief characteristics of the verses Carlotta Perry has been writing for some years past, two qualities which have won for her many admirers among magazine-readers. Her productions have recently been collected, and are now issued in a volume entitled "Carlotta Perry's Poems." Published by Belford, Clarke & Co., Chicago and San Francisco; for sale by the publishers; price, $1.00.

"The True Story of Hamlet and Ophelia," by Fredericka Beardsley Gilchrist, is the title of a new contribution to the already enormous list of Shakespeariana. The author has studied the texts anew, sifting out the emendations and amendments of players and commentators, and reaching conclusions that are in some respects novel and ingenious. Hamlet she regards as a very young man, and her arguments go to prove his madness feigned. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.50.

"In Divided Lives" Edgar Fawcett has written a fairly interesting novel. A woman separates an engaged couple by a lie, and confesses her deception on her death-bed, after the girl, in a passion of outraged pride, has married another man. Explanations ensue, and later the husband is shot by the accidental discharge of the lover's fowling-piece just after a hot dispute. The dying man charges the lover with willful murder, but he is acquitted by the courts, though not by society. Still he will not marry the woman he loves, and who loves him, while there is the stigma on his name; and some half-way ingenious detective work is employed to make all merry as a marriage-bell. There is a New York journalist, a man of Irish birth, in the story, who alone is not commonplace among the personages of the tale. Published and for sale by Belford, Clarke & Co., New York and San Francisco; price, $1.00.

Walter Herries Pollock must be a charming man to chat with, if one may judge from the series of tales he has "collected and re-collected" in a volume called "A Nine Men's Morrice"—though the appositeness of that title is not apparent. He has a well-stored mind, a genial cast of thought, and a happy faculty of repeating the good things of others and of occasionally saying something good himself. But, as a writer of short stories, he is not a complete success. He puts his heroes through successions of remarkable adventures and works the reader up into quite a tingle of pleasurable anticipation of the ingenuity which will be needed to extricate them from their complications, and then he either explains the whole net-work away by a device almost as trite as that of having the adventurer awake to find that his adventures were but dreams, or drops the subject, leaving the reader to supply the ingenuity the writer should have shown or to toss the book away in disgust. If Mr. Pollock were not such a clever *causeur*, one would not be so disappointed with his stories; it is like taking one box out of another, a smaller and costlier one out of that, and so on down to a casket which contains—nothing. There are nine of these stories, some of which are already familiar to magazine readers: "Lilith," "Knurr and Spell," "Mr. Morton's Butler," "Lady Volant," "The Green Lady," "The 'Thought-Reader,'" "One of Charles Mainwaring's Lies," "Dreams," and "Edged Tools," the latter written in collaboration with Brander Matthews. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers.

Journalistic Chit-Chat.

A seemingly well-founded report states that matters have come to a climax between Mr. Yates Thompson, the owner of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and Mr. W. T. Stead, the editor, and the severance of their connection is a question of time only, and of pretty short time. The immediate cause of the severance has been a difference about the attitude of the *Pall Mall Gazette* toward Sir Charles Dilke.

Philip H. Welch, one of the brightest and most prolific humorous paragraphists on the American press, died a fortnight ago in New York of cancer of the tongue. He was born in New York State forty years ago, but had been actively engaged in journalism only eight years. In that brief space, however, he almost worked a revolution in the style of American newspaper humor. He has left but one book, "The Tailor-Made Girl," a series of satirical dialogues, which, with C. J. Taylor's illustrations, appeared originally in *Puck*. His work brought him an income of about seven thousand dollars a year; some idea of its scope may be obtained from the following paragraph from the New York *Sun*: "At the time of his last illness, he was writing his exquisite paragraphs for the *Sun*, the *Times*, *Drake's Magazine*, *Epoch*, *Puck*, *Life*, *Judge*, *Harper's Bazar*, and a dozen lesser publications, some far out West. Every week he waited for the San Francisco *Argonaut*, which contains regularly a column of humorous paragraphs from the Eastern press. He would run his eye over that column, and find week after week that nearly all of the paragraphs were from his pen, though credited to many different papers. Some were credited to papers he did not write for; such, of course, were stolen by the papers thus credited. That *Argonaut* column interested Welch as a barometer interests a sailor. If he had found less and less of his work in it as time went on, he would have been alarmed, but as long as he lived that was his column."

The sale of *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* to W. J. Arkell, or rather, to the Judge Publishing Company, has been consummated. The price paid for both editions of the paper, English and German, was announced to be four hundred thousand dollars, but this, of course, is a somewhat exaggerated figure. Mr. Arkell has been after the paper for a long time, ever since 1883 in fact. His offer, however, was not accepted until last week. He simply buys the name and good-will of the paper. The plant remains in Mrs. Leslie's hands. He will take possession of his purchase on May 1st, when Mrs. Leslie will remove the half-dozen publications she retains to the new *Judge* building, Fifth Avenue and Sixteenth Street. It is said that the paper will continue to be independent in politics, that is as independent as it can be under the management of such an enthusiastic Republican as Mr. Arkell. It will be under the control editorially, however, of one of the best-known men in the country. "Mr. Blaine," said Mr. Arkell, "would have been the editor of it had he not accepted the position of Secretary of State. But the man we have secured is as well known as Mr. Blaine. I can not give you his name now. No, nor I can not even let you guess it. Wait till next week." There is no truth in the rumor that the paper and *Judge* will be merged into one publication. *Judge* will still be published as the rival of *Puck*, while the other paper will seek a place in the field now or formerly covered by *Harper's Weekly*. As for a London edition of *Judge*, Mr. Arkell said that was still a matter for consideration. A party of English capitalists had made a proposition to secure the processes now employed in the production of the colored engravings of *Judge*, and Mr. Gillam, the artist, was strongly in favor of a European edition, but Mr. Arkell was not in favor of the plan. Still it may be carried out yet. For the present, however, the Judge Publishing Company will push the two papers it has now in hand.

Some Magazines.

Scribner's for March contains: "The Railway Mail Service," by Ex-Postmaster General Thomas L. James; the fifth installment of "The Master of Ballantrae," by Robert Louis Stevenson; "A German Rome," by W. B. Scott; "Economy in Intellectual Work," by William H. Burnham; "Some of Wagner's Heroes and Heroines," by William F. Apthorp; "Mexican Superstitions and Folk-Lore," by Thomas A. Janvier; "An Eye for an Eye," by Robert Grant; "Extenuating Circumstances," by William McKendree Bangs; "An Animated Conversation," by Henry James; and verses by T. W. Higginson, Graham R. Tomson, and Zoe Dana Underhill.

The contents of the March *Overland* are: "Los Angeles," by Charles H. Shinn; "Inspiration at the Cross-Roads," by Joseph W. Bates; "The Orange," by G. F. Weeks; "Why?" by Franklina Gray Bartlett; "The Sage-Brush Rebellion," by H. L. Wells; chapters of I. H. Ballard's "Belleboo"; "American Isthmus Canals," by William L. Merry; "Frontier Life in the Army," by A. Ehermeyer; "Awa," by F. L. Clarke; "Madame and Monsieur"; a quintet of Western stories; "If We but Knew," by Julia M. Lippman; "Some Reasons for the Decline of American Deep-Sea Commerce," by John Totyl; "The Virgin of Penrls," by Henry S. Brooks; and the usual departments.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Lord Chancellor Thurlow owed much of the reputation which he had while living to his awe-inspiring manners. "It is impossible for a man to be as wise as Thurlow looks to be," said a critic, referring to the chancellor's face, which was so remarkable for its appearance of wisdom that the Duke of Norfolk called one of his owls Thurlow.

Certain physicians are careful not to give advice to people except when they are formally consulted, or in the strict relation of physician and patient. One evening, at a social party, a lady was introduced to the celebrated Dr. B——. "Oh, doctor, I'm so glad to have met you!" exclaimed the lady; "tell me, what do you do when you have an awful bad cold?" "Cough, ma'am," said the celebrated Dr. B——.

Baldness has been derided (though, of course, very improperly) as we know from the days of the Prophets; though a king was once called familiarly Charles the Bald, it was, as the historian (Mr. Gilbert A'Becket) tells us, for a political reason: "Because he had no heir apparent." A gentleman once overheard two mechanics in Hyde Park having the most sensible conversation on baldness that he ever listened to. They were talking of some advertisement of a balsam for the hair, and one of them said to the other: "Balsam be blowed! Do you suppose Prince Halbert and the Duke of Cambridge would be both as bald as bell-handles if money could save them?"

During the recent dense fog in London, a young dandy, sitting in his brougham, but unable to move on for the mist, heard a tapping at his window. It was repeated, and he let the glass down, whereupon the visitor, if he could be called such, snatched off the dandy's brilliant and glossy hat, and ran away with it. In Frederick Locker's "Patchwork," there is this narrative of the last century: A thief has taken a hat off a citizen's head and run away with it; he pursues the rogue and is accompanied by a sympathetic stranger, who cries "Run! run!" At last the poor citizen exclaims: "I can go no further, not a yard, I am pumped out." "Are you quite sure?" "Quite sure—not a foot." "Very well, then, I'm hanged if I don't have your wig." And he snatches *that*.

This story about the slaughter of General Harrison's proconsuls was published in Peter Harvey's reminiscences of Daniel Webster. Mr. Harvey's narrative of the incident is as follows: "Mr. Webster told me that he was a good deal annoyed because the message was, according to his judgment and taste, so inappropriate. It entered largely into Roman history, and had a good deal to say about the states of antiquity and the Roman proconsuls, and various matters of that kind. Indeed, the word 'Proconsul' was repeated in it a great many times. Mr. Webster suggested to General Harrison that he should like to change some things, and General Harrison rather reluctantly consented to let him take it. Mr. Webster spent a portion of the next day in modifying the inaugural. Mrs. Seaton remarked to him, when he came home rather late that day, that he looked fatigued and worried; but he replied that he was sorry that she had waited dinner for him. 'That is of no consequence at all, Mr. Webster,' she said; 'but I am sorry to see you looking so worried and tired. I hope nothing has gone wrong. I really hope nothing has happened.' 'You would think that something had happened,' he replied, 'if you knew what I have done. I have killed seventeen Roman proconsuls as dead as smelts, every one of them!'"

An interesting work by Vandyke is the small study for a large picture, representing Queen Henrietta offering to King Charles the First his choice of two wreaths—one of laurel, symbolizing renown in war, the other of olive, the plant of peace. It is characteristic of the high-spirited lady that she holds the laurel more invitingly forward for her husband's acceptance. Indeed, with all her charms of person and disposition, she was concerned, in no small measure, in bringing to a head the troubles which resulted in her husband's death and her own exile. But for her insistence, Charles had never made the fatal attempt to arrest the five members. A very long and passionate debate had passed in the royal chamber on the night of the fruitless attempt of the attorney-general, the queen taking a prominent part therein; and it had ended in the settled resolve that Charles would himself demand the members in the morning. But his heart failed him when the morning came. He went to the queen's apartments early, and finding Lady Carlisle with her, took her majesty into her closet, and there, having put to her all the hazards of the attempt and all its probable consequences, declared that he must abandon it. Whereat, the queen, no longer able to control her passion, violently hurst out: "Be off, poltroon! Go pull these rogues out by the ears, or never see me again!" Without replying, the king left the room.

There is perhaps no difference in men's characters so widely marked as in the matter of what is commonly called "taking trouble." It is only editors, however, who know how large is the public that will sit down and write a long epistle upon some subject that concerns them not one whit, merely because they have seen it mentioned in a newspaper. On the other hand there is a class of persons whom nothing moves. Their motto is that of a famous college north of the Tweed: "They say. What do they say? Let them say." They are blind and deaf to all external affairs. You may write about them without fear of an action for libel. A magnificent specimen of this kind has been lately discovered in England—not we may be sure by himself. At an inquest after a railway accident two witnesses identified a body as having belonged to an individual of their acquaintance. A few weeks afterward, however, he turned up, alive and well. "Did you not know?" he was asked, "that you were sat upon by the coroner and viewed by the jury and buried?" "Yes," he said, "I read something to that effect in a newspaper; but I didn't think it worth while to say anything." In the meantime, however, he had nearly frightened several people into fits by merely saying "How are you?" In the late Mr. Budd's "Reminiscences" there is a story of two brothers of this impassive kind, who, arriving at a crowded inn at York, have to sleep in a double-bedded room. The next morning, when they are on the top of the coach, miles away from York, one says to the other: "I say Bob, did you know there was a corpse under your bed last night?" Bob nodded and said "Yes." But that was nothing compared with the coolness of this gentleman who was taken for a corpse himself.

An old Irish judge on the Northwestern Circuit loved the hunting-field more than he did the sleepy court-room. His clerk was like-minded, and a joyous pair they made. One fine morning, the clerk whispered to the judge: "Yer honor, old Billy Duane's meet's to-day at Ballykillmulligan; an' they've a fine dog-fox." "How many names are on the docket?" asked the judge, excitedly. "Twenty, for rioting and breach of peace, yer honor?" "Tim," said the judge, "do you think you can get the first fellow to plead guilty without a jury trial, and me to let him off with a week in jail?" "The easiest thing in the world," answered the faithful clerk. "Make haste, then, and bring the whole gang; and, I say, Tim, tell Jerry to saddle the mare meanwhile." The twenty prisoners were brought into court—a defiant gang—nineteen of them prepared to fight, with counsel and jury, to the bitter end. The twentieth had been interviewed by the clerk. He was called. "Guilty or not guilty of the crimes charged?" demanded the judge, with a propitious smile. "Guilty, yer honor; heaven help me!" said the crafty prisoner. "Well," said the judge, glancing benevolently about the room, "I fancy I can let you off with a week." The man thanked the judge and stepped down. There was a terrific sensation among the other defendants, none of whom expected to get off with less than five years in limbo. Here was a chance to profit by "his honor's" pleasant mood. One and all manifested an earnest desire to follow the example of their comrade and acknowledge the crimes in a batch. "Do you all plead guilty?" demanded the judge, eagerly. "We do!" shouted the enthusiastic nineteen in chorus. "Fourteen years' transportation apiece," exclaimed the judge, with a click of the jaw; "Jerry, is the mare saddled yet?"

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SOCIETY.

The Mardi Gras Bal Masqué.

The Art Association of San Francisco gave its second annual Mardi Gras bal masqué last Tuesday evening, at the Grand Opera House, and afforded an evening of rare pleasure to about fifteen hundred people. It was a brilliant affair, wondrously bright and attractive, and brought the winter season of gayety to a most delightful end. The decorations were exceeding elaborate and very beautiful, in fact more pretentious and attractive than any thing of the kind ever attempted in this city. They were the result of the artistic taste of Mr. A. Joullin, Mr. John A. Stanton, and Mr. E. Pissis, who are entitled to much credit. The music was a special and most excellent feature of the affair, being provided by Noah Brandt's orchestra, for dancing, and the Second Regiment Band, for promenading. Henry Heyman conducted the combined bands when the brilliant cortége first entered the ball-room to the strains of the grand march from "Aida." The supper was another element of the affair that tended much to its success, as it was elaborate and well served. This was the result of Mr. Raphael Weill's careful attention. All of the committees worked hard in furthering the outcome of the ball, and their efforts were eminently successful.

A view of the vast ball-room, when the festivities were at their height, was very striking, the harmonious mingling of colors in the decorations and the kaleidoscopic array of bright and elegant costumes forming, in combination, a scene that was highly picturesque. The space usually occupied by the orchestra-chairs was floored over on a level with the stage and the entire combined surface was covered with white canvas. The immense crystal chandelier, as well as all of the gas-jets, were lighted and numerous electric-lights gave additional illumination. Across a frieze of blue-and-crimson cloth, pendant beneath the proscenium arch, the keynote of the entire decoration was displayed in the sentence, "The Triumph of Pleasure, the Death of Care," which was wrought of gilt letters. Pleasure was represented by the bright-hued butterflies, swarming over the frieze and hovering in mid-air below it, while formidable-appearing spiders represented Care. These butterflies and spiders were seemingly battling for supremacy everywhere, with the result in favor of the former. A gorgeous golden sunburst encircled a huge artist's palette in the centre of the frieze, which, with its staining, its complement of brushes, and decoration of odd masks, formed the setting for a deadly combat between an immense ruby-colored spider and an equally large gayly-gilded butterfly. Away in the far distance, at the extreme end of the stage, were seen the features of Egypt's famous sphinx, modeled in plaster and set upon a large platform amid a handsome array of tropic plants and foliage. Beautiful canopies were suspended over the centre of the stage and beneath the central chandelier and from them radiated broad bands of fancifully-colored bunting, upon which peculiar designs were displayed in contrasting colors and roses were garlanded. Upon every side were charming combinations of color in draperies, shields, palettes, etc., adorning the walls, while the boxes and tiers of galleries were all faced with bunting of light tints, with cordons of roses and hollyhocks entwining the pillars. The foyer was thoroughly Oriental in appearance, being lavishly hung with colored rugs and draperies and oddly-shaped lamps and lanterns.

It was almost ten o'clock when the festivities of the evening commenced with the grand march, which was reviewed by King Momus and his fair consort from their thrones at either side of the sphinx. At its conclusion the king directed Prince Carnival to read his decree, a poetic effusion composed by Mr. Peter Robertson. This ended, all were told to make the hour one of revelry, so dancing commenced immediately and high carnival was held. Brandt's orchestra occupied the platform in front of the sphinx, and the Second Regiment Band was stationed in the gallery, both playing alternately, so that the music was almost continuous until midnight, when all unmasked and proceeded to supper. An hour was devoted to feasting, and then the dancing was resumed until about four o'clock, when the ball ended.

King Momus was represented by Mr. Edgar A. Mizner, who carried the honors of the occasion splendidly. He wore a rich cloak of brocaded crimson velvet edged with ermine, and a band of silver encompassed his waist above the doublet of royal purple. His scepter was tipped with gold, and his golden crown sparkled with brilliants.

Mrs. P. A. Finigan, as Queen Momus, wore an elegant and becoming toilet of blue satin, en train, trimmed with silver braid and cut décolleté. Her coronet was richly jeweled.

The character of Prince Carnival was assumed by Mr. Frank L. Unger who appeared to advantage in a costume fashioned after the one worn by Dixey in "Adonis." The purple satin coat was slashed and trimmed with pale pink satin, and the waistcoat and trunks were of Nile green satin. His tights were of pink silk, and his chapeau of Nile green satin edged with swan's down. Buckled shoes and a powdered wig completed the details of the handsome costume.

The members of the floor committee were attired alike wearing Directoire coats and knee breeches of black satin, black silk stockings, and patent leather pumps. The waistcoats were of pale blue and pink brocade showing jabots of lace and there were lace frills at the wrists. They wore powdered wigs, and had flowing silk ribbons at the left shoulder and rosettes upon their breasts. This committee comprised: Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Mountford S Wilson, Mr. George A. Newhall, Mr. Henry J. Crocker, Mr. Osgood Hooker, Mr. Chauncey M. St. John, Mr. Henry B. Houghton, Mr. Frank J. Carolan, Mr. Walter L. Dean, Dr. Robert Whiting, U. S. N., Lieutenant J. A. Dapray, U. S. A., Lieutenant Gilbert P. Cotton, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Frank L. Winn, U. S. A.

The Tallant High Tea.

At her residence, 1436 Clay Street, Mrs. John D. Tallant gave a pleasant matinée tea on Saturday, March 2d. About two hundred guests were invited, and the hostess was assisted in receiving them by her mother, Mrs. Selden S. Wright. The handsome furnishings of the parlors made a most attractive setting for the pretty floral decorations. The bright tints of eschscholtzias in large clusters, combined with the paler tones of the pretty fruit blossoms, which were arranged upon the mantels and against the walls, harmonized perfectly with beautiful La France roses, which graced vases of rare ware. In the enjoyment of conversation, varied by musical selections and the service of light refreshments, the hours of the afternoon were passed quickly and pleasantly.

The Bancroft Japanese Tea.

The parlors of Mrs. Charles E. Bancroft's residence on Van Ness Avenue were picturesquely Japanesque in appearance on Saturday afternoon, March 2d, when she gave a high tea in Japanese style. Bric-à-brac, fancy screens, musical instruments, and other articles from the Mikado's realm were arranged artistically throughout the rooms, which were lighted by means of fancifully colored Japanese lanterns set around the rims of fantastic umbrellas, which hung between doorways and over the buffet. Upon the mantels, tables, and étagère were seen fragrant violets, and eschscholtzias, and marigolds, set in fancy trays and vases, as a delicate finish to the decidedly pretty interior. Mrs. Bancroft was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Webster Jones, and by Miss Jennie Hobbs, Miss Anna Hobbs, and Miss Sharp, the latter trio being attired becomingly in handsomely brocaded kimonos. A couple of hundred guests were charmingly entertained during the afternoon, and enjoyed the bountiful hospitality of the hostess.

The King High Tea.

Mrs. Homer S. King entertained fully four hundred of her friends at a high tea which she gave at her residence, 2001 Leavenworth Street, on Saturday afternoon, March 2d. In receiving she had the pleasant assistance of Mrs. Frances Edgerton, Mrs. Smith Brown, Mrs. William Wood, Mrs. J. D. Fry, Miss Mamie Burling, Miss Yerington, Miss McClure, Miss Davies, and the Misses Upson. Daylight was excluded from the parlors, by the closely drawn curtains, and they were illuminated by gas which brightened every nook and corner, and revealed a pretty array of decorations. The front parlor was embowered with festoons of smilax, stretching in every direction overhead to the walls. The marble mantel, with its handsome lambrequin of gendarme blue velvet, and the painting above it were decked artistically with almond blossoms. The doorways of this room and the back parlor were fringed with fern sprays, and upon the mantel in the latter apartment were elegant vases full of fragrant roses of varied colors around which were trailing festoons of violets. The carved lattice-work above the folding doors was draped effectively with strands of emerald hued smilax set with clusters of purple violets in exquisite relief. Adjoining was the dining-room with its elaborate buffet, lighted by candelabra with colored waxen tapers and set with the delicacies dear to the fair sex. Pale yellow acacia bloom and spreading fern sprays did their share in making the surroundings particularly attractive. The reception commenced at three o'clock and ended at seven, during which time Noah Brandt's band gave concert selections. Refreshments were supplied bounteously and all who called were well entertained.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mrs B. C. Truman and daughter have been passing a few weeks in Washington, D. C., Mrs. Truman being the guest of her sister, Mrs. James Fulton, wife of Paymaster-General Fulton, U. S. N.

Baron von Schröder returned from Del Monte early in the week.

Mrs. Henry Wetherbee has gone to Chico to pass a week with Mrs. Henry Reed.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Goodman have been visiting the Hotel del Monte for several days

Mrs. A. Sutro and Miss Clara Sutro have gone East, en route to Europe, and will visit the Paris Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Hinckley Taylor, of Oakland, are passing a few weeks at Santa Barbara.

Miss Jennie Denver is visiting Miss May Hickman at San Diego for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs D. J. Staples have returned from a visit to Mrs. Herbert W. Yemans at San Diego. Mrs. Yemans accompanied them home, and will be their guest for awhile.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank McCoppin are expected to return from Australia next month.

Chief-Justice and Mrs. Niles Searles are at the Arlington Hotel in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. A. N. Towne, Miss Nelson, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac L. Requa, Miss Amy Requa, and Miss E. Evans have been enjoying a visit at Santa Barbara.

Mr. C. G. Hooker was in San Bernardino during the early part of the week.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Walter Alexander, *née* Lent, are now at Fortress Monroe.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Williams went to the Hotel del Monte last Monday, accompanied by Miss Cooke, of Chicago.

Mrs. John Hays Hammond and family have been passing the week at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. George Hyde and the Misses Gertrude and Mamie Hyde were in St. Petersburg when last heard from.

Miss Marie Voorhies will go to Chico in a few days to visit friends.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Hyde and Miss Hyde, of San Rafael, were at the Occidental Hotel during the early part of the week.

Notes and Gossip.

Mrs. Samuel Hort recently gave a delightful party at her residence in honor of her granddaughter, Miss Susie Tompkins. Dancing was the pleasure of the evening, the cotillion being one of the features.

An enjoyable dancing-party was given by the young ladies at the Van Ness Seminary on Saturday evening, March 2d. The spacious parlors were well filled with guests, who passed the evening very pleasantly in dancing.

Adley H. Cummins will give his second Tuesday evening lecture at Irving Hall next Tuesday evening. The subject is "The Semitic Race," and the lecture is to be preceded by three musical numbers, songs sung by pupils of Mr. H. B. Pasmore, who will himself act as accompanist.

Now they have "lady White Caps" in Indiana, who send around threatening notices to objects of their displeasure. The extent of their severity is not stated, but the Kansas City *Times* presumes that in extreme cases they compel men to go to afternoon teas.

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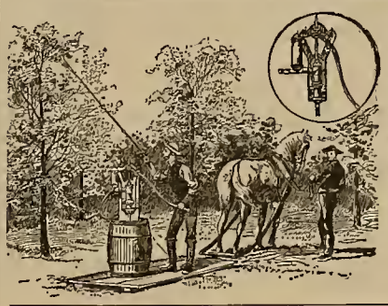

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RUDOLF AND STEPHANIE.

The Tragic Ending of a Mismade Marriage.

All Europe is filled with the Meyerling tragedy. We now know that there were two corpses discovered there by the valet of the Crown Prince Rudolf. Like Antony and Cleopatra, Rudolf and Mary Vecsera kissed away kingdoms. He, with a pistol-bullet, sent into the empire of dreams the life that was to be associated with a twofold crown of empire. It must have been agreed between them that he was first to shoot her and then himself. Her letter to her mother before she ran off with him to Meyerling shows this when read by the light of the subsequent drama. What a hideous situation his must have been when he found himself in the presence of her corpse after the gay supper which they had had in the shooting-box—a supper preceded by an exhilarating drive through the forest-covered hills round Baden; Brantfish, the driver, whistling and singing. The prince covered her with flowers after he shot her in the back. Possibly it was agreed that he was to make her take her plunge into the world of dreams—or, as he thought, of nothingness—when she was asleep. He then shot himself.

The Princess Stephanie is a prosaic being, and utterly incapable of inspiring sympathy, and the fact that she comes from generations of mean self-seekers is stamped upon her face. Rudolf took this view of her, though he married her. She had, he found, one of those flaccid, nervous systems so common among German women. She had a lot of constitutional complaints which clearly showed that she was not well suited for motherhood. Rudolf had a passionate admiration for fine eyes. Stephanie has little pig eyes. He said to M. Clemenceau that a woman with unexpressive eyes was like a stove which did not show the fire within. Fraulein Stein, a "professional beauty" of Vienna, who got hold of the prince and held him in bondage until he broke away with Mary Vecsera, had splendid eyes, though marred with a cunning expression. Mary Vecsera's whole soul—such as it was—showed itself in her eyes. She had lovely features. But one only thought of her blue-gray, variable, and eloquent eyes when gazing on her. Such is the description given of her to me by Mme. P. Clemenceau, a Viennese lady whose father often entertained the crown prince. Mary Vecsera was through the Ballazzi distantly related to Thiers, whose mother, like them, was from the Isle of Chio. Her grandmother was French, the daughter of a consul named Sorel, who served a long time at Smyrna, and her father a Hungarian of Rumanian descent, who was in diplomacy, and because of his knowledge of Oriental languages was kept a good deal at Constantinople and Cairo, where Mary was born. The crown prince first saw her at a fancy ball, dressed as Haidee, when she was a little over sixteen. She took his fancy, but there was no intimacy between them until eight months ago. He followed her about incognito wherever her mother took her in the summer season. Her father died soon after she made a conquest of the prince. Stephanie was furious. The rumor goes that Rudolf and his father had high words about his liaison with Mary, and that the emperor threatened her and her family with social ostracism. Rudolf wanted a divorce, which, if the emperor asked for it at Rome, would be granted, the former thought. Francis Joseph only saw a freak in this demand. It is also reported that he was aware of the pressure brought upon the Pope by the King of the Belgians to prevent the marriage-tie being severed at the Vatican. If the Pope stood by Stephanie, Leopold would not give the hand of his third daughter, Clementine, to the King of Italy's only son.

If Rudolph had been able to trust in the constancy of his passion, there would have been less strong temptation for him to plunge out of life with Mary. But he was freakish; and all princes are the slaves of their passions, because they are not subject to the steadying action of having to provide for their families, are surrounded with flatterers, and live in an atmosphere unfavorable to the evolution of the moral faculties. Though Rudolf was a man of talent, he was no doubt a neuropath, and open to what Dr. Charcot would call mental suggestion. The young girl may have thought it delightful to die and be out of the way of Stephanie's righteous wrath and of social ostracism. The fact that Rudolf had Prince Coburg and Count Hoyos with him at Meyerling shows that he was not like the ordinary lover, who does not enjoy having friends with him when he goes on a country excursion with his mistress. Coburg is the husband of Stephanie's eldest sister. What an odd brother-in-law! However, it may be that he did not like the crown princess, and that his wife liked her less. In Europe it is not pleasant for elder sisters when younger ones outstrip them in making brilliant matches.

No bishop was present at any of the funeral masses for the repose of Rudolf's soul. Yet the Pope took the charitable view that he was out of his mind when he committed suicide. The doctors at the post-mortem examination detected malformation of the cranium, from which insanity was concluded. Undoubtedly there was unsoundness in his mind. How could it be otherwise, his mother being of the House of Wittelsbach, and the Lorraine Hapsburgs being epileptic?

Yet a great and noble spirit animates the Empress Elizabeth. It has come out in the terrible trial to which she and the emperor have been subjected. She had wrongs, too. But she showed no resentment at them, and sought oblivion in field sports. The emperor married her for love, attracted by her wild, free graces. Her elder sister, Caroline, was brought up to be his wife. But she gave herself airs and was formal and pretentious, whereas Elizabeth was bright, gay, and one of the most highly strung beings that poet could imagine. She was the incarnation of poetry. Nevertheless a clever courtesan was preferred to her nine years after her marriage. When she found it out, it nearly broke her heart, and she determined from that out to live apart from the unfaithful husband. He now is, figuratively speaking, on his knees before her. She has given proof since the Meyerling tragedy of sublime elevation of sentiment. The emperor himself declares this and says that he feels he can never cease to revere, admire, and look up to her.
—*European Correspondence New York Tribune.*

In announcing the extensive profits arising from his farces, Mr. Charles Hoyt never includes the gains of "A Parlor Match." In fact, this play is a thorn in the side of the popular *farceur*. Evans and Hoey, two erstwhile song-and-dance men, gave Mr. Hoyt two hundred and fifty dollars for writing it, and now, wherever they go, they announce it as "Hoyt's funniest and best." This is indeed hard, particularly if the piece is so proclaimed when "A Rag Baby" or "A Brass Monkey" is playing in the same town. "A Parlor Match" has played ten engagements at Hooley's Theatre in Chicago.

A WOMAN AND A BUNCO-MAN.

A rainy night, and Twenty-Third Street was almost deserted. A young woman was hastening upon her way, when she saw before her on the muddy walk a bright circle of gold, a ring. She stooped to pick it up; a man coming from the opposite direction saw it also, and at the same moment leaned forward to reach it. The lady gave way; the man, upon rising, politely said: "Here is your ring, madam."

"No, no, it is not mine," said the lady.

"Then it is your find," replied the man.

"I think it is yours," returned the lady.

"Well, I don't want it," said he.

"Nor I," said she.

"See, it does not fit me at all; it is a lady's ring," said he.

"Perhaps your wife might like it," said she.

"My wife is dead," said he.

"Can't you give it to some one else," said she.

"No, madam, I don't care for it. You keep it. Just give me a quarter to buy a couple of cigars, and it will be all right."

The lady hesitated for only a moment—a cheap ring, surely; will sell for two dollars at least; and that will buy—and a vision of gloves, bosiery, and tidies flitted through her brain. "Ah, yes, here is your quarter," and to ease a sudden twitch of conscience, she dropped an extra ten-cent piece into his hand, and slipping the ring upon her finger to keep it safe, hurried home.

"How happy you look," said her husband, as she was removing her wraps.

"Do I? Well, I'm in luck."

"Luck, how?"

"I've found something very valuable," said she, drawing off the ring and handing it to him, "and have had a very interesting experience." While his brows were drawn together in critical examination of the treasure, she related the episode as it occurred, not even leaving out the extra ten-cent piece.

He threw back his head with a hearty laugh, and said: "The thing is brass. That was a fraud elegantly played."

"Oh, it can't be!" said she, faintly.

"But it is, my dear."

"Then I shall write to the papers, and other unsuspicious women shall be warned."—*New York Tribune.*

Bouffé, the most versatile and finished comedian of his time, once paid a visit to Alexandre Dumas. "In the course of conversation," said Bouffé, "he explained to me his system of composition, which is simple enough. 'When I have nothing better to do,' he said, 'I buy a franc's worth of paper and write a play or a novel, as the case may be. Whether it succeed or fail, I run no risk, for I can only lose my outlay of one franc. On the other hand, how many people, counting actors, musicians, scene-painters, costumers, and printers do you suppose I give employment to? Two hundred at the very least, and if every one did as much, we should have less misery and fewer revolutions.'"

It destroys confidence in German libretto-writers to learn from the French critics that the book of "Der Bettelstudent" ("The Beggar Student"), which has been sung in Paris as "L'Etudiant Pauvre," is almost identical with the story of "Le Guitarero," which Eugene Scribe wrote for Ludovic Halévy's opera of that name, sung as long ago as 1841.

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Commencing Sunday, January 6, 1889, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 3.25, 4.50, 6.10 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 1.30, 5.00, 6.45, P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 1.45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.15, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 3.25, 4.55 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 3.30, 5.00, P. M.
Extra trips on Saturday at 1.45 and 6.25 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—7.15, 8.15, 10.00, 11.50 A. M.; 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.45, 10.45 A. M.; 12 45, 4.15, 5.45, P. M.
Extra trips on Saturday at 2.30 and 7.05 P. M.
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

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10.00 A.	For Sacramento, and for Redding via Davis	7.15 P.
10.00 A.	For Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga and Santa Rosa	6.15 P.
10.00 A.	Los Angeles Express, for Fresno, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	11.15 A.
10.00 A.	For Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
3.00 A.	For Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
10.00 M.	For Haywards and Niles	*3.45 P.
3.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	**6.00 A.
3.00 P.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
3.00 P.	Central Atlantic Express, for Ogden and East	7.15 A.
3.00 P.	For Stockton and §Milton; for Vallejo, Calistoga & Santa Rosa	10.15 A.
3.00 P.	For Sacramento, and for Knight's Landing via Davis	10.45 A.
4.00 P.	For Niles, San José and Livermore	*8.45 A.
4.00 P.	For Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
4.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	7.45 A.
5.00 P.	Golden Gate Special, for Council Bluffs and East	‖ 7.45 P.
5.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILWAY DIVISION.

10.00 A.	For Newark and San José	‡ 7.20 P.
8.15 A.	For Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	5.50 P.
5.15 P.	For Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 A.
5.15 P.	For Centerville, San José, Almaden, and Los Gatos	9.20 A.

SOUTH PACIFIC COAST DIVISION (Fourth & Townsend Streets.)

8.00 A.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	2.30 P.
10.00 A.	For San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) & principal Way Stations	6.38 P.
8.00 A.	For San José, Almaden and Way Stations	5.35 P.
1.30 P.	For Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	4.36 P.
3.30 P.	For San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Monterey and principal Way Stations	*10.02 A.
5.30 P.	For San José and principal Way Stations	9.03 A.
6.00 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 7.56 A.
10.00 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A.
11.15 P.	For Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	†7.40 P.

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CREDIT SALE

AT AUCTION,

—ON—

TUESDAY, March 12th, WEDNESDAY, March 13, THURSDAY, March 14th,

By order of the owner, Mr. Theo. Kearney,

—OF THE—

RICHEST LANDS

—IN—

FRESNO!

The Queen City and County of the Fertile Valley of the San Joaquin,

AND THE ACKNOWLEDGED AND UNCHALLENGED RAISIN CENTRE OF THE UNITED STATES.

This property is known as the Fruit Vale Estate, and is indorsed by the Board of Trade, the bankers, and the clergy of Fresno as comprising the

CHOICEST OF THE FRESNO LANDS,

In 5, 10, and 20-acre Tracts.

The owner has such faith in the future of this district and the certain profits which will be realized from the products of the land when improved, that he has decided to offer the property on the following

REMARKABLY EASY TERMS.

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Terms which place the Property within reach of all.

The estate contains nearly 6,700 acres, all of which will be offered at this sale, with the exception of 1,000 acres near the centre of the property, which is reserved by the owner, and which will be improved and ornamented in the most elaborate manner. The owner, Mr. Kearney, will build on this reservation a magnificent château, which will be one of the finest country residences in the United States. The Château Fresno Avenue, which extends from Fresno City to and through the property, has been carefully graded and lined with ornamental trees and shrubbery, and this grand avenue will make a drive unsurpassed in this or any other country.

In order that the avenue may forever remain free from objectionable resorts, a clause prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors will be inserted in all conveyances of tracts having a frontage on this thoroughfare.

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GRAND

RAILROAD EXCURSION

TO FRESNO

From all Pacific Coast points on Sunday, March 10th, and Monday, March 11, 1889, on which special reduced rates of fare will be given.

Tickets for sale at all S. P. offices and depots, and by

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Edwin Thorne and Rose Thorne will be seen at the Bijou Theatre next week in "The Right Man."

"Yetiva" seems to have caught the fancy of the confirmed Tivoli-goers as tenaciously as did "Said Pasha." It will run for at least another week.

Kate Mayhew's company will give "She Would and She Wouldn't" as their next comedy at the Standard. The Daly Company have played it here before.

"Youth" is to be revived by the Grismer-Davies company next week at the Alcazar. The Veteran Guard of California, G. A. R., will assist in the battle scene.

Sol Smith Russell, who has been resting on his gilded laurels for a year and more, has returned to the stage with a new play, "A Poor Relation," which he will present at the Baldwin Theatre next week.

Miss Neally Stevens has returned from her musical studies in Germany, with high recommendations from Liszt, Von Bulow, and Moszkowski, whose pupils she was. She recently gave a very successful concert in Philadelphia.

"The Little Tycoon," one of the most successful of the half-dozen native operas that have been produced in America in the past year or two, will be heard in this city for the first time at the Bush Street Theatre after the week of Spanish opera.

The principal people in the Conreid Company are: Helen Bertram, Ada Glasea, Della Fox, Bettina Gerard, Jennie Reiffarth, Annie Jackson, W. H. Fitzgerald, Harry de Lorme, Ferris Hartmann, John G. Bell, Harold Leslie, Walter West, and Bernard Katz.

As Mme. Patti has been engaged by Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau for her 'steenth farewell tour of America, they have dropped their negotiations for Marie Van Zandt, and accordingly her brother has gone over to Europe to induce her to try an American season under his management.

Richard Stahl's "Said Pasha" was a great success in Philadelphia, and in New York the faint praise of the critics did not quite damn it. It is going back to Philadelphia presently, and Stahl will produce a new opera, "Irene, the Sea-King's Daughter," during the company's stay there.

The First Infantry Regiment, N. G. C., were the beneficiaries of a musical entertainment with tableaux at the Grand Opera House last night, which they will follow with a concert this (Saturday) evening. A good programme has been prepared, and the latter part of the evening will be devoted to dancing.

Conreid's English Opera Company will begin a two weeks' engagement in Mueller's romantic opera, "The King's Fool," at the Grand Opera House on Monday evening. The company boasts of over sixty-five persons who appear on the stage, and has as an especial attraction Professor Hartl's Vienna Lady Fencers.

Kate Mayhew has been singing Edgar S. Kelley's "Lady Picking Mulberries" during the week at the Standard. This pretty song, which was inspired by Theodore Wores's picture of the same name, was made the popular air of the day in New York a month ago by Rose Thorne, who sang it in "The Pearl of Pekin," and it bids fair to have an equal popularity here.

The Vienna Lady Fencers who come with the Conreid Company are eight goodly specimens of the fair inhabitants of that city of pretty women, and their appearance in New York created a decided sensation among the many women who have taken up fencing. Though we have few, if any, *escrimeuses* in our city, the fencing club on Geary Street is deeply interested in them, and Horace Thomas, the local agent of the company, will probably make arrangements to have some of our local swordsmen cross foils with them at a private exhibition.

Louis Harrison, who has been playing the part of a mandarin in "The Pearl of Pekin," introduces a lot of Chinese remarks in his part—most of it of Harrisonian invention, but interspersed with one or two phrases of doubtful import which he had caught from the gamins of this city. One of these he used so often that it became the flip thing to say in New York until an unfortunate young man tried it on his dilatory Chinese laundry-man. The way all the celestials in the place came at him, with grimace, jargon, and hot irons simultaneously, convinced him of the undoubtedly genuine Chinese origin of the phrase and of its entire impropriety. His experience killed the phrase for New York slang.

The Madrid Spanish Opera Company will put in an extra week at the Bush Street, commencing on Monday evening. The following excellent repertoire has been prepared: Monday evening, "Campanone"; Tuesday evening, "Donna Juanita"; Wednesday afternoon, "Campanone"; Wednesday evening, "El Gran Mogul"; Thursday evening, "La Mascotte"; Friday evening, "Galatea" and the third act of "Campanone"; Saturday afternoon, "Crispino é la Comare"; Saturday evening, "Boccaccio"; and Sunday evening, "La Tempestad." The *corps de ballet* will give Spanish dances during *entr'actes* at every performance.

Bettina Gerard, of the Conreid Company, is a recent accession to the ranks of comic opera prima donnas. She has crowded a wide experience into her twenty-two years. In Washington her father, General Alfred Ordway, is one of the social leaders of the *ancien regime*, and she saw much of society before she married Arthur Padelford, a Baltimore man with an income of fifty thousand dollars a year. Their wedding tour was to Europe, whence she returned alone, he remaining in Vienna to inaugurate a most interesting divorce suit. Since her return she has been training her voice, and she has now been on the stage only a little more than two months.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Los Bandurristas.

The members of the Bandurria Club under the leadership of Señor José Sancho, gave their third concert last Monday evening at Odd Fellows' Hall, with the assistance of Miss Carrie Millzner, soprano; Señor L. T. Romero, guitarist; Signor R. Rebagliati, violinist; and Mr. Santiago Arrillaga, pianist. A large and fashionable audience greeted them and applause was bestowed liberally upon all of the participants in the following excellent programme:

(a) Paso Doble, "Giralda" ..... Juarranz
(b) Gavotte, "L'Ingenue" ..... Arditi
Los Bandurristas.
Vocal Solo, Bolero "Andalouse" ..... Lavallee
Miss Carrie Millzner.
Guitar Solo, Gavotte "Mignon" ..... Thomas
Señor L. T. Romero.
(a) Waltz, "Pardon de Ploermel" ..... Bruggemeyer
(b) Cuban Danza, "Boringuin" ..... Yradier
Los Bandurristas.
Violin Solo, "Souvenir d'Amerique" ..... Rebagliati
Signor R. Rebagliati.
Piano Solo, (a) "Kamennoi Ostrow" ..... Rubinstein
(b) "Concert Polonaise" ..... H. Scholtz
Mr. S. Arrillaga.
Ballad ..... Selected
Miss Carrie Millzner.
(a) Polka, "Mazatlan" ..... Sancho
(b) Danza Habanera, "Un Adios Mas" ..... Rebagliati
Los Bandurristas.

An Evening Concert.

A special concert was given at Byron Mauzy's Hall last Thursday evening, which was enjoyed by a large audience. The following programme was presented:

Trio (a) Meditation ..... Richardson
(b) Capriccio ..... Reissiger
F. Victor Austin, violin, Adolf Lada, 'cello,
Miss Elené Austin, piano.
Cavatina, "Vieni! la mia Vendetta" ..... Donnizetti
"Lucretia Borgia."
Thomas S. Gore.
Violin Solo, Polonaise in A ..... Wieniawski
F. Victor Austin.
Cavatina, "Una Voce" ..... Rossini
"Barber of Seville."
Mrs. Eunice Westwater.
Piano Solo, "Caprice de Concert" ..... Logé
Miss Elené S. Austin.
Song, "Call Me Back" ..... Denza
Violin obligato, F. Victor Austin.
Thomas S. Gore.
Guitar and Mandoline, "Faust" ..... Gounod
Misses Theresa and Lily Sherwood.
Duet, "Ruy Blas" ..... Marchetti
Mrs. Eunice Westwater and Signor Podesta.
Violin Solo, Zegeunerweisen ..... Sarasate
F. Victor Austin.
Trio, Moderato and Allegro Passionato ..... Reissiger

The famous Mendelssohn Quintet Club, of Boston, will give two concerts at Irving Hall on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, March 19th and 21st. The club consists of Herr Wilhelm Ohliger, solo violin and concert master; Mr. Manassa Adler, solo violin; Mr. Thomas Ryan, solo clarionet and viola; Herr Fritz Schlachter, viola and violoncello: Herr Anton Hekking, solo violoncellist; and Miss Alice Ryan, prima donna soprano.

Mr. J. H. Rosewald's fourth orchestral matinée will occur next Friday at Irving Hall. Miss Alvina Heuer and Miss Amy Gell will be the soloists.

The Louise Pyk song recital, which was to have been held at the Hotel Pleasanton on Friday evening, was unavoidably postponed.

A "Schumann Evening" will be given by Mrs. John Vance Cheney, next Wednesday night, at her residence on Sutter Street.

The San Francisco Quartet (Mary Barnard's) is hard at work preparing for the week's engagement at the Bijou.

DXXVII—Bill of Fare for six persons—Sunday, March 10, 1889.

Clear Soup.
Broiled Oysters.
Lamb Chops, Tomato Sauce. Mashed Potatoes.
String Beans. Mushrooms.
Roast Ducks.
Celery Salad.
Charlotte Russe. Brandied Peaches.

Broiled Oysters.—Rub the bars of a wire broiler with a little fresh butter; dry thirty large, plump oysters in a napkin, and place them on the broiler; brush a little butter over them, with a slight sprinkle of Cayenne pepper, and broil them over a fire free from flame and smoke. When done on both sides, arrange them neatly on toast; pour a little melted butter over them and serve. Do not bread-crumb oysters intended for broiling.

The largest theatrical advertisement on record is that just placed by Mr. Henry Irving in the London *Era*. It occupies sixty columns, or twelve pages of that paper, and comprises all the more important notices that have been made of Mr. Irving's production of "Macbeth" in the London press.

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TIME TABLE.

Tickets will be good on trains leaving San Francisco March 20th and 21st, at nine o'clock P. M., and on March 21st, at half-past eight o'clock A. M., and on trains from Sacramento, Stockton, and San José connecting therewith; and from Los Angeles on train leaving March 20th, at half-past ten o'clock P. M.

RETURNING, tickets will be good on all regular trains, leaving Bakersfield March 22d, 23d, 24th, and 25th, 1889.

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Vehicles will be at hand to convey excursionists over the property to be sold, starting at half-past ten o'clock A. M. of each day.

On Thursday, March 21st, there will be a Grand Barbecue, at about one o'clock P. M., in the Grove at Bakersfield, to which all will be welcome.

Railroad Tickets will be on sale at the offices of the Company, and at the office of McAFEE & BALDWIN, 10 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, where sleeping-car accommodations can also be arranged for.

Maps and diagrams will be ready for distribution in due time. For further particulars, apply to

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RANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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De mortuis nil nisi bonum. So entirely do we respect the gd maxim which requires the living to speak well of the ed, that we had resolved as patiently as possible to await h dissolution of the legislature before we trusted ourself to e its epitaph or comment upon its existence. We were so ous to have it expire, so inspired by curiosity to observe s eath-struggle and to look upon the last remains as they hushed in death, that on Thursday of last week, taking tooth-brush and grip-sack, we visited the capitol at Sacrato to see the thing expire. Saturday was the period pro- d by the constitution for its expiration. We had heard it was in the throes of dissolution, and that its death- t was already gathering in great beads upon its fore- ; with its skeleton fingers it was picking the bed- , the last thing it had to pick; that the Democratic fam- d the few Republican collateral relatives had been sum- ed to its side, and, inspired by the hope that it might something to leave, had cheerfully assembled; the last n offices of the dead had been performed; it had sub- d to extreme unction in the comptroller's office, when the Father Dunn, in the presence of the Irish, had so ted the body with sacred holy oil that it was hoped it t successfully slide past the yawning doors of purgatorial hment into the happy resurrection of new political life, Speaker White or Mayor Pond for governor. The three red and thirty-one paid hirelings—who had been gath- from among the relatives of the dying party to smooth y to the grave, by so clearing out the treasury that it be used as a receiving-vault for the dead—were marshaled as hired mourners for the solemn pageant; when, just as the bell was about to toll, and the ceremony to begin, and the funeral-march to take up its solemn strain, the corpse rolled over with a twinkle in its eye, caught sight of the jug from which the sacred oil had been poured, and determined to live another week for the benefit of the mourners. There was still money in the treasury; and though *per diem* mileage, perquisites, and all the delightful accessories of legislative life were for them no more, it occurred that there were stealings still ungathered, jobs yet unharvested, and, as the time of members was valueless and another week's support might be wrung from boarding-house, restaurant, and gin-mill, it was the duty of the Democratic party to live one week more for the benefit of its dependent friends, and that it might leave a savory memory among the mourners by deferring its burial, and that it might enjoy its own wake and dance at its own funeral. So the legislature is still alive. Three hundred and thirty-three Democratic individuals draw money from the tax-paying community to serve one hundred and twenty senators and members of the assembly at prices far in excess of what better and more intelligent persons are enabled to earn by honest industry. Sacramento looks as though it was holding a tramp convention, with delegates from every part of the State brought in on railroad axles. The grounds of the capitol look well and are carefully cared for; the interior of the capitol is nasty beyond description, and at eleven o'clock in the morning, when the senate and assembly were in session, servants were sweeping halls and cleaning spittoons. A glance into the senate chamber found its members appropriately discussing the "sack" question, how much money should be appropriated for the use of State prisoners to manufacture jute-bags, and whether they should also be permitted to make strings for tying up the bags and twine for the wool. We heard senators from Butte, Napa, Tulare, and Amador speak intelligently upon a question which farmers were interested in; we heard senators from San Francisco and Alameda talk nonsense upon the wrong side of a question they did not understand, and, after a wrangle of an hour, an amendment was lost by thirty ayes to five noes. We found out that all the wisdom was not on the Republican side of the senate, and came to the conclusion that sensible, silent knaves are more endurable than empty-headed, gabbling fools, no matter to which party they may belong. There are honest men and gentlemen in both parties and in both houses. The personnel of the legislature is not of the highest order, so we are informed, although in looking over the members we could not distinguish the San Francisco delegation from gentlemen from the country. The president of the senate, Mr. Stephen White, presides with dignity, apparent impartiality, and fairness. He is esteemed as an able and excellent officer, earnestly partisan, and ambitious to be the candidate of his party for governor. He is not regarded as a "lamb," and is not accredited with any desire to conciliate the butcher, or secure any of the fat dispensed at the shambles. This is left for the mayor of San Francisco, if he does not get drowned by washing his dirty wool in our drinking-water, and wil' t shearing. This is no time to seriously review legislation. To arrive at any definite opinion concerning the results of the session. According to the figures of the San Francisco *Bulletin*, the expenditures of the session, with appropriations for the next two years, will aggregate ten millions of dollars, at least two and one-half millions more than is necessary, and this amount may be carried to the account of Democratic stealings, extravagance, and political profligacy—again remarking there are honest men and gentlemen and there are knaves and demagogues largely representing both parties at Sacramento. If parties could be arranged with honesty, intelligence, patriotism, and property on one side, knavery, ignorance, bigotry, and profligacy on the other, how much better it would be? We wonder which would win? We paid our respects to Governor Waterman, found him hard at work, and, we believe, honestly and courageously endeavoring to do his duty. He is badgered with political and party wolves on every side of him—famished, greedy Democrats, snarling, angry Republicans, all in common yelp hounding at his heels. It reminded us of the picture of the Russian forest scene—gaunt and hungry wolves, with their gleaming teeth, in hot pursuit. The governor, wrapped in his furs, his loaded veto in his hand, keen-eyed, intent, resolute, calmly smoking, with just a shade of anxiety on his face, while Boruck lashes his flying steeds to the open space which discloses safety and protection just ahead. Governor Waterman is holding a difficult position largely unsupported. From private life, without political experience, not being a lawyer to interpret the technical legislation which goes on in confusion around him, he finds himself charged with executive duties which are new to him, surrounded by servants he did not employ, by officials in whom he lacks confidence, ambitious men scheming for themselves, dishonest men stealing, cowardly men skulking, and the great, busy class of enterprising, wealthy men, from whom he was called by the incident of death, too much engrossed with their own affairs, too indifferent to observe the hard, hot struggle in which he is engaged, and too much occupied to lend him a helping hand. Presiding over the senate is a political opponent, scheming to place some block in his path over which he may stumble on his way to renomination by his own party; partisans all around him, in both houses, in all the departments, in town, city, and country; a hostile Democratic press; an indifferent, careless, independent press, with malignant, vindictive Republican organs to misinterpret the honest reasons which may have inspired the insurance veto and attribute it to the basest of motives. All honest men who are willing to do Governor Waterman justice, should reflect upon the position he is called upon to fill and the duties he is required to perform, before they condemn him and sneer at his private secretary. Governor Waterman seems to us to be a man of intelligence, integrity, and great industry, performing a most responsible public duty with an earnest zeal to do it well. He left a large private business to fill the vice-gubernatorial chair, a duty which demanded his time for sixty days each two years; the death of Governor Bartlett devolved upon him the untried responsibilities of the executive. His wealth places him above the suspicion of pecuniary motives, he is living in a style which precludes the idea of any necessity to increase his fortune, and if he is bringing to the discharge of his duties intelligence, integrity, and hard labor, it would seem to us to be the duty of gentlemen of both parties, and respectable editors of all journals, to wait till the session is ended before they begin to impugn and distrust his motives; assuredly they ought to wait for proof before they form judgment. Without intending to champion the cause of Governor Waterman, or to claim any authority to speak in his defense, we take the liberty to suggest that his course as governor and his administration ought not to be too hastily judged. Let the community, the press, the Republican partisans, and all honest business-men consider the embarrassments of the position in which he is placed and suspend unfavorable criticism until he is lowered from the cross where he is now being crucified among thieves.

There is every probability that all the reports of a collision between the German and American war-ships at Samoa are unfounded and the result of an effort to affect the stock-market. The Bourse is usually the first to be informed concerning international entanglements and is sometimes charged with setting false rumors afloat in order to promote speculative movements. There has never seemed to be any necessity for war between Germany and America, and in our judgment there has never existed the probability that one could occur. There has been no evidence, since the occurrence of the unhappy incident in which so many Germans lost their lives at Apia, that the German Empire desired to make it a cause of war against the United States. Early in February, the imperial chancellor evidenced his desire for peace in expressing his opinions with great moderation in relation to the misunderstanding growing out of Samoan affairs, evidencing his determination to respect treaty engagements and not to seek to disturb the *status quo* in Samoa or to secure for his government any political advantage in that group of islands. Count Herbert Bismarck, as early as January 8th, telegraphed to the

German Consul at Apia (Herr Knappe) that "ANNEXATION WAS ALTOGETHER IMPOSSIBLE ON ACCOUNT OF OUR AGREEMENT WITH AMERICA AND ENGLAND." It is undoubtedly true that Prince Bismarck has persistently aimed to repress the excessive zeal of his agents in the Pacific and to make them act with moderation, not to invade the jurisdiction of the English or Americans, or to violate the honor of the American flag. In one of his telegrams to the senior naval officer of the Australian squadron, asking "whether it was permissible under certain circumstances to arrest foreigners on alien vessels," he replied: "The English and American vessels are justified in claiming jurisdiction over their countrymen so long as they do not by word or deed make common cause with our assailants." If our government acts with equal moderation, this little war-cloud will pass over, and there is now every prospect that the conference to be held at Berlin will result in a settlement entirely satisfactory to the people of both nations. Of all the governments of earth that do not desire war, that have nothing to gain and much to lose, ours holds the most conspicuous position; without an army or navy; with thousands of miles of unprotected coast, opulent and populous cities lying within the reach of bombardment from iron-clads at anchor—of all nations, America should be the last to accept a war that can be avoided with honor. The recent excitement over an improbable rumor is more creditable to our patriotic war-spirit than to our judgment and common sense. Street politicians and impecunious individuals of the partisan class are, to a certain extent, barometers of public opinion, but it is fortunate that a nation's destiny is rarely placed in the balance of war under pressure of an irresponsible and idle public clamor. Whenever the dignity of our flag shall be assailed, whenever any nation shall deliberately determine to involve us in war, we will not question the ability of the administration, the resources of the government, or the courage of the people to protect the national flag and the honor of the Government of the United States. A declaration of war between the Empire of Germany and the American Republic would unloose the dogs of war throughout Europe. France would declare war against her ancient enemy and send us her fleet, ranking second to that of England. England is our natural ally, and—in such a possible conflict as would be involved in an endeavor by Germany to plant a colony among the islands of the Pacific, and establish her naval power in the highway of commerce—might feel compelled to unite with us in asserting her power for the protection of her trade, the preservation of her possessions upon the coast of America and Asia, her Australian empire, and her dependencies in the Pacific Ocean. We leave our readers to conjecture where Russia would take position, and what attitude Austria, Italy, and the smaller European powers would be compelled to assume. Let them reflect what position would be taken by the socialist classes now in agitation throughout continental Europe and America, and what the consequences that would be likely to follow a general war, and whether a desire for peace is not dictated by the highest principles of humanity. If we are correct in this position, may we not suggest the wisdom of restraining our tendency to heroic pot-valiancy by huncombe bluster of how easy it will be to whip the Germans in a war that will probably never occur?

The result of the municipal election in our sister city of Oakland is highly suggestive of the course our citizens should pursue under like circumstances. The people of that city have had the independence, the common sense, and the courage to exercise their political rights entirely independent of political parties. There is no good reason why, in the choice of municipal officers, citizens should divide upon political lines. They do not do it in any other case involving only questions which affect the administration of property. The members or stockholders of a mining, manufacturing, financial, commercial, or social organization, who would choose its officers because they were Democrats or Republicans, and without reference to the ability or integrity of men called upon to perform such duties as are incident to the positions of trustees or directors, would be deemed unwise if they allowed themselves to be in the least degree affected by such considerations. Yet the rule is almost universal in American cities to permit a mob of impecunious adventurers, under the guidance of political bosses, to have the entire control of officials to whom is intrusted the administration of legislative and executive functions. The San Francisco members of our State legislature and the supervisors of our city and county illustrate the condition of affairs. The citizens of Oakland have demonstrated how easy it is to work a reform in this direction. A partisan convention assembled in San Francisco at the last election to do the same thing, but it was unfortunately a Presidential election, and while good citizens were willing to lay aside party preferences to work municipal reform, they found themselves in a minority, and we are now reaping the consequences of their inability to unite. The American party in this city endeavored to do what has been successfully accomplished in Oakland by aid of the American party of Alameda, and the American spirit which may be always relied upon to do the honorable part in all political organizations. The Non-partisan Convention in this city has maintained its organization, and will form the nucleus of a successful political effort when again the opportunity is presented to choose city officials, IF the honest men and gentlemen of the Democratic and Republican parties will have the courage to do what the Citizens' and American party have so successfully accomplished in the City of Oaks, on the other side of the bay.

The President has, in one respect, shown his disposition to do the correct thing in appointments. He gives to the residents of a Territory the recognition which is justly due them of being chosen as the officials of a State which as pioneers they have aided to create. The enterprise which impels young men of the older States to push forward to the frontier and carve out of the wilderness a civic organization, entitles them to the honors and emoluments attending its introduction to the family of States. The appointment of the Hon. John F. Swift as Minister to Japan must, we think, be a most agreeable one to him. It is quite apparent that he was upon the programme for a Cabinet position. He was undoubtedly invited to Washington with that view, and the President, upon finding it inconvenient to adjust difficulties among the chieftains of the party, was compelled to give our distinguished fellow-citizen the place most agreeable to him. If he had choice of a foreign ministry, he has, we think, acted wisely to select that of Japan, for, while it is not attended with the honors which surround that of minister to England, France, or Germany, it must be considered that the blazing heat of political jealousies do not so fiercely concentrate upon it. To fill the position of English ambassador with acceptance to the American people is a task most difficult. It requires a highly educated and capacious stomach to dispose of the dinners which pervade the English court; it demands legal learning, poetic ability, and intelligence of the highest order to deliver addresses to the learned universities of the British Empire. To keep in successful balance upon either side of the hot controversies which exist between England and Ireland, is exceedingly difficult when we consider the Irish-American vote. To wear a clean shirt too often, and expose too much clean linen to the public gaze, subjects the minister to the charge of aristocratic tendencies, while if he wears his trousers in his boots, he is called an "American cow-boy," and subject to the suspicion of being a Democrat. Diplomacy is a difficult field to cultivate successfully, requiring an unbounded stomach, a high order of cultivation, dress, deportment, dignity, and ability to subject the language to a most ambiguous interpretation. Japan presents none of these difficulties. The only thing to do in Japan is to guide the empire, its Mikado, and people successfully along the avenue that leads to republican government; to direct its growing commerce to American ports, and convince its governing classes that they ought to follow in the footsteps of our fathers in adopting a constitution which secures to all the elective privilege, and clothes all citizens with such sovereign power as enables them—through the ballot-box—to acquire things which they might not be able to attain in any other manner. Upon any people who are not able to read, and whose representative men are so seldom visitors to our shores, it should not be difficult to impress that America is a model republic. Japan is said, by all who are familiar with it, to be a most interesting country and its people a most interesting people; it has few emigrants to America and no voting-class which it is necessary to conciliate; it is in touch with the world's commerce and civilization; it has all the charms of Oriental barbarism, and not one-hundredth part of the vices and plagues which beset the more highly civilized nations of Christian Europe. In our opinion, Mr. Swift has drawn a prize in the political lottery.

Mr. Hiscock, M. C., of New York, opposes the appointment of the son of General Grant as Minister to China, and notifies the President that in such an event he must not be credited to the Empire State—where his father died, where he now lies buried, and where his widow resides. Governor Stanford replies to this narrow and most ungenerous suggestion that the appointment of a son of General Grant may be charged to the nation at large. We think there is no other State, South or North, and we should hope no other representative of a State, who, without protest, could give utterance to so mean a suggestion as the one put forward by Mr. Hiscock. If Colonel Grant is unfit, or there are any incidents in his public or private career to disqualify him from discharging with ability and dignity the duties of his official position, it would be a brave and manly act for the Hon. Mr. Hiscock to present them. General Grant once informed the writer that he had on but one occasion voted at a Presidential election. His military career had deprived him of this privilege of civil life, but if in serving his country in the army during a time of peace commanding its armies through the bloody struggles of a civil war, living at the nation's capital for eight years as President, does not qualify his son to be considered a citizen of some part of the country in which he is born, it is strange at least. We remember a similar objection being raised by certain California politicians against a son of Governor Morton, of Indiana. We can appreciate the argument which would concede no special right to the sons of distinguished fathers for political appointments, but we do really think their sons have some claim to be regarded as citizens of the republic.

We do not know whether President Harrison has a sister who is a devout Catholic and married to a Southern gentleman of Irish extraction, named Rourke, nor whether their daughter is a pupil in an academy of the Sisters of St. Joseph, of which the Rev. James A. Leonard, O. G. A., is chaplain. This may be true, and still involve no danger to the Republican commonwealth. We regard General Harrison as a true and loyal American, giving to the word its best and broadest and most generous interpretation, and we feel the greatest confidence that he will administer the executive functions of his office under the constitution and the laws without reference to His Holiness the Pope of Rome, and, we hope, in fearless contempt of the Roman Catholic Irish vote.

While we are upon this line of thought, we take occasion to express the fear that we have made a mistake in endeavoring to avoid for ourself the pains of purgatory by a somewhat extravagant expenditure for masses, indulgences, and such other kindred merchandise as has been cheaply proffered for our protection. We are informed of a much more economical and equally efficacious instrument of protection. From the letter of Henry C. Lea, of Philadelphia, a distinguished writer on the church of the middle ages, printed in the *Independent*, we are informed that we can secure all the indulgences, graces, and remission of sins necessary for our happiness in the next world by procuring and wearing a Carmelite investment called a "Scapular." He informs us that:

> The belief that the Virgin visits purgatory every Saturday and withdraws to heaven the souls of all who have worn the scapular until death, is perfectly orthodox doctrine, received throughout the whole Catholic world. In the liturgy of St. Simon Stock, recited on July 16th, it is asserted that all brethren of the scapular are released at once from the fires of purgatory by the Virgin. No form of devotion adopted by the church has been confirmed by miracles more numerous, more striking, or more authentic than that of the scapular. Not only does it preserve the souls of its wearers from the fires of purgatory, but its efficacy is equally great for the bodies and prosperity of the living. By its aid battles have been won, nations have been saved from famine and pestilence, and conflagrations have been promptly arrested. No individual is too humble to be beneath its saving grace. A soldier in Flanders, condemned to be shot, was placed before a firing-party, which vainly discharged three rounds at him point-blank; the balls fell around his feet; he was found to have a scapular on him and was pardoned. As nothing is said as to his guilt or innocence, the inference is that the spiritual condition of the wearer is a matter of indifference. In 1858 Marie Chollet, of Trèves, was dying of a quinsy which threatened to break internally. Medical aid was unavailing till, inspired by faith in the Virgin, she thrust her scapular down her throat and was permanently cured on the instant. Even faith is unnecessary, however, for a Protestant soldier in the Union army wore a scapular to gratify a Catholic sister, and at Gettysburg, after all his comrades had been shot down, he stood exposed to the concentrated fire of eighty Confederate marksmen, who could not hit him. He passed safely through the war and in gratitude embraced Catholicism.

These scapulars are of exceeding simplicity of construction, and are supplied upon most reasonable terms. A scapular, as defined in Webster's Dictionary, "consists of two narrow strips of cloth, of which one crosses the back of shoulders and the other the stomach." Their cost at retail in New York is thirty cents. In Paris they are advertised at two francs and twenty-five centimes the dozen. The price is most reasonable, less than four cents apiece. Escape from purgatory could scarce be expected at a lower rate. We shall supply ourselves with a scapular, and should any of our readers feel the same anxiety upon this subject which we do, and feel the confidence which is claimed for it by St. Simon Stock, the archbishop of New York, Benedict the Fourteenth, Clement the Tenth, Father Huquet, and other distinguished men of the Romish and Papal Church, and are willing to pay say five cents, we will endeavor to supply them at that price. In event of a Samoan war and bombardment of San Francisco by a German fleet, no protection from danger would prove more efficacious and none more easily attainable. We are determined to try them, to guard ourselves and property from the ravages of a Democratic legislature and the brigandage of a ring of supervisors in San Francisco. It would be a bold and blasphemous Roman Catholic Irish legislator, supervisor or party-boss, who would have the courage to sacrilegiously pick our consecrated pocket under the protection of a Carmelite scapular, blessed by His Holiness the Pope and dedicated to the Virgin Mary.

Piggott, a Roman Catholic Irishman, having successfully imposed certain forged letters upon the London *Times* and swindled it of a few pounds, went to Madrid, and there, to escape arrest, committed suicide. Whether he was the instrument of a criminal conspiracy of Irish politicians and Roman Catholic priests to assist in overthrowing the Liberal-Union party, or the hired and perjured accessory of a corrupt English ministry to persecute Irish patriots and punish Irish martyrs, may be

subject of an honest difference of opinion. Our best judgment approves the course pursued by the English ministry in crushing out in Ireland what we consider an agrarian rebellion and a spiritual uprising in favor of restoring the Pope to civil sovereignty, and the establishment of a dependent Papal power in Ireland. We admire Lord Hartington, Mr. A. J. Balfour, and Mr. Chamberlain; we do not regard Mr. Gladstone as patriotic as he is able, nor as unambitious as a man of eighty ought to be; we admit a grain of prejudice against the Pope's politicians in the Parliament and pulpits of Great Britain; we do not for a moment believe that the British Empire is trembling because an Irish forger has played successfully a criminal trick upon the ablest journal printed in the English language; we do not believe that the English Empire is yet tumbling to pieces, nor that upon its ruins an Irish republic will be constructed; we do not believe that the Parnellites will receive an additional vote by reason of the Piggott incident, nor that the Union-Liberal party will lose a single vote from its uniform majority in the Parliament of England. Parliament has five years yet to continue, and before it is dissolved, Mr. Gladstone will be eighty-four years of age, Irelandism and Jesuitry will be just as unpopular then as now, and Irishmen just as far from self-government and independent rule as they have been for the last seven hundred years.

From the Dumfries and Galloway *Courier and Herald* we print the following correspondence, which explains itself. Home-rule for Ireland would place its national schools under control of the Papal Church, would confiscate Protestant property, and result in civil war.

HOW SCOTTISH PRESBYTERIANS ARE DEALT WITH IN THE SOUTH OF IRELAND.

The following correspondence has taken place between the Rev. Father Doyle, P. P. of Athy, and Mr. J. Townsend Trench, J. P., the agent of Lord Lansdowne:

ATHY, December 28, 1888.

SIR: I wish to bring under your notice a difficulty which has recently arisen at Barrowhouse, and which you alone can remedy. A care-taker living in Mr. Dan Whelan's house has two boys, whom he sends to the school there at the chapel. Their presence dispersed the other children, who will not associate with the strangers. The result is that the school is broken up. If I may suggest a remedy for this disorder, it is to ask you to order those children to come into the Model School at Athy, where they will meet their own co-religionists—the Scotch. It is not too far—three miles. Otherwise, the school must be abolished altogether, and the disorder spread and perpetuated. This is more simple and reasonable than to ask you to withdraw those Scotch boys. In the interests of peace and harmony, I ask you to interfere in this urgent case, and am, very respectfully yours, JAMES DOYLE, P. P.

J. Townsend Trench, Esq.

KENMARE, January 4, 1889.

REV. JAMES DOYLE, P. P., ATHY.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR: I have received your letter of the twenty-eighth ult., in which you inform me that the children who attend Barrowhouse National School, near Athy, will not associate with the children of a care-taker who lives close by upon a farm from which a tenant was evicted, said tenant being one who had joined the "Plan of Campaign," and who had held the land for three years without having paid any rent, good, bad, or indifferent, for its use during that period; and you inform me that in consequence the school is deserted. You ask me, therefore, to withdraw the children of the care-taker so as "to remedy the disorder." Such a request, coming from the parish priest of one of the most important districts in Ireland, has caused me no little surprise, and that for reasons to which I will venture respectfully to draw your attention.

(1) The principles of the national system of education in Ireland throw the schools under that system equally open to all. And you propose to teach the children (you make no reference to their parents), for whom you are responsible—first, to set at defiance the rules of the National Educational Board; and, second, to allow the children to assume successfully the government of the school where they ought to learn to obey. In fact, you propose to allow the children to decide who shall and who shall not attend the school, and you ask for my coöperation in abandoning to a number of children your authority as a man and a priest. Have you seriously considered what would be the consequences if such principle were generally acted upon in Ireland?

(2) The decree of the holy office, which has been solemnly approved of by His Holiness the Pope (you will remember), runs as follows: "It is not lawful in the disputes between landlords and tenants of farms and estates in Ireland to make use of the means commonly called the 'Plan of Campaign' and boycotting." And yet, reverend sir, you ask for my coöperation in giving a marked sanction and victory to boycotting by an unconditional surrender to its demands. Have you considered the very serious nature of such a request—serious as a declaration of contempt for the authority of the Pope, serious as an immorality to which you wish me to become an accomplice?

(3) Your letter throws out the suggestion that objection has been taken to these two children by the others because they are Presbyterians, because they are strangers, and because they are of Scottish parentage. Have you considered how such a disclosure of what Presbyterians, strangers, and Scotsmen have to expect at the hands of those who are under your teaching, if ever the day should come that they should be at their mercy, is calculated to alarm and surprise a large number of the inhabitants of Scotland and Ireland? If ever this country should come seriously to discuss the desirability of placing Ireland, with its Ulster population, which is largely of Scottish origin, under "Home-Rule," will your action be calculated to inspire that loyal section of her majesty's subjects with feelings of peace, harmony, and security? and if I were to comply with your request, should I be contributing to the permanent remedy of Ireland's disorder?

I had hoped, and I do hope, that we are advancing toward the day when dark religious jealousies among the people of Ireland will fade away before the light of the cross, and when Irishmen can worship the Almighty (even though they bow at different altars) without hating one another for the love of God.

Meanwhile, I respectfully venture to hope that you will agree with me that it would be hardly decent, from your point of view, that the authority of the Pope, or decent from mine, that the orders of the National Education Board, and the interests of morality, and the liberties of an important section of her majesty's subjects, should all be sacrificed in order to please the whim of a few children, or their parents who have enlisted your aid, to boycott the children of a respectable Scotsman for faithfully and fearlessly doing his duty. I remain, reverend sir, your faithful servant, J. TOWNSEND TRENCH.

To our commercial dailies of large circulation we commend a more careful preparation of the display headings of their leading articles. A few lines properly arranged in plain type, giving the subjects under discussion, enable the reader to avoid the perusal of the larger number of editorial dissertations. The same remark will apply to the long-drawn-out, uninteresting, and unimportant news. We are willing to consider the length of telegrams an indication of the journal's enterprise, if the news-editor will aid us to escape reading the dreary verbiage employed in their transmission.

THE AGNOSTIC'S CREED.

What Professor Huxley Believes.

[From his article in the *Nineteenth Century*.]

I was brought up in the strictest school of evangelical orthodoxy; and when I was old enough to think for myself I started upon my journey of inquiry with little doubt about the general truth of what I had been taught; and with that feeling of the unpleasantness of being called an "infidel" which, we are told, is so right and proper. Near my journey's end, I find myself in a condition of something more than mere doubt about these matters.

When I reached intellectual maturity, and began to ask myself whether I was an atheist, a theist, or a pantheist; a materialist or an idealist; a Christian or a free-thinker; I found that the more I learned and reflected, the less ready was the answer; until, at last, I came to the conclusion that I had neither art nor part with any of these denominations, except the last. The one thing in which most of these good people were agreed was the one thing in which I differed from them. They were quite sure they had attained a certain "gnosis"—had, more or less successfully, solved the problem of existence; while I was quite sure I had not, and had a pretty strong conviction that the problem was insoluble. This was my situation when I had the good fortune to find a place among the members of the Metaphysical Society. Most of my colleagues were "ists" of one sort or another. I, who was a man without a rag of a label to cover myself with, felt like the fox who had lost his tail. So I took thought and invented what I conceived to be the appropriate title of agnostic. It came into my head as suggestively antithetic to the gnostic of church history, who professed to know so much about the very things of which I was ignorant, and I took the earliest opportunity of parading it at our society, to show that I, too, had a tail, like the other foxes. To my great satisfaction the term took.

Agnosticism is not a creed, but a method, the essence of which lies in the rigorous application of a single principle. The principle is of great antiquity; it is as old as Socrates; as old as the writer who said, "Try all things, hold fast by that which is good"; it is the foundation of the Reformation, which simply illustrated the axiom that every man should be able to give a reason for the faith which is in him; it is the great principle of Descartes; it is the fundamental axiom of modern science. Positively, the principle may be expressed: In matters of the intellect, follow your reason as far as it will take you without regard to any other consideration. And negatively, in matters of the intellect, do not pretend that conclusions are certain which are not demonstrated or demonstrable. That I take to be the agnostic faith, which, if a man keep whole and undefiled, he shall not be ashamed to look the universe in the face, whatever the future may have in store for him. The only obligation accepted is to have the mind always open to conviction. If you were to find an agnostic who never failed in carrying out his principles, and to tell him that you had discovered that two and two make five, he would patiently ask you to state your reasons for that conviction, and express his readiness to agree with you if he found them satisfactory. The apostolic injunction to "suffer fools gladly," should be the rule of life of a true agnostic. I am deeply conscious how far I myself fall short of this ideal, but it is my personal conception of what agnostics ought to be.

I know no study which is so unutterably saddening as that of the evolution of humanity, as it is set forth in the annals of history. Out of the darkness of prehistoric ages man emerges with the marks of his lowly origin strong upon him. He is a brute, only more intelligent than the other brutes; a blind prey to impulses, which, as often as not, lead him to destruction; a victim to endless illusions, which make his mental existence a terror and a burden, and fill his physical life with barren toil and battle. He attains a certain degree of physical comfort, and develops a more or less workable theory of life in such favorable situations as the plains of Mesopotamia and of Egypt, and then, for thousands and thousands of years struggles with varying fortune, attended by infinite wickedness, bloodshed, and misery, to maintain himself at this point against the greed and ambition of his fellow-men. He makes a point of killing and otherwise persecuting all those who first try to get him to move on; and when he has moved on a step, foolishly confers *post-mortem* deification on his victims. He exactly repeats the process with all who want to move a step yet further; and the best men of the best epochs are simply those who make the fewest blunders and commit the fewest sins.

That one should rejoice in the good man, forgive the bad man, and pity and help all men to the best of one's ability, is surely indisputable. It is the glory of Judaism and of Christianity to have proclaimed this truth through all their aberrations. I verily believe that the great good which has been effected by Christianity has been largely counteracted by the pestilent doctrine on which all the churches have insisted, that honest disbelief in their more or less astonishing creeds is a moral offense—indeed, a sin of the deepest dye, deserving and involving the same future retribution as murder and robbery. If we could only see, in one view, the torrents of hypocrisy and cruelty, the lies, the slaughter, the violations of every obligation of humanity, which have flowed from this source along the course of the history of Christian nations, our worse imaginations of hell would pale beside the vision. I am much disposed to think that the encouragement, the consolation, and the peace afforded to earnest believers in even the worse forms of Christianity, are of great practical advantage to them. What deductions must be made from this gain on the score of the harm done to the citizen, the ruler, the legislator, the philosopher, and the conscientious soul, I need not now consider; but they are assuredly not small. If agnostics lose heavily on the one side, they gain a good deal on the other.

Whoso calls to mind what I may venture to term the bright side of Christianity—that ideal of manhood, with its strength and its patience; its justice and its pity for human frailty; its helpfulness, to the extremity of self-sacrifice; its ethical purity and nobility; which apostles have pictured, in which armies of martyrs have placed their unshakable faith, and whence obscure men and women, like Catherine of Sienna and John Knox, have derived the courage to rebuke popes and kings—is not likely to underrate the importance of the Christian faith as a factor in human history, or to doubt that if that faith should prove to be incompatible with our knowledge, or necessary want of knowledge, some other hypostasis of men's hopes, genuine enough and worthy enough to replace it, will arise. But that incongruous mixture of bad science with eviscerated papistry, the new anthropolatry known as positivism will not climb into the vacant shrine. When the positivist asks me to worship "Humanity"—that is to say, to adore the generalized conception of men as they ever have been and probably ever will be—I must reply that I could just as soon bow down and worship the generalized conception of a "wilderness of apes."

I had, and have, the firmest conviction that I never left the "verace via"—the straight road; and that this road led nowhere else but into the dark depths of a wild and tangled forest. And though I have found leopards and lions in the path; though I have made abundant acquaintance with the hungry wolf, that "with privy paw devours apace and nothing said," as another great poet says of the ravening beast; and though no friendly spectre has ever yet offered his guidance, I was, and am, minded to go straight on, until I either come out on the other side of the wood, or find there is no other side to it, at least, none attainable by me.

The suit which Howell Osborne's creditors have begun against the trustees of the five hundred thousand dollars which Osborne's father left him in trust, and on the income of which Osborne is now living in Paris, brings up the very interesting question of how much money a club-man and a man-about-town who moves in good society requires every year to maintain the social position which comes to him by right of birth and family connection. The question has several times received attention at the hands of lawyers and learned judges. One of the most notable cases was that of the late Eben Kimball, of the Union Club, who was brought up in supplementary proceedings, and who explained in detail how he managed to live and move among gentlemen on an annual income of twenty-five hundred dollars. The Osborne case, which comes up before Judge Lawrence in the supreme court chambers shortly, will be made particularly interesting by reason of the submission of two affidavits from prominent members of the stock exchange, both of them bachelors, who profess themselves to be of the opinion that an unmarried man, particularly if he have no occupation, may live comfortably on five thousand dollars a year.

The ingenious plan proposed by a Berlin inventor, of a simple and inexpensive elevator for private dwellings in place of the ordinary staircase, has attracted some attention as a long-felt desideratum. It is on the principle of the inclined railway, and the motive power is furnished by the city water, which is applied in the cellar; each flight has its separate chair, so that, for example, one person can ascend from the first to the second story while another is on his way from the second to the third, or still another is descending from the fifth to the fourth. The chair, being only of the width of the human body, requires but little space, and still leaves a free passage for any one who wishes to walk up or down instead of riding. It is set in motion by a simple pressure upon one of its arms, while, after it has been used, it slides back to the bottom step, its descent being regulated in such a manner that the carrying of a passenger is a matter of entire safety. The motive power is, of course, more or less expensive, according to the cost of water, this being, it is stated, in Berlin, at the rate of a little more than one-tenth of a cent for each trip.

There is a diagram in Mr. Galton's book on "Hereditary Genius," which is intended to illustrate the extraordinariness of great men, and which is very instructive to carry about in one's mind. Human beings are represented by a column of scattered dots. In the middle of the column the dots are very thick, to represent the immense number of average men; further up they grow thinner and thinner, until near the top a very few, and finally one, serve to represent the greatest, who stand nearly or quite solitary and alone. Below the average there is a corresponding gradual thinning out, until one reaches the very small number of the most degraded idiots. But this diagram may serve to illustrate not only the distribution of greatness, but also the degree of admiration with which greatness ought to be regarded. In other words, the estimation in which we hold a great man, if we were disposed to scientific accuracy, ought to be apportioned to his degree of rarity.

The highest price ever paid for a piece of Chicago real-estate was that given by Mr. H. H. Kohlsaat for the north-west corner of Dearborn and Madison Streets. The dimensions of the property are 20 by 40 feet, and the price paid was $150,000, which is equivalent to $7,500 per front foot, $187.50 per square foot, $1.30 per square inch, or about $8,000,000 per acre. This corner is considered one of the finest in the city.

At the Exposition Inaugural full-dress hall at Kansas City, Mo., March 4th, the programme and music were the same which were used at Washington, and the dances were started by telegraph at the same instant that they were at Washington.

The Bank of England building, London, covers eight acres and employs one thousand persons.

CAST AWAY.

A Love Story.

Related by Miss Margaret Delafield.

I should like it understood at the outset that I do not altogether approve of many things that occurred in the course of the adventures which I am about to narrate. In the first place, I do not consider it proper for ladies to have adventures. Not, let me hasten to say, that it was due to any frivolous or indecorous trait in Eleanor's character, nor I trust is it necessary for me to add, in *mine*, that certain extraordinary and deplorable events interfered with that quiet, even routine of life which it becomes a woman to lead. All of our trials came from my niece's unfortunate fancy for Sir Charles Brent-Jones. Sir Charles was a man of more than double Eleanor's age (he must have been at least thirty-eight) and in no way handsome; for although he was tall, he was stoop-shouldered, his blonde hair was scanty (in fact he was bald on the top of his head), and the lower lids of his cold, gray eyes were puffed and wrinkled, his hands and feet were large, and his movements slow and heavy. To be sure, he had charming manners and, having traveled all over the world, was a very interesting conversationalist. He was reported to have large estates in England, by those who introduced him into our society, and altogether was considered a very desirable person. But *I* did not like the man. He impressed me as lacking sincerity. Although, as I have said, he had charming manners when it pleased him to exert himself, more than once I discovered occasions when he seemed to think that because he was a titled Englishman, he was exempt from the ordinary rules of politeness. For instance, I have known him to attend a dinner-party attired in a rough tweed suit (though not at *my* house, be it understood), carry his hands in his pockets, and otherwise deport himself in the presence of ladies as though San Francisco was a Rocky Mountain mining-camp. Furthermore, although I am aware that it is the custom abroad for men to expect to receive money with the woman whom they honor with their choice as wife, I have a prejudice for our American custom of a man marrying a woman for herself alone; consequently I did not like Sir Charles's disingenuous interest in the financial prospects of every young lady whom he met. Finally, I disliked him very cordially from the moment that I knew he had made Eleanor care for him without first asking my permission. For it was mere child's play for a man like him, equipped with his knowledge of the world and intellectual attainments, to win the interest of an ingenuous girl like Eleanor, who had just emerged from school and had scarcely spoken to half a dozen men in her life. Of course he knew perfectly well what he was doing from the start, and it was his duty as a gentleman to come to me first and ask whether his suit would be acceptable. It certainly was not acceptable. And when Eleanor, one day, laid her poor, pretty, silly head on my shoulder and told me, with hot cheeks and moist eyes, that Sir Charles had asked her to be his wife, I was greatly dismayed that the matter should have gone so far. In a long interview that I immediately had with Sir Charles, I explained to him that the child was too young to think yet of marrying; that my brother (who was a commander in the navy, and away at the time) was her guardian and trustee of her fortune, and that without his consent I could not permit Eleanor to enter into any engagement of the sort. Sir Charles pleaded his cause most eloquently, and I must say that I found it difficult to maintain my stand against his persuasiveness. I then made up my mind that the wisest course for me to pursue was to take Eleanor away from the influence of so successful a wooer. I determined that travel was the best test for the permanency of the impression he had made, besides being desirable to widen her experience of men. I made Honolulu my first destination, for the twofold reason that I had never been to the islands and that my brother's ship was expected there shortly, and I was anxious to have him share my responsibility. It was really with the greatest difficulty that I prevented Sir Charles from accompanying us, and, in fact, when I took my departure I found that I had promised him that if Eleanor was of the same mind on our return, I would put no further obstacle in the way of their being engaged.

It was with a feeling of relief at having escaped for the present the anxiety and worry which this affair had cost me, that I left San Francisco for Hawaii. We reached Honolulu in safety, and shortly after our arrival had the satisfaction of seeing my brother's ship drop anchor in the harbor. Being the captain's niece, and young, pretty, and bright, Eleanor immediately became a centre of attraction for all the officers. In fact, ordinarily, I should have been afraid that so much attention would have turned the dear child's head, but, under the circumstances, I was rather pleased than otherwise. It distracted her thoughts from Sir Charles. At first, she had been inclined to forego all the pleasures of life in thoughts of him, but the novelty of her surroundings, and particularly the devotion of these gallant sailors, gradually allured her from her reveries, until, to my great comfort, she became once more her sweet, light-hearted self. At the same time I could not discover that any one of these gentlemen was favored beyond another. With a single exception, Eleanor treated all of her admirers with impartial kindness, managing them with a tact and discretion which rather surprised me. This single exception was a young lieutenant, named Saxon, to whom she had taken a marked dislike. Why, I do not know; as he was a tall, athletic young fellow, with a handsome face and bright, modest ways, and was really the one I liked best of all. My brother, too, considered him one of the finest officers aboard his ship, and took an interest in him that was almost fatherly, and I think it annoyed him that Eleanor should have chosen his *protégé* for such capricious treatment. We seemed to see more of Mr. Saxon's society than that of the other officers, despite Eleanor's antipathy, but this was probably due to his being a favorite of my brother's and mine; for Mr. Saxon had plenty of spirit and showed himself quite independent of Eleanor's favor.

After nearly three weeks of this pleasant life, my brother received orders to proceed with his ship to Panama, and thence to San Francisco. I decided then to return home directly and await his arrival and action in regard to Sir Charles Brent-Jones. Much to my happiness, Mr. Saxon received orders by the same mail detaching him from the *Revenge*, and ordering him to special duty at Washington. My brother was also much pleased at leaving us in charge of such a good escort, and, procuring passage for us on a swift-sailing merchant-ship, which was just on the point of starting for home, he bade us farewell. Of course, I could not expect Eleanor to share my unalloyed satisfaction at having Mr. Saxon for a companion during our long voyage back. Still, when I informed her, she merely shrugged her shoulders slightly at the prospect, and then probably forgot it in the joy of rejoining Sir Charles, for I never saw her in such gay spirits as she was that afternoon. Our rooms on the merchantman were very good, and we being the only passengers, everything was done for our accommodation. Mr. Saxon proved himself invaluable, doing everything in his power to make us comfortable and the voyage pleasant. For nearly three weeks we had lovely weather and a fair wind, and each day we congratulated ourselves on getting home so agreeably and expeditiously. But, alas, how little can we poor mortals tell what is in store for us!

On the twentieth day, I think it was, after leaving Honolulu, the wind died away and our ship lay in a profound calm, rolling indolently on the long swells. The air was close, oppressive, and singularly still, and that evening the sun set in a strange red haze. I remember now that the captain seemed uneasy at supper, but my ignorance of weather indications enabled me to go to bed in peace of mind. Toward morning I was awakened by the increased motion of the vessel, and, sitting up in my berth, I could hear the sound of the waters dashing against the ship's side, and the noise of the wind. Knowing that it must be storming, I tried to go to sleep again and succeeded for a short time. But when I again awoke, about seven o'clock, the storm seemed more violent than ever. I now began to feel nervous and arose and tried to dress, but headache and faintness caused by the unusual movement overcame me, and I was obliged to lie down once more. After awhile Eleanor came to my state-room. She was wrapped in a waterproof, and her hair was wet. She told me that she had been on deck, reckless child that she was! and gave me an enthusiastic description of the grandeur of the sight, for which I was too sick and frightened to care. I was relieved to know that Mr. Saxon had been up most of the night, and bad sent word to me not to be alarmed. Eleanor said that the gale had come on about midnight from the north-west, and that we were now running before it under close-reefed topsails. If Eleanor had been a boy she certainly would have been a sailor. She had picked up enough seamanship already to have a very intelligent idea of the state of affairs, and she actually seemed to enjoy all this hurly-burly of wind and water. It was fortunate that it was so. The noise made by the deluge of waters hurled against the ship's side, the creaking and groaning of the timbers, and the howling of the wind became at last unendurable in my state-room, and, fear dispelling my illness, with Eleanor's assistance I managed to dress and make my way into the main cabin. Here Mr. Saxon tied a steamer-chair securely to a table, and I was made as comfortable as the rolling and tossing of the ship would allow. Eleanor remained with me throughout the day, and Mr. Saxon, looking like a handsome young Neptune, came down at intervals to see how we were faring and give us tidings of the storm. On one of these occasions, Eleanor asked to be permitted to go on deck once more, but Mr. Saxon, after a moment's reflection, replied:

"I don't think you had better attempt it."

To which Eleanor responded, haughtily, "Of course."

I saw Mr. Saxon's face change slightly, because I happened to be looking at him, and I was annoyed at Eleanor's unreasonableness, when suddenly, to my surprise, she held out her hand to him, and said, just as she used to say to me when a child, "I am sorry." The color instantly came into the young man's face, and he seemed about to make some reply, but, changing his mind, he bowed, relinquished her hand, and went back on deck.

All that day we continued to drive before the tempest, which kept increasing in fury, while every now and then a fierce blast swept over the ship as though it would blot us out of the face of the deep. Neither Eleanor nor I went to bed that night, but caught such sleep as we could where we were. It is strange how people will sleep under the most trying circumstances. I was positive that I should not close my eyes, and yet I slept most of the night, dimly conscious at times of our peril and of Mr. Saxon's occasional appearances. Once I heard him talking to Eleanor.

"We are going to heave to," he said; "the captain is afraid of being driven too far out of his course."

"Is that right?" said Eleanor.

"Yes," said Mr. Saxon; "so long as the ship is tight it is better to heave to. We have not been able to take an observation for some time, and we are not precisely certain where we are."

"You are not concealing anything from me?" she said.

"No," replied Mr. Saxon; "I know you to be brave as well as generous, and you shall be informed of everything."

"But you," she said, "you are wearing yourself out. Is it necessary for you to be on deck all the time? I am sure you would not be if it were not for us."

He laughed and said: "Perhaps not. But it makes your aunt more comfortable, and I promised Captain Delafield to take good care of you, you know. Besides, I am used to it; it is really not worth a thought."

Then I slept again. Perhaps it was selfish of me, but I *was* more comfortable knowing that our sailor friend was watching on deck. In the morning the gale had increased to a hurricane, with the ship still running before it. Although they had "hove to" during the night—as I could tell by the increased heights and depths to which we were tossed—for some reason, which Eleanor did not explain to me, even if she knew, we were again running before the wind into southern latitudes. That day was but a repetition of the preceding one, excepting that toward sunset Mr. Saxon brought us the welcome news that the strength of the storm was broken. At eight o'clock, he told us that the ship was bearing up for her proper course, and that he thought we might go to bed without further apprehension and get a good night's rest. The noise and motion, however, was still so great that I contented myself with lying down in my clothes, and soon fell sound asleep. How long I slept, I do not know. I was awakened by a sense of something having happened, my heart was beating loudly, and I was trembling. Still the ship seemed to be moving the same as usual, although not so violently, and the wind had gone down. But the next instant I was almost thrown from my berth by a terrible shock; this was followed by a crash, and then the vessel stood perfectly still and remained so. Oh, heaven! the soul-sickening horror of that change from motion to immovability, with the waves still thundering against us! Shall I ever forget it? With a shriek I sprang from my berth. Just as I did so, my door was burst open and Mr. Saxon appeared holding Eleanor about the waist. She was in her night-dress.

"Come instantly!" he said.

I knew then that the ship was sinking.

"Oh!" I cried, hysterically; "let me get my water-proof. The water will be so cold!"

But Mr. Saxon caught me with his unoccupied arm, strong man that he was, and fairly carried me out of the cabin. How we ever got upon deck I do not know. Nor can I describe the dark, wet turmoil of broken masts and tangled rigging, crashing timbers and raging waters, which presented itself to us as we emerged from the companion-way. Half-lifting, half-dragging us, sometimes thrown down by a deluge of water, but never letting go of us, Mr. Saxon finally brought us to the highest part of the sloping deck, and here, with some of the ropes which trailed about, he tied us to the rigging.

"Keep up your courage," he panted; "they are getting out the boats."

In fact, as I wiped the salt-water from my eyes, I saw the blackness of a boat against the stars. It was hanging from the davits, filled with men, while another was being shoved along the decks to the lee or lower side of the ship. But before I could see more, a larger wave than usual towered above us and then fell upon us, bruising and drenching me, and nearly dragging me from my hands. When I recovered my breath I saw that my dear child's thin night-dress had been almost torn from her. She looked like a martyr-saint tied there to the ship's side in the starlight, with her long black hair streaming about her white face and bare, shining shoulders. Mr. Saxon, who had been dashed down by the wave, struggled to his feet, and had his coat off and wrapped around her in a second.

"Poor little girl!" he cried; "you will die of cold."

And with that he started for the cabin-stairs. Divining his intention, Eleanor exclaimed:

"For God's sake, don't go down there, Mr. Saxon! Don't go for my sake!"

But if he heard her in the thunder of the waters and grinding timbers, he did not heed her, and disappeared in the darkness. With him all hope and courage left me, and I began to weep bitterly, for there was something in his calm voice and masterful ways that held me up in the face of death itself. While as for Eleanor, her face dropped in her hands and she prayed aloud that he might come back. Then, as many minutes passed, like hours, and still he did not come, a new and nearer terror came upon me. Both of the boats were now in the water, loaded with the vessel's crew, and one of them had left the vessel's side. I had heard nothing of the captain; the crew were apparently acting for themselves and evidently we were forgotten. There were only a few men left on deck and in the rigging, and I screamed to them, in the name of heaven, not to desert us. But they appeared panic-stricken and threw themselves over the side into the remaining boat, and none paid any attention to us. Then I called to Eleanor to untie herself, while I worked desperately at the knots which held me. But Eleanor made no effort, only prayed that Mr. Saxon might come back, while my fingers were so numb and the ropes were so wet and stiff that I could do nothing. At that moment of supreme agony and despair, Mr. Saxon staggered on deck with some blankets on his arm. I shrieked to him and pointed to the last boat leaving the ship. He stopped and looked, and then, with an oath, sprang into the rigging and hailed the crew. For an instant there appeared to be some confusion among the men as though some of them had stopped rowing, but the next moment the boat was swallowed up in the gloom. Whether it had been sunk or simply disappeared from my view, I never knew. With Mr. Saxon's voice ringing in my ears, as he hurled curses at the cowards, everything grew confused before my eyes and I fainted.

When I came back to consciousness, I found that I had been wrapped in a blanket and removed to a more sheltered part of the deck. Eleanor, also wrapped in a blanket, held my head in her lap and was chafing my hands, while Mr. Saxon leaned over me, putting some brandy between my lips. The waves seemed to have subsided somewhat, for they no longer broke over the bulwarks, and dawn had come, lighting up the dismal wreck.

"Is there any hope?" I whispered.

"Yes," replied Mr. Saxon; "see if you can sit up. You are so cold, the exertion will help you."

With his and Eleanor's help, I struggled to my feet, although I was so benumbed I could scarcely stand.

"Do you see that dark line over there?" he continued. "That is land. The ship has been thrown upon a reef and is lying in a cleft of rocks, which has kept it from going to pieces. I am captain of her now, my first command," he said, trying to smile, though his face was haggard and there were great, dark circles under his eyes, "and if you will promise to obey me, I think I can promise to put you on dry ground once more, safe and sound."

As though to warrant his comforting words, the sun at this moment sent its first, level beams across the gray waters, bringing light and warmth to our chilled bodies. Thus

cheered, I took Mr. Saxon's hand, and, being still weak, began to cry a little from the revulsion of feeling, and said: "What should we have done without you?"

"It is too soon to ask that," he replied, kindly; "but now, if you and Miss Miller will try and get dry and warm, I will see what *can* be done."

"Mr. Saxon," said Eleanor, "will you promise me one thing?"

"Yes," he said, "I will."

"Promise me, then," said Eleanor, "that you will not put yourself in any danger away from us. You see, I am selfish," she added, with a smile as pale as his own had been; "we can not afford to lose our captain."

"I will remember what you say," he answered, and turning away, immediately went down into the cabin, somewhat to Eleanor's (I thought unnecessary) uneasiness. Presently he returned, bringing all our clothing, a most welcome sight. The water, he said, just reached our state-room doors, the lee side of the cabin being entirely flooded. Leaving us to make our toilet, he then looked over the wreck very carefully, and determined that unless another storm came up, there was no immediate danger of its sinking under our feet. Being satisfied of that, he waded into the cabin pantry and brought out all the food he could find, and we breakfasted on the deck. It is surprising what good spirits we were in by this time, being warmly and properly clad once more, and with our hunger satisfied and in no immediate alarm; one would have thought that we were a picnic-party, safe in the confines of civilization, instead of three forlorn beings perched upon a shattered wreck, surrounded by the treacherous ocean. In fact, Eleanor's gayety reached such a height that I could not refrain from pointing out to her how very serious and unenviable was our position, even if we succeeded in reaching land safely. What sort of land was it? Supposing it should be inhabited by savages? How were we to subsist? And how should we ever be able to return to our native country?

"You forget, Aunt Margaret," replied Eleanor, "how I have always loved Robinson Crusoe. And I am sure that our island, if it is an island, is just like the one on which the Swiss Family Robinson were wrecked, with plenty of bread-fruit-trees, and meat-trees, and candle-bushes, and buffaloes to ride, and—and——"

"Foot-prints on the sands of time," suggested Mr. Saxon, "books in the running brooks, sermons in stone, and good in everything."

"Yes, thank you," said Eleanor.

"The land looks very barren," I said, doubtfully; "I don't see a sign of a tree."

"Nevertheless," said Mr. Saxon, "it is land, and that is a great deal. And now, to get there."

"Yes," I said, anxiously, "don't let us delay. How will you manage? All the boats are gone."

"Not all," he said, "they have left the launch."

The launch was a very large boat which was tied down in the middle of the deck and used as a receptacle for spare masts, and sails, and things. It was so big, and covered up with the wreck of the rigging, I had not thought of it.

"We can never move it in the world," said Eleanor.

"You would not let me teach you how to make a rose-knot, once upon a time, Miss Miller," said Mr. Saxon; "will you let me give you a lesson in seamanship now?"

"Yes," said Eleanor, bumbly, while the color came into her pale face.

Taking off his coat and folding it up and putting it away with a great deal of care, so I thought, considering that the last night's experience had pretty well ruined it, Mr. Saxon turned up his shirt-sleeves, and, seizing an axe from the rail at the mainmast, he cut away the ropes and wreckage that overlaid the boat. (I can understand, now, Mr. Gladstone's passion for cutting down trees, a man does look so picturesque handling an axe.) Then Mr. Saxon bundled all the "dunnage," as he called it, out of the boat—I remember there was a coop full of chickens, all of them drowned, poor things!—and in this Eleanor tried to assist him. Then he climbed the pump of the mainmast and tied a rope over the top of it, and fastened a block and tackle to it, hooking the block at the other end of the tackle to a ring in the stern of the boat. In the same way he fastened a tackle to the foretop (I think) and the bow of the boat. Then he fastened more tackles to these again, explaining that by so doing he multiplied the power. I am afraid that I do not make it very clear, as I did not understand it myself, and was quite surprised when I found that he was at last able to lift the ponderous weight clear of the deck, so that it swung by these tackles. He then took his axe and cut down the bulwarks on the side nearest the water, and, tying a rope to the bow of the boat, he made Eleanor and I "slack up on the tackle," while he pulled the bow around to where the hole was; then putting rollers under the boat it slid gracefully into the water. Both Eleanor and I helped all that we could, and so busy were we that it never once occurred to us to look toward the land. I was the first to do so, and what was my astonishment when I saw a strange sail approaching us. My first thought, of course, was of savages, and I naturally screamed. This startled Mr. Saxon, but, after taking a long look at the little vessel, he declared that it was a fishing-boat, with a white man in it.

"Thank heaven!" I cried; "then that means we are near some sort of civilization!"

Anxiously we watched the boat until it came alongside. Then the man, seeing Mr. Saxon on the bulwarks, called out: "Hello! my friend! 'pon my soul, you seem to have been wrecked!"

At the sound of his voice I looked at Eleanor. She was as white as a sheet. Then the stranger climbed on deck. Imagine our amazement when we saw that it was Sir Charles Brent-Jones! Utterly dumbfounded, I stared first at him, and then at the wreck, and then at the shore.

"Good God!" he exclaimed, recognizing us; "is it possible? Miss Delafield! Miss Miller!"

"Tell me," I gasped, "what land is that?"

"Why, my dear madam," he replied, "it is California. Port Harford is just beyond that point."

It is useless to attempt to describe my bewilderment and gratitude at this revelation. Questions and answers followed in rapid succession. Sir Charles, it seems, had been visiting San Luis Obispo and had come down to Port Harford to fish, and sighting the wreck had come to us in this singular manner. I certainly never thought I should be so glad to see the man.

"It seems like a special providence, does it not," he said, looking at Eleanor, "that I, of all men, should have been permitted to rescue you?"

But Eleanor, poor child, was too much overcome by this remarkable meeting to make any reply. Even Mr. Saxon (to whom, of course, I had introduced Sir Charles), imperturbable young man that he was, kept looking at the Englishman and then at us in a dazed sort of way. But at this remark, he said:

"Pardon me, er—a—Sir Charles, these ladies are in my charge, and, unless they wish it otherwise, I see no reason why your arrival should make any difference in our plans."

"Oh," I said, "of course. Only, don't you think——"

"Aunt Margaret," said Eleanor, gravely, and speaking for the first time, "I am sure that we owe it to Mr. Saxon to be guided entirely by his judgment."

"Certainly, my dear, I quite agree with you," I replied. Although anxious as I was to leave the wreck immediately, all this ceremony as to whose boat we should go in seemed out of place. Sir Charles bowed at our decision, and said very politely that he hoped if there was anything at all he could do we would command him. But I saw an expression on his face as he looked at Mr. Saxon that I had never seen there before, and one that was not at all pleasant.

Well, after that Mr. Saxon went to work, and stepped the mast in the launch, and put the sail in order; but although he worked harder than ever, I could almost believe from his manner that he was positively disappointed at the turn for the better which our affairs had taken. Meantime we packed our possessions, all of which, even to our satchels, Mr. Saxon had previously brought on deck. Then, taking the precaution of putting a keg of fresh water and some ship's biscuit in the launch, the two gentlemen assisted us aboard of her, and we bade farewell to the wreck. Following Sir Charles, who went ahead in his boat to act as pilot, we reached Port Harford in good season, and (with hearts full of gratitude to a divine Providence who had brought us safely through such peril) once more stood upon the firm land. The next day, after a good night's rest at the hotel, we pursued our journey to San Francisco, accompanied by both Sir Charles and Mr. Saxon, and finally arrived at our loved home, overjoyed, and with the determination, in my heart at least, never to leave it again.

Strange to say, I suffered no physical injury from the terrible experience I had undergone, but, on the other hand, Eleanor's condition gave me serious cause for uneasiness. From the day we landed from the wreck, she became silent and unlike herself, and each day grew paler and thinner. Although the doctors could find no special ailment, and she herself declared that she was quite well, I had every reason to fear that the mental shock and physical suffering had been too much for my poor child's delicate, high-strung organization. Sir Charles also was quite alarmed, and urged me to permit his marriage to take place speedily, on the plea that a complete change of Eleanor's surroundings would benefit her. But I did not agree with him, believing that complete rest was what my girl needed most, and even Eleanor herself dissented most strenuously from any such hasty measure. And well for us was it that we took this view. For fate, unwearied in its persecutions, had still a final stroke in store for us. That my own judgment and foresight were in a measure vindicated by this blow, made it none the less trying for me, and even now the subject is so painful a one that I prefer to be as brief as possible in its recital.

I was in my own sitting-room one afternoon about a week after our return, when Mr. Saxon's card was brought to me with a request for an immediate, private interview. Naturally this rather unusual proceeding startled me, and, apprehending some evil news of my dear brother, I directed that he be shown to my room without delay. When Mr. Saxon entered, I saw that he was disturbed, but allaying with his first words my fears about my brother, he began asking me the most curious questions about Sir Charles Brent-Jones. How long had I known him? How had I become acquainted with him? Had I ever satisfied my mind as to his identity? and other inquiries calculated to fill my mind with vague uneasiness.

"For heaven's sake, Mr. Saxon!" I finally exclaimed, "speak out! I don't understand what you are trying to get at."

"Simply this, Miss Delafield," he replied; "my friendship for your brother and yourself places me in a very painful position. Through no fault of yours you have been most grossly deceived. This man, who calls himself Sir Charles Brent-Jones, is an impostor, an impudent adventurer, and worse!"

I felt the blood recede to my heart, and for a moment I thought that I was going to faint. Then instantly rallying, I grew unreasonably angry, and said:

"Mr. Saxon, although I can not say that I like Sir Charles Brent-Jones, I can not believe this of him. It is going a little too far. Permit me to suggest, sir, that your words would have sounded better said to his face."

"Those are just the circumstances under which I desire to say them, Miss Delafield, if you will permit me," replied Mr. Saxon, calmly.

It so happened that Sir Charles was in the parlor at that very moment, talking to Eleanor. This monstrous charge seeming, under the circumstances, almost like an insult to our family, angered me, as I say, and, on the impulse of the moment, I exclaimed: "Then your wish shall be gratified!" and, ringing the bell, I told the servant to give my compliments to Sir Charles and say that I wished to see him. In a few moments that gentleman entered the room. Bowing with easy self-possession, he looked inquiringly first at me, thereby disconcerting me entirely, and then at Mr. Saxon. The latter, without allowing me time to repent my hasty action, shut the door, and, facing Sir Charles, said, abruptly:

"Mr. John Hawkins, *alias* Count de Leuville, *alias* Sir Charles Brent-Jones, I have sent for you in order that you may tell this lady, with your own lips, that you are an impostor."

At the very first word, Sir Charles turned deadly pale, his mouth twitched and his eyes wandered about restlessly. But recovering himself instantly with a great effort, he said, coolly, though the perspiration started out on his forehead:

"Sir! Lieutenant Saxon! This is infamous! I have noticed, sir, from our very first meeting, that you have been trying to win away from me the affection of Miss Eleanor Miller. And this cowardly manœuvre to injure me in the eyes of her aunt, is of a piece with the rest of your conduct. But I warn you, sir, I shall make you pay dearly for this!"

At the word "affection" Mr. Saxon started and changed color in his turn. "Has it gone so far as that?" he said. "Now listen to me. You are too clever a man not to know when a game is up. This game is up. We have both been wondering where we ever met before. I will tell you. It was at Villa Franca on the night of the eighteenth of August, last year. Ah! I see you remember me now. Furthermore, I have been talking with the British consul here and I learn that you are very much wanted in connection with a little affair which happened in London about nine months ago. I have no doubt that the New York police would be pleased to know of your whereabouts—wait a moment! All of this is of no interest to me whatever, unless—*unless*, mind you, you refuse to do what I tell you. If you agree, why there's a China steamer sails to-morrow and I've no doubt we can arrange for your passage. If you refuse and make a fight over it—but come! What's the use of talking nonsense? You know you haven't the ghost of a show. And you are sensible enough to see that it is decidedly to your advantage to get out of this town with as little noise as possible."

Sir Charles—this man—(what shall I call him?) looked at Mr. Saxon steadily for a few minutes without a word. I really felt sorry for him, he behaved so well under Mr. Saxon's dreadful language, and my sympathy led me to hope that he was about to vindicate himself in a tempest of indignation. Instead of that he finally drew a long breath, and to my surprise said, in a subdued sort of tone:

"You've got a good memory, lieutenant. Perhaps you are right about the game's being up. That this unfortunate complication was not entirely unforeseen, does not make it any the less hard for me, however. With Miss Delafield's permission," and the wretched culprit bowed to me with the utmost assurance, "I should like to speak to you privately a moment."

With that he led Mr. Saxon aside and talked very earnestly with him in a low tone for several minutes, Mr. Saxon making brief replies at intervals. At last the latter said, aloud, "I will promise no more than that, and I advise you to think well before you refuse. Miss Delafield," he continued, turning to me, "may I trouble you for some writing material?"

I mechanically complied with his request.

"Now then," he said to the man, "sit down and write what I tell you."

For a moment the fellow hesitated, but at last succumbing to Mr. Saxon's masterful manner, he sat down and wrote, while Mr. Saxon dictated as follows:

My dear Miss Delafield: It is with profound sorrow and regret that I have to inform you of the arrival of letters from England, announcing the unexpected loss of my estate. Under the circumstances, of course, I feel in honor bound to renounce all pretensions to the hand of your niece. As I leave for home to-morrow, and a personal interview would be uselessly painful, I beg that you will explain the matter to Miss Miller, and convey to her my most respectful farewell.

Yours very sincerely, Charles Brent-Jones.

"Miss Delafield," said Mr. Saxon, folding this missive up when it was finished, and handing it to me, "you will know the best use to make of this. And now," concluded this remarkable young man, "I will accompany Mr. Hawkins to his hotel, where we can make our final arrangements."

When the door closed upon them I felt as though I had been acting a part in a dream. Then gradually the awful truth forced itself upon me, and I began to realize the horrible fate my poor Eleanor had so narrowly escaped—worse even than that threatened by our shipwreck. The mental strain was too great, and at last, utterly prostrated in mind and body, I had to go to bed fairly ill.

It was quite late the next day before I felt able to undergo the ordeal of breaking the news of the loss of her lover—heaven help us!—to Eleanor. It is unnecessary to say how I dreaded it. Poor little heart! How would she ever hear up under it, sick and dispirited as she was? If I had not been antagonistic to her love in the first place, it would not have been so hard. God knows that if I could have brought the genuine Sir Charles back to her once more, much as I had disliked him, I would gladly have done so to save her this great grief. But regrets were vain. So, as delicately and tenderly as I could, I prepared my poor child's mind for the blow, and then handed her the letter—not, I must confess, without a guilty tremor, remembering the circumstances under which it had been written. Very pale, but calm and self-possessed, Eleanor took the note from me, and turning to the window, read it through. For a long time she stood there with her back toward me, without a word or a sign, until, becoming uneasy, I at last went to her side and put my arm around her. "Eleanor," I said.

At that she burst into tears, and hiding her face on my breast, sobbed as though her heart would break.

"There! there! my dear," I said, smoothing the pretty, dark head; "I know it is hard, but try and endure it bravely."

"Oh, Aunt Margaret," she cried, "don't! don't! You can't understand. I was not worthy of him, good and honorable that he is! He knew that, and that is why he has gone away. He saw that I was fickle and changeable—that—that I no longer loved him—yes! yes! it is true! I no longer love him. And do you know, Aunt Margaret, I don't believe that I ever did *really* love him? When I came back and saw him once more, I knew right away that I had made a dreadful mistake. And, oh! I have been so wretched over it

all. You can't imagine how miserable I have been. And now I am so glad that he has gone! I suppose it is very wicked of me, but I can't help it. And, Aunt Margaret, dear, I am never going to love anybody in the world after this, but just you and Uncle Ralph."

And it was really only after a great deal of persuasion that, some six months after this, Mr. Saxon induced Eleanor to add his name to her list. ROBERT HOWE FLETCHER.

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1889.

THE LATEST NEW YORK FAD.

Mrs. Atherton Discusses Maud Ballington Booth's Boom in Religion.

New York is preëminently the city of fads. She is fickle and uncertain; one never can predict what will catch her interest, but when something does, she canvasses it for all it is worth. A couple of years ago, it was palmistry for half a season, and no woman felt herself secure of her position upon society's oasis unless the map of her hand had been duly explained. Now they are all having their hands and feet photographed, or they were a few months ago. Last winter, some woman cribbed the fashion from London of writing "Town" on the address of a letter instead of "City," and the consequence was that all the letters went to Iowa—the average feminine hand being as easily interpreted one way as another. When everybody had lost their letters, and all the Christmas presents had gone wrong, and the postmaster had sent his howls through the press, the fashion stopped, and benighted is the individual who writes "Town" on her envelope to-day. At the same time, it became the custom to write out the heading of a letter in full. For instance, "New York—Three Hundred Fifth Avenue—December the First." But this involved a good deal of effort and also fell into disuse. When Daly produced "The Midsummer Night's Dream," any one who deferred so far to William Shakespeare as to regard the title he gave it, might be fit for Stratford-on-Avon or some other obscure country village, but not for New York; it must be called "The Dream" or nothing. And so on, *ad infinitum*. To-day the fad is—religion!

It is an old and trite saying that when women have exhausted everything else they turn to religion. On the same principle, New York being near the close of the season, having squeezed the social ball as dry as a school-boy's orange, and being threatened with a long vista of Lent, has turned to religion with a spasm of desperation. Not religion in its usual form, by any means; it takes that up every Lent as it takes its Lennox and Newport in the summer; not religion, conservative, aristocratic, and conventional, but religion as shouted forth by the Salvation Army!

Maud Ballington Booth, the "Captain" of the Salvation Army, personifies the movement and personifies the fad. It is rather a pity that it should be so, for, crank as she is, she is unmistakably in earnest, and does a great deal of good among the lower classes, and it is certainly beneath her dignity to allow herself to be run after by a lot of *blasé* society women who will forget her before she has fulfilled the round of engagements they have persuaded her to make.

A few weeks ago, a well-known member of the social sisterhood issued invitations to three hundred out of the four to come and hear the salvation captain give an account of her career and achievements. About eighty went out of curiosity, fell in love with the "captain's" personality, and she immediately became the rage. Not only does she go to the drawing-rooms of the wealthy to deliver her addresses and say her prayers, but they crowd to her "barracks" on Reade Street, near West Broadway, whenever she will give them audience. She has what the dress-makers call "carriage custom" exclusively, and the fight for supremacy in the narrow thoroughfare between drays and broughams, cart-horses and high-steppers, is a holy and refreshing sight. The "barracks" are hidden away in a big brick business-house, and, with the exception of the stars and stripes which tapestry the walls, are as bare as those of an Arizona army-post. The floor is uncarpeted and the deal-chairs are hard. At the end of the room is a platform upon which Mrs. Booth stands, and, with a delightful baby perched on her shoulder, endeavors to impart some of her earnestness to her congregation.

Mrs. Booth is certainly entitled to be called one of the remarkable women of her age. Her appearance is the most surprising thing about her. She may be [illegible]-three, but she does not look sixteen, and is almost [illegible]ty. Her skin has the warm whiteness of the t[illegible] over large dark eyes are full of fire and sincerity. Her bright chestnut hair curls in childish rings all over her head. [illegible] are long, black, and curly, and her brows perfe[illegible] face is a little thin, and very spiritual and Madonna-like. Her slight, girlish figure is clad always in the same fashion—a uniform of dark blue, simply made. Five hands of braid about the skirt indicate her rank; the waist is plaited, and on the collar is a gold S on a scarlet ground. Back of it is the silver crest of the Salvation Army, and on her belt is embroidered in scarlet, "Consecrated to His Service." She wears a large poke bonnet of fine straw, around which is the scarlet ribbon with its golden S, and it is tied on one side with wide, soft ribbons of dark-blue satin. Altogether she is a most fetching little figure, and it is no wonder that the sated women of petty ambitions and artificial pleasures are fascinated by her.

Her history is interesting. She is the daughter of a rector of the Church of England, and the Salvation Army, being turned out of an old theatre they had taken possession of, her father allowed them to hold their meetings on his carriage-drive. The young girl was at first inclined to ridicule the fine frenzy of the band, but gradually became attracted, then finally succumbed and joined their ranks. She went with them to Paris and worked among the communists at the peril of her life; but, although she went day and night among assassins, cutthroats, and thieves, she came to no harm and did some good. In Switzerland, she fared worse and nearly came to grief. In Geneva, she held the greatest revival meeting known there since the days of Calvin. But the saloon-keepers and proprietors of houses of ill-fame, seeing their business threatened by the coming reform, arose in their wrath, appealed to the notoriously corrupt government, bribed the rougher element to persecute, the army and the police not to interfere. The windows were broken every night, and as the girls marched home, the rabble howled and yelped after them like a pack of hungry wolves. Forty or fifty of the gentlemen of the city formed themselves into a body-guard, wore red and yellow rosettes that they might be distinguished, arranged themselves in a hollow square, and walked home with the girls. A law was finally passed prohibiting public meetings, and Mrs. Booth (then Miss Charlesworth) was arrested for holding a meeting in a private kitchen, and, after a disagreeable and painful trial, was expelled from the city on six hours' notice.

She then, with her army, traveled through Sweden, where she accomplished much good. In the university town of Upsala, notorious for its bad morals, she showed much tact and shrewdness. The town was fairly ruled by the drinking, gambling students, and to work any good head-quarters must be attacked. Accordingly, she had her post-bills printed in Latin, so that no one could read them but the students, and they were so flattered that they attended the meetings in a body—about sixteen hundred out of two thousand. They took whistles in their pockets, but they left them there, and when, at the end of a month or so, she left town they escorted her to the station and cheered her as the train left the depôt.

In England, these girls put aside their uniforms, clothe themselves in rags, and go and live among the lawless poor, whom they help with their work and cheer in their troubles, so disarming suspicion. There is no question about the fact that they do much good, and perhaps the more so through their grotesque and exaggerated methods, for the world is sensational. Therefore they should be respected, not ridiculed, for such end justifies any means.

GERTRUDE FRANKLIN ATHERTON.

NEW YORK, March 4, 1889.

The "machine printer" or "blacksmith" is one of the chief obstacles with which writers have to contend. He it is who sets up whatever the copy looks like to him, regardless as to whether it makes sense or not. Such a one it was who set up "Gamhetta" as "I am better," and made a heading intended for "Bridge carried away by a drive of logs," read "Bridge carried away by a drove of hogs." Another of this ilk made an advertisement, which read, "The Christian's Dream: no cross, no crown," appear as "The Christian's Dream: no cows, no cream." A reporter of a Chicago paper once mentioned an intelligent craftsman as a "thinking tailor," but the machine printer who got the take made him appear as a "thieving tailor." The proof-reader was, of course, responsible for the error, but the vengeance of the irate tailor was visited upon the unfortunate reporter. Another Chicago writer described an exquisite as one "whose manners would adorn a drawing-room," but the unthinking compositor made it read, "whose manners would alarm a drowning man." The Cincinnati *Enquirer* once created a genuine sensation by stating, in display type, that a gang of American counterfeiters had been "shaving the queen," when "shoving the queer" was evidently what was intended. One of the worst instances of misprints caused by bad chirography was where the heading "A Honeymoon cut short" was printed in full-face as "A Hungarian cut-throat." Another equally disagreeable blunder, to the parties interested, was where a distinguished traveler was reported as having recently died "in the richness of sin." The paper, however, apologized for this candid admission on the following day, by saying that what the editor intended to write was "the interior of Asia." Perhaps no newspaper writer was ever more disturbed by a [illegible] than was the society reporter who, in describing the belle of a recent fashionable party, intended to say "she looked *au fait*," but found that an unfeeling blacksmith had made it, "she looked *all feet*." Of all editorial writers, Horace Greeley was most noted for illegible copy. On one occasion the "modern Franklin" penned something about "Suburban journalism advancing," but the type-setter, thinking it one of his famous agricultural articles, launched out wildly with the words "Superb Jerusalem artichokes." On the occasion of a street pageant, a gentleman unwittingly advertised "several wives for hire;" there was a worse blunder, in a religious paper which gratefully recorded the fact that "Mr. —— had very generously placed a stained-glass widow in the church at ——." A poem in the Somerville, Mass., *Journal* once contained this remarkable stanza:

> "Who took me from my childhood's home,
> And said he'd love me all alone,
> And for my sacrifice atone?
> DICKINSON My husband."

"Dickinson" was not the husband's name; it was simply a quad put in wrong side up, showing the maker's name, which is usually stamped on the bottom of type. The following is perhaps the most important printer's blunder on record. It is stated, on the authority of the historian, Kinglake, that it was the intention of Louis Napoleon to call himself simply Napoleon, and that the title, Napoleon III., was due solely to an error of the types. Just before the *coup d'état*, a minister of the home office, busy preparing public sentiment, wrote: "*Que le mot d'ordre soit vive Napoleon!!!*" The printer took the exclamations for "III.," and so the proclamation went out, was copied by the press, and incorporated in public speech. It was no time for explanations, and so the nephew of his uncle adopted the title.—*Epoch.*

A camping-party near Paxton, Ind., were alarmed by a dark object which struck their fire with a force which threw the embers in all directions. It was an immense wild goose, which they killed before it could recover itself.

John M. Reynolds was released from the Kansas penitentiary last week, and the next day announced himself as candidate for mayor of Atchison.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

She—"Don't you think Miss Wahash has pretty feet?" *He*—"They're immense."—*New York Sun.*

Cross-eyed man—"Miss, may I have the honor of the next waltz with you?" *Two ladies* (eagerly rising)—"With pleasure."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Visitor (at the museum)—"Where is the 'Fasting Man,' boss?" *Keeper* (absent-mindedly)—"He's just gone out for supper; he will be back in a minute."—*New York Sun.*

Uncle George—"Do you like to have such long hair?" *Charley*—"No, I'd rather have it short myself, but mamma wants me to look like one of those d——d cherubs."—*Life.*

Chicago husband (at dinner)—"Isn't the room very warm, my dear?" *Chicago Wife*—"I don't wonder, my dear, you find the room warm, sitting there with your coat on."—*Life.*

Wife—"Mrs. Smith told me—think of the audacity of the woman—that she loved you!" *Husband*—"She must be crazy." *Wife*—"Well, I should think so!"—*To-day.*

Domestic (who has been catechising prospective mistress)—"Well, Mrs. Sharply, you have rather a bad name among the gurls in the town, but Oi think Oi'll give you a try."—*Life.*

It is rumored that William D. Howells left Boston because it is becoming fashionable there to have a plot of ground around a house. Howells hates plots of any kind.—*World.*

Park policeman—"Git back here! What's the trouble?" *Small athlete*—"Please, sir, that Norwegian trick-skater's got his foot in his coat-pocket, an' he can't git it out."—*Puck.*

Mr. Gibbs (meeting his son late at night)—"Where are you going at this time of night, John? On no good errand, I'll warrant." *John*—"No, sir; I was going to look for you."—*Life.*

St. Louis man (at a ball)—"Excuse me. I keep stepping on your toes, I find." *Philadelphia girl* (heroically)—"Don't mention it, so long as you don't step on my dress."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Elsie—"Did Carrie take the part of a soubrette, or did she play *première amoureuse* at the French private theatricals?" *Brother*—"Neither; she played an *ange nu* part, I think they call it."—*Town Topics.*

Minister (from the pulpit)—"As the air of the church seems chilly, I would ask the sexton if he will kindly close the front doors and windows of the building. The collection will now be taken up."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Uncle—"Fritz, you are past mending. Money, money, always money! I am glad I have not many such nephews!" *Nephew*—"Exactly my sentiments, uncle; so glad I'm the only one!"—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Mr. Winks (looking over the paper)—"Cheap, Drugg & Co., are selling all sorts of patent medicines at half-price." *Mrs. Winks*—"Just our luck. There isn't anything the matter with any of us."—*New York Weekly.*

Employer—"You say that your habits are all correct?" *Applicant*—"Yes, sir." *Employer* (after a moment's pause)—"Do you drink?" *Applicant* (absent-minded)—"Thanks; don't care if I do."—*Burlington Free Press.*

Jane—"I hate to have the policeman take hold of my arm in crossing the street." *Ethel*—"Yes; it is very impertinent of him." *Jane*—"Oh, I don't mean that; but I almost *die* of mortification, my arm is so *thin*."—*Harper's Bazar.*

"Sir," said the missionary to the departing legislator, "I wish you would do all in your power to reclaim the poor red man of the West." "I will," said the law-maker, heartily; "I'll begin with their reservations first."—*Puck.*

Jinks (at a party)—"I don't see what's the matter with that pretty woman over there. She was awfully flirty a little while ago, and now she won't have anything to do with me." *Stranger*—"I have just come in. She's my wife."—*Providence Journal.*

Said Paddleford to his wife on the way back from the museum: "I am firmly convinced that women have an innate, natural, constitutional love of the horrible." "Good thing for you!" she retorted, "or you might have been a bachelor to your dying day."—*Life.*

Miss Vivacity—"So Miss Prettygirl is to be married, I hear?" *Miss Acidity*—"That is what I am told." *Miss V.*—"Is it a love-match?" *Miss A.*—"Certainly; she always loved money, and I understand that the unfortunate gentleman has plenty of it."—*Boston Budget.*

Jones—"Matilda, where is that latch-key I handed you this morning?" *Mrs. Jones*—"In the pocket of my dress, hanging up over there." *Jones* (five minutes later, desperately)—"And now, Matilda, will you please tell me where to find the pocket of your dress?"—*Judge.*

Mr. Bruerton Scadmore (who has been more than fortunate in Texas cattle, comes to New York for a permanent residence). *Mrs. Scadmore* (at the hotel on the morning following their arrival)—"What'll I do with this packing-case, Bruer? I've got everything out of it." *Mr. Scadmore*—"Open th' winder an' chuck it out in th' road."—*Judge.*

Passin—"By the way, Fursnite, how did Buskin's new melodrama go last night? Of course you were there." *Fursnite*—"Oh, it was great? At the end of the second act half of the audience was crying." *Passin*—"You don't say! Because the play or the acting was so powerful?" *Fursnite*—"Neither; because they couldn't get their money back."—*Puck.*

The proud New England man entered his home with dragging step and bowed head. "Elizabeth," he said, with trembling voice, "I have heard at last from our wayward son William for the first time since he left us five years ago." "Is he dead, Jonathan?" "Worse than that," groaned the wretched father; "he is in the California legislature."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Gentleman (to village cobbler)—"What's that yellow powder you're taking so constantly, my friend?" *Cobbler*—"It's snuff—catarrh snuff." *Gentleman*—"Is it any good? I'm somewhat troubled that way myself." *Cobbler* (with the air of a man who could say more if he chose)—"Well, I've had catarrh for more'n thirty years, an' I've never took nothin' fer it but this."—*Epoch.*

Young girl (at fortune-teller's)—"What? I am going to marry a poor laborer and live in a shanty and have seventeen children. It's outrageous! My friend Sarah had her fortune told her, and you said she was to marry a prince and live in three castles. Huh! Here's your quarter." *Fortune-teller* (with dignity)—"Your friend Sarah got a fifty-cent fortune, miss."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Able editor—"Here's a batch of cable-testimony of a British informer against the Irish Violent Brotherhood. Head it 'An Unlikely Story.'" *News editor* (after glancing over it)—"I should say it was a very likely story. Witness says they tried to smash his skull." *Able editor*—"No matter. If we head it 'An Unlikely Story,' we'll tickle the Irish and hold votes; if we head it 'A Likely Story,' we'll get our skulls smashed."—*Puck.*

Young Smith (who has mustered courage at last and called determined to ascertain his fate)—"And you will be my bride, dear, dear Mr. Nellie?" *Nellie*—"I will answer you, Mr. Smith, when we are alone." *Young Smith*—"When we are alone?" *Nellie*—"Yes. Eject your young brother. He is under the sofa. (The young brother is ejected.) Now, open that closet and tell my sister, who is listening, politely but firmly, to scoot." (The sister scoots.) *Young Smith* (wiping the dew-damp from his brow)—"Now, darling, the coast is clear. Will you be mine?" *Nellie*—"No!"—*To-day.*

VANITY FAIR.

Edgar Saltus, writing in *Once a Week*, says: Sweethearts ınd swains decline to bring their differences before the same nagistrates that sentence the felon at the dock; they demand ı tribunal of their own, a bench to which they can plead withıut fear of the reporter, a judge who will not glower at them hrough inquisitorial spectacles, a jury that will not compute heir grievances in coin of the realm. Their cause of action ›eing always delicate, they pray that a light and kissable ıand may hold the scales. If the prayer be unheeded, who hall say what may not occur?—diffidence where confidence hould be, fear instead of trust, faith displaced by apprehenion, buoyancy by gloom, and in the garter of the débutante he dagger of the contadina. In view of these possibilities, ; has been suggested that courts of love, modeled after those ›f mediæval France, should be established here. In Gascony, n Aquitaine, and in Anjou, recalcitrant lovers were sentenced ›y dames of high degree; the gracious ladies that preside at ıssembly halls are better bred, and it may be, better versed n love than they. Our maidens have more experience than heir cloistered sisters of long ago. That such a tribunal is ›ertinent to the hour, and practicable, too, no one but the old ›erson who lives in the country will venture to deny. Like a ewing-class in Lent, it could move from one house to nother, and like any fashionable charity, it could elect its wn executive. The duty of the president would be similar › that of our district-attorney; it would be her office to take ognizance of offenses occurring within the bailiwick without preminary complaint from the injured party. The judges, three in umber, should be chosen for their competence from among ıe ranks of married women, while spinsterdom could provide ıe jurors. The injured party, being represented by the preslent, need not appear save only when direct evidence is necesıry to the furtherment of justice. The defendant, on the ther hand, should be compelled to argue in his own behalf, nd permitted, in the case of extenuating circumstances, to ırow himself on the mercy of the court. Should the culprit vade service, the summons could be posted in his club, and he then failed to appear, judgment *in contumaciam* could be endered. As for the code itself, it could be framed after that f King Arthur. By way of illustration of the working of ›at code, and of the offenses which the court might be called pon to consider, the following instances, all of which occurred ithin the memory of our youngest matrons, may be cited.

A young man-about-town pretended to be enamored of a cerin young woman. He visited her, dined with her sister-inw, talked politics with her father, in fact, displayed every inication of being violently in love. He asked, and it was ven. The engagement was duly chronicled, the usual maious remarks were made, the usual congratulations exnded. In short, the engagement was precisely like any other. resently the young man's attentions decomposed and dereased. Instead of dropping in on his *fiancée* every other vening, he contented himself with every other week. Called › account by the big brother, he alleged that he was tired of tting in the same chair, and, as a matter of fact, never did he eign to sit in it again. The young woman is now happily arried to another, but at the time being what redress had ıe? If she had sued the faithless one for breach of promise, very door of the Upper Fourdom would have shut with a ang. Had a court of love existed then, the president could ave dealt with the culprit in accordance with Arthurian preceent and the code. Every girl in his set would have been arned against hearkening to his vows, and, in the event of isobedience, the insubordinate would have been excommuniıted in turn. In another case, less heinous, perhaps, yet ›ually recent, a young man-about-town wandered from a ballıom into a conservatory, accompanied by a certain young oman, and there, without waiting for so much of an invitation ; can be conveyed by the quiver of an eyelid, kissed her full ›on the mouth. The approach of her mother fortunately preınted a repetition of the assault. "I will never forgive you," id the young woman. "Oh, but you must, though," he reied. "Well," she answered, "I may forgive, but I will ver forget." The young man eyed her for an instant and ljusted his cravat. "I," he announced, "I both forgive and rget," and with that and a circular bow to her mother and rself, he turned on his heel and sauntered away. In an inance of this kind it would clearly be the duty of the court to ntence the offender to be banished from ball-rooms for the ace of a year and a day, unless of course since the commis›n of the offense he had made the proper amend by asking e young woman to be his bride.

In another instance, one more frequent than is supposed, a ung man-about-town hovered about a young woman. The ung woman, however, would have none of him. The young an communed with himself, and as a result of that communı made up to the young woman's dearest friend. The end, shyly willing, fell presently head-over-heels in love, and the young woman alluded to harped and exulted over the ung man's charms. This exultation gave the young woman d for thought. It occurred to her that if the young man s as fascinating as all that, it was stupid to have let him go. once her vanity was piqued; her mirror told her that e two she was the fairer, far. With the charming casuistry her sex she decided that her friend was false, and determin; that she laughs best who laughs the last, she smoothed r plumage and rebeckoned the young man to her side. The ult, whoso runs may read. The friend was promptly jilted. three young people, two were made happy and one forlorn. yet another instance, one which indirectly bears on the foreing, a young man-about-town endeavored to cloak a flirtan with a married woman by pretending to be in love with a tain young girl. So artful was he in pretending, and yet—the maiden and her people—so unaccountably slow in com; to the point, that one day the stern parent brought him to ok. At first the young man was civilly non-committal, but ing warmly urged to state his intentions, he picked up his hat and stated that his intentions were to leave. It is over misdemeanors of this kind that a court of love could claim jurisdiction. The enforcement of its edicts would be as practicable to-day as in the age when Doulce reigned in Provence. Society is, always has been, and presumably always will be, a despot. A little while ago—last year or the year before—a young man boasted of the kisses he had culled. He even declared that he had documentary evidence which he was willing to display. A little later, every one whom he met seemed afflicted with that dread disease which is known as *noli me tangere*. No court of love had convicted him of treason, but in the judgment of his peers he had been weighed and found wanting. To-day he is an ambler in the side-scenes of life. And it would be that same sense of what is seemly and of what is not which shuts the door on many another malefactor whom the law of the land is incompetent to reach, which would enforce the sentences of a court such as this.

At balls I have been to lately (says a woman's letter from Paris), I noticed a novelty in the way of shoes, and that is the shoe called here a *cothurne*, a modification of the classic buskins or Greek sandals, and now worn with Empire and Directoire costumes. These shoes are made in pink or any colored satin preferred, are rather pointed, and edged with a galon of gold or silver. A piece of this galon goes up the front of the foot and the back of the leg, and two straps, one from the heel round the ankle like a child's shoe, and another higher up the leg, fasten on to the front piece of the galon. With these shoes, silk-stockings to match the dress are worn, plain, embroidered, or with clocks in black or white lace. Black stockings can be worn, but preference is given to the light colors.

While the society girl is a subject of so much sympathy and comment in the newspapers, it might not be amiss to cast a kindly glance toward the young society man. Unquestionably the season tells heavily upon débutantes, but after they have been out for a year or two they thrive upon fashionable life in a way that is wonderful to see. The leaders who set the pace in the lively circle of New York society are, without exception, magnificent specimens of robust and beautiful womanhood. They have bright eyes and clear skins; they are quick of movement, and apparently happy. Although the years roll by, many of the old leaders continue to keep in the van, and the incessant round of balls and parties has no other effect upon them than to emphasize their charms. Meanwhile, how about the society man? Any one who casts a glance at the vacuous, round-shouldered, and narrow-chested youths who block the doorways at evening entertainments, and drag themselves wearily through their social paces by day, will see what wear and tear society exercises upon the system of the masculine portion of the Four Hundred. The main trouble with a society man is that he does not get enough sleep. His sister goes to a ball in a comfortable brougham, very often after having taken a cosy and healthful nap after dinner, and dances until about two or three o'clock in the morning with vivacity. The next morning she sleeps snugly in her bed until about eleven or twelve o'clock. The whole house is hushed that the beauty of the family may indulge in her repose, and after eight or nine hours of healthful slumber she lounges around in an easy wrap over breakfast, and then goes to walk, ride, or drive, precisely as an athlete would who is training and building up his strength. Her brother goes to the ball, dances until three o'clock, lights a big cigar, smokes it on his way home, tumbles into bed at a quarter to four, is roused at eight, dresses hastily, and rushes down town after hurriedly swallowing a mouthful of breakfast. All day long he works with a heavy head, and at short intervals he builds up his failing strength by visits to the nearest saloon. At the end of five years, or even at the end of two, the difference between brother and sister is wonderfully distinct. Anybody can observe the contrast who cares to look at society people.

Mrs. Harriet Lane Johnson has made her home in Washington this winter. The first part of her name is familiar to every one whose memory runs back to the time when Mr. Buchanan was President. She was his favorite niece, and presided over the White House the four years that her uncle was the chief executive officer of the government, and from all accounts was a brilliant, charming woman. Kate Foote relates one personal anecdote of her told by a friend, who, a little girl of ten, was brought to Washington by her father—a first visit to the capital city: "We were left alone a good deal at the hotel, my little cousin and I, of about the same age, because my father was very busy. We had a general idea that we must go to the White House to pay our respects, so one morning we put on our best clothes and went. Our simplicity makes me laugh now. We went, walking up to the front door, and when they asked us what we wanted, we said to see Miss Lane. I think our manners were those of well-bred children, which, coupled with our innocence, gave us favor in the eyes of the usher. We had our little cards, they were sent up, and Miss Lane actually came down to see us two children. We were dazzled and delighted with her beauty and her pleasant, gracious manner, and deeply impressed as you may well believe. But you may imagine the surprise of my father when we told him what we had done. I think it unconsciously made him a more devoted Democrat than ever."

The infatuation of the aristocratic ladies for General Boulanger (writes Charles Seymour in the *Epoch*) is one of the most curious signs of this *fin de siècle*. Why have so many ladies of the old nobility taken such an interest in a man who is no longer young or handsome, and whose birth and education have been so different from their own? Mme. de Peyronny pretends that this enthusiasm, which has risen to their heads like a perfume of red pinks and intoxicated them, is a calculated effect for the benefit of the Conservatives; but my impression is that Mme. Vento is nearer the truth in declaring that the general is "suggestive," and has known how to hypnotize the women by his blue eye, which she pretends possesses an irresistible power. And then curiosity has much to do with this feminine craze. Whatever may be the cause, there is no denying the fact that the deputy of Paris has, for the moment, a foothold in some twenty or more aristocratic houses. The ladies make as strenuous endeavors to meet him as they formerly made to be present at one of Caro's lectures, and to dine with "Boubou," as these belles call him when they are among themselves, seems to be the last degree of what is "utterly utter." It is in vain that some of the old dowagers shake their heads and point out to the younger generation the want of tact sometimes displayed by their newly chosen hero; nothing has been able to stem the tide. Upon the latest fans the red pinks sparkle like a bonfire and at the opera the white dresses are frequently ornamented with the same emblem. Other ladies, less showy, content themselves with the favorite flower in rubies or diamonds, and for the moment the rose of France, adopted by the Countess of Paris as a symbol of the conservative coalition, shares the honors with the Boulangist flower, when it is not entirely banished from sight. At the entertainments to which the general is invited, a list of the company is submitted to him, and at the reception following the dinner, all the guests are presented to him individually; instead of asking the privilege of being introduced to the ladies, according to the usual etiquette, it is now the ladies who first request to be presented to the general. After the presentations are over come music, private theatricals, or fortune-telling, which has become a favorite pastime, since it was known that a belief in prophecies is one of the general's little weaknesses. A few weeks before the fall of the ministry of which he was a member, the general consulted a fortune-teller, who was called to the house of one of his lady friends. The soothsayer began by reading in her subject's hand that he was a soldier of high rank, that he had been in several campaigns, and would be in others. The general tried to deny it. "I see," she replied, "and simply tell what I see." Then she told him he was in an exalted situation, but would not remain there. Not to discourage him, she added that he would soon return to a still higher post, for the lines of his hand indicated that "he was very near the throne." I have said that the dowagers have noticed certain defects in the general's breeding. Here is a sample of the *gaffes* that he sometimes commits. Not long ago he was present at a reception given in his honor by a very patrician neighbor. Among the galaxy of nobility and beauty assembled was the Viscountess Trédern, who possesses a magnificent voice which has been cultivated by Mme. Carvalho, Mme. Marchesi, Nilsson, and Dupré. Having learned that in *petit comité* the viscountess had often entertained her friends by singing the "Boulanger March," accompanied by an imitation of the expressive contortions of Paulus, the general expressed a desire to hear her sing this soul-inspiring air—a request equivalent to asking some Murray Hill beauty to sing one of Tony Pastor's variety songs in a crowded parlor. The general was politely given to understand that there are some honors that must be refused to even so great a man as he.

The enormous ball to be included in the programme of ceremonies arranged to celebrate the centennial anniversary of Washington's inauguration will be the biggest and most marvelous ball that has ever been given in this country and probably in the world. It will occur at the Metropolitan Opera House on the evening of April 29th. President Harrison will be there, also Vice-President Morton, and, indeed, the entire administration at Washington, together with the governors of the States and Territories throughout the Union. New York society will be present in a body, together with from seven thousand to ten thousand people belonging to the rest of the population. Some idea of how large the ball promises to be may be gleaned from the fact that the supper-room—built over Thirty-Ninth Street, Seventh Avenue, and probably Fortieth Street, on three sides of the opera-house—will be about a quarter of a mile long, and will be handsomely decorated, and the temporary flooring covered with rugs. The room will be open from ten o'clock in the evening until five o'clock the next morning. The ball will, without doubt, cost one hundred thousand dollars. This enormous outlay will be provided for by voluntary subscription and the sale of tickets, hundreds and hundreds of which are already bespoken. The quadrille which has been arranged to open the ball is destined to be the most attractive feature of the enormous entertainment. The idea is to start the quadrille at half-past ten o'clock, immediately after the entrance of the President. The quadrille will be danced by thirty-two couples. There will be no side-couples, so that the dancing will be continuous. The ladies and gentlemen participating will face each other, extending in two lines up the room, very much after the fashion of the Virginia reel. This arrangement allows of the thirty-two couples all dancing at the same time and without interruption. As arranged at present the President will dance at the head, with Mrs. Morton for a partner; Mr. Morton will dance next, with Mrs. Harrison; Governor Hill, with Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes; and Hugh J. Grant, with Mrs. Cleveland. After these the ladies and gentlemen will all be direct descendants of men and women who were prominent at the inauguration-ball one hundred years ago. Mrs. Astor will represent the Van Courtland and Armstrong families, and representatives of the Jay family, descended from the first Chief-Justice of the United States, and of the Livingston, Schuyler, Van Rensselaer, De Puyster, and other well-known families will make up the required number. It is said that General Harrison refuses to take any part in the dance, but his declination is not regarded as final. General Washington certainly danced two cotillions on the occasion of the ball in honor of his inauguration, and those who are enthusiastic about the matter say that there is no reason why Mr. Harrison should not follow this illustrious example. In arranging the succession of dances, the question came up whether Mrs. Hayes or Mrs. Cleveland should be accorded precedence. It was finally given to Mrs. Hayes, because of her seniority, and this arrangement also gave her to Governor Hill for a partner in the dance. Mayor Grant will, therefore, dance with Mrs. Cleveland.

THE ICY HEIGHTS.

"Cockaigne" on the Dullness of High-Class English People.

It is, I think, a fact which admits of little doubt, that to the average American the average English nobleman is dull. Ask Americans, and nine out of ten will tell you so. Especially do American girls find the English male aristocrat slow and hard to get on with. As for the female, I can quite imagine what up-hill work it must be for an American girl to make any headway with her. Acquaintances which, if made with women of other nations, would ripen into confidential and lasting friendships, seldom if ever get beyond the most formal and mechanical intercourse. There is no spontaneity, no warmth, no "let go," as the French say. Gush—and every act and speech not in strict accord with the existence of stereotyped propriety of behavior is considered such—is looked upon as vulgar. There is nothing so utterly detestable to the English high-class mind as what, according to high-class opinions, is denominated vulgarity. Now, vulgarity in the English sense is not what it is in the American sense. It does not mean coarseness or indelicacy. It means simply ill-breeding. A loud voice, an effusive manner, demonstrative actions, self-assertion, and familiarity of deportment, are one and all vulgar. The possession and use of them is—vulgarity. To avoid being, or appearing to be, vulgar is the never-ceasing object and aim of the English upper classes. That they should do anything to lay themselves open to the charge of vulgarity is their never-ceasing fear and dread. It is easy to see and understand that this constant aim, backed by this ever-present fear, must result in a morbid and distorted view of life. The best and freest impulses are checked, the natural sentiments stifled. Everything is done by rote and rule, under the watchful and jealous eye of the hardest task-master—society. In short, nature is subdued to art, and submissively acknowledges its sway.

The restraint of high life is a stupendous yoke, a rod of iron, a non-appealable decree. That its burden is too oppressive for some natures more independent than the rest is frequently seen. There are some English girls and English young men who strive to rise above it, and shake—if they do not kick—themselves loose from the heavy shackles which are turning them into machines. But what do you hear? The dowagers are up in arms in a moment.

"Oh, my dear," says one old marchioness to another, "how painfully disimproved Ethel Brabazon has grown. We really can't allow our gals to have anything more to do with her. One would sooner have them associate with one's maids. Fancy what we are coming to? I'm sure, I wonder at her mother."

"Yes, I'm sure it is very bad. What has she done? Been writing letters unknown to her mother, like that sad Gwendolen Percy?"

"Oh, no, dear. Not quite so disgraceful as that. She actually spoke to a young man coming over on the channel-boat from Calais—a young man she didn't know at all, or who in the least he was, and merely because the pushing fellow picked up one of her gloves, that she had dropped, and handed it to her. A bow of acknowledgment would have been ample, although I am doubtful if she should not have snubbed his familiarity by no acknowledgment at all."

"Of course, he was some adventurer. He couldn't have been a gentleman."

"Gentleman? Of course not. No gentleman would force himself upon a lady's notice like that. As a matter of fact, I believe he was an American."

"Ah, one of those pushing, vulgar Americans, bowing and scraping and putting himself in attitudes. They have quite spoilt our going abroad. One is free from them nowhere. The last time I took my gals to Cannes, I was pestered by one of them, who tried to force an acquaintance by offering to help us with our wraps from the train to the carriage. As if one went abroad without a maid or a courier!"

"I have heard," with a glimmer of resentfulness in her goat's-eyes, "that they have no servants in America. That may account for it."

"Account for it, but certainly not excuse it."

And so with the men:

"I really don't know what to do," says one countess to another; "I can't ask Basil Talbot to stay with us again. I hear he has become a member of the Garrick Club, and knows no end of actors on the most familiar footing. It's awfully awkward, because his mother is a daughter of Lord Oldacre's. But I simply can't."

"I should think not. Lady Villiarstone told me he had fallen into very loud and vulgar ways, and was altogether most objectionable. When he was staying at Grantly Towers for the hunting last month, he actually made love to her daughter, Cecilia. The poor child came and told her mother, with tears in her eyes."

"Poor dear. Imagine one's gals being subject to such a thing! Of course I shan't ask him after that. I'm so glad you told me."

"He's no money, of course. All the Talbots are as poor as rats."

"Not a farthing but his pay and what his father allows him."

"And that's not much, for Lord Boshville hasn't it to give."

"So I thought. Fancy a young man like that making love to one's daughters! What an escape for dear Blanche!"

Now, in my opinion, this restraint of girls, ever under the watchful eye of propriety-loving mothers, and the consequent held-at-arms-length condition of young men, will account for all the so-called dullness of the English upper-classes. They are not really dull. They only appear to be dull because they are forced to do so. They must be all alike. There is one rule, one form, for all, and all must abide by and be governed by it; all must conform to it and live by it. There must be no originality. Originality acts differently from prescribed modes, and is therefore vulgar. Original people, whatever else they may be, are not dull. Unoriginal people are. However, they are not vulgar, and that, in English eyes, cures every other defect. Better be unoriginal and dull than original and vulgar. Thousands and thousands of high-class Englishmen are only dull because they are not original. The same may be said of the women. None of them, no matter what brilliant attributes they possessed, would dare to show them in any original and therefore natural way. They must be dull. They must care for nothing, know nothing, say nothing, do nothing that rule and regulation does not permit. The young men, accustomed to this sort of high-bred and cold indifference to everything, this passive existence in young women, grow to regard it as the only proper standard of womanly deportment to go by.

English ladies and gentlemen are never dull to each other. At least they never think they are. Otherwise, how could such a conversation be possible between a young gentleman and a young lady as this? And it is a fair average sample of the sort of talk which goes on at balls and garden-parties month after month and year after year. Neither party asks for anything better. They are quite content. It is only when the foreigner steps in that the dullness of it, the monotonous similarity and repetition, the monosyllabic iteration, are made patent. Let us imagine ourselves at a ball. Lord Adolphus Fitzcribbage sees Lady Dorothy Trefusis.

"Aw. How do?"

"Do."

"Jolly hall, isn't it?"

"Awfully jolly."

"Dance this?"

A look at the maternal duchess within touch meets with approval.

"Yes, thanks."

A pause for a minute's staggering about under the delusion that they are dancing. Coming violently into collision with a man whose upturned eyes rest contentedly on the ceiling as he sails round with his and his partner's arms sticking out like a jib-boom, they stop.

"Too awfully crowded to dance."

"Yes, it is."

"Hurt you much?"

"No, thanks." An anxious glance over her shoulder at mamma, who is now some half-dozen yards away. The duchess is smiling graciously upon the young Earl of Tantivy, who is approaching another daughter, so she does not see.

"Try again?"

"Yes, thanks."

Another half-minute's staggering, brought ruthlessly to a conclusion by an inextricable scrimmage into which they and a dozen other couples have got and tied themselves up in.

"Awfully tiresome."

"Awfully."

"Wish people would learn to dance, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Going on to the Dougheads?"

"No. You?"

"Think I shall."

"Oh, do you?"

"Yes. Try again?"

"Yes, thanks." The band stops suddenly.

"How awfully tiresome!"

"Isn't it?"

"Yes."

"I wonder where mamma is?"

Or at a garden-party. Captain Ashantee Soudan, of the Grenadiers, espies the Honorable Augusta Lodgegates.

"Aw. How do?"

"Do."

"Awfully jolly party."

"Yes. Awfully."

"Make up a game?"

A look at maternal viscountess within touch, etc.

"Yes, thanks."

A pause during which the captain gets two other players, partners are tossed up for, and the game proceeds.

"Awfully well played."

"Thanks."

"You serve. Got any balls?"

"One."

"Here's another. Oh, capital!"

"That's thirty fifteen."

"No, love."

"Oh."

"Back up there!"

"Our vantage, isn't it?"

"Oh, is it?"

"Rather."

"Oh, I say! Game!"

"How jolly!"

"Capital isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Oh, you mustn't go. We must play the set out."

"I'm afraid I must. There's mamma looking for me."

A conversation—if such a one-sided talk can be called so—between an American gentleman and an English young lady of rank will come in here. I chanced on one occasion to be staying in the same country-house with them. She was both handsome and intelligent-looking. Her father was not only one of the leading gentlemen of the neighborhood, and not otherwise than a clever man, for he had his Cambridge M. A. degree, but her mother was a Clara Vere-de-Vere in real life, a veritable daughter of a dozen if not a hundred earls. He was brimming over with spirits and enthusiasm from the moment of his arrival. He was not what you would call an anglomaniac, but a fair-minded observer of what was good in England, and an outspoken admirer of it. He seemed particularly pleased with the regular round of country-house life, as he saw it at Allington Park. It was all so novel to him, and the charm of its novelty concealed (for the time) the bane of its restraint. Now, if there is one thing which strikes upon the English high-life ear at once, and makes it shrink, and wince, and hunch up its shoulders, it is what in England must be turned the American voice. It *is* loud, and no mistake. That is, loud to English ears. Some people call it shrill and nasal. But as to those peculiarities there are two sides. On the loudness question there is no division. Americans says that English people whisper. To the fresh American ear I daresay they do. It is only a matter of comparison based on custom, for if the English people whisper when they talk, Americans shout. Mr. Bascomb—so let us call him—bad in this respect an ideal American voice. He arrived one afternoon in time for tea, and in the midst of the sleepy lull of the drawing-room where the ticking of the chimney-piece clock could be heard in every nook and corner of the great apartment. There were some half-dozen people in the room, guests, and the hostess herself, and though you saw lips move occasionally on some distant chair or sofa, you heard no voice. The door opened; the butler said, lazily, "Mr. Bascomb," and in walked our friend. He had never seen his hostess, having made the acquaintance of her husband while the latter was visiting the States. He had paid him some attention and shown him considerable hospitality, and the invitation to his country-house was the Englishman's return. Bascomb stood for a moment as though dazed by the sudden absolute quiet. But be soon got over that. Extending his hand, and walking rapidly forward to the lady of the house who stood on the hearth, he said:

"Lady Chalkely, I presume?"

Taken by itself, perhaps, it was not actually loud. If he had been out on the prairies, or up on the summit of the Rocky Mountains, or near the edge of Niagara Falls, or in an open boat on the broad bosom of Lake Erie, and said these words as he said them in the drawing-room at Allington Park, perhaps you would have had some difficulty in hearing them. But now it seemed as though a giant had put a speaking-trumpet to his lips and yelled at the top of his lungs the words that Mr. Bascomb supposed he was speaking. The air reverberated and echoed with the tones, the china and glass ornaments seemed to shiver and make little "chinks," and the pianoforte to give forth a most decided Æolian chord, like the prolonged *tzimm* of a quartet of tuning-forks. Whether we got used to it in time or it was that Bascomb insensibly fell into more subdued tones, I can not say, I only know that we did not seem to mind it so much after that first experience. It was a good deal like the sea-bather, who takes a header into the briny deep. After the first shock of the plunge, the water loses its chill. Well, Bascomb was told off to take in the young lady already mentioned to dinner, and the talk I refer to occurred in the ten minutes before the gong sounded.

"What a superbly magnificent old place this is," he observed, in a tone of such deep interest that everybody turned and looked at him; "and yet, perhaps, grand would be a more appropriate designation for so ancient a pile." No answer. "I had heard from friends, who have toured about considerably in Britain, that I should be delighted to the verge of ecstasy at many of the illustrious architectural samples of bygone days that have survived the devastation of internal warfare, the torch of the political incendiary, or the march of vandalism."

"Really?"

"Now, in America, we miss all that. We have huge lakes, gigantic mountains, mammoth caves and trees, conflagrations, earthquakes, tornadoes, and blizzards. We also have cable-cars and elevated railroads. But that is all. Yet, come to think of it, I am not satisfactorily clear in my mind if we are not the better off. We are marching to the quickstep of civilization, and civilization has no use for old-fashioned houses. What do you say?'

"I don't know, I'm sure."

"Now look at the improvements of the last twenty years. Improvements and inventions. They all go to the amelioration of the human race as one great people, distinct from questions of nationality or class."

"How very odd."

"One of the most interesting questions of the day, and one susceptible of prolonged discussion on both sides, is that as to whether the encouragement of art, music, painting, sculpture, and all that, is beneficial to more than the minority. The greatest good to the greatest number should be the watch-word, I contend, and if art does not conduce to the advantage of the majority, then, on strict logical principles, it must go by the board."

"Fancy!"

"Now, these old country-houses, with their gables, and their ivy, and gray stones, and mullions, and dormers, and oak, and tapestry, are but evidences of the art of the past. They are beautiful to look at, and we Americans just get enthused over them when we see them."

"Oh, do you?"

"Yes, we do, for a fact. But, at the same time, we are consciously awake to a realization of this truth, which should be crystallized in the brain of every man and woman of a utilitarian habit of thought, namely——"

"Dinner is on the table."

Taking these different samples of the art of high-class conversation in England, ought we even then to call the English nobility dull? I claim not. It is only as I have already said they appear to be dull. They are not really so. They certainly do not look dull. No men pass successfully and with "honors" the stiffest examinations at the universities, the military and naval schools, and for entrance into the civil service. The present Duke of Devonshire was the senior wrangler of his year at Cambridge, and the Earl of Kimberley took "double first" at Oxford. I have never talked to either of these noblemen, or heard them talk, but I daresay they would be thought dull by the average American who endeavored to engage them in conversation. COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, March 4, 1889.

The Canadian Government will soon adopt a policy of hostility toward immigration. All alien laborers, except British, will be prohibited from coming to Canada, and the fund which the Dominion Government has hitherto granted in aid of immigration, amounting in the aggregate to a quarter of a million sterling, will be withdrawn.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

John Jacob Astor has all his life been a firm believer in the efficacy of pedestrian exercise as a means of health. He rarely enters a public vehicle, no matter what the weather may be, and seldom makes use of his own private carriage, one of the plainest and most inconspicuous of all the millionaires in New York.

Thomas A. Edison, the famous inventor, is only forty-two years of age. His birthday has just been celebrated by his employees—ninety in number—who presented him with a handsome set of library furniture, made expressly for him. The set comprises thirty-five pieces, each with his monogram engraved upon it. A miniature phonograph made of gold and silver was one of his presents.

Miss Olive Risley Seward, the adopted daughter of Lincoln's Secretary of State, lives on Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, in a house purchased for her from the proceeds of the sale of Seward's "Travels Around the World," which she edited. Mr. Seward presented her with the copyright of the book, besides leaving her a share of his property. Miss Seward is a writer of children's stories.

To look at Judge Cooley, of the Interstate Commerce Commission, who seems to be bound in calf and as unsentimental as his own work on the law of corporations, no one would suppose that he would ever elope with a girl; but that was the way he got his wife. The lady in the case was a farmer's daughter, and it happened more than thirty years ago. She now presides over his house at Ann Arbor, and has spent a good part of the winter at the Arlington Hotel. There are six children.

The following story is interesting, if true: "Among the letters of condolence, which the Emperor Joseph received on the death of his son, was one signed by 'The Mother of Oberdank.' In 1882, Oberdank was arrested for having a shell in his possession when the emperor visited Trieste. He was tried and condemned to death. His mother sent an appeal to the emperor for his pardon. So did Victor Hugo. His majesty refused the pardon and Oberdank was executed. 'Unhappy father,' says the mother, in her letter to the emperor, 'I regret that on account of the tragic death of your only son you are compelled to feel the same pangs that I, a poor abandoned mother, felt on the morning of the twentieth of December, 1882.'"

Ex-Mayor Hewitt says that all the advice in the world will not make a young man rich. "If you want to know what I tell my children," he said to a reporter, "I will say that I counsel them to tell the truth and work." This is certainly excellent advice, and if lived up to ought to accomplish great results. Mr. Hewitt, by the way, has one of the most sensible house-entrances in New York. In remodeling his present residence he took away the flight of stairs on the outside—that barbarous peculiarity of New York architecture—and made his front door on a level with the street. The consequence is that the ladies of his family and their lady visitors can go in and out of his house in the pouring rain without getting their skirts draggled. The same change was made in remodeling the house in Gramercy Park for the Players' Club.

There is more trouble in the Sagan family. The brother of Princess de Sagan, Baron Seillière, scarcely leaves the family a moment of tranquillity, and now the Prince de Sagan himself has the temerity to ask that he be removed from the jurisdiction of a conservator. His father, the Duke de Valençay et Sagan, was appointed to this office in 1875, because the "*roi du chic*" was fast spending his own money and that of his children. At the civil tribunal the other day, the lawyer of the prince tried to prove that the entire family had consented to the liberation of Prince de Sagan, but the princess, who had been separated from her husband many years, appeared at the bar and stated that the family council was not complete, that she had never been called upon for an opinion, and that if the Prince de Sagan should again become master of his fortune, he would spend to the last sou the inheritance of his children. The prince's lawyer then argued that if the fortune be spent, there still remains for the children the mother's property and the immense estates of the grandfather, situated in Germany.

Ten years ago, old Baron Rothschild passed away full of years, leaving behind him a gigantic fortune. His three nephews, Nathaniel, Leopold, and Alfred, sons of Baron Lionel Rothschild, inherited the city business, while his vast riches in cash, lands, house-property, and securities were for the most part bequeathed to his daughter, the Countess of Rosebery. The three London Rothschilds of to-day bear little resemblance either in face, form, or business habits to either their late father or uncle. The elder Nathaniel, lately created Lord Rothschild, is a far-seeing man of great business capacity, and under his guidance the great house still maintains its supremacy in the world of London finance. He excels as a diplomat, and his relations with Gladstone's government during the Egyptian affair were close and invaluable to his house. The head of the firm does not inherit his uncle's love of sport, though in a perfunctory manner he still keeps up the famed pack of stag-hounds. More Jewish in appearance than either of his brothers, his character and habits also more clearly indicate his Hebraic origin. Alfred de Rothschild is also very regular in his attention to business in "the Lane." He has charge of the routine business of the firm. Almost any morning on the stroke of eleven his neat brougham may be seen pulling up at the corner of Cannon Street and St. Swithin's Lane, whence its elegantly attired owner proceeds on foot to his office. He is a handsome man, of medium stature and dark complexion, and his features are only slightly indicative of his Semitic origin. In private life he is something of a sybarite; his taste in works of art is highly cultivated; he is a liberal patron of some of the first painters of the day, and an ardent and discriminative collector of old china and bric-à-brac. Leopold de Rothschild takes but little part in the business of the great house. He is a somewhat delicate-looking man, of fair complexion, with a mild, kindly face. A liberal patron of the drama, he is rarely absent from his box at the opera or his stall at the theatre on "first nights," and he numbers among his friends many of the leading members of the profession. He is in the Prince of Wales's set, and is on terms of intimacy with the heir-apparent. But it is as an owner of race-horses that Leopold de Rothschild is, perhaps, best known to the English people.

Alexandre Dumas de la Pailleterie lives at No. 98 Avenue de Villiers, a quarter of successful artists and writers; at a very short distance is a colossal statue of Dumas *père*, and a bronze replica, nearly as large, is the chief ornament of the vestibule in Dumas's houses. Up two flights of stairs are the author's study and bedroom; the bedroom is filled with *objets d'art*, and the study is conspicuous only for an immense writing-table, littered with paper, letters, and goose-quills, the only pen Dumas allows himself. The picture-gallery contains works of the best masters, and the other portions of the house are perfect in taste, the work of Mme. Dumas. This is the home of Alexandre Dumas from October 1st to May 1st each year. In May he, with his entire family, goes to Marly, where he has a beautiful residence not far from Le Vésinet, Victorien Sardou's summer house. In the beginning of July, Dumas family installs its lares and penates in the châlet at Puys, near Dieppe and Etretat, where they are joined by the Marquis of Salisbury, who owns Châlet Cecil, and Mme. Carvalho, who possesses one of the most picturesque habitations on the channel coast. Mme. Alexandre Dumas is Russian, and was first married to Prince Narischkine. Because of her failing health, Dumas has not been able to furnish a new piece for this dramatic season. Mme. Dumas was a talented beauty, and when Mme. Narischkine, she played in the theatre of the Duchess de Berri's Venetian palace. Never did an amateur actress have greater success. This theatre contained places for three hundred persons, and the front seats were always reserved for royal and imperial highnesses. Dumas's two children inherit the dramatic and literary talent of their parents. Jeannine, the youngest, is a violinist of talent. Colette, the eldest daughter, is now Mme. Lippmann, wife of a wealthy manufacturer. No French girl has been brought up more severely than Dumas's daughters; until her marriage only once had Colette seen a ball, and then she met her husband. Not more than twice had she been taken to the Comédie-Française. She has now been married some years, and children have driven away all dreams of society until last winter she discovered that she has great talent as an actress. She diligently copies her father's manuscripts, criticises them, and often compels him to rewrite portions of his work. Under the direction of Dumas, Mme. Lippmann studied the histrionic art, and when he pronounced her ready for her debut, she threw open her handsome house in the Rue Dumont d'Urville and invited her friends to witness "Une visite de Noces."

OLD FAVORITES.

The Chase of the Siren.

A DORIC LEGEND.

Ages past a Doric village
Heard at night a spirit summons,
Sounding over wood and commons,
Over fallow, rock, and tillage,
Waking all the rustic sleepers,
Weary with the toil of tillage.

For that music shook the branches,
From their clay-nests woke the thrushes;
Where the brook thro' fern-leaves gushes—
Brook that summer scarcely stanches;
Woke the bird whose endless sorrow
Rest, nor years, nor absence stanches.

Watchmen by the gate's barred portal
Woke and heard the spirit calling,
As the chill night-dew was falling.
"Lo!" they said, "'tis an Immortal
Come to bless our new-built temple—
Now the moonbeam strikes its portal."

Dusky faces, over doorways,
Peered into the moonshine quiet,
Thinking it some rustic riot
Of god Pan, who often plays
To the Bacchantes in the midnight,
All dark through, so they but praise.

Hark! it rises and it hovers
Where the dew, so fresh and gleaming,
Like a diamond treasure beaming,
Studs the rose-flowers, dear to lovers.
Can it be a wandering Siren
Luring Dryads from their lovers?

Now a bird returning seaward,
Then it moaneth like the dying;
Now it clamors like the flying
Of a host fierce driven seaward;
Then there comes a sound of pinions
As of creatures winging seaward.

Floats through ilex-boughs that tangle,
Where moss-banks the violets cover,
Where the amorous night-moths hover,
By the brooks that playful wrangle,
Washing round the roots of beeches,
Where the water-courses jangle.

Now it seems a pæan boly
Keeping cadence to the beating
Of the wild Fauns' golden cymbals,
When their blood the wine is heating,
When the lambs burn on the turf,
And the worshipers are meeting.

Hearing it, the green-mailed adder
From the bramble-woods came creeping,
Then the tortoise from its sleeping
Slowly woke, and loud and madder
Howled the wolf, as if tormented
By those sounds that cheered all other—
Sounds that Echo answered sadder.

Now it passes t'wards the village,
In between the wattled houses,
And each drowsy shepherd rouses.
Faces stare out on the tillage,
Thinking that some God were coming,
Or the light-armed hot for pillage.

Then the young men of the shepherds
Hearing it, leapt from their pallets—
Rose from bovel, loft, and garrets.
Swift and strong as angry leopards,
Out into the moonlit forest,
Hurried all the enchanted shepherds.

How their strong limbs shone like marble
In the moonshine—silver burning;
Never thought they of returning—
(Why should I the fable garble?)—
Bold they ran, and lithe and sturdy,
With their broad chests white as marble.

Past the little Doric temple,
Past the grotto of the Nymph,
Where so crystal dripped the lymph,
O'er the plain so broad and ample,
Ran each madman lured to ruin
By his fellow-fool's example.

Such a strain of back and shoulder,
Such a flood of eager faces,
Throwing by his crook each races;
Sinew strung with courage bolder,
Every pliant muscle straining—
Garments blowing from each shoulder.

In the silver rolling river,
Fierce they breast the angry billows,
Where droop all the mournful willows,
Where old aspens shake and quiver;
Still beyond them ran the music,
Luring them across the river.

All the maidens knelt, still praying
From afar for those their lovers—
Then still sweeter far it hovers—
Comes the music to them praying;
Vain the wailing supplication,
Not one runner is delaying.

For the madmen run but faster—
Evil led and evil seeking—
Caring not for wife or maiden,
Caring not for child or master,
All their hope is on the Siren,
Could they struggle on but faster.

Down a blue gorge of the mountain
All that wild chase swept and vanished—
Slowly the last runner vanished.
Then arose, high as a fountain,
Such a scream of hopeless anguish
That it seemed to rend the mountain.

Ne'er returned those spirit-seekers—
They were sought by wood and hollow,
Where the goat's foot scarce could follow;
Wine was poured from golden beakers,
Incense burnt and fatlings offered,
But in vain—lost spirit-seekers!

Some said that it was a Siren
Who had left her emerald hollow
To lure such as these to follow,
Through all dangers that environ,
To her home amidst the surges,
For she hates man—does the Siren.

—*Walter Thornbury.*

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

I hear a rattling good story that occurred in one of the best known hat establishments of this city (says New York *Truth*). Enter a well-known man-about-town, who hands his hat to an attendant to be ironed. While standing barebeaded at the counter in comes Bishop Potter. The latter, mistaking the club-man for one of the shop-walkers, gives him his hat, with the inquiry: "Have you a hat like this?" The club-man in the coolest possible manner takes the hat, turns it over, examines it closely, looks at it inside and out; then in slow and measured tones remarks: "No, I have not," and he adds, reflectively, "if I had, I am d——d if I would wear it."

The Duke de Roclore, the favorite wit and buffoon of Louis the Fourteenth, was in his person far from agreeable; his countenance was rather forbidding, and his figure ill-shaped. Another nobleman, whose figure was even inferior to that of Roclore, having killed his antagonist in a duel, applied to the duke for his interest and protection, knowing it was the only channel through which he could obtain a pardon. The duke readily engaged in his friend's interest, and fairly rallied the king into a compliance. After the king had finished a fit of laughter, and given his royal promise, he inquired of Roclore what could possibly make him so strenuous in his intercession. "I will tell your majesty," said the facetious duke; "if he had suffered, I should have been the ugliest man in France."

Termagancy comes into the genius of our race. The common scold, who was treated with the branks and the ducking-stool, found her less personally brutal but no more intrinsically refined copy among the fine ladies of courts and palaces; and the shrew's shrill tongue has never wanted for exercise in any time or sphere. What but a shrew could have been the mother of Robert de Insula, Bishop of Durham in 1274? Having given her a train of male and female servants, and an honorable establishment as befitted her dignity, the bishop went to see the old dame to hear how things fared with her. "How fares my sweet mother?" said he. "Never worse," quoth she. "And what ails thee or troubles thee? Hast thou not men and women attendants enow?" said he. "Yea," quoth she, "and more than enow. I say to one, Go, and he runs; to another, Come hither, fellow, and the varlet falls down on his knees; and in short all things go on so unconscionably smooth that my heart is bursting for want of something to pick a quarrel with."

In 1800, an English regiment was serving in Holland, and at Egmont-op-Zee crossed bayonets with a French regiment. A ball, fired during the retreat of the latter, passed through the jaws of a soldier of the former, named Robert Hullock, who, in the course of the afternoon, was buried in the sand-hill where he had fallen, by a soldier of his regiment, named Carnes. During the night Hullock recovered, and, having been lightly covered with sand, crept out and crawled to a picket of his regiment posted near. He was sent to the hospital, recovered, and was serving with his regiment in Malta in 1806. Hullock's face having been much discolored, and his voice scarcely intelligible (a part of his tongue and palate having been carried away), he had for some years served as a pioneer to his company; a soldier of it died, and Hullock, as a part of his duty, dug the grave, at which he was found, on the arrival of the body for interment, still at work, though it was then near ten feet deep. On being drawn out and asked the reason for making it so unusually deep, he replied: "Why, sir, it is for poor John Carnes, who buried me, and I think, sir, if I get him that deep, it will puzzle him to creep out, as I did." On the burial service being read, he proceeded to fill up the grave, and actually buried the man who ten years previous had buried him. Hullock was discharged and pensioned in 1814.

The story of the Prince Charles punch-bowl, now on exhibition in London, is curious and characteristic. Macdonald, of Kingsburgh, afterward the husband of Miss Flora Macdonald, on the twenty-ninth of June, 1746, sheltered under his roof Prince Charles, then a fugitive with a reward of thirty thousand pounds sterling offered for his capture. The punch-bowl was produced, and the two gentlemen sat drinking till a late hour of the night. The quality of the punch was probably unexceptionable. At all events, the bowl was emptied, and the prince was not so sober as he should have been, when Macdonald, representing the necessity of his rising betimes in the morning to pursue his flight, suggested that his guest should retire. His royal highness was graciously pleased to declare that he would do no such thing, and to call for more punch, whereupon Macdonald, rather solicitous for the prince's safety than regardful of his exalted rank, proceeded to settle the matter offhand by removing the *fons et origo mali*—in other words, the punch-bowl. The prince, at the same time, laying hold of it in order to retain it, a struggle ensued, and, between them, the bowl was broken, after which catastrophe the royal adventurer allowed himself to be conducted quietly to bed. The fragments of the bowl have been carefully pieced together, and it yet remains, a treasured relic, in the family of its original owner.

In the eighteenth century, the gentlemen of Beaune were not all men of wit. Piron, the witty poet, found it a barren soil, if not for Bacchus, at least for Apollo. It was a fertile field for epigram; but a joke, to be intelligible to them, must needs be broad. Piron dressed up a jackass as an archer, and dragged him by main force to the training-ground. "Here," says he, "is one of the company whom I met as I came along." The animal began to bray, and the archers looked at one another with vexation, like people whose secret has been found out. In the evening all the archers, except the jackass, went to the theatre. As the actors spoke somewhat low, the spectators began to cry, "Louder! louder! we can't hear!" "It is not for want of ears!" exclaimed Piron. The indignant audience threw themselves on the poet, who made his escape with the greatest difficulty in the world, exclaiming: "Alone, I could whip them all!" In sober earnest, twenty rusty swords were drawn upon him. The next day, as he returned to Dijon, he mowed down vigorously all the thistles which be found along the road. Some of the people of Beaune, meeting him slashing away in this manner, asked: "What are you about?" "Parbleu! I am at war with the inhabitants of Beaune, and am cutting off their provisions!" The war lasted a long time; it was as celebrated as the battle of Fontenoy. To this day the gentlemen of Beaune do not relish any pleasantry on the subject.

One night, at the Opera Ball in Paris, there was a troop of young fellows whose sole amusement it was to look out in the crowd for the face of some unmistakable country cousin, whom they then proceeded to tease as best they could. The gang came across a typical specimen of the official bumpkin, fresh from some unheard-of country town; he was wandering alone in the corridor. In a moment the most audacious of the party, a man named Mathéron, who had been a cavalry subaltern, went up to the man and said, point-blank, with the most refined politeness: "I beg your pardon, monsieur, but there is some mistake. The trousers you have on are mine." "Yours!" exclaimed the stranger, wrathfully; "are you mad?" and he turned away. But the rest of the men surrounded him and declared, with the greatest gravity, that the trousers were indeed their friend's, "and more by token," added he, putting in a word, "there is a number sewn into the inside." The discussion had brought a crowd together. The countryman held his own and the Parisian no less; at last the luckless wearer of the garments, tired of contention, gave references, tried to reason and to argue out the charge of theft then brought against him; finally, he agreed to prove his innocence as the others suggested. The whole party were to go into an empty box on the third tier, where he was to take off the trousers to be examined. Up they went, and the sequel may be guessed. The countryman took off the trousers; the claimant carried them carefully to the front of the box to enable him the better to discover the pretended number by the light of the chandelier, and then calmly let them drop among the dancers below. Whether the young man from the country ever again went to a ball at the Opera House is not known, but he must have been the last to leave it that night.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

A simplified practical method for learning the French language, by Professor de Filippe, will be published next summer.

Mme. Carette's book, "Souvenirs Intimes de la Cour des Tuileries," has gone into its seventh edition in a short time since its publication.

Julian Hawthorne's two stories, "Constance" and "Calbot's Rival," will together form the March volume of Appleton's "Town and Country Library."

Andrew Laog tells in his new volume of two school-girls reading "Sordello," and one writes to the other, "Somebody is dead in 'Sordello.' I don't know who it is, but it must make things a little clearer in the long run."

The Scribners report that Mrs. Burnett's "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "Sara Crewe" have reached a combined sale of over one hundred and twenty-five thousand copies. They have just printed an edition of the latter in raised letters for the blind.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* mentions some of the outlandish words which Mr. Edgar Saltus introduced in his last story, and calmly asks: "Is it possible that Americans admire this ignorant and pretentious gibberish?"

The popular interest that is felt just now in French fiction will doubtless attract attention to the new edition of the Erckmann-Chatrian historical romances, which the Scribners have in preparation for early publication. The popularity of these stories has always been great.

Mrs. Woodman, a niece of Whittier, and who lives at Oak Knoll, has in press with Houghton, Mifflin & Co. a work entitled "Picturesque Alaska," the same being an account of a trip from San Francisco to Alaska, and theoce to Tacoma. An introduction will be supplied by the poet.

In connection with the rumor that Julian Hawthorne will write a novel for a manufacturing concern as an advertisement, it may not be without interest to note that the late Mr. Holloway offered Charles Dickens one thousand pounds sterling for the mere mention of his pills in one of his novels.

The Scribners have in preparation a handsome, popular library edition, in four 12mo volumes, of Bourrienne's well-known "Memoirs of Napoleon," a standard work of which many hundreds of imported sets have been sold every year. This new edition will be an exact reprint of the latest English edition, and will contain the thirty-eight portraits of the original, together with all the other features that give distinction to the work.

This month, a new eclectic French monthly, *La Revue Française*, will be published in New York. Its province will be to furnish readers and students of French with the select works of the best French authors, annotated where necessary, and with essays on the study of the French language and literature by competent teachers and writers. The selections will mostly be drawn from contemporary French periodical literature. The publication office is at 39 West Fourteenth Street, New York city.

Roberts Brothers will soon publish a new edition of "A Modern Mephistopheles," which first appeared in the No Name Series. The author's name, Louisa M. Alcott, is now printed on the title-page for the first time. It was one of the famous No Names, the authorship of which was never guessed by any one. The story resembled Hawthorne's style so much that at its publication many attributed it to him. Appended to the volume is another story called "A Whisper io the Dark," a story written many years ago, but which never appeared in book-form.

The dense, uncombed, hobnailed ignorance of Americans is a leading article in the creed of the *Saturday Review*. In a recent number of this great periodical, a gentle pleasure is expressed in Mr. Andrew Lang's efforts to instruct us via the New York *Independent*. "Beyood doubt," says this British philanthropist, "next to the possession of a literature, the greatest blessing is to have right views of literature, and to this end Mr. Lang's endeavors have been directed, and will, we trust, bear fruit throughout the land, from Boston eveo unto the Mississippi Valley. Certainly no one could be more urbane, more sensitively considerate, or more completely master of a somewhat exacting situation than Mr. Lang is, as guide, philosopher, and friend. His range through the fields of ancieot literature and modern is considerable; yet nowhere in his errant flight does he linger long, and, if at times he flies beyond the following, as in the charming letter on Gerard de Nerval—one wonders what they will make of this in Topeka or Chicago—it is a most agreeable variation of the theme." This is a scorcher.

Lord Tennyson is food of telling, apropos of his early residence at Haslemere, a story of a certain laboring man. "Who lives there?" asked a visitor, pointing to the laurcate's house. "Muster Tennysun," answerd the laboring man. "What does he do?" was the next inquiry. "Well, muster, I doan't rightly know what he does," answered the rustic, scratching his head; "I'se often been axed what his business is, but I think he's the man as maks the poets." This brings forth the story which the elder Dumas used to tell about himself and Victor Hugo. "One fioe day," he says, "Hugo and myself were chosen as witnesses of a marriage, and we went to the mairie to give our names and addresses. The author of 'Ruy Blas' was then in the meridian of his fame, and, what is more, he was an Academician and a peer of France. 'Your name?' asked the official at his little window. 'Victor Hugo.' 'With an i?' queried the scribe. 'As you wish,' said Hugo, with admirable coolness. I was then asked my profession. Now I had brought out at this time more than twenty pieces. My name for ten years might have been regularly seen at the foot of the feuilletons of twenty journals read everywhere, and of which I had tremendously io-creased the circulatioa, and I found myself unknown by this servant of the government—a man who could read and write! I kept my self-possession nevertheless, seeing that Hugo was in the same case as myself, and when the clerk, surprised at my silence, again asked my profession, I answered 'Proprietaire.'"

In the early days of Mr. T. B. Aldrich's editing of the *Atlantic*, his publisher, Mr. Houghton, who had, or preteoded to have, some vague literary aspirations, remarked to his new editor, with an air half-serious and half-jesting: "I am going to send you a story I have written, but I shall send it under a fictitious name." "Then," was Mr. Aldrich's remark, "I advise you to send it to a fictitious editor." In the March *Book Buyer*, Arlo Bates relates a similar story of a wager which has just been decided. A literary man was arguing with a brother author the obviously foolish proposition that acceptance goes by favor. "I'll tell you what I'll do," he said at length; "I've two short stories done, and one is no end better than the other. They are written on the type-writer, and I'll send the worse one over my own name to a magazine and the other over an assumed name; and I'll bet you five dollars that my name carries the poor one, while the better one comes back." The wager was accepted, the MSS. seot off, and the event awaited. But the story with his name on it came back, "declined with thanks," while the other was accepted, and the editor wrote the author a kind note addressed to his *nom de guerre*, evidently believing that it was his good fortune to have discovered a new writer.

New Publications.

"The Hands of a Clock," a story by William M. Runkel, has been published by the American Publishing House, New York; for sale by the American News Company; price, 25 cents.

"The Self: What is It?" is the title of a treatise which is given to the world by J. S. Malone, of Waco, Texas. Published by John P. Morton & Co., Louisville, Ky.; for sale by the booksellers.

"The Cost of a Lie," a novel by Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron, has been issued in the Series of Select Novels published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; for sale by the booksellers; price, 25 cents.

Shakespeare's "Timon of Athens," with a critical introduction by Professor Henry Morley and another play on Timon, written in or after the year 1600, has been issued in the National Library published by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

"La Méthode Naturelle" of learning French, by Edward Larcher and Theodore M. Moe, advocates the constant repetition of a constantly growing vocabulary in exercises consisting of the simplest phrases, with as little of the grammar as possible. Published and for sale by Larcher and Moe's School of Languages, San Francisco.

"Margaret and the Singer's Story," by Effie Douglass Putnam, is a little book containing twenty-six short poems. "Margaret" and "The Singer's Story" are the most ambitious of these verses, but they are not of a high order of merit; indeed, "The Harp," a little thing at the end of the book, is the one poem among them all that is not below mediocrity. Published by Cupples & Hurd, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.00.

"Sam Jones's Own Book" contains an autobiography of the man who is now nightly wrestling with Satan in San Francisco and nearly two-score of his remarkable sermons. There are also in the book a "discourse," "Delivered from Bondage," by Sam Small, another reformed man who would pluck brands from the burning, and several portraits and other illustrations. Published by Cranston & Stowe, Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis; for sale by subscription by J. D. Hammond, 1037 Market Street.

"From Lady Washington to Mrs. Cleveland," by Lydia L. Gordon, is a book containing biographettes of the twenty-three mistresses of the White House. These separate sketches are entertaining pictures of the various epochs at which their subjects were each first lady of the land, and together they form a history of the social development or retrogression of Washington. Published by Lee and Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.50.

"The Julia Ward Howe Birthday Book," arranged and edited by her daughter, Laura E. Richards, devotes two of its pages to each three days in the year; on the left-hand page are three quotations from the poetical or prose writings of Julia Ward Howe, supposed to be appropriate in some way to the three dates under which they are put, and on the opposite page are three blank spaces for memoranda under the three dates. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.00.

"Business," in blood-red script across a cover of gray linen, is the external mark by which one may recognize the authorized American edition reprinted from the seventy-fifth English edition of James Platt's book on the theory and practice of commercial operations. Some idea of the scope of the work may be had from the chapter-headings, among which are: "Business Qualities," "Health," "Perseverance," "Punctuality," "Tact," "Iotegrity," "Money, and a Few Hints What to Do With It," "Free-Trade and Reciprocity," "Civil-Service Stores and Coöperative Trading," etc. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Pierson & Robertson.

In the Epochs of Modern History, edited by Edward E. Morris, the latest issue is "The English Restoration and Louis XIV.," by Osmund Airy. It is a clear and impartial review of the events in England, and collaterally in the oeighboring states of the continent, during the period that elapsed from the Peace of Westphalia to the Peace of Nimwegen. There are three folding-maps in the book, showing Germany in 1648, the United Provinces and Spanish Low Countries, and the Campaigns of the Upper Rhine; and there is an alphabetical iodex. We can not speak too highly of this series. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Strickland & Co.; price, $1.00.

"The Truth about Clemeot Ker" is now issued in the Handy Library, after running its course in *Woman's World*, the English magazine of which Oscar Wilde is editor and for which only women write. "George Fleming" is the name signed by the author, but we all know that "George Fleming" is Julia Fletcher, who made her masculine pseudonym fairly well known with two earlier novels, "Kismet" and "Mirage." The story relates the remarkable occurrences witnessed in Sir Clement Ker's castle in Scotland by a young cousin from Loodon. Sir Clement is an opium-eater, besides possessing other peculiarities; his neglected wife has a love-affair with a cousin, which ends most dramatically; and there is a sense of the supernaturai pervading the eatire story—in fact, the Southron lad has much to narrate. He tells his story well, too, so that in matter and manner it is suited to while away an hour or two very pleasantly. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 75 cents.

"Nature and Man" is the title of a volume which contains a memorial sketch of William Benjamin Carpenter and a number of his briefer essays. The introductory sketch is by J. Estlin Carpenter, and gives a very good account of the life and achievements of Dr. Carpenter, including many interesting extracts from letters written and received by him; and a photogravure portrait serves as a frontispiece to the book. The essays that follow range through a wide variety of subjects, as "The Brain and its Physiology," "The Phasis of Force," "The Psychology of Belief," "The Doctrine of Human Automatism," "The Deep Sea and its Contents," "The Force behind Nature," etc., and an appendix contains a list of Dr. Carpenter's writings. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $2.25.

Journalistic Chit-Chat.

Russell Harrison is to be a partner of Mr. Arkell in the publication of the reconstructed *Frank Leslie's Weekly*, according to the Chicago *Tribune*. It is not known whether this arrangement will make any change in Mr. Harrison's Montana enterprises.

Albert Pulitzer lately returned from Paris for a short while, and those who saw him stroll down Broadway at a leisurely gait could hardly recognize the former thin-faced, eager-eyed reporter of the *Herald*. Pulitzer's income from the *Morning Journal* can not be far from thirty thousand to forty thousand dollars a year. He enjoys his money by spending the greater part of it on himself. He has a *chef*, well known for his art in getting up delicacies, who accompanies him in all his travels. Pulitzer speaks French like a native, and prefers Paris to New York for pleasure, but New York to Paris for business. Albert aod his brother Joseph, of the *World*, do not speak as they pass by.

When the late Mr. Delane (he early sacrificed the terminal *y*), editor of the London *Times*, died, some ten years ago, to him succeeded Mr. Chenery, ex-Lord Almoner's professor of Arabic in Cambridge. He owed his appointment to lucky relationships, and the *Times* became a mere speaking-trumpet for the Walter family circle. When Mr. Chenery died, three or four years ago, the experiment of trying another young man was decided upon. Mr. Delane had been appointed early in his thirties, and now Mr. Buckle was chosen from the staff of the Manchester *Guardian*, the foremost provincial paper in the country. Mr. Walter, who owns the paper, was several times offered a peerage by Mr. Gladstone when in the House of Commons, but, having developed Mugwumpish tendencies during Mr. Gladstone's last premiership, the distinction was declined. It was accepted at the jubilee distribution of honors. Shortly after his appointment, Mr. Buckle married the daughter of Mr. James Payn, the novelist. Since then Mr. Payn has graced the *Times* with many literary reviews and charming essays. The *Times* is printed on the highest-priced paper, its number of pages varying from sixteen to thirty-two daily, its selling price is always six cents, and it has no Sunday edition. The New York *Herald* recently stated in an editorial not only that its circulation was the largest in the world, but that its total weekly advertisements exceeded those of the *Times* by a stated number of columns. Yet, by actual count, there are over two hundred and fifty thousand more words in the advertisements of the *Times* than in the New York paper. A single fact will illustrate the wealth of the *Times*. The receipts from the advertised births, marriages, and deaths column were bequeathed by the present owner's father as the portion of one of his nieces. For a good many years past that column has yielded her twenty-five thousand dollars a year.

Some Magazines.

In the *English Illustrated* for March, Marion Crawford has new chapters of his "Saot' Ilario," the sequel to "Saracinesca"; S. A. Byles describes "Leeds"; Stanley J. Weyman concludes his story, "The House of the Wolf"; Barbara Clay Finch describes "Kensington Palace"; Lady Lindsay has "A Woman's Story"; Katharioe S. Macquoid has "Success—A Story in Six Parts"; and H. D. Thraill contributes his usual chat in "Et Cætera."

In the *Forum* for March, Professor J. G. Schurman, of Cornell University, describes the resources of Canada. Isaac L. Rice poiots out a primary cause of railway demoralization. Dr. Leonard Woolsey Bacon makes an argument for the extension of the delivery of letters by carriers to persons in the country as well as to those in cities. A contribution to the discussion of the negro question is made by a negro writer, Professor W. S. Scarborough, of Wilberforce University. Edward Atkinson makes a test of several reformatory theories by applying them to a small community. An unfavorable review of our public-school system is by Cardinal Maoniog. Kate Stephens writes of the advancement of education of women during the last fifty years. Professor St. George Mivart indicates "a scientific fallacy" in the Darwinian doctrine. The part that dreams have played in literature is described by James Sully, whose theory is that not only such an acknowledged poem as "Kubla Khan" has sprung from dreams, but that there are evidences of dream origin in the "Tempest," parts of Spenser's "Faery Queen," the "Arabian Nights"; also that such authors as Jules Veroe, Lewis Carroll, Anstey, Stevenson—as did Poe and Hoffman—owe the germs of many of the fancies on which their works are reared to dreams. Andrew Laog writes of "Reviewers and Their Ways," and Professor Charles E. Norton points out the progress of art in the United States.

DXXVIII—Bill of Fare for six persons—Sunday, March 17, 1889.

Clam Chowder.
Lamb Chops with French Peas. Potato Croquettes.
String Beans. Asparagus.
Roast Turkey, Cranberry Sauce.
Lettuce, French Dressing
Lemon Pie. Apples, Oranges, Raisins, Almonds.

Lamb Chops with French Peas.—Dainty lamb chops require but a moment's cooking, and, unless care be taken, will dry quickly over the fire; they should be turned repeatedly, and, when done, seasoned with pepper, salt, and the sweetest of sweet butter. Arrange a mound of peas in the centre of a dish; place the chops around this, and serve. The peas should be cooked as follows: Open a can of imported peas; drain off the liquid; melt an ounce of butter in a pan, and, when it creams, add the peas; shake the pan to prevent burning; add pepper and salt. When the peas are heated through, they require no longer cooking, and should be served at once. The great mistake made by many cooks in cooking can-peas is that they allow them to remain too long over the fire, which spoils them, as they are already cooked, and simply require heating.

IMPORTANT

—TO—

BOOK-BUYERS,

BOOK-SELLERS,

—AND—

LIBRARIANS.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Free Public Library of San Francisco, the Librarian reported that an intense literary activity characterized juvenile San Francisco, and that they kept the shelves devoted to juvenile literature "clean all the time." He says that "Twenty sets of Oliver Optic's Works would not satisfy the demand for the stories and tales by that author."

The publishers of Oliver Optic's Works take much pleasure in making known to Librarians, to District School Libraries, and to Booksellers throughout the State, that they have established an Agency in San Francisco, and that the books may be had of any bookseller in California.

The following is a partial list of some of

THE BEST BOOKS

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS:

OLIVER OPTIC'S FAMOUS BOOKS,

Comprising Books of Travel, Biographies, Stories, and Tales, the latest of which are:

THE BOAT-BUILDER SERIES,

Six volumes as follows: "All Adrift," "Snug Harbor," "Square and Compasses," "Stem to Stern," "Ready About," "All Taut. Price per volume, $1.25. This is the most popular series of the many books issued by this king of story-tellers.

SOPHIE MAY'S

Little Prudy and Dotty Dimple books, the best books for little girls. The Girlhood and Maidenhood Series, the best books for "grown-up" girls.

ELIJAH KELLOGG'S BOOKS.

Forest Glen, Elm Island, and Pleasant Cove Series.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE'S

Silver Medal Series and other books for boys and girls.

GEO. M. BAKER'S

Best School Speakers; four volumes. The Handy, The Prize, The Premium, and the Popular Speaker. Each $1.00 per volume.

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Of the United States. The BEST school history.

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AT AUCTION!

THURSDAY, FRIDAY, AND SATURDAY,

MARCH 21ST, 22D, AND 23D, 1889, AT 2:30 P. M.

BY ORDER OF J. B. HAGGIN, ESQ.

We will sell peremptorily, without limit or reserve, on THURSDAY, FRIDAY, and SATURDAY, MARCH 21st, 22d, and 23d, 1889, at the hour named, in the city of

BAKERSFIELD,

KERN COUNTY, CAL.

IN SUBDIVISIONS OF 10, 20, AND 40 ACRES EACH, ABOUT

7,000 ACRES

OF FRUIT, VEGETABLE, AND ALFALFA LAND, WITHIN ONE TO SEVEN MILES FROM BAKERSFIELD, BEING PORTION OF THE

HOP RANCH, COTTON RANCH, JEWETT RANCH,

AND OTHER RANCHES,

ALSO, CHOICE RESIDENCE AND BUSINESS SITES IN BAKERSFIELD.

This is the initial offering, and the commencement of the subdivision of the large possessions of MR. J. B. HAGGIN, in Kern County. The property embraced in it includes some of the finest lands in the county, as all well-informed residents of BAKERSFIELD will testify. About 2,500 acres of the land offered is in alfalfa, and can be rented or otherwise utilized to yield a large income and a high percentage upon a valuation of from $150 to $200 per acre. Other portions of the offering are used for vegetable and garden purposes, while the balance is composed of land rich and fertile, awaiting only the industrious settler to demonstrate its great adaptability to fruits and the products of this wonderfully prolific soil. A large portion of these lands lie along and adjacent to UNION AVENUE, which as at present dedicated extends from Kern River south through BAKERSFIELD, a distance of ten miles, and which is one hundred and fifteen and one-half feet in width. The other tracts are reached by excellent county roads leading direct to BAKERSFIELD.

WATER FOR IRRIGATION.

The lands to be sold are amply supplied with water for irrigation, from the Kern Island Canal, at rates now the lowest in the State, and *fixed and regulated by the County Board of Supervisors.*

UNUSUALLY LIBERAL TERMS.

TERMS OF SALE: Only one-fourth Cash. Balance in 1, 2, and 3 years, with interest at the rate of seven per cent. per annum. TITLE PERFECT.

SPECIAL EXCURSIONS.

To enable all to participate in this important event, we have made arrangements with the Railroad Company by which we are enabled to offer special round-trip rates from all points to BAKERSFIELD, between SAN FRANCISCO, SACRAMENTO, SAN JOSE, STOCKTON, and LOS ANGELES, as follows: SAN FRANCISCO, SACRAMENTO, STOCKTON, SAN JOSE, and all intermediate points, to Bakersfield and return,

$9.50 ROUND-TRIP TICKETS ONLY $9.50

$9.50 ROUND-TRIP TICKETS ONLY $9.50

AND CORRESPONDING RATES FROM ALL POINTS BETWEEN LATHROP AND BAKERSFIELD.

FROM LOS ANGELES TO BAKERSFIELD $5.50 ROUND-TRIP TICKETS ONLY $5.50 And corresponding rates from all points between Los Angeles and Bakersfield.

TIME TABLE.

Tickets will be good on trains leaving San Francisco March 20th and 21st, at nine o'clock P. M., and on March 21st, at half-past eight o'clock A. M., and on trains from Sacramento, Stockton, and San José connecting therewith; and from Los Angeles on train leaving March 20th, at half-past ten o'clock P. M.

RETURNING, tickets will be good on all regular trains, leaving Bakersfield March 22d, 23d, 24th, and 25th, 1889.

GRAND BARBECUE.

Vehicles will be at hand to convey excursionists over the property to be sold, starting at half-past ten o'clock A. M. of each day.

On Thursday, March 21st, there will be a Grand Barbecue, at about one o'clock P. M., in the Grove at Bakersfield, to which all will be welcome.

Railroad Tickets will be on sale at the offices of the Company, and at the office of McAFEE & BALDWIN, 10 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, where sleeping-car accommodations can also be arranged for.

Maps and diagrams will be ready for distribution in due time. For further particulars, apply to

McAFEE & BALDWIN, REAL ESTATE AGENTS AND AUCTIONEERS
10 MONTGOMERY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

NEWHALL'S SONS & CO., Auctioneers, 225, 227 Bush Street, San Francisco. — AND TO THE — **LAND DEPARTMENT OF J. B. HAGGIN,** L. C. McAFEE, C. BROWER, Managers, **Bakersfield, Kern Co. Cal.**

THE ACCEPTED STORY.

A Tragedy in Two Acts.

Dramatis personæ—Narcisse Boulanger, a writer; Mrs. Boulanger, a widow; Mr. Spader Chuvvel, an undertaker; Postman.

ACT I.

(Time, February, 1889. Place, New York. Scene, a poorly furnished room down-town. Mrs. Boulanger at wasb-tuh. Enter Narcisse Boulanger, aged twenty, her fawn-like eyes hopping gayly in their sockets.)

Narcisse—Oh, mother, mother, it's accepted, it's accepted!

Mrs. Boulanger—What's accepted?

Narcisse—My story. Listen. (Reads.) "Your story, entitled 'How Mary Spent St. Patrick's Day,' bas been accepted for the *Merry Sprite*, and a check will be sent you on publication. With thanks for your courtesy, we are, Eds. *Merry Sprite*." Isn't it splendid? And, of course, they'll print it next month, because it is about St. Patrick's Day! I suppose I'll get fifty dollars for it!

Mrs. Boulanger—Heaven be praised. We are saved! (Embraces Narcisse. Curtain.)

ACT II.

(Fifty years are supposed to bave elapsed. Scene, interior of a hovel in Three Hundred and Forty-Eighth Street, New York. Miss Narcisse Boulanger, an old woman, lying on a rude cot. Enter Undertaker Chuvvel.)

Undertaker — Good-morning, Miss Boulanger. You sent for me, and I am here.

Narcisse (feebly)—Oh, you've come at last! As you see, I'm at death's door; but too feeble to pusb it open, or better still—I'm too poor to pay the admission fee. (Laughs faintly.) What's your lowest price for a funeral?

Undertaker (kindly)—I can't do it for less than three dollars, ma'am.

Narcisse (despairingly)—Alas! then I must linger on. I have but twenty-five cents.

Undertaker (turning to go)—I'm sorry, ma'am; but "business is geschäft." (Moves toward door.)

(Knock at door. Enter postman.)

Postman—Here's a letter for you, ma'am. (Exit postman.)

Narcisse—Oh, wait, Mr. Chuvvel, until I read this letter. It may be wbat I'm expecting. (Undertaker comes back.)

Narcisse (opening letter and reading)—"Dear Miss Boulanger: Your story, 'How Mary Spent St. Patrick's Day,' sent us some time ago, and unavoidably crowded out until now, is printed in the St. Patrick's Day issue of the *Merry Sprite*. We inclose check for three dollars, and with thanks are, yours truly, Eds. *Merry Sprite*." It's come at last—what there is of it. Take it, Mr. Chuvvel. Now I can afford to die. (Dies.)

Undertaker (wildly)—By heaven, sbe didn't indorse it! (Stabs himself—dies. Curtain.) —*Puck*.

A REVISED TARIFF.

It seeming likely that the Senate Tariff Bill may fail of passage, the following is submitted as a substitute measure:

English Comedians	$500 per lb.
Englisb Noblemen (impoverished and matrimonial)	$500 per lb. 1 per cent. *ad valorem*.
English Accents	Free.
English Swells (genuine)	Free.
English Swells (cockney and Prince of Wales set)	$500 per lb.
English Men's Garments (misfit and other)	Prohibited.
English Trained Servants	Prohibited.
Italian Laborers	$20 per thousand
Italian Laborers, dirt on	$3 per lb. 10 per cent. *ad valorem*.
Italian Organ-grinders	$500 per lb.
Italian Organ-grinders, monkeys of	$2 per lb. 20 per cent. *ad valorem*.
Italian Counts, Marquises, Popes, and Doges	Prohibited.
Russian Novels	$600 per volume.
Russian Names and Titles	80 cts. per mile.
Jews, Polish	$1 per bead bounty.
Jews, English and re-imported	$5 per lb.
Jews, Diamonds on	$1 per ton.
Irish Agitators	Prohibited.
Irisb Domestic Servants (Castle Garden brand)	1,000 per cent. *ad valorem*.
Irish Male Cousins of same	Prohibited.
Irish willing to run American politics	$10 per bead bounty.
German Limburger	Prohibited.
German Beer	Free.
German Wagner Musicians	$3,000 per lb.
German Frankfurters	$10 per yd., 10 per cent. *ad valorem*.
German Street-bands	Probibited.
German Dogs	$3 per yd.
Immigrants, ignorant	$10 per bead bounty.
Immigrants, pauper	$10 per head bounty.
Immigrants, insane	$10 per head bounty.
Immigrants, ignorant, pauper, and insane	$100 per head bounty.
Immigrants, anarchistic and socialistic	$100 per head bounty.
Immigrants, Clergymen, Actors, Artists, and Skilled Laborers	Prohibited.
Foreign reprints of American Books	Free.
Works of Art	$500 per sq. in., $500 per oz., and 2,000 per cent. *ad valorem*. —*Life*.

A Kindergarten Series.

"Now, children," after reading the old story of Washington's exploit with his hatchet, "write me all you can remember of that pretty story I have just read to you."

THE RESULT.

Slate I. (Teddy, eight years old)—George Washington is our father did he tell a lie no he never did be did it with is hachit.

Slate II. (Ethel, seven)—gorge washinton was the father of is contre bes father sed did you do it he sed i wud not lie i did it with mi Hathit and then be husted is teers.

Slate III. (Georgie, nine)—George Washington is the father of our country and he did it with bis hatchit and he said father I did it did the boy deny it o no did he try to put it on some otber feller No He did not tell no lie be bust into tears.—*Life*.

THE PHILOSOPHIC MUSE.

Among the Atoms.

BEFORE EVOLUTION.

Sweet monadess, my darling,
We love each other now,
But in the evolution
Will you forget your vow?
Oh, will you love me dearest,
(The monad's pleadings ran)
When you've become a woman?
And I've become a man? —*Life*.

Kissing by Phonograph.

Few, of true amorous orthodoxy,
Have ever cared to kiss by proxy,
But Cupid's realm looks clean awry
When Edison—heshrew the man!—
Produces this preposterous plan
For kissing by machinery!

"Make me immortal by a kiss!"
Cried Helen's lover. How would *this*
Strike learned Dr. Faustus?
Though Science dominates the earth,
One sometimes wonders is it worth
What it seems like to cost us?

Troy's paragon—pray do not laugh—
Had she possessed a phonograph,
Might have bequeathed her kisses
To Faustus, or to you or me.
Sbe *didn't*, and I don't quite see
That much a fellow misses.

Of course, to press one's lips to hers
Were rapture; but a man prefers
Direct and labial contact;
And, when one thinks of wax and wire
As media for love's "kiss of fire,"—
No, Edison, it *won't* act! —*Punch*.

Æons Ago.

(A sesquipedalian retrospective reverie by a Boston maiden.)

Oh! I oft cogitate on the mystical past,
Æons of ages ago,
When cohesion of molecules first began
In terrestrial caverns below.
Yes, I oft speculate how the heulandite grew,
In its tetrahexahedronical way,
Inclosed in its amygdaloidalic home,
In that antediluvian day.

Oh! the great pachydermatous Dinotheriums roamed,
Though hypostatically unknown to me,
In those hyperborean regions of cold,
By the paleocrystic sea,
But by some sudden glacial cataclysmatic change,
Oh! the whole Brobdingnaggian troop
Were irrevocahly huried in Cenozoic drift,
And irretrievably lost" in the soup."
—*George W. Hale in Puck*.

The Old Oaken Bucket.

With what anguish of mind I remember my childhood,
Recalled in the light of a knowledge since gained;
The malarious farm, the wet, fungus-grown wildwood,
The chills then contracted which since have remained;
Tbe scum-covered duck-pond, the pig-sty close by it,
The ditch where the sour-smelling house-drainage fell;
Tbe damp, shaded dwelling, the foul barn-yard nigh it,
But worse than all else was that terrible well,
And the old oaken bucket, the mold-crusted bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well.

Just think of it! Moss on the vessel that lifted
The water I drank in the days called to mind,
Ere I knew what professors and scientists gifted
In the water of wells by analysis find:
The rotting wood-fibre, the oxide of iron,
The algæ, the frog of unusual size,
The water impure as the verses of Byron,
Are the things I remember with tears in my eyes.
And to tell the sad truth, though I shudder to think it,
I considered that water uncommonly clear,
And often at noon when I went there to drink it,
I enjoyed it as much as I now enjoy beer,
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were grimy,
And quick to the mud-covered bottom it fell;
Then reeking with nitrates and nitrites, and slimy
With matter organic, it rose from the well.

Oh! had I but realized, in time to avoid them,
The dangers that lurked in that pestilent draught,
I'd have tested for organic germs and destroyed them
With potassic permanganate ere I had quaffed;
Or perchance I'd have boiled it, and afterward strained it
Through filters of charcoal and gravel combined;
Or, after distilling, condensed and regained it
In potable form, with its filth left behind.
How little I knew of the dread typhoid fever
Which lurked in the water I ventured to drink;
But since I've become a devoted believer
In teachings of science I shudder to think.
And now, far removed from the scenes I'm describing,
The story for warning to others I tell,
As memory reverts to my youthful imbibing,
And I gag at the thought of that horrible well.
And the old oaken bucket, the fungus-grown bucket,
In fact, the slop-bucket that bung in the well.
—*Anon*.

The Professor of Botany to his Fairest Pupil.

Thou tender, graceful little maid,
I see thee now at play at tennis,
In modesty of youth arrayed.
Tbou mindest me of the daisy, wbich to enligbtened minds is yclept *bellis perennis*.

I can hut love thee, little girl,
I fain would call thee *mia sposa*;
Thou art as blooming and as fair
As that queen of the garden the rose; see Linnæus—*Rosa*.

My doting heart doth fly to thee—
It is thine own heart—*volens volens*;
And in the garland of thy years
I pray may come no rue, the proper name of which, by-the-bye, is *Ruta graveolens*.

For all thy blue (*viola*) eyes,
Thy lips and cheeks like blushing *rosa*,
Thou art as modest and as shy
As the common field-flower popularly known as the buttercup, but generically as the *Ranunculus bulbosa*.

Thy lips like Cupid's bow appear
Or like a charming coral chalice.
Thou art as innocent and pure
As purest snowdrop—the snowdrop is the colloquial name; in reality it is the *Galanthus nivalis*.

Although so gay and thoughtless thou,
Thy joys on wantonness ne'er border,
Thou art an airy butterfly—
Butterfly is only the vulgar vernacular for an insect of the *Papilio* family, *Lepidoptera* order.

When thou dost smile in maiden glee,
Tby profile is a classic Grecian.
Thy teeth to pearls I must compare
(Pearls, by the way, are merely bicarbonate of lime, interstratified with animal membrane; in mollusks the result of a diseased secretion).

If thou dost love me, dear, or no,
I love as Strephon loved his Phyllis.
I pray thy fair head may be crowned
With wreaths of laurel—which as you probably know is the *Laurus nobilis*. —*America*.

A ROMANTIC STORY.

"Speaking of flasb literature reminds me of an incident wbicb occurred some time since, in connection with a deceased friend of mine," said Bryan McSwyny, yesterday; "the person alluded to was a man of genius. I will not mention his name, because of his family connections. He was engaged in writing a serial story for a well-known weekly paper of the 'Snake-Eyed-Bob,-the-Bully-of-the-Woods' order. The story had run so long that the publisbers were getting tired of it, and they wrote to my friend telling him to bring the story to an end in the next installment. He did so in the following unique manner:

The balloon rose slowly from the foot of the cliff, humping along the face of the rock as it did so. Angelina, frightened at the prospect of the perilous journey ahead, when the balloon was one thousand feet from the ground, jumped recklessly out upon a shelf of rock, which projected from the face of the cliff. Frenzied with fear, Algernon followed his love at the risk of breaking his neck, and the balloon sailed away and left them in their precarious situation. There the lovers were, one thousand feet from the top of the cliff and an equal distance from the bottom. Algernon seated himself beside the lovely maiden and clasped her to his heaving bosom in a passionate embrace. Slowly the sun sank bebind the western hills. Its expiring rays lit up the forms of the lovers, oblivious of their awful position. The shadows deepened and night fell like a black pall upon the scene.

"Will you always love me, Algernon?" said Angelina.

"Till death, darling," was the reply.

THE END.

"Well," continued Bryan, "letters began to arrive at the office of publication asking such fateful questions as these: 'What became of the lovers? Did they dry up and blow away? Did the huzzards feed upon the form of the lovely Angelina? Did they fall off the cliff and smash into pieces at the foot? Did a bowlder roll over the edge of the cliff and crush them? Did the birds of the air bring food to the lovers? Did some one let a rope down from the top of the cliff and pull 'em up? For beaven's sake, what became of them?'

"These letters accumulated so fast in the office that the publisbers became alarmed and wrote to my friend, asking him to write another installment of the story, which he gladly did, the concluding sentences of the last cbapter being as follows:

The long night passed slowly away with leaden tread. The eastern sky began to flush with the first heams of morning light.

"Are you awake, dearest?" whispered Algernon in Angelina's shell-like ear.

The white curtain over the heautiful eyes slowly lifted, and the musical voice replied, in a faint whisper:

"Yes, darling; but I'm very hungry."

"By the gods," replied Algernon, springing excitedly to his feet, "you shall bave food! For see, dearest, the balloon approaches!"

It was, indeed, as Algernon had said. Outlined against the fleecy clouds, by straining those eyes of heavenly blue, Angelina could see a faint speck about as big as a door-knob. The speck gradually grew larger as the lovers gazed hungrily upon it, now taking upon it the dimensions of an orange, then swelling out as large as a cocoanut, until it drew within their sight and assured them that they could not be mistaken; it was, indeed, their long-lost balloon. Then their fears were excited anew by seeing the balloon sway as it was struck by a current of air. Clasping her hands around Algernon's neck, Angelina exclaimed, in agony:

"Oh, darling, the balloon is going away!"

"Wait, love," said Algernon, soothingly; "another blast may strike it."

It was indeed so, as Algernon had said. A favoring gale from heaven, it seemed, directed the halloon toward the cliff again, and in a miraculous manner it was wafted against the face of the cliff. As it came nearer and nearer to their resting place, Algernon said, in a husky whisper:

"Now, Lena, my heart's love, jump when I jump!"

They jumped, and clung like spiders to the netting until Algernon had descended to the car. Then, like the hern he was, Algernon rescued his darling one from her perilous position and laid her upon the floor of the car. She was resuscitated by a drink of life-giving brandy, which Algernon found in a hamper, and an hour later was pleasantly engaged in viewing the diversified landscape, over which the balloon sailed like a swallow in its flight.

Higher and higher the balloon rose, until a band of Indians who were watching it saw it gradually fade away against the empyrean blue of the sky, until it dwindled down to the size of an apple, then faded away until only a speck like the head of a pin remained, and then was lost in the shadowy realms of space.

THE END.

"Well, what did the publisbers say this time?"

"Ob," replied Bryan, with a smile, "they simply discharged my friend, that's all."—*New York Sun*.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

After the close of the Seven Years' War, Frederick the Great was for a time very husy with the long neglected affairs of his capital, so that even his favorite flute was, for a while, neglected. Among the officers who had particularly distinguisbed themselves during the war was a captain of grenadiers, named Ritter, wbo bad lost an arm at Buckersdorf. But the lost arm was not his only misbap. He had fallen sick in hospital—so very sick, that wben peace was declared and an account was taken of the army, be was reported dead. But be survived, and was at length able to make bis way to Berlin, wbere he sougbt an interview with the king, but Frederick was engaged, and would not see him. Captain Ritter came again and again, demanding that a pension sbould be granted him; but the courtiers wbom he saw could not belp him, for the king would not see him. In the first place, Frederick disliked exceedingly to be importuned; and, secondly, he did not wish to pay more pensions than be could help.

One day the chamberlain entered the royal presence and announced that Captain Ritter demanded audience.

"Tell bim to go about his business!" cried the king.

"I bave told him so, sir; and he answers me that his only business is to see to the getting of his pension. If your majesty will but see him. Poor fellow! be bas lost an arm, and has otherwise suffered. If your grace would hut listen to him just one moment."

"*Donner!*" exclaimed the impatient monarch; "I will listen to him exactly one moment. He may come in and speak just two words. If he ventures more I'll banish him from the capital."

Shortly afterward, the maimed captain, having heen duly informed of the king's niggardly grant, entered the presence-chamber and advanced to the royal seat. In his hand he held a written petition for a pension; and, sinking upon his knee, he held it forth.

"How now, man?" demanded Frederick; "what do you want?"

"*Sire*—SIGN!" answered the old soldier. He bowed his head and said no more.

The king appreciated the humor of the thing; and with a hearty laugh he took the petition and appended thereto his autograpb.

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TIME TABLE.

[Co]mmencing Sunday, January 6, 1889, and until [fu]rther notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

F[ro]m SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN [R]AFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 3.25, 4.50, 10 P. M.
(S[un]days)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 1.30, 5.00, 6.45, P. M.
[E]xtra trip on Saturday at 1.45 P. M.

F[ro]m SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week [d]ays)—6.15, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 3.25, 4.55 P. M.
(S[un]days)—8.00, 10.00 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 3.30, 5.00, P. M.
[E]xtra trips on Saturday at 1.45 and 6.25 P. M.
F[ar]e, 50 cents, round trip.

F[ro]m SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—[7.]45, 8.15, 10.00, 11.50 A. M.; 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
(S[un]days)—8.45, 10.45 A. M.; 12 45, 4.15, 5.45, P. M.
[E]xtra trips on Saturday at 2.30 and 7.05 P. M.
F[ar]e, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

1[.]00 A. M., Daily (Sundays excepted) from San Francisco [fo]r Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves [Ca]zadero at 6.45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12.20 P.M.

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(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

L[EA]VE	From Feb. 9, 1889.	ARRIVE
…0 A.	For Haywards, Niles and San José..	*12.45 P.
…0 A.	For Sacramento, and for Redding via Davis	7.15 P.
…0 A.	For Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga and Santa Rosa	6.15 P.
…0 A.	Los Angeles Express, for Fresno, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	11.15 A.
…0 A.	For Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
…0 A.	For Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
…0 M.	For Haywards and Niles	* 3.45 P.
…0 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	**6.00 A.
…0 P.	For Haywards, Niles and San José..	9.45 A.
…0 P.	Central Atlantic Express, for Ogden and East	7.15 A.
…0 P.	For Stockton and §Milton; for Vallejo, Calistoga & Santa Rosa	10.15 A.
…0 P.	For Sacramento, and for Knight's Landing via Davis	10.45 A.
…0 P.	For Niles, San José and Livermore..	* 8.45 A.
…50 P.	For Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
…0 P.	Shasta Route Express, for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	7.45 A.
…0 P.	Golden Gate Special, for Council Bluffs and East	‖ 7.45 P.
…0 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.

[SO]UTH PACIFIC COAST RAILWAY DIVISION.

…0 A.	For Newark and San José	‡ 7.20 P.
…5 A.	For Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	5.50 P.
…5 P.	For Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 A.
…5 P.	For Centerville, San José, Almaden, and Los Gatos	9.20 A.

[C]OAST DIVISION (Fourth & Townsend Streets.)

…0 A.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations..	2.30 P.
…0 A.	For San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos; Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) & principal Way Stations	6.38 P.
…0 A.	For San José, Almaden and Way Stations	5.35 P.
… P.	For Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	4.36 P.
…0 P.	For San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Monterey and principal Way Stations	*10.02 A.
…0 P.	For San José and principal Way Stations	9.03 A.
…0 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations..	* 7.56 A.
…0 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations..	6.35 A.
… P.	For Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	†7.40 P.

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COLONEL BILL BLAIR EN ROUTE.

A Journalistic Narrative.

[From the Tombstone, A. T., *Epitaph*.]

Colonel Bill Blair, our well-known coroner, departed this morning for the back country, on a brief sojourn. Bill was accompanied by a well-filled valise and a quart bottle, and will doubtless have an enjoyable trip. Bon voyage, Bill.

[From the same paper, next day]

Colonel Bill Blair will not leave until to-day. He had intended to start yesterday, as was announced in the *Epitaph* last night, but—well, he did get outside of the fire limits, but he fortunately discovered that his bottle was empty and returned to town for supplies. Bill's friends will bid him farewell to-day.

[From the Phœnix, A. T., *Bazoo*.]

We enjoyed a pleasant call to-day from Colonel William Blair, the popular coroner of our neighboring city of Tombstone. There is plenty of fun in Bill, and if he were to sit on our corpse we would surely come to life again. Bill was given a wet reception last night at Slippery Jim's. To the credit of Tombstone, be out-drank every man in the place. This included General Hillslogger, and our readers know that the general is no slouch himself.

[From the Prescott, A. T., *Boomer*.]

The up stage last night from Phœnix brought into our midst Colonel Bill Blair, coroner of the town of Tombstone. Colonel Blair was on our streets to-day, meeting some of the leading citizens in friendly converse. He is not in the best of health, we are sorry to learn.

[From the Yuma, A. T., *Howler*.]

Bill Blair, of Tombstone, coroner of that place, is in town for a brief sojourn. He was sick last night, but was able to meet a few friends at the Miner's Retreat this morning.

[From the Gila, A. T., *Squelcher*.]

Old Bill Blair, of Tombstone, was in town yesterday. Bill is coroner *de facto*, and we would advise him to sit on himself.

[From the Tombstone, A. T., *Rustler*.]

Cross-eyed Blair, a tough cit. of Tombstone, passed through Tucson last night on his way home. The vigilance committee was at the depôt.

[From the Tombstone, A. T., *Epitaph*.]

Bill Blair is back. He is a little off color, having slept in the jug last night, but will be able to resume his duties as coroner to-morrow. Our readers will find Bill at the old stand, ready to pass judgment on able-bodied stiffs with neatness and dispatch.—*Judge*.

The False Thermometer.

There is a big thermometer hanging on the wall on the elevated railroad platform at South Ferry. Sunday morning every person who came along stopped to see just how cold it really was. At ten o'clock in the morning the mercury rested at the ten-degree-above-zero mark, and all who passed looked at it, and wrapping their overcoats more closely about themselves, shivered and went on. Among those waiting for a Sixth Avenue train to come in was a young man whose form was enveloped in a big brown ulster. He lounged up alongside of the thermometer, and, after looking at it a moment, smiled sardonically and began to breathe gently on the bulb. The mercury responded by rising slowly in the tube. In about half a minute it had reached twelve degrees, and a big man, with a red nose, came by and said, cheerfully: "Ah! it is getting warmer."

He passed on, and the young man continued to breathe on the bulb. In about three minutes he had worked the mercury up to sixteen degrees. One of the ticket-takers, who had been stamping on the platform to warm his feet, approached the thermometer. He looked steadily at it for a moment and called out to one of his fellow-workers:

"Say, Billy, it's getting ever so much warmer. The thermometer is up to sixteen now."

"Yes," answered Billy, "I knew it wasn't so cold. I can feel it getting more pleasant all the time."

Then the ticket-taker who had looked at the doctored thermometer went back to his post and didn't stamp any more. The young man with the sardonic smile prepared to send up the mercury a few more notches, and had worked it up to eighteen degrees when his train came in and he had to give it up. If he could have worked about five minutes longer he would have had the passers unbuttoning their overcoats and mopping their foreheads.

"Imagination is a big thing," he murmured softly to himself as he boarded his train, and left the thermometer to get down off its high perch as best it could.—*New York Sun*.

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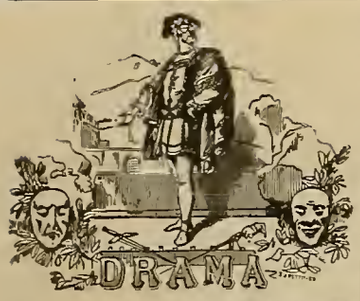

There is a line in one of Oliver Wendell Holmes's poems which aptly describes "The King's Fool"—"as noisy as a kettledrum, as leggy as a colt." A noisier operetta could hardly be imagined, a more lavish display of trunks and tights has rarely been seen.

This operetta, like many others of its class, relies for its success on fine dressing, Amazonian marches, fencers from Vienna, good-looking girls, and a few catching songs. There is little or no music in it; the dialogue is absurd. The joint authors of the libretto seem to have disagreed occasionally, for here there is a long, arid stretch of bombastic blank verse, and there two or three neat little couplets, prim as Pope's. Puns of pre-revolutionary date go hand in hand with pompous periods staggering on stilts. The story of the piece is also much involved. There are parts where pure tragedy crops out, and parts where farce is visible; there is a dash of melodrama, a flavoring of the *buffa*, the whole powdered over with a delicate sprinkling of crusty old puns.

The King's Fool himself leaves one in no doubt as to what is the matter with him. He has been hardly used. The previous Fool, his father, was starved, and then presented with a banquet of succulent viands carved out of wood. This unseated his mind. The present Fool dons black velvet in place of motley, and hies him to the palace burning for revenge. The intrigues going on at the palace are so numerous and varied that the audience are from the first plunged into a state of mystification from which they never entirely escape. Each new schemer, like Justice Parker, "makes that darker, which was dark enough before." There is a rightful Prince, on whom a wicked uncle practices a similar deceit to that which should have kept Achilles from the siege of Troy had not Ulysses interfered. Then there is a lady called Corisanda, who is a desperate intriguer, and is being perpetually torn by the pangs of maternal love and duty, and only succumbs after wonderful writhings, outward and visible signs of an inward perturbation of spirit. Corisanda is rather a remarkable person. She has committed indiscretions in her youth, and her subsequent and unending anguish, which continues unabated to the drop of the curtain, is of value as a moral lesson. When it seems that the interest is about to languish, Corisanda appears and entertains the audience by some of her finest contortions and suppressed groanings of "What shall I do?—escape is impossible—I am lost!" She is lost a great many times, but they always manage to find her again when the play drags.

Corisanda has a daughter, Felisa, who loves the Prince and whom the Prince loves. In the access of his devotion the Prince hangs round Felisa's neck a blue ribbon on which is suspended a jeweled star, and this simple act of artless affection is sufficient to precipitate two long and glittering acts of intrigue, love, mystery, revenge, hatred, Amazons, fencers, and battle, in the course of which Corisanda is continually being lost and found. The Prince must bitterly have regretted the generous impulse which caused him to part with his jewel, and others than he shared his feelings.

The last half of the operetta is occupied in identifying the Prince and his love. Now the Prince is still the Prince, now Felisa is the Prince. Now Corisanda is ordered to say which is the Prince, and with one of her finest bursts of agony she says first one and then the other, so that it appears for some melancholy moments that there are going to be two Princes, which will just double the mystery. Sometimes it seems as if there was not going to be any Prince at all, and the librettists, conscious of the strain on the audience, are kind enough to turn him into a king at the last and marry him to Felisa, so that the fear of her again turning into a Prince will be ended forever.

Everything in the operetta is jumbled regardless of all proportion, harmony, accuracy, or beauty. The action takes place at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and yet we hear Archibald talking of a "King Full," and a game of poker occupies the idle moments of King Philip of Navarre. As to the costuming, every one appears to have a different idea as to what constituted the proper dress of that remote period, and individual becomingness is evidently considered superior in importance to historical accuracy. The stage presents the appearance of a fancy ball. Felisa's ideas seem to be particularly chaotic, for in the first act she makes a demure and mouse-like entry attired as Marguerite, and in the second mars the original impression by appearing in a costume which is a cross between the Queen of the Amazons and Brunhilda—the white skirt and corselet of Wagner's heroine are there, but the heroic effect is destroyed by a large white Gainsborough hat—like that which the Empress Eugénie wears in Winterhalter's picture—worn well back and crowned with blue ostrich tips. It is in this costume that the peers of France take her seriously to be the Prince. Yvonne, on the contrary—a purposeless and mincing little creature—wears the velvet-pointed bodice, the peaked cap, the crimped, short skirt of the popular "variety-show" artist, sings a little song or two in a little thin-thread of voice, and in the last act appears attired as a Female Fool, otherwise in motley. These move against a background of political conspirators, inconspicuously dressed in blood-red, with masks to match, guards, soldiers, peasant-women, as hard to place as the servant-girls in "Martha," court ladies, female fencers, who also have robbed the ostrich for their head-dresses, and troops in long blue tights and trunks, and flat beef-eaters' hats.

If this hurly-burly of nonsense were enlivened by sweet, though trivial, melodies, it would have an excuse to exist. Music would then soothe the savage breast, fast growing desperate under Archibald's hoary wit, Felisa's protestations of love, and Corisanda's undigested repentance. But of music there is little, though of noise there is much. The time-honored debate of quantity against quality is again aroused. Is it better to have a large chorus, singing very loud something unmelodious and voluminous, or a little chorus, singing something tinkling, sweet, foolish, pleasant? Is it better to have a little picture painted by Rousseau, six inches by eight, or one of those mighty daubs in the capitol, which cover such a splendid large space on the wall, and quite do away with the necessity for wall-paper?

Such operettas, handled with the delicate piquancy of the French, become bearable. The winsome lightness, which the singers of the most polite nation in the world infuse into their personations, will make almost any comique or bouffe attractive. Judic and Théo have given prestige to poor operettas by their manner of singing a single song. But only in the hands of a Judic or a Théo could the song, opening with "I'm such a devilish little devil," be made charming. Such a song as this, sung by an American, becomes simply vulgar. We have still too much of the British directness and simplicity about us to be able to sing about being devilish little devils with fascinating coyness. We are still too brutally candid for the successful use of this delicate form of innuendo. Judic, the old, the ever-young, was certainly mistress of the art of subtlety, blending an air of child-like innocence with an air of almost unearthly knowingness, and the effect was very taking. But she was refinement and finesse personified. Even in her *café chantant* days, there is said to have been something exquisitely delicate and artless in her manner of singing the most reprehensible songs. It is art, education, manner, personality with them. They may sing the vulgarest song, or do the most idiotic thing, and yet it will have its own fascination. Théo, in "The Mascotte," urges one of her lovers from her presence, by gently kicking him as he departs. Well, it was quite bewitching! But how would it have looked if Théo had chanced to be English or American? Miss Fox is still a little too Anglo-Saxon to be successful in the "I-am-so-cute" type of song. She is pretty and light on her feet, and deserves a higher rôle than that of singing silly ditties in the disguise of a Fool.

Against all tradition and precedent, several members of the cast have voices. In this one department "The King's Fool" shows a feeling for originality. Miss Helen Bertram has quite a voice, and makes some good attempts at acting. She is, however, singularly wedded to a gesture similar to that which caused the Private Secretary to remark: "Poor lady, she imagines she is swimming." Miss Bertram is perpetually suffering from a similar hallucination, if one may judge by her gestures. But she draws and sheathes her sword with quite a martial flourish, and is graceful and agreeable. G. B.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Charles H. Hoyt has two farce-comedies yet unproduced. One of them, "A Texas Steer," will have its original representation in this city in the autumn.

Sol Smith Russell will continue at the Baldwin for another week in "A Poor Relation." "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is announced to follow on March 25th.

"The Siege of Sebastopol," that remarkable spectacle which drew crowds to Manhattan Beach last summer, will be exhibited in this city during the latter part of next month.

Mme. Patti will have two new operas in her repertoire during her tour of this country. They are "Lakmé," in which she has never appeared in America, and "Romeo and Juliet."

Kate Mayhew will bring out a new comedy, "A Little Pauper," at the Standard Theatre next week. It is to be produced under the personal supervision of the author, Howard P. Taylor.

Dora Wiley is soon to desert the little comedy company at the Standard, and will appear as the prima donna at the Tivoli. She will be heard there first in "The Daughter of the Regiment" or in "The Mascotte."

Nat Goodwin is starring in New York in "A Gold Mine," which Brander Matthews and George Jessop wrote for John T. Raymond. He has several notable people in his company, including E. J. Buckley, Kate Forsythe, and Nanette Comstock, the first telegraph-operator of "A Hole in the Ground."

"The King's Fool" will be continued for another week by the Conried Company at the Grand Opera House. The cast will remain the same, except that Bettina Gerard will assume the rôle of Felisa, now sung by Ada Glasca.

The Madrid Spanish Opera Company have only three more performances before their departure for their Eastern tour—at this afternoon's matinée, "Crispin e la Comare"; "Boccaccio" this evening; and "La Tempestad" on Sunday night.

"The Little Tycoon," to be given at the Bush Street next week, is a comic opera by Willard Spenser. The characters are modern Americans, and the scenes are laid in New York and Newport. It ran more than one hundred nights in New York, and nearly five hundred in Philadelphia.

The San Francisco Quartet, under the management of Miss Mary E. Barnard, will occupy the Bijou Theatre next week. The Quartet consists of Miss Barnard, Mme. Louise Pyk, Alfred Wilkie, and N. B. Ptetson, and they will be assisted by Ernest E. Weigle, violinist, and Clark Reynolds, pianist. Monday evening is to be given up to Irish songs and melodies, and each evening to the compositions of a different nation, but Mme. Pyk will sing Swedish songs every evening.

"Miss Mary Anderson declares," says the Chicago *News*, "that she will never again play in St. Louis. She reaches this heroic resolution because the professional critics of St. Louis dealt savagely with her; to be more explicit, they said that she did not deserve the reputation accorded to her. The situation is rather amusing. St. Louis is the city where Miss Anderson made her début many years ago when she first emerged from the intellectual darkness that obscures the Kentucky woods; the St. Louis community was the first to recognize in the young woman distinct promises of a great future. Yet Miss Anderson has certainly been before the public long enough to have become callous to criticism, and to have learned that what the professional critics say cuts very little figure one way or another outside the family scrap-book." The New York *Times*, however, gives another cause for the lady's indignation. It says: "The story of Miss Mary Anderson's troubles in St. Louis, as told by one of her friends, is here printed for the first time. Mary Anderson is a devout Catholic. Wherever she may be, it is her custom to attend early mass regularly, in all kinds of weather and under all circumstances. She is modest and unostentatious in her devotions, always seeking to avoid observation, and on this account, instead of going to cathedrals or large churches, she seeks out the small and unassuming edifices, where she can attend to her devotional exercises unobserved by the curious. Her maid is also a very devout Catholic, and the two are accustomed to go to mass together. In St. Louis one morning, Miss Anderson and her maid took a cab, and drove in the direction of a little Catholic church with the intention of attending early mass. The carriage was stopped before the church was reached, and mistress and maid walked to the edifice. As they entered, Miss Anderson noticed that not a single man was present except the priest. A few poor women and girls were at the altar, and the actress and her maid knelt together and worshiped with the people around them. As they left the church, Miss Anderson noticed a solitary man sitting in the back, who watched her intently as she passed out. Before nightfall the streets of St. Louis were ringing with the cry, 'Mary Anderson at the altar!' shrieked from the throats of a hundred newsboys. The paper referred to was selling rapidly, and the cause of the demand was a long article telling how a reporter had dogged Miss Anderson to the church, and describing her every movement as she was engaged at her devotions. A number of pictures, including one showing her kneeling at the altar, illustrated the article. When Miss Anderson saw it, she burst into tears. The vulgar descriptions of her acting had not affected her, but this intrusion into the privacy of her most sacred moments wounded her as no other insult could have done." A dispatch from Baltimore, dated March 13th, says: "After a consultation with Manager Abbey and Dr. John Van Bibber this morning, Mary Anderson decided to cancel her Baltimore engagement. The doctor says her nervous system requires rest, and unless she takes good care of herself her constitution may be totally wrecked. The doctor says her trouble is due to hard work, and he is very much concerned for his patient. Last night he telegraphed for Mr. Abbey, who responded at once, and when the actress's condition was explained to him he coincided with the physician and has advised Miss Anderson to spend the remainder of the season at Old Point, where the salt air may assist in restoring her to health. It is very probable she may go. In that case all her engagements for the season will be canceled. She is billed to appear in Philadelphia next week, but it is hardly probable that she can fulfill the engagement."

Mrs. Jenness-Miller will lecture at Metropolitan Hall on Monday afternoon, April 8th, on "Correct and Artistic Dress." Mrs. Miller has created quite a furore in the East as an apostle of dress-reform, attracting large and intellectual audiences wherever she has appeared. She comes here with the highest recommendations, and will doubtless be very successful.

Mr. George Riddle, who leaped into fame eight years ago by his wonderful performance of the "Œdipus" in the great tragedy, is en route for California for the first time. Mr. Riddle has gained high honors in the Eastern cities by his readings of "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Antony and Cleopatra," Browning's "Blot on the Scutcheon," etc.

Adley H. Cummins's lecture on "The Semitic Race," last Tuesday evening, was well attended and apparently heartily enjoyed. The musical numbers which began the programme were a pleasant feature of the entertainment. The next lecture, on "The History of Liberty," will take place at Irving Hall, March 26th.

The Rev. Mr. Houghton, of the "Little Church Round the Corner," in New York, has been elected a member of the Players' Club.

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NOTE.—Season tickets for orchestra and dress circle, $3.00, and proportionately reduced throughout the house. On sale for three days only, March 25th, 26th, and 27th, from ten A. M. to five P. M., at Kohler & Chase's music store. Regular sale at Baldwin prices opens Thursday, March 28th, at Baldwin box-office. R. E. JOHNSTON, Manager.

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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mrs. Henry Wetherbee has been paying a visit to Mrs. Henry Reed at Chico.

Mrs. A. Sutro and Miss Clara Sutro have arrived in New York city, and will soon proceed to Europe.

Mrs. J. A. Folger, Miss Bessie Folger, the Misses Lohman, and Mr. J. A. Folger, Jr., of Oakland, have gone to the Hawaiian Islands, and will be away a couple of months.

Miss Mabel Pacheco is now in New York city.

Misses Sadie and Ida Palache and Mr. Thomas Palache have been visiting the Hotel Vendome in San José.

General Keyes and Miss Keyes were in Nice, Italy, recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew S. Moseley, *née* Grow, will return to the city to-day from their trip through Southern California, and will reside at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Dunne were in Rome when last heard from.

Mrs. Volney Spalding will depart for New York on Monday, and after remaining there a while, will sail for Europe, accompanied by her niece, Miss Brush, of New York. She will travel throughout the continent, and will return in August.

Mr. J. B. Haggin is in New York city.

Mr. William Corbitt, of San Mateo, is visiting in the East.

Mrs. James Otis and Miss Helen Otis have returned from a pleasant visit at Santa Monica and Santa Barbara.

Captain and Mrs. Samuel M. Blair, who have been visiting in Mendocino County, have returned home after an absence of three months. Their niece, Miss Elise Kelly, is now their guest.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Bowen, of Detroit, Mich., who have been passing the winter on the coast, are now the guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Bowen, at 2018 Franklin Street.

Mr. Joseph D. Redding and Mr. Crittenden Thornton have been paying a visit to Los Angeles.

Mr. Griffith Coit went East last Sunday, and will be away a couple of months.

Mrs. R. F. Bunker, Misses Ella and Ivy Bunker, and Master Le Roy Bunker will leave on April 6th, for New York, and on May 18th, will go to Europe.

Mr. B. C. Truman, is at the Hotel Arcadia in Santa Monica.

Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Noyes, of Boston, are visiting the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph M. Masten, *née* Martel, have returned from their wedding trip, and will receive on Thurdays in March and April, at 420 Ellis Street.

Mr. Hugo H. Toland came up from Los Angeles last Monday for a visit of a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young will leave for the East today, en route to Europe.

The Weller-McMullin Wedding.

At the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Hays, in Visalia, Tulare County, an interesting and pretty wedding occurred on Tuesday afternoon, March 5th. The contracting parties were Miss Bettie McMullin, youngest daughter of Mrs. John McMullin, of this city, and Mr. Charles L. Weller, Assistant United States District Attorney, son of the late Governor John P. Weller. Fragrant roses, fruit blossoms, and hyacinths, combined with fine ferns, smilax, and other foliage, were used in beautifying the parlors where the ceremony was performed, at half-past three o'clock, in the presence of a few relatives and intimate friends. Mr. Alexander T. Vogelsang acted as best man and Mr. John C. Hays gave the bride away, while the Rev. C. L. Lindsley united the happy couple according to the rites of the Episcopal Church. The bride, a beautiful blonde, was attired in an imported traveling-dress of sage-green and gray cloth combined, and made after the Directoire style. Her hat was trimmed with gray ostrich feathers, and she carried a bouquet of Niphetos roses. The newly-wedded couple were the recipients of many elegant presents and numerous telegraphic congratulations. At five o'clock they departed for Coronado Beach. They are expected here next week, and will reside at the Hotel Bella Vista.

The Ray-Moulton Wedding.

Mrs. Sadie Moulton, daughter of Mrs. A. Richards, was united in marriage to Lieutenant C. M. Ray, of the United States steamer *Ranger*, last Tuesday afternoon at the residence of the bride's mother, 1013 Pine Street. The affair was pleasantly but quietly celebrated, only relatives and a few intimate friends being present. It was two o'clock when the impressive ceremony was performed by Chaplain Frank Thompson, U. S. N., of the Mare Island Navy Yard. At its conclusion congratulations were extended to the happy couple and refreshments were enjoyed. Later in the day Lieutenant and Mrs. Ray departed for a Southern trip, and will be away a couple of weeks.

An Evening with Robert Schumann.

The third of the series of evenings with the composers given at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John Vance Cheney, 908 Sutter Street, on last Wednesday evening, for the benefit of Mrs. Cheney's pupils, was largely attended in spite of the storm. The life of the great composer was sketched in a masterly manner by Mr. Cheney, who analyzed his works and drew the strong lines of distinction between Schumann and his famous contemporary, Mendelssohn. Schumann's mind revelled in a constant luxury of music, and radiated a never-ceasing flood of rich harmonies, essentially lyrical, strongly sentimental, and not so severely scientific as the German school demanded; and through it all there was secretly lurking that sad and marring discord of insanity which at last so tragically ended his career. The young ladies, in illustrating the works of the master found themselves confronted with more difficult and complicated problems than those presented by some of his predecessors, more elusive, more subtle, and deep, but their study of Schumann had been thorough, and the evening was a delight to those who were so fortunate as to be present. There is a wide range between the rich luxurious harmonies of "Traumerei," and the mystic subtleties of "Night," "Evening," and "Why."

Notes and Gossip.

Mr. Henry Hastings, of Boston, gave a pleasant luncheon-party at the Palace Hotel a week ago. The rain interfered with a sail on the bay he had contemplated giving, and this luncheon took its place. Handsome floral decorations and an elaborate menu were the features of the affair. His guests were: Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Miss Nellie Joliffe, Miss Jennie Hooker, Miss Florence Reed, Miss Dora Boardman, Miss Fair, Miss Evelyn Carolan, Miss Jennie Cheesman, Miss Emelie Hager, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. Webster Jones, Lieutenant Fremont P. Peck, U. S. A., Lieutenant Frank L. Winn, U. S. A., Mr. Harry Miller, Mr Frank J. Carolan, Mr. Elliott McAllister, and Mr. Osgood Chase.

A sumptuous dinner-party was given recently by Mr. and Mrs. William S. Wood at their residence, 1920 Clay Street. Beautiful roses and tulips adorned the table, and the repast was perfect in every detail. Their guests were; Judge and Mrs. John Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mrs. Theresa Fair, Mrs. William H. Smith, Miss Wood, Mr. John W. Mackay, and Mr. W. S. Hobart.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young recently gave an elaborate dinner-party at their residence in honor of Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Houser, of St. Louis. Several hours were delightfully passed at the table and afterward in the parlors, where music and conversation were enjoyed. The other guests at the dinner were: Mr. and Mrs. William S. Wood, Miss M. Williams, Miss Belle Cohn, Mr. Frank L. Unger, and Mr. Wendell Easton.

Mr. Harry E. Hall invited a party of friends to the Hacienda, in Sausalito, on Saturday, March 9th, and entertained them very pleasantly.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King gave an enjoyable dinner-party last Thursday at their residence, 1001 Leavenworth Street, in honor of Miss Yerington, of Carson City.

Army and Navy.

Lieutenant Elmer W. Hubbard, First Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted seven weeks' leave of absence.

Captain Joseph P. Sanger, First Artillery, U. S. A., has been ordered to proceed to Fort Canby and Fort Townsend, on official business.

Major W. L. Haskin, U. S. A., Lieutenant Pope, U. S. A., Lieutenant Marsh, U. S. A., Lieutenant Samuel D. Sturgis, Jr., U. S. A., and Lieutenant Fremont P. Peck, U. S. A., are to make examinations of the harbors of San Diego, San Pedro, and Santa Barbara at once.

Dr. E. Woodruff, U. S. A., and family were recent visitors at the Hotel del Monte for a few days.

Dr. Robert Whiting, U. S. N., was at the Baldwin Hotel several days recently.

Commander Leary, U. S. N., has been passing the week at the Occidental Hotel.

Commodore George E. Belknap, U. S. N., departed for Japan last Monday to take command of the Asiatic squadron.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Philharmonic Society.

An appreciative audience assembled in Metropolitan Hall last Wednesday evening, when the Philharmonic Society of San Francisco, under the direction of Mr. Hermann Brandt, gave its third concert of the tenth season. The society was assisted by Mr. Espinosa, pianist; Mr. Louis Heine, 'cellist; and Mr. F. Dellepiane, accompanist, in presenting the following programme:

Overture, "Der Freischütz"....Weber
Concerto for piano, F minor....Henselt
(1) Allegro Patetico,
(2) Larghetto,
(3) Allegro Agitato,
Mr. M. Espinosa.
Allegretto Scherzando....Beethoven
(From "Eighth Symphony.")
Concerto for violoncello, D minor....Goltermann
(1) Allegro Moderato,
(2) Andante,
(3) Allegro Moderato,
Mr. Louis Heine.
March....Raff
(From "Leonore Symphony.")
Adagietto, "The Dream"....Eisemann
(For string orchestra.)
(a) "Romanza"....De Swert
(b) "Gavotte"....Popper
Mr. Louis Heine.
Invitation à la Valse....Weber-Berlioz

Rosewald Orchestral Matinée.

The fourth Rosewald Orchestral Matinée, of the second series, occurred on Friday afternoon at Irving Hall, and attracted a large and appreciative audience. Miss Alvina Heuer and Miss Amy K. Gell were the soloists. The following programme was admirably presented:

"March Indienne," "L'Africaine"....Meyerbeer
Aria, "Reine de Saba"....Gounod
Miss Alvina Heuer.
Serenade....Schwenke
(For four violoncellos and bass.)
Rondo Brillante, E flat....Mendelssohn
Miss Amy K. Gell.
"Dance Bacchanal"....Saint-Saëns
(From "Samson and Delila.")
Songs—(a) "Impatience"....Schubert
(b) "Marguerite"....Denza
Miss Alvina Heuer.
Overture, "Hermit's Bell"....Maillard

Mr. Robert Tolmie, who has been delivering a series of lectures at the residence of Mrs. John R. Jarboe, gave his eighth and last lecture on Saturday afternoon, March 9th. His lectures were illustrative of the evolution of the modern school in music and were highly instructive.

M. Ovide Musin, the violinist who created such a favorable impression here when he visited this city with Mme. Trebelli a few months ago, will appear here in concert on Sunday evening, March 31st, supported by an excellent company. The soprano, Miss Annie Louise Tanner, is said by the Eastern press to be the only equal of Gerster in her execution of "The Magic Flute," which she will sing on the opening night. The tenor, Mr. Whitney Mockridge, is highly spoken of, as is the pianist. Musin will have an excellent orchestra to accompany him.

The musical events of the coming week will be the concerts of the famous Mendelssohn Quintet Club, of Boston, which take place at Irving Hall on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, March 19th and 21st. Mr. Thomas Ryan is still at the head of this notable organization, and the personnel of the club comprises, Herr Wilhelm Ohliger, solo violin and concert master; Mr. Manassa Adler, solo violin; Mr. Thomas Ryan, solo clarionet and viola; Herr Fritz Schlachter, viola and violoncello; Herr Anton Hekking, solo violoncellist; and Miss Alice Ryan, prima donna soprano.

The fourth afternoon concert of the Hermann Brandt String Quartet will occur next Thursday at Irving Hall. The quartet will be assisted by Mrs. Eno Wadsworth Vivian, Mr. Joseph Wrba, and Mr. Theodore Mansfeldt.

The fifth Rosewald Orchestral matinée will be held at Irving Hall on Friday, March 29th.

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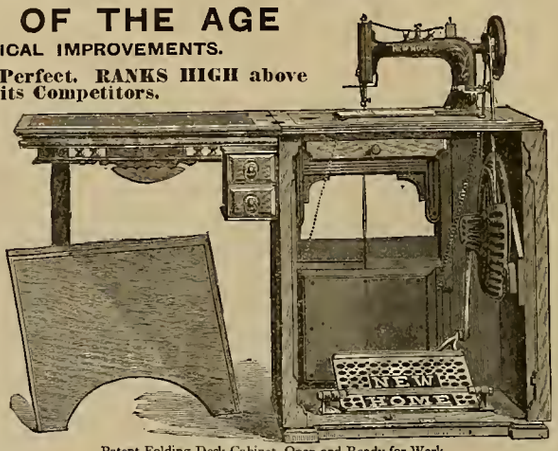

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Artificial irrigation, however obtained, whether from artesian wells or canals for the distribution of water over the lands, is never so profitable as that which comes from natural rainfall. There is, perhaps, no better time to consider the irrigation problem than now, when the whole State, from the Oregon to the Mexican line, and from the crests of the Sierras to the Pacific Ocean, is abundantly supplied from heaven with one of the most generous down-pours which we have ever received since the baptism of our Statehood in 1849. No one living beyond the borders of a country in which there are only two seasons, the "wet and the dry," can appreciate how much depends upon abundant rains coming at the right time; how welcome they are to our parched soil, bringing wealth and health, and giving assurance of abundant plenty. No one living in lands of four seasons, with summer showers and winter snows, with cold and heat, with the various conditions which meet their lives, can appreciate the intolerable boredom which attends an eternal cloudless sky. One becomes so nervous and angry at the placid beauty of heavens which never scowl with clouds, or exhibit their passion in the conflict of storms, that he feels that a cyclone or tempest, with thunders and lightnings, drenching rains and floods, carrying terror in their wild rush of destroying waters, would be welcome. How welcome, then, to us of California, is this wide-spread, continuous, almost needed rain, leaving no part of our State unvisited, no foot of our soil unrefreshed, no farmer to grumble; so warm, so unaccompanied by the noisy terror of the skies, no thundering artillery of the heavens, no lightning bolts, no inundations of towns or farms, no destruction of property or loss of life. A California rain comes accompanied with all the sentiment and poetry of April showers as we remember them in our boyhood days; the honest, straight down-pour, the music on the roof; rainbows at morning and evening span the horizon with their arching splendor of colors; sometimes it comes with the roar of a cataract, but it is the mimic of a theatrical sheet-iron tempest, carrying with it no sense of danger. And then, how gently it drizzles; a California rain is always warm and never comes as a surprise—we wish it did—it is coy as a maiden, and fully as perplexing and deceitful; the wind blows from the south; the heavens are overspread with clouds; it looks like rain, it feels like rain, everybody hopes it will rain; the barometer is consulted; we invite rain by leaving umbrellas at home and wearing our best hats. It passes over, comes again, coquettes, smiles, drops a tear or two, and we say, "it rains"; the flirting clouds jilt us and whisk away, drenching us with insufferable sunlight, and while we congratulate each other upon our delightful climate and exchange congratulations with friends from the East that they have escaped cold, ice, snow, sleet, storm, cyclones, tempests of rain and hail, snow-bogging, chilblains, and other discomforts of their dreadful arctic winters, we are swearing, away down in our unregenerate hearts, wishing we were barbarians and could drag the god of our idolatry out from his hiding-place, and club, and stone, and welt him till he unlocked his glassy sky and made it rain. But when it does come! as when the maiden, no longer coy, throws her arms about her lover's neck and melts, then all tortures are forgotten, all wrongs forgiven; then we become thankful, reverent, and—holding our breath till the fractions of an inch are passed, till winds come steady from the south, till the first, second, third, fourth, and fifth inches are secured; till the ground is soaked; till Spring Valley lakes are full; till crops are assured; till danger of a dry season is passed—we rejoice with exceeding great joy. Such a season we have had, our anxieties are past, our millions are assured. The average general rain-fall is indicated by figures from the important localities: San Francisco twenty inches, Tehama, Redding, and Chico have eighteen, Napa and Sonoma seventeen, Sacramento fourteen, Stockton nine, Fresno seven, Pixley eight, San José fourteen, Salinas twelve, Santa Barbara eighteen, Bakersfield four, Los Angeles seventeen, Anaheim fourteen, San Bernardino seventeen, San Diego ten. In the middle and lower valley of the San Joaquin the rain-fall is less abundant and less is required; one inch of rain-fall upon flat land is as effective as greater depth upon lands inclined. The counties of Stanislaus, Merced, and Fresno are well provided with irrigating canals. Tulare and Kern are irrigable also from the rivers of the Sierras, and within their boundaries is the great artesian belt, with inexhaustible supplies of water. The year gives promise of great prosperity to all legitimate industries in the State, and to all the coast. Our judgment will be greatly at fault if, within the coming twelve months, California does not experience a more speedy and healthful advancement than has occurred to her at any time since the discovery of gold. San Francisco was never so prosperous as now, and there is every reason to believe that the real-estate transactions will be larger and the building more extensive this year than in any twelve months of the past forty years.

The application of water to accommodate the divergent conditions of soil and climate has become a matter of careful study, to which the experience and observations of our agriculturists have given great aid. Each particular crop demands especial care in the application of the principles of irrigation. In California are tide lands and swamp and overflowed lands requiring reclamation, and dry lands demanding artificial irrigation. In all these respects our farmers are obtaining intelligent information, through which these lands are advancing in value. In Marin County there is a large body of land rescued from the overflowing tides, showing what may be accomplished by diking out the salt water. On Union Island, among the overflowed tule swamps of the San Joaquin, Mr. Bixler, pursuing the reclamation inaugurated by himself and General Williams, his former partner, has demonstrated the incomparable fertility and value of this character of land, and by the expenditure of some hundreds of thousands of dollars shown that permanent reclamation is possible and that the land, when subjected to cultivation, is more valuable than any other lands in the State. Ten thousand acres of luxuriant wheat, with every variety of other grains, vegetables, and fruits, have, by the expenditure of labor, taken this character of land out of the domain of experiment and carried it into a condition where it may be relied upon for profitable cultivation. The intelligent distribution of water by irrigating canals in the counties of Merced and Fresno has illustrated that the value of water properly distributed is greater than that of the lands upon which they are used. At Fresno a miracle has been wrought, and the waters of Kings River have made a country, which only a few years ago seemed desolate and uninviting, to blossom like the rose. A great city is growing rapidly, surrounded by country homes, great estates, orchards, vineyards, and grain lands, which will, in brief time, make it the home of a luxurious and prosperous community. In Kern County Mr. J. B. Haggin has, by the expenditure of millions of money, converted a desert country into a principality, which in any part of Europe would secure for its owner the title and coronet of a duke. The waters of Kern River are so impounded in lakes and so distributed by canals and ditches that what was, only a few years since, the home of the rabbit and the coyote is now a landscape of rural beauty. Country homes, blooded stock, rich fields of alfalfa, orchards, and vineyards now occupy places once devoted to wandering hands of predatory sheep, with their vagabond herders, tramping from valley to mountain range, burning and destroying like an invading army. During all this time, Mr. Haggin has been at war with the starving politicians of Bakersfield, denounced by county journals, stigmatized as a heartless, speculative monopolist by a mob of impecunious and unenterprising idlers, who were content to live in poverty, jealous of an enterprise they could not comprehend. All these projects, and an hundred more we might mention, give some indication of the splendid future that awaits honest labor in this State. Tens of thousands of similar profitable adventures are on every side, from the ocean's margin to the snowy summits of the Sierras. Everywhere—on broad, fertile plains, in attractive mountain valleys, on sunny slopes, in thermal belts, where springs and rivulets wind their ways, where great rivers descend from the snowy crests of hills—the opportunity is presented to create luxurious and happy homes, where contented spirits will have no occasion to envy the hard-earned wealth of Mr. Haggin, or Mr. Bixler, or any other millionaire who has had the brains and the patience to toil for wealth. This work of reclaiming our marsh-lands and irrigating our arid plains has but just commenced. It should be done by the Federal Government. We know of no more advantageous mode of expending that ever-growing surplus of our overflowing treasury than by expending it for the impounding and distribution of our waters, with all their fertilizing properties, now running waste through uncultivated arid lands to the sea, thus creating national wealth, by anchoring great, industrious communities in homes of plenty. It is prosperity and plenty that make men content and loyal. Rebellion seldom flourishes on a well-filled stomach. The question is not confined to California. Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, Nevada, the broad plains of the Platte and the Arkansas, the States of Kansas, Nebraska, Texas, and the Indian Territory can, all of them, be advanced by a scientific and careful expenditure of national wealth in the direction of irrigation. Great inland rivers can be lifted from their beds to water distant plains, fruitful, fertile, and valuable but for the fact that they lack water. Who that has seen can forget the smiling oasis in the midst of the sage-brush desert of the Humboldt, with its fountains, its lazy swans sailing in their miniature lake, its fields of clover, its shady groves, its fruit-bearing trees; or that other green spot in the desert of

the Colorado, at the station upon the Southern Railroad called Indio, where, hasking in a sun that hlazes, lyiog three hundred feet below the level of the sea, palms flourish, tbe grape grows luxuriantly, hearing three crops in the same season upon the same vine, great, luscious melons invite the watering mouth, and this hecause the grasping railroad monster has sunk an artesian well, and within the circumference of its flow there grows every variety of fruit incident to a tropic clime; near hy is a home for invalids, the sanitarium of the world for lung diseases, and, within a score of miles, a date-palm grove of a thousand trees hides under the shadow of soow-clad summits, from which clear, cooliog waters trickle. Here, as elsewhere on this coast, in the Sierras, in the Coast Range, in the mountains of all our States and Territories, should waters he impounded in the great rock-rihhed reservoirs for distrihution out into the sun-scorched, desolate, desert plains. No individual, corporation, nr syndicate can do this so well as the general government. It has the money, and the expenditure is within its own horders, for the improvemeot of its own lands, hy the use of its own water for the benefit of its own people, whose industry and accumulations it may forever tax. To us there seems to he no national work more feasihle, more profitahle, or more seriously demanded for the welfare of all its people. There are many millions of acres of fertile lands in Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, and elsewhere—great plains, hroad plateaus, parks, valleys, river-bottoms, mesa lands perched up in mountain ranges, all scattered ahout in this grandly featured district of magnificent mountain, with crested peaks, splendid river hottoms, with cañons and gorges—which might he utilized and made valuable hy distrihuting the unused wealth of waters for enriching the empires of unused lands. Could any question of statesmanship more worthily engage the attention of the present administration than this one of developing the inexhaustihle, unknown, and unmeasured resources of the country lying on hoth sides of the Rocky Mountains? In comparison, even Samoa and Ireland, revenue from tohacco, civil service, the appointmeot of politicians to office, seem small husiness to occupy the minds of such great statesmen as Mr. Blaine and his distinguished associates in the Cahinet of President Harrison.

It is to he hoped that the little war-scare, which the New York *World* and the San Francisco *Examiner* whooped up hy sending Klein to Samoa, may not so muddle the heads of our wise men at Washington as to make them lose their hraios altogether, nor permit them to allow our navy contractors, hailders of war-vessels, politicians, and the spoilsmen who hover ahout the national treasury, to emhark the government in spending too much money in hailding gunhoats and armor-clad leviathans of war for the protection of our commerce, and constructing fortifications for the defeose of our harhors. It has never looked to us as though the country was in imminent peril of war, or that the diplomatic cloud which lowered in the horizon was overcharged with danger. Somehow, we became impressed with the idea that it was a sort of theatrical-newspaper-political sensation which would relieve itself in a sheet-iron rattle, the dropping of shot on zinc, and the effusion of printer's ink in the display type of sensational headings. Of course, the dignity of a nation wbich in its next enumeration will have sixty-five millions of people—which has a treasury overflowing with coin, and mountaios of gold and silver unmined, millions and millions of acres of fertile lands uncultivated—must have ships to hear its own merchandise and a navy to protect them in its transportation. Of course, we must have defenses, not along our measureless miles of exposed coast, but at the mouths of rivers, and in and ahout barhors and such other possible points as might accommodate the emharkation of armies. The dignity of our government requires a navy, hecause it is becoming to a great nation to he ahle to compete with other great nations in displaying so interestiog a hauhle. We demand harhor defenses, not hecause we fear the landing of an enemy upon our shores, or hecause we think we could not whip him hack into the sea whence he came, hut great fortifications with frowning hatteries are emhlems of national strength, and not to have them makes us feel small as well as insecure when the great navied nations of the world anchor their iron-armored invincihles in our harhor to enahle their epauleted heroes to unlimber from their sea-legs hy leading our girls in the german. For all these reasons we favor the hailding of a navy and the construction of coast defenses around the city of San Francisco. We would have the navy hult at the Union Iron Works, and as soon as Mr. Irving Scott could complete the construction of a vessel and give us all an excursion trial-trip to test the qualities of his sbip, we would have it go upon the dock at Mare Island for repairs. We would have a vast foundry estahlisbed in the vicinity of some metropolis of prominence, where great guns could be cast safe from capture at some growing city of the interior, and at sufficient distance from quarries of iron and coal to encourage railroad transportation; we would have hatteries all around and in front of our property, extending to the Golden Gate, looking from our shores witb fierce defiance upon the Farallones and the Sandwich Islands. We would relieve the emharrassing surplus in our national vaults hy distrihuting it to lahorers, mechanics, boat-builders, gun-hailders, and fortification engineers here upon our own coast, for we are the only American city which may he homharded hy ships at anchor in the sea. We are the only city whose street-lamps glitter over unhroken ocean waves. An iroo-clad might anchor off our Golden Gate Park, and, under threat of homhardment, might invite us to unload the useless accumulation in the vaults which underlie the suh-treasury in Commercial Street in purchase of safety for our three hundred millions of improvements and exposed personal property. Hence we recognize the necessity of surrounding our harhor with impregoahle defenses. A fortress or two in the harhor of New York, some protection for Philadelphia at the mouth of the Delaware, may he left for future consideration, but for San Diego, Wilmington, Santa Barhara, the Coronado Hotel, San Francisco, and the exposed places along our shore, for Seattle, Tacoma, and other rising emporiums of commerce and marts of trade on Puget Sound, we demand the immediate attention of the administration if it desires the Presidential renomination and the electoral votes of the Pacific Coast. Let it he remembered that Washington Territory has become a State, and that the empire of the Pacific holds an important position in the electoral college.

While we are in this optimistic frame of mind, perhaps our readers will indulge us in forecasting for our whole country, during the next four, perhaps eight, years, an unusual degree of prosperity. The change of puhlic sentiment whicb brought the Repuhlican party hack to power after the Democratic hreak of four years, was so extraordinary that we must look for some unusual explanation of it. Through a severe and costly civil war, resulting in the accumulation of an immense debt, the nation had heen successfully guided by the Repuhlican party. Seven millions of slaves had heen emancipated, fifteen States had been hrought back into friendly relations with tbe government, national credit had heen restored, two great armies had heen dishanded, and their soldiers returned to peaceful avocations, so that, twenty-four years having elapsed, it was not unreasonahle or unnatural that the Democratic cry for an opportunity to examine the national accounts, overlook the hook-keeping of government, to pry into its secret diplomatic correspondence, and generally to have the national housekeeping overhauled, should have been assented to and a political change inaugurated, which should give to the Democratic minority an opportunity to find out the truth of governmental matters. This result happened, and for four years, under Mr. Cleveland, the Democratic party administered the affairs of the nation. So that, when nothing wroog was discovered, aod it was found that the country was not more rapidly advancing in prosperity than hefore, and the revenue system, to which popular opinion had attrihuted our advancement and progress, was threatened hy a change which would affect the whole industrial, financial system of the country, popular opinion faced ahout and the non-partisan masses agreed to restore Repuhlicans to power. The change was peacefully made, quietly submitted to, and now, with a trusted President, an intelligent Cahinet, an overflowing treasury surplus, at peace with all the world, with no element of political discontent existing, tbe administration enters upon its work. When California gold was discovered, and some four hundred millions of dollars were in process of distrihution, the country received a great impulse, railroads were huilt, Western lands were brought into cultivation, immigration increased, and the whole country felt tbe henefit of California's new-found treasure. If our revenue laws are let alone—and we think they will he—we shall receive from duties, internal revenues, and special taxations not less than four hundred millions of dollars during the next four years in excess of the generous expenditures required in the administration of our ordinary affairs. With this large amount of money from foreign countries, and paid as a willing contrihution hy our own luxurious and wealthy classes, properly used, extraordinary expenditures are possible and extraordinary husiness results will assuredly follow. If our affairs can he confined within legitimate limits, and we can avoid losing nur heads in speculative and gamhling enterprises, there is no estimate of the progress the country may reasonably hope to make. The proper employment hy Congress of one hundred miilions of dollars each year will give such an impetus to the legitimate industries of the country as will surprise the world. When we contrast our peaceful relations with other governments, and reflect that the nations of Europe are all hurdened with great fleets and standing armies, guarding their boundaries and their commerce; when we consider their nine millions of armed and idle soldiers, withdrawn from the fields of profitahle industry, and reflect that our army is hut a small police force; when we contemplate the difficulty of the nations of Europe in maintaining order and enforcing the law within their borders, and how almost impossihle it is in tbeir hudgets to hring their annual expendi tures within their lines of possihle taxation, the spectacle is curious one. How to get enough money to carry on govern ments is the question that agitates the statesmen of Eu rope; how to dispose of a too rapidly increasiog surplu accumulating in our treasury vaults, is the political que tion that gives our Coogress its greatest anxiety. Th President, in his inaugural address, hints at a nav coast defenses, and other practical employment of surpl treasure as hetter than to disturh our industrial system b a change from a protective tariff to free trade. Let us suppo that the policy of the new administration will he a husine one; to solve the lahor prohlem and suppress labor agitatio hy furnishing ahundant remunerative employment to all wl want work; to construct a first-class and powerful navy f the protection of our commerce afloat and for the defense our coasts; to huild coast fortificatioos at every poiot of o vast seahoard where an enemy may invade us; to enter up an extended and elahorate system of internal improvemeo such as leveeing the Mississippi, and hrioging the sea-traffic our navigahle rivers; irrigating our great plains and dry lan hy the distrihution over them of our vast waters; hy reclam tion of our swamp and submerged lands hy dikes, excludi tidal and fresh-water inundatioos; by constructing in eve part of our commonwealth, in every town and city where pu lic necessities justify the expenditure, commodious and eleg puhlic edifices for the transaction of official husiness; hy couraging ship-huilding and the restoration of our commerc navy to the condition it occupied hefore England let loose pirate *Alabama* to hurn our defenseless ships and steal chronometers; hy suhsidizing steam-ships from the ports New York, Boston, Philadelphia, New Orleans, San Fr cisco, and Puget Sound; to unlock the one hillioo huried treasure in our Sierras; hy providing protect to Marysville and the farmers of her Yuha and B River hottom-lands, hy impoundiog the dehris that capes from the gravel-hanks where her gold is hidd If we must interfere with the affairs of our neighhors, let aid to huild a Nicaraguan Canal whicb shall unite the oce that wash either side of our continent. Let us carry our to protect our trade in every ocean. These things exhibit dignity of peace, and are grander than war. In compari with the development of such schemes, the small entan ments of diplomacy seem mean and inconsequential. If proud, strong government, of more than sixty millions of peo would make itself honored and respected, let it busy itself home and let foreign nations alone. Samoa, Hayti, Monroe doctrine, an international Congress of American puhlics, Peruvian guano, appointments to office, civil ser reform, negro electioos at the South, and the kindred a tions which disturh political life at Washington, are all dwa into insignificance when compared with a policy which wi open our mines, make our forests resound with the axe, lock the treasures of our hills, distrihute the waters of lakes and rivers over fertile lands, huild puhlic edifices, us coast defenses, a navy to protect our coast and comme and open out the melody of an anvil chorus through broad, prosperous, and industrious land. This is the p we hope to see inaugurated, and this the golden paven over which we should he glad to see our people's on march to the true dignity of national supremacy. Han hand in this splendid march of material progress we w have an intelligent Congress, and the legislatures of sover States keep step with its system of popular education; universities of learniog, endowed from a surplus treasury, underneath a system—the present system of non-secta free, common, public schools—should he so permanently justed that upon them as a foundation could he erected imperishahle superstructure of a free and enduring repuhl

Mr. and Mrs. McCoppin left Sydoey on the ninth of b ruary, on the steamer *Ching-tu*, for Hong Kong, where were to take the Occidental and Oriental steamer for Francisco, stopping over a couple of weeks in Japan. will probahly arrive in our city ahout the middle of April. the accident of an allusion made by Mr. McCoppin, res ing to a toast in an after-dinner speech at an official ha in Sydney hy Sir James McBain, an universal sentim favor of America and against the policy of Germany in ence to the Samoan Islands was brought out, which, exte to the press, elicited a most cordial puhlic response. address, Mr. McCoppin said: "Certain islands in the P "Ocean possess great interest for America and Australia "I hope that the autonomy of these islands will he prese "It would he deplorable if, in the give-and-take game "now heing played in Europe, the independence of those is "should he sacrificed." Whereupon, one of the guests, Wermuth, a German representative at the exhibition, tatiously left the room at the conclusion of Mr. McCoppin dress. The Colonial Parliament not heing in session, the le press of the country turned to the "Federal Council," a hody

cising certain imperial functions, then about to meet in Hobart, Tasmania, and demanded at their hands an expression of disapproval of what Germany was doing in those islands, with the result that the council of the crown called for interference by Great Britain in favor of those islands. The feelings of the people found expression in Melbourne on the day the exhibition was formally closed by the governor. When the American flag was unfurled, it received a perfect ovation, as did also, only in a lesser degree, the French flag, which was meant to emphasize the popular dislike of Germany. If it is ever desirable that the United States should become embroiled with any European nation in war, we know of no time more favorable than the present, no government with whom it would be more agreeable to come in collision than the German Empire, and under no circumstances more favorable than this conflict about Samoa, which would give England to us as an ally and the French navy to aid in our endeavors for the protection of our commerce and the defense of our coast. With the English and French navies to assist in the maritime controversy, we might be reasonably safe from German invasion. Perhaps Prince Bismarck only made this tentative experiment to test our feelings; if so, and he has kept his fingers upon the national pulse-beat, he must be convinced that the only means to determine whether or not the Empire of Germany is a greater and a stronger power than the Republic of the United States is to submit the question to the arbitrament of war.

Quite recently a delegation of American citizens made a pilgrimage to Rome, where, at the Vatican, they were received by His Holiness the head of the church, and our young republic was congratulated for many things. First, the apostolic successor of the fisherman was glad to receive the first pilgrimage from America, and hoped they were but the beginning of the long procession which would bring gifts and their homage to the foot of the Papal throne. The young lady who had contributed to plant a Roman Catholic university of learning at the city of Washington was congratulated and blessed, and all good people were earnestly invited to imitate her pious example. The first account of this pilgrimage stated the fact, without mentioning names, that two gentlemen had contributed the sum of one million five hundred thousand dollars each to the contemplated university. We think this is a lie. The Pope was gracious enough to give his promise of a portrait to adorn the new college when it should be erected, and he was still further complimentary to the officials and clergy of the Holy Roman Catholic and only Apostolic Church in America to hold out the hope that, in event of his being driven from Italy with the surroundings, furnishings, and paraphernalia appertaining to his ecclesiastical concern, he would bring himself, his camp equipage, his cardinals, monks, nuns, and all the et cætera surrounding the Papal throne, to the United States. We are afraid the Pope will not come and that there will never be a Papal institution of learning fixed at our national capital. If there is anything we especially desire, it is to witness a Jesuit college light its taper of learning in the full blaze and effulgency of republican liberty, in a nation of educated people, in an era of scientific learning, where speech is free, and the press untrammeled, and the conscience shadowed by the terrors of no inquisition striving to beat back the rising billows of progress, endeavoring to stem the waves of enlightenment which are spreading across our continent. We shall hail this contest between cowled monks and open-browed scholars; this duel between soldiers, armed with modern implements of war, and the manacled slaves of superstition, ignorance, and bigotry, working battering-rams and catapultic missiles; sailors, with their hands on the throttle-valve of engines, steering in a free race on an open sea, with bondsmen chained to the benches of galleys, pulling at the oars. If an university of learning at Washington can hold its own in this nation and this country, and carry us back to the benighted era of the middle ages, when the Church of Rome embodied all there was of learning and political authority, we were well to know it that we might drown our children before they should open their eyes to the calamities which distinguished Rome itself when the Pope was clothed with civil and ecclesiastical power, and when the Papal city was a spectacle of ignorance, poverty, and vice, and the citizens of the papal states were the most illiterate of all the nations which were not barbarian. We should be glad to give the Pope a welcome to our country, and let the contest be tried here whether he is the representative of God on earth, clothed with infallible power, and, by virtue of his divine authority, superior to the laws and constitution of this republic, or whether, like the humblest citizen of the republic, he would not be compelled to submit to the laws and subordinate himself, his church, his crown, his cross, and all the emblems of his ecclesiastical authority to the magistrates and the law. He would stand a very good chance of being appointed minister to Mexico, in order to secure the Catholic vote; he might be elected to the supreme bench of California if he were qualified; he could certainly be mayor of New York in a few years, and might fling the banner of the cross from the city hall between two Irish flags; but, thank God, he is ineligible to the Presidential office by reason of Italian birth. We hear that Archbishop Corrigan is to bless the American people at the close of the centennial services in the city of New York. There will be nearly sixty-five millions of people in America, and of that number not more than five millions of good Roman Catholics—by "good Roman Catholics" we mean the bigoted who believe in infallibility, the superstitious who think the Pope to be the vice-gerent of God, the credulous who receive absurd and lying legends as articles of faith, the obedient who send their children to parochial schools, the charitable who give their money to construct church edifices and maintain fat priests in voluptuous idleness—a small, ignorant, alien minority; but all the same, it is very probable that the managers of the centennial celebration, who will assign the New York mayor—who raised the Irish flag on the city hall on St. Patrick's Day—to dance with the wife of a President, will choose this alien priest of a non-American church to invoke the blessing of God upon its people.

We have often written and always felt that the English nation was the only natural ally of the American republic. England is our sire, and we are its stalwart, independent, strongest son. Son and sire often—indeed, almost always—quarrel; when the son puts on airs with his first red-top boots; when he goes to college and spends too much money, the governor grumbles and pays; when he gets in love and runs away to get married, the old man growls and is reconciled; sometimes the father disinherits the son without striking his name from the will. Sons sometimes think their fathers are unjust, and fathers sometimes think their sons are extravagant, dissipated, immoral, and display rascally tendencies they did not inherit. England treated us unkindly, and we rebelled; she undertook to chastise us, and we thrashed her; when we quarreled with our weaker Southern twin, England took the side of the South, loaned them a pirate ship or two, whose piratical spoliations we compelled her to pay for. But whenever England gets in a war we sympathize with her. In her Indian rebellion all our animosities melted away. In the Crimean War we favored England, and whenever we find ourselves in antagonism with any European nation, we know that the sympathy of all England will be ours. This is verified in the Samoan entanglement, and if Germany shall undertake to set up her authority in the Pacific, England will be our friend, whether Mr. Bismarck happens to like it or not.

Mr. Grant, the Democratic mayor of New York, has had his way, and paid the Irish the price for which he was knocked down at the devil's auction in that city. He has prostituted the American flag by assigning it a position beside the shamrock on the city hall, when an Irish mob was parading in honor of a mythical saint on the day set apart for his unknown entrance into life, and named as patron saint of a country of which he was not a native, and canonized in a church of which he was never a member. If Ireland had a flag, we should not blush to see ours beside it. But to subject the unconquered emblem of a free republic, which has no church, to a flag that at best represents a dishonest and warring faction, an insolent and ambitious hierarchy, is an insupportable grievance. This Democratic subserviency is shameful, and lest it shall win the Irish vote the Republican President is called upon to give a prominent diplomatic position to Pat Egan, and Mrs. Harrison is compelled to dance at the coming national ball with the mayor of New York, who subjects the national flag to the humiliation of association with the emblem of a nationality which for seven hundred years has not had the courage to achieve recognition.

"TEN THOUSAND YEARS IN ICE."

Some days ago the *Argonaut* received quite a bundle of letters bearing Hungarian postage-stamps. Although our circulation throughout continental Europe is large, it is rarely that our Austro-Hungarian subscribers take the trouble to write to us on any of the burning questions agitating the United States. Hence it was with some natural curiosity that we opened the first letter. It ran thus:

[*Original.*]

Aradi Szechenyi-Gozmalomarader Szechenyi-Dampfmuhl-Reszveny-Tarsasag Actien-Gesellschaft.

Arad (Hungary), feb. 25, 1889.

To the Editor of the Argonaut, San Francisko: Before a short time I red an article from Dr. Milne translating in the *Pester Lloyd* newspaper which was very interesting.

The editor of this newspaper told me that this essay was formerly edited by you, an I am so free to ask you:

Is it very what Dr. Millene wrote from the "Men which is frozen 10,000 years ago in the ice," and beg to accept my salutations. I am thankful. Yours very truly, J. Kleinsson.

Arad (Hungary), Minorite palace, II etage, door 17.

The next letter contained an inclosure, and was couched as follows:

[*Original.*]

Reviewer, office of the "Argonaut," San Francisco—*Dear Sir:* I take the liberty to beg you, will you be so kind to deliver the enclosed letter to the autor of the article: "Tenthousand years in the ice" (published in your newpaper of the 14 january) Sir Robert Dunkan Milne.

I thank you, sir, for your kindness and I shall be happy to render you a reciprocal service. Yours, Sigmonde Barany.

Zombor (Hungary) the 23 february, 1889.

[*Inclosure.*]

Zombor (Hungary), 23 february, 1889.

Sir Robert Dunkan Milne, Esqr., San Francisco—*Dear Sir:* I read your article: "Ten thousand years in the ice" in the *Argonaut* of the 14 january, and while it has made the greatest sensation in our country I take the liberty to beg you, will you be so kind, to answer me, what is the truth of this matter?

I shall be happy, sir, when you will honor me with an answer, and thanking for your kindness, I'm your very obliged

Sigmonde Barany.

The next letter showed that his Austro-Hungarian Majesty's officers have literary tastes. It read thus:

[*Original.*]

Kronstadt (Transylvania, Austria), 20th February, '89.

To the Argonaut, belletrist. newspaper, San Francisco, California: I should feel very much obliged to you, if you were kind enough to give me some accounts about the *truth and fact* of the most interesting tale, which contained the last number of your excellent paper (dated from the 14th of January)—"*ten thousand years in ice*," by Sir Robert Dunkan Milne. Looking forward to your kind answer,

I am yours thankfully, A. Kyd,
lieutenant in the 2d regmt of the Hussars.

The next letter is signed by one of a family whose name is famous in Austria:

[*Original.*]

To the Editor of the "Argonaute," periodical, San Francisco, California, U. S. (Esrakamerika)—*Sir:* I had the pleasure to read the article: "Ten thousand years in the ice," by Sir Robert Duncan Milne (which appeared in the *Argonaute* of January 14th), in the *Pester Lloyd*, and in answer to a question regarding this article, the editor of the *Pester Lloyd* advised me to write to you, sir, as you would be surely able to answer the following question:

Is the article: "Ten thousand years in the ice," based on mere fiction, or is he partially true? I am rather inclined to think that there is some truth in the article, because Sir Robert Duncan Milne in speaking of himself and his friend calls him by his real name.

You would very much oblige me, by being so good as to answer my question, or in case that you should neither be able to do this, by forwarding my letter to Sir Robert Duncan Milne.

Apologizing for the trouble I may give you by this request, I am sir,

Yours very obediently, Richard Lichtenstein.

February 24th, 1889. 26, Andrassy street, Budapest (Hungary).

The next letter was in German. It bore a lithographed heading showing that the writer dated it from a large foundry. The letter ran:

[*Translation.*]

Maschinenfabrik, Eisen-und Metallgiesseri.

Fuenfkirchen, Hungary, 23 Feb., 1889.

To the Esteemed Editorial Department of the Journal of Polite Literature, "Argonaut," at San Francisco: In your valued paper, and namely in the number of the fourteenth of last month, you published an article by Sir Robert Duncan Milne, "Ten thousand years in ice."

If the honored editorial department does not consider it troublesome, I would allow myself a question, the kind answer to which I beg, what portion is true in this most interesting story?

Hoping you will appreciate the respect in which I sign myself,

Your most humble, P. Haberenyi,

Another German letter was as follows:

[*Translation.*]

Budapesth, 23 Feb. 1889.

Esteemed Editorial Department of the "Argonaut," Journal of Polite Literature, San Francisco, Cal.: In the *Pester Lloyd* of this city was published a story "Ten thousand years in ice." Since I have not the pleasure of knowing the author of the English original, "Sir Robert Duncan Milne," he who alone could give a definite answer as to what is true in this story; and since the original of this most interesting story has been published in the journal *Argonaut* (in the number of the 14-1-'89), therefore, I hope that the honored Editorial Department will certainly be willing to send to Sir Milne the above-mentioned inquiry, so that, if possible, something more about the particulars of it may be learned.

Rendering you herewith my best thanks for your trouble, I sign

Most humbly, M. Fisher.

Address: Dolf Harsanyi, Budapest.

The next letter, also in German, came from a lawyer. It read thus:

[*Translation.*]

Ugyved Dr. Rusznyak Samu, Advocat,
Budapest, V, Nagy Korona-Utcza, 5.
22nd of February, '89.

An die lobliche Redaction des Argonaut:

Esteemed Editorial Department—In the *Pester Lloyd*, a paper appearing in Budapest, was reproduced under the title "Ten Thousand Years in Ice," a highly interesting story, which was published in your very valued paper *in the number of the 14th of January, 1889.*

The author of the English original published in the *Argonaut* is *Sir Robert Duncan Milne.*

The above-mentioned story stirred up a great and general interest here, so that very many readers turned to the editorial department of the *Pester Lloyd* with the question, how much of the story was true? Said editorial department not being able to answer the question, referred the inquirers to the esteemed editorial department of the *Argonaut.*

I permit myself, therefore, to make to your esteemed editorial department the humble request, and indeed in my own, as well as in the name of several friends, to be so kind as to state what was true in the above-mentioned story?

At the same time I request that you may make known to me the subscription price of your valued paper.

Since I can not furnish myself with postage stamps of the United States in Budapest, I request that you send me your kind answer without prepaying same.

Recommending my request to your favor, I sign

Most respectfully, Dr. Samuel Rusznyak.

The remaining letters were in Magyar, Czech, and other Slav dialects, and we could read nothing but the addresses.

In reply to our correspondents, we may state that Sir Robert Duncan Milne is an eccentric English gentleman of large wealth, who has devoted himself to the study of pseudo-science; that his favorite amusement is hoaxing editors, and that he imposed upon the *Argonaut* with this story; that it is the opinion of the *Argonaut* staff that the gentleman who claimed to have been frozen never existed, or that if he existed, he was not on ice for ten thousand years.

The writers of these letters have been so courteous that we shall most certainly acknowledge their courtesy by seeing that they and the editors of the *Pester Lloyd* obtain copies of this official disclaimer of the truth of the story.

Lucie Lafrance lived ten years next door to her sister in Montreal without knowing it, and then the pair became known to each other through their grocer.

THE DIAMOND OF DOREZ.

A Nocturne and Romanze.

Ivan Hemlock was the rather unusual name of the first violinist at the Garrick Theatre. When I came to know him well, I learned that he was by birth a Pole, and that on coming to live in this country he had translated his surname. I was doing musical and dramatic criticism for a daily journal, and I became acquainted with the man by meeting him on several occasions after the play or opera was over, when we talked of the music which had been given. The acquaintance, at first a professional one, so to speak, finally became personal. I asked him often to my rooms, and became steadily more and more interested in his life and character.

He was not much inclined to talk of himself in a personal way, and most of what I learned of his past history came incidentally, in the course of conversations on a variety of subjects. His manners and habits were those of a gentleman, and, as they were plainly instinctive rather than acquired, I was convinced that he came of good origin. This was also shadowed forth by the fact that he had received his education at a German university, and had seen and lived in most of the capitals of continental Europe. I could not tell his age; it might have been from forty to fifty, perhaps more than that. He had been in America, however, about fifteen years, and had been with the Garrick for nearly ten. This was all I had ever learned of his history, until a certain evening when he saw fit to give me a hint of something more. I might add one thing which the manager of the theatre told me, that the man had once been offered the leadership of the orchestra and had refused it, and that he had at various times had opportunities for better pay and higher work elsewhere, but he had invariably chosen to remain where he was. Year after year he appeared promptly, at the same time doing his work at rehearsals or performances with the same conscientious interest. His work over, he went to a café and ate a simple meal. Then he disappeared. His fellow-musicians scarcely knew his name.

Thus it will appear that very limited data were furnished on which to make a study of his character. There was no special air of mystery about him, yet he contrived in some way always to keep me at a distance from his inmost thoughts, and farthest from his thoughts about himself. I presently became aware that, little as I knew him, there was no one who could claim a closer intimacy. Thereupon, I began to feel a certain kind of responsibility about him, as if the problem of his strange life had been put into my hands alone for solution.

He came frequently to my rooms, although not until I had pressed him with many invitations, and we talked often far into the night. Yet I was constantly finding myself face to face with the fact that the world of thought and feeling in which he really lived was all unexplored land to me.

For example, it happened, one evening, that we talked of piano music and of Liszt, whom he had often heard play. Something in the way he spoke of the technique of the art, led me to ask him point-blank whether he played himself.

"Oh, yes," he answered, coolly; "it is the piano and not the violin that is my instrument."

I was very much astonished, because in the few times when he had brought his violin to my room and played for me, I had discovered that he was a performer of a very different order from the most of his associates.

"I should like greatly to hear you play," I said; "are you in practice?"

"No," he answered; "still, I have a piano in my room—not a very good one—and I play for my own enjoyment."

I waited a minute, hoping that he would ask me to visit him. It was evidently in his mind for a time, but he dismissed the thought.

"The place where he lives," I said, mentally, "is a part of himself. He does not wish any one to enter there."

The next day I went to a piano-dealer's and rented the best instrument which I could find. It was taken to my room, and that evening I showed it to my friend and asked him to play. He looked at the instrument and then at me in a very singular fashion.

"You have enthusiasm," said he; "are you quite sure you are an American?"

However, he was really touched by my consideration of him, and from that moment, we became closer friends than ever before. The piano came in between as an interpreter to me for the thought and feeling which he could not, or would not, express.

At my request, he seated himself at the key-board. His fingers, long, white, and supple, chased one another up and down in a few preliminary runs, and then he plunged into a tarantelle of Liszt, a strange, but brilliant affair, full of the most difficult work. I could scarcely restrain myself as I listened. My first thrills of astonishment and delight at discovering in this queer old musician a pianist of the very first order presently gave way to a wild and almost ungovernable enthusiasm over the playing itself. At last, I forgot everything except the music, to which, as it rose and fell in waves of intensity, my very soul seemed to respond, as a floating shell does to the billows of the sea.

After the tarantelle, he played some of the dance-music from Rubinstein's opera of "Feramors." It contained, I remember, several passages of rich chromatic shading, which seemed under his touch to fairly ravish the senses. Then came Chopin, a wild, whirring waltz, and, at the end, a mystic fantasie, which plunged me into such a labyrinth of strange dreams that when he ceased it was some moments before I could recover myself.

He clasped his hands in his lap and turned toward me with a pleasant smile. He had not failed to notice my enthusiasm because it was silent.

"Do you like my playing?" he said.

It was some time before I could answer. A great deal, it seemed, depended on what I should say. If he could be induced to let the world hear what I had heard, the whole course of his life might be changed. While I waited before replying, he closed the piano and resumed his seat near the fire.

"Your playing is a revelation to me," I said, "not only of yourself, but also of the very art. You surely can not be unconscious of the fact that you are a great performer, entitled to a place in the first rank of those in this country?"

The musician shrugged his shoulders in an indifferent fashion.

"I do not understand these comparisons in art," said he; "a certain degree of technical facility once reached, all performers stand on the same level. Beyond that, in the matter of expression, it is a mere question of individuality. My playing pleases you, perhaps; very well. It pleases me, forsooth, because it is my life."

"I have heard all the great players," I said, "and I can tell what judgment the public would pass upon your work. I do not understand why it is that, with such a glorious opportunity within your reach, you are willing to serve as a violinist in a theatre."

"I must earn my living," he answered.

"Surely," I exclaimed, "you can not be unaware that your piano art will return you a much greater income?"

"How, in what way?"

"By teaching, for one thing."

"*Schrechlich!*"

"Or by public performances."

"Then I would be compelled to give up my quiet, easy life and travel about the country."

"You would make a good deal of money."

"Why should I wish to make money?"

"And you would become famous."

"Why should I wish to become famous?"

While I sat blinking at the fire, nonplussed by these last questions, Ivan Hemlock rose and drew on his shabby overcoat. He stood looking at me and balancing his hat on his fingers for a moment, and then he placed his hand upon my shoulder, an act of familiarity such as he had never indulged in before.

"My boy," said he, "I can not tell you the reason of all this, but some day you may come to divine it. Now that you have heard me play, I feel that it is your right to know me better. Good-night." His tones were fond, but sad. He stopped for an instant at the door, as though there was more that he wished to say, but he merely looked at me in silence and then passed out.

This was the first of many evenings which I spent with Ivan Hemlock, listening to him play and drawing him out in conversation; but the increased intimacy did not make him less of an enigma to me. He no longer endeavored to conceal himself from me; I came to know a great deal of his past life, and I was allowed to appreciate the extraordinary versatility of his attainments. Here was the anomaly: A man of great capacity, refined, experienced, who might easily have become famous, prefers to live in wretched obscurity and to hide his worth from his fellows. He is, moreover, possessed of an infinite content which entirely shuts him off from the rude currents of the world's action. What was the hidden influence which made such an existence possible? There was no element of weakness of any kind visible in his character which would make his present mode of life a necessity. I saw in all that he said and did every evidence of a character of unusual strength and intensity. I believed that almost any career he might have chosen in his native country would have opened before him with a certainty of success. Even in a foreign land, he might have been something very different from a violinist in a theatre. I could imagine causes enough which should have driven him from home and made him a wanderer through Europe, and at last brought him to America; but what was it that had usurped in his soul the place where ambition should reign?

One evening in November, when the wind roared without and dashed a fine rain in uneven gusts against the window, a warm fire burned on my hearth, and we sat, my friend the musician and I, before it, smoking our pipes. The situation was conducive to meditation rather than speech—the rattle of the rain and the sweep of the wind out of doors, the warm coziness of the room, the mild, flickering light from the fire, and the insidious comfort of the pipe—and we had been silent for some time.

"Are you not going to play?" I said. My reverie had followed an accidental tangent and had ceased to be pleasant and easy.

Ivan Hemlock rose without replying, and laid his pipe on the table. At the sideboard there was a bottle of Burgundy. He filled and drained a glass and then seated himself at the piano. His face was turned away from me, so that I saw a little less than the profile. His hair was thick and soft, and as gray as the moss which grows on southern oaks; I had always admired it, and now, in the flicker of the firelight, it seemed to gleam with a brightness of its own, like a halo.

He began to play, his fingers rippling over the higher notes with a touch so soft and feathery that one would think fairies were treading the wires. It was the Vorspiel to "Lohengrin." Often as I had heard it, from famous orchestras and great performers, never before had the intense pathos of it entered into and taken possession of my soul. It was almost a torture to listen. When he was done, and his hands lay idle upon the key-board over the last chords which he had struck, I said:

"You throw an element of profound sadness into that which I never discovered there before. The strange trill among the upper notes, and the wave-like form of the whole, has always suggested to me the intensity of love."

"Is not love pathetic?" asked the musician.

"Disprized love may be," I answered, "but requited love I had always imagined to be the most perfect of human joys."

His fingers began again to wander over the keys; the music was Schumann's, full of thought and of intense feeling. As he played, he talked in a soft monotone.

"In love's very joyousness there is a pathos. Human life offers no stranger paradox. Have you not experienced that sweet sorrow, my friend?"

I saw from the rapt fashion in which he was playing that he had almost forgotten my presence. He was thinking aloud, and the music which fell from his hands was such as the varying tone of the soliloquy drew out.

"If you have not," he continued, as I sat silently watching him, "then you have your life yet to live. For one to say 'I have lived' it is necessary that he should say in his thoughts 'I have loved.'"

It was Gounod that he was playing now, the ecstatic love-music from the third act.

"To one who has known that divine confusion, that wild rhapsody of thought and feeling, none of the emotions of the heart can remain a secret. He must have tasted them all; not only a madness of pleasure, but even a perdition of despair. Listen to this," and he suddenly changed to the awful music with which the opera of "Tristan and Isolde" closes. It is a strange series of chords, unsatisfied, unfulfilled, and gradually drawing to a climax of unspeakable anguish and longing. Afterward comes peace, the dull rest of utter apathy.

"Does not that probe the heart to its last depths? And at the end there is calm." Gradually he drifted into the soft iterance of notes in the "Moonlight Sonata," the delicate rippling movement which makes the beams of white light fairly plash as they fall among the leaves and over the rocks. The wind and rain seemed to have ceased without; at least, I had long since forgotten to note them. I was rambling along in the peaceful vista which the music had opened before me. Presently I felt that I was getting deeper and deeper into the forest, and I recognized the familiar notes of Raff's "In Walde." The calm was intense.

And now he changed abruptly into a Liszt rhapsody, whirling along from one theme to another with bewildering swiftness; a gentle reverie, a dance of reckless abandon, a love-song, a grand pean—anything the imagination could dream—and in the very confusion an infinite order.

"In the heart of every man who has truly lived," said the player, as he came to a passage where the music was soft and subdued, "will be found the traces of this mighty passion. Sometimes it is as though a whirlwind had torn through, overturning everything in its path and mingling them all in utter confusion. Sometimes it is an earthquake which rends deep fissures, slowly to close again as the years pass. I have seen too, where it is as if the breath of a fiery blast had made a desolate. But more than all have I seen—yes, and felt—where the love of a man for a woman was to him like the light of a sun that never set, and the flowers blossomed forever in his heart."

There was something indescribable in the fervor with which he spoke the last sentence. He seemed to have whispered to my very soul, and in one flash of thought I understood Ivan Hemlock.

Now the music changed again, and it was the delicate sweetness of Mendelssohn, those songs to which words are easily fitted from the poetry springing unseen in every human heart.

"Have you ever heard the tale of the Diamond of Dorez?" asked the musician, presently; "no; I am not sure that I ever was told save by my dreams to my memory. Listen while I try to put it into words."

I was somewhat surprised by the abrupt turn which his thoughts appeared to have taken, but as I listened I gradually came to understand what it meant. He continued to play, with his face upturned and his body motionless.

"A number of years ago, let us say fifty, there lived in one of those districts in Brazil, where gold and precious stones abound, a slave whose name was Dorez. His master was a brutal and avaricious Spaniard, whose aim it was to get out of the human flesh which he owned the greatest amount of work at the least possible expense. While there was light to see Dorez labored under a relentless overseer. At night he crept into a low hut and slept on a bed of dried grass. This was the whole story of his life. The days never differed from one another, nor the nights. His food was coarse and at times insufficient. His clothing was rags. While he was still young his body became bent like a humpback's with the unremitting toil. Disease had fastened its fangs upon him, and his existence, wretched as it was, could not continue to its natural limit, but was destined to come to a premature end with suffering such as even he had not yet known.

"But there was one thing which, more than the labor, the hunger, and the disease, made the life of Dorez cruelly hard, unlike his associates, he could think. It happened that Fate, as if with premeditated brutality, had supplied his memory with a few chance impressions of a different mode of life. It is the faculty of contrast and comparison which will soonest make a torture-chamber of the mind, and to the utterly ignorant the faculty does not exist. During his strength of youth Dorez had been placed by his master at the service of those who could pay his hire. He had worked for a time in the diamond fields, washing out the muddy gravel in search of the small white pebbles which he had learned were so precious. At another time, he had been attached to the domestic retinue of a rich young man, who led a life of ease and pleasure. Thus it was not without a painful knowledge of what existence might contain.

"Unto this wretched being there befell, one day, a piece of rare good fortune, and with it there was born in his soul a magnificent hope." As the musician spoke, he plunged suddenly into some Russian music, alive with new and strange effects. "It happened that Dorez was chosen to go with his master and overseer, as a carrier of burdens, into a wild country of which little was known. In the evening, weary with the long day's journey, he went to the bank of a stream to dip up water for his master's use. Amid the myriads of tiny pebbles which his careless foot disturbed in their rest, he saw the gleam of a strange white stone. Mechanically, his mind almost sodden with the endless despair, he stooped to pick it up and then looked about him. No one was in sight. He stooped again to wash the stone and examined it more carefully, his heart beating fast in the gathering excitement. It was a diamond, large

nd more perfect than any he bad ever seen at the mines, rander even than those wbose magnificence be had beard escribed.

"He thrust it bastily into a safe receptacle among the rags bicb covered bis body, and went on to perform the service r whicb he had been sent. That nigbt, as be lay under the ars, be drew out his prize again and turned it over and over. Vell migbt he feel a thrill as he did so, for he held in bis and a jewel wbich great kings would bave risked their rones to gain. Tbe slave knew notbing of tbose enormous rtunes wbicb the toil of many bas piled up for the enjoyent of the few. Therefore, when be muttered to himself: I am the richest man in the world,' though be, perbaps, spoke e trutb, he could not comprehend all tbat bis words meant. et, in a way, he understood.

"Tbe stone was bis alone; no one else could claim it. ot tbe owner of tbe land, for it was wild and without a prorietor; not bis master, for Dorez remembered well the case f a slave wbo had found a quantity of gold wbich tbe lord of e province bad decided sbould not be taken from bim, save icb a part as tbe master migbt demand for tbe ransom of is bondsman. Haugbty and overbearing as bis master was, ere were still tbose whose power was greater; and with sucb finite wealth in his grasp, the poor slave would be worth the otection and favor of tbe king bimself.

"His first impulse was to make bis discovery known to his aster and ask tbe price of his immediate freedom. To this cceeded an overpowering dread lest be should be murdered d his treasure seized. To be ricb, he suddenly divined, was be in danger. For the first time in bis life be felt an appall-g terror. That sucb infinite bappiness sbould be witbin his ach only to he snatcbed away, the thougbt was agony. As became calmer and reflected more deeply, be saw that his ly safeguard against the ruin of bis bopes lay in complete crecy. Not a living soul should know of his glorious ange of fortune uotil tbe opportune moment arrived.

"But he knew it himself, and tbe knowledge worked a comete revolution in bis mind. He was no longer Dorez, the or slave, starved, beaten, and broken-down with toil; be as the owner of a magnificent fortune, through wbicb all tbe ys of life were obtainable. Unknown, neglected, despised, would soon bave all tbe world at bis feet; ragged and iserable as be was, be would yet show those ahout him a rincely magnificence sucb as they bad never dreamed to ist. Tbose visions of power and happiness which bad forerly come to torture, now returned to hless bim, as he saw eir fulfillment no looger impossihle.

"Tbese thoughts were at first so big in the mind of Dorez, at he dreaded lest all the world sbould know them. Tbe ruggle for secrecy kept him, for tbe first day, under a conant tension of excitement. Suddenly, the idea occurred to m tbat it was quite out of the range of possibility that any e sbould suspect him, low and wretcbed as he was, of tbe ssession of great wealth, and that be migbt as well be free m all apprehension. Tbere was an advantage, after all, in nominy. So long as be sbould cootinue to masquerade as slave, he could preserve his great fortune without fear of ffering loss.

"Presently the intense humor of tbe situation began to real itself to bim. Was it not incomparably absurd that he, miserable slave, should be tbe richest man in the world? nd, on the other hand, was it not very entertaining that tbe wner of such magnificent wealth should he treated as a slave, ressed in rags, and beaten like a cur? When be was laden ith burdens on the marcb, be would say to bimself, 'I night, if I cbose, bave ten thousand asses to carry all this for e.' When his master struck him a hlow be thought, 'If e knew all, how gladly would be kiss my band.' Every priation and every indignity was now balanced in his mind gainst the affluenoce and power of which he was the secret ssessor.

"Thougbts of this kind began to be so intensely diverting Dorez, that eveo wben the return was made to bis home, d the opportunity arrived for the revelation wbicb be bad anned, be hesitated. The more fully he appreciated his omalous situatioo, the greater the fascination wbich it had r him, and be was loth to give it up for the commonplaceess of mere wealth and power. So long as be possessed e diamond be might, at any momeot tbat be cbose, make e great transformation. Now, be beld in his grasp an iniite possibility. Let it he realized, could be know that its arm would not vanisb? Day by day he waited; but tbe ne for revealing his secret came no nearer.

"Thus," continued the musician — and, as he spoke, I arked the ootes of a nocturne of Chopin, soft, reflective, and t of insistent force—"thus there came to dwell in the soul this modern Epictetus a unique and an infinite content, ich was to rule supreme to tbe end of his life. His existence came a strange duality; to the outside world, it was the sorw of bondage and poverty; to bis own inner self, it was the ory of unlimited wealth and fame. By day be performed labors under the same heartless master in the rays of the ming sun. At nigbt, in the solitude of his cahin, he hrought t the jewel from its biding-place, turned it over and over in hands, and saw himself in the happy visions that followed uler among men. The heauty of the gem, concealed under dull, uncut exterior, could not gratify his sight. It was the re consciousness of its enormous value wbich made it the ich of his devotions.

"'It is all mine,' he would say to bimself, 'all, even to the y knowledge that it exists. If there were one mortal other n myself who knew, I could not then be happy. I should d tbat my treasure had lost half its value. Now, I have all t life can give, hut I receive it in secret. I ask oo more of tune, hut am perfectly content.'

"The years passed, but Dorez cootinued in the same mind. adually these meditations upon his strange situation assumed form of a complete pbilosophy of life, under which every blem was readily solved. His sufferings were eodured with ical indifference, and from the cootempt and neglect of the rld he drew a secret satisfaction. Tbe hody of the wretched ve and the soul of the fortunate owner of tbe diamood drew farther and farther away from ooe another, until the first became a senseless mecbanism and the latter a sbrine wbere every buman joy took up its abode.

"I bave asked myself with wbat sensations did the slave bebold the approach of death, when the slowly gatbering disease made toward the fioisbing of its work. Was there the awful regret with wbich one looks back and views a lost opportunity, or was there the calm satisfaction of completed experience? I am inclined to think tbat the cootent, wbich had grown to be sucb an integral part of bis being, would oot forsake him at tbe end. I imagine that when be bad once determined to keep his good fortune all for bimself, be threw aside all doubts and questionings, and now, as be faced deatb, rejoiced tbat be had successfully maiotained bis secret. At that bour, bis very poverty and watcbfulness were a consolation to him, for be knew tbat no one would disturb tbe rags oo bis body in the hope of finding anytbing of value, and that bis treasure would be buried witb him. It bad been for him alooe througbout bis life, it sbould exist for nooe other after bis death."

The speaker's voice bad sunk very low, and as the music became somewhat louder, I found it difficult to understand the words with wbicb bis narrative closed. He bad turned from tbe nocturne into a scherzo of Cbopin, wbicb I had often heard him play. There is in it the frequent repetition of a climax of singular power. It bears for me an air of intense triumpb, and in his playing be seemed to develop this to a sublime degree. Over and over be played tbe same passage, and I leaned forward to hear wbat he was muttering.

As I brougbt my face nearer to his, be seemed suddenly to be once more aware of my presence, and tbe music stopped with a barsb jangle of chords, carelessly struck. He arose from the piano and gazed at me witb a curious mixture of embarrassment and baughtiness in bis face, which showed me his confidence, if sucb it could he called, bad come to an end.

"I have played looger than I intended," said he, "and, perhaps, talked—of course you don't understand wbat I—I don't myself, indeed." Here be gave a womanish little laugh and stooped to pick up his overcoat.

"Some time, perbaps——" be continued, as I silently belped him into the coat; hut I do not know wbat be was about to say, for the distant look came again into bis face, and he cbecked bimself. Then be hade me good-night and took his departure, disregarding my entreaty that be sbould drink another glass of Chamhertin. Tbe abrupt ending of tbe soliloquy, and tbe rather unceremonious baste to get away wbich the musician had displayed, served to confuse me so that I could not quite decide wbether, as a result of what I bad heard, I knew Ivan Hemlock better or had been in reality thrust farther away from bis inmost self. Truly never bad I heard such music. While I listened I seemed almost to have the clairvoyant power of seeing into the player's life and thoughts. But the eod was something like the rude awakeoing from a dream.

Tbe next nigbt I ohserved Ivan in bis accustomed place among the violinists at the Garrick. After the performance, I asked bim to come and take supper with me, but he refused on the plea that be was very mucb fatigued.

I never saw my friend again. It happened that a few days later I was called out of the city on a matter of business, and did not return for several weeks. While I was away, I learned by letter that the musician was ill, hut, being mucb wrapped up in my own affairs, I did not give it much heed. Immediately upoo my return, bowever, I rememhered, and I lost no time in making an inquiry.

Tbe man was dead. He bad been taken from bis sorry lodging-place to a bospital, and there a few days before bad breathed his last. He bad saved enough money, so I learned, to provide bimself with every comfort to the end, and his body had beeo properly buried by a society in wbicb be held a paid-up membership. Tbese particulars were given me by tbe manager of the Garrick Theatre, to whom I had applied for information.

I was much sbocked, and expressed regret that word had not heen sent me, so that I migbt bave returned before his death.

"I am sorry you were not informed," said the manager, "for you seem to have been the only friend he has ever cared to possess. The warden of tbe hospital has, I believe, some messages for you from bim."

I bastily went in search of tbe warden. I felt that tbere might he some wisb of my dead friend wbich be had left to me to carry out, and I longed even at this late hour to be of service to him.

"There was some mooey," said the warden, when I bad introduced myself to him, "which was left over after every expeose was paid, and he asked that it should be given to you. He wanted to write to you, but the doctor would not let bim make the exertion. He hoped you would get books with the money in memory of bim. You were bis ooly frieod in America, be said."

"Would to heaveo I might bave been here!" I exclaimed.

"No, he said be was glad you were not here. Queer, wasn't it; but he was an odd character, I imagine. He had a little leather-bag fastened to a string around his neck, under his clothes. He wouldn't have it off, and I supposed it was a Catholic charm of some kind. After be was dead, I thought it was my duty to examine it, and I found it contained a picture and some writing. As he left tbe money to you, I suppose he would rather you had this than any one else," and the man produced a small leather receptacle, ahout the size of a watch, from his desk and handed it to me.

"Why did you not bury this with him?" I asked.

"Not according to our rules. All the possessions of strangers wbo die here have to he looked into, and are tben turned over to any ooe who has a claim to them."

I put the souvenir in my pocket, and waited until I reached my room before I examined it. Then, among the surroundings in which we had spent our last evening together, wben I had thougbt for the moment that I was about to learn the secret of his strange life, I opened the leather-hag and drew out its contents. On a small coocave disk of ivory was the miniature portrait of a woman, done witb Meissonnier-like fidelity and power. Such a queenly face! In its lines of matcbless beauty, in tbe profound depths of the eyes, and in the serene firmness of every feature, I saw that splendid inteosity wbicb speaks the soul whicb is great and yet a woman's. But tbere was something in the expression of the face which I felt was not for me, and, after one glance, I laid it softly and revereotly back in its place.

There was also a small scrap of paper folded twice, on whicb sometbing was written in Frencb in a bandwriting wbich I instantly knew must be that of the womao of tbe picture. "My beloved," said the screed, "wherever you may be destined to spend your life, let this memory be witb you always: that I love you as I love no otber man; that I am yours beart and soul, and can know no change. I love you; I love you forever."

A sudden impulse moved me, and without thought I obeyed it. A grate-fire of brigbt coals was open before me. I caugbt up tbe little leatber-bag, and, replacing the paper in it, tbrew my friend's secret treasure where tbe glow was hottest. The flames wrapped it rouod about, and it was presently asbes.

"Tbis, then," said I, to myself, "was the Diamond of Dorez."

Los Angeles, Marcb, 1889. Philip Firmin.

A sbort time ago it was annouoced hy cable tbat the Tientsin-Taku-Kaiping Railway, opened only last August, was to he at once extended to Tung Cbow, within fourteen miles of Peking, and this announcement was duly confirmed by the *Chinese Times* publisbed at Tieotsin, and by private advices, wbich went so far as to say that the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank bad arranged to furnisb the necessary money at six per cent. Advertisements were issued for rails and cross-ties, a commission was appointed to condemn and settle for the rigbt of way, and it was announced that the throne bad given its formal assent to the construction of tbe Tientsin-Tung Chow extension by the North China Railway Company, the charter for wbich, by the way, was drawn by an American. Tbis extension is on tbe direct route leading from Tientsin, the principal port of North Cbina, to Peking, tbe capital of the empire, over which there is an immense traffic by junk along the Peiho and the Grand Canal, and by carts, wheelharrows, and coolies along tbe highway. Every great official from the southern and central provinces, or from the country trihutary to the Yang-tse-Kiang, in visiting or returning from tbe capital, passes over this route. Hence a railroad on it could not fail to pay, but wbat is still more important is the fact tbat sucb a railroad, unlike the ooe connecting Tientsin and Taku witb the coal mines at Kaiping, and running as it does througb tbe desolate and tbinly settled country north and east of tbe Peiho, would be seen by tbe grandees as well as hy tbe merchants and under officials, and would therefore become known and popularized througbout the empire. When it is remembered besides that the section of railroad from Tientsin to Tung Cbow would also form a part of tbe great trunk-line from Peking to Cbin-Kiang on the Yangtse, its importance in foreign estimation will be readily understood. It is really the key to the future railroad system of China, and hence, all syndicates and railroad-builders wbo bave visited that country, bave bad their eyes upon it. Its construction, if allowed, would be the sure precursor of a genuine awakening of China. Tbe Cbinese officials of all classes know this as well as the foreigners, and none know it better than tbe censors, who constitute what is aptly known as the "all-controlling court." On Tuesday, January 29tb, a cahle message was sent to the London *Standard*, saying that tbe extension of the Tientsin Railway to Tung Cbow bad met with an unexpected obstacle, which, it was feared, would prove fatal to its progress, for tbe present at least. The great fire which bad destroyed a part of tbe imperial palace in Peking on the seventeenth of January, bad caused mucb disturbance in the minds of the old-fasbioned and superstitious classes, wbo are still strong in tbe capital. In consequence, the emperor and bis (adoptive) mother (tbe late empress-regent) had consulted the imperial astrologers, or "*Fung shuey* men," wbo, after mucb deliberation, had declared tbe fire to be an evil omen, intended as a warning against permitting the approach of tbe "Western invention" to the Sacred City; and it is said that tbe further extension of the railway bas been probibited by imperial decree.

An article in one of tbe German socialist organs, calls atteotion to tbe fact that if the anarchists have accomplished nothing else they have succeeded in so frightening the people that when an armory is erected nowadays it is no longer designed simply for a meeting-place for militia, but as a semifortress and a barracks well calculated to resist the violence of any mob. Some of tbe great structures in New York, Philadelpbia, Bostoo, aod Cbicago, which are teoanted by the crack militia regiments, show tbat the main idea of the designers was to provide adequate defense against an outside attack. Notbing of this sort existed in olden times. The majority of the armories before the war were over shops, or bad beeo altered from ordinary meeting-halls to suit the peaceful requirements of the regimeots.

An interesting experiment was recently made by a Dr. Durand in reference to the relative power of imagination of the two sexes. He gave to one hundred of his hospital patients a dose of sweetened water, and shortly afterward entered the room, apparently greatly agitated, saying he had by mistake administered a powerful emetic. In a few minutes four-fifths of tbe suhjects were affected by the supposed emetic, and were mainly men, while all of those not affected were women.

A New Jersey hird-dog went into a room wbere a parrot was at liberty, when be stopped and pointed. Tbe bird approacbed, looked the dog square in the eye, and said: "You are a rascal!" Tbe dog was so surprised at hearing a bird speak tbat he dropped bis tail, wheeled, and ran away, and from that day to this he has never heen known to point a hird.

BROADWAY IN CHAPTERS.

Mrs. Atherton chats about its Sights and Sight-Seers.

Broadway, from three to five in the afternoon, is interesting out improper. If a woman wishes to be dignified and exclusive, she avoids the great thoroughfare at that time; if she craves notoriety, if she desires to have "her face known in New York," she rarely fails to take her place in the giddy throng. It is a cheap and easy way of being known, and saves advertising and brain-work. All the actresses turn out, all the ladies of the second Four Hundred, all the pretty girls who have more good looks than position, and a few third-class authoresses, whose names shall not be mentioned. Added to this is a crowd of men, and it is a remarkable fact that the shoals of women are always going in one direction and the men in the opposite. In other words, the women turn out to meet the men as the latter walk up-town from business.

The actors, of course, simply go out to promenade and look at the women, and they always get enough eager and coquettisb glances to delight their souls. Kelsey walks up Broadway under a perfect fire, and Kyrle Bellew stalks along witb uplifted profile and dreamy gaze, and a half-dozen girls trotting at his heels. Maurice Barrymore is occasionally to be seen, and is sometimes accompanied by his wife. They make a striking couple—he dark, taciturn, and strong; she the ligbest, airiest blonde imaginable. Strangely enough, an actress is the only woman who can walk along Broadway at this hour and not be criticised for so doing. But actresses may rush in where angels fear to tread, and, considering the life they lead with the critics, they certainly deserve some compensation. When Mary Anderson was here, she was always to be seen on Broadway wrapped in a long coat, and with a Gainsborough hat spreading over her curls. Jane Hading used to send out an occasional long, brown glance, but received many more than she takes the trouble to notice. Mrs. Langtry is too aristocratic for Broadway, but may be seen on the Avenue in her carriage. Mrs. Potter rarely condescends to walk. It must not be supposed that a lady can *never* go on Broadway in tbe afternoon. If shopping or business takes her tbat way occasionally, and if there is nothing in her manner to indicate that she has gone there to be stared at, her reputation will not suffer. She must not become a habitué, that is all.

In San Francisco it is not considered good form to be seen on Kearny Street on Saturday afternoon. In New York, on the contrary, Saturday afternoon is the one out of the week upon which it is quite the thing to walk down Broadway. Matinées are much more fashionable in New York than they are in San Francisco, and the women naturally promenade a little after they are over, for a breath of fresh air. Moreover, Maillard's is on Broadway, and the women like to drop in and get an ice, or go further down, to Huyler's, and provide themselves with a Sunday box of candy.

Broadway, in the morning, is quite as interesting and not so crowded. The shops have such big, handsome mabogany and plate-glass doors, and the windows such a wealth of priceless novelties and magnificent dress-goods. At that time, there are always carriages drawn up at the sidewalks, and the Four Hundred women are shopping in their national uniform of cloth and complexion. New York is a big city, but one always meets some one they know on Broadway in the morning. The other day I met Miss Jeanne Sanderson, who looked remarkably well and was as stylish as Paris could make her. Her sister's début is now fixed for the fifth of April. One frequently sees Edgar Saltus on Broadway. It seems to be bis favorite morning walk. He always looks pessimistic and pouting, and his waxed mustache is as faithful to France as are his books.

It is no wonder that Broadway is a favorite walk, because it is the *lightest* street in New York. It has much of the gayety and brilliancy of Paris, and is a sure cure for an attack of the blues. And it is doubtful if any other street in the world has greater variety. Opposite Wall Street—where fortunes are changing, hopes are shattered, will-o'-the-wisps are dancing every hour of the day, and where excitement is in the very atmosphere—stands Old Trinity, with its historic church-yard and its famous chimes. It was built before the stock world had evolved into being, and when the streets about it were as quiet as its own little cemetery. It is a beautiful church, has a superb organ, and is open all day. Every afternoon service is held, and, strangely enough, these afternoon worshipers are drawn almost entirely from Wall Street. In the church-yard lies Charlotte Temple.

Higher up is Grace Church, which carries one to an English cathedral-town, with its hewn gray stone, weather-heaten and ivy-grown, and its gables and Gothic points.

Union and Madison Square (the "centre of the earth") break up the long lines of stores, but it is rare, indeed, to see a bit of green elsewhere. In one of the business blocks, however, is the Goelet mansion, a square, stone-house, a relic of old New York, and about it is a patch of lawn. The dry-goods shops are mostly on upper Broadway, but lower down are the great bookstores, the Scribner's, Dodd, Mead & Co., and opposite Union Square, Brentano's, the fashionable bookstore of the city, and the favorite haunting-grounds of the author. One rarely goes in there without seeing some celebrity in the literary world. On another side of Union Square are the *Century* rooms, now completely renovated, while above the Scribners are the magazine-rooms and those of the *Critic*.

But if one wants to get into a crush and see a lot of New York girls together, he goes to Huyler's. The feminine capacity for, and faithfulness to, soda-water, is one of the most remarkable things about this remarkable city. At all hours of the day do they drink it, hot, cold, plain, and syruped. And they always seem to be the same women, dressed in the same clothes, and standing in the same attitudes. There is a sort of weird fascination about them. They make me think of an antique bacchanalian frieze adapted hy a modest American painter, and I often drop in to see if they are really alive, or if the position of the cup has changed by a hair's breadth. It never has, and I never can be convinced that they are actual beings.

One great point of attraction on Broadway is a window, filled as high as the eye can reach with photographs of professional beauties. In the middle is a large picture of the Duchess of Leinster, whose superb poise of the head is fondly studied by all the ambitious New York girls. She is taken with a very pretty sister, and the two look as if they were having a wrestling match. Photographed down they also ornament a new cigarette brand. Such is fame! A few months ago, the New York *Ledger* published a story called "Lady Kildare" (the Duchess of Leinster's former title), and posters of the famous beauty were on every available fence in New York. To return to the window, Mrs. Langtry is there in décolleté and skin-fitting gowns, and of late, in full "Macbeth" costume. Mrs. Potter simpers from behind curtains and fans, and, like Mrs. Cleveland, looks aggressively American among so many strong English faces. Sarah Bernhardt is there, scowling from beneath the jeweled head-gear of Theodora, and is the handsomest woman of the lot, but taking the ugliest picture. The Countess of Dudley, cold and calm, the Princess of Wales, sweet and monotonous, stand unprotestingly by actresses whose faces are fairer than their names. No American beauties are there except those who have married Englishmen, and these do not make much of a showing beside their more beautiful sisters of England. At whatever hour you pass this store, there is always a crowd in front of the window.

Broadway, near Madison Square, is broad enough to justify its name, and is quite wide enough to be a dangerous crossing. But lower down and higher up it becomes very narrow, and in some places, near the Hoffman House, for instance, it is but a half-dozen steps across. The Hoffman House is a great favorite of Californians; it is gorgeous, sumptuous, lively, and—just a little fast. Lower down is the Fifth Avenue, a big, white-marble building, looking classic and attractive amid so much red brick and brown stone. It looks out on the green of Madison Square and the masses of lotus-lilies in the pond.

GERTRUDE FRANKLIN ATHERTON.

NEW YORK, March 11, 1889.

There comes to us from Wasbington the rumor that Patrick Egan, of Irish-Fenian-Land-League-and-Home-Rule notoriety, is being pushed for the Mexican ministry, and that President Harrison is entertaining the proposition favorably, as an offset to English influence in our sister republic. We hold our breath in fear lest this report may be true. When we remember the attitude which Mr. Blaine has assumed toward England and the Irish, and the price which Republican party leaders may have promised the Irish for their support during tbe campaign which resulted in General Harrison's election, we think it possible that a shameful bargain may have been made, which will clothe this most vulgar of Irish political adventurers with authority to misrepresent the United States in some diplomatic mission. If this work should be consummated, we shall bewail the resignation of General Harrison as President and the establishment in his place of Mr. Blaine as regent of the nation. We sincerely hope, for the honor of the administration, the good of the country, and the credit of the American people, that this unpleasant rumor may prove to be altogether without foundation.

It is claimed that two professors connected with the Pasteur Institute have discovered the generative microbe of diphtheria, and that a preventive of this disease, by means of vaccine virus, is expected to follow. Should this expectation be realized, the discovery and its successful application will certainly take rank among the most important triumphs in the realm of medical science. The prevalence of diphtheria, especially in the principal cities, and the very large proportion of fatal cases, is little dreamed of excepting by those who are giving special attention to the subject. In Brooklyn, N. Y., for instance, there were, in 1888, nine hundred and eighty-four deaths from diphtheria, which probably represented three thousand cases.

The New York *Graphic* says: "There is a growing sentiment in New York in favor of the establishment of a regularly appointed and salaried board of education, the members of which, being paid to perform certain work, will be possessed of a stimulus far exceeding that afforded by a position that is quoted as honorable because it is not remunerative. Our public-school system is becoming so vast that it is absolutely impossible for business-men, physicians, lawyers, or editors, who may be in the board of education, to devote that time and thought to details which are positively demanded. And if the details are not looked after, our children are the sufferers."

We are not apt to look to South America for evidence of the greatest progress in science or art, and yet it is said that the sewerage system which is now being constructed in Buenos Ayres is the most perfect in the world. Measures have been taken which will result in putting every house in the city in perfect sanitary condition within three years. Sanitarians will watch the result of this stupendous undertaking with great interest, and will be able to deduce from it many valuable practical lessons.

Australia has just made to a projected railroad a grant of sixteen million acres, or twenty thousand acres a mile. The grant to the Pacific railroads in this country amounted to about six thousand four hundred acres a mile.

More money is said to have been spent by the United States Government in the investigation of the diseases which affect swine than of those which affect the human species.

The evidence is accumulating that the microbe of malaria, which was described by Laverau, is the cause of intermittent fever.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Why, Norah, how dusty the chairs are!" "Yes, mim. There's nobody sat on thim this morning."—*Pick-Me-Up.*

Barber (shaving Farmer Oatcake)—"Bay-rum, sah?" *Uncle Abner*—"Naw; but I'll try a little Medford, if you've got it?"—*Life.*

Stranger (in the court-room)—"What time have you got, please?" *Prisoner* (at counsel's table)—"I can tell you better after the trial."—*Jeweler's Weekly.*

What doth it profit a man to get a modern society novel for twenty-five cents, if he has to buy an unabridged dictionary and an encyclopedia before he can understand it.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

Moses (the misfit-man)—"You vants der creases ironed out of dose drousers? Vy, dot vas all der style on Fift' Avenue!" *Upson Downes*—"May be; but it's a dead give-away on Seventh Avenue."—*Puck.*

Magistrate (to elderly witness)—"Your age, madam?" *Witness*—"Thirty." *Magistrate*—"Thirty what?" *Witness*—"Years." *Magistrate*—"Thanks. I thought it migbt be months."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Officer (two o'clock A. M.)—"Here, what are you doing in this doorway? You must move on!" *Nupop*—"Sh! I was only waiting for you. I'm going to rouse up this night drug-clerk, and I want protection."—*Puck.*

Dry-goods merchant—"You have called in response to our advertisement for a floor-walker? Well, sir, what are your qualifications for the position?" *Applicant*—"I am the father of three pairs of twins."—*Boston Courier.*

As they say their last "good-by," a clock strikes ten! eleven! twelve! *George*—"How the hours fly when you are at my side, dear!" *Daisy*—"Yes, George; but that's pa in the dining-room, setting the clock!"—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Customer (in book-store)—"Have you Victor Hugo's '93' in this paper-covered series?" *Clerk* (looking over the shelves)—"Yes, sir; we have No. 93, but it's not Victor Hugo's; it's one of Miss Gushington's novels."—*Life.*

Mrs. Lyon-Hunter—"How was it you didn't invite the baron to your house before he went away?" *Mrs. Frank*—"Because I was afraid my husband might be rude to him. You know he hates to have strangers ask him for money."—*Life.*

At Del's: *Old Soak*—"Waiter! bring me a napkin." *Garçon* (ears buzzing with forty orders)—"Oui, m'sieur; *au gratin* or *à la poulette?*" *Old Soak*—"Heavens! I never thought a man could get as drunk as *that*."—*Town Topics.*

Miseries of trade: *Druggist* (awakened at two o'clock A. M.)—"What do you wish?" *Voice* (at the door)—"If you'll let me look in your directory to see how to address this letter, I'll buy the postage-stamp of you."—*New York Weekly.*

"Well, Schulze, what became of the libel suit of the sheriff against your son?" "He had to pay five hundred marks fine." "You think that a great deal?" "You should have heard what he said about him! It was worth the money."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Anthony Comstock (in heated bath-room)—"Hello! Hello! I say, porter! Bring me a match. I can't see to fix my necktie." *Servant* (hastening to the door)—"Did the gas go out, sah?" *Anthony Comstock*—"No; I put it out. I've been taking a bath."—*Items.*

Bjenkins—"How are you getting on with your new type-writer, Bjones?" *Bjones*—"First rate, old man, thank you, first rate. Why, I've only been practicing a month now, and I can write a letter nearly half as fast on the machine as I can with a pen."—*Somerville Journal.*

"Now, sir, if you want a good photograph, put on a pleasant expression. Think of something agreeable. Think of your wife." *The victim* (severely, but without changing his pose)—"I have just been divorced, sir." "Ah, is that so? Well, then, think of the divorce."—*New York Truth.*

Young lady (to turnkey)—"Can I take these flowers into the prisoners, sir?" *Turnkey*—"Yes, mem; the thieves and pickpockets'll be glad to get 'em. They dotes on flowers. But there ain't no murderers in now, mem. The last one was pardoned out yesterday." *Young lady*—"Oh, I'm so sorry."—*Epoch.*

Mrs. Prairyavnoo—"Gwendolen, that young Mr. Wobbyshavnoo is too fresb and too presumptuous. We shall have to sit down on him. *Gwendolen* (sweetly)—"Let me alone for that, mamma. I'll attend to it the next time he comes." (Mamma looks suspiciously at daughter but says nothing).—*Chicago Tribune.*

Miss Penelope Peachblow—"Who is that?" *Mr. Jonathan Trump*—"Oh, that's Professor Digby, who knows everything. He's considered one of the most profound scholars in America." *Miss Penelope Peachblow*—"Well, why doesn't he have his hair cut?" *Mr. Jonathan Trump*—"He can't afford it."—*Life.*

Mother—"Well, did you get that situation as office-boy?" *Little son*—"Nope." "What was the matter?" "Don't know. The gent is a lawyer, and he asked me if I was a good whistler, and I told him I was the best whistler on our street, and he said I wouldn't do. Guess he must want a reg'lar professional."—*New York Weekly.*

Mrs. Ransom—"Wasn't that a mean article the *Bugle* published yesterday about Mr. Savage?" *Mrs. Savage*—"Yes, indeed; no foundation at all for it." *Mrs. Ransom*—"Mr. Savage told Mr. Ransom, last night, that he was going to see the editor about it. Has he been yet?" *Mrs. Savage*—"I guess so; I just received a note from John at the hospital."—*Judge.*

Mrs. Clammer (of Fond du Lac, Mich., who has been given a state room next the engine-room)—"Are you the hall-boy?" *Useful individual*—"No, ma'am. I'm the fourth hassistant steward, ma'am." *Mrs. Clammer*—"Well, Mr. Fourth Assistant Stewer, I wish you would tell the proprietor that my husban's got a turn, an' if them fellers in the next room don't stop their poundin' on the wall I shall ask for a room on another floor."—*Judge.*

Schoolmaster's wife—"If your sister comes to-morrow with her children, and remains with us a few days, we shall have to fry lots of pan cakes, and we have neither eggs nor butter in the house." *Schoolmaster*—"And we are short of money, besides. But patience; I have an idea (At school): Children, to-morrow I will tell you the beautiful story of Columbus, who discovered America; so each of you will have to bring an egg with you to school. If you don't happen to have any eggs in the house, a little butter will do."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

"Ah, yes," said the defaulter, on the Montreal train, "this is a hard hard world," and be lighted a fresh cigar; "a man gets knocked and buffeted about all the way through." "Is your lot especially hard just now?" queried the other. "Oh, yes. I've been an honest, hard-working man all my life! I've been cashier of that bank for thirty years, and in a moment of forgetfulness I find that I need five hundred thousand dollars, and I take it, and I am obliged to leave home, friends, and country, or I go to jail. Yes, it's hard, it's hard!" And her woman's heart bled for him.—*Life.*

Experience: "I say, old fellow," remarked W. PlantagenetGrip, he struggled with a strong cigar, "you're married, and have been through the mill. I want your advice. I'm going to propose to-night to the dearest girl in town, and I'll be hanged if I'm not afraid to do it. I'm apt to be shy and embarrassed at critical moments, and am liable to make a mess of the whole thing." "H'm!" was the thoughtful reply. "you're young and fairly good-looking." "Oh, yes; I'm young and perhaps as good-looking as the average." "And with lots of money?" "Yes, lots of it." "You're all right. Just begin any way, and the girl will make it easy for you."—*Life.*

VANITY FAIR.

When strangers visit New York they naturally think that hy king a walk in Fifth Avenue on Sunday afternoon they will e all the fashionable people out on parade. Now, the city s always heen peculiar in that regard. The only time on inday that you will find the swell New Yorkers on Fifth venue is hetween twelve and one o'clock, when the churches m out their congregations. Then you witness a procession elegant people which prohably can not he eclipsed in hrilncy and heauty by any other city in the world. At one clock the throng hegins to thin out, and hy two o'clock it is actically deserted. At three o'clock another crowd comes from down-town. From four to six the sidewalks are nmed with people; but these are all sight-seers. They e from the lower wards—factory-girls, clerks, immigrants, d visitors from a distance. They stare at each other, and nder if a hutcher sauntering by, or a Canal Street susnder-merchant, is one of the hloated hond-holders they have ard tell of. Another peculiarity of Sunday walking in New rk is that the "hest people" walk on Madison Avenue, hev Forty-Second Street, during the afternoon. The prettiest ls and the swellest fellows in town go sweeping along there hile the down-towners are up in Fifth Avenue waiting for em to come along. It requires a long residence io New rk to know just where to walk at certain hours so as to get e most value out of your citizenship. New Yorkers never in their windows to enjoy the entertainment furnished by procession of people and vehicles. It is an unspoken and written law that you shall keep out of sight, and shroud the erior of your houses by layer on layer of lace-curtains, entimes with as many as four different sets of them at each ndow. The only time a man is privileged to watch the omenaders is at his club, and there many of them do it th a vengeance. A woman never looks into the street from r house. You may walk down Fifth Avenue at any time of y, and under no circumstances, unless a military parade was progress, would you see any woman of the house other an the servants. The custom is logical in a way, because, sitting in windows, people hecome conspicuous, and the alged intention of "good form" is to remain screened from e vulgar scrutiny of tbe public.

The tendency in Paris seems to be setting even more ongly toward the classic revival in dress. Tbe Empire wns have heen constantly getting nearer to the models of ose worn hy Mme. Récamier and the ladies of the Napomic court. There has been some attempt to revive tbe aring of tbe Greek fillet and the turhan, sucb as one is miliar with in the pictures of Mme. de Staël, and now the orts have gone to the other end of tbe matter, from tbe ad to the feet, and the newest shoe is called a cotburne, a dification of tbe classic buskin or Greek sandal. These es are made of pink or any other colored satin, are ratber nted, and edged with a galloon of gold or silver. A piece galloon goes up the front of the foot and the back of tbe l, and two straps, one from the heel around the ankle, like old-fashioned baby-slipper, and another, higher up tbe leg, ten on to the front piece of the galloon. With these shoes, stockings to matcb the dress are worn, plain, embroidered, with lace let in as clocks. Some of the stockings are of etty, old-fashioned open work, such as were used in the e of our grandmothers. Black stockings are worn only th hlack cothurnes, but these are less popular than the lightlored ones.

Suppose you have made your fortune, or at least secured a mpetency. Eitber is a nice thing to have, and seeing that an needs no more tban he can rationally enjoy, a compecy is just as good as a fortune. Your money, we will say, s heen acquired by tbe labor of years, amid the noise and moil of commercial multitudes. You are sick of crowds d tumult, and desire elbow-room and rest. During one of ur business journeys you have been cbarmed, perchance, h the quiet, guileless aspect of some secluded village, of ich peace and contentment seemed to have taken an everting lease. It is embowered amid patriarchial trees, birds g all the summer long in tbe branches whicb shade its verdurous streets, and its wbite dwellings are apparently the ahode all the virtues. When passing througb it years ago, you athed a hope that you might one day set up your taberle there. You even thought there was something charming he rural hurying-ground, on the slope of tbe hill, and tbat, fter life's fitful fever," it would he a pleasant place in whicb sleep till the resurrection morn. Well, you have "made r pile," and think of removing your city-soiled household ls to the fresb and felicitous Eden aforesaid. Misguided n, do not do it! Paul Pry and all his family reside there. ere Mrs. Grundy reigns in all her glory. Paul and Mrs. have no more mercy upon the stranger wbo intrudes on ir domain, than an ogre would have upon succulent infancy. ou go there, you will thenceforward be under vigilant surlance, and Fouché himself could not have held a candle to amateur spies of an inquisitive village. Take with you tbe nest record of life and character which an honest citizen ld desire, still you shall not escape calumny. If there is flaw in your moral coat, Paul is the boy and Mrs. Grundy girl to pick one. They will make your business their iness. They have never heard of tbe standing reward red to individuals who attend exclusively to their own irs; or, if a rumor of such a perquisite has reacbed them, y prefer scandal to filthy lucre.

As sudden and unanticipated as was the advent of the Hadveil, so rapid is its disappearance. For a while every nan of sufficient means to huy a pocket-handkerchief inged herself in one of tbese enormities, and wore it witb a sistence and courage tbat could not but command respect. w they have vanisbed as their originator bas from off the of this continent. They have become vulgar, said one leader of fashion, and laying hers aside she set the example for all New York. In the place of the former great spread of lace appears a narrow veil, heavily dotted or entirely plain, reaching just helow the nose and tied neatly at the hack, and the one who dons the ruffled mask is a curiosity.

Society throughout America, in its very nature, precludes the idea of anything in the way of a successful salon. Those who compose it are all too young; they are maids, not matroos: hoys, not men; and they lack the experience and the knowledge of their language necessary to make their conversation both interesting and hrilliant. Moreover, society in New York is conspicuous for one thing—the utter dearth of general conversation, an accomplishment for which the French were and are noted. Society-stars may shine conversationally in a solitude *à deux*, hut in a tourney or joust at wit, open to all comers, they would be speechless, and the saloo hecome as silent as an asylum for the dumb. At a dinner in New York, the man whispers to the woman on his right for fifteen minutes, and then, with military precision, wheels and wbispers to the woman oo his left for fifteen minutes, and so on througb all that long parade of indigestihle messes. Nothing occurs to hreak the monotony of his pendulum wbisperings, as he swings from neighhor to neighhor, except the spasmodic loud laughter of the man at the other end of the tahle, who takes this means to create tbe impression that those within reach of his voice are having the best time. Neither are the meo of the present day especially fitted for the silly nonsense of an old-time salon. Imagine them heing the *amants inoffensifs* of their women friends in society, or *les honnêtes et galants hommes*, each one having by his devoted allegiance and the tacit consent of the one of his choice constituted himself her champion and her humhle servant. Modern men are willing to be to women, acquaintances, friends, lovers, and even husbands; but humhle servants, "only that and nothing more," does not appeal to them.

Washington society is still talking of the Valentine luncheon given by Mrs. N. L. Lincoln to Miss Bloodgood, of New York. When the last course was served, a knock was heard at the door, and a large, white-satin hag, with "U. S. Mail" embroidered on it in gilt letters, was handed to the bostess. Tbe bag was tied with a gilt-colored ribhon and locked with a gold padlock. When opened, it was found to contain a collection of beautifully painted valentines. Tbe envelopes were alternately in green and gold, with the name of tbe guest in gold, with an inscription in old-time lettering. The postmark was a circle of gold with a laughing Cupid's head peepiog out from it, wbile tbe face on the stamp was that of a pretty girl. On the flap of the envelope intended for tbe guest of honor were three small Cupids in different attitudes.

A correspondent of the *Art Age* writes: The Hôtel Drouot was one of my favorite lounging-places in Paris. I saw the wardrobe of Frederic Lemaitre sold tbere, and witnessed the ribald joking and heard tbe lazy bidding over tbe poor dead man's false teetb. I saw his night-sbirts on exhihition, and saw old women poke at the darning of his hose, witb never a thougbt that be who bad changed them for grave cerements only a few weeks before, bad once been a stage idol. By the French law, a deceased person's effects, that person dying intestate, must pass under the hammer, even to the least detail. Thus all the *choses intimes* of men's and women's wardrobes are continually on view, and madame's chemises and monsieur's drawers, and *vice versa*, flaunt vigorously in the eyes of grinning spectators. I saw once the sale, "Après dêces" of the effects of a famous cyprian of the time of Louis Philippe. The old woman bad died in the odor of sanctity and the arms of the church, but also in full possession of her ill-gotten wealth. Tbe attraction which drew me to tbis particular sale was tbe expected presence of the leading authors and journalists of Paris, to bid upon Faustina's famous library. I saw tbat library sold, and I heard read out hefore all the assembled crowd, complimentary dedications to Faustioa in tbe author's owo bandwriting upon the fly-leaves of scores of volumes. Faustina in ber prime was amhitious of being the Aspasia of the Periclean circles of 1848, and some of tbe most distinguished writers of France were not ashamed to laud that ambition in presentation copies of their own works. Among the huyers I saw a distinguisbed son of a distinguished father. Flatteriog dedications in the father's handwriting were read from more than one of the fly-leaves. But I noticed that the son did not bid for them. Perbaps be already had too many such at home.

Fashion has decreed that laced boots are the only things to walk in. Buttoned hoots become loose in a few days, and there is no way to remedy this defect, while a laced boot can always be made to fit snugly. Strong boots for walking have square toes tipped with patent leather and medium heels. For carriage and bouse wear, the toes are more pointed and the heels higher. Boots made of the same material as the gown are very *comme il faut*, so are also those made of gray and tan suède, with trimmings of patent leatber. Half-boots, or ties, as they are called, come in every imaginable color and are really heautiful. Women who join winter-parties to Tuxedo, Long Branch, or Lenox, often wear high hoots made of very flexible kid, which reacb from above the knee, buttoning at the side, thus comhining hoot and legging in one. They are jaunty-looking affairs, trimmed and tipped with patent leather, have cork soles and a water-proof lining, enabling the wearer to hrave snow-drifts with impunity.

Motley gave this sketch of English society, in a letter to his wife: "About eigbt o'clock P. M., I drive daily in a hansom along Piccadilly in a wbite choker, and the colossal and comical statue of the Duke of Wellington always seems to tower ahove Belgravia as tbe presiding genius of dinner-parties, marshaling his haton the way that so many thousands are to go to table. Then you go into a grave-looking mansion of nankeen-colored hrick, are received by a squad of respectable flunkeys, confide your name in a modest whisper to one of them so that he may roar it up the staircase to his colleagues on the landing. Then you go into a large salon with a score or so of gentlemen and ladies. Then, after the usual remarks concerning the heat of the weather and the odoriferousness of the Thames, the solemn procession goes down to the *salle à manger*. 'Slowly and sadly we sat us down,' and precisely the same dishes, in exactly the same order, are placed under our noses, exactly at the same moment. Then, after the normal lapse of an hour and a half, the usual struggle of crinolines takes place, and the ladies soar to the supernal regions. The male survivors pretend to he relieved, and to draw nearer and affect to talk politics, although nothing is ever said, and pretend to drink wine, although not a pint is consumed. Then, after the normal twenty minutes are past, the solemn question, 'A little more wine?' is propounded, and the procession, with funeral gravity, moves up-stairs—as if they had all met to pay the last homage to a deceased friend, and were glad to have accomplished the rite in a hecoming manner. After coffee, the party is sometimes strengthened hy a fresh infusion of new company from without, and the languid circulation is thus improved, and then you eclipse yourself when you like, or remain till twelve o'clock, draining the cup to the dregs."

The great hustle manufacturing industry of America is now getting its full share of protection and encouragement. The bustle policy of the new administration seems to he no halfway, halting affair. A manufacturing company in Marion, Iowa, advertises the fact that Mrs. Harrison wears a perfect poem in steel springs and cream satin, presented hy them to her, and for which they hold her receipt dated February 11th. A hustle architect in Shelhyville, Indiana, puhlishes a letter of acknowledgment and thanks from Mrs. Harrison's secretary. This second bustle is described as "of medium size, covered with fine white satin, and it is a work of art." A Connecticut artist announces that he has received from Mrs. Harrison "a most graceful acknowledgment" and letter of thanks for the most wonderful hustle ever constructed by human skill. It is of "hlue satin, trimmed with rich lace, and furnished with gold mountings, all of the metal parts whicb are exposed heing of gold."

Some time since, it was tbe fashion to wear long suède gloves, yellow or ligbt-brown. At the drawing-room of the period, tbe ladies of ligbt and leading were horrified when tbey were told that ber majesty objected to suède gloves, and would not have them worn at court. What was to be done? It is bigb treason to appear in the royal presence with hands ungloved. Why was not an intimation given of the last inconvenient regal whim? There was notbing for it hut to go home again, or heg, horrow, or steal wbite gloves from somewbere. Ladies in "full fig" do not carry purses. There was howling and gnashing of teeth. Footmen, in silk stockings, fluttered like gorgeous humming-birds from shop to sbop in the vicinity of Buckingham Palace. The ladies were seen struggling into gloves three sizes too large or one too small. The difficulty was got over, and when they sailed triumpbantly into tbe tbrone-room, rage surged over tbeir bearts. For there, behind the queen, stood tbe royal princesses, *all of them wearing suède gloves!* One or two patrician dames were so furious at the wanton insult, that they vowed they would go to court no more.

"American and English Girls" is the subject of an article in the *National Review*. The autbor, Mr. J. Acton Lomax, bas apparently made acquaintance witb the American part of his theme in this country and on the continent. The English girl, he tells us, is not allowed much liberty, even in her childhood. At a very early age she is relegated to the care of a staid governess. When tbere is no governess, the child is sent to scbool, at which she never sees any member of tbe other sex except an elderly professor. After she bas left school and has "come out," sbe is still under supervision. It is "mamma" wbo does everything, who accepts and refuses invitations, who keeps off tbe fascinating "detrimental," and who secures for her daughter an eligihle hushand, if, indeed, be is secured. This is certainly a very fair account of the life of an average Englisb girl up to twenty-five. With the bondage of this existence, the writer compares the liberty of the American girl. Governesses are hut little known in this country. The American girl always receives her education at school. She often receives it at the puhlic school. Tbe writer is quite correct in saying that in many parts of the country children of hotb sexes attend tbe same classes. Then Mr. Lomax thinks the education received by American girls is more thorougb and complete than that of English girls. He thinks, also, that it develops more highly the thinking qualities. When the American girl at length comes out, her liherty is almost complete. She is allowed to receive men alone, to walk, and even to drive with them, although at this latter poiot the more careful draw the line. It is admitted that the liberty of the American girl very rarely results in any harm to her. The writer suggests tbe possibility that the ordinary American may he "a man of higber principle than the Englishman, an admission," he adds, "we should most of us probably be loth to make, though Eoglishwomen will sometimes agree to it, when hard pressed, in arguing that sucb a reconstitution of society would not be possible in England." This has often heen suggested before. Thackeray thought it must be true. It is no doubt true that men are held to a more rigid account here than io England. But the writer is very discerning in wbat he has to say ahout the discrimination of the American girl. She sees men in situations which briog out their characters; ber knowledge of them is not limited to the few bours during wbich they are on their hest behavior. When the time comes, therefore, for her to choose, she is less likely to make a mistake. The English girl, on the other hand, is all besitation and timidity ahout men. Englishmen rather like these qualities in her, and it is hard for her to understand why they admire in the American girl qualities whicb they would condemn in her.

THE CITY OF SYDNEY.

Australian Notes by a Well-Known San Franciscan.

No other city in the world has arisen from such an ignoble beginning and attained such a lofty position as Sydney. On the eighteenth of last month, it was just one hundred and one years since six British convict-ships, carrying six bundred men and two bundred and fifty women—*all English*—cast anchor in Botany Bay. Captain Phillip, who was in command, and who was tbe first governor in these parts, not finding Botany Bay a suitable place in which to establisb bis interesting colonists, removed them to Port Jackson, now Sydney harbor, and at the head of what is now Circular Quay, but was then called Sydney Cove, tbe first settlement was established. From tbat beginning has sprung a migbty city of nearly four hundred thousand inhabitants, fronting upon one of the most beautiful harbors in the world. In any direction one takes upon these waters, he will find a continuous succession of surprises, all delightful to the senses, and each rivaling or surpassing tbe preceding one in loveliness. The harbor, though of ample proportions, is more like the Hudson River in some of its windings than a great bay. The many points of land jutting into the water are covered with beautiful dwellings; the gardens slope down to the water's edge, which is usually marked by a stone structure or wall, thus giving these places a very substantial and finished appearance. Many of the houses are of great arcbitectural pretensions, having lofty castellated towers, which overlook the bay, and, in some instances, the ocean outside the heads. These heads, wbich form the entrance to the harbor, are about a mile apart—tbe same width as the Golden Gate—and in shape resemble the figure of a gigantic pair of boots, laid down with the soles toward tbe Pacific and the toes turned toward each other, but a mile apart, thus forming the entrance to this harbor. Visitors can go by eitber land or water conveyances to tbe heads; but the north side, called Manly, is the most popular resort. Here are some good hotels and many beautiful residences, and, as the width of the land at this point does not exceed balf a mile to a mile, tbe dwellers bere can always enjoy the pure air of beaven coming eitber from tbe ocean or the bay. And high up upon tbis neck of land stands a fine building—tbe St. Patrick's Seminary—upon as noble a site as could be found anywhere in the whole world. It is four stories, witb a lofty tower on the front centre, and built of white-carved sandstone, which resembles marble in the distance. It was, I understand, projected and carried out by Cardinal Moran, and only a montb ago it was finisbed and dedicated to the service of God. Botany Bay, so named, as your readers are aware, by Sir Joseph Banks, the naturalist, who accompanied Captain Cook on his voyage of discovery and exploration in tbese waters about ten years before the convict contingent was sent forth from the mother country, is now reached by steam-trams—very much resembling tbose of twenty-five years ago upon Market Street—from tbe very heart of Sydney, in about forty minutes. The place, as its name imports, is said to possess extraordinary botanical treasures, but tbe uses to wbich it was subsequently degraded have dissipated all the charm of the name, and it is now, and for generations bas been, associated in the minds of all people with sorrow and suffering. I saw out tbere, a few days ago, two signs in close proximity to each other, which were suggestive. One read, "The Sir Joseph Banks Hotel" and the other was "The Beaconsfield Butcbery." Such is fame! Upon tbe opposite side of the bay—which is narrow—from where I stood, was visible a monument, which marks the place wbere Captain Cook first landed. Oddly enough, I have been on the spot where he was killed, upon tbe island of Hawaii. There, also, is a monument, wbich stands for bis tomb, and of which it may be said that "He has made bis everlasting mansion by tbe beacbed verge of the salt flood." Upon tbis side of tbe entrance to Botany Bay stands tbe monument to the unfortunate De la Perouse, who entered here a few days after the landing of Governor Phillip and his convicts, but who was never heard of again after bis departure bence. The names of the streets of this city clearly indicate its Englisb origin. The principal one is named "George," doubtless for George the Third, who, about the time tbis place was receiving some of bis subjects in chains, was endeavoring to chain the American Eagle and clip his wings, but fortunately for mankind he did not succeed. And over tbere is Castlereagb Street. Byron wrote of him, "He cut his throat, who cut his country's long ago." And Pitt, tbe minister of the aforesaid George—and of whom the same poet wrote:

> "Beneath this cold slab he
> Who lied in the chapel now lies in the abbey"—

Is honored in like manner. The "liberator" must have had an admirer here—possibly a former client—for yonder is "O'Connell" Street. Some of the largest fortunes here are in the hands of descendants of Governor Phillip's early subjects. Many of them have won distinction at the bar, on tbe bench, and in other of the higher walks of life. With wealth and education came also ambition and a desire for distinction, social and political, and the home government, wisely forgetting or ignoring the remote past, has conferred titles upon some of the descendants of those of whom one of their own number wrote and published in this colony the following lines:

> "True patriots we, for be it understood,
> We left our country for our country's good."

The most distinguished man produced by these colonies was the son of convict parents, and married the daughter of a convict. This gentleman, now dead, took the first honors at the bar and in the senate, and was created a "privy councilor" by the present Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, an honor never before or since conferred upon any other Australian. Were Dickens alive and here, what a book he could write about this city and its inhabitants, past and present, for he who saw everything with the eye of genius would repeople Sydney Cove, which is within a stone's throw of where I am now sitting, with the shades of the departed, and would "hold high converse with the mighty dead," and make them speak to us of tbose long voyages hither, under bolt and bar, and of the subsequent ball and chain, wbicb so distorted the gait of the poor wretches that even now you hear it said: "You can tell them by the way they drag the right leg." And be it remembered that many of these poor creatures were sent here for the most trivial offenses, for killing a hare or a partridge upon tbe domain of some great man, or, when pincbed by hunger, for plucking up and eating a raw turnip grown upon the land of another. When Jean Valjean, who broke a window in a baker's shop, and took therefrom a loaf of bread, was asked by the judge who tried him what he had to say for himself, he made six rising motions of the hand, indicating that there were six hungry children, and for this "crime" he was sent to tbe galleys for fourteen years. And for similar so-called crimes many persons were sent out here, in the latter part of the last and the early part of the present century. But it can not be denied tbat some of the most bardened and desperate criminals of Great Britain were sent here also, and remembering these things, one is astonisbed at the intense pride of tbe colonists. Lincoln's favorite hymn, "Oh, why should tbe spirit of mortal be proud," is not popular here, and I doubt wbether it is ever sung with contrite heart by those lordly squatters who own all the best land, and who live in those mansions witb castellated towers upon the surrounding hills, overlooking such fairy-like scenes of blended water and land. No, humility is not a prevailing virtue here, and no one below the rank of an earl will suit tbem for a governor.

Sydney, February 6, 1889. F. McC.

OLD FAVORITES.

Pan in Wall Street.
A. D., 1867.

Just where the Treasury's marble front
Looks over Wall Street's mingled nations;
Where Jews and Gentiles most are wont
To throng for trade and last quotations;
Where, hour by hour, the rates of gold
Outrival, in the ears of people,
The quarter-chimes, serenely tolled
From Trinity's undaunted steeple—

Even there I heard a strange, wild strain
Sound high above the modern clamor,
Above the cries of greed and gain,
The kerb-stone war, the auction's hammer;
And swift, on Music's misty ways,
It led, from all this strife for millions,
To ancient, sweet-do-nothing days
Among the kirtle-robed Sicilians.

And as it stilled the multitude,
And yet more joyous rose, and shriller,
I saw the minstrel, where he stood
At ease against a Doric pillar:
One hand a droning organ played,
The other held a Pan's-pipe (fashioned
Like those of old) to lips that made
The reeds give out that strain impassioned.

'Twas Pan himself had wandered here
A-strolling through this sordid city,
And piping to the civic ear
The prelude of some pastoral ditty!
The demigod had crossed the seas—
From haunts of shepherd, nymph, and satyr,
And Syracusan times—to these
Far shores and twenty centuries later.

A ragged cap was on his head;
But—hidden thus—there was no doubting
That, all with crispy locks o'erspread,
His gnarled horns were somewhere sprouting;
His club-feet, cased in rusty shoes,
Were crossed, as on some frieze you see them,
And trousers, patched of divers hues,
Concealed his crooked shanks beneath them.

He filled the quivering reeds with sound,
And o'er his mouth their changes shifted,
And with his goat's-eyes looked around
Where'er the passing current drifted;
And soon, as on Trinacrian hills
The nymphs and herdsmen ran to hear him,
Even now the tradesmen from their tills,
With clerks and porters, crowded near him.

The bulls and bears together drew
From Jauncey Court and New Street Alley,
As erst, if pastorals be true,
Came beasts from every wooded valley;
The random passers stayed to list—
A boxer Ægon, rough and merry,
A Broadway Daphnis, on his tryst
With Nais at the Brooklyn Ferry.

A one-eyed Cyclops halted long
In tattered cloak of army pattern,
And Galatea joined the throng—
A blowsy, apple-vending slattern;
While old Silenus staggered out
From some new-fangled lunch-house handy,
And bade the piper, with a shout,
To strike up Yankee Doodle Dandy!

A news-boy and a peanut-girl
Like little Fauns began to caper:
His hair was all in tangled curl,
Her tawny legs were bare and taper;
And still the gathering larger grew,
And gave its pence and crowded nigher,
While aye the shepherd-minstrel blew
His pipe, and struck the gamut higher.

Oh, heart of Nature, beating still
With throbs her vernal passion taught her—
Even here, as on the vine-clad hill,
Or by the Arethusan water!
New forms may fold the speech, new lands
Arise within these ocean-portals,
But Music waves eternal wands—
Enchantress of the souls of mortals!

So thought I—but among us trod
A man in blue, with legal baton,
And scoffed the vagrant demigod,
And pushed him from the step I sat on.
Doubting I mused upon the cry,
"Great Pan is dead!"—and all the people
Went on their ways—and clear and high
The quarter sounded from the steeple.

—*Edmund Clarence Stedman.*

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Russell Harrison's friends in Helena, Mont., declare that he will be "pitching into the old man" (his father), through his newspaper there, before the administration is six months old.

The Empress of Austria carries a traveling basket fitted up so that she is able to make soup on the cars. It has silver sauce-pans with gold handles, and the empress declares that she can make in it better broth than any *chef* can concoct.

Mr. Bayard was presented with a handsome match-box by the employees of the State Department before he resigned his portfolio. It is just about large enough to hold the remnant of his reputation as a diplomat and statesman.—*New York World (Dem.)*

Mme. Patti, while in Paris recently, formally adopted as her own child the only daughter of her husband by his divorced wife, whose death occurred on January 29th. This girl, who is about sixteen years of age, is said to be possessed of rare beauty. She is now installed in the diva's castle in Wales, where her two brothers, lieutenants in the French Army, have been occasional visitors before and after their mother's divorce from Nicolini.

A huge and once noted painting, called "Christ Rejected," and which represented Christ before Pilate, has been unearthed at Indianapolis among the effects of a man named Taylor, who was once associated with P. T. Barnum. It was painted in 1828, by William Dunlap, an American artist and playwright, and created quite a sensation while being shown about the country, in much the same way that Munkacsy's pictures have been in the present day.

Isaac Murphy, who has for several years ridden more winning horses than any other jockey, receives ten thousand dollars a year from his employer, "Lucky" Baldwin, and makes about six thousand dollars more by riding outside mounts. He does not drink, swear, lie, or bet, and is said to have better control of his horse than any other rider. He is worth about fifty thousand dollars, and owns a small farm near Lexington, Ky., where he lives with his family when the racing season is over.

The bazaar in the old palace at Berlin, over which Prince Bismarck annually presides, has just been held, and the chancellor has not disappointed the ladies, who hoped that he would grace the occasion by his presence. For a whole hour he remained every afternoon while the bazaar was open, delighting everybody by his gallantry and suavity. Next to Prince Bismarck, his tiny granddaughter, age three, was the *persona grata* of the bazaar, and a golden harvest was poured into the lap of the graceful little flower-girl.

Isaiah V. Williamson, the Philadelphia bachelor who gave away millions in charity, was remarkably economical in his personal habits. He would walk long distances to save street-car fare, and carried an old gingham umbrella for fifteen years. He was a tobacco-chewer all his life, using the cheap plug. He kept the tobacco in envelopes, and while biting off a chew would hold the second envelope open to catch any drihs that might fall from his mouth, his hand being shaky and unsteady. Mr. Williamson never permitted his tobacco-bill to exceed five cents a week.

The four stalwart Princes of Sweden are wonderfully united among themselves and touchingly devoted to their mother. Even the marriage of Prince Oscar with Mlle. Munch did not ruffle the domestic atmosphere. Queen Sophie, although a strict observer of etiquette, placed no obstacles in the way of the young couple as soon as she was assured of the profound and serious love of her son for her maid of honor; and, having consented to the marriage, she accepted and treated the young girl as a daughter. Prince Charles, knowing how charitable and generous she is, found no more suitable Christmas gift for her last year than a hospital room and two beds.

The latest achievement of the queen, according to the flattering court gossip, has been to acquire a marvelous fluency in the Hindostani language, in which she is now pictured as conversing freely with her turbaned Indian servants, of whom she makes much. "I am inclined to doubt this report of the queen's linguistic ability," writes the London correspondent of the Pittsburgh *Dispatch*; "I have watched the progress of several American and other women of grandmotherly age, trying to learn French in Paris, or German in Berlin, and my sincere conviction is that the queen would find it very difficult to talk Hindostani to her servants, if they did not know exactly what she wanted to say."

Colonel J. T. North, who is known as "the Nitrate King," or "South American Monte Cristo," is dazzling London by the magnificence of his entertaining, the cost of a fancy-dress ball which he recently gave being estimated at seventy-five thousand dollars. And yet the colonel (his title is new, and was acquired through becoming the head of a volunteer regiment), was thirty years ago a workman in an agricultural implement factory at Leeds. He was sent to South America to put up machinery for his employers, obtained control of vast nitrate beds by government concession, and made his millions. He now lives at a beautiful country place in Kent, England, and is at the head of many money-making ventures.

The death of Alexander Cabanel has created a vacancy in the Institute, and speculation is rife as to his possible successor. Henner and Jules Lefèbvre are generally named, with the chances in favor of the latter, who has become a diligent portrait-painter, and is the favorite of Americans in Paris. One of the most widely known paintings of Cabanel is his portrait of Napoleon the Third, done in 1865. The emperor stands in this picture, slightly bowed forward, arrayed in knee-breeches and a dress-coat, with the grand cordon of the Légion d'Honneur across his breast. The attentive pose of the figure, strongly resembling that of a well-trained footman, caused it to be generally known in Paris under the name of "Monsieur a sonné?" which might be Englished into "Did you ring, sir?"

Mrs. James K. Polk, in some chatty reminiscences of her husband's inauguration, has this to say concerning a newspaper statement that at General Jackson's inaugural ball the ladies wore calico dresses without any flowers: "Now that is an absurdity. It is quite too ridiculous for anything. The ladies of that date dressed as richly and becomingly as the ladies of the present generation. At my own last reception at the White House, I wore a gorgeous pink satin from Paris, with point d'Alençon lace, and it was this dress my great-grandniece wore at a reception in the neighborhood last week, and without the slightest alteration. I have given her several of those beautiful Paris robes which served me at the White House, one of which I wore at the inaugural ball, an elegant white-brocaded silk, which was presented to me by Commodore Kearney, of the navy. And I have seen it stated that I was dressed, on that occasion, in a black dress with a black cloak. The idea is too ridiculous for anything."

Londoners are eagerly looking forward to a divorce case which promises to be spicy—that of the notorious Marquis of Aylesbury. The vagaries of that noble youth have long since been public property, and his existence is not pleasing to the caste of Vere de Vere. He never was in "society," for, at an early stage, when he was Lord Savernake, he preferred the company of bar-maids and stable-boys to that of his own class, and it must have been indeed bitter to him when he was warned off the course of Newmarket, and thus deprived of the companionship of his chosen cronies, by express order of the jockey club. He took to himself, for better or worse, a lady known as "Dolly," who was generally supposed to have matriculated behind a public-house bar, and every one agreed that whatever her antecedents might have been, she was far the more respectable of the two. The charitable declare that the young man is not quite responsible for his actions. His father was very queer, and it is a pity that relations did not intervene and turn on the screw of coercion. His escapades were those of one who has a large bee buzzing in his bonnet. Traveling abroad, it was his delight to drive his four horses into a quiet village market-place at a gallop, to the terror of the children and old apple-women. On the top of his coach was a full-sized coffin, a most charming and useful receptacle (he was wont to say) for the icing of champagne. At one time he used to drive about the fashionable quarter of London on a costermonger's barrow, drawn by the traditional donkey, the said barrow picked out in the family colors, and emblazoned with a coronet.

HOW PIGOTT CONFESSED.

George Augustus Sala's Vivid Picture of that Dramatic Scene.

I was at my rooms in Victoria Street, Westminster, last Saturday, between one and two o'clock P. M., when a knock came at my study-door, and I was handed a letter which had been brought in hot haste by a servant, who was instructed to wait for an answer. The missive was of the briefest possible kind, and was from my old friend and near neighbor, Mr. Henry Labouchère, M. P., whose house is at 24 Grosvenor Gardens, within pistol-shot of mine; and the note ran thus: "Can you leave everything and come here at once? Most important business.—H. L." I told the servant that I would be in Grosvenor Gardens within a quarter of an hour, and ere that time had expired, I was ushered into a large library on the ground floor, where I found the senior member for Northampton smoking his sempiternal cigarette, but with an unusual and curious expression of animation in his normally impassible countenance.

He was not alone. Ensconced in a roomy fauteuil a few paces from Mr. Labouchère's writing-table, there was a somewhat burly individual of middle stature and of more than middle age. He looked full sixty, although I have been given to understand that his age does not exceed fifty-five; but his elderly aspect was enhanced by his baldness, which revealed a very large amount of oval *os frontis* fringed by gray locks. The individual had an eye-glass screwed into one eye, and he was using this optical aid most assiduously, for he was poring over a copy of that morning's issue of the *Times*, going right down one column and apparently up it again; then taking column after column in succession; then harking back as though he had omitted some choice paragraph; and then resuming the sequence of his lecture, ever and anon tapping that bovoid frontal bone of his, as though to evoke memories of the past, with a little silver pencil-case. When he was not tapping his cranium with the pencil-case, he put it between his lips as though he were chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies, and then he would twiddle the case between his fingers. I noted the shambling carriage of his head, and the occasional twitching first of one foot and then of the other; I noted his somewhat shabby-genteel attire; and in particular I observed that the hand which held the copy of the *Times* never ceased to shake. I took careful stock of all these peculiarities, since they enabled me to recognize the individual as corresponding precisely with what I had read about him, and with a sketch which I had seen of his features in some evening paper.

Thus, when Mr. Labouchère, in his most courteous manner and his blandest tone, said, "Allow me to introduce you to a gentleman of whom you must have heard a great deal, Mr. ——." I replied, "There is not the slightest necessity for naming him. I know him well enough. That's Mr. Pigott."

The individual in the capacious fauteuil wriggled from behind the *Times* an uneasy acknowledgment of my recognition; but, if anything could be conducive to putting completely at his ease a gentleman who, from some cause or another, was troubled in his mind, it would have been the dulcet voice in which Mr. Labouchère continued:

"The fact is that Mr. Pigott has come here, quite unsolicited, to make a full confession. I told him that I would listen to nothing that he had to say, save in the presence of witness, and, remembering that you lived close by, I thought that you would not mind coming here and listening to what Mr. Pigott has to confess, which will be taken down, word by word, from his dictation, in writing."

It has been my lot, during a long and diversified career, to have to listen to a large number of very queer statements from very queer people; and, by dint of experience, you each at last a stage of stoicism when little, if anything, that is imparted to you excites surprise. Thus, if Mr. Labouchère had told me that Mr. Pigott proposed to avow that he had discovered the philosopher's stone or found a four-leaved shamrock, that he had formulated a Universal Theorem, or that he was the murderer of Eliza Grimwood, I should have been fully prepared to hear what he had got to say, without indulging in any unseemly exhibitions of astonishment.

It was one thing, however, to be told that Mr. Pigott intended to confess and quite another to get the confession from his lips. As in the case of the gentleman at Tyburn, who "oft fitted the halter, oft traversed the cart, and often took leave but seemed loth to depart," so it did appear that Mr. Pigott, although he had screwed his courage to the sticking-place of saying that he was going to confess, manifested considerable tardiness in orally "owning up." Conscience, we were justified in assuming, had "gnawed" to an extent sufficient to make him willing to relieve his soul from a dreadful burden; but conscience, to all seeming, had to gnaw a little longer and a little more sharply ere he absolutely gave tongue. So we let him be for about ten minutes. Mr. Labouchère kindled another cigarette. I lighted a cigar, and—to excuse the vulgarity of the phrase—continued to take stock of the man in the easy-chair, still poring over the *Times*, still dipping, from time to time, his forehead with the pencil-case, and still wriggling first one foot and then the other.

At length he stood up and came forward into the light by the side of Mr. Labouchère's writing-table. It was very rude, of course, to stare at him; but I did stare, and that persistently. He did not change color, he did not blench; but when, at length—out of the fullness of his heart, no doubt—his mouth spake, it was in a low, half-musing tone, more at first as though he were talking to himself than to any auditors. By degrees, however, his voice rose, his diction became more fluent, it was rarely necessary to halt, to reconstruct a phrase; and the confession, which subsequently found its way into the possession of Mr. George Lewis, and a copy of which has, no doubt, been produced before the special commission, was from beginning to end, literally and verbally, the composition, as well as the utterance, of Mr. Richard Pigott. It is only necessary that in this place I should say in substance that Pigott confessed that he had forged the letters alleged to have been written by Mr. Parnell; and he minutely described the manner in which he, and he alone, executed the forgeries in question. It was to my mind as frank, free, and full a confession as that of the notorious George Frederick Manning, who, after repeatedly denying that he had had anything to do with the murder of Patrick O'Connor, at length, in quite an effusive outburst of confidence, remarked: "I never liked him, so I finished him off with a ripping chisel."

Whether the man with the bald head and the eye-glass, in the library at Grosvenor Gardens, was telling the truth or uttering another batch of infernal lies, it is not for me to determine. Time will eventually show, or the lawyers will find out, whether his statement, made to us last Saturday, was veracious or mendacious; but to my mind, he seemed to be confessing facts, and nothing but facts. No pressure was put upon him; no leading questions were asked him; and he went on quietly and continuously to the end of a story which I should have thought amazing had I not had occasion to hear many more tales even more astounding.

As a rule, when a witness of a certain class is telling lies he breathes hard, and you may have observed that he is very apt to break out in perspiration and to mop his forehead with a pocket-handkerchief squeezed into a spheroid shape. If he has a hat in his hand, it is pretty sure that he will finger the brim, or smooth the crown, or caress the band while he is lying; and, of course, I do not ignore the existence of the barefaced liar, who has learned his lesson, who knows it thoroughly, and who pours out his falsehoods with brazen resonance. Richard Pigott's manner did not in any way resemble that of the ordinary false witness. He was not voluble, but he was collected, clear, and coherent; nor, although he repeatedly confessed to forgery, fraud, deception, and misrepresentation, did he seem overcome with anything approaching active shame. His little peccadilloes were plainly owned, but he appeared to treat them more as incidental weaknesses than as extraordinary acts of wickedness.

When he had come to the end of his statement, Mr. Labouchère left the library for a few minutes to obtain a little refreshment. It was a great relief to me that Pigott did not confess anything to me when we were left together. There came over me a vague dread that he might confess his complicity with the Rye House Plot, or that he would admit that he had been the executioner of King Charles the First. The situation was rather embarrassing; the time might have been tided over by whistling, but unfortunately I had never learned to whistle. It would have been rude to read a book; and, besides, to do so would have necessitated my taking my eyes off Mr. Pigott, and I never took them off him.

We did get into conversation, but our talk was curt and trite. He remarked, first taking up that so-often-conned *Times*, that the London papers were inconveniently large. This being a self-evident proposition, met with no response from me; but on his proceeding to say, in quite a friendly manner, that I must have found the afternoon's interview rather stupid work, I replied that, on the contrary, so far as I was concerned, I had found it equally amusing and instructive.

Then, the frugal Mr. Labouchère coming back with his mouthful, we went to business again. The whole of Pigott's confession, beginning with the declaration that he had made it uninvited and without pecuniary consideration, was read over to him, line by line and word by word. He made no correction or alteration whatsoever. The confession covered several sheets of paper, and to each sheet he affixed his initials. Finally, at the bottom of the completed document, he signed his name, beneath which I wrote my name as a witness.

My memory is as yet, I hope, unimpaired, and I think that I could repeat at call this remarkable confession from beginning to end; and, recalling its substance and its particulars now, it seems to me to bear the impress of truth, if it be read with the postulate that the man who made the confession was a thorough-paced and unscrupulous rascal, hopelessly needy, and who, vexed by the perpetual want of pence, became incited to that which was, to him, the easy resource of forgery and perjury, in order to fill his depleniished purse.

When he had signed his confession, he bade us farewell, remarking that he had suffered much, especially from nervousness, during his examination before the special commission, and that his appearance there had been the first that he had ever made in a witness-box. Whether he will eventually make another appearance in another box, the ledge of which will be garnished with spikes, I do not know. As a matter of courtesy, however, as he cautiously crept from the library, I wished him "well out of it," an inspiration which was cordially echoed by Mr. Labouchère.

He and I exchanged but very few words after this remarkable confessor had relieved us of his presence. Richard Pigott came to Grosvenor Gardens unsolicited, and where he will next turn up is uncertain.

LONDON, February 26, 1889.

The latest estimate places the United States Senate at a valuation of one hundred and thirty-nine million dollars. According to this calculation there will be, including Vice-President Morton, nineteen millionaires in the American House of Lords. Only fourteen years ago there were but nine.

A strong fire-proof room has been constructed outside of Hawarden Castle, and in this will eventually be deposited an enormous mass of correspondence extending over the whole of Mr. Gladstone's public life, and consisting of upwards of sixty thousand letters.

A pony is daily being sent up in a balloon and being let down by a parachute, *à la* Baldwin, in London, and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is being agitated by anxiety to know whether the pony is scared or not.

Mme. Tussaud's museum in London has just been sold to a joint stock company for five hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars. Four hundred thousand people visited it last year.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A story is told of a Mr. Norton, which records one of the youthful Disraeli's caustic strokes. Disraeli was dining at Norton's house. The host praised a particular wine on the table, to which Disraeli agreed. "Well," said Norton, "I have wine twenty times as good in my cellar." "No doubt," said Dizzy, looking round the table; "but, my dear fellow, this is quite good enough for such *canaille* as you have got to-day." Everybody saw the point of this but Mr. Norton.

One of Napoleon's veterans, who survived his master many years, was wont to recount, with great glee, how he had once picked up the emperor's cocked hat at a review, when the latter, not noticing that he was a private, said, carelessly: "Thank you, captain." "In what regiment, sire?" instantly asked the ready-witted soldier. Napoleon, perceiving his mistake, answered, with a smile: "In my Guard, for I see you know how to be prompt." The newly made officer received his commission next morning.

One Mr. Holmes, hurrying along the road to catch a train, hailed Farmer Jones, who passed him in a gig, whereupon Mr. Holmes asked for a ride. Farmer Jones consented, and all went well for a short time; but the horse was frisky, and after shying at several objects in the road, at last set off on a mad gallop, to the terror of Mr. Holmes, who was nervous and delicate, and rather afraid of horses. "I say, Jones," he said at last, "I'd give ten dollars to be out of this." "Hold your tongue, man!" replied Jones; "you'll be out for nothing in less than a minute." And so he was.

When Charles Dudley Warner (says the *Book Buyer*) was the editor of the Hartford *Press*, back in the "sixties," arousing the patriotism of the State with his vigorous appeals, one of the type-setters came in from the composing-room, and, planting himself before the editor, said: "Well, Mr. Warner, I've decided to enlist in the army." With mingled sensations of pride and responsibility, Mr. Warner replied, encouragingly, that he was glad to see the man felt the call of duty. "Oh, it isn't that," said the truthful compositor, "but I'd rather he shot than try to set any more of your blanked copy."

A young diplomat was at a court ball in Russia not long before the death of Nicholas. The young man was dancing, and, it seems, danced badly. Now, Nicholas liked to have things done smartly at his balls, and, walking up to the young man, he said: "When one does not know how to dance, one does not dance at all." It was a most unusual thing for the great autocrat to address a remark to anybody, and Russian society, crowding about the young man, asked what the Czar had said. The young diplomat had the wit to reply: "His majesty's most gracious words being intended for myself alone, I do not feel at liberty to repeat them." On the strength of this, he had great success in St. Petersburg.

The overture to Spontini's "La Vestale" was being rehearsed. Suddenly, with a violent blow on the desk, Berlioz stopped the band. "The two clarionets are not in tune together!" he cried out. The two clarionetists, stupefied, simply stared. Like a lion he jumped down and ran at the terrified musicians. "Give me the A!" he yelled. One did so, then the other; but when the second A came out—"Oh, le brigand! Oh, le malfaiteur! Oh, le criminel! You sit upon your ears, then! What? You are at least a sixteenth of a tone apart, and you can stand it; and you still play on!" The appalled clarionetists were ready to sink through the floor in terror and amazement at the man who could detect the difference of a sixteenth of a tone amid the buzz of one hundred instruments.

Thaddeus Stevens was one of the most remarkable men of his time, or of any time. During his long career in the House of Representatives, he was the acknowledged leader of his party, and no one ever thought of disputing his primacy. For quickness of wit and sarcasm, he had no equal, and any one who locked horns with him in debate was quite certain to come off second best. It is related of Mr. Stevens that, when a young man practicing law in Pennsylvania, he was trying a cause before a judge who was disposed to rule on every question against him. Mr. Stevens bore this for some time, and then, bastily gathering up his books and papers, started for the door. The judge, somewhat surprised at this, hailed him and asked if he meant, by leaving in that manner, to show contempt of court? "No," replied Mr. Stevens, "I am leaving in order that I may not show my contempt."

It was the custom at a certain theatre before the act-drop rose upon the last act, each evening for the "heavy lead" to step in front and announce the programme for the following evenings. One night the "heavy lead" was very hoarse, and he delegated this function to the low comedian, who was an Irishman, with a tremendous brogue. He stepped before the act-drop and began: "Ladies an' jintlemen: Tomorrow avenin' will be perfarmed the celebrated drhama of 'Oteller,' follered by a farce. On Tursday avenin' will be perduced the thrillin' drhama av 'The Floatin' Baycon, or the Wrecker's Doom,' and——" Here a hoarse voice from the wings was heard: "'The Floatin' Beacon,' Murphy, 'Beacon'!" "'The Floating Baycon,'" repeated Murphy, "'or the Wreck——'" "Beacon," was thundered from the O. P. side. "'The Floatin' *Baycon*, or the Wrecker's Doom,'" yelled Murphy once more, as he made his exit amid cheers.

The late Dr. Trousseau, a celebrated Parisian physician, had the reputation of being exceedingly sharp after his fees, though he always declined to take anything in the nature of a present from his *clientèle*—perhaps because he thought the acceptance of such gifts might render it more difficult for him to exact his honorarium. Once Dr. Trousseau had been fortunate enough to cure the only child of one of the few rich members of the French aristocracy. When the child had become convalescent and the doctor was paying his last visit, with renewed thankful expressions and numerous appeals to heaven the mother pressed a small silken purse into Trousseau's hand. "Thank you, madame," he replied, "but, pardon me, I never accept presents," and he firmly rejected her offer, probably regarding both the purse and the appeals as things of equally problematical value. "My fee, madame," he quietly added, is five hundred francs." Opening the purse, Mme. la Comtesse took out the sum named, and, presenting it to Dr. Trousseau, remarked: "I am sorry you do not take presents, the purse contained four thousand francs."

When M. F. Maury, who afterward wrote "The Physical Geography of the Sea," was master of the sloop-of-war *Falmouth*, he had on board a midshipman by the name of Johns. At the end of a voyage this young fellow, who was going ashore at Norfolk, was intrusted by a comrade with a case containing two bottles of attar of rose for his sisters. That night, Johns and another middy occupied the same room at a hotel. The second man was obliged to start very early the next morning. Johns was still asleep, and the thoughtless fellow took it into his head to play a practical joke upon him, by pouring out the attar of rose and filling the phials with water—a very silly performance, to say the least. Johns waked up in due time, carried the precious case to its destination, and then rejoined the *Falmouth* for a cruise in the Pacific. Before the sloop got away, however, the man who had intrusted Johns with the errand received an indignant letter from his sisters, announcing that his messenger had sold the attar of rose, and had attempted to conceal the theft by filling the bottles with water. The brother accepted their statement, and at once reported the affair to the entire crew, and demanded that the culprit should be "sent to Coventry" as a man unfit to associate with honest people. The poor fellow protested his innocence in vain; everybody, except the captain of the ship, took his guilt for granted, and treated him accordingly. Before the voyage was over, Johns died of a broken heart, still affirming his innocence. He was buried at Callao, and when, some time after, the foolish joker was told how matters had turned, his evident remorse convinced everybody of the truthfulness of the dying man's protestations.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Justin H. McCarthy, M. P.—the younger Justin, not the elder—is about to publish a novel with the terse title of "Dolly."

The sales of Mrs. Burnett's "Fauntleroy" and "Sara Crewe" amount, up to date, to one hundred and twenty-five thousand copies. One even sees "Fauntleroy" among the paper-covered novels on the newsstands.

The leading newspaper of Scotland lately contained in one issue over five columns of reports of Burns dinners, concerts, and club meetings, held in more than fifty towns and villages of that sturdy land in celebration of the poet's birthday.

The sister of the murderer Guiteau has written a "novel," entitled "The Stalwarts; or, Who Were to Blame?" She endeavors to show therein that her brother was insane. She herself publishes the book, which is sold by subscription.

A new life of Sir John Hawkwood, the English soldier of fortune, is about to be published in Florence and London. It has been compiled in part from original documents in Italian, which have not heretofore been published. The authors are John Temple Leader and Signor G. Marcotti.

A reprint of Flavio's translation of Montaigne, the only book which Shakespeare is known to have possessed, a copy of it containing his autograph being in existence, is announced in London. It has been prepared by Mr. J. H. McCarthy, member of Parliament, and will be the first volume of a new series, called the "Stott Library."

L. P. McCarty, editor and publisher of the "Annual Statistician," announces that the "Annual Statistician and Economist" for 1889 is unavoidably delayed, but will be issued about April 3d, enlarged and thoroughly revised to this date. It will contain over one hundred and fifty subjects never before treated upon in this work, many of which are original and appear for the first time.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward has evolved a new scheme for the disposal of her literary wares. Having completed the manuscript of another novel, she has completely turned the tables on her publishers, by announcing that up to a certain day at twelve o'clock M., after the manner of the most stately government advertisements for proposals, she will receive propositions from publishers for the production of her book, and will then decide between them.

The first question which will occur to any one upon taking up M. Blouet's book is, "Who is Jack Allyn?" There is no trace of any collaboration in the sprightly tale. The name of Jack Allyn occurs nowhere excepting on the title-page. One is inclined to consider the association of his name with that of the rightful author as a part of the long-drawn joke which M. Blouet plays off upon his readers. But, no!—Jack Allyn is a certain elevator boy in New York, who has presumably written some insignificant part of this story, in order that M. Blouet may secure his American copyright.

Mr. Edmund Gosse says that, in England at any rate, "girls and women take remarkably little interest in verse." The readers of poetry, he adds, are males, and of these "very few are boys or middle-aged men." The class which "keeps the poets alive" is, speaking roughly, "the class of young men between twenty-two and thirty-two." Younger ones are "crude in sentiment and indifferent to pathos"; and "after this age, the responsibilities of life, the disappearance of illusions, the fatal chase of wealth, have robbed them of the power of finding a stimulant or even an anodyne in poetry."

The prohibition of Ary Ecilaw's "L'Officier Bleu," at the Paris Gymnase, has caused a deal of speculation about the identity of this writer. She has written several *romans à clef*, in which the Russian imperial family figures. It is said that Ary Ecilaw is a beautiful Pole, the Countess Tschapska, who married a Russian diplomatist. This gentleman, while secretary of the Russian legation at Berne, obtained a divorce from his wife for very valid reasons. After her divorce, the countess married morganatically the Prince of Hesse, who, however, soon grew tired of her, and severed their connections. She then became intimate with the Grand Duke Nicholas, of Russia, who was accused of stealing his mother's diamonds in order to give them to a certain American adventuress. This episode Ary Ecilaw has incorporated in her well-known "Altesse Impériale."

The manuscripts of some of our most highly prized works of literature were discovered by the merest accidents. In a dungeon in the monastery of St. Gall, Poggio found, corroded with damp and covered with filth, the great works of Quintilian. In Westphalia, a monk stumbled accidentally upon the only manuscript of Tacitus. The poems of Propertius, one of the most vigorous and original of the Russian poets, were found under the casks in a wine-cellar. In a few months the manuscripts would have crumbled to pieces and become illegible. Parts of Homer have come to light in the most extraordinary way. A considerable portion of the "Iliad," for instance, was found in the hand of a mummy. The best of the Greek romances, the "Ethiopic," of Heliodorus, which is such a favorite with Mr. Browning, was rescued by a common soldier, who found it kicking about in the streets of a town in Hungary. To turn, however, to more modern times, every one knows how Sir Robert Colton rescued the original manuscript of Magna Charta from the hands of a common tailor, who was cutting it up into measures.

The Century Dictionary is to contain some features new in dictionaries, one of which is the entry of everything in the one alphabetical order, abbreviations and foreign phrases as well as common words. While the plan of the work excludes biographical and geographical names, yet such adjectives as *Chinese*, *Darwinian*, etc., derived from proper names, will find place and be fully defined. A great point with the new dictionary is its encyclopedic treatment of words. It will not stop at definitions, but is said to go into particulars about things to a greater extent than any other book except an encyclopedia, and it gives the information in a condensed usable form. Such terms as *Bright's Disease*, *Tweed Case*, *Electric-light*, etc., are defined under the words *disease*, *case*, *electric*, etc. Under *case* there are twenty-seven entries of such terms as *Dred Scott Case*, *Tichborne Case*, etc., in addition to the etymologies and definitions usually to be found in a dictionary. Such terms as *Crédit Mobilier*, *bankruptcy*, *laws*, *crossed checks*, *clearing-house* system, the names of foreign administrative divisions, such as *arrondissement*, legislative bodies like the *Cortes* and *Bundesrath*, parties and classes, such as *Anarchist*, *Nihilist*, *Chartist*, *Fenian*, *Carbonari*, etc., will be fully defined in the Century Dictionary, and it is even understood that the new use of *barrel*, "the money (especially when the sum is large) supplied by a candidate in a political campaign for campaign purposes, but especially for corrupt purposes, etc.," has found a place.

New Publications.

"We Two," one of Edna Lyall's best novels, has been issued in the Town and Country Library, published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"A Dangerous Catspaw," a novel by David Christie Murray and Henry Murray, has been issued in the Franklin Square Library published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 30 cents.

"A Manual of Decorative Composition" has been translated by J. Gonino from the French of Henri Mayeux, professor of decorative art in the municipal schools of Paris. The book is intended for the instruction of designers, decorators, architects, and industrial artists, and to that end discusses the theory of decoration and the uses to which the various materials that come to the artist's hand may be turned. The book is a very complete and yet convenient treatise, and is illustrated with nearly three hundred wood-cuts. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.50.

"From Flag to Flag," by Eliza McHatton-Ripley, is a record of a woman's adventures and experiences in the South during the war, in Mexico in Maximilian's troublous reign, and in Cuba during its control by the insurgents. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.00.

The first volume of the new College Series of Latin Authors, edited by Clement Lawrence Smith and Tracy Peck, is "The Satires and Epistles of Horace," edited, with notes, by J. B. Greenough. This edition is intended for use in the class-room, and the notes, which for greater convenience are put at the bottom of the pages, are unusually complete; while they include much that the student who attacks Horace has already learned, their chief purpose is to explain the author's meaning, his feelings, and what prompted him to write as he did. The plan is an excellent one, and Professor Greenough's name is a sufficient guarantee for the scholarly manner in which it has been carried out. Published by Ginn & Co., Boston; for sale by the booksellers.

"Dr. Rameau," Georges Ohnet's latest story, has just been translated and printed in English. The author of "The Forgemaster" is regarded by his French fellow-writers much as the late E. P. Roe was regarded here—a man with no spark of genius except a genius for bitting the popular fancy; his books, too, were generally as innocuous as Roe's, and so "Dr. Rameau" is creating a stir in and out of the wide circle of Ohnet's admirers. For "Dr. Rameau" is a bold novel. The doctor is an atheist who marries a carefully reared young girl of the Catholic faith. He supplants her piety with his materialism, and she, not having the strength to remain moral when she is not religious, takes a lover. She defends this course to herself, and later to her husband, with cogent reasonings based on the doctrines he has instilled, and when she and her lover die, the doctor takes their child to educate as his own—as a devout Christian, *bien entendu*. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"Miriam Balestier" is the title of Edgar Fawcett's latest novel. The heroine—for whom the book is named—is a singer in comic opera, a young woman who has managed to preserve her self-respect through her six years' career, during which she has been almost the sole support of an idle and vicious brother, a sister who is rapidly going to the bad, and a besotted mother. A manager, who is in love with her, offers her a place in his company, which is going to California, and she accepts, though she knows she will be constantly persecuted by his attentions. A terrible railroad accident, however, brings her out of all this; when she recovers consciousness, she is in a charming household, consisting of mother, daughter, and nephew, the latter engaged to his pretty little cousin, though he has no especial love for her. Miriam gives a false name, lest they should turn the burlesque-singer from their door—and she and the nephew promptly fall head over heels in love. A series of complications ensue, and the situation is not made any clearer by the reappearance of the manager. Finally, Miriam runs away from the man she loves with the man who loves her—but as to whether she eventually marries the manager and her lover marries his little cousin, or whether he seeks her out and marries her, the author gives no clue. The story presents a fairly good picture of certain phases of theatrical life, and is a strong sermon against the sweeping social ban which condemns all women, good and bad alike, connected with the stage. Published and for sale by Belford, Clarke & Co., Chicago and San Francisco; price, $1.00.

"Library of American Literature."

Two new volumes have appeared of the admirable "Library of American Literature," which is now being prepared by Edmund Clarence Stedman and Ellen M. Hutchinson. The plan of the work is to present extracts which shall be fitting exponents of the literary style of all those American men and women whose writings entitle them to a place among the makers of American literature. Though it has often been said that we have had no distinctively American literature until within a few years, still this work aims to take in those early writers who had no higher aim than the close imitation of English models, and who yet had an influence on the writers who came after. These early writers occupy the first five volumes of the work; the last four will be devoted to modern writers, and the sixth volume treats of the intermediate period, the productive period of men who were born in the last century or the first decade of the present century, some of whom are still living.

The fifth and sixth volumes are the two most recently issued. They treat of what the editors call the second and third parts of the literature of the republic, the generation which has left no survivors, and the generation which survives in a few grand old men, but which has passed its productive period. William Ellery Channing is the first writer in the fifth volume, and men of his class, great thinkers in religion and government, form a large percentage of the whole, but there is a great leaven of the lighter writers, poets, essayists, and story-tellers. Washington Irving is the first writer in the list who devoted himself to *belles-lettres*, and his graceful pen is well represented by the stories of Wouter Van Twiller, Peter the Headstrong, Rip Van Winkle, and essays on Oliver Goldsmith, the poor-devil author, etc. Samuel Woodworth is preserved to fame by his "Old Oaken Bucket," there are several prose and poetical extracts from the writings of Richard Henry Dana, and James Fenimore Cooper comes in for a large share of the pages. Fitz-Greene Halleck, Lydia Huntley Sigourney, John Howard Payne, and Joseph Rodman Drake are among the lesser poets to be found here, but the largest space is devoted, naturally, to William Cullen Bryant. The other writers in the volume comprise political writers, such as Thaddeus Stevens, Rufus Choate, and Robert Walsh, essayists, divines, letter-writers, and a few minor poets. The volume is illustrated with portraits on steel of Washington Irving and William Cullen Bryant, and thirteen other portraits on wood.

The sixth volume opens with extracts from the writings of George Bancroft, the historian, and concludes with a speech by Robert Toombs and a poem by Edmund Hamilton Sears—the period embraced ranging from 1835 to 1860. Nathaniel Hawthorne and Edgar Allen Poe, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and John Greenleaf Whittier are the bright particular stars of this volume. Polemics and statescraft show less strongly now, though we find such names as Theodore Dwight Woolsey, William Henry Seward, William Lloyd Garrison, Salmon P. Chase, Jefferson Davis, Abraham Lincoln, and Theodore Parker. Instead we see the light essayists and versifiers like N. P. Willis and George P. Morris, George D. Prentice, Albert Gordon Greene, William Gilmore Simms, and Margaret Fuller, leading up to the great names mentioned at the beginning of this paragraph. It is to be noted, by the way, that Charles Etienne Arthur Gayarré, the historian of Louisiana, is almost the only Southern man represented in the book by other than political writings. The sixth volume contains steel portraits of Hawthorne and Poe, and thirteen others on wood.

Published by Charles L. Webster & Co., New York; for sale by subscription only; price, cloth, $3.00 per volume.

Bryce's "American Commonwealth."

Americans have happily passed the stage where foreign criticism serves only to irritate. The comments on American life and manners, by which Dickens offended us so deeply, would now be received with a good-humored smile. Mr. Bryce's "American Commonwealth" will, therefore, receive a more hearty welcome than it could have commanded a few years ago. The writer's position, as a leader of English political thought and as an acute observer of current events, both in Europe and America, fits him peculiarly for the task he has undertaken, while the fact that he has observed our affairs from without, freed from the bias which necessarily attaches to participation in the events, gives an increased value to his exposition. Many aspects of our public life, which are so familiar to us as to pass without comment, he dwells upon, and thus he separates from the universal phenomena of political government the features which are individual to us.

Mr. Bryce considers our public life—for the book is not confined to political institutions—under six separate heads. The first two are naturally devoted to an analysis of the national and State governments. It is a noticeable feature of the book, that the institutions of this government are described not simply in theory, as they appear on the statute books, but in practice as they are actually seen in public life, and nowhere is this mode of treatment more conspicuous than in the discussion of the relations of the two governments which exist here side by side, exercising jurisdiction over the same territory and the same people. Following this is a lengthy discussion of political parties, treated contemporaneously, rather than historically. The parties as they exist to-day are his theme. Their organization and methods, the system of "Bossdom" as he expresses it, spoils, and political rings are treated minutely, and he emphasizes a fact, perhaps not fully appreciated by us—that political organization has been developed farther and more inflexibly in this country than in any other. The most difficult, and to us the most valuable division of the book, is that which discusses "Public Opinion," and shows how it impresses itself upon the political activity of the people. To feel the pulse of the public separating the transient from the permanent, the universal from the individual, requires a familiarity with current thought which is unusual in the case of an outside observer; to express this public opinion free from prejudice, to eliminate the personal equation, would be well nigh impossible for a resident. We have reason to congratulate ourselves, therefore, on the ability and justness of Mr. Bryce's estimate of us. The last two divisions of the book are devoted to a description of certain peculiar and abnormal aspects of political life in this country, and to a consideration of certain expressions of our social life. Under the former heading "Kearneyism in California" has a local interest, and presents probably the best account of the movement which resulted in the adoption of the new constitution, and the means by which the more radical and ill-advised features of that instrument have been softened and nullified.

The book, if it has a fault, is too friendly in tone. Abuses are pointed out, it is true, but the most charitable construction is always placed upon them, and they are not condemned with the vigor which would characterize an American critic. One minor feature of our political activity seems to have impressed Mr. Bryce with such force that he continually recurs to it. It strikes him as anomalous that in a country where the people directly select the governing body, there should be so positive an attitude of suspicion toward public officers. We surround them with checks and safeguards which actually impair their efficiency, and appear to fear errors of omission less than the danger of an abuse of power. The cause of this—the defects in the nominating machinery and the immense number of elective offices—he points out only indirectly. The book is a notable contribution to the understanding of our political institutions, and, though addressed to European readers, can be read with profit by any person in this country. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; for sale by the J. Dewing Company; price, 2 vols., $6.00.

Journalistic Chit-Chat.

The uproar created in London by the attempt of the proprietor of the New York *Herald* to establish a Sunday newspaper there, is a little difficult to understand. The greater part of the opposition is due to the fear that it will introduce, into the homes of the middle and upper classes on Sunday morning, the Sunday paper as we know it here—that is, the ordinary morning newspaper, with its usual editorial discussion of every-day topics, plus a great mass of light reading, partly original and partly extracts, some of it really serious, some of it sensational, and some of it unmitigated rubbish; the average quality, of course, varying with the character of the newspaper during the other six days of the week. It can not be said that the New York Sunday morning paper is really any more objectionable, from a moral or intellectual standpoint, than the morning paper of week days, except in containing more matter. In fact, most of our Sunday papers work in, we believe, enough of what is called "religious matter" to give a semi-sacred character to at least one of their pages, so that the Sunday paper can not be said to be any more pernicious *per se* than the Monday paper.

We do not believe the intellectual objections to the Sunday paper amount to much. Nobody who loves the Sunday paper and lingers over it has his mind seriously injured by it. He is pretty sure, long before he comes to crave it, to have lost the habit of prolonged attention by confining his reading exclusively to week-day newspapers. He likes the scrappy character of the Sunday paper because his mind has grown scrappy, because he can no more read anything requiring protracted attention to one topic than he can "put up" a hundred-pound dumb-bell with arms that have for months lifted nothing heavier than a ten-ounce cane. Bottom in reading, to use a sporting term, is only acquired or retained, like bottom in athletics, by steady exercise.

Whether a Sunday paper modeled on the New York *Herald*, and edited by Heraldic Americans, can succeed in London, is another matter. We think it is very doubtful whether it will do more than add to the proprietor's experience of life and make away with a good deal of his money. The English taste in newspapers, as in other things, is very steadfast. It may be changed, but it can only be changed slowly and by editors who have some touch of the national temperament and turn of mind. Englishmen, even the frivolous ones, have a sombre vein which makes such editorial treatment as the New York *Herald* bestows on most subjects absolutely incomprehensible to them. That portion of our journalistic fun, for instance, which consists simply in flippant or childish or ejaculatory treatment of serious subjects, it would be very hard to get an Englishman of any class to enjoy, or even endure, very long. The attitude of the people toward nearly all public questions is the attitude of men who have seen and suffered a good deal, to whom mistakes are grave matters, who can not afford to indulge in horse-play or tomfoolery about government, or finance, or war. English politics, in short, great as the fame and success of England have been, are the politics of people who have paid dearly for their glory, who bear great burdens, to whom the future is still full of uncertainty, and to whom, therefore, the joyous antics of those who have never known adversity, and hardly know what to do with their money, are more or less repulsive. A "Here we are again!" Sunday paper of the American type, therefore, is hardly likely to take in London, although it is not impossible that a really English Sunday paper might succeed pretty well.—*Nation.*

Some Magazines.

The *Cosmopolitan* opens with an article on the "Ring of the Niebelung," by Mr. John P. Jackson. Another readable paper is by Lizzie M. Tompkins, on "Some Washington Homes." A sketch of Edward Everett Hale is by Mrs. Bernard Whitman. Other articles are: "Winter Days in Montreal," by Ernest Ingersoll; "In the Headsman's Room," by Octave Thanet; "A Catch," by Richard Henry Stoddard; "From the Sea to the Desert," by David Ker; "A Wind Song," by Ariel Siegfried; "Birds," by Ouida; "Eskimo Ice Whaling," by Lieutenant Schwatka; "A City of Sea-Shells" (St. Augustine, Fla.), by Allan Forman; and the continuation of "Wu Chih Tien," a Chinese novel.

General W. T. Sherman opens the *North American Review* for March with "Old Times in California." Logan H. Roots and Senator Jones, of Arkansas, discuss Clayton's murder as a political crime; Charles Bradlaugh contributes "Humanity's Gain from Unbelief"; Ignatius Donnelly relates "Delia Bacon's Unhappy Story"; Henry Clews discusses "Legislative Injustice to Railways"; George S. Boutwell contributes "Common Sense and Copyright"; Dion Boucicault writes "At the Goethe Society"; General L. S. Bryce discovers "Errors in Professor Bryce's 'Commonwealth'"; Grant Allen writes of "The Adaptiveness of Nature"; George B. Loring answers the question "Does American Farming Pay?" the Rev. Minot J. Savage, Dr. Edward Everett Hale, and Dr. Washington Gladden discuss "Can Our Churches be Made more Useful?" and there are other articles by Judge Tourgee, W. J. Henderson, Frederick James Grant, and S. J. Wilkes.

"The San Francisco Blue Book for 1888," has recently been issued. It has the errors of omission and of commission that seem unavoidable in a work of this kind, but it will be found generally useful. It contains address lists of San Francisco, giving names, addresses, reception days, and country residences of the people living in this city, and the Marin and San Mateo suburbs who constitute our forty thousand, and an additional list of the Alameda County contingent; membership and other details of the Art Association, Handel and Haydn Society, and the Loring Club; a club directory, giving lists of members, officers, etc., of the clubs; hotel lists, showing who reside at the various hostelries; the personnel of the press; and various minor details of a social character. Published and for sale by The Bancroft Company, San Francisco.

MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mr. Theodore Wores, the artist, has left New York and gone to Paris. Previous to his departure, a farewell dinner was given in his honor by several New York artists and other friends.

Mrs. J. C. Flood and Miss Jennie Flood are expected to return here in June.

Miss Lillie Jones is convalescent after her recent attack of malarial fever.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward F. Searles arrived here from Great Barrington, Mass., last Tuesday evening, and are occupying the Hopkins mansion on California Street. They will probably remain here a couple of months.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs, Miss Nettie Tuhbs, and Mr. Alfred L. Tubbs have returned to the Palace Hotel from their tour of Southern California.

Miss Maud Moore, of San José, who is visiting Mrs. George Hearst in Washington, D. C., is expected home in a couple of weeks.

Miss Marguerite Wallace, who went East with Mrs. John McMullin, is expected home in a few days.

Mrs. James Phelan is entertaining Miss Morrison, of San José.

Miss Flora Carroll, of Sacramento, has been the guest of Mrs. J. B. Crockett for a week.

Mr. Fred H. Beaver will leave for an Eastern and European tour in about a week.

Misses Minnie and Nellie Corbitt, who have been at the Palace Hotel during the winter months, will go to their country residence, in San Mateo, on April 1st.

Chief-Justice and Mrs Stephen J. Field are expected here from Washington, D. C., early in April.

Mrs. John McMullin and Miss Perrin are stopping at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York city.

Mrs. Richard Ivers and Miss Aileen Ivers are at the Hotel Victoria in New York city.

Mr. George Crocker has returned from the East.

Mr. James V. Coleman has returned from the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles N. Shaw have returned from a pleasant southern trip.

Misses Annie, Grace, and Florence Pierce have returned to their home in Santa Clara after passing a couple of months at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Antoinette Roman has gone to San Diego to visit friends for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Reid, *née* Houston, are at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. A. J. Pope and Miss Mary E. Pope have returned from an enjoyable Southern tour.

Dr. and Mrs. O. O. Burgess will go to Europe about May 1st, and contemplate an absence of about a year.

Mrs. J. W. Winans and her son, Mr. Joseph W. Winans, have returned from New York after an absence of six months.

Miss Margaret Jones, of San José, has been the guest of Miss Mattie Gibbs during the past week.

Miss Jennie Hooker has returned from a pleasant visit to Lieutenant and Mrs. Gove at Mare Island.

Captain and Mrs. William B. Collier are now at their country residence near Lakeport.

Mrs. Theresa Fair and Miss Fair are at the Palace Hotel for a couple of weeks while their Pine Street residence is being renovated.

Mrs. Nelson A. Miles, who has been East for a couple of months, returned to Black Point last Wednesday, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Sherman.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker have been paying a visit to Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Hinckley Taylor, of Oakland, have returned from their Southern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mrs. M. Deane and Miss Deane have arrived in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Volney Spalding left for the East last Monday.

Miss Marie Naglee, of San José, is visiting friends in Philadelphia, and will be away until June.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Sullivan, Miss Ada Sullivan, and Miss Arcadia Spence are in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. C. P. Huntington and Mr. A. N. Towne left El Paso on Wednesday, and are expected here to-day

Mrs. Alfred MacCrotty will leave New York for Boston next week to visit her son, George, who is attending college here.

Mr. Clinton E. Worden is in New York city.

Notes and Gossip.

Miss Sophie McPherson, who was for a long time the guest of Mrs. William B. Collier in this city, will be married next Wednesday in St. Louis, Mo., to Dr. Edwin S. Breyfogle of that city, formerly of San José. After the wedding they will go to New York for a few months, and then return here to reside.

The engagement is announced of Miss Linda J. Hoag, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jared C. Hoag, to Mr. William T. Bryan, son of Captain and Mrs. William J. Bryan.

Mr. and Mrs. James Otis will receive on Mondays at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller gave an enjoyable dinner-party recently at their residence, 2000 Jackson Street, in honor of Mr. Henry Hastings, of Boston. The others present were: Miss Fair, Miss Nellie Corbitt, Miss Bessie Hooker, Miss Annie Miller, Miss Emelie Hager, Lieutenant L. Faison, U. S. A, Mr. Frank J. Carolan, Mr. Elliott McAllister, and Mr. Harry Miller.

Mr. Henry J. Crocker, of the firm of H. S. Crocker & Co., will be married to Miss Mary V. Ives on Wednesday evening, April 3d, at the First Congregational Church. The wedding will be followed by a reception from nine until eleven o'clock. The bridesmaids will be: Miss Fanny Crocker, Miss Florence Ives, Miss Jennie Hooker, Miss Nellie Corbitt, Miss Flora Carroll, Miss Evelyn Carolan, and Miss McElaine. Mr. Charles H. Crocker will act as best man, and the groomsmen will be: Mr. George Crocker, Mr. Countford S. Wilson, Mr. George A. Newhall, Mr. William Sherwood, Mr. T. T. Dargie, and Mr. John Scott. Mr. Crocker and his bride will enjoy a honeymoon trip to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Howard gave an elegant dinner-party last Thursday evening at their residence on Jackson Street. A sumptuous menu was enjoyed amid a pretty table setting of daffodils, buttercups, Bon Silene roses and other fragrant flowers.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph C. Harrison entertained about eighty of their friends last Wednesday evening at their residence on Pine Street. Vocal and instrumental music were the principal features of the evening, those who contributed being Mrs. H. Boalt, Mrs. O. P. Evans, Mrs. J. W. Brown, Miss Throw, Miss Jessie Gregg, Mr. William H. Keith, and Mr. Henry Heyman. A delicious supper was provided.

A luncheon was given by Mrs. W. H. Dimond at Brightwood, Menlo Park, to Miss Irwin, on Tuesday, March 12th. The decorations were violets, and the arrangement of the flowers was most unique and beautiful. The revelers were present: Mrs. Irwin, the Misses Irwin, Miss Miles, Miss Perry, Miss Hooker, the Misses Pierce, of Santa Clara, Miss Bates, Miss Macondray, Mrs. E. R. Dimond, and the Misses Dimond.

Army and Navy.

Lieutenant William H. Bean, U. S. A., of the Presidio, has been in Washington, D. C., for several weeks past, but is recently called to Perkiomen, Penn., to attend the funeral of his grandmother, Mrs. Mary Bean, who died at the advanced age of ninety-five years, at the home of Lieutenant Bean's father, Colonel Theodore W. Bean, U. S. A.

Lieutenant J. A. Bell, U. S. N., came down from Mare Island last Monday for a brief visit.

Lieutenant and Mrs. E. F. Qualtrough, U. S. A., Mrs. Paul Jungen, and Lieutenant C. M. Perkins, U. S. M. C., of Yerba Buena Island have been visiting here during the past week.

Lieutenant-Commander and Mrs. W. W. Gilpatrick, U. S. N., arrived here last Monday from China, where he has been for the past four years in command of the *Monocacy*. They are en route to Washington, D. C.

General H. G. Thomas, U. S. A., arrived here early in the week from New York, via Panama.

General and Mrs. A. V. Kautz, U. S. A, formerly of Angel Island, are in the city on a visit from the East.

Chaplain and Mrs. Winfield Scott and Miss Scott, of Angel Island, have gone to Fort Huachuca, A. T., to reside.

Dr. Robert Whiting, U. S. N., was recently detached from the *Carlisle P. Patterson* and has gone East.

Lieutenant Gilbert P. Cotton, U. S. A., of the First Artillery, has been promoted to a captaincy.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Mendelssohn Quintet Club.

Under the direction of Mr. Thomas Ryan, the Mendelssohn Quintet Club of Boston gave its first concert last Tuesday evening at Irving Hall. The members of the club are: Herr William Ohliger, violin soloist and concert master; Mr. Manasse Adler, violin soloist and viola soloist; Mr Thomas Ryan, clarionet and viola soloist; Herr Fritz Schlachter, violin and 'cello soloist; Herr Anton Hekking, 'cello soloist; and Miss Alice Ryan, soprano. The audience was not as large as the occasion demanded, but what it lacked in numbers it made up in appreciation, for every number was encored. The programme was as follows:

Quintet, in C, Op. 163. Allegro. .....Franz Schubert
Aria from "La Clemenza de Tito" ....Mozart
Miss Alice Ryan.
Fantaisie for 'cello, on "O cara Memoria" .....Servais
Herr Anton Hekking.
Quartet, in F, Op. 11. Andante..... ....Tschaikowsky
Fantaisie for clarionet, on original themes.....Ryan
Mr. Thomas Ryan.
Fantaisie on themes from "Faust" .....Sarasate
Herr Wilhelm Ohliger.
Pieces for 'cello, *(a)* "Air" ....Bach
(b) "Butterfly" .....Popper
Herr Anton Hekking.
"The Magic Song" .....Meyer-Hellmund
Miss Alice Ryan.
Quintet, in E flat. Allegro vivace.....Mayseder

The club gave its second concert on Thursday evening at Irving Hall, and was greeted by a very large audience. The concert was even more successful than the first one. The annexed programme was presented:

Quintet in B flat, op. 87, Allegro Vivace.....Mendelssohn
Fantaisie Caracteristique, for 'cello.....Servais
Herr Anton Hekking.
Minuet, composed for quintet..... .....Boccherini
(Played by special request)
Romance and Rondo, for clarionet..... .....Ryan
Mr. Thomas Ryan.
Fantaisie for violin. "Souvenir de Bade".....Leonard
Herr Wilhelm Ohliger.
Nocturne, for 'cello.....Chopin
Herr Anton Hekking
Finale from the quintet, in C, op. 163, Allegretto,
Franz Schuhert

Miss Ryan did not sing, owing to sudden illness, hut other numbers were substituted by the quintet.

Brandt String Quartet.

The fourth afternoon concert given by the Hermann Brandt String Quartet, was held at Irving Hall last Thursday at three o'clock. The quartet had the efficient assistance of Mrs. Eno Wadsworth Vivian, Mr. Joseph Wrba, Mr. Louis Heine, and Mr. Theodore Mansfeldt. An appreciative audience was well entertained hy the following programme:

Quintet for Clarionet and String Quartet.....Mozart
I. Allegro. *II.* Larghetto.
III. Allegretto.
Messrs Joseph Wrha, Hermann Brandt, Louis N. Ritzau, Henry Siering, and Louis Heine
(a) Les Fleurs des Alpes..... .....Weckerlin
(b) Lied, op. 32, No. 5..... .....Rubinstein
Mrs. Eno Wadsworth Vivian.
Andante and Scherzo Capriccioso, for Violin.....David
Mr. Louis N. Ritzau.
Waltz..... .....Venzano
Mrs. Eno Wadsworth Vivian.
Quintet, for Strings, C major.....Schuhert
I. Allegro ma non troppo. *II.* Adagio.
III. Allegretto.
Messrs. H. Brandt, L. N. Ritzau, Henry Siering, Louis Heine, and Theodore Mansfeldt.

M Ovide Musin, the great violin virtuoso, announces three sacred orchestral concerts to be held at the Baldwin Theatre on Sunday evenings, March 31st, April 7th, and 14th. He will be assisted by his company comprising: Miss Annie Louise Tanner, prima donna soprano, Mr. Whitney Mockridge, lyric tenor, and Mr. Edwin M. Shonert, pianist, and an orchestra of thirty selected musicians under the direction of Mr. August Hinrichs, Jr. The programmes will be exceptionally interesting, that for the first concert including a violin concerto in E minor hy Mendelssohn, and a caprice de concert of his own composition for M. Musin; the duet from "Carmen" hesides several solos for Miss Tanner and Mr. Mockridge, and three purely orchestral pieces.

Rudolf Patek, of the Imperial Conservatoire of Music at Vienna, arrived here a few days ago from Australia, where he has been the solo violoncellist in F. B. Cowen's orchestra at the International Exhibition in Melbourne. He will appear at the Bijou with the San Francisco Quartet on Sunday evening, March 24th.

Mr. J. H. Rosewald's fifth orchestral matinée will occur next Friday at Irving Hall. Mme. Julie Rosewald and Mr. M. Espinosa will be the soloists.

DXIX — Bill of Fare for six persons — Sunday, March 24, 1889.

Okra and Tomato Soup.
Fried Brook Trout. Fried Potatoes.
Broiled Snipe.
Mushrooms on Toast. Celery.
Roast Lamb, Mint Sauce.
French Artichoke Salad.
Puff Pudding. Brandied Peaches.

MUSHROOMS ON TOAST.—Peel one and one-half pounds of mushrooms; cut off a little of the root end; take half-a-pound of round-steak, and cut it up fine and fry it in a pan, with a little hutter to extract the juice, which being done, remove the pieces of steak. When the gravy is very hot, add the mushrooms; toss them about for a moment, and pour the contents of the pan on buttered toast; season with salt and cayenne. It is an improvement to add a little sherry to the dish before pouring over the toast.

Mr. Hector de Castro, secretary of the Mackay-Bennett cable, and a number of representative business men of New York city, have just concluded an arrangement with the French Authors' and Composers' Societies of Paris, whereby all the leading playwrights and composers pledge themselves to turn over their original manuscripts to the Franco-American Agency, instead of publishing them as heretofore. American managers desiring to produce the lastest Parisian successes will now have to apply to the American representatives of Sardou, d'Ennery, Dumas, Audran, Planquette, and De Launay, for the right to produce their works in this country. The Franco-American Agency is now in full operation, and it already has a large number of adaptations from the French of Sardou, Zola, d'Ennery, and other representative French authors to offer American managers. Among these are "The Torquine Affair," "Louba," "Honor Among Thieves," "The Man of Straw," and other Parisian successes.

An Interesting Transaction.

The largest purchase of corks on record has just been made by the eminent champagne house of Mme. Veuve Pommery, from a Spanish firm. The amount involved exceeds 1,000,000 francs. The popularity which "Pommery Sec" is maintaining among the royalty of Europe and select circles of American society, is no doubt to be ascribed to the great care exerted by Mme. Pommery's directeurs. Their aim always has been to furnish a wine fit for the most refined, and the selection of the choicest corks, regardless of expense (a factor too often ignored nowadays), no doubt contributes considerably toward the achievements of "Pommery Sec."—*London Journal.*

LENTEN LYRICS.

The Fair Penitent.

Sackcloth, ashes,
Drooping lashes.
Penitential pose;
Aspect saintly,
Cheek but faintly
Hinting of the rose;
Prayer-book holding,
Fair hands folding
O'er her virgin breast;
Meek and lowly
Heart, and holy
Thoughts her mien expressed.
What a picture!
What a stricture,
She demure, *devote*,
Upon Fashion's
Slaves, and Passions
Fools I musing thought.
Scorning pleasure,
All her treasure
Is laid up above;
Too exalted
(Here I halted)
Far for earthly love.
Then I took a
Better look—a
Glance her sad eyes sent;
She came nearer—
I saw clearer—
Spoke the Penitent:
"What a nuisance!
Not seen you since
That delightful ball;
Now it's Lent and
Playtime's spent, and
Conscience has the 'call.'
Now for forty
Days no naughty
Things or nice for me;
Fasting, praying,
Beads a-saying
Upon hended knee;
Lighted taper—
That's 'the caper'—
Penitence you know
Is 'the racket';
On that tack it
Is 'our set' all go.
For a season
Joy is treason,
Pleasure's board is bare;
But for feast or
Fun when Easter
Comes, you bet I'm 'there'!"
—*Texas Siftings.*

The Lenten Season.

Some recreations,
All dissipations,
And giddy pleasures are put aside,
And youth and beauty
In pious duty
Will busy itself till the Eastertide.
Though self-denial
Imposes trial,
To practice it we are quite content
When Fashion shares it,
Nay more, declares it
The proper thing in the days of Lent.

The maid represses
Her love for dresses,
And gives her mind to improving books;
When calls she's making,
Or walk's she's taking,
She ne'er into milliners' windows looks.
She has no leisure
For worldly pleasure
She cares not her person to ornament,
In short she's pious
And has no bias
For vanities in the days of Lent.
—*Boston Courier.*

Ballade of Lent.

The mortals of fashion grow faint
Ere Spring sets the bud on the tree,
Their muscles are weary and sprain't,
And weak is the joint of the knee;
They've danced in the german till three
In attitudes painfully bent,
Bemoaning there ever should be
The sackcloth and ashes of Lent.

Behold in their faces the taint
Of Winter's perpetual spree,
From powder, enamel, and paint
At last temporarily free;
Gay colors and rich filigree
Have vanished, and now it is meant
Our oculars only should see
The sackcloth and ashes of Lent.

Oh, this is Society's plaint:
Poor invalid idiots we!
The sinner is suddenly saint,
And sings in a low, minor key;
No more at the "Five-o'clock Tea"
Are wit and dyspepsia blent,
And well with the vespers agree
The sackcloth and ashes of Lent.

ENVOY.

Aristocrat, this is your plea—
No sin will your conscience repent!
"Oh, fain, Forty Days, would we flee
The sackcloth and ashes of Lent!" —*Life.*

Fashion's Litany.

Oh thou, dear Lord, my sins forgive—
(Humph! There comes dowdy Ditts)
And make me humble while I live—
(How ill her clothing fits!)
Oh, take from me all worldly pride—
(A dark brown trimmed with blue!)
And keep me ever by Thy side—
(Her last year's bonnet, too!)

Make me to put my trust in Thee—
(The Ban Dervelts! Such taste!)
Protect me from all vanity—
(Nice pattern for a waist!)
Oh, bless me with Thy biding love—
(Spring hat and winter sprig!)
And when I die take me above—
(I know her hair's a wig!)

Oh, teach me not to envious be—
(I wish I owned that silk!)
But keep me meek's my lowly plea—
(She looks like sour'd skim-milk!)
Teach me forciveness day by day—
(Oh, how I hate that thing!)
And lead me in the hallowed way—
(My knees begin to sting!)

Please cleanse my heart of wrong desires—
(I wonder if he'll flirt!)
With love for Thee, my soul inspire—
(I'll keep one eye alert!)
And hold me in the narrow path
(I think I caught his eye!)
That I may 'scape Thy chastening wrath—
(Could he have heard me sigh!)

And when temptation neareth me—
(I thought he looked again!)
Blind Thou my eyes that I mayn't see—
(Oh, dear! These horrid men!)
O'er-look my faults and make me shine—
(It's smiling surely then!)
A power on earth, the credit Thine—
(So brazen, too!) Amen. —*Town Topics.*

NOTE PAPER.

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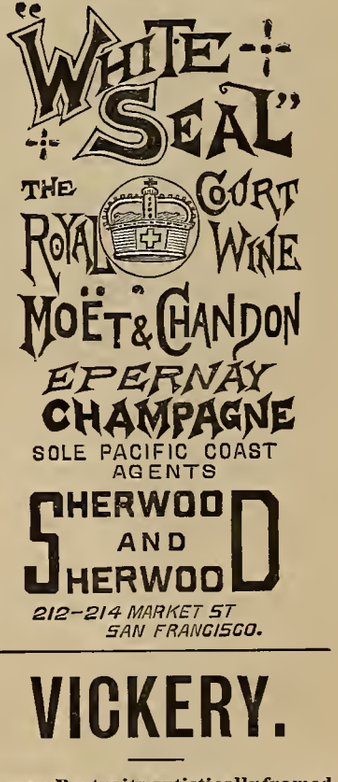

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Poet and sage;
There you wait, steaming-hot,
From your smoky retreat.
And I'll bolt you the while
I your praises repeat.
What enjoyment is mine
Whilst your sweets I partake,
Dear delight of my heart
Most delicious pancake?

First a sip of rare coffee,
And then a rich slice
Of the velvety disk
Is gone down in a trice.
There's a satisfied sigh,
And a second huge bite
Of that syrupy circle
Has vanished from sight.
Next a sup of hot amber,
A segment of steak,
Then a gulp and a reach
For another pancake.

Long life to the cook—
Sable agent of bliss—
Whom naught but her color
Protects from a kiss.
She's a jolly good soul
Of most consummate art,
For she knows that the stomach's
Very near to the heart.
There she comes through the door,
What a picture she makes
With that platter of piping-hot
Smoking pancakes!

—*M. L. Murdock in Time.*

Apple-Pie and Cheese.

Full many a sinful notion
Conceived of foreign pow'rs
Has come across the ocean
To harm this land of ours;
And heresies called fashions,
Have modesty effaced
And baleful, morbid passions
Corrupt our native taste.
O tempora! O mores!
What profanations these
That seek to dim the glories
Of apple-pie and cheese!

I'm glad my education
Enables me to stand
Against the vile temptation
Held out on every hand;
Eschewing all the tittles
With vanity replete,
I'm loyal to the victuals
Our grandsires used to eat!
I'm glad I've got three willing boys
To hang around and tease
Their mother for the filling joys
Of apple-pie and cheese!

Your flavored creams and ices
And your dainty angel-food
Are mighty fine devices
To regale the dainty dude;
Your terrapin and oysters,
With wine to wash 'em down,
Are just the thing for roisters
When painting of the town;
No flippant, sugared notion
Shall *my* appetite appease
Or bate my soul's devotion
To apple-pie and cheese!

The pie my Julia makes me
(God bless her Yankee ways!)
On memory's pinions takes me
To dear Green Mountain days;
And seems like I saw mother
Lean on the window sill,
A-handin' me and brother
What she knows 'll keep us still;
And these feelings are so grateful—
Says I: "Julia, if you please,
I'll take another plateful
Of that apple-pie and cheese!"

And cheese! No alien it, sir,
That's brought across the sea—
No Dutch antique, nor Switzer,
Nor glutinous de Brie;
There's nothing I abhor so
As mawmets of this ilk—
Give *me* the barmless morceau
That's made of true-blue milk!
No matter what conditions
Dyspeptic come to feaze—
The best of all physicians
Is apple-pie and cheese!

Tho' ribalds may decry 'em,
For these twin boons we stand,
Partaking thrice per diem
Of their fullness out of hand;
No enervating fashion
Shall cheat us of our right
To gratify our passion
With a mouthful at a bite!
We'll cut it square or bias,
Or any way we please,
And faith shall justify us
When we carve our pie and cheese!

De gustibus, 'tis stated,
Non disputandum est—
Which meaneth, when translated,
That all is for the best,
So let the foolish choose 'em
The vapid sweets of sin—
I will not disabuse 'em
Of the heresy they're in;
But I, when I undress me
Each night, upon my knees
Will ask the Lord to bless me
With apple-pie and cheese!

—*Eugene Field in America.*

To a Plum-Pudding.

Shall fumes of haggis fill Apollo's nose?
Of "country messes" shall the Muse be fain?
And thou, consummate compound, thou remain
But theme (too rare) of culinary prose!
Spheroid oblate, whose microcosm shows
Choice gifts of nature from her triple reign
For art's deft hand to mingle and constrain,
Till round thy "spotty globe" blue ether glows.
Salt, sugar, suet, flour and egg and spice,
Citrons' green masses, raisins' sanguine crowd,
Milk, cognac, lime-juice; minor dainties which
Though not essential, are exceeding nice—
Sweet may be other cates, but thus endowed,
O well-yclept *plum*-pudding, thou art rich.

—*London Spectator.*

Regretful Reminiscences.

I've dined with painted savages in regions most remote.
I've seen—and heard—the boarders eat at a German *table d'hôte*.
I've leaped from off of flying trains and seized, when "on the run,"
The *lignum-vitæ* sandwich and the patent-leather bun.
I've fondled, when by impecuniosity accursed,
Corners in the dead of night, the fragrant "weiner wurst."
The gastronomic gamut I have run 'mid varied scenes,
From Pommery to lager beer, from terrapin to beans.
In fair New England have I dwelt, to quite dyspeptic feel,
Because the doughnut and the pie usurped the morning meal.
In sylvan Philadelphia, too, where, at the break of day,
The scrapple and the pepper-pot hold undisputed sway.
Oh, retrospective vision of various *cuisines!*
The demon of dyspepsia reigns o'er thy shadowy scenes.
But they can all be laughed to scorn, in Gotham's cosiest nooks,
Where his satanic majesty sends neither food nor cooks!

—*Edward E. Kidder.*

Dogs' Memories.

The *Zoöphilist*, an English paper devoted to the protection of animals from cruelty, tells some stories, which are apparently well authenticated, illustrating the keenness of the sense of recognition in dogs. The late Mr. Eyre, a clergyman, left a dog, which was very much attached to him, at the country-house of a friend while he left England for a long sojourn abroad. After two years Mr. Eyre returned, arriving at his friend's house late at night, and retiring without having the dog called.

Next morning, Mr. Eyre was awakened by the dog bursting into his bedroom and leaping upon him with the wildest demonstrations of delight.

"How on earth did he know I had arrived?" asked the gentleman of the servant, who brought hot water.

"Oh, sir," the man replied, "it is the most curious thing! As I was cleaning your boots the dog recognized them and became excited beyond measure, and I have not been able to quiet him till he saw where I was carrying them, and rushed up along with me to your door."

A correspondent of the same English paper relates that he gave away, at a year old, a dog which he was unable to keep in his London home. After eight years the dog was returned to its first owner.

"The dog met me," says the correspondent, "at first as a stranger, and then, with little animated sniffs of inquiry, going round and round me. I remained still for a few moments while she grew more and more excited. At last I stooped and patted her, and called her by her name, 'Dee.'

"On hearing my voice the poor beast gave what I can only describe as a scream of rapture, and leaped into my arms. From that moment she attached herself to me as if she had never left me, and with the tenderest devotion."

In one of his spectacular plays a few years ago, Imre Kiralfy had an elephant which cost eight thousand dollars. After the first night of the production at Niblo's, he met Ed. Gilmore, manager of the theatre, and said: "Vat you ding off dot elephant, Mr. Gilmore?" "A very fine piece of work. Looked like life." "Good grazbuz!" screamed Kiralfy, "don't you know dot elephant vos alife?" Gilmore looked calmly at Kiralfy, and said: "I'm in the business; it's all right to give that to your audience, but don't come to me with it." Kiralfy was beside himself. "That's all right now," said Gilmore, quietly; "you've done well. I take off my hat to you, but you ought to know better than to talk live elephant to me." Imre called in his brother, Bolossy. "I vill bed you a hunderd dollars dot elephant vos alife," he said, to Gilmore; "and I leef id to mein brudder Bolossy." "Don'd bet, Imre," put in Bolossy; "you mide lose." And Gilmore never allowed that the elephant was real.

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TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, January 6, 1889, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 3.25, 4.50, 6.10 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 1.30, 5.00, 6.45, P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 1.45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.15, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 3.25, 4.55 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 3.30, 5.00, P. M.
Extra trips on Saturday at 1.45 and 6.25 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents. round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 10.00, 11.50 A. M.; 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.45, 10.45 A. M.; 12.45, 4.15, 5.45, P. M.
Extra trips on Saturday at 2.30 and 7.05 P. M.
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

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Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From Feb. 9, 1889.	ARRIVE
7.30 A.	For Haywards, Niles and San José..	*12.45 P.
7.30 A.	For Sacramento, and for Redding via Davis.....	7.15 P.
8.00 A.	For Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga and Santa Rosa.....	6.15 P.
8.30 A.	Los Angeles Express, for Fresno, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	11.15 A.
9.00 A.	For Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville and Red Bluff.....	5.45 P.
10.30 A.	For Haywards and Niles.....	2.15 P.
12.00 M.	For Haywards and Niles.....	*3.45 P.
1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.....	**6.00 A.
3.00 P.	For Haywards, Niles and San José..	9.45 A.
3.00 P.	Central Atlantic Express, for Ogden and East.....	7.15 A.
4.00 P.	For Stockton and §Milton; for Vallejo, Calistoga & Santa Rosa	10.15 A.
4.30 P.	For Sacramento, and for Knight's Landing via Davis.....	10.45 A.
4.30 P.	For Niles, San José and Livermore..	*8.45 A.
5.30 P.	For Haywards and Niles.....	7.45 A.
7.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East....	7.45 A.
8.00 P.	Golden Gate Special, for Council Bluffs and East.....	‖ 7.45 P.
9.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East....	8.45 P.

SOUTH PACIFIC COAST RAILWAY DIVISION.

3.00 A.	For Newark and San José.....	‡ 7.20 P.
8.15 A.	For Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz...	5.50 P.
2.15 P.	For Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz...	*10.50 A.
4.15 P.	For Centerville, San José, Almaden, and Los Gatos.....	9.20 A.

COAST DIVISION (Fourth & Townsend Streets.)

7.50 A.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations..	2.30 P.
8.30 A.	For San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) & principal Way Stations	6.38 P.
9.30 A.	For San José, Almaden and Way Stations.....	5.35 P.
1.01 P.	For Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations.....	4.36 P.
1.30 P.	For San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Monterey and principal Way Stations	*10.02 A.
3.30 P.	For San José and principal Way Stations	9.03 A.
4.00 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations..	* 7.56 A.
5.30 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations..	6.35 A.
11.45 P.	For Menlo Park and principal Way Stations.....	†7.40 P.

A for morning. P. for afternoon. *Sundays excepted. Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only. § Saturdays excepted. ‖ Fridays only. ** Mondays excepted.

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AT THE CONCERT.

What I Saw and Heard at a Church Festival.

(We enter and take our seats.)

Young lady—There, Mr. Jenkins, I told you we should not be late. You see we have lots of time. Oh! did you ever see such a horrid hat as Mrs. Deusenhury Smith has got on? It's perfectly awful.

Woman (behind us, in a hoarse whisper)—What that girl can see in Jenkins, I never shall understand.

Her companion—Me neither. They say he owes thirty-seven dollars for board to Mrs. Bowler, and she tells me——

Myself—Excessively warm, is it not?

Young lady—It seems quite cool to me. But see! here comes the pianist, Signor Staccato. I think he is just splendid.

Signor S. (on the grand piano—pianissimo)—Tum, tumty, tum. Tumtytum ta-a-a-a-a, etc.

Various persons (in my immediate neighborhood)—They say she is going to be married again, and—No, indeed, for I told him just what I thought of—You don't say so! Well, I—Yes, that's him right over there. He—She sings in the choir, and I must say—Isn't he perfectly grand?

Signor S. (fortissimo)—Thumpetty-thump-thump-thump—crash! bang!!

Young lady—He is just wonderful! (Tumultuous applause. Signor S. comes back and does it some more.)

Young lady (when he has finished)—I could listen to him all night, couldn't you?

Myself—I could, but it would make me very sad. (My lady friend looks daggers at me, and I see that I have made a mistake.)

Woman (behind us)—How out of place that Jenkins looks at a classical concert like this.

Myself (feigning a deep interest)—Ah, Miss Cantake is going to sing.

High-priced soprano—Una voce poca fa, etc.

Man (in front of us)—That woman has been married three times. Her name ain't no more Cantake than mine is. Her first husband was——

Woman (behind us)—It cost a dollar seventy a yard, and—— (Wild applause. High-priced soprano comes back and bows, but won't sing. Enter the gifted young artist, W. Macready Higgins.)

Young lady—I am acquainted with him. He is too awfully funny for anything. He told par that it caine just as natural to him as breathing.

W. M. H. (giving his great imitation of Irving)—Gud, gud, me lud, etc.

Man (in front of us)—Did you ever see Irving?

His companion—Yah, he's no good. You orter see Buffalo Bill. Now, he can act, he can. (Frantic applause. W. M. H. comes back and imitates Lawrence Barrett, whom he represents as an asthmatic individual, with unmistakable premonitory symptoms of the blind-staggers.)

Young lady—Ain't he just too splendid? He told par that Mr. Barrett saw him give that imitation once and was so overcome that he had to leave the hall.

Myself—I can readily believe that. (I am about to make further remarks of a sarcastic nature when—— Enter Israel Morgenstern, the talented American violinist.)

I. M. (playing his great Revery in G sharp minor)—Wa-a-h-h, wah, wah, wahwahwah, wo-o-o-o-o-w, etc. (I gradually become oblivious to my surroundings, and am soon in the arms of what-you-may-call-him. I dream that I have been chosen umpire in a cat fight, and that I am presently obliged to decide against a large blue-eyed cat with a determined expression of countenance, who in his indignation fiercely attacks me. We fight for some time with clothes-poles, and I am presently stabbed in the arm. I awake to find that my young lady has stuck a pin into me.)

Infant phenomenon (on platform)—Mahel, little Mahel, with her face against the pane.

Myself—I'm afraid I've been dozing.

Young lady (icily)—You have slept through two entire numbers.

Myself—I am very——

Young lady (ten degrees below zero)—You need not apologize.

Pastor of church (large portly man, with a voice like a fog-horn)—I am requested by the Young People's Association to thank the congre—I mean the audience—for its attendance, and to state that an oyster-supper has been prepared in the chapel. (Audience becomes interested.) Only fifty cents per head will be charged, and the proceeds will be used—thanks to the kyindness of the Young People's Association—to defray your pahstor's expenses on his coming lecture tour. Pahss through the door to the right. (I am about to invite my young lady to partake of hivalves, when I remember that I have only thirty-five cents in my pocket. Exeunt myself and my young lady into the street. Exeunt nearly every one else into the chapel.)—*Tid-Bits.*

The Wooly West.

An old Chicago business-man, who has one million two hundred and fifty-three thousand eight hundred and fifty dollars and twenty-seven cents more than I have as I write these lines, said to me: "You see, with about a million of people here, you must remember that the larger number are by birth Eastern, so we claim, Mr. Nye, to know as much as the Eastern people and what we have learned since we came West besides."

"That may be true," I said, in a tone of gentle cast irony; "but when you come West you lose that cool, cultivated look of refined vacuity which we of the East constantly dote on. We do not like that in you. It is real coarse. You say 'Hullo!' and treat strangers politely without knowing who they are. That is where you fool yourselves in the West. We Eastern people resent your easy way of getting acquainted with people on trains and in public places, and treating them hospitably. You shouldn't do that. You ought to be more coy until people identify themselves. Don't you know that a man with the slightest tinge of intellect can get along first-rate socially if he will preserve an air of hauteur and reserve instead of your off-hand *bonhominy*, as we say in dear old France?"

It is easy for the observer to readily trace the evolution of culture without going out of the cars. Leaving San Francisco you are on good terms with everyhody, from the engineer to the rear brakeman, within twenty-four hours. The California senator divides his lunch and cigars with the homeward-bound Bostonian, and the San Francisco millionaire plays whist with the sad-eyed humorist. Crossing the Missouri River the air of curiosity manifests itself, followed east of Chicago by a falling off in the *rapport* and *persiflage* business, until between New York and Boston the stranger feels the same air of cordiality that Mr. Enoch Arden did when he got home, late at night, looked in the window and went away.—*Bill Nye in New York World.*

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For many years it has been the custom of the New Yorker to view the literary and artistic achievements of the Philadelphian through the large end of his opera-glass. Nothing ever came out of that metropolis of brotherly love without running the gauntlet of his derision. To be Philadelphian is to be damned, so far as he is concerned.

This is the reason the Philadelphians give for the non-success of "The Little Tycoon" in New York, two or three years ago. They say it fell flat because the whole of New York clubbed together in an offensive and defensive league, to crush this blossom of Quaker City genius. Professional jealousy was at the bottom of it all. A strict regard for veracity prompts one to admit that it was produced late in the season, when the flights of the Four Hundred for sea and mountain darkened the air, and the voice of the first-nighter was oftener heard on the veranda of the Manhattan Café at Coney Island than in the carpeted foyer below the Elevated at Thirty-Third Street. At that season, a doze beside the many-sounding sea is cooler and pleasanter than a doze beside the many-sounding orchestra.

Moreover, despite the desertion of the rich and great of this earth, it was not a failure. It had a run and large audiences. A good many papers were witty at the expense of Mrs. Hurricane's anxiety about the whale. There were discontented spirits who carped at the plot. But, on the whole, patriotic pride triumphed over metropolitan jealousy.

It is, in truth, a very agreeable little opera. The music is better than libretto or plot; it is catching, piquant, bright, frivolous—just what you want, in fact. One can hum half the airs on the way home. The story, upon which the melodies are strung like—not exactly pearls—perhaps one can say Roman pearls, upon a string, is rather a poor string upon which to thread such pretty, glistening beads. It is a tale of parental tyranny in knickerbockers and silk stockings, of filial daring and disobedience in Directoire frocks of the most bouffant description, of repulsed love in a Norfolk jacket and bicycle hose.

The story, in cold blood, is about like this: Miss Hurricane is returning from abroad with some young ladies on the steamer *White Star*. All of Miss Hurricane's young ladies, while sojourning among the effete monarchies, seem to have formed attachments for young men, who are possessed by a passion to represent their little brothers by wearing polo-caps, knickerbockers, and Norfolk jackets. These juvenile antiquities have followed their bright, particular stars even unto the steamer and America's stern and rock-bound coast. There appears to have been no discords in the even tenor of their loves. No two young men admire the same lady. Every Jack has his Jill, and either is, or pretends to be, perfectly satisfied with her and himself.

Upon the same steamer is General Knickerbocker, Violet (his daughter), Lord Dolphin (her suitor), and Lord Dolphin's valet, Teddy. Lord Dolphin loves Violet, and wants to marry her. It is to be doubted whether Violet is the true-born American that she says she is, when one learns that she hates Lord Dolphin and loves Alvin Barry, a New York stock-broker. But General Knickerbocker comes of the real, old-blue Knickerbocker stock. He wants a lord in his family at any price—by this touch of local color we can place him exactly. Violet must marry Lord Dolphin or starve.

Alvin Barry, the melancholy stock-broker, attempts to steal away his Dulcinea by strategem. Alvin Barry is a sort of vacillating modern Hamlet in character, and furthermore tries to heighten this impression by wearing a suit of black clothes, which look like Hamlet's time-honored garbs cut over to suit the modern fashions for small boys. Alvin is hopeful of eventually winning Violet. He says to his friend: "You and I together will easily prove a match for the general!"

In fact he ought to have, for he had all the other enamoured young men to assist him, while the general played his hand alone. The first strategem was to dress the young men up as devils, fill their mouths with fire, and have them frighten a few people half to death. It was not exactly fun for anybody, and accomplished nothing. Then they dressed Violet up in an ulster and a deer-stalker, and tried to smuggle her off the ship. No good! Then Alvin impersonated the lord, and won her fairly by drawing lots. He was discovered and cast out. Then he appealed to the young men, dressed them as brigands, and they stormed the house with guns. The general so terrorized them by appearing suddenly in a yellow-satin costume, that they retired in confusion. Then, in despair, his finances probably being low, Alvin Barry hit upon the brilliant idea of personating the Grand Tycoon. He enlisted the services of all the young gentlemen and their corresponding young ladies, and the trap was sprung upon the general, who at last, quite politely and agreeably, consented to be deceived.

The story is absurd, the libretto rather heavy. Miss Hurricane's persistent "Have you seen the whale?" is not funny, though if real humor consisted in ceaseless repetition, it would be irresistibly amusing. The General, in his skittish moments when not lost in admiration of "the blood of the absolutes, my boy!" makes some jokes which are hailed with much relief and glee. "I might say her blood is blue, or would like to say that it is red, white, and blue." That is one of them. The other is where he threatens his disobedient daughter with "dry bread and dry water." This exhausts the Knickerbocker fund of wit. Melancholy young stock-brokers and spirited daughters are not supposed to have any.

But, though the dialogue is poor, the music of the operetta is really pretty. Every air has a gay, bright, sparkling spirit which cheers, and neither inebriates nor exalts. One can doze during the dialogue when General Knickerbocker is performing prodigies of daring in the perpetration of jokes, to wake with a pleased start when the waltz song or the swinging choruses ring out, clear and brilliant. They are all pleasant melodies. There is no stiffness or restraint about any of them—each one is "easy as an old shoe." They have the ingratiating qualities of a gay, good-tempered, careless companion—the sort of jolly fellow of whom one can not expect much that is great, and from whose society one therefore derives much that is pleasant.

The fun of the operetta is furnished by Teddy and his master, Lord Dolphin. Mr. Joseph Mealey infuses much humor into Teddy. He looks as like a groom as the gentlemen who grace the coaching-parade every spring in New York, or as one of those choice English importations which adorn the boxes in Mr. Gray Parker's sketches. Then he "introduces" some Irish nonsense which is good fun in its way, especially after the bewildering corruscations of General Knickerbocker's old-blue brains. Lord Dolphin also stirs languid laughter. Lord Dolphin dates from a long way back. He has been quite popular on the stage for more years than one likes to talk about in a frivolous spirit. In appearance he resembles a Frenchman's idea of an Englishman, or one of those "imitation dooks" who occasionally grace the boards.

The acting of the rest of the company is fairly good and the singing excellent.. There are several voices—quite an *embarras de richesse*. Miss Linyard sings and Mr. Libby sings. One is really bewildered at this invasion of the good old rules started by the French stage and so religiously adhered to by the American. They have not had a voice at the Casino in New York since the eight-foot lyre reared its flamboyant crest over the city. It is not considered the thing there to be able to sing. If the voice is good, it is apt to distract attention from the singer's charming face and costume. Besides, there is something wonderfully piquant in hearing a singer sing without any voice. There is an element of the miraculous about it which commends it to the wearied worldling. In respect to voices, "The Little Tycoon" proves its Philadelphian origin.

In their acting, the company are not quite so successful, though they do their best and are always painstaking and conscientious. They all appear to be followers of the most rigidly realistic school, for when they have finished reciting their lines, they retire to the edge of the vessel and gaze down into the deep in the manner of those who pay tribute to the sea, the sea, the open sea, the blue, the beautiful, the free. Violet is especially given to leaning over the rail with her back to the audience. She does it four or five times in the scene where she defies Lord Dolphin and her father, and this is very hard on Lord Dolphin.

G. B.

STAGE GOSSIP.

"The Little Tycoon" will be continued for another week at the Bush Street Theatre.

Mme. Janauschek will appear at the Alcazar in "Meg Merrilies" at the conclusion of the Grismer-Davies engagement.

Miss Dora Wiley will make her début as prima donna of the Tivoli on Monday evening next. She will sing the rôle of Bettina in "The Mascotte."

"The Duke's Motto" will be revived at the Alcazar next week, with Joseph R. Grismer and Miss Phœbe Davies in the cast, supported by the Alcazar company.

Bill Nye and James Whitcomb Riley, the "Hoosier poet," will reach San Francisco on their joint lecturing tour in the latter part of next month. They have been very successful with their readings so far.

The musical entertainment provided at the Bijou by the San Francisco Quartet has hit the popular fancy. Mme. Pyk and Miss Mary Barnard are encored nightly. They will give a special sacred concert on Sunday evening.

Elsie Leslie, the favorite little Lord Fauntleroy in New York, is ambitious of playing adult rôles. At a recent benefit she appeared as Susan McCreery in "Held by the Enemy," the part Louise Dillon played here, and acquitted herself admirably.

Miss Mary Anderson's illness, over which the wires have been making so much to-do, will probably in no wise affect her engagement in this city. She always takes an absolute rest during Holy Week, for she is a devout Catholic, and this year she will in all probability be resting in this city when Holy Week arrives.

Dion Boucicault was married to Louise Thorndyke in New York city a fortnight ago. He had married her in Sydney three years ago, under the assumption that his marriage by mutual agreement to Agnes Robertson Boucicault was no marriage at all, but he was robbed of this delusion a few weeks ago by the English courts, which granted Mrs. Boucicault's suit for divorce.

"Little Lord Fauntleroy" will be the attraction at the Baldwin next week, and an attraction such as we have not seen on that stage for several weeks. Whoever has read Mrs. Burnett's charming book will want to see it realized on the stage; indeed, London and New York seem to have preferred the mimic life behind the footlights to the story, even as prettily told as Mrs. Burnett tells it.

The rôle of little Lord Fauntleroy is so wearing on a child actor that Wallie Eddinger and Flossy Ethyl will appear in that part on alternate nights, the boy, who is said to be the best of those who have played the part, having the opening night, Monday. The other members of the company are: Miss Isabelle Evesson, Miss Lytton, Miss Rose Snyder, Mrs. Ross, Frank E. Aiken, Russell Bassett, Graham Henderson, Matt Snyder, Laurence Eddinger, George Marston, James Peakes, and Edgar Pearson.

Adley H. Cummins will deliver his third lecture next Tuesday evening, March 26th, at Irving Hall. His subject is, "The History of Liberty," and music will be provided by the Mandolin Club, under the direction of Miss Marie C. Hyde, assisted by Mr. Noah Brandt.

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A Nocturne.

The man is deemed unfortunate
Who, in the winter wild,
Must walk the floor at night to hush
A child.

But greater misery knows he
Who, just as he begins
To dream, must rise and do the same
With twins. —*Boston Courier.*

A Difficult World.

Ah, I myself have often thought,
How very much better 'twould be
If every one of the folks that I know
Would only agree with me.

This world is a difficult world, indeed,
And people are hard to suit,
And the man who plays on the violin
Is a bore to the man with the flute.
—*Walter Learned.*

The Way of the World.

The soldier soldiers for his fame;
The hunter hunts to catch his game;
The preacher preaches well and long;
The singer sings his high-priced song;
The driver drives his cart all day;
The clerk he clerks for weekly pay;
The dealer deals at put and call;
The dude he dudes, that is all.
—*Washington Critic.*

Grace and Beauty.

A STUDY IN POTTER'S CLAY.

The following more or less odious comparison between the standing of the church and that of the drama, was suggested by a private view of Bishop Potter, in full regimentals—apron, knee-breeches, black stockings, etc.

There's grace divine in Potter's legs.
"What, those of Egypt's queen?"
Pshaw! Her's may be hut clothes-line pegs,
His Grace's legs, I mean.

There's quite a charm about the hose
In which those legs are seen—
Not that which goes with Cora's clothes,
His Grace's hose, I mean.

There's nothing wrong about the skirt,
It only comes as low
As where the calves begin to spurt—
His Grace's calves, you know.

If accident that gown should raise,
Or Boreas make too free,
You'd have a chance to see and praise
His Grace's shapely knee.

You'll find no stems of brooms or mops
Beneath his Grace's frock,
But, on his manly, sturdy props,
The church stands as a rock.

Were Cora Potter's skirts as short
As Cleopatra's nose,
You'd see upon what slim support
The tottering drama goes.

Were he but she, and she but he,
We'd have the thing to rights;
For he could wear long gowns, and she
Could wear the Bishop's tights.
—*George Crouch in To-day*

Tangled Lives—A Tennysonian Tale.

At nine my Aunt Penelope "retires"—
Or so she says—(I go to bed at twelve)
And 'tis her custom 'round the room to pass
Imprinting good-night kisses on the cheeks
And noses of her nephews and her nieces
And sometimes casual guests, promiscuous-like.

And as she goes her rounds, her ball of worsted
Bobs merrily behind her, so that she
Inevitably tangles some one up,
Or snares the fire-irons, or a chair or two.
And so it chanced, the other night, that Aunty
Was brought up with a round turn at the door,
And then the whole assembled company
Saw that the fatal line of pinky worsted
Had bound in three-fold, tangled, twisted bonds
Young John to pretty Amy—sweet sixteen!

All of which would have been significant
And sweetly sentimental, full of hints
Of budding love and Hymen's tender tie,
If John were not sweet Amy's elder brother,
Or Amy were not John's young sister. Rats!
—*Puck.*

A March Idyl.

Three women, good neighbors, did all agree
On St. Patrick's day, when the rain came down,
To lock the door on their husbands three,
Who delighted with red to paint the town
While the hands outside were droning.
Three stove-pipe hats of different shapes
Came silently down three fire-escapes;
Three husbands climbed over the fence like apes
And left their wives aching.

Three women leaned out of a casement high
On St. Patrick's night, when the moon shone down,
And saw 'neath the light of a cloudless sky
Three men come rolling up, muddy and brown,
The sidewalk completely owning.
For men must march and women must wait,
And in forcible terms mankind berate,
As they open the door when hours are late,
For husbands they'd rather be stoning.
—*Judge.*

Young Lochinvar.

Oh, Young Lochinvar has come out of the West;
On all the wild broncos his seat was the best;
He was counted a whooper, well skilled to lift h'ar;
A bad man from Wayback was Young Lochinvar!

He would crush a cayuse with a grip of his knees;
He was boss o'er the rest of the cow-boys with ease;
There was nothing could faze him, for nothing could scar'
Such a roarer and shooter as Young Lochinvar.

He's come out of the West, to the city he's come;
He's walked into the bar-room, and suddenly mum
Are the drinkers; they whisper: "'Twere better by far
To keep clear of such terrors as Young Lochinvar!"

Oh, Young Lochinvar has made patent his gait;
He's announced he's a killer from Killerville straight,
And he's called them all up to a line at the bar;
"You'll drink with me, fellers!" says Young Lochinvar.

Oh, a pallid young man has declined to take more,
And the Young Lochinvar has demanded his gore!
He proposes with bullets the body to mar
Of the reckless insulter, does Young Lochinvar!

Oh, Young Lochinvar has had no time to draw
When something has caught him just under the jaw,
And it's floorward he's gone with a sickening jar,
Knocked out in two seconds is Young Lochinvar!

There is hustling and hustling and opening a door.
And the cow-boy is dragged o'er the sawdusty floor;
He's out on the sidewalk, and much below par
Is the stock of the terrible Young Lochinvar.
—*Chicago Tribune.*

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Assets, - - - -	$95,042,922 96
Liabilities, 4 per ct.	74,248,207 81
Surplus, - - -	$20,794,715 15
New Assurance, -	$153,933,535 00
Outstanding assurance, - - - -	549,216,126 00
Income, - - - -	26,958,977 59
Surplus earned in 1888, - - - -	5,067,123 68
Percentage of assets to liabilities, - - - -	128
Increase in surplus, $	2,690,460 30
Increase in income,	3,718,128 30
Increase in assets,	10,664,018 11

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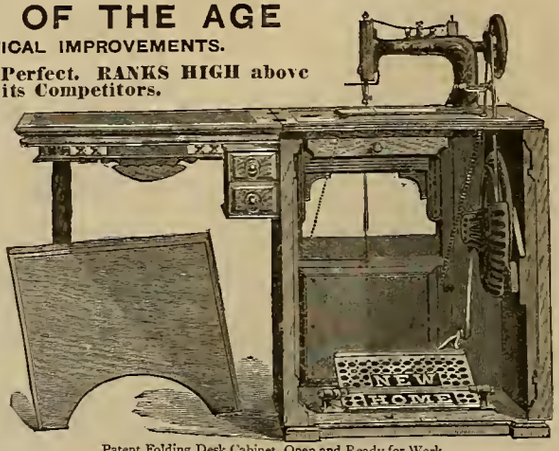

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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THE IRISH PROBLEM is never exciting, but always curious. The world gets used to the Irish crisis because it is chronic. Sometimes it is more sensational than at others, and at such times it is in some degree more interesting. Just now the question is exceedingly attractive, as indicated by the sensational headings of our daily journals: CHARLES S. PARNELL VINDICATED. IRISH HOME-RULE TRIUMPHANT. THE GRAND OLD MAN HAS RENEWED HIS AGE. TORY GOVERNMENT OVERWHELMED BY THE DISCLOSURES OF PIGOTT. DISSOLUTION OF PARLIAMENT IMMEDIATE. THE LONDON "TIMES" DESTROYED. ATTORNEY-GENERAL WEBSTER DISGRACED AND DISHONORED. BANQUET TO THE IRISH PATRIOTS AND MARTYRS. Parnell, O'Brien, Biggar, Logan, Davitt, Sullivan, and all the other distinguished political celebrities who have been displaying their heroism in prison, their cheek in Parliament, and their generous devotion to their native land by accepting aid from America to keep it involved in political confusion and crime, are to have a banquet in London, and to be rewarded for that Irish patriotism which is willing to agitate for coin. The occasion of this overwhelming exultation grows out of the fact that an Irish "gentleman"—in good standing in the Roman Catholic Church, on intimate terms with Archbishop Walsh, formerly editor of *United Ireland*, a member of the Fenian Brotherhood, of the Clan-na-Gael, the home-rule, land-league, anti-rent, and all kindred criminal organizations—has, by his lying, imposed upon the London *Times* certain forged letters and induced the proprietors to pay money for them. This Irish "gentleman" went upon the stand before an investigating commission, committed perjury, was exposed in cross-examination, escaped from London after confessing his crime of forgery, went to Madrid, and there committed suicide. Sir Richard Webster, the attorney for the London *Times*, admitted his client's mistake, withdrew the letters, the *Times* promptly and generously confessing the entanglement into which it had been inveigled, and the case (of which the Parnell letters formed a very unimportant part) proceeded. Hereupon all the home-rulers in Parliament, all the Gladstone politicians in England, all the demagogues in Ireland, all the Irish adventurers in America, and all the Roman Catholic priests in the world, break out into the most exultant pæans of triumph. The American press—impelled by the secret Jesuitical conspirators who move all the Democratic and Republican cowards, who tremble in terror at the menace of the Irish party—bursts forth in great display-headings, such as we have quoted. From the New York *Tribune*, whose editor is rewarded with the French mission, down to the journals of lesser dimensions and influence in more remote parts of our country, there come head-lines, editorials, news-items, declaring that the party of Lords Salisbury and Hartington, of Goschen, Balfour, and Chamberlain, of the eminent men forming the strongest Conservative government which England has had for many years, supported by the ablest English journals, maintained by the intelligence and wealth of the British empire, the birth, beauty, and fashion of her Primrose dames, supported by the Protestant strength of the nation, upheld by the brave, independent, intelligent, manly men of all the civilized world—that this party is going to pieces. That England stands in awe of the Irish agitators; that home-rule must be accorded to Ireland; that Charles Parnell, Dr. Tanner, and Mr. O'Brien—who lies naked between feather-beds to vindicate a principle—are the men and martyrs out from among whom are to come the statesmen and heroes who are to rule England in her imperial councils, and maintain her honor throughout the world wherever her influence prevails, her empire extends, her commerce reaches, wherever her flag waves, her guns are heard, or battle-fields echo the tramp of her armies. This news comes to us principally through the medium of Mr. O'Connor, an Irish member of Parliament, who supplements the charity doled out to him by Irish-American patriots by writing for the New York *World*, and Mr. Labouchère, who maintains himself in Parliament by editing a most interesting and gossipy once-a-week newspaper, misnamed *Truth*—these are the sources from which the American press acquires its intelligence concerning political affairs between England and Ireland. The reason why such false intelligence gains such extensive circulation and unbounded credence from the American partisan press, is because the press *is* partisan, and because both the Republican and Democratic parties are bidding at this devil's auction for the Roman Catholic Irish vote, and because in every Irish priest, officiating at a Roman altar in the United States, is found an Irish home-rule politician. This American branch of the Irish rebellion against England is its strongest and most reliable support. It is from America that the largest financial support is obtained. From every Roman priest and pulpit, from every Democratic politician and caucus in San Francisco, money has been contributed to support Irish members of Parliament, and to maintain all organizations and conspiracies in Ireland calculated to work annoyance and confusion to England.

This information is altogether false and unreliable. The Pigott forgeries have had no permanent influence upon the opinion of the more intelligent and respectable class of Englishmen. That the *Times* has been imposed upon, and that it has been demonstrated that Mr. Parnell is not properly chargeable with participating in all the crimes of his more ultra and unreconcilable partisans, may be admitted without conceding that the Conservative ministry of Great Britain is in danger of immediate collapse, or the Union party in danger of very speedy disintegration. The majority in the English House of Commons was never but a little stronger, and never more resolute, and never more determined than it is at the present time. It embraces the best talent and the best patriotism of England; it has enrolled among its names the men of most eminent learning and most distinguished patriotism of the British Empire; men most honored as scholars, scientists, and ranking the most exalted in all the professions and most successful in all the business pursuits are the stanch, firm, unflinching opponents of the Irish rebellion, under the leadership of the Parnell-Gladstone conspiracy. When Smith, leader in the Commons, moved closure on the queen's speech, he was sustained by a majority of one hundred and eighty-one. An amendment to the address, by Mr. Cunningham Grahame, was carried by one hundred and twenty-eight majority; an amendment to the address, prepared by Mr. A. J. Morley, was rejected by a majority of seventy-seven; while the address itself was agreed to by a majority of ninety-nine. A motion was made in Parliament to reduce the salary of Mr. Balfour, the Irish secretary, who, by his firmness and unflinching courage, has won the esteem of all honorable men and acquired the hatred of every political knave in England and Ireland, and against whom is the most deadly animosity; who has been compelled to perform his duties in Ireland in daily fear of assassination; yet in a session in which only four hundred and eighty-three votes out of more than seven hundred were cast, Mr. Balfour was sustained by a majority of sixty-one; while the motion to reduce the salary of Sir Richard Webster, because he had acted for the *Times* in the "Parnellism-and-crime" investigation, wherein the Pigott fiasco occurred, and which incident was made to figure in the Parliamentary debate, failed by a vote of two hundred and six to two hundred and eighty-six. Sir Richard Webster was sustained, and his official course indorsed, by a majority of eighty in a House where less than five hundred votes were cast. Smith, the Conservative leader in the Commons, is to be elevated to a peerage, which event is to be celebrated by a banquet tendered him by Conservative members of Parliament and gentlemen, without distinction of party. Law is being established in Ireland; crime is diminishing; her majesty's writ may now be enforced; process of ejectment may be carried out by the magistrates and constabulary; the cowardly, criminal, beastly boycott, thanks to the Pope and the higher and more respectable Catholic clergy, has been largely suppressed; tenants taking farms, from which non-rent payers are being evicted, are no longer murdered; not so many houses and hay-ricks are burned; not so many animals are tortured; not so many cowardly assassinations are perpetrated; an English syndicate is formed to stock boycotted farms in Ireland and lease them to Protestants. After seven hundred years, affairs in Ireland are decidedly improving. Gladstone is eighty years of age, and Parliament has nearly four years to sit before it will be dissolved by operation of law. The Tory majority never exceeded one hundred and ten, and the queen's speech was, only last month, after a wrangling discussion, sustained by a majority of one hundred and twenty-eight in a thin House.

That some of the by-elections are favorable to the Gladstone-Parnell-Irish-Home-Rule conspiracy is apparent, and whenever such an event occurs, all Ireland whoops its yell of triumph; but, as the result of all the money expended and all the agitation, Sir Richard Webster, the attorney-general of England, the attorney of the *Times* in the Parnellism-and-crime investigation, after the Pigott blunder—under the assault in the House of Commons by Sir William Vernon Harcourt, Mr. Gladstone's chief-of-staff—carries off a triumph of eighty

majority in a vote of four hundred and ninety-two, of which eighty-six are Irish and eighty-six more are disgruntled English politicians, fighting for place and plunder. All this is very Irish, quite Irish! It is the kind of Irish politics which occurs in San Francisco under our own noses. It reminds us of Kearneyism and O'Donnellism; of a Democratic Presidential convention, presided over by an Irishman, with Irish filling all the places of honor, and out of it the defeat of Cleveland; of a Democratic California State convention, which nominates Tarpey for lieutenant-governor; which ultimately puts Waterman in the gubernatorial chair for four years; which nominates Sullivan for judge of the supreme court and leaves him at home to practice law; which puts up a Jesuit for sheriff of San Francisco and leaves him in his paint-shop to meditate; which secures the municipal government of Boston, holds it for years, and is then whipped by women; which is always aggressive, insolent, and unendurable, till its impudence suffices to challenge attention, when, by a common consent, an intuitive combination, the decent element of the community and the gentlemen among the Irish come together with Germans, Scandinavians, Jews, intelligent foreigners, and respectable Americans, and the blundering Irish bull turns tail and bellows. The "banshee" howls, and the funeral is over. This Irish farce is to us simply amusing. We read of Mr. T. P. O'Connor and Mr. Labouchère in the cowardly political press; we listen to the din and uproar of the Irish politicians in Parliament, to the wail of martyrs in Irish jails; we know they are shelling the woods, and we know that the strength of the conservative majority and the confidence of the public is undisturbed by the clamor and the stink of the onslaught, because it is so thoroughly Irish.

Governor Waterman, worn out, wearied, tortured, and disgusted, is spending his vacation somewhere in the country away from the capital, endeavoring to recuperate. We wonder what would have resulted if he had not visited the city of Sacramento at all during the carnival of the legislature. We have often thought we should like to be the governor of California for about ninety days, in order to make the experiment whether the world would revolve upon its axis, keep step to the stately music of the spheres, and nature preserve her decorum while we sported with the pismire's nest intrusted to our control. It would have been our pleasure to be called to the administration of political affairs from the comforts of a luxurious private home, where, in the possession of sufficient wealth, we were provided with all that was essential to the enjoyment of life. We would have chosen to be surrounded with the most unconscionable band of political desperadoes who could have been gathered together by the most corrupt partisan tactics which have ever been resorted to by the worst specimens of Roman Catholic Irish bosses. We would not willingly have had an honest gentleman in the legislature, and we would have had both legislative bodies surround themselves with the most profligate knaves who could have been chosen. To each member we would have given the selection of three impecunious, greedy adventurers, who should have been promised payment from the State treasury so long as there was any money in it, and scrip so long as the State had any credit for the Shylocks to discount. We would have delivered to them an inaugural, in which we would have said: "Gentlemen of the legislature, we recognize your character and our own helpless position, we look upon ourself as a captive of war, in the hands of a merciless foe, whom cowardice alone prevents you from killing. We divine your intention to steal all in sight. You have been chosen by the best citizens of the State—the men who own the property and are the tax-payers. Through their indifference, negligence, and contemptuous disregard of duty, you have been chosen legislators. The treasury of the State is turned over to your tender mercies; there are thirteen millions of plunder in sight. You will have no opposition from me in plundering the tax-payers who have sent you here. I can not hinder your pillage if I would. You can override my vetoes. You command the position. As a matter of form, and in order to preserve my record, I will veto every bill you pass. I will pocket all you do not dispose of before adjournment. I will not sign the appropriation bill. It will make no difference to you. The money is in the treasury, and you know where the crowbars and pick-axes are kept, and I have no doubt that among so many politicians the use of burglars' tools is well understood. For your personal welfare I have the highest consideration, and turn over to your generous control all the interests that have been confided to your care. I am, very respectfully and accidentally, your Governor." I would then have retired to the official residence, which I had provided for myself, and which, by the laws of hospitality that regulate the intercourse of gentlemen, I would ask you kindly to avoid; I would have occasionally, and only at rare intervals, visited the capital; I would have read all the bills passed by the legislature, and vetoed them; I would have appointed no legislative tramps to patrol the State as commissioners; I would have chosen and named for office honest and competent men of my own party, and I would not care whether you confirmed them or not. Mr. Waterman sent to the senate for confirmation all the nominees of Mr. Bartlett, his Democratic predecessor, and when he sent his own, they were brutally rejected for no cause. Mr. Waterman looked for gratitude and reciprocity; he looked to the wrong quarter. Governor Waterman is an honest man, and he thought he was in association with honest men; he was mistaken. Mr. Waterman expected civil treatment from Republican party-leaders and the Republican press; he got neither. He expected the support of Republican gentlemen; they paid him not even civility. He was abused by every ragamuffin editor, every kerb-stone politician, every disappointed vagabond asking office, and he became disgusted. Had we been governor for ninety days, we would not have expected decent treatment from the Democracy, or civility from Republicans, or intelligent criticism by the press, or honest legislation from either branch of the legislature, or courteous treatment from anybody, and we would not have been disappointed or disgusted. We should have enjoyed the ninety days of conflict, and if legislators, heads of departments, State officials, party bosses, or party bums could have had more fun out of the situation than ourself, we should have congratulated them and resigned. Mr. Waterman will not again be candidate for governor—fool if he is. He is an honest man, with abundant capacity, entirely independent, and, had he been properly supported and surrounded by honest and intelligent legislators, unselfish advisers, and respectable heads of departments, he would have made a governor of whom the State would have been proud, and would have done honor to the position which, under similar circumstances and with like surroundings, no one could have filled with greater satisfaction to himself or credit to the State. Governor Waterman has our unqualified respect and our sympathy that he should have suffered crucifixion in such an association of political thieves. We have no doubt that he is looking forward with satisfaction to the time when the *Chronicle*, *Bulletin*, *Call*, and *Post* shall have divided his raiment by casting lots, shall have had their last spear-thrust at his side, their last sponge soaked with vinegar for his torture; when he shall be carefully taken down by his friends, taken to the sepulchre for burial, to await the rolling away of the stones that will guard it, and give him the opportunity of resurrection to private and honorable life.

The most honored English name of the present century passed into history on the twenty-seventh of this month. John Bright has better filled his place in the stirring events of the last six decades than any man who has actively participated in them. England has had more illustrious men—men who have been distinguished for intellectual supremacy in the fields of science, better known as statesmen, acquiring greater fame in military and diplomatic life, holding more exalted positions, achieving greater success in business, accumulating greater wealth, and attaining greater distinctions even in the peculiar fields of action to which the efforts of his life were especially directed. John Bright's life—his whole life from the beginning to the end—has been a toilsome one in the direction of practical usefulness to the age in which he lived. There has been less of charlatanism, less of demagogy, less of hypocrisy, less of insincerity, and more of earnest, honorable, honest purpose in all his efforts than in those of any of the celebrated men among whom his life has been spent. Thoroughly English, the son of a cotton-spinner, he owed nothing to the accident of birth. He was of the best type of the best race which dominates the world. What he achieved of distinction was through toilsome paths, by honest methods, and inspired by only honorable motives. He was not great as an orator, yet in the Commons of England, in the heat of hot debate, in the struggle with great leaders in advocacy of measures which were not popular, he achieved distinguished triumphs. At such times, he displayed a persuasive eloquence which carried conviction, for his was the eloquence of honest passion, striving in the cause he thought was right and best. All matters of genuine reform which have distinguished English legislation for the last three-fourths of a century, and all efforts to confine England in the paths of honorable peace, have commanded the services of the man who has just died. His efforts for the Corn League, for free trade, for financial reform, for the maintenance of friendly, peaceful relations with all the world, in order that war might be avoided, his association with Cobden, his abandonment of Gladstone, his unswerving, disinterested, frank, and honorable sympathy for our country during the civil war, his sympathy for all the lesser nations and peoples against whom the insolence of British power was displayed in commerce, diplomacy, and war, marked him as morally fearless for the right, indifferent to popularity—not honestly deserved—among the masses, and boldly contemptuous of the applause of the ignorant, noisy mob. He was no admirer of that useless but brilliant institution which embraces the house of hereditary legislators, the titled aristocrats, the privileged classes, the established church. He was the friend of Ireland while Irishmen were claiming their rights under the law, in a constitutional manner. He was the fearless opponent of the Roman hierarchy, the Catholic priesthood, the agitating Irish politician, the cowardly boycotter, the brutal dynamitard, the sham martyr, and the paid patriot; when, by the arts of the demagogue and the acts of criminal agitation, Ireland's meaner population were engaged in the endeavor to destroy title to landed property, to divide and disintegrate the British Empire, to subordinate the schools, the rights of the Protestant minority, the courts, the law, and public order to an ignorant, bigoted, and propertyless mob of Romanists under dominion of an alien ecclesiasticism, then John Bright withdrew from the Irish cause, withdrew from Gladstone, whose life-long friend and frequent ally he had been, and by his actions demonstrated the practical wisdom and fearless integrity which have characterized his long and honest public career, his pure and honorable private life. John Bright was a Quaker, a sect not large, not flourishing, not especially sensible in its faith, nor altogether admirable in its history, but it seemed to clothe this its most distinguished disciple with a simplicity and beauty of character, an earnestness and directness of purpose, that especially became him. For so brave a man, with such relentless honesty of purpose, such fearless disregard of what the world esteems as its highest honors and its best rewards, there was no garb more appropriate and no standing place more impregnable for John Bright than under the shadow of his own broad brim, in the simplicity of Quaker garb. In contrast with Lord John Russell, Viscount Palmerston, the Earl of Beaconsfield, and Mr. Gladstone, John Bright stands preëminently conspicuous. His figure will be radiant in English history while more illustrious and more successful men will, as time grows old, sink into the shadow of complete obscurity. Earls, lords, and titled names will be long forgotten when plain John Bright will be remembered because of his heroic moral integrity, his fearless mental independence, and his utter indifference to the had breath of the popular mob. It seems to us that the name of John Bright has, during all our life, been associated with everything that has been best in English history. So long was he in the House of Commons, and so continuously active and prominent had he become, that we have come to associate it with all English reforms; and in all matters of popular controversy in English politics we have looked to the position taken by John Bright before we had assurance to form an independent opinion of our own. To catalogue these questions, or criticise controversies surrounding them, would be to write a history of England's last half century. In it would be embodied the biography of the cotton-spinning Quaker of Rochdale and the most distinguished commoner of England. On motion of the Tory leader, in the English House of Commons, panegyric and eloquent eulogy await the return of Gladstone from the burial of his brother. Gladstone and John Bright had been long personal friends in intimate political association. On the question of home-rule for Ireland they had divided. Gladstone, fighting in alliance with Parnell and his eighty-six Irish in hopeless minority, ambitious to be again Premier of England, Bright, stricken with years, kept up from his sick-room the fight for the same class of principles which distinguished the zeal of his earlier conflicts. His utterances and letters from his death-bed have been more powerful, more convincing, and more efficacious in holding the better sentiment of England to the right direction on Irish affairs, than all the eloquence and energy of the ambitious friend who survives him to wage war in the open arena of political conflict. Bright is dead, and Gladstone will not long survive him; who shall say that in the honored grave, into which no honest man may not drop an honest tear, he will not be envied above the living gladiator who still fights in the battle with his harness on? That John Bright may rest in eternal peace, is the wish of all just men who revere the memory of a brave life well-spent in the service of his fellow-men, and for the glory of all the Anglo-Saxon race. Upon the tomb of John Bright we would chisel the inscription, "Here rests a statesman and honest man." Upon the bronze or marble that holds down the restless spirit of Gladstone, we would write, "Here lies an ambitious and successful politician"—trusting the all-wise and ever just to assign the places when awakened by the angel's trump on the morning of the resurrection day.

THE WATER SUPPLY.

An Englishman compares Our Water System with that of London.

Editors Argonaut: As an Englishman, traveling in California for pleasure and with an eye open for a good investment, I have taken considerable interest in the question of water and its supply to cities for domestic purposes. The fact that I have some money invested in the securities of two London water companies and have, at times, taken a hand in the management, deepened my interest in the late controversy that was waged about the rates and management of your Spring Valley Water Company, is my excuse for troubling the *Argonaut* with this communication. I have no wish to intrude on a matter that concerns the people of a city in which I am yet a comparative stranger, but there are certain things I have noticed in connection with the water-supply of San Francisco which excited my surprise, and I trust no one will think there is any impropriety in this, a visitor's passing com-

had been here but a few days when I noticed that there as a strong pressure in the service-pipes at all hours of the y and night, and I was a good deal surprised when I learned m one of the people at the hotel that "the water was turned all the time."

Perhaps the people who have lived in San Francisco for any years, or all of their lives, will think it very odd that y one should wonder at the water being turned on all the ne, but if they ever spend a few days in London, they will ve, day and night, an auricular reason why so simple a thing constant water-pressure in the pipes should excite a Lon-ner's surprise, for at six o'clock every morning their rest uld be disturbed by the sound of the water rushing into the tern, and, at six o'clock every night, the same sharp sound uld be heard mingling with the roar of the cabs and omni-ses and the other street noises of the great city. At six clock every morning and night, a uniformed turnkey goes the rnds, turning on the water, and an hour later he turns it off.

The London water companies have a simple and safe way of plying water and collecting their bills. When a consumer, ether landlord or tenant, goes to the office of the New River ater Company, the West Middlesex, the Lambeth, or any er, he is not asked to give the size of his house, the number his family, and specify the uses he has for water, but is ply asked "How big is your cistern?" He probably says does not know exactly, and it makes no difference whether he es or not, for the company's man goes round and measures cistern, calculates how many gallons it will take to fill it ce each day for a week or month, makes out the bill for t sum, collects the money in advance, and then connects cistern with the service-pipe, and it will stay connected till day of the next payment comes round, when the collector s around with a bill in one hand and a pair of pliers in the er. If the bill is paid in advance for the next period, all ht; if not, the collector unscrews the connection, plugs the vice-pipe, and that house gets no more water till a settle-nt is made.

The price per house, shop, or stable is based on the number gallons used, and the cistern or tank plan is a simple means ascertain the consumption. An ordinary house will have, , a sixty-gallon tank. The tank is on the roof or some ated part of the house, and is connected with the main by rvice-pipe. The tap that allows the water to run in to the k is what plumbers call a hall-valve—that is, it has a large, ow, copper or zinc ball at the end of an arm, which is fixed the turning part of the tap, and when the water rises in the k it floats the ball, which raises the arm, and the water ses to flow. Now, the water company agrees to fill every ern twice a day, so, if your cistern holds sixty galloos, you for one hundred and twenty gallons a day, and you do get a siogle drop more. The cistern is filled at six o'clock , six o'clock, and if you use up your sixty gallons before water is turned on again at the main, you must go without, ake a jug and borrow from a neighbor. Between the hours ix and six, the water-mains are kept closed and the cis-s empty, and one can always tell when the hour comes d by hearing the rush of "the water coming in." If a ly finds that sixty gallons a day is not enough, and that ug has to go to the neighbor's too often, a simple remedy he shortage lies in the purchase of a larger cistern. That ns paying for more water also. No doubt the company es a little extra profit out of those people who have a er cistern than they actually need and whose cisterns are er emptied, but an allowance is made for that in fixing the s, and in London, as in the rest of the world, people some-s go to the trouble of getting all that is due them even if have no particular use for it, and will leave the kitchen open every day just before six o'clock to empty the cistern. uch is the London system of selling water. It has its dis-ntages, of course, but it has at least the merit of fairness never forces a careful person to pay for the waste of a less one, nor asks any one to pay for more than he uses. a wonderful economizer and makes people careful of water, find by looking over some reports I have of the West Mid-x Water Works, that the people of the fashionable and district that company supplies, use only one-third the nt of water per head that is consumed in San Francisco, the London people are not averse to bathing either. The disadvantages of the London cistern system are danger at and fouling of the water. They have a pretty good fire rtment in London, though the way I saw Chief Scannell's s and men hurry to a fire the other evening surprised me, tell you. London is built of brick, stone, and iron, and ings are very carefully inspected. If there were wooden s there, and they had the water-system that is in vogue now, I am afraid the rates of insurance would go up. by the way, it is creditable to the water-supply of San cisco that the ratio of losses to insurance premiums shown by the reports, less than any city in the world. I er what the San Francisco firemen would say, when they ed a big fire in a wooden building, if they were told that n had been sent to fetch the turnkey to turn the water on would be back in ten minutes, until which time they could the fire without any water. Yet that is what happens at es which occur outside of a very small part of the city ndon. The water is kept turned off at the mains and can e turned on again by the joint action of the turnkey and an in the water-tower. No doubt that seems as absurd e people of your city as the constant supply seemed e to me, but London prefers to wait a while for water than to double its water-hill, and that is what even the est advocates of a constant supply admit they would to pay if the water was turned on all the time.

ter kept for twelve hours under a hot sun in a slate or ned cistern, with an iron or wooden cover, is apt to be warm, and that is one of the unpleasant features of the plan, especially where the people hold that the use of water is both extravagant and dangerous to health, as lo in London. The cisterns become foul if not con-cleaned, and every Englishman who has a dread of ic diseases uses no water till it has passed drip by drip h a charcoal filter.

Another thing that surprised me about the water-supply of San Francisco, is the care taken to get a pure supply and keep the water-shed clean. London gets its water from the River Thames and the River Lea, or the New River, as the latter is called. Both rivers pass through a populous country, and are defiled in every conceivable way. It is true that the Thames Conservancy and the New River Company prosecute people who turn the refuse of tan-yards and dye-houses into their streams, but the natural seepage from the cattle-grazed marshes and manufacturing towns through which these rivers pass is very foul. The companies pump the water from the river into settling-dams, and then pump it again into water-towers. With coal at ten shillings per ton (two dollars and fifty cents), landed at their wharves, this is not very costly, and how the Spring Valley Company manages to do its pumping with coal at ten dollars a ton, as I am told it is here, I can not understand; and you can imagine my surprise when I learned that the company here had actually bought all the water-shed that fed its streams, and kept the vast ranges of land idle, refusing even to graze cattle on them. All the land owned by the West Middlesex Water Company is taken up by its reservoirs and pumping-stations. Then, too, when I think of San Francisco's many hills, some more than four hundred feet above the level of the peninsula, I wonder how it is that complaints about lack of pressure are not made every day. The highest water-tower in London has not two hundred feet elevation above the river level. I must say that the insurance companies and the public have a very good time, and the water company a very hard time, when it has to bring water from a great distance, pump it up four hundred feet, and keep ten mains open all the time.

Another thing that has surprised me is the small dividends that water-stock pays. Two companies in which I hold stock in London pay fifteen per cent. dividends, and could pay a great deal more but for the English law, which forbids any stock-company paying out more than fifteen per cent. in dividends annually. You can form some estimate of the esteem in which these shares are held from the fact that original one-hundred-pound shares find a ready sale at two hundred and seventy pounds, the holder paying income tax; and those same shares were marketed, when the company started operations, at twelve pounds per share. Nothing but the bursting of a dam ever affects these companies, and as there is an enormous reserve fund to meet such exigencies, their dividends are as regular as British consols. The secret of the big profit is, steady rates and closely settled territory, which makes the expense of distribution small. The West Middlesex Water Company serves more than a million people in an area of ten square miles, while I am told the Spring Valley Water Company has its three hundred thousand users scattered over forty-six square miles of hilly territory.

I do not think that there is much London capital ready for investment in water-supply here, and I think that unless the rates of water for domestic and farming purposes are settled on a more liberal basis than at present, a great deal of money that would otherwise be brought here for investment will be kept away. H. W.

Palace Hotel, San Francisco, March 27, 1889.

OUR AMERICAN EAST INDIA COMPANY.

The President's proclamation, bearing date of March 22d, eighteen days after his inauguration, is the first ray of light which has been shed on his probable future policy. It recites Section 1956 of the Revised Statutes, and the little act which was surreptitiously smuggled through Congress on March 2, 1889, warns "all persons against entering the waters of Behring's Sea within the dominion of the United States for the purpose of violating the provisions of said Section 1956," and proclaims that "all persons found to be, *or to have been*, engaged in any violation of the laws of the United States in said waters, shall be convicted and punished, and all vessels so employed, their tackle, apparel, furniture, and cargoes, will be seized and forfeited." There is nothing wrong in this. The law makes it the duty of the President to issue a proclamation of warning, and he carefully avoids determining what "waters" are "within the dominion of the United States," leaving that to be decided by the courts, to which the question properly belongs. He merely announces, in conformity with law, that law-breakers shall be punished.

But the proclamation must be studied by the light of the transactions of last year. Last spring, it was generally believed that Mr. Cleveland's administration had become convinced that seizures of sealers in Behring's Sea outside of the three-league limit were not warranted by law, and that they might pursue their vocation in that sea so long as they did not enter territorial waters. Application being made to Judge Hager for information on the point, the collector telegraphed to the Treasury Department for instructions. The reply was a dispatch from the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, announcing that no new orders had been issued, and that the revenue-cruisers would be guided by the rules which had been laid down when John Sherman was Secretary of the Treasury and when James G. Blaine was Secretary of State—in other words, that they would be seized if found sealing in any part of Behring's Sea. On this the sealing-fleet, which was outfitting at this port, was dispatched to other fields of adventure.

But—and this part of the story would be incredible if it did not rest on the sworn testimony of the officers of the revenue-cutters, taken before the Senate committee—before the cutters weighed anchor and went to sea, the captains received sealed orders from the department, "not to be opened till their vessels were fifty miles from the port of departure." When the orders were opened, they were found to *prohibit the cutters from molesting sealers flying the British flag.* Two extra touches complete the picture. At the time the cutters sailed from San Francisco, a secret dispatch from Washington was received at Victoria, B. C., where the Canadian sealing-fleet was lying; the day afterward, the entire fleet weighed anchor, sailed into Behring's Sea, and fished peaceably for seals throughout the entire season. A week or so previously, Admiral Heneage had, somewhat ostentatiously, authorized the announcement that he had detached the sloop-of-war *Caroline* from his squadron, and sent her into Behring's Sea for the protection of British sealing-vessels.

The true inwardness of the proclamation of March 22d will not be realized till we ascertain whether Mr. Windom intends to tread in the footsteps of Mr. Fairchild, and, while ordering his cutters to seize and confiscate any American sealers they may find in Behring's Sea, to warn them to let British sealers severely alone, for fear of the *Caroline* and Admiral Heneage; whether, in a word, pending the meeting of the international conference on the Behring Sea question, the American Government proposes to hold that Behring's Sea is a closed sea to Americans, but an open sea to foreigners.

It is odd how uniformly this Alaska business has been putrescent with jobbery. If President Grant had had his own way, General Miller would have got the twenty-year lease in 1870 for his company, without notice to any one, and without a call for proposals from others. It was only the obstinate honesty of Boutwell, backed up by the advice of two successive attorney-generals, Hoar and Akerman, which compelled the President to allow bids to be called for. When the bids were put in, several of them were better than that of the Alaska Company; that of Louis Goldstone was far more advantageous for the United States; but so determined was General Grant that his old comrade in arms should get the lease, that Miller was allowed to amend his bid so as to make it seem just a little better than Goldstone's. The transaction was so outrageous that Boutwell refused to have anything to do with it, and the award and lease were both signed by Assistant-Secretary Richardson.

Two years afterward, the Alaska Company attempted to prevent sealing on the high sea of Behring, outside of the three-league limit. But Boutwell sternly refused to violate international law for their convenience. It was not till John Sherman became Secretary of the Treasury that they got a ruling to their taste. This was naturally indorsed with characteristic emphasis by James G. Blaine in 1881, though, as he was Secretary of State, the matter lay outside of his province. Behring's Sea has been a closed sea ever since, except last year to the English.

The present lease expires on August 3, 1890. By the Act of July 1, 1870, the Secretary of the Treasury is authorized to renew it for such period and on such terms as he may deem equitable. He is not obliged to refer to Congress, though it would seem that under the provisions of the Act of 1870, Congress might alter or cancel the lease if it was deemed unfair to the government. It will be curious to observe the way in which the lease will be renewed, whether Mr. Windom will renew it without calling for bids, what device will be adopted to prevent any one getting it except the Alaska Company, and how much of the hoodle that corporation will consent to spare to the lessor.

The situation has mightily changed since 1870. At that time, Behring's Sea was only one of the sources from which seal-skins were obtained. The fur-seal was still found on many islands in the South Pacific, on the islands lying off Patagonia and Australia, and on the west coast of North America, north of San Diego. Skins were not as expensive as they are, and the business of sealing not having been systematized, the cost of getting them was greater. Twice or three times, in the early history of the lease, the Alaska Company netted a loss on the year's operations, though it did not dare to take the full number of skins allowed by law for fear of glutting the markets.

Now, the fur-seal is practically extinct everywhere except in Behring's Sea. The Alaska Company takes one hundred thousand skins annually from the islands of St. Paul and St. George, and about forty thousand skins from the Pribiloff Islands, which it leases from Russia; all the rest of the world does not produce twenty thousand skins. It is difficult to say what the skins cost the company. A few cases of canned provisions, a few calico dresses for the women, with some old muskets and jack-knives, and a little whisky and tobacco, satisfy the wants of the simple Aleuts. Do the skins cost one dollar apiece on the islands?

On the other hand, the market for seal-skins is increasing rapidly all over the world. There is no fur that can compare for a moment with the seal-skin for beauty, warmth, style, and durability. Attempts are occasionally made to supersede seal-skin with martin, astrakan, mink, sable, otter, and other furs; but they fail ludicrously. Fashion will have seal-skin, and nothing else. Thus, the price is steadily rising. Skins which, in the raw state, were worth last year from nine to fourteen dollars, according to size and quality, are now worth twelve to eighteen dollars. An ordinary skin, four of which will make a coat, is worth here, on its return from London, dressed and dyed, about twenty-five dollars. Why should it not be worth fifty dollars? The company will not put up the price till after it has secured a renewal of the lease; but when it has got its twenty-year monopoly, and all obstacles are out of the way, there is no reason why it should not exact all the traffic will bear. The number of ladies who can afford to pay two hundred and fifty dollars for a coat, which is unequaled in beauty and comfort and will last a life-time, is quite large; they are to be found in every city of Europe and America, and in parts of Asia. Why should not the company make them pay and divide its twenty per cent. regularly, besides extra semi-annual dividends of twenty-five or thirty per cent., under the good old rule of addition, division, and silence? B.

San Francisco, March 27, 1889.

How To Count the Next-Time Americans.

Editors Argonaut: There is abundant reason to believe that in California the voters who are devoted to American principles are sufficiently numerous to sweep the State at any election at which their votes could be massed. Ninety-five per cent. of these American voters are next-time Americans; many of them are Irish Catholics, Germans, Scandinavians, and others not generally supposed to be material for a distinctively American party. Every election furnishes some new reason why it would be folly to *throw your vote away*, and why the next, or some future election, will present an opportunity to *count the American* vote. I suggest that, at the next general election, we select one of the most unimportant State offices upon which to concentrate the American vote for the mere purpose of counting it. B. Marks.

San Francisco, March 27, 1889.

THE THIRST FOR GOLD.

How the Secret of the Nugget was Locked in a Madman's Brain.

The horses stopped. The driver woke and looked around him in bewilderment. On every side stretched the level plains, gleaming white and mysterious in the rays of the full moon and silent with the lifeless, oppressive stillness of the desert. Surprised at the sudden halt, the driver half rose to his feet and peered about him—not a living creature, not a land-mark in sight; only the limitless, flat expanse, extending farther and farther, as his straining eyes sought its bounds. Lost! As the thought flashed through his brain, the landscape swam before his eyes; strange vistas of a mysterious country opened as by enchantment on every hand. He was alone in the centre of a universe whose limits were blurred and obliterated by immeasurable distance and the deceptive radiance of the moon. A half-uttered exclamation of terror broke the spell, and, much to his relief, "Salty" Smith became his prosaic self again, while the dusty San Diego stage-road stretched ahead of him, until it faded away into the pale vacuity of the west.

"Git, there!" he cried, hringing his long "black-snake" down with a whack upon the back of the near wheeler. The mules, however, strangely enough, refused to "git," although they plunged and snorted and tried to rear out of the road.

The moon was at the driver's back, and, as the leaders swung to one side, he caught sight of some object lying in the road almost under their feet. Hanging his "black-snake" around his neck, Smith clamhered off his wagon and walked to the head of his team to see, as he expressed it, "What was putting the hoodoo on them now?" He discovered the cause in the form of a man, lying on his back in the road, the moonlight streaming full upon his face. Stooping over him, Smith found that the man was not, as he had at first supposed, dead, but, judging from his heavy breathing, in a profound sleep.

"Hello, pardner!" he said, shaking him gently, "wake up!" No reply. "Stranger," shaking bim more roughly, "arise, and let the funeral pass on."

Beyond a choking sort of groan, the man gave no sign of consciousness.

Smith dragged the limp form to one side of the road, and, after jostling it about, endeavored to place it in a sitting posture, but the inert mass persistently fell over on its side and seemingly slumbered on. Smith remained a few moments in contemplation of the huddled-up figure, which looked miserable enough in the bright moonlight, clothed in a faded calico shirt, brown duck-coat, and greasy blue overalls tucked into a pair of boots, so dusty, dry, and crinkled that they seemed to have been through a fire, and one of the mules was furtively lunching on what had evidently heen an old straw hat. The face was covered with a beard a few inches long, powdered like all the rest of tbe figure, even to the dry and swollen lips, with impalpable, irritating, alkali dust.

Suddenly something in the gasping manner of breathing struck Smith as unnatural, and like a breath of cold air came the realization that the man was dying. Hurrying to one of the barrels on the wagon, he dipped up a bucket of water, took a bottle and a sombre-colored cloth, called by courtesy a towel, from the jockey-box, and, returning to the prostrate man, washed bis face, and, at the imminent risk of strangling him, forced a little water and whisky down his throat. This operation was repeated several times, and after some minutes the breatbing became less labored and more natural.

So much of the night had now elapsed that it became necessary for Smith to move on, in order to reach the next watering-place before the intense heat of the coming day should be upon them. Smith, accordingly, took the man in his arms, and, as gently as possible, laid him upon the straw in the bottom of the wagon. Tben, after administering a thorough and impartial "whaling" with the black-snake to each mule, to make them straighten out tbe chains and attend to business, he resumed bis seat, and, after sundry exhortations in English, Spanish, and one or two Indian dialects, the wagon was once more set in motion through the heavy sand toward Dos Palmos.

The driver of this team, Mr.—or, as he was more commonly called, "Salty"—Smith, was a native of the great State of Missouri, and had, at the time of the events just narrated, attained the age of fifty-one years. It would be useless to attempt a detailed description of his personal appearance, as he was one of those extremely common-looking men, devoid of any peculiarities of person or mind to distinguish him from the multitude of his fellow-men bearing the same illustrious name. Indeed, he was such a plain, unromantic appearing person that it seemed impossible to associate him with anything more poetic or less prosaic than "mule-whacking." His distinctive appellation of "Salty" was due to the great well-boring enterprise which had marked the turning-point of his life. Owning a good ranch in Culebras Grandes Valley—a portion of Southern California not, as yet, staked out into city lots—he had conceived the idea of the luxury of an artesian well, and to this end he devoted the accumulated savings of many years. At the depth of one thousand seven hundred and thirty-three and one-half feet a bountiful supply of water was struck, but water so impregnated with salt, alkali, and other chemicals that wherever it evaporated it left a heavy white deposit. As for taste, the waters of the Dead Sea were in comparison palatable. This was a cruel blow to Mr. Smith. In fact, it seemed as though the acrid waters of the well had tainted the very fountain of his soul. He never again appeared to be the same jovial, light-hearted man after receiving the chemist's certificate that the water was poisonous, but became embittered, and his speech, when he did talk, which was rarely, partook of the dry, biting flavor of hopeless cynicism.

The well, however, achieved quite a local celebrity and became a resort for the neighbors on Sundays, when, on returning from church and Sunday-school, they would climb upon the fence and remain, for some length of time, in silent contemplation of the strange phenomenon. But after a time, the ceaseless gurgling and splashing of that briny stream, perpetual reminder of his disappointment, became intolerable to Smith. He therefore decided to leave the ranch in charge of his faithful wife, Mary Jane, assisted by a hired man, and, taking his mules to Arizona, endeavor to make something, freighting from the railroad to the mines. He did so, but no great financial success crowned his efforts; in fact, he was often heard to say that the salt well had "hoodooed" him, and that he never expected to win at anything again.

One day, about six months after leaving home, Smith, going to the post-office—more as a matter of form than with any expectation of receiving a letter, for Mary Jane was not a frequent writer—was surprised to receive a bright yellow envelope bearing certain cabalistic characters, denoting that it was intended for "Mr. C. V. Smith, Esq." That gentleman, after examining the letter critically, "hefting" it with each hand, holding it up to the light, and smelling it suspiciously to see if it contained any noxious elements, decided to open it. This he did, and studied it intently for some time, surprise, douht, and anguish being far more legibly written upon his face the while than were the words of the scrawl be held in his hand. Approaching one of his acquaintances, he requested him to read the letter aloud, saying in explanation, "I'm getting so's I can't read good without my specs, and I'm afeard I didn't get the right sense of it."

The man, after spending a few minutes deciphering tbe hieroglyphics, read the following:

"*Culebras Grandes, Dec. 19, '83.*

"*Kind friend—I take my pen in hand to let you know all is well and prospering in this section Mrs. Benderman died last week the orange crop promises good the railroad has killed another of my heffers and refuse to pay They are thieves but the Lord will reward them hoping to hear from you before many days your friend W Billingsvie P. S. Your wife and hired man went away about a week ago and the Salt Water is drowndinq out the alfalfa patch it had ought to be looked after. W. B.*"

The letter was returned to Smith without comment, and stammering something to the effect that the alfalfa must be attended to, he turned and walked quickly away.

The visible effects of this unexpected blow, however, were more slight than would have heen imagined, for, beyond growing, if possible, more taciturn than before, Smith evinced no sign of feeling. It would seem that, since the artesian well episode, he was prepared in a measure for any calamity, as his swamper heard him frequently muttering to himself, "Just as I expected; yes, just as I expected." He was, nevertheless, in no hurry to return to California, but seemed rather inclined to postpone the trip as long as possible, as one seeks to defer a painful but inevitable ordeal. Finally, though, in the latter part of June, the mines having mostly played out and the Mexicans, natural enemies of American teamsters, having cut freighting rates down to a starvation basis, Smith turned his mules' heads toward Culebras Grandes and the West. Escaping the heat of the desert by traveling at night, and resting at watering-places during the day, Smitb was making good progress toward his destination, when he picked up the unconscious man, a tramp, as he supposed, who had fallen, or been "bounced" from some train, for the railroad ran within a few miles of the old stage road.

About eight o'clock in the morning the outfit pulled up at Dos Palmos, an old stage station, so called on account of a legend current among the Cocopah Indians to the effect that at some prehistoric period two trees of the palm species had grown there.

After unhitching his mules, Smith went to inspect his passenger, and found him lying as he had left him, but with eyes wide open, studying with absorbing interest the canvas-top of tbe wagon. On being spoken to, he started and turned toward Smith, and sucb a look of insane terror came into his face that it was evident that only physical exhaustion prevented his taking to flight. All efforts to quiet him proved futile; he would only struggle feebly, giving vent to hoarse, inarticulate cries, which proved to Smith that he had a madman on his hands. He accepted the situation, however, with his usual fortitude, and having prepared some food, found that the crazy man, when thinking he was unobserved, ate with the voracity of a famished beast. Instances in which men had become insane from thirst and exposure to the beat in that region were not unknown to Smith, and seeing that the man would, probably, as soon as he regained sufficient strength, run away and lose himself and his life on those hot plains, he decided to tie him and restrain him, until he could turn bim over to the proper authorities to be cared for.

With this end in view he procured a piece of strong rope and proceeded to fasten tbe man securely to the bottom of the wagon. While engaged in this task, he heard the crackling of paper in the stranger's coat-pocket, and supposing it might contain some clue to his identity, he reached into the pocket, after securely binding him, and drew out what appeared to be a crumpled ball of newspaper. Opening this out he was surprised to find a piece of gold quartz, almost pure gold, in fact, the particles of quartz being fairly wired together by hundreds of threads of glittering yellow metal, whose brigbt ragged edges showed that it had recently been broken from a larger piece, the original ledge, perhaps.

It was a beautiful specimen, and as Smith looked at it, all those old prospector legends, the mythology of the mining-camps, recurred to his mind. Tales of fabulous riches, hidden in inaccessible fastnesses of thirst-haunted mountains, those spectre-guarded treasures tbat have lured so many miners to their fate in Death Valley, the deserts of Lower California, and the gloomy cañons of superstitious mountains. A subtle infection lurked in that fragment of sbining metal, and, almost before he was aware, Smith became a victim to that disease, which, once contracted, can never be eradicated, stricken with that strange, feverish fascination which renders the life of the prospector, despite its hardships of heat, cold, toil, and privation, the most enslaving and absorbing of all occupations. Smith understood in a moment how the man came to be alone and dying in the desert. He had found one of those legendary mines, his partners and the animals had succumbed to heat and thirst, and this madman alone possessed the secret of the location. Perhaps his insanity was even feigned, in order that he might escape without sharing his knowledge. Ah! Smith would take care of that; he had saved the lunatic's life, and he was entitled to a half-interest; besides, a ledge but a few inches wide, as rich as the specimen he held in his hand, would be worth a king's ransom. And there could be no doubt of the existence of a ledge. It was not one of those sporadic indications of wealth, called by the prospectors "float"; this was a piece broken from a ledge, as could be easily seen. Then, supposing the man was really insane—insanity was but a disease, it could be cured. He would have the services of the most learned physicians, and the man would eventually be restored to sanity, he felt sure. But, if he were not cured, was it not likely, even certain, that there would be moments when his thoughts would revert to the mine; when, by adroit questioning, the location could be learned? The man would certainly have some lucid moments, and then *he* would be near to profit by them; he would never let him out of his sight until the secret was his own, even if he had to wait a life-time. Would not a life-time's labor be well repaid when the mine was his? He had heard, too, that men who had been insane for years received back, just before death, tbeir reason for a few minutes, before it was blotted out forever, and would this man prove an exception to all these precedents? Smith felt convinced that he would not.

Occupied by these golden visions, Smith at last fell asleep, and, for the first time in many months, he dreamed—not of the faithless Mary Jane, but of grottoes glittering with gold and jewels; hidden ledges, pointed out by spectral fingers; skeleton hands clutching diagrams sketched in blood; dying men gasping out directions for finding buried treasures; gold, always of gold, until, at last, a terrible nightmare, in which he imagined the madman had escaped, awoke him just as the sun was setting. His first movement was to look into the wagon, where, much to his relief, he found the lunatic apparently in the same condition as in the morning. Supper was soon prepared, the mules harnessed, and, about dusk, Smith resumed his nightly drive; and so, without further incident he continued until the desert was crossed and the fruitful precincts of Culebras Grandes gained.

By this time, the stranger had got over his nameless terror and fallen into a condition of utter idiocy; far from making any attempt to escape, he would remain for hours in one position, lurching and rolling with the jolting of the wagon. This, while relieving Smith's anxiety in one way, increased it in another; for, though there was now little likelihood of his escaping, there was also very little hope of his speedy restoration to reason.

Tbe old homestead presented a dreary and desolate appearance, when they drove up to it one afternoon. The yard was overgrown with tall, dry weeds, among which two or three chickens, relapsed into primitive wildness, skurried surreptitiously in and out with strange startled cries. Everything showed traces of ahandonment and decay, all save the great salt-well, which still flowed on, ceaseless and unfailing, as though all the bitter tears sbed by the human race, in countless ages of sorrow, had formed its source. The ditches had become filled up, and the water, flowing day and night, had gradually overwhelmed the alfalfa-field, killing the plants and covering the soil with its white precipitations; what had once been a cool, green meadow, now shone and sparkled in the rays of the declining sun like a field of snow.

Inside the house all was in disorder, unmistakable signs of hasty departure; but no word or message from the fugitive as Smith had half-hoped for, half-dreaded. The old house-dog, lean, unkempt, and wild, bad followed them into the house where, apparently overcome by the mournful state of affairs, it gave utterance to such lugubrious and harrowing yowls that Smith was compelled to drive it out.

Unutterably depressed by the surroundings, he attended to his stock, and then entering the kitchen, built a fire, cleared away the remains of the last meal prepared there some six months before, and cooked supper for himself and the madman. The provisions in the house were necessarily not of the freshest, and this accounted for the taste of mold and death which Smith fancied he detected in everything. After supper, however, he found comfort in looking at the piece of gold, rubbing it to make it shine, and cutting off minute shavings with his penknife, indulging in visions of untold millions. He even though to rouse some interest in his companion, but, turning to him found him sunk in a deep, stertorous slumber, which recalled to Smith the state in which he had found him on the desert.

Smith's return, with his strange companion, necessarily created quite a little stir in the small community of Culebras Grandes, and he was, of course, the recipient of many visits of well-meant condolence. His reception of these visits, however, was not at all conducive to a repetition of them, and owing to his peculiar conduct, it was not long before opinion was divided as to whether Smith or the stranger was the crazier of the two, for Smith used every precaution to prevent even a suspicion of the story of the specimen. His neighbors were accordingly, unable to account for the jealous care with which he watched over the helpless idiot, or to understand the paroxysms of rage and terror into which Smith relapsed at the suggestion of sending the unfortunate to an asylum. After a time, bowever, they concluded that Smith, too, had become insane through association with the madman, and as they both appeared harmless and only desired to be let alone, the neighbors gave themselves no further trouble concerning the strangers other than scrupulously to avoid going near the place.

Completely absorbed now by his one idea, Smith made effort to work the place, and it went rapidly to ruin. Fences disappeared, vines and fruit-trees died, and the strange blight, like a leprosy of the soil, spread farther and farther over the once fertile fields. Only the madman seemed to prosper, growing, like a sprout in a warm cellar, heavy, fleshy, yet pallid and flabby; and, as his form grew great his mind became, if possible, more blank than before. With Smith, it was the reverse. As years went by, he became

unt, more nervous, more haggard, while the light in his eyes as ever growing more dangerously bright in its feverish intisity. To supply their few needs, he had sold his team; ten, as year followed year, he had parted with first one, and ten another portion of his ranch, until, at the end of four ars, nothing remained but the blighted fields and the old house, d even these had been mortgaged for what little he could se upon them. Four years! Not a long time, yet what art-sickening years they had been, composed of days, weeks, d months of patient, wearisome, yet fruitless labor!

Finding himself unable to afford the services of skilled cialists, as he had pictured to himself, Smith communicated h several philanthropic institutions established for the educa- of the feeble-minded, and procured numberless pamphlets cribing the various systems of fanning and strengthening flickering flame of the mind. With what painstaking care pored over those pamphlets, struggling, with his scanty ed- tion, to master the difficulties of their formidable scientific ms and involved style! How grotesquely pitiful the sight the old man, endeavoring, by the weaving of paper mats, ating fantastic combinations of gayly-colored yarns, and hy'a dred other simple devices of the kindergarten, to awaken in idiot the slightest gleam of interest or attention, and always ail! Yet, with unfaltering faith, he would take up some new hod, and pursue it with the same scrupulous exactitude, a detail hurried or slighted. Had there been the smallest ouragement given in all those years, it would have been erent; but the creature ate, and drank, and grew, like some rible parasite, sucking the life and strength of the old man, giving no other sign of sensibility. Yes, unquestionably, neighbors were right; no sane man would, for so many rs, have clung blindly and persistently to such a visionary hopeless enterprise.

till, the gold specimen was there! That was real and tan- e, and whenever his heart failed him, whenever he felt op- sed by the suffocating association of that hideous thing, her brute nor human, he would take the nugget out and at it, and straightway would return all the old hopes and ns of incalculable wealth. A strange couple they were, madman and his grewsome companion, living alone in the ous old house.

uring the latter part of the summer, five years after their rn, the idiot fell ill, and, in spite of all Smith's care, grew ally worse, his seemingly powerful frame wasting away a rapidity beyond belief. Smitb, while rendering every his poor means would permit to the suffering creature, d the rapid approach of the end with a strange, intense on. The critical moment, at last, had come! The one ining test, which was to reward him for his years of wait- ind watching, or—but he never contemplated the alterna- never for a moment doubted that, when the glimmering of another world broke upon him, reason in this creat- would awake, and he would know all. So, ever vigilant, h waited and watched, oblivious to fatigue or hunger, his ge excitement increasing as the presence of deatb became ly more manifest. Eyes, intent and burning, fixed upon moaning and tossing form upon the bed, ears strained to the first word falling from those lips so long unused to ch.

out noon of the fifth day, strange sounds began to issue the mouth of the dying man, horrible mumbling attempts ume forgotten words, mere unintelligible croakings at first, which, as the afternoon wore on, assumed the form of ar- te speech. And Smith, his face shining with an unearthly , listened to the flow of words called out by scenes of the streaming, spectre-like, through that brain aroused at last its long lethargy by the icy, thrilling touch of death, ng, until amid the many other shadows projected upon the in of memory, he should recognize the event of tbe find- f the ledge of gold.

e sun was setting when the dying man suddenly raised lf in bed, looking at Smith with wild and terrified eyes, ich shone the long-looked-for light of reason.

t last," cried Smith; "you know me?"

es," murmured the man, sinking back as his strength him, "I—know—you."

uick!" shrieked Smith; "where is it? The mine! *The* THE MINE!"

ead," whispered the man; "dead! dead!"

h, almigbty God!" shrieked Smith, in agony; "he is without telling me! The mine, I say, the mine! Look! e is tbe ledge this came from?"

e eyes of the man, already heavy with the last sleep, l with an effort and rested for a moment on the specimen ing in Smith's hand.

know it," he said, almost inaudibly; "specimen from the Cash mine—only a pocket. Dead, though—your wife l—Albuquerque—six weeks after we—left—I—ah——"

eath, weary of the struggle, clutched him hy the throat, e last word was lost in a choking, gurgling sound. A sive tremor, a noise as of the snapping of some internal , and Smith was alone with a corpse.

sat staring at it until the gathering sbadows rendered its s indistinct. Then he went out and sat down upon the of the dilapidated porch.

summer evening was beautifully calm and still. Only shing murmur of the bitter waters and the somnolent f myriad insects disturbed the silence and accentuated eliness. In the east, a pallid radiance like a second narked tbe rising of the moon. Slowly the great, yel- k rose above the hilltop, and a flood of mellow light over the white-sbrouded alfalfa-field, causing it to and sparkle like frosted silver. Sometbing glittered in hand as the wave of light broke over him. It was cimen, but its spell was broken. The eager light had ut of his eyes, his fingers relaxed, the precious frag- ll from his hand and disappeared in a hole which a -squirrel bad dug under the very doorstep.

h was not thinking of the mine, nor of tbe years of waiting, nor of his strange failure to recognize the rous hired man. He was thinking of Mary Jane. is a moment when the wave of time, having reached its highest mark, turns hackward, and in its precipitate recoil the events of a life-time pass hefore the mind in a few seconds. Had Smith been a man of the great world, that gleaming expanse of hlighted field would have recalled, perhaps, the play of moonlight on the Bay of Naples; in the slumhrous voices of the night he would have detected the fragment of an Italian opera or the refrain of some Provençal ballad; hut, being a simple man from Missouri, as the receding tide swept out to the ocean of eternity, he heard only a woman's voice—a trifle shrill, perhaps, to cultivated ears, hut ah! how sweetly to him—sounded the words of the homely old song, "The Moon hehind the Hill." It was the voice of Mary Jane, and he had just heen told that she was dead.

Aye, there was the moon, rising higher and higher, and as it rose, its light grew whiter, the notes of the song died away, the horizon swiftly and silently expanded, and all at once he was surrounded hy the great stillness of the desert and of night. Lost! The old feeling of terror swept over him. Again the vast lifeless immensity swam hefore his eyes. A cry rose to his lips, hut was never uttered, for this time he was lost indeed in the trackless, limitless realm of death.

San Francisco, March, 1889. Osmund Warde.

OLD FAVORITES.

Pampina.

Lying hy the summer sea
I had a dream of Italy.

Chalky cliffs and miles of sand,
Mossy reefs and salty caves,
Then the sparkling emerald waves,
Faded; and I seemed to stand,
Myself a languid Florentine,
In the heart of that fair land.
And in a garden cool and green,
Boccaccio's own enchanted place,
I met Pampina face to face—
A maid so lovely that to see
Her smile is to know Italy.
Her hair was like a coronet
Upon her Grecian forehead set,
Where one gem glistened sunnily
Like Venice, when first seen at sea.
I saw within her violet eyes
The starlight of Italian skies,
And on her hrow and hreast and hand
The olive of her native land.

And, knowing how in other times
Her lips were ripe with Tuscan rhymes
Of love and wine and dance, I spread
My mantle by an almond-tree,
And "Here, heneath the rose," I said,
"I'll hear thy Tuscan melody."
I heard a tale that was not told
In those ten dreamy days of old,
When Heaven, for some divine offense,
Smote Florence with the pestilence;
And in that garden's odorous shade
The dames of the Decameron,
With each a loyal lover, strayed,
To laugh and sing, at sorest need,
To lie in the lilies in the sun
With glint of plume and silver hrede.
And while she whispers in my ear,
The pleasant Arno murmurs near,
The dewy, slim chameleons run
Through twenty colors in the sun;
The breezes hlur the fountain's glass,
And wake Æolian melodies,
And scatter from the scented trees
The lemon-blossoms on the grass.

The tale? I have forgot the tale—
A Lady all for love forlorn,
A rose-hud, and a nightingale
That hruised his hosom on the thorn;
A jar of ruhies huried deep,
A glen, a corpse, a child asleep,
A Monk that was no monk at all,
In the moonlight hy a castle-wall.
Now while the large-eyed Tuscan wove
The gilded thread of her romance—
Which I have lost hy grievous chance—
The one dear woman that I love,
Beside me in our seaside nook,
Closed a white finger in her hook,
Half vext that she should read, and weep
For Petrarch, to a man asleep!
And scorning me, so tame and cold,
She rose, and wandered down the shore,
Her wine-dark drapery, fold in fold,
Imprisoned hy an ivory hand;
And on a howlder, half in sand,
She stood, and looked at Appledore.

And waking, I heheld her there
Sea-dreaming in the moted air,
A siren lithe and dehonair,
With wristlets woven of scarlet weeds,
And ohlong lucent amher heads
Of sea-kelp shining in her hair.
And as I thought of dreams, and how
The something in us never sleeps,
But laughs, or sings, or moans, or weeps,
She turned—and on her hreast and hrow
I saw the tint that seemed not won
From kisses of New England sun;
I saw on hrow and hreast and hand
The olive of a sunnier land!
She turned—and, lo! within her eyes
There lay the starlight of Italian skies.
Most dreams are dark, beyond the range
Of reason; oft we can not tell
If they are horn of heaven or hell:
But to my soul it seems not strange
That, lying hy the summer sea,
With that dark woman watching me,
I slept and dreamed of Italy!

—*Thomas Bailey Aldrich.*

Dr. Chaillé, the well-known statistician, states that the average life of woman is longer than that of man, and in most parts of the United States woman's expectation of life is greater.

Astronomy bas been declared to he a subject of intellectual pleasure ratber than an economic one.

A Swiss writer attrihutes baldness to a microscopic fungus.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Mutineer (to sea-sick passenger)—"Throw up your hands." *Passenger* (very weakly)—"I'll try."—*Life.*

"Yes, mum," said the image-peddler, "that is a genuine French statoo, made out of plaster of Paris."—*Life.*

She—"How conceitedly that man talks. Is he an actor?" *He*—"Worse than that! He's an amateur actor."—*Life.*

"Sad about Cholly, wasn't it? Got his cane head in his mouth, you know, and couldn't get it out!" "How much was it worth?"—*Time.*

Lounger (to faro-dealer)—"There's a V you dropped on the floor." *Dealer*—"Never mind; if any one picks it up, we are sure to get it."—*Life.*

Smith—"Good for your wife, Jones! I noticed she took off her hat at the theatre last evening." *Jones*—"Yes; it was an old hat."—*Burlington Free Press.*

"Is the hahy strong?" "Well, rather. You know what a tremendous voice he has?" "Yes." "Well, he lifts it up five or six times an hour."—*Harper's Bazar.*

The widow Murphy—"And so yez would put me out for the rint, would yez? The minute yez lay a finger on that goat, Oi'll have yez arristed hy the S. P. C. A."—*Puck.*

Mr. Findout—"Sad about Mrs. S.—died this morning while trying on a new dress." *Mrs. Findout*—"No, you don't say so; what was it trimmed with?"—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Snaggs—"Our town is much more prosperous than yours. Our minister's salary is nearly twice as much." *Jenkins*—"Perhaps so; hut ours gets his money."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Scene: A lonely spot on a dark night. "Would the gentleman be so kind as to assist a poor man? Besides this revolver, I have nothing in this wide world."—*Boston Saturday Gazette.*

A young physician was showing a friend a recent purchase that he had made in the way of a skeleton. "Very interesting," commented his friend; "one of your patients, doctor?"—*Life.*

Flossie (looking up from her history)—"Well, what I don't understand about Columbus discovering America, is how he knew it was America when he'd never seen it hefore."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

A philosopher says: "No thoroughly occupied man was ever yet very miserahle." Evidently he never saw an ocean passenger trying to keep his breakfast down on the first day at sea.—*Boston Courier.*

Miss Belle (warningly)—"Sally, they used to tell me, when I was a little girl, that if I did not let coffee alone it would make me foolish." *Sally* (who owes her one)—"Well, why didn't you?"—*Life.*

Fond mother—"Tommy, darling, this is your hirthday! What would you like to do?" *Tommy, darling* (after a moment's reflection)—"I think I should enjoy seeing the hahy spanked!"—*Paris Figaro.*

Miss Penelope Peachblow—"I am sorry you were quite so jolly, as it is considered had form now for girls to drink much champagne." *Miss Dolly Flicker*—"It may be had form, hut it's good taste."—*Life.*

Minister (to hotel-clerk)—"Do you have special rates for ministers of the gospel?" *Clerk*—"Yes, we have. We make no money reduction, hut we give their names as 'Prominent Arrivals' to the reporters."—*Life.*

Bertha—"This is the very day to ask papa's consent, Arthur." *Arthur*—"Why? Is he in a good humor?" *Bertha*—"No; he's frantic over my dress-maker's hill, and will let you take me off his hands at once."—*Life.*

Rector's wife (hysterically)—"Here's a note come from those Wagshaw's! They ask me to play and sing during the evening, because, they say, they 'want the young and attractive women to assist as waitresses!'"—*Punch.*

Miss Jones—"How good of you, doctor, to come to talk with me!" *Doctor*—"Oh, not at all. I have listened to so much clever talk this evening that it will he quite a relief and a rest to listen to you, Miss Jones, I assure you."—*Harper's Bazar.*

The young ladies of a Kansas town have formed an association, and will send their heaux home promptly at ten o'clock. The only reasonahle solution of this lies in the prohability that the hoys have been in the habit of leaving about nine.—*Peoria Transcript.*

His lordship—"It was jolly enough, hut—er—hut what a heastly crowd. The scum of Europe, I should say." *Mrs. F.*—"The scum of Europe! They are the *élite* of New York!" *His lordship*—"What's the difference if you only go hack a little?"—*Life.*

Honest farmer—"I'll give you a quarter to saw that cord of wood." *Supposed tramp*—"I'm a speculator, and will huy that cord from you at the market price." *Honest farmer*—"B'gosh, I've made a mistake. There's five cords in that pile."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Billnia—"Frockton, I understand that you were paid two hundred dollars for your last newspaper novel." *Frockton*—"Yes, only two hundred dollars for the novel; hut I got five hundred dollars for writing a daily synopsis of the puhlished chapters."—*Time.*

First lawyer (out to lunch)—"You look mighty tickled about something—smiling all over." *Second lawyer*—"Tickled! I'm so happy I can hardly stay in my hoots. Got just the sort of a jury I want." *First lawyer*—"Eh? What sort?" *Second lawyer*—"All idiots."—*Puck.*

"Mr. Barker, do you think we will go to the sea-side or mountains next summer?" asked the "power behind the throne," as the family sat about the evening lamp. "Mrs. B." answered her husband, "I have not paid the hill for the Christmas present you gave me yet," and a dull silence reigned.—*Epoch.*

"Your part of the country is developing rapidly, is it not?" was asked of a Missouri man. "Oh, yes, mighty fast. Why, sir, only a few years ago we still used the old-fashioned pepper-hox pistol, hut we now have double-action revolvers that would reflect credit on any community."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Sojourner (at country tavern)—"Madam, I am in great haste and very hungry. Can you get me up a couple of fried eggs?" *Landlady*—"Yes, sir." *Sojourner* (after long waiting)—"It's some time since I ordered those eggs, madam." *Landlady*—"Drat them hens! Jeff, go out to the harn and stir 'em up."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Table d'hôte on the lake of Como: "Don't you, then, ever wash here?" "Oh, dear, no! I only scratch and ruh!" Miss Tomkins, overhearing, leaves the table ahruptly, much disgusted. She afterward hears they are members of the Royal British Water-Color Society, who were discussing the technique of their profession.—*Life.*

Mrs. Testy (looking up from the paper)—"Isn't this strange? A Californian, after a fit of illness, was absolutely unable to remember his wife, and did not helieve she was the one he married." *Mr. Testy*—"Well, I dunno. It's pretty hard work sometimes for a man to realize that his wife is the same woman he once went crazy over."—*Time.*

They were speaking of Fenderson, and Brown suggested that Fenderson was a fellow of some original ideas, notwithstanding the general density of his intellect. "Original ideas!" exclaimed Fogg; "nonsense! Fenderson hasn't got originality enough to spell a word wrong, and I don't care how hard or how rare the word is, either."—*Boston Transcript.*

"I say," said Berkey to his wife yesterday at dinner, "you didn't say anything to any one about what I was telling you the night hefore last, did you? That's a secret." "A secret! why I didn't know it was a secret," she replied, regretfully. "Well, did you tell it? I want to know." "Why, no, I never thought of it since. I didn't know it was a secret."—*Boston Globe.*

TATTOOED BELLES.

Mrs. Atherton discusses the Fads of the New York Maiden.

Lent leaving many weary hours unoccupied, the Four Hundred are amusing themselves hy heing tatooed. It is artistic to have pictures on one's self, and exclusive to have them on private view. The fad has proved as catching as the measles, and all a Fifth Avenue helle now needs is a tomahawk and a war-whoop. The swell indelible skin-painter lives in an unaristocratic quarter hy one of the ferries, and has heen wont to confine his art to the sentimental and superstitious sailor. For years classic females, hanner in hand, or curly-haired maidens, weeping upon a tomhstone, were pricked upon hrawny hreasts alone. Then the fever spread to Wall Street, and all the clerks have their hest girl's names intertwined with their own about their arms. After that, the epidemic was heyond control, and the big tattooer now makes a comfortahle income, and prohahly lives in an up-town flat. Some hring their own designs, others consult the professor's hook, few are content with the plain, hlue star. It hurts, hut it does not matter. The story goes, that one day the professor received a summons from Fifth Avenue, and, upon presenting himself, was wise enough not to hand the servant a professional card. A few moments later, he was shown up into a houdoir, and, while one sister stood on guard, he tattooed an æsthetic garter ahout the place where the top of the other sister's stocking ought to he. The huckle consisted of the initials of the lady's cavalier.

Some of the girls go so far as to demand a necklace in ink, hut the professor, who has a conscience, generally succeeds in dissuading them. He is an enthusiast in his art, and always tells his patrons that it was in use among the Chinese thousands of years ago.

Another fad is to offer one's guests ginger-ale instead of tea or coffee. Occasionally, claret is mixed with it, or, perhaps, whisky. This, of course, is a steal from the English, and is hecoming popular. It is served in soda-glasses, filled with cracked ice, and there are pretty silver stands for the hottle. There is a virtuous reaction all round just now, from literature to liquors. Ginger-ale has driven into obscurity the erstwhile popular *creme de menthe*. The latter was supposed, at first, to he that rare comhination—the harmless and the pleasurahle. The lovers of this dainty cordial would fill a claret-glass with pulverized ice, then pour in the *menthe* and let it freeze. It was as cool as a spring morning and as fragrant. What more suggestive of innocence and truth? So weary man kept pouring in the *menthe* until it reached the top of the glass, and now he pours it no more. One hig dose gave him a head the next morning and a volcano in the pit of his stomach, which will he engraved on his memory's tahlets until the tahlets are gathered into the library of doom.

The amateur theatrical fad still rages. The Amaranth Cluh, founded in Brooklyn, that home of the amateur, claims never to have diminished in fervor since the hour of its inception, and that it leads all the others. One of its stars, Miss Helen Dayton, expects to go before the professional footlights. She is a talented girl, and made her début as Juliet at the tender age of eleven. It is writ in the archives of the cluh that this performance was quite phenomenal. It certainly could not have heen more infantile than some other Juliets we have had of late. After that she was not allowed to act for some years, hut when she finally reappeared her talent had ripened into something decidedly promising. These Amaranths are enthusiastic theatre-goers, and give a hospitable welcome to every approved star who comes to Brooklyn.

The Gilhert sent forth Edith Kingdon, now Mrs. George Gould, and claims to present the professional stage with more talent than any other amateur club in existence. It has one hundred and fifty subscrihers and was named for John Gilbert. "False Shame," "The Danicheffs," "Not Guilty," "Hazel Kirke," and "She Stoops to Conquer" have all heen admirably performed by this company.

The Kemhle has a long list of well-known names, and has given at various times "Clouds," "An Equal Match," "School for Scandal," "The Road to Ruin," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Our American Cousin," "Ours," "Home," "Plot and Passion," "Masks and Faces," "Collegians," "Ruy Blas," "Othello," "She Stoops to Conquer," and "The Veteran." Miss Otis is the star of the troupe, and frequently recites in drawing-rooms and in Mrs. Frank Leslie's "salon."

The Amateur Comedy Club of New York at one time ranked all the others, on account of its policy of never performing except in the cause of charity. This, of course, gave it an earnest and dignified character, and when its directors changed their tactics it lost caste. But at one time it made a great deal of money for charity. Upon one occasion it performed "London Assurance" with great success at the Berkeley Lyceum. Miss Proctor Otis took the part of Lady Gay Spanker, Miss Edith Janin was Grace Harkaway, and F. U. Saunders was Sir Harcourt Courtley.

The Ladies' Orchestra is another well-drilled and charitahle amateur company, hut the great thing is to belong to the Oratorio Society. Young Walter Damrosch drills and leads, and would he adored though he hounced his spine through the top of his head. I have often watched the hack of his head with steady fascination, wondering if he really could keep it on his shoulders during the entire evening, hut there is never a smile in the eye of the maiden. But they are well drilled, those girls, hutterflies though they may he, and it is a pleasure to listen to them. Professionals, however, always sing the solos. Walter Damrosch would he a good-looking youth if he would only cut his hair, and is an admirable leader, but, although the son of his father, he was not able to step into his shoes and lead the Metropolitan Opera. He is, however, a power in musical circles, and the girls will fight for him. He certainly makes the study of music most picturesque and interesting. This winter he has had a class to study "The Ring of the Niehelung." He reads the epic from a Wagner libretto, and on the piano shows how Wagner wrought out through the entire trilogy the motive of the Niehelung.

Last winter, whist was the furore, and a dozen whist-parties came off every night. People were whist mad. Two young women came over from Boston to teach the game, and were responsihle for the wild career of the epidemic. They made fifteen hundred dollars out of it, and confessed to making three thousand dollars a year in the same scientific way. Who says that woman can not take care of herself? They divide their time hetween Boston, New York, Chicago, and the watering-places. Their pupils in turn instruct the ignorant and keep their pockets lined with pin-money. The fad still continues in a somewhat diminished degree, and there are few people in society who do not give up their drawing-rooms at least one evening in the week to their whist-loving friends.

The intellectual fad is on the increase, which speaks well for our advancing civilization. Among the thousand circles of which the New York maëlstrom is made up there are classes for everything. Up on Murray Hill—which has just enough incline to let you know which way you are going and no more—a woman, who not long since dwelt in one of its palaces, keeps herself comfortahle hy providing ideas and culture for her more indolent and money-laden sisters. She not only speaks several languages fluently, hut she reads every new novel that comes out, repeats it to her "class," tells them what they must think ahout it, gives a lot of personal gossip ahout the author, reads passages of the book, gently incites discussion, and sends away a well-filled hrain-cell or two. She receives her class in the morning in her own handsome rooms, and in the afternoon talks in other people's drawing-rooms.

Another teacher keeps the women up on the affairs of the day. Either they have no time or else they have not the inclination to read the papers, but they are not averse to having some one else skim the cream and hand it to them in dainty little Royal Worcester cups. This instructor—a man this time—tells them all about the political situation in Europe, ahout the latest rumor of war, the last development at Washington, how Mrs. Cleveland looked when the President failed to he reëlected, whether Bismarck has the gout, or Gladstone has chopped down a new tree.

Then there is the talking-class. American women talk through their noses, and the effect is not heautiful. Those who know hetter aspire to talk like the English. So a movement has set in chestward, and there are daily classes where dumh-hells are swung and the chest and ahdominal muscles developed. For the first time, the American woman has learned how to hreathe.

The Vanderhilts encourage the cause of learning, and have French and German classes, Browning and Shakespeare expoundings. For several winters, the Princess d'Isteria lived at the Victoria Hotel and received the Van Rensselaers, Schuylers, Roosevelts, Astors, and all the rest, and allowed them to talk French with her for five dollars an hour. So swings the world.

Gertrude Franklin Atherton.

New York, March 18, 1889.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The President has made a judicious selection in his choice of Robert Lincoln as Minister to England. The son of Ahraham Lincoln is an ahle, modest, and most deserving man. He made a good Secretary of War; he is a good lawyer in good practice, is not a politician, and has never had the Presidential bee in his honnet. The post of Minister to England is not a position of political importance; it is simply a place of great honor, and should be filled hy a gentleman. If Robert Lincoln were less deserving than he is, he would still be entitled, as the son of his illustrious father, to any public position which he could fill with credit to his country—a feeling we entertain for the living descendant of no other man who has ever figured in the history of our repuhlic. It is to the credit of Mr. Lincoln to admit that he has not the gift of after-dinner oratory, which has so distinguished Mr. Chauncey Depew that he was prominently named as possihle Minister Plenipotentiary and Embassador Extraordinary to the Court of England, as he was improperly and impudently pressed for a Presidential nomination, with no mental or moral qualification known heyond the important facts that he had the ability to successfully administer a rich man's railroad property and possessed the happy gift of eloquence at the hanquets around which rich men cluster. We admit this latter qualification as quite sufficient for the usual field of diplomacy tilled at the English court.

Of Murat Halstead we have not sufficient knowledge to write as to his ability to fill the Berlin mission. If his journal is an indication of the aggressive courage he possesses, we shall hope he will he as insolently independent at the court of Germany as Bismarck and his son have ever heen when political events led them to ohserve the Government of the United States and the people of the North American continent. England may remember Trafalgar and Waterloo, France recall the incidents of Napoleonic victories, Germany remember Sadowa and Sedan, hut America will content herself with recollections of pork and Samoa.

Allan Thorndyke Rice is a grandiloquent name, and doth hecome the mouth most royally. The *North American Review* is—when made hrilliant with the writings of ahle men—a most excellent monthly; when its editor did not forget his good manners in partisan zeal for the reward he has now received and justly earned, and indulged himself in vituperative and vulgar ahuse of such opponents as Cleveland and Bayard, it was most serviceahle, and hy the rules now prevailing was entitled to have its wealthy proprietor assigned to the court of the Romanoff Czars.

The appointment of the alien fugitive from Great Britain—two years an American citizen—Patrick Egan, the Irish home-ruler, is unpardonably infamous. Is it intended as an insult to Great Britain? if not, it is in payment of the hid made at the devil's-auction for Irish votes; it is the first and altogether the most discreditable thing that President Harrison has done or is likely to do in his administration. He can do nothing more shameful.

Who Thomas Ryan may he, what his qualifications for diplomatic representation to a sister republic, or what service entitles him to he Minister to Mexico, we have no knowledge. His name would indicate a nationality and religion which it is of the highest importance that all parties and all administrations should humiliate themselves to secure.

John Hicks, of Wisconsin, as Minister to Peru, and George B. Loring, of Massachusetts, as Minister to Portugal, are both representative men, fully qualified to take charge of our interests in the countries to which they have been accredited.

Marcus D. Boruck, with the hot indignation that characterizes an honest man when wantonly and unjustly assailed, makes a statement in the *Stock Report*, denying all the allegations of misconduct chargeahle by the public press and public clamor against him as confidential secretary of Governor Waterman. Mr. Boruck has in this interview demonstrated his complete ability to take care of himself, and, as he has in reserve a journal of which he is the sole proprietor and editor, he will not thank the *Argonaut* for saying anything in his vindication other than that he is entitled to he heard before he is condemned. His life justifies that claim, while common justice and common generosity acknowledge the right of an accused person to he heard in his own defense.

THE LATEST VERSE.

Song of the Sea.

The song of the sea was an ancient song
  In the days when the earth was young:
The waves were gossiping loud and long
  Ere mortals had found a tongue;
  The heart of the waves with wrath was wrung
Or soothed to a siren strain,
  As they tossed the primitive isles among,
Or slept in the open main.
  Such was the song and its changes free,
  Such was the song of the sea.

The song of the sea took a human tone
  In the days of the coming of man;
A mournfuler meaning swelled her moan,
  And fiercer her riots ran:
  Because that her stately voice began
To speak of our human woes;
  With music mighty to grasp and span
Life's tale and its passion-throes.
  Such was the song as it grew to be,
  Such was the song of the sea.

The song of the sea was a hungry sound
  As the human years unrolled;
For the notes were hoarse with the doomed and drown
  Or choked with a shipwreck's gold:
  Till it seemed no dirge above the mold
So sorry a story said
  As the midnight cry of the waters old
Calling above their dead.
  Such is the song and its threnody,
  Such is the song of the sea.

The song of the sea is a wondrous lay,
  For it mirrors human life:
It is grave and great as the judgment day,
  It is torn with the thought of strife:
  Yet under the stars it is smooth, and rife
With love-lights everywhere,
  When the sky has taken the deep to wife
And their wedding day is fair—
  Such is the ocean's mystery,
  Such is the song of the sea.

—*Richard E. Burton in Harper's Week*

The Stones of Manhattan.

I tread the stones of Manhattan; I, who have journeyed far
From the meadow-sward and the moss-bank, and the strean
  pebbly bar;
I, who have wandered hither, allured by the tales they told
Of how the stones of Manhattan were reeking with ruddy gold.

In the dear old mountain woodland, where maple and hirch
  pine
Were linked with the swaying reaches of purple-clustered vine,
Where violets hlue and yellow, and crimson lilies grew,
And the hawthorn's hloom in spring-time was studded with
  dew,
Over the shelving ledges, over the granite floor,
Over the howlders and pehhles, chanting its dryad lore,
Over its stony pathway, sang a hrook with silver tones—
God! what a stranger stream is roaring over Manhattan's stone

Dazzled hy phantom fortune, I followed that hrook adown,
Where its turhid waters tarried a space hy the teeming town,
And on through the dreary lowlands, with deeper and darker
Till its dusky waves were lighted with the city's lurid glow,
Till the crystal stream was swallowed in a sluggish, polluted ti
Till the echoing forest voices in the habel clamor died,
Till swept like a leaf on the torrent I was whelmed where the
  ers beat,
Where the seething, surging human tide flows over Manhi
  street.

I tread the stones of Manhattan, the stones that are hard
  feet—
As hard as the hearts around me, as hard as the faces I mee
Hot is their hreath in summer, with fever of selfish greed,
Cold is their touch in winter, as hearts to the hand of need.
My heel strikes fire from the flint, hut the spark is dead
  burns—
Strikes fire in my angry striding, but is hruised hy the st
  spurns—
And echo scorns with a stony voice the cry of a soul's despai
Breathed out on the thunderous throhhings of the city's desert

Oh! faithless stones of Manhattan, that tempted my boyish fe
Away from the clover-meadow, from the wind-woven waves of
I thought ye a golden highway; I find ye the path of shame,
Where souls are sold for silver, and gold is the price of fame
But my weary feet must tread ye, as slaves on the quarry flo
And my aching hrain must suffer your pitiless uproar,
Till the raving tide shall sweep above, and careless feet shall
On the fatal stones of Manhattan, over my dreamless bed!

—*Willis Fletcher Johnson in The Open C*

VANITY FAIR.

Morganatic marriages are hut little understood either in the United States or in England. By some they are regarded as a kind of semi-legalized concubinage ; hy others they are believed to confer the full rights and privileges of an ordinary marriage. Even the origin of the word morganatic is unknown. Its most likely derivation, however, is from the Scandinavian verh "morgjan," to "shorten or limit," implying that the rights of the inferior of the two contracting parties are limited, and do not extend to the full condition of the other's rank. Thus a morganatic wife has no right to either her husband's title or fortune. He is not permitted to charge the family domain with a life interest in her behalf. She is deprived from the appanage ordinarily reserved for the wives of her hushand's family, and if he dies without specially providing for her and her children out of his savings or private and unentailed fortune, both she and her offspring are left penniless. Moreover, although the position of a morganatic wife is regarded as perfectly respectable, yet her husband is at liberty, during his life-time and without ohtaining any separation or divorce, to contract another marriage with a princess of his own rank. Among the numerous instances thereof may be cited that of Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, who, at the time when he married Princess Helena of Great Britain, and hecame the son-in-law of Queen Victoria, was known to possess a morganatic wife and a numerous family of morganatic children, who lived in a small provincial town near Frankfort-on-the-Main. Another case was that of the Duc de Berry, at one time the heir-presumptive to the throne of France, who, although morganatically married to an English woman, Miss Lydia Thompson, was forced by reasons of state to become the hushand of a princess of the royal house of Naples. Notwithstanding these drawhacks, the sister of the present Duke of Richmond and Gordon, the most haughty and powerful peer of Great Britain, did not consider it beneath her dignity to become the morganatic wife of Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, a cousin of the reigning grand duke of one of the smallest of the petty German states. She is entitled to appear at court at both home and abroad, not as a Princess of Saxe-Weimar, but only as a Countess of Dornburg. Another member of the same house, Prince Gustave of Saxe-Weimar, is married to a Dalmatian "diva" of *café-chantant* fame, who, on the day of her wedding, received the title of Baroness Neupurg. In the same way, Prince Victor of Hohenlohe, who does not even helong to a reigning dynasty, hut only to a mediatized family and who holds the rank of admiral in the English Navy, is married morganatically to a Miss Seymour, who is known as the Countess of Gleichen. One of the sons of this union, a young Count Victor Gleichen, was recently in New York. The only American girls who have contracted morganatic alliances are Miss Lea, of New York, now the Countess of Waldersee, hut who, on her marriage with the late Prince Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein, received from the Emperor of Austria the title of Princess of Noer, and Miss Elsie Hensler, of Boston, an actress, who, on hecoming, in 1869, the wife of the late King Consort of Portugal, was created Countess of Edla. Among the sovereigns who have contracted morganatic marriages are the late King Victor Emanuel of Italy, who gave his left hand at the altar to the notorious Rosina, subsequently created Countess of Mirafiori ; the late Czar, who married the Princess Dolgorouki, and conferred upon her at the time the title of Princess Turieffsky ; the late King of Portugal, whose name has already heen mentioned above, and the reigning Grand Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, who is married to an actress of the name of Helene Franz, created Baroness Heldhurg. The late Frederick William the Third of Prussia conferred the title of Princess of Leignitz on the Countess of Harrack when he contracted a morganatic marriage with her, and the late Queen Christina of Spain elevated a simple soldier of humble origin into a Duke of Rianceres when she married him in 1850.

"There is no longer any douht on the question of Mrs. Cleveland's reception in New York society," says the New York *World*. "At the tea given to her hy the artist, Harry Le Grand Cannon, she met the most exclusive of the Four Hundred, whose carriages have ever since been flowing in a steady stream to the ladies' entrance of the Victoria Hotel. Mrs. Whitney has made a point of asking all her friends to call on her, and Mrs. Cleveland's position is now sure heyond travil. Almost the entire Presidential set, thrown in such close contact with each other in Washington during the last four years, have moved in a hody to New York and will undouhtedly and hy each other socially. Mrs. Whitney is eagerly welcomed hack hy society ; she proposes to huild a new hall-room to her Fifth Avenue house, which she will make as much a centre of amusement and delight as was her famous hall-room in Washington. Mrs. Daniel Manning will return from Europe next autumn to reopen her house and present her daughter to society, and her drawing-rooms are safe to be a centre for the Democratic swells. The Clevelands will purchase a house in the fall, and will also entertain a great deal. Mrs. Lamont will keep house and so will Mrs. Fairchild, a descendant of Horatio Seymour, and who has heen a prominent figure during her life in Washington. The Repuhlicans of New York have in the past had a good deal more social influence among the upper ten than the Democrats ; hut next winter, many of their leading families having removed to Washington, there is a prospect that the Democracy will make a powerful social clan here whose influence is likely to he felt."

"At the opera hall in Paris," says a correspondent of the Chicago *Herald*, "the 'gallery' is a crowd formed by a lot of fast fellows, who occupy almost the whole of the grand marble steps toward its top, and their fun consists in passing themselves off as judges of heauty, style, and costumes ; as bachelors looking for wives, men in search of their mistresses, hushands pretending to he afraid of their mothers-in-law ; in fact, all sorts of ahsurd ideas are prevalent. When a woman, masked and may be richly costumed, reaches them, she is surrounded, nor can she advance until she has passed under the fire of their glances, and woe be to her who lets her temper run and permits herself to get angry. No man would dare to lift her mask or veil, though frequent are the playful attempts so made, but the men will revenge themselves on her by the most absurd pinches and kisses. This is particularly true when she is in a low-necked dress. From the top of the grand staircase, around a crowded corridor, into a beautiful hall, where there were frescoes in splendid gilded frames, lit up by electric-lights numbering hundreds, we strolled, and saw an immense mob of men and women in costumes. With few exceptions, all the costumed persons were paid individuals of hoth sexes, hired for the occasion for from sixty cents to one dollar each, hesides which they were furnished with the fancy dress they wore from the wardrobe of the Grand Opera House. These persons were supposed to he dancing whenever the music played, and the way some of the girls threw their legs about and kicked up their skirts is more than I dare describe. Some, more graceful than others, danced fairly well, and when the music ceased fell back into listless attitudes that looked quite suggestive. These were highly applauded hy the private boxes. There were loud costumes, décolleté at the top and entirely skirtless below, showing legs clad in tights of striking colors. In the grand foyer, lit up hy innumerable electric-lights, there were hurrahs without cause. There were some young girls in here, and there were women of such an advanced age that a wit said they ought, for safety, to have checked their coffins as they did their top-coats in the cloak-room. Any one in fancy dress can enter this grand foyer after three o'clock in the morning only. At each of the great doors of the magnificent room stood huissiers and soldiers, who sternly prevented those in costume from passing in. This gave us a sort of aristocratic precedence over the employed individuals and even over those as gay and fashionable as ourselves, hut who had seen fit to come in fancy dress. All women are admitted to these balls, provided that they are in mask and are, so to speak, decently attired. There are degrees in the decency exacted. Many women, almost naked and not half-ashamed, managed to get in and show their charms through several hours. No male person, unless in costume, is admitted, except when dressed in swallow-tailed coat and dark trousers.

"Swells leave the opera halls ahout half-past three or four o'clock A. M., but others remain much later. For those who have money, it is the proper thing to go to Bignon's, in the Avenue de l'Opera, to the Café Riche, or to the Café de la Paix, where they pay more than elsewhere and where the service is always abominable. It is, however, the fashionahle resort after midnight, especially the nights of the halls, for the more notorious part of the fast world ; and as all the ladies now dare remove their masks, we like to go to it, knowing we shall have a chance to see some very finely dressed and remarkably handsome-faced persons. The Maison Dorée, Café Helder, Sylvain's, the Grand Café, Café Americain, Noel Peters, Café de Paris, and other good restaurants are full on these hall nights. Those of the merry maskers and lookers-on who have less money to throw away, go to cheaper restaurants to eat, to act as silly, to make as much noise, and to drink as much champagne as the others. But rest assured the champagne is not of the same brand. Nothing can be worse or so full of headaches as a hottle of the ordinary sparkling wine which is served up in the cheaper restaurants of Paris. There are now, as in all times, ladies of an inquisitive disposition who want to see the show, and who do go escorted by their husbands, or some other respectable or convenient guide. It is no pleasant rôle to be a cavalier to a lady under these circumstances. I have had the honor of accompanying a good woman to the place, who wanted to see it as it was, and who, against my advice, wore a low-necked dress. She has not yet recovered from the disgust she felt after some of the men in the crowd had tormented her with their caresses and the extravagant familiarities of the sort that are prevalent at all the bals de l'opera. It is generally believed that, at nearly every one of these balls, some "grande dame," perhaps several of them, is present incognito, and it seems to he the prevailing desire of a certain numher of silly cheruhim to solve their secret. In common with several of my confrères of the Paris press, I believe these romantic fellows are very much mistaken. Certainly ladies of rank and position do sometimes go to these halls, hut there is no particular secret ahout it. One can almost always pretty nearly guess who the lady may be who is on the arm of a gentleman we all well know, and the reason why the lady is so closely masked is, she wishes to he ahle to hide her own hlushes when she sees ahout her so much indecency."

Henry Lahouchère continues his good-natured squibs at strong-minded women in London *Truth*. He begins : "It won't do, dear ladies ; it really won't do. If you want to be taken for people of husiness, you must dress the part. Bouquets and hudgets, profound thought and 'artificial protrusions of drapery,' can't he made to go together. At present your dress hetrays you. Look as wise as you please, your garments afford plain proof that you are only pretending to he serious. Some of you dress smartly, some of you dress shahhily. But you all dress absurdly, like the mediæval harharians (knights and harons they called themselves) who played the mischief with the remains of old Roman civilization, like the modern red Indians of America, whom nothing in this world will persuade that a little plowing and corn-sowing are useful things in a way. There is not a single article you wear, from your boots to your hat or honnet, which is in the remotest degree fit for the purpose for which you pretend to wear it. Your sole ohject is to call attention, with the varying fashions, to some particular portion of your anatomy which for the moment it pleases you to emphasize. You cut slits in your ears and hang rings in them, and the only reason why you don't wear rings in your noses, is that you rightly conjecture that the nose-ring is absolutely impossible in latitudes where colds in the head are of frequent occurrence."

"Country girls," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "have been known to faint at the idea of the ordeal they have to pass through when they have to go before the row of royalties in Buckingham Palace. Deportment, in fact, forms the most important feature at a drawing-room, the regulation dress heing put out of the question. Of course, a dehutante must he dressed properly, or there is no entrance for her. But she may he weak or strong upon deportment. Some foolhardy women do not take any lessons at all as to the manner in which they shall advance and retreat hefore the queen. A *Pall Mall Gazette* representative thought that it would be a humane action to emphasize the unwisdom of this course, and waited upon a lady who trains the girlish idea how to shine in these stately ceremonies, to have a lesson. The representative writes : A trim maid opened the door when I knocked, and rang at the portals of the mistress of deportment. I was shown into a drawing-room, rather luxuriously furnished. Presently Mrs. R. entered. She was a pleasant-faced lady, full of the subject on which I had called. She took me to another room, with a polished floor and pier-glasses round the walls. 'I am afraid I shall want a lot of coaching before I am graceful enough to suit your ideas. The only thing I know ahout deportment is that Mr. Turveydrop once practiced it with great profit and honor.' 'Don't he afraid. You will learn as quickly as many country girls I have taught. Of course I can't say how many lessons you will want until I see your style. Some ladies need only two or three. Others are obliged to have half-a-dozen.' 'Are all your pupils girls?' I asked Mrs. R. 'Oh, no ; I have married ladies here occasionally. The sister of the Earl of A. took presentation lessons a little while ago, and her hushand said they enabled her to carry herself much more gracefully when walking out.' 'Aren't the girls very nervous when they first go to court?' 'Yes, those whose ignorance forehodes failure,' answered Mrs. R. She had full faith in her own powers of training, however, for she said : 'Several of my pupils have told me they were more at home with the queen than with me. The queen likes all young girls and débutantes to look at her well in the face. You must look at her thoroughly without flinching.' 'Is she particular about deportment?' 'Keenly particular. She notices movement, and nothing annoys her so terribly as a careless, negligent carriage. Her own deportment has always been irreproachable. Don't you admire her as a young queen in her pictures? She notices in a moment if you have prepared for the drawing-room, and if she sees you have, she smiles henignly. Next to the queen as a model of court carriage stands the Duchess of Teck.'

"Mrs. R. told me all this in a soft, motherly way. Then she suddenly turned practical, and fixed her eyes keenly and critically, and said : 'But come, take your hat off and we will have a lesson. Place this on your head.' She handed me a disk of wood about the size of a tea-plate. 'There, put that on your head. This ribhon prevents its falling off. Now, walk up to me!' said madam ; 'keep your head up. Don't walk,' she cried. 'You mustn't venture to walk. Your feet must slide over the floor. Hold your shoulders up. Keep your chin high. Now, try again.' I wouldn't be a maiden of the Sunny South. We are told that the cause of their erect hearing is long practice with a water-pitcher on their heads. A platter of wood convinced me that the maidens of the Sunny South deserve all the erect carriage they can get. Have you ever tried to walk with your head up, with a bit of wood halancing on the top of your skull? I tried again. 'You must not lift your toes,' warningly said madam ; 'now walk with me.' I did so, and balanced the piece of wood with ease. 'Now, I will he the queen *pro tem.* Glide up to me.' She retired to the end of the room. 'You must regulate your steps, and count two hetween each step forward. Take another step and then courtesy.' I obeyed. It was a very unsteady one. 'Try again, and go down very slowly. Slower, slower, slower,' she said, stretching out her hand, which I kissed. 'You mustn't try to grah the queen's hand. You must sweep your hand round so'—and she made a graceful curve in the air—'and he careful your nose doesn't touch the queen's hand. Any time can he given to the courtesy to the queen. Then you must courtesy to each member of the royal family. The Empress Frederick may he next the queen. Make a deep courtesy to her and a shorter one to each of the others, according to their distance from the queen. The regulation numher of courtesys is six. That is what I train my pupils for. Having finished saluting each member of the royal family you, back out swiftly — still with a gliding motion to allow the other ladies to come up. This hacking out is really a succession of courtesys with first the right foot and then the left foot forward. You kick your skirts away all the time. I see all my pupils in their full dress, when I give them the finishing directions. I keep trains here four yards long for practice. Lessons are almost required if you go to the state hall. Débutantes are often invited. The only formality to be remembered in the drawing-room is the mode of carrying your ticket. This must he carried in the left hand with your right-hand glove, hetween the fourth and little finger. Ladies are also permitted to carry handkerchiefs, hut it is not advisahle. You give up your ticket as the lord chamherlain announces your name, and then you advance up the room to the queen.' 'Do you get many American pupils?' I asked. 'Yes, I had several last year. They were very agreeahle young ladies, too. Some English people think that American women are too go-ahead to he as decorous as good taste demands. But I can not say that. I think Americans, with all their curiosity and their readiness to plunge into any conversation, are animated not so much hy a desire to he forward in evidence as hy a livelier intelligence and animation than English. I have had some English heiresses to teach ; and oh ! they are so stupid when they come fresh from the country to make their first appearance in society.'"

THE BRITISH BOY.

What that Unenterprising Youth does not Know about Kites.

The British boy of the present day is as totally unlike the American boy as a boy can be. Independence the English boy dare not assume, did he entertain the wish to do so; self-reliance is discouraged by his dependent bringing up; moral courage is stunted by the encouragement of an overdone deference to the opinion of his elders; and originality of thought, speech, or action is crushed out of him by a constant fear of doing something unbecoming. The effect on the nature of boys by the early inculcation of such ideas is to prematurely age them. Not in looks, but in feeling. They never have a spontaneous thought. A liking for the society of the opposite sex is discouraged, if not absolutely prohibited. As they grow older, they are as carefully guarded against the aristocratic folly of falling in love as are girls.

Even in play among themselves, English hoys are, to my mind, stiff, constrained, and unnatural. One never sees them doing anything essentially boyish. They play cricket, and tennis, and football, and they row. But men in England all do these things, and do them quite as much as do the boys. Cricket is quite as much a man's game as a boy's, and so are tennis and football. Not one of those peculiarly boyish things, which are accustomed to be regarded as boyish in other countries, do English boys do. They do not play marbles, peg-top, or fly kites. Of course, I am speaking exclusively of the upper-class boys. What the lower-class boys do to amuse themselves as boys, I do not know, except in so far as I was once informed hy a lady friend.

"Isn't it curious," said I to her, "that English boys never play marhles?"

"Oh," said she, "gentlemen don't. Poor hoys do."

As for kites, English boys, high and low, seem to know little or nothing about them. Whatever the boy of the past may have gone in for—and kites would seem to have, at one time, been one of his favorite pastimes, if we may depend upon the "Boy's Own Book" (that famous literary treasure in the minds of boys thirty years ago)—the boy of the present is no kite-flyer.

Some years ago, an American gentleman of my acquaintance, then in England, was struck by the remarkahle absence of any knowledge of the art of kite-making and kite-flying in English boys—and, indeed, in Englishmen. So he—but I will let him tell his experience in his own words.

"Queer hoys you have in England," said he, with a disgusted look in his face; "and queer men who must have been queer boys."

"How so?" I asked.

"Why here. While I was at ——'s, down in ——shire (I do not want to identify him too far), the subject of kites came up one day. Some girl had written to one of the family that they had a Japanese kite where she was staying, and this startling piece of intelligence was read out of the letter at the breakfast-table.

"'How odd! I wonder where they got it. Do you think we could get one in London?' cried several voices.

"'I wish we could get one.'

"'Do you mean to say there would be any difficulty in procuring a kite in London?' I asked; 'if there is, and you really would like to have one, I'll make you one myself.'

"'You? Oh, Mr. Chesapeake (only that wasn't his name) *you* don't know how to make kites,' with an uneasy glance as though I was a professional kite-maker, passing myself off as a gentleman.

"'Don't I, though,' said I; 'I should like to know the reason. Just you wait.'

"I at once sent into the nearest town for a dozen halls of stout string and half-a-dozen yards of clothes-line for tail. Then I got the village carpenter to cut me out a light frame for an American 'house' kite some four feet high. This, when finished, I fastened together, and then covered it with black paper-muslin, one or two of the ladies doing the stitching of the edges, under my supervision. All the time I was the centre of an admiring circle, who seasoned their admiration not infrequently by doubts in undertone, which I was not too husily engrossed in my work to overhear:

"'What an odd-looking thing, to he sure,' said one young lady; 'so that's a kite, is it?'

"'He surely don't expect that to fly,' remarked a young man, who had previously expressed wonder at the dexterity with which I tied the commonest knots; 'looks like a Zulu shield.'

"'Poor chap, what a fool he'll look when it won't go up,' added another.

"'It's my helief he's playing the fool with us,' joined in a third; 'what asses we are to be standing here letting him humbug us like this! That a kite? Why, I know what kites are like. I saw a picture of one in an old book once. They are broad at the top and come to a point at the bottom like a tennis-racquet, and they've got two tufts at each side, like tassels, and their tail is made of bunches of paper tied at intervals to a long string.'

"I didn't say anything. I bore it all like a man, and waited patiently. At last my kite was finished, but too late to try it that evening; so we postponed the trial trip, or rather the launching, of my aerial craft till the next morning.

"Breakfast over, the entire company adjourned to the lawn, the windows of the upper bedrooms being filled by the heads of servants. The gardener stopped digging and leaned on his spade. I felt like George Stephenson starting the engine on the first railroad. There was a nice fresh breeze from the south-west.

"'I say, you can't manage to get it up here,' said the man of the house; 'better go to one of the big meadows.'

"'Why so?' I asked; 'why won't it do here?'

"'There's no room to run.'

"'Don't want to run.'

"'Why, I always had to run when I was a hoy. You won't keep it flying if you don't run.'

"'Won't I? I'll just induct you into the art of kite-flying.'

"He turned away with a sniff and joined the main hody of the enemy—audience, I mean—on the terrace, and from the laugh that greeted his first words, I knew that he was predicting my ruin. I got the tail spread out—its great length was another omen of destruction—and then looked about for some one to hold the kite up about twenty yards away and let her go at my signal. My eyes fell on the gardener.

"'He has more common sense than any of those swells,' I thought, 'and will play fair, anyhow.' I told him what to do. All was ready. I waited for a good strong puff of wind, and then, hauling taut on the string, shouted:

"'Let her go!'

"Up she went like a rocket, and stood gently drawing away with a dropping quiver as I paid out the string and then held fast to let her rise with a prolonged gust, which lifted her tail clear of the elm-tops, and sent her sailing away like a soaring hawk into a steady current that kept her firm and tightened the string like a ship's cahle.

"A prolonged, though suppressed, shout, in which the masculine 'By Jove!' and the feminine 'Dear me!' met in a confusing embrace, and made a jumhle of both, took the place of the anticipated laughter at my expense. I felt like Grant receiving Lee's sword at Appomattox Court-house. But I didn't say anything. I tell you it was fine—way up."

"Then it was a success?"

"Success! Well, I should say so. The kite was the talk of the whole neighborhood for weeks. She could be seen sailing away in the sky, like a black dot, for miles around, and caused more ricked necks and strained eyes than the country people had ever known thereahouts. And yet it was a common, every-day occurrence in our annual kite season."

"A veritable sensation, eh?"

"Yes. After that, I thought I'd make a kite in the shape of a man, and did so. It was another hig success, and so great, that I made a plan and a model, and wrote out full descriptions and suhmitted them to several leading toy estahlishments in London, for them to manufacture and we would share the profits."

"So you made some money by your kite-flying?"

"Not enough to pay the postage on my letter. There was nothing novel about the kite, the toy people said, when they sent back the model. It required wind to fly it, like other kites. If it would fly without wind, they might entertain my proposition! So I let the matter drop. But isn't it funny that not one of these English people knew a thing ahout kites, how to make them, fix the tail, or fly them when made? Queer boys and queer men, is all I can say."

I do not know why it is, but you certainly never see boys—gentlemen's sons—playing marhles, pegging tops, or flying kites. Cricket absorbs every thought. You sometimes see them rolling a hoop, and within the last few days I have noticed ahout half-a-dozen boys at a large school near by walking on stilts. At other times these same hoys walk ahout with their hands huried in their trousers' pockets with the *blasé* expression of an old man. And yet, though the British boy, of whom I speak, is more like a man than a boy, it is not the forwardness, the precocity of the American boy, which at twelve and fourteen makes the latter the business match of men three times his age. It is, as I have observed, more the absence of the spontaneity, the gush, the abandon, the rollicking laugh, and the rough-and-tumble play of youth which you notice in him, than it is the presence of any really manlike qualities. He strikes you as studied and constrained, and, as neither study nor constraint is commonly observable in the actions and manners of hoys, you at once liken him to a man for something better to liken him to. "Tom Brown's School-Days at Rugby" is one of the most delightful of hooks, and Tom Brown and his friend, East, are as perfect specimens of boys as one could wish for. But whoever meets a Tom Brown or an East nowadays? Not I, most assuredly. Perhaps it may be that with Dr. Arnold's day this school-boy type faded away from England. Or, it may be the reason why you are told by aristocratic ladies and gentlemen, who prefer the club-house life of Eton and Harrow for their sons and hrothers, that "Rugby is rough." Better have more rough boys and fewer rough men.

Cockaigne.

London, February 15, 1889.

Some of our readers may be interested to know a little about the process of mummifying. The method of embalming is called the "Brunelli process." The circulatory system is cleansed by washing with cold water till it issues quite clear from the body. This may occupy from two to five hours. Alcohol is injected, so as to abstract as much water as possible. This occupies about a quarter of an hour. Ether is then injected to abstract the fatty matter. This occupies from one to ten hours. A strong solution of tannin is then injected. This occupies for imbihition from two to ten hours. The body is then dried in a current of warm air, passed over heated chloride of calcium. This may occupy from two to five hours. The body is then perfectly preserved and resists decay. The Italians exhibit specimens which are as hard as stone, retain the shape perfectly, and are equal to the hest wax models. It will be observed in this process that those substances most prone to decay are removed, and the remaining portions are converted by the tannin into a substance resemhling leather.

For paving streets, india-rubber threatens to enter into competition with asphalt. This new pavement, according to the *Engineering and Building Record*, is the invention of Herr Busse, of Linden, Prussia, who has introduced it in Hanover. He used it first in the summer of 1887 for paving the Goethe Bridge, which has a surface of about one thousand square meters, or ten thousand seven hundred and sixty-four square feet. The new pavement, it is stated, proved so satisfactory that fifteen hundred square meters (sixteen thousand one hundred and forty-six square feet) of ordinary carriage-way in the city were paved with it last summer. The Berlin corporation, heing favorably impressed with the new pavement, has had a large area paved with india-rubber as an experiment.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Ex-President Hayes says he is now receiving fifty letters a day from applicants for office, asking for his influence. Mr. Hayes does not, as a rule, answer these communications, but when he does it is invariably a brief regret, etc.

Mr. Batcheller, the new Assistant-Secretary of the Treasury, has at Saratoga what is called "the house with a patent on it." It is of a queer, rambling design, and the plans are copyrighted and the arrangement patented, so that no one can build another like it.

Mr. W. T. Walters, of Baltimore, the owner of the famous "peach-blow" vase, recently sent ten thousand dollars to the Metropolitan Museum of Art to defray the expenses of keeping that institution open on Sundays. The check was returned to him, as the directors are opposed to the Sunday opening.

Susan la Flesche, an Omaha Indian girl, graduated in 1886 at the school for her people at Hampton, Va. Since then she has been assisted by the Connecticut Indian Association, and last week she was among the graduates of the Woman's Medical College of Philadelphia. She will stand among her people as their first woman physician.

The late Horatio G. Onderdonk, a brother of Bishop Onderdonk, left between two and three millions of dollars to his heirs, but in a very curiously planned will. Any one of the heirs who does not live up to the moral standard laid down by the will forfeits his share of the estate. The immoderate use of tobacco and spirits is forbidden, and to have breakfasted and be ready for business by nine o'clock every morning in the week, except Sunday, is among the rules to be complied with. The executors are to judge whether the heirs do their duty.

The death of Sidney Bartlett, Boston's eldest practicing lawyer, and a man of remarkable grasp and vigor for his age, follows closely upon the recent announcement of his ninetieth birthday, which occurred February 13th. He was a survivor of the period of Webster, Choate, and other great lawyers. His practice netted him over one hundred thousand dollars a year, it is estimated, and for over thirty years he was acknowledged to be the leader of the bar in the United States Supreme Court. He was one of the counsel employed in the solution of the Presidential question before the electoral commission in 1877.

Mr. R. Bellingham has just retired from engine-driving on the Great Northern Railway (England), after forty years' service. In 1848 he was a driver on the railway between Paris and Rouen. When the revolution broke out which caused Louis Philippe to flee, he remained at his post and drove the last train which went from Rouen to Paris prior to the mob burning the bridge across the Seine, and by that means cutting off railway communication with the northern provinces of France. After that he returned to England and drove the first train to Horncastle, and from that time up to a few weeks since he has remained at work on the line between Horncastle and Kirkstead. His trains have never met with anything approaching a serious accident.

People who knew him, or lived in his neighborhood, are never tired of talking of the late "Uncle Ben" Richardson, of Harlem. "Uncle Ben" lived like a miser in many respects, yet he left three million dollars behind him. His passion was for historic relics and anything second-hand. He made the bulk of his fortune by sending out groceries for the hungry 'forty-niners to buy, and he invested his receipts in property which proved to be very valuable, as it was mostly water-fronts. In his Harlem house, "Uncle Ben" had an announcement printed and hung up in a conspicuous place, which stated that the women about his house were there only in the capacity of servants or housekeepers, and that they had no claim upon his estate. It is said that one of his economies was to light all the lamps in his house with one match. To accomplish this object proved him a singularly active old man.

The news of Prince Alexander of Battenberg's morganatic marriage with Fräulein Amalia Loisinger, a singer at the Darmstadt Court Theatre, has caused no little sensation at Pressburg and Prague, where the bride, who was born at the former town on the eighteenth of April, 1865, has numerous friends. Mlle. Loisinger is of humble origin. Her father, who died a short time ago, was valet to the Austrian field marshal, Lieutenant Martin Signorini, and her mother, who is still alive, is a native of Bruneck, in the Tyrol. She received her musical training at Pressburg, and made her first appearance in public at a concert in Vienna in 1880. In 1883, she took up her residence at Prague, where she and her mother occupied a modest apartment in the Carolinenthal suburb. There she lived for two years. Her rich and captivating voice, her beautiful face, and her blameless life, soon made her a general favorite, and, early in 1885, she accepted an engagement for the town theatre at Troppau, in Silesia. From April 16th to May 17th, in the same year, she played at Linz, where she appeared with great success as Eva in the "Meistersinger," and Zerlina in "Don Juan," and in several other parts. From Linz she went to Leipsic, and then to Darmstadt, where she obtained a permanent engagement at a salary of four thousand marks for the first year, five thousand marks for the second, and six thousand marks for the third year. She has one brother, who holds the rank of first lieutenant in the Austrian army. This romantic marriage renders probable the report of a betrothal between Princess Victoria and Prince Charles of Sweden.

The Paris papers announce that the Duchesse de Persigny is about to publish her husband's memoirs. Of all the erratic beauties who figured at the Tuileries, the wife of Napoleon the Third's favorite minister and confident was undoubtedly the one whose conduct gave rise to most gossip and scandal. A descendant of the celebrated Marshal Ney, her father was the late Prince de la Moskowa and her mother the crazy daughter of the famous Parisian banker, Lafitte. Married to the Duc de Persigny, her behavior was so extraordinary that the most charitable supposition which could be made was that she was slightly mad. While French ambassadress at London, her conduct gave such offense to Queen Victoria that, at the request of the latter, the duke was recalled. When in Egypt with Empress Eugénie, in 1869, on the occasion of the opening of the Suez Canal, she fell desperately in love with a handsome, but penniless, French lawyer, practicing at Cairo, whose name was Lemoyne. Refusing to return to France with her imperial mistress, she took up her quarters on the banks of the Nile, and patiently waited there with "him" until the sudden death of the duke in France, in 1871, permitted her to endow with a certain amount of respectability her, until then, questionable relations with her impecunious affinity. The marriage, however, proved an unhappy one in every respect. The duke had no money, and his widow was left entirely dependent on the annual allowance of two thousand dollars, made to her by her avaricious, but immensely wealthy, old mother. Moreover, the Khedive Ismail of Egypt, posing for the first and only time in his life in the altogether inappropriate rôle of a moralist, declined to consent to her admittance to his court, which, by the way, was composed entirely of blacklegs and adventurers in point of men, and of *cruches-cassées* so far as the women were concerned. Disappointed both as to her wealth and social position, young Lemoyne soon began to maltreat his elderly spouse in a most shameful manner, and the eighteen years which she spent at Cairo were exceedingly miserable. She used to receive her visitors in a scantily furnished parlor, the walls of which were hung with autograph portraits of all the great sovereigns and great personages of Europe, and among these reminiscences of her former luxury and position she was frequently in want of a meal. She, however, managed to eke out a subsistence by invariably taxing the generosity of her visitors in behalf of a poor French lady who had seen better days—presumably herself. About six years ago, M. Lemoyne died suddenly, and a few weeks afterward the old Princess de la Moskowa likewise took her departure for a better place, leaving her enormous fortune to the duchess. The latter, although about seventy-five years of age and as deaf as a post, is more frisky than ever, squandering her wealth on hideous toy-dogs and very young men. She dyes her hair yellow, and, notwithstanding her obesity, always insists on waltzing. The Empress Eugénie ignores her, as do most of the prominent Bonapartist families. Being, however, very witty, very sarcastic, very heartless, and thoroughly unscrupulous, the memoirs of her first husband, which she proposes to publish with her own comments, can not fail to be amusing and spicy. De Persigny's real name was Flahin, and he was a commoner by birth, until the *coup d'état* created a new aristocracy.

FRANCE'S BOY SOLDIERS.

"Parisina" describes the Pupils' Life at the Ecole Polytechnique.

Yes, they are prime favorites of the people of Paris, these pupils of the Ecole Polytechnique. The military cadets of Saint Cyr are nowhere in comparison. The fact of their living away beyond Versailles seems to put them outside the radius of our innermost sympathies, whereas the Polytechnicians are located in our very midst.

When you are doing Paris, kind reader, and should happen to be in the Boul' Mich,' turn to the left down the Rue des Ecoles, and, when you have passed the College de France and its terraced garden, you will come upon the polytechnic school—a large mass of heterogeneous buildings, court-yards surrounded by high walls, inclosing also here and there a cover of pollard-trees, or a dome of unkempt foliage, constructed on the side of a steep hill and kept in position thereon by frowning buttresses and ramparts, giving almost the effect of a fort to what might otherwise be a hospital, or say a penitentiary. The bill is the old Montaigne St. Geneviève, no natural hill, but the accumulation of the detritus of centuries carted outside the city walls and left to rot there. Two or three narrow streets struggle up it under the shadow of the school walls, and the upper windows of the crazy tenements command a view of the parade ground. Lodgings here are not at a premium. People with nice ideas about privacy prefer not to seek a habitation there, as young fellows in a merry mood down in the court-yard are wont to address their neighbors somewhat familiarly, watch their doings, and comment thereon in a manner which is, to say the least, disconcerting. A man shaving, a woman watering a pot of mignonette, will elicit howls of derision or applause, and nerves must be strong, indeed, for hands not to shake under such an infliction; it is ten chances to one the former gives his chin a gash and the latter spills the contents of her can over the sill.

The Rue de la Montaigne is one of the most picturesque bits of old Paris. There are few streets so dirty nowadays; you would think the municipal brooms never came near the place, but winding up its tortuous way you now catch a glimpse of the profile of quaint old St. Etienne, now of the towering dome of the Panthéon, which, with the irregular, tumble-down tenements in the foreground, make up a charming picture. The school gateway adds nothing to the picturesqueness of the scene, though the walls and steps are as grimy as any in the neighborhood. Cerberus, in the shape of a non-commissioned officer, his breast covered with medals, sits in the porter's lodge. He will not let you pass in unchallenged, and the cadet who calculates on catching him napping must be, indeed, of a sanguine disposition.

No outgoing and incoming, save on stated days, is allowed. Parents and other near relatives are permitted to see the pupils in the school-parlors most afternoons between two and five, but twice a week only are the young fellows themselves at liberty to leave the precincts, after the mid-day meal on Wednesday and immediately after the roll-call on Sunday morning. Feast-days are holidays for them, but the only real vacation they have in the course of the ten months' term is ten days at this season.

That they have just run the risk of being deprived of this passing immunity from study is the reason why I am writing about the Polytechnicians at all. The fact is they have been the talk of the town this week—they and their quarrel with the general. You must know that the Ecole Polytechnique is ruled in military fashion by a general, who is the chief, a colonel, and a small staff of other officers, who have under their orders a certain number of non-commissioned officers and *clairons*. The pupils are bound to obey implicitly not only their chiefs, but the "Bas-off'," as they call the sergeants and corporals, and even the humble *clairon*, though in reality they hold a superior position and are cadets or unfledged officers. Socially, they are on an equality with their superior officers, and when the general—who occupies a handsome house situated within the grim walls of the school, but overlooking a pleasant garden—gives a party, he is in the habit of inviting some of the young fellows to dance with the girls and give animation to the gathering. The invitations are not personal—so many cards are sent in, and the pupils arrange among themselves who shall go, drawing lots for the privilege in a usual way.

Now, the present governor, General Henry, gave a party this winter and did not choose to invite the pupils at all. Then he gave a second, for which he sent a special invitation to a young fellow, who has a reputation for being an excellent pianist. Mme. Henry hustled up to him and asked him to play for dancing, which he did again and again, until his arms ached. Next week there was another soirée at the general's, and, in the middle of the evening, they found there was no one to play a lady's accompaniment. So a sergeant was dispatched to the other side of the quadrangle, with orders to bring back the useful pupil. He, awakened in the midst of his beauty-sleep, swore that, general or no general, he would not get up. Back went the "Bas-off'" to report. Next time it was a captain who was sent to the dormitory, and the recalcitrant pupil was told he was under orders to get up, dress, and repair to head-quarters. There was nothing for it, but to obey. The lady guest sang her song to the youth's accompaniment. But the next morning, when the story got around, indignation burned in the breast of every one of the four hundred and fifty pupils, and they made up their minds to send the general to Coventry.

Shortly afterward, General Henry discovered that the cadets were in far too much request in town, and permissions to attend public balls were henceforth denied; they were told that they might go, when invited, to the Elysée, and nowhere else. This further fomented the discontent within the school, so that when the general—for a surety, a short-sighted man—and Mme. Henry made up their minds to give a big dance and to invite thirty or so of the pupils, they, one and all, declined the honor.

Then the general began to wax very furious and talk about insubordination and personal affront. He betook himself and his indignation to the minister of war, demanding a signal punishment, and it was decided by him and M. de Freycinet that the ten days' vacation should be withheld, and the pupils were invited not to bow to Mme. Henry when they met her. "There shall be nothing in common between me and these young jackanapes!" blustered the general.

This sounds like a storm in a tea-cup to you, and yet the affair has been the talk of the town. As I said, some people take one side, some another, but popular feeling is on the side of the Polytechnicians—such fine young fellows, bright, gay, clever, the hope of France. As for the women, they are disgusted with the huffy old general; and, as for the families of the four hundred and fifty pupils, the papas and mammas, the sisters and cousins, who had looked forward to having their boys at home to spoil and make much of, they were simply furious. Indeed, the matter began to look quite serious, and M. de Freycinet and President Carnot (both were once pupils of this school and could enter into the feelings of the youths) were of opinion that something must be done. Finally, it was Mme. Carnot who made matters smooth. She drove over to the school and asked the general, as a personal favor, to repeal his verdict. Of course he could not do other than acquiesce, such feminine pressure being brought to bear upon him, and, I must admit, the old soldier submitted after all with a very good grace, only I fancy he will think twice before he dispatches another message to the dormitories, and will prefer to engage a pianist rather than trust to the kindly offices of a pupil again.

So the upshot of the affair is that the Polytechnicians, instead of being in durance vile, are airing their uniforms on the Paris boulevards and amusing themselves according to their wont at carnival time; not uproariously, after the manner of the medical and other students, but quietly and decorously, in a way becoming the uniform they wear. There are no greater sticklers for etiquette than these young sprigs. They may be difficult to govern in the stronghold of the school (General Henry has found it so to his cost), but once buttoned into their tunics, girt with the sword they are so proud of, and hat cocked over one eye, they are as severe in the matter of discipline as any martinet in the army. Woe betide the private who fails to give the regulation salute as they pass. Nor are they less severe to themselves. Pretty girls may ogle them in the Boul' Mich' to no purpose, and you would not get them to forget what is due to their uniform, so far as to be seen at Bullier's or any other students' rendezvous. No, if they are bent on a spree—and, after all, they are young and must have their fling like the rest—they put on plain clothes—mufti, forsooth—just as if they were royal princes and had their dignity to uphold; and so they have, the dignity of the corps to which they belong.

A young relative of mine having passed through this school, I have frequently had occasion to go there, and have seen as much as any man or woman not connected officially with the place can—there is a portal through which no outsiders save the professors ever pass—and have heard a great deal about what goes on within, the recital thereof being of course attenuated to suit ears polite.

The Ecole has its songs, its slang, its customs, as well as its rules and regulations. Young fellows will hum the songs at home—carefully eschewing the words—and get their sisters to play the "X quadrille" (in the slang parlance of the students "l'X" means the Ecole Polytechnique, the stronghold of mathematics), and long after they have been drafted into other services the old burthen will be caught up and chanted with the same gusto with which they will fight their battles o'er again in company with an old comrade. It is wonderful how they cling together afterward, and how the fact of having lived for two years under the same roof will keep friendships, or at least comradeships, green. For a man who has worn the cocked hat and tunic to injure his *camarade de promotion*, is looked upon as an awful breach of honor. A little while ago an *ancien*—for so are those ex-pupils called—ran away with the wife of a fellow *ancien*. All codes of good morals blame such an act, but the fact of the two men having been *camarades* at the Polytechnique made it a hundred times worse in the eyes of the world, and I know several old friends and acquaintances who have dropped this Lovelace for no other reason, and would have still been bail-fellow-well-met with him if he had taken a fancy to some one else's wife instead.

The custom of playing practical jokes was never so rife at this school as at St. Cyr, or at any rate the tormenting of the freshmen by their elders is indulged in to only a moderate extent, but some fine pranks are played in the dormitories all the same. To make a salad of the boots—that is to say, to mix as many pairs as can be conveniently purloined for the purpose—is a favorite pastime, and often send a whole section down-stairs in their stockings to manage as best they may. Filling bags with water and hurling them at friend and foe is another source of considerable amusement. Boys will be boys, and for all their swagger, what are these fellows but boys after all? Few number more than twenty summers.

According to regulations they must be in bed by ten o'clock, yet punch is sometimes made in washhand-basins and partaken of by the light of the moon, at a terrible risk if the night-watch surprise the offenders out of bed or get scent of the fumes of rum. The first bugle-call is at six in the morning, but no pupil who respects his independence ever thinks of getting up until a quarter past, when there is just fifteen minutes wherein to dress and fly down-stairs. At the last moment the crush is so great in the staircase that individuals are carried down by the human tide without any effort of their own. Down at the bottom are the "Bas-off'" trying to close the great gates, and woe to the laggard who comes last and whose single strength can not withstand theirs.

After this there are two hours' study, then breakfast. What do you say to a bunch of bread and a piece of cheese or bunch of radishes, washed down by a bowl of milk or a small cup of black coffee? It does not sound appetizing, does it? Then comes a turn in the court and work again, or lectures, until two o'clock—the hour for dinner, a strange one in Paris where every one great and small dines late. The viands are simple and good, and everything is served at once, and on plates and dishes so thick and heavy that no ordinary blow will break them. If supplies happen to run short the pupils make a raid into the kitchen and pitch—metaphorically—into the cook.

During the afternoon, they are all left pretty much to their own devices. This is the time for callers. The pupils who are told that visitors are awaiting them, come to the parlor, or the outer court, according to the season; in summer the former is more pleasant, and many a time have I walked up and down the small inclosure—popularly called the "hat-box." The parlor is a big, bare room, with seats round the walls, adorned with a few portraits, that of the first consul among others. I have, however, been further into the precincts than this. Beyond the "hat-box," across a second court, is the infirmary, and, when my young relative was ill, I went to see him there. He was not very bad, and I found him playing chess with a friend, both attired in long, white-flannel dressing-gowns, in the dining-room, and funny enough they looked. They are nursed by three Sisters of Charity, the chief of whom they call "Sœur 'Poral," short for corporal, a burly woman whom they treat with great respect, and who gives them their draughts and tucks them up at night in a half-soldierly, half-motherly fashion. Since my particular Polytechnician left the school and blossomed into a sub-lieutenant of engineers, happening to be walking with some comrades in the Latin Quarter, they met "Sœur 'Poral," and, with one accord, performed a military salute, at which the good sister appeared mightily gratified, and looked up with glistening eyes at the kindly young fellows.

Warm hearts beat under these tunics, as the poor in the neighborhood of the school will tell you. Several thousands of francs are subscribed every year, and the alms are carried to the miserable hovels, where starving wretches congregate, by the young fellows themselves, turn and turn about, on Sunday mornings. It is a vile neighborhood, with an ill name, but there is not a man, woman, or child who has not a smile for the "Elève de l'X." They seem to bring with them a perfume of youth and prosperity, and they have a code of their own which prevents their treating any of their poor neighbors with disdain; to insult a woman of the quarter would be thought disgraceful. A baker who lived on the hill has a very pretty daughter, and for some years a weekly pean has been sung in her praise by the pupils as they hurry up the hill at a smart trot on Sunday evening, and yet never a word was ever spoken to the girl herself that might bring a blush to her cheek.

Every one must be in by ten o'clock on Sunday, every five minutes' delay bringing its term of punishment—the deprivation of a holiday, Wednesday counting for one and Sunday two. Hereby hangs a tale. One day a professor was making experiments in physiology in the lecture-room, and was about to sacrifice a bird he brought for the purpose, when the pupils, with one voice, begged the life of the palpitating songster. He was set free. Next Sunday, several pupils arrived at the door after time, and expected to be pulled up by the Cerberus, when, to their surprise, they saw that the clock in the court was five minutes late. This happened several times in succession, and it was discovered that a bird had made its nest in the works, and systematically put back the hands every time some one was behind time. This was many years ago, and, of course, it is a true tale, for the effigy of the grateful bird is sculptured on the face of the clock *in memoriam*.

Paris, March 4, 1889. Parisina.

Concerning unclaimed bank-deposits, the *Fortnightly Review* says: "A man lodges money in a bank, but no one knows it but himself and the bank. He can conceal it completely from the world, and from his kindred, too, for there is no limit to eccentricities; his kindred may suspect it, but when he is dead they have no means of finding out anything about it unless they happen to go to the right bank to make their inquiries. Some of the English banks are over two hundred years old, and some eighty or ninety of them date from the last century. During this long period the sums passing through their hands must have been very large, and the length of time during which they have been in contact with the public must have given occasion for numerous derelict deposits. The longer they remained unclaimed the remoter the chance that they would ever be claimed, and the firmer the hold of the bank upon them. To avoid exaggeration, let us suppose that, instead of three-fifths of this money being unclaimed, as the supreme court figures might lead us to think, one-fortieth of it is unclaimed, then we have the large sum of twenty-two million five hundred thousand pounds sterling; or, even if we say an eighteenth, one-half of this last, the amount comes to the very respectable figure of eleven million two hundred and fifty thousand pounds. As has been said, there are no statistics available directly bearing on the matter; but, as a conjecture, we should say that the true amount was certainly over eleven million pounds, and ranged from that to forty million pounds."

Those who were intimate with the ways of the Russian Court have unanimously recorded how much of influence in the shape of absolute fear there was in the eyes of the Emperor Nicholas. He looked at culprits or suspected culprits with his slow stare of anger, and the unhappy wretches felt, in a very different sense from that in which the phrase was originally used, "under the wand of the enchanter." But, large as were the Czar's eyes—the Romanoff inheritance from their beautiful statuesque German ancestress—there was no brilliant or sparkling glance of ire when they were directed toward an offender. On the contrary, those who have had most experience of them describe them as being dull, cold, almost fish-like in aspect. Stolid as the gaze was, none recorded in history ever produced more terrorizing effects on its objects. In many cases where there was any real ground of offense, the person at whom the Czar in his accustomed silent fashion was looking, frequently did not wait to be interrogated, sometimes was hardly suspected, but poured forth a full confession under the gaze of the phlegmatic sovereign.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The *Book Buyer's* portrait in the number for April will be one of the lady who writes under the name of "Octave Thanet."

William Winter writes on "The Press and the Stage" in the four-page supplement to the number of *Harper's Weekly*, published March 20th.

Mr. James Anthony Froude's forthcoming novel will be published in America by the Scribners. Mr. Froude believes the story to be one of the best pieces of work he has ever done.

Charles Scribner's Sons will soon bring out a new story by Frances Hodgson Burnett, entitled "The Pretty Sister of José." It is a Spanish tale with a popular bull-fighter for one of the characters.

To Colonel T. W. Higginson is attributed the remark that "a cosmopolitan must be at home even in his own country." He coined it as a rejoinder to the claim of cosmopolitanism made on behalf of Henry James.

W. D. Howells began his new serial, "A Hazard of New Fortunes," a story of New York life, in the number of *Harper's Weekly*, issued March 20th. The installments will be accompanied by illustrations drawn by W. A. Rogers.

Some Philistine critic once remarked that there were only two intelligible sentences in Mr. Browning's "Sordello"; the first, "Who wills may hear Sordello's story told," and the last, "Who would has heard Sordello's story told," and that neither of them was true.

Among the subjects treated in Andrew Lang's new volume, "Lost Leaders," soon to be issued by the Longmans, are "Thackeray's Drawings," "The Art of Dining," "Phiz," "Amateur Authors," and "The Lending of Books." The papers were originally contributed to the London *Daily News*.

Miss Ada Rehan, in the character of Katherine, is the subject of the front-page picture and accompanying article, by William Winter, in the number of *Harper's Weekly*, issued March 27th. The illustrated four-page supplement is devoted to "The Evolution of the Ocean Steamship," by G. T. Ferris.

John R. Spears, of the New York *Sun*, whose remarkable articles on "No Man's Land" and "Oklahoma" have been widely commented upon, will tell an exciting sea-story in the April *Scribner's* under the title "A Sailor Called the Parson." His "Port of Missing Ships" in that magazine was very popular.

A collection of poems and translations, by W. J. Linton, the wood-engraver, will be published soon in London. Many of the poems will be taken from Mr. Linton's "Love-Lore," of which fifty copies only were printed by him from his private press. With few exceptions, the translations will now be printed for the first time. The volume will have a portrait of Mr. Linton.

The marriage question has engaged the attention of a new writer. Mr. Walter Hubbell is about to give the expression of his ideas on the subject in a story entitled "The Curse of Marriage." For his own sake we trust Mr. Hubbell is a bachelor. Another man of letters is also occupied upon the same great theme. Professor Blackie is said to be quite as much at home among young ladies as among ancient Greeks. He is going to publish a paper in *Cassell's Magazine* called "Matrimonial Maxims by a Married Man."

Mr. Swinburne's new volume of poems will be called "Poems and Ballads, Third Series." Although certain poems, such as "The Armada," "The Jubilee," etc., have appeared in magazines, a large and important section will be quite new to the public. A feature of the volume will be a group of original Border ballads, written in the Northumbrian dialect—a noticeable and specially interesting series, inasmuch as Mr. Swinburne is a Northumbrian, and has during all his life given special attention to Border poetry.

Munsey's Weekly, a new paper, makes the following announcement: "Ten dollars for your thoughts. If all the bright thoughts and witty sayings of our American people could be gathered together, and from them the keenest jests and most mirth-provoking fun be selected and published, with spirited and artistic illustrations, how much the publication containing this sparkling array of good things would add to the world's pleasure! To attain as near as is possible to this ideal journal of wit and satire is the aim of *Munsey's Weekly*. We wish, therefore, to receive contributions, not only from our regular staff, but from any one and every one who has an idea sufficiently clever to find its way into *Munsey's Weekly*. We pay from one to ten dollars each for jokes and suggestions for cartoons, five to twenty dollars for bright poems, and equally large prices for satirical and humorous articles. FRANK A. MUNSEY & Co., New York."

A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* cites the example of Pope, Byron, Keats, and Moore, in proof of the statement that "vase" rhymes to "case," "face," and "grace." Then he goes on to ask: "The question is, Was such pronunciation of 'vase' the 'pure well of English undefiled,' or was it only 'poetic license,' or caprice, fashion, or custom? Of course, many words alter their pronunciation from age to age, and 'vase' may be one of them, as at present, I think, the word is generally pronounced as though it rhymed with 'stars.' Nuttall, in the preface to his 'Dictionary,' says: 'The standard of pronunciation is not the authority of any dictionary, or of any orthoepist; but it is the present usage of literary and well-bred society.' If this be so, such usage seems to be the 'safest standard' we have for our pronunciation. When I was a boy, about 1843, we had a reading-book, one story in which was about 'The Broken Vase.' My father taught us to read it to rhyme with 'case,' but we afterward came to think it ought to be something between 'Mars' and 'vauz.'"

Miss Wormeley, the translator of Balzac, was born in Suffolk, Eng., on July 14, 1832, and now lives in Newport. Her father was Admiral Ralph Randolph Wormeley, of the British Navy, a native of Virginia. Miss Wormeley's mother was a niece of Commodore Edward Preble, of the United States Navy. In the civil war, Miss Wormeley was at the head-quarters of the United States Sanitary Commission with the Army of the Potomac, during the Peninsular campaign, taking an active part in relieving the suffering of the wounded, and her letters and the narrative of her experiences have just been published by the Massachusetts Commandery of the Loyal Legion under the title of "The Other Side of War." Miss Wormeley's elder sister, Mary Elizabeth, married Randolph Latimer, of Baltimore, and is the author of numerous magazine articles and of several books, including several volumes in the No Name Series, and a number of translations from the German. Miss Wormeley's younger sister, Ariana Randolph, born in England, as was Mrs. Latimer, is the wife of Daniel Sargent Curtis, of Boston. She is the author of a comedy entitled, "The Coming Woman; or, the Spirit of '76" (Boston, 1870), which has been acted in public in this country and abroad.

New Publications.

The twelfth issue of the Romans Choisis is "Vaillante: Ce Que Femme Veut," a charming little tale by Jacques Vincent, which was *couronné* by the Académie Française. Published by William R. Jenkins, New York; for sale by Louis Gregoire et Cie. and by William Doxey; price, 60 cents.—The same publisher has begun the publication of a new series of reprints from the French. They are called Classiques Français, and the first issue is Molière's "L'Avare," with full historical, philological, idiomatical, and descriptive notes by Professor Schele de Vere, of the University of Virginia. For sale by William Doxey, 631 Market Street; price, 20 cents.

"Constance" and "Calbot's Rival," two novelettes by Julian Hawthorne, have been issued in a single volume of the Town and Country Library, published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

The first number of a new series of translations, issued under the title of Gleanings from Foreign Authors, has been inaugurated, the first volume containing "A Love Match," by Ludovic Halévy, a translation of which appeared in the *Argonaut* some years ago, and "King Apepi," a novelette by Victor Cherbuliez, in which an old diplomat's manœuvres to rescue his unworldly nephew from the fascinations of a wily widow are wittily described. Published by John Delay, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, paper, 30 cents.

A Governmental Roster, for 1889, of the State and county governments of California, including the executive, judicial, and legislative departments, has been compiled by the Hon. W. C. Hendricks, Secretary of State, and has been printed by the State Printer at Sacramento.—The ninth annual report of the Board of Railroad Commissioners of the State of California, for 1888, has been issued, giving full descriptions of the roads and their expenses, etc., and containing an official railroad map of the State. Published for the board by the State Printer at Sacramento.

For households in which economy is only a relative term, where the mistress can spend a dollar on luxuries which she could not afford to get from the caterer for four or five dollars, Catherine Owen has prepared a new book of recipes to which she gives the name, "Choice Cookery." It contains such recipes as would delight the heart of the women who like to give little dinners, giving infinite details about sauces, white and brown, hot and cold; fish entrées and oysters; patties, entrées, croquettes, kromeskies, rissoles, etc.; galantines, fillets, ballotines, cold game pies, garnishes, and vegetables; jellies, cold sweets, frozen puddings, ice-creams, miscellaneous sweets, cakes and sauces; and finally a chapter on salads and cheese dishes. The book, originally printed in installments in *Harper's Bazar*, is here provided with an index. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Charles George Gordon," by Colonel Sir William F. Butler, is the initial volume of a new series entitled English Men of Action. The aim of the series is to give biographies of subjects of the British crown who have in any capacity been conspicuous in the service of their country; some of the volumes to follow soon are: "Henry the Fifth," by A. J. Church; "Livingstone," by Thomas Hughes; "Lord Lawrence," by Sir Richard Temple; and "Wellington," by George Hooper. The first volume is an excellent biography of General Gordon, following the line indicated in the name of the series by reciting his military career at length, from his early action in the Crimea, through the Chinese, Soudanese, and Indian campaigns, and finally to the tragedy of Khartoum; but the book deals not alone with his material achievements, but with his character and development as well. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; for sale by the J. Dewing Company; price, 60 cents.

"Cressy," Bret Harte's latest story, is, as its name suggests to those who are familiar with his books, a tale in which a Californian girl, who has the graces of a woman mingled with the boydenish ways of a girl, sets several people by the ears for love of her. The suitor who wins the girl's sympathy—and the reader's, too—is Mr. Ford, a lad of twenty, who is bridging over a period of financial stringency by instructing the young idea of Indian Springs, Tuolumne County. The success which attends his suit brings down on him the hate of Seth Davis, a despised rival, and this enterprising youth involves Ford in the feud between Hiram McKinstry, Cressy's father, and "them low-down Harrisons," who constantly endeavor to "jump" the land on which McKinstry has "squatted," and eventually incites the settlers to run Ford out of the county. This latter proceeding is stopped only by a duel between Ford and McKinstry, who, as the father of the girl about whom tongues are wagging, claims the first right to Ford's life. It will be seen from this brief outline that there is no lack of moving incident in the story; but, from the opening scene in the school-house, the keen and kindly-bantering humor, which has made Bret Harte so famous, pervades the tale, and, though it seldom raises the reader to actual laughter, he reads on and on, always with a delicious sense of mild, but undeniable, enjoyment. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by C. Beach; price, $1.25.

Some Magazines.

The April *Overland* contains "A Ten Days' Outing," by J. M. Baltimore; "Sailing Over Summer Seas," by F. L. Clarke; "A Zuñi Genesis," by Dagmar Mariager; "Child Saving," by Charles A. Murdock; "A Trip to California in 1849," by C. W.; "Our Naval Necessities," by Edward F. Qualtrough; "The Kansas Eisteddfod," by A. W. G.; "A Bohemian Entr'act," by Deliverance Dingle; "Noltché," by A. G. Tassin; "The 'Grizzly,'" by Mary W. Glascock; "Partners," by Dell Dower Ringeling; "Whose Was the Crime?" by Jean Claude Carlyle; "One Against Many," by S. Desmond Segur; and verses by P. Y. Black, Ina D. Coolbrith, and R. B. Townsend.

The *Popular Science Monthly* for April contains: "The Psychology of Spiritualism," by Professor Joseph Jastrow; "The Chemical Elements," by Professor Josiah P. Cooke; "Agnosticism," by Professor Thomas H. Huxley; "Domestication of the Buffalo," by John W. Dafoe, "Zoölogical Gardens: Their Uses and Management," by R. W. Shufeldt, M. D.; "The Derivative Origin of the Human Mind," by G. J. Romanes; "Science and 'Christian Science,'" by Frederik A. Fernald; "On the Causes of Variation," by Professor C. V. Riley, Ph. D.; "Curiosities of Natural Gas," by Professor Joseph F. James, M. S.; "Plants in Witchcraft," by T. F. Thiselton Dyer; and a "Sketch of James Pollard Espy."

The poem by Oliver Wendell Holmes, in honor of the dinner given to James Russell Lowell on his seventieth birthday, is printed in the April *Atlantic*. Mr. H. C. Merwin contributes a paper on "The People in Government," and Mr. Samuel Sheldon answers the question, "Why our Science Students go to Germany." Thomas Basin, Bishop of Lisieux, forms the subject of an article by Mr. F. C. Lowell, and William Cranston Lawton writes of an archæological journey "From Venice to Assos." Miss Preston, in "Before the Assassination," gives an account of Cicero's closing years, and Miss Louise Imogen Guiney, under the name of "An Outline Portrait," writes about Lady Magdalene Herbert, mother to George Herbert. Mr. Hardy's serial, "Passe Rose," is concluded; Mr. James's "Tragic Muse" is continued, and the concluding portion of "Hannah Calline's Jim" also forms part of this number. The two short stories are "The King's Cup and Cake," by Sophie May, and "A Dissolving View of Carrick Meagher," by George H. Jessop. Bliss Carman contributes a long poem, "Death in April," and T. W. Parsons some verses called "In Eclipse." Criticisms of "Renan's Dramas" and other recent books conclude an interesting number.

Though Easter is still a fortnight away, a number of Easter-cards and other artistic trifles suitable to the season are beginning to appear in the art and book-stores. The most pleasing designs and the greatest variety of ingenious forms come, as usual, from L. Prang & Co., of Boston. This enterprising firm has secured the services of such artists in flower-painting and child-life as Lisbeth B. Comins, L. K. Harlow, and F. Schuyler Mathews, and they have produced such a wealth of pretty cards, satin art-prints, hand-painted mounts, etc., that the person would be hard to please indeed who could not select from among them one to send a friend in remembrance of the Easter season. Beside these smaller affairs, the same firm has brought out a number of novelties in art tiles in imitation ivory, book-marks, sachets, bags, portfolios, banners, etc., and several dainty Easter booklets, in which appropriate verses, new and old, are set in a frame of pretty pictures and vignettes.

Benjamin Johnson owns a farm in Rush Valley, Utah, upon which he has just discovered a mine of natural shoe-blacking. An analysis of this peculiar material shows that it contains sixteen per cent. carbon, thirty-four per cent. aluminum, and the remainder clay. When taken out the material is moist and soft, and when used as a shoe-blacking produces a fine polish which is not easily destroyed.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Some people begin very early in life to hate Aristides, because they are "tired of hearing him called 'The Just.'" "Why don't you walk home from school with Minnie Spring?" a mother one day asked her little daughter; "I never see you together." "No'm, we're not together very much," said the little girl, demurely. "You are in the same classes, aren't you?" "Yes'm." "And you live in the same street. It must be that you don't think her a nice little girl." "Mamma," hurst forth the child, with a gush of confidence, "she is so good that sometimes I almost *hate* her!"

The senior senator from New York was talking on the floor of the Senate with Senators Edmunds and Palmer, and the Vermonter, looking critically at the apparently frail representative of the Empire State, said: "I don't see, Evarts, how you stand all this hard work and the endless round of social duties. Why, it must be a terrible strain upon you simply to drink the different kinds of wine you get at the various houses you go to." "The different kinds of wine I drink," replied Mr. Evarts, the ghost of a smile on his features, "cause me but little concern, so long as they are good. It's the *in*different kinds that upset my digestion."

A person arrayed in full Highland costume caused a terrible commotion in a railway carriage in the Perrache Station, near Lyons, recently. Two ladies, who were in the carriage, shrieked as they saw the awful spectacle presented by the entry into their compartment of a man without trousers. The Highlander, who was on his way to Nice, nevertheless took his seat with Caledonian coolness, whereupon the ladies screamed the louder. It was in vain that the apparition in the garb of old Gaul apologized and explained the situation in bad French, and equally futile were the efforts of the station-master, who assured the ladies that the gentleman in the dirk, the sporran, and the tartan accessories of properties was perfectly harmless. "You don't run the shadow of a risk, mesdames," insisted the station-master, in his blandest tones; "the gentleman comes from a country where the men wear petticoats and do not wear trousers." Despite everything, however, which was said in order to calm their apprehensions, the over-timid lady-travelers had to be placed in a carriage at a safe distance from that in which the Caledonian stern and wild had taken up his position.

Socrates excelled in the art of asking questions, because he put his questions in words easily understood. An English clergyman and a Lowland Scotsman, examining an Aberdeen school, failed because they did not adopt the Socratic method. "Would you prefer to *speer* the boys, or that I should *speer* them?" asked the master of the school. The Englishman, being told that *speer* meant to question, desired the master to proceed. He did so, and the boys answered many questions as to the exodus of the Israelites from Egypt. "I would like to *speer* the boys," then said the clergyman; "boys, how did Pharaoh die?" Not a boy answered. "I think, sir," said the Lowlander, "that the boys don't understand your English accent—let me try what I can make of them." In the broadest Scotch, he asked: "Hoo did Phawraoh dee?" Again a dead silence. "I think, gentlemen," said the master, "you can't *speer* these boys; I'll show you how to do it." Then turning to the scholars: "Fat cam to Phawraoh at his hinder end?" "He was drooned," answered the boys. The master explained that in the Aberdeen dialect "to dee" means to die a natural death; hence the perplexity of the boys, who knew that Pharaoh did not die in his bed.

Judge Daniels presided over the special term of oyer and terminer in which Thomas B. Kerr was tried. Recently three of the culprits who had yelled like Indians at the announcement of the verdict acquitting Kerr came before him. Colonel Ingersoll and John H. Bird came in with the "law-breakers," and looked very jolly. "What is the charge against these gentlemen?" asked Mr. Bird. "To put it mildly," replied the judge, "it is disorderly conduct." Here Colonel Ingersoll arose and declared that the offenders had simply given vent to the pent-up feelings of anxiety which had oppressed them for weeks and months. He added that he had never heard a verdict of not guilty in an important case without some applause. "I have seen cases," he added, "when counsel for the defense jumped up on the tables and yelled with delight." "It was lucky for you that counsel for defense did not act in that way here," replied Judge Daniels, coldly; "at any rate, these men have broken the law." "Yes, and a bad law it is, too," ventured the colonel. Judge Daniels then fined the three transgressors twenty-five dollars each. As soon as he had done so, Counselor Bird and Colonel Ingersoll jumped up and made a confession, that they, too, had shouted over the verdict. "Fine us, too," they said in unison. "I'll not fine you," said the judge, "but if you insist upon being punished, I'll send you to jail." The two counselors expressed no further desire for punishment.

Some years ago, in Paris, there was a small restaurant, known as the Blind Men's Café, much frequented by the blind, where an orchestra of blind musicians performed for the amusement of patrons. One extremely dark night in winter, when a thick fog had fallen upon Paris—so thick that no one could see his way, nor so much as distinguish a street lamp ten feet away, and when policemen, carrying torches, here and there assisted some groping foot-passenger to find his course—a gentleman, seeing another man walking along confidently and boldly, ventured to say to him: "Sir, will you please tell me where you are going?" "To the Palais Royal," said the gentleman, who was walking with such sure footsteps. "And how do you find your way so readily?" "Oh, never mind; I never get lost. Do you wish to follow me?" "Thank you." So the first gentleman caught hold of the pocket of the other's overcoat, and started after him. Not a thing could he descry, but his companion marched confidently along. At length the two arrived under the familiar arches of the Rue de Rivoli. "We are safe, now," exclaimed the gentleman who had been led; "and may I thank you for giving me the advantage of your wonderful eyesight?" "Yes, but you must not detain me. Your faltering along the way has already made me a little late for my orchestra." "What orchestra?" "The orchestra in the Blind Men's Café." The man was perfectly blind. The thick fog was nothing to him, who had walked in darkness all his life, but had nevertheless learned his way surely through the great city.

An amusing anecdote is related of George Honey, who, some years ago, while on a tour in the provinces, had taken lodgings in a house on the outskirts of a town. Soon after retiring, he was awakened by a fluttering noise, as of a bird, around the curtain of his bed. He sprang up, struck a light, and saw a small, dark creature, with wings, blundering about the room. Not being well versed in natural history, he did not recognize it as a bat; but thinking it a queer kind of a bird, he resolved to catch it, if possible, and examine it by daylight. So he took his felt hat and attempted, for a long time in vain, to capture the intruder; but at length he pounced upon it, carefully removed it from his hat with his hand, shut it up in a drawer, listened while it struggled for a few moments to escape, and then went to bed and was soon asleep. But he was not destined to sleep long. Hardly had he dozed off when a further fluttering awakened him, and lighting another match, he found a second bat. He had an exciting scramble before he caught this one but finally he succeeded and put it in the drawer with its companion and again retired. Again, however, he was awakened in a similar manner; bats came not in single spies, but—if the expression be allowed—in "battalions." Each specimen was carefully deposited in the drawer At last, after an unusually long chase, he was so heated that he opened the window, and having retired exhausted, enjoyed a few hours' sleep When he awoke, he jumped out of bed and opened the drawer very cautiously, to look for the prizes of the night; but, lo, there were no bats there! He opened the drawer wide, and then discovered that it had no back to it. He had, in fact, spent his night in catching the same bat, which had flown out at the back of the drawer as soon as he had put it in at the front, and, when the window was opened, had finally escaped.

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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mrs. John McMullin, Miss Perrin, and Miss Marguerite Wallace returned to the city last Monday, after passing most of the winter delightfully in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Sydney B. Cushing will pass the summer at San Rafael.

Miss Kate Jarboe has returned from a pleasant visit to San José.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Sherwood have taken the residence of Mr. Thomas Morris, in San Rafael, for the summer, and will occupy it in a few days.

Mrs. Slocovich and her daughter, Miss Zorka Slocovich, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who have been visiting Mrs. Henry L. Tatum during the winter season, went to Santa Barbara last Tuesday.

Mrs. John Boggs and family are domiciled at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schmiedeil and Miss Matie Peters have returned from a pleasant tour of the southern counties and an extended visit at Santa Barbara. They will soon go to the Hotel Rafael for the season.

Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco and Miss Mabel Pacheco will arrive here from the East in about three weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Calvin E. Whitney and family will soon go to the Hotel Rafael, to remain during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry May and Mrs. Maria Coleman are in Washington, D. C. They will probably go to Europe in May.

Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant will soon occupy apartments at the Hotel Rafael for the coming season.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Balfour went East a week ago, en route to Europe, where they will remain until autumn.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Bourne will go to the Hotel Rafael soon, to remain several months.

Mrs. Richard Loundsbury, of New York, is visiting her mother, Mrs J. B. Haggin.

Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels have returned from Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. C. P Huntington, Mr. A. M. Huntington, Miss C. D. Huntington, and Miss C. M. Campbell, of New York, are at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Joseph Wagner and Miss Lillian Wagner are passing a week at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. S. F. Thorn returned to the Grand Hotel last Thursday, after a week's visit to "Cragthorn," in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mr. and Mrs. George Loomis, Mrs. Barnard, and Mr. C. N. Felton, Jr., of Menlo Park, passed the early part of the week at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. A. D. Remington, of Watertown, N. Y., has been passing the week at the Palace Hotel.

Misses Lizzie and Mae Wickersham arrived here from Petaluma last Tuesday, and have been stopping at the Grand Hotel.

Mrs. John Campbell, accompanied by her son and daughter, will leave to-day for New York, to sail from there April 20th for Paris, where they will stop at the Hotel Bristol for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker will leave soon to visit Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander in New York city.

Mrs. Lillie M. Coit has returned from an enjoyable visit to Honolulu.

Mrs. David Bixler and Miss Hyde have gone to New York and will be away several months.

Major B. C. Truman has been visiting Colonel and Mrs. Dunkelberger in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Grow will occupy apartments at the Hotel Rafael during the summer.

Mrs. L. J. Hanchett, and Mrs. J. B. Wright, of Sacramento, have been enjoying a visit at the Hotel Vendome in San José.

Mrs. H. P. Hall and the Misses Hall, of St. Paul, Minn., who were at the Hotel Bella Vista last winter, are now at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Page, *née* Ralston, have returned from their wedding trip to the Hawaiian Islands, and are residing at San Rafael.

Mrs. Volney Spalding has arrived safely in New York city.

Mrs. Page and family have taken the residence of the Rev. Arthur Crosby, in San Rafael, for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Williams are entertaining their daughter, Mrs. Alfred Poett, who came up from Santa Barbara recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Donahoe and Miss Rose Donahoe are occupying "Boyd Lodge" in San Rafael.

Mr. Daniel Hanlon will return to his ranch in Modoc County in a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels have leased the Eldridge residence in San Rafael for the season.

Mrs. H. M. Newhall is paying a visit to Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Allan L. Reid, *née* Houston, of Kansas City, are passing a couple of months at the Hotel Rafael.

Miss Minnie Houghton is still the guest of her sister, Mrs. Morgan G. Bulkeley in Hartford, Conn.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Jennings, who have been passing the winter at the Hotel Rafael, will remain there this summer.

Mrs. Richard Ivers and Miss Allen Ivers are expected back from the East in a couple of weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Davidson, and Miss Davidson will remain at the Hotel Rafael during the summer months.

Mr. T. T. Dargie is able to be out now, being greatly improved in health. In a couple of weeks he will leave to visit the southern portion of the State for two or three months.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Graves are still at the Hotel Rafael.

Miss Reed, of Boston, is visiting her niece, Miss Florence Reed at her home, 1200 Van Ness Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Fisher Ames will pass the summer months at the Hotel Rafael.

Mrs. Peter Donahue, and Mrs. E. Martin and family have engaged apartments at the Hotel Rafael for the summer.

Colonel George W. Macfarlane is in the city on a visit from Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Hans Kohler have returned from their Eastern trip.

Dr. George H. H. Redding is en route here from Europe and will arrive soon.

Mr. Ricardo M. Pinto, who has been traveling in Central America for the past seven months, is expected here soon.

Miss Lizzie Parks has returned from a delightful trip to the Hawaiian Islands.

General and Mrs. Kirkpatrick will depart in a few weeks for Paris.

Dr. C. Annette Buckel has returned to her Oakland home, after an extended tour through the East and Southern California.

Dr. and Mrs. J. G. Jewell, are at the Palace Hotel, previous to their departure for the East and Europe. They will be absent about six months, and will visit, en route, Southern California, the City of Mexico, New Orleans, Washington, D. C., New York, and Boston where they have relatives.

Notes and Gossip.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Stetson gave a delightful dinner-party last Thursday evening, at their residence, 1801 Van Ness Avenue, to several friends of their daughter, Miss Stetson. The appointments were all of pink and white, and their arrangement was harmonious and beautiful. The library was used for dining, and in its centre was set a large, round table, covered with fine white mull over a body of pink silk. Illumination was afforded by a central candelabrum of crystal, which bore pink-wax tapers, and by sixteen crystal candlesticks, one set at each cover, which held pink tapers. These candlesticks were the souvenirs of the affair. Masses of peach and pear blossoms, in their delicate tints of pink and white, were arranged prettily around the candelabrum and added considerably to the picturesque effect. At each cover was a white napkin, folded lengthwise and tied with a pink-silk ribbon, upon which, in letters of gold, was inscribed the name of the guest, and thrust beneath the ribbon was a spray of fruit blossoms. A delicious menu was provided, several hours being pleasantly passed in its discussion. Afterward music and conversation in the parlors brought the affair to an end about midnight.

Colonel and Mrs. A. G. Hawes recently gave an enjoyable dinner-party at their residence, 1512 Washington Street, in honor of Consul and Mrs. Edmond Carrey. Beautiful floral decorations graced the dining-room and the handsomely appointed table, and an elaborate menu was provided. The others present were: General and Mrs. Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Redding, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Pixley.

Miss Dora Boardman gave a charming dinner-party recently in honor of Mr. Henry Hastings, of Boston, at her residence on Franklin Street. Among the other guests were: Miss Tompkins, Miss Newlands, Miss Perry, Lieutenant Frank L. Winn, U. S. A., and Mr. Samuel Boardman.

The wedding of Mr. Charles J. Foster, purchasing agent of George C. Shreve & Co., and Miss Minna Bauer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Bauer, occurred at noon on Saturday, March 23d, at the home of the bride's parents, 509 Post Street. The ceremony was performed in the handsomely decorated parlors by the Rev. Dr. Reed, of Sausalito, in the presence of the relatives of the happy couple. A sumptuous breakfast followed the ceremony, and, later in the day, Mr. and Mrs. Foster left for the country-place of the bride's father, in Napa Valley. They will depart for Europe to-day, and will be away about four months. Their residence, when they return, will be the Hacienda, in Sausalito.

The E. & O. E. Base-ball Club, which is composed of California Street business-men, captained by Mr. Perry Eyre, will compete in a game of ball with a nine representing the University of California this (Saturday) afternoon. Game will be called at half-past two o'clock at Central Park, and no admission fee will be charged.

Captain S. B. Peterson has issued invitations for the wedding of his daughter, Miss Harriet Peterson, and Mr. Charles Edward Miller, son of Mr. Charles Miller, of New York, who is connected with the firm of Huntington, Hopkins & Co. The wedding will occur next Thursday evening at the home of the bride's father, 1218 Grand Street, Alameda, and will be quietly celebrated, owing to the recent demise of Mrs. Peterson. A reception will follow from eight until ten o'clock. Miss Carrie Peterson and Miss Lizzie Miller will be the bridesmaids, and Mr. Carl Harris will act as best man.

An elaborate dinner-party was given at the Palace Hotel on Saturday evening, March 23d, by Mr. Henry Hastings, of Boston. One of the parlors on the first floor was used for the purpose, and it was handsomely decorated. The dining-table was set with La France and Perle du Jardin roses in baskets, and scattered loosely over the damask amid sprays of fern. Violets and roses were used in the corsage bouquets for the ladies, and boutonnieres were placed for each gentleman. The ladies received pretty souvenirs in the form of light blue silk ribbons, bearing sketches of scenes in Boston and San Francisco, and their names engrossed in gilt letters. Artistic name-cards were given to the gentlemen. The dinner was sumptuous in every particular, and its enjoyment was heightened by concert selections given by Noah Brandt's orchestra. The dinner was somewhat of a novelty in that it was progressive, the gentlemen changing seats after each course. Dancing terminated the pleasures of the evening. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones, Miss Nellie Joliffe, Miss Fair, Miss Zorka Slocovich, Miss Reeves, Miss Emelie Hager, Miss Reed, of Boston, Miss Minnie Corbitt, Miss Nellie Corbitt, Miss Jennie Hooker, Miss Bessie Hooker, Miss Dora Boardman, Miss Tompkins, Miss May E. Pope, Miss Ella Goad, Mr. Henry Hastings, Mr. Walter L. Dean, Mr. Frank J. Carolan, Mr. Robert Hooker, Mr. Osgood Hooker, Captain John W. Dillenback, U. S. A., Lieutenant Frank L. Winn, U. S. A., Mr. Samuel Boardman, Mr. George A. Newhall, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Harry Miller, Mr. Edgar A. Mizner, and Mr. Elliott McAllister.

Mr. Henry W. Taylor and Miss Marguerite Brooks were united in marriage on Thursday evening, March 14th, at the residence of the bride's parents, Captain and Mrs. Frobese, in Berkeley. Rev. Dr. Dixon officiated. The bridesmaid was Miss Lizzie Frobese, while Mr. J. C. Foster, of this city, a former classmate of the groom in the East, acted as best man. After the ceremony and congratulations a few dances were enjoyed followed by a bounteous supper. A large number of friends participated in the festivities. The gifts were numerous and elegant. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor will reside in West Berkeley.

Miss Florence Reed gave a theatre-party a week ago at the Grand Opera House, with a supper at the Maison Riche following the evening delightfully. Her guests were: Mr and Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, Miss Reed, of Boston, Miss Fair, Miss Nellie Joliffe, Mr. Henry Hastings, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Edgar A. Mizner, and Lieutenant Frank L. Winn, U. S. A.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Bowie entertained quite a number of friends very pleasantly at their residence, 1913 Clay Street, on the evening of the 24th instant, the particularly honored guest being Mrs. Richard Loundsbury, of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis gave a dinner-party recently at their Taylor Street residence, in honor of Mrs. Richard Loundsbury, of New York.

An enjoyable dinner-party was given by Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Jewett at their residence, 1100 Van Ness Avenue, on Saturday evening, March 23d.

Colonel and Mrs. W. R. Shafter entertained a small party of friends at Angel Island last Thursday.

The wedding of Mr. Henry J. Crocker and Miss Mary V. Ives will occur next Wednesday evening at the First Congregational Church at half-past eight o'clock. A reception will follow at the home of the bride, 801 Sutter Street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Haggin entertained a party of friends at dinner last Tuesday evening, at their residence on Taylor Street.

Mrs. D. J. Tallant gave a delightful lunch-party last Thursday at her home on Bush Street. The floral decorations were exquisite and the repast was delicious.

Mrs. L. R. Mead gave an enjoyable dinner-party at her residence, 2606 California Street, on Saturday evening, March 23d. Her guests were: General and Mrs. L. H. Foote, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sonntag, Colonel and Mrs. S. D. Mayer, Mr. Samuel M. Shortridge, and Captain W. S. Schenck, U. S. M. C.

Army and Navy.

Major Joseph P. Sanger, U. S. A., has been ordered to proceed to Fort Leavenworth Kansas, on official business.

Lieutenant Lewis H. Strother, U. S. A., has returned to Angel Island from Fort Gaston, Cal.

Lieutenant C. M. Perkins, U. S. N., was a guest at the Occidental Hotel during the early part of the week.

DXX—Bill of Fare for six persons—Sunday March 31, 1889.

Ox-Tail Soup.
Baked Rock-Fish. Lyonnaise Potatoes.
Chicken Croquettes. Green Peas.
Asparagus.
Roast Beef.
Indian Salad, French-Dressing.
Ice-Cream. Orange-Cake.

CHICKEN CROQUETTES.—Boil one chicken with an onion and a clove of garlic thrown into the water, add some bones and pieces of beef also, this will make a stock, if you have not some already saved. Cut the chicken, when cooked, into small dice; mince a small onion and two sprigs of parsley together. Put into a saucepan a piece of butter the size of an egg; when hot, pour in the minced onion and parsley, and half a cupful of flour; stir well until it is well cooked, and of a light brown color; then add a cupful and a half of stock, or of the stock in the kettle, boiled down until it is quite strong, then freed of the fat; the stronger the stock the better. Stir into a smooth paste, add salt, pepper, a little nutmeg, the juice of a quarter of lemon, and two tablespoonfuls of sherry or port. When all is well stirred, mix in the pieces of chicken; mold into the ordinary croquette shape, or into the form of pears. When they are egged and cracker-crumbed, fry them in boiling hot lard. If they are molded into pear shape, a little stem of parsley may be stuck into each pear after it is cooked, to represent the pear-stem.

The latest use of photography is to make a cannon-ball take a picture of its own wahblings. An arrangement something like a camera is placed in the forward end of the projectile, and when it is fired directly at the sun the light traces lines upon the sensitive plate, from the direction of which it can be told whether the projectile has kept in one position or has wavered to and fro during its flight. The scheme is largely theoretical as yet.

Prof. De Filippe's simplified new system of acquiring the Spanish language; indorsed by the "Royal Spanish Academy" and adopted by the best institutions; price, $1.50. **The Bancroft Co.**

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19 MONTGOMERY ST.,

— ON —

TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY,

APRIL 2d and 3d.

A new shipment just received direct from Constantinople and Teheran, consisting of select assortment of

TURKISH RUGS, CARPETS, PORTIERES,

And a large variety of Palace Embroideries, Piano-covers, Lambrequins, Cushion-covers, Draperies, Curtains, Doylies, Curios, and the Turkish delight prepared by the Sultan's manufacturer.

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— ON —

THURSDAY and FRIDAY....APRIL 4th and 5th

At 11 A. M. each day,

Absolutely without reserve, and following catalogue.

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19 Montgomery St.

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OVIDE MUSIN'S

THREE GRAND SACRED ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS

— AS FOLLOWS —

Sunday, March 31st, Mendelssohn Concerto Night; Sunday, April 7th, Beethoven Concerto Night; Sunday, April 14th, Benj. Godard Concerto Night.

Supported by his own company and an orchestra of thirty selected musicians.

Seats for any of the three concerts are now on sale at the Baldwin Theatre box-office. R. E. JOHNSTON, Manager.

FAREWELL CONCERT.

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OF BOSTON,

IRVING HALL, Wednesday Eve, April 10th.

☞ Tickets, with reserved seats, $1.00. For sale at Sherman, Clay & Co., on and after April 5th.

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KERLING BROS..... .PROPRIETORS AND MANAGERS.

Saturday and Sunday Evenings, are the last nights of Audran's Beautiful Comic Opera, entitled,

THE MASCOT!

MISS DORA WILEY as "Bettina."

Monday Evening, April 1st.
DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT!

OUR POPULAR PRICES, 25 and 50 cents.

SOME OPEN LETTERS.

From Puck, February 27th.

An Open Letter to the Hon. Grover Cleveland—

Honorable and Dear Sir: On Monday next you will vacate your high office, which the vote of the States of the Union—not the vote of the people, for they gave you a majority—has assigned to another man. It is not necessary now to recount the causes which brought about your defeat in the late election, yet it is not unfair to your successor to say here that your adherents were forced to make a hard fight against private calumny and public corruption, and that the ingenious incompetence of the managers of your party has been a fertile subject for general comment.

It concerns us more, in bidding you farewell (for the present), to consider what manner of man you have shown yourself in the four years in which you have been President of the United States. And when we reflect that all that you have done has been done in the teeth of the most bitter, rancorous, and vexatious opposition of the party unfriendly to your administration, and in spite of the secret enmity or open hostility of many powerful elements of your own party, we can not but wonder that you have brought your administration to a close with so much honor and credit. Under your guidance, the government has been honestly and economically administered; and the officers you have chosen to serve under you have been, for the most part, sincere and able men. No administration in the history of our country has been subjected to criticism so keen, minute, and unkindly, and few have stood the test so well.

Your opponents have demanded that you should exhibit at once perfection and omniscience, holding the theory that only a perfect and omniscient man could possibly have the moral right to occupy your position to the exclusion of even the most unworthy Republican.

You have not, it is true, proved yourself either perfect or omniscient. Being but a human being, such an achievement should hardly have been asked of you. But you have proved yourself an upright, conscientious, faithful, and capable servant of the people, and a brave and high-minded man.

If you have not wholly reformed a civil service given up for more than three generations to the grossest abuses, it must be admitted that you have made a more active endeavor toward this end than any of your predecessors has dared to make. If you have not wholly undone the work of corruption which through a score of years has reduced our nation from a great maritime power to a laughing-stock among the navies of the world, at least you have given us the nucleus of a strong and useful navy. If you have not succeeded in removing from the people's back the burden of a heavy and unnecessary taxation, at least you have taught some of them to ask for their rights, and have opened a question that must find an answer before long.

You go out of office on the fourth of March, but not out of the memory of those who have watched your course. If the time comes when Americans have to look for a leader wise, honest, and above all, brave and patriotic, even the men who have worked to overthrow you will turn their eyes toward you. Puck.

An Open Letter to the Hon. Benjamin Harrison—

Honorable and Dear Sir: On Monday next you will take your high office, which the vote of the States of the Union—not the vote of the people, for they gave your rival a majority—has assigned you. It is not necessary now to recount the causes which brought about your victory in the late election, yet it is not unfair to you to say here that your opponents were forced to make a hard fight against private calumny and public corruption, and that the ingenious incompetence of the managers of the opposing party has been a fertile subject for general comment.

It concerns us more, in giving you welcome (for the present), to consider what manner of man you will show yourself in the four years in which you may be President of the United States.

And when you reflect that the assumption of this position involves responsibilities quite foreign to those which were talked about in the last campaign, you can not but feel that it is no light duty which lies before you, however lightly you may have taken it up. The vote of the States has shown that a majority of them are satisfied of your fitness for the office to which they have elected you. But you, personally, must, sooner or later, satisfy yourself that you are fit for that office, and able to take upon your shoulders its great responsibilities.

You must remember that, although you ran for office as the opponent of a free-trade measure, which no human being had so much as contemplated, the fact still remains that our present customs tariff is a heavy burden on the greater number of our citizens, borne only for the benefit of a few; you must remember that, although your supporters gave you their help mainly because, if you were elected, they expected that you would divide the public offices among them, still, it is impossible to have a good government while service to party is the sole consideration in the awarding of offices. Your election does not disprove the truth that a government office, like any other office, ought to be filled by the best and most capable man, and not by the man who has secured the most votes for the party in power. And, although New York and Indiana gave their votes for you and turned the election in your favor, it is not to be denied that of all great nations we are to-day the most helpless so far as our system of national defense is concerned. We have no navy; we have no coast defense. That we are thus open to foreign attack is wholly the fault of the three Republican administrations which preceded the late administration. To that administration we are indebted for our only hope of an effective navy and a rational system of coast defense.

You have it in your power to do well by the country that has elected you its President. You will do well by the country and by yourself if, when your time comes to go out of office, the people look upon you as a man who is wise, honest, and above all, brave and patriotic. Puck.

Two Open Letters,

Without any Apology Whatever to Puck.

From Time, March 16th.

To The Hon. Stephen Grover Cleveland—

Honorable and Dear Sir: On Monday, March 4th, you vacated your high office, which the vote of the States of the Union—not the vote of the people, for tens of thousands of them had no chance to vote—has assigned to another man. It is not necessary now to recount the causes which brought about your defeat at the late election, yet, it is not unfair to your successor to say that if you had not been so personally unpopular, and the prophet of a free-trade faith, the result might have been different.

It concerns us more, in bidding you farewell (for the present, and finally), to consider what manner of man you have shown yourself to be in the four years during which you have been President of the United States. And when we reflect that what you have done has been in the teeth of an opposition which, somehow, had imbibed the idea, fallacious and foolish, of course, that your ante-election pledges were made to be observed, we can but wonder at the sublime spectacle of incapacity and a broken backbone which you present.

Under your guidance the United States has been ridiculed at home and abroad; the officers you have chosen have been, for the most part, singularly unable men. No administration in the history of our country has been subjected to criticism so keen and so richly deserved, and few have had the impudence to stand up so shamelessly against public opinion.

Your opponents have demanded that you should exhibit at once consistency and firmness; that your Secretary of State should have an eye to American interests abroad; that your Attorney-General should keep his judicial ermine clear from Pan-Electric scandals, and that your Postmaster-General should pay more attention to the efficiency of the mails than to the repairing of political fences. You have not, it is true, proved yourself either consistent or firm, but just a poor weak human being, with no talent for statesmanship.

If you have not wholly, or even partially, reformed the civil service, it is probably because you did not know how, and did not want to, and no one should have expected it. If you have failed in other particulars, it is only just to say that, as a failure, you are a blooming success.

You have gone out of office, but not out of the memory of those who have watched your course. And if the time should ever come when the American people want another dose of free-trade fallacies, hypocritical reform, and public office as a private snap, they will send for you. Time.

To The Hon. Benjamin Harrison—

Honorable and Dear Sir: You have taken your high office, which the votes of the States of the Union have given you—not the whole people, for tens of thousands of citizens in Southern States would have been happy to give you their suffrage. Had they been free to vote and had their vote been counted, your popular majority would have been so great as to add other States to your support.

It is not necessary to recount the means by which your victory was brought about, but it is not unfair to you to say that the United States wanted an administration again, and looked to you as the candidate most likely to bestow upon them that boon. It concerns us more, in giving you welcome, to consider what manner of man you will show yourself in the four years in which you may be President of the United States.

We have confidence in you that you will be a President of the entire nation; that our good opinion of you will remain unshaken; and that when your time comes to go out of office the people will look upon you as a man who is wise, honest, and, above all, brave and patriotic. Time.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Modern Fiction.

Young women now essay the style
Of writing which is hot,
And pen erotic novels with—
The accent on the rnt. —*Ex.*

A March Ode.

The devil makes the strong March wind
That lifts the skirts too high;
But angels send the whirling dust
That blows in the had man's eye. —*Life.*

The Farmer and the Cabinet.

"I'm fearsome, wifie, fearsome,"
The gray old farmer said,
As he pushed away his paper,
And wearily sought his bed.

"Oh, why are ye fearsome, Goodman,
And what are ye fearsome on?"
"I'm thinking nf all the perils
That await him in Washington!"

"Oh, fash not for the perils
That await him in Washington,
A wary man and skillful
Is Benjamin Harrison."

"Ye miss me, wife, sorely;
'Tis not the President,"
"Was it Russell B., or a little McKee,
Oh, Goodman, that ye meant?"

"Nay, wife, it was not Russell,
For he has a kind papa;
And the little McKees have special police
In the White House with their ma.

"But, wife, my heart is heavy
When I think on him who hrings
His innocent, eager spirit
So nigh to hurtful things.

"For Harrison and Morton
I feel no care nor pain;
But, oh, may the white-winged angels
Surround our Jamie Blaine!" —*Life.*

The New Version.

"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going to the cooking-school, sir," she said.

"And what do you do there, my pretty maid?"
"Make waffles and biscuits, kind sir," she said.

"And then do you eat them, my pretty maid?"
"The good Lord deliver us, sir," she said.
—*Somerville Journal.*

He is Coming.

He is coming, brother journalists, a hundred thousand strong,
We hear his dithyramhic tread the vernal coast along,
We hear him spatter countless odes against our office-door,
And well we know we've wrestled with his virus oft before.
Get out the mammoth "Balaam-bag," forewarn the garhage man,
Load up the blunderhuss, and fill the gallon powder-can,
Fur list the large iamhic feet of him, the fiend of the song,
The vernal poet's coming, gents, one hundred thousand strong. —*Yonkers Gazette.*

For Throat Diseases and Coughs use Brown's Bronchial Troches. Like all *really good* things, they are imitated. *The genuine are sold only in boxes.*

A CHINESE LILY.

How It Helped to Win a Louisiana State Lottery Prize.

S. E. Davis, a well-known rancher of Firebaugh, Fresno, Cal., owes his luck in the last drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery to a Chinaman in his employ. The gentleman, who was in this city from January 19th to January 21st, stopping at the Lick House, told the story to Louis Schoenberg, of 322 Sansome Street, who cashed the prize of $15,000 which Mr. Davis won with ticket No. 5,882. Two weeks prior to the drawing, the Chinese servant of Mr. Davis gave him a Chinese lily-bulb, a very common present among the Chinese, as they believe it brings good luck between the giver and receiver. The bulb was placed in water and supported by small stones as usual. Rapidly as these lilies always grow, this particular one blossomed in the unusually short time of a week. The Chinaman seeing it, became very much excited, considering it as an omen of great good fortune to his master, whom he implored to send to San Francisco for some lottery tickets. Mr. Davis actually did send, never expecting anything from what he considered the Chinaman's crazy idea.

When the winning numbers were telegraphed here one of the coupons had thus found its way, thanks to the Chinese servant, into Mr. Davis's possession. He at once came up to San Francisco as stated, and through Mr. Schoenberg received confirmation of the good news that he was the winner of $15,000. The Chinaman has also benefited by his master's luck, for, recognizing the cause of his purchasing a ticket, Mr. Davis presented the Mongol with $1,500, and the Chinese lily is now regarded a more lucky flower than ever.—*San Francisco (Cal.) Chronicle*, Feb. 10th.

— Byron Hot Springs. This popular sanitarium, under the management of Mr. H. B. Colby, lately from the White Mountains, assisted by his wife, is now open for visitors.

— Go to Swain's New Dining-room, Sutter Street, near Kearny, for a fine lunch or dinner.

— Go to Bradley & Rulofson's New Photographic gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont Streets.

— Dr. E. O. Cochrane, Dentist, 850 Market, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

— Steele's Palace Drug Store, 635 Market St.

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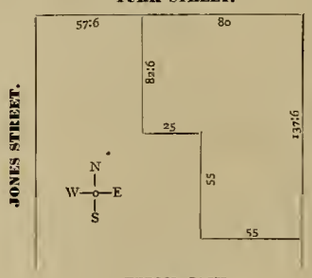

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via
NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, January 6, 1889, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 3.25, 4.50, 6.10 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 1.30, 5.00, 6.45, P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 1.45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.15, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 3.25, 4.55 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 3.30, 5.00, P. M.
Extra trips on Saturday at 1.45 and 6.25 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents. round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 10.00, 11.50 A. M.; 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.45, 10.45 A. M.; 12 45, 4.15, 5.45, P. M.
Extra trips on Saturday at 2.30 and 7.05 P. M.
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

11.00 A. M., Daily (Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Cazadero at 6.45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12.20 P.M.

EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rate.
Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays and Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.00; Tomales, $2.25; Howard's, $3.50; Cazadero, $4.00.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Cazadero daily (except Mondays) for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, and all points on the North Coast.

JNO. W. COLEMAN, General Manager. F. B. LATHAM, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.
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(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From Feb. 9, 1889.	ARRIVE
7.30 A.	For Haywards, Niles and San José..	*12.45 P.
7.30 A.	For Sacramento, and for Redding via Davis	7.15 P.
8.00 A.	For Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga and Santa Rosa	6.15 P.
8.30 A.	Los Angeles Express, for Fresno, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	11.15 A.
9.00 A.	For Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
10.30 A.	For Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
*12.00 M.	For Haywards and Niles	* 3.45 P.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	**6.00 A.
3.00 P.	For Haywards, Niles and San José..	9.45 A.
3.00 P.	Central Atlantic Express, for Ogden and East	7.15 A.
4.00 P.	For Stockton and §Milton; for Vallejo, Calistoga & Santa Rosa	10.15 A.
4.30 P.	For Sacramento, and for Knight's Landing via Davis	10.45 A.
* 4.30 P.	For Niles, San José and Livermore..	* 8.45 A.
5.30 P.	For Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
7.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	7.45 A.
† 8.00 P.	Golden Gate Special, for Council Bluffs and East	‖ 7.45 P.
9.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.

SOUTH PACIFIC COAST RAILWAY DIVISION.

13.00 A.	For Newark and San José	‡ 7.20 P.
8.15 A.	For Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	5.50 P.
2.15 P.	For Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 A.
4.15 P.	For Centerville, San José, Almaden, and Los Gatos	9.20 A.

COAST DIVISION (Fourth & Townsend Streets.)

7.50 A.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations..	2.30 P.
8.30 A.	For San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) & principal Way Stations	6.38 P.
10.30 A.	For San José, Almaden and Way Stations	5 35 P.
12.01 P.	For Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	4.36 P.
* 3.30 P.	For San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Monterey and principal Way Stations	*10.02 A.
4.30 P.	For San José and principal Way Stations	9.03 A.
* 5.00 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations..	* 7.56 A.
6.30 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations..	6.35 A.
†11.45 P.	For Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	†7.40 P.

A for morning. P. for afternoon. * Sundays excepted.
† Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only. § Saturdays excepted.
‖ Fridays only. ** Mondays excepted.

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HOTEL RULES.

While waiting for the procession to pass by the other day, I wrote out a new set of rules to be used in hotels. When I go to a hotel, I register, get a room, if I can, go to it, or repair to it rather, and if there are no rules, I go to another hotel. Hotel rules have been a great boon to me. When not reading the "Stranger's Guide to the City," or the hours for meals, or the bell-boy code, I love to read the rules. These are to be added, of course, to those now in use. What the country really needs is more rules and less food. Give me rules enough and you may take the fodder.

No. 1. Washing done in room will be charged for at regular laundry prices. This is not done so much for the purpose of encouraging the infant industry of washing in rooms, as it is to foster and encourage the laundry at the hotel.

No. 2. People in reduced circumstances are requested not to die in the house.

No. 3. People who unavoidably die in the house are requested not to do so as the result of a contagious disease.

No. 4. Guests who carry away key of room on going to Siberia or elsewhere, will be charged with rent of room until they return.

No. 5. Guests are requested to leave the towels on going away, as we can use them later on.

No. 6. Guests are requested to unlock the door before committing suicide.

No. 7. We will not be responsible for injury to baggage which may fall from back window of guest's room during the night.

No. 8. Guests contemplating suicide will please leave Gabriel call at office.

No. 9. Guests who do laundry work in their rooms are requested not to take in washing from other guests, as it paralyzes our own laundry.

No. 10. Young husbands who contemplate shooting their wives at this house, will do well to inflict a fatal wound in themselves first.

No. 11. Horses and carriages provided at office for use of guests, but not allowed in room.

No. 12. Guests will find a safe at office, provided expressly for their use, for the safe keeping of valuables. They are cordially invited to come and store them there, and the valuables will be returned if not available to us.

No. 13. Dogs will be charged table-board and the owners will be required to pay double fare besides. Dogs will not be allowed in rooms, under beds, or under any circumstances whatever.

No. 14. Guests are requested not to allow the bathtubs to overflow just to see how the rugs will look floating about the room.

No. 15. Children are provided with a separate dining-room, where they may fill their ears full of jam and put mayonnaise-dressing in their hair if they are in the habit of doing so at home.

No. 16. Persons who fall down the elevator-shaft are requested to avoid pulling off plaster with their front teeth.

No. 17. The fire-escapes of this hotel are intended for the use of guests only. Other outside people, in case of fire, seeking to use these fire-escapes, will be pushed back into the building again till they are done.

No. 18. Guests from Arizona are requested to file down their spurs before retiring at night.

No. 19. Strangers who register as husband and wife at this hotel, and do so maliciously, should remember if they do not pay their bill that God sees at all times and under all circumstances.

E. FITZWILLIAM NYE.

N. B.—This house has been newly fitted up and furnished throughout, and has been thoroughly fireproof so far.—*Bill Nye in New York World.*

The Modern Newspaper.

Able editor (metropolitan daily)—See here, sir, you were sent to the Irish Factional Society meeting last night, and brought in only twenty-five lines instead of two columns, as I told you.

New reporter—There were only a few present, and nothing was done.

Able editor—No matter; we've got to make a big spread of everything Irish, or lose their subscriptions. But that isn't the worst of it. You slurred the German Schlchlosh the same way. Whether any one was there or not, it was your business to make a big report, to hold our German patronage. Do you understand?

New reporter—Yes, sir. By the way, there is a meeting to-day of the American Patriot Association, to—

Able editor—Never mind that. Let it rip. Americans haven't spunk enough to kick at any thing, and they'll keep on subscribing anyhow. Go out and pick up some pleasant personals about the prominent Italian merchants who superintend peanut-stands. Some of them can read.—*Puck.*

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25th ANNUAL EXHIBIT, JANUARY 1, 1889.

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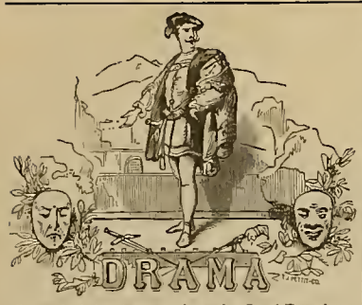

I once had the pleasure of meeting Lord Fauntleroy in person. He was a little older than he is now—this is not as impossible as it sounds—and had laid aside his title and his curls, but he was none the less Lord Fauntleroy.

On the top story of Mrs. Burnett's old house in Washington, there is a little square room, called "the Nasturtium Room," used by the authoress as her den. One afternoon in an adjacent spring she gave a tea there, and a few friends gathered in this haunt of the Muses for the pleasure of gay conversation and of sipping clear brown tea—a slice of lemon on the saucer—out of egg-shell cups. It was a fairy-like, unreal, picturesque sort of entertainment, with dim figures sunk in the deep chairs, and the light of the blown flames from the candles trembling on the bust of Thackeray and the portrait of George Eliot. The Nasturtium Room was so high up that the noises of the city were faint and drowsy in the distance; then it was about twilight—there is a twilight down there—and outside, between a forest of tin-roofs and chimneys, one could see a shining streak of river. There was a yellow gleam in the west, and one in the river, as seen in sections between the chimneys. The window was open, for the day was warm, and the cries of children, mellowed by a three-story ascent, rose with musical irregularity from the back alleys about K Street. The air was soft as swan's-down and smelled delicately of spring, and in the street below the trees were budding.

The Nasturtium Room was warm, quiet, and dim. Nasturtium colors were everywhere. They tinted the thin sash curtains of silk which gently swelled out and in through the window. The piled-up pillows of the divan shaded from deep orange-brown to pale-yellow. There were primrose lights in the motionless folds of the heavy curtains, orange in the fringes lying along the polished floor. A few candles burned in tall candelabra, with flames reflected in the beveled glasses of the Jacobin chimney-piece, and there was a glow of fire on the andirons. In the lapses of the conversation, glass-dishes of candied rose-leaves and stuffed prunes circulated languidly, the rose-leaves snapped crisply between nibbling teeth, and the dish was then placed on the great desk to act as a paper weight on the manuscript of "The Pretty Sister of José."

The talk was brisk, Mrs. Burnett leading brilliantly. The subject was whether a man without sufficient means to live upon has a right to propose to the lady of his choice. The men, looking into their hats with an air of gentle embarrassment, said he had not. The ladies were quite positive in holding the opposite opinion. A dead-lock was the result, till one of them told a story which was true—"it happened to a friend." She was very pretty, and reclined luxuriously among the pillows on the divan, her dress of black lace fading mistily into the gloom about her, a yellow crêpe scarf wound round her chilly shoulders. Her story was dramatic and she told it in an intense manner, with her eyes fixed on the bust of Thackeray with the broken nose. Breaths of air stirred the curtains behind her head and lifted the light curls of her thin hair, bent all the candle-flames suddenly sideways, and blew the fire into an abrupt, red heat.

The authoress, in a charming combination of white crêpe and amber plush, the whole subdued with much feathery lace, talked and listened, at once gracious and brilliant. There is not enough time to give her opinions on the subject under discussion, but she reads a poem which, oddly enough, applied to it. The poem was "If"—it has appeared in the *Century* since. The room was hushed, the rose-leaves were set on the desk again, the candle-flames bowed gently, away off in Scott Circle the rolling of the carriages sounded a thousand miles away—

"If he had known those cold, proud eyes"—

when there was a great racket on the stairs. Some one, in heavy boots, ascended at a hand-gallop. The bamboo portière was brushed aside, and the head of Lord Fauntleroy appeared.

It was a charming head; handsome, gay, boyish, spirited. But it was quickly withdrawn, to reappear, followed by a body, in some ten minutes. Fauntleroy was introduced to the company. He shook hands with everybody as though they were the friends of a life-time. He was a delightful boy, ingenuous, jolly, and unspoiled. His hair was brown, and his curls were shorn—"Only a short time ago, and I'm very glad of it," he confided to the ladies on the divan, between whom he squeezed his small body with confident gayety.

They had a very friendly conversation. Fauntleroy—whose name in private life is Vivian—gave his opinions on many topics, and he had a good many opinions and the courage of all of them. He admitted an affection for ladies' society, an appreciation of manly courage, and owned to cherishing numerous lofty ambitions. The conversation was, in fact, so gay and merry that bursts of mingled laughter rose from the vicinity of the divan where Fauntleroy discoursed to his two new friends.

Mrs. Burnett has idealized her boy; yet the resemblance is close. Lord Fauntleroy is a not too-much revised addition of Master Vivian. The little lord of fiction has been portrayed by a woman who loves, understands, and has studied children. He is, beyond a doubt, drawn from life, and stands out with glowing vitality from the surrounding characters, who are all the palest of shades. The angelic little mother is as misty and unreal as the sad-eyed ghost which Æneas met and embraced in the burning streets of Troy. The old earl is equally impossible, a sort of familiar, stiff, stage-figure done over new. Even the fiery Claimant, with her long hair, her high temper, and her mastery of the vernacular, is a faint, shadowy personality. All revolve like ghosts about the one live, vital, vigorous figure of the little boy.

In the company now playing in New York there have been five Fauntleroys. And to the charming acting of these children is mainly due the success of the performance. One can generally say, with regard to the acting of children, what Dr. Johnson said about the writing of women when he compared one of them to a dog walking on its hind legs: "It's not done well, but you are surprised to find it done at all." It is surprising to find children act at all. There is no need for them to asseverate "You'd scarce expect one of my age to speak in public on the stage," for no one does expect it. But the Fauntleroy children have proved that there may be stars of seven, leading ladies of eight. Elsie Leslie has been the favorite of the season. She is quite an old figure on the boards. She created Editha in "Editha's Burglar," and has the loveliest hair and most winning manners in the world. One hears of her as a prodigy—how she changes the part constantly, introduces "business" of her own, to the wonderment of her fellows, and is as spontaneous and unstudied as Fauntleroy himself. She has a great many friends among members of her profession, and indites real Fauntleroy letters to them, showing that famous spelling which he "got from his ancestors." A little while ago, she wrote one to Mr. E. H. Sothern congratulating him on his success as Lord Chumley, and complacently remarking "now we are both lords."

Next to Elsie, we hear that Wallie Eddinger, now the Lord Fauntleroy of San Francisco, takes the part most satisfactorily. There is something so ingenuous, childish, and piquant about the words of the lordling, that any pretty child saying them naturally must be charming, as the dullest amateurs in the world can not eliminate all the fun from one of Tom Taylor's farces. Master Eddinger is quite as attractive as the Fauntleroy of Mrs. Burnett's dreams. He is a beautiful and fascinating little fellow, and takes the part with a captivating grace. With a child so young, the training is bound to show, the only wonder being that it is not more apparent than it is.

Most of the quaint sayings of Cedric in the book have been retained in the play. The charming hit—such a genuinely childish remark—about the spelling, has been ingeniously preserved with the assistance of a tile and a slight development of natural curiosity. Michael is still a professional brick-layer and "a very talented man," Dick is square, and the apple-woman has pains in her bones. This is all delightfully given by the small, picturesque figure in black velvet, lace-collar, and floating hair, as he sits on the arm of his grandfather's chair, his dimpled hands clasped round his knee. His entrance in this scene is the only point in his performance open to question. In the book, we have him following closely on the footman's announcement of his stately title. He was all excitement to see his generous and affectionate grandparent, and he came directly in and directly up to him. That he should loiter about, forgetful of his austere relative in the contemplation of his ancestry, is unlike him and unnatural in any child.

It is also to be regretted that one of the most pathetic and natural scenes in the book should have been omitted—that where Fauntleroy experiences the first pangs of home-sickness, and explains his uneasiness in the words, "It makes you feel rather different to move from your own house to another man's castle." This is the most affecting episode in the book. Mrs. Burnett is not a great artist, but she has one great faculty, the faculty of pathos, as he who has read "Surly Tim" and "Louisiana" can testify. "Fauntleroy" is not a book where one attends the death-beds of preternaturally spiritual infants, such as little Paul—who recollected the face of the nurse who conducted him triumphantly through the first flush of red gum and pang of colic—but it has the capacity to move the reader more than little Paul's ante-mortem memories, over which Andrew Lang refused to drop one slow, reluctant tear.

Of course there has been a great deal of squeezing done to get the book into the play. Everything is much crowded, and in some places it comes near bulging out and losing symmetry. In the book, the affection of the earl for Fauntleroy is a gradual growth, which develops as slowly as a flower unfolds. In the play, the artistic values have been sacrificed to its bean-stalk suddenness. All the graceful gradations of its evolution have been violently crushed together into a mass of solid affection. The earl sees Fauntleroy and conceives a passion for him at the first glance, having previously had an interview with the long-suffering Dearest, in which he has insulted that submissive woman in the most unmitigated manner. This interview, by the way, is not in the book, and is rather dragged in by the ears to accentuate a contrast between the Claimant and the Captain's Lady. The earl in the book is never openly brutal to Mrs. Errol; the earl in the play berates her in a most forcible manner. And, after all, he was supposed to be an aristocrat and a great gentleman, who had a set of manners laid away somewhere, to be worn on high occasions.

In the general crowding, the Claimant gets pushed forward into a front position of some importance. She has quite a part. She and Dearest are being perpetually played off against each other. They both, under the process of dramatization, become crystallizations of types for the purpose of standing well out from each other, and this they undoubtedly do. The Minna of Miss Emily Lytton is a good performance. It has all the devilry, vulgarity, and harshness which that lady was supposed to possess in a preëminent degree. One feels that the weak-eyed Bevis must have had a more than lively time in the society of this charmer of gusty temper and unerring aim with a dinner-plate. She gives one the impression that her language, like that of Bill Nye's friend, "is frequent, and painful, and free," and yet a spasm of recollections can recall no more flagrant breach of the laws of verbal etiquette than one wild "take the cake." Of course when she grows angry her diction becomes more vigorous, and she exhibits a marrowy choice of language. Several people are called liars, and thieves, and rascals, and blacklegs, and devils, and other forcible Saxon words, found in and out of the dictionary, and sanctioned alike by Shakespeare and Mark Twain.

There is no doubt of the engrossing charm of this delightful play. There is not a slow line from first to last. Pathos and gentle humor blend together to form a fascinating whole, not, perhaps, of high finish or exquisite art, but having the capacity of touching the heart. "Lord Fauntleroy" plays on the simplest instincts of humanity; it appeals to all. It has no love-story, little or no plot, no exciting embroglio, no charming toilets, no gorgeous scenery. Its success is due to its simple earnestness, its direct and straightforward appeals to the heart.

The cast is good throughout, with bright particular stars in Master Eddinger, Mr. Russell Bassett, and Miss Lytton. The earl is very effective in a dim light; in the garish glare of turned-up tapers the masonry of the bridge of his nose is a little too apparent.

G. B.

At the theatres next week, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" will be repeated at the Baldwin; Reilly & Wood's Specialty Company will appear at the Bush Street; Mme. Janauschek will play "Meg Merrilies" at the Alcazar; and W. H. Hamilton and Dora Wiley will sing "The Daughter of the Regiment" at the Tivoli.

—THE—

Sunday Examiner

OF MARCH 31st

WILL CONTAIN:

BILL NYE'S LETTER

To Postmaster-General Wanamaker.

SLEEVES:

A Study in Spring Fashions.

HOLDING THE RIBBONS:

How to Handle a Team.

Pandora's Gossip

ABOUT

OUR FOUR HUNDRED.

A Story of Detective Work

By Inspector Byrnes of New York.

Punishments and Tortures.

The Atrocities of Chinese Law.

By our Special Correspondent in China.

THE FINAL INSTALLMENT OF OUIDA'S SERIAL.

GUILDEROY.

BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS,

A Summary of the Dramatic Week.

MISS BRADDON'S SERIAL,

The Day Will Come.

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Two hundred acres are now planted in fruit in bearing. The balance of the land, some eight hundred acres, is now ready to set out in fruit and vineyard.

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Water for irrigation will be furnished. All of the land now offered for sale lies below the company's ditch, and can consequently be irrigated therefrom. The irrigating ditches run directly through the tract. Water for domestic purposes can be obtained at a depth of fifty feet.

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The transportation facilities—a very important item to all fruit-growers—are of the very best, the Sacramento and Placerville Railroad running through the orchard its entire length, having a receiving depot in the most central location on the tract, so that no fruit has to be hauled more than half-a-mile.

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The soil is of the best, being sandy loam and sediment, and adapted to the choicest quality of all varieties of fruits and vegetables. The property is located in that portion of the State where all fruits ripen early and naturally command the highest prices.

The products of the lands of the Natoma Water and Mining Company are always in demand, both on the Pacific Coast and in the Eastern market.

The fruit is loaded in the cars on the property and is transported intact to its destination in the East and other markets, a facility of transportation which is of the greatest importance, and, with these great advantages, prosperity is assured, and to-day there is no better field for solid and profitable investment on the Pacific Coast.

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Healthy climate, easy of access, shipping facilities, employment to purchasers, close proximity to schools and churches, with the easy terms, combine to make the purchase of these lands the most profitable investment ever offered, and being a part of the lands of the NATOMA WATER AND MINING COMPANY, who have invested a large amount of money in improvements, consisting of dwellings, wine-cellars, packing-houses, canals, ditches, etc., which are necessary to handle the products of their extensive vineyard and of the lands we now offer, is a sure guaranty that we have not over-estimated these lands as a profitable investment.

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VALLEJO JUNCTION, 9 A.M., ROUND TRIP, $3.00
BENICIA, 9:30 A. M., ROUND TRIP, $2.00
DAVISVILLE, 10:30 A. M., ROUND TRIP, $1.50
SACRAMENTO, 11:15 A. M., ROUND TRIP, $1.00

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MUSICAL NOTES.

The Mansfeldt Musicale.

Ir. Hugo Mansfeldt gave his twelfth concert of the sea-s of 1889, last Monday evening at Spencer Hall, and it p ved very enjoyable. The programme was as follows:

S ata, Op, 7, *(a)* Scherzo, *(b)* Rondo..........Beethoven
Mr. Abe Sundland.
S dy—D minor....................................Chopin
Mr. Emil Steinegger.
(votte—E minor...................................Silas
Miss Hattie Dunlap and Mr. Mansfeldt.
S gs Without Words.......................Mendelssohn
Io. 6. Venetian Gondolier Song.
Io. 7. Contemplation.
Io. 8. Without Repose.
Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt.
S dy—C minor.....................................Chopin
Mr. Mortimer Davis.
Icturne—A flat major.............................Chopin
Miss Hattie Dunlap.
Ipromptu..................................Scharweuka
Inuet...Bizet
Mr. Abe Sundland.
Ingarian Fantasie.................................Liszt
Mr. Mansfeldt and Mr. Sundland.

Rosewald Orchestral Matinée.

The fifth Rosewald Orchestral Matinée of the second series curred on Friday at Irving Hall, and attracted a large and reciative audience. Mr. J. H. Rosewald was the di-tor, and the soloists were, Mme. Julie Rosewald and Mr. his Heine. The following excellent programme was pre-sted:

o Dances ("The Demon")......................Rubinstein
Ionaise ("Mignon")...............................Thomas
Mme. Julie Rosewald.
(By special request.)
(Serenade ("Sous le Balcon")....................Wuerst
('Cello Obligato)
Mr. Heine.
(On Guard (Opus 146)..............................Hiller
(icerto, E minor (Two movements)...............Chopin
Mr. M. Espinosa.
Ipromptu..................................D. L. Awesor
"pring Song"....................................Speidel
Mme. Julie Rosewald.
(With Horn Obligato by Mr. Schlott.)
(erture ("Midsummer Night's Dream")....Mendelssohn

The Mauzy Musical Club.

The members of the Byron Mauzy Musical Club gave r first concert of the fourth series on Thursday evening, rch 21st, at Mauzy Hall, and presented the following gramme:

(erture, "Occasional"........................Gruenwald
Orchestra.
Professor H. R. Austin, Conductor.
itone Solo, "Eri tu Che Macchiavi"..................Verdi
("Un Ballo in Maschera.")
Frank Aquatell.
no Solo, Rondo Capriccioso, op. 14........Mendelssohn
Miss Laura Adams.
rano Solo, "Foir Di Margherita".....................Arditi
Miss Alice Thomas.
), Piano, Violin, 'Cello, op. 85.................Reissiger
Mme. Lada, Masters E. and A. Lada.
g, "Protestation"............................H. A. Norris
Miss Alice Thomas.
net Solo, "Triplet Polka"....................
Nickolas Brown.
ale, "La Souveraine".............................Herman
Orchestra.

I. Ovide Musin, the great violin virtuoso, announces e grand sacred orchestral concerts to be held at the Bald-w Theatre on Sunday evenings, March 31st, April 7th, and 1. He will be assisted by his company, comprising Miss tie Louise Tanner, prima donna soprano, Mr. Whitney ckridge, lyric tenor, and Mr. Edwin M. Shonert, pianist, an orchestra of thirty selected musicians, under the di-ion of Mr. August Hinrichs, Jr. The programmes will xceptionally interesting, that for the first concert includ-a violin concerto in E minor, by Mendelssohn, and a ice de concert of his own composition for M. Musin; the t from "Carmen," besides several solos for Miss Tanner Mr. Mockridge, and three purely orchestral pieces.

The Young Men's Christian Association, of Oakland, will : a grand evening concert at the First Congregational irch, Oakland, on Friday, April 5th. The services of the ous soprano, Mme. Louise Pyk, Mr. Alfred Wilkie, Miss a S. Partridge, Mr. Rudolf Patek (solo violoncellist), and ss Ada E. Weigel have been secured.

The Mendelssohn Quintet Club, of Boston, announces a well concert, which will be held in Irving Hall on Wed-lay evening, April 10th. Mr. Thomas Ryan is preparing xceptionally interesting programme for the concert, which assuredly be enjoyable.

The sixth and last Rosewald orchestral matinée will be l at Irving Hall on Friday, April 12th.

ART NOTES.

The annual meeting of the Art Association of San Fran-o was held last Tuesday evening, and the various reports e read. The following officers for the ensuing term were alled: President, Mr. L. L. Baker; first vice-president, John A. Stanton; second vice-president, Mr. J. B. ckett; secretary, Mr. E. E. Potter; treasurer, Mr James Phelan; directors for three years, Mr. William Keith and D. P. Belknap. The reports showed a membership of hundred and twenty-four, of which one hundred and y-seven are life members and ten honorary members. total estimated value of the property of the association velve thousand dollars. The treasurer has twenty-eight dred and sixty-one dollars and seventeen cents on hand. report of the committee on the Mardi Gras bal masqué ved that the net profits were twenty-two hundred and -four dollars and fifty cents. Votes of thanks were ten-d to the retiring president, Mr. Joseph D. Redding, and liss Eva Withrow and Mrs. J. Hasbrouck, and also to rles M. Plum, Sloane & Co, Messrs. Weill, and the agers of Woodward's Gardens for their loans of decora-material for the Mardi Gras ball.

The fourth "studio evening" of the Art Students' League irred on Friday evening, March 22d, and was well ap-iated by the many present. The feature of the affair a reading by Mr. Fred Yates, descriptive of the life of içois Millet, the famous French artist. It was illustrated lantern views of some of this artist's paintings. Mr. s graphically described Millet's childhood, his early ggles against adversity, his marriage, and final success e world of art. He related how he became a Chevalier ie Legion of Honor, and described several of his paint-, the best of which are owned in this country. Millet in 1875, sixty-one years of age Mr. Yates won many pliments for his comprehensive and interesting reading.

eith is engaged upon a portrait of Mr. Warren Olney, h promises well. He recently sent fifty water-colors and oil-paintings to Chicago for exhibition and sale. Sev-of his pictures will be seen at the spring exhibition, and in particular, entitled "Breaking Away," a landscape peculiar cloud effects, will attract more than usual at-on.

ter about a year's work, M. Straus has completed his large companion pictures, "One Purpose" and "Aban-d." The first shows a prairie fire at sunset and the t of a herd of buffaloes and other wild animals from the e flames, all in brilliant coloring. The other is a winter e on the plains where, upon the moon-lit snow, a solitary lo is bleeding to death and almost ready to drop ex-ted. An arrow hangs from its flank, and the snow is d with its life's blood. These pictures are for the spring bition, as is a third one, a long panel entitled "A Prize ibit." This reveals several hanging clusters of luscious grapes, red, green, and black, which were exhibited at a recent fair.

A. C. Rodriguez has removed to the old Odd Fellows' building on Montgomery Street, and has in his atelier a number of bright pastoral sketches taken in the vicinity of Fruit Vale. Green meadows, blossoming fruit trees, and browsing cattle are all prettily combined in these sketches. Mr. Rodriguez intends to surprise his friends at the spring exhibition with "something out of the usual run."

The spring exhibition of the Art Association will open on Tuesday evening, April 16th. Mr. Martin expresses the opinion that the display will excel that of last year in quality.

The Art Students' League will close in May. The classes are constantly increasing and great interest is being taken in the life studies. Miss Elizabeth Curtis, formerly secretary of the league, is now studying at the academy in New York, but will return here in July.

Mrs. Virgil Williams is pursuing her art studies in Boston.

Miss Alice Chittenden will have three pictures at the spring exhibition, one of roses and two companion pictures of chrysanthemums, which she regards as the best work she has yet done.

Fred Yates is industriously working upon a portrait, and has several similar orders ahead.

Miss Alice Vincent has at Morris & Kennedy's a study of violets in a glass bowl, which is greatly admired.

Roethe has about all he can do attending to his classes, but occasionally finds time for a portrait.

Tom Hill went to the Yosemite Valley a week ago with the intention of remaining there and at Wawona all of the summer.

Mrs. Evans and Mrs. Beecher have some attractive floral studies at their studio, 728 Montgomery Street.

Miss Jennie Hobbs has completed a beautiful porcelain fish-set of thirteen pieces. It has been sold, but its owner will allow her to place in the spring exhibition.

Raschen and Von Perbandt are sketching at Fort Ross. Both will be represented at the spring exhibition.

Miss Eva Withrow has a portrait upon the easel and is very busy with her class.

Charles Peters, who has been in Paris about three years, is expected to arrive here in a few weeks.

Miss Elizabeth Williams, who recently returned from Paris, has some beautiful flower studies at Morris & Kennedy's. One represents the bright-red Japanese peach blossoms in a brown bowl, set upon a table. She also exhibits there a panel-pastel of golden-hued oranges. Her latest work is a portrait of Rev. Dr. Loomis, which will be seen at the spring exhibition.

At Morris & Kennedy's may be seen Tom Hill's large painting of a winter scene in New Hampshire; a small landscape and a marine, by Rodriguez, and an Eastern landscape in oil, by Julian Rix.

The School of Design will close on Saturday, March 30th, to reopen on the first Monday in May.

R. D. Yelland will enjoy a sketching trip in the interior during the month of April.

John A. Stanton is engaged on a portrait of Mr. Walter Maxwell, of Los Angeles.

A. Joullin has an excellent portrait under way. He and Stanton will go to Santa Barbara next Wednesday, to remain a couple of weeks.

Brooks is working upon a portrait of Mr. Rosenthal.

Emil Carlsen, having completed the decorative work at Mr. Crocker's residence, has gone to Europe, and will be away about three months.

W. A. Coulter is now located in Stockton, where he has a large class of scholars. He has a number of landscapes under way at his studio.

Miss Matilda Lotz is doing some excellent work at her studio in Paris.

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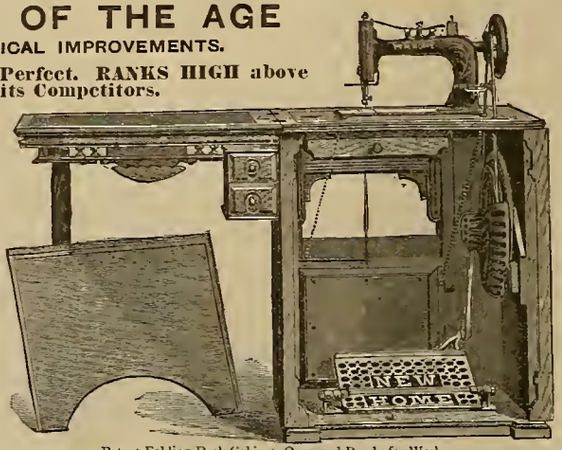

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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It is recommended to an impulsive man that, when he is at the overboiling heat of indignation, he should drink a glass of cold water before he indulges himself in expression. If the rule is a good one for the speaker, we are quite certain that it is equally applicable to the writer. A friend called our attention to a paragraph in last week's *Argonaut*, where, in speaking of the appointment of Patrick Egan, the Irish Home-Ruler, as minister to our sister South American republic of Chile, we said it was "unpardonably infamous," and that President Harrison could have done nothing more "shameful." Our friend begged us to modify the expression somewhat. Without giving that we would qualify the remark, we agreed to review it; and, in order that we might give the matter a more calm and deliberate consideration, we have ordered, not a glass of water, but a pitcher full of ice-cold water, and it now stands at our elbow as we write, and, from the goblet filled with broken ice, we quaff a long and cooling draught. Pat Egan! Irishman! Fugitive from justice in England! two years a citizen of the United States!—during which period of novitiate he has remained in active coöperation with the land league against the Government of Great Britain, has gathered and dispensed money from the United States to maintain his co-conspirators in their work of securing an independent parliament for Ireland, is still engaged in the same political scheme against a great power, with whom our government is in friendly alliance, with, so far as is known, no sentiment of patriotic feeling toward the Government of the United States, has rendered it no service, is distinguished for nothing except his name, his nativity, his religion, and the fact that he is not a Democrat—is made minister plenipotentiary to a sister republic! We fill our goblet, and, as the ice clinks against our teeth, we think, and, having deliberately considered the statement made in our last issue, we are not prepared to qualify it. No man not born upon the soil and loyal to it should be sent as the nation's representative to a foreign land, unless he has fought for it, or by some exceptional and distinguished act demonstrated his ability and his devotion to the flag under which he is to stand, and which with his life and his honor he is willing to defend. If Mr. Patrick Egan were such a man, it would be very narrow and very unjust for the *Argonaut* to object by reason of his birth and his religion. If this office has been given him to offend England and conciliate the Roman Catholic Irish vote, not all the ice-water which floats a soul in purgatory could blot out the offense. Just why he is sent to Chile, where England has large interests in lands, railroads, guano, and commerce, we can not understand. Only a few years ago, Peru and Chile were at war, Peru suffering the humiliation of defeat and becoming subject to fearful exactions from the conquering power. Mr. Blaine was Secretary of State during Garfield's brief incumbency of the executive office, and in the air was the mist of a misunderstanding which threatened the friendly relations between Chile and the United States. In this war-cloud was seen the image of England; from behind it, as in a spirit-picture, was visible the tawny mane of the English lion; in the clatter was beard the jingle of Peruvian ounces; in the mutterings of the storm, wbich did not burst, were the whisperings of a criminal job. Would Pat Egan have been the right man in the right place then? Should the same presence raise its shadow again between these powers, and, under similar conditions, would Mr. Egan be the proper embassador to raise the banner of the stars, and hold it with calm and dignified impartiality, if England was in the muss? We take another swallow from our pitcher, and remark we are afraid he would not. Perhaps Mr. Egan's speeches in the campaign which has so honorably closed, or the other distinguished services he has so successfully performed, but of which we are not advised in this distant part of the country, may entitle him to the distinction of a foreign embassy. Perhaps he has qualifications of which we are ignorant, moral qualities of which we are not advised. We know that a political offender is a first-class misdemeanant; that he ought not to wear prison-garb, or sleep upon a plank, or be condemned to hard labor, or fed upon prison-fare; we know that a conspirator plotting to destroy and divide the government to which he owes allegiance, is not so vile a thing as a "criminal"—he is but a "political offender," and when he becomes a fugitive from the inexorable code which defines the crime of treason to be death, he may find protection in a friendly state, and may not be returned under extradition laws to pay the penalty of his offense; but has that friendly power the right to make him a citizen? Has it the right to clothe him with the authority of an embassador and send him to a third power where the country from which he has fled has important interests? We drink before we answer, and reply that unless he has been very serviceable on the stump and in the caucus, and brought a goodly number of his countrymen to vote for the executive which appoints him, he had better have been rewarded with some less explosive trust; that it had been better to have sent him to Alaska as inspector of glaciers, where here the Celtic temper might have kept cooler than it is likely to do in dealing with Saxon insolence, displayed over guano on Peruvian islands, held by Chile to secure payment of money advanced by English money-lenders. We take another goblet of ice-water, and proceed to ask the question how we should have liked it if England had taken one of our rebel citizens—say Judah P. Benjamin, for illustration—made him a subject of her majesty the queen, and dispatched him as embassador to Germany while our Samoan difficulties are pending? We would not have liked it, and yet Mr. Benjamin was a scholar and a gentleman, ranking among the most honorable of political offenders. Any one who has read the *Argonaut* must have observed how earnestly we were trying to bring ourselves again in sympathy with the party which has commanded the unrecompensed service of a life; how earnestly we have struggled to believe that it was to the Republican party that the nation might look for reform of its naturalization and immigration laws, and how gladly we would have welcomed any indication from President Harrison that he was inclined to maintain the dignity of the American name and to uphold the rights of American citizenship. The nomination of this unfledged Irish adventurer, this political refugee, as the result of a profligate and unbecoming political bargain, strikes us—we finish the pitcber of ice-water—as inexcusably shameless. The appointment of this Irisb adventurer of questionable character, has caused profound regret to tens of thousands of American citizens, who are not prejudiced against Catholics nor Irishmen. Had any one of a thousand prominent Irish-American Republicans been appointed to this office, little complaint would have been made. But Patrick Egan's appointment is especially significant, and bis going to Chile has an especial significance. His political relation to the English Government and its administration is significant. His connection with Pat Ford, and Mr. Blaine's relation to him, and Mr. Blaine's Peruvian complications, are all matters of significance and serious concern to a large class of citizens who are more American than partisan. Let us not be understood as placing the responsibility of this blunder, which is worse than crime, upon the shoulders of General Harrison alone. He was indorsed by a majority of senators, and it is more than probable by a majority of Republicans and Democrats, for both parties stand in fear of the Irish vote and the Roman Church. Both are bidding for their influence in politics. We are compelled to remember that ours is a democratic government; that a President owes his nomination and election to the popular vote. We know that a Presidential candidate is necessarily dependent upon party organization and leadership, and within the bounds of moral obligation is bound by the acts and governed by what leaders may think the interests of his party demand. In tbis position we fancy the President to have been placed; but whoever is responsible and by whatever bargain this nomination was secured, if we should be compelled to drink the Arctic Sea, with all its icebergs, we should still say that the appointment of this Irish fugitive of two years' citizenship as minister and envoy to a sister republic is unpardonably infamous, and is the consummation of a criminal, cowardly, and shameless political bargain.

While we have great respect for our distinguished senators, and admit their possession of all the virtues incident to statesmen and patriots, we are compelled to admit that tbey sometimes exhibit the weakness of human nature and the frailties incident to less gifted and more ordinary men. The rejection of Murat Halstead, the editor of the Cincinnati journal, as minister to Germany, was a most painful exhibition of human passion, simply because Mr. Halstead, in the fearless independence of his chivalric devotion to the punisbment of a political enemy, had carried his partisan and local animosities to Washington, and, in opposition to a Democratic senator chosen in Ohio, expressed himself with painful severity against the honor and integrity of senators who did not agree with him in reference to Senator Payne, and would not consent to investigate him and impeach his right to a seat in the Senate; these senators refused to kiss tbe hand that smote them, refused to turn the other cheek to the mailed hand that struck them with its vituperative pen, and recorded their votes against his confirmation. This exercise of senatorial power is interpreted by the press as insolent audacity, and is made the text of severe imprecations against this branch of our government. The Senate is to be revised out of existence, unless it confirms every blackguard of the press who has the power, through the terrorism of his columns, to secure a Presidential nomination. We are writing now of the principle involved, for to us Mr. Halstead and his journal are strangers. But if every partisan editor, wbo chooses to turn

himself loose in the political arena for the abuse of all witb wbom he comes in contact, can, hy the terrors of his vocahulary, intimidate senators from exercising their opinions in reference to the fitness of candidates for office, then the power of the press becomes something too formidable for comfortable contemplation. The influence of the press, when properly used, hecomes a thing of exceeding value. The independence of the senatorial office, when wisely exercised, is indispensahle to the safety of the government. If we ohserve correctly, the liherty of the press is tending to hecome, and is hecoming, a thing of evil. The courage of the senatorial office is not too often displayed, and can not he more properly exercised than in rehuking the display of personal malice so freely resorted to hy political writers in partisan journals. While we are discussing the influence of editors, the rewards and honors they are ohtaining from this administration, we are constrained to confess that, in our judgment, they are receiving all they are entitled to. So, while we are sorry that Mr. Murat Halstead may not go as emhassador to Prince Bismarck's court at Berlin, we are glad that the senators of the United States do not stand in awe of the many-mouthed monster of the press.

In the opera houffe of history there is no more comical page to he illustrated than that which will he devoted to Boulanger as he makes his exit from the French stage. There have never heen actors more fantastic than the French, nor plays more varied with beroic and hurlesque extravaganzas than those performed in the dramatic representations of comedy and tragedy hy the citizens of the land bounded by the Pyrenees, the Mediterranean, the English Channel, the Bay of Biscay, the Jura, the Vosges, and the Alps. From the time of Hugh Capet—down through the time of military saints, Pbilips wbo were fat and fair, Charleses wbo were bold and wielded the bammer of royal power, down through Bourbons, Orleanists, and Bonapartists—France bas played tbe star engagements in all tbe heroic ages and acted the harlequin, clown, and jester wbenever it has been within the period wben men stooped to folly. Her wars bave been more bloody, her generals more successful, ber soldiers more resolute, her statesmen greater, ber kings more magnificent, her scbolars more profound, her women more cbaste and beautiful, her scientists more exact than those of any other people, her legislators, next to those of England, have acbieved the highest distinction won by tbe human mind. France bas for centuries maintained herself at the pinnacle of splendor, envied among nations; and yet there is not a depth of shame, bumiliation, crime, tyrannical oppression, religious bigotry, or sbameful folly wbich sbe has not measured. Within this last quarter of a century sbe bas reacbed the climax of humiliation, but it has been left to the past year and the past week for Boulangism and Boulanger to bring down tbe on-looking audience of nations in broadest rounds of merriment. The world has burst into a broad and boisterous guffaw at tbe diverting and ridiculous exit of the bandsome man on horseback, who has been playing the rôle of statesman and man of destiny hy attitudinizing before audiences in cafés, jardins-cbantants, and in political arenas beretofore conceded to ordinary demagogues, charlatans, and men with method in their madnesses. Boulanger is an anomaly, tbe like of whicb has not occurred in recent history. Boulangism is organized dissatisfaction toward a government which has made republicanism a by-word of ridiculous incapacity, and tbrougb whicb general discontent finds expression. The administration of government in France has been for the last eigbteen years so utterly distasteful, that the opportunity presented by this leader to record a protest against its continuance, bas been taken advantage of by Imperialists, Royalists, and Clericals, as well as by the mob of ignorant, discontented classes, who are willing to destroy it by the substitution of even a cbaotic and revolutionary experiment, in the hope that out of chaos there may come some kind of reform, no matter what; the belief prevailing that any sort of change is better than the existing rule of selfish, greedy, and irresponsible adventurers who are feeding upon the spoliations attending the present corrupt and unsuccessful administration of public affairs. Real-estate values have decreased in France from ten to fifty per cent.; the civil pension list has heen swollen to an incalculable burden; offices are multiplied to an alarming extent; the national debt has swelled to fearful proportions of magnitude; the country has lost its military prestige; the humiliation arising from the German war; the disasters attending the Tonquin defeats; the Wilson scandals; the shameful excesses attending the administration of Grévy and the disgraceful saturnalian revels openly indulged in by him; the loss of Alsace and Lorraine; the immense burdens placed upon the French people—have all contributed to a popular feeling that finds no way of improvement and relief, except hy overturning the present republic, and in its place substituting something better. In this crisis, Boulanger appears, and by a chapter of incidents, no one of which seemed important at the time of its occurrence, this fantastic mountehank seems to have caught the impressionable Frencb sentiment. Boulanger is a military martinet, he is neither Cæsar nor Aaron Burr—he was a regimental commander under the Duc d'Aumale. His first successful endeavor to catch the popular attention was hy presenting himself in military braid and hutton on horseback to the musical audience of a singing-garden. It was the picture of a handsome man, mounted upon a black and glossy thorough-hred. It caught the popular imagination, and was followed hy the "Boulanger March," sung hy Paulus, a famous singer at a popular jardin-chantant. The reporters of the press, the idlers of the Boulevard, the loungers of the cafés, caught on till Boulanger and his horse were seen in pigments and heard in song till they hecame familiar and popular to the Parisian crowd. Politicians made him a candidate for Parliament, and there was wrought for him the diadem of martyrdom, and he was enveloped with the haze of a mysterious persecution—for he had heen suspended from the army hy the unanimous verdict of seven lieutenant-generals for having used the army for political purposes. This emancipation from military service rendered him eligihle for election to the legislative assemhly of France. He was elected from the Department du Nord, received strong support in other departments, and, finally, in the Department of the Seine—the city of Paris—was returned hy a majority of eighty thousand votes. The impudence of the man on the bronze cbarger had triumphed; French imagination clothed him with the mysterious qualifications of statesmanship, and in him the moh recognized the possihilities of dictator, president, king. In him Bourbons, Imperialists, Monarchists, and Clericals saw the opportunity of overturning the Repuhlican party, and, in its place, restoring some other and perhaps hetter system of government. If Boulanger had had the nerve to pose as a martyr, and been patient enough to bave endured persecution, and brave enough to have endured tbe perils of a trial, be might bave escaped with a political triumph, or, at worst, bave been defeated hy tbe exposition of bis ignorance and the purposeless programme upon which he had entered. Now comes the final consummation of all his plans, and an exposure of all his empty and garrulous talk of revision of the constitution. Lacking courage, lacking sense, he dresses bimself in checkered cloth, takes bis hawd upon bis arm, and skips to Belgium, while all France roars at the ending of the political farce. From Brussels he issues his proclamation to the Frencb people that he will not return till it is safe for an honest man to appear in France. He is now awaiting a call for bis retnrn to rule the empire, when he will expect to appear mounted upon bis black thorough-bred, as the saviour of empire. Perhaps he may survive being laugbed at, for the Frencb are a strange people; but, if he does, it will be almost the first time in the world's history where an incapable fool has been able to endure tbe peril of being laugbed at as a vain and incompetent harlequin. In no other nation than France, and in no other city tban Paris, would such buffoonery witbstand so droll and comical a conclusion. We shall be surprised if bis portrait sball ever hang beside that of Joan of Arc, or his body rest beside the immortal ones in the Pantheon, or bis handsome form be chiseled upon bronze, or his name and achievements ever attain more imperisbable renown than awaits the bero of a comic opera, sung in the garden of the Champs Elysées, wbere bis brief distinction has only been achieved.

The safety of our American explorer in tbe wilds of Africa is a matter of congratulation to all who regard heroic conduct witb approbation. For nearly three years Henry M. Stanley bas been buried in the wilds of Africa, meeting the severest incidents of travel, enduring privations, hunger, and personal hazards, fighting barbarians till his force of three hundred and sixty-nine men was reduced by tbe bardsbips and casualties of the expedition to less than one-third that number. We may not know the particulars of this most wonderful exploration in the primeval forests of this unknown continent till Mr. Stanley's letter shall have heen received, and not in detail will the resources of that portion of the African continent traversed hy him be known till his history of the expedition shall appear in book-form. Africa is a land of absorbing interest, and —since Du Chaillu presented us with the gorilla, that marvelous link whicb connects man with the animal—that interest has been growing in intensity. It is time the map-maker should hestir himself to give us somewhat more detailed charts of this wonderful land, so that we may follow the travelers somewhat more accurately than we are now able to do. We are not forgetting that the geographer follows the explorer somewhat tardily. From all accounts we receive from the dark and populous continent, we may anticipate the not-distant period when it will he fully exposed to the observation of the world; when its geograpby will be completely understood; when the extent of lakes and courses of rivers will all be laid down on maps, properly charted and surveyed. This unknown land and mysterious people now being subjected to the zeal of the missionary, the greed of the slave-dealer, and the enthusiasm of the explorer, must pass through calamities untold and cruelties unsurpassed hefore it shall have heen Christianized and civilized to the complete satisfaction of the civilized and Christian world. It must go through the painful borrors of heing redeemed from barbarism. Its men, and women, and children must he torn from the worship of their idols and fetiches, and made to subscrih to the inexplicable dogmas of a tangled faith which nohody understands, and compelled to bow hefore altars which convey to them no conception of a sensible helief. Their chiefs will be murdered and their young men shot down, in order that new governments and strange rulers may he set over them; their trade, their merchandise, their costumes, their habits, must all undergo transformations; railroads will be built across their plains and through their mountain passes; their rivers and lakes will be navigated by steam; while strange people, speaking strange languages, will assert authority over them, and hy the introduction of new arms they will he intimidated into complete submission; new diseases and new dissipations will lead through new roads to speedy annihilation till this great, redundant, African population shall pass away and make room for the superior people who will have trampled them to death. With a history unwritten, their language destroyed, their traditions forgotten, the names of Du Chaillu, Livingstone, Stanley, Burton, De Brazza, and others will he preserved and cherished hecause they were the early invaders of a continent whose original people they aided to blot off the face of the continent they once inhahited. Let us rejoice, therefore, that the American traveler has survived his perilous journey through the tangled jungles and pathless forests of Africa, and arrived safely where he may aid to organize armed invading forces to suhjugate and conquer African people, and bring them in subjection to European races whose object is to rob and rule them.

Two social events of such marked importance bave recently occurred that we have taken the liberty of invading our society department for tbe purpose of noticing tbem. The Prince of Wales, heir-apparent to the throne of England, together with bis wife, tbe princess, berself the daughter of a king, dined with Mrs. Mackay, the wife of an untitled citizen of California. When the wife of a Nevada miner may entertain, at her hospitable mansion, in the intimacy of the social banquet, the coming king and queen of England, the expectant emperor and empress of India—he of the royal house of Hanover and she the daughter of a Danisb king, hearing in her blue veins the ducal blood of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glucksburg, and of the princely line of Hesse-Cassel—we may, we think, conclude that the social chasm has heen bridged with a structure swung on golden cables. We of this democratic empire are proud of the fact tbat Mr. Mackay is a miner and of the class which delved deep in the caverns of the rock-ribbed Sierras for their bidden wealth of silver; that his genius moved great engines to lift the ores from their beds, great pumps and great tunnels to keep dry the else flooded depths, great air-sbafts to oxygenate tbe deadly gases which breed destruction to buman life down in the secret recesses where hide the gnomes that guard the quarries; that from out tbese depths he dragged the ores from which come the foundations upon which thrones and altars are builded, great royal houses constructed, and all the ornamental tinsel of titles, names and bereditary rank with which they are surrounded. A royal crown or imperial diadem unjeweled, or a royal robe not embroidered and sparkling with gems, would be unattractive and would command but little attention. The imperial, princely, ducal line which was not supported by wealth, the noble family without revenues, would be but common folk in any but a barbarian empire, would be nobodies in this age of golden civilization; so why may not the heir of the princely house of Hanover dine with the Nevada miner, and why not the daughter of a Danish king accept the hospitality of an American lady, who has so quietly won for herself, and upon her own recognized accomplishments, her position as the equal of a coming queen? The pride we take in this happening of a remarkable a social event is, because this lady is an American and because there is no politics in it. It is a recognition of the fact that between the best of royal lines which rank in European circles and Americans there is no impassable social gulf. Away back, when the writer was a kid, we remember that John Van Buren danced with Her Majesty the Queen of England, and the American-people dreamed dreams of great social possibilities which could never come to pass; yet, when the time came that the United States needed a friend, they found in Queen Victoria—and her royal spouse, Prince Albert—a friend powerful enough to afford practical assistance sufficient to neutralize the efforts of such enemies as Lord John Russell, William E. Gladstone, members of the house of lords, and the greedy vampires of English commerce. America bad for friends her majesty the queen, Prince Alhert, John Bright, the mecbanics of Manchester, and the common people of England — sucb friends as

led the Union to survive the ambition of France, the greed the British merchant, and the vanity of the Archduke aximilian. Hence our sympathy when the integrity of the itish Empire is assailed by Irish politicians and Jesuit iests, and our rejoicing when the heirs of the British throne d empire have the sense to enjoy the hospitalities of Ameri-ns.

And while we are on the subject of notable social events, us not pass unnoticed the fact that Mr. and Mrs. de Young ve dined with the Presidential family, and that Mrs. de oung received from the national conservatory an exquisite uquet of exotics upon the eve of her departure for Europe. those of our non-resident readers it is important to observe at Mr. de Young is the proprietor of the San Francisco *hronicle*. Mr. Harrison is a shrewd politician if this inci-nt is part of his political policy, for how better could he obtain e support of so great and influential a daily as the *Chronicle* is lmitted to be than by so cheap a compliment as a dinner and bouquet of flowers? Curiously enough, the *Bulletin* and *ll* have not as yet heard of Mr. de Young's social recogni-n.

Perhaps, too, Mr. Morris M. Estee is settled with to his isfaction in having been appointed as delegate to the inter-tional congress of the American Republics. This scheme es honor to the genius of Mr. Blaine, Secretary of State. e object of the conference is to bring together the most dis-guished men of the South and North American common-alths, to consider some plan of arbitration, to settle contro-rsies which may hereafter arise between them, to treat of estions relating to their business intercourse, to devise a uni-m system of weights, measures, coinage, patent-rights, copy-hts, and trade-marks, and to agree upon such reciprocal nmercial relations and customs union as may be mutually neficial to all. This congress may discuss the Monroe doc-ne, the union of the oceans by canals, the subsidizing of amships, and other questions concerning the welfare of the nisphere. The commission is composed of representative publicans, with two or three Democrats and a Mugwump two. We are sorry that Senator Fry should have declared the Senate that "there was only one of the delegates named sessing the statesmanlike qualities to entitle him to appoint-nt," for, while we appreciate the compliment to our State ich so directly pointed to Mr. Estee as the gentleman whom intended to honor, we can not believe that there are not er delegates in the list who, from their learning in the art of lomacy and statecraft, may not be equally gifted with our nted and honored fellow-citizen.

If the telegraphic news from Berlin may be relied upon—, that the German Government is desirous of information cerning our intentions of sending war-ships to Samoa, l intends to refill the harbor at Apia with German iron-ds—it would seem that her intentions are something other n pacific, and that it is possible that the Samoan complica-ns are not yet disposed of. The terrible casualty that sent many German and American vessels to destruction upon al reefs, and in which so many lives were lost, ought to e made it possible for the conference at Berlin to agree on some mode of settlement without the presence of war-ts in the Pacific. We still rely with confidence upon the lity of the two great powers to bring this incident to an orable and peaceful conclusion, the more especially when consider the kind of commissioners who have been charged h the consideration of the Samoan difficulty.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Ethics of Alcohol, from a Psychological Point of View.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The question as to whether the use of alcohol is not beneficial, is or is not prejudicial to the human race, has been sidered, both from an ethical and physiological standpoint, by writers lecturers of more or less ability for many years, without any definite clusion having been arrived at, or any prospect of any being arrived which might settle the status of the subject-matter in question at once forever, and decide whether it should be recognized as an admissible rage, stamped as a curse, or relegated to the shelves of a drug-store, to be supplied to individuals without a formal medical prescription. he term "alcohol" is here meant to be understood all liquids into composition of which the spirituous principle enters, fermented ors, such as wine, beer, and cider, differing from distilled liquors, not nd, but in degree. There is, of course, no difference of opinion as e terrible effects of drunkenness, whether from an economical, phy-gical, or ethical point of view. Political economists, doctors, and alists are at one upon this point. Statistics conclusively show the mous measure of crime which is directly due to the physical, mental, moral deterioration consequent upon the indulgence in this vice. this, it may be contended, relates not to the *use*, but to the *abuse* of hol, and for one individual who becomes a criminal, or a burden and race to himself and the community he lives in, by excessive indul-e in or the abuse of alcohol, fifty or a hundred may be pointed to in ame community addicted to its use in moderate quantities, some-s, perhaps, even beyond the bounds of moderation, who are as perons, attend to their business as well, and are as moral and re-ted members of society as the veriest Rechabite of them all. From this it must appear that the *use* of alcohol does not necessarily lead to the terrible consequences which enthusiasts and fanatics of the total-abstinence creed would have us believe it usually leads to. As for the criminals, who are commonly said to have been led into criminal courses through over-indulgence in alcohol, a little reflection will convince the reasoner that the very disposition to this over-indulgence argues a moral weakness at the outset, and while the act of over-indulgence will probably so obscure his mental vision and dull his moral nature as to dispose him more firmly to the commission of the particular species of crime to which he is naturally inclined; that is not to say, that under certain circumstances, he would not have been as much a criminal, though he had taken nothing but cold water all his life. The old Roman adages, *vinum aperit mentem* and *in vino veritas*, simply state the well-known fact that, under the influence of alcoholic liquors, a man's true character comes out; and experience bears out the fact that, under the inspiration of Bacchus, the witty man will become more witty, the dullard more dull, the vicious more vicious—Bacchus merely intensifies what was in the brain before. Still, in the case of the criminally inclined, it is terrible to contemplate the possible effect of alcohol in rousing the sleeping devil within, and this is one of the strongest arguments which can be adduced in favor of the restriction or limitation of its sale. This, however, is a problem for political economists to study, there being other aspects of the question equally interesting for the mental analyst to consider; for instance, the psychological relations of alcohol to organisms, of what may be termed for convenience the higher order, that is to say, in which the nervous, intellectual, and æsthetic principle predominates over the animal and sensual.

Let us glance for a moment at the chemistry of alcohol in its relations to the human system, and trace its course through that system and its effect upon it. After being introduced into the stomach, alcohol needs no digestion, but passes straight into the blood. Its first influence is to stimulate the muscles of the heart and accelerate its action. This wonderful force and suction-pump being urged to increased exertions under the impetus of the fresh fuel supplied to the furnace, the blood is propelled through the arteries and drawn back through the veins at an increased rate of speed; in other words, a greater volume of the fluid passes to the extremities and surface of the body in a given time than would be the case under normal conditions and without this stimulant. A large proportion of this increased flow goes to the brain, which is stimulated accordingly. This stimulus is communicated to the nerves, which originate and centre in the brain. These, in their turn, string the muscles to a high state of tension, which lasts until the stimulus becomes inoperative. This is the physiological effect of alcohol upon the animal organism, upon the nervous and muscular system.

Its psychological effect is a much more difficult matter to explain and elucidate. We know that the primary effect of the alcohol, transmitted by the blood, upon the cells and fibres of the brain is to stimulate those cells and fibres in a manner and by a process as yet unexplained, so as to render impressions and ideas more vivid, though, at the same time, less accurate. This elation of mind continues so long as the stimulus is in operation, when, unless the stimulus be renewed, reaction ensues, and nerves, muscles, and brain become even less sensitive than they were before the stimulus was applied. The fireman in charge of the fuel has been supplying the furnace which keeps the pump in motion with more than the standard quantity, and as he is only allowed so much in a given time, he must go slow to make up for his extravagance. Even if the stimulus is renewed and maintained, the reaction can not be avoided. A point will eventually be reached when the stimulus will cease to be operative, and if the fireman persists in piling on the fuel, the chief-engineer, nature, will relieve him from duty, and stupor or coma, or still worse, an abnormal action of the brain ending in a loss of its control, will supervene.

The appetite for alcoholic or indeed any other stimulus, tea and coffee included, in the case of individuals of a nervous, sensitive, and intellectual nature, undoubtedly arises, in most instances, from a desire for mental exhilaration, for spiritual elation, a desire to rise above the plane in which they ordinarily move, to look at life, for a time at least, through rose-colored spectacles, to lose sight, perhaps, of the grim figures that beset their path. The question is frequently asked why persons who indulge in stimulants as a rule do not know when to stop. "Look at me!" says Mr. A., drawing himself up with virtuous dignity; "I can drink or let it alone. I can take a drink and then stop." "That Mrs. B.!" says Mrs. C., enlarging her phylacteries, "why, I never saw anything like it! If that woman won't take ten or a dozen cups of tea at a sitting. And then to complain of feeling nervous and having a headache!" Mr. A. and Mrs. B. are both right in their premises, but they are wrong in their conclusions. They attribute their ability to refrain from over-indulgence in stimulants to force of character and superior will power, whereas it is probably due to the fact that they are of a dull, cold, phlegmatic nature, that the stimulus in which they severally indulge, whether alcohol or tea, infuses no genial warmth into their veins, or does so to a very limited extent. In the same way with total abstainers and apostles of the cold-water creed. Such persons will probably be found, in the majority of instances, to be so constituted physically that alcohol would act as a poison or an irritant to their systems, and that they make a virtue of refraining from that for which they have no desire and in which they dare not indulge. They may be guilty of all the crimes in the calendar, but none is so heinous in their eyes as the use of an alcoholic stimulant. These are they who

> Condone for sins they are inclined to
> By damning those they have no mind to.

On the other hand, individuals who are prone to indulge in stimulants will be found to belong to what is known as the nervous-sanguine temperament—persons of a generous and excitable nature. In cases where the intellectual and analytic faculties are strongly developed in combination with this temperament there will be very frequently found, allied to the desire for stimulants, natural to individuals of this temperament, a proneness to over-indulgence in their use. The elation of spirit and vivification of idea resulting from the initial application of the stimulus is sought to be maintained by a repetition and re-repetition of such stimulus; and the stimulus which was, in its primary stages, applied with the object of elating the spirit and vivifying the ideas, is, even after its efficacy in this respect is lost, still maintained, with the secondary object of alleviating or escaping the reaction which the subject instinctively dreads. He is in the position of a boy who has gained surreptitious access to a show, and who finds at last that there is no way out without facing the door-keeper, and so puts off the evil day to the last moment. Even so must he who has entered the secret penetralia of the realm of ideas, through a forbidden adit, face the dweller on the threshold before he can get out.

An interesting subject for discussion is whether the use of alcoholic stimulants is really conducive to increased mental power in those who work with the brains. As in other questions of the same class, it will probably be found that there is no all-comprehensive axiom embracing all individuals, or even the same individual, at different times. The homely saying that "what is one man's meat is another man's poison," is as applicable to this question as to any other. We have instances of three of the greatest orators the world ever produced—Daniel Webster, of this country, and Fox and Burke, of England—who were addicted to the regular use of stimulants, and whose eloquence, command of rhetoric, and force of argument were the wonder of their parliamentary colleagues. In the cases of the poets Byron and Poe, the evidence of the use of alcoholic stimulants, at least while engaged in composition, is by no means so conclusive as in the cases of the orators referred to. The great French novelists, Dumas and Eugene Sue, have both been credited with writing with a bottle of champagne at their elbows; but all sensible people know the stuff out of which such stories are made. Alcoholic stimulants, while they may render the ideas quicker and the fancy brighter, will too frequently be found to distort the meaning which the writer meant to convey, and to interfere with the logical sequence of his ideas. M.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 1, 1889.

Is Anything Real?

EDITORS ARGONAUT: A speculative Frenchman has promulgated the theory that if one thinks anything is true, so far as he is concerned it *is* true; that the lunatic who imagines himself a king enjoys his belief as much as a real king enjoys the actuality of his throne; that a man with a faithless wife, but who believes implicitly in her fidelity to him, is as happy, so long as he remains deluded, as though she were really true to her plighted vows.

There is more reason in this theory than one might suppose until he has studied it carefully. Men are rich, powerful, great, or famous, only in their imaginations; in the iron-safe of the millionaire are some printed certificates, which are really only slips of paper; yet the possession of them makes their possessor think he owns railroads, canals, steamships, and lands, and he is happy in consequence of this belief; others ride on his trains, ship goods over his canals and on his ships, and live on and till his lands; they derive all the benefits from his possessions, but he thinks he owns them. He draws money dividends from his shares, this money is only slips of paper or pieces of metal; the millionaire can only derive the minimum of benefits from it himself; he may build a mansion—the artisans who do the work get more actual benefits from the money than does the owner of the house. Out of all his vast wealth the millionaire can only get what he eats, drinks, wears, hears, reads, and sees! A man with five thousand dollars a year can get as much, therefore it is only in imagination that the millionaire is the better off; he *thinks* he is the more fortunate, therefore, so far as he is concerned, he is.

In our dreams, the vagaries which flit through our clouded brains seem, for the time being, as real as the actual occurrences of our waking life; therefore, during the duration of the dreams, what occurs in them is to us genuine realities, how, then, can we separate the real from the imaginary? How can we tell when we are asleep and when we are awake?

The wan invalid falls into a weary sleep, dreams that the mantle of health has fallen once more on his shoulders, feels the quick, warm blood coursing through his veins, laughs, and is glad in his strength, and, so long as the dream continues, he is well. The starving tramp sinks exhausted on the frozen ground, sleeps, dreams that he has food, and warmth, and shelter, and wealth, and plenty, and it is so real to him that he smiles in his sleep, and when he awakes he longs to sleep again and never awake.

In our dreams, we conjure up beings, and places, and things which never existed, and they are as real and true to life as though they had been for all time parts of our lives. They are real and actual to us till we awake to other places and other people, who again seem natural and real to us. How can we tell which is the dream and which the reality? Not by the short time which we think we know we have been asleep, for we know we can in seconds dream away what seems years.

In school text-books there is related the phenomenon of a man who fell asleep immediately after hearing the clock strike the first stroke of twelve. He dreamed that he went to a strange land and lived among a strange people; that in a brawl he committed a murder, fled from justice, went among strange people again, fell in love with a woman, courted, and married her. All the joys of his honeymoon were realities to him; then in time came a baby, and then his work-a-day life went on, day in and day out, till another baby came to his home; and time wore on till five years had passed away, when he was found out and arrested for the murder he had committed so many years before. He was torn away from his wife and children, dragged back to the scene of his crime among the old, familiar faces that he had almost forgotten; was taken into court and tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged; then came the dark days before his execution, in which he hoped against hope for the pardon that did not come. At last came the day that for him was to be the end of earth. A gaping multitude surrounded the gallows, the noose was placed around his neck, and in a paroxysm of fright he awoke to hear the clock strike the last stroke of twelve, and knew that he had slept but ten seconds.

If one can dream away five actual years in ten seconds, the oldest among us need to have been asleep but a few minutes to dream away his life. To the dreamer all the things, occurrences, and people seemed absolutely real. They never existed. How, then, can we determine if we are not asleep and if anything is really real?

You may now be asleep; you may, in your dreams, have conjured up the friends whom you love, the house and city you live in, the avocation you pursue, all the things which go to make up your seeming life, and, in two minutes from now, you may wake up and find that you are only a dog asleep in your kennel; you may bark and fight with other dogs and do your master's hidding, and again awake, to find that you are no dog at all, but a fish swimming in the sea, and that, so far as you know, there is no land, no men, no dogs, no cities, and that you only dreamed there were such things; then you may wake out of your fish dream and find that you are a stone, lying on a mountain-top, and that, outside of your dreams, you know nothing of fishes or of seas; and awake again to be a star, twinkling in the azure heavens; and again awake to find that you are but a dream, and that you do not even know you are a dream, and have no way of proving that you are not merely dreaming that you are a dream. V. Z. REEN.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 3, 1889.

Judaism—Will its Absorption by Christianity ever Occur?

Restricting the question to our country, I say it will never happen. On the contrary, Christianity will be absorbed by Judaism. An obvious and wholly inevitable definition of Christianity is, *a following of the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth*. Jesus was born a Jew. He lived the life of a zealous Jew. He died a Jew, and because he was a Jew. He might have done everything he is recorded as having done, and he would not have suffered condemnation and execution, had he not been recognized by the Jews as one of themselves.

Jesus never found any fault with the Jewish religion. He is said to have objected to the civil law—*an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth*. But it can not be that Jesus was correctly reported concerning this law. It was one of the noblest laws ever promulgated by an ancient people in a barbarous age. At that time, all the nations from whom the Jews necessarily held themselves aloof, through fear of moral contamination, had laws which condoned the most brutal and heinous crimes against the person for a money consideration. For a stated sum, a wealthy brute might hire assassins to maim, to mutilate, or to murder his enemy. A poor man, however wickedly inclined, was deharred from exercising his cruelty upon even the ass or the goat of a hated neighbor, while the wealthy miscreant enjoyed the privilege of putting out the eyes or cutting off the arms of his enemy or of those of his enemy's children. This is the law to-day of many barbarous nations, and, until only a few generations ago, it was the law among some civilized Christian nations.

The Jews considered themselves the chosen of God. They had too lofty a conception of the sacredness of a human being to measure its value in groveling coin. Among them, no amount of money could atone for the commission of a crime against the person. They were determined to protect the poorest man against the wealthiest. And what law more efficient to deter, and more merciful to protect, could he devised than the rule, *an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth?*

Jesus not only found no fault with the Jewish religion, but he positively approved it and taught it, and he never taught anything else. He said: "The Scribes and Pharisees sit in Moses's seat. Whatever they bid ye do, that do ye; but do ye not after their works, for they say and do not." Jesus found no fault with the teachings of the Pharisees; on the contrary, he denounced them as hypocrites, because, while they taught pure Judaism, he believed them to be insincere.

Of all the recorded teachings of Jesus, nothing is more emphatic than his declaration that he had no intention of establishing a new religion. He said: "I come not to destroy but to fulfill." Not to destroy what? The Jewish law. To fulfill what? The Jewish law. If the special mission of Jesus had been to found a new religion, would he not have announced the change as the first law to be accepted? But, on the contrary, he announced the Jewish law as *the first* in these words: "This is the first and great commandment: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy mind." And this is the very life and essence of the Jewish religion, and all there is of it. It was this idea that impelled Abraham to break the idols, carved and

chiseled by his father, Zerah, which made him the infidel of his day, and which led to his founding the family which is sometimes called a race and sometimes a nation, but which is neither. And in the very act of announcing the essence of Judaism to be the *first* commandment, he announced as the *second* in importance, but of the same *essence* as the first, that doctrine which every honest mind must acknowledge, that Jesus meant should overshadow all his other teachings, and which constituted the essential and distinguishing feature of his ministration on earth, namely, *universal love and all-embracing charity among all mankind.* His words were: "And the second commandment is like unto the first; thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. Upon these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets."

The one great, conspicuous, overshadowing lesson of the entire life and teachings of Jesus was the lesson of love and charity. If Jesus sought to found any new religion at all, it could have been only a sect of Judaism, whose distinguishing features should be love, charity, and sincerity. Of all human institutions, the orthodox Christian churches are the furthest removed from Christianity. The less orthodox and more liberal the church, the nearer it is to being Christian in the sense of following the teaching of Jesus, who would undoubtedly look with loving approval upon the Young Men's Christian Association and the American public school.

Jesus was not condemned and executed by the Jews because he taught any false or objectionable moral doctrines. The elders proceeded against him, because, by claiming to be the long-expected Messiah, he endangered the lives of thousands of innocent and helpless people by exciting the fears of the Roman soldiery for their own safety. Rome had conquered every nation on earth except Judea. They had obtained possession of Jerusalem, but no Roman soldier dared trust himself beyond the walls of the city. All the hills and valleys of Judea swarmed with bushwhackers, whom the Roman army wholly failed to subdue. The Roman soldiers who held the city of Jerusalem were in constant dread of an uprising of the people whenever their fervently-expected Messiah should come, and, like Jesus of Nazareth, being of the seed of David, should claim to be King of the Jews. The danger of alarming the Roman soldiery for their own safety, and thus inciting them to an unnecessary massacre of the unarmed people of the city, constituted the real and only ground of the proceedings against the brilliant young carpenter from Nazareth.

I know that "the devil can quote Scripture to suit his purpose," and that his purpose and quotations would undoubtedly run counter to mine. But I am not writing for the devil, but for his opponent, Mr. Moody, and such other liberal-minded, moral teachers as exalt by their methods and example the essential teachings of Jesus in brotherly love above their own oftentimes narrow and sometimes irrational theology. And I here include even the unintelligent attempts of poor Salvation-Army people to spread a doctrine of love among the abandoned of the slums.

There is not a single precept or moral law that can be deduced from the teachings of Jesus to which any Jew takes exception. If Christianity is a "following of the teachings of Jesus," then genuine Christianity is pure Judaism. In the Roman Catholic catechism, which is taught to children, there is not one word of Christianity. A child that has thoroughly memorized and fully understands it will know many things which Jesus could not have known and did not know, but be will know absolutely nothing of the essentials which Jesus taught.

In the whole of the five points of Calvinism, or Presbyterianism, there is not even a faint suggestion of Christianity. In the fundamental doctrines of the great Episcopal Church, as established by its founders in the time of the eighth Henry of England, there was not only no Christianity, but that church itself does not now accept any of those doctrines.

The founder of that numerous and very respectable sect, called Swedenborgians, wrote and published a very voluminous book entitled, "The True Christian Religion." From the top of the first page of the book to the bottom of the last page of it, there is not expressed a thought that even hints of the teachings of Jesus. A Brahmin might commit the book to memory for the purpose of attaining a knowledge of Christianity, and then he would not know a single thing that Jesus ever taught.

To call Constantine and Calvin Christians, is a wicked libel on the word *Christian;* on a word which suggests to the intelligent mind, whether Jewish or Christian, that knows of the life and teachings of Jesus, all the best, and noblest, and most blessed thoughts conveyed in those narrower but specific words, love and charity. If the character of the first Christian emperor, Constantine, and that of the founder of Presbyterianism, Calvin, had been presented to the mind of Jesus, he would have turned from the first with horror and from the second with scorn.

The Lord's Prayer is a distinctively Jewish conception. Within the compass of an article written at a business-desk, on which the only book attainable is a city directory, I can not enter into an analysis of it. But such an analysis would show that from its invocation to the *amen* at its close, not one thought in it could have emanated from a Roman, a Greek, an Egyptian, or an Assyrian mind. Even the Golden Rule, which was in vogue five hundred years before the advent of Jesus, took from his enunciation of it an Hebraic flavor.

In one respect, and that an important one, the new religion was an intelligent advance upon the old. The Jews believed that they were the chosen people of God, and that to them had been relegated the sublime responsibility of preserving in absolute purity the worship of the one great cause. This was the motive for their isolation from the world, and the reason why no Jewish painters and sculptors appear in the history of art. They believed that they were charged with the duty of preserving to the world, as against the idolatry of Paganism, the grand idea of one God, until it should be accepted by all humanity, and thus he verified the words of their prophets, that "in them should all the world be blest."

But the claim of being the chosen people of God resulted in a narrow principle, which could not but be productive of selfishness. It was a grand and most intelligent advance upon the idea of a chosen people to claim that God is the equal father of all humanity, even though the noble claim were burdened by the ignoble doctrine that the all-powerful father had, with equal injustice and equal cruelty, damned all his children before they were born.

The intelligence of the modern world has declared that Christianity of the churches has nothing in common with the teachings of Jesus, and it acts upon its declaration by leaving the churches empty. It has declared that the theology of the churches leads only to piety, while the teachings of Jesus lead to goodness; and that therefore there is no necessary connection between piety and goodness. In fact, very many of our best people are not at all pious, and very many of our most pious people are not at all good.

The progress of modern intelligence will never be stayed. That intelligence will force upon the world the lessons conveyed by the life and utterances of him whose greatness overshadows the importance of all humanity beside. Then will that disappear which eight hundred millions of people now call Christianity and the Judaism which Jesus taught must take its place.

But while Judaism is in process of absorbing Christianity, the Christians, so-called, will absorb the Jews. There was a time and a place which rendered it necessary that the Jewish family should jealously isolate itself from the rest of civilized humanity to secure itself from moral contamination. But our country is not the place and our age is not the time to justify continued isolation. An unassimilable people having sympathies, or principles, or objects, apart from those of the mass of a nation constitute an element of weakness in that nation and must expect to be regarded with restless distrust. The Roman Catholic catechism, specially constructed for the instruction of the youngest children, instills into their infantile minds a prejudice against those mixed marriages which the Roman hierarchy is now so anxiously seeking to prevent. This measure may be necessary to the stability of the Roman Church in this age, just as in a former age the same measure was deemed indispensable among the Jews. But the measure is un-American, and American Catholics and American Jews will disregard it.

The power of American principles will here assert itself. No true American can regard with favor the formation of separate groups of people who will be absorbed in narrow, clannish exclusiveness. The American people will have their various religious beliefs, political principles, and scientific opinions, but they will be a homogeneous and not a heterogeneous people. Intelligent Jews will be absorbed by intelligent Christians. Intelligent Catholics will indulge in mixed marriages. B. Marks.

San Francisco, March, 1889.

OLD FAVORITES.

King Solomon.

King Solomon stood, in his crown of gold,
Between the pillars, before the altar
In the House of the Lord. And the King was old,
And his strength began to falter,
So that he leaned on his ebony staff,
Sealed with the seal of the Pentegraph.

All of the golden fretted work,
Without and within so rich and rare,
As high as the nest of the building stork,
Those pillars of cedar were:
Wrought up to the hrazen chapiters
Of the Sidonian artificers.

And the King stood still as a carven king,
The carven cedarn beams below,
In his purple robe, with his signet-ring,
And his beard as white as snow,
And his face to the Oracle, where the hymn
Dies under the wing of the cherubim.

The wings fold over the Oracle,
And cover the heart and eyes of God:
The Spouse with pomegranate, lily, and bell,
Is glorious in her abode;
For with gold of Ophir, and scent of myrrh,
And purple of Tyre, the King clothed her.

By the soul of each slumhrous instrument
Drawn soft through the musical misty air,
The stream of the folk that came and went,
For worship, and praise, and prayer,
Flowed to and fro, and up and down,
And round the King in his golden crown.

And it came to pass, as the King stood there,
And looked on the house he had built, with pride,
That the Hand of the Lord came unaware,
And touched him; so that he died,
In his purple robe, with his signet-ring,
And the crown wherewith they had crowned him king.

And the stream of the folk that came and went
To worship the Lord with prayer and praise,
Went softly ever, in wonderment,
For the King stood there always;
And it was solemn and strange to behold
That dead king crowned with a crown of gold.

For he leaned on his ebony staff upright;
And over his shoulders the purple robe;
And his hair and his beard were both snow-white
And the fear of him filled the globe;
So that none dared touch him, though he was dead,
He looked so royal about the head.

And the moons were changed: and the years rolled on:
And the new king reigned in the old king's stead:
And men were married and buried anon;
But the King stood, stark and dead;
Leaning upright on his ebony staff;
Preserved by the sign of the Pentegraph.

And the stream of life, as it went and came,
Ever for worship, and praise, and prayer,
Was awed by the face, and the fear, and the fame
Of the dead king standing there;
For his hair was so white, and his eyes so cold,
That they left him alone with his crown of gold.

So King Solomon stood up, dead, in the House
Of the Lord, held there by the Pentegraph,
Until out from a pillar there ran a red mouse,
And gnawed through his ebony staff:
Then, flat on his face, the King fell down:
And they picked from the dust a golden crown.

—*Owen Meredith.*

The Deluge.

Around the globe one wave from pole to pole
Rolled on, and found no shore to break its roll.
One awful water mirrored everywhere
The silent, blue, illimitable air,
And glassed in one same hour the midnight moon,
Sunrise and sunset and the sun at noon.

Afar, between the sunset and the dark,
The lions had awakened in the ark.
Across the great red splendor white wings flew,
Weary of wandering where no green leaf grew;
Weary of searching for that unfound shore
From which the raven had returned no more.

And as the white wings labored slowly back,
And down the huge orb sank, a speck of black
Stood fluttering in the circle of the sun—
Beneath the noontide sun 'twas still as death.
Within the dawn no living thing drew breath.
Beneath the cold white moon the cold blue wave
Sealed with an icy hush the old world's grave.
But hark! upon the sunset's edge were heard,
Afar and faint, the cries of beast and bird.
While the long billows, passing one by one,
Lifted and lowered in the crimson blaze
A dead queen of the old and evil days.

One gold-clasped arm lay beautiful and bare;
The gold of power gleamed in her floating hair;
Her jeweled raiment in the glassy swell
Glittered; and ever as she rose and fell,
And o'er his reddened claws the ripple broke,
The raven fluttered with uneasy croak.

—*William Canton.*

What extraordinary small frames the warriors of three centuries ago must have possessed! Prince Henry's armors, when seventeen years of age, would be very little too large for a tall boy of seven in these times; and, at Penshurst, in Kent, once the happy home of Sir Philip Sydney, scarcely a single suit of armor in the big hall would fit a man of ordinary dimensions at the present date, and certainly *no* suit could be worn by either a tall or a broadly made man. Sir Noel Paton, a connoisseur in armors, once declared that, in all his experience, he had but rarely come across a suit of armor which would fit an ordinary figure now living.

The once-celebrated Cardiff giant, through which a great boax was perpetrated on an easily deluded public, now rests in the garden adjoining an El Paso, Texas, saloon. It was sold some years ago to pay a board-bill, and it is now being slowly chipped to pieces by relic-seekers. The breaking of one of the legs has exposed one of the number of iron rods which formed its frame.

Professor Poe, of Bridgeport, Conn., has devised a pair of artificial lungs, with which to restore life in cases of drowning or asphyxiation. He has already drowned and resuscitated a pet rabbit several times.

A sample of scientific English from *Nature:* "The total energy of agitation in an isothermal adiabatic sphere is half the potential energy lost in the concentration from a condition of infinite dispersion."

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

It is a wise child that goes out of the room to laugh when the old man mashes his thumb.—*Terre Haute Express.*

The park commissioners have put up signs to prevent the wearing of the green. They read: "Keep Off the Grass!"—*Puck.*

Lady (to drunken beggar)—"Are you not ashamed to beg?" *Drunken beggar*—"Yes, ma'am, but I'm full; when I'm sober I'm a burglar."—*Epoch.*

She—"You were not so dissipated before we were married." *He*—"Indeed I was, my dear; but when anybody told you so then, you wouldn't believe it."—*Life.*

"Bolton told me he had borrowed some money from you. I was surprised, because I never heard you say anything about it." "No; I still hope to get it back."—*Life.*

Little Johnnie (reading the paper for grandpa)—"Doings of the diplomatic corpse." *Grandpa*—"Good Lord! Won't they ever let up on Bayard?"—*Terre Haute Express.*

Elderly elevator boy (announcing floor)—"B-b-l-g-h-t-t-s!" *Passenger*—"I want the eleventh floor. Is this it?" *Elevator boy* (unconcernedly)—"Thot-'s-fwhat-Oi-said!"—*Time.*

"I have an account of a big landslide," said the new reporter; "what head shall I put it under?" "Put it under the 'Real Estate Transfers,'" replied the snake editor.—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

At the theatre: *Miss Jones* (to Smith, who has just been out to see a man)—"You ought to go once more and toboggan a little." "Why so?" "Because they say it takes away one's breath."—*Texas Siftings.*

Mother—"Yes, Bobby, God made you. I'm surprised that you should have forgotten that." *Bobby*—"Well, it happened a good while ago, ma. Seven years is a long time for a boy to remember anything."—*Epoch.*

Tenaweek—"Sir, I wish to marry your daugbter." *Gruff father*—"My daughter, young man, will continue under the parental roof." *Tenaweek*—"No objection will be raised to that, sir."—*Harper's Bazar.*

"I understand," said Cora, "that you were greatly deceived in Mr. Pentweazel." "Yes, my dear," returned Miss Snyder; "it seems that I never believed him except when he told an untruth."—*Harper's Bazar.*

"In the accounts of the marriage of the Emperor of China," said Mr. McCrackle, "I see that his household comprises seven cooks and thirty physicians." "That's about the right proportion," replied McCrackle.—*Time.*

Harry Marridwell—"Let's go to the opera, Ethel. These long evenings are awfully dull." *Ethel*—"Oh, Harry! Before we were married, you never wanted to go anywbere." *Harry*—"Couldn't afford to."—*Time.*

Mrs. A.—"My husband is beginning to reform." *Mrs. B.*—"Indeed? I saw him going in a bar-room to-day." *Mrs. A.*—"Yes, I know. He went in for a glass of whisky, but he takes water with it now."—*Epoch.*

Ed—"I hear Billy was very brilliant at Smith's reception last night." *Al*—"Yes, indeed; he sat down on a box of fusils which he had in his swallow-tail, and the girls had to pour ice-cream on him to put out the flames."—*Time.*

"When were you abroad, Mr. Pigment?" "Never. Why?" "Your paintings frequently have 'Paris, '87,' below your signature." "Ah, yes. That is nothing but an artistic touch, you know. Give 'go' to the picture."—*Harper's Bazar.*

"The Egyptian collections here, my dear, are of the highest interest. For instance, look at these vases from the royal tombs. You must have heard of them?" "Why, of course! Those must be the celebrated flesh-pots of Egypt!"—*Fliegende Blätter.*

"Johnny," said his mother, "I don't want you to play with that little Brownjones boy any longer, do you hear?" "Yes'm," said Johnny. "Now, don't let me hear of you disobeying me!" "No'm," said Johnny, dutifully; "but I may fight him, mayn't I, if I want to?"—*Puck.*

First actor—"Oh! The sarcasm of destiny!" *Second actor*—"What's up?" *First actor*—"They are going to revive 'Henry VIII.' and I'm engaged to be one of the 'heef-eaters' of the guard, and I've had nothing but four pickles and an oyster cracker since Tuesday."—*Time.*

Mrs. Finnegan (starting up as Tim comes home a little shaky)—"Phat's all the n'ise below! Did I hear some wan shout 'Foire?'" *Mr. Finnegan*—"B'gorrah, ye did; but be aisy. The foire 'sh in Widdy M'lone's tinimint, an the first flure, an' there's sixsh flures hechune it at us!"—*Puck.*

Young author—"Do you receive much rejected manuscript nowadays?" *Old author*—"No, not very much." *Young author*—"I suppose there was a time when you got a good deal of it back?" *Old author*—"Oh, yes, indeed; when I began writing for the press, I used to receive back more than I sent."—*Judge.*

Steamship purser—"Who's this high-roller on board with a coupé of dray-loads of trunks and half-a-dozen body-servants?" *Clerk*—"That's the ten-millionaire Doseum. He is the proprietor of a great Universal Consumptive Remedy. I reckon he'll die, though, before we are half-way across." *Purser*—"Why, what's the matter with him?" *Clerk*—"Consumption."—*Epoch.*

Mrs. Esthete (in old furniture store)—"I am looking for a genuine antique bedroom set. The proprietor is out, is he?" *New boy*—"Yes, boss won't be back for an hour. We've got what you want, though." "Have you? Oh! Oh, I'm delighted! But perhaps it is a new set made in imitation of an old!" "No'me; it's genuine, I guess. The boss told me to put insect powder on it this morning."—*Time.*

At a dancing-party, the other evening, a gentleman took his friend up to his mother to make his adieux. "I can't wait," he said, "but as soon as there is a lull in the conversation you can speak to her." Two or three hours later, he encountered the friend, looking very dismal, in the spot where he left him. "What, unable to tear yourself away, eh?" "No," mumbled the other; "there hasn't been a lull yet."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Johnny Threads (coming in from outdoors)—"He's gone, Syl!" *Miss Sylva Threads* (toying with the piano-keys)—"What do you mean?" *Johnny Threads*—"I mean that your beau just came up the steps and looked at you a minute through the window, and then went right away." *Miss Sylva Threads*—"That is very strange; did he say anything?" *Johnny Threads*—"Yes; he said, 'Heavens! Gum!'"—*Puck.*

Peddler—"My dear sir, do you know how much time you lose dipping a pen into the ink? Ten dips a minute means six hundred dips an hour, or six thousand dips in ten hours, and each consumes——" *Business-man*—"Yes, I know; I have figured it all out." *Peddler*—"And yet I find you still writing in the old way." *Business-man*—"Yes, I am using the fountain-pen you sold me about a month ago—using it in the old way because it won't write any other way." *Peddler*—"Beg pardon; I'm in the wrong office. Good-day."—*New York Weekly.*

Managing editor (at the banquet, replying to toast of "The Press. Extracts from his remarks)—"That noble engine of civilization, whose mighty throbs pulsate in unison with the onward march of enlightened progress—the guide, the educator of the masses—whose vast responsibilities, etc." *Managing editor* (in the sanctum)—"Get up a column and a half about that dog-fight to-night, send a man to interview Sullivan about his last spree, and if that article on the 'Dandy Bar-keeper of New York' isn't ready by three o'clock, there'll be trouble up there and don't you forget it!"—*Puck.*

THE LIEUTENANT'S SECRET.

"Lieutenant Salvayre?"

"I am he. Give it to me." Salvayre laid on the café table e newspaper he was reading, and quickly grasped the tele- am which the messenger extended toward him.

There was a moment of silence, then, one hy one, the other ficers, who had lifted their heads for a moment, continued e interminahle games of cards, with the help of which they iled away as hest they might the long nights, eternal bore the small cities of the South, where they were in garrison. Salvayre crumpled the dispatch in his hand, and rose to go.

"Is there anything wrong?" inquired the other officers, fol- wing him with their eyes. He shook his bead, took his hre, and left the room.

"It must be something concerning his marriage," said a th-lieutenant.

"Oh, no," declared another; "I sbould rather say it was me bad news."

"But what could it he?"

"Pshaw!" cried a third; "it is that Saint-Preux likes to ck up coals of fire. Ah! do you think that marriage will ll through?"

"I?" said Saint-Preux, gayly; "it is all one for me. I am re I have never asked for the hand of Colonel Laugier's ughter. I would not marry her. All the hetter for Sal- yre!"

This hrought out a good many exclamations; but Saint- eux began again with vehemence: "No! no! I tell you, I uld not. She is charming—I agree with all the world on t score. But I would never accept a father-in-law whom I ould he obliged to call 'my colonel.' I want one whom I n hully at will, and treat him like a sinner when I have to mplain of his daughter. That's what I want!"

"What an idea!"

"Oh, hut it's a joke!" said another, maliciously.

Saint-Preux turned around quickly; hut, perceiving that tbe a was to chaff him into a rage, as often happened, he rugged his shoulders airily, settled his eye-glass, crossed his s, and huried himself in perusal of a journal.

But the conversation revolved upon the telegraphic dis- ch, partly for the interest of comradery, and partly from riosity, all too easily awakened in that city, where there was thing to amuse them. All at once, some one said: "If it ould be a woman!" "A woman! well, that would be e! And he on the eve of marriage!" They all protested. lvayre's habits were very regular—it might even be said, stere. His days were passed as passes the life of a man o has nothing to conceal. No absences, never a pretext escaping from the daily reunions. His door was open to erybody at all times; he was punctual at meals, and when he the café after dinner, without waiting for the coffee, every e knew he was going to call upon his affianced. This good nduct had very properly-influenced the colonel in bestowing hand of his daughter upon the young man. It was a e-match on hoth sides. Neither the one nor the other was lthy. She had the regulation dowry, and he his pay and prospect of some lands in Turenne, which he should in- it later, on tbe death of some aged relatives. But Salvayre s intelligent, industrious, and determined—three conditions success. He was about to enter the School of War, and marriage with the daughter of Colonel Laugier, who was ly expecting his billet as general, would assist Lieutenant lvayre in his advancement.

Thus it appeared in all senses impossihle that a practical n like Salvayre, and deeply in love moreover, should com- mise himself and imperil his marriage by a silly intrigue at last moment, when really only the ceremony was lacking, e might say. However, at the breakfast-hour next morn- , it struck his comrades as highly significant that they saw hing of Salvayre at table. Later, one who came in tardily, nounced that he had just seen the lieutenant's striker carry- his master's breakfast from tbe restaurant.

"The devil!" said one; "this begins to look strange."

When Salvayre appeared, calm and impassible, at tbe after- n drill, some one asked him, laughing, if he had had a tor.

"No!" he answered, brusquely.

t appeared that discretion in this case demanded silence. the officers were impatient; they wanted to learn the facts; notion of a woman in the case became more and more d in tbeir minds. Salvayre failed to appear at dinner. n, in the idle hours of the evening, the curious brains set work, and, in order to find the key to the mystery, one of officers presented himself at the quarters of the lieutenant. door was shut, and a parley was necessary. At last Sal- re opened, apparently in very ill-humor. The table was with two covers. It was no longer possible to doubt; vayre was hiding a woman. Perhaps it was some old tie was endeavoring to sunder, one of those bonds contracted he world of propriety, which one respects and speaks of er. On hearing of the impending marriage, no doubt that bad hastened hither to interpose obstacles. And now Sal- re was contending with her, obliged to show her a certain sideration for fear of a scandal. "It's a bad business!" tbe officers, shaking their heads virtuously, and then there a silence.

ut tbe spirit of fellowship moved them to seek some man- of assisting Salvayre, if possible. Oh, tbere bad been ilar cases seen before this!

Say, you fellows!" exclaimed Saint-Preux; "to show you n not jealous, I offer myself up to help him out of this h."

And I!" "I also!" exclaimed at once several voices. moment the scene became a tumult; tbey were all talk- at ooce, full of the frankest, youthful gayety. Saint-Preux ned priority. "No, no!" shouted the others; "we will lots!" Notwithstanding, the upshot was that they agreed ave Saint-Preux the mission.

How will you fix it up?" demanded one of his Saint Cyr panions.

"My dear fellow," replied the other, throwing himself hack in the chair and feeling for the mustache which was not yet hudding, "it is very simple. I will clear it up as we do in algehra—hy the system of suhstitution."

And on the following day Saint-Preux knocked resolutely at Salvayre's door. The striker appeared, alone, and brush- ing the apparel of the lieutenant. He responded hriefly that his master had gone out.

"I will wait for him," Saint-Preux answered, and he was go- ing with all the ease in life to enter Salvayre's hed-chamher. But the striker planted himself before the door, with his eyes down, demure of air, hrushing energetically a dolman, and harred his progress.

"Will my lieutenant walk into the parlor?" he said, indi- cating another door.

"Very well," said Saint-Preux. The soldier showed him in, and then retired discreetly, while the young officer stretched himself on a sofa and lighted a cigarette.

"I have not deceived myself," he cogitated, puffing clouds of smoke upon the air. And his imagination—the imagination of a young man of tweoty years—hegan to work. He seemed to feel near him, on tbe other side of those door-panels, the heroine of the adventure. He seemed to see ber, of a tragic heauty, lowering her great black eyebrows. And with reason, for she was certainly passing through an unpleasant situation. He thought he was pretty sure of Salvayre's wishes. Salvayre had laid a number of little plans, but at last had come the rupture, the end, perhaps, of a great happiness, the pale grief of a last farewell.

Salvayre came in.

"Ah! here you are, my dear fellow! I have been awaiting you with impatience!"

Salvayre appeared displeased, and turned his gaze first to the door leading to the hedroom, then upon his striker, who came and took his master's sabre, and then withdrew with a tranquil aspect.

"Well, what is it? What can I do for you?" asked the host.

Saint-Preux hesitated for a moment. Salvayre had left him standing, as if be wished to shorten the interview, and as this position was not suitable for explaining the ohject of his visit, he took a roundahout way.

"Where the devil did you pick up that phœnix?" he said, indicating the soldier-servant, who was closing the door. "Peste! how well you are served! If you will allow me, I will take him from you, for I suppose you will, of course, dis- miss him as soon as you marry."

"Why should I do tbat?"

"The deuce! Why, because he would very naturally gos- sip with the lady's-maid, and if your wife should come to hear of a certain little mystery, which is calling the attention of all the regiment——"

"What mystery?" asked Salvayre, with rougb emotion.

"That which brings me here," said Saint-Preux resolutely, seating himself in an easy-cbair. "My dear friend," he con- tinued, gazing into space, "you are doing wrong, quite wrong, I assure you. When one needs a service, one should ask it of one's comrades. It is a duty to help one another, above all in critical moments. And, as you know better than any one, there are circumstances in the life of a bachelor, especially wben tbat sort of life is near its end——"

"I don't understand a word of all you are saying," said Sal- vayre, bluntly.

"Is that so?" asked Saint-Preux, looking him in the face.

"It is as true as can be. I thank you for your kindly in- tentions, but at present I have no need whatever of any aid or assistance."

"Oh! very well tben, I will leave you," said Saint-Preux, somewhat mortified; "and I beg that you will pardon me."

Salvayre arose to accompany him to the door; but on reaching it, Saint-Preux turned suddenly. "Listen to me," he said; "perhaps you have not true good feeling for me; but at least I have told you how things are going. You are about to marry, is it not true? That matter is formally arranged—the day fixed, almost. Very well, your marriage runs great danger of being shipwrecked."

Salvayre turned pale. "Explain yourself," he said, and stepping back, pointed Saint-Preux to a chair.

"Well," said Saint-Preux, "this is the rumor that is afloat, and you know well that such rumors travel fast and go far. The rumor is afloat, I repeat, that you are concealing a woman in your quarters. Mademoiselle Laugier may hear of it—worse yet, the colonel; do you understand now?"

"A woman!" Salvayre repeated.

"Yes, a woman! an old friend—honorable chains, of course, but hard to break. You are kind, tender-hearted; to see a woman weep—oh! that is awful! So you let things go on, leaving it to time to remedy matters. During this time, the story spreads and spreads, and the day you least expect it, everything is gone to smash, my dear son-in-law!"

Saint-Preux paused, satisfied with the effect his words had produced, and then, while Salvayre remained plunged in thought, he went on speaking with an air of naturalness very military: "Come! let us have no mysteries, my dear friend! You see that all is known. I am very young to give advice to you, and you are not ignorant of how matters are arranged in such cases. Oh! you are fond of this woman—I can understand that! To act as you are acting, one must have strong ties and perhaps serious duties. But as you are about to marry, you must perforce put an end to this situation. Very well, a friend presents himself; he offers to devote himself to the liquidation of all your old debts of the heart which you are obliged to forget; he offers to convey your severe decision, to dry tbe tears, to hush the sobs! And," added the little coxcomb, caressing his naked lip again, "if this friend is gifted with somewbat of eloquence, it is probable—it is beyond a doubt—that he will succeed in consoling the fair ooe—as in all fairness he deserves, in indemnification for his trouble——"

Salvayre had been agreeing with eacb of Saint-Preux's phrases by an affirmative nod of the head. And now, "Very pretty! indeed, quite beautiful!" he said, when Saint-Preux had finished; "but—I am disconsolate, because it is quite im- possihle for me to afford you the opportunity to exercise your consolatory gifts." Then, becoming serious, almost vehement, he added, rising from his chair: "My dear Saint-Preux, I heg you to assure my comrades, on my word of honor, that I am hiding no fair friend io my quarters; that I bave no deht to settle; that I am, in a word, entirely free from all honds; and that, if I should allow myself to ask a favor of them, it would be simply that they would do me the kindness not to busy themselves with my affairs!"

Saint-Preux bit his lips, saluted the other with an expression of displeasure, and left the house, furious.

Immediately the striker appeared, hlithely bringing a bottle of milk and a great houquet of violets, which he softly placed upon the tahle, and then went out, wbile Salvayre shot the bolt of the door.

When Colonel Laugier was in a bad humor, all the regi- ment shook in its collective hoots, and no one, at home or ahroad, ventured to cheep a word. "Father Hurricane," Lucia, his younger daughter, was wont to call him—at a safe distance—in such moments.

Ooly Berthe, the hetrothed of Salvayre, dared to face him on such occasions; and to her the colonel yielded as he yielded to no other, for her great likeness to her young mother, dead long years since. He had not even greatly opposed her when she had fixed ber choice upon the humble lieuten- ant, Salvayre, after having refused, at the age of twenty- five years, a rich captain, with a title of nohility, and a young chief of hattalion. And yet these two suitors were of the aristocracy, to which Berthe helonged by virtue of her motber, who, in spite of her marriage with a soldier of fortune, was a daughter of the Marquis d'Espard. On the other hand, Sal- vayre, of pleheian hirth, betrayed, instead of the elegant man- ners of the salons, a timidity and awkwardness hefitting men who have grown up in the isolation of the camp, instead of learn- ing from infancy that worldly knowledge, made up of a thou- sand nothings, which is acquired when one is educated among elegant women. It is true that the military rigidity disguised somewhat his ignorance of forms and his awkwardness, and Mlle. Laugier was wont to say to the colonel, aptly playing upon his professional weakness: "He is every inch a soldier! How splendid he would be under fire!" And, the colonel agreeing with her: "I will take care of the rest," said wily Berthe.

And to "the rest" she had been attending for many montbs past, since the lieutenant had been haunting the salon of the colonel, training the young man patiently and with delicacy; for she was truly in love with him for his merits, bis virtues, and intelligence, and also, it must be said, for Berthe was all a woman, for his manly beauty. And he had made rapid progress under her teaching, stimulated by his earnest wish to appear well in the eyes of his beloved, and it would have been necessary to observe with great minuteness to discern in certain details the indelible traces of his lowly birth. He had acquired ease of manner; he knew how to hold his own with- out presuming; and he knew how to make himself agreeable, and even desirable, in all company, even while no one under- stood clearly wherein lay his attraction.

Berthe's grandmother, the mother-in-law of the colonel, was the only person who abashed him. This was an aged widow of great distinction, with white hair, powdered, and perfumed mittens; and wben Salvayre bowed before her, he felt all the humility of his low extraction. Then he would think of the superb education he meant to give his children, and he would be seized with an unbridled ambition to become great througb his own efforts, and to rise so high as to maintain himself io that aristocracy so firmly that none should ever suspect whence be had sprung.

Almost every night, Salvayre paid a visit to his sweetheart, and, sittiog with the family in the great drawing-room, he drew initials, intertwined with wreaths, myrtles, forget-me-nots, and swarms of loves borne by doves. These were for menu-cards, which Berthe illuminated on parchment, for use in the near future, after the wedding. The colonel found all this delight- ful, and he often interrupted the young people, now to inspect their work, now to provoke some discussion on military ques- tions, while Lucia was at the piano, or while the grandame, with her charming prattle, hrought into tbis familiar circle the wit and gayety of her recollections.

But this evening, when Salvayre entered, the bouse was silent. The colonel was storming. The grandmamma ap- peared to be sleeping. Lucia left the room in disgust, while the lovers bent over their work, exchanging a few words in voices almost as faint and low as sighs.

"What has happened?" asked Salvayre.

Berthe shrugged ber shoulders. "He came home raging," she said, rapidly; "he has kicked tbe striker, put his adjutant under arrest, broken two pipes, and refused his dinner."

"Well, notwithstanding, I must speak with him."

"For what?"

"I have received my papers: the certificate of death of my father and the formally attested consent of my mother, who will be unable to be present at our wedding."

"Ah!" said Berthe, "very well; see how he takes it."

"Hum!" ejaculated Salvayre.

"Confound it! what a noise!" cried the colonel; "when you cough, lieutenant, you shake the windows!"

"Oh, my colonel! I heg you to excuse me, but——"

"Seventy thousand devils! that's eoough of that. I have not reproved you! Any one would think I had reproached you with something. And, by the way——"

"And, by the way?" demanded Berthe, slightly aggressive, as he paused, seeing that Salvayre did not venture to speak.

"I am not addressing you, young lady! When any one speaks to you, it will be time to answer."

"Yes, my colonel," replied Berthe, mockingly.

"A thousand thunderbolts!" yelled the colooel; "you an- swer me back, eh? Very well; just you take yourself to your chamber, and that on the double-quick."

"What! am I under arrest?" asked Berthe, moving toward the door, placidly; "for how many minutes?"

"Until to-morrow!" howled the colonel, beside bimself.

Berthe looked at him, and immediately left off joking; the congested look of his face made her fearful of a fit, and she signaled to Salvayre not to irritate him. Then she left the room, furious on her own part over the spoiling of her evening.

The colonel pranced up and down the salon, with irregular gait and his arms behind his back.

"Lieutenant!" he exclaimed, suddenly, as if exasperated by the tranquillity of the young officer, who had continued his drawing, "does what you are doing amuse you so very much?"

"Yes, my colonel, insomuch as it pleases Mlle. Berthe."

"Then you love Berthe, do you not? Do you really love her?"

"I love her deeply, my colonel."

"Very well," proceeded the colonel, fairly yelling in his fury; "but do you not love also some other woman? Have you not some little love affair, so called? You know better than I what I mean. But answer quickly, by Lucifer! Will you do me the favor to answer?"

"On my word of honor, my colonel, I have no entanglement of the kind," said Salvayre.

They looked at each other intently for a moment, and then the colonel moved away. "He shall pay for this!" he muttered, with a gesture which menaced something dreadful.

While he was swallowing his rage, ensconced in an easy-chair, the grandmother opened her eyes slowly.

"What heavy weather!" she said; "the least little thing sends one to sleep."

The colonel half-smiled, and the old lady, satisfied with her success, continued looking about her: "But what has become of my dear children?"

"They are under arrest," said Salvayre, in a low tone. The old lady gazed at her son-in-law, who, without lifting his eyes, went on loading his pipe with half-a-pound of tobacco, looking glum enough.

At the moment when she was about to address him, the door of the salon half-opened, and: "My colonel?" said a gay voice.

"What is it?"

"I beg for arrest under guard."

"Why?"

"Because, then, I can talk to him through the key-hole."

"Hum!" grunted the colonel, softened; "how well she knows the code!" Then he added, his forehead smoothed of its wrinkles: "Will you do me the favor to say where I shall find that guard for you?"

"Present, my colonel," cried Salvayre, rising.

The colonel coughed to conceal his emotion. "Very well. The punishment is removed."

"Hurrah for the colonel!" shouted Berthe, throwing herself upon the neck of her father.

And the evening ended joyously, in plans and definite arrangements for the wedding.

One morning soon after, about ten o'clock, Colonel Laugier left the guard-room, escorted by the commandant of the battalion and the adjutant-major for that week. He did not pause in the court, as he was wont to do, to enjoy the trig appearance of the barracks, but went straight on at so rapid a pace that the officers could scarce keep up with him. And, as his moods and manners were well known, the way was cleared, as if by magic, before him. The lieutenants took refuge in the library, and the soldiers, peeping out of the casements, vanished into the inner darkness, while the guard did the honors with fear and trembling.

He went down a long, narrow street, bordered by one-story houses, almost all inhabited by officers. Here and there, a soldier-servant crossed the way, and flattened himself against the wall as they passed, with his hand on his kepi. At the farther end of the street, on the main square, the café stretched in the sun, above a double line of zinc tables, its flapping awning of gray canvas; and there were divers officers whose red trousers shone afar, and who watched the colonel's progress out of the tails of their eyes, being thoroughly posted on the rumors afloat regarding Salvayre, whose name they ventured to pronounce in low tones only.

Sure enough, the colonel stopped before a dreary-looking house, whose green doors were separated from their neighbors by narrow gardens—the abode of Salvayre.

"Lieutenant Salvayre!" demanded the colonel, curtly.

The soldier-servant's heart jumped within him, but he recovered himself and replied in a loud voice, turning toward the passage: "Lieutenant Salvayre? Yes, my colonel. This is the place, my colonel!"

"I know well enough that this is the place, you fool, you! What is the matter with the brute, that he brays in this fashion? Show us the way in, you!"

"Yes, my colonel," answered the soldier. He dallied over the closing of the door behind them, but finally opened that of the salon, saying: "My lieutenant, here is monsieur the colonel."

Salvayre was standing, very pale and gnawing his mustache, showing in his eyes the rage which possessed him. Nevertheless he saluted properly, and waited.

The colonel inspected the room with one glance, and fixed upon a small table, where stood intact the breakfast, served with two covers.

"Are we not interrupting you?" he asked, violently, pointing to the table; "you are not alone, I see."

"It is true, my colonel," said Salvayre, "that I was not expecting you would do me the honor of making me a visit. Notwithstanding, your presence in my home can but be agreeable to me at any time."

There was a moment's silence, far from pleasant for the witnesses of this scene. The commandant looked fixedly at a painting on the wall in front of him, and the captain appeared rapt by the high lights on the toes of his boots. But Salvayre, like a man who deems himself no longer master of the premises thus invaded and who awaits explanations, maintained an attitude as haughty as discipline would permit.

"Sir!" said the colonel, "the whole regiment accuses you of having a woman concealed in your quarters. As it is known that you were about to marry my daughter, I have come to beg you to repeat in the presence of these gentlemen the assurance you gave me the other evening upon your word of honor. Then tell me, upon your word of honor, Lieutenant Salvayre, do you fill no relation which could offend Mademoiselle Laugier?"

"None, my colonel," answered Salvayre; "upon my word of honor, I repeat it."

The other two officers could not repress a movement of disgust, and they looked at him indignantly.

The colonel understood their thought, and he instantly exploded like a bombshell. "So that is the way of it!" he shouted, striking his clenched hand upon the table with such force that the dishes jumped again; "ah, be careful! No matter what secret a man may wish to conceal from motives of gallantry, he can never cover it with his word of honor as an officer without all who hear that title claiming the right to demand of him satisfaction. What would you do, sir, if, the first time you set foot out of doors, one of your comrades should reproach you with having given your word of honor, knowing that you were lying?"

"I would kill him," said Salvayre, simply, without moving.

"And would that suffice to prove you not a liar?"

"At least, it would prove that I will allow no one, not even my colonel, to assail my honor!"

The colonel hesitated a moment, shamed by the form this affair was taking; but, exasperated by the mystery which he could not fathom, and carried away by the imperative desire to learn the truth, he exclaimed wrathfully, pointing to Salvayre's chamber, "Open that door!"

"My colonel," said Salvayre, "I would have opened it, even without that order. Now I will open it in spite of the order."

He went slowly toward the door, and, when his hand was on the latch, he turned his head. "I have said that there is no one here whose presence could offend Mademoiselle Laugier; was not that my statement?"

"Yes," replied the three officers, with the eagerness of curiosity carried to a paroxysm.

Then Salvayre continued: "I have assured no one that there is no woman hidden in my quarters, because it is true that I have a woman here hidden. Come out, I beg you," he added, his voice changing from harsh to tender, opening wide the door of the chamber, which was so scant of dimensions that the glance could grasp it at once.

In the midst of profound silence, a woman came forth from that chamber. She was very small of stature, aged, wrinkled of skin, and darkened by exposure to the elements. She wore a new head-dress, of the style of those of French peasant-women of the provinces. Her horny hands, spread above her apron, offered a deprecating gesture, and, as if stunned by the presence of those unknown gentlemen, she looked ashamed, retiring, as if asking forgiveness by her attitude.

Salvayre lifted his head. "My mother, gentlemen!"

The officers bowed low.

"I am going to tell you all about it, how it was," said the old woman; "for I heard all you were saying. It is all my fault, you see, all that has happened to my boy. Do not be angry with him, my colonel! I wanted to come to see him, to kiss him before he was married. You see, I knew he was going to marry an elegant young lady, and I was afraid she would cease to love him, if she knew that we were peasants. But he loves her so much—more than anything in the world, and I was so afraid the child would lose his happiness. And I said to myself I would go to see him on the sly, and come back quickly. You will say I might have waited, but—well, good gentlemen, it is the truth that I could not bear to wait any longer—he is my child, you see. But I was so nicely hidden, and they never would have seen me, if some of his friends had not set on my boy, to torment him! But I am going straight home now, and I promise that you shall never hear of me again. I have great pleasure in saluting you, my lord colonel, and all the company."

She was going away, making an humble reverence, when Salvayre caught her hands quickly and said, "Remain, I beg you, mother. I have done an unworthy thing, and even the fear of my marriage being prevented is no excuse for me. It is not of you, but of myself, that I have reason to be ashamed. I beg your pardon, mother, for having concealed you. You will stay with me now, and he present at my wedding. That is to say," he added, turning toward the colonel, "if Mademoiselle Laugier shall deem me worthy of still aspiring to her hand."

"That is settled," declared the colonel; "that fault is atoned for already." And, after bowing respectfully to the old peasant-woman, who was much disturbed by the situation, he left the room, muttering: "Well, that will do! I really like that, by Holofernes, I do!"

When the three officers found themselves in the street, quite moved by this improvised scene, "Let us go and take an absinthe!" said the colonel, in a pronounced tone of command, rather than of invitation.

As he returned to the café, the onlookers studied his appearance; he was walking fast, but yet did not appear disturbed; rather a malicious smile gleamed under his gray mustaches. On arriving, he seemed to be looking for some one; and, when he discerned Saint-Preux, he approached him, and addressed him: "Sir, you will report yourself as under arrest for eight days." And, as Saint-Preux looked at him in wonder, he added: "Your hair is too long, sir! entirely too long! The code must be observed, sir, by a thousand dragons, eh!"

"It is not Saint-Preux's hair that is too long," said the captain, in a low tone, passing near a group of his comrades; "it is his tongue."

And "Chatterbox!" muttered the colonel, as he sipped his absinthe—*Translated from the French of J. Reibrach by Y. H. Addis.*

A writer in *Nature* states that in Amazonia, South America, he found an earthworm thirty inches in length by three-quarters thick at its greatest breadth. The giant earthworm of Gippsland is occasionally found of a length of six feet and of a proportionate thickness.

A MODERN AUTHORESS.

"Iris" writes of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's Literary Career.

Which author is most to be envied, the one who is successful in his chase of that elusive wild animal of the North American fauna—the greenback—and is admired by the indiscriminating many, or his brother, to whom money is one of the luxuries of life, and who is admired by the discriminating few? There are a few choice spirits who are in touch with the taste of both classes, and live to see their names among the stars. But these should be looked upon as gigantic exceptions, as unique as a compass which could point to both poles at once. Mrs. Burnett, by the purists and stylists, is set down as belonging to the class which has power to waken the cultured admiration of the discriminating many. Boston, it is said, scorns her muse as a flimsy, theatrical, and unpolished denizen of Parnassus, unworthy to sit on the outskirts of that mystic circle in the midst of which Howells and James awake the music of the spheres. Howells is credited with the biting remark that "She is not one of us." James puts her in the bracket between Rider Haggard and E. P. Roe. She may hammer at the gates of the Hub as loudly as did the forlorn Peri at the gates of Paradise, but they will never open to her. And yet there are Philistines outside the sacred shadows of Beacon Street who would assure you, with conviction, that Mrs. Burnett was the first novelist of the country, and cite as proofs the amount of money she has made by her recent children's books.

It is probable that these strictures from Boston do not cause her a disturbing thought. She is an easy-going lady, who takes life as it comes, in a careless, cheerful fashion, lives in the moment, and finds more to interest her in modern American isms of all kinds than in

"The glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome."

For there is a great deal of the Bohemian about her, which crops out in her books in a penchant for the startlingly impracticable clothes in which her heroines are ruthlessly robed, and a tendency to make her characters converse with an easy wit which is death without quarter to all realism. Her early years were spent in the subduing influences of that which will effectually eliminate the desire for putting on airs from the most vainglorious character—a large family. There were numerous small sisters and brothers, all under the supervision of a guardian elder brother, who overlooked and trained the little brood with paternal care. In early days, they lived somewhere in the environs of London, and if you are curious to know just how they managed, read "Dolly," in which most of the family appear, transfigured by an affectionately idealizing hand.

The authoress was still in short frocks, and had given but little sign of her literary proclivities, when the elder brother announced his intention to emigrate to America. They regarded it as a delightful novelty, fraught with much enjoyment and possible excitements of the most thrilling kind. The brother went first and planted his tents in Tennessee; the family followed, with undiminished gayety. When they saw the small log-house and the wild surroundings of a country town near the Tennessee Mountains, their high spirits suffered no shock. It was all unusual and delightful, and they plunged into the new life with the concentrated jollity of the true Bohemian.

About the time when Mrs. Burnett first "broke out" in literature, and unfurled her banner to the breeze, there is a diversity of opinion. Ardent admirers say she was marked with the signs of genius from her cradle, and clamored for a pen and a tablet when other children are occupied with biting their rings. This is a common manifestation among born geniuses. It is similar to the case of Sir John Millais, whose parents' slumbers were constantly disturbed by the cries of their son demanding a pencil, with which, in the dead vast and middle of the night, he drew the images which thronged his precocious fancy. His parents were people of sense, if devoid of a proper feeling for the picturesqueness of the situation. They tied a pencil and a blank-book to the head of his cot and slept thenceforward undisturbed by the eccentricities of a fant genius.

But to return. Other of the authoress's admirers say she did not attempt work until she was fifteen, at which age her first story was written, its postage being paid for with money earned in picking and selling wild grapes. It was a success and brought its authoress fifteen dollars, the first money she had ever earned by a pen destined to write "That Lass o' Lowries" and "Lord Fauntleroy." Of course there were high rejoicings. The family were taken to an ice-cream saloon and treated sumptuously, till the fifteen dollars looked quite big and small. After that there was a period of short stories which were published, bloomed forth in the pages of *Peterson's Magazine*, then died, and were gathered and passed into oblivion. "Kathleen" was the first attempt at a novel a year later. It was also published in *Peterson's*, but caused only fluctuating interest. You can read "Kathleen" now—for those earlier efforts were cruelly resurrected from their resting-places when "That Lass o' Lowries" made a hit—and will find it a rather flaccid tale, showing the influence of the noble army of lady-like writers with strongly developed taste for long-mustached heroes of middle-age, who lounge amid gorgeous surroundings. The heroine rode a prancing black mare in true "Ouida" style, wore a skin-tight habit, and had more lovers than the *semillante* heroine of "The New Aquarelle," who had the pleasure of refusing the offers of twenty-five infatuated gentlemen who languished in turn at her feet, but languishing did not die—in fact, in the course of a few months were languishing at some one else's feet in quite as limply impassioned a manner. Here was a touch of Newport local color by one who should know!

"Dolly" was the first rise above the level of the young Greek god, the prancing black mare, the twenty-five suitors, and the sprained-ankle style. Mrs. Burnett herself acknowledges that the family were put into "Dolly," with, of course, a softening here and an intensifying there. It has been more than suspected that she is "Dolly," the charming and piq-

ıeroïne, who is described as "making eyes at eligible Philis-
ines, in white muslin, tucks, and a blue sash." Molly and
Aimée stand for her two sisters, Molly being quite as beau-
ıful as the story represents her, and marrying at seventeen an
Englishman who had loved her since she was twelve, and who
vent with her to California. The statuesque young wife—I
ave forgotten her name—was in truth the wife of the presid-
ıg elder brother, and the cherubic baby, masquerading under
ıe name of "Ted," was known in private life as "Spot," a
ove-abbreviation of the euphonious nickname, "The Spotless
nfant."

When "That Lass o' Lowries" came out, Mrs. Burnett
ad been married for some years, was living in Washington,
nd had little idea that her latest book was so superior to its
redecessors. Her fame came upon her with startling sud-
enness. It was quite in the Lord Byron style. The author
f those trivial, though pretty romances, "Théo" and
Pretty Polly Pemberton" was nobody. The author of
"That Lass o' Lowries" found herself a figure of public ad-
miration, and experienced the intoxicating sweets of being
ompared to George Eliot by many discriminating critics—a
omparison which is not of so much value as one would
hink, since the critics always compare those feminine writers
ı whom they take a personal interest to the "Georgie-Porgie"
f Charles Reade's satire, and, in some cases, would like to
ompare them to Shakespeare, only unfortunately the Bard of
Avon was not a female. Since the days of "That Lass o'
Lowries," Mrs. Burnett has been one of the lions of Wash-
ıgton society. She moved from her small house into a
ırger one, entertained delightfully, and continued her success
ith "Haworths" and "Through One Administration." The
tter began in the *Century* with a flourish of trumpets, and
nded with vague feelings of disappointment on both sides.
There was one time in its career when it really looked as if
was going on to last through one administration. The in-
allments of it came with depressing regularity, and without
ıe *crescendo* or *diminuendo* which portends some sort of a
risis. There is still a story in Washington that half-a-dozen
fferent endings were written to it—some rejected as unsatis-
actory by the Century Company, some not pleasing the
ıthoress. The one finally decided upon was non-committal
ough to suit both parties. It left every one in the novel—
xcept the hero, who was removed from his perplexities by an
ıdian raid—uncomfortably balanced on the fence. The
ovel made a tremendous sensation at the time of its appear-
nce, from the fact that half the charming young matrons in
Vashington were pointed out as the originals of Bertha.
ertha, in truth, is more like her authoress than she is like any
ıe else. They both have a wonderful gift of saying bright
ings about nothing, and both are fascinating without being
ctually pretty.

Since then, Mrs. Burnett's luck has gone on ever brighten-
g. She is now a lady of wealth, and her pretty house in
Vashington is to be supplanted by a splendid new one, which
kes its rise from the decline and fall of Lord Dorincourt's
ickedness. If the new house is to be sumptuous, the old
ıe was characteristic and charming. The *châtelaine* had
e picturesque, rather impossible taste which invariably ac-
ompanies the artistic temperament, and breaks out, in bad
ses, in a mania for mediæval chairs which were never made
r modern backs, rooms so dimly lighted that one is not safe
sitting down on a chair for fear it might be a table, and an
ıtrammeled taste in reviving the fashions of dead ages.
rs. Burnett was never an actual enthusiast on the subject of
is new Renaissance, save in the case of personal adornment.
ı her early days, it is said, she used to give free scope to her
ıssion for high-art gowns, with results which were, at times,
ıore wonderful than lovely. That is all toned down now,
ıd she is a lady of exceptionally pure taste.

The house betrayed the Bohemian proclivities of its *châte-
ine*, in charming, quaint, odd effects. There was a large
ıtrance-hall—a small copy of the style called "baronial" by
e followers of Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., and a fine place in which
wear mediæval gowns, with long trains and fur trimmings
with bamboo portières and Turkish hangings, a crooked,
ıgular stairway crossing one end, glimmering lengths of
ırdwood floor between scattered Persian rugs, glimpses be-
een dim tapestries of bright rooms beyond, within one, a
ining of cut-glass and silver on a mahogany sideboard,
d tall, branching candelabra stuck full of red wax-tapers.
ıe fire-place had small, wooden settees beside it, and brass
gs. There were cushioned seats in the deep windows, bits
statuary in the darker corners, a guitar, with a yellow rib-
n, on a cushioned chair, and oddly-bound books scattered
out. A fine pug was generally to be found somewhere in
s pleasant hall-room. His style of beauty was striking
ough peculiar. George Eliot says that true beauty at first
s the gazer with doubts as to its existence, according to
ıich Mrs. Burnett's pug must have been one of the most
diantly beautiful of canines. He had a black, flat nose, a
htly-curled tail, and soft folds of fawn-colored hide. He
ıs a dog of aristocratic proclivities, and never fought with
eet-curs.

His owner is rather *passé* now, but has been a pretty wo-
n. Her rough, curly, reddish hair and waxen-white skin
e beautiful. Her features are clear-cut, firm, and precise,
d her eyes a brilliant, cold blue. In her manner she is en-
anting, gay, piquant, bright as a jewel, and full of vivacity
d charm. It is more like the manner of a Frenchwoman
ın an English or American. And she has that singular
pacity of talking well about nothing which the French alone
ssess. Authors, as a rule, are not remarkable for great con-
rsational exuberance. They generally save their best ideas
their books, and live in terror of a fellow-author stealing
em. The only way to guard such treasures is to keep silent,
draw your *vis-à-vis* out on the weather, which does not
ıally inspire great thoughts or call for coruscations of wit.
hat says one high up in the sacred inner circle:

> "Poets are prosy in their common talk
> As the fast trotters, for the most part, walk."

ıd he should have known all about it.

Mrs. Burnett does not suffer from this form of stinginess. She will be brilliant for any one. In recounting the adventurous career of her pug she is delicious, also on the troubles and wanderings of a certain Brazilian beetle—*mouchette*, I think you call them—christened "Marquis of Lorne," who had a had habit of breaking from his golden bondage and promenading on the balcony rail, dragging his chain at his heels. The marquis promenaded so much that he finally died of it, and his remains, still girt about with his golden belt, lying in melancholy splendor on the top of his wicker basket, are shown to visitors.

Her taste for the odd and the bizarre still influences the authoress in the questions of dress. She has a *tendresse* for *negligées*—the kind of *negligées* which read up so well in a modern novel. "Ouida" is the queen of *negligé* creators—she even goes so far as occasionally to have one of her middle-aged Greek gods wear them. A Greek god in a *negligé* is a disturbing thought—the elegant fitness of things is dismayed by it—it is almost as distressing as Kenyon Cox's illustrations of the "Blessed Damozel," in which the lover is portrayed as a good-looking, athletic young man, picturesquely draped in Turkish bath-towels. But "Ouida's" *negligées* are very effective. I have often wondered if she ever tries to wear what she writes about and sees how it feels. Mrs. Burnett does. She is always dressed like one of her own heroines, which indicates a self-sacrificing spirit and a noble absorption in her art. She has tea-gowns galore of crêpe and plush, and a wonderful array of evening-dresses which she sometimes wears only two or three times. It was once the fortune of a lady to see all these costumes spread over the chairs and sofas of a boudoir in enviable profusion. She came away with her eyes—to use a vulgar expression current in Kansas—"standing out so you could cut them off with a shingle." No one tried to cut them off with a shingle, or with any implement more suitable for the purpose, but it was several days before they retired to their normal position and before their owner ceased talking of the millinery glories she had witnessed. IRIS.

April, 1889.

VANITY FAIR.

So great is the public rage for prying into the private affairs of any one who possesses the slightest claim to distinction, that an influential syndicate has been formed to minister to the curiosity of the fashionable world (remarks the *St. James's Gazette*). Hitherto, gossip has been purveyed in a fragmentary and unsatisfying form; the method of its supply is now to be reduced to a system. The Social Information Company, Limited, will not do things by halves, but will, at the beginning of every year, publish, at a moderate price to subscribers, an alphabetical directory, which will contain full and authentic details of the private lives of all public personages. It is confidently expected, therefore, that the majority of those persons, who, for their rank, social position, malpractices, wealth, celebrity, notoriety, folly, or otherwise, deserve mention in the forthcoming first annual edition of the "Social Information Directory," will truthfully and unreservedly fill in the forms, which will be forwarded to them in due course, and which will be worded as follows: (1) State in full, name, date, and place of birth, with age and station of parents at the time; (2) Explain, at length, amount and sources of income, and attach to this form your receipts for income-tax for the past ten years. These will be returned if stamp be inclosed. (3) Describe, within a paragraph of not more than four hundred words, the leading events of your life, with special reference to matrimonial engagements, broken or fulfilled, pecuniary successes and difficulties, family skeletons, poor and troublesome relatives, and shady actions, if any. (4) Have any of your relatives or connections been imprisoned for criminal, political, or any other offenses? If so, give names, dates, and particulars. (5) Are you married? If so, give full particulars of your wife's family. (6) Give the number, sex, and age of your children, together with their full names; specifying as to the boys whether they have been expelled from any school; whether they frequent music-halls; how much you allow them; how often and to what amount you have paid their debts; whether they smoke, and, if so, what; whether they drink, and, if so, what, and to what extent; whether they like low company; and the color of their hair; and explaining as to the girls, their height, complexion (inclosing photographs, cabinet-size preferred), love affairs (if any), tastes, etc., and stating what kind of soap they like best; whether they use rouge or wear false hair or teeth (here give name and address of the maker); how many proposals, if any, they have had, and from whom; and the amount of their dowries and expectations. (7) At what hours do you breakfast, lunch, and dine; what servants do you keep; what is the state of your cellar? (These matters are of interest to all your friends, and should be dealt with at length.) How many spare bedrooms have you? To what persons of title, if any, are you personally known? (8) What are the opinions of *(a)* yourself, and *(b)* each member of your family, on realism in fiction, party politics generally, local option, the phonograph, and high explosives. (9) Give the name and address of your doctor, lawyer, stock-broker, hatter, tailor, boot-maker, coal merchant, and butcher. What is your religion, and who is your spiritual adviser? Any information that can not be ranged under the above heads may be separately volunteered, and will be thankfully accepted. It is desired to make the "Social Information Directory" as piquant and attractive as possible, and everything that is personal, spicy, impertinent, and scandalous will therefore be welcomed.

The equestrians of New York, as well as those of San Francisco, are dissatisfied with their present bridle-paths in the parks, as is evident from the following extract from a New York paper: "For years the complaint has been made by those who ride in Central Park that, however beautiful the rides which are provided for them may be, they are very lonely and dreary. What is required, they contend, is a ride which will wind along beside the carriage-drives, for, as matters stand at present, the riders can not see their friends driving, while pedestrians obtain only fleeting glimpses of either. The equestrians of New York have so increased in numbers that their opinion is a power to which attention should be paid. There appears to be no reason why the change can not be effected, and a ride laid out parallel to the carriage-road, with a foot-path in addition, after the plan adopted in Hyde Park. Man is a gregarious animal, and ladies, especially, even more than gentlemen, like to see and be seen. A well-made habit, moreover, vastly increases the attractiveness of a pretty figure, and the pleasant exercise brings a flush to the cheeks which renders even a plain girl beautiful for the time being. Now all this loveliness is wasted on the sparrows or on the riders, who are too well occupied with themselves to spare a look for their fellows. The alteration would make the park as popular in spring as is Hyde Park with Londoners, and it would be a pleasure both for young and old to linger on a bright afternoon watching the carriages and the riders."

A fashion correspondent says: "Calling at a celebrated dress-maker's the other day, I was able to solve a mystery that has long puzzled me. We know that the great Napoleon had an extraordinary knack of appearing in kerseymeres and silk stockings at a reception, and of being seen five minutes later caracoling in riding-dress. At the said dress-maker's, I beheld a certain frock—if I may dare so to call an august garment fashioned for a royal body. Instead of being fitted with laces and holes, or long rows of books and eyes, such as we are in the habit of remarking on the backs of lovely women, it had a mysterious set of strings, part of it being held together by a single large button, deftly concealed by lace. So here was the secret out! The clothes of our princesses are made on the principle of those worn by circus-riders! You pull a string, and off comes the entire costume. The robe of state has vanished, and, for aught I know to the contrary, a complete walking-costume may be suddenly apparent underneath."

There are livery stables in New York city which rent broughams, victorias, and coaches to families from November to May for five hundred dollars a month. They furnish a showy pair of horses and a coachman, and guarantee that it will be in every respect like a private "turnout" for the renter's exclusive use. Indeed, if Mr. Paterfamilias has cribbed a coat-of-arms, it can be emblazoned on the glistening panels; and when his lease expires some other would-be aristocrat can hire the "my own carriage" and have his heraldic purloinings painted on the panel. A private establishment costs more. If a man has his own stable, then the rent of it can be added to the following figures on maintenance. This estimate may vary, but in the main it is accurate:

ORIGINAL COST.

Brougham or coach	$1,500
Horses, a pair	1,200
Harness, double	600
Liveries, two men, including water-proof coats	250
Blankets and inconsiderable necessities	250
Total	$3,800

MAINTENANCE.

Board of horses, per month, $70, six months	$ 420
Coachman, per month, $80, six months	480
Groom, per month, $40, six months	240
Shoeing, veterinary, tips, sundries	200
Stable bill for horses while owners are sick	100
Total	$1,440

NOTE.—If establishment is sold at end of season it will fetch about fifteen hundred dollars. Cost for year then would be about three thousand five hundred dollars.

It is safe to say that every person having at his command, for private use, a carriage with two horses and two men for six months, is at an expense of three thousand dollars. These people generally have houses renting at thirty-five hundred dollars per annum, and expend ten thousand dollars more in living. So, roughly, it may be estimated that the private carriages filling Fifth Avenue on bright afternoons represent an annual outlay of twenty thousand dollars.

"Why this discrimination?" asks the New York *Tribune*. "If a man, after taking his seat in a theatre, should proceed to unfurl above his head a banner, a map, the plan of the house he happens to be building, his neatly framed college diploma, a sun umbrella, a campaign transparency, the mainsail of his yacht, the flag of our country or of any other country, the side of a tent, a bay-window, a five-barred gate, a palisade, a standard, an ensign, a barricade, an observatory—what would be the result? Why, no sooner would he get the thing fairly hoisted than a gentlemanly usher, supported by the manager of the theatre and a policeman, would inform him that he must take it down immediately and permanently. Of course. But suppose a woman sits down in that same theatre, on whose head a high-spreading, wide-spreading bonnet is reared. Does any usher remonstrate with her? The bonnet of the period is the consummate flower of beauty, and far be it from any man to cast a slur upon it. But why should a bonnet on the head of Mrs. John Doe be allowed to shut off the view of the stage from Mr. Richard Roe, who sits just behind it? Does not Roe in paying for a theatre-ticket purchase the right to see the stage? And if the bonnet will not respect that right, why, on stating his grievance at the box-office, ought not Roe to get the cost of his ticket returned to him?"

What is the "island outside San Francisco," on the strength of the impending sale of which the Viscount Mandeville has been raising the wind in London? In the bankruptcy court, on the fourteenth of March last, letters were put forward in evidence by several creditors in which the noble lord declared that he was entitled to receive twenty-six thousand pounds sterling from the sale of this wonderful island. Lord Mandeville, at the present moment, is asserted to be on his way to America, en route to Mexico, being, it is said, in peril if he remains in England of being arrested on a charge of obtaining money under false pretences.

A DAY IN TOKIO.

A San Francisco Lady's Rambles in the old Capital of Japan.

Click, click, click, go the wooden clogs on the gray pavement. I drift along with the hurrying mass of people, through the narrow gateway into the open air, and find myself standing on the stone steps outside the Tokio station. I look eagerly for Saujiro, the prince of *kuruma*-runners, and presently I see his well-known top-knot breaking through the crowd of *jinrikisha*-men, who stand bare-legged on this cold winter's morning, enveloped from the waist up in brilliant scarlet blankets. He runs up with an *ohayo* (good-morning) and bow, and, giving him my rugs, I bundle myself in the *'rikisha*, with teeth chattering and my little *kuwario* (fire-box) grasped tightly in my hands. While the second runner is being hitched—it is to be a tandem, for an all-day's pull—I gaze hesitatingly on this city of magnificent distances, and try to decide my course. It is impossible to do more than a bit of Tokio in a day, and, in order to save time, one must take certain districts, thus avoiding long stretches of *'rikisha* riding.

Saujiro waits not for the signal, but takes the matter into his own hands. Knowing my weakness for old porcelain, he dashes off in the direction of the Naki-dori, more familiarly known as "Petticoat Lane," from the numerous old *kimono*-shops that line both sides of the narrow street.

What is more interesting than a Japan street, with its crooked bits of architecture and quaint figures? The people are so light-hearted and merry, their life so free and open, that one is inclined to envy them, so little do they need in their simple existence. What better way is there to learn the life of a people than to live in the streets, to drift about and study its lights and shadows? Tokio is in its gala-dress to-day, for with the morrow comes the new year. In the days of old Japan, the year began at the new moon nearest to the fifth of February, which is the Chinese custom, it being the middle point between the *toji* (winter solstice) and *shumbun* (spring equinox); but this ancient way of reckoning time has been abolished by the government. Nothing can be prettier than the new-year decorations; tall, feathery, bamboo stands before each door, waving its tall head high above the gray-roofed houses. A fringe of coarse straw-rope, with its many emblematical signs, is strung along from house to house, and huge red-and-white lanterns hang over each door. It is like walking through a grove of bamboo, and in the narrow, winding streets mere patches of blue sky are seen. There are myriads of gayly-dressed children playing *hagoita* (battledore), a new year's game; babies pickapack, with their little heads rolling about in an extraordinary manner; and dogs everywhere—as numerous as the children, and as active. The cake and candy-shops are filled to overflowing with *mochi*—the great festive cake, a mixture of rice-flour and sugar, and consumed in immense quantities. They revel in it as we do mince-pie and turkey, and it is eaten various ways, both cooked and uncooked, sometimes decorated on the top with a boiled lobster, emblematical of long life and happiness.

I am picking my way through the Nakidori, an *olla-podrida* of everything. The curio-shops—though the entire contents are moved to the front door—look less tempting to-day, for they have a "picked-over" appearance, notwithstanding the shop-keeper tells me that all his curios are exceedingly rare and two hundred years old. I make a few good bargains, however, then turn my face toward Shiba Park, which I reach after a half-hour's ride. We leave the noise and hum of the busy world, pass through the Dai Mon (Great Gate), and enter the grand old park, so quiet and peaceful, with its shadows of the past. In these magnificent tombs—with temples attached—are buried some of the Shoguns of the Tokugana dynasty, which had for its founder the great warrior, Tyéyasu, hero of the greatest battle in Japanese history. I slip off my shoes and follow the shaven *bozu* (priest). How imposing and grand it is, how bewildering is this gorgeous interior, with its massive gilding and its arabesque designs, its exquisitely-carved ceilings and lacquered floors. Ghosts of past centuries seem to haunt the place, and the sunshine from without creeps in and lights up the dark corners, touching the richly-lacquered pillars, and making them blaze with golden light. The air is fragrant with the burning of incense, and the whole scene redolent of color and harmony. Leaving this ancestral temple, we pass a colonnade, rich in wood-carving, and enter the middle court by the O Kara Mon, which is in itself a study, so beautifully carved are its wooden pillars, encircled with the traditional dragon. Here is the old belfry bell and innumerable lanterns of bronze, which have been given by the nobility of all ranks. We have now reached the Ni-Jen Mon (Gate of the Two Heavenly Kings) opening into the avenue, and, as there is hardly time to visit the other temples, I wander through the park till I come to the gate at the other end of Shiba, where I find Saujiro in deep communion with his tobacco-pouch. Taking the tiffin-basket, we walk on, and finally reach two long flights of stone steps. I mount the less precipitous, the "woman's steps," and, after a weary climb, I drop exhausted on the wooden seat of the tea-shed. I soon forget my weariness in the glorious view before me. Tokio is a painfully level city and not particularly attractive, looking down from such an immense height. There is a lack of color, nothing but gray tones, but when the eye travels beyond the limits of the capital to the forts at Shinagawa and the provinces beyond the bay, the scene becomes beautiful and simply grand. I can follow the coast-line of Dai Nippon (Great Japan) for miles, can count the specks of white junks far away on the blue sea, and Fujiyama—can one ever get out of sight of the grand old mountain? It rises now, with its crest of snow, high above the Hakone Range.

How changed is Tokio, since it became the seat of government; how transformed from the Yeddo of the past! One can hardly realize that this immense expanse of city has grown from a rude fortress, for Yeddo was nothing more when it became the capital of Japan. Where I now look upon masses of gray houses were once areas of lagoons, stretching between Uyeno Park and Asakusa. What changes have come with the last twelve years! Feudalism is now a thing of the past, but its growth and customs will always be an interesting feature in Japanese history. The *yashiki* are disappearing one by one, the last link of feudalism is broken, for with the fragments are swept away the historic homes of the *daimios*. One finds it hard to recall even the memory of those old feudal days in looking at the hideous red-brick buildings, which stand on their site. The *yashiki* was a building distinctively Japanese, where the *daimios* and their retainers lived under the Tokugawa régime. It was of immense proportions, covering many acres of ground with courts and gardens, all inclosed by massive barracks. One or two still remain, but, before many days, they will be nothing more than a heap of dust.

While I have been looking back on Yeddo's past, Saujiro, with his feet dangling over the edge of the wall, has been conversing in an animated manner with one of the tea-shed girls. She is a pretty picture standing there in the warm sunlight; her glossy black hair with its strong lights, her face full of rich dark coloring, and the quiet gray tones of her dress make her a charming study. We become friends at once, and she gently offers me her tobacco-pouch and pipe. I shake my head and tell her in very poor Japanese that it is not the custom with foreign ladies. She looks at me with compassion in her pretty eyes, but the feeling is soon forgotten at the sight of numerous bangles I wear on my wrist. I slip them over her chubby little hands and away she dances to the jingling sound. She puts on my gloves, slides her hands into my muff, and with this incongruous array she sits down beside me, and I prepare myself for what I know is coming. With her head on one side and a most bewitching smile, she asks me my age. In my early Japanese days I often wondered why it was the first question asked. I know now it is the polite thing and considered good etiquette in Japanese social life.

Ocha (tea) is brought me of a light "greenery yellow," in tiny blue-and-white cups, and while I am munching away on my sandwiches, Saujiro is ventilating his theories and giving me the latest Tokio gossip. He is a study, this knight of the top-knot, and I am often amused at his ideas of things and people. In a little sketch he gave me of his life one day, he said he greatly preferred being a runner, although he considered it beneath him. He has roamed abroad as valet and has occupied the responsible position of house-boy, but neither suits him so well as the semi-Bohemian life he is now living. His own master, free and unrestrained, he finds in it a sort of fascination.

We leave the vicinity of Shiba and speed along to Asakusa. I see many sights on the way, for the street-life on this last day of the old year is simply bewildering. In the old castle grounds yonder one could easily pass a day, and although the castle palace has long disappeared, the castle itself is little changed since the days of the Shogun Iyémitsu, nearly three centuries ago. What can be lovelier than the sea of lotus that fills its broad, deep moats in summer? The once sacred region is now devoted to the drilling of troops, and at all times of the day the bugle is heard. Most of the army of thirty-five thousand men kept by the government are quartered in the Tokio garrisons, the rest are scattered in different provinces of the empire.

We turn the last corner, and before us is Asakusa, as holy and dirty as any of the old cathedral towns in Europe. I feel like a menagerie as I walk down between the little booths and hear the clicking of a hundred clogs, for I know I am followed by the usual mob. Little children toddle along, struggling with the weight of younger ones on their backs; what fun to see them flounder on the pavement for the copper *sens* (cents) I throw among them! I stop to scatter beans to the pigeons that fly in clouds about my head, then walk up the steps into the great Buddhist temple of Kwannon, named after the Chinese goddess of three thousand years ago. The legend is that somewhere in the middle ages an exiled *ronin*, while fishing in the Asakusa stream, hauled in his net a little figure of Kwannon, which was enshrined and worshiped, and from this sacred image grew the mighty Temple of Kwannon. Immense lanterns—gifts from believers—hang from the ceiling and hide it from view. Within these peaceful cloisters are people kneeling in prayer or offering their small contributions of incense to the burning pile in the big bronze censer.

The worshipers pass up to the main altar, throwing cash into the huge oblong box before they pray, and occasionally a spit-ball prayer is fired at the wire screen surrounding the altar. I am amused at one extremely pious worshiper, who takes an endless time to chew his ball, and, after all, he misses it—it does not stick, his prayer will not be answered.

What amuses me most is an old and very dirty wooden idol, which fairly glistens with its greasy polish, the result of constant rubbing. This battered and worn god, Bindzum, sits placid enough on his pedestal; the head is nothing more than a lump of wood for the eyes, nose, and mouth, even the ears have been rubbed away by this faith-loving people, who believe that by a little rubbing this "healer of the sick" can cure them of their aches and pains. One would think from its antique appearance that all its virtue had departed. From the clouds of tradition I learn that this old god was a disciple of Buddha, who cast him off for admiring woman's beauty, thus violating his vow of chastity. It was then that Buddha gave him the power of curing all ills.

The pagoda over the way is like all others I have seen; the carvings which tip the sides are different in design, but the coloring and little wind-bells which swing from the corners of the massive eaves are always to be found on this quaint tower of Chinese architecture. We buy for a *sen*, slices of raw potato and toss them at a long row of monkeys that sit blinking in the sun, then go on through the park, passing shrines, lanterns, and other mediæval relics of the past, each with its little history. The mound I now approach—not far from the temple—is called Kin-rin-zan (Hill of the Golden Dragon), in memory of the mythical monster which is said to have climbed the hill to the very top with a lantern, thus keeping watch over the Kwannon Temple.

The afternoon is closing, the golden light touches only the highest points, and deeper and deeper grow the shadows. The scene is so full of life with the frolicking children, so full of history with its lights and shadows, that I hate to say good-by. Once more I settle myself in the *'rikisha*, and my men, who seem as fresh as when they started, whirl me away toward the station. I am going along at a lively rate, for the time is short. The hoots and yells of my runners clear the people aside, and faster and faster they run as the station comes in sight. The bell rings—seizing my rugs, I rush madly through the gate, followed by Saujiro with his arms full of bundles. The guard opens the carriage-door and I manage to struggle in, a moment later the locomotive puffs, and between the clouds of smoke I catch a last glimpse of Saujiro's top-knot as he stands bowing a *sayonora*. I seat myself comfortably on the cushions, cold and tired, but well pleased with my day in Tokio.

NELLIE HOPPS HOWARD.

YOKOHAMA, January, 1889.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Tamberlik, the singer, whose death has been announced, retired from the stage years ago and entered into the manufacture of fire-arms.

"No; I can't give you the office," said Postmaster-General Wanamaker to a Philadelphian a few days ago; "anything else to-day?"

Mrs. Mary Hemenway, who saved the Old South for Boston, has now succeeded in preserving the prehistoric ruin, Casa Grande, in Arizona, by inducing Congress to set aside the land on which it stands, and appropriate two thousand dollars for its restoration and protection.

President Harrison is a small man with the most unassuming and charming manner. The night of the inauguration ball, a Western lady asked one of the floor committee to point out Mr. Harrison, and when she saw him she said in a very disappointed way: "That little man, Mr. Harrison? Why, he ain't as big as my boy John."

The widow of Richard A. Proctor, the astronomer, who died in New York city of yellow-fever contracted in Florida, has been granted a civil list pension of five hundred dollars a year, in pursuance of a memorial signed by the Duke of Argyll, the Earl of Crawford, Lord Grimthorpe, Professor Tyndall, Professor Huxley, Sir John Lubbock, and many other prominent Englishmen.

At the queen's last drawing-room, the Marchioness of Granby wore the very dress in which her husband's great-grandmother, the "beautiful" Duchess of Rutland, was married in 1775. It was a white-and-gold brocade, woven in a design of roses and leaves. With it the marchioness wore a train of heliotrope-velvet and some of Nell Gwynne's jewels, in the shape of a splendid diamond coronet, and a pearl necklace, with uncut ruby clasp.

Rev. John Jasper, the colored Richmond, Va., parson whose "de-sun do-move" sermon gave him a national reputation, is nothing if not sensational. Recently, an allegorical wedding ceremony was performed in his church. Ten virgins, with their lamps burning, walked down the aisle to meet the groom at the door, and when the lamps of the five foolish virgins went out, they were summarily shown the door, and forced to wait outside until the ceremony was over. Meanwhile, the five wise virgins escorted the groom up the aisle to meet the bride, while the choir sang, "Behold, the Bridegroom Cometh."

The Chinese Minister at Washington expends more money in telegrams and cable dispatches than the Government of the United States. In communicating with the Chinese Government he makes use of cipher, but as his dispatches cost four dollars a word his bills are enormous. His expenditures in telegraphing reach an average of one thousand dollars a week. One day recently he spent two thousand dollars in sending dispatches to China regarding the Milwaukee riots. His cable messages to China go to Havre, from there to Aden, then across the Arabian Sea, through Hindostan and Siam, to Pekin.

Countess Tolstoï, we are told, is the daughter of a Moscow physician who married the count nearly thirty years ago, when she was very young. She has borne him thirteen children, and was this year nursing the youngest, as she had nursed all its predecessors. Upon her rests the whole burden of the management of the household at Moscow and Yasnaia Poliana. She controls, directs, manages everything. To the count the possession of a house superior to that of a peasant is a sin. In his eyes his family lives in culpable luxury, because they have servants to clean their boots and a cook to prepare their food. He lives in the house, as it were, under protest. The countess has done all that she could to meet his views. They have simplified their existence.

Giuseppe Esposito, many years ago, was the bold and successful leader of a band of brigands in Italy, where his many exploits had gained for him a European reputation, and invested his name with terror to all travelers in the mountains of Sicily. He seized an English traveler one day, and, after due notice and proper waiting, the stock in the bandit camp had not been increased by so much as a single piastre on account of the last adventure. One of the prisoner's ears was then sliced off and forwarded to his friends, and this in turn was followed by its fellow useful and ornamental appendage. But by this time the British Government had been notified, and such a demand made on the Italian authorities that Esposito's gang was quickly dispersed, and he was apprehended and imprisoned. Escaping, he fled to America, and from New York went to New Orleans. In the latter city he shortly manifested his lofty contempt for honest pursuits by becoming chief of a society of black-mailers. Before long he got to be captain of a small coasting vessel, marrying, in the meantime, a pretty young girl of his own race. A warrant was out for him, though, by the Italian Government, and in 1880, Detective Hennessey, now the chief of police of New Orleans, arrested him. He was sent back to Italy, where he was tried, twice sentenced to be hung, and finally sent to prison for life. The wife was left in New Orleans, with an infant son of Esposito. Last week she applied to the mayor to have the boy, Joseph, and the younger child placed in an orphan asylum, as she could not support them, and it was done.

Minna Irving is called the Century Poet. She has recently published a remarkable book called "The Songs of a Haunted Heart." The most wonderful thing about it is the preface, in which she discloses the public how "A Haunted Heart" came to be published. She says that the Prince of Journalists came to her home in the country, and left a burning kiss upon her hand, and she has never got over it. She dedicates her first poem, called the "Cavalier," to "J. G., the Journalist," and the book is dedicated to "her friends, the journalists of New York." Who J. G. is becomes a profound problem, as every page breathes soulful and tender ardor for J. G. Can it be Jay Gould himself, who castle is within a stone's throw of the door of the poetess? J. G., though not, strictly speaking, a prince of journalists, nevertheless has been identified with the New York press. He, at one time, owned a conspicuous morning paper. Whether or not he is princely in the poetic sense, it is certain that, from his turret window, he can look down upon the rose-embowered cottage of Minna, and it may be that these kindred souls have met on the dewy paths of Tarrytown. If the prince of journalists is not Jay Gould, may it not be James Gordon? Minna says most tenderly that he invited her to flee with him on his yacht to a white villa among the roses, on the blue Italian sea. "Yacht," is significant. How many princes of journalism own yachts? Miss Irving made her début in the pages of the *Century Magazine*, wherein she sang about her prince, to the great enjoyment of the general reader of that orthodox periodical. In telling the story of her love for the Prince of Journalists, she says: "For years that passionate kiss burned upon my hand and turned my blood to flame. When the lifeless trees about my dwelling were rocking in the wintry blast, he came again—this time as a lover—but spare me the recital of what followed." It is the recital of what followed that we want more than anything else. What did he do when he came again as a lover? How long did it last? What are the particulars? What was the result?—*New York Tr*

BASE-BALL IN ENGLAND.

"Cockaigne" gives us the Briton's Opinion of the American Game.

Base-hall is the sensation of the hour. Wbether it will take any sort of a hold as a game in England is very doubtful, and its exhibition by the two teams who have come so far to exhihit it to the English people, seems to have been induced by the hope that it might be adopted as an English game. In my opinion, tbere is no room for base-hall in England. It is not that the people do not want it. Tbey do not need it. Cricket is the great national game of England, and foreigners who bave never been to England during tbe summer have no conception of its popularity, or of the enormous numher of men, in all classes of society, wbo play it regularly every season. It is, in one respect, more of a national game to the Englisb than base-ball is to Americans. It is not given up, as base-ball is in America, to professionals. Everybody plays it. There is no age at which the playing of the game is abandoned. While it naturally follows, generally speaking, that young men are tbe most active and expert players, it is also true that middle-aged men take as much interest in tbe game and quite as frequently partially compose the contending teams in matches. Dr. W. G. Grace, wbo is conceded by all to be tbe greatest "all-round" cricketer who ever lived, is a man of forty. By "all round" is meant that he excels in the three departments of the game, to-wit: batting, bowling, and fielding. Few men do tbis. A man may be a good bat, and no howler; or be may be a tip-top howler, and no hat. Again, he may be good at both hatting and bowling, and yet be an indifferent fielder. So, a good fielder may be useless at batting and bowling, or at both.

In the lingo of the game, Grace is a "gentleman." He is not a professional. A "gentleman" at cricket is one wbose standing is in no way dependent upon social rules. He is merely a man who does not play cricket for pay, hut for the mere amusement of the game. Directly a cricketer takes pay for playing in a match, he becomes a professional, no matter what bis social position may be; and a man who does not and will not receive money for taking part in a matcb, is a "gentleman," notwithstanding tbe fact that socially he may have no standing whatsoever. However, the men who, for the most part, compose tbe leading gentlemen cricketers of England are gentlemen, whether at cricket or elsewhere. This distinction between gentlemen and professionals—"players," tbey are called—is one wbicb, strictly speaking, cuts no figure, except at the occasion of some great match. To judge of how this distinction is kept up, it may be stated that there are annually in England at least two matches in which "gentlemen" play on one side and "players" on the other. English professional cricketers are like the professional base-ball players of America. They are a distinct body of men, who make their living by the game. None of them, however, get paid the fabulous sums which base-ball players, especially pitchers, are given in the United States. The English professionals excel chiefly in bowling (analogous to pitcbing) and are especially valuable in a match for that reason. On the other hand, "gentlemen" are admitted to be deficient in howling ability, but are proficient batsmen. Except, therefore, in the annual matcbes which occur between the "gentlemen" and the "players," all representative teams, whether of towns, counties, or clubs, are composed of botb players and gentlemen. In this case, and in no sense, is cricket abandoned to professional playing. Amateurs, whicb is but anotber name for gentlemen, not only play cricket, but excel at it. The amateurs are certainly in tbe majority; and while, as a whole, they may not equal the ability of the professionals, it must be remembered that there are many more amateurs than there are professionals, and tbat there are many amateurs who are very inferior cricketers, while all the professionals are excellent players.

Another thing: There are certainly as many first-class cricketers among the gentlemen as there are among the professional players.

Of course it was right to send over the best hase-ball players that could he found in America; but, all the same, it struck Englishmen as not placing the game in a very favorable light, that there have been no "gentlemen" in either of the base-ball teams that have tbis week been displaying the qualities of the game to English spectators at Kennington Oval, Lord's Cricket-ground, and the Crystal Palace. I happened to hear a conversation—an argument, it may more properly he called—between an English cricketer and an American on the respective merits of cricket and base-ball; which as it in the main embodies the average English view of the subject, and I tbink will give a fair idea of tbe average English opinion of base-ball, as a game, I will endeavor to repeat it. It was while waiting for play to begin, during the game at the Oval, on Tbursday last.

"The great fault that I see in the game of hase-hall," said the Englishman, "is that its playing is apparently confined to professionals. I do not call that a national game."

"You are wrong in saying that," replied the American; "I grant that all of these men are professionals, but it stands to reason that professionals play better tban amateurs. You contend that?"

"No, I don't; we have dozens of English gentlemen who play cricket quite as well as—in some cases better than—professionals. I take it that there are no American gentlemen who play base-ball."

"Oh, yes, there are."

"Then why haven't you got them in one or the other of the base-ball teams? Tell me that."

"For two very good reasons. First, hecause professional base-ball players play better than amateurs, as a general rule, and we wanted to send over the best teams tbat could he got, in order to exhibit the game as near perfect in its playing as it can be; second, hecause you couldn't get the hest American amateurs to go on a tour of this sort. They couldn't spare time for one thing, and they couldn't afford it for another."

"How do these men afford it?"

"Their expenses are paid, of course."

"I suppose American gentlemen, then, are above having their expenses paid. Ha! ha! a curious republican sentiment tbat!"

"No, they are not; but I tbought having his expenses paid turned an amateur into a professional? I believe that is the rule at cricket."

"Oh, perhaps you are right in tbat; but surely, in a rich country like America, nine gentlemen, at least, could be found who could afford to pay their own expenses on a tour of this sort? I'm sure there are plenty who come to England every year who pay tbeir own expenses."

"Of course tbere are; hut tbose are the men who don't play hase-ball well enough to take part in first-class games. Gentlemen of independent private fortune, in America, don't, as a very common thing, devote much time to athletic sports. They live lives of luxury and ease, and—I don't defend the custom, I only state the fact—you won't find them very proficient base-ball players. Besides, the game of base-ball is essentially a young man's game. It requires a trained physique and young muscle."

"So does cricket."

"No doubt ahout it. Cricket players ought to bave a trained physique and young muscle. But how many of them have?"

"Oh, loads."

"But bow many? The majority?"

"No, certainly not."

"Do twenty per cent. of the men wbo play cricket in England possess the requisite physique and muscle to excel at the game?"

"No, perhaps not."

"Don't you know they do not? Are not quite eighty per cent. of the players you see taking part in cricket matcbes actually deficient in physique and muscle? Are not a good percentage of them old men—or wbat would he called old men in base-ball—with big stomachs, no wind, and puffy, soft bands?"

"Wbat do you call the puhlic-school matches? Old men?"

"No, the other extreme—vealy, unripe boys; lanky, narrow-chested, and without stamina. You can't develop muscle on a growing youtb—to any great extent, anyhow."

"The university matches, then?"

"Ah, there I agree. There you have the flower of your young gentry in the prime of youth, if one can use such an expression. Your university cricketers are more of the stamp of our base-ball players—in age, at all events."

"But are all your base-ball players young men?"

"Mostly."

"Middle-aged men don't play the game?"

"No, because they give it up when they get to be middle-aged. In England, a man never stops playing cricket. Very nice, no doubt, for tbe old fellows, but it does not raise the standard of the game, and it makes but poor amusement for lookers-on. Why, I've seen cricket matches here, where, if base-ball were played like that in America, the spectators would bave risen up *en masse* and mobbed the players. Old men, with game legs, who bad to have some one run for them; old men, who couldn't catch a hall, much less stop one; old men, toddling after a ball and throwing it in underhand in half-a-dozen hops, when a base-ball player would send it in straight to the wicket-keeper's hands; and old men, standing up and hlocking balls by the hour. How people in England can go, day after day, and *pay* to see their grandfathers and great-uncles play ball, is what gets me."

The Englishman took his glass out of his eye to get a more perfect and less artificially interrupted view of tbe man who thus dared to criticise bis beloved cricket. His look was one of intense pity for the Yankee's benighted ignorance and harharic opinions. He nodded his head to himself and smiled as if in acquiescence, with some passing thought derogative to the country of his adversary's birth, and said:

"But don't you see what I mean? I say that a game is no national game that is made up of only professional players," and he put his glass into his eye again and frowned at the vandal.

"Look here," replied the American, sharply, "I've already told you that base-hall is not made up of professionals. There are thousands of amateurs."

"Then, why the deuce haven't you got some of 'em in those teams? I can tell you tbis, the playing would interest Englishmen a good deal more if there was at least one team half-and-balf."

I saw a twinkle in the American's eye. He saw a chance for a mild joke.

"I should guess from what I've seen of them that most of your cricket-teams were *all* balf-and-half."

But the Englishman did not even wink. He never saw it.

"No, tbey're not," he answered; "there are some teams all professionals, like your base-hall teams, and some all gentlemen."

"Now look here," said the American, apparently riled at his wit falling so flat, "I'll tell you wbere your great mistake lies."

"We've got no mistakes in cricket," said the Englishman, pompously.

"I'm not talking of cricket. I'm alluding to base-hall. You go on judging it hy cricket. If it isn't like cricket in tbis way, or tbat way, or the other way, it's no good. It's inferior at once. You never give it a fair chance in your mind. It is continued comparison with cricket. You don't seem able to get it through your wool that if it was like cricket in any way these young men wouldn't be in England to-day for the purpose of showing the game to Englishmen. It is its dissimilarity to cricket that makes it a novelty, and furnishes, I believe, to Americans its greatest recommendation. No American of average intelligence could stand a game that may take three days to play out; tbat permits a player to stay in as long as he can, and to run when he likes; that virtually comes to a protracted standstill every two or three minutes to allow its players to walk past each other, and exchange pleasantries in passing; that considers the howling of four or five consecutive balls the limit of a great, big, hurly howler's strength and endurance; that allows its players to tie pillows around tbeir legs and wear tbick India-rubber gloves on their hands for fear of getting hurt by the ball. If people are afraid of——"

"I say! What do you call that iron-cage of the wicket-keep—ahem—er (looking at the list of players) the—er—oh, yes, tbe 'catcher'—what do you call that?"

"Well, I declare, if that isn't just like everytbing else! You'd like to stand up close to the striker and get your nose broke by a swung-back bat, wouldn't you? Getting a broken nose, an eye put out, or all your teeth knocked down your throat are slightly different from a hruised shin or a harked knuckle. But let me finish what I was saying. The reason professionals play all our match-games of importance, is that they play better, and Americans have no time to waste on anything but the best they can get. We wouldn't stay three minutes, let alone tbree days, watching a game of base-ball played as nine-tenths of your cricket matches are played. Ball after ball muffed, and half the day wasted in walking about the field. We've got no time to waste like that. We're a busy people, and base-ball, our national game, is a fair exhibit of national taste and characteristics. It's rapid, lively, and active. No one has time to go to sleep. There are no lulls. No two-hour interregnums to stuff roast beef and plum-pudding and swig beer. We play a game out without stopping, and it only takes a couple of bours."

"Yes, but don't you see, you have no good gentlemen-players—amateurs—wbo play as well as professionals. Why is that? We have in England."

"I know you have, and I'll tell you why. Cricket is easier for amateurs to excel at tban hase-ball, for one thing."

"Easier!" exclaimed the Englishman.

"Just let me say my say. Another thing is, you are chock full of idle, do-nothing, occupationless, professionless gentlemen in England—men of all ages, who have nothing to do hut play cricket. We have no such class as that in America. We play hase-hall when we can, and then, only. Tbese professionals make tbeir living hy the game, and are practicing all day long. They are like your English gentlemen. They have nothing else to do. No one can play base-ball witbout training and constant practice. In that it differs from cricket, so you can't compare the two. That's wby these teams are professionals. We like to see the best hall players in America when we pay for it, and we thought you were the same way."

"But, don't you see," hegan the Englishman again.

As it was evident the argument showed no signs of reacbing a termination, I walked on. Tbe game was called at the moment and the players took their places. It was certainly a novel sigbt on British soil. That any game but cricket should attract so large an attendance was marvelous. Yet so it was. It is true tbat after the first hour's play, the crowd dwindled down to balf, hut at the outset there must bave been five thousand spectators who had paid for admission on the ground. Tbe two teams, in their neat uniforms, at once attracted attention. "Chicago" in blue and black, and "All America" in white and hlue, with the name of the club each player belonged to across the breast of bis flannel-shirt. To tbe English eye the dress of "All America" was tbe most business-like. It was more like what cricketers wear. The black knickerbockers of the Chicago players received some criticism in consequence. Witb their knee-breecbes and long stockings, they had to be likened to something English. As it couldn't be cricketers, foot-ball had to he fallen hack on for a comparison. "What a jolly team of foot-ball players they would make!" exclaimed one man. The weather was of the most disagreeable character for an out-of-door game to be played in. A Scotch mist, with now and tben a drizzle of cold rain. The ground, too, was soft and spongy, and there was but little chance therefore for the exhibition of the ahilities of the players in stealing hases. However, the play went on. I couldn't help thinking what up-hill work it must have been to play hefore such an ignorant and therefore unappreciative audience. Of course tbere were many Americans present, but the crowd which gives the cheer and the roar was Englisb. Gradually the points of the game were being understood and good play received some sort of recognition. But it was a good deal like a performance of a fine old English comedy before an audience of Chinese. However, the adroit spinning of the ball hy tbe pitchers—the "curving"—was a matter of continued interest.

Not the least of the interested spectators was the Prince of Wales, who arrived on the ground shortly after play began, accompanied by a party of friends. The game was stopped as the prince entered the pavilion, and the players *en masse* gave him a rousing tbree cheers, ending with a characteristic American "tiger." After that the players were called up to the pavilion and presented to the prince, who greeted them most cordially and conversed for some time with different members of the two teams. The Prince of Wales, indeed, never seems to miss an opportunity of paying respect to and showing interest in Americans. I hardly know if this is as pleasing to some of his subjects as it might he. But he does not care. Among Americans present were Consul-General Waller, and "M. Henri Blanc" (Mr. Henry Wbite) the United States *Chargé d'Affaires*. I do not imagine the latter gentleman ever bad a hase-hall hat in his band in his life, and could not tell the pitcber's box from a foul hall. But then, you see, the Prince of Wales was there, and so was the Duke of Beaufort, and several other noblemen of the American representative's intimate acquaintance.

After the game, the two teams sat down to a repast presided over by Lord Lewisbam. Take it altogether, I think the American base-ball players have every reason to he pleased with tbe reception accorded them in England. I don't think they will get England to adopt their game, hut they are having a good time in tbeir endeavor to achieve that result, and evidently know it. COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, March 15, 1889.

In France it has been shown that frozen milk can he transported witb the greatest ease, and that after being kept for days and weeks and then simply thawed out, it retains all the characteristics of fresh milk.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

"I am sick and tired of writing dialect," said James Whitcomb Riley, recently; "and I can write better verse than I ever wrote in jargon, and I mean to do it."

An account of the English pension-list, which has been compiled for the London Society of Authors, brings to light the fact that Tennyson, forty-three years ago, was enrolled on the list "in consideration of his eminence as a poet." It was only three years earlier—in November, 1842—says the account, that William Wordsworth, then seventy-two, received a pension from Sir Robert Peel, and two years earlier that, on the death of Southey, he was offered the laureateship. Southey, who became laureate in 1813, had then been a pensioner for six years.

A continuation of "Robert Elsmere" has already been begun by an American publisher, and advance-sheets, containing thrilling installments of the romantic adventures of "Robert Elsmere's Daughter," are being scattered broadcast over the length and breadth of the United States. From the title of the story, the impression sought to be conveyed is that Mrs. Humphrey Ward, the author of "Robert Elsmere," is responsible, too, for "Robert Elsmere's Daughter," the headings of the story being arranged in this specious shape: "'Robert Elsmere's Daughter'—a companion story to 'Robert Elsmere'—by Mrs. Humphrey Ward. (This story will not be published in book-form.)"

In the *Atlantic Monthly* for March, Charles Dudley Warner writes about "Simplicity" in literary style, in building and architecture, in dress, and in life. This is what he says about style in literature: "The most cultivated men, we know, are the simplest in manners, in taste, in their style. It is a note of some of the purest modern writers that they avoid comparisons, similes, and even too much use of metaphor. But the mass of men are always relapsing into the tawdry and the over-ornamented. It is a characteristic of over-development. Literature, in any language, has no sooner arrived at the highest vigor of simple expression than it begins to run into prettiness, conceits, over-elaboration. This is a fact which may be verified by studying different periods, from classic literature to our own day."

The editor of the *Journalist* wrote recently to George William Curtis and Charles Dudley Warner asking them if they were in the habit of re-reading their own books. In reply, Mr. Curtis says: "It is but a very few weeks since I was asked to write a passage from 'Prue and I' as an autograph, and I read much of it with a great deal of interest, arising, of course, from association and recollection of the circumstances under which it was written. I am not a very diligent reader of my own books, however, and that I presume to be true of most authors." Mr. Warner writes: "I have to confess that I never read the books you refer to since I read the proofs of them, except a chapter or two for some charity. This is true of all my books. After I see the proof of a thing I am dead tired of it, and never want to see it again." From these two letters we may take it as settled that authors do not spend much time over their books when once published.

New Publications.

"Lady Bluebeard," a novel by the author of that charming "Anthropoidal Idyl—Zit and Xoe," which was printed in the *Argonaut* some two years ago, has been issued in the Franklin Square Library by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 40 cents.

"My Cousin, Miss Cinderella," translated from the French of Leon de Tinseau by E. W. Naylor, whose translation of "The Story of Colette" was one of the earlier successes of the same series in which this story appears, is the latest issue of the Gainshorough Series. It is a charming *nouvelle*, and the translation, though very French at times, loses little of the attractions of the original. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, 25 cents.

The two series of "Romances of Real Life," edited by Leigh Hunt, have been issued in the Handy Library in two volumes. These tales originally appeared in the London *Journal*, and were, to some extent, revised by Hunt during his editorial charge of that journal; of them he says: "Crimes, virtues, humors, plots, agencies, heroical sacrifices, mysteries of the most extraordinary description, though taking place in the most ordinary walks of life, are the staple commodity of the book—all true and, for the most part, well told;" and, indeed, they do bear out the old adage that truth is stranger than fiction. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 75 cents per volume.

"Pipes o' Pan at Zekesbury" is the title of James Whitcomb Riley's latest volume, a melange of five pleasant stories and some fifty poems. Riley's muse wears a boosier sun-bonnet, but she is kind of heart and not without the physical attractions that good digestion and a clear conscience insure; his verses are full of the milk of human kindness, skirting lightly on the line that divides humor from pathos, and bring almost as many tears of mirth as of compassion. There has been so much utter twaddle written in dialect that almost all attempts to preserve the peculiar vernacular of various localities have fallen into disrepute, but Riley is best in his dialect verse, and his admirers will be glad to know that there is plenty of it in "Pipes o' Pan." Some of the verses are not new, but a large proportion are first given to the world in this volume. Published by the Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.25.

"Constitutional Government in Spain," by our late Minister to Spain, the Hon. J. L. M. Curry, LL. D., is an excellent sketch in a field but little worked as yet; it is a history of the development of constitutional and free government in Spain from 1812 to the present day, entering into the general history of the period only in so far as is necessary for a full understanding of the special phase which is made the subject of the book. Mr. Curry's position gave him exceptional facilities for observing and for acquiring information, and he has utilized them in a way that should make every student of governmental science grateful. In appendixes are given sketches of Fernando, Leopold, Duke of Montpensier, Amadeo, Christina, Isabel, Alfonso the Twelfth, the Infantas, the Queen Regent, and Alfonso the Thirteenth; a review of the present condition of Spain; and a chapter on the acquisition of Florida by the United States. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

The entertaining series of papers on the French people and their peculiarities, which W. C. Brownell has been contributing to *Scribner's* in the past few months, have been issued in a book bearing the title "French Traits." Beside the original papers, two new ones are here published for the first time—"Morality" and "Democracy." The essay on French morality is almost the key-note of the series; if one reads it, one can form an idea of the slightly charitable tone of Mr. Brownell's criticism on other points, for he tells us that their morality comes from the outside, from honor rather than duty. But, though one essay shows the general trend of the writer's thought, each is refreshingly novel. The essays, beside the two already mentioned, are: "The Social Instinct," "Intelligence," "Sense and Sentiment," "Manners," "Women," "The Art Insiinct," "The Provincial Spirit," and "New York after Paris"—all thoughtful and brilliant essays by a careful observer of human nature. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Strickland & Co.

A book has recently been published in the International Educational Series which will bear out young mothers in their opinion that babies are interesting phenomena. It is the second part of Professor Preyer's "Mind of the Child," and treats of the development of the intellect, being a series of recorded and scientifically arranged observations concerning the mental growth of the human being in the first forty months of life. The first part of the book is a conspectus, showing the progress of the child by months, and the second part consists of deductions from that record. Three appendixes are: "Comparative Observations concerning the Acquirement of Speech by German and Foreign Children" (the book is a translation from Preyer's German original by W. H. Brown); "Notes of Lacking, Defective, and Arrested Mental Development in the First Years of Life;" and "Reports on the Process of Learning to See, on the part of Persons born blind but acquiring Sight through Surgical Treatment." Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.50.

McCarty's "Annual Statistician and Economist" has been issued for the year 1889, this being the thirteenth issue of that almost invaluable work. The aim of the editor and publisher is to get the book out in March of each year; this issue was delayed a few days by the late receipt of some important information, but a slip has been inserted containing the principal occurences—from March 3d to March 29th, including the hurricane at Samoa and the President's appointments to foreign missions and governorships of Territories—which have taken place while the book was being bound, so that the delay has made the "Statistician" a history of human progress up to this month of April, 1889. To give even an idea of the vast amount and variety of information in the book would almost take such another book, for each statement is compressed into the smallest space compatible with absolute clearness; it begins with the United States, giving a history of the development of the government and of the country, lists of officials and tables of population and production; similar accounts of the States and Territories, California being treated at especial length; and a history of each county in this State. "The World" is the next division, containing similar but briefer treatment of all portions of the known globe in their political and material progress. The third division is "The Practical"—tables of weights and measures, tables for rapid calculation, specific gravities, values of metals, etc. The fourth and last division is "The Miscellany," and it may almost be said to contain every scrap of useful or curious information which is not in one of the other divisions. Some of its features are: a list of inventions; turf, sporting, and marine records; poisons and antidotes; superlatives, a collection of the extremes in men and things; expectation of life at various periods; rare and useful facts; grammatical parts of speech; deep-sea soundings, lengths of bridges, tunnels, etc.; pen names of popular authors; empiricism, physical science, positivism, transcendentalism, metaphysical philosophy, mysticism, etc. An index closes the volume, which will be found of great value to the reader, the student, the business-man, lawyer, journalist, clergyman, and any person who cares to verify his own or other people's statements, or to look up what he fails to comprehend in his readings. Published and for sale by L. P. McCarty, San Francisco; price: cloth, $4.00; leather, $5.00.

Journalistic Chit-Chat.

Mr. William S. Walsh has resigned the editorship of *Lippincott's Magazine*, and will hereafter devote his attention to editing the Sunday *Herald*. Mr. Walsh brought journalistic methods to bear in editing *Lippincott's*, and certainly caused that magazine to be more talked about than it ever was before.

Le Fifre, a new satirical weekly paper, made its first appearance in Paris on the twenty-third of February. It is a handsome sheet of four pages, containing two large drawings by M. J. L. Forain, the well-known realist-impressionist painter. M. Forain, in fact, will be the paper, since he is its owner and publisher as well as its editor and sole contributor with pen and pencil.

Society is the name of a new Philadelphia weekly. Its general scope is sufficiently indicated in its name, but it proposes to cover in addition the fields of literature, drama, art, music, and club-life. Among the contributors are Charles R. Deacon, Samuel S. Stinson, Thomas Earle White, and Samuel Williams Cooper. Hal Hurst, of *Life*, has charge of the art department, and the editorial board consists of H. D. Hughes, W. C. Pearse, and Porter F. Cope.

A Toulon, France, newspaper printed an article headed "Officers and Cads," which gave offense to the garrison at that place, and one of the officers, M. Margaine, called at the office of the paper and slapped the face of M. Pyanet, the editor. There was a duel, and the editor was slightly wounded. Another officer challenged the man who had written the article, M. Lescudier, but was unable to get him to the scratch, whereupon the officers composed an article calling all the writers on the paper "curs," except the editor who had fought. This was printed in an opposition paper, and the "curs" promptly challenged all the officers. The colonel put his men under arrest, but they will be free in a fortnight, and then there will be a dozen or more duels, beside two that M. Lescudier has on with other writers who criticised his action. Editor Pyanet has recovered from his wound, and superintends the daily drill which his subordinates are undergoing preliminary to the beginning of actual hostilities.

Some Magazines.

The *Forum* for March contained an attack on the public-school system by Cardinal Manning. In the April number, Professor George P. Fisher, of Yale, makes a reply, and points out the necessary conflict between Catholicism, as interpreted by Cardinal Manning, and American institutions, defending freedom of religion and the public school. The extraordinary career of Boulanger in French politics is narrated by a Parisian journalist, Guillaume C. Téner. The Rev. Dr. William Barry analyzes social unrest. Albion W. Tourgée reviews the negro problem. Edward Atkinson emphasizes the necessity of giving reformatory agitation a practical turn. W. S. Lilly contributes "Ethics of Art." Edmund Gosse explains his fear that democratic tendencies prevent a proper appreciation of literature. Dr. Thomas Hill explains Ellis's "Glossic" system of spelling. H. C. Bunts gives the meaning of the Monroe Doctrine. Darius Lyman points out the legal impediments to a revival of our carrying trade. Senator Stewart, of Nevada, discusses the irrigation of our great area of rainless land.

The *North American Review* for April contains: "An Extra Session—When?" by Senator William B. Allison; "Professor Huxley and Agnosticism," by Colonel R. G. Ingersoll; "Feasibility of Aerostation," by Karl Blind; "American Marriages Abroad," by Eugene Schuyler; "In Josephine's Garden," by Gail Hamilton; "Christianity Versus Socialism," by the Rev. Lyman Abbott, D. D.; "The Début of a Dramatist," by Dion Boucicault; "Pleas for Copyright," by George Haven Putnam; "The Chinese Must Stay," by Yan Phou Lee; "Behind the Curtain of a Conspiracy," by John T. Ford, ex-proprietor of Ford's Theatre; "Idiosyncrasies of Alcohol," by W. S. Searle, M. D.; "Inadequate Congressional Salaries," by Jonathan Chace; "Fog-Signals at Sea," by F. W. H., and Captains C. W. Kennedy, Samuel Brooks, George Burton, and A. Boyer; "Thought-Transferrence," by Sarah E. Post, M. D.; "Some Newly-Discovered Heroes," by S. Forsythe; "How Artemus Ward Became a Lecturer," by J. W. Watson; "Interviewing as a Factor in Journalism," by Horace Townsend; "Turkish Freethinkers," by A. L. Francis; "Geographical Delusions," by Felix L. Oswald; and "Count Tolstoi and his Critics," by Alfred H. Peters.

The April *Century* is a Centennial number. The frontispiece is a picture by I. R. Wiles, "Washington Taking the Oath as President." The first article is a historical sketch of "The Inauguration of Washington," by Mr. Clarence W. Bowen (secretary of the Centennial Committee). This is followed by two articles by Mrs. Burton Harrison: "Washington at Mount Vernon after the Revolution," and "Washington in New York in 1789." Mr. Charles Henry Hart describes the "Original Portraits of Washington," and McMaster, the historian, writes concerning "A Century of Constitutional Interpretation." Other articles are: New chapters of Mrs. Foote's novel, "The Last Assembly Ball"; George Kennan on "The Russian Police"; Remington, the artist, writes and illustrates an article on the colored United States troops of the West; Mr. Harry S. Edwards gives a story, "A Born Inventor"; the Lincoln History treats of "Retaliation, the Enrollment, and the Draft"; Miss Viola Roseboro' has a story, "A Jest of Fate"; and in the Old Master Series the artist this month is Ambrogio Lorenzetti. The special commissioner, Mr. George H. Bates, sent by the United States to Samoa in 1886, contributes "Some Aspects of the Samoan Question." The poems are by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Christopher P. Cranch, Charles Henry Webb, Walter Learned, Louise Morgan Smith, Kemper Bocock, Edward A. Oldham, and William Zachary Gladwin.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The Duke of Newcastle, of borough-mongering fame, was once asked for a day's fishing by a newly-arrived clergyman. The reply was: "The Duke of Newcastle can not comply with Mr. Nose's request. S.—Finding Mr. Nose's name is Rose, he is pleased to grant his request."

Here is Oscar Wilde's latest. He chanced to call on a lady who had just purchased a number of Japanese screens, which were standing in artistic disorder in the drawing-room. "You have come just in time, Mr. Wilde," she said, "and can arrange my screens for me." But Oscar replied: "Oh, don't arrange them; let them 'occur.'"

A distinguished general, who began his career in the engineers, became involved one day in a discussion with brother officers over some delicate point of military procedure. "I tell you," said the general, "you are quite wrong. It is impossible to hold such a position." "But, general," said one of the disputants, "there is the very highest authority on our side." "Whose authority, pray?" "That of Napoleon!" "Napoleon!" exclaimed the general; "and what was Napoleon? A mere artillery officer!"

A young French countess of great beauty, at a recent reception, gazed with much vehemence her views of General Boulanger. One of the company was a learned Academician, prominent in literature, who, while the pretty countess was talking, appeared to take little notice of what she was saying. This absence of mind vexed the lady. Presently she turned to the Academician, and said, abruptly: "Come, monsieur, am I not right?" "Pardon me, madam," said the Academician, smiling, "but I do not know how to look and to listen at the same time."

"I beg your pardon, madam, but you are sitting on my hat," claimed a gentleman. "Oh, pray excuse me; I thought it was my husband's," was the unexpected reply. In another instance of conjugal amenities, a wife said to her husband: "I saw Mrs. Becker this morning, and she complained that on the occasion of her last visit you were so rude to her that she thought she must have offended you." "Nothing of the kind," he answered; "on the contrary, I like her very much, but it was rather dark at the time, and when I entered the room at first I thought it was you."

The late Miss Mary Booth was not given to jesting, because she was a woman of serious mind, but she had a dry humor that was irresistible (says *Town Topics*). Once a young Western lady came on to New York one winter, bringing a five-act drama, which she hoped to sell for untold thousands. After hounding managers for months and getting only polite refusals, she said to Miss Booth one day: "Don't you think there is some way in which I could have my play put on the stage?" "Oh, yes," said Miss Booth, with a twinkle in her eye. "Do tell me how," cried the aspirant for the laurels of Sardou. "Why, ground it, it could be used as snow-storms."

A striking story is told by Darwin in the life of his grandfather, Darwin, of Derby. One day a patient entered the consulting-room of a London physician and detailed the symptoms of his illness. It was an obscure and difficult case, of a kind that was only imperfectly understood, and the London doctor confessed himself fairly puzzled. He could only say that the patient was in a most perilous state. "There is only one man in England who understands the disease," said the London doctor; "who understands cases of this sort, and you should go and consult him. It is Dr. Darwin, of Derby." "Alas!" was the answer, "I am Dr. Darwin, of Derby."

Somebody with ingenious curiosity has discovered that Mr. Chamberlain said "I" one hundred and seventy-four times in his speech at Glasgow, the other day. The public man who is supposed to have the highest record in this respect is Sir George Bowen, about whose fondness for the personal pronoun a good story used to be told in the colonies. A Victorian journalist remarked to a New South Wales colleague that the paper was preparing a reprint of a speech by Sir George Bowen, and that they had run short of "i's." "We can help you," said his friend from New South Wales; "we are republishing a speech by Sir Henry Parkes, and as he has left out all his 'h's' we can lend them to you; you might cut them in half and use them for 'i's.'"

There was once an English doctor whose morning levees were crowded beyond description. It was his pride and boast that he could feel a patient's pulse, look at his tongue, probe at him with his stethoscope, write his prescription, pocket his fee, in a space of time varying from two to five minutes. One day an army-man was shown into the consulting-room, and underwent what may be called the instantaneous process. When it was completed, the patient shook hands heartily with the doctor, and said: "I am especially glad to meet you, as I have often heard my father, Colonel Forester, speak of his old friend, Dr. L." "What!" exclaimed the doctor, "are you Dick Forester's son?" "Most certainly I am." "My dear fellow, fling that infernal prescription into the fire and sit down quietly and tell me what's the matter with you."

Señor Castelar gives a dramatic picture of his expulsion from Rome in the days before Victor Emmanuel entered the capital. The landlord of his hotel, having received a domiciliary visit from the police, went to his guest, and asked him, in a terrified manner: "Why did you conceal your rank from me?" "My rank? I have none to conceal." "Your importance?" "I am not of any consequence." "You are a distinguished person." "I distinguished!" said Señor Castelar; "hah! you are mocking me." "I have kept the police from coming to your chambers by saying that I would communicate to you their orders." "What orders?" "The orders to leave Rome immediately." Señor Castelar had written books that were on the "Index Expurgatorius," and besides he was told that he was a friend of Garibaldi and Mazzini, a democrat and revolutionist, and that if he did not leave Rome by the train in the morning he would be imprisoned, and might even be hanged. It was then half-past nine o'clock; the next train left at ten, and Emilio Castelar left in it.

A law-suit, the incidents of which have served as a basis for one of two novels, involved the possession of a large estate, which a distant relative of the late owner claimed by virtue of a deed of gift, which he asserted had been executed at a time when the owner was on bad terms with his sons. There was no will. The paper bore every mark of being genuine; was formally executed; the witnesses swore to their signatures, and experts testified their belief that the name of the man was written by himself. All hope for the heirs seemed to be lost when their counsel, suddenly raising the paper close to his eyes, sent a messenger hastily out of court. The claimant continued to bring in testimony in proof of the genuineness of the document for an hour. The case appeared to be fully established, when the counsel for the defendants called a grave old Quaker to the witness-stand. "Friend B., please hold that paper up to the light. What is the water-mark on it?" "That of my firm, Blank & Son." "When did you begin the manufacture of paper?" "In 1849." "What is the date of the document?" "July ro, 1844." "That is enough. Gentlemen of the jury, we close our case."

A sanitary regulation of Detroit demands the placarding of houses in which any form of contagious disease exists. A card about nine inches square, of a bright-red color, and lettered in black, is the conspicuous sign, posted beside the entrance. Its inscription, printed in three languages, English, French and German, varies only with the sickness, "whooping cough here" giving place to measles, diphtheria, or whatever the malady may be. From this rule no residence in the city is exempt if the need occurs.

SOCIETY.

The Crocker-Ives Wedding.

A notable wedding occurred last Wednesday evening at he First Congregational Church, when about two thousand nvited guests witnessed the marriage of Mr. Henry J. Crocker and Miss Mary Virginia Ives. Considerable interst has been manifested in the affair owing to the prominence of the contracting parties. The bride is the daughter of Mrs. Euoice Ives, and was the adopted daughter of Mrs. Charles McLaughlin, whose demise prevented her in a measure from entering fully into the gayeties of social life here. But she has a large circle of warm friends, whose best wishes are for her future happiness. Mr. Crocker, who is the soo of Mr. and Mrs. Clark W. Crocker, is a member of the firm of H. S. Crocker & Co., and is very popular in both social and commercial circles.

Every approach to the chnrch was crowded with carriages soon after eight o'clock, and a flood of light shone out through he foliations of the staioed-glass windows, a forerunner of he brightness within. The nave contained an elegantlyattired assemblage and the gallery was also crowded. Along the railing, graceful festoons of smilax were placed, and, at intervals, were dwarf-palms, rising a few feet above the rail. The chancel, however, was most attractive. The arcade, back of the pulpit, was completely concealed by masses of yellow and white Lady Banksia roses and large clusters of wisteria, so arranged as to appear as if nature had made them bloom there. At either side arose tall branches of white Lady Banksia roses, and above them clambered masses of wisteria, rich in its tones of royal purple. In the side niches were baskets formed of wisteria holding clusters of long-stemmed La France roses, and the marhle pedestals sustained urns wrought of acacia and filled with these same beautiful roses. The rail of the crimson velvet prie-dien was wound with fair blossoms, while the pulpit above was covered with a mantle of white lilacs and supported a lovely basket of longiflorum, which so closely resembles the St. Joseph's lilies in appearance. Above the chancel consoles was the organ gallery, the face of which was set with mosaics of marigolds and marguerites alternating, tbe central one bearing the cipher "C. I.," wrought respectively of white camellias and Russian violets. Two large golden-hued urns, made of marigolds, surmounted this and they contained clusters of waving marguerites. The entire effect was decidedly pretty, and reflected credit upon the decorator, George B. Jones.

The sweet melody of organ voluntaries filled the sacred edifice for half an hour previous to the ceremony, ending at half-past eight o'clock, when Colonel Mayer played the "Bridal Chorus" from "Lohengrin" as the bridal party marched np the central aisle. The six ushers were first and comprised Mr. William R. Sherwood, Mr. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. T. T. Dargie, Mr. George A. Newhall, Mr. George Crocker, and Mr. John Scott. Next came the sextet of bridesmaids: Miss Fanny Crocker, Miss Nellie Corbitt, Miss Jennie Hooker, Miss Evelyn Carolan, Miss Flora Carroll, and Miss Carrie McLaine. The bride was last in the cortege and was accompanied by her maid of honor, Miss Florence Ives. The groom and his best man, Mr. Charles H. Crocker, awaited them at the chancel. After all had assumed their proper positions, the mnsic was merged into a soft symphony and the marriage rites were commenced. Standing there in relief against the background of flowers and foliage the bridal party formed a picture that was at once interesting and attractive. Especially noticeahle were the toilets of the ladies, which were very becoming.

The bride looked lovely in a rich toilet of pure white faille française which was made à la Princesse with a long and gracefully laid court train. The jupe of white satin was prettily draped with point de Venise lace and the high bodice was finished with a yoke of lace. The long sleeves of faille were puffed with lace, and her gloves were of white undressed kid. From her coiffure, which was dressed high, depended the bridal veil of fleecy white silk moleine confined in place by a blazing diamond crescent and enveloping her graceful figure. A spray of orange blossoms nestled at her throat, and she carried a hand-bouquet of these flowers and white hyacinths encompassed by ribbons of white corded silk.

Miss Floreoce Ives, her sister, appeared in a charming costume of white moire antique, made dancing length, with overdress of white moleine. The pointed bodice was cot shaped back and front and had a surplice drapery of white tulle. Her elbow gloves were of white uodressed kid, and she wore a coronet of jessamine in her coiffure. Her handbouquet was of white lilacs and snow-drops tied with white tulle.

The costumes of the six bridsmaids were all alike and were exceedingly becomiog. They were of pink surah, made dancing length and décolleté, with overdresses of pink tulle. They wore coronets of jessamine in the coifture and carried bunches of pink apple-blossoms tied with pink mull.

The ceremony was celebrated impressively according to the rites of the Presbyterian Church by the Rev. Dr. Smith, pastor of St. John's Church. Mr. McLaine, the bride's brother-in-law, gave her away. At the conclusion of the ceremony, Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" was played and the bridal party, headed by the newly-married couple, marched down the aisle and through the canvas-covered archway to their carriages at the entrance. They were driven to the residence of Mrs. Ives, 801 Sutter Street, where a reception was held to which about two hundred and fifty intimate friends had been invited. Each apartment was brilliantly illuminated, all of the floors were canvased, and handsome decorations made the residence more than usually beautiful and attractive. The hall was arranged in pink with masses of Duchesse de Brabant roses, gladioli, and ...beoa tied here and there with pink silk-ribbons and combined with pretty clusters of Marechal Niel and Lady Banksia roses, and wild blackberry vines. A charming feature of the decoration in the main salon was a nuptial bower formed of apple blossoms, sustained by silk cords and ...gs, and draped with pale-pink tulle. This bower extended ...ward from the bay-window, which was set with the greenled foliage of the cork-elm, to the mirrors at the sides, whose depths the pretty scene was reflected over and over again. Everywhere throughout the rooms were exquisite floral arrangements, all the work of Miss Mary Bates, and in addition there were numerons floral tokens which kind friends had sent.

Upon arriving at the residence Mr. and Mrs. Crocker took positions beneath the bower and received their guests with the assistance of the maid of honor, the bridesmaids, Mrs. Ives, and Mrs. Clark W. Crocker. Ballenberg's band gave the latest mnsic, bnt there was no dancing, the time being passed in agreeably hy conversation, promenading, and an inspection of the presents which were numerous and of unusual elegance. The bride gave her attendants souvenir rings of gold holding a ruby and diamond, while the groom gave the ushers scarf-pins in the form of flies, the body being of pearls and the wings of small diamonds. He gave his best man a ... of sapphires and diamonds. At eleven o'clock a sumptuous supper was served at tête-à-tête tables on the lower floor. The supper was admirably served, and the health and happiness of the young couple were pledged again and again. The guests remained until about one o'clock, but Mr. and Mrs. Crocker left at midnight amid a shower of rice. They went on Thursday to Mr. Crocker's ranch "Los Aguajes," near Cloverdale, to remain a few days previous to their departure for New York, where they will sail on April 17th for Europe. They will probably be away about six months.

Among the guests at the reception were: Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. George C. Boardman, Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Bothin, Mr. and Mrs. James Carolan, Mr. and Mrs. Fred L. Castle, Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Castle, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Coon, Mr. and Mrs. Clark W. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dargie, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dean, Mr. and Mrs. Moses Hopkins, General and Mrs. J. F. Honghton, Mr. and Mrs. Ariel Lathrop, Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Monteagle, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Payoe, Mr. and Mrs. Ansel Easton, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schmiedell, Mr. and Mrs. ... Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Charles N. Shaw, Judge and Mrs. J. H. Van Fleet, Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Spence, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Stetson, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. ...ant, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Sherwood, Mr. and Mrs. S. Wilson, Captain and Mrs. William Kohl, Mrs. Eunice Ives, Mrs. L. S. Adams, Mrs. Charles M. Coon, Mrs. S. ...ee, Mrs. Samuel M. Blair, Mrs. Thomas Breeze, Mrs. ... Crocker, Mrs. Theresa Fair, Mrs. Kate Dillon, Mrs. ...ie G. Smith, Mrs. John McMullin, Mrs. W. W. Morrow, Mrs. Ricardo M. Pinto, Miss Fanny Crocker, Miss Florence Ives, Miss Nellie Corbitt, Miss Evelyn Carolan, Miss Jennie Hooker, Miss Flora Carroll, Miss Carrie McLaine, Miss Ella Adams, Miss Kittie Stone, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Dora Boardman, Miss Dulce Bolado, Miss Breeze, Miss Cora Caduc, Miss Florence Caduc, Miss Blanche Castle, Miss Eva Castle, Miss Minnie Corhitt, Miss Fannie Danforth, Miss Kate M. Dillon, Miss Fair, Miss Ella Goad, Miss Virginia Hanchett, Miss Flora Low, Miss Anne Tallant, Miss Morrow, Miss Mand O'Connor, Miss Matie Peters, Miss Florence Reed, Miss Nellie Joliffe, Miss Josephine Scott, Miss Minnie Carroll, Miss Edith Taylor, Miss Stetson, Mr. Chauncey M. Winslow, Mr. A. H. Small, Mr. Charles H. Crocker, Mr. George Crocker, Mr. M. S. Wilson, Mr. W. R. Sherwood, Mr. T. T. Dargie, Mr. G. A. Newhall, Mr. John Scott, Mr. McLaine, Mr. C. O. Alexander, Mr. E. N. Bee, Mr. W. S. Blair, Mr. S. H. Boardman, Mr. W. E. Brown, Mr. Spencer C. Buckbee, Mr. F. J. Carolan, Mr. H. E. Carolan, Mr. Albert E. Castle, Mr. W. W. Cowles, Colonel C. F. Crocker, Mr. E. P. Danforth, Mr. Walter L. Dean, Mr. H. E. Hall, Mr. Alexander Hamilton, Mr. C. T. Hamilton, Major R. P. Hammond, Mr. Henry Hastings, Mr. H B. Houghton, Mr. O. Shafter Howard, Mr. M. S. Latham, Mr. Morgan D. McMullin, Mr. Lansing B. Mizner, Mr. W. S. Newhall, Mr. James A. Robinson, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. Harry A. Williams, Mr Robert L. Sherwood, Mr Colin M. Smith, Lieutenant F. L. Winn, U. S. A., Lieutenant S. L. Faison, U. S. A., Ensign Roger Wells, U. S. N., aod others.

MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Senator and Mrs. Leland Stanford left Washington, D. C. last Wednesday for this city. They will remain here a month and then proceed to Alaska on a six weeks' trip Justice and Mrs. Stephen J. Field will accompany them to Alaska.

Mr. D. O. Mills will soon leave New York for this city, intending to remain here several months. He will go to Alaska later in the season with Mr. Ogden Mills who will come here after he escorts his family to Paris in company with Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid.

Mrs. James de la Montanya, Jr., has been passing the week at San José, as the guest of her mother, Mrs. F. E. Spencer.

Mr. T. T. Dargie, of Oakland, contemplates a trip to Japan about the latter part of this month.

Miss Margaret Joues, of San José, has been visitiog Miss Mattie Gibbs for a few days.

Mr. Fred W. Sharon is visiting Mr. Francis G. Newlands in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mrs. M. Deane, and Miss Deane will leave New York to-day on the steamer *La Bourgogne* for Havre, on their way to the Paris Exposition.

Mr. Irving M. Scott is expected to return soon from Washington, D. C.

Dr. and Mrs. Panlo de Vecchi will leave to-day for a six months' visit to Europe. Their objective point will be Italy, and they will pass most of the time there and at the Paris Exposition.

Mr and Mrs. George H. Howard, *née* Schmiedell, who have been traveling abroad since their wedding, are expected back in a conple of weeks.

Mrs. George Hyde and the Misses Mamie and Gertrude Hyde will return from Eurnpe after viewing the Paris Exposition.

Mrs. J. S. Wall, Miss Ella Wall, and Miss Frankie Hart, of Oakland, who have been abroad nearly two years, left Berlin a week ago on their return home.

Major and Mrs. J. L. Rathbone and Miss Nina Macondray are expected to return from Paris in the antumn.

Mr. and Mrs. C. de Guigné are now in Paris.

Miss Louise Rabe, of Oakland, has been visitiog Del Monte for several days.

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Beylard will depart to-day for Europe and will be away several mooths.

Colonel and Mrs. J. Mervyn Donahue are occupying their residence in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe, Jr., *née* Parrott, are traveling in Egypt. They will not return home until antumn.

Mrs. James A. Robinson and her two children went East a week ago, and will leave New York next Saturday for Europe, intending to be away abont six months.

Hon. and Mrs. L. B. Mizner, who have been in Washington, D. C., for several weeks, are returning home and will be here about April 15th They will visit friends in Chicago, St. Louis, and Cheyenne.

Mr. Fred H. Beaver left the city on Monday last for an extended Eastern and European tour.

General and Mrs. J. F. Houghton will go to Hartford, Conn., soon to visit their daughter, Mrs. Morgan G. Bulkeley.

Miss Millie Ashe has been visiting Mrs. W. L. Ashe at "Maltese Villa," in Fresno County.

Miss Elliott, after an absence of three mooths in Southern Califoroia, has returned to San Francisco, and is now the guest of Mrs. L. L. Baker.

Mr. Harry B. Houghton has returned from a pleasant Eastern visit.

Captain and Mrs. A. H. Payson have gone to San Mateo to remain during the season.

Mrs. J. P. Hale and Miss Josephine Hale are expected back from Europe in a couple of months.

Miss Julia Peyton, of Santa Cruz, has been visiting Miss Daisy Casserly.

Mr. and Mrs. William Dunphy, Miss Jennie Dunphy, and Mr. James C. Dunphy will leave for Paris next Saturday, taking the steamer from New York on the twenty-third instant.

Mrs. J. B. H. Cooper and her daoghter, Miss Alice Cooper, left for Santa Ana last Wednesday to visit relatives, and will be away about a month.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Lankersheim came np from Los Angeles last Thnrsday, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac L. Requa, of Piedmont, have been passing a few days at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Bliss and Miss Bliss arrived here last Tuesday from Carson City, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Rose, Jr., and Mrs. W. D. Rose, of San Mateo, have been passing a week at the Palace Hotel.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Mr. Robert J. Woods and Miss Matie Peters, daughter of Mrs Charles R. Peters, will occur on Monday, April 22d, at the residence of the bride's mother, 1016 Sntter Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe gave a delightful dinner-party at their home, 526 Harrison Street, last Thursday evening. It was complimentary to Mr. and Mrs. John Parrott, who will leave to-day for a two years' tour of Europe, and also celebrated the wedding-day anniversary of the host and hostess. It was purely a family dinner, and was made very joyous and pleasant.

Baron Von Schröder entertained a dozen gentlemen friends at dinner last Thursday evening at his residence, 553 Harrison Street. The table decorations were very tasteful and the menu was sumptuons.

Army and Navy.

Major Sanger, U. S. A., was dined last Tuesday evening by the officers of the First Artillery mess, prior to his departnre for Fort Leavenworth, Kan., where he will serve in the inspector-general's department. The dinner was elaborate and highly enjoyable.

Lieotenant William H. Bean, U. S. A., is stationed at Harrisburg, Pa., as instructor of the National Guard.

W. B. Gifford, the landscape artist, has opened a studio in Byron Mauzy's warerooms, 308 Post Street.

Down in Massachusetts, not far from Sagamore, on the line of the Cape Cod ship-canal, is the Tupper farm. The remarkable thing about the farm is that it was purchased, or secured, or preëmpted, in 1624 by the founder of the Tupper line, Thomas Tupper, wbo settled on the land wben the place was an Indian village known as Shaum, and that his will, still in existence, has kept the farm in the Tupper family, without break, for six generations. There is not much pomp about the Tupper family, but they have got lots of pedigree.

BABY VERSE.

How they Ride.

Pace, pace, pace—
That's the way the ladies ride,
Foot hung down the pony's side—
Pace, pace, pace.
Pacing gently into town
To huy a bonnet and a gown;
Pacing up the narrow street,
Smiling at the folks they meet—
That's the way the ladies ride,
Foot hung down the pony's side—
Pace, pace, pace.

Trot, trot, trot—
That's the way the gentlemen ride,
O'er the horse's back astride—
Trot, trot, trnt.
Riding after fox and hound,
Leaping o'er the meadow's bonnd,
Trotting through the woods in spring,
Where the little wild hirds sing—
That's the way the gentlemen ride,
O'er the horse's back astride—
Trot, trot, trot.

Rock, rock, rock—
That's the way the sailors ride,
Rock and reel from side to side—
Rock, rock, rock.
Jack Tar thinks he's on the seas,
Tossing in a northern hreeze;
Thinks that he must veer and tack,
When he mounts a horse's back;
Rocking east and rocking west,
Jack Tar rides, dressed in his best—
Rock, rock, rock.

Sleep, sleep, sleep—
That's the way boy Ned will ride,
Floating on the slumber tide—
Sleep, sleep, sleep.
Out npon the drowsy sea,
Where the sweet dream-hlossoms be,
Far away to Sleepy Isles
Sails boy Ned. "Good-night," he smiles;
Sinking down in pillows deep,
Little Ned is fast asleep—
Sleep, sleep, sleep.

—*Anne M. Libby.*

Her Name.

"I'm losted! Could you find me, please?"
Poor little frightened baby!
The wind has tossed her golden fleece,
The stone has scratched her dimpled knees.
I stooped and lifted her with ease,
And softly whispered, "Maybe."

"Tell me your name, my little maid;
I can't find you withont it."
"My name is Shiney-eyes," she said;
"Yes, bnt your last?" She shook her head;
"Up to my house 'ey never said
A single fing about it."

"Bnt, dear," I said, "what is ynur name?"
"Why, didn't you hear me tell you?
Dust Shiney-eyes." A bright thought came:
"Yes, when you're good; but when they blame
You, little one—it's just the same
When mamma has to scold you?"

"My mamma never scolds," she moans,
A little blush ensuing,
"'Cept when I've been a-frowing stones,
And then she says (the culprit owns):
'Mehitable Sapphira Jones,
What has yon been a-doing?'"

—*Anna F. Burnham.*

The Elopement.

I will tell yon a tale of the long ago,
Ga-roo, little Annie, ga-roo;
Of a lord, a lady, a sequel of woe,
And I know that I tell you true.

One winter night, though they knew 'twasn't right,
Ga-roo, little Annie, ga-roo;
They agreed to elope 'cause her pa said "uope"
When the lord for her hand did sue.

She dressed her warm, for it threatened a storm,
Ga-roo, little Annie, ga-roo;
Then down the slope they crept, and a rope
Over the wall he threw.

He said, "I'll ne'er stop till I reach the top,"
Ga-roo, little Annie, ga-roo;
"Pray, fasten it tight, and cling with your might,
When I lower the rope to you."

Then his lordship lank gave a terrible yank,
Ga-roo, little Annie, ga-roo;
And her skeleton thin flew out of her skin!
Every word that I tell you is true—ga-roo.

—*Ione L. Jones in Judge.*

A Dutch Lullaby.

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe;
Sailed on a river of misty light
Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring fish
That live in this beautiful sea:
Nets of silver and gold have we,"
Said Wynken,
Blyoken,
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sung a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe.
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew;
The little stars were the herring fish
That lived in the beautiful sea:
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish,
But never afeared are we;"
So cried the stars to the fishermen three,
Wynken,
Blyoken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
For the fish in the twinkling foam;
Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home;
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it conld not be;
And some folk thought 'twas a dream they dreamed,
Of sailing that beautiful sea;
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Wynken and Blyoken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle bed;
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And yon shall see the beautiful things
As you rock on the misty sea,
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three,
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

—*Eugene Field.*

"'**Brown's Bronchial Troches**' are excellent for the relief of Hoarseness or Sore Throat. They are exceedingly effective."—*Christian World, London, Eng.*

DXXI—Bill of Fare for six persons—Sunday, April 7, 1889.

Sorrel Sonp.
Fried Trout. Saratoga Potatoes.
Lamb Chops, Tomato Sauce.
Green Peas.
Roast Goose, Apple Sauce.
Lettuce, Mayonnaise Dressing.
Gelatine Pudding. Almond Cake.

GELATINE PUDDING.—Separate the whites and yolks of four eggs; with the yolks make a boiled custard, with a pint of milk and sugar to taste. Set a third of a box of gelatine to soak a few minutes in a little cold water, then dissolve it with three-fourths of a cupful of boiling water. When the custard has cooled, add the gelatine-water and the whites of the eggs, beaten to a stiff froth; flavor with vanilla, stir all together, and put into a mold or molds. It will settle in three layers, and is a very pretty pudding. A pretty effect can be obtained by using Coxe's pink gelatine. May be eaten with whipped or plain cream.

— JAMES CARDEN, AN ACTOR WHO HAS MADE many friends and admirers during his sbort stay in this city, has determined to remain here for some time, and has opened a school of oratory and public speaking at 1012 Geary Street.

— MRS. CHEVERS, OF "SEAPOINT," SAUSALITO, has removed to "Sunnyside," Sausalito, where pleasant rooms with board can be obtained; also single rooms for gentlemen.

— SWIMMING TAUGHT TO LADIES BY COMPETENT lady teacher. Address, "Swimming," *Argonaut.*

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THE REAL-ESTATE "RUSTLER."

How Paper Towns are Boomed.

"There are some people," said a traveler, "who say and believe that the recent gold-mining boom in Lower California was, if not manufactured out of the whole cloth, at least exaggerated, fostered, advertised, and magnified out of all due proportion to its real importance, by real-estate 'rustlers' interested in property at towns in Southern California where miners could procure outfits and set out by mule-train or on foot for the placer fields. I don't know how this may be, of course, but I am sure, from what I heard of real-estate 'rustlers' in the West, that such a plan does not compare in audacity and ingenuity with the way in which many of their paper towns have been boomed, plotted, put on the market, and sold for good money to innocent purchasers.

"The rustler himself is a product of the West, and his name originated in Dakota, where the very alacrity of his movements is supposed to produce a noise like that which the wind makes in the long dry grass of the prairies. He comes under all guises, from the local preacher with sanctimonious tones, the business-man with silk-hat and jerky manner, to the simple rustic in jeans and top-boots. The best way to test him is to say 'syndicate.' Not exactly in the way you would say 'rats' to a terrier, but let the word fall in conversation and see his eye glimmer in spite of himself. A corporation, an association, a company, never buys land out West, only a syndicate. The rustler rustles best in small towns whose prospects are their strongest points. Genuine growth drives him out. He needs elbow-room, and the more dreary the prospect the more indefatigably does he rustle. He is willing, too, to boom the future of any land and of any people, but of course seldom finds a field for his peculiar abilities outside of the Western States.

"I remember one little town, however, Prospect Heights they called it, that sprang up in a night almost, thanks to a rustler, on the outskirts of Winnipeg, Canada, when people in that city went crazy over the opening of the great prairie lands to the west of it by the Canadian Pacific Railway. The city was full of American real-estate agents, who had come up to help the Canadians appreciate and purchase their own land. Several of these wide-awake fellows laid their heads together and bought three hundred and twenty acres of farm land, three or four miles out of the city, on a little knoll that rose a few feet above the dead level of the prairie. They plotted the place off in town-lots, advertised it freely as the coming site of suburban homes for city dwellers, and formed a construction company to erect houses thereon. Great quantities of lumber and other building material were carted out to the site over roads of almost bottomless mud, carpenters and masons were employed, and work was begun simultaneously on a town hall, several saloons, an academy of music, a grist-mill, a number of small cottages for renting purposes, a post-office, several stores, and two or three more pretentious houses.

"All this was duly heralded in the papers and by small bills thrust into the hands of the new arrivals, who were then pouring into the city from Eastern Canada and Europe at the rate of five hundred a day. Even the wildest enthusiast in the city was astonished at the phenomenal growth of this suburban town. While vacant lots were changing hands in Winnipeg, here were buildings of many kinds going up on all sides. True, no one of them had gone up far, but a beginning had been made, and material was lying around in profusion, with more coming in every hour. Two saloons in tents were doing a good business with teamsters, workmen, and visitors, and at the real-estate office, over the way, surrounded by maps, pens, pencils, paper, plans, and other implements of his trade, sat the bland agent of the ostensible owner of the property, a wealthy Minneapolis mill-owner, it was given out, who intended there to erect mills to grind the wheat crops of the great prairies, when any were produced. Every now and then a new-comer would visit this office, when something like the following would occur:

"'Excuse me a minute,' says the rustler, 'that's the telephone-bell.' He puts his ear to the receiver, and, after a moment, shouts: "Can't say till I look at the books.' Then to his caller: 'Gentleman at the Victoria in the city wants to know if lots 9 to 12, block E, in Skinner's Addition, can be had at four hundred and fifty dollars each.' Then the rustler rustles the leaves of a big book, consults a bogus sale-list, and shouts into the telephone: 'Sold this morning to a Toronto syndicate to build gas-works on. Very sorry. Good-by. What's that? The same numbers in the next block, do you say? Hold on, I'll see.' More rustling of the leaves of the ledger. Then he shouts again: 'Yes, they're gone too. Montreal man going to erect a brewery. You should have taken them yesterday when you were here. I'll bet you ten to one the whole plot is sold out before the week closes.' Then he talks awhile to his visitor, only to be interrupted by another ring on the telephone. 'Hello, who is it? The Albemarle? Oh, the Marlborough. Well, go ahead. Who are you? Oh, yes, you were out here this morning. Want those lots reserved for you? How long? Can't do it. Two days the outside. Well, I'll reserve four for three days, but not six. Not the corner one. Two or three people have been asking for it to-day. I might have sold it, but expected you to close to-night. That corner lot, he adds,' coming back to his visitor, to whom he has already made up his mind he will sell it, 'seems to be a favorite. The adjoining one on the north has been set apart by the owner of the plot for a church, the next one to the west was bought yesterday by a man whose stock of dry-goods is on the way, and will be here before he can get his building up, I am afraid.'

"And so it went. He sold that corner lot, of course. He sold the whole plot of three hundred and twenty acres within a fortnight, by the aid of consummate gall, a concealed battery in his desk that rang the telephone-bell when he wanted it, and capital enough to get a lot of lumber on the land, hire a few men to dig foundation holes, lay bricks here and there, and erect the frame-work of half-a-dozen buildings. His dupes did all the rest; supplemented his building operations and paid him their money. When he had sold it all, he sold the lumber, too, and went away, and with the gentle rustler went the money and the boom. And now a fine growth of wild mustard fills the yawning cellars, oat crops are gathered on the town-hall plaza, and the rest of Prospect Heights is buried among miles of tall prairie-grass."—*New York Tribune.*

The Force of Habit.

The curtain had just risen, and the audience was silently absorbing the heroine's pitiful story. Shiver music with ice down its back was being played by the six thirsty German gentlemen inside the railing, and an asthmatic wind-machine was giving a cheap and inferior imitation of a March blizzard. The villain entered, and stealthily aimed a blow at the defenseless woman, which she dodged. Then a voice in the gallery said:

"One strike!"

There was a faint stir in the audience, but the play went on. Soon the hero and the villain had a scene together. The villain raised his cane, and the hero hurled a paper-weight at him with miserable aim. Again the voice was heard:

"One ball!"

Again there was a moment's confusion, which soon settled down. The scene went on, and as the hero turned to leave the stage, the villain stabbed him in the side. Then the voice screamed:

"Foul!"

Once more there was confusion, and people in the orchestra began to look toward the gallery. The play proceeded. The low-comedy man had a scene with a policeman. As the comedian was preparing to make his exit, the policeman made a motion as if to strike him with his club, but did not do it. Instantly the voice in the gallery said:

"Balk! Take your base!"

The thing was becoming monotonous now, and an officer was sent to hunt out the offender. Before the officer reached the gallery, however, the hero and the villain had another meeting. Words passed between them, and the hero knocked the villain down. Again that voice was heard:

"O-o-o-o-o! A three-bagger!"

The villain sprung to his feet and rushed upon the hero, drawing a huge bowie-knife as he advanced. Then the owner of the voice stood upon the seat and yelled:

"Slide! You've got to slide!"

A hand reached forward and grasped the offender's collar. The shouter turned and saw the officer. The voice sank to a pleading whisper.

"Say," it said, "don't put me out. I've been traveling 'round the world as umpire with the All Rhode Island Team, and I've almost forgotten how to express my feelings at a show in any other way."—*Puck.*

Fine in the Business.

"Never let a customer go away without making a purchase," said Mr. Threads to a newly engaged clerk; "talk the goods up in a clever, forcible way and you'll be certain to make a sale every time."

"All right," replied W. Fearless Gall, the new clerk, who had been an auctioneer for a year out West; "I think I know just what you mean, sir, and you can rely upon me. I know the tricks of the trade." Ten minutes later he was going on in this fashion to Mrs. Marshalle-Neale, one of the wealthiest and most aristocratic patrons of the house:

"Damask towels, is it, madam? Well, I should smile! If you can't get damask towels here, there's no place in the city where you *can* get 'em. Look at that towel, my friend! Doesn't it fairly warm your heart to look at it, eh? And just glance at this pair, marked down from four dollars to a dollar and ten cents! Doesn't it fairly make you feel young again to gaze on a bargain like that? And supposing you just concentrate your intellectual capacity on this towel for a second! A-ha! makes you fairly hold your breath to gaze on it, doesn't it? Did you ever see anything more perfectly irresistible since you was born into this world of sin and sorrow? Of course, you never did! Oh, it's a cold day when this firm gets left on damask towels! Look at this one—*look* at it, woman; it won't bite you; now tell me, *tell* me if you ever bought a towel like that for less than two dollars? Of course you didn't! You've paid that for dish-towels, and thanked heaven for the privilege of doing so, haven't you? Course you have, sweet friend of my childhood days!"

Mr. Threads happened along just in time to have his blood curdled by this last remark, and also in time to assist the gasping and livid Mrs. Marshalle-Neale to her carriage, where she bade him adieu forever, and two minutes later he was going through the same ceremony with Mr. W. Fearless Gall.—*Puck.*

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TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, March 31, 1889, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1 30, 3.25, 4.50, 6.10 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 12.30, 1.30, 2.45, 4.20, 5.30, 6.30. P. M. Extra trip on Sunday for Sausalito at 7.30 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.10, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1 45, 3.25, 4.55 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 9.30, 10 55 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 1.15, 2.45, 4.00, 5.00, 6.05, 7.00 P M. Extra trips on Saturday at 6.25 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 9 55, 11.50 A. M.; 2.30, 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
(Sundays)—7.25, 8.45, 10.35, 11 35 A. M.; 12.45, 1.55, 3 30, 4.40, 5.45, 6.50, 7 45 P. M. Extra trips on Saturday at 7.03 P. M
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

.30 P. M., Daily (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at 6.45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12.20 P.M
.25 P. M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations.
.00 A. M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning arrives in San Francisco at 8.15 P. M.

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Sunday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, good on day sold only: Camp Taylor, $1.50; Point Reyes, $1.75; Tomales, $2.00; Howard's, $2.50; Duncan Mills and Cazadero $3 00.

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Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From Feb. 9, 1889.	ARRIVE
8.30 A.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	*12.45 P.
10.30 A.	For Sacramento, and for Redding via Davis	7.15 P.
11.00 A.	For Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga and Santa Rosa	6.15 P.
11.30 A.	Los Angeles Express, for Fresno, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	11.15 A.
12.00 A.	For Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
3.30 A.	For Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
*7.00 M.	For Haywards and Niles	*3.45 P.
8.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	**6.00 A.
3.00 P.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
4.00 P.	Central Atlantic Express, for Ogden and East	7.15 A.
5.00 P.	For Stockton and §Milton; for Vallejo, Calistoga & Santa Rosa	10.15 A.
5.30 P.	For Sacramento, and for Knight's Landing via Davis	10.45 A.
5.30 P.	For Niles, San José and Livermore	*8.45 A.
5.30 P.	For Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
6.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	7.45 A.
6.00 P.	Golden Gate Special, for Council Bluffs and East	‖ 7.45 P.
6.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.

6TH PACIFIC COAST RAILWAY DIVISION.

8.00 A.	For Newark and San José	‡ 7.20 P.
9.15 A.	For Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	5.50 P.
3.15 P.	For Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 A.
5.15 P.	For Centerville, San José, Almaden, and Los Gatos	9.20 A.

NORTH DIVISION (Fourth & Townsend Streets.)

7.00 A.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	2.30 P.
9.00 A.	For San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) & principal Way Stations	6.38 P.
10.00 A.	For San José, Almaden and Way Stations	5.35 P.
12.01 P.	For Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	4.36 P.
3.00 P.	For San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Monterey and principal Way Stations	*10.02 A.
4.01 P.	For San José and principal Way Stations	9.03 A.
5.01 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	*7.56 A.
6.01 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A.
11.45 P.	For Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	†7.40 P.

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ACT I.

Scene—Central Park. (Enter Leonora, a distressed soprano, in a two-thousand-dollar satin t-n-d-r s.)
Leonora—Ach, mein herz ist broke! (Exit.
(Enter Il Conte di Luna, a love-sick tone, wrapped in a table-cloth.)
Luna—Ich bin nicht geliebt! Ach!
Manrico (sings without)—Ich habe $15. in mein inside bocket, la-de-dah! Ach!
Luna—Der troubadour? Py chimineddy! Dot gal is mit ibm! Ach!
(Enter Manrico, tenor, in tin-armor, and Leonora.)
Luna—Ich have das stuffing aus you geknockt! Ach!
Manrico—Ach! Ratten!
(Tbey figbt.)
Leonora—Ach!

ACT II.

Scene—Camp of gypsies near Hoboken.
Anvils—Ping-pang! Ping-pang!
Azucena (aged gyp. Supposed mother of Manrico)—
Icb bin Little Buttercup,
Schön Little Buttercup;
Ich mixed tbose knaben up,
Und nicht ein creature knew it.
Manrico (astounded)—Ach!
(Enter messenger.)
Messenger—Manrico! Dere vas ein scrap! Kommen sie und figbt!
Manrico—Icb gehe! (Exit.)
Azucena—Ach! (Faints.)

ACT III.

Scene—Before a church in Brooklyn. (Enter Il Conte and his gang.)
Luna—Ja wohl! Hier will ich catch her!
(He hides behind a tree. Leonora enters, and starts for the church.)
Leonora—Ach! Ich bin gewesen sein!
Luna (rushing forward)—So hin ich!
(Manrico rusbes in.)
Manrico—Ich bin ganz wohl gewesen sein!
(Knocks at Luna with his left hand, and rescues Leonora from the gang with his right.)
Manrico } together {—Wir sind zwei gänseblumen!
Leonora }
Luna—Ach!

ACT IV.

Parlor in a Staten Island boarding-house. (Enter Manrico and Leonora.)
Manrico—Ich liebe dich!
Leonora—Ach! Entzückung!
(Enter messenger.)
Messenger—Manrico, Il Conte di Luna hat your mutter caught, und er will her burn!
Manrico—Ach! Vait a minute dill I sings mein high C, und I comes to zave her.
(Sings bigh C, and is called out five times. In the meantime, his mother is partly burned up; and wben Manrico goes out, Luna catches him and puts him and his mother in jail.)

ACT V.

State's prison. (Manrico and Azucena inside, Leonora outside.)
Leonora (without)—Ach!
Manrico } without {Ganz ach!
Azucena }
(Luna enters.)
Luna—Now vill you mir marry?
Leonora—Nein! Ich vill die!
All hands—Acb!
(Tbey all gradually die off.)
Audience—Ach! (Exeunt.) —*Puck.*

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5. Mme. la Mode says that *I* could wear the same thing ten years and no one would think anything of it, for I look well in everything. She's *so* frank and sweet for a tradeswoman.
6. I don't expect to go out of the city this winter, and it's plenty good enough for Syracuse.
7. If I couldn't have a nicer cloak than Stella Illfitte's new plush, I wouldn't *ever* get another—so, there!
8. All my gentlemen friends think it's new, anyhow, and tell me what a perfect fit it is.
9. It's far more becoming to my complexion than any of the new shades.
10. I do like to be independent and not always asking for money.
P. S.—Papa's just made a hundred thousand dollars on a wheat deal. Now, those old, odious people, who sit in the pew behind ours, can't patronize me any more this winter. I'm going right down to Sellem & Skinem's.—*Time.*

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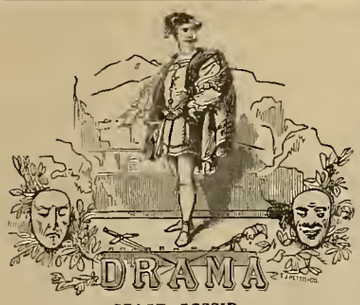

STAGE GOSSIP.

"The Chimes of Normandy" will be given at the Tivoli next week. This week, by the way, is the last of Dora Wiley's engagement at the Tivoli; she goes East next Monday.

"A Bunch of Keys" will play its 'steenth annual engagement at the Bush Street week after next. Eugene Canfield, the original Front, is now playing in "A Midnight Bell" in New York.

The feminine half of the Reilly and Woods company is very weak—except the Vaidis Sisters. Almost every variety actress who can do anything worth seeing is in one of Hoyt's farce-comedies.

Effie Ellsler, now a star, will appear at the Alcazar after Mme. Janauschek, whose engagement comes to an end to-morrow (Sunday) evening. She is to remain five weeks, the opening play being "Egypt," which will run all next week.

Augustin Daly's new play, which was produced a week ago, is called "Sampson and Delilah," with Mr. Lewis as a legal Sampson and Miss Rehan as a "fashionable Circe who circumvents him." It is broadly humorous, and is compared favorably with "A Night Off" and "Nancy & Co."

"Little Lord Fauntleroy" has been drawing the largest audiences to the Baldwin that that pretty theatre has seen in a long time, and the number of children in all parts of the house and their keen enjoyment of the little hero's every word and action are astonishing. Wallie Eddinger and Flossy Ethyl stand the strain remarkably well, and it looks as if they would be as fresh at the end of their remaining fortnight at the Baldwin as when they began.

The illness of Miss Mary Anderson and Edwin Booth takes the two brightest stars out of the theatrical heaven in which we were to revel, but the man who feels it most is Manager Hayman. Miss Anderson was to reopen the Grand Opera House, after it had been newly fitted out, and Booth and Barrett were to open the New California Theatre, but it looks now as if he will have to rustle in order to have good attractions for the opening nights of his theatres.

The superiority in point of morals of the American stage over that of any other country has been curiously shown in the past winter in New York. Of the five chief successes, "Captain Swift" and "Sweet Lavender," from London, had to be altered a good bit to suit American modesty, a Parisian would scarcely recognize "The Surprises of Divorce" as chastened to the Yankee ear, and "The Old Homestead" and "Little Lord Fauntleroy," as successful as any of them, are purely American and Americanly pure.

Mme. Emma Albani, the celebrated American prima donna, who has had a successful career in Europe and America, will pay us a visit and give three concerts at the Grand Opera House on the evenings of April 22d and 24th, and a matinée on April 27th. This is the third time that Mme. Albani has visited her mother country, and this time she has canceled her May engagement in London in order to visit San Francisco. Her present tour in Canada and the East has been a series of ovations and social receptions. She will be assisted by her London Concert Company.

Elsie Leslie, who was the first—and has remained the first—of the half-dozen Little Lord Fauntleroys in this country, has had a play written for her, and she will begin a starring tour in the autumn. The play is a dramatization of Mark Twain's pretty story, "The Prince and the Pauper," in which Henry the Eighth's son, Prince Edward, voluntarily changes clothes and involuntarily changes positions with a little beggar who resembles him exactly in form and feature. The pauper's experience in the palace, where he is treated as a demented prince, and the prince's adventures with a band of gypsies, should make a play fully as interesting as "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and stronger in dramatic situations and scenic effects.

George Riddle, who became famous by his impersonation of Œdipus in the first Greek play at Harvard, gave the first of a series of three dramatic recitals at the First Unitarian Church, last Thursday evening, under the auspices of the Channing Auxiliary. The programme, consisting of scenes from "A Midsummer Night's Dream," a dramatic poem, and Howells's "The Sleeping-Car," was well chosen and excellently delivered. The second recital will be next Monday evening, the programme including scenes from "Henry VIII.," and shorter pieces by Robert Grant, Genevieve Ward, W. W. Story, and John T. Wheelwright, and at the third, on Thursday evening, April 11th, he will read Browning's "Blot on the 'Scutcheon." At a special matinée on Saturday next, Mr. Riddle will recite "The Tempest."

Miss Helen Barry, who inaugurated the new season of the Union Square Theatre in New York last week, is the tallest *comédienne* on any stage, being five feet eight and one-half inches in her stockings. Miss Helen Barry is no longer in her *première jeunesse*, but she is still a handsome woman. More than twenty years ago she was the wife of a small tobacconist in Piccadilly, London, and attracted customers to her Birdseye and Gold Leaf by her fine form and beautiful features. Among the *clientèle* was a well-known officer of the Household Brigade, who had the reputation of being the handsomest and the tallest man in the British army. He was as fascinated by the *dame du comptoir* as she was with his magnificent presence, and as both came to the conclusion that "*il cigareto per esser felice*" was to run away together, the unfortunate tobacconist was left to sell his cigars alone. The infatuation had just come to a termination when Dion Boucicault arranged with Lord Londesborough to produce the most costly spectacle of modern days at Covent Garden Theatre. The last act of "Bahil and Bijou" took place in the moon, and in this the gifted author transferred bodily to his piece an act out of "Le Royaume des Femmes." There was an army of four hundred women for whom it was necessary to find a queen tall as the "Maypole in the Strand." Dion bethought himself of the fair Helen, who, like the virtuous Marcia, "towered above her sex." The engagement was concluded and Miss Barry made her first appearance on any stage in the most gorgeous and costly suit of jeweled armor ever exhibited. Since that period Miss Barry played in a play of Boucicault's, produced in London at the Gaiety Theatre, which was principally remarkable for the excellent acting of the late Charles Thorne and the failure of Stuart Robson in an uncongenial part to make his peculiarities acceptable to an English audience. At various times Miss Barry has played in Augustus Harris's composite dramas at Drury Lane, and with a company of her own in the English provinces. As an actress her talents certainly are not on a par with her height.

"Said Pasha," the Tivoli opera, got a terrible slating from the New York critics. Concerning this matter, the Philadelphia *Press* says: "Manager Thompson, of the 'Said Pasha' company, now at the Star Theatre, New York, is said to have sued the New York *Herald* for libel and fifty thousand dollars damages for criticisms of his production. In these it was said that too much of the work was boldly taken from the operettas of Strauss and Sullivan for it to have much right to style itself original, and that the libretto was equally bad. The appearance of the stage was thus described: 'There were Turks, and Indians, and Mexicans, and nondescripts of all sorts jumbled up with a liberal sprinkling of lunatics.' This was more than Manager Thompson and Composer Stahl could stand."

A story which is going the rounds of the London papers avers that M. Coquelin has become infatuated with Marie Jansen. "They met," says a British contemporary, "at a dinner given to M. Coquelin by Colonel McCaull, and since that time the eminent French actor has been madly in love with the pretty American burlesque actress." This pleasing anecdote has brought forth many denials from American correspondents, and induces one New York writer to make the gallant announcement that he is "in a position to state that M. Coquelin does not know Marie Jansen at all, and under any circumstances she is amply provided for in the way of infatuation."

During one of Robert Mantell's recent performances of "Monbars," a scene was enacted that was not on the bill, and which will not be repeated, even by request. The curtain falls, at the end of the last act, on the dead body of the villain, Laurent, and on Miss Behrens, who plays the heroine. In walking backward across the stage, Miss Behrens stumbled and sat down with great force and heaviness upon the villain's upturned waistcoat. The involuntary groan of the unfortunate corpse was audible in the box-office, and in spite of an uproarious demand for an encore, neither the actor nor the actress could be tempted to appear before the curtain.

John Wild came near meeting with a serious accident, while playing in Quincy, Ill. In the third act of "Running Wild," he has business sitting on a stove. Somebody, for a joke, placed a quantity of powder in the stove. Shortly after the fire was started it exploded with great force, blowing him into the orchestra. A panic was created among the audience, which was only quelled by Mr. Wild, who, somewhat stunned by the shock, scrambled back on the stage quickly and assured the people he was uninjured. He afterward said he never remembers being in such a hurry before.

"Nadjy" is highly remunerative to its managers, but not to its composer, M. Chassaigne, who disposed of his rights in the opera over a year ago for one thousand pounds sterling; since then, it has been performed in America and at the Avenue Theatre, London, to upward of four hundred thousand dollars, and royalties have been paid to the amount of forty thousand dollars.

Mrs. Annie Jenness Miller, who has come out here to instruct our feminine population in the matter of dress reform, will deliver a lecture, illustrating her remarks, in her own costumes, at Metropolitan Hall, on Monday afternoon. And not only does she lecture against the present theories of dress, but she has attacked the evil in its stronghold—she has converted and educated a dress-maker.

At the Grand Opera House, in Paris, they are rehearsing what promises to be the finest ballet ever seen in France. It is named "Miranda"; is founded on Shakespeare's "Tempest"; the music is by Ambroise Thomas; there are five tableaux, and the ship used in one of them is built to hold two hundred persons. The cost of the production will be forty thousand dollars.

Cellier and Stephenson's new opera, which, on April 27th, is to succeed their marvelously successful "Dorothy" at the Lyric Theatre (where it will soon be given for the nine-hundredth consecutive time in London), will be called "Dorcas."

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"Alas!" cried the oyster,
With low dismal whoop,
"Oh, how did I ever
Get into the soup?" —*Puck.*

The Momentous Questinn.

From Ash Wednesday to Easter
She ponders upon it;
While she scrapes around
To raise cash for that bonnet! —*Puck.*

In the Minority.

"Of course you have read"—
But I broke in right here;
For to me it's been said:
"Of course you have read,"
Till I've wished I was dead
Every day in this year.
"Of course you have read"—
But I broke in right here,
"No, I haven't, and can't,
And I don't care to try;
In quite plain words, I shan't,
And I haven't and can't.
Oh, yes, you may rant,
And my 'ignorance' cry;
But I haven't and can't,
And I don't care to try." —*Judge.*

The Gnat.

(After Tennyson.)

Down in the cellar, dark, remote,
Where alien cats your larder note—
In solemn grandeur stands the goat.

Without he hears the whining storm,
And feels the draughts about him swarm—
He eats the coal to keep him warm. —*Puck.*

Practical.

If you love me, tell me so;
Coal is very high;
Father thinks it isn't right
You should come here every night,
Staying till the fire is low,
Just to spoon and sigh.

Calling me your "little sweet"
Does not pay for gas;
While your lonely heart may yearn,
In the chandeliers there burn
Jets that make a thousand feet
O'er the meter pass.

Love, I know, completely fills
Life's void gallery;
Yet while these dear moments haste,
Think how many dollars waste—
Coal and gas and other bills—
Out of father's salary!

Then, I prithee, dear one, brace!
Do but speak the word;
Else must I to father yield,
Else must you vacate the field,
Else must some one take your place—
"Stocks and bonds" preferred. —*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

A Hasty Love-Maker.

Ah, dear Annette, you are my pet,
The sweetheart that I choose;
Lightly you sip life's duteous booze—
I mean, life's beauteous dews.

And were you mine, my love divine,
I'd praise in verse and prose,
And keep you e'er from wanting hose—
That is, from haunting woes.

As I'm alive, I'd surely strive
To crown your days with peace,
And I would never eat your cheese—
What was it? Cheat your ease.

The warm ripe South made sweet your mouth,
Its kiss who could refuse?
I love to mark its harming chews—
Great smoke! Its charming hues.

When I descry you going by
My daily clerking place,
I love to mark your gritty pace—
I mean, your pretty grace.

Love softly lies in both your eyes,
And do not deem me rash,
If I should love each lying flash—
I mean each flying lash.

Were I a bard of high regard,
I'd time my raptured lays,
And loudly sing your ponderous ways—
That is, your wondrous praise.

But should you frown and cast me down
In disappointment drear,
You'd put me on my hurly ear—
I mean my early bier. —*Time.*

"Der Kicker und der Krank."

Der kicker vas von lively man,
Who make a fuss vene'er he can
Und raise der vind mit vordy fight,
Ven efery dings vas not youst right.

How people like to kick at him;
But who vould keep der vorld in trim,
If he discovered not a flaw,
Und kicked on efryding he saw?

Und dere's dot krank, who's always wound
Und helps to make der world turn round:
His field of usefulness vas great,
D'hough oft he lifs in low estate.

Ven e'er der kicker has his say
Der krank invents some petter vay;
Der kicker kicks ven dings ain't right,
Der krank prings petter dings to light.

Und so der two go hand in hand,
Und raise a rumpus in der land;
Yet, if der vorld gif dem no thanks,
I'll boom der kickers und der kranks. —*Boston Globe.*

She Showed Him Stars!

For every shooting star he claimed a kiss,
She, seeming coy, at first demurred to this;
But he, persisting, would not be denied,
When he, at length, a flying meteor spied.
And so, as evening grew apace, their eyes
Oft scanned the glittering aspect of the skies;
And when a darting star caught either's sight
A sound of kissing broke upon the night.
And so it came to pass, anon, that she
Looked for a shooting star as much as he.
Nay, if by chance a star escaped his view,
She called his wandering fancy to it, too.
When intervals seemed long between each hug,
She called him on a passing lightning-bug;
And, ever taxing her ingenious mind,
Her ready wit enabled her to find
More shooting stars in three short fleeting hours
Than would compose whole meteoric showers.
But when she did her last pretext exhaust,
And was about to yield her cause as lost,
She saw a switchman's lantern circling swing
And got the youth down to a steady thing. —*Harry Eldridge in New York World.*

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Musin Concert.

M. Ovide Musin gave his first sacred orchestral concert on Sunday evening, March 31st, at the Baldwin Theatre, and attracted a large and appreciative audience. Frequent applause was bestowed upon the participants in their presentation of the annexed programme:

Overture, "Euryanthe".....Weber
Orchestra.
Aria, "Queen of the Night ("Magic Flute").....Mozart
Annie Louise Tanner and Orchestra.
Piano Solo, Sixth Rhapsodie.....Liszt
Edwin M. Shonert.
Aria, "O, Vision Entra[illegible]".....Goring Thomas
Whitney Mo[illegible]dge and Orchestra.
Violin Concerto in E mi[illegible].....Mendelssohn
Ovide M[illegible]n and Orchestra.
Duet, "Carmen".....Bizet
Annie Louise T[illegible]er and Whitney Mockridge.
Ballet Music, "Samso[illegible]t Delila".....Saint-Saens
Orchestra.
Air and Variations.....Proch
Annie Louise Tanner.
Caprice de Concert No. 2.....Ovide Musin
(First time in this city.)
Ovide Musin and Orchestra.
Romanza "Mignon".....Ambroise Thomas
Whitney Mockridge.
Torchlight Dance No. 2.....Meyerbeer
Orchestra.
Mr. August Hinrichs, Jr., Conductor.

The Mansfeldt Concert.

Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt gave his thirteenth concert of this season last Monday evening at Spencer Hall, and a large audience was entertained by the following programme:

Sonata, No. 4, First movement.....Beethoven
Mrs. Augusta Holling.
(a) Spring Song.....Merket
(b) Bolero.....Moszkowski-Capell
Miss Mattie Capell and Mr. Mansfeldt.
Vocal, "Should He Upbraid".....Bishop
Miss Esther L. Jacobs.
"Rigoletto".....Liszt
Mr. Emil Steinegger.
Mazurka de Concert.....Ascher
Miss Jennie Beasey, Miss Amy Cellarius, Miss Josie Dunlap, and Miss Birdie Rutherford.
Vocal, "Sea Dreams".....Strelezki
Miss Esther L. Jacobs.
Hungarian Dances, No. 6, and No. 7.....Brahms
Miss Laura M. Adams.
(a) Song without words, No. 5, Restlessness. Mendelssohn
(b) "Spain".....Moszkowski
Mr. Abe Sundland.

Mr. and Mrs. George Henschel will give a series of vocal recitals in this city in the latter part of next month. Mr. Henschel was the first conductor of the Boston symphony concerts, and they are both well known in New York and London, from which latter city they are just returning.

Mr. H. J. Stewart delivered a lecture on March 29th, under the auspices of the Berkeley Choral Society, on the subject of "Musical Forms." The following illustrations of the lecture will soon be rendered by a string quartet, consisting of Henry Heyman, solo violin, Noah Brandt, violin, F. Knell, viola, and C. Toepke, 'cello, under the direction of Mr. Heyman: Prelude and Allemand, in F, A. Corelli; sonata, violin and piano, Handel; quartet in C, No. 3, Haydn; minuet, in C, from the 6th quartet, Mozart; adagio, from Op. 18, No. 2, Beethoven.

M. Ovide Musin announces his second concert, which will occur at the Baldwin Theatre on Sunday evening, April 7th. With the assistance of his excellent company, he will present a highly interesting programme.

The last Rosewald orchestral matinée of this series will be held at Irving Hall next Friday. Mrs. J. M. Pierce, Miss Mary E. Barnard, and Miss Flora Kendall will be the soloists.

A farewell concert will be given by the Mendelssohn Quintet Club, of Boston, next Wednesday evening at Irving Hall. A programme of rare excellence will be presented.

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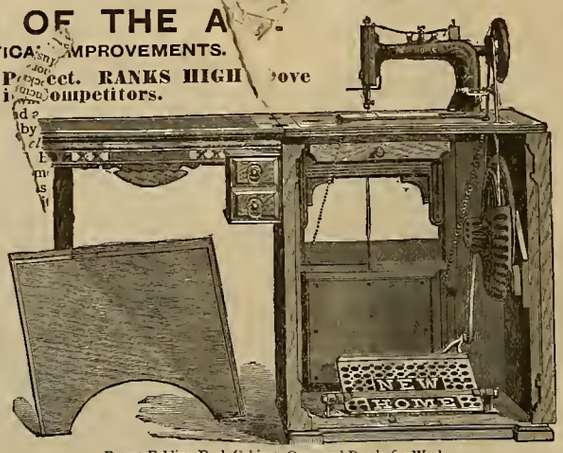

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M. Pixley, - - - - - - - - - - Editor.

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a political journal published at Washington comes ing rumor that President Harrison has it in contem- appoint certain prominent Democrats to official at the South, because of their eminent qualifications moral character. We presume this direful rumor is by fear rather than from any just cause for so dan- d unprecedented a change of policy. When, some- e than twenty years ago, and before the civil war, w out of the institution of slavery, was entered e were fifteen States of the Union whose people, their peculiar institution, had become, in some re- peculiar people. Society was constituted upon a asis from the North; it rested upon the institution d the country in social respects. The leading class th was composed of those who owned slaves and ected with them in social rank or in business inter- slave-owners were the persons of leading influence cal matters, and their ladies took the same position rcles. The "family" of the planter was the lead- to be of the "first" families of Virginia, South Kentucky, or Louisiana was to have held a position on of which the incumbent was justly proud. It her rank to be a member of an "old" family than hy one. It was indispensable to own slaves. It nost universal claim to distinction to treat slaves as a mark of high distinction to own many slaves raised and worked upon broad-acred plantations. e ancestral acres there grew up the only aristocracy ith. With land and negroes were associated all that was best in the South land. The young gentleman owned his valet; the young lady owned her maid. The senator, member of Congress, President, or embassador was attended by his body-servant when he visited Washington or went abroad upon a foreign mission. The Southern maiden at Northern school was attended by her colored maid, and the young gentleman at Northern college was accompanied by his colored man—servants who had been their older companions and playmates in childhood, and who stood in the relation of protector and servant when they went forth in the world. Our Northern cities and summer-resorts were crowded with Southern people attended by retinues of colored folk, who held toward their white masters and mistresses curious relations. It is easy to understand how there grew up, in plantation life, the most peculiar relations between slaves and their owners; how intimate these relations became; what devotion marked the slave; what protective guardianship distinguished the master—all have observed whose opportunity of observation extends backward to the time when the planter could travel in the North with his slaves under protection of an universal approving public sentiment. This paper is written not to give a history of slavery, or the war that succeeded to Northern interference, which was the natural result of so very peculiar an institution. The evils of slavery are not here omitted from enumeration because they are not recognized to have bad existence. This "institution" had existed as long as anything in our country. It had been planted in our earliest history, and had grown in common with every part of our republic. Property in human chattels was entitled to, and had, the recognition and protection of the law in every State of the Union. Slavery had intertwined itself with every fibre of Southern life, and become a part of the whole structure of the social and business organization of Southern society. How inextricably interwoven and how completely interlaced had slavery become with every part of the political organization of fifteen Southern States and nearly ten millions of people, was seen in the preliminary steps which led to the war and the events which, for four succeeding years, led them through a most costly and bloody struggle. How almost entirely unanimous were all classes in defense of an institution, in which the owners of slaves bore but a small proportion to the white population, is seen on every page of the civil war. It is a curious fact that non-slave-holders in Southern States were as earnest in upholding and defending slavery as the slave-masters. There was also an equally strange condition of affairs in the North, for among the best classes of Northern people the very strongest sympathy existed for Southern slavery. We are not excusing "copperheadism" at the North, we are are not denouncing "rebels" at the South. There was an impression abroad among intelligent Northern people that if slavery was an evil to anybody, it was not one to the slave himself; that slavery was not altogether "barbarism," and if it was barbarism, it was the whites who were largely held in subjection to a race whose health, welfare, and happiness they were bound to regard in consideration of the labor which a part of it was compelled to perform. The impression has not altogether been dissipated among the better classes of Northern folk that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was but an ingenious and powerful exaggeration of facts, misrepresenting Southern society, and that it is a great misfortune that the book should ever have been printed. We are not excusing States for having laws permitting the dismembership of families, permitting the sale to sugar and cotton plantations of families torn apart; we are not excusing the type of Legrees and slave-traders; we are not apologizing for that Northern sentiment called "abolitionism," which found exercise for its only exhibition of respect for the law by breaking it, and its only demonstration of love of mankind by aiding slaves to escape from happy bondage, in which—as a race—they were well treated and content, to the horrors of free and inclement Canada. The book which generously and justly considers the institution of slavery in the United States of America during the later years of its existence, and which properly presents the causes which led to the civil war, has not yet been written, and will not be written till the first generation born after the civil war shall have passed away. We are not writing it, we are commenting upon the rumor that General Harrison is contemplating the inauguration of a political policy which shall recognize certain facts, which existed at the South before the war, the motives which prompted the war, and existing conditions which exist in fifteen Southern States since the war closed. There were two great parties at the South before the Southern States seceded. Whigs and Democrats divided at the South as at the North, and we hope we do not misstate a fact in the political history of the South, if we declare that the more intellectual and better class of Southern men were Whigs; that the more prominent of the old families were Whigs, and to use an obnoxious term in this age of agrarian and socialistic democracy, the "aristocracy" of the South was largely Whig. For two hundred years, the white race of the South had been clothed with exclusive political rights. The ballot carried with it certain political privileges which were purchased at the cost of very serious duties and the performance of very important responsibilities. The white race was the superior race, and, because superior, it was charged with all the conditions and burdens which attend it. The servile race was ignorant, and in not owning itself was necessarily landless, moneyless, and propertyless. Blacks hung dependent upon the master as do animals which have no minds of their own. We are not claiming that slavery was right, or that a white man could rightfully receive from a black man labor at a price which he alone could fix. We are simply saying that the white class of the South was superior in intelligence, property, influence, and political power, and that the institutions in fifteen Southern States had, for two hundred years, been modeled in accordance with that fact, till there were more black and slave people in many of the Southern States than white people. Then came the war, and with the war and out of the war the enfranchisement of five millions of ignorant blacks who had been slaves and who possessed all the characteristics of the African family, which for centuries had been dependent upon masters of another color. They were made free and clothed with equal political power under the law with their masters. The class which had toiled upon the plantation, and been permitted to visit the market town and neighboring village upon passes; which was fed, and clothed, and furnished with medical attendance; which was uneducated and undisciplined except in the fields of labor, was emancipated, let loose to all the freedom of citizenship; by the laws of the country, chattels, which had been recognized as the property of their white owners, were made their equals. Men who had been slaves were armed with the ballot, and put forward by carpet-bag adventurers to claim equal privileges as governing members of the communities in which they lived. Slaves imported as prisoners of war from Africa and held in bondage to their masters, were, by the talismanic touch of the conjurer, to be converted into magistrates and peace-officers; they were to be clothed with authority as judges and legislators; they were to assess the value of taxable property; they were to be honored as members of Congress and senators of the United States; they were to become governors of Southern States; wear the title of honorable; be designated as judges and generals, and upon occasions to take precedence of those whom they had once served. We of the North affect to be surprised that this change was not brought about easily, that Southern men resented it, and at the ballot-box endeavored to rectify what they thought was a wrong. We, who never permit an election day at the North to pass without riots, drunkenness, and violence, and who know the extent of election frauds, the corruption, bribery, and crimes which attend every step of our elections, from the primary caucus to the administration of the Presidential oath on the steps of the national capitol, affect a virtuous and patriotic indignation, because whites at the South deny to enfranchised negroes the freedom of the Southern ballot-box. We express great surprise that there is a "solid Democratic South," and that a full quarter of a century finds the strength of the Democratic party undiminished. The history of the War of the Rebellion seemed to place the responsibility of its inauguration upon the Republican party. To the Republican party, in the minds

of Southern people, is chargeable the war and all its results; in the Democratic party, they think they find all the friends the South have in the Northern States. The South and all its best, most intelligent, and respectable people, are Democrats; popular sympathy is with the Democratic party. If the South would exchange its white-voting population with the North, and for every white rebel was exchanged a Northern soldier, the same condition of things would exist. The white minority would refuse to submit to the black majority; intelligence will never yield a willing submission to ignorance; the white man born in freedom will never admit the equality of an African born in bondage. Property has rights which it will never yield to the propertyless mob. Aristocratic pride can never and will never consider itself on a level with a vulgar, uneducated mass of manumitted black slaves. So long as the white and black races exist on this Northern hemisphere, so long will the antagonism of race exist. It was a mistake of the Republican party to clothe emancipated slaves with the privilege of the elective franchise, and until this privilege is taken away from ignorant blacks, there will be no political repose in the Southern States. In a repuhlican government, intelligence, property, birth, social rank will assert themselves. General Harrison would be less intelligent than we think him if he does not recognize the condition of things to which we have referred, and he would be less patriotic, fearless, and independent if he did not attempt to do something to restore the South to the condition its leading men have the right to occupy in national affairs. Let rebellion be treated as a political offense, and not entitled to punishment as a continuing crime, punishahle with a plank-bed and prison fare. Let the surrender at Appottomax to Lincoln and Grant be regarded as a settlement and condonation of the offenses of the rebellion. Let the South be accorded home-rule. To its prominent men give prominent positions; to its honorable men, responsible trusts. Let the distinction be drawn between the Northern and Southern Democrats as they stand in relation to the history of the country during the last twenty-five years. If President Harrison sball have the courage to make this distinction, and place the administration of Southern affairs in the hands of Southern citizens, wbo are best qualified to discharge them, he will work such a political revolution as will hreak the solid Democratic South into fragments, and demonstrate that the Republican is a national party. Such a line of policy would stir the angry resentments of mere partisan place-hunters at the North and in the Republican ranks. Their name is legion, but they are not one-tenth as numerous as the great non-partisan multitude which takes no especial interest in the distribution of patronage, but who, beyond and ahove any other political question, would be glad to have the war ended and the South hrought hack into the Union, as it was before the agitation commenced over the slavery question which led to civil war. In this settlement is involved the American question, wbich at present embraces consequences of the highest importance to the welfare of the republic. The South is the natural home of the American party, and if the Republican organization will make room for it witbin its ranks, it can be so strengthened and so purified that it could be safely intrusted with the administration of national affairs for many years to come. Let the Pope's Irish continue with the Democracy, where they belong. The best the Repuhlican party can hope to accomplish will he to divide them, and those it gains it will be compelled to continuously reward. The Roman Catholic Irish, in the very nature of their church organization, are compelled to adhere together; they are not strong enough to divide and conquer; united, the Democratic Irish are a strong and dangerous power. Their home is in the Democratic party; let the Democracy continue to monopolize them, hut if the Republican party, under President Harrison, shall have the courage and the generosity to extend its hands over the Southern horder, grasp the South as a part of the American people, whose crime of rebellion is not an unpardonahle offense, we shall see the grandest and most permanent political organization that has ever been effected upon the American continent.

The death of John Bright has brought forth hut limited eulogiums from the press of the United States, and yet among the great men and statesmen of Europe our country never had a firmer friend nor one who rendered us a longer and a hetter service. *Puck* writes of him as follows, and pays to him a well-deserved tribute of praise:

Through all the time of the war for the Union, he was the best friend that the United States had in all Europe. In private and in public, he was the champion of the free republic, and no one has estimated, to this day, the debt we owe him. We paid him then, in praise, the tribute of our gratitude. Nothing was too good for John Bright. We hailed him as our friend and the friend of humanity. We could not find words wherewith to express our admiration of his unselfish bravery. We held John Bright as one with our own patriots, whose devotion saved our national unity.

And yet John Bright has lain for months a-dying—all but dead—and not one daily newspaper in the United States has dared to tell the present generation of readers how good and great he was, and how the last generation loved and honored him. Why has none of them dared to do this plain and simple duty to a great man? Because they were afraid of the IRISH VOTE. That is the plain English—or American—of it. John Bright, the lover of liberty, the friend of the United States, the man who fought for liberty in his own country and in alien nations—this man in his old age dared to oppose Mr. C. S. Parnell in his political schemes, and no American newspaper dared to do him honor, for fear of offending Mr C. S. Parnell's supporters in this country. John Bright dared to do what he thought was right. The American newspaper does not dare to do anything which may not please the IRISH VOTE. Dares, very often, to be vulgar, and sensational, and scandalous; but it does not dare to offend the IRISH VOTE.

To tell the plain truth, the fear of the IRISH VOTE hangs over the American press like an uplifted lash. The press of to-day fears this political power as the press of a generation ago (and the church, let it be said with sincere regret), feared the political power of the advocates of slavery. From Maine to Mendocino there is hardly one paper that dares to tell a truth unpalatable to the terrible IRISH VOTE. One newspaper bids against another to win the lavor of the Irishmen who cast votes as Americans, and all together have worked for twenty-five years to build up a nation within a nation—a nation of naturalized Irishmen, enjoying the privileges of American citizens and feeling no responsibilities except to that portion of the Irish people who are in revolt, more or less open, against the Government of Great Britain, a power friendly to the United States.

"Great Britain, a power friendly to the United States." Our newspapers act as though they had never considered the important fact which is expressed in these few words; they make nothing of offering advice to a foreign government; of inciting rebellion among British subjects against British laws; of encouraging British subjects who are in contempt of British courts.

Our newspapers and our public men make nothing of interfering in British affairs, or of offering discourtesies to the British Government, whenever the representatives of the IRISH VOTE demand that duty of them. It was supposed, once upon a time, that the dignity of America was something to be considered. But that was—"once upon a time."

Our newspapers meddle with English politics, which do not concern them at all, and encourage resistance to the law and order of Great Britain, and appear to be unconscious of any impropriety or immorality in so doing—being wholly satisfied with pleasing the IRISH VOTE.

Perhaps it is harsh to blame the newspapers for taking their cue from the statesmen, who, all over the country, bow down before this alien fetich. Yet we may fairly look to the press, the censor of politics, to be superior to the politicians. We know that the highest legislative body in the United States, the national Senate, will, without reflection, pass a resolution insulting the Government of Great Britain at the demand of any irresponsible body of Irishmen. The Senate has precedent enough, the House of Representatives has done its duty in this sort of business. And still we are on friendly terms, as a nation, with the British nation. The English are a patient people.

John Brigbt was a Protestant, and because Protestant he was, in England, a Liberal, and had he been an American, would have taken upon every public question the liberal side. He would have been opposed to slavery in whatever land he had lived. He opposed home-rule for Ireland, because it would have placed a Protestant minority under the heel of the Roman Church. If he had lived in America, he would have taken the side of non-sectarian free schools as against parochial schools, in which religion is taught and loyalty to American institutions made subordinate to fidelity to the church. He would have opposed, in this country, any connection of cburch and State, and any recognition of any church by the State. John Bright was a man of peace, because he recognized the useless waste of war. He favored the cause of temperance, because he was not hlind to the human misery which attends the alcoholic traffic. John Bright was twice in the cahinet of Mr. Gladstone, though not always in harmony with his chief. He once resigned from the cabinet, because he did not agree with his colleagues on the war policy in Egypt. When Mr. Gladstone proclaimed that the South had founded a new nation and declared the cause of the Union to be hopeless, John Bright said, in parliamentary debate: "I have another and far brighter vision before my gaze. It "may be a vision, but I cherish it. I see one vast confedera-"tion, stretcbing from the frozen north in unhroken line to "the glowing south, and from tbe wild billows of the Atlantic "to the calmer waters of the Pacific main, and I see one peo-"ple, and one language, and one law, and one faith, and all "over that wide continent the home of freedom and a ref-"uge for the oppressed of every race and of every clime." It was John Bright who kept Great Britain from recognizing the Southern Confederacy. John Bright saw in his vision—what will in time be realized—an American commonwealth as broad as the continent, extending from the Arctic north to tropic Darien, possessed by a homogeneous, free people, altogether independent of any priestly control and disconnected with any foreign church. It will be remembered that France, under Napoleon the Third—a Catholic empire with a Catholic sovereign—undertook to lay the foundations of a Catholic government, with a Catholic emperor, in Mexico, and that in this unfriendly endeavor Louis Napoleon was aided by every prominent Roman Catholic politician in England, France, and Ireland; that the Papal Government, under Pius the Ninth, recognized the Confederate States Government, with the consent and acquiescence of every prominent political Romanist in America; that Archbishop Hughes never gave the least chirp of Unionism after returning from a visit to Rome. Wherever there is found an open or disguised enemy of the American Republic it is always a Romanist, and usually a Jesuit. There are a great many Romanists in disguise; the South has some; two were in Cleveland's Cabinet. There is one in Harrison's Cabinet. The appointment of Egan to Chile is a Romanist victory. If home-rule triumphs for Ireland, it is an Austerlitz for Rome. Rome rules the Democratic party in California and in San Francisco, and comes very nearly to the point of holding the balance of political power in the national government, in all the Nortbern States, and in nearly all the great commercial cities. At the same time, John Bright's prophecy will he fulfilled, and all the secret conspiracies of Roman Catholic cardinals, hishops, priests, and Jesuits will come to naught. The great reformation of Luther has done important work. The English Protestant reformation continued the labor; Voltaire, the French infidel, contributed to the emancipation of free thought. Science continues the demonstration, and the American non-sectarian school-house and a free press will give us the realization of John Bright's vision.

One of the most remarkahle puhlications which has ever appeared in print affecting local political affairs of the State of California and the city of San Francisco, is the pamphlet—which the daily journals have published, and which the *naut* would publish if it had the space—is put forth by Je Lynch, formerly a senator from the joint counties Francisco and San Mateo, and president of the San Fr Stock Exchange, against Christopher Buckley, the con Democratic politician of this State and the unque "boss" of the party in San Francisco. To those of o ers who are not conversant with our local politics local politicians, it becomes necessary to say that the cratic party, which is in majority composed of aliens, ha such ascendency in this State that it elected the last g Mr. Washington Bartlett, and most of the State offic carried the city of San Francisco by such an overw majority, that it has complete control of municipal aff during the last session of the legislature had compl trol of State legislation. More than twelve millio appropriated for State purposes, five millions of wh have been stolen, the most disgraceful and unp jobs were consummated, corruption and profligacy and State taxes were increased. In this city, what stood to be a corrupt ring of nine supervisors sumed absolute control of the city government, exhi authority in the most cruel extortions from all corpora submitting to black-mail. Over the Democratic p Buckley has achieved complete authority. In State tion his will is supreme. In San Francisco he select tire nominating convention. The result is, that all s candidates owe their election to him, and all corrup recognize their obligations by obeying his comma dividing with him their stealings. It is this power w Lynch has had the courage to assault, and with a and special mention of men and motives, which gi indictment a value and force which do not accom stract denunciation of political and party evils. Mr. Lynch is of Irish birth, Catholic faith, and Democ tics; he is a citizen of good reputation, of high intell correct morals, of good social standing, of wealth, a tegrity in public or private life we have never heard Mr. Lynch bas dared do that which no politicia standing and no journal of any standing at all courage to utter. He makes Mr. Buckley's from the slums of society, composes it of the cri ment, and from the vicious, dependent, foreign class to him the political power which he is charged with corrupt practices, and by criminal ways for purpo lawful gain. Mr. Buckley is blind, and by reaso Mr. Lynch confesses, more acute in his other se was once a Republican, hut changed his politics up ing a resident of a Democratic city. His head-qu saloon, of which he is proprietor. He manipulates th Sacramento hy direct negotiations with any who will dealings with the Spring Valley Water Company, wit panies, with railroads and corporations generally, a with particularity of detail. Mr. Samuel Rainey is with Mr. Buckley as lieutenant, through whom the ment is managed; how he controls the board of through a master-carpenter is narrated; how scho are appointed, and through what vile portals fema are invited to pass, is very openly suggested; how officers are made to disgorge their earnings; h and water companies are black-mailed; how th court judges were approached in the Bonnet jurors were hribed; what occurred in the S Young case and in the Morrow case; how the party was debauched and conventions manipulat set forth with terrible and convincing particularity Schmitt, ex-Judge Toohy, ex-Sheriff Hopkins District-Attorney Stonehill are made to figure a *criminis* in the interesting recital. How this ci narrative will affect the intelligent tax-paying co whether it will affect it at all, we do not know. and municipal politics are in a most demoralized condition. Men who have accumulations, res active, industrious, temperate, and economical liv plundered by criminals leading debauched a lives, because of organized conspiracies, which gether all the vagabonds and the worthless, crim different members of society into party organiz are called "Democratic" or "Repuhlican," and lated hy political huccaneers. Whether the whose time is too valuahle to he devoted to the good government and directed to the preservat and the maintenance of law, is a hetter memb than Mr. Buckley, as he is described by Lynch, is an open question, which we will not to consider. As a rule, we take it that newspap editors, parties and their leaders, politicians and are as good as the community in which they man, editor, partisan, or public man, who under the popular current and swim up the stream, garded as a crank and esteemed a fool.

THE ALASKA COMMERCIAL.

Editors Argonaut: Under the above caption a communication, igned "B.," appeared in the *Argonaut* of April 1st.

The statements therein are so manifestly biased, and, indeed, so misleading and untruthful, that I am constrained to ask some portion of our space to contradict them.

After reciting the Act of Congress, which passed on March 2d, last, our correspondent goes on to say that the President in his proclamation voids determining what the "waters" are "within the jurisdiction of the United States," leaving it to the courts to determine the question.

Apparently, "B" is ignorant that the Revised Statutes distinctly state "that hunting seal and other fur-bearing animals in the waters of Alaska and adjacent thereto is forbidden, unless under sanction of such rules as the Secretary of the Treasury may prescribe."

This enactment was designed to cover the waters of the Behring's Sea s ceded to the United States by Russia, under the treaty which conveyed, he Territory to us. The Czar's government have claimed the Behring's Sea as a "mare clausum" from the time of Behring's discovery. Their officers rigidly and ruthlessly expelled intruders, and were jealous of any encroachers. Records prove this statement. French and Swedish whalemen were driven from the sea by the officials of the Russian-American Company, and their respective governments when appealed to justified the act of the Russians.

If Russia had not, and did not think she possessed, the rights of suzerainty over the Behring's Sea, why did she cede them to the United States?

It is with this view of the case "that the United States has never surrendered her rights over the sea," that the President, under the advice of Secretary Blaine, issued the proclamation, and there is no doubt that the weak and vacillating policy of ex-Secretary Bayard was the cause of the passage of the recent act of Congress, which emphasizes the fact that Behring's Sea is within the dominion of the United States.

Until an international conference decides in the negative, it is to be hoped that neither the present nor any future administration will be bowed by a parcel of sealing-schooner owners, whose vessels, although flying the British flag, are owned by United States naturalized citizens.

I will not comment upon that portion of "B.'s" letter which refers to Bayard's action in ordering United States revenue officers to seize American schooners and refrain from disturbing British vessels. That statement is true, and showed the weak diplomacy of the man.

"B." assails the character of two dead men. He states that through the jobbery of President Grant, General John F. Miller, acting for the Alaska Commercial Company, obtained the lease of the Prybiloff Islands, when Louis Goldstone's bid was more advantageous to the United States. This is a false statement, which, although reiterated time and again before Congressional committees, has always been refuted. The bids were passed upon by Secretary Boutwell, who authorized Assistant-Secretary Richardson to sign the lease to the present holders, inasmuch as they were the only ones who gave sufficient security for the due performance of the contract.

The stockholders of the Alaska Commercial Company, resident in this city, are men of integrity standing high in the community, not only in a commercial sense, but also in the social scale. Prominent in every charity, foremost in every undertaking that will promote the welfare of their fellow-citizens and enhance the prosperity of San Francisco, they are beyond reproach. The few owners of the stock who live in the east are also men of integrity and high-standing. So, therefore, it ill becomes a person to publicly traduce a firm who are esteemed by all who have transactions with them, and who materially aid in the development of San Francisco commerce by expending at least two millions of dollars a year among her merchants. The fact is, that there are many charges made against the Alaska Commercial Company which the managers are guiltless of. Unfortunately they have had agents in their employ, whose conduct has been far from irreproachable—men suddenly elevated to the position, who thought they were little "gods on wheels" and that they owned the earth, because they were getting good salaries. These are the class of individuals who have brought odium upon the company by their actions, and, in some instances, after having gained wealth through the aid of their generous employers, used their influence with such bombastic and upstart manners as to disgust those with whom they came in contact.

Beyond protesting to the government and asking for such protection as the terms of its lease called for, the Alaska Commercial Company never attempted to prevent sealing in the Behring's Sea. Secretary John Sherman modified the law—"which prohibits hunting, except by natives"—so as to permit white men marrying Aleut women to engage in the pursuit. Other than this modification, there has never been any deviation in the provisions of the Act of 1869–70.

Now, as to the renewal of the lease next year. No sensible firm or individual will bid for the privilege of catching seals on the Prybiloff Islands, unless protected by the government from incursion. Since the schooners began to hunt seals in the open waters of the Behring's Sea, the animals have been wild and shy, arriving later than usual at their breeding-ground, while the bloated carcasses of seals shot, but not caught by the hunter, have been found floating off the islands, tending to frighten the animals from hauling upon shore.

To show, or rather repeat, the long story of how the seal will be exterminated, would occupy too much space, but it may be said that the proof of the evil in permitting promiscuous hunting in the Behring's Sea is manifest. Seals are far more numerous now on the Kommander Group of islands, on the Russian side of the Behring's Sea, than they have been for ten years past. These islands are also leased by a branch of the Alaska Commercial Company. Here lies the true outcome of what will take place if any one and every one is permitted to hunt seal. It is like killing the "golden-egg goose."

The rental and taxes paid to the United States Treasury since the lessees took possession of the two islands will, by next year, amount to nearly *five million dollars*. No small sum in itself, and falling short but two millions of the amount paid to Russia for the whole territory.

During the first two years, the present lessees had to contend with the prejudices, which were against the use of seal-skins; but, by a pushing policy, they contrived to make the furs acceptable to wearers, and thereby enhanced the value of the raw article. This was a simple business transaction, such as is pursued by dealers in any class of goods who wish to sell their wares. Fur-seals are, and may be, caught in great numbers along the entire coast of California, Puget Sound, and as far north as the Aleutian Islands, and their capture should satisfy the hunting-schooners that are engaged in the trade, without encroaching on protected grounds. The main opposition to the "closed sea" comes from Victoria, B. C., where vessels are fitted out, ostensibly owned by British subjects, but in reality belonging to San Francisco firms, and, in many instances, these persons are the very ones who would be the first to "growl" if they became lessees of the seal islands.

"B." asks the question: "If the company obtain the lease again, will it not raise the price of seal-skins?" Here, again, ignorance is shown. Not a single seal-skin in the raw state, brought from any territory leased by the company, is sold in the United States. The pelts are packed and shipped to London, England, where, at auction, the buyers of the world compete for them, so that the company have no control over the prices in any sense whatever.

Again "B." says that "it is difficult to say what the skins cost the company." Had he consulted the government reports, he could have ascertained that the company pay yearly, in the shape of rent and taxes, three hundred thousand dollars; they pay the Aleuts from thirty-two thousand to thirty-three thousand dollars yearly for their work, besides furnishing them with salt, salmon, coal, wood, and houses, all without charge. In addition to the sums mentioned, there are salaries of employees, steamship freights, and other expenses to be added, which "B." will probably observe amounts to more than one dollar for each skin taken. The natives on the islands disdain such articles as calicoes, old clothes, and jack-knives as "B." suggests the company satisfy them with. I would inform him that the Aleut men and women dress in the best of broadcloth, silks, and satins, wear gold watches, but do not drink whisky, because they can not buy it, or obtain it in any way; neither do they have old muskets, for the simple reason that fire-arms are not allowed to be used at any time without a permit from the treasury agent, and then only granted after the sealing season is over, to shoot seals. The Aleuts on the seal islands, so far as their wealth and condition is concerned, are far better off than the average working-man in San Francisco.

I am not under any obligation to, neither have I ever served, the Alaska Commercial Company, as may be imagined by "B." My extended and many visits to Alaska enable me to take an unbiased view of the facts which now engage attention relative to the Behring's Sea question, and I sincerely hope that the administration will never consent to allow hunters to exterminate the seal by permitting encroachments within waters which have been judicially determined to be the property of the United States. Aleut.

The editors of the *Argonaut* have been so good as to permit me to see the above before its publication.

The writer, who signs himself "Aleut," declares that he is "not under any obligation to, nor a servant of, the Alaska Commercial Company," but a mere citizen, moved by a sense of public duty to come to the rescue of a menaced monopoly. Opinions may differ as to what constitutes "obligation" and "service," but I think I can assure "Aleut" that if he had not been believed to speak for the stockholders in the company, his letter would not have had the honor of being printed in the *Argonaut*, nor should I have taken the trouble to answer it.

In the controversy which is now likely to arise over the renewal of the lease of the seal islands, those gentlemen will find that truth-telling will serve their purpose better than misrepresentation; that they will gain nothing by stating that "the Revised Statutes" forbid fishing in the open sea of Behring; that the United States accept the obsolete *mare clausum* doctrine which Russia once held; that the Act of March 2, 1889, declares that "Behring's Sea is within the dominion of the United States"; that Secretary Boutwell "authorized Assistant-Secretary Richardson to sign the lease" of 1870; that there has been no "modification in the rules governing sealing since the lease was granted"; that the company has no control over the price of seal-skins; that the Aleuts wear broadcloth and their wives satin, while both carry gold watches; that the high sea of Behring "has been judicially determined to be the property of the United States." These statements are each and all of them, as the officers of the company know, the reverse of the fact; and, to utter them in the guise of truths, is liable to prejudice public opinion against the company and to militate against a fair consideration of its claims.

Nor is it to the purpose that the stockholders in the Alaska Commercial Company should draw attention to their piety and their many virtues. They may be such shining lights in the society in which they move that common men and women are dazzled by the splendor of their effulgence. But that will not justify the Treasury Department in violating international law to enrich them, or in granting them a renewal of their lease without offering it to public competition. It is in heaven, and not in Alaska, that virtue finds its reward.

Two dangers impend. The first is that, for the sake of still further enriching the Alaska Commercial Company, the government will continue to violate a principle of international law, which has been emphatically asserted from time immemorial by the United States. That principle is, that no nation can claim jurisdiction over uninclosed waters beyond a certain distance from low-water mark. The distance has been variously stated at one mile, or one league, or three leagues, or one hundred miles (in the Treaty of Utrecht). That principle, which was first stated by Grotius in 1609, was adopted by the United States at the very beginning of their national career. It was asserted by James Madison, when he refused to acknowledge the sovereignty of Algiers over the Mediterranean, and went to war rather than pay tribute; it was asserted by John Quincy Adams as to this very sea of Behring, when Russia insisted that it was a closed sea; Mr. Adams denounced the "vain and extravagant pretensions" of Russia, and had the satisfaction of hearing from Governor Speranski, of Siberia, that the claim had been abandoned; it was again asserted, in 1848, when Mr. Tyler refused to pay sound dues to Denmark; a national congress met at Copenhagen, and Great Britain, Russia, France, Prussia, and the United States agreed that Denmark had no jurisdiction over the sound, which was an uninclosed sea, and that the dues must be abolished; it was reasserted by Mr. Seward as late as 1866, when Russian cruisers attempted to interfere with American whalers in Behring's Sea.

The leading case, in which the law on the subject is elaborately stated, is the case of the *Franconia*, which was tried in England in 1878. In that case the thirteen judges who sat in appeal—while differing in other matters—agreed that the Parliament of England has not, according to the principles of public law, any authority to legislate for vessels on the high seas. Herein the court was merely echoing sound American doctrine. Kent says: "It is difficult to draw any precise or determinate conclusion as to the distance to which a State may lawfully extend its exclusive dominion over the sea adjoining its territories. . . . According to the current of modern authority, the general territorial jurisdiction extends into the sea as far as a cannon-shot will reach, and no further." And Wheaton observes: "The controversy can not be considered open at this day. . . . The maritime territory of every nation extends to the distance of a marine league, or as far as a cannon-shot will reach from the shore."

It was in the face of these authorities and these traditions that Mr. John Sherman, while Secretary of the Treasury, reversed the ruling of his predecessor, Mr. Boutwell, and in order to maintain the monopoly of the Alaska Company, declared that the jurisdiction of the United States extended over the whole of the high sea of Behring, and ordered his revenue-cutters to seize vessels found sealing in any part of that ocean. When Mr. Blaine became Secretary of State in 1881, he concurred with Mr. Sherman; and in addition to a dispatch written by himself on the subject, he caused the following letter to be written to Mr. D. A. Ancona by the acting Secretary of the Treasury, on March 12, 1881:

> The law prohibits the killing of any fur-bearing animals, except as otherwise therein provided, within the limits of Alaska Territory or the waters thereof. . . . You inquire in regard to the interpretation of the terms "waters thereof" as used in the law, and how far the jurisdiction of the United States is to be understood as extending. . . . You are informed that the treaty with Russia of March 30, 1870, by which the Territory of Alaska was ceded to the United States, defines the boundary of the territory so ceded. It will be seen therefrom that the limit of the cession extends from a line starting from the Arctic Ocean, and running through Behring's Strait to the north of St. Lawrence Island. The line runs thence in a south-westerly direction so as to pass midway between the island of Atton and Copper Island of the Kromanhuski couplet or group in the North Pacific Ocean to meridian of one hundred and ninety-three degrees of west longitude. All the waters within that boundary to the western end of the Aleutian Archipelago and chain of islands, are considered within the waters of Alaska Territory. All the penalties prescribed by law against the killing of fur-bearing animals would therefore attach against any violation of law within the limits before described.

When the Democrats came into power, an appeal was made to the Treasury Department, on behalf of the owners of sealing-vessels, and arguments were used to induce the department to return to sound principles and American doctrine. But the influences which had induced the Republican office-holders to violate the law for the benefit of the Alaska Company, were as potent with their successors. On March 16, 1886, Secretary Daniel Manning wrote as follows to the collector of San Francisco:

> I transmit for your information a copy of a letter [*the one given above*] concerning the extent of the jurisdiction of the United States in the waters of the Territory of Alaska, and the prevention of the killing of fur-seals and other fur-bearing animals within such area. . . . This communication is addressed to you, inasmuch as it is understood that certain parties at your port contemplate the fitting out of expeditions to kill fur-seals in the said waters. You are requested to give due publicity to such letter, in order that such parties may be informed of the construction placed by this department upon the provision of law referred to.

The recent proclamation of President Harrison, which is unaccompanied by any revocation of the construction put upon the law by Sherman, Blaine, and Manning, shows that this administration, like its predecessors, proposes to treat the high sea of Behring as a closed sea, in defiance of international law, American precedent, and common equity. It is the prospect of the commission of that wrong, and of the future trouble sure to result, which has awakened public solicitude.

The Alaska Commercial say, through Mr. "Aleut," that if Behring's Sea were not treated as a closed sea, but were thrown open to sealers, the fur-seal would become extinct. The company believes nothing of the kind. It is impossible, as it well knows, to conduct the sealing-business on any large scale without access to the rookeries where the seals come every summer to roost and to bring forth their young. Shooting seals on the high seas is very uncertain business. Most of the wounded beasts sink and are lost. Many are females, whose skins are almost worthless. There is so little money in the calling that the capital invested in it is small. Last year, the English sealers had the run of Behring's Sea without molestation; if any of them made a fortune, the fact has not transpired. To take the fur-seal, the hunter must possess one of the islands to which the animals resort, and no one has proposed that the Pryhiloff Islands, or the Copper Islands, which are now under lease to the Alaska Company, shall be thrown open to public occupation. Every one realizes that the fur-seal must be preserved, as game-birds are preserved in most of the States of the Union; and no one would object to rational rules to prevent the indiscriminate slaughter of the animals—such, for instance, as a rule forbidding the landing of sealers on the seal islands, except at proper seasons, and under proper restrictions and limitations prescribed by the government.

A further source of concern felt by the public grows out of a general apprehension that, by underhand and corrupt methods, the Alaska Commercial Company will succeed in obtaining a renewal of their lease without notice to the public, and on terms unfair to the nation. This apprehension is based, first, on observation of the course pursued by the company in the past, and, next, on what is known of the character of James G. Blaine and William Windom. The whole policy of the Alaska Commercial, from its first inception to the present day, has been bottomed on fraud and deception; as to the government officials, it has been the misfortune of Mr. Blaine that whenever he has been involved in a controversy in which the people have been on one side and a rich corporation on the other, he has been found marching under the banner of the latter; while it has been the peculiar luck of Mr. Windom that for some years he has been chiefly known as a Wall Street promoter of speculative enterprises rather shady in hue. It appears to the public unfortunate that, in a matter involving boodle to the tune of two millions a year, the defense of the interests of the American people should be intrusted to these two gentlemen, and they feel that, unless attention is repeatedly drawn to the situation, and members of Congress are forearmed with a knowledge of the facts, a wrong may be done which can not be cured for twenty years to come.

A Republican newspaper empties its little bucket of mud on poor old Bayard's head, and thanks God that we have at last an administration which will maintain the honor of the flag and the profit of Mr. Schloss in the teeth of John Bull and all his guns. There is going to be no more poaching this season in Behring's Sea by Englishmen or any other kind of men. Perhaps we had better not be too sure of anything. Yesterday, Admiral Heneage, of the royal navy, sailed in his flagship *Swiftsure* for Esquimalt. Last year, he sent the *Caroline* into Behring's Sea; this year, he is going there himself. The admiral is the mildest-mannered man that ever trod a quarter-deck, but he is obstinate as forty Andalusian mules rolled into one. He is reported as saying that the only historical parallel to the attempt of the United States Government to declare Behring's Sea a closed sea for the benefit of the Alaska Commercial, is the declaration of the Pasha of Algiers, at the beginning of this century, that the Mediterranean was his private lake, and that no foreigner could navigate that lake without paying him tribute—a theory which, as the reader will remember, was rather warmly disputed by Decatur and Lord Exmouth. It would probably pain the admiral to have to send one of Mr. Windom's cutters into Esquimalt with a prize-crew on board; it is to be hoped that no necessity for such action may arise. It may comport with the honor and dignity of the United States to go to war with England in order to enrich Messrs. Schloss & Co. But, also, it may not. B.

San Francisco, April 10, 1889.

A REAL-ESTATE ROMANCE.

How an Unimproved Block Brought Two Young Persons Together.

Henri Tourneur, who had just won a first-class medal at the Exposition Universelle, was not a painter of genius, but his pictures were, without exception, excellent. His painting had been the rage for four or five years, and he had no need to fear the caprice of fashion. He had (at the time at which this history opens) orders for more pictures than he could paint in two years, and there was nothing to prevent his making an income of fifty thousand francs.

M. Tourneur, senior, a commission-agent in wines, retired on four hundred pounds sterling a year, had neither helped nor hindered his son's vocation. He had left him to himself without money, but with the following words of encouragement: "If you have any talent, you will help yourself; if you haven't any, you will give up painting, and I will start you in business." From the age of twenty to thirty, Henri made wood-cuts for cheap illustrated editions; he painted fans, bon-bon-boxes, china, and even fire-screens. Those ten years of ill-paid work were of service to him. They taught him economy.

As to his personal appearance, if you had not seen his portrait engraved by Calamatta, he would not have attracted your attention had he passed you in the street. With his regular, rather cold features, his very fair complexion, light chestnut hair, and whiskers worn in the English fashion, you would have taken him for a young British merchant rather than a well-known artist. Although he was of small stature, he was well proportioned and remarkably well dressed in the finest and best-cut cloth. He indulged in no eccentricities of form or color, nor in any jewelry but his Breguet watch. If he carried a stick, it would be a five-guinea cane, with a tortoise-shell knob worth a few pence. In his studio he wore white cotton in summer and woolen in winter, which was always spotless; he was as clean and neat as his painting. An Englishman on his way home from Egypt had left a young Nuhian lad of eighteen behind him in Paris. The Englishman had even forgotten to give him a name. Tourneur allowed himself the luxury of taking him into his service and christened him Snowball. He instructed him in those liberal arts which are within the compass of black races, such as polishing a floor, dusting furniture, brushing clothes and boots, carrying letters to their destination, and was soon the best valeted man in Paris, for the sum of ten francs per month.

M. Henri Tourneur was a well-conducted artist. He frequented neither halls nor theatres, with the exception of the Comédie-Française, where he had a free pass. At thirty-five, his habits were as regular as those of a man of his age could possibly be. Still, I will not assert that he was indifferent to the beauty of Mellina Barni. When she broke off her engagement with the director of La Scala to come and sing in Paris, it was he who persuaded her to put off her début. You might often have met him at her house, and, what is more significant, you sometimes met her at his.

On the fifteenth of May, of the year 1855, an hour after the opening of the Exposition des Beaux-Arts, Henri Tourneur was absorbed in the contemplation of his own work and smiling at his picture of Alain Chartier, when he experienced one of those friendly and familiar digs in the ribs which would disturb the equilibrium of a bull. He turned round as if a spring in him had been touched, but his anger could not withstand the broad smile on M. de Chingru's red face; he burst out laughing.

"Bonjour, Van Ostade, Mieris, Terhurg, Gerard Dow!" cried M. de Chingru, in so loud a tone that five or six people had the advantage of hearing his remarks; "I have seen *thy* three pictures, they don't lose any of their charm, they are magnificent; in fact, there is nothing else here. You have beaten France, Belgium, and England; Meissonnier, Willems, and Mulready. You paint *genre* as well as Genre himself, and you are as learned as Pinxit. If the government doesn't order a hundred-thousand-franc picture of you and give you the Cross of the Legion of Honor, I shall pull the Bastille about its ears!" He caught hold of Henri's arm, and added in a whisper: "Would you care to marry?"

"Leave me alone, will you?"

"A million?"

"You are mad, a million wouldn't have me."

"Why not? A million and you are of equal value. What is the yearly interest of a million? fifty thousand francs. You can make as much as that. You are therefore worth a million."

"But where did you discover that?"

"Aha! the tale interests you. Well, listen. Once upon a time there was, there still exists, a certain M. Gaillard——"

"Who gambles on the stock exchange. No, thank you. I have seen the play of 'La Ceinture Dorée.'"

"He no more gambles than I do; he is a clerk at the —— office——"

"With a salary of ten thousand francs."

"With a salary of three thousand six hundred, besides a never-failing gratuity of four hundred francs; total, four thousand. There is your future father-in-law."

"And my million?"

"Ah, *my* million! You nihole, Van Ostade, you nihhle! M. Gaillard is a model employee. For the last thirty years he has arrived at his office at five minutes to ten and left it at five minutes past four. This model clerk, this phœnix of employees, lives in the Rue d'Amsterdam, with his daughter, his sister, and his *bonne*. Their apartment is on the fourth floor, three bedrooms, no sitting-room. The windows——"

"Good-by, Chingru."

"Ta-ta, Gerard Dow. Their windows overlook ten thousand square meters of land. You are still there?"

"Go on!"

"Ten thousand meters, at a hundred francs, make a million. Whoever denied this fact would be at direct variance with Pythagoras! This million, my dear Terhurg, is the property of M. Gaillard."

"But how did he get it?"

"Don't be alarmed; he hasn't stolen it. A purse may be stolen any day, but an acre or so of land can not be stolen; there are no pockets big enough. In the year of grace, 1830, a few days after the events of July, M. Gaillard, a supernumerary of five years' service, found himself in possession of seventy-five thousand francs, the legacy of an uncle in Narbonne. He was looking out for an investment which no revolution could touch, when he discovered this block of land, then worth seven francs per meter. He soon made his calculation, seventy thousand francs for the purchase of the land, five thousand for lawyers' fees and taxes. He paid money down, and thereby gained some further advantage."

"But since, why hasn't he sold?"

"Since? He has never even taken down the hoard, and I will show it you whenever you choose. '*This block to be sold, as a whole or in lots.*' And please to observe that purchasers have not been wanting. The day after the signature of the deed he was offered a profit of ten thousand francs. He said to himself, 'Humph! I haven't made a bad bargain,' and he kept his land. When the railway station was built at Saint-Germain, a speculator offered him two hundred thousand francs. He scratched his nose (it is his only bad habit) and replied that his wife did not wish to sell. In 1842—his wife was dead—a gas company made him the most dazzling overtures; half a million! '*Ma foi*,' he replied; 'as I have waited twelve years, I may as well go on waiting. I am too well satisfied with the way time works for me to interfere. When my daughter is marriageable, we shall see what we shall see!' I may as well tell you that his daughter is a contemporary of his landed property. In 1850, his daughter was twenty, a charming age, and his land was worth eight hundred thousand francs, a good price. But be is so accustomed to keep both of them that it would take a crusade to decide him for either marriage or sale. It is useless to insinuate that the two cases are not parallel, and that while building lots are none the worse for waiting, girls after a certain age are apt to become less marketable; he stops his ears and returns to his desk, where he continues his conscientious scribble."

"And his daughter?"

"She bores herself at the rate of a hundred francs per day, with all her heart, in fact to such an extent that she will fall in love with the first man who appears above the horizon."

"She never sees any one?"

"No one who can be described as a human being. An old country lawyer and five or six government clerks, with grave and clerkly manners. You see a man doesn't give balls in an apartment consisting of three bedrooms. I am the only presentable man who has access to the house."

"She isn't too ugly?"

"She is magnificently beautiful! that is all!"

"Has she a human name? I warn you that if she is called Euphrosyne——"

"Rosalie; what do you say to that?"

"Yes, Rosalie—Rosalie—a pretty name. Has she any sort of education?"

"She? An artist, my dear fellow, to her fingers' ends, like you and me."

"Like which of us? be good enough to specify."

"Monster of ingratitude! She doesn't play any musical instrument, and she doesn't copy the pictures in the Louvre; but she understands painting, and appreciates music as if she had invented it. Oh! a most severe education; four concerts during Lent, the play six times a year, a subscription to a serious library, few novels, and all English, no doves in the house, not a cousin in the family!"

"Go on, Chingru, I can hear with you! And when will you introduce me?"

"To-morrow, if you like. I have already spoken of you to her."

"And what have you said about me?"

"That among all our great painters you were the only one of whom I possessed no picture."

"I will begin you one to-morrow."

"Thanks; well, at two o'clock. She will be alone with her aunt. You will call about the purchase of a building lot."

"Shall I call for you?"

"No, no; I will call at your studio. I am never at home. Do you even know where I live?"

"I don't quite remember."

"There, I told you so! Well, all my friends are in the same proud position. I don't live anywhere, I perch. I am so little at home, that I hardly know my own address! Ta-ta."

M. de Chingru (Louis Théramène), of no occupation, and of no known habitat, was what is commonly called a studio-pest. He had a talent for ingratiating himself with artists by swinging a gigantic incense-burner under their noses, and by pooh-poohing the one to the other. He would establish himself in their studios on terms of *tutoiement*, and would manage to pick up and carry off such crumbs as a sketch or a study. Without being either an artist or a critic, he had the instinct of a picture-dealer. In the studios where he had the *entrée*, he would extol everything good and bad alike, until he pitched upon the picture for which the artist cared the least. He would then bring all the weight of his admiration to bear on it; he would make for it with all the impetuosity of his enthusiasm; he would leave it but to return to it; he would compare a masterpiece to the object of his dominant passion to the disadvantage of the former, then he would take his leave. The next day he would again appear, but this time without noticing any one; he would hardly pass the time of day; but would go straight to the same picture. He would not besitate to say to the artist: "Behold *thy* first masterpiece. The day you achieved this you achieved greatness. Before, you were merely a painter of the calibre of Delacroix, Troyon, or Corot; after this you became yourself, *tu étais toi*." He would return a week later, but to look in another direction; that corner would be avoided, or his eyes would only wander as if there against their owner's will, while he stifled a sigh. One morning he would arrive with the sun. He had dreamed that his beloved picture was sold to the Queen of England. He wanted to gaze on it once more. Then the artist had but to lose patience and break into invective: "*Thou* art but an ass! Here are twenty not too contemptible pictures, and you go into an ecstasy over a daub. That sketch is idiotic. Nothing can ever be made of it. I don't ever want to see it again. Take it away, but don't ever mention it again to me."

Chingru never waited for this to be said twice to him; he would rush to the picture with inarticulate cries of delight, and hold it up for the artist's contemplation; then pens of praise to the painter, and a signature would be obtained that trebled its value. All the pictures bestowed on him were immediately sold to a dealer, who sent them to the provinces, to Belgium, or to England. If chance brought back one to Paris, then Chingru unblushingly declared that he had given it away.

* * * * * * *

On the morrow, both were punctual, and the clock of the railway station of the Rue St. Lazare was just striking two when Chingru pulled M. Gaillard's bell. The old aunt had gone to market with the *bonne*, and it was Rosalie who opened the door. She led them into the dining-room, answered Chingru's inquiry about her family, allowed M. Tourneur to be presented to her, received him as a man of whom she had heard a great deal, and listened graciously to what he had to say about the choice of a lot and the construction of a studio. She did not know under what conditions her father intended selling, nor whether he would consent to divide a lot; but she showed a lithographed map, which Henri asked permission to take away with him for a day or two; he would call again to arrange with M. Gaillard. The interview lasted ten minutes, and the painter went away dazzled.

"Well?" questioned Chingru, on the staircase.

"Don't talk to me; my eyes smart. It seems to me as if I had been in Italy."

"So you approve of her?"

"She is not a woman, Chingru; she is a goddess. I expected to see a poor Eugénie Grandet, worn by privations, and dried up by melancholy. I could not have believed her to be so tall, so well-grown, of such splendid beauty, and with such dazzling coloring. You said she was five-and-twenty. Yes, she must be five-and-twenty, the age of perfect womanhood. All the Greek statues are twenty-five!"

"Brrr! whirr! You are off like a covey of partridges. Did you notice her eyes?"

"I saw everything—her large, dark eyes; her beautiful chestnut hair; her divinely-drawn eyebrows; her proud mouth, with the full, red lips; her little transparent teeth; her pretty taper hands; her strong, rounded arms; her foot, no bigger than my hand and no wider than my two fingers; her ear as pink as a shell. Did I see her eyes? But I even saw her dress, which is of English alpaca; her collar and sleeves, worked after her own design, for you would not find that sort of pattern in a shop. She wears no rings on her fingers, and her ears are not pierced. *Thou* seest, I know her by heart."

"*Diantre!* If the heart has already begun to speak, there is nothing more for me to busy myself about."

"I must have talked a lot of nonsense. I did not hear what I said; I lived in my eyes; I reveled in the contemplation of perfect beauty for the first time in my life."

"That will do. Now come and contemplate something else."

"What?"

"The land."

"What do I care for the land! If that girl is penniless, and she will have me, I will marry her!"

"Do no violence to your feelings, my good fellow; if the property is in your way, you can hand it over to me. I have often regretted that I was not born a landed proprietor."

When M. Gaillard returned from his office, Rosalie informed him that M. de Chingru had brought a young artist, M. Henri Tourneur, to see the land; that she had given him the map; that the latter gentleman would call again to see him.

"But," she added, laughing, "I suspect he is thinking of something else, for he only looked at me; he didn't know what he was talking about. And, besides, he is much too good-looking for a mere would-be purchaser."

M. Gaillard did not frown; he only scratched his nose (a handsome nose), and made answer: "M. de Chingru should mind his own business. I shall call to-morrow morning to get my map from that young man and find out what he wants of us."

At eight o'clock next morning, Henri was in the act of slipping on his painting-coat, when Snowball introduced a very tall, very thin, very polite, and rather timid man, preceded by a magnificent nose. It was M. Gaillard. He sat down and proceeded to explain, with much circumlocution, that his land had been divided once for all, for the greater convenience of purchasers; that it would be impossible to divide a lot equally, because each lot had only fifteen meters of frontage; that there would be great difficulty in calculating the value of the remaining fraction, which would not look out on the street; and if M. Tourneur was disinclined or unable to buy a whole lot, part of which he could dispose of later, why it would be better to let the matter drop.

"Sir," replied Henri, almost as intimidated as his interlocutor, "I am neither a very sagacious purchaser nor a very experienced vender. I am an artist, as you see, M. de Chingru—but, really! I don't see why I shouldn't speak plainly to you, although what I have to say is not easy to explain. Sir, you are not only a land-owner, you are a parent. What I have heard of your daughter inspired me with an unconquerable desire to know and speak to her. The land was my pretext. I must confess that I chose a moment in which I hoped to find her alone. I took her by surprise, and had the honor of a ten minutes' conversation with her. She is as marvelously beautiful as she is charming and well-bred; and, as you have just accorded me an interview I should have solicited to-day or to-morrow, permit me to inform you that my highest ambition is to obtain the hand of Mlle. Rosalie Gaillard."

M. Gaillard's hand hurriedly found its way to his nose. Henri continued:

"I am aware bow unusual is sucb a point-blank and sudden oposal. You can hardly know my name. I am thirty-four ears old; the puhlic like my painting, and pay me well for it. have invested a sum of fifty thousand francs in five years, and sides have saved enough to purchase the furniture you see re, which is worth about the same sum. I can prove to you at I have eighty thousand francs' worth of orders, which I all complete hefore the first of January, 1857, without any due haste. This to my credit, as my father would say. As the dehit side of my account, I do not owe a farthing. I ight put down my father's fortune to the good, ten thousand ancs per annum, honorably gained in commerce; hut, alough I mention it, I do not choose to count on it. My ther has the admirable hahit of leaving me to my owo reurces. I shall not ask him for a marriage portion. On the her hand, if you honor me by granting me your daughter's and, I should entreat you to keep all your fortune for your vn use; I will undertake to support my wife and children. do not attempt to blind myself to the fact that these condiins are far from equalizing our relative positioos. To this d, I should have to be richer or you poorer; but I know no eans of enriching myself in a day, and I am not egotistical ough to desire your ruin. I think I can guarantee that by e time your daughter comes into possession of her property, vill he so well off that I need not blush for the addition of unearned million—I don't know, sir, if you understand me."

"Yes, sir," replied M. Gaillard; "and although you are an ist, you appear to me to he an honest man."

Heori Tourneur hlushed up to the eyes.

"Pardon me," said the worthy man, with some feeling, "I n't waot to talk badly of artists; I doo't know tbem. I y wanted to express to you that you argue like a straightward man, like a clerk, a merchant, or a lawyer, and you n't profess the slipshod morality of other members of your fession. Besides, your appearance is in your favor, and I k you would please my daughter if she saw you often. e always had a decided taste for painting, music, embroid-, and all sucb little accomplishmeots. Your age is suitable Rosalie's. Your disposition seems to me satisfactory, being the same time serious and cheerful. You seem to be a d mao of husiness, and I should think you were capable admioistering a coosiderable fortune. In a word, sir, you ase me, and for this reason I have to request you not to e to my house, sir, until you hear from me again."

Henri felt as if be were falling from the spire of Strasburg. er pausing to take breath, M. Gaillard bastened to take up thread of his discourse:

"I wouldn't say this to you if I looked upon you as a noy, like M. de Chingru. But I am prudent, sir, and in your rest, as well as in my daughter's, I must make inquiries ut you. Patience, young man; you will lose nothing by ting. If you are worthy of my daughter, she shall be rs; but busioess is business. Go back to your work; go with it. I am a cautious man!"

Henri spent a week in executing variations on a well-known me—hang caution and all cautious men! But he acted prudence and promptitude in breaking off his acquaint-e with Mellina. He sent her a grand piano which he promised her, aod told Snowball that henceforward he not at bome to her.

hingru came on the eighth day to annouoce M. Gaillard's to him. He ioformed him that M. Gaillard had been all Paris, had interviewed all the government officials (esally those of the Beaux-Arts), questioned all the picturers, ransacked the catalogues of previous exhibitions, re-the last five "Salons" of Théophile Gautier, and collected ast amount of informatioo. "He came to me on a more sonal and delicate matter. I oeed oot say that Mellina's e was not mentioned."

M. Gaillard arrived at half-past four. He began the conation by a hearty shake of the hand, that rejoiced the ter's heart. "My young friend," said he, "I have heen to forty or fifty different people, who bave told me a great about you; it now remains for me to study you a little elf. I should bave no objection to your becoming better ainted with my daughter; for if you marry any one, it oot be me, after all. We ought to see each otber every for two or three mooths. After tbat time, we could talk usiness."

enri thanked him eothusiastically. "How good you are, you authorize me to pay my court to Mlle. Rosalie?"

Oh, dear no, not at all! Don't he too hasty! Why, the idea would scandalize my housebold!"

enri managed to restrain a movemeot of impatience. ," said he, "do you know of any otber place wbere we l meet eacb other every day?"

Faith, no; and that is what puzzles me. Think it out. are young, you say you are in love; it is for you to find ans!"

f it were a question of balf-a-dozen interviews, there would e theatres or concerts; but one can oot go to such places day. An idea! I may not go to you, suppose you to me?"

Young man! witb my daughter?"

Vhy not? I am an artist, and therefore a privileged per-An artist's studio is neutral ground, a place of public re-You enter it at any bour; you leave it wben you are of it; you make appointments there, and you meet your is. The master of the house receives visitors from early ing till sunset. Strangers passing through Paris visit the s as they do the palaces and churches, without tickets of ssion, witb tbe sole obligation of bowing when tbey enter, xpressiog tbeir tbanks when they leave. And then it is ally the artist who expresses the thanks."

But I don't cboose all France and bordes of foreigners to past my daughter!"

s that your only objection? I will shut my door to every ut you."

ut even theo our visits must bave a plausible pretext."

Iotbing simpler; I will paint ber portrait."

Iever, sir! I am incapable of accepting——"

ou shall pay me for it!"

"I am not rich enough to permit myself such a freak."

"Perhaps you think a portrait is an expensive ohject?"

"I know the price your pictures fetch."

"Pictures, yes; not portraits. I hope you don't take a portrait for a picture!"

"What difference is there?"

"Oh, a great difference, my dear M. Gaillard. What makes the value of a picture; is it the paint? No! Is it the canvas? No! It is its composition. Pictures are dear only hecause so few men can compose them. But in a portrait invention is useless, nay, worse than useless, dangerous; you have hut to copy your model faithfully. Any painter can produce a portrait. A photographer, a common workmao who may neither read nor write, can produce an admirable portrait in ten minutes, price, twenty francs, frame included. In the face of this competition, we have been ohliged to lower our prices; the pictures make up for the loss in portraits. They are oo longer sold, they are given away, fifty francs for a small ooe; a large one costs a hundred francs, but the frame is not included!"

"That would not he an obstacle, but what would my friends say if they saw my daughter's portrait hy the celebrated Henri Tourneur in my possession?"

"You would tell them you had had it painted on the houlevard."

"You promise not to sign it?"

"I promise anything you please. When shall we have tbe first sitting?"

"Listeo to my plao; I have a right to a fortnight's holiday every year with full pay. I have not availed myself of tbis right for two years; I was saving up the time for a tour in Italy. So, hy arraoging with my chief, I can take a holiday of six weeks. Give me five or six days to arrange tbe matter decorously. I don't care to startle a whole department. I am a prudent man."

He then went away, leaving the painter to the happy contemplation of the vanity of human wisdom. "Here," said he to himself, "is a worthy paterfamilias, bringing his daughter into the lion's den of a painter's studio from prudence."

It is not possible to define the hold a fine studio may take upon a woman's imagination, that is to say, a painter's studio; for tbe cold, the damp, tbe pails of wet plaster, the harsh tones, aod the all-permeating dust of the marble spoil the cbarm of even the finest sculptor's studios. If a painter has taste and is well off, you are dazzled the instant you set foot on his thresbold. An abuodant ligbt straigbt from the sky plays witb its stuffs, its tapestries, the costumes banging on its walls, the antique furniture and trophies. A person accustomed to ordinary furniture, where everything has its legitimate use, is delightfully bewildered by this orderly disorder. His glance wanders from one object, from one mystery to another; probes the depth of the great oakeo cabinets; glides lightly over the polished surfaces of Japanese or Cbinese ware; rests here on a quiver full of long arrows, or a large two-handed sword; there oo a Roman cuirass covered with the rust of twenty centuries. A stringless guzla, a bunting-horn eoameled with verdigris, a pifferaro's flute, a rudely-painted tambourine, become objects of interest and curiosity. For an intelligent woman all these trifles must have a meaning, every piece of tapestry tells its own tale, every old beer-pot has its *lied*, every Etruscan vase its romance, every steel blade its epic. All those arrows must have been dipped in *curare*, that South American poison which would kill with a prick of a pin. Those lay-figures, croucbing in corners, are so many sphinxes, wbo are silent only because they would have so much to say. The possessor of all these marvels, the king of this lumioous empire, can not be a man like ordinary men. When he is seen, smilingly hospitable in tbe midst of all those hieroglyphs which he can decipher, he compels admiratioo. Whatever be his garments they add to tbe charm. They are sure to please as an original mode of dress, free from the follies of fasbion, and in perfect keepiog witb bis surroundings. If he is clothed in cotton, the Indies must have furnished it; if in flaonel, it bas been woven in Scotland from Australian wool; you would never dream of its coming from the Belle Jardioière. A pair of red slippers, bought in the Rue Montmartre, transform themselves into *babouches* from Cairo or Beyrout. The little sleeping-room, through whose open door you may catcb a glimpse of an Algerian bed-cover, almost suggests a harem. One would be only half-surprised if five or six odalisques, bearing amphoræ and water-bottles, were to step out of it. Even the faint smell of the varnishes and other essences bas its sbare in the ballucination. Add to this a few drops of Malaga in a Venetian glass, and Rosalie Gaillard, who had never drunk anything but water in her life, might imagine herself to be many thousand miles away from Paris.

The first sitting was a decisive one. Henri had transplanted the whole stock of a Neuilly florist into his garden; banks of flowers bloomed even in the studio. "If I visited at her house," he thought, "I sbould always take her a bouquet; she shall not be the loser because I can not do so." Rosalie, like all Parisiennes, adored flowers and had lived for many years on the hope of having a garden of her own. By a singular caprice of nature tbis child of uncultured parents had every instinct of refined luxury. She would rather have done without bread than music, and she believed flowers to be more oecessary than boots or shoes. Her eyes shone at the sight of a fine equipage, although tbe only carriage she had driven in was an omnibus. Sbe loved dress without ever having indulged in it; every night she danced in her dreams, although she had never been to a ball; sbe bought all the parks and country-houses tbat she saw advertised on the fourth page of the *Constitutionnel*. As soon as she saw Henri Tourneur, she decided that be was ber fate; she had no need to seek further. His person, bis garden, his talk, and bis studio represented absolute perfection to ber; and had any one said to her, "There are better fisb in the sea," she would have tbought he was laugbing at her.

Tbe ice was soon broken, to tbe great astonisbment of M. Gaillard, wbo no longer recogoized bis daughter. He had oever seen her so full of life; she had never been so brigbt or such a chatterer. Rosalie yielded herself up witbout constraint to the influence of this love, whose course ran so smoothly. She ran from studio to garden and from garden to studio; she looked at everything and touched it; she questioned, laughed, and chirped like a thrush at the vintage. Her youth, so long kept under, burst forth; she was again fourteen. Henri, rather more reserved, lived in a kind of ecstasy. After having passed through the privations to which poverty and economy had condemned him, here was heaven raining every delight, wealth, and happiness at once upon him. Duriog the past fifteen years he had made several pleasant hut expensive acquaintances, and he could not believe in the good fortune which granted him the love of a girl, at once prettier and wittier than any he had known. He had foreseen the possihility of marrying for money, as a soldier in the midst of a campaign might foresee the Invalides; but he had never invested the fortune in his mind's eye with so much beauty, neither had he ever heard of a million with such small hands and such large eyes.

M. Gaillard played his part of paternal nuisance conscieotiously. He insisted on heing talked to by Henri Tourneur, who paid him the attention due to the age, fortune, and position of a future father-in-law. When he was tired of dissertation, and the young people would return to the chapter of their love and their hopes, he would soon take up the thread of his discourse again, and emhark on endless admonitions which might all he concentrated into, "Don't fall too much in love; you know that nothing has been settled."

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The portrait was finished hy the time M. Gaillard's holiday ended, toward the end of July. Of course it was oot allowed to go to the framer's, where a score of artists might have seeo it. A workman came to measure it, and three weeks afterward brought home a five-hundred-franc frame, for wbicb M. Gaillard paid twenty francs without haggling. As he happened to be there, be also dishursed the fifty francs for the portrait, for which be took a receipt.

The following Sunday, he invited all his friends to a heer-and-hot-patty soirée; they comprised an old notary from Villers-le-Bel, three old government clerks, Rosalie's writing-master, and an ex-manufacturer of masks and foils, who had retired from business on a yearly income of tbree tbousand francs. The invitation was for half-past seven. At nine, M. Gaillard announced a surprise; he carefully withdrew the shade from the lamp, while his sister, drawing aside a green curtain, disclosed the portrait of Rosalie. There was an unanimous cry of admiration:

"What a splendid frame!" cried the ex-manufacturer.

"Oh, but it's tbe portrait of your young lady!" said tbe notary.

"And how like!" said the chorus of government clerks.

"That's my way of doing things," said M. Gaillard, as be imprinted a kiss on his daughter's brow.

"If I may take the liberty of making a remark," began the writing-master, who had beeo silent as yet, "why did not M. Gaillard wait till tbe fourth of September, the day of St. Rosalie, so that mademoiselle might have bad tbis surprise for ber fête?"

"Because I am preparing another for her birthday," answered M. Gaillard, firmly.

"To be sure, you can afford it," said the cborus.

"Might one venture to ask," said the notary, "what sum this image cost you?"

"Seventy francs, frame iocluded."

"It is expensive, but not dear. And whom is it by?"

"It's by no one particular; it's a mere portrait."

"That," said a deep voice which caused every ooe to start, "is a Tourneur, second manoer, and is worth eigbt tbousand francs."

M. Gaillard sank into his chair as if he had heen struck by a thunderbolt.

"Good-evening, Papa Gaillard! Ladies, I bave tbe bonor! Gentlemen, I am your very devoted!" added M. de Chingru, whom the *bonne* had admitted witbout waiting to announce him. "It is deucedly hot."

"The weather is heavy," said the panting notary.

"There is electricity in the atmospbere," remarked tbe writing-master, breathing heavily.

"It will rain to-morrow," said the chorus.

The conversation continued on this theme until ten o'clock. M. de Chingru retired, followed by all the others. There had heen a regular scandal at M. Gaillard's.

Next morning, Chingru presented himself at the studio and was admitted by Snowball; he related the adventure of the previous evening, and warmly congratulated his friend. "After such a sensation," said he, "the affair is safe enougb. The ancient Roman has passed the Ruhicon. Accept my heartfelt congratulations. If it hadn't been for me——"

"I know what I owe you, and I shall not forget it."

"Faith, my dear fellow, if you mean to be grateful, here's a fine opportunity. I bave also discovered a golden alliance for myself."

"*Peste!* there seems to be enough for every one!"

"A splendid business, I tell you; I have begun to pay my court."

"Bravo!"

"But there are preliminary expenses, the deuce and all, bouquets, presents, and just now I haven't a penoy."

"I thought you had a good income."

"I can't get my rents in. Ah, my dear frieod, may heaven ever protect you from tenants!"

"Do you want money? Here."

"Two hundred francs! what do you tbink I can do witb two hundred francs?"

"Well, you can buy a good many bouquets with them; but if you need five hundred, call again at twelve o'clock and I will give you the rest."

"My dear, good fellow, I am grieved to find that we bave not nearly hit upon the right figure. If you wanted to be useful to me, you would bave to lend me ten tbousand-franc ootes."

"For your bouquets?"

"For bouquets and other things. Can't you trust me? Am I not good for ten thousand francs?"

"Softly! don't excite yourself. You know that I look forward to marrying at any moment. I have declared my fifty thousand francs; if they are not forthcoming, Papa Gaillard would make a row."

"You could give him my security."

"Oh, that alters matters! If you give me security, I have no objection to make. Where is your property?"

"A mortgage! Whom do you take me for? One gives a mortgage to a usurer; but I thought a signature would suffice between friends. I offer *thee* my signature!"

"Thanks!"

"You refuse?"

"Positively."

"You don't know what might happen to you."

"*Advienne que pourra*—Come what may!"

"Your marriage is not yet an accomplished fact."

"What do you mean? And what do you dare to insinuate?"

"I will give you twenty-four hours for reflection. If to-morrow——"

The painter heard no more. He opened the door, seized Chingru by the collar, and hurled him horizontally on to a bed of hortensias, which never raised their heads again.

* * * * * * * *

M. Gaillard burst into lamentations after the departure of his friends. His daughter and sister consoled him as best they could. "What does it matter?" said old Mlle. Gaillard; "sooner or later we should have had to announce the marriage to them."

"What marriage?"

"Mine, papa," said Rosalie, boldly.

"You talk as if it were settled. Thou art afraid of nothing, rash child!"

"One would, indeed, be a coward to be afraid of happiness."

"You really love this young artist?" The word "artist" could not shape itself easily between those venerable lips.

"I believe that I love him with all my heart."

"It is not enough to believe, one should be sure. There is yet time for reflection, to weigh the pros and cons."

"They have been sufficiently weighed, my father."

"Do you not feel the necessity of collecting your thoughts for a month or two before so serious a crisis?"

"I have been collecting my thoughts for the last twenty-five years and three months, my dear father."

"Oh, these children! If this marriage is to take place, you will commence by signing me a holograph declaration; that is to say, one written entirely in your own hand, that it is your desire to marry M. Tourneur."

"I will sign with two hands, dearest father."

"In this way I free myself from all responsibility, so that if, ten years hence, you were to come to me and say: 'Why have you married me to an artist?' I should be able, with the proof in my hand, to say: 'It was your own wish.'"

"I shall never complain to my best of fathers."

"But have I even the time to think of your marriage? There is my property to think of again. Now they want to build a coöperative town on it. I have seen the list of the members of the committee—all good people. They sent to sound me through one of my chiefs. I should get a million, money down, and they would leave me a plot of twenty metres by fifteen to build upon. It is a very good offer. What shall I do?"

"Accept it, as it is such a good offer."

"But in ten years it would be superb!"

"But in a hundred years, papa, it would be magnificent! 'Tis true that neither you nor I would be any the better for it."

"All this is too much for me. Good-night; I am going to bed."

"Without coming to any decision, papa?"

"I shall sleep over it."

And the worthy man did sleep, as was his wont, a deep and sonorous sleep, the noise whereof sometimes imitated the rumbling of thunder, and sometimes the roll of a stage-coach across a bridge. He possessed two precious gifts, which the heaviest cares could never imperil—appetite and sleep. Next morning he sallied forth to his office, more irresolute than he had ever yet been, but sustained by a couple of pounds of bread and an enormous bowl of *café-au-lait.*

He had hardly reached the Rue Saint Lazare, when his daughter and his sister heard the most formidable rat-tat which had ever burst upon the house in the memory of bells. Rosalie ran to the door, crying:

"Something has happened to papa!"

The bell-ringer was M. de Chingru, wearing a coat buttoned up to his chin and a great air of important secretiveness. He was admitted by Rosalie and her aunt, who were dressed by eight o'clock every morning. At nine, the traces of breakfast had disappeared, and the dining-room was transformed into a working-room.

"Ladies," said Chingru, "pardon me for disturbing you at this early hour. It is in your interest that I call to acquit myself of an honest man's duty. It is I who brought M. Henri Tourneur here, with regard to some land he was supposed to intend purchasing. May I be permitted to arrest the consequences of my imprudence while there is yet time?"

"Speak, sir; explain yourself at once," said Rosalie.

"Mademoiselle, you can hear me witness that I have always spoken of M. Henri Tourneur in flattering terms."

"You have; and what more have you to say?"

"I told you, your aunt, and your excellent father, that Tourneur was an artist of talent, a good-natured fellow—in fact, what we men-about-town call a thoroughly good fellow. I looked upon him as a friend, and my opinion of him has not altered. If you were to question me about him on those points, I should still give you the same answer. But why did I not learn sooner that your respected father entertained other ideas—that he contemplated marrying you to him? Certainly, I shouldn't have cried out, 'Do not marry him; he is not worthy of you. You will be sorry for it some day.' No; I am not the sort of man to betray a friend. But I should have spoken to you gently, in your own interest. I should have said, 'There is this obstacle: some women would shrink from it, others might think nothing of it. It is for you to decide if you can battle with a certain person and the memory of an intimacy of long-standing and mutual pledges, and—er—other consequences. If you can hope to be the winner, why, then, marry!'"

M. de Chingru had no sooner spoken than he reaped the fruits of his discourse. The tears did not fall down Rosalie's cheeks; they burst forth as if impelled by an invisible force. But that was only for an instant. The brave girl stifled her grief.

"Thank you for your kind intention," she said, "but we knew all"—adding, to mitigate the effect of her too transparent fiction—"M. Tourneur has confided the history of this connection to us; and besides, as you know, everything is broken off!"

"I should think so, Mademoiselle, as much as——"

"That is enough, sir; and if no further unfulfilled duty detains you here——"

"I—if you—you understand, Mademoiselle, that, placed as I was, between the necessity of speaking or of holding my tongue——"

"You held your tongue when you should have spoken, and you spoke when you should have held your tongue. Good-morning, sir."

And thus was M. de Chingru dismissed.

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At four o'clock in the afternoon of the same day M. Gaillard was putting his pens, his pen-knife, and his black-cotton sleeves away in his desk, when a fine, tall woman, as yellow as an orange, invaded his office.

"Monsieur," she cried, with a very marked accent, "*he* is a monster! I loved him, I love him still. For him I have left my country, my family, and the Teatro della Scala, where I was prima donna assoluta. He is going to be married. He abandons me and our two poor children, Enrico and Enrichetta. What a monster, sir, an unnatural father! I forbid you to give your daughter to him! My dear Gaillard, thou hast the air of an honest man; promise me that thou wilt not give thy daughter to him! I am mad, *vois-tu.* Understand me well, my good Gaillard. I don't know French, *mi spiego male;* but thou seest I have no longer my head, that I am —— If he marries her, *l'ammazzero,* I will kill him and his wife; I will kill myself afterward; I will set fire to the church, and I will go and do penance in Rome! Swear to me that thou wilt not give thy daughter to him."

M. Gaillard bowed his head under a storm of words, in which Italian and French formed an agreeable mixture. He interpreted as best he could this medley of exclamations, and learned that his future son-in-law had betrayed and abandoned Mellina Barni. Having done his best to console the fair disconsolate, he wrote, on the spur of the moment, the following note, which he dispatched by a messenger:

Paris, this Monday, 30th July, 1855, a quarter-past four.

Sir: Mlle. Mellina Barni has honored me by a visit at my office. I need say no more to you. This young lady appears to me to be a most interesting person, and I am not so inhuman as to wish to separate her from the father of her children.

Deign to accept, sir, the assurance of my most distinguished consideration. Gaillard.

The signature had a most masterly flourish. The paper was that fine, smooth, thick, heavy, lined, and lordly paper which the government provides expressly for the use of its offices and the correspondence of its officials.

Henri Tourneur did not take note of so many details. He hastily got into his clothes, took up his cane, and rushed off to Mellina, who received him with open arms.

Mellina was an ethereal-looking, tiny blonde, as white as a drop of milk. She spoke French without any foreign accent, as a proof of which she was preparing to make her début in an exquisite little three-act piece of Meyerheer's at the Opéra Comique.

She wore a white *peignoir,* and was rehearsing a magnificent *allegro.* To her great surprise, Henri rated her soundly, and taxed her with having taken liberties with his name. She neither knew M. de Chingru nor M. Gaillard. She had divined that Henri had given her up because he intended to marry, and, although she had a right to feel aggrieved, nothing would have induced her to put obstacles in the way. The two apocryphal children made her furious. She was indignant at having, through no fault of hers, been made to play the part of the Limousine or Picarde in "Monsieur de Pourceaugnac." She could hardly be restrained from accompanying Henri to M. Gaillard's house, and the painter had some difficulty in persuading her that the cure would have been worse than the disease. He went straight to the Rue d'Amsterdam, and found the door shut against him. They were at the play, at least the servant said so. He went there every evening for a week, and always met with the same answer. He went by day. They were at a concert. So many plays and concerts were equivalent to a formal dismissal. If he had met M. de Chingru on the stairs as he turned away, the chances are that he would have torn him to pieces. He wrote to M. Gaillard, and then to his sister. All his letters were put in envelopes and returned to him.

One day, when the painter got home, he found the following missive, dated from Havre, awaiting him:

My Poor Tourneur: If I had offered to give you nine hundred and ninety thousand francs and an adorable wife into the bargain, you would have ranked me with the gods. I was stupid enough to put the matter in a different form before you; I offered you a million, of which ten thousand francs were for me. You lost your temper and you suffer for it. I have wreaked an artistic vengeance. M. Gaillard believes you to be the father of two children and the quasi-husband of a yellow woman! 'Tis a blow from which you will never recover, my poor Tourneur! But, pray, when you threw me on those hortensias, was I on a bed of roses? Chingru & Co.

Henri was proceeding to tear the paper to shreds in a moment of rage, but altered his mind. "Chingru, good M. de Chingru," thought he, "you are going to make it up between M. Gaillard and me! I need but oblige him to read this letter."

He coaxed Chingru's letter into a big envelope, sealed it with an enormous cornelian seal, whereon were graven the arms of Ninon de l'Enclos, and wrote the address in a bold, round hand:

A Monsieur,
Monsieur Gaillard, Archiviste,
Au Ministère de——.

M. Gaillard opened the letter as respectfully as if he were breaking the seal of a government dispatch. Chingru's signature piqued his curiosity; he had resolved to return Tourneur's letters, but not Chingru's. This singular document completely reversed his ideas; he accused himself of cruelty and injustice, and asked for permission (for the first time in thirty years) to leave his office at two o'clock!

Rosalie bedewed Chingru's signature with her tears. "If I knew it," she said; "and had you allowed me to influence you, you would have given poor Henri a chance of defending himself!"

Then they all, Rosalie, her father, and her aunt, agreed to go to him to his studio the following day by way of making amends. This was certainly due to him. Rosalie was wild with happiness.

"Why, I believe you loved him all the time?" questioned her father.

"More than ever. Something whispered to me that he had been calumniated."

Suddenly the door opened, and the servant announced Mlle. Mellina Barni. Rosalie and her aunt had barely time to escape into the next room. I don't know what they conversed about when there, but I believe that it would have been difficult to pass a hair between Rosalie's ear and the door leading to the dining-room.

M. Gaillard contemplated the real Mellina like a child gazing at a magic lantern. For a moment he thought a conspiracy to mystify him had been hatched, and that a new Mellina Barni would be sent to him every day. He began to think of changing his residence, without leaving an address behind him.

Mellina had great difficulty in persuading him that her name was really Mellina Barni, that she was nineteen years of age, that she was not the mother of a family, that she lived with her mother, and that she had not come to complain of M. Henri Tourneur. She explained to him in excellent French that her conduct was exemplary, and that she had left the theatre of La Scala to appear at the Opéra Comique. She informed him that ladies of the theatrical profession can pay visits, receive presents, and see their friends, without either compromising or being compromised. She owned that she had loved M. Henri Tourneur, and had hoped to marry him, but that since the middle of last May he had left off paying her visits, and had honorably put an end to a connection which had been honorable throughout.

"I will not say, sir," she added, "that I renounced my hopes without regret; but this is a fate to which we must submit. We are all more or less courted by rich young gentlemen who admire us sufficiently to make love to us, but who do not love us well enough to marry us, and who, when they are sure of our virtue, turn their backs upon us—to wed elsewhere. This is precisely the history of M. Tourneur; and because a tale has been told you which is neither to his credit nor mine, and you have shut your door to him, and because you know that he is ill from grief, I have summoned all my courage and come to you. I hope you will know how to distinguish between truth and falsehood."

When Mellina went away, Rosalie ran back to her father. Perhaps she would have preferred that Chingru's falsehood had not been founded on fact, and yet I am not sure! Mellina's visit produced a bad impression on her. Mellina had appeared very pretty to her through the keyhole, and she forgave the painter for having been in love with her. She knew that a girl who marries a man past thirty has always some rivals in the past, and she preferred not to have too many ones; nineteen women out of twenty would be of her opinion. She felt, from the ring of Mellina's voice, that she spoke the truth, and that there had been nothing to blush for in this love. Besides, she could no longer doubt that she had dethroned the beautiful Italian about the middle of May, that is to say, at first sight.

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Henri left off working; he lived on the pavement of the Rue d'Amsterdam. M. Gaillard carefully avoided him, and he did not dare to accost M. Gaillard. He would have dared to speak to Rosalie, but she never went out without her father. On the third of September, he received a note from M. Gaillard inviting him to call and receive the remaining six thousand nine hundred and fifty francs which were still owing for the portrait. He would be expected to be there to receive the money at five o'clock. He accepted this strange invitation, not for the sake of the money, but hoping to see Rosalie. The three principal founders of the coöperative town met at M. Gaillard's at the same hour to settle the business of the purchase of his real-estate. The worthy man had declined all responsibility in the matter; he left all to Rosalie, and she had treated with the purchasers. Henri arrived just as the notary was reading the last clause of the deed of sale.

"The purchasers agree to build on Lot F, belonging to the vender, a dwelling-house for M. Gaillard and his family—"

Here the notary paused, and wiped his glasses. Then, taking a pinch of snuff, he continued:

"——'Sieur Gaillard and his family, *with a painter's studio on the first floor.*"

The notary looked at M. Gaillard. M. Gaillard looked at Henri. Henri looked at Rosalie. Rosalie looked out of the window and blushed a rosy red.

The real-estate romance had come to a happy end.—*From the French of Edmond About.*

Herrmann plays a neat trick on dead heats who ask for a pass. He writes it out readily, but when they examine it in a few minutes, it is nothing but a blank card.

VANITY FAIR.

Miss Mabel Jenness, sister of the dress-reformer, Annie Jenness Miller, and who, like her sister, is a handsome woman, with a good figure, declares that it is a woman's own fault if she is not pretty. Ugliness, she says, is, nine times out of ten, the result of indolence and carelessness. Of course beauty of feature one owes to nature, but a fine, clear skin, bright eyes, a good figure, and glowing healthfulness will go far toward making any woman pretty, and all these she can have if she wishes to—that is, if she wishes to take enough pains. But the trouble is, she declares, that while many women long for beauty, very few are energetic enough to take the means to secure it. She herself, she says, has been thin, sallow, and round-shouldered; that now her back is straight as an arrow, her cheeks and lips rosy, and her whole body plump and well-shaped, and that she owes every bit of this to her own exertions and to her determination to be beautiful. She wears, of course, her sister's reform garments; but that, she says, is a matter of preference, and all that is necessary is a sensible method of dressing, not too tight around the waist, not fastened too close about the chest, which prevents it being thrown out, and interferes with the action of the lungs, and no tight sleeves, garters, or shoes. What is needed after that is—first, a proper amount of sleep, because if stinted of it the limpid brightness goes out of the eye, black hollows come under them, and the skin becomes dull and withered-looking, while wrinkles appear in battalions. With there must be good food, which is simple, plentiful, and easy digested, and must be eaten three times a day. Frequent baths and rubbings are necessary, but the great thing is exercise—not merely tiring one's self out, but the use of special movements calculated to produce certain definite results. Women who wish to preserve the slimness and contour of their waist and figure must first begin by learning to stand well, and that means the throwing forward and upward of the chest, the flattening of the back, with the shoulder-blades held in their proper places, and a definite curving in of the small of the back, which throws the weight of the whole body upon the hips. No one in the world holds herself so well as the aristocratic Englishwoman, as any one may see by examining the photographs of the famous London beauties. Much of their beauty lies in their proud carriage, the delicate erectness of their figures, and the fine poise of their heads. The same aristocratic carriage Miss Jenness declares is within the reach of any American girl who takes the pains to have it; it is only the question of a few years of eternal vigilance, never ceasing her watchfulness over herself, and, sitting or standing, always preserving her erectness and poise; the result being that at the end of that time it has become second nature to her, and she never afterward loses it. This in great measure preserves the figure, because it keeps the muscles firm and well-strung, and prevents the sinking down of the flesh around the waist and hips, so common in women over thirty, and this it is perfectly easy to escape. Another thing to avoid is the bad habit in going up-stairs, which most women do, bent forward, with the chest contracted, which, as well as an indolent slouchy manner of walking, is injurious to the heart and lungs. Miss Jenness weighs over one hundred and forty pounds, but her waist measure is nearly twenty-seven inches; and about thirty-six, and she gives an impression of slimness, which, she declares, is the result of well-balanced proportions, which she retains through the merits of her daily waist movements, consisting of bending slowly from the waist and hip to the side, and then to the other; then diagonally, swinging the body upon the hips, like a pivot, in slow circles in every direction. This strengthens all the muscles in such a way that no woman who does it faithfully need ever fear to lose the roundness and delicacy of her waist. There are movements for straightening and strengthening the back, such as leaning forward without bending the knees until the tips of the fingers touch the floor, and then, the hands upon the hips, stretching the back as the muscles will allow. Then there are drills for developing the chest, rounding the arms and legs, rendering the throat full and column-like by steady, rapid motions of the head up and down, back and forth, right and left. To women she recommends eating of coarse bread, grains, and fruit, and to drink sweet milk every night immediately before retiring. They are to walk a great deal in the open air, and go through every one of the exercises she has recommended. To the fat women she recommends baths in salt water, the eating of cresses, lettuces, and the same exercises suggested to the thin ones, for it is only loose and flabby flesh that is repulsive, and a woman firm and well proportioned can be of much more amplitude in size. But all these things she says depend upon a woman's own earnestness and energy in performing them if she really wishes very much to be beautiful. However, this is the way to accomplish it.

An amusing social incident is reported from Ottawa. The party applied for membership to the leading club, and was accepted listed because he is "in trade" to the extent of being at the head of a large furniture-store. The heart of his honor was filled with awful rage, but he was clever enough to see his way clear to his revenge. A large number of the men influential in procuring his rejection owed him bills, some of them not heavy; and the furniture-dealer avenged the insult offered to the mayor by promptly and peremptorily demanding payment of these debts. The result was scandal, indignation, and general disturbance; but the soul of the mayor is fitted with the sweetness of his revenge.

The Beauty Show at Nice opened March 17th at the Casino. The prizes, the first of which is only one thousand francs, are not sufficient to attract beauties from long distances, and from a spectator's point of view (the correspondent of the Lon- New York *Herald* says) the show is very disappointing. The beauties came in to the music of Meyerbeer's "March of the Prophet," and took their seats on the stage of the theatre. The area had been cleared of its seats, so everybody rushed to the front for a close view. The beauties excited little enthusiasm among the spectators. In the boxes there were a dozen women much prettier. The finest girl is undoubtedly one who calls herself the Countess Emma de Vergara. She is French, from Paris, rather tall, dark, a charming figure, carries herself well, and withal has an air *tres distingué*. She was prettily dressed in white satin, and, like all the competitors, décolleté. She says she is twenty-one. Most people put her down at thirty, and think her mouth faulty; but she has fine eyes, and is doubtless the beauty of the show. Next her sat Mlle. de Gheisen, of San Diego, in blue silk, a fine woman of a certain age, but fat—much too fat to take a prize. Jeanne Faillant, of Lyons, has a chance for second prize. She, too, is a brunette, with some color and dark eyes. There are two little blondes from Berlin, Theresa and Katharina Link, the first nineteen, the second twenty-one, modestly dressed in white, and looking much frightened at the staring crowd. Theresa is a winsome little girl, but not a beauty. Arles might have sent a better example of her pretty women, for which the district is famous, than Emma Jouve. She sat in the quaint Arlesienne costume, very picturesque, a fairly good-looking country-girl of twenty. There are also two Austrians, Mlle. Hortense Seintot, twenty-two, in pink, and Mlle. Sachs Bey, in rose, neither very striking, and an Egyptian from Alexandria, Mlle. Marie Muzzi, elaborately got up in mauve. These competitors spent what was evidently a very uncomfortable half-hour under the searching gaze of the crowd, until the band started a waltz and relieved them. A number of mashers were in waiting; the most courageous mounted the stage, and, of course, carried off the countess to dance in the area. The remainder soon disappeared, with the exception of the Arlesienne and the Egyptian. The latter remained standing disconsolate and alone upon the stage for a considerable time, and the gallant young man who at last brought her down was heartily cheered.

When Mary Moore gets in a New York theatre with Charles Wyndham, she proposes to introduce a little idea of hers which has become very popular at the London Criterion Theatre. After a matinée performance, Miss Moore asks her friends to come on the stage for a moment and have a cup of tea with her. Mr. Wyndham stays, too, and so do the principal members of the company. Everybody has a nice, social time, precisely as though they were in Miss Moore's house. Some theatrical people have objected to this custom, on the ground that it disturbed the "illusions" of the stage to thus bring actors and audience into contact. In his speech at the first night of "Still Water Runs Deep," Mr. Wyndham answered this. "The theatre is an actor's home," he said, "and he is always delighted to see his friends there." Among the people who took tea on the stage with Miss Moore at the recent performance of "The Two Roses," were Princess Mary of Teck, the Duke and Duchess of Ahercorn, Earl and Countess of Wharncliffe, Lord and Lady Hatfield, Lady Dorothy, and Miss Neville.

New York *Truth* asks: "Isn't it time for the space-writers to 'break away' from the American girl? Mrs. Frank Leslie has now joined the innumerable caravan of female revealers, who write about the American girl's character, slippers, hosiery, and temperament. When a brisk New York journalist, some years ago, conceived the idea of sending out letters about women to the Western papers from the metropolis, and signing them with a woman's name, he struck a breezy idea. He thought it would make a hit to have a supposititious woman write about women as a man wanted her to write, and the letters bristled with disclosures which fed the masculine curiosity. The woman told what women said when no man was around, what she wore under her external toilet, how she put it on, what she paid for it, and how she felt while wearing it. All this was very prurient, but it got its sting from the belief that a woman was doing it. When it became known that the letters were cooked in a café by two or three clever Bohemians, the bottom fell out of them. But they appear to have given the cue to the advanced female correspondents. The press of the country fairly reeks with the details of the American girl, and I have often thought it would be a good idea to interview a few of the real damsels of genteel life, and find out what they think of the columns of slush which are written about their garters, their shoes, their feet, their hands, their shoulder-blades, their paniers, their corsets, and their hair. I took up one Sunday morning paper, the other day, and there were twenty-two columns of unmitigated dish-water about how the American girl slept, how she boxed, how she put her over-shoes on, how she managed to keep her face smooth, how she sat for her photograph, and what she took for late suppers. In another part of this journal of civilization was a twelve-line paragraph, in fine type, mentioning an occurrence in the iron-trade which affected the prosperity and happiness of hundreds of homes, and in another was a brief recognition of a railroad event, whose influence would be felt from one sea-washed coast of the continent to the other. Is the American girl's weaknesses and underwear the only event of the age? Are all readers so prurient in their tastes that the paper sells best which twangs the popular cord of a diseased curiosity? A corps of impecunious female writers are feeding this futile flame, because they must make twenty-five dollars a week for pin-money. Oh, give the American girl a rest!"

The ladies who ran the American end of the recent "ice-carnival," in London, discovered, at the last minute, that there was nobody to mix the seductive American tongue-ticklers, which are a profitable source of income on such occasions. So a committee descended on Governor Waller and tried to press him into service. The governor is nothing if not gallant. He was just opening a telegram, which canceled an engagement to dinner. "I am very sorry, ladies," he said, "but since reading this message I find I must start for Birmingham at once. If I get back in time," etc. "Think of me mixing cocktails," he said, afterward. There were no "fancy" American drinks sold at the carnival, but Miss Fackler and her sister, Mrs. de Roode, hit the true American idea by passing customers the bottle, letting them help themselves, and charging them stiff prices for it.

Charles Pelham Clinton writes to *Once a Week:* "American clubdom grows year by year, more especially in New York; and, as it grows there is a visibly increased dissatisfaction among club-men at the absence of reciprocity evinced by the London clubs. When anybody—who is anybody at all—comes from across the 'herring-pond' and brings a few letters of introduction, heigh, presto! he is put up as a guest at half-a-dozen different clubs before he has time to look round. But when a traveler makes the trip in the other direction, how different are matters? He presents his letters of introduction and is asked to a formal dinner, sometimes at his host's private residence, and more often at one of his host's clubs, which he is least in the habit of frequenting. After this open-handed hospitality, with but few exceptions, the Englishman thinks that he has done his duty, and that any further demonstration of welcome would be out of place. It is some years since this state of things became markedly noticeable, and attempts have been made in London to rectify, or, at any rate, modify it, by founding American clubs, to which any American presenting satisfactory credentials could be elected as a temporary member during his sojourn in England. But the plan has never succeeded, presumably 'because Americans do not travel to see Americans,' to paraphrase Laurence Sterne's words, and a solution of the problem is yet to be found."

It is undeniable that widows are the autocrats of society and men flock about them (says the New Orleans *Picayune*). In many ways the widow has the advantage of her younger sisters. She has the benefit of a large knowledge and experience of the world, her arts and coquetries are perfected, not in the experimental and undeveloped state of the débutantes, and, above all, she has the inestimable advantage of knowing men with the accurate and intimate knowledge gained by association with one who was probably a fair representative of his sex. She knows how to give little dinners, which make the most hardened bachelor think indulgently of the marriage state. She knows that man likes his ease, and does not insist on his dancing in perpetual attendance on her. She does not insist on a man's talking about balls, and theatres, and new german figures. She follows, rather, his lead to his own ground, and listens, with subtle flattery in eyes and face, while he descants on his favorite hobby. A young girl is always self-centred, absorbed in her own affairs, her dresses, her parties; it is only grace and art which teach a woman to sink her own personality in the presence of the person with whom she is talking. Perhaps one of the chief claims of widows is their understanding of the fine art of sympathy. The sympatby of a young girl, who has known nothing but joy, is a crude and unsatisfying affair, the very husks on which no love could feed, but the sympathy of a widow, tenderly, daintily expressed, with a gentle melancholy which shows that she, too, has suffered—it is like the soft shadows in a picture or the minor chord in a piece of music, whicb sets the pulses throbbing. Having mourned for a man, she knows how most effectually to mourn with one.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The real-estate market of San Francisco has not, for many years, been as active and as healthful as to-day. It is apparent that San Francisco is destined, and that speedily, to become a great commercial city, owing to its geographical location and to the fact that its harbor is the only excellent one between Puget Sound and San Diego, a distance of twelve hundred miles. California—in soil, climate, and character of productions—is calculated to make our city prosperous, as all the navigable rivers and great bays of the interior lead through our Golden Gate to the ocean. Transcontinental and coast railroads converge at this point, and here is the place where, for a very extensive and populous territory, the car and ship must meet. The leading real-estate houses, the most important of whom advertise in our columns — Briggs, Fergusson & Co., Easton, Eldridge & Co., McAfee & Baldwin, Bovee, Toy & Co., Shainwald, Buckhee & Co.—indicate hy their various sales in city and country where the immigration is concentrating. At present, Northern California, the coast and valley counties, and the western slopes of the Sierras, are attracting great attention all the world over; our State is, in its people, decidedly cosmopolitan. It is the home where industrious poverty by careful economy can be more richly rewarded than in any other part of the civilized world. San Francisco is rapidly becoming the residence of luxurious and wealthy residents. It will be to this coast what France has become to Europe, and what Washington is hecoming to our Eastern States, a place of desirable residence of wealthy families and the Mecca of pleasure travelers, while at the same time it is destined to become a great commercial, mechanical, and manufacturing centre. Every dollar of the many millions earning comparatively nothing in our savings banks could be better employed in real-estate investment, either in San Francisco or in the farming and fruit lands of any part of the State indicated.

Two monster Russian guns were sent recently to Sebastopol for the purpose of being placed in the new iron-clad *Sinope*, and although some of the details must he inaccurate, the official description is too interesting to he ignored. They are twelve-inch pieces, weighing fifty tons, and throwing projectiles of nearly half a ton. The powder charge is two hundred and seventy pounds, and the initial velocity three thousand meters, while the distance of the cannon's range is said to be twenty versts, or over thirteen miles. As a consequence, the fire of the guns can only he directed by the map, the object fired at being out of sight. Two men, however, suffice for each gun, as they are worked by hydraulic machinery.

RESTAURANTS OF GOTHAM.

From the Brunswick and Del.'s to the Spaghetti Tables d'Hôte.

The *table d'hôte* dinner is quite a feature in New York.

In itself, the *table d'hôte* is of comparatively recent popularity here, and emerged from the obscurity of streets below Bleecker, where the mushroom growth of apartment houses, designed for bachelors and built without kitchens, inspired the minor *restaurateurs* of Gotham to bitter rivalry. The necessity of a good dinner and a cheap dinner presented itself forcibly, and the demand has met with an overwhelming supply.

The Brunswick has set forth a staid and respectable *table d'hôte* for many a day, for which the charge is one dollar and a half. The dining-room is always sombre and solemn. The guests in the hotel nearly always dine in walking costume, and the people who go there for an ice after the theatre, are always the women who wear dark bonnets, and the men who never grow hilarious. It is characteristic of New York that each restaurant should have its separate and distinct *clientèle* and wear a totally different expression. Though sometimes, as in the case of the Brunswick and Delmonico's, there is only the width of an avenue between them. Delmonico's, by gas-light, is like a page from one of the brilliant, effervescent, American society novels of the Howells-James school. There is a conventional, inconspicuous background, but a dazzling and impartial glitter over the surface of everything. The men look alike, dress alike, laugh alike, talk alike. They are all apparently saying the same thing. They all have light brown hair. The women all have the same brilliant yet delicate complexion, the same immaculate coiffure. Their gowns are all cut on the same lines, so are their figures. And they are all polished, well-bred, and uninteresting.

Round the corner, at the St. James's, are all the horsey people. There is a sprinkling of solidity, too, for the St. James's *cuisine* is one of the very best in the city. There are more men than women, and some of the women look fast. The Hoffman House, on the block below, has the handsomest dining-rooms and gives the most elaborate dinners of any restaurant in New York.

Morello's is by far the best *table d'hôte* dinner. It is patronized by the graver sort of professional men—lawyers, doctors, and literary men. Very few Italians are seen there, and very few family parties. Half the tables are occupied by parties of men, and the women in the place are usually young, handsome, overdressed—*des types vulgaires*. Wine is not included in the *table d'hôte*, which costs a dollar, but anything can be ordered, and that of the best. Nearly every one drinks the Italian wines and absinthe, and the tables are littered with the slender-necked bottles, in little straw petticoats, and glasses of the brilliant green liquor, which looks so much better than it tastes. Over the saloon are bachelor apartments, and here Roscoe Conkling lived for a long time.

Back of the Fifth Avenue Theatre is "Brown's," a famous resort of theatrical people from the earliest recollection of New Yorkers. It is an English ale and chop-house, celebrated for the excellence of both, and also for a collection of portraits and autographs of distinguished actors of all ages and a file of newspapers, which contain every theatrical notice worthy of preservation which was ever printed in the United States. On Thirty-Fifth Street, west, is another old chop-house — Clifton's—famed for its beautiful pictures and its cellar stocked with wines, which can not be procured elsewhere for love or money. It is a queer little hole, and not noticeable from the street. Larry Jerome, Sam Ward, and the epicures of their day took their lunches at Clifton's.

Moretti's is dear to the Italians. The *table d'hôte* is a dollar, with a very good claret. All the celebrities who have ever visited New York have dined here, including, of course, Patti, who took her breakfasts at Moretti's, and Nicolini. Moretti himself wanders around the dining-room in his shirt-sleeves, dying to be asked to show his collection of autographs.

Gariboldi, the fresco-artist, lives at Moretti's. He decorates the dining-room daily with his magnificent presence and a terrific hasso profundo, before which the small waiters shake in their shoes. He shouts and swears at them in any language which occurs to his fearfully-accomplished tongue, and leans to Arabic—which they all seem to chatter freely at Moretti's—as lending itself more easily to abusive epithets. Gariboldi is rich and successful. He has been abroad for several months, and talks of going again, now that the Union Square Theatre is off his hands. He has recently finished the new curtain for Daly's Theatre. It is a superb piece of embroidery, executed by the process to which Gariboldi has given his name, under his personal supervision at Milan. His decoration of the Union Square Theatre has not been so successful. He grows remarkably handsome as he grows older, far more so than when in San Francisco, and has a mane of white hair, which he wears in wild confusion, and mops and flings about his face as he talks.

The establishment where poor Selina Dolaro took her dinners—including a wine that tastes like tincture of myrrh—and on which she expended her infrequent fifty-cent pieces, is on Sixth Avenue. It is kept by a villainous-looking Russian, who spells his name with nine consonants and his café with two *f's*. It is the stamping-ground of the seedy professional, the crushed tragedian, the unappreciated poet, the unsuccessful artist, the struggling young reporter, the girl art-students, and the chorus-girls who live on eight dollars a week. It is a sorry little place, hung in dark, dingy, red stuff. The perennial *carte du jour* is gummy with the memory of many professional hands. The waiters are also dark, dingy, and red, with one exception, a man who looks like Joshua Whitcomb. His occupation is to wander about the tables gathering up "swipes," with which he modestly retires behind a dilapidated screen to guzzle at his leisure. The other night, while I was there, a very pretty and very young girl came in and seated herself at a table near me. She unfastened her walking-jacket, drew off her gloves, removed her hat, which she handed to Joshua Whitcomb to hang on a hook, and ran her white fingers through her short, curly hair. No one in the café evinced either interest or surprise. Presently, two other girls joined her. They went through the same performance. The three had a merry dinner, donned their little togs again, and went quietly out. They were art students, the waiter said, and dined there every evening. They ordered for two only.

On lower Broadway there is the Café Savarin, in the Equitable Insurance Building, patronized by the Wall Street men, a small world in itself; the Pine Street Club, to which Grover Cleveland has just been proposed, which cost from three to five hundred thousand dollars to build, and the Lawyers' Club.

Houston Street has one or two old French restaurants, whose cookery is unexcelled, and which are said to be faithful to the Parisian type, including the superlatively dirty floors, walls, and tables.

"Beefsteak John's" is in the Bowery. It is neither café, hotel, nor restaurant proper. It is simply Beefsteak John's—a kitchen furnished with its own exquisite cleanliness, a carpet of saw-dust, a queer old man, a row of boxes against the wall, a couple of tables, and a strange iron-box, which no patron is permitted to gaze upon, and which is John's patent stove, whereon he broils beefsteaks to a turn, and gives them a flavor unsurpassed in the annals of gastronomy. This place is rented to a party of men—eight or ten—for an evening. The door is locked on the outer world. Crackers, slices of bread, and large mugs of ale are provided, but nothing more, not even knives and forks. Beefsteak John will cook only for gentlemen, and his patrons number themselves among the swells of Gotham. The steak is cooked over the mysterious little stove, cut into short, thick strips, and passed around on a platter. The New York dude, seated, like Little Lord Fauntleroy, on a cracker-box, helps himself to this delicacy with his fingers.

New York, April 7, 1889. A. B. M.

The trouble in which Sir Richard Webster, one of the ablest lawyers at the English bar, has got himself in the Parnell case, is not that, although a government lawyer, he took the *Times's* brief, and not that, having taken it, he brought some of the passion of a politician to the conduct of the case, but that, after he had taken the brief, with a full appreciation of its exceptional political importance, he either wilfully neglected to go to the bottom of the *Times's* case and find out on what it rested, or did go to the bottom of it, discovered its weakness, and trusted to luck to keep the knowledge of it from the defendants. People ask, with amazement, was it possible that in a case of this magnitude a counsel of Sir Richard's standing kept his eyes fixed on his brief, as if he were trying a horse case, and never asked Soames, the attorney, and Walter, the plaintiff, where they got these letters, or whether they had any reason for believing them genuine except the resemblance of the signatures? Or, if he did ask them, and they told him, is it possible that he neither made nor suggested any inquiries as to Pigott's character? And, finally, what did he mean by calling Pigott on the trial, when he had had for a week in his possession a letter from Pigott to Soames warning him that he could not stand cross-examination? It has given the Liberals fair justification for tearing him to pieces, but it has also furnished one of the most curious illustrations on record of the professional solidarity of the bar. There are in the present House of Commons seventy-three barristers and twenty-two solicitors, probably about equally divided between the parties—that is to say, about fifty are Liberals. When the division was ordered the other night, on the motion to reduce the attorney-general's salary, by way of censure, twenty Liberal lawyers walked out of the House before the vote. Had they remained, they would have reduced the government majority to forty-six, the lowest point it has yet reached, and the moral effect would have been very great. But they followed the immemorial custom of the bar in standing by a brother lawyer in trouble—a custom over which the public has vainly grumbled for twenty centuries. There is no other calling in which the *esprit de corps* is so strong, in which professional jealousy so rarely finds outward expression. Doctors are very faithful to each other, but their quarrels are numerous and savage. Clerical hickerings, too, are very bitter and not infrequent, and soldiers and sailors are by no means unwilling to use the knife of criticism on each other. But "brother lawyers" seldom fail each other in times of danger, necessity, and tribulation. The effect of this last display of fidelity on the English voters is said, however, to be very unfavorable to the future prospects of legal candidates for Parliament.—*Nation.*

Some rather startling computations have been made on the subject of hog-breeding. It has been found that, if permitted, hogs will live from fifteen to twenty years of age, that they commence breeding when they are from nine to twelve months old, and that from one pair only in ten years, allowing only six to a litter, male and female, upward of 6,434,838 pigs would be obtained; that is to say that, if, instead of three acres and a cow, a countryman started with some acres and a pair of pigs, he might in the course of ten years count their progeny by millions. This is not reckoning on any out-of-the-way basis, for it has been shown that one sow actually produced 355 pigs in twenty litters; while at an exhibition of the Agricultural Society a boar was shown which, although only twenty months old, was already the father of 1,466 hogs. Here then is wealth for the million.

The Spanish General Alava had a strange fortune. He began life as an officer in the Spanish navy, and in that capacity the first great engagement at which he was present was the battle of Trafalgar, when, of course, he fought on the side of the French. His last battle was Waterloo, and he was, probably, the only man in Europe who had been present in both these memorable conflicts.

The "Speech from the Throne" in Sweden is the genuine article, far different from those at other capitals. It is delivered by stalwart King Oscar himself, clad in white ermine, trimmed with red and gold, wearing a crown of gold upon his head, and hearing a jeweled sceptre in his hand. He has a fine voice, and is a graceful and eloquent orator.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Chauncey M. Depew calls Senator Evarts the "maximum of the metal and the minimum of the adipose."

Herr Krupp's annual income is 4,380,000 marks; Baron von Rothschild, of Frankfort, 4,000,000; while poor Herr von Bleischweber, the blind Berlin banker, has 2,500,000. They are the three richest men in Germany.

At dinner at the White House daily there are gathered four generations, just as was found at the palace at Berlin before the death of the venerable emperor—great-grandfather Scott, President and Mrs. Harrison, their two children, and their children's children.

The Bishop of Nisch, who opposed the divorce of King Milan of Servia from Queen Natalie, and was therefore deprived of his see, has now mysteriously disappeared. It is intimated that, through Milan's agency, he has been secretly shut up in some remote monastery.

Mr. Lahouchère hears that the breach-of-promise suit between Phyllis Broughton and Viscount Dangan has been compromised by payment of the hurlesquer of fifty thousand dollars. At this rate, flirting with pretty actresses promises to become an expensive amusement for the scions of the British aristocracy.

Bratfisch, the coachman who sat up drinking, smoking, and singing with the Crown Prince Rudolf on the last night of his life, has practically been banished from Austria, as he has been sent to Russia, ostensibly to buy horses for the government, and it is certain he will never again be seen in Vienna.

The Crown Prince Rudolf of Austria left debts amounting to two million dollars, it is said, although he had an annual income of seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and his palaces and country-places cost him nothing. His sporting trophies form an interesting museum, and their preparation and arrangement must have cost a large sum.

Some idea of the immense amount of speech-making Mr. Chauncey M. Depew has done may be gained from the book-cases of his private addresses which are to be seen in his offices in the Grand Central Station, New York. The cases are very large and are packed with pamphlets. These are only the more important addresses, however, others being preserved.

Ex-King Milan, the misfit monarch who recently resigned the throne of Servia, has been having what is now called by the "boys" a "raze dazzle time" in Vienna. He has now gone to Constantinople. He is fears assassination, and wears a flexible steel undershirt. He is careful about his wine, and always smells it before drinking. It is rumored that he will set up a harem in Turkey.

The inventor of the seductive "Pigs in Clover" puzzle is Moses Dillman, a farmer living near Waverly, N. Y. One day the farmer was in a quandary as to how he should amuse the youngsters. His mind naturally ran in the line of pigs, and, thereupon, he made out of a piece of wood and a little pasteboard the original of the "Pigs in Clover." The novelty was so unique and tantalizing that it soon spread over the surrounding neighborhood.

Says a Troy, N. Y., newspaper: "While E. A. Hartshorn, of this city, was in Washington, at the time of the inauguration ceremonies, he called on Secretary Blaine. The latter was much pleased with the four-dollar coat our townsman wore, and, through the latter, ordered one like it from the Troy dealers. Mr. Blaine exhibited some clothing which he had purchased in England and which was not of comparatively expensive but very ill-fitting."

"Jack" Hardy, a famous sporting character, who had the unenviable reputation of having killed more persons than any other man in the country, dropped dead on the New Orleans race-track the other day. He is said to have killed twenty-one men in one year, all in pistol fights, and his skill with the weapon was marvelous. He could hit a silver quarter as far as he could see it nearly every time, and is credited with never having shot at a man without wounding him.

Angell, of Vienna, the queen's favorite portrait-painter, had received a commission from her majesty for a half-length portrait of Prince Alexander of Battenberg, which was to have been hung in the Tapestry Rooms at Windsor Castle, but, in consequence of the prince's recent marriage, the order has been canceled; and, indeed, in the first temporary of exasperation, the queen ordered all the photographs of the prince which there was a large collection, to be flung into the fire.

Henri Chevreul, son of the French chemist who died last Monday at the hundred and four years old, was buried a fortnight before his father's death without the latter's knowledge. When, about a year ago, the son, then sixty-nine, went to Paris from Dijon for medical advice, the old Chevreul seemed to feel that he was personally insulted by the fact that his son showed such fragility of constitution. The family physician went to explain the matter to the old scientist, but Chevreul was annoyed and said that he always felt he would never be able to raise the child.

The house which has been built by Mrs. Edward F. Searles (formerly Mrs. Mark Hopkins) at Great Barrington, Mass., is a palace, and with its stables, etc., is estimated to have cost two million five hundred thousand dollars. It is built of blue dolomite, quarried in the vicinity. The roof is crowned with imposing towers and massive chimneys, and the inner finishings are of imported marbles and carved oak and other costly woods. Mr. and Mrs. Searles recently returned from Europe, bringing with them valuable paintings and other adornments for their magnificent home.

Mrs. Cleveland is having a gayer time in New York than she had in Washington. There is not a day which is not crowded with engagements. Mr. Cleveland found the social excitements more tiring than official work, and he had to break away from them for a while. Mrs. Cleveland, who has her mother and her husband's married sister with her, is enjoying her freedom from public life. That she can go about without offending state etiquette is a great satisfaction to her. She quite enjoys making calls, which she was not allowed to do as the President's wife. So that she will not overstep the bounds of time in her calls, she has a tiny watch inserted in a corner of her card-case, which she can consult without being observed.

Through his Bulgarian career Prince Alexander was attended by a stout and handsome jäger, who never left him for a moment, and who on many occasions ran great risk of losing his own life in his determination not to lose sight of his master. At night he slept on a couch in the ante-room outside his bedroom, and at least one plot to assassinate Prince Alexander was frustrated by his vigilance. After Prince Alexander left Bulgaria, the servant who followed his master disappeared, and the solution of the mystery—for mystery it always was to those who loved the prince—was then discovered in the fact that the handsome jäger was a woman in disguise, who, being madly in love with Prince Alexander, determined to devote her life to guard him from danger during the stormy reign in his Bulgarian kingdom. What became of her was not known, but she was not seen again with the prince after he left Sofia.

The late Prince Enrico Barberini of Rome was a devout Catholic and a member of the confraternity of the "Sacconi," so called from the dress, which is a gown of sackcloth tied by a rope at the waist, and a large hood of the same, with a piece concealing the face, with two holes cut in it for the eyes. The Sacconi all belong to the higher ranks of society but are supposed to be unknown to each other, as, when engaging in works of charity, the distribution of alms, and the removal of the dead they always wear the dress of the order. One of their rules is, that when a member dies, the brethren alone shall take part in the obsequies, the friends, and even the family, being rigidly excluded. According to this, fifty-one brethren, hearing lighted tapers, went to the Palazzo Barberini to remove the body of the late prince. He lay on the pavement of the great hall, the head only supported by a cushion, dressed in the habit of the Sacconi, as the order rigidly excludes all display of pomp or wealth. The members of the confraternity filed slowly in, six of them bearing a plain bier. On this they raised the body of the deceased brother and, in solemn silence departed as they came. The remains were taken to the church of S. Teodoro, and, when the absolution had been pronounced, were removed the next day to the family burial-place at Cati.

"NOTRE DAME DE ROULETTE."

A Correspondent's Picture of Monte Carlo and Its Votaries of Chance.

There is not in all the world so melancholy a place as Monte Carlo, a "quarter" so dull and deserted as the Condamine. Perhaps, in the morning, you meet the *cuisinières* and the *coiffeurs*, the former going to market, the latter to wait on the ladies forming their *clientèle;* hut, after one o'clock, everyhody is at the Casino. The only vehicles you see are those going from the railway station to the Casino, or "the employees' omnihus," which takes hackwards and forwards the *croupiers* and the musicians, all of whom live in Old Monaco. Monte Carlo is, in fact, a dead town. People live there only for the *tripôt.* The administration is so motherly in its care for you that it keeps all temptations out of your way. You do not see, as once at Baden, shops full of jewelry and diamonds near the Casino, where you could spend the money whicb you have gained at the tables. Besides the art pottery and the preserved fruits, I defy you to find anything to huy for your friends. No; all the money which you have in your pocket, as well as that which goes out of the Casino, must be kept at Monte Carlo.

Charming for a week's or a fortnight's visit, Monte Carlo is insupportable beyond that time. If you are tired of the concerts—and one can not be listening to the music *every* evening—if you do not gamhle, if you know hy heart the *salles de jeu* and the people who throng them, if you have read the newspapers in the reading-room — what can you do with yourself for the rest of the evening? Your only resource is to smoke a cigar in the *atrium*, which is somewhat akin to "hehind the scenes" of a theatre. You see in the *atrium* something of everything, and types which you had not noticed in the gambling-rooms. Here are the women not respectable enough, in the opinion of the administration, to he favored with a *carte d'entrée.* You ask yourself what these unfortunate outsiders can possihly have done, when you see the people who *are* admitted to the rooms, aod who promenade them like queens! Besides these, you see in the *atrium* the persons who are waiting for the gamhlers of hoth sexes who have promised to bring them their winnings, in order not to risk losing them again. The people who are owed money, and who are waiting to be paid, also form a oumerous contingent. This gentleman walking so fast, without a hat, has come to smoke a cigar, to see if that will "change the luck." The money-lenders of hoth sexes swarm in the *atrium* to-night, for they have learned that a youog marquis, concerning whose means they are perfectly well informed, has lost, in less than half-an-hour, forty-five thousand francs, and all hefore dinner, too! Poor marquis! he is ohliged to ask one of the crew—a horrihle ruffian—to dine with him at the Hôtel de Paris, and at the puhlic table! The affair will he talked about during dessert. Not over proud, the marquis! Upon this divan, near the door leading out of the *salle de jeu*, sits the mamma who is looking out for an establishment for her daughter. It is a good position, tbis. No one can go out without being seen. Sometimes, also, you are a witness of terrihle scenes. You hear fragments of angry dialogue hetween husband and wife: "You have completely ruioed me, *misérable!*" "I will ask them not to let you enter the rooms again!" "You have taken my ear-rings, you thief!" This handsome young man, with a decoration io his coat, threatens an elderly woman hecause she will not give him her bracelet to pawn for another turn at the tahles!

Another revolting sigbt is the number of children whom their parents leave in the *atrium*, while they go to gamble. Ooe shudders at the thought of what these poor children are exposed to, at the idea of what they may see and hear. Two divans seem to be reserved for them; and every now and then their parents come to see what they are doing. The little boys are dressed in English fashion, and the little girls in the Kate Greenaway style, with large bonnets such as were worn under the Directoire. Tbey make friends of one another, and talk about their parents. "Mamma lost six thousand francs," says one. "My papa lost ten thousand!" says another. "We baven't enough money to take us hack to Paris—or to London!" adds a third; "papa has telegraphed to grandpapa to send us some money!" But they have something to do hesides gossip. Sometimes you see them, hook in hand, learning their lessons. At other times—toward ten o'clock at night—overcome by fatigue, you will find them stretched on the divans fast asleep. I asked an English boy of twelve, who was spinning a top in his band, why he and his little sister did not go to bed. They were living at an hotel, bad no servants, and (said the child) their parents did not like to *leave them alone!* So every night these poor children waited in the *atrium* until tbe gamhling was over, or their parents "cleaned out." There are children who occasionally have to do servants' work. I bave seen some little Russians going to huy something for breakfast. Tbe parents did not dare to go to the *charcutier's* themselves, and were ashamed to let their servants go.

The *atrium* is also the refuge of the local officials and others who are not permitted to enter the gambling-rooms. I not one would like to know the motives for their exclusion, as the administration and the subsidized newspapers repeat, *urbi et orbi*, that there is nothing in the world more honest and moral than the gamhling as practiced at Monte Carlo! How does the administration explain that what is eminently moral for all other Europeans, for Asiatics, and for Americans, is a crime of iniquity for the subjects of the Prince of Monaco? A serious personage this absolute monarch, the last *roi-soleil*, maintained in his principality, after the Treaties of Vienna, by Talleyrand, who was, it is said, a relation of the Princess of Monaco — a monarch to-day subsidized by a *tripôt!* M. Blanc did a marvelous stroke of business. Tbe Prince of Monaco has only two hundred and fifty thousand francs per annum, and *eighteen millions* passed over the *tapis vert* in 1873!

The Prince of Monaco reigns over his five thousand subjects from the height of a throne, gilded hy the *tripôt*, with the solemnity of Louis the Fourteenth at Versailles. His guard of honor (is it the correct term?) is composed of seventy men; his army, of thirty-six carabiniers and eighteen *sergents de ville.* What people say about the etiquette of this court is difficult to realize. Taciturn and hlind, the prince lives surrounded hy Jesuits. Like the Persian monarch, the Prince of Monaco is seldom seen. His son, the hereditary prince, spends a week every year in the principality, and gives a dinner to the principal functionaries, the clergy, the oavy, the army, the judges, the other principal personages in the principality, and the lords of roulette and harons of trente-et-quarante. As the hereditary prince represents his father, all must remain standing during the reception. Although without a diocese, the principality possesses a mitred abbé—a hishop *in partibus*, who must have at least three parishes under his jurisdiction hefore he can ohtain a hishopric, and at Monaco there are only two. But, as the most cordial uoderstanding exists hetween the church and the *tripôt*, both having the same *clientèle*, the mitred abhé ohtained from Mme. Blanc, who was excessively pious, a third parish, appropriately christened "Notre-Dame de la Roulette!"

PICCADILLY.

NICE, March 18, 1889.

HOOSIER VERSE.

FROM JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY'S "PIPES O' PAN AT ZEKESBURY."

A Comparison.

I'd ruther lay out here among the trees,
With the singin' birds an' the bum'l'bees,
A-knowin' thet I can do as I please,
Than to live what folks call a life of ease
Up thar in the city.
Fer I really don't 'zactly understan'
Where the comfort is fer any man
In walking bot bricks an' usin' a fan,
An' enjoyin' himself as he says he can,
Up thar in the city.

It's kinder lonesome, mebbe you'll say,
A-livin' out bere day after day
In this kinder easy, careless way;
But a bour out bere is better'n a day
Up thar in the city.
As for that, jus' look at the flowers aroun',
A-peepin' their beads up all over the groun',
An' the fruit a-bendin' the trees way down.
You don't find such things as these in town,
Or ruther in the city.

As I said afore, sucb things as these,
The flowers, the birds, an' the bum'l'bees,
An' a-livin' out bere among the trees
Where you can take your ease an' do as you please,
Makes it better'n the city.
Now, all the talk don't 'mount to snuff,
'Bout this kinder life a-bein' rougb.
An' I'm sure it's plenty good enough,
An' 'tween you an' me 'taint half as tough
As livin' in the city.

When the Green Gits Back in the Trees.

In spring, when the green gits back in the trees,
And the sun comes out and stays,
And yer boots pulls on with a good tight squeeze
And you think of yer barefoot days:
When you ort to work and you want to not,
And you and yer wife agrees
It's time to spade up the garden lot—
Wben tbe green gits back in the trees—
Well! work is the least o' *my* idees
When the green, you know, gits back in the trees!

When the green gits back in the trees, and bees
Is a-buzzin' aroun' again,
In that kind of a lazy "go-as-you-please"
Old gait they bum roun' in;
When the groun's all bald wbere the hay-rick stood,
And the crick's riz, and the breeze
Coaxes the bloom in the old dogwood,
And the green gits back in the trees,
I like, as I say, in sich scenes as these,
The time wben the green gits back in the trees!

When the wbole tail-feathers o' winter-time
Is all pulled out and gone!
And the sap it thaws and begins to climb,
And the sweat it starts out on
A feller's forrerd, a-gittin' down
At the old spring on his knees—
I kind o' like jes' a-loaferin' roun'
When the green gits back in the trees—
Jes' a-potterin' roun' as I—durn—please—
When the green, you know, gits back in the trees!

Down Around the River.

Noon-time and June-time, down around the river!
Have to furse with 'Lizey Ann—but lawzy! I fergive ber!
Drives me off the place, and says 'at all 'at sbe's a-wishin',
Land o' gracious! time'll come I'll git enougb o' fishin'!
Little Dave, a-choppin' wood, never 'pears to notice;
Don't know wbere she's hid his hat, er keerin' wbere his coat is—
Specalatin', more'n like, be haint a-goin' to mind me,
And guessin' where, say twelve o'clock, a feller'd likely find me.

Noon-time and June-time, down around the river!
Clean out o' sight o' home, and skulkin' under kivver
Of the sycamores, jack-oaks, and swamp-ash, and ellum—
Idees all so jumbied up, you kin hardly tell em!—
Tired, you know, but *lovin'* it, and smilin' jest to think 'at
Any sweeter tiredness you'd fairly want to *drink* it.
Tired o' fisbin'—tired o' fun—line out slack and slacker—
All you want in all the world's a little more tobacker!

Hungry, but *a-hidin'* it, er jes' a-not a-keerin'—
Kingfisher gittin' up and skootin' out o' hearin';
Snipes on the t'other side, wbere the County Ditcb is,
Wadin' up and down the aidge like they'd rolled their britches!
Old turkle on the root kindo-sorto drappin'
Intoo th' worter like he don't know bow it happen!
Worter, shade, and all so mixed, don't know which you'd orter
Say, th' *worter* in the shadder—*shadder in the worter!*

Somebody bollerin'—'way around the bend in
Upper Fork—where yer eye kin jes' ketch the endin'
Of the shiney wedge o' wake some muss-rat's a-makin'
With that pesky nose o' bis! Then a sniff o' bacon,
Corn-bread, and 'dock-greens—and little Dave a-shinnin'
'Crost the rocks and mussel-shells, a-limpin' and a-grinnin',
With yer dinner fer ye, and a blessin' from the giver,
Noon-time and June-time down around the river!

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Mr. Ward McAllister never takes his knitting to church.—*Life.*

"They poked a porous-plaster into it, and then it began to play," is the way a boy described an orguinette.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Patient—"I'm not afraid to die, doctor, but I do dread being buried alive." *Doctor* (cheerfully)—"Don't let that worry you. I'll see that you ain't."—*Boston Courier.*

Papa (that is to be)—"What are your prospects, Mr. de Brazen?" *Mr. de Brazen*—"Merely that of being your son-in-law, sir. I don't want anything better."—*Life.*

Editor (looking at joke)—"That's funny." *Contributor*—"Yes, I thought so." *Editor*—"I don't mean that. It's funny that you should think such a thing as that funny!"—*Puck.*

She—"You must never let fatber see you put your arm around my waist." *He*—"Why, would he be so angry?" *She*—"No, dear; but be would try to borrow some money from you."—*Life.*

Mr. Kettledrum Dude—"But, my dear Flynte, wbat reason can you bave for refusing me sucb a trifle?" *Mr. Flynte*—"My reason, sir, is that I never encourage the vice of ingratitude."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

"Why do you look so mad, Miss Ethel?" "Sister Helen is going to marry Tom Barry." "The worthless young reprobate! No wonder you are sad." "Oh, it is not that. I wanted to marry him myself."—*Life.*

Mrs. Topploft—"Do you ever have any trouble in getting money from your husband?" *Mrs. Oleboy*—"None in the least. I accuse him every once in a while of talking in his sleep." *Terre Haute Express.*

"Mamma, at the Ponce de Leon hop last night, Mr. de Ritch asked me to be his wife." "Of course you accepted him?" "Of course, but he began so queerly." "How?" "He asked me if I loved him!"—*Puck.*

Plushley—"Maria, me dear, you seem to ate nothing. What's the matter?" *Maria*—"Faix, Plushley, it's Friday, an' I can't make up me mind if tarrypin-stew's fish whin it's made of veal."—*Harper's Bazar.*

"Soup?" asked the waiter at a Washington botel. "No, thank you," replied the guest, "I have been to soup. I am"—and the guest swallowed a large lump in his throat—"I am from Illinois."—*Peoria Transcript.*

Mrs. Brief (who has been reading an article on sleep in a bealth paper)—"John, is it best to lie on the right side or the left?" *John* (a lawyer)—"If you are on the right side it usually isn't necessary to lie at all."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Mr. Jonathan Trump—"What's the matter with young Darlington? He's going into the conservatory with Dolly Flicker, as pale as a ghost." *Miss Penelope Peachblow*—"Going into a decline, I take it, from what I know of Dolly."—*Life.*

"You say you were discharged from your former place for being too industrious." "Yes, ma'am." "That's very strange. What did you do?" "I went down to the cellar one day and dusted the old wine bottles."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Mr. Grogan—"Oi'm goin' back t' Irelan', Rosie!" *Mrs. Grogan*—"What's wrong, John?" *Mr. Grogan*—"There's a fom'ly of nagurs moved in on th' lot below, an Oi'll shtay no longer in a counthry thot laves a nagur kape a goat."—*Judge.*

Kirby Stone—"I've just witnessed a very affecting street incident, Lott." *Job Lott*—"What was it?" *Kirby Stone*—"Two truck-drivers got their wbeels locked on West Street, and both had such severe colds they couldn't speak a loud word."—*Puck.*

Mrs. de Stang—"Heavens! Montague, I've got to go back." *Mr. de Stang*—"Forgotten your opera-glass?" *Mrs. de Stang*—"No, my libretto of the opera. It's in German, you know, and Professor Heimstetter has marked all the lines where it's good form to laugb or to cry."—*Judge.*

Mrs. de Trop—"I don't think, Mr. de Trop, that your sarcasm, leveled at our décolleté ball-dresses, is called for. Your own brother, the captain, takes a much more liberal view of society matters." *Mr. de Trop*—"Undoubtedly; Captain Bob bas just returned from Samoa."—*Epoch.*

Lionel—"Why do you remain in the ball-room? You are not a guest, sir." *Stranger*—"I am a detective employed to guard Mrs. Van Stump's diamonds." *Lionel*—"Her diamonds are not worth watching. They are paste!" *Stranger*—"My presence gives them the appearance of reality."—*Chicago Journal.*

A young man married a lady whose weight verges closely upon two bundred pounds. During a recent country walk they came to a fence, and it was necessary to climb over. "My dear," said the busband, "shall I belp you over the fence?" "Never mind me," was the wise reply, "just hold up the fence."—*Pick Me Up.*

Courtly gentleman—"May I ask if you were present at the creation?" *Elderly maiden* (blushing with quick indignation)—"Sir? I do not understand what you mean." *Courtly gentleman*—"Nothing, ma'am, nothing; I simply wisbed to inquire if you attended the oratorio hy the Choral Society, Wednesday."—*Lowell Citizen.*

Customer—"I tell you I don't want the coat. It's faded and the color don't suit me." *Isaacs*—"It's vaded and der golor don't suit you. Vell take it for seven und a halluf." *Customer*—"Besides, its half worn out already." *Isaacs*—"So much der better, ma shild. If der goat don't suit yer id von't dake you so long to vear it out. Hast du geseben?"—*America.*

Teacher—"Can you tell me the population of Wurtemberg?" *First scholar*—"1,881,506." *Teacher*—"Very good; still not quite correct. Does anybody else know?" *Second scholar*—"1,881,505." *Teacher*—"That's right!" *First scholar*—"Why, I know that; but as we got a little sister yesterday, I thought it would make one more."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

He—"She always goes alone. Won't bave a gentleman attend ber anywhere. Her last escort met such a shocking death right before her eyes, you know." *She*—"I think I remember. He lost his life trying to save ber when the theatre caught fire, didn't be?" *He*—"No. He was crushed to death by the ladies at the Easterdudd's Spring Opening."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Rosey Boy—"Why didn't you take a wedding trip, Bloodgood?" *Bloodgood*—"Well, you see, my wife and I came to the conclusion it wouldn't be much of a novelty, for us. We met first on a steamer on the Atlantic Ocean; I proposed in Sweden; was accepted in Russia; obtained her father's permission in England; the marriage settlement was drawn up in this country, and we were married in Algiers."—*Once a Week.*

"Absalom," called out Mrs. Rambo, in a bigh-pitched voice, as her busband came lumbering up the stairway at three o'clock A. M., "you have been getting drunk again! This is the second time since yesterday morning!" "Nansby," mumbled Mr. Rambo, holding tightly to the balustrade, "you're unzbust, m'love. A man can't giddrunk twice in twenty-four hoursh. I'm—I'm still on the 'riginal drunk, Nansby!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

Mabel—"Mother, I have broken my engagement with Arthur. No woman could be happy with such a brute." *Mother*—"Horrors! What have you learned?" *Mabel*—"Last night I asked him to tack the cover on my work-box, and be hit his finger with the hammer, and, mother, he—said—damn!" *Mother*—"I see. He danced around the room, and swore a blue streak a yard long, and threw the bammer out of the window, and kicked the work-box to pieces, and called you a jibbering idiot, and——" *Mabel*—"Why, no be didn't; be only said damn, and went on tacking." *Mother*—"What? is that all? Oh, you foolish child! You have lost an angel."—*Philadelphia Record.*

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The poets of America are the subjects of a little semi-satirical praise from the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Our republic, this critic declares, "is a land flowing with petroleum and poetry, both of which it exports freely.

There is a streak of uncommon sense in Wilkie Collins's statements that there have been more "reminiscences" lately published in England than are wanted; and that it will soon become a distinction not to have written one's autobiography.

Sally Pratt McLean's exquisite little poem, "De Massa ob de Sheepfol'," having been set to indifferent music by a Toronto bookseller, her publishers, Cupples & Hurd, Boston, are now arranging with an eminent composer to have it set to suitable music. The poem has not been without its claimants and pretenders to the authorship.

All of Amélie Rives's correspondence sent in care of her publishers is first opened by the latter before forwarding. This is done at the authoress's request to protect her from abusive letters, which are destroyed by the publishers. Shortly after the publication of "The Quick or the Dead?" the character of several letters addressed to the authoress made this necessary, and the plan has been kept up ever since.

Rhoda Broughton, the well-known English novelist, is forty-eight, and a highly intelligent-looking woman, although her features are bard and rather masculine. She is a good talker, and has a rich fund of humor of a very racy and piquant kind. Most of her literary work is done early in the morning. It is her custom to allow at least two years to elapse between the publication of her stories. She is fond of pug-dogs, and has any number of them.

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton in the Boston *Sunday Herald*, March 17th, writes a long and appreciative notice of Miss Amy Levy, the daughter of the proprietor of the London *Daily Telegraph*, "a mere girl," as Oscar Wilde once said, "but a girl of genius." After commenting upon the remarkably strong and vigorous prose and poetry of Miss Levy, Mrs. Moulton finally adds: "You will have the opportunity to make the author's acquaintance in her new novel 'The Romance of a Shop,' which Messrs. Cupples & Hurd are about to publish. Like her poems, it is a book you would hardly expect from a young girl. It has not the tragic intensity of her verse, but it has a mature consideration of life, which is, in its own way, as striking."

M. Zola had intended to call his new railway novel the "Homme qui Tue," but discovered that this title already belonged to a brother novelist. He says that the new work is to be a tragic one—"a study of what crime is capable of producing, and its effect on certain temperaments. As the deed is committed on a railway, I have had to travel by train in all directions to gather the knowledge requisite to make the scene life-like. The different phases of railway existence will, in fact, be one of the chief attractions of the book. It has given me more trouble than all the rest put together. As for the judicial part of my story, that is comparatively easy, and my studies of judges, juries, and advocates are almost complete. But my task on the whole has been very difficult. I little expected to find railway life such a vast and intricate subject to deal with correctly in the narrow limits of a novel."

The Austrian Kaiser's *Chronicle* is the most curious publication in Europe. Its proprietor is the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, who publishes it for his sole benefit. State duties occupy most of his time, and he has little leisure to read the Vienna dailies. He wants to know not only what goes on every day in the civilized world, but also what is said in Europe and America about the Austrian Government. News, the Kaiser must have, and through this paper, the *Imperial Review*, he gets it. The construction of the paper is as unique as its object. The Imperial News Bureau, which is almost a department of state, publishes it at a cost of two hundred thousand guilden yearly. The chief of the bureau, who is a high government official, is assisted by several sub-editors, each of whom is in turn assisted by a corps of trained clerks. The work begins before dawn, when the chief's mail-wagon proceeds to the depôt for the foreign papers. Once in the bureau they are sorted according to the different countries or states, and taken to the various sub-editors. There is a copy of every leading paper in Europe. The huge pile of papers being arranged, the clerks go to work. On any reference to the Austrian Government or the imperial family being found, a blue pencil is drawn through the article, after which the marked papers are sent to the sub-editors, who read the articles carefully and condense them. A lengthy criticism may thus be reduced to a few lines, though, if very important, little pruning may take place. It is, of course, necessary to translate all foreign articles into German. It is now late at night, for the work is very heavy, and the paper must be ready for the emperor in the morning. Men famous for their penmanship do the finishing work. The selected articles are given to them and they make three copies—one for the emperor, one for the foreign minister, and one for the secretary of state. A fourth copy is never made. The copy for the emperor is written on beautiful linen-paper, and at the head of the first page stands the finely decorated title, *Journal-Revue für Sie Majestat den Kaiser*. The copies for the minister and secretary are also written on exceptionally handsome paper, but of an inferior quality to that used for the emperor. The writing itself is like copperplate. There are usually from sixteen to twenty pages in the paper. It is the emperor's regular custom to read the *Review* as soon as he rises in the morning, and if there is any specially important article in it, he summons his minister and has a talk with him about it. Thus he knows each day how be and his government are regarded by the civilized nations of the earth.

When it was proposed (says the *Book Buyer*) that leading authors should be made contributors to all sorts of papers by the intervention of a syndicate, the authors receiving better prices for their wares and the journals a better quality of work than they had been able to afford, the scheme was received with enthusiasm. There was a feeling that the influence upon the tone of the press of the country could not but be good; it was evident that the arrangement was likely to put money into the pockets of authors, a consummation devoutly to be hoped for, and further consequences were not greatly regarded. But the thing has gone on until it has come to the establishment of purely sensational papers of a grade absolutely too low to be regarded as literature, which foist themselves into notice largely by the use of the names of distinguished writers. They buy the right to employ distinguished names by ordering a story, an essay, or what not, and then, having decoyed the public by this device, they attempt to hold its attention by the setting forth of sensational, vulgar, and not infrequently prurient stuff which appeals to the lowest taste. One of the objectionable and deplorable features of the case is that the authors who are thus bought for advertising purposes seldom do justice either to their powers or to their literary reputations under these circumstances. They know their best is not expected and will not be appreciated; they are secretly conscious that they are really condescending to do hack-work simply because a large price has been offered them for it; and frequently they are indirectly urged to lower their standards by appeals on the part of the editor to make their work "of a popular character," "of intense interest," and so on, for the other euphemisms, which really mean "cater to the popular taste and get a big price for it." The result is one, however, which is sincerely and most deeply to be regretted. Under the protection of names which compel the admiration of us all, these periodicals are lowering the tone and the morals of American letters with a rapidity which is shocking. On one page is a poem or a tale by one of the foremost men in the country, while on the next stand the rubbishy and not always decent productions of the creatures who consciously and willingly prostitute themselves to any base literary uses by which they can win money. It is surely time for self-respecting authors to begin more carefully to consider the ethical and the art standards of the magazines or journals which offer them large prices to the end that they shall help lure the reading public into unworthy or dangerous paths. It may be added that nothing could be more short-sighted on the part of those writers who produce genuine literature than the lowering of standards which is resulting from their course. It is difficult enough for them to hold their own when they use all their efforts to stem the tide setting against them; and it is easy to see that they are both helping on the course of cheap literature and at the same time destroying their own influence and power to contend against it.

New Publications.

"A Missing Husband and other Tales," by George R. Sims, and "Fun and Fact," by F. H. Chambers, have been issued in the Red Cover Series published by J. S. Ogilvie, New York; for sale by the booksellers.

"Alone," by Marion Harland, is the initial volume of the Madison Square Series, a new "library" of novels, reprinted cheaply on cheap paper. Published by G. W. Dillingham, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 25 cents.

"Jack of Hearts," a story of life in the Bohemia of London, by H. T. Johnson, and "Lady Car: A Sequel of a Life," by Mrs. Oliphant, are the first and third issues of Judge's Novels, published quarterly by the Judge Publishing Company, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 25 cents each.

Bayard Taylor's famous "Views Afoot; or, Europe Seen with Knapsack and Staff," a book of European travel which has not lost its interest for all the forty years that have passed since N. P. Willis stood sponsor for it on its introduction to the world, has been republished by John B. Alden, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"Andersonville Violets," by Herbert W. Collingswood, is a story of the war, written by a Southern man, but without partisan feeling. The scene is laid in great measure around the terrible Andersonville prison, and the story is full of pathetic and dramatic incidents. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.00.

"A Modern Mephistopheles," one of Louisa M. Alcott's stories which has lain in the dust for a dozen years, has been reprinted and is now issued bound in one volume with "A Whisper in the Dark," a short story by the same author, which is, we believe, here published for the first time. The first is a novel in a somewhat "Ouida"-esque strain; the second is a thrilling tale of confinement in a mad-house. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, $1.50.

"The Song of the Palm" is the title of a little volume of verses by Tracy Robinson. The initial poem, which gives its name to the book, was printed in *Harper's Magazine* some years ago, and a few others are reprints; but the major part of the volume is new. The verses almost all savor of the tropics, and are marked by a luxurious undergrowth of verbiage rather than any particularly sturdy thought. An oration delivered by the author at Aspinwall, on July 4, 1866, is printed in the volume. Published by Brentanos, New York; for sale by the booksellers.

The twelfth volume of "Alden's Cyclopedia of Universal Literature" begins with William Howitt and concludes with Juvenal, including in that space more than seventy-five authors. The plan of the work is to give a brief biographical notice and one or more typical extracts from the writings of the greatest authors of all countries and all times, and the plan is being well carried out. Among the notable names in this volume are Huber, the blind naturalist, Thomas Hughes, Victor Hugo, Leigh Hunt, Huxley, Washington Irving, Helen Hunt Jackson, Henry James, Jefferson, Jerrold, Maurus Jokoi, Josephus, and Juvenal. Published by John B. Alden, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"Matthew's Guide for Settlers" is a thorough exposition of the laws affecting the public lands of the United States which are open to settlement. The compiler is William B. Matthews, late assistant-chief of the preëmption division of the general land office at Washington, where he had abundant opportunity to become familiar with the intricacies of the subject. The book contains an historical map of the United States, showing the date of acquisition of the various additions to the original thirteen States; a brief description of the natural advantages, population, products, etc., and the laws of each State and Territory relating to deeds, dower, descent, and distribution of property, married women, mechanics' liens, mortgages, and wills; an exposition of the public-lands system of the United States and of the various procedures necessary to secure homesteads, timber, or mineral lands, school lands, etc.; hints relative to grants to railroads; rules of practice in cases affecting public lands; and a thorough index. Published by the author, in Washington, D. C.; for sale by the Bancroft-Whitney Company; price, $1.50.

"How Men Propose" is the title of a book containing extracts from English fiction selected by Agnes Stevens. The extracts are separated into eight groups, which the editor designates as the Youthful Proposal, the Vicarious—apparently fraught with deepest danger for all parties concerned, inasmuch as the lady always thinks that the proposer is or should be acting for himself—the Humble, the Pompous, the Successful, the Unsuccessful, the Resultless, and the Renewed. The personal presentation of the proposal by the lover to his mistress is an Anglo-Saxon institution, and it has only recently been made a topic for the romancer, and instances in the fiction of foreign countries are rare; still the editor has managed to bring to light proposals from the novels of Balzac, Björnsen, Georg Ebers, Gustav Freytag, "Henri Greville," Wilhelmine von Hillern, Victor Hugo, Lamartine, Ruffini, Osip Schubin, Speilhagen, Tolstoï, and Turgenieff. The remainder of the thirty-six examples are taken chiefly from the modern school of English and American novelists, though the list runs back to Smollett and Fielding. While it is an amusing book to pick up and glance at here and there, it can be read through only by the class of romantic and dyspepsia-proof young women who can make a meal off candy alone. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Journalistic Chit-Chat.

Mrs. Margaret F. Sangster has become editor of *Harper's Bazar*.

The *Commonwealth* is the name of a new monthly magazine published at Denver, Col. Its make-up is like that of the *North American Review*.

The *Paper World* discloses the interesting fact that the news companies receive an average of thirty new periodical publications every week in the year. They find not more than one out of the thirty profitable to handle, and not one in thirty is permanently successful. The great majority of the new progeny of intellect and enterprise hardly get their eyes open before they die. A birth-rate of thirty a week seems very high. That is fifteen hundred and sixty a year, or, looking at it another way, five for every week day in the year. A new periodical is born and sent out to the news companies to nurse every four hours and forty-eight minutes, day or night. How few of the interesting little creatures ever cut their eye-teeth. But the statistics procured by the *Paper World* from the news companies by no means represent the actual rate of increase, says the New York *Sun*, since comparatively few of the new journals started in the United States find their way to these agencies of distribution. Notwithstanding the tremendous mortality among the new-born and the great number of older newspapers which drop out of existence every year, the net annual increase in periodical publications of all sorts—daily, weekly, and monthly, political and commercial, heathen and Christian, smart and silly—is from five hundred to fifteen hundred. It varies much in different years. The least prolific year since 1880 was 1882, when the net increase was three hundred and forty-four. The most prolific year was 1884, when the excess of births over deaths was fourteen hundred and seventy-five. Next to that came another Presidential year, 1880, when the increase was ten hundred and twenty. In fact, during the past twenty years, there has been only one year when there were more periodical dead ducks than literary fledglings.

Some Magazines.

The latest issues of *Paris Illustré* have been more varied in their contents than the preceding numbers. There have been illustrated articles on the theatrical events of the month and the May Exposition, historical sketches, and a continued story of army life, besides the usual short story and *chronique* of the week. The colored illustrations maintain the high standard of excellence that marked the first issues.

Outing for April contains: "Clumber Spaniels"; "A Wheelman's Fatalities," by J. William Fosdick; "Evolution of Form in College Rowing," Part II., by E. M. Garnett; "Coursing in Ireland," by R. F. Walsh; "Amateur Photography," Part II., by Ellerslie Wallace; "Big Game Hunting in the Wild West," by General R. B. Marcy; "Trout Fishing in the Gros Bois of Canada," by H. J. H. Petry; "Cricket in Australia," by G. H. D. Gossip; "Larchmont Yacht Club," by Frank S. Pinckney; "Racing in England as It Is"; "Not Guilty—The Farce of Adirondack Game Protection," by George Worden; verses by Dora Read Goodale and Captain Jack Crawford; and the departments.

The April *Scribner's* contains: "Climbing Mount St. Elias," by William Williams; "Henrik Ibsen," by George Rice Carpenter; "The Master of Ballantrae," VI., by Robert Louis Stevenson; "The Prevention of Railroad Strikes," by Charles Francis Adams; "The Building of an 'Ocean Greyhound,'" by William H. Rideing; "A Sailor Called the Parson," by John R. Spears; "A Second Shelf of Old Books"—Edinburgh, by Mrs. James T. Fields; "Jeanne," I.–V., by John Elliott Curran; "The Anatomy of the Contortionist," by Thomas Dwight, M. D.; "Shakespeare's English Kings," by Walter Pater; and verses by Elsie Kendall, Louise Imogen Guiney, A. Lampman, and Celia Thaxter.

The frontispiece of *Harper's* for April is the Gibbs-Channing portrait of Washington. Professor John Bach McMaster writes the opening paper, "Washington's Inauguration." Theodore Child has an article on "Characteristic Parisian Cafés." Dr. Andrew H. Smith writes of "The Family Physician." Charles Dudley Warner gives the first part of "A Little Journey in the World"; Moncure D. Conway writes of "Footprints in Washingtonland"; Rebecca Harding Davis contributes a story entitled "Anne"; Alfred Parsons illustrates one of Wordsworth's sonnets; Benjamin Constant writes of "Tangier and Morocco"; Thomas Dunn English has a story, "A Commercial Union"; there is an unpublished sketch of "Gabions of Abbotsford," by Sir Walter Scott; John R. Coryell writes of birds "Flying Under Water"; Björnstjerne Björnson contributes his third paper on "Norway and Its People"; there are verses by William H. Hayne, Nina F. Layard, Charles Washington Coleman, and Annie Fields, and a translation of a Roumanian ballad by Mrs. E. W. Latimer; and the departments.

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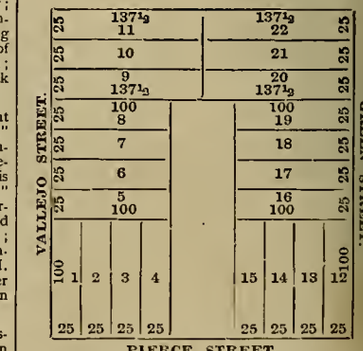

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SOCIETY.

The Miller-Peterson Wedding.

At the home of Captain S. B. Peterson, in Alameda, a pretty wedding was celebrated on Thursday evening, April 4th, when his second daughter, Miss Harriet M. Peterson, was united in marriage to Mr. Charles E. Miller. The bride, who has passed the most of her life in this city, is well known in society circles and is a great favorite among a large circle of friends. The groom, who is connected with the Huntington-Hopkins Company, is a son of Mr. Charles Miller, who now represents the firm in New York, but was for many years a resident of this city, and is a nephew of Mr. E. H. Miller, of the Southern Pacific Company. Since the groom's return here, nine months ago, he has become very popular in social and commercial circles.

The wedding was a quiet one, the invitations being limited to about one hundred and fifty intimate friends and relatives. Handsome floral decorations, mingled with choice foliage and silken draperies, beautified each apartment of the residence, the air being freighted with the perfume of countless roses, orange blossoms, and other fragrant bloom. Ballenberg's band played the "Bridal Chorus" from "Lohengrin" at seven o'clock, marking the entrance of the bridal party in the parlors. Miss Lizzie Miller, the bridesmaid, and Mr. Frank Peterson, the groomsman, led the way, followed by the maid of honor, Miss Carrie Peterson. After them were the bride and her father. Awaiting them beneath a bower of cork-elm foliage were the minister, Rev. A. C. Hirst, D. D., president of the University of the Pacific, and the groom, with his best man, Mr. Carlton Harris, who came from New York especially to attend the wedding. He is a cousin of the groom and a nephew of Mr. Jay Gould.

The bride, a beautiful demi-blonde, appeared in a wedding robe of creamy white faille Française, which was made à la Princesse, with a long court train. The skirt was gracefully draped and finished with a heavy fringe, and the V-shaped bodice was trimmed with point d'Venise and Duchesse lace. From the high dressed coiffure depended a long veil of white silk moleine. Her ornaments were diamonds, and her hand bouquet was of white lilacs.

The maid of honor and the bridesmaid each wore becoming toilets of white silk and white tulle combined, and carried bouquets of La France and Marechal Niel roses. Their ornaments were pearls.

Mrs. George Stuart Simons, the bride's sister, assisted in welcoming the guests, and appeared in an elegant costume of white corded silk, made à la Princesse, with a court train. The corsage was cut V-shaped and trimmed with point d'Espagne lace. Her ornaments were diamonds, and her bouquet of lilacs.

The ceremony was impressively performed, and at its conclusion all pressed forward to tender their congratulations to the newly wedded couple. Concert selections enlivened the reception, and a bounteous supper was one of its pleasant features. The bride and groom left the house at eleven o'clock amid a fusillade of rice, and on the following day went to the Hotel del Monte to enjoy their honeymoon. The bride gave her maid of honor and bridesmaid lace pins of Paris and diamonds as souvenirs, while the groom gave his best man and groomsman diamond scarf pins. Mr. and Mrs. Miller were the recipients of a large number of handsome gifts. They returned from Del Monte on Thursday, and have since gone to Southern California for a couple of weeks.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Huntington, Miss C. D. Huntington, Miss C. M. Campbell, and Mr. A. M. Huntington, went to Del Monte on the sixth instant, for a brief visit.

The Misses Ferris left a week ago for Europe, to be gone six months.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker are visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Alexander in New York city.

Colonel and Mrs. E. E. Eyre, Miss Mary Eyre, and Mr. Harry Eyre will soon occupy their residence at Menlo Park for the summer, after having passed the winter at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Inez Shorb, who has been paying a pleasant visit during the past three months to Miss Carrie Gwin, has returned to her home at San Gabriel, in Los Angeles County.

Mr. William Corbitt and the Misses Minnie and Nellie Corbitt, who have been passing the winter at the Palace Hotel, are now domiciled at their San Mateo villa.

Miss Jennie Denver has returned from a visit to Miss Hickman at San Diego.

Colonel and Mrs. J. Mervyn Donahue are occupying their residence at San Rafael.

Mrs. James A. Robinson and family will leave New York today for Europe.

Mrs. Theresa Fair, Miss Fair, and Miss Birdie Fair are now in their Pine Street residence, which has been decorated and renovated during the past month.

Mrs. R. F. Bunker, Miss Ella Bunker, and the Masters Bunker left for New York last Wednesday, and, on May 8th, will proceed to Europe, intending to be away about two years.

Mrs. E. B. Crocker, and Miss Crouch, of Sacramento, have been enjoying a visit to Del Monte.

Mrs. William Dunphy, Miss Jennie Dunphy, and Mr. James C. Dunphy will leave to-day for New York, and will sail from there on the 23d instant for Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, *née* Ives, left for the East last Monday and will sail from New York for Europe next Wednesday.

Miss Mary Elliott is at the Hotel Arcadia, in Santa Monica.

Mr. Charles Miller returned to New York a week ago after witnessing his son's wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Baker and Miss Stone will reside at San Rafael during the summer months.

Mr. Chauncey M. St. John went to Marysville last Tuesday on a visit of several days.

Mr. Harry Babcock will leave early next month for a visit to the East and Europe, and will return about August.

Misses Lizzie and Mae Wickersham, of Petaluma, are enjoying a visit at Coronado Beach.

Mrs. James de la Montanya, Jr., has returned from a pleasant visit to Mrs. F. E. Spencer at San José.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Parrott have decided to reside at San Rafael during the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Searles have been visiting Southern California.

Mr. Joseph B. Crockett is at the Hoffman House in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. N. P. Perine, of Fruit Vale, are guests of their daughter, Mrs. Frank Gledhill, at Patterson, N. J.

Mrs. Amy Crocker is at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York city.

Mr. Carlton Harris, of New York, who came out here especially to attend the Miller-Peterson wedding, has been visiting the Yosemite Valley during the past week.

Mr. N. K. Masten, and the Misses Irene and Georgiana Masten, of Oakland, were visiting Del Monte recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Drury Melone have gone to their Napa County residence, Oak Knoll, for the summer season.

Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Mizner will return from the East in about a week.

Mr. Henry Hastings, of Boston, who has been enjoying a visit here of several weeks duration, returned East last Monday.

Mr. Irving M. Dearboro returned from China and Japan a week ago.

The Misses Dimond, of Menlo Park, have been passing several days at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. Charles A. Baldwin has gone East for a protracted visit.

Mrs. Lily M. Coit will soon pay a visit to Coronado Beach.

Mrs. J. B. Haggin, Mrs. Richard Loundsbury, and Miss Haggin have returned from a pleasant visit at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Paolo de Vecchi left for Turin, Italy, on the instant, and are now in New York. They will be away until autumn.

Mrs. C. F. Mullins and Miss Maud Mullins have been passing the week at Haywards.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wetherbee have left the Palace Hotel for their home in Fruit Vale.

Mr. Emile H. Briedenbach will return soon from his visit to Southern California.

Mrs. Gertrude Franklin Atherton sailed from New York on Saturday, March 30th, by *La Bretagne* to visit her sister-in-law Mrs. J. L. Rathbone in Paris. Major Rathbone has been notified that he will be retained until after the exposition.

A New York paper says "She was looking very pale and ill when she left. Her cabin was a bower of roses sent by her admirers. Mrs. Atherton is already at work upon a new book, a story of California ranch life."

Notes and Gossip.

The members of the German Club will give their last cotillion of this season at Union Square Hall on Tuesday evening, April 30th. It will be called a Queen Anne floral cotillion and will serve to introduce many beautiful novelties which have been in course of preparation for several weeks. Mr. Chauncey M. St. John, secretary of the club, will lead and all of the figures will be new.

Mrs. John W. Conner has issued invitations for the wedding of her daughter, Miss Carrie Woodworth Conner, and Mr. Walter Ellis Rountree, which will occur on Tuesday evening, April 23d, at her residence, 1455 Franklin Street.

Army and Navy.

Major David S. Gordon, Second Cavalry, U. S. A., has been visiting Fort Bidwell, Cal., on official business.

Lieutenant James McB. Stembel, adjutant, Ninth Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted two months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant-Commander Charles H. Stockton, U. S. N., is en route here from Washington, D. C., to take command of the U. S. steamer *Bear*, vice Lieutenant-Commander Emory, who will proceed East.

Major James Jackson, Second Cavalry, U. S. A., has gone to Fort Walla Walla, W. T., for duty.

Lieutenant Fremont P. Peck, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence.

Lieutenant Robert H. Patterson, U. S. A., is enjoying one month's leave of absence.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Mendelssohn Quintet Club.

A chamber-music soirée was given by the Mendelssohn Quintet Club last Tuesday evening at Spencer Hall. It proved to be very interesting and was listened to by a large audience. Mrs. H. J. Stewart was the pianist, and Miss Alice Ryan, soprano. The following numbers were presented:

Quartet No. 65, in G ..... Haydn
Allegro, Adagio, Minuetto, Presto, Finale, Allegro non vivace.

Songs { (a) "Fleur d'Exile" ..... B. Godard
(b) "My Heart Ever Faithful" ..... J. S. Bach
With Piano and 'Cello Obligato, Miss Alice Ryan.

Romance from a Quartet, with Clarionet Principale .. Crusel

Song, "Marie Madeleine" ..... Massanet
Miss Alice Ryan.

Quartet in A, No. 5, Op. 18 ..... Beethoven
Allegro con moto, Minuetto, Tema con variazione, Allegro vivace.

The farewell concert of the club occurred last Wednesday evening at Irving Hall. An extra programme was presented and the members exerted themselves in its artistic execution delighting a large audience. The selections were as follows:

Quintet in B flat, Op. 87 ..... Mendelssohn
Allegro Vivace, Adagio e mesto, Allegretto Scherzando, Finale Allegro.

"Elsa's Dream," Scene from "Lohengrin" ..... Wagner
Miss Alice Ryan.

Concerto for 'Cello in A minor ..... Goltermann
Adagio and Finale, Herr Anton Hekking.

Schlumerlied for Clarionet ..... Baermann
Mr. Thomas Ryan.

French Songs (a) "Nöel" ..... Holmes
(b) "Invocation" ..... } Widor
(c) "Serenade" ..... }

"Album Leaf," Solo for 'Cello ..... Vieuxtemps
Herr Anton Hekking.

Quintet in E flat ..... Mayseder

The Musin Concert.

M. Ovide Musin and his company gave their second concert on Sunday evening, April 7th, at the Baldwin Theatre, and attracted a large and enthusiastic audience. Numerous encores showed the evident appreciation of the auditors. The following excellent programme was presented:

Overture, "Marriage of Figaro" ..... Mozart
Orchestra.

Aria, "Seraglio" ..... Mozart
Annie Louise Tanner and Orchestra.

Piano Solo, polonaise in A flat ..... Chopin
Edwin M. Shonert.

Aria, "Salve Dimora" (Faust) ..... Gounod
Whitney Mockridge and Orchestra.

Violin Concerto in D major ..... Beethoven
Ovide Musin and Orchestra.

Duet, "Per Valli per Boschi" ..... Blangini
Annie Louise Tanner and Whitney Mockridge.

Introduction to third act "Lohengrin" ..... Wagner
Orchestra.

Song, "Since First I Met Thee" ..... Rubinstein
Annie Louise Tanner.

Caprice de Concert No. 1 ..... Ovide Musin
Ovide Musin and Orchestra.

Song, "Soft Southern Breeze" ..... Barnby
Whitney Mockridge.

March, "Folkunger" ..... Kretschmur
Orchestra.
Mr. August Hinrichs, Jr., conductor.

Mansfeldt Concert.

Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt gave his fourteenth concert of this season last Monday evening at Spencer Hall. It was well attended and proved very enjoyable, the following programme being presented:

Violin and Piano, Sonata, Op. 47 ..... Beethoven
(Andante con Variazioni.)
Mr. J. H. Rosewald and Mr. Mansfeldt.

Piano, Romance ..... Mansfeldt
Miss Amy Cellarius.

Piano, Concert Study ..... Liszt
Miss Laura M. Adams.

Piano, Grand Duo, "Belisario" ..... Goria
Mrs. Carl Walliser and Mr. Emil Steinegger.

Violin, "La Sentimentale" ..... Singer
Mr. J. H. Rosewald.

Piano, Polonaise, A flat, major ..... Chopin
Mr. Mortimer Davis.

Piano, Grand Duo, "Norma" ..... Thalberg
Miss Eva Crowley and Mr. Mansfeldt.

Violin, Caprice Operatic ..... Alard
Mr. J. H. Rosewald.

Piano, Fourth Rhapsodie ..... Liszt
Mr. Abe Sundland.

Rosewald Orchestral Matinée.

The sixth and last Rosewald orchestral matinée of the second series was held at Irving Hall on Friday, with Miss Mary E. Barnard, Miss Flora C. Kendall, and Mrs. J. M. Pierce as the soloists. A large and fashionable audience highly enjoyed the following programme:

"Priests' March," "Athalia" ..... Mendelssohn
"Ah qual gioroo," "Semiramide" ..... Rossini
Miss Mary E. Barnard.

(a) "The Dream" ..... Haydn
(b) Gavotte ..... Gillet
String Orchestra.

Third Concerto, Op. 45 ..... Rubinstein
(Two movements.)
Miss Flora C. Kendall.

"Lullaby" ..... Jadassohn
Mrs. J. M. Pierce.

Bolero ..... Moszkowsky

Overture, "Preciosa" ..... Weber

Previous to his departure for Europe in May, Señor L. T. Romero will give a farewell concert at Union Square Hall, to occur on Thursday evening, April 25th. He will have the assistance of Los Bandurristas, Mrs. Pfeissner-Lewis, and Mrs. Carmichael-Carr in presenting a most excellent programme.

As "Society,"

Within the true and real meaning of the phrase, grows and develops in the United States, there grows and develops with it a cultured and refined taste in all things. This indisputable fact accounts for the great popularity which the Pommery and Greno Sec Champagne is lately acquiring in the more select circles of American society. For a long time past this wine has been almost exclusively used among the royalty and nobility of Europe, more particularly in England and Russia. Its intrinsic merits commend it to the critical and discerning judgment of those who have the means to indulge in the best of everything that is to be had. Persons who intend giving select entertainments should be particular to have this wine on the table, and hear in mind the Prince of Wales's opinion: "There is no headache in Pommery Sec."

— GO TO SWAIN'S NEW DINING-ROOM, SUTTER Street, near Kearny, for a fine lunch or dinner.

— STEELE'S Palace Drug Store, 635 Market St.

LAST DAY!

BENEFIT FABIOLA HOSPITAL

— THE MOST COMPLETE —

ETCHING EXHIBITION

Ever given on the coast, at the

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, OAKLAND.

10 TO 12 A. M., 1 TO 5, and 7 TO 10 P. M.

ADMISSION, 25 Cents.

BE NOT DECEIVED!

ALL THE GENUINE

P. CENTEMERI & CO.

Are branded with his name in full in the left-hand glove. Sold only in San Francisco, at

110 POST STREET.

SITE FOR HOME

— FOR —

FEEBLE-MINDED CHILDREN.

Sealed proposals for a permanent home will be received by the trustees of the California Home for the Care and Training of Feeble-Minded Children on or before May 1st.

Bids will state price per acre for not less than three hundred acres, character of land, water supply, elevation, climate, improvements, distance from railroad depot or steamer landing, and any other details of probable interest.

Proposals to be indorsed "Bids for Site," and addressed to

MRS. KATE B. LATHROP,
1311 Hyde St., San Francisco.

"WHITE SEAL"
THE ROYAL COURT WINE
MOËT & CHANDON
EPERNAY CHAMPAGNE
SOLE PACIFIC COAST AGENTS
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SAN JOSE, CAL.,

NOW OPEN FOR THE RECEPTION OF GUESTS.

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THE BANCROFT COMPANY,

History Building, San Francisco.

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REAL ESTATE AGENTS & GENERAL AUCTIONEERS
OFFICE & SALESROOM
618 MARKET ST. OPP. PALACE HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO.

AT AUCTION

TUESDAY,

TUESDAY ..... APRIL 16, 1889

At 12 o'clock M., at salesroom, 618 Market Street, opposite Palace Hotel,

38-38

CHOICE

RESIDENCE

LOTS!

— ON —

McALLISTER ST. CABLE,

— FRONTING —

McALLISTER AND LOTT STS.

GOLDEN GATE AND MASONIC AVENUES.

Strects all Graded and Macadamized; McAllister and Lott Streets and Golden Gate Avenue Sewered; Lots Graded and Ready for Building; Being Western Addition Block 649.

— THIS —

GRAND PROPERTY

Is within a few moment's walk of

GOLDEN GATE PARK

Is on elevated ground, being 240 feet above the level of the ocean, making the drainage from the property perfect.

McAllister Street Cable passes in front of this Choice Block, and Hayes Street Cable Road only three blocks south.

THIS CHOICE LINE OF 38 RESIDENCE LOTS

We certainly commend to all persons wanting a fine lot on which to construct a home, or to the person looking for an investment that certainly must pay at least 25 per cent. per annum advance in value. Lot No. 1 is leased for five years at a rental of $18.75 per month. Masonic Avenue is 100 feet in width, and, with Central Avenue, makes a grand driveway almost across the city. Masonic Avenue must, in the near future, hold the same relative position to business as does Polk, Larkin, Fillmore, and Devisadero Streets. The view from this property to the south and east is grand.

It is but a few minutes from that charming spot, Golden Gate Park, where perennial summer reigns throughout the year. Here your children can enjoy a playground unequaled in the world. The McAllister cable will take you to the City Hall in fifteen minutes.

Saving banks pay about 4 per cent. per annum and take the real estate of San Francisco for security at a nominal rate of interest, the security being A 1.

By investing in said real estate, you accumulate all benefits of its advance, which, in this splendid location, will, no doubt, average 25 per cent. per annum.

TERMS LIBERAL.

One-half cash; balance in 1 and 2 years, interest. If mortgage is taken by Hibernia Bank, only six per cent. per annum, payable monthly.

We have made arrangements with Messrs. Tobin & Tobin, attorneys for the Hibernia Savings Bank, whereby, for the nominal sum of five dollars per lot, they will give a certificate of title to each purchaser.

The Hibernia Savings Bank will take the mortgages upon above certificate. Interest six per cent. per annum, payable monthly.

Do not fail to Examine these Choice Residence Lots.

A CERTAINTY OF A LARGE ADVANCE IN A BRIEF PERIOD OF TIME.

Take McAllister Street direct to the property, corner Lott Street, or Hayes Street cable to Lott Street, walk north three blocks. Our auction flag, large diagrams, and catalogues on the premises.

EASTON, ELDRIDGE & CO.,
Auctioneers.

SPRING STYLES.

FURNITURE, CARPETS, UPHOLSTERY.

We are now showing a complete assortment of new season's goods suitable for PARLOR, CHAMBER, DINING-ROOM, LIBRARY, and HALL furnishing.

An inspection of our stock is respectfully solicited.

W. & J. SLOANE & CO.

641-647 MARKET ST.

FOR COUGHS, COLDS, AND CONSUMPTION, USE
VEGETABLE
PULMONARY BALSAM,
The Oldest and Best Remedy for
PULMONARY AFFECTIONS OF EVERY KIND.

From one of the Oldest and Very Best Houses in America, who have sold this Balsam for over 30 Years:

Messrs. Cutler Bros. & Co.:
Please send us ten gross small and five gross large "Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam." This is doubtless the best cough medicine in the world.
[Signed] ALLEN & CO., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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D. L. DOWD'S HEALTH EXERCISER.

For Brain-Workers and Sedentary People: Gentlemen, Ladies, and Youths; the Athlete or Invalid. A complete gymnasium. Takes up but 6 inches square floor-room; something new, scientific, durable, comprehensive, cheap. Indorsed by 20,000 physicians, lawyers, clergymen, editors, and others now using it. Send for illustrated circular, forty engravings; no charge. Prof. D. L. Dowd, Scientific, Physical, and Vocal Culture, 9 East 14th St., New York.

CARPETS, LINOLEUMS, SHADES, Etc.

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WALL PAPER,
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WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.
SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
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Agents for Pacific Mail S. S. Co.; Pacific Steam Navigation Co.; The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co.; The California Line of Clippers from New York and Boston; The Hawaiian Line; 'The China Traders' Ins. Co., Limited; The Baldwin Locomotive Works.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Talleyrand, on his return to Paris from the London embassy, was asked what might he the position in society of a certain Edward Ellice, and replied: "I will tell you. When you have given a great dinner, you ordinarily give a *réchauffé* the next day—and it is to the second dinner that you invite M. Ellice."

The following letter, says the *Medical Gazette*, was received by a physician from a man, whom he knew, practicing medicine and desiring counsel: "dear Dock I have a pashunt whos physical sines shows that the wind-pipe has ulcerated off and his lungs have drop down into his stumick i have given hym everry thin without efeckt her father is welthy honable and influenshal as he is memher of assemhly and god nose i don't want to loos hym what shall I do ans by return male. Yours frat."

The Philadelphia *Press* tells this story: A Democratic representative, whose aspirations for the fifty-first Congress were swallowed up in the general wreck and ruin of his party, is my authority for the following: "I was at Mrs. Secretary ——'s drawing-room a few evenings ago," he relates, ingenuously, "and on making my adieus, I said to her, 'Well, I suppose this is almost the last time I shall come to your house. Isn't the thing mighty tough on our folks, any way?' 'Yes,' she rejoined, with jolly frankness; 'it's doggoned tough.'"

There is an anecdote just now in print, in which General Sherman and Dr. Bliss, who died recently, figure. The general had been taking the doctor's medicine for a number of days, and when next he came, said: "Doctor, I don't seem to be getting any better, for all of your medicine." "Well, general," replied the doctor, jocosely, "perhaps you had better take Shakespeare's advice, and throw physic to the dogs." "I would, doctor," replied the sick man, as he turned his head on the pillow, "I would, but there are a number of valuable dogs in the neighborhood, and I don't want to kill 'em off."

A toad under a harrow would, doubtless, give a different account of his experience from that which the farmer, guiding the implement, might furnish. "Only those aroused from midnight slumber on shipboard by the terrible cry, 'Man overboard!'" said a traveler, "can comprehend to the full its terrible meaning, the fear and horror in its sudden alarm." "Oh, yes, they can," said a little man, who did not look as if he had ever left his native town; "I heard it once when I wasn't near the ship, and I realized it more than any one else." "You couldn't," said the traveler scornfully. "Yes, I could," persisted the little man; "I was the man who was overboard."

The cleverest soubrette on the London stage had a magnificent black cat, the admiration of all who saw that "Enemy of the Evil One." One night an ungallant lord, her neighbor, cruelly shot the cat, and a few days after she received the stuffed skin of her pet. Miss Soubrette immediately collected all the mice she could secure—about two hundred—and had them carefully boxed to the address of his lordship's wife in the country. When the box arrived at its destination her ladyship opened it herself, expecting it to contain some of the latest fashions. As she raised the lid the mice jumped out and literally filled the house. Of course there was consternation. At the bottom of the box was a note, which read: "Madam, your husband killed my cat. I send you our mice."

While Hamilton Fish was Secretary of State, Mrs. Fish made it her invariable practice to return all calls made upon her. Of course many in the throng were unfashionable, but that made no difference. One day a lady of East Washington thought she would see what an official reception was like, and so she followed the crowd through Mrs. Fish's parlors and dropped her card at the door. In due time Mrs. Fish's carriage stopped before a small frame-house in East Washington, and the lady at the moment was occupied in the honest, but not aristocratic, occupation of scrubbing the front steps. Mrs. Fish stepped out of her carriage and, presenting her card, asked to see the lady of the house. "She is not in," said the lady of the house, calmly, and resumed her scrubbing while Mrs. Fish returned to her carriage.

At Oxford a good deal of fun is poked at the Welshmen, who crowd to Jesus College, and are currently believed mostly to answer to the name of Jones. There arrived one evening, at the porter's lodge, a stranger, and a colloquy began as follows: *Stranger*—"Kindly direct me to the rooms of Mr. Jones." *Porter*—"There are forty-three Mr. Joneses in college, sir." *Stranger*—"The man I wish to see is Mr. David Jones." *Porter*—"Twenty-one Mr. David Joneses in college, sir." *Stranger*—"My Mr. David Jones has red hair." *Porter*—"Seven Mr. David Joneses have red hair." *Stranger* (in despair)—"This is very awkward. Mr. David Jones asked me to come and take wine with him." *Porter*—"Why didn't you tell me that at first, sir? Second staircase, ground-floor, right. All the other Mr. Joneses drink beer."

One night, the son of Colonel Dodge, while sleeping in camp upon the ground next to his father, and lying on his stomach, was awakened by a disagreeable cold tremor running through him. He called to his father, and said: "Father, there is something the matter with me. I think I have got a chill. I have a cold sensation in the small of my back, very strange, unlike anything I ever felt before, and I am frightened." To this, the father, suspecting the truth, replied: "Lie perfectly still," then jumped from his own place of repose, stood a few feet away from the boy with his pistol in his hand, and said to him: "When I count three, I want you to jump!" The boy replied, "All right." The colonel then counted three, and Frederick jumped to his feet, dislodging from his back an enormous rattlesnake which had coiled there for warmth, and the colonel shot the serpent before he could strike the boy.

The use of electricity for the purpose of producing stage effects is no longer a novelty, but a St. Louis stage-manager has hit upon a new idea in utilizing it. In a recent production in that city there was a scene set to represent a marsh, with reeds and underbrush in the background, among which glimmered electric specimens of the *ignis fatuus*.

McAfee & Baldwin,
Real Estate Agents and Auctioneers,
10 MONTGOMERY STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

57 SMALL FRUIT FARMS 57
OF 20 ACRES EACH,
—IN THE—
Winters Early Fruit Belt
At Auction
By order of Messrs. McMAHAN & YOUNT,
Saturday, April 20th, 1889.

This property is part of the McMahan and Yount Ranch, located at the base of the foothills about 4½ miles northwest of the town of Winters, Yolo Co., Cal.

It may properly be called a part of the celebrated Pleasants Valley, which adjoins it on the south, where the fruit from the foothill orchards has achieved a far and wide-spread celebrity for its earliness and delicious flavor. Here foothill land is eagerly bought up whenever offered for sale, at from $100 to $150 per acre. The property we offer is in every respect as good, but as it is the first subdivision of a large holding heretofore devoted almost exclusively to stock raising, the first sales of land will necessarily result in low prices, and buyers will reap the benefit of a

Heavy increase in values,

within a brief period of time. It must not be inferred, however, that fruit-growing on this land is by any means an experiment. There is a small orchard of assorted fruit trees and a full bearing orange tree, near the present dwelling, and purchasers can determine from these the adaptability of the soil, although the trees have been little cared for and scarcely ever cultivated.

All Tillable Land.

This property consists of small valleys surrounded by low rolling hills, upon which there are oak and other trees in scattering groups. There are numerous sites for pretty homes and charming slopes for orchards and vineyards on these elevated places.

The Soil

is a rich chocolate-colored loam, and has been pronounced by several of the leading fruit growers in Vaca Valley especially adapted to the growing of peaches, apricots, almonds and oranges.

No Irrigation.

The rainfall in this section is from 24 to 27 inches; the heaviest being near the foothills. Such a thing as a failure of crops is therefore unknown. Excellent water for domestic purposes is obtained at a depth of about 25 feet.

A Delightful Excursion

Through the Vaca Valley and Winters Orchards.

Those who have visited this beautiful section will appreciate the pleasure of a day's excursion there. Those who have not been, should not fail to take advantage of the cheap rates of this excursion to spend a day in the country. We will run a special train from San Francisco, Saturday, April 20th, at 7 o'clock A. M., stopping only at Benicia, Elmira and Vacaville, (unless requested beforehand to stop elsewhere) at the following rates:

Round-Trip Tickets to WINTERS
FROM SAN FRANCISCO, OAKLAND AND BENICIA,
$2.50.....TICKETS ONLY.....$2.50

FROM ELMIRA AND VACAVILLE TO WINTERS,
75 cts.....TICKETS ONLY.....75 cts.

TIME TABLE.

Leave San Francisco	7.00 A. M.	Arrive at Winters	10 15 A. M.
" Elmira	9.30 A. M.	Leave Winters about	5.00 P. M.
" Vacaville	9.45 A. M.	Ar. San Francisco about	8.30 P. M.

Easy Terms.

Terms of Sale: Only one-third cash, balance in 2 and 3 years, with interest at the rate of 8 per cent per annum.

Remember the day, remember the hour, and bear in mind that we intend to sell you good fruit land at absolutely your own price.

A FREE COLLATION will be served on the grounds.
Vehicles from Winters to McMahan & Yount Ranch FREE.

For further particulars, apply to

McAfee & Baldwin,
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10 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

NEWHALL'S SONS & CO., Auctioneers,
225, 227 Bush St., San Francisco.

or McMAHAN & YOUNT, Bank of Winters, Winters, Yolo County, Cal.

Transportation- Rail.

SAUSALITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN, via

ORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE.

ommencing Sunday, March 31, 1889, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

om SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.30, 3.25, 4.50, 6.10 P. M.
undays)—8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 12.30, 1.30, 2.45, 4.20, 5.30, 6.30, P. M. Extra trip on Sunday for Sausalito at 7.30 P. M.

om SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.10, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.55 P. M.
undays)—8.00, 9.50, 10.55 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 1.15, 2.45, 4.00, 5.00, 6.05, 7.00 P. M. Extra trips on Saturday at 6.25 P. M.
re, 50 cents, round trip.

om SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 9 55, 11.50 A. M.; 2.30, 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
undays)—7.25, 8.45, 10.35, 11 35 A. M.; 12.45, 1.55, 3.30, 4.40, 5.45, 6.50, 7.45 P. M. Extra trips on Saturday at 7.05 P. M.
re, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

30 P. M., Daily (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at 8.45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12.20 P.M.
25 P. M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations.
00 A. M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning arrives in San Francisco at 8.15 P. M.

EXCURSION RATES.

irty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from ll stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single ariff rate.
day to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on ridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, good to return following onday: Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.00; Tomales, $2.25; Howard's, $3.50; Cazadero, $4.00.
iday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, good on day sold nly: Camp Taylor, $1.50; Point Reyes, $1.75; Tomales, $2.00; Howard's, $2.50; Duncan Mills and Cazadero $3.00.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

ges leave Cazadero daily (except Mondays) for Stewart's oint, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, and all points on the North Coast.

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From Feb. 9, 1889.	ARRIVE
30 A.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	*12.45 P.
30 A.	For Sacramento, and for Redding via Davis	7.15 P.
00 A.	For Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga and Santa Rosa	6.15 P.
30 A.	Los Angeles Express, for Fresno, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	11.15 A.
00 A.	For Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
30 A.	For Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
*00 M.	For Haywards and Niles	*3.45 P.
00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	**6.00 A.
00 P.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
00 P.	Central Atlantic Express, for Ogden and East	7.15 A.
00 P.	For Stockton and §Milton; for Vallejo, Calistoga & Santa Rosa	10.15 A.
00 P.	For Sacramento, and for Knight's Landing via Davis	10.45 A.
00 P.	For Niles, San José and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
00 P.	For Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
00 P.	Shasta Route Express, for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	7.45 A.
00 P.	Golden Gate Special, for Council Bluffs and East	‖ 7.45 P.
00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.

OUTH PACIFIC COAST RAILWAY DIVISION.

10 A.	For Newark and San José	‡ 7.20 P.
55 A.	For Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	5.50 P.
55 P.	For Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 A.
1 P.	For Centerville, San José, Almaden, and Los Gatos	9.20 A.

OUTH DIVISION (Fourth & Townsend Streets.)

7 A.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	2.30 P.
8 A.	For San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos; Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) & principal Way Stations	6.38 P.
10 A.	For San José, Almaden and Way Stations	5.35 P.
12 P.	For Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	4.36 P.
3 P.	For San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Monterey and principal Way Stations	*10.02 A.
4 P.	For San José and principal Way Stations	9.03 A.
* 5 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 7.56 A.
6 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A.
†11 P.	For Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	†7.40 P.

A morning. P. for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only. § Saturdays excepted. ‖ Fridays only. ** Mondays excepted.

Standard Time" furnished by Lick Observatory.

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THE LATEST VERSE.

A Jacobite's Exile.

1746.

The weary day rins doun and dies,
The weary night wears through:
And never an hour is fair wi' flower,
And never a flower wi' dew.

I wonld the day were night for me,
I would the night were day:
For then would I stand in my ain fair land,
As now in dreams I may.

Oh, lordly flow the Loire and Seine,
And loud the dark Durance:
But bonnier shine the braes of Tyne
Than a' the fields of France;
And the waves of Till that speak sae still
Gleam goodlier where they glance.

Oh, weel were they that fell fighting
On dark Drumossie's day:
They keep their bame ayont the faem,
And we die far away.

Oh, sound they sleep, and saft, and deep,
But night and day wake we:
And ever between the sea-banks green
Sounds loud the sundering sea.

And ill we sleep, sae sair we weep,
But sweet and fast sleep they:
And the mool that haps them mun' and laps them
Is e'en their country's clay:
But the land we tread that are not dead
Is strange as night by day.

Strange as night in a strange man's sight,
Though fair as dawn it be:
For what is here that a stranger's cheer
Should yet wax hlithe to see?

The hills stand steep, the dells lie deep,
The fields are green and gold:
The hill-streams sing, and the hill-sides ring,
As ours at home of old.

But hills and flowers are nane of ours,
And ours are oversea:
And the kind strange land whereon we stand,
It wotsna what were we
Or ever we came, wi' scathe and shame,
To try what end might be.

Scathe, and shame, and a waefu' name,
And a weary time and strange,
Have they that seeing a weird for dreeing
Can die, and can not change.

Shame and scorn may we thole that mourn,
Though sair be they to dree:
But ill may we hide the thoughts we hide,
Mair keen than wind and sea.

Ill may we thole the night's watches,
And ill the weary day:
And the dreams that keep the gates of sleep.
A waefu' gift gie they;
For the sangs they sing us, the sights they hring us,
The morn hlaws all away.

On Aikenshaw the sun hlinks hraw,
The hurn rins hlithe and fain:
There's nought wi' me I wadna gie
To look thereon again.

On Keilder-side the wind hlaws wide;
There sounds nae hunting-horo
That rings sae sweet as the winds that beat
Round banks where Tyne is born.

The Wansbeck sings with all her springs,
The bents and hraes give ear:
But the wood that rings wi' the sang she sings
I may not see nor hear;
For far and far thae hlithe hurns are,
And strange is a' thing near.

The light there lightens, the day there hrightens,
The loud wind there lives free:
Nae light comes nigh me or wind hlaws by me
That I wad hear or see.

But, oh, gin I were there again,
Afar ayont the faem,
Cauld and dead in the sweet saft bed
That haps my sires at hame!

We'll see nae mair the sea-banks fair,
And the sweet gray gleaming sky,
And the lordly strand of Northumberland,
And the goodly towers thereby:
And none shall know hut the winds that blow
The graves wherein we lie.

—*Algernon C. Swinburne in English Illustrated Magazine.*

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The play of "Egypt" is formed of a good many old ideas, cemented together with a masonry of bright conversations. It is an impossible, romantic, interesting production, displaying feeling, pathos, passion, some smartness, and little art. The dramas of the female playwright generally exhibit this wealth of color and roughness of finish—the forcible idea marred by crude workmanship.

The conversations in "Egypt" atone for the extravagant dream picture, the laborious pathos. Some of them are charming. Those between the youthful lovers by the side of the Hudson, beneath the light of a stationary moon, are quite delightful in their lightness, naturalness, and delicacy. They are not altogether unlike the conversational gymnastics with which "The Duchess" has since amazed a listening world. Lord Somerdyke and Egypt might be the long-mustached hero, the *semillante* heroine, of one of those paper-covered lucubrations which one hails with carefully concealed joy on a dusty railway journey. They are always bright, occasionally sentimental, rarely maudlin—and this is a great deal to say for lovers on the stage, and perhaps off.

Good conversations in a play, in novels, in real life, are as hard to find as mushrooms after dawn. They are among the luxuries of life. The high talk of Disraeli's ladies with "pellucid brows" and pearl-giving admirers, found a replica in that of the heroines of the florid-Gothic, pre-revolutionary French dramas, in which gentlemen wore perukes and ladies patches and wigs of the finest white cotton-batting. "Among all these gentleman is there not one man?" or perhaps it is: "Among all these men is there not one gentleman?" cried one of the Two Orphans in a simultaneous burst of alarm and rhetoric, showing a command of elegant language under stress of excitement which would have been invaluable to one of the Presbyterian clergy. Thereupon the Chevalier responds to the request for either a man or a gentleman by breaking a wine-glass and drawing his "vorpal blade."

The noble ladies in the plays of this era always used noble language. They requested their obnoxious admirers to "Get hence," or to "Avaunt," a mode of expression which the admirers—judging by their actions—did not always appear to comprehend, which "is not to be surprised." The admirers in their turn—jerking the lady across the stage by her two hands—exclaims, "Wilt fly with me?" and otherwise recite with modifications that inspiriting work, "The Pirate's Serenade," omitting the line, which, under the circumstances, would be an unnecessary assurance, "My voice has been tuned to the notes of the gun."

Natural, bright, modern conversations made a simultaneous début in novels and on the stage. Miss Broughton could make people say the most charmingly clever things, in such a natural, spontaneous, easy sort of way that one was being perpetually tempted to try. It is the custom to deride this lady-exponent of what Swinburne, in one of his finest prose frenzies, with one full-stop to the page, called "the vulgar-erotic school." But let the school be what it may, the wit is good, fruity, rich, sparkling, genuine. A clever man once said of Miss Broughton that he liked her novels because to him they stood in the place of society—it was a very easy way of getting good company. If the people had not that repose, etc., they had a good deal more wit than one could always be sure of finding *chez Vere de Vere*. It is probable that Mme. Ratazzi vented her *mot* about respectability being merely a varnish for dullness after a protracted stay with the Vere de Veres.

This movement for natural brilliancy of a modern kind in conversation is reflected on the stage. In all the comedies of the day the people talk brightly and easily, and in a way comprehensible to the aspiring modern. The dialogues of Daly's adaptations are capital, and what you can hear in any well-managed drawing-room, presided over by an enticingly responsive hostess, who does not ask you in the midst of your choicest recital if you take lemon or sugar in your tea. "The Wife" dialogue was natural, but the people in "The Wife" were all so abnormally refined that they did not dare to be as funny as they could. They may have had plenty of humor stored away which they liberated when they got behind the scenes—after the manner of the footman, who, having conducted himself with silent dignity throughout the day, at eventide retired to the cellar and there made the welkin ring with his howls. On being asked for a reason, "I'd 'a hust if I'd kept still any longer," he admitted, blushing. In this way "The Wife" company may have kept their wit in hiding. They desired to breathe the air of Murray Hill and Beacon Street, and this is not to be done without sacrifices. The dialogue of "Lord Fauntleroy" is as bright, as fresh, as natural as the morning. And the dialogue of "Egypt"—it is odd that the women playwrights seem to surpass the men in this particular—is brisk, gay, and spontaneous. This only, however, in its unpretentious moments. When the dream comes, with nightmare gloom, all gayety and freshness give place to the dreary commonplace of cheap magnificence and fly-blown fashion.

The story of "Egypt" has had its followers. "Ouida" wrote a play once on very similar lines. Her heroine was married, ill-treated, misunderstood. In despair, she hangs her hat upon a sour-apple-tree and flies. Reappearing half-a-dozen years later in Paris as a great artist of "credit and renown," her husband meets her and falls in love with her. Of course he does not know who she is—which explains his original conduct. After making him feel thoroughly wretched, she is magnanimous, forgives, and the curtain falls on the "happiness forever after." Egypt, however, is only affianced to her Lord, and the startling Parisian reappearance—decked with the laurels of fame and the head-dress of the Sphinx—is a dream. But "Ouida's" reality and Laura Don's dream are almost precisely similar. There is the same cloud-compelling genius, the same air of inscrutable mystery, the same extravagant splendor of a young girl's visions. In the dream-acts of "Egypt" the commonplace stalks in and devastates. The bizarre figure of the heroine, stained, dyed, hung with chains, and talking with a foreign accent, is as old as the cattle on a thousand hills. These mysterious women, with wonderfully self-possessed manners, a gently undulating walk—a genteel fusion of the "Grecian bend" and the "Boston dip"—an apparently unlimited supply of ready money, a talent which will come at call and perform prodigies of art for which dealers cry, burning revenge hidden under mellow suavity of manner—such figures are as common on the boards as the ingénue, the heavy father, and the dismal villain.

The surroundings tone in with the central figure. They were much the same in "Fédora"—a drawing-room, with a tête-à-tête chair, gas and candles making little flares of light, a few faded and languid walking-ladies sitting about, men in dress-suits and wigs, with glasses in their eyes, kept in place with strange contortions. The ladies, leaning back in lolling attitudes, call the gentlemen "Count," "Lord," "Duke," in a nonchalant, *dégagé* manner, with the carelessness of custom and the choicest Western accent to be had for money. Thus ruthlessly, and without a moment's preparation, are we hurled into the vortex of the highest society in the core of civilization.

Their ways show originality, as one might expect in so select a community. More ladies drop casually in, forhear to notice the hostess, fall into chairs, greet the hovering aristocracy with a friendly nod, and, unfurling the fan, assume the attitude which appears to be *en regle* in these realms of the blessed. The charming Miss Toto, in floating pink draperies and graceful figure, is heard to remark in a pause in the conversation that something is going to happen, as "sure as eggs is eggs." At first, this comes with a slight effect of shock. Later on, Miss Toto reveals herself as a horsey young lady—a novelty in California; already a type in the East.

The women in these scenes fit their surroundings and their mimic state much better than the men. Miss Soto and Lady Somerdyke were quite splendid and at home. Miss Davenport's Fédora was not such a pinchbeck *grande dame* as one might have expected, after having seen her dispatch—with the reckless daring of a sword-swallower—a supply of flannel-cakes and sorghum, before which the porter of a palace-car would have quailed. This was at a railway restaurant, en route for San Francisco. But actors, unless to the manner born, as were the beautiful Harry Montague and Charles Stevenson, rarely are at ease in these fine quarters. They remain the square man in the round hole to the drop of the curtain. Even the charming Osmond Tearle, with his graceful figure and his well-setting clothes, his eye-glass and his accent, was never—to use the language of Coralie de la Sauce Mayonnaise—"quite ze cheese."

The gentlemen in Lady Somerdyke's parlor all wore titles and wigs. They were not as magnificently languid as were the ladies, but they were generous of deep bows, and occasionally threw conversational tid-bits at their charming companions, with an evident reluctance which proved the rarity and value of these cherished morsels. Still they appeared much at home—one immersing himself in a book, another lighting a cigarette with no time wasted in asking permission. In appearance and manner all stage-lords are alike. The lords in "Egypt" were of precisely the same family as those who filled with high-sounding titles the first act of Mrs. Langtry's "Looking-Glass." A better-tempered set of men one could not find, for to the indiscriminate and sweeping accusations of cheating which were exchanged—discharged like an exploding gun in the face of any one adjacent—there was no violent or fiery response. The elegant nonchalance which attains its choicest development in "Le big lif" was here realistically portrayed.

Of all the lords of "Egypt," Lord Somerdyke is the best. Mr. Johnson makes him agreeable, not too foolish, and sufficiently artless. Lord Somerdyke, in the first act of the play, is represented as attempting a similar harmless little hoax to that practiced by the Lord of Burleigh; but, unlike the more fortunate aristocrat of poetic fame, came near what Miss Toto, with her wealth of metaphor, would call, "coming an ugly cropper." Lord Somerdyke's type is as familiar as "Egypt's." The aristocratic *dilettante* with time, money, and refinement on his hands, fine sentiments ready to come at call, a yearning to do something great, a feeling for patriotism and the sole duty of man, an adoring love for one beneath him in rank—these have been stock attributes of the hero of the lady-like play and novel since Lord Ronald MacDonald made the modest statement of his acquirements, titles, and general standing to Lizzie Lindsay, who, as he said, "kenned but little" if she did not ken enough to find all this out for herself.

Though the programme—that well-spring of truth—unreservedly pronounces Miss Ellsler "America's greatest actress," there are people abroad who might dispute this statement. Miss Ellsler, without being a great actress, is a pleasant one. She takes pains and tries hard, and in the earlier scenes was gay and charming. Her immobility as the statue, and her foreign accent as the Princess, were both worthy of special comment. Her Egypt, when a little drudge, was amusing and pathetic. The imaginary scene at the dance is capital. No girl was ever born who did not go through some such antics in much the same sort of way. In the stronger scenes, she grows stagey, and loses her sincerity and directness. This is especially noticeable when she bids the defunct Hope farewell. It is hard for any one to have to give vent to such an absurdity without appearing absurd themselves. Miss Ellsler's voice grows extremely monotonous in its plaintive wail. But this is a common failing. Miss Annie Russell, one of the most charming of actresses, wails to distraction all through "Elaine." First she wails, then she "shrills," and then she is mercifully taken hence "to where, beyond these voices, there is peace." Miss Ellsler's voice and intonation are very agreeable when not under stress of pensive self-pity. Her dropping asleep at the end of the second act mars a touching crescendo. She had to fall asleep, but it came somewhat abruptly, leaving on the audience a lingering fancy that she might have fainted or taken a dose of poison when no one was looking.

G. B.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Effie Ellsler, in "Judge Not," will be the attraction at the Alcazar next week.

"The Queen's Lace Handkerchief" is announced to follow "The Bells of Corneville" at the Tivoli.

Hoyt's perennial "Bunch of Keys" will begin a two weeks' engagement at the Bush Street Theatre on Monday evening.

Signor Bevignani, who will conduct the orchestra at Mme. Albani's concerts, has been the conductor at Covent Garden for over twenty years.

"Little Lord Fauntleroy" will be continued for another week at the Baldwin Theatre, and then E. H. Sothern and the New York Lyceum Company will begin a three weeks' engagement with "Lord Chumley," one of the notable successes of the past winter.

Mr. George Riddle has well sustained the reputation he bears in Boston, and his three readings have proved fully as successful as were Locke Richardson's two years ago. He will give a special matinée to-day (Saturday) at the Unitarian Church, reading "The Tempest."

Bill Nye and James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier poet, will reach this city in the early part of next month, and during their stay here will give three evening readings and one matinée. Their entertainment is quite remarkable, they alternately holding the floor for a few minutes through a programme of ten numbers.

Edward Harrigan has revised his play, "McNooney's Visit," and is now presenting it in New York under the name of "4—11—44." This, with several other plays which he will revive before he leaves Gotham for his season at the Alcazar in July, will be included in the repertoire he will play before San Francisco audiences.

Since it has attained to the dignity of sending out a "road company" with "Said Pasha," the Tivoli has been branching out in several directions. The engagement of W. H. Hamilton, the basso of the National Opera Company, was a bold stroke, and now Harry de Lorme has been engaged, and there is a rumor that the management is trying to get Pauline L'Allemand.

Manager Ernest Gye, Mme. Albani's husband, thinks that the slip-shod method in vogue lately among Italian opera managers has given the finely appointed German operas a prominence in America that they do not deserve, and he intends to revive Italian opera in this country next year. Mme. Albani is to head his company, and the other members will be Americans also, if Americans with voices and method can be secured.

The gorgeous spectacle of "The Siege of Sebastopol," which was a great attraction at Manhattan Beach last summer, is to be exhibited in the block bounded by Hayes, Baker, Lyon, and Fell Streets, commencing April 23d. The exhibition consists of a spectacle on a gigantic scale, showing the destruction by the allied fleets and armies; five hundred performers are needed to present the scene, and the show concludes with a display of Pain's fireworks costing one thousand dollars.

Since the announcement of Mme. Albani's first visit to our city, the interest in her promised concerts has rapidly increased, and there is every prospect of a great rush at the opening of the sale of seats next Tuesday morning, when the sale of season tickets will take place, and on Wednesday, when single seats will be sold. Mme. Albani comes to us after a triumphant career in Europe and America, fresh in voice, and an acknowledged great artist. She has been a formidable rival of Patti, Nilsson, De Murska, Gerster, and Lucca for many years, and she is acknowledged to be the most versatile artist of them all. In oratorio, she is considered without a peer in Europe and America, and in Italian and German opera she has few equals. These assertions are based upon the published judgment of the greatest critics of the press. Her concerts will take place at the Grand Opera House on April 22d and 24th, and the afternoon of the 27th. The programme will consist of operatic, classic, and popular music. Accompanying Mme. Albani are a number of artists of acknowledged talent, comprising her London Concert Company—Miss Darmian, contralto; Signor Massimi, tenor; Barrington Foote, basso; Conrad Ansorge, pianist; Barrette, solo-flutist; and Signor Bevignani, conductor.

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore will deliver a lecture at the First Unitarian Church next Monday evening, April 15th, for the benefit of the Society for Christian Work. The title of the lecture is "Concerning Husbands."

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ART NOTES.

An exhibition of engraving, mezzotint, and etching, which far surpasses in interest and value any which has even been shown in California, has been held in the First Congregational Church, in Oakland, during the latter part of the week, and will be continued this (Saturday) afternoon and evening. The collection is the property of Mr. W. K. Vickery, and is loaned by him to the Fabiola Hospital, for whose benefit the exhibition is held. In line engravings the German school is represented by specimens of Dürer's, Aldegrever's, and Visscher's works; the French school by Nanteuil, Edelinck, Wille, Müller, Lefevre, and others; the Italian school by Morghen, Longhi, and Toschi; and the English by Strange, Sharp, and others. In the mezzotint there are plates by Houston, Hodges, W. H. Simmons, Gautien, and others. The collection is especially rich in painter etchings by Rembrandt, Claude Lorraine, Corot, Meryon, Bubot, Seymour Haden, and Whistler, and several Americans are here represented—Cleveland Coxe, Frederick Dielman, Peter, Thomas, and Mrs. Mary Moran, Stephen and Thomas Parrish, Joseph Pennell, and Charles A. Platt, among others. In interpretive etchings, or translations from painting, there are plates by Boilot, Courtry, Flameng, Achille Gilbert, Paul Rajon, and Greux. The collection numbers two hundred and eighteen plates in all, and is well worth seeing.

A Mendelssohn Evening.

The series of evenings with the composers, given at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John Vance Cheney 908 Sutter Street, closed last Wednesday evening with a review of Mendelssohn's life and works, which Mr. Cheney analyzed in a clear and comprehensive manner to the edification of a large number of invited guests. He graphically set forth the eminent composer's distinguishing characteristics and gave him his special place among the musicians of his time. As there were many present whom the rain kept at home on the Schumann evening, the speaker referred pleasantly and briefly to the latter, drawing a rapid comparison between the luxurious romancer and the classic genius who was the subject of the evening. The young ladies followed with excellent illustrations of the piano compositions of both masters, making the evening doubly instructive and delightful.

The young ladies taking part were: Miss Griffin, Miss Early, Miss Bruin, Miss Brown, Miss Shoaff, Miss Clement, Miss Moulton, and Miss Chapman. The musical programme included the following selections by Mendelssohn: Rondo Capriccioso; Overture, "Lobgesang"; Spinning Song; Funeral March; Andante with variations; Tarantelle; and the annexed numbers by Schumann: Aufschung; Grillen; Warwin; Traumerei; and two night pieces. The participants were heartily congratulated upon their progress and general facility of execution.

The "Felisa" waltz, from Müller's opera, "The King's Fool"; "Sweet Marguerite" gavotte, composed by John C. Sorg; and "Forget-Me-Not," a ballad composed by Fritz La Fontaine to words by Freddie Stockmeyer, have been published by B. A. Schloh & Co., 311 Taylor Street, San Francisco.

"Moonlight at Del Monte," composed by John Donigan for the York; "Trotting in the Park," a schottische, composed by Florence Tobin; and the "Guide Right," march, composed by Charles Wallace, are the latest musical publications of the Matthias Gray Co.

For the benefit of the library fund of the Pilgrim Sunday-school a series of dissolving tableaux (Sberman's Phantasma) will be presented at the First Unitarian Church on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, April 17th and 18th, and Saturday afternoon, April 20th.

DXXII—Bill of Fare for six persons—Sunday, April 14, 1889.

Clear Soup.
Deviled Crab.
Broiled Chickens. Fried Potatoes.
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Artichokes.
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Numerous Cases Where Insanity Ensues from the Use of the Anæsthetic.

Another example of the use of laughing-gas, which is being daily administered to patients by practicing dentists all over the country, was furnished last Saturday, when C. A. Haines, a young and healthy resident of Los Angeles, became insane under its influence. That serious results are of daily occurence by the use of laughing-gas there can be no doubt, and it is only through the ignorance of the party affected or the use of bush money by the dentist that cases are not more frequently reported. One good argument why this drug should not be administered is, that physicians or surgeons will not allow it to be given to themselves or families.

Many a person could trace the injury to their memory back to the time when they had a tooth extracted by a dentist who used gas, or the same drug under another name, such as vitalized air, Colton gas, nitrous-oxide gas, and others. These gases are one and the same, and have the same dangerous effects. Some have a small quantity of chloroform mixed with them, making them even more dangerous than the ordinary gas. The action of the gas on the patient's nerves is in contrast to an electric-magnet on steel filings, drawing out any tendency of insanity which might lurk in the system of the patient. It is only during the past five years that the injurious effects of laughing-gas have been noticed, but now hundreds of inmates of mad-houses owe their insanity to the use of laughing-gas administered by dentists. There is no way to stop the use of this anæsthetic, except that the patients refuse to go to an operator using the gas. But something should be done to check, if not totally restrict the evil, and the insane asylums would less be crowded.

— A GOOD MANY YEARS AGO, MR. HENRY CASEholt came to the Western Addition, and on the sunny slope of a hill, with commanding view of the bay and Golden Gate, and Alcatraz and Angel Islands, bought a block of land and erected for himself a beautiful home. We should have been surprised at the adventursome spirit which went so far oceanward for a view, if some years before we had not preceded him and done the same thing. On the 17th of this month, this Casebolt Block is to be sold at the auction-house of David Stern & Sons. If everybody knew how protected from the wind; how warm, and bright, and sunny, is the location; how charming the view; how fashionable the locality; and how cheap the land; and how near they would live to the editor of the *Argonaut*, these lots would sell like hot-cakes.

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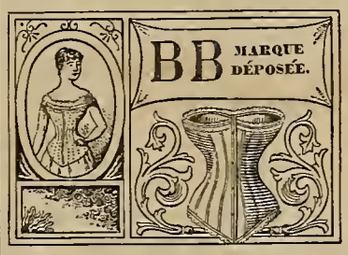

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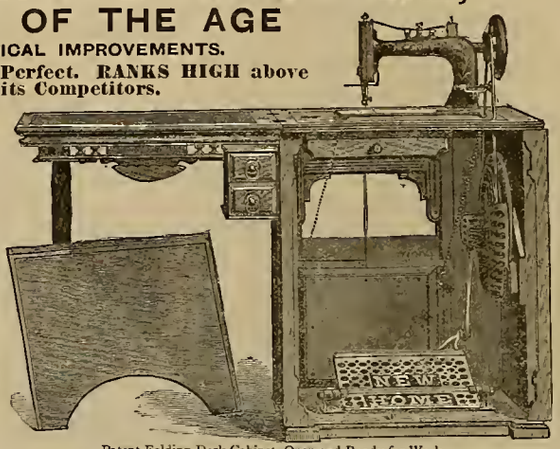

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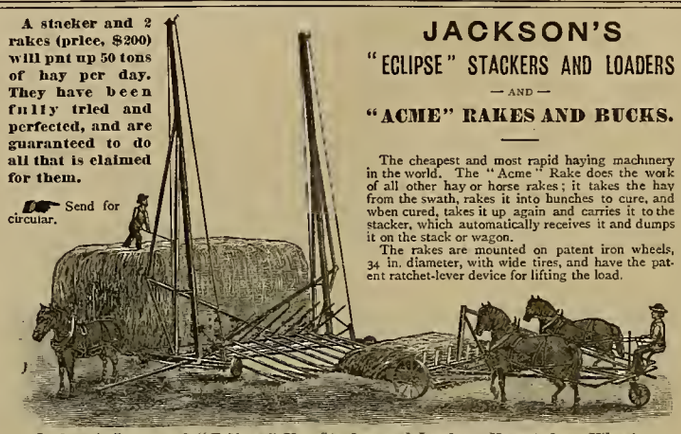

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ANK M. PIXLEY, ... EDITOR.

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The whole nation, we think, North and South, is accepting the administration of General Harrison with great favor. As for ourselves, we have found but one act to censure, and for this we find excuse for the President in the cowardly degeneracy of the times and the tendency of all parties and all public men to stand in awe of the Papal hierarchy and in fear of the Roman Irish vote. This awe will, in time, be subordinated by the increasing strength of the nation and the growing courage of American, and Protestant, and non-sectarian sentiment. The time when any church or any religious organization can dominate the civil administration of a free and independent people is passing away. The history of civilization presents a series of triumphs over priestly rule and ecclesiastical domination. From the age when Jupiter gave way to Jesus; when Druidism died out, and the light of Christian civilization rose and brightened, and gave way to the darkness of the middle ages, and burst again through the reformations of Luther, and Henry the Eighth, and Voltaire, and parliamentary triumph over kingly prerogatives; when science and freedom of letters, and civil government fought with spiritual intolerance—there has been a continual series of triumphs, one after another, one greater than another, till now the toothless old giant of the church sits gaunt, powerless, and trembling at the entrance of its cave, making mouths, clenching its shriveled fists, and raising its palsied arm in menace of the grand army which is marching by. A few priests, a few fanatic laymen, a few mitred and bedizened bishops, a multitude of women, and a mob of ignorant aliens—Irish, Portuguese, Italians, Hungarians, the refuse of Europe having unfortunately been clothed with the voting privilege—are by the politicians marshaled into a political power, and, by virtue of priestly influence exercised through their ignorance, the Pope's Irish constitute a formidable force; constituted as it is, led as it is, ignorant as it is, it is necessarily an army of adventurers. It is for placement where it can do the Church of Rome most service. In view of the tremendous influence of so great a mass of citizens, it is not, perhaps, surprising that a successful President should be compelled to appoint some of their number to office. Some things we are quite certain President Harrison will not do; he will not invite a cardinal of the Church of Rome to pray at any centennial, nor send a ship to sea to give welcome to priests of Rome bringing vestments from the Vatican. We watch the course of the President with great interest, in the hope that he will remember that he is an American and not ko-tow too submissively to pontifical power.

Is there not something inexpressibly absurd in the proposed exhibition in the city of New York which is to celebrate the centennial of Washington's inaugural? It seems to have afforded an infinite number of people an opportunity to make asses of themselves and to hold themselves conspicuously up for public ridicule. Who shall dance in the leading quadrille, what Burgundy they shall drink, and what cigars they shall smoke, may profoundly agitate the Four Hundred who have escaped utter oblivion because of the money left by their market-gardening Dutch ancestors in the city of New York; but when such paltry questions are presented after an hundred years of national history, and here upon the Pacific, across a broad continent, they seem infinitely contemptible. If Mr. Stuyvesant Fish is properly described by Mr. Ward McAllister as "that man-fish," he may be, and undoubtedly is, of one of the "first" and most excellent families. The Fishes are an exceedingly old family, they antedated the ark, and were independent of God when he deluged the world for its sins. It is a family of illustrious names—the "iok" fish indicates its literary ability, the "sword" fish its military distinction—and while some of its less important branches may deposit their ova in the drifting tide and hatch near its surface, these are but the small-fry which in the course of ages attach to the most honored of ancient families. We do not know that any of the American Fishes have ever distinguished themselves in the annals of American history, their names are not recorded for the accomplishment of any literary work, nor are they registered among the men who have fought for their country. The cods of New England, the cat-fish of the Mississippi, and the flounders of our own coast, are doubtless all in direct line from the leviathans of the great deep, and, perhaps, descended from the whale which gave Jonah rescue from the perils of the sea; but it does not follow that the kind of "first" families who are only known for their wealth, and the lineage of an hundred years, and whose patronymic of distinction is acquired by alliance with such families as "Stuyvesant" and "Hamilton," should have any other claim than that they have inherited wealth and good manners, drink "superb" Burgundy, and smoke cigars "especially" made for William K. Vanderbilt, also of the Fish family, as he descended from the last and most successful pirate of the seas. We are very glad that General Harrison and wife did not consent to mix up in this exhibition with the fantastic Four Hundred, whom Mr. Ward McAllister has made it the ambition of his life to register in the Golden Book of Society's elect, nor hob nob with the New York mayor and his boodle aldermen, who, by the laws of social and political chemistry, are entitled to mingle with respectable people at great centennial anniversaries. General Harrison is a descendant of a grandfather who lived in a log-cabin, fought Indians, carved out for himself a home in the Western wilderness, smoked the native weed in a corn-cob, and drank hard cider from a gourd, and he is a degenerate American and oblivious to family name and pride, if he would not be ashamed to let himself down to the level of Mr. Ward McAllister's New York Four Hundred and the Democratic politicians of that ill-governed city.

The vote against the prohibition amendment to the constitution of New Hampshire has proved a great surprise to the extreme temperance folk of that State, and, as the result, it is predicted that the legislature will pass a high-license law. Prohibition is not gaining in public favor, except in exceptional places, and the reason is because this class of temperance people are unreasonable, impracticable, and obstinate in their views. It is a misfortune when a man or woman, who, indulging in the luxury of one idea, directed to the highest philanthropy or the best charity, gets the impression that he or she is better than other people, and more serious in their endeavors to correct a public evil, and endowed with a monopoly of all the judgment necessary to carry a desirable scheme to a practical result. If our ultra-temperance people would come to the conclusion that there are some good folks who do not think it an unpardonable sin to drink as much wine as they think good for them, to smoke an occasional cigar, and that it is not an unpardonable offense against God to abstain from church on Sunday; if they would admit that a man or woman may be pretty good who is not half so good as they pretend to be, and may know something, even if they do not assume to know everything, and that their assistance is not to be despised even at the ballot-box, if they are willing to go but part of the way with them along the road of temperance reform—they would accomplish more than they are now doing. There are good citizens, if not good Christians, who are as serious in their desire to control the alcoholic traffic, and to moderate the evils that result from it, as the most ultra-enthusiast of the "touch-not-taste-not" class. There are taxpayers who do not pretend to be Christians at all—and who would be ashamed to pretend to be what they are not—who know that the burdens and cost of government are largely increased by alcoholic drinking and the evils which result from it, and there are out-and-out sinners who are not quite sure that they have souls to save, and are not quite convinced that there is a place of eternal torture from which they should try to escape, and yet among these classes are hundreds who would be willing to close saloons, to impose high license, to pass laws that would punish the adulteration of liquors, and hold dealers responsible for their acts as dealers in what they regard as a nefarious traffic. There are men—respectable, as the world goes—who rent properties in which hotels, stores, and saloons are kept, who would unite, with moderate people, to pass moderate laws for the purpose of moderating the evils of the alcoholic traffic; and the reason they do not coöperate with ultra-extremists of prohibition is because the Prohibitionists turn up their noses at them, give them the cold shoulder, and affect to be more pious, more earnest, and more excellent than those who do not think it a sin to drink wine. These ultra-good people would not admit St. Paul to one of their societies, and would have passed resolutions condemning the miracle of Christ at the marriage-feast; would not have received one of the patriarchs or Lot; would have black-balled Solomon and David. Very, very good people do not seem to realize how very uncomfortable wicked folk feel when in their society and subject to their very pious sentiments in reference to a practical business question like that of the liquor traffic. Yet if the very good men and very good women who never drink and never want to drink; who are too pious, too selfish, and too mean to treat; who never enjoyed themselves in being wicked, through fear of its penalties, would be more indulgent to sinners, they could make them—us—very serviceable; they would close four-fifths of the saloons, and, from the other fifth, draw a large revenue; would close all the hells, and dives, and bagnios of the slums; could rescue women and children from drunken homes, reduce crime, pov-

erty, ignorance, idleness, and taxes, and promote healthful temperance reforms. For half an hundred years we have witnessed the efforts of temperance people to reform drunkards; we have heard more temperance lectures than sermons; we have witnessed more earnest, self-denying exertion on the part of good men and good women in the direction of temperance than in that of all other reforms. Yet the evil increases, grows, and magnifies till it has become the overshadowing curse of civilization. Religion makes but little impression upon it, churches do not check it, prayer does not avail. We make this suggestion to our prohibition friends: "Call in the aid of sinners and give the wicked a chance." Good comes out of Nazareth sometimes. Fight the devil with fire. Do not begin to burn hotels until the dives are closed; do not uproot the vine, nor stop planting corn, because there is wine in the grape and whisky on the cob. Try to legislate for pure liquors, give the world unadulterated wine, exact high license, and give up the false and foolish notion that to license at all is to throw over a criminal traffic the protection of the law. Recognize the great universal law of humanity, that all the world, barbarian and civilized, the untutored child of the forest, the man of loftiest genius, the plowman and the poet, all love intoxicating drinks, and there has yet been no era in recorded time, no spot in God's universe, no people of whom we have knowledge, from whom the intoxicating cup has yet been entirely excluded. The use of alcohol as a beverage may be restrained, its traffic controlled; it has never been anywhere, and never can be, under any circumstances, altogether prohibited.

The nomination of Mr. Whitelaw Reid as Minister to France gives us great pleasure and affords us the opportunity of saying we think the appointment ought not to have been made. Not because Mr. Reid is not of the highest intellectual attainments, of the highest social position, and in all respects well qualified for so honorable a place, but he is the editor of an influential journal, whose influence and power lay in its independence, and by accepting a place at the gift of the President, how can he impartially and fearlessly criticise his administration? He can not do it. The *Tribune* must for four years tune itself to chant praises to the Republican party-chief. The *Tribune* is one of the political orchestra, which, so long as its editor and owner represents the American Government at the French court, must play in harmony with the wishes of the President who appointed him and of whose family he must show himself a grateful and serviceable member. The *Tribune* is no longer an independent journal, and whatever it writes will be esteemed as the utterance of a paid flatterer. Mr. Reid's position as Minister to France is absolutely incompatible with candid and impartial criticism. He could scarcely presume to criticise the grossest act of abuse which the President or his Cabinet could commit. To differ with the administration in reference to its policy, would be to commit an act of inexcusable ingratitude, which could not be explained to the satisfaction of any member of the Republican party. The rejection of Murat Halstead by the United States Senate shows what is expected of party-leaders who control a party-press, and every one of the many editors appointed to office will be expected to devote their journals to the support of the administration, whether right or wrong. This line of appointments strikes directly at the independence of journalism, and, though Mr. Reid may make ever so excellent and honorable an embassador, he has struck a blow at journalism which is a severe one, because the *Tribune* has held among journals an elevated and honorable position.

While we hope that our centennial celebration will prove a great success, we fear our citizens are not recognizing in the day its great importance. It is the centennial of a government operating under a constitution which, within one hundred years, has extended our empire, by conquest and purchase, the breadth of a continent; has multiplied a population from five to sixty-five millions; has carried us in triumph through foreign wars and a great civil conflict which has freed more millions of slaves than we had of free men when the War of the Revolution began; a war which has demonstrated the valor of our people and the strength of our Union; our ability to become a great power among the nations of the world without a standing army, protective navy, or formidable coast-defenses; from civil strife, slavery, war debts, and war damages of not less than ten thousand millions of dollars we have achieved a financial victory which places our national credit first among the nations of civilization. It has been a century in which the world has made its greatest progress, and in the march of which the United States of America has kept abreast with stately step. Of all the nations of the earth, we are the only one which has the courage to stand up unarmed and resolute for its rights. As the eagle is supposed to look open-eyed upon the sun when it blazes, so our country stands defiant in the strength of peace and fearlessness of war, when the storms of political agitation burst around it. The birth of such a nation, the inauguration of a government which, for a century, has withstood the buffetings and corrosions of time, which has taken so proud a place and so proudly maintained it in the family of nations, may indulge us in the jubilee of laudation. The name of him who was first in peace, first in war, first in the hearts of his countrymen, and among the foremost of all the heroes of history in purity of private life, in greatness of civil and military achievements, whom a gratified nation hails as father, and whom the world recognizes as the first of patriots, is connected with this national celebration. San Francisco ought to honor this day, ought to make the occasion memorable as an American holiday. General Miles will give it his sanction, and make it the occasion of a great military display. Our citizen soldiers and civil organizations will avail themselves of the opportunity to parade. We shall hope to see our governor on horseback with his staff, and all foreign consuls and all civic dignitaries in procession. We shall hope to see the American flag from every roof, and shall hope that from orator to reader, poet, and musician, the literary exercises may be worthy of so distinguished an occasion.

Some few days since we received a visit from Mr. R. B. Leuchars, of Boston. This gentleman has been connected with the anti-Papal school movement, and is one of those who established the *British-American*, and who, with others, has done so much in the direction of causing English, Scotch, and Irish Protestants to become American citizens by naturalization. He gave us the following account of the movement which began with Irish Papists in excluding the Protestant-English from Faneuil Hall, for the purpose of celebrating the queen's jubilee: In January, 1886, a number of persons of British birth in Boston met at the Quincy House for the purpose of making preparations to celebrate the queen's jubilee. Every British society in Boston was represented there except the Charitable Irish Society, to which a special invitation had been extended and received with insult. This was not forgotten by one of the members of the committee, who paid back the debt to the Irish society, with interest added, a month later, when, on St. Patrick's Day, the society celebrated its one hundred and fiftieth anniversary. The orator of the occasion claimed great things for the society, and the Irish race in particular. The member referred to, published an historical sketch in the *Transcript* probing the bubble of Irish pretensions. Columns of abuse appeared for weeks afterward in the *Pilot* directed against the writer of the article, who was denounced as the paid emissary of the British Government, and against the paper that had dared to publish it. At a Land League meeting held in Faneuil Hall, a few weeks afterward, Boyle O'Reilly publicly denounced the *Transcript* for its attitude. The next move of O'Reilly, Father McKenna, and other Irish leaders, was to make incendiary speeches to an Irish mob, which caused fifteen thousand of them to surround Faneuil Hall on the evening of June 21st, 1886, on the occasion of holding the queen's jubilee banquet there. This was the straw that broke the camel's back. From that time dated the decline of Irish Roman Catholic supremacy in Boston. Two months later, on August 22d, 1886, a meeting was held in New Era Hall for the purpose of naturalizing people of British birth. At this meeting it was stated that every alderman who voted against the use of Faneuil Hall for the queen's jubilee was an Irish Roman Catholic; that they were trying to destroy the free-school system of the country, and one of the leading orators advised his hearers to vote against Irish Roman Catholics, whichever party nominated them. The next day nearly every paper in Boston denounced the speaker for "trying to raise a race and religious issue," and when the question of granting the use of Faneuil Hall came up before the board of aldermen, the most bitter language was made use of by the Irish Roman Catholic members. Alderman McLaughlin said: "I would do anything in my power—would go out of my way—to injure that man and his following politically; I do not believe that they deserve any kind of treatment from us. As a class I detest them. I hate their very name, and I am safe in saying that I would go out of my way to injure any man who would make such an assertion!" This is only a sample of the bitterness shown when the first shot was thrown into the enemy's camp. The hall was granted, and the British-American Association came into existence. Over three thousand persons were present, and it was one of the most enthusiastic meetings ever held in the old hall. Here it was that the school issue was first raised, and fairly and squarely presented to the public. In the platform was the following plank, which was unanimously adopted, and a few months afterward substantially adopted by the Republican party of this State in their platform. Here is the declaration: "The association emphatically reiterates its abiding faith in the public-school system, unfettered by any denominational or religious restrictions, as the chief element in the perpetuation of the republic, and declares its hostility to all measures, men, or influences seeking to antagonize the healthy influence of the Massachusetts common-school system." As the question is of permanent importance to the welfare of the republic, the British-American Association is fully content to stand on the same platform with the late General Grant, and repeat his emphatic words at the re-union of the Army of the Tennessee, at Des Moines, Iowa, in 1875. [General Grant's Des Moines speech has been several times printed in the *Argonaut*.] The British-Americans were the first to raise the school question in Boston, and, although most of them were not entitled to the ballot, they furnished money, and energy, and push to effect the organization and make a decided stand against the insolence of Papal and Irish political aggression. Toward the end of September, 1887, a meeting was held in Faneuil Hall for promoting citizenship and encouraging the naturalization of Englishmen and Scotchmen. The common-school question was again made prominent in discussion, when the gauntlet and the glove were thrown squarely in the face of foreign Romanists by foreign-born Protestants. Then came the Swinton-Metcalf affair, which demonstrated that the warning cry of alarm raised by the British-Americans was well founded and serious. The community was aroused. Protestants, non-sectarians, and all classes which do not love Jesuits and Jesuitical practices, organized for a political conflict at the ballot-box. The women of Boston registered for the election, as they were authorized to vote on the school question. Their enthusiasm aroused Protestant furore, and the Pope's Irish Democracy was cleaned out, and Boston was redeemed from Irish Roman Catholic rule. Jesuitry was scotched, if not squelched. Every sneaking rat of the cloister took to his hole, where he is now plotting some new intrigue against our schools, our flag, and our country.

An intelligent resident of Boston, in speaking of the incident we have narrated above, says:

While these movements were going on, very little notice was taken of them by the press of Boston, which is largely under Jesuitical influence, and when any notice was taken of them at all, it was generally to denounce them as creating race prejudice. The only paper which, at the time, gave the British-American party any "faint praise" was the Boston *Transcript*, which, as will be seen from the extract quoted, saw the inception of a party which was destined to exercise a great influence on the political doctrines of the city and State, and which has since thoroughly worked on the same lines.

The principal object of the British-American Association is to create and increase the political power of a class of citizens who can be depended on to vote for the best men, and the best laws, and support the public schools of the country, and who can not be driven like sheep to vote at the dictation of priest or parson. Their grand work is naturalization, and for that purpose they have organized a central body, called the Executive Committee, in Boston, with offices where advice is given and papers made out for those desiring to be qualified as American citizens. They also send throughout the State able men to organize branches in the towns, of which there are now between seventy and eighty, each branch with its officers, and each having a charter of its own, subject only to the constitution and by-laws of the organization in Boston. The officers of the Central Executive Committee are elected annually at a grand council held in January of each year, composed of delegates from all the branches of associations throughout the State. When it is considered that in the city of Boston there are over forty thousand and in the State of Massachusetts over eighty thousand British American and alien nationalities, largely of British and Canadian descent, it will be seen what a great political power has been lain dormant. These were approximately the numbers four years ago, at the last census, and it is safe to say the number at present is at least increased fifty per cent., and probably not ten per cent. of the number have ever voted at all.

During the inception of this work, it became evident that an organ was necessary by which the principles of the association could be publicly defended and maintained. Accordingly, a few of the leading men formed a company and started the British-American *Citizen*, and which has proved one of the biggest torpedoes ever thrown into the Jesuit camp. At first it was treated coldly by the Boston press and sneered at by the Irish Catholics. Now it is respected by its contemporaries and feared as much as it is hated by the Romanists. It is not sounding the trump too loudly to say that the British-American Association and the *Citizen* newspaper have been the principal instruments in wresting the control of the city of Boston and its public schools from the Irish Catholics.

It is proper to notice that the political power of the Romanists in Boston was not due to their numbers at all. Notwithstanding their continual boasting, they have been less than thirty-three per cent. of the voting power of the city, and very much less in the State. Their success at the polls arose from the apathy of the native Americans, who seemed paralyzed before the insolent aggressions of their opponents, who were backed up by the Jesuits, the rum element—mostly Irish—and the remnant of Democrats, who clung to the party for the sake of pay. The Romanists of Boston, however, are not conquered; they are merely scotched; they are even now preparing for another contest; they are exercising all their well-known Jesuitical shrewdness and cunning. But their opponents are equally vigilant. The clergymen of all denominations have been awakened to a sense of their duty and their danger. The American people are now fully aroused, and, above all, that great foreign Protestant element, equal alone in political power to the Roman, and which has hitherto been unfelt as a political quantity in the community, is now being brought out, and in a very few years will control the nominations and the elections of both the city of Boston and the State of Massachusetts. San Francisco and many other cities of the Union have as much need of a political up-turn as Boston had, and can do it quite as effectually as has been done in the old city of the Puritans.

The San Francisco daily journals of Thursday were more than usually interesting. The account of a most vile scandal which occurred between a coarse American woman and a vulgar lover in Paris, was paraded in display type with particularities of detail most attractive to the lewd and vulgar-minded, but most repulsive to all pure-minded and decent-mannered women. These journals ought to be denied admission into all homes and schools. Mrs. Langtry and her Gebhardt furnish their bill of fare, a glimpse of their domestic life, and a chapter from their manner of professional and public conduct. We shall be very glad when Langtry, with her square shoulders, well-molded throat, bared breasts, handsome dresses, race-horses, Nevada ranch, and Gebhardt, shall be retired from the public gaze. The measurement of Mrs. Atherton's waist, the circumference of her bust, the length of her back, her "exquisite skin," her "lovely dresses," her moth

an her own private life, her tangle with the "mouse-colored" po ess of passion, are for the third day in succession dragged int print, till everybody is, or ought to be, completely disgusted. W can endure the ordinary record of crime and casualty, po ical appointments and speculations, Irish home-rule news, en unters between bruisers, domestic infelicities, and the un en ng narrative of distant unimportant local gossip, but we thi the community ought to be spared from witnessing the im oral exhibitions which are exposed in unroofing the ho e-tops which ought to cover that which is nauseous and disgu ing in the private life of persons only known for their crimes an follies, which convey no moral to the reader, and which do on barm to those under whose observation they come.

he more recent news from England encourages the hope th the British Empire will survive the shock of collision with Ir home-rule, and may somewhat longer maintain her posi- tic as one of the greatest powers. Goschen, chancellor of the exchequer, in the introduction of his annual budget, de- m strates that last year's revenue exceeded the estimate by on million six hundred and forty-five thousand pounds ster- in while the expenditure fell below the estimate nine hun- dr and forty-one thousand pounds, leaving a surplus of two m on five hundred and eighty-six thousand pounds; nearly th een million dollars toward reduction of the public debt is a vo l showing for a country in such desperate straits as is Gr at Britain. This is more, by a little, than the Irish Democ- ra voted away in our last legislature. John Albert Bright, th Liberal-Unionist candidate, has been elected, at Birming- ha, to succeed his father as member of Parliament; Bright re ving five thousand six hundred and ten votes as against tw thousand five hundred and sixty for the Gladstone-Parnell- H e-Rule separatist. The Conservative party, under the pr iership of Lord Salisbury and the leadership of Lord H ington, has good prospects of survival till Parliament ex- pi by limitation some four years hence.

omething more than five millions of people have come to ou shores as immigrants from foreign countries within the las en years. From the British isles, the immigration is not la ly increasing; from Germany, it is decreasing; from w den, Norway, and Denmark, it is larger during the last ye than in any year since 1882; from Italy and Russia, we are to say, it was larger in 1888 than it has ever been before; fro France, never large, not increasing; from Austro-Hungary la r in 1888 than in any previous year; from Hungary, Po- la, Russia, Portugal, and Italy we are receiving the most ob ctionable class; from Ireland we are getting all we want, an more than is good for the country; too many ignorant Je and too many bigoted Romanists are the worst features of ur immigration statistics. We append a table, taken from the Chicago *America*, which gives especial attention to this qu tion, and may be regarded as reliable. Our readers will ref t that this foreign element is exceedingly fruitful, and m iplies much faster than is at all desirable. As a political qu tion, the subject may be considered in the light of Jere- m Lynch's pamphlet on Boss Buckley. The following table sh s the number and source of immigration for the past nine ye s:

	British Isles	Germany	Sweden, Norway, and Denmark	Austro-Hungary	Italy	Russia	France	Total immigration
	49.967	34.602	21,820	5.663	5,791	4,942	4,655	177,820
	144.876	84,638	65,657	17,267	12,354	7.191	4.313	457,257
	153.718	210,485	81.582	27.935	15.401	10.655	5.227	669.431
	179 423	250,630	105.326	29.150	32,084	21,590	6,003	788,992
	158,092	194,786	71,994	27,625	31,792	9,809	4,821	603,322
	129.294	179,076	52.728	35,571	16,510	17,226	3.608	518,592
	109.508	124,443	49,704	27.309	13,599	20,243	3.493	395.346
	112,548	84,403	46,735	28,880	21,315	21,739	3,318	334-203
	161,748	106,865	67,629	40,265	47,622	36.894	5.034	490.109
	182,203	109,717	81,924	45.811	51,075	39.313	6,454	546,889

pleasant incident occurred in the family of Louis Sloss, , on Van Ness Avenue, during the past week. The oc- ca n was a family banquet given in honor of Annie Flaherty, th rish cook, who had served the family for twenty-five years in at capacity. It was the silver dinner. Happy the mis- tre and happy the maid who can maintain for so long a pe d pleasant relations between the kitchen and the dining- ro . "The best cook in the world," says Mr. Sloss. "The ki st people in the world," says Miss Flaherty, who cooked th linner at which she was the honored guest, surrounded by family of sons and daughters she had aided to raise, ov whose porringers, school-baskets, and marriage feasts she ha presided, presented with gifts from relatives and friends of e family—it must have been a happy family and a happy oc sion. From it we could a sermon write and moral draw, wh n none would read or heed.

r Charles Christopher Waller, of Los Angeles, finds him- se eir to an Irish estate and successor to an Irish baronetcy. Th gentleman's father emigrated to America in 1812, and th resent baronet was born in California. We are proud of the fact. The estate produces a clear net rental above incumbrances in a year—when the harvest is abundant, no potato-rot, and a good market—of two hundred pounds sterling. If Sir Charles is a member of the Land League, and his tenants pay their rents without first turning them over to a priest for a deduction of from fifteen to thirty per cent., and he is not compelled to eject any of them by process of law, and none of his horses are ham-strung, or his cattle houghed, or his sheep poisoned, or his hayricks burned, or his premises destroyed, his income is nearly equal to that of a member of the police in Los Angeles. We wish Sir Charles Christopher Waller joy of his Irish estate, and hope he may not be boycotted upon it, or murdered, or suffer any other of the slight inconveniences attending the ownership of property in Irisland.

A LANDLESS PEOPLE.

The American citizen who does not read aright the lesson of the events now occurring in Oklahoma must be a very dense person indeed. If the newspapers are to be believed, ten times as many people as the new territory can accommodate are clamoring for the withdrawal of the obstructions which prevent their entering land, and those who are familiar with former rushes into Indian ex-reservations expect a good deal of bloodshed before the respective rights of rival settlers are adjusted. This means but one thing. It signifies that the American people have awakened to the danger that they are going to be landless, as Europeans are; and that with landlessness will come, here as there, poverty, low wages, a landlord class, and a tenant class, and a loss of American manhood and self-reliance. Hence every man who is foot-loose is scrambling for a small slice of the land which, on next Monday, will be offered to occupation in Oklahoma, and it looks as though a year would not elapse before every acre of arable land therein would be taken up. When it is, what then? As Henry George says, land can not be created. There is so much of it, and no more. When all is taken up, newcomers will have to buy from actual occupants, or go without. The American people will lose the advantage they have had over other peoples—an advantage which, in thirty years, has made them the richest and most powerful nation on the globe. Is there no remedy?

There are, in the United States, about six hundred millions of acres of land which would be arable with irrigation, but which are desert without it. It is reckoned that of the total area of one hundred and five millions of acres in this State, twenty millions of acres are under water, or so broken and destitute of soil that they are irreclaimable. Of the remaining eighty-five millions of acres, about twenty-two millions are now under cultivation, leaving sixty-three millions which might be made cultivable by various processes. It has been reckoned that fifty-five millions of these are susceptible of irrigation, and, with irrigation, would bear early and bountiful crops of the finest fruits and vegetables consumed by man. This area would furnish homes for a population as large as that of the United States is now, if water were put on it. The water is there—not so much of it as might be desired, but still enough to make arid land grow grain and fruit; nothing is wanting but to construct the reservoirs, canals, and ditches necessary to carry the fertilizing fluid to the thirsty sand. How long shall we wait before going to work to construct them?

Congress has shown its appreciation of the necessities of the case by placing two hundred and fifty thousand dollars at the disposal of Major Powell, of the Topographical Survey, for the purpose of surveying the water sources from which the arid territory could be irrigated. But the major, doubtless for excellent reasons, does not propose to start out on his survey till August 1st; and when he does take the field, it seems that his attention will be more likely to be directed to Arizona, Colorado, Wyoming, and Nevada than to California. At least, so much may be inferred from the interviews between him and the reporters. It seems that the Territorial delegates and Senator Stewart, of Nevada, were more active in securing the appropriation than the delegation from this State; and they naturally claim the first fruits of their labors. The public has heard that Mr. Bridges, the surveyor, is at work in this State under Major Powell's orders, but what he is doing nobody knows; and the survey seems to be at a standstill, though the summer season has begun, and in five months surveying on the crest of the Sierras will be impeded by the snows. At the rate the business is progressing, Major Powell will be unable to lay before Congress in December a plan for the irrigation of the State in which irrigation would yield the largest returns.

This is a matter which concerns every citizen of California. In comparison with it, other State issues, like the Chinese question, are insignificant. It is a matter of life and death. We are cultivating only one-fifth of the area of the State. If we do not expand our acreage, we can neither increase nor even maintain our present population. Even the valley counties, such as Tehama, Colusa, Butte, Sacramento, Stanislaus, Merced, Fresno, Tulare, and Kern, can not keep up their present crops without irrigation. Ditch companies are being formed in all of them. And the great stretch of country lying between the eastern foot-hills of the Coast Range and the plowed fields on the west side of the railroad, together with the southern sand-wastes known as the Mohave and Colorado and San Diego Deserts, are utterly valueless as they stand without water, whereas with it they might be as fruitful as the choicest spot in the Santa Clara Valley. When the mind grasps the transformation which water would effect throughout this vast region, all other State questions seem trifling.

There have been times, since the discussion of the subject began, when it seemed uncertain where the money was to come from to construct a system of irrigation works. But a study of the history of the nation, and especially of the policy which has led to large annual appropriations for river and harbor improvements, ever since the time of Jackson, leads to a conviction that the general government owes it to the people to construct those works at the national expense. If the constitution justified the improvement of harbors to facilitate Eastern trade, and the deepening of rivers to promote the prosperity of their riparian owners, it would surely warrant the expenditure of money in an improvement which would create homes for millions of future citizens, and would add enormously to the wealth and taxable property of the nation. It is indeed impossible to conceive a more proper use for the surplus revenue than to convert uninhabitable wastes into fertile fields to receive the influx of people who are now boiling over into Oklahoma. Such a transmutation would render salable some thirty odd millions of acres of unsurveyed land now forming part of the public domain in the State, and the government would thus in part recoup itself for its outlay. But the government has a higher duty than that of peddling the public domain to purchasers. It is bound, so far as it can consistently with the constitution, to promote the happiness and well-being of the people, and to cherish the spirit of independent self-reliance which the ownership of land confers. It can not better discharge that duty than by spending the surplus money lying idle in the treasury on a system of public improvements, which would relieve it from the danger now threatened by our impending landlessness. B.

San Francisco, April 17, 1889.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Eagle Screams.

Editors Argonaut: Having excellent reason to believe that in conducting your paper you are actuated by a love of truth and fair play, the writer requests the insertion of this letter, if you deem it worthy of publication.

It was only to be anticipated that some disparaging remarks would be made, some slur cast, by the daily press of this city touching the escape of H. M. ship *Calliope* in the recent hurricane at Samoa; but the ill-concealed feeling of jealousy and the carping spirit which found expression in the attack on the captain of that ship, in last Sunday's papers, are so unjustifiable as to make a word of protest not out of place.

And in the account of the successive disasters that befell the other ships, it seemed contrived that the *Calliope* should appear active in inflicting damage. The *Chronicle* has it that in putting to sea she fouled the *Vandalia*; and the *Examiner*, while extolling the seamanship *that lost three American vessels*, goes so far as to attribute to the *Calliope*—but without blame, it is fair to say—much of the misfortune that happened to the little American squadron. Truly the old fable of the wolf and the lamb could hardly have a more apposite illustration than is afforded by the comment of the last-named journal, and, indeed, all the journals, on the incidents of the collision. The newspaper man either did not understand what he was writing about, or did not desire to convey true information.

The facts of the case, even as we gather them from the frothy and wild report which has been published, are that the *Vandalia*, lying to windward of the *Calliope*, dragged her anchors and fouled the latter, greatly imperiling her position; and it is, therefore, apparent to any one possessing the least knowledge of nautical matters that the *fouling* could not possibly have been done by the *Calliope*, which was in-shore toward the reef, dead to leeward of the other ship, and riding steadily at her anchors. The *Vandalia*, in drifting down on the *Calliope*, happened to swing partially under the latter's bow at the moment that "the great iron prow of the Englishman," as the correspondent called it (pitching in a head sea), was descending and was struck on the quarter, receiving desperate damage, no doubt, but it is not seen how such a collision could have tended to force her ashore. Then it was that the Englishman, having all his cables payed out, or being too near the reef to pay out more, and seeing, perhaps, that further collision from the *Vandalia* was inevitable, and that he could not work up to his anchors on account of the dangerous proximity of that ship, slipped his cables and steamed out of the harbor.

The writer, having had some seafaring experience, merely begs to offer, for what it is worth, the above theory of the *Calliope* putting to sea as she did; for it is reasonable to suppose that if she had steam-power enough to force her way out of the harbor, in the teeth of the gale and a heavy head sea, she had power enough to work up to her anchors and relieve the strain on her cables, and would have done so and ridden out the storm, but for the impending danger from the other ship.

But seeking cause where none existed, as no censure could possibly be found in the captain of the *Calliope* putting to sea and saving his vessel, the daily journals assail him for not remaining at Samoa after his return, and assisting in keeping order in the town, and guarding it. Against whom? The only disorder in the town was made by the drunken crew of the American war-steamer *Nipsic*, whose officers were said to be "demoralized"—whatever that may mean. And is it to be supposed that with nearly a thousand armed men, comprising seamen, marines, and petty officers, controlled by discipline and martial law, the American commanders needed the assistance of a British war-ship to preserve order among their own men? Such an idea is absurd, and would be scouted with indignation by any American officer; and no captain of an English ship would offer to perform so unheard of a service unless he wished to be laughed at—a possibility rather remote.

But the account of this calamitous affair, so far received, does not strike one as remarkably authentic in details. Let us wait for the official report. The scream of the eagle in the newspaper tale that has been told rather drowns the wail for those who met their sad fate in the surging waters of Apia harbor. I am sir, your obedient servant,

San Francisco, April 16, 1889. An Englishman.

The Episcopal Church.

Editors Argonaut: In an otherwise very excellent and interesting letter, your correspondent, B. Marks, is certainly in error when he asserts as follows: "In the fundamental doctrines of the great Episcopal Church, as established by its founders in the time of the eighth Henry of England, there was not only no Christianity, but that church itself does not now accept any of those doctrines."

(1) The Episcopal Church was neither founded during the reign of or by Henry the Eighth.

(2) Belief in Christ *was the* "fundamental doctrine" of the Episcopal Church, reformed and purified in 1542-3.

(3) The Episcopal Church does at this time accept and observe the "fundamental doctrines" of faith as *established* but not *founded* at the time of the Reformation.

After the rejection of Papal authority, a work upon "Necessary Doctrine and Erudition," was issued in 1543, compiled from the opinions of various bishops and divines, in which a definition of faith prefaced an exposition on the articles of faith. The Church of Rome had taught that faith consisted in an implicit belief in her own dogmata, or that true Christian faith implied nothing more than submission to the authority of the Pope. The reformers placed it in an assurance of salvation by the death of Christ. The dispute which arose rendered it necessary that a definition of the true faith should be prepared, and this delicate, and at that time dangerous, task was assigned by Cranmer to Redmayn, the master of Trinity College, Cambridge.

The "Erudition" following the definition of faith begins with an explanation of the creed, substantially the same as now in use, in which occurs a long digression upon the unreasonable pretensions of the Romish Church in its insistence upon absolute submission to the Pope. The church is bound to acknowledge no other universal governor than Christ. From the creed the "Erudition" passes on to baptism, and advocates this sacrament being administered to infants. Matrimony was stated to be a sacrament, and indissoluble. An explanation of the decalogue was succeeded by a paraphrase on the Lord's prayer, in which the unlearned were exhorted to say their prayers in their mother tongue, and a caution is reported that the Virgin Mary is not an object of worship.

Space forbids an elaboration of a subject upon which exists a most remarkable ignorance, an ignorance which I am surprised that one who has written so excellent a letter as B. Marks should have exhibited.

April 6, 1889. H. H. W.

A BLACK SOUL IN PARADISE.

How a Sinner Crept in Under Cover of his Wife's Wing.

Never in the memory of the good St. Peter had a Vauvertois been able to get into paradise.

Not that at Vauvert they were more wicked or more quarrelsome than elsewhere, and not that they went to confession less, or cheated the housewives more than was reasonable; no, not at all; it was simply because they loved bull-fights far too well. When a bull-fight was announced, all else was abandoned, and in the whole of the city, in the streets of an evening, under the trees of the sidewalks, before the cafés, and above all, upon the steps of the houses, nothing was heard but a discourse upon bulls, their origin, their form and possible strength, their agility, and their power of muscle.

On days like these the occasions for sin were multiplied, and the exuberance of passions knew no limit or restraint. The Recording Angel, writing on high in his great book the actions of men, found the columns devoted to Vauvert on the evenings of these courses, stretching to an interminable length.

No, a Vauvertois had never entered paradise, whether from this or some other reason, till the day when Mark Sistré attempted the enterprise and succeeded.

This Mark Sistré was a scamp of the first water, lazy, quarrelsome, drunken, brutal, a liar, and I know not what besides; he made a martyr of his wife, a veritable saint; he ran after the bull-fights like a perfect lunatic. Every time a fight was billed for Vauvert, Mark was the first to know it, to examine the animals, to proffer his advice; and then, upon the day of the courses, no one drank, gambled, swore, and fought as he did, till even the Vauvertoises declared among themselves that, of all its many miscreants, Mark Sistré was the one for whom the devil watched with the most impatience.

Well, one evening, as the result of repeated libations, and while discussing the singular fate of the Vauvertoises unable to enter heaven, Mark Sistré swore by all the heathen gods that he, at least, would enter there—he, in person—and there he would remain, despite the fact of which they warned him, among other things, that he would certainly weary of passing eternity in the singing of hymns. The more they argued, the more firmly did he hold to his promise.

Meanwhile, as these scenes were occurring, Marion Sistré, worn out by chagrin, broken with sorrow, and crushed by the brutalities of her husband, was passing away, like running water. She, whom they had known in her youth so gay and fresh, had now become pale, wan, and shrunken as a winter leaf, and so chagrined that day and night she wept and sobbed, and, at the moment of our story, was unable to leave her bed, even to go to mass. The doctor, when they asked him about her, shook his head with an air of mournful augury, for well did he know that she was sick unto death.

This illness of his wife, however, in nowise hindered Mark from going as usual to pass his hours at the café, to play at billiards or bet at piquet with gay young bloods, who twirled their mustaches and prolonged their orgies till morning. If anything, he went more than ever. But on a certain Sunday, Marion Sistré was given extreme unction, as they knew not if she would last till night, and this same Sunday was the day appointed for a grand bull-fight at Vauvert.

Still, Sistré had no idea of absenting himself from so beautiful an occasion of gaining cockades and prizes, and then the *monade* of bulls was handsomer than usual and conducted by a *cuadrilla* renowned from Saint-Gilles to Remoulins. He would go, if for nothing else than to show these *toreros*, whose names were posted in big letters all over the walls and fences, how they did things at Vauvert, for they had jeered him at the cafés till he had accepted battle with a bull whose horns had been specially sharpened for the fight.

Truly a "master *toro*," in the language of the experts, and one who had "ripped" many a better and more skillful player than Mark could boast of being.

Alas! at the very moment when he, Mark Sistré, was striving to hold his own, she, Marion Sistré, was in the last agony, all white and cold, in her little chamber with closed shutters, blessed candles at her head and feet, and the good curé of Vauvert reading beside her the lessons and psalms of peace, while neighbors came and went about the bed, sprinkling it with holy water, and walking upon the points of their toes for fear of disturbing her dying hours.

Suddenly there was a terrible tumult in the street below, the cries and shouts of an excited crowd; then the sound of footsteps on the stairs, and the entrance of two men bearing on their shoulders a stiffened corpse, pale and bloody. Marion, half dead already, raised herself with a gasp of horror—to fall back dead. Mark was already dead, his body transfixed by the bull's horns.

Chance had settled everything; the rascal and the saint had gone together, and their two souls, destined to a fate so different, abandoned at the same instant their mortal remains to meet again upon the road precisely at the turning when one was gaining hell, the other heaven.

The black soul of the husband spoke first.

"You, Marion!" he cried, astounded, "and whither go you, my little one?"

"Where God has called me," said the soul of Marion.

"Good—and is it far?"

"Very far; yonder—on high!"

"To paradise, then?"

"Yes, to paradise."

"Zounds! how lucky we met; I'm going there, too; we can go together," declared this black soul, as if he saw not the ineffable whiteness of the other, he, as black as an oven-door, as black as soot itself, and spotted with sins.

"You, to paradise?" repeated Marion; "but, Mark, do you not know that the mass of your iniquities weighs you down, and that hell awaits you?"

"Me? pooh!" laughed Mark; "calm yourself, little one; I have told you I am going to paradise, and I tell you again, I am going!"

"But how? How will you enter there? Did you take out the indispensable passport before starting? Or die in prayer, receiving upon your limbs the unction of holy oils?"

"Pooh, pooh! no, certainly not; I had too much to do."

And the white soul, veiling her face, sought to flee this vile companion, but Mark caught her by a wing and held her fast.

"A minute," said he; "you say that one must have a passport to enter above there? Have you a passport?"

"I? Of course."

"Good! so much the better—it will serve for both."

"What—*for both!*" exclaimed the white soul, in horror.

"Yes—for both. I shall hide behind you; you will present your passport, and, hoop-la! once in, I ask nothing more!"

This was too much. Horror paralyzed the white soul; she strove to murmur a "Get thee behind me, Satan!" But, without disquieting himself at the exorcism, Mark only held his sides with laughing, and repeated:

"Yes, you must smuggle me in like a bale of tobacco!"

And, with his brutal hand, he still held her fast by the tip of the wing, and still she continued to struggle.

"You are a wretch!" she cried; "a wretch, I say. Do you think for a moment I would deceive St. Peter?"

"My dear little wife! my dear little love! my precious flower! You would not abandon your husband, whom you love so much, and who loves you so well?" and Mark, giving to his voice the tenderest inflection, with bowed head and lips wreathed with a smile, softly caressed with his free hand the white plumes of Marion, seeking to convince her at once by speech and gesture.

Nothing moved her, and Mark, reduced to violent means, proceeded at last to tweak out a feather, heedless of the victim's shrieks of pain.

"I'm your husband," he declared, as he pulled a second one; "your husband, whom you must obey!"

"Obey—that order? Never—*never!*"

And this was Marion! formerly so gentle and submissive, who dared to speak in this way! Mark tweaked all the harder. What mattered it to him, the hardened ruffian, the prayers, lamentations, and refusals of his wife? He was too well accustomed to making her obey, to heed either pain or indignation.

The habit of the yoke is so strong, that presently, despite her horror, this poor white soul of Marion's, faint and conquered, abandoned itself to the worst, consented to become the accomplice of the criminal project, and at least to attempt the introduction of this miscreant into the kingdom reserved for the just.

From this on they went together, Mark smiling and proud to be the first from Vauvert to enter the happy realms; doubly proud at the trick he was going to play upon the good St. Peter, and with Marion dragging after him, sighing and sobbing pitifully.

But why, why was the devil not waiting for his own at the cross-roads? Ah! what would you? Upon that day, as it happened, Beelzebub was celebrating his birthday fête, and at the moment when Mark died he was about to dine upon a truffled turkey, presented him by his friend Belial, and so much to his taste that he would not have stirred from table to have greeted a pope. Moreover, what respectable demon would have dreamed that Mark, the miserable scamp, would have chosen a day of bull-fighting to depart the earth?

The one dragging the other, and, after long fatigues, the two souls arrived at the gate of Paradise. And what a spectacle! that great golden door, studded with precious stones, shining like an illumination, and with St. Peter, pen in hand and keys at belt, receiving upon one side the necessary passports, and pushing back on the other the hypocrites and knaves who sought admission under cover of the crowd.

But when he raised his head at the name of Vauvert, and saw that it was Marion Sistré who stood before him, that noble woman who weekly burned a candle in his honor, he threw open the door without more ado.

"Enter, my child," said he.

She entered, feeling always behind her the black soul of Mark, making itself as small as possible, despairingly hooked to her wing, and scarce daring to draw a breath for fear of being discovered. And when night came, and St. Peter still pored over his hieroglyphics, in his quality of apostle, reading all languages, he never for an instant suspected that Mark Sistré, that rascal watched for by the devil, had forced himself, through the complicity of his wife, into Paradise.

During the first days all went well with Mark; he came and went, and filled his lungs with the delicious air; boated upon the great blue lake, with its silver swans; wandered under the trees from which, in a perfumed rain, fell flowers of ideal beauty; listened to the concerts of the seraphim and angels; slept eight hours in twelve—in short, continued the life of indolence so well begun when living upon the earth.

He, the first Vauvertois—despite the fact that he had done nothing to deserve it—who had ever crossed the sacred threshold! He was greatly amused, and, placing his eyes at one of the loop-holes through which from above they regard the earth, he gazed upon his old home, tranquilly sleeping upon the bank of the Vistré; even the café, in which he had played his billiards and made his wagers for mugs of beer, showed plainly beneath him. Mark sighed as he thought of the café; heaven was pleasant, but there were no cafés there.

The simple pleasure of seeing Vauvert for a while sufficed him, and might have continued to suffice him, had it not been that one Sunday, when the saints were all at mass and he, as usual, peeping from his hole, he saw a sight that stirred his blood. A sight indeed—a *monade* of bulls, such as Mark had never seen before; Spanish bulls escorted by *toreros* in velvet costumes, covered with *passequilles* and gay cockades; nervous and agile bulls, lustrous of skin, brilliant of eye, and with long and slender tails ending in a *houppette* of silky hair; superb animals, one brown, one black, and so elegant of form, so proud of bearing, that never in its greatest day had Vauvert known the like. Before them marched the *toreros* and the *picadores*, lances in band, behind them a gaping multitude.

From that instant Mark was weary of paradise. He had had enough of eternal promenades beneath the trees and eternal boatings upon placid lakes. The country was beautiful, truly, but there were no billiards, no cafés, no games of piquet. He was tired; tired even of the endless perfume, the long sleeps, the continual serenity of everything.

Ah! if he had not been sure that bell awaited him, and that even at that moment the devil was not rummaging the world to find him, how quickly he would have fled from this delicious sojourn that wearied him so terribly for lack of bulls and races! He had only to say the word to go, but that word—Mark was not willing to pronounce it. Satan waited with uplifted fork to pop him into the vat where already, for centuries, perhaps, had been boiling and roasting players of games and runners of bulls such as he. Sooner than enter that yawning furnace he would bore himself in paradise—if needful, since it was the custom on high, sing hymns like the others.

Yet this bull-fight at Vauvert, with its *chulos*, its *banderilleros*, and its two-thousand-francs' worth of prizes in a lump, ran in his thoughts and dreams; and he saw always pass and repass before him those two beautiful bulls, tossing their sharp white horns, agitating their slender tails, with the *houppette* of hair at the end of them.

* * * * * * *

Perhaps you think the devil did not jump, though he had dined so well on truffled turkey, when his valet came to inform him that at last Mark Sistré was dead.

"And where is he, the brigand?" he cried out, joyfully.

"No one knows, my lord."

"What? And they have let him escape?"

"My lord forgets; he charged himself personally with securing him; no one dared to forestall your lordship."

"Ha! the rascal!" cried Satan, furiously, "to profit thus by my natal fête! All the same, he doesn't escape me; wherever he is I will find and take him!" and swearing an oath that made even his myrmidons tremble, he leaped from his bed and shot like a bomb on his way to earth. But at Vauvert he learned nothing, save that Marion Sistré was dead, and upon the same day as her husband. In purgatory it was the same thing—no one of the name of Sistré had been heard of by the guardian of that sombre place, and none of Sistré's comrades who incumbered hell could give tidings of the missing one.

Frantic at his ill success, Beelzebub was going into a terrible rage, when suddenly an idea occurred to him: Mark Sistré was a cunning rascal, and doubtless was precisely where he had never been sought for—that is to say, *in paradise!* Instantly, all excitement, the enemy of the human race spread his bat-like wings and speeded away to the celestial heights.

"Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat!" sounded upon the golden door.

"Who's there?" St. Peter demanded.

"'Tis I, friend Peter—open the wicket."

The wicket opened but closed immediately, not, however, without allowing to pass a cry of terror to which the devil responded with a shout of laughter.

"Ho, there!" he cried; "truly, Peter, you are stupid; do you think I have come to invade your paradise with a legion of evil spirits? No, listen to me."

And, as the wicket remained obstinately closed, the devil, who knew nevertheless that St. Peter was listening, resumed:

"Open it, I say; it is for a damned soul I come.

A damned soul in paradise! Impossible! The devil was fooling him—he was too old to be mystified thus! What! he, Saint Peter, allow a black soul to pass without suspecting it! And yet—well, he had better open the wicket and see what the devil—he *was* too big to pass three gratings or upon another—was talking about!

He opened a slit in the wicket.

"Ah!" cried Beelzebub, "now we can talk. Tell me, St. Peter, if in your flock of white sheep you have not or by the name of Mark Sistré, from Vauvert, who has departed the earth, and of whom I can find no trace."

"Mark? Mark Sistré? Why no—not Mark Sistré, but Marion Sistré! She is a saint who has naught to do with you or your infernal regions—she is——"

"Imbecile!" cried the impatient devil, "if he is not on your register or in your memory, then Mark Sistré can not be here yet, if not here, where then can he be, for I have rummaged everywhere?"

"True!" said St. Peter, "and *should* he be here, how recognize him in so great a crowd?"

Satan reflected a minute, finger on forehead.

"Ah-h!" said he, at last, "I have it; we'll find him; but shall need your assistance, St. Peter!"

"And you shall have it—anything to discover the knave!"

"Then," added Beelzebub, "be not astonished at whatever happens, and presently, when I return and knock upon your door, open it and be not afraid, for I promise you that none of mine shall cross its threshold."

"Agreed!" said St. Peter; and he closed the wicket—open the gate as agreed upon at the appointed knock—to find before it a throng of—

"Devils?"

Exactly—but devils metamorphosed into gay *toreros* in brilliant costumes, their velvet coats and yellow breeches covered with *pasquilles* and hands of gold, the *chulos* coiffed with scarlet handkerchiefs, the *picadores* on prancing horses, and in the midst of the throng two Spanish bulls, one brown, one black, and with *houppettes* of silky hair on the tips of their tails. Beelzebub himself, as a superb *espada*, in a plumed *montera*, clothed like a fairy prince, headed the procession, and speech with the voice of a stentor, began the musical halloo, the well-known warning of the bull's approach.

Scarce had he cried it twice, when Mark Sistré, bounding barriers, leaping brooks, and coming like a shuttle-cock thrown from a racquet, his face and eyes aflame, crossed the silver paradise, and hurled himself into the cohort of imps waiting to receive him. And from there, into the depths of Tartarus, ing, falling, falling, Mark Sistré shot like a shooting-star.

Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Chalon

E. C. Waggener.

THE BANISHED DUKE.

"Parisina" writes of the Return of the Duc d'Aumale.

Frenchmen nowadays are prosaic enough in all conscience, t with that contrariness to which human nature is always pne, they are given to hero-worship. It is hardly necessary t say that the Boulanger craze is a proof of this. (No, kind rder, I am *not* going to make him the subject of another lter.) And a more positive proof of this assertion is that 'ot' hrav' général" is not sufficient. They hero-worship hn until they are tired, or until he scuttles off somewhere tot on some political mischief in the provinces, and then cast aout them for another object. There is nothing like having seral strings to your bow. It is not always easy sometimes t see why a man gets put above his fellows in this way. (ance does it mostly. There is only one thing that entirely iapacitates a man from playing the part even for a short tie, and that is, a place under government. The very fact of h having been chosen to fill a responsible situation—one in vich the aid and support of his fellow-citizens would be of t greatest use to him—is sure and certain to alienate him fm them. The man in power will naturally be surrounded t many sycophants and perhaps some true friends, but to rther one nor the other will he be a hero; the last thing the pplic is likely to do in these troublous times, is to fall down al worship one of its rulers. Therefore, President Carnot is cte out of the running. Had he been the biggest mountetnk of them all, hent on hlowing his own trumpet and kicki up all kinds of pranks, he would not even then have succded. Opposition is the very breath of our nostrils here in Iris. Even Gambetta, one of the most popular men of his tle, lost all prestige while he was a minister, and had Bouger gone on bossing it at the war office, he would never ve been the people's idol. You see I am like Mr. Dick, tre is one name that will insist on coming under my pen.

No position is more sought after than that of hero. Both lchefort and Déroulède have graduated for the place, hut rther quite succeeded. The former grows sick and pale in t midst of a crowd, and the latter lacks repose of manner al dignity. A real hero must hegin hy thoroughly believing himself. Perhaps if, when the Ligue des Patriotes came t grief, the government had committed such an egregious tnder as to throw Déroulède into prison, there might have ten a chance for him. If he had been allowed to play the rtyr's part he might have emulated his chief—as it was, it ppears the general was by no means best pleased at the attion bestowed on his satellite. Yesterday, at the funeral of Amiral Jauris, MacMahon, flashing upon the crowd in full nrshal's uniform, had his share of *vivas*, his passing hour of pplularity. Poor man, he sought for it in vain when he was dving that most tiresome of all vehicles, the "Car of the State," and it came to him unasked as he traversed on foot the Esplanade of the Invalides!

But it is not of the ex-president I mean to speak, any more tn of the chief of the league, the editor of the *Intransigent*, or of another whom I have sworn to keep in the backgund. The hero of the last few days has been none of tlse. Who, then? You give it up, do you? Well, it was, al still is, Henri d'Orleans, Duc d'Aumale. You know, as wl as I do, that the duke was banished under the Grévy rgn for having spoken out his mind pretty plainly, and more pticularly for a letter directed to the president, and left at tl door of the Elysée Palace hy one of his secretaries. He g short shrift from M. Grévy—who was always ready with vuous indignation whenever it had not to he directed against h own particular protégé and son-in-law, Daniel, of almost fgotten fame. But D'Aumale was not a man to sit him dvn under an injury, and he was, moreover, a philosopher, al knew full well that nothing is so effiacious as the Christian nxim of returning good for evil. Therefore, he had no sner installed himself comfortably in the best house he cld find in Brussels—to be as near as possible to the Frnch frontier—than he set ahout making over his superh dnain of Chantilly to the nation, through the medium of the institute. Once the princely gift ratified, accepted, there wi really only one thing left for the government to do—nnely, to recall the exile. This was not such an easy matte M. Grévy thought his personal dignity required that tl Duc d'Aumale should eat humhle-pie awhile in that house o iis on the Chaussée Charleroi; and when Grévy fell, never tcise again, and Sadi Carnot was voted to his vacant throne, it vas understood that, out of deference to the ex-president (ty had heen sparing enough of the article), the new one nst allow a little time to pass even before he took upon him tcardon his predecessor's enemies. Then came one ministeal crisis on the heels of another. Last autumn it was rept ted that the decree was to be repealed immediately; then it as put off, and again talked about on the eve of the Boulger-Jacques election. "Bribery and corruption!" called o the Boulangists; "the government wants to conciliate the Lritimists; it is a hase manœuvre to curry favor with them." Ain, it was thought advisahle to leave matters as they were fa a time.

At last, however, there seemed no reason for further delaa Several men of note—Repuhlicans ahove suspicion, sn as Jules Simon—lifted up their voices in favor of the de's return, and so, finally, one morning the *Journal Officiel* aeared with the announcement that the decree had heen repled, and Henri d'Orleans was free to return to the land of hhirth.

Of all the memhers of the Orleans family, D'Aumale is tl only one with whom I am in sympathy. There is a fthness and a freedom from all *pose* ahout him that is quite ctrming. He was delighted to he hack again, and was not ave showing it. You could see, as he drove along in his cpé, that his glance fell with pleased recognition upon the stets and houses, that he was noting every improvement, ey change. In spite of the years spent ahroad, he is a Frnchman to the heart's core, and an admirahle specimen to bt. If his nephew had a little more of his uncle's go in him, if he were a little more like the old disreputable type of Bourbon, he would have had a hetter chance of the crown. To look at Philippe d'Orleans, with his rather woe-hegone expression of countenance, you might deem him (heing ignorant of who he was) to be a provincial, regular in his attendance at mass on Sunday—a churchwarden, perchance, a king never. M. D'Aumale's face would make the fortune of any heir-apparent. Few men have the sense to take after the most brilliant of their ancestors in feature as he has done. He is the very picture of Henry the Fourth, nose and all. Seeing him drive past, as I said, I could not help thinking of that bold, gallant, reckless Henry of Navarre, who declared "Paris was well worth a mass," who also once drove as a conqueror into the capital he was besieging, and was received, not like an enemy, but with great manifestations of joy, for had he not fed them when they were hungry, not wishing to reduce the garrison by such foul means as famine, but by sheer force of arms? Those loaves of bread did more to endear Henry the Fourth to his people than anything.

Surely his descendant must have been gratified by the reception he got the other day. To see the crowd congregated in front of the institute uncover to a man, and the workmen even throwing up their caps and turning to run after his carriage! Yet he had been extremely anxious not to excite attention to his return, perhaps mistrusting the zeal of his friends, and not taking the possible enthusiasm of the *ouvriers* into his calculation at all. The hour of his departure had been kept a secret, and so carefully that there were not half-a-dozen persons congregated on the platform when the train steamed out of the station. Enough, however, to set the wires at work and to hring a couple of hundred Legitimists and journalists to the Gare du Nord—for nothing, however. Imagine their chagrin when, from a first-class carriage marked *loué*, there descended two gentlemen, hut no duke. "Monseigneur" had got out at Creil, and was then footing it over to Chantilly, and would in an hour's time be eating his dinner with his hrother, De Joinville, at the Maison Carrée, where the prince and princess keep up an estahlishment entirely distinct from that of their millionaire relative, who, as you remember, came in for all the hoarded wealth of the Condés, whose military history he is so busy writing.

However, it was not to risk pot-luck with his relatives that D'Aumale had been so eager to get back to the mother country. His people, who are ever on the move, were always passing through Belgium on their way somewhere or other, and there were plenty of opportunities for family gatherings. The man has different views and tastes to any of his hrothers or nephews. Give the Prince de Joinville a pack of hounds, and he would be happy anywhere he were likely to get a good run. The Duc de Nemours lives a retired life with his daughter, Blanche. The Duc de Montpensier is more than half a Spaniard, and, fortunately—for he is a horn conspirator—confines his attentions principally to Spain. As for the Comte de Paris, he has affairs of his own to attend to, while his hrother, the Duc de Chartres, is content to play second fiddle to his brother, on the one hand, and his wife, on the other. He is the most decided Frenchman of his family, except his uncle, D'Aumale, of whom he is the favorite.

No; the duke's great wish was to get hack to his dear Institute, to find himself once more surrounded by his colleagues of the Académie Française, to he ahle to attend meetings and committees, to spend whole afternoons arguing over a single entry in the great dictionary (which progresses so slowly that hy the time these learned exponents of the French language have reached the letter Z, they will have to hegin all over again), to discuss the merits of the different candidates for the prizes of virtue, and to give his vote at Academic elections every time occasion offers. Daudet, in his "Immortel," describes in a cruelly cynical fashion the petty ambitions, small aims, and circumscrihed interests harbored under the dome of the Institute. And, certainly, we sometimes regret to see men, cut out for better and higher things, allowing themselves to be swamped in a sea of trivialities. But a royal amateur may well find therein occupation and a chance of pleasant social intercourse, from which his position, in a measure, debars him. His colleagues will tell you he is treated on a footing of equality. Nevertheless, I think they do make a difference, and I know they always address him as "Monseigneur." The love of titles is ingrained in human nature. Even Thackeray confessed that he rather liked to be seen talking to a lord. During the Brussels episode, most of the Academicians were at some time or other the guests of the duke in the Chaussée Charleroi, and I have no douht that more than one rhymster or dramatist was not displeased to find himself sitting with his knees beneath the ducal mahogany; the distinction became, as it were, the consecration of talent, something to be thought of with complaisance, like the green coat, with its oak-leaf embroidery, lying in its drawer at home.

You may imagine how delighted the Academicians were to welcome their comrade. His first appearance at the Institute took place under quite festive circumstances. Jules Simon, in spite of his gout, was there to preside, and each one had a pretty little speech ready. They petted and made much of him, decided that he should he the next director (a fresh one is named every quarter), and immediately made him reporter of one of the momentous questions always cropping up. This was all on the cards. As a matter of course, too, the duke was invited to preside at the annual dinner held hy the Amis des Livres—not quite such a dry-as-dust society as its name implies, since the hrilliant Mme. Adam is a memher—and to he present at the monthly meeting of the Society of Bihliophiles. Several ladies of rank have taken up hooks as a hohhy, and there is quite a bevy of fair memhers in this conclave. Fortunately for them, the collecting of rare editions does not necessitate the reading thereof, or perhaps they might he less eager for it; indeed, your thorough-paced hihliophile is particular never to sully the volume he purchases hy the introduction of a paper-knife hetween its immaculate pages.

What we did not expect was to hear even Repuhlicans congratulating themselves on the return of the prodigal, and to find how many fatted calves had heen killed in his honor. Ministers wished each other joy over the happy event, and M. Carnot emerged from his cast-iron impenetrability for the occasion. I do not think the Legitimists are best pleased, if the truth were told. They feel out of it, somehow. Here is their duke hobnobbing with the enemy, declaring he is no politician and will have nothing to do with politics, and so brimming over with the milk of human kindness that he is hail-fellow-well-met with every dirty Republican, ready to treat each one as a man and a brother. The Conservative press could hardly conceal its mortification when it heard that the first thing D'Aumale did on arriving in Paris was to order his coachman to drive to the Elysée. And there, too, it appeared he was expected. Letters had been exchanged between the president and the exile, while the latter was still at Brussels, arranging for the interview, while it was so much in the dark that on the very morning when M. Carnot was expecting his noble visitors, the papers scornfully denied the truth of the report of the visit, declaring that "no son of France could so far demean himself." And there was this degenerate infant so forgetful of his dignity as to come unattended, and with a pleasant smile accept the outstretched hand of Sadi, and thank him warmly for having been the principal instrument of his recall. Nor is it pleasant for the Monarchists to know that there is no love lost between Boulanger and the duke. In their innermost hearts, perhaps, they almost regret that D'Aumale did not stay in his Belgian retreat, if henceforth he and the Republicans are to be like a band of brothers.

PARIS, March 20, 1889. PARISINA.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Douglas Jerrold once made this remark about a man to wbom be had repeatedly written, in vain, for some money. "I have written him," said Jerrold, to an acquaintance, "but got nothing." "Strange," said the other, "for be is a man full of kindness." "Yes," replied Jerrold, "un-remitting kindness."

A male Malaprop is said to bave asked Sidney Smith this question, at a dinner-table: "Aw, Mr. Smith! Do you know in which of his journeys around the world Captain Cook was killed—his first, or his last?" Sidney Smith looked up quickly. "I beheve it was on his first voyage," said he; "but he doesn't seem to have minded it much, for be immediately set out on his second!"

Dean Stanley used to tell this story with relisb: He sent a note to a shoe-maker about a pair of shoes that were making for him, and the writing was so bad that the shoe-maker couldn't make it out. So be returned the note to the dean, with a note of his own, saying that be was "unaccustomed to the chirograpby of the higber classes," and asked for a translation. In telling the story, the dean said he did not propose to be held responsible for the hand-writing of the entire Britisb aristocracy.

One Sunday morning, Mr. Moody, the revivalist, entered a Chicago drug-store, distributing tracts. At the back of the store sat an elderly and distinguished citizen reading a morning newspaper. Mr. Moody approacbed this gentleman and threw one of the temperance tracts upon the paper before him. The old gentleman glanced at the tract, and then, looking up benignantly at Moody, asked: "Are you a reformed drunkard?" "No, sir, I am not!" cried Moody, drawing back, indignantly. "Then why in b—— don't you reform?" quietly asked the old gentleman.

A gentleman in Dublin, speaking of the Irisb, said that nothing ever satisfied them, and that he was willing to prove his words on a wager that if be sbould go to the door and call a cab, no matter what fee be would give, the driver would ask for more. The wager was taken for ten pounds sterling. The gentleman called a cab, drove about a quarter of a mile, stepped out, and handed the driver a ten-shilling gold-piece, the legal fee being one sbilling. Cabby drove off. The gentleman wbo bad taken the wager was exulting in bis triumpb, wben suddenly the driver returned, and, touching bis bat, said: "Please, sir, have ye a durty thre'penny hit about ye? It would be such a pity to break a bright piece of gold like this for a drink!"

A short time ago, the Queen of Italy, in the course of a railway journey, stopped at a certain station, and was met by the mayor and municipal hig-wigs in all the glory of their robes of honor. An elegant luncheon had been provided, hut the royal appetite was uncertain, and the queen requested the obsequious deputation to get her a glass of wine, wbicb was all that she required. This was promptly brought; but while drinking it a drop fell from the glass on to her traveling-dress. She at once sought in ber pocket for a handkerchief to remove the stain, but the worthy mayor, whose daily vocation behind the counter had possibly accustomed him to the purposes for wbicb ladies seek their pockets, misunderstood the motion of the queen's hand. He supposed she was reaching for her purse, and murmured, humbly, hut earnestly: "Ah, no, your majesty. I assure you it is all paid for."

A certain lady in Paris gives periodical dinners, at which assemble most of the best-known wits and *literati* of the day. The rule of the mansion is, that while one person discourses, no interruption wbatever can be permitted. It is said that M. Renan once attended one of these dinners, and, being in excellent vein, talked without a break during the whole repast. Toward the end of the dinner, a guest was heard to commence a sentence; but he was instantly silenced hv the hostess. After they had left the table, however, she at once informed the extinguished individual that, as M. Renan had now finished his conversation, she would gladly hear what he had to say. The guest modestly declined; the bostess insisted. "I am certain it was something of consequence," sbe said. "Alas, madame," he answered, "it was, indeed; but now it is too late! I sbould have liked a little more of that iced-pudding."

Admiral Kimberly was in 1862 Lieutenant Kimberly and the executive officer of the *Hartford*, in which Admiral Farragut ran the enemy's batteries at Grand Gulf, on the Mississippi River, under a terrible fire, which disabled a part of his fleet. Lieutenant Eaton of the signal corps of the army had just before this been ordered aboard the *Hartford*, that communication between the fleet and army might be carried on. When the ship drew up under fire and her own batteries got to work, Lieutenant Kimberly on the gun-deck fought the ship, while Admiral Farragut walked one side of the quarter-deck, and the captain of the ship the other, and poor Eaton made himself as small as possible at the extreme stern, and wished the war were over. But the captain, one of the old school, looking down on the gun-deck as be finished one of his quarter-deck perambulations, saw, to his horror, that a sailor, one of the fighting gun's crews, panic-stricken for the moment, had deserted his gun, and was leaning helplessly against the mast. "Mr. Kimberly! Mr. Kimberly!" exclaimed the captain in a high pitched voice which penetrated above the roar of the artillery, "pray, what is that person doing there?" And be pointed a terrible finger at the sailor. No sooner did Kimberly's eyes light on the object of the captain's inquiry than he sprang furiously on the man, seized bim by the collar, and rusbed him with a violent sbake to his proper position at the gun. Then, turning and facing the quarter-deck, he touchedbis cap with all possible ceremony and reported: "Sir, the person you allude to has returned to his duty."

BANCROFT'S NEW VOLUME.

The History of Arizona and New Mexico.

The monumental work on the history of the Pacific States and Territories of North America on which Hubert Howe Bancroft has been engaged for several years, is advanced one step by the issue of another volume, the twelfth,* which is published to-day. It concerns the history of Arizona and New Mexico from the earliest European discovery and exploration to the present time, or, to be exact, from 1530 to 1888. It may surprise the readers of this series to find that Mr. Bancroft has compressed the history of these two Territories into a single volume, but so much of their history has been treated at length in earlier volumes that the author now finds it necessary only to recapitulate briefly many important events, referring the reader to the fuller accounts in their proper volumes. Then, too, the development and social life of Arizona and New Mexico resemble the same features in the history of other States and Territories to a great extent, and neither has yet settled down to the staid existence of statehood, so that for these reasons Mr. Bancroft has not deemed the minute particularity of statement, which has hitherto been a distinguishing feature of his books, necessary or advisable in this portion of his work.

The opening chapters treat of the two Territories in common, dealing with the period of discovery and early exploration by the Spaniards. The legends of the Seven Cities of Cibola which were current in Mexico and Spain in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were the moving cause of exploration to the north of Mexico, and the wild tales brought in by occasional wanderers, who told of a wonderful civilization and fabulous wealth in gold and precious stones, were well calculated to draw the soldier to this undiscovered country in search of wealth and power and the priest in pursuit of his calling of the cure of souls. It is to one of these latter, indeed, Fray Marcos of Nice, and to a negro, that Mr. Bancroft assigns the honor of being the first exponents of European civilization to enter this country. With a few native servants and soldiers they penetrated across the northern boundary of the present Mexico, at about the middle of Arizona, and seeing from afar the many-storied dwellings of the Pueblo Indians, magnified them into great cities of lofty buildings. This was in 1539, and there was much talk and little action thereafter for a year; but in April, 1540, Francisco Vasquez de Coronado set out at the head of a considerable army, and traveled up as far as Zuñi, in New Mexico, where he established a basis of operations and thence explored much of the surrounding country, finding the pueblo towns very much as they are to-day and subjecting their inhabitants to Spanish rule or death. He spent two winters here, and was then ordered back to Mexico, and the Indians returned to their previous condition.

For nearly forty years there was no notable expedition, though the prospect of great treasure to be taken from the natives or of great wealth and honor from the Spanish king in return for discovering the Northern Mystery—a Spanish form of the North-west Passage idea—led to many sporadic endeavors to penetrate to the promised land. But in 1595, Don Juan de Oñate headed an army which surpassed all predecessors in its achievements in the extent of territory conquered and explored. The fact that Mexico and the land lying to the north were not in some way connected with Asia had not yet been thought of, and, as Mr. Bancroft points out, the thoughts and feelings of those adventurers into an absolutely unknown country are almost incomprehensible to us, to whom at least the external shape and the larger physical features of even Africa, our *terra incognita*, have been made familiar by our school-day tasks. Oñate and his captains completed their conquests of Arizona and New Mexico by the capture of Acoma early in 1599, and for eighty years missions and garrisons held the Indians in subjection, though subject to frequent raids by the Apaches and other tribes beyond the scope of their power. Mr. Bancroft, by the way, settles the date of the founding of Santa Fé, not in 1598, as has been the accepted idea hitherto, but between 1605 and 1616. The condition of the conquerors and conquered at the end of those eight decades is well shown in this extract. The historian is speaking of the Indians in 1680:

> The pueblo communities were now to rid themselves for a time of their Spanish masters, whom they regarded as tyrants. Past effort to shake off their fetters had only shown how tightly they were riveted. They were required to render implicit obedience, and to pay heavy tribute of pueblo products and personal service. Their complaints, however, in this direction are not definitely known. The Spaniards in their later gathering of testimony ignored this element of secular oppression, if, as can hardly be doubted, it existed, and represented the revolt to be founded exclusively, as it was indeed largely, on religious grounds. The New Mexicans seem to have been more strongly attached than most American tribes to their aboriginal faith, and they had secretly continued, so far as possible, the practice of the old forms of worship. The friars had worked zealously to stamp out every vestige of the native rites; and the authorities had enforced the strictest compliance with Christian regulations, not hesitating to punish the slightest neglect, unbelief, relapse into paganism, so-called witchcraft, or chafing under missionary rule with flogging, imprisonment, slavery, or even death. During the past thirty years, large numbers of natives had been hanged for alleged sorcery, or communion with the devil, though generally accused also of projected rebellion or plotting with the Apaches. The influence of the native old men, or priests—sorcerers, the Spaniards called them—was still potent; the very superiority of the pueblo organization gave the patriotic conspirators an advantage; past failures had taught caution; and so skillfully was the movement managed that the premature outbreak, a few days before the time agreed upon, was hardly less successful and deadly than would have been the revolt as planned.

The outbreak came in August, 1680, and brought a decade of freedom; and it took Don Diego de Vargas and his successors as governor eight long years to win back the lost territory. From that time, for a full century, until, indeed, the end of Spanish rule in 1822, the history of the two Territories is comparatively uneventful, though Mr. Bancroft sets forth a vast variety of curious and interesting incidents of mission affairs, political intrigues, and warfare against the Navajos, the Comanches, the Moquis, and the Apaches.

With the opening of the nineteenth century came the first signs of advance from the American side. The Louisiana purchase in 1803 gave the United States all France's right to the territory west of the Mississippi, and then began disputes with Spain as to boundaries. Traders from St. Louis and Louisiana began to appear in the New Mexican territory, and presently the Federal Government sent out Lieutenant Zebulon M. Pike—for whom Pike's Peak was named—to establish friendly relations with the Indians in this newly-acquired region. His expedition covered pretty much all the country between the Yellowstone Park and Santa Fé, and, in the latter city, the capital, he was well received by the Spanish authorities, though no transactions of importance occurred. But Pike published a book, on his return to the United States, which led many traders to enter the new country; and this influx continued and increased under the rule of Iturbide, which the New Mexicans had accepted with perfect enthusiasm. After a careful estimate of the population and social and material progress in this country up to the year 1845, Mr. Bancroft turns his attention to Pimeria Alta and the Moqui Province from 1543 to 1767, and to Pimeria Alta, or Arizona, from 1768 to 1845, two chapters which resemble the preceding ones in their general features.

The second half of the book, beginning with the seventeenth chapter, treats of the American acquisition and administration. The territory was secured to us by the Mexican War and by the Gadsden Purchase, in 1853; and since that time, the history of the two Territories has been full of tragic incidents from the Indian wars and the Confederate invasion of New Mexico in the civil war. We regret that we have not space to repeat here some of Mr. Bancroft's vivid accounts of moving adventures by flood and field; there are many incidents here which read almost like romances.

Of political history there is little to record, beyond the succession of territorial officials and the quarrels of local politicians, and Mr. Bancroft consequently devotes all the more space to a review of the present material and social condition of the country. It may be as well just here to reproduce Mr. Bancroft's opinion of the Mormon settlers, who put in an appearance ten or twelve years ago:

> The Mormons have always been regarded as among the best of Arizona settlers, being quiet, industrious, and economical in their habits, and not disposed to intrude their religious peculiarities. As a rule, polygamy has not been practiced, though there are many exceptions. Their neat adobe houses, orchards, gardens, and well-tilled fields form veritable oases in the desert. Their lands are held by the community, work and trade are carried on for the most part on the cooperative plan, and they even live in community houses, eating at a common table, though each family has its separate rooms. It has been their aim to produce all that they eat and wear, sugar-cane and cotton being among their crops. Notwithstanding their community system, much freedom is conceded to individuals, who may in most respects live as they please and mingle freely with the Gentiles. Less despised and persecuted than in Utah, they are naturally less clannish, peculiar, and exclusive. In politics they are nominally Democratic, but often divide their vote on local issues, or put their united vote where it will do most good for their own interests. As a rule, they are prosperous, but not yet wealthy farmers. Polygamy has led them into trouble, as it has others of their faith, and, in 1884–5, several of their prominent members have been sent to prison.

The three concluding chapters are on "Indian and Military Affairs" from 1864 to 1887, "Industries and Institutions" in the same period, and "Counties and Towns of New Mexico" at the present time. We regret that we cannot give even a brief smattering of the great amount of invaluable statistical information which Mr. Bancroft has here arranged and digested into useful form; suffice it to say that he has made a careful study of the mining, stock-raising, and other industries, the transportation and communication facilities, the educational and religious institutions, and the physical characteristics and productive possibilities of all the varied districts of this great country, which, although it is as yet almost wholly undeveloped, already takes high rank among the producing regions of the Union. The book is provided with several reproductions of old maps and a folding map of the present Territories, and with a complete index.

* History of the Pacific States of North America. By Hubert Howe Bancroft. Volume XII. Arizona and New Mexico, 1530–1888. San Francisco: The History Company. 1888. pp. xxxviii, 829.

OLD FAVORITES.

Anonyma.

HER CONFESSION.

If I had been a rich man's girl,
With my tawny hair, and this wanton art
Of lifting my eyes in the evening whirl
And looking into another's heart;
Had love been mine at birth, and friends
Caressing and guarding me night and day,
With doctors to watch my finger-ends,
And a parson to teach me how to pray;

If I had been reared as others have—
With but a tithe of these looks, which came
From my reckless mother, now in her grave,
And the father who grudged me even his name—
Why, I should have station and tender care,
Should ruin men in the high-bred way,
Passionless, smiling at their despair,
And marrying where my vantage lay.

As it is, I must have love and dress,
Jeweled trinkets, and costly food,
For I was born for plenteousness,
Music and flowers, and all things good.
To that same father I owe some thanks,
Seeing, at least, that blood will tell,
And keep me ever above the ranks
Of those who wallow where they fell.

True, there are weary, weary days
In the great hotel where I make my lair,
Where I meet the men with their brutal praise,
Or answer the women, stare for stare.
'Tis an even fight, and I'll carry it through—
Pit them against me, great and small;
I grant no quarter, nor would I sue
For grace to the softest of them all.

I can not remember half the men
Whose sin has tangled them in my toils—
All are alike before me then,
Part of my easily conquered spoils:
Tall or short, and dark or fair,
Rich or famous, haughty or fond,
There are few, I find, who will not forswear
The lover's oath and the wedding bond.

Fools! what is it that drives them on
With their perjured lips on poison fed;
Vain of themselves, and cruel as stone,
How should they be so cheaply led?
Surely they know me as I am—
Only a cuckoo, at the best,
Watching, careless of hate and shame,
To crouch myself in another's nest.

But the women—how they flutter and flout,
The stupid, terribly virtuous wives,
If I but chance to move about
Or enter within their bustling hives!
Buz! buz! in the scandalous gatherings,
When a strange queen lights amid their throng,
And their tongues have a thousand angry stings
To send her traveling, right or wrong.

Well, the earth is wide and open to all,
And money and men are everywhere,
And, as I roam, 'twill ill befall
If I do not gain my lawful share:
One drops off, but another will come
With as light a head and heavy a purse;
So long as I have the world for a home,
I'll take my fortune, better or worse!

—*Edmund Clarence Stedman.*

Lais.

Is the flame but of shame that dances and dies
In the pleading deeps of thy childish eyes?—
Are the serpents of sin but asleep in the lair
Thou hast twined for them here in thy radiant hair?—
Is it blood of thy victims that ripples and drips
Through roses of ruin, to laugh on thy lips?
What strange, sweet presence of evil is thine,
Thus dainty and deadly, oh, sister of mine?

While our virtues but reign among virtues dethroned,
And the rod forborne, and the crime condoned,
And the sin, and the tear, and the rain, and the flowers
But make up the sum of this being of ours,
What terrors have seized thee—what ills beyond prayer
Oh, Priestess of Sorrow, of raiment so rare—
That naught may atone for this sweet sin of thine,
Though bitter the penance be, sister of mine?

Thou wert artless through storms of hot pulses to shun,
Where Love and her sister embraced and were one,
And the woman of Thessaly, casting her stone,
Wears the scorn of thy guilt as a screen for her own;
Yet thy kiss-betrayed womanhood shameth its foe
In the crust thou hast shared with the sister in woe—
In the pearls of sweet pity and patience that shine
Through the wreck of thy purity, sister of mine.

Lo, a bud may be bruised, yet the spring is not done,
And the day does not die for a spot on the sun,
And the penitent prayer and the chastening tear
Are but frozen to hate by the ceaseless sneer!
Oh! the pity of wine into hemlock turned,
And of ill that is born when the good is spurned,
For the deeps of my being are mirrored in thine,
Thou art near to me, kin to me, sister of mine.

—*Sidney Fairfax.*

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

De Garry—"I hear old Lordly is being sued for divorce." *Bjone* "Actress or type-writer?"—*Judge.*

"You look so much like your brother," said Dennis to Phelim, "I could tell yez was brothers if I'd never seen aither av yez."—*Life.*

Miss Wabash—"How delightfully your sister plays?" *Miss We* —"Why, my dear, that's the man in the back parlor tuning the piar —*Life.*

First little girl—"Do you live in a flat? I thought they didn't t children in flats. How did you get in?" *Second little girl*—"I borned in!"—*Puck.*

Hildred—"Oh, no, mamma; he can't be an actor." *Mamm* "But he is, my dear." *Hildred*—"He can't be, I'm sure. He's li with his first wife."—*Life.*

Miss Reeder—"You should read Dr. Weir Mitchell's last sto the scene is laid in the lumber regions." *Dr. Schmerz*—"Ah, I see the small-of-the-back-woods, you mean."—*Puck.*

Wife—"My new bonnet came home this afternoon, Charlie; w you take me to see Mrs. Baker to-night?" *Husband*—"Do you w to see Mrs. Baker, or do you want her to see you?"—*Time.*

George—"Won't you be mine, dear?" *Clara*—"I think I sh have to be hard pressed, indeed, to take you." *George* (equal to emergency)—"Oh, if that's all, here goes."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

"Eli," asked Mrs. Potts, "what is it that every woman wants an man ever owns?" Instead of dutifully giving it up and giving h chance to say "a husband," the wretch merely answered, "the ea —*Terre Haute Express.*

Miss Candidde—"No, I can't say I like your bonnet. It is too b it seems to me." *Mrs. Malaprop*—"No, it isn't handsome, is it? my son-in-law is in Vienna and he has promised to send me some lo Austrich feathers."—*Town Topics.*

"Maria, do you remember that fine dinner you got up all by you on the day I asked you to be mine?" "Yes, indeed, George!" "Ev thing was splendid." "I am sure it was." "Ah, I wish your mo was living with us now, Maria!"—*Puck.*

Bridget—"Sure, now, yez don't mane ter say yer livin' in a fa phere there ain't no cat. Who kin ye blame things on?" *Ann*—" childer'." "Oh, it's foolin' ye are!" "They aren't her own chil they're the master's."—*New York Weekly.*

"We don't have dinner in the middle of the day at our boar house any more." "You have lunch, I suppose?" "No, lunche "Well, that's the same thing." "Oh, no, it isn't! Lunch is a dinner, and luncheon is a light lunch."—*Puck.*

"Hello, Brown! I hear you have a new type-writer; is she g looking?" "Good-looking! Why, man, no; my wife selected "Why, how did she come to select her?" "Well, you see, my was a type-writer herself before I married her."—*Life.*

His lordship—"Yes, this is a really wonderful country; but you no ruins or deserted cities, as we have, on the other side." *Mr. B awake*—"Well, I don't know about the ruins, but if you want to genuine deserted city, why you just take a trip to Indianapolis."—

Weary Raggles (as the Black Maria speeds to the boat-landi "Soy, Guffey, what mad' ye give der name Maguinness in tom marnin'?" *Ten-dollar Guffy*—"Whisht! would yez be afther h me get six months exthry for disgracin' the judge's family name *Puck.*

Jones (who is canvassing the borough)—"Oh, what a *very* char baby! I've *always* taken *such* an interest in very young children. how old is it?" *Elector's wife* (with pride)—"Only just fou weeks, sir!" *Jones*—"Really! Er—and is it your *youngest* *Punch.*

Stranger—"Zum Donnerwetter, now you have cut my chin a se time! If you can't shave better than that you will lose all your cu ers pretty quick." *Barber's apprentice*—"Not at all! I am allowed to shave the regular customers yet, I only shave strangers *London Tit-Bits.*

Mrs. Reilly—(1) Certainly. If you have not chairs enough t commodate the guests at the wake, borrow some from the neigh (2) It is usual to provide pipes for the guests on such occasions Yes, allow those who are unable to return home to sleep in the with the goat.—*America.*

British tourist (in Park Row restaurant)—"Waitah, you may me oystah-cwabs dipped in oil, terwapin wagout, Swiss bwead pint of yellow label!" *The waiter* (with an excess of venerati "Say, Jimmy, tell der Speelers ter strike up 'God Save d' Queen. Prince 'f Wales is came!"—*Puck.*

Merchant's wife (suddenly appearing in her husband's off "Ha! I thought you said your type-writer girl was an old m *Merchant* (much confused)—"Um—er, yes, m'dear, of coun course; but she is sick to-day, and she sent her little granddaugh a substitute."—*Philadelphia Record.*

De Budge (looking over the family album)—"Who's this old g man in uniform?" *Miss Bendix*—"That's old Grandpa Bendix failed to leave us a lot of money we expected." *De Budge*—"I die intestate?" *Miss Bendix*—"Oh, no; somewhere down nea bright, New Jersey, I believe."—*Judge.*

Stanley (raising his hat)—"Emin Bey, I presume?" *Emin* "Yes, sir; is there anything I can do for you?" *Stanley*—"I have to rescue you." *Emin Bey* (compassionately)—"Thanks, my good thanks." (To native)—"Umslopogaas, take the poor fellow o give him a square meal."—*Chicago News.*

They were passing under the elevated railroad, and the din ove was almost deafening. "This bustle makes my head ache," she "Probably," observed he, "if you were to wear a smaller on "Sir!" she indignantly cried, "I mean the noise confuses me. beg your pardon," stammered he.—*Time.*

Mr. Freshington (confident amateur)—"Well, Miss Peachblow did you like it?" *Miss Penelope Peachblow*—"You made u played your part beautifully. But you must be tired of hearing t know when I acted like a driveling idiot, last winter, everybody up to compliment me until I was bored to death."—*Life.*

Street-car driver—"Me and that off horse has been working f company for twelve years now." *Passenger*—"That so? The pany must think a great deal of you both." "Wall, I dunno week the two of us was taken sick, and they got a doctor for the and docked me. Gid-up there now, Betsey!"—*New York Trib.*

"Elijah!" "Yes, sir!" "The country has apparently heard appointment of the great Irish patriot, Mr. Patrick Egan, to the C mission." "Yes, sir; it has, indeed." "It will be a long time, before Grover Cleveland can distance us, if he did attend the las versary meeting of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, I flatter mys *Puck.*

"Is it true, Angelina," said a young lady addressing an acquai "that there has been a rupture between you and Clarence De Joh "It is quite true." "Gracious! What was the cause?" "I addicted to the use of slang." "Oh!" "Yes, I begged him to tinue the habit, but he persisted in it." "And the result?" sult is, he is in the soup."—*Boston Courier.*

Mrs. de Temper (looking up from the paper)—"Well, I d Another woman, single-handed, has captured a burglar. I shoul she would have been killed by the brute; but the paper says the n she grabbed a poker and made a dash for him, his knees tremb his teeth shook, and he sank to the floor in affright." *Mr. de T* —"He is probably a married man."—*New York Weekly.*

IN A FLAT.

"Iris" describes the Three Classes who Live in Apartment-Houses.

There are three kinds of flats. First, there are the flats on e corners of fashionable avenues, ponderously magnificent ildings, with pale-colored sash-curtains, jagged palms, large vres vases, and pretty, delicate, hored faces at the lower win-ws; stair-rails of polished hrass, uniformed janitors, and rven dragons writhing outward from the rough stones of the rners. The stiffness, as of all Britain condensed, spreads extra film of elegance over life in these refined and silent rlieus. The sumptuous lady from the first floor, who, with stling draperies, furs, heads, silver-mounted card-case, and led, petulant face, steps daintily from the wide door to her iting carriage, does not know the sumptuous lady from the cond floor, who happens, at the same moment, to be stepping intily from her carriage to the door. Their hushands, splen-d to correspond, exchange gruff greetings as they wait on e steps from those trim, light, little broughams, luxurious, tin-lined, smelling of Turkish cigarettes, in which they spin wn-town toward midday. The children make no friend-ips over ball and dolls, even the nurses are not garrulously imate—for these are first-class flats, most elegant and gen-el.

The second-class flats crowd eacb other on those long eets which stretch out about the park. They resemble the st-class ones, save that the husbands go down-town earlier, d the lodgers how their crested beads and tame their hearts fire to the extent of admitting eacb other to a distant, bow-acquaintance. It never, of course, ripens into a friend-ip, and, in its most advanced stages, rarely gets beyond a ill handshake. For the second-class flats emulate the ughty reserve of the first-class flats, and dread being brack-d with the tbird-class flats, whose inferiority is conclusively oved hy the fact that every one in the building is on terms close, if not tender, intimacy with every one else. The ment the lodgers in a flat establisb friendly relations, they k to the third class. When No. 11 visits No. 13, the foun-tions have begun to settle. Wben No. 15 borrows a pre-ving-kettle from No. 17, tben the crasb has fairly come, d, unless a miracle intervenes, the whole building is con-mned to third-classdom.

The third-class flat is on the west side of town, a long, high ilding, from whose upper windows you can see a piece of river, a slice of tbe Palisades' sheer fall, bluisb witb dis-ice, a few boats dropping lazily down witb tbe tide, a glimpse woods and bare, smootb bills, purple in tbe faint light, and ar, of still evenings above tbe hum of the city, tbe tbrob-ng of the *Mary Powell's* paddles througb tbe dusk. The ighborhood is unfamiliar and unfashionable. The building, spite its bigh-sounding name—the Exeter—migbt be charac-ized by the first-class flatters, in their lofty and imperious rn, as a tenement-house. It is large, clean, and brigbt, ch its front broken by a series of bulging bay-windows, in ich the various inmates take pleasure in exhibiting tbeir taste window-gardens and sasb-curtains. A byacinth, just blos-ning in a glass vase, is set in one window beside a pile of nding, over wbich bends an earnest feminine profile; a strag-ng geranium spreads its fragile leaves on a ledge high up der the roof. Wandering Jew, in a battered tin-can, is put tside on the sill to absorb tbe morning sun, and pendulates the faint breeze, casting moving shadows on the bricks, and a lower window, a crocus, in a marmalade-jar, breaks into ld above the damp earth. The taste in sash-curtains is as ried. Mrs. Hicks bas thin, pink-silk ones, Mrs. Brown, ite-spotted muslin, witb a fringe of wbite-cotton tassels. e Grant girls ahove, who have vague artistic yearnings, have le yellow-and-green Madras banging from rods; Miss Jess-y, who is a real artist, paints for her living, and knows all ds of wonderful, clever people, bas none at all, and Miss iley has pongee, upon whicb sbe has herself executed some signs, valuable in the future as illustrating the first savage ges of decorative art.

There are twenty-four apartments in tbe Exeter, and four ge entrances. In the back there are a series of paved yards which the weekly wash of the twenty-four families rides tbe ssing breezes. Miss Jessamy's wash alone is "sent out," being understood that tbe artistic instinct whicb animates ss Jessamy revolts at sucb unseemly publicity. On the ges of tbe back windows lie neat rolls of marketing done in brown paper, bunches of greens, radisbes, crisp lettuce, oup vegetahles," and glass milk-bottles pusbed against cooling stone. When tbe sun comes round the corner of Exeter, up go tbe back windows all down the block, and come the domestics' various beads, and hrawny arms are etched to pusb the milk-bottles further in the shade, and her up the wilting greens. Sometimes one of the most quettish of the Bridgets, spying a friendly ice-man or hutcher ong the undulating weekly linen, leans out of the window her red arms and challenges him witb a rattling fire of ticisms, to which be retorts witb such a wealth of adulation t the milk-bottles are forgotten, and Bridget herself soon ps off gorged witb compliments.

Apropos of the milk-hottles, they nearly caused a tragedy in third section of the Exeter. Mrs. Hicks, who lived on the d floor, said that Mrs. Bailey, who lived on the second, d to pull up the dumh-waiter with Mrs. Hicks's milk-bottles it, skim off the cream, screw on tbe tops, and send them vn again. As may he imagined, Mrs. Hicks was displeased. e day she came down-stairs to come to an understanding h Mrs. Bailey, and it took all tbe eloquence of all the gers in the third section to stay her red, right hand.

Despite this slight strain in the relations of the third section, air of genteel intimacy pervades that portion of the Exeter. e Browns were generally supposed to be "the hest people" bis part of tbe building, partly by reason of their charms manner and appearance, partly by reason of the fact that y occupied the middle flat, which is the choice spot of the eter, for you can not only bear all the remarks from above, all tbose from helow, faithfully transmitted through the well. The Browns were a young married couple witb a hahy. They were fond of society, and their tiny soare room, with a window on the well, was constantly occupied, the stranger heing lulled to his first sleep hy murmured confidences from the *rez de chaussée* and heneath the roof. Ahove the Browns were the Grant girls, with the artistic leanings. They played on the guitar and the piano all day, with occasional short intervals in which to wash the week's accumulation of dishes. In the evening, chaperoned hy a hrother, they entertained numerous young men, who came tramping up the stairs with a tread-like armèd thousands and numerous as the flocks of goats upon Mount Gilead, and to see whom would Mrs. Brown steal out into the hall and apply her eye to the crack of the door.

Below, were the family of Tompkins, six strong. It was generally stated in the third section that the Tompkins were only accommodated in No. 11 by a rigid system of "folding-heds." It was certainly surprising to see the numher of people No. 11 disgorged every morning. When the fifth—a girl—came running out at half-past eight o'clock, her jacket loose and flapping, a piece of toast in ber hand, one expected to see No. 11 collapse like a punctured balloon.

Opposite No. 11, opening on the same landing, was Miss Jessamy's flat, No. 12. Miss Jessamy was not quite understood or appreciated in the Exeter. She was the prophet in his own country, for her fellow-lodgers among themselves alluded to ber work as "rather smeary." Miss Jessamy's soul, however, rose above these criticisms. *She* bad the artistic temperament. How pretty ber apartment was, and bow pretty she was in it! Tbe sitting-room was dimly lit, and at nigbt she permitted only a lamp or two and a few wax candles. By day, tbe blinds were half-drawn, and in the sbadowy light pictures by the artist glimmered from the walls. Tbis one on the easel was berself—a full face in a black-velvet dress, with a collar of yellow, knotted lace. Yes, she had painted it with a glass, she assented, with an air of soft deprecation, sitting in a low cbair under a palm, her hands clasped round her knee. She rather affected attitudes, and sbe always sat in this cbair, under tbe palm, with tbe ligbt falling in little streaks between tbe palm spikes on her fair, light hair. She wore a dress of bright, grass-green silk, like Queen Guinevere in tbe days of her courting, witb a lace frill, yellow as old wax, turned back from ber throat. There was an old mother in No. 12, wbo used to come purring about, pressing you back into comfortable chairs whenever you rose, and one bas even a faint, hlurred recollection of a grandmother, or some very aged person, who was a mere tumbled mass in an arm-chair, witb a face and a cap somewhere in the middle of black merino cbaos, and an old, palsied, gnarled hand held out in wavering welcome. But Miss Jessamy was so vivid in ber green dress one noticed little else.

Sbe was one of tbe most consistently picturesque of people. Her little bedroom breatbed of ber. You raised a portière and you were tbere. Such a cold, demure, quiet little room, unadorned as the cell of an ancborite, small as the cabin of a ship. It was so tiny, and silent, and wbite, it migbt bave been tbe nest of tbe gauze-clad fairy wbo perches on the top of Christmas-trees. Tbere was a bard little bed, and a stony little pillow, a valance, painted in drowsy poppy-heads and bending, furry buds, falling to the floor, two white cbairs, witb stiff backs, a dressing-table, severely plain, Henner's "Weeping Nymph" on tbe wall, and in tbe midst, a brigbt-green streak among all the cbilly whiteness, Miss Jessamy, bolding hack tbe portière in an attitude of early Englisb languor.

Notwithstanding the differences in their point of view, a close intimacy existed between Miss Jessamy and the other lodgers in tbe third section. In fact, every one in the Exeter was more or less intimate witb every one else. They were forced into it. It could not be belped, for the transmitting powers of the well put the lodgers so thoroughly *en rapport* with eacb otber's affairs, that the most rabid curiosity was bound to be satisfied, the family skeletons made to desert their closets and air their bones in the garisb light of day. In the second place, the most determinedly reserved persons were in time possessed by tbe fever to borrow, whicb raged in the Exeter. Charles Lamb had a foretaste of life in an apartment-house when he said that all bumanity was divided into horrowers and lenders. Nothing was too sacred to be horrowed. The bones of the saints would have changed hands there. The closer the terms of intimacy, tbe more liable one was to have the most cherisbed relics requested as a loan. The two Grant girls were so friendly with Mrs. Brown that they constantly borrowed the baby, and used to return her in an bour or two, witb ber bair curled with sugar and water into the stiffness of pine shavings. Mrs. Brown horrowed the Grant girls' sewing-machine in return, and, as the baby was of more value than the sewing-machine, the Grant girls evened the score by carrying the latter up and down the stairs. The horrowing of kitchen utensils was so common that it was scarcely noticed, and shoes and gloves, when they fitted, were perpetually in circulation.

There was one particular thing—a bead cape—wbich had been loaned about for such a long time that its original owner was quite forgotten. Certain families had the sole right to it on certain days. The Grants had it on Mondays and Tuesdays, Mrs. Brown on Wednesdays, Mrs. Bailey Thursdays, and so on. When Mrs. Hicks arrived, she spoke for it on Sundays, its only disengaged day. The most emphatic sign of the feud existing between Mrs. Bailey and Mrs. Hicks was that tbey never horrowed of each other. This sbowed a much deadlier enmity than that evinced by not speaking. Not to be borrowed from in the Exeter was to be a social pariah of the blackest type. When Mrs. Hicks refused to solicitate a potato-masber of Mrs. Bailey, she threw down her gage before the eyes of the united Exeter. It was to satisfy Mrs. Hicks's proud, unhending spirit, and find the owner of the bead cape, wbo perchance migbt bave been Mrs. Bailey, that the discovery was made that the original possessor of that venerated relic bad faded into tbe limbo of the forgotten.

On summer evenings, after a long, hot day, the Exeter was husbed and darkened with the coming of tbe dusk. This was the hour wben the wearied bread-winners wbo crowded its twenty-four narrow apartments rested silently after the heat and hurden of the day. There were few lamps lit, all the windows were opened, the filmy sash curtains gently swelled out and in, and even wandering breezes came down the well in cool, intermittent waves. The street outside was full of light and sound, the scraping of tired feet on the flags, shrill laugbter, hroken ends of sentences, all fused with the dull rumhle of the distant avenue. There was a saloon opposite, and a "Summer Garden," where green tables and henches were spread heneath a vined trellis, and the feasters looking up could see the scalloped grape-leaves printed on the night sky. When the wind passed over the leaves they stirred with a cool, uncertain noise, and the stars peeped through the interstices between their dark wavering edges. In the evening, people collected here, ligbts glimmered through the vines, laughter and the clinking of convivial glasses drifted over to the Exeter, accompanied by an undercurrent of drowsy oatbs from tbe saloon. From the upper story, where the lodgers leaned out of the windows on their folded arms, the river was faintly visible, stabhed with quivering lights from tbe sbore and the ancbored ships.

On such evenings the Exeter went to hed early. In the intense stillness one could hear tbe wearied exclamations from ahove and below, transmitted with startling distinctness tbrougb the well. To the sleepy guest, lying on cooled pillows, with outspread arms and drowsy eyes, just open a crack to watcb the undulating mists of the moving curtains, the bosom secrets of tbe Exeter were artlessly revealed. This was the hour wben the Grant girls and their brother, baving no visitors, would open tbeir windows to the feeblest breezes, and play and sing to guitar and piano. One knew from past experience that they sat about in comfortable dishabille, with their bair loose, strumming on the guitar witb languid fingers. Tbe lamp, under its lace shade and falling fringe of gold silk, was lit in the alcove, a bowl of ginger-beer, filled with cracked ice, stood on tbe tahle, and a hox of rifled candy on tbe corner of the piano. That was the way it usually was. To the guest in Mrs. Brown's spare hedroom their singing sounded dreamy, delicate, delicious. When they stopped, you could hear the men swearing from the saloon on the corner. Then, a few chords on the piano, and Blancbe, the eldest, broke out into "The Flower and the Seer":

> "I will discover, when night is over,
> Whether thy love loves thee or no,
> Whether thy love loves thee or no."

She had a pretty voice, and it sounded soft and sweet tbrougb the well. In tbe faint, light air the melody was swept outward into the darkness, and the men stopped swearing at the saloon. Then, witb a broken tingling of smitten strings, sbe stopped and said, briskly:

"It's your turn, Milly, to wasb the dishes to-morrow."

"I know it," listlessly striking random chords; "but I'm not going to."

"You can turn the plates over, and eat off the otber side," tbe brother's voice suggested—be must have been on the sofa in the alcove, for his voice sounded far away; "try the 'Lips of My Pepita,' Blanche."

Faint, but exquisitely distinct, rose the thin, vibrant strains of a plaintive prelude, then:

> "Oh, the mouth of my Pepita,
> It is sweeter than the wine,
> And her lips they are like roses,
> But they never can be mine."

Sang Blancbe in a tender, melancholy minor to a tremulous accompaniment, like the rippling of water, and her voice seemed to grow fainter, and softer, and more distant—or was it tbat one grew sleepier and sleepier, until—Rattle, bang, crasb! Tbere are tbe Tompkins returning from the picnic to Coney Island, and all trying to open tbe door at once.

There was a grumbling of voices and the trying of several latcb-keys, then the door gave with a sudden shock, and they came in wearily dragging tbeir tired feet on tbe hoards. You could bear the crackling of the wicker-cbair as Tompkins *mère* fell beavily into it. At first, they rested in silence, then some one creaked up tbe hallway to the kitchen, a door hanged, a voice cried:

"Where did you say—in the sideboard?"

Then the banging of more doors, several steps in the kitcben, and the voice of the eldest son was heard saying, irritably:

"Why on earth don't you keep it on the ice?"

They all came hack into the sitting-room, and Tompkins *mère* said, with some asperity:

"You've either got to spread a newspaper under it or take off the clotb!"

And then came a pop, two pops, and the clinking of glasses. Talk welled up again. There were good-nights, more steps in the passage, and the girls' voices grew suddenly clear and distinct, as they entered their own room, with its window opening on the well. They talked over the day with some vivacity.

"What astounding vitality," thinks the guest in Mrs. Brown's spare room; "bow I wish they would go to sleep."

But the Tompkins chatter on over the pleasures of their day. Their footsteps turn from the definite, sharp sound made by boots to the soft, muffled fall of stocking feet.

"How full of sand my shoes are—see!" says one.

"Just look at the way the salt water took the color out of that."

"Oh, isn't that a pity!"

"Did you notice the girl in the lilac dress—lilac lawn with a lace scarf? She was with the man with the black mustache—and—the—soft—hat—who—you—heard—say——" but the voice has grown faint, weak, lost its edge, and melted into a soft and soothing silence. One wakes the next morning trying to remember wbat it was the man with the black mustache said.

IRIS.

APRIL 12, 1889.

London bas an electric omnibus. It can carry twelve people, and it is said that it can be guided with accuracy and ease by any man with intelligence enough to drive horses.

JOE, JUNIOR.

An Unfinished Idyl.

A quarter of a century had passed in pastoral calm since Señor José Manuel had ventured to add to his possessions in American real-estate a piece of movable and moving property—an American wife. This was a wise act on the part of the slow-voiced, slow-paced señor, if there was to be any propelling done in his life. The bride, a recent importation from the banks of the Wabash, was comely and energetic, and, without doubt, Señor José and heaven had agreed in the choice. There might have been an early break in marital harmony had not the tall, grave señor promptly surrendered. While Mrs. Manuel deferred to her husband in unimportant matters, on one point she was firm—she would not address him as "Ho-say," affirming that such a deduction from J-o-s-e was a scandalous sin against the alphabet. She probably thought the pronunciation must conceal a papal germ. "Now, there's 'hoosier,'" she explained, in defense of her stand; "I'm proud of that word—it's honest in its spellin'; but there's no excuse for 'Ho-say.' I'll call you Hosea," she continued, cheerfully, "it's a good old Bible name—or Joe—just as you like."

And the señor chose the plebeian rather than the scriptural horn of the dilemma.

The years had brought prosperity to the mountain home, and had trained to manhood Joe, Junior, of whom it now becomes a duty to speak.

He had the dark development of his father, the nervous energy of his mother. His voice—seldom used—was musical with the slow softness of the South. He was not poor—as to ocherous acres he was a Cleon of the county; he was not illiterate—he had attended school faithfully in a neighboring sea-port town, and his lonely mountain life had been cheered by many a classic in history, poetry, and romance. And he could play among strings like an Orpheus. Black eyes, now smoldering, now blazing under heavy brows, gave to him an air of melancholy. The halves of his nature—Spain and Indiana—met in a jagged, painful way. He had Southern fervor with Northern lack of expression; he had the port of a distinguished foreigner with the awkwardness of the veriest provincial. Alas for his incompleteness!

From a fog-soaked city, away to the north, Miss Thornton had come to enjoy the luscious air of a southern county, to adorn Mr. Manuel's spare room, to teach the eight pupils of Aldebaran District—and to break Joe's heart.

Four months of balm and novelty had come and gone ere the unsuspecting young woman discovered that Joe, the stoical Joe, had fallen in love with her. It was incredible! It must be a dreadful dream! So Miss Thornton reasoned, in the confusion and pain of the discovery. Joe had been very kind in a solemn, stately way—oh, yes, very, very kind, she admitted, with remorse. He had made a special trip to the sea-port town to buy for her leisure a gorgeous hammock, he had hung it in a picturesque nook, and to her profuse thanks had said simply, "I have done myself a pleasure."

And Miss Thornton had enjoyed that hammock. It was too higb in the air for rattlesnakes to invade, and too near the house for the incursions of panthers and grizzly bears. The skies stooped over in close protection, and the ocean spread below—its face calm, its moan hushed in the distance. And in a rustic seat near by Joe had sometimes sat and played strains of languorous sweetness. Miss Thornton remembered it all—when thoughtfulness was of no avail; and how, when the peaks against the eastern horizon began to whiten, and ravenous beasts were compelled to make an occasional predatory raid into Aldebaran District, Joe had bravely constituted himself a guard to and from the school-house. She stood condemned at the tribunal of conscience. Why had she swung in that hammock? Why had she, a self-supporting young woman, permitted a brave knight to daily risk his life in her defense? Verily she had been guilty of mediæval wickedness.

The sun had gone through his ocean door to call upon China. The gray hues of twilight, the sombre music of the pines, depressed Miss Thornton—but there was Joe! He sat in his accustomed seat, his moody face turned toward the rim of sky where East and West bury in an unknown grave conflicting claims as to boundaries. His dark inscrutability was surmounted by a scarlet cap—a jaunty adornment Miss Thornton had fashioned for him and had bestowed with this injunction: "Wear it, Joe, when you are willing to play for me."

"Joe!"

Miss Thornton's voice was very pleasant, her eyes were very appealing, and who could resist the charming combination? Not Joe, certainly.

"Joe, you play superbly, but—do you know—you've never once sung for me? And you look like a troubadour too! Come, Joe! Remember I go home soon." Ah! that reminder was not needed. Of what else was the young man thinking?

"I wear a badge of obedience," he replied, and, sweeping the strings with a prelude that muttered of tempest, he poured forth his soul in song. It was a foolish, extravagant song, but the singer's voice ennobled its folly, giving it now the dignity of a dirge, now the exultation of a pean.

"Why, Joe," gasped Miss Thornton in dismay, as he flung down his instrument and stood before her, a fire leaping and falling in his eyes; "you sing well, very well, Joe."

It was a weak, startled defense, too weak for notice.

"Forgive me! have mercy!" the young man began, desperately; "I never believed in heaven until you came. Life seemed so useless, so empty, I could not understand how it could lead to good—until you came."

He went on definitely, but clearly he was raving: "I can not live this life or eternal life without you." Miss Thornton sat too stunned for speech. She felt that an impossibility had happened to her. It seemed as if her heart was laughing and crying hysterically.

"Joe," she said at last, with a faltering voice, "I'm sorry, so sorry for the hurt. I understand you now, Joe—I didn't before—but I can—not—marry you."

"Why not?" he asked, sternly.

"I could not fit into your life—I could not make you happy, Joe."

"Fit into my life," he echoed; "I don't ask it—I don't wish it. I need you to reshape my life. Will you shut me out from heaven now, since I've found it?"

The Southern part of his nature was in the ascendant. He had the look of one who was watching in terror a great door which was swinging to shut him into outer darkness.

"Joe"—Miss Thornton's heart was suffering a genuine ache—"you do me great honor, far more than I deserve, but spare yourself, spare me, and talk no more of—in this way—please, Joe!"

He looked at her steadily, as if her face must unsay the words; then, clutching his scarlet cap, he sent it whirling down a ledge of rocks.

"You have thrown away two hours of my life," Miss Thornton said, with an attempt at lightness.

"I have thrown away the whole of mine," was the bitter reply.

The young man walked to the ledge and gazed downward, with an intent, reckless face. The cap, caught on a jutting rock, looked through the dusk like a blood-spot, fresh and arterial.

"Promise me, Joe," said a distressed voice at his side, "promise me that you, a good Americano, will not do any dreadful—Spanish thing."

"I will never do anything now, as long as I live," came the slow and dreary response.

Faint lights flashed through the barred windows of a distant monastery. "I might dull the pain there," he muttered, as if to himself.

"Oh, no, Joe, you wouldn't break your mother's heart! And Joe," the voice of Miss Thornton went on, falling into pieces along the way, "I must go—home. Take me to the steamer—to-morrow—please. The term isn't—quite througb, Joe, but—the winter—rains are—coming—and I can't—teacb—much longer—you know. The trustees—will let—me—off—and—I don't care for the money—and you will—say good-by to the children—for me. I must go—Joe. I'm so—surprised—and my heart is—so—heavy!"

And Miss Thornton fled to her room, leaving Joe bowed down with self-condemnation.

Señor Manuel looked gravely sorry and his wife shed motherly tears as the next day Miss Thornton, preceded by Joe and followed by the lamentation of Aldebaran District, wound down the mountain trail. Through curling mists the two figures, looking like spectres but feeling very mortal, journeyed down into the sunshine, the shade, and slow stir of the sea-port town. A little delay at the sleepy hotel to claim and repack her trunk, abandoned in despair four months agone, and Miss Thornton was being carried to the steamer, rocking in the bay. A hotel conveyance, public and ponderous, had offered itself as a means of transportation, but, for this purpose, Joe preferred to hire the best available equipage of the town, a trim little express-wagon. As he urged his horses forward, he had the curious sensation of driving the hearse at his own funeral. Joe was confused. It was only the hearse of his own happiness he was driving. Many a soul has done that, nay, more, has, all unaided, dug the grave, buried its dead, and then gone back to long, brave work.

The steamer whistled.

"Good-by, Joe," and Miss Thornton gave a warm little hand-grasp and a sad little smile.

"Good-by!" said Joe, with forced calmness.

The cable was lifted, the steamer breathed heavily and swung out into the green, seething waters. It grew spectral in fog, it went out in a hopeless blur—and Joe's dream was ended.

He looked ghastly, as if he had been drowned.

San Francisco, April, 1889. G. E. W.

Boscobel, the country-place of the late Henry Ward Beecher, at Peekskill-on-the-Hudson, has been sold to a Mr. Butler, for seventy-five thousand dollars. The house cost Mr. Beecher seventy thousand dollars, and he is said to have spent two hundred thousand dollars on the grounds. The larger part of this sum was spent on trees. Mr. Beecher planted over eight thousand, including every variety native to the temperate zone. The whole place was subsoiled and drained, and his trees, which protected his garden from the north-west winds, enabled him to have fruits and vegetables two or three weeks ahead of his neighbors.

The English have begun to bet on elections in true American style. At the late Kennington election odds were offered ranging from five to one to two to one on the Conservative candidate, afterward defeated, and the betting was heavy; four to one was laid on the Conservative candidate for Enfield.

London's nicely paved streets are so slippery that steps have been taken to find a means of roughing them. Two societies—the Society for Promoting the Safety of Horses and the Horse Accident Prevention Society—have been formed. They propose plans to keep the streets clean and well sanded.

A favorite scheme of London fakirs is to catch one of the miserable little English sparrows so common there, paint it up in bright, tropical hues, and hawk it on the street for two pounds sterling apiece as a "rare foreign curiosity."

A curious offer is made of a small leasehold property in Worcestershire, held "for the residue of a term of two thousand years, created in the year 1600." It will be sold at auction.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Henry Labouchère actually speaks of "our Mary" in his last issue of *Truth* as "the too-saccharine Mary Anderson."

"Albert Edward, his wife, and two younger girls," is the London *Star's* democratic designation of the coming King and Queen of England and the Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales.

C. D. Towt, a New York stock-broker who failed the other day, had his checks adorned with a head of Christ, underneath which was the legend: "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want."

It is recalled that President Lincoln once extended executive clemency to a young Englishman found guilty of piracy and blockade-running, because, as he expressed it, "John Bright, of England, has asked us to pardon him."

Robert Louis Stevenson, the author, is completely in love with Hawaii. He has taken a house at Waikiki, near Honolulu, and is busy with his literary work. The house is beautifully situated on the sea-shore, surrounded by trees.

Mr. Edwin H. Terrell, of Texas, the new Minister to Belgium, evidently is not an office-holder for revenue only. He told Secretary Blaine he expected to spend fifteen thousand dollars a year of his private income in addition to his salary, "to maintain the dignity of the position."

Colonel Dick Wintersmith, the fiery Kentuckian, permits his hatred of ex-President Cleveland to follow him in his retirement. "Hate him?" he said, the other day, "didn't he appoint that Albany darky recorder, deeds against an old resident like me? Hate him? Why, I hate him so bad I don't think his wife is handsome!"

Moses Lyman, of Waverly, N. Y., says that he is not the inventor of "Pigs in Clover," that he is not a farmer having a large family of children, that he has not sold the patent on the puzzle, and that he has not made a fortune from it. The inventor is Charles M. Crandall, of Waverly, N. Y., manager of Mr. Lyman's toy works. Mr. Crandall has invented a vast number of toys.

The house occupied by Admiral Porter in Washington, D. C., has been inhabited by an unusual number of distinguished men. It was built in 1826 by Richard Rush, of Philadelphia, when he was John Quincy Adams's Secretary of State. Commodore Shubrick, General Phil Kearny, Captain Jefferson Page, Sir Henry Lytton-Bulwer, Lord Lyons, Hamilton Fish, and Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Hodge of whom Admiral Porter bought it in 1869, are among those who have occupied the house.

The builders and proprietors of new theatres invariably do their utmost to provide for the comfort and convenience of their constant patron, the Prince of Wales. At the Court, his royal highness smokes his cigarette in a Persian pavilion, lined with tiles and arabesque ornaments designed by Mr. Kusel, and he will take his ease at the Gaiety in a Chinese pagoda hung with the most costly embroidered silk, which will be arranged by the same artist regardless of cost. His private room at the Lyric is scarcely a whit less luxurious.

Mme. de Barrios, widow of the South American dictator, is thirty-three years of age, the mother of seven children, a beauty, and worth seven million dollars. She is one of the prettiest women in New York, of a rich, dark, South American type, and despite the seven children, has not lost the least hint of her freshness and charm. One of her curious fancies was to have herself painted by a famous miniature painter in a picture which showed only her beautiful Spanish eyes above the edge of a crimson fan. This grew quite a rage for a while, and all the women with pretty eyes had themselves painted in like manner.

William Strong is often referred to as the most sensible man in Washington. He served ten years on the supreme bench, and then provided wise enough to take advantage of the law that allows him to retire on full pay. In 1880 he resigned, and has since lived quietly in Washington, lecturing occasionally, and performing faithfully the one duty that the law requires of him. Whenever the supreme court is required to take part in any public ceremonies, Judge Strong puts on his robes and walks with them in the procession. In consideration of this and his other services he receives ten thousand dollars annually from Uncle Sam's Treasury.

In the Mobile City Directory for the current year is found the name "Pork and Beans," which belongs to a fisherman residing on Water Street. The man went there, about two years ago, as a sailor on board a vessel from the Mediterranean, and cast his lot with some fishermen he found there. He was reticent concerning his past history, and having developed a fondness for pork and beans, his companions, for want of a better name, addressed him as "Pork and Beans." Gradually he came to recognize this name and adopted it as his own. He owns some property in his native land, and a young man who has been conducting his correspondence signs his letters "Pork and Beans." The fisherman has also received letters bearing this address: "Pork and Beans, Mobile, Ala."

Miss Nellie Gould, the great financier's eldest daughter, probably has more independent property than any other unmarried woman in America. She is her father's favorite, and every year he gives her present stocks and bonds, which mount up into the hundred thousands. She takes great pains with her investments, also, with the result that her fortune grows apace every year. Added to this, her mother, who has a fortune of several millions, left the greater share of her property to her, so that she is estimated to be worth over six millions of dollars. Her life has been passed in the quietest way, and though she is twenty years of age, her mode of existence is as quiet and humdrum as though she were forty. The big Gould mansion rarely sees any festivity. They have a box at the opera, but they are not very regular attendants, and the only place in which she is frequently seen is the Presbyterian church of which she is a member. She interests herself in charities also, and in half-a-dozen summer homes for sick babies and poor women.

The suicide mania is making great ravages in the Austrian Army. Shortly after the death of the crown prince, an officer of the Prince of Wales's Hussars blew his brains out. Later, the colonel of the Sixth Second Regiment of the line shot himself in Hungary. But one of the most extraordinary cases of suicide on military record is now reported from Klausenburg. Lieutenant Mangesius, one of the most popular officers of the garrison, proceeded, a fortnight ago, to the barracks where his company was quartered, and was observed to be absent-minded and depressed. He went into a room where a number of new magazine rifles were kept, and loaded one of them with a bullet. He then called in two men. Addressing one of them, he said, "Take this rifle and let us see if you can aim properly. Point at my left eye." The soldier had no idea the weapon was loaded, and, obeying the word of command, "Make ready, present, fire!" he discharged the rifle at a distance of three yards into the officer's eye. The bullet went through his skull, and death was, of course, instantaneous. He left a letter to his captain, saying that the soldier who shot him was innocent.

King Alexander of Servia, who is but twelve years old, and who has no father or mother to watch over him, is exposed to all the enterprises of the pretender, Prince Peter Karageorgevitch. The father of the prince was convicted before an Hungarian court of justice of having been accessory to the assassination of Prince Michael, the uncle of King Milan. In these eastern European states political struggles are fierce and human lives are not rated highly. In the case of King Alexander, who apparently remains the last descendant of the Ohrenovitch dynasty, the one security against murder or kidnapping would be that an heir should be upstanding, in order that the boy's removal should entail political consequences. But, according to the *Fremdenblatt*, Count Kalnoky has left the boy king absolutely defenseless. This is a black shame, and, whatever may be the rights and wrongs of King Milan's quarrels with his wife, all right-minded people in Europe will revolt at the idea that the boy king should be left without a parent to exercise guardianship over him. From the moment when his father deserted him his mother became his natural guardian. It is said that the boy is crying constantly for his mother, and, meanwhile, official telegrams are declaring that Queen Natalie can not be allowed to return to Servia. No ruler of a Balkan state has yet died quietly in his bed.

VANITY FAIR.

There are scores of women (relates the New York *Press*) who follow the mysterious calling of the "pricer," and they are generally ladies who once had excellent means of their own. Dry-goods houses dread these operators, and the employees are constantly on guard against those employed hy other houses, although each house has its own pricers. This secret-service system has grown out of rivalry and close competition. The public knows nothing about it, yet it is carried on in a large way. Two ladies, suspected of heing pricers, were recently ejected from a New York store. They got five thousand dollars' damages for that. The incident sufficiently explains the relations of pricers to the trade at large. Mrs. T. is a professional pricer, and her lot is not altogether an unhappy one. She is in receipt of a good salary from a prominent Sixth Avenue firm, which cheerfully defrays her bills for such incidentals as carriage hire, luncheons, messenger-hoy fees, etc. All that she does in return is to go shopping a good deal. Through the medium of a confidential clerk the firm receives from her, almost daily, a great many goods purchased hy her at different stores. These are usually lower in price or superior in style to similar goods in their own stocks. She also writes long reports of the prices and styles of other goods which she has examined in her shopping tour. With the articles thus purchased and her reports hefore them, her employers adjust prices and styles in their own departments. No one pricer could do this work under any circumstances, hence several are employed. A sample-day of Mrs. T.'s operations would be like this: About half-past nine o'clock A. M., a messenger calls on her with a note from the confidential clerk. She will make memoranda from this note, which she commits to memory. She goes shopping only in fine weather, when there will be crowds in the stores, and she can more easily avoid close ohservation from floor-walkers and detectives, but though the distances are short, she frequently uses a coupé. She dresses richly, although, perhaps, the very seal-skin Newmarket she wears to-day will be sold to-morrow from her employer's stock; wears diamonds sometimes, and has altogether the air elegant. In a morning's work, from ten o'clock A. M. to one o'clock P. M., she will visit five or six stores. In each, she calls at a numher of departments, taking care, however—the confidential clerk, too, has heen wary in his directions—not to visit counters where she has very recently made purchases or examinations. No customer would naturally buy the same kind of an article over and over again, or even similar articles, and she must especially avoid such an error.

She must act all through a part of no small difficulty, considering that eye and ear must he constantly, though quietly, at work noting accurately facts and figures. The purchases or inspections are made with all the care, small anxieties, hesitations, douhts, and other mannerisms by which salesmen recognize *bona fide* customers. If intending to buy a certain grade of hlack silk to-day she asks for something quite different, then something else, and so on, until finally she has before her the article she wants, in the meantime having well noted any other of special value. Then there is doubtful about the numher of yards required, must see trimmings to match, etc. She is troublesome, but very pleasant in manner, and the salesman is very apt to he affable and chatty with her. She pays for the silk and directs that it be sent to "The Ballyrumple," the swell apartment-house, but changes her mind finally and says: "I will take it with me; send it to my coupé, please." All this for effect. Unnecessary, you think? Not so. That quality of black silk is a special importation, and is sold as a stimulant for the rest of the stock at a very low figure. The salesman had received instructions to "look out for pricers," and had Mrs. T. asked if that silk at first he would very likely have spotted her. She would have been followed, her apartments watched, and the first message sent hy her to her firm's confidential clerk would have been detected. The next time she entered the store she would be told to leave and not return. At other departments she practices the same clever by-play. Possibly she has directions to examine the fur department where a week ago she hought the garment now on her pretty figure. She can not buy another for herself, so she is provided with a letter bearing the Philadelphia post-mark, and purporting to contain a commission from a lady friend to buy a garment like her own. Very likely she will make no purchase at all this time. She is known at this department as a good customer, and now furs of all kinds are confidently displayed, but nothing seems to answer her requirements. She finally leaves with a pleasant word of thanks to the salesman; but she has the prices of that department all down in her head. The hardest work is the writing of her report. She must make this clear, concise, and very accurate, and when done it will contain an astonishing amount of information. This report and the goods purchased she sends hy messenger in the evening, not to the store of her employers, but to the house of the confidential clerk. He alone knows her identity. She has never spoken to a member of the firm, and in the book of accounts kept by the confidential clerk she appears under a fictitious name. The reason for all this is that discharged employees generally get positions in other stores; if, before their discharge, they knew of Mrs. T.'s connection with their employers, after it they would at once make the fact known to their new masters.

In Mr. Hollingshead's new venture, "The Corinthian Club," for mixed ladies and gentlemen, the female element has already become somewhat mixed. Beguinot, the celebrated cook, is too lofty to give much personal attention to rough-and-tumble suppers in the middle of the night, and you are asked, therefore, to be consigned to the tender mercies of a kitchen-maid. I heard of a certain handsome lady supping there, a few nights hack (writes the Hon. Lewis Wingfield), who—well—whom I should not care to have introduced to my sister. The cluh is supposed to he kept open till four o'clock A. M., or later still if the memhers and their guests desire it, and during this while an excellent band discourses dance music, not pianissimo. Be it rememhered that these vagaries take place in St. James Square, under the astonished noses of the Dukes of Norfolk and Cleveland, the Bishop of London, and other dignitaries. There are cahs rushing up and down all night—much laughter in the small hours due to too much champagne. My Lord Egerton, of Tatton, dwells hut two doors off, and what with the shrieks, and what with the hand, and what with the cahs, he is unahle to procure a wink of sleep. What will he do? Will he and the dukes and the rest of the resident nohility sally forth at five in the morning and hreak the offending windows with lethal weapons? Or will the Bishop of London come out in his nightcap, with hell, hook, and candle, and solemnly excommunicate the crew? The situation is a truly appalling one, and in the meanwhile the rival forces remain lance in rest, and the blue policeman quietly treads his heat, with a hroad grin of amusement on his face.

An Exhihition of "Antique and Historical Shoes," under the most distinguished auspices, is the latest diversion promised for the coming London season. Apart from the miscellaneous articles of this description, which Mr. Barnum used to exhihit in his curiosity shop, there is already a collection of foot coverings in existence which the promoters of the London exhihition will find it hard to rival. This consists of the extraordinary hoard, numhering three hundred or more specimens of ancient, mediæval, and modern articles of this kind, which M. Jacquemart garnered from far and near, and eventually deposited in the Cluny Museum in Paris. The collection, which is to he temporarily housed in Regent Street, will no doubt he of a similar character. It will not scorn to receive any choice specimen of the nineteenth-century shoe, hut it will he mainly historical. It will even aim at something like scientific value in tracing the rise of foot-protectors in the south, where a sole strapped to the foot served the place of a sandal, to the raw-hide which the cold of the north demanded as a protection for the "uppers," until the two comhined constituted the modern shoe in all its various forms. Were the ladies who have taken this display in hand to promote an exhibition of more modern articles of the kind, they could easily fill their cases with a strange variety of foot-clothing, from the rude sandal of the Ahruzzi peasants, which is the earliest of its kind, to the huge "steubel" of the Jena student, or the scarcely less artistic cow-hide knee-hoots of the Western pioneer. The raw-hide "revlins," which may still he occasionally seen in Shetland, would compare poorly with the gayly-headed and porcupine-quill embroidered moccasins of the Eastern American Indians, or that almost perfect foot-gear, the admirably-contrived Esquimau hoot. Art of another kind might be illustrated by the sharp-pointed slipper of the Persian lady, which, the gossip of Ispahan whispers, is at times employed as an instrument of hushandly chastisement, or the gold-embroidered pieces of velvet into which the languid ladies of a Turkish harem lazily push their feet. Side by side with the "gum-hoots" of the Californian miner might be placed the wooden "sabots" of the French peasant, or the equally inflexible "tresko" of the Danish "bönde," with the heech log which forms the stock in trade of the village shoe-maker. The tiny boxes into which the Chinese lady forces her crushed extremities would illustrate one idea of heauty, and the large slippers of red or yellow leather which the Moors affect—but will not allow the Jews to wear—would show that in the eyes of another race the quality of the material, and not the size of the shoes, constitutes the criterion of excellence. Even that amazing collection of foot-gear, which a Briton regards as necessary to his comfort, would afford a suggestive idea of the superfluities of civilization. Thus, while an Arab is content to wear out one pair of slippers before he gets another, a young Englishman considers life hardly worth living unless he has one pair of boots in which to walk, another in which to shoot, a third to put on when he rides, a fourth to play football in, and a fifth in which to dance, or to wear when he enters a drawing-room.

A fashionahle lady is scarcely less miscellaneous in her requirements, especially since she has taken to field sports. Some of them, we believe, still affect that fragile form of boot turned out by the artist, who, according to the current tale, "did not work for walking customers." It is chiefly in mediæval Europe that we see the endless varieties of foot-gear which puzzle the leaders of fleeting fashion. Academic and ecclesiastical costumes have appeared in various shapes, with shoes to suit, while civil dress, if more changeable, is not less remarkable as regards the covering of the lower extremities. The Anglo-Saxons wore low boots, but by the twelfth century dignitaries had begun to incase their feet in green boots, encircled with gold, and armed with spurs of the same precious metal. King John, however, took to black boots, and by the fourteenth century the shoes became so prodigiously long that the toes had to be looped up, and, finally, a sumptuary law was passed limiting them to a reasonable size. But by the fifteenth century they ran to the opposite extreme, getting so broad that again a paternal king had to interfere. In France, half-hoots, or "poulaines," came into vogue, and of so fine a material that, in order to protect them, men of rank walked ahout in clogs. The high-heeled shoes which came in with Charles the Second were preferable, though the huge jack-hoots of the soldiers seem to have been ahout as unwieldy a protection for the foot as could well he imagined. Since brass and silver heels ran their course, the follies of the age have in this direction heen illustrated mainly in the height of the hinder part, the tightness of the shoe, and the changes rung on narrow and broad toes. Buckles ought to form an interesting feature of the display. They came into England with the restoration, and became so large, costly, and popular, that at one time their manufacture gave employment to four thousand people in Birmingham alone. When shoe-strings, always affected by the Puritans and Quakers, resumed their sway, the buckle-makers petitioned the Prince of Wales to try and avert their ruin. This he endeavored to do by wearing buckles himself, and commanding his household to follow his example. But, in the end, fashion was too much for all of them. At present, these ornaments are only seen in court costume, and on the shoes of certain continental ecclesiastics, in spite of recent attempts to reintroduce them as part of evening-dress. Spurs have, of course, never gone out, though the huge rowels of gold and silver are no longer seen, except in Spanish America, where a *caballero* of the first water will expend upon his trappings enough metal to purchase a Derhy winner.

The Boston *Saturday Evening Gazette* says: A charming and thoroughly cosmopolitan woman, who came to Boston a year or two ago, tells the following suggestive incident: "I was introduced the other day to a naïve person who greeted me cordially and exclaimed: 'Ah, Mrs. Bienvenu, I have seen you at church and in the street-car often. You are from the South, are you not? I knew that you were not Bostonian, because I noticed that you always smiled when you howed.'"

The good taste generally displayed in her dress hy a well-hred Frenchwoman is beyond dispute (says the Boston *Transcript's* Paris correspondent). Besides the *chic* with which she is universally accredited, she has an eye for comhinations which are striking while remaining harmonious, and she wears her apparel with a grace and elegance peculiarly her own. She fixes a flower or an *aigrette* in her hair in a manner to haffle the art of any Paris *coiffeur*. She never wears hoots large or ill-fitting, like so many Englishwomen; while her hand, no matter its shape, looks perfect when gloved. There is good taste, as well as art, in all this. The case is otherwise when we come to French children, who, in a general way, are overdressed and converted into little men and women almost hefore they are out of their swaddling clothes. Simplicity, that charm *par excellence* of childhood, has little to do with French children. The little girl of four or five years old in Paris wears stays, and *tournure*, and feathers, and often rings and bracelet, while ear-rings are not infrequently fixed in her ears when she is in her nurse's arms. As may he expected, a precocious taste for dress develops in the child thus dealt with, so that the *fillette* of fifteen is often as much an adept in the arts of the toilet as her mother. This exuherance of detail and want of simplicity in children's dress is not only detrimental to the character of the doll-like wearers, hut robs their appearance of much of its native grace and beauty. In this respect, English children contrast favorahly with their little French neighhors. The higher we look in French society, the more we see English ideas prevailing in the treatment of children.

That very dressy lady, Queen Pia of Portugal, has just received some twenty new dresses and a dozen bonnets as a preparation for the spring season. What does her majesty do with all the gowns she purchases? If she hought one frock in Paris last autumn, she certainly ordered something like two hundred, with hats, and bonnets, and parasols, and gloves, and hosiery to correspond, and the small trifle of six hundred dollars' worth of tortoise-shell wares, such as hair-pins and combs, etc., to say nothing of ream upon ream of note-paper and letter-paper, adorned with deuces in gold and colors. Queen Elizaheth died the owner of some three thousand dresses, and if Queen Pia continues in her present course, she will soon accumulate a wardrobe rivaling in extent that of the illustrious kinswoman of her ancestors in the sixteenth century.

Yachting costumes are governed by as severe an etiquette as the costumes of the drawing-room. The costume of the New York Yacht Cluh is the standard by which all American yachting costumes are tested. There is an air of great distinction ahout the dress-cap of a New York Yacht Club man; and in this particular he strongly resemhles an admiral of the United States, the only officer who wears white caps, gorgeous with bullion and nautical emblems of rank. The New York Yacht Club men on all occasions of nautical ceremony appear in caps whose full crown is of white flannel, with a foul anchor in bullion on the front, a wide band of hlack braid ornamented with anchors and cahles, a bullion cord, and a large visor, also bound with wide braid similarly ornamented. A double-breasted hlue-flannel pilot-coat, with ruhber huttons hearing a foul anchor, white-flannel trousers, and white shoes, buckskin or canvas, with felt or rubber soles, complete the official costume. Be particular about the shoes. Wear the white buckskin by preference; and to keep them always white and clean you must have a piece of English pipe-clay with which to ruh them. Also, no flannel shirts; linen is the correct thing for formal dress on a yacht as much as on shore, and a linen collar with white piqué is the proper neck dressing. It is not necessary to he in full dress at all times, however, and when at ease wear a flannel shirt, a loose white-flannel sack-coat, a watch cap, a Guernsey overshirt for rough weather, a flowing Windsor tie, and otherwise be as comfortable as you choose. Russet, buckskin, or canvas shoes are the most comfortahle and suitable for use in a cat-boat, hut he careful not to wear russet shoes on a New York Club yacht; they are a mark of distinction sacred to the sailing-master and his officers, and guests are not to assume the garh of professionals. For the tennis-player, the piazza-costume described above is the most suitable of all apparel; but with this difference, that a much wider choice in the matter of colors is permissible. Beside blazers of every degree of magnificence, the tennis-man can indulge his fancy in shirts ranging from modest to gorgeous; but, as a matter of practical expedience, he would better stick to a fahric in the main of flannel; for silk, although pretty to look at, and nice to wear on the piazza, is not the thing for free perspiration and active exercise. A handsome flannel with silk stripes is about the thing. The tennis-sash and the belt—not the common wehhing affairs, hut the beautiful silk helt of the present season—supply the element of color and picturesqueness.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

A new book by Saltus is to be called "Annocchiature," and will consist of a novelette and a number of short stories.

Mrs. Stopes's clever book on the Shakespeare-Bacon question will be republished immediately in this country by Ticknor & Co.

Miss Betham-Edwards has edited Arthur Young's "Travels in France," and it will appear as one of the volumes of Bohn's "Library."

Dr. Maudsley has written an article on "The Double Brain," dealing with the question of the separate action of the two hemispheres of the brain. It will appear in "Mind."

Mrs. Hodgson Burnett is to receive seven thousand five hundred dollars a year for her work in editing the children's department of a syndicate of English and American papers. Her revenue from "Little Lord Fauntleroy" averages fifteen hundred dollars a week.

It was the common understanding that the novels published in *Lippincott's Magazine* were not to be issued in book-form. This seems to be a mistake. "Bella Demonia," by Selina Dolaro, and Mr. Edgar Saltus's "Transaction in Hearts," have each been put in paper covers by Belford, Clarke & Co.

Mr. F. Marion Crawford is trying his hand at biography, as well as at fiction—two things which are sometimes synonymous. He is writing a book on Sir John Hawkwood for the "English Men of Action" series. Mr. Walter Besant will prepare the volume on Captain Cook, and Mr. Clark Russell that on Dampier. Mr. Archibald Forbes is writing the "Havelock."

Mr. T. B. Aldrich, in answer to an inquiry, recently said: "As I always revise my matter, sometimes making three or four versions of the same sentence, a type-writing machine is not of the slighest use to me, except, indeed, to furnish a clean copy of what the pen has already accomplished. In correspondence I often find it convenient to dictate to a stenographer."

Some interesting historical papers have been brought to light at Belvoir, the seat of the Duke of Rutland. In a loft, under the roof of some old stables at the foot of the hill, were found piles of dirt-covered documents, three or four feet in height. They were letters from Lord Burleigh, Charles James Fox, the Earl of Leicester, the Duke of Clarence, Warwick the King-maker, King Edward the Fourth, Richard the Third, and the Duke of Richmond.

The late Philip H. Welch, whose humor and heroism were alike remarkable, left a wife and four children not well provided for. An effort is now being made to raise a "Welch Memorial Fund," to be used in the education of the children of one of the brightest men American journalism has ever produced. Remittances may be made to Edward P. Clark, editorial-rooms of the *Evening Post*, New York city. R. W. Gilder, L. S. Metcalf, Dr. Lyman Abbott, and other prominent men are warmly interested in the project.

"Mr. Gladstone," says the North British *Daily Mail*, "usually has three books in reading at the same time, and changes from one to the other when his mind has reached the limit of absorption. When he reads a book he does so pencil in hand, marking off on the margin those passages which he wishes to remember, querying those about which he is in doubt, and putting a cross opposite those which he disputes. At the end of the volume he constructs a kind of index of his own which enables him to refer to those things he wishes to remember in the book."

Hollingbury Copse, the old home of Halliwell-Phillipps at Brighton, England, was composed of a group of "ready-made" houses bought in London all in condition to put up. The houses, which were six in number, were connected by long rambling corridors, all christened after Shakespearian characters and localities. Across the front of the main house ran the motto, "Come hither, come hither, come hither; here no enemy but winter and rough weather." Over a side entrance to the study of the famous Shakespearian scholar ran the line, "Open locks, whoever knocks."

At the recent "Authors' Readings" in Boston, about two thousand dollars was made for the benefit of the Copyright League. Among the authors who read there, but were not heard at either of the New York readings, was Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, who read "Balaklava," "Our Country," and her famous "Battle-Hymn of the Republic." This latter was the product of inspiration. It was written during the early days of the war, while Mrs. Howe was in Washington. The verses came to her in the night after she had gone to bed, and springing up, she wrote them down just as they occurred to her, and published them without changing a word.

A correspondent of the *Athenæum* says that early printed books relating to America are steadily increasing in value and should still increase. "The same remark applies to works printed in Scotland during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Art books are decreasing in value, the works of Ruskin, Hamerton, Turner, and a few others being exceptions, and it is predicted that they will fall still lower. Old English works, which derive their interest from typographical considerations, appear to be stationary; so are illustrated first editions of modern authors, such as Ainsworth, Dickens, Lever, and Thackeray, the probability being that these latter have at last reached the zenith of their fame and value. Old Bibles are, as usual, much sought after, but the prices paid are stationary. Books on witchcraft, magic, and kindred subjects, realize high prices, and a few years hence will be difficult to procure at all, unless, indeed, Mr. Redway or some other astute purchaser cares to duplicate his stock while there is time, and keep it under lock and key for the benefit of the next generation. First editions of modern authors which are not illustrated—such, for instance, as the works of Byron and Scott—have, as a rule, been selling for a few shillings each, but a sharp upward tendency is clearly observable in them at last."

New Publications.

"The Man from the West," by a "Wall Street Man," is a novel descriptive of adventure in a career that led its hero from the chapparal to Wall Street. It adds nothing to permanent literature, but it is full of movement and is fairly dramatic in construction, so that one would scarcely go to sleep over it, even of a summer afternoon. Published by Pollard & Moss, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

The twelfth volume of "Alden's Manifold Cyclopedia" carries on this valuable work from "Dominis" through "Electric Clock." The purpose of the work is to provide an inexpensive series of books of convenient size, which shall combine the uses of an encyclopedia of universal knowledge and an etymological dictionary, and the editors are succeeding well in their undertaking. The work is fully illustrated, and each volume is, like this, a duodecimo of about seven hundred and twenty-five pages. Published and for sale by John B. Alden, New York; price, 65 cents.

"Irrigation in California" is the title of a volume containing the second part of the report of the State Engineer of California, Wm. Ham. Hall, C. E., on irrigation and the irrigation question. The bulky book of nearly seven hundred pages treats of the counties of San Diego, San Bernardino, and Los Angeles, describing the physical conditions, natural water systems, and soils of the irrigable region of each county, and describing at length the established and projected artificial systems of irrigation. The work has been prepared very carefully and contains numerous illustrations of existing works reproduced from photographs, and has an appendix of several folding maps and diagrams. It is a work of great value to property-owners, legislators, and all persons interested in artificial irrigation. Published for Mr. Hall by the State Printer at Sacramento.

"Kady," by Florence Stapleton, is a story with a heroine of the type Bret Harte paints so well, a girl just budding into womanhood, beautiful as all strong, healthy young women are beautiful, with a nature in which untamed imperiousness is strangely blended with quick sympathies and womanly tenderness. The hero is a young man who has not been spoiled by the effete civilization of the East, and they naturally fall in love, with a resulting train of joys and sorrows which make a fairly readable story. Published and for sale by Belford, Clarke & Co., Chicago and San Francisco; price, $1.00.

Lorenzo Burge, whose book on "Pre-Glacial Man and the Aryan Race" was noticed in these columns a year or so ago, has published a second volume, which is, in some sense, a continuation of the first, though the first is not essential to an understanding or appreciation of the second. It is entitled "Aryans, Semites, and Jews; Jehovah and the Christ." It purports to be "a record of spiritual advance from the household or personal God of the Semite Abram, and from Jehovah, the tutelary or nation God of the Israelites, to the Universal Father revealed by Jesus the Christ; with the contrasts made between the household God and Abram, Jehovah and the Israelites, and our Father in Heaven and all mankind; also the circumstances, incidents, and events attending the preparation for and the promulgation of the second revelation." Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.50.

To the traveler, a gazetteer is almost as necessary as his letter of credit, and to the stay-at-home traveler and the general reader who would read understandingly, such a book as the "Pocket Gazetteer of the World," edited by J. G. Bartholomew, is a wonderful aid. This little book—an inch thick and measuring about three and one-half inches by five—contains an alphabetical list of thirty-five thousand geographical names, *e.g.*: "San Francisco, spt [sea-port] city and commercial metropolis of California, on W. shore of S. F. bay. 37 deg. 47 min. N.; 122 deg. 24 min. W. P. [population] (1860) 56,802; (1880) 233,956; (1885) 280,000. It is the W. terminus of the Pacific Railway, and has lines of ocean steamers across the Pacific. Its trade and manufactures are very extensive." In addition to giving similar brief items about cities, countries, rivers, etc., the book contains nine maps, showing elevations, temperatures, rain-fall, currents, winds, density of population, etc. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by the booksellers.

Clinton Scollard's latest published book of verses—"With Reed and Lyre" was the first—is entitled "Old and New World Lyrics," and owes not a little of its contents to the inspiration of a recent trip through the south of Europe. In all the four departments we find poems which we have seen in the magazines and newspapers, and which well deserve this preservation in book-form; in the first, "From Over Seas," are "At the Grave of Keats," "Princess Badoura," "The Mænads," and a number of legends of Italy, Spain, and the Orient, besides descriptive poems; "The Seasons Round," consisting of nine poems, is described in its title; the two other divisions, in which there are several clever bits, are "Sonnets and Quatrains" and "Home Songs." Mr. Scollard seems to have freed himself from the Gallic bonds in which he labored to polish airy trifles, and to have gained in breadth of view and depth of feeling with his return to the simpler forms of versification. The book is a pretty thing, printed and bound in excellent taste. Published by Frederick A. Stokes & Brother, New York; for sale by the booksellers.

Journalistic Chit-Chat.

William J. Arkell, the owner of *Judge* and *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly*, has disposed of his interest in the Albany *Journal* to William Barnes, the owner of the Albany *Express*. By this transfer, the Albany *Journal* reverts to the family of its original owner, Thurlow Weed, who was a grandfather of William Barnes.

The smallest newspaper in the world is the *Telegram*, which is published weekly in Guadalaxara, Mexico. It consists of a single sheet, five by four inches divided in three columns. The paper with the longest name is published not in Russia but in Greenland—*Arrangagliotio Nalinginnavnik Sysaraminas Sinik.*

Mr. de Blowitz is generally credited with having performed the greatest journalistic feat on record—the advance publication of the Berlin Treaty in the London *Times* at the very hour that the document was being signed in Berlin. *Harper's Magazine* for May will contain a portrait of him and the first authentic narrative of how the copy of the treaty fell into his hands. Mr. de Blowitz is an Austro-Slav by birth, but has become a "naturalized Frenchman."

The *West Coast Scientist* for April concludes with a list of "Errata," to which is prefixed this note: "We have a larger list of errors, both of omission and of commission, to chronicle in this issue than is pleasant for an editor. Those committed in our last number were so grievous that we considered it advisable not to distribute it to our subscribers, nor to attempt another issue until sure of its appearing in a manner which would not bring discredit to either the editor or his trusting contributors. The description of 'A New Florida Bulimulus,' should have appeared in the suppressed number, but our printer mixed the MSS. with others belonging to the *Old Curiosity Shop*, a magazine edited by E. M. Haight, of Riverside, Cal., so that the description appeared in the latter instead. Further comment is useless, beyond adding that from some cause yet unexplained to us, proofs were seen by neither our proof-reader or by the editor until too late." This species of blunder would afford a fruitful theme for the humorous writer. Imagine an article intended for *Gil Blas* appearing in *L'Univers*, or one for the *Weekly Jag* coming out in the *Churchwoman's Vade Mecum!*

Some Magazines.

The *Contemporary Review* for April is opened by two articles on the political situation in France, "1789–1889," by G. Monod, and "The Immediate Future," by P. G. Hamerton. Other articles are: "On the Right of Public Meeting," by Professor Dicey; "The Two Ends of the Slave Stick," by Rev. Horace Waller; "Christianity and the 'Geocentric' System," by Professor Freeman; "Religion and Morals in Australia," by R. W. Dale; "Shakespeare in Somerset," by the Dean of Wells; "The Ethics of the Turf," by James Runciman; and "The Metropolitan Police," by Professor Stuart.

The April issue of the *Quarterly Journal of Economics* contains: "Some aspects of the Tariff Question," by W. F. Taussig; "On Certain Passages in Jevons's 'Theory of Political Economy,'" by Philip H. Wicksteed; "Coöperative Savings and Loan Associations," by Seymour Dexter; "The Positive Theory of Capital," by James Bonar; Notes and Memoranda—"The Margin of Cultivation," by Simon M. Patten; "Anti-Chinese Legislation in British America," by Joseph Lee; "Recent Publications upon Economics," and an appendix, "Italian Finances from 1860 to 1884"—Part II., by A. B. Houghton.

"Agnosticism: A Rejoinder," by Professor Huxley, is the leading article in the *Nineteenth Century* for April. Among the other interesting papers of the number are: "On Seals and Savages," by Lady Blake; "Are Twelve Millions per Annum Wasted in the Sea?" by Thomas Scrutton, president of the Chamber of Shipping of the United Kingdom; "Monte Carlo," by Rev. Henry Sidebotham; "Is an 'Agricultural Department' Desirable?" by Rowland E. Prothero; "Lunatics as Patients, not Prisoners," by John Batty Tuke, M. D.; "A Suggestion for Emigrants," by the Marquis of Lorne; and book reviews by Gladstone, Dr. Jessopp, Walter Pater, Hamilton Aïdé, and Frederick Harrison.

In the *Fortnightly Review* for April Sir Charles Dilke presents the second of his papers on "The Frontiers of India." H. H. Johnson discusses the question "Are our Foreign Missions a Success?" W. M. Gattie tells of some scandals of the English Light-House Boards. Professor J. R. Seeley's address on Ethics and Religion before the Ethical Society of Cambridge is printed in full. Arsene Houssaye contributes the first section of a gossipy paper on Alfred de Musset. W. H. Mallock has a paper entitled "Cowardly Agnosticism." Two papers from opposite standpoints treat of the Enfranchisement of Women, by Miss Fawcett and Stuart Glennie. Professor Dowden writes a paper on Edmond Scherer, the French poet and critic who died in March.

HER PERSONAL PROPERTY.

Phyllis's Glove.

Dropped on the stair, a shred of snow,
Lies Phyllis's little glove;
Of all the maids that I do know,
She is the one I love.
But, ah, in vain! From where I stand,
Here in the dusk above,
I see young Jacques; he has her *hand*,
While I have but her—*glove*.
—*Lizette Woodworth Reese.*

Tying Ribbons.

In olden times 'twas trying surely
To him who did the favor win
Of tying bonnet-strings securely
Beneath a coaxing dimpled chin.
But far more hard a task and trying
Our modern lover finds to do,
Who kneels before his lady, tying
The loosened ribbons of her shoe. —*Puck.*

To a Fan.

Come to my rescue, pretty fan,
And while I wave you, if you can,
Revive my senses stupid;
And blow upon her blushing cheek
Until she smile, and I may speak,
You rosy wing of Cupid.
* * * * * *
Ah, now I'm really going to speak;
Make haste to cool her heated cheek,
So that her heart grow warmer,
And send a sweetly broken yes
Up to her lips, my heart to bless,
My radiant little charmer.
—*Susan Hartley in Harper's Weekly.*

Chloe's Kiss.

Fair Chloe posed before the glass
To don her tiny bonnet.
She deftly set it right, and spent
Most lavish care upon it.
The silken strings she crossed beneath
Her little rounded chin,
Then skillfully she made a loop—
Tied all its dimples in.
A picture, wondrous fair and sweet,
With not a blemish to it!
And, as Miss Chloe lingered there,
I wondered if she knew it.
But still before the glass she seemed
To hesitate a minute,
Then quickly threw a kiss unto
The dainty image in it
—*W. Bee in Exchange.*

Angelina's Pug.

Come, old chappy, mourn with me!
Mouro, ye dudes, where'er ye be;
Even now the grave's been dug
For my Angelina's pug.
Fido was to her more dear
Than the rhine-stones in her ear;
On the avenue in spring
Fido followed on a string,
And while riding in the park
Fido worked his little bark.

Ah! his blanket's empty now,
Silent is his sharp bow-wow,
And his little, rasping yell
Echoes through the vaults of—well,
He accompanies the ladies
On the sultry streets of Hades,
While the town is all agog
Mourning for that cursed dog.

Should I ask her to the play,
Angelina says me nay;
Or if driving I suggest,
Angelina smiles her breast;
If to tennis I'd invite,
She would drive me from her sight.
'Gad she had no time to sup,
Mouroing for that yellow pup.
Frightening Pluto with his tricks,
He steers his bark across the Styx.
Now that Fido's passed away,
Perhaps *this* dog will have his day. —*Life.*

Her Bangles.

We counted them over. "The Spanish coins,
(She laughed) and the silver heart are Joe's,
My cousin Tom had the dagger made.
And this was for birthday, and so were those,
A fan, a crescent, and grandma's ring;
And isn't the banjo a darling thing?

"Oh, this!" she said, and I saw her blush
Red as a rose on its sun-swept spray,
"Have you forgotten it? stupid Jack!
This was a stud—you—dropped, one day.
I found it, afterward, so you see
It really and truly belongs to me!"

"It really and truly does," I cried,
"And all things else that ever were mine.
Then can't you make room on your bracelet, dear,
For a living bangle, of—five foot nine?"
She clasped her hands round my bended head,
"Oh, not on my bracelet, Jack!" she said.
—*M. S. Bridges in Judge.*

Her Hourly Shoon.

10 A. M.—Ah, little slippers of dainty make,
Pointed at toe and high at heel,
Couldn't you tell me without a mistake
How to-day does my lady feel?
Did she tap, tap, tap at the words I wrote?—
That's an ominous sign, you see.
Did she glance at the sky as she read my note?—
Then she will ride to-day with me.

12 M.—Absurd little boot that peeps beneath
Her habit's hem with silver spur,
Where her foot lies like a flower in its sheath—
Who'd be afraid of you—or her?
"Booted and spurred"—thus my lady rides,
Yet I survey her quite unawed,
Such a dashing trooper with "heavy strides"!
Little boot, I fear you're a fraud!

3 P. M.—Snug-fitting shoes that appear to cling
Round her ankles with conscious pride—
Who'd think you would do so shocking a thing
As almost hourly to come untied?
I've knelt before you in many a spot,
The proudest, clumsiest of men,
But though tied fast in a true-lovers' knot,
You *always* come untied again!

11 P. M.—Fairy-like slippers that prank and prance,
Silk-clad insteps that shine and gleam,
Many a night you have led me a dance,
Waltzing afterward through my dream!
Have you wings like those on Mercury's feet,
Slippers that seem to tread on air?
Does a glad heart make you so light and fleet,
Slippers fit for a bonbonnière?

Shoes, boots, and spurs that my lady wore,
Slippers fashioned with cunning art,
You have walked where no one has walked before—
Into the fastness of my heart
There I shall keep you as prisoners sweet,
Hoping some day to set you free,
When she has promised her dear little feet
Shall walk the highway of life with me.
—*Bessie Chandler in Harper's Bazar.*

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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mrs. F. F. Low and Miss Flora Low will leave here in May for Europe, and will remain abroad an indefinite period. Mr. Low will join them in August.

Mrs. Sidney M. Smith and the Misses Smith will leave Paris for Switzerland after the exposition.

Mrs. Catherwood and her daughters have left Paris for Dresden.

Mrs. Louis T. Haggin will pass the summer months in Switzerland.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry McLean Martin, and Mrs. D. D. Colton returned last Monday from a visit to Santa Cruz.

Mrs. A. M. Parrott has closed her Sutter Street residence and is at her home in San Mateo for the season

Mrs. D. J. Tallant and Misses Jennie and Anne Tallant will depart soon for a trip to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Tallant will make San Rafael their abiding place this summer.

Mr and Mrs. E. D. Beylard will leave New York to-day for Europe.

Colonel and Mrs. E. E. Eyre, Miss Mary Eyre, and Mr. Perry Eyre are now occupying their residence at Menlo Park.

Judge and Mrs. R. Y. Hayne are at their San Mateo residence for the season.

Judge and Mrs. William T Wallace and Miss Marguerite Wallace have decided to pass the summer at San Rafael, and will occupy a cottage there.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase are at their country home near Napa.

Baron and Baroness von Schröder will pass a portion of the summer at the Hotel Rafael.

Mrs. R. C. Hooker left for the East a week ago.

Mrs. Thomas Breeze, Miss Breeze, Miss V. Breeze, Miss Grant, and Mr. Thomas N. Breeze have gone to the Hotel del Monte, where they will remain during the summer. Miss Breeze is a débutante of this season.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Sullivan, Miss Ada Sullivan, and Miss Arcadia Spence are en route home from Washington, D. C., where they have passed most of the winter.

Mrs. Theresa Fair, Miss Fair, and Miss Birdie Fair will leave soon for an Eastern trip.

Mr. Fred H. Beaver and Mr. S. W. Jackson arrived safely in New York a week ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac L. Requa, of Piedmont, were visiting friends here during the early part of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Parrott and family will sail from New York for England next Saturday. They will remain in London until the latter part of June and then proceed to Paris to reside with Mr. and Mrs. C. de Guigné. In October they will go to Berlin, and then make a tour of Germany. Mr. Parrott will devote much time to musical research and study.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker have arrived safely in New York city, and will leave for Europe on Monday.

Mrs. Morrison and the Misses Morrison, of San José, will pass the summer at Harbin's Springs.

Mrs. A. A. Nickerson and the Misses Maud and Myra Nickerson are now in Berlin, where the young ladies are pursuing their art and musical studies with much success.

Colonel and Mrs. Samuel D. Mayer are now residing at the Hotel Bella Vista.

Mrs William Dunphy, Miss Jennie Dunphy, and Mr. James C. Dunphy have arrived in New York, and will sail for Paris next Tuesday.

Mrs. A. A. Porter has returned from Arizona, and is located at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Ryan and the Misses Daisy and Ruth Ryan have closed their Rincon Hill home and are at their Menlo Park residence for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. I. Lawrence Poole have returned from their Eastern trip, and are now stopping at the Hotel Pleasanton, prior to their departure for San Rafael, where they will remain during the summer.

Senator John P. Jones and Hon. Charles N. Felton are at the Hoffman House in New York city.

Captain John Bermingham is a guest at the Gilsey House in New York city.

Dr. George H. H. Redding is in Paris, but is expected here in the near future.

Mrs. A. H. Rutherford and Miss Virginia Hanchett have been enjoying a visit to Mrs. J. B. Wright at Sacramento.

Minister and Mrs. John F. Swift and Mrs Maria Bailey will leave next Tuesday for Yokohama on the steamer *Tokio*.

Hon. L. B. Mizner and Mr. Edgar A. Mizner will depart for Guatemala on May 3d.

Mr. and Mrs. Downey Harvey, of Los Angeles, are in the city on a pleasure trip.

Mrs George T. Marye and Mrs. Christian Reis will soon leave for a trip to Coronado Beach.

Mrs. Amy Crocker, Mrs Bender, and Miss Crouch, of Sacramento, who have been passing several weeks in New York city, are expected here in a few days. Mrs. Crocker will remain here but a short time, as she will make a trip to the Paris Exposition.

Miss Fanny Crocker is paying a visit to friends in Auburn.

Miss Florence Reed and Miss Reed, of Boston, have returned from a visit to relatives in Chico.

Miss Lillie O'Connor is visiting Mrs. McKittrick in Arizona.

Mr. Alfred MacGrotty, who has been passing several days at Del Monte, will leave on Monday for New York en route to Europe.

Mr. I. G. Wickersham and the Misses Lizzie and Mae Wickersham, of Petaluma, who have been visiting the Southern part of the State, returned last Monday.

Mr. Robert E. Bredou, commissioner in the Chinese custom service, who has been in this city for nearly a year, has left 724 California Street, accompanied by Mrs. Bredou and family, for a prolonged stay in Europe. Mrs. T. C. Banks, who also goes on a visit to Europe, travels with their party.

Miss Lizzie Strong, who is now in Paris, has just completed two pictures for the Salon, which are highly spoken of.

Army and Navy.

Lieutenant James E. Runcie, First Artillery, U. S. A., has gone to Washington Territory on official business.

Lieutenant Robert H. Noble, First Infantry, U. S. A., is now at Benicia Barracks, acting as recruiting officer.

Dr. A. H Drake, U. S. N., has been passing the week at the Baldwin Hotel.

Lieutenant and Mrs. E. F. Qualtrough, U. S. N., returned from Washington D. C., last Monday.

Lieutenant Charles E. Woodruff, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at Fort Mackinac, Mich., and ordered to report at Fort Gaston, Cal.

The managers of the Woman's Exchange have decided to open their floral exhibition next Wednesday. It will be held at the Lyceum Theatre on Market Street, and will deserve the earnest financial support of all who are interested in the good work of the institution.

The Crocker residence, on Van Ness Avenue and Washington Street, has been purchased by Mr. W. S. Hobart for twn huodred and fifty thousand dollars.

Good as Gold.

Twenty-five acres or less if desired of the choicest land in Santa Clara Valley, just outside of San Jose, lying in the willows, only three-quarters of a mile from the street-cars. The land all covered with an elegant fruit orchard as follows: 600 Bartlett pear-trees, 600 French prunes, 400 silver prunes, 200 egg plums, 200 Salway peaches, 250 apricots. The above being in full bearing, over seven years old. Also 150 Muir peaches, 115 Japan or Kelsey peaches, and about 100 vines. A well, together with pump and engine on place; a small house and barn. If bought within sixty days, a growing crop goes with the place worth from $3,000 to $4,000. Without exception one of the finest places for a lovely home in the State of California. The climate being perfect, the land the best on the top of the earth, and location unsurpassed. For further particulars apply to Hovey & Co., No. 4 Sutter Street, San Francisco, or P. O. Box 685, San José, California.

NEW NOVELS

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PROMINENT AUTHORS.

AUTHOR. TITLE.	PRICE.
MARION CRAWFORD—Greifenstein..	$1.50
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MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT (author Lord Fauntleroy)—The Pretty Sister of José.	1.00
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A. S. HARDY (author of But Yet a Woman)—Passé Rose.....	1.25
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Are branded with his name in full in the left-hand glove. Sold only in San Francisco, at

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WILD FLOWERS

A HAND PRESS for the preservation of Wild Flowers in the field—compact, practical, and durable—just introduced by

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"WHITE SEAL"

THE ROYAL COURT WINE

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PACIFIC COAST AGENTS FOR HENRY F. MILLER & SONS' PIANOS.

The first choice of the great artists.

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REAL ESTATE AGENTS AND AUCTIONEERS,

10 MONTGOMERY STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

LIMITED EXCURSION

—TO—

PALERMO!

AND FINAL OFFERING

AT AUCTION!

SATURDAY

SATURDAY.....MAY 4, 1889

—OF—

COLONY TRACTS

Being about 1500 Acres in Subdivisions of from 2 to 20 Acres each.

Surrounded on all sides by Orange Groves and Orchards, containing every variety of Fruit known.

—BY ORDER OF THE—

PALERMO LAND AND WATER CO.

We are instructed to sell this property without limit or reserve upon the following

UNPRECEDENTED TERMS:

10 per cent.	Cash.
20 " "	in 1 year.
20 " "	in 2 years.
25 " "	in 3 years.
25 " "	in 4 years.

With interest at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum.

These terms place a 10 or 20-acre tract within the reach of all.

THIS COLONY

is acknowledged by all who have visited it to be the superior of any other within the State. The remarkable growth of the beautiful orange groves has been commented upon by experts in orange-culture. Of the 1,500 acres planted in fruit here, two-thirds of it is in deciduous trees, which goes to show that the land is not only adapted to citrus but to other fruits as well. After disposing of the 1,500 acres embraced in this sale, it is the intention of the company to withdraw the balance of its lands from the market for three years. A perpetual water-right goes with the land to be sold.

A SPECIAL EXCURSION

will leave San Francisco (foot of Market Street) Saturday, May 4, 1889, at 7 o'clock A. M., arriving at Sacramento at 10:30 A. M.; Marysville, at 12:15 P. M.; and Palermo, at 1 o'clock P. M.

ROUND-TRIP TICKETS

—AS FOLLOWS—

From San Francisco,	$5.00
From Sacramento,	$2.50
From Marysville,	$1.00

Excursion-train will return from Palermo, Sunday, May 5th, leaving there about 1:30 P. M., and arriving in San Francisco at 7 P. M.

ACCOMMODATIONS:

For those who apply early to McAfee & Baldwin, rooms will be reserved in the Palermo Villa, a new and cosy little hotel at Palermo. Pullman sleepers will accompany the excursion, and berths can be secured in advance. The train will take those who can not be accommodated to either way to Oroville, which is five miles from Palermo.

☞ Tickets should be secured in advance and can be had upon application to

MCAFEE & BALDWIN

Real Estate Agents and Auctioneers,

10 MONTGOMERY ST.,

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NEWHALL'S SONS & CO., Auctioneers, 225-227 Bush Street,

And JAMES N. PORTER. 1006 Fourth St., Sacramento, C

SPRING STYLES.

FURNITURE, CARPETS, UPHOLSTERY.

We are now showing a complete assortment of new season's goods suitable for PARLOR, CHAMBER, DINING-ROOM, LIBRARY, and HALL furnishing.

An inspection of our stock is respectfully solicited.

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MANTELS, GRATES, TILES,

Decorative Brass and Iron Goods, Fire-Place Furniture,

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IVERS & POND PIANOS

The finest and most popular instruments before the public.

ONE HUNDRED

of these pianos purchased by the great New England Conservatory of Music, and in daily use at that institution. Don't fail to examine these pianos which are creating such a furore among our best musicians. For full information about lowest prices, terms, etc., write or call on

KOHLER & CHASE, Gen'l Ag'ts,
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— FOR —

WALL PAPER, WINDOW SHADES, AND CORNICE POLES

— GO TO —

G. W. CLARK & CO.,
653 and 655 Market Street.

CARPETS, LINOLEUMS, SHADES, ETC.

SCHLUETER & VOLBERG,
709 MARKET STREET.

AN EVENING CALLER.

A Comedy of Culture.

Scene—The Maitland's parlor. Mabel Maitland on one end of a sofa, awaiting the entrance of some one who has just rung the bell. Mamma in adjoining parlor.

Time—Evening.

Enter Allen Adair.

Mabel—Good evening, Mr. Adair; I hardly expected any callers this evening, it is so stormy.

Allen—I had no idea the weather was so bad when I started out. There is no rain, but the wind is very high.

Mabel—Mamma says it is going to rain; her—her rheumatism is her barometer.

Allen—I suppose rheumatism and kindred diseases must be affected by electrical conditions of the atmosphere.

Mabel—Probably. What wonderful progress electrical science is making now! I hear we are to have not only electric street-railways, but electric trunk lines as well.

Allen—They will come next. I never hear the expression "trunk line" that I do not think of a line to carry trunks.

Mabel—The same way with me. I think of a picture of a big railway station full of trunks and people going to Montreal and Quebec. Were you ever there?

Allen—I never got further into Canada than the north bank of Niagara Falls. You have been there, I know.

Mabel—Yes, indeed; it was glorious!

Allen—I wonder if they will ever utilize that great water-power?

Mabel—I believe the consent of the State must be obtained; a gentleman told papa something about it.

Allen—That may be an easy matter or a hard matter, depending on who asks for it. Wheels within wheels are to be found everywhere in politics now, and the few rule the many. It is the same way with the general government. The few declare war and the many do the fighting.

Mabel—Yes; I wonder if there will be any more trouble about Samoa?

Allen—There might be. I don't think Germany would hesitate about a war with anybody; the young emperor is anxious for laurels. Speaking of emperors, I see the Emperor of China is to be married to I don't know how many wives.

Mabel—Yes; isn't it horrid! The Chinese are so strange.

Allen—The Japanese, however, are quite civilized, I understand, though the Chinese are the older race.

Mabel—Oh, yes; they are almost the first race, are they not?

Allen—I don't know, really; I suppose no one does. What strange civilizations the prehistoric races must have had, judging from the few traces left! Everything tells of love of animal comfort, combined with elaborate preparations for offense and defense. Men seem to have been at war from the beginning.

Mabel—I notice the pictures of prehistoric animals indicate that they, too, were well provided with weapons of attack.

Allen—Yes; it was all feeding and being fed on; but, no doubt, in an earlier era, when the earth's crust was still warm, tropical vegetation rankly luxurious and the animals few, there might then have been a peaceful existence for all that lived—all being vegetarians. Probably it was after this that they were driven to eating each other, driven by changed geological and——

Mabel (whispering)—Mamma has gone up-stairs.

Allen (grabbing her)—My own, own, ownest, sweet n-n-n-n-y-y-y-y-u-u-u-u-m-m-m-m!—*Puck.*

Forgotten Sentiments.

The following extract from the diary of Miss Ruth Gilbert, aged eighteen, may possibly have a familiar ring in the ears of other young ladies of her own age and tastes:

"*January 1st.*—Decided to look over my old papers and letters to-day, in order to burn what were not valuable. Found in my treasure-box a bunch of dried violets, labeled 'June 12th, A. G. H.'

"Who could A. G. H. have been? Not Agnes Harvey, I'm sure. She's too prosaic to have given me violets, and I'm sure I shouldn't have wanted to keep them if she had.

"Then there was a knot of blue ribbon done up in silver paper, and marked 'To be burned at my death.' It seems terribly unromantic to burn it while I'm alive, especially as I haven't the least idea why I kept it. What could it have been? Perhaps it was our class badge in the preparatory year—no, that was yellow—or a bit of my dress at the first school reception—or, or—I give it up!

"I've been looking over old examination-papers and compositions, too. One paper had the marginal note, 'Always remember what we did in the recitation-room No. Four on the ninth of April.' Now, what could it have been? I don't think I'm more forgetful than most people, but some of these reminiscences are beyond me.

"My old album, too, is full of notes I can't understand. Kate Whittier has put initials in all the corners of the page she used, and though they must have meant something once, I've no idea what it could have been. Laura Deane wrote 'Remember smoked herrings.' What *could* we have had to do with smoked herrings?

"To tell the truth, I don't believe it pays to be so sentimental and have so many secrets if this is all it amounts to. Who wants to save dried flowers if, in three years, she can't tell why she did it, or make a note of wonderful happenings that weren't important enough to be remembered without so much trouble? Not I, for one—though I wouldn't for anything have the other girls know I'm growing so prosaic."

THE STORY OF A "STAR."

I.—APRIL.

One bright morning in early spring, Miss Flighty arrived in New York. She was a very pretty girl, with some education, a lot of good clothes, and a perfect mine of undeveloped genius.

She had made up her mind to go on the stage. She was "very ambitious and willing to work hard," as she said to the agent whom she employed to get a manager for her.

She was to "star" in "Juliet," "Parthenia," and the "Lady of Lyons."

She had not the slightest difficulty in getting a manager and a company. She had been "on the road" about two weeks, when one Saturday night her manager eloped with the leading lady, and all the money Miss Flighty had furnished him for "the tour." She put up her wardrobe, trunks, and got the people back to New York.

II.—MAY.

She felt very badly at being obliged to give up "starring," but she made up her mind to play a year or two in a good stock theatre in New York, and then try it again.

The day she arrived in New York she sent a telegram to Mr. Daly, asking him to call upon her at once, as she wished to talk business with him. After she had sent him several messages and received no answer, she went to see him.

She was surprised to learn that he had received the messages, but he had no engagement to offer her. She tried at all the stock theatres, but failed to get anything to do. She could not understand it.

"Never mind," she said; "I'll go for leading business with Booth. It is humiliating for me to go on the road with another 'star,' but I will work hard and soon win a reputation; besides, I may be able to get a few ideas from Booth."

III.—JUNE.

She went to see Mr. Booth and several other stars. She found that they had already engaged their leading women.

"I must have some secret enemy," she thought, "some one who is jealous of my talent; but I'll baffle her yet."

IV.—JULY.

The little money she had was nearly gone. "I must do something," she thought; "I'll change my name, and go in one of those 'farce-comedies.'" She applied for the post of "The Tailor-made Girl," in one of Hoyt's plays. The part was already filled.

V.—AUGUST.

She heard that there was to be a big spectacular production at Niblo's. She went to see the manager. He gave her an engagement as an "extra-girl."

"Thank heaven, I've got my foot on the ladder," she said.—*New York Truth.*

Opinions and Opinions.

Scene—The lobby of any New York theatre, after the second act on any first night. The critics and the first-nighters are assembled in council.

Critic of the Evening Owl—Dreadful rot, eh, old man?

Critic of the Morning Magpie—Perfect guano, by Jove!

Critic of the Daily Crow—Guano, dear boy? Pshaw! Why, guano is a fertilizer, you know.

Critic of the Weekly Poll Parrot—*I'd* call it garbage.

Critic of the Hourly Hawk—Or muck.

Critic of the Noonday Vulture—Or truck.

Critic of the Sunday Buzzard—In fact, I think it is about the worst I ever saw.

Omnes—Oh, immeasurably.

(The curtain rings up and they disband for the next act.)

EXTRACTS FROM THE CRITIQUES.

"A triumphant success."—*The Owl.*

"A magnificent triumph."—*The Magpie.*

"The hit of the season."—*The Crow.*

"Art and genius excel themselves."—*The Poll Parrot.*

"Neat, polished, and fascinating."—*The Hawk.*

"A perfect *morceau* of its kind."—*The Vulture.*

"The most delightful modern drama it has ever been our good fortune to witness with enthralled interest."—*The Buzzard.*

—*To-Day.*

Mme. Tussaud's famous wax-works were sold by the Tussaud family to a syndicate, several of the family becoming share-holders.

— GO TO BRADLEY & RULOFSON'S NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont Streets.

— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

— EXTRA MINCE PIES, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

— STEELE'S Palace Drug Store, 635 Market St.

The Gates of Wonderland Thrown Wide Apart.

SELLS BROTHERS'
ENORMOUS ROMAN HIPPODROME
3-RING CIRCUS!

Elevated Stage and 5-Continent Managerie,

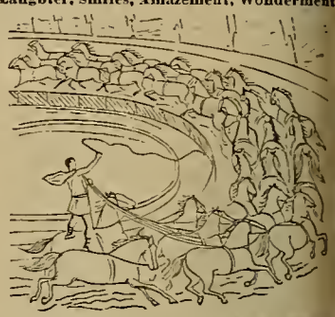
— UNITED WITH —

S. H. BARRETT'S
MONSTER WORLD'S FAIR!

— AT —

CENTRAL PARK,
10 DAYS ONLY,
Beginning Friday Night, April 26th,
And Continuing Daily at 2 and 8 P. M.,
Closing Sunday Night, May 5th.

CENTRAL PARK A CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND!
Laughter, Smiles, Amazement, Wonderment.



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HIPPODROME RACING TRACK!
TWO MENAGERIES!
WIZARD'S ENCHANTED PALACE!
MUSEUMS, AVIARY, ETC., ETC.

A Full Flock of Feathered Giants—a whole Ostrich Farm transplanted in San Francisco. Certainly and undeniably the very Best of all the Big Shows.

Huge Monster and Dwarf Elephants. Wild Moorish Caravan. Four-Horse Roman Chariot Races. Male and Female Steeple Chase. Jockey Races. Elephant Race. Roman Standing Races. Camel Races.

THE CHILDREN'S DREAM OF FAIRY LAND

Sumptuously exemplified with many Gold-Encrusted Tableaux, representing: Santa Claus, The Old Woman who Lived in a Shoe, Cinderella, Blue Beard, Robinson Crusoe, Little Red Riding-Hood, and Old Mother Goose.

A Most Remarkable Display of Japanese, Arabian, and other Foreign Acrobats and Athletes, in a Series of Wonderfully

THRILLING ACTS AND FEATS.

300 PHENOMENAL PERFORMERS
50 DARING AERIALISTS!
50 ROMAN HIPPODROME RIDERS
A WHOLE ARMY
Of Clowns, Jesters, Punchinellos, Mimics, Grotesques, and Fun-Makers, Wrestlers, Leapers, Tumblers, Etc.

Most Wonderful Exhibition Trained Animals ever seen.

The Whole Mammoth Show Presented at Once

Circus, Hippodrome, Menagerie, Museum, Aviary, Aquarium, Arabian Caravan, Pageants, and

A World of Startling Novelties and Thrilling Features.

Seats may be secured in advance for any performance during the engagement at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Music Store.

ADMISSION TO ALL, ONLY 50 CTS
CHILDREN UNDER 9 YEARS OF AGE, 25 CTS

Reserved Chairs on the Grand Stand 50 cents Extra.

☞ Look out for the grandest Circus Parade ever on the streets of San Francisco, about noon on April 27.

W. H. McCORMICK,
Importer and Manufacturer of
Marble, Granite, and Statuary, Mantels and Grates,
1422 Market St., bet. City Hall Ave. and Larkin St.

30 tons pressure is given to every cake of Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap.

It outlasts all others.

Transportation- Rail.

SAUSALITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN, via

ORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE.

mmencing Sunday, March 31, 1889, and until urther notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

om SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1 30, 3.25, 5.50, 6.10 P. M.
(ndays)—8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 12.30, 1.30, 2.45, 3.20, 5.30, 6.30, P. M. Extra trip on Sunday for Sausalito at 7.30 P. M.

om SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week ays)—6.10, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.55 P. M.
(ndays)—8.00, 9.50, 10.55 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 1.15, 2.45, 4.00, 5.00, 6.05, 7.00 P. M. Extra trips on Saturday at 6.25 P. M. re, 50 cents. round trip.

om SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—5.45, 8.15, 9 55. 11.50 A. M.; 2.30, 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
(ndays)—7.25, 8.45, 10.35, 11 35 A. M.; 12.45, 1.55, 3 30, 4.40, 5.45, 6.50, 7 45 P. M. Extra trips on Saturday at 1.05 P. M.
re, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

0 P. M., Daily (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) from an Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at 7.45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12.20 P.M

3 P. M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations.

0 A. M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning arrives in San Francisco at 8.15 P. M.

EXCURSION RATES.

irty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from l stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single ariff rate.

Saturday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.00; Tomales, $2.25; Howard's, $3.50; Cazadero, $4.00.

Sunday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, good on day sold only: Camp Taylor, $1.50; Point Reyes, $1.75; Tomales, $2.00; Howard's, $2.50; Duncan Mills and Cazadero $3 00.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Cazadero daily (except Mondays) for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, and all points on the North Coast.

O. W. COLEMAN, General Manager. F. B. LATHAM, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

General Offices, 327 Pine Street.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From April 14, 1889.	ARRIVE
30 A.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	*12.45 P.
30 A.	For Sacramento, and for Redding via Davis	7.15 P.
00 A.	For Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga and Santa Rosa	6.15 P.
30 A.	Los Angeles Express, for Fresno, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	11.15 A.
00 A.	For Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
00 A.	For Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
00 M.	For Haywards and Niles	* 3.45 P.
00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	**6.00 A.
00 P.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
00 P.	Central Atlantic Express, for Ogden and East	7.15 A.
00 P.	For Stockton and §Milton; for Vallejo, Calistoga & Santa Rosa	10.15 A.
00 P.	For Sacramento, and for Knight's Landing via Davis	10.45 A.
00 P.	For Niles, San José and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
00 P.	For Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
00 P.	Shasta Route Express, for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	7.45 A.
00 P.	Golden Gate Special, for Council Bluffs and East	‖ 7.45 P.
00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILWAY DIVISION.

7 A.	For Newark San José & Santa Cruz	‖ 8.05 P.
8 A.	For Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
5 P.	For Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*11.50 A.
4 P.	For Centerville, San José, Almaden, and Los Gatos	9.50 A.

(FOOT DIVISION (Fourth & Townsend Streets.)

7 A.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	2.30 P.
8 A.	For San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos; Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) & principal Way Stations	6.38 P.
10 A.	For San José, Almaden and Way Stations	5 35 P.
12 P.	For Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	4.36 P.
3 P.	For San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Monterey and principal Way Stations	*10.02 A.
4 P.	For San José and principal Way Stations	9.03 A.
5 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 7.56 A.
6 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A.
P.	For Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	†7.40 P.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Wallie Eddinger appeared as Dick, the Bootblack, in the third act of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" on Friday night, the occasion being his benefit.

"Lord Chumley" is to be the attraction at the Baldwin next week, inaugurating the season of excellent performances we have been treated to every summer when the New York stock companies take their vacation trip out here.

The "Bunch of Keys" company, now at the Bush Street, is a distinct departure from a hitherto inviolable rule in the *personnel* of the Hoyt farce-comedy companies, that the comedians should be funny and the comediennes pretty. The performance is coarser than it was with the earlier companies. It will be continued for another week.

Alice Lingard, whose admirers of a dozen years ago have not thought of her a dozen times in as many years, is charming all London with her impersonation of Mistress Ford in "The Merry Wives" at the Haymarket. Beerbohm Tree, by the way, is the Falstaff of the production, and is still the undisturbed heir of Ben de Bar in the rôle of the fat knight.

The Actors' Fund benefit at the Baldwin last Thursday afternoon was a bumper to a deserving institution. The house was crowded, and the people on the stage did their utmost to provide a thoroughly good entertainment. Perhaps the feature of the matinée most eagerly looked for was the appearance of Wallie Eddinger and Flossie Ethyl in "The Hunchback."

"The Bells of Corneville," with Louise Manfred as Serpolette, W. H. Hamilton as the Marquis, and Max Figman as Gaspard, has run for two satisfactory weeks at the Tivoli. It will be replaced, on Monday night, by "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief," in which Louise Manfred made her bow to San Francisco audiences when the Alcazar was first opened.

A new operatic company has just been organized in this city by Charles Edward Hamilton, who came from New York as business manager of Camilla Urso. It is called the Cecilian Operatic Company, and is headed by Miss Caroline Millzner, Miss Helen G. Judson, Mr. E. D. Crandall, and Mr. F. G. B. Mills. The company will give a short tour on the coast in May and then go East.

Though E. H. Sothern is new to San Francisco, he would receive a warm welcome here for his father's memory even if he were not himself an actor of established reputation. There are a number of old favorites in the company too, which includes C. B. Bishop, Herbert Archer, Belle Archer, Rowland Buckstone, Kate Pattison, Isabel Campbell, Kittie Wilson, Cyril Scott, T. C. Valentine, and Tully Marshall.

"Judge Not" was a success in New York because the shortcomings of the play were covered by the great merits of the company; as it has been played at the Alcazar during the week, its faults have been more apparent, and, artistically, the second week of the Ellsler engagement has fallen below the first. With Effie Ellsler in the title rôle of "Hazel Kirke," however, next week should see the Alcazar more popular than Laura Don's odd play, "Egypt," made it.

Clay Greene's "Hans, the Boatman," is to be presented to American audiences this summer. The experimental ceremony, theatrically known as "trying it on a dog," took place in the English provinces a year ago, with what result is not known beyond the fact that the dog did not succumb. The play was written especially for Charles Arnold, a good-looking and versatile young comedian, who jödels in the Tyrolean manner, delights in children, and has a big dog, like J. K. Emmett and W. J. Scanlon.

The Albani concerts commence at the Grand Opera House next Monday evening, and there will be two more in the first week, on Wednesday evening and Saturday afternoon. The advance sale of seats has been very large, and the audiences will rival those of the opera seasons. Indeed, the season will be fully as important as an opera season, as it will introduce to San Francisco almost the only one of the great *prime donne* whom we have not heard here. In London she has been an established favorite for several years, and she goes back for a season of Italian opera directly after this tour. Bevignani, her leader, is also very popular in London, where he is the favorite conductor of oratorio, Italian opera, and the big musical festivals.

The very genuine pleasure of seeing a really good circus is to be vouchsafed us next week at Central Park. The Sells Brothers have united their show with S. H. Barrett's, and the result is a company of athletes, riders, clowns, trainers of animals, and a menagerie which justify a large proportion of the extravagant adjectives on the hand-bills and posters. There are three rings, two elevated stages, and a menagerie which comprises all the strange and wonderful beasts of the earth, and the whole outfit was newly furbished up only a fortnight ago. There will be the usual street parade on Friday afternoon, and the performances, commencing Friday night, April 26th, will be continued daily at two and eight P. M., closing on Sunday night, May 5th.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt gave his fifteenth concert of this season last Monday evening at Spencer Hall.

The next regular subscription concert of the Handel and Haydn Society will be "The Golden Legend," by Sir Arthur Sullivan.

The musical club of ladies who have been meeting bimonthly at the residence of Mrs John F. Swift on Valencia Street, gave its last musicale at that hospitable home on Saturday afternoon, April 13th.

Señor L. T. Romero will give a farewell concert next Thursday evening at Union Square Hall, and will be assisted by Los Bandurristas, Mrs. Fleisnner-Lewis, and Mrs. Carmichael-Carr. An excellent programme will be presented.

The Grand Opera House contained a large audience on Friday evening, when a grand sacred "Good Friday" concert was given there as a testimonial to M. Ovide Musin, the great violin virtuoso, by the Handel and Haydn Society. The music was under the able direction of Mr. H. J. Stewart and Mr. Henry Heyman.

M. Ovide Musin gave his last concert of the series of three at the Baldwin Theatre on Sunday evening, April 14th. He was assisted by Mrs. Annie Louise Tanner, Mr. Whitney Mockridge, Mr. Edwin M. Shonert, and an orchestra of thirty musicians under the direction of Mr. August Hinrichs, Jr. A large and representative audience was present.

Yours truly
Bret Harte

A Knight Errant of the Foothills

BY

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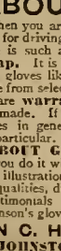

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NOTES AND GOSSIP.

The wedding of Dr. William J. Younger and Mrs. Virginia Edgerton, relict of the late Hon. Henry Edgerton, will occur at Grace Church on Monday morning, April 22d. It will be quietly celebrated and will be followed by a breakfast at the home of Mrs. Marriner-Campbell. Dr. Younger has purchased the former residence of Mrs. John McMullin, 1414 California Street, which he will occupy upon his return from Del Monte with his bride.

Miss Matie Peters, daughter of Mrs. Charles R. Peters, will be married to Mr. Robert J. Woods, at the residence of the bride's mother, 1016 Sutter Street, on Monday, April 22d.

At the residence of Mrs. John W. Conner, 1455 Franklin Street, her daughter, Miss Carrie Woodworth Conner, will be married to Mr. Walter Ellis Rountree on Tuesday evening, April 23d.

At the last reception given by Major and Mrs. J. L. Rathbone in Paris, there were quite a number of Californians present, among them being: Mr. and Mrs George H. Howard, Mrs. Louis T. Haggin, Mrs Sidney M. Smith, Mrs. S W. Sanderson, Mrs Catherwood, Miss Macondray, Misses Sybil and Marion Sanderson, Miss Ethel Smith, Miss Lulu Catherwood, Miss Lizzie Strong, and Mr. Preston, the vice-consul.

At the Cercle National—the leading Republican club-house in Paris—an elegant breakfast was given on March 25th, in honor of Consul-General Rathbone by several prominent members of the club.

Mr. Charles O. Alexander and Miss Minnie Carroll will be married at Sacramento next Wednesday.

The opening hop at the Hotel Rafael will occur on Saturday evening, May 4th.

Invitations are now out for the final cotillion of the German Club, which will be held at Union Square Hall on Tuesday evening, April 30th.

The Children's Hospital is greatly in need of funds with which to carry on its work of charity, and for its benefit two entertainments will be given at the Van Ness Seminary Friday and Saturday evenings under the direction of the alumnæ of the seminary. A concert will be one of the attractions of Friday night, some of the contributors being Mrs. Marriner-Campbell, Miss Wilcox, Mr. Henry Heyman, Mr. Ugo Talbo, Mr. Alfred Wilkie, and Mr. Walter C. Campbell. Howell's comedy, "The Mouse-Trap," will also be a feature, the participants being Mrs. Joseph M. Marten, Miss Mattie Gibbs, Miss Ernestine Haskell, Miss Claribell Hughes, Miss Clara Gamble, and Mr. Hugo H. Toland. Saturday evening will be devoted to dancing. The following ladies are the patronesses: Mrs. Adam Grant, Mrs. Frank M. Pixley, Mrs. George M. Blake, Mrs. James R. Garniss, Mrs. Thomas Breeze, Mrs. George K. Fitch, Mrs. Webster Jones, Mrs. Alexander F. Hamilton, Mrs. Eugene Sherwood, Mrs. A. Boyle, Mrs. Homer S. King, Mrs. Charles E. Bancroft, Mrs. Charles J. Bandmann, Baroness von Schröder, Mrs. C. L. Asbe, and Mrs. S. B. Gamble.

Mr. Harry A. Williams entertained a number of friends recently at a domino party which he gave at his residence, 1925 Octavia Street.

The twenty-sixth spring exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association will open on Tuesday evening, April 23d, when a special reception will be held at the rooms, 430 Pine Street, from eight until twelve o'clock. The exhibition will continue four weeks, and will be open at night for the first week only.

The Etching Exhibition in Oakland, given in aid of the Fabiola Hospital, was a success in every way. Several San Francisco people who were not able to cross the bay have asked to have it repeated here, and it is in contemplation to give it with several very important additions within the next two weeks. An announcement of place and date will appear in our columns.

DXXIII—Bill of Fare for six persons—Sunday, April 21, 1889.

Eastern Oysters.
Clear Soup.
Fried Trout. Saratoga Potatoes.
Broiled Beefsteak, Sauce à la Bordelaise.
Terrapin.
Asparagus. String Beans.
Roman Punch, Served in Orange Skins.
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Fancy Cakes.
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SAUCE A LA BORDELAISE.—Have some very young onions very finely minced with a couple of sprigs of parsley, throw them into a pan containing four ounces of very hot melted butter, toss them once, and pour boiling hot over the broiled steak, after it is upon the dish.

ANOTHER BIG WINNER.

A Broker Draws $30,000 From the Louisiana State Lottery.

Many of the prizes won at the last drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery were secured by ticket-holders in San Francisco. This paper on Wednesday gave the names of two persons who got $15,000 each. Another gentleman, E. Fritsch, partner in the firm of Kuhl, Roemer & Co., brokers on Pine Street, won $30,000, one-tenth of the capital prize.

Mr. Roemer has been in business for a number of years and accepted the $30,000 with a great deal of philosophy.

"What will you do with the money, Mr. Fritsch?"

"Oh, I don't know," he said; "I'll invest it, I suppose. I did not need it, you know, but can find some good use for it."

"How many tickets did you buy?"

"I got a couple of coupons for $2 and they proved worth just $30,000. I have been buying tickets for some time. I consider it just as safe an investment as stocks—safer maybe. No big ticket-holder can depreciate the value of the one you hold, the way a stock-holder can run down the price of mining shares. A dollar or two a month isn't felt very much and one will hit the winning ticket some time. That's how I look at it. I know all about stocks and shares, and am of the opinion that this small investment of mine is safer and surer than any I could make in mines."

Since Mr. Fritsch's good fortune has been made known, he has been the object of much attention from acquaintances and strangers. Many people bring him money and ask him to buy tickets for them. He has a very charming family and a beautiful home in Alameda.—*San Francisco (Cal.) Chronicle March 1.*

— A. A. JACKSON & CO., 33 MARKET STREET, San Francisco, are now offering special bargains in Surreys, Phaetons, Buggies, Harness, etc., preparatory for removal to their new repository on Golden Gate Avenue.

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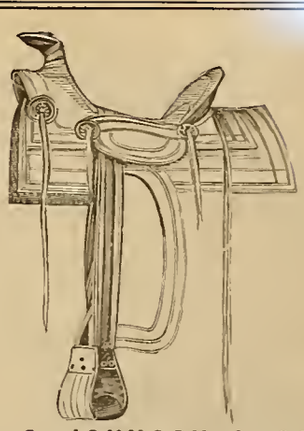

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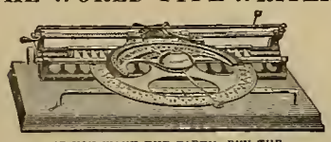

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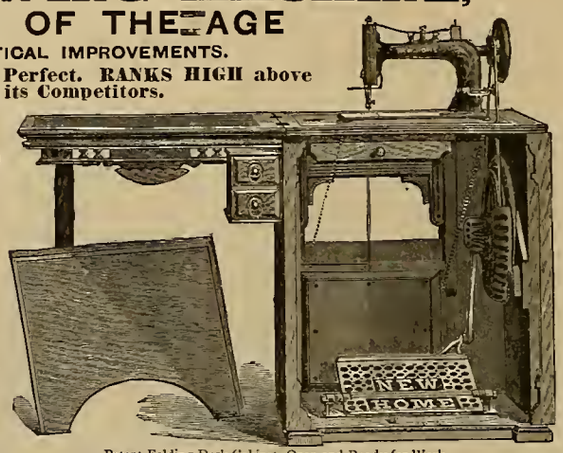

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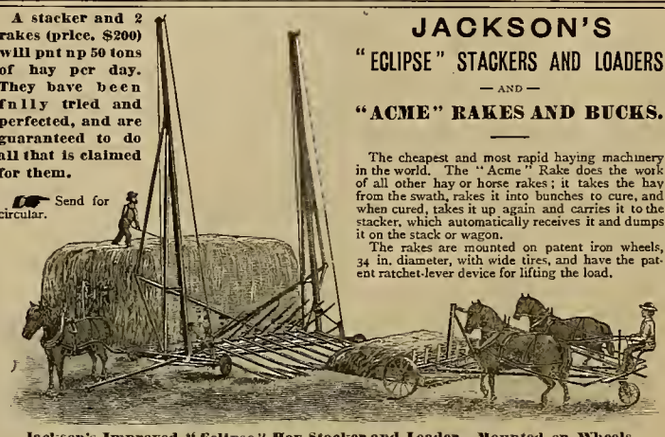

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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The excitement of the settlement of that part of the Indian Territory, which—when arriving in numbers at the dignity of qualification for admission as a State—will be known as Oklahoma, presents a curious and novel spectacle, one which has never occurred to any other country in modern historic times and is not likely to occur again upon this continent. There have been numerous instances in the past, and similar ones are likely to happen in the future, when peculiar inducements to attract immigration to a particular locality will be so strongly presented that a rush may occur. These events have happened all over the metal-bearing regions of the Pacific Coast. In search of gold, our people have tramped the great, broad half-continent which lies west of the Mississippi River. Frozen River and the Yukon have found our gold-hunters on their repellent banks; gold-hunters have penetrated almost to the tropic regions in search of treasure. The hidden jewels, bullion, and doubloons of Spanish pirates have drawn adventurous treasure-hunters to Cocos Island and places on the Spanish Main, where piratical plunder is supposed to have been hidden. But Oklahoma is attractive from other causes and is based upon a safer foundation. Here, in the very heart of the continent, millions of acres of most attractive lands, rich grassy plains, watered by the Cimarron, Canadian, and other rivers, and crossed by lesser streams, have become the prize which American citizens have been invited to take without price. This land in European states would have been regarded as crown lands, would have belonged to barons, would have been tilled by peasants born to the soil and born to the heritage of uncompensated toil. In process of time, it would have become the property of great dukes, noble lords, and titled gentry, or, in these later days, under other governments, it would have fallen into the possession of gambling capitalists, banded together in a moneyed syndicate, in which officials would have held stock, or it would have become the property of some great corporation, but in this American republic of ours and its centennial year, this central spot of beauty is reserved for division among the American people. During the last month, from all the Western, Southern, and Middle States, preparations have been made for the anabasis to the scene of this agricultural gift-prize. Great wagons—prairie schooners they are sometimes called—have formed in procession with household goods and camp equipage, with wives and children, cattle, and all the movable accumulations of an industrious, enterprising, restless people; with this tramping mass of farmers move speculators, adventurers, gamblers, criminals, and sight-seers. In a day and a night-time the great plain is dotted over with camp-fires and tents, which are the precursors of farms, and houses with their hearth-stones, around which families shall gather, and lands where prosperous people shall toil. A great city with fifteen thousand inhabitants springs up in an afternoon, and out of the chaos and confusion of strange people, rushing in crowds to take lands, the genius of order and respect for the law, inherent in the breast of every American not a criminal, steps forth and organizes a provisional government which is to be the forerunner of peacefully established State and municipal governments. Land-offices open their doors, where title to lands and town lots are granted under the law; lands are apportioned in accordance with the legislative provisions of a code which assigns to each head of a family one hundred and sixty acres of free land; shanties, and tents, and holes in the ground will give way to comfortable homes; splendid edifices will spring up; schools and churches will be established; printed journals will be scattered abroad; and, in a brief period of time, those plains, where but a few years ago the buffalo grazed and the coyote and the wolf made their homes, across which Indians roved and hunted, mounted on their ponies, will become the happy homes of an opulent, cultured community. Such a scene as this could not happen elsewhere, and without bloodshed and strife. It is the American people alone—thanks to the education of our common schools, thanks to the general intelligence which attends free thought, free speech, and a free press—who have the genius of self-government, and are instinctively law-abiding and mindful of the personal rights of others. Oklahoma will become a populous, wealthy, prosperous State, and all by the self-working—the automatic working—of republican institutions.

We think we speak advisedly when we say that the institutions of no other civilized country would have operated so successfully as ours for such a land distribution. All that it was necessary for our government to do was to restrain, by the show of authority, the emigration till the machinery of the law could be so started as to give all citizens equal chances in the selection of farms. A State was populated in a day, and the machinery of municipal government so set in motion that the people interested will govern themselves in accordance with constitutional provisions of law, which, *under* the law, recognize the equality and freedom of all men. That our government has improved with the century which terminates on Tuesday next, we may appreciate when we contrast the close of the century with its opening period. A school-system in embryo then has developed to an institution of such importance that it exercises a controlling influence in our political affairs; it has challenged the opposition of the Roman Church, and the wise men who control its organization recognize that, in free, non-sectarian education, they have reached the struggle in which Rome must finally succumb. Education is the only security for the preservation of political freedom, rights of property, and personal liberty, and must come from non-sectarian schools, maintained at the cost of the State, without interference from any hierarchical power. The education which comes from any church, or class, or order, or is restricted within the lines of any faith, the prejudice of any race, the history of any organization, or within the limits of any other than national authority, is not broad enough to satisfy the age, nor generous enough to give assurance of safety to the republican institutions of the American people. The education which underlies the government of a free people, and which can be relied upon for a free press, free speech, intelligent legislation, and for fearless and impartial judicial tribunals, comes only from a people whose education is broad and universal. Under such an education the mind is emancipated from the superstitions which ignorance creates, forced from the thralldoms which bind it, and sent forth to the labors of scientific investigation with unbounded enthusiasm and fearless courage to explore its limitless domain. Among a self-governing people, where all are clothed with sovereign power, where all are equal, where upon all alike devolve the duties and responsibilities of the legislative, judicial, and executive power; where the army is composed of volunteers, and the government rests upon the patriotism and loyalty of its citizens—the education of its people must be broad and national. No foreign power, civil or ecclesiastical, may be permitted to interfere with it or control it. The American school-house is the citadel where American liberty must intrench itself and make its final struggle if any foreign or domestic power shall ever have the courage there to assail it. This doctrine should be taught in every school-house in the land; fealty to the law, allegiance to the constitution, and loyalty to the country should underlie the education of all American youth. The American school-house should be the nursery of all American statesmen, American jurists, American soldiers, and American citizens.

It is not long ago since Tennyson—the plain, old-fashioned surname fits the hard more aptly than any such tinsel decoration as a parvenu title could—gave to the world a poem, entitled "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After." It was written upon the lines of the old "Locksley Hall" of our boyhood, in the same measure and the same dress, but the spirit which informed and gave life, vigor, and passion to the earlier poem is not that which actuates the later. This in a double sense. Both the hero of the poem and the poet himself have, as it is only natural that they should do, changed. It is only natural that the Tennyson of to-day—he who has borne the laurel chaplet of England, "greener from the brows of him that uttered nothing base," for well nigh half-a-century, should, in that long lapse of time, have lost the fire, the freshness, and the impulsiveness of youth. It is only natural, also, that the youth whom he depicted as wavering, after being forsaken by his early love, between numbing his sorrows by a life of cynicism or by a life of action, should reappear upon the scene with his ardor cooled, his judgment ripened, his ideas fixed. There are those who affect to see, in the now developed and indurated pessimism of the hero of "Locksley Hall," a reflex of the poet's own ideas of the direction human affairs are taking in our age. But is not this a somewhat exacting view of the case? Do not poets, and imaginative writers in general, always identify themselves with the personality of the characters they create, and is not this identification necessary to the *vraisemblance* of the picture? This, however, really does not signify and is beside the question. The fact remains that Tennyson paints the portrait of a man, who, in the course of a long life of varied experience among his fellow-men, has at last come to the conclusion that we are all going to the bad, and that things in general, to use a colloquialism of pioneer days, are "on the down grade." This man, it must be remembered, did not have a fair start in life. He was handicapped at the outset, so to speak, by an incident which would tend naturally to incline him to a cynical and pessimistic view of things. He who carries a "palsied heart" and "jaundiced eye" is scarcely likely to look at what passes under his notice through rose-colored spectacles. Accordingly, the inferences and deductions of such an one must be taken *cum grano salis*. The old age of the unfortunate or unsuccessful in life—and they are certainly in a towering majority—is apt to be pessimistic; therefore, the generality of opinion as to the future of the human race must necessarily be

one-sided and prejudiced. But take an opposite instance—that of one whose conditions have been such as to permit of his observing at his ease current events as they passed before him, and whose natural intelligence was such that he could estimate these at their just value—would even the opinion of such an one be entitled to unqualified respect on the question of the social and political future of the race? Say that he was born in 1813, which would now make him seventy-five, an age at which many men are in the prime of their intellectual faculties—what are the experiences through which he has passed, and are these such as would confer on him an indisputable claim to be considered as an authority upon the future? From the age of seven, at which perception would begin to dawn upon him, to that of seventy-five, when he reflects upon the perceptions of the past seventy years, what a vast and varying series of events would have been spread before him. What a difference would he see in all the methods of life, between those which were current in 1820 and those which are now current in what we may for the purpose call 1890. He has seen in that long span more social, political, and economic changes than the past five hundred preceding years afforded. He has seen within that time a greater progress in science and all the industrial arts than the thousands of years of recorded history which came before ever dreamed of witnessing. Side by side with this, he has seen the development of independent thought among the masses, through the dispersion of the clouds of ignorance by increased facilities for education, and by the dissemination, through the public press, of exact information affecting all topics and every phase of human affairs, such as it never entered into the head of the most privileged classes, sixty years ago, that they could ever obtain. But, keeping steady and even pace with this, he has also seen, with the development of this independent thought—we are now speaking more particularly of the older countries—the development of a more independent spirit; of a desire, on the part of the masses, to break loose from the bonds of priestcraft and absolutism, by which they have been so long enthralled; of a determination to question the right of those who claim material and spiritual authority over them to continue its exercise; of a disposition to scoff at existing institutions, civil and religious. This is the phantom which rises before the astonished eyes of the privileged class, to which the hero of "Locksley Hall" and Lord Tennyson belong—the phantom of an angry proletariat, and, like Banquo's ghost, it will not down. It has been steadily growing, and growing at such a rate for the past fifty years, that it has assumed the gigantic proportions of the fabled Demogorgon, fated, apparently, like him, too, to subvert and overthrow the rule of the mundane Jupiter. It is this startling and wholly unprecedented spectacle which causes the ancient gods, in the persons of the privileged classes, to stare aghast into each other's eyes in their old-time banquet-halls, and to ask themselves if at last the end of things has come. What may be the result of this mental and moral awakening upon the nations of Europe when it asserts itself, as, sooner or later, it must, and throws down the gage of battle to the sword and crozier, it is, of course, impossible to determine as regards a first issue. There may be another era of repression, or there may be a repetition of the orgies of the French revolution and a temporary return to social anarchy and chaos. But the final issue is not doubtful. Even chaos itself is but the cradle of order. The pessimism of the aged hero of "Locksley Hall" is founded neither upon nature nor precedent. It is the pessimism of a class, bewailing the dreaded curtailment of its privileges, and, as such, must be taken only for what it is worth.

Two summers ago the *Argonaut* had occasion to criticise, with some severity, the shameful exhibitions at the weekly picnic excursions. Sundays were devoted to drunken orgies; men and women, young men and girls, forgetting all moral restraints, gave themselves up to the most flagrant excesses. It was in Marin County that these exhibitions came under our notice. The citizens of Santa Rosa found their town a scene of drunken revelry on Sabbath days, while every suburban locality adjoining San Francisco found itself invaded and overrun by men fearless of the law, and women indifferent to the restraints which usually confine the sex to lives of decent deportment. Oakland and its vicinity, Harbor View, and other so-called pleasure-resorts became insufferable. These suburban places and country picnic-grounds are usually owned and run for the sale of alcohol and beer. The railroads are interested in the transportation, and clubs, composed too often of criminals and idlers, find the opportunity for a cheap debauch. We are glad to be able to say that these offenses are likely to be of less frequent occurrence this summer, because the railroad corporations have determined to exercise great caution in this direction, and have resolved not to permit their Sunday trains and steamboats to be devoted to drunken and lascivious rioting, with fights, among hoodlums and prostitutes. Proprietors of pleasure-resorts have also discovered that profit does not come from the idle, profligate, and criminal class, but from the working middle class, which thinks it not unbecoming, with wives and children and their own refreshments, to take a day of pleasure and rest by country excursion on Sunday. In this mode of observing a Sabbath day, we find great sympathy for the class which is occupied with six days of weekly labor, and excuse for the worried toiler of the shop and the worried wife, with her never-ending round of vexatious domestic labors. We would not be thought as questioning the excellence of church observances on Sabbath days, but we would suggest to our evangelical clergy the propriety of taking advantage of this almost general habit of Sunday excursions to ocean beach, to grassy meadows, groves, and running streams, to Golden Gate Park, and Harbor View, and Alameda's shady oaks. Why not, for your religious teachings, take advantage of our summer climate, and take heed of our citizens' desire to visit some quiet, pleasant suburb, and lead your flocks out into the sunlight and the fresh, breezy air; give them a cheap ride across the bay; seat them beside the waters of the bay or on the banks of some murmuring stream; let men smoke their pipes and children play upon outside grassy lawns, while mothers listen to short sermons, to cheerful music, and men smoke and listen to exhortations, music, and prayers. Religion is no longer grim and hateful; that time has passed; then let it harness itself to more cheerful measures, and go out on God's day to worship in his temples of the groves; let children romp, and women smile, and toilers rest, and smoke, and drink their glass of pure wine from their own lunch-baskets, in family groups, and in the exchange of social greetings. Let their clergymen and their elders go with them. The Methodists have their grove at Monterey, and other denominations are taking the hint—all these things are well. Camp-meetings are good in the country, excursions out for a summer vacation; but let us remember this is a great city, filled with men and women who work six days of the seven, and have neither time nor money for long summer trips. There are a thousand places along the shores of our bay, in the groves of Marin, under the oaks of Alameda, by the ocean within reach of cable-cars, within cheap and easy three hours' ride of our wharves, where tents may be pitched, shanties erected, where rational religious devotions may be indulged in on Sabbath day, and on other occasions dances, harmless frolics, with music and picnic-basket. We have in view—within an hour of San Francisco—a place fitting for such a congregation of worshipers. It is a beautiful, wooded, grassy amphitheatre, set in a background of mountains, watered with a limpid, pure, babbling brook of water, clear as crystal and cold as charity. A fashionable meeting-house, or a costly church, with its bedizened altars, blazing in the daytime with jets of gas, and covered with gimcracks; its sumptuous upholstery, its ornamentation of Easter flowers, its organs and musical choirs, with paid prima donnas and tenors, its salaried preacher, priest, and sexton, its architectual structure loaded with debt, its ever recurring fairs and grab-bags, its working-guilds, its charitable organizations, pew-rents, and foreign missions, its never-ending clamor for aid—all this is well enough for the godly rich, and if they enjoy it, let heaven be filled with the well-dressed and well-mannered, select and chosen; but for the ungodly poor, who have souls to save, who belong to the great and most respectable middle-class, who are compelled to work six-sevenths of their days, who love music and flowers, and would be glad to worship before altars splendid with carving, and bright with brass, and hung round with pictures they can not afford—our advice to our clergy is that they lead these, their poorer sheep, out into pastures fresh and green. We would like to see a congregation of clean, well-behaved, honest men and virtuous women called together in the country for worship, with their children around them, listening to plain, common-sense talk. We wonder if there is not precedent for this in the holy writings. We seem to remember that on one Sabbath day Christ walked in the corn-field and plucked the ears. On one occasion he went over the Sea of Tiberias and up into a mountain, where he sat with his disciples; and when the great feast of the Jews was nigh, and a great company had gathered there, Christ, his disciples, and the multitude sat down upon the grass, and he fed them with the miraculous feast of the barley-loaves and fishes. Now that we gather up our recollections of early Bible-readings, we recall the building of no cathedral, no church edifice, no grand organs sent forth their anthems, no chimes of bells rung forth their peals. There was Solomon's temple, but it was Jewish; there were altars, but they were heathen. Early Christians were more frequently hidden in caves, and catacombs, and secret places; they worshiped with simple ceremonials. If, in this early period of the Christian era, before ecclesiasticism had erected splendid architectural piles, adorned with altars, hung with pictures, and blazing with the glare of sculptured brass, it was right for apostles, and their Master, and the Christian multitude to convene by ocean shores, on mountain-tops, to hide in the wilderness, and walk in fields of corn on the sacred day set apart for man, it may not be altogether wrong for honest, simple folk to go forth on a Sabbath day to the rational enjoyment of the country. This line of unconsidered, galloping, empty reflection is an unpremeditated offense in which no harm is intended. It came to us while sitting in our garden last Sunday morning smoking, while car-load after car-load came rolling by over the Union Street cable line, with members of the W. W. Morrow Club going to a Sunday picnic at Harbor View. Something more than twelve hundred people of the middle class—good, honest workmen; well-dressed, virtuous, well-mannered, handsome women; pretty girls, well-behaved, and children, clean and merry, and acting as well as children can in view of a happy day. They were going to the ocean side, where they had a view of the broad waters of the bay and a glimpse through the Golden Gate of the Farallones, the wave-washed sentinel-rocks which guard our entrance, where the government ought to build an impregnable harbor defense to protect the commerce of our State. This great gathering of people passed an innocent, happy, rational day; there was no drinking, no unseemly conduct, no word or act not becoming to gentlemen and ladies. If Mr. Morrow, our member of Congress, can have a political club so large and so respectable as this, and one which will behave so well upon a Sabbath day at a sea-side resort, we respectfully suggest to our evangelical and learned clergymen the hint of a religious experiment in the same direction.

Our centennial celebration grows in interest. We thought at first our community would not respond to the occasion; its preliminaries seemed to drag, and it was with seeming difficulty that the machinery was put in motion. The very eloquent address of Colonel Stuart Taylor, put forth at the request of the committee of one hundred, found very cold welcome from the press, as only the *Alta California* found place for its insertion, and yet it seems to have accomplished the work it was intended for. Perhaps, because the press was indifferent, it became more necessary for the people to move. The parade will be joined by all the more important civic associations, foreign consuls, the judges, the more important officials, soldiers of the regular and volunteer army, fine music, and the usual accessories of such displays will secure a procession of more than ordinary attractiveness. The literary exercises of the evening at the Mechanics' Pavilion will be exceedingly interesting and the music of the highest degree of artistic excellence. It is suggested that John T. Washington will be chosen to act as grand marshal in the place of Mr. Thomas F. Barry, who has been chosen for that position. Mr. Washington is represented to be a grand-nephew of the immortal first President; to Mr. Frank B. Washington, his brother, is assigned the reading of the farewell address. The substitution of Mr. Washington is understood to be at the request of Mr. Barry. We sincerely hope the centennial celebration may prove successful.

The little band of Pilgrim immigrants which, in 1631, found themselves huddling together on the New England Coast passed a law that none should thereafter be admitted free men or entitled to any share in the government, or be chosen to act as magistrates or jurymen, except church members. All civil rights were made to depend upon qualifications purely ecclesiastical. Subsequently, these very good Christian people under the influence and leadership of very narrow-minded arbitrary, and bigoted preachers, drowned witches, imprisoned free-thinkers, exiled Baptists, and persecuted Quakers. This was "church and state." No country ever flourishes and no people prosper under civil government which rests its administration on religious intolerance or which permits questions of faith or ceremonial to have influence or authority in political affairs. Good pagans are better than bad Christians, an intelligent free-thinker and infidel may be a better patriot than ever so conscientious a churchman who is ignorant and bigoted. In a constitutional government, administered by the people allegiance is due only to the law. Loyalty to any other power is treason. If the *Argonaut* had been published in New England in 1631, it would have resisted the interference of preachers in the political affairs of the country, and so soon as the "United Colonies" had achieved their independence and become "United States," and finally severed their connection with the British power, the *Argonaut* would have looked upon loyalty to the English Church, or its priests, or to the king its head, as rank and impertinent treason. Protestantism has ceased to persecute, and, as a church, it is always loyal. Roman Catholicism has never ceased to persecute through its order of Jesuits; it persecutes to-day where it has the power and the courage; it recognizes the civil power of the Pope of Rome, because he is claimed to be infallible as head of the Church of Rome. It would be just as consistent for members of the Episcopalian Church of England to acknowledge civil allegiance to Queen Victoria as head of the Church of England, as for Papists to recognize the Pope's claim to civil power because he is the head of the Church of Rome. When Protestantism became

ltened, it became liberal; when Roman Catholicism be- s educated and intelligent, it will destroy Jesuitism and se higotry. Protestantism and Catholicism will live and sh, each retaining all that is good. The schools, the the pulpit, the stage, the rostrum, are all engaged in ac- hors, working in the direction of intellectual, moral, and al emancipation, working up to positions independent of clesiastical organizations, whether of Judea, England, or . To aid in this work is not to oppose religion, and not to antagonize Jew, Papist, or Protestant.

are not quite sure that General Boulanger is not doing service to republican France, in teaching her that vic- of a more permanent character are to be achieved at the box than at the barricades. "The general has run away, at is the end of him," says a Conservative English jour- That "nobody can endure being laughed at" is almost m in politics, so when the military hero of the cafés of ulevards and the singing-gardens took his roll of petti- and his proclamations to Belgium, it was considered that le game was up. Perhaps "he who laughs last, laughs t," and it may be yet the turn of the League of Patriots gh when their hero returns on horseback to become ent of the French Republic. Perhaps General Bou- remembers enough of the history of recent revolutions, calls enough of the Commune with its costly struggle, bloody reprisals of the national government, and enough ontests in front of barricades in Paris, to think Belgium er place to be, and England more comfortable than the of the Mazas, and more certain, perhaps, than the re- a trial for treason before a political tribunal composed enemies. Perhaps General Boulanger may think it greeable to live in luxurious and comfortable ease with est petticoat in London, than to demonstrate the cour- ich Frenchmen so much admire, by placing his neck he knife of the guillotine. And perhaps General Bou- may be more patriotic, and a better Republican, and l by a higher love of his native land than his political nts accredit him with being, for he may think, and it true, that his escape from Paris has saved that city tragic and perhaps bloody revolution. The French onderful people. It is easier to criticise them than it is hesy concerning them.

ulterior motives behind the recent dishonest raid on the Valley Water Company are gradually coming to light, the skill with which the conspirators disguised their t first would have won our admiration had it isplayed in some legitimate enterprise. It is the iliar story of the husband and the bear. If the ors succeeded in extorting what they wished from er company, the power controlling them would share ils; if not, they know where to turn for conso- The company made a strong resistance, and actually audacity to appeal to the courts for protection. corporation! villainous directors! they defy the peo- when the people's representatives cut down their rates, ally have the audacity to refuse to obey until the courts they must. Was there ever such an outrage? There g left for the city to do but own its own water-works. tly these spoilsmen have but little faith in the justice of se, for though they have been vowing for months that alley's revenue is outrageous, the instant the question to a proper tribunal for decision, they shift their and say that the city must own water-works. Of would be wicked to suggest that perhaps some one een this state of affairs, and thoughtfully secured a er schemes to sell to the city as soon as a suffi- trong public clamor could he raised to give the rs an excuse for purchasing. No doubt it would more unjust to insinuate that the promoters of k on the water company had their water-rights for sale years ago, and started the whole fuss ope of unloading a profitless property for a profit- e. Water schemes present a splendid field for tions of speculators skilled in that art which came inence at the time of the South Sea bubble, and cul- few weeks ago in the crash of the Panama Canal The promoter poses picturesquely in the attitude of king the rock. There he stands, rod in hand, cry- Here's your fine mountain water, two hundred mill- ns a day, and here's your thirsty San Francisco with parched lips and swollen tongue, for the blessed All he wants is a million and a quarter for five thou- s of land, worth about thirty dollars an acre, and v in a river with the bargain. All the city need do ild a hundred miles or so of pipe and let the water plenteous force from the river to San Francisco's s. Such trifling obstacles as the enormous cost of lion feet of iron pipe and the fact that the fall is not to overcome the friction, without the added force of are no bar to the fervid picturings of the amiable ameliorator of San Francisco's droughty condition. Only give him his million and a quarter for his bit of land, and it will be all right. That rivers and arms of the sea have to be tunneled or bridged; that a marsh in which a railroad company dumped nine hundred thousand dollars' worth of earth before they could get it to sustain the weight of a mile of track has to be filled and bridged; that the law as laid down by the supreme court of the State and the Supreme Court of the United States forbids the taking of water from the river except for use behind its banks; that the scheme would saddle the city with a load of debt which would add one-third to its taxes for fifty years to come; and that the plan has been pronounced impracticable by competent engineers, make no difference to the gentlemen who want a million and a quarter from the city treasury. If the city will not buy, there is still another card in the sleeve of these water-gamblers. The crop of amiable wealthy idiots is large, and for their benefit these river-owners can get up a stock company, sell their bonds, float their stock, and pump and pipe their water a hundred miles into San Francisco. The interest on the needed millions would only amount to a million and a half dollars a year or thereabouts, the operating expenses a half a million more, and, as the board of supervisors has just fixed a water-rate which if enforced would enable the company to collect less than three-quarters of a million a year, the result to the expected land-buyer and stock-holder can easily be foreseen. No doubt the *Examiner* and Mr. Buckley, who appear to be anxious to play the rôle of Moses, will say that these figures are too high and that water can be brought here for less than it costs now. But suppose it could, what would be the result to the men who brought it here and ultimately to the public? There would be a water-rate war between the Spring Valley Water Company and its new rival, and when the stockholders of both had reached the verge of bankruptcy they would get together like sensible men, consolidate the two companies, as the gas, ice, and other companies have been consolidated, and raise the rates to make up for lost time. The people would have to pay for the cost of twice as much service as they used, and only the promoters of the scheme, who had property to sell, would be a dollar better off. In the attendant train of ills would be found lost confidence in Californian investments, timid capital withdrawn from useful enterprises, ruined investors, and a host of other evil things. Competition with a corporation made unpopular by the howls of black-mailing spoilsmen seems to have a perennial charm for a certain class of people, and now that this clamor has been started, we may expect prospectuses of new water enterprises to flutter about San Francisco like vultures above the resting-places of the wounded; but because we do not wish to see any one robbed, and because we have some pride in the foreign credit of a city in which we have paid taxes for nearly forty years, we advise people who have money to invest to leave all these schemes alone. The city already has a more ample and lavish supply of water than any of the great cities of the world, and it is capable of indefinite expansion when the greed of knaves and the folly of fools shall no longer be allowed to interfere with the company's efforts to improve its system and complete the enlargement of its gigantic resources. The supply will, in a few years, be all furnished by gravitation, and, as it includes all of the adjacent streams, it can be furnished for less money than would pay the cost of any competition, as has been shown by the various commissions which have investigated the subject. The present company has never been able to pay a fair interest on its investment, and its stock is below par, and though the banks of San Francisco are loaded down with money seeking investment, there is not one of them that would loan a dollar on the securities of a rival water company.

Excuses must be rare in China. At Kai Feng Fu a private soldier was on guard over thirty boxes of bullets, which it was the duty of a petty officer to inspect twice a day. The soldier skillfully abstracted the bullets from the boxes, and was finally found out. Then the punishment began. The soldier was condemned to penal servitude for life and a flogging of a hundred blows. The petty officer, who had failed to inspect the boxes satisfactorily, was dismissed the service and received eighty blows. His lieutenant has been cashiered in order to be tried for connivance in the theft, and he has disappeared. And the military authorities in Peking are considering what punishment to inflict on the general in command.

This new nomenclature was recently adopted at the London National Gallery: Old style, Michael Angelo; new, M. A. Buonarrotti; Francia, now F. Raibolini; Paolo Veronese, now Caliari; Titian, now Vecellio; Giorgione, now Barbarelli; Correggio, now Allegri; Gaspar Poussin, now Dughet; Claude, now Gellee. Complaint has been made against it in the House of Commons.

One of the great industries of Nüremberg is making lead toy-soldiers. Eight hundred work-people are engaged, and they turn out ten thousand soldiers a day.

The remains of the Confederate ram *Merrimac* have just been sold for old iron.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Joseph Pulitzer, of the New York *World*, will soon return from his year's residence in Europe, improved in health, but still unable to see. It is said that he is hopelessly blind.

S. M. Stockslager, the Democratic commissioner of the general land office, has beaten the record for nepotism. He has secured soft positions under the government for ten of his near relatives. Mr. Stockslaga is an Indiana man.

A Washington correspondent says: "I was shocked to hear to-day that the widow and daughter of the late Chief-Justice Waite, having little other property than their home and being unable to rent it, had been compelled to take boarders in order to live in it."

Mr. de Blowitz, who has been called "The Friend of Emperors," will say, in *Harper's* for May: "Prince Bismarck and Pope Leo the Thirteenth are the only men—I have seen nearly all the great personages of the time—who have not disappointed me, but have even surpassed my expectations."

Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria may be deposed, but will not probably be kidnapped as his predecessor was. Three hundred young men have voluntarily formed themselves into a body-guard and sworn to defend him to the death. Their badge is a death's head, and they are armed with swords, revolvers, and yatagans made entirely of Bulgarian steel.

Miss Maxse, a girl of sixteen, the daughter of Admiral Maxse, of the English navy, was the first lady to ascend to the top of the Eiffel Tower, in Paris. She was accompanied by her father, and with them were M. Clémenceau and a correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*. The distance is eleven hundred and seventy-eight feet, and the wind was blowing fiercely at the time of the ascent.

Mr. Justice Stephen, of England, has assuredly a most impartial mind. In court recently, alluding to the case of a defendant who sought to escape liability for certain expenditure by throwing the blame of ordering it upon his wife, his lordship characteristically blurted out: "That is a very old excuse. I often felt that Adam—I mean—that is—well I have always wished to hear Eve's account of that transaction."

The *Tribune* announces that "Colonel Ingersoll has the reprehensible reputation of giving more fees to waiters, etc., than any other man in this country." This is an error. Philip H. Armour, of Chicago, never gives less than five dollars as a tip when he travels, on which occasions he gives that sum to every one on the train, from the engineer to the newsboy. Here and in Chicago his fees are in like proportion.—*New York Sun.*

Poor Tamberlik is dead, full of years and glory. "He made," says *Paris Illustré*, "but one mistake in these later years; that of believing in the power of Eau des fées, or some such concoction, to delude his contemporaries. I know not whether it was to him that another man, who took the same means to cheat time, said: 'Ah, my dear old fellow, how black our hair is turned!' But, at any rate, it was of him that some one said, as he passed along the boulevard: 'That black is too black to be genuine.'"

A short man is said to be quicker on trigger than a tall man, and a man with a short name is said to come out best in a duel. Colonel Cash, the South Carolina duelist, used to say that in every regular duel fought in the United States, the man with the fewest syllables in his surname always killed his antagonist. He mentioned the cases of Burr and Hamilton, Barron and Decatur, and others, and said that it had been true ever since David killed Goliah. A few months later, Colonel Cash added to the record by killing Shannon in a duel.

The Pope is said to be a very fine chess player, and the honor of contesting the game with him is especially conferred upon a priest in Rome. This priest—Father Giella—has played chess with Leo Pecci for thirty-two years past. When Cardinal Pecci was raised to the Papacy, Father Giella, who was then in Florence, got an invitation to proceed to Rome and take up his quarters in the Vatican. Giella is hot-tempered, but the Pope takes his temper good-naturedly, and is said to often improve the occasion by a homily on the virtues of resignation and meekness.

The other day, as I was walking in Wall Street (writes a correspondent), I met Grover Cleveland and Colonel Daniel S. Lamont swinging along to their offices. I had the curiosity after saluting them to stop and watch their retreating forms, in order to discover whether they were recognized by the crowds they were passing through. They were not. It seems that they seldom are. The only times when the ex-President is recognized is when he is seated for a number of minutes in a horse-car or elevated train. Mrs. Cleveland is not recognized on the streets.

The Constantinople correspondent of the London *Chronicle* says: Rumors are current that the sultan has discovered the existence of a plot on behalf of his brother Mehemed Reshad Effendi, who is heir-apparent. The foundation of the rumor apparently is that recently, by the sultan's orders, a raid was made on the photographers' shops in Pera, and the negatives and all copies of his majesty's brother were seized. The photographers were cross-examined as to the number of these photographs which had been sold and as to who bought them, and were finally forbidden to sell any more of them in future.

Secretary Blaine (a correspondent writes) came late from some dinner-party and made his way down the rooms, through groups of hand-shakers. He is, if possible, whiter than ever—snow-white hair and a pure, marble-white, perfectly colorless skin, making him a contrast with all the sallow-faced or ruddy people in the rooms. His remarkably quick black eyes animate the face in a way to rout all theories of invalidism, but the Secretary seems absorbed and lost in mental worries. Whenever he is seen driving from his department to the White House and back, the premier looks worried, and evidently the cares of office are hard or he takes them hard.

The late Count Schouvaloff did much in 1878 to preserve peace between England and Russia, but on one occasion one of his jokes nearly precipitated war. He was at Lady Granville's at a time when rumors were thick that the Russians were advancing, by forced marches, on Constantinople. Some one asked him plumply if it were so. "Why," he replied, with a laugh, "we are already there!" The company scattered. Two hours afterward telegrams were flying to Aldershot, Portsmouth, Besika Bay, and elsewhere. Three days later one inquired of the embassador why he had put off such a serious joke. He replied that no one had any business to question him on such a subject in a drawing-room.

The last Duke of Buckingham but one died heavily in debt. The peer now deceased, succeeding to the title in 1861, immediately resolved, in the most honorable and self-denying manner, to pay off every shilling that his father had owed. To this end he lived in the most hermit-like simplicity, practiced a rigid economy in every detail, and worked as hard as any clerk in his office as chairman of the London and North-Western Railway. It was said that his knowledge of bolts and couplings, of permanent ways and rolling stock, would have done credit to an engineer brought up in the company's service. By these and similar methods the duke succeeded in paying all his father's debts and ridding his estate of all incumbrances. The Dukedom of Buckingham has become extinct with the death of the late duke. The ancient Earldom of Temple, however, goes to his nephew, Mr. Gore Langton.

No wonder King Milan wanted to get out of Belgrade. He was as much a martyr to dread of assassination as the Czar of Russia. It is told that he slept in a room with double doors, iron-cased, which he locked himself and bolted from the inside. A powerful mastiff slept at the foot of his bed, and he kept a loaded revolver on the table. There was no chimney-place in the room, lest dynamite should be dropped down it, and no coal was burned in any room which he occupied, because he once saw a murderous Nihilist engine which looked outwardly like a lump of coal. He was so afraid of poison that he always had the wine he drank uncorked before him. His coffee was always made in his presence with a spirit-of-wine apparatus, and he would never, when eating alone, touch a made dish, but only plain toast or a boiled egg—for there is no putting poison into an egg. Suspicious of bread, he ate brown-bread biscuits of English make, of which there was always a tinful in his study.

THE TYPE-WRITER* EXPOSED.

[As there lately has been some damaging gossip concerning a series of remarkable circumstances of which I have personal knowledge, and as I am the only party to this rather scandalous affair whose identity (through an inadvertence of my own) has been discovered, and, as there is no danger that the identities of the other persons concerned will be learned from the following narrative, I publish the essential facts in this sketch, less for the purpose of vindicating myself than to put all persons of my sex on their guard in a matter which, just at this time, is invested with extraordinary dangers, and which, therefore, invites the most serious attention.]

One day, a few months ago, there came to see me, at my bome in San José, a young woman, a stranger, who, after introducing herself and acquitting herself of certain apologies, explanations, and other preliminaries, told me the bighly interesting story hereinafter set forth. Sbe was petite and pretty, arch but straightforward, coquettisb but womanly, quick to understand, refined of speech and manners, full of wit and shrewdness, and possessed of that most delightful of all feminine charms—daintiness; more, and still better, she belonged to tbat most agreeable, and often most dangerous, class of women whose manner is the sublimation of tact. Undiscoverable dissembling, possibly the highest and most refined of the mental qualities, is as necessary to acceptable goodness as it is to successful knavery, and its possession is almost certain evidence of gentle blood and careful rearing. My visitor was about twenty-two years of age, possibly a year or two older; but she bad tbe wisdom of the average shrewd woman of forty.

I need not give the reasons she expressed for selecting me to aid her. "This is a matter," sbe said, "that concerns me deeply, as it involves the reputation, bappiness—I may say the life—of a sweet girl who, next to my mother, is my dearest friend on earth. She is the heart-broken victim of an infamous conspiracy; and I know that the relation of it will arouse your keenest sympathy and create within you a desire to lend her all the assistance whicb your skill, courage, and perseverance can afford. The facts are these:

"A very rich old man, possessed of millions, insinuating in manner and persevering by instinct, is tbe author of all the trouble. My friend, like many another foolish girl whose life had been embittered by poverty, seized upon what appeared to be an opportunity for marrying a rich, prominent, and influential man, thinking only of the luxuries and higb position which bis money would bring her. But, ob, the libertine!——" My visitor's brown eyes flasbed dangerously, and a gleam of intensely malicious anger shone in her face; but sbe instantly checked herself and recovered ber composure. It was a pretty little scene, and it opened my eyes. "Pardon me," sbe begged, "for becoming excited, but brooding over the wrongs of this poor girl bas entirely deranged my nerves.

"He wrote a great many letters, expressing tbe warmest affection—ugb! bow disgusting they all seem now! She replied in a guarded and dignified manner. His wbole effort at that time was to induce her to basten to him, this, he explained, being by far the safer plan for making their acquaintance closer; for any visits by him to her would only subject her to the persecutions of those who had a selfish interest in seeing tbat he sbould not become entangled in a love affair. Being a sensible girl, bowever, sbe informed him that, although she felt honored by bis attentions, sbe would be glad to learn from bim tbe object of this procedure. Whatever suspicions of his designs she may bave entertained, tbey were instantly dispelled upon the receipt of a manly, outspoken letter proposing marriage. This astounded ber, for she knew that bis marriage to ber would he in a sense an incalculable sacrifice in loss of social prestige. Tbere was notbing wbatever equivocal about tbe letter, and his name was signed to it. Without any besitation sbe sent a note accepting the offer of marriage."

Here my visitor paused, and, witb a pretty little embarrassed manner, regarded the carpet with great pretense of bard thinking.

"I hardly know how to proceed," she said, falteringly, turning upon me her pretty eyes, tear-sparkling; "it is the old, old story, thoroughly commonplace but always tragic, of an unscrupulous man and a foolish girl, with a blasted reputation. . . . . When at last she demanded marriage, he boldly refused, and wben she spoke of a suit at law, denied the authorship of the letters and turned her adrift."

I waited some time before saying anything, as the girl was softly crying. Presently I asked, leaning far forward and looking her directly in the eyes:

"*Did* he write the letters?"

The question (an ungentlemanly one, I confess) stung deeply. The girl flushed and then paled, but she retained command of herself, and firmly replied:

"I will not say."

"Oh! Pardon me——"

"But I want to *prove* tbat he wrote them," she interrupted.

"Then you should have consulted an expert in handwriting," I suggested.

"But I can't!"

"No?"

"No! That is the trouble! Every one of these letters is written with a type-writer!"

"Ah!" I cried, instantly aroused.

"That makes it all the worse," she said; "he laughed at her and snapped his fingers in her face. 'You can't prove I wrote them!' he cried; 'go into court with a breach of promise case as soon as you please, my fine young lady, and sue me for a million dollars! I'll laugh you out of court for trying to do so ridiculous a thing as fasten the authorship of machine-written letters upon me!' The poor child, crushed and humiliated, realized the full extent of the terrible plot for her destruction, and slunk away, heart-broken and despairing. I bave made myself her champion, and for her sake I am going to hunt that man to the ends of the earth. If there is law to right her wrongs and evidence to bring it into operation, I will find both.

"Of course, I could not go to an expert in handwriting. This is not in his line. Here is the thing I want to know: Is there any individuality in type-written manuscript? I believe you can answer that question."

"Not now," I said; "and besides, I never used a type-writer and therefore can not give an expert opinion."

"Oh, but you can, if only you will! Won't you, please?" she begged.

The subject was fascinating from tbe beginning, and I wavered.

"Please," she implored; "if my friend shall secure a verdict on the strength of your report sbe will make it well worth your while to help ber."

"I am not earning a livelihood in that way," I replied, somewhat sharply, "and I will accept nothing in any event."

"Well, well, you shan't have anything, then; but won't you try it? Here are all the letters she received from him, including the one proposing marriage." Sbe took them out of a hand-satcbel and gave them to me. "They may be worth millions, but I will freely trust them in your care. Won't you, now?"

I said I would, but I assured her that I hoped for no favorable results. "You well understand," I said, "that type-writer manuscript from the first has been regarded as the one kind of writing which may safely be denied, the fact heing recognized by business-men, who, even wben they themselves, instead of clerks, manipulate the machine, invariahly sign witb pen and ink except in matters of sligbt importance. You would never, for instance, see a note or a cbeck signed witb a type-writer."

"I know it."

"It is almost impossible to upset a conviction so firmly rooted. But the problem interests me, and I will try it."

Sbe left, beaming, grateful, and happy. I at once went to work, first examining all the first-class writing-machines, and securing a wide range of specimen manuscripts done with them by different persons. In the course of time there came from my visitor specimens of ordinary business writing whicb sbe wrote me bad been done by the destroyer of ber friend's happiness. I tben sat down to do some hard thinking and a vast deal of comparing, analyzing, classifying, and tabulating, with the final result of a report which surprised even me for the discoveries whicb it made. Not dreaming of the peculiar trap whicb might have been laid for me, I forwarded tbe report to the girl who had visited me. It was in two parts—one analytical and the otber practical. Only the first (and merely a part of that) can be given here, as the second is bulky and would require mucb labor to represent the cbaracters in tbe proper way.

THE REPORT.

In attempting to discover the writer of type-written (?) manuscript, tbe inquirer is confronted with some peculiar conditions. Tbe most reliable judgment of tbe genuineness of pen-writing is the non-analytical opinion of very expert persons who are perfectly familiar with the handwriting of the person asserted to be the writer of any certain tbing. Tbis is far superior to any analytical method that bas ever been devised; but in a given case it may be impossible to bring this plan into operation, and tbereupon we are thrown into a wbirl of contradictory testimony by opposing experts employing analytical methods. With this, bowever, we bave nothing to do. A bank clerk's opinion, wbere it has proper foundation, is the best concerning a pen-written signature; but no such expertness has grown out of the employment of the type-writer, for the reason that signatures to banking and other important paper are not made with this machine. The principal reason for tbis condition of things is tbe prevalent belief that type-written signatures bave no individuality. This report will sbow that such belief is amazingly absurd. But the point to be made bere is that in the absence of bankers' expertness in identifying type-written signatures we are forced to adopt the analytical method; and the results of the application will, it is believed, be found not only far more satisfactory and convincing than when any analytical method is applied to pen-written signatures, but also even better than bankers' evidence in disputed pen-written signatures.

Still, the process of reasoning is singular and apparently complicated. For instance, the one question in the case of a disputed pen-written signature is, Did this person write it? Not so with a type-written signature, for in this case there are two questions: First, wbat particular macbine was used?—that is, not only wbat particular manufacture, but also what particular machine of tbat manufacture? Second, was tbe signature made by this person, or by some other person using tbis particular machine? These questions appear at first to involve the whole question in the most intricate and unsolvable doubts. This, however, is but apparent.

Every complicated macbine has an individuality of its own, and is unlike every other machine of its kind. This broad though true principle is known to but few persons beside machinists. Let two complicated machines (as, for instance, locomotives) be made identically alike to the very last screw—alike in weight, material, and capacity, made by the same men, employing the same macbinery—constructed, in short, as absolutely nearly alike as is possible with human skill; yet in their behavior they will exhibit remarkable differences—one may be kindly and tractable, never giving trouble; the oth unruly and fractious. Men who handle machinery are fam iar with this truth. Locomotive engineers especially alive to it, and many are the strange, true, and uncan stories tbey can tell about these splendid creations. Od things being equal, these differences decrease with the sim fication of machines.

But another element here intrudes itself for notice, nam the complication of the *product* of a machine must be c sidered in connection with the complication of the machine self; for the more complicated this product is, the simple the task of identifying it as the product of a partic machine. More than that, a complicated product of a sim machine is far more useful in identifying the machine than simple product of a complicated machine. The mod "perfecting" newspaper presses are machines of marvel complication, and yet their product (many printed sheets paper) is comparatively simple, and hence the difficulty identifying the particular machine by a sheet of the pa which it prints is very difficult, if not impossible; yet so ple a machine as that employed in printing the names of scribers on the sheets (or wrappers) produces so complic a result, hy reason of its great variety, that the machine sidering the type employed as part of it) may instantly identified by its work. Many other illustrations, much cle than this, might be given.

Of what avail would it be to look for the reasons for t strange things? It were as well to inquire why no two s of the same kind will produce plants identically alike. two organized things in all creation are exactly alike; that fact we must rest content, it is the basis of this whole quiry.

The type-writer is a little machine of considerable com ity; but of still weightier importance is the great compl of its product. It is valuable to consider the further that in this case the second condition is largely depen upon the first; tbis it is whicb may enable us to identify machine by its work.

There are two kinds of first-class type-writers—th which the "type-bar" is employed and that in which "type-wheel" is used. In the first-named kind, each ch ter is attached to the end of a slender steel bar, which, simple system of levers, is operated by a key in a key-b These bars, when at rest, hang downward in a circle, bu wben raised successively by striking their respective rise to a common point in the centre of the circle carriage containing the paper to be written upon is m forward the space of a letter with each stroke, and thus that the characters are printed upon the paper (by mea an ink-bearing ribbon intervening between the type an paper) in a straight line from left to right. In the kind, tbe letters are raised on the periphery of a m wheel, and, by a very ingenious contrivance, a letter c ponding to a key which is struck is brought around to a opposite a little bammer, hetween wbicb and the wheel vene the paper and the ink-bearing ribbon. These ences in construction are vital to the question of ident type-writing, because the difference in their work are u takable.

In the type-bar macbines, for instance, the force with the type is made to impinge upon the paper is in strict tion to the force whicb is expended upon the key; hence class of machines, there is a variation in the effect upo paper. As there is an *average* expenditure of force up keys, however, it follows that narrow letters will m deeper indentation in tbe paper than broader letters, an certain marks of punctuation, as sometimes the comm always tbe period, will be pushed nearly or entirely th the sbeet. (I am informed, however, tbat in certain macbines of this class there has been introduced a colla a countersunk aperture, resting close against the Through this collar the type-bar must pass; it has a b shoulder, whicb fits tbe bevel of the collar, and is stopp the collar after being driven through just far enough to clear impression, without tbe possibility of puncturing ously indenting the paper. But this does not abolis feature of all type-writers, namely, if the key is stru gently the letter will not be written at all, or will be f imperfect.) There is a device in machines of the type class which accomplishes what the collar is intended There is not at hand any specimen of writing done type-bar machine having a collar, nor could any be pro They are entirely unnecessary to the present discussion.

Now, it is evident that the alignment of the writing with a type-wheel machine must be better than that with a type-bar machine, for with the former machin devices at the point of impression are simple, stron rigid, wbile in the case of the type-bar machines the ances (namely, the bars) are long and slender and li permanent or temporary flexures and aberrations, pro by many causes; such as flaws in the metal, variat density, fluctuations of external temperature, unevent the force applied to the key, changes in the direction lines of crystallization, or injury from accident. [It is that this discussion will in no wise be considered as int to express a preference for either of the classes of th writer under consideration, or to study all the qualities machines of the two kinds. Only such qualities needed to be discussed in this inquiry will be noticed— others must remain unconsidered. In the machines the two classes there are recognized exclusive advanta exclusive disadvantages; preference must be a matter habit or association than judgment.]

It is very easily seen that tbe writing of one cla readily be distinguished from that of the other. I fi the letters said to have been written hy Thomas E. Ma whose name is signed to the letter proposing marriag written with a machine of the type-bar class. [Here a long and analytical discussion of the items of evident which this judgment is based. In this connection, the panying schedule, not published here, which enumerat sifies, describes, and illustrates two hundred and thirteen

*This obtrusive word having forced its way into the vernacular (I am not unhappy to write), and having been accepted without protest by the lexicographers, it may not be unprofitable to discuss some of its more interesting peculiarities; for it is a philological brigand of so daring achievements and splendid audacity that we may cheerfully pardon those abnormalities of birth and occupation which otherwise would make it monstrous. Among the advertisements in a recent issue of a first-class magazine, I find the word in the following three forms: "type writer," "type-writer," "typewriter." Webster elects the one hyphenated (thanks to Ignatius Donnelly for this other *guasimodo!*); but Webster's use of the hyphen is so erratic (as witness "upstairs" and "down-stairs," and other similar inconsistencies in the book) that one may safely pay little attention to his employment of it.

It is a question whether any type at all is used in a type-writer—certainly none is in that class which employs raised letters on the periphery of a wheel; each letter here is a die or stamp; and I have a doubt that even the movable letters of the "type-bar" class are types in the proper sense Nor is it possible for the machine to be a writer, which is one who—not that which—writes. The word "type-writer" might, by a straining etymological stretch, be applied to a person who manipulates the machine, and yet our good dictionary gives us no such permission! I believe I have given sufficient reason for welcoming this word in the genial spirit of hedonism, which distinguishes the true philosopher; this were a tame life, indeed, without inventors, dictionaries, and other sources of amusement.—W. C. M

de ied essential differences between type-bar and type-wheel-wr ng, as developed from the specimens in hand, will he fo d instructive and interesting.]

he next point to determine is whether or not all the writ-ing illeged to have been done hy Thomas E. Matterson was do with the same machine. The schedule, which sets forth se nty-one mechanical and necessary peculiarities of the writ-ing individual with this machine and belonging to none other o s class, and distinguishable from those peculiarities which we not inherent in the machine, hut were imparted by the wr r, gives more than sufficient convincing evidence that all thi writing was done with a single machine of the type-har cla.

he remaining question—prohahly the most interesting of all is, Did a single person write all these letters said to have he written by Thomas E. Matterson? This question, of co se, involves the identification of the signatures with the ho of the letters.

e now leave the field of mechanics and invade that of ne es—more strictly, the dynamics of temperament, with all its ngular, interesting, and varying phenomena, and, in doing thi we tread close upon the heels of the analytical methods pu ed in the identification of the author of pen-writing with e in peculiar differences. It were well to ascertain whether, or ot, the alleged author of certain type-writing ever per-mi his writing-machine to he used by others, or to he ac-e hle to any hut himself; hut, as that proposition does not c r in this case, it need not he discussed.

the name "Thomas E. Matterson" there appear nineteen ra amental elements, namely, sixteen letters, one mark of u tuation, and two spaces. Assuming that the letters would e onstant in a large number of these signatures, there would e liability to omit occasionally one or hoth of the spaces, o uhle one or both of them, to douhle the first and omit he econd, to douhle the second and omit the first, and so on, n s one particular person by long practice had acquired the a of using the spaces correctly (an element that counts for it in pen-writing). In like manner, the period after the I might he omitted altogether, or some other mark might be ubstituted for it hy inadvertence. These possihilities have e developed (as may he seen by reference to the schedule) rd a comparison of one hundred signatures of Matterson's ta e made with a type-writer hy twenty persons selected for h purpose. But, in the case of the alleged genuine signa-u of Matterson, none of these irregularities appear. This s idence (though not conclusive) that he wrote them all.

he writing of the name "Thomas E. Matterson" with a y writer of the type-har-class, which does not employ a sh ng key (that is, a key which, when pressed, throws the n ine into adjustment for writing either capitals entirely or n l letters entirely), requires nineteen key-strokes. These e are scattered over the key-hoard, and some of them g erally those to the left of the median line) are pressed w the left hand and the others with the right hand. The mus-cu potentiality and nervous control of the two hands differ n e case of nearly every two-handed human being in the w d, and these differences will inevitably appear in type-writ-n done with the kind of machine under consideration. F her, if Matterson has signed his name a great numher of ir s with a type-writer, he has acquired the habit of pressing n iably with his left hand certain letters which go to make up e name, and certain others with his right hand, including h e letters which ordinarily would he as convenient to one ha as the other. Now, this would not he the case invariably in act, not as often as once in five times) with a person not th oughly habituated to the writing of that name, as reference to e schedule will show. This is further (though alone not co lusive) evidence that, as a fixed rule and habit in this re-ga appear in the alleged genuine signatures of Matterson, e mself made them all.

e principal characteristic of letters made by pressing keys wi the left hand is a variation in the degree of pressure. It s t a question of lacking strength, but of lacking that even-ne of control found in right-handed work. It appears that no am nt of practice can overcome this difficulty and eliminate hi difference, for the reason that whatever advance the left ha may accomplish is offset hy an equal advance of the rig hand; hence, the conclusion is that the only possible va of acquiring a left-handed evenness equal to that of the ig hand, is not alone to use the left hand solely in manipu-lat; the machine for a number of months, hut, in addition, to nfine the right hand completely and withdraw it from ex-erc e of any kind whatever. This, of course, has not and wil not be done; therefore, the differences between right-hand an eft-hand writing will continue.

st these differences might be considered trivial, elusive, an unpractical, let two things he considered: First, upon sli ter differences than here may be found, the hank clerk in-sta ly distinguishes between a genuine signature and a forged on the whole matter heing one of such a sharpening of the pe ptive faculties in a particular direction, that differences wh h ordinarily might he overlooked appear in prominent fo to a trained observer; second, the unevenness of the im lse given by the left hand effects not only variations in the mount of color pressed from the ribbon upon the paper (th producing lighter or darker shades than the average), bu also variations in the definition of the letters, variations in the dentation of the paper, and variations in the alignment.

the case under consideration, these differences have a do le value—one positive and the other negative. The posi-tiv alue is found in the fact that in the alleged genuine signa-tur there is a singular and highly interesting *consistency* in th ariations. This consistency is two-fold—first, as regards pe liarities common both to the signatures and the body of th etters; second, as regards peculiarities common to all the sig tures, without reference to the hody of the letters. This co stency in variations is seen in numerous forms (all fully se orth in the schedule), such as the following: When two let s are struck in succession with the left hand, the second is ehler than the first; a letter close to the median line st k with the left hand, shows an uncertainty which expresses ar nconscious halting between a duty to strike with the left and an inclination to strike with the right; and so on through thirty-six other instances specified in the schedule. The negative value consists in the fact that these variations, instead of appearing consistently in the one hundred spurious signatures, are practically foreign to them. This is further evidence of the genuineness of the Matterson signatures.

It is unnecessary to pursue this inquiry further—it is almost without hounds. Two facts are clearly estahlished: First, that there is a far greater number of elements for identification entering into type-written signatures than into those written with a pen, the only present difficulty in the matter being the entire ahsence of such expertness in the identification of type-written signatures as there is in the identification of pen-written signatures; second, that Thomas E. Matterson wrote all the letters and made all the signatures in the correspondence under consideration, including the letter making an offer of marriage.

Such was the report, to which I was so unwise (or possihly vain) as to affix my signature. A few days thereafter I was much surprised to receive a call from Mr. Matterson. He regarded me closely and maliciously.

"So you, sir," he said in a hurst of anger, "are one of the conspirators in this damnahle plot to extort money from me!"

I preserved my temper, for I needed all my wits and could not afford to sacrifice my dignity. Nevertheless, his ahrupt and insulting assault was trying. I attempted no pretense of ignorance of his meaning, but I remarked that I supposed he referred to a certain report I had made concerning the identification of type-writing; and I hegged him to reflect that not only did his presence in my house impose upon me an obligation which a gentleman could not ignore, though keenly sensitive to the disadvantage at which he might be placed, hut that if I had been aiding some unfair scheme to his prejudice I should he unhappy if I left undone anything which might tend to correct the injury. This speech disarmed him, as such speeches always will disarm an intelligent hully. After a minute's reflection he changed his method of attack.

"You *have* done me a very serious injury, for by means of your diabolical ingenuity you have placed me at the mercy of that unscrupulous little wretch who has been my type-writer for a year past."

"To whom do you refer?" I asked.

Then he described the girl who had visited me.

"Why," I exclaimed, "she told me it was a friend of hers who was concerned!"

"Oh, she did, eh? The miserable little liar!"

"And she herself was the girl who wanted redress?"

"Certainly." It evidently amused him to see that I too had heen made a victim.

"Well," said I, after recovering my wits, "tell me what I may do to help you."

"What *can* be done? She served me with a copy of your infernal report and demanded a quarter of a million dollars, with the alternative of a suit for hreach of promise. Do you think I would have any chance to win the case with that pretty face of hers and that damnahle report of yours staring the jury in the face? Don't you see I am ruined?"

"I hardly see it in that light," I answered.

"Why?"

"She forged the letters, of course?"

"Certainly! certainly!" he hastened to agree.

"Because," I resumed, "as she was constantly in your office, where you could speak to her, there was no necessity for your writing the letters."

"Certainly not! certainly not!" he again hastily assented. But a look of confusion came into his face. "She did have a month's vacation last summer," he added, somewhat foolishly, "and that fact would hurt my case."

"Oh!"

"That's it, you see."

"Well, but as the letters were certainly forgeries, and as my report merely went to the fact that they were all written hy a certain person with a certain machine, nothing would he easier than for you, using your own type-writer, to prepare and send me a number of specimens of your work, from which it would he a simple matter to prove that you did not write these love-letters."

He sank hack in his chair with a peculiar kind of hopeless collapse.

"That wouldn't do," he managed to say, faintly, "because she has evidently studied my writing so closely that she can imitate it exactly. You couldn't possihly detect the difference."

"I could," I said, firmly.

"That isn't what I came here for," he thundered, rising to his feet, furious, his face crimson; "I came to ask you to write another report retracing the steps you took in this one and undoing the whole fabric inch by inch, showing the ahsurdity of your own reasoning, overturning logic with logic, analysis with analysis——"

"Impossible!" I interrupted.

"Why?"

"Because that report is true."

"Bah! Black-mailers with a conscience! I'll give you twenty thousand dollars to undo that report."

I was insulted too grievously to listen—besides, he proposed an impossibility. I turned to leave the room without a word. Seeing my purpose, he was made desperate.

"Stop!" he cried; "if you do this for me, I'll give you thirty thousand dollars. If you don't" (as I was passing out without heeding him), "I'll send you to the penitentiary for attempted extortion, by ——! I'm rich enough——"

I did not hear the remainder, for I had passed into the adjoining room and closed the door. I heard a furious step, the violent slamming of a door and a gate, and my choleric visitor was gone. I had no more trouble on his account.

Less than a week afterward, my door-bell rang one night after I had gone to bed. When, after the lapse of a little time, I opened the door, no one was in sight. I wondered greatly, and was ahout to close the door, when I discovered a package at my feet. I picked it up. It was very heavy. I took it to my room and opened it somewhat gingerly. It contained exactly five hundred twenty-dollar gold coins. I know there was that numher, for I wasted ahout an hour in counting them hefore returning to hed. Not a word of explanation accompanied this present, and none has come to this moment; hut, whatever my preferences may he, I am unahle to shape any reason for believing that Mr. Matterson sent it to me; and no suit for hreach of promise was ever commenced.

W. C. MORROW.

SAN JOSE, April, 1889.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"I see in the papers," remarked the Englishman, "the words, 'Hamburg Edging,' but not a word to show what Hamburg had bet on."—*Life.*

Sympathetic female (gazing at the murderer)—"Isn't he sweet!" *Unsympathetic Warden*—"Yes, mum; *he's* too sweet to live."—*Epoch.*

Clara—"Did you notice how beautifully my dress sat at the Harvard assembly?" *Bessie*—"Yes, I noticed it sat most of the time."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Rev. Primrose—"Experience is a great teacher." *Giles*—"Yes; but it teaches us a great many things we would sooner not know."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Eastern girl—"Do Western society people allow themselves any amusement in Lent?" *Western girl*—"No; nothing but poker."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Bagley—"I understand your wife is sick." *Bailey*—"Yes, she hasn't spoken a word for three days." *Bagley*—"By gracious! she must be a pretty sick woman."—*Epoch.*

Miss Nell—"I hear you're engaged to Mr. Tumillion, Kate?" *Miss Kate* (haughtily)—"I am." *Miss Nell*—"Well, do tell me which one of you proposed."—*New York Sun.*

"How is it you have had so few deaths on your hands, doctor?" "That's easy enough. When I find I have a had case I order the patient to take a trip ahroad."—*Judge.*

Visitor (to butler, who is showing him through the picture gallery of the old mansion)—"That's a fine portrait. Is it an old master?" *Butler*—"No. That's the old missus."—*Boston Courier.*

There is only one bigger hore than the man who is always talking about the days when he was rich, and that is the man who continually brags about how poor he used to be.—*Terre Haute Express.*

Guest (at a swell Wisconsin reception)—"Where is the hostess? I haven't seen her for twenty minutes." *Another guest*—"I believe the cow got out of the hack gate. She'll be back in a moment."—*Epoch.*

Waiter (in all-night restaurant, at half-past two o'clock A. M.)—"Gent orders lamb-chops, and there ain't any." *Proprietor* (glancing at clock)—"Well, give him an oyster-stew, and say nothin'."—*Puck.*

Mr. Bloomingdale Ward (desperately, after being "stuck" for the last half-hour)—"Er—will you excuse me, Miss Autumn?" *Miss Autumn* (slightly deaf)—"With pleasure! What is it, a waltz?"—*Life.*

Mrs. Parvenu—"What do you think of our statue of Venus?" *Miss Waldo*—"I must confess that the face seems to me rather hard." *Mrs. Parvenu*—"Perhaps you forget that it is done in marhle."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Uncle Tom—"Got anything to do to-morrow, Jack?" *Jack*—"Yes; I've got to go down-town to try a case." *Uncle Tom*—"Then you've got a client at last?" *Jack*—"Oh, this case isn't in court; it's at a wine merchant's."—*Life.*

Languor of those who linger: "Anything else, sir?" *Belated visitor to Bermuda*—"Aw, yes, a-anothah hottle, Snodkins, and, ah, you might sceream or—a—something. I—a—believe somehody fell into the a—water, just now."—*Time.*

"What made you cut Lombard, Harry?" "Heard something about him, y'know. He sells things y'know. Actually earns his own living." "Aw, naw, that won't do, y'know. I'll cut him myself to-morrow, I'll cut him hadly."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Dr. Physick—"Your hlood appears to be a little out of order, madam. I will send you something which will purify it." *Mrs. Murray Hill* (indignantly)—"Purify my hlood, sir? Are you not aware that I am one of the Four Hundred?"—*Town Topics.*

Mr. Brown (proudly to his friend, an attorney)—"By Jove, Henry, my wife can sing the entire score of all of Wagner's operas." *The attorney* (absent-mindedly)—"Well, I'll try to get a divorce for you, old fellow, hut I'm afraid we can't make it."—*Washington Critic.*

Visitor from Indianapolis (to White House baby)—"Well, Benny, I suppose you find Washington very different from your old home?" *Benny* (cheerfully)—"Oh, not much, sir. I miss the old streets and huildings, of course, hut the people all seem to be here."—*Puck.*

Mrs. Oatcake (to her husband, returning from the city)—"Good gracious, Ahner! Why are ye carryin' all your clothes in that hundle, 'stead of the valise?" *Farmer Oatcake*—"Well, Matildy, you wanted me to git one o' those New York Sunday papers, and, h' gosh, that's all the grip would hold!"—*Life.*

"There seems to be an intense spirit of rivalry between your Western cities," observed the Eastern visitor. "Yes," said the Kansas City man, "between the second-rate ones. But Kansas City, sir, is ever ready to extend a welcoming hand to all who ahandon the fading fortunes of Chicago and St. Louis. We bear no rancor here."—*Puck.*

Bangs—"In the divorce case of Morris *vs.* Morris—you remember how hitter she was—a most happy reconciliation was effected yesterday." *Mangs*—"You don't say so. Were the charges disproved?" *Bangs*—"Disproved nothing! Morris's father died two days ago and left him one hundred thousand dollars a year."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Gentleman (in Chicago gun-store)—"I want a pistol." *Dealer* (politely)—"Yes, sir; here is a small, plain weapon, usually hought for defense against footpads; here is a silver-mounted beauty, popular for shooting sweethearts; and here, sir, is our shefdoover, full jeweled, rolled-gold plate, all the rage now for shooting wives."—*New York Weekly.*

Pinny Poole (chalking his cue)—"Did yer get that place in the down-town store, Ally?" *Ally Rounder*—"Naw." *Pinny Poole*—"What's the matter? Didn't yer have references?" *Ally Rounder*—"I had nine of 'em from places I've worked at in the last two years, 'n' the old bloke wasn't satisfied. He wouldn't be satisfied with nothin', he wouldn't. Bust 'em, Pinny."—*Puck.*

"What strikes you as being so funny?" asked a man of another, who was roaring with laughter. "Nothing strikes me, but a man just fell off that roof and struck on his head, and the ambulance just took him away," answered the amused man. "Well, I don't see anything funny in that," said the first speaker. "Maybe *you* don't," replied the other, with dignity; "but I am the editor of the *Weekly Wit*, and I see fun in everything."—*Epoch.*

Grace (from a booming Western town, continuing conversation)—"And our new cable line is just simply immense. You should see it in operation, and especially on the incline—steep as a tobogan chute, you know." *Kate*—"Gracious! what would they do in case the rope would break on a downward trip?" *Grace* (with enthusiasm)—"Do? Why, they'd have a temporary track built for them to run on by the time they reached the bottom. Talk about enterprise!"—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

"Parisina" behind the Curtain at the Champ de Mars.

I trust a great many of my readers have before them the prospect of a trip to Europe this summer. If so, I am very much mistaken if you do not thoroughly enjoy yourself and get your full money's worth in pleasure.

I can promise you one thing. This universal exhibition is going to be the finest hy ever so much that ever was perpetrated. It will outshine all preceding exhibitions as completely as electricity does gas; there is not an exhibition of them all which will in future be able to hold a candle to it. And I do not speak at random, I have spent two whole afternoons wandering bither and thither through its mazes, and I can see for certain that we are going to be astonished.

Perbaps you think it is the Eiffel Tower, in particular, which is likely to open our eyes. Well, of course, there is the tower, but I was thinking of other things heside the tower —of the miles of galleries, of the elegant decorations inside and out, of the fine art palace on the left, and the liberal arts equally well-housed on the right, of the huge machinery hall more than twelve hundred feet long and wide in proportion, of the gardens and fountains, of tbe wonders of the pavilions and out-buildings, of the covered walks and terraces, of the parterres and marhle basins, of the Champ de Mars beneath the summer sunshine, and of the Champ de Mars at night lit up hy myriad lights—and not of Eiffel's masterpiece at all. An attraction? Yes, without doubt it is an attraction, and tall! How tall, however, you would never guess until you find yourself at its foot. Reader, take my advice, do not go peering about to get an early view of the tower; do not crane your neck out of railway carriages; do not take preliminary walks on the quays a mile or two distant; do not get your first impression of it from afar; drive straight to it, and if you can restrain your impatience, do not let your eyes stray in that direction at all, but allow the full splendor of its iron ugliness to strike you all at once when you are in its near neighborhood. Then you will say witb Dominie Samson, "pro-digious!" If, on the contrary, you do otherwise, if you allow your curiosity to get the better of you, then you will be disappointed.

It must be its partial transparency which detracts from its grandeur; the net-work of metal does not catcb tbe light sufficiently, and, colossal as the whole thing is, it looks meagre and poor when seen, say from the centre of the city. Suppose between it and you there stands a big church, or Napoleon's triumphal arch, or some other pile of solid stone-work, the tower looks then merely a tall, weedy thing, without bulk or beauty, and yet Notre Dame and the arch could pass hand-in-hand beneath its outstretched feet, and are but pigmies compared to it. But walk up to one of its broad hases—which have been plastered up at the foot in imitation of granite—and then cast your eyes upward. You will see an intricate mass of iron—painted rust color—crossing and recrossing each other against the hlue or gray, as the case may be, and before long a feeling of giddiness will come over you and you will be ready to swear (perspective abetting you) that the tower is toppling over on your side. It was only after a good deal of discussion that it was decided to give the tower its native tone of rust, and I helieve Eiffel himself had had visions of pale hlue and gold or gray picked out with silver, either of which would have sensihly diminished its effectiveness from afar. Some gold, however, has been laid wherever it was feasible; for instance, around the huge bulwarks which support the first floor whereon we shall be sipping our sherry-cobhler or our *demi-tasse* very soon, I hope, if all goes well. No better place of *rendez-vous* could be imagined than this platform of the Eiffel Tower—though a little public, perhaps, when there is a lady in the case. Oh, the drinkables that will be absorbed there between the sixth of May and the thirty-first of October! They did well to uncork a few champagne bottles in mid-air, the other day, to celebrate the completion of the structure—it was only on Saturday that the last few feet of the thousand were finished.

It is curious to look forward to the cbanges which will be wrought in the tower and its surroundings in the course of a single month. When, instead of toiling up step hy step, as the few who have made the ascension bave had to do—what wretched little pigmies tbey looked from helow, hardly so hig as ants—visitors will he hoisted mechanically and without fatigue by the lifts; when the first platform swarms from end to end, and hundreds of waiters minister to their wants in the way of foaming tankards and the like; when the great hum of a moving multitude arises from the Champ de Mars, and people of all nations and from the furthest ends of the earth gather in that huge inclosure, and every highway and byway leading thither, besides railroad and river, is crowded with vehicles, tram-cars, smoking locomotives, and shrieking steamers. I tried to conjure up the lively scene in my mind's eye as I paced the terraces or wandered in the galleries of the exhibition itself, keeping an eye open for possible pitfalls, and steering as clear as I could of the splash of plaster, the passage of heavily laden wagons, and forests of scaffolding. It is a busy scene now, but not a festive one. Have you ever been behind the curtain between the acts of a spectacle-piece? I was once. They were playing "Faust" at the Opera here. One moment it would seem as if all the scenery were jumhled together. Here was Martha's house in a corner cheek by jowl with the church porch. A couple of fellows hrought in what looked like hig hrown pin-cushions, edged with green, and an old man commenced sticking bunches of green, studded with paper-flowers, into the holes, and hie, presto! the whole was quickly transformed into a heautiful parterre, the porch disappeared, and a hackground of trees rose in its place, Marguerite's wheel and her distaff had been thrust into the front of the stage, Mephistopheles—who had heen flirting with the prima donna—retired into the wings, the carpenters made themselves scarce, the fireman's helmet was hidden from view, and, where confusion had reigned a minute before, everything was in exquisite order. So will it be, I have no doubt, in the Champ de Mars. To-day things appear to be in hopeless chaos, hut when the prompter rings his bell, and the curtain rises on the sixth of May, we shall he astonished to find what magic has been accomplished.

The Paris journals, more especially the Conservative papers, have wept crocodile's tears over the backwardness of everything, and have sworn that the exhibition would never he ready for the time appointed. But, take my word for it, they will be wrong after all; disappointment surely awaits them. Of course I do not pretend that there will he an end of paint-pots and ladders, or that every packing-case will be emptied of its contents before President Carnot declares the exhibition open, but they will be thrust out of sight.

Rome was not built in a day, and, looking at the miles of galleries and the buildings of all sorts which crowd the Champ de Mars, it does not seem possible that two years ago nearly the whole of it was a hare desert of gravel, and the rest a pretty park where nursery-maids and children were wont to congregate, or lovers, seeking isolation, made exchange of vows. A portion of this park is now included within the protruding feet of the tower, and its checkered shadow falls athwart one of the two pieces of ornamental water. Talk of constancy. On the surface of these miniature lakes swim a small brood of water-fowl, placed there for the amusement of the juveniles, and they swim round, dive for slugs, and otherwise disport themselves, unmindful of the changes wrought around in the most peaceful manner, though the monotony of their quack-quack is drowned in the noise of the hammer and the snort of a neighboring engine. A bigger garden has grown up, and occupies the centre of the Field of Mars; in a few weeks these undulating swards will be green, the tulips blooming in the flower-heds, the magnolias hudding into blossom, the lilac-baskets sweet with rich perfume, and the rows of chestnut-trees throwing deep shadow around. Masons are busy placing the stone-margin of a fountain, bigger than that at Versailles, while gardeners are raking the gravel in the walks or heating the turf on the terrace slopes. Three miles of this garden are hemmed in by the exhibition proper, while on the other stands the tower, and, to one side, a perfect wilderness of buildings of all sorts and descriptions, erected by different countries—an elegant white-stucco pavilion by Bolivia, a heavy iron-clad pile by Mexico, and so on—and, on the otber side, a theatre, a panorama, and what not, and, down hy the river, specimens of architecture, from the cave of the prehistoric man to the modern tenement of the nineteenth century, from tbe wigwam of the redskin to the Norman chalet—a heterogeneous jumble of every conceivahle form and shape.

Hitherto, exhibition buildings have not been distinguished by beauty in their decoration; flags and banners, medallions of plaster and escutcheons, roughly-painted inscriptions, and a good deal of colored calico have sufficed as ornaments. But France was determined to *faire beau* as well as *grand* this time. I will not say that it has succeeded in being highly artistic; this would he stretching a point. The predominant characteristic of the official buildings on the Champ de Mars is color—not inharmoniously laid on, it must he confessed. No unadulterated iron shows itself. It is mostly pellucid hlue, that is to say, the columns and other iron-work in the industrial and fine-art sections are of this delicate hue, while the buge frame-work of the machinery gallery is about the tint of fine Cheshire cbeese. After all, there is no use in trying to paint up an iron building according to æsthetic notions, and to make it look gay and hright is ahout all that is required. Pale blue is a restful color for the eyes; it comhines, too, charmingly with those terra-cotta slahs, which fill in the divisions hetween the girders which support the great porticoes of the wings devoted to the arts, surmounted in their turn hy domes painted in blue-and-white fresco. How the third and higgest dome—the one which crowns the great lobby, which is the official entrance to the industrial portion—with its flutes of gold on buff, will glitter in the June sunshine! My eyes acbe to think of it. What gorgeous splashes of color, too, in the frieze which surmounts the veranda, heneath which you and I and so many others will be lounging a month or so hence, and whereon are gilded tablets, with the names of cities, French and foreign, supported hy naked boys flourishing gold palms and olive-hranches, with the armorial bearing of each between. The urchins are only in stucco, it is true, hut they have heen molded on good models. Within, too, the vellum which hangs aloft is a pleasant harmony of huff and white, and it is festooned effectively with cords of twisted white and crimson and Brohdingnagian tassels to correspond. The former is mere calico, of course, while the latter are of plaster. Who cares? They look extremely well, and I should be ready to swear they were in finest silk passementerie, if I had not seen them on the ground and the men daubing the red here and there out of a paint-pot. It is amusing enough to examine at close quarters what is meant to he hung so far out of reach. Here are gigantic fruits on equally gigantic vines; they are merely a tithe of the contents of yonder horn of plenty, which does not look higger than a twopenny trumpet. Look at that monstrous bust and head in plaster; in its place aloft, it is comely and feminine enough. What gaudy bit of brown-and-gold drain-pipe is that man fixing to a pulley? By the time it has been drawn up to the cornice, round the base of the dome, you might mistake it for a sugar-stick. And so with everything.

Perhaps the reader is beginning to think he has had enough of the Champ de Mars, and I confess to tired feet and an aching head. Shall we make our way to the quays and catch the first steamer which passes? No one on the pier! It will he crowded enough a month hence. There are more huildings down by the water's edge, built on piles; among others, the panorama of the Transatlantic Steamboat Company, for whom this summer will, indeed, be a profitahle one. Nor does the exhibition terminate at the houndary of the champ, hut goes straggling along the quay to the Esplanade of the Invalides, reserved for the French colonies, where is heing huilt an Annamite village, which will, I am told, be inhabited hy hurly Tonquinois of the male sex and some very pretty specimens of their womankind. Between ourselves, I think it probable the *boulevardiers* may cultivate this particular corner.

PARIS, April 4, 1889. PARISINA.

THE LATEST VERSE.

Palinode.

BY A POET BROUGHT TO BOOK.

Who is Lydia, pray, and who
Is Hypatia? Softly, dear,
Let me hreathe it in your ear—
They are you, and only you.
And those other nameless two
Walking in Arcadian air—
She that was so very fair?
She that had the twilight hair?—
They were you, dear, only you.
If I speak of night or day,
Grace of fern or hloom of grape,
Hanging cloud or fountain spray,
Gem or star or glistening dew,
Or of mythologic shape,
Psyche, Pyrrha, Daphne, say—
I mean you, dear, you, just you.

—*Thomas Bailey Aldrich in May Atlantic*

La Merveilleuse Américaine.

1793–1889.

Ah, who is she I see advance?
Is this a dream of elder France?

She wears a quaintly figured gown,
Her hat is pointed in the crown.

Her close-cut coat has long lapels
That point where either shoulder swells.

Over her hips it falls away,
And to her rohe gives due display.

And down the robe a panel goes,
Broidered with many a golden rose.

A silver charm-holder, that hangs
Along the panel, swings and clangs.

And in the charm-holder is set
A dainty silver vinaigrette.

Black hose and high-heeled shoes she wears,
And in her hand a staff she hears.

Delicate ribhon hinds it where
It presses on her mousquetaire.

She raises to her eyes of hlue
Her lorgnon, as she looks at you.

Who is she? What mysterious chance
Brings here this ghost of elder France?

What wondrous scenes have those sweet eyes
Beheld heneath their Gallic skies?

What deeds in old Parisian days,
When blood hedabhled all the ways?

It may be, from her casement high,
She smiled on legions marching by;

Or watched, in evening's gathering shade,
The hattle at the harricade.

Who was she then? Some nohle dame
Who shuddered at her country's shame?

Or one who went, at Freedom's call,
To slaughter's crimson carnival?

Perchance she saw the sharp knife set
Against the neck of Antoinette;

Perchance she saw that fair head fall
Where the red basket yawned for all.

Who loved her then? What man of hlood
Melted hefore her amorous mood?

It may he she was Danton's dear,
Or else the sweetheart of Rohespierre.

It may he that at her command
Blood drenched the town, flame fired the land.

Nay, one so sweet in youthful hloom
Could scarce have caused another's doom.

Nay, then in Paris had she been,
She might have felt the guillotine.

Not all her grace and nonchalance
Would have protected her in France.

But here along Broadway she goes,
And not a fear or care she knows.

The stare of man and woman's glance
Ne'er put her out of countenance.

She moves in sweet ohlivion
Of everything and every one;

A modern maid, with modern wiles,
Tricked out in old Directoire styles.

"Who is she?" do you ask again?
La Merveilleuse Américaine.

—*Albert Roland Haven in May Atlant*

The Harvest of the Hurricane.

Samoa's hattle-ground of flood and fire
Tells no new tale—the sea's desire:
The hills may not exult, nor homes of men,
The sea will have his own again.

We fill and float our little snarling ships,
Lo, they are hurled like hewer's chips:
Old are the words out of the hurricane,—
The sea will have his own again.

Ten ships of peace, with six grim ships of war,
Ride down the Southern Sea: what for?
The hulks rocked on the reef—heed their dumh sp
And theirs fast on the Apian beach.

One hundred and fifty souls swept down below,
And what reap we of their ripe woe?
This harvest they, hy hlood and country ours,
Stood to the last against the powers

Of all the ruthless Polynesian rage,
Leaving the hero's heritage;
Yea, in the teeth of death, the flag unfurled
Over the island world,

They with staunch horns could hlow the old home
Facing what fate might meet them there.—
Henceforth, hefore what foe shall sailor pale,
Or soldier's heart within him fail!

Americans, valor to the very hone,
Nature will, one day, take her own;
But no power else shall bend us, iron-willed
As they whose tomh the polyps huild.

—*John Vance Chen*

VANITY FAIR.

One of the problems with which the student of social life is to reckon nowadays, is that of club-life and its influence on the social fabric (remarks Arlo Bates in the Providence *Journal*). The club-house of to-day would seem to the men of a century ago a sort of ungodly scheme to get the pleasures of a home without paying for them in man-fashion, by hinging up a family and thus paying to the community the fair price of what one enjoyed. The presence of so many clubs has developed a new order of men; unless, indeed, one choose to suppose it is the new order of man which has developed the club-houses. The town seems to be full of club-men, of varying degrees of finish and of different flavor according to the material from which they have been manufactured, but all recognizably of the same type at bottom. The club-man is, in the first place and conspicuously, a man who is informed of all that is going on in the city. The interest which other men give to domestic affairs is in their case bestowed on the news of the community. Perhaps this tends to a wide range of sympathy, but it is impossible to deny that it tends also to the development of a habit of gossiping. "I concluded a year or two ago," remarked a gentleman, not long ago, "that I was getting too rusty and too much absorbed in these things that went on in my own little circle, and, as my wife had to go abroad for her health, I gave myself up to the clubs for a whole winter, and when my wife came home again, she threatened to have me put in a hospital for incurable gossips. And the worst of it was that when I came to think the matter over, I found that she was right." Another characteristic of the club-man is his easy adaptability to any company in which he is reasonably likely to find himself, and his readiness to fall into any train of talk or to take a part in any discussion. It is part of his daily training to be exercised in this sort of readiness, and he soon becomes almost cosmopolitan simply from being thrown in with so many sorts and conditions of minds at the club. He is not unlikely to have picked up, at the same time, a habit of being upon terms of familiar intimacy with various alcoholic beverages which would not be fully approved by people of strict ideas on this subject. He is too well-bred, let it understood, to be found under the influence of liquor, at least to any extent visible to the naked eye; but he is apt to fall into the habit of depending more largely than can be thought wholly desirable upon the invigorating cocktail for his liveliness, and to keep his stomach in a state of excitement which, in the long run, is likely to tell upon his digestion, if not upon his temper. Of course this is by no means universal, and it is really saying little more than would in any case be true of the ordinary man-about-town. It is not so much a consequence of a club-life as it is a natural accompaniment of it.

The typical club-man is tolerant because he is in dead earnest about nothing. If there were anything which could arouse him to a lively activity, it would be his own comfort; but as his own comfort consists so largely in being placid and unexcited, it follows that he is defeating his own ends when he actively defends even his own independence and will. This is, of course, the fault of the age as well as of the individual, but it comes to light in club-life as it does nowhere else. There are a great many men who find in club-life the comforts which would be beyond their means in their own homes, who are able on a given income to live far more luxuriously with the aid of these institutions than they could in any other way. It has been said that this fact hinders marriages, and very likely it is true. Men who are accustomed to having things to suit them in a club, and who are not able to keep up an establishment, naturally think a great deal before they give up the comforts they have for the doubtful blessings of a home which must be managed on an economical basis. This view of life may seem selfish, but it is undoubtedly the one taken by many of our marriageable men, and it is difficult to see how it is to be changed. Men belong to one or several clubs, which have a restaurant; they get for a moderate sum a capital dinner with the best of company, varied from day to day, and when they contrast this with a dinner of herbs in their own home, they do not always find the prospect sufficiently alluring to be ready to take the risk. "I would like to be married," a man said, in my hearing, not long since, "but I am more fond of good dinners and good company than I am of domestics, and I've concluded to worry along with my clubs." The melancholy part of it comes when the men are getting along in life. Then many of their friends have married and have homes of their own, and little by little the club seems to lose its delight. The lonely bachelor somehow finds himself sided, and wishes he had made a different decision long years before. I won a certain amount of approval in a discussion of this sort once by laying down the principle that, while a man might manage to have a more lively, and, perhaps, a more agreeable, time by remaining single until he was forty, the trouble is, that when he is forty, he finds that he should have been married ten years.

A military company composed entirely of girls, regularly uniformed, and drilled by a senior officer of the National Guard, is just now Poughkeepsie's chief claim to distinction. "The Poughkeepsie Amazonian Corps"—that is not the real name of it, but that's what facetious people call it—has been in flourishing existence several months. When the idea of a young women's military company was first suggested it was immediately declared to be impossible, because no one could be found willing to join it. In spite of this prediction the company has grown from six to sixty-two, and drilling is now the most popular fad in Poughkeepsie society. All the members are from the best families in the town and its vicinity. The originator of the idea made up her mind that most of the young women of Poughkeepsie sadly needed more exercise, and the best exercise she knew of or could hear of was that of military drill. Drills are now held twice a month in the State armory. The doors are closely guarded, and no men are admitted. When a reporter saw them drill, a fortnight ago, each young woman wore a uniform consisting of a kilt skirt, made full and short, reaching below the tops of the boots; a blouse waist, with a wide open sailor collar, skirt and waist of navy blue cloth, stitched with gold thread, and waist trimmed with brass military buttons. A large necktie was tied sailor fashion, and the head-gear was a naval officer's cap, with a gold cord and laurel wreath. The boots were broad-soled and had low heels. The costumes all appeared to be loose and comfortable. Evidently corsets had been left at home. A broad belt of white canvas, fastened by a pretty gold clasp, gave a soldierly finish to the dress.

I was pained (writes "A Puritan Matron" in *Once a Week*) to see a recent article by the Marquise Lanza, entitled "The Man Who Fascinates." Briefly, Mme. Lanza declares that women do not admire men for their goodness or nobility of character, but for their manners and the ability which they may possess to flatter, cajole, and deceive the silly if not immoral creatures whom she makes women out to be. I pass over her assertion that women are fascinated by mere brute strength. Possibly some of them are; but it is no credit to them. Yet what I wish especially to protest against is the calm assumption on the part of the writer that all women ignore the question of character in a man. "The veriest scoundrel," she says, "that ever drew breath is apt to be a thousand-fold more magnetic than he who, having marked out an ethical path for himself, proceeds religiously to follow it. All women like insinuating manners." And again: "A man who desires to please a woman should never tell the whole truth. . . . Sincerity arouses and even retains respect, but that is a far different thing from fascination." There you have it all. All women are either fools or worse; and in order to gain their attention men need only be outwardly charming. Lying and deceit will not only not hurt them in the estimation of the poor fools whom they wish to ensnare, but will actually help them. As for the rest, they may be as dissolute and immoral as they please; women will still be fascinated by them, so long as they are dissolute in a charming way. I deny that all women are so mindless, so vain, so utterly unable to appreciate or understand moral goodness and purity as this writer makes them out to be. I submit that Mme. Lanza speaks only for the fashionable idlers of both sexes who, in our great cities, audaciously assume to be the whole of good society. The women of this fair land are not yet so silly and vain as Mme. Lanza considers them to be. With an exception here and there, they are attracted by purity of life and nobility of soul in a man, and repelled by the roué and the liar, however "charming" their manners may be.

Women who have no taste in dress often discover, on donning widow's weeds, that they are positively pretty creatures. This is simply because, as their costumes are entirely black, they have no longer a chance to indulge a riotous fancy among colors that will fight. Most faces are wonderfully softened by enveloping folds of crêpe. Those who find it so seem never to forget the dear departed, but always cling to the mourning drapery. In nine cases out of ten, this apparent devotion to the dead is only devotion to beauty-enhancing weeds. The few to whom it is unbecoming, throw off the crêpe as soon as consistent with custom, and may really grieve in grays, and browns, and blues for a much longer period than the widow who persists in wearing black for years and years, ostensibly in faithful memory of the deceased, but really because she looks well in it.

On almost any pleasant morning this spring, one or two women may be seen spinning through Central Park on bicycles, with as much grace and skill as most men who ride on the wheel. The bicycle ridden by women is an English machine, of the type known as the "Safety," which within the last two years has become popular among men. Since the Central Park roads were opened to all bicycles and tricycles two years ago, a great many women have entered into the sport of riding tricycles, and some of the more courageous accompany their escorts on "tandems," but the idea of a woman riding a bicycle is still a novelty. The new machine for women, which as yet has only been made in England, weighs but thirty-five pounds. The rider steps into her seat between the wheels without having to sit astride, or sideways, as on horseback. A downward curve in the bar which connects the wheels forms the support, and the feet are only a few feet above the ground on the pedals, and can be quickly lifted from them in case of need. Women who ride them wear the usual equestrian costume, and after a few trials a rider learns to balance her little vehicle and direct it as readily as a man can. The pioneer woman-rider on this new steed in New York and in the United States is said to be Mrs. John Oakey, of Brooklyn, who brought one of the first which was made to New York early last summer, and began to exercise on it daily for her health. Miss Pauline Hall, the actress, when she saw it, sent to Europe for another for the same purpose, and she now takes it with her all over the country.

In the general assumption of occupations by women now going on, although they become doctors, and lawyers, and shopkeepers, and accountants, and occupy various trades, not much has been said of the possibility of their becoming upholsterers. Few better fields are open to the woman who works with her hands, and who has a little strength and a good deal of knack. There is nothing surpassing the strength or possible skill and dexterity of women that is concerned in the fixing of the springs in their places, or in distributing the hair or moss which is to soften the springs, and to which they are to lend buoyancy; the long upholstery needle and twine can be used just as easily by a woman's fingers as a man's in the tufting and buttoning; while it wants only practice and deftness to dispose of the edges of the coverings, and to hide the disposition according to the upholsterer's fashion either under the overhanging puff, the cord, or the gimp. If it is not very choice work, it is not to be classed either as dirty work; it is not in the least disagreeable as work goes; and if one must work, and is not beyond the handicrafts, it is one of the most rational and simple to undertake. It is not, moreover, necessary that this work should be done in shops and establishments; and unless one already has rooms, and prefers it to be brought to them, it requires no outlay of rent or beat. For some time there have been women in the large cities who go about by the day to make the chintz or linen coverings for nice furniture, taking the measurements, fitting and cutting the stuff to the sofa or chair as a dress-maker fits and cuts, taking it off and finishing it, the whole thing done as deftly and looking as neat as if done at a fashionable establishment at several times the cost. In the same way women could, if they would, go about from house to house as desired, being paid by the day, and in some spare room of the house, or one cleared for the purpose, or in warm weather on some back piazza or screened veranda where dust will not injure the article to be renewed, restuffed, respringed, or recovered, take the article apart, attend to it, and put it together again, the whole performance requiring no other skill or knowledge than that requisite to the putting in of a few screws, the driving of a few tacks, and seldom any more strength than the woman undertaking the task would be likely to possess, than all of our house-maids accustomed to the moving of furniture on sweeping days, or to the taking down and putting up of bedsteads, are well known to possess. And meanwhile, on the score of economy to the employer and of income to the work-women, the advantages are beyond dispute.—*Bazar.*

Saleslady No. 1 (whisper to No. 2)—"As I was putting on his coat in the hall last night, he said——"
Mrs. Propré—"Have you any imported whale-bones?"
Saleslady No. 2—"So soon. I am so glad!"
Saleslady No. 1—"Next September."
Mrs. Propré—"Not before then?"
Saleslady No. 2—"Of course I will be invited to the——"
Mrs. Patience—"Babies' head-gear?"
Mrs. Propré—"Won't you kindly wait on me?"
Saleslady No. 1—"Beg pardon."
Mrs. Patience—"For babies, please."
Saleslady No. 2—"At the next counter."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Do you know the reason long-handled eye-glasses sprang into favor with the ultra fashionable? Well, you know ladies lace, don't you? Yes, everybody knows that, and those who know it from experience know it to their very great discomfort; for, with the sleeves made as tight as the skin, and the entire dress-waist as close-fitting as compressed flesh and bones will permit, to lift the hand up to the level of the eyes, if it is a possibility (and sometimes it is not), is certainly a dangerous thing to attempt—dangerous because the tightly strained silk of the dress may split. Besides, it is a painful exertion. The expansion of certain muscles in an elevated position of the arm and shoulder beyond the narrow limits of the dress is positive torture. Hence the long handle to eye-glass and opera-glass was a perfect boon. You will always see the slim waist, tight sleeves, and long-handled eye-glass together. That slender waist is also answerable for an extra layer of paint or powder, for it makes the face red, not flushed, but a decidedly ugly red.

The party gowns of the women of 1789, with a little modernizing, would not do ill for to-day, though we can never hope to approach their gorgeous brocades. Surely our belles are one after another putting their hair on rolls up from their faces; they wear simple strings of pearls about their necks, décolleté bodices, stiffly pointed back and front, and wreaths of flowers about the shoulders, and tiny wreaths in their hair. Our long gloves have banished elbow-sleeves, but we have scarcely touched the full skirts of tulle over silk, beneath which the pointed slender slippers of our great-great-great-grandmothers fled in and out. We have no counterpart, though, for the modest little Puritan cap, tied beneath the chin, which was worn often then with evening-dress, and which must have added an indescribable charm to the sweet-faced girl, walking through the stately minuet, which, with the cotillion, quadrille, Virginia reel, and Sir Roger de Coverly, almost made up the order of dances at that time. Certainly a girl so garbed must have been a contrast to the man she danced with, if this description of his own costume by a man of the time is true: "A light-blue French coat, high collar, large gilt buttons, double-breasted Marseilles vest, nankin-colored cassimere breeches, shining pumps, large ruffles, a ponderous white cravat, with a 'pudding' in it—and I was considered the best-dressed gentleman in the room." To remain at a party until after ten o'clock was a shocking affair in the eyes of everybody, and really, as dancing usually began at five o'clock in the afternoon, there did seem to be little need of it. Other entertainment did not lack, however. In the winter, there were skating, and famous straw-rides, and sleighing-parties, which brought up at Bloomingdale Tavern for a supper and a dance. Driving, particularly in chaises, was a mighty source of pastime in those days, especially since there was a wonderful "Kissing Bridge" on Second Avenue, which no cavalier in New York seemed able to avoid. In summer, too, at the end of the promenades up and down Broadway, there were visits to the famous tea-houses, or the ice-cream and mead-gardens. In these pursuits of happiness, the most aristocratic would rub shoulders with a good burgomaster in his small clothes and woolen stockings, buckles at the knees and in his shoes, body-coat, with large pockets and buttons, a white stock buckled behind, a plain shirt, with sleeve-buttons, his hair powdered, a long queue, and a broad-brimmed beaver-hat, and, yet again, with his wife in an old Dutch cap, a short gown of calico and a linsey-woolsey petticoat, yarn stockings, shoes of strength and comfort, and a neckerchief.

THE WIFE OF A SPY.

A Tragic Story of an Hungarian Woman's Loyalty.

Close to the village of Nagy-Nemethy is a ruined house surrounded by an uncultivated garden. Owls and bats have established their abode in it, and when the sun spreads its warm rays upon the rotten flooring lizards and snakes crawl out from the crevices in the walls to sun themselves. In summer, flocks of birds make their nests in the garden, where no one thinks of disturbing them. In winter, wolves, gaunt and sinister-eyed, glide slyly among the leafless trees and bushes.

In front of this gloomy house is a linden-tree, its large branches bare in summer as in winter. Mistletoe still grows upon its trunk, which is almost dead; but no one ever touches the tree or the mistletoe. Everybody hastens by, the Christians making the sign of the cross and the Jews softly murmuring a prayer for the dead.

Nearly forty years ago, when the people awakened on all sides and began to shake off their chains, this house was inhabited by a young Jewish family, Adolph Sonnenfeld, a grain dealer, and his wife, Sarah. Her second name was Eglantine, and she was usually called Egla.

While Sonnenfeld recalled no biblical hero by his appearance or manners, being blonde, rosy, and thin like any German, Egla was a real Jewish woman, beautiful, intelligent, and calm, with dark, passionate eyes, small mouth, and disdainful lips. It would be impossible to find a stronger contrast than these two walking along the streets; he, with his head inclined, humble and smiling deprecatingly; she, with easy step and proud air.

Their character and intelligence were not less unlike. Sonnenfeld had a remarkable aptitude for the grain business, but this was about all he was capable of doing. Egla, on the contrary, was educated to a certain extent, and had read much more than was usually the case with the Jewish country girls of that epoch. He was a simple man, but sly and practical. She was witty, imaginative, and prompt at repartee. She showed sometimes an energy of will which seemed to lie at the bottom of her soul like some mysterious and threatening power. Her heart was always ready to be enthusiastic for everything that appeared to her sublime.

In spite of this great difference of temperament, intelligence, and character, which would seem frequently to provoke antipathy and hostility, Sonnenfeld and his wife loved each other tenderly. Egla even went so far as to love her husband more than her country, which is saying a good deal, for she was an exalted and ardent Hungarian patriot. She read the Magyar poetry with a feverish interest, and rejoiced in the growth of the revolution which was spreading in Hungary. Her favorite revolutionary heroes were Petœfi and Kossuth. Believing in a better future, she inculcated in her two children the love of country and the passion of liberty and independence.

Restricted to the narrow limits of her household, Egla led a rigorously feminine existence. But when the February revolution broke out at Paris, soon followed by that of Vienna and the uprising of the Hungarians, her character, which had long surpassed the ordinary in its measure of energy, soon showed itself in its full force. She began by interesting herself in the debates of the Diet, then in the threatening conflict between the government and the *camarilla* at Vienna, and in the first scenes of the civil war. When she learned, in the month of October, that the Hungarian army had arrived at the gates of Vienna, she could no longer contain herself.

"Adolph!" she cried, one morning at the breakfast-table, throwing down the newspaper, "everybody is taking up arms for the country; old men, women, and children have not hesitated to sacrifice themselves; do you intend to remain behind?"

"Are you crazy!" cried Sonnenfeld, with an indignant and almost frightened air; "what does Hungarian liberty matter to me? I am a Jew, and even if I should have an idea of going to war, people would laugh at me, for I don't even know how to load a gun."

"You can learn."

"I have no desire. We have enough soldiers, and I am not a hero."

Sonnenfeld was right. He had nothing of the hero about him, and his wife was soon convinced of it. Some hussars passed through the village, and those inhabitants who had remained at home up to that time hastened to follow the flag. Sonnenfeld alone declined, and disappeared as though the earth had swallowed him up. He was not seen again until the last cavalier had quitted Nagy-Nemethy.

Egla then learned that he had concealed himself in the cellar, where the cook carried him his food. She was filled with disgust. Her first impulse was to take her children and leave this man, whom she could no longer love; but Sonnenfeld besought her so, he poured out so many tears, and his weeping children pleaded so well his cause, that Egla remained with him. From that day onward, she treated him with a disdainful coldness that affected him much more than reproaches and frequent quarrels would have done.

Egla's new attitude produced a remarkable effect upon her husband. Until then, he had shown himself indifferent to politics and the struggles of his country; but he now began to take an interest in them; he hated the agitators who had alienated Egla's heart from him; he despised the brave combatants whose heroism revealed him as a coward.

When the imperial troops, commanded by Windischgrætz, crossed the frontier on their way to the Hungarian capital, Egla became silent and sombre. Sonnenfeld, on the contrary, in spite of all his efforts, could not conceal his joy. When Budapest was taken by the imperial troops, and the Hungarian Government had retired to Debreczin, Sonnenfeld thought that everything was settled. He strutted about gayly, as though he had inherited a million or gained a great victory.

"If I had taken up arms for the country what would be my recompense to-day?" he said; "his highness"—he always gave Windischgrætz this title—"would have paid me with the bastinado."

Egla did not deign to reply.

Shortly after this, the first detachment of light horsemen arrived at Nagy-Nemethy. They were soon followed by a brigade, which established its camp near the village. Some of the soldiers were billeted on the inhabitants, and the general selected Sonnenfeld's house for himself. The Jew surpassed himself in hospitality and servile demonstrations. He cringed like a dog before the general, and was, in consequence, treated as such by the officer.

Egla, who, timid and hostile, kept out of the way, saw the general kick her husband out of the house one day. The sight made the blood rush to her face, but she concealed her trouble and suffered in silence.

Some days later, the Hungarian hussars exchanged a few shots with the imperialists, and at night the Hungarians advanced from all sides and threatened to surround the Austrian brigade. Everybody was on the alert, and, while the cavalrymen patrolled the unfortunate country, all the women remained in the streets, anxiously telling their fears to each other.

Egla dressed herself hurriedly. She noticed that her husband had crept slyly out of the house, and she went down to look for him. She soon saw him, standing near the garden-wall, talking with the general, who smiled graciously, while Sonnenfeld bowed humbly to him. She did not know why, but the general's smile caused her more anguish than the kicking he had given her husband. She could hear only isolated phrases of the conversation, but she soon understood that the general complained because he found no one among the population disposed to act as spy, not even among the poor Jews. She also heard Sonnenfeld assure the general of his devotion; then the two men separated.

At the same moment several neighbors came up to Egla, and announced with signs of lively joy that the Hungarian troops continued to advance from all sides. At sunrise, the imperialists had disappeared. An aide-de-camp had brought to the general orders to abandon this position and move toward the south with his brigade.

Throughout this winter campaign in Hungary each day brought contradictory news. Egla was agitated and sorrowful. She could not sleep at night, and when morning came, she fell asleep from fatigue, and only awakened after terrible dreams when the sun was far above the horizon.

Business was at a stand-still. Sonnenfeld alone showed any activity, a fact which greatly worried his wife. He furnished provisions of all kinds for the imperial troops. Suspicious-looking men often came to see him, and after each visit, Sonnenfeld went away from the house for some time. Egla, with heavy heart, watched him with increasing mistrust.

One winter's day some hussars, with their carbines loaded, suddenly appeared in the village. They were loudly acclaimed, and the joy increased when they were followed by a battalion of infantry. The Hungarians halted, threw out pickets in all directions, and began to prepare their dinner. The inhabitants generously gave up all they possessed to recompense the brave Hungarian soldiers for their fatigues and sufferings. Egla, not being able to follow this example without her husband's consent, began to look for him, as he had suddenly disappeared. After she had searched in vain about the house and the neighborhood, an evil suspicion began to force itself upon her.

At night, when all the inhabitants of Nagy-Nemethy were asleep, Egla remained awake. Seated upon her bed, she listened to the slightest noise. It seemed to her that something terrible was about to happen, something which she had felt coming for a long time. She remained thus for an hour or two; then, worn out, she fell asleep.

Suddenly she was awakened by musketry-shots and a confused roar. Horses thundered by at a gallop, drums beat, and officers cried out their orders. The shots sounded closer; she opened her window and a ball struck the wall beside her. She drew back quickly and extinguished the light.

The struggle went on in the streets. The imperial troops had returned, and in the darkness had surprised and attacked the Hungarian infantry with superior forces. A very small number of Hungarians succeeded in escaping with their flag. The rest were killed or made prisoners.

Egla, her ideas all confused, remained seated in her chamber. An hour passed; then she heard voices in the neighboring room. One was that of her husband; the other, clear, vibrating, and foreign, evidently accustomed to command, thanked Sonnenfeld and promised him a handsome reward.

While the imperial troops, and her husband with them, retired toward the east, Egla muffled up her children and hastened to her parents' house. Having placed her children in security, on the third day she returned home. Her husband was still absent. During the following night, he crept into his house like a thief. He was greatly agitated when he saw his wife come out of her chamber with a light in her hand. She placed the light upon the table, sat down, and began to question her husband as coldly and severely as a judge on the bench.

"Where have you been?"

"I have made an important transaction. I have furnished lard and bread to the general."

"You have furnished him with something else. You have betrayed your brothers!" cried the Jewess, red with anger. "You are a spy!"

"What do you mean?" asked Sonnenfeld, turning pale.

"I heard your conversation with the general."

"Well, and what then?" he said, trying to smile.

The beautiful Jewess arose and looked at him steadily. "What then?" said she; "you are a traitor and deserve death. But I have loved you, and I do not want to see the name that I still bear disgraced. I do not wish to have you die on the scaffold. You shall kill yourself here in this chamber!"

"You have lost your reason!" cried Sonnenfeld, in a shaking voice.

Egla calmly took out a pistol. "You must die!" she continued; "you are so degraded that I do not dare even to think of the frightful crime you have committed. If you are too cowardly to kill yourself, I will execute you in the name of the country!"

She raised her pistol and aimed it at the wretch's breast; he threw himself on his knees and implored her pardon in agonizing cries. The determined woman looked at him with inexpressible scorn; then she lowered her arm, and said: "Yes, you are right; you are not even worth the powder."

Egla returned to her room and locked the door. When she felt sure that her husband was asleep, she threw a shawl over her head and left the house.

The day had scarcely dawned when a number of cavalry men appeared before Sonnenfeld's abode. The door was soon broken in and some Hungarian hussars, guided by Egla, went up to the chamber where the Jew was calmly sleeping.

"There is the spy!" she cried, haughtily; "I want to see him hanged!" Sonnenfeld still begged her to be merciful, but she remained inexorable. The hussars bound his hands behind his back and led him out. With an imperturbable calm his wife saw him hanged to a branch of the linden tree in front of his house. As soon as the execution was finished, she mounted a horse that the hussars gave her and started off with them on the gallop.

At the attack on Waitzen a woman, carrying the Hungarian banner, led one of the infantry battalions. It was Egla, the valiant Jewess of Nagy-Nemethy. When the Poles of the Mazuchelli regiment carried the Komorn hill at the point of the bayonet, it was Egla who encouraged them. Already struck with two balls, she fell, pierced by a bayonet stroke, with the tattered flag and dyed it with her blood.—*Translated from the German of Sacher Masoch.*

Pisa is called "Pisa la Morte" by the Italians; its commerce, once splendid, has been gradually taken from it. Leghorn, indeed, the Italian public was lately shocked by statement that the town house or city hall of Pisa was liable to be levied upon by the city's creditors to satisfy their debt. More lately still came the news of another and even still more startling suggestion. One of the members of the municipal council of Pisa proposed a lottery to raise funds to discharge the debt, and, in order to offer a sufficiently tempting prize to attract investments from all over the world, he suggested that the famous Leaning Tower should be the first prize. To possess as one's private property the Leaning Tower of Pisa, which has stood for more than seven hundred years, would, this Pisan councillor thought, be a distinction which all the world would seek after. He did not indicate what he supposed the owner of the tower could do with it. Fortunately, this original project did not meet with favor from the Pisan council, and some other way must be found to meet the city's difficulty. Pisa is still the centre of a rich farming district, and its university is one of the best in Italy. The decline of Pisa is largely due to a singular circumstance. In mediæval times it possessed a fine harbor, Porte Pisano, at the mouth of the river Arno. With the cutting away of the forests upon the Apennines, vast quantities of earth, no longer held in place by the protecting trees, were washed to the plains below. This wash gradually filled up the harbor of Pisa. In 1442, its depth had been reduced to four feet; a century later only row-boats could enter it, and it was soon abandoned forever. There are now no traces of this harbor, and even its site is disputed. Pisa's distance from the sea is now about seven miles.

The new Earl of Carlisle, a strong teetotaler, has closed all the public-houses on his property. His cellar contained some of the best home-brewed ale in England, and the brew-houses were famous everywhere; but they have been entirely destroyed and the vats emptied. For over fifty years the late Lord Carlisle, who was a clergyman, had been in confinement in an insane asylum.

The Italian admiralty, as the result of numerous experiments, have given orders that henceforth all exposed parts of machinery are to be lubricated exclusively with castor-oil, while mineral oils are to be used for cylinder and similar lubricating.

In the new style of telephone the muscular vibrations which accompany the utterance of the words are transferred to the electrodes through the medium of a non-electric hutton pressed against the vocal cords of the operator.

An immense terrestrial globe on the scale of one millionth will be shown at the Paris exhibition. The globe measures thirteen meters in diameter. Paris will barely occupy a square centimeter of its surface.

The system to relieve street traffic in Paris, as proposed by M. Berlier, consists substantially of a system of subterranean cast-iron tubes, eighteen and four-tenths feet in diameter and about ten miles in total length.

A Russian musical prodigy makes Joseph Hoffman and Hegner seem grown up. Paul Kocsalski is four years of age, and is said to have "masterly execution" on a piano made to fit his fingers.

Two Americans gave the Bow Street judiciary a sensation by being brought up on the complaint of a cabman that they had amused themselves by firing their revolvers through the trap-door in the roof.

"We call the tiger," said a vegetarian philosopher, "a ferocious beast; but what would we men be called if, for instance, mutton-chops could speak?"

It is said that a company has been formed to run electric cabs over Washington's asphalt pavements.

LITERARY NOTES.

English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

That very unpleasant ex-King Milan of Servia is going to write his autobiography with the intention of presenting the volume to his son, the present king, when the youth reaches his majority.

The first volume of another "series" has just made its appearance in London. This is "Baron Munchausen's Travels," illustrated with Crowquill's original blocks. The Lotos Series is the name of this new enterprise. Two styles of binding are used.

A brilliant but dissipated English writer once gave this queer excuse for yielding to "flowing bowl" temptations: "Well, the truth of the matter is that I have to stupefy myself to a certain extent before I can enjoy an ordinary conversation." It was an arrogant but apparently perfectly frank remark.

It is related that when Miss Jewsbury was staying with the Wordsworths, she wrote a short poem. She thought she had worked very hard at it, and carried it down triumphantly to breakfast. "There, Mr. Wordsworth," she exclaimed, "I spent three hours over these lines." "Young lady," replied the great poet, "I have spent three weeks over the same number of lines."

Mrs. Cashel Hoey, the Irish novelist, has an American collaborator in one of her novels, not nearly so much for their literary assistance as because by that means she manages to protect her property rights in New York in this country. By this means she gains the larger part of her income in America. She is sixty-five years old, short, stout, florid, and lives in London in the Kensington District.

"To an American lady is due," Edmund Yates understands, "a very clever literary skit, just published by Macmillan, called 'An Anthor's Life.' It purports to contain the replies of the 'Incounue' to the various letters addressed to her by Prosper Merimée. These suppositious answers are singularly clever and written with feminine delicacy and tact, yet here and there grappling boldly with large subjects, and frequently showing a vein of quite unfeminine humor."

Bayard Taylor's first name was James; only a few others than Wilkie Collins's intimate friends know that his name is really William Wilkie Collins, and Austin Dobson was Henry Austin Dobson before he took up literature, and Edmund William Gosse is to-day known to the world only by the first and last names. "Henry R. Haggard" sounds strange to thousands of ears who know "Rider Haggard." Brander Matthews was christened James Brander Matthews, and Duffield Osborne is in reality Samuel Duffield Osborne. Lawrence Hutton is a contraction of James Lawrence Hutton, and Howard Seeley is Edward Howard Seeley, Jr. Frank Stockton is really Francis Richard Stockton, while Joaquin Miller is a corruption of Cincinnatus Hiner Miller.

The librarian of the Shakespeare Memorial Library, at Stratford-on-Avon, recently made application to the Government of India, asking that a copy of every edition of Shakespeare's works, and of any publication relating to the Bard of Avon, which has been published in India, be sent to the library at Stratford. The Indian Government most readily agreed to respond to the request; but, as a matter of fact, it has been found that no complete edition of Shakespeare's works has ever been printed and published in any of the numerous dialects of Hindostan. Single plays, or groups of plays, have been published; but the educated classes in India, many of whom are great admirers of Shakespeare, read his works in one of the many English editions at their disposal, so that to Shakespeare in the vernacular there is little or no demand.

"Americanisms, Old and New," a new book recently brought out in London, the author, a Mr. Farmer, prefaces his work by a statement of interest concerning the inroads and modifications the American use of the English language is making on the language itself. Many of the phrases he brings forward will be new to Americans—for example, "piazzo," for piazza; a Mrs. Malapropism he has taken seriously; "baldinde," for a state of baldness, will be new to most people. "Block," for a set of buildings; "academy," "appetizer," "sag," "shoress," "cussedness," "quite the cheese," "bibible," "to deacon," "daisy," "trampoos," "skullduggery," are among the insidious words mentioned. That "to book"—that is, to engage a place—is mentioned as an Americanism will be information to those who have adopted it, fondly believing it to be purely English.

There are some titles recently called for by readers at the Portland Public Library: "Jane's Heirs (Jane Eyre), John Ingersoll (John Ingant), Irving's Albramah (Alhambra), Illuminated Face (Face Illumin), Prohibition (Probation), Bulfinch's Agent Fables (Age of Fable), Patty's Reverses (Patty's Perversities), Little Lord Phantom Fauntleroy), Silence of Dean Stanley (Maitland), Mona's Charge (Mona's Choice), Zigzag's Classic Wonders (Zigzag Journey in Classic Lands), Boots and Spurs and Boots and Shoes (Boots and Saddles), Mary's Lamb (Mary Lamb), Fairy Tails (Fairy Tales), Chromos (Chronos) from English History, Noosie's Father (Nuttie's Father), Men in the Perspective (Prospectus), Sand Maid (Sun Maid), Lion and the Tiger (Lady or Tiger), Boy and Viola, (Roy and Viola), and Prince David's Palace (Prince of the House of David)."

To the English law that everything printed and published should have the printer's name, should be added an equally stringent regulation that it should bear the date as well. This is no trouble at the time, but it saves an infinite amount of worry and vexation in after years. It should apply to everything—books, play-bills, circulars, prospectuses—and any breach of the law should entail a severe penalty. It is scarcely to be believed—the absurd things which are done in regard to this, especially in books and magazines. I happen to have a nearly complete century of volumes of costume and fashion beginning at 1787. Yet it is strange that some of these books—for, of course, they include different series—have neither day, month, nor year on them, and it is only by great care, comparison, and arrangement that you can place them in the exact order." Thus writes the London correspondent of the *Book Buyer*. It would be an excellent thing for such a law to be incorporated in the Revised Statutes of the United States.

Felix L. Oswald has an interesting essay in the *Open Court* of March 14th, on "Passions and Manias." Among other things he says: "Love-stories which now almost monopolize the interest of nine ont of ten readers (nineteen out of twenty *book*-readers, to judge from the records of our public libraries) were almost unknown to the literary age of Greece and Rome, or were relegated to the sphere of the lowest comedy—even in the era of social license that followed the introduction of Asiatic luxuries. A writer of love tales would still have been referred to a female class of readers, or rather of hearers, since persons, even of moderate literary attainments, would not have thought it worth their while to waste an hour with the perusal of other people's courtship twaddle. Werther's wailings would have failed to excite anything but the surprise of a Roman reader, and the end of the romance would have been considered an offense against the laws of probability—not to mention common sense, or the ethics of stoicism. As a *motive* of self-destruction a tender literary toothache would hardly have been thought a more preposterous pretext."

New Publications.

"The Country Cousin," a novel by Frances M. Peard, has been issued in the Franklin Library, published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 30 cents.

"Thou Shall Not" is the name of a sensational novel which would be a picture of the vices of a great city. The picture is a chromo. Published by G. W. Dillingham, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 50 cents.

"The Soul of Lady Agnes," by Marie Virginia Harding, a story of the redemption of a woman who has become a slave to absinthe, has been published by G. W. Dillingham, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 50 cents.

The latest issue of the Gainsborough Library is "The Story of Happinoland and Other Legends," by Oliver Bell Bunce. The four tales are not quite what we consider stories nowadays, three, at least, being allegorical expositions of the author's theories of wealth. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, 25 cents.

"Accolon of Gaul" is an ambitious poem in rhymed pentameters, founded on a legend of the Knights of the Round Table. It is printed in a volume to which it gives its name, with a score or more of smaller poems by the same writer, Madison J. Cawein. Mr. Cawein's verses are of the impressionist school, reveling in obscurity and unusual words. Published by John P. Morton & Co., Louisville; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, $1.00.

"Gertrude's Marriage," by W. Heimburg, an excellent example of the modern domestic novel of the German school, has been translated into excellent English by Mrs. J. W. Davis. It is reprinted with the photogravure illustrations by W. de Meza, and in general appearance resembles the pretty edition of Daudet's works which has lately come out in Paris and England. Published by the Worthington Company, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, $1.25.

In "A White Umbrella in Mexico," F. Hopkinson Smith has given another proof that he is as clever with his pen as with his brush. It is an account of a trip through Mexico, not in the vein of the ordinary globe-trotter or tourist whose friends have insisted on his publishing his "impressions," but a picture of the sights and customs which struck the fancy of an idle voyager, who has a painter's eye for the picturesque and a happy knack of felicitous description. The photogravure vignettes scattered through the book are all too few. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.50.

With the issue of "The Statesman's Year Book" for 1889 this valuable publication reaches the twenty-sixth year of its annual publication. This work aims to state concisely the historical and statistical matters necessary to show the present condition of all the countries and nations of the civilized world and the changes which have taken place, political and material. As it is an English publication, England and her dependencies are treated with somewhat greater particularity than they would be in an American work; but no other country is slighted on that account. Published by Macmillan & Co., London; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, $3.00.

"Chopin and Other Musical Essays," by Henry T. Finck, is a little book containing six papers entitled "Chopin," "How Composers Work," "Schumann, as Mirrored in His Letters," "Music and Morals," "Italian and German Vocal Styles," and "German Opera in New York." Mr. Finck is one of New York's best critics, and while we may not agree with him in all points we must at least acknowledge that he is a thorough student of his subject; as to his way of making his points, to those who have read his "Romantic Love and Personal Introduction" he needs no commendation. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Strickland & Co.; price, $1.50.

"Home Gymnastics for the Well and Sick," by E. Angerstein and G. Eckler, two German physicians, has been translated from the eighth German edition, and is reprinted with all the original cuts. The object of this manual is to provide series of exercises which will tend to keep the well in good health and hasten the recovery of the ill. Its contents are: a few words on the advantages to be derived from systematic exercise; descriptions of exercises to develop all the chief muscles of the body without apparatus, with wands, and with dumb-bells; tables of exercises prescribed for each sex in health, ranged in periods from childhood to old age; and exercises for invalids, and to overcome physicial defects, as curvature of the spine, corpulence, etc. An advantage of this system is that, as most of the exercises are without apparatus, they may be performed at any convenient time or place. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.50.

Journalistic Chit-Chat.

The *Désarmement* is a weekly newspaper just started in Paris in support of a general disarmament, as its name implies. The paper opens with letters from Gladstone, Emilio Castelar, and Jules Simon, a profession of faith by the Redaction, and contains a lot of good matter, original and selected, on the desirability of peace and friendship between nations, as well as the usual intelligence, critiques, and literary matter of a weekly.

The *Epoch* says: "What an admirable thing it would be if gentlemen of the press could display the same judicious reticence in dealing with the affairs of other persons that they do in reporting matters relating to themselves. There are the monthly dinners of the fraternity of journalists, the Fellowcraft Club, for example, at which distinguished men talk with quite unusual freedom in the full confidence that their speeches will not get into the newspapers. Mr. Depew made a speech there the other night which for felicity of phrase, a certain simple dignity of manner, and an elevation of sentiment, marked the highest range of oratorical achievement. But Mr. Depew would not have handled certain topics of human concern with the freedom which he did at the Fellowcraft dinner, had he not felt perfectly safe that his speech would not get into the newspapers. The speech, in fact, would have been a much less exquisite and racy production had its publicity been assured in advance. There is a moral here for newspapers and newspaper men, which, in other matters than after-dinner speech-making, they might profitably heed. A good many rare and exquisite things are often destroyed by too much publicity."

The trade in the ready-made clothes of journalism, those stereotyped columns of matter which are peddled around among small country newspapers, is just now enjoying a boom, and competition has introduced one novelty after another, until at last it furnishes syndicate editorials. Under this new system, it only costs one dollar and a half for the whole editorial page of six columns, the composition of which by typesetters would alone cost some fifteen dollars, not to mention the writing of it, and for this paltry sum the editor receives opinions on all sorts of national, literary, artistic, and social topics. The plates are so arranged that if the editor has any opinion of his own which he wishes to express, as sometimes happens, all he has to do is to saw out a chunk of the editorial, which may be afterward used for filling up a gap in the paper or as a sinker when he goes fishing, and drop in its place his own crystallized notion. In case the editor is unable to read, the plates are so arranged that he can not get the type upside down and thus subject himself to ridicule. A hammer and plainly printed instructions are sent out with each box. It only costs a few dollars to start a newspaper under this system, as all that is necessary in the way of "plant" is a small office, with a table and carpenter's bench, three or four tools, and a small hand-press. The plate manufacturers sell names for newspapers already set up, and have pictures of pens, books, lamps, and other things emblematic of the profession which molds public opinion. A long-felt want has been satisfied in the wholesale casting of Republican and Democratic editorials, which, by the way, are both written by the same person, and thus rival village editors are enabled to bombard each other at twenty-five cents per column.

The *Overland* for May contains five short stories: "The Hermit Ledge," by Harry L. Wells; "Two Shasta Desperadoes," by Stoner Brooke; "La Tiburona," by Henry S. Brooks; "The Fragment of a Life," by Allan Endicott; and "A Little Learning," by Norman McLaren. Other articles are "Hale-a-kala," by F. L. Clarke; "Lord John," by A. G. Tassin; "Realists in Prose Fiction," by Wilhur Larremore; "Life in Samoa," by S. S. Boynton; "How have We Used the Legacy?" by F. I. Vassault; and "Some Studies of Conciliation in the Labor Problem." The verse is by Herbert Kenyon, Ellen V. Talbot, and Agnes King.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A train in Arizona was boarded by robbers, who went through the luckless passengers. One of them happened to be a Hebrew "drummer" from New York, who, when his turn came, with fear and reluctance fished out two hundred dollars. He rapidly took four dollars from the pile and placed it in his vest pocket. "What do you mean by that?" asked the gentle robber, as he toyed with his revolver. Hurriedly came the answer: "Mine frent, you surely vould not refuse me a two per zent. discount on a strictly cash transaction like dis?" He got the discount.

Sir Charles Warren, on his famous Bechuanaland expedition, was far from popular among the officers and men under his command, and his brusqueness frequently amounted to more than rudeness. On a certain occasion, he censured one of his staff for some trifling neglect or other with more than usual severity, and after he had finishing speaking a dead silence prevailed—the staff-officer had actually nothing to say. "Why do you not speak, sir?" exclaimed Warren, impatiently. "Because, sir, I am in such a devil of a rage I dare not trust myself to reply!" promptly answered the subordinate.

A writer in the London *Spectator*, points out that there are bulls of action and conduct as well as spoken bulls. An Irish lady, observing that her bed-curtains had caught fire, hurried away to fetch water. She caught up a can of water, and as she was about to pour it upon the flames remembered that it was hot water, and mentally decided that it could be of no use. An Irish school-boy placed a cupful of coffee on a sloping desk. Finding that it overflowed, be sought to remedy his difficulty by turning the cup around. An Irish tenant wishing to raise the roof of his cabin, began by excavating the floor.

A conversation between Gould and a friend is being repeated, in which the little magnate expressed the interesting opinion that no man should have more than one million dollars. On the friend expressing some natural astonishment over this statement coming from Jay, he replied that the possession of more than one million dollars was apt to lead to extravagance, and individual extravagance was bad for the country. "But," remarked the friend, "what would you do with all the money you have over one million dollars?" "I suppose," replied Jay, seriously and meditatively, "that I would have to keep it."

In 1856, Judge David Davis was holding court in McLean County, Illinois. Ward H. Lamon was prosecuting attorney and was trying a criminal case. It was in the heat of summer. While he was making his closing address to the jury, some members of the bar discovered that there was a hole in the seat of Mr. Lamon's trousers through which his linen looked out. A wag of the bar drew up a subscription-paper, and, passing it around, obtained several small subscriptions for the purpose of purchasing a pair of trousers for Mr. Lamon. Mr. Lincoln was present in court. The paper was handed to him. He read the paper carefully, then, drawing up to the table, took up a pen and wrote these words: "I can contribute nothing to the end in view."

Fires have their amusing as well as their grave side. A fireman once told Arlo Bates, who repeats the tale in the Providence *Journal*, that he on one occasion found a woman almost overcome with the smoke of her burning house, and, taking her in his arms, he carried her screaming and resisting from fright, as he supposed, to the stairway, where she could easily have made her way out. Instead of escaping, however, she turned and rushed madly into the room from which he had just dragged her. He was in mortal terror lest the floor should fall, but, at the risk of his life, he again ran to her rescue. He got hold of her, but she resisted worse than ever. "Come," he shouted, "the floor will fall in a minute!" "Wait," she returned, struggling to tear herself free, "I haven't found my teeth yet!"

It was while Mr. Bontwell was Secretary of the Treasury that Edmund Yates, the English novelist, came to Washington for a visit. The Old Colony Club was then flourishing. That was a club where each member was his own waiter, bar-tender, and cashier, poured out his own liquor, put the price of it in a box, and generally behaved himself in a free and unconventional manner. Thinking the English writer to be something of a Bobemian, the members of the Old Colony made him welcome at their club. One evening they gave him a little reception there, and, among others, invited Secretary Boutwell to meet him. There was a most pleasant evening, and the secretary said he was glad to make the novelist's acquaintance. These two were naturally the lions of the occasion. The secretary wore the same dignified and solemn countenance, however, all the time. Along after midnight, two club members were commissioned to escort Mr. Yates to his lodgings. On the way, one of them asked him: "Well, Mr. Yates, what do you think of our Secretary of the Treasury?" "Seems a nicish fellow," replied Mr. Yates; "but, don't you know, he isn't exactly the kind of a fellow I'd care to awsk to sing a comic song aftah dinnah."

The trials of "hanging committees" in determining the places to be held by pictures at any exhibition, are great and manifold. An English artist says that when he once served as "hangman," preparatory to an exhibition of the Royal Academy, his greatest embarrassment was connected with a picture sent in by an old Academician, who had once done good work, but whose hand had now lost its cunning. It was the portrait of a clergyman, and was not so desperately bad but that it might be admitted, if one peculiarity could in any way be dealt with. The eyes were exactly like those of an owl; the eyeballs were intensely black, with a circle of light, bright blue encompassing them about. "We tried him on the wall," says the artist, "but distance lent increased terror to his expression; he glared at us so fearfully, that, in regard for the consequences which might arise to unwary visitors, we hastily took him down again. 'Now,' I said to a brother hangman, 'what is to be done? It's of no use asking the old gentleman to withdraw the picture, he won't.' 'No,' replied my friend, 'but I think we might take some of the enthusiasm out of those eyes,'" No sooner said than done. A finger was wetted, a little blacking taken from a shoe of one of the conspirators, the bright blue circle received a glaze of blacking, and the glare of terror-inspiring fury was changed into a softened, appealing expression. With that little alteration, the picture took its place among the rest.

General De Trobriand, in his book, "The Army of the Potomac," relates many incidents illustrating the influence of the imagination. One poor fellow believed he had a ball in the head, and prepared to die on account of it. He died. Another, with his eye gone and his eyebrows burned off, thought nothing was the matter. Another instance was that of a surgeon who had been allured into the army by a salary. He had been a man of luxurious habits, and found himself living without fire in a tent covered with snow. He sought to make himself comfortable by building a fire in the open air and toasting one side while the other froze. He could not get used to the meagre fare and no bed of the camp. But the roaring of cannon ended his career. He became livid, trembling like a leaf; he shook at each detonation and seemed about to lose his legs. "I am a dead man!" be at last exclaimed, as if actually shot. "I must go away or I am a dead man!" And there had not been a shot anywhere near the division. He had to be carried to a hospital and discharged. At Gettysburg, a color-bearer staggered and fell back. "Steady!" called the colonel. "I am wounded," replied the color-bearer, in a choking voice. "Where?" "In the throat." The commander leaned over his horse and looked. "It is nothing. I see no blood." The soldier immediately retook his place, and lifted his flag. The ball had really struck him in the neck, but had bounded off his leather collar, and the shock had choked him for a moment.

Some years ago the London *Athenæum*, in "placing" Mme. Albani, set her third in the line of *prime donne*, with Patti first and Nilsson second. The cherished voice of the Italian at length shows signs of wear. The Swede has retired to the seclusion which awaits the dumb nightingale. The voice of the Canadian is to-day as rich, as fresh, as pure as it was when she sang to the nuns in the convent on the Isle Jésus, near Montreal, twenty-three years ago.

Mme. Albani is not, like Mme. Patti, a pupil of *le bon Dieu*, but she is an artist to her finger tips. Her execution is marvelous—yet its wonders are forgotten in the crowning glory of the voice itself. It is not the ease of her manipulation of

"Notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,"

nor the complete gamut of emotion which she commands, but the purity, richness, and elastic volume of tone which holds her audience entranced. Its round evenness, so exquisitely smooth and melting, can only be likened to the soft brilliance of the colors of mother-of-pearl shell. The tone blends with every change of emotion—melts from grave to gay, from plaintive to severe, no feeling is untouched—yet this indescribable quality of limpid beauty is there throughout. In the upper register, while holding the highest notes and pushing forward the epiglottis, and also in an occasional mistiness of the middle register, there is an indication of what might either be wear or climatic influence—but so slight as to be only a spot upon the sun.

As an artist, Mme. Albani is preëminent. Her individuality is full of charm and fascination. She occupies a position midway between the Italian and the German, with all the intellectuality and force of the latter to correct and subdue the usually redundant sentimentality of the former. This universality and completeness make her equally successful in opera, oratorio, and ballad singing. Her conceptions have the greatest breadth, warmth, and delicacy—nothing is wanting in simplicity and generous feeling, or the most delicate intellectual subtlety. Hers is the union of temperaments, musical, poetic, and artistic, in perfect equipoise—a combination almost unique, and probably accentuated by cosmopolitan breeding.

She is complete mistress of every artifice of the singer's calling—*cantabile*, *legato*, and *staccato* are equally effective. Her shakes, though scarcely equal to Patti's exquisite articulation, have an individuality of their own, being inflected like a lark's, either upward or downward with equal ease. Her highest technical accomplishment is what is known as the *mezza da voce*, which rises beyond praise or criticism. In carrying the wave of tone back to what, in any average singer, would be the *Ultima Thule* of *pianissimo*, the gradation is infinite, and one is left with a sense of a still further diminution of fineness held in reserve. The *portamento* is almost as perfect, varying from the finest silken web to rich cords of gold. Her execution has hardly the spirit-like definiteness and brilliancy which Patti has made all her own, but in *staccato* passages Mme. Albani attains a throbbing elasticity more like a wood-bird's than a human voice. Her method is Italian of the old classic, severe school before they forgot simplicity for the ornate and florid.

The company, though hardly phenomenal, is a thoroughly respectable collection of artists, intelligent, musically gifted, and cultivated. Miss Damian and Mr. Foote have good voices and know their business. Signor Massimi has a small tenor voice of average timbre inclining to dryness. He vocalizes well and gives adequate renderings of his native arias. Of the instrumental artists, Herr Conrad Ansorge is a player of the same class as Henry Irving, intellectually gifted and conscientious to the last degree, but overweighted with mannerisms. While his runs and *arpeggios* are extremely delicate and have a silvery articulateness, his chords and octaves come straight from the shoulder and degenerate into hard-sounding blows rather than legitimate touch. Mr. Barrett plays the flute in excellent style, but flute solos are horesome, and the little, melancholy, plaintive notes eventually become extremely wearying. There is only one thing more aggravating, and that is a duet for two flutes.

From Mme. Albani's high-class vocalizing to Lord Chumley's high-class drawl is a stride. One regrets leaving the former, but one enjoys meeting the latter, for Lord Chumley is certainly a delightful fellow and the best company in the world. When one first meets him, one is inclined to set him down as belonging to that class of young men whose highest ambition is to achieve the combination of perfect gentleman and perfect fool. On a later acquaintance, one changes this hasty first judgment, and eventually comes so far round as to agree with M. le Sage, in his Parthian shot, "You are not so damfool as you look." Lord Chumley only plays the part of Brutus, and one can hardly say more for him than that he plays it very nearly as well as Brutus did himself.

It is not surprising that Mr. Sothern was appreciated in the East—he has produced the most perfect realization of the type to which all Eastern dudedom burns to belong. There are bogus Lord Chumleys now in New York, numerous as the flocks of goats upon Mount Gilead, the cattle on a thousand hills. Until the advent of Mr. Sothern's lord, this type had no exact representative, no crystallization of all its youth and all its charm, no crowning flower of beauty to elevate its ideal. It was forced to follow false prophets, to sit at the feet of Gamaliels of whose genuineness it cherished doubts. When Lord Chumley appeared between the yellow curtains, with the stoop in the shoulders and bow in the elbows—to acquire which is part of the education of a real chappie—with his pretty blonde curls, his eye-glass, his fond, foolish expression, his right hand petting his piquant little mustache, he was hailed at once as the absolute, the flawless, the perfected ideal of Eastern manly beauty and bravery, and elevated to the proud position of the shepherd of a wandering flock.

Mr. Sothern certainly makes him a charming fellow, but just where the charm lies it is difficult to say. One is instinctively drawn to him when he admits he has no brains; he is evidently one of those comfortable people beside whom we can always become eagles and soar majestically. But then he unconsciously contradicts this statement later, and is just as agreeable in the perpetration of the neatest and keenest witticisms—all of them original, all of them good, though some suggest a careful working out in cold blood, and cast their shadows a long way before them. The one on the prophet in his own country, for example, it takes a good deal of engineering to bring that about. It is like an Englishman's reversing in the waltz—you feel that something tremendous is going to happen a good five minutes before the crash comes. Perhaps it is Lord Chumley's consummate and unconscious gentlemanliness which really endears him to his audience. He is a sort of charmingly idiotic Sir Philip Sydney. In the most absurd and unconscious manner he does the most heroic things, and yet is never superior—remains unspotted from the world and his own merits to the last bow as the curtain falls upon the happiness forever after. What makes him such a delightful fellow? Is it the foolishness, or the wit, or the gentlemanliness, or the helplessness, or all together? Here is a problem for a psychologist.

The good-breeding of Lord Chumley permeates the play. Whatever else one may say of Messrs. de Mille and Belasco, they certainly have a faculty for writing what one might call "gentlemanly plays." Their people are all genuine ladies and gentlemen, and not pinchbeck copies got up behind the scenes. The thin sentimentalities of "The Wife," and the farcical absurdities of "Lord Chumley," have, like the hat of Mrs. Burnett's modish heroine, "an indescribable air of good society." Lord Chumley carries his own atmosphere from the gilded parlors of "Lummy Tum" to the fourth story of No. 42 Primrose Lane. The slipshod domestic is slipshod in a conventional manner, and not too demonstratively down-at-heel. The villain is villainous in a dress-suit, a French accent, courteous manners, polite language, shorn of everything worse than a muttered "damn." And in the love-making there is a faint and ethereal delicacy, of so fine a kind, in fact, that it becomes "caviare to the general," with its one solitary kiss in three whole acts, and that such a frightened, furtive, joyless little kiss that it could not be said to count.

Mr. Sothern is the whole play. Without him, "Lord Chumley" would be "Hamlet" without Edwin Booth. The women's parts are inferior. Lady Adeline is only amusing in her coquetting with the reluctant "Lord G." The anti-fat book is old and not funny, and the grain of humor in it disappears before the fact that Miss Pattison is not in the least fat and has a most graceful figure. Eleanor and Jessie are furniture-pictures. Eleanor is rather a disagreeable young lady, who has to look as high and mighty as the French giantess. She is full of suspicions of every one, and will believe a bad story against her brother's friend and chum with the greatest pleasure. It is a pity her authors could not give us a glimpse of her when she was not in a temper with somebody. First it is Jessie, then Lord Chumley, then M. le Sage—they all get crushed in turn.

Miss Belle Archer, as this haughty young lady, is just a little more impassive and stiff than the joint authors made her in the beginning. The part is difficult and disagreeable, but she could easily do more with it, and make Lord Chumley's infatuation a little more comprehensible. As it is, she stands about and appears bored, and says "mer father," and this is about all. But she looks the part to perfection, a cold, pretty, unresponsive English girl—who does not know the type? G. B.

THE DEBUT OF A DRAMATIST.

How Boucicault Wrote "London Assurance."

I was eighteen years of age at that time. I am sixty-six now. Forty-eight years ago! *Eheu! fugaces labuntur anni!*- Ah me!—where was I?

* * * * * * *

Follow me down a narrow street leading from the Strand to the river; Villiers Street, I think it was called, but it has been improved out of the map of London to make room for the Charing-Cross Railway Station. Let us enter a dingy lodging-house and mount four flights of dark and greasy stairs. The door facing the visitors is that of the back attic, or rather the back garret, for the room is nestled in the roof of the building and receives its light from a dormer-window. It is small; so is its rent—four shillings a week. The furniture consists of a low iron bedstead, two wicked-looking chairs, and a washstand; there are neither curtains nor carpet; a plain substantial table, covered with manuscripts and writing material, stands near the window. The mantelpiece accommodates a row of books, consisting of prizes won at school, in their showy bindings; a score of French novels, ragged and disreputable as their contents; a copy of Voltaire's Philosophical Dictionary; a Shakespeare, and a collection of Cumberland's London stage, flanked by an earthenware pot of tea and a monstrous tea-cup.

Leaning at the open window, contemplating the vista of chimney-pots and disconsolate tiled roofs which spread away to the smoky horizon of Lambeth, sat the lodger in this Bohemian asylum. He was something older than a boy and younger than a man. His slim figure, broad in the shoulders, thin in the flank; his black hair and gray-blue eyes; his complexion, as fair as that of a girl, indicate the Irish race. The clock of St. Martin's neighboring church struck three.

"Three o'clock!" he murmured; "the rehearsal must be over by this time. They told me this is the best time to see him. It shall be my last effort."

So saying, he slung himself into a pea-jacket, snatched his hat, and dived down the four flights of stairs. With swift steps, half in resolution, half in despair, he crossed the Strand, made his way up Bedford Street, along Henrietta Street, and into Covent Garden Market. Crossing that filthy metropolitan nuisance, always reeking with rotting vegetable refuse, he sped round the block into the by-street in which was situated the stage-door of the old Covent Garden Theatre. It looked like the vestibule of a prison. The stage door-keeper recognized him with a nod, half familiar, half sympathetic.

"Is the rehearsal over yet?" asked the visitor.

"Oh, yes, an hour ago."

"Will you please take my name up to Mr. Charles Mathews?"

"It is all right," replied the janitor, glancing at the card; "Mr. Mathews has been expecting to see you since two o'clock."

The visitor stood agape.

"Did you not get the message?" continued the official.

"I? No!" stammered the youth, tingling all over with delight and astonishment; "when did he send?"

"An hour ago. Oh! here is his own man. I say, Williams, take this gentleman's name to Mr. Mathews, quick. Say Mr. Madison Morton is waiting."

Williams had vanished before the young man could gasp out: "No! It is a mistake. My name is Lee Moreton."

"Then why did you not tell me so?" growled the porter.

"You never asked me," retorted the boy, who stood for some moments irresolute. Then the situation hurst upon him, and while he was laughing, in spite of his chagrin and disappointment, Williams reappeared.

"This way, sir; take care. The staircase is dark. Allow me to guide you." And up the dismal stairs and across the great gloomy stage they went, until they groped their way to a corridor into which several doors opened. At one of these the guide knocked discreetly, and, withdrawing aside, invited his companion to enter a comfortably furnished room, half parlor, half office. Facing the fire, sat a gentleman in a light-gray dressing-gown, faced with blue silk; his back was turned to the door by which his visitor had entered. He was reading a manuscript. Without raising his head, he motioned the intruder with his hand to a chair.

"One moment, my dear Morton. Sit down. Not a word until I have finished this scene—just half a page."

The young man took the chair and waited the manager's leisure, rehearsing the apology he should make. At length, Charles Mathews rose, and, putting aside the manuscript on the mantel-piece, took to poking the fire vigorously.

"Well, Morton, you have put plenty of fun and animal spirits into that farce of yours, but somehow it does not read like your work. I like the part you have written for me immensely."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Mathews," began the youth, timidly.

"Hullo!" exclaimed the comedian, turning round and scanning his visitor with amused wonder; "who are you?"

"My name is Moreton, and by mistake I have been shown to your room. Allow me to explain how it happened," and he did so.

Mathews laughed heartily at the blunder, and then, eyeing the youth with some curiosity, asked what he wished to see him about. Young Moreton told him that he had sent him a manuscript of a one-act piece some weeks previously, in the hope that he would find time to look it over; that he had called many times—he was ashamed to confess how many. Mathews listened with great patience and good humor; then he answered that dozens of such works came in weekly, and that he would get Mr. Planché or Mr. Bartley to look it up. Mr. Moreton had better leave the title of the play, and he (Mathews) would see it was returned to the author. As the manager said this, he walked to the desk in a manner to convey a dismissal. Moreton rose, and, bowing, turned at the door, and said: "The title is, 'A Lover by Proxy.'"

"What!" cried Mathews, and returning quickly to the mantel-piece, he took up the manuscript he had been reading. It was the farce in question. "I see," said he, quietly; "I see it is by L. Moreton, not by Madison Morton."

After a moment's reflection, he continued: "And this is your work?"

"Yes."

"Sit down. What is your age?"

"I shall be eighteen next month," replied the boy, coloring to the roots of his hair, for he now felt and understood the impudence of the intrusion.

"You do not look so old," remarked the comedian.

The boy added: "I was born on the twenty-sixth of December, 1822."

"The deuce you were!" cried Mathews; "why, that is my birthday! That is singular. And you tell me you had no assistance in the composition of this play?"

"Yes, sir. I know it is full of faults."

"Stop," said Mathews, eyeing him with great kindness; "tell me what you are and who you are."

"I am alone in London, desolate and penniless. I have clung to the hope of earning some livelihood rather than return to Dublin, to my family, who are not too well blessed with fortune. I am friendless. Perhaps you do not know what that means," and here my hero broke down like a school-boy; indeed, he was little more. The comedian put his hand on the lad's shoulder and pressed him back into the chair from which he was rising. Then, in the most delicate, generous, and affectionate manner he placed before him all the trials, the heart-breaking failures, and poor returns a dramatic author must encounter. He urged him to adopt some other occupation. When he concluded, Moreton took his hand between both of his own and said that he would rather break his heart and starve than abandon a hope that filled him to the exclusion of every other feeling. If this failed, he did not care what became of him. Well—he had two brothers in Australia; he would go out there.

"I wish heartily," said the manager, turning away and looking moodily into the fire, "I wish I could help you, but we are glutted with farces. What we do want nowadays is a good five-act comedy of modern life. Now, if I could find such a part as you have sketched here in this farce, expanded in a modern comedy, there would be room for such a work, for we have had nothing of that kind for many years."

Then, after a pause, he resumed: "Well, in any case let me retain your farce. I would like my wife, Mme. Vestris, to read it. Meanwhile, I must put your name on the free list of the theatre, and I hope you will avail yourself of the privilege frequently."

With a full heart and a throbbing brain the lad took his leave, but, hesitating a moment at the door, he turned and said:

"You have been good and kind to me, Mr. Mathews. I had no claim on your attention or on your sympathy; so I am the more grateful. Let me confess before I go that the name Lee Moreton is one I assumed when I appeared as an amateur in private theatricals. My name is Dion Boucicault. It does not matter much, but I don't like to wear any disguise with you."

"I see no reason for assuming any name but your own. I think it is the better one of the two."

The young man accepted the remark as advice, and from that moment shook off the silly incognito he had adopted.

Four weeks after this interview, Mr. Boucicault presented himself once more at the stage-door of the Covent Garden Theatre and requested the porter to send up his name to Mr. Mathews, and again he was piloted into the room he remembered so well.

"Ah," said Mathews, who met him heartily, "I was wondering what had become of you. What can I do for you?"

The boy hauled a big roll of manuscript from under his coat, and, placing it on the table before the manager, said simply:

"There is the five-act comedy you wanted."

"What comedy!" cried Mathews, bewildered.

"Well!" replied the lad, "I understood you say that if you could find in a new five-act comedy part similar to that I wrote for you in 'A Lover by Proxy,' there would be room for the production of such a work."

"Did I say so? Perhaps—yes, I think I did."

"Well, there is the comedy! I went home full of that little bit of hope you extended to me, and set to work with all my heart."

"Do you mean to say that you have written a five-act comedy in five acts since I saw you the other day?"

"Yes, such as it is. If you will read it, it will decide my future—one way or the other."

"Read it?" cried Mathews, heartily; "of course I will! But pray do not build any hopes upon my venture. However, we have a little party next Sunday at our villa at Parson's Green. There will be Planché, John Cooper, Bartley, madame [illegible] and myself. We shall hold court over your offer on Good-day."

This was Thursday. How the young fool spent the following days, standing on the brink of despair and looking into the abyss of life, is not to be described. He felt the agony of a lover awaiting the reply of his adored; of the culprit awaiting the verdict during the retirement of the jury! Oh, the exquisite pain of that suspense!

On Monday morning, Bartley sent for him to come to his private room at the theatre. The youth hurried there with his heart in his mouth.

"Sit down, my dear boy," said the old comedian, regarding the lad as tenderly as if he had been his son; "let me at once lay your anxiety at rest. We read your comedy, and Mr. and Mrs. Mathews think very highly of it. Indeed, so greatly are they impressed that it is their intention to put it into rehearsal at once. I tell you, candidly, I do not share in their raptures. The play is undoubtedly very clever, wonderful work for a youth in his teens. But remember, our opinion is not that of the public. This is not a verdict. Accept it as an encouragement. Keep your head cool; do not be sanguine."

All this came upon the young fellow so suddenly, so unexpectedly, that he broke down, and tears—boyish tears—filled his eyes. He apologized for his emotion, of which he felt ashamed.

"Don't," said the old man, "it does you credit. Have it out now, before you meet the management. Your comedy will require great alteration; be prepared for all kinds of wounds to your pride as an author. Like a young bear, all your troubles are all to begin."

So, putting his arm around the lad, he conducted him across the stage to the room of Mme. Vestris, the monumental beauty of the period. Vestris at this time was verging on the wrong side of forty, but still retained her great beauty and ineffable grace. Planché, Cooper, and Mathews were there. So soon that the new-comer was speechless and very awkward, she came to him, took him by the hand, and led him to a sofa, making him sit down beside her.

Oh, the sweetness of manner of those artists, the affectionate reception of a poor, unfriended boy, never be effaced from his heart! They stooped to encourage and sustain him, for they saw how bewildered he was, how unable he felt to speak. He listened to these voices, so familiar to him on the stage. These people, whom he regarded with worship as gods of his theatrical pantheon—was it possible he were tendering homage to him and receiving his humble self among them as somebody? Nay, it was a dream!

* * * * * * *

A few days after this, the comedy was called for reading to the actors in the green-room of the theatre. The cast included Farren, Bartley, Anderson, Mathews, Harley, Keeley, Mme. Vestris, Mrs. Nisbett, and Mrs. Humphy. They were all there, stars of the first magnitude; no such group has ever since that time been assembled. The young author, with trembling accent, proceeded to read his play. The audience, gathered round him, accompanied each scene with profusion of applause, to give him courage. At the conclusion, Vestris, who sat beside him, rose, and taking him in her arms, said:

"We can not tell what reception your comedy will meet with; but the public can not alter our opinion that it is a brilliant play, and that you will be remembered amongst the dramatists of the period. We have a future, and we are glad and proud to be the preters of your first work."

The rest of the company crowded round him, with similar delighted assurances. Their applause was the first he ever enjoyed—and the sweetest—oh, yes, the sweetest by far.

Alas! every one of those great artists—great hearts, gentle hearts, for without gentle and noble hearts they could not be the great artists they were—all are gone before! For I am sixty-six.

No! The heart and brain never grow old; for when I recall those events, those faces, I feel their hands in mine—I see their smiles—I hear their voices.

I am eighteen again!

* * * * * * *

Intoxicated by the reception he had met with; elated by the loveliest group of women that ever graced the stage; elevated to the companionship of the great comedians of the day; brought into contact with giants and critics of dramatic literature—Sheridan Knowles, Bulwer, Douglas Jerrold, Robert Bell; a host of literary lights—the young author stood bewildered, but unable to overcome the latent suspicion that the whole fabric of this fairy palace would collapse like a vision, that there was no reality about it. In secret he studied his comedy and found it full of thoughtless, and unworthy of the esteem in which the actors held it. He awoke to the fear that the world would be discovered. So he lent himself with eagerness to the suggestions of the actors made during rehearsal. Scene after scene was rewritten at the prompt-table and handed wet to the company. Even the last speech of the play, which is technically termed "the tag," was composed and handed to Max Beerbohm Tree. The next day, or on some subsequent day, Vestris took the author aside and said: "Fanny wants to speak 'the tag.' I suppose you don't mind?"

"Well," said the author, looking up with his sad smile, "will it not sound rather strange in the mouth of Sir Harcourt Courtly?"

"Oh, never mind—I am sure the public will. Bartley does not object; in fact, he approves."

And so it stood.

* * * * * * *

The first night—March 4, 1841—came to pass. The name of the author was unknown to the public; the half-filled house assembled to witness the first performance of "London Assurance." The original title of the comedy had been "Out of Town." This had changed that. So also in the *dramatis personæ* of the play Sir William Dazzle had been changed to Sir Harcourt Courtly, and the name of Dazzle

umed by Charles Mathews, who played that part. e French method of occupying the stage with only scene per act was, it is believed, introduced to the glish stage on this occasion. But the extravagance nnovation was reached when the author suggested t a *carpet* should be used in the drawing-room.

"What next?" murmured John Cooper, the stage-nager; "he will be asking for real flowers and real light in the garden."

Ve have had the real flowers since, and the lime-t has furnished a very respectable substitute for light.

During the performance, the woe-begone author dered about the corridors of the house, for he had n warned off the stage by Mme. Vestris, who said presence would make the actors nervous. So he t up to a hack seat in the upper boxes, and there ned to his play. Oh, how slow it seemed! how l. The first act provoked a little laughter here there, and then he drew a breath. The beautiful e-setting of the second act elicited the first round applause. As the play proceeded he discovered k Lemon, Douglas Jerrold, and Gilbert à Beckett ed together in the front row of an adjacent box. crept into the row behind them and tried to over- their opinions of the piece. When the situation ed at the end of this act, Jerrold turned to his panions.

"That is fatal," he observed; "he has reached his ax too early in the play. Nothing will go after ."

he public had, indeed, greeted the scene with the enthusiasm an English audience alone are capa- of displaying.

Vellington never awaited the arrival of the Prus- s at Waterloo with the pale anxiety that the ap- ance of Lady Gay Spanker and Dolly in the third was waited for by that young dramatist. Nisbett e, she spoke, and conquered. She outranked elf. The hunting-speech carried the house by n. Jerrold, Lemon, and à Beckett rose in their s and cheered. The pit seemed to boil over. hing was heard for several minutes. The author the house. Up and down Covent Garden Market, and forth, he paced, not sensible where he di- d his steps, until he found himself on Waterloo ge, seated in a recess, trying to cool his face by sing it against the wet stone-balustrade. It was ng, but he did not know it. Then there crept him a dread that the end of the comedy might ge the tide of success. He rose and crept back e theatre; the fifth act was on; there was an ous silence. Hush! who was speaking?

Harcourt—Charles, who is Mr. Dazzle?

arles—Dazzle? Well, I don't exactly know who he is. , Dazzle, excuse an impertinent question.

zzle—Oh, certainly!

arles—Who are you?

zzle—I have not the slightest idea!

e house shook with peal after peal of laughter e inimitable manner of Mathews. And every of the young author quivered responsively. In moments after this the curtain descended. The s had responded again and again to the enthusi- calls and recalls of the public, when a strange ar commenced—a din amid which it seemed im- ble to discern what the audience wanted. In midst of all this the author felt himself seized by one, who cried: "Mr. Mathews is searching ou, sir, everywhere; please follow me at once," presently he found himself behind the scenes, ing at the prompt entrance.

"Come," said Mathews, "don't you hear the puh- They are calling for you!"

"For me?" he stammered; "what for?"

athews caught the boy by the arm; Bartley ed him forward, and he found himself suddenly e presence of the audience. He could see noth- but the glare of the footlights; could hear noth- but the tumult of the multitude. After escaping this ordeal, he stood amid the crowd of actors e green-room, and, looking round upon their ing faces, he stammered out something very in- ent to each of them. Mathews led him forward ere Mme. Vestris and Mrs. Nishett sat.

"There!" cried the comedian; "does their pres- not inspire you to speak? What do you say to heroines?"

e boy looked from one to the other, and said: ll you kiss me?"

d they did.

"The boy has recovered his presence of mind," rked Mathews.

at is all.

an not believe it was so long ago!—*North Amer- Review.*

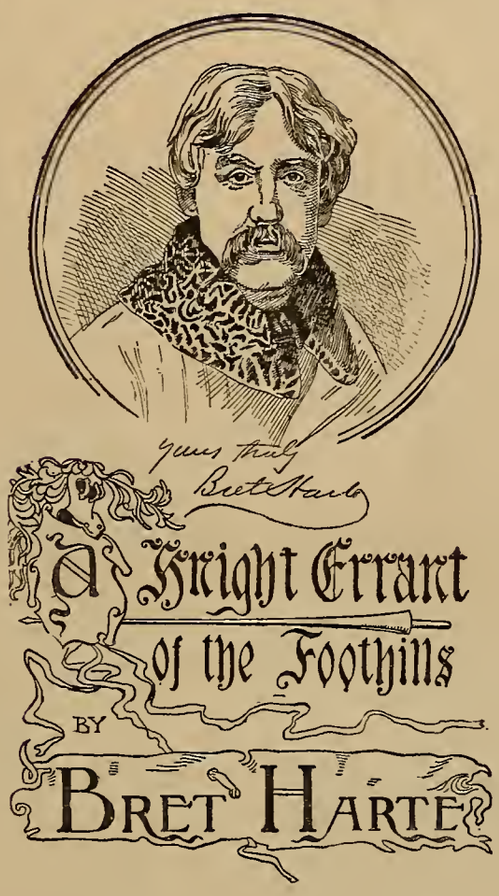
STAGE GOSSIP.

e opening of the New California Theatre by Booth Barrett has been set for May 13th.

e Sells Brothers' Circus had its first performance ntral Park last night, after an afternoon parade roused the curiosity of every child who was sound of its blaring trumpets, or could get a se of the gilded chariots, gay cavaliers, and lous beasts. Not a few grown people, too, re- their youthful enthusiasm, and betrayed such st that the season of ten days will undoubtedly a profitable one to the owners. The show is a ination of the Sells Brothers' three-ring circus, ich three performances are given at the same and S. H. Barrett's great menagerie.

o extra Alhani concerts are announced to take at the Grand Opera House next week. On ay night the garden scene and last act of st" will be given, with Mme. Alhani as Mar- e, Miss Damian as Siebel and Marta, Barring- oote as Mephistopheles, and Massimi as Faust. rst and third acts of "Lucia" will be given on esday evening, with Mme. Alhani as Lucia, Damian as Alice, and Massimi as Edgardo. performances will be under the supervision of Albani's husband, Ernest Gye, who manages alian opera season at Covent Garden, and will en in costume and with complete scenic effects.

n-air entertainments have proved very popular w York in the past two summers, and there is reason to believe that "The Siege of Sebasto- should be fully as successful here, where the er-clerk shows himself especially kind. There crowd of four thousand people at the theatre yes Street to witness the opening performance ay evening, many of them "the people one ," and they seemed to enjoy the amusing man- s of the funny "armies," the skillful swords- nd lancer, the young person who walked on the wire, the din and confusion of the siege, and auty of the Pain pyrotechnics immensely. As eparations are most elaborate, performances e given only on Tuesday, Thursday, and Satur- enings.



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A Short Shrift.

A bold cattle-thief in Mo.
Was surrounded and fought like a fo.
But he found not a friend
And soon came to his end
Without either counsel or jo. —*Time.*

Springtime Woes.

Now the sunny days are coming,
Claribel is full of woes;
For the price of every walk is
Five new freckles on her nose.
—*Buffalo Express.*

Indisputable.

'Tis said Love's blind, and can not see
Just where his darts to aim—
'Tis noticed, though, that spite of this
Love gets there just the same.
—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Hero.

We know a man, a brave, true hero,
Who, when the mercury drops to zero,
Will hold the babe, as few men could,
So that his wife can split the wood.
—*Texas Siftings.*

A Matter of Abbreviation.

Quoth a sad young physician named Proctor,
As he sealed to his grocer a letter:
"It sometimes occurs I'm his Dr.,
But oftener still I'm his Dr."
—*Harper's Bazar.*

On Broadway.

There is no block, however watched and tended,
But one dead beat is there;
Up many a stairway, howsoe'er ascended,
You find the bunco snare. —*Life.*

Beauty's Charge.

When lovely woman stoops to weather
The stormy blast that sweeps the street,
Beware, young man, her fixed umbrella—
'Twill knock your teeth out if you meet!
—*Puck.*

An Invitation.

Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey—
Where commerce falters and the trades decay;
Canadians, don't refuse in your vexation
To beg rich Uncle Sam for annexation.
Why sit ye starving at his opening gates?
Within for you a good square meal awaits.
The mountain will not to Mohammed come.
"Walk in," says Uncle Sam, "you'll starve to hum."
—*Chicago Times.*

The Floor-Walker.

From Arctic regions comes the blast; the nights are bitter cold,
Unhappy is the man who has a baby three months old!
Oft when the night is at its noon and furious tempests roar,
To hush the baby's wailing cry he walks the bedroom floor.
A cloud of gloom is on his brow, a sad, sad man is he;
He knows that happy bachelors are snoring peacefully.
—*Boston Courier.*

What About the Future?

In the days we hope are coming to the people of this land—in the bright and happy future that we're told is near at hand; shall we tread a lighter measure? shall we pass our time in leisure? shall we have abundant treasure—what I mean is, lots of sand?

Will the man who spends ten thousand, when he earns but half that sum, learn to live on twenty thousand in the days that are to come? Won't he try to live on forty, just to boast the name of "sporty," and to have a legal sortie in the courts millenium?

Will the dude, who cuts a figure as the latest fashion plate, have a grain of common sense blown in his weakly little pate? Will he cast off cockney talking? will he change his style of walking? will he stop his beastly "gawking," or what is to be his fate?

Oh, will lovely, lovely woman wear a seal-skin sack and vote? Will the lodges of the country pension off the weary goat? Will the actor have a collar and the married man a dollar? Will the dummy learn to holler and the seaside belle to float?

And the music of the future—what will be the sort and kind? Will the beggar on the corner still be forced to go it blind? Will the editor retire on his record as a liar, or will he, just for bire, have to stay there at the grind?

These have been perplexing questions ever since the world began; but there is another query, built upon an older plan. It has puzzled ancient sages, and I'd give your weekly wages did I know the Massachusetts girl would ever get a *man.* —*Judge.*

A Mediæval Mystery.

Behind the purple mountains the sun was going down;
It was a simply perfect eve, the early part of June.
Upon a sloping terrace, in beauty without flaw,
There stood a sweet and graceful maid, with eyes of heaven's own blue.
The ringlets clustered thickly upon her marble brow;
Her flushing cheek reflected sweet the dying sunset glow.
On Nature, too, there rested a silence deep and still;
Until a horse's beating hoofs broke through the mystic spill.
And, as the steed drew nearer, the rider cried, "Enough!"
And, springing to the ground, exclaimed: "Oh, Angela, my luff!"
He crossed the grassy terrace, flew to her with a rush,
And printed on her blushing cheek his downy silk mustushe.
"But why so sad, my dearest? Say, what is it about?"
"My father bids me wed the Count; to-morrow seals my fout."
"You shall not!" spoke the lover; "and though I kill us both,
Thy sire shall rue his stern command, for he has roused my wroth."
His anger changed to fury, his eyes flashed big, and bigger;
And in a moment of despair he slew her with his digger!
"And are you dead, my darling?" he cried, in gentler mood;
"And must I leave you here alone, a-weltering in your blood?"
But soon a thought which seized him, his broken heart had cured;
He shed another tear or two, then fell upon his sword.
And now the hooded friars, with rosaries and cowls,
Are chanting hymns and telling beads, for their immortal sowls.
And every eve, at sunset, when chickens seek their roosts,
Upon the terrace, all in white, they stroll as restless ghoosts. —*Puck.*

Le Chat Noir says: "The remedy of the evil of permitting women to wear their hats at the play lies entirely with the managers of the theatres. If Mr. Palmer cares to compel his patrons to do what they would have to do at the Vienna Grand Opera, and at many other houses in Europe or England, he has the absolute prerogative at hand. Mr. Daly is likewise supplied, and so is every other manager in the world. They are afraid to institute the rule. It might keep some women out of the theatre who are too lazy to arrange their hair neatly or who think they look their best in a mountainous hat. But, as has been said, the way out of the unpleasantness is as straight as an arrow. A manager would not allow a man to keep his hat on in a theatre for five minutes. If the women are commanded in the same manner to remove theirs, and hold them on their laps or tuck them under the seats, everything is then clear and lovely. But the managers might lose as much as ten dollars during the first week of a reform like this. And never, never expect a manager to lose ten dollars!"

Lord Lytton has been giving "dramatic breakfasts" of late; that is to say, the stars of the Comédie Française are invited to enjoy the hospitality of the English Embassy. Mlle. Bartet has been there, and likewise Mlle. Brandes, and the former has sat at the right hand of the ambassador. In London, where judges bobnob with comedians and deans ask actresses to afternoon tea, there would be nothing in all this. In France, where the actress is all powerful, but nevertheless not "recognized" in the severest circles of society, it is rather a startling innovation for an English ambassador to inaugurate.

Leona Dare is to turn up at the Paris Exposition, after several years of comparative occultation, and will drop off the Eiffel Tower, swung from a parachute made of an American flag that once floated over Fort Sumter.

Salmi Morse's "Passion Play," or representation of the crucifixion of Christ, is to be produced this spring in Omaha by James O'Neill.

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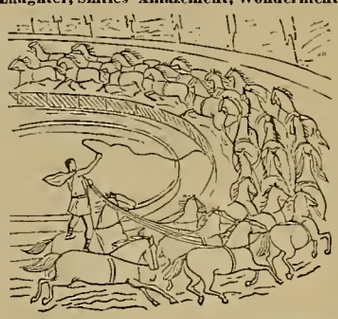

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TIME TABLE.

Cmencing Sunday, March 31, 1889, and until rther notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

Fn SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN AFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.30, 3.25, 50, 6.10 P. M.
(S days)—8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 12.30, 1.30, 2.45, 20, 5.30, 6.30, P. M. Extra trip on Sunday for Sausalito 7.30 P. M.

Fn SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week ys)—6.10, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.55 P. M.
(S days)—8.00, 9.50, 10.55 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 1.15, 2.45, 4.00, 00, 6.05, 7.00 P M. Extra trips oo Saturday at 6.25 P. M.
F 50 cents, round trip.

Fn SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—15, 8.15, 9 55, 11.50 A. M.; 2.30, 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
(S days)—7.25, 8.45, 10.35, 11 35 A. M.; 12.45, 1.55, 3.30, 40, 5.45, 6.50, 7.45 P. M. Extra trips on Saturday at 05 P. M.
F 25 cents, roood trip.

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P. M., Daily (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) from n Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. eturning, leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at 15 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12.20 P.M.
P. M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazaro and intermediate stations.
A. M., Suodays only, from San Francisco for Cazaro and intermediate stations. Returning arrives in San ancisco at 8.15 P. M.

EXCURSION RATES.

ty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single iff rate.
ay to Monday Excursion—Ronnd-trip Tickets sold on idays, Saturdays, and Sundays, good to return following onday: Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.00; Tomales, $2.25; Howard's, $3.50; Cazadero, $4.00.
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Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

.VE	From April 28, 1889.	ARRIVE
30 A.	For Haywards, Niles and San José..	*12.45 P.
30 A.	For Sacramento, and for Redding via Davis.....	7.15 P.
00 A.	For Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga and Santa Rosa.....	6.15 P.
30 A.	Los Angeles Express, for Fresoo, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	11.15 A.
00 A.	For Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville and Red Bluff.....	5.45 P.
30 A.	For Haywards and Niles.....	2.15 P.
00 M.	For Haywards and Niles.....	* 3.45 P.
00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.....	**6.00 A.
00 P.	For Haywards, Niles and San José..	9.45 A.
00 P.	Central Atlantic Express, for Ogden and East.....	7.15 A.
00 P.	For Stockton and §Milton; for Vallejo, Calistoga & Santa Rosa	10.15 A.
30 P.	For Sacramento, and for Knight's Landing via Davis.....	10.45 A.
30 P.	For Niles, San José and Livermore..	* 8.45 A.
30 P.	For Haywards and Niles.....	7.45 A.
00 P.	Shasta Route Express, for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East....	7.45 A.
00 P.	Golden Gate Special, for Council Bluffs and East.....	‖ 7.45 P.
00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East.....	8.45 P.

TH PACIFIC COAST RAILWAY DIVISION.

5 A.	For Newark San José & Santa Cruz..	‡ 8.05 P.
5 A.	For Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz.....	6.20 P.
5 P.	For Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz...	*11.50 A.
5 P.	For Centerville, San José, Almaden, and Los Gatos.....	9.50 A.

AST DIVISION (Townsend Street Depot.)

15 A.	For San José and Way Stations.....	2.30 P.
00 A.	For Monterey and Santa Cruz, Sunday Excursion.....	‡ 8.25 P.
00 A.	For San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinns; Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations..	6.12 P.
00 A.	For Sao José, Almaden and Way Stations.....	7 30 P.
00 P.	For Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations.....	5.08 P.
00 P.	Del Monte Limited. For Menlo Park, San José, Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville, and Monterey. only.	*11.15 A.
00 P.	For San José, Tres Pinns, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey and principal Way Stations	*10.02 A.
15 P.	For Menlo Park and WayStations..	7.58 A.
00 P.	For San José and Way Stations....	9.03 A.
15 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations..	6.35 A.
15 P.	For San José and principal Way Stations.....	‡4.25 P.

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BEHIND THE HAT.

There was a young woman at the theatre one evening last week with a hat on like the leaning tower of Pisa. Behind her was another woman, vainly trying to see the play. Every few moments this woman would nudge her husband and ask:

"Harry, dear, what are they doing now?"

Harry, dear, with set teeth: "They have just thrown Jack over the cliff, down into a ravine eight hundred feet deep."

A little grunt of satisfaction and sweet silence for several minutes.

"Harry, dear, have they found his body?"

"It didn't kill him, goosie. They are trying it over again," answered Harry, dear.

A succession of pistol-shots, and Mrs. Harry tries to climb over that hat in front of her, but fails ignominiously to get either over or around it.

"Harry, dear, what are they doing now?"

"They are throwing him down an old mining shaft. Now they set it on fire!"

"Oh, how lovely! and I can't see a single thing. What are they shouting for?"

"His sweetheart rescues him. She is lifting him out of the burning mine. He is saved."

More silence, and Mrs. Harry contemplates the back hair of the owner of Pisa. Then more shouts.

"Harry, dear, what are they doing now?"

"It is a bar-room in a mining-camp. A fellow is just trying to sneak a drink."

A golden silence for a brief space, then—

"Harry, dear?"

"W-h-a-t?"

"Did he get it?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Depew on Base-ball.

With deep regret we are compelled to chronicle the sad circumstance that Dr. Chauncey Mitchell Depew, at the dinner given to the missionaries who have just circumnavigated the globe to teach the heathen of Europe, Asia, Africa, and Oceanica the glories of our national game, was led to round one of his eloquent phrases thus: "Where the pyramids that have looked down on forty centuries, and have seen their peoples disappear, greeted you until the applause rattled the bones of Parneses and Pharoah, and the Sphinx bowed its head and handed the box to the captain of the team."

But Dr. Depew need not despair. Great Homer is alleged to have nodded on occasion; Shakespeare was not always able to spell his name right; Byron invariably wrote "through" for "thorough"; Alexander the Great's pompous ignorance of art made the slaveys in the studios of his time laugh; Napoleon Bonaparte was unequal to the etiquette of polite society; P. T. Barnum made a mistake in importing the white elephant; Ward McAllister once recognized a man on Fifth Avenue, who wore a top-hat with a sack-coat, and all history demonstrates that no one individual has ever proved himself infallible upon all occasions which arose. But how came Dr. Depew to know that "the box" in a game of base-ball is portable?—*Life.*

There is one little room in Miss Georgia Cayvan's pretty flat, on Forty-Sixth Street, that the girls love best to linger in. All about the top is a frieze of soft, pretty colors in a black design. After one looks at it a little, the colors resolve themselves into a tinted face in a big bright hat, and presently it dawns upon you that the face is none other than that of the fair actress herself, repeated over and over again. At the close of the long run of "May Blossom," a quantity of the large bills, containing Miss Cayvan's pictures, were to be taken away, when she secured them, cut out the picture, and pasted it up in the pretty and unique decoration, which is the only theatrical feature of the little house.

Maurice Barrymore and his wife, Georgie Drew Barrymore, are to star together in this city for two months this summer. Among the plays they will appear in will be "Moths" and Barrymore's as yet yet unproduced comedy, "Transfusion."

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SOCIETY.

The Younger-Edgerton Wedding.

Easter week opened brightly and pleasantly on Monday morning with the wedding of Dr. William J. Younger and Mrs. Virginia Edgerton, relict of the late Hon. Henry Edgerton. It was solemnized at high noon in Grace Church where about two hundred intimate friends of the contracting parties were assembled. The warm sunlight streaming through the stained-glass windows flooded the chancel with soft light, and lighted tapers in the tall gilt stands at either side assisted in the illumination. This was all seen from the nave through an arcade of Easter lilies and emerald-hued foliage extending across the front of the chancel from side to side. As the ushers seated the guests, voluntaries were played upon the violin by Mr. Henry Heyman with organ accompaniment by Mr. H. M. Bosworth. At the appointed hour the bridal party entered and marched to the chancel to the sweet strains of the "Bridal Chorus" from "Lohengrin," which was sung by a quartet comprising Mrs. Marriner-Campbell, Miss Jeannette Wilcox, Mr. Walter C. Campbell, and Mr. Alfred Wilkie. Colonel E. A. Belcher and Mr. Henry Landsberger led the way, followed by Miss Nellie Stow and Mr. Oscar Herold. After them came Dr. Younger's two little girls, Misses Lucille and Clarice Younger, carrying flowers and attired in white gowns. The bride came last, accompanied by Mr. L. L. Robinson, who gave her away. Awaiting them in the chancel were the groom and his best man, Mr. Reuben H. Lloyd.

The bride's toilet was a walking-length costume of a delicate shade of grayish-green cashmere, combined with pearl-gray cashmere handsomely embroidered. It was trimmed with velvet to match and with puffings of white India silk. She wore a pretty bonnet to match, and carried a hand-bouquet of sweet-peas. Her ornaments were diamonds.

The ceremony was impressively performed by Bishop Wingfield, assisted by Rev. R. C. Foute, while Mr. Heyman played a soft violin obligato from "Faust." Just previous to the bishop's benediction, the quartet effectively sung a jubilate by Wells. At the conclusion of the ceremony, Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" was played, and the newly-married couple passed down the aisle, receiving many congratulations meanwhile. They were then driven to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. Campbell on Turk Street, where about forty friends soon joined them and a pleasant reception was held. It was made particularly enjoyable by the introduction of several musical numbers. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell and Miss Wilcox sang the beautiful trio, "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes"; Mr. Campbell sang the solo, "Thou Everywhere"; Mrs. Campbell gave Marzial's "My Love is Come," and Miss Wilcox sang Hope Temple's pretty love-song, "I Love Thee." At half-past one o'clock, an elaborate breakfast was served in the prettily-decorated dining-room. Dr. and Mrs. Younger left the house at three o'clock, the latter wearing a traveling-dress of hair check having a grayish effect and a black bonnet, trimmed with yellow roses. They went to the Hotel del Monte for a few days, returning on Thursday. They are now occupying the former residence of Mrs. John McMullin, 1414 California Street, where, on Tuesday evening, April 30th, they will give a large reception.

Among those at the wedding breakfast were: Dr. and Mrs. William J. Younger, Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Stow, Mr. and Mrs J. Downey Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Ford, Mr. and Mrs. Hilarion Duncan, Mr. and Mrs. Ivory, Dr. and Mrs. Edward A. Younger, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Campbell, Mrs. Cutter, Mrs. Watson, Mrs. Jonathan Hunt, of Oakland, Mrs. Bullard, Mrs. Porter, of Sacramento, Mrs. E. Buckingham, of Vacaville, Mrs. Heard, of Sacramento, Miss Nellie Stow, Miss Nellie Smith, Miss Alma Park, Miss Gertrude Watson, Miss Louise Lyford, Miss Jeannette Wilcox, Misses Maud, Bessie, Lucille, and Clarice Younger, Mr. L. L. Robinson, Mr. Reuben H. Lloyd, Bishop Wingate, Rev. R. C. Foute, Colonel E. A. Belcher, Mr. Oscar Herold, Mr. Henry Hunt, Mr. H. M. Bosworth, Mr. Harry Byrne, Mr. Randall, Mr. Houghton, Mr. Henry Landsberger, Master Herbert Younger, and others.

The Woods-Peters Wedding.

Last Tuesday evening at the residence of Mrs. Charles R. Peters, 1016 Sutter Street, Miss Matie Peters and Mr. Robert J. Woods were united in the bonds of matrimony. The bride, who is the daughter of Mrs. Charles R. Peters and niece of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schmiedell, is very popular among her large circle of friends. She is a pretty and vivacious brunette, her accomplishments are manifold, and her manners thoroughly charming. The groom is none the less popular, and is recognized as a rising young business-man of sterling worth. He was formerly connected with the firm of Sherwood & Sherwood, but has since gone into the bonded warehouse business on his own account. They begin their married life with a bright future and the happiest prospects before them.

The preparations for the wedding were elaborate and every detail was carefully superintended. The lovely spring weather has brought out from hill, dale, and conservatory countless beautiful blossoms, and, with their aid, the residence was made to look attractive in the extreme under the care of Miss Bates. Upon entering the hallway, the long bannisters were seen enveloped in a brilliant robe of Duchesse de Brabant roses, set with snow-balls and white roses, while the wall at the foot of the stairs was adorned with shoots of green Japanese bamboo and clusters of pale-yellow Lady Banksia roses. Draped over the entrance to the parlor, clambering all along the wall, and traced under and around the pictures were branches holding hundreds of yellow Lady Banksia roses and their foliage. Beneath the stairs, at the rear of the hall, hung a large basket of spreading ferns and white roses, while draperies of yellow and pink silk graced the doorways

The front parlor was a perfect jewel of floral beauty, the most conspicuous portion being the bay-window, where the bridal bower was revealed to sight. Green and yellow sprouts of Japanese bamboo arose from the recesses to the top moldings, and, upon these projecting sprouts, a delicate drapery of yellow fisher-net was loosely laid and supported numerous clusters of Paris daisies. Then from the centre depended a wreath of these pretty daisies, tied with a band of canary-colored silk, one end of which extended to the right-hand corner of the room, meeting there another circlet of daisies resting against the yellow meshes of the net drapery. The ebony shelves over the mantel were adorned with masses of pansies, Paris daisies, and delicate grasses, while above all clambered garlands of snow-balls in exquisite relief, following the wall to the large marine painting at the left and resting upon its gilded frame. A wicker basket, full of Maréchal Niel roses, was set against the wall opposite, and from behind it issued sprays of yellow Lady Banksia roses, partially concealing the pictures near by.

A charming feature was noticeable at the folding-doors, where the embrasure was hung with festoons of pure white roses and small white silk cords, which at intervals sustained little ivory rings. In the rear parlor the walls fairly reveled in roses of pink, white and yellow tints, which were artistically traced in garlands to the utmost advantage, and filled the air with their delicious fragrance. There was a seemingly wild profusion of roses, locust blossoms, cork-elm foliage, fern sprays, and bamboo sprouts in the dining-room producing effects which pleased the vision. In the yard adjoining a tent-like structure was improvised, being hung with Japanese lanterns and flags, and decorated still further with Banksia roses. So here it was, in the midst of these attractive surroundings, that the guests were assembled to witness the wedding They were received by Mrs. Henry Schmiedell and Mrs. M. A. Warrin, grandmother of the bride.

Nine o'clock was the hour set for the ceremony, and the bridal party was prompt in its arrival as Ballenberg's band gave forth the wedding march. The bride with her maid of honor, Miss Marie Baird, and the groom with his best man, Mr. Edward G. Schmiedell, were standing beneath the bridal bower, and near them were the other relatives of the happy couple, Mrs. Charles R. Peters, Mrs. Woods, the groom's mother, Mrs. Henry Schmiedell, Mrs. M. A. Warrin, and Mr. Henry Schmiedell, who gave the bride away to her husband. It was an attractive group, made particularly so by the elegant costumes gracing the ladies in the party.

The bride looked very pretty in her wedding dress which was an exquisitely made confection of pure white faille Française. The left side of the corsage, which was cut round, was delicately draped with Duchesse lace, embroidered with pearls, which continued around the neck to the pointed back. The right side was elaborate with broderie Romien wrought with white silk embroidery in floriated designs, the embroidery being continued down the right side of the skirt almost to the base and having a heavy fringe of the pearls. Upon the opposite side of the skirt was a flounce of Duchesse lace, and a narrow panel of pearl embroidery extended downward from the waist. The front panel was of the plain faille, and the court train was finished with a ruche of the silk. The dress was sleeveless, and the gloves of white undressed kid extended to the elbows. The vail of white silk moleine was confined to her dark tresses by a glistening crescent of diamonds, while a white-pansy pin, having a diamond in the centre, rested at her corsage. She carried a bouquet of her favorite flowers, white pansies, combined with lilies of the valley and encompassed by bands of white illusion.

Miss Marie Baird, the maid of honor, appeared in a pretty Directoire costume of white India silk and white dotted tulle and carried a bouquet of Niphetos roses.

Mrs. Charles R. Peters was attired in a beautiful combination toilet of pearl gray moire antique and white satin made with a court train. The tablier front was of white satin richly brocaded in silver hyacinths, and at either side, near the lace, were fan shaped plaitings of the gray silk. The corsage was cut V-shaped and finished with folds of white satin and the sleeves were of elbow length.

Mrs. Henry Schmiedell wore an elegant toilet, the entire skirt being of white lace, and the over-dress and demi-train of light blue moire antique brocaded artistically in floral designs. The bodice was cut V-shaped and covered with lace, the elbow sleeves were of lace, her gloves were of cream colored suede, and her ornaments a superb parure of diamonds.

Mrs. Woods was dressed in a rich toilet of black satin exquisitely finished.

Mrs. M. A. Warrin appeared in a handsome costume of black moire antique trimmed with Duchesse lace

Rev. Hiram W. Beers performed the ceremony according to the rites of the Episcopal Church, and the young couple received his benediction as they kneeled upon a handsome prie-dieu of white embroidered silk. Then every one pressed forward to tender their congratulations, and many were the kind wishes made. As there were almost one hundred and fifty guests present dancing was a matter of impossibility, but they all chatted pleasantly, listened to the concert music, and inspected the beautiful array of presents upstairs. This display was of unusual elegance, comprising a numerous collection of rich service, jewels, etc. One gift in particular that was highly valued by the bride was an oil painting, called "Day Dreams," which her brother, Mr. Charles Peters, painted in Paris and sent to her. At eleven o'clock a bounteous supper was served, and its enjoyment was thorough. About midnight Mr. and Mrs. Woods departed for their residence, 1427 California Street. Mrs. Schmiedell hastened them on their journey by casting the traditional slipper after them, and the guests gave them a "good luck" shower of rice in addition. Miss Minnie Corbitt was particularly favored during the evening, as she secured the ring in the wedding-cake and also caught the bride's bouquet.

The Rountree-Conner Wedding.

A charming wedding occurred last Tuesday evening at the residence of Mrs. John W. Conner, 1455 Franklin Street, where her daughter, Miss Carrie Woodworth Conner, was united in marriage to Mr. Walter Ellis Rountree. About one hundred and fifty invitations had been issued for the affair, and most of them were represented in person. The parlors bore evidence of exquisite taste in their floral adornments. The bay-window was transformed into a pretty nuptial bower by the graceful disposition of trailing strands of smilax, which veiled the lace curtains, and the introduction, here and there, of large white snowballs and clusters of fragrant orange-blossoms. In the midst of all of this depended a huge wedding-bell of full-blown snowballs. The mantel at the side was hung with drapery of terra-cotta colored silk and was banked high with glorious roses in shades of pink and white, interspersed among which were fine grasses. The picture of the Madonna overhead was garlanded with lovely roses, which fell below to the thick clusters. Jacqueminot roses, and their luxuriant foliage, graced the ebony étagère, while baskets of Maréchal Niel, La Marque, and Sunset roses were hung against the walls or disposed upon small stands. Over the engravings and oil paintings were streamers of smilax, and this same vine was entwined around the gilt chandelier. The mantel in the back parlor was handsomely set with Duchesse de Brabant roses and marguerites in sections, and the tall book-case was completely enveloped by masses of weeping willow. Palms, willow, and roses formed the adornment of the hall, where Noah Brandt's orchestra was stationed.

Promptly at nine o'clock, the notes of the wedding march ushered the bridal party into the parlors, where their friends awaited them. Mr. James Rountree, Jr., acted as best man and Miss Conner, the bride's sister, was the maid of honor. The bride was escorted by her brother, Mr. Fred Conner, who gave her away, while the bride's mother and the groom's father, Mr. James Rountree, walked in together.

The bride looked lovely in an elegant robe of white faille Française, made with a court train, the front of the skirt being draped with white-silk moleine in accordion plaits. The corsage was cut round, with folds of moleine brought up to the neck, and the sleeves of moleine extended to the elbows, meeting long gloves of white undressed kid. A spray of orange blossoms was set in her hair, and from it fell the wavy bridal veil of white moleine. She carried a bouquet of white heliotrope.

Miss Conner, the maid of honor, appeared in a very becoming toilet of white-silk moleine made in the style of the First Empire. Her gloves of white undressed kid extended to the elbows, and she carried a hand-bouquet of perfectly-formed La Marque roses.

Mrs. John W. Conner wore a rich costume of black velours de Lyon, trimmed with point d'Alençon lace and made with a court train.

Music from the garden scene in "Faust" was played during the reading of the marriage service by the Rev. Hiram W. Beers, of Trinity Church. The happy couple were then warmly congratulated upon their union. Dancing upon the canvased floors followed until ten o'clock, when all sought the large music-hall on the lower floor, where an elaborate supper awaited them. Here the tables were arranged in the tête-à-tête style, colored lamps afforded illumination, and potted plants and rugs were placed at intervals around the apartment. It was an occasion of much pleasure, and every one enjoyed the hour passed in feasting. Miss Maud Lissak received the ring in the wedding cake. Afterward dancing was resumed in the parlors until a late hour. When the bride threw away her bouquet of heliotrope it was gracefully caught by Miss Helen Wheeler. The gift of the groom to the maid of honor was an elegant ring set with two moonstones. The presents received were very handsome and of much value, comprising almost everything that one could think of as appropriate. Mr. and Mrs. Rountree left the city on Wednesday for a brief visit to the country, but have since returned and are at their home, 1729 Broadway. They will receive on Wednesdays.

The Alexander-Carroll Wedding.

At Sacramento a notable wedding occurred last Wednesday, which will be of interest to many in this city, for although the contracting parties do not reside here, they have moved considerably in local society circles. The bride was Miss Minnie Carroll, daughter of the late Mr. John Carroll, of Sacramento, and the groom is Mr. Charles O. Alexander, son of Mr. Orlando Alexander, of Oakland. The popularity of the young couple induced many of their friends in this city and Oakland to make the trip to Sacramento to witness the nuptials. St. Paul's Church was the scene of the wedding, and at noon it was crowded with guests when the members of the bridal party entered the sacred edifice, headed by sixteen chorister boys attired in white surplices, who sang the "Bridal Chorus" from "Lohengrin." The four ushers, Mr. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. H. B. Houghton, Mr. Edgar A. Mizner, and Mr. W. B. Hamilton, came next, and after them were two little attendants, Miss Lurline Spreckels and Master Nelson Towne Shaw. Next came the bridesmaids, Miss Pink Cosby, Miss Laura Clark, Miss Fanny Thompson, and Miss May Carroll. The maid of honor, Miss Leila Carroll, was next, and then came the bride and her brother, Mr. E. B. Carroll. The groom and his best man, Mr. A. H. Small, stood together awaiting them. Assuming positions in the beautifully decorated chancel, where bright and fragrant blossoms were artistically arranged, the ceremony was performed impressively by Bishop Wingfield, assisted by the rector of the church. During the ceremony a quartet sang "Believe me if All those Endearing Young Charms" and "Call me Thine Own."

The bride appeared in a rich toilet of white Royal silk, en train, à la cour. It was trimmed elaborately with point lace extending from the left shoulder down to the bottom of the skirt, covering the right side and being taken to the end of the train. The sleeves were puffed high at the shoulders and the corsage was pointed back and front. A diamond star—a present from the groom—sparkled in her hair and held in place the flowing veil of white tulle.

The maid of honor appeared in a pretty costume of white embroidered lawn, the skirt having deep, embroidered flounces. The bodice was pointed back and front, and the sleeves were made full. She wore a Leghorn hat, trimmed with white roses and ribbons.

The toilets of the bridesmaids were similar to this, except that they wore colored sashes and their hats were trimmed with wild-flowers to correspond. Miss Cosby had eschscholtzias; Miss Thompson had forget-me-nots; Miss Clark had wild pink roses; and Miss May Carroll had corn-colored blossoms. The hats were also adorned with ribbons to match.

Miss Lurline Spreckels and Master Shaw carried branches of orange blossoms. The former appeared in white silk tulle and forget-me-nots and wore a large white hat, while the latter was dressed as Little Lord Fauntleroy in sapphire blue velvet trimmed with Duchesse lace, and a white sash. They stood on either side of the bride and groom.

After the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride on the corner of Ninth and H Streets, until three o'clock, and the time was very happily passed with congratulations, feasting, and music. The entire house was handsomely decorated with flowers and foliage, and there were many friends of the happy couple present. Mr. and Mrs. Alexander took the afternoon train for this city, and then left for a southern trip, expecting to be away about two weeks.

The Flower Show.

The Womans' Exchange commenced its flower show last Wednesday evening at the Lyceum Theatre, on Market Street, and bids fair to add a goodly sum to the depleted treasury through the sale of admission tickets, flowers, fancy articles, and refreshments. The auditorium is made very attractive by the splendid array of flowers, both cut and potted, which fill most of the available space, and the booths are pretty and alluring. The contributions of flowers have been generous, and the ladies who are devoting their time to their sale are doing excellent work. Each evening has been made pleasant by extra attractions in the way of music, and an exhibition by members of the Olympic Club on Thursday evening was greatly enjoyed. The exhibition will be open this (Saturday) afternoon and will end in the evening. As a special attraction there will be a grand concert under the direction of Mr. Henry Heyman. Among the participants in an excellent programme will be Mrs. Marriner-Campbell, Miss Jeannette Wilcox, Miss Jessie M. Gregg, Mrs. William J. Younger, Mr. Walter C. Campbell, Mr. Henry Heyman, and Mr. Rudolph Patek, a celebrated 'celloist from Australia.

The Spring Exhibition.

The spring exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association opened auspiciously last Tuesday evening and, as usual on the first night, there was a large and fashionable audience present, composed principally of members of the association and their families. Attractive decorations in the way of potted plants, clusters of flowers, and hanging draperies graced the long entrance to the art gallery where the display was seen. The evening was devoted to an inspection of the exhibit, and its enjoyment was enhanced by concert selections played by Noah Brandt's band. Light refreshments were served throughout the evening. The exhibition has been open evenings all the week, but after this it will only be open in the daytime.

Notes and Gossip.

Miss Ena Tucker, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Tucker, will be married next Thursday evening to Mr. C. O. G. Miller at the home of the bride's parents, 1051 Market Street, Oakland. The bridesmaids will be Miss Etta Tucker, Miss Albertine Tucker, Miss Annie Miller, Miss Sallie McKee, and Miss Daisy Ainsworth. The groomsmen will be Mr. Harry Miller, Mr. T. T. Dargie, Mr. Samuel Bell McKee, Mr. Eddington Detrick, and Mr. William Herrick. The wedding will be private, but it will be followed by a large reception.

The opening hop at the Hotel Rafael will occur next Saturday evening.

The German Club will give its final cotillion of this season next Tuesday evening at Union Square Hall. New figures will be introduced, the hall will be beautifully decorated, and dancing will be kept up until two o'clock. Mr. Chauncey M. St. John will lead.

Miss Carrie Campbell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Campbell, of Oakland, was married last Thursday to Lieutenant F. M. Dunwoody, U. S. R. M. S., at the home of the bride's parents. Miss Marie Voorhies acted as maid of honor; the bridesmaids were Miss Stella Sears and Miss M. Gertrude Campbell, and the best man was Lieutenant J. C. Moore, U. S. N. The affair was very happily celebrated.

The second annual open lawn tennis tournament for the championship of the Pacific Coast singles will be held at Hotel del Monte, July 4th, under the auspices of the United States National Lawn Tennis Association, directed by the California Lawn Tennis Club, of San Francisco. The contest will be for the Del Monte Cup, presented by the Hotel del Monte, and a valuable second prize, both to become the absolute property of the winners. Players are invited to enter, and are requested to promptly notify the secretary, who will give any further information desired as to details of the tournament. Entries close June 27th, and should be sent, with fee, to E. N. Bee, 208 California Street.

The many friends of Miss Elizabeth Strong in this city and the artistic world in particular, experienced a shock last Tuesday, when a cablegram announced that this striving and popular young artist had met with an accident at her studio in Paris, which may unfortunately terminate her career as an artist. The information received was to the effect that her hands had become fearfully burned—probably through the use of turpentine—while she was engaged at work upon her salon picture. The injury is said to be extremely painful, and doubtless will permanently affect her. This has occasioned deep regret and much sympathy for her here where her earlier struggles to obtain recognition as an artist were made, and among a large circle of friends. Miss Strong was a student at the School of Design here, and at Paris has studied under Van Mark. She has made excellent progress in her chosen field, that of animal painting, and has won many encomiums in the art circles of Paris.

A Letter From Dr. Hans von Bulow.

The Knabe pianos, which I did not know befor[e] have been chosen for my present concert tour in th[e] United States by my impresario and accepted by m[e] on the recommendation of my friend Bechstein, a[c]quainted with their merits. Had I known these pian[os] as now I do, I would have chosen them by myself, [as] their sound and touch are more sympathetic to m[y] ears and hands than all others of the country.

Dr. Hans von Bulow.

New York, April 6, 1889.
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By order of J. B. HAGGIN, Esq.

WE WILL SELL

TUESDAY, May 14th, WEDNESDAY, May 15th and THURSDAY, May 16th, 1889,

WITHOUT LIMIT OR RESERVE, IN THE CITY OF

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In tracts of 10, 20 and 40 acres each, and also of 160, 320 and 640 acres each,

7,500 Acres

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Abundance of Water. These lands are amply supplied with water for irrigation, at prices regulated by law, and lower than in any other portion of the State.

Special Excursions.

To enable all to participate in this important event, we have made arrangements with the Railroad Company by which we are enabled to offer special round-trip rates from all points to BAKERSFIELD, between SAN FRANCISCO, SACRAMENTO, SAN JOSE, STOCKTON, and LOS ANGELES, as follows:

SAN FRANCISCO, SACRAMENTO, STOCKTON, SAN JOSE and all intermediate points, to Bakersfield and return,

$9.50 — ROUND-TRIP TICKETS ONLY — $9.50

and corresponding rates from all points between LATHROP and BAKERSFIELD.

FROM LOS ANGELES TO BAKERSFIELD, Round-trip Tickets only..... $5.50
FROM COLTON TO LOS ANGELES, Round-trip Tickets only..... $2.65

and corresponding rates from all points between COLTON, LOS ANGELES and BAKERSFIELD.

Parties desirous of visiting BAKERSFIELD before the excursion, to examine the land, can do so, and the difference in cost between the regular fare and the excursion rates will be refunded them if they become purchasers at the auction sale.

TIME TABLE.

Tickets will be good on trains leaving San Francisco Saturday, May 11th, and Sunday, May 12th, at 8.30 A. M., and 9 P. M.; and on trains from Sacramento, Stockton and San Jose, connecting therewith; and from Los Angeles on train leaving Sunday, May 12th, at 1.20 P. M.

RETURNING, tickets will be good on all regular trains leaving Bakersfield May 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th, 1889.

Programme of Sale.

FIRST DAY.—Barbecue and Sale at GREENFIELD'S RANCH. Twenty-acre Tracts Alfalfa Land, with crops, and partly cultivated farms of 160 and 640 acres each.

SECOND DAY.—Barbecue and Sale at MOUNTAIN VIEW DAIRY RANCH. 1,760 acres Alfalfa Land, in tracts of from 20 acres up.

THIRD DAY.—Sale at BAKERSFIELD, of Town Lots, Villa Sites, Acre Property adjacent to Bakersfield, and any other unsold land.

☞ Sale will be continued through the week if it is necessary to do so, as we propose to SELL EVERYTHING on the Catalogue, without regard to prices obtained.

FREE CONVEYANCES from Bakersfield at all times to the property for sale.

TICKETS will be on sale at the offices of the Railroad Company, and at the office of McAFEE & BALDWIN, 10 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, where sleeping-car accommodations can also be arranged for. Maps and diagrams will be sent to any address upon application to

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Real Estate Agents and Auctioneers, 10 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

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AND TO THE "LAND DEPARTMENT OF J. B. HAGGIN," L. C. McAFEE, C. BROWER, } *Managers*, Bakersfield, Cal.

MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mrs. Theresa Fair and the Misses Fair will not go East until July or August.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase are passing several weeks at the Napa Soda Springs.

Dr. and Mrs. O. O. Burgess will leave for the East to-day en route to Europe, and will be accompanied by their nephew, Master Otis Burgess Spalding of the Hawaiian Islands.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Sullivan, Miss Ada Sullivan, and Miss Arcadia Spence, who have been passing the winter in Washington, D. C., have returned to the city.

Mrs. A. H. Rutherford and Miss Virginia Hanchett have been visiting Mrs. J. B. Wright in Sacramento for several days.

Misses Emma and Carrie Durbrow will go East soon to remain away during the summer months.

Minister and Mrs. John F. Swift and Mrs. Maria Baily left for Yokohama last Tuesday on the steamer *Tokio*.

Mrs. Slocovich and Miss Zorka Slocovich, of Brooklyn, have returned from a delightful trip to Santa Barbara, and are again the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Tatum.

Mr. and Mrs. John Parrott and family will leave New York to-day for England.

General and Mrs. A. J. Perry and Miss Josephine Perry will depart soon to make a trip through Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mrs. M. Deane and Miss Deane have arrived in Paris.

Mrs. Richard Lounsbery, who has been visiting Mrs. J. B. Haggin for several weeks, has returned to her home in New York.

Mrs. Charles N. Shaw passed a few days in Sacramento recently.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tubbs are at the Palace Hotel, having returned from Calistoga.

Mr. George Vernon Gray will leave soon for a visit in the East.

Miss Margaret Jones, of San José, was in the city a few days during the week visiting Miss Mattie Gibbs.

Mrs. John Campbell, Miss Campbell, and Mr. John Francis A. Campbell sailed for Europe on *La Champagne* April 20th.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels have been visiting friends in Sacramento during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Willey and Mr. Frank D. Willey will pass the summer months at the Hotel Vendome in San José.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid B. Chapman, Mrs. Robert Sherwood, Miss Mamie Blethen, and Mr. Robert L. Sherwood have been passing a week at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Sol. Runyon and Miss Ora Runyon, of Courtland, are at the Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. Charles J. Bandmann will leave for New York next Saturday for the benefit of his health.

Mrs. Amy Crocker, Mrs. Bender, and Miss Crouch, of Sacramento, have returned from their Eastern trip.

Mrs. William Dunphy, Miss Jennie Dunphy, and Mr. James C. Dunphy sailed from New York for Paris last Tuesday.

Mr. Walter L. Dean returned to the city on Tuesday after a pleasant visit to friends at Menlo Park.

Mr. Fred H. Beaver and Mr. S. W. Jackson, who have been in New York for a fortnight, sailed for Europe last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Monteagle have gone to Del Coronado for a few weeks. They will pass the summer at Blythedale.

Mrs. S. L. Bee and her son, Mr. Everett N. Bee, will pass the summer at San Rafael.

Miss Hope Cheney is at the Kelsey House in Oakland. She is recovering from a serious illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Miller, *née* Peterson, returned to Alameda last Tuesday after passing several weeks pleasantly at Del Monte, Los Angeles, and Del Coronado.

Mrs. S. F. Thorn returned to the city last Thursday after a week's visit at the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Drury Melone came down from Oak Knoll on Wednesday, and remained at the Palace Hotel a few days.

Mrs. O. W. Childs and Miss Emma Childs arrived here last Thursday from Los Angeles and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcus D. Boruck and the Misses Belle and Florence Boruck will go to the Yosemite Valley on May 25th.

Lord Chesterfield, of London, is in the city on a visit. He has been extensively entertained in London by Mrs. John W. Mackay.

Mrs. John W. Conner and family will leave for New York next Thursday, and on May 29th will sail for Europe, to be away several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Calvin E. Whitney and family will go to the Yosemite Valley on May 13th.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Delmas and Miss Delmas came from Mountain View last Monday to attend the Albani concerts.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph B. Spence, of San José, have been passing the week at the Palace Hotel.

Major B. C. Truman will visit the Yosemite Valley the last of next month.

Mrs. John Boggs will soon leave the Hotel Rafael for the East, en route to Europe. She will be accompanied by her son Frank, who will remain abroad a couple of years.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Rose, Jr., of San Mateo, have been passing several days at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Clara Luning has gone to the Geysers for a brief outing.

Colonel Robert Tobin has returned from a visit to Southern California.

Mr. C. T. Ryland, Jr., left for Europe last Wednesday.

Mrs. Julius Bandmann and Miss Bandmann will make an Eastern trip during the summer.

Mayor and Mrs. E. B. Pond are stopping at the Occidental Hotel.

The Misses Pierce, of Santa Clara, will leave next Wednesday for the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. George Loomis, Mrs. Barnard, and Mr. Charles N. Felton, Jr., of Menlo Park, passed the early part of the week at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Frank Goad and Miss Ella Goad will leave to-day to visit the Yosemite Valley. Mr. Goad has just returned from a trip to Los Angeles.

Commander Glass, U. S. N., and family are at present stopping at Byron Springs.

Mrs. L. R. Mead with her family are occupying their cottage at Byron Springs.

Army and Navy.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Mahan, U. S. N., arrived here last Tuesday, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Colonel and Mrs. W. R. Shafter, U. S. A., were in the city during the early part of the week.

DXXIV — Bill of Fare for six persons — Sunday, April 28, 1889.

Potato Soup.
Canapés à la Bismarck.
Lamb Chops. Tomato Sauce.
Green Peas. Potato Croquettes.
Roast Duck, Apple Sauce.
French Artichokes, Mayonnaise-Dressing.
Snow Pudding. Strawberries.

CANAPES A LA BISMARCK.—Cut circles with a small cutter from slices of stale bread a quarter of an inch thick; sauté in butter until they are a light brown; spread over each when cold a thin layer of anchovy-butter; curl round on each an anchovy well washed, boned, and trimmed; sprinkle very finely shred olives over them. Anchovy-butter is two parts butter and one of anchovy-paste.

— GO TO BRADLEY & RULOFSON'S NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont Streets.

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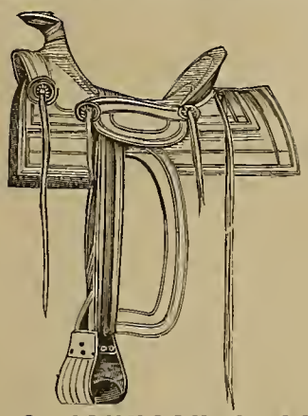

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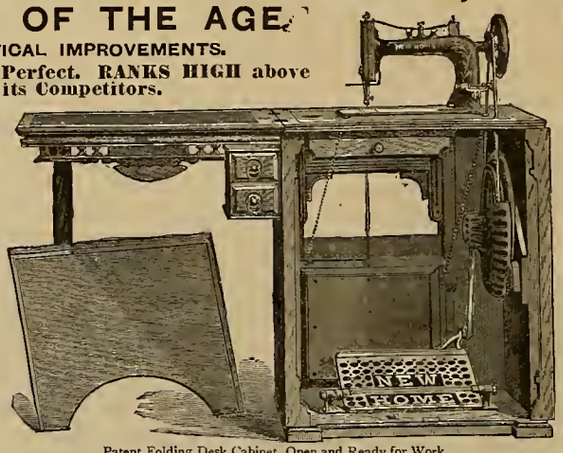

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K M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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t better time than in the centennial week, wbich marks : hundredth year of our national existence, to more define the position which the *Argonaut* feels disposed in reference to the race conflict now going on in the n States. This, and the evils attending the im- n of ignorant and vicious classes from Europe and borers from Asia, are the most important issues likely enge the attention of politicians and statesmen in the ate future. That the South made a great mistake, as committed a great crime, in entering upon a civil war tl dismemberment of the Union, may not be denied. e country, under the direction of the Republican party, ed a meritorious deed when it emancipated negro om their bondage and gave them their liberty, must owledged by all who have a perception of moral right. e Republican party perpetrated an enormous blunder enfranchised the slave, and made him the equal in po- rivileges of the superior race which had owned him, be as readily conceded, but is, nevertheless, entirely Before the war, the South was represented, in Con- on the basis of five colored men—five slaves—being as three citizens for the basis of representation. Under apportionment, which raises the African slave to the of citizenship by the irony of a political blunder, the tation of the South is increased in Congress, and te men, as before, do all the voting. We pass stion—since the constitution, by the fifteenth amend- gives to the manumitted slave the privilege of the elective franchise, should he not be permitted to exercise it unrestrained? The question as practically presented is this. Under the law, "color" is eliminated and "previous condition of servitude" no longer cuts a figure in the qualification of an elector. Then ought not males of the negro race to be entitled to vote? They ought, of course they ought, but this the whites will not permit, and we of the North are challenged with tbe inquiry, "What are we going to do about it?" This is the "race conflict," as presented at the ballot-box of fifteen States. It is a question upon which there is no dispute as to the law or the rights of the colored males. The Democratic party of the South is the white race of the South; it is "solid" in its majority, triumphant in its social attitude, and intrenched behind impregnable ramparts which nothing but force can overturn or remove. The universal consensus of public opinion, as expressed in the Southern States by enough millions to compose an almost unanimous expression at the ballot-box, will not let the darkey go to Congress nor permit him to clothe himself in political authority, through the elective privilege. If the government could enforce the law in the Southern States, there would be no race conflict. If England could enforce the law in Ireland, there would be no agitation over land questions. But Congress and Parliament are divided upon the questions, while the people of the disturbed localities are more nearly united, and it is in Ireland that the agitation prevails and the law is resisted, and it is at the South where the race conflict exists. The Irish are coming to the conclusion that their most promising conflict lies within the lines of constitutional enactment. The South, having come to the conclusion that the battle-field could give them no relief from embarrassments growing out of race conflicts, are in position to change their tactics, and are asking themselves whether, by bringing their endeavors within the line of the law, allies and friends may not be found in Congress and at the Nortb to aid them in their endeavors. The Soutb desires to disfranchise the negro, not altogether because he is a negro, but because he is ignorant. As we understand the sentiment of the South, it is in favor of repealing the fifteenth amendment to the constitution, and taking away from all former slaves, who are ignorant, vicious, and altogether uninformed as to their political duties, the right to vote. To bring about this result the South must necessarily give up its congressional representation based upon its black constituency. The Southern States will then come under the political rule of the wbite race—the intelligent, the superior race—and when called upon to define the qualifications of electors will be at liberty to enfranchise intelligent and deserving blacks. Perhaps it would be better if all the States would consent to make intelligence, moral cbaracter, and law-abiding conduct the voting test, rather than color or former condition of servitude. A correspondent, signing bimself "Georgian," considers the question as to how the American party would be affected if this new organization would boldly take this position in favor of disfranchising Southern negroes. Unite tbis idea with that of restricting foreign immigration and limiting the elective privilege till aliens had resided for twenty-one years in the country. It is the correspondent's opinion that this would propose a settlement of the race conflict, and present to the Southern people an issue nearer to them than anything concerning the introduction of foreign paupers to the North and manufacturing them into voters and boss politicians, through the influence of the Roman Catholic Church. The Southern is a Protestant community; is intensely American; is beginning to wake up to the fact that an effort is being made to convert negroes to the Catholic faith, and that some headway is being made in that direction. It is apparent that something must be done, and without delay. Jesuitry is overrunning the land; the Pope's Irisb are swarming in the Northern States; great commercial cities are falling under alien influences; the Church of Rome is becoming most audaciously insolent in putting forth its pretensions, and we do not hesitate to say if an union of Northern and Southern States can be brought about, and the American party strengthened by an alliance of Southern and Northern men upon a platform which shall restrict immigration, withhold the right from all foreigners to vote till they have resided twenty-one years in the country, and not then till they can read and intelligently understand the Constitution of the United States, and sign their names to the oath of allegiance written by their own hands, and take from all ignorant, impecunious, and unprincipled negroes at the South their electoral privileges—we shall be quite willing to consider the proposition. From the Democratic party of the North we can expect nothing but abject and humiliating subserviency to the foreign vote and the Roman Catholic Church. From the Republican party we have so far found nothing but cowardice and intrigue. If General Harrison shall make no more blunders in this direction, and if his Cabinet, and his administration, and his policy shall have the courage to be American, it will disappoint and delight us. So far as the *Argonaut* is concerned, it is now, and will continue, ready at any time to strike hands with the people of the South, in depriving their ignorant and vicious negroes of the right to vote, if they will aid us in reforming immigration laws and getting out from under the political control of the Pope's Roman Catholic Irish.

The celebration of our national centennial passed most happily. It was an occasion when every person who was proud of being an American felt it was his privilege to rejoice. It was an American holiday; with it was associated the early contest of our war of independence; with its memories mingled the struggles to secure the adoption of our constitution. The day brought prominently to the foreground the name of Washington, who took his oath of office at the city of New York one hundred years ago. New York—then a city of limited population and limited commerce—has become the second greatest city of civilization, and become the commercial emporium of a strong nation, with more than sixty millions of enterprising and adventurous people. We have, since Washington was inaugurated, passed through foreign wars till the United States of America is recognized as ranking among the first of the great powers. The civil war—which tested the valor, strength, and resources of both parts of our great commonwealth—is happily settled, till now we present to the world an united and powerful nation. The one hundredth anniversary of the day of the nation's birth was a fitting occasion for the review of the historical events which had characterized the growth and development of the country, and to discuss the political questions, which, to a certain extent, divide public opinion. The procession was a splendid pageant, unique, characteristic of our State and people. We noticed the absence of all Irish associations but one, and that composed, as it seemed to us, of a better class of young men than usually parade as Irish. There were no Roman Catholic banners, no presence of foreign flags, and, generally, a marked abstention from making prominent any alien devices to detract from the peculiar Americanism of the display. Archbishop Riordan ordered masses to be said from all his altars, and was not behind the Protestant clergy in his endeavors to mark the day by religious observances. We take pleasure in noting that whenever this dignitary of Rome is permitted to exercise his uncontrolled freedom, it is in the direction of Americanism, and in favor of keeping religious matters very distinct from political. We hope we do him justice in endeavoring to believe that he has intelligence enough to know that the Church of Rome can promote its best interest in no other way successfully than by leaving its politics in Rome. There is only one danger we fear, and that comes from the belief that it is the policy of Jesuits and Maynooth priests to interfere with our schools and meddle with our local affairs. Of Roman Catholic children educated in American free schools, mingling with Protestants, playing together on May-day in Golden Gate Park, intermarrying as they advance in years, we have no fear. Of Roman Catholic priests, educated at our public schools—and we are informed that nearly half the Roman Catholic clergy of San Francisco are native-born and of free-school education—we have no fear; they will come out all right, because they are American, and because they are educated in a better and broader manner than they could have

heen or can ever be at parochial schools and Jesuit colleges. Tbe literary exercises of the evening were of a very high character. The music was grand, the recitations and readings most excellent, the audience excelled in numbers any whicb bas ever assemhled in San Francisco; the occasion was marred by a single incident. The orator had been cbosen hecause of his pronounced Americanism, and it was feared lest his selection should not prove agreeahle to that more vulgar and ignorant moh of aliens wbo have mingled their political prejudices with their bigotries. It would not he fair to say that any respectahle numher of respectahle foreign citizens of any religion had availed themselves of the opportunity for displaying their unfriendly feelings toward the speaker, for there was nothing in the address to wound the tenderest sensibilities of the most susceptihle individual; politics and religion were carefully avoided; the most ample reservations were made concerning foreign immigration, and if any proof was necessary to demonstrate that the interruption came from any other source than the personal dislike of the cowardly, ignorant, vulgar moh of roughs, it will he only necessary to observe tbat the confusion came from the heginning of the address, culminated, and was subdued hefore the term "foreign immigrant" occurred in it. In order that the reader may judge whether anything was said which an American, on an American centennial, had not the right to say, we print the entire address:

Standing almost at the apex of the nineteenth century, we look hack over an hundred years of national existence to note the dangers passed, the perils encountered, and the victories achieved.

An hundred years ago the colonial dependence of a powerful empire, having hurst the political ties wbich held it, stood sbivering on the rock-bound coast of a stormy sea which steam had not subdued, and under the shadow of a mighty wilderness which civilization bad not explored; unbroken, primal forests, trackless deserts, hroad plains, tenanted hy savages untutored and beasts untamed, stretched out hefore it; a people less than four millions in numbers had, after a prolonged and desolating war, achieved national independence and triumphantly asserted its claim to a place in the family of nations.

"Rebellion," after the bloody struggle of successful war, had been baptized with the honored name of "revolution"; after seven years of strife against the military power of a migbty empire, the American Repuhlic stood revealed an union of independent States. Allegiance to an alien sovereign was changed to a government under direction of a people's congress; fealty to an English king hecame loyalty to a written constitution recognizing the freedom and equality of all men; self-imposed laws took the place of royal prerogative and divine right of royal birth; the colonies changed their political relations and entered upon a career of independent sovereignty.

The "United Colonies" became "Independent States." George Washington—bis civic and military achievements bavin earned bim the name of "Father of bis Country" and placed him "first in peace, first in war, and first in tbe hearts of bis countrymen"—had been cbosen at a free election "President of the United States of America." On the thirtietb day of April, 1789, General George Washington, of Virginia, took his oath at the city of New York, wbere the first Congress convened, to "support the Constitution of the United States and defend the law" as chief executive of tbe nation.

Thus were laid tbe foundations of an enduring republic; our nation's birth came in with simple ceremonies—tbe roar of cannon, the peal of bells, the flinging to the hreeze of the national banner, tbe joyful acclaim of a proud, triumphant, happy people; the solemn ceremonials of the English Protestant Churcb commended the nation to its God, with feast, and dance, and a military parade of five hundred armed men—thus the grandest republic of modern times was launched upon its career.

It was an august event, to wbich we may look hack with joyful pride. It was the dawn of a splendid era bursting upon the world; it was the hirthday of constitutional liherty; it was the beginning of a proud nation's life; the sun had gone down upon a day of desperate strife, which had hegun in Boston Harbor and ended in one of the decisive battles of the world by the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. The government thus launched on the sea of national life is hefore us today—after an hundred years of prosperous existence—for review. What it has accomplished in a century gives promise of its future destiny.

This inauguration of a first President was not the heginning of our national career. America's colonial history dates from the fifteenth century; the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eigbteenth centuries were, at this period, nearly complete; three hundred years of struggle had been endured while elements of population were accumulating and crystallizing, which became the basis upon which a constitutional government might be safely erected. The citizens of our colonial system were gathered from all foreign lands, bringing with tbem mucb whicb was good and mucb which was bad, mucb which was hroad and generous, and mucb which was narrow and higoted. Exiles from persecution in other countries, resorted to persecution in New England; persons fleeing from the tyranny of unjust and illiheral laws, passed harsh and cruel enactments; exiles fleeing to a land where they might indulge unrestrained religious opinions, denied the freedom of conscience to their co-exiles; Protestants fleeing from inquisitorial tortures, persecuted Roman Catholics, and denied to them equal privileges in a land which helonged to neither and which they had jointly agreed to steal from an ahoriginal race, which did not know the God over whom Christians quarreled, nor understood the faith which they could not agree to interpret, nor helieve in the religion which had divided them into warring factions. The victims of Torquemada and the hloody Alva; of cruelties practiced in the dark and troublous ages; refugees from the persecutions of Protestant England, Preshyterian Scotland, of the reforming Henry the Eighth, of the bloody and higoted Cromwell; Huguenots fleeing from the massacres of St. Bartholomew, committed under sanction of pope and king—all gathering in New England, consented to drown Quakers, hurn witches, persecute free-thinkers, exile Baptists, pass Blue Laws, and traffic in slaves, stolen as captives of war from Africa.

It was a curious mixture of strange peoples; it was a hard and dangerous period, out of whicb grew this strong and liheral government. Had it not heen for these diverse religious opinions so strongly held, tbese brave bigots so sternly resolute, and hecause of a stormy ocean, which rendered assistance from beyond the sea impossihle; had it not been for common dangers wbicb environed them, colonies widely separated, surrounded by hostile savages, oppressed with unknown dangers and with political and commercial wrongs of a common character—it is not prohable that a friendly union of States could have heen effected under a constitution which recognized equality, freedom, and personal liherty. Three centuries of struggle and endurance, and the dawn of a new and brighter era hroke upon the continent. Common dangers, common endurance, common enemies bad brought forth such a race of pure women and brave men as had never before been called upon in the world's history to plant tbe foundations of an empire.

Out of all tbis chaos and confusion, this narrow bigotry and inflexihility of religious belief, came a liheral organic law wbich had no God in it—a government without a religion, a state without a church. A nation, all soldiers, emerging successfully from a long war, made no provision for a standing army; colonies, ruled from the pulpit hy Puritan preachers, formed States wbich gave no acknowledgment to priests and no aid from the public treasury, recognizing no spiritual influence, no hierarchical interference or authority in civil affairs.

Thus was a continent dedicated to freedom and equality of rights, where all men were clothed with equal privileges of self-government, and under which the majority was entitled to rule. Tbe country had passed througb a bard struggle and a dark period. The adoption of our constitution and tbe election of Wasbington as President bad been a splendid, generous compromise, under wbich men of divergent opinions and differences of religious belief bad consented to take a new departure and work out a new form of government—they were shaping a course widely differing from any European power.

Our forefatbers builded better than tbey knew; but one evil still remained. It had not been overlooked, but tbe consequences of its continuance bad not been estimated—slavery had been permitted to hide in the constitution, and it led to the only great danger whicb has tbreatened the existence of the American Union. That danger has now passed, and we are again an united people. The evil our forefatbers had not the wisdom to fear or the courage to eradicate culminated in civil war.

This is no opportunity for a rebearsal of the story of African slavery in America; but even the brief thirty minutes I shall consume to review a century of national history must not omit *some* reference to this saddest night of our national sorrow; nor if I shall find some excuse for a rebellion which grew out of an institution for which the Soutb was not wholly responsible, let it not be understood that I do not look upon the slave-holders' rebellion as a crime, or that I do not regard the enfranchisement of ignorant Africans born in bondage as a blunder comparable with the original offense.

In 1620, a Dutch vessel brought slaves to America; in 1662, John Hawkins, an Englishman, hrought slaves from Africa as merchandise in tbe ship *Jesus*, a slave-trader. Slavery existed in New York and New Jersey from the earliest period of their colonial history. The slave trade was protected by a convention hetween England and Spain; for two hundred years slavery was encouraged by merchants of Boston and New York, and by the commercial policy of England. It was sanctioned by religion—Roman Catholic and English Protestant; merchants struggled to monopolize the slave trade. It was the central object of Englan policy; leading theologians favored slavery. Jonathan E wards, a Presbyterian divine, Berkley, an English bishop clericals in the train of Lord Baltimore—owned slaves a upheld slavery as a matter of principle and religious fait slave-owning societies sent missionaries to Africa to conv the heathen. There was trade—and gospel grace—in African slave traffic and in slavery. The North retainec till soil and climate advised its political conscience that slav was not profitahle; the Yankee of New England, the Dut man of New York and New Jersey unloaded their hun chattels upon the South, where, aided hy climate and chara of productions, slavery flourished. The institution beca entwined in the very fahric of its political existence, was in woven with the warp and woof of its industries, its econom and its social and domestic life.

The time to write the history of the causes which led to civil war has not yet come. Slaves are free, and hlack men vote; hut the wounds of the conflict are not yet healed, scars have not yet faded out, war memories are not forgot war hurdens are not yet lifted, war dehts are not yet cance war damages are not yet repaired; race prejudices still e the color line does not fade, political dissensions are not adjusted, tbe intelligent white minority does not grace suhmit to an ignorant hlack majority—perhaps it never perhaps it never ought—we leave that question for discus to the orators of the *next* centennial.

We may all acknowledge, all admire the common cou of the Soutb and the Nortb—the valor, pluck, endurance, heroism of the Blue and the Gray. The greatest boast o loyal Union armies, with their superior numhers and gre resources, is that they had the courage and endurance to vive a struggle with Southern citizens in arms. For reconciliation of tbese race differences, and the adjustr of all controversies hetween Nortb and South, we de largely upon the men who fought the battles.

The young men of the Southern States may he cong lated that they have been emancipated to broader oppor ties than existed within slavery's hard lines. We may gratulate the soldiers of the Gray and the army of the upon demonstrating the problem tbat American valor is fined to no section of the American land.

The time will come to Americans—North and Sou when tbe courage and qualities of their soldiers will b garded as a source of common pride. The gallantr Lee, Johnston, and Stonewall Jackson will he rememl witb tbat of Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan. Tbe coura Southern troops will not he forgotten when Northern val recalled. The heroism and courage of the soldiers o Blue and tbe Gray are the common inheritance of a com ancestry.

We turn this page in the history of our country t more interesting narrative of its progress through th decades wbich have witnessed its prosperous developmen

Storms—wbicb in the early colonial period swept acro charted seas to a desolate ocean coast, went sighing mournful through patbless forests, over broad prairies, til in mountain gorges wbere Indians roamed and wild had tbeir lair—now fill the bellying sails of commerce; fleets crowd busy barbors, great emporiums line the At shore, great continental highways bear the traffic of millions from ocean to ocean.

The population of 1789 has advanced from four to four millions in 1889. In that earlier day California w unknown land, upon an unknown sea, divided from the where Washington took his oath of office by a continer unexplored. California came to us the conquest of a no ous war, the wounds of which were soothed to a sister reput an advantageous treaty of peace and generous paym money which, wben the war was ended and the nation waved above its soil, was lavishly returned from its hills with treasures gathered from its fruitful valleys a grain-bearing fields; an immigration of gold-hunters thr to its inviting shores; great cities were builded, com gathered in its ports, avenues were filled with trade an industry; homes of comfort were established; Stat municipal governments were created, in which order and law prevailed. The history of the Pacific Coast an expression of the progress and prosperity which have guished the whole country since Washington beca President.

The century we celebrate has proved tbe most rema era of the world's history. This has been an age of intel and scientific progress, which has carried art and indu their highest development, and the human mind to wl regard as almost its highest possible attainment; we m limit the human intellect, nor doubt that in reserve family of man there are other triumphs to he achieved comforts to be acquired, evils to be reformed, wrongs remedied, difficulties to be overcome, and heights to surmounted overlooking broader realms from higher s

an have yet been reached. What the world shall have accomplished in another hundred years, orators of the *next* centennial may describe; *we* must be content with the progress our *own* times, and proud that our country has kept step th older nations in this triumphal march; that in literature, ts, industries, religion, science, philosophy, and government, e rank with the highest civilization of the age; that in the ilustrial arts and scientific discoveries we have kept abreast th the most advanced; and that of all the nations of earth, re is not one with which we would exchange our form of government or the political and social conditions with which are surrounded.

Our early statesmen were not all-wise; our forefathers were t infallible; our government has never attained perfection; have mistakes to remedy, errors to correct, evils to reform—demanding the exercise of prudent caution and the expenure of heroic, patriotic, self-denying labors. Beloved and nored as is the name of Washington, sacredly as we treasure his admonitions and warnings, we must remember the age which he lived and the conditions under which he spoke. his farewell address, delivered when retiring from executive ce, laying aside the ambitions of a life crowned with honors l filled with experience, he warned the statesmen with whom was associated, and through them left the solemn admoni to his countrymen, to "Beware of entangling foreign alliaes." Considering the weakness of the national structure had aided to rear, the perils with which it was environed, alling the eventful struggle with England, the unadjusted stions with France, the disputes not impossible to occur Spain, the controversies likely to grow out of commercial tions, the political questions unsolved in reference to the ettled territories upon our borders, the impending cloud of which hung over Europe and threatened to burst with olation upon the civilized powers which then composed the ily of nations, the advice was wise and timely; we had no nding army, no efficient navy, our treasury was exhausted, nation in debt, our population small. It was a splendid cy which was left us by a wise father. It was an admon to cultivate the arts of peace and friendly relations with ign powers by avoiding with them "entangling alliances."

ut now, with England we are at peace; with all the great ers we are in friendly alliance; our national domain is id, with no acre of disputed title, no contested border; the Indian races we are in friendly relations; questions e right of search and transportation of articles contrad of war are adjusted; we have acquired all the territory venient to our border, and all which we are ambitious to ire. Great navigable rivers, great commerce-bearing s, great inland seas, are within our territorial borders and ed within our political jurisdiction; from France we have hased Louisiana; by friendly treaty with Spain we have ired Florida; the great domain acquired from Mexico es us in friendly relation with our sister republic; Alaska ave purchased from Russia.

e are no longer the Republic of Washington; we are the der commonwealth of an advanced age; we are no longer dy of independent States, united by ropes of sand, starpon the experiment of national life, but an united nation d together with hooks of steel forged in the battle-furnace vil war, tried by an hundred years of national life; rich, rful, at peace, honored by other governments, strong in millions of population, inexhaustible in our material resces, with credit unlimited, and courage unquestioned.

ith this greatness come duties and responsibilities toward amily of nations which we must not shrink from nor seek oid. On this hemisphere, the United States is the strongest ower, and this broad continent we span measures half the ized earth. On our north is the Canadian Dominion, with omogeneous people speaking the English language, and whom we can have none other than friendly relations; in outhern sea is another continent occupied by an Englishcing race, with whom we are united by the ties of birth, ge, language, religion, and common interests.

ound us are sister republics, with all of whom we are in lly alliance, with whom we are on the eve of assembling ernational convention to consider questions concerning ommon interests. It is an age of steam; distance is annihited; it is an age of commercial traffic; our waters are d by the vessels of other nations, who seek colonial holds in our neighboring seas.

e United States of America—if not to-day—is destined ily to become the strongest government of earth; its ern boundaries are within the light of the aurora-borealis it spans the continent, and will embrace the tropics; pulation will be composed of vast millions, standing foremost in the ranks of intelligence, strong, restless, and daring. It must become and remain the foremost power of all the nations of Christian civilization, and, while it should not be entangled in political, diplomatic, or dynastic questions concern other nations and other continents, it must guard its own interests, determine the character of its own citizens, fix the laws governing immigration to its shores, citizenship, and qualifications of all asking to enjoy our political privileges; it must be recognized as the first power within its ocean boundaries, and it must form alliances with American republics; it must throw over sister republics its blazing shield; it must control the watery highways which connect the oceans, and it must have the courage to say to European and Asiatic empires who of *their* people shall become *our* people; and to admonish the governments of emperors and kings with standing armies and iron-clad navies that they must not—otherwise than in a friendly manner—attempt to interfere with what does not concern them in the group of American republics; nor seek to exercise authority or establish island strongholds within the neighboring waters of our bordering seas.

I hear some timid soul whispering the fear that these utterances are too bold; that we have no standing army, no invincible navy, no ponderous machinery of war to defend the fortifications of our shores; that great cities border the ocean—within danger of bombardment—and that the lights of our own opulent city twinkle in the night where fleets may ride at anchor; that the pleasure idlers of our Golden Gate Park promenade within view of the place whence successful bombardments may destroy our town.

It would be a destructive assault which would injure our State as seriously as a corrupt legislature sitting for sixty days, or subject us to as serious taxation for repairs as a bad board of supervisors existing for two years.

It may be admitted that the strength of our government lies not in standing armies, or fleets equipped, or coast ramparts manned and guarded with armed soldiers.

We are of the opinion that standing armies are sources of national weakness and not of national strength; that it were better if Europe would dismiss her nine millions of armed idlers from her barracks to her work-shops and fields of agricultural toil, send her sailors from her war-ships to her commercial fleets to explore unknown fields of industry; that it would be better if England could be spared the expense she now contemplates in building seventy-one great armor-clad leviathans-of-war at the cost of twenty-one million pounds sterling; that if France, Italy, Germany, and Russia could anchor their iron-clad arsenals of war in rust to rotting wharves, it would be better for civilization, for the world and themselves. But *their* condition is not *our* condition. The United States is not—like England—an island empire with outlying colonial empires, to protect the commerce of which is essential to the maintenance of her national power, and upon the preservation of her shores from an embargo interrupting the approach of bread and meat depends her national existence.

Like France and Germany, we are not hovering on the brink of war with any power whose throat we are anxious to cut, and whom we are desirous of disemboweling that we may divide and annex its territory. Unlike Italy, France, Germany, and Belgium, we are not ambitious to wade through the assassination of barbarians to carve out colonial possessions in Africa, Algeria, or China; unlike Russia's ruler, our chief magistrate is not living over an explosive mine, trembling lest at any minute some nihilist may touch the match which will involve his empire, his crown, and life in the mad maëlstrom of whirling anarchy.

We are not bearing a debt we can not pay; we are not in presence of any entanglements we can not honorably avoid; and there is no present danger of a century of peace being disturbed by foreign invasion.

Should war occur and invasion threaten our shores, ten millions of soldiers will voluntarily spring to arms. Great navies and powerful armaments, which could resent with invincible power any insult which could be wantonly given us, now lie sleeping in our mines, our work-shops, our strong-muscled, skilled mechanics, our overflowing treasury, our inexhaustible resources, and our credit which will outlast a conflict of war with all the world.

Other nations conscript unwilling soldiers; ours will leap to arms to resist invaders at the sound of drums which will beat across the continent.

Our national safety rests more securely on the moral forces of patriotism, loyalty, courage, a treasury surplus, an unquestioned credit, an intellectual and moral standard of citizenship, and a policy of right, justice, and peace, than on standing armies or fleets with decks cleared for action.

Punishment of our exposed cities by hostile navies might be quick and severe, but the retaliation would not be slow, and it would be terrible, for it would be revenge nursed for the deliberate punishment of a deliberate and premeditated wrong.

The dangers of early settlement having been overcome, the War of the Revolution having been successfully terminated, national sovereignty maintained for an hundred years, slavery abolished by a civil war which leaves the country in prosperity and its people at peace with all the world and united in harmonious relations—but *one* danger now threatens, but *one* cloud now rests upon the horizon of our future.

That cloud, which in the time of Washington was not larger than a man's hand, now covers our political horizon, obscures the sun-light of our prosperity, is black, lowering, and portentous; it threatens to burst, and, if it breaks, our land will be shaken by the force of its explosion, torn with civil war and drenched with blood.

Foreign Immigration is the danger now threatening the American Republic and menacing the perpetuity of American institutions.

The ignorance, crime, and pauperism of Europe, the slavery and peonage of Asia, the political and social discontent of *all the world*, are being discharged upon our shores.

In the earlier days of the republic, the emigration from Europe was of a better character than that of which we now complain; we are not unmindful that our nation's history for three and a half hundred years forbids the sweeping denunciation of European immigrants, for a large percentage of this audience and a large percentage of our best citizens are of the immigration of *one* century, while all of us are but immigrants of *three*. It is the bad and not the good we would reject. All those who are too meddlesome with our political affairs, who would "boss" our political concerns, who would destroy our system of free common schools, who would invite an union of church and State, who acknowledge civil allegiance to any foreign authority, who concern themselves in the local politics of any State with whom ours is in friendly relations—to all such we would deny citizenship; and from *all* of foreign birth we would demand a residence of twenty-one years, with good morals and enough of English education to read the Constitution of the United States understandingly, to write their oath of loyalty to the Government of the United States and subscribe it with their own signatures.

When these reforms shall have been secured, the United States of America—of which George Washington became first President an hundred years ago this day—will have entered upon its triumphal march along the grand procession of centuries.

The centennial will, we think, give a very pronounced accentuation to American principles, and if an American party shall ever attain ascendancy in the country, it is not improbable that its natal day will be just one hundred years from the time when Washington was inaugurated first President of the United States of America. The expression of American sentiments is almost universal and is not by any means confined to men of American birth. The absorption of our public lands, the establishment of parochial and Jesuit schools, the arrogance of foreign-born partisans, the insolence of political adventurers, the multiplication of ecclesiastical orders, societies, of foreign military, political, civic, and other alien organizations, the increasing inundation of ignorance, crime, pauperism, and bigotry, are all moving our statesmen to reflect upon the dangers likely to result and consider what steps may be taken for their prevention. Governor Stanford informed Mayor Pond, in presence of the writer, while riding in Tuesday's procession, that he had resolved to introduce a bill into the Senate of the United States limiting the right of foreigners to vote till they had resided in the United States twenty-one years. This sentiment was approved and indorsed by Mayor Pond. Governor Waterman is outspoken and pronounced in favor of American sentiments, and favors the limitation of the elective privilege for aliens to twenty-one years' residence. Senator Stewart, of Nevada, the Hon. W. W. Morrow, member of Congress, all hold to the same political doctrines. We know of no individual politician of respectability in either party, who, in private conversation, does not give utterance to the most pronounced American sentiments. There is not an intelligent, well-educated, and respectable boy in California who is not in sympathy with the American party. The time for cowardice has passed; the anniversary of the one hundredth birthday of the nation is the beginning of a new era. It is emancipation-day for American opinions. It is embarkation-day for the cowards who fear the Church of Rome enough to lend their aid to its schemes of civil advancement.

Few decisions will have a wider influence for good on railroad investments than that of the chancellor of Alabama in the case of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad. The East Tennessee, Virginia, and Georgia Railroad, having acquired a controlling interest in the stock of that road, is charged with operating it in the interest of the owners of the majority of the stock, so that the minority of the stockholders are deprived of the advantages of its situation in obtaining traffic with all roads with which it connects. The object of the purchase by a railroad of the majority of the stock of another is to operate the latter as a feeder to itself. It is fully indemnified for any loss its investment suffers in the decreased earnings of the purchased railroad, by the destruction of competition with other roads, and by the long haul over its own system. The loss falls on the individual stockholders, the benefit inures to the railroad holding the majority of the stock. This the court refuses to sanction, and practically disfranchises the stock held by the controlling railroad as a voting power in the management, and places the control of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad in the hands of its individual stockholders.

SARAH.

The Life-History of an Algerian Anonyma.

What did he call himself—Isaac, Brahim, Mordecai? No matter, he was a Jew—Mordecai will he sufficient. He lived in the Troisième-Bataillon-d'Afrique, in the Jewish quarter, and I was a captain in the Second Zouaves. I can still see his little dwelling, with its low, vaulted door, thick, solid, and studded with nails in strange designs, its white walls pierced with occasional and heavily-barred windows, those strange walls of Africa which calmly stare at each other across the narrow streets and incline at the top until they almost meet. And I remember him also as I saw him first, in his little shop among his goods exposed for sale, dusting his *babouches* and velvet slippers, ornamented with jeweled buckles, pearls, and golden braids.

Slippers, however, were not all his shop contained. He was an omni-merchant, and you found in his stock everything that you did or did not want, from the ferule of a cast-off cane to gems of rarest value. A strange acquaintance for me to have made, and it came about through an adventure, a defense, rather, of this Jewish merchant, whom a rascal was seeking to defraud of his money. Briefly, Mordecai was moved to gratitude, and the next morning, as a souvenir, bestowed upon me a Kabyle gun, beautifully inlaid with ivory and pearl.

From that day I was as one of the family; they ran at my coming, and called upon me always to admire the thousand-and-one odds and ends which the Jew was constantly purchasing from all quarters, and from which I was always expected to take my choice. Naturally, since he liked me so much, it ended in my liking him a little, for friendship, like love, is certainly contagious. Matters were in this shape, when one morning, as I strolled in the Rue Nationale with a group of comrades, the Jew met us, and stopped me to describe a cargo of valuables which had just arrived for him from Méquinez, and which he wished me to see immediately. I would do so, I promised him, so soon as dinner was over, and giving him a hand-shake, I was about to rejoin my comrades, when a carriage passed us, the horses going at a gallop, shining for a moment in the sunlight—then gone like a flash.

We all turned with a cry of admiration—every one, that is, save Mordecai the Jew. A sudden pain in my hand recalling his presence to me, I wheeled, to find him pale as a piece of linen, sweat pearling his brow, his fingers gripped upon mine, and his eyes following, with a gaze of flame, the vehicle which had just gone by, and in which reclined a woman whose beauty had brought from us that cry of admiration.

"What is it?" I cried, dismayed at his appearance; "what is it—are you ill?"

"Ill? no——" he began; then, with a groan and a Hebrew word—a curse, doubtless—he whirled about and fled like a madman in the opposite direction from the vehicle.

"And you didn't know her?" Villaret demanded, as I rejoined my comrades, still talking of this beautiful woman whose carriage was not yet lost in the distance; "or did you not see who it was?"

"No," I responded, "and I scarcely saw her before she was gone."

"What! you really didn't know her? She is the—but what do you call him, the Jew you were talking to a moment ago? Mordecai? Well, she is Mordecai's daughter!"

"Daughter? Impossible! he has never even mentioned that he had one!"

"It is the truth, all the same. She is his daughter, and there is a story attached which I will relate to you, as we finish our cigars. Nothing extraordinary, but still a story, and short.

"Five years ago," continued Villaret, "this woman was the most beautiful ornament of her father's shop, and clothed in that elegant Jewess-costume which displays so perfectly the curves of the body. Tall and slender as you see her to-day, and with long lashes shading her black eyes, she was as lovely as a houri escaped from a Mahommedan paradise. Whether she was adored among her kind and kindred I leave you to imagine. She was Sarah, Judith, Rachel, in one, and truly an object of worship to her father, who daily thanked his God for having blessed him with a child so beautiful.

"Well, Constantine, like all other garrison cities, is a sad place, as you know. One begins and ends, particularly when one is young, by finding nothing better to do than to drink absinthe morning and night. One wearies of this, it is true, and when one is ennuied one is not indifferent to pretty girls. The point of which is, that there was at this time in Constantine a young Chasseur d'Afrique, a certain lieutenant by the name of Gobin, a handsome Lyonnaise of twenty-five years, always spick and span in a new costume, and bored to death, so bored, indeed, that he had recourse to the singular distraction of visiting street after street, omitting none in the whole city of Constantine.

"This strolling naturally drew him at last to the Rue Troisième-Bataillon, where, for the first time, he saw Sarah—which, by the way, is really her name—nonchalantly seated beside her father, and amusing herself by counting the pearls in her collar. Under pretense of buying *babouches*, Gobin halted at the threshold; but it was neither the velvet nor leather ones covered with their strange ornamentations, nor the gold-embroidered ones of Turkey or Morocco which drew his gaze. No, his fascinated and ardent eyes contemplated, as in an ecstasy, this splendid beauty so suddenly revealed to him, and already the passion of love was dawning in his soul.

"Tranquilly the merchant showed his wares and continued to talk, though Gobin continued absorbed and silent; and tranquilly, also, the young girl, apparently indifferent to everything about her, applied herself to recommencing the counting of her pearls. For a moment she remained thus, then, tired perhaps of the lieutenant's persistency, she got up, and, with a glance of the eye nearly insolent in its challenge—clear, piercing, rapid—a glance which buried itself like two points of light in the answering gaze of the young man, she turned and passed from sight behind the inner door.

"'Well, monsieur,' demanded Mordecai, as Gobin remained absorbed, 'which do you prefer?'

"His voice recalled the lieutenant's thoughts; he moved brusquely.

"'Neither,' he responded, decidedly, 'I wish neither; but look you, Jew, tell me what you ask for your daughter?'

"'My daughter?' cried Mordecai, amazed; 'did I hear you aright—did you say *my daughter?*'

"'Yes, and tell me quickly your price for her—I wish her!'

"'Ah! I see, it is a jest, then, that you make with me, a good pleasantry; you Frenchmen who have wit to the ends of your nails with which to mock us poor people! Sell my daughter? You ask me that?'

"'And once for all, answer me!' cried Gobin; 'I feel and know that I love your daughter, and that to gain her I am capable of any sacrifice. Reflect well; I am rich, and you have two minutes in which to answer me!'

"'*Par Javeh!*' cried Mordecai, tearing his beard, 'I am only a poor Jew, but that which you have said, monsieur, it is *not* good. My daughter is not merchandise and I do not sell her!' and, as he spoke, heart-broken at the insult offered him, tears fell from his eyes and chased each other down his silk gaberdine. At the same time rage and shame, the horrible consciousness of knowing himself powerless to avenge the outrage, the fear of speaking too loud and drawing upon himself a cruel chastisement, gave to his face an expression so pitiable and pathetic that the hardest of us would have been moved to sorrow. Gobin, however, was pitiless.

"'If she is not for sale, then, give her to me!' he persisted.

"Without replying, the Jew bent his brow to the ground and continued to weep, motionless as the image of Desolation. Gobin became furious.

"'So be it!' he cried at last, 'since you will neither give her to me nor sell her to me, I tell you plainly that I will take her from you—beware!'

"And with a firm step and head erect, leaving in the middle of the street the father who still sobbed and sorrowed, he turned upon his heel and disappeared, his last words and menace remaining in Mordecai's heart like a poisoned arrow.

"What passed after this I know very imperfectly. The merchant closed his shop and for a while disappeared from Constantine with his entire family. When he returned again the lieutenant, in the sight and knowledge of all, was the lover and the protector of the beautiful Sarah."

"The rascal!" cried Feldmeyer, who was also listening to Villaret's story; "but how did he accomplish his purpose—how manage to carry her away?"

"You ask too much," said Villaret, laughing; "I know only that such was the case, and that it is always practicable when one has the good-will of the victim, as Gobin had Sarah's. If I remember rightly, he too was away for a week or two from Constantine, furnished with a special permission——"

"And then?"

"And then—nothing; the beautiful Sarah soon ran through his fortune, and Gobin demanded and obtained a change of garrison to Laghouat. Sarah departed for Algiers, where her beauty soon queened it over hearts and purses." And Villaret, finishing his story, left us and returned to duty, and we adjourned to a game of billiards.

A splendid woman, this Sarah, beautiful with that reposeful, almost solemn beauty which is the charm of sunset. Nothing classical about her, and nothing Greek, the special character of her marvelous face and form, if I may so express it, being a subtle voluptuousness which held you like a desire. Whether she wished it or not, she exercised upon all the mysterious power of the magicians of India, who seem to bend nature to their will and to play with the scattered forces of the universe.

One morning, as I was preparing to go on duty, there was a rap at my door, and a servant entered and handed me a satiny envelope, perfumed and coquettish as a pretty woman's thought. I have never been specially stupid, and in taking this paper in my fingers the idea of a possible *bonne fortune* glided into my mind. I broke the seal; it was a rendezvous for the evening, demanded in terms almost anxious, and signed "Sarah." The daughter of my friend, the Jew—the note was from her! I responded simply that I would be there. All day long the thought haunted me. What did she want with me, this marvelous Sarah? Certainly no lover's task, she was not the woman to throw herself at the head of any one, and I was neither rich, handsome, nor illustrious, only a poor captain who lived on his pay, and already at the turn of age. Indeed, my preoccupation was so great that I blundered in the exercises, I, the oldest captain of the regiment, till my comrades decided that the sun had turned my brain.

Neither was I more at ease when evening came, and I found myself in full uniform, with varnished boots and kepi in hand, entering such a boudoir as you have never seen. The light fell from a porcelain globe which gave to everything an opalescent tint, deepened the shadows, and softened the colors like a veiling mist, with here and there a reflection clear and brilliant from a gilded frame upon the wall. A thick Persian carpet covered the floor, heavy draperies the windows, and, as I entered this apartment, a woman—Sarah—came to meet me.

"I had need of your assistance," she said to me; "thanks for coming!" And then, sitting beside her, I listened, paying more attention to the music of her voice, sonorous as a golden bell, than to what she was saying, while she told me what Villaret had told me before. The deception she had practiced upon her father in concert with Gobin, the happiness of the first days, the disillusion, weariness, and the homesickness for her family which nothing had been able to cure. It was for this she had sent for me—me, her father's friend. She wished me to see him and bring about a reconciliation, for which her heart was sore.

Well, intoxicated with her beauty and those subtle odors which pervaded the boudoir, and reckless of the fate which befalls those who meddle in such affairs, I promised everything that she wished, demanding in return but a kiss upon her hand, my heart meanwhile beating "the charge" in my breast. And all night long I tossed in my bed, still under the sway of her strange fascination, the dominion of a fixed and obstinate idea which reduced me to the ridiculous state of a puppet in the hands of this singular woman. I was ashamed of my weakness, but, nevertheless, when morning came, like a soldier of his word, I started for the shop in the Troisième-Bataillon-d'Afrique.

The devil's own task it was to decide the father to see the daughter.

"No!" he cried; "no, I will see her no more, this Dehorah! The malediction of the Eternal weigh upon her head! May her beauty fade as the rose of August! May the earth open and engulf her as Coré, Dathan, and Ahiram! May my eyes close to the light of day if ever she comes before them! May my hand wither away if ever she touches it with her own!"

I would rather have managed a regiment of Bedouins! But I persisted, painting for him the despair of Sarah, the tears she had shed in my presence, and I found the way to eloquence, I, who had never been able to say two words without stammering. The mother was there, too, listening without a word, stony, and, at first, equally pitiless.

I was red as my kepi and sweating like a sponge with my exertions, when, at last, after talking together in long Hebrew phrases, I received the consent for the interview I had so ardently demanded. Too happy for the moment to notice anything, I remembered afterward, in recalling the scene, how strange had been the expression of both of them in giving their assent, something devilish, triumphant, but nothing paternal at the return of a repentant soul.

The interview was fixed for the same evening, at the fall of night. Sarah was to come alone, and they would then decide if she was to remain in the house. Ah, had I but known when I dispatched the missive to her announcing my success!

The day passed tranquilly as usual; several times I was on the point of returning to Sarah's house, but still had strength to refrain, and night had come and the hour for the interview struck before I yielded to the irresistible desire to know what was passing at the Jew's house—the desire of seeing for myself the reconciliation and the joy which I had brought about.

At the top of the Troisième-Bataillon I stopped a moment to regain my breath. Not a sound troubled the silence. A ray of moonlight fell in a straight white line upon the pavement, the shadows thickened about the corners of the angular roofs, and I, planted like a picket, listened with all my ears and heard but the pantings of my lungs, the precipitate throbs of my heart. A sudden thrill of uneasiness had seized upon me; there was so little of the air of festival at the return of a child about this closed dwelling! Not a murmur, not a light—nothing—gloomy as a funeral! I was cold to the bone; the silence and shadow weighed upon me; I was not actually alarmed, but decidedly uneasy.

Suddenly a cry came to me, stifled by the still walls, but which struck me like the blow of a hammer. My excited blood leaped and ebbed, and then my ear was glued to the lock of the door. The sounds, veiled by distance, were unmistakably voices whose tones I heard, but not the words. I still listened. If only I had guessed what passed beyond there, I should have cried out as now these voices cried out, the one with fury, the other cold and clear, the third supplicating, with accents of infinite tenderness, broken by tears and sorrowful as a sob itself! I held my breath in the effort to hear all, my soul and being concentrated in the struggle to learn or guess the drama enacting behind that closed door. A tragedy, perhaps—I was sure of it.

All at once it seemed to me I should go mad—*the voices had hushed*, and in their place came a sound like great steel scissors slipping and clipping ceaselessly, slowly, carefully, with firm, strong strokes, which stopped my heart-beats, with these sounds came now an echo as of strangled sighs and groans.

I heard them plainly; an inner door had doubtless opened, and, though still unable to comprehend the words—that dreadful Hebrew tongue!—I heard them distinctly; the growls and curses of the Jew, the orders of the wife in menace or emotion, and the supplicating tones—they were from that voice of gold to which I had listened in the drapery-hung boudoir! The marvelous voice which gradually quitted its tone of prayer to rise in protest a moment, and then—to come no more. She *was dead*, perhaps, and I—*tonnerre de Dieu!*—had allowed it to be done! I put my sabre to the lock, pressed it home, and entered like a cannon-ball.

Ah! what a spectacle! The old Jewess, erect and pale, with shut teeth and glaring eyes, in the centre of the room; Mordecai beside her, his lips still trembling with malediction, a red-hot iron in his hand, and Sarah upon her knees in front of them, with many and bleeding wounds upon her visage, her face seared with burns—her beauty lost forever!

The old hyenas! I fell upon them with the flat of my sabre; I saw and knew nothing in my fury and indignation, and undoubtedly would have killed one or both of them, when suddenly I was caught by the leg and stumbled and fell. I was the victim who had come to the assistance of her executioners!

"What are you here for?" she cried; "go, I say; go at once, immediately, and leave justice to be done!"

She had consented, then; the sufferings inflicted upon her by these monsters, the ravaging of her beauty, the loss of all that was her pride, was done for the sake of *justice*, and she meekly bowed to the barbarity of this man, the pitiless wickedness of this woman, the harder and the more cruel because they were her father and her mother! That which had passed, then, was not an assassination; it was a family judgment to which the culprit had acquiesced! The cries I had heard, and which had turned my head, were physical suffering—I will had nothing to do with them.

Horror and the actual sight of these atrocious excesses of parental power turned my brain. I regarded Sarah for a moment with the eyes of a madman—then I was out of the house and flying through the streets like a thief in the night!

After this—and fifteen days of fever on a hospital cot—I had had enough of Constantine; they sent me to France to convalescence, and in France I have since remained.—*Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Chalon by L. Waggener.*

OUR MINISTER TO ENGLAND.

"Cockaigne" on Robert Lincoln's Chances of Success.

The arrival of the new United States Minister, Mr. Robert incoln, is looked for with much interest, mixed with a considable amount of curiosity on the part of English people, and ith a considerable amount of fear and trembling hy Ameriins in England. What his political and diplomatic abilities ay be is quite a secondary consideration to the question as his social qualifications; the real fact of the matter being at an United States Minister to England, or indeed to any the great European powers, has little or nothing to do reiiring either political or diplomatic ability, whereas he is mpelled, whether fit or not, to take a certain recognized sition in society owning to the dignity of his post. During e period that he lives abroad on a fat salary, he must ocpy his time in some way. As there is nothing for him to , which is usually supposed to belong to the office of emssador, and was, no doubt, at one time deemed essential to e existence of the post, he must, as the English saying is, o in for" society. He must devote himself to something, d, as he has not to work, he naturally becomes, if he was t before, a mingler in society. Therefore, it is easy to see at a minister's qualifications as a "society man" are of the st, if not the only importance. Granting this to be the se, and it is difficult to imagine what can be said in denial, stands to reason that to go on selecting ministers on account their statesmanlike ability is a farce. Select them for what ey are wanted. In short, select "society men."

Who is appointed to the post of Minister to England is, to e majority of Americans, doubtless a question of no greater port than is usually attached to the bestowal, hy the Presint of the United States, of any office which confers a large lary upon the fortunate recipient. The posts of ministers to e different courts of Europe are among the most coveted ices which become the victors' spoils after a Presidential ction, and lie within the President's immediate gift. They ean big pay and nothing to do, and are eagerly sought for leading politicians of the winning side, to whom they are nerally given without regard to personal fitness, as a reward political services rendered to the party in general, and dur the campaign in particular. Of all these foreign missions, e one most desired is that of Minister to the Court of St. mes, as it is commonly called in America. These offices e looked upon—have grown to be looked upon, if they were er considered in a different light—as rewards, pure and nple, the bestowal of which necessitated no deeper thought an that called forth to determine which especial politician s most deserving of party gratitude for assisting the party o power, or for helping to keep it there. The influence a rtain man had in carrying a doubtful State or section for his rty outweighs every other consideration in the President's ind, or, if not actually in his, in the minds of his advisers, hich amounts to the same thing. The duties which devolve on foreign ministers are regarded as of a purely mechanical aracter, involving not only no actual labor, but requiring no evious knowledge whatsoever.

It is true that in the last two ministers which the United ates have sent to England—Mr. Lowell and Mr. Phelps—conditions which are usually supposed to control the selecn were seemingly not paramount. If they were, the choice each case turned out to be an extremely fortunate one. rtainly no two men have filled the office more acceptably English society, and to American society as it is constied in the American colony in London, and among Ameri annual visitors to England and occasional tourists. Dur this régime a higher opinion of American society has en established, not alone in London, but all over England erever polite and cultured society held its sway. Their ished manners, refined deportment, and thorough gentlenliness have stamped themselves on their acts, and have eived, with one accord, ready acknowledgment in the hest social life. They have been accepted hy the English stocracy as social equals. Of course, as representatives of reat nation they would be entitled to a certain amount of olic recognition, and he given the *entrée* at court. No tter what a United States Minister may he at home cially—and he he the lowest type of political hack, ward itician, or unscrupulous wire-puller—his letter of credence es him personal audience with the queen, and confers on him the privilege of unrestricted attendance at all state emonials, the right of private entry to drawing-rooms and ees, and the distinction of occupying a place within the lomatic circle. He also receives the honor of an invitation every court entertainment. These he gets merely in his olic capacity. So far as they are concerned, he is prened to be a gentleman. But, when it comes to his acceptce hy private society, it is another matter altogether. No sumptions will help him there. He must *be* a gentleman. he he not one, the fact that he is the American Minister l not aid him; or, if it should, he is merely tolerated out of pirit of hospitality to a stranger (whose position is known) l good-will to the country he represents. In these days, en such a vast throng of American ladies and gentlemen t England every year and take the prominent part they e lately done in the highest English society every London son, it passes heyond the point of desirability and hecomes ispensahle that they should not only meet their minister in society to which they have the *entrée*, but see him there, an uncouth clown, a *gauche* lout, or an untutored boor, an ect of ill-concealed pity, or undisguised ridicule and unconled laughter; hut a self-possessed, dignified gentleman, acuinted with the social usages which obtain in all civilized ntries, *au fait* of all those trifling amenities and *petits soins* ose ohservance puts every one at their ease.

To assert that every aspirant for the honor of United States nister to England is competent to take his place even only ditably in English society, would he to show that the per making the assertion knows nothing of either American litics or English society. I believe I am stating what is an acknowledged fact, when I say that the average American politician knows nothing, or next to nothing, for all practical purposes, of society in his own country. The average American politician is wont to sneer at society in America and to delight in promulgating the announcement on every possihle occasion that he is not a "society man." No doubt the statement is perfectly true. It is one of which no politician need have any reason to be ashamed. It in no way interferes with his political advancement. He can be just as good a president, governor, senator, congressman, mayor, alderman, common councilman, or justice of the peace, whether he be a society man or not; and in nine cases out of ten, stand a hetter chance of election at the hands of his constituents if he is not. In his political life he has no use for society, and, certainly, society has no use for him. All he needs to do is to know how to run his office for all it is worth, and an intimate acquaintance with the usages of society is valueless as a means to that end. Of course I know that there are many American politicians who are society men. They are, however, not the rule. The majority do not want to be in society and they do not need to be. In the estimation of the average American politician, a society man is a dude.

Now, for my own part, I rather like dudes. So far as my experience has gone, they are always well-dressed, neat, and clean. They look as though their clothes were made for them; their linen is spotless; their hair is comhed; their chins are shaven; their teeth brushed, and there is an atmosphere of soap and water about them which is not otherwise than agreeahle. Their manners are generally good, and they are not shy. What they say may not be so deep as an essay of John Stuart Mill, so brilliant as a speech of Rufus Choate, or so entertaining as a play of Shakespeare. But they are generally well up on all the current topics of the social life of the day, and are by no means dull companions. If given my choice, I would sooner make a journey of a week in the company of a dozen dudes than one politician; or of one dude than a dozen politicians. I speak of the dude, so-called, and use the word merely as one of designation, not as a term of derision.

But if for a politician in America who there holds public office it is not necessary or desirable that he be a society man, it would seem to be an indispensable qualification when he aspires to the position of Minister to England. I say this in the cause of the American ladies and gentlemen who visit England every year, as well as of those who have taken up their residence here permanently. They have some right to he considered. It is unfair to them to subject them to the humility and shame which a loud-mouthed, self-asserting, ill-mannered, hoorish minister would put them to every hour in the day. It can not make the least personal difference to Americans in America whether the American Minister makes a good appearance in English society or not. They see nothing of his *gaucherie*, and nothing of the quiet ridicule his uncouth behavior may elicit. Distance lends enchantment to the view, so far as they are concerned. In short, they are blissful in their ignorance, and because they are not humbled by the actual observance of some outré act or malapropos expression on the part of their minister in England, they imagine that he is everything which can be desired.

That Mr. Lowell and Mr. Phelps succeeded in satisfying not only their own countrymen, hut English society people as well, speaks volumes for their possession of all those graces which go to make up the society man in an eminent degree. Mr. Lincoln's reputation as a politician, embryo statesman, and "son of his father," is not merely local to the United States, nor does it signify much what that reputation is. Is he a society man? That is the great point. If there is any douht as to this, no wonder that his countrymen in England should he on the anxious seat until, not only his arrival, but after his appearance in society in England. He will have no rose-leaf bed to occupy, coming as he does after Lowell and Phelps, if he be not "a society man." COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, April 12, 1889.

A new sort of ram has appeared. It is a boat furnished in the forward part with a heavy cylinder like that of a steam-engine, ahout fifteen feet long, with a piston-rod twelve inches in diameter. This piston-rod, which will extend through the how of the boat, will be the ram. It will be driven by a force of steam equal to six hundred and fifty tons, sufficient to pierce the side of the heaviest iron-clad with one blow. It is, in fact, a steam torpedo-hoat.

In 1885, Mr. Hertz put his name down as a suhscriber for an etching of Munkacsy's "Christ on Calvary." It was not ready until 1888, and he refused payment on the ground that it had taken too long, and was sued. The experts called in the case testified that, considering the size and delicacy of the work, three years was not an excessive time for its production. Mr. Hertz had to pay.

The annual hrass-hand contest in the northern counties of England is ahout to begin. Hundreds of brass-bands will compete. The working-men of Yorkshire and Lancashire practice steadily during their leisure hours, and make immense efforts to win the prizes.

The Prince of Wales now practices upon the banjo or "California harp," as it is styled in his district, with great persistency, and the Czar is hard at work upon one of the lower wind instruments.

An electric fire-engine is a new invention. It can he started at full speed, is much lighter than the steam fire-engine, and possesses various other advantages.

A miniature type-writer, a "little bigger than a Bath bun," hut which can do its work, can he hought in London for ten shillings and sixpence.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Master Vivian Burnett's righteous indignation at being constantly dubhed "Little Lord Fauntleroy," has an illustrious parallel. Dr. John Carlyle got very tired of being known as "Carlyle's hrother," and on several occasions remarked, with pardonable asperity: "No, I'm not Carlyle's hrother; I am John Carlyle."

Tamherlik, the tenor, who died the other day, was once strolling through the market at Madrid, when he noticed a great lot of songhirds in cages. He drew a thousand-franc note from his pocket, handed it to the proprietor, and threw open all the cages, saying: "Go and be free, my brothers!" as the hirds flew away.

Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, and Senator Beck, of Kentucky, are not in love with each other. Hoar is crusty and Beck is prosy. Not long ago Beck was making a speech in the senate, and was rather more long-winded than usual. Somebody said to Hoar: "Beck is making an unusually long speech." "Yes," said Hoar, "that's his way of resting his hrain."

It is told of the present Czarewitch that one day, reading "The Lady of the Lake," he came to the line, "Long live the Commons' King, King James!" and exclaimed, with sparkling eyes: "Yes, the king of the common people! That is the only kind of a king that I would care to be." His father used to make such remarks, too, before he came to the throne, not since.

The man who has obtained the "fattest appointment of all" and who is liable to make a good deal more money than the President himself, if he is sharp, is Dennis T. Flynn, formerly of Buffalo, now of Kiowa, Kan. He has heen appointed to the postmastership of Guthrie, Oklahoma, and had the privilege of going into the Territory beforehand. This will enable him to take up a quarter-section close to the post-office, a position which will be immediately in demand for town-sites.

Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane's duty at the drawing-room is to pick up the trains, and it is very arduous work and admirably calculated to give the strongest man a fit of the lumhago. Sir Spencer, who has been in the public service for nearly forty-nine years, has become rather infirm and stoops fearfully, never having recovered from his desperate exertions during the jubilee; and, at the last drawing-room, it was only with great difficulty that he got through his task, which would surely be more appropriately confided to a stalwart footman or some other domestic rather than to an aged official, for whom such menial duties appear decidedly undignified.

Report has it that Baron Alphonse de Rothschild has lost about fifteen millions of dollars over the breakdown of the copper syndicate. He can view the loss with comparative equanimity, for he has managed considerably to increase the paltry fifty millions which he inherited from his father. Altogether, the Rothschilds are worth something over five hundred millions of dollars, and there is a family compact in existence by which they are bound to stand by one another. It is reported among those who should know that nothing but the strenuous exertion of the personal influence of Mr. Alfred de Rothschild prevented the English branch of the family-firm from following the lead of Baron Alphonse.

Twenty-eight years ago, when Charles Dickens was invited to stand for Finshury, he replied that "nothing would induce him to offer himself as a Parliamentary representative of that place, or of any other under the sun," adding, "I declare that, as to all matters on the face of this teeming earth, it appears to me that the House of Commons and Parliament altogether is become just the dreariest failure and nuisance that ever bothered this much-bothered world." A good many Englishmen of the present day are of the same opinion. Not so, however, the great novelist's youngest son, Mr. Edward Bulwer-Lytton Dickens, who, according to recent advices from New South Wales, is hy this time a member of Parliament at the antipodes.

When attending a mass at the Festung's Church in St. Petersburg, in honor of his murdered father, the Emperor Alexander, it is reported, was approached hy the priest, who held out the cross for him to kiss. Before allowing the emperor to kneel, however, to the surprise of all present, the priest began a speech recalling the significance of the day and the divine office of the Czar, closing with the assertion that the greatest enemies of the empire were Count Woronzoff-Dashkoff, an intimate friend of Alexander's, and Pobedonoszeff, Procurator of the Synod. The emperor said nothing at the time, and received the hlessing in silence. After the mass was ended, however, he ordered a physician to examine the priest, who was declared to be insane and placed in an asylum. His friends declare that he is the victim of a conspiracy.

Dr. von Lauer, ex-surgeon-general of the German Army, who died a few days ago, was one of the best-known characters of the German metropolis. Tall, slender, somewhat stooped, his breast covered with decorations, a face which was beardless and not unlike Moltke's in appearance, he was a familiar sight along the streets of the capital. He was a great favorite of old Emperor William, who appointed him years ago to be his court physician. In this capacity, he was obliged to visit the ruler twice each day and subject him to a rigid examination. These visits lasted usually several hours, for the monarch was especially fond of hearing his talented friend and adviser converse, and was loth to allow him to depart. The physician gained great control over his master in the course of time, and was, in fact, the only person whom he would obey. The emperor often spoke of his tyranny in a playful manner, but was ever grateful for his thoughtfulness and care. There is little doubt that the great age which the monarch attained was due in part to the strict rules of diet and exercise which Dr. von Lauer always enforced. The seventieth anniversary of his entrance into the service, a few months ago, was the occasion of a great demonstration in his honor, in which the grandson of the man whom he had served so faithfully was most conspicuous. He received the thanks of the young emperor, and was placed upon the retired list of the army.

A private letter from Vienna says: "The poor royal family! It is as if the lightning from heaven had fallen upon them. First, Rudolph's shameful death, with all the wretched sorrowfulness following upon that, and now the empress has gone out of her mind, and the emperor is so remorseful and despairing that he wants to abdicate and retire from the world. The empress has always been an unhappy woman. She was deeply in love with the emperor in the first years of their marriage, and they were ideally happy together, hut she never recovered from the hlow when she found that he had betrayed her, one of the most beautiful and hrilliant women in Europe, for the sake of a common courtesan. She made no protests against his behavior, she never complained to any one, and performed all her duties as a wife with absolute devotion, hut, all the same, they were as absolutely separated in spirit as if the public tribunals had declared them divorced. The dissipations of her son were also a cause of the greatest distress to her, and she recognized that the shamelessly dissolute behavior of the court at Vienna was due to the example set hy her husband and her son. She has suffered terribly these last few years from rheumatism, and has been obliged to give up the out-of-door life which formed her only solace. The emperor has been much with her since her affliction, and is stricken with shame to find, through the revelations she makes in the ravings of her mania, that throughout all these years of neglect and bad treatment she has retained for him a supreme and unalterable devotion. She is not violent, it is said, hut sits and weeps all day and talks incessantly, pouring out in words at last the grief and suffering of years. She reproaches herself for not having given the emperor more sons, and prays earnestly to die that he may be free to marry again some younger woman who can give him an heir to the throne. Despite the protestations of his attendant, the emperor sits with her by the hour, listening to this heart-breaking talk with the tears streaming down his cheeks, and realizing too late the real nature of this beautiful woman, whom he insulted and abandoned for women who are a shame to their sex. It is feared that the empress is endeavoring to starve herself to death. The only thing that she will eat is soup which she makes herself. When she went hunting or traveling she always carried with her a little casket which she called her 'bijou,' which contained a complete cooking apparatus, and with it she could prepare the strong broth of which she was so fond. This she always did with her own hands, making the soup in the silver saucepan over an alcohol-lamp with extracts of meat, wine, and condiments. This broth, which she prepares herself, is the only food they can induce her to take."

THE PICNIC-PARTY.

There were four members in the Picnic-Party—to be described as the gypsy fortune-teller describes coming destinies on the cards—a tall lady and a short lady, a fair gentleman and a dark gentleman. The ladies wore their old shoes, shade-hats, and subduing veils; the gentlemen carried, beside overcoats and wraps, one large bag, one small bag, discreetly hiding all suggestions of a picnic, and one small basket with a narrow roll of newspapers protruding from the end, and when the wind blew upon this newspaper it fluttered back and showed a green neck, a tinfoil top. The tall lady had brought this, and, in the innocence of her heart, expected the newspaper to veil with mystery and small type the tinfoil top.

The Picnic was vaguely bound for "The Summit." What it was the summit of, none of them knew, but they were animated by a desire to ascend, similar to that experienced by the young man in "Excelsior." When they alighted at the station, they found awaiting them a gray team, a carriage with a fringed top, and a youth, who showed flattering disappointment when they said they were bound for "The Summit," and not for Tamalpais. The youth was conducting a large party to Tamalpais—ladies, gentlemen, and children under umbrellas. They seemed to have conceived quite a passion for the Picnic-Party, for when the latter, at a branching of the ways, announced their intention of ascending to the summit, the youth and the Tamalpais-party demurred irritably, and, drawing up their horses, looked with moody discontent at the rebellious four.

"You might insist on their coming our way," said one of the gentlemen, staring gloomily forth from the shade of his umbrella.

"We're going to the summit—good-by," cried the Picnic-Party, with one voice, and, lashing up the gray horses, departed with a flourish in a swirl of dust.

It was a lovely day, soft, warm, and sunny, with little puffy clouds huddled along the horizon. There was no wind in that deep-cleft valley, and the landscape was wrapped in the singular stillness which is peculiar to California. As the road ascended, the valley gradually unfolded, each succeeding curve, bluer against the green slope in the foreground, wooded deep in dense trees to its summit. The dusty road was fringed with a scattered spray of wild flowers; there was madroño glittering in the underbrush with smooth, red limbs shining between the glinting of bright leaves; there was bracken, coarse, prodigal, and handsome, and bunches of mountain-fern, slowly unfurling from tight, furry, yellow curls. Down below, the brown creek sang over the shallows, or shone in still pools between rocks, with golden, thread-like ripples trembling over a pebbly bottom.

The Picnic-Party noted it all, leaning out over the wheels. There must be trout in that stream—those still, deep, dark pools under the shadow of overhanging boughs looked just the place for trout. Do you know how to cast a fly? Look, there's a hawk, perfectly motionless, hanging idle high in air, with his winged, gray shadow floating down the hill-side. One of the ladies, staring obliquely up at him, remarked pensively that he looked more like a turkey-buzzard. How like a beggar the spendthrift madroño seems with his gay, red coat hanging off him in rags—what is that pretty little blue tree sprinkled all through the woods? How light and feathery it is. It looks as if some one had touched the hill-side here and there with a powder-puff. Here is the place—through that break in the trees where you can see the stream—that Mr. T. last time saw the fish two feet long. All the Picnic-Party rise to their feet at this, scrutinize the spot, laugh, and pay a passing tribute to Mr. T.'s genius. He ought to write a novel—such a talent for fiction should not go to waste. This from the driver, who, "touching up his spirited steeds"—translated, lashing with the full force of his biceps his two lazy nags who have been absently browsing off poison-oak—the party takes again its upward way.

Up and up and up the road winds. They cross a bridge, and will be fined five dollars if they run—and as no one is in sight the valiant creatures tear across the bridge at full speed. They pass a man and a boy, fishing, with their horse tethered to a tree. The road grows narrower and winds upward like a corkscrew. There are little yellow violets growing out of the clayey banks, the smooth, light-green top of an adjacent hill—or mountain—is visible between the trunks of scattered redwoods—tall, straight, slender, with a wreath of furry green about their heads. The sun is mid-high—twelve o'clock—and aren't you simply dying of hunger?

By one o'clock the Picnic-Party have descended from the summit and found a lunch ground. They are all starving—could drink up Esel and eat a crocodile. Before they find a suitable lunching ground, they move the luggage many times, and the two ladies, in the most natural and easy way in the world, both fall into the stream. Only over their ankles, however, they remark consolingly, lifting a limp skirt, and wistfully regarding a pair of melancholy-looking soaked feet in aged low-shoes.

The picnic-ground is charming—a spread of close green grass, a bank of evergreens for background, an old, gray stump to lean against, and just below, the creek glancing in the sun, between the stems of budding alder, bursting out in light-green, creased young leaves. There is an old bridge close by, with the stream running dark in its shadow, and long-legged, light water-bugs skimming about on the water's bloomy surface, and, as it comes sparkling out again into the sun, it bursts up in elastic bubbles from a plunge over a stone, or winds in thin, white threads through a narrow passage. Treacherous and deceptive brook—it was from a too implicit trust in these very stones that the ladies fell in.

Coats and rugs are thrown on the grass and the Picnic-Party dispose themselves. All about is shade—shade broken by crumbs of sunlight, which dance on the spread white napkin for table-cloth, slide down the bottle's smooth green sides, play on the hair of the tall lady, who has taken off her hat and is about to take off the wettest of her shoes, and on the cheek of the short lady, whose eyes look out clear and bright from the shadow of her tilted hat. The short lady is busy. She takes off her gloves and breaks the long crusty loaves of French bread into fragments, tossing them on the table-cloth amid a heap of oranges, sandwiches, and a pot of jam. As for the gentlemen, the fair one opens a can of pâté, and the dark one—he looks like Henry Irving, by the way—has gone to the stream to get some water. He offers to carry it in the tall lady's shoe, which is mounted to a place of honor on a stump in the sun, and is gazed upon with wistful fondness by its owner.

It is dreamy, still, delightful, in that green and sheltered nook. The brook sings by about the roots of the alders, thick with water-cress, the sun sprinkles, with small, dancing lights, the rifled lunch on its white napkin, the ruby vintage of the Napa Valley in tilted glasses, the tinfoil scattered here and there, the knife across the open can of pâté, the skins of oranges, up-curled, thickly-white, and spongy, thrown about on the grass, the heel of the French loaf, and the bunch of yellow poppies thrust into a bottle's neck. The little lady has taken off her hat, and her head—the face with clear, pure tinting, the hair all rough, bright curls—is thrown out with the translucent vividness of a painted head against the background of overlapping evergreens. Her flower-trimmed hat lies beside her on the grass, and she holds out her glass for a last toast in a plump, white hand, marked with the seams of her gloves. The others lounge amid the fragments of the feast, elbows buried in the grass, or leaning against the huge stump, and discourse on the propriety of turning the fair gentleman into the hero of a novel, who would be a "railway man," with a large diamond ring and a blonde beard trimmed to a point.

It was a short time after that the party divided—two were left sitting on the grass under a parasol and two went on a voyage of discovery. They were immensely energetic. Twice they crossed the stream, swollen to a mountain river, and twice they fell in. They made stepping-stones over deep pools, and the stones, gifted with almost human malignity, invariably turned over and precipitated the daring explorers into six inches of cold water. They were solicitous over the chances of colds incurred, and gayly assured each other, as they crept along the bank under a fringe of alder boughs, which struck the leader smartly on the hat, that colds were unknown in either family for half-a-dozen generations back. They climbed along shingly ledges, under overhanging rocks, fringed with little drooping ferns; they sauntered up mossy, half-traceable roads, soft to the foot, green, still, shut in by sheltering trees. It was apparently as lonely as the Great Desert. For now the brook had changed from a shallow creek to a brawling mountain river, guarded by rounded bowlders, and mildly bellowing down deep clefts and through narrow, gnawed-out channels. The discoverers—creeping through an interwoven coppice, which showed a determination to tear off their hats, congratulated each other on being the Columbuses of such a lovely spot—broke out of the thicket with a polite "Did that bough hit you?"—and lo! an open, green clearing, a wall of crowding wooded hills, a rushing mountain river, and a tent!

It was very primitive—a sail-cloth hung over a pole, supported by two other poles, and open at both ends. A log and some redwood boughs filled up the back opening, a brick oven, with smoking embers, stood at the front. The lady, poking a little hole between the redwood boughs, peeped in. There lay the Solitary's blankets and his Cardigan jacket, his powder-horn hung from the tent pole, his saucepans and coffee-pot were thrown in a corner, and among his blankets, all the leaves bent over, lay a paper-novel, with an orange stripe across the cover. The gentleman was daring enough to creep round to the front and turn over the novel with his stick—"Middlemarch." It was quite romantic, they thought, as they loitered back toward the stream.

A few moments later—the lady standing on a point of rock, gazing down upon the gentleman, who was absorbed in the occupation of pursuing a water-snake with his cane—there was a trampling of feet in the underbrush, a tuft of alders on the water's edge was thrust aside, and the Solitary stood confessed, gun in hand. Mutual astonishment of all parties! A few moments of petrified staring, and the Solitary, with the agility of the youthful chamois, began to leap onward from rock to rock, a stalwart, picturesque figure, in corduroys and long boots, a gun in his hand, and a cartridge-belt about his waist. The gentleman in silence climbed the rock on which the lady was standing, and together they wended their way backward, passed the tent and the Solitary building a fire in his brick oven. It was then that the lady remarked, in a regretful undertone:

"If he was only ten years older how romantic it might have been. He can't be more than eighteen!"

And they retraced their way to the other half of the party, who were still sitting on the grass, and gossiping under the shade of a blue and a brown parasol.

Two hours later the Picnic-Party drew up at the station at San Rafael with that masterly flourish which distinguishes the driving of the dark gentleman who resembles Henry Irving.

April 23, 1889. Iris.

The famous English yacht *Sleuth-hound* is made responsible for a fearful amount of extravagance in the bankruptcy proceeding in the case of Lord Francis Cecil, son of the Marquis of Exeter. Lord Francis's wife brought him two hundred thousand pounds sterling, and his father allowed him an income of thirty thousand pounds, but it had all gone through entertaining on the *Sleuth-hound*, his only extravagance.

H. M. Flagler has paid Dr. Allen, of New York, eighty-five thousand dollars for two months' attendance upon his daughter, who died a few weeks ago. This is said to be the highest rate of compensation ever paid to a physician save one.

The Duchess of Cambridge used to pay Signora Tosti fifteen hundred dollars a year to entertain her with music an hour every day.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The South and Americanism.

Editors Argonaut: In an issue of your paper of January last, you had the courage to advocate the only possible method of solving the Southern race problem. You said: "If Colonel Oats, of Alabama, should happen to see this notice of his work, perhaps he will permit me to say there are many persons of the highest intelligence, the broadest humanity, and the purest patriotism who regard with favor his endeavor to correct the mistake of Northern loyalty by disfranchising the ignorant blacks of the South."

Permit me to suggest, Would it, or not, be altogether wise and patriotic for you to advance a step further, and use your great influence with the leaders of the American party to add such opinion to its platform of principles?

The race question is of first importance to the white people of the South. With them it is a life and death struggle "to correct the mistake of Northern loyalty" made by the adoption of the fifteenth amendment to the Federal Constitution. If your party is ever to obtain a foothold in the South, it must write in letters which will endure at the head of its platform that the ignorant black race in this country must be denied the franchise. It is too well understood to require discussion, that since the civil war, the great body of Southern men have adhered to the Democratic party from necessity rather than from choice. They saw the other party allied with the blacks, and for self-protection alone they have remained Democrats. Your new party should have the courage to make a plank in its platform, and maintain it for all time, similar to the following: "We favor an amendment to the Constitution of the United States as follows:

"Section 1. Aliens, and all persons who shall become naturalized citizens of the United States, after the adoption of this amendment, shall be denied the right to vote in the several States, Territories, and District of Columbia.

"Sec. 2. No persons, except white citizens of the United States, shall exercise the right to vote at any election in any State, Territory, or in the District of Columbia.

"Sec. 3. The Congress shall have the power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation."

With such principles, it can build fortresses in the stricken South and loyal North, stronger than Gibraltar, to resist foreign and domestic ignorance and barbarism. Upon such common ground, in fraternal brotherhood, Union and Confederate soldiers could always stand. The bloody chasm of the civil war would not be bridged, but obliterated. With such principles, the American party would expunge from the dictionary of politics the words "North" and "South," and would be a national party in its broadest sense. Such amendments to the constitution would give no offense to intelligent citizens of foreign birth who have the welfare of their adopted country at heart. The bigots, fanatics, demagogues, place-hunters, the ignorant and vicious, alone would oppose them.

Should the work of the American party be confined alone to the agitation of the foreign question it will make but slight impression in the Southern States. The evils of indiscriminate immigration and fraudulent naturalization are not felt in the South as in the more populous and overcrowded North. The irrepressible conflict between native intelligence and worth and foreign pauperism and crime has not yet begun in earnest south of the Ohio. The constant, unending struggle of the Southern white man to keep the upper hand in the government of those States, leaves him no spare time to march under the banners of a new party which does not embrace in its principles the doctrine that the white race shall alone rule in this country.

The American party should, therefore, broaden the foundation upon which it may build a great national party. It has announced as its first principle that the ignorant, pauper, and foreign-born immigrant should not be allowed to vote in this country. The logic of such position must force it to maintain that the ballot should be withheld from the equally ignorant black race in the South. Should the new party, not in its swaddling-clothes, build upon such high ground, it is safe to predict that in our own time it will control the government. Georgian.

A Word About Del Sarte.

Editors Argonaut: Mrs. Jenness Miller, the fair advocate of dress improvement (as she prefers to have her reform called), while presenting her very charming and artistic costumes—which allow full freedom of the muscles of the body—showed with ready grace and tact how necessary is a correct carriage of the person to give style and beauty to any dress. She certainly made her clothes obey every movement of her slender, finely-molded form. She said she had attained this grace of bearing not only by wearing the "Dress-Improvement," but by a course of "physical culture," and gave some hints as to the proper manner of walking, standing, and sitting. When a timid voice asked, "What system of physical culture do you commend," the fair, broad-minded Dress-Improver answered, with a dogmatic incisiveness, "*Anything except the Del Sarte.*" whereupon she was applauded by the uninitiated of the audience. Mrs. Miller, with characteristic feminine logic, commenced to quality her previous assertion by declaring that the philosophy of Del Sarte as taught by himself was above par, but it was "not a system to cultivate mannerisms," and "there were not twenty-five intelligent interpreters of the art in the United States," and that "the number of charlatans masquerading under the name of Del Sarte was enough to cause his ghost to rise in protest from the grave." She then adroitly turned the current of thought in favor of a system of physical culture taught by her sister, Miss Jenness, who, according to her loyal sister's mind, was the only exponent of any system of physical culture worth knowing, and it became signally apparent to the least prejudiced observer why the fair Dress-Improver had made the unqualified assertion against the Del Sarte system in the beginning, although her conscience constrained her to retract in the end. The exercises as given by Miss Jenness were very interesting, the fine movements of torso, hip, and waist, so warmly applauded by the audience, were truly and unmistakably Del Sartean, as were her poises; the movements of her hands were possibly Jenness. Miss Jenness advises what she would call an eclectic system of physical culture, which "would include the best in all systems"—and *Jenness discoveries*.

Very true it is that unskilled, inartistic interpreters of the Del Sarte system of physical culture have done much to bring it into disrepute. The "agonizing sinuosities" of affected girls, the theatrical mannerisms of some of its teachers, who attitudinize and pose in parlor, drawing-room, and street, may mislead many and give them a wrong conception of the true worth and beauty of this truly admirable system of physical culture. The finest exponent of the art on this coast is one of the most natural and unaffected of women. She was thoroughly trained in the New York School of Acting, and is neither theatrical nor full of mannerisms. Del Sarte, whose birthplace was France, discovered, after forty long years of study of all sorts and conditions of people, old and young, dead and alive, certain physical laws governing the movements of the body, which, if learned and obeyed, will give perfect control of the body, adding strength and expression to its movements, generating health, and giving grace and ease of bearing. He formulated a series of mechanical exercises, which subject the body to a freeing or flexing process. The flat chests are developed, the rounded backs straightened, the prominent abdomen subdued, the hips made flexible, which improves and adds grace to the walk; the waist muscles made elastic, which improves the posture in sitting. These are the practical benefits; artistic and dramatic capabilities of the art are beyond comparison, but the highest intelligence is required to interpret the Del Sarte laws aright. They completely free the body from all restrictions, and render it pliant to the master and controlling power of the mind. These mechanical exercises should correct mannerisms, hereditary and acquired, instead of cultivating them. Because the pianist is instructed to learn a certain number of exercises for the development and control of fingers, hand, forearm—holding these in such a manner as to gain firmness of touch and freedom of movement—does it necessarily result that the music is affected?

The Del Sarte system is, in brief, a perfect method of physical culture whereby muscular strength is cultivated and freedom and elasticity of action acquired, adding force and meaning to every movement of the body. Practically it is beneficial, as it promotes health, improves personal bearing, and teaches the proper control of the body. It gi

ra ease, and self-command, and "self-command is the main elegance." He ho is master of himself, is unconscious of himself.

I matically considered, the Del Sarte system gives "a solid founda- ior the art of expression." "Its methods are nature's methods sys- em zed for the purposes of art." All gesture to be natural must be ne scious, or seem so, and a body so trained as to move responsive o t intelligent direction of the mind has a freedom, grace, and beauty of expression which portrays the idea and feeling with an artistic and ra tic effect which is music, poetry, painting, and sculpture incarnate.

T those who would decry this art, let them first obey Goethe's prime le f criticism: "*Before passing judgment on a book, a work of art, a scme of doctrine, or a person, first give yourself up to a sympathetic ppreciation of them.*"

DOROTHY Q.

S. FRANCISCO, April 17, 1889.

"Has Buckley a Boss?"

E TORS ARGONAUT: The recent letter of Jeremiah Lynch, which how how completely Buckley is "boss" of San Francisco, requires hat he cause of this species of "bossism" should be dissected more horoughly. It is not true that Buckley is absolute "boss." There is a bow behind him which is his boss; a power which can dethrone him n ar our, and place another boss of the same kind on the throne he occupies. This power which is the reliance, the *sine qua non* of all political bosses, is the liquor saloon. It is this domination which has entrenched and maintains a boss in every city in the United States. The following abstract from an article in a recent issue of *Bonfort's Circular*, leading liquor organ of the country, substantially affirms this. The article after warning the liquor interest not to underrate the growing sentiment against the traffic, implores the liquor men to see the necessity of a policy of reform, in the following vigorous language:

We all familiar with society's complaints against the liquor traffic. We that there is good ground for many of these complaints. We deplore the it stand helpless and without a word of advice to those who would correct m. Herein lies our weakness. We are without a policy. We see young men of drunkards, but we offer no remedy. We see old men turn to common : we offer no remedy. We see the scum of society all flocking into the re- or business, but we offer no remedy. *We see these men gain control of ernments, but we offer no remedy.* We see the retail liquor business down to the level of the bawdy house, and little bells are operated in laces under liquor licenses, but we offer no remedy. The great mass of w-citizens are not opposed to the manufacture or sale of wine, beer, or but they are opposed to the abuses referred to above, and demand their n. They are right, and we should add our protests to theirs. We should aggressive reform policy that will attract them to our standard. We emand the passage of restrictive laws that will prevent any but reputable illing wines and spirits. Heaven knows we would like to see more good he retail business—men who would not sell spirits to drunkards; who ot conduct vile dens, and who would observe law. Our ideas coincide e of the conservative masses, but we are held back by a fear of conse- of a commercial character.

This the open *admission* of the saloon's ablest newspaper. Every n ho knows anything of politics, knows that every city has its and its Higgins. Each of these bosses maintains his position th same saloon power, which, in primaries, is absolute, and in elec- a firm balance of power. Almost every saloon-keeper is an gent in the primary contests; all cities are alike in this. New ad its Boss Tweed, and after him, Boss Kelly; Brooklyn, its cLaughlin; Jersey City, its Boss McLoughlin; Philadelphia, re, Boston, Cincinnati, Chicago, Cleveland, Buffalo, Rochester, and other cities are all similarly situated. This domination of on is the reason why men grow weary of any attempt at revolu- hich occasionally occur when the better element rises up in cities. forms are only spasmodic. New York overthrew Tweed, and, gle term under Havemeyer, the better element had a partial con- t the irresistible power of ten thousand saloons, able to muster usand reckless men at primaries, at once reëstablished bossism; klyn, the same agency returned the bosses to power after Seth ved as mayor; in Philadelphia, the same power brought back boss-rule after the attempted reform of 1882; in Chicago, two o, the people arose in their might, but now the saloon has re- he machine to power. The same operation has been experienced re. It is idle to expect any permanent reform in cities until this pting, despotic, boss-breeding power of the saloon is broken Before the war, it was said "Cotton is king." The election of New York, the boss enthroned over every city, proclaims that loon is king." The saloon is "boss" of all the bosses. Men, not want bossism and corruption, must fight saloon power. All re alike—the creation of the saloon. Bossism and the saloon monsters, veritable Siamese twins—you can not oppose one and e other. They must either both survive or perish together. life they are united, so in death they can not be divided."

SAN FRANCISCO, April 15, 1889. REFORM.

Is the "Argonaut" in Error?

DITORS ARGONAUT: In much that you have said concerning Amer- anis I heartily concur; with most that you have said concerning o men I entirely disagree. As I assisted in organizing the present er d Trades and many of its component unions, as I am an Amer- a believe that we must foster and not corrupt Democracy if we ould e true to our country's past and future, perhaps a word upon hat erican working-men may really do will be of interest.

b ve you called me once "a scowling Marat," or something of s , thus implying guillotines, reigns of terror, and other horrid gs The general drift of *Argonautic* comment certainly conveys the eon that all agitation of the "labor" question has tendencies to- d od, skeletons, and desiccated employers.

I sm nt that the *Argonaut* is entirely wrong in this view of the mat- e error is an error common to all people who have not mixed recent vith the working people in their organizations, and thus ascer- ed eir real thoughts. These thoughts are not of riot, anarchy, dis- r, isrule, but of the contrary things. The most influential leaders e Co ctivists, which is the exact opposite of "Anarchy." They are ut ists instead of revolutionists, and challenge argument and criti- r er than (anarchistic) policemen's clubs and Gatling guns. Is e ca : of the better-fed so poor a cause that they are afraid to debate w th e tatterdemalions?

o *you* like to abolish poverty? would *you* like to extirpate crime? o d *u* like to wipe out ignorance, misery, and vice?

e y that *it can be done.*

We p it as students of Huxley, of Darwin, of Spencer, of Mill, of mers , of Marx, of Thoreau, of Ruskin. Is the sole answer which e "l iny" classes can make to this an ignoring silence?

If y *would* like to do these things, which we say *can* be done, why t is to our words, answer and annihilate us if you can? If not, me h us hand in hand.

The ne is ripe at any moment for the evolution into the new order. s ri now, here in this city, for the first step; that step taken, all hers ll naturally follow.

Wat gas, bread, clothes, shelter, and education should be furnished *cost* all men, and all men should be guaranteed honest labor to do. San ancisco can have free public water-works (the first step) without costi her one single dollar in cash, one single cent in interest, one gle ne of taxation, or the printing of a solitary bond, if she so ills it.

The inciples of political economy, properly considered with ordinary mmo sense, will show the road, clear and open, to this result. For com hment, it needs but a simple modification of the gearing in the mecha m of exchange.

All t has to be done is that the city issue *scrip* in payment for abor i material, and thus build its works, bringing the waters of aboe m the snows to the sea. If you but make this scrip receivable or wa -rates, en route, and here, after completion of the aqueduct, ere i o worker and no manufacturer but would receive it as pay for abor or goods. It becomes by that deed *exchangeable* and *redeem- ble*, t ideal money of the thoughtful man, far superior to either silver or gold These are not fantasies, but the cold facts of science, impossi- le of utation.

Let s currency, when once redeemed by reception for water-rent, e can ed and destroyed, and within five years the works will have aid f hemselves, and water could then be furnished free to all. This xact ng has been done in the notable instances of the Guernsey Marke Place, the Greely (Colo.) Court House, etc. In Finlay, O., today, with fifteen thousand population, it costs nothing for gas for heating, lighting, or cooking. The city furnishes it *free*.

It is true this would knock out both "Spring Valley" and the "Natoma Company." But, ten years hence, both Mr. Howard and Colonel Wilsey would feel glad that they had been beaten when they looked around and, with a noble pride, beheld this city, the largest, the greatest, the most magnificent of the republic.

Mark and remember these words: Whatever city shall first adopt this method of dealing with monopolies, will grow in wealth and splendor with a speed and surety never known before, and this leaven thus set working, thus creating new environments and building up new men, will permeate the whole of the world, and give to us all, before this generation closes its eyes in death, the sweet beginning of the millenial age.

BURNETTE G. HASKELL.

APRIL 20, 1889.

VANITY FAIR.

The annual ball of the Hoffahig, in Vienna, deserves notice, because of the extraordinarily minute and severe rules which regulate admission to it. The dispenser of these invitations is the grand master of the imperial household, Prince Hohenlohe-Schillingfurst, but his discretion is strictly limited. Noblemen and noble women who can boast sixteen quarterings of nobility—which means eight pairs of ancestors noble in the male and female lines—may claim invitations as a matter of right, but if any one among a man's eight direct forefathers has married out of the aristocracy, his escutcheon is "barred," and even if his family boasted ever so many quarterings before the mésalliance, they do not count. Last year, a rule was made admitting the wives of cabinet ministers to the same privileges as ladies of the diplomatic body, whose genealogies are, of course, not inquired into; but this was considered a great innovation, and it was strictly provided that the ministers' wives should only have admission to the court-balls while their husbands were in office. This year, again, another innovation was made by the admission of Baron and Baroness Alfred de Rothschild to the ranks of Hoffahig. No person of the Jewish religion had ever before been admitted to the court-ball, and purists in the matter of heraldry shook their heads over this concession, wondering where "the line would be drawn" in the future. It is one of the peculiarities of the court-ball that a particular kind of soup is always served at supper. This soup is a consommé, or strong broth, served cold, and of which the stock has been boiled from fifteen different kinds of meat, fowl, and game. The recipe of this broth has been used in the imperial kitchen for more than three centuries.

"Do you know why Mary Anderson likes London so well?" a correspondent was asked by one of her intimate friends, and on confessing ignorance of the reason, this explanation ensued: "It is because she is taken into society there and welcomed as a part of society. She has never been received in the New York Four Hundred or even in the upper ten. She has, of course, some warm friends among them, but there has been no general recognition that she is anything but an actress, with all the odium which attaches to that calling through unworthy female members of the profession. She has never said so to me, but I have always had the impression that she has felt hurt that she is not better received in a social way in this country. In London, you know, she has been taken up in high grade society, is the guest of a baroness, and is the recipient of all sorts of delicate social attentions. With a woman of her impressionable temperament you can understand why she prefers London to New York on this account."

Here is a description of the tennis-dress prepared for a young woman who means to spend her summer at Newport. She wears with it a divided skirt, such as have become almost universal with all costumes worn out-of-doors when the wearer means to take much exercise. The dress is green—two-thirds of all the dresses are green this season—and this tennis-dress is green underneath as well as outside. There are a pair of green-silk stockings to begin with, embroidered with buttercups and finished off with a little pair of pig-skin shoes, such as every girl will wear during summer out-of-doors. After these are on the wearer will array herself in an undergarment of gray-green China silk, which looks like a petticoat, ruffled up to the waist, but which really consists of two petticoats, one for each limb and fastened to one belt, which gives her a freedom of movement she has never known before since she went out of short frocks. There is a little, low-necked silk bodice goes with the divided petticoat, and this is frilled with lace and drawn up with little narrow green ribbons about the white shoulders and arms. Experience has taught that there is no underwear in the world so good as silk for the woman who would indulge in any energetic exercise. It is cool, it is light, and if it should become moist from her being overheated it will not get cold and cling to her with resulting chills when she stops to rest. The tennis-dress proper is of gray-green serge, laid in a deep hem about the foot of the skirt and embroidered with a deep border of buttercups done in gold-colored floss. The skirt is gathered quite full and falls just the fragment of an inch below the ankles. The waist is a loose blouse of the Garibaldi shape, made of white serge, with a turn-over collar, under which is knotted a yellow-silk scarf the same color as the broad, soft sash knotted about the waist. The sleeves are loose and full, and are gathered into a deep green cuff which reaches nearly to the elbow. Over this blouse goes a little green serge jacket, whose edges are embroidered with buttercups, which is lined throughout with silk of the same shade and which has no sleeves. The hat is a sailor-shape of white straw, trimmed with green ribbons and a bunch of buttercups, and the blonde owner of this lovely dress tries it on once a week before her glass and sighs for the summer to be here.

When the Prince of Wales and his wife wish to go to the theatre, notice is given to the manager, who prepares his largest box, or knocks two boxes into one for the royal party, and sets aside another box for their suite. If the boxes have already been sold, the persons purchasing are informed that they are wanted for royalty, and are requested to call and get their money back. Half-a-dozen programmes are printed on colored satin, a lot of bouquets are purchased for the ladies, and an immense amount of scarlet cloth is used in decorating the house. The manager receives the party personally. The raising of the curtain is delayed until the royal party is seated and the orchestra plays "God Save the Queen." At intervals during the performance, refreshments are sent to the royal box. All this is at the expense of the management.

Of all the changes which have taken place in the hundred years of the life of the republic, one which is very marked is never spoken of—the revolution in the fashionable shape of women's shoulders. Look at Blythe's portrait of Mrs. John Adams, painted when she was twenty-two, the one with the triple string of pearls about the throat. The shoulders are curved downward in a full oval. Girls in her day were trained to let their arms hang pendent, to depress the shoulders, and to poise the head high up on a swan-like neck. Look at the painting of Lady Kitty Duer, the friend of Mrs. John Jay and one of the belles of the inauguration ball. The points of her shoulders drop downward until the line of the arms seems only a continuation of the line of neck and shoulders. Look at Mrs. John Jay herself, the wonderful American beauty, who looked so much like Marie Antoinette that the audience in a Paris theatre once rose to their feet to do her royal honor. She had sloping shoulders, and so had pretty Mrs. James Beekman, who served President Washington with lemonade, gathered in his presence from her own lemon-trees. Could you find a sloping shoulder to-day? Fashion no longer considers the long, drooping line elegant or beautiful, and fashion, within a comparatively recent period, has evolved, by accelerated development, the full, square, high shoulder, bigger framed, smacking of the gymnasium, which is the present ideal. Square shoulders are almost universal.

The finest lot of gems possessed by a Boston woman are the property of Mrs. Gordon Mackay, the wife of the inventor of a sewing-machine. Should she desire to appear with her dress adorned with all the contents of her jewel-case, she would probably stand up with not less than three hundred thousand dollars' worth of precious stones radiating the light in every direction from her. Next to Mrs. Mackay's collection comes a very beautiful one, which has been selected with great care, owned by Mrs. John L. Shepard. Its value is certainly not less than one hundred thousand dollars. A pair of handsome diamond necklaces, which are owned by Miss Shepard, being a gift from her parents, are worth ten thousand dollars. Mrs. John L. Gardner has seventy-five thousand dollars' worth of diamonds, rubies, and other precious stones. These are mainly set up in very fanciful and unique ways, and their fair wearer's taste in the selection of her articles of jewelry is often commended.

A new and most wonderful departure in the fashion of gloves has taken place of late. Worth, Félix, Elise, and several other autocrats of style pronounced, some months ago, in favor of green for spring. The green straw and felt first paved the way in this country, and were followed by the new green stuffs, silks, linens, and cottons, and finally the remarkable green glove has made its bow to the public. On Broadway, one shop-window has been ruthlessly swept of the tan, gray, and parti-colored handgear that once had place, and is filled with green undressed kids. Every variation on the popular shade is here reproduced, from dull Lincoln to pale silver and yellow-green, the tints seen on budding willows and oaks.

An American writing from Florence says: "Thursday night we went to the veglione, or masked ball, at the Municipal Theatre, and it was decidedly gay. Everybody was there, from royalty down, and having pretty lively times, secure from recognition in mask and domino. It is not every day one can lose one's personality, so when a golden opportunity like this presents itself one must be stupid indeed not to make the most of it. Pray do not fancy, for a moment, that the hall was not perfectly correct; it was, it was—there were yards upon yards of titles; is not that proof conclusive? The toilets were simply gorgeous—what difference does it make if some of them seemed designed to reveal, not conceal, 'the human form divine'? what signify the embraces which were not timed to music?—the couples surprised in interesting tête-à-tête on the stairs, or those who did not seek even that much seclusion, but took their kisses openly in the ball-room—mere nothings, airy trifles, my dear. I assure you this ball was considered quite the correct thing to go to, and everybody went, English and Americans included, and they did not go only to look on, either, much as they would have you think so. It really is funny to hear the two Misses B., who are invariably wall-flowers at ordinary parties where they do not wear masks, tell of the 'perfectly lovely times' they have at these balls, of which they do not miss a single one. I guess the poor things never had so much fun before in all their lives. You know wall-flowers are not even possibilities at these entertainments, for the simple reason that if the men do not invite the girls to dance, the girls ask them, or jig about merrily alone. There was one quadrille danced by a party dressed as clowns, who turned somersaults and danced altogether, quite as much on their heads as on their heels. We left soon after that, but I hear that the ball lasted till daylight, and they do say that Lord S. had his hat kicked off toward five o'clock in the morning. Really, you know, my curiosity is aroused to know what the masked balls which are not correct are like."

The British Consul at Havre says that the complaints of British shipmasters against the British tars are constant. He has heard captains say frequently: "Give me Norwegians, Swedes, or Germans, but no English sailors for me." They have their old-time ability as seamen, but are drunken and insubordinate.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward is alleged to be earnestly opposed to the political enfranchisement of women.

THE GHOST OF AN OLD SONG.

"Did you ever hear the ghost of an old song?"

"Well," I replied, "inasmuch as I have occasionally been haunted by some catchy refrain, I suppose I can answer, yes."

"You refer to a different thing altogether," said Mr. Credo; "you speak of that common experience in which some musical phrase lives in the memory and constantly forces itself to your lips. What I mean is the ghost of an old song, sung by the ghost of an old singer."

"Oh, nonsense," I exclaimed.

"No nonsense at all," said Credo, rather warmly; "I have of late been prosecuting certain spiritualistic studies to such an extent that I am enabled to call up whom or what I like; while I can assure you that my association with one or two shadows is quite intimate. Come up some night—when you are in a plastic mood—and observe for yourself."

"Are you serious?"

"Profoundly so. Come up on Wednesday evening, and we'll try if we can't find out what the 'music of the spheres' is like. What do you say?"

"I'll come."

"About eight, say."

"About eight."

* * * * * * *

There are but four persons present, Mr. and Mrs. Credo, their daughter, Miss Spirituelle Credo—a charming girl of about seventeen—and I, equally ready to be converted or amused. Those who have attended Mrs. Credo's enjoyable "At Homes" on Pacific Avenue, know that the drawing-room is double, with folding-doors between. The doors are now pushed back, and in their place are hung heavy maroon curtains, while about six feet further back is draped a second pair. In the space thus shut off, Miss Credo sits as the medium, her father bending over her with many mesmeric passes.

"Now, Mr. Didymus," says Mrs. Credo, "I need not assure you that there will be no trickery in whatever takes place here to-night. We do not set up a cabinet, because my husband has always held the idea of boxing up our spirit friends in peculiar repugnance and as savoring of humbug. We would indeed rather not have anything approaching a cabinet," she continues, "and these curtains are only hung up because of the difficulty we should otherwise have in distinguishing the spirit forms. The curtains make a background or setting, so to speak, for our shadowy visitors."

Here the nearest curtains are pushed back and Credo comes out, closing them carefully behind him. Then he turns down the gas to a faint glimmer—there is no light in the back room—and asks that no loud talking be indulged in.

"Not," says he, "that there is any necessity for absolute silence. The sole reason for throwing my daughter into a magnetic sleep is because under ordinary circumstances our friends in the spirit-land are great sticklers for etiquette and wait to be called for, before they visit us. It is only in such a semi-comatose state as that in which my daughter has been placed that the soul can temporarily absent itself and cross the confines of —— Hush!"

Slowly the curtains are parted, by whom or what it is impossible to say, and there can be seen the sleeping figure of Miss Spirituelle. Then, as we watch, a faint *frou-frou* is heard, and there, standing beside the unconscious girl, is the figure of one who is unmistakably not of this world. So soon as the appearance presents itself, the whole space between the two sets of curtains becomes softly illumined, and I can see, though somewhat startled, that the new-comer is a tall lady, on whose pale face are two or three black patches, and that the hair is worn very high and in a great number of whitened puffs. The neck and bosom are bare, but the arms are covered by long gloves which reach above the elbows. The dress is of some rich, figured material, looped up over a bright skirt in front, and flowing straight down from between the shoulders behind. The feet are rather indistinct, and seem at no time to touch the ground; but from an occasional glimpse, I see that they are shod with square-toed shoes, having high, red heels.

As soon as the figure finishes shivering, and has settled into something like consistency, Credo quietly asks, from where he sits:

"Who is this, my dear?"

"Mistress Tabitha Stork," answers the medium, in a low, yet distinct voice.

"When did she die?"

"In 1770."

"Where?"

"In Boston."

"How did our friend become an inhabitant of the spirit-land?"

"From tight-lacing and a cold caught in a sedan-chair," is the answer, at which the spirit smiles, compresses an infinitesimal waist with her hands, and snuffles audibly.

"What about the music?" I whisper.

"Ask our visitor if she will sing for us," says Credo, and in reply Mistress Tabitha, through Miss Spirituelle, says, in the first place she really has a "cruel cold," and next that there is no instrument to accompany her, "though, for the matter of that," adds she, "one could with ease be fetched."

As she speaks, a shadowy harpsichord resolves itself into form, and at it, after using a pocket-handkerchief until the end of her ghostly nose is quite red, Mistress Tabitha seats herself. She hesitates a moment, and then, with half-a-dozen simple notes of introduction, begins Ben Jonson's song, "Drink to me only with thine eyes."

It is true the harpsichord sounds thin and wiry, while the damps and rheums of over a century have somewhat affected the clearness of the singer's voice; still the listeners can but notice how simply beautiful is the tune. It is an example of pure melody, the notes following each other with the easy flow of a meadow stream. The accompaniment is guiltless of chromatic scales or crashes (indeed, the harpsichord could not stand these), yet with what delightful accord it and the voice go together—here strengthening a high note with unison, there filling out the harmony with a single chord; but at all times subservient to and accompanying the voice. The effect is rather hymn-like, but altogether touching. The second verse has gone on to where the music rises in harmony with the gentle passion of the words:

> "But thou thereon didst only breathe,
> And sendst it back to me,
> Since when it grows and smells, I swear,
> Not of itself, but thee."

When the ghost-laden air around the harpsichord is stirred, and a second shade is seen leaning over Mistress Tabitha's sloping shoulders. The singer is evidently excited, for her voice trembles and finally dies away entirely. The cause soon becomes clear, or, rather, becomes less clear in that it becomes more opaque. First is seen a comely head in a white bag-wig, next, a fine featured face clean-shorn, then two small bands half hidden in deep-lace ruffles, a long-skirted embroidered-coat, a deep-flapped vest, and then a shapely pair of legs in satin-breeches and silk-stockings.

Is that a stick he has under his arm? Or a sword? Ah, it is a sword, but we see, as he half turns round, that the blade is not under his arm as was at first thought, but through his body.

"Who is our new friend?" asks Credo.

At the question, the latest arrival from the spirit-land turns to the spectators, lays one of those fine hands just over the sword-hilt, smiles gravely, and bows so profoundly that the sword-point is seen sticking straight up into the air, quite sixteen inches above his back.

"Who is our friend?" asks Credo, again.

"Sir Richard Pentown," it seems.

"Of where?"

"England."

"Where and when did he die?"

"Boston Common, June, 1768."

"Indeed," I remark, growing interested; "had the sword which Sir Richard wears—that is, carries—anything to do with his death?"

The spirit of the deceased baronet works the sword in its hole like a ramrod, and answers, with a sweet smile:

"Everything."

"Ah, a duel?" suggests Credo. "May we ask the cause?"

Sir Richard evidently sighs very deeply, for the shadowy lace-cravat which hangs on his breast heaves and the sword-hilt wobbles perceptibly. Mistress Tabitha hides her face with one hand, and droops her head until her nose strikes a treble-key on the harpsichord with quite a bang. The pantomime is easily interpreted, and the living feel a leaning toward the couple of revived and, perhaps, still unhappy lovers. There is a moment's silence, broken only by the sobs or sniffs of Mistress Tabitha—it is rather difficult to distinguish which—and then Credo asks Sir Richard if he will favor the company with a song. Sir Richard has no objection, provided his fair companion will accompany him, the song chosen being "The Lass of Richmond Hill."

The poor spitted baronet might have had a fair voice while in the flesh, but the spirit is weak, and it sounds now very much like that of a mild and wheezy tenor singing through a keyhole. Of course, though, Sir Richard receives much applause for his style of rendition. At the conclusion of this song, the circle begs for a duet, and Mistress Tabitha—whose nose, what with one sort of blow and another, now shines luridly through the dull air—after making the proviso that this shall be the last, consents, and suggests that they try the duet from Handel's "Rinaldo." The two materialized spirits look unutterable things at each other for a second, and then begin. The duet is certainly the best part of the evening's entertainment, for the tune is sweetly harmonized, the singers evidently feel what they are singing, and the voices agree pleasantly. When the last notes died away, Sir Richard Pentown advances a step or two, his feet having all the uncertain movement of a marionette, takes out the sword, coughs behind a lace handkerchief, puts the sword back, and speaks as follows:

"I have to take it out," he says, simply, and touching the sword, "I have to take it out when I cough, as it otherwise rattles against my ribs and causes me a pang. My dear mundane friends, this is, I sincerely protest, one of the happiest moments of my li — of my present condition of existence. My voice, and that of my dear friend on my right — if she will grant me that privilege — are not exactly what they were, but you will, I am sure, extend your indulgence to any short-comings, for manifest reasons. While on the subject of singing, let me on behalf of a numerous constituency on the Other Side, enter a protest against those exceedingly dolorous compositions with which the members of the new faith so persistently invade our ears at their gatherings. Nothing can be more intensely disturbing to our etherealized organisms than listening to such fantastics as those relating to the disposition of 'John Brown's body,' the anticipations of that dubious period the 'Sweet By-and-Bye,' or the recollections of sundry excursions on the 'Suwanee River.' Not that these songs are in themselves of an unmusical nature, but the way in which they are sung moves us to a desperation of discontent. The howly howls we have to listen to sometimes are of a truth hideous, and do much toward making our earthward visits few and far between. Either let us have sweet music when we revisit you or suffer us to be the providers. Is it any wonder that we ring bells and smite tambourines as an audible satire on the style of thing with which you entertain us? And now, with these few remarks and thanks for your gentle attention, permit us to wish you good-night."

Here Sir Richard bows, turns, takes Mistress Tabitha gracefully by the hand and with her gradually floats upward, the last things visible being eight wavering legs—four belonging to the spirits and four to the harpsichord which even then accompanied them.

THOMAS J. VIVIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1889.

The sister of Lord Randolph Churchill is about to attempt a political salon for the benefit of her brother.

OLD FAVORITES.

Ipsissimus.

Thou priest that art behind the screen
  Of this confessional, give ear:
I need God's help, for I have seen
  What turns my vitals limp with fear.
O Christ, O Christ, I must have done
More mortal sin than any one
  Who says his prayers in Venice here!

And yet by stealth I only tried
  To kill my enemy, God knows:
And who on earth has e'er denied
  A man the right to kill his foes?
He won the race of the Gondoliers;
I hate him and the skin he wears—
  I hate him and the shade he throws.

I hate him through each day and hour;
  All ills that curse me seem his fault:
He makes my daily soup taste sour,
  He makes my daily bread taste salt;
And so I hung upon his track
At dusk to stab him in the back
  In some lone street or archway vault.

But, oh, give heed! As I was stealing
  Upon his heels, with knife grasped tight,
There crept across my soul a feeling
  That I myself was kept in sight;
Each time I turned, dodge as I would,
A masked and unknown watcher stood
  Who baffled all my plan that night.

What mask is this, I thought and thought,
  Who dogs me thus when least I care?
His figure is nor tall nor short,
  And yet has a familiar air.
But, oh, despite this watcher's eye,
I'll reach my man yet by-and-bye,
  And snuff his life out yet, elsewhere.

And though compelled to still defer,
  I schemed another project soon;
I armed my boat with a hidden spur
  To run him down in the lagoon.
At dusk I saw him row one day
Where lone and wide the waters lay,
  Reflecting scarce the dim white moon.

No boat, as far as sight could strain,
  Loomed on the solitary sea;
I saw my oar each minute gain
  Upon my death-doomed enemy,
When lo, a black-masked gondolier,
Silent and spectre-like, drew near,
  And stepped between my deed and me.

He seemed from out the flood to rise,
  And hovered near to mar my game;
I knew him and his cursed guise,
  His cursed mask: he was the same.
So, balked once more, enraged and cowed,
Back through the still lagoon I rowed
  In mingled wonder, wrath, and shame.

Oh, were I not to come and pray
  Thee for thy absolution here
In the confessional to-day,
  My very ribs would burst with fear.
Leave not, good Father, in the lurch
A faithful son of Mother Church,
  Whose faith is firm and soul sincere.

Behind St. Luke's, as dead men know,
  A pale apothecary dwells,
Who deals in death both quick and slow,
  And baleful philters, withering spells;
He sells alike to rich and poor,
Who know what knocks to give his door,
  The yellow dust that rings the knells.

Well, then, I went and knocked the knock
  With cautious hand, as I'd been taught;
The door revolved with silent lock,
  And I went in, suspecting naught.
But, oh, the self-same form stood masked
Behind the counter, and unasked
  In silence proffered what I sought.

My knees and hands like aspens shook:
  I spilt the powder on the ground;
I dared not turn, I dared not look;
  My palsied tongue would make no sound.
Then through the door I fled at last
With feet that seemed more slow than fast,
  And dared not even once look round.

And yet I am an honest man
  Who only sought to kill his foe:
Could I sit down to see each plan
  That I took up frustrated so,
When as each plan was marred and balked,
And in the sun my man still walked,
  I felt my hate still greater grow?

I thought, "At dusk with stealthy tread
  I'll seek his dwelling, and I'll creep
Upstairs and hide beneath his bed,
  And in the night I'll strike him deep."
And so I went; but at his door
The figure, masked just as before,
  Sat on the step as if asleep.

Bent, spite all fear, upon my task,
  I tried to pass: there was no space.
Then rage prevailed: I snatched the mask
  From off the baffling figure's face,
And, oh, unutterable dread!
The face was mine, mine white and dead,
  Stiff with some frightful death's grimace.

What sins are mine, O luckless wight,
  That doom should play me such a trick
And make me see a sudden sight
  That turns both soul and body sick?
Stretch out thy hands, thou priest unseen
That sittest there behind the screen,
  And give me absolution, quick!

O God, O God, his hands are dead!
  His hands are mine, O monstrous spell!
I feel them clammy on my head.
  Is he my own dead self as well?
Those hands are mine—their scars, their shape
O God, O God, there's no escape,
  And seeking Heaven, I fall on Hell!

—*Eugene Lee-Hamilton.*

Gabrielli Salvini, daughter of the illustrious tragedian, has distinguished herself as a clever amateur actress.

MEDIÆVAL COOK'S TOURISTS.

he Palmers of Yore were Merely Pleasure-Seeking Globe-Trotters.

A report was circulated some years ago that Mr. Cook had en consulted about the transport of a relieving expedition to hartoum (says the *English Illustrated Magazine*). The port was so worded as to convey the idea that Mr. Cook mself or one of his agents might be asked personally to con- ct the expedition up the Nile. And it would not be too uch to say that with this idea a broad grin passed over the nglish-speaking populations. It seemed as if the very top a climax of incongruity had been reached when the vener- le pomp and circumstance of war was thus associated with e modern spirit of smart commercial enterprise. The ap- arance on the scene of Cook's agency personally to conduct army, perhaps of Turkish soldiers, seemed to crown the surd mixture of the East and the West, the modern and the tique.

Now, the truth is, that any feeling of amusement, any sense incongruity, at the interventioo of the personal conductor in s case, really does great injustice to the historical dignity of institution. Most people imagine that personal conducting a branch of commercial enterprise peculiar to the nineteenth ntury. No such thing. There were personal conductors fore Mr. Cook. Personal conducting of tourists was a busi- ss before the Crusades. The Crusaders made the same use the personal conductor that the English were credited h having proposed to make of Mr. Cook's agents. This siness is in fact a revival and not an innovation. So far m being one of the latest developments of a commercial e, it flourished before and alongside of all the romance of dalism. It was the first line of business in which large tunes were made in the middle ages. It laid the foundation the commercial greatness of Venice and Pisa. It had a ge indirect share in helping forward the revival of letters. ere is, in fact, oo kind of business enterprise whicb has a re venerable history, or has done more, directly and indi- rtly, for the advancement of modero civilization.

The mediæval equivalent of the modern "tour" was the grimage. How exact the correspondence is would hardly believed, if it did not happen that there has been preserved ertain itinerary and hook of instructions for pilgrims, which ves the same purpose that our guide-books will serve to historian of the nioeteenth century. But for this valuable ument we migbt have remained in the helief that pilgrim- s were, in the main, devotional, penitential, and penal, in e of the sustained ridicule poured on them by Erasmus, casual disrespectful references in many other writers. It chiefly in the great transmarine pilgrimages that the en- rise of Mr. Cook was anticipated. There were, as every nol-hoy knows, two favorite pilgrimages from England r sea, one to the Holy Land, and the other to the shrine of James of Compostella, and the organization of these voy- s was a regular business. In both, the pilgrims were per- ally conducted, the name given to the persooal cooductor g *patronus*. This patronus owned or chartered a ship, visioned it, and conducted the pilgrims from the place of arkation and back at so much a head, feeding them by way, arranging for their safe conduct, leading them in a over the various shrines, and pointing out the various oh- jes of curiosity and devotion io their journey. It was a t extensive husiness. Every summer shiploads of pilgrims e conducted in this way from Venice to Jaffa, and from ous ports in the South of England, from Bristol, Plymouth, mouth, Lymington, Portsmouth, to Corunna. An En- h traveler in the fifteenth century couoted eighty such ves- e lying at once in the harbor of Corunna, thirty-two of them E lish.

his will give some idea of tbe numbers whicb cbose this of seeing tbe world. Englishmen were as mucb a nation avelers in tbe fifteenth century as tbey are in the nine- th. But one may be accused of irreverence for seeking to tify the mediæval pilgrim with the modern tourist, and told h the ooe traveled in discomfort for his soul's health, whereas other travels at his ease for idle diversion. If aoy one be- e s that all the old pilgrims, or the bulk of them, were ani- d by motives of superstition or piety, that they braved erils of strange couotries, and voluntarily endured hard- ; in a spirit very different from that of the modern "Cook- st a glance at the document already referred to is sufficient ggest that tbis may after all be an illusion.

xtoo, the printer, as Mr. Blades points out, was a practi- nan of business, who set himself to supply tbe market books for whicb there was a demand, while other early ers ruined themselves by printing luxurious editions of ics which lay in their warehouses unsold. He issued a of "Informacion for Pylgrymes unto the Holy Loode," e issed Horæ, Psalters, and popular compendiums of lity, history, geograpby, and romance. Tbe greater part guide-book for pilgrims was takeo from the itinerary of am Wey, an original fellow of Eton, who had twice at r an advanced age made the pilgrimage to Jerusalem. modern matter-of-fact style of the guide-book, which is as s possible to books issued for a similar purpose in our bridges over the gulf whicb lies in most imaginatioos be- tbe romantic pilgrim and the highly unromantic nine- century tourist. A few extracts will show this. But eir quaint old English, and the difference of the circum- es, they might be taken from a modern Murray or Bae- .

nice was the favorite port for Jerusalem pilgrims io the th century, and the guide-book first directs them how to ere from England. There were two routes, the French nd the Dutch way, and the itineraries of botb are given. nstructions to the pilgrim become more minute wben he es Venice. He is advised to take a place in a galley if n afford it, and is informed that the regular fare to Venice affa and back, everything included, is fifty ducats—"for in a good honest place, and to bave your ease in the , and to be cherished." But if you cao not afford to go in a galley, you may he very fairly accommodated in a ship or a carrick for thirty ducats.

Pilgrims were often, like most modern tourists, indifferent sailors, and the earliest naval hallad in our language is a humorous description of the sufferings of these land-luhbers between England and Spain.

> "This meanëwhile the pilgrims lie,
> And have their howlis fast them hy,
> And cry after hot malvoisie
> Them help for to restore."

The patron, of course, had to be kept strictly to his bargain—

> "Also when ye shall make your covenant, take good hede that the patron he hounde unto you alle before the Duke of Venyse in a M. dukates to kepe all manere convenantes wyth you."

Knavish or churlish patrons were sometimes guilty of worse tricks than overcrowding their ships, and waiting too long at havens hy the way on the chance of picking up more passengers. The chaplain of Sir Richard Guylforde, in his account of a journey to the Holy Land, records how on the way hack the patron took advantage of a favorahle wind and set sail when some of the pilgrims were on shore, with his permission, at Corfu. Fortunately the wind changed and hlew so contrary that the ship had to put hack, to the great joy of the chaplain's friends.

The elaborate provisions which the pilgrim was advised to make for his own comfort by the way over and above the patron's stipulated provender, give the last shock to the common fancy that the pilgrims made it a point of duty to covet hardships, eating sparingly of the coarsest food, drinking nothing hut water, traveling in rags, and, perbaps, with peas in their shoes:

> "Also ye must ordeyne for yourself and your felowe, yf ye have any, three harelles eche of a quart, whiche quart holdyth X galons. Two of thyse harels sholde serve for wyne and the thyrde for water."

The pilgrim was to have a chest made as broad as the harrels were long, that the barrels might be put into it. Bread, cheese, spices, etc., were to he stored in the same convenient chest.

> "Also I counsell you to have wyth you out of Venyse, Confections, Comfortatives, Grene-gynger, Almondes, Ryce, Fygges, Reysons, grete and smalle, whyche shall doo you grete ease hy the waye. And pepyr, Saffron, Cloves, and Maces, a fewe as ye thynke nede. And loaf sugar also.
>
> "Also take wyth you a lytyll caudron, a fryenge panne, Dysshes, platers, sawcers of tree, cuppes of glass, a grater for brede, and such necessaryes.
>
> "Also hyre you a cage for half-a-dozen of hens or chekyns to have wyth you in the shyppe or galley.
>
> "Also ye shall hye you a hed hesyde Seynt Markys chirche in Venyse, where ye shall have a fether hed, a matrasse, a pylowe, two payre shetes, and a quylte, and ye shall pay but three dukates."

At Jaffa, where mules and asses were provided for the jourooy inland to Jerusalem, the pilgrim was advised to get sharply to land and make cboice of his mule or ass, "for you will pay as much for the worst as for the best." Not much of the spirit of devout self-sacrifice in this.

There is something of the same incongruity in the following scraps of "informacion":

> "Also when ye ryde to the ryver Jordane, take hrede, wyne, water, hard eggs, and cheese for two days, for there is none to sell.
>
> "And yf ye goo uppe to the place where our lorde Jhesu Chryste fasted 40 days, it is passingly hote and ryght hye. And when ye come downe agayne, for ony thynge drynke no water, but rest you a lytell. And thenne ete brede and drynke clene wyne wythout water, for water after that grete hete gendreth a flyxe or a feuour or hoth that many one have dyed thereof."

Caxton's "informacion" is severely practical and scrupulously minute. He gives a complete list of the *Tributa* or fees that had to he paid in the Holy Land. A good many people bad to be feed by the way. The patron had to bargain with the Mamelukes for the safe conduct of his party from Jaffa to Jerusalem. He received a ducat a head from tbe pilgrims, and tben made bis bargain for them in gross. Fourteen days in the Holy Land was tbe time stipulated for in tbe covenant with the patron; it was calculated that all the most important holy places could be "done" io tbat time, allowiog four days for the journey from Jaffa to Jerusalem and back. "Ten days at Jerusalem" would have been the modern advertisement. The Gray Friars of Mount Sion took the pilgrims in band when they reached Jerusalem, sbowed them in parties over the sacred spots, and ministered to their creature comforts, bringing them wine twice a day and carpets to lie on. For these services tbe pilgrims "reconipeosed tbe sayd freres at theyr deuocyon and power." But for several of the holy places there were fixed charges for entrance and passage. You had to pay for admission to the boly sepulchre, for ascending Mount Olivet, at Bethlehem, at tbe passage of the Jordan. All these charges are carefully set down in the Guide, and also tbe spiritual advantages to be gained by the visit to eacb place of pilgrimage. There was a regular scale graduated accordiog to the sanctity of the spot. "To every pylgryme at tbe firste fote that be setteth on londe there is graunted plenary remyssion *de pena et a culpa*." And there were several of the most sacred places where this clean remission was specially repeated. But at many of the smaller shrines besides there were special pardons and indulgences of a less sweeping kind.

Of the thousands wbo thronged every summer from all parts of Christendom to tbe Holy Land, how maoy were devoutly minded? How many were in the least more reverential in spirit than tbe average follower of Mr. Cook's ageots? When we read Caxton's plain directions how to travel in comfort, we begin to see why the Wife of Bath, wbo, besides doing several of the lesser tours, had been three times at Jerusalem, longed to go on pilgrimages, and why the Knight de la Tour Laodry warned bis daugbters against them.

Besides the delight of seeing tbe wonders of strange countries, the pilgrim enjoyed several useful temporal advantages. If he was a priest, he drew bis stipend all the time he was away, unless bis absence exceeded three years. If he was a layman, be was exempted from all taxes and other public burdens. Once tbe cross was sewed upon his shoulder and he had received the blessing of the church on his pious intention, oo debtor could be sued in any of the courts, because he was under the protectioo of St. Peter and the Pope. Hence fraudulent bankrupts were often found in the merry companies which sailed from Venice to the Holy Land.

All along the route at the various churches and monasteries where they halted, there were many curious relics to excite the wonder and devotion of the travelers. Torkyngton and Guylforde's chaplain describes some of these wonders in identical language, prohahly repeating the stereotyped words of the cicerone. Thus at Lyons "ther ys a Cuppe of an Emerawde stone, wherof ower Savyor Crist drank at hys Mawndy." At Padua, among other relics, is "the Tong of Seynt Antony yett ffayer and ffressh, with which tong he convertyd myche peple to the ffeythe of Crist." At Padua, also in a Franciscan abbey, "we see the ffynger of Seynt Luke that he wrote the holy gospell wt."

Many such surprises heguiled the length of the journey. Travelers had their fill of wonders in those days. Mr. Cook's young men must envy the opportunities of the middle ages; their means of keeping up the interest of the personally conducted are so much less piquant. But there was a limit to the credulity of the mediæval pilgrim. Sir Richard Torkyngton drew the line at the miracle of St. Nicholas of Cartha. "We passed hy the Ile of Seynt Nicholas of Cartha," he records, "wher as he tooles made of Iron that nevr lose their edge hy myracle of Seynt Nicholas." And he adds: "As they sey; I saw it nott."

The famous city of Venice was the most interesting place on the route. All travelers were loud in praise of the sumptuous public huildings, the rich religious houses, the innumerahle precious relics, "the wondre and straunge ordynance, both for see and lande, with all manner Artyllary and Ingynes that may be deuysyd." They timed themselves so as to he in Venice at some of the great puhlic ceremonials. Wey, in his secood journey, arranged to he there at the celebration of the Vigil and Feast of St. Mark toward the end of April. Guylforde's party spent several weeks at Venice, and saw the Espousal of the Adriatic on Ascension Day, and the Procession of Corpus Christi. The pageants, the chaplain writes, "exceeded all other that ever I sawe so moche that I can oot wryte it."

Among the pilgrims were often men of considerahle consequence. The mixture of ranks in Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrimage, under the persoual conduct of mine host of the Tabard, was probahly still more marked in the great oversea pilgrimage. Sir Richard Guylforde, Knight of the Garter, and his companioo, the prior of the wealthy house of Guishorough, carried their wax tapers in the procession at Venice and hooked their herths io the galley for Jaffa along with all and sundry. In the incidents of the journey, however, rank and mooey told at least as much as they would in modern days. While the company with which Guylforde went was at Jerusalem, a certain nobleman of Milan, Sir Christopher Pallavicino, arrived there when they had nearly completed their ten days of sight-seeing, and the pilgrims, heing "entreated in good and fair manner," consented to wait for him till he had "done his pilgrimage there and visited the holy places." This Sir Christopher, being a man of wealth, was not tied to the regular route, like the poorer pilgrims. He had come witb the same company from Venice as far as Rhodes, hut had there left them and taken ship to Alexandria, purposing to travel to Jerusalem from Egypt overland. But he had changed his mind and rejoined the company, and, with the cooseot of them all, he prevailed upon the patron for a consideration to postpone their return from Jerusalem for a week. Afterward, on the way back, being dissatisfied with the patron, hecause the galley was undermanned and consequently unahle to cope with the storms which overtook them, Sir Christopher and others of "the hest passengers" left at Corfu and went into another galley. But the poorer pilgrims had no choice but to stick to their galley, althougb there did want "many maryners and galyottes of tbe nombre that oughte to be in the sayde galye, thoroghe couetousnes and wretchedness of the patron of tbe same."

Pilgrimaging was touring and sight-seeing at great advantages, but it was not without its inconveniences. There were more wonders to be seen and heard of between Venice and Jerusalem than the tourist would now encounter in a voyage round the world. The palmer—as tbe Jerusalem pilgrim was technically called—had more things of strange interest to communicate to bis friends and neighbors than the modern globe-trotter. But to balance these advantages, the perils and the discomforts of the way were decidedly greater, even if the pilgrim were armed with Caxtoo's "Informacion." The climate of the Levant was very trying to Englishmen, and many succumbed to it. It was not without reason that Wey warned travelers against any indiscretion of diet or exertion which might bring on the "flyxe." Sir Richard Guylforde and John Whitby, the Prior of Guishorough, died in the course of their first week at Jerusalem. Torkyngton records several deaths in his galley on tbe homeward voyage—Robert Crosse, of London, and Sir Thomas Toppe, a priest of the West Country, besides "many moe whos soules God assoyle."

About a month was tbe ordinary length of tbe voyage from Jaffa to Venice. But Guylforde's chaplain was nineteen weeks and a day on his bomeward passage. And Richard de Torkyngton was still more uofortunate. He was seven months altogether on the passage, and often in great peril and trihulation.

But in spite of such occasional mishaps, the stream of pilgrims from England continued to flow till her connection with the Roman Catholic Church and all its works and ways was severed. But for the Reformation, the business of personal conducting might have suffered oo breach of historical continuity.

The British naval programme for the future is colossal. In addition to the tbirty-eight war-ships of one kind or another now in coostruction, seventy more are to be laid down at a cost of twenty-two million pounds sterling, making five huodred and ooe war-ships by 1894.

A new process of hardening plaster of Paris has been discovered whereby it can be adapted to the constructioo of flooring in place of wood.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gosstp.

Tennyson is recovering. He is stronger than he bas been for a long time and is gaining flesb rapidly.

As evidence of the wide interest whicb has been taken during the past year in the contents of the *Forum*, is cited the fact that in that period more than three thousand editorial articles suggested by them were printed in American and English papers.

Mark Twain is preparing to publisb a new book. The title, "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur," indicates sometbing of the quaint and fantastic fun it contains. Extracts from one of the early cbapters appeared in the *Argonaut* some two years ago.

A collection of stories by Louise Chandler Moulton will be published in Boston this season under the title "Miss Eyre from Boston and Other Stories." It will be a companion volume to Mrs. Moulton's "Ourselves and Our Neighbors," whicb was published a year ago.

Scribner's Magazine in the June number will begin a series of popular articles on the Practical Application of Electricity. Among the subjects of the articles will be the Application of Electricity to Modern Telegraphy, to Lightning, to the Household, to the Human Body, to Warfare on Land and Sea, and to Large Industries.

W. J. Linton's new volume, "Poems and Translations," will be issued in this country by Scribner & Welford. Only seven bundred and eighty copies of it have been printed. Nearly all the poems in the author's two privately-printed volumes will be included. A portrait of the author is promised. The book is dedicated to William Bell Scott, "my friend for nearly fifty years."

A curious experiment in literature, says the London *Athenæum*, will appear in a few days. This is a collection of letters purporting to be written in reply to Prosper Mérimée's well-known "Lettres à une Inconnue." Whether the "unpublished letters" will throw much light upon the identity of this mysterious correspondent, our readers must judge for themselves. Tbe title of the book is "An Author's Love."

John Ericsson desired that if any biography of him was undertaken it should be intrusted to his friend, Colonel William C. Church, editor of the *Army and Naval Journal*, and tbe executors of the estate accordingly have turned over to Colonel Church all the papers which could be useful in sucb a work. While it is true that Captain Ericsson destroyed his diary, all bis documents since 1860, private letters, and other papers have provided abundant material. Colonel Churcb will contribute papers embodying much of this material to tbe fall numbers of *Scribner's Magazine*. They will afterward be expanded into an adequate biography.

An old scrap-book containing a number of drawings made by Thackeray has lately been found in London. Perhaps the most interesting sketch is one of a very prim and somewhat tbin damsel with a fan, under which Thackeray bas written, "Mlle. Melanie v. Spiegel, dame d'honneur to the Princess William of Prussia," one of his early loves, and drawn, we may assume, after his passion had fled. It is interesting to speculate as to whether this young lady was immortalized under the name of Dorothea or of Ottilia. The latter, probably, as the description whicb best suits the drawing is this: "Ottilia was pale and delicate. She wore her glistening black hair in bands, and dressed in vapory white muslin." Ottilia's surname was, it will be remembered, Schlippenscblopp, and the engagement was broken off because she ate seventeen bad oysters. There are also some pages of punning drawings, the best being a lecturer with a skeleton, from whicb he is demonstrating, entitled "De mortuis nil nisi bonum," and an unfortunate man suffering the punishment of tbe bastinado, called "Bamboozling." Finally, there is a comical sketch of a prisoner loaded witb chains watching a butterfly on the window of his cell, beneatb wbicb is written, "I'd be a butterfly."

The higb price of copper bas brougbt to ligbt many queer utensils, which have lain in the junk-shops and store-rooms for years only to be chucked into the melting-pot when the Frencb syndicate had made it worth while to hunt them out. Lately the brass manufacturers and others, who use large quantities of the metal, have depended quite as mucb upon sucb supplies of scrap and junk-copper as upon the brigbt new ingots of commerce. In a load, which arrived recently at Ansonia, were many bundreds of large, heavy copper plates, quite old, but beautifully engraved, whose literary and historic value was lost upon the workmen through whose hands they passed. They were the original plates from which Audubon's book on the "Birds of America" were printed, a work of which only a limited number was published and which sold for one thousand dollars a volume. The original drawings and many of the engravings were made by the great naturalist himself, who likewise colored the prints when they were struck off. Only one or two of these plates, wbich had been bougbt at the ruling rate for old copper, were saved from the melting-pot. The proprietor of the works where they were melted down heard of the desecration wben it was too late to save them, but in time to secure two which were yet untouched. He was building a new house at the time, and had the plates polished and inserted as panels in a special mantel-piece, whicb he bad built in the library.

Thackeray's faculty for allusive nomenclature apneared early, but not in its best or most matured condition. It is at first a little rudimentary—Yellowplush for a footman, Deuceace for a gambler, Roundhand for an accountant, though amusing enough are not exactly masterpieces, and are quite of the old school. But their great autbor developed them, even as he developed the other ancient and somewhat infantine trick of misspelling, into something truly sublime. You may find examples in all stages throughout his works, in the most unexpected places as well as in the most expected, and sometimes arranged with a symmetrical and systematic whimsicality which is to be found nowhere else. Like certain great artists in other arts, he makes his names in sets—beautiful names which lesser men would fondly preserve and repeat throughout a whole book, while this prodigal throws off a whole series of them for a mere parenthesis. Such is "Lady Crackenbury, Mrs. Chippenham, and Mme. de la Cruchecassée, the French secretary's wife," where Mrs. Chippenham, thrown in with careless ease between the others, is what an enthusiastic Frenchman of 1830 would have called pyramidal. Who but Thackeray would have taken the trouble or spared the genius to make Thistlewood the family name of the bouse of Bareacres, or have flung away the Count von Springbeck-Hohenlaufen on a single mention, or have not grudged to drop from the current pen "M. de Truffigny (of the Perigord family)?" Portansherry is not difficult, and is probably a reminiscence of Portanferry. But how noble, how plausible, is the house of "Tilerand Feltham, Hatters and Army Accoutrement Makers!" Nor to some tastes, at any rate, are those instances the least pleasing, where the author seems to indulge in pure burlesque without any hidden meaning, as in the assembly which was attended by "tbe Duchess Dowager of Stilton, Duc de la Gruyère, Marchioness of Cheshire, Marchese Alesandro Strachino, Comte de Brie, Baron Schapzuger, Chevalier Tosti," etc. And Mrs. Winkworth? And "Mrs. Hardyman, who had had out her thirteen sisters, daughters of a country curate, the Rev. Felix Rabbits, and married eleven of them, seven bigb up in the service?" And "Baron Pitchley and Grillsby?" The fancy never degenerating into antic or mannerism grew on the author as be lived, and the last paper but one wbicb he ever wrote, the last wbich he ever finisbed, bas that ingenious list of tbe Pall Mall Clubs wbicb ends with the Ultratorium.

New Publications.

"Alan Thorne," by Martba Livingston Moody, is another of the religious novels. The author has put in so mucb religion, indeed, to counteract the free-thougbt tendencies of "Robert Elsmere" and its cogeners, that she bas swamped the buman interest. Published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.25.

"Isma; or, Sunshine and Shadow," by M. Ozella Shields; "Ivan, the Serf," by Sylvanus Cobb, Jr.; and "That Dutchman," by Julian Ralph, the *Sun's* German barber, have been published by J. S. Ogilvie, New York; for sale by the booksellers.

"Judas Iscariot: An Old Type in a New Form," autbor unknown, is another scurrilous attack on the Jews, after the manner of "The Original Mr. Jacobs." Published by the Minerva Publishing Company, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"Nerve Waste," by H. C. Sawyer, M. D., a pamphlet containing information regarding nervous impairment in modern life, its causes, phases, and remedies, with advice on the hygiene of the nervous constitution, has appeared in a second edition, enlarged and made more practical. Published and for sale by The Bancroft Company, San Francisco.

A new edition of "The Handy Reference Atlas of the World," by John Bartholomew, has recently been issued, which has been revised up to the end of last year. It contains forty pages of geographical statistics of the world, giving areas, populations, productions, and other particulars of the various countries; seventy-six double-page maps in colors; and nearly sixty three-column pages of index, by which about fifteen thousand geographical names may easily be found on the maps. It will be found very convenient as a handy reference book wben reading. Published by George Routledge & Sons, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, $3.00.

"A History of Eighteenth Century Literature," by Edmund Gosse, is a sketch of English literature in the century from 1660 to 1780, from the Restoration to its decadence at the end of the eighteenth century. It is needless to say that the present lecturer on English literature in Trinity College, Cambridge, is abundantly equipped to prepare this third volume of the Macmillans' "History of English Literature." Mr. Gosse bas often shown a fondness for the minor lights who have been outshone in the obscurity of distance by the great ones of poetry and the drama, aud he gives them fully their due here. In the last cbapter, Mr. Gosse has explained the lines on which his consideration of his many subjects has been carried on. The book ends with a bibliography and an index. Puhlished by Macmillan & Co., New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, $1.75.

The two large volumes of "The Correspondence of John Lathrop Motley" are among the most interesting of the many works of personal memoirs wbich have been published in this decade. They contain his letters from the time of his boarding-school days at Jamaica Plain, when he was only ten years old, until just before his death in 1877. The letters, written to the members of his family, constitute almost as full an account of his life and the people he met as would a diary; they were not intended for the public eye, but Mr. Motley was such a charming writer, and so genial and kind of heart, that he says almost nothing that could wound the persons he descrihes, and his notes have a great value in determining the true character of many of the great ones of this world. The earlier letters, that is to say, those which were written before his appointment as Secretary of Legation to the Russian Mission, in 184r, show us his own self, the conditions of his home, and his early education in America, in the German universities, and in his European travels. With his Russian experience begins the broader interest, and in his letters from St. Petersburg, Brussels, London, from Washington during the Civil War, and from Vienna and London in his later years, he presents pictures of almost all the great men and women of the middle part of the present century. His letters are rich in pictures of court life and in the literary set in London, where his official position and his histories of the house of Orange, the siege of Leyden, and the tragedy of Barneveld, made him a lion from the start. To make even a brief list of the people he knew and describes would take up more space than we can spare; but mention should be made of the strong friendship which existed between Motley and Bismarck and of the description of the *vie intime* at Varzin in the second volume. The editing of the work, done by George William Curtis, has been confined to eliminating private family affairs and inserting a few notes necessary to a full understanding of the letters. A steel-plate portrait forms the frontispiece of the first volume. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by Tbe Bancroft Company.

Journalistic Chit-Chat.

The New York *Tribune*, of April 20th, contained the following brief but adequate announcement: "Mr. Whitelaw Reid, having taken office abroad under the government, retires herewith from the editorship and direction of the *Tribune*." In taking this step, Mr. Reid has acknowledged the incompatibility of editing and office-bolding.

The best thing which has happened in journalism for a long while is the increase in price of the New York Sunday papers to five cents. Nearly all of the papers have come into the arrangement, and it would be a good thing if every one would join in the movement. Five cents is not too bigh a price for the amount of reading-matter presented in one of these issues. Indeed, it would be a good thing if the reform went still further, and the increase in price were accompanied by a decrease in tbe amount of reading matter. Nobody wants such a huge pile of stuff dumped upon him in the guise of a newspaper, as is now the case on Sunday mornings. "It is as much as a man's life is worth" to try and find any particular needle in one of these great hay-mows, and the mere pbysical task of overhauling one of these forty-page editions makes the expression "the day of rest" a cruel mockery. We are to have higher-priced Sunday papers; now let us bave smaller-sized Sunday papers. The practice of making pack-horses of the innocent and helpless purchasers is a nuisance whicb ought to be abated. It is reported that the increase in price of the Sunday editions will soon be followed by an increase in the price of the dailies, and it is earnestly to be hoped that the rumor will prove well-founded. The "two-cent craze" which swept over the field of journalism a few years ago, and led even the *Tribune* to reduce its price from four cents to three, was a curse to the country. It bas cheapened the quality of the press far more than its cost, and has lowered the moral tone of the public which reads these depreciated papers. A newspaper such as the New York *Tribune* or the New York *Times* sbould be, is richly worth four cents, and ought to bring its value in the market. Both were mucb better papers in every way when they used to charge what they were worth than they have been since.—*Nation.*

Some Magazines.

Scribner's for May opens with "The Land of the Winanishe," by Leroy Milton Yale and J. G. Aylwin Creighton. Other articles are: "Count Leo Tolstoi Twenty Years Ago," by Eugene Schuyler; the conclusion of "Jeanne," by John Elliott Curran; "The Freight-car Service," by Theodore Voorhees; "The Dilemma of Sir Guy the Neuter," by Octave Thanet; "Photography," by John Trowbridge; "Fiction as a Literary Form," by Hamilton Wright Mabie; new chapters of "The Master of Ballantrae," by Robert Louis Stevenson; and "The Lack of Old Homes in America," by Charles Eliot Norton. The verses are by Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, William Herbert Carruth, Charles Edwin Markham, Kate Stephens, and Mrs. James T. Fields.

A new serial story, by Edwin Lassetter Bynner, opens the *Atlantic Monthly* for May. It is called "The Begum's Daughter," the scene of the novel is laid in old New York about 1689. This is followed by a paper on "Temperance Legislation, its Uses and Limits," by Charles Worcester Clark. Fiske contributes "Brandywine, Germantown, and Saratoga." W. H. Bishop writes of "The Paris Exposition in Dishabille." "The Philosophy and Poetry of Tears," is contributed by J. T. L. Preston; Frank Gaylord Cook writes about "The Lawyer in National Politics"; and reminiscences of famous "Trotting Horses" are given by H. C. Merwin. Josiah Royce contributes the first of two papers on "Reflections after a Wandering Life in Australasia"; another paper having to do with travel is "At Sesenheim," by Bliss Perry. The short story of the number, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, is called "The Bell of St. Basil's. Mr. James continues his novel, "The Tragic Muse." The verses are by Albert Roland Haven, Frank Dempster Sherman, and T. B. A. Reviews of Motley's Correspondence, etc., and the usual departments close the number.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The story is that a certain eminent playwright was walking along the esplanade at Brighton, the other day, in company with a friend, when he noticed on the other side of the road a well-known comedian who is as remarkable for his good-nature as for his suavity of manner. "Ah," said the dramatist to his companion, "what a pity it is that So-and-So doesn't get married. He'd make an admirable wife."

Dumas, althougb sucb a charming story-teller, saw wben to draw the rein. One evening, at a party, his hostess so wearied him with requests to exhibit his powers in this direction, that at last, unable to endure it longer, he quietly said: "Every one to his trade, madame. The gentleman who entered your drawing-room just before me is a distinguished artillery officer. Let bim bring a cannon here and fire it; then I will tell one of my little stories."

O'Connell was called to the bar in Dublin, in 1798. Among his first cases was one against a fellow-Kerryman, who called him a "purse-proud blockhead." "I have no purse to be proud of," said O'Connell, "and if I am a blockhead, all the better for you." The man lost his case and wrote a challenge to duel, but the young lawyer replied that he declined unless the Kerryman would insure his life in O'Connell's favor, so that it would be worth wbile to shoot him.

Banker Rosenthal directed his book-keeper to address a sharp letter to Baron Y., who had promised several times to pay what he owed and had as often neglected to do so. When the letter was written, it did not please Banker Rosenthal, wbo is very excitable, and he angrily penned the following: "DEAR BARON Y.—Who was it that promised to pay up on the first of January? You, my dear baron, you are the man. Who was it that promised then to settle on the first of March? You, my dear baron. Who was it that didn't settle on the first of March? You, my dear baron. Who is it, then, who has broken his word twice and is an unmitigated scoundrel? Your obedient servant, MOSES ROSENTHAL."

A Boston man (writes Arlo Bates in the Providence *Journal*) distinguisbed bimself last week on the occasion of a fire in his boarding-bouse. He has an invalid sister, and so soon as it became evident that the fire could not be controlled, he went to her assistance. The house was already full of smoke, and it was not easy to see, so that his making a mistake in the room was not in itself so extraordinary; but wh shall be said of his not recognizing his error when he found himself in the chamber of an elderly maiden lady, who, in a curious state of disarray was hastily putting together her valuables. The noble rescuer seized the lady, and disregarding her shrieks, thrust her bodily on to a mattress, bundled the whole together and rushed down-stairs and out of doors with it. The sight when the elderly maiden, half clad and fully furiated, arose with a spring as tbe bed flew open when it was laid down is said to have been of the most impressive. Fortunately the invalid had meanwhile been rescued by somebody else, so that there was no great harm done except that the maiden lady will never forgive ber preserver.

M. Meilhac, the new French Academician, told an amusing story of Labiche's early experiences as a dramatist in his inaugural discourse. He offered his first piece to the manager of a small and long-ago vanished house on the left bank of the Seine—the Théâtre du Panthéon. The manager happened to be a batter, and three or four other trade men in the same line of business were associated with bim in the enterprise. They all assembled to hear the author read his piece. When he was about half-way through the first act one of the company took up the young dramatist's hat, glanced into it, passed it on with a significant shake of the head to his neighbor, and so it went from hand to hand, it finally reached the manager himself. No sooner did his eye light on the business label stamped on the lining of the crown than he put an end to the reading, declaring that the piece was not at all the sort of thing they wanted at that house. Lahiche, who had had one eye on the manuscript and the other on his hat while it was going the round, knew perfectly well what was coming, and submitted to his fate without a word. He had bought the unlucky beaver in a shop on the right bank of tbe river.

In Frith's "Reminiscences" in the chapter on Cbarles Dickens, comes upon an anecdote which indicates that in the singularly loud ment which the novelist wore in this country on his lecturing tours thought be was adapting bimself to the American taste. "Before Dickens's last visit to America a banquet took place in his honor. It was very numerously attended, the chair being filled by the late Lord Lytton. The nigbt before the dinner, a party of friends of Dickens met and dined at Wilkie Collins's, our object being to wish Dickens a quiet God-speed. The great writer was in great spirits. I think we were none of us in evening-dress, for Dickens wore one of the last cravats wbich had not then gone out of fashion, and in that cravat was a most wonderful pin, large in size, strange in form, an object of inevitable attraction. Seeing that the jewel drew everybody's attention, Dickens said: 'I hope you all like my pin; it is uncommon, I think. It is hardly too much to say, I bope, that there is no such pin as this in America. I have invested in it for the whole and sole purpose of pleasing my friends over the water, and I hope you all think I shall succeed.'"

The best thing told of Del Sarte, the great master of expression, was his demeanor on a single occasion when he was taken by surprise and all his arts seemed unavailing. It was told by one of his personal pupils. As his life went on, be was in part superseded in favor by a more showy rival, with whom he was to unite one day in a recitation before certain important personages. It so happened that the rival was to arrange the performance, and as one of his advantages lay in a voice much more powerful than Del Sarte's, he maliciously contrived to place the audience at a very great distance. Del Sarte saw through the manœuvre at a glance, and formed bis own plan to counteract it. The rival had the first recitation, and spoke so loud that nobody felt called upon to be very still; and there was so much talking and moving about as really to interfere with the performance. When Del Sarte came forward there was a momentary hush, from curiosity to hear his opening. He only made no effort to speak louder than usual, but actually spoke lower, so that there was a complete silence through his whole recitation and nobody lost a word of it. A man thus equal to the occasion could teacb lessons more important than any art of expression.

There was a composer named Carafa who was always in a state alarming state of impecuniosity—"dead broke," as we say here. One day—it was in 1866—Carafa came to borrow some money from Rossini. "Well," said Rossini, after listening to Carafa's dolorous tale, "I'm sorry I can't lend you any money to-day, but I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll write some music for you, and if you will just take it to Brandus, the publisher, he'll give you some money down for it." Carafa gladly accepted this proposition, and in a wonderfully short space of time Rossini had filled several pages with notes. The piece he entitled "Douces Réminiscences sur l'Africaine," by Rossini, Carafa hurried off with the composition to the Rue Richelieu to lay it before Brandus. The latter, upon seeing the manuscript, was greatly excited and surprised, for Rossini and Meyerbeer, the composer of "L'Africaine," were, it was well known, bitter enemies. The publisher's joy over receiving an improvisation on "L'Africaine" from such a source was great, for the composition would be sure of having a very large sale, and be gladly paid Carafa, the impecunious, the sum of one thousand francs. Soon after Carafa bad left with the money and the publisher in excitement over the purchase had a little cooled down, it occurred to him to try tbe music. What was his discomfiture to find that it consisted of a series of the most vilely discordant combinations, a certain amount of fiendish ingenuity having been used in producing the hideous *ensemble*. These were Rossini's "sweet reminiscences" of his enemy Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine."

SOCIETY.

The German Club.

The embers of the German Club gave their final cotillion of this ason last Tuesday evening, and in a very pleasant manne ended a series that has been highly successful. Union quare Hall was the scene of action, and it has never appear to better advantage. The affair was aptly termed a "flo cotillion." for the hall resembled a conservatory that evenin with its decoration of blossoms. Hundreds of roses, of no l than twenty-five varieties, were used, and many an oak w stripped of its moss to carry out the idea of the decorato A couplet seen at the rear of the stage read as follow:

"How swiftly glide the passing hours,
With dancing, music, love, and flowers!"

This as painted in golden letters on a diagonal panel of pink si bordered with La Marque roses, and foliage, set in the mi of a drapery of terra-cotta and blue bunting faced with w e lace curtains. There was a Iriere of Japanese laurel the top, the whole forming a very pretty background or the and. The proscenium arch was draped at either side wi crimson cloth, dotted along the edges with clusters of La rque roses, and a large sphere of snow-balls hung n the itre. The face of the stage was draped with white bunting gracefully looped, and sprayed with ferns, while above and extending the entire length of the stage, was a edge, o feet high, of roses. They were clustered as thickly s posse e and the combinations of color produced a most beautif effect Streamers of pink and white bunting fell in gentle ves from the centre of the ceiling to the gallery an h s, and each streamer was set at intervals with yel- w an ed roses. Beneath the apex of this airy canopy were ells veet syringa, and an immense cluster of mistletoe, be v that was a very large ball of Jacqueminot roses. t u ide of the hall hung balls of vari-colored roses, and ners were crowns of marigolds and pansies set with wers to represent jewels.

ly the most notable feature of the decoration was y railing, which was adorned its entire length with tree-moss, arranged just as it hung originally from nes when gathered. Some of the clusters were in of immense stalactites, others looked like birds' many other odd designs were noticed. The moss ed profusely with red and white roses, and at in- ere were paper urns filled with marguerites. The ne further end was seen through an artistic setting syringa, and roses of the Duchesse de Brabant, Neil, Lorette, and La Marque varieties. Up- walls were hung with fancy banners of light-tinted ile down-stairs they were arranged with trailing white Cherokee, pink Hermosa, and yellow Lady oses, hung with clusters of moss. In each corner ers of calla lilies and yellow jasmine in quiet re- he banisters leading to the gallery were embellished tte roses and jasmine. Suspended under the gal- g, among the falling clusters of moss, were numer- ball reflectors of varied colors, and placed against at each side was a long panel of blue surah, let- ntly in gold. One bore this inscription:

ather the rose ere its perfume departs,
's the spring-time of flowers and hearts."

That nel was bordered with red and white roses and es, as was the opposite one, where was seen:

"Let's banish business, banish sorrow.
To the gods belongs to-morrow."

e well-filled punch-bowls near the dining-room this was painted in gold on pink silk:

"Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine."

es of blue and pink bunting at each of the door- pleted what every one was unanimous in saying exceedingly beautiful decoration. For contributions the members are under obligations to Mrs. B. D. of San José; Mrs. Henry Donnelly, and Mrs. Nelson, of Fruitvale; Mrs. S. Huff, of San Lean- . Middleton, of Highland Park; Mr. Meek, of nzo; and Mr. Chauncey M. St. John, of Oak-

w extra invitations were issued, and there were just present to make dancing fully enjoyable. The he young ladies were, for the most part, new and its, and the beauty of both the dresses and their lded no little to the brilliancy and attractiveness ne. At nine o'clock Ballenberg's full band com- e music for dancing, and for an hour round dances ed. Then the cotillion commenced. Mr. Chauncey n, the secretary of the club, acted as leader, and icient assistance of the first two couples, Mr. A. k and Miss Minnie Nightingale, and Dr. John le and Miss Jennie Boland. There were five d each was new and pretty.

of the Washington celebration, the first figure priately called "The Centennial." The young ed in two columns, facing each other and holding American flags, with which they formed a long arch. gentlemen, who were in company front at the of the hall, then marched in single file through of ladies and flags, as the band played the "Star Banner," and then returned to their places. The formed in company front, facing their partners on e side of the room. Then partners forwarded to the ladies presented the flags to their partners, ted in the lively measures of a five-step polka.

ond figure was termed "The Floral Circle," and wrought of artificial La France and Marechal were used. The gentlemen formed in two col- ng each other, each holding one end of two floral forming an arch. The ladies stood behind their d then marched alternately in single file under d returned to their original positions. Then the executed about face, forwarded to their partners, ltz was danced. During this figure colored cal- ig were thrown from the gallery upon the dancers ened hall.

aleidoscope" was the title of the third figure. rs formed in two columns, facing each other and cifully-colored scarfs of tulle over the avenue be- n. The second couple lifted its scarf over the e first couple, and then, turning, glided beneath arch to the further end. In succession each the same, and, at the conclusion, all danced the olka. Colored calcium-lights were used in this and the effect was, as the name would indicate, ic.

successful figure of the evening was the "Chariot s. The gentlemen formed to represent the spokes of l held colored scarfs overhead, while the ladies npany front at one side of the hall. In single file nen marched under the scarfs, making the circuit nterior circles, and, upon reaching the outside, s in a large circle around the the spokes. Then as broken at one point by two ladies taking the gentlemen inside—all having joined hands—and cked out through this opening, which resulted in on of a large circle. All then forwarded to the red partners, and danced the York.

Vice ersa" was the name of the fifth and last figure. ntlemen faced each other in two columns near nd made an arch of colored scarfs. The ladies wise, further on, but were without scarfs. The ntlemen marched under the arch, and, after pre- r scarf to the first two ladies, who made an arch proceeded onward to the end of the line. The men in turn did the same, and when all had fin- seen that the relative positions of the partici- reversed.

waltz ended the figure at precisely half-past ck, when all proceeded to the dining-hall adjoin- room. Here was an elaborately appointed buffet, candelabra, choice roses, and mounted pieces, an excellent supper was served The half-hour easting was followed by another hour of round the ball came to an end at two o'clock. The special feature of the evening, almost every se- g new.

The Bucknall Dinner-Party.

Mrs. George J. Bucknall gave an elegant dinner- ir residence, 1121 Laguna Street, a week ago, in me. Albani and her husband Mr. Ernest Gye. as set for twelve, the others present being Gen- rs. Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., Colonel E. A. Belcher, Mr. J. Brett Stokes, and the Misses Bucknall. The walls of the dining-room were most tastefully embellished with large orange-tree boughs which were laden with the rich, golden fruit. Upon the table were branches and clusters of oranges tied with yellow-satin ribbons. A bunch of orange blossoms lay at each lady's plate, and the yellow ribbons encompassing them were lettered in silver and green with the name of the guest. The gentlemen had their places at the table marked by an immense orange with their names painted on in fancy letters. The effect was novel and striking. A delicious menu had been prepared and a couple of hours were devoted to its enjoyment.

At half-past nine o'clock all adjourned to the parlors which were profusely decorated with fragrant roses. A number of friends had been invited to meet the honored guests of the evening, and the apartments were comfortably filled. During the progress of the reception some vocal selections were rendered by Mme. Julie Rosewald and Colonel S. D. Mayer, a violin solo was played by Mr. J. H Rosewald, and piano solos by Miss Ada E. Weigel, while Mrs. Frances Edgerton recited "Lasca," all of which contributed greatly to the pleasure of the passing hours. About eleven o'clock a bounteous supper was enjoyed, which terminated a very delightful evening.

Among those present were: Dr. and Mrs. George J. Bucknall, Mr. Ernest Gyè, and Mme Albani, General and Mrs. Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., Colonel and Mrs. R. H. Savage, Colonel and Mrs. S. D. Mayer, Dr. and Mrs. Deane, Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Rosewald, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Smith, Mrs. Lily M. Coit, Mrs. Frances Edgerton, Mrs. Walker, Misses Marguerite and Marie Bucknall, Miss Shearer, Miss Hinkle, Miss Ada E. Weigel, Miss Eggers, Mr. R. B. Woodward, Mr. Al. Gerberding, Mr. J. Blanchard, Mr. Charles Baxter, Mr. J. B. Stokes, Mr. Joseph M Quay, Colonel E. A. Belcher, Mr. Peter Robertson, Mr. H. Chauncey, Mr. G. Kroeplein, Mr. Walter Phelps, and others.

The Younger Reception.

Dr. and Mrs. William J. Younger gave their first post-nuptial reception last Tuesday evening at their residence, 1414 California Street. This hospitable home, which has been the scene of so much pleasure in days gone by, was once again made bright and attractive by a gathering of nearly two hundred friends of the newly married host and hostess. Mrs. J. N. Porter, of Sacramento, assisted them in receiving their guests, and the warm welcome was mingled with many sincere congratulations. Mrs. Younger received in a becoming toilet of canary colored faille Française, en train, and Mrs. Porter was attired elegantly in pale blue silk trimmed with point lace. Each apartment was decorated prettily with baskets of lovely flowers of all shades and varieties, with fragrant roses predominating in their queenly beauty. The spacious ball-room looked cool and inviting with cordons of deep green foliage overhead and potted palms and ferns disposed in the corners. The music was enticing, and but few could resist its influence, so dancing became general and was greatly enjoyed. A delicious supper was served at tête-à-tête tables before midnight Just after this Mr. Walter C. Campbell favored the assemblage with two beautiful songs, "The Bedouin Love Song" and "Eventide," which he executed in a faultless manner. A few more dances were then in order, and it was fully two o'clock before the delighted guests departed.

The Voorhies Reception.

An enjoyable event of the week was the reception given last Tuesday evening by Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Voorhies at their residence, 2111 California Street. Their daughters, Misses Marie and Katie Voorhies assisted them in receiving their guests, who were delightfully entertained. Spring flowers gave their beauty and perfume to the drawing-rooms, where an elegantly attired assemblage made the evening one of thorough pleasure. The polished floor of the music-room made a splendid dancing surface, and the waltz, York, and polka found many votaries. A feature of the evening was the delicious supper with which the guests were regaled. Early morning was well advanced before the reception terminated.

The Ford Reception.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred B. Ford gave a pleasant reception at their residence, 1620 Broadway, from four until six o'clock, last Tuesday afternoon, in honor of Mme. Albani. The drawing-rooms were beautifully decorated with the choicest roses. Mme. Albani received with the host and hostess, and those who called were charmingly entertained.

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mr. and Mrs. Mills, Dr. and Mrs. W. J. Younger, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hort, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Campbell, Mrs. Adam Grant, Mrs. Charles N. Shaw, Mrs. Cooper, Mrs. M. Castle, Mrs. S. D. Mayer, Mrs. George C. Boardman, Miss Cooper, Miss Severance, Miss Thibault, Mr. Ernest Gye, Mr. Henry Heyman, Mr. W. E. Brown, Mr. Colin Smith, and others.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mrs. O. F. Willey is passing a few weeks at the White Sulphur Springs for the benefit of her health.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Upham, of Oakland, will leave for the East in a couple of weeks.

Mr. Frank D. Willey, who has been visiting Southern California and Mexico, returned to the city last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis will pass the summer at the Hotel del Monte.

Miss Inez Macondray was recently the guest of Miss Evelyn Shepard in Oakland. She is now at Menlo Park.

Mrs. William Wayne Belvin is visiting relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Frank Goad and Miss Ella Goad will be at Del Monte during the summer.

Captain and Mrs. W. H. Taylor, and Miss Edith Taylor went East a week ago to remain about six weeks, and upon their return they will go to the Hotel del Monte for the season.

Colonel and Mrs. F. A. Bee will pass the summer with their son, Mr. Frank Bee, at his ranch near Martinez.

Mrs. A. J. Pope and Miss May E. Pope will pass most of the summer at Del Monte.

Miss May Kewen, of Sacramento, and Miss Balsdon, of Colusa, who have been enjoying a visit here, returned to Sacramento last Wednesday.

Mrs. J. B. Haggin and Miss Rita Haggin will enjoy the summer at Del Monte.

Miss Barnes, a niece of Mrs. John H. Wise, has returned to the city after passing several months with friends in Arizona.

Judge and Mrs. J. H. Boalt and Miss Alice Boalt will be at the Hotel del Monte during the summer months.

General and Mrs. J. F. Houghton will soon leave to visit Mr. and Mrs. Morgan G. Bulkeley, in Hartford, Conn., where their daughter, Miss Minnie Houghton, has been for a couple of months.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Bourne have gone to San Rafael for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall will reside at the Hotel Rafael during the summer.

Mrs. Joseph Durbrow and the Misses Emma and Carrie Durbrow will leave to-day for the East, and will be away several months.

Mrs. Samuel M. Blair and Miss Jennie Blair will pass the next few weeks at Del Monte.

Captain Millen Griffith and family will make San Rafael their home this summer.

Miss Gladys M. Code has returned from Napa, after a pleasant visit to Miss Bessie Mardis.

Miss Bessie Mardis, of Napa, is visiting Miss Mamie Shaw.

Mrs. J. B. H. Cooper and Miss Alice Cooper have returned to their home on Octavia Street, after passing several weeks pleasantly in Southern California.

Miss Fanny Rosborough, of Highland Park, is making a short visit to Mrs. James A. Code.

Mrs. John W. Conner and the Misses Conner departed for the East last Thursday, and on May 29th will sail for Europe.

Mrs. J. A. W. Lundborg and Miss Florence Lundborg have returned to the city after a six months' visit to the East.

Mrs. M. B. M. Toland returned from Los Angeles early in the week, and is stopping at the Occidental Hotel.

Mrs. M. P. Jones and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller have returned to the city after a visit of ten days at the Napa Soda Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker and Mrs. Charles Crocker will be at the Hotel del Monte most of the summer. Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander will probably come out from New York and join them there.

Miss Marguerite Bucknall will leave for Santa Monica to-day to visit Mrs. John P. Jones.

Mr. T. T. Dargie will sail for Japan next Saturday in the hope that the sea-voyage will benefit his health.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schmiedell went to the Hotel Rafael last Wednesday, to remain during the season.

Mr. and Mrs. George S. Ladd leave for the East on the last Golden Gate Special. They remain in New York a couple of weeks, and sail for Europe on the *Celtic*. Mr. and Mrs. Ladd do not intend taking up their residence again in San Francisco for a couple of years.

Mr. Frank Unger and Mr. Harry Gillig left for Yosemite last Thursday. From the valley they go directly East. Mr. Unger will probably visit the Paris Exhibition.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe left on April 27th for New York, and may extend their trip to Paris, leaving on the 11th instant.

Mr. and Mrs. John Parrott will sail from New York, in the steamer *Gascoigne*, next Saturday, and will proceed to Paris. The illness of one of their children was the cause of their delay.

Mr. and Mrs. James Stewart are the guests of Mrs. Will, at 806 Van Ness Avenue, until the completion of their new residence.

Mrs. Preston, relict of the late president of the Chicago Board of Trade, and her daughter are visiting General and Mrs. Walter Turnbull at their home, 1007 Leavenworth Street.

Mr. Charles J. Bandmann will leave for New York to-day, to be absent several weeks.

Mrs. Theresa Fair and the Misses Fair left for Del Coronado last Thursday.

Miss Annie Reed, of Boston, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Reed for a couple of months, will return East next Saturday.

Mr and Mrs Charles O Alexander, *née* Carroll, are at Del Coronado. They will return to Oakland in about a week.

Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Brittan, of Redwood City, have been passing the week at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Rose, Jr., and Mrs. W. D. Rose, of San Mateo, have been in the city for a few days.

Miss Le Roy and Miss Carrie Le Roy, of New York, have returned from a visit to the interior, and are again at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Fraustadt, formerly Miss Ida Heynemann, have returned from Calcutta, India, after an absence of three years.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Howard, *née* Schmiedell, who have been passing the last two months traveling in Italy and Switzerland, are now in Paris, where they will remain until August, and then return home.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Taylor will be at Santa Cruz most of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Witcher Jones, and Miss Margaret Jones have decided to remain at the Hotel Vendome during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Percival W. Selby will reside at their Menlo Park villa all summer.

Mrs. Carleton C. Coleman will be at the Hotel Vendome in San José during the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Parrott have gone to the Hotel Rafael for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Bowie, Miss Bessie Bowie, and the Misses Fannie and May Friedlander will occupy one of the Pope House cottages at Santa Cruz during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Walkington have left the Palace Hotel and are now at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mrs. Lucy Otis and Miss Helen Otis have gone East to remain during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. John Nightingale and the Misses Nightingale will pass the summer at Cazadero.

Mr. and Mrs. James Otis are located at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant, and Mr and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant are now settled at the Hotel Rafael for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Crittenden Thornton intend passing the summer at Santa Cruz.

Mrs E. B. Perrin is visiting Mrs. John McMullin at her country residence, Casa Blanca in the San Joaquin Valley.

Miss Nellie Joliffe has gone to Del Coronado to remain a few weeks.

Mrs. W. H. Keith, and Mr. W. H. Keith, Jr., have been spending a few days of this week at Del Monte.

Miss Inez Sborb, of San Gabriel Mission, is in the city on a visit to Miss Gwin.

Mr. William R. Sherwood has returned from a visit to Del Monte.

Miss Minnie Hathaway has returned to her home, Sycamore Park, San Lorenzo, after a pleasant Eastern visit.

Mr. and Mrs. John S. Sabin will leave next Friday on a trip to the Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. Mary H. Banning, Miss Banning, and Miss Lucy Banning came up from Wilmington, Los Angeles County, last Wednesday, and are at the Occidental Hotel.

BE NOT DECEIVED!

ALL THE GENUINE

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The Seventh EXHIBITION OF ETCHINGS and Engravings, arranged by W. K. Vickery, will be given at UNION SQUARE HALL, on May 13th, 14th, 15th, and 16th.

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The Forum	50
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Century	35
Overland Monthly	35
North American Review	50
Popular Science Monthly	50
Lippincott's Magazine	25
Art Interchange	30
Outing	25

FASHIONS.

The Season	30
The Fashion Bazar	25
L'Art de la Mode	35
Le Bon Ton	35
Young Ladies' Journal	30
Harper's Bazar	10

CULINARY AND HOME TOPICS.

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Table Talk	10
The Home-Maker	20

SOCIETY, ETC.

Town Topics	10
Truth	10
Life	10
News Letter	10
Argonaut	10

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"WHITE SEAL"

THE ROYAL COURT WINE

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ANNUAL MEETING.

The regular annual meeting of the Argonaut Publishing Company will be held at the rooms of the Company, Room 1, No. 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, California, on Tuesday, the fourth day of June, 1889, at the hour of one o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve during the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

JEROME A. HART, Secretary.

Office—Room 3, Argonaut Building, No. 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, California.

HOTEL VENDOME,

SAN JOSE, CAL.,

NOW OPEN FOR THE RECEPTION OF GUESTS.

Colonel E. W. ROOT,
(Formerly of Grand Central, New York),
Manager.

THE BANCROFT COMPANY,

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GREAT SIX DAYS'

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10,000 ACRES

RICH FRUIT

LANDS

Surrounding the City of

MERCED

And under the great Crocker-Huffman Irrigating Canal,

WILL BE HELD BY ORDER OF

MESSRS. C. F. CROCKER AND C. H. HUFFMAN

AND OTHER OWNERS,

— ON —

Monday, May 6th,
Tuesday, May 7th,
Wednesday, May 8th,
Thursday, May 9th,
Friday, May 10th,
Saturday, May 11th, 1889.

UNPRECEDENTED TERMS.

Only One-Fifth Cash.
One-Fifth in Two Years.
One-Fifth in Three Years.
One-Fifth in Four Years.
One-Fifth in Five Years.

Interest on deferred payments six per cent. per annum, payable annually in advance. Ten per cent. deposit at time of purchase. Title perfect. Deeds at purchaser's expense.

This sale is the initial offering of subdivisions of the immense landed estates in the vicinity of Merced, and the Crocker-Huffman Land and Water Company, owners of the great Irrigating Canal, have adopted a most thorough and carefully organized plan to interest at once many people from all parts of the United States, and thus to immediately make their great water system, which has cost over one million five hundred thousand dollars, a paying investment. Investors at this first sale will reap the benefit of their extensive advertising and well-organized efforts to thickly settle this district.

The sale will be held under the auspices of the

PACIFIC IMPROVEMENT CO.

The colonies have been organized by the Colonization Agent of the

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

Free excursions to purchasers will be run to and from Merced on the occasion of this sale.

☞ For full particulars of the sale and excursion, apply to

BRIGGS, FERGUSSON & CO.

314 CALIFORNIA STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO.

JOURNALISTIC AMENITIES.

The *Rogues' Directory*, published at Hartford, is received.—*New Haven Palladium.*

The Binghamton *Leader* playfully refers to its local contemporary, the *Republican*, as the "Fungus."

Colonel Andrew Shuman edits a paper in Chicago for suburban circulation generally known as the *Evening Sedative.—Chicago Times.*

The *Postmortem* this morning discusses fairness and decency in politics, something it knows nothing whatever about.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

Our esteemed neighbor, *The Organ*, boasts that it prints the news. To be sure it does—one day subsequent to the *Herald.—Helena, M. T., Herald.*

How does the *Boodler's Own* feel about the elevated railroad business up to the present stage of the game? Rather expensive, eh?—*Chicago Times.*

The Fourteenth Street *Fraud Shricker* will, of course, continue to cry out about that "farce of a recount" this morning.—*Wheeling, W. V., Register.*

Every one of these disreputable movements has been chronicled from day to day in the *Times*, and H. Gangrene Otis has acted as if he was doing it all himself. —*Los Angeles Tribune.*

Our *Round-the-Corner* contemporary will pardon us if we object to any hitching on by insinuation, hyphenation, or otherwise of the *Record* to the *Herald.—Helena, M. T., Herald.*

The senseless driveling of the *Mud Slinging Object*, which labors to drop its weekly gob of gibberish to the detriment of the working-men of Lincoln, are beneath the notice of the—*Nebraska Farmer.*

The poor little *Pee-Dee* continues to brag about the number of its words. Before it became the *Assistant Hoodlum* it found it easier to brag about the alleged number of its subscribers.—*St. Louis Republic.*

There is no positive evidence that the canebrake editor of the *Waste Basket* is a legitimate wife and mother, but the evidence that he is the old hen of party organ journalism stands out all over his newspaper.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

One whole week after the logy Associated Press, or dull scissors, furnished the *Blade* with the self-same article, and it was printed under flaming head-lines on the first page of the *Meat Axe* as news. A newspaper, eh? What a joke!—*Toledo Blade.*

The Portland *Buzzard* kept the existence of small-pox in that city quiet until it became epidemic, for fear of injuring some Portland merchant's business and losing an advertisement. The *Buzzard* is most absolutely edited by its business office. — *Oregon Statesman.*

The bug-eating editor of the conglomerated semi-*Weekly* on the corner came out yesterday morning bubbling and boiling over with invective and innuendo. While we can not stoop to the ill-bred style of journalism of which he is such an apt master, etc.—*Huntsville, Ala., Mercury.*

According to the *Official Hoodlum*, when its editor is not being carried home on a shutter he is endeavoring to steady the wavering lamp-posts on the street corners; while, according to the *Assistant Hoodlum*, "he is mad because there are saloons in St. Louis, and he never knew it until yesterday."—*St. Louis Republic.*

Sacramento has much to be grateful for. She has escaped fire and blood, though she still has the *Morning Chrysanthemum*. And on this day, when each should render thanks to God, we can extend our hands across the street in benediction over her head and pray: "Father, forgive her, for she knows not what she does."—*Sacramento, Cal., Bee.*

Stage Crowds.

M. Francisque Sarcey, combating the theory of the Saxe-Meiningen Dramatic Directors respecting the training and importance of the theatrical crowd, recently emitted the following opinion: "The crowd on the stage can perfectly well be represented by five or six supernumeraries, or even by a single one, which last would probably be the best if such a thing could be allowed, as the part could then be allotted to a genuine actor." Thereupon one of M. Sarcey's colleagues immediately pounced upon that rather absurd remark, and gives an account of an imaginary drama with copious extracts therefrom, in which M. Coquelin, on his return from America, will personate, all alone, the usual throng. It is rather too long to give in its entirety, but here are some of the more amusing details:

SCENE—A terrace in front of the palace. The prince is seated in the foreground, with his confidant, Astolfo, beside him. M. Coquelin is drawn up in good order in the background.

Prince—Astolfo, call my brave subjects to me. (M. Coquelin advances.) Come, my good friends, and do not be afraid. I want to see you around me. (M. Coquelin forms a hollow square and surrounds the prince.) Come, come, no pushing. There is plenty of room. (M. Coquelin ceases to push himself.) It is very pleasant to see you thus beside me. For you I am not a sovereign, but a friend—I might almost say a father. The names of all of you are familiar to me. Good-morning, Beppo. Glad to see you, Pietro. As pretty as ever, Picciolo. And you, my good old Leonardo—still robust and vigorous I see. Ah, I love you all—all! (Murmurs of gratitude from the interior of M. Coquelin.)

Astolfo—What a touching scene. Friends, shout with me long live our prince! But, there—enough—enough—these cries fatigue me. Moreover, I have something serious to say. I have taken a resolution to retire to a cloister.

M. Coquelin—Is it possible? No, no! We can not permit it! Stay with us! For pity's sake! No—no—no! (While uttering these cries, M. Coquelin is grouped in a variety of picturesque attitudes. With one hand, he wipes away his tears; with the other, he embraces the knees of the prince.)

Prince—My old companions-at-arms, you will, I hope, never forget me?

M. Coquelin (voice of the men-at-arms)—We will never forget you.

Prince—And you, young girls, will you not pray for me?

M. Coquelin (voice of young girls)—We will always pray for you.

Prince—And you, little children, the future hope of my principality, you will preserve a remembrance of me?

M. Coquelin (voice of little children)—We will keep your memory sacred.

Prince—That is well. Leave me now. I would be alone. (Exit M. Coquelin in mournful silence, half at the right and half at the left.)

Astolfo—Never have I seen so many noble souls assembled together.

— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

The discussion now waging in the East anent a national flower for the United States has led L. Prang & Co., the enterprising Boston art publishers, to issue a little pamphlet, entitled "Our National Flower," in which are colored lithographs of the May-flower and the golden-rod, with verses about each by Hopestill Goodwin, and an invitation to each purchaser to write the name of his or her choice on the postal-card which accompanies the book and mail it to the publishers, who will announce the result of the vote to the voters on the first of next January. For sale at the art and bookstores.

The second annual bench show of dogs, held under the auspices of the Pacific Kennel Club, is announced for May 22d, 23d, 24th, and 25th, at the Mechanics' Pavilion. An increased number of prizes and awards will be given, and the services of an excellent judge, William Graham, of Belfast, have been secured. There will also be an exhibition of poultry and pigeons at the same time and place.

The Paris *Figaro* says that the *Illustrated London News* will erect an exact reproduction of Shakespeare's house, at Stratford-on-Avon, for its headquarters at the Paris Exposition this year. The intention is to make the copy complete in every respect.

— A. A. JACKSON & CO., 33 MARKET STREET, San Francisco, are now offering special bargains in Surreys, Phaetons, Buggies, Harness, etc., preparatory for removal to their new repository on Golden Gate Avenue.

— GO TO BRADLEY & RULOFSON'S NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont Streets.

— EXTRA MINCE PIES, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

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Styles for SPRING and SUMMER.
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Another Great Auction Sale!

By order of J. B. HAGGIN, Esq.

—WE WILL SELL—

TUESDAY, May 14th, WEDNESDAY, May 15th and THURSDAY, May 16th, 1889,

WITHOUT LIMIT OR RESERVE, IN THE CITY OF

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In tracts of 10, 20 and 40 acres each, and also of 160, 320 and 640 acres each,

7,500 Acres

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Also, a line of extremely desirable Town Lots and Blocks in BAKERSFIELD, to be sold upon the following

LIBERAL TERMS: Only 25 per cent cash; balance in one, two and three years, with interest at 7 per cent per annum. Special inducements will be extended to those who settle upon and improve their land.

Abundance of Water. These lands are amply supplied with water for irrigation, at prices regulated by law, and lower than in any other portion of the State.

Special Excursions.

To enable all to participate in this important event, we have made arrangements with the Railroad Company by which we are enabled to offer special round-trip rates from all points to BAKERSFIELD, between SAN FRANCISCO, SACRAMENTO, SAN JOSE, STOCKTON, and LOS ANGELES, as follows:

SAN FRANCISCO, SACRAMENTO, STOCKTON, SAN JOSE and all intermediate points, to Bakersfield and return,

$9.50 — ROUND-TRIP TICKETS ONLY — $9.50

and corresponding rates from all points between LATHROP and BAKERSFIELD.

FROM LOS ANGELES TO BAKERSFIELD, Round-trip Tickets only..... $5.50
FROM COLTON TO LOS ANGELES, Round-trip Tickets only..... $2.65

and corresponding rates from all points between COLTON, LOS ANGELES and BAKERSFIELD.

Parties desirous of visiting BAKERSFIELD before the excursion, to examine the land, can do so, and the difference in cost between the regular fare and the excursion rates will be refunded them if they become purchasers at the auction sale.

TIME TABLE.

Tickets will be good on trains leaving San Francisco Saturday, May 11th, and Sunday, May 12th, at 8.30 A. M., and 9 P. M.; and on trains from Sacramento, Stockton and San Jose, connecting therewith; and from Los Angeles on train leaving Sunday, May 12th, at 1.20 P. M.

RETURNING, tickets will be good on all regular trains leaving Bakersfield May 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th, 1889.

Programme of Sale.

FIRST DAY.—Barbecue and Sale at GREENFIELD'S RANCH. Twenty-acre Tracts Alfalfa Land, with crops, and partly cultivated farms of 150 and 640 acres each.

SECOND DAY.—Barbecue and Sale at MOUNTAIN VIEW DAIRY RANCH. 1,760 acres Alfalfa Land, in tracts of from 20 acres up.

THIRD DAY.—Sale at BAKERSFIELD, of Town Lots, Villa Sites, Acre Property adjacent to Bakersfield, and any other unsold land.

☞ Sale will be continued through the week if it is necessary to do so, as we propose to SELL EVERYTHING on the Catalogue, without regard to prices obtained.

FREE CONVEYANCES from Bakersfield at all times to the property for sale.

TICKETS will be on sale at the offices of the Railroad Company, and at the office of McAFEE & BALDWIN, 10 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, where sleeping-car accommodations can also be arranged for. Maps and diagrams will be sent to any address upon application to

McAfee & Baldwin,

Real Estate Agents and Auctioneers, 10 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

NEWHALL'S SONS & CO., Auctioneers, 225, 227 Bush St., San Francisco.

AND TO THE "LAND DEPARTMENT OF J. B. HAGGIN," L. C. McAFEE, C. BROWER, } *Managers*, Bakersfield, Cal.

Transportation--Rail.

SALITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN,
via
NORH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, March 31, 1889, and until furtl notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From AN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1 30, 3.25, 4.50, 5.10 P. M.
Sunda)—8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 12 30, 1.30, 2.45, 4.20, 5.30, 6.30, P. M. Extra trip on Sunday for Sausalito at 7. P. M.

From AN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days 6.10, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.55 P. M.
Sunda)—8.00, 9.50, 10.55 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 1.15, 2.45, 4.00, 5.00, 7.00 P. M. Extra trips on Saturday at 6.25 P. M.
Fare, cents, round trip.

From USALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.45, 8.35, 9 55, 11.50 A. M.; 2.30, 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
Sunda)—7.25, 8.45, 10.35, 11 35 A. M.; 12.45, 1.55, 3.30, 4.40, 5.45, 6.50, 7 45 P. M. Extra trips on Saturday at 7.05 P. M.
Fare, cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

30 P. M., Daily (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) from San rancisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at 8.45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12.20 P. M.
35 P. M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations.
00 P. M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning arrives in San Francisco at 8.15 P. M.

EXCURSION RATES.

Saturday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single rate.

Sunday Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Saturdays, and Sundays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.00; Tomales, $2.25; Howard's, $3.50; Cazadero, $4.00.

Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, good on day sold Camp Taylor, $1.50; Point Reyes, $1.75; Tomales, $2; Howard's, $2.50; Duncan Mills and Cazadero $3 00.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Leave Cazadero daily (except Mondays) for Stewart's Cloverdale, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, and all points on the North Coast.

COLEMAN, General Manager. F. B. LATHAM, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.
General Offices, 327 Pine Street.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.
(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE From April 28, 1889.	ARRIVE
For Haywards, Niles and San José	*12.45 P.
For Sacramento, and for Redding via Davis	7.15 P.
For Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga and Santa Rosa	6.15 P.
Los Angeles Express, for Fresno, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	11.15 A.
For Niles, San José, Stockton, Calt., Ione, Sacramento, Marysville and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
For Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
For Haywards and Niles	*3.45 P.
Sacramento River Steamers	**6.00 A.
For Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
Central Atlantic Express, for Ogden and East	7.15 A.
For Stockton and §Milton; for Vallejo, Calistoga & Santa Rosa	10.15 A.
For Sacramento, and for Knight's Landing via Davis	10.45 A.
For Niles, San José and Livermore	*8.45 A.
For Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
Shasta Route Express, for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	7.45 A.
Golden Gate Special, for Council Bluffs and East	‖7.45 P.
Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.

NTI PACIFIC COAST RAILWAY DIVISION.

For Newark San José & Santa Cruz	‡8.05 P.
For Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
For Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*11.50 A.
For Centerville, San José, Almaden, and Los Gatos	9.50 A.

A DIVISION (Townsend Street Depot.)

For San José and Way Stations	2.30 P.
For Monterey and Santa Cruz, Sunday Excursion	‡8.25 P.
For San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations	6.12 P.
For San José, Almaden and Way Stations	7.30 P.
For Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	5.08 P.
Del Monte Limited. For Menlo Park, San José, Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville, and Monterey, only.	*11.15 A.
For San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey and principal Way Stations	*10.02 A.
For Menlo Park and Way Stations	7.58 A.
For San José and Way Stations	9.03 A.
For Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A.
For San José and principal Way Stations	‡4.25 P.

for noring. P. for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. atur ys only. ‡ Sundays only. § Saturdays excepted. Fridays only. ** Mondays excepted.

"S dard Time" furnished by Lick Observatory.

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AND CO.
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01 & 403 SANSOME STREET, S. F.
IMPORTERS OF ALL KINDS OF
PRINTING AND WRAPPING PAPERS

THE BETRAYED MAIDEN.

Mrs. Robertson Brown-Jones (when the last wedding-guest had departed)—Well, it's all over, and it is such a relief to have Jeanne so fortunately married.

Mr. Robertson Brown-Jones—I'm glad the fuss is through at last, and I'm agreeably disappointed that Jane, with all the nonsense you have put in her head, has married so fine a fellow, even if he is an Englishman.

Mrs. R.—An Englishman, forsooth! You seem to forget your daughter has married the son of a duke!

Mr. R.—I ought not to, indeed, for I have had that served with every meal for the last three months.

A FORTNIGHT LATER.

Jeanne (the bride, hursting into her parent's home)—Oh, ma, and pa, too, take me home again? I'm ruined! I'm ruined!

Mr. and Mrs. R. (in great alarm)—What?

Jeanne—That man has betrayed me; he has married me under false pretenses! (Weeps wildly.)

Mr. R. (purple with excitement)—The scoundrel! He shall answer for this with his life. Speak, Jane, has he confessed to have been married before?

Mrs. R. (recovering herself)—Oh, calm yourself, Obadiah, it may be a morganatic marriage, you know kings make them and probahly dukes, they don't count at all.

Jeanne (stifling her sobs)—Oh, if it were merely bigamy, it would be nothing. I could go on the stage, you know, hut it is so much worse than that! (Falls to weeping again.)

Mrs. R.—Oh, what is it, Jeanne?

Mr. R.—Tell us the truth, girl, how has he deceived you?

Jeanne (gasping)—He is not (soh) a duke's son (soh); he is not (sob) even (soh) an Englishman (soh). (sob). He is nothing (soh) but a rich American (soh) hound to win me. (Sobs ad infinitum.)

Mrs. R. (opening her arms)—My stricken dove, come to me. You are indeed ruined and so are we. (Duet of stormy grief.)

Mr. R. (after a moment's contemplative pause)—And this is my wife and daughter!—*Epoch.*

Dion Boucicault remarks that, in the course of his life-time, the sense of decency has shifted from the ear to the eye. The public nowadays resents a *double entendre*, but applauds an exhibition of the nude, which would then have been received with amazement and reprobation.

W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.,

MANTELS,
GRATES,
TILES,

Decorative Brass and Iron Goods,
Fire-Place Furniture,

FRENCH RANGES,

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SAN FRANCISCO.

W. H. McCORMICK,
Importer and Manufacturer of
Marble, Granite, and Statuary, Mantels and Grates,
1422 Market St., bet. City Hall Ave. and Larkin St., S. F.

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When you are buying gloves, kid or dog-skin, for driving or street wear, remember that there is such a thing as a price that is too cheap. It is best to pay a fair price and get good gloves like Hutchinson's. They are made from selected stock in the best manner and are warranted to be the most serviceable made. If you want to know more about gloves in general and Hutchinson's gloves in particular, inclose stamp for the book "ABOUT GLOVES." No matter where you live or what you do it will interest you. It gives a history of gloves and illustrations of their use, prices of the different styles and qualities, directions for measurement and ordering, also testimonials from those who know the value of Hutchinson's gloves. Established 1862.

JOHN C. HUTCHINSON,
JOHNSTOWN, N. Y.

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Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, at 3 o'clock P. M. for
YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,
Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

Steamer	From San Francisco for Hongkong,	1889.
Gaelic		Saturday, May 11
Belgic		Saturday, May 25
Arabic		Tuesday, June 11
Oceanic		Saturday, June 29

Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Offices, Room 74, cor. Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.
For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or at No 202 Market Street, Union Block, San Francisco.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
GEO. H. RICE, Traffic Manager

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.
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Taking freight and passengers direct for Mazatlan, Acapulco, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, Acajutla, La Libertad, Corinto, Punta Arenas, and Panama, and will make a special call at Ocos.

For Hong Kong, via Yokohama:
City of New York...Saturday, May 18, at 3 P. M.
City of Peking.. ....Monday, June 3, at 3 P. M.
City of Sydney .Thursday, June 20, at 3 P. M.

Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.
For Freight or passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.
WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., Gen. Agents.
GEO. H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

"The Two Orphans" will he given at the Alcazar next week, the last of Effie Ellsler's season at that theatre.

Miss Ethel Brandon will have a henefit at the Alcazar on Monday night. The play will he "The Two Orphans."

"The Highest Bidder," with E. H. Sothern, Bishop, Archer, and the rest of the company in the cast, will he the attraction at the Baldwin Theatre next week.

Harrigan's engagement in this city will be played at the Alcazar this summer. It will last eight weeks, and during that time Harrigan will produce two new plays.

The last four performances of the Sells Brothers' Circus at Central Park will take place this afternoon and evening and Sunday afternoon and Sunday evening, at two and eight P. M.

"The First Lieutenant," a new American opera, written and composed hy Messrs. Page and Wise, of Oakland, will be given its first presentation at the Tivoli on next Monday night.

The Siege of Sehastopol, on Hayes Street, has heen improved in many respects, and the crudities of the hurried first night have heen toned down. New specialties will be introduced next week.

George Riddle gave the first of a final series of three recitals before his departure for the East at Irving Institute, on Valencia Street. The remaining two will take place on Tuesday and Friday evenings of next week.

The fun of the four end-men, Johnson, Slavin, Haverly, and Quigley; McAvoy's clever clog dancing; and the set-to between the little MacShane Brothers, who pommel one another in a highly scientific manner, are the hest features of the minstrel show at the Bush Street Theatre. They will present a new hill next week, which is their last in this city.

Nat Goodwin, the eccentric comedian, is to follow the minstrels at the Bush Street Theatre on Monday evening, May 13th. His play, "A Gold Mine," was written for John T. Raymond and was played by him hut a few times hefore his death. It has been very successful at the Fifth Avenue in New York. The company comprises, beside Goodwin, E. J. Buckley, Rohert G. Wilson, Kate Forsythe, and Nannette Comstock.

The opera company which is to follow Sothern at the Baldwin May 14th—Tuesday, not Monday, when the New California opens—is now called "The Bostonians," though it has been known for years as the Boston Ideals. The company includes Marie Stone, Jessie Bartlett Davis, Josephine Bartlett, Juliette Corden, Carlotta Maconda, Louise Bianchi, Tom Karl, W. H. McDonald, H. C. Barnahee, Edwin Hoff, Eugene Cowles, George Frothingham, and Fred Dixon.

The people of the stage are, next to gamhlers, the most superstitious of any class, hut the unlucky thirteen seems to have no terrors for the managers of the new California Theatre, which is to he opened on the thirteenth day of May. The first night of a new theatre and a first night of Booth and Barrett, rolled into one, make an attraction which should draw the fashionahles from their country retreats, and lively hidding is to he expected at the auction sale of first-night seats, which takes place at the Baldwin at eleven A. M. on Tuesday.

"The Bostonians'" repertoire for their first two weeks at the Baldwin Theatre, commencing Tuesday, May 14th, is as follows: Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday afternoon of the first week, "Pygmalion and Galatea"; Wednesday and Saturday evenings, "The Musketeers"; Friday, "The Bohemian Girl"; Monday and Saturday afternoon of the second week, "Mignon"; Tuesday and Friday, "Fatinitza"; Wednesday, "Fra Diavolo"; and Thursday and Saturday evenings, "The Poacher."

What is described hy the most enthusiastic admirers as the "greatest musical work of modern times," the "Lucifer," of Peter Benoit, was produced at Alhert Hall on April 3d. It is an oratorio, said hy one critic to contain some of the finest choral music ever written, and at certain points effects are attained which could justly be described as sublime. "Lucifer" was originally produced at Brussels twenty years ago.

The old Ambigu Theatre in Paris, an historical home of the melodrama, is ahout to be pulled down. It was first a sort of variety theatre in 1769, and was afterward given up to the performances of children. It has heen devoted to the melodrama for a century.

MAGAZINE VERSE.

The Toast.

Dream not I hold too dear
The gleam of yonder shooting star,
One moment shining near,
The next fading afar.

You touched your glass to mine
In careless, half-regretfulness,
But while you drank the wine,
I drank forgetfulness!

—*Margaret Crosby in the Century for May.*

At the Sign of the Blind Cupid.

When hlushing cheeks and downcast eyes
Set all the heart aflame,
When love within a dimple lies
And constancy's a name,
Since every lass is passing fair,
Cupid must fly and see;
And, lightly flitting here and there,
A wingèd boy is he.

When creeping years steal on apace
And youth and vigor go,
When time with wrinkles marks the face
And strews the hair with snow,
Ah, then no wingèd hoy is he;
But strong-limbed and complete,
With blinded eyes that need not see,
Since memory guides his feet.

—*Walter Learned in the Century for May.*

The Broken Harp.

If this now silent harp could wake,
How pure, how strong, how true
The tender strain its chords would make
Of love and grief for you!
But like my heart, though faithful long
By you cast forth to pain,
This hushed and frozen voice of song
Must never live again.

Yet haply when your fancy strays
O'er unregarded things,
And half in dream your gentle gaze
Falls on its shattered strings,
Some loving impulse may endear
Your memories of the past,
And if for me you shed one tear
I think 'twould wake at last:

Wake with a note so glad, so clear,
So lovely, so complete,
That hirds on wing would pause to hear
Its music wild and sweet;
And you would know—alas, too late!—
How tender and how true
Is this fond heart that hugs its fate—
To die for love and you.

—*William Winter in Harper's for May.*

Omar Khayyám.

At Naishápúr his asbes lie
O'ershadowed hy the mosque's blue dome;
There folded in his tent of sky
The star of Persia sleeps at home.

The Rose her huried Nightingale
Remembers, faithful all these years;
Around his grave the winds exhale
The fragrant sorrow of her tears.

Sultans and slaves in caravans
Since Malik Shah have gone their way,
And ridges in the Kubberstans
Are their memorials to-day.

But from the dust in Omar's tomh
A Fakir has revived a Rose—
Perchance the old, ancestral bloom
Of that one hy the mosque which hlows;

And from its petals he has caught
The inspiration Omar knew,
Who from the stars his wisdom hrought—
A Persian Rose that drank the dew.

The Fakir now in dust lies low
With Omar of the Orient;
Fitzgerald, shall we call him? No;
'Twas Omar in the Occident!

—*Frank D. Sherman in the Atlantic for May.*

A little contrivance Mr. W. K. Vickery has just hrought out is destined to supersede the family Bihle—as a receptacle for ferns and flowers while heing pressed. Indeed it supersedes the herharium, too, for it is as convenient as that unwieldy tin cylinder, and it keeps the flowers or ferns in a hetter condition. It consists of two little ash boards, measuring five and one-half hy ten inches, hetween which are laid twenty-five sheets of hlotting-paper and twenty-five sheets of tissue-paper, alternately, the whole heing hound together hy a little shawl-strap, which passes through slots in the hoards and holds all securely in place. It will hold a great numher of specimens, preserving and pressing them at the same time, and it is in itself a decorative object, as is everything that Mr. Vickery's admirahle taste produces; on the front hoard are carved two flowers and the legend "Wild Flowers of California."

In regard to the recent discovery that the glass hottles in which wine is kept sometimes affect its quality, M. Pelligot, the chemist, says that such changes are due to the action of the ingredients employed in the preparation of the glass; thus an undue admixture of lime and magnesia, which are often substituted for soda and potash, heing cheaper, acts injuriously upon wine, while it improves when the proportion of lime does not exceed eighteen or twenty per cent.

— TRAINS ARE NOW STOPPING AT PALO ALTO Station, University Park, and parties wishing to secure a home among the oaks adjacent to the Leland Stanford Jr. University, will he received at the station and shown the property free of charge. Address, W. M. Macmillan & Co., 621 Market Street, entrance Palace Hotel, for maps and further information.

No Safer Remedy can be had for Coughs and Colds, or any trouble of the Throat, than *"Brown's Bronchial Troches."* Price 25 cents. Sold only in boxes.

NOTES AND GOSSIP.

Major and Mrs J. L. Rathbone gave an elaborate dinner-party in Paris last Monday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Mills.

For the benefit of the Children's Hospital, the alumnæ of the Van Ness Seminary gave an entertainment at the latter institution, on Friday evening, April 26th, and also held a bazar, closing on Saturday evening with a social dance. There was a large attendance each evening, and the wortby charity was materially benefited.

The members of the Reliance Club gave one of their pleasant dancing parties last Monday evening, at which the attendance was quite large. The excellent music was a sufficient incentive for dancing, which was happily participated in until midnight.

The wedding of Miss Leslie Van Ness and Mr. John E. de Ruyter will occur on Monday evening, May 6th, at St. Luke's Church, and will be followed by a reception at the bome of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Van Ness, 1020 Green Street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Pickens gave a delightful musicale at their residence, 1925 Webster Street, a week ago last Friday night. Several of their friends were present, and to all of them the affair was one of enjoyment.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Mullins entertained a number of friends at their residence, 1809 Gough Street, a week ago Friday evening. An informal musicale was the feature of the evening, among the participants being: Colonel and Mrs. Samuel D. Mayer, Mrs. M. G. Pritchard, Miss Thorne, Miss Adèle Martel, Miss Roberta, E. Lee Wright, Miss Mann, Miss Sherwood, Mr. Mann, and Mr. C. F. Mullins. A delicious supper was also enjoyed.

Invitations have been issued for the reception to be given this (Saturday) evening at the Hotel Rafael. Dancing will commence at half-past eight o'clock to music by Ballenberg. The reception committee comprises Mrs. Henry Schmiedell, Mrs John Boggs, Mrs. R. N. Graves, Mrs. E. Scott, Mrs. Jasper McDonald, and Mrs. W. E. Holloway.

Miss Ena Tucker, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Tucker, was married to Mr. C. O. G. Miller last Thursday evening, at the home of the bride's parents, 1051 Market Street, Oakland. The bridesmaids were Miss Etta Tucker, Miss Albertine Tucker, Miss Annie Miller, Miss Sallie McKee, and Miss Daisy Ainsworth. The groomsmen were Mr. Harry Miller, Mr. T. T. Dargie, Mr. Samuel Bell McKee, Mr. Eddington Detrick, and Mr. William Herrick. An enjoyable reception was held after the ceremony.

Army and Navy.

Dr. and Mrs. C. W. Rush, U. S. N., arrived here last Wednesday from Annapolis, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Chaplain Frank Thompson, U. S. N., of Mare Island, was at the Occidental Hotel a few days during the week.

Commander and Mrs. Louis Glass, U. S. N., will go to the Yosemite Valley next Friday.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Mansfeldt Concert.

Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt gave his seventeenth concert of this season last Monday evening at Spencer Hall, before an appreciative audience. The following programme was presented:

Sonata, Opus 10, No. 1, Finale.....Beethoven
Miss Hattie Dunlap.
Romance.....Mansfeldt
Miss Clara Selig.
Violin, Mazurka de Concert.....Musin
Miss Jennie Beasey.
Nocturne, A major.....Field
Mrs. Martha Crowley.
Mazurka Brillante.....Ascher
Miss Jennie Beasey, Miss Amy Cellarius, Miss Josie Dunlap, and Miss Birdie Rutherford.
Grand Duo, "William Tell," Violin and Piano.....
.....Osborne-De Beriot
Miss Jennie Beasey and Mr. Mansfeldt.
Nocturne, A major; Waltz, G flat major.....Chopin
Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt.
Hungarian Rhapsodie.....Liszt
Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Mansfeldt.

The Ansorge Concert.

A piano recital was given at Pioneer Hall on Thursday evening by Herr Conrad Ansorge. A music-loving audience enjoyed the annexed programme:

Fantaisie and Fuge, G minor.....Bach
(Arranged for piano by Liszt.)
Variationen, F minor.....Haydn
Sonate, Op. 31, No. 2.....Beethoven
Impromptu, G major.....Franz Schubert
Arabesque, Op. 18.....Schumann
Polonaise, A major; Polish Songs.....Chopin
Ballade, D minor.....Conrad Ansorge
Rhapsodie, No. 10.....Liszt
Paganini Caprices.....Liszt
Andante, Campanella, Arpeggio, Jagdstueck, and Thema mit Variationen.

The Loring Club will give a concert next Wednesday evening, at Odd Fellows' Hall, for which an attractive programme has been prepared.

A testimonial concert will be given to Miss E. Beresford Joy, next Thursday evening, at Metropolitan Hall.

DXXV—Bill of Fare for six persons—Sunday, May 5, 1889.

Clam Soup.
Broiled Squabs. Potato Fritters.
Green Peas. Mushrooms.
Roast Lamb. Mint Sauce.
Asparagus Salad. Cheese Sandwiches.
Whipped Cream. Strawberries.
Orange Cake.

POTATO FRITTERS.—Six boiled potatoes, three ounces of flour, one tablespoonful of olive-oil, one gill of tepid water, one-half teaspoonful of white pepper, one teaspoonful of salt, white of one egg. Put the flour into a bowl, mix it with the salt and pepper, pour into the centre the olive-oil, over this the tepid water, beating well together. Whip the white of egg to a stiff froth, add this to the mixture in the bowl, stirring very carefully in order not to break the froth. Quarter the potatoes, and dip each piece separately into the batter. Throw them into hot clarified fat, and let them fry three minutes. Remove them from the frying-pan, drain them upon a sheet of brown paoer placed upon a pan, and serve piled high in a vegetable-dish. All batters should be made an hour or two before using, adding the white of the egg just at the moment of use.

Ruhinstein will celebrate his jubilee on July 23d. It was in 1839 that he made his first appearance at a benefit-concert in Moscow. Wachtel, the tenor, has been celebrating his jubilee at the age of sixty-five. He says that he has sung "Le Postillon de Lonjumeau" a thousand times.

— ISKENDER BEY, HAVING BEEN CALLED TO Paris to represent his country at the Exposition, has determined to sell out his entire stock of carpets, rugs, portières, and other rare and valuable Oriental goods, and to that end has placed it in the hands of Bovee, Toy & Co., who advertise the sale in another column.

— STEELE'S Palace Drug Store, 635 Market St.

Finest oysters in all styles, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

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At 11:30 o'clock A. M., on the premise

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Large Lots, 100x198, 50x200, other sizes,
Streets Graded. Water-pipe the property.
Fine Residences surround property.

San Mateo is the principal town between San F and San José, and must, in a few years, exceed in po the thriving city of Oakland; its accessibility from S cisco being much pleasanter, having no water to c no change to make. With the cut-off constructed nection made with Santa Barbara, the great overland ger through travel will run on this line. And, doublet trains on twenty-two-minute time will be the order of within a few months. In the immediate vicinity of Sa are a larger number of the largest and handsomest c mansions, and residences than in any other sectio State. In fact, the whole surroundings are an ope The property in this beautiful town must advance idly than any location in this State. In a short tin no doubt be annexed to this city, and will always re premium location for residences. Pure air, elegant d unequaled beauty of surroundings, magnificent drive of water and best of neighbors. There is no spot in nia of equal attractions.

Do not, under any considerations, fail to visit Sa during the interval between this day and the sale, day up to day of auction, including Sunday, we sh a fine conveyance, free of expense, to convey all visi this choice property at every train.

To visit is to purchase a lot for a home and a few for a big advance, which must follow.

A certificate of Title from ney E. J. Pringle, Esq., will be to each purchaser free of char

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Tickets can be had at our office, 618 Market S THURSDAY and FRIDAY, May 9th and 10th SATURDAY (May 11th) MORNING up to 9 o'c at depot, Fourth and Townsend Streets, up to hou ing, 9:45. The excursion train will stop at Valen Station. Tickets to be had on the train.

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Tickets on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.

MR. GEORGE RIDDLE
will give the second of his Dramatic Recitals at
HALL, Howard and Twenty-First Sts., Tuesday Evening, May 7th.
PART I.—Come Here! (translated from the German for Mr. Riddle), Genevieve Ward; Wolsey's Downfall, from Henry the Eighth," Shakespeare; The Boat Race, from famous boy's book. "Jack Hall" (arranged by the author Mr. Riddle), Robert Grant.
PART II.—The Relief of Lucknow (dedicatory poem to Princess Alice), Tennyson; A Modern Sermon, Anon; Postscripts (written for Mr. Riddle), John T Wheelwright.
"I not recall so satisfactory and masterly a reader since the days of Mrs. Fanny Kemble."—*George William Curtis.*
Admission, 50 cents.

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GRAU BROS.....PROPRIETORS AND MANAGERS.
Saturday and Sunday Evenings, Last Nights of
THE QUEEN'S LACE HANDKERCHIEF!
Entirely New Scenery! Rich and Elegant Costumes!
Augmented Chorus and Orchestra!
The cast includes Our Entire Star Company.
Monday Evening, May 6th,
THE FIRST LIEUTENANT!
A new American Opera by Messrs Page and Wise of Oakland.
Box Sheet Now Open.
OPERA POPULAR PRICES, 25 and 50 cents.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Boy—"I want a half-holiday." *Teacher*—"Why?" *Boy*—"My grandpa is going to be hung to-morrow." —*Epoch.*

It is a wise child that goes out of the room to laugh when the old man mashes his thumb.—*Terre Haute Express.*

"Will the Indian work?" asks a writer. Try him with a gimlet and a keg of whisky and see.—*Burlington Free Press.*

In evening-dress a man should believe all he hears, to be consistent with his swallow-tale coat.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

De Hope—"Those girls march in excellent time." *Le Bloke*—"Yes, they have clocks on their stockings, don't you know?"—*Town Topics.*

Meddler—"What is your business?" *Cynicus*—"Minding it." *Meddler*—"Minding what." *Cynicus*—"My business."—*Harper's Bazar.*

"Could you give a man a lift?" asked a seedy-looking man at the door of an office building. "Certainly; take the elevator at the end of the hall."—*Merchant Traveler.*

"It must be awfully nice to own a yacht," said Mrs. Knowlittle; "you can go to Europe then without having to pay the enormous prices these transatlantic lines ask."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Mrs. Poorbody Ganzevoort—"The Four Hundred! Who ever heard of the 'Four Hundred' in Washington's time?" *Mrs. Stanford Hoyle*—"I don't know; but I'm sure I didn't."—*Puck.*

If we were to choose the most appropriate symbol of the fleeting, the evanescent, the perishable, the decaying, the here-to-day-and-gone-to-morrow, perhaps it would be a pair of boy's boots.—*Springfield Union.*

Mr. Bloomingdale Ward (tremulously, after venturing a kiss)—"I—I—I beg pardon. I didn't mean to. I——" *Miss Dolly Flicker* (severely)—"If you had been sincere I might have forgiven you."—*Life.*

New York dude (at his Fifth Avenue home)—"Fadder, vy gan ve nod anglo-size our names a leedle, like dose rich Irish do?" *Wise father*—"Mine son, ve might anglo-size our names, hud vat ve do mit our noses?"—*Puck.*

"I declare it's a shame," said the young man, who lived in New Jersey, to his sweetheart; "the mosquitoes are so bad that you have to wear a veil when you go driving, and the idea of driving with a girl who wears a veil!"—*New York Sun.*

Caller (watching Colonel Blood as he approaches)—"What a soldierly bearing your husband has, Mrs. Blood! He carries himself so very straight and erect." *Mrs. Blood* (without looking around)—"I expect so. He has been dining with some friends."—*Life.*

"Rochefoucauld says," remarked Borely, after the ladies had withdrawn, "that there is something in the misfortunes of our friends which is not altogether displeasing to us, and——" The grim smile which went around, as he stuck the wrong end of his cigar in his mouth, showed him how much truth there was in the soul-wearying chestnut.—*Puck.*

Whitgoods (entering crowded down-town restaurant)—"I think a Mr. Lakehy, from Chicago, is in here; but I don't know him by sight. How do you suppose I can find him?" *Proprietor*—"We'll find him for you, sir, if he's here." (To head-waiter)—"Fauntleroy, just take a turn around the room and see if you can find a man holding his fork with the under-grasp."—*Puck.*

"How do you like that for poetry?" asked a traveling man of a friend, as the latter, with a visible struggle, finished reading some manuscript. "How many glasses of beer did you drink before you wrote this?" "Three or four." "I thought it sounded kind of mathematical." "Mathematical?" "Yes—lager rhythms, you know." And his revenge was complete.—*Merchant Traveler.*

Barber (to first comer—in hand)—"Shave, sir?" (To second comer) "Take a chair, sir, I shall be disengaged immediately." *Smith* (first comer, who has recognized in the glass opposite that it is that fellow Brown, his rival and enemy)—"Ya-as, I wish to be shaved, and—ah—then I should like my head washed—shampooed, y'know—and afterward my hair cut—and—carefully curled!"—*London Punch.*

The happy bride—"Why, mamma, what *are* you crying for? Everything is *so* lovely, and everybody's been *so* good to me! Come and look at my presents, dear!" *The wise mamma*—"It's the presents I'm thinking of! Every family with a regiment of unmarried girls has sent you the most horribly expensive things, and now they'll all be getting married, and you and Charles will have to scrape and starve to give each of them something handsomer still! Presents! Oh, Angelina! why didn't you elope?"—*Puck.*

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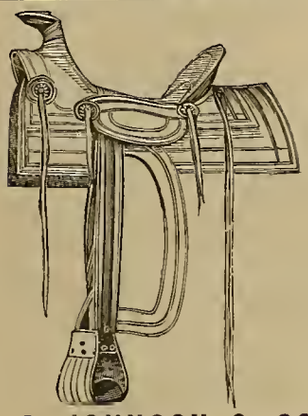

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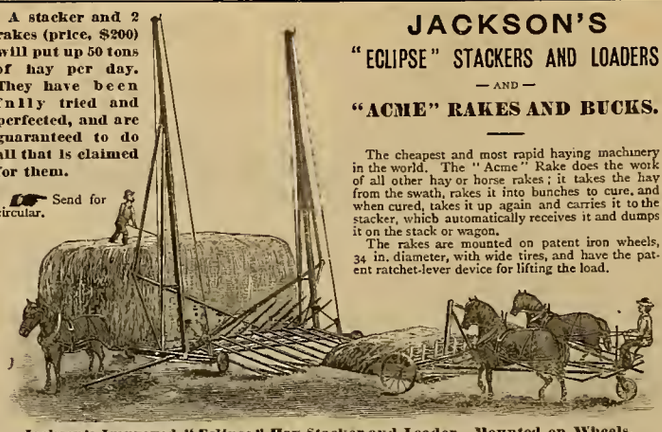

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AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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he death of such prominent citizens as Samuel Red- on nd Judge E. N. Hastings under cable-cars, and the er s casualties which are constantly occurring, should e board of supervisors to the passage of stringent or- nc for the government of our street-car service. Street- pelled by fixed power and wire-cables under ground of finite convenience to the community, and furnish the st d cheapest mode of passenger transportation yet de- d. When we consider the hundreds of thousands of citi- en, women, and children—who are carried in street-cars, re t how few accidents occur, it is apparent that street- lin are infinitely safer than any other mode of convey- e k wn, much more so than private vehicles. The street- co uctor and the driver of private wagons should be ght e one first principle of law which underlies the whole em street traffic, viz.: that the right of way in the streets cit belongs primarily to the pedestrian; no wagon, or car- e, c street-car, should be allowed to pass a street crossing ra of speed faster than a walk; no car should be al- ch take up or discharge passengers when in motion, er nalty to servants of the line and passengers for viola- ; ards should protect the running-gear of cable-cars; uc rs and gripmen should be sober, intelligent, and well- pe ated, with reasonable hours of labor; one car should be ermitted to pass another at rest for receiving or dis- gi passengers; cars should be so constructed that all passengers would be received and discharged at the rear of the car and while the car is at rest. In each car the number of passengers should be limited, and when the car is full, no more should be taken, and for each passenger a seat should be provided. It is not the convenience or comfort of passengers which is first considered by the owners of car lines, but how many five-cent nickels can be picked up in a day. A car is jammed with men, women, and children, some standing, holding to straps, some sitting, crushed and uncomfortable, and through the centre of the car a stalwart tramp pushes for fares, careless of consequences to his passengers, too busy looking out for stops and starts to be polite, or decent, or careful upon whom he steps. The whole system on our more crowded thoroughfares, and at times of the day and on occasions when the crowd is densest, is simply disgraceful. It is endured, because the penalty of not submitting is to walk. The system is an organized scheme of brigandage, operated upon the public streets in daytime, and under color of the law, in defiance of the safety or comfort of the community which it is paid to accommodate. Companies are in this way robbing the citizens of San Francisco of annual millions. Murders are committed, accidents are frequent, and discomfort is the rule; to stand up in a dense crowd, sometimes rude and bad-smelling, sometimes with a returning hoodlum picnic; to sit on an open dummy beside a nasty dudheen in the mouth of an inebriated wretch, or beside a market-basket dripping blood, carried by a boarding-house lady of the slums, is what we receive for a fare which by law entitles us to a comfortable seat in a clean car, with space for ingress and egress, to be conveyed in safety the entire length of the route over which the line is operated, to be collected by well-mannered and polite conductors. This is what the passenger has the right to receive for his money. The company which is unable or unwilling to provide it, should have its franchise annulled and its concession withdrawn. It is the duty of the mayor and board of supervisors to give us municipal legislation which shall protect citizens in their rights against the exactions, greed, and criminal carelessness of street-railroad corporations. Five cents entitles a passenger to ride the entire length of the road and at any time of the day, and he should be provided with a ticket which would be available at any hour of that day or at any part of the line. To prevent its improper use, punches could be provided. A passenger coming from the Western Addition, over the Sutter Street Road, is entitled to stop at Polk Street to order his coal or marketing, and then pass along to his place of business further down-town. The board of supervisors should take legal advice as to its right to compel companies to exchange transfers with each other. The writer, with his family of five persons, visiting the Sebastopol exhibition, on Hayes Street, from the corner of Union and Fillmore Streets, was compelled to take three roads and pay one dollar and a half in fares; after leaving Union Street not one found a seat. The cable-car system of San Francisco is, in some respects, the best in the world, but as administered at present it is not so safe or comfortable as, and but little more economical than carriage and omnibus conveyance in London, Paris, or Berlin. By the way, the cable-companies of San Francisco should arrange their cars so that the roofs can be used for seats. The climate here is certainly adapted to open-air traveling, and the cable-power is not all utilized.

The Reverend Father A. Garriga, of Roman Catholic faith, belonging to the Christian Brotherhood, educated in some foreign university, unacquainted with the principles of our government, and with no conception of the spirit of our institutions, proposes to set himself up as a teacher at Fresno. To do this, he starts out upon a begging tour to raise money for the purpose of setting himself up in business. He goes to Fresno "to lead in a movement for the public to build a college for the benefit of all." He does nothing of the kind; his pretense is a sham and a fraud; he desires to build a Roman Catholic institution for the glory of the Roman Catholic Church, and he cares no more for the public good than the man in the moon, and he does not in any sense "intend to build a college for the benefit of all." The school is intended for the propagation of the Roman Catholic religion. The Christian Brotherhood lives for no other object, and was created for no other purpose. It depends upon the suffrage of the church; the Christian Brotherhood will die and make no sign when it shall dare to disobey the mandate of Rome. This college, or monkery, or whatever it may be called, is intended to supersede the free public schools. It is the enemy of education, and no Jesuit or Christian Brother ever teaches the truths of history. The order of the Christian Brotherhood is an educational institution intended for the purpose of breaking down free schools in this government, and to secure the education of American Catholic boys upon sectarian, narrow lines. The people of Fresno will do well to let Father Garriga paddle his own canoe, and not be deceived by the pretext that a school of the Christian Brotherhood at Fresno will be other than a narrow, bigoted, sectarian propaganda of Romanism, as it is in San Francisco and wherever elsewhere in the world it is established.

A curious incident has occurred before the Parliamentary Commission engaged in investigating the Irish-criminal-land-league conspiracy. Parnell is the Irish Parliamentary leader. He is the ally and chief of Gladstone's Irish contingent in the House of Commons; he is the "Hope of Ireland," Ireland's "uncrowned king." It is to Parnell that the San Francisco Irish send their money, and they are now supplying him with funds to carry on his defense against the London *Times*. Quoting a statement made by Parnell in the House of Commons, during a debate for suspending the writ of *habeas corpus* in 1881, the attorney-general put to him the following questions, and received the following replies:

Attorney-general—"Did you believe that when you said it?"

Parnell—"No; at any rate, it was a grossly exaggerated statement.'

Attorney-general—"Did you or did you not intend to misstate a fact when you made that statement?"

Parnell—"I have no doubt I did."

Attorney-general—"Deliberately?"

Parnell—"Yes; deliberately."

Attorney-general—"You deliberately made a misstatement knowing it to be untrue?"

Parnell—"Yes; if not untrue, very extravagant and boastful."

Attorney-general—"You have never since withdrawn it?"

Parnell—"No, I have not. The statement was made to mislead the House."

This report comes as "special" to the *Examiner*, from whose columns we make a literal extract. The *Examiner* is the organ of the Irish in this city. The same report is contained in the *Chronicle*, and is, we believe, an Associated Press dispatch. The Associated Press dispatches are uniformly friendly to the home-league-Irish conspirators. Now, if this be true, and Parnell has, under oath as a witness, sworn truthfully, he stands confessed before the world as a man who LIED to the Parliament of England when speaking upon a grave question pending before the House of Commons. *He made a deliberately false statement, knowing it to be untrue, for the purpose of misleading the House.* This he did upon his *honor* as a gentleman and member of Parliament. This is Irish politics as announced by the Irish leader, the uncrowned king of Irish idolatry, the "hope" of oppressed Ireland. If this chief of party is a "liar," "extravagant," "boastful," and does things *as* leader and chief of party in Parliamentary debate for the avowed purpose of misleading the House, is it very extravagant to believe that he might have knowledge of crimes, and might be cognizant of criminal proceedings? If Parnell is the companion, personal friend, and co-conspirator with those who murder by assassination, who use dynamite, who resist legal evictions by violence, who torture dumb animals, who engage in the boycott of women and the burning of dwellings, is it not entirely probable that there exists between "Parnellism and crime" something more than a political connection? If Parnell has taken money by the hundreds of thousands of dollars from Fenian leaders in America, and sustained his party and himself by their aid, may we not presume he lies when under oath he denies any knowledge of the Fenian organization? If, when Parnell is asked "What had become of the Land League books—cash-book, letter-files, and ledger?"

—he replies under oath, that "he did not know where they were, hut would try and find them," does anyhody but an Irish politician believe that he tells the trutb? It has never before occurred in any of the celebrated state trials of the world that so bold and damaging an admission of guilt has been made as has been drawn from the lips of this confessing criminal under the tortures of cross-examination. All Ireland is endeavoring to squirm out from under the inexorable logic of Parnell's admission, that, in debate in Parliament, he deliberately uttered a premeditatedly false statement for the willful purpose of misleading the members of that honorable hody. He did not lie under oath, but he did that which is more discreditable—he lied where his honor as a gentleman was pledged that he should utter only the truth. He can not be sent to prison for perjury, but he may be sent to "Coventry" for life for violation of the code which gentlemen, men of honor, statesmen, and honest men guard with their lives. When the roll of Ireland's proud names shall be called, that of Charles Stuart Parnell will not be found among them.

A very curious work, entitled the "Battle of the Swash," written hy Samuel Barton, has recently been issued hy a Montreal publisher. The hattle of the Swash occurred in the year A. D. 1890, between England and the United States. It was a maritime engagement near Sandy Hook, in the main channel of New York harbor, and not far from the Coney Island shore. The result of this engagement was the almost complete destruction of the cities of New York and Brooklyn, hy the bombardment of great guns on ships lying at anchor at a safe distance from the reach of coast and harbor fortifications. At first, the great iron-clads were hewildered hy certain electric-lights, which covered the approach of two small dynamite-rams; and the *Victoria*, the most formidable of the turreted ships, and the *Camperdown*, the largest of the armored ships, were destroyed by the dynamite gunboats *Suicide* and *Samson*. The two great ships were blown to atoms, and the English fleet hauled off till it was ascertained that the two private rams were vessels built by subscription in New York, because the government would not adopt them. The English admiral, having ascertained that the American navy had no further torpedo-vessels, returned to his moorings, homharded New York and Brooklyn, extorted terms for ransom, and finally conceded the sale of Canada for three hundred millions pounds sterling, and extorted an indemnity from the United States of one billion five hundred million dollars, and consented to make peace. The story is in imitation of the Battle of Dorking—wbich, some years since, created a sensation in England—but is well told, and is a very graphic description of what is likely to occur between England and the United States, if the difficulties between the Dominion of Canada and the United States should be permitted to result in war. There is, in our judgment, greater danger along our Canadian horder than elsewhere exists in the world to draw us into complication with any other nation which exists. We are not afraid of Germany, or any other possible complication; but we are afraid that the little handful of people across our border may entangle two great nations in war, unless carefully avoided. America can not prevent war hy any diplomacy if the people and Government of Canada wish to provoke it. England alone will command the question of peace or war when the time comes tbat the issue shall be upon us. There are serious questions now pending between the Dominion Government and the United States. They have arisen out of the fisheries questions, and they are not likely to be placed at rest until all the questions which disturh our horders are compromised and adjusted by the union of the two peoples. The time will come when two English-speaking peoples can not live at peace upon this continent with coterminous borders extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean for four thousand miles in extent. It will be fortunate for both countries and both peoples if this union shall be brought about in a friendly manner, without war or bloodshed. Among the topics which the author of the "Battle of the Swash" largely considers are the complications now arising from the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway and the embarrassments growing out of our most absurd Interstate Commerce Law. From this pamphlet we quote largely: The Canadian Southern Railroad opened for business in 1873. It was huilt entirely under American auspices, if not with American capital; it is now controlled hy the Michigan Central Railroad Company in the interest of the New York Central system. The Grand Trunk Railway, of Canada, with a main line extending from Portland, Me., to Detroit, Mich., is eight hundred and sixty-one miles; another, from Niagara Falls to Windom, Ont., is two hundred and twenty-nine miles, hranches in extension sufficient to make a total length of two thousand nine hundred and twenty-four miles. It was huilt for political and military, as well as commercial purposes, has received frequent subsidies from the Canadian Government, and has always had more or less of fostering care. Ever since its through lines were opened, it has enjoyed the privilege of unrestricted competition with the American roads between the West and all points in the Atlantic States it could reach. It has enjoyed all the privileges of an American railroad; it has been active, aggressive, and unscrupulous, and has inflicted great injury upon its competitors. The Canadian Pacific Railway extends from Montreal to Vancouver, on the Pacific Ocean, a distance of two thousand nine hundred and five miles. Their aggregate cost and capitalization are two hundred and six million nine hundred and forty-two thousand eight hundred and fifty-two dollars, besides a subsidy of two hundred and fifty millions of acres of public lands, all of which, both money and land, has come from the Dominion of Canada, which guarantees the interest on the funded debt and dividends upon the capital stock till August, 1893. With true English effrontery, it ignores the authority of Congress, and under the thin disguise of a charter—procured by fraud from the legislature of Maine—it is now building a cut-off through the northern part of New York to St. Andrews, N. B. Some idea may be formed of the enormous volume of the transit-traffic, from the statement made by the Chicago hoard of trade, that the Grand Trunk alone received from its rail-connections at the Detroit River and at its lake ports, in 1888, one million six hundred and twenty-nine thousand two hundred and eighty-three tons of United States products, which it transported through the vast Dominion of Canada in bond, and reëntered at the United States free of duty. The entire business of the various Canadian routes, east and west-bound, can not be less than from five hundred thousand to seven million tons dead weight. It is well known that the Grand Trunk Railway—hy means of its Chicago and Michigan connections, and those which connect it with Portland, Me., under the privilege allowed it by the law and treasury regulations—is the great heneficiary of the transit trade. It has been shown that the Canadian Pacific, under the same laws and regulations, has been free almost from the day it was opened, hy means of the Pacific Steam Coast Company, and hy other connections running north and east from St. Paul to the Canadian border, and, by its other connections, carries any business it can secure between San Francisco, on the west, to New York and Boston, on the east. These roads constitute more than half the entire railroad mileage of the British possessions in North America; one of them was huilt for military and political purposes hy the government of Canada, under its special sanction, for the purpose of carrying out its scheme for federating its North American colonies; both of tbem have heen heavily subsidized hy the Dominion Government for purposes antagonistic, if not absolutely hostile, to our national interests, and they are not only absolutely free from any control by us, or the Dominion Government, to make whatever local or through rates they please, and are, in fact, frequently engaged in cutting the rates of the American trunk lines, paying rehates, granting passes, charging more for a short haul than for a long one, and entering into all kinds of private arrangements with their American connections and shippers to injure American trunk lines, whose hands are bound in respect to all matters hy the Interstate Commerce Act. In the interest of the Canadian railways, the Dominion Government refuses to allow American railways to take wheat out of Manitoba, haul it through the United States, and deliver it to Canada free of duty. The Dominion Government refuses to permit the Manitoba people to huild an independent railway to connect with the American system, for the avowed purpose of protecting the monopoly which the Canadian Pacific Railway enjoys in that region of country. While tbey, or their connections at Chicago, Detroit, Buffalo, New York, Boston, Portland, and San Francisco, are compelled hy the Interstate Commerce Act to make their through rates to all American points public, the roads lying wholly in Canada, forming parts of their through lines, existing wbolly under Canadian law, and managed by officers and directors entirely beyond our jurisdiction, are under no restrictions as to rebates, drawbacks, passes, construction, mileage, car mileage allowances, or any of the numherless devices hy which one line gains advantage over another, or by which a long, through line gives advantage to a short connection. Thus, from New York and Boston to San Francisco and Portland, a competitive railroad extends through a foreign empire, and enjoys all the benefit of unrestricted and competitive trade, without any of the limitations and hurdens which are imposed upon our own railroads and citizens. At the same time, these Canadian railroads are subsidized and supported hy the Dominion Government, and become a part of the machinery to hind the British Empire together, and in case of need to transport armies and military munitions against our frontier, thus becoming the means of uniting the Atlantic and Pacific, and of establishing military communication through the length of the Canadian Dominion, as a menace to our Northern frontier. The Canadian Dominion, with its area of tbree million five hundred thousand square miles, and a population of five hundred thousand souls, is provided with military tranportation for troops and naval supplies, and enabled to establisb military forces along our entire Northern horder, hy reason of money furnished hy our own citizens, the discriminating policy of own laws, and to the injury of our own railroad companie

The successful launching of a new steel ship-of-war, awarding by the government of the contract for a second, the erection of works for tbe casting of heavy ordn mark a new era on our coast. It opens up to our mech a new branch of industry which can not be entered upo cept under the fostering care of the national government was a bit of splendid enterprise which prompted Irvin Scott and his associates to plant upon this Pacific sh great foundry wherein tbey could compete with the advanced foundries of the East, for what they foresaw w in time, become a necessity of our commercial position. apparent now that great ships-of-war, bearing great guns, be huilt upon this coast, and—if it is true that iron is fou abundance in the Sierras, and coal can he found for use in our extended possessions—it is apparent that tbe neces of our location will control the market for the manufactu ships and guns for the defense of our commercial marin for the protection of our coast. Not only this, we shall a market which will of necessity extend to tbe South and tral American States, to Mexico, Australia, and such powers as may in the future find use for heavy armament coast defenses. There seems to be no very good reason Krupp should command the market of the world for b ordnance, the outfitting of war-vessels be confined to Eng France, Germany, Italy, or the Atlantic Coast. Since land has cbosen to establish a navy-yard at Victoria, it s very appropriate that we should be provided with a where war-vessels may be outfitted, and there can be no tion that in the harbor of San Francisco the place shou chosen for the great ship-foundry of iron-clad vessels of The *Charleston* has made her experimental trip, and wi few hours will return to her moorings, we hope—for the of tbe Union Iron Works, the honor of our mechanics the credit of our coast—an entire success.

Miss Drexler carries away six millions of her inh wealth to a cloister of nuns. We do not particularly r this incident, for so sure as the prophesying of any po event it will all come hack in time. One of tbe certain t in the history of a government republican in form is, tha accumulations piled up in nunneries, cloisters, convents, churches, and the property gathered by bisbops, p Jesuits, and all sorts of monks, will in time come back t people by distribution and secularization. One of the fruits of socialism will come in the banding back to the ple of all the money, property, and effects gathered death-beds and foolish girls like Miss Drexler. There place where this property is accumulating faster than in Francisco. It would be curious statistics to ascertain many millions the Cburch of Rome has gathered bere i last forty years.

Tbe Associated Press dispatches—or as tbey are now us designated, "special cables"—to the daily journals are with the most encouraging accounts of the Parnell trial pending before the Parliamentary commission. The aff Pigott was "first blood" for the conspirators. Whe *Times* was informed that this *part* of the case had h down, through forgery of an Irish criminal, it abandone claim of Parnell's forgery of the letters, made ample apo and consented to deposit twenty-five thousand dollars spond to a claim of libel by Mr. Parnell. When Parnell the astounding admissions of his deliberate misstatem debate, in Parliament, over the *habeas corpus* case in declared that it was untrue, and made for tbe purpose o ceiving members, the whole American press began to a gize for it, and have been continually and ever since se to explain it. Arcbbishop Walsh, Davitt, O'Brien, Biggar the other accused persons are to be placed upon the w stand, and now, for some days, we will hear of the most r accounts of bow swimmingly the affair goes on. We our readers to bear in mind this fact, that the English pr restrained from advancing opinions during the progress o trial, and confined to what actually occurs in court. I glish courts the press does not try causes while the testi is heing heard. In America, the newspaper is usuall tained as advocate on one or the other side of the contro When this case is ended, and the decision rendered, then be time to form an opinion wbich side has the best controversy. Parnell has made his opinion very clear he disfavors the use of dynamite in Irish politics; th is, and bas been, opposed to force, rebellion, and viol that he desires to confine Irisb agitation within constitu limits, and that he is opposed to Fenianism, to the Cla Gael, to Pat Ford, to O'Donovan Rossa, to the murd landlords, to tbe mutilation of cattle, and to all the cru and crimes practiced in Ireland. Americans will take le terest in Irish agitation when it shall confine itself withi

In of humanity, decency, and civilization. When Irish politics becomes less Irish than it is in America, we shall care very litt about it.

Jesuitry having been warmed into life by the protection it has found in America, is now endeavoring to sting the breast whh has given it shelter. It is intriguing in every direction against republican liberty. It is acquiring large property in San Francisco, which it is protecting from taxation by the most subtle devices. If the statistician will give careful inquiry in this direction, he will find some startling figures. If examination will be made concerning moneys drawn from the State treasury for aid of charitable institutions, there will follow startling and criminal disclosures. If we shall ever have a legislature which will possess the courage necessary to pass over two proper laws and appoint a commission which shall possess the intelligence and the courage to pursue proper inquiries, there will be disclosed a gang of theological handitti stealing money under guise of public charity.

Governor Waterman is indignant, and justly so, at professional pardon-brokers. He has been informed that certain attorneys have received fees to interest themselves in procuring pardons from prisoners incarcerated at Folsom and San Quentin. These pardon-brokers are usually worthless lawyers who receive retainers without attempting to perform any service in the prisoner's behalf; as a rule, when they attempt to perform such service, they do more harm than good. The governor has caused all prisoners to be warned against the professional pardon-broker.

Archbishop Corrigan had the cheek to pronounce the benediction in New York at the centennial celebration. One of the bishops of San Francisco did not do was to call in a man of ecclesiastical Rome to pronounce a blessing upon a government he does not believe in, and to which he does not yield an unquestioned allegiance.

At the Paris Exposition, the classification of exhibits is based on the principle of "groupes sympathiques"; that, for instance, of a kind contributed by various nations are gathered in one department. This mode of classification has been criticized by M. Berger as having the advantage of avoiding surprises for the visitors. It has another advantage—that of tacitly turning an awkward point by rendering less apparent the *unofficial* presence of the best part of the European nations. Switzerland, Greece, Servia, Monaco, Norway, Denmark and Morocco alone adhere officially. Egypt had the good intention to do so, but the financial situation of the country was inefficient, and the good-will had to be made by private individuals. Germany received the first invitation from France, which Bismarck refused neatly—his refusal, however, being modified by the statement that it was not determined by the date of the exposition, but by reasons purely economical. Austria very naturally declined official attendance; but the Emperor assured all possible assistance to private enterprises of a monarchy. Signor Crispi explained that Italy's abstention was influenced by no political causes, but by reasons of economy. England's official participation was refused by a diplomatic though significant communication from Lord Salisbury alleging the date—the Prince of Wales, as a constitutional prince, could not give vent to his sympathies on that date. But Great Britain is the land of private initiative, and her flag floats over twelve thousand five hundred yards in the Champ de Mars. Among the governments that refused official attendance, the Czar and England are the only ones to give the true reason for so doing. The anniversary of the convocation of the States-General in 1789 recalls a political progress which Russia has no ambition to emulate. Portugal, Belgium, Holland, Roumania, have not, perhaps, that scruple at heart; they followed the example of the great powers, and declined official participation. The Latin states of South America greeted in the most cordial manner the pacific manifestation. Japanese could not fail to be at the rendezvous. Altogether, there are but four nations missing—Germany, which finds it would not pay; Sweden, too poor; Turkey, preoccupied at home; the Celestials, not yet recovered from the war.

A prominent Episcopal clergyman of New York is quoted broadly as saying that the bishops of the American Episcopal church are rapidly coming to believe that a distinctive episcopal dress is desirable. "Before long, the shovel-hat, knee-breeches, and black silk-stockings of the Anglican prelates will be the prevailing dress of our bishops. The movement in this direction received a great impetus, last summer, when the American bishops attended the Pan-Anglican Synod in London. One or two of our bishops have already ventured to appear in the English dress; but they have been somewhat discouraged by the irreverent American small boy. Some of our right reverend fathers are also said to be anxious to wear mitres when officiating, and to have an episcopal pastoral staff carried before them on all ceremonial occasions. Americans used to boast that they were above such things as uniforms, but the day when such a boast was possible is long since gone."

A curious wedding has just taken place at Lodz. A young man, eighteen years of age, and of good position, for some inconceivable reason married a poor widow with a numerous family. The "blushing" bride is in her seventy-fourth year! The happy" bridegroom has now eleven step-sons and daughters, the oldest of whom is fifty-three; besides twenty-three grandchildren and twenty-three great-grandchildren—and all that at eighteen.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Roman Catholic Church.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: No honest, faithful member of the Roman Catholic Church can conscientiously celebrate the centennial of George Washington's inauguration. The Jesuits, the true disciples of Ignatius Loyola, are, however, granted the privilege of indulging in a little spread-eagleism when *policy* dictates. At St. Ignatius Church the solemn mass of thanksgiving was celebrated by Very Rev. Dr. Joseph Sasia, S. J. After the gospel, the very reverend celebrant delivered a most interesting address, in the course of which he said: "The impartial historian can not fail to testify to the paramount influence of the church upon the civilization of America, and to render all merited praise to the commercial enterprise, educational influence, missionary zeal, and Christian heroism displayed by the children of the Church of Rome."

If the "impartial historian" will testify to the "paramount influence of the church" in the Spanish-American republics, he can not fail to tell us of the dwarfing, stunting, blighting effects of the teachings of the Church of Rome.

Three hundred and seventy years have elapsed since Cortez landed in Mexico; three hundred and fifty years have passed away since Pizarro set foot on the shores of Peru. The people whom Pizarro found inhabiting this new region were a nation far advanced in civilization and understanding, encouraging many of the higher branches of arts and refinement. What has been the progress of Peru since the Incas fell an easy but sanguinary prey to the cruel and rapacious Spaniards? Let the "impartial historian" inform us of the exact development of the Peruvians since the religion of the Incas was supplanted by the cross and creed of the Church of Rome? If the impartial historian will turn his attention toward the republics of Uraguay, Paraguay, Bolivia, Ecuador, or the States of Colombia, where Roman Catholicism, pure and unalloyed, has held full and absolute sway for more than three hundred years, he will not fail to testify that the people are hopelessly imbued with bigotry, intolerance, and superstition; and in intellectual and scientific progress, in the arts and industries, are more than a century behind the age.

What has been the history of the Spanish-American republics from Mexico to the Argentine Confederation? Revolution after revolution, internecine quarrels invariably ending in bloodshed, and, notwithstanding the boasted influence of the church, her army of priests have been powerless to grapple with insurrection and anarchy, and the lives of citizens have been wretched in the extreme from the sense of insecurity and peril. The condition of the masses throughout South America to-day is only a slight remove from that of barbarians; their intellectual development is on a par with their material prosperity, and what little progress has been made can be credited to the energy, skill, and capital of Anglo-Saxon adventurers. The following passage occurs in an article by the Rev. Lyman Abbott: "It is not environment that makes men, men make environment. The same ocean washes Ireland and England; the same sun smiles on them both; the same beneficial fogs and rains fall on their green swards; and the same kind of green grass springs up for them, making verdure in one island as in the other. Why is Ireland Ireland, and England England? Because one is inhabited by the Celt, and the other by the Anglo-Saxon; because one lives under the stimulating power of a Protestant faith, and the other under the dwarfing and deadening power of a Roman Catholic ritualism."

Compare the progress and civilization of the province of Ulster, in Ireland, with that of Connaught, or, of the counties of Down, Antrim, and Armagh with Donegal, Leitrim, and Roscommon. What citizen of the United States would prefer the civilization of Cuba, Hayti, or the Philippine Islands to that of Tasmania or New Zealand? When the very reverend father speaks in glowing terms of the "*commercial enterprise* and *educational influence* of the Church of Rome," he indulges in clap-trap which will not bear investigation.

No true Roman Catholic can celebrate the birth of a republic which does not recognize the union of church and state. The following is an extract from the *Catholic Magazine*, the leading organ of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States: "We feel assured that within twenty years from now there will be a state religion in the United States, and *that religion will be Roman Catholic*." Such is the dream, the hope of every sincere Catholic, but it is only a dream and a hope which will never be realized. The Church of Rome desires to establish not only a union between church and state, but also the absolute control of all civil as well as ecclesiastical affairs. In a telegram from Madrid, we are informed that the Catholic Congress unanimously adopted a resolution demanding the restoration of the temporal power of the Pope. Like the three tailors of Tooley Street, who declared themselves to be the representatives of the people of England—the cardinals, archbishops, and bishops, in solemn conclave assembled, speaking in the name of the Catholics throughout Christendom—had the presumption to imagine that human progress would retrograde at their bidding. Truly the dignitaries assembled at Madrid must be a harmless lot of Silurians belonging to a prehistoric age! The Pope has been dispossessed of his temporal power, and *dispossessed forever*. There will never again be another Austerlitz for the Church of Rome. The times have changed, and non-Catholic and Protestant nations are now in the ascendant. Russia, which represents the Greek Church, is now the most powerful nation in Europe, with the Germanic Confederation a good second. Before another century has rolled by, the influence, wealth, and power of the Protestant Anglo-Saxon race, represented by the United States, Great Britain, Canada, and Australia, will overshadow the whole earth.

If the Catholic Church in the United States can now boast of eight million members, we can conclude that it is high time to amend our immigration laws. The restriction of immigration will be one of the leading questions for consideration before the next Presidential election. Every sensible-thinking person knows that this country should no longer be made the dumping-ground for the refuse of Europe, and we must expect the strongest opposition from that church which has increased its membership by importations from the lousy, lazy lazzaroni of Italy, the semi-barbarous, sanguinary, bull-fighting muleteers of Spain and Portugal, and the priest-ridden Celts of Ireland. J. E. W.

SANTA ROSA, May 2, 1889.

The following striking passage is from an article on "American Diplomacy" in the London *Spectator* of April 20th:

If the United States were a small power, her "original idea of diplomacy," as the German Chancellor's penmen call it, might be considered a caprice, and passed over with a smile; but her people are becoming the greatest nation in the world. It is probable that nothing short of actual violence would now induce any nation to attack her, while she could, if she pleased, almost ruin the commerce of any nation on the globe. It is true she has scarcely any regular army, her twenty-five thousand men being overworked at home; but if a neighboring planet kept no army, it would not be subject to attack. Her coast, if threatened, would bristle with torpedoes and new means of destruction, and her protectionists would be only too pleased if importation stopped. Her navy, though still small, is rapidly increasing, so rapidly as to be a subject of special reports to the maritime powers; and if war were in immediate prospect, her limitless command alike of money and men would soon draw a fleet together. Besides, apart altogether from her existing resources, the growth in the strength of the Union affects the imagination of the European states. There are children alive who will see, or at all events, may see, the "North American Republic" with a population of two hundred millions and the means of raising three hundred million pounds sterling a year; and the idea of incurring the enmity of such a power is as appalling as the idea of fighting Russia would be, say, by Italy or Spain. America could be met only by a confederation of Europe, which, without some great change of circumstances, would be impossible, or possible only if all Europe felt it too dangerous to put up with the treatment one power was receiving. The Union already stands toward the Spanish and Portuguese-American States in the relation in which she may one day stand toward Europe itself. Her foreign office already claims something like a protectorate over both Americas, and desires to wield a preponderating influence from the St. Lawrence to Patagonia, forbids any government to cut the Isthmus of Panama, and warns Europe, in a President's speech, not to meddle with any state "lying south of us," though it may be four thousand miles off.

MINDS DISEASED.

The Methods of Caring for the Insane in Foreign Countries.

It is strange that the deaf and dumb should have been persecuted, that men should have been imprisoned for debt and hanged for theft, and that lunatics should have been treated somewhat as heretics were treated by the Inquisition—all in civilized countries and in modern times. A very interesting chapter in the record of philanthropy is that which considers the reformation in the treatment of the insane, and a very interesting account of that reformation and of the methods which prevail in Europe to-day (says the New York *Sun*) is afforded in a volume, "The Insane in Foreign Countries," by Mr. William P. Letchworth, president of the New York State Board of Charities (G. P. Putnam's Sons).

In his introductory chapter, Mr. Letchworth notes the deliberation of philanthropy in coming to the assistance of those who, above all others of the human kind, are unable to assist themselves. Dean Swift founded an asylum in Ireland in 1745, but that was years before the era of general reform in the British Kingdom. It was in the last decade of the last century that the humane and reasoning Pinel struck the fetters from the unfortunates of the Bicêtre and the Saltpêtrière in France, and that Tuke, the Quaker, set up in England a retreat where lunatics were permitted to exist without torture.

Before that time the insane person was chained up. Sometimes he was chained by the waist only, and sometimes, in addition, he wore fetters about his wrists and ankles and neck. He lay in filth. It was common to set bread and water by him on Saturday night and to leave him alone until Monday morning, his jailor being a God-fearing man and mindful of the injunction to remember the Sabbath day. When philanthropy did take the whim to concern itself in his case, it invariably chose as its executor some person who, from all the testimony we have, was quite as much in need of restraint and treatment as the person upon whom he operated. One of these experimenters, a learned physician, conceived the idea that a person was insane because the strata of his brain were displaced, and that it would be a good plan to shake the brain up and see if the strata would not readjust themselves in a normal relationship to one another. Accordingly, he invented a swing, in which, by the aid of a windlass, a lunatic could be made to revolve one hundred times in a minute, and with this pleasing instrument he whirled a number of curable madmen into a degree of insanity which was simply hopeless. This was in the year 1818. Other capable alienists of that period dropped lunatics into surprise baths, by means of hidden trap-doors, and it seemed to be a general impression that if sanity could be got into a demented man at all, it would have to be shaken in or forced in by some sort of violent shock.

In this country, the first hospital for the insane was established at Philadelphia, in 1750. It was customary to punish in this asylum, and though, in 1783, the amiable Dr. Rush did away with whips and chains, he still practiced "mild and terrifying modes of punishment," and was to the last of the opinion that it was absolutely necessary, on entering the presence of a lunatic, to look him out of countenance. The present century had opened before it was thought that there was any need for a lunatic asylum in the State of New York.

Mr. Letchworth's visits to the insane asylums of Europe were made in order that he might collect material, not obtainable in any other way, to be grouped afterward in orderly form in a volume suitable both for general reading and for especial reference; and it is probable also that he was not a little inspired by the criticisms of British specialists who have visited American asylums, and who have pronounced many of them prison-like in construction, less natural and home-like than their kind in England, and provided with rules which harm patients by the restraints which they put upon them.

A very interesting review is that of the famous mad-house known as Bedlam, the oldest in England, from its beginning in the reign of Henry the Eighth until now, and of the numerous other asylums which followed the establishment of the York Retreat by the Quaker Tuke. The cost of maintaining the English asylums of to-day is between eight and ten shillings per head of the inmates, and the insane of England and Wales in 1877 was eighty thousand eight hundred and ninety-one. Six paid commissioners of lunacy get fifteen hundred pounds sterling a year each, a secretary eight hundred pounds a year, two judges in lunacy two thousand pounds each, three special visitors fifteen hundred pounds each, and of course there are numerous paid officers besides. Colney Hatch, Hanwell, Leavesden, Hayward's Heath, Brookwood, Wakefield, Wadsley, Prestwich, Whittingham, Birmingham, and the Friends' Retreat are among the English asylums described. They furnish many points which pleased Mr. Letchworth, but in numerous instances he has the criticism to make that the great number of inmates in a single asylum give rise to confusion, and are contrary to the conditions considered necessary for lunatics whom it is expected to cure.

The asylums of Ireland and Scotland are also considered in detail, those of Ireland being highly commended, and the boarding-out system in Scotland coming under long review. On the continent, the great asylums of France, Belgium, Germany, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Switzerland, and Austria are considered by the author, and a long and highly interesting and useful account is given of the famous colony of Gheel. In this colony the system is in vogue of placing insane patients all about in private houses as boarders, and leaving them almost wholly without restraint. They work in the garden or the kitchen, occupying themselves as the sane inhabitants do, and they go all about the place without oversight. Mr. Letchworth describes a number of households and of insane boarders in detail, and sets forth a multitude of pleasing and unpleasing points. He concludes "that the Gheel system is of little practical value to America, except as demonstrating that a great amount of freedom is possible in the care of certain classes of the insane."

THE DOMAIN OF KING COLE.

A Tale of the Differentiation of Morals.

"To him who hath a good digestion, there is eke a clear conscience, and when two inches of fat cover the mid-rib, there comes concern for the future to no man." Thus wrote the sage proverh-maker for old King Cole, after he had spent many years in ehserving men and manners in the island of Anser. Now, the king had a good digestion. Night after night he went to his bed in a condition of mind and hody such as to make him helieve that he was carrying his head, royal crown and all, under his arm. Yet each morning he rose with a hrain in which no cohwehs were floating, and attacked his chops and 'alf-and-'alf with the fresh enthusiasm of an escaped convict. He had, moreover, the identical deposit of adipose-tissue to which the proverh-maker refers. Thus it came to pass that, with no questionings of an inward monitor ahout the way in which he was treating his subjects and with no consideration of the future, the jolly monarch never suspected the great revolution which was to follow his reign.

The times of King Cole preceded hy an indefinite period the era of the Great Reform in Monarchs. In those days, kings did not spend their time writing innocent hooks of travel, nor did they head subscription-lists. Princes had not learned to lay the corner-stones of orphan asylums and to open mechanical shows. The chief advantage in heing a ruler of men lay in the fact that one's amusements were not likely to he interfered with, either hy a stricture of the exchequer or hy any statute in such cases made and provided. If one had a fondness for six meals a day and unlimited liquor, as did King Cole, it was a decided convenience to have a whole island full of suhjects supplying the wherewithal; if a young man enjoyed sowing wild oats, as was the case with Prince Dimples, it was very pleasant to find the hag always full and no one standing in the way. It is not strange that hoth the king and the prince lived quite up to their privileges. This is a sphere of existence where every heing does pretty much as he is allowed to do hy the others.

The reign of King Cole is said hy the chroniclers to have heen a merry time. The monarch himself was one of those exuherant souls who wish their pleasures shared hy every one. If any suhject of the king failed to get drunk and enjoy himself, certainly his majesty was not to hlame. There was plenty of good liquor to he had for the asking. Under such circumstances it was hard to find a satisfactory reason for not heing merry. One of the last measures discussed hy the king and his parliament, hefore the law-making power passed from their hands, was an act making it a misdemeanor for any suhject to he soher and orderly in a time of general celehration—it heing held that such conduct was *prima-facie* evidence of a disposition on his part to get the hetter of his fellows.

It was, however, only among the courtiers and in the royal estahlishment that the old king's idea of a merry existence could he carried out to perfection. The councilors were a lot of sad dogs, who had, for many years, forgotten what it was like to he soher. Official capacity was gauged hy number of hottles. At the head of the ministry was the Earl of Jaggs, who could hold his own even to the extent of helping to put his majesty to hed. The royal favorites were all fat, and had noses of a hue to call forth many witty gihes from the monarch whose throne they surrounded. Their prevailing malady was gout; and Flip, the king's jester, frequently got off his hest things with his face drawn up in a comical knot over the pain in his toes.

As he came to advance in years and increase in weight, King Cole found the husiness of governing his people more and more of a nuisance. At times it interfered in an exasperating fashion with the serious affairs of his life. Whether a law was decided upon or not, whether a judgment was rendered or postponed—these were small matters after all, compared to a cold dinner and too long a time hetween drinkings.

On one occasion, after the king, during a period of enforced sohriety, had transacted a quantity of accumulated husiness, he remarked to the hurghers around him: "Why am I tormented in my old age with this useless lahor? My ancestors have heen making laws for you these many centuries—surely you must have enough on hand now to last through the rest of my reign. If you want any more, get them up and pass them yourselves; I will not he hothered with them."

The people acted upon this hint. The leading spirit among them was a man hy the name of Bluenose, who had gained a certain kind of ascendency over his fellows hy the rigid correctness of his life. Any one who could he depended upon to remain soher when everyhody else was drunk, must naturally have wielded a deal of influence in the domain of King Cole. A College of Law-Makers was chosen, and Bluenose assumed hy common consent his place at its head. At first the acts passed hy this hody were laid hefore the king for his signature, hut as it hecame more and more difficult to find a time when he could write his name without falling asleep over it, this ceremony was finally ahandoned.

This was the consummation for which the king had devoutly hoped. As he saw the people interesting themselves in the election of delegates, and the latter gathering together and earnestly attacking the hard lahor of government, he chuckled with glee over his own shrewdness.

"I should not he surprised," he remarked, in a hurst of frankness to my Lord Hic, who was First Cork-Puller to his majesty and a prime favorite, "if these people, with a little experience, should learn to govern themselves quite as well as I could do the work myself."

At this quaint idea the courtiers hurst into a laugh, and my Lord Hic, hastily filling the king's glass with wine, remarked: "Your majesty is very dry."

"Let us drink the sack of the nation," said Flip, the jester, raising his mug of frothing liquor, "and we care not who make its laws."

"As a reward for the generous assistance which my people have given me," cried the king, "I herewith decree a grand national holiday, continuing through the rest of my reign, during which no one shall he required to do any work, and endless feasting and drinking shall prevail."

A loud shout went up from the court. The king's health was drunk amid wild huzzaing and clashing of glasses. Only Flip, the fool, stood silent and sad, his head hanging down as though it were weighted with a heavy thought. Him the king noticed, and instantly commanded silence.

"What there, varlet!" he exclaimed; "how comes it that when all my people are happy and rejoicing, you alone, who draw a good salary for heing merry, are downcast?"

"I was merely thinking, your majesty," answered the fool, and he sighed long and deep.

"Of what are you thinking," asked the monarch, while all the court stood hreathless; "is it of the national holiday which I have decreed?"

"Nay, sire," quoth the fool, shaking his head with a melancholy jangle of the hells on his cap; "I did hut forecast the national headache on the long morrow after your majesty's reign is over, and I hethought me of the national repentance, and worse than all, of the national good resolutions!"

As the fool spoke the courtiers turned pale, and at the last words there was a visihle shudder. The king was silent, as if in mighty thought.

"Hold!" cried the Proverh-maker; "to him that is truly happy there is no morrow."

"You have spoken well," said the king, turning to the sage, "and I herehy decree that my people he made so joyful that they shall never think of a time to come after my reign."

Freed from the impedimenta of responsihility, old King Cole and his court continued the unsteady tenor of their way, hecoming more riotously jolly and more thoroughly regardless of consequences from year to year. The demoralization extended to every hranch of the puhlic service, including even the royal guard, who grew so fat that their commander dared not order a douhle-quick, lest he should decimate the line with apoplexy. The lackeys of the royal estahlishment stood around as sleepy and useless as so many dodos. Only the rat-catchers had to he thoroughly awake and vigilant, and to their numhers frequent additions were made at the urgent request of the Earl of Jaggs and others of the older memhers of the court.

No one paid any attention to the hringing-up of little Dimples, the fat and jolly heir-apparent. He spent most of his time roaming ahout with a gang of young statute-hreakers getting into and out of scrapes.

One night, the feasting and revelry at the palace were at their highest, the fiddlers were playing their hest, and the howl was passing rapidly from mouth to mouth, when old King Cole made a sudden movement and opened his lips, as if ahout to speak.

"Silence, all!" shouted the Earl of Jaggs, and the uproar instantly suhsided. The courtiers, who were, as usual at this time of the evening, unanimously drunk, except, perhaps, a few who in all conscience and decency ought to have heen, crowded around the throne to hear the royal utterance.

But the king did not speak. His lips opened wider and wider, and his eyes stared straight in front of him. From red his face changed to purple and then to hlack.

"Is your majesty ill?" cried my Lord Hic.

There was no answer, hut the next instant, with a rattle and a *chug*, old King Cole pitched forward out of his throne and fell face downward on the floor. The royal crown leaped from its owner's head, and rolled in a drunken fashion through the crowd some distance away.

The court-physician was stretched out on a settee in one corner of the room. Several of the courtiers ran to wake him, while the others turned the monarch over with a pull and a tug, as they might have handled some huge jelly-fish.

"Bring water!" shouted some one, and Flip, the fool, wagging his head sadly, muttered to himself: "Desperate cases, desperate remedies."

"If there were not so much fat," said the physician, with a hiccough, laying his ear to the monarch's chest; "I can't hear his heart."

One of the hystanders stumhled over the crown and hent it with his foot. Looking around to see that he was unohserved, he kicked it into shape again, and then stepped up to the Earl of Jaggs and placed it in his hand.

"The king is dead," said the physician, unsteadily rising to his feet.

"Long live the king!" shouted the Earl of Jaggs, waving the crown aloft. Then he turned and scanned the faces of those ahout him. "Where is Dimples?" he said; "find him and bring him here, some of you. He must he crowned without delay."

Sohered hy the sudden calamity which had overtaken their monarch, the revelers started out in search of the young prince. He was not in the palace, nor anywhere ahout the royal grounds. As they ran through the streets of the capital, looking into all the wine-shops and gaming-rooms which the prince and his friends were wont to frequent, the courtiers spread the news everywhere of the death of the king, and a great crowd hegan to assemhle in front of the palace. By daylight, the rahhle had hecome so numerous and so noisy that, as the searchers tried to make their way hack to the royal grounds, they found every avenue closed.

"Why does not some one order out the royal guard?" they exclaimed, "fat and worthless choughs though they are, and have the moh dispersed!"

But the royal guard was down in the wine-cellars underneath the kitchens, striving to distill courage from the contents of hlack bottles. The dead hody of the king and his hattered crown were in the possession of Bluenose and his Associate Law-Maker, who had invaded the palace. The Earl of Jaggs was locked up in a strong, dark closet, where real rats ran hack and forth over his feet. Confusion and uproar had prevailed for a time, hut this was succeeded hy a decorum and good order little short of painful.

"Here is a fine ruffling of feathers," whispered Flip to himself, as he heard Bluenose addressing the people from the upper windows of the palace, and assuring them that henceforth they were to he their own rulers; "and all this is he-

cause the curly pate of little Dimples happened to he mislai so that we could not clap a crown upon it."

But where was the prince? My Lord Hic whispered to th other courtiers his conviction that Bluenose had made aw with the heir-apparent. Naughty people are prone to thir ill of those who are unusually virtuous, and even Blueno could not escape suspicion. But in this particular matter th wronged him.

The prince was in a peculiar situation, and no one but hi self knew it. On the night when apoplexy foreclosed on l father, he had heen out with a numher of his usual associat all disguised so that they scarcely knew each other. Th had just caught a police magistrate, and were preparing hold him under a pump, when a contingent of the municip guard, an organization under the control of the Law-Make came down upon them. They scattered like a flock sparrows among whom a stone is tossed, and all managed get away except Dimples, who had laughed himself quite o of hreath at the fright of the magistrate.

His captors dragged him to the city jail, having no su picion of who he was, and there he was thrust in with a lot tattered vagrants and drunken disturhers of the peace, to u dergo trial and sentence hefore the very magistrate whom had sought to put under the pump. Thus several wee passed hefore the heir to the domain of King Cole manag to appear in puhlic. By that time the revolution was entir consummated, and the control of the government was irre cahly in the hands of Bluenose and the reform party.

The great undertaking of the Differentiation of Morals h hegun in the island of Anser.

"We all understand," said Bluenose to the half-a-doz memhers of the College of Law-Makers who formed the co trolling ring of that hody, "that there is a great deal of s fulness among these people, and, as they propose to gove themselves, it is our duty to devise laws for their immedi correction and to take care that such laws are rigidly execut Every measure heing presented to the people for a major vote to confirm, there is no possihility that injustice will done. By the application of proper means, I helieve it w come to pass, in a short space of time, that the suhjects King Cole, drunken and vicious though they were during rule, will hecome, under their own self-government, one of t most thoroughly moral people to he found on earth."

Then said Rhamrod, the stern and vigilant lieutenant Bluenose: "I can find no reason for the existence of vice a nation which is correctly governed. A man's act is eitl right or wrong; if it is right, he should he encouraged to peat it; if wrong, he should receive instant and uncompromi ing punishment. We do no wrong ourselves, why should allow it in others?"

"If we alone were to administer the government," s another of the circle, the righteous Grimmugg, "we shou douhtless soon hring all these malefactors to terms; but c these people he depended upon to pass the laws which offer? For myself, I would like to see it made a punisha offense even to thump the head of a watchman; yet, m thinks, with all the youth of the land voting for their anci prerogative, such a law would fail to win a majority."

"It is the function of us who are made leaders," remark Bluenose, "to educate the moral sensihilities of the people a higher standard. Everything can not he accomplished once. First let us see to it that existing laws are executed a that the more serious offenses are invariahly followed up w punishment. In time we may proceed to a complete suppr sion, not only of all that is wrongful, hut also of those thi which tend to make men idle and useless to the communit

In this mild hut insidious fashion did the Law-Makers co mence their work of reform, and great changes immediately gan to come to pass in the domain of King Cole. New cou were estahlished everwhere, and all offenders to puhlic pe and morality were tried hefore stern and pitiless magistra Justice no longer trod her way with unsteady gait and de ered her dicta with a hiccough, as she had done under the king, hut was holt upright and vigilant. The police auth ties hecame preternaturally honest, and refused even the m secret hrihes. There was an unanimous and a complete form among all puhlic officials—except, of course, those w were employed in the custom-house.

The people at large, hecoming ahsolutely giddy with rapture of sudden virtue, passed without question a numbe laws put forth hy Bluenose and his colleagues. Finding opposition, the Law-Makers pushed through several measu tending very strongly toward their plan of ultimate moral fection. Merry-making in puhlic places was forhidden, d fights were prohihited, and the young men who broke str lamps got ten days. One hy one, the amusements popu under the old régime were checked off, and the old-time s jects and disciples of King Cole found it harder and harde keep out of jail.

It was a new law on the suhject of vagrancy, hy which ev ahle-hodied citizen was compelled to go to work, which cau the most serious inconvenience to the former *habitués* of courts. When Dimples, after his release, came hack to father's palace, he found that the huilding was used for co and city offices, and that the jolly companions of the old k had all fled—no one knew whither. As he wandered do the avenue after making this melancholy discovery, the pri hy good luck, happened upon Flip, the jester to his fath court, no longer wearing a parti-colored douhlet and hose, cap and hells, hut attired in a plain suit of inky hlack.

"What! is it Dimples?" cried the fool, joyously; "we h helieved you dead, my masters of the court and I." He se the hand of the prince and held it in a firm grip with both own, while the tears rolled down his cheeks.

"Do you weep?" exclaimed Dimples; "what unpro sional conduct is this for a jester?"

"You misjudge me," said Flip, drawing himself up in a nified manner; "I have reformed and am no longer the that I once was. Tears, indeed, have hecome very pro sional with me, for I am now apprenticed to an undertak

"By my father's pipe and punch-howl," cried the prince, can not comprehend this jest!"

"There is no jest, I assure you," said the other. "Look y," he went on, in a whisper, "have you got a job?"

"No," said the bewildered Dimples.

"Then get one without delay, or you will go to jail with the o er vagrants. Come with me; I know a tooth-puller who wits an assistant to hold people for him."

I would rather not do that," said the prince, duhiously. "There are all my father's friends? I will see them before I d ide what work I will do, if I must work."

"They are gone, I know not where," said Flip, shaking his h d sadly; "the Earl of Jaggs has opened a tap-room, w re I have heard many of them congregate; hut Bluenose a the Law-Makers hold that all drinking is evil and tending to produce sloth among men. I fear me that the noble earl w soon he compelled to find other employment."

"What does my Lord Hic?" inquired Dimples, after a m rnful pause.

"When the vagrancy act was passed," replied the ex-jester, "y Lord Hic could find nothing to which he could turn his h d; hut his feet hore him hravely well in a dancing-school. As, on the very first night, being then far gone with sack, he introduced a numher of new figures in a quadrille, and the p ce took him away."

"In my father's time," said the prince, with flashing eyes, "ese things could not have happened, but now there is no r r in the island."

"There you are mistaken," answered Flip; "the island is ull of rulers. Everyhody is now at once king and s ject; he is supposed to help govern the others, while th govern him. Verily, in my mad days, no such jest a his ever came into my hrain. But look you, Dimples, th kingship whereof we share with many thousand others w avail us naught; contrariwise, I fear me mightily for the m y rulers which are over us. I have hent my neck to the y e, hut you, who are a prince hy hlood——"

"I shall not yield," said Dimples; "I will go into exile a ss the deep channel to the island of Cuckoo."

"Where no one lives!"

"It does not matter. I will go all alone, if I can find n one of my father's subjects who is fool enough to follow m."

"If you say fool," ohserved Flip, "you seem to call on me, a it I had thought to leave a profession which has so sud- d y heen overrun hy amateurs. I will follow your highness w re you will. It is surely hetter to laugh with the living th n to mourn over the dead. These dark vestments accord l ith my disposition, although, should your bighness starve t eath on the island of Cuckoo, I shall have at least learned h to hestow upon you a fitting interment."

"It happened that at the very time when the prince and the f were making their escape to the island of Cuckoo, the L -Makers were discussing a project in which the land a ss the channel played an important part. There were c ain severe features of the vagrancy act which had excited a reat deal of outspoken opposition. It had become evident t Bluenose and his disciples that, in the effort to reform the peo- p they were getting near the limit of what would be toler- a l. It was very doubtful whether a law to prohihit the d king of liquor, a measure which was regarded as abso- l ly necessary hefore the Differentiation of Morals could p eed much farther, could be made to carry. It was then th Bluenose unfolded a contingent element in his scheme w h he had hitherto kept back.

"Everyhody, good and bad," said he, in a meeting of the R g, "hates to pay taxes, and any proposition, looking to a r iction of expenses, will carry easily. Our jails are now a filled to overflowing, and the public architect is at work on a umher of new buildings in which to keep the prisoners c ght up on these later laws which we have passed. The c of maintaining these malefactors is great and can not he m h lessened by the work which they do. Across the c nnel lies the fertile island of Cuckoo. Let us offer the peo- pl a law that every transgressor of the statutes shall he s ied thither, and not he allowed to return until he shall h served out his term and made ample promises of amend- m t."

"They will promise anything to get hack," said Grimmugg, "hich will go for naught."

"Then let those who fail to reform he kept there for life. W shall thus he rid of them forever."

"But will they not fight among themselves, or, mayhap, all st ve to death?" suggested one of those present.

"Let them govern themselves as best they may, and work h l if they would not perish. They are useless to us, and w should they live on the products of our industry?"

"This plan," said Rhamrod, who, in behalf of his com- m der, Bluenose, had made a special study of the best m ods for ohtaining votes; "this plan has the great ad- v age that it removes from the field of operations those wbo a inclined to stand in the way of reform. These people m e up the ragged edge of the social fahric; so fast as it f s let us trim it off and cast it away. Thus, in the end, w shall have no evil-doing in the island of Anser."

"Then the prince and the jester arrived on the island of C koo they found the place uninhabited, save by the hirds w h called them a welcome from the trees, and the goats w b ran about among the rocky cliffs. Nevertheless, Flip w t along the shore proclaiming that Dimples, the son of K g Cole, would henceforth rule over the island, and that all w emigrated hither from across the channel must he loyal s ects to him. The prince laugbed at this, whicb he re- g led as an idle jest; hut a few days later, when a hoat-load of transported prisoners arrived, he found himself called u to he a ruler in good earnest. Dimples was a modest a good-natured young man, hut when it came to a question o ule or be ruled, the royal hlood in his veins asserted it- s

"No difficulty was experienced hy the Law-Makers in getting th people to adopt their plan for disposing of the statute- b kers, and, after it was put into operation, several advan- t eous features developed which had not heen foreseen. One w that the transported malefactors sbowed no desire to return. When the galley, hringing a fresh contingent of convicts, drew up on the heach at Cuckoo Island, those who had been landed some time hefore, instead of hegging to he taken hack, hurled gihes at the officers, and congratulated the new-comers on their escape. This was reported to the Law-Makers, who shook their heads at such an evidence of depravity, and thanked fortune that they were so well rid of an evil element.

Another great advantage in the system, as Rhamrod bad explained, was that it made the voters very tractable. Each law offered was framed so as to affect only a small part of the people of the island, and it therefore easily ohtained a majority, those who committed any infraction were transported, and were thus put out of the way of opposing the next measure.

"By this method," explained Bluenose, when complaint was made that the population of the island was rapidly falling off, "it is true that we pare the community down in some degree, hut we shall ultimately come to a core which will contain only that whicb is valuable and without fault."

The process was a slow one, but Bluenose and his colleagues were not the men to deviate a hair from the purpose which they had set before them. There should he universal good-behavior in the island of Anser, even though at the end nohody should he left to enjoy it save the Law-Makers themselves. Bluenose, indeed, had his doubts about some of them.

The good work received material assistance from the votes of the women, who had succeeded in attaining the hallot, chiefly through the vigorous efforts of one Mistress Caddy. The law to prohibit the use of wine and ale, which had heen for a long time held in abeyance, passed easily when this energetic lady led the fight in its behalf. Very few young men were left on the island, and those appeared to he of a sort not popular, for some reason, with the young women. Mistress Caddy helped through several laws which prescribed just wbat sort of garments sbould be worn hy her own sex, and presently the transport-boats to the island of Cuckoo were carrying more women than men.

The people wbo still remained on the island of Anser, only a moiety of tbe original subjects of King Cole, now settled down to enjoy life in what they supposed a perfectly moral state. It was, perhaps, a fortunate thing that infractions of the law had ceased, for the reason that nearly all the officers and judges, who, at the heginning of the rule of the people, had heen so vigilant and efficient, had managed to run foul of their own snares, and were now in the island of Cuckoo.

However, the Moloch of virtue was not quite yet appeased, and his high-priest, Bluenose, demanded a few more sacrifices. It was ascertained by the physicians that the practice of smoking tobacco in pipes was injurious to health, and an insidious lure to other evil habits. It was forthwith prohibited, and several memhers of the College of Law-Makers, who were too slow about complying, were sent across the channel. Tea, it was discovered, upset the nerves, and coffee demoralized the digestion. Tbe use of these articles was aholished after a hard figbt, in the course of which Mistress Caddy expressed her opinion publicly that Bluenose was as mean as he could he. Shortly after the law passed, this ill-affected lady was discovered by a spy drinking cold tea from a cologne-hottle, and received the usual sentence of exile.

And now it began to be very lonesome on the island of Anser. Existence grew painfully dull for the few wbo remained there. Nothing ever happened which was funny or exciting, so they never laughed and were never moved. The laws compelled them all to be industrious, and tbere was plenty of work to be done. Presently, it was noticed that in spite of the fact that the statutes were never broken, the population continued to shrink. Exemplary citizens, who stood high with tbe Law-Makers, would suddenly disappear, leaving no trace of their wbereabouts.

At last there was a veritable stampede, and Bluenose and his immediate disciples awoke one morning to find themselves quite alone in the former domain of King Cole. They met together in the room in the palace where the College of Law-Makers had heen wont to assemhle and execute its system of differentiation. Now most of the seats were empty, and remaining members stared rather blankly at one another.

"What does it mean?" said Grimmugg; "is it possihle that our people have voluntarily gone into exile?"

"Just as we had got them reduced to a proper moral condition!" exclaimed another of tbe council.

"They must bave secretly cherished evil and rehellious thoughts," said Bluenose, "and now they have crossed the channel to live with others of their own sort."

"What shall we do; we can not certainly live bere all alone?" cried another.

"I have it!" said Rhamrod; "why not ourselves go over to the island of Cuckoo, and seek anew to lead these ill-disposed people into righteous ways. True, they deserve not our assistance, yet nevertheless——"

The words of Rhamrod were suddenly drowned by the blast of a bugle sounded without the portals of the assemhly-room. Bluenose and the others started to their feet. Then the doors swung slowly open, and Flip, the jester of their former monarch, entered, followed by a herald and a retinue of soldiers. The Earl of Jaggs, in a condition of "beastly sohriety," as Flip was wont to call it, hrougbt up the rear.

The procession marched to tbe middle of the room, the bugle sounded again, and then the Earl of Jaggs said: "Give ear, Law-Makers of tbe island of Anser, to the proclamation of the king of the island of Cuckoo."

The Law-Makers stared at one another in silence, while the herald slowly unrolled a long piece of parchment and read in a loud tone of voice as follows:

"Whereas: It hath heen reported unto us by divers exiles, fugitives, and emigrants from the island of Anser, that no one now remains on this land save only the Law-Makers, they heing the men wbo could not endure it that evil should exist in their sight; and, whereas, it hath heen moreover told unto us that the aforesaid virtuous men do now plan how they may cross over to the island of Cuckoo, and there hegin anew their making of many laws to the ultimate result that they would drive the people out of that land also. Therefore, it is proclaimed and shall be made known unto the Law-Makers themselves that they are each and all forever exiled from the island of Cuckoo into the island of Anser, there to live alone and to repent them of their virtue, and that should any one of them violate this order and appear in our domain, he will he promptly filled with strong liquor and then given over to the merry-making of the people.

"Unto this order I set my hand and seal:

"Son of Cole, Dimple, King."

When the herald was done reading, the company faced about and returned to the door. As they passed out, Flip waved his hand to the silent and astonished Law-Makers, and said: "We have not so many laws as you, seigneurs, but we have people to hreak them."

Under the young King Dimples, all went merry in the island of Cuckoo. The mad times of King Cole were remembered in song and story, hut they were not renewed, for all saw that there was much work to he done in the land to which they had come. A few wbo hecame discontented, some with the severity and others with the laxity of the rule of Dimples, fled across the channel to the island of Anser. They were not long in returning, and they hrought witb them the news that Bluenose and his companions were not living together in the capital city, hut that they had exiled first one and then another to different corners of the island, and that now each lived a hermit's life, utterly alone, hut supremely contented with his own virtue. In this manner was their plan for the Differentiation of Morals carried to a perfect completion.

San Francisco, May, 1889. Fred Bayham.

For some months, the annexed tahle, under the heading "Friday for Luck," has been floating around the press of the United States. It has been printed in a couple of the San Francisco dailies:

Friday, February 22, 1732, George Washington was born.
Friday, December 2, 1791, the Albany library was founded.
Bismarck, Gladstone, and Disraeli were born on Friday.
Friday, March 25, 1609, the Hudson River was discovered.
Friday, June 30, 1461, Louis the Eleventh bumbled the French nobles.
Friday, March 18, 1776, the Stamp Act was repealed in England.
Friday, June 13, 1492, Columhus discovered the continent of America.
Friday, June 10, 1834, Spurgeon, the celebrated English preacher, was born.
Friday, December 22, 1620, the Pilgrims made the final landing at Plymouth Rock.
Friday, November 20, 1721, the first Masonic lodge was organized in North America.
Friday, June 13, 1785, General Winfield Scott was born in Dinwiddie County, Virginia.
Friday, September 22, 1780, Arnold's treason was laid hare, which saved the United States.
Tbomas Sutton, wbo saved England from the Spanish Armada, was horn on Friday.
Friday, January 12, 1433, Charles the Bold of Burgundy was born, the richest sovereign of Europe.
Friday, November 28, 1814, the first newspaper ever printed hy steam (the London *Times*) was printed.
Friday, November 19, 1781, the surrender of Yorktown, the crowning glory of the American army, occurred.
Friday, June 12, 1802, Alexander von Humboldt, in climbing Chimborazo, reached an altitude of nineteen thousand two hundred feet.
Friday, September 7, 1465, Melendez founded St. Augustine, the oldest town in the United States hy more than forty years.
Friday, April 8, 1646, the first known newspaper advertisement was publised in the *Imperial Intelligencer*, in England.
Friday, May 14, 1586, Gahriel Fahrenheit, usually regarded as the inventor of the common mercurial thermometer, was born.
Friday, October 7, 1777, the surrender of Saratoga was made, which had such power and influence in inducing France to declare for our cause.
Friday, March 5, 1496, Henry the Eighth of England gave to John Cabot his commission which led to the discovery of North America. This is the first American State paper in England.
Friday, November 10, 1640, the *Mayflower*, with the Pilgrims, made the harbor of Provincetown, and on the same day they signed that august compact, the forerunner of our present constitution.
Friday, July 7, 1776, the motion was made in Congress by John Adams, and seconded hy Richard Henry Lee, that the United States colonies were, and of right ought to be, free and independent.
Friday, March 20, 1738, Pope Clement the Twelfth promulgated his bull of excommunication against the Freemasons. Ever since the allocution excommunicating indiscriminately all Freemasons, the order has received an immense forward impetus in Italy, France, and Spain.
Friday, July 1, 1825, General Lafayette was welcomed to Boston and feasted hy the Freemasons and citizens, and attended at the laying of the corner-stone of Bunker Hill monument erected to perpetuate the remembrance of the defenders of the rights and liberties of America.

Among other papers, this appeared in the Cincinnati *Times-Star*. There, Professor William Hoover, of the Ohio University, found it. Not willing to believe and take for granted, Dr. Hoover examined and carefully verified the dates. He found that out of nineteen of these events, one fell on Sunday, three on Monday, four on Tuesday, two on Wednesday, one on Thursday, and only six on Friday. In reference to the main statement, that the events fell on Friday, there was less than thirty-two per cent. of accuracy, while, as two of these events were assigned to the wrong month and day of the month, the percentage of accuracy should really he put down to very nearly twenty-one per cent. From this computation alone it would appear that, of what we see in newspapers, we might believe one-fifth, if we only knew heforehand which was the credihle fifth. It is, of course, needless to say that the Cincinnati *Times-Star* has published article after article attacking Professor Hoover's character and "denouncing" him.

Aphasia, in a most extraordinary form, is at present under treatment hy Dr. Charcot. A Frenchman, aged sixty, learned English through living seventeen years in North America, and then Spanish after his marriage with a Spanish woman. He lost his command of these languages in the inverse order. First he was unahle to speak Spanish, then English went from him, and lastly his native tongue, French. The affliction was ascrihed to the softening of the third left lobe of the brain, and hy a methodical practice in conversation he regained his normal ahility, recovering the languages in the order of French, English, and Spanish.

The Matthew Arnold fund now amounts to seven thousand pounds sterling, one thousand pounds of it having come from America. Six bundred guineas will procure a hust for Westminster Abbey, and the remainder will be given to Mrs. Arnold.

TWO BAD BOYS.

"Iris" discusses the Chnllys and Dollys of Anglomania.

The American anglomaniac, whom some smart person has called a "desiccated Englishman," has not yet found his way to California. He is one of the crosses to he sent later to try the endurance of the Golden State. No finer example of him —hrought to the highest perfection—could he found than Lord Chumley. But Lord Chumley is genuine, flawless, and unadulterately English, proving his nationality in the unfaltering perfection of his accent, the sweet vacuity of his rosy face. He is the pearl of the species, the others are only false, fleeting, perjured imitations.

They all strive mightily to look like Lord Chumley, and, in most cases, they manage to do it, only they are a great deal more aggressive in style and manner than he ever was in the course of his gentle existence. But they are poor little fellows, and appear very feehle, give at the knees at each step, stoop in the hack, and carry their arms hanging loosely from their shoulders, as though attached hy an extra large hook-and-eye. Their chins are thrust out far in advance of their bodies. This in walking; in sitting they gently settle into a chaos of shirt-hosom and collar, surrounded hy hlack hroadcloth, surmounted hy the shining curve of a well-hrushed head, which is shyly drawn well down into the shelter of the collar. When anything exciting is said, the head shoots out from the seclusion to which it has retired with hewildering suddenness. Those who are well versed in this trick are supposed to he particularly accomplished. Done in truly refined, polished, elegant style, the head should start up suddenly from the ridge of collar, with so abrupt a movement and so startling a length of neck, that unsophisticated country people are irresistihly reminded of a snapping-turtle. It is rather apt to surprise you when you see it for the first time, hut afterward you hegin to appreciate how hard it must he to learn, and respect those who are the exponents of its heauties.

All these young men, though of extreme youth, are very weary, very hored. Life to them is a dwindling vista of straggling down-town in the morning, with a hollow chest and heavy eyes, of sinking stiffly into office-chairs, with little, claw-like, hony hands clutching the arms, of loafing up-town in the afternoon, with one's "purp" at one's heels, of ieaning against doorways in lighted hall-rooms of evenings and looking knowingly at the women, who snuh them, of scaring the buds, whom they snuh in retaliation.

Their scheme of conduct is regulated hy an answering system of retribution. A cut must always he passed on, and these young gentlemen—sometimes undeservedly—get a good many cuts, which they are always careful to transmit. Mrs. Marahout—the gayest, prettiest, most impertinent of all the married helles—will always turn the cold shoulder on Cholly when there's any one hetter than Cholly in sight, but she will always—smilingly, confidently, joyously, with the most candid and innocent eyes in the world—expect Cholly to he ready to fly at her nod when there is no one else in the field. Cholly knows her and all her little tricks hy heart. There is one thing he does know, and that is his world and the people in it. When she has sent him off with a request for a glass of water or a lost fan, and he hears the suppressed laughter of the preferred swain rising over his discomfiture, does he go, with rage in his soul, and lean against the door and glower at her? Not in the least—we are speaking of a man of resources. He selects the thinnest, coldest, most chapped-looking of all the buds in the room, and talks to her for half an hour in such a magnificent, majestic, superior, crushing way, that she has gone down three inches in height hy the time he has finished. Like the Queen of Sheha hefore the glories of King Solomon, "there is no more spirit left in her." To he talked to hy one of Mrs. Marahout's rejected admirers is an honor—but a painful honor.

The great man at her side patronizes everything and everybody. "Mrs. Marabout pretty! used to he hefore the war; quite a fossil now. Miss Flight clever!" looks at her under his eyelids and laughs languidly without answering.

"Had he read Mr. Penner's novel? Some people," timidly, "thought it quite good."

"Really," lounging and gazing with exhausted boredom at the corners of the ceiling, "never read that sort of stuff."

"I thought it rather interesting," with a spasm of defiance.

"Perhaps—yes," raising his eyehrows musingly, then suddenly leaning toward her and smiling a soothing, tolerant smile; "it's a little too much, my dear Miss Jones, to expect a fellow to read the writings of his friends. Life's too short. Nevah read novels myself, any way. They hore me!"

Then they try the theatres. But everything here is also an awful hore, women so deuced ugly, except at the Casino. "Ever go to the Casino?" carelessly, over his shoulder, with a lack-lustre glance; "um, not so had-looking there," looks on the floor and smiles with an air of almost frightful knowingness. "Booth! you don't mean Booth, really?" raising a pair of languidly incredulous eyehrows. "Haven't seen him for years. Don't patronize that sort of show." Enthuses a little about Coquelin when he finds out she has never heard him. Then yawns into his hand, leans hack and pushes his hands deep into his pockets, heaves a mighty sigh, says, "Oh, Lord!" under his hreath, just loud enough to he heard, looks with a glance, varying from utter weariness to piquant recollection of many dark, dreadful, uoutterable things, at the chandelier, and the whole time keeps one eye fast on the faithless Marahout. When she is all alone, and he knows that she expects him to come trotting hack, he turns to his nerveless companion and suddenly hegins to talk to her in the most *empressé* and gushing manner. He fans her softly, he gazes rapturously into her eyes, he murmurs in her ear. She is unahle to account for the sudden change, for she is quite green and fresh in this old world. But Cholly was not horn for nothing. What he doesn't know ahout this sort of warfare isn't worth knowing.

This is Cholly when he is not stupid and can he disagreeable. There is an unsuspected and startling depth in him. Ladies take him up because he can he useful. He will do to fill the gaps in programmes, to fetch and carry, think these guileless creatures, and the first thing they know their tame cat bas shown a terrifying length of claw. For every slight he will "get square" if he has to wait for months. He relinquishes, with a grave and stately how, the charmer who refuses to dance with him on the ground of weariness when a more desirahle partner appears. He never disputes. He will dance with her, flirt with her, smile and giggle with her, send her flowers all winter, hut one evening she will find herself at a hall where her hest men are not, and then he plots revenge.

"Never mind," thinks she, "Cholly will fill my programme," and she smiles invitingly at him. Who so nice as Cholly? He greets her joyously: "Awfly glad you've come—awfly fine dress—look perfectly stunning to-night!" He is, in fact, more polite than usual, hut he never asks her to dance. At the first sound of the waltz he says, with an artless smile:

"Awfly sorry—got to go! I'm engaged for this!" and off he flies. Between dances, as she sits, with dark face, among the chaperones, he comes up, and, leaning against the wall, talks over things:

"Splendid floor—capital music! But rather slow hall, don't you think? Not quite enough men to go round."

She is, of course, a young lady of the world, and is as fascinating, as good-humored, as ohlivious of her punishment as one could wish. Cholly knows enough to wait his opportunity, and to put her in a position where the slightest show of annoyance would he acknowledgment of defeat. She is too consummately trained to show a vestige of consciousness, and of this Cholly is well aware. He has paid her hack in such a way that she can only meekly take the lesson, and dares not resist. Their friendship must, perforce, remain unimpaired—a coldness three months later would he virtual surrender. The young lady's future treatment of Cholly is a thing assured, and, as she is a brilliant young lady, with a high reputation for charm, heauty, and exclusiveness, Cholly's prestige rises accordingly. It is thus that great men make themselves, and Cholly, in his own little way, is a great man.

Cholly's hrother anglomaniac, Dolly, is outwardly just the same. He looks, if possible, more like Lord Chumley than Cholly does. He would sacrifice anything to be good form—this is his *raison d'être*. In the heginning, he did not care for it—but it is a well-known fact that converts are always the most zealous. Now he simply could not exist without it, any more than he could exist without that ruhher hath-tuh which he always takes with him when he goes to the country. But he is so young, and jolly, and good-tempered, that you can not help liking him. He is not often snubbed, for he never presumes. He would he perfectly happy to play second fiddle forever—fetch glasses of water, hunt for dropped parasols and lost fans, and never realize when he comes back, with anxious, flushed face, that the parasols or fans are works of imagination. And then the way in which he forgets his English accent, and eats éclairs for lunch when no one is looking, is simply irresistihle. Everybody likes Dolly, and testifies their love by calling him a fool. How can one help adoring a youth of twenty-two, in loose, light clothes, light hair, light-pink cheeks, light-yellow mustache, who assures you, with guilty hlushes, that "The men in our family have only two accomplishments—they can tie a white necktie and waltz."

His passion for good form is of so late a growth, and he is so afraid it will be overlooked or neglected, that he is always anxious to force it on the person—perhaps hlend to its heauty —with whom he is conversing.

"Well, you know, now," confidentially, gazing at her with that expression of adoring devotion which Dolly can not help assuming when talking to any woman, from fifteen to fifty, "I don't think Mrs. Marahout so pretty. Do you really, now?"

"Oh, lovely! Of course."

"But, Miss Jones," insinuatingly, "she's just a little hit had form—between ourselves, of course—just a fraction loud. Don't you agree with me?"

"But, my dear Dolly, that's the charm. She's so gay."

"But I don't like that kind of charm. I'd rather have a woman good form than handsome. I wouldn't care if she was ugly, if she was only awfully refined. That's my opinion."

"Look here, Dolly; what do you mean hy that? What is good form?"

"Oh, now, don't make fun of me. Don't chaff me. I'm not a hit clever, you know," and poor Dolly falls into an agony. He spends the next half hour in trying to make his paucity of words do adequate honor to his pet theory. He almost weeps at the persistent and amiahle stupidity of his companion, who, looking at him with puzzled eyes over her scarlet fan, keeps repeating:

"But, Dolly, you haven't told me yet. What *is* good form?"

Beads of anguish are on his brow hefore his tormentor lets him he, and suhsides into laughter, incomprehensihle to Dolly, behind the red fan.

Cholly forces the ladies of his world into being friendly to him; Dolly beguiles them into it. He is their pet, their darling, their toy. His standing with them is incomprehensihle and irritating to outside admirers. "What, in heaven's name, do you have that hoy hanging ahout for?" How many hundred times has not poor, guileless, unconscious, happy Dolly inspired this ferocious remark. The fact is simply that Dolly is a most convenient creature. He respects moods. When his lady—representative of the whole sex—is in a had humor, he sits and looks at the photograph-album, and, as he makes no remark to her, she can not very well he rude to him. He is quite happy over the photograph-album. When she is in gay spirits, Dolly will he as gay as a lark. He always admires her, always gives her to understand, with vague and misty hints, that he is secretly dyiog of love for her—generally helieves this himself—and, at the same time, always is careful to eliminate from her mind a feeling of heing in secure possession of his entire devotion. He is at great pains to leave her gently musing on the idea that he is in love in a similar degree with all the others. This inspires the greedy female with a desire for the whole of Dolly's young affections, he his singular popularity, the universal sweetness with which is treated. But he never falls in love any more or aoy le He adores them all, and will fly to the lifted finger of Ma to hasten half an hour later to the call of Marion, to n panting in answer to the smile of Mabel. And in the eveni through rings of lingering smoke, speculates on the dozeo d girls on whom he is "madly gone," and of whom it is imp sible to say that any one is the dearest.

IRIS

MAY 6, 1889.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Probahly the most wide-awake class of men in this country are young fathers who have been hlessed with twins.—*Burlington Press.*

Rafferty (the tramp)—"Wud yez help a poor immygrant, so *O'Brien* (the contractor)—"I'll not! Go back phere yez kem from —*Time.*

Mrs. Slimdiet (hoarding-house keeper)—"Isn't this coffee jus leetle thin?" *Cook*—"I ain't made the coffee yet, mum; th water."—*Time.*

In the history class: *Teacher*—"Now, where was there the most t hle slaughter?" *Little Levi Cohen* (jumping up with alacrity)— fader's store."—*America.*

Teacher—"Adams, do you know who made that noise?" *Ad* (who is the guilty one)—"I know, but I do not like to tell." *Tea* —"You are a gentleman, sir."—*Life.*

A German specialist asserts that Patti has two extra valves in windpipe. She may he considered, therefore, a kind of extra bivalv veritable oyster Patti.—*Musical Courier.*

Citizen (to railroad superintendent)—"Can you give me a free over your road to Philadelphia?" *Superintendent* (with great cou ity)—"Certainly, my dear sir, certainly; hut I must caution you to l out for trains."—*Life.*

School-mistress—"Edward, give me the definition of excava *Edward*—"Excavate, to hollow out." *School-mistress*—"Give n sentence containing the word." *Edward*—"I hit Bill and he e vated."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Miss Gushington (to society pet of '87–'88, apropos of society p '88–'89)—"Oh, Mr. Flitters, did you hear that? How clever he So much taste, hasn't he?" *Mr. Flitters*—"Yes, madam; and it so bad!"—*Harper's Bazar.*

Mrs. B.—"The Browning Cult has rather subsided in your city, it not?" *Mrs. L.* (from Chicago)—"Yes, indeed! Now that we h got on to his curves it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that Brown is already in the soup."—*Life.*

Mistress—"Now, Jane, clear away the breakfast dishes and look after the children. I'm going around the corner to have a d fitted." *Faithful servant*—"Yes, mum. Will ye take the night er shall I set up fer ye?"—*Time.*

Mrs. N. Peck—"So you thought I was an angel once, did yo *Mr. N. Peck*—"Yep." *Mrs. N. Peck*—"And you don't think so eh?" *Mr. N. Peck*—"Nope. I still live in hopes that you may though."—*Terre Haute Express.*

Supe (to stage-manager)—"Say, guv'nor, have you got a life server?" *Manager*—"No; what's the matter?" *Supe*—"The man general fell overboard into the tank with his helmet on, and floatin' around head down."—*Time.*

Sneak-thief (who has just deciphered the name on the door-pla "Ma'am, your husband, Mr. Branson, sent me for his overc *Mrs. Branson*—"Oh, he did, eh? Well, as he's been dead ten y I had thought he'd send for his linen-duster."—*Time.*

The conversation turned upon a certain gentleman who is not you may call a brilliant speaker. "He has only three faults," a fr apologetically remarked; "1, he reads his speeches; 2, he reads t badly; 3, they are not worth reading."—*La Caricature.*

Young fellow (teasing the neighborhood Methuselah)—"Unc En they tell me that Limpy Jim over there claims to be older than you *Unc Enoch*—"Doan yer mine 'em, chile; Ise oler'n Jim, an' ah wuz; oler'n him when we wuz boys togedder."—*Harper's Weekly.*

Young man (looking over hotel register)—"I see that Joshua C fish, of Crawfishville, is stopping here. Where can I find him? an uncle of mine." *Clerk*—"I think you will find him in the eleva he's been riding up and down all the forenoon."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Street-car conductor (to passenger)—"You'll have to pay fare that child, sir; he is over six." *Passenger* (indignantly)—"Well, t the first time I've ever been asked to pay fare for that baby, and he's ri with me on street-cars for nine years and more."—*Harper's Weekly*

"Well, well," mused the love-lorn youth, "I'm in a fix. If I m Mabel, people will say that I married her for her money; and if I denly give her up, from conscientious motives, people will say that jilted me because I am poor. I guess I'll brave opinion and propo once."—*Harper's Bazar.*

"You are late this afternoon," said the music-teacher to his ba and powdered young lady pupil. "Yes," said the damsel, swis down on the music-stool; "ma was so busy with her household d that I had to wait nearly an hour for her to sew up a rip in one of kid gloves."—*Norristown Herald.*

Van Dyne—"You don't do Wentworth justice, Stuyvey—you n don't." *Harkins*—"No, Stuyvey, you don't seem to reach Wentwo intellectual level." *Stuyvesant*—"Intellectual level! Why, if I s on my head in the bottomless pit, I couldn't get down to Wentwo intellectual level."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Artist—"Here is a very suitable picture, Mr. Gibbs. It repres Rev. Mr. Goss, the missionary, in the centre of a group of cannib *Deacon Gibbs*—"I see the cannibals, Mr. Turps, hut where is the sionary?" *Artist*—"Didn't I just tell you that he was in the centu the cannibals?"—*Terre Haute Express.*

Miss Peyster (to Mr. Burnand, who has been indulging in persifl —"But are you never in earnest, Mr. Burnand?" *Mr. Burna* "Never." *Miss Peyster*—"You ought to be. Why aren't you?" *Burnand*—"Well, you see, hy never being in earnest I can always what I think, and no one will ever know I mean it."—*Time.*

She—"Why don't you sit down?" *He*—"Why—er—the trut your papa assaulted me last night." *She*—"Assaulted you?" *H* "Yes, assaulted me. I wouldn't have minded it so much, had it been for the cowardly way he did it." *She*—"What do you mea *He*—"He kicked me—when my hack was turned."—*Chicago Ledge*

"No, William," she said, coldly, with a sidelong glance to note effect of her words, "I can not be your wife. You smoke and you sc times drink. I have registered a vow not to marry a man who either of these vices." "All right, Maria," was the humble re "and now will you please ask your younger sister, Lulu, to c down-stairs a moment? She said, when she kissed me good-by night, that she would gladly have me if you refused."—*Philadelp Inquirer.*

Mr. Longpurse (married a month)—"What! here's a hill from Wisdomtooth for those teeth you had filled last week. My dear, it right for me to pay this." *Mrs. Longpurse* (with spirit)—"Well, s should like you to inform me who would be the proper person to pa then?" *Mr. Longpurse*—"Holy smoke! your mother, of cou Think I'm going to pay dentists for stopping up holes that you ha your teeth before you married me and left the maternal roof? We guess not."—*Judge.*

VANITY FAIR.

Boston has heen agog over its hig costume party, the Artists' Ball, for a couple of months, the invitations having heen sent out early in March (writes Arlo Bates in the Providence Journal). The list of invitations was carefully selected, and although there was no attempt to confine it to strict society limits, the artistic heing considered as well, the guests represent Boston's best, socially as well as artistically. Of course the costumers have heen reaping a harvest, hut the most effective dresses did not come from them. At the Athenæum, one attendant has heen deputed for six weeks to do nothing else hut to show hooks of costumes. The newspapers, getting hold of lists of tbe guests, sent out circular-letters requesting descriptions of costumes; a prominent and enterprising photographic-house, "hy permission of the committee," invited the guests to give them sittings in costume and "accept a finished picture with their compliments," and altogether Boston has heen almost as much excited over its costume-party as New York over its centennial. I took the precaution to start early. By the time I had got out of the dressing-rooms and walked about a little, I was quite overwhelmed by the variety and the splendor of the dresses. This feeling deepened continuously for the entire eveoing. I think nobody, not even the managers, was prepared for the richness of the dresses, while the taste shown in the selection was astonishingly good. When it comes to over six hundred dresses, of all countries and ages, words are inadequate to convey any impression of the richness and variety of the effect. Wherever one looked, there were things which in themselves would have made the success of any ordinary costume-party. The ante-halls were thronged witb people waiting to he marshaled in the procession, which was to start at half-past eight o'clock, and got under way soon after nine. The wide stairway, over the foot of which was thrown an arch of evergreen, was guarded hy attendants in handsome mediæval garb, and up and down went lovely womeo, who had the advantage of heiog ahle for the nonce to get themselves up in whatever way was hest adapted to briog out their good points and cover their shortcomings. When the grand procession arrived, and went winding in its turn, up the hroad stairway, the sight was one of the most beautiful I ever saw or expect to see. The stairs ascend to a wide landing and divide, turning back upon themselves. The landing, the rooms on the floor ahove, and the half of the stairs not reserved for the procession, were crowded with women, the procession heing mostly of men, and the effect was superh. The variety of costume, the ahundance of color, the glitter of jewels, the genuine heauty of many of the faces combined to produce an effect positively intoxicating. The heralds in the traio, which wound its slow way up in single file before the hrilliant court of the Dogessa, where many patronesses were grouped in glitteriog state, came the Greeks, the mythological heings, the people of mediæval times, and so on into tbe more modern centuries.

The richness of color was indescribahle. More than the beauty of individual costumes, great as in many cases this was, was the splendid comhinations of warm and ever-changing color. The rooms, hung with pictures and studded with drapery, glowed like a hed of tulips in the sun. Of all the impressions which one brought away, this was the most vivid. It was a feast of color such as in these days one sees only once in a life-time. There were one or two instances, or rather there were a number, in which the likeness to tbe portraits of famous people was remarkahle. There was a Henry the Eighth, who might have sat to a photographer as the real man without any other emotions heing aroused than chronological ones. Tbere was a Napoleon the First, who might have deceived even the eyes of Josephine, and so on for several others. Of them all, the most impressive was a youog man who was dressed to represent Dante, and in this case the effect was really startling in its fidelity to the well-known portrait. There were several effective groups. The pupils of the Art Museum School were in Greek-dress; a large delegation from the Apollo Cluh wore pilgrim-dress and chanted the "Pilgrims' Chorus" from "Tannhauser"; another group of gentlemen were arrayed in the costumes of Remhrandt's "Night Watch;" the members of the Tavern Cluh were extremely effective as "Robin Hood and His Merry Men," with a few characters from "Ivanhoe" to lend variety and richness; there were one or two groups of Arahs, and in the middle of the evening a most picturesque company of them, under the supervision of a well-known artist, sat on the floor at supper in the genuine Oriental fashion. There was also a company of maidens dressed io the style of the angels in the pictures of Fra Angelico, and some of them were quite pretty enough to he angels. Of the extent of the variety of the dresses it is only possible to give such an idea as may be ohtained from tbe fact that there were over six hundred costumes, and no duplicates, save in the way of national dress, where, of course, the variety was very considerable. There were a great numher of genuine costumes, hrought from the ends of the earth for their beauty or their quaintness, and there were no end of genuine historic dresses and jewels.

"Cosmetics" was the topic of an interesting paper read hy Professor Alhert E. Ehert, president of the Illinois Board of Pharmacy, at the annual meeting of the Woman's Physiological Institute of Chicago. The professor laid out hefore his hearers a small drug-store stock of cosmetics, consisting of a box or hottle of almost every noted make, and then proceeded to tell what tbey were made of, and wbat they actually cost, and what they sold for at retail, proving that the whole business was an outrageous swindle as regards price, to say nothing of palming off on a confiding puhlic as an innocent and harmless lotion or powder a nostrum made of dangerous and hurtful drugs. The component parts of the most widely known face-powders are chalk, starcb, magnesia, bismuth, and oxide of zinc, some of them heing a comhination of two or more ingredients, wbile others, and hy long odds the most of them, are nothing but French chalk, pure and simple. "There are ten thousand of these preparations," he said, "and one firm alone in this city lists four thousand of them." Then he read seven simple formulas, and gave the names of a half-dozen elemeots, and said that every compound sold, under whatever name, contained nothing he had not named. "This little pot," he said, holding up a "cream," "has at present a wonderful reputation on the strength of the secret formula, said to have heen the secret of a famous Frenchwoman's heauty. What is it? Common zinc-oxide, ground in equal parts of water and glycerine and perfumed with rose. I will give you the formula," and he did so. "It has a pretty rihhon about it, and sells for one dollar and fifty cents, or eighteen dollars a dozen. What does it cost? Ten cents." Then he showed the ladies what they were huying when they purchased another cream of wide reputation. "You pay one dollar and fifty cents for it. It is a pretty hottle, and holds eight ounces; seven of them are pure water, the other is calomel. Cost of calomel for one dozen hottles, thirty-five cents; cost of hottles, twenty-five cents; filliog and corkiog, six ceots; total, sixty-six cents; retail, eighteen dollars."

Magnesia is not nearly so commonly used as is supposed; it is too fluffy, and lacks adheriog properties. One name for a face-powder is "flake-white," and if a lady goes into a drug-store asking for that article, she gets nothing hut the ordinary white lead, made from zinc. In chalk, lime is a predominating feature, and can not help hut he injurious to the skin. He produced a hox of popular powder which sold at retail at one dollar and fifty cents, and then said it was nothing hut French chalk, pure and simple, and that one cent would he an extortionate price for the amount contained in the hox. He was very sarcastic over the recommendations from noted chemists printed on the lahels, and over the testimonials from actresses and siogers. "The danger arising from the use of cosmetics," said the doctor, "is greatly overdrawn. Face preparations have a legitimate use, and, properly used, are no more harmful than perfumes. Zinc, wben present in powders, possesses some curative powers, and bismuth is only slightly injurious. The principal trouhle is the continued application of powders, and the stopping up of the capillaries of the face. Most face-powders are only zinc, bismuth, magnesia, and chalk. Lead and mercury seldom enter into them. These are more frequently found in washes, which get their only merit from the glycerine or oil in which the elements are ground. In all of them there is no difference except as to name." Dr. Ehert bad some figures which showed tbat sixty-two million dollars were spent in America each year for cosmetics, of wbich twenty-five million dollars were reinvested in advertising, and that the remainder, thirty-seven million dollars, was profit.

An English court has just laid down some interesting points as to the extent to which amateur interference in the dress-making business justifies had temper on the part of a professional, and also as to the extent to wbich a dress may fail to fit without heing a "misfit." The documents in the case show that one Mlle. Louise Baldossi, who had been in business as a dress-maker under the name of Mlle. Louise, sued Mrs. Eleanor Lahertouche and her daughters, Mrs. Ethel Adelaide Loftus and Miss Pauline Harriet Ellie Labertouche, trading under the name of Victoire & Compagnie, for three hundred and twenty-five pounds twelve shillings and ninepence, alleged to he due under a hill of exchange, and for thirteen hundred and fifty-eight pounds six shillings and eightpence, as salary and other sums due under a certain contract hetween plaintiff and defendants, which had heen broken hy the summary dismissal of the plaintiff from the service of the defendants. Mrs. Lahertouche and her daughters, it appears, were London society women, who took up dress-making witb the idea of making their society acquaintance profitable. They put out the sign "Victoire & Compagnie," and opened shop in Old Bond Street, hut after a time were compelled to confess that, while their society acquaintance might draw customers, it could not make dresses fit to wear, and that it would be necessary to hire some experienced and competent person as a "managiog premier." Through an agent they sought out Mlle. Louise, a successful dress-maker, and a very spirited young Frenchwoman hesides, as subsequent events proved, and for a consideration of two huodred and fifty pounds a year, with a honus of two hundred pounds at the end of each year, and five per cent. commission on profits, she consented to close her own shop and go to maoage the husiness of the lady amateurs for the term of four years, with a privilege reserved to either party of ending the engagement after two years. It was also agreed that Victoire & Co. should take the stock of Mlle. Louise at a certain valuation, and for that sum the hill of exchange was given. The new "managing premier" went on duty on April 17, 1888, and in less than a month the friction developed hy her somewhat hroad understanding of the duties and privileges of her place and a somewhat vivacious and very French manner of expressing herself to customers and employees, led to the calling in of a solicitor, through whom an arrangement was made by which Mrs. Lahertouche was to receive the customers and superintend the work-room, wbile Mlle. Louise was to do all the measuring and fitting. In another month, however, the situation was as had as ever, and on June 21st, Mlle. Louise received a perfumed little note, which said: "MADEMOISELLE: In consequence of your gross misconduct in the performance of your duties, and your neglect of the firm's interest, we herehy give you notice that we have no further need of your services, and declare the agreement under whicb you are now engaged at an end, as from this day."

This led to the suit. The lady amateurs alleged that the conduct of their "managing premier" was simply horrid; that she called the work-women "pigs"; that she said "devil" right out loud, and "quite terrified" everybody hy the violence of her temper; that she was saucy to customers and not respectful to her employers; that she had referred to herself as a "partner"; and, hesides all this, that she could not fit dresses worth a cent: that out of thirty-four she made twenty-seven came hack for alteration, and that on this account the firm had lost customers. The specific act of misconduct which led to her discharge was her late arrival one morning after a holiday, and her inciting some young girls to leave the service of the firm. Mlle. Louise, for her part, declared that she had never used the violent laoguage alleged; that she had never spoken improperly to customers; that she had never had hut one real misfit, and that she had heen late on the day specified on account of the delay to a train. She said that the fact that a dress had to he altered was not a proof that it was hadly made. A dress was not expected to fit until it had heen tried on three times. Kate Reilly would try them on five times for her customers. The trouble with the dresses of which complaint had been made was either in the customers themselves or in the interference of Mrs. Lahertouche in a husiness of which she was ignorant. When the "managing premier" had heen let alone, the dresses were all right. Mr. Justice Charles, in deciding the case, said that, after carefully examining the evidence, he should hold that isolated acts of impropriety on the part of Mlle. Louise did not justify the defendants in terminating the contract. As to her had temper and ill-language, he iotimated that was prohahly no more than might have heen expected. "Plaintiff was prohahly an uneasy person to work with, and ohviously quick-tempered for ladies unfamiliar with business," and her language, had at times, had been clearly disrespectful; hut when the ladies hound her to themselves irrevocahly for two years, they should have taken this possihility into consideration. He agreed with mademoiselle that an alteration did not imply a misfit, and thougbt that the weight of evidence established her competence. He therefore gave a verdict for the plaintiff for the amount claimed under the hill of exchange, and also for one hundred pounds damages on the suit for salary, with costs in both cases.

In those cbildless bousebolds, where visitors are wanted for company, more numerous than the uninitiated dream, tbe young woman who visits is, if she conform to certain common-sense regulations, received with open arms as a heneficent angel. To this end she must first of all come when she is asked, remain her stipulated time, and cheerfully say good-hy at its end. Never should a visitor presume on her popularity to keep people waiting. One host is afraid of his coachman, aod he can not hear to have tbe carriage wait; another is tied to the hreakfast-hell; another expends his extraneous activity in getting people to the dinner-tahle. A model visitor acknowledges these peculiarities and bends to them. Is she sure never to abuse the weather? Certain hosts feel that they own the weather; they are responsihle for it. A visitor should have a resource for a rainy day. Model hosts are mortified if it rains, or if it is too hot to show off their views or their green-houses, too dusty to look at their improvements, or too damp for a drive. The Americans have heen spoiled hy their climate, and the man wbo has twenty-eight fine days in a month is apt to he angry at three had ones. Never, therefore, when in a country-house, ahuse the weather, for your host owns it. Find something pleasant to say of even a prolonged drizzle. The sensible visitor never notices the family jars. If there is an antagonism over a dog or a cat, do not take sides. Avoid partisanship ahout the tree which madame wishes cut down, and which monsieur swears shall not he. Even very loving hushands and wives may have their occasional little frictions, which it is the part of the common friend quietly to ignore. Ahove all else, let a guest beware of takiog sides in tbe passing tiff, which will suhside of itself if unnoticed. Brothers, fathers, sisters, wives, can say very severe thiogs. We can all ahuse those we love, in a temporary fit of irritahility, but we do not like others to do so. Nor must we see any defects in the servants of our friends. People may hate and detest their servants, dread them, fear them, distrust them, hut they never forgive others for hating and distrusting them. Tbey do not like to hear any complaint or accusation of them, more than they enjoy criticisms of their childreo. If a visitor is not disposed to he sympathetic, amiahle, agreeahle, self-contained, self-possessed, uoselfish, she would hetter stay at home.

The advantages of a long visiting list at agreeahle houses are many—delightful surprises of scenery, of wood and water; beautiful views; the great benefit of change; perhaps a golden friendship; the discovery of new and lovely characters, whom we may have heen near without knowing, as a man once hung over a precipice all night, nor knew that the ground was only an inch helow his feet. We never know people until we have lived in the same house with them. Of course we do not entirely know them eveo then; hut it is an iotroduction; we never forget tbem after that; and there are other pleasures always recurring. We are amazed to find our friend's country-house so agreeahly situated. We did not know of that inland lake, that island with the leaning tree; we had never imagined how charming our hostess could be in her own house, so unselfish and so orderly; she appears even hetter here than elsewhere; and we had never known that half-grown girl of hers, that hud with all the sweetest leaves yet folded, who hrings us flowers from the garden, tells us of her studies and her little amhitions, is so sweet and fresh and attractive; and perhaps they have good dogs that we admire, splendid Newfoundlands, generous St. Bernards, and one old cur whose asthmatic admiration pleases us, and whose odor we forgive on account of his mental excellencies; perhaps an aristocratic greyhound, whose appeal for hread is so lofty that we hecome Lady Clara Vere de Vere in giving it to him. We did not know how sweet and commodious a best bedroom could he until we reached Mrs. Clover; and as for her cream, it stands alone; all cream that we have hitherto tasted has been but the enfeebled effort of a degenerate breed. Mrs. Clover's piazza, the smell of the new-mown hay, that view—all is entrancing.—*Bazar.*

LOOKING BACKWARD.

Extract from the Annals of San Francisco in the Year 1900.

One of the Causes which Caused the Downfall of the Municipal System and Led to the Custom of Farming the Government to Contractors.

It was about the summer of the year 1898, when Buckley, the dictator of San Francisco, having reached the zenith of his power, proceeded to the more rapid and less covert consummation of those schemes of municipal plunder which, in former years, he had practiced in a more careful and less open manner.

It is not necessary to continue the history of the means hy which this remarkable man succeeded in putting himself openly at the head of the city government which he had secretly controlled for years, and whicb means were more fully treated of in a former chapter; it being sufficient to say that, hy his control of the legislature of 1891–1892, he had been able to secure the ratification of the charter of 1890, which placed all municipal power and patronage in the hands of one man, known as the city patriarch; and that in 1892 he had caused himself to he elected to that office. From January 1st, 1893, when he assumed the office of patriarch, until 1898, Buckley had increased his fortune from three hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars to five million four hundred and thirty-six thousand seven hundred and eighty dollars by the easy and simple process of selling places, disposing of city real-estate, purchasing other real-estate from himself for the city, improving his own outside property at the city's expense, exacting large sums from all persons and corporations which supplied the city with material, selling franchises of all kinds, and generally disposing of the city property to his own advantage. Had he been content to continue in this way, he might have held the office of city patriarch to the day of his death, and perhaps, in default of direct issue, have bequeathed it to one of his nephews; hut in 1898 an event happened which broke his power and forced him into exile on Catalina Island, in the Santa Barbara Channel, to which place he was permitted to retire with no small portion of his ill-gotten gains. What that event was is well descrihed in the following report taken from the San Francisco *Chronicle* of August 16, 1898, and which appeared under the caption of "The Great Water Fight":

"The convention which met last night in Iroquois Hall, on the corner of Twentieth and Mission Streets, sealed forever the fate of C. A. Buckley, and his total defeat on every measure, from tbe adoption of the platform down to the nomination of city patriarch for the ensuing four years, makes it certain that, no matter which party is successful at the polls, tbe whole city government will be taken out of Buckley's hands, and, with the appointment of honest judges, sheriff, county clerk, etc., we are confident that he will have to fly from the city. The overwhelming defeat of Buckley was due to his expressed determination to continue in office the present infamous board of water trustees, under whose exacting tyranny the people have been groaning for six years, and who, not content with quadrupling the salaries of the horde of water officials who loaf at the public expense, have, by their rascality in the purchase of supplies, put the cost of operating the municipal water-works so high that, although the schools have been closed six months already this year and the police force reduced to one bundred men, there is at the present time a deficiency of tbree-quarters of a million, despite the fact that the tax estimates of the president of the board of aldermen, Fleet Strother, and Auditor Colin M. Boyd were exceeded by more than two hundred thousand dollars.

"After the convention had been called to order by Jeremiah Lynch, Patriarch Buckley's secretary, Jeremiah Driscoll handed in a draft of the platform, prepared by a committee consisting of Boh Cochrane, Billy Riley, Jim Toland, Dick Creigbton, and Doc. Eaton.

"Immediately on the presentation of the platform, Thomas Barry got the floor and moved tbe adoption of the following resolution:

"'We pledge our candidate for tbe office of city patriarcb, if elected, to immediately remove every member of the present hoard of water trustees, and also to appear before the grand jury to personally urge their indictment for fraud, malfeasance in office, and corruption of the worst kind.'

"An attempt was made hy some roughs from the Eighteenth Street flat to howl down Mr. Barry so soon as the resolution was read, hut his coolness and the nerve of Chairman Lynch carried the day, and order was soon restored. In speaking to the resolution, Mr. Barry said:

"'Mr. Chairman and members of the convention: It is hardly necessary for me to more than outline the infamous frauds which have cbaracterized the course of this board of trustees since they were appointed, in 1892, to provide a water-supply for the city and county of San Francisco. You all remember the scandal there was when it was discovered that the Tuolumne River water-rights, for which they paid five millions, were worthless, and, after an expensive law-suit, the city was forced to huy out all the riparian-owners at a cost of several millions more. You remember, too, the burst of popular indignation at the discovery that the water-trustees owned a majority of the stock of the iron-works, to which they let a contract for eighty miles of steel-pipe for just three times as much money as it would have cost in the open market. You remember the scandal about the purchase of reservoir-sites, on which it was sbown that the water-trustees received as much as fifty, and in some cases seventy-five per cent. commission. You remember that when the pipes were laid, the water did not rise to within one hundred feet of the reservoirs, because of errors in the engineer's estimates, and you all know that instead of the twelve million dollars we were solemnly assured would he the total cost of the works, service-pipes, and all, we are now paying interest on over forty million dollars of bonds whicb it took to complete the work.'

"Cries of 'That's so!' and 'We remember!'

"'Now,' continued Mr. Barry, still speaking to the resolution, 'they told us that the operating expenses would not he more than two hundred thousand dollars a year, and what are they now? Last year, according to the municipal reports, it cost for salaries nearly a million dollars, interest on bonds, one million six hundred thousand dollars, supplies, coal, etc., five hundred thousand dollars, or three million one hundred thousand dollars in all. Let us look at the salary list. Here we find one hundred machinists at two hundred and fifty dollars a month each. I will not go into the question of the necessity for one hundred machinists, but so long as first-class machinists are glad to work for one hundred and twenty dollars a month in the best shops in town, I denounce the paying of two hundred and fifty dollars a month to city machinists as robhery. And, what is still worse, nearly all the men who figure on the pay-roll as machinists are not machinists at all, and many of them don't know a monkey-wrench from a steam-gauge. But what can you expect when Jake Lindo has been retained as chief-engineer, despite the protest of the whole community? It was bad enough to put 'Yorkey' Monaghan in as superintendent of construction, Joe Cochrane as auditor, and 'Brick' Butler as chief-adjuster; but when they had the assurance to appoint Frank Northey as treasurer, without bonds, they reached a climax of infamy which even they had never been thought able to achieve. Here we find collectors down for three hundred dollars a month, and clerks for two hundred dollars, yet, as you are well aware, the accounts are in such a frightful condition that no one can make anything out of them. Every loafer, ex-convict, ballot-hox-stuffer, and fighter in the city is down on that pay-roll for salary, varying from one hundred and fifty to three hundred dollars per month, and, as a natural consequence, the works are all out of repair, and, at the last fire, the chief of the fire department reported that he tried six hydrants and could not get a drop of water.'

"Mr. Joseph Nouges followed Mr. Barry. He said:

"'I will confine my remarks to the brutal and insolent conduct of the assistants of Chief-Engineer Jake Lindo. I bave here a list culled from the daily press of the current month. Mrs. Brady was insulted hecause she complained that there was no pressure in the pipes. Husband kicked for interfering. Sixteen Cbinamen, whose water bad been cut off, beaten because tbey testified in court that their receipts for water had been forcihly taken from them by deputies who demanded to see them. J. Buchaliachipi beaten and kicked for complaining that district engineers had made connection with waste-pipes instead of main. J. P. Howell knocked out for swearing in court that damage to bis building was caused by leakage of connection made witb putty instead of lead. Water cut off from all of Murphy's tenements, because Murphy had voted against Lindo's man in tbe Confidence Cluh. Now, Mr. Chairman and gentlemen of the convention, I ask you how mucb longer we are going to submit to he swindled, beaten, and insulted because Mr. Buckley has determined to keep these men in office?'

"At this stage of tbe proceedings 'Yorkey' Monaghan created a disturbance by attempting to strike the speaker with a piece of corporation lead-pipe, hut was finally subdued by a policeman's club.

"A petition was presented by the board of underwriters setting forth that the water supply was inadequate and begging for hetter protection against fire.

"A petition signed by sixteen thousand householders was presented, asking that the convention pledge its nominee to improve the water supply so that the present enormously high insurance rates, namely, five per cent. per annum, would be reduced.

"An enormous number of petitions from citizens complaining of poor quality of water, and insolence of water engineers and collectors, were presented and filed.

"The reading of these petitions consumed a long time, and at their conclusion there was a sensational husb in the hall, as City Patriarch Buckley was seen walking toward the platform leaning on the arms of Maurice Schmidt and Fisher Ames. Mr. Buckley chose to address the convention from the platform. He said:

"'Gentlemen, I am very much surprised to learn tbat some disturber among you has introduced an amendment to the platform I sent in for your adoption, and I am still more surprised to hear that several members of the convention so far forgot themselves as to speak to the amendment. I understand that you are not satisfied with my board of water trustees, and complain about the cost and irregularity of the service. You complain that the employees are impudent, and that water costs three times as much as it did ten years ago. I would like to know what you expected? These men of whom you complain have done as much for the party as you or any one else, and what sort of a reward is it for party services if you expect men to earn their salary as well as their place. I know that the cost has increased, but the money is taken from the pockets of a lot of fat citizens too lazy to go to the polls and vote, and is given to the hoys who can carry a primary and run a cluh. They spend their money freely, and what is the result? When we had four thousand one hundred and seventy-six saloons ten years ago, there are now nine thousand seven hundred and thirty-four, and every one of them making money. If any of you people think that we are in politics for our health, you are mistaken. Next year the cost of water will be still larger, because of many improvements we contemplate making on my Livermore property. The present trustees suit me, and will be retained in office wbether you like them or not, and as for Monaghan, Lindo, and my other friends, it shall never be said that I went back on a friend when the city has all the expense to meet. The presence of that man Lynch on the platform was insulting enough, but this attempt to dictate to me on the question of water management is more than I will stand. Now go ahead, vote that amendment down and adopt my platform.'

"Peter Dunne said he would like to ask Patriarch Buckley a question: 'Was it true that the six water-collectors sent to jail for stealing a ballot-box had been kept on the salary-list during their incarceration?'

"Patriarch Buckley replied, that while it was none of Peter Dunne's business, he would answer the question. The had been paid their salary and by bis orders. The affai the ballot-hox was done by his orders, and he was not g to see the boys suffer.

"Charles F. Hanlon said he would like to know if Mic Joseph Kelly's contract to supply cement to the work eighteen dollars a barrel, when the market-price was seven dollars, was going to continue much longer.

"Patriarcb Buckley said it was, and he would like to k wbat tbey were going to do about it. Kelly was his fr He would answer no more questions.

"A vote was then taken on the amendment of Mr. Barry. it was carried by an overwhelming majority.

"Then arose a scene which will live long in the memo those who were present. Deafening cheers rose from all s Men leaped on to chairs, yelling and waving their hats. S hugged their friends for joy, to think that the power of B ley had been broken at last.

"Jerry Driscoll, Billy Riley, Jim Toland, and others ma desperate effort to cause a riot, which would give reaso an adjournment, but the convention was firm, and, feelir power, proceeded so soon as order was restored to the n nation of a city patriarch.

"Buckley's name was not even put in nomination, for th stant the name of ex-Judge Maguire was mentioned, th was taken up and be was nominated hy acclamation.

"With Maguire on the Democratic ticket and Ellert o Republican, there is no douht that a new set of officials w appointed who will make San Francisco too warm for Bu and his creatures."

OLD FAVORITES.

The Lady Jaqueline.

"False and fickle, or fair and sweet,
I care not for the rest,
The lover that knelt last night at my feet
Was the bravest and the best.
Let them perish all, for their power has waned,
And their glory waxéd dim;
They were well enough while they lived and reigne
But never was one like him!
And never one from the past would I bring
Again, and call him mine—
The King is dead, long live the King!"
Said the Lady Jaqueline.

"In the old, old days, when life was new,
And the world upon me smiled,
A pretty, dainty lover I had,
Whom I loved with the heart of a child.
When the huried sun of yesterday
Comes hack from the shadows dim,
Then may his love return to me,
And the love I had for him!
But since to-day hath a better thing
To give, I'll ne'er repine—
The King is dead, long live the King!"
Said the Lady Jaqueline.

"And yet it almost makes me weep,
Aye! weep, and cry, alas!
When I think of one who lies asleep
Down under the quiet grass.
For he loved me well, and I loved again,
And low in homage bent,
And prayed for his long and prosperous reign,
In our realm of sweet content.
But not to the dead may the living cling,
Nor kneel at an empty shrine—
The King is dead, long live the King!"
Said the Lady Jaqueline.

"Once, caught hy the sheen of stars and lace,
I howed for a single day
To a poor pretender, mean and hase,
Unfit for place or sway.
That must have been the work of a spell,
For the foolish glamour fled,
As the sceptre from his weak hand fell
And the crown from his feehle head;
But homage true at last I bring
To this rightful lord of mine—
The King is dead, long live the King!"
Said the Lady Jaqueline.

"By the hand of one I held most dear,
And called my liege, my own!
I was set aside in a single year,
And a new queen shares his throne.
To him who is false, and him who is wed,
Shall I give my fealty?
Nay, the dead one is not half so dead
As the false one is to me!
My faith to the faithful now I hring,
The faithless I resign—
The King is dead, long live the King!"
Said the Lady Jaqueline.

"Yea, all my lovers and kings that were
Are dead, and hid away,
In the past, as in a sepulchre,
Shut up till the judgment day.
False or fickle, or weak or wed,
They are all alike to me;
And mine eyes no more can be misled—
They have looked on royalty!
Then hring me wine, and garlands hring
For my king of the right divine—
The King is dead, long live the King!"
Said the Lady Jaqueline. —*Phœbe Ca*

So far as players, umpires, and captains are concerned, ball has passed beyond the realm of sport into the fie science. To them it is a very laborious and serious busi Eminence among players is now attained only by wise well-directed industry. The player makes base-ball his work, and becomes by virtue of his salary and position a grade skilled laborer. He can not give time, attentio evergy to anything else if he would stand well with his ager or tbe critical public.

The London pavements, which strike every visitor from side of the water as so perfect, are receiving a tremen amount of local abuse now. Wood and asphalt are too pery; macadam can not stand the heavy wear. The op is freely heard that London "has not yet solved the pro of street pavements, and seems as far off from it as ever.'

THE FRENCH MOTHER-IN-LAW.

"Parisina" views her through Monsieur's and Madame's Glasses.

The mother-in-law has a had reputation all the world over, ut nowhere is she held in such utter ahhorrence as in France. 'et the French language treats her with uncommon civility; *elle-mère* is a thousand times more euphonious than "mother-1-law," and its playful diminutive, *belle-maman*, has quite a aressing sound were it not so often spoken io hitter derision.

I have wondered that mothers here are so eager to get their aughters married, since hy doing so they enroll themselves in ıe despised ranks. It shows a wonderful amount of self-onegatioo on their parts, or an exceeding helief in their wn exceptional qualities. Do they all fondly hope to escape ıe general luck, and he heloved of their future sons-in-law? es, doubtless. The young man coming a-courting is ex-emely polite and charming to the mother of the girl he wants make his wife, and, until the knot is tied, he is almost as atten-e to mamma as he is to her daughter. Frequently the love-aking is carried on through the intervention of the former; any rate, she almost invariahly makes a third in their inter-ews. I have known many women who have actually adored eir daughter's hetrothed, and very, very few who have gone ı even liking him once the connuhial knot was tied. It is in-nceivahle, the way in which they will execute this ahout-face. hey do not mean to he inconsistent; they hegin with the hest intentions, which somehow never last. A girl has to he arried, they tell themselves, and they cast ahout for a hus-nd for her, set their friends in quest, and choose the hest ıo offers; then they hurry on the wedding, have a finger, as have said, in the courting, and are altogether in a feverish ıte of delight, forgetful of themselves, and hardly a hit jeal-s. And while papa looks luguhrious and heaves heavy sighs ıen he thinks that his girl is going to leave him, and would her enjoy punching the presuming young jackanapes's head ın otherwise, mamma lives over again her own romance in ıt of her child, or drowns dull care in the exciting interest of trousseau.

The wedding is over. She feels she has done her duty hly. She has shed few tears and shown no signs of weak-ss. That is all to come. The young people have gone ay for a week—mamma having set her face against a ıgthened hridal tour—and during that week she has had to ercise all her self-control not to run after "her children." ıu see she has taken the son-in-law to her arms, metaphor-illy. If they prolong their absence a day or two, perhaps, ciety will get the hetter of her discretion, and she will swoop wn upon them without warning (for this reason I have own newly-made hridegrooms carefully to conceal the place y have chosen for their honeymoon), she is quite capahle of i All her arrangements for the future are made to dove-tail o those of the young couple; she never contemplates life art from them. They must live quite near, if not in the ne house, and certainly she must see her daughter at least e a day. She surveys their installation, engages the serv-s, and when everything is arranged according to her fancy, nds most of her time there, unless her daughter prefers to *chez maman*, which is quite on the cards.

You see falling in love is hy no means a necessary prelimi-y to marriage in France. A certain amount of sympathy l liking is thought requisite, hut passion is looked upon as ner disconcerting, and, to speak plainly, hardly proper. Terefore, it is hy no means strange that a newly-made wife s uld hanker after the old home. She likes her hushand y well, and he is everything that is nice and charming, he-ı very much taken with his hride—fairly in love with her, if y will—hut it is all so strange and new. And the conse-nce is that the girl is as closely tied to her mother's apron-s ngs as ever she was hefore.

reechwomen are wonderful mothers. If they err, it is on l side of too much indulgence—too much fostering and fuss-ir Young fashionahle womeo, with everything to make them sıe in society, will forego parties and pleasure while their little o s are infants so as not to leave them with hirelings. The wole house is converted into a nursery; "Nou-nou," the nse, is the most important personage after hahy, and every o: else is their willing slave. Who shall wonder then that fa ilies are so small, maternity—and paternity—entailing such sa ifices of comfort, peace of mind, and worldliness?

t is said of a girl that she grows up under her mother's w . Now, for a French girl, this is the actual fact, not a pı ty fiction. She never leaves her side until the day of her m riage. There is no gadding ahout alone, no visiting for w ks at a time, as with you and in England, no parties to w h chaperones are not admitted, no separate life at all for th girl. The fussing and fostering is continued when she is gı vn up as when she was a wee thing in short petticoats; hı she is hidden to do this and that as she was then; she is de ned as incapahle of managing her own affairs of mature ju ment as at the time she was weaned.

o, wheo she is finally married, her mother is not far wrong in onsidering that her daughter is incapahle of guiding her he: alone. Her education has not fitted her for it. And wl se fault is this?

ll would he well, no douht, if mamma would efface her-se as we say here—if the hushand were allowed to assume th post of general referee, if, in a word, *belle-maman* would le: the youog people alone. This she can not and will not do What! after all these years of care and devotion her wı l is to he disregarded, she is to turn aside and see her pl e usurped hy another! Of course it is hard to play sec-on fiddle when you have formerly given the note on all occa-si:. I am not denying that. It is the old, old story, the hi r experience life has in store for us all, more or less. Only th ypical *belle-mère* never seems ahle to understand this, and he e the had name she has earned for herself—so had, in-de , that a man who has the spirit of a mouse will never co ent to live with his wife's mother; so had that the plots of pl s innumerahle turn on this suhject alone, and she is vili-fie in prose and verse, and held up to the execration of the multitude. No joke is too severe to crack at the expense of a mother-in-law, and the cyoical cruelty of the ahuse heaped upon her passes helief. No son-in-law could, hy any possi-hility, he supposed to grieve over her death, and orphans are worth ten per cent. more in the matrimonial market than others.

So far, I have only treated of the hushand's *belle-mère*, and, indeed, it is she on whom all the opprohrium falls. And, I daresay, she richly deserves a good deal of it. Discord is often sown hetween man and wife through her means, and the unwarrantahle position of mentor she insists on taking up, which French custom tolerates hut does not excuse, is the cause of much misery on all sides.

Strange how the wife's mother-in-law has escaped the fate of the other one. Why is this? A long course of theatre-going has never shown me one who was not a pattern of all the virtues. I suppose it is hecause most plays are written hy men, and it is natural they should look at the matter from their own point of view. And men are the usual spokesmen in the world. Yet Frenchwomen spoil and tyrannize over their sons as they do over their daughters. They fret and fume over them and their aches and pains, and would keep them stowed away in cotton wool, if it were possihle, and prepare the young man no hetter for the part of hushand he is to play hy-and-hye than they do his sister. He is permitted a certain amount of liherty—too much, in one sense—his *frédaines* are freely canvassed in the family circle; he may choose his own associates, and the sowiog of wild oats is often connived at hy papa and winked at hy mamma. There is only one thing he must not do under any circumstances—he must not fall in love with a portionless girl and marry her. If a wife is not ahsolutely chosen for him, she must please his family all round as well as himself. And at no age does the son, who honors his parents, get out of this moral hondage. After twenty-five, there is a legal loop-hole for him to creep through, hut he seldom avails himself of the privilege, filial duty heing too deeply implanted in his hreast. Fathers and mothers here, who, if their hoy were crying for the moon would try to get it for him, are adamant where a pretty dowerless hride is concerned, and are ready to satisfy every caprice of his, yet refuse him his heart's desire.

Nor does this refer only to townsfolk and gentlefolk; the country humpkin, should he fancy yonder rosy milk-maid, asks his father's consent to their union, and, if it is denied him, just tells her: "I can't marry you, my pretty maid"—a decision which often comes rather late for the poor wench's peace of mind.

This is decidedly a patriarchal country. Dowagers rule the roost so long as their hands can grasp the sceptre, and never dream of giving in to their daughters-in-law. If the women wrote the plays and the novels, I expect the wife's *belle-mère* would not he much hetter treated than the hushand's, whose character was long ago torn to rihhons. There is an extraordinary determination and vitality ahout a Frenchwoman. She seldom if ever allows herself to fall into semi-invalidism. The older she grows, the tougher does her will hecome. She resign! Never! Does she go in for gayeties? If so, there she is ever in the hreach, rouged, powdered, décolleté, hewigged, out every night, and as ardent in the pursuit of pleasure as when she was twenty. Are her tastes of a homely order? Then she is contented to he queen in her little circle, and settles the career and makes or mars the lives of her children and her children's children; always strong, clear-headed, determined, inflexihle, like the old Roman matron.

PARISINA.

PARIS, April 19, 1889.

Most great American cities are located on past great council-grounds of the North American Indians (writes W. H. Ballou). In this respect Chicago is no exception. It was as natural that the ahorigines should select such centres for council-grounds as for the conquerors. But for several fatalities Chicago might hecome the metropolis of America. The tendency of all enterprises is to manufacture on the ground of production. Just as, within the past few years, the cotton manufactories have largely removed from New England to the South, so Chicago's great industries, and consequently much population, is migrating to the centres of production. Gradually its stock-yards, with all their concomitant industries—such as canning and preserving-factories—are folding their tents in the night and stealing westward toward the ranch country. Kansas City, Omaha, etc., have ahsorhed the hulk of such industries at the expense of Chicago. Wholesale houses, which at one time reluctantly left the Atlantic Coast for Chicago, have since found it necessary to push on in radiating lines still further west, north-west, and south-west. Manufacturers, heset hy transportation prohlems, have found it necessary, after establishing immense plants at Chicago, to divide them and remove to other and various new and growing centres of population, taking with them a quota of Chicago's population. The time is coming, and is even now in part here, when Chicago can hope to manufacture only for its immediate and dependent area. It will find its wings clipped on all sides, as it has already—a clipping process of constant duration. The tendency of the times is to concentrate all mechanical and artificial productions at each centre of population, as a means of economy in transportation and an aid in competition. It is for a like reason that the New York press, once the people's forum for the continent, has heen shorn of its wiogs, and is circumscrihed hy such an area as it can reach hy sunrise with its very last editions. The people want the latest and hest news at their door at rising-time. They want everything they wear, eat, and use at the lowest possihle cost, and hence it is that all productions of the hrain and hrawn must follow the productions of the soil and he generated in each centre of population. Chicago will continue ever to grow eoormously, hut this principle of production at population ceotres will prevent it from rising to the proud position of the American metropolis.

Cuhan iron ores are heing hoomed hy a party of Americans, who have heen prospecting there.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Anthony Comstock applied for admission to Grant Post, G. A. R., and thirty-seven black-balls were found in the box.

The marriage portion of Miss Bessie Rockefeller, who recently was married to Charles A. Strong, a young Rochester theologue, was one million dollars.

Carl Benjamin, a Newburyport, Mass., sailor, who was cast away on one of the Caroline Islands nine years ago, has become king of the island, and has nineteen wives and fifty children.

General Longstreet's house was burned the other day, and he lost, among other relics, his Confederate uniform, the sword he carried for four years during the rebellion, and the spurs which he wore in the Mexican War.

The five hundred and seventy-seven dollars and seventy-eight cents which Postmaster-General Wanamaker received as his first month's salary, was the first money he had received for salary since 1860. Before that he was a book-keeper.

John Bright's fortune, instead of being seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling was but one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. He left no public legacies, it being his opinion that the support of public institutions should come from the living.

While the Queen-Regent of Spain was entertaining Queen Victoria at San Sebastian, by an odd coincidence the Duchess of Madrid was extending a similar courtesy to Princess Louis of Bavaria, at Viareggio. The duchess is wife of Don Carlos, and, in Legitimist eyes, rightful Queen of Spain, and the princess is a direct descendant of Charles the First, and would probably be Queen of England to-day were it not for the Act of Settlement.

"Russell Sage is acquiring habits of thrift which, if persevered in, will yet make him a rich man. On the plea that his own house would be fully occupied by friends whom he had invited to witness the passage of the centennial procession, he secured an invitation from Jay Gould to make himself and family at home in his house. Then the guileless Russell proceeded to turn an honest and much-needed penny by renting out his own windows for twelve hundred dollars. There are no flies on Mr. Sage." So says the New York *World*. Mr. Sage, however, denies the story.

E. A. Abbey has a salary of six thousand dollars a year from Harpers, and last year he sold fourteen thousand dollars' worth of his water-colors in London. The two Harts have an income of ten thousand dollars a year apiece. William M. Chase, in spite of his extravagant method of living and his costly studio, has a large bank account. William Sartain earned eleven thousand dollars last year by the sale of his etchings alone, beside making a comfortable income from his brushes and pupils. Even Frank Carpenter, who painted the very worst portrait in the present academy exhibition, once received twenty thousand dollars for a picture.

The Maharajah Dhuleep Singh sends the *Pall Mall Gazette* a letter, addressed to the queen, in which, after enumerating many alleged wrongs, he insists on the restoration to him of the Koh-i-noor. He says: "It will be useless for me to demand the restoration of my kingdom, swindled from me by your Christian government, but which I hope shortly, by the aid of Providence, to retake from my robbers. But my diamond, the Kob-i-noor, I understand, is entirely at your own personal disposal. Therefore, believing your majesty to be 'the most religious lady' whom your subjects pray for every Sunday, I do not hesitate to ask that this gem be restored to me, or else that a fair price be paid for it to me out of your privy purse."

Miss Florence Warden, author of "The House on the Marsh," and other well-known but eerie novels, has had a singularly checkered career. Left at an early age dependent upon her own exertions, she started as a governess. But she soon tired of this uncongenial drudgery and took to the stage, her first appearance being at the Haymarket, then under the Bancroft régime. There she appeared with credit in several of their productions, and it was while playing at the Haymarket that "The House on the Marsh" was published, and its great success determined her future course. So tremendous a hit did it make that Mr. Stevens, the proprietor of the *Family Herald*, very generously sent her a check for a large amount over and above the price originally agreed on. Upon leaving the Haymarket, Miss Warden went for some two years on a tour with a version of her novel. Now she has given up acting and settled down to literary work.

Miss Eva Ingersoll, in reply to the questions of a *World* reporter, said, recently: "Neither my sister nor myself has ever attended service. Once Mr. Carnegie invited us to hear Henry Ward Beecher. It was in the evening, and the address he delivered was the only one we have ever heard. Another time we went to Dr. Collyer's church, to attend a friend's wedding, and that is the extent of our knowledge of churches. I never had any desire, somehow. I have been told that the music might be entertaining, but I am sure that it can't compare with operatic music, and we go to some opera or concert three or four nights in the week. I have read a great many sermons, but never was sufficiently pleased or interested to care to hear one. Our parents are not responsible for our attitude. Indeed, sister and I are more radical than they. Father has always told us that he wanted us to realize the greatest happiness in life, and advised us to examine for ourselves and to act in accordance with our convictions. We have had books of all kinds and all sorts, and friends to exchange ideas with. Father has read with us, and together we have looked up references, localities, and proofs, but the more we know about Christianity, the less admiration we have for it. My grandfather, you know, was a Congregational minister, but most of our relatives have been extremely liberal. They all believed in religion, and so do we, bnt neither they nor we are Christians. We were never taugbt prayers as children, but when old enough to reason, mother selected the prayers that are considered most beautiful and touching, and told us, as she always did in making selections of poetry and prose, to read them carefully and learn the ones that pleased us. None pleased me especially, and I didn't commit any of them to memory. I could not see the wisdom of praying for or against things I knew were beyond human influence. And I never prized a Bible as most girls do, not even in silver or ivory covers. I don't like the book, because there are too many improbable and impossible things in it, and, worse than that, it abounds in cruelties."

"The King of Holland, the last male member of the great Dutch branch of the House of Nassau, has fallen into a state worse than idiocy. The disease of the kidneys from which, with other maladies, he suffers, reduces him to a state of infantine weakness and clouds his brain to that extent that thought has been extinguished. He is drugged with morphine, which has a sedative effect on the nerve which governs the secretions of the organ which is the primary cause of his disease. Zola only would have the courage to describe his state. To his subjects the king was a good man. But he was in private life a sultan, and a harsh, overbearing husband (to his first wife) and father. He was frequently the rival of his eldest son in his amorous adventures. The King of Holland was a great-grandson of the Czarina, Catherine the Second, and inherited her amorous temperament, without her evenness of character. It was his misfortune to fall desperately in love with Malibran, the great singer, when he was a young man, and he had not forgotten her when his father and mother obliged him to marry the niece of the latter, Sophie of Wurtemburg. She was a woman of a strong mind, which she had cultivated highly, and of a shrewd, sarcastic tongue. Some of her sayings about him came back to his ears and he became her most hitter enemy. When death had left him childless he married, out of patriotism, nine years ago. The Little Orange, the Dutch call the only offspring of his marriage. Already the poor little princess is the object of matrimonial projects. The German Crown Prince and a fourteen-year-old cousin of his, Prince George, the son of Prince Albert of Prussia, are to be sent to study at a Dutch university. Prince Baldwin of Belgium is also spoken of. He is the eldest son of the Count of Flanders, heir presumptive to the Belgian throne. The regency is proclaimed, both in the Netherlands and in Luxemburg, where the Duke of Nassau is regent." So writes the Paris correspondent of the New York *Tribune*. The cable informs us, however, that the king's malady has taken a turn for the better, and that he has resumed the throne.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

This is truly horrible! Of Mrs. Rives-Chanler the *Saturday Review* says: "She is superior to the minor American novelists in the same way that a nigger ministrel is superior as an artist to a school-girl singing a drawing-room ballad."

Let the American novelist read and be encouraged! A Polish writer of stories has lately received an envelope containing ten thousand dollars "from an admiring reader." At least so runs the tale; but the additional statement that M. Sienkewicz immediately devoted the money to charitable objects rather detracts from its probability.

Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. will shortly publish the life of C. B. Vignoles, an English civil-engineer who was assistant-surveyor in South Carolina in 1817–20, and who surveyed and mapped Florida a little later. He aided Ericson in building the *Novelty* as a rival to Stephenson's *Rocket*, and he became one of the foremnst of Englisb railway engineers.

"The Jew in English Fiction," by Rabbi David Philipson, shortly to be issued by Robert Clarke & Co., will treat of Marlowe's "Jew of Malta," Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," Cumberland's "The Jew," Scott's "Ivanhoe," Dickens's "Oliver Twist" and "Our Mutual Friend," Disraeli's "Coningsby" and "Tancred," and George Eliot's "Daniel Deronda."

The copyrigbts, plates, and stock of Ticknor & Co., which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have purchased, embrace all their miscellaneous publications. What Ticknor & Co. retain is the "Memorial History of Boston" and the *American Architect*, besides various architectural subscription books and others. Benjamin H. Ticknor continues the business. Thomas B. Ticknor enters the house of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

One of Victor Hugo's many dreams was to have indestructible and undamageable stereos of his "definitive editions" deposited in the National Library, so that all posthumous editions of him should, by rigid enactment, be printed off, *in sæcula sæculorum*, from these stereos, and in no other way. Phototype reproductions would be another mode of ensuring *ne varietur* editions; and, if they were also considerable reductions in size, might admit of carrying in a ship's cabin, or on an African exploration, or up in a balloon, a whole "gentleman's library," including even its quartos and its folios, its elephants and its atlases; provided always the outfit also embraced a powerful magnifier. Guided by some such ideas, the Paris publishers Marpon and Flammarion have started a "miniature library," of wbich the volumes form a sort of watch-pocket edition, useful chiefly to the near-sighted, and commencing with "Paul and Virginia" and La Fontaine's "Fables."

Mr. Peoples, of the New York Mercantile Library, finds that among standard writers of fiction Thackeray, Dickens, and Scott are the most popular in the order named. During the craze over "Robert Elsmere," the library had one hundred and fifty volumes for the use of its members, and it often happened that they were all out wben there was was a lively demand for the book. That craze, however, is now dying out. Many applications are made for the works of Rider Haggard, Mrs. Oliphant, and Mrs. Wister's translations from the German. The thirty-five copies of Bryce's "American Commonwealth" and Motley's "Letters and Correspondence" are also in demand among the readers of standard works. It may be mentioned that while Rider Haggard's "She" and "King Solomon's Mines" had a big run for a time, his latter works have not been by any means so popular. Zola's works, with possibly one or two exceptions, are not allowed to go out. Mr. Peoples thinks that there is no library in the country which has a list of publications in its reading-room equal to that of the Mercantile, unless it is the Boston Public Library.

Hans Christian Andersen, according to Mr. Gosse, was a peculiar and decidedly unpleasant childé. When he was pleased, he played on his hat like a tambourine. When harsh words were said to him, his tears and sobs came as readily and copiously as those of the immortal turtle in "Alice in Wonderland." His poetic imagination was fed on a long course of idleness; but then Mr. Gosse tells us that "to be idle is meat and drink" to such temperaments. The genius of the youthful Andersen was stimulated by weeding in the garden of a lunatic asylum, and by inventing little tales for the benefit of the old ladies in the parochial work-house. At an early age, he determined to become an opera-dancer, and, making his way to Copenhagen, calmly introduced himself to the presence of a great dancer, asking her patronage. To better impress the lady with an idea of his powers, the young Andersen, without being asked, took off his Wellington boots. The lady, however, was not so gratified as she would have been had she possessed the true poetic temperament. Mr. Gosse also tells us that when Andersen came to England, Baroness Burdett-Coutts herself kindly waited on him in her house, as the great Scandinavian could not abide footmen, and that the lady brought him bottles of soda-water with her own hands.

When the Royal Academy first sent its emissaries to select "old masters" for its loan collections from the "stately homes of England," they are said to have found undreamed-of artistic wealth. It is true they discovered some copies which had for generations been supposed to be originals; but these were much more than counterbalanced by the new discoveries. And if a similar roving commission sbould be appointed for rare books, there would, no doubt, be a similar result. Full many a gem of purest ray serene, in the book-hunter's eyes, would be rooted out from the dark, unfathomed shelves of our ancestral libraries. A remarkable instance of this occurred at Hopetown House, where a Mazarin Bible, which the owner did not even know he possessed, was found, and sold the other day at Sotheby's for two thousand pounds sterling. As much as thirty-nine hundred pounds has, however, been given for a similar copy. It is not much more than two hundred years ago that the first book-auction took place in England, for which a curious sort of apology is printed in the catalogue: "Reader, it hath not been usual in England to make sale of books by way of auction or who will give most for them; but it having been practiced in other countries, to the advantage of both buyers and sellers, it was therefore conceived, for the encouragement of learning, to publish the sale of these books in this manner of way." They are sold now, not only "for the encouragement of learning." Dealers and others make investments in them just as they do in pictures, and it is a profitable and less speculative trade. The amateur, as in other matters, generally suffers. The sale of the famous Heber Library occupied more than two hundred days; but it brought only fifty-seven thousand pounds for what had cost the collector seventy-seven thousand pounds. His biographer tells us be often traveled three bundied miles to obtain a copy, because be dared not intrust the commission to any one else; but he indulged himself in the luxury of duplicates. "No man can do comfortably," he used to say, "without *three* copies of a work—one for his town-house, one for his country-house, and the third" (though he knew better than to lend one) "at the service of his friends." The superstitions connected with this mania have been numerous. Some books of uncommon elegance were said to be printed with silver type. The explanation of this absurdity is supposed to be a mistake of "silver" for "Elzevir," the name of the famous Amsterdam printers.

New Publications.

"The Phantom Future," a novel by Henry Seton Merriman, has been published in the Franklin Square Library by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 35 cents.

"The Ladies' Gallery," a novel by Justin McCarthy and Mrs. Campbell-Praed, has been issued in the Town and Country Library by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

Two literary and musical Dickens entertainments, "An Evening with Pickwick" and "An Evening with Copperfield," have been prepared by J. M. Parker, and are published by Harold Roorbach, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 25 cents each.

A pamphlet which should be of value to students of the French and German languages, and at the same time familiarize them with one of the grandest literary monuments in the English tongue, is "The Constitution of the United States and the Declaration of Independence, in German, French, and English," in parallel columns, translated and annotated by A. H. Laidlaw, Jr. That its worth has been recognized is shown by the fact that it has just gone into a third edition. Published by Laidlaw Brothers & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers.

"The Playtime Naturalist," by Dr. J. E. Taylor, is a book containing a great deal of information about the birds, fishes, small animals, and insects to be found in the English counties, written with the purpose of arousing an interest in the English boy in the animal life around him. The subject is well handled, but the same ground has been as carefully developed by Americans, and their books are naturally of more value to Americans than is this Englisb work. It is copiously illustrated. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.50.

With the objects of providing students of the French language with interesting reading matter and of familiarizing them with modern French literature, Professor C. Fontaine bas collected thirteen short stories from current French periodicals and printed them in a convenient little book, with copious notes on grammar, idioms, etc. Busnach, Pierre Sales, Louis Enault, and Canute Debaus are among the writers from whom selections are made, and the book, aside from its value in attaining its compiler's objects, presents typical examples of the present style of short stories in France. Published and for sale by D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

"American Resorts and Notes upon their Climate," by Dr. Bushrod W. James, discusses the various climates of the resorts of the United States, Mexico, and South America, and their good and ill effects upon the health of the invalid and the person in sound health. The book has been carefully prepared, and to it is added a translation of the chapters relating to North and South America and the contiguous islands and oceans in "Die Klimate der Erde," by Dr. A. Woeikof, of St. Petersburg; in the front cover is a large folding-map of the United States. Published by F. A. Davis, Philadelphia; for sale by W. S. Duncombe, 427 Sutter Street.

"The Dreamer of Dreams" is the title of a new novel by the author of "Thoth." The hero succeeds in bringing to bis sleeping life such dreams as he wishes, so that he leads a dual life, like the priest-courtier in Gautier's "Clarimonde"; but, just as he has come into a great fortune by the commission of a great crime, his dreams gain the mastery over him, he is unable to control them, and becomes a victim to the most terrible nightmares. It is a novel subject, if we forget Gautier's story and a tale by Colonel Higginson, and a powerful story bas been built up on it. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, 50 cents.

"A Manual of Instruction in the Principles of Prompt Aid to the Injured" has been prepared by Alvah H. Doty, a surgeon in Bellevue Hospital, designed for both military and civil use. The first seven chapters are devoted to the structure of the body and the functions of its parts; then follow two chapters on bandages, antiseptics, etc.; and the remainder of the book is devoted to describing the symptoms and method of treatment to be pursued in the various emergencies of life where the surgeon or physician is not at hand. The book is convenient in size, fully illustrated with explanatory cuts, and clear and concise in all its parts. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.25.

Eleanor Kirk, wbo conducts a literary bureau for the editing and advantageous disposal of manuscripts, has prepared two books whicb will be of value to the unsophisticated aspirant for literary bonors and the more difficult tangible rewards of authorship. They are "Periodicals that Pay Contributors," containing classified lists of American periodicals, with the names of the proper person to address in many cases, and always their place of business, and "Information for Authors," which discusses the advantages and disadvantages of the various fields of literary work, the preparation of manuscripts, the methods of acquiring a style, the disposal of productions, and other like topics. Published and for sale by Eleanor Kirk, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The sudden and enormous popularity of building associations among men and women of limited means is another phase of our development towards the socialism Edward Bellamy describes in "Looking Backward," and, though it has been referred to casually and specifically, as a side issue in other works, it has now attained to the dignity of constituting the subject-matter of an interesting and valuable book, "A Treatise on Coöperative Savings and Loan Associations," by Seymour Dexter. It discusses the machinery, purposes, advantages, and disadvantages of all of these mutual benefit building associations, and an appendix gives the laws, precedents, and forms of the matter. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.25.

"A Shocking Example and Other Sketches" is the latest book published by Miss Frances Courtenay Baylor, whose story, "On Both Sides," brought her into popular favor two years ago. "A Shocking Example" is a tale of the struggles of several religious factions to make their individual dogmas the law of the new Southern Californian community in which they live—though it might almost as well be anywhere else, for all the local color in the story—and Miss Baylor bas made it the vehicle for much clever and amusing description of character and analysis of the motives of small-minded people. The other contents of the book are tales, sketches, and chatty papers, ranging from an English "slavey" to the Old Dominion, all bright and readable. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.25.

"West American Oaks" is the title of a monograph which adds much to the sum of botanical knowledge in the world, and is of especial value to us in California in view of the importance the question of the preservation of our forests has assumed and is destined to attain. It consists primarily of twenty-four plates, made from pen-drawings by the late Dr. Albert Kellogg, of species of oaks to be found on the Western coast of this continent, with descriptive text and a bibliography, representing a vast deal of research, by Professor Edward Lee Greene, of the University of California. Death overtook Dr. Kellogg in the midst of his task, and that it has been completed now by the scholarly botanist of the State University is due to Mr. James M. McDonald, who has had the work carried through as a monument to his friend, the deceased botanist. The monograph is printed in the handsome style befitting so important a work. Published by Edward Bosqui, San Francisco.

Some Magazines.

The Vicomte Eugène Melchior de Vogüé opens the May *Harper's* with an article on "Social Life in Russia." Dr. Charles C. Abbott contributes "A Meadow Mud-Hole"; De Blowitz gives a chapter from his "Memoirs"; Frank Satterthwaite writes of "The Western Outlook for Sportsmen"; Parsons illustrates an old song by Marvell; Brander Matthews discusses "The Dramatic Outlook in America"; James K. Reeve discusses "Agriculture as a Profession"; Colonel F. Grant writes of "The National Academy"; Richard Malcolm Johnston contributes a story, "Ogeechee Cross-Firing"; Charles Dudley Warner continues his "Little Journey in the World"; and "Jupiter Lights" is continued. The verses are by Amélie Rives, William Winter, and Dr. T. W. Parsons.

The *Popular Science Monthly* for May contains: "New Chapters in the Warfare of Science. VI.—Diabolism and Hysteria." Part I., by Andrew Dickson White; "Glass-Making. II.—The History of a Picture-Window," by Professor C. Hanford Henderson; "The Convict-Island of Brazil—Fernando de Noronha," by John C. Branner; "The Strange Markings on Mars," by Garrett P. Serviss; "Beginnings in Science at Mugby School," by Dr. J. E. Taylor; "Agnosticism: A Reply to Professor Huxley," by Rev. Dr. Henry Wace and the Bishop of Peterborough; "Growth of the Beet-Sugar Industry," by A. H. Almy; "Eggs in Chemistry and Commerce," by P. L. Simmonds; "Botanical Gardens," by Dr. Fr. Hoffmann; "The Desert of Gobi and the Himalayas," by Lieutenant F. E. Younghusband; and a sketch of Rudolf Clausius, with portrait.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The proprietor of a well-known patent medicine lately received the following letter: "DEAR SIR: A couple of months ago my wife was hardly able to speak. She took two bottles of your 'Vital Regenerator,' and now she can not speak at all. Please send me two more bottles of your valuable mixture."

A certain lady, after looking over the books on the counter at one of the Boston book-stores the other day, stepped up to a clerk and asked: "Have you 'Cometb'?" "'Cometh,' ma'am? I don't know of any book by that name." "Oh, don't you? Well, I saw a book here called 'Goethe,' and I thougbt likely there was a companion book by the name of 'Cometh'!"

A board of physicians were inquiring into the state of mind of an alleged lunatic. "You told us just now, said the chairman, "that you were the Emperor Napoleon, and now you say you are the Duke of Wellington. Pray, explain yourself." "Quite right," returned the patient, cheerfully; "That was by a different mother." They did not ask him any more questions.

A Chicago woman told her newly-acquired Irish maid, the other day, to say she was not at home in case any one called. One visitor did come, and she is responsible for the story. "Is Mrs. Blank in?" she said, when the door was opened in respone to her ring. "No, ma'am," replied Bridget, stonily; "she's not at home, and may God forgive the awful lie I'm tellin' ye." Whereupon she slammed the door in the visitor's face.

It was at Tonquin. The young Count de T——, who was serving as a private in a light infantry regiment, had his skull fractured by a bullet during an engagement with the Black Flags. He was taken up for dead, and removed to the ambulance. "He won't recover," said the surgeon-major; "one can see the brain." At this word, the patient suddenly opened both his eyes. "You can see my brain?" he asked; "I beseech you, major, write at once to apprise my father of the fact; he made me join the army, because he pretended I bad no brains."

In the train: "Georgie, Georgie! mind, your hat will be blown off if you lean so far out of the carriage." *Paterfamilias* (quickly snatching the hat from the head of refractory youngster, and hiding it behind his back)—"There now, the hat has gone!" Georgie sets up a bowl. After a while, his father remarks: "Come, be quiet; if I whistle your hat will come back again." (Whistles and replaces hat on boy's head.) "There, it's back again, you see!" While the parents are engaged in conversation, Georgie throws his bat out of the window, and says: "Pa, whistle again!"

It was in the good old days of parisb clerkdom, and it was also the fifth of November. The parish clerk proposed to the vicar in the vestry before service that a special hymn, written by him (the clerk) and duly rehearsed by the choir, should be sung on the occasion. "Read me the first verse, please," said the vicar. And good Old Hundredth weighed in with the following:

> "This is the day in all the year
> When Faux he did conspire
> To blow up king and Parliament
> With gunpe-owde-ire."

But the vicar concluded not to run the stranger, but to start instead that well-tried old stager, "All people that on earth do dwell."

Benjamin F. Butler, in the early days of his practice at the bar, was required to give some legal notice in a suit in which he was engaged. The judge asked him to name the newspaper in which he desired the advertisement inserted. Butler was at that time an ardent Northern Democrat, and the Lowell *Advertiser*, a journal entirely ignored by most of the community, was the only organ of his party in the judicial district. "In what paper?" asked the clerk, contemptuously, when told to insert the notice in the *Advertiser;* "I don't know such a paper." "May it please your honor," Butler replied, "I trust the clerk will not interrupt the proceedings by attempting to tell us what he doesn't know, because if he does, we might as well adjourn till after the day of judgment."

A lady went into a Boston millinery store the other day to have some alterations made in a bonnet she had lately purchased there. Her little daughter of four years, who went with her, soon found her way in among the workers in the "back store," where she fell into admiring wonder over the pretty materials they were handling and making up into hats and bonnets. Seeing this, and seeing also that her mamma would be obliged to wait some time, the working-girls gave her some scraps of the materials, together with an old hat and bonnet frame, telling her she, too, might sit down and trim with them. She watched them quietly for a time, and then set to work. The quickness with which she caught the art and imitated what she had seen, was quite surprising. Finally she got the things trimmed somewhat to her liking, and held them up for inspection. The milliners all began to praise the work extravagantly, telling her that it was beautiful, and as well done as they could do it. The little one listened a moment, drew herself up baughtily and looked offended. She tried to check the praise, and evidently struggled for suitable words. "I don't like you to talk that way," she said, at last. "Why not, dear?" asked the milliners. "Because," answered the child, "it doesn't sound as if you meant it. It's the first time I've trimmed, and—and—well, I'd rather you'd be more cross than so pleasant about it." She did not find just the right words, but she made two things quite clear to ber hearers; she doubted their sincerity, and was not to be blinded by self-deception.

John Randolph, of Roanoke, or of Virginia, whichever you please, was remarkable, if for anything, for his overbearing and haughty disposition. Though of Indian descent, he considered himself quite superior to ordinary mortals, as, indeed, he was in many respects. Or, perhaps it was because of his descent from Pocahontas, the daughter of an Indian chief, or king, as some historians called him, that he considered himself justified in his aristocratic pretensions. But men of this kind sometimes find their match at most unexpected times and from unlooked-for quarters, and such was the case with Mr. Randolph on one occasion. He was traveling on horseback through an unfrequented part of Virginia, and found it convenient to stop for the night at a wayside-inn. His fame had preceded him and much attention was shown by the landlord to his distinguished guest. In the morning, when Mr. Randolph was about ready to resume his journey, the tavern-keeper innocently asked him where he was going, an unwarranted liberty in the opinion of the haughty Mr. Randolph, who turned upon him in his usual crusty manner, saying: "Sir, have I not paid my bill?" "Yes," said the landlord, "you have paid your bill." "Well," said Mr. Randolph, "is it any business of yours where I am going?" The keeper of the inn could make no reply, and Mr. Randolph rode off in silence; but be had gone only a few rods, when he came to where the road forked and was in great doubt wbich road to take. In his dilemma, Mr. Randolph rode back and asked the still disgusted landlord which of the two roads was the right one, whereupon the landlord replied: "You have paid your bill, Mr. Randolph, and you may take any road you please."

SOCIETY.

The De Ruyter-Van Ness Wedding.

t St. Luke's Church a pretty wedding was celebrated last nday evening when Miss Leslie Van Ness, daughter of , and Mrs. Thomas C. Van Ness, was united in marriage Mr. John E. de Ruyter. The many friends of the young ple, who are very popular in society circles, thronged the rch, and, while enjoying the organ voluntaries, awaited arrival of the bridal party. At half-past eight o'clock "Bridal Chorus" from "Lohengrin" gave notice of their roach, and the entrance was at once the cynosure of all es. Leading the cortege on its march down the central e were the four ushers, Mr. Perry Eyre, Mr. John T. yle, Mr. E. Donohoe, and Mr. Robert Bolton. Then ce the four bridesmaids, Miss Helen Smeltberg, Miss Eda Body, Miss Roberta E. Lee Wright, and Miss Evelyn Spard. The maid of honor, Miss Clement, was next, and r her came the bride, leaning upon the arm of her father. ly were met in the brightly-lighted chancel by the groom his best man, Mr. Frank Reed.

he bride, who is a beautiful brunette, appeared in an ele- t toilet of white point d'Esprit over white Sicilienne, ch was made with a Princesse train. The corsage was à la Vierge, and the sleeves extended to the elbows, ting the long gloves of white undressed kid. A spray of range-blossoms rested at her bodice, and in her coiffure was her spray, which held in place the long and flowing veil white silk moleine. She carried a lovely hand-bouquet of betos roses and lilies of the valley.

he maid of honor and bridesmaids were all attired alike ecoming dancing-length toilets of white point d'Esprit white silk, cut décolleté. They carried hand-bouquets erle du Jardin roses.

ev. W. W. Davis performed the Episcopal marriage cere- y with his usual impressiveness, and at its conclusion bridal party left the church to the strains of the wedding ch. They proceeded at once in their carriages to the lence of the bride's parents, 1020 Green Street, where a ption was held, to which a limited number of intimate nds and relatives were invited. The parlors were neatly ellished with a choice array of fragrant roses and other soms, deftly arranged in festoons and clusters. The ly married couple received the heartfelt congratulations eir assembled friends, and the hours were made very sant in the enjoyment of music, conversation, and a de- lus supper. Mr. and Mrs. de Ruyter departed on their ding trip the following day, and will be away about two s.

The Hotel Rafael Hop.

he opening hop of the season at the Hotel Rafael oc- ed on Saturday evening, May 4th, and was a very pleas- affair. The stormy weather deterred many from attend- but there was a sufficient number present to make the ious ball-room a scene of gaycty. The toilets of the es were all elegant and attractive, and Ballenberg gave atest music for the dancing. About eleven o'clock re- ments were served. The members of the reception mittee were: Mrs. Henry Schmiedell, Mrs. John Boggs, E. Scott, Mrs. E. W. Holloway, Mrs. Joseph Mc- ald, and Mrs. R. N. Graves.

Army and Navy.

utenant William G. Elliot, Ninth Infantry, U. S. A., been granted two months' leave of absence, to commence 1st.

aptain Walter W. R. Fisher, U. S. A., has been granted month's leave of absence.

aptain Frank Thompson, U. S. N., came down from e Island last Tuesday, and passed a couple of days at Occidental Hotel.

Movements and Whereabouts.

iss Emma Durbrow and Miss Carrie Durbrow have ed in New York city.

rs. A. H. Wilcox, Miss Fanny Wilcox, and Mr. Alfred ox are in New York city.

and Mrs. O. O. Burgess are in New York city prepar- for their trip to Europe.

aptain and Mrs. William H. Taylor and Miss Edith or are in New York city.

iss Lottie Clarke, who has been East for the past six hs, has returned home.

iss Evelyn Shepard and Miss Zorka Slocovich have re- d from a visit to Mrs William Barker at San Rafael.

, and Mrs. George E. Raum have gone East, and may d their trip to Europe.

. Charles J. Bandmann has arrived in New York city.

. Richard R. Wallace has gone to Fresno to engage in ulture.

rs. John W. Conner and the Misses Conner arrived in York city a few days ago.

, and Mrs. John Parrott and family will sail from York to-day for France.

, and Mrs. Isaac Upham, of Oakland, are in New city.

, and Mrs. Arthur Page, *née* Ralston, came over from Rafael on Thursday, and passed a couple of days at the ental Hotel.

, and Mrs. Calvin E. Whitney will go to the Yosemite y on Monday.

, and Mrs. Alfred MacGrotty sailed on May 1st, for on oo the steamer *City of New York*.

s Romualdo Pacheco and Miss Mabel Pacheco are ex- d from the East in a few days.

s. Barreda and the Misses Barreda are in Washington, .

s. A. H. Rutherford and Miss Virginia Hanchett are ing a visit at Del Coronado

. and Mrs. Charles Holbrook and Miss Mamie Hol- : are expected to return from Europe in June

s. W. S. Hobart and Miss Hobart are expected to re- from Europe in July, and will then occupy the former nce of Mrs. E. B. Crocker on Van Ness Avenue. Miss rt will be a débutante next winter.

s Millie Ashe has been paying a visit to Mrs. Carter roy at San Rafael.

s. A. J. Pope and Miss May E. Pope are at their ry villa in St. Helena.

s Jennie de la Montanya returned to the city last Mon- fter a pleasant visit to Miss Grace M. Spencer at San

s Margaret Jones, of San José, has gone to Livermore it friends for a month.

n. Newton Booth, of Sacramento, will leave for the to-night.

and Mrs. A. W. Rose, Jr., of San Mateo, passed a e of days at the Palace Hotel during the week.

s Constance Jones, of Los Angeles, is in the city on a

s. Slocovich and Miss Zorka Slocovich, who have been g Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Tatum during the winter, will to Brooklyn, N. Y., in a fortnight.

s Annie Reed, of Boston, who has been visiting Mr. Mrs. Charles F. Reed for several weeks, will return to-day.

and Mrs. Charles O. Alexander, *née* Carroll, have re- d from Del Coronado, and are residing in Oakland.

s. Theresa Fair, Miss Fair, Miss Birdie Fair, Mrs. Gillig, and Miss Nellie Joliffe are occupying apart- at the Hotel del Coronado for a few weeks.

s. William Dunphy, Mrs. Flood, Miss Jennie Dunphy, Viola Piercy, and Mr. James C. Dunphy have arrived in Paris.

, and Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe are now in New York

eral and Mrs. J. F. Houghton will leave to-day to visit nd Mrs. Morgan G. Bulkeley in Hartford, Conn.

. T. T. Dargie will leave to-day on the steamer *Gaelic* okohoma.

s Angela Morrison, of San José, will soon go to Bart- rings for a few weeks.

s. Dillon and the Misses Marie and Kate Dillon have visiting Byron Springs.

and Mrs. George J. Bucknall and Miss Marie Buck- ill leave next Tuesday to visit the Yosemite Valley.

s. I. S. Van Winkle and family will pass the summer s at San Rafael.

, and Mrs. Horace L. Hill will pass the summer at the l del Monte.

s. O. C. Pratt, Miss Lillie Jones, and Mr. O. C. Pratt, ill leave for New York to-night on the vestibule train. Their intention is to pass the summer at the Eastern watering-places.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac L. Requa, of Piedmont, were in the city a few days of the past week.

Mrs. William Kohl and Miss Mamie Kohl, of San Mateo, passed the early portion of the week at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Arthur Bull and Mr. W. W. Hollister, after a short trip to Santa Barbara and other southern points, have returned to the city, and are registered at the Occidental.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Joy Concert.

A farewell concert was tendered to Miss E. Beresford Joy, the contralto, last Thursday evening, at Metropolitan Hall, and quite a large audience was in attendance. The beneficiary was assisted by Mr. Ugo Talbo, tenor, Señor S. Arrillaga, pianist, Miss Ella Lawrie, accompanist, and a quartet from the Loring Club, comprising Messrs. Graham, Howland, Stadfeldt, and Neilson. The annexed interesting programme was presented:

Organ Solo, Overture, "Raymond" ..... A. Thomas
Señor S. Arrillaga.
"The Wanderer" ..... Schubert
Miss E. Beresford Joy.
Sound an Alarm, "Judas Maccabeus" ..... Handel
Mr. Ugo Talbo.
Quartet ..... Selected
Loring Club.
Piano Solo, Valse in E Major ..... Moszkowsky
Señor S. Arrillaga.
Ah! qual giorno, "Semiramide" ..... Rossini
Miss E. Beresford Joy.
Romanza, "Salve Dimora," "Faust" ..... Gounod
Mr. Ugo Talbo.
Quartet ..... Selected
Loring Club
"Le Cantique de Noel" (by special request). ..... Adam
Mr. Ugo Talbo.
"The Lost Chord" ..... Sullivan
Miss E. Beresford Joy.

The Loring Club Concert.

The Loring Club gave its fourth concert of the twelfth season last Wednesday evening at Odd Fellows' Hall, under the direction of Mr. David W. Loring. The club was assisted by Miss Carrie Millzner, soprano, and an orchestra. A large and fashionable audience greeted the participants, who presented the following programme in a commendable manner:

Mahomet's Song ..... H. Esser
Easter Morning ..... F. Hiller
Morning ..... Rubinstein
Awakening of Spring ..... Th. Gouvy
Serenade, "Dearest, Awake!" ..... Storch
Salamis ..... Gernsheim

An exhibition of engraving, mezzotint, and etching, collected and arranged by Mr. W. K. Vickery, will be given at Union Square Hall, on Post Street, next week, commencing on Monday afternoon and continuing each morning, afternoon, and evening thereafter until Friday. This exhibition will show the same prints which attracted so much attention when they were shown in Oakland a short time ago, for the Fabiola Hospital, but a number of important additions have been made. Admittance is set at twenty-five cents, and the proceeds will be given to the Children's Hospital.

Mr. Fred Yates repeated his lecture on "Readings from Millet," with stereopticon illustrations of his pictures, in Berkeley, last Thursday evening, for the benefit of the Longfellow Memorial Association. A large audience heard the lecture, which was very well received. Mr. Yates has moved his studio, by the way, to 220 Sutter Street, where he is much more pleasantly situated.

The Cheer of the "Trenton."

AN ENGLISH OPINION.—Consider the scene and the matchless heroism and generosity of this Yankee crew. Almost sure of instant death themselves, they could see the queen's ship fighting the hurricane and appreciate the gallantry of the effort with the generous pleasure of true mariners. We do not know in all naval records any sound which makes a finer music upon the ear than the cheer of the *Trenton's* men. It was distressed manhood greeting triumphant manhood, the doomed saluting the saved. It was pluckier and more human than any cry raised upon the deck of a victorious line-of-battle ship. It never can be forgotten, must never be forgotten, by Englishmen speaking of Americans. That dauntless cheer to the *Calliope* was the expression of immortal courage. —*London Telegraph.*

Our anchors drag and our cables surge
At every shock of the hurtling sea,
While the mist of breakers veils the verge
Of the reef of coral under our lee.

From east by north to the north-north-west
The wild typhoon veers sweep on sweep,
And from moment to moment the cross-wave's crest
Buries our waist in its sidelong leap.

Under the blows of our plunging screw
The whitening breakers foam and churn,
But for all that steam and steel can do
We are drifting slowly, astern, astern!

On our starboard-quarter close aboard
We see the stanch *Calliope* loom,
While the black flood, from her smoke-stack poured,
Covers the sea like a pall of doom.

Her topmasts struck and her yards braced sharp,
She is headed out for the open main,
While her shrouds, like the strings of a giant's harp,
Scream to the touch of the hurricane.

We, from our flag-ship *Trenton's* decks,
Are watching her battle in hope and dread
As she threads the throng of the tossing wrecks,
Now beaten backward, now forging ahead.

She with the red-cross ensign aloft,
And we, our starry banner below,
Lie beam to beam, as the frigates oft
Ranged in old sea-fights long ago.

We watch the weight of the tempest fall
On her flooded decks and her reeling bow,
And our hearts are beating one and all,
For we both go down should she foul us now.

Through the darkest night there's a gleam to break;
Fathom by fathom she forges past,
Till we know by the swirl of her eddying wake
That her seaward struggle is won at last.

The Admiral tosses his sea-cap high,
As from station to station is passed the word,
And over the uproar of wave and sky
The thunder roll of our cheer is heard.

And back from the Briton's taffrail came
The gallant, grateful, and proud reply,
That stirred our hearts like a pulse of flame,
The seaman's and brother's last good-by.

Oh, blood is thicker than water, and long
Will England's memory hold it dear,
And the tale be told in fo'castle song
Of the flagship *Trenton's* parting cheer.
—*Walter Mitchell in New York Sun.*

Here is the latest Tory joke: "Why can not Mr. Gladstone have his life insured? Because no man living can make out his policy."

THE HEIRESS.

By Edgar Saltus.

In the mind of every one, however intelligent, lurks the mandragora-root of some infirm prejudice. And among prejudices few are infirmer yet more enduring than one created a few years after the beginning of the present era by a paradoxist named Juvenal. In the bath, in the circus, in the forum, in brief, wherever a listener could be found, this gentleman was accustomed to declare that a rich woman was a nuisance and a pest. If the Roman was right, then extraordinary it is that the pest which he denounced is not more contagious. In proportion to the population, rich women are few, and they belong, as a rule, to that class which the directory describes as "wid." Against the relict of a dear departed, the prejudice alluded to may, for all of the present writer, continue to endure to the end of time, but as to her daughter, the heiress, *hola, messieurs, chapeaux bas.*

The heiress may be divided into two distinct types—the heiress as she is imagined and the heiress as she is.

The heiress as she is, is pretty even when she is plain, and when a plain heiress is pretty, she is the prettiest girl in the world. The eyes of her checkbook are bluer, deeper, more alluring even than those of Rossetti's "Blessed Damozel"—they draw on sight. However dark her hair may be, the glisten of gold is in it. Her voice has notes that are never protested. Her taste is so artistic that with a pen-stroke she can charm. And such is her wealth that she can afford to do what no other women is permitted—she can wear last season's bonnet.

As she walks abroad, she differs singularly from the heiress of the imagination. That lady is the prey of adventurers, from whose enterprises, after a succession of thrilling escapades, she is ultimately and happily rescued. The real heiress may marry a title or braid St. Catharine's tresses, but in either event her existence is as humdrum as our own. The young person with whom fiction has made us familiar is lovesick as a guitar, the other too sensible not to know when she is stupid.

Men die because they can not help it, women marry for the same reason. When the heiress first hears the march of Lohengrin in her dreams, her people do their best to drown the music. To their thinking the evocator of the march alluded to is an individual who has made up his mind that the easiest way to make money is to marry it. In this they may be wrong or right, but the validity of their opinion does not constitute one of those impediments to matrimony which are recognized by church, society, or heiresses either. It is with the man that the difficulty lies.

In spite of the old French adage that a gentleman can always accept money from his king and from his lady-love, men, in the absence of a tangible *quid pro quo* of their own, are nowadays extremely unwilling to receive from a sweetheart anything save her own fair hand. Love, we know, prefers contrasts to similitudes, but when the contrast is between a big bank account and a small one, it is unpalatable as red wine in a green glass. Few there are that can drain it without a qualm. On the stage, the indigent hero prefers death. He goes off to battle and returns in the next act. Death he had indeed encountered, but it is the death of that opportune uncle which the rest of us never possess. It is all very pretty and affecting, but the heiress in real life knows a trick worth two of that. She tells her lover that she is ruined, that a trustee has taken her dower, the Montreal express as well, and behold he is on his knees at once. In that position, it is easy enough to have the bans proclaimed; the vanished gold returns of itself, there is a scene, there are upbraidings, tears even, but finally forgiveness, and two hearts that beat as one.

This little stratagem is, parenthetically, one which has done good service in testing a lover's singleness of purpose. If, during the trial, he hold himself as one who truly loves should do, then, indeed, may a suspicious maiden leave every doubt behind. But speaking generally, an artifice of this kind is unnecessary. Some of our young men may live on a dollar a day and dream of a million, but they are not fortune-hunters by profession, and as for the young women, every traveler who touches our shore tells us they are the most enchanting that exist. As a matter of fact, we are only too anxious to marry them. If they happen to have money, well and good. It is an appanage, perhaps, but never a bait.

The heiress is aware of all this, and carries herself accordingly. Her opportunities of picking and choosing are of the best, and—considered as a class—she is not in a hurry to get married that the unobservant give her credit for being. In this she differs from the average girl, and in another particular as well—as she is her own mistress, she need deny herself nothing, and yet, through a constitutional peculiarity, no one is less extravagant than she. Being used to money, she knows its value, and she knows, too, that the uniquest luxury which money can give is in giving that money away. La Rochefoucauld took pleasure in saying that we are all strong enough to bear the misfortunes of others. But La Rochefoucauld, for all his cleverness, forgot our heiress when he spoke. She is never strong enough for that, and, in the matter of alms-giving, she is deliciously, femininely weak.

And that virtue, which we admire so much in our neighbor and are so diffident about practicing ourselves, that sentiment which is the New Testament told in a phrase, charity and compassion to others, is the sole excuse of her wealth. Without it, as Prudhon bawled at the socialists, property is theft. In this respect she has a duty to perform. She may neglect it, and yet carry her wealth very well. But, before the day comes when her mouth is closed by a handful of earth, to her own cost she will have learned that poverty may be serener than riches, as tears are more hallowed than mirth.—*Once a Week.*

Swell young women in London, with artistic tastes, are organizing "sketching clubs." They hire a man for a teacher, and meet at the houses of the members. Subjects are given out, and, at the end of a certain time, the work is sent to the professor, who notes his criticism on the back of each sketch, and then sends the whole lot to one of the club, who adds her criticism. In this way the sketches are passed about to each sketcher.

— TRAINS ARE NOW STOPPING AT PALO ALTO Station, University Park, and parties wishing to secure a home among the oaks adjacent to the Leland Stanford Jr. University, will be received at the station and shown the property free of charge. Address, W. M. Macmillan & Co., 621 Market Street, entrance Palace Hotel, for maps and further information.

For Coughs and throat troubles use "Brown's Bronchial Troches."—"They stop an attack of my asthma cough very promptly."—*C. Falck, Miamiville, Ohio.*

DXXVI—Bill of Fare for six persons—Sunday, May 12, 1889.

Noodle Soup.
Fried Oysters. Cold Slaw.
Chicken à la Hollandaise. Fried Potatoes.
String Beans. Cauliflower.
Roast Beef.
Tomato Salad.
Coffee Cream. Fancy Cakes.
Cherries Apricots.

CHICKEN A LA HOLLANDAISE.—Take out the breast-bone of a young fowl and fill the space with the following forcemeat: Half a pint of fine bread-crumbs, an ounce and a half of butter, a small boiled onion chopped, and a dozen oysters cut into small pieces; a salt-spoonful of salt, a pinch of pepper; bind together with an egg, sew up the fowl, and truss for roasting. Make a nice batter as for fine fritters, and, when the fowl has been in the oven half an hour, pour part of the batter over it; when dry and beginning to brown, pour more until it is thickly coated and a nice brown; baste often; cut up the chicken, and serve with sauce Allemande and lemon.

BE NOT DECEIVED!
ALL THE GENUINE
P. CENTEMERI & CO.

Are branded with name in full in the left-hand glove. Sold only in San Francisco, at
110 POST STREET.

The Seventh EXHIBITION OF ETCHINGS and Engravings, arranged by W. K. Vickery, will be given at UNION SQUARE HALL, on May 13th, 14th, 15th, and 16th.

ADMISSION, 25 cents. Coupon tickets (six admissions), $1.00.

PROCEEDS TO GO TO THE
CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

"WHITE SEAL"
THE ROYAL COURT WINE
MOËT & CHANDON
EPERNAY CHAMPAGNE
SOLE PACIFIC COAST AGENTS
SHERWOOD AND SHERWOOD
212-214 MARKET ST
SAN FRANCISCO.

NEW YORK RIDING ACADEMY
1537 Mission St., nr. Twelfth,
Lessons daily in covered school and on the road.
Saddle-horses for hire.
Ladies escorted on the road by appointment.
VERE ALSTON, Proprietor.

YOSEMITE AND BIG TREES.
MARK LANE, Agent.
14 Montgomery Street.
Private conveyances for parties.

HOTEL VENDOME,
SAN JOSE, CAL.,
NOW OPEN FOR THE RECEPTION OF GUESTS.
COLONEL E. W. ROOT,
(Formerly of Grand Central, New Yurk),
MANAGER.

THE BANCROFT COMPANY,
History Building, San Francisco.
PACIFIC COAST AGENTS FOR
HENRY F. MILLER & SONS' PIANOS.
The first choice of the great artists.

SHOULD HE HANG FOR IT?

The Story of an Enthusiast.

A remarkable suit will soon be brought before the criminal court of London, the causes of which are as follows:

On the twentieth of May, Dr. B., a distinguished pulmonary specialist, was consulted by a man so skeleton-like in appearance that he could scarcely be recognized as a member of the human family. After a careful examination the doctor said: "I can do nothing for you; within eight days you will be dead."

With the calmness of despair, the young man, aided by a servant, prepared to depart. As he was about to cross the threshold, Dr. B. detained him for a moment and asked: "Are you rich?"

"Very—a millionaire, in fact," replied the wretched man.

"Then order your coachman to drive you to the Victoria Station, start for Dover by the eleven o'clock train, take passage on a steamer for Marseilles, and thence by rail to Nice. For six months—should God spare your life—eat neither bread, nor fruit, nor meat, neither drink wine, but eat cress and only cress; even drink the broth of it. By this means only can your life be saved, if such a thing is possible. The method is rather a strange one, but I offer it to a dying man; try it."

* * * * * * *

Six months later a robust young man crossed the antechamber—where a number of patients were waiting—and entered the office of Dr. B. At sight of the famous physician tears filled his eyes, and rushing up to him, he embraced him and said, "My *dear* doctor, will you accept a million, two millions?"

"Are you crazy?" asked the doctor.

"No, no, I am sane, but I realize that you have saved my life. Don't you know me? I know you. I am P——, the millionaire, whom you saved from an inevitable death by your wonderful treatment. For six months I carefully obeyed your orders and took your inestimable cress-prescription. My improvement was so miraculous that I am now in excellent health," and, to verify his remarks, he beat his chest vigorously with his fist.

"What, what!" exclaimed the astonished physician, "you are the man upon whom I experimented with cress?"

"Yes, I am he," responded the young man; "I returned to the city yesterday, and come to you today to express my gratitude."

The doctor signed to his assistant to withdraw, and then quickly drawing from his pocket a small revolver, he leveled it, and, in an instant, his patient fell dead at his feet.

Without a moment's delay he commenced to make a *post-mortem* examination. When the police arrived, he was carefully examining the lungs of his victim with a microscope and studying the effects of the cress upon the diseased parts. To the officers of the law he said: "I killed this man for an immediate autopsy, in order to discover a mystery which may be a boon to all mankind; for this reason I did not hesitate to sacrifice my conscience to the demands of science."—*Adapted for the Argonaut from the Romaic by A. M. W.*

A Shoe-Store Tragedy.

The shoe emporium was deserted. All alone the clerk stood in the midst of a chaos of unbuttoned shoes and disarranged slippers.

For over an hour he had vainly endeavored to fit the foot, whims, eye, pocket-book, and other peculiarities of proud and aristocratic Mrs. D'Width. He was tired out, disgusted with business-life, and, in fact, life of almost any sort; and, as he viciously buttoned up the dainty specimens of artistic foot-wear and crushed them into the cartons, he might have been heard to utter things in relation to the proud Mrs. D'Width's peculiarities which were considerably removed from the complimentary, and would have surprised and shocked that leader of fashion and society could she have heard them.

The poor clerk was discouraged by his failure to make a sale. He was weary of these efforts of women to deceive even the practiced shoe-salesman as to the size of their feet, and, as the door suddenly opened to admit a trimly-built and prettily-dressed little woman, he heaved an anxious sigh before he assumed his ladies'-fine-shoe smile, and stepped politely forward.

"I will look at some fine shoes, common-sense toe, low broad heel, high-cut vamp, hand-welted sole, Dongola kid, and with buttons, if you please."

The clerk's whole system received a severe shock at this unusually succinct and complete description, which he was just about to obtain by shrewd questioning. He recovered, however, sufficiently to gasp: "What size, please?"

"I have been wearing," said the trim little woman, "a number two-and-a-half 'B,' but I'm sure it is much smaller than I ought to be wearing, and I think I'll have this time a three 'C,' and if that is not large enough, a three-and-a-half 'D.'"

The trim little woman uttered a horrified scream. The double shock had been too great; the shoe clerk of long experience lay upon one of the gorgeously upholstered divans, cold and lifeless.—*Puck.*

It is the subject for an old joke that the father walks the floor nights with the cross baby, but almost any woman will tell you that there is no truth in it. It is safe to assert that not one man in ten ever did such a thing in his life, and that not two men in ten ever wake up when the baby cries.—*Atchison Globe.*

Boarder (cracking an egg)—"Well, I declare!" *Waiter* (excitedly)—"What is it?" *Boarder*—"Why, this egg has a double yolk." *Waiter*—"Pooh! that's nothin'—gen'l'man's yistiddy had a chicking."—*Detroit Free Press.*

She—"I believe you know my neighbors, the Chesterfield Browns?" *He*—"Haw—well—a—I go to the house, don'teherknow, and dine with 'em occasionally, and all that; but I'm not on speaking terms with 'em!"—*Punch.*

Russian fashion note: The Czar has returned to St. Petersburg and changed his winter-suit of boiler-iron for a light spring-suit of cast-steel.—*Washington Post.*

An agnostic is one who thinks that he knows all about everything, and that other people know nothing about anything.—*St. Louis Republic.*

"Virtue is its own reward." The principal and interest must amount to a good deal by this time.—*Puck.*

BRIC-A-BRAC BALLADS.

To a Chinese Idol.

Once you ruled, a god divine,
In a sacred, steady shrine
Near a river dark as mine,
'Mid the trees,

And to you the mandarins,
With their smooth, unshaven chins,
Prayed absolvence from their sins
On their knees.

Tiny-footed Chinese maids,
With their raven hair in braids,
Sought you in your quiet shades
'Neath the boughs;

Haply, for a thousand years,
You beheld their smiles and tears,
Listened to their hopes and fears,
And their vows.

Now above her escritoire
In my lady's pink boudoir,
Ever dumbly pining for
Last repose,

You sit stolid day by day,
With your cheeks so gaunt and gray,
Stony eyes and *retroussé*
Little nose.

Where the sunlight glinteth o'er
Persian rug and polished floor
You will frown forevermore,
Grim as hate;

A divinity cast down,
Having neither shrine nor crown,
Once a god, but now a brown
Paper-weight! —*Clinton Scollard.*

A Song of a Shepherd.

Oh, little Watteau Shepherdess,
With golden-powdered hair!
Thou'rt artificial, I confess,
But, oh, thou art so fair!
On dainty Dresden jars they paint
You charmingly demure,
Adored by little cupids quaint,
Quite à la Pompadour.

Decked out in flowered petticoats,
Garoished o'er with buttons,
With ribboned crook attending goats,
And embryonic muttons,
Dost ever dream of love, fair maid,
"When woodland waxeth green,"
And dryads 'mid the sylvan shade
Sound tinkling tambourine?

Oh, little Watteau Shepherdess!
I'm sick of love for thee,
Take pity on my dire distress,
Elope to Arcadee.
Don't hesitate, but pack your box,
I've a chaise outside the town;
I know a priest unorthodox.
Who'll join us for a crown.
—*Henry R. Evans in Life.*

Of a Toyokuni Color Print.

Was I a Samurai renowned,
Two-sworded, fierce, immense of bow?
A histrion angular and profound?
A priest? a porter? Child, although
I have forgotten clean, I know
That in the shade of Fujisan,
What time the cherry orchards blow,
I loved you once in old Japan.

As here you loiter, flowing-gowned
And hugely sashed, with pins a-row
Your quaint head as with flamelets crowned,
Demure, inviting—even so,
When merry maids in Miyako
To feel the sweet o' the year began,
And green gardens to overflow,
I loved you once in old Japan.

Clear shine the hills; the rice fields round
Two cranes are circling; sleepy and slow,
A blue canal the lake's blue bound
Breaks at the bamboo bridge; and lo!
Touched with the sundown's spirit and glow,
I see you turn, with flirted fan,
Against the plum-tree's bloomy snow. . . .
I loved you once in old Japan!

Dear, 'twas a dozen lives ago;
But that I was a lucky man
The Toyokuni here will show:
I loved you—once—in old Japan!
—*W. E. Henley.*

A Heathen God.

(Transported from Easter Island to adorn the facade of the British Museum.)

Who is it with the noble nose,
And hollow eyes, with sorrow sore,
That stands in inartistic pose,
To guard the dull museum door?
"A stranger from a distant shore;
A god beneath a southern star.
Men worshiped me in years of yore;
I'm Hoa Haka Nana Ja.

"What though I have nor teeth, nor toes,
Nor hair, nor eyebrows any more?
Time was the pious came in rows,
And knelt upon my temple floor.
Those colored saints have 'gone before';
We heathen gods are scattered far;
And no man now sets any store
By Hoa Haka Nana Ja.

"The silly student comes and goes,
Blue-stocking glum, Professor hoar,
Each passing pause to flout my woes,
And mock the mighty name I bore.
The vials of contempt they pour;
They greet me with a rude ha, ha!
The school-boy even tries to score
Off Hoa Haka Nana Ja."

"In vain such insults I deplore,
Some day you'll find what fools you are;
And all the orthodox will roar
For Hoa Haka Nana Ja."
—*Francis H. Gribble.*

Unanswered.

Oh, Japanese bird, on the gilded screen,
With your legs at an angle wide,
With your wings outspread and your head between,
And your neck in a bow-knot tied,
If you only could speak
With your yellowish beak
What secrets could you confide!

Oh! tell me, my friend, when you screened the face
Of your dear little mistress, Rose—
With her deep blue eyes and her dainty grace,
Who blooms as her namesake blows—
Have you heard lovers sigh
(As, for instance, did I)—
Have you heard them, perhaps, propose?

Has she ever, by chance, dropped the slightest hint
That she liked me, a little mite?
Have you noticed her cheek take a deeper tint
When I happen to come in sight?
What! you've nothing to say?
Well, she'll tell me—some day.
I'll forgive you, old bird; good-night! —*Judge.*

— A. A. JACKSON & CO., 33 MARKET STREET, San Francisco, are now offering special bargains in Surreys, Phaetons, Buggies, Harness, etc., preparatory for removal to their new repository on Golden Gate Avenue.

— GO TO BRADLEY & RULOFSON'S NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont Streets.

— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

— GO TO SWAIN'S NEW DINING-ROOM, SUTTER Street, near Kearny, for a fine lunch or dinner.

— STEELE'S Palace Drug Store, 635 Market St.

FOR COUGHS, COLDS, AND CONSUMPTION, USE
VEGETABLE
PULMONARY BALSAM,
The Oldest and Best Remedy for
PULMONARY AFFECTIONS OF EVERY KIND.

From one of the Oldest and Very Best Houses in America, who have sold this Balsam for over 30 Years:

Messrs. CUTLER BROS. & CO.:
Please send us TAN gross small and FIVE gross large "Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam." THIS IS DOUBTLESS THE BEST COUGH MEDICINE IN THE WORLD.
[Signed] ALLEN & CO., Cincinnati, Ohio.

CUTLER BROS. & CO., Proprietors, Boston, Mass.
REDINGTON & CO., and others, S. F.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The regular annual meeting of the Argonaut Publishing Company will be held at the rooms of the Company, Room No. 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, California, on Tuesday, the fourth day of June, 1889, at the hour of one o'clock P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve during the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

JEROME A. HART, Secretary.

Office—Room 3, Argonaut Building, No. 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, California.

DR. R. F. DAVIDSON,
DENTIST,
236 Sutter Street.
OFFICE HOURS: 9 to 12 A. M., 1 to 5 P. M.
Fees Moderate.

ESTABLISHED
1/3 OF A CENTURY
J. H. TOBIN'S
HIGH-CLASS TAILORING
Largest Stock of the Finest Goods and Latest Styles for SPRING and SUMMER.
114 MONTGOMERY ST.

Another Great Auction Sale!
By order of J. B. HAGGIN, Esq.
WE WILL SELL
TUESDAY, May 14th, WEDNESDAY, May 15th and THURSDAY, May 16th, 1889,
WITHOUT LIMIT OR RESERVE, IN THE CITY OF
BAKERSFIELD
In tracts of 10, 20 and 40 acres each, and also of 160, 320 and 640 acres each,
7,500 Acres
of Fruit, Alfalfa and General Farming Land,
all under the Most Complete System of Irrigation, being portions of the following Ranches:
Mountain View Dairy, Greenfield's Ranch, Cotton Ranch, and Jewett Ranch.
Also, a line of extremely desirable Town Lots and Blocks in BAKERSFIELD, to be sold upon the following
LIBERAL TERMS: Only 25 per cent cash; balance in one, two and three years, with interest at 7 per cent per annum. Special inducements will be extended to those who settle upon and improve their land.
Abundance of Water. These lands are amply supplied with water for irrigation, at prices regulated by law, and lower than in any other portion of the State.
Special Excursions.
To enable all to participate in this important event, we have made arrangements with the Railroad Company by which we are enabled to offer special round-trip rates from all points to BAKERSFIELD, between SAN FRANCISCO, SACRAMENTO, SAN JOSE, STOCKTON, and LOS ANGELES, as follows:
SAN FRANCISCO, SACRAMENTO, STOCKTON, SAN JOSE and all intermediate points, to Bakersfield and return,
$9.50 — ROUND-TRIP TICKETS ONLY — $9.50
and corresponding rates from all points between LATHROP and BAKERSFIELD.
FROM LOS ANGELES TO BAKERSFIELD, Round-trip Tickets only..... $5.50
FROM COLTON TO LOS ANGELES, Round-trip Tickets only..... $2.65
and corresponding rates from all points between COLTON, LOS ANGELES and BAKERSFIELD.
Parties desirous of visiting BAKERSFIELD before the excursion, to examine the land, can do so, and the difference in cost between the regular fare and the excursion rates will be refunded them if they become purchasers at the auction sale.
TIME TABLE.
Tickets will be good on trains leaving San Francisco Saturday, May 11th, and Sunday, May 12th, at 8.30 A. M., and 9 P. M.; and on trains from Sacramento, Stockton and San Jose, connecting therewith; and from Los Angeles on train leaving Sunday, May 12th, at 1.20 P. M.
RETURNING, tickets will be good on all regular trains leaving Bakersfield May 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th, 1889.
Programme of Sale.
FIRST DAY.—Barbecue and Sale at GREENFIELD'S RANCH. Twenty-acre Tracts Alfalfa Land, with crops, and partly cultivated farms of 150 and 640 acres each.
SECOND DAY.—Barbecue and Sale at MOUNTAIN VIEW DAIRY RANCH. 1,760 acres Alfalfa Land, in tracts of from 20 acres up.
THIRD DAY.—Sale at BAKERSFIELD, of Town Lots, Villa Sites, Acre Property adjacent to Bakersfield, and any other unsold land.
☞ Sale will be continued through the week if it is necessary to do so, as we propose to SELL EVERYTHING on the Catalogue, without regard to prices obtained.
FREE CONVEYANCES from Bakersfield at all times to the property for sale.
TICKETS will be on sale at the offices of the Railroad Company, and at the office of McAFEE & BALDWIN, 10 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, where sleeping-car accommodations can also be arranged for. Maps and diagrams will be sent to any address upon application to
McAfee & Baldwin,
Real Estate Agents and Auctioneers, 10 Montgomery St., San Francisco.
NEWHALL'S SONS & CO., Auctioneers, 225, 227 Bush St., San Francisco.
AND TO THE "LAND DEPARTMENT OF J. B. HAGGIN," L. C. McAFEE, C. BROWER, } Managers, Bakersfield, Cal.

Transportation--Rail.

USALITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN, via

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, March 31, 1889, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.30, 3.25, 4.10, 6.10 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 12.30, 1.30, 2.45, 4.15, 5.30, 6.30, P. M. Extra trip on Sunday for Sausalito 2.30 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.10, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.55 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 9.50, 10.55 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 1.15, 2.45, 4.00, 5.15, 6.05, 7.00 P. M. Extra trips on Saturday at 6.25 P. M. Fare 50 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.15, 8.15, 9.55, 11.50 A. M.; 2.30, 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
(Sundays)—7.25, 8.45, 10.35, 11.35 A. M.; 12.45, 1.55, 3.30, 4.45, 5.45, 6.50, 7.45 P. M. Extra trips on Saturday at 7.15 P. M.
Fare 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

7.30 A. M., Daily (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Running, leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at 6.00 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12.20 P. M.
3.30 P. M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations.
8.00 A. M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning arrives in San Francisco at 8.15 P. M.

EXCURSION RATES.

Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single fare rate.
Sunday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Sundays, Saturdays, and Sundays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.00; Tomales, $2.25; Howard's, $3.50; Cazadero, $4.00.
Saturday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, good on day sold to Camp Taylor, $1.50; Point Reyes, $1.75; Tomales, $2.00; Howard's, $2.50; Duncan Mills and Cazadero $3.00.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Trains leave Cazadero daily (except Mondays) for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, and all points on the North Coast.

J. W. COLEMAN, General Manager. F. B. LATHAM, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.
General Offices, 327 Pine Street.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From April 28, 1889.	ARRIVE
7 A.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	*12.45 P.
7 A.	For Sacramento, and for Redding via Davis	7.15 P.
8 A.	For Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga and Santa Rosa	6.15 P.
8 A.	Los Angeles Express, for Fresno, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	11.15 A.
9 A.	For Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
10 A.	For Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
12 M.	For Haywards and Niles	*3.45 P.
2 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	**6.00 A.
3 P.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
3 P.	Central Atlantic Express, for Ogden and East	7.15 A.
4 P.	For Stockton and §Milton; for Vallejo, Calistoga & Santa Rosa	10.15 A.
4 P.	For Sacramento, and for Knight's Landing via Davis	10.45 A.
5 P.	For Niles, San José and Livermore	*8.45 A.
5 P.	For Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
7 P.	Shasta Route Express, for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	7.45 A.
8 P.	Golden Gate Special, for Council Bluffs and East	‖ 7.45 P.
9 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.

NILES AND THE PACIFIC COAST RAILWAY DIVISION.

7 A.	For Newark San José & Santa Cruz	‡ 8.05 P.
8 A.	For Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
3 P.	For Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*11.50 A.
4 P.	For Centerville, San José, Almaden, and Los Gatos	9.50 A.

COAST DIVISION (Townsend Street Depot.)

7 A.	For San José and Way Stations	2.30 P.
7 A.	For Monterey and Santa Cruz, Sunday Excursion	‡ 8.25 P.
8 A.	For San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos; Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations	6.12 P.
10 A.	For San José, Almaden and Way Stations	7 30 P.
2 P.	For Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	5.08 P.
3 P.	Del Monte Limited. For Menlo Park, San José, Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville, and Monterey, only.	*11.15 A.
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4 P.	For Menlo Park and WayStations	7.58 A.
5 P.	For San José and Way Stations	9.03 A.
6 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A.
12 P.	For San José and principal Way Stations	‡4.25 P.

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THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

"I tell you, neighbor, things ain't like they used to be when me and you was boys," said old farmer Haycock to a neighbor the other day; "I tell you boys nowadays ain't much like boys used to be when *we* was boys."

"Not much they ain't," said the neighbor, dejectedly.

"Naw, sir; nowadays if a boy puts in fifteen hours on the farm he calls it a full day's work, an' wants to quit, an' he kicks if he cayn't hav' a full hour at noon."

"I know it; blame 'em!"

"An' if he cayn't have a full suit o' store-clothes ev'ry year or two, he makes trouhle, an' blamed if I can git one o' my boys to go to town bar'-footed after they git along toward nineteen an' twenty years old. Oh, I tell ye, pride an' laziness is ruinin' the world!"

"That's so, Haycock; that's so."

"It jist *is!* an' when my boys goes to town they're got to have fifteen or twenty cents a piece to squander away; I tell ye, you an' me didn't have it, neighbor. An' my boys wanter eat up our eggs an' hutter an' sich, an' let good bacon an' corn-bread go to waste; I tell ye, neighbor, you an' me never e't nothin' that could be sold."

"No, we didn't, Haycock; no, we didn't."

"*We* didn't wanter drop work an' go off to a circus once ev'ry summer; we didn't lay off work at sundown, an' when our dads called us at three in the mornin', we knowed better'n to roll over an' sleep till most four, like farm-boys do nowadays. I tell you, the good old times air gone an' a gineration o' goodfer-nothin's is risin' up."

"That's so, Haycock; that's so."

They silently weep in remembrance of the "good old times."—*Time.*

Friend—"By the way, how is your novel selling?" *Aspiring young author*—"It isn't selling at all; the critics killed it." "I am surprised to hear that. I didn't suppose they could say anything against it." "That was just the trouhle. They all united in saying that every one should read it on account of its lofty moral teachings."—*New York Tribune.*

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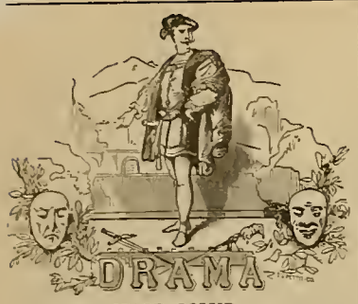

STAGE GOSSIP.

The auction sale of seats for the opening night at the California Theatre brought nearly five thousand dollars in premiums.

Marie Stone, the soprano of the Bostonians, made her début on the operatic stage in this city. It was in 1877, and she sang Lucia under C. D. Hess's management.

E. J. Buckley, Kate Forsythe, and Ida Vernon are the notable members of Nat Goodwin's company at the Fifth Avenue who would not desert New York for the Golden State.

"The First Lieutenant," by Messrs. Page and Wise, drew an unusually large and notable audience to the Tivoli on Monday evening, and it was very well received. It is probably up for a long run.

Bob Hilliard, who is in Nat Goodwin's company, was Berry Wall's only rival as King of the Dudes in New York, and it is expected that his wardrobe for the stage and street will be nothing less than a revelation.

Mattie Vickers, a vivacious soubrette, will appear at the Alcazar on Monday night in "Jacquine, or Paste and Diamonds," supported by a company in which all the men are comedians and all the women soubrettes.

"Othello" will be played throughout next week at the California Theatre, with Booth as Othello and Barrett as Iago on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday nights, and the characters reversed on Wednesday and Saturday.

The Baldwin management did a wise thing in setting the opening night of the Bostonians for Tuesday night. This arrangement removes all conflict between the two important first nights, and stamps each opening as a distinctly fashionable event.

The members of Nat Goodwin's company, besides that eccentric comedian, are: Robert Hilliard, Robert C. Wilson, J. H. Browne, John Craven, Frank Morse, Lizzie McCall, Nanette Comstock, Marion A. Earle, Weevie Vivian, and Estelle Mortimer.

While the Bostonians were in Chicago, they purchased a new comic opera, "Don Quixote," from Reginald de Koven, the composer, and Harry B. Smith, the librettist. This is not the first essay in the making of light opera for these gentlemen, and as it is highly thought of by those who read it, it should be a success.

There are fully twenty operas in the Bostonians' repertoire, so that there will be no lack of novelty at the Baldwin during their four weeks' engagement. The bills for the first week are: Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday afternoon, "Pygmalion and Galatea"; Wednesday and Saturday, "The Musketeers"; and Friday, "The Bohemian Girl."

Nanette Comstock is not a stranger here, though she is an Eastern girl and has been on the stage only two years. She was the Telegraph Operator of the first "Hole in the Ground Company," and took rank with Isabel Irving, of the Daly Company—she played at the Bush Street in Rosina Vokes's company—among the prettiest girls on the New York stage this winter.

Oscar Weil, the artistic manager of the Bostonians, has been heartily welcomed back to San Francisco during the past week. He was prominent here in musical and artistic circles, and his fine knowledge of music and his facile pen won him many admirers when he was the *Argonaut's* musical critic. There is a rumor that he may produce an opera of his own during his stay among us.

John A. Lane and Miss Minna K. Gale are the only members of the company supporting Booth and Barrett, who have risen much above the ranks of the Shakespearean mob. The others are Ben G. Rogers, Charles Koehler, Charles Collins, Frederic Vroom, Beaumont Smith, Lawrence Hanley, William Stafford, J. L. Murphy, J. Wolseley, F. Harrison, Walter Thomas, and Miss Gertrude Kellogg.

Operatic troupes are generally even more frequently changed in membership, if not entirely disbanded, than theatrical companies, but the Bostonians are a notable instance of permanence. The name is no longer the Boston Ideals, to be sure, but the four principal singers, Marie Stone, Tom Karl, H. C. Barnabee, and W. H. McDonald, have been with the organization from the first. It was organized about six years ago by several Bostonians, who had graduated from the choir to the stage through the easy medium of "Pinafore," and it has always been highly esteemed in the East, not for the excellence of individual singers—though the voices are fully up to the average—but for the careful drilling of the whole company, and the conscientious character of their performances.

Jessie Bartlett Davis was first seen in this city as the drummer-boy in "The Merry War," when that opera was given by Carleton at the Bush Street, some five or six years ago. She also sung here with the National Opera. She is the wife of Will J. Davis, one of the managers of the Pacific Coast Tour, and Josephine Bartlett—the blue page of one of William T. Carleton's "Erminie" companies—is her sister. They were both born in Illinois.

Nat Goodwin has been convinced by careful observations of the financial barometer in the box-office that "The Gold Mine" is one in name only, and that it was heavily "salted" by Raymond's reputation when he bought it. Consequently he has shelved it, and will open his engagement at the Bush Street, next Monday evening, with "Lend Me Five Shillings" and "Turned Up." Goodwin's Golightly, by the way, is one of the best representations of that sorely-tried hero on the stage.

It may be timely to print here the poem written by Bret Harte for the opening of the old California Theatre. It was read on the occasion of the initial performance, January 19, 1870, the bill being "Money," to which reference is made in the poem. Considering that it lacks some months of two decades since the old theatre opened, the poet's reference to "twenty years between the acts" seems prophetic:

Brief words, when actions wait, are well:
The prompter's hand is on his bell;
The coming heroes, lovers, kings,
Are idly lounging at the wings;
Behind the curtain's mystic fold
The glowing future lies unrolled—
And yet, one moment for the Past;
One retrospect—the first and last.

"The world's a stage," the master said.
To-night a mightier truth is read:
Not in the shifting canvas screen,
The flash of gas, or tinsel sheen;
Not in the skull whose signal calls
From empty boards baronial halls;
But, fronting sea and curving bay,
Behold the players and the play.

Ah, friends! beneath your real skies
The actor's short-lived triumph dies:
On that broad stage of empire won,
Whose footlights were the setting sun,
Whose flats a distant background rose
In trackless peaks of endless snows;
Here genius bows, and talent waits
To copy that but One creates.

Your shifting scenes: the league of sand,
An avenue by ocean spanned;
The narrow beach of straggling tents,
A mile of stately monuments;
Your standard, lo! a flag unfurled,
Whose clinging folds clasp half the world—
This is your drama, built on facts,
With "twenty years between the acts."

One moment more: if here we raise
The oft-sung hymn of local praise,
Before the curtain facts must sway;
Here waits the moral of your play,
Glassed in the poet's thought, you view
What *money* can, yet can not do;
The faith that soars, the deeds that shine,
Above the gold that builds the shrine.

And, oh! when others take our place,
And Earth's green curtain hides our face,
Ere on the stage, so silent now,
The last new hero makes his bow;
So may our deeds, recalled once more
In Memory's sweet but brief encore,
Down all the circling ages run,
With the world's plaudit of "Well done!"

It is reported from London that the Rothschilds are about to organize a company to work the great ruby mines of Burmah. This little patch of earth, having an area of only fifty square miles, was the one spot in his dominions which King Thebaw would never permit a white man to approach. Even under the rude native system of mining, Thebaw derived an income of one hundred thousand dollars a year from the mines. After the fall of Mandalay, Indian troops were sent one hundred miles north of that capital to take possession of the ruby district, which has since been leased to native miners, the income being used to help defray the cost of the British occupancy. There have been loud complaints that the government lost a chance to derive a large revenue from the mines when it declined Lord Dufferin's proposal to lease them to a syndicate. If the Rothschilds have now got a foot-hold there, it is certain that the new rulers of Burmah expect to make a good thing by granting a concession to the great capitalists. The possibilities of the ruby mines of Burmah are yet to be ascertained. We know that the largest ruby ever found there was escorted from the king's palace to the river, on its way to Europe, by a military guard, and that it was sold in London for one hundred thousand dollars. The gems lie in a thin stratum, from ten to thirty feet below the surface, and when this earth is lifted in rude buckets and spread on the ground, myriads of small rubies glisten in the sun. Most of them are too small to be of value, and are thrust aside in the eager search for the larger stones. Comparatively few rubies are found that, in color, size, and freedom from flaws, answer all the requirements of a first-class gem. But when such a stone is discovered, it is a treasure; and experts tell us that a three-carat ruby of the best quality is worth eight to ten times as much as the finest diamond of the same weight. Most of the marketable Burmese rubies are imperfect, but they are among the finest in the world; indeed, we are told by dealers that large rubies of perfect color and flawless are almost unknown. About twelve hundred laborers are now engaged in the ruby district, hired by the well-to-do villagers around these gem-laden hills to do the heavy work of mining. No machinery whatever is employed, and only the most primitive methods of mining are seen. Western energy, capital, and appliances will soon make a change there.

Edison believes that the time is coming when transportation through the air will be as common as terrestial carriage. There will be railroad lines in the sky—or steamship lines more properly—trains of convoy crossing the continent.

BEAUTY AT LONG RANGE.

Devices Actresses Use to Enhance their Charms.

The modern actor must be an artist as well as an actor, versed in the philosophy of outlines, the subtleness of coloring, and the niceties of shading. In the old days, before the use of electricity and lime-lighting on the stage, the actor's make-up was comparatively simple, and only chalk, vermilion, and chalk-rouge, together with a bit of burned cork or the coloring matter taken from a piece of porcelain which had been greased and held over a gas-jet until it blackened, were used in the most elaborate make-up. But with the present facilities for lighting the stage, and the invention of the countless varieties of so-called grease-paints, the art of making-up is a study in itself, and it is only finished actors who pretend to understand its mysteries.

A handsome face, not carefully and artistically made up, is less attractive than one with ordinary features correctly painted, and one can hardly realize the infinite labor which genuine artists on the stage bestow upon their faces for character parts, their efforts often producing effects almost marvelous.

Grease-paints are of German invention, and the formula of their composition must pass the inspection of the government officials appointed to examine such productions, and if found to contain any harmful or poisonous ingredients, their manufacture is immediately forbidden. The paint comes in an endless variety of shades and tints, and instead of being as disagreeable to use as its name would indicate, is, on the contrary, a very pleasant and dainty toilet article. It consists of fragrant and costly oils, into which pigments of various shades are rubbed until of the required consistency and color, and there are few actors or actresses who do not use it. Even the baby-actress, with a skin like a blush rose, is decorated with it nightly, and the prettiest, youngest girl in the chorus or ballet buys an outfit of grease-paints with her first tights, and revels in its wonderful effects.

There is a special make-up for a youthful face, and an elderly one for both men and women, and for all the different races and nationalities. The specimens of different nationalities in the popular museums would be less foreign and striking in their characteristics were it not for the little box of pigments hidden safely away in their dressing-rooms.

The coryphées and ballet-girls in comic operas are the most liberal patronizers of grease-paints, for they are impressionists in method, and cultivate entirely the broad style in decoration—a splash of red on either cheek, a touch on the chin, a heavy black line beneath either eye which looks like a bruise, and their eyelashes stuck together with a gummy mass of black cosmetic. Twenty-five or thirty of them look as if they had dipped their brushes in the same pot, for blonde and brunette, dark or fair, all come out with precisely the same brilliant coloring which could never be mistaken for a natural hue by the gods in the gallery.

But the real stage artist proceeds like this: First she washes her face carefully with soap and warm water, because the paint works better; then she covers it all over with a cream-colored grease-paint known as cream exora, which comes in different tints, according to the age she wishes to assume. On this foundation she lays in very carefully the flush upon her cheeks with carmine grease-paint, rubbing it on with her fingers, and softening and shading its edges. If a thin face is desired, the rouge should be put back toward the ears, but if to represent a full-faced young person it should be put well between the cheek-bone and nostrils. It is a very delicate task to blend and smooth the rouge, conforming as nearly as possible to the contour of the face. Then, with a leather-stump, with one tip lightly rubbed on the end of a black or brown stick of grease, according to the complexion of the character used, she draws a line close to the eyelashes on either under lid, and edging the eyelashes very distinctly, but narrowly, not exceeding the width of a line made by the burned end of a match, which was formerly used. The upper lid is touched with dark paint also. This line extends across the lower lid and one-quarter of an inch beyond, and is lightly blended into the eyelashes, and produces the effect of a profusely eyelashed pair of eyes of great brilliancy. Then a powder-puff, with tinted powder, is passed over the entire face and the complexion is done. A faint, almost imperceptible touch of rouge in the nostrils and in the inside of the ear with a pointed leather-stump to remove the traces of powder; then the eyebrows are freed from powder and darkened, the eyelashes also, the lips tinted with rouge, and the work is done so daintily and carefully that it seems real rather than artificial. The neck, arms, and hands are covered with a liquid preparation of white or brown or reddish-colored paint, according to the character.

Grease-paint pencils in brown, red, and white are made for painting in wrinkles, and gray pencils for shading hollow cheeks. To paint in the wrinkles, lines are drawn with the dark pencils, softly shaded off with the gray and white; a hag-like appearance is given to the lower eyelids by dark lines drawn under them, one beginning at the outer and the other at the inner angle of the eye and crossing each other in the centre to form a kind of triangle, which is covered with gray paint softly shaded in with the dark. Brows are knitted and lines drawn in the creases indicated, a little hollow on the bridge of the nose is made with a dab of slate color, another on the tip of the chin, and the natural hollow of the cheeks are deepened with slate under the white powder. Noses are broadened or lengthened, and the contour of faces changed at will by the magic pencil in artistic hands.

The paints must be removed with cold cream, not with water, and the cream should remain on the face over night, being thoroughly washed out with warm water and pure soap in the morning. It is in the care of the face after the make-up is off that many fair skins are ruined. Sometimes the paint is left on at night, and very often after it is taken off with the cream the actress dislikes going out to a supper with a greasy face; so she washes her face, covers it with powder, and goes out in the air to find it rough and sore the next day.

Mme. Cottrelly, of the McCaull company, is a very convincing refutation of the principle that a fine skin must be ruined by the stage make-up. She does not use the grease paints, but from a little child she has been constantly on the stage, using rouge and powder, and her clear complexion is the admiration and wonder of her associates. She puts under the make-up a covering of cold cream, which she makes herself of wax, lard, and fragrant oils, and she rubs off the paint with the same cream, using no powder or water until morning, when she is unsparing in the amount of soap and water applied to her face. Some actresses never use any water at all, washing their faces at night with cold cream and in the morning with almond oil, which subdues wrinkles.

The devotees of grease paint claim that it, too, prevents wrinkles, and, by softening the skin, makes the face more flexible to expression. Mr. Charles Myer, who was the first to introduce into this country the improved features of artistic stage make-ups, has made rather a curious test of grease-paint. He has a fashion of showing the tint of the numberless colors of paint he sells to customers by rubbing a little of it on the back of his left hand; if he would teach one how to make a wrinkle or rouge a cheek, the hand is his canvas; if, in his work-room, he tests a new pigment, it is tried on that hand. "I've been using it for a grease-paint palette for eighteen years," he said, and it is as white, and soft, and blue-veined as a lady's.

A good many ladies, who never stand behind the footlights, are using the stage cosmetics for ball and opera toilets, where the brilliancy of the lights and heat of the rooms destroy the simpler cosmetics in general use, and they are learning that a little cold cream, rubbed well into the skin before putting on the powder, is an excellent protection, and wards off the dreaded lines and wrinkles.

The United States Supreme Court has rendered an opinion which will interest every stock-broker and speculator in the country. It fixes the rule of damages in cases wherein brokers fail to follow the orders of their clients. A broker is ordered to sell a certain stock at a given time. He does not do it. The stock falls and the holder loses. Or the broker is ordered to buy a certain stock and neglects to do so. The stock goes up and the customer fails to get the benefit of the advance. The broker is liable for the loss he has caused his client. But how is the damage to be fixed? The stock may fluctuate through a wide range within a week or a month after the order was disobeyed. What is to be taken as the measure of damage—the value when the broker failed to sell or buy, when the customer first learns that his order was not obeyed, when suit is brought, or when the case is tried? On this point there has been uncertainty in the law and conflict among the decisions of the several State courts. The rule now adopted by the United States Supreme Court is that the value most favorable to the customer within a reasonable time after the transaction is to be taken as the measure of damage. Henceforth this decision will be a binding authority for every Federal court and it will doubtless be followed by the State courts. The rule can be best illustrated by the case decided by the Supreme Court. Jones was a stock-broker in Salt Lake City. He was doing business for Gallagher. On November 13th, Gallagher wired him from Virginia City to sell certain mining stocks and invest the proceeds in "North Bonanza." The order was not obeyed. On the day it was given, North Bonanza could have been bought for two dollars a share. Within a few days it advanced to five and a half and then dropped below two. Meanwhile the other stocks fell, and without orders the broker sold them at a heavy loss. Hence Gallagher not only lost on these but also missed a handsome profit on North Bonanza. The Supreme Court holds that the broker was liable for the losses, and it took as the measure of damage the highest price touched by North Bonanza within a week or so after the failure to carry out the order. The court lays down this rule: "The measure of damages in stock transactions of this kind is the highest intermediate value reached by the stock between the time of the wrongful act complained of and a reasonable time thereafter." What is a reasonable time is a question to be determined by the facts and circumstances of each case. The court of appeals of Albany recently held that from the ninth of May to the first of July was a reasonable time—that is, the failure to obey the order was on the former day and the measure of damage was the highest price reached by the stock between that date and the first of July.

Manager Robinson, of the international exposition, has secured a novel attraction—a human sky-rocket, the handicraft of Mr. Edselle, of Callao, Peru, formerly of the United States Navy. His model has been successfully experimented with in South America, and a brother in Minneapolis has filed a caveat. Signor Camarara made the initial trip. The apparatus consists of a combination of rockets of immense power with a parachute attachment which folds over the apex. Four tubes form the frame-work and contain the explosives. The nature of the explosive is a secret, and is called dynoascenimite. Its peculiar property is that it is detonating. A small volume of the solid makes an immense volume of vapor and lifts the machine with lightning rapidity into the cloud. The test took place under Peruvian government patronage, near Callao, in December. The charge, touched by electricity, sent the machine over fifty thousand five hundred and forty-five feet, and the descent by parachute was perfect. Signor Camarara landed five miles from the starting point, no worse for the trip. Fifteen thousand people were present and watched with telescopes the rise and fall of the machine.—*Buffalo Express.*

Dr. Charles G. Currier, of New York city, has recently conducted elaborate experiments on the efficacy of filters and other means employed to purify water. His conclusions are decidedly unfavorable as to the virtue of filtration. Harmful bacteria, he says, can pass through carbon filters and "can possibly increase in them under certain favoring conditions." The sponge-filter is still worse, as within twenty-four hours after sterilization it may sometimes cause the development of five hundred times as many bacteria in each cubic centimetre as are found in unfiltered water. Dr. Currier tested the artificial waters manufactured in New York, which are filtered through layers of charcoal and sand. The sediment is thus by removed. But one microscopic examination showed that in a cubic centimetre of the artificial waters there were thirty-two hundred bacteria, while the unfiltered water, taken at random from a neighboring hydrant, averaged only four hundred and thirty-two of these morbific germs.

Judgment on a claim for three thousand pounds sterling against the estate of the late theatrical manager, Alexander Henderson, has been given in favor of Hilda Hawes, after an interesting dispute in which Hilda, who in private was Mrs. Kohan, upon her separation from Henderson, after a quarrel in which received an agreement from him to pay her an annuity of three hundred and fifty pounds for five years, and then of four hundred pounds for seven years, or until her child, Alexander Olaf Henderson, should attain the age of twelve years. After that separation, however, the parties lived together again, and for that reason the plea was set up against the claim that the agreement was invalid as being tainted with an immoral consideration. The judge decided that the agreement was valid, on the ground that when there had been an honest intention to separate.

THE INNER MAN.

n occasional feature of the *Morning Call*, and o that appears all too seldom, is "The Woman's Column." It consists of letters contributed by femin readers on such topics as the "Servant-girl questi," "Woman's aim in life," "The best way to pare tripe," "Hints on teething," and so on, with occasional digression such as that on "The art of ding" in a recent issue.

f a gentleman invites a lady friend to dine with him, he pains beforehand to ascertain what the *cuisine* is," writes "s N.," though the gentlemen of her acquaintance seem o have imparted to her the distinction between the cuisi and the menu; "and takes mental note of what my orders or acquiesces in, and is delighted with her if she only proves sparkling in conversation but a dainty *bon-vivant*. He is simply disgusted with her if she be not *en rapport* with what his world considers the good things at ta."

hen this "dainty *bon-vivant*" lays out the following course of eating. If it represents what the gentleman's world considers the good things at table, relative chivalry should keep him from being "simply disgusted with her" if the weaker vessel prove unequal to the task of placing itself *en rapport* with would give dyspepsia to any but a cast-iron stomach. "Mrs. N." says:

f she be wise in her generation she will express no or of a proposed appetizer. White celery soup, mock turtle, or consommé are standard, though there is always ade in choice. Flounder *au gratin*, pompanos, shad, *au beurre noir*, and sole *à la tartare* are much prized by res. Then follows a delicious succession of *entrées*, are really the best part of a dinner, where game of all are introduced, followed by a *pièce de résistance* e way of a roast, and if poultry or game is ed, the ethics of correct taste demands that a duck be allowed to remain in the oven just seventeen minutes half. Rocheford or Sweitzercase are first on the cheese ith perhaps a rum omelette or an omelette soufflée with n punch and a toothsome salad interspersed, as the nt waiter may suggest or appetite dictate. Black with *pousse café* and mixed fruits, complete a *petite* r, which, if properly appreciated, goes far toward in the heart of the giver toward his sensible companion."

the foregoing the italics are Mrs. N.'s, and the its are ours. The grammar is hers.]

e man who would feed that dinner to a friend also drink a sufficient quantity and variety of to further incline his heart in the direction indi, and these the "dainty *bon-vivant*" does not ct.

nother thing, there is no crime committed if claret or ne is taken early in the repast, followed by some brand mpagne—and here is a nice little point of etiquette overlooked. Nothing but champagne is called 'wine.'"

e lady has neglected to state the exception that and port are invariably referred to among polite eepers as "sherry wine" and "port wine," with cent on the wine.

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ept in the household of the executive, during ington's administration, there was a lavishness food, in New York, worthy of old England in almiest days of "sirloins and blood-puddings." robable, however, that this abundance did not throughout the country at large, since we read, *Daily Advertiser*, of May 16, 1787, a satire the dishes then most common to the several of America, purporting to come from "Ebor- a very great traveler." "As I have traveled gh all the States, I will furnish the bill-of-fare. New Hampshire, beef and Indian-dumplings; achusetts, cod and haydock; Rhode Island, with plain butter, not with soy or ketchup—are quintessences; Connecticut, pork and mo- ; New York, oysters and lobsters; Jersey, a ington ham and Newark cider; Philadelphia, 's head; Delaware does not deserve a dish—they subsist as Lazarus did, upon the crumbs; Mary- a canvas-back duck roasted by a stop-watch; ia, fried chicken and hominy, with New Eng- um; North Carolina, corn-fed pork and peach- y; South Carolina, a pie of rice-birds and a turkey-buzzard; these vain people will have two , if their creditors have none; Georgia, a poor- pudding and a glass of water."

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velers in Java have filled pages and columns hapsodies over the mangosteen, and all unite in ng it as the supreme delight of the tropics. angosteen appears to one as a hard, round e size of a peach. Its hard outer-shell or rind e same color and thickness as a green walnut, this brown husk lie six or eight segments of y white pulp. The little segments are easily ted, and transferred to the mouth melt away, lp being as soft and fine as a custard. The steen's delicate pulp tastes, as all its eulogists ke strawberries, peaches, bananas, and oranges once; a slight tartness is veiled in these us flavors, and it is never cloyingly sweet. jnst as it comes from the ice-box the man- n is an epicure's dream realized, and the more's ity that it only grows in far-away places and climates, and does not bear transportation. sums have been offered, and P. and O. steam- ave made hundreds of ineffectual efforts to get et of mangosteens to England for the queen. ard rind looks unchanged for weeks, but the e pulp melts away, and the dryest and coldest rator-chambers can not keep the heart of the steen from quickly spoiling.

---

ers in oatmeal report an enormous increase in sumption of that wholesome cereal within the w years. Oatmeal porridge is used for break- ery morning in the families of tens of thousands lthy people. As an article of diet, taken with ich milk, it is savory, nourishing, healthful, and Some folks prefer the Scotch oatmeal, and the Irish, but the American is considered by to be the best of all. All the consumers of this n the United States are not aware that it may otherwise than in the shape of porridge. In d, oatmeal cakes are greatly favored by the n people. The cakes are made thin, laid in a er a hot fire, and baked till they are hard or f not brown. They may be eaten hot or cold, hen spread with fresh butter, are about as s most other things. Those who desire to hem should take a lesson from a Scotch house-

---

A railroad is to be constructed in Australia from to Perth, a distance of eight hundred miles, when completed, will bring into railway com- a Perth, Adelaide, Melbourne, Sydney, and ne. It is expected that the work will occupy rs, but as the line traverses the whole length Australian Bight—still practically an unknown a crossing which several explorers lost their some skepticism prevails on the subject.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Twenty "Minit" Railway Dinner.

MENU.

"Superfish."
Bang!
"Stakeliver."
Bang!
"Pieorpud."
Bung!
"Tearcough."
Sling!
"Cheeseercrackers,"
Slang!
"Nutserapples."
Slung!

All out!

Fifty cents!

Awlaboard!

Ph-wiz! —*Anon.*

Moving.

Of all the dirty families
In this big world of sin,
The dirtiest has just moved out
Of the house you've just moved in.
—*Dansville Breeze.*

Tweedledum.

'Twixt honeymoon and honeycomb
The difference please to tell:
The one is many little cells,
The other, one big sell. —*Judge.*

Alas!

I had told her that I loved her,
She had whispered me the same;
Then in innocent flirtation
I was caught. The climax came.
She demanded back her letters;
And my mind is in a whirl,
For by some mistake I sent her
Letters from another girl. —*Judge.*

The Senator's Lament.

I spoke my speech in open Senate,
Spoke with stately eloquence;
Thought 'twould thrill the nation when it
Went resounding, bounding hence.

From day to day I watched the papers,
But it seemed they had not heard;
All my hopes were vanished vapors,
They had printed not a word.

I spoke my speech in secret session,
Spoke it slyly, softly, low.
Thought 'twould make but slight impression,
Nor beyond the portals go.

I saw my fame o'erreach the nation;
Saw it to my utter dread;
Every paper in creation
Printed every word I said.
—*Washington Post.*

Logic.

To find on the ballet-girl science's seal
Is something we'd scarcely expect,
Yet she is, beyond question—the truth to reveal—
A creature of gauze and effect. —*The Stage.*

Enterprise.

"The Public's needs," the dentist said,
"We must anticipate!"
And thereupon hung out a sign
Marked: "Teeth pulled while you wait."
—*Puck.*

She Never Cuts.

"These books, doctor, are my best friends,
And with them for hours I commune;
The spirits of the authors come
To loiter in the dim old room!"

A smile the doctor's thin lips stirred,
As one by one the books he shut;
"I notice, Mrs. Gray," he said,
"That many volumes are uncut."

She looked at him with that sly glance
Which such a charm to beauty lends,
And, with a little laugh, she said,
"Ah, sir, I never cut my friends."
—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Sexton.

Who is it walks with lordly tread,
And holds on high his haughty head,
And makes us quake with awe and dread?
The Sexton.

Who, when we are engrossed in prayer,
Congeals us with his haughty stare,
And says, "How did you get in there?"
The Sexton.

Who, when we join the pious band,
Lays on our arm his heavy hand,
And says, "Look here, you'll have to stand?"
The Sexton.

Who makes the stoutest heart to quail,
The rosiest cheek turn wan and pale,
And e'en the strongest courage fail?
The Sexton.
—*New York Truth.*

Dum Vivimus.

The coal-man he whistled a melody gay,
And he fixed up the scales in a fanciful way,
And he nodded and smiled while he caroled this way:
"As we journey through life let us live by the weigh."
—*Troy Press.*

His Name is Legion.

He springs up like weeds in a field of potatoes,
He grows up like grass where the cold waters lie,
He's multiplied thick, like the seeds in tomatoes,
He's widely diffused as the stars in the sky;
He's floating round thick as motes in the sunbeam,
As thick as the rain when the deluge began;
He's thick as the shadows that follow the sun gleam—
The only original Harrison man!
He comes in a legion
From every region—
This thick multitudinous Harrison man!

Oh, he's thicker than bees in the hnckwheat and clover,
He swarms like mosquitoes in Jersey; he flies
Like the black cloud of locusts that swarmed Egypt over,
So dense that it darkened the light of the skies;
Oh, he comes in great droves, like a buffalo invasion,
He comes down in hordes, like a wild caravan.
He comes from each party and sect and persuasion—
This only original Harrison man!
In a great inundation,
He floods the whole nation—
This only original Harrison man!

And he wants to go up and govern Alaska,
And he wants to be minister down to Peru,
And he wants to be consul in wild Madagascar,
And he wants the post-office in Kalamazoo,
In fact, he wants to be spread out like butter,
All over the world, from Maine to Japan,
To be scattered 'round thick from Cork to Calcutta—
This only original Harrison man!
He wants the whole planet,
To run it and man it—
This thick multitudinous Harrison man!
—*Yankee Blade.*

THE GRAPHOPHONE.

It makes a Pretty Type-Writer Blush.

Private-Secretary Pearson, of Governor Beaver's office, Harrisburg, Pa. (says the *Electrical Review*), had a curious and somewhat startling experience with the graphophone.

He began to turn the crank and supposed that he was about to cause the machine to give out to the young lady type-writer a message which the governor had talked into it the evening previous. The young lady was all attention, and the private-secretary began solemnly to turn the crank, which works by a treadle. To his horror and the intense embarrassment of the young lady, the following amorous jumble was given out, with decided emphasis:

"Now, don't, George. * * * There; somebody will come. Of course I love you. There; somebody really is coming, and you have mussed my hair all up. * * * Please, love, I'm so afraid that some one will come in."

The stars represent sounds too familiar to be mistaken. They were the smacking of lips and other sounds which accompany the interchange of caresses between lovers.

It was some little time before the matter could be satisfactorily explained, either by the young lady or by Mr. Pearson, who, at first, were disposed to imagine that somebody had been playing a practical joke upon them. The matter was finally straightened out, however, when the executive clerk came around, and, upon hearing of the incident, laughed heartily. He had, on the evening before, been showing a bride and groom about the executive department, and, being called away a few minutes, had left them in the private-secretary's room to amuse themselves with the graphophone while he attended to the business which called him away.

A noteworthy case from Massachusetts relates to the liability of the pastor of a city church for injuries caused by the ringing of its bell. The plaintiff brought suit against the pastor of St. Peter's Roman Catholic Church in Provincetown to recover damages for injuries suffered in consequence of the continued ringing of the church bell by order of the defendant. At the time the plaintiff was suffering from a sunstroke, and was lying ill in his father's house, which was in a thickly populated part of the city directly opposite the church, which was only about twenty feet distant across the street. It appeared that the ringing of the bell threw the plaintiff into convulsions, and thus delayed his recovery. Although the defendant had been requested not to ring the bell, he caused it to be rung for the usual church services. The trial court held that the plaintiff was not entitled to maintain the action, and the Supreme Judicial Court affirmed the judgment in favor of the defendant. If the ringing of the bell on Sundays, said the court, had materially affected the health or comfort of all in the vicinity, whether residing or passing there, this use of the property would have been a public nuisance, for which there would have been a remedy by indictment, and individuals suffering from it in their persons or property could have recovered damages on account of its maintenance. But in order to determine whether one can ring a bell, or run noisy machinery without being liable to an action for nuisance at the instance of a private person, it is necessary to ascertain the natural and probable effect of the sound upon ordinary persons in the vicinity, and not merely how the noise will affect a particular person who happens to be there today, or may chance to come to-morrow. It was not contended that the ringing of the bell for church services in this case materially affected the health or comfort of ordinary people in the neighborhood, but the claim of the plaintiff was based upon his peculiar condition at the time. "However his request should have been treated by the defendant upon considerations of humanity," said the court, "we think he could not put himself in a place of exposure to noise, and demand as of legal right that the bell should not be used."

One of the most remarkable engineering feats appears to have been achieved in China, in the face of extraordinary physical difficulties, namely, the successful stretching of a steel-wire cable of seven strands across the river Lunann, this feat having been accomplished by the Danish engineer Delinde, assisted only by unskilled native labor. The cable extends between two points at a distance nearly forty-seven hundred feet apart, the height of the first support being about four hundred and fifty feet above the present level of the river, and the second about seven hundred and forty feet. The cable in question is said to be the longest in the world, with a single exception—namely, the cable across the Kistna, measuring some five thousand and seventy feet. There are also two cables across the Ganges, of twenty-nine hundred and twenty-eight hundred and thirty feet, respectively.

According to M. Laveran, of the French Academy of Science, malaria is due to an animal parasite, which belongs to the lowest sort of animal life. Most infectious maladies in man, says M. Laveran and M. Bouchard, who explained Laveran's theory to the Academy, the other day, are due to vegetable microbes, but marsh malaria must be attributed to an animal.

The overwhelming majority cast by the voters of Massachusetts against the proposed prohibition amendment to the constitution, is a reverse to the movement from which it is not likely to recover for many years. All the circumstances combined to render the verdict in the highest degree significant of the decision which the people have reached as to the best present method of grappling with the drink problem. Massachusetts is a State where public questions are still discussed seriously by the press, and where there is an exceptionally large percentage of voters who put conscience into their ballots. The slow processes of constitutional amendment, which require the endorsement of two successive legislatures before a change in the fundamental law can be proposed, have kept the question before the public mind for two years, and there has been an animated canvass during the weeks which have passed since the present legislature ratified its predecessor's action and fixed the day for the election. The result thus represents the deliberate verdict of a community which may still justifiably boast of a remarkably high average of popular intelligence.

The people of Louisiana are exceedingly careful never to mention to strangers the fact that a considerable colony of lepers exists in the State. The horrors of the dread disease are such that any allusion to the poor wretches causes a shudder, and the subject is one rarely discussed. Most Louisianians do not care to say where the colony exists. The "Terre aux Lepreux" is along the swampy banks of the Bayou La Fourche, near the gulf, and the afflicted exiles are mostly Acadians.

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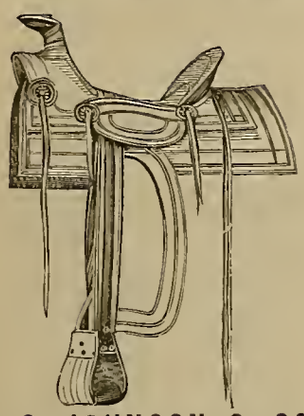

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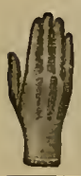

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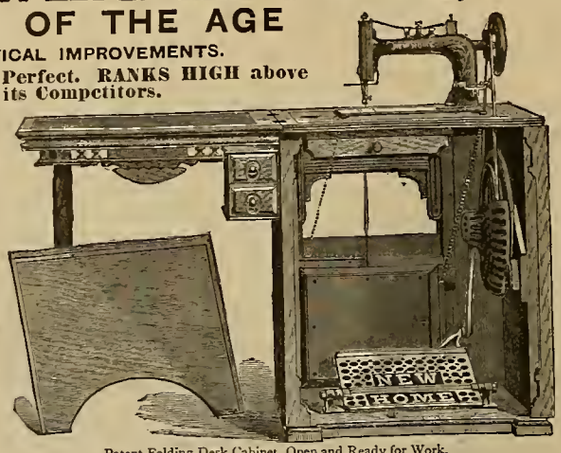

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RANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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Wheo General and Mrs. Grant returned from their tour around the world, touching at San Francisco, the writer inquired of them which had been the most interesting country they had visited, and where they had seen the happiest and most contented people, and the people hest supplied with the comforts of life. The answer was prompt, and in it both united—Japan. The same questioo we have propounded to all sorts of traveled persoos—tourists for pleasure, the commercial traveler, the men and women of luxurious ease who spend their time as glohe-trotters. We met, on one occasion, the *blasé* man of fortune traveling with his yacht, who had spent some months cruisiog among the bays and islets of the "inland sea"—he would return to spend his life. The late Mrs. Austin—our "Betsy B."—passed some months visiting Japan; Mrs. Nellie Hopps Howard is a resident of Nagasaki, where her husband is engaged in business, sending us occasionally delightful letters of her trips to mountain heights, through village scenes, gardens, and charming cherry-groves, cultivated for their flowers; our old law preceptor of Rochester, Mr. E. Peshine Smith, who was sent to Japan to revise its code; Mr. J. Russell Young, who accompanied General and Mrs. Grant in their trip around the world, who has since visited Japan and has since been Minister to China—all have gossiped hy the hour of this delightful land; and now come Mr. Frank McCoppin and his wife, returning from their excursioo to Melhourne, stopping at Chinese and Japanese ports, bringiog the same interesting account of Japan, its people, its art treasures, its richly cultivated fields, its contented, happy people—food of simple pleasures, luxuriating io a delightful climate, in scenery picturesque and charmiog, where men and women laugh and children never cry—all these people, and every ooe else with whom we have conversed, unite in the same description of this charming country and charming people. It must he of all the couotries of the Orient the most agreeahle and the most inviting land. It is an island, far enough away from China to possess a race of people altogether distinct in their peculiarities and habits. It is located in the same latitude with California, and in point of climate, temperature, and productioos is not unlike our own State. Japan is a group of three thousand islands, clustering in a warm sea, through which the currents of the sea of Japan send navigable waters through a picturesque inland sea, dotted with a thousand hays and islets. From the narrow lands, dancing rivers come from mountain heights to sandy-beached harbors. Aloog these are beautiful villages, where the people have been so recently emancipated from the simpler and better barharism of the Shinto and Buddhist faiths that they have not yet taken on the more devilish practices which attend the riper developments of Christian civilization. From the ocean's heach, through the rice-fields, up along the table-laods, at a height of tweoty-five hundred feet above the level of the sea, stretch the hroad plains of Kuanto and Echigo, and the great water-shed of Tokio and Kioto, and the higher plains of Shiano. Around these valleys are loftier ranges of hill and valley, cultivated to the highest art, clad in flowering trees and shrubs to their summits, dotted with homes and happy toilers, with domestic cattle like our own—cows, horses, goats, and pigs—with orchards laden with fruit, gardens filled with vegetables, hanging gardeos which reach skyward up to where Fujiyama—"the sacred mouotain"—lifts its shapely crown, resembliog the eight-petaled lotus-flower, twelve thousand feet above sea level, where the tide-water floods the rice-fields and sweeps in harvests of fish to the villagers, spreading their nets at the mouths of rivers. In landscapes of rural beauty and rich pleoty there are attractive rivulets, eochantiog valleys, with their thousand villages of populous families. In Japan are great cities like those of Tokio, Ozaka, and Kioto. At Tokio, where now resides the Emperor's court, is the residence of the American Minister. The estimated population of this little Oriental empire is thirty-nine millions; the city of Tokio, eight hundred thousand, just a little larger than was Chicago when last heard from; Kioto, ten years ago, estimated at three hundred and seventy thousand, or half as large again as was the flourishing city of San Francisco at that time; Ozaka, four hundred and fourteen thousand souls; with pleoty of other cities outranking anything in California outside our imperial city of San Fraocisco, outranking Sacramento, Oakland, Los Angeles, San Andreas, Milpitas, and Pasadena, or aoy of our most flourishing cities of the interior. Yokohama, Hakodote, and Nagasaki are commercial ports. Yokohama is the home of Clarence Greathouse and prospectively of John Lord Love. It is a country of not great wealth, but great abundance. From Japan—as from India or China—we oever hear of great famines. Among its people there are no great riots and bloody massacres. A couotry which delights in cherry-hlossoms never mutinies. A land which raises trees for the heauty of their blooms can never starve. In the hilly regions, pine and cedar ahound, also the ilex, maple, mulberry, and giant camellia; long avenues of fine timber shade the high roads. On the road from Tokio to the celebrated temples at the foot of the Niko, there is an avenue of pines and cedars, the trees of which are from fifty to sixty feet in height. The tints of the maple-foliage are bright green in summer and brown red in autumn. The mulherry abounds where the silk-worm is reared and the silk industry carried on. Bamboo clumps adorn the river banks and rice-lands, and with hamboo, houses and fences are huilt and harns are thatched. Japan abounds in fruits and nuts, oranges, apples, walnuts, chestnuts, plums, persimmons, peaches, and grapes. Tea is grown in Japan and furnishes one of its chief exports to foreign countries; the cotton-plant thrives, and wax-herries, from which vegetahle wax is produced, grows upon trees which horder cultivated fields. The camphor-tree furnishes gum and camphor-wood boxes. Sweet potatoes, water-melons, ooions, carrots, turnips, tomatoes, and beet roots—here is an opportuoity for Claus Spreckles—radishes, beans, pepper, and nearly all the vegetables which are produced in California, abouod in Japan. The indigo-plant and the poppy flourish. In ferns and creepers Japan is particularly rich. Her principal flowers are the rose, peony, azalea, camellia, lotus, and iris. The Japanese horse is strong, hardy, and from thirteen to fourteen hands high. Bear, deer, antelope, wild hogs, foxes, badgers, and ahundance of small mookeys are found in the hilly regions throughout the whole country. It is a country for cattle-breeding. There is wild game in ahundaoce, geese, crane, swan, mallard, widgeon, teal, pheasant, woodcock, wood-pigeon, plover, soipe, and hittern, with every possible variety of domestic fowl, while the hays and sea-coasts ahouod in fish and oysters. Japan is a land of order and good governmeot. It has oo Irish politicians in its horders, no land-leagues or labor guilds, no strikes, no hoycotts, no gin-mills, oo Jesuits; it has no Tammany organization or party hosses. It has but few demagogues, and its newspapers have not yet become sufficiently enterprising to eojoy the death, hankruptcy, or crime of any rival in the business, nor do they cackle over the rape of a heo, or outrival each other in the description of an earthquake sufficiently pronouoced to awaken the lightest reportorial sleeper from his dream of heer. It is a good country to live in. It is in many respects superior to California.

Yet, when our State was acquired from Mexico, when gold was discovered, when from plain and stormy cape and dangerous isthmus we all came in 1849 to this El Dorado of extravagant golden dreams, Japan was an unknown land. It is oot laid down upon Black's Atlas in 1856, except as an ill-defioed skeleton of an island. It was not thrown open to Dutch commerce till the year 1600. It was held in clans and tribes by great baroos, who lived io castles with moats and ditches, as lived the haroos in the mediæval ages in Europe. Great emperors derived their traditioos and birth from "heaveoly deities"; nearly seven hundred years before the birth of Christ the first emperor, "Jimmu," came down from his godlike throne to rule on earth. This is the two thousand five hundred and forty-sixth year of the Japaoese era. The origin of the race is lost in the indigenous tradition of an earlier race. The history of dynasties, of mikados, daimios, skoguns, and their chiefs of claos, is the study for ethnologists and historians. How the warlike families of Taira, Minamoto, Hojo, Hidiyoshi, Tokugawa, succeeded each other, and through what perils they passed, till agaio the imperial power of the Mikado was established, it is not for our purpose profitable to inquire. The important fact is, that since we have become the neighhor of Japan, upon this coast, this most ancieot and interesting of Oriental families has awaked from her exclusiveness, and stepped forth from among the Oriental oations and joined the people of Western civilizatioo. Japan appears like the boy with his red-topped boots, in all the pride and bravery of their first exhibition. She has come, oot hesitatiog or doubtiog, hut coofident of a hearty welcome; not with pig-tails, long queues, red-huttoned caps, embroidered petticoats of parti-colors, with shoes and fans, and sly glances from almood-shaped eyes, bringing with them their vices, drugs, and peculiar crimes, their organized courts and ineffaceable habits, their food, dress, and peculiar customs. The Japanese have not come as invading our hospitality or violating our laws; not in secret, hut knocking at our hospitable doors, dressed in plug-hats and claw-hammer coats; they come as scholars, artists, gentlemen; not competing with our wash-tubs; oot driving miners from their claims; not living like coyotes in undergrouod holes; not invading our common employments in competition with skilled and unskilled labor; not confederating as an associated class, but mixing with our people, and, as a result, they have been made welcome. Japan brings to the family of Western powers a code of laws, a code of commercial regulations, a system of religious freedom, an emancipation from priestcraft, bigotry, and ignorance, which may challenge the admiration of any European power, and in many particulars command the respect of

the most highly cultivated nations of Christian civilization. Japan has adopted a constitution which guarantees freedom of worship, liberty of conscience, non-secular education, personal liberty, and rights of property. Japan has broken loose from the stigma of international isolation, and united itself thoroughly and permanently with seventeen of the great Western powers; guaranteeing to each of the signatories of the treaties whatever rights may be conceded to any one of the powers accepting the conditions of the treaty. Tariff terms will be agreed upon, and the extra-territorial problem will be solved, so that all foreigners will he permitted to trade, travel, reside, and own property in all parts of the empire, provided that in everything connected with the exercise of these privileges they become wholly subject to Japanese jurisdiction. Foreign judges will be appointed to sit with Japanese judges in the supreme court of Japan in cases on appeal of over one hundred dollars; civil codes are to be printed and duly promulgated with English translations, in accordance with principles of Western jurisprudence; criminal codes have been in active operation since 1882. These codes have been well administered, and have resulted in a marked decrease of crime, have worked without friction or embarrassment, and are in suitable contrast with the Draconic laws swept away by the feudal system just abolished. Thus the Japanese people are enfranchised, are insured security of life and property, and the administration of justice in accordance with law; the rights of the subject are inviolable; liberty of speech, public assemblage, and freedom of worship are guaranteed; the nation has a voice in taxation and expenditure, and the people are their own law-makers. The Japanese are aspiring to the highest moral standard which has been reached by people of the most advanced civilization. During the last twenty-five years, very great progress has been made in the postal, police, and prison systems, in finance, and in constructing and working railways. A navy has been built upon Western models, manned by Japanese sailors. In the educational system, telegraph, mercantile marine, and her system of public works, the most complete success has been attained. Japan has communicated her new constitution—and her proposed civil code and policy as herein outlined—to the representatives of the great powers, England, the United States, France, Germany, Russia, Italy, and Austria. The United States and the Republic of Mexico have directed their ministers to conclude treaties on the lines indicated by Japan, so that now the citizens of our country and Mexico enjoy entire freedom of trade, travel, and residence throughout Japanese territory, and it is beyond doubt that the time will speedily come when Japan shall be in full fellowship with all the great leading governments of Europe and America. Japan has come with a bound into the family of nations. From feudalism she has adopted a constitution and laws in perfect and harmonious accord with the most advanced and free people. The commerce of Japan is advancing by leaps and bounds; ten years ago it was one-seventh of Chinese commerce, to-day it is one-half, and in five years it will equal, if not excel, all that comes to the outside world from Chinese ports. Japan is going ahead with astonishing rapidity in many of its branches of industrial enterprise. Its navy is already of consequence; it has laid the foundations of a commercial marine, and if the merchants of America and California do not take advantage of this trade with this enthusiastic and energetic people, they will have demonstrated their incapacity for commercial intercourse. England is keenly alive to the commercial opportunities presented by this resurrected Oriental empire, and if we permit English traders to go past our doors to this new field of industry, or allow French, or German, or Italian merchants to monopolize this Oriental trade, it will be a cause of lasting reproach to the enterprise of our traders. Japan is the more interesting to us because it is our neighbor, and is, in very many respects—in climate, soil, and productions—similar to our own State. Commercial intercourse is likely to become very intimate between our merchants. A line of steamers must connect the port of San Francisco with those of Japan, and the time is not distant when our people will be on terms of intimate social correspondence with this polite and gifted Oriental people.

We are not disposed to question the fact that it is the intention of the British Government to maintain the most friendly relations with the government and citizens of the United States. When we hear that a second Gibraltar is to be erected on Vancouver's Island to command the Straits of San Juan de Fuca, which controls that great inland sea which lies almost entirely within our own borders, we are disposed to question the necessity which prompts the erection of coast defenses upon the border line which separates us from the Dominion of Canada. If, however, it shall be regarded as necessary that England shall construct such works, it then would seem to be indispensable that our government should not neglect similar works of national defense. As between ourselves and England there ought to he no great defensive works, for between the United States of America and the Canadian border line there should he no necessity of establishing defensive works. If it becomes important that an English naval station should he erected and defended, where the ships of the Pacific squadron may rendezvous in safety from Russian aggression or from attacks from any other quarter, then it is a matter of precaution that our government should he equally protected from the casualties and incidents of war. As between the Empire of Great Britain and the United States of America we recognize the necessity of no precautions of war. Certainly not if the English Government is as desirous of avoiding war as our own people. The Government of England, the Government of the United States, the people of Canada and Australia, ought to present to the world a fearless independence. The English-speaking race—united by the ties of lineage and the interests which ought to bind them in peace—should be powerful enough to leave our coasts unguarded from aggression by any combination of hostile forces. The building of great forts and the establishment of invincible navies are invitations to hostile encounters, and oftentimes result in complications which are more apt to lead to strife than would be the case if neither government was prepared for aggressive action. The time must come when great armies, great navies, and strong border-fortresses should be dispensed with. If this period is ever to come, and if the initiative is ever to be taken, it is the duty of the two most powerful governments of earth to inaugurate it, and the two most powerful governments are those of the United States and England. Italy may feel the necessity of guarding her Adriatic and Mediterranean waters; France may think it indispensable to protect her shore; England may not feel at liberty to permit her island to be open to invasion; but if England and America can come to an understanding that no war shall ever grow out of Canadian entanglements, they may consent to protect themselves from any possible encounter which may arise between the Dominion of Canada and the people of the United States. The United States can guard Canada from our country, and, so far as we can perceive, it has no fear of invasion from any other direction. We do not like the idea of being driven in self-defense to guard our territory from the invasion of England, but if it shall become the policy of the British Empire to build great forts along our border, there is no way for the United States to avoid danger other than by resorting to like measures of precaution.

The London *Economist* draws the following deductions from the ceremonial attending our centennial anniversary. If the European world will recognize the fact that our government, with its sixty millions of people, is disposed to be peaceful and in no sense aggressive; that we have no desire to extend our dominions or acquire colonial possessions, and that the only object we have is to be let alone within boundaries which have been assigned to us, and if England will coöperate with us in maintaining order and good government, we shall think the millennium has begun for our country. It will not be long before the Irish question will be settled in the United States, and when another generation of Irishmen shall have forgotten the hatred of England, there will be no danger of Fenian invasions across our Canadian borders. Such opinions as are expressed in the article we quote, and such as we quoted recently from the *Spectator*, are straws indicating the direction from which the wind is blowing in Europe. There is no danger of war between the United States and any European power. There is no conflict of interests between our government and any other save that of England, and between us and England it would be a crime against civilization, common sense, and common humanity to contemplate such a possibility. The *Economist* says: "The Centenary of Washington: Of all the striking features in the ceremonial with which the Americans have this week honored the memory of Washington, the most striking to a European politician is the position of the President. Mr. Harrison is as completely first among the crowd assembled in New York—the largest crowd probably ever collected in any country in the world—as any European sovereign is among his subjects, while his prerogatives are greater and more real than those of any constitutional monarch. He is the representative of the country in foreign affairs, and controls all negotiations with foreign states; commander-in-chief of the army paraded before him, an army twice as great as the one which won Waterloo, and of the fleet of the republic, now rapidly reassuming its old importance; head of the civil service, disposing of a patronage which is becoming as great as that of any first-class kingdom; and having in the last resort the right to veto any act passed by less than a two-thirds majority of the representatives of the people—all these powers, too, are real, and are exercised on his personal responsibility, for the American President is not fettered by any ministers, is not responsible, while he observes the law, to his Parliament, and actually uses every week of the session his reserved power of veto. He does not, it is true, originate laws, and the Congress is not bound to attend his advice; but, in foreign affairs, he alone orders or sanctions all correspondence, and, although he can not declare war or make peace without the consent of the Senate, he can easily produce a situation in which war is unavoidable; he could, for example, have done so in the Samoan affair; and if he makes peace, it is impossible without the consent of the Executive that war should continue. Yet this potentate, possessed of such prerogatives and so honored by more than six millions of men, is only a simple citizen, is unprotected by any law of treason, has no permanent exemption from the authority of the courts, and, if he tried to retain power for a day beyond his legal term, would be an object of ridicule rather than of dread. There is no position in the world like it in the world, and that it should have continued for hundred years with scarcely a variation is, of all the successes achieved by the framers of the American Constitution, by far the most surprising."

William O'Brien, when giving his testimony before the Parliamentary Commission in the Parnell case, said, speaking of the Irish: "As to illegality, meaning irreverence for law and law, illegality is bred in us." We agree with Mr. Editor O'Brien in this observation; our own opinion accords in respect to the general contempt entertained by the Irish as a race for all law, and by the "Irish," when used in this connection, we mean the "Pope's Irish." There is no race of which we have any knowledge, certainly none which has been imported to this country, who having a thoroughly inbred and inbred contempt and disregard of the rights of property and the rights of persons, as the Irish. When the Irish immigrant, on his way to the land of his adoption, asks if we have a government, and is informed that we have, he promptly declares himself against it. Ireland boasts that for seveo hundred years it has been in opposition to England. The only loyalty which Ireland has ever entertained is to a non-resident Italian, holding spiritual dominion at Rome. The only politics known as "Irish," is based upon the idea of repudiating rent-contracts in Ireland, and the persistent endeavor to destroy the title to land which is protected by law. The land league of Ireland is a criminal conspiracy, based upon illegality. The murder of Lord Cavendish and his secretary, and the murder of Dr. Cronin, of Chicago, are suggestive of the modes resorted to by the Irish race to carry out its political results. The boycott, the use of dynamite, and the mutilation of animals, are also suggestive of a tendency to "irreverence for law." The invasion of Canada, the organization of the Clan-na-Gael, the Fenians, the hundred-and-one secret and unlawful organizations in Ireland, resistance to the courts and constabulary, the too-frequent assassinations of landlords, the disposition to riots in Ireland, in England, and in America—all seemingly suggestive of a tendency to disregard the mere technical requirements of the law. Suppose any of the lower class of Irishmen held adverse occupation of land for the statutory period of limitation of action, does any one doubt they would plead the statute in bar of recovery? Does anybody ever see in San Francisco a load of wood purchased by a working Irish family to be sawed, split, and used for fuel? Is anybody so blind as not to observe Irish children of the lower class, both boys and girls, picking up fuel, taking street planks, fences, and anything they can lay their hands on to burn; and do not they know this tendency to take things cultivated by parents, and, curiously enough, ignored by priests who are so deeply solicitous lest their moral and religious teaching should be neglected at godless public schools? We might run these inquiries into national, State, and municipal politics; into the lobby at Sacramento; the ring of our board of supervisors; the bosses who control our city; the gang which gathers in the city hall; we might pursue our inquires into the political methods resorted to by the Irish race to accomplish their political ends; but we think we have satisfied ourselves—if no one else—that we entirely agree with Mr. William O'Brien, the Irish member of Parliament, that "irreverence for law as law is inbred in the Irish race."

If the *Examiner*, the *Bulletin*, Mr. Moulder, Superintendent Anderson, the school census-marshal, or anybody else, is anxious to know the reason why our school census has fallen off and school moneys diminished, let them inquire of Roman Catholic priests having control of parochial schools; and they will find the cat under the meal. Let the school marshals be authorized to put parents under oath who send their children to parochial schools, and they will find where is the trouble lies. There is a conspiracy on foot in the Roman Church to destroy our public free schools. Orders have come from Rome through Baltimore to our local clergy. Perhaps Controller Dunn knows something.

There are points on the Alleghany range of mountains where it is doubtful what course the water issuing from a spring will take. A slight thing will send it into the Atlantic or into the Gulf of Mexico.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Chinese Question Settled.

A ast one troublesome issue is eliminated from American politics, anc e demagogy of contending parties and politicians is thereupon ce l. The Supreme Court of the United States has handed down the dec n in the Chae Ching Ping case—an appeal from the judgment of the nited States Circuit Court, Justice Sawyer presiding, in which the cou sustained the constitutionality of the act of Congress excluding Chise from the United States. The Supreme Court affirms the judgmer of the lower court. Henceforth the Chinese are forbidden the soil f the United States, except in certain very restricted cases. Just Field pronounced the decision of the court.

T greatly important event merits more than casual notice. It is a decn which affects not alone the issue of the immigration of Chise; it is of even surpassing importance in declaring the authority of t government in the complete regulation of all immigration into this public. With this, the decision clearly paves the way to the adoption y Congress, of laws which shall supremely control immigration from reign countries and establish an uniform law of naturalization in thes United States.

It interesting at this time of final settlement of the main issue—the Chie qnestion—to revert to and consider. With California and the disc ry of her mines of unparalleled richness, the rush of Chinese cam upon this coast. It was their first appearance upon the stage of enli ened nations. For more than a century, every enlightened na- n very Christian nation, had endeavored by every means to induce t ompel China to abandon her inexorable policy of isolation and ell on, to open her ports to commerce, and admit the forerunners of ri anity, traffic, and enterprise within the empire. England forced a able compliance by truce and treaty fifty years ago, and took s sion of Hong Kong; the United States refrained from other than ile negotiations and peaceful measures. This government did not e e gates of China. Upon the discovery of gold in California, the ie broke all restraint and swarmed to this golden coast. The re- s been analogous to that found in the significant story in the A ian Nights" of the fisherman who was overcome by the loosen- he lid of the sealed jar he had taken in his nets. The apparently ous vapor and mist which escaped from the jar was not much by the fisherman, until it took the form of a hideous monster. guessed the issue, he would have committed the jar again to the e had himself given flow to the foul spirit of the threatening r. As the story proceeds, the fisherman contrived to get the r again into the jar, and there he confined him, safe forevermore power of spread and harm. The whole story bas its application United States as the fisherman, the Chinese as the monster genie. Field, as the personification, with the Supreme Court as the em- nt, of the matured judgment of the entire country, bas deter- y closed the lid of this most offensive jar. In this he has besides zed the closing of similar jars, impelled from other shores through t seas, and instructed the people to the procedure.

T genesis of Chinese legislation in California, and in Congress, is and entertaining as concerns parties. As parties, each of the at political organizations—Republican and Democratic—has ap- at one time and another on one side and the other. Earnest ad- and insincere demagogues have been strangely allied. In the ss of 1886–87, the Republicans bad a majority in the Senate, the rats were predominant in the House. A bill to restrict Chinese ation was passed by the Senate early in the session. Tbe House lly refused consideration of that or any bill upon the subject. nt Cleveland bad ignored consideration of the subject in his an- essages to Congress. His supporters in Congress defeated legisla- on bills to restrict or regulate the odious immigration. Tbe ended without definite action upon the subject. No better re- ere obtained in the Congress of 1887–88. In 1888, came the ntial campaign. The Chinese question was made an important Congress beld session until the middle of October. Tbe Senate, publican, passed a stringent restrictive law. Tbe Democratic rs in the House refrained from action upon the question. At the importance of the vote of California and the other Pacific ecame a factor in the contest. President Cleveland had mani- ntagonism to laws prohibitory of Chinese immigration. Senator l, of Oregon, had introduced a bill, in 1886, to abrogate all exist- ties with China, and to exclude Chinese from the United States. ed no support from Democrats in either House. A new treaty ina, drafted by Secretary Bayard, but materially amended by can senators, was agreed to by the Chinese Minister at Wash- and transmitted to the imperial government for ratification. The exigency meantime became more urgent. Representative Scott, sylvania, confidential adviser of President Cleveland, introduced at known as the Exclusion Bill. It was rushed through the alarmed e. The Senate concurred in it. Word had not yet been received ington as to the determination of the Chinese Government with to the new treaty. An extraordinary condition of affairs oc- The Scott Bill was before the President, while no definite word n received as to the determination of the Chinese Government e amended treaty. The Democratic senators endeavored to e Exclusion Bill recalled; but the Republican senators refused, evolved upon President Cleveland to approve it or to withhold oval. Within the ten days allowed for his determination, word ived from Pekin that the Chinese Government had rejected the and immediately thereupon the President signed the Exclusion t had been introduced as a political necessity, and in this spirit it ported by the Democrats in Congress. In substance, it is simply valent of the bill introduced by Senator Mitchell, of Oregon.

T decision, and the pronouncement of it by Justice Field, recall teresting facts. In 1879, Judge Field, sitting as circuit judge in ncisco, bad decided that the cutting off of queues of Chinese prisoners under the laws of the State of California was in viola- the Federal Constitution. For this be was vebemently de- n throughout the State by the Kearneyites and the Democratic nd by others. In an elaborate, non-official paper, committed to of friends of the movement to restrict or exclude Chinese im- s, Judge Field, unmindful of the popular denunciation, set forth s in the State law, and clearly presented the manner of remedy ndment. Further, on his return to Washington, he prepared eled the draft of a bill for Congressional action which would ly accomplish the object sought, *i. e.*, the restriction or exclu- Chinese immigration. Nevertheless, the violent manner of his continued unabated. He was violently assailed in the Demo- ate Convention of 1880, held at Oakland, in which many of his avored his nomination for President. Among these were Will- English and W. W. Foote, and they were especially active and in his behalf. They, with other Democrats of California, went ational Convention at Cincinnati, and there labored and strug- procure his nomination. A portion of the California delegation r him to the final ballot.

A t arkable sequel followed in the Democratic State Convention of Stockton, over which Stephen M. White, of Los Angeles, pre- William D. English, W. W. Foote, D. M. Delmas, were the ac- ged managers of that convention. With Chairman White they the State platform. In it was incorporated a savagely malig- scription of Judge Field, asserting him to be unworthy of Pres- candidacy. Niles Searles declared that he "would vote for the hell sooner than for Judge Field." It was adopted as the key- he sentiment which overwhelmingly prevailed in the convention. me, Judge Field had relinquished all aspiration for the Pres- The outrageous resolution stands unparalleled in the annals ntions in the United States—the monument of the infamy of its of the vindictiveness of its supporters. From 1880, when En- Foote and others of their associates championed and upheld the y of Judge Field for President, down to 1884, when the same aders disgraced all records of conventions by their malignant against him, there had occurred no act or utterance of Judge the least degree, or manner different, or dissimilar, from that ad distinguished him and won for him the lofty eminence he bas in public and in private life.

ast act in this drama of Democratic proscription and trickery has now to be recorded. Notwithstanding that the Democratic party owed special and enduring gratitude to Judge Field for his unyielding and inflexible maintenance of the Jeffersonian doctrines of State's rights and all that is comprehended in the personal rights embodied in the ten amendments to the Constitution, during the throes and vicissitudes of the civil war; notwithstanding his noble stand in the Tilden-Hayes contest, through the abnormal Electoral Commission complication; and notwithstanding his prescience and his lucid and masterly utterances with regard to the Chinese question—notwithstanding all this, the Democratic managers of his own State ceaselessly, disgracefully, and outrageously pushed their malevolent crusade against him, by every artifice, by every means. It remained for the Democratic managers of California and the Democratic managers of the last legislature to add the cap-sheaf of wanton insult and miserable pretense to the schemes and plots already piled to cast odium and suspicion upon Judge Field. Tbe device was to employ three lawyers to appear in the Supreme Court of the United States, on behalf of California, to argue in vindication of the Scott Exclusion Law. The counsels and lucid exposition of Judge Field upon the material points were already before the country. Ablest lawyers and profoundest expounders of the Constitution had been unable to refute or traverse these. There was no reason to doubt that the case would be amply presented to the Supreme Court. There was scarcely cause to question the judgment of the bench. The sacred rights of the States in the protection of citizens from offensive encroachment and the swarming of alien and unassimilative subjects of any other nation, would surely be maintained by that august tribunal of last resort. But the Democratic managers of California devised, and the subservient Democrats in the legislature obeyed—for it was to extricate these managers from the mortal odium their conduct toward Judge Field had brought upon them, that the scheme was concocted. The Republicans were trapped. To withhold acquiescence in the bold scheme was to bring upon them the charge that they wished the failure of the case against the Chinese. To mollify the situation, one of the three counsel to be paid by the State for the service before the Supreme Court should be selected from the Republican party. The chief object of the Democratic managers was to foist Stepben M. White, the chairman of tbe Stockton Convention, and vehement reviler of Judge Field, upon the people of the State in the guise of a popular defender and champion of Democracy against the Chinese evil. The device was skillfully wrought. A large sum was appropriated out of the State treasury to pay the selected counsel. Tbe State attorney-general and Mr. White were the Democrats chosen, and John F. Swift was taken from the Republican ranks.

This trinity of counsel for the State proceeded to Washington and made their arguments before the Supreme Court. Their appearance was not required, not essential. The gists of their argnments were little more than repetition and amplification of every material point involved, precisely as Judge Field had years ago placed the whole issue before the people in most comprehensive and lucid manner, terse and complete. The case has been decided. The decision of the Supreme Court establishes the constitutionality of the Exclusion Act. It goes beyond, and proclaims the sovereign right of the United States to exclude from these shores the immigration which comes of offensive and pernicious characters—no matter of what nationality. Mr. Justice Field pronounced this masterly and inestimable decision. The counsel sent from California in no material effect contributed to it. Had they never appeared, it is not too much to say, the decision would have been just the same. The State has been made to pay the large sum of money appropriated merely to help the extrication of the Democratic managers from the reeking infamy of the Stockton Convention and to stilt its Chairman above bis actual standing, professionally and politically. The scbeme was deftly planned, the trick has been adroitly played; but the proceeds will prove *nil*. Tbe Cbinese bugaboo was the last winning card in their stocked deck; their dead-fall stands exposed as a raided tan-game haunt.

Judge Field is more honored by his countrymen. His placid judicial rectitude, his serene equanimity of temperament, his profundity in law, and his invincible quality in its declaration, assure to his name and memory the imperishable gratitude of American citizens. O.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 20, 1889.

Around the Mountain.

"Some go up and some go down, but we go 'round forever," is the paraphrase suggested hy a trip on tbe rivers, and is apt to haunt one's mind as the captain of one of the small river-boats gives the word to "Let go aft!" and we leave San Francisco, with its busy wharf, its bustling construction force on the sea-wall, and its intrusive wind, as a last impression of a marvelous city. We are about to commence our trip by starting up througb San Francisco and San Pablo bays, eastward througb Suisun Bay, around one of the most picturesque lone mountains in the world, with its double-headed summit, which invites one at every step to explore the marvels of its conformation, and get from the vantage ground of its height the very best impression of this elongated State.

Still on and up we go toward the confluence of the two great rivers—San Joaquin and Sacramento—through an ever-varying landscape, composed of river-basin and foothills, themselves charming background for the picture of peaceful content seen in the green slope to the water. We pass several embryonic cities, and one bome, or gentleman's place, Los Médanos, which, by even the back-door view accorded us from the river, seems to substantiate some of the complimentary things said of it. Another stray, would-be city, and we are soon thereafter in the river, which means no landscape at all, but the apology for one formed by entirely flat surface, covered with a most uninteresting tule growth, suggestive of nothing but moisture and mosquitoes; but this dead level of nothing causes the mountain to loom up in still greater beauty—almost lonely grandeur. His kindly appearance invites us to climb up to his knees, sun ourselves on his lap, rifle his pockets of any stray metal, coin, or other bauble whicb may lurk hidden there, to run our active fingers througb his very beard, to toy with his ringleted tresses—yes, pigmy that we are, at last, to stand erect on his bead and look around us in the endeavor to locate each familiar spot of the beautiful tesselated floor at our feet. In envious contemplation of its attractive slopes we ask, Why the name? Does the mountain's form bear any resemblance to his satanic majesty? Would its rounded contour form a throne such as John Martin has illustrated of Milton's powerful lines? Or bave there, at midnight hour, been heard weird sounds, or seen strange sights reminding one of early impressions of the spirit which most doth pervade man's soul? Or was it with this familiar exclamation, almost oath, that the early Spaniards first beheld the unusual proportions of this watchful sentinel of our State? Were they impelled to prayer to the God of their choice at sight of one of nature's masterpieces, or to uttering an imprecation on the State by defaming its magnificent door-keeper? Unable to satisfy our longing to climb the gental acclivity of this deity of solitude, we must fain crouch, Caliban-like, and implore his kindly offices while we survey him from below. Though magnificent, and clear-cut, and impressive by day, how much more weird, and enlarged, and awful his proportions appear as the mists of eve approach. One can fancy his buge hands stretched out to draw the fleecy veil about his bead, as he should say: "Leave me to my repose, night comes on apace."

We have been invited to just this sort of a trip to see what can not be seen from train-windows, and something which the constant denizens of towns wot little of—the prospective wealth of this peculiar species of submerged lands lying in the delta of the rivers. Up to this time, it has been to us a vast area of luxuriant growth of the despised tule, productive only of mosquitoes and miasma. But now we are led to just that portion of the district whicb bas been sufficiently and safely tilled to justify the claim of being the most productive spot in the world. A simple ride on the rivers would scarcely give one time to fully realize all of the extent of these lands, nor any of their peculiar merits. The pace of the inferior boats in this service results in a very imperfect survey of this much vaunted treasure-bouse. As one passes hamlet after hamlet, the wonder still arises, what can make life endurable in such surroundings? And it takes one gifted with the power of seeing around a corner, into the depths of the pocket's recesses, to be able to surmise the hope upon which a bome in such a tangle of weedy wealth is built. Slender foundation, say you, possibly; but of just that much stability which some few of the most astute minds of which the State can boast have seen it, and are lending to the enterprise of proving it some of the best blows of their ever-willing and seemingly all-powerful arms.

Still on and on, around the mountain, up the San Joaquin River, until we find ourselves where the setting sun shows his departing glories over the two peaks of Monte Diablo. What beneficence of nature, to give to the weary soul at day's decline a gorgeous peep into the anticipated brilliancy of the promised land. How one goes to his rest with the remembrance of the inspiration of the sun's earliest beams and the solace of his farewell rays! What wonder if we, while in the farmer's atmosphere, our thoughts spiced with his enthusiasm, slouch and stumble along on the earth's surface, intent upon the endeavor to read upon the radiant face of this sinking orb what the morrow may bold?

So now we are eastward from San Francisco, and have about half made the circuit. It is in the plans that we should view more closely this magic soil and its products, so we consent to a short halt. The one particular spot at which we stop for a very little while, to see man place the bit in nature's mouth and subordinate her to his will, is one of the group of about thirty islands lying in the delta—all of them, without this master-spirit, submerged twice daily. The first effect upon the eye of a stranger is that of a district, considerably larger than the eye can compass, of the most luxuriant growth of verdure imaginable. This is surrounded by a levee expected to repress the dreaded water of the river, and, although seemingly inadequate, yet of such breadth, height, and general huild, as to have rendered this particular piece of property perfectly secure from its liquid foe, as testified by the certain crops taken from the land during a long period of years. We are told that the levee, which stands to these occupants as saviour and save-all, is of no immaculate conception nor mysterious birth, but is in daily process of construction by means of a dredger, which for some years bas been at work, both day and night, taking material from the river's bottom, to prevent encroachments of the river's surface—retributive justice. It is not yet quite certain wbether this work of nature's defense against nature's self will ever cease; it is certain that the results warrant the continuance of the present methods indefinitely, or so long as it takes no more than the twenty-five per cent. of the profits now expended.

Crossing the slight elevation, caused by wbat is in courtesy called a levee, one finds one's self at one of those inexplicable homes, harboring a family of respectable size and some attainments, and there learns that this particular island has within its leveed boundaries sixty-five hundred acres of the most tillable, the most productive, and the best paying land, not only in the State, but of all the known world. The products are of a nature so varied as to quite exercise one's thought in trying to get at the root of all this extravagant praise. Commencing with grain, which here yields in fabulous proportion, passing on to the grasses, one sees mile after mile of prospective hay; next, what was intended as an experimental fifty acres of vines, the culture of which bas now passed beyond the experimental stage, and the yield of which, both in quantity of fruit and in the necessary saccbarine element to insure good wine in the future, is something so extraordinary as to make one hesitate in the statement for fear of arousing the regulation Munchausen sneer. And so we go througb the realm of various garden products—of asparagus (acre upon acre, broad and long, sees one the promising points), onions, potatoes, and peas, until we come to the fields of strawberries, flanked by some few acres of blackberries. And such strawberries! What can be said to give an idea of their peculiar, wild, luscions flavor? Nothing but direct application to the wbetted palate will give even a faint impression of this most notable product of this enchanted region.

To sum up what all this must now mean to the fortunate owners (wbo beg us not to name them for fear of arousing the inevitable jealousy born of others' success), we learn that this is the only spot on the footstool where one can and does reap a harvest every month of the year—for see, early in February commence the returns from the asparagus-fields, lasting through March away into June; early in April, strawberries cry aloud to be picked, and yield so abundantly as to line the owner's and tenant's pockets with "yellow-boys"; througb June and July, blackberries bold the field with the concentrated attention of owner and worker; through the later summer months, hay and grain fall beneath the machine-scythe and give certain returns; September and October see the vintage, and much rejoices thereat; and running all throngb these months from early spring until December, and often even January, the despised but necessary onions and potatoes fill the interstices between the more important products, hoth in the stomachs of the bungry and in the pockets of the fortunate producer. Where else is there a spot where the entire year is devoted to one long barvest?

But, asks tbe croaker, where is the rest necessary to the weary worker? Well, if all change is rest, we are quite sure that there bas been change and variety enough indicated to insure all the rest consonant with the restless desire to found a fortune, and secure repose when the faculties shall have lost their vigor and the limbs their supple strength. Some other objector will see in these reclaimed lands, even througb tbe glitter and jingle of promised ease and fortune, a threat of malarial taint, subversive of bealth and destructive to happiness. This is met as a fabric of pure fiction by every resident with a permanent interest in tbe place. We see around every condition for the breeding of malarial affections in the human system, but the fact stands boldly out that there is not enough malaria here to feed eucalyptus trees. We see water up to, and even above, the level of the broad fields of luscious dainties, but restrained into its proper channel, and so manipulated by means of irrigating ditches, flood-gates, and draining-pumps that one could play with this terrible agent of destruction as a child amuses itself with the inflowing and outgoing streams of a hath-tub; we find water at the depth of only a few feet from the surface; we see a soil so porous and spongy as to render questionable the judgment of building large or firm buildings thereon; we feel beat in just such a degree as to make darkened rooms, matting floors, and iced drinks the desideratum of all present needs; we know in many ways of swarming, teeming, insect life, and lastly, excessive vegetation with its burden of moisture and sometime odor of decay—all elements of malarial poison, yet all rendered nugatory hy the simple action of the tide-water which bere rises, as on the bar, its six feet twice daily, the very porous condition of the soil allowing this action to be felt all through the land, and thereby dispelling any stagnation which would else be the sure result of sucb impounding of water as is presented in this buge soup-plate.

Time, with finger on lip and uplifted scythe in the endeavor to dam our fatal prolixity, warns us that he will only spare us enough of his gracious spirit to bid adieu to the many attractions and the hospitable, well-to-do people of Bouldin Island, with a bope, fostered by kindly invitation, to return some day to their spear-sown fields when the present success shall have provided more rapid and comfortable transit between them and the metropolis. E. B. H.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 18, 1889.

American Principles and the National Educational Association.

[The National Educational Association invited Mr. B. Marks, of California, to prepare an address for the approaching convention of the association, in July next, at Memphis, Tenn. Mr. Marks accepted the invitation, and announced as his subject, "American Principles in American Schools." A place was assigned bim on the programme, but the secretary of the association afterward informed him that the time alloted to him was needed for another purpose, and requested bim to attend among the reserves, which miglt be called for if vacancies occurred. The following was Mr. Marks's reply]:

SAN FRANCISCO, April 8, 1889.

A. P. MARBLE, ESQ., Secretary National Educational Association—*Dear Sir*: Your letter informing me that my subject, "American Principles in American Schools," bas been taken from the place assigned it on the list, and relegated to the reserved subjects which may or may not be called for to act as substitutes for vacancies, came when due. On consideration, I have decided to reserve the subject for a time when the N. E. A. shall deem it to be of sufficient importance to place it where it may stay. I take it for granted that the N. E. A. makes up its programme with reference to subjects desired, and not in reference to the persons who are to treat the subjects.

If this is so, then evidently the N. E. A. is not ready to discuss the questions involved in tbe theme I had chosen.

I think a time will come in the near future when the association will devote the whole of one of its annual sessions to this matter, and will wish that it could meet semi-annually to discuss it.

Meantime, I shall continue my studies in the direction of American principles for American schools, and may, perbaps, accept an invitation from the N. E. A. to treat the subject before the association whenever it shall be deemed to be of sufficient importance to be retained upon the programme after it bas been placed there. Sincerely yours,

B. MARKS.

CLARIMONDE.

The Strange Story of a Double Life.

Have I ever loved, you ask me, my brother? Yes, I have loved! The story is dread and marvelous, and, for all my three-score years, I scarce dare stir the ashes of that memory. To you I can refuse nothing; to a heart less steeled than yours this tale could never he told by me. For these things were so strange that I can scarce believe they came into my own existence. Three long years was I the puppet of a delusion of the devil. Three long years was I a parish priest by day, while by night, in dreams (God grant they were but dreams!) I led the life of a child of this world, of a lost soul! For one kind glance at a woman's face was my spirit to be doomed; hut at length, with God to aid and my patron saint, it was given to me to drive away the evil spirit which possessed me.

I lived a double life, by night and by day. All day long was I a pure priest of the Lord, concerned only with prayer and holy things; but no sooner did I close my eyes in sleep than I was a young knight, a lover of women, of horses, of hounds, a drinker, a dicer, a blasphemer, and, when I woke at dawn, meseemed that I was fallen on sleep, and did but dream that I was a priest. From those years of dreaming, certain memories yet remain with me; memories of words and things that will not down. Aye, though I have never left the walls of my vicarage, he who heard me would rather deem me one who had lived in the world and left it, to die in religion, and end in the breast of God his tumultuous days, than for a priest grown old in a forgotten cure, deep in a wood, and far from the things of this earth.

Yes, I have loved as never man loved, with a wild love and a terrible, so that I marvel my heart did not burst in twain. Oh, the nights of long ago!

From my earliest childhood had I felt the call to be a priest. This was the end of all my studies, and, till I was twenty-four, my days were one long training. My theological course achieved, I took the lesser orders, and at length, at the end of Holy Week, was to be the hour of my ordination.

I had never entered the world; *my* world was the college close. Vaguely I knew that woman existed, but of women I never thought. My heart was wholly pure.

I had no regrets, and no hesitations in taking the irrevocable vow; nay, I was full of an impatient joy. Never did a young bridegroom so eagerly count the hours to his wedding. In my broken sleep, I dreamed of saying the mass. To be a priest seemed to me the nohlest thing in the world, and I would have disdained the estate of poet or of king. To be a priest! My ambition saw nothing higher.

All this I tell you that you may know how little I deserved that which befell me; that you may know how inexplicable was the fascination by which I was overcome.

The great day came, and I walked to church as if I were winged or trod on air. I felt an angelic beatitude, and marveled at the gloomy and thoughtful faces of my companions, for we were many. The night I had passed in prayer. I was all but entranced in ecstasy. The bishop, a venerable old man, was in my eyes like God the Father bowed above His own eternity, and I seemed to see heaven open beyond the arches of the minster.

You know the ceremony: the benediction, the communion in both kinds, the anointing of the palms of the hands with consecrated oil, and finally the celebration of the holy rite, offered up in company with the bishop. On these things I will not linger, but, oh, how true is the word of Job, that he is foolish who maketh not a covenant with his eyes! I chanced to raise my head, and saw before me, so near that it seemed I could touch her, though in reality she was at some distance, and on the farther side of a railing, a young dame royally clad and of incomparable beauty.

It was as if scales had fallen from my eyes; and I felt like a blind man who suddenly recovers his sight. The bishop, so splendid a moment ago, seemed to fade; through all the church was darkness, and the candles paled in their sconces of gold, like stars at dawn. Against the gloom that lovely thing shone out like a heavenly revelation, seeming herself to be the fountain of light, and to give it rather than receive it. I cast down my eyes, vowing that I would not raise them again; my attention was failing, and I scarce knew what I did. The moment afterward, I opened my eyes, for through my eyelids I saw her glittering in a bright penumbra, as when one has stared at the sun. Ah, how beautiful she was! The greatest painters, when they have sought in heaven for ideal beauty, and have brought to earth the portrait of our Lady, come never near the glory of this vision! Pen of poet or palette of painter can give no idea of her. She was tall, with the carriage of a goddess; her fair hair flowed about her brows in rivers of gold. Like a crowned queen, she stood there, with her broad white brow and dark eyebrows; with her eyes which had the brightness and life of the green sea, and, at one glance, made or marred the destiny of a man. They were astonishingly clear and brilliant, shooting rays like arrows, which I could actually see winging straight for my heart. I know not if the flame which lighted them came from heaven or hell, but from one or other assuredly it came. Angel, or devil, or both; this woman was no child of Eve, the mother of us all. White teeth shone in her smile, little dimples came and went with each movement of her mouth, among the roses of her cheeks. There was a lustre, as of agate, on the smooth and shining skin of her half-clad shoulders, and chains of great pearls, no whiter than her neck, fell over her breast. From time to time, she lifted her head in snake-like motion, and set the silvery ruffles of her raiment quivering. She wore a flame-colored velvet robe, and from the ermine lining of her sleeves her delicate hands came and went, as transparent as the fingers of the dawn. As I gazed at her, I felt within me, as it were, the opening of gates which had ever been barred; I saw sudden vistas of an unknown future; all life seemed altered, new thoughts wakened in my heart. A horrible pain took possession of me; each minute seemed at once a moment and an age. The ceremony went on and on, and I was being carried far from the world, at whose gates my new desires were beating. I said "yes" when I wished to say "no," when my whole soul protested against the words my tongue was uttering. A hidden force seemed to drag them from me.

The expression of the unknown beauty changed as the ceremony advanced. Tender and caressing at first, it became contemptuous and disdainful. With an effort which might have moved a mountain, I strove to cry out that I would never be a priest; it was in vain, my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth, I could not refuse even by a sign. Though wide-awake, I seemed to be in one of those nightmares wherein for your life you can not utter the word on which your life depends. She appeared to understand the torture which I endured, and cast on me a glance of divine pity and divine promise. "Be mine," she seemed to say, "and I shall make thee happier than God and heaven, and His angels will be jealous of thee. Tear that shroud of death wherein thou art swathed, for I am beauty, and I am youth, and I am life; come to me and we shall be love. What can Jehovah offer thee in exchange for thy youth? Our life will flow like a dream in the eternity of a kiss. Spill but the wine from that chalice and thou art free, and I will carry thee to the unknown isles, and thou shalt sleep on my breast in a bed of gold heneath a canopy of silver, for I love thee and would fain take thee from thy God, before whom so many noble hearts pour forth the incense of their love, which dies before it reaches the heaven where He dwells." These words I seemed to hear singing in the sweetest of tunes, for there was a music in her look, and the words which her eyes sent to me resounded in my heart as if they had been whispered in my soul. I was ready to forswear God, and yet I went duly through each rite of the ceremony. She cast me a second glance, so full of entreaty and despair, that I felt more swords pierce my breast than stabbed the heart of our Lady of Sorrows.

It was over, and I was a priest.

Then never did human face declare so keen a sorrow; the girl who sees her betrothed fall dead at her side, the mother hy the empty cradle of her child, Eve at the gate of Paradise, the miser who seeks his treasure and finds a stone, even they look less sorely smitten, less inconsolable.

The blood left her fair face pale, white as marble she seemed; her lovely arms fell powerless, her feet failed beneath her, and she leaned against a pillar of the church. For me, I staggered to the door, with a white, wet face, breathless, with all the weight of all the dome upon my head. As I was crossing the threshold, a hand seized mine, a woman's hand. I had never felt before a woman's hand in mine. It was cold as the skin of a serpent, yet it burned me like a brand. "Miserable man, what hast thou done?" she whispered, and was lost in the crowd.

The old bishop paused, and gazed severely at me, who was a piteous spectacle, now red, now pale, giddy, and faint. One of my fellows had compassion on me, and led me home. I could not have found the way alone. At the corner of a street, while the young priest's head was turned, a black page, strangely clad, came up to me and gave me, as he passed, a little leathern case, with corners of wrought gold, signing to me to hide it. I thrust it into my sleeve, and there kept it till I was alone in my cell. Then I opened the clasp; there were but these words written: "Clarimonde, at the Palazzo Concini." So little of a worldling was I, that I had never heard of Clarimonde, despite her fame, nay, nor knew where the Palazzo Concini might be. I made a myriad guesses, each wilder than the other; but truth to tell, so I did but see her again I recked little whether Clarimonde were a noble lady or no hetter than one of the wicked.

This love, thus horn in an hour, had struck root too deep for me to dream of casting it from my heart. This woman had made me utterly her own, a glance had been enough to change me, her will had passed upon me; I lived not for myself, but in her and for her.

Many mad things did I, kissing my hand where hers had touched it, repeating her name for hours: *Clarimonde, Clarimonde!* I had but to close my eyes, and I saw her as distinctly as if she had heen present. Then I murmured to myself the words that beneath the church porch she had spoken: "Miserable man, what hast thou done?" I felt all the horror of that strait wherein I was, and the dead and terrible aspect of the life which I had chosen was now revealed. To be a priest! Never to love, to know not youth nor sex, to turn away from beauty, to close the eyes, to crawl in the chill shade of a cloister or a church; to see none but deathly men, to watch by the nameless corpses of folk unknown, to wear a cassock like my own mourning for myself, my own raiment for my coffin's pall!

Then life arose in me like a lake in flood, my blood coursed in my veins, my youth burst forth in a moment; like the aloe, which flowers but once in a hundred years, and breaks into blossom with a sound of thunder!

How was I again to have sight of Clarimonde? I had no excuse for leaving the seminary, for I knew nobody in the town, and, indeed, was only waiting there till I should be appointed to my parish. I tried to remove the bars of the window, but to descend without a ladder was impossible. Then, again, I could escape only by night, when I should be lost in the labyrinth of streets. These difficulties, which would have been nothing to others, were enormous to a poor priest like me, now first fallen in love, without experience, or money, or knowledge of the world.

Ah, had I not been a priest I might have seen her every day, I might have been her lover, her husband, I said to myself in the blindness of my heart. In place of being swathed in a cassock, I might have worn silk and velvet, chains of gold, a sword and feather like all the fair young knights. My locks would not be tonsured, but would fall in perfumed curls about my neck. But one hour spent before an altar, and some gabbled words, had cut me off from the company of the living. With my own hand I had sealed the stone upon my tomb and turned the key in the lock of my prison!

I walked to the window. The sky was heavenly blue, the trees had clothed them in the raiment of spring, all nat smiled with mockery in her smile. The square was full people coming and going; young exquisites, young beaut two by two, were walking in the direction of the garde Workmen sang drinking-songs as they passed; on all si were a life, a movement, a gayety which did hut increase sorrow and my solitude. A young mother, on the steps of gate, was playing with her child, kissing its little rosy mo with a thousand of the caresses, the child-like and the di caresses, which are the secret of mothers. Hard by, the fat with folded arms above a happy heart, smiled sweetly a watched them. I could not endure the sight. I shut window, and threw myself on the bed in a horrible jeal and hatred, so that I gnawed my fingers and my coverlet a starved wild beast.

How many days I lay thus I know not, but at last, turned in a spasm of rage, I saw the Abbé Sérapion curio considering me. I bowed my head in shame and hid my with my hands.

"Romuald, my friend," said he, "some strange thing befallen thee. Satan hath desired to have thee, that he sift thee like wheat; he goeth about thee to devour thee raging lion. Beware, and make thyself a breast-plat prayer, a shield of the mortifying of the flesh. Fight thou shalt overcome. Be not afraid with any discourage for the firmest hearts and the most surely guarded have k hours like these. Pray, fast, meditate, and the evil spiri pass away from thee."

Then Sérapion told me that the priest of C—— was that the bishop had appointed me to this charge, and must be ready by the morrow. I nodded assent, and the departed. I opened my missal and strove to read in i the lines waved confusedly, and the volume slipped unb from my hands.

Next day, Sérapion came for me; two mules were w for us at the gates with our slender baggage, and we mo as well as we might. As we traversed the streets, I l for Clarimonde in each balcony, at every window; but too early, and the city was yet asleep. When we had p the gates and were climbing the height, I turned back last glance at the place which was the home of Clarin The shadow of a cloud lay on the city, the red roofs a blue were mingled in a mist, whence rose here and white puffs of smoke. By some strange optical effe house stood up, golden in a ray of light, far above the which were mingled in the mist. A league away the was, it seemed quite close to us—all was plain to see, t balconies, parapets, the very weather-cocks.

"What is that palace we see yonder in the sunlight? I to Sérapion.

He shaded his eyes with his hand, looked, and answe "That is the old palace which Prince Concini has g Clarimonde, the harlot. Therein dreadful things are do

Even at that moment, whether it were real or a know not now, methought I saw a white and slender cross the terrace, glance, and disappear. It was Clarin

Ah, did she know how in that hour, at the height rugged way which led me from her, even at the crest path I should never tread again, I was watching her, and restless, watching the palace where she dwelt, and a freak of light and shadow seemed to bring near m inviting me to enter and be lord of all? Doubtless sh it, so closely hound was her heart to mine, and thi which had urged her, in the raiment of the night, to cli palace terrace in the frosty dews of dawn.

The shadow slipped over the palace, and, anon, the but a motionless sea of roofs, marked merely hy a bille dulation of forms. Sérapion pricked on his mule, m quickened, and a winding of the road hid from me for city of S——, where I was to return no more. At th three days' journey through melancholy fields, we weather-cock of my parish church peeping above t Some winding lanes, bordered by cottages and brought us to the building, which was of no great s A porch, with a few moldings, and two or three pillar carved in sandstone, a tiled roof, with counterforts of t stone as the pillars—that was all. To the left was th yard, deep in tall grasses, with an iron cross in th The priest's house was to the right, in the shado church. Simplicity could not be more simple nor cl less lovely. Some chickens were pecking at a few oats on the ground as we entered. The sight of frock seemed too familiar to alarm them, and they moved to let us pass. Then we heard a hoarse an bark, and an old dog ran up to greet us. He was th the late priest—dim-eyed, gray, with every sign of a treme old age. I patted him gently, and he walked my side with an air of inexpressible satisfaction. A woman, my predecessor's housekeeper, came in he greet us; and when she learned that I meant to ke my service, to keep the dog and the chickens, with al niture which her master had left her at his death—; when the Abbé Sérapion paid what she asked on t her joy knew no bounds.

When I had been duly installed, Sérapion return college, and I was left alone. Unsupported, uncon I was, the thought of Clarimonde again beset me, n drive her memory away for all my efforts. One eve walked among the box-lined paths of my little gard cied that I saw among the trees the form of a wo followed all my movements and whose green eyes through the leaves. Green as the sea shone her e was no more than a vision, for when I crossed to side of the alley, nothing did I find but the print foot on the sand—a foot like the foot of a child. garden was girt with high walls, and, for all my searc find no living thing within them. I have never been plain this incident, which, after all, was nothing to t adventures which were to follow.

Thus did I live for a whole year, fulfilling every d priesthood—preaching, praying, fasting, visiting the s ing myself necessaries that I might give to the poor.

me was dry and barren—the fountains of grace were sealed. I knew not the happiness which goes with the consciousness of a holy mission fulfilled. My heart was otherwhere; the words of Clarimonde dwelt on my lips like the hallad-hurden a man repeats against his will. Oh, my hrother, consider this! For the lifting up of mine eyes to hehold a woman have I been harried these many years, and my life hath been troubled forever.

One night there was a violent knocking at my gate. The old housekeeper went to open it, and the appearance of a man, richly clad in an outlandish fashion, tawny of hue, armed with a long dagger, stood before her in the light of her lantern. She was terrified, but he soothed her, saying that he needs must see me instantly concerning a matter of my ministry. Barbara hrought him upstairs to the room where I was about going to hed. There the man told me that his mistress, a lady of high degree, was at the point of death and desired to see a priest. I answered that I was ready to follow him, and speaking with me such matters as are needful for extreme unction, I went down hastily. At the door were two horses, black as night, their breath rising in white clouds of vapor. The man held my stirrup while I mounted; then he laid one hand on the pommel, and vaulted on the other horse. Gripping his heast with his knees, he gave him his head, and we started with the speed of an arrow, my horse keeping pace with his own. We seemed in running to devour the way; the earth flitted gray heneath us, the black trees fled in the darkness like an army in rout. A forest we crossed, so gloomy and so frozen cold, that I felt in all my veins a shudder of superstitious dread. The sparks struck from the flints hy our riders' feet followed after us like a trail of fire, and whoever saw us must have deemed us two ghosts riding the nightmare. Will-o'-the-wisps glittered across our path, the night hirds started in the forest deeps, and now and again shone out gleaming eyes of wild-cats.

The manes of the horses tossed more wildly on the wind, the sweat ran down their sides, their hreath came thick and hot. But, whenever they slackened, the groom called on them with a cry like nothing which ever came from a human throat, and again tbey ran their furious course. At last, the height of their flight reacbed its goal; suddenly there stood before us a great dark mass, with shining points of flame. Our horses' hoofs clattered louder on a drawhridge, and we entered through tbe dark deptbs of a vaulted entrance which gaped between two monstrous towers. Within tbe castle all was confusion—servants, with burning torches, ran hither and thither through the courts; on the staircases lights rose and fell. I hebeld a medley of vast huildings, columns, arches, parapet, and balcony—a hewildering world of royal or of fairy palaces. The negro page who had given me tbe tahlets of Clarimonde, and wbom I recognized at a glance, helped me to alight. A senescbal in black velvet, with a golden chain about his neck and an ivory wand in his hand, came forward to meet me, great tears rolling down his cheeks to his snowy beard.

"Too late," he said; "too late, sir priest! But if thou bast come in time to save the soul, watch, I pray thee, with tbe happy hody of the dead."

He took me by the arm; be led me to the ball where the corse was lying, and I wept as bitterly as be, deeming that the lead was Clarimonde, the well and wildly loved. Tbere stood a *prie-dieu* hy the bed; a hlue flame flickering from a cup of bronze cast all about the chamher a doubtful light, and here and there set the shadows fluttering. In a chiseled vase on the table was one white rose faded, a single petal clinging to the stem; the rest bad fallen like fragrant tears and lay heside the vase. A broken black mask, a fan, masquerading gear of every kind, were huddled on the chairs, and showed that death had come unlooked for and unheralded to that splendid house. Not daring to cast mine eyes upon the bed, I kneeled and fervently began to repeat the Psalms, thanking God that between the woman and me He had set the tomb, so that now her name might come like a thing enskied and sainted in my prayers.

By degrees this ardor slackened and I fell a-dreaming. This chamher, after all, had none of the air of a chamber of death. In place of the fetid, corpse-laden atmosphere which I was wont to hreathe in these vigils, there floated gently through the warmtb a vapor of Orient essences, a perfume of woman and of love. The pale glimmer of the lamp seemed rather the twilight of pleasure than the yellow hurning of the taper which watcbes hy the dead. I began to think of tbe rash hazard which brought me to Clarimonde in the moment when I had lost her forever, and a sigh came from my hreast. Then meseemed that one answered with a sigh behind me, and I turned unconsciously. 'Twas hut an echo, hut, as I turned, mine eyes fell on that which they had shunned—the bed, wbere Clarimonde lay in state. The flowered and crimson curtains, bound up with loops of gold, left the dead woman plain to view, lying at her length, with hands folded on her breast. She was covered with a linen veil, very wbite and glistening, the more hy reason of the dark-purple hangings, and so fine was the shroud that her fair hody shone through it, with those heautiful soft waving lines, as of the swan's neck, which even death could not harden. Fair she was as a statue of alabaster, carved hy some skilled man for the tomh of a queen; fair as a young maid asleep heneath new-fallen snow. I could endure no longer. The air as of a hower of love, the scent of the faded rose, intoxicated me, and I strode through the chamher, stopping at each turn to gaze at the heautiful head beneath the transparent shroud. Strange thoughts hunted my brain. I fancied that sbe was not really gone, that it was but a device to draw me within her castle gates and to tell me all her love. Nay, one moment methougbt I saw her foot stir beneatb its white swathings and hreak the stiff lines of the shroud.

"Is she really Clarimonde?" I asked myself presently; "what proof bave I? The black page may have entered the housebold of some other lady. Mad must I be thus to disquiet myself."

But the beating of my own heart answered me, "It is she! it is she!"

I drew near the bed and looked with fresh attention at that which thus perplexed me. Shall I confess it? The perfection of her heauty, tbough shadowed and sanctified hy death, troubled my heart, and that long rest of hers was wondrous like a living woman's sleep. I forgot that I had come there to watch by a corpse, and I dreamed that I was a young hridegroom on the threshold of the chamher of the veiled, half-hidden hride. Broken with sorrow, wild with joy, shuddering with dread and desire, I stooped toward the dead and raised a corner of the sheet. Gently I raised it, holding my breath as though I feared to waken her. My hlood coursed so vehemently that I heard it rushing and surging through the veins of my temples. My hrow was dank with drops of sweat, as if I had lifted no film of linen, hut a weighty grave-stone of marhle.

There lay Clarimonde, even as I had seen her on the day of mine ordination; even so delightful was she, and death in Clarimonde seemed hut a willful charm. The pallor of her cheeks, her dead lips' fading rose, her long downcast eyelids, with their hrown lashes breaking the marhle of her cheek, all gave her an air of melancholy and of purity, of pensive patience which had an inexpressible winning magic. Her long, loose hair, the small hlue flowers yet scattered through it, pillowed her head and veiled the splendor of her shoulders. Her fair hands, clear and pure as the consecrated wafer, were crossed in an attitude of holy rest and silent prayer, which suffered not the exquisite roundness and ivory polish of her pearled arms to prove, even in death, too triumphant a lure of men.

Long did I wait and watch her silently, and still, the more I gazed, the less I could deem that life had left forever her heautiful hody. I knew not if it were an illusion or a reflection from the lamp, but it was as if the blood hegan to flow again heneath that dead white of her flesh, and yet she lay eternally, immovahly still. I touched her arm; it was cold, but no colder than her band had heen on the day when it met mine heneath the church porch. I fell into my old attitude, stooping my face ahove her face, while down upon her rained the warm dew of my tears. Oh, bitterness of impotence and of despair, oh, wild agony of that death watch!

The night crept on, and as I felt that the eternal separation drew near, I could not deny myself the sad last delight of one kiss on the dead lips which held all my love.

Oh, miracle! A ligbt hreath mingled with my hreath, and tbe mouth of Clarimonde answered to the touch of mine! Her eyes opened and softly shone. She sighed, she uncrossed her arms, and folded tbem ahout my neck in a ravished ecstasy.

"Ah, Romuald, it is thou!" she said, in a voice as sweet and languisbing as the last tremblings of a lyre; "ah, Romuald, what makest thou here? So long bave I waited for thee that I am dead. Yet now we are betrotbed, now I may see thee, and visit thee. Farewell, Romuald, farewell! I love thee. It is all that I had to tell thee, and I give thee again that life which thou gavest me witb thy kiss. Soon shall we meet again."

Her head sank down, hut still her arms clung to me as if they would hold me forever. A wild gust of wind burst open the window and hroke into the room. The last leaf of the white rose fluttered like a hird's wing on the stem, and then fell and flew through the open casement, hearing with it the soul of Clarimonde.

The lamp went out, and I fell fainting on the breast of the heautiful corpse.

When I came to myself, I was lying on my own bed in the little chamher of the priest's house; my hand had slipped from beneath the coverlet, the old dog was licking it. Barhara hohhled and tremhled about the room, opening and shutting drawers, and sbaking powders into glasses. The old woman gave a cry of deligbt wben she saw me open my eyes. The dog yelped and wagged his tail, but I was too weak to utter a word or make the slightest movement. Later, I learned that for three days I had lain tbus, with no sign of life but a scarce perceptible hreathing. These three days do not count in my life; I know not where my spirit went wandering all that time, wbereof I keep not the slightest memory. Barhara told me that the same bronzed man who had come for me at night, brought me hack in a closed litter next morning and instantly went his way. So soon as I could recall my thoughts, I reviewed eacb incident of that fatal night. At first, I deemed that I had been duped hy art magic, but presently actual, palpable circumstances destroyed that helief. I could not suppose that I bad heen dreaming, for Barhara, no less than myself, had seen the man with the two coal-hlack steeds, and she descrihed them accurately. Yet no one knew of any castle in the neighborhood at all like that in which I bad found Clarimonde again.

One morning Sérapion entered my room; he had come with all haste in answer to Barhara's message ahout my illness. Though this declared his affection for me, none the more did his visit give me pleasure. Tbere was somewhat inquisitive and piercing, to my mind, in the very glance of Sérapion, and I felt like a criminal in his presence. He it was who first discovered my secret disquiet, and I bore him a grudge for being so clear-sighted.

While he was asking about my healtb in accents of honeyed hypocrisy, bis eyes, as yellow as a lion's, were sounding the depths of my soul. Presently:

"The famous harlot Clarimonde is dead," says he, in a piercing tone—"dead at the close of an eight days' revel. It was a feast of Belshazzar or of Cleopatra. Good God, what an age is ours! The guests were served by dusky slaves who spoke no tongue known among men, and who seemed like spirits from the pit. Tbe livery of the least of them might have beseemed an emperor on a coronation day. Wild tales are told of this same Clarimonde, and all her loves have perished miserahly or hy violence. They say she was a ghost, a female vampire, hut I believe she was the devil himself."

He paused, watching me, wbo could not master a sudden movement at the name of Clarimonde.

"Satan's claw is long," said Sérapion, witb a stern glance, "and tombs ere now have given up their dead. Threefold should he the seal upon the grave of Clarimonde, for this is not, men say, the first time she hath died. God be with thee, Romuald!"

So speaking, Sérapion departed with slow steps, and I saw him no more as at that time.

Time passed and I was well again. Nay, I deemed that the fears of Sérapion and my own terrors were too great, till, one night, I dreamed a dream.

Scarce had I tasted the first drops of the cup of sleep, when I heard the curtains of my hed open and the rings rang. I raised myself suddenly on my arm, and saw the shadow of a woman standing hy me.

Straightway I knew her for Clarimonde.

She held in her hand a little lamp, such as is placed in tomhs, and the light touched her slim fingers to a rosy hue, which faded away in the milk-white of her arms. She was clad on with naught but the linen shroud which veiled her when she lay in state; the folds were clasped ahout her hreast, as it were in pudency, by a hand all too small. So white she was that her shroud and her hody were hlended in the pallid glow of the lamp.

Swathed thus in the fine tissue which hetrayed every line of her figure, she seemed a marhle image of soue lady at the hath rather than a living woman. Dead or living, statue or woman, spirit or flesh, her heauty was ever the same, only the glitter of her sea-green eye was dulled—only the mouth, so red of old, wore but a tender tint of rose, like the white rose of her cheeks. The little hlue flowers which I had seen in her hair were sere now and all hut hloomless; yet so winning was she, so winning that, despite the strangeness of the adventure and her inexplicahle invasion of my chamber, I was not afraid for one moment.

She placed the lamp on the tahle and sat down by my bedfoot. Then, in those soft and silver accents, which I never heard from any lips hut hers:

"Long have I made thee wait for me," she said, "and thou must have deemed that I had forgotten tbee quite. But lo! I come from far, very far—even from that land whence no traveler has returned. There is no sunlight nor moon in the country whence I wander, only shadow and space. There the foot finds no rest, nor the wandering wing any way; yet here am I, behold me, for love can conquer death. Ah, what sad faces and terrihle eyes have I seen in my voyaging, and in what lahor hath my soul heen to find my hody and to make her home therein again! How hard to lift was the stone which they had laid on me for a covering! Lo, my hands are sorely wounded in that toil! Kiss them, my love, and heal them." She laid her chill palms on my mouth, and I kissed them many times, she smiling on me with an inexpressible sweetness of delight.

To my sbame he it spoken, I had wholly forgotten the counsels of the Ahhé Sérapion and the sacred character of my ministry. I fell unresisting at the first attack. Nay, I did not even try to hid the tempter avaunt, hut succumhed without a struggle hefore the sweet freshness of Clarimonde's fair hody. Poor child! for all that is come and gone, I can scarce helieve that she was indeed a devil; surely there was naught of the devil in her aspect. Never hath Satan hetter concealed his claws and his horns!

She was crouching on the side of my bed, her heels drawn up heneath her in an attitude of careless and provoking grace. Once and again she would pass her little hands among my locks and curl them, as if to try what style hest suited my face. It is worth noting that I felt no astonishment at an adventure so marvelous—nay, as in a dream the strongest events fail to surprise us, even so the whole encounter seemed to me perfectly natural.

"I loved thee long hefore I saw thee, Romuald, my love, and I sought for thee everywhere. Thou wert my dream, and I beheld thee in the cburch at that fatal hour. 'It is he,' I whispered to myself, and cast on thee a glance fulfilled of all the love wherewith I had loved, and did love, and shall love thee; a glance which would have ruined the soul of a cardinal or hrought a king, with all his court, to my feet.

"But thou wert not moved, and hefore my love tbou didst place the love of God.

"Ah, 'tis of God that I am jealous—God whom thou hast loved and lovest more than me.

"Miserahle woman that I am! Never shall I have all thy heart for myself alone—for me, whom thou didst awaken with one kiss; for me, Clarimonde, the dead; for me, who for thy sake have hroken the portals of the grave, and am come to offer thee a life which hath heen taken up again for this one end—to make thee happy."

So she spoke; and every word was hroken in on by maddening caresses, till my hrain swam, and I feared not to console her hy this awful hlasphemy, namely—

That my love of her passed my love of God!

Then the fire of her eyes was rekindled, and they blazed as it had heen the chrysoprase stone.

"Verily, thou lovest me witb a love like thy love of God," she cried, making her fair arms a girdle for my body; "then thou shalt come with me, and wbithersoever I go there wilt tbou follow. Thou wilt leave thine ugly black rohes, thou wilt he of all knights the proudest and the most envied. The acknowledged lover of Clarimonde shalt thou he, of her who refused a pope! Ah, happy life, ah, golden days wbich shall he ours! When do we mount and ride, my cavalier?"

"To-morrow!" I cried, in my madness.

"To-morrow," she answered; "I shall have time to change this rohe of mine, which is somewhat scant, nor fit for journeying. Also must I speak witb my retainers, who think me dead in good earnest and lament me as well as they may. Money, carriages, change of raiment, all shall he ready for thee; at this hour to-morrow will I seek thee. Good-by, sweetheart."

She touched my brow with her lips, the lamp faded into darkness, the curtains closed, a sleep like lead came down on me, sleep without a dream.

I wakened late, trouhled by the memory of my dream, which at length I made myself helieve was but a vision of the

night. Yet it was not without dread that I sought rest again, praying heaven to guard the purity of my slumber.

Anon I fell again into a deep sleep, and my dream began again. The curtains opened, and there stood Clarimonde, not pale in her pale shroud, nor with the violets of death upon her cheek; but gay, bright, splendid, in a traveling-robe of green velvet, with trappings of gold, and kilted up on one side to show a satin undercoat. Her fair, curled locks fell in great masses from under a large black-beaver hat, with strange white plumes; in her hand she held a little riding-whip, topped with a golden whistle. With this she touched me gently, saying:

"Awake, thou sleeper! Is it thus you prepare for your voyage? I had thought to find you alert. Rise, rise quickly; we have no time to lose!"

I leaped out of bed.

"Come, dress, and let us be gone," she said, showing me a little packet she had brought; "our horses are fretting and champing at the gate. We should be ten leagues from here."

I arrayed myself in haste, while she instructed me, handed me the various articles of a knight's attire, and laughed at my clumsiness. She dressed my hair, and, when all was done, gave me a little Venice pocket-mirror in a silver frame, crying:

"What think you of yourself now?"

I did not know my own face in the glass, and was no more like myself than a statue is like the uncut stone. I was beautiful, and I was vain of the change. The gold-embroidered gallant attire made me another man, and I marveled at the magic of a few ells of cloth, fashioned to a certain device.

Clarimonde watched me with a kind of maternal fondness as I walked up and down the room, proving my new raiment, as it were, then—

"Come," she cried, "enough of this child's play! Up and away, my Romuald! We have far to go; we shall never arrive."

She took my hand and led me forth. The gates opened at her touch; the dog did not waken as we passed.

At the gate we found the groom, with three horses like those he had led before—jennets of Spain, the children of the wind. Swift as the wind they sped; and the moon, which had risen to light us at our going, spun down the sky behind us like a wheel broken loose from the axle; we seemed to see her on our right, leaping from tree to tree as she strove to follow our course. Presently we came on a plain, where a carriage with four horses waited for us; and the postilion drove them to a mad gallop. My arm was round the waist of Clarimonde, her head lay on my shoulder, her breast touched my arm. Never had I know such delight. All that I had been was forgotten, like the months before birth, so great was the power of the devil over my heart.

From that date mine became a double life; within me were two men who knew each other not—the priest who dreamed that by night he was a noble; the noble who dreamed by night he was a priest. I could not divide dreams from waking, nor tell where truth ended and illusion began. Two spirals, blended but touching not, might be a parable of my confused existence.

Certain it is that I was, or believed myself to be, in Venice. In a great palace on the Grand Canal, full of frescoes, statues, and rich in two Titians of his best period, we dwelt—a palace fit for a king. We had each our gondola, our liveried men, our music, our poet, for Clarimonde loved life in the great style, and in her nature was a touch of Cleopatra. Custom could not stale her infinite variety; to love her was to love a score of mistresses, and you were faithless to her with herself, so strangely she could wear the beauty of any woman who caught your fancy. She returned my love a hundred-fold. She scorned the gifts of young patricians and of the elders of the Council of Ten. She refused the hand of a Foscari. Gold enough she had, she desired only love; a young fresh love herself had wakened—a love which found in her its first mistress and its last.

As for me, in the midst of a life of the wildest pleasure, I should have been happy but for the nightly horror of the dream wherein I was a priest, fasting and mortifying myself in penance for the sins of the day. Custom made my life with her familiar, and it was rarely that I remembered (and that never with fear) the words of the Abbé Sérapion.

For some time Clarimonde had not been herself, her health failing, her complexion growing paler day by day. The physicians were of no avail, and she grew cold and dead as on the wondrous night in the nameless castle. Sadly she smiled on my distress, with the fatal smile of those who know their death is near. One morning, I sat on her bed, breakfasting at a small table hard by; as it chanced in cutting a fruit, I gashed my finger deeply; the blood came in purple streams and spurted up on Clarimonde. Her eyes brightened, her face took on a savage joy and greed such as I had never seen. She leaped from the bed like a cat, seized my wounded hand, and sucked the blood with unspeakable pleasure, slowly, gently, like a connoisseur tasting some rare wine.

In her half-closed eyes the round pupil grew long in shape. Again and again she stopped to kiss my hand, and then pressed her lips once more on the wound.

When she saw that the blood was stanched, she rose, her eyes brilliant and humid, her face as rosy as a dawn of May, her hand warm and moist; in short, more lovely than of old and in perfect health.

"I shall not die! I shall not die!" she exclaimed, wild with delight, as she embraced me; "I shall yet love thee long; for my life is in thine, and all that is in me comes from thee. Some drops of thy rich and noble blood, more precious than all the elixirs in the world, have given me back my life."

This event, and the strange doubts it inspired, haunted me long. When the night and sleep brought me back to my priest's home I beheld Sérapion, more anxious than ever, more careful and troubled. He gazed on me steadfastly, and said:

"Not content with losing thy soul, thou art also desirous of ruining thy body. Unhappy young man, in what a net hast thou fallen!"

The tone of his voice struck cold on me; but a thousand new cares made me forget his words. Yet, one night, I saw in a mirror that Clarimonde was pouring a powder into the spiced wine-cup she mingled after supper. I took the cup, pretending to drink, but really casting the potion away beneath a table. Then I went to bed, intent on watching and seeing what should come to pass. Nor did I wait long. Clarimonde entered, cast off her night attire, and lay down by my side. When she was assured that I slept, she uncovered my arm, drew a golden pin from her hair, and then fell a-murmuring thus:

"One drop, one little crimson drop, one ruby on the tip of my needle! Since thou lovest me yet, I must not die. Sleep, my god, my child, my all; I shall not harm thee; of thy life, I will but take what is needful for mine. Alas! poor love; alas! fair purple blood that I must drink! Ah, fair arm, so round, so white, never will I dare to prick that pretty violet vein."

So speaking, she wept, and the tears fell hot on my arm. At length, she came to a resolve, pricked me with the needle, and sucked the blood which flowed. But a few drops did she taste, for fear of exhausting me, then she anointed the tiny wound and fastened a little bandage about my arm.

I could no longer doubt it, Sérapion had spoken sooth. Yet must I needs love Clarimonde, and would willingly have given her all the blood in my veins which then were rich enough. Nor was I afraid, the woman in her was more than surety for the vampire. I could have pricked my own arm, and said: "Drink; let my love become part of thy being with my blood." I never spoke a word of the narcotic which she had poured out for me, never a word of the needle; we lived together in perfect union of hearts.

It was my scruples as a priest which disquieted me. How could I touch the host with hands polluted in such debauches, real or dreamed of? At night, I struggled against sleep, holding mine eyelids open, standing erect against walls; but mine eyes were filled with the sand of sleep, and the wave carried me even where it would, down to the siren shores.

Sérapion reproached me often; one day he came and said:

"To drive away the devil which possesses thee there is but one art; great ills demand harsh remedies. I know where Clarimonde is buried; we must unearth her, and the sight of the worms and the dust of death will make thee thyself again."

So weary was I of my double life, so eager to know whether the priest or the noble was the true man, which the dream, that I accepted his plan, being determined to slay one or the other of the beings which dwelt within me; aye, or to slay them both, for such a life as mine could not endure.

The Abbé Sérapion took a lantern, a pick, a crowbar, and at midnight we set out for the graveyard. After throwing the light of the lantern on several tombs, we reached a stone half-hidden by tall weeds and covered with ivy, moss, and lichen. Thereon we read these words, graven:

> Here Lieth Clarimonde,
> Who was, what time she Lived,
> The Loveliest in the Land.

"'Tis here!" said Sérapion, who, laying down his lantern, thrust the crowbar in a cleft of the stone and began to raise it. Slowly it gave place, and he set to work with the pick-axe. For me, I watched him, dark and silent as the night, while his face, when he raised it, ran with sweat, and his laboring breath came like the death-rattle in his throat. Methought the deed was a sacrilege, and I would fain have seen the lightning leap from the cloud and strike Sérapion to ashes.

The owls of the grave-yard, attracted by the light, flocked and flapped about the lantern with their wings; their hooting sounded woefully, the foxes harked their answer far away; a thousand evil sounds broke from the stillness.

At length, the pick of Sérapion smote the coffin-lid; the four planks answered sullenly, as the void of nothingness replies to the touch. Sérapion raised the coffin-lid, and there I saw Clarimonde, pale as marble, her hands joined, the long white shroud flowing unbroken to her feet.

On her pale mouth shone one rosy drop, and Sérapion, breaking forth in fury, cried:

"Ah, there thou liest, devil, harlot, vampire, thou that drainest the blood of men!"

With this, he sprinkled holy water over my lady, whose fair body straightway crumbled into earth, a dreadful mingling of dust and the ashes of bones half burned.

"There lies thy Leman, Sir Romuald," he said; "go now and dally at the Lido with thy beauty."

I bowed my head; within me all was ruin. Back to my poor priest's house I went, and Romuald, the lover of Clarimonde, said farewell to the priest, with whom so long and so strangely he had companioned.

But, next night, I saw Clarimonde!

"Wretched man that thou art," she cried, as of old under the church-porch, "what hast thou done? Why hast thou hearkened to that foolish priest? Wert thou not happy, or what ill had I done thee that thou must violate my tomb and lay bare the wretchedness of the grave? Henceforth is the link between our souls and bodies broken. Farewell! Thou shalt desire me."

Then she fled away into air, like a smoke, and I saw her no more.

Alas! it was truth she spoke; more than once have I sorrowed for her—nay, I long for her still. Dearly purchased hath my salvation been, and the love of God hath not been too much to replace the love of her.

Behold, brother, all the story of my youth.

Let not thine eyes look ever upon a woman; walk always with glance downcast; for, be ye chaste and be ye cold as ye may, one minute may damn you to all eternity.—*Translated from the French of Théophile Gautier.*

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

The nine muses—"Who's going to pitch this year?"—*Harvard Lampoon.*

John Wanamaker began life without a dollar in his pocket. So did we. Come on with your Cabinet portfolio.—*Boston Post.*

De J.—"Tired, dear boy?" *De B.*—"Aw, heavily!" *De J.*—"Been out late, eh?" *De B.*—"Naw, been thinking!"—*Yale Record.*

Justice—"What's the charge?" *Complainant*—"I ain't dead sure; but from th' feelin' I reckon he must 'r used buck-shot, y'r honor."—*Puck.*

Botanist—"This, Miss Harlem, is the tobacco-plant." *Miss Harlem*—"How interesting! And when does it begin to bear cigarettes?"—*Time.*

The saddest experience in an editor's life is when, owing to a decreasing circulation, he is compelled to haul down and out the "sworn statement."—*Life.*

Friend—"Do you live happily with your husband?" *Muscular female*—"Of course I do. I'd like to see him try not to live happily with me."—*Texas Siftings.*

A smart girl: *Expectant old gentleman*—"My daughter said you wished to see me." *Mystified Youth*—"She did? Why, she told me *you* wished to see *me*."—*Puck.*

Young doctor—"Well, I've got a case at last." *Young lawyer*—"Glad to hear it. When you get him to the point where he wants a will drawn, telephone over."—*Life.*

"How is it you have had so few deaths on your hands, doctor?" "That's easy enough. When I find I have a bad case, I order the patient to take a trip abroad."—*Judge.*

Guide (to American tourist, in Venice)—"You will want to see the Lion of St. Mark, of course, sir?" *Tourist*—"Yes, I s'pose so. About what time do they feed him?"—*Life.*

Caller—"How do you know that your employer will not return till three?" *Office-boy*—"Because he said, when he went out, that he would be back at half-past one."—*Epoch.*

The artist (to his model in a suit of mail)—"What's the matter, Foley? Can't you keep still?" *The model*—"I can not, sor. Yes shut a blue-bottle fly in th' hilmit!"—*Time.*

He—"Won't you come canoeing with me, Miss Beacon?" *She*—"Oh, I don't dare to!" *He*—"Why, it's all right if you sit perfectly still." *She*—"I know it; but where's the fun?"—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Mrs. Lenox Hill—"What, want your wages raised, Bridget? I am paying you very well now, I think!" *Bridget*—"Yis, mum; but we've been ordered to double our contributions to the cause of Oireland, mum!"—*Puck.*

Traveler—"Don't you see my hands are full, and I can't get at my pockets?" *Solicitor*—"I didn't intend to discommode you, sir, when I spoke to you. If you will tell me where you keep your money, I can find it myself."—*Life.*

The young man on the Troy *Press*, who has for years been a prey to Andersonmania, now speaks of Mary Anderson as a "cold, chaste queen." Alas, alas! We fear he can never be anything but a brother to her.—*Utica Observer.*

After a night with the boys: *His valet*—"There's a gent below as would like to see you, sir." *Judge Dillenback* (sleepily)—"Is he in?" *His valet*—"He is, sir." *Judge Dillenback* (still more sleepily)—"I've got three sevens."—*Judge.*

Mr. Dasey (holding up a decapitated but squirming eel)—"Honorah, will yez catch on to th' haste?" *Mrs. Dasey*—"Oi t'ought it wuz kilt." *Mr. Dasey*—"So it is, Honorah, so it is; but th' haste hasn't sense enough to know it."—*Life.*

The Countess Chestnutta—"Lorenzo, dearest, we must meet only as strangers hereafter. I marry Count Bowleggio to-morrow." (Lorenzo weeps.) "Do not weep, sweet. Why weep?" *Lorenzo*—"I am weeping for the count."—*To-Day.*

Perdita (heroically)—"I can not, I will not marry you, Alfred, against your mother's wish." *Alfred*—"I wish you were not so sensitive." *Perdita*—"It is not because I am sensitive; it is because your father's estate is left at her disposal."—*Life.*

Bagley—"I saw a melancholy sight a few days ago—a messenger-boy standing pensively on a street-corner." *Fogg*—"That's nothing." *Bagley*—"No; but some one had hung on the boy's back a sign that read 'Will move about May 1st.'"—*America.*

Mr. Lookout—"You have plenty of impudence, Johnson, to steal my chickens, and then try to sell them to me." *Johnson*—"Why, yer honor, I thort you'd pay a better price for fowls you'd reared yourself. You'd know what yer buying then!"—*Tit-Bits.*

She (after a quarrel)—"You're a brute! I never want to see you face again. I'm going home to my mother, and I hope you'll never have any luck as long as you live." *He*—"Ah! Then you have already changed your mind and will not go home."—*Time.*

"You're a nice editor, Chubbs!" "What's the matter now?" "Why! you say 'the publisher of the *Daily Voice* is an unmitigated ass.'" "Well, he is!" "But you add, 'we advise our *brother* journalist to reform his stupid ways!'"—*Chicago Ledger.*

Freddie—"Papa, what does 'filly' mean?" *Papa* (willing to give the boy a lift)—"A young mare, Freddie." *Freddie*—"Well, then what do they call a young cow, papa?" *Papa* (slightly staggered)—"Oh! Ah! a—er—filly *de bœuf*."—*Columbia Spectator.*

Wife (whose husband has been presented with two tickets to the theatre)—"How delightful it is, John, to witness a play when the tickets have cost you nothing! It adds so much to the enjoyment." *Husband* (who put up two bottles of champagne and the cigars)—"Ya'as, very!"—*Life.*

Brown—"Oh, that's all bosh! A man can get just as good clothes as he wants at a ready-made store." *Smith*—"Why, Brown, I hear you say once that a man couldn't respect himself unless he was dressed by a fashionable tailor. What brought about your change of opinion?" *Brown*—"Marriage."—*Puck.*

"Yes, I fell down in front of my own house and broke my leg—because the housekeeper had neglected to scatter ashes on the walk. All thank heaven! it wasn't some chance passer-by who fell." "Oh! You good soul!" "Yes; you see if it had been anybody else, the expense would have been simply awful."—*Time.*

Prohibitionist—"And you never touch a drop of liquor on principle of the wine that betrays—that brings the trembling hand, the clouded brain, the unsteady steps? We can not have too many men of your moral fibre—you must join our prohibition society—what is your profession?" *Mr. Cold Steele*—"Bank burglar."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

"Sad case, that of one of my tailors," said a Water Street merchant this morning; "the best man I had working on trousers has become totally deaf." "You don't mean it; what was the cause of it?" asked the anxious customer. "I don't know, but I suppose it resulted from working among such extremely loud spring patterns," was the unfeeling reply.—*Elmira Gazette.*

Mrs. le Grand Tower—"What would you do, Tom, if I should fall overboard?" *Mr. le Grand Tower*—"I should first note the time, then inform the captain, and he would order the vessel stopped. They would then lower a boat, and we would row back to where you sank, which we could easily do, knowing the time that had passed and the speed and direction of our course. If you were still floating, it would be all right; if not, we would watch for bubbles, and——" *Mrs. Tower*—"Oh, you horrid thing! I'm not going to do it, anyhow." (But she told her mother afterward that Tom was a man of splendid judgment, and would make his fortune without a doubt.)—*Puck.*

VANITY FAIR.

"The swallow-tail" and "its functions in consular and diplomatic life" are thus discussed by G. W. Smalley in the New York *Tribune:* "The English papers have published approving Mr. New's declaration that he preferred the consulate-general in London to a foreign mission, because he would not have to live in a swallow-tail coat. Mr. New's estimate of the social obligations of the consul-general is accurate, if not exhaustive. He will not have to live in a swallow-tail coat. At times, he will be expected to master his antipathies to this garment so far as to wear it a few hours in the evening. He will be asked to dine with the Worshipful Company of Fishmongers or the Goldsmiths, or, perchance, with that awful functionary, the lord mayor himself. If he should appear on such occasions without the swallow-tail, he would find himself more conspicuous, and therefore more uncomfortable, than if he conformed to the custom of these banquets. At none of these banquets, even in the city, would he see any guests not in evening-dress, or in uniform, or in court-dress. During business hours, and, indeed, all day long down to the dinner-hour, whatever it may be, and it varies greatly, Mr. New will be at liberty to dress as he likes; or, more strictly speaking, to wear anything he likes, the swallow-tail excepted. 'There is safety in a swallow-tail,' said Pelham—I mean Bulwer Pelham. 'There is not,' screamed Carlyle, in his heated way 'do not believe Bulwer'—whom, again, Lord Tennyson, on a controversial moment, described, not too amiably, as 'the odd man who wears the stays.' Perhaps it is well to believe neither Bulwer nor Carlyle. It is all a question of circumstances, or of the time of day. Not even as minister to Mr. New be required to 'live in a swallow-tail.' The use of the swallow-tail are in London definite and well understood.

So strictly limited is the use of it, that it were better for a man to be without it when he ought to wear it than to wear it when he ought to be without it. The swallow-tail before dinner, though it might, in part, cover his nakedness, would not cover him with derision. It is one of the conveniences of London civilization that these high matters—for there are also other decrees of etiquette not less absolute than this—are so well settled, so accurately ordained, regulated with such beautiful precision, that the arriving stranger need not err in the minutest particular. He can get the law of swallow-tails by heart in half a minute. He should not even if he respects himself and desires to be respected others, go to the theatre in the evening otherwise than in evening-dress. I think it may be said that but two exceptions will avail the man who should be seen during the day, the costume which Mr. New dislikes. He might be invited on at his tailor's or he might be an American diplomatist attending a levee, or present at some ceremony, like, for example, the opening of Parliament by the queen, when levee-dress—or court-dress—is prescribed. In this latter case, he would have a long and arduous struggle to convince doorkeepers and others that he has a right to come in, and be may have to wait the of his diplomatic colleagues to certify to his identity.

"Mr. New spoke of the swallow-tail, no doubt, metaphorically and signified, in this picturesque way, that he accepted a consular rather than a diplomatic post in order to escape the social obligities of diplomatic etiquette, and to be free from the social festivities—some men would call them opportunities—which are opposed to he incident to diplomatic life. Again I say, this is a perfectly accurate one, which is more than can always be said of any view of life abroad by one who has not lived it. Broad is the line drawn in England and all over Europe between the two services, and between the consul on the one hand and the minister on the other, and not the minister only, but the secretary and attaché, and whoever has any official connection with legation or embassy. The functions of the consul are primarily commercial; those of the diplomatist are primarily diplomatic, and Talleyrand is responsible for the maxim that the most important work in diplomacy is other if not always, social. Society is of no consequence to the consul as consul; to the minister it is of great consequence; and he, in return, is of some consequence to society. The American, who has social ambitions in England, has taken to toward gratifying them when be has got a diplomatic appointment; no step, if the appointment be consular. If be has to do with the legation, he has to do with the court, goes to levees and drawing-rooms; is invited to such great court functions as state balls and state concerts—the phrase is odd, but it is used officially—at Buckingham Palace. He is asked to dinner at official parties at the foreign office, the admiralty, the colonies, and elsewhere. He is asked to the great parties at the embassies—all these solely because he is on the staff of the legation. He comes in this way to know many people outside the court and official and diplomatic worlds, and they, too, know him; a diplomatist, however lowly may he his diplomatic rank, is recognized as somebody. They ask him to big parties first, perhaps to a big dinner also. If, in addition to being a diplomatist, he is also agreeable, his currency in society becomes great at once. It is astonishing how quickly he is found for an agreeable person, no matter what his rank or want of rank; provided always that he has tact and can catch the note of the company in which he finds himself. Having this indispensable qualification, he is speedily promoted from big parties to those which are less big; he enters the inner circle, or one of the several inner circles, not always the magic, of which smart society is composed; bis social fortunes are made. It is diplomacy which opened the first door, which gave him tbe chance, a chance by which many and many worthy young men, who sued for a secretarysbip and got it and thought they had got everything with it, have never profited.

"But one of these doors would have opened, not one ever does open, to the consul as consul. He does not go to court, nor is he presented. Governor Waller was never at court, nor ever presented to the Prince of Wales till a few weeks ago, when Mr. White induced him to undergo that ceremony at the Oval. Courts are not held at the Oval, as a rule, but on this occasion the American base-ball players were making their first bow to the English public. The prince and the American consul-general were both there to see, and the transaction took place at that sort of informal levee when the Chicago and All-America boys were presented. But this was at the end of four years, during all which our respected consul never cared to take that first step. He bas his business to do in the city, and he does it; signs invoices, and administers notarial oaths, and reports to his government at home on the state of British trade. The frivolous and giddy world of tbe West End takes no note of him; goes on revolving and flashing unaware of his existence; concerns itself not with his dress; is entirely careless whether he lives in a swallow-tail or in lodgings; would, perhaps, be faintly astonished if told that to this cheerless existence in the outer rim of the unknown world there are compensations. Yet compensations there are, of a solid kind—in hard cash. We pay—the United States Government, with an overflowing surplus in its treasury which it knows not what to do with, pays its minister plenipotentiary in London the sum of seventeen thousand five hundred dollars a year—a sum on which no minister can or does live, unless he totally neglects the elementary social obligations which his office and the expectations of the world of which he makes part and of his transient countrymen impose upon him. The consul-general, meantime, with no social obligations, no enforced expenses of hospitality, or of representation, receives an income which, in times still recent, has been much more than double the minister's salary, and which, perhaps, is still double—that is his compensation. It does not follow that it is too much because the other is too little. But, whereas it costs a minister double his salary to live, a consul-general, during his four years' tenure of office, may very well save one hundred thousand dollars, and take it home with him. The consul-general whom Mr. New succeeds, ex-Governor Waller, of Connecticut, has chosen to lead so modest a life in London that the celebration of his departure will, to a great part of London, be the first news of his presence here. A dinner is to be given him. Mr. New is to be present, and he will see two hundred guests, all at once, clad in the clothes they do not live in. So complete is Governor Waller's social isolation that, in the long list of guests, hardly more than one or two names occur which would be recognized in the world of fashion. Most of them would be known in the city; in the House of Commons; in the haunts of busy men; in many companies distinguished for many virtues and capacities, but not in society."

Visitors to Paris are writing to friends at home accounts of what they are seeing. Here is an extract from a woman's letter to the New York *Sun:* "How clean the streets of Paris are! All Paris is like a buge hall-room, and a lady revels while here in the luxury of clean skirts and shoes. That accounts, I think, for the very elegant white skirts and dainty hosiery wbich the French girls can not help exhibiting as they go skipping over a crossing. One frequently sees a lady in the thinnest of slippers, with delicately tinted silk-stockings, and with white skirts that are wonders on wonders of snowy lace work. This airiness and pureness of attire naturally beautifies the street scenes, and as a result there is no comparison of a promenade here on a sunsbiny afternoon with one in London or New York. The glimpse of feet, the snowy clouds of lace embroideries, the glistening French slippers, give a seaside freshness to the picture."

It takes the Princess of Wales two hours to dress every day. Despite her increase in years, there are courtiers who declare that she looks handsomer than when she first arrived in England, and they take as the reason the fact that the style of dress suits her so much better tban wbat is now considered the dowdy dress of a quarter of a century ago. Nobody knows wbere tbe princess gets her gowns from. It is generally supposed that her maid makes them from patterns supplied. However, the princess can not pose as a leader of fashion except to women of a certain age. For instance, she can not wear the gaudy flower-crowned hats which are coming into season this spring, and yet these hats will be what is known as "fashionable" nevertheless. Who makes those pretty fringes? Some say that her barber shifts his lodgings every week. Others declare that this hair-dresser supplies the material, and that a maid makes it up. A London *Star* reporter tracked this bair-dresser to a street in the West End, and there lost all trace of him. Really the Princess of Wales has very little hair. It amounts to nothing more than what women know as a "wisp." At Sandringham there is a room just like a huge hatter's shop. All around it are little receptacles, varied by pier-glasses, and these receptacles contain the hats and bonnets of the princess and her husband. When she is at home she wears two or three different hats every day, but she always wears a bonnet when out visiting. For a princess her bonnets should not be considered extravagant. She generally gives about thirty shillings for a hat or bonnet, not at all an extravagant price, when one can see the dowdiest of bonnets at some of the so-called society milliners' in Bond Street marked at three or four guineas each. But the Princess of Wales certainly has the faculty of dressing neatly; and women who are neat are seldom expensive in taste. It is the young princesses who will pose as leaders of fashion shortly, until they are married. It was not until lately that they attained the dignity of "dressing" at all—that is, dressing in a woman's sense of the word as opposed to a girl's. In fact they were quite dowdy in tbe simplicity of their costumes until people began to remark on it. Now they are a little better.

A London correspondent says: I saw a new "frivolity" yesterday which pleased me vastly. A very pretty young woman occupied a stall in front of me at the Lyceum, and she smelled so nice—you have no idea. In vain I looked about for a bouquet of violets. She carried none. But around her swan-like tbroat she wore a boa, literally a thick rope composed of the finest Russian and Parma violets. Some of them were just a little drooping and dead, and even my argus eye was for a moment half deceived. They were artificial, but the very triumph of floral art, each blossom being as individual and different as it would be in a real, natural garland. The perfume, too, was exactly imitated. Further than that, realistic imitation could not go.

The decadence of the crush-hat (says *Town Topics*) is a subject upon which the average man of fashion can not talk without losing his temper. He seems to loathe his slavery to a master who is so unreasonable as not to make use of a good thing when he has it. Only yesterday a man who is to be seen at every fashionable entertainment, and who is supposed to be a leader, so far as a bachelor can be a leader, was lamenting the fact that the opera-hat has been replaced for evening wear by the all-too-delicate beaver. To wear a silk-hat to the theatre certainly means to have it ruined, and to wear one to a ball or large evening gathering, and intrust it to the tender mercies of the genii of the hat and coat-room, is to be put to the expense of buying a new one on the following day.

I was shown, the other day, writes a correspondent, a whole boxful of *frisures*, fringes, curls, and what not, which were ordered for the august head of the Regent of Spain, who, fearing that hot irons would make her own fine silky, but not luxuriant, head of hair prematurely gray, resorts to the vicarious scalp. When her maid has accumulated a good supply of her mistress's combings, she hands them over to a capillary artist, who has them sorted hair by hair, the roots being always placed together. It would never do to place roots and ends indiscriminately, the hair having, as they say, *un sens*, by which they mean "a grain." A M. Albert, whilom coiffeur to la grand duchesse, is famous for this kind of work. He weaves all the hairs into a scalp, and to give a permanent curly and wavy set, has the hair put in the curling and waving irons, and placed for a week in a steam-heated oven. The heat of fire would not do so well, and would darken the hue of fair, or of gray, or red hair. His object is to make the scalp match exactly with the live hair in texture and color. Before the steam-oven device was hit upon, most of the hair used for artificial scalps was taken from the heads of infants, because that taken from adult heads would not curl and wave so well. The prices for making scalps with hair gathered as I have described vary. But I am told that it is possible to have quite a handsome one for about ten dollars.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The report that Mr. Whitelaw Reid, our minister to Paris, has taken the furnished residence of the Countess de Grammont, in the Avenue Hoche, for the sum of twenty thousand dollars per annum of rent, is in painful contrast with the fact that Elihu B. Washburne, wben minister to France, occupied inexpensive apartments in the Rue Chio. Mr. Washburne was an able man of distinguished character, who had filled the most responsible trusts in our government, but was poor. Mr. Robert Lincoln, son of the President, Secretary of War, a good lawyer, goes to the higher mission at England, and will he compelled to live moderately, because he is poor. If Mr. Whitelaw Reid was appointed to France because of bis ability, and not because of his money, it would he appropriate that he should live in a more modest position than to dwell in the residence of the Countess de Grammont. The tendency of official life is to the ostentatious display of wealth. Nearly half the positions in the Senate of the United States are occupied hy millionaires, and they are not all of them men of the highest intelligence or the best morals. If embassadors are to be chosen from among wealthy men, our diplomacy will fall into contempt. If embassadors are at all necessary in this age of steam, telegraphy, and post-offices, it were better that official residences should be provided in order that poor men could he guaranteed a respectable home.

The apparently most foul and cowardly murder of Dr. Cronin, of Chicago, presumably perpetrated hy Irishmen to cover defalcations of moneys sent hy Irish-Americans in aid of oppressed and persecuted Irish patriots, is explained by the *Examiner* as having heen instigated hy the Tory party in England, and accomplished hy the police of Scotland Yard, in order to tarnish the fair name of Irish agitators in America. This idea is not original. It was used when Lord Cavendisb was murdered, again when Piggott was exposed in his forgeries. It has done service in every crime of Irish politicians which has heen exposed. The course of the Pope in reference to the boycott and Irish violence is accounted for on the hypothesis of English influence. The *Examiner* is a wonderfully enterprising news-machine.

The endeavor to compel Mr. Hawkins to associate with common criminals is a source of great mortification. We think a wide distinction should he drawn between a gentleman, who takes advantage of his friendly associations with a lady to obtrude himself into her carriage to murder her, and the ordinary vulgar ruffian, who would commit so unpardonable and infamous a crime for some more powerful reason. As we understand, Mr. Peter Donahue had befriended this unfortunate, and we hope deranged relative, which, even to a gentleman, furnishes no apparent excuse for the assassination of a lady who holds the relation of executrix to the estate. The act apparently is that of a crazed inebriate.

The *Examiner* has undertaken to smirch the administration of Governor Waterman with a view to the election of a Roman Catholic Irish gentleman as his successor. To this end, it is misrepresenting every incident connected with prison investigations, and is apparently unwilling that the lies told hy Democratic officials concerning its management should be exposed.

By way of the *Examiner*, we are informed that three Cabinet officers have struck against the administration for higher responsibilities, and threatened to resign if not accorded a more exclusive and immediate control over appointments.

"TALK, LIGHT AND AIRY."

"Iris" repeats an Interesting Discussion on Love and Matrimony.

The scene was Mrs. Jones's small reception-room. It was half-past five o'clock, and they were having tea, crushed-almond cakes, glacé fruit, sugared strawberries, and conversation. The ladies sipped and nibbled daintily, but the men, with the consciousness of dinner waiting in the background, refrained from the ethereal feast. There was something in the hour and the place particularly conducive to the discussion of abstract topics, to placid argument, to confidential unfoldings of cherished ideas and opinions. With a dusky room, a small fire, and half-a-dozen people, all on speaking terms, this is sure to follow.

It was twilight, an hour which delicately invites a recital of romantic experiences, and some of the ladies—the older ones—had had experiences which they were not averse to coyly touch on, broaching the subject with a meaning "Well, this happened to an intimate friend of mine," while their heads drooped musingly in an attitude of pensive grace, all the more picturesque by the wavering light of half-a-dozen candles burning sideways in the draught from the open window. The lamp, under an opaque blue shade, shone dim, like a faded, morning moon. There was a red light of smoldering pine-cones on the hearth, playing, as the air passed over their crimson, curled-up edges, in a sudden blush on the listening faces of the ladies, on Mr. Harding's gold locket dangling from his watch-chain, and which contained, it was rumored, a colored reproduction of Miss Ethel's piquant and impertinent profile; on the Rhinestone buckles on Mrs. Brown's slippers—though the evening was warm, Mrs. Brown, from force of habit, had them stretched out toward the hearth—on the jeweled pins buried in Miss Tompkins's dusky hair, and the arch of her polished nails, where her fingers lightly touched the chain about her throat; on that very profile of Miss Ethel's, with its retroussé nose, which shortened and drew up her upper lip in such a bewitching manner—at least her admirers called it bewitching. Miss Ethel herself used to say, craning her neck before the glass to view the offending profile in different lights: "It has taken me three years to learn to keep my mouth shut, and it's all the fault of my nose." Yes, at that hour, Mrs. Jones's reception-room was romantic, cosy, and charming with the dim lights, the pretty women, the soft voices!

The gentlemen—there were only two of them among five women, but such is apt to be the sad case at afternoon teas—were quite uneasy at the lack of masculine support. They gave their views timorously. Mr. Harding—he was an artist—was large, and massive, and silent, a rather lumbering sort of young man, you would have called him. He was not responsive; some people said he was "very heavy lifting." And whenever Miss Ethel spoke in that extremely vivacious manner of hers, which is said to be attractive to most men, be looked at her in the funniest, most meditative sort of way under bis eyelids. It was impossible to tell what he thought of her. The other man—I do not remember, but I think his name began with a W—was quite different, gay and sprightly as a two-year-old. He had quantities of opinions, and he never looked into his hat in that melancboly, baffled way which was so disconcerting when you addressed Mr. Harding suddenly, and which always made you feel as if you were in church. Perhaps Mr. W.'s business had developed his social instincts. It was patent medicines, or cosmetics, or canned goods, or something of that kind. You took it either internally or externally for your digestion, or your complexion, or your nutrition. I seem to have forgotten a good deal about him, all except his vivacity and bis long yellow mustache, which he lovingly pulled and then glimpsed down to see if it had grown since be looked last time.

They drifted on to subjects of an interesting, almost tender, nature—on the advisability of moneyless lovers proposing to their divinities. Mrs. Jones—the bostess—in a white tea-gown, with a wired ruff standing up round her ears, started it. She and Miss Ethel were full of stories of the peculiar fascinations and romantic experiences of innumerable bosom friends. Mr. Harding, the while, kept his eyes on his hat; he had quite the air of one who blushes. Miss Tompkins gave a very decided opinion:

"I think, of course, the man should speak," said she, in her lazy, English voice, her elbow buried deep in the plush cushion; "it's not fair to the lady. Suppose you yourself are in love with him, what are you going to do? Can the lady propose? They only do that among crowned heads and in novels. I call it foolish pride which keeps a man from acknowledging a noble sentiment."

"And if he does acknowledge his noble sentiment—what then?" suggested the lively Mr. W.; "you can't live on noble sentiments. He loves you and you love him to distraction, and that's the end of it. A man must have a pretty bigh opinion of his charms when he asks his lady-love to 'fly with him and he the pirate's bride' in a boarding-house, on a hundred dollars a month."

"Well, he ought to give her a chance to say what she thinks about it."

"She may have a fortune up the chimney, in an old stocking. She may have been saving up in anticipation of some such denouement."

"But I don't see exactly what he's supposed to say, even if he does 'acknowledge his noble sentiment.' What a ridiculous position! 'Darling, I adore you!' Then she says either 'I adore you, too,' or, 'I don't,' and then he says: 'Well—that's all,' and goes out. You can't refuse or accept what hasn't been offered. I think that's an idiotic performance," this from the caustic Miss Ethel, who was supposed to be quite a connoisseur on such subjects.

"You will find most men take my view," said Mr. W., stubborn to the end; "even if they knew the girl reciprocated, they would go away and keep silent. Not hang on and drive away more eligible suitors."

"Well, let me tell a story," said Mrs. Brown — and with that she began one of the "experiences," a veritable experience having happened to a veritable friend.

"She was young, charming, pretty, and penniless, and she had an admirer who was also young, charming, and penniless. He believed, as Mr. W. does, that the man of high honor and no means or prospects should never tell his love, but let concealment prey on his damask cheek. He didn't, however, sit like Patience on a monument. He went to Australia. He made a cold, but friendly, farewell to his charmer, telling her he was going to seek his fortune. She—poor soul! adored him—thought she saw through his motives, and resolved to wait for him, faithful as Penelope. He would, some day, return successful—it was only a matter of a few years. In the meantime, there would be letters and assurances of growing success. What was a little waiting? Time was made for slaves.

"This was all very well, but the man of iron wrote no letters—he wished to leave her entirely free. She waited and grew gradually distrustful of his affection. He, in Australia, worked for the fortune, and got it slowly. Finally, two years passed. The man was of that faithful calibre which can not change. He never wavered. The girl hoped on for a time, refused several suitors, then began to lose heart, withered, saw herself beginning to fade, and—died? Not at all, selected the most agreeable of the suitors, and became engaged to him. She had come to the conclusion that her friend in Australia had forgotten her, and she disliked the idea of becoming an old maid. On the evening before her wedding—the story fits together as well as a French romance—comes a violent ring at the bell, a well-known step on the stairs, and lo and behold! her old love, with a heard, and a valise full of gold-dust, or nuggets, or bank-bills—any way, the fortune. He had just arrived. He had rushed up from the depôt. He had come to claim her at last. I must confess his impetuosity in this scene was in somewhat violent contrast to his former self-control. Any way, there he was! What would you have done, Miss Ethel?"

"I?" said Miss Ethel, starting; "oh, when he dashed in, in that splendid, stagey way, and cried out, 'Ethel, wilt fly with me?' I would have answered, 'Just wait till I get my hat,' rushed upstairs, put on my best hat—my best, you understand, for papa might have been annoyed and not let me come back and get my things—taken my new English bag with the dressing-case inside, my umbrella, Bobo——"

"What's Bobo?" interrupted Mr. Harding, wbose staring eyes were fixed in awe on this daugbter of a free soil.

"Bobo? my dog—a pug, a perfect beauty—sent a telegram to my *fiancé* that I was sorry, but had a previous engagement, and we would have gone dashing off in a hansom cab, like the prince and princess in the enchanted coach. I hope your lady did this."

"No, she sent her man away—told him very quietly that she was to be married, and, when he was gone, she nearly went insane, for she was as fond of him as ever."

"And married the other man the next day? What a borrid story!"

"I consider ber a very plucky woman," said the inflexible dealer in canned meats or cosmetics.

"I consider her a perfect fool," said Miss Ethel, with decision; "and what do you think, Mr. Harding?"

"It's a complicated case," drawled Mr. Harding, still apparently rather stupefied. "The man ought to have written, of course. He might have cabled every time he made a fresh raise, '*Will fifty thou. be sufficient to start on? Have got that now. If not, let me know.*' That would have removed the element of uncertainty, which must have been rather trying to both of them."

"Well, I think the man and the woman in that story are both absurd. Their conduct is as unreasonable as Cordelia's was in the first act of 'King Lear.' People should be more open and sincere." This was Miss Tompkins. She did not wear glasses, but sbe came from Boston, and there was a deadly determination in her manner, which alarmed timid people. Mr. Harding was really very much afraid of her, and most men suffered in the same way. "And yet," she added, "I don't see what else they could have done. It's rather presumptuous for a man to ask a young girl to wait years and years for him. And if he goes off in silence, like Mrs. Brown's hero, why, for a time, she mourns for him, then decides to make the best of things, brightens up, takes an interest in her new spring clothes, and eventually ends by marrying some one else."

"And lives happy ever after—that's the way of it."

The talk ran on thus for a few minutes, branching off into the various channels which Mrs. Brown's story had opened up. Then, in a lull, Mr. W. was heard to ask, anxiously:

"Well, I'm curious to know how those fine young fellows, who dance through half-a-dozen seasons, manage without ever losing their hearts. And in the end, they always marry heiresses. What do you call them—Detrimentals?"

"Detrimentals? Oh, ask Miss Ethel. She's good authority on that point."

"Detrimentals?" said Miss Ethel, pricking up her ears; "yes, I know all about them. They're a little bit the same as Best Men. That is, a Best Man is almost always a Detrimental. It's sad, but true."

"And how do they manage? They have no money. Don't they ever fall in love, like Mrs. Brown's poor young man?"

"Fall in love!" sardonically, "that's all they do. That's how they come to marry the heiress in the end, because they have practiced so long on the other girls that they've grown to be masters of the art. Oh, yes; your Best Man is always very much in love with you, and he's got no scruples about it to you. As a rule he doesn't talk about anything else. And then after he's told it to you in every conceivable form in which it can be said, he comes one fine day, all dressed in his new clothes, and says, 'Dearest, I love you distractedly.' 'Oh, yes,' you say, 'I know all about that. Don't bother yourself to say it all over again.' 'I love you distractedly, but you know it's impossible for us to marry, because you've got seventy-five dollars a month to dress on, and I've got a hundred to live on, and we've both got the tastes for a thousand. So you see, my angel, we'll have to stop this sort of fooling. I'm very handsome and very charming, and I'm now on my way to hunt for an heiress. You might suggest to me which of the various ways that I have told you of my adoration is the most effective, for of course you wish me luck in my enterprise. Well, if I find her, I'll send you word. I know you'll be glad to hear of my success. As for you, you've had the pleasure of knowing me. It's not only a pleasure, it's an education. Profit by it. You're very charming and very pretty, too, and you might try and marry an heir. If you can't get a man who is somebody's heir, you'll have to take what you can get—and "there's small choice between rotten apples," yes, I know that. Well, wish me joy. Au revoir.' That's a Best Man!"

"And doesn't be suffer pangs of conscience?"

"Conscience! Oh, my dear Miss Tompkins, conscience has no more to do with love-making than it has with politics."

"And does he marry the heiress?"

"Oh, eventually. He has to stand a good many repulses before he meets with one encouragement. Sometimes the heiress has a friend among the Best Girls—and then the secrets of the prison-house are revealed. We're only Christians up to a certain point, you know. And then afterward he comes and tells us all about his non-success. We condole. I'm afraid we're not either of us exactly trutbful. Best Men are quite amusing at first, but one is apt to grow tired of them. I gave them up some years ago," and she cast her eyes upward to the ceiling with a soft and lingering sigh.

Soon after this the company scattered. The air was sewn with laughing good-byes and parting jokes. As they all went clattering down the stairs, Mr. Harding and Miss Ethel brought up the rear, the former still in the state of coma induced by Miss Ethel's last ebullition of oratory. IRIS.

MAY 18, 1889.

OLD FAVORITES.

Afar in the Desert.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone at my side;
When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,
And, sick of the present, I cling to the Past;
When the eye is suffused with regretful tears,
From the fond recollections of former years;
And shadows of things that have long since fled
Flit over the brain like the ghosts of the dead:
Bright visions of glory—that vanish too soon;
Day-dreams—that depart ere manhood's noon;
Attachments—by fate or by falsehood reft;
Companions of early days—lost or left;

And my native land—whose magical name
Thrills to the heart like electric flame;
The home of my childhood, the haunts of my prime;
All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time,
When the feelings were young and the world was new,
Like the fresh bowers of Eden unfolding to view;
All—all now forsaken—forgotten—foregone!
And I—a lone exile, remembered by none—
My high aims abandoned—my good deeds undone—
Aweary of all that is under the sun—
With that sadness of heart which no stranger can scan
I fly to the Desert, afar from man.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side,
When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,
With its scenes of oppression, corruption, and strife—
The proud man's frown, and the base man's fear,
The scorner's laugh, and the sufferer's tear—
And malice and meanness, and falsehood and folly,
Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy;
When my bosom is full, and my thoughts are high,
And my soul is sick with the bondman's sigh—
Oh! then there is freedom, and joy, and pride
Afar in the Desert alone to ride!
There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,
And to hound away with the eagle's speed,
With the deadly-fraught firelock in my hand—
The only law of the Desert Land!

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
Away, away, from the dwellings of men,
By the wild deer's haunt, by the buffalo's glen;
By valley remote, where the orihi plays,
Where the gnu, the gazelle, and the harte-beest graze,
And the kudu and eland unhunted recline
By the skirts of gray forests o'erhung with wild vine,
Where the elephant browses at peace in his wood,
And the river-horse gambols unscared in the flood;
And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will
In the fen where the wild ass is drinking his fill.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
Away, away, in the wilderness vast
Where the white man's foot hath never passed,
And the quivered Coranna or Bechuán
Hath rarely crossed with his roving clan:
A region of emptiness, howling and drear,
Which man hath abandoned from famine or fear;
Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,
With the twilight bat from the yawning stone;
Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes root,
Save poisonous herbs that pierce the foot;

And the bitter melon, for food and drink,
Is the pilgrim's fare by the salt lake's brink:
A region of drought, where no river glides,
Nor rippling brook with osiered sides;
Where sedgy pool, nor bubbling fount,
Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount
Appears to refresh the aching eye;
But the harren earth, and the burning sky,
And the blank horizon, round and round
Spread, void of living sight or sound.

And here, while the night winds round me sigh,
And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,
As I sit apart by the Desert stone,
Like Elijah at Horeb's cave alone,
"A still small voice" comes through the wild
(Like a father consoling his fretful child)
Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear,
Saying—Man is distant, but God is near.

—*Thomas Prin*

Young French priests will before long be liable to military service in France, if the new military bill goes through, as is thought it will. It is alleged that thousands of young men enter the seminaries every year in order to avoid the army.

VARNISHING DAY.

"Parisina" describes the First Glimpse of the Paris Salon.

ou may be sure none of us missed the varnishing at the Son—sooner not be present at the opening of the Universal E ihition. Such a motley gathering as we were, too—artists, an teurs and art critics, novelists and dramatists, newspaper re rters, *mondains* and *mondaines*, actors and actresses, co r-venders and photographers, milliners and *horizontales*, jo ed each other in curious and picturesque confusion. The to *Paris* of first nights, with the whole round of French stio life, from the fortunate owner of a mansion in the Plne Monceaux to the poor *rapin* of the Boul' Miche'.

ashionable? Yes. We were notbing, if not that. The sh of millinery was tremendous; it might have been the tri aph of fashion, not of art. Parisian society is, or at least pr nds to be, devoted to art, and this week the Salon is tbe su ect of all conversations. The pictures are discussed more or ss critically in every drawing-room, like a new play of D as or Sardou, or a new novel by Zola, Maupassant, or Bo get—the latest favorite among authors. A few days sir every one was making rendezvous for the Vernissage. "e shall meet there, of course," said one fasbionable woman to nother; "I would not miss it for the world," declares a e nd. Was it better to go in the afternoon or the morning? I was an important question, and one not easily answered. Ye thorough-paced connoisseur chooses the latter as more e t. She will then have an opportunity of complimenting C nd raving about D.'s picture to his face, and will lay the fo dation of an artistic reputation for herself at the expense of n hour's less sleep in the morning. Others, who go be- a e it would never do for them not to be seen at tbe Palais de Champs-Elysées on Varnishing Day, and because all the w d is going, prefer the afternoon, when the talk will be m e of *chiffons* than of art. The latter is quite ready to fork ou he ten francs' entrance fee—such a gathering of fashion an celebrities is well worth the money; whereas the former bi tly regrets the new arrangement, and infinitely preferred go in with an artist's order, and considers it *infra dig.* to ha to pay like any ordinary mortal.

s early as eight o'clock, groups of people are to be seen ac ring round the door. These are mostly artists who have fo d favor for the first time with tbe jury, and who are burn- ing with eagerness and anxiety to know how they have been re ed. For tbem, tbe palace holds but one picture, but one pi e of sculpture—their own. No sooner are tbe doors open h they rush madly through tbe rooms in quest of tbe work w h they have created, and dire is the disappointment if they ir the canvas skied, the statue or bust relegated to an out- of e-way corner. Their seniors have their feelings better in a l, but they suffer equally, in a more covert fashion. They m know that their paintings are hung on the line—such se- cu generally creep out some way or other—this, however, is n ll; so much depends on the surroundings; an ill-assorted ne bor will kill the harmony of color in a *chef d'œuvre*. T members of the jury, as a matter of course, rise superior to e trials which assail their less fortunate brethren. If they ha not actually chosen the places their works occupy, at e no disagreeable surprise is in store for them, as they ake, of all exbibitors, have had free access to the galleries. mong the earliest arrivals are bevies of sweet girl stu- de s. The jury has this year been unusually lenient to female ar s, and there is much rejoicing at Julian's and elsewhere. E n one comes flanked by a companion, a mother or sister —ore often in the care of your American or Englisb art st ent, a friend, the girl being frequently here without her fa ly. This is the "happiest day of all the glad new year" fo them. Tbey have looked forward to it for ever so long. Th r dress has cost them no small amount of tbougbt, and no one among them but has a new hat. The prevailing fasb- io are after their own heart, and they have gone in for ar- tis harmonies, soft clinging skirts, broad brims, and low cr ns, over which the blossoms and vine-garlands trail in pi resque confusion. I should have advised a little more di etion in the use of the powder-puff, perhaps, and a youtb- ful yebrow needs no pencil to rectify its irregularity, according to y thinking.

love to watch them warmed by a worthy entbusiasm for ar nd yet not forgetful of tbeir little coquetries! Bashful, to where their own works are concerned. So glad to be ad tted into tbe sanctuary that they hardly murmur to find th pictures hung on the tbird row, and reserving all their gu for their master. Ah! how they believe in him, how th admire him! And he, almost unconscious of tbeir ad- mi tion in the god-like sublimity of talent, hardly heeds the sp cling eyes and blushing cheeks of his girl-pupils who wor- sh him from afar and sing his praises wberever they go. Of ourse they each assume their own master to be the best and th leverest, and are sure that he, and he alone, is worthy of th Médaille d'Honneur. Of all those wbo profess in the sc ols, Benjamin Constant, Tony Robert Fleury, and Carolus D n are the most beloved. We will not say it is because th men are among the youngest of the masters and have a re tation for social success. The hard things the critics have be saying—and with reason—of Carolus Duran's "Triumph of acchus" have gone to tbe bearts of his pupils, who will not co ss he has made a big mistake.

arly too, are the lady amateurs, but far less entertaining to e on-lookers than the students. They are generally aw- fu conceited—talk only of their own works—"mon tableau," "m n buste," are words forever on their lips. If they men- tio their master, it is only to quote some compliment he has pa them, real or imaginary. Yet they are often under deep ob tations to him, a touch of the brush, clean manipulation of e clay, may have given the I-know-not-what their picture or ast needed to get it accepted. Tbese women will take up a sition in the near neighborhood of their exhibit and pounce d n on every friend and acquaintance wbom they spy, and c y him or her off in triumph to admire the beauties of the pa ting or piece of sculpture which they show off witb undis- guised pride and exultation. I always feel very sorry for myself when so taken in tow by one of these irrepressible females. What hard work it is sometimes to hammer out a word of praise where none is due. Fortunately, lady amateurs will frame the expected compliment themselves—"You will see I have been peculiarly happy in my treatment of the subject," or, "My friends assure me the coloring is most harmonious," or, again, "I must tell you, drawing is my strong point," and then you have only to acquiesce and enlarge on the same text. Fatigue is unknown to such devotees of the brush. Toward the end of the day I came across a young woman who informed me she had been there ever since eight o'clock; and I found her just as greedy of honeyed words. Their appetite for such cloying food is tremendous.

Most of the professors are members of the jury, and they dawdle in about ten, which is the time when the first batch of mundanes make their appearance. Their progress is stayed at every step. Now, they are arrested by the pretty speeches of the fashionable connoisseurs, who bustle up to them, and are charmed to be seen in conversation with the gods of this Olympus. Now, they have to listen to the complaints of an artist of lesser rank, who considers his merits have been passed over, and who is clamorous to have his picture removed to a more favorable position; or they are button-holed by a reporter who is anxious to obtain some tid-bit of artistic tittle-tattle for his next article. The art critics are above such minor interests, and they are as much sought after as the members of the jury, and are—if anything—less accessible. Wolff is monarch of all he surveys. Besides, to a great extent, their work is over. Their criticisms appeared, for the most part, in the morning's paper. They have spent three days at the Salon, and know it by heart, and hardly glance at the walls. Note-books have been left at home.

A little before midday there is a perceptible thinning in the crowd, which has gathered pretty thickly during the last hour. It is time to think of *déjeûner*. The pungent scent of asparagus is borne on the air from the lower regions, and the clatter of plates is heard above tbe clatter of tongues. All the tables in the restaurant below presently have their full contingent of guests. Tbe majority, however, do not patronize the fare provided within the building. It is infinitely more *chic* to breakfast at Ledoyen's outside. Mine host is half an artist himself, and is immensely proud of his *renommée* in the artistic world. The verandah, as well as the dining-room, is crowded with small tables, most of which have been bespoken since the morning. *Messieurs les Peintres* are proverbially fond of good eating, and if the bills are somewhat beavy, Ledoyen's cooks are first-rate. Artists wbo are not rich enough to afford the luxury of so *recherché* a house of entertainment, return home to the domestic *biftek aux pommes*, or hie them to Duval's; the students go to breakfast in their accustomed haunts and treat themselves to a whole bottle of claret instead of a *caraffon*, in honor of the day.

The fashionable element is so well represented in the afternoon that it well-nigh drowns the artistic. When we return to the palace from our respective restaurants, a crowd of a different character is pouring in, and, before long, circulation in the galleries is by no means an easy matter. At this juncture the sky, which has been overcast for some time, becomes of a leaden hue, and a violent storm bursts over the building. The hail, falling on tbe roof, breaks a few square yards of glass, and in a few seconds several of the rooms are inundated. The women shriek, the men open their umbrellas, and there is a general stampede. Shapely ankles display themselves provokingly, two or three nervous females prepare to faint and think better of it, dresses must be saved at all hazards. It is the first time, I fancy, that the rain is of the party at a Vernissage, and, in future, we hope to dispense with its visits. Sarah Bernhardt makes her appearance between the first and third claps of thunder. This creates a diversion. She has been lunching at Ledoyen's and brings in a large party with her, and, as they promenade through the rooms, there is a general commotion. Jeanne Samary and the other actresses of the Français are there, too, but wbat are tbey in comparison to Sarah?

At last every one begins to think they have had pictures enough for the moment, and, indeed, have ceased to look at them for some time past. So down into the garden one after another we go. It is charmingly fresh here, and bright, and gay. The centre of the nave is filled with a moving throng of elegantly-dressed women. Not a soul has a glance for the sculpture, whereas the points of the beauties who pass and repass are canvassed openly. There are ladies of the great world, dressed like cocottes, and *horizontales* got up like Madonnas; mammas with daughters in quest of husbands—sweet, innocent darlings, tricked out in the beight of fashion; models leaning on the arms of long-haired students; respectable artists with their wives or daughters, somewhat tired with the day's exertions; men-about-town, cigar in moutb, ogling the women; and dress-makers and milliners taking stock of their toilets. Some one has nicknamed tbis the Patinière of tbe Palais de l'Industrie, and I have no doubt a good deal of scandal is talked there. Art is entirely forgotten, and the gossips have it all their own way. No one is in a hurry to go. Tbough it has left off raining, it is too wet for a turn in the Bois, so we all end the afternoon where we began it, until, at last, the guardians call out "On ferme!" and we have to take our departure. There is a rush after *fiacres*, and some of us are forced to make our way across the Cbamps-Elysées on foot beneath the dripping chestnut-trees. Varnishing Day is over. The next grand *première* is that of tbe exhibition. *A Lundi.*

PARIS, May 3, 1889. PARISINA.

The number of queer and foreign names in tbe list of the British Navy is accounted for by the custom, in old times, of converting every captured vessel to the service of the captor, witb the old name retained. As the original vessel wore out, the one whicb was built to replace it received the same name, so that all such names commemorate some victory won in former times.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Queen of England seldoms drinks more than one small glass of wine at dinner, and afterward takes a few drops of good Scotch whisky.

John Wanamaker had saved one hundred dollars by the strictest economy by the time that he was twenty-three years old, and this by a happy stroke in real-estate he made two thousand dollars.

General Butler said to a Washington newspaper-man, a few days ago: "I have had all kinds of abuse and I am used to it. I have been called everything—everything," he added, with an added slant to his left eyelid, "except a —— fool, and no one ever called me that."

Mr. Clarence H. Clark, of Philadelphia, has a set of Motley's "Dutch Republic" which he has "extended" from nine to twenty-nine volumes by the insertion of twenty-five hundred engravings, autographs, etc. The work is said to have cost him fifty thousand dollars.

One of the luckiest investments Secretary Blaine ever made was in a mine at Leadville, Colorado. It has paid dividends of four million five hundred thousand dollars in the last five years, one-seventh of which went to Mr. Blaine, returning him thirteen hundred dollars for every one he invested.

At the centennial banquet, a lady, when told that General Sherman often attended fifteen-course dinners, asked how he managed to escape gastronomic suicide. "I do not eat fifteen per cent. of the dinners I go to," he said; "I go to see the diners and enjoy their enjoyment, which I never could do if I was foolish enough to treat my stomach disrespectfully. I eat to live, and am satisfied with simple food."

The following description of Herr Windthorst is clever and life-like: The figure of a gnome, the long neck of a child, great blue spectacles which shelter the remains of used-up eyes, a large mouth with a satirical twist. Such is Herr Windthorst, the pearl of his party, the most redouhtable Parliamentary tactician, the only adversary Prince Bismarck has been unable to overcome, and with whom he has often had to treat on equal terms.

Frederic Remington, during his recent Mexican trip, undertaken in the interests of *Harper's Magazine* and the *Weekly*, had a specimen member of various regiments in the regular army of Mexico under his immediate orders. He was thus enabled, through the courtesy of the Mexican Minister of War, to make a most complete series of military sketches. He also "did" scenes from life on the great *haciendas*, and a sanguinary bull-fight, which he witnessed in the City of Mexico.

Baron Hirsch, who has just given forty millions of dollars, at one stroke of the pen, to the poor Jews of Russia, Poland, Hungary, and Austria, is fifty-five years of age and childless. He inherited forty millions of florins from his father, which he more than doubled by some remarkable hits of financiering. Besides this gift to the Jews, Baron Hirsch gave ten millions of dollars to Christian charities some time ago. His benefactions are unequaled in the world's history.

The Paris correspondent of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* says: "I met Christine Nilsson, now Countess de Miranda, while walking the other day in the boulevards. How direfully has the once lovely Swede changed for the worse. She has not faded, but she has fattened. Her face is broad, her features heavy, and the expansion of her cheeks has diminished the apparent size of her once-lustrous blue eyes. Her bright, fair hair alone reminds the spectator of her former charms."

Count von Arco Valley, the German Minister at Washington, is one of the most striking personalities in diplomatic circles. He is tall, blonde, and in figure the best type of the German soldier. On state occasions, he wears the court uniform of dark-blue cloth, half covered with gold embroidery, while the other half is covered with shining jeweled decorations won in times of peace as well as in war. The count is unmarried, and his sister is the hostess of the German Legation. She also is a blonde, and very fond of wearing gowns of black and white combined.

Mrs. Gladstone has just celebrated her seventy-seventh birthday, every one of which has been celebrated at the same place—Hawarden Castle. She was born there and inherited the estate from her father. Mrs. Gladstone has been a genuine helpmate to her husband. She has not only helped him in his private life by her accomplishments as a housekeeper, but she has helped him in his public career by performing the duties of his secretary in the early days of their married life, and she has always been his chief adviser. She is the mother of seven children, all of whom are a credit to their parents. Miss Helen Gladstone is the president of Newnham College, and one of the sons is the vicar of Hawarden.

The Blaine family is badly mixed religiously (says the St. Louis *Republic's* Washington correspondent). Miss Hattie Blaine, the youngest daughter of the Secretary of State, was among the number of those who were confirmed at St. John's Episcopal Church a fortnight ago. Miss Hattie Blaine has always been an attendant at St. John's whenever she has been in Washington, and during her former residence in this city regularly attended the Sunday-school. Miss Margaret Blaine may be frequently seen at St. John's, but is not a member of the Episcopal Church. Secretary and Mrs. Blaine have a pew in the Presbyterian Church of the Covenant. Walker Blaine is a Presbyterian, and Emmons, the oldest son, a Congregationalist. Mrs. Coppinger, Mr. Blaine's eldest daughter, is a Catholic.

Etelka Gerster now lives secluded from the world in a castle situated on the summit of a mountain, near the city of Bologna. She passes her days in superintending the education of her children, in reading, and in needle-work. Her voice is said to have lost none of its brilliant qualities, but the precarious condition of her health prevents her from even thinking of ever appearing again in public. Her husband, Sig. Gardini, has resumed his functions as an impresario, and was the manager of the Italian opera troupe which appeared at Kroll's Theatre, in Berlin, during the past winter. He could find, however, no prima donna to adequately fill the place left vacant by the failure of the health and voice of his gifted wife. Mme. Gerster's malady, now of some years' standing, is entirely a nervous affection, brought on by over-fatigue during her last American tour in opera and by resuming the toilsome duties of her profession too soon after the birth of her youngest child. She sang in "Lucia di Lammermoor" when her infant was only six weeks old.

Speaking of his father's physical recreations, Mr. Herbert Gladstone says in the Birmingham *Times*: "He used to be chiefly fond of rowing, riding, and shooting, but during the last twenty or twenty-five years he has had to give up those forms of exercise, and, as is well known, to confine himself mainly to cutting down trees, which he does habitually. He also was a great walker, and not more than fifteen years ago he walked thirty-five miles over the hills in Scotland. In my opinion, he is still good for a twenty-mile tramp. He always attached the greatest importance to physical recreations, and he lost no opportunity of encouraging us in them. He has proved their benefits, and I think is not a bad specimen of their value. But it was only in manly sports and games, in rational recreations, that he stimulated nnd led us. What did he do as regards myself? He sent me to Eton, and every one must be pretty well satisfied that a lad at Eton would get enough physical recreation."

The subscription raised for Mrs. Garfield, through the instrumentality of Cyrus W. Field, aggregated, when invested in government bonds, about three hundred and twelve thousand dollars. General Garfield's life was insured for fifty thousand dollars, the payment of which the companies, for the sake of the extended advertisement it would give them, if for no other purpose, promptly made. Congress also voted her the remainder of the salary which would have been due General Garfield for the first year of service as President, which amounted to forty thousand dollars. The little estate which Garfield left, aggregated some thirty thousand dollars. This was all that he had been able to accumulate after a life of unusual activity. This makes her total estate, in round numbers, about four hundred and fifty thousand dollars in money well invested. From this an income of probably sixteen thousand dollars is derived. In addition to that she has from Congress an annual pension of five thousand dollars, which is now voted to the widows of all ex-Presidents. This fortune has not decreased since James A. Garfield's death.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The terra-cotta-colored cover of the current Centennial Celebration Number of *Harper's Weekly* will hereafter be a permanent feature of this periodical.

It is said that Mr. Howells is desirous of writing a novel, or a series of novels, which will take in all kinds of characters to be found in New York, borrowing the idea, of course, from Balzac's "Comedie Humanie."

Henry Morley resigns the Professorship of English Language and Literature at University College (London) at the end of the present session. The college is advertising for a successor, and states that he will receive three hundred and fifty pounds sterling a year and "the usual share of the class fees."

The possibility of M. Coquelin's return to the Comédie-Française is now a question in French dramatic circles. This is the subject of one of the "Notes on the Parisian Theatres" which Brander Matthews contributes to the current number of *Harper's Weekly*. Portraits of some of the noted actresses belonging to the Comédie-Française accompany the article.

We hear from Paris of a new library to be established there, in which only books written by women are to be kept on the shelves. Not long ago there was a project for getting up a library of that kind in New York. It was found, after full inquiry, that at least ten thousand volumes by female authors could be procured in a short time. In the list, about one-half of the whole were novels, but the other half contained the titles of works upon many branches of science, upon metaphysics, history, philosophy, theology, literary criticism, and education, besides dramas, epics, lyrics, and other poems.

James Payn writes: Sidney Smith once declared that he felt so ill that if you gave him a knife, he would not have the strength to plunge it into the body of a dissenter, and though I am not ill, I feel at my age the same disinclination—though at one time nothing would have pleased me better—to butcher a reviewer. It is, he says, on public grounds that he has taken his pole-axe and smitten these bull-calves—for they are all young and frisky—upon the head; but one can not help suspecting that he has at one time felt their horns in his own (ought-to-have-been) sacred person. A sensitive patient, squirming under the hands of the dentist, was asked by the operator whether he really hurt him. "No," he answered; "but it seems as if you were going to hurt me." That is exactly the position of the meritorious young author with the reviewers; he thinks every unpleasant notice will be the death of him. Yet when they have all come out, he is not a penny the worse. The literary veteran is assured of this beforehand, and takes the shearing without a bleat. As to the general charges made against the "young men" of the reviews, there seems to me the same ground for them there used to be, but no more. The young reviewer is generally a pessimist for divers reasons. It takes some time for literary merit to gain its reward, and youth is impatient; it is much easier to discover faults in one's fellow-creatures and their works than virtues; it is much more striking to be smart than to be just. As to their leaning toward the "fleshly school" of literature, and their pretense of disbelief in female virtue, these errors, too, may be explained, if not excused, by the fewness of their years. Young men often imagine that cynicism is a short cut to maturity of intelligence. "If you will tell me how old he is, and what is his income, I will tell you his opinion," was not written only of the middle-aged.

New Publications.

"The Old Homestead," a novel written from Denman Thompson's popular play of that name, has been published in the Select Series by Street & Smith, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 25 cents.

"Miss Crespigny," one of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's early stories, has been republished in cheap, paper-covered form by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia; for sale by the booksellers; price, 25 cents.

"Near to Happiness," a translation of "A Coté du Bonheur," by Frank H. Potter, has been issued in the Town and Country Library published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"A Chinese and English Phrase Book" has been prepared by T. L. Stedman and K. P. Lee. It contains a great number of dialogues on ordinary and familiar subjects, written in English and Chinese (Canton dialect), with the Chinese and English pronunciation indicated beneath. Published by William R. Jenkins, New York; for sale by the booksellers.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin's charming little "Story of Patsy," which was printed in this city and sold for the benefit of the Silver Street Kindergarten, some seven years ago, has been rewritten and enlarged by the author, and is now reissued, with illustrations by Jessie McDougall, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by Chilion Beach; price, 60 cents.

The second volume of Brentano's Romantic Library, a series of well chosen and well translated stories from foreign authors, is called the Musset Volume, and contains three novelettes, "Margot," "The Beauty-Spot," and "Croisilles," and a comedy in two acts, "Valentin's Wager," transferred into English and preceded by a few words about Musset by E. de V. Vermont. Published by Brentano, New York; for sale by Strickland & Co.; price, 50 cents.

Arthur Sherburne Hardy's latest story, "Passe Rose," which has just been completed in the *Atlantic* and now appears in book-form, is a romance of mediæval Germany in the time of Pepin. Passe Rose is a little gypsy girl, who wanders about with mountebanks, traveling merchants, and soldiers, and finally settles down, with an old gold-beater and his wife, to be as nearly quiet and conventional as such a willful little sprite may become. The story is full of pretty pictures of monastic, court, and city life in that far-off day, and has all the charms of style which gave "The Wind of Destiny" and "But Yet a Woman" a wide and lasting popularity. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.25.

Professor George John Romanes has put forth the first volume of his great work on "Mental Evolution in Man." It is "The Origin of Human Faculty," and in it the author, taking for granted the theory of evolution as regards the whole of organic nature, morphological and psychological, with the exception of the mind of man, proves that exception a mistake. By comparative psychology and comparative philology he shows that the theory applies to the mind of man, if not in the origin and beginning of human intelligence, at least in each individual case as it now comes into existence. Future installments of the work will deal with the intellect, emotions, volition, morals, and religion. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $3.00.

"The Folk-Lore of Plants," by T. F. Thistleton Dyer, is a book written by an enthusiast, whose enthusiasm has been the spur to a clever writer and a conscientious student. The study of the folk-lore of plants has become popular in Europe, of late, and the result is a vast amount of curious information about the superstitions, legends, and tales about plants which are current among the various races of mankind. This book is in some degree a digest of other works, and is very thorough in its presentation of this many-sided subject. Among the topics treated are: "Primitive and Savage Notions Respecting Plants," "Lightning Plants," "Plants in Demonology," "Love-Charms," "Plant Proverbs," "Fabulous Plants," "Children's Rhymes and Games," "Plants in Folk Medicine," etc. A complete index concludes the volume. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.50.

Ernest de Lancey Pierson has written a novel against which the charge can not be brought that it lacks incidents. It is called "The Black Ball," but it must not be thought that this refers to a darkey dance wherein "razzers" provide the element of tragedy. The black ball is one of two pellets chosen by a young New Yorker, who is thereupon condemned to self-inflicted death within a certain time by the duel which this choosing constitutes. This occurs in the first chapter, which concludes with the doomed man's statement "in the next three months I want to crowd the pleasures of a life-time," and after a brief glimpse backward at the events which have led to this determination, the story follows Paul Rexton in the condensed "pleasures of a life-time," as mapped out for him by a journalistic friend. Published by Belford, Clarke & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

Journalistic Chit-Chat.

In a recent number of the *Bazar*, T. W. Higginson thus discusses certain phases of journalism:

"A journalist lately, defending his profession from the charge of ungentlemanly or dishonorable conduct, went on to justify as blameless the very actions he confessed. 'I do not feel that I am doing anything disreputable,' he said, 'if I can get into a secret meeting under false colors and thereby procure news not procurable in any other way, nor do I look upon such procedure as a violation of any confidence—there was no confidence to violate.' In other words, a man may hide himself behind a curtain in a private parlor, or disguise himself as a servant in the family, for the sake of getting at a strictly confidential matter, and yet may claim to be, according to the reporter's standard, a gentleman and a man of honor. Certainly no attack yet made upon the profession of journalism is so formidable—or, I trust, so unfounded—as this bit of unexpected state's evidence.

"It is not strange that one who takes this view of journalism should call the complaint of violation of confidence by professional reporters 'a silly excuse,' or add of the complainant, 'In nine cases out of ten he lies.' It is not strange that he should add: 'The demand that a newspaper should be compelled to publish retractions is nonsensical. Every unsavory assertion it made would be "retracted," and it would utterly lose its value as a newspaper.' Surely this is like saying that a bank which should rectify a mistake in its own payments must lose its value as a bank; or that a shop which takes back a piece of damaged goods will henceforth be avoided by all decent people. And what becomes of the theory that interviewing is a fair and honest thing, beneficial to both parties, if it is admitted that it would be a thing of every day to 'retract' statements were a newspaper once found yielding to such weakness? The whole theory seems based on the assumption that the man interviewed must necessarily be a mean coward and the interviewer necessarily a saint. In such a case as that of Mr. J. R. Lowell's celebrated interview, where the victim supposed himself talking in familiar intercourse to the son of an old friend, and then saw it all put into type, the simple solution would be, according to this state's evidence, that the victim lies. 'He doesn't like the looks of what he says when he sees it in cold print. It becomes a question of veracity between the reporter and the other man; and in his office, almost invariably, the reporter will be believed.' Has any indictment ever been framed against personal journalism which was so formidable as this?

"Consider one instance only of this personal journalism. There has been dragging through this whole winter in the Massachusetts state-house, a prolonged investigation of a charge made against a State official—a man hitherto of the highest character, and in no sense a politician—the charge being brought by a young woman who had been in an insane hospital, had been pronounced unequivocally insane by the physicians, and bore still, in all her mode of tesufying, the evidence of a disordered mind. So far there was nothing unexampled about the case; but the peculiar thing was that all the public investigation and the excitement preceding it had been brought about by a single newspaper, which had interviewed this young woman early in the winter, and had proclaimed her statements abroad to the world. She herself—for I heard her testify—disavowed at point after point the statements of the reporter, saying either that they were greatly exaggerated or that she had said nothing of the kind. Her own counsel, in summing up, took the same position, and could only defend her by sacrificing the reporter. So utterly did the case break down that the curious public, which had at first thronged the committee-room, left it almost deserted, and the hearings closed without public interest. Yet during all the winter, day after day, the man who had thus been made the victim of a newspaper sensation was obliged to give up his other pursuits, to pay counsel, and to be kept upon the strain of constant anxiety—he and his family. And worse, perhaps, than all this individual martyrdom is the general sense of insecurity which it produces. There is no man so innocent in any community who may not, at any moment, be called upon to undergo a similar ordeal at the will of the obscurest reporter.

"This particular outrage has met with little censure from the daily press. The prolonged agony of a trial by newspaper, ending in acquittal, seems to be regarded only as an inevitable incident of newspaper enterprise. Who can wonder, if so, that a certain shadow of suspicion rests over the whole profession of personal journalism, and that men or women of self-respect dread to see a reporter at the door?"

Some Magazines.

In *Medical Classics* for April there are articles on "The Complexion and its Preservation," "Baldness," "How to Make a Woman Beautiful," "Barbers and Barber-Shops as Sources of Disease," "Wakefulness and its Cure," "Spurious Wines," "The Doctor in the Kitchen," and a useful miscellany. Published at 38 Murray Street, New York.

The two vigorous articles on "Agnosticism," in the *Popular Science Monthly* for April and May will be followed by two more equally spirited in the June number. One of these is by Professor Huxley, in rejoinder to Dr. Wace and the Bishop of Peterborough; the other, by Mr. W. H. Mallock, is entitled, "Cowardly Agnosticism," and pungently criticises Professor Huxley's objections to the above phrase, expressed in his first article.

"A Dream of Conquest," by Lloyd Bryce, is the complete novel in the June *Lippincott's*. Other articles are: "George W. Childs's Recollections;" "Fitz-Greene-Halleck," by R. H. Stoddard; "Social Life under the Directory," by Anne H. Wharton; "About Rhyme," by Joel Benton; "A Silent Minority," by Julie K. Wetherill; "A Legal Impressionist," in Judge Tourgée's With Gauge and Swallow tales; "Who Was She?" by Madeline Vincent Dahlgreen; and verses by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Harrison S. Morris, Charles L. Hildredth, and Clarence Ladd Davis.

A sketch of the work of Mr. Bright, by Dr. R. W. Dale, forms the opening paper of the *Contemporary Review* for May. Lord Chief-Justice Fry contributes a paper on "Imitation as a Factor in Human Progress." Thomas Burt, M. P., presents a review of the progress of labor politics as represented in the British Parliament. T. Vincent Tymm contributes a paper on "Agnostic Expositions." Edward T. Cook brings together many curious facts concerning "Prices at the National Gallery." W. S. Lilly contributes the first of a series of papers on Mr. Herbert Spencer. Grant Allen writes on "Individualism and Socialism," and S. S. Addis on "Railways in China." The number concludes with a symposium on the "Industrial Value of Technical Training."

The opening paper in the *Atlantic* for June is "The Highest Structure in the World," by William A. Eddy. "Bonny Hugh of Ironbrook" is a story by Edith Brower. "Rawdon Brown and the Gravestone of 'Banished Norfolk'" are written of by Charles Eliot Norton; "The German Gymnasium in its Working Order" is described by George Montz Wahl; "The Thousand and One Nights" provide the subject of a paper by C. H. Toy; there are new chapters of Henry James's "Tragic Muse"; "The State, the Church, and the Schools" are discussed by Horace E. Scudder; E. T. Johnson writes of "Brevet Martyrs"; "A City of Refuge" is described by William Burnet Wright; Josiah Royce contributes his second paper of "Reflections after a Wandering Life in Australia"; Edwin Lassetter Bynner continues "The Begum's Daughter"; verses are contributed by Edith M. Thomas and Walter Mitchell; and there are papers on Hector Berlioz and Bishop Ken.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Tom Reed, of Maine, has been telling how he was admitted to the bar. He was examined in California by Judge Wallace. Reed says: "The first question Judge Wallace asked me was, 'Is the Legal-Tender Act constitutional?' I did not hesitate a moment. I said simply, 'It is constitutional.' 'You can pass,' said Judge Wallace; 'we always pass a man who can settle great constitutional questions off-hand.'"

A story is told of a famous English admiral, Sir Sydney Smith, whose ship, the *Antelope*, in a terrible storm in the North Sea was driven among the rocks. Sir Sydney summoned his officers to the cabin. "Gentlemen, you know our condition. We are driving on to the breakers. I acknowledge that I can do nothing more. If any of you can make a suggestion, now is the time." There was unbroken silence. "Then there is nothing to be done but to await our fate." He touched the bell. "Pierre, bring up the coffee."

"One night in London," says Billy Emerson, "I went to see 'The World,' and got a seat up front, near the boxes. A lady dropped her programme from the box she occupied, and I picked it up and handed it to her. She was a great swell, I could see, and I noticed that she looked at me pretty hard. 'Hullo,' thinks I, 'I guess I've made a mash.' I had on one of Bell's hang-up suits, and looked pretty natty. So I looked at my lady again with a sort of half eye. Just then the curtain went down, and she made a beckoning motion with her head. 'Aha!' I says to myself, 'I've made an impression on her royals!' I leaned forward and I'll be smashed into pulp if she didn't hand me a sixpence! 'What's this for?' said I. 'Ah, you were kind enough to hand me my programme,' she said. Well, you can bet I was mad."

In the smoking-room of the St. Nicholas Hotel, late one night, Artemus Ward played one of his favorite practical jokes. A number of strangers were reading the papers. Suddenly Ward called out "George! *George!*" Two or three of the men whose names were George looked up. "Why did you leave Schenectady?" inquired Ward, without looking at any one in particular. "If you mean me, sir," said a peppery person, "I never was at Schenectady in my life, and I don't know you, sir!" "You were doing well there, George," continued Ward, imperturbably; "why did you leave the place?" "Confound you, sir," shouted the stranger "I tell you I never saw Schenectady!" and he threw down his paper and stalked out of the room. "His conscience troubles him," said Ward; "but I wish he had told me why he left Schenectady." Then all the strangers shook their heads, and muttered that they had thought there was something strange about that Schenectady man.

A gentleman was watching some spiders, when it occurred to him to try what effect the sound of a tuning-fork would have upon them. He suspected that they would take it for the buzzing of a fly. He selected a large, ugly spider, which had been feasting on flies for two months. The spider was at one edge of its web. Sounding the fork, the man touched a thread at the other side, and watched the result. Mr. Spider had the buzzing sound conveyed to him over his telephone wires, but how was he to know on which particular wire it was traveling? He ran to the centre of the web very quickly, and felt all around until he touched the thread against the other end of which the fork was sounding; then, taking another thread along, just as a man would take an extra piece of rope, he ran out to the fork and sprang upon it. Then he retreated a little way, and looked at the fork. He was puzzled. He had expected to find a buzzing fly. He got on the fork again, and danced with delight. Evidently the sound was music to him.

Those were perilous times for young countrywomen, who were without escorts, in New York during the great centennial celebration, though most of their perils were purely imaginary, writes Julian Ralph in the Providence *Journal*. I overheard one trio of women, of the most rugged and ruddy rustic type, discussing their adventures after the three days' wonder was over. "What did you do when you were spoken to by that man?" one asked of the other. "Oh," said the other, "nothing much. He said it was a pleasant evening, and I said it would be a great deal pleasanter if he would mind his own business." "Did you cry?" the first one asked, adding, "I mean after it was all over." "No; but I was mad enough. What did you do when that dude inquired if he had not met you somewhere?" "What did I do?" the first girl replied, "why, I just drew myself up seven feet high and looked at him. The more he talked, the more I looked at him. Then he began to stutter and apologize, and I just kept on looking at him. At last, he couldn't stand it another second, and he slunk away. Then, I'll own up, I hoiked right to uncle's house, and I had a real, first-rate, good cry." I repeated this overheard conversation to a robust young New Jersey girl of my acquaintance, and that brought out a story from her. "Why," said the robust Jersey girl, "I had an experience of my own. It was when I was visiting in Chicago. A dude asked me something or other about how to find some address, and I beat him with my umbrella until I guess no one will ever bother me again. I ruined a seven-dollar umbrella, any bow. Afterward, my friends said perhaps he really wanted to know something, but, I declare, I never thought of that at the time."

The principal topic of conversation last week in Wall Street was the remarkable purchase of stock made by Samuel M. Schafer, on the real estate exchange. Adrian H. Muller & Co. sell every Wednesday afternoon on the floor of the exchange, stocks, bonds, and other securities, the sale of which has been ordered by the executors or administrators of estates or by the courts for the settlement of the estates. The list of the securities to be sold is always watched by the Wall Street men, because many a bargain in stocks is picked up at these sales. Samuel M. Schafer went to the exchange last Wednesday to buy two hundred and twenty-five shares of New York Central for a customer. The New York Central stock was at the bottom of the list. When he entered, the auctioneer was trying vainly to sell a lot of securities belonging to the estate of Romaine Dillon, which were sold by order of the Union Trust Company as administrator of the estate. The securities included six parcels of miscellaneous coal, gas, and railroad stocks. The securities were offered one by one but no one considered them worth a single bid. Finally, after nearly yelling himself hoarse, the auctioneer bunched the whole lot, and asked if some one would not make a bid. A bid of one hundred dollars was made, and the offers mounted slowly by five and ten dollars. Moved by the spirit of fun than with any idea of purchasing, Mr. Schafer, who was standing by, offered three hundred and sixty dollars, and was surprised at the suddenness with which the lot of securities was knocked down to him. He paid his three hundred and sixty dollars for the lot of securities, and took them to his office, feeling somewhat sheepish over what he considered his folly. At the office, he showed the securities to a number of customers who were there. The customers began to examine the securities as a matter of curiosity. Meanwhile, every one bantered Mr. Schafer on his great bargain. One man noticed that the securities listed as Commercial Gas Company stock were really shares of the Consolidated Gas Company of Baltimore. A gentleman, who was laughing at Mr. Schafer, immediately became serious and said: "If those are Consolidated Gas Company shares and not Commercial, as listed, I will give you twelve thousand dollars for the three hundred and fifty shares." The fun forthwith ceased and an investigation was made. The investigation disclosed that no such company as the Commercial Gas Company of Baltimore had ever existed, and that the Consolidated Gas Company shares were worth forty-five dollars in the market, making the value of the supposed worthless shares fifteen thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars. By some error, the title of the shares had been misprinted, and this explained to Schafer why none of the bidders on the real-estate exchange knew the value of the stock.

An association of *endormeurs* has been unearthed in Belgium whose occupation is to engage a single railway traveler in conversation, offer him a cigar prepared with chloroform, which puts him to sleep, and rob him.

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Ir. and Mrs. James de la Montanya have gone to the ...sers for a couple of weeks.

Miss Ada Sullivan is visiting Mrs. Rudolph B. Spence at ... José.

Irs. W. E. Holloway came over from San Rafael last Thursday to visit friends.

Major B. C. Troman, accompanied by his sister, left for Los Angeles last Wednesday evening. He will go to the Yosemite Valley next Thursday.

Irs. Colonel Dunkelberger, of Los Angeles, has been spending a few days in this city.

Irs. Harris and Mrs. Hawley, whose husbands are officers are the United States steamer *Ranger*, are at Del Coronado.

Irs. Robert Sherwood is enjoying a visit at the Hotel del Coronado.

Irs. George J. Bucknall and Miss Marie Bucknall, who have been enjoying a two weeks' visit to the Yosemite Valley, returned to the city on Monday.

Ir. and Mrs. H. H. Hewlett, of Stockton, have been at the Palace Hotel the last few days.

Ir. and Mrs. William H. Crocker have returned from their Eastern and European trip.

Ir. and Mrs. Isaac L. Requa, of Piedmont, passed the ... part of the week at the Palace Hotel.

Ir. L. J. Rose came up from Los Angeles last Thursday on a visit.

Ir. M. Theo. Kearney, of Fresno, has been visiting here during the week.

Ir. James V. Coleman left for the Eastern States last Tuesday.

Ir. E. B. Carroll, of Sacramento, was in the city during the first of the week.

Ir. and Mrs. A. W. Rose, Jr., have been passing the week at the Palace Hotel.

Ir. and Mrs. Norman Rideout, of Marysville, passed the ... part of the week at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Maud Moore, of San José, has been visiting friends for several days.

Robert L. Sherwood has gone to Seattle, and will be ... about three weeks.

Ir. J. S. Wall, Miss Ella Wall, and Miss Frankie Hart ... at their home in Oakland on May 18th, after a two ... stay in Europe. Misses Lou and Bessie Wall will remain in Berlin a year longer in pursuit of their studies.

Ir. and Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco and Miss Mabel Pacheco arrived here from the East a few days ago.

Ir. H. S. de Fremery and family are at Tours, France, ... they will remain during the summer.

Ir. Joseph Tripp, *née* Chipman, of New York city, is ... the summer with her mother, Mrs. J. W. Dwinelle, ... Berkeley. She is accompanied by her sister-in-law, Miss ... Tripp.

Ir. Martin Regenshurger will go to New York to-day to ... Mrs. Regenshurger.

Ir. Slocovich and Miss Zorka Slocovich have returned ... their home in Brooklyn, N. Y., after a pleasant visit here ... several months' duration to Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Tatum.

Ir. Naglee will leave on May 26th, for a six months' trip ... Europe.

Ir. Wakefield Baker will go East next Saturday.

Ir. Jerome Watson and Miss Jennie Watson have returned from an enjoyable trip to the Yosemite Valley.

Colonel and Mrs. J. D. Fry will leave for Alaska next ... ry.

Ir. Truxtun Beale has returned to the city after an absence in the East of eighteen months.

Ir. and Mrs. J. B. F. Davis have returned from a pleasant visit at the Hotel del Coronado. They will leave in a few weeks to visit the principal cities of the East.

Colonel and Mrs. Kirkpatrick will sail from New York today in the *Etruria* for Europe.

Ir. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels will go to Philadelphia ... July 1st, to reside there permanently.

Ir. John Hays Hammond is stopping at the Hotel Raphael.

Ir. and Mrs. Frederick W. Tallant recently paid a short visit to Cazadero.

Ir. Charles S. Knowles is expected here in a few weeks ... her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Adams.

Ir. and Mrs. J. B. Stetson have returned from a pleasant ... Los Angeles and other southern points.

Major G. B. Galvani will leave early in June to visit the Exposition and his former home in Italy.

Ir. A. Sutro and Miss Clara A. Sutro are in Paris.

Ir. and Mrs. Montgomery Godley are entertaining their ... Mrs. J. C. Cantwell

Ir. George Bonny is in Paris enjoying the exposition.

Ir. and Mrs. Alexander Badlam and Miss Maude Badlam go to Alaska in about three weeks.

Ir. and Mrs. Joseph M. Nougues will pass the summer ... at their villa in Napa County.

Ir. and Mrs. James Keeney have leased a cottage at ... Cruz for the season.

Ir. and Mrs. Thomas Francis Meagher and Miss Lillie ... will soon leave to pass a few weeks at Del Coronado.

Ir. and Mrs. George E. Raum are now in New York ... it is probable that they will go to Europe before ... to this city.

Ir. and Mrs. A. H. Rutherford and Miss Virginia Hanford pass June and July at the Hotel del Monte.

Ir. Charles N. Shaw is paying a visit to New York city.

Ir. and Mrs. John H. Boalt and Miss Alice Boalt will go to Monte on June 1st, for the summer season.

Ir. and Mrs Dell Linderman are in Paris. They are expected home in July.

Ir. Charles J. Bandmann is in New York city.

Ir. and Mrs. J. B. Crockett will pass the season at the Rafael.

Ir. Theresa Fair, Miss Fair, Miss Birdie Fair, and Miss ...liffe have returned from a delightful visit to Coronado. They will go to Del Monte next month.

Ir. Alexander Forbes and the Misses Kate and Maud ... have returned to San Rafael after an extended Eastern trip.

Ir. and Mrs. W. Frank Goad and Miss Ella Goad will go to Del Monte next month to remain throughout the season.

Ir. Louis T. Haggin is at the Hotel Albemarle in New York.

Ir. V. H. L. Barnes will pass the summer at the Peakes' ... Santa Cruz.

Ir. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant have gone to San Mateo ... season, and are occupying the Taylor cottage there.

Ir. and Mrs. J. F. Merrill have been passing a week at ... Del Monte.

Ir. and Mrs. Josiah Belden, of New York, have been at Del Monte.

Notes and Gossip.

Miss Grayson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George W. ... will be married to Mr. William C. Ralston on ... June 6th, at the residence of the bride's parents ...

The grand hop of the season at the Hotel Rafael will be ... Saturday evening, June 8th. A special boat will ... the dance for the city.

St. Paul's Episcopal Church, in Oakland, Miss Alberta ..., daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Tucker, will be ... Mr. Edington Detrick, Jr., at four o'clock next ... afternoon.

Miss Theresa McAllister, daughter of the late Mr. Cutler ...llister, will be married in New York next Wednesday ... McCrae Ingersoll

The wedding of Miss E. Pink Cosby and Mr. Harry E. ... will take place next Wednesday in Sacramento.

Invitations have been issued by Mr. and Mrs. Jared C. ... the wedding of their daughter, Miss Linda Hoag, ... Mr. William Vose Bryan, which will take place on Wednesday evening, June 5th, at half-past eight o'clock, in Central Methodist Episcopal Church. The ceremony will be followed by a reception at the home of the bride's parents, ... Farrell Street.

Mrs. Gardner Lawton gave a charming lunch-party recently at her residence, 1221 California Street. Her guests were Mrs. Theodore Payne, Mrs. Thomas Breeze, Mrs. Barroilhet, Mrs. George Loomis, Mrs. L. P. Martin, Mrs. W. W. Montague, and Miss Wright.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding entertained a party of ten at dinner last Thursday at their residence. Choice flowers adorned the table and a sumptuous menu was enjoyed.

The members of the Reliance Club gave a pleasant dancing-party at Lunt's Hall last Tuesday evening, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. William Heath. The attendance was quite large, and the affair was made highly enjoyable in every way.

Army and Navy.

Major John Egan, First Artillery, U. S. A., has gone to Vancouver Barracks, W. T., and will soon be assigned to duty at Fort Canby, W. T.

Dr. and Mrs. G. W. Rush, U. S. N., came down from Mare Island last Monday, and remained several days at the Occidental Hotel.

Mrs. E. F. Qualtrough, of Mare Island, has been visiting friends here during the week.

Brigadier-General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., visited Santa Cruz and Monterey during the week.

Major Edward Moale, U. S. A., has been granted two months' leave of absence.

Dr. M. M. Walker, U. S. A., has been assigned to duty at Fort Canby, W. T.

ART NOTES.

William Keith, who recently sent one hundred oil and water-colors to Chicago, has received information of the sale of almost all of them at good prices He has just completed a large portrait of Mr. Warren D. Olney. Scattered around his studin are a number of landscapes and marines, some unfinished.

The Art League is progressing well with its thirty-two members, great interest being taken in the life studies. Next Thursday evening there will be an exhibition in the rooms of the yearly work of the pupils, which will continue for a week. The school will close on June 1st, to reopen on September 1st, when Mr. Matthews will be added to the corps of teachers to assist Mr. Yates and Mrs. Richardson.

Miss Matilda Lotz has her studio at Ecouen, a little village near Paris. She recently sent two pictures to this city to fill orders, and sold the painting which was at the spring exhibition of the Art Association

Narjot is engaged upon the portrait of a young lady. He recently sold his Moorish picture "Spring."

John A. Stanton is sketching at Monterey.

Morris & Kennedy have several new pictures by local artists in their gallery, including "Mount Shasta," by Keith; a large basket full of roses, by Miss E. Williams; "Church of the Madonna" (in Venice), by W. B. Gifford; a Directoire maiden, by Miss Eva Withrow; and a painting of hunting-dogs, by E. Narjot. They will open an exhibition of water-colors and etchings in a few days.

Charles R. Peters has sent a picture from Paris to Morris & Kennedy. It displays the rear of a lichen-covered stone cottage, with a peasant-girl walking in the yard with her child in her arms.

Miss Eva Withrow is engaged upon a portrait of Mrs. John R Jarboe.

C. T. Wilson has on exhibition at Bancroft's his large painting of the "Grand Canyon of the Colorado." He recently presented to the Press Club an interesting picture of Arizona scenery.

W. A. Coulter will soon commence a large painting of the new man-of-war *Charleston*.

Thomas Hill is at work at Yosemite.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The testimonial concert tendered to Mr. Alfred Wilkie, will take place at Irving Hall next Wednesday evening, and promises to be an event of unusual interest. An admirable programme will be presented by Miss May Benedict, a new soprano who comes highly recommended by Mme. Cappiani of New York; Miss Mary E. Barnard, contralto; Mr. Wilkie, tenor; Mr. Augustus Thoroton, baritone; a quartet consisting of Messrs. W. G. Wood, F. S. Mitchell, W. C. Stadtfeld, and W. Nielsen; Herr Rudolf Patek, 'celloist; and Mr. Clarke Reynolds, pianist The programme will conclude with a performance in costume, with scenery, etc., of "The Sleeping Queen," an operetta by Balfe which is very little known. Mr. Paul Davis will be the stage-manager of the occasion.

The Philharmonic Society, of San Francisco, will give the fourth concert of its tenth season at Metropolitan Hall next Wednesday evening. The society will be assisted by Miss Cecelia Adler, soprano.

DXXVIII—Bill of Fare for six persons—Sunday, May 26, 1889.

Vermicelli Soup.
Boiled Salmon, Egg Sauce.
Veal Balls. Potato Croquettes.
String Beans. Summer Squash.
Roast Lamb, Mint Sauce.
Tomato Salad.
Raspberries and Cream. Fancy Cakes.
Cherries. Apricots.

VEAL BALLS.—One-quarter of a pound of cold veal, four tablespoonfuls of bread-crumbs, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, half a teaspoonful of mixed dried herbs, quarter teaspoonful of pepper, half a teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of grated nutmeg, one egg; put three tablespoonsful of the bread-crumbs into a bowl, and, chopping the veal finely, mix it therewith; season this with the pepper and salt, adding the nutmeg, also the parsley and herbs, after which the whole must be thoroughly mixed together. To give this consistency, drop in the yoke of the egg, saving the white separately upon a plate. Roll the mixture into small balls, using half an ounce of flour upon the hands to prevent sticking. Beat the white of the egg then slightly, roll the balls therein, and, placing the remaining bread-crumbs in a paper, roll them also in it. Throw them now into clarified fat for four minutes, when they should be taken out and put to dry on kitchen paper, after which pile in an orderly manner upon a hot napkin for serving.

Population is so scattered in New South Wales that the failure of fifty per cent. of the voters to go to the polls at a recent exciting election, where the issue was between protection and free trade, is accounted for by the distances many would have had to travel to cast their votes. In one case, where there was an omission to open polls at a given locality, the electors had to travel two hundred miles or lose their votes.

Von Moltke's objection to intrusting private soldiers with a rifle which can be fired too easily, appears justified since two German regiments have held a sham fight with an imaginary enemy consisting of wooden palisades. The command was three times given to "fire at will," and two hundred and twenty thousand rounds were fired. About nine-tenths of the bullets went clean over the palisades.

Of the £20,000,000 of personal property left by wills in the first quarter of 1889 in Great Britain, the portion left to charity was but £368,805. The three largest estates were Mr. Ryland's, Manchester manufacturer and warehouse man, £2,574,922; Sir William Pearce's, Glasgow shipbuilder, £1,069,669; and Mr. W. J. Cookson's, chemical manufacturer, £585,000.

It is alleged that almost all the turquoises which have been sold during the past ten years have been cheap imitations. They are said to have been manufactured by a Persian syndicate, which has flooded the Nijni-Novgorod fairs with one hundred thousand of the fraudulent stones.

The second annual bench show of the Pacific Kennel Club, at the Mechanics' Pavilion, comes to a close this evening with the auction-sale of dogs. The show has proved unusually interesting through the added exhibition of poultry and pigeons.

THE EIFFEL TOWER.

By François Coppée.

It is interesting to note that while day after day "all Paris" crowds the alleys of the Trocadéro for a view of the Eiffel Tower, the more thoughtful few see in it only a wild freak of engineering skill, and estimate the achievement as of little value. The crowds stare at "the biggest tower on earth," but the feeling of the best minds is that of M. François Coppée: "C'est énorme—ce n'est pas grand." Perhaps it is worth while to listen to the dictum of this distinguished Academician in the verses he has written about the tower, a translation of which appears in the *Atlantic's* "Contributors' Club" for May:

At last I've seen the enormous tower,
The iron mast, with rigging rude.
Confused, unfinished, and deformed,
The monster's hideous, closely viewed.

Gigantic, without form or grace,
A brazen idol (*sans* remorse),
The triumph of a brutal fact
And symbol of a useless force.

This foolish miracle I've tried,
This absurd prodigy I know;
Its endless lengths of winding stair
I've mounted, having vertigo.

Clutching the balustrade, I climbed,
Bewildered, stupefied, by height,
As in a web—a web of iron—
A little quivering spider might.

And as at last the bird alights,
I made its topmost floors resound
Beneath my stumbling feet, which tripp'd
'Mid bolts and cables iron-bound.

* * * * * * *

There I could see, spread out for miles,
Paris—with towers and dome it lay
Arena'd in its purpling hills—
And still beyond, far, far away!

But in this yawning gulf, the Town
Nor charm nor terror had; in brief,
A panorama wrapped in gloom,
A plan of Paris in relief.

Yes, our great swarming Paris now
Is commonplace from this high plane:
The Obelisk a needle's point.
And but a ribbon seems the Seine;

And one is sad at heart to view,
Low-leveled, from this spot mid-air,
The Arc de Triomphe and Notre Dame,
Alas! our glory and our prayer.

What use to climb from point to point?
Of this vast world I can not see
More than my little bit of earth,
And heaven is never nearer me.

The tower of Babel build again?
Why, children of our Gaul, so proud?
Mount Blanc, in dreaming of your tower,
But shrugs his shoulders, bathed in cloud.

* * * * * * *

Well, let our masters run to find
Some artist, ignorant, second-rate.
This tower three hundred metres high
Is overgrown—it is not great.

O Middle Age! O Renaissance!
O those good workers of the Past!
Days of a genial innocence,
Art for art's sake, first thought, and last;

When, burning with a simple faith,
For twenty years the sculptor wrought
His cunning work on one ogive,
Which no stray sunbeam ever caught·

When, fired by all that's great in art,
The king adored his donjon-hall
With marble chiseled by Goujon,
To shelter swallows on the wall!

O older centuries of art!
What shame, to show our iron cage
And awe-struck humpkins to the crowd—
The hundred peoples of our age!

But, spite of failure sad to see,
Our genius has not cried retreat,
And laurels on our brows conceal
The bitter wrinkles of defeat.

That Europe, who stands jeering by,
Should be eclipsed by something tall,
—For this *ferraille* we only pay
Our twenty millions—that is all!

A masterpiece is worth still more;
Although, no doubt, the workman said
This task was just as good for him,
And, singing, gained his daily bread.

No. Out on struggles for ideals,
On tourneys waged in beauty's part!
Markets and stations let us build,
The future themes, the newer art.

* * * * * * *

So here's at last the end, the aim,
The underlying thought, the true
Reason for being, of the fane:
"Admission to the top, *cent sous*."

The idler, looking from below,
Its hundred stories fail to awe.
He, sneering at the monster, asks,
What earthly use can this serve for?

Is Tamerlane without our gates,
And this the vantage-place to taunt
His hosts with knowledge of their ways?
—Oh, no! This is a restaurant.

Upon these dizzying heights, perhaps,
Better can note the watching seer
The shock of worlds and nebulæ?
—Oh, not a bit! There they'll take beer.

Our waning century's not too nice;
We build for *pourboires*, not for art.
The Eiffel Tower's a mere pretext
For gaining money—that's the smart.

* * * * * * *

Building of decadence, too soon
We'll read in letters seen afar:
"Here you may drink," "Here you can dance."
—Who knows? perhaps to *Ça ira!*—

Thou monstrous work, thou failure great,
Ugly colossus, black and blind,
Great iron tower, a Yankee's dream,
Thy hideous image haunts my mind.

In reverie on thy highest plane,
By sad presentiment I hear
The German cannon's sullen roar
Far eastward, on the French frontier.

For on the day when France in arms
Shall cast, with fatal throw, the die,
With bitter tears shall we not look
Where gold and iron wasted lie.

And curse the Herculean task which placed,
At so much toil, at such a cost,
This foolish mast upon the ship
Of Paris—Paris tempest-tossed?

"*Adieu-vat*," our symbolic ship,
The surging wave breaks on thy prow!
The heavens are black, the seas yawn deep.
Oh, toward what reefs now driftest thou?

Enlargement of Premises.

In consequence of the crowded condition of our store and our increasing business, we have been obliged to take in a portion of the adjoining store, 134 Kearny Street. The new addition is connected by a spacious arch in the rear and is thorongbly lighted. The Silk Department, Black Goods, Linen Department, and High Novelty Dress-Goods, will be moved into the New Room, thereby giving more space for customers and an opportunity for the better display of goods in the main store.

DOANE & HENSHELWOOD,
132 Kearny St., cor. Sutter.

— A GERMAN LADY TEACHER, WELL RECOMMENDED and experienced, who speaks French and English and teaches music, wants a situation as governess. Apply, 28 Seventh Street, room 40.

A CARD!

REAL ESTATE REMOVAL.

Easton & Bareford, Real Estate Agents, formerly at No. 13 Post Street, have removed to their new store, No. 614 Market Street, opposite Palace Hotel, where any business intrusted to them will receive their prompt and personal attention. Respectfully,

D. N. EASTON,
(Formerly with Easton, Eldridge & Co.)
C. S. BAREFORD.

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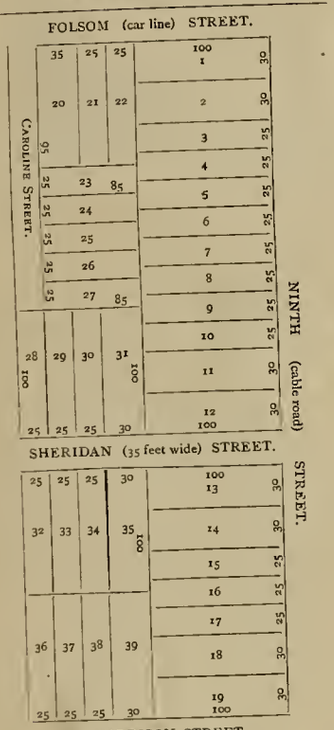

Ninth, Folsom, and Harrison Streets are paved, sewered, have planked sidewalks, and are accepted by the City.

Cable cars pass the property on Ninth Street, and the Tenth Street branch of the Howard Street cable will soon be built.

TERMS—One-half Cash, balance in one and two years, with interest at seven per cent. per annum. Title guaranteed perfect by the CALIFORNIA TITLE INSURANCE AND TRUST COMPANY.

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MCAFEE & BALDWIN

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CIGARETTE GIRLS.

Whence the Photographs of these Maidens Come.

One very pretty, two commonplace, and six ugly young women sat in the dusty office of an advertising photographic work-shop in New York, the other morning, having called in response to this advertisement, which appeared in a morning newspaper:

WANTED—Handsome young ladies to photograph for advertising purposes. Purviance, 115 Christopher St.

The photographer came in and surveyed the result of his advertisement, and looked sorrowfully at a *World* reporter who was present. Then he explained that he wanted to get some young women to pose for figures in certain advertising pictures which his firm were at work upon, and that he would require that the girls possess not only good forms and regular features, but what was quite as important, dresses which were well made and well worn, by well worn, meaning worn with that indescribable air possessed only by women designed by nature as animated fashion-plates.

At this, one of the girls with an Avenue A bang laughed, and cried: "Say, mister, what's the matter with getting Mrs. Langtry!" whereat two of the other girls snickered and the pretty girl blushed. But the photographer did not smile. He merely looked pained. Then he told five of the homely girls that they were too tall, and got rid of them. The pretty girl grew frightened and wanted to run away, but the photographer spoke kindly to her and prevailed upon her to wait.

After a few minutes' talk, he engaged one of the commonplace-looking girls, let the other go on the plea that her complexion was too fair, and, much to the surprise of the reporter, also engaged the ugly girl, who had remained. Last of all, he turned to the pretty girl and asked her if she would not like to earn two dollars a sitting. She replied that she would, if the photographs were such as would not bring her into disrepute, and were not likely to cause her face to become common in the shops. She said that her mother was sick, and that she was obliged to make more money than she had been able to do with her needle. At length, she consented to return the next day for a first trial.

"You see," said the photographer, after the girls had gone, "we can't tell much about a girl's value as a sitter until we have given her a trial. If a girl has a good form, she need not necessarily have a pretty face. You were, no doubt, surprised to see me engage the homeliest girl of the lot who came here. Well, my experience told me that, although she was hideously freckled, her features were regular, and that with proper manipulation by the retouching artist, her picture would come out very pretty, indeed. Truly, her own mother would not know the picture, for it will look like the photograph of a doll-faced girl, with a fair skin. But we are not looking for beauty, save in the abstract. Now, about our little beauty, I am not so sure, for, although she was pretty as a peach, her complexion has not life enough in it to render her a good subject, and her features, while you would call her very pretty, are not so good as the homely girl's. For instance, she has a turned-up nose. Then her figure is rather too undeveloped, but she is a nice little girl, and as she needs the money, and as it is very hard to get girls to consent to be photographed, I will give her a trial. I took the other girl simply because she is smart. She will be able to pose just as she is told, and knows enough to make herself up just as instructed. Then she had on a mighty natty dress—better than she could afford to buy—which must have been given her. Her style and her dress carried her through."

"Then it is hard to procure young women willing to permit their photographs to be used for advertising purposes?" asked the reporter.

"It is almost impossible. You see, the cigarette-men have used up the fancy pictures of the actresses, and, by-the-bye, about ruined the photographers who made a specialty of selling them. The smokers now appreciate pictures of fresh young faces, which they fondly believe belong to the fairies who rolled their paper cigars. But that's where they are fooled. The girls who pose as cigarette-makers of Richmond and other cities are plump New York factory and shop-girls, who never rolled cigarettes in their lives. That is, in the majority of instances; one or two may have in the past. We find that girls won't sit for their photographs. They think it a disgrace, and you will find just as much pride among the tenement-house girls as among the belles of Fifth Avenue. The girls who do consent to sit are almost always those who are driven to it by sudden want, and it is rarely that they will consent at a future time, when their services are again required. It gives them an unenviable notoriety and does them no good. Why, so hard is it to get good figures for this work, that I know of instances where an unusually good subject has been carried about from New York to Boston and Chicago, and all her expenses and twenty-five dollars a week paid. And another funny thing is that it is much easier to get a girl to consent to be photographed in fancy costume, and even in tights, than in her every-day costume. You see, she thinks that no one will recognize her in the fancy costumes, and that she is sure to be recognized and pointed at by all her acquaintances if she sits in her ordinary dress. Another thing which will surprise the ordinary person is that none but respectable girls ever come to us; women of the other stamp can't be induced to pose as cigarette-rollers and that style of worker. We had one sweet young Englishwoman who came here in answer to an advertisement a couple of years ago. She consented to be photographed with long dresses in statuary groups, provided we would permit her to turn her face well away, or stand so that some object in the picture should hide most of her features. Some fellow took a fancy to her modest pictures and married her, and so we lost the best subject we had.

"The history of the base-ball girls whom a Richmond cigarette firm caused to be photographed and scattered over the country, is somewhat remarkable. It is not generally known that this one line of advertising cost that firm over one hundred thousand dollars. The greatest difficulty was experienced in getting proper models. We had to advertise again and again, and take sitting after sitting. Many were thrown out, and when it is known that the tobacco firm paid ten dollars for each negative, whether it was accepted or not, you will appreciate what it cost. They demanded an absolute standard, and rejected everything which did not come up to that standard. The girls wore white base-ball suits, with black stripes, if you will remember. Anthony Comstock made a fortune for the firm by kicking about the style of the pictures. We found one girl who had been brought up among the goats and pigs in the goat district, an ignorant, unwashed specimen of humanity, the most unpromising subject for a model, you would say, that was ever picked up. They laughed at me, but I made her clean herself up and put her into the costume, and she beat them all. She took the prettiest face and most truly correct figure of any model we have ever had, and she is now a professional model among the studios up-town. The artists rave over her. She has a form like a Juno. These girls are now scattered over the country. One, a bewitchingly pretty girl, is now in Boston on the wave of prosperity, one is married to one of the most noted (and toughest) sporting men in the country, and the agent of one of the advertising firms fell in love with another. This is the third time that we have advertised for this lot of girls, and we have selected but seven girls and those provisionally, and that in the face of the fact that they can make from fifteen to forty dollars in three to six days. Then we will have no further use for them for some time."

An American Prince.

It is a matter of wearisome difficulty or entire ease to get into the exhibition grounds to see the tower, according to the method employed (writes Blakely Hall to the New York *Sun*). I went all over town for passes until I met an American sporting character. He is a famous man, with a large, flabby, and expansive exterior, and a countenance which has maintained an expression of fathomless stolidity behind a series of hobtail-straights and monkey-flushes in many exciting situations.

"Ah, there!" he said, moving a hand on which blazed a diamond as big as a hen's egg. "Howdy? Howdy? Didn't know you was in Paree. Goin' t' give the exhibition a whirl?"

"We can't get in," I said, nodding toward a French journalist who was with me. The great American gambler took the nod for an introduction, grasped the hand of the man by my side, and said he was very glad to see him. Then he remarked:

"If you wanter go in, follow me. In case anybody stops you, say I'm a prince, and pass on. Little old American game of bluff. Play up close under and we're sure to win out."

He pulled himself together and stalked majestically toward the main gate, where about a dozen policemen stood on guard. Without so much as glancing at them, the American sporting-man threw his head in the air and stalked haughtily through the gate. On the way, he trod one or two small boys under foot and pushed several women to the wall, but no one had the courage to stop him till he was twenty feet within the grounds. Then a courageous officer stepped in front of him and barred the way. About the same moment half-a-dozen policemen surrounded us, and the French journalist at my side called out excitedly:

"Monsieur le prince!"

The gambler whirled around when he heard the voice, and stared at our detainers with a look of such majestic and outraged hauteur and surprise that the police fell back to a man and touched their hats with abject humility. Then we walked on as guests of honor and distinction.

"They think I'm a prince everywhere on th' continong," said the gambler, complacently, forging ahead, "because I always drink champagne an' wear me sparks in th' mornin'."

He looked affectionately at his "sparks," as he called his diamonds, and plowed ahead.

We encountered many difficulties from the different guards and policemen stationed at the more inaccessible points of the exhibition; but in every instance the extraordinary hearing and majestic carriage of the prince carried us through. At the entrance to the main steps of the Eiffel Tower, a guard was placed who had received instructions to admit nobody, but we went up the tower in the gambler's wake with only a verbal protest.

— GO TO BRADLEY & RULOFSON'S NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont Streets.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The regular annual meeting of the Argonaut Publishing Company will be held at the rooms of the Company, Room 1, No. 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, California, on Tuesday, the fourth day of June, 1889, at the hour of one o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve during the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

JEROME A. HART, Secretary.

Office—Room 3, Argonaut Building, No. 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, California.

SPRING STYLES.

FURNITURE, CARPETS, UPHOLSTERY.

We are now showing a complete assortment of new season's goods suitable for PARLOR, CHAMBER, DINING-ROOM, LIBRARY, and HALL furnishing.

An inspection of our stock is respectfully solicited.

W. & J. SLOANE & CO.

641--647 MARKET ST.

Educational.

MR. ALFRED KELLEHER,
Teacher of Vocal Music,
Mondays and Thursdays at Mills College. Mr. Kelleher is forming a class for the study of part music for female voices. Ladies desirous of attending can address or call at
2324 CLAY ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES AND CHILDREN,
2416 CALIFORNIA STREET.
Miss Emily Edmunds, by special request, will open classes in the Grammar and High School Grades, July 29th. Languages taught colloquially. Instruction in Theory and Practice of Music. Primary Department for young boys and girls under direct supervision of Principal. Separate open-air play-grounds. Recreation and Instruction for little children in the Kindergarten. Reference kindly permitted to the Rt. Rev. Bishop Kip.

SNELL SEMINARY
568 Twelfth Street, Oakland, Cal.,
(Near Broadway).
A Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies. Fall Term begins Monday, August 5, 1889.
For catalogues or information, address
MARY E. SNELL, RICHARD B. SNELL, } Principals.

MISS LAKE'S
BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
KINDERGARTEN FOR CHILDREN,
922 POST STREET.
Winter term begins Monday, January 7th. For circular and all particulars, address:
MISS M. LAKE, Principal.

Educational Institution for Boys
The Leading Private
ST. MATTHEW'S HALL,
SAN MATEO, CAL.
CLASSICAL SCHOOL.
Under Military Discipline.
Special Attention and Advantages for fitting Boys for a Scientific or Classical Course.
REV. ALFRED LEE BREWER,
Principal.
TWENTY-THREE YEARS OF SUCCESSFUL WO
Trinity Term will begin July 25, 1889.

THE LARCHER AND MOE SCHOOLS
— OF —
LANGUAGES,
SAN FRANCISCO, Floor Building. OAKLAND, Hamilton Hall.
EDWARD LARCHER, THEODORE M. MOE, } Princip

VAN NESS SEMINARY,
RALSTON HOUSE,
1222 Pine Street, - - San Francisco, C
(Near Leavenworth, between Sutter and California)
Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies and Ch
For Catalogue or information, address:
MRS. S. B. GAMBLE, Princ
Spring Term commences January 7th, 1

HEALD'S
BUSINESS COLLEGE,
24 Post Street, San Francisco.
For $75 this College instructs in Shorthand, Typewriting, Book-keeping, Telegraphy, Penmanship, Drawing, the English Branches, and everything pertaining to a business for six full months. We have sixteen teachers, and give individual instruction to all our pupils. Our school is its graduates in every part of the State. Send for circ
Stenographers furnished for law and business offices.
Type-writing Machines for sale.
E. P. HEALD, President. C. S. HALEY, Secretary.

ESTABLISHED
1/3 OF A CENTURY!
J. H. TOBIN'S
HIGH-CLASS TAILORING.
Largest Stock of the Finest Goods and Latest Styles for SPRING and SUMMER.
114 MONTGOMERY ST.

DR. R. F. DAVIDSON,
DENTIST,
236 Sutter Street.
OFFICE HOURS: 9 to 12 A. M., 1 to 5 P.
Fees Moderate.

JOHN MIDDLETON,
COAL,
Stockton Street, bet. Post and Sutter Streets.

Transportation--Rail.

SAUSALITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN, via

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, March 31, 1889, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1 30, 3.25, 4.50, 6.10 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 12.30, 1.30, 2.45, 4.20, 5.30, 6.30, P. M. Extra trip on Sunday for Sausalito at 7.30 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.10, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.55 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 9.50, 10.55 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 1.15, 2.45, 4.00, 5.00, 6.05, 7.00 P M. Extra trips on Saturday at 6.25 P. M. Fare, 50 cents. round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 9 55, 11.50 A. M.; 2.30, 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
(Sundays)—7.25, 8.45, 10.35, 11 35 A. M.; 12.45, 1.55, 3.30, 4.40, 5.45, 6.50, 7 45 P. M. Extra trips on Saturday at 7.05 P. M.
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

1.30 P. M., Daily (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at 6.45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12.20 P.M.
3.25 P. M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations.
8.00 A. M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning arrives in San Francisco at 8.15 P. M.

EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rate.
Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.00; Tomales, $2.25; Howard's, $3.50; Cazadero, $4.00.
Sunday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, good on day sold only: Camp Taylor, $1.50; Point Reyes, $1.75; Tomales, $2.00; Howard's, $2.50; Duncan Mills and Cazadero $3.00.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Cazadero daily (except Mondays) for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, and all points on the North Coast.

JNO. W. COLEMAN, General Manager. F. B. LATHAM, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.
General Offices, 327 Pine Street.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From May 12, 1889.	ARRIVE
7.30 A.	For Haywards, Niles and San Jnsé	*12.45 P.
7.30 A.	For Sacramento, and for Redding via Davis	7.15 P.
8.00 A.	For Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga and Santa Rosa	6.15 P.
8.30 A.	Los Angeles Express, for Fresno, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	11.15 A.
8.30 A.	For Niles, San Jnsé, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
10.30 A.	For Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
*12.00 M.	For Haywards, Niles, and San José	3.45 P.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	**6.00 A.
3.00 P.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
3.30 P.	Second Class, for Ogden and East	11.45 A.
4.00 P.	For Stockton and §Milton; for Vallejo, Calistoga & Santa Rosa	9.45 A.
4.30 P.	For Sacramento, and for Knight's Landing via Davis	10.15 A.
* 4.30 P.	For Niles and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
* 4.30 P.	For San José	.....
5.30 P.	For Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
6.30 P.	Central Atlantic Express, for Ogden and East	7.45 A.
7.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	7.45 A.
9.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.

SOUTH PACIFIC COAST RAILWAY DIVISION.

‖7.45 A.	For Newark San José & Santa Cruz	‡ 8.05 P.
8.15 A.	For Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
* 2.45 P.	For Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*11.50 A.
.45 P.	For Centerville, San José, Almaden, and Los Gatos	9.50 A.

COAST DIVISION (Townsend Street Depot.)

7.25 A.	For San José and Way Stations	2.30 P.
‡ 7.50 A.	For Monterey and Santa Cruz, Sunday Excursion	‡ 8.25 P.
8.30 A.	For San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos; Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations	6.12 P.
10.30 A.	For San José, Almaden and Way Stations	7.30 P.
12.01 P.	For Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	5.08 P.
* 2.30 P.	Del Monte Limited. For Menlo Park, San Jnsé, Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville, and Monterey, only.	*11.15 A.
* 3.30 P.	For San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey and principal Way Stations	*10.02 A.
4.35 P.	For Menlo Park and WayStations	7.58 A.
5.30 P.	For San José and Way Stations	9.03 A.
6.35 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A.
‡11.45 P.	For San José and principal Way Stations	‡4.25 P.

A for morning. P. for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only. § Saturdays excepted. ‖ Fridays only. ** Mondays excepted.

"Standard Time" furnished by Lick Observatory.

BONESTELL AND CO.
PAPER WAREHOUSE
401 & 403 SANSOME STREET, S. F.
IMPORTERS OF ALL KINDS OF
PRINTING AND WRAPPING PAPERS

A PROSE POEM.

As the sound of his retreating footsteps died away, I threw myself down upon the spot of pale-green grass under the forsythia-hush, which spread its yellow sprays above me, like some gorgeous Oriental fan. As I glanced up at it, it seemed to me that those graceful and delicate branches, reaching high above the sparse grass of spring, had caught the first light of the coming summer, whose radiance was still hid below our horizon.

And yet I was in no haste for summer. I could welcome her when she came, indeed; but the timorous breath of her younger sister was on my cheek, and my whole heart went out to the tender spring.

It was past the first freshness of the morning, for as I lay down, I heard the clock in the white spire of the village church strike eight, and I had listened intently till the last faint vibration died away, and the robin's chirp alone struck the country silence with life. Yet something of the vague and delicious hours of dawn remained in the dewy warmth of the air, and even in the dream-like tint of gray, which still softened the blue of the distant hills—not a mist, perhaps, but something like the gentle, clinging ghost of a mist, softly hovering about those rugged hills as a memory of youthful love might enshrine a strong man's soul in its shadowy sweetness, half-felt, half-unrecognized.

But as I watched, the sun came up, the light of active life; the hot flame which fires men's blood with the ardor of conflict and enterprise and the ghost of the mist melted away, even as vague memories may vanish from the heart of man. I laid my head upon the ground and slept.

It was high noon when I awoke. The sun had crawled around the forsythia-hush, and fell warm upon my face. I drew back into the golden shade, and taking my simple repast from my pocket, I ate while I gazed out upon the hot earth, whose bosom seemed to pant under the midday glow. I could almost have thought that the grass had grown while I slept, so dull seemed its verdure in that hour when only the cricket sang and the little grasshopper flashed his bright green as he leaped high in the hot, shimmering air.

A man passed by, walking along the road; a man bent with age and labor. His clothes were faded; his eye was dim; his burned face was seamed with a thousand wrinkles. "Such it is to move," thought I; "he toils, he struggles, he moves on unresting; and at the end of it he is faded, and wrinkled, and burned with the unpitying sun. For me this yellow shadow of the forsythia; for me to rise from sleep, to eat my bread and meat, to look out upon the world with the sun on it, and then to sleep again. Under this forsythia hush is happiness."

And I lay down and slept once more, and in my sleep, dreams came to me; sweet sounds and sweet scents were all about me, and in my ears the voices of women laughing, as women laugh in dreams, and the eyes of young girls looked into my eyes which were sealed in slumber.

And so I slept until the hushed time of growing shadows came upon the earth, and awaking from my dream, I heard the roar and shriek of a far-off train, the first one which came from the great city in the afternoon.

And then I arose, and took my spade, and dug hard and fast. For I knew that in an hour the gentleman who had hired me to dig those garden-beds would come home from town, and I had but that hour in which to make them look as though I had spent a whole day on them.—*Puck.*

A Call with Johnnie.

Mrs. Bright—Ah, Mrs. Cheery, I'm *delighted* to see you! and you've brought your little Johnnie to see me? How do you do, sir? I'm glad to see you, my little man!

Mrs. Cheery—Shake hands with the lady, Johnnie (Johnnie won't and doesn't). He begged so to go out with me this afternoon and I said he might if he'd be a very, very good little boy and—Johnnie, let that vase alone—and he said that he would, so I—Johnnie, don't take that hook off the table. I think it a good plan to take children out once in—*Johnnie*, stop turning the leaves of that book so fast. Lovely day, isn't it? I'm so glad that—Johnnie, stop pulling the fringe off that chair—I'm so glad winter is over, for I'm so tired of—Johnnie, *will* you let that piano alone? If you're not a good boy mamma will—as I was saying, it's *so* delightful to have a few sunny days after—*Johnnie*, let that album alone. Mamma don't want to speak to you every minute. After all, the winter has seemed very short for—*Johnnie*, you mustn't go up stairs—come here. Now, sit right down here by mamma. Did you see Rosina Vokes? We went and I—*Johnnie*, if mamma has to speak to you again about hanging away on that piano she'll take you right home! Yes, I thought Rosina lovely in the dance and as a—Johnnie, you'll break that cup and saucer if you're not careful. What a beautiful cup it is, Mrs. Bright, real Dresden, isn't it? I'm so fond of—*there*, Johnnie, I *told* you you'd upset that table if you weren't careful. I'm *so* sorry, Mrs. Bright, and the cup is broken! Dear, dear! Johnnie, you come right home with me and you shall never, never, *never* go out with me again. (But he does the next day).—*Time.*

The street-car drivers who have been on strike in Vienna, and who have finally succumbed, average about sixty cents in wages for a day beginning at seven o'clock in the morning and ending at midnight or one o'clock A. M.

Already a great deal of diplomacy and intrigue is said to be on foot in order to get the post of poet laureate when Tennyson dies. The salary is seventy-two pounds sterling a year.

Transportation--Ocean.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL

STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, at **3 o'clock P. M.** for
YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,
Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

Steamer	From San Francisco for Hongkong, 1889.
Belgic	**Saturday, May 25**
Arabic	**Tuesday, June 11**
Oceanic	**Saturday, June 29**
Gaelic	**Wednesday, July 17**
Belgic	**Saturday, August 3**
Arabic	**Thursday, August 22**
Oceanic	**Tuesday, Sept. 10**
Gaelic	**Saturday, Sept. 28**

Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Offices, Room 74, cor. Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.
For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or at No 202 Market Street, Union Block, San Francisco.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
GEO. H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA

Taking freight and passengers direct for Acapulco, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, Acajutla, La Libertad, La Union, Amapala, Corinto, Punta Arenas and Panama.

For Hong Kong, via Yokohama:

City of Peking.. ....Monday, June 3, at 3 P. M.
(VIA HONOLULU.)
City of Sydney. .Thursday, June 20, at 3 P. M.
City of Rio de Janeiro .. ...July 8, at 3 P. M.
City of New York..Thursday, July 25, at 3 P. M.

Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.
For Freight or passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.
WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., Gen. Agents.
GEO. H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A M., April and May 10th, 25th, June and July 9th, 14th, 24th, 29th.
For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports 9 A. M. every five days. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesdays, 9 A. M. For Mendocino, Fort Bragg, etc., Mondays and Thursdays, 4 P. M. For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports every fourth day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo, every fourth day at 2 P. M. For ports in Mexico, 25th of each month. Ticket office 214 Montgomery Street.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO.,
General Agents, San Francisco.

THE ARGONAUT CLUBBING LIST FOR 1889

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office; it must be understood, however, that by this arrangement a subscriber may not obtain more than one of these periodicals without an additional subscription to the *Argonaut* for each additional periodical.

The Argonaut and the Century for One Year, by Mail $7.00
The Argonont and the Independent for One Year, by Moll 6.00
The Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine for One Year, by Mail 5.90
The Argonaut and St. Nicholas for One Year, by Mail 6.00
The Argonaut and the Magazine of Art for One Year, by Mail 6.20
The Argonaut and Harper's Magazine for One year, by Mail 6.50
The Argonaut and Harper's Weekly for One Year, by Mail 6.70
The Argonaut and Harper's Bazar for One Year, by Mail 6.70
The Argonaut and Harper's Young People for One Year, by Mail 5.00
The Argonaut and the Weekly New York Tribune (Republican) for One Year, by Mail 4.50
The Argonaut and the Weekly New York World (Democratic) for One Year, by Mail 4.50
The Argonaut, the Weekly Tribune, and the Weekly World, One Year, by Mail 5.50
The Argonaut and Wide-Awake for One Year, by Mail 5.50
The Argonaut and the English Illustrated Magazine for One Year, by Mail 4.75
The Argonaut and the Atlantic Monthly for One Year, by Mail 6.70
The Argonaut ond Outing for One Year, by Mail 5.75
The Argonaut and Forest and Stream for One Year, by Mail 6.50
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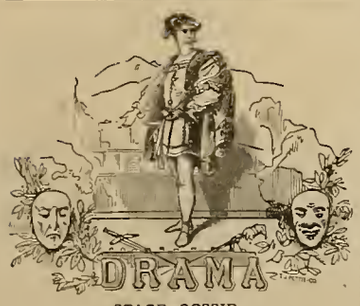

STAGE GOSSIP.

"Nanon" has been well received by the Tivoli audiences, and will be continued for another week.

W. H. Powers commences an engagement of one week at the Alcazar next Monday night. His play is "The Ivy Leaf," an Irish drama.

The Alcazar promises a spectacular presentation of "Around the World in Eighty Days" in a few weeks. Louis Imhaus is to have charge of the production.

Mme. Modjeska is in town, arranging for her tour with Booth. She is apparently in the best of health, having got the most of her rest at her Anaheim farm.

"The Wife," "Sweet Lavender," and "The Marquise" will be the repertoire of the Lyceum Company for their engagement at the Baldwin, which begins in the middle of June.

Kate Castleton has returned from the East with her husband, Harry Phillips, and is to be seen now and then at the theatres or on Market Street. She will rest for some weeks, and when she begins again her younger sister will make her début.

The world of amateurs will suffer a loss in the departure of Robert M. Eberle from the city. He has coached a great many to success in private theatricals, but his services have just been secured by Edwin Booth, for whom he will be stage-manager next season.

It has been reserved for "Fatinitza" to show us that a man can sing opera in a dress-coat, and further that that man, Mr. Hoff, when he dons the sombre festal garb of the modern man, bears a striking resemblance to Herbert Kelcey, even to the Hyperion curl.

It is to be hoped that Nat Goodwin will produce his new play before his season at the Bush Street ends. It is a translation of "Le Député de Bombignac," which Coquelin played at the Baldwin, and, properly adapted, should give the mercurial comedian an opportunity to show his admirable comedy talents. By the way, Charles Windham's successful comedy, "The Candidate," is from the same source.

"Suzette," which the Bostonians will produce at the Baldwin next Friday night, is a comic opera by Latour, which was purchased by Miss Ober some two years ago when it was produced in Paris. It has not been used hitherto because the French libretto proved most unwieldy, but it has at last been put into presentable form by Oscar Weil, and is expected to become one of the Bostonians' most popular operas.

The engagement of the Bostonians at the Baldwin comes to an end after next week, but we may expect to have them with us next year, for their venture to the Far West has more than repaid the heavy outlay of the jump from Chicago to California. Their programmes for the next week are: Monday and Saturday nights, "Dorothy"; Wednesday night and Saturday matinée, "The Bohemian Girl"; Tuesday and Thursday nights, "Mignon," and Friday night, "Suzette."

"Dorothy," which the Bostonians sing next week, ran for nearly three years in London, and has been succeeded by a new opera by Cellier, "Doris," which has been well received by the Londoners, indeed, they begin to talk of Cellier as the successor of Sullivan, who wants to devote himself to a higher class of work than the comic operas which have made him famous. Cellier has the musical ability for the position, but he is too thorough a Bohemian to pin himself down to hard work.

Next week will be the last of the Barrett-Booth season at the California, and not impossibly the last chance we shall have to see Mr. Booth in this city. The week will be devoted to a round of plays, "Julius Cæsar" being announced for Monday and Tuesday evenings; "Hamlet" for Wednesday and Thursday; "The Fool's Revenge" and "David Garrick" for Friday night; and "The Fool's Revenge" and "The King's Pleasure" for Saturday afternoon; and "The Fool's Revenge" and "Yorick's Love" for Saturday night.

Next week is announced as the last of the Siege of Sebastopol. The spectacle has proved so popular that the three performances announced for each week have proved insufficient to accommodate the crowds, and even four were not enough. There will be five performances next week, on Tuesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday evenings. Prominent features of the programmes are the fancy drilling of Colonel Frank H. Powers's company of Zouave cadets, and new set pieces of fireworks, including floating swans, walking elephants, kicking donkeys, and other marvels from Payn's pyrotechnic menagerie.

Stephen Leach, an actor who has been identified with theatrical matters in this city for over thirty years, and has managed almost all the notable amateur performances in this city and Oakland since the "Pinafore" craze, has been tendered a benefit which is to take place at the Oakland Theatre next Wednesday evening. The programme begins with a concert, in which Henry Heyman, Ugo Talho, and other vocalists and instrumentalists will provide excellent music, and concludes with that perennial farce, "Box and Cox," in which Mr. Leach will appear.

EARLY DAYS OF A DRAMATIST.

By Dion Boucicault.

It was a great misfortune! The facility with which "London Assurance" was written and the success following its representation, served to intoxicate and demoralize a sanguine youth in his teens, whose knowledge of mankind had been gathered from fiction impregnating a lively imagination. The enmity of the envious, which he should have regarded as the natural product of his popularity, aroused his resentment and fired his Irish blood. The newspaper press awaited the appearance of his second work, "The Irish Heiress," and his third, "Old Heads and Young Hearts." To neither of these was ascribed the merit assigned to his first comedy; and yet the character of Jesse Rural, drawn from nature, seems to be a literary portrait of more value than any of the heartless types of the older and more shallow composition.

Up to this time, the two great, and so-called royal, theatres of London, Drury Lane and Covent Garden, enjoyed the exclusive right to perform the "legitimate" drama. This privilege, confirmed to them by royal charter, was jealously guarded. The other theatres were restricted to the representation of melodrama, farce, and burlesque; for at this period the line between melodrama and tragedy was clearly defined. Melodrama, or music-drama, was originally a romantic and sentimental pantomime, with an orchestral accompaniment. Gradually the action was aided by snatches of dialogue, which by degrees occupied a larger space, and snatches of music were interposed; but music was still considered an essential part of this kind of play. When the minor theatres desired to produce a five-act comedy or tragedy, to evade the rights of the "patent" theatres, they introduced a piece of music into each act; under which transparent pretense they claimed to have melodramatized the work. This silly contest was ended by an Act of Parliament abolishing the monopoly enjoyed by the two royal theatres. It will be observed that this protection had been confined to London and the precincts of the court.

The result proved disastrous to the English stage. Its dignity and grandeur had been upheld by these two institutions, which were regarded by the public and by the stage as the temples of the art. The great object of an actor's ambition was to be enrolled in the hierarchy of the drama. An engagement at either house was a patent of artistic nobility. On their entablatures were inscribed the great names of the past; from Betterton to Edmund Kean, all the monarchs of the stage had been crowned there; their appearance elsewhere was a condescension; all the distinguished dramatists were associated with Drury Lane and Covent Garden, where their works had been produced. It was anticipated that the freedom of reproducing the higher class of drama in the minor houses would raise the public taste. It simply reduced the great houses to insignificance. And the results followed so immediately upon the passage of the act that they must be regarded as unquestionable. The important companies of the two theatres were disbanded within two years and scattered among the minor houses; some few became wandering stars. Within five years, Covent Garden was extinguished as a theatre and was turned into an Italian opera-house. Drury Lane was given over to the circus which was soon established on its stage; its name became a byword.

From that period until the present there have not been in London any companies of tragedians or comedians capable of performing the high class of dramatic works, and no dramatic works of great calibre have been produced. The attempts made by Mr. Charles Kean at the Princess's Theatre, and the efforts of Mr. Irving more recently at the Lyceum, presented Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean on a pedestal, surrounded and supported by satellites; and Mr. Irving and Miss Terry ornamented by the scene-painter, while their company furnished the background. Turn from these compositions to regard the production of "Richelieu," where Macready, Phelps, Warde, Elton, Bennet, Anderson, Helen Faucit—seven great tragedians—supported the work!

Again, let us try to remember what important characters have been the outcome of the careers of the two recent dynasties of Kean and Irving. We fail to remember one! These artists have not left one legacy to the repertoire of the drama with which their names can be associated as that of Macready is associated with William Tell, with Richelieu, with Claude Melnotte, with Virginius, with Werner, with Macheth, with Lear! These are not comparisons—they are facts. There is only one stern question and true test which can be applied to the dramatist or to the actor, if we would determine the quality of his talents; what characters has he left as heir-looms to the stage and to dramatic literature? He can materialize to the future in that way alone. Shakespeare and Molière live, not by the general literary merit of their works, but by the characters they have drawn; they live by the personages of Hamlet, Tartuffe, Lear, Jourdain, Rosalind, Sganarelle, Harpagnon, Pourceaugnac, Scapin, Othello, Juliet and Shylock, Macheth and Richard.

In like manner, Garrick, Kemble, and Edmund Kean have so associated their names with certain characters that these may be said to belong to them. All dramatic works which afford no such remarkable features are of secondary importance, however excellent in other respects they may be. Thus "Measure for Measure" is, in all respects, a better work than "Richard the Third," but it has not the prominent feature of the personage afforded by the Tiger King; and had Shakespeare written only such plays as the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" and "All's Well That Ends Well," he would have scarcely emerged from the crowd of brilliant dramatists which formed the Elizabethan group.

If any one of the great companies which furnished the last seasons of Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres could be available at this moment, the showmen managers of this day would take counsel of Juliet and cut it up into stars to make fine the face of the many-cited West. It may be said that aged folks ever incline to magnify the figures remembered in their youth. It may be so. Yet if Edwin Forrest could at this moment appear at Daly's or at Palmer's Theatre and spread himself, he would lift the roof off! It is no desire to belittle Zola to consider him a pigmy beside Balzac. Let us, then, acknowledge frankly that in literature and in the arts the products of this age are inferior, while its useful discoveries and scientific progress compensate for the manifest decline in other directions.

* * * * * * *

In 1843, Mr. Webster, the manager of the Haymarket Theatre, finding that the supply of works of the higher class had, as already stated, suddenly fallen off, offered a reward of five hundred pounds sterling, together with contingent advantages, for the best five-act comedy. The manuscripts were to be sent in anonymously; a motto or a feigned name was to distinguish each work. A judicial committee, composed of literary men, actors, and critics, was formed, to read and decide upon the merits of the plays. Charles Kemble, Planché, Robert Bell, and others consented to serve, and one hundred and one comedies were submitted. Douglas Jerrold and Boucicault were at this time preparing comedies for the theatre. Jerrold asked Boucicault if he intended to compete. The younger dramatist replied that he regarded the prize as tendered to the literary world at large, with the object of ascertaining whether there existed some unknown genius striving for recognition, and therefore he considered himself out of the contest. Jerrold concurred in this view, and agreed with Boucicault to reserve his fire. The choice of the committee fell on a comedy entitled "Moonshine," which proved to be the work of Mr. Charles Gore, the novelist. After careful preparation, this play was produced before an audience, also carefully prepared. The first two acts received a mild welcome; the third provoked that dismal silence preceding an unfavorable verdict, which was precipitated by a voice from the pit (did it come from Horace Mayhew?) pronouncing the word "moonshine" with fatal significance. The comedy was damned. To a question addressed to Planché concerning the hundred rejected works, he assured us that most of them were beneath notice, and the very few containing any merit were inferior to "Moonshine." This failure was quickly followed by the production of "Old Heads and Young Hearts," and of Jerrold's lovely comedy, "Time Works Wonders," each of which scored a great success, especially Jerrold's work.

Let us recall another event which occurred about this time. Macready, who was manager of Drury Lane, accepted a play in blank verse, entitled "Plighted Troth." It was the work of the Rev. Charles Darley, a brother of George Darley, the eminent reviewer and dramatic poet. These gentlemen were the uncles of Dion Boucicault, being the brothers of his mother, from whom he had derived whatever talents he possessed. If she could have transmitted to him the nobler and sweeter qualities of her nature, he might have taken a place in Irish literature nearer to Goldsmith. How well he remembers the boyish eagerness with which he ran to her side, eager for her sympathy, and, seated at her feet, read out his day's work. He can hear her low laugh of approval, or her quick dissent, as she pointed with her needle to passages which she questioned, and she was always right; her reproof was a model of tender justice. But let that pass! "Plighted Troth," when read by the group of literary henchmen of Macready, was proclaimed to be a *chef d'œuvre*. Lytton Bulwer, John Forster, White, and the rest sang its praises in the Athenæum and the Garrick Clubs. The press published excerpt passages as foretastes of the quality the public might expect. Drury Lane Theatre was closed for a grand rehearsal, this unusual step increased the excitement. A select audience was admitted to witness the exhibition. It was not called a trial, for to question the forthcoming success would have been to stultify one's self in such an assembly. During that night, and after each act, we broke into groups and gave vent to expressions of delight. Passages were quoted, and, of course, macadamized in the process. Such enthusiasm was unprecedented. Taking aside Robert Bell, the dearest and best of his friends, Boucicault confessed to a jealous feeling which rendered him blind to the merits of the play.

"My dear Bell," he whispered, "I can see nothing in it. The plot appears to me to be stupid, the dialogue inflated; if this play is right, then I am all wrong. And I must be worse than wrong, for I feel I am mean and a fraud, seeing I came here, as I thought, heartily wishful to greet a success."

"My dear boy," Bell replied, "moderate your transports. I am of your opinion. Let us hope the public will not think as we do!"

The next night the play was produced. It was condemned unmercifully. The audience yawned through the first part; they "guyed" the third and fourth, and they yelled with derisive laughter over the fifth. But how is this? Where are those critics, those *dilettanti* who were so enthusiastic only twenty-four hours previously? Here they are in similar groups in the box corridors and the saloons, between the acts, groaning over the palpable errors in the work. "How is it possible that Macready, with all his experience, could have overlooked such and such deficiency?" "Why did they not cut that insufferably long speech which taxed the patience of the public?" etc. There was only one spectator who had a good word for the piece, and that was dear, simple-minded, big-hearted Sheridan Knowles. He found merit where the audience could discover only dullness. He thought, doubtless, that Boucicault felt chagrined at this result (but he grieved not very deeply, for both George and Charles Darley had regarded his efforts as those of a runaway school-boy, who deserved to be whipped back to his lessons). So as Knowles warmly opposed the public verdict, he simply betrayed his own gentle spirit as he clothed the work with the radiance of his good nature—and oh, how ineffably lovable that nature was!

One night we visited the Strand Theatre. We were "on the ramble," and he loved the minor theatres. The piece was a commonplace, shallow, old-fashioned melodrama, but Knowles clung to it, laughed, wept, clutched the arm of his companion at the moments of suspense, happy as a child. At last the reluctant dramatist was dragged away, intending to find a passage to the street by the stage-door. We were squeezing our way behind the scenes, when Knowles, striving to catch another glimpse of the piece as we passed the wings, found the Prince, played by Mr. Binge, seated on a throne, while a ballet was being performed for his royal delectation. Knowles, his face working with unsatisfied interest, reached into the wing behind the throne, and, punching the Prince in the back to call his attention, whispered eagerly:

"Binge, my dear boy, tell me, do you marry her in the end?"

"Yes, I do."

"God bless you!" cried Knowles, with a sigh of relief.

Oh! they don't make great men that way now!

At the peril of being set down for a garrulous bore, let us dwell on a little incident which serves to exhibit the modesty of the greatest dramatic poet of our century. His play, "The Bride of Messina," was on rehearsal at Covent Garden. We were seated on the stage, listening to the second act, rehearsed by Anderson and Moore. It was the gem of the piece. The action took place on Mt. Etna, painted by Telbin and Grieve. Breathless with interest and admiration, Boucicault turned to Knowles, when the act was over, exclaiming:

"Oh, what a magnificent scene that is between the father and son!"

"Is it?" replied the old poet, dreamily; "but there is a finer one at the back of it. The audience will not be able to hear me for looking at them. Oh, dear heart! what can I do in front of that?" pointing to the elaborate painting by the two great artists.

These few modest words contain a deprecation of the overdressing, which, since that time, has smothered the drama and turned the poet into a mannikin.

* * * * * * *

If the incident of the production of "Plighted Troth" has been mentioned (it was saluted, by the way, as "Slighted Broth" by the wicked), it is to underline the fact that the public, as a mass, possess an intelligence which no individuals, however gifted, can exercise; but when individuals become members of a great audience, their individuality appears to be lost in that curious compound of intelligence we call "the public." So, if the experience of actors and critics be brought to the consideration of a work before performance, their aptitude for misjudgment has passed into a theatrical proverb.

* * * * * * *

Albert Smith was a dentist, who operated in Percy Street, Bedford Square, where a few scribblers of that day used to squander good things of an evening. He was one of the earliest contributors to *Punch*. Among these scribblers were Gilbert à Beckett, the two Mayhews, Tom Taylor, Jerrold, Thackeray, Kenney, Tom Hood, the artist, Dicky Doyle, and Mark Lemon. The place of meeting was a small public house, in a by-street behind the Olympic Theatre, kept by Mark Lemon, who was the editor. Some of these perhaps the most Bohemian among those Bohemians would occasionally carry their pipes to Percy Street. It was to one of these meetings that Boucicault read his drama, "The Willow Copse," by the light of a single tallow-candle and of the bright wits of the crowd. At the end of the third act, when the great pathetic moment arrived, when his little audience breathless with interest, had let their pipes out, the solitary candle, which had dwindled unnoticed into the socket, suddenly went out with a hiss and a gobble, deluging the situation with a roar of laughter.

It was at one of these meetings we fell to a discussion of the question how far the occupation of the English stage by French plays would tend to injure and demoralize our dramatic literature.

"One result," suggested Boucicault, "has already been reached. The price of a play in five acts has been until now five hundred pounds. Webster has recently told me that he can go to Paris and take his pick among assured successes over there. He can get his choice translated into decent English for fifty pounds. Why should he pay me five hundred for a new piece which may fail?"

This *argumentum ad pocketum* had a brief but brilliant success, until one of the party began to advocate free trade in thought. Shakespeare had borrowed his substance from the Italians. Wycherley and his followers had done likewise from the French.

"That is true," retorted the protectionists, "but the great value of our drama lies, not in the stuff borrowed, but in the use it is put to."

"Then go to Paris," interposed Kenney; "take their stuff and put it to better use."

Tom Taylor adhered to this view.

"The Dramatic Authors' Society," shouted on one side, "will become a den of thieves!"

"Why not?" grinned Jerrold; "so long as the thief takes enough, he remains respectable. Look at the stock exchange and the House of Commons."

Then we all fell to speaking together, in the midst of which uproar, John Parry pounded eight chords on the piano, and commenced "Robert, toi que j'aime" as a solo on the oboe, imitating admirably that squeaky instrument in his voice. The chorus of applause which followed was interrupted by the heavy of a policeman introduced gravely inside the door.

"Gentlemen," said Albert Smith, under this disguise, "I am sorry to interrupt, but there is an invalid neighbor, whose rest you are disturbing. The lady on the hall door-step, outside, very drunk, and she complains of your noise."

The truth was that a very respectable old lady, occupying the floor above, had come down to expostulate privately with Smith on the uproar going on in his room. She fled up stairs when she heard the words in which he had formulated her complaint.

* * * * * * *

Nevertheless, the emasculating influence of the French drama went on, and the ingenious, pretty works of Scribe brought down the robust figure and healthy tone of the English stage to a trivial and effeminate business. There seemed to be no help for it. At the commencement of the career of Boucicault, he devoted himself to the composition of original plays. Such were "London Assurance," "The Irish Heiress," "Woman," "Old Heads and Young Hearts," "Alma Mater," and others of less importance, all written before he was one-and-twenty; but the proceeds of them were insufficient to maintain the household, for the success of his first comedy opened his extravagant heart, and nothing would serve but he must have his mother and eldest brother over from Ireland to share his good fortune, which seemed to be boundless. They consented to join him in London for a visit of six months. They remained forty years. The boy was too proud of the burden to feel it, but the race-horse went to the plow with little sigh, as he put his neck in the collar to work for weekly wages. Sometimes he took a free gallop, when he wrote "The School for Scheming" and "Love in a Maze"; but these five-act comedies added more to his literary than to his pecuniary credit.

At this time, Macready retired into private life. The farewell engagement took place at the Haymarket Theatre, where he appeared in a series of characters most associated with his name. The engagement was not a very remarkable success. Macready was a scholarly actor, an admirable reader, severely good, but lacking personal charm; hard, angular, with a metallic voice, he was fitted for such characters as Virginius, William Tell, Coriolanus, Werner, and perhaps, Prospero and Lear. But in Othello, Ha

...ichard—in fact, in all the more passionate heroes — was inefficient. Nature had not cast him for su... emotions. However, he might have said with M...ernich: "After me chaos"; for after him the inf...nce of the French drama became paramount, an... the English drama sounded its lowest literary de...ps. Charles Kean had assumed the management of ...e Princess's Theatre with a flourish of trum-pet... He appeared in the "Corsican Brothers" an... "Pauline," two French melodramas reshaped by Boucicault, from whom he received also "L...is the Eleventh" and "Faust and Margaret." Th..., together with a few revivals of Shakespeare, fra...d to present Mr. and Mrs. Kean, were the only out...me of the seven years' dynasty of the tragedian. Irv..., at the earnest request of Boucicault, took the cha...cter of Louis, and played it, in the humble opin-ion... the author, with much more force than Kean, whi... in "The Corsican Brothers" Kean excelled Irvi... in the depth of his intensity. But it was all in-spir... by the French. Kean went to Paris to see Lig... in "Louis," and Fechter in "The Corsican Bro...ers" and in "Pauline." He took it all in, and retu...ed topfull of the character and the methods of the ...rench actors. Irving, it is just to say, drew fro...no such source.

A...ong the actors of merit left by the school of Ma...ady were Phelps, Anderson, and Gustavus Bro...e, the last of the paladins, with whom it may be said ...nglish tragedy expired. Brooke failed to im-pres... the London audience, but of the three he was the ...eatest. In this respect he may be likened to the first ... the Booths. Had this erratic genius pleased t... r...rn to England in 1833, when the death of Ed-... Kean had left the throne of tragedy to Mac-read... he might have mounted it by his incontestable r...gh... The great tragic poets, Knowles, Talfourd, ...d ...ulwer, had retired or were dead, and no one aros... to take, or even to aspire to, their places.—...r *American Review*.

S... Julian Hawthorne in *America*: "Of course, ...s ...uppingly easy to regard the Centennial celebra-...n a thing ludicrous and laughable. And per-...ps several of its features were so—especially those ...n's which were nominally most reverend and re-...ple. It was laughable, for example, to see ... portance and swelling dignity of comic indi-...u... manikins in the crowd—such as the President ...d ...e ex-President, the State governors, and ...f...s. These little bantams strutted and shook ...ombs as if they imagined themselves to be ...ng—and it must be confessed that not a few ...l newspaper reporters abetted them in this de-...o... and spoke with bated breath of the Chief ...g...ate of the nation—who, in his present em-...nt, turns out to be a short-necked, clumsy, ...s...ential little creature, with the brains of an at-...nd the manners of a village selectman. But ...rican who walked about New York during ...se ...ays could help rejoicing in his country and ...s... There was in the atmosphere that electric ...al always given out by great crowds in a sympa-...ate of mind—which excites and stimulates like ...gne, and often suggests a resort to actual ...gne, by a natural analogy. Then there was ...tacle of myriads of people in close contact ...mony, the stars and stripes in their thoughts ...s everywhere around them. A most oblig-...erly, and good-natured crowd it was; and ...d I see, even in Germany and Russia, any-...equal the unprovoked brutality of the New ...lice in its treatment of this crowd. They ...ecially brutal to women, of whom there were ...the crowd without male escort, some of them ...ies in their arms, or leading children by the ...I frequently saw policemen thrust their clubs ...ces of these women, and often deliberately ...ir hands on the women's breasts, and press ...hem with their whole weight, till the women got ... the face, and in some cases fainted—" from ...ess" the newspapers said. All the persons ...n I have spoken of these outrages had ...es witnessed similar ones. Of course, the ...n were Irish. I have heard it urged that the ...et tired and impatient. Then let them go ...d rest. Does it rest them to club us and ...our wives and daughters?"

...ave Professor Huxley's own testimony not ...t he is an agnostic, but that he is the author ...rm. It is, therefore, especially interesting to ...t he has to say about the Bible. "I have ...een in favor," says the professor, "of secular ...n, in the sense of education without theology; ...st confess that I have been no less seriously ...d to know by what practical measures the re-...eling, which is the essential basis of conduct, ...kept up in the present utterly chaotic state ...n on these matters, without the use of the ... The pagan moralists lack life and color; and ...t noble stoic, Marcus Antoninus, is too high ...ed for an ordinary child. Take the Bible as ...ol make the severest deductions which fair crit-... dictate, and there still remains in this old ... a vast residuum of moral beauty and grand-... the study of what other book would children ...h humanized? If Bible reading is not ac-...d by constraint and solemnity, I do not be-...: is anything in which children take more ...'

...yrle Bellew figured with great discretion in ...r divorce case in Chicago. The only evi-... his part which is of professional interest ...v York *Truth*), and may be said to evince ...*veté*, is embodied in the statement of his, ...and Mrs. Potter stopped at a cottage at ...ville, France, for six weeks, where he gave ...atic lessons. This romantic admission has ...gely overlooked by the envious critics and ...rs of Mrs. Potter, who has the highest opin-... Kyrle Bellew's instructions, for she intends ... to go into permanent partnership with him.

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Take the microscope and look
Down on any living tissues,
Lo! before you like a book
Lies the cell; and from it issues
Others, and in all we trace
Viscous globules, each one has 'em;
You're of life the very base,
Protoplasm!

If I take a single drop,
You're in such a strange condition
That your movements never stop,
As if guided by volition.
Ardently we watch you whirl,
Science breeds enthusiasm;
You're as giddy as a girl,
Protoplasm!

Every blade of grass, each flower,
All that owns a life organic,
Every man that lives this hour,
Boasting of his thews Titantic;
Looking backward, we can see
Over life, as o'er a chasm,
How all sprang at first from thee,
Protoplasm!

Thus it seems to thee we owe
All we are and all we may be;
Man, the microscope says so,
Was a protoplastic baby.
Here's your health, then, since you bring
Life, that physiologic spasm;
But for thee I could not sing,
Protoplasm!

—*H. Savile Clarke in the St. James Gazette.*

A Rondeau of Spring.

We played at love when spring was gay
And hearts were blithe as lover's May,
And skies were fair a year ago.
An, Juliet and your Romeo
Remembers nought of it to-day!

We loved awhile, then went our way,
And tears were all our hearts could say.
We loved? You smile. Forgive me! No,
We played at love.

And now we meet, and skies are gray,
And our two hearts no more than they
Keep trace of last year's fleeting glow.
An, which were best? I know not, though
(Like children, serious when they play)
We played at love. —*Arthur Symons.*

Under the Old Régime.

(Provence.)

Under the old régime, Babette,
Do you remember how
We plucked the fragrant violet
And twined the myrtle-bough?
The myrtle was for love, Babette,
For fond youth's joyous dream!
Can you those happy days forget
Under the old régime?

Was not the sky a brighter blue,
The birds' song sweeter then?
Were not the maids more fair and true,
And manlier the men?
Upon yon warm slope, southward set,
How bent the olives seem!
They were not so of yore, Babette,
Under the old régime.

Under the old régime, Babette,
How light of heart we were!
There were no grass-grown graves as yet
Beneath the sombre fir.
How mournful is the wind's hoarse fret,
How sad the twilight's gleam!
Oh, to be back again, Babette,
Under the old régime!

—*Clinton Scollard in Once a Week.*

Love the Conquerer.

Oh, love, if life should end to-night,
How short our life would seem!
One little flash of summer light;
One brief and passionate dream;
One glimpse of roses on the wall,
Or blue-bells in the lane,
Then, love, the end, the end of all—
Aye, buds might swell, and leaves might fall,
But not for us again!

The stream we used to watch and love
Would ever onward flow;
From the dark pines the gray wood-dove
Would call—we should not know.
Ah! not for us the pines would wave,
For us no stream would run;
We should be silent in the grave,
Unable even to hoard and save
One little glimpse of sun!

Yet is not this a sombre view
Of life and all it brings?
Thank Heaven, the bright waves still are blue,
And still the throstle sings!
And, oh, before love's conquering song
Death's voice sinks quite away;
For life is short, but love is long,
And death is fierce, but love is strong,
And love shall win the day!

—*From "The Pageant of Life" by G. Barlow.*

A Mystery.

"If you were me, and trouble haunted you,"
He whispered low,
"Weighed down your soul in doubt, what would you do?"
"I'd tell some one my trouble, were I you,"
With accent slow,
She said. And yet again: "If you were me,"
He said, "and loved a sweet lass tenderly,
What would you do?"
Flushed grew her cheek and drooped her head:
"I think I'd go and tell her so," she said,
"If I were you."

"Ah, sweet! 'tis you I mean, my little love—
I love you, Flo."
Yet lower drooped her sun-kissed head above
The roses on her breast; a frightened dove
Ne'er fluttered so.
"I love you, dear," he said again; and she—
Her answer e'er will be a mystery,
'Twas said so low.

—*Cecil Percy Poole in Harper's.*

On the Russian Steppes.

All black and white and gray—a snowy steppe,
And here and there a stump or rock, and far
A ragged, jagged fringe of dusky pine,
And over all a pall of hopeless lead.
Ah! life too much in this dead land of cold:
A sleigh and horses three that speed for life,
A driver and a mother, priest, and babe,
And after all the wolves infuriate.
Drooped like a pin in haste or fear, the child
Rolled in the snow; and, as a child, the priest
In impulse leapt. These stayed, and the wolves stayed.
The rest sped on, by horses as by fate
Dragged to the nearest village, where the beasts
Stopped still with shivering knees, a cloud of steam.
And there they found the mother—once again
A mother—dead, and a babe fresh from heaven,
Who cried, as other babes, he knew not why.

—*Cosmo Monkhouse in the Magazine of Art for June.*

IRVING BISHOP'S DEATH.

Commenting on Washington Irving Bishop's death, a writer in *To-Day* says:

The Lambs' Club is, I believe, directly responsible for the tragic death of poor little Washington Irving Bishop. The wretched little fellow was in as fair health as morphine and cocaine would allow him to be, when he turned up at the club on Sunday evening. He was eating, drinking, and making the usual amiable and clever little ass of himself, until the tigerish Lambs worried him into giving a show that he was evidently physically unfit to give. They fairly badgered him into it, until he wiped the cold sweat from his white face and said:

"What gentleman in this company looks most like a murderer?"

After considerable discussion of this startling and complimentary question, a comparison of physiognomies was organized, and an innocent commercial gentleman, who, albeit a member, only visits the club once a year, was selected as the most striking example of an assassin of the deepest dye to be found in the assembled company. Although he modestly declined the honor of this sinister distinction, he was elected to bear it, and Bishop said: "All right. You'll do, I guess. Now, I'm going out of the room, I want you to take a knife and stab the most innocent-looking man in the party and hide the knife." "Sir!" cried the commercial gentleman in accents of horror. "Oh!" replied Bishop, airily, "I don't mean kill him, you know. Only make believe you're as great a villain as you look." The victim groaned, the Lambs ba-aed in glee, and Bishop was led down-stairs and locked in a dark cupboard while the preparations for the test were being completed. After a critical examination of the assemblage, the club decided that Mr. Louis Aldrich was by long odds the most lamb-like and innocent appearing man in the room. Accordingly the modest commercial gentleman pretended to stab Mr. Aldrich in the immediate vicinity of his jugular vein, and then secreted the deadly weapon with great discretion and care, and went to wash his blood-stained soul in a glass of beer. Bishop, who had meanwhile been blindfolded down-stairs, was now summoned back, and with his eyes bandaged, yanked his victim all over the room, in the usual fashion, and finally found the knife. Immediately the bandage was removed from his eyes, he fell into a cataleptic fit, which lasted for an hour. Having been restored from this comatose condition, Bishop proposed another test. This was that he should remain in the room while the secretary of the club went down to the desk and mentally selected a name upon the register, after which Bishop was to indicate the name in the usual fashion. The programme was executed as prescribed, and after a desperate mental struggle with the secretary, the poor little necromancer really did indicate the name, and in compensation therefore went into another fit. This time even the tremendous muscular manipulation of Burr McIntosh could not fetch him to, and toward daylight, when nearly every one had gone home, Bishop was still stretched inanimate and apparently as far from recovery as ever.

What a picture for a club-house in New York! A dining-room dripping from the revel; an atmosphere rank with tobacco and the fumes of meat and drink; a table covered with befouled dishes, a chair upset here, there a broken tumbler, on the floor a puddle from an overflowing wine-pail, soiled napkins, and a stray fork sticking upright in the carpet. And on a couch, hot with the heat of a close room, a wretched little mummer dying in a trance, after having made his mummery for the company, most of whom had stolen away in time to avoid complicity in the tragedy they had aided to forward!

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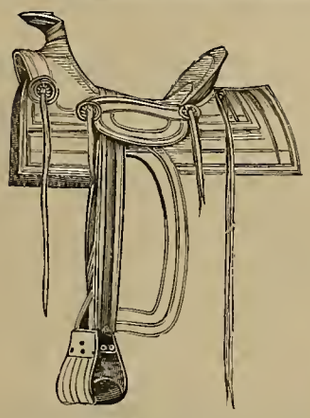

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THE TALK OF LONDON.

"Cockaigne" on Mrs. Mackay's Dinner and the American Duchess.

The London season has begun under the advantageous auspices of most delightful weather, and the West End streets and parks are alive with the best people in the land during the day, while at night, Mayfair, Belgravia, Bayswater, and South Kensington are brilliant with lighted windows, the strains of dance-music, and the clatter and rumble of horses' hoofs and carriage wheels. Balls and parties, dances and receptions follow one another to the tune of half-a-dozen a night for those in the vortex of the swim, and not only dawn, but the fast-reddening eastern horizon, lights the most inveterate fashionables homeward in the morning. Just now, one can hardly expect to see the sun streaming in through the Venetian blinds as "only one more" is danced; hut during June it is no uncommon thing to see old Sol's rays stealing in to pale the gaslights to a sickly yellow, and pick out the crow's-feet and wrinkles on many a hitherto rounded cheek, or to gild the carriage-tops and harness of belated equipages, and throw long shadows across Piccadilly and Grosvenor Place. People who know London only as a dull and smoky-aired spot, yellow with fog and dingy with the sombre hue of a perpetually clouded sky, should come here in June, and walk home from a ball at "five o'clock in the morning." Their ball should be somewhere out the other side of Hyde Park—say Hyde Park Gardens—so as to give them the full length of Park Lane and thence along Piccadilly. The songs of the birds will be a revelation to them.

Among the presentations at the "drawing-room" on Friday were Colonel and Mrs. Fred Grant. Colonel Grant, who is on his way to take the American embassy at Vienna, was presented by Mr. Henry White, the United States *Chargé d'Affaires*, and wore the uniform of the United States army, a much more becoming costume than the English regulation court-dress, in which a man looks more like a stage footman than anything else I can think of. I often wonder that more American gentlemen, who come to England witb the intention of being presented at court, do not manage to provide themselves with some sort of uniform to wear, instead of the court-dress. Any militia uniform would do, coupled, of course, with the right to wear it, which ought to be easy to get in a land possessed of so vast a national guard. Yet some Americans like the court-dress. Mr. Fitzhugh Whitehouse, of New York, was so pleased with his appearance in it last year, that he actually went to the trouble of being photographed with it on. There can never be any question as to the fact of his presentation, should the lord chamberlain's archives happen, by any mischance, to be burned or otherwise destroyed. Colonel Grant also was a guest at the farewell dinner given to Consul-General Waller at the Metropole last Thursday. In responding to one of the toasts, he said that he inherited one quality from his father to perfection, viz., inability to make a speech.

Boulanger bas fallen painfully flat in London. If bis coming here was intended to create a sensation, it has resulted so far in an egregious failure. Frenchmen, as a rule, are nothing if not sensational, and in this respect, if in no other, General Boulanger is a prince among bis fellows. Englishmen, on the other hand, are the most matter-of-fact, cold, unexcitable people on earth.

That Boulanger was not wanted in England when he came, must have been evident to even his self-admiring eyes, upon his arrival at Charing Cross Station. He bas a few admirers and followers among his fellow-countrymen wbo find it profitable to domicile themselves in England in various trades and callings, and these—with a number of curiosity-mongers—assembled on the platform to see the Dover train arrive. The dapper, though as yet somewhat inchoate, successor of Napoleon, bowed his acknowledgments right and left, and ambled briskly away to his carriage, with Count Dillon and others of bis suite, and was driven at once to the Bristol Hotel.

Of course, no public official notice was taken of bim. No such notice could have been taken. Even if they had any sympathy with him, the English Government could not recognize a political fugitive from the justice of a country with whom England is on friendly terms. And so he has "busied himself with his correspondence" since his arrival, and has granted interviews to reporters. No one seems to care much about him, or what he says or does. With his customary modesty and obliviousness of his own existence, he boasted that at tbe next election he would bave a large majority in the senate. He evidently means to wait till then in England, having taken a fine house in Portland Place for six montbs, where he will set up an establishment and wait patiently to be made a lion of during the season which has just begun.

The presentation at court of the American Duchess of Marlborough has occasioned considerable surprise among conservative-minded people, and I have heard the action of the dowager-duchess in presenting her sharply criticised. There are a good many people among the upper classes in England who are not so kindly disposed to Americans and things American as anglomaniacs are given to fondly imagine. Call it jealousy, if you will, none the less it exists. Finding a reason for a thing does not disprove its existence. The fact is, the nobility do not like to have any people whom they consider socially beneath them not only raised to their level, but, in some senses, put above them. Say what speecb-making and favor-currying ministers may, the British aristocracy in their hearts look down on Americans. Of course tbere are a few exceptions. Lady Randolph Churchill is a prominent one, Lady Mandeville is another, Mrs. Arthur Paget is a third, and Mrs. Ronalds is a fourth. Outside of these four ladies, English regard does not extend. Even tbey are little more than tolerated. Whatever place they may hold in British affections is really more owing to their own personal merits than to tbe fact that they are Americans. The fact that they sink the American and ape the English is their recommendation.

Beyond these four ladies, English swells do not care to go in the bestowal of their favor. Mrs. Mackay does not bold the place in high society which some Americans are pleased to suppose. I say this in no sense wishing in the very faintest to suggest that Mrs. Mackay is not in every sense a lady who would be, and is, a charming acquisition to any society. It is only that the *haute noblesse*, outside of the Prince of Wales's set and the radius of society which takes its cue from Marlborough House, knows little or nothing of her, except what it reads in the papers on the occasion of one of her costly entertainments. Among these people, and in their estimation, the displays which the Californian lady makes when she dines the Prince of Wales are voted vulgar. No English lady in her position would give a dinner to tbe Prince of Wales. Were one to think of doing such a thing, she would be ostracised at once. As a matter of fact, no English lady does entertain the prince. It is questionable if he would permit it. Why, then, people ask, should a foreigner be allowed to do without objection what a native-born subject could not do? Why should Englisb rules of etiquette and form be set aside to suit the pleasure and whim of a foreigner? It does not seem fair, certainly. Why should an American woman without rank be yielded social rigbts whicb English women can not claim, and English women of title and position, too? The further fact that the Prince of Wales graciously condescends to dine with her, and not only to dine with her, but to select the company to meet him and the dishes which her French cook is to provide for the occasion, in nowise softens the resentment of the swells. I wonder myself that so sensible a woman as Mrs. Mackay cares to go to the trouble and expense of entertaining a man like the Prince of Wales. If it be her wish and object to exalt herself by so doing, she makes a huge mistake. Every time there is a flaming account of her royal banquets published in the papers, it angers the nobility, and embitters them against Americans more and more. Can it be possible that she does not know this, and that instead of its elevating her in English estimation, she really keeps at a distance the very people whose lasting regard might be won by a quiet, unostentatious mode and habit of life? Mrs. Mackay's entertainments may be the talk of every one, and provide food for gormandizing princes and newspaper correspondents' London letters, but they do her no good with the best people—harm, in fact. It is a pity; for while they may appear to do the reverse, her dinners to the Prince of Wales actually retard her progress in society among the people whose good-will it might be her aim to cultivate. You never bear of Lady Randolph Churchill, Lady Mandeville, Mrs. Paget, or Mrs. Ronalds giving grand dinners to the Prince of Wales. Tbey know better. Did they do so, you would soon see tbem dropped by society. I venture to say tbat had Lady Randolph Churchill gone in for entertaining the Prince of Wales as Mrs. Mackay does, she would never bave been decorated by the queen with the Order of the Crown of India. Naturally, there are a lot of English men and women who find it convenient to have a house like Mrs. Mackay's to go to, where they get the best food and drink the market affords, and, naturally also, they find it convenient to encourage her to keep open house. There are toadies and sponges in all classes of society, and the "titles" of England can boast of many representatives—men who would consider it *infra dig.* to button tbeir own boots, but who do not mind eating gratuitous meals like hungry tramps.

The prominent position which Mrs. Mackay's grand entertainments have given her, and tbe notoriety she consequently gets in the papers, have become a gigantic red flag, to be constantly waved in the face of the nobility bull. No wonder, therefore, that the new grievance in the court presentation of the Duchess of Marlborough should be magnified far beyond its just proportion. Another American! Only the other day the queen had Chamberlain's American wife to stay at Windsor Castle.

"I should like to know," says one lady, "wby, *because* women are Americans they should be put so far above us? If Mr. Chamberlain had married an English woman, you wouldn't have seen her asked to Windsor."

"And why not?" I asked, merely to draw her out, for I know quite well the truth of what she said.

"Because an Englishwoman of her station couldn't be asked to visit the queen. We baven't quite got to that yet."

"Do you mean to say that Chamberlain couldn't have married the daughter of a peer if he bad liked?" I asked.

"No, he couldn't."

"Or of a gentleman—a baronet, for example?"

"No, be could not."

"What do you call Sir John Swinburne?"

"A vile Radical.

"Oh, I don't mean that; I mean, isn't he a gentleman?"

"Gentleman? Yes, of course. Who ever said he was not?"

"I'm glad to hear you say so," say I, "for his daughter is married to Chamberlain's brother. That's all."

I experience a sensation of triumph whose duration is very sbort.

"I know she is; and a nice row Sir John has made about it, and all the family. Ha, ba! Just like all your Radicals. The moment Radicalism comes home to them down they go."

I believe this is quite true. Tbe Swinburnes regard the marriage as a painful misalliance.

"And what do you think of the Duchess of Marlborough being presented at last?" I ask, apropos of the discussed nationality.

"I tbink it's shameful. I'm surprised at the queen allowing it."

"But the poor woman has done nothing, has sbe?"

"It wouldn't signify if she had, as she's an American," she answers, with a sniff; "I wonder how long this sort of thing will go on?"

"But why should she not be presented?"

"In the first place no proper-minded woman would wish to be presented who bad such a husband as the duke; no proper-minded woman would care to go where her husband was excluded; no proper-minded woman would wish to come in contact with the poor wife who, but for tbe shameful treatment she received, would now be tbe duchess; and no woman ought to be received at court who was married under such questionable circumstances. But she's an American. There you have it."

"*Voilà tout!* Eh?

"*Voilà tout*, as you say."

I confess that there is much justice in the lady's plea. However, there is no use in worrying about it. Blackguard though the duke is, he is too powerful not to have his wife—legally so or not—taken notice of. Certainly she made a sensation at the "drawing-room." Her notoriety, her nationality, her beauty, and her dress, all combined to attract a gaping, staring crowd around her wherever she went. She wore an elaborately embroidered dress of black net, the embroidery being in gold, silver, and jet; while she fairly shone with glittering diamonds literally all over her; among the finest gems being some of the famous stones belonging to the first great duchess, Sarah Jennings, and worn by her at the court of Queen Anne. It does seem a pity that so handsome, and so distinguished, and so rich a woman has so much to contend with.

LONDON, May 10, 1889. COCKAIGNE.

The black and yellow fogs which are commonly associated with the weather of London and some other English towns, have been made the subject of considerable investigation during the last few years. It is now known that these are largely the result of smoke; the black or darker variety being almost entirely so, according to the dictum of Sir Douglas Galton. Those on this side of the Atlantic who look upon London as an exceptionally healthy city, will probably be surprised to learn that these fogs are highly deleterious to health, and that the death-rate in the towns rapidly increases during the season of their prevalence. But this fact is rendered intelligible when account is taken of the quantity of carbonic acid which is thrown into the atmosphere—and retained there during heavy weather—as the result of soot-combustion. Dr. W. J. Russell found a few years ago that on a single day this quantity had increased to more than three and a balf times the average amount present in the atmosphere. In an interesting paper recently published by Mr. Hargreaves Raffles, the author gives some curious statistical facts regarding the London fogs. It was found that during the one hundred and fifty-two days which were comprised in the months of November and December, 1887, and January, February, and March, 1888, neither Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, nor St. Mary Abbot's Church, Kensington, was once seen from Primrose Hill, although the distance of removal was only two and three miles respectively. The same was true of the Clock Tower of the House of Parliament, the Scotch Church, Regent's Square, and St. Paul's Cathedral, along other lines of vision, at distances of three, one and three-quarters, and three and a quarter miles respectively. On nine days included within the same period, objects were not visible at a distance of over one hundred yards, while on four days the limit of vision was fixed at five yards. The records of the Gas-Light and Coke Company show tbat between the sixteenth and twenty-fourth of November, 1887, not less tban seven hundred and ten million two hundred and fifty-one thousand cubic feet of gas, representing the carbonization of seventy-one thousand tons of coal, were distributed, for whicb the public paid at the rate of four hundred and ninety pounds sterling per hour.

A lady entered one of the prominent drug-stores of Munich, Bavaria, the other day, desiring a cure for a cold. The clerk, a man of long experience, reached into one of the chests for a popular remedy for colds, and handed it to the woman, who went on her way rejoicing. A few minutes later, he opened the chest again, and, to his horror, found it filled with a poison which had been placed there temporarily owing to the lack of labels. The police were immediately notified, but failed to find the lady in question. Criers were sent out, who ran about the city proclaiming the incident, and telling all who had purchased the popular remedy to proceed to the station to have it examined. Red placards were placed upon the billboards. "Extras" were thrown about the city, with sensational headings—"A Life Endangered," "A Case of Poison," and the like—until the whole town was excited, and the majority of the inhabitants seemed hunting the woman with the "popular remedy." Tbe station was overcrowded with people and invalids of all kinds, who had come to have their medicines examined. There was moaning and gnashing of teeth, and hysterical women declaring, despite ruddy cheeks, that they were at the point of death; others ready to take farewell of their dear ones; in all, a scene like a mild pandemonium, frightening the poor policemen out of their senses. But though the firm paid over one thousand marks in advertising, the investigation proved unavailing. The unfortunate woman did not appear.

The work of tearing down the old Libby Prison building and removing its material to Chicago progresses rapidly. Much more than half of the building has been torn down, and considerably more than half the material has been transported to Chicago. The indications are that the last remnant of Libby Prison will have been taken away from Richmond by the first of June, certainly hy the tenth. As soon as the foundation material reaches Chicago, the reërection will begin, and it is expected that the war museum will be complete and ready to be formally opened by September or October. The Richmond *Dispatch* says: "The Libby Prison show will hurt Chicago's trade, but what is of far more consequence, it will keep alive memories which had far better be buried, and it will stimulate the manufacture of 'prison stories' which have no foundation in fact, but which will be powerful agents in keeping open 'the war feeling'—*i. e.*, the batred of the North and West for the South."

At the horticultural show at the Trocadéro during June, there will be five thousand rose-trees, of three thousand varieties, in blossom.

IN THE DARK.

A Fragment.

The darkness was intense, and it had a singularly depressing effect on me as I groped along, stealthily following the rustling sound of a woman's dress. In the pursuit, I had climbed many stone stairways, and at last I found myself walking on a narrow ledge, scarcely wide enough to afford a safe footing. With my cane I reached over the edge, but not far, as I could touch nothing, and a feeling of dread came over me lest I should lose my balance. To my left was the wall, which arched so low above as to compel me to stoop in walking. At each step, the overhanging masonry seemed to become lower and lower, as if pressing me into the unfathomable abyss. The darkness momentarily grew more and more dense, oppressive, palpable—it forced itself on all the senses at once. There was a damp, musty smell in the air, and the dust which had been undisturbed for years arose in a stifling cloud. Numerous bats often flapped their wings almost in my face, and their harsh, squeaking notes gave a fitting voice to the gloom.

The associations surrounding the uncanny place added to the horror of my situation. The building was in a deserted quarter of the City of Mexico. The massive pile had for many years been abandoned by all reputable persons and pursuits. Its labyrinthine interior was a safe refuge for a horde of murderous marauders. Many a brave officer of the law, while searching for a criminal, had been stabbed to his death by a band suddenly thrust from one of the dark recesses.

Only the week before, a prominent and respected citizen had been murdered within these dread precincts. His beautiful daughter, Dolores, had formed an attachment for a handsome and dashing young profligate named Manuel Lopez. He was the leader of a band of freebooters who made their head-quarters in the building. The father took some determined steps and thought he had broken up the affair; but one day a rumor reached his ears that Dolores often met her lover in that ill-famed retreat. One night he followed her, and, to his intense grief, found that the rumor was true. He awaited the meeting, and then rushed at Lopez with the fury of a tiger. The next instant the father fell with a fatal knife-thrust in his heart. The shrieks of the affrighted girl brought several officers to the spot where the body was found, and the news of the dreadful tragedy spread throughout the city. The funeral took place amid general lamentation, and a large reward was offered for the apprehension of the murderer.

A number of mounted officers scoured the neighboring country; but from the first I was convinced that Lopez had not left his den. From what I could learn of the girl, I was also certain that she had not even yet entirely deserted her lover.

My watch of seven days and nights was now rewarded by the reappearance of the girl in the building, and, notwithstanding my fears, I cautiously followed the rustling sound of the dress in the darkness before me. By an occasional glimmer, it was evident that the girl had a faint light to guide her steps. Fortunately she moved slowly, and I was enabled to follow closely by carefully feeling my way with my cane and outstretched hand. My feet were muffled, but I was in constant dread lest my movements should be heard. For some distance the wall to my left was solid, but at last I perceived that it had numerous narrow recesses, much deeper than I could measure with my arm or cane. This increased the horror of my situation, for at each opening I half expected the murderous Spaniard to rush out and hurl me into unknown depths below.

Suddenly I was checked in my pursuit by a startling incident. The girl stopped, the glimmering light entirely disappeared, and I heard a voice, low, but vehement with rapturous delight.

"Dolores, my darling! I knew you would come to me, that your love would show you that I was not to blame. And it was not my fault, I swear to you. He sprang at me like a wild beast, and, not knowing what I did, I drew my knife in self-defense—and killed him. I acted on the swift impulse of the moment, and surely you can not blame me."

"I do not blame you, Manuel," the girl said, slowly and with infinite sadness in her tones; "but we must part forever. I came to-night to bid you a last farewell."

"Ah, do not say that, Lolita!" came the man's voice, in desperate pleading; "see, I could not act otherwise. For your sake, I would never have harmed him—yes, I could even have fought for him; but he came upon me like the wind, he gave me no time for thought—I knew only that one of us must die. Consider, how would it have been had he lived, had he killed me? Could you have been his child again? No; you had chosen me, and I but served your love when I preserved my life. Think, dear one, you were mine by fate's decree, and are you the less mine that I have taken the only course against a man who would have killed me?"

"It can not be, it can not be, Manuel," moaned the girl, hopelessly; "my father's blood is upon your hands, and we must part forever."

"Come, come, Dolores, be not too hasty. You must take time to think. Come, let me lead you to a seat. Why do you draw back from me? I know every foot of the way here, and can find my way as easily in the dark as in the light. Besides, would it be so great a harm if we should fall over this ledge—we, whose love is greater than love of life itself? It is many feet to the stone floor of the court below, and I have heard it said that before falling half the distance, one's breath is taken away and death comes as peacefully as sleep to a babe. Come, Lolita, come!"

There was a sound as if the girl were being half led, half dragged over the stones. She uttered an entreating moan which thrilled me through and through with horror. Little wonder that she was frightened and unwilling to follow her lover; his pleading earnestness had changed to a desperate, despairing tone. I felt that he was about to commit some other dreadful deed, but I was powerless to interfere. The ledge along which I had been feeling my way ended abruptly, and my cane failed to touch a further footing in any direction.

Suddenly the noise of dragging, intermingled with moans from the girl, ceased, and the next instant from *below* I heard a terrible shriek, followed by sounds as if falling objects were striking against projections in a rapid descent. Then all was still again.

I peered into the darkness for a moment till I heard a murmur of voices. At last a lantern was brought. It revealed a group of horror-stricken men gathered around two prostrate forms which lay on the stone floor far below. They were the mangled bodies of Manuel Lopez and Dolores, fallen upon almost the same stone where the father had poured out his life's blood a few nights before. CLARA MEGANDEL.

SAN FRANCISCO, May, 1889.

LATE VERSE.

Decorating the Living.

Where are the comrades once he knew
When war swept o'er the land,
Who followed where the bugles blew
Their echoes of command?
In nameless graves lie some asleep,
Buried where they were slain,
And some in ocean's mighty deep
Forgotten long have lain.

To-day the crippled soldier comes
Where some are laid to rest;
He bears in dreams the distant drums
From North, South, East, and West,
And on the shafts that point above
He sees the banners furled,
In token of a nation's love,
And peace throughout the world.

Which flag was theirs it matters not;
The blue-coat or the gray;
A common grief—all else forgot—
Belongs to them to-day:
Above the graves of those who fell
Upon the battle-field,
In town and city, hill and dell,
Spring weaves her grassy shield.

And while we deck our heroes' tombs,
Their deeds remembering,
The children crown the veteran
With woven blooms of spring.
Please God we never will forget
To let our garlands fall
Upon those heroes living yet:
God bless them, one and all!

—*Frank Dempster Sherman in Harper's Bazar.*

Decoration Day.

With acclamation and with trumpet tone,
With prayer and praise, and with triumphal state
Of warlike columns, and the moving weight
Of men, whose firmness never overthrown,
Proved itself steadfast; which did add to fate
Speed, vision, certainty, and ever grown
More terrible as more enduring shone
A fire of retribution and swift hate,
All visibly advancing—with these we keep
Unsullied in our breast and pure and white
The spirit of gratitude that may not sleep—
A nation's safeguard against shame and blight—
Since sacred memories and the tears men weep
Alone can keep a nation at its height.

—*Langdon Elwyn Mitchell in the June Century.*

Decoration Day.

The old earth to the sunbeams said,
"Come, let us hasten with the flowers:
Give me," she breathed, "your kindling kiss;
Give me your strength," she prayed the showers.

"Call the rhodora from the swamp,
Call the azalea sweet as musk,
Call lilies that from burdened hearts
Their fragrance pour along the dusk.

"And call from all my secret cells
The blushes of the perfect rose,
For I would heap my heroes' graves
Full soon with every bud that blows!"

Then said the sunbeams and the showers,
"In morning glow, in midnight dew,
Though clothed with grass, though heaped with bloom,
Though tenting skies be gray or blue,

"Yet while on each white marble there
The sacred letters shine like flame,
The grave no other garland needs
Whose headstone bears a hero's name!"

—*Harriet Prescott Spofford in Harper's Bazar.*

To those of our Irish fellow-citizens who have been prominent in opposition to the Chinese, because the Six Companies have been charged with exercising criminal jurisdiction and with the execution of death penalties by operation of secret tribunals, we commend a careful consideration of the facts in reference to the murder of Dr. Cronin, of Chicago. We sincerely hope the Irish of Chicago will be as zealous to inquire whether the Clan-na-Gael is a secret political society, composed of an alien nationality under operation of a constitution and oaths which pledge its members to the trial, conviction, and murder of a member convicted of their violation. Let us ascertain if in Chicago and throughout the United States there exists an *imperium in imperio*, a secret Irish society at war with a friendly power, which exercises the right to murder an offending brother. While the courts are engaged in investigating the affairs of this society, we should be glad to know what disposition Mr. Alexander Sullivan made of the moneys that have passed through his hands and the hands of his associates—moneys that have been raised in America for the relief of Irish people and for the advancement of the cause of Irish nationality. Mr. Alexander Sullivan is said to have been at the head of the Clan-na-Gael, to have been president of the American branch of the Land League, to have been a trustee of the "skirmishing fund," and to have been largely interested in the parliamentary fund. He had the confidence of Mr. Parnell, and while the examination is going on before a Parliamentary Commission to determine the connection between "Parnellism and crime," we should be glad of any information which will lead to the detection of other crimes done in advancement of the cause of Irish nationality.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Is Ed absent-minded?" "I think so; he ate two cold hard-boiled eggs this morning, without removing the shell."—*Time.*

"How do you like my boy, Mr. Brown? Nice quiet little fellow about the office?" "Yes. He doesn't snore."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Giles—"Old Brown must be getting generous to offer you a cigar." *Merritt*—"His wife recently made him a present of a box."—*Harper's Bazar.*

The Wild West bar-keeper—"Is it true you lynched that tender-foot?" *Cowboy*—"Yes." "Horse-stealing?" "No; he wore a plug hat."—*Judge.*

Jinks—"Do you suppose a man with a family can live on a dollar a day and be a Christian?" *Blinks*—"Of course. He can't afford to be anything else."—*New York Weekly.*

The Rev. Dr. Highchurch—"James, do you know where good little boys go to when they grow up?" *Small James Brownstone*—"Yes, sir. They get in the Four Hundred."—*Life.*

"What's the matter?" the school-mistress asked. "Back's sore, ma'am." "What made it sore?" "Pop pounded his thumb with the hatchet this mornin', and I laugbed."—*Epoch.*

Mrs. Nuborder—"That's a very pretty motto you are working, Mrs. Browne-Haash! 'Learn to say No.' Is it for your son?" *Mrs. Browne-Haash*—"No; it's for the dining-room!"—*Puck.*

Results of the Spalding tour: *Excited natives* (to shipwrecked sailor just washed ashore)—"For heaven's sake, tell us, quick! Is a man out if he doesn't touch first base when he makes a home run?"—*Life.*

"I would much prefer not to play." "Why, Mr. Henderson, I thought you were an expert on the banjo!" "That is the reason I do not wish to play. I should hate to undeceive you."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

First Washington belle—"I hear you are engaged, Sue." *Second Washington belle* (blushing)—"Yes." *First Washington belle*—"Do you mind telling me when the elopement will take place?"—*Munsey's Weekly.*

"Did you hear that Erminie Barkus has just been divorced?" "Why, I thought it was a love match." "Oh, no; I judge from the testimony, as printed in the papers, that it was more of a sulphur match."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Little boy—"Mamma, are you really going to marry an Italian count?" *Pretty widow*—"Yes, my pet." *Little boy* (delightedly)—"Oh, then I can have the monkey to play with, can't I?"—*Burlington Free Press.*

Fair shopper (in great store)—"There, this novel will do. Don't wrap it up." *Clerk*—"Don't wrap it up?" "No, indeed. I'll sit down here and read it to kill time while waiting for my change."—*New York Weekly.*

Invalid wife—"John, dear, if I should die would you marry again?" *Husband*—"There, there, my darling; I beg of you, don't talk of death and second marriage in the same breath. Death alone is sad enough."—*Once a Week.*

Irate parent—"See here, you young coxcomb! what do you mean by winking at my daughter?" *Young coxcomb* (humbly)—"Your daughter! A thousand pardons. Mistake, I assure you. I thought she was your wife."—*Judge.*

"My dear madam, you are perfectly charming to-night." "Oh, you are a flatterer; I don't believe you." "I assure you I am speaking the truth. Why, when I first saw you, positively I did not recognize you."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Herr Oile—"See dot man vot yust vent owet? He inzulted me. He ask me vy I don't use my razor for a megnut-grader." *Customer*—"Why don't you talk back to him?" *Herr Oile*—"I did. I tole him to come to hell."—*Life.*

George—"Clara, I have come to-night prepared to know my fate from your father's lips." *Clara*—"Are you fully prepared, George?" *George*—"Fully. I put five cents in the slot and got an accident policy on my way up."—*Judge.*

Mrs. Kiddlet—"Why, children, what's all this noise about?" *Little Jamie*—"We've had gran'pop and uncle Henry locked in the closet for an hour, an' when they get a little madder, I'm going to play, 'going into the lion's cage.'"—*Time.*

Jenny—"Here comes Jack, auntie. I wish you would come down and stay in the room." *Auntie*—"Why?" *Jenny*—"I'm afraid he is going to propose, and I can't trust myself—he looks so poor and so handsome."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Anxious mamma—"Little Dick is upstairs, crying with the toothache." *Practical Papa*—"Take him around to the dentist's." "I haven't any money." "You won't need any money. The toothache will stop before you get there."—*New York Weekly.*

Stranger—"Can you tell me what that sound is?" *Policeman*—"I am slightly deaf, and don't hear it. What is it like?" *Stranger*—"Like a drove of horses on a trot, but I don't see any." *Policeman*—"It's the young ladies' seminary out walking. Here they come, 'round the corner."—*Epoch.*

Miss Chisholm—"I'm so glad to have met you, Mr. Darringer. I dote on art, and understand you were a member of one of the banging committees last season." *Jack Darringer*—"Ya-as. It was in Arizona. And I must say that Roystering Pete died game as a tiger. How'd you hear about it?"—*Judge.*

Bertie—"Who made the match?" *Ethel*—"Mamma." *Bertie*—"Who broke it off?" *Ethel*—"Papa." *Bertie*—"Well, what did you and the young gentleman have to do with it, anyway?" *Ethel*—"Oh, we sympathized with each other when it was made, and congratulated each other when it was broken off."—*Life.*

"But, Herbert," she said, "think of the future. You can not surround me with the luxuries to which I have been accustomed." "But your father——" "He would do nothing for us." "Does he play poker?" "No." "Then I will teach him. Trust in me, darling, and have no fear for the future."—*Merchant Traveler.*

Night editor—"This report of a tramp run over by the midnight express is very good. How did you get it so soon?" *New York reporter*—"I found him sleeping near the track, so I chloroformed him and tied him across the rails; and unless the engineer saw him in time, we will have a clean beat on the morning papers."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Mrs. Faddlesby (a woman of fashion)—"I assure you, doctor, I am worn out. This matter of having to think out new forms of social amusement for my own particular set is most trying. I am mentally prostrated." *Doctor*—"Well—ah—why not change your mind, madam? That is one of the prerogatives of woman?"—*Harper's Bazar.*

"Did I ever say all that?" he asked, despondently, as she replaced the phonograph on the corner of the mantel-piece. "You did." "And you can grind it out of that machine whenever you choose?" "Certainly." "And your father is a lawyer?" "Yes." "Mabel, when can I place the ring on your finger and call you my wife?"—*Merchant Traveler.*

Musician—"You vant mein hand to play at de unveiling of dot Washington statue, eh?" *American official*—"Yis, sor, that's th' ticket—foive chunes." *Musician*—"Yah, fife tunes. Vat tunes you vant, eh?" *American official*—"'Hail Columbia,' 'Killarney,' 'The Harp That Wonst,' 'Wearing o' th' Grane,' an' 'Finnegan's Wake.'"—*Puck.*

Miss Gertrude—"Oh, Mr. Searnly, I'm so glad you've come; can't you do something for poor Towser? He ran a nail in his foot sometime ago, and to-day he was taken with the lock-jaw." *Mr. Y. Searnly* (sympathetically)—"I'll do what I can for the poor dog. Miss Gertie—er—don't you think I'd better come around every night, now, until he is better?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

VANITY FAIR.

is pretty rough to give your friends a free circus and then ha to pay double for it, which is the predicament Mr. James W. Waterhury finds himself in at present. The prices for e costumes were in every case double what any theatrical an would have been called upon to pay for similar pro-du ons. As if it were not had enough to have a hattle-royal wit the tradesmen on his hands, Mr. Waterhury has contrived to ur the high displeasure of the press, too. Still, he has hinelf chiefly to hlame for this latter misfortune. The press, it s ms, was not invited to participate in the pleasures of the circ s, hut this did not prove any damper upon its enterpri, and its representatives, to the numher of a dozen or so, an out to Westchester in company and descended on "Pasaunce" in a hody too strong for the servants to repulse. Th raided the house, where the dance was heing rehearsed, an made known their mission, whereupon the door was sla ned in their faces and they were left in the outer darkne s made visihle by the dim glow of the Chinese lanterns. A endly lackey took pity on them and sent them in searcb of r. Waterhury's private secretary, who, heing found, gave he but cold comfort and small hope. "You see, me deah ellows," said he, "this is a pwivate affaiah, you see. Mistaw Wawhuwy did not invite the pwess, you see, so you'll have—a —to take what you can get, you see; hay Jawve, you will!" W this assurance, the reporters professed themselves satis-ed and were, accordingly, inducted hy the hack-stairs into e allery in the tennis-court, where the hand which had been ir for the evening was already assemhled. However, they a n excellent view of the ring and the audience helow, and dicted that they might have done worse. Just as the per-ance hegan, a penetrating odor of the stahle and the ry invaded the gallery, already fragrant with the heery ations of the perspiring musicians, and in trooped the nts of the place, a veritahle battalion of grooms, coacb-e hostlers, cooks, scullions, and the like, who crowded the s into the corners amid a great deal of merriment at the expense. Several of the reporters claim that this was a erate insult to them, pre-arranged by Mr. Waterhury in eat of resentment at their invasion of his domain. her this he true or not, certain it is that tbe bonorable sentatives of the great daily papers of New York viewed e Vaterbury circus in the company of the Waterhury me-a and with about as little courtesy from the slaveys as they bad from tbe master. When the show was over the g were promptly doused, without giving the unwelcome s time to get down from their perch, and they were left ir own devices, while the gentlemen, the ladies, and the nts went in to supper. Two enterprising reporters con-to ingratiate themselves with the domestics and enjoy a le of the broken meats helow stairs wben the gentility in ining-room had allayed their appetites. The rest of the iclers meandered down to the station, and waited hun-for the train to carry them to town in time for breakfast. N, one must concede even an imitation Englishman, like Vaterhury, the right to be master of his own castle. He a not invited the press to share the festivities he bad pre-al for bis friends, and had the privilege of objecting to e unsolicited presence. But he had his choice of but two es under the circumstances. He should have declined to eive the reporters at all, or had them ejected from his ds if they declined to depart peaceahly; or, having re-ei d them, he should have treated them as if he had heen a eman, no matter what his estimation decreed them to be. s was, he did neither. He had neither the nerve nor the dig y to assert bimself, nor the *savoir-faire* to gracefully ac-e he situation to which his own feehleness committed him. reporters, even including those wbo accepted or forced e selves upon the hospitality of the servants' hall, deserve a sha of sympathy which must be denied their churlish host. Th were hut oheying editorial orders, and merited the con-sid ation which helongs to all men who are only executing oe duty.—*To-Day.*

ave always held that women dress women better than the ma creature can, writes a celehrated woman of fashion from Pa. Men have no sense of the *chiffon.* They know how to ma e a fine figure. But there are so few really statuesque ies in the world! Female dress-makers understand hest o amuse the eye, to draw it from defects of face and figure, hey are full of tricks and strategems which the masculine is unable to evolve. A dress made hy a clever dress-maker e p in her business is designed with a view to manslaughter. The other evening I was astonished at the fine art of which Mr. G——, the milliner, gave proof, in explaining to me how bes to hide the "invasion of embonpoint," and to seem slim wh slimness is a thing of the past. The dress should he oc and the draperies he kept as much as possible in vertical fol the straight line heing here and there departed from me ly to avoid monotony and stiffness. And the sleeves ou t to he of exaggerated length, not wide, and pusbed up so as wrinkle like the mousquetaire glove. If they are made to inkle all the way up to the shoulder, so much the better.

ere seems to he a growing opposition to the "afternoon tea" which have become so popular during the past few years (sa the New York *Star*). One objection to them has always he a great dearth of men, as, heing a business nation rather than a asure-loving one, only a few men are idle, and, therefore, on these few are available for daylight entertainments. But the erious objection is not simply that men are not to he fo d at these teas. The objection goes deeper. It is that th are not only not tbere, but that they are, therefore, com-pe d to forego the pleasures of society hecause so many lad s entertain only in this way. It is a simple thing to give a and so pay off one's deht to society once or twice a sea-so bence its popularity. But, there heing few men at such en tainments, the ladies huddle together, gossip a little, drink a p of tea, and hurry away. They are "stand-up" affairs; there is no repose about them, no conversation, and really very little enjoyment. An effort is to he made next season among some of the more prominent leaders in society to discourage this form of entertainment, and to suhstitute for it small evening parties, where conversation will be encouraged hy discussing, for at least a part of the evening, serious suhjects. One room will be set apart for dancing for those wbo care to indulge in this mode of amusement, and the young men who are compelled to devote their days to husiness will be given an opportunity to enjoy a little society, instead of spending their evenings at the cluh or alone in their rooms.

"Why do you wear such a mannish-looking cloak?" asked one fair damsel of another. "Well, you see," was the reply, "I ride on railway cars a great deal and like to have a seat all to myself. So I sit down and fling tbis cloak over the hack of tbe seat heside me. Every one thinks it is a coat belonging to some gentleman, who will soon return from the smoking-car and act as my escort. In consequence, I am always comfortable without having to he impolite."

A Paris correspondent of the New Orleans *Times* says, apropos of eccentricities of dress: I am reminded of the soirée of the Countess de Kersaint. The invitation cards to this soirée hore the notice that hlack evening clothes were not to he worn, and all hut certain members of the diplomatic corps and one or two very old gentlemen had oheyed this injunction. These are some of the costumes worn hy the fashionable men wbo crowded the hall-rooms of the magnificent Kersaint mansion in the Avenue de la Tour Mauhourg: The host, Count Raoul, was in mauve; the Duke de Moucby in blue, with gold buttons; the Prince de Léon in marine coat, with white-satin embroidered waistcoat and gray trousers; the Prince de Cystria in sky hlue, with diamond buttons; the Duke de Luynes in mauve; the Count de Polignac in crusbed strawherry; the Count de Neuville in scarlet; the Viscount de St. Georges in hluish gray, with buttons embossed with *fleur-de-lis.*

The silk-and-taffeta gloves, with kid fingers, lately introduced, are very peculiar to look at and rather pointless, on the whole, for they are neitber cool nor pretty, the two virtues which should he combined to make the perfect summer glove. The kids with lisle-thread palms are more to tbe point, and will he largely worn this summer. Another trick with the gloves is the introduction of a tiny pocket in the palm of the left hand. It is intended to hold a dime, car-fare, a railway ticket, and other sucb slippery odds and ends.

In a little hook just published in England, entitled "Good Form," the etiquette of some few years ago is amusingly contrasted with that of to-day, when everything is more succinct and expeditious than it used to be. When the ladies of John Leech's time went to dinner-parties, they were shown into hedrooms and allowed some minutes to adjust tbeir ringlets. Now they hand their cloak to a servant, and walk straight from their carriage or cah to the presence of their bostess. At weddings in "the forties," each hridesmaid bad a groomsman to look after her and see that sbe had what she liked at the elahorate breakfasts of the matrimonial function of that day. Now there is only a "best man," though how he comes hy tbe superlative adjective, when he is sole groomsman, it is difficult to say. Among other changes of custom is that concerned with the bridesmaids' dresses, which used to be given hy the hride. And our authoress might have added that it is no longer fashionahle, as it then was, for the hride to cry. All weddings nowadays are dry-eyed. Crying has "gone out." It was the very height of the fashion in the year 1827. When Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton married Miss Rosina Wheeler, an eye-witness of tbe ceremony describes both hride and hridegroom as heing "overcome with sensihility," pale, tottering, and fearful. No one totters to the altar now. It would not he "good form." But the hride must not, on the otber hand, romp up the aisle in the exultation of her heart. The correct pace is, perhaps, hest described as resemhling that of a policeman on his heat. It is slow and stately. Another marked change in social customs is mentioned in connection with the etiquette of "small and early" parties. No longer does a hostess ask ber guests to sing or play. This ordeal, so dreaded hy tbe girl of a couple of decades ago, is no longer to he feared. "I bope you have brought some music, Miss Smith," was frequently the prelude to a distracting performance which gave pleasure to no one, least of all to the player. And strange to say, now that music is always professional, and generally worth listening to, it is difficult to persuade people to remain silent while it is going on; whereas, when amateurs were singing, it would bave been considered a shocking piece of rudeness for any one to have talked till the lady had finished describing how she wore a wreath of roses, or the gentleman had finished dilating upon his homeless, ragged, and tanned condition. At the dinner-tahle, it was considered the duty of the host and hostess to urge their guests to eat. This custom, in our own day, is entirely ahandoned, partly owing to the now universal style of having all dishes handed round. Tbe board no longer groans as once it did, the weight of the viands heing transferred to that cbapel of ease, the sidehoard, where, in seclusion, a bireling carves the joint and skillfully dissects the bird wbose anatomy used to prove such an intricate prohlem to the hothered amateur at the end of the table. Skill in carving is not now one of the polite accomplishments wherewitb it is necessary to equip a youth for his social career.

The Volapükists are invited during this month to a great juhilee festival at Allmendingen, in Würtemburg, it heing ten years since the South German country pastor, Dr. Scheyler, puhlisbed his grammar of the "universal language for all parts of the world."

Queen Margherita of Italy is one of the hest violoncello-players of the day.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A well-to-do gentleman, the possessor of a charming wife and residing in the State of New York, lacked only one thing to make them both happy, and that was an heir to inherit the blessings which had been given them in the way of property. Twelve years of married life failed to bring them this blessing. A change of climate was decided upon, and the pair removed to the vicinity of Longmont, in Colorado, where the husband engaged in the cattle business. A year's residence in Colorado bad scarcely gone by when, not one only, but a pair of bouncing babies came to bless the lives of the parents. Was the lady satisfied? Not at all. She packed her trunks and bundled off to the old home, declaring "Colorado was too healthful by at least fifty per cent."

A railroad man, occupying a responsible position on one of our great lines, was riding on a train when a collision happened and his car was knocked into smithereens. He was picked up as one dead, and was stretched out in some convenient place to await the arrival of the doctors to pronounce officially upon his condition. By and by a physician bustled up, looked at his prostrate, motionless form and pallid face, and said: "The poor fellow's a goner, I guess." Then he knelt down, lifted up an eyelid and saw a dull, expressionless orb. "Yes, be's dead fast enough; take him away!" exclaimed the doctor. The supposed corpse suddenly began to move its lips. The startled surgeon listened, and this is what he heard: "You blanked old fool, that's my glass-eye."

The other day a young London doctor, who, doubtless from some scientific or other high motive, had declined to pay a bill, had a "distress" served upon him in the most ingenious manner. His intelligence had long defied the blood-hounds of the law, but the broker's man alone was one too many for him. The doors were locked, the windows bolted, the area gate impregnable; but the genius to whom bad been intrusted the task of entering the castle, was equal to the occasion. What he looked for was "the motive"—that is, the motive wbich would be most likely to induce a young doctor to open his door; and he found it in a "patient." He drove up to the door in a cab as a chronic but well-to-do invalid. Swathed in flannel he tottered up the steps, and when the sympathizing physician let him in and was about to inquire into his case, be replied: "Summons, sir; I'm the broker's man."

A gentleman went to tbe stamp-window of the post-office in a neighboring city and called for one hundred one-cent stamps, tendering in payment one hundred one-cent pieces. "These are not legal-tender in any sucb amounts," growled the stamp-clerk; "I refuse to accept them." "You do, eh?" answered the gentleman; "well, give me one stamp," at the same time sboving out a penny. The stamp was forthcoming. "Now give me a stamp." He got it. "Another stamp; now another." "See here," said the clerk, "bow many stamps do you want? You are keeping twenty people waiting." "Oh, I always keep within the law," said the gentleman; "another stamp, please. Pennies are not legal-tender in large amounts. Another stamp." And be sboved out his pennies and purchased stamps one at a time till be got bis hundred. But the clerk was cured. Pennies are legal-tender at his window in barrel lots.

Stepben A. Douglas and Mr. Lovejoy were once gossiping together, when Abraham Lincoln came in. Tbe two men immediately turned their conversation upon the proper length of a man's legs. "Now," said Lovejoy, "Abe's legs are altogether too long, and yours, Douglas, I think, are a little sbort. Let's ask Abe wbat he thinks of it." The conversation bad been carried on with a view to Lincoln's overhearing it, and they closed it by saying: "Abe, what do you think about it?" Mr. Lincoln bad a far-away look, as be sat with one leg twisted around the other, but he responded to the question: "Think of what?" "Well, we're talking about the proper length of a man's legs. We think yours are too long and Douglas's too short, and we'd like to know what you think is the proper length." "Well," said Mr. Lincoln, "that's a matter that I've never given any thougbt to, so of course I may be mistaken; but my first impression is that a man's legs ought to be long enough to reacb from his body to the ground."

Sberidan Knowles had many acquaintances, and his memory did not always serve bim in recalling their names, but, as the following incident shows, he was never at a loss in such circumstances. It is said that Knowles was talking to a friend in the street, when a gentleman came up to bim and exclaimed, in rather an abrupt, and even angry, manner: "Why did you not keep your promise to dine with us last Thursday, Mr. Knowles? It was a distinct engagement made between you and me. You kept tbe rest of the company waiting for nearly an bour. It is really too——" "Me boy," said Knowles, "ye don't know how vexed I am. No, I did not forget ye. Ask Mrs. Knowles, if ye don't believe me. I was ill, me boy; but it's thankful I am to say I am better now. Give me another chance. Name your own time. Any day next week." "You really will? Well, say Thursday again; and you will not fail us? Same hour—six. Will that suit you?" "Perfectly. Oh, you may depend upon me, never fear. I'll be to the fore that day." With a hand-shake to Knowles and a bow to his friend, the would-be host walked away. Knowles looked after bim, lost in thought, till he disappeared. "That man's face is familiar to me! Do you know wbo he is?" said the author to his friend. "No, I don't," said the friend. "Devil take me if I do, either," said Knowles.

Harrison Millard, the ballad-singer, who accompanied the late Wasbington Irving Bishop on his mind-reading tours, tells the following anecdotes of him: While in Honolulu, he was passing the evening with a small but very gay party. One of the ladies expressed her disbelief in the power of any hypnotizer to influence her. Mr Bishop experimented upon her in the usual way, and when he ordered her to remain rigid with her arms extended, no force could bend her limbs. As she was sitting on a chair, her foot was raised, so that her leg was out straight and rigid. The party, after tiring somewhat of the experiments, adjourned to the piazza of the house. Mr. Bishop, as he passed by his subject, in a joke elevated the limb still higher, until it was almost perpendicular, and then left her in that unique position. As the hour was late, and his horse was at the door waiting to carry him home about six miles away, he jumped in the saddle, entirely forgetting his subject inside. On his arrival home, he found the telephone-bell ringing as if possessed of several evil spirits. Mr. Bishop answered the call at once. He was told that every means had been exhausted by the parties left behind in the house to get the limb back to its normal position. They urged him to ride back as fast as possible to relieve the subject from her peculiar pose. He telephoned them to send for a doctor, who, by injecting a little morphine, could accomplish the desired result. Next time he met the young lady she made him promise, on his word of bonor, never again to in any way exercise his hypnotic power over her, and only on this condition was he pardoned for the cruel practical joke played upon her. On another occasion, in England, all the royal family, except the queen, were present. The old Duchess of K——, who was quite a guy on account of her age and eccentricities, was also there. It was suggested by some one that the best hiding-place for the gold sovereign would be inside the stocking of the aged duchess. She consented, and said she would be convinced of Bishop's powers if he discovered where it was hid. Mr. Bishop, after a few moments' hesitation, went directly to her and impudently found the coin with his delicate fingers concealed near her ankle. The aged dame expressed herself thoroughly satisfied with his wonderful powers of divination.

Coal-tar, formerly a troublesome waste of the gas industry, affords us about sixteen distinct yellow colors, about twelve oranges, more than thirty reds, about sixteen blues, seven greens, nine violets, and a number of browns and blacks, besides mixtures of several compounds, producing an almost infinite number of shades and tones of color.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

"Iris" pictures Dire Confusion in the Amateurs' Dressing-Room.

Behind the scenes at an amateur performance! Who, once having witnessed with aghast eyes that hattle-ground, can ever forget its delirious horror? The adventures recounted hy its scarred veterans are more thrilling than Othello's highest flights of exaggeration. There was one man who used to manage performances for the Union League Cluh in New York—he himself had long ago retired—and to hear him talk was fifty times more interestiog than to read Lester Wallack's reminiscences or Fanny Kemhle's diary.

Once his leading lady fainted from stage-fright of the most stupefying description. Before the lifting of the curtain she was speechless as the wedding guest when accosted on the subject of his wedding garment. The wily manager suggested a glass of water, and offered a tumhler of gin. He reckoned upon her heing sufficiently cognizant of passing events to notice color, hut too far gone to heed taste. She drained the heaker, never discoveriog that it was not "God's free gift to all mankind," and went on the stage, cool, collected, and fearless as Ney at Waterloo. Then another lady—all New York assemhled at two dollars a head—got rolled up in the curtain and was hoisted fly-ward, screaming shrilly, and with "her gaiters"—his own expression—gracefully treadiog the air before the startled eyes of the Four Hundred. It was undoubtedly a very remarkahle performance—*magnifique, mais pas la guerre.* She was unrolled, found unhurt, dusted, and appeared as fresh and sprightly as an English sparrow.

But such accidents will happen in the hest managed performance. So loog as amateurs continue to freeze your young blood and harrow up your soul, will the leading lady be seized with nervous agonies, and lean against one of the wings, pale as Hector's ghost and with the whole company grouped ahout in attitudes of apprehensive commiseration. I once saw her give way entirely, and undermine the courage of a tried and valiant cast. Truth forces one to admit that her fears were precipitated hy the fact that the cosmetics applied by the perruquier would not stick on her face, but kept coming off in a white, flakey shower, and leaving her with the appearance of a peeling, plaster wall. This upset her in the heginning, and so preyed upon her suhsequently, that hefore the rise of the curtain the company had the pleasure of seeing her pacing the dressing-room with long strides, while at one side trotted a young man arrayed as a lodging-house Biddy, with floating red locks and a remarkahly elegant figure, while on her other hand strode the leading gentleman—an engaging actor of the dress-suit style—offering consolatory champagne. We assemhled and took a bird's-eye view of her from the top of the stairs, and concluded that the case was indeed desperate. We would have plied her with hrandy and comforting assurances, hut, as is the case with certain men who when under the influence of stimulants hecome exceeding quarrelsome, she developed the most exuberant and aggressive had temper, which froze at the fountain-heads our "little deeds of kindness, little words of love." We fled away and cowered trembling in corners, like the chickens when the kite comes soaring along.

That was, however, an ill-fated performance all through. Chaos reigned behind the scenes. All of one of the footmen's clothes did not come, and he had to make his appearance one-half footman and one-half hutler—a combination which caused comment. Also the child to he lent to personate a cooing infant of a year was taken ill at the last moment, and our choice was narrowed to one well-grown, long-legged hoy of eight, and a hattered wax-doll. The gentleman—the fond father—who carried it ahout and bade it a tearful farewell on his departure for the war, was naturally given first choice, and he took the doll. Finally, a mirror—helonging to a high-tempered lady—was hroken, and its owner, on hearing of the disaster, flew into a violent passion, declaring it to he the only mirror by which she could dress her hack hair. As it took three days to replace it, it is highly and distressingly prohahle that for that lengthy period her back hair enjoyed the desolate freedom of the wild ass.

All this behind the scenes at a play; hut behind the scenes at tahleaux or dances, where there are numerous performers and several changes of costume—then, indeed, is the pen of a Milton needed to render, with adequate grandeur, the horrors of this scene of carnage. There was one entertainment—a series of fancy dances and tableaux mingled—in which some fifty heautiful and brilliant young ladies, amateurs of the most varied accomplishments and hlue-hlooded families, were forced to make a change of costume in one dressing-room, aided by some hundred friendly female relatives, from fifteen to twenty-five domestics, a dozen or so pet dogs, and eighteen or twenty hosom friends. Some of the participants, owing to a lack of numhers, took part in more than one dance or tahleau, necessitating a change of costume in from ten to twenty minutes. Hence the dire confusion.

That dressing-room was an inspiring scene. The crowd of performers was so unduly swollen hy a steady influx of mammas, aunts, and cousins, squeezing in apologetically with proffers of assistance on their lips, that it was only by the most skillful engineering one could hreak a passage-way through the apartment, and then there was continual danger of treading on some one, or knocking off some one else's cap, or catching the huttons of a glove in some other one's hair. The confusion was something terrific. Wise girls sat in corners, under the flare of gas-jets, their little heap of finery close on the floor at their side, with their own glass and powder-puff on their knees, and an ohliging friend holding the hair-pins and guarding the rouge from thievish hands. Cool, collected ones stood immovable and calm in the centre of an excited group, all proffering assistance at once. Excited ones ran ahout through the throng crying to any one: "Just hook this, will you?" "Please put a pin in here." "Lend me that, won't you? I can't find mine," and then went dashing on hefore the request was complied with. As fresh arrivals hurst in, flushed and breathless from the stage, their entrance was greeted with piercing cries of "For heaven's sake, shut that door!" and as the door swung open for a second came a hurst of music, of clapping, of cheering, from the auditory, lulled in an instant as a dozen hands hanged the door to.

With each new hatch of performers the press grew thicker, the scene hecame more animated. Under heaps of discarded clothes, pieces of costumes were lost, the distracted owner casting them to the right and the left with wildly flying arms in the search, to eventually subside on the floor either weeping or infuriate. One poor creature, exquisitely attired as a Spanish señora, sank into a chair dissolved in tears, and, raising her melancholy dark eyes to the ceiling, gave up in despair, crying dolorously: "Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do? I can't go on! Oh, I can't!"

Her position was, in truth, rather unpleasant. She was ahout to participate in a gypsy scene—to take place in ten minutes—and she had sewed herself into her Spanish dress, and no one could find a pair of scissors to cut her out of it. In the excitement and flurry of the moment, her assistants had recourse to the most heroic measures, hut she had sewn herself in with good, strong linen thread, which would not give. So they tried to hite the threads, a form of treatment which caused the unhappy Spaniard to suffer unmitigated pain. Her friends went squeezing through the press, crying vivaciously:

"Scissors? scissors? Who's got a scissors? Must have a pair!" never waiting for their request to he answered, hut gayly accelerating the confusion.

Every few minutes the door was opened hy an elegantly attired lady, who cried, excitedly, "Hurry up! be quick! make haste! we're all waiting!" at which the hitten Spaniard lifted up her voice and wept, while the performers for the minuet — splendid, shining, magnificent figures, with piled-up masses of whitened hair, glancing dark eyes, and rustling dresses of hrocade and satin — struggled toward the door, paused for a last look into the mirror, seized the rouge out of one girl's hand, the powder out of another's, put on a last dash, took a last look, half admiring, half critical, and went rustling and hrushing and elbowing doorward.

There were regular wrestling matches hefore the mirrors. Amiahle girls gave way after a hasty, smiling glance at their own piquant faces, strangely unfamiliar under a coat of paint and powder. Desperate ones forced their way into the front rank, and, with expressions of rapt attention, laid on a thick coat of white and red, bending their necks ahout and intent on the contemplation of their own heauty. Boxes of powder were hrushed off the stand, fell, and emptied on the crushed lace and silk skirts lying tumhled ahout underneath, to he thrust backward by a careless foot to hide the devastation. Heaps of fading flowers—votive offerings of admirers—lay in deep-hued masses on chairs and tables, or were crushed on the floor under the trampling of high heels. Splendidly attired ladies—chiefs of each tahleau or dance—threaded their way through the crowd, smiling, serene, their trains on their arms, diamonds on their necks, orchids in their hands. Every one was for herself. The manager of the approaching minuet, having hitten her Spaniard free of her hlack-lace draperies, went crowding about, within her hand a box containing the Dresden mark cut in pieces of court-plaster. Every minuet-dancer was to have this stamp stuck on the nape of her neck. The lady, with a glance at the down-hent face of some disheveled nymph, her arms raised, twisting her long locks on the crown of her head, stuck her little black stamp on her shoulder, and passed on to the next.

The crowd and confusion was at its height, when a knock came at the door, giving on to the wings of the stage, and a manly voice was heard demanding admittance in tones of authority. There was an instantaneous stampede among the mothers and the other female relatives, and the Ahigails wailed in a horrified chorus. They ran forward to tear, to crush, to rend the desperate creature into morsels, and throw the fragments to the dogs. Meantime, he knocked again, and in a more gentle voice hegged admittance. One of the gypsies, occupied in fluttering about and retarding every one's movements by offering them help, opened the door the sixteenth of an inch, filled up the aperture hy standing in front of it, and gazed on this blot upon the face of creation through the crack. Thereupon followed a dialogue, to which the fifty performers, the hundred mothers and female relatives, the twenty-five Ahigails, the eighteen hosom friends, and the twelve pet-dogs, all listened in frozen horror:

He (he was, in parenthesis, old, gray, and apologetic)—"I'm really extremely sorry to cause you any inconvenience, hut I must go through that room to get out into the audience."

"Why don't you go some other way?"

"There isn't any other way. This is the only way to get from the stage to the audience. I know it's a very clumsy arrangement, hut I didn't huild the theatre. I assure you if I ever do huild a theatre, I'll have it arranged differently."

"What do you want to go for?" doubtfully.

"Don't you hear?—the leader of the orchestra's playing a dead march. I'm the stage-manager, and I'm responsihle. Please let me go through," imploringly; "listen to him, for heaven's sake!"—and, in truth, a strain of awful melancholy throbhed on the trouhled air—"I must make that man stop; I *must* get into the audience!"

"Never!" valiantly.

"I won't raise my eyes—I'll run."

"Impossihle!"

"But it doesn't matter. I'm married, and I'm very old, much older even than I look!"

Her answer was partly inaudible, but suhsequent tradition states that it was "Sir, you pass over my dead hody first!" which is prohably true. She was, indeed, an heroic creature, and should have won a permanent place in history. Horatius on the hridge was a bagatelle beside her.

"Blindfold me and lead me, then!" cried he, struck by a hright idea, and, drawing a silk handkerchief out of his pocket—"Good gracious, listen to that music! I shall go mad if it's not stopped."

She considered this last suggestion, and consulted the gaping crowd. These, at the first tones of authority, had flown ahout distractedly like decapitated fowls, and finally sought shelter behind the matrons and the Ahigails who ranged themselves into a dense phalanx with their eyes focussed on the crack of the door. There was a whispered consultation. Blindfolded he might pass through—the music was certainly terrible. His head muffled in a Roman sash, led by an aged matron, he passed from door to door in a silence the most oppressive and weighty he had ever heard.

Ten minutes after, the door of the dressing-room burst open and out poured radiant, smiling, gorgeous, and brilliant performers, friends, mothers, relatives, maids, and dogs, in a stream of parti-colored splendor.

IRIS

MAY 23, 1889.

A Damascus Ink-Horn.

If I this shallow well should fill
And dip therein my smoothest quill,
I wonder if there would not flow
Along my lines some charmèd glow;—
Some catch of color such as breaks
At sunset o'er the "Meadow Lakes"
Near where embowered Damascus lies
Beneath the sapphire Syrian skies;—
Some lilt of love like that they sing
Who twine the bloom of boughs in spring
Where Zebadani's orchards reach,
Pomegranate, almond, pear, and peach?

Dare I the trial make?—O fill,
And boldly let me grasp the quill!

CLINTON SCOLLARD

Ozone—active oxygen—is believed to he a product of pl life, especially, according to Dr. Anders, the product of op ing hlossoms. As ozone is believed to he the agent which stroys the germs of disease, or perhaps prevents their act development, the relation of plants to the puhlic health sumes a new interest. There was a marked deficiency ozone in the atmosphere at Marseilles during the existence cholera there, and in one hospital where artificial ozone provided the death-rate was low. The fatality was found he greatest always in proportion to the smallest amount atmospheric ozone. The influence of a thunder-shower vegetation is well known to he wonderful, and it is s that after thunder-showers the atmosphere always present marked addition to its ozone, and instances are given wh epidemics at once ceased after thunder-showers. The atm pheric fragrance so perceptihle after a summer thunder-sho is referred to the increase of ozone. The helief becom prevalent that pine forests aid in the production of ozo does not find support. It is well known that the terrible low-fever scourge of a few years ago was just as prevalen not more so in some of the thickly growiog pine region South-western Mississippi as elsewhere. There is more oz in a pine forest than in the open, hut this is attributed to greater presence of moisture in the air, and not to any in ence direct from the pine-trees. Humidity with a high te perature seems to he particularly favorable to the existence ozone. Humidity uoder a low temperature has no ioflue whatever. A moist and cool climate may he unsalubrio but a warm, moist one much healthier than has geoer heen supposed. The exact manner in which ozone acts favor of health is not yet known. The proof seems to tend the conclusion that there is no physiological action connec with it. And yet there seems to be an active consumption ozone in what may he termed the purifying process. T would indicate that beside being in some measure an ag opposed to the development of disease germs, it also acts an oxidizer.

The most dramatic of silent men was Wallenstein, the tagonist of Gustavus Adolphus, and the commander of emperor's armies in the Thirty Years' War. He insisted t the deepest silence should reign around him. His offic took care that no loud conversation should disturb their g eral. They knew that a chamherlain had heen hanged waking him without orders, and that an officer who wo wear clanking spurs in the commander's presence had b secretly put to death. In the rooms of his palace the s vants glided as if phantoms, and a dozen sentinels mo around his tent charged to secure the silence the geoeral manded. Chains were stretched across the streets in order guard him against the disturbance of sounds. Wallenste taciturnity which made him shun speech, and his love of lence which caused him to he irritated at the slightest no were due to his constitutional temperament. He oe smiled, he never asked advice from any one, and he could endure to he gazed at, even when giving an order. T soldiers, when he crossed the camp, pretended not to see h knowing that a curious look would hring them punishme

The ancient Japanese custom of *hari-kari*, or happy patch, has received a set-back. For centuries it has heen custom for officials of high rank, who may have offended th sovereign, to disembowel themselves upon intimation from Mikado. Not long ago, an old and trusted official wound the feelings of the monarch, and the next day an offi brought him the fatal sword, a magnificent weapon, incrus with rare jewels. The culprit received the sword, packed valuables, and took the steamer for Havre en route to Pa where he sold the sword of honor for six thousand pou sterling.—*London Truth.*

The English har-maids who are to attend the Paris Exp tion are attracting immense attention in that city. It been hinted that there will be some ordinance forhidding employment of all women in the cafés during the show, a the papers are full of advice to young men how not to he thralled.

A political move of great importance is promised hy intention of the Czar to he crowned King of Poland.

THE PRIEST'S VENGEANCE.

A Montenegrin Tale.

His name was Peter Petrowitch, and he prided himself upon counting among his ancestors the illustrious George Tschernowitch, the prince who, in 1516, retired to Venice after abdicating his principality in favor of the metropolitan Germanos.

I first encountered Peter Petrowitch at the house of the Abbé Méignan, the worthy chaplain of Saint Louis of France, where this Montenegrin priest had come for the purpose of asking absolution for a crime at the hands of the Pope. He was a man in the prime of life, but with more the air of a brigand about him than that of a priest—an air which in nowise belied his nature.

But hark to the details of a Montenegrin vengeance, one of many, beside which the tragic recitals of Corsican vendettas are but stories for children.

Public opinion, according to Colomba, brought about the feud between the Capulets and the Montagues, but even then the peace officers were there to compel the belligerents to return their guns to the racks from which they had taken them. In the country of Petrowitch, however, the law sanctions vengeance. "If you find among you a coward," textually declares the Montenegrin code, published as the result of the war of '34, "take from him at once either arms or life; he is worthy of neither, and shall no more enjoy the public esteem. . . . At the same time, attach about his waist a woman's apron, to show that a man's heart no longer beats within his body."

The hate was old between the two houses of Tschernowitch and Jegosch. It was brought about by the grandsire of Jegosch, who had said one day, at a reunion of choice spirits, that the descendants of the illustrious George "came from the loins of a gypsy."

For three generations blood ran like water to efface the insult, and, for a time, it seemed forgotten; then the brother of Peter Petrowitch was killed by Dimitri Jegosch on the morning of his marriage with the daughter of the noble line of Radovitsch. As Natalie Radovitsch, of course, had no children, and her husband no other brother than Peter Petrovitch, it was he, naturally—he, the priest—to whom had descended this ancient vengeance of the Tschernowitch.

* * * * * * *

The old principality of Montenegro was composed—in addition to the Montenegrin noble families—of five villages adhering to the old Greek Church, and five villages to the Roman. Peter Petrowitch was priest of one of these last-named mountain churches. It was, therefore, his own church in which he had conducted the funeral services of his brother, and beside the coffin of the dead he had listened with beating heart to the species of *vocero* pronounced by the wife at the side of the lifeless husband, a *vocero* which recalled in detail the insults received by the Tschernowitch in bygone times at the hands of the Jegosch.

"The coward!" she cried; "he did not even give me the time to become a mother! Too well he knew that a son of mine and of thine would have grown up with the single purpose of extinguishing his race, and he fancies he has finished with his debt, because there remain to exact the price of blood but a widow and a priest! *But a widow who is now a Tschernowitch, and a priest who is still of thy race!*"

Kneeling at the foot of the body, Peter was praying with passionate fervor, beseeching God to gather the soul of his brother into paradise, and to give to *him* the strength to resist temptation.

But that same day, when erect upon the steps of the altar, he closed the mass to speak to the people the funeral oration, his text, the phrase from the dominical prayer: "Forgive us our sins, O Lord, as we forgive those who sin against us!" A freezing silence responded to the words of pardon, and the wife of the victim, rising from her knees with a gesture of protestation, went from the church to await the cortége before the door.

From that instant, life was made intolerable to Peter Petrowitch. On market mornings, when he passed before the shops of his parishioners, they turned their heads to avoid saluting him. In church, they rendered him as usual their accustomed homage, but so soon as he came from the presbytery, he saw himself exposed to renewed insults, even the servants of the church, the people of the choir, the chorister-boys and sacristan refusing to address him a word beyond the necessities of the service.

He walked with bowed head under the weight of public scorn, yet still decided to hold to the end to his rôle of priest. Perhaps he might have continued to resist to the end, but for an insult more cruel than all the rest, and which brusquely put to flight all thought of resignation.

He received it, this insult, on the feast-day of the Holy Apostles Peter and Paul, from his sister-in-law, whom he had not seen since the funeral ceremony, and in a casket brought to him by the hands of a domestic. He opened it, to find before him the pistol of his dead brother, one which he had carried always in the holster at his saddle. Beside the pistol lay *a woman's apron*, richly embroidered, and pinned upon it that law from the Montenegrin code, which Peter but too well remembered: "*If you find among you a coward, take from him his arms or his life, and tie a woman's apron about his waist.*"

At the bottom, Natalie had added the single word, "Choose!"

The priest uttered a cry of mingled rage and sorrow, and, leaving the casket as it had come, was soon at the house of his sister-in-law.

"Thou knowest what I wish!" she cried, on seeing him enter and without waiting for him to speak; "thou knowest it well, Peter Petrowitch!" and, throwing herself upon her knees in front of him, she clasped his cassock beseechingly.

"But this blood," he said, at last, regarding her with a sombre gaze, "this blood thou wishest to be shed—knowest thou not it will rebound upon thine own head?"

"I know it," she answered, "and for it I abandon my hope of heaven. But thou wilt avenge thyself, when? Peter Petrowitch, tell me, when?"

"Dost thou wish me," resumed the priest, "to fire at him from ambuscade, like a bandit of the mountains?—to kill him from a hidden lair? No, I will not do it. If it is the will of God that I become the instrument of His vengeance, He will put him in my way."

* * * * * * *

Several months had passed since this interview between Peter Petrowitch and his brother's wife, and the fête of the Resurrection was near at hand, a day when the Montenegrin law commanded a renunciation of all surveillance upon criminals, great or small, in order that the mountain brigands should descend into the villages to partake of Easter communion.

Dimitri Jegosch—the priest reflected—would doubtless be able to make preliminary confession to some mountain hermit, but under pain of mortal sin was bound to come into his parish church to finish his communion.

"It is there," he told himself, "that I must await him!"

And on the morning of the fête, before the opening of the high mass, and while the building was still silent and empty, he approached the main altar and hid under the folds of its cloth something which was long and heavy and which he had carried beneath his cassock. The sacristan, busy with the lighting of his tapers, had seen neither the coming nor the going of the priest, as he tranquilly returned to don his sacerdotal vestments.

When he came again behind his line of chorister-boys and singers of the choir, the church was filled with worshipers, kneeling upon the stones. Petrowitch passed the chancel-gate without lifting his head, and standing thus, at the foot of the steps, recited the opening prayers. He had promised himself to refrain till the consecration was passed; had he seen Dimitri Jegosch before this was done, he feared that he would not be master of himself, and he wished neither to interrupt the Easter mass nor to touch the Host with ensanguined hands.

He remained, then, his eyes—when compelled to face the people in order to give them his blessing—raised to the nave or fastened upon the scroll-work of the arch of the door. And even as he had predetermined, when he himself had taken the communion and it was the turn of the faithful to approach the holy table, he lifted, with a hand which did not tremble, the heavy ciboire of consecrated wafers, and from left to right along the chancel-rail began the distribution.

Dimitri Jegosch knelt upon the carpet with the rest of the faithful; the priest saw him, but did not stop or hesitate. The words of the administration: *Corpus Domini nostri, custodiat animam tuam in vitam æternam!* came without a break or quiver, as tranquilly and solemnly he raised the chalice to the murderer's lips.

"Amen!" responded Jegosch, resuming his place.

Peter Petrowitch remounted the altar steps. "He has communed," he thought; "mine enemy—he has communed."

Behind him rose the swelling tones of the organ chant, then the voices sweet and soft, or joyous and loud, befitting the songs of an Easter morning, and then—Peter Petrowitch turned about.

He had calculated well; in front of him stood Dimitri Jegosch, as plainly visible in his tightly-buttoned coat as the gaudily arrayed and sacred personages painted upon the window-glass.

In another moment a ball from the hand of the minister of God stretched lifeless and bleeding upon the floor of the church the murderer of his brother.—*Translated for the Argonaut from the French by E. C. Waggener.*

The accent and voice of the father are not more certainly transmitted to the child than are the accent and voice of the race transmitted to posterity, Professor Redpath declares in the *Methodist Review*. It is easier to overthrow a kingdom than to subvert an accent. Every child born with an English-speaking tongue in his mouth begins his linguistic career by doubling the negatives. Nature is strong. Nature says that two negatives are better than one; that they do not amount to an affirmative. For much more than a thousand years the Latin grammar, imposed by the old school-men on the English language long before the incoming of the Normans, has been struggling with the native impulses of our ancestral speech—struggling in vain. For every child, even in the arms of the most scholarly mother, in his very lispings, before the morning sky of thought is more than faintly dappled with the monosyllabic mists, shocks her artificial correctness by adopting the Anglo-Saxon grammar. He doubles his negatives. When two are not sufficient, he puts in three. In doing so, he bears unmistakable witness to a lineage much older than the introduction of Christianity into the British Isles.

The military review at the Paris Exposition has made the critics think that the French Army is better than it ever was. The artillery is generally pronounced the finest arm; but, curious enough, the guns are horsed with dark and white horses alternately. The French are bound to interject a suggestion of art even into war.

Baron Alberto Franchetti, who composes operas, expends immense sums on their production. His work "Asraël" was rehearsed for a month previous to its performance in Florence, seven hundred people being engaged. The mise en scène was estimated as costing eighty thousand pounds sterling.

A Russian navy officer has invented a method of searching the sea or coast by night, which does not reveal the position of the ship. A mortar fires a buoyant shell containing a compound which ignites on reaching the water and lights up the surrounding area.

Of seventeen pickpockets so far arrested at the Paris Exposition none is English. They are Italians, Germans, and Americans.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Count Savorgnan de Brazza recently had his famous collection of old gold and silver plate melted into bullion by the burning of a wrecked railroad train.

Mr. Samuel D. Curtis and Miss Sally Murphy were married the other day in Guilford, O., so the local paper says, "after a tedious courtship of fifteen years, which was borne with Christian fortitude and patience."

M. Henri Rochefort, Jr., who recently killed himself in Algeria, was only twenty-nine years old, but had led a most adventurous life. He had been with Olivier Pain in the Soudan and with M. de Brazza on the Congo. He had also traveled much in South America.

Anton Pzokswizkzits, August Ludwigowski, Andrew Perhobitzky, John Pasckke, John Szzgel, Alexander Picharienen, and C. G. Gzsler are some of the Polish residents of Otter Tail County, Minn., who have received a part of the seed grain distributed by order of the legislature.

The famous poetess of passion, Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, has a visiting card which is creating a profound sensation in New York literary circles. In the middle of the card is engraved the name of the poetess's husband, with the modest prefix "Mrs.," and down in the left lower corner of the card appears in smaller letters the poetess's maiden name, "Ella Wheeler."

The following rather unusual advertisement appeared in Washington papers recently: "For sale—my saddle-horse; seven to eight years old, and without fault. Apply at stable, No. 1623 H Street.—George Bancroft." Horseback-riding used to be Mr. Bancroft's favorite exercise, but it has been too severe for him of late, and for several months he has appeared in the streets of Washington only as a pedestrian, leaning heavily upon the arm of his faithful valet, Hermann Pontze.

Sir Julian Pauncefote, the new minister from the court of St. James to the republic of the United States, is described as a tall, stalwart Englishman, with "a bland, suave Anglo-Saxon countenance framed with snow-white hair and whiskers." He dresses extremely well, and has "the usual British air of immaculate cleanliness and high grooming." Sir Julian, although all of threescore years and ten, is as nimble as a man of half that age. He is still a fine horseman and skillful fencer.

Less than ten years ago, a young man named Cecil Rhodes went to South Africa to seek his fortune. He had speculative talent and a few hundred dollars in his pocket, and after studying the Cape railroads and the Kimberley diamond-mines, he began to buy and sell railroad stocks, mining-shares, and anything else in which he thought there was money to be made. His enterprise grew with the growth of his capital, and three or four years ago he began to be known as a very rising young man of affairs. He is now called the Diamond King and is a millionaire. The young man is only about thirty years old.

It is quite the rage to have theatres in private houses in England. Among the most conspicuous is that in Hubert Herkomer's London house. Another is at the country-seat of Sir Percy Shelley, son of the poet. Sir Percy writes plays, paints scenery, and composes the incidental music of the plays produced. William Morris's private theatre in London is more of a hall. It is long, low, barren, and whitewashed—not at all what one would expect of a decorative artist. On the stage of this theatre, the poet-painter, in blue-flannel shirt and disheveled hair, gives forth his socialistic doctrines to audiences of laboring-men and malcontents.

In comparing the works of the late Viennese painter, Hans Makart, one can not help being struck with the recurrence of two stately figures, usually the most important of the picture. In his "Diana," his "Charles the Fifth Entering Antwerp," and many others, these figures of surpassing beauty occur again and again. The originals of the pictures are now living in Vienna. They are the two daughters of Herr Klinkosch, a leading gold and silversmith of the city. Klinkosch, the father, is an expert in his profession. Most of his work consists in designing presents for the royal family and the government, as gifts to foreign embassadors. Makart was his intimate friend, and, receiving permission, painted his daughters as the heroines of his great paintings. Instantly they became the rage, and the Viennese court, usually so punctilious regarding questions of birth, freely welcomed the beauties immortalized by the brush of the painter. It is some years now since Makart died, but the beautiful Klinkosch sisters, although a little *passée*, are still seen in Vienna society. They are both unmarried.

Delmonico's famous café is in the hands of no one whose birth entitles him to that name. Young Charles Delmonico, who represents the stock company in charge of the place, and in which Frank Worth is said to be a heavy stockholder, is in reality Charles Crist, and took his uncle's name to inherit from him under the will. He is a good-looking, dark-eyed, dark-haired, and black-mustached young man, very quiet and unassuming, some thirty years of age, about five feet eight inches high, and weighing about one hundred and sixty pounds or thereabouts. Young Delmonico is said by the habitués rarely to eat a meal in the restaurant he manages. He often goes for dinner to O'Neill's, on Sixth Avenue. He has a team and often drives in the park. He is very democratic in his ways. There are certain people, who, under the old régime, were not permitted to enter Delmonico's. Those rules are still kept in force. So is the rule that nobody shall be sued on an account due the house. The books show many thousands of indebtedness.

At the marriage of Mr. Perrine and Mrs. Folsom, Mrs. Cleveland wore a white-surah silk, dotted with black stars and trimmed on the front with pink satin. At her throat was a cardinal rose. Her brown hair was done pompadour in front, as her best pictures show her. After the ceremony, the relatives present saluted Mrs. Perrine, Mrs. Cleveland being the first after her new father to kiss her mother's cheek. She left a tear upon it when she did so. Mrs. Folsom looked at her daughter a moment, then, wiping the tear away, took Mrs. Cleveland's hand and said: "Frances, wish me joy, dear." "I do, dear mother; you know I do," said Mrs. Cleveland, and then she kissed her mother again. This time there was no tear-stain, and the old winning smile had come back to the girlish face. Mrs. Cleveland did not kiss her new father; she shook his hand. When the front door of Mr. Cadman's residence opened, Mr. Perrine came first, assisting his bride. Then Mrs. Cleveland stood full and fair before the crowd of women who had assembled. In one hand she carried two slippers, in the other a bowl of rice. Smilingly she tossed the slippers and scattered the grain. The dainty slippers fell into the possession of two ladies, who would not part with them.

Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer is the plaintiff in a sensational suit against James M. Seymour, Allen Lewis Seymour, his son, and her daughter, who is Mrs. Allen Seymour, to recover stock of the Recamier Manufacturing Company. Mrs. Ayer maintains that Mr. Seymour and his son have defrauded her of the shares, and she has made her daughter, young Seymour's wife, a party defendant, because young Mrs. Seymour accepted new stock in place of the original shares, which Mrs. Ayer maintains that she deposited with the elder Seymour as collateral for a loan. The elder Seymour's defense is that she gave him the stock for his services in suggesting the idea of the Recamier Company and in its organization. Mr. Seymour is known in Wall Street as "Phœnix Jim," because of his exploits with the stock of the Phœnix mine. From the interviews and letters printed in the New York papers, it would seem that Mrs. Ayer was addicted to the use of morphine and sulfonal, and that in the endeavor to free herself from them, she became a slave to brandy. Letters are introduced showing that her youngest daughter, a girl of twelve, who is studying in Europe under the care of Blanche Willis Howard, a novelist, who was said to be writing a play with Sardou, believes her mother guilty of these vices. Of Mrs. Ayer's appearance, the *World* says: "Any one who had known Mrs. Ayer a year ago would scarcely recognize, in the fragile, delicate woman, who sat in the court-room, the big, handsome woman she has been. She is still a beautiful woman, but there is a most pathetic story in the fluttering breath and racking cough which mark the one dread disease." And when the *Sun* reporter called, "she wore a tea-gown of black lace, with heavy jet embroidery. On her hands were big diamond and ruby rings, and one immense emerald hedged around with diamonds. Her short hair is of golden hue and waves in ringlets. Her skin is fair, and her teeth white and even."

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

John Delay, of New York, announces the publication of "Grisette," a tale of Paris and New York, by Lew Rosen.

Sir Edwin Arnold, the author of "The Light of Asia," has been invited to lecture before the students of Harvard, in June, on subjects of his own selection.

George P. Lathrop has collected into a volume a number of his short stories already published in the magazines, and Cassell & Co. will bring them out under the title, "Two Sides of a Story."

Brentano's will issue simultaneously in London and New York the "Romance of an Alter Ego," a new novel by General Lloyd Bryce, who is to succeed Allen Thorndike Rice as editor of the *North American Review*.

Mr. R. L. Stevenson, it is said, will write a Pacific romance, in which to cast his "impressions," though many of his actual experiences in the Sandwich Islands will first see the light in a series of papers, to be published serially.

Little, Brown & Co. are said to have sold twenty thousand volumes of their fine edition of Victor Hugo's romances, and intend to bring out in the autumn a popular edition. They have also sold twelve thousand volumes of Dumas's d'Artagnan Romances.

Fanny Kemble, whose "Records of Her Girlhood," published about ten years ago, will be pleasantly recalled by all who read them, has written a novel, and Henry Holt & Co. expect to publish it at an early day. The scene is laid in the Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts.

Austin Dobson's "Old World Idyls," in its English form, reached its eighth edition last year and promises to reach its ninth this year. His "At the Sign of the Lyre" has been revised and enlarged for a sixth edition, to be issued as a companion volume to the "Old World Idyls."

"A Girl Graduate" is the title of a novel by Mrs. Celia P. Woolley, which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish this month. The scene is laid in one of the Western States, and the question of social rank and distinction as it exists in America is the central idea which pervades the work.

A library edition in three volumes of Samuel Warren's "Ten Thousand a Year" is nearly ready at Little, Brown & Co.'s, Boston. Large-paper copies to the number of one hundred and fifty will be issued. No good library edition of this once famous novel is now to be obtained easily.

Swinburne's third series of "Poems and Ballads" is announced by the Worthington Company, who will also publish directly a new edition of Main's "Treasury of English Sonnets," and a portfolio of Presidential portraits from Washington to Harrison, consisting of India proofs of steel engravings.

Messrs. White and Allen announce that by arrangement with Messrs. William Blackwood & Sons, of Edinburgh and London, they are enabled to publish simultaneously with their appearance in London the new series of tales from *Blackwood's Magazine*. Two or three volumes are already published.

Miss Frances Courtenay Baylor, the Virginia novelist, is a handsome woman of about forty, with a charming manner. She is a firm believer in celibacy, and is said to have refused half-a-dozen eligible offers, not only here but in England. "I don't mind a man as a companion," she is credited with saying, "but as a lover I should simply loathe him."

The *Bookmart* for May has this to say of bibliographies: "For the young man of a bibliographical turn a great task lies at hand in the consolidation of existing bibliographies. A single bibliography containing the stores of Watt, Allihone, and Lowndes, with all their merits and none of their imperfections, is an achievement well worthy of a life's devotion."

The Baconian-Shakespeareans have themselves to thank if they find the tables disagreeably turned upon them in the latest contribution to the theory of the authorship of the plays, "Is there any Resemblance between Shakespeare and Bacon?" by an anonymous writer. The author's method of denying Bacon's supposed claim is to blackguard him much after the fashion in which the Baconians have blackguarded Shakespeare. He says, in brief, that such a wretched creature could not have produced the plays. This is amusing as an instance of "the biter bit."

There is a notable review in the *Sun* for April 14th, entitled "The Poet of Fate and Wine." Through four interesting columns the reviewer makes a comparison between various translations of Omar Khayyam, embracing the versions of Fitzgerald, Whinfield, and John L. Garner, of Milwaukee, in rhyme, and Nicolas in French prose. In this comparison the Milwaukee poet suffers disastrously. The conclusion reached by the reviewer is that Edward Fitzgerald was a much greater poet than Omar, and that to him we owe "a majestic poem, of its kind matchless in the English language."

Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls intend publishing a series of twelve biographies of American orators and reformers: Wendell Phillips, the Agitator; John B. Gough, the Apostle of Cold Water; William E. Dodge, the Christian Merchant; Thaddeus Stephens, the Commoner; Dorothea Dix, the Prisoner's Friend; John G. Whittier, the Poet of Liberty; Horace Greeley, the Editor; William Lloyd Garrison, the Abolitionist; Horace Mann, the Educator; Frederick Douglass, the Negro Orator; Abraham Lincoln, the Emancipator; Charles Sumner, the Scholar of Politics. The editor of the series is the Rev. Carlos Martyn, of New York. The authors have not yet been all selected.

The largest chained library in England is at Wimborne, in Dorsetshire. It may be asked, What is a "chained library?" In olden days, when books were still more scarce than readers, it was the custom to attach an iron chain to the band which bound the ponderous leathern volume pertaining to the cloister or cathedral, and those who desired to peruse its pages had to do so standing by the table, or desk, whereon it lay, and whence it could not be removed on account of the chain. Forty ancient, musty tomes are thus chained to the long, narrow, worm-eaten, black-oak reading-desk of the tower in Wimborne Minster, and strangers are proudly informed by the equally ancient—I had almost said the equally worm-eaten—attendant, that "this be the largest chained libery in England."

Thomas Hardy, the novelist, belongs to one of the best county families of Dorsetshire. One of his ancestors founded the Dorchester Grammar School, and Lord Nelson died in the arms of another at the battle of Trafalgar. The characters in "Far from the Madding Crowd" and the scenery are reproduced from the people and places to be found in the neighborhood of Max Gate, the house he has built for himself just outside Dorchester. Bathsheba Everdene's homestead is close at hand, and "Casterbridge" is Dorchester itself. Mr. Hardy is a justice of the peace of Dorchester. As a writer, he is thoroughly systematic. Once seated at his desk, after breakfast, he does not rise till the day's pile of "copy" is completed. Although of a sociable turn, when he has serious work in hand he shuts himself in his room and forbids any visitors to come near his dwelling.

This year has been fatal to many French men of letters, and its latest victim is the veteran poet, novelist, and critic, Barbey d'Aurevilly, a man interesting to England for many reasons, not the least of which is that he was an ardent admirer of the English language and literature. Byron was his favorite bard, but he was deeply read in all the English poets. As an excuse for his love of the English language, he used to say he thought it finer to address his Maker as Lord than Dieu, a curious testimony to the dignity of our Saxon tongue, but no untrue one. While French is the best language for lucid statements and light badinage, English, in the opinion of foreigners, who are better able to judge than we are, is unsurpassed, unless it be by Greek, for stateliness and gravity. It may be questioned if in any other literature language is more perfectly adapted to its purpose than in the Book of Common Prayer or the King James Bible.

It is said that one of the newspaper syndicates offered Mr. Gladstone twenty-five thousand dollars for a series of twenty-five articles on subjects of current interest, and received the following reply: "At my age the stock of brain-power does not wax, but wanes. And the public calls upon my time leave me only a fluctuating residue to dispose of. All idea of a series of efforts is, therefore, I have finally decided, wholly beyond my power to embrace." If this story is not wholly apocryphal, it is evident that Mr. Gladstone has not kept the run of the modern syndicate business, or he would have raked in that twenty-five thousand dollars. It does not require the expenditure of any brain-power at all to furnish a series of articles to a syndicate. Given a reputation, and anything goes. Mr. Gladstone could have furnished passages from the old Hansard's reports of his speeches, cut at random, and the syndicate would not have known the difference or cared if it had.

William Dean Howells is getting to be a familiar figure in New York streets nowadays—not in those busy ones which he calls "glaring" and "gay"—but in the quiet, unfrequented thoroughfares which lie about the sides of Harlem, and in those tangled roads which have crystallized into streets over in the old Ninth Ward. Here, in the quiet of the spring afternoons, he strolls with his daughter, a tall Boston-looking girl, his constant companion. His face has grown a trifle too stout to suit the critical appreciation of those who have formed an ideal from his novels, and the mustache, which droops over a sensitive mouth, is more than half gray. He wears eye-glasses, which rattle in his hand when he talks and betray just the least nervousness. Away off in the quiet which lies about Stuyvesant Park, he has found a home—away from the flashing rumble of elevated roads—and here he writes his novels and communes with the "women folks" of his family and their visitors. He is fonder of the contact of feminine minds than he himself knows. Often in the evening he drops into one of the cheap *table d'hôte* restaurants of Fourteenth Street, and, with his daughter, dallies with the fifty-cent meal, usually changes the wine, and listens and watches the diners at other tables. The town is so big and big men are so little that he is never recognized, or at least not often annoyed by a staring familiarity which Boston always gave to him.

"De mortuis," etc., is usually supposed to be a hint to the enemy; but what is to be said of a man's own familiar friend—according to himself—who, all unwittingly, seems to stand in need of it? Surely one who undertakes to give to the world "personal reminiscences" of a remarkable personage, might at least contrive to do so without blazoning forth his vices and obtruding his weakest and least pardonable follies on the notice of mankind. Apparently M. Arsène Houssaye thinks otherwise, and Alfred de Musset suffers at his hands accordingly. In the April number of the *Fortnightly Review* we have the first installment of five chapters of these reminiscences, and a very sorry installment it is, sorry in its unblushing parade of evil, and still sorrier in its apparent non-recognition of it. Take, for instance, that long first chapter which deals with the early days of the poet, giving in M. Houssaye's own phraseology, "a bird's-eye view of his life of love." His life of love! It is scarcely possible to treat seriously that period, when the youngster of whom Heine wrote that he was "a young man with a splendid future behind him," was the sport of hysterical, contemptible passions, following each other with such inconceivable velocity that he would seem to have been literally propelled out of the arms of one fair *inamorata* into those of another, to be not infrequently tossed back again from the latter to the former, and indeed to be at times scarcely aware to which of the two he belonged. Surely it would have been well to have let alone that phase in the life of one who need only come before the public as a brilliant, tender, and exquisitely imaginative writer; we do not desire to know, and many of us would infinitely prefer not to know, about "agonies" with which the average rational man or woman of to-day has but scant sympathy; a real, a true, a soul-absorbing passion moves our pity, even should it merit our condemnation; but Alfred de Musset's tears, tempests, hurricanes, and what not, the upstarting of his Jack-in-the-box heart at the sight of any new face which caught his fickle fancy, and the bouncing about of that heart from hand to hand till he himself scarcely knew where it was from one moment to another—in all of this there is nothing but a scene of humiliation, which rouses within us an emotion of disgust.—*Critic.*

New Publications.

"A Cavern for a Hermitage," by Clarence A. Buskirk, is a poem in blank verse, suggested by Cowper's sigh "for a lodge in some vast wilderness." Published by John B. Alden, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"Fraternity," a novel which has made some stir in England, advocating a further development of the theories which have made Besant's People's Palace possible, is issued, still without the author's name, in the Franklin Square Library by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 35 cents.

"The Brotherhood of Letters" is the title of a third book by J. Rogers Rees, whose "Diversions of a Bookworm" and "Pleasures of a Bookworm" are fairly familiar to American readers, and are much better known in England. It contains fourteen essays on topics connected with books and book-makers, written in a pleasant, chatty vein and teeming with striking and witty anecdotes of famous literary people. Published by Lockwood & Coombes, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1 25.

"Solitarius to his Dæmon," three papers expressive of individual opinion of a hazy character on various intricate subjects; "The Amaranth and the Beryl," a book of poems; and "A Venetian Study in Black and White," "Digby: Chess Professor," and "A Disillusioned Occultist," three "drama-novels," constitute the five volumes as yet issued of the works of Charles Edward Barns. They are finely printed and are bound in parchment-paper covers. Published by Willard Fracker & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents each.

"Hagar," a novel by James A. McKnight, is chiefly notable from the fact that it is dedicated to Miss Laura Daintrey, "who encouraged the author in a dark hour and aided him in editing the manuscript." It is doubtful if the general public will be as grateful to Miss Daintrey for editing the manuscript as the author was. The story has to do with a young Mormon who has come to Cleveland, O., during the war, to spread the light Joseph Smith had lit, and on the day of his arrival he rescues a young woman from a burly tramp and the young woman's foster-brother—she is a foundling—from death by fire. There are a great number of personages in the complicated tale which follows, and they are generally caricatures rather than characters. Published and for sale by Belford, Clarke & Co., Chicago and San Francisco; price: cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cents.

"The Primitive Family," by Professor C. N. Starcke, of the University of Copenhagen, is the latest issue of the International Scientific Series. It is a consideration of the origin, the nature, and the development of the primitive family, pointing out the ideas on which it is based and the germ of moral growth which it contains. In the first part, the author considers kinship as defined in Australia, America, Africa, Asia, Polynesia, and among the Aryan peoples; and in the second, the nature of the family is discussed, on such points as the relationship of father and child, the institution of polygamy, inheritance by brothers, exogamy and endogamy, nomenclatures, marriage, and the family, the clan, and the tribe. This is an exceedingly interesting study of social development, and Professor Starcke backs up his opinions with a wide variety of striking facts. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers.

The admirable series of biographies which are appearing under the general title of English Men of Action, has been increased by the issue of three new volumes, "Henry the Fifth," by A. J. Church; "Lord Lawrence," by Sir Richard Temple; and "David Livingstone," by Thomas Hughes. They are all careful studies of men who have been instrumental in bringing England to her present high position among the nations of earth—Henry in the wars with France, Lord Lawrence in assuring the great empire of India to his country, and Livingstone in maintaining England's prestige by his intrepid exploration of Africa—and constitute three striking pictures of as many important epochs of English history. Each volume has a portrait for a frontispiece, and that on Dr. Livingstone has a map of Southern Africa. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; for sale by the J. Dewing Company; price, 60 cents each.

Journalistic Chit-Chat.

By the recently probated will of Miss Mary L. Booth, late editor of *Harper's Bazar*, she left an estate of over one hundred thousand dollars. This considerable sum Miss Booth earned by her pen, aided to some extent by successful investments in real-estate. Miss Booth united remarkable literary ability to a shrewd head for business. She attended strictly to business, she never entertained any ambition to publish a magazine of her own, she never wrote a line for publication that she did not sell in the highest market. Consequently, Mary L. Booth accumulated an estate greater than has ever been possessed by a literary woman in this country. Mrs. Croly started in the race for fame and fortune with Miss Booth five and thirty years ago. To-day Jenny June Croly is worth but little more than the yearly income from her pen. A couple of years ago she resigned her editorship of *Demarest's* and paid ten thousand dollars for a third interest in *Godey's Magazine*. The venture was a failure. Mrs. Croly lost every dollar she put into the Philadelphia monthly.

A writer in the New York *Star* says: "In 1872, just after Horace Greeley's death, Whitelaw Reid, then acting editor of the *Tribune*, called the late John R. G. Hassard and the writer into his office. Hassard and I were then subordinates of Reid. He showed us a check of the Tribune Association for forty thousand dollars, payable to himself, for four shares of *Tribune* stock. 'Boys,' he said, trying to laugh away his grief, 'that represents my connection with the *Tribune*. It has been sold to a syndicate represented by William Orton, president of the Western Union Telegraph Company, and Vice-President Colfax is to become editor to-morrow. He wishes you to remain.' Hassard fell to weeping, and I took to cursing, and advised Reid to get out an injunction against the illegal transfer. While we were yet talking, a messenger handed Reid a dispatch. It was from the *Tribune's* Washington correspondent, Zebulon L. White. It told that Oakes Ames had exposed Vice-President Colfax as one of the Credit Mobilier gang, and that Orton, breaking with Colfax, had gone back to New York in disgust. Mr. Reid left the *Tribune* office hastily. He went to the house of a friend. The next day he had seen Orton and bought his fifty-one shares of the *Tribune* for five hundred and ten thousand dollars. The friend to whom he had hastily gone the night before, and who furnished the money to buy the control of the *Tribune* in its days of doubt and tribulation, was William Walter Phelps."

In the centennial number of *Harper's Weekly* for May 11th, published on the eighth, the two prints of the supplement, representing respectively the naval and military parades, each picture fourteen by forty three inches and covering a space of twelve hundred and four square inches, are particularly noteworthy for the accuracy of detail, as well as because they caught the spirit of the affairs. That they were not the work of an imaginative artist in his studio is perfectly apparent. The naval parade took place on Monday. Portions of the sketch, such as the outlines of the land and sky, were made directly on the wood previous to the parade. The moving objects were then fitted in as the artist saw them. At ten o'clock on Wednesday evening, the completed sketch was turned into the art department of the *Weekly*. This was divided into twenty-eight sections, and, at half-past eleven Saturday morning, engravers having worked night and day, the entire block was in the hands of the electrotypers. The sketches of the military parade, ball, and banquet, were all made on the wood after the events occurred, were burried to the engravers, cut in sections, and were all ready on Saturday. The aid of instantaneous photography was called in only in the case of the floats and the parade of the school-boys. The latter had to be modified by artists to relieve it of awkwardness. Fifty engravers of the highest merit worked night and day, and finally produced what was probably the most remarkable hit of work in the history of illustrated journalism. The sale of the papers has been unprecedentedly great, and presses have had to be run continuously in a futile effort to supply the demand, which has not yet abated in the least.

"Mr. Allen Thorndyke Rice's career as a publisher and editor was of the most meretricious order, and his much advertised and vaunted *Review* as big a humbug as was ever known to journalism," says *To-Day*. "The *Forum* is a more repectable, honest, and reliable periodical than was the *North American* at its best under the Rice management. When Mr. Rice got hold of the *Review* it was a noble publication—far too good to prosper in such a country as this. He Barnumized it into profitable notoriety at the expense of all its dignity and literary honor. He stuffed it with bogus essays signed by men who never wrote them, advertised it sensationally, and made it pay. Its position among magazines was equivalent to that of the *World* among daily papers. Brag and bluster were, next to its owner's money, its chief stock in trade. And Mr. Rice, like Mr. Pulitzer, was wise enough to employ a good editor to perform the work he was not competent to do himself, though he was always able and ready to appropriate the credit for it as his own. It is only a short time since there was a sensation over the discovery that an article on society actresses in the *Review*, which purported to have been contributed by Mary Anderson, had never seen her pen, but had been written to order for her by a well-known dramatic journalist. Mr. Rice pretended to be greatly shocked at the discovery. Yet, in the past two years, a dozen or more articles have been printed in the *Review* over the signatures of men who never laid eyes on them till they were in type. They were written to the order of the *Review*, and paid for by the *Review*, and published in the *Review*, with the full knowledge of the proprietor that they were absolute and unmitigated frauds. With his capital to force the fighting, Mr. Rice could have made the *Review* a great literary engine. He was content to convert it into a sort of dime museum freak in magazinedom, for the purpose of gratifying his New England weakness for turning a penny and his ambition to secure social station in the vulgar public eye. The literary fates avenged his offenses against them by cutting off his career on the very threshold of the accomplishment of his desire."

Some Magazines.

Paris Illustré for May is a capital exposition number, showing photographically the wonders of the Eiffel Tower, the interior of Machine Hall, and samples of the interesting group of dwellings, of all times and nations, which measure the adaptation of man to his environment in the successive stages of his civilization. There are portraits of M. Eiffel and of M. Berger, one of the directors. The account of M. Eiffel's previous career as an engineer is very instructive.

The second of Count Melchior de Vogüé's papers on "Social Life in Russia" opens the June *Harper's*. Other articles are: "An Incident of the Irish Rebellion," by Dr. William Howard Russell; "Our Artists in Europe," by Henry James; "Saturn's Rings," by Professor George H. Darwin; "The Problems of Psychic Research," by Joseph Jastrow, Ph. D.; "Montreal," by C. H. Farnham; "The Negro on the Stage," by Lawrence Hutton; the third part of Charles Dudley Warner's "Little Journey in the World"; the sixth part of Constance Fenimore Woolson's "Jupiter Lights"; "Friendly Rivalry," a story of the twelfth century, by James Sully; Praed's poem, "Quince," illustrated by Edwin A. Abbey; verses by Harriet Prescott Spofford, and A. T. Ward; and the departments.

In the June *Scribner's* is begun a new series of papers, to take the place of the Railway Series. They treat of electricity, and the first, "Electricity in the Service of Man," by C. F. Brackett; "Slavery in Africa," is discussed by Henry Drummond; "Striped Bass Fishing," described by A. Foster Higgins; "Monsieur Nasson," is a short story by Grace H. Pierce; "Building and Loan Associations" are discussed by W. A. Linn; "Castrogiovanni," is the subject of a paper by A. Jacassy; "Count Leo Tolstoï Twenty Years Ago," is concluded by Eugene Schuyler; "The Master of Ballantrae," is continued by Robert Louis Stevenson; "Past, Present, and Future," is the title of a paper by P. G. Hamerton; and there are verses by Margaret Crosby, Elizabeth Burroughs, Mary A. P. Stansbury, Edith M. Thomas, Mary Bradley Graham R. Tomson, and Augusta Larned.

SOCIETY.

The Hoburg-Gibbs Wedding.

the residence of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Gibbs, 431 B..ett Street, a wedding took place last Wednesday evng, when their daughter, Miss Mary Gibbs, was un.d in marriage to Mr. Frank Hoburg, who is connected wi.he firm of Cope & Boyd, attorneys-at-law, of this city. Ab.t four hundred invitations were issued for the affair, whi was very happily celebrated. Miss Mary D. Bates ha.harge of the decorations, and in an artistic manner ad.l much to the attractiveness of the handsome interior. Tw.electric-light masts near the residence sent a flood of new light upon the lawn facing the residence, and hanging.interns were suspended at intervals among the trees wit.pretty effect. Upon entering the hallway, where ferns, sm.c, and marigolds were seen in profusion, the guests asc.ded the stairs, the bannisters of which were concealed by .sses of flowering nasturtium, Paris daisies, and drap.eri.of café-au-lait colored silk, and proceeded to the respec.tiv.lressing-rooms, where wraps were laid aside. Then the.hatted and admired the decorations until the time for the.remony.

.. large parlor formed a most attractive scene, the bridal bo., especially, securing the first glance of attention. It wa. the front bay-window that the young couple were to be .ted, and here, against the curtains of lace and terra cot.colored brocade, were placed delicate festoons of smi.ax..ecy bands of tulle, and wreaths of Cecil Bruner roses, all .hining harmoniously. In front, upon the floor, was a lar. soft Angora rug, and in its centre a prie-dieu of white ro.led silk. Several elegant vases on the mantel served as re.acles for clusters of lavender-colored, butterfly-shaped, sw.pea blossoms, and the fi-eplace was veiled with foliage. ..e side of the arch, which spans the frescoed ceiling, a ..c basket was hung from bands of pink-satin ribbon, and ..t issued long sprays of pink sweet-peas and fine grasses ..ding half-way along the arch at one side, and to the ..ntrance, along the wall, on the other, ending among ..lds of the Persian portières. A collection of Paris .. in a hanging basket graced this entrance, and a table ..t end of the room was massed with sweet-peas. A gilt ..n the side bay-window supported a tall vase full of ..s and sweet-pea blossoms, while the curtains were ..ished with Duchesse de Brabant roses, sweet-peas, and ..rays. The alcove entrance to the dining-room was ..ed at either side with vari-colored roses, and the room ..l was ornate with sprays of fern and bright flowers. ..Noah Brandt's hand was stationed and gave its latest .. and contiguous was the little conservatory where re.. g punch was dispensed. The reception room at the .. e of the hall was adorned profusely with a rich variety .. flowers exquisitely arranged.

I.as amidst this beautiful array of flowers, which ..ed the air with perfume, that the guests were assem.. half-past eight o'clock, when the wedding march was ..y and the bridal party entered the parlor from the din..m. Rev. E. B. Spalding led the way, followed by .. ushers, Master John Hawes and Master Schofield .., who preceded the groom and his best man, Mr. E. .. Holladay. Then came the bridesmaid, Miss Lizzie ..mick, and the groomsman, Dr. Tevis, of Oakland, ..d by the bride and her maid of honor, Miss Mollie .., while the father and mother of the bride were last ..er.

T.. bride looked very pretty in an elegant gown of cream-..atin, made with a long court train and fashioned after .. e of the First Empire. The front of the skirt was .. flounced with Duchesse lace, and at either side the ..as laid in large plaits. The corsage was cut V-shaped ..d front and draped with Duchesse lace, while gloves ..te undressed kid extended to her elbows. In her .. was a wreath of white sweet peas, confining in place .. g veil of white silk moleine. She carried a huge .. of white sweet peas.

.. Mollie Torbert was becomingly attired in an Empire .. of white faille Française. She wore a wreath of ..inks in her hair, and carried a bouquet of miniature ..

.. Lizzie McCormack wore an attractive Empire cos.. white silk, and had a wreath of forget-me-nots in .. She carried a cluster of the same flowers.

.. F. A. Gibbs was dressed in a rich toilet of black ..tique, entirely covered with Chantilly lace. It was ..th a court train, and the V shaped corsage was filled .. pink crêpe. Her ornaments were diamonds.

W.. the members of the bridal party had assumed their .. positions, the Rev. Dr. Spalding impressively per.. the ceremony, which was followed by congratulations .. present. Music and dancing filled in a couple of ..leasantly, and then the large dining-hall down-stairs ..ight. Here were pretty decorations and an elabor..pointed buffet, from which a sumptuous supper was ..t tête-à-tête tables. Afterward the newly married ..departed for their hotel amid showers of rice, and the ..who remained danced the early morning hours away ..ly. In one of the rooms up-stairs were the presents, ..ere of great beauty and value, including rich service, ..articles of vertu, and a deed for real estate valued at ..housand dollars from the father of the bride. The ..gifts to her maids were elegant marguerite bracelets, ..groom gave his attendants sapphire scarf-pins. Mr. .. Hoburg left the city on Thursday to visit Santa .. several weeks.

The Detrick-Tucker Wedding.

..Albertine Tucker, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. C. ..k of Oakland, was married last Wednesday afternoon ..Edington Detrick, Jr., of this city, at St. Paul's ..al Church, Oakland. The church was crowded with ..ds of the young couple, daylight was excluded at ..ows and gaslight was substituted for the rays of the ..n sun. The decorations were very pretty, consisting ..es of floral arches hung with bells, wrought of pink ..e bloom, which extended down the central aisle and ..namented the chancel, where other flowers and plants ..utifully arranged. At four o'clock Mr. English, the .. played the "Bridal Chorus" from "Lohengrin," .. bridal party marched down the aisle, preceded by ..er's two daughters, Misses May and Claire Tucker, ..eared in becoming white gowns and wore large Leg..s. They carried baskets of flowers, and opened the ..es near the end of the aisle. Then came the four ..Mr. Albert Brayton, Jr., Mr. Samuel Boardman, ..nes Ruggles, and Mr. Pierson, followed by the ..ids, Miss Claire Ralston, Miss Leonide Cook, Miss ..amble, and Miss Katie Clement. They appeared ..oire toilets of white silk mull with Leghorn hats, .. with flowers that matched those they carried in their .. After them came the maid of honor, Miss Etta ..whose costume was of white striped silk tissue. She ..e a Leghorn hat and carried maiden's-hair ferns. ..ll came the pretty bride, escorted by her father. .. ide looked lovely in an elegant toilet of white Sicili.. de in the style of the First Empire, and trimmed ..hesse lace and broderie Romien. The skirt was ..tistically at one side with lace and the court train .. in graceful folds. Orange blossoms were worn in ..re and at the corsage, which was arranged as a sur.. be veil was of white-silk moleine, her ornaments ..monds and pearls, and she carried a bouquet of .. roses.

.. chancel the bridal party was met by the groom and ..an, Mr. George Detrick, and then the ceremony ..rmed by the Rev. Dr. Davis, of Sausalito. Men..s "Wedding March" was played as they left the ..rom which they proceeded to the home of the ..rents, 1051 Market Street. They were soon joined .. intimate friends and the party, numbering forty in .. down to an elaborate wedding-dinner. Musical .. were played during its progress and a few ..ere indulged in afterward. That same evening Mr. .. Detrick departed overland for Portland, Or., en ..Alaska. They were generously remembered by their .. the way of presents.

The Cheney Reception.

..d Mrs. John Vance Cheney gave a delightful in..ception last Wednesday evening at their residence, ..r Street, in honor of Mr. R. N. Johnson, one of the .. the *Century*, who is in the city on a month's visit. ..minent *litterateurs* were invited to meet the visitor, ..ours were very pleasantly passed with conversation ..enjoyment of a delicious supper. Among those ..vere: Mr. and Mrs. John Vance Cheney, Mr. R. N. Johnson, Professor Le Conte, Professor Bernard Moses, Mr. Adley H. Cummins, Mr. Theodore H. Hittell, Mr. John S. Hittell, Mr. William H. Mills, Judge John H. Boalt, Rev. Horatio Stebbins, and others.

A Seminary Lunch-Party.

The members of the coming senior class of the Van Ness Seminary gave a charming lunch-party at the school on Friday, May 24th. The rooms were prettily decorated, and a dainty luncheon was enjoyed. Afterward they adjourned to the parlors, where the following programme was successfully carried out: Popular melodies on the banjo, Miss Alice Stump; piano solo, "Last Hope," Miss Grace Sayers; recitation, "Lasca," Miss Eliza Stevens; duet, "Il Trovatore," for piano and violin, Misses Wangenheim and Sadler; vocal solo, "Jewel Song," from "Faust," Miss Leah Gust; piano solo, "Lucretia Borgia," Miss Marie Cook.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Redding have sold their residence in Oakland, and are stopping at the Hotel Bella Vista until the completion of their new home on Jackson Street in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. George S. Ladd arrived in Liverpool last Wednesday from New York.

Mr. N. K. Masten, of Oakland, was in Washington, D. C., early in the week, but is now en route home.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall will pass the present month at the Hotel Vendome in San José.

Mr. and Mrs. Eli J. Hutchinson are located at the Hotel Rafael for the season.

Mrs. James Otis and Miss Helen Otis are enjoying a visit to Santa Barbara.

Mrs. A. J. Bowie, Miss Bessie Bowie, and the Misses May and Fannie Friedlander will leave soon to pass the summer at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. William P. Fuller, *née* Pike, has returned from an Eastern visit, and is passing a few weeks at the Hotel Vendome in San José.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker and Mrs. Charles Crocker will go to Del Monte soon for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding will make Del Monte their abiding place during the summer.

Mrs. Peter Donahue and Mrs. E. Martin are at the Hotel Vendome in San José.

Mrs. O. C. Pratt, Miss Lillie Jones, and Mr. O. C. Pratt, Jr. are at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York city.

Mrs Durbrow and the Misses Emma and Carrie Durbrow are in New York city.

Captain and Mrs. William B. Collier are located at their villa near Clear Lake for the summer months.

Mrs. F. F. Low, Miss Flora Low, Mrs. D. J. Tallant, and Miss Anne Tallant left a week ago for the East, en route to Europe, and will remain away about one year.

Miss May Kewen, of Sacramento, is the guest of friends in Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Keeney, Miss Ethel S. Keeney, Judge and Mrs. T. Z. Blakeman, and Miss Leontine S. Blakeman will leave to-day for Santa Cruz to occupy their cottages for the season.

Judge and Mrs. John H. Boalt and Miss Alice Boalt will pass the present month at the Hotel del Monte.

Miss Grace M. Spencer, of San José, is the guest of Miss Jennie de la Montanya.

Mr. and Mrs. John E. de Ruyter, who have been passing a couple of weeks at Santa Barbara and Del Coronado, have returned, and are at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander are expected here soon from New York.

Mr. R. H. Pease, Jr., and Mr. A. J. Bowie, Jr., are at the Hotel Brunswick in New York city.

Mr. James V. Coleman has arrived in New York city.

Miss Mollie Hutchinson, of Oakland, will visit friends at Howell Mountain during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Bowen and Miss Mary Bowen will be domiciled at the Hotel del Monte during the summer.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway will go to Del Monte to-day for a brief visit.

Mr. Joseph D. Redding departed for Europe a week ago.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Coleman and Miss Coleman will pass the next four weeks at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward W. Townsend have returned from their Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis will pass the summer at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. Thomas Brown is visiting in New York city.

Mrs. E. B. Crocker, Mrs. Amy Crocker, and Miss Mamie Crouch have gone East to visit the leading watering places during the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs R. C. Woolworth and Miss Woolworth will be at Del Monte during this month.

Colonel and Mrs. J. D. Fry went to Alaska early in the week.

Mrs. Morrison, the Misses Morrison, and Miss Ryland, of San José, have gone to Bartlett Springs to remain several weeks.

Mrs. Milton S. Latham will reside at Del Monte during the summer.

Miss Naglee, of San José, departed for Europe a week ago.

Mr. Wakefield Baker will leave to-day to visit the Eastern States.

Mr. and Mrs. Calvin E. Whitney have secured apartments at the Hotel del Monte for the summer.

Mrs. George J. Bucknall and Miss Marie Bucknall, who have been inspecting picturesque Yosemite, returned from there last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Delmas will pass the month of June at Del Monte.

Mrs. Eugene Sherwood and the Misses Isabel and Winnie Sherwood will go to El Paso de Rohles Springs in about a week, to remain there a month.

Mrs. Thomas Holt is visiting Mrs. D. M. Delmas at "Casa Delmas."

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Meade and family are at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson and Mr. Mountford S. Wilson have been paying a visit to Mrs. D. M. Delmas at "Casa Delmas."

Mrs. E. A. Fargo left last Thursday to pass a week at White Sulphur Springs.

Mrs. General Bidwell, of Chico, has returned home after a pleasant visit to Mrs. F. A Bee.

Mrs. Frank J. French and her sons, Frank and Harold, went East last Tuesday. They will spend the summer in Maine.

Mr. J. A. Fillmore returned from the East a few days ago.

Mrs. O. F. Willey, Mrs. W. C. Robinson, and Mrs. H. N. Cook returned last Tuesday from a visit to Colonel and Mrs. E. F. Hamilton at their country seat, Erolia.

Mrs. George Hyde and the Misses Mamie and Gertrude Hyde are expected back from their European tour this month.

Mr. Edgar B. Crocker and Miss Fanny Crocker are visiting in Auburn. Mr. Charles E. Green returned from there early in the week.

Miss Ada Sullivan, Miss Annie Bliss, and Miss Mary Sheehy have been visiting Mrs. Rudolph B. Spence at her home in San José.

Mrs. Samuel M. Blair and Miss Jennie Blair will leave soon, to pass most of the month at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. James de la Montanya are recuperating their health at the Geysers.

Major B. C. Truman departed for the Yosemite Valley last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H Rutherford and Miss Virginia Hanchett will be at the Hotel del Monte during the present month.

Mrs. Monroe Salisbury has been entertaining the Misses Lucille and May Thornton during the past two weeks.

Mrs. Theresa Fair, Miss Fair, and Miss Birdie Fair will soon go to Del Monte, to remain several weeks.

Miss Jessie Bowie and Miss Laura McKinstry will go to Alaska in June.

Mrs. Maxcy Robbins, twin sister of Mrs. D. J. Staples, arrived here a week ago from Worcester, Mass., and will be the guest of Mrs. Staples during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Baker and Miss Kittie Stone will pass this month at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, after a quick and pleasant trip across the Atlantic, reached Berlin on Friday, where they will rest awhile before visiting Switzerland and Italy. Afterward they intend going to England and Scotland, returning home next October.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Delmas will go to Del Monte in June. Mrs. Delmas will be accompanied by her niece, Miss Tyler. Later in the season they will go to Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Burling and her daughter, Miss Mamie Burling, went East a few days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Spence and Miss Minnie Foley came up from Oakmound last Monday, and passed several days at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Hawley and the Misses Hawley arrived here from Santa Barbara last Thursday, and are at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac L. Requa, of Piedmont, passed the early part of the week at the Palace Hotel.

Notes and Gossip.

Miss Mabel Pacheco, daughter of Hon. and Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco, will be married to Mr. William Tevis, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, on Thursday evening, June 27th, at Grace Church.

A hop will be given next Saturday evening at the Hotel Rafael. A special boat will carry guests to this city after the dance.

Miss Kate Shepard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. N. Shepard, of Oakland, will be married to Mr. Mark Brickell Kerr at noon next Wednesday, at the First Presbyterian Church in Oakland.

A delightful dinner-party was given recently by Mrs. Richard Tobin, at her residence on the corner of California and Taylor Streets, in honor of Mme. Modjeska. Covers were laid for twelve at a beautifully appointed table and an elaborate menu was served. Musical selections were enjoyed afterward in the parlors.

Miss Grayson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Grayson, of Oakland, will be married to Mr. William C. Ralston next Wednesday at the residence of the bride's parents.

The wedding of Mr. William V. Bryan and Miss Linda Hoag, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jared C. Hoag, will take place next Wednesday evening at the Central Methodist Episcopal Church. A reception will follow at the residence of the bride's parents, 1460 O'Farrell Street.

Army and Navy.

Captain Frank H. Edmunds, First Infantry, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Thomas H. Barry, First Infantry, U. S. A., will soon go to Fort Bidwell on official business.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Wilkie Testimonial Concert.

Mr. Alfred Wilkie, one of our most popular local tenors, was the recipient last Wednesday evening of a testimonial concert at Irving Hall, and was greeted by a large and fashionable audience He had the assistance of the following artists in the presentation of an exceptionally interesting programme: Miss May Benedict, soprano (her first appearance here); Miss Mary E. Barnard, Contralto; Mr. Augustus M. Thornton, baritone; male quartet—Mr. Will G. Wood, first tenor; Mr. Frank S. Mitchell, second tenor; Mr. William Stadtfeld, first bass; Mr. Wilhelm Nielsen, second bass; Herr Rudolph Patek, solo 'cello; Mr. Clark W. Reynolds, accompanist The audience was liberal with its applause and highly enjoyed the following selections:

Male Quartet, "Toast"........................Zollner
Messrs. Wood, Mitchell, Stadtfeld, and Nielsen.
Piano Solo.........................
Mr. Clark W. Reynolds.
Mazurka........................Chopin
Miss Mary E. Barnard.
Romanza, "Celeste Aida"........................Verdi
Mr. Alfred Wilkie.
Aria, "Casta Diva" (Norma)........................Bellini
Miss May Benedict.
'Cello Solo, "Adagio"........................Goltermann
Herr Rudolph Patek.
Male Quartet, "Wanderer's Return"........................Aht
Messrs. Wood, Mitchell, Stadtfeld, and Nielsen.
Operetta, "The Sleeping Queen"........................Balfe
Dramatis Personæ.
The Queen of Leon..................Miss May Benedict
Donna Agnes, Maid of Honor......Miss Mary E. Barnard
Don Phillipe d'Aguilar..................Mr. Alfred Wilkie
"The Regent"............... Mr. Augustus M. Thornton
Mr. Paul Davis........ ... Stage Manager.

The Mansfeldt Concert.

Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt gave his nineteenth concert of this season last Monday evening at Spencer Hall. A large audience was well entertained by the following programme:

Sonata No. 6; opus 10, No. 2................Beethoven
(a) Allegro, *(b)* Allegretto, *(c)* Presto.
Miss Laura M. Adams.
Polish Dance........................Scharwenka
Miss Amy Cellarius.
Gavotte Moderne........................Strelezki
Miss Irene Rutherford.
La Sirene........................Thome
Miss Clara Selig.
Valse Brillante........................Saint-Saens
Miss Ida Fording.
Air de Ballet........................Moszkowski
Miss Laura M. Adams.
(a) Chant Sans Paroles }
(b) Crystalline Cascade } ....Mansfeldt
Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt.

The Philharmonic Society.

Metropolitan Hall was filled last Wednesday evening, when the Philharmonic Society gave its fourth concert of the tenth season under the direction of Mr. Hermann Brandt. Miss Cecilia Adler, soprano, gave her assistance in the execution of the following excellent programme:

Overture, "Euryanthe"........................Weber
Largo........................Handel
Violin obligato, by Mr. J. Willard.
Symphonie, C major, No. 1 ....Beethoven
(1.) Adagio molto—allegro brio, *(2.)* Andante cantabile,
(3.) Menuetto, *(4.)* Allegro molto.
Overture, "Die Schoene Melusina"..........Mendelssohn
Scene and Aria, from "A Night in Granada"......Kreutzer
Miss Cecilia Adler.
The Nations (by request)....................Moszkowsky
(1.) Italy, *(2.)* Germany, *(3.)* Spain.

The Handel and Haydn Society has elected the following officers: President, Mr. J. H. Dohinson; first vice-president, Mr. R. P. Hammond; second vice-president, Mr. George D. Cooper; treasurer, Mr. William Doxey; directors, Mr. William Balnaves, Mr. W. H. Tarrant, Mr. W. H. Taylor, Mr. James N. Driscoll, Mr. O. C. Pope, Mr. Wendell Easton, Mr. J. N. Carolan, Mr. D. M. Delmas, Mr. Joseph Austin, and Dr. W. J. Younger.

There is an organization in New York city termed the Society of California Musicians, which numbers among its members Mrs. Anne Toland, Miss Kelly, Miss Reid, Miss Boyer, Miss Lowell, Miss Harper, Mr. Edgar S. Kelley, Mr. Charles W. Dungan, Mr. Michael Banner, and Mr. Edwin Stevens. The executive committee includes the names of Mr. John Parrott, Mr. P. J. Donahue, Mr. Julius Triest, and Mr. Edwin Stevens.

The Loring Club, at its last meeting, elected the following officers for the ensuing term: President, Mr. F. F. Low; vice-president, Mr. William Alvord; secretary, Mr. W. C. Stadtfeld; treasurer, Mr. W. A. Murison; librarian, Mr. C. W. Platt; musical director, Mr. David W. Loring.

The latest musical publications of the Mathias Gray Company are a song "Among the Roses," words by E. Matheson and music by William Hinz; and the "Little Lord Fauntleroy Schottische," by C. H. Reed, introducing the "Exile's Lament."

The third annual musicale of the Junior Orchestra, pupils of Mr. J. H Rosewald, will take place this evening at Saratoga Hall. Miss Alvina Heuer and Miss Helda A. Hecht will assist in the excellent programme.

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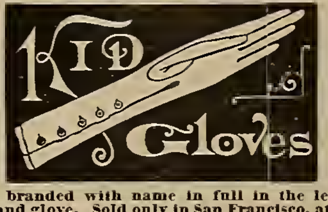

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LIFE IN MODERN PARIS.

A Swell Dinner-Party.

[It is seven o'clock. In an hour the guests of Mme. de Bonclos will arrive. In the dining-room, a table with fourteen covers is laid. All around are vessels of flowers forming a garland. Everything is ready, except that the chandeliers are not yet lighted. The leather-covered chairs, placed at the correct distance apart, wait with indifference. At each place, in one of the cut-glasses, is placed a menu, ornamented with designs; fancies after Van Beers, and Parisiennes after Willette; under these, in prominent letters, are the names of the invited guests. The entire apartment has an aspect of expectation; in all the corners there are lamps and flowers. The salon gives one the impression of a scene at the Comédie-Française. In the smoking-room the curtains are closed on the half-opened windows. Enveloped in a dressing-gown, Mme. de Bonclos, before retiring to dress herself, reviews the drawing-rooms for the last time, and gives, so to say, the finishing touch to her picture. These are the thousand little details which only a good housekeeper can be acquainted with. Here, upon the writing-desk she places a rose, as if forgotten, in a slender vase; there, upon a little table she leaves an open volume among the hooks; and upon the mantel-piece she places a fan. Then she groups the arm-chairs, pointing out beforehand the places for conversation. From there she proceeds to the children's room. They are seated at a round table, and are at dinner. She throws a kiss to them from the door, and can see from the pouting faces of the little ones, and the dissatisfied air of Miss Besty, that their menu has been neglected by the cook. She leaves them with a promise of cakes for the morrow. Of course, it would be unreasonable to require a cook to think of everything on the day of a grand dinner. Provided the real menu is successful, all is well. And then she must not get out of temper, for she has to be pretty, because to-day the charming author of "Resignée," is coming to dine with her for the first time, and with him the celebrated author of "Vérités." It is a quarter-past seven. Fortunately the coiffure is finished; it is only the face which takes time; the rest is completed rapidly. In passing through the houdoir, she notices the last number of the *Revue* containing the sequel of a romance by the author of "Vérités." The *Revue* is not cut! Quickly she cuts it, while running over the pages to find some phrase to quote. She falls upon the following: "The soul is happy only in its own sphere." She repeats it several times to herself as she goes to her dressing-room. The maid is waiting there. Everything is prepared, from the intimate undergarments, floating with laces, to the simple little evening-dress of Chinese crêpe of that water-green so much worn that she wants to be done with it. On the mantel-piece is the half-opened leather jewel-box.]

Mme. de Bonclos (to the maid, on observing the jewel-box)—Ah, no, Rose! Not to-day. You ought to know that I never wear jewels at home. Heavens! how badly my hair is dressed.

Rose—Madame is pale. That spoils the coiffure.

[Mme. de Bonclos has scarcely dipped her hands in the water prepared by Rose, when some one knocks at the door.]

The voice of monsieur—'Tis I, Juliette. I have just come in from the club. The table is all right, but I think you ought to have put young Ivry beside Mme. de Saint-Vallien.

Mme. de Bonclos—Oh, no, my friend; that was last year. You are always behind the times.

The voice of monsieur—Well, you won't be bored between the two authors.

Mme. de Bonclos—At least I am sure that they won't be bored. (To Rose, *sotto voce.*) Do I look well, now?

Rose (mildly)—A little too much black under the right eye.

The voice of monsieur—Then you have nothing more to say to me? You know I am giving dry champagne. It is all the go now.

Mme. de Bonclos—I wish you would let me get dressed in peace. Rose, you are not pulling up my stockings enough. (When Rose is about to put on the petticoats a gentle knock is heard.) Well, now, what is it?

The voice of Miss Betsy—Madame, Susy is so naughty! She won't go to bed. She insists on kissing mamma good-night, and I don't know what to do.

Mme. de Bonclos (in a severe tone)—Miss Betsy, you are in the house to spare me annoyances from the children. Do what you think best, but don't bother me. (Miss Betsy goes away in silence. Mme. de Bonclos knows that her little Susy is not going to have a pleasant time; but she is determined not to get angry). Put on my petticoat.

Rose—Madame is not laced yet.

Mme. de Bonclos—Well, then, be quick. Ah! I do wish you wouldn't stoop your head so low! Your hair touches my shoulders.

The valet de chambre (outside)—Rose!

Mme. de Bonclos—What is it? Go and see.

(Rose opens the door a trifle.)

The valet de chambre—Tell madame that they have not yet sent the strawberries. Shall I wait or send to some other place? And tell her the head-waiter has not come yet. And ask madame if we are to use the little red cups or the medium-sized blue ones. And you have not given me napkins enough. And here is a letter for madame that the concierge has just sent up.

Mme. de Bonclos (out of patience)—Haven't you finished yet, Joseph? Tell all that to monsieur; I can't attend to anything now.

The valet de chambre—Ah, pardon me, madame, I had forgotten, monsieur wishes a little of madame's perfume. I forgot to buy him some.

Mme. de Bonclos (more and more out of patience)—Give it to him and let him go away. (The door is hardly closed before the telephone rings. Rose has put on madame the skirt of the dress which she is fastening before the glass, while madame opens the letter. She reads, in an undertone): "Extremely sorry; impossible to come; my wife has a violent headache; can't leave her." (Crushing the paper.) Well, so much the worse. We shall be twelve. (Looking in the glass.) It can't be possible, Rose. It is monstrous. Take off those paddings. They are no longer worn.

Rose—Let madame consider a moment. There would be too little then.

Mme. de Bonclos—Then take out half. (While Rose with a big pair of scissors opens the padding in question and takes out half the contents, another knock is heard. Madame becomes enraged.) I can't have a moment to myself. (But she sees herself red in the glass, calms herself with a great effort, and says to herself for consolation): The more trouble in the beginning, the more success in the end. (In a very pleasant voice): Well?

The voice of monsieur—You are not ready yet, Juliette? I have a surprise for you. Do you know who has just telephoned to me? Mme. Douglas announces that she will bring her father, the old gentleman you like so much, who tells stories of hunting adventures.

Mme. de Bonclos (out of all patience)—But I don't like him. It was only on account of my charity-sale. Oh, what a bore! (With a little shriek) Ah!

M. de Bonclos (thinking that his wife has fainted and wishing to break in the door)—My God! what is the matter?

Mme. de Bonclos—That will make thirteen!

The voice of monsieur—What? It will make fifteen!

Mme. de Bonclos—The Helders are not coming. They have splitting headaches.

The voice of monsieur—The devil! What is to be done?

Mme. de Bonclos—Tell Miss Betsy to put on her black-silk dress. She will hear the hunting-stories. That is all.

The voice of monsieur—You are a genius!

[He goes away. The corsage is on. A final touch of rice-powder upon the face, and then madame is ready to quit her workshop of beauty. While buttoning her glove, as she passes into the salon, the door-bell sounds. It is the first guest. She places herself before the mantel-piece and looks at herself in the glass, and, although the lamps in the houdoir have flared, although her husband has forgotten to take away the menus of the Helders, although there will be no strawberries, and the head-waiter, who has just arrived, has an ugly nose and is not at all up to the mark, she smiles; it makes her appear younger, and that is the essential. At the same moment, the gentleman with the hunting-stories comes in, and the manner in which he is received makes him think that he has really done a good action by coming. From that moment everything goes well. The other guests arrive one after another. They sit down to table, and while Miss Betsy listens to the tales of wild-boar hunting, Mme. de Bonclos smiles at the author of "Resignée," and recites the phrase of the author of "Vérités": "The soul is happy only in its own sphere." The other, smiling politely, does not understand why he should be treated to a phrase from Voltaire. And the dinner continues.]—*Le Vie Parisienne.*

CENTURY BRIC-À-BRAC.

A Villanelle.

(With a copy of Jean Passerat's
"*J'ay perdu ma tourterelle; . . .*
Je veux aller après elle.")

Jean Passerat, thy tourterelle,
The dove that from thy bosom flew,
Does not with any mortal dwell:

And with it went the villanelle—
The art is, like thy dove, "perdu!"
Jean Passerat, thy tourterelle

Eludes the modern poet's spell;
To reproduce thy ring-dove's coo
Does not with any mortal dwell.

Once from the skies a clear note fell,
A purple pinion cleft the blue:
Jean Passerat, thy tourterelle

It was not, though it mocked thee well—
But thy sweet song to wake anew
Does not with any mortal dwell:

And since thyself went "après elle"—
Went after her the white gates through—
Jean Passerat, thy tourterelle
Does not with any mortal dwell!

—*Charles Henry Webb.*

A May Idyl.

With rake and hoe doth Gladys go
A-gardeoing this sunny weather,
Sweet peas about her porch to sow
Midst hollyhocks and prince's feather.
She sends me here, she sends me there,
And loving aid I gladly lend her—
My Gladys, oh, how passing fair,
With violet eyes so softly tender!

How bright the day; the air of May,
How sweet with breath of blossoms laden!
And can you wonder that I stay—
The tempting scene, the lovely maiden?
What reck I though we oe'er may wed?
I kiss her cheek—who could resist her?
Through pearly portals cherry red
She whispers, "Phyllis, dearest sister!"

—*M. L. Murdock.*

My Muse.

She came hut once, my radiant Muse—
Once, and uncalled for, smiling, fair,
Filled for an hour my room with light,
Sat in my hattered office-chair;

Watched while I wrote with trembling hand
My first, my last, my only rhyme,
Then rose and with one backward glance
Swept from my sight, and since that time

I've watched and hoped for her in vain—
Peered through the window, left the door
Ajar, that I might coax her in,
But, ah! she comes to me no more.

Often I hear her mocking voice,
And feel the rush of flying feet;
Alas! before I reach the door,
She's turned the corner of the street.

"If thou hadst held me fast," she cries,
"Perchance I had been with thee yet.
I'm hut a woman; such a slight
I can forgive hut not forget."

—*Annie D. Hanks.*

A l'Empire.

Rosina, they say, is hut just seventeen,
Yet she crushed at a hlow all the fops of the town
The very first time she appeared on the scene
In something she calls a Directory gown.

It is cut in the picturesque fashion of old,
With a limp, clinging skirt and the scantiest waist,
And wandering over his soft silken fold
Are garlands of roses enchantingly traced.

They have faded, perhaps, since the wonderful night
When Grandmamma danced at the Emperor's hall—
A dimpled young beauty who laughed with delight
To hear herself whispered the fairest of all,

And fingered her pink-flowered frock as she stepped
Through gigue and gavotte with a gay cavalier,
Whose passionate vows, never meant to he kept,
Fell now and again on her innocent ear.

There's a tiny spot still on the ancient brocade,
Where the posy she gave him had lain at her hreast,
And there at one side where the satin is frayed
The thick-jeweled hilt of his sword may have pressed.

But the Prince—ah! Rosina, revenge is so sweet,
That, for Grandmamma's sake, I am glad you look down
With scorn oo the dandies who sigh at your feet
Whenever you wear that Directory gown!

—*The June Century.* —*M. E. W.*

Nineteenth Century Rush.

First young lady (on steps of elevated railroad station)—Oh, do hurry, dear, I'm sure I hear a train coming!

Second young lady—Yes, there it is. Hurry! Hurry!

First young lady—Oh, I'm nearly dead! Only a few more steps. Get your change ready.

Second young lady (gasping)—Oh! Oh! We'll catch it. It's only just stopped. Run!

* * * * * * *

First young lady (on hoard train)—Oh! how my heart thumps! I feel as if I should faint.

Second young lady—Phew! I'd give a dollar for a sip of water. I feel so dizzy.

* * * * * * *

First young lady (alighting from train and looking at her watch)—It will be half an hour before the Browning Club meets. What on earth shall we do with ourselves?

Second young lady—Let's sit here and watch the trains go by.—*Puck.*

It was in the grocery-store: "Give me a pound of cheese," said an elderly man, with hlue spectacles on. "Yes, sir," said the grocer, and he went to work with his knife. Just then a horse hitched in front of the store became uneasy. "Whoa!" shouted the grocer. "I heg your pardon," said the man with hlue spectacles, who had been gazing intently at the cheese; "did you remark whoa?" "Yes, sir; to the horse outside." "Oh, to the horse. Well, hadn't you better say it again to the cheese?"—*Merchant Traveler.*

Dramatic author—"I have a play here I should like you to read." *Manager* (listlessly)—"Ah! I'm afraid I can't give any time to it at present." *D. A.*—"It is an excellent play, I assure you, though I'm afraid it has one fault." *M.*—"What is that?" *D. A.*—"Well, I think that in some parts it is a little off color, comes a little too near being indecent; but that, of course, could easily be——" *M.* (eagerly)—"Sit down and read it to me."—*Boston Courier.*

Young lady—"Only think, when I was a child of twelve I hroke through the ice while skating! *Young gentleman*—"But, surely, gnädiges Fräulein, you got out again?" *Young lady*—"Yes; fortunately there were some workmen standing near, and they pulled me out again." *Young gentleman* (greatly relieved)—"You have lifted an immense load off my mind!"—*Fliegende Blätter.*

He (tenderly)—"Will you be mine, darling?" *She* (cautiously)—"All yours, George, dear?" *He* (intensely)—"All mine, darling; all mine." *She*—"Well, no, George; hut I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll divide with you."—*Washington Critic.*

She (at the charity hazaar)—"It was like Lord Pancake's impudence to ask me to sell him a kiss. How absurd! I wonder what the other girls would have thought? What a nuisance they were so near!"—*Once a Week.*

Hildred—"Oh, no, mamma; he can't he an actor." *Mamma*—"But he is, my dear." *Hildred*—"He can't he, I'm sure. He's living with his first wife."—*Life.*

Tommy—"Won't you kiss me, Nelly?" *Nellie*—"No; mamma said I musn't kiss the hoys. But you may kiss me."—*Burlington Free Press.*

The Boston Society for Physical Research has decided that "ghosts must go." It says there isn't any.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The regular annual meeting of the Argonaut Publishing Company will be held at the rooms of the Company, Room 1, No. 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, California, on Tuesday, the fourth day of June, 1889, at the hour of one o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve during the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come hefore the meeting.

JEROME A. HART, Secretary.

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...NK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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...T civil war was inaugurated in 1861. The difficulties ...h led up to it were caused by the institution of slavery; ...sualties which resulted from it and the consequences ...h have flowed from the War of the Rebellion are too re... demand their restatement. The great and almost the ...nbarrassments which have attended the American people ...d the American Republic have arisen from the pres...of Africans. Whether in bondage or in freedom, ...r before, or during, or since the war, Africans—as slaves, ...trabands of war, as enfranchised citizens, as emigrants ...ng their place of domicile, as factors in the labor ...n, or the social state, or the educational question—...een and are continuing to be a source of great embar...nt to the country. Nearly thirty years have passed ...e war ended by the abolition of slavery and the en...sement of the colored man, and yet the race problem ...s no less embarrassment to the country than when ...s were held to servitude, while the condition of ...llions of people held in bondage has not been im... physically, intellectually, or morally. Tested by the ... history and reviewed by the practical results flowing ...e civil war, it has been a most signal failure. The ... of lives sacrificed in the unnecessary struggle; the ...debt created by the government and left as a herit... States and communities; families and individuals ...l from positions of independent and comfortable ease ...itions of poverty and toil—are sacrifices not compen...y any results flowing from the emancipation of negro slaves. And if, in this connection, we may assume that the status of the African has not been advanced by his present condition as an enfranchised citizen, and that being clothed with the elective privilege and made equal under the law with the white race has not contributed to his physical comfort or improved his moral condition, we may well hesitate in determining whether the war which led to the abolition of slavery has not been a most dismal and disastrous failure. We recognize the compensations which have resulted from the civil war; we recognize the evils which attended the institution of slavery; we think that labor is advanced in dignity, and that the young men of the white race of the South are the ones to whom real emancipation has come from a bondage more complete than that which chained the negro to his condition. We believe that a new prosperity is coming to the South in the development of its material industries; we hope the time is coming when the country will be more united and homogeneous, and that between the States there will exist more natural and friendly political relations than now. A full quarter of a century has passed since at Appomattox the friendly apple-tree threw its grateful shadow over the terrible conflict; and while the war is done, and the country at peace, and a moneyed prosperity prevails throughout all sections of our native land, we feel and know that between us of the North and South there are shadows which do not disappear; we see a Republican North which now for almost thirty years has held the country under party control; we see a solid Democratic South which retains the resentments of the war, and is not willing to accept any friendly overtures which come from a political direction. The South will not accept negro equality, and there is no intelligent and unprejudiced Northern person who is surprised at its attitude. The antagonisms accompanying race and color prejudice are founded upon reasons more substantial and more ineradicable than grow out of complexion, kinked hair, or former servile relations with the master race. The Southern people would not be slow to recognize the intellectual equality of the African, or his moral attributes, if in their opinion he possessed them. Governor Alcorn, of Mississippi—himself of Northern birth, past the ambitious period of his active and honored life, having filled the higher places of governor and senator of the United States—in an interview with a Northern journal says: "The "Southern people will not have negro rule. The negro is not "a white man with a black skin. He is of a different race. "He is a barbarian, and barbarians can not rule civilized peo-"ple." This is a plain statement of what the Southern people regard as the relations of the two races.' If the existence of slavery could be forgotten and only regarded as a sentiment and only remembered for the privileges it conferred upon the dominant race, the South would not submit to negro rule, *because they regard the white race as superior and the black race as inferior;* they look upon the African as barbarous and accompanied with all the disqualifications which attend the captures of war, gathered in times gone by from the coast of Jamaica and the Congo. Africans are—as a race—ignorant, with a tendency to immoral and brutal instincts; in the opinion of the Southern white race, "it will take centuries of development to thoroughly fit negroes for civilization." We are stating conditions. The white South is the dominant majority. It *thinks* itself the superior race. It refuses to recognize negro equality in any particular, and withholds from the negro the exercise of political privileges guaranteed to him by constitutional amendments. This is unlawful, but, so far as we can see, utterly irremediable. The white South can not be annihilated by war; that has been tried. It can not be made reconcilable with the Republican party, for, after a quarter of a century, it remains still Democratically "solid"; there is only an occasional and accidental governor, State officer, or national representative, who is not in open opposition to the dominant party which rules the country. Except for the crime of rebellion, the best citizens of fifteen sovereign States are in strong political alliance with the alien, ignorant mob of foreign citizens who compose a majority of the Northern Democratic party. Almost everything which is bad and dangerous at the North; almost everything which is destructive of order and subversive of law; almost everything which conspires to defeat republican government, overturn the public system of free schools, recognize the civil power of an alien ecclesiastic, unite church and state, debauch and demoralize the public service in the national government and in State governments, and introduce brigandage and open thievery into the great commercial cities of the country—belong to the Democratic party, and in alliance with that party are most of the best men of the superior race in fifteen sovereign States. How to correct this condition of our political affairs is worthy the serious consideration of other than politicians. These are racial differences—alien races at the North, the negro race at the South. Governor Alcorn says: "The strong races will rule." This, then, is a contest for political supremacy, and in this contest WE of the superior race are to remain divided upon sectional lines till ignorance, bigotry, and crime at the North have struck hands with the highest intelligence at the South to embarass and destroy the government. We see but one possible path from out the tangled jumble of this political dilemma. There is in the North an universal American sentiment, embracing all aliens of intelligence and all native-born who love their country and republican government, a majority of the men of larger wealth, a majority of the classes of industrious, law-abiding citizens, and all the ranks of broader intelligence and higher morals. There is at the South the same broad Americanism fretting under the lash of Republican office-holders, resentful and angry at the attempt of the slave race to impose itself upon them as a part and in some instances as a majority of the governing race. In the South, the intelligent, patriotic majority is Democratic; at the North, it is Republican. In these two sections there is an overwhelming American party. If united, it would sweep the country. The only reason why it is not united is fear and cowardice at the North and prejudice at the South; fear of the Roman Catholic Irish and alien Democracy at the North, and at the South an ineradicable enmity to the Republican party of the North. A few sacrifices would reconcile these difficulties attending the formation of a national American party. Let the men who want no office at the North or South tumble demagogues, Pope's Irish, place-hunters, carpet-baggers, negroes, and politicians into one common political grave, and over it build an American party. Let this American party consent to repeal the constitutional amendment which conferred the elective franchise upon emancipated Africans, and in its place enact another which recognizes morality, integrity, and intelligence as the only basis for qualification which shall entitle any class of native or foreign-born citizens to the privilege of the elective franchise. This may not be called a white-man's party or an American party, except for the presumption that in the white American family is embraced a majority of the intelligence and patriotism of the American people.

The constantly increasing need for irrigation, the rapid enlargement of the amount of capital invested in such enterprises, the demand for a still greater flow of money in that direction, and the fact that the general government has seen fit to vote a large sum of money for the cost of a survey which will point out hundreds of fresh fields for the ditch-builders' activity, make it more than ever important that the contest now going on about the fixing of water-rates shall be settled at an early day and in an amicable manner. It is against the policy and practice of the government of this country to permit any person or corporation in charge of a public use or interest to extort unreasonable charges from the public, and it is equally subversive of our institutions to destroy or confiscate property owned by such persons or corporations. Ninty-five per cent. of our people's taxes are paid as soon as assessed, and crowds wait in line at the office of the tax-collector to discharge that duty; the other five per cent. are collected at the point of a sheriff's writ, and are not worth the cost of collection. If the proportions were reversed, or even equally divided, anarchy would ensue, and no one would want to live in a country where the people hated the government so much that no taxes could be collected except under distraint. The analogy holds good with the purveyors of the necessaries of life. If railroad companies had no other reason for their

schedules of fares than the fact that people forced to travel must pay the price asked, or if the water-companies, secure in a monopoly of the necessary fluid, collected enormous revenues under threat of drought or thirst, either one of two things would soon happen. People would take what they needed hy force, or leave the country where such practices prevailed. The converse of this proposition is exactly true. The people as the sovereign power have decided that they can do, what few despots ever succeeded in doing—fix the price at which commodities of necessary use shall be sold, and if they do not find some safer hasis for the exercise of that power than that which maoy are urging them to select at present, either the parties who produce these necessaries will use such power as they may have or will withdraw from the place where they are unjustly treated. The special issue of this character now before the court is whether or not the board of supervisors shall determine the city water-rates on the basis of cost and profit, or by mere caprice or arhitrary will. The discussion which antedated the appeal to the courts was very acrimonious, and disagreeable things were said. Men, whose honorable characters no man would think of attacking in any other cause, were charged with an infamous crime, and the officials who had the case under consideration were plainly told hy a San Francisco newspaper that unless they made a heavy reduction in the then existing water-rates, they would stand convicted, in the eyes of their fellow-citizens, with having taken brihes. Goaded hy this, and hy the political craft of men who had made this question a political issue, the supervisors decided that the rate for water must be reduced, and this without any evidence to show that the company erred when it said that the present rates scarcely sufficed to keep up the plant, pay interest, and salaries. From their decision the company has appealed, and if the appeal is allowed, the matter will probably be sent back to the board of supervisors for review and readjustment. If it is, we hope that its consideration will be approached in a spirit of fairness and conciliation by both sides. If some of the charges weigh heavily on a class not well able to bear them, we hope that the water company will be willing to make concessions and not stand on what they think is their legal right; and, on the other hand, we hope that the supervisors, uninfluenced by the clamor of a cowardly mob or a self-seeking newspaper, will see the necessity for a liberal allowance to an institution whose existence is of such vital importance to San Francisco. Show the world that California encourages such enterprise, and thereby offer a premium for foreign capital to invest in similar enterprises. We all of us depend on others for something, and there are worse things to bear than the reputation of being just and generous toward those who render us indispensable service.

The destruction of Johnstown, Penn., is one of those appalling tragedies which by its very magnitude is beyond the power of the human mind to realize. Here was this busy town, the most populous in Cambria County, built up of manufactories, blocks of business houses, churches, and residences, and lying on a great railway route. Its inhabitants were guarded by all the complex ties of civilization; they looked upon their edifices, their business places, and their residences as being almost as fixed and stable as the earth itself; their surroundings, their relations, their every-day life, seemed an impregnable barrier against that violence and "sudden death" which to many of them, luxuriously nurtured, was but a phrase in a prayer repeated mechanically in the warmth and splendor of the city churches. When, suddenly, practically without warning, a pent-up flood, a solid wall of water, forty feet in height, shrouded in the mist and dust of its own awful progress, came thundering down the valley. Its mighty front, uprooting trees and bedded rocks, and tossing them over its back, fell upon the town. Dwellings, churches, and factories were wrenched from their foundations, lifted high in air and dashed into fragments. Men, women, and children were caught up by the thousands and hurled to their death amid flood and ruin. And, when the water passed, all that was left of Johnstown was its streets, merged into a desert of wreckage, mud, and slime, and a dazed remnant of its population huddled on the hill-sides, staring aghast at the swirling waters of the Conemaugh River, dammed up with solid acres of splintered timhers, human heings, rocks, trees, household goods, cattle, and twisted iron, while above the monstrous funeral pyre flames burst forth to fitly crown its pomp of horror. The press dispatches, which at first were thought to have overestimated the mortality attending this terrible catastrophe, have, it seems, underestimated it. Each day the death-list increases, until now it is said that the victims will number between eight and ten thousand. The further that the heaps of wreckage are penetrated, the denser become the masses of the dead, and as yet the surface of these drifts has scarcely been more than disturbed. As the days pass, the chances of identifying, or even recovering, the remains of the lost become lessened, until it would seem that the poor, grief-stricken survivors will finally be forced to succumb to the inevitable, and allow fire to finish the work hegun by flood. Undoubtedly this course is the hest to adopt for the health of the living. Pestilence invariahly stalks after these carnivals of death, and there is every reason to fear that, unless prompt and heroic sanitary measures are taken, this new terror will he added to the woes of the sorely stricken people of Johnstown. Such a stupendous disaster as this of the thirty-first of May could not help hut test all that there is of good and evil in humanity. Bravery and cowardice, self-devotion and selfishness, resignation and despair, gallantry and ruffianism, were hrought out and displayed on that fateful day; but it is pleasant to think that, so far as we have heard, the nobler traits predominated. The gloomy tragedy opened with a nameless hero. Mounted on a powerful bay horse, an unknown man preceded the flood; dashing madly down the pike which passed through Conemaugh to Johnstown, he shouted: "To the hills! To the hills! For your lives, to the hills!" The people along the way ran to the doors and windows, wondering. Some thought he was mad, and laughed; others douhted, and stopped to talk. But ever on and on he rode, at a terrific pace, ringing out his warning cry. Behind him followed a cloud of ruin, of bursting waters, of grinding, toppling houses. On and on raced the man, with death gaining on him at every stride. And still he cried: "To the hills! For your lives, to the hills!" Many went and were saved. But the death which he defied for the sake of others fell upon him, and, just as he turned to cross the railroad bridge, horse, rider, bridge, and all, were swept into chaos. If the newspaper reports be true, it was left to the low classes of European laborers to rob and mutilate the helpless dead. Even the politicians who fatten upon the votes of these foul sewer-rats of Europe, must stand ashamed before this grievous drama. Like a page from the middle ages comes the telegraphic account of a miracle in the Church of the Immaculate Conception. While this edifice was badly wrecked inside and out, "the statue of the Blessed Virgin, which had been decorated and adorned because of the May devotions, was as unsullied as the day it was made. The flower-wreath and lace-veil were undisturhed and unsoiled." This incident, it seems, has caused a "tremendous sensation in Roman Catholic circles." As to the responsibility for this frightful loss of human life and property in this valley in Pennsylvania, the telegraphic reports are too contradictory to permit of its being fairly dealt with. The questions involved in this case confine themselves to those of locality, design, and material employed, all of which are within the province of professional engineers, and will have to await expert investigation. That the dam at South Fork, however, was reported unsafe at the beginning of the storm which has deluged the East, no one denies; and that the people in its vicinity had grown so careless of its condition as to pay no attention to repeated warnings on the very day of the disaster, is also conceded. This is, unfortunately, too often the history of such deplorable occurrences.

The case of mind-reader Bishop, who is by many supposed to have been too hastily given over to the surgeon's knife, while in a state of trance, has proved a godsend to the literary Dryasdusts of the day, in that it has enabled them to bring out and refurbish all the ancient and moldy stories which have been lying perdu upon forgotten book-shelves, till such time as some instance like the present should arise to galvanize them into unwonted life. The possihility that Bishop might not have heen dead when he was declared to be so hy two medical practitioners, has been made the peg whereon to hang all the ante-mortem burial stories which have ever emanated from morbid fancies and distorted judgments. The facile newspaper correspondent, ever ready to "catch-on" to the topic of the time, has seized the opportunity to parade his intimate knowledge of things in general, and air his intimate acquaintanceship with great men in particular, thereby making himself "solid," as he supposes, with his employers, by interviewing Professor Virchow, of Berlin, upon this world-absorbing subject. That distinguished scientist is reported to have said that the mere fact of Bishop's brain having heen warm when the autopsy was made was no proof that the whilom owner of the brain was alive as in certain forms of disease the temperature of the internal organs of the body is even higher after than before death. He further gives it as an incontrovertible physiological axiom that, even had Bishop heen alive at the time his brain was extracted from his cranium, he could not possihly have been cognizant of the operation, because "consciousness is a function of the brain, the result of this activity. In order that this activity may continue, it is necessary to renew the supply of oxygen to the brain, which can only be supplied by means of blood, and the supply of oxygen to the blood can only be maintained so long as respiration is continued. If the circulation of the blood and respiration both cease, the brain is necessarily deprived of the oxygen necessary to the activity which alone produces consciousness." This is all plain sailing. But the professor goes on to say: "There is often no positive proof that life is extinct. The signs which s their presence (respiration and circulation) may he so slig to escape the closest ohservation, hut they are there. Br ing still continues, although so faintly as not to affect a in the air near the mouth." Now, if the signs of vitalit so difficult to detect, and in view of numherless reporte stances of trance-state such would certainly seem to h case, does it not seem the height—not of folly, hut of cri stupidity—to bury supposed corpses unless there ar mistakahle proofs that life has actually ceased? methods of ascertaining the fact of death, heyond a perac ure, have been proposed; as, for instance, the searing c skin with a hot iron, when, if life he preseot, a hliste arise; or the holding of a strong light before the of the eye, under which circumstance, in the case living person, the pupil will involuntarily contract—wit merous other tests of similar character. Those old i business, however, say that there is no sure sign of dea decomposition. There is, however, something so appal unsentimental in the idea of putting this supreme test proof in the case of a loved and lost one, that it is smal der that the crematory furnace should win adherents. thing, nevertheless, is preferred to waking up in the alive. Perhaps the new method of extirpating cri adopted by the State of New York, might suit all partie any supposed corpse which exhihited uncommon per and refused to decompose within a stated period, sho summarily put under the influence of the electrodes of a inghouse battery of the regulation volt power to paral nervous centres. This expedient would, at least, poss merit of certainty.

The Haymarket monument has been unveiled in C It perpetuates the memory of certain officers of the lav because they were officers of the law and bravely di duty, became the victims of a murderous moh of fore archists and socialists. The ceremooies attending the ing of this statue were impressive for many reasons. calm process of the courts, by the verdict of a jury to impartiality, by the sentence of a fearless judge, firmness of a governor who held the pardoning power were the specious arguments of hired counselors, the pre of misguided "good people," and the sickly pity an mentality which loves to fondle blood-stained criminals, to naught, and the bomb-throwers were hanged. A when three years have passed, consigning the murderou and his fellow-criminals to oblivion, and the cowardly miters seem to have been scared away to their foul monument is dedicated to those gallant police who lost their lives in maintaining the law. Tw sand citizens stood in pools and puddles, under ing rain, while the child of one of the murdered n moved the United States flag from the monument. were no apprehensive police to keep them back; oo trary, the chief of police urged every one to com around the stand and listen to what the mayor had and for two hours they stood there, under their drippi brellas, and listened. And what they heard was, i that, if anybody doubted the ability of the American to govern themselves and uphold the law, let them c look upon that monument. Then the mayor, with dripping from his hair and heard, led the cheers whi given for the heroes whose brave deeds this stone co orates. And the shouts were uttered with such lust will that they ought to have been heard in every n corner of that great city. But were they? We h We hope that the assassination of Dr. Cronin—whic dently the work of oath-bound criminals like the Ha murderers—will add another page to the history umphant American law and order in Chicago. For tragedies are woven of the same political material, di design, but equally hateful and obnoxious to our Ame stitutions. The one was the result of vicious ignorance repressed by the iron hand of European monarchs th let loose upon our shores it became drunken with lib committed devilish excesses. The other is but a tran from Ireland to America of the peculiar political which certain portions of the Irish race indulge in. are no cattle to be mutilated or landlords to be from behind hedges in America, simply hecause the Irish of whom we are speaking prefer governing A cities rather than agrarian lahor. But the method same. From the character of the wounds on Dr. corpse it is surmised that they were inflicted whil bending over the bed of a person feigning sickness in lure him to the place of his death. From the ea patches it seems that there is every reason to believe murderers are in the hands of the civil authorities. within the last few days such a dust of douht has be about them, so many hints and insinuations, vague and mysterious counter-charges have heen set a-fl warrant the suspicion that a strong effort is he

lind the public in regard to the real facts. Those facts are hat Dr. Cronin had cause to think that his life was ought by men in the Clan-na-Gael whose political methods e had criticised, and that the testimony in regard thereto as seriously implicated that political organization in his ul death. But this Irish society—with its ramifications into ther Irish societies, with its net-work of secret plotting, which xtends wherever Irishmen have set their feet—is a power. It as been stirred up by this implication until the tremors have xtended through all the sinuosities of Irish politics. Even resident John Fitzgerald, of the Irish National League of merica, feels called upon to state that the postponement of he meeting of the league has been done at the request of Mr. Parnell, and that "any statement that it is in any manner onnected with the abominable murder of Dr. Cronin is absolutely false." Later than this, we receive the news that the rrest of Alexander Sullivan himself is momentarily expected. And now, in the face of this powerful element, will Chicago ive us another illustration of the fearless administration of ur American laws? We shall await the answer to this question with eager interest, and we hope the answer will not be "No."

The latest contribution to the literature of irrigation is an rticle in the June *Overland*, from the pen of John Bonner. t does not claim to be exhaustive; nor, indeed, could any rticle exhaust a subject which is only beginning to be studied this State. Irrigation on a limited scale, for the fertilization small tracts of arid land, has been practiced for many years Los Angeles and the adjacent counties; in Kern, Fresno, and Merced it has, within a short period, been used for the reclamation of considerable areas; but irrigation on a great scale, as some day must be applied to the vast regions now arid this State, is as yet a theory, whose conditions are unknown and whose practicability every one would like to see emonstrated. Mr. Bonner has contented himself with clearing a part of the ground which others will occupy. On the eneral use of irrigation as a help to agriculture, he says:

In the civilization antedating what we call historic times, there was rdly any agriculture without irrigation. Water was parent of the food ops of Egypt, Assyria, Babylonia, India, and Ceylon. Mankind nere trusted to Providence to fertilize the fields by means of rains. an felt it to be his duty to supplement nature by carrying water in tches to places where it was wanted from places where it was useless. his was the case, not only in the countries of Asia and Africa, but likese on the west coast of South America, and in our own Territories of izona and New Mexico, where the remains of ancient irrigating canals e quite visible; and also, when historic times began, in those portions Southern Europe, such as Spain and Italy, where the soil was fertile, t the rain-fall scanty. It was not till intelligent husbandry invaded rmany, France, England, and Scandinavia, and crossed the Atlantic th immigrants from those countries, that a race of people grew up who ncied that crops could be raised without an artificial distribution of ter. They believed that the rain-fall sufficed; and where that avered forty inches a year there was excuse for the belief.

But when the plow crossed the hundredth parallel of longitude, the d conditions were reproduced, and it became a mere matter of time en it would be necessary to meet them with the old appliances. On the uvial slope spreading from the eastern foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains o the heart of what is call on the old maps the Great American Desert, e rain-fall rarely exceeds fifteen inches, and often falls short of ten; ile the western slope of the Sierras, south of Sacramento, can not ckon on even an average of ten inches. Between these two, the mesas d valleys of California, Nevada, and Utah, whose fertility under irrition has become proverbial, are at least as scanily supplied. When, er the close of the war and the completion of the Pacific railroads, a band settlers, not bent on gold-seeking, set their faces westward, they ickly realized that to make the earth bring forth her increase in the w country west of Kansas, water must be regularly, uniformly, and ficiously, that is to say artificially, supplied. Ditch companies were rmed in Colorado and Southern California. Brigham Young had own them how, by a skillful use of water, a paradise could be erected t of a desert; the deserted miners' flumes were utilized to irrigate farmd. It was uphill work. It costs money to build reservoirs and dams d distributing canals and lateral ditches, especially if the source of the ter lies at a considerable distance from the land to be watered. No n could afford to go to such expense, unless his holding was very large deed. For the owner of a quarter-section of government land, irrigation s an unattainable luxury. By taking up large parcels of land under e Desert Act, enterprising men tried to accumulate an estate considerle enough to warrant them in going to the expense of bringing water m the Sierras. They had the satisfaction of hearing themselves deunced as land-grabbers and robber-barons; "friends of the people" led at them as monopolists who were stealing land which should have en reserved as homes for the horny-handed sons of toil. Worse than s, most of them found that their engineers' estimates fell far short of actual expense of constructing the necessary canals and ditches. Not ew of them broke down in their enterprise.

Some few persevered and succeeded. Mr. James B. Haggin and his sociates irrigated an estate from the waters of Kern and Kings Rivers, d are now selling off at auction at twenty-five to one hundred dollars acre land which before they began operations would have been dear five cents an acre. The late Mr. Charles Crocker, in conjunction th Mr. Huffman, brought water from the foot-hills east of Merced unty to the valley lying west, and Mr. Crocker's heirs are likewise paring to reap the fruits of his enterprise by selling to settlers fertile ms carved out of deserts. From the Santa Ana, San Gabriel, and s Angeles Rivers a large number of ditches, perhaps two hundred or re, have been dug, fertilizing fifty or sixty thousand acres of land ich was worthless a few years ago, and is now worth several hundred llars an acre for orange, lemon, lime, walnut, and almond groves.

Mr. Bonner reviews the proceedings of the Irrigation League 1886–7, and of the legislature of 1887, which enacted the right Act. He shows how that measure, well-intentioned as was, fails to meet the case, and he explains how the efforts separate localities to secure an artificial supply of water are ely to prove equally futile. Then, turning to a plan which s many friends in Congress, he observes:

It is pretty well understood that renewed efforts will be made by the y-first Congress to amend the land laws, and it is said that an attempt ll be made to repeal the limitation now set on the amount of land ich the government can sell to a single purchaser. It is argued that the government could sell two, three, or five hundred thousand acres a block to such purchasers, or donate alternate sections in the great serts, syndicates would be formed to take the land and to irrigate it, us enhancing the value of the surrounding country. To this scheme ere are two objections. In the first place, no new syndicate could find any water not already appropriated in this State without going to the Colorado River. There are more inches filed upon in the Sacramento, San Joaquin, Calaveras, Stanislaus, Tuolumne, Fresno, Kings, and Kern Rivers, and in the rivers of Los Angeles, than those streams can furnish. And the owners of the filings would not part with them except at a price which would cover any possible profit the syndicate could make. Secondly, a proposition to amend the land laws, so as to authorize the government to sell large blocks of the public domain to syndicates, would at once arouse the alarm of the proletarian class, and set every demagogue in the country howling. Every labor-union would pass resolutions denouncing the scheme to bestow the remainder of the public domain on speculators; every Congressman, who had an eye to reëlection, would feel bound to testify his independence of corporate influence by opposing it. It would be idle to argue that small holders can not afford to irrigate—that no man or party of men will spend millions on reservoirs, canals, dams, and ditches, unless they can see their way to reimbursing themselves; that the chief beneficiary of irrigation syndicates would be the small settler, who could raise a family on twenty acres of irrigated land. All this reasoning would fall on deaf ears, if ever the cry arose that the government was going to return to the policy of giving away the birthright of future citizens to companies and millionaires.

He recapitulates his various propositions as follows:

If these several propositions are sound; if the public sentiment could not tolerate the sale of large tracts of arid land to syndicates; if, anyway, the syndicates, if they got the land, could not get the water to irrigate it; if any new scheme to irrigate separate districts by independent organizations of farmers residing in the same water-shed would fail, as the Wright scheme failed, from the impossibility of clothing the organizations with pecuniary responsibility; and if, finally, local schemes of irrigation would clash, and for every acre which they irrigated would deprive five other acres of the means of irrigation; then, it would seem, we are driven, as a forced alternative, to follow the example of England in India and France in Algeria, and to look to the general government for a comprehensive system of irrigation for the coast.

That this thought has penetrated leading minds at Washington may fairly be inferred from the appropriation of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the survey of water sources, and from the comments made on that measure by such men as R. P. Flower. A survey is a preliminary part of a construction. If the government may survey, it may build reservoirs and dig canals. It is not to be supposed that it was the idea of Congress that after finding out the water sources and pointing out how the water might be saved and utilized in irrigation, the nation intended to say to the States or to citizens: "We have shown you what to do and how to do it; now go ahead and do the work." The dominant thought must have been that as water-sheds are independent of State lines, and no thorough system of irrigation can be undertaken which does not ignore State and county divisions, whenever the time came that agriculture west of Missouri could not be conducted without an artificial supply of water, the nation would undertake to furnish that supply, because it was the only power that could; and that in order to enable it to do so intelligently, it would survey the various nurseries of water throughout the Western country without regard to State boundaries, and simply with reference to hydrographic laws.

Space forbids us to follow the writer into the calculations which he makes, on the basis of Engineer Hall's report, as to the area of irrigable land in this State. We notice that the Colorado Desert alone, most of which is irrigable from the Colorado River, contains an area of twenty-four hundred and fifty square miles, and the Mojave Desert nearly fifteen thousand square miles. An idea of what could be done with this vast region, if it were all cultivated, may be formed from Professor Hilgard's estimate that an area of sixteen hundred square miles would grow beets enough to supply the United States with every pound of sugar consumed in the country; though, in the case of these deserts, the land, when irrigated, would probably be too valuable to be devoted to beet culture, and would be reserved for the production of high-priced fruits and early vegetables. On the vital question of ways and means, Mr. Bonner sums up as follows:

Suppose it cost the general government a hundred millions of dollars to establish a comprehensive system of irrigation for California, so as to put water on the irrigable lands. There are in the public domain in this State thirty-three millions of acres of unsurveyed land. It belongs to the government, is held at one dollar and twenty-five cents an acre, and is not worth five cents an acre. If water were put on the irrigable portions of it, they would be greedily bought up. If the land offices should give notice that such irrigable portions, which can not probably be less than one-third of the whole, would be offered for public entry at ten dollars an acre on a given day, the late rush into Oklahoma might fade into insignificance in comparison with the fierce rage of invaders for a slice of the new domain. The lands, in fact, might be cheap at twenty-five dollars an acre, and parts of them might find purchasers at one hundred dollars.

One-third of the government land in this State would probably be between eleven and twelve million acres; at ten dollars an acre it would represent a sum of money not less than a hundred and ten millions, and possibly a hundred and twenty million dollars.

Russian life and its peculiarities have recently attracted unusual attention in this country, and the study has resulted in no small amount of self-congratulation as we complacently contrast that life with our own. The existence of nihilism, an avowed defense of political assassination, has aroused our curiosity, and writers on the social condition of Russia have undoubtedly exaggerated this phase of Russian life in order to lend an increased interest to their story. Mr. George Kennan's attempted palliation of the offenses of the nihilists, in the *Century*, and later on the lecture platform, has called forth an indignant remonstrance in the *Independent*, by Cassius M. Clay, at one time United States Minister to Russia. Mr. Clay's picture of Russian life is highly colored, and he undoubtedly ignores the most patent evils of the Russian system. But the comparison which he draws between lawlessness and assassination in Russia and in America is startling. He points to the corruption in our national and State politics, to the systematic robbery of public funds by government officials, to the looseness of the marriage-tie, the prevalence of bigamy and divorce, as proofs that morality in Russia is at least on as high a level as in this country. The insecurity of life and the uncertainty of legal punishment he illustrates by an array of instances which might be added to, but is sufficiently striking. The assassination of Lincoln and Garfield; the vendettas in West Virginia and Kentucky, where men, women, and children were shot down in cold blood; the murders of Judges Reid and Elliot in Kentucky for judicial decisions; the inhuman outrages by the Whitecaps in Indiana and adjoining States; the attempt to assassinate the prosecuting attorney in Nicholasville, in open court, for trying to convict the murderer of Little; the killing of two men in open court in Harrodsburg; the assault of Terry upon an officer of the court in this city; the murder of John M. Clayton, in Arkansas, for attempting to obtain a fair count of the votes cast for him; the long list of Molly Maguire murders in Pennsylvania; the death from want of air and sanitary conditions of persons confined in the Kentucky penitentiary; the conviction of negroes in South Carolina on charges for which there was absolutely no evidence; the murder of Dr. Cronin, by a secret society of Irish refugees, in order to prevent his exposing their misappropriation of the funds. The list might be extended indefinitely, but enough has been given to suggest the fact that even the crimes of Russian nihilism may be paralleled by those committed in this home of liberty and security.

Concerning an act of Napoleon's, Fouché once made the now-famous remark, "It was worse than a crime; it was a blunder." But President Harrison has surpassed the great Corsican by committing an act which is both a crime and a blunder. No action of his has called forth more universal condemnation than the appointment to the Chilean mission of a naturalized citizen, whose papers are but two years old, and whose only qualification for the position is his connection with a band of fugitives from British justice. A protest has been issued by the British-American Association, objecting to Egan's appointment for the following reasons: (1) His conduct is now under investigation by a special commission of British judges, for crimes against life and property; (2) The position of minister to one of the most advanced states of South America should be filled by the best representative ability the nation can afford, and not be made a payment for party service to a mere political Arab; (3) The appointment is insulting to the national ability and dignity of the people of this republic, because it proclaims to the world that this country can not produce among her own sons a representative so well qualified as this fugitive from British justice; and (4) Our commercial relations with Chile demand the appointment of the best possible representative. These propositions are so self-evident that they need only to be repeated. Another feature of this unfortunate affair is brought to light in a recent issue of *La Union*, a Valparaiso journal. This paper denounces Egan as one of the probable conspirators in the murder of Burke and Cavendish, and fastens on Blaine the blame for sending a murderer to represent the United States Government in Chile. The people of Chile have no kindly feelings toward Mr. Blaine, because of his interference in their war with Peru, and should the character of Patrick Egan lead them to refuse to accept him, the United States Government will be placed in a most unpleasant and humiliating attitude. Our trade with Chile is now in a promising condition; during the year 1887 it was increased twenty-three per cent., and the increase continues. Chile's imports, consisting chiefly of textiles and machinery, are such as we might supply. But should this appointment result in an estrangement, the increased trade will go to Germany and Great Britain, both of which are making great efforts to secure it.

The wonderful growth of the Argentine Republic in recent years has attracted attention to this most southern of American republics. The population two years ago was little more than three millions, and since then it has increased over fifteen per cent. In 1883, the immigration was sixty-three thousand, from which number it increased steadily to one hundred and thirty-seven thousand in 1887, and to one hundred and seventy-five thousand in 1888. The foreign trade has advanced correspondingly, and the building of railroads has been unprecedented. There is at present a total length of five thousand seven hundred and seventy miles of railroad, or one mile to every thirty-five and one-third square miles of territory. As the United States has but one mile of railroad to every twenty square miles of territory, this shows an unusual development for a South American state. In spite of this development, new lines are projected, among which are two of primary importance. The first is from Buenos Ayres to Valparaiso, in Chile, thus joining the eastern and western shores of South America; the other is from Buenos Ayres, through Bolivia, Peru, Ecuador, and the United States of Colombia, to the Isthmus of Panama. All this indicates a strong speculative spirit, and that the building of railroads is more rapid than the needs of the country would demand, is shown by the fact that at the last session of the Congress of the Argentine Republic it was proposed to legislate against "paralleling" railroad lines. Another piece of legislation against speculation was the law which went into effect March 20th of this year, prohibiting speculation in gold in the exchange. The price of gold has been steadily increasing, owing to the fact that the imports have largely exceeded the exports, and the Argentine Republic not being a gold-producing country had no supply to call upon to pay the balance. The result has been a scarcity of gold, and the currency of the country dropped from seventy-four per cent. in last December to sixty-two and five-tenths per cent. in February. The minister of finance attributed the decline to the speculation in gold, which he showed was seventeen times the actual needs of commerce, and the exchange was closed by the police. But, like most legislative panaceas, the new law has not brought about the expected result. The price of currency continues to decline, and gold must still be obtained by foreign loans, to be reëxported in payment of imports.

THE GOSPEL OF MURDER.

A Study in Mania.

He had died, the presiding judge of an exalted tribunal, an honored magistrate whose irreproachable life was cited as an example in every court in France. Leaders of the bar, young lawyers, his fellow-judges themselves, in saluting him, bowed low as a mark of profound respect before those noble features, gaunt and pale, illumined by two deep-set eyes of piercing brilliancy.

He had passed his life in punishing crime and giving protection to the weak. Thieves and murderers had no enemy more redoubtable, for he seemed to read in their innermost hearts their most secret thoughts, and to lay bare, with a glance of his eye, all the mysteries of their intentions.

So he had died, at the age of eighty-two years, covered with homage and followed by the regrets of a whole people. Soldiers in uniform had escorted him to the tomb, and priests and lawyers had spoken words of mourning over his grave while shedding tears which seemed to be real.

Yet—here is the strange document which the dismayed notary discovered in the desk where the dead judge had been accustomed to keep the records of the great criminals who had been brought before him.

June 20, 1851.—I have just left the court. I have condemned Blondel to death! Why, then, had this man killed his five children? Why? Often we find men with whom to destroy life is a rare and sensuous pleasure. Yes; yes; it ought to be, it must be a pleasure, perhaps the greatest of all; for to kill, is it not that which most resembles the act of creating? To make, to destroy! These two words sum up the history of the universe, the history of the world, of all which is and has been—of all! Why is it that the thought of murder is so intoxicating?

June 25th—The thought that there is there a being which lives, walks, runs—a being? What is a being? This something animate, which bears within itself the principle of motion and a will which regulates this motion! It has nothing tangible, this something. Its feet communicate not with the earth. It is a grain of life which moves over the earth; and this grain of life comes I know not whence. I can destroy it at my will. And then—nothing—absolutely nothing.

June 26th.—Why, then, is it a crime to kill? Yes, why? Is it not, on the contrary, the law of nature? Every being has a mission of death; we kill in order that we may live; we kill—for the lust of killing.

To kill is a part of our nature; it is a necessity of our being! The beast of the forest kills unceasingly each day, each moment of its existence. Man kills ceaselessly for his sustenance, but as he feels the desire to kill for pleasure, he has invented the chase! The child kills the insects which he captures, the little birds, all the small animals which fall under his hand. But that does not satisfy the irresistible thirst for slaughter which is born in us. It is not enough to kill the brute creation; we long also for the slaughter of man. In former days, man satisfied this desire by human sacrifices. To-day, the necessities of our social system have made of murder a crime. We condemn and punish the assassin. But as we are unable to live without giving vent to this natural and imperious instinct of destruction, we appease it from time to time by wars in which an entire people cut the throats of another people. We have then a debauch of blood, a debauch in which whole armies become drunken, and in which the common people, their women and children, become still more intoxicated, as they read at night by the light of their lamps the thrilling recital of bloodshed.

We might think that mankind would despise those destined to accomplish these butcheries of men! No. We load them with honors; we clothe them in brilliant garments glistening with gold; they bear plumes on their heads and medals on their breasts; we shower on them crosses, rewards, titles of every nature. They are proud, respected, adored by women, applauded by the multitude, solely because their mission is the shedding of human blood! They train through the streets their instruments of death, which the passer-by clothed in the sombre garb of the civilian views with envy. For, to kill is the grand law implanted by nature in the heart of man! There is nothing grander and more honorable than to slay!

June 30th.—To kill is the law, because nature loves eternal youth. She seems to cry out in all her unconscious acts: "Quick! quick! quick!" The more rapidly she destroys, the more rapidly she is renewed.

July 2d.—Existence—what is existence? Everything and nothing. In thought, it is the reflex of everything; in the memory and in science, it is a summary of the world whose history it bears within itself. Mirror of things and mirror of actions, each human existence becomes a small universe within the universe!

But travel; regard the swarming races, and man is no longer anything! nothing, nothing! Place yourself on a vessel, sail away from the shore covered by the multitude, and soon you perceive nothing but the coast. The individual disappears, so small, so insignificant, he is imperceptible. Traverse the continent of Europe in a rapidly moving train and look out through the window. Men, men, everywhere men, innumerable, unknown, who swarm in the streets; peasants, stupid, knowing no more than sufficient to turn the surface of the soil; women, ill-favored, knowing just sufficient to make soup and bear children. Travel to India, to China, and you will see, still swarming, myriads of beings who are born, live, and die, leaving no more trace than the creeping ant crushed beneath your tread. Go to the land of the negro, sleeping in his cabin of mud; to the land of the Arab, sheltered under his tent flapping in the breeze, and you will comprehend that the individual, isolated, is nothing, nothing! The race is everything, all. What is the existence of the individual, the existence even of one of these wandering tribes of the desert? And these people, who are sages in their way, have no care for death. With them man counts for nothing. They kill their enemy; it is simply war. Such formerly was the practice, in feudal times, between manor and manor, between province and province.

Yes, traverse the world and observe the swarms of human beings, innumerable and unknown. Unknown? Ah! there is the key to the problem! To kill is a crime because we have enumerated the individuals! When they are born we register them, we name them, we baptize them. The law takes them under its care! There it is! The individual who is not registered is not taken into account; kill him in the desert, on the mountain, or in the plains, what matters it? Nature loves death; she does not punish!

Ah, then, it is the law which is sacred! Now we have it! It is the law which protects man. The individual is sacred because he is inscribed in the books of the state! Let us down on our knees therefore, and bow before the legal God!

The state may kill, because it has the right to modify the law. When the state causes the slaughter of two hundred thousand men in battle, it strikes them from its books, it suppresses them by the hand of its recorders. There is the end. But we, who have not the right to change the official writings, we must respect human life. Law, glorious divinity who reignest in the municipal temples, I salute thee! Thou art stronger than nature!

July 3d.—Yes, it must be a strange and thrilling pleasure to kill, to have there before one a living, thinking being; to make in it a small hole, nothing but a little puncture, to see flowing this red—something which we call blood, which makes what we call life—and to have before one no longer anything but a heap of soft clay, cold, inert, void of thought!

August 5th.—I, who have passed my existence in judging, condemning, killing in the name of the law, killing by the guillotine those who have slain with the knife, I!—if I should do like the assassins whom I have stricken down, I!—who would know it?

August 10th.—Who would ever know it? Would they suspect *me?* Above all, if I should choose a being whom I have no interest in *suppressing!*

August 15th.—Temptation! The temptation has entered my heart like a crawling worm. It creeps, it moves; it wanders over my entire being; in my mind, whose only thought is of killing; in my eyes, which long to behold blood, to see something die; in my ears, where there rings unceasingly something unknown, horrible, harrowing, yet ravishing like the last cry of a human being; in my legs, which tremble with the desire to go to the spot where the deed shall be done; in my hands, which quiver with the lust of murder. How good, how rare *that* ought to be—worthy of a man, free, standing above his fellows, master of his own heart, and seeking for refined sensations.

August 22d.—I have been unable to resist. I have made an essay at killing a little animal by way of a beginning.

John, my servant, had a little goldfinch in a cage suspended in the pantry-window. I sent him out; I seized the little bird in my hand, in my hand where I felt its little heart beat. I ascended to my room. From time to time I pressed it more tightly; its little heart beat more rapidly; it was atrocious and delicious. I could have strangled it. But I would not have seen the blood.

I took, then, a pair of scissors, short nail-scissors, and I cut its throat with three gentle motions. It opened its beak, it struggled to escape, but I held it, oh! I held it; I would have held a mad dog if I could have seen its blood flow. How beautiful it is, red, shining, translucent *blood!* But it had so little of it, this poor little bird! I did not have the time to joy in its sight as I would have wished. It must be superb to see the bleeding of a bull.

And then I did like the assassins—like the real assassins. I washed the scissors, I washed my hands, I threw away the water, and carried the body into the garden to bury it. I hid it under a strawberry-plant. It will never be found.

My servant has wept; he believes that his little bird has escaped. How should he suspect me? Ha! ha!

August 25th.—I must kill a *man!* I must do it.

August 29th.—It is done!

I was walking in the forest of Vernes. I was thinking of nothing; no, of nothing. There was a little child in the road, a little boy, eating a slice of bread-and-butter.

Seeing me pass, he stopped and cried: "Good-morning, M. le President!"

And the thought came into my head: "If I should kill him?"

I replied: "You are all alone, my child?"

"Yes, sir."

"All alone in the woods?"

"Yes, sir."

The desire to kill him made me drunk as with liquor. I approached him gently, persuaded that he was about to flee. I seized him by the throat—I clutched it, I squeezed it with all my force! He gazed at me with terrified eyes! What eyes! Round, deep, limpid, terrible! I have never experienced an emotion so brutal—but so brief! He seized my fists in his little hands and his body writhed like a feather in the fire. But he did not stir again.

My heart was beating. Ah, the heart of the goldfinch! I threw the body in the ditch and covered it with grass.

I returned home; I dined well. How small a thing it is! In the evening I was gay, light-hearted, made young again. I passed the evening at the prefecture. They found me more than usually brilliant.

But I did not see the blood!

August 30th—The body has been discovered. They are hunting for the assassin.

September 1st.—Two tramps have been arrested. The proofs are wanting.

September 2d.—The parents have been here to see me. They wept.

October 6th.—They have discovered nothing. Some wandering vagabond must have done the deed. Ha! ha! If I had only seen the blood flow, it seems to me that I should have been tranquil now.

October 10th.—The lust of murder courses through my marrow. It is comparable to the rage of love which tortures one at the age of twenty.

October 20th.—Still another! I was walking along the bank of the river after breakfast. I perceived an angler, his rod by his side, asleep under a willow. It was noon. A spade seemed to have been left expressly standing in a neighboring field of potatoes.

I seize it; I return; I raise it like a club, and, with one blow of the edge, I crush the head of the sleeping man. Oh! how he bled! Rich, ruddy blood! It flowed smoothly and gently down into the water. And I walked away with grave and measured step. I would have made an excellent assassin.

October 25th.—The affair of the angler has created great excitement. They charge the murder against his nephew, who had gone fishing with him.

October 26th.—The examining magistrate affirms that the nephew is guilty. Every one in the town believes it.

October 27th.—The nephew makes a weak defense. He affirms that he had gone to the village to purchase some bread and cheese. He swears that some one killed his uncle during his absence! Who will believe it?

October 28th.—The nephew has been examined and cross-examined until he has lost his head and almost confessed!

November 15th.—The proofs against the nephew are overwhelming. He was his uncle's heir. I shall preside at the trial!

January 25th.—To death! to death! to death! I have condemned him to death! Ha! ha! The advocate-general spoke like an angel! I will go and see the execution!

March 10th.—It is done. He was guillotined this morning. He died well! A delicious death! What a delight it has given me! How fine a sight it is to see a man beheaded! The blood gushed forth like a torrent, like a torrent! Ah! if it were known!

Now I will wait; I can wait. It would take so little to allow myself to be surprised.

* * * * * * *

The manuscript contained several pages more, but without narrating any new crime.

The specialists on mental diseases to whom it was submitted assert that there exist in the world many maniacs whose madness is unknown, as adroit and as redoubtable as this demented monster.—*Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Guy de Maupassant by H. S. R.*

If there is any class in civilized society which makes an honest appeal to the charitable for assistance, it is the honest working-girl who wants not alms but "aid" to tide over that dangerous interval which oftimes comes between them and the opportunity of honorable employment. If there is a worthy scheme of benevolence extant, it is that which contributes to the aid of young working-women at the period when they are homeless and friendless in a great city, seeking work. The Young Women's Christian Association—Protestant in its aims—of San Francisco, has for some years undertaken to supply this want and under the presidency of Mrs. L. C. Redington and the more active management of Mrs. William O. Gould, has maintained at No. 912 Sutter Street a temporary home and cooking-school for the accommodation and instruction of this class of American servant-girls. Thanks to the very generous aid of Mrs. Charles Crocker, this institution has found a most active friend and patron. This lady purchased for the Young Women's Christian Association a lot on O'Farrell Street, between Gough and Octavia, for the sum of ten thousand dollars, and contributed the additional sum of five thousand dollars toward the erection of a comfortable and commodious house. Other ladies emulated her generous example, and the result is that a spacious home, costing nearly twenty-five thousand dollars, draws near to completion. Some few thousand dollars—less than five—only are wanting to place the establishment on the plane of active usefulness, with accommodations for fifty or sixty resident inmates, with kitchen for instruction in the art of arts, and ample comforts for the time expended in preparation for useful and honorable domestic service. A gentleman holds his purse open to furnish the building so soon as it is completed and out of debt. We hope charitable persons, who think it better to help honest girls on in the path of honorable employment than to give alms after a life is wrecked, will coöperate with Mrs. Crocker and her associates in the laudable work in which they are engaged.

Paper doors are said to be great improvements over wooden ones. They are formed of two thick paper boards, stamped and molded into panels, and glazed together with glue and potash, and then rolled through heavy rollers. After being covered with a water-proof coating and one that is fire-proof they are painted, varnished, and hung in the usual way.

A new work on "Half a Century of Music in England" draws the interesting contrast between the time when Lord Chesterfield warned his son against being a fiddler, even in the amateur sense, and the present, when a prince of the royal blood is the most noted amateur in England.

The Paris Academy of Science is just now excited over a plant called colocasia. This plant often exhibits a trembling or vibrating motion without any apparent cause, and as many as one hundred or one hundred and twenty vibrations have been observed in a single minute.

The opinion is expressed that if all that is promised by recent applications in the use of water-gas be verified, electric lighting will be outrivaled both in cheapness and beauty of light.

In the Sydney courts it has been decided that no Sunday newspaper can sue for advertisements, the contract being illegal.

VANITY FAIR.

Th Marquis d'Avaray has been sued by his wife's creditors or late sums spent in millinery and dress. Their marriage few ears ago was a great Parisian event, uniting two almost oyal ouses, and in the settlements both were well provided ir. 'e Marquis d'Avaray had thirty-seven hundred francs' orth f body-linen, clothes, canes, and pistols, of which an vent y was made; Mlle. de Mercy Argenteau had six ousd francs' worth of dresses, hody-linen, laces, and mu- al struments, with ten thousand francs' worth of jewels. e ha hesides, the right settled on him by his father to oc- py, ith the marquise, a wing in the D'Avaray mansion in e Fibourg St. Germain, and, during the old gentleman's e-tir, an annuity of twenty thousand francs a year. On e o r hand, the marquise was to receive from her parents oth annuity of twenty-five tbousand francs and to inherit halt f their several fortunes—that is to say, a total income one undred and fifty thousand francs a year. In spite of this era ndowment, her love of finery and admiration—she is a y utiful woman—led her deeply into debt, and to keep o of temptation she was sent on a religious pilgrimage a time. She departed, as it was thought, in an edifying f mind, but at Milan sbe fell in with distinguished and a aintances, one of whom was Don Carlos, tbe legiti- King of Spain." Hotels were so expensive at Milan her money was soon spent there, and she was unable until a fresh remittance was sent her. What was was handed over to an elderly lady who traveled with he pilgrims, after going through the holy places, went y Cairo. The marquise there saw a good deal of y, whicb did not plume itself on being particularly She had also a nice time at Rome, Milan, Venice, and When she came back, the door of tbe conjugal was closed against her. The husband was bringing gainst her for separation. She hrought a cross-suit im. What transpired in the divorce court does not But a liquidation of the common estate, real and , was ordered, out of wbich she was to bave one-half roceeds and he tbe other. However, when he came his share, he found distraint after distraint upon it, hort, a mountain of debt contracted by the marquise, ter being repulsed from the shelter of the conjugal he took refuge in a convent for twenty-five days. ere bought in that time eleven hats and bonnets, wbicb a total of 17,572 francs. The bill of the milliner is vs: February 29th—A round running string hat in ce and feathers, 180f.; February 29th—A Greek 110f.; Marcb 3d—A round hat of coarse wbite straw, te-scarf trimming and pink feathers, 170f.; March 3d ck capote straw-hat, with fancy trimmings, 110f.; 5th—A small black-silk toque, witb bird trimming, arch 6th—A fancy black capote, trimmed with a par- 10f.; March 6tb—A round bat, in fancy faille, witb sorts of roses, 180f.; Marcb 7tb — A Gabrielle s hat, 160f.; Marcb 16th — An Empress Josepb- 130f.; March 17th — A fancy black bat, witb of violets, 90f.; March 18tb — A round bat, stable straw, lined witb white embroidery, 180f. ticoats and otber nether garments were not, on the o fearfully dear. Tbey came to about 9,000 francs. lingerie footed up 7,000 francs. Tbe lowest bill was d-binder's. What can be more suggestive than the list ooks he bound? Among tbem were "La Bete," by ez; "Germinal," hy Zola; "Zo'har," by Catulle ; "Le Baiser," by Jules Mary; "La Faute de l'Abbé ' by Zola; "Amours Cruelles," by Mario Ucbard; tit Bot," by Gyp; "L'Amour," by Michelet; "Un onde," by Mace; "Lesbia," by Catulle Mendes; " by Daudet; "La Leçon d'Amour," by Tabarand; ," by Marc de Montifaut; "La Journée d'un Chre- Les Sept Douleurs de Marie." Otber sweet things ay of boots cost 2,882 francs; of pbotographs, 5,231; s, 211; of dresses, 65,629; of kercbiefs, 15,687; of 1,932. The marquis refused to pay. He pleaded had never authorized the marquise to contract any of bts. But the court beld that the fact of her holding igh position in the world of fashion and of her rank : Duchess d'Avaray justified the creditors in giving the e asked for.

n nglish gentleman attending a fashionable church in rk was so astonished at the display of jewelry and at he asked the friend in whose pew he was sitting, ur ladies go to a reception after service?" In Eng- ies dress plainly when they go to church, therefore the nan's surprise. The author of "Sensible Etiquette" n American family which, wbile traveling on the con- ll in with several distinguisbed Europeans. After they me well acquainted, one of the European ladies said: g so many tongues spoken by members of your fam- were puzzled to know to what nation you belonged. ve thought you must be English, althougb you have lowdy look they always have." "But why did you not or Americans?" asked one of the family. "If I must ' answered the European lady, after trying in vain to e question, "it was because you were all so plainly and wore no jewelry." Another American lady, while in Europe, wore in her ears diamond-solitaires whicb irlooms, to protect them from being lost or stolen. g intimate with an English lady, she said to her: "I that when you first met me you formed an unfavor- ion of me." The Englisb lady, yieldiog to ber friend's , acknowledged that the large diamonds in the Ameri- 's ears had prejudiced ber at first. "For, you know," d, "that no English lady would think of wearing dia- hen traveling."

: is a "Boot Exhibition" on view in Regent Street, , which does much credit to a Mr. Box, who has n old country-houses and cobwebbed presses in ancient castles with very satisfactory results. In one department we have an array of foot-coverings which hail from distant climes. There are Norwegian rope-shoes, and Damascus clogs, and antique Egyptian sandals, lent by Alma Tadema, R. A.; and Dutcb sabots and tip-tilted Turkish slippers galore. The historical portion of the show, however, is the most interesting; for here we find under our eyes a veritable *brodequin* of black satin—very small and neat—actually worn down at heel by Mary Queen of Scots; an elegant shoe worn by a Miss Lantry three hundred years ago, which consists of lace, embroidered silk, and, on the instep, a single pearl. There is a shoe which figured in a masque at Kenilworth in the time of Queen Bess, which is mighty fine, tbe groundwork being cloth-of-gold, embroidered in seed-pearls, with little diamonds interspersed. The owner, a certain Mme. Brown, must have been short of stature, for not only is there a very high heel, but another inside the shoe as well, which must have reduced her to the condition of a *prima ballerina*, walking on the tips of her toes. Mary of Lorraine wore shoes so rough in make (she was Mary Stuart's mamma) as would disgust a modern bousemaid, while Rosie Anderson, a belle of Perth, affected boots thick enough for a foothall-match. George the Third—homely farmer George—has left behind him a pair of salmon-colored satin-slippers more suited to a dancing-master; tbe sailor king, William the Fourth, was blessed apparently with a good, honest, splay foot, as shapeless and as large as tbat of a negro. The gem of the collection is a pair of *chaussures* used by the last Duchess of York. Nearly as small as those of a Chinese lady, tbey were perfect in shape. Those tiny, plain, black sboelets must surely bave belonged to a Cinderalla!

Tbere are various literary coteries in New York, nearly every one witb a rendezvous at the house of some woman whose name is occasionally printed in magazines or in books. A stranger having the entry of these circles would get the idea that tbe only writers in town are women. Tbe men wbo appear at these weekly receptions, which the ladies call "salons," are a peculiar order of beings. They are not writers. Either the men writers will not go to these affairs, or they are not wanted. As a rule, the men whom one meets at these places are pianists, song-composers, prestidigitateurs, palmists, readers, and tbe like. Everybody is always in evening-dress, the ladies very decidedly so. The bostess rules absolutely in eacb set. Sbe is in eacb case a married woman whose husband is not met by her guests. It appears to be the rule that on ber evenings tbe literary bostess sball reign on the only sofa in the room. There sbe is always to be seen, in décolleté costume, reclining upon an elbow buried in cusbions. Tbe men and women accost ber eacb in turn, and each staying by ber side long enougb to pay a few compliments and shed some commonplaces. During tbe evening tbere are always loud calls for sometbing from the bostess, and eventually sbe rises and reads ber latest effusion. One of these literary queens usually produces wbat may be called compositions—thougb sbe calls them essays. But sbe reads them just the same. Afterward they are syndicated and sent to the Western papers. As often as possible, the queen of eacb set secures a literary lioness, and brings ber out in New York on tbese occasions. The lioness sits beside the queen on the sofa until tbe time comes for ber to read her piece. The talk indulged in at many of these literary receptions is one of the most remarkable features of the so-called literary life. Nothing is eitber too intimate or too unconventional to be discussed. Yet the impression is made that the singular cboice of topics is part of the entire fantasticals. Forbidden ground is the cbosen field in private and public, but it is occupied witb a degree of coldness that robs it of the sting of suspicion. These ladies visit the realms of bisexual psycbology as Sisters of Charity migbt enter bar-rooms. The well-to-do women serve tempting little luncheons at tbese symposia. Tbe others pay no beed to sucb eartbly wants as tbose whicb tbe practice of eating and drinking satisfies.

Blakely Hall tbus writes in tbe *Clothier and Furnisher:* I talked with Dent, of Poole's, wbo has attained the distinction, I believe, of being called the first coat-cutter in the world. He never touches trousers or waistcoats, but brings the whole weigbt of his sartorial genius to bear upon the coat. His name is familiar to every one in England, and probahly to most tailors in America. To have a coat cut hy any one else but Dent at Poole's is to acknowledge one's self an outsider. He is a pleasant, elderly man, who hears on his person the proofs of his eminence in his art. While he was chatting about clothes, he was making artistic chalk-marks upon a dress-coat, which was a fine, shiny, corkscrew diagonal, the satin lining showing up the collar in three-cornered pieces. Tbe collar was not a roll one, but was made without the acute angular points of the old-fashioned broadcloth-coat. Mr. Dent said: "We are making more of these suits than of any other kind. They will be distinctly fashionable this season, and will go ahead of the vicuna and cheviot suits which were in vogue last year. I have, of course, heard about the knee-breeches dress-suits, which some Americans have been wearing in New York, and also of the colored dress-suits, with knee-breeches, which were worn in France, but we have not made any in London, and I do not suppose we shall for a very long while. We do not make any clothes that are *outré*, and well-dressed Londoners bave so far sneered at the attempts to introduce colored cloth in dress-suits. Undoubtedly this movement will be more or less successful in France, for the names of many of the men wbo have appeared there in dress-suits that are every color in tbe world except black, show that they are men of position in society. But it will not do in London. As near as I can understand, the young men wbo wear knee-breeches and silk stockings in New York were induced to do so more for a lark than anything else; at least, we do not understand that there is any great movement in that direction. I may add that London men do not look with any more favor on variety in sbirts. Plain and unruffled are still worn, and the matter of taste in studs is left to the fancy of the man himself. Rough broad-ribbed cheviot is the material of whicb I am making nearly all the frock-coats; they are trimmed with broad braid, faced with gros-grain silk, and are made rather long. Lounge coats are nearly always made of cheviot. We are making a great many sack-coats double breasted, in fact more than otherwise, like frock-coats in front; but the old style of lounge-coats, single breasted and with a small collar, are still worn. Waist-coats are cut low in front and witb the collar turned over. Trousers are now made neither loose nor tight. They are cut close in to the thigh and made moderately loose in the lower parts. The patterns are almost entirely stripes, lavender and brown beiog the favorite colors."

The pop of a champagne-cork during the performance at a fashionable New York theatre one recent evening, startled a *Sun* reporter somewhat, because, in his whole experience as a patron of stage presentations, he had never heard of a bottle of wine being opened, except in those concert halls where it forms the principal factor of entertainment. The noise came from one of the lower proscenium boxes. Two handsomely dressed young girls sat in the front chairs, and behind them stood two men in evening-dress. One of these had a bottle of foaming wine in his hand, and was filling the glasses held by his companion. A buzz of astonisbment swept through the audience. This was an inauguration which startled even the receptive New York mind. It is impossible to say how the party managed to get the wine into the box without the ushers or door-keepers discovering it. An impression was conveyed to the strangers in the bouse that wine-drinking was a regular custom. The first sight of two young women sipping champagne over the rail of a box in an elegant theatre was a bit sbocking.

Some royal ladies' bead-gear is thus described by a Paris milliner: "I number a great many royal ladies among my customers. For iostance, I have furnished for years past the hats and bonnets worn by the princesses of the Orleans family. The Countess de Paris dresses in a severe and simple style, and always wears round hats—never bonnets. Her hats are small and of a special variety of the toque shape, whicb is prepared purposely for her. Dark brown and black are her favorite colors. Her married daughter, the Duchess de Braganza, sbares her mother's simplicity of taste. The Duchess de Chartres, the sister-in-law of the Countess de Paris, is one of the most elegant royal ladies of Europe. She is famed for her graceful carriage, and it has been said of ber that to see her sit down was in itself a lesson in grace. Her usual style of head-gear is the capote bonnet in black and gold, or cream-wbite or red, all of whicb colors, or combinations of colors, are very becoming to her. Her daughter, the Princess Waldemar of Denmark, prefers a style of head-gear which is gotten up especially for her. It is of the toque-shape in front, curving down at the back in something of tbe capote form. She likes straight high trimmings set in front of the crown, never wears strings, and particularly dislikes banging ends, wbether of ribbon or lace. As she bas a fresh, fair complexion, sbe delights in delicate shades of pale-blue or of silver-gray. The Empress of Russia, like her sister, tbe Princess of Wales, never wears high-crowned or large-brimmed bats, which, indeed, would be unsuited to tbe delicate type of her beauty. Everything must be small, and neat, and compact, whether hat or bonnet. Her favorite colors are pale-blue and mauve, and several of tbe new shades of green, such as Nile-reed and varnish-green, which last is the newest color as yet produced this season. Her sister-in-law, the Grand Duchess Vladimir, who was a princess of the ducal house of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, is one of the royal leaders of European fashion, being extremely stylisb in manner and possessing infinite taste in dress. I have just carried out for her an idea of her own, which was to combine in a toque a crown in real seal-skin, witb trimming of white-silk gauze. This union of fur and gauze, of dark-brown-and-white, was daring and novel, and perfectly successful. She delights in wearing flowers, her favorites being chrysanthemums and violets. The wife of her second brother, formerly the Princess Elizabeth of Saxe-Weimar, also has much taste in dress. Just at present she is restricted to black and white, as her husband is the cousin of the Emperor of Germany, and she is still in slight mourning for the Emperor Frederick. She wears compact capotes, with close bordering and strings, the bow under the throat being very becoming to her. When she was married, three years ago, I furnished the bonnets and hats of her trousseau, comprising some thirty in all. Every costume was made with a hat to match, and every carriage, or reception, or theatre dress had the bonnet to correspond in materials as well as in color. The most dressy royal lady in Europe is probahly the Queen of Portugal. She orders, not only bonnets and bats, but dresses as well by the wholesale. Her pale complexion and auburn hair permit of her wearing any color or shape in the way of head-gear wbich she may fancy. I have made her immense hats, and small toques, and capote-bonnets in straw, or gauze, or fur, or velvet, or gold embroidery, with trimmings of ostrich-plumes, or of artificial flowers, or of brocaded ribbons. Whatever may be the fashion of the hour, she likes it and will try it. She orders toilets and bonnets, not by the score, but by the hundred. It is almost impossible that she should ever wear out half the elegant things wbich she purchases. Withal, she has exquisite taste in dress, and perfectly understands the art of suiting the accessories of each of her dresses to the dress itself. And she sets off a toilet by the singular grace of her carriage and the regal dignity of her movements. Even under the simplest conditions of every-day life she looks 'every inch a queen.'"

No less an authority than Sir William Gull says that the benefit derived from a university education, such as girls get at Newnham and Girton, makes them and their children healthier. The percentage of cbildless marriages is also less with the educated women.

THE OPENING OF THE FAIR.

"Parisina" describes the Inauguration of the Great Exposition.

Here we are fairly launched on an exhibition season. A big sigh of satisfaction was heaved by all who had at heart the success of the great undertaking when the inauguration was over, for there is many a slip between the cup and the lip. The possibility of postponement, the probability that nothing would be ready, had haunted us for some time; croakers had been so busy with their prophecies that our faith was undermined and we feared—everything. Not only are we satisfied that the inauguration should be over, but we look back upon it as a great success, and congratulate overselves heartily upon it—and with reason. The gods were propitious. It was a beautiful day—one in a week of wet days. And this went a good way toward making up the sum of our content. Who can be enthusiastic when it rains? What woman can rise entirely superior to damaged millinery and draggled skirts? Not I, for one.

You have doubtless read cabled accounts of the ceremony; you know that President Carnot declared the exhibition open in a very neat speech, and afterward made the tour of the galleries and grounds, strewing neatly turned compliments here and there, reaping golden opinions wherever he went. You may also have been informed that more than two hundred thousand souls crowded the Champ de Mars that day and night. Perhaps, also, you may have heard that people fought over the tables and chairs in the restaurants, and that not a few returned supperless to town—if there is a hitch anywhere, your thorough-paced reporter is sure to make the most of it.

But I very much question if the cablegrams alluded to gave you an adequate idea of the scene which greeted the president as he rode over the bridge; whereas I am ready to swear they did not by a very long way do justice to the splendors of that never-to-be-forgotten night.

We had made up our minds to make a day of it. The doors opened at one o'clock, and a very few minutes after that hour we were struggling to effect an entrance to the inclosure by the gateways on the Avenue de Suffren side of the inclosure, having come by rail along that eccentric piece of line which carries you out into the country, and then—just as you think you are landed in market-gardens—brings you back with a sweep right straight to the foot of the Eiffel Tower. Holders of press-tickets were treated no better than others, and had to squeeze in along with the common herd. Even this did not disturb my equanimity. I had made up my mind to be pleased and was not going to be ruffled at the very outset by a bit of a crowd.

Once in with my little party—composed of young people who set fatigue at defiance—I made my way to the terrace, taking upon myself the office of pilot, for you know this was not my first visit, and was amused at the exclamations of delight elicited from my companions by the novelty of their surroundings. Perhaps I had almost more reason to be astonished than they had, for had I not seen these very alleys, now so trim and neat, three days before heaped with stones and rubbish? Indeed, it was wonderful what had been done toward clearing away things unsightly, especially in the last twenty-four hours—nay, in the last three hours, for at ten o'clock everybody (even the exhibitors) had been sent about their business, and the broom and shovel had it all their own way, making quick work of the litter, I can tell you.

The grounds were smiling, radiant, as we wandered around, through shrubbery-paths lined with beds of rhododendron, or stood leaning against the balustrade of the terrace, beneath the spreading palms which seemed to mock the northerly breeze, our eyes scanning the undulating lawns, dotted here and there with beds of flaunting tulips, delicate-toned pansies, or patches of sweet-scented mignonette. What mushroom growth of red-and-white marquees was that? So, you could walk from the Trocadéro Palace down to the river, across the bridge, and from end to end of the Champ de Mars garden under cover. Should it rain, what a blessing! And in the hot June days, what a comfort it will be to creep along in that broad belt of shadow!

Two o'clock! President Carnot knows punctuality is the *politesse des princes*, and as the clock strikes we spy the glittering of breastplates and hear the thunder of many hoofs on the Pont d'Jéna, and the roaring of canon tell us they come. Not straight on, however; officials await him at the entrance, and M. Eiffel, with others, is there at the foot of the tower to claim a word. Our patience is not severely tried, however; in a few minutes the squadron of cuirassiers—what fine men they are!—has wheeled round to the left, followed closely by an open carriage drawn by two pairs of bays—handsome animals, purchased at a long figure for the occasion—mounted by two postilions in blue-and-silver jackets and white knee-breeches. Within the carriage sits M. Carnot, his hair blacker, if possible, than ever. What a curious face it is! Carved out of ivory, as it were, looking all the whiter in comparison to the coal-black beard and hair, visible, too, for the president has to raise his hat continually, in acknowledgment of the cheering, which is deafening. By his side sits the minister of the interior, gray-bearded M. Tirard; opposite, his comrade, the minister of commerce and General Brugère.

It is not a bad idea for these four to come thus alone with their guard of cuirassiers. At the inauguration in '78, Marshal MacMahon, who was then president of the republic, was flanked by princes of blood-royal. The jolly Prince of Wales, in scarlet, walked on his left, and Queen Isabella's consort, Don Francis of Assisa, on the right, a crowd of minor satellites behind. But they had left the carriages outside, and walked like ordinary mortals on foot, which, considering the rain and mud, had a forlorn and almost foolish appearance. This time the princes had given France to understand that they could not come to this republican celebration, and the embassadors of the great European powers had each trotted off on some excursion to be out of the way at the moment. So it was arranged that no particular prominence should be given to the foreign representatives—that the vacancies in their ranks might not be too glaring; and M. Carnot, dashing along in his carriage and four, looked grand in his almost isolation. Indeed, he might be considered then to represent France, standing alone and yet successful. I can not tell you for certain whether the effect was calculated. Perhaps not.

It was under the dome—that gilded huff dome of which I told you—the inauguration ceremony was held. There was some music and a little speechifying. It was soon over. Coming in a minute or so before the president's carriage reached the door—its progress was slow, so great was the crowd—I had barely time to give a glance around before there was a general rising, and M. Carnot made his entry, walking straight on to the platform, which was built against the door. Gilded chairs, covered with red damask, were set out thereon for the principal officials. I was told the one prepared for M. Carnot was the self-same *fauteuil* which had been used as a throne of state more than once by the great Napoleon.

Mme. Carnot, who had driven over from the Elysée quietly in a brougham with her daughter, was seated opposite on another platform. I daresay it will interest my lady readers to hear that her dress was by Félix, who had devised with much skill a toilet in the national colors, blue, white, and red, placing rich white lace as a transparency on rose-pink as a trimming for blue damask, and surmounting her geranium-crowned bonnet with a *soupçon* of lace and a dash of blue in the shape of azure-tinted dragon-flies. So much for *chiffons*. For the rest, women were greatly in the minority, but the uniforms of the officers and the tri-color sashes of the senators, deputies, and municipal councilors supplied plenty of color, and, moreover, there was the broad red ribbon of the Legion of Honor across Carnot's waistcoat.

As the ceremony proceeded, the public continued to pour into the inclosure, and by the time the president commenced his tour of inspection nearly every gallery through which he would probably pass—his actual itinerary was kept dark—was densely crowded. In vain did the *gardiens* try to keep the way open for the whole of the procession; the head was cut off from the tail, which had to turn and double and do as it best could, so that you met knots of brilliantly-accoutred officers in the most unlikely corners; and those who did not manage to get sight of Carnot and his ministers were glad at last to feast their eyes on the portly generals and handsome young aides-de-camp, who, after all, were the finest part of the show.

I do not think anybody troubled themselves much about the things exhibited that afternoon, at least it was so with my own party. After wandering about aimlessly for some time indoors, we finally resorted to the gardens and sat there watching the ebb and flow of the human tide, gathering strength for the fatigue of the evening. Carnot, poor man, was not half through yet, but he had quitted the Champ de Mars in the carriage drawn by the handsome bays, and was doing the quays and the Esplanade des Invalides, whither, it is needless to say, we did not follow.

Has any one calculated the number of bocks consumed in the course of the day? and of ices and cups of tea? As the day waned, dinners began to preoccupy the majority of the visitors, and all the restaurants were besieged at an early hour. For us, we rose superior to such anxieties, knowing that a table was spread in our honor at a friend's house just outside the inclosure. So we dallied in the pleasant gardens, among the sweet spring flowers, and watched them hanging lanterns among the shrubs and listened to the splash of the fountains. Long before the sun had set behind the Meudon hills the long lines of gas-jets were illumined on the Eiffel Tower, and the great pearl-like globes of the electric lamps were struggling with the departing day.

Then, leaving the hungry ones to fight for a meal at the many dining-rooms, now crowded to suffocation, we went off to our own dinner, meeting in the road new arrivals streaming in through every gateway—wise ones they, who had eaten their fill before they came and were bent on enjoyment, properly rested for the evening.

But it was not merely to dine that we had been bidden to that house on the confines of the Trocadéro Park. Our Amphitryon had the *entrée* of the Tour du Temple, one of the many reproductions of old Paris in timber covered with lath and plaster, which private speculation has erected in the purlieus of the exhibition, and from this coign of vantage we were to view the fireworks. So, having feasted and made merry, and thoroughly comforted the inner man, we all rallied forth again and began the somewhat perilous ascent of the tower, half-hidden in scaffolding around its base, but with four pepper-box turrets soaring some sixty feet into the blue.

Words are altogether inadequate to describe the scene which met our eyes when we emerged from the corkscrew staircase on to the platform and looked down over the lath-and-plaster battlements. Sixty feet of tower, and some extra sixty feet of high ground rising almost precipitately from the river, placed us at a decided advantage with respect to the world at our feet. We almost felt as if we could shake hands with the great iron tower on the opposite bank, and as for the Trocadéro Palace we were cheek by jowl with that.

Glorious! was the exclamation which echoed from every lip. Did you ever get a glimpse at fairy-land, reader? Well, no more have I. Yet since I gazed over these battlements it somehow seems as if I had. Imagine two gardens of Hesperides, larger and much vaster than the legendary gardens wherein grew the golden fruit—every tree, every shrub, covered with orange-colored globes of light, every path, every flower-bud, outlined with electric-burners which glowed pearly-white among the green. And between these gardens, a river crossed by bridges built in rubies and topaz, running between a double avenue of trees, also bearing on their branches more golden fruit; barges wreathed and garlanded with Chinese lanterns of every hue flying slowly up and down. Then, on the left, inclosing the garden on this side, the semi-circular palace of the Trocadéro, illuminated with cordons of gas-jets and chandeliers of crimson and yellow, and from out the centre a torrent of white, a cascade of molten stars, g from basin to basin, hemmed in by sheaves of spray t up from a thousand jets. And, on the right, the huge b of the Eiffel Tower, stained blood-red with Bengal-fire into the heavens, while at its foot the changing col the electric-fountain fading from lilac to lemon, and hursting forth into rich greens and heaven-born blues, l almost unearthly beauty to the scene.

When the fireworks blazed forth from the island of S we had so feasted our eyes on loveliness that they could add a jot to our pleasure. We ought to have been su with light and radiance; our tongues were silent; we h hausted our whole vocabulary of superlatives, and yet, you believe it, a distant view of the valley of enchantme not enough for our hungry souls, we were fain to d from our lofty pinnacle, wander again among the fortre the Champ de Mars, get as near as we could to the casc silver, pass once more beneath the arch of the Eiffel and so end the day as we had begun. You may be sur of us slept well that night.

There will be another fête on the fourteenth of July.

Paris, May 14, 1889. Paris

In Boston recently, the seventieth anniversary of th of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe was celebrated by a family m *America*, the politico-literary journal of Chicago, mak the occasion for a "Howe symposium." The "sympo consists of a poem by Mrs. Howe, poems by two daughters, a prose rhapsody by a third, an account o Howe's work in assisting women's clubs by a fourth poem by a son. It is truly a remarkable collection to be in print. *America* says, editorially: "It is doubtful w any other family in America can show through its y branches stronger evidences of the influence of heredity." If this symposium is an example of fluence of literary heredity, then literary heredity is to be shunned. Even Mrs. Howe's poem will be rea regret by her admirers, and is an evidence of her powers. It scarcely seems possible that it came from th that penned "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." stanzas like the following are not calculated to add literary reputation:

Spring is coming,
Birds are humming,
Streamlets skipping,
Maidens tripping.
Touch me slightly,
Wave me lightly,
Ding-a-ding,
This is spring.

The contributions of the daughters are fair, comm newspaper articles, but the lines of Mr. Henry M. H tain an unequaled sublimity of mediocrity. We cul lines:

What is our last achievement?
What is our latest fad?
What is it that o'er all things
Makes us most truly glad?
Not take of ancient tea-party,
Not crown of laurel or bean,
Not Faneuil Hall, the sacred,
Nor Puritan lineage e'en.
* * * * *
Materiality's all wrong,
Mentality's all right, you see:
I'll heal your body through your mind
And cure you for a modest fee.
'Twere helpful, truly, sir, that you
At ten should think your're better, too;
'Tis not compulsive; if it palls,
My strenuous thoughts alone will do.
Your liver ails? Though jaundiced-hued
And saffron-eyed, yet think you well:
Then pâtés rich and sauces black,
In vain oppose the mind's strong spell.
And burns your brow? And splits your he
Or throbs your tooth with cavities yawni
No dentist need you. Think but well,
Your tooth will fill itself ere morning.

The family reunion is a cause for sympathetic rejoi the friends of Mrs. Howe, but the taste of thus drag affair before the public is questionable. And whatever may be entertained as to literary heredity in the family, there is no doubt that Mr. Henry M. Howe c be called in.

The Interstate Commerce Commission has entered new field of activity in its recent decision regarding th of colored passengers on railway trains. The ca brought before the commission by a colored preach had been compelled to ride in a car, one-half of wh devoted to smokers. The commission held to the p suggested by the United States Supreme Court so ago, in deciding the "Civil Rights Cases," that the company might separate negro passengers from the but, in doing so, they must offer equally good accomm to both. This is really the only basis upon which th could be decided. If colored passengers are comp pay the same fare as whites, their comfort should be cared for. It is the discrimination, not the separatio should be objected to.

Progress is again to be recorded in the matter of p war-ships. The Italian iron-clad *Ruggiero di Laure* has just been tried for speed, reaching 17.6 knots, car of the largest guns yet brought into practice, one hund ten tons. Her sister ship, *Andrea Doria*, will soon b

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The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* s the Eiffel Tower, if every man had his due, ought to b the Nouguier Tower, for it was a young engineer of th in M. Eiffel's employment who first conceived the i worked it out with the help of an architectural friend.

According to the newest English life-table, the child in England in any one year have now divided amo "nearly two million years of life" more than would h the case thirty-five years ago.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Senator Quay declares that he has had no rupture with the President, though he purposely allowed the impression to go out that he was asking no favors at the White House, as only in that way could he secure relief from the army of office-seekers who besieged him night and day.

General Bates, a retired English army officer of means, is on a tour through Washington Territory. When he sat down to dinner at the Occidental Hotel, Seattle, a day or two ago, he met with quite a surprise. The waiter who took his order was his own son, who had run away from home to scalp Indians some seven years ago.

The captain in the British Army to whom the American beauty, Miss Jennie Chamberlain, of Cleveland, Ohio, is to be married, is a son of Leyland, the Liverpool ship-owner, and was formerly an officer in the Second Life Guards. The Leylands are very rich; they are not, however, in the first flight of society, but run a fair second in the race.

Mrs. Davis, wife of the senator from Minnesota, is one of the most accomplished and devoted horsewomen in Washington, and she may be seen on the road almost any pleasant morning. Mrs. Davis has invented a riding-skirt for herself, which is of Jersey cloth, cut princess, and with a double skirt, and she wears unusually long riding-boots.

In "Recollections of Court and Society," it is said that Mme. Ratazzi affected a gushing and passionate love for her second husband, testified by girlish demonstrations, kissing him in public, etc., and even going so far that, when she invited a party of twelve to dinner, she had only eleven chairs in the room, so that she was compelled, as she archly expressed it, "to sit in her old man's lap."

Batfisch, the cab-driver who was supposed to know the truth about the death of Crown Prince Rudolph, and who was banished to Russia, has been allowed to return to Vienna, and is to receive a pension from Emperor Francis Joseph so long as he holds his tongue. The pension will be paid daily. Batfisch is in clover, but it is said European journalists are prepared to bribe him if he should prove approachable.

Not many years ago, C. H. Chappell, general manager of the Chicago, Alton, and St. Louis Railroad, and one of the most successful railroad managers in this country, was a green young brakeman on another Western line. He solved the method of "sawing by" two long trains on a short side-track, when older heads were puzzling over the problem, and this exhibition of braininess was the beginning of his advance.

Sarah Bernhardt has a new fad. She now has a habit of arising at four o'clock in the morning, dressing herself as a man and prowling about the remote streets and byways of Paris until seven or eight. Then she returns to her home, undresses and goes to bed. She recently remarked that she had thought that she was too old to learn anything new about Paris, but she has been taught a great many facts hitherto unknown to her by her matutinal wanderings.

Robert Browning has one son, who is both poet and painter—a meagre, inferior-looking man, with none of his father's brilliancy or wealth. Some time ago he endeavored to make a stir with a realistic statue of Salambo. For a sensation to be talked of, he obliged his model to submit to the dreadful embraces of a hideous python, which he procured from the Jardin des Plantes. It is said the poor girl often fainted, but the statue was a wonderful piece of realism.

A valuable estate was saved to Jefferson Davis during the war by the fidelity and shrewdness of "Ben" Montgomery, a former slave. Three great cotton-plantations, known as "The Hurricanes," at the lower end of Warren County, Miss., were owned by the Davises and practically managed by Montgomery at the opening of the war. In 1863, when the slaves were emancipated, the property was "sold" to Montgomery for three hundred thousand dollars in gold," and the title given him saved the estates from confiscation by Federal agents. He raised fine crops of cotton, corn, and hay, and grew to be one of the richest colored men in the South. In 1875, Mr. Davis received the property back, and now yields him a handsome income, although he prefers to live at Beauvoir, his pretty sea-shore home.

Robert Bonner is a widower, his family consisting of three sons, two of them married, and a daughter, also married. In November, 1887, Mr. Bonner turned over to his sons, Andrew A., Robert Edwin, and Frederick, for their joint use, the *Ledger* building, plant, and publications, valued at six hundred thousand dollars, a valuable block of land at Fifty-Sixth Street and Fifth Avenue, New York, for which one million two hundred thousand dollars had been refused, and three hundred thousand dollars in cash. It is said he gave to his daughter a proportionate sum in money at the same time. The three brothers are now worth at least eight hundred thousand dollars each. Robert Bonner's remaining property, due largely to real-estate investments, is estimated at fifteen millions of dollars, one-fifth of which is represented by United States bonds and a half-million in horses and other live-stock.

The new lecturer on pathology just appointed at the University of Bologna, the oldest university in the world and the first in Italy, is a young lady doctor, or, as the Italians would say, doctoress, Giuseppina Cattani. To have a woman professor is not a very uncommon thing in Italy, this very University of Bologna having had some extraordinary ones during the Renaissance, like the famous Olympia Marata. Dr. Cattani opened her course on pathology with a very learned introductory lecture on bacteriology, and is now continuing on that subject. Over three hundred medical students attend her lectures, beside a goodly audience of professional and unprofessional listeners. At the end of each lecture she has invariably been greeted with salvos of applause, appreciative of her profound learning and eloquence. Dr. Cattani is yet young and exceptionally handsome. She has soft black hair, falling in wavy locks on each side of her high broad forehead. Her eyes are like those described by Cæsar, black and bright, as if sparkling with a thousand rays. Her nose is pure Greek, her lips of a coral-red, her teeth as white as snow, and her complexion of the olive color. She dresses invariably in black.

At the centennial ball, Mrs. Cleveland expressed a desire to be introduced to Mrs. Hayes, so was led to her box by one of the Four Hundred, who was dancing attendance upon her. Mrs. Hayes being engrossed in a conversation at the time and not immediately recognizing her visitor, simply acknowledged the introduction and went on with her conversation. Mrs. Cleveland stood slightly embarrassed for a moment, and then turned and walked out of the box, feeling decidedly chagrined. In the meantime, Mrs. Hayes, who had supposed all along that her visitor was one of the numerous class of people who seek introductions on such occasions, looked up, and, discovering that the lady who had not been introduced to her had gone, inquired casually what her name was, and was much amazed as well as chagrined when a gentleman standing by replied, "Mrs. Cleveland—Mrs. Grover Cleveland—Mrs. President Cleveland." And Mrs. Hayes frantically shouted for the general. "Call the general; bring him to me," and when the general arrived, Mrs. Hayes was at once led to Mrs. Cleveland's box, and was introduced over again to the ex-President's wife, where she apologized and fully explained the reason for her lack of cordiality.

It was thought for a long time that Robert Browning would marry Mrs. Bloomfield Moore, the rich American widow, who is the special patron and sustainer of the "Keely Motor," and well known in London society, where she lives in great magnificence. Browning is always most devoted in his attentions. Mrs. Moore is a handsome woman about sixty years old (Browning is nearly eighty), with white hair combed over a full, and portly but commanding figure. She has many diamonds, and dresses in good taste. She was left with a comfortable property, but has so managed it that it has increased to enormous proportions. She has written a little poetry herself and even a novel or two. She poses as a patron of art and literature, but especially of Keely. In London, there is a "Browning Society," composed of many members, who meet for the study of the poet's works and the production of his plays. Its leading member is Alma Murray, an actress of earnest purpose but little talent, who performed the rôle of Beatrice in the secret performance of "The Cenci" by the Shelley Society, which caused a sensation some years ago. On account of its revolting subject and the hot passion in the speeches it had been always prohibited from the English stage, so it was performed ("unabridged") before the society with closed doors and only those members allowed admission.

OLD FAVORITES.

If She be Guilty, why not He?

The lamps are lighted, the streets are full,
For, coming and going like the waves of the sea,
Thousands are out on this beautiful night;
They jostle each other, but shrink from me!
Men hurry by with a stealthy glance,
Women pass with their eyes cast down,
Even the children seem to know,
The shameless girl of the town.
Hated and shunned, I walk the street,
Hunting—for what? For my prey, 'tis said:
I look at it, though, in a different light,
For this night's shame is my daily bread;
My food, my shelter, the clothes I wear?
Only for this I might starve or drown,
The world has disowned me—what can I do
But live and die on the town?
The world is cruel. It might be right
To crush the harlot; but grant it so,
What made her the guilty thing she is?
For she was innocent once, you know.
'Twas love. That terrible word tells all.
She loved a man, and blindly believed
His vows, his kisses, his crocodile tears;
Of course, the fool was deceived!
What had I to gain by a moment's sin,
To weigh in the scale of my innocent years,
My womanly shame, my ruined name,
My father's curse, my mother's tears?
The love of a man! It was something to give.
Was it worth it? The price of a soul paid down.
Did I get a soul, his soul, in exchange?
Behold me here on the town.
"Your guilt was heavy," the world will say,
"And heavy, heavy, your doom must be;
For to pity and pardon woman's fall
Is to set no value on chastity!"
You undervalue the virgin's crown,
The spotless honor that makes her dear;
But I ought to know what the hauhle is worth
When the loss of it brings me here!
But pity and pardon? Who are you
To talk of pardon or pity to me?
What I ask is justice—justice, sir!
Let hoth be punished or hoth go free!
If it be in woman a shameful thing,
What is it in man, now? Come, he just!
(Remember, she falls through her love for him,
He, through his selfish lust).
Tell me, what is done to the wretch
Who tempts and riots in woman's fall?
His father curses and casts him off?
His friends forsake? He is scorned of all?
Not he; his judges are men like himself,
Or thoughtless women who humor their whim—
"Young hlood"—"Wild oats"—"Better hush it up,"
They soon forget it in him?
Even the mother, who ought to know
The woman's nature, and how it was won—
Frames a thousand excuses for him,
Because, forsooth, the man is her son!
You have daughters, madame (he told me so),
Fair, innocent daughters. Woman, what then?
Some mother may have a son like yours—
Bid them beware of men!
I saw his coach in the street to-day
Dashing along on the sunny side,
With a liveried driver on the hox;
Lolling hack in listless pride,
The wife of his bosom took the air;
She was hought in the mart where hearts are sold,
I gave myself away for his love—
She sold herself for his gold.
He lives, they say, in a princely way,
Flattered and feasted. One dark night
Some devil led me to pass his house.
I saw the windows a blaze of light,
The music whirled in a maddening round,
I heard the fall of dancers' feet;
Bitter, bitter the thoughts I had,
Standing there in the street!
Back to my gaudy den I went,
Marched to my room in grim despair;
Dried my eyes, painted my cheeks,
And fixed a flower or two in my hair!
Corks were popping, wine was flowing,
I seized a bumper and tossed it down;
One must do something to kill the time
And fit one's self for the town.
I meet his boy in the park sometimes,
And my heart runs over toward the child,
A frank little fellow with fearless eyes;
He smiles at me as his father smiled.
I hate the man, but I love the hoy!
For I think my own, had it lived—would be—
Perhaps it is he, come back from the dead.
To his father, alas! not me!

* * * * * *

But I stand too long in the shadow here,
Let me out in the light again.
Now for insult, blows, perhaps,
And hitterer still, my own disdain.
I take my place in the crowd of men,
Not like the simple women I see.
You may cheat them, men, as much as you please,
You wear no masks with me!
I know ye! Under your honeyed words
There lurks a serpent; your oaths are lies;
There's a lustful fire in your hungry hearts,
I see it flaming up in your eyes!
Cling to them, ladies, and shrink from me,
Or rail at my boldness—Well, have you done?
Madam, your hushand knows me well;
Mother, I know your son!
But go your ways, and I'll go mine;
Call me opprobrious names if you will;
The truth is better—think I have lied;
"A harlot?" Yes, but a woman still.
God said of old to a woman like me,
"Go sin no more," or the Bibles lie;
But you, you mangle his merciful words
To "Go, and sin till you die!"
Die! The word has a pleasant sound,
The sweetest I've heard for many a year;
It seems to promise an end to pain—
Anyway, it will end it—here!
Suppose I throw myself in the street?
Before the horses could tramp me down
Some would-be friend might snatch me up,
And thrust me back on the town?
But look, the river! From where I stand
I see it, almost hear it flow.
Down on the dark and lonely pier—
It is hut a step—I can end my woe!
A plunge, a splash, and all will be o'er,
The death-black waters will drag me down—
God knows where. But no matter where,
So I am off the town.

—*R. H. Stoddard.*

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Simeon Easygo, after living sixty years on a farm, finds his quarters on shipboard somewhat cramped. He obviates the lack of space, however, by stowing his trousers and shoes into a round cupboard in the side of the vessel on going to bed. Seven A. M.—Startling disclosures: "Steward, las' night I put my clothes in that 'ar cubhy-hole, an' they haint thar now." "That aint a clothes-press; that's a port-hole, sir."

Buckle, on a visit to Naples, went into a café where chess was played, and was challenged to a game. "For one lire, I suppose?" said his antagonist. "As you like." "Perhaps for two lire?" "For two, then." "You might prefer five?" "A hundred, if you like." There was a pause, and the Italian was thoughtful. "Perhaps," he said, pensively, "you are Signor Booclé? In that case, I will not play with you at all."

In a hospital in one of the large cities of Central France, the physician-in-chief, in the course of his round of inspection, approached a cot and after feeling the patient's pulse, remarked, "Hum—he is doing very nicely; his pulse is much better." "It is as you say, doctor," replied the nurse; "hut it is not the same man. Yesterday's patient is dead, and this one has been put in his place." "Ah," said the doctor, "different patient, eh? Well, same treatment." And he walked on.

A well-known citizen of Chicago, who is something of a performer upon the piano, recently passed an evening at the house of a young lady. The company was agreeable, and he stayed somewhat late. As he rose to take his departure, the lady said, "Pray, don't go yet, Mr. H——. I want you to play something for me." "Oh, you must excuse me to-night. It is very late, and I should disturh the neighbors." "Never mind the neighbors," answered the young lady, quickly; "they poisoned our dog yesterday."

A husiness-man and financier of the first rank, in Boston (says the *Transcript*), is so absent-minded that he occasionally forgets to go to his lunch. His customary hour for this meal—when he remembers it—is two o'clock. The other day, quite absorbed in husiness, he worked steadily on until four o'clock, and then began to have a quite natural sense of emptiness and yearning in his stomach. "Dear me," he said, musingly, applying the flat of his hand to his waistcoat, "I wonder what I ate for lunch that disagrees with me?"

A mellow old lawyer, who used to live on the banks of the Androscoggin, was famous for his fine distinctions. But often after the shades of night had fallen, the squire might have been seen struggling home so hoozy that he apparently could not split a shingle, to say nothing of a hair. One night, when he was drunker than usual, he staggered completely out of his course and could not find it. Realizing that he was lost and drifting into unfamiliar regions, he called at a house to ask for information. "Madam," he gravely said to the lady, who came to the door, candle in hand, "can you tell (hic) me where Squire Blank lives?" "Certainly," she said, and gave him full directions. But as she talked and looked, and as her candle gradually hrought out the features of the man hefore her, a puzzled expression came into her face, and she finally asked: "But, isn't this Squire Blank?" "Madam," replied the old lawyer, assuming a judicial air, "that is entirely (hic) immaterial."

Captain Raabe was a man whose name had weight in the French cavalry. He was a tall man, belonging to the middle-age trooper type. With military qualities of the highest kind, he had a singular bearing, a savage sort of misanthropy, and a cynical tongue, which stood in the way of promotion. When he was in the Sixth Lancers, on garrison duty at Commercy, one of his comrades hrought his father to dine with him at the officers' mess, a man of humhle position, and unpretentiously dressed. Captain Raabe, considering that this guest had not been fitly received, gave expression to his opinion, saying that, if the executioner of Commercy had come in evening-dress, he would have had a better reception. The officers demurring, he made no rejoinder, hut shortly afterward came to mess with a guest whose dress was irreproachable. Every one lavished attentions on the unknown. When dinner was over, Captain Raabe, raising his glass, proposed the health of "The executioner of Commercy."

The celebrated novelist, Count Leo Tolstoï, as is well known, gave up his literary work to a great extent, and busied himself chiefly with manual labor and the spread of the "gospel of hrotherly love." A short time ago, when driving in the streets of Moscow, he saw a policeman arrest a peasant because of some sligbt offense against the police regulations, and lead him along the street. Ordering his coachman to halt, the count rushed up to the policeman and asked him if he could read. "Certainly." "Have you read the Bible?" The answer was again in the affirmative. "Then," continued the count to the surprised officer, "do not forget that we are commanded to love our neighbors as ourselves." The policeman looked at him in astonishment for a moment, then began an inquisition of his own. "Can you read?" he asked. "Yes." "Have you read the police regulations?" The count was ohliged to reply in the negative. "Then," answered the officer, as he proceeded upon his way with his victim, "read them before you come here to preach."

When the government light-house tender, *Manzanita*, returned from her Alaskan voyage, she brought back one more passenger than she started with. This was a little black bear-cub, Sallie, which literally hugged her way to the hearts of all on board. Being constantly with the men, and at the same time allowed to roam at will all over the vessel, she very quickly became tame and gentle as a kitten, and quite as playful. The one place where she was not allowed was the engine-room, not because the chief-engineer did not like her, but because he was afraid she might get hurt. One day, Sallie was missed at dinner-time, and one of the men volunteered to find her. After a long search, she was discovered perched on the walking-beam of the engine, which was in motion. There she clung; and, at every movement of the great beam, she was raised to within six inches of the ceiling, and her fat little body compressed to a corresponding thinness. But she never made a whimper, for she was too much frightened to jump off, and knew she would be whipped if she made a noise. So there she clung, now getting a good hreath, and the next moment losing it in a rather violent manner. The moment she was safe in the man's arms, she hugged him tightly, and began to squeal and make a tremendous fuss, behaving in this respect like others of her sex.

A case was recently tried in one of the Boston courts which involved a peculiar state of facts. It was an action of tort against the keeper of a restaurant to recover damages for personal injuries and the loss of a tooth. It appeared in evidence that the plaintiff, a man of high social standing in Boston, and one who thinks a great deal of his personal appearance, went into the defendant's restaurant to get a lunch. Among other things, he ordered some lettuce. Being somewhat of a nervous temperament, and being in haste to take a train, he ate rather rapidly. While eating the lettuce, a prominent tooth struck a large-sized gravel-stone, and was hadly hroken. The restaurant-keeper refusing to make any satisfactory adjustment of the matter, the injured party hrought suit to recover damages for the alleged negligence and carelessness of the defendant and his servants to wash and clean the lettuce properly. The court, on the plaintiff's testimony, ruled that the case was a proper one for the jury. The expert testimony as to the value of a tooth, apart from the physical and mental suffering of the plaintiff, was conflicting, it being a novel and perplexing subject in which to fix the measure of damages. The plaintiff claimed that the lost tooth was of a particular value to him, both as to use and looks, and that he would not have lost it for five hundred dollars. The jury was of the opinion that the defendant should be more careful, and gave the plaintiff a substantial verdict, a sum sufficent to huy an entire false set.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mr. Wilkie Collins has nearly completed a new novel, the first chapters of which will be published in July.

The affairs of *The North American Review* are unsettled, but William H. Rideing will have editorial charge for the present.

Cupples & Hurd have failed, and their failure occasioned surprise as well as regret; it was caused by the firm's removal, and dullness of business. There will probably be a good dividend.

The first directory of Manchester, Eng., dated 1772, has just been reprinted, and the second soon will be, only one hundred copies being issued of each. The first Edinburgh directory will also be reprinted. It is dated 1773, and it was a difficult matter to find a copy of the original.

Alfred R. Conkling, of New York, the nephew of Roscoe Conkling, whom we know as Alderman Conkling, has about completed the work of collecting material for his life of his uncle, and has a portion of the book already written. He expects to have the entire work ready for the press in October. The publishers will be Charles L. Webster & Co.

The *Xavier*, a monthly journal published by the students of the College of St. Francis Xavier, prints in its May number brief addresses to Washington in the English, Irish, French, German, Dutch, Spanish, Italian, Greek, Arabic, Russian, modern Egyptian, Babylonian, and other tongues, composed by the professors of the college. The originals were presented to President Harrison after the centennial banquet on April 30th.

This is a cheerful statement—that Alphonse Daudet is at work on a book which is to be called "Mes Douleurs." It is a study of his own physical ailments, which are registered with the most minute care. An acquaintance asked him not long ago when it would be published. Daudet looked at his questioner very seriously for a moment, and replied: "I am waiting till I feel worse, for there may be some fresh symptoms to chronicle."

Don José Zorrilla is to be crowned Poet-Laureate of Spain at the Albambra Palace, on the eve of his approaching sixtieth birthday. The place will be decorated in the style of the period of the Moorish kings, the famous gardens will be illuminated, and a representative of the queen-regent will crown the poet. The expenses of the festivities, estimated at over twenty-five thousand dollars, will be borne by the Duchess of Medina-Celi, one of Zorrilla's enthusiastic admirers.

Scribner & Welford offer for sale the original manuscript of Anthony Trollope's "Orley Farm," containing over seven hundred and fifty leaves, written on both sides and therefore making over fifteen hundred pages of text. It is comparatively free from corrections; and for a manuscript that has passed through the inky fingers of the printers, it is very little soiled. A note from Mr. Chapman of Chapman & Hall, who first published the book, in 1862, attests its authenticity, and incloses a note in Trollope's handwriting for comparison. The price put upon this autographic treasure is one hundred and fifty dollars.

Asked recently if it was true that he was engaged on a sketch of Bismarck for a magazine, Mr. Carl Schurz is reported to have said: "I did think at one time of preparing an article on the great chancellor, but after thinking it all over I came to the conclusion that anything I had gained in the way of friendly intercourse with him ought not to be put in print. Of course the prince did not have any suspicion that I would 'write him up,' as we say, and I concluded not to play the part of an interviewer. I have had a good many lively talks with him, and have spent many a pleasant hour at his house, and for me to rush into print would be a violation of our friendly intercourse."

Horace Greeley's Letters.

The private correspondence of any person, who has figured prominently in public life, is always interesting. The most frank and straightforward of us always reserve certain parts of our character for the confidence of our intimates, and the side which we show to the public is the fairer to view. But a glimpse into the intimate life of a public man enables us to fill in partially the outline of his character. There has probably been no man in public life in this country who left less to be filled in from this source than Horace Greeley, but a bundle of his letters just published furnish amusing reading, and bring out some traits of character not generally attributed to him. The letters were written from Washington during the winter of 1855–6 to Charles A. Dana, then an associate-editor with Greeley on the *Tribune*. The House was peculiarly constructed, two parties apparently having a majority, and a third a minority of the members. This was because of the fact that many of the representatives belonged to both the American, or "Know-Nothing" party, and to the Republican party. The extreme members of each party, however, were unwilling to agree upon any candidate for speaker, and thus a dead-lock ensued. It was during this contest that the letters were written, Greeley being an ardent supporter of Banks, the Republican candidate, who was afterward elected. The letters are naturally filled with details of the struggle, which have little interest now, but it is amusing to notice how fully his mind is absorbed with this one subject to the exclusion of all others. He begrudges the space given to lighter matters calculated to entertain the general reader. "I see that you have crowded out what little I did send to make room for Fry's eleven columns of arguments as to the feasibility of sustaining the opera in New York, if they would only play his compositions." "I began this letter to apologize for taking up three or four columns with a controversy with Dick Thompson; considering, however, those eleven columns of Coroner Fry's inquest on the putrefying opera, I won't apologize." And again: "What would it cost to burn the opera-house? If the price is reasonable, have it done and send the bill to me." It is evident that Greeley considered a comment on the President's message or on some senator's speech far more important than any amount of discussion of the opera. Again, he finds cause for complaint in another phase of modern journalism: "If you received, on Friday night," he says, "my report on Hale's and Toombs's Kansas speeches, yet allowed it to be crowded out by the immortal scandal of the Griswold divorce-case, why, then, you failed to consider fairly what is and what is not perishable. The Griswold business would have been rolled as a sweet morsel under the tongues of all the old maids of New York any day you might see fit to print it." Imagine a modern editor of one of our dailies crowding out a spicy divorce-suit in order to report the speeches of two senators. A feature which is continually brought out in the letters is the strongly political bent of Greeley's mind. He complains continually of ill-advised attacks on public persons, who deserve the attacks, but whom he wants to use. He writes: "I object to Hildreth's personal and savage abuse of old Clayton about his vote on Nebraska in discussing the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. I do not particularly want to use Clayton, but Harvey does." And at another time: "George Baker writes me that he has urged you to oppose the Excise law, if he can not have prohibition. I hope you have done nothing of the sort. I have no faith in Excise laws, but we must not take the responsibility of beating one." The interests of the business office also interested him; witness the following under date of February 6, 1856: "I have said nothing about subscribers stopping at the South, but the article on British invasion, pointing out the ways and means of overrunning the South, rousing and arming the slaves, is calculated to induce the stoppage of our mails—a far more serious matter. That article was calculated to create intense aversion to us at the South, and is good nowhere." Or under date of March 21st: "We must not suppress our reviews. If we do, we shall lose our publishers' advertisements." The instinct of the politician is shown in the following: "I don't believe in Preston King for President. His Texas votes are in the way. A candidate must have a slim record in these times. I think Frémont or Banks must be put up—perhaps both." His position in Washington was an unpleasant one. Not only was there continual friction from the blunders of the New York editors, but the most intense feeling was excited against Greeley personally. In January, he writes: "Every traitor and self-seeker hates me with a demoniac hatred which is perpetually bursting out. Lastly, your friend, Judge Shankland, General of the Kansas Volunteers, has notified me that he shall *(sic)* cowhide me (for rudeness in refusing to be further bored by him) the first time he catches me in public. Now, I am a hater of novelties, and never had any taste for being cowhided, cowhid, or cowhidden, or whatever the past participle of the active verb used by General Shankland may be; but he is short of funds, and I could not think of putting him to the trouble of chasing me all over the country, so I shall stay here for the present." In quite a different tone he writes on the first of the next month: "I must give it un and go home. I am too sick to be out of bed, too crazy to sleep, and am surrounded by horrors. I shall go to Pittsburg on the twenty-second, and I guess I shall not return." The election of Banks the next day relieved his spirits, but he continued to conduct the Washington affairs of the *Tribune* until the middle of April.

"Sixty Years in California."

"Sixty Years in California," by William Heath Davis, is one of the most valuable contributions to the bibliography of California published, after Mr. Bancroft's monumental work. It is eminently personal in its character, narrating the author's own experiences and those of the men with whom he has been associated; but Mr. Davis took so prominent a position on his arrival in this country, and has been so identified with its early growth, that these memoirs add much to what we know of the military and political events in our State's history. Mr. Davis first touched at Southern Californian ports in 1831, in a New England trading vessel returning from the Sandwich Islands and Sitka, and returned in 1833, since which date he has practically been a resident of California. There were but few Europeans here except a few Spanish families who had come up from Mexico, and Mr. Davis married into one of the oldest and most prominent of these. He was thus brought into intimate relations with the Spanish-American residents, and as a result presents in this book valuable pictures of a phase of life which few Americans could enter and which has now faded away before the hustle and strife of American enterprise. The officials of the Mexican régime were his friends, and he gives a clear insight into the methods of the military and ecclesiastical rulers. With the influx of Americans and Europeans, after the discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill, Mr. Davis, as an old resident and a man of wealth and standing in the eyes of both the old Californians and the invaders, was forced into a prominent position, which he retained through the days of territorial government and later after the admission of the State into the Union. The book is eminently personal, however; it is of the social and business life that Mr. Davis writes, and of these it is a valuable record. Many of those who figure in its pages have passed away, but a respite from oblivion has been granted to many by the anecdotes with which the book abounds.

There could be improvement in the arrangement of the matter, it could be more systematic; but as it stands it is a store-house for later historians, pleasant reminder of former days for the pioneers who built the State, and an interesting book for the general reader. Published by A. J. Leary, San Francisco; for sale by the booksellers.

New Publications.

The humorous papers which appeared in *Punch* a number of years ago, in which Alfred Smith—one of the brothers of "Rejected Addresses" fame—portrays life in a medical college, have been reprinted in this country, with the title "The London Medical Student," by John B. Alden, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"Zit and Zoe," a charming tale of the first man and the first woman, who were jeered by their simian parents and relatives because of their malformation in having no tail—and who, wandering about to escape the same persecution, met and became the parents of the human race—it may sound more familiar as "An Anthropoidal Idyl," under which title it was printed in the *Argonaut* some two years ago; and "The Nether World," a novel by George Gissing, are the latest issues of the Franklin Square Library published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 25 and 45 cents, respectively.

The Carishrooke Library is the style and title of a new series of reprints of standard works in the English language, including the best translations of the gems of foreign literature. It comes from the same house which issued the Universal Library; it, too, is edited by Professor Henry Morley, and it will further resemble that series in its general adherence to chronological order in the development of our literature. But each volume contains some four hundred and fifty pages, all printed in excellent type and on good paper, and with not only a longer and better introduction by the editor, but also copious notes. The first two issues are "The Tale of a Tub and Other Works," in prose and verse, by Jonathan Swift, and John Gower's "Confessio Amantis." Published by George Routledge & Sons, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.00 per volume.

"Is Religion Dying?" is a book which will interest a wide circle of readers. Its author is the Rev. Dr. W. H. Platt, for many years rector of Grace Church in this city, and naturally its purpose is to prove the negative of its interrogatory title. The plan pursued has been to bring together, at an imaginary breakfast in the library of a literary man, a number of the well-known thinkers of the day, and to make them speak out of their own books by quotations expressive of their views on the present religious outlook. The three heads into which the book is divided are: "The Religion of Worship, without Morality, died by Exhaustion," "The Religion of Morality, without Worship, died by Exclusion," and "The Religion of Both Worship and Morality—Christ." The scheme has been carried out carefully and sagaciously, and the result is a most valuable addition to the literature of the subject. Published by W. H. Morrison, Washington, D. C.; for sale by the booksellers.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has gone over sea to find the setting of her latest story, "The Pretty Sister of José." Whether she has actually been in Spain or no, her readers follow her in the dream this tale brings up to Madrid, and, with such local coloring as the names lend, aided by the statement that the hero is a bull-fighter, we soon come to doubt that we are not in old Spain, watching pretty Pepita laugh to scorn the gallant Sebastiano's love until they both come nigh to death through her innocent coquetry. It is not the local color, in fact, which makes us oblivious of our real surroundings and seemingly strolling in the *alamedas* or applauding the *toreador* in the ring; it is the truth of the portrait of Pepita, her defiance of love, and her sufferings when she learns that she loves Sebastiano. Reinhart's illustrations, as clean-cut and as full of individuality as Mrs. Burnett's pen-portraits, are reprinted from the magazine in the book, and heighten the charm of this pathetic and pretty story. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Strickland & Co.; price, $1.00.

"Frederick Struthers's Romance," by Albert Ulmann, may be called a romance of the housetops. The scene is laid in New York in the present day, and is told in letters. In the first letter the narrator tells, in a somewhat hysterical and bombastic manner, that his brother-in-law has led him into all manner of dissipations, so that his mother has cut him off in her will without even the proverbial shilling, and that he is working as a jeweler's clerk to earn his bread. Taking a watch to be repaired by an old Swiss who lives at the top of one of the great down-town buildings, he sees and falls in love with the old man's daughter, Mina. The home-life of two German families, who spend their leisure in the roof-garden on top of this hive of busy offices, is very prettily described, and the course of Frederick's courting of Mina and the tragedy resulting in the return of Mina's pretty sister from the old country maintains a strong interest in the tale, though it opens badly and the last chapter is a relapse into the same strained style. Published by Brentano, New York; for sale by Strickland & Co.; price, 50 cents.

Journalistic Chit-Chat.

Rudyard Kipling, one of the editors of the Alahabad, India, *Pioneer* and of the *Military Gazette*, of Lahore, arrived in San Francisco recently. Alahabad—situated at the junction of the river Ganges with the Jumna—has a population of about two hundred thousand, only a small per cent. of which is English. Every year, also, two hundred thousand pilgrims come to Alahabad. The *Pioneer* and the *Gazette* are leading papers in India. Mr. Kipling is an old London journalist, and has been eight years in India. When interviewed, he gave the following interesting facts: "Journalism is very different in India and America," said he; "of the eight or ten leading English dailies only two, the Bombay *Gazette* and *Times*, of India, use steam-power. The others are the Calcutta *News* and *Englishman*, the Madras *Mail* and *Times*, the Lucknow *Express*, the Lahore *Gazette*, and the Alahabad *Pioneer*. We issue in the *Pioneer* each afternoon from twenty-six to thirty-two small-sized pages. We run from six to twenty columns of telegraphic news and from twenty to twenty-four pages of advertisements. Our telegraphic matter comes mainly from the Indian seat of government at Calcutta, or, in the hot months, from Simla, a place of seven thousand feet in altitude and eleven hundred miles from Calcutta. Then, at certain seasons of the year, the viceroy and his suite make tours of inspection over the country. Our correspondents, of course, are in constant attendance, and every movement of government officials or their actions is telegraphed daily to us. Our local news is comparatively limited. We employ probably two hundred men to get out our paper, using steam-presses worked by man-power. The pressmen earn the princely sum of eight cents a day, while the native compositors are yours, body and soul, at from five to eight dollars a month. They know the English characters and read the language, but set the type without understanding what the copy says. Our daily circulation is between six and ten thousand, and the paper goes all over India, three mails being dispatched nightly. Where the railroad does not penetrate, the papers are transferred to mail-carts; and, in the jungles and interior, are carried by naked native runners, who make marvelously rapid time over great distances. Telegraph press-rates are nominal comparatively. You can send a dispatch from Bombay to Asam, over two thousand miles, for about a cent a word. The operators are all natives and half-castes, and they are very good ones, too. An editor in India has a hard time of it until he gets acclimated, or salted, as we call it, and it takes from one to two years to do that. The thermometer from March to October, during the day, hovers at about one hundred and sixteen in the shade. At dawn it is eighty-four, and all through the night, after the air in his room has been pumped through wet reeds. The editor in India, as he sits writing at his desk, has to have every piece of paper about him weighted down, else the fans, which are ceaselessly going to prevent suffocation, will blow everything away. Editors of first-class papers get from one thousand to fifteen hundred pounds sterling a year. I do not regard it as a good field for an American journalist. It is too hot for one thing, and the ordeal of getting salted to the climate is too great. I have thus far spoken only of the English press. There is besides this a native press, and these native newspapers are thicker than fleas. It does not cost the native proprietor much to get out one of them. I should say one hundred dollars for a plant and fifty dollars a month thereafter would do the business. The outfit consists of two lithograph stones, a table, and a lithograph press, which costs alone but forty rupees, or twenty dollars. The editor, who is usually a bachelor of arts from one of the colleges there, can be got for fifteen dollars per month. A copyist can be got for ten or fifteen dollars more, and two distributors can be got for two dollars and a half each per month. These constitute the entire staff. The editor writes what he wishes and the copyist copies it in the native language. Four hundred is a big circulation for a native paper. The paper is sold for a *pie*, or less than one cent. To return to the English papers. You are undoubtedly struck with the great number of pages of advertising—twenty to twenty-four. All the large shops in the cities advertise their wares extensively, and carry out their extensive trades that way, for their customers live hundreds of miles in the interior and the jungles. A purchaser reads the advertisement, sends in his order, and the goods are shipped to him by a system called the 'Valuable Payable Parcels Post,' similar to your 'C. O. D.' system, only the Post is owned by the government. An enormous trade is thus transacted."

This last should be a valuable hint to American newspaper-men, as a means of increasing their advertising.

Some Magazines.

A. A. Hayes will have a story called "Laramie Jack" in an early number of the *Century*.

Outing for June contains an account of "Yacht Voyages to Australia," by F. C. Sumichrast; "The Pleasures of Fly-Fishing," by W. Holberton; "The Care of Dogs," by D. B. Herrold; and articles on camping, canoeing, and other field sports.

An illustrated article on "The Yuma Indians," by Eugene J. Tripel, is the opening article in the June *Overland*. Other articles are "Cushing's Late Discoveries," by C. M. Kirkbride; "How Jones came to Join the Church," by A. G. Tassin; "The Present Stage of the Irrigation Question, by John Bonner; "A Person of Distinguished Consideration," by Henry S. Brooks; "A Pacific Coast Policy," by J. P. Widney; "The Conjurer's Revenge," by Charles W. Chesnutt; "Tom's Wife," by F. L. Clarke; "Samuel Brannan," by John S. Hittell; "The Ethics of Tolstoi;" "Three Cruises of the *Blake*;" and verses by S. H. M. Byers, Lillian M. Shuey, Virna Woods, Dagmar Mariager, and F. D. Bailey.

In the June *Century*, Mr. Kennan describes his visit to the convict mines of Kara. The frontispiece is a portrait of Córot, with an article by Mrs. Van Rensselaer. An article by an English writer is on "The Bloodbound." Mr. DeKay continues his Irish papers with "Early Heroes of Ireland." "Certain Forms of Woman's Work for Woman" is by Mrs. Helen Campbell. "An American Amateur Astronomer" is an illustrated sketch of the career of Mr. Burnham, formerly of Chicago and now one of the corps at the Lick Observatory. In the Life of Lincoln, several chapters are published: "The Pomeroy Circular," "The Cleveland Convention," "The Resignation of Chase." The Old Master written about and illustrated by Stillman and Cole in this number is Spinello Aretino. Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote's serial story, "The Last Assembly Ball," is concluded. "The Relations of the United States and Canada" are discussed by Charles H. Lugrin. Short stories are published by George A. Hibbard, entitled "The Woman in the Case," and by James Lane Allen, entitled "King Solomon of Kentucky," illustrated by Kemble. Mrs. Margaret J. Preston describes General Lee in his home "After the War." Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote's Far West picture is entitled "The Irrigating Ditch." Poems are printed in this number by Langdon Elwyn Mitchell, Louise Morgan Sill, Edith M. Thomas, and in "Bric-à-Brac" by Charles Henry Webb, J. Macon, M. L. Murdock, R. T.-W. Duke, Jr., M. E. W., Annie Hanks, and George Birdseye.

A Wrong Done to Hungarians.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The horrors committed by heartless fiends upon the corpses of the unfortunates at Johnstown, Penn., are being universally discussed. It is, however, much to be regretted that, owing to its imperfect geographical knowledge of the eastern parts of Europe and the various nations composing the Austro-Hungarian Empire, the press throughout the United States should class these monsters as Hungarians—countrymen of Kossuth. Being myself of Hungarian nativity I seek to correct this wrong done to my countrymen by explaining to each individual I meet, that these miscreants are "Slovaks," and not "Hungarians"—a race in tradition, language, habits, as different to us as the North American Chinook Indian differs from the Anglo-Saxon. The Slovak occupies the lowest position throughout the Austrian-Hungarian Empire. He is so low and mean, and so cowardly is his disposition, that only rarely will the army conscript him. The Hungarian, by tradition, is the most American-like of all European nations. He is liberal, he is brave, he is proud of his country, and he will rarely emigrate to any foreign country. He loves his home too well. I doubt if there are in all the sixty millions of population in the United States more than three thousand Hungarians.

It humbles us few to read in the daily press about the "ignorant Hungarians" of Pennsylvania. In reality, these vandals are a low race of Slovaks, imported contract laborers, a race kin to the Slavs, but not half so civilized. These people are looked upon as outcasts in their own home, and are a disgrace to humanity the world over.

The *Argonaut* is not unjust—therefore, let it do justice to my countrymen—the justice of not classing them with these degraded Slovaks. Suffice plain to your readers that these vile wretches are not Hungarians—they are not men of our noble race. ARNOLD POLLAK

SAN FRANCISCO, June 5, 1889.

Transportation--Rail.

SAUSALITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN,
via
ORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE.

...omnacing Sunday, March 31, 1889, and until furth notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

...om ...N FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1 30, 3.25, 4.50, ...10 P. M. ...unda...—8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 12 30, 1.30, 2.45, 4.20, ...30, 6.30. P. M

...om ...N RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—5.10, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.55 P. M. ...unda...—8.00, 9.50, 10.55 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 1.15, 2.45, 4.00, 5.00, ...05, 7.00 P M. Extra trips on Saturday at 6.25 P. M. ...re, ...cents, round trip.

...om ...USALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.45, ...15, 9 55, 11.50 A. M.; 2.30, 4.05, 5.30 P. M. ...unda...—8.45, 10.35, 11.35 A. M.; 12.45, 1.55, 3.30, 4.40, ...45, 6.50, 7 45 P. M. Extra trips on Saturday at ...05 M. ...re, ...ents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

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Los Angeles Express, for Fresno, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	11.15 A.
Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
Haywards, Niles, and San José	3.45 P.
Sacramento River Steamers	**6.00 A.
Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
Second Class, for Ogden and East	11.45 A.
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Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
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Centerville, San José, Almaden, and Los Gatos	9.50 A.

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Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	5.08 P.
Menlo Park, San José, Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville, and Monterey only. (Del Monte limited.)	*11.15 A.
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Menlo Park and Way Stations	7.58 A.
San José and Way Stations	9.03 A.
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The bark *Lyra*, after being dismasted, completed her voyage to Queenstown, round Cape Horn, a distance of ten thousand miles, under jury-masts. The Mercantile Marine Association rewarded the captain and officers.

Berry, the English hangman, is not an appointed officer, and consequently does not feel himself under any official restraint regarding his conduct. He hangs by the piece, all over the country, wherever he is called. He makes himself so prominent at levees and smoking concerts the days before and after executions that it has become a matter of public scandal, and a motion has been made in the House of Commons that the hangman shall be placed under the control of the Home Office and subjected to such restrictions as may be considered decent.

Clerk—"I understand, doctor, that two dentists in your neighborhood have arranged a match in their art?" *Doctor*—"Yes, I have heard so." "What do you think the result will be?" "A draw."—*Portland Advertiser.*

A soldier belonging to a detachment of the Austrian Army in Transylvania was recently killed by a bullet from a Manlicher rifle, discharged during target practice at a distance of more than two and one-half miles.

A Latisville, Ga., man was trying to chase a black snake out of his chicken-yard, when the reptile suddenly turned upon him and pursued him for over half a mile.

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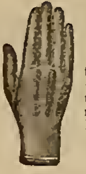

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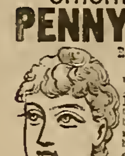

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The author of "Suzette" should patent bis operetta as a sure cure for insomnia. It is one of the most soporific of performances. At the eotrance of the long-winded Vieubec, followed by dusky Domingo, one sinks into a sweet, tranquil doze, to wake from dreams threaded with familiar harmonies, as the curtain falls upon a general embraciog of reunited couples against a background of the slim black legs and the square red shoulders of the Royal Guard.

It is during the dialogue that one sleeps most peacefully. When Captain Vieubec talks with Jouarde one has time to dream a whole three-volume novel in the heavily padded English style, can safely conduct the hero and heroine througb hair-breadth perils, marry them comfortably, sign the register, write "Finis," wake with a start—and there they are still at it; the captain, with his queue quivering in the air, like a species of tremulous snake, and old Jouarde, io flapping striped sleeves, with the white apron, the palsied bead, the feeble gait of the inn-keeper of light opera. "Suzette" is a perfect chaos of unnecessary dialogues. Everybody talks and makes laborions jokes. The latter are not numerous, and, in most cases, are cheeringly familiar. There is no undue effort necessary to recognize them. There is, for example, the one where the Marquis, in female attire, exclaims "I am lost," to which Suzette makes ready answer, "No, you are found." Who does not remember the eloping Belinda's similar cry, and Cheviot Hill's deep-toned and melaocholy "On the contrary, we are found"?

"Suzette" has no surprises in store for the audieoce; it is all peaceful and tranquil. In listening dreamily to the music, as the numbers softly drift by, one has a comfortable, cosy sense of old-fellowship with them. They are, for the most part, tried and familiar friends, bright, pleasant, easy as old shoes. No need to keep wide-awake to recognize them. As they pass onward, streaking the dreamer's hazy visions with clear little zigzags of melody, one has drowsy recollections of "Patience" and "Ermioie," of Strauss and Offeobach. The trio in the second act, between the Marchioness, the Marquis, and Vieubec, is perilously like something we have all heard before. Familiarity in certain circumstances is said to breed contempt; in the case of light operas, however, it merely breeds a sense of pleasaot restfulness. One does not, in hearing "Suzette," have to exert one's self to the appreciation of new airs. The old ones warmed over are still agreeable, for, in the beginning, they were such good ones that they can stand being served a great maoy times yet without growiog stale and flat on the palate. There is as much life left in the musical remains of Offenbach as there was in the dramatic remains of Scribe, from which, even now, playwrights will steal the Promethean spark.

There is also about the story of "Suzette" that good old fruity flavor of antiquity, so commendable io certain wines and cheeses, but not yet appreciated in operettas or women. There are optimists who talk of "the beauty of extreme old age," the joys of seeing a light opera for the twentieth time. But the giddy majority prefer *la beauté du diable*, the new and untarnished operetta not as yet "clapper-clawed by the vulgar." The story of "Suzette" is a very good story, but so, for that matter, is the first chapter of Genesis very fine reading. The idea which animates the piece has been in the playwright's stock-in-trade since the days of Christopher Sly, aod filtered through the fairy-tales of all nations in the form of "The Duke and the Cobbler." It has been to the Tripps of dramatic literature what the sprained ankle and the middle-aged guardsman combination have been to the lady novelists who rally round the standard of "The Duchess." Toward the close, the action grows more brisk and brightens. It is something to see Suzette get the best of her tormentors. The Picardy wit of which she makes so proud a boast, is not one of those things which one is requested to take ou the assurance of a self-distrustful author. It has some existence to the oaked ear. And though the Marquis's appearance in frock aod bodice suggests a somewhat similar scene in "Falka," his surreoder is amusiog and well managed.

Suzette, indeed, is the bright particular star io this chaotic conglomeration of other people's ideas. She berself is oot exactly a novelty. She has beeo popular on the stage, popular in novels. Who has not met her in an opening chapter, "sitting an a high stone-wall, dangling her legs," or climbing trees, or sliding down banisters, or getting in and out of wild, hoydenish scrapes? She is a staple article, in good repair, aod always in demand. Suzette is a little unnecessarily vulgar, but she is good company. Ooe is oot dull in ber society. She is rather startlingly American—there is sometimes a shock of surprise felt in bearing slang indigenous to the Pacific Slope io the mouth of a Normandy peasant-girl—but if it amuses, one can afford to overlook it. She is a healthy, jolly, unaffected sort of creature, and is the author's pet. He has lavished time and affection io perfecting her, and has been successful in producing a bright and interestng type.

The first act she enlivens with her "When a little girl I was created," a piquant, pretty, sparkling song. In the second act her entrance lifts a weight off the audience, which returns with her exit. She does a public service in silencing the interminable Vieubec's verbosity, in dismissing a chorus of attenuated nymphs, whose wails of welcoming song are only equaled in their daring disregard of time and harmony by the remarkable feats they perform in executing the waltz, and in stopping Renée in murmuring sweet nothings, which seemingly is his only accomplishment. She brightens both the second and third acts wonderfully, and it is always her sharp, incisive, if somewhat rough, commeots, which roused the laugh in the good-tempered audience anxious to be pleased.

Much of Suzette's attractiveness is due to Miss Marie Stone. She has done well with the part, and is one of those self-forgetful women who will boldly sacrifice personal beauty to realism. A heroic spirit must have inspired her to doo those boots and that "Lone Fisherman" hat. In the last act she allows herself the privilege of "dressing up" in the regulation light-opera style, striped skirts, laced bodice and kerchief, and dainty yellow slippers. This is ber only concession to tradition. She spares neither herself nor Suzette. She is not a graceful or a blithesome tomboy. She is the genuine article in its most savage state, uncouth, rough, clumsy, and jolly. As the Marquis, she presents an absurdly quaint appearance, and her acting io this part is as piquaot and bright as the somewhat threadbare situations will permit. One might criticise a too robust roughness of tone. She comes dangerously near being "tough" in a good many places. There is just a trifle too much swagger—a *soupçon* too much of the reckless in her manner. But a good deal may be forgiven her, for her Suzette lifts the opera from heavy mediocrity and gives it the fillip toward success.

For the rest, there are the usual choruses of little ladies in short skirts, black stockings, and flowered hats, who keep dancing in and dancing out, every Jill with her Jack; Jack's arm beiog loosely disposed about her waist, his eyes riveted in a fixed stare on the leader's baton. A scene later, they are all poudré and in ruffles, and from this they eventually evolute into a red-coated, black-leggined company of the Royal Guards of assorted heights and complexions. The minor characters, intended to be funny, are not in the least amusing—all the fun is concentrated io Suzette. Domingo, Renée, and Jouarde are bores. The Marquis and Marchioness, who are not amusing themselves but the apparent cause of amusement in others, are, next to the heroine, the most attractive figures io the piece. Barring their desire to be perpetually kissing each other, they are not uninteresting, and, in the charming costume of that day, both Mrs. Bartlett-Davis and Mr. McDonald look particularly fine and handsome.

G. B.

STAGE GOSSIP.

"The Strategists," a farce-comedy of the ante-Hoyt era, will be given at the Bush Street next week.

"The Cavalier," a romantic comedy-drama, will be given at the Alcazar next week by Harry Lee, supported by the stock company.

"Dorothy" is to be sung this (Saturday) afternoon by the Bostonians, and "Mignon" this evening, their last performance at the Califoroia Theatre.

"Amorita" is announced to follow "Maritana," with Harry de Lorme, Adeline Hynes, Louise Manfred, W. H. Hamilton, and the Tivoli company in the cast.

"Old Jed Prouty," a homely drama on much the same lines as "Joshua Whitcomb," is to be giveo at the California Theatre next week, with Richard Golden io the titular rôle.

Edwin Thorne is to reopen the Standard, which has almost been dropped from our list of theatres, with "The Three Guardsmen," beginning this (Saturday) evening, and continuing for a week, and possibly longer if "the ghost walks."

"Katti, The Family Help," has been fairly well patronized at the Bush Street Theatre. But Marietta Nash, dance she ever so nimbly, could not carry the piece to financial success, even with the dearth of theatrical attractions in town.

The Baldwin will remain closed for another week, and on Monday evening, June 17th, the New York Lyceum Comoany will reopen it for the winter. Their repertoire comprises "The Wife," "Sweet Lavender," and "The Marquise."

"The Midnight Bell," Charles Hoyt's "serious piece," made no stir at all when it was produced at the Alcazar two summers ago, though there was always a large audience to see it; but New York has fallen down before it, and crowds the temple every evening, eveo in this, the fourth month of its cootinuous run.

Nellie Farren, Lettie Lind, Sylvia Gerrish, and the other beauties of the London Gaiety Burlesque Company returned to London last week, leaving their path strewn with broken-hearted "Johnnies"—they had been "dudes," and later "chappies," but the Gaiety girls brought the new name over from London, and those to whom it was applied can but dimly remember that there ever was such a word as "chappy." The compaoy will probably visit San Francisco on its next tour, in the fall, aod may develop a Johnny or two even here.

UNDERSTUDIES.

One of the most remarkable things about modern stage management, says a writer in the *Sun*, is that which receives least consideration from the public. It is not astonishing that with all the late improvements in stage machinery and apparatus, all the talent devoted exclusively to dramatic art and traioed and cultured to the highest degree of excellence, and with all the inventiveness of modern dramatists in the formulation of unique aod striking situations, that night after night New York audiences should be entertained when the curtain rises in the popular theatre—the remarkable point is that the curtain rises at all on each and every evening throughout the long and exhausting season.

The men and women smiling dowo over the footlights are human beings, liable to all the ills which flesh is heir to, subject to the griefs and joys which make up the sum of living, and from the very nature of their employment people of intense nervous susceptibility. It seems almost miraculous, therefore, that the theatres are never closed and that the performance is so smooth, for often strong men wait in the wings to carry the fainting prima donna to her dressing-room, and wait again to carry her back to her place and shove ber on the stage, when something in the atmosphere nerves her up aod puts new strength in her limbs and voice. Sometimes the stage-manager takes the leading-lady sobbing to the dressing-room, tearing her delicate lace-handkercbief to fragments on the way from very nervousness after each act. Ofteo some fall in so dead a faint that they can not be revived. And still the curtain rises, the lights blaze, and the play goes on as before. This is largely due to the presence of mind and powerful determination of trained actors, but still more is it due to the very complete system of understudying the parts practiced in the differeot theatres.

Quite a different system is in use in the operas from that employed in the theatres. In the opera companies a leading-lady knows her understudy and frequently makes an intimate friend of her, conferring upon her all the favors which her place enables her to bestow. A leading-lady in the theatres rarely knows her understudy, or knows eveo whether she has one or not. The idea that any one can take her place is distasteful to her, and a certain feeling of indefinable jealousy or antagonism would prevent any real friendliness between them. With singers the greater need and common practice of having their parts understudied does away with this peculiar sentiment.

At the Casino, there is a regular company of understudies, who report at the theatre every night at half-past seven o'clock. If their services are not required, they leave the theatre again, and are at liberty until the next performance. As soon as a new opera is put on, they receive the lines and music, and their parts are assigned them. They attend every rehearsal, but do not take part in it, and notice all the details of stage business used by the artists whose rôles they may be called upon to assume. After the opera goes on, the rehearsals for the understudies begin, and continue one or two weeks, until they are capable of giving the entire performance. Every Mooday morning a rehearsal of the chorus is called throughout the run of a play, and as the principals are not required to be present, the more gifted chorus-ladies and men take the parts according to the suggestion of the director, in consequence of which there is after a little time another complete company ready to take the opera at a moment's notice. During the long run of a piece ambitious members of the chorus ask the privilege of rehearsing principal rôles, until there is still a third company ready for an emergency.

The regular understudies in the city receive half-pay all the time, and if called upoo at any time for a performance receive an extra amount for that. They are usually members of the different road companies, in the city only for a time, who like the rest and the salary at the same time. It is from the uoderstudies that the ranks are recruited, and most players accept very gladly the office, as it has its possibilities, and is not without considerable dignity and honor of its own from the idea of a certain amount of talent being required to even understudy an important character.

On the road the understudies are always members of the regular company, either in the chorus or io some minor part, which can be supplied from the chorus. Regular sets of costumes are made for the understudies in imitation of those worn by the principals, but of less expensive materials, and they are so fashioned that they can very readily be adapted to different figures and worn by several persons.

"The night Jansen was sick in Baltimore," said Mr. Barton, "two girls played her part in the same evening. Her regular understudy was here in New York, and though they telegraphed for her promptly, she was too late for the first act, and some one else played it for her. The need of more than one understudy was quite apparent, last winter, wheo Miss Russell had a slight attack of tonsilitis. Miss Nast, her understudy, bad been sent to Philadelphia for a single performance. Edith Edwards, the second understudy, was ill with the same disease, and yet a third girl who knew the part was found to be so much worse than Miss Russell herself, that she came on and sang the part herself, though it was pretty badly cut. We had two leading-ladies in one of our companies once who were very jealous of each other, and one night they had a furious quarrel on the stage, all about their dressing-rooms, one of which was larger than the other. At the close of the act the woman with the smaller room refused to finish the piece unless she could have the larger room, which request could not be granted, as the other woman refused to go on if it were, consequently the performance was finished by ooe of the chorus."

The McCauli company have quite a different plan of action, but this company have among their members a phenomenon by the name of Cripps, and a phenomenoness by the name of Cottrelly. They are general understudies, though one would never dare call them such, for Cripps is the stage-manager and Cottrelly has more offices than the great Pooh-bah. However, Mr. Stevens never fears any emergency so long as Cripps and Cottrelly keep off the golden stair. The understudies are all members of the regular company, who are necessarily present at the rehearsals, and wheo a piece is put on, they proceed to learn the lines and rehearse it carefully, until they are prepared for any sudden need. Cripps, the composite, has sung every part in "Falka," except that of the prima donna, and he would not feel the slightest hesitancy in attempting that, should occasion demand. When the company were playing "Ruddygore," he saog the part of Richard Dauntless, a tenor, one night, and the bass part of Sir Despard Murgatroyd the next. Perhaps they were neither of them up to that high order of excellence demanded by Wagner's artists, but they went all the same and saved the performance. George Boniface, in the first act of "Falka," falls through a trap-door, and briogs up on a nice, soft mattress out of sight of the au Through some inadvertence the mattress was ten, and the actor was picked up insensible, ugly gash in his chin. The volatile Cripps wa ing the piano in the orchestra that night, the being sick or tipsy. He knew intuitively so was wrong, and, hasteoing behind the sce found the wounded actor weltering in his gore

"Send for the doctor and get off his clothe Cripps, and before the curtain rose agaio dressed in the actor's costume, and waiting wings for his cue.

"That's Cripps. Then there's Cottrelly," s Stevens, the manager. "The prima donna collapsed, went all to pieces in her dressing-r the second night of a new opera at seven-an I got a carriage aod started for Cottrelly, telli to ring up the curtain at eight. Cottrelly wa her dinner, but she said, 'I'm with you,' and o'clock she went on, and played the first ac dress she wore to dinner. Before the sec some dresses had been sent for to the wardr she finished the piece, though she didn't kn line of the dialogue. She sang every note music, aod talked when no one else did, until s interrupted her, manufacturing what she sai went along, and when they stopped her she co that she had said enough and kept still. Bu the quickest work we ever did in the understu was one time when we were playing one-nigh on the road. Cottrelly came to New Yor about a new opera, and Manola was taken lently ill that we were obliged to go on with Her uoderstudy had been acting a little up threatening to leave, so that I didn't dare de her for the part, and as we had a five hours' fore us, I determined to teach some one else Josie Knapp was Cottrelly's uoderstudy, but her for the soprano, aod gave that to her, a Cottrelly's lines to Grace Levy. We rehear on the train and on the stage as soon as w at our destination, and they gave a smooth, performance. The people in that little town they were Cottrelly and Manola, and, of co didn't like to spoil their enjoyment by di them of that idea. We have no regular garo the understudies, though at comparatively s tice we can supply anything from our wardrob experience has always been that when a sin word that she could not appear she sent th her trunk, and placed its contents at the di the person who filled her place."

Theatrical understudies generally familiari selves with two or three parts, and they are to furnisb their own wardrobes. They a present at a rehearsal of the company, but piece is on they are carefully rehearsed in eve Members of the Lyceum company are not s to know whether they have any understudies not. Managers usually keep themselves concerning actors and actresses out of emp who could come to the rescue in an emergen

One of the principles of fine acting is never distress or confusion under any circumstance understudy has not learned a part the oth will play both parts if only the substitute k and does not get disturbed. A forcible illus the remarkable presence of miod and quic grasping a situation is shown in the story of whose leading-lady had conceived a violent him and objected to his necessary caresse stage. In the last act be had taken her life, a beautiful and touching finale where he mo her and fondles her head in farewell, conclu a grand death scene in which he kills himself bent over her apparently lifeless body she between her teeth, "If you touch me again I and walk off the stage." Tenderly he drew over on his shoulder and bent to kiss her, flouoced out of his arms and rushed off t For a moment he looked at her in astonishr was very real, then, collecting himself, a lool joy illumined his face as he cried: "Thank she lives! Now I can die in peace," and he c with his usual realistic death scene.

One of the funniest things that ever hap the stage, was one night when Frank Bangs ing "The Silver King," in Philadelphia. Th of the child who acted the part of the Silv daugbter sat crouching in the wings, when whispered around io the theatre that people going to be paid that week. She reached stage, caught the child's skirts in her hand the little one off the stage, and took her hom were other children about behind the sce Bangs coolly reached out and pulled one of put the words she should have said ioto he and answered them, aod continued the per so calmly that but few people knew that had happened.

Among the Washiogtoo relics received by mittee in charge of the recent exhibition in N was the first set of false teeth wore by the his country. The teeth are human teeth—th had not then been invented—and the upper jaws are joined at the back by a strong ste which brings them together with the snap trap. No wonder that Washington's mo such a strained, pained expression after th ment of torture was wedged into it! And n that the art committee considered this relic ble to exhibit! It was kept locked up in a after the exhibition, when it was returned to t with a number of things of more æsthetic in

Four Mandara negroes are about to appe German court as embassadors from the Af tan, who are said to be marvels of intellig with a moral standard extraordinarily high. they will dress in their own costume, the et the German court can not be foregone, ar regular dress-coat will be worn over the costume.

The last ship to touch at Pitcairn Island *Frith of Clyde*, reports that there are one and seventeen souls on the island, forty-f aod seventy-two females, and thirty-eight of childreo. They all knew about the Preside tion in this country, and took a lively inter outside world. They keep the Sabbath, Sat

It has been calculated that the railroads of are worth nearly three hundred billions of about one-tenth of the wealth of the civilize or more than one-quarter of their investe At this rate, all the ready money in the wo buy only about one-third of them.

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he walks and drives among the hills which rise behind beautiful suburban spot and form a charming back- nd, are picturesque and romantic. The broad alameda ch extends from the Ralston Place, at Belmont, along foothills in the rear of San Carlos at an elevation of one dred feet, through the Brittan property, and back of wood City and Menlo Park, will, when completed to Alto, make the drive to the Leland Stanford Jr. versity one of the most delightful in the whole State. It be replete from various points of view with panoramic ures, embracing the bay, the cultivated landscape at lo Park, and the palatial residences of that valley.

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SATURDAY, June 15, 1889.

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THE INNER MAN.

Water as an Article of Diet.

A short time ago, a story reached us from the East to the effect that the general all-round crank, tom-fool, and hlatherskite, George Francis Train, was undergoing a self-imposed fast or abstinence from all arucles of diet popularly supposed to be nutritious, and had notified the world that it was his intention to adhere to this Barmecidal regimen for a period of one hundred days. That the individual in question is capable of indulging in any absurdity calculated to minister to his inordinate love of notoriety is so well known, that this, his latest freak, would scarcely even excite a passing interest, were it not for the fact that there are so many peculiar circumstances connected with alleged fasts of a similar character, which have, from time to time, been entered upon by others, that the subject becomes interesting, if not from a physiological, at any rate from a prestidigitatorial point of view. Probahly the most authentic instance of a long-continued fast was that of Dr. Tanner, so few years ago as still to be fresh in the memories of all. The doctor was, it is reported, subjected to strict surveillance and presumahly lynx-eyed medical scrutiny during his forty days' abstinence from food. He emerged from the ordeal with flying colors, and, if we remember right, hroke his fast at the end of the term upon a hearty meal of water-melon and milk without any evil consequences. Yet, even in the face of the medical testimony that Tanner could not have obtained surreptitious nourishment, even had he so desired, the fact remains that doctors, however vigilant, being human are liahle to he deceived; and so prone is the ordinary mind to accept the readiest explanation of an extraordinary circumstance—the more so if that circumstance runs so far counter to all its preconceived theories as that life should be sustained for such an extended period as forty days without some substanual nourishment—that any insinuations that all was not fair and above hoard in Tanner's case will met with approval rather than the reverse. Tanner, it should he horne in mind, stipulated for and was permitted the free use of water, of which he drank copiously. Train, it would appear, runs upon similar lines, regaling himself on lemonades, and upon one occasion indulging in the mild dehauchery of a cup of coffee—a really Syharitic diet compared with the Spartan simplicity of the doctor, for the sugar in the lemonade, and the sugar and cream in the coffee, are unquestionably nutritious, while water, pure and simple, is only questionahly so. But Tanner's experience, supposing it to have been *bona fide*, opens up another question, and, physiologically considered, a most important and interesting one. Does water really contain enough of life-sustaining elements to maintain vitality in animal organisms without the introduction of any of the grosser articles of nutrition commonly accepted as indispensahle to that end? If so, what limit is to be put to its efficacy in this respect? Does this limit differ in different constitutions? Was the forty-days' aqueous regimen of Tanner, from which he emerged apparently little the worse for wear, over or under the limit attainahle by the ordinarily constituted mortal in this direction? We know that, without water in some form or other, no matter how ahundant other food-substances may he, animal life can not be ordinarily sustained for more than nine or ten days, though there is an instance on record of a term of fifteen days having been reached. We also know that water enters very largely into, in fact constitutes hy far the largest part of the food-stuffs of our daily life. We also know that four-fifths of the human frame are composed of water; that is to say, of a man weighing one hundred and fifty pounds, one hundred and twenty are water, as the desiccated remains of any Egyptian mummy will attest. Is it not the constant comhustion of the two gases of which water is composed which maintains our animal heat at a temperature of ninety-eight degrees? And does not the hlood, which is commonly supposed to play such an important part in our organisms, act, during its reflux through the veins, merely as a vehicle for the transportation of the hurned tissues to the lungs, there to he exhaled in the form of carhon? But a truce to the technical jargon and glittering generalities of science. What if Dr. Tanner and Mr. Train have unwittingly stumhled upon one of the profoundest and most important truths of science! Have not some of the greatest inventions and discoveries of the ages originated in the fortuitous hlundering of some ignorant and unthinking hlockhead? Did not the geese save Rome by their cackling, and do not the utterances of fools, even in our own day, frequently confound the wise? May it not he that our accepted system of nutrition is all wrong, that we are overloading our stomachs with a superahundance of indigestihle stuff, an evolutionary reminiscence of the days when our progenitors ran much farther hack than the vegetarian hahoon? Then to think of the mere economy of water as an article of diet! We await with impatience the outcome of Mr. Train's one hundred days. Will he he canonized as the apostle, high-priest, and prophet of the gospel of water, or will he meet his Waterloo like his illustrious prototype of another hundred days' fame? It is idle to speculate. We can only wait.

The *smorgasbord* is thus described by Kimhall in his "Midnight Sunheams": At dinner at the hotel we first saw a peculiar Swedish institution called the *smorgasbord*, which is considered a stimulator of the appetite. All the natives, before sitting down to the regular table, went to a small side-table laden with salted and smoked fish, sardines, fat herring in oil, hoiled ham, smoked tongue, cold hoiled eggs, potted crahs, pickles, cheese, hread and hutter, and, standing around the table, helped themselves with a fork to a choice morsel, now here, now there, which they washed down with small glasses of gin, hrandy, and a liquor called kümmel, made from caraway seeds. At every dinner in Sweden you will see the men, and often many ladies, apparently making a good meal from the varied assortment on this side-table, and then they sit down to a regular dinner of several courses. It goes without saying that, to one unaccustomed to its use, the *smorgasbord*, instead of increasing the appetite, causes it to quickly disappear.

The manufacture of *pâté de foie gras* by the Parisians, and its sale as a genuine Strashurg article, has evoked from the citizens of the latter city a petition to the emperor in Berlin asking him to protect them, and also a prosecution in Paris against their rivals.

A new gastronomic cluh has been inaugurated in London, the chief aim whereof is to try, from time to time, the national cookery of every country in the world. An Italian dinner opened the campaign.

DXXX—Bill of Fare for six persons—Sunday, June 9, 1889.

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The idea of a strike is so prevalent in European air that even the fifty donkey-hoys who were hrought over from Cairo hy an Egyptian to take care of the donkeys in the Exposition, organized and marched to the restaurant where the manager was dining, and, after violent speeches in Arahic, the owner of the tavern was obliged to put up his shutters. The Egyptian Consul finally interfered in hehalf of the owner.

— MRS. DORA GRAY DUNCAN, THE PIANIST, closed the season of her dancing-class on Friday evening, May 31st, by giving an entertainment and dance at her residence, 1365 Eighth Street, Oakland. The entertainment was in the form of private theatricals, prettily arranged and well carried out. Among those who participated in the piece, "Paddle Your Own Canoe," were Miss Carrie Reed, Miss Edith Moulton, Miss May Duncan, Miss Dora Duncan, and Masters Gus Duncan, Ray Duncan, and Percy Grinley. On July 15th, Mrs. Duncan will open a dancing-class for those who desire instruction during the summer term.

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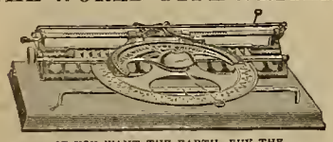

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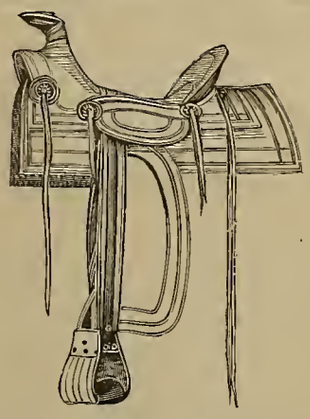

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K M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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T: announcement that the British Government is about to ll fortifications on Vancouver Island, ought to attract a ea deal more attention from the American people than it e: As a nation, we are favored by the geographical posi- n our country, but that does not mean that it is unassail- le We have grown to rely on our isolation from Europe, d our native strength for the maintenance of our national fe: but that does not mean that we can go to sleep and re- air forever oblivious of what is going on around us. We en ery nearly caught napping without a navy in the recent am n complications. That some foreign enemy will catch i he same slothful condition, with over five thousand miles s coast exposed to his mercy, we see no reason to doubt. ut uch has been said and written on this subject of our de- ns ss sea-coast. Mr. Samuel J. Tilden, in what proved to e a ost his last words, drew public attention in this direction, y a ost earnest and patriotic appeal to the legislators at Va ngton. He painted a startling picture of the loss of na- on: honor, of life, and of property, which was likely to result om his supineness; the officers of our army have uttered hei arnings, and the press of the country has united in con- em g the policy which, with an embarrassing surplus in the rea y, leaves the United States in such a dangerous and num ating plight. So that, when all is said, at least the nation has en aroused to a knowledge of the danger which exists alon our ocean boundaries. And when the worst is said, ther s some comfort in the thought that the ocean itself, while it may bear hostile fleets to the gates of our most populous cities, is, in a certain sense, a barrier to invasion. On the south, between the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific Ocean, we have for a neighbor a nation which we at one time fought and conquered, and with which we are now on the very friendliest terms of political and commercial intercourse; a nation which has the same form of government as our own, together with identity of interests so far as foreign countries are concerned, and which is, therefore, in many ways a safe custodian of that defenseless fifteen hundred miles of frontier. But what can be said of that other land boundary, that three thousand five hundred miles which stretches across our northern border? Every one knows that the Dominion of Canada lies beyond it. But we venture to say that there are comparatively few people who know just what sort of a power this Dominion of Canada is. Few countries have changed more rapidly than this, in recent years. The Canada of 1867 is, in fact, entirely different from the Canada of to-day, both geographically and politically. Prior to that date it was but an unimportant province, extending from the water-shed west of Lake Superior, eastward to Labrador—a region some fourteen hundred miles in length and from two to four hundred miles in breadth. The remainder of the British possessions consisted of detached states, many of them sparsely settled, and all of them insignificant alike to the home government and to our own. The Dominion of Canada to-day extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the forty-ninth parallel, practically, to the Polar Sea. It is a confederation which embraces the various provinces of North America, formerly known as Upper and Lower Canada (now Ontario and Quebec, respectively), New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward's Island, British Columbia, and the vast regions which have been for so long a time under the quasi-government of the Hudson Bay Company, now designated as Manitoba and the North-west Territory—in fact, the Canada of to-day embraces the whole of British North America, except Newfoundland and Labrador. Here is a territory as large as Europe, and nearly as large as the United States itself. While the total population of the Dominion only approximates five million, this number is rapidly increasing, and, at the same time, notwithstanding its diverse origin, is gradually becoming one homogeneous whole. No possession of Great Britain has made greater strides during the last twenty years than the Dominion of Canada, whether in development of resources, trade, wealth, population, or whatever tends to the strength and prosperity of a new country. At the same time, the undeveloped resources of Canada are enormous and are scarcely realized as yet. In fact, the results of explorations and expert investigation all bear testimony to the astonishing richness of this virgin country, which is just beginning its career. The day will come when ships will ascend the Mackenzie River from Hudson's Bay for cargoes of wheat, coal, iron, petroleum, and hides. There are ranches even at this present day where the sun does not set in summer, and yet, by virtue of the warm Chinook wind, wheat and cattle-raising are profitable pursuits; this in a climate popularly supposed to be given over to snow and the polar-bear. Here, then, is the spectacle of two great nations, almost identical in race, language, customs, and pursuits, yet aggressively opposed in methods of government and political traditions, one of them a free republic, jealously guarding itself from European entanglements, the other controlled by and bound up in the destinies of a European monarchy, sharing this continent of North America with only an imaginary line between them. That such an anomalous state of affairs is bound to produce friction, we have already learned by experience. That such friction, with its ever-increasing heat, will in time cause the flames of war to burst forth along our frontier, is not by any means improbable. A writer in the June *Century*, dealing with the commercial relations of the United States and Canada, from a Canadian point of view, himself begins the article with a restatement of the well-known fact that nature has nothing to do with any such division of the continent as at present exists; that, on the contrary, there is a gradual merging of climate and productions, unbroken by desert or mountain-range, from the warm Gulf States to the frozen north; that where the continent is divided at all, it is into longitudinal sections, the Appalachian on the east, the central plain, and the Rocky Mountain Range on the west. "If," he goes on to say, "events had so shaped themselves during the last century that North America had been developed as one country politically, a suggestion that an arbitrary line ought to be drawn across the continent from east to west, and that trade should be hampered by regulations, artificial, variable, and often inconsistent, would be treated as contrary to nature and to common sense. It would be pointed out that every argument which could be urged in favor of one such line could, with equal force, be advanced in favor of a score. But events have proved themselves, for the time being, stronger than nature, and the statesmen of America have to deal with the resulting conditions. Indications multiply that the time is near at hand when the many difficult questions involved will demand solution." It is, indeed. Does any one of the daily-press editors or politicians, who occasionally talk so glibly of "taking Canada in," realize that Canada alone, apart from the mother country, is beginning to have a very decided will of its own, with ability to back it up? It does not propose to be swallowed without a struggle. We Americans, as a nation, are like our prairies, large and generous, ample in our ideas and in our talk. Like many big men, we good-humoredly rely solely on our strength. We give millions away in pensions to our citizens of the past generation who fought for us in the last war; yet we will not spend a dollar for fortifications to protect our citizens of the present generation from the next war. We are like the lazy giant, Antæus, who grew in strength and proportions by simply lying on the earth. It is not difficult to guess what nation will try to play the rôle of Hercules. England will have to undertake the part, whether she likes it or not, and the Canadian frontier will be the wrestling-ground. These are not the days of George the Fourth. England knows that she has in the Dominion of Canada a magnificent empire, with a population loyal to the crown. More than this, she realizes that in Canada she has a broad highway to those other possessions which make up the sum of her prosperity. From London by sea to Halifax, to Victoria by rail, by steamship to Australia and China, to India, through the Suez Canal, to Gibraltar, and to London, she girdles the world with her right of way. Will she then lightly let go of the most important, the most splendid link in the golden chain? No; awful as the alternative will seem, she will fight first. She will submit to a great deal before she will take up arms against a nation of sixty millions of people; she will avail herself of all the intricacies of diplomacy, and all the arts of peace, before she will resort to war; but the fatality of events which put the forty-ninth parallel between our free republic and her lusty, young dominion, will prove too strong for her. She will either have to sustain loyal Canada in her combativeness, or run the chances of another Declaration of Independence, with the stupendous losses which it will this time entail.

That Canada is aggressive, that the friction between the two nations is increasing, is too well known to need demonstrating here. The disputed interpretations of the Fishery Treaty of 1818, the questions arising out of Trade Reciprocity, the Manitoban Railway trouble, the Seal Fishery wrangle in Behring's Sea—these are but the beginnings of complications which, as Canada develops, are bound to grow into ungovernable proportions. England knows this, foresees it, and while as a brave nation she may deplore the possibility of such a calamitous war, she has the sense quietly to strengthen her hold on Canada and strengthen Canada's power as a nation. The intelligent statesmanship which began this work by binding the scattered provinces of British Columbia into the Dominion of Canada commands our admiration. The principal agent employed in this work was that great modern factor of peace and war—the railroad. The Canadian Pacific Railway was deliberately built through the wilderness of the west by the Canadian Government for the purpose of welding together, with its iron bands, the disunited provinces and separated people. In fact, the building of a transcontinental railway by the Dominion was one of the conditions upon

wbicb Britisb Columbia entered tbe confederation, and the onerous undertaking and subsequent maintenance of the road have ever since been the greatest responsibilities of succeeding governments. The main line extends from Montreal, witb its water-way to the Atlantic, to Vancouver on the shores of the Pacific. With its leased lines, it represents a total mileage of four tbousand nine hundred and sixty miles. It bas cost the country one hundred and forty million dollars, wbile tbe company which represents this road has expended an additional fifteen millions in acquiring, by lease and purcbase, the control of branch lines. We have already pointed out that the line which separates the United States from Canada, west of Lake of the Woods, is imaginary. Here, unlike the eastern portion, there are no natural barriers, such as mountains, deserts, or water-ways, to impede the advance of an invading foe; no obstructions to be utilized for fortifications; there are, in fact, no fortifications of any kind. But, while the military requirements of the day do not consider chains of forts along our frontier, are there no other ways of fortifying save by parapets of earth and stone, by ditches, wet and dry? The very term "fortify" is derived from *fortis*, strong, and means to add strength by artificial arrangement. Of all modern engines of war, the railroad is one of the strongest. It is wbat Colonel Maurice would call an all-powerful "implement of strategy." While many of the first principles of battling to-day are what tbey were when Napoleon fought bis remarkable campaign in 1814, the problem of a small army dealing rapid blows is almost entirely replaced by tbat of moving enormous bodies of men to the field of contest. And it is not alone the men who have to be moved, but tbe material to keep those men in condition to fight. The unmilitary mind conceives it an easy matter to hurl say fifty thousand men, with twenty tbousand horses, into a certain territory — forgetting that apart from tbe question of water, camp equipage, and ammunition, it is necessary to hurl two bundred and fifty tons' weight of food daily after this little army, and over an ever-increasing distance. No wonder then tbat tbe problem of military transportation is one of the most difficult, and can be solved only by the assistance of the railroad. And it is in this way tbat tbe far-sighted policy of Great Britain has not only bound the Dominion of Canada into one powerful nation, but has fortified its frontier as well. In case of a war—which, be it understood, we earnestly bope will never come—in case of a war which threatened our northern frontier, military policy would dictate an offensive campaign, one wbich pushed the border before it and struck at the railroads. Whichever side could mass troops most quickly at any one point would have the advantage in this plan—in other words, tbe side whicb had the best system of large defensible frontier military posts, with connecting lines of telegraph and railways. As early as 1836, General Gaines, of our army, advocated the construction of military railroads to all parts of our frontier. It is needless to say, bowever, tbat little bas been done in tbis direction, excepting what bas been prompted by tbe spirit of commercial enterprise. That tbis is no alarmist view of the situation, witness wbat has been done by the British Government on the eastern half of our Canadian frontier. Here, the two countries are separated by a chain of connecting lakes and rivers, extending from Lake of tbe Woods to where the St. Lawrence meets tbe northern border of New York State. Of this, the report of tbe House Military Committee, in 1862, says: "The United States and Great Britain are equally prohibited by treaty stipulation from building or keeping afloat a fleet of war-vessels upon the lakes. At the same time, on the shores of these lakes the United States have many wealtby towns and cities, and upon their waters are immense commerce; these are unprotected by any defenses worthy of special notice, but are as open to incursion as was Mexico when invaded by Cortez. A small fleet of light-draught, heavily-armed, iron-clad gun-boats could, in one month, in despite of any opposition that could be made by extemporized batteries, pass up the St. Lawrence into the lakes and shell every city and village from Ogdensburg to Chicago. At one blow it could sweep our commerce from tbat entire chain of waters. To be able to strike a blow so effective, Great Britain constructed a canal around tbe Falls of Niagara. By this single work the entire chain of lakes was opened to all British light-draught ocean vessels. Perceiving our ability to erect works upon the St. Lawrence that might command its channel and thus neutralize all they had done, Great Britain dug a canal from the foot of Lake Ontario, on a line parallel to that river but beyond the reach of American guns, to a point on the St. Lawrence below, beyond American jurisdiction, thus securing a channel to and from the lakes out of our reach. Occupied by our own vast commercial enterprises, and by violent party conflicts, our people failed to notice at tbe time that the safety of our entire northern frontier had been destroyed by the digging of two short canals. Near the head of the St. Lawrence the British, to complete their supremacy on the lakes, have built a large naval depôt for the construction and repair of vessels, and a very strong fort to protect tbe depôt and the outlet of the lake—a fort which can not be reduced, it is supposed by them, except by regular approaches. The result of all this is that in tbe absence of ships of war on the lakes, and of means to convey them there from the ocean, the United States, upon the breaking out of war, would, without navy-yards and suitable docks, have to commence tbe building of a fleet upon Lake Ontario and another upon the upper lakes." Taking into consideration the difference in the natural features of the location, is not this precisely what is being accomplished at the Pacific Coast end of the border line? At Esquimalt, on Vancouver Island, and opposite the terminus of the Canadian transcontinental railway, Great Britain has built a naval depot and dock-yard. And now we learn that at the same place preparations are begun for the building of fortifications—to defend the dock-yard it is said, with vague and mysterious references to the presence of Russia across the water. But just the same, the ominous fact remains that tbe British, by reason of those fortifications, command the Straits of Fuca; that they can shut up Puget Sound as effectually as they have already closed up the lakes, and that in case of war they will have that entire section of our country, with its precious harbors and rich cities, practically under their control. Meantime, not a gun shows its muzzle on tbe American coast.

Few events of recent years have created such a stir as what is known as the Cronin case. It has stirred the heart of tbe people to its profoundest depths. There are many wholesome lessons to be learned and morals to be pointed from the circumstances surrounding the assassination of Dr. Cronin, in view of which one can almost become reconciled to the tragedy, base and inhuman as it was. If it is permissible in Jesuitry to do evil that good may come, and if from the doing of evil it is true tbat good may sometimes spring, then the tragic end of Dr. Cronin may be, in a certain sense, a benefit to society at large, if only it shall serve to uneartb and expose the rotten and contemptible conspiracies which are eating, like a canker, into our social fabric, and which, if permitted to go on unstemmed, threaten to strike at the root of all society by striking a secret blow at the security of life. Everything goes to show that the "taking off," or "removal," or whatever other euphemism may be applied to the murder of Dr. Cronin, was the result of a deep-laid plot which had its origin in the brains of an Irisb political organization, and wbich was carried to its ultimate conclusion by the willing tools of that organization. That a plot of this character could be devised, executed, and its execution be kept secret for the length of time it was, in one of the richest, most populous, and most progressive cities of this continent, is a peculiarly striking commentary upon the social conditions in which we live. Tbat there exists in every large city of the United States an *imperium in imperio* in tbe sbape of an Irish coterie, which hangs together, elects municipal officers, creates judges, bribes jurors, corrupts officials, controls the police and fire departments, is too patent to every observing or thinking man to admit of argument. That tbe political organization known as the Clan-na-Gael is run upon these lines, does not admit of a doubt. That this organization, or a portion of it, was implicated in tbe Cronin affair has come so near to being proved that no intelligent person doubts it. That the cbiefs and leaders of this organization have awakened to the fact that the animus of tbe public is directed against them in the most unmistakable manner, is evidenced by the desperate endeavor now being made to shift tbe blame upon anybody's shoulders, and the ludicrous attempt to excite American prejudice and make capital for the Irish cause by bringing in the usual clap-trap about British spies and British gold. It is high time that the Irish in this country should understand that America can not be made a camping-ground for worthless political agitators, who are too lazy to work and too unintelligent and ignorant to transact any reputable business, and accordingly devote themselves to political scavenging, thieving peculations, dynamite, and murder. The members of the secret society of the Clan-na-Gael have, however, realized the serious fact that they are now standing as culprits at the bar of the moral court of public opinion, from which there is no appeal, and that they must clear themselves from the damning imputation which lies against them, or withdraw forever from social or political contact with honorable men. This is the formidable spectre which now confronts them — the spectre whose name is Cronin, a spirit easier to invoke than lay. And, just as drowning men will catch at straws, the last resort of this highly ingenious and imaginative society has been to raise the hue and cry that Cronin is not dead at all; that the corpse supposed to be that of the murdered doctor was nothing of the kind; that the world is all at sea about the whole affair; and tbat there is and can be no stain upon the immaculate virtue of the Clan-na-Gael. This pitiable attempt to throw dust into the eyes of the public, and distract public attention from the main issue, is subserved and assisted by certain organs of our venal press, here and elsewhere. There seems to be no limit to the crawling which can be done for Irish patronage and Irish votes. The paradox that the Irish have nothing to say in Ireland and everything to say in America gains po from this latter aspect of the Cronin case. No sane m doubts that the poor doctor was murdered, and murdered political reasons. The missing links in the evidence conc sive of tbis are trifling. The story of the hired cottage wh the deed was accomplished, and which yet bears marks of death-struggle; the trunk and the wagon and the catch-bas the alarm of tbe friends of the murdered man; the identifi tion of the body—in short, all the circumstances connected v the tragedy point but to one conclusion, and all attempts divert attention from the main issue by the circulation rumors, such as are being concocted by fertile Hibernian br and printed by Hibernomaniac newspapers, are simply pue and futile. No one having any inside knowledge of the r tions of Cronin to the Clan-na-Gael doubts for one mom that he was "removed" from the scene of action from sh political necessity, and because he knew too much about scoundrelly methods in vogue among certain leaders in organization, with whom there was simply the choice betw ruinous exposure and secret murder. That the latter alte tive was adopted is not strange, considering the reputed cl acter of the society in question and the reputed ends it a at. It is comforting to see that the coroner's jury, which upon the case, has returned a verdict straigbtforward, lu and manly, to a degree far beyond tbe usual tenor of s verdicts. The eighth count in the verdict recites that in judgment of the jury "no other person or persons ex some of those who are or who had been members of a cer secret society known as the United Brotherbood, or Clan Gael, had cause to be instigators or executors of sucb plo conspiracy to murder said Cronin," while tbe ninth c "finds from the evidence that a number of persons were ties to the plot and conspiracy to murder said Cronin, and Daniel Cougblin, Patrick O. Sullivan, Alexander Sullivan, one Woodruff, *alias* Black, were either the principal access or had guilty knowledge of said plot and conspiracy." verdict was followed by the prompt and immediate arres Alexander Sullivan in his own house, tbougb be bad ret for the night. It now remains to be seen wbether the co before which the matter will now be taken, will use their po to uneartb the conspiracy and punish the guilty, or whetber tice will be blocked, and the Irish society be successful in defea its ends. The time has very nearly arrived when the Amer people will be called upon to decide whether tbey will lo harbor and encourage a gang of worthless Irisb foreigne their attempts to subvert the just and lawful government nation with which we are on terms of peace, amity, and c mercial relations of the most intimate and reciprocal kind, wbicb has won the right to govern and dispose of Irelan the time-honored and world-wide law of manhood and quest. A race of men who spy upon each otber, steal each other, and murder each other, has no place in the gory of nations, and all the glozing and all the mock pathy of a pandering and interested press can not that place. It is only a few days ago that the noto Le Caron, who has been figuring so prominently in Parnell Commission case, relieved himself of some pithy expressions in relation to the subject of our th Among other insinuations calculated to blacken the char of Cronin and divert public sympathy from his case, it been alleged that he was murdered because he was a Br spy and in tbe employ of the British government. This gation Le Caron denies in the most emphatic manner. says that though he knew Cronin well when living in Chic he did not even side with the minority faction of the se society of which both men were members, and of w Cronin was one of the leading spirits. Tbe hate of the Sullivan faction, wbich culminated in Cronin's murder, was d the fact that Cronin possessed knowledge of an awk nature, and that it was quite within the bounds of possi that be migbt expose the secret machinations of the Clan Gael, and so destroy its status as a political organizatio showing it up in its true light before the American public. answer to the question whether the Clan-na-Gael was ver fluential in Chicago, Le Caron replied: "Yes, and much so than native Americans believe," following with a li names of some of the most prominent citizens of Chic comprising judges, merchants, lawyers, capitalists, physic contractors, etc. Of course, it is very easy to understand any measures detrimental to such a political organizatio this would meet with the most determined opposition. however, most fervently to be hoped that the secret ani ties by which all such societies are torn will cause the disru of this as well. Our government has the power to deport the country all the members of such foreign political orga tions as the Clan-na-Gael, and the sooner this power is exer in the case of all the anarchists, socialists, and other foreign litical scum with which our large cities are infested, the bette our fair name and honorable standing in the eyes of the w

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San Francisco can not afford to pass over the extraordi revelation contained in the school census as a curious bu

explicable phenomenon. It must be investigated and explained. There must be a way of accounting for it, without violation of ordinary probability. Let us recapitulate the facts. In 1880, when the Federal census allowed a total population of 233,959 for the city, that census reported 56,757 children of school age—that is to say, not under five nor over seventeen. The municipal census of the same year gave 58,967 children of school age. Here is a discrepancy of 2,210 children to begin with, which must be explained on the theory that the school census contained an exaggeration. But a comparison of other statistics of population shows that the proportion of children of school age to total population in a city like San Francisco can not possibly, in 1880, have exceeded one to five; thus, if the total population was 233,957, the children of school age must have been 46,791 instead of 56,757. If the general census was correct, the school population returned by the census-takers was an exaggeration of 9,976, which the school census bettered by 2,210 more. From 1880 to 1887, the takers of the school census seem to have taken the figures of 1880 as a basis, and to have worked out their totals by adding what they considered a reasonable percentage to them. This thing went on without criticism, partly because our percentage of State school moneys was reckoned on our school population, and the more children of school age we showed, the larger our share of the State fund, until the Hildebrandt census was taken in May, 1888. That showed a population of 62,693 children of school age. The figures appeared to the superintendent of schools to be large, and he instituted an investigation. This led to curious results. It turned out that the deputy marshals had not taken any pains to count school-children, but had merely copied the figures of the returns of 1887, adding to them as much as, in their judgment, the growth of the city warranted. Hildebrandt had not sworn to his census, as required by law, and was not to be found. The city superintendent, by the advice of the State superintendent and the attorney-general, threw out the census bodily and instituted a new count in July, 1888. This was conducted by Jerome Spalding, and showed a population of 57,713 children of school age. There was a tremendous outcry in the papers at the time, and Mr. Spalding was sharply asked for having, as was said, understated the number of school children. Now the census has been retaken. The work has been done most thoroughly, as those who examine the eighty books in which the deputy marshals have made their returns will testify. The result is a return of 60,642 children of school age. This return is either correct—or, first, the deputy marshals have neglected their duty; or, second, certain parents have willfully concealed the number of their children. Any one who will take the trouble to examine the books in the office of the school superintendent, will easily satisfy himself that there has been no general neglect of duty. Every house in the city is on record by street and number; the name of the occupant or occupants is given, with the number of children of school age. It has been suggested that certain members of the Catholic Church, at the suggestion of enemies of our common-school system, conspired to conceal the number of their children from the marshals. But it is hard to see how this would assist the Catholic parochial schools, or help the cause of the Catholic religion in any way. School attendance is not compulsory, and Catholic parents would gain nothing by concealing the number of their children from the census-taker. It is hardly likely that they would do so. And on the whole, it seems more probable that the new census is correct than that the numbers of the school children have been understated through negligence in the deputy marshals or perverseness in the parents. If the number of school children is really 60,642, what is the total population of the city? It was returned by the Federal census of 1880 as 233,959, and every well-informed San Franciscan believes it to be about 330,000 to-day. If it is, the proportion of children of school age to total population is as 1 to 5½. But this would make San Francisco contain a smaller proportion of children than any other city in the country; which is a libel on our women. In certain towns in New England, such as Springfield, Mass., Lynn, Cambridge, and Worcester, the children of school age are to total population as 1 to 5½ or 5¾; and in those cities, children are of school age till they are twenty-one. But in the densely populated manufacturing districts, where nearly all the women work in the mills, and wages are low, families are small; one and two children are the rule. In Western towns, the proportion of children to total population is much larger. In Chicago, it is as 1 to 3.88; in Milwaukee, as 1 to 3.09; in St. Louis, as 1 to 4.14; in Omaha, as 1 to 3.74; and in these cities, children are of school age till they are 20 or 21. We must either admit that owing to some unknown cause the women of San Francisco are less fruitful than their sisters in other Western cities, or we must question the accuracy of the popular estimates of our present population. The former hypothesis will be challenged by every medical man. In fact, all the conditions favorable to a copious propagation of the race are present here. The climate is favorable, the death-rate is low, there are no epidemic diseases, wages are high, and food is cheap; by all laws of analogy, families should be large. And so they are. The streets and vacant places are full of a teeming brood of children. We are thus driven to examine the other horn of the dilemma, and to inquire whether we can be laboring under a delusion when we assume the population of the city to be 330,000 or 340,000. This implies an increase of forty-three per cent. in nine years. In the decade, 1870–1880, the great cities of the country, which had no special "boom" or particular reason for swelling their numbers, increased from twenty-two to twenty-five per cent. There has been a much larger increase, in the past nine years, in such cities as Denver, Kansas City, Chicago, and St. Paul; but this has been due to special and incidental causes, which have probably already ceased to operate. Since 1880, San Francisco, which was once familiar with booms, has had none. There have been no gold discoveries nor other magnet to draw to it people from the East and Europe. Whatever gain of population it has made has been drawn from natural increase and from a scanty immigration from the East. This latter has been much smaller than people suppose. We know, from the returns of the railroads, the volume of immigration, and there has been no year since 1880 that it has exceeded fifty thousand souls. These have been scattered all over the State, leaving but a small proportion of the whole to find homes in San Francisco. Such a limited supply, even when added to the natural increase, will hardly account for a growth of forty-three per cent. in population in nine years. The immigration would probably have been larger but for the efforts which have been made to repel it. Other cities try to draw new settlers from all parts of the world; it appears to have been the chief function of our trades-unions and the Federated Trades to prevent their coming, in order to maintain a monopoly of the labor market. Every year or two, just as mechanics and workmen are thinking of leaving the East for San Francisco, the labor organizations issue warnings to them not to come, as the labor market is glutted and the city is full of unemployed workmen; and false though the statement be, it has its effect in keeping Eastern people away from this city. Only a few months ago, a journal which had done good work for the State by pointing out that the development of our fruit industry required an increased supply of Chinese labor, had to make its peace with the Irish by printing across its front page, in gigantic letters, a lying notification to Eastern workmen that they had better not come here, for there was no work for them to do. Of course these dishonest warnings have had their effect in depriving San Francisco of an increment which would naturally have drifted to this coast; and in estimating our population they must be kept in view. The Federated Trades succeed in maintaining wages at twice the standard which prevails in the river valleys; but they do so at the expense of our manufacturing industry and of the growth of this city. It is hard to say how many good American mechanics these foreigners have deterred from coming here in the past nine years; they must number many thousands. Whatever the cause may be, the effect is before us. It is not probable that the children of school age are to the total population of the city in a smaller proportion than one to four and one-half. If that proportion be the true one, and the school children number only 60,600, the population of the city at the present time, assuming the Federal census of 1880 to have been correct, is not over 272,700. It is not an agreeable discovery; but in this world we must take the bitter with the sweet. It is folly to let the newspapers beguile us into a fool's paradise.

Now that the public excitement over the Johnstown disaster has had time to cool down, and more sober judgment is beginning to be exercised as to both the causes and effects of that great calamity, the more does it appear that the terrible loss of life consequent upon the bursting of the South Fork Lake dam might have been in great measure averted, had there not existed a false feeling of security in the breasts of the inhabitants of the ill-fated valley. It was only to be expected that the first accounts which reached us should be highly colored, confused, and exaggerated, as the conditions under which press representatives were working were anything but conducive to either the obtaining of accurate news or the exercise of accurate judgment. When railroad communication is interrupted, high-roads under water, telegraph-wires down, rain continuously falling, accommodations wretched, and shelter itself all but lacking, it is not surprising that dispatches issuing under such circumstances should be wanting in that precision of detail which becomes easy when the elements of time and comfort are at hand. Accordingly it is now gratifying—if any sentiment of gratification can be properly said to exist in connection with a calamity of this character—to learn that the loss of life, heavy though it be, has not been so great as was at first supposed and reported. Instead of the estimate of ten and even fifteen thousand persons at one time put upon the probable loss, reliable figures now do not rise much higher than three thousand. More than twenty thousand persons have registered, in addition to the fact that numbers—some accounts say as many as eight thousand people—left the neighborhood before the registration of the survivors was begun. As the population of Johnstown at the time of the catastrophe was estimated at eighteen thousand, and as within its limits was concentrated indubitably by far the greater portion of the inhabitants of the valley—the country lying between the city and the lake nine miles higher up being thinly populated and containing but few villages and settlements; if it be correct that the total of both registered and absentees amounts to twenty-eight thousand, the loss can not have well been greater than the three-thousand limit now assigned. One feature of the disaster which can not have escaped the notice of intelligent commentators, was the ineradicable aversion exhibited by the survivors in disposing of the corpses of the dead in any but the orthodox manner, that is to say, by burial. Although the débris of houses and the general wreckage, which was piled up against the railway bridge below the town, had caught fire, and all the doctors in the place recommended that the fire, in the interests of public health, be allowed to do its sanitary work, so strong was the objection raised by the survivors to cremation as a means of performing the last obsequies of their friends, that the fire-engines were caused to play upon the burning mass—ineffectually, as it turned out; luckily, for the health of the neighborhood. The report that a malarial epidemic had set in would seem to be unfounded, as such bodies as have neither been burned nor recovered are covered up by several feet of mud and sand, so that their decomposition will be innocuous in effect. The relief fund has already reached two millions of dollars, all of which Governor Beaver will apply to the assistance of individual sufferers, without prejudice to the assistance which it devolves upon the State to lend. The causes which led to the breaking of the dam will, of course, be made the subject of a special inquiry, and it is to be hoped that meet retribution will fall upon the culpable parties responsible for one of the most overwhelming disasters of modern times.

Scarcely had the world had time to recover from the shock of the Johnstown disaster than it was called upon to sympathize with another calamity which, though it bears no comparison to the Pennsylvania horror in the matter of loss of life, is probably fully as calamitous in respect to the destruction of property. The neighboring sea-port of Seattle—the leading commercial city of Washington Territory, and one of the most enterprising centres of the Pacific Coast—was last week visited by a conflagration which laid the entire business quarter of the city in ruins. A good many circumstances contributed to this disastrous fire. The region of which Seattle is the chief city is one of the finest timber regions in the world. From this circumstance alone it is not matter for surprise that the commodity which was plentiful and ready to hand should have been used in the construction of buildings. That this policy, however, was short-sighted and fraught with the greatest danger to property, has been amply proved by the result. Seattle is now passing through an experience which might have been the experience of San Francisco time and again, had not luck been upon our side, and had not our fire-limit ordinance been wisely planned and effectively carried into execution. We have the greatest reason for congratulation that brick buildings have, for years past, been steadily superseding those frame structures upon our business thoroughfares which have always been a standing menace to our existence as a city. We have also reason to be thankful for the promptness with which our fire-department attacks incipient fires, and for the thorough manner in which it is equipped and drilled. There have been several instances within the past few years when a very few minutes' delay in getting down to work would have meant the destruction of blocks of property, with no predicting the result, had there happened to be anything of a wind blowing at the time. More especially is this the case with fires breaking out to the south and east of Market Street, where frame-structures still largely predominate. The great extent of Seattle's loss was due to the two-fold mischance of a city composed of combustible frame-houses and an inefficient fire-service, in combination with a stiff breeze from the north, which served to spread the flames. While there will be no lack of sympathy, nor of more substantial assistance, for our northern neighbors from the people of San Francisco and this coast generally, we feel that the fire can not be regarded as an altogether unmixed evil. It may be that the lesson inculcated by this severe ordeal may be even worth more than the fifteen millions of dollars at which the loss of property is estimated. The loss, though heavy, is not irreparable, and it is easy to predict that our sister city of Seattle will rise phœnix-like from the ashes of its burned buildings, and will reconstruct these buildings in such fashion as hereafter to laugh at the recurrence of any similar disaster. The true American pluck and spirit exhibited by her citizens are sufficient earnest that such will be the case. Already we learn that contracts are being made for the construction of substantial brick buildings and the laying out of streets upon a wider scale. The people are full of energy and hope. The banks have reopened in temporary quarters and are paying depositors, their vaults having apparently been equal to the occasion and withstood the effects of the fire. The insurance companies are paying losses without grumbling; destitute people are being supplied with food; business is again being transacted in such quarters as can be secured. Everything points to the fulfillment of the prediction of her citizens that, within a year, Seattle will be the best-built city in the North-West.

Great and terrible as was the visitation of heaven which fell like a destroying thunderbolt upon the little valley of the Conemaugh, in the heart of the great and rich State of Pennsylvania, and speedy and ample as was the succor which responded to the call for help from every town and city throughout the length and breadth of our fair land, it must not be forgotten that the bolt of the destroyer fell with scarcely less suddenness and scarcely less force, so far as the destruction of property is concerned, upon our sister city of the pine and redwoods of the north. The silt, and wreckage, and alluvial deposit which lie feet deep in the streets of Johnstown are no harder to clear away than are the burned beams and rafters which choke the streets of Seattle. Life can not be restored but property can, and while reflecting on the dread calamities which have fallen with impartial hand, so far as property is concerned, upon two centres of civilization in the East and the West of this broad continent, we may, perhaps, be forgiven for drawing a parallel between the ways in which these calamities have been met in both instances. When the cry for help went up from the Pennsylvania valley, the response was ample and immediate. The news of the great disaster stirred a chord of sympathy which was confined to no particular spot or location upon the broad continent. The East and the West vied with each other in the extent and promptness of their donations. California and the Pacific Slope generally contributed liberally to their bereaved brethren in Pennsylvania, and when it became known that another calamity had come with winged feet upon the heels of the first, our purses on this coast opened yet wider than before. But, if our news is accurate, there has not been the same spontaneity in the donations from the East to Seattle as there has been from the West to Johnstown. While the least of the country towns along our coast contributed their mite gladly to the Pennsylvania sufferers, we fail to see that the like has been done by the rich and populous centres of the East in the case of Seattle. Can it be that the same rule holds good in sympathy as in politics, and that to Eastern ideas the Pacific Coast is still the vague and distant West, and that the people who dwell there are too far removed to claim the rights of affinity and kinship? There is, however, something highly consolatory and inspiring in the whole-souled, off-hand way in which the people of Seattle repudiated the idea of appropriating to their own loss the money they had already subscribed for the Johnstown sufferers. There is something sturdy and full of promise in the way they have refrained from appealing for help, and this is a characteristic of our self-reliant Western vitality, which it would do no harm to our more slow-going Eastern cousins to copy. If Washington Territory is still too far off to be considered an integral portion of the United States, it is at least a comfort to see that its people possess the hardy virtues which distinguished their Eastern ancestors, and that they have not forgotten the time-honored adage that "heaven helps those who help themselves," and that the surest help is that which springs from within. By the way, the great State of Pennsylvania, the recipient of Pacific Coast bounty, has a population of nearly five millions; California, Nevada, Oregon, and Washington Territory combined, 1,178,000.

TWO WILD WAGERS.

A Strange Russian Story.

Translated for the Argonaut from the Russian of Cracov.

In the magnificent dining-room of the wealthy banker's residence sat the host and a large number of guests, feasting. The dishes were excellent, the wine delicious, and conversation was naturally brisk and animated. Discussion was on the topic of capital punishment—whether it was more befitting humanity to inflict the sentence of death or imprisonment for life. As there were lawyers, physicians, bankers, journalists, in fact representatives of most of the classes of society present, of course the respective opinions were widely different.

"I can not agree with you," said the host to one of his guests, who declared the death-sentence as cruel and wholly unfit for our cultivated age and Christian government. "I certainly have no experience in either, but if a man may judge by opinion, I should call death much kinder, and morally and sensibly preferable to the slow killing of life-long imprisonment."

"I think both are equally cruel. In both cases the law takes something that, once taken, can never be restored again—the life of a human being; and, whether it is literal or moral death, in both cases lie the same result and the same cruelty."

"Surely you will not say that the law should let criminals go free? How will you protect the innocent if you do not remove the guilty, and how will you prevent crime if you do not punish it when detected?"

"The question was on the cruelty and not on the necessity, which is quite a different point. I think the question has to remain an open one, because it depends on individual feeling. There are men who would rather die at once than give up their liberty for ever so short a time, and there are some who could live in chains and yet cling to life."

"I, for one," said a young lawyer, not yet twenty-five years of age, "prefer life to death in any circumstances. If I should be compelled to choose between the two punishments, I would assuredly try the imprisonment. Life, however dreary and sorrowful, is better than death."

"You speak as youth and inexperience generally do, and will, no doubt, speak differently soon," said the banker; "I would willingly lay a wager of two millions that, after only five years of solitary imprisonment, you would come to look on death as a kind liberator and be sorry for not having chosen him in time."

"And I am quite certain I would not," said the young man; "where there is life there is hope also, and if your proposition was meant in earnest, I shall take your wager, that I shall stand not only five, but fifteen years of single imprisonment, and come out and enjoy life and your two millions afterward."

"I accept. I'll stake two millions, you your life, or, what I believe the same, your liberty for fifteen years. But I tell you, young man, think twice before you venture! You know it is easy for me to lose two millions. I hazard as much or more every day in business. But it is a different thing with you. You hazard the best years of your life with the certainty of loss. You can not stand it. You will suffer, perhaps, for a year or two, perhaps a little longer, and then will be glad to escape and forfeit the wager. You must consider, also, that voluntary imprisonment is harder than that which is compulsory, and the knowledge that you are free to go at will must be an eternal torment."

"Well, I think differently, and stick to the bet, if you are not afraid to hold to it."

All interfered, or tried to do so, but in vain, and this wild wager was concluded and made into a contract, witnessed by all present.

On the following day, according to this contract, the young lawyer took up his abode in a side-wing of the banker's palace. In this side-wing, he was to remain for fifteen years without ever crossing its threshold. He would receive no visitors, no letters. He would see no human being, hear no human voice, speak to no one, never read a newspaper. He should be allowed to play on one instrument, should get books to read, write letters, and receive wine, cigars—in fact, everything which was necessary to his personal comfort. He should not see his attendants, but he could, when necessary, communicate his wishes to them by writing and putting the paper out through a little window in the door, through which he would also get his meals. The stipulations were minutely clear, and as this was noon of the fourteenth of November, 1870, he must stay in his prison until the fourteenth of November, 1885, at noon. If he should leave two minutes before his time expired, he should forfeit the wager and have no claim whatever. The door was locked, seals put on the outside, and the imprisonment began.

During the first year, the prisoner was incessantly writing letters, and the sound of his piano was heard night and day. He seemed to suffer very much from loneliness and tedium, and gave up wine and cigars, because, as he wrote, the former created desires, and desires are the prisoner's heaviest torment, while the latter spoiled the air in his room. He wanted only lively books, such as comedies, fantastical love-stories, and such works.

During the second year, the piano was mute, and the prisoner asked for Shakespeare and Byron. In the third, he gave himself to the study of Roman law and national economy. In the fourth year, he asked for Shakespeare and Byron again, but also for Homer, Voltaire, and Goethe. In the fifth, the piano sounded again, and the prisoner asked for wine. Those who watched him through the little window, noticed that, in this year, he resigned himself almost entirely to idleness. He ate, drank, yawned, and was often heard angrily talking to himself and even weeping. Books he did not want, and sometimes he got up at night, wrote something, and tore it up again; and more than once they heard painful sobbing. In the sixth year, he began with the study of languages, philosophy, history, and continued so for four years, during which time he read more than six hundred volumes. At the end of this time, the banker received the following letter from his prisoner:

My dear Keeper: I write this letter in six different languages; show it to experts, and if they find no fault in it, give me a sign by firing a pistol in the garden. I will know then that my studies have not been in vain, and my soul shall take delight in the thought that the genius of so many centuries and so many countries is known and understood by me. Oh, if you could share the happiness I feel!

The banker did as the prisoner wished. He showed the letters, and, as they were perfect, he went into the garden and fired twice.

After the tenth year, the prisoner became dull again. He gave up reading, with the exception of one book, the Bible. For a whole year he read that one volume, and, after that, he began church history and other religious books. In the last two years he was again continually asking for books, but his reading was irregular. Now, he would ask for some scientific work, and then again for poetry. Then he would send out a list combining works on philosophy, chemistry, medicine, and anatomical science. It seemed as if he would fight dullness as a drowning man the waves, and the last books he read were Tolstoi's "Religious Confessions" and Cervantes's "Don Quixote."

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The banker was feverishly pacing the polished floor of his private room. He was no longer the young, daring man who had held out that evil bet to the young lawyer. The last fifteen years had left their marks on him outside and in. His hazardous speculations had, of late, become less happy than before; in fact, of the many millions he once possessed, there was hardly more left than the two he had to give up to-morrow at noon to his victorious prisoner. This was the night of the fourteenth of November, 1885, and to-morrow at noon the prisoner will demand his liberty and two millions. Oh, what a fool he, the banker, had been! Why, that man was hardly forty yet! He would come out a millionaire, would enjoy life and wealth, marry, have a wife and children, become famous, gain a high position, while he, the banker, would be left a beggar, looking with envy on this man's happiness. Yes, and smile and be thankful, if this creature of his will should say: "You I have to thank for the foundation of my fortune; let me show you my gratitude by helping you as much as possible!" No! he could stand anything but that; and yet, what was he to do? He had to give up the money without delay, without question, and there was nothing to prevent his ruin. There were but two ways for him. A resolute jump from the precipice he stood on, or, in plain language, a ball through his heart, and there would be an end of everything, or he must look forward to bankruptcy and disgrace. Hold! yes—there was a third—that man could die! Why did he not die before? Why should he, the once penniless nobody, live to rob him of his wealth and position, when they were more to him than life itself? Yes, he must—he shall die! At first a thrill of horror went through the breast of the banker, as he contemplated this fearful conception, yet it came again and again; it shaped itself into thought, it worked into a terrible determination, to be carried out this night—at once!

It was three o'clock. Everybody in the house, except the master, was asleep. He unlocked his fire-proof safe and took out the key—which had not been used for fifteen years—the key to the prisoner's room. He carefully put on his overcoat, and slowly and noiselessly left the house, and let himself out into the garden. The night was chill, the rain was dripping, and it was so dark that it was only by a general knowledge of the locality that he could find his way to the side-wing. At the outer door, he called twice for the porter in charge, but received no answer; evidently the man had retired somewhere, into the kitchen or the house, and had fallen asleep. "Now, if I only have courage enough to carry it through, suspicion will, in the first place, fall on the keeper in charge," the banker thought, as he carefully felt his way to the stairs, and, ascending, opened the door which let into the corridor. Here he lighted a match and looked around. Nobody was there. A bed stood there, but without pillows; in a corner was an iron stove, and, on a board, there stood among old books an enormous stuffed eagle. The seals on the prisoner's door were untouched yet, and as the flame of the match died away, the banker, shaken by agitation, drew close to the little window and looked into the room.

There was a feeble lamp-light within, and the prisoner sat at the table, with his back against the door and seemingly absorbed in deep study. On the table, the chairs, and the carpet, lay a heap of open books. About five minutes passed without a single movement—a solitary life had evidently taught the prisoner quietude. The banker tapped twice on the window with his finger, but the man seemed to take no notice of it—at any rate, he did not turn. Slowly the banker ripped off the seals and placed the key in the keyhole. The rusty lock gave a harsh click, and the banker thought that, so soon as the door would be opened, the prisoner would jump up and cry out. However, nothing of the kind happened, and as the banker stepped in, the man sat there, immovable as before.

"The man," I have said; but the human being who sat there at that table hardly resembled a man—in fact, seemed hardly to belong to mankind in general. A skeleton it was, with a long thin back, skin of waxen, almost ashy, paleness, long, soft, womanish locks, and a beard which fell down to his knees. Here and there, a silver thread glistened among the brown, and the hand which supported the drooping head was long, thin, and almost horrible to look on. Nobody, gazing on this human wreck, could have believed him to be a man of not yet forty years of age. He seemed to be asleep, and before him, on the table, lay several sheets of paper covered with writing.

"Poor wretch," the banker thought, "he sleeps, and, no doubt, dreams of the millions he will possess to-morrow. Yet, when I throw this fragment of humanity on the bed, and smother it with a pillow, no physician on earth could find out that he did not die a natural death. Still, let me read first what he has written."

The banker took the manuscript from the table and read as follows:

To-morrow at noon the time of my voluntary imprisonment expires, and I shall be free to go and communicate with the outer world again. Before I leave this room and see the light of heaven, I hold it necessary to tell you what I feel. On my conscience and in my belief in God Almighty, who witnesses this my confession, I swear that I despise freedom, despise wealth, life, health, knowledge, and everything and all which the books consider as mankind's joy and treasure!

For fifteen years I have incessantly and carefully studied human life. It is true, I know nothing by personal experience, have seen nothing of the world outside of this room, nothing of man for fifteen years. But I have studied books, and in them I have experienced and I have lived the life and experience of thousands and centuries. In them I have sung songs with the poet, rambled in woods and forests, and chased the elk and the wild boar. And I loved woman! Woman sprung out of the ingenious brain of the poet—chaste and pure, lovely and noble. She has visited my lonely chamber at night, and whispered soft and intoxicating love-tales in my ears, until my heart turned sick and my head dizzy. I despise womankind!

In books I have climbed up to the summit of the Elboorz and Mont Blanc, and watched the sun rise and set, and bathe the heavens, the seas and the mountains in purple and gold; I have taken wing with the eagle and looked on green fields and pastures, and on rivers and lakes. I have seen small villages and giant towns, and I have listened to the waves in storm and seen the outbreak of Vesuvius; art and science, splendor and greatness, have been equally revealed to me, and I despise them all!

I have met with fearful dangers and struggles—in books; I have fought battles, burned cities, killed kings, and reigned supreme over their subjects and despised them all! In books, I have found sagacity and wisdom, science and knowledge, and what the scholarship of the whole world had boarded up through ages and centuries—it is all crammed into a little corner of my head, and I know that I am wiser than you all!

And I despise your books! I despise worldly goods, and sense, and prudence. All this is idle and evanescent, and nothing remains but death that cancels all. The haughty and the beautiful, the ingenious and the heroic—all are food for the worms, and your works, which you mean to create for eternity, will perish with you, and shall be frozen or burned with the globe you call the world, and with the illusions you have believed to be immortal truths.

And for a proof of the sincerity of this, my conviction, I here declare that I give up all claim to the two millions, due to me to-morrow at noon! As I have voluntarily stayed in this room so long, to show you that I despise the world, so I shall voluntarily forfeit the wager, by escaping through the window five hours before my time of imprisonment ends. I despise and throw away the money that I have once coveted so much, for which my mercenary greed made me keep the wager which brought me the conviction of the folly of all earthly things.

Large tears were dropping down the banker's cheeks. He put the manuscript back on the table, knelt down and kissed the end of one of the long, soft locks of this sage. Then he slowly rose, and noiselessly as he had come, he left the room and slipped back to his own apartments. There he lay down on his bed and thanked God, as he had not done for years, and slept as he had not done for months.

Next morning, one of the servants came in, pale and agitated, relating how he had seen the prisoner in the side-wing jump out of the window and hide himself in the garden, near to the portal. The banker went there at once, together with the keeper, to satisfy himself of the truth of the statement. The prisoner was gone, and the banker drew a sigh of relief. To avoid explanations and the idle talk of strangers, he had the servants keep their own counsel. The written renunciation of the two millions, which the prisoner had left on the table, the banker took and locked up in his iron safe.

* * * * * * *

One year had passed since this eventful night and day. Again the banker sat among his guests, and again they were discussing topics of general interest. They spoke of human ambition, and the purpose and aim of human exertion. At they were mostly men of wealth, of course they spoke of money as not essential to perfect happiness and not worth achieving.

"We are taught," said one of the gentlemen, "that true happiness is only found in real perfection. Now, among those men who, either through genius or sanctity, have become famous, rich men have been as rare as comets. This I think a proof that to gain human perfection wealth is superfluous."

"Quite so," said another; "it seems to be impossible to worship the spirit and the clay at once. Poets and geniuses in general, are mostly men of small means, and absolutely disregard the superfluous things which we are used to call the comforts of life. Stoical indifference, ascetical abstinence are looked upon as the pinnacle of greatness and perfection, and the Roman Catholic Church has made it an essential part of her creed and the crowning glory of her priests and saints."

"I can not see why," said a third; "in my opinion there is nothing exalting, nothing praiseworthy, in abstinence. To disregard the picture is to defy the artist. To despise women, wine, music, a good table, and a luxurious home, is to disavow their creator and donator—God."

"Spoken like a man of sense," said a fourth, a man who possessed countless millions and was the greatest business rival of the banker host; "these ascetics look all very well in church history, but in reality they do not exist. There may be men who despise women, but you may be sure they are either too old or otherwise deficient in inspiring love; some affect to despise power and fame, but I am certain they do their utmost to achieve them and failed; some turn away from society and throw away life, but only because they know that life and society would cast them out. I am a man upwards of sixty, but I have never yet met with the human being who, for the sake of an idea, had refused to take a fortune, given up the possession of, let me say, for instance, a million."

"And yet such a man exists," said, musingly, the host.

"Have you seen such a one?"

"Yes."

"Impossible!"

"No, I assure you. I know such a man, who, for the sake of principle, had refused not one but two millions."

"And I say again, impossible! You have been deceived by some impostor."

"And if I prove it to you?"

"There can be no such proof, and I am thoroughly convinced that no such man exists. I am ready to stake as much as you please, even millions, that you can not give such proof."

"Will you say three millions?" the banker asked.

"Yes, three millions! Gentlemen, you are witnesses. I wager three millions the man does not exist who has refused

vas all a-shtandin' up, don't it? Ve can't zee nodding auf ve zit down, und you can't zee nodding neider—ain't it?"

Behind us there sat another kind of German—a fiery, bristling, black-haired, eye-glassed German. He howled himself hoarse at his compatriots. He besought them hy everything they held dear—by the memories of Vaterland—to sit down. And when they refused he reviled them. He cursed them in awful German oaths; he invoked devils on devils' heads; hy the thousands and hundreds of thousands demoos poured from his lips. And when words failed him he took his cane and hroke it into fragments, which he hurled at his compatriots. They calmly dodged, and remained standing.

Overcome hy his emotions, the black-haired Teuton gave it up. He too stood up, and climhed upon the hack of his chair. To brace himself he placed his right foot upon the chair-back of a large, fat man in front of him. It hroke.

There was a crash.

The foaming Teuton and the furious fat man suddenly disappeared.

When they emerged from the wreck there was a heated dispute, hut the fat man was disgusted. He was clothed in melancholy as in a garment. He had seen nothing anyway, so cursing the management and the audience impartially he left the building.

His seat was next mine, so I carefully turned it up, and awaited developments. Presently a wearied stander approached, and politely said:

"Is this seat engaged, sir?"

"No," I replied, with equal politeness, "the gentleman who occupied it has left the huilding."

"Thank you," said the wearied stander, "I will take it then, for I am very tired."

He took it. He took it hy storm as it were, for the removal of the hack had deprived the seat of its support. He sat down at it hut not in it, for he did not stop until he reached the floor.

"I am much ohliged to you, sir," he said with a sickly smile, as he arose.

"Do not mention it, sir," I replied, with the utmost courtesy, "there is no occasion for it."

On the whole, I do not think there was.

At this moment there was something thrilling going on upon the stage. Wild cheers hurst from the gallery. A roar of applause was heard.

The maddened rear rows of the parquet could stand it no looger. With a hurst like so many mad hulls, a number of them plunged over the seats and down toward the stage. Over the seats and their occupants they struggled, until they reached the front. And when they got there each had a fight on his hands with the man whose view he intercepted.

Meanwhile the eye-glassed Teuton retained his position on the chair-hack. His favorahle position excited the animosity of those behind.

"Sit down, Dutchy!"

"Vell, you make dem oder fellers zit down."

"Oh, you four-eyed son of a gun—set *down!*"

"You vellers call me vour-eyed, eh? Vell, I tink you need vour eyes your selluf hack dere, aint it?" [This sarcastically.]

"Set *down*, sour-crout!"

"Dot's all righd. Ven doze vellers zit down, den I zit down." The Teuton was growing dogged.

"Well, make 'em sit down."

"Make dem zit down! Mein Gott in Himmel, you zay to me to make dem zit down? Haf I not my cane into hieces hroken alretty? Haf I not dose hieces dem vellers trown at alretty? Donnerwetter! Sheeze it!"

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"But how ahout the wrestling match?" says the reader.

"Oh, it was douhtless a very fine match, hut we didn't see any of it."

"But did you have a pleasant evening?"

"Awfully so, thanks. But we are not going again."

We understand that the cahle roads controlled hy Stanford, Crocker & Co., which include the Market Street, Haight Street, McAllister Street, the City Railroad on Mission Street, the Central on Turk Street, and the projected Powell Street cahle road, have hought the patent rights of "The Lighthall Cahle Traction Tramway Company," which does away with the necessity of negotiatiog with the Halliday syndicate. The above company is huilding cahle roads in several Eastern cities.

Henry Irving.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The recent newspaper comments on the alleged efforts to have Henry Irving, actor, knighted, seem ahsurd. The civilization of England, whatever its moral shortcomings just now, is founded on the moral laws of the Christian religion, and the present ruler has always rigidly enforced those laws in her social recognition of the English people. Henry Irving's name is John Henry Broadrih, hut, after the custom of his professional associates and predecessors, he shows himself ashamed of his patronymic, and masquerades under the more euphonious name of Irving. Furthermore, he is married to, and has children hy, a woman whom he has virtually abandoned for the companionship of one of his female professional associates. Was it proposed to make him Sir John Henry Broadrih, or Sir Henry Irving? It is not prohahle that the Prince of Wales would have contemplated so far outraging the moral sentiment of the nation as to propose knighthood for a man who lives under an illegally assumed name, for one who lives with a woman to whom he is not married, he having at the time a legal wife. Neither is it at all prohahle that the Prince would have shown his pique at the denial of the honor to Mr. "Irving" hy ahsenting himself from a public dinner at which it was alleged the honor was to have been conferred. The whole thing looks like a piece of cheap theatrical advertising, with no foundation of truth. ECOSSAIS.

Knights Templars.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: On the philological and grammatical question of the plural of Knight Templar there is a side which your correspondent "Fomis" does not notice. Instead of the question mainly turning on the inquiry whether the word "Templar" is a noun or an adjective it is suggested that the word "Knight" is a noun used as an adjective—a qualifying noun. As all members of the Order of the Temple were called "Templars," their rank or degree was specified hy its title; thus there were "Knight," "Esquire," and "Servitor" Templars. The analogy of the usage in reference to the designation of other orders of knighthood rather upholds this theory. We have Knights Commanders, Knights Bannerets, Knights Baronets, etc., the words "commanders," "hannerets," "haronets" being used as adjectives to designate the particular variety of knight, and would not he pluralized if they were placed before the qualified noun. So the word "knight" is used in this case to designate the particular species of Templar meant, and the plural would be "Knight Templars." IGNOTUS.

CHIT-CHAT.

When Miss Ada Rehan as that very ingenuous young person, Floss Bargiss, runs through the apartments crying at the top of her voice, "Jess-ie-e-e! Jess-ie-e-e! There's the bell!" what a very familiar household episode she repeats. There seems to exist a confirmed prejudice in families against answering the door-hell promptly—nay, a prejudice against that useful monitor itself.

"There goes that hell again. I do believe the old Nick is in it," the household mistress will say, when it has sounded a little oftener than usual. Then, although she has attrihuted its jingling to no human agency, you may hear her shrill scream, "Annie-e! Jessie-e-e! Betti-e-e!" or whoever it may be, "go to the door; there's some one ringing the bell." And yet the front-door hell is the only bell in the house that receives any attention. Electric bells all over the house are among the modern improvements, hut they are strictly and severely used in the landlord's list of attractions. The old-fashioned bell-cord, with its ever-dilapidated tassel, was very much more in use for the comfort and dignity of the householder than the modern, neglected electric bell. For it is indubitahly a sacrifice of dignity to shout for a servant over the hanisters.

There is no part of "The Silver King" in which that gentlemanly hurglar, The Spider, so dissociates himself from his companions as when he withdraws from the effort of making himself heard hy deaf Dicky, and leaves the drudgery of shouting to his companions. I once knew a man who, as a mere matter of dignity, could not lift his voice to hail a street-car. If he could arrest the eye of the conductor, he rode; if he could not, he walked. It was sometimes thoroughly uncomfortahle, but it was also thoroughly dignified, and he couldn't help it. *En passant*, I may say that his natural dignity was one of the most real specimens of the article that I ever came across, and no one ever laughed at him, even when he missed a car through a metaphysical inability to shout.

As for the woman who goes screaming for her servants through the house, however magnificent the mansion she may scream in, she is never very gently bred. She is a vulgarian in the grain, and would even go to the length of wearing red mitts in the street if she dared. It is not her own idea of the fitness of things which prevents her. It is the thought that she might he suspected of living either on Third Street or in a Market Street hoarding-house.

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A group of people were casting ahout the other Sunday for a way of amusing themselves. They were stranded in town this hitter July month, and when their Sunday leisure came on their hands they did not know what to do with it. They did not care to tempt the crowded ferries with their motley throngs and hoodlum variations, with the Alameda baths or some such entertainment as their goal. Neither did the crowded cahles of our own streets invite them to Harbor View or the Park. In fact, they were on a pale ahove the regular—one may say the professional—Sunday pleasure-seekers, while their hank accounts had not yet placed them on the Sunday lists of those who have places in the country.

One of them suggested going to church. They were all good Christian people, in the hackneyed sense of the term—yet it was evident at a glance that the suggestion was unmistakahly a novelty to them.

When people go to church for their soul's salvation, the intellectual status of the whipper-in of souls does not matter much. When they go for intellectual refreshment or for Sunday entertainment, the pulpit must he filled hy some one who draws well. The choir is some attraction. But the man who is going to indulge in a long monologue, which you dare not interrupt, is of more moment. In the East they carry on the husiness of religion more shrewdly than with us here. They leave the saints to take care of themselves. But they throw out grappling-hooks of brains, and style, and exclusiveness for the sinners. It is a good thing for religion, too. No one ever learns anything had in any church. And the custom of church-going is not only very respectahle, but very genteel. It only needs to he made attractive. You will not find many of the followers of the meek and lowly Lamh sitting under Phillips Brooks in Boston, or Henry Ward Beecher in Brooklyn, or Rohert Collyer in Chicago. What religion we have here is douhtless a very pure and unadulterated article, hut it is not very wide-spread. We have not a fashionable church in San Francisco. Neither have we a clergyman worth hearing twice.

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In one of William Black's best novels, "Shandon Bells," he presents that tall, pale, slender, well-dressed, well-groomed as they say, and altogether æsthetic-looking person, in the pleasanter sense of the word, Miss Mary Chetwynd. In short, she is most aristocratic in all her points, and a very charming representative of the flower of Eogland. It is therefore with a shock that one hears her say, in capitals and italics, shortly after her introduction to the reader:

"You know, I believe in *Beer*."

It develops very soon, however, that Miss Mary Chetwynd is not a heer-drioker herself, hut a philanthropist with so broad a mind that she is willing to lead her protégés to comfort, confidence, and cleanliness hy means of their natural appetites. It is unnecessary to say that she succeeds in her schemes. Black is heginning, like all authors who have gotten into the habit of writing novels, to point a moral when he adorns a tale, and likes to make statistics romantic.

Beer, Miss Chetwynd and some of the magazine writers declare to he one of the most powerful and universal agents in the pleasure and comfort of mankind, whose fast-extendiog reign is not to be measured. I thought so the other night when I went to Woodward's Gardens to see the French celebration. I looked for a hit of France in the heart of San Francisco. There was a glint of it in the gayly illuminated, lamp-huog gardens. But they looked as much like one of the big stereoscopic views people huy so faithfully in the Palazza San Marco, or like the "Jardins de Calypso" transferred from "Madame Angot." Where were the mercurial Frenchmen to accompany them? Where the wild huzzas of the excited crowd in the Paris streets? Where the never dying strains of the "Marseillaise"? When the last spark of the fireworks had expired and the goddess of the tableau had laid aside the tri-color for her every-day clothes, everything suhsided into the quiet of the ordinary German garden. The odor of stale heer arose upon the evening air, and thirty thousand Frenchmen, presumably—for they say thirty thousand Frenchmen always go to Woodward's Gardens on the fourteenth of July—refreshed themselves with the German national heverage.

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I received no less than three telegrams last week. Although they were all considerately prepaid, I am out seventy-five cents. Once I used to like to receive telegrams. To he sure, they always gave me the qualm, the sinking dread of had news with which every woman receives them, but, then, they also brought with them a pleasant sense of husiness importance. Now, the fifteen cents for delivery takes all the good out of them. The fifteen cents itself is an imposition, for its delivery is an essential part of a telegraphic message. But, as every one knows, no one ever has just fifteen cents, and the hoy never has any change. When any one gives anything they like to give with a spontaneous and voluntary liherality, even though it he only ten cents, and no one ever does give the delivery boy the surplus change with a proper Christian feeling. When I had twice invested twenty-five cents without any returning change, I determined to read the next carrier a lessou. So I handed the boy a golden X, and extended my hand for my dispatch.

"I have no change," murmured the hoy, with professional whine, but without offering to give me the envelope.

"Neither have I," said I, defiantly.

"Then I can't leave the dispatch," said the hoy, but without turning to go, for he knew by experience that the money would come from somewhere.

"Why don't you carry change?" I asked, with the useless persistence of my sex.

"We're not expected to have change," said the hoy. "We don't make nothing on that."

"It is the duty of the company to provide change," said I, dictatorially.

"The company says nohody minds a few cents for the hoy," said the hoy.

"It does, does it?" said I, making the telegraph magnates impersonal in my anger. "Very well, I shall not have my charity extorted. I shall get the exact change from some one in the house."

But the cook had nothing less than a twenty-dollar piece. Cooks never do, capitalists that they are! Ah Wo had sent all his money to China on the last steamer, and the housemaid had only a fifty-cent piece. I drew a quarter of a dollar from my pocket-hook and laid it in the palm of the hoy. He looked up at me and deliherately winked!

I laughed feehly.

"I don't mind the ten cents, my hoy," I said, "for I have had ten cents' worth of say. But the principle is all wrong. The fifteen cents of itself is aggravating enough, hut the 'no change' seems to be an extra and unnecessary pinch on the part of a gigantic monopoly."

"That's what the ladies all say," said the hoy. "If their hushands are at home they pay us, and we hear no more ahout it. But if the ladies have to pay it themselves, we get the scolding. It don't do no good to pitch into us. You're tackling the wrong end of the monopoly!"

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There have heen so many disputes concerning Mrs. Langtry's heauty, that it is about settled at last that the Prince of Wales was cross-eyed when he discovered her.

I met a friend the other day who had known Mrs Langtry in the palmy days of her reign, and had spent a week in an English country-honse with her. My friend's standard of heauty is a high, but not a narrow one. When I put my question she laughed, hecause she had heen asked it so many times.

"Mrs. Langtry," she said, "is a tall, square, raw-honed woman, with a heavy jaw, big hands and feet, and an upper lip which turns itself inside out when she laughs. Yet in the face of all this I had not been three days in the house witn her till I thought her divinely heautiful. Heaven has given her only superb health and a radiant complexion. All the rest consists in a marvelous care of her person. She is a thoroughly clean-looking woman, if I may say so, and always appears to be fresh from her hath. Her hair, which is neither of wonderful length nor thickness, is burnished with the care hestowed upon it, and seems to have its daily modicum of the one hundred hrush-sweeps always prescrihed by the beauty books. The moons in her shining nails show just arc enough, and the tips are always just correctly trimmed. Her teeth are firm, clean, white, glittering-looking things, without being at all a set of seed pearls. An indescribable atmosphere of freshness always surrounds her. Of course, her dress materially assists. She has the faculty of having always just the right article for the occasion, and, indeed, I always thought her most hecoming dresses never came from Frauce, but appeared to have been contrived by herself and her maid. Their main characteristic is a rich simplicity. She likes good material, and it is very expensive to he simple, you know. She has the faculty, too, of never heing out of the fashion, while dressing always in a fashion of her own. You may have ohserved that you never see her in any hat hut a turban or a poke. I have never seen her in a cottage bonnet with strings under her chin. She has the faculty of knowing just what is hecoming."

"It strikes me," I said at this point, "that the main part of your English heauty's heauty is faculty."

"That's what we would call it in New England. She has not many points, but she certainly understands thoroughly how to make use of what points she has."

"And is she so hrilliant a conversationalist as they say?"

"My dear," said my friend, "she has just sense eoough to make herself silly enough for men to feel comfortable in talking to her. But she says the silly things in a very hright, sparkling way, aod there her intellect ends."

What a good thing it would be if the intellectual woman could borrow a leaf from her book. I told my friend that, nothwithstanding the raw hones and the heavy jowl, and the reversihle upper lip, she had drawn, on the whole, the portrait of a very heautiful woman.

"Yes," she said, "upon the whole, she is a heautiful woman."

And, after all, it is only those who pick her to pieces who dispute it. UNA.

NOTES FROM THE EMPIRE CITY.

"Flaneur's" Weekly New York Budget.

Some time ago, in reviewing club-life in New York, I spoke with gratification of the fact that the Century Club was entirely free from scandal. But the Century's turn has come. The Century is one of the oldest and certainly the most respectable club in New York. Its leading lights for many years were such men as William Cullen Bryant, Daniel Appleton, the head of the publishing firm, William M. Evarts, John Bigelow, Abraham R. Lawrence, and others of the more respectable and well-to-do class. Its club-house is a quiet little place in a side-street, and it was given over to discussion of pictures, science, and dinners.

No one supposed that it was subject to the ordinary jealousies and quarrels of the other clubs. But recently a servant was discharged, and he immediately ran around to the stewards of the other clubs, and told appalling stories of an ex-committee man, and the high play of the staid old Century members. It was supposed that if they played at all at the Century, a genial rubber of whist was the extent of it all. The allegations of the discharged servant were disgraceful, but the Century acted with great promptness and energy in the matter. The fellow was at once snapped up and retired. No one knows where he is, and reports can not be verified; but a general meeting of the club has been called, and everything possible is being done to clear up the scandal. It is said that two members have been suspended, and that dismissals will follow.

Young Augy Belmont, the obstreperous son of the great banker, was safely guarded in Newport at last accounts. Power, the dry goods drummer who threatened Belmont, is still sighing for gore, and wandering around Hempstead Heath, armed with deep-seated vengeance and a hung-starter. It is a cause for general satisfaction among the men who don't love young Augy Belmont—and their name is legion—that the commercial traveler stands a fair chance of getting in on the heir of the great banking house. The story seems aged now, it traveled so fast, but it is nevertheless a good one, and nearly every one is on Mr. Power's side. That gentleman's son was run over by one of Mr. Belmont's racers while the latter was returning from an alleged fox hunt on Hampstead Plains. Both Power and Belmont live in Hampstead. After a physician had got through instilling life into the juvenile Power, the loving parent went to August Belmont Jr., and asked him to pay the bill, which amounted to twenty-five dollars. It would seem that to the heir of forty or fifty millions, and the son-in-law of twenty additional millions, twenty-five dollars would be an insignificant sum; but August Belmont Jr., true to the principles of his fathers, does not believe in wasting his patrimony. Hence, Power failed to receive any money from young Augy, but he received, instead, a volume of insults and objurgations.

Once more Mr. Belmont and Mr. Power met in the street, and the insults were repeated. The third meeting was at the depot in Hempstead, just as August Belmont Jr., summoned by his friends and retainers, was departing for Newport. Powers came up and again demanded the payment of the twenty-five dollars to his son's physician, whereupon Belmont commenced a furious onslaught, and delivered himself of some telling blows on the head of Mr. Power with a cane. Then Mr. Belmont made the startling remark that Mr. Power was "no gentleman," and dashed violently behind his retainers, who seized Power and held him till Mr. Belmont departed on the train. Power weighs two hundred pounds, and is athletic, vigorous, and pugilistic; whereas Belmont weighs less than one hundred, and is natty, dictatorial, and illusive. It would seem that Power would have had the best of any personal encounter, and such would be the case, if he could ever meet Mr. Belmout alone. But what is the use of possessing numberless millions, if they will not buy retainers and protectors for one? Mr. Belmont is now in Newport, where he poses as a hero, on exactly what grounds are not clear. Power is waiting for him to come back to Hempstead, when he will first prefer a charge of assault, and then catch Mr. Belmont alone and make it hot for him.

Hempstead is a small country place out on Long Island, which is much affected by the swells. The natives of the place hate the would-be aristocrats like poison, and it is not to be wondered at, for these gentry have adopted what they consider the manners of the English aristocracy, and, as a result, are haughty, arrogant, and caddish in the extreme. They speak of the residents of Hempstead—who are, many of them, well-to-do and respectable citizens—as "rustics," and trample all their rights under foot. They have ruined many a field by their furious pursuit of the anise-seed bag, and they take entire possession of the roads whenever they drive or ride. All this is somewhat galling to self-respecting American citizens at Hempstead; hence they back Mr. Power and not Mr. Belmont.

Mr. Augustus Harris seems to have come to grief in London. This worthy gentleman came over here from the Drury Lane Theatre to attend the production of "Youth," and other great spectacular pieces. He is an Englishman of the "hlunt, bloomink, and hloody" order, and is in a state of intense excitement from the time he gets up in the morning until he drops asleep at night. But he is the best stage manager I ever saw, and is as enterprising as an American patent-medicine advertiser. His latest scheme in London was to send telegrams about the city at midnight which read: "Come to Drury Lane Theatre and see the revival of 'Youth.'" These were delivered at private residences by messenger-boys all along the streets. Imagine the feelings of the palpitating and fearful residents of the suburbs of London on being waked from their midnight slumbers by telegraph-boys and handed such a message as this. Mr. Harris's scheme worked admirably for three days. The revival of "Youth" was a tremendous success, and the stage manager was happy; but at the end of three days the authorities came down on him, and he was obliged to stop his telegraph advertising. Mr. 'Arris at once made a courteous and elaborate apology to the government, which was so very laboured and big in itself that it was printed in the London papers as a curiosity, and so Mr. 'Arris got more advertising.

It is certainly time that the nuisance and abomination known as the Salvation Army was suppressed. This is accomplished to some extent in Brooklyn, but the movement is now in full swing in New York. In Brooklyn, through a queer politico-religious complication, the "army" was prevented from continuing its absurdities, and the spasmodic religion of the salvationists came to a sudden stop. But it was not on account of the Salvation Army. It was on account of a man known as "Bishop" MacNamara. This worthy has been notorious in New York for ten years. He was kicked out of the Roman Catholic Church, and became the editor of a queer sort of an Irish paper, which died six months afterward. From that time he disappeared from public view until he became the inmate of a disreputable dive in Oliver Street, known as the "Dirty Spoon." From this he blossomed into prominence as the head of a body of men who professed the Druid faith.

Then be founded what was known as the Independent Catholic Church. This was composed of a body of parasites, sycophants, fanatics, and hypocrites, who held a wild carnival of vice with alleged "nuns," in a ball in the upper part of the city, until the place was broken up by the police. Thence the "Bisbop," after marrying a beautiful girl only sixteen years of age, went to Brooklyn and began street preaching. He applied to the Mayor for a license, and thus arose the political complications. Mayor Low saw that if be granted a license to MacNamara he would antagonize every honest Catholic in Brooklyn, and their votes would be cast against him at the next election. At the same time, if he refused a license to the ex-priest he would also have to refuse the other religionists who were earnest and sincere in their street methods. But be took the risk, and refused a license to MacNamara and all the other street preachers.

Now the "Bishop" conducts the services from a carriage, in which be and his wife stand side by side. As the carriage moves slowly, it evades the law, which applies only to street preachers who collect crowds in one place. So Brooklyn is happily rid of the Salvation Army. But New York is in their clutches. They may be seen, clad in semi-military style, all about the streets. The women are, in every case, common and repulsive in appearance, and the men are the lowest types of fanatics. They have headquarters called "camps" and "forts," and publisb a paper of their own, called the *War-Cry*.

Only an hour ago I saw a Bleecker Street car slowly moving up town with a hand of fifty or sixty of these religious enthusiasts inside, shouting and singing like mad, and creating a din that would cause their arrest anywhere else as disturbers of the peace. Three of their number pounded bass drums on the rear of the platform, and they blew horns out of the window as they shrieked:

"Come to Jesus!"

In the afternoon they gather on the steps of the big buildings and in the City Hall square, and shout and sing, while the mob stands around and jeers at them. One of their most conspicuous lights, a "female captain," as she styles herself, recently entered the employment of a gentleman in Brooklyn, as a domestic. She had been in the Salvation Army for a year when this gentleman saw her, and, after a brief talk, asked her if she would not sever her connection with her wild band of "Evangelists" and accept a home with him. She pretended to be grateful to him, and went to his house as a housemaid. The next week his wife lost some valuable dresses, a watch and chain, jewelry, and a considerable sum of money.

The girl disappeared with the things, and nothing was heard of her until one day recently the gentleman was passing by the headquarters of the Salvation Army, at the corner of Bedford and Christopher streets, when he heard a voice through the window which he thought he recognized. He looked in, and saw the "female captain" with a military hat on her head and one of his wife's silk dresses on her back. She also wore the jewelry and the other knick-knacks that she had stolen, and was still exhorting people to come to Jesus. Half an hour later a policeman went in, arrested the woman, and she is now spending her time on Blackwell's Island.

These people are objectionable in every sense. They bring the name of religion into contempt. They refer to Wesley, Whitfield, and the Apostles for their authority for preaching in the streets, and they boast of the signature of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, it seems, made the mistake of putting his name down to the subscription for the Salvation Army. The good old man erred through the professions of the enthusiasts in England, for they are a disgusting and hideous set of ranters, and their sole object seems to be to spread the cause of fanaticism and incite the admiration of lewd and noisy crowds. FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, July 12, 1883.

Many of the New York ladies in society have some especial dish of their own preparation on which they pride themselves. Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt is skillful in sponge cake, and Mrs. Henry Clews in floating island. Mrs. Judge Shea puts dandelion in her chicken salad. Mrs. Astor and Mrs. Croly are known for delicate sandwiches. Mrs. Cyrus W. Field makes a kind of bread which her husband fondly declares can not be equaled. Lady Mandeville has frozen fruits for her specialty, sliced peaches glacées in particular, while Mrs. Hilton makes several kinds of candy. Mrs. Morgan Dix, who was a Southern woman, is known for delicious coffee, and Mrs. W. R. Travers, formerly of Baltimore, is naturally, and some say almost supernaturally, good in terrapin.

There are now only three men in the British House of Commons who were there when Victoria ascended the throne, forty-five years ago. They are Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Talbot, member for Glamorganshire, and Mr. Villiers, member for Wolverhampton. Earl Grey is the only living member of the Cabinet who was in office at that time.

Ladies persist in using tricycles in London streets, even Piccadilly, where they are often seen plodding along wearily or stopping from sheer fatigue, but quite undisturbed by the publicity of their appearance or by the thought of the obstructions to pedestrians which they are making.

It costs Turkey over fifteen millions of dollars annually to support the Sultan and his harem.

LITERARY NOTES.

"A Popular History of California," by Lucia Norman, first appeared in 1867, and has now been reissued in a revised and amended edition. Published by A. Roman; price, $1.

The latest "No Name" novel is "Princess Amélie." It is laid in Lorraine in the middle of the last century, during the reign of Louis XV., and is singularly romantic and interesting. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; for sale by Bancroft; price, $1.

"Yolande," William Black's latest story, has become tolerably familiar to the public during the past year through the pages of American and English periodicals. It has not become popular, however, for the author has not departed from old-time mannerisms and clumsiness. Published by Harper & Brothers; for sale by Bancroft; price, $1.25.

The chief interest in "My Trivial Life" lies in the fact that not even the original English publishers knew its author. The sale of the MS. was conducted through the *Times'* "agony column," which fact [illegible] as an admirable advertisement. It is cleverly written, with a plot [illegible] the ordinary. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; [illegible] sale by Bancroft; price, $1.

All who admire the works and character of Ernest Rénan will be interested in his "Recollections of My Youth," which has been recently translated by C. B. Pitman. The charming stories related are taken from life, with, however, many changes in localities and names, for fear of offending living personages. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, $1.

Howard Carroll's "Twelve Americans" contains short and well-written sketches of Horatio Seymour, Charles Francis Adams, Peter Cooper, Hannibal Hamlin, John Gilbert, Robert Schenck, Fred. Douglass, William Allen, Allen G. Thurman, Joe Jefferson, Elihu Washburne, and Alexander Stephens. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, $1.75.

One of the oldest, if not the oldest, of the libraries in Lancashire, England, will shortly be dispersed by an auction. Its foundations were laid nearly three centuries ago, by a member of the Towneley family, and it has been handed down as an heirloom ever since. The family adhered to the Roman Catholic religion, and when the Young Pretender marched through England to Derby, a Towneley joined him with a band of recruits. Another member of the house collected the Towneley marbles, which are now a part of the treasures of the British Museum, and a third rendered "Hudibras" into French with such a command of idiom as to make it seem an original work. By far the largest portion of the manuscripts consists of genealogies relating to the families of Lancashire and Yorkshire, which were compiled by Christopher Towneley from chatularies and public records.

Miscellany: Mr. Henry S. Leigh, an English verse-writer of moderate taste and great productiveness, has just died. He was a cousin of Charles Mathews, and is best known by his "Carols of Cockayne." ——The *Athenæum* is sorely disappointed with Mark Twain's last book.——Charles Reade has not treated his numerous admirers and friends to any important work of fiction for several years, owing to ill health. We are informed that he is now better, and undertaking to write a novel out of the materials that went to make up his last Adelphi drama, "Love and Money." The Harpers have secured the American rights.——Queen Victoria has expressed her desire to pension Prince Lucien Bonaparte, nephew of the first Napoleon, giving him two hundred and fifty pounds yearly from the civil list. Mr. Gladstone has assented to the pension on the ground that the prince is poor, and that he has contributed to English literature by his valuable researches in dialects. He is seventy years old.

In his new book, "Life on the Mississippi," Mark Twain makes the odd statement in regard to Walter Scott as an author that "he did measureless harm; more real and lasting harm, perhaps, than any other individual that ever wrote. Most of the world has now outlived these harms, though by no means all of them; but in our South they flourish pretty forcefully still. . . . But for the Sir Walter disease the character of the Southerner—or Southron, according to Sir Walter's starchier way of phrasing it—would be wholly modern and mediæval mixed, and the South would be fully a generation further advanced than it is. It was Sir Walter who made every gentleman in the South a major, or a colonel, or a general, or a judge, before the war; and it was he also who made these gentlemen value these bogus decorations. For it was he who created rank and caste down there, and also reverence for rank and caste, and pride and pleasure in them. Enough is laid on slavery without fathering upon it these creations and contributions of Sir Walter. . . . A curious exemplification of the power of a single book for good or harm is shown by the effects wrought by 'Don Quixote' and those wrought by 'Ivanhoe.' The first swept the world's admiration for the mediæval chivalry silliness out of existence, and the other restored it. As far as our South is concerned, the good work done by Cervantes is pretty nearly a dead letter, so effectually has Scott's pernicious work undermined it."

Announcements: Mrs. Meynell declares that it is not from her father, but from Mrs. Fildes, the illustrator of "Edwin Drood," that she has received what information she possesses concerning that unfinished novel. Whatever it may be, it will soon be revealed in the *Century*. ——Mr. Cross, known as the widower of George Eliot, is at work on a biographer upon the long and minute diary which his wife kept during most of her life.——Ignatius Donnelly, the author of "Atlantis," is at his quiet retreat, Nininger, Minnesota, engaged upon another work of a scientific and literary character.——In the first chapters of Jules Verne's new tale an obstinate inhabitant of Brittany, who is visiting Constantinople, goes out with a newly made Turkish friend for a walk and rather than pay toll over a bridge, with the keeper of which he has had a dispute, he and the Turk make a long journey around, during which they have adventures which carry them completely through the volume in the liveliest fashion.——A life of Theodore Parker, by Miss Grace A. Oliver, will be the first volume in a series of biographies for young people to be issued by Cupples, Upham & Co., of Boston, under the general title, "The Lives of the Great and Good."——"The Story of Ida," by Francesca, which is announced by Cupples, Upham & Co., for immediate issue, will be of especial interest to Bostonians. Besides the intrinsic beauty of the book and its preface, written by John Ruskin, it seems that the pseudonym "Francesca" is only a slight change of the Christian name of Miss Frances Alexander, a well-known lady artist from Boston, who is now living in Florence. Mr. Ruskin was attracted to her by the beauty of her paintings, several of which he purchased at extraordinary prices, and sought her acquaintance. It seems he found as much to admire in her intellectual power as in her skill with the brush, and the acquaintance ripened into friendship. To this friendship we owe the beautiful little book, for Francesca was only induced to publish the sketch of her friend at the urgent request of Mr. Ruskin. The frontispiece which will accompany the book is a reproduction of a portrait of Ida, by Francesca's own hand.——J. B. Lippincott & Co. are about to publish an *edition de luxe* of W. H. Prescott's works, in fifteen volumes, on the finest quality of paper. The thirty portraits of the J. Foster Kirk edition will be put on India paper. The edition is limited to two hundred and fifty numbered and registered copies. The first three volumes, comprising "The History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella," will appear in September; the other will follow at intervals of two months. Book lovers will also be glad to know that a large-type edition of "The Enchiridion" will shortly be published by the same house. The chief fault found with the English edition was the trying type. Equal, if not greater, care will be taken with the printing and binding of this American edition, and it will doubtless enjoy renewed popularity.

THE ENCHANTED SHIP.

A Tale of the Sea.

[The following translation from the German bears the appearance of being been originally drawn from a Turkish source—possibly from one of the countries along the Adriatic. It is interesting from the fact that it shows the existence of an Oriental legend similar to the famous Occidental story of "The Flying Dutchman." Marryatt makes use of material somewhat resembling the ghastly details below, in "The Pasha of Many Tales."]

My father kept a little shop in Balsora. He was neither rich nor poor, but was one of those people who dare not venture from fear of losing the little they have. He reared me plainly and well, and I soon became able to assist him in business. When I was eighteen years old, and he had just made his first great speculation, he died, apparently from worry over having risked a thousand gold pieces in commerce. I considered his death fortunate, when a few weeks later news came that the ship in which my father was interested had been wrecked.

If this disaster did not discourage me. I turned all my father had left into ready money, and set out to seek my fortune among strangers, accompanied only by a servant of my father, Ihrahim, who from old attachment would not leave me. We sailed from Balsora with favorable winds. The ship was bound for India. We had followed the usual track for fifteen days, when the weather began to threaten a storm. The captain looked very grave, for he knew very little of the sea coast and its rocks and reefs. Our sails were all furled, and we sped on with the increasing gale as night came on. As we moved through the waves, all at once a ship, unseen before, appeared within hailing distance. Wild shouts and cries came from its deck, at which, in this anxious hour I wondered. But the captain beside me turned white as death.

"We are lost!" he exclaimed. "Yonder sails Death!"

Before I could question him, the sailors set up a terrible howling and shrieking.

"Have you seen it?" they cried. "It is all over with us now."

The captain had passages read from the Koran, and went himself to the helm. All in vain! The gale became more furious. We were at the mercy of a hurricane. On we rushed toward a coast of rocky cliffs, powerless to control our frail vessel. Suddenly the ship stopped with a horrid crash, and the waves crashed in between breaking timbers. We all took to the small boats. Scarcely had the last man left the ship went down. The waves towered fearfully above us, and the tiny boats were flung hither and thither in the trough of the sea. Just at day-break the wind rose with renewed wildness, and the boat containing my servant and myself capsized. The sailors were drowned, but my servant clutched the upturned keel of the boat and pushed me above him. Finally, we both crawled up, and hung on for our lives. As the sun rose the gale subsided. After drifting several hours we discovered in the distance a sail, and soon after there came into view a large vessel. Toward this we gradually floated.

As we approached, I recognized the same craft which had sailed near us in the night and so terrified the captain. As we came up alongside, we shouted aloud, but no one answered. A singular dread of this ship came over me. The captain's utterance so awfully confirmed, and the deserted appearance of the vessel, frightened me. Yet it was our sole chance of deliverance.

From the anchor chains a long rope hung down. With hands and feet we paddled toward it, and finally succeeded in grasping the end. We clambered up the side over the bulwarks. But horrors! what a spectacle met my eyes as I stepped upon the deck. It was red with blood. Thirty corpses in Turkish costume lay there. At the main-mast stood a man richly dressed, sabre in hand, but with pale and distorted face; a great spike through his forehead nailed him to the mast. We stood transfixed with fear. I scarcely dare to breathe. With an involuntary prayer, we ventured forward, looking about us at each step for new terrors. Far and wide, nothing living but ourselves upon the waste of waters. We dared not speak aloud, lest the dead captain imagine on the mast might turn his staring eyes after us, or the the slain men might raise his head.

At last we reached the main hatchway leading down into the hold. Involuntarily we stopped and looked at each other, neither daring to express his thoughts.

"Master," said my servant, "some dreadful crime has occurred here, but if the ship is full of murderers down below, I had rather give myself up to them, for good or bad, than stay any longer among these dead men!"

I thought the same. We took heart and descended, full of expectation. But it was still as death here also, excepting the sounds of our footfalls on the stairs. We stood at the entrance to the captain's room. I put my ear to the door and listened; nothing was heard. I opened it. The cabin was in disorder; clothes, weapons, and other movables in confusion. The crew, or at least the captain, must have been lately carousing. We continued our exploration, and found a splendid treasure in silks, pearls, sugar, etc. I was almost myself with joy at this sight, for I considered myself entitled to it all, seeing there was no living owner. But Ibrahim reminded me that we were still far from land, which we could not reach without human aid.

We refreshed ourselves with the food and drink, of which we found a great store, and finally went upon deck again. But the sight of the corpses made our flesh creep. We decided to get rid of them by throwing them overhoard, hut were startled to find that by some mysterious power they were immovably fastened to the deck. The planks would have to be raised, and for this we needed tools. Neither could the captain he loosened from the mast, nor could we hew his sahre from his stiflened hand.

We passed the day in sad contemplation of our situation. As night came on, I permitted Ibrahim to go to sleep. I wanted to wait on deck to look out for rescue. Yet, when the moon rose and I reckoned by the stars that it was two o'clock, an irresistible sleep so overpowered me that I involuntarily fell back behind a barrel which stood on deck. This was more stupor than sleep, for I plainly heard the ripplling against the sides of the ship, and the sails creaking and whistling in the wind.

All at once I became conscious of voices and men's steps on deck. I attempted to rise, but an irresistible power fettered my limbs. I could nnt open my eyes. The voices grew more distinct. It seemed to me as if a merry crew ran about the deck. Sometimes I thought I heard loud commands, and I distinctly heard ropes and sails drawn up and down. By degrees consciousness left me, I sank in a deep sleep in which I yet fancied I heard the clash of weapons, and only awoke when the sun stood high in the heavens.

Wondering, I looked about me. Storm, ship, the dead, and what I had heard in the night came hack to me like a dream; hut, as I looked around, I found everything the same. The dead lay motionless. The captain was immovably bound to the mast. I smiled at my dream, and arose to seek my servant. He was sitting, very thoughtful, in the captain's room.

"Master!" he cried as I entered, "I had rather be at the bottom of the sea than pass another night on this enchanted ship!"

To my questions he answered: "I had slept some hours when suddenly I was awakened by hearing people running to and fro overhead. I thought at first it was you, but there were at least twenty men, and I heard shouts and groans. At last heavy steps came down the stairs. Then I knew nothing more except in occasional moments of consciousness, when I saw the same man who is spiked to the mast above sitting at that table yonder, singing and drinking; but the man in scarlet clothes, not far from him on deck, sat next to him and drank with him."

So it was no delusion. I had really heard the dead men. It was terrible to me to sail in such company. Ihrahim was absorbed in thought.

"I have it now!" he exclaimed, at last.

He recalled a charm which his grandfather, an experienced and traveled man, had taught him, and he declared we could keep from falling asleep the next night, if we zealously repeated verses from the Koran. His suggestion pleased me With dread we saw night approach. Next to the captain's cabin was a closet, where we decided to stay. We bored several holes in the door, large enough to see the whole cabin, and fastened the door as firmly as possihle from within. I wrote the name of the Prophet in all four corners. Then we awaited the terrors of night.

About twelve o'clock sleep began to overcome us. Ibrahim begged me to repeat verses from the Koran, which helped me keep awake. Suddenly the brawl began above, the cordage creaked, steps passed overhead, and many voices were plainly distinguished. We stood motionless in strained attention. Then we heard some of them coming down stairs. When the old man heard this he began to recite the charm his grandfather had taught him:

> "Although you come in misty clouds' attire,
> Or climb from depths of ocean caves,
> Or wander out of dreary graves,
> Or leap from gulfs of lasting fire,
> Great Allah over you has sway;
> All spirits must His rule obey."

I will confess that I had no faith in this charm, and my hair stood on end as the door flew open. Here came the tall, majestic man I had seen nailed to the mast. The spike still pierced through the middle of his brow, but he had sheathed his sword. Behind him came another, less richly dressed. I had seen him also lying above. The captain, as he evidently was, had a pale face, a great black heard, and wild, rolling eyes, with which he surveyed the whole room. I could see him quite plainly as he passed us, but he did not seem to notice the door which concealed us.

Both sat down at the table in the centre of the cabin, and talked loudly, almost yelling, in an unknown language. The conversation grew louder and fiercer, till finally the captain struck the table a thundering blow with his clenched fist. The other, laughing wildly, sprang up and heckoned to the captain to follow him. The captain rose, tore his sword from its sheath, and hoth left the room.

We breathed more freely when they were gone, but our anxiety was not nver. The noise on deck increased. There was hasty running to and fro, and shouts, laughter, and yells. At last there was a hellish outburst, so that we thought the deck would fall in on us, then a clash of weapons, and cries—then all at once deep silence.

When we ventured, some hours later, to ascend, we found everything as before—not one had changed his position; all were like stones.

Thus we passed many days upon the ship; she always sailed eastward, where, according to my reckoning, land must lie; but, if she gained by day, at night she seemed to return, for we always found ourselves at the same place at sunrise. We could not explain this, unless the vessel sailed hack each night against the wind. To guard against this, we furled all sails hefore night, and wrote the name of the Prophet upon several pieces of parchment, also the charm, and hound them to the yards. In our little room we anxiously awaited the result. This time the uproar was worse yet; but next morning the sails remained furled as we had left them.

Through the day we put on only so much sail as necessary, and so in five days made good headway. Finally, on the morning of the sixteenth day we sighted land; and thanked Allah and his prophets for a wonderful deliverance. That day and the following night we sailed along the coast, and on the seventeenth morning thought we could make out a town not far off. We dropped anchor, lowered a small hoat, and rowed with all our might for the town. In half an hour we reached a river emptying into the ocean, and landed on shore.

At the city-gates we inquired what place it was, and learned that it was an Indian city not far from the region I had first shipped for. We went to a public house and refresbed ourselves. I inquired for some wise man who understood something of sorcery, and was led to an insignificant house in a retired street, and told to ask for Akbar. An old, gray-haired, long-nosed man came to the door and asked my business. I told him I sought the wise Akhar. He replied that he was that person. I asked his advice as to what I should do with the dead, and how I should get them ofl the ship. He answered that they had probably been hewitched at sea, on account of some crime. He helieved that the spell would be hroken, if they were brought ashore, but this would not happen unless the boards on which they lay were taken up. Ship and cargo belonged to me because I fou them, yet I ought to keep it secret, and for a small gift from my abundance he would, with his slaves, aid me in removing the dead men. I promised to reward him richly, and we started with five slaves provided with saws and axes. On the way Akbar could not sufficiently praise our idea of winding the sails with lines from the Koran; he said it was the only means of saving us. It was still early in the day when we reached the ship. We all set to work, and in an hour four lay in the hoat. Some of the slaves rowed them ashore for interment. When they returned they said the corpses had spared them the trouhle of hurial, for as soon as tbey were laid on the earth they had fallen to dust.

We continued the work, and hefore night all the crew were taken ashore There only remained the man nailed to the mast. We vainly tried to withdraw the spike; no force could displace it a hair's hreadth. I did not know what was to be done. We could not hew down the mast to set him ashore. But Akhar helped us out of this difficulty. He sent a slave asbore to hring a pot of earth. When it arrived the sorcerer spoke some mysterious words over it, and shook the earth over the dead man's head. He immediately opened his eyes, drew a deep breath, and the wound in his forehead began to bleed. The nail came out with little difficulty now, and the captain fell into the arms of one of the slaves.

"Who hrought me here?" he asked, when he seemed a little recovered. Akhar pointed to me, and I approached him.

"You have my gratitude, O youth, for you have rescued me from torment. For fifty years my hody has sailed these waters, and my spirit was condemned to return to it each night. But now my head has touched earth, I am freed, and can go to my fathers."

I begged him to tell us how he came into this terrible situation, and he said:

"Fifty years ago I was an influential man of high repute, and dwelt in Algiers. Greed of money drove me to piracy. I had been some time in this business, when I took on hoard as passenger a dervish who wanted to travel free. My comrades and I were rough people and did not respect the man's sanctity. I made sport of him. But once, when, in pious zeal, he condemned my sinful course of life, I was greatly enraged. That night, while drinking with the first mate in my cahin, and hrooding over what the dervish had said—words which I would not have allowed a sultan to use to me—I rushed on deck and plunged my dagger in his hreast. Dying he cursed me and my crew; we were not to die nor live till our heads touched the earth. The dervish died and we cast him into the sea and laughed at his threats; but that very night his words were fulfilled. Part of my crew mutinied. There was fearful strife, till my adherents were conquered and I was nailed to the mast. But the mutineers died of their wounds, and soon my ship was only a floating tomb. My vision failed, my breath stopped, and I thought I died. But it was only a torpor which held me. The next night, at the same hour in which we had thrown the dervish into the sea, I awoke, and all my companions revived; hut we could do or say nothing hut what we had done or spoken on that terrihle night. So we have sailed for fifty years. We could not live nor die, for how could we reach land? With mad joy we always sailed with all sails set in a storm, because we hoped at least to dash to pieces on some rock and lay our weary heads to rest on the hottom of the sea. It was unavailing. But now I shall die. Once more I thank my unknown deliverer. If treasure can reward you, take my ship as token of my gratitude."

When the captain had spoken his head sank upon his hreast, and he expired shortly after. Like his companions, he crumhled at once to dust. We collected this in a hox, and buried it on land. I took workmen from town who repaired my ship. After profitably exchanging the wares on hoard for others, I hired sailors, presented Akhar with rich gifts, and sailed for my own country. But I went a roundabout way, landing at many islands and ports, disposing of my wares. The Prophet hlessed my undertaking. In nine months I ran into Balsora twice as rich as the captain had made me.

My fellow-townsmen were astonished at my riches and my luck, and believed that I had found the famous Diamond Valley of Sindhad. I let them remain in that belief, and thenceforward young people of Balsora, when scarcely eighteen years old, have to go out in the world, as I did, to seek their fortunes.

But I live quietly and in peace, and every five years journey to Mecca to thank Allah for His hlessing, and to heg that He will at last take the captain and his crew to Paradise.—*Translated for the Argonaut by E. F. Dawson.*

At a garden party recently given at Holly Lodge, England, by Lady Burdett-Coutts, there was a large assemblage of guests, and in one of the rooms her jewels were exhibited. Great interest and excitement were raised at the sight of the celebrated Indian diamond—a dazzling gem of the small value of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, which shone out from its case of hlack velvet like the concentration of a thousand fires. There were a group of many smaller African diamonds sparkling in the most blinding fashion, and many others also, in the rough form, so altogether that one small apartment must have contained the value of many a petty kingdom.

There has just been plowed up in an Indiana field an interesting souvenir of the famous "hard-cider" campaign of 1840 in that State, in the shape of one of the medals that were then worn hy the supporters of Harrison. It bears on one side a representation of a log cabin, and a harrel of cider placed under an adjoining tree. On the reverse side are tbe inscriptions: "The People's Choice, the Hero of Tippecanoe—Major-General W. H. Harrison, born February 9, 1792." It will be presented to the Hon. Richard W. Thompson, who is tbe only survivor of the Indiana electoral college of that year.

Gil-Perez, the famous comic actor of Paris, who recently died in a lunatic asylum, is to have a monument costing six thousand francs, at tbe expense of the state. The sum was grudgingly appropriated. although Gil-Perez left a fortune of about fifty thousand francs, which, in the absence of heirs, was swept into the state's coffers.

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THE ARGONAUT.

FRANK M. PIXLEY - - - - - - - - - - - *Editor.*

SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1883.

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In reverence to the Divine Architect, we have been taught that every production of His hand is the inspiration of some wise purpose, in harmony with creative unity. In this view we accept millionaires as filling a useful place in the mechanism of this great moral and material universe. We look upon them as we would look upon horned-toads, or knots upon a tree, or warts upon the hand. We do not exactly see what God did create them for; but, as he did, we are compelled to regard them as filling a position which, if they did not occupy it, would indicate the existence of that vacuum which nature so much abhors. We do not understand the divine economy of mosquitoes, or scolding women, or sin. We do not understand why health, wealth, youth, good looks, and good temper could not have been made universal. We see no sense in labor, and no reason why the human race might not have been clothed in furs or feathers; why the climate of all the world could not have been genial and mild, and why food could not have been furnished free from the penalty of toil; nor have we ever been at all reconciled to the shortness and uncertainty of human life, the certainty of death, and the probability of hell. We are glad to know that this last and most aggravating possibility is disappearing under the accumulation of most convincing proofs. We desire to speak respectfully, we may say tenderly, of millionaires. If there is any class entitled to sympathy, it is this most honorable guild of rich men, every one of whom, through toil and self-denial, has laboriously struggled to the envied position he now occupies. Some have sacrificed health; all have sacrificed pleasure; some have dared the terrors of detection for law violated; nearly all have, at times, denied themselves the comforts and luxuries of life, and some—a good many of them—have acquired such habits as prevent them from now enjoying the millions they have accumulated; and some, in their attempt to make up for lost time, and in their desire to gratify passions long held in subjection to the greater passion—money-making—are now burning the candle at both ends. We are not writing of men in foreign countries who inherit millions, but of our own, home-made, San Francisco millionaires, whom we have seen grow up around us, with whom we come in daily contact, whose daily walk and conversation we note, and whose names, lower down in this article, we print. Millionaires as a class are not altogether lovely, and we may as well right here throw in our reservation—the same one we make when writing of the Pope's Irish, or the unclean Jews, or the bastard chivalry, or the New England pietist, or the New York swapper of merchandise, or the scamp politician, or the lager beer Dutchman, or the universal Democrat—we do not intend to embrace the "nice" millionaires, those who have acquired their wealth honorably and spend it generously, who accept it as a trust and administer it with comprehensive wisdom; but we refer to those who, by chicanery, over-reaching, usury, and mean self-denial, have swelled their sordid accumulations till they have touched the million point. Our reservation embracing "nice" millionaires does not comprehend very many—not more than twenty, we think, in San Francisco. There are about twenty, as nearly as we can calculate, who, by brains, courage, enterprise, honorable dealing, and honest intercourse, have carried themselves steadily onward from honest poverty to great wealth, and who are entitled to the respect and esteem of all honorable persons. There are those who have made, and are making, good use of their accumulations, who are not expecting to take their fortunes with them when they die, and from whom the public may expect some generous recognition of the fact that out of the community in which they have lived these vast fortunes were gathered. For, revolve the idea as you may, philosophize over it, and chase it down to the nicest and most logical refinement, and, after all, these fortunes have come from the people of San Francisco, and the community has moral equities in the estate of any man who dies possessed of more than his family needs. Even the nice millionaire who, through toil and self-denial, lives and dies to leave to his children more than is good for them, builds no monument for himself, and endows no charity to perpetuate his name and fame, is unwise, and his memory will not be respected by the heirs who spend his money. Those millionaires who have gained their fortunes through questionable devices ought to be very particular to so dispose of their estates as to cover the crimes of their acquisition. Posterity is indulgent to the modes of accumulation. Riches cover multitudes of sins during the life of the millionaire; but generous testamentary devises are stop-gaps to all unkind memories. The millionaires of San Francisco, so far as they have died, have not done the fair thing. It is only just, however, to say that in the one or two instances where the testator has endeavored to do the handsome thing—Horace Hawes, for instance—we have, through our courts and juries, declared him insane, and set aside his will; or else we have raised up for him—James Lick—an heir whom he did not recognize; or given him—Theodore LeRoy—a wife whom he did not lead to the marriage altar. And this is a good opportunity for us to say, apropos of the case of Blythe, that the gentlemen of the bar stand ready to provide dead millionaires with wives or heirs on short notice. There are several of our bachelor rich men with the kind of semi-domestic arrangement that will entitle their mistresses to the brevet rank of wife immediately upon their decease, and we commend all jurors, when such an issue is raised—the dead millionaire having forgotten that generosity is the virtue which covers a rich man's sins—to find for the plaintiff. This is especially desirable when there is danger of the fortune being taken from the State. There is one thing, now that we are talking of millionaires, which surprises us—viz., that more of them, during their lifetime, do not build their own monuments by some splendid charity which they can themselves direct and supervise. By the very wealthy men of all other countries it is considered not the right thing to die and leave no mark. Nearly all rich men feel that *noblesse oblige* compels them to give of their fortunes some popular endowment, something to indicate their acknowledgment to the community in which their fortunes have been acquired. With one notable, and one or two lesser donations, the California millionaires, living and dead, have given no signs of recognition of any obligation to the people among whom and from whom their fortunes have been gathered. Is it that the men are of ignoble birth, their wealth the result of accident, and that they are of the meaner clay?

San Francisco has a long list of abnormally rich men. There are more millionaire fortunes in San Francisco than in any other American city, and, we presume, more than in any European city of corresponding population, unless it may be Amsterdam or Frankfort. It is a curious fact, and without one exception, that none spring from the wealthy class, nearly every one from the very poorest class, and that only one brought any money to San Francisco. Only one is the graduate of a learned university; only seven were educated to any profession, and all of these lawyers. So far as we know, there is not a preacher, or doctor, or graduate of West Point in the lot. Twenty of the list were, in their youth, of the uneducated, hare-foot class, whose early struggles were unaided by relatives or friends. Forty-nine of our millionaires are American by birth, eighteen are Irish, eight are Jews, five are German, four are English, and one French. So far as we know, only three were born south of Mason and Dixon's line, and of these neither was from a slave-owning family. Only seven have ever held political position, there being one governor, three United States senators, a member of Congress, and two members of Assembly in the list. Outside of the Roman Catholic Church and the Synagogue, but one is member of church or professor of religion. To four of these men we estimate forty millions of dollars each. will range from twenty to thirty millions; two to ten ions; and five to five millions each; thus giving to si persons over three hundred millions of dollars, and to th mainder, say, one hundred and fifty millions—a total ar the hereafter-named residents of San Francisco of four dred and fifty millions of dollars. There are many some serious, reflections which group themselves ar these figures and the men that represent them. Whe marshal the procession which has preceded them t grave, and those who are to-day tottering on its brink, is to us more of sadness than jealousy in contemplating position. To think that the poor, vexed specimens o manity, who have worried and toiled through depriv anxiety, and disregard of the moral code, to finally ste of a sick bed, to rot in a narrow grave, despised by who are left to enjoy their accumulations, forgotten the world besides, ignored by St. Peter, and kicked the battlements to hell—*i. e.*, if there is a hell, and ought to be—carries to us no regret that we do not bel the number that is dead. And as for those who are l let us see: some are old, some are sick, some are wo by toil, some are burned out by indulgences, some have etons, some are misers and love their gold, some are ra and some are fools. So we are content, and, on the have come to the conclusion that we would not cl places with any millionaire who is older than we, or digestion is not as good, or whose conscience is not as as our own. And now let us give the names of, firs dead millionaires who have gone on before—joined, n innumerable caravan, for that is composed of the poo gone to meet Dives, across the gulf, where the clim oppressive and water scarce, for, verily I say unto yo rich shall not inherit the kindom of heaven:

Captain J. L. Folsom,	Mark Hopkins,
Thomas O. Larkin,	William O'Brien,
James De Laveaga,	Michael Reese,
W. D. M. Howard,	R. B. Woodward,
Judge Lyon,	Edward Martin,
William B. Bourne,	J. Mora Moss,
John S. Manson,	Louis Strauss,
James Donahue,	Theodore LeRoy,
George Howard,	H. M. Newhall,
General Halleck,	D. J. Tallant,
James Lick,	H. B. Tichenor,
Trenor W. Park,	Thomas B. Blythe.

The following are the millionaires still with us:

Leland Stanford,	Mrs. M. Coleman,
D. O. Mills,	C. Adolph Lowe,
John Mackay,	E. J. Baldwin,
C. P. Huntington,	Calvin Page,
Henry Miller,	J. B. Haggin,
Peter Donahue,	Woodward estate,
Josiah Belden,	Tallant estate,
S. C. Hastings,	Tichnor estate,
John Center,	Peter A. Finnegan,
D. T. Murphy,	Pope estate (divided
Joseph Donohoe,	Talbot estate (divid
August Scholle,	William A. Piper,
Lloyd Tevis,	Peder Sather,
Charles Main,	Edward Barron,
Nicholas Luning,	Thomas Bell,
John Parrott,	L. & M. Sachs,
Mrs. Teresa Fair,	J. B. Doe,
Mrs. McDonough,	Sullivan estate,
C. Wilmerding,	Lazard Brothers,
Charles Felton,	Daniel Meyer,
Estate of Blythe,	A. A. Cohen,
Howard family,	W. E. Deane,
James L. Flood,	Mark Requa,
Charles Crocker,	David Bixler,
Mrs. Mark Hopkins,	Captain James McD
J. C. Flood,	R. H. McDonald,
James G. Fair,	Millen Griffith,
William Sharon,	George C. Perkins,
Charles Lux,	Thomas H. Williar
James Phelan,	William T. Babcock
Adam Grant,	Charles McLaughlin
Levi Strauss,	S. P. Dewey,
Claus Spreckels,	J. H. Redington,
John F. Miller,	Joseph Rosenberg,
William Dunphy,	Seth Cook,
Andrew McCreary,	John Boyd,
—— Winchester,	Moses Hopkins,
Egbert Judson,	George W. Gibbs,
A. Hotaling,	William Scholle,
John Livingston,	Louis Schloss.
Irving M. Scott,	

Non-resident millionaires:

Eugene Kelly,	Wm. M. Lent,
H. M. Hueston,	J. B. Thomas,
Frederick Billings,	Moses Ellis,
C. K. Garrison,	Edward Beale.

We did not intend this for a very serious article; not expect any good will come of it. If those of ou ionaires who can write will be kind enough to rememb holographic wills are legal, and that the making of does not hasten death, and that it is due to the comm in which and upon which they have lived to remem and endow some of its institutions and charities, and some respectable bequest, we shall be grateful. Le remember how impossible it is to keep coin where th going (gold melts at about 2200° Fahrenheit); tha came naked into the world, and are going only with grave-clothes out of it; that rich men never enter the dom of heaven. Remember the parable of Dives and rus; the needle and the camel; that giving to the p lending to the Lord. Let them realize the perils whi likely to befall their estates, unless they dispose of while living. Let them beware of the lawyer, who wait, of the illegitimate offspring of the ci-devant mistr the disputed will, executed through "undue influence'

if they escape all these accidents, let them consider the danger of profligate sons, and of sons-in-law, who infest the land, who are sent out from England and from the southern States to marry our rich girls, and live upon their property. Let the old forty-niner, who has toiled in the mines, endured the privations of pioneer life, stinted himself of the necessaries and denied himself the luxuries of life, consider the young Englishman or "chiv"—who parts his hair in the middle, wears a short-tailed coat of Scotch tweed, with a switch cane, talks with an apple in his mouth—traveling in Europe, enjoying the best of cigars and drinks, spending his money, and getting useless children from the daughter of his love and pride. There is one thing that in justice to our millionaires must be said: as a rule, they put on no airs; the one or two of them who are disposed that way pay us the compliment of making asses of themselves in Europe. From poor men to rich men, they have grown up among us, and, with the exception of the exceptional few—and they the ones of lowest education, of the most obscure birth, and of blemished reputations, who have gone abroad—conduct themselves with as much sense and modesty as though they were not rich. Most of them, and all of the more wealthy, are still in the harness, managing their own affairs, as hard-worked now as when in younger days they were laying the foundations of their colossal fortunes. As a rule, the sons of our millionaires give scant promise of preserving the estates they will inherit. As a rule, they have been brought up to lives of leisure. There are several prominent exceptions, where the sons give promise of great business capacities; to name them would be to give prominence to the dissipated and worthless young gentlemen who are dishonoring themselves by their aimless lives and the indulgence of vicious habits. As a rule, the daughters of our millionaires are being caught in the trap of matrimony by very strong-smelling and very bad cheese. The professional son-in-law is not, as a general thing, a success. The young man who marries for money is, as a rule, nobody. The young male married pensioner ought to be an eunuch.

In the Eastern States people are now experiencing the same trade dollar troubles we passed through some years ago. The trade dollar is being driven from circulation. Little appears to be understood by the newspapers or the public about the actual status of the trade dollar, and its relation to the coinage of this country. Even the Director of the Mint himself, if published interviews with him are true, fails to understand the matter, though that may be because its coinage was suspended before his accession to the office. To premise, the trade dollar never was intended to be a United States coin in the strict sense of the term, the object of its creation having been to provide a market in China for American silver by giving a government guaranty of weight and fineness to this piece—or, technically, bar—of bullion. In other words, to furnish guaranteed standard bullion in convenient form for general circulation in China. The legal tender quality was conferred upon the trade dollar through a clerical omission in copying the bill which became the Coinage Act of 1873. Section 15 of that Act specifies the silver coins of the United States, beginning with the trade dollar, and goes on to say: "and such coins shall be a legal tender at their nominal value for any amount not exceeding five dollars in any one payment." The words "excepting the trade dollar" were intended to be added to that sentence, but were omitted through the carelessness of the clerk who copied the bill. The late Doctor H. R. Linderman, Director of the Mint, is our authority for this. It is shown by the wording of other sections of the Act. Section 21 says: "That any owner of silver bullion may deposit the same at any mint, to be formed into bars, or into dollars of the weight of 420 grains troy, designated in this Act as trade dollars, and *no deposit* of silver for *other coinage shall be received.*" Section 25 says: "That . . . the charges for converting standard silver into trade dollars . . . and for the preparation of bars, shall be fixed, from time to time, by the director . . . so as to equal but not exceed . . . the actual average cost," etc. Section 27 says: "That in order to procure bullion for the silver coinage authorized by this Act, the superintendents . . . shall *purchase* such bullion," etc. Section 28 says: "That silver coins *other than the trade dollar* shall be paid out at the several mints," etc. Although the wording of the Act is somewhat imperfect, yet the intent is obvious: that silver coins other than trade dollars shall be coined only on Government account, from bullion *purchased* for that purpose, and that trade dollars shall be coined only for account of depositors, they paying the cost thereof, and never on Government account, and that trade dollars shall not be paid out, received, nor recognized by Government officers as coins for circulation in this country; *and such has always been the practice.* After the coinage of the 412½-grain standard silver dollar was authorized by the passage of the Act, the Secretary of the Treasury, in 1878, suspended the coinage of the trade dollar because the cupidity of Eastern manufacturers induced them to purchase trade dollars at about their bullion value—say eighty-five to ninety cents—and swindle their employees by paying them their wages in these coins without legal tender value; the recipients were compelled to get rid of them at a heavy discount from their nominal value, at which they had to receive them. July 22, 1876, the omission in the coinage act of 1873 was remedied, by an act of Congress abrogating the legal tender quality of the trade dollar. The duty of the Government now would seem to be to suffer the penalty of the omission by redeeming all trade dollars coined between February 12, 1873, and July 22, 1876. This might be done without loss to the Government by an act providing for their redemption in subsidiary silver coin. As a dollar in subsidiary silver coin weighs only 385 8 grains, the government would gain on each dollar so redeemed the difference between that weight and the weight of the trade dollar, or 34.2 grains in standard silver, less the cost of coining the subsidiary dollar, the cost of coining the trade dollar having been already paid by the original depositor. As there are only between four and five millions of trade dollars in the United States, many of which were coined after July 22, 1876, the number presented for redemption would be comparatively small. There is no danger of any more being returned from China, since all of the twenty-five millions remaining there have undoubtedly been "chopped," or branded, by the local money-changers of the different Chinese cities, as an approval of their fitness for circulation there, thus so mutilating them that our Government is under no obligation to redeem them. This redemption should be provided for the relief of our working classes, who are suffering from the discount on the trade dollars at present in circulation in this country; and then the coinage of the trade dollar should be resumed under the provisions of the laws, since, as we have said, it affords a market in China for our silver bullion at good prices, without expense or liability to the United States.

In continuance, and we could wish in conclusion, of our last week's topic, we add, in reference to this whole matter of railroad controversy and railroad politics, that the question is in the process of speedy adjustment. To Judge Terry, and the gang of angry malcontents and impecunious political adventurers whom he is endeavoring to conjure into a governing party power, will not belong the credit of the settlement; but they will be properly chargeable with its unnecessary and prolonged continuance. The entire difficulty now agitating both business and political circles has come to every community in Europe and America where railroads have been built. The feeling has been more intense in other countries and other States than ours. It has passed away in those localities, as it will pass in this. It is not very long ago that, in Iowa, popular indignation expressed its resentment by the burning of railroad property, and, in more than one State, derailing of freight trains has been the outcome of popular passion. In Parliament, Reichstag, and Chamber of Deputies, as well as in Congress and State Legislatures, there have been all sorts of experimental and hostile legislation, resulting from a natural resistance to the encroachment and indefensible aggression of railroad and other corporate powers. The courts, from the highest tribunals in our land, have not been free from the determination to condemn, if not to punish, the insolence of corporate power. Legislative and judicial decrees have not been without beneficial results; but the correction of railroad abuse has come from another source. The legitimate rivalries and competitions which have grown out of increasing roads have accomplished, and are accomplishing, the correction of evils, the practical remedy of which lay far beyond the law-making power. These results are now being brought about in our State, and most rapidly. When the Villard system of roads, from Oregon and Washington Territory to Boston, shall have been completed, the Union Pacific extended to California, the Central Pacific extended to Missouri, the Denver narrow-guage pushed through to San Francisco, the Atlantic-Pacific brought from the Needles to our bay, and the Southern Pacific carried to the Mississippi; when Oregon and California shall be connected by rail; when the Donahue and Villard roads shall be united and consolidated; when the North Pacific Coast shall skirt the ocean northward to the Columbia, and the South Pacific Coast reach the peninsula of Lower California; when all these trunk roads shall have their branches extended to valley and mountain—in a word, when our system of railroads shall have been perfected—nothing more will be heard of the political tumble-bugs who are now balling themselves in the political mud. This time is not distant. All these works are being pushed with energy. Money, in spite of the demagogues and obstructionists, is abundant and cheap. Of all the business we have outlined, more than the half is accomplished, and railroading in California is not twenty-one years of age. Before Judge Terry shall have climbed the golden stairs, or Foote have become governor, all this work will have been done, fares and freights will have been adjusted, McQuiddy and John Doyle will have been reconciled, and the country, prosperous, rich, and content, will look back upon this anti-railroad agitation as the petulant irritation of impatient children, while we old fellows, who have intelligently observed the real mainsprings of the movement, will attribute the whole business to the selfish ambitions of a contemptible set of small political demagogues, who are endeavoring to squirm into office through this most unreasonable and senseless agitation. We again declare that *no single person of prominence or political influence has been concerned in this opposition to railroads who is not in office, or a candidate for office, or who has not a personal grievance to revenge against railroad people.* Name the one single man in either political party, or in the State, and we will lay a finger on his raw spot.

The generosity of Mr. Charles Crocker provides for the restoration of the Golden Gate Park conservatory, destroyed by fire nearly a year since. He has authorized Mr. S. M. Hills, builder, to draw upon him for the sum of ten thousand dollars, and at once commence the work under the directions of Mr. John Gash, the architect chosen by the Park Commissioners. The Geary Street Railroad Company, through Mr. R. F. Morrow, has authorized the Commissioners to call upon them for five hundred dollars for incidentals and compensation to the architect. The work, already begun, will be pushed with energy, and all the main dome and front will be completed before laying the corner-stone of the Garfield monument, by the visiting Knights Templars, on the twenty-fourth of August. The subject of water for the Park is an important one. A large use of water is indispensable for irrigating lawns, watering the growing flowers, and sprinkling the streets; and, if furnished in sufficient abundance, to provide a fountain or two would be desirable. To improve or beautify the grounds without the abundant use of water in the summer-time is impossible. The Commissioners charged with the administration have authority to build water-works, but have no money for that purpose. In reference to the water-supply provided by Spring Valley, they have not been consulted. The present Commission has used from the Spring Valley main as sparingly as it could, and the greatest economy has been observed. The Commission has not been called upon to certify the area irrigated, and has had nothing at all to do with the water-supply of the Park. The suggestion of the *Bulletin* and *Examiner* to put up independent water-works is a good one, unless better terms can be arranged with the Spring Valley Water Company. The Commission has had no estimates, and, under the present famine of money, has not felt authorized to make any expenditure in that direction. The present Commissioners are anxious to build a broad, handsome, tree-lined avenue, or boulevard, from the conservatory valley to the ocean; and, if money can be provided for that purpose, the work will be at once inaugurated. This city needs a fashionable drive, and the Golden Gate Park is the only place for it. The Executive Committee of the Fourth of July celebration has generously donated, from their unexpended fund, five hundred dollars, for hunting to equip the park flagstaffs, to be in readiness for the laying of the corner-stone.

On Tuesday last, while the ferry steamer *San Rafael* was passing Alcatraz, on its way to Saucelito, a shell or shot from a practicing battery fell within a boat's length of the steamer. Remembering the target practice from the same battery on Centennial day, we are fearful of a possible casualty if this gun-firing is permitted. To scatter shot indiscriminately over a bay covered with steam ferries and passenger boats, with pleasure yachts and fishing smacks, steamers and ships of commerce, is attended with danger. If the awkward squad of gunners engaged in this business should be directed to make a target of any special craft, of course the people upon it would feel perfectly safe, and enjoy the amusement and the noise.

The strike of the telegraph operators is the widest and most universal of any in America. The character of the occupation has made this possible. We think nothing will come of it but distress and inconvenience to the working force. It is a bad time to strike, and the country is full of telegraphic make-shifts. Our sympathy is with the operators, men and women. They are underpaid by an institution which has charged more extravagantly, watered more stock, been guilty of meaner speculation, made more money, and created more millionaires than any other in America Mr. Jay Gould, who is worth a hundred millions, walking the floor at midnight in the operating rooms of the Western Union palace on Broadway, in consultation with his chiefs how to defeat the effort of his employees to get such wages as will give them the comforts of life, is an uninteresting spectacle. This strike between labor and capital is becoming very frequent. As a rule, money wins and labor suffers; but every victory which wealth achieves over the honest demands of labor makes the ultimate triumph of labor more certain and more complete. Money is an unconscionable, cowardly fool. It is a boastful braggart, up to the point of a real conflict; then it will seek its hole, as all cowards do. If the moneyed men of the United States have not the sense to observe the impending crisis, and wisdom enough to arrest it by such concessions as humanity, right, and justice demand, then, so far as we are concerned, we shall be prepared to enjoy the spectacle when it comes, and to hope that it may come in our time, and before we are too old to take a hand in the fight.

NEBULÆ.

By Robert J. Burdette.

Written for the Argonaut.

Does insurance insure? It does. It insures the company, every time.

The sting of the wasp is in his tail, just as far aft as it can be placed. What peculiarity there is in its structure that makes you think it protrudes from every portion of the insect's body, like the spines of a chestnut burr, naturalists have never been able to explain, yet all the same, that is the way it feels when you gather the insect up in your unwary hand.

There is a New York book canvasser who made twenty thousand dollars last year. He would have made forty thousand dollars, only he was afraid to go back to the same place again, until he could let his hair grow long and dye his beard.

"Charley, dear," said his loving mother, "where is your watch?" "I left it a pawn the desk," replied Charley, without flinching. "You careless boy," said his trusting mother, "what if burglars should break into the office to-night, where would your watch be?" But the old gentleman, listening to the conversation from behind his paper, dryly remarked that he guessed the watch was safe, and Charlie looked worried, and the next day he admitted to a friend, "Jew know, I believe pa has been there himself."

A Massachusetts man has an almanac 200 years old, and there isn't a word about Ben Butler in it. Now you see how utterly unreliable and away behind the times was an almanac in those ancient days.

In the land of Faience:

Old Barberini Wedgwood looked down upon the speaker in silence for a moment, while an expression of variously mingled emotions burned on his white-wary face.

"So, you would marry my daughter Effie?" spake the queensware king, at length, still steadfastly regarding the unbaked youth before him.

The young man met his unwavering glaze without shrinking, and replied, all meekly, as any young man similarly placed, is exceedingly liable to do: "Yes, sir, I do."

The old merchant was thoughtful and silent again, and bent his eyes upon the suitor as though he needed kiln. Effie, the youngest and the darling—how could he let her go? The old man loved his daughter dearly. There were six of them. The thought decided him.

"Young man," he said, with the business-like air of a man whose mind was made up; "You'll have to take 'em all or none. I wouldn't break the set for a national bank."

"What lightning is to the knotty oak," says Joseph Cook, "woman's vote would be to the liquor traffic." Lightning is blasted slick with the naughty oak, sometimes, if that is what Joseph means by it.

By some strange blunder the governors of both the Carolinas received invitations to attend the national temperance convention, and not knowing what it was all about, but moved by a mutual desire to see each other again after a long separation, both governors accepted the invitation. And when, under the call of the States, the governor of North Carolina arose and delivered his thrilling and time-honored oration on temperance, there wasn't a dry eye in the wigwam, and the rush for the main exit was so great that the two governors were the last men able to get out of the hall.

"Pa," said Alexander, one day, when he was a little boy, and had not yet attempted his celebrated Bucephalian pad act; "pa, why do gentlemen take off their hats when they bow to a lady in the street?"

"So that the lady may know," replied Philip of Macedon, "whether or not the gentleman is married, and therehy he enabled to decide upon what plans to continue or abandon any incipient mash that may have been contemplated."

"But how," asked the prince, "can she tell by his head?"

And Philip laughed, and, taking off his brazen helmet, bowed his head before his son. And when the prince saw it catch, with dazzling effulgence, the golden beams of the declining sun, he smote his breast and cried out that "the hand that rocked the cradle rocked about everything else it laid hold upon," and as he went to Aristotle's private school he sang, in musing mood:

Maid of Atheos, ere we part,
Give me back, before I start,
All the raimeot cap-à-pie,
You have sweetly filched from me;
Hat aod coat, aod shoes aod vest,
Bring them back, or take the—ha, rest.

By thy freely warbled slang,
By thy shingled Langtry baog;
By thy standiog collar's edge
That shrades thy pink ear's ledge;
By the plastic gum you chew,
Give me back my pointed shoe.

By the dog you lead aloog,
By the ulster straight and stroog;
By the frock-coat, all my own,
Buttoned close around thy zooe;
By thy masculine cravat,
Give me back my Derby hat.

Maid of Athens, I am gone!
All my things, you have them oo;
Underneath my latest vest
Throbs the hearts I love the best;
So I'll take thee, maid divine,
Just to get those clothes of mioe

Don't abuse the trade dollar too much. When it was first issued it was worth $1.03. But it is like some people. All its value and all its glory is in its ancestry. As a dollar of to-day, it's away below par, and far, far below grand par. You have seen some men who are trade dollars. (To be continued. This ornate style of financial joke supplied on easy terms in lots to suit purchasers. Liberal rates for Sunday-schools and literary associations. Please state age and color of hair and eyes when ordering.)

The great Carlyle's sister always called him, and still speaks of him as, "Tom." Now let us learn that in the noble Bushrod's family, our father George was familiarly addressed as "Wash," and if we don't call Charles Francis Adams "Cholly" the first time we meet him, then may all men call us "Mister." It does seem to the thoughtful observer that there is barely enough reverence in this world to go around Senator Tabor, let alone the rest of us.

Doctor Dix still insists so strenuously that women should keep silent and stay in the house, that women are beginning to wonder if it is Mrs. Dix or his mother-in-law?"

"Iris!" called the great father of gods and men, "Iris!"

"Yes, sire," replied the messenger, that being the Olympian form of the American "Yes sir-ee."

"Quit sliding down that rainbow, then," spake Zeus, "and take this letter to the postoffice. I haven't sealed it, so you needn't rip open the corner to see what is in it."

For Iris ran a star route contract from Olympus to Ida. And she girded up her loins and twisted her back hair in a Grecian knot, preparatory to going out and losing that letter somewhere between stations.

"There's a vast deal of difference between your hair and your hat, Iris," said Apollo, watching the messenger take her long hair from the hack of a chair.

"Hoi sould hay ho," replied Iris, speaking Greek, because her rosy mouth was full of hair-pins, meaning, "I should say so."

"What is the difference?" asked golden Aphrodite, who was trying to tie her sandal with a hutton-hook.

"Why, because," said the god of the silver bow, "one is her hat and the other is hirsute."

"But," protested Aphrodite, "her hat is part of her suit, isn't it?"

"You are as particular as a district school marm this morning, Mrs. Smith," replied Apollo (Aphrodite married a Smith, a blacksmith at that, and Apollo often taunted her with it when they quarreled), "and as I am not a man milliner, I can't have all my time tuck up studying these little hem and haw distinctions."

"You'd be Worth more to Olympus if you could," said Iris, who had all her dresses made in Paris. "You don't look pretty when you think you have said anything smart, Apollo," she continued, a little spitefully, for she did not like to have attention called to her store hair. "Your face is all out of proportion."

"How so?" asked the son of Latona, feeling for an overdue mustache that hadn't been signaled yet.

"It's too henign," shouted Iris, sliding out of sight down the rainbow, and all the heavens resounded with immortal laughter, while Apollo hastily excused himself, saying, with a pleasantly vicious glance at Heré, that he had an engagement to go down to Chrysa and shoot a few hundred Greeks before supper. And what's more, he did it.

VANITY FAIR.

When Queen Christina was going to Spain to be married, says the Madrid correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, she was school-girlish and pretty, because young and fresh, but gave no promise of beauty in riper years. A happier looking being, I suppose, never existed. She had been courted at Arcachon by the king whom she was going to wed. He had taken her out boating by moonlight on the still bay, and had sung love ditties under the balcony of her window. If a widower, he was not much older than she was herself. She was, therefore, to enjoy all the advantages of a love-match, and of one that satisfied in the highest degree worldly ambition. Romance, it seemed to her, entered well into her destiny. But instead of "dreeing her weird" in a lowly thatched cottage, she was to spend her life in royal palaces, and to be the first lady in an old monarchy. Notwithstanding the disorder of Spanish finances, the Cortes had well provided for her and for her household. She was to be decked out whenever she appeared in public in the magnificent jewels of the Spanish crown. If she had a child it would, even though a girl, be heir to the throne. For some time after Christina became a wife the newspapers devoted to the throne and altar lauded the domestic virtues of her husband. The royal couple were likened to a pair of songbirds. But, unlike larks and linnets, Alphonso and Christina toiled not for each other nor for the children which were to come. All they thought of doing was to receive the pensions which the Cortes allowed them, and put by money for a rainy day. There was nothing very wicked in this. Nor was there anything to merit a continuance of halcyon days. Queen Christina has returned to her native land, stripped of her illusions. Her face has lost its youthful bloom, and taken a careworn expression. It may not be true that the sharpness of her tongue provoked her husband into making use of the sceptre as a rod of chastisement. But it is a fact that she has quitted him in anger, and that, if she were childless, she would never go back to Madrid.

The consort of Alphonso was never able to win the favor of her husband's subjects. She has a contracted carriage, a shy, if not a suspicious air, is very stingy, only enjoys herself in the society of Germans, has no feminine capacity for agreeable humbug, and is of a jealous disposition. She could not hide her jealousy of the king's sisters, the eldest of whom is a woman of head, heart, character, and political ability. *Cosas de España* are not a puzzling mystery to her. The infantas Paz and Eulalie are thoroughly amiable. When they and the ex-Princess of Asturias appeared with the Queen in public, she was hardly noticed, while they were greeted with warmth. She professed to take no interest in politics, and not to meddle with them. But it got out that she was trying to draw Spain into the vortex of Germany. The German embassador was favored above the French, and at the court festivities in celebration of the wedding of the Infanta Paz, Baron Michels, the envoy of the Republic, was snubbed. President Grévy marked his displeasure thereat by not calling on Queen Christina on the day in which she recently arrived in Paris. He sent Colonel Leichtenstein—General Pittie not having returned from Moscow—to salute her in his name. Her Majesty assumed a freezing demeanor. She is a constant friend, but is slow to form friendships. Her two baby daughters to some extent fill the void in her life which the breach with her husband must have caused. They are nice, fat little things, and seem to be in capital health. Mercedes, the eldest, is called Princess of Asturias. The second is no longer known as the Infantida Isabella, but Maria Theresa. She has a nurse at once handsome, portly, good-natured, and showily dressed in a magnificent Basque costume. The physical and moral well-being of this hireling contrasts strongly with the delicate appearance of the Queen and her careworn face. Her Majesty took the hantlings to Ormesson, to visit Don Francisco, the (as the Parisians term him) honorary father of King Alphonso. He is very rich, an oddity, touchy, and of solitary habits. All Queen Isabella's children are very attentive in writing to him, and in calling on him when they are in Paris.

Alexandra, says a London correspondent, speaking of the Princess of Wales, seems much more attractive than any other woman. It is not that she is handsomer, for there are more beautiful women than she in the ranks of the English aristocracy; there are many who are far younger, of course, since she is the mother of five children, one a boy of nineteen. But the Princess of Wales is the very incomparable incarnation of fine ladyism. Her manners are perfect. Her dress is always right. Yesterday, in Hyde Park, for instance, the day was very warm, one of the few hot days an English summer brings. Women of rank were wearing dresses of grenadine, trimmed with lace, light silks with many flounces, and all sorts of gay paraphernalia, such as one sees on the race-courses near Paris. But how was the Princess of Wales dressed? Simply in a washing-print cotton of pale blue, with a pale pink rose at her throat, and a simple straw bonnet trimmed to correspond. How irresistibly pretty she looked! Her three daughters were also dressed in frocks made up of a material designed for purification by the aid of soap and water. "Radiantly clean," Ruskin's prime essential of beauty, was indeed the leading characteristic of this group of royal ladies. The eldest of the three "little princesses," as they are commonly called, is getting to be a big girl now, and her bearing is peculiarly like her mother's. The same slightness of figure, upright carriage, and sweetness, mingled with *hauteur*, is hers; but, strange to say—their father and mother being such a handsome couple—the little Wales girls are really plain in feature, nor do their countenances indicate any high degree of intellectuality. The family life of the heir apparent is a happy one, and those who are in the inner arcana, and are supposed to know whereof they speak, say that the Prince of Wales is one of the most devoted husband-lovers that ever lived, and that many of the "admirations" for various women which he is charged with having, in reality never existed except in the imagination of the women themselves.

A fashionable tailor, says an Eastern journal, established himself in Washington during Grant's term, and his experience dates from that time. "We have never begun to sell as many clothes here since Grant went out of office," said he the other day, "I made all of Grant's clothes. He was very liberal and easy to please. The public men of his time were great buyers of clothes. It was a common thing for a senator or member to buy a dozen suits a year. Grant's cabinet people were very dressy. We never did but one job for Hayes. That knocked him cold. He came down one hot summer day during his first year in office, and ordered us to make him a thin sack coat out of the very best gros grain silk. The material was expensive. It cost us exactly twenty-three dollars to get up that coat. We had heard that he was close, and, as we wanted to catch his trade, we put the price at twenty-five dollars. That paralyzed him. Oh, how he did kick! But he paid the bill. That was the last order we got from him. He had the rest of his clothes chopped out for him by his old tailor in Fremont. He sent his boys to us for ready-made-suits, but we never made any money out of the White House under him. We had some of his cabinet on our books, but there was very little dressing under Hayes. The purchase of clothes by public men fell off fifty per cent. I never again expect to see so much money spent in my shop as when Grant was President. Garfield was a very careless dresser. He did not have much taste. He was rather slow pay when in Congress, but when he got into the White House he began to buy a much better grade of clothes, and to pay greater attention to his dress. The day he was shot he had on a very handsome suit we made for him, price sixty dollars. Hayes would have died before he would have paid that money for a suit of clothes. President Arthur does business with his old tailor in New York—the man who makes the suits for the members of the coaching club. He is a very high-priced man. He does not make the plainest business suits under seventy dollars. He was over here the other day to take an order for the President. He said he not care anything for the President's trade, he was so hard to suit. He took up twenty pairs of trowsers the other day, made to the President's measure, and spent an hour with him trying them on before he could find a pair to suit. He says the only way he can get along with the President is to be right up and down with him. One day Arthur spoke to him very sharply about the fit of a coat, and the tailor turned his back on him. At least he said he did. Then the President said: 'Oh, come, now, don't take any offense. I can't afford to quarrel with you. You see, a first-class tailor is a pretty independent man; but, while he is particular with the President, he is very careless with the work for the President's servants. We used to furnish the White House liveries, but the job goes to the New York man now. The new livery coats of the President's coachmen and footmen, made of cream-colored hammer cloth, cost one hundred and twenty-five dollars apiece, but they are the worst fitting things I ever saw, except the clothes the Fremont tailor used to chop out for Hayes."

A LONDON LEVÉE.

"Cockaigne" Tells how English State Balls are Conducted.

The Ascot race meeting is every year the turning point of the London season. The gayeties of fashionable life, which have been multiplying and intensifying since the middle of April then reach their climax; but once Ascot is over, the season gradually slackens. Ball-givers, therefore, who have entertainments yet to give are rushing things, as it were, to get their balls and dances given before people begin to slip out of town for the regulation two weeks' yachting at the Isle of Wight as July goes out; or the initial days of grouse shooting on the moors of Scotland, which begins its season on the twelfth of August. The consequence is, that though theoretically the slackening process is supposed to be now going on, in reality the season was never more brilliant or plethoric of entertainments of every kind and description, from state balls at Buckingham Palace to small dances in the smallest of Mayfair drawing-rooms.

State balls are those given by the Queen. Two balls and two state concerts—all of which are given at Buckingham Palace—comprise her majesty's contribution to London entertainments during every season. The first state ball took place just before the Ascot meeting, and the second is set for the sixth of July. As usual, the Queen was not present at the first one, the Prince and Princess of Wales representing her. Nor will she be present at the next one. However, in every respect, except the sovereign's presence, these balls are as grand and courtly as the most intense royalist could wish, and an invitation to one of them is a much-coveted honor, not only among struggling people in London society, but by people whose position is assured so far as the possession of money can assure it, but whose existence, despite their jewels and gold, still lacks recognition by the sovereign. The names of all people who are eligible guests at a state ball are put down in the "list" book at Buckingham Palace. This book is strictly supervised by the Queen, and no name goes upon it without her acquiescence, and none are put there without her command or specially granted permission. Some people there are who fondly imagine that their presentation at court and constant attendance at drawing-rooms will result in their names going down in the list. They, however, make a great mistake; for going to a drawing-room is one thing, being invited to a state ball quite another; and while it is true no one can be invited to a state ball who has not been presented, presentation *per se* will not lead to an invitation to a state ball. There must be some additional reason or credential of rank or distinction at home or abroad besides the means to pay for an elaborate court dress and a superabundance of recently purchased diamonds. Money alone will not get a person asked to a state ball, though its possession may give to its possessor a sufficient respectable standing to prevent the rejection of his or her name by the Lord Chamberlain when application is made to him for permission to be presented to the Queen at a drawing-room. Thus it is that you will see people's names at levees and drawing-rooms nowadays who are never invited to a state ball, and, until you do see their names as invited guests at the latter, you may be sure they have not reached the highest grade of London society, no matter to what private balls and other entertainments they may be asked to swell the crowd. At a drawing-room their presence is permitted at court, at a state ball it is requested, and therein lies the difference.

All the high officials, past and present, with the great officers of state, their wives and families, are of course invited. The nobility—both heads of families and collateral branches—and such of the gentry as have indisputable claims upon the sovereign's consideration, are also included in the list; likewise army and navy officers whose social position is dependent on something more stable than the uniforms they wear. Of course, many who are eligible in every way are not asked, and aside from the officials, who have to be invited (and always make sure to go), the majority of the guests is composed of people who are in the swim of high society during the season. Then considerable favoritism is shown to the Prince and Princess of Wales's special friends and pets, who otherwise on a state-ball night would not be able to get inside the palace gates as spectators, let alone the ball-room as guests. Yet there are some people his royal highness could never get his mother to accept. Try as he might he never got Mrs. Langtry invited, and thus far Miss Chamberlaine's successes in England have occurred exclusively beyond the precincts of the court. On the other hand, Mrs. Cornwallis-West is a welcome guest at Buckingham Palace. But Mrs. Cornwallis-West has this pull on the Queen: no matter how loud and boisterous may be her behavior, how much rouge she may apply to her cheeks, how *décolletée* she may have her gowns cut, or how indifferent she may be as to the extent of hose-clad limb she may display beneath her short skirts, when she dances an after-supper valse with one of her "pals," she has a husband who is not only a man of position in Wales and rich, but who goes about with her himself, and seems to notice nothing. "If he doesn't mind," say people, "why should any one else? And he's got too much money to have his wife cut, don't you know?"

Many of the nobility are excluded, not from caprice, but for cause. For instance, Viscount Mandeville, whose brutishly intemperate habits—as the Vanderbilts in New York, I have been told, have good reason to know—make him unfit for any society but the lowest; the Marquis of Blandford, who is shunned by all decent-minded people as a libertine, liar, and wife-beater; the Hon. Walter Harboard, Lord Suffield's brother, who, while a major in the Seventh Hussars, was caught cheating at cards one night in the card-room of the Marlborough Club, and for which he got cashiered from the army, expelled from his clubs, excluded from court, and cut by everybody; the Earl of Aylesford and the Marquis of Blandford, whose exploits are of sufficiently recent occurrence to preclude the necessity of recapitulation. The names of the Countesses of Stradbroke and Euston, Lady Walsingham, Lady Egmont, and Lady Mary Craven, have also been either refused a place in or erased from the list of eligibles.

Though always too crowded for others than the members of the royal circle and their immediate friends to dance, a state ball is a grand sight to behold, and an event in the lives of ordinary individuals. There you will see the *crême de la crême* of the highest English society; the most magnificent and costly dresses which Worth and his London imitators can produce; diamonds in tiara and stomacher, not fresh from the show-cases of Bond Street jewelers, but gems that have been heirlooms for generations, that never see the light of day, and only the light of night on some great occasion, reposing meanwhile in the custody of the family banker; all the great beauties of the day who have something more to recommend them than mere comeliness of face or perfection of figure, and all the notabilities of both home and foreign growth. The musicians, too, dressed in scarlet uniforms, and stationed in a gallery above the ball-room, have a most picturesque look. But the greatest spectacle of the night is the royal procession to the supper-room, shortly after midnight. The band plays the national anthem, and the royal party pass down the room between the company drawn up in two lines. Then follow the foreign Ambassadors and Ministers, after which everybody can go. In the supper-room is a buffet built from floor to ceiling, on which is placed the magnificent service of gold plate belonging to the Queen, reflecting in its bright surfaces the brilliant uniforms of the men, the gorgeous dresses of the ladies, and the scarlet and gold liveries of the numerous court servants stationed at every turn. The supper is the best that Gunter can furnish, and the wines such as can only come from a royal cellar. What more can people want?

The first state ball this season was notable for the introduction of the electric light as a means of lighting the ball-room. It was an immense success, although somewhat trying to fading complexions, and dress tints combined for gaslight only. Among the invited guests were Admiral and Mrs. Baldwin of New York. One of the features of the ball was a Scotch reel, which was not altogether a success, although Sir Charles Forbes took a prominent part in it. Scotch reels are too full of painful reminiscences of John Brown and other Balmoral gillies to find much favor at court when the Queen is away. Sir Charles, however, did his best, and kicked his heels about in true Highland fashion. He is married to one of the Moncriffe beauties, in which connection he is a brother-in-law of the Duke of Athole and the Earl of Dudley, and is rather a fast man about town in a small way, being somewhat loud and vulgar withal. Mrs. Powell, the new beauty, was the belle of the ball. Mrs. Minnie Stevens-Paget and her husband are regular attendants at state balls, as indeed they are at every entertainment with which the Prince of Wales has anything to do.

Mrs. Paget is a remarkably clever woman of the world, and the way she has managed to keep herself in the Prince of Wales's set for so many years is worthy of all admiration. She takes deuced good care never to tread on the Princess of Wales's toes in any way, and that's where it all is. It is a pity she has not succeeded in crystallizing this principle in the brain of her fair young protégée, Miss Chamberlaine. Had she done so, that famous young lady would not now be left out of balls right and left to please the resentful wishes of the unforgiving Princess. COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, June 28, 1883.

Speaking of night newspaper work, a writer in the Philadelphia *Progress* observes: "It is not so wearing as day newspaper work, for the reason that most of it is carried on without interruption, while during the day the editor is never at peace. I worked half my life at night work, and I prefer it immeasurably to day work. The comparative quiet of the night is an important aid one must do without in the daytime." Concerning journalists, the Memphis *Weekly* says: "Even when the workers on journalism are freed in a great measure from these health-destroying conditions, the sort of brain-work required is the most trying in the world. The mind is constantly active. It has to cover a great range of subjects, and it has not even the rest of a light subject after hard study. It is a continuous round of lightly studied subjects which frets the mind away. The mind is constantly drained, and has not time nor strength to refill itself by means of deep study. Scattering journalism—that is, writing on all subjects—has the same relative effect on the brain as perpetual novel reading. It produces a vacuum in the real intellect, whose place is taken by shallow quickness. The present tendency of the profession toward specialty editorships will benefit this evil, though it may bring on others. It will tend to drive the small editor out of business, and, by limiting the range of work, curtail the active faculties of each individual. The brain is like the muscles; leave a part of it unemployed and that faculty degenerates. Yet work is continually demanding to be better done, and as it can only be better done by specialists, paid laborers will devote themselves more and more to the cultivation of one set of faculties. Herein the journalist will fare better than any other worker. His mind will receive strength from one serious study, yet his associates and recreations will be among people who also have intellectual specialties, and through them his other mental faculties will imbibe culture. But that time seems dolefully far off yet."

The legend of Phryne before the judges is realized daily in modern court-rooms. Beauty is as all-powerful now as when Anacreon sang so daintily its omnipotence. A short time since an English judge granted a new trial to a railway company which had been mulcted in heavy damages for a slight injury, on the ground that the fair plaintiff's extreme loveliness, supplemented by the unusual charms of her sisters, who appeared as witnesses, so dazzled the jury as to deprive them of common sense. This seems not improbable, more especially considering how little common sense the average petit jury has to lose. In this country we know how difficult it is to convict a woman possessing any degree of personal attraction of even the gravest crimes; while in breach-of-promise cases, the man had better follow the example of Colonel Scott's coon, and come down at once.

The Byzantine portico of a convent chapel at Helibronn struck the fancy of a Hungarian millionaire, and he bought it of the monks for seven thousand five hundred dollars, intending to remove it to his estate. But the German Crown Prince begged him to take back his money, which he reluctantly did, and the part already taken down was restored.

STORIES FROM LIFE.

Young Rhett's Revenge.

Years before the war, one of the young Rhetts of South Carolina was sent to Harvard University, writes a Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Record*. At that time the students at fair Harvard were pretty sharply divided by Mason and Dixon's line. The Northern boys were led by a big bully from a New Hampshire farm. Young Mr. Rhett had not been there long before he was knocked down by Mr. New Hampshire. He promptly sent the bully a challenge. Next morning young New Hampshire waited at the chapel door for young Rhett.

"Did you write that?" asked the New Hampshire boy, savagely, holding the challenge before Rhett's face. "Yes, I did," said Rhett, pale of face but defiant of heart. New Hampshire said nothing more, but deliberately tore the challenge into snips and bits, and then threw the bits into Rhett's white face. The New Hampshire boy and the other fellows passed into the chapel, and the dazed South Carolinian was left alone. Mechanically he stooped, and, bit by bit, picked up the pieces of paper lying at his feet. Every day for weeks after he regularly visited Boston. One day, when quite a number of the fellows were standing idly on the campus, among them the bully from New Hampshire, young Rhett appeared there for the first time in many days.

"Come here," he said to young New Hampshire, calling him by name.

"Come here yourself," said the bully.

"Meet me half way," said Rhett, and the bully consented. As soon as New Hampshire got within striking distance, Rhett quickly knocked him down. Surprised and maddened, New Hampshire rushed at Rhett like an angry bull. Rhett felled him like a butcher, and, every time New Hampshire approached, Rhett skillfully defended himself and skillfully offended New Hampshire. At length the latter, badly used up, fell helpless at Rhett's feet. Rhett immediately put his foot on his breast.

"Let me up," moaned New Hampshire.

"Not just yet," said Rhett. "You got a challenge from me once?"

"Yes," groaned New Hampshire.

"Instead of replying to it like a gentleman," went on Rhett, "you tore it up and flung the pieces in my face."

"Yes," said New Hampshire, with an effort.

"Well," said Rhett, coolly, "I saved the pieces, and you've got to eat them before you get up." Thereupon he slowly fed New Hampshire the carefully preserved bits he had picked up at his feet in front of the chapel door weeks before. And the bully ate them all. Rhett had utilized his Boston trips to the best advantage with the most scientific sluggers of his day. It was not until he had knocked one of his instructors down that he undertook New Hampshire.

A Girl's Long Ride.

"Hello! how far is it to the next town?"

These words greeted the ears of Mr. W. W. Davis and family as they sat at supper yesterday evening at their residence, Sixteenth and O'Neil streets, says a recent number of the Cheyenne *Leader*.

Mr. Davis looked out of the open door of his dining-room upon Sixteenth Street. He saw there an unusual picture. A fine, large sorrel mare, with a yearling colt at her side, was standing by the sidewalk. Upon the mare's back sat a young woman sideways on a man's saddle. She had on a broad-brimmed man's hat, a close-fitting blue and white calico dress, rough laced shoes, and on one foot was a man's stirrup. The young woman was sun-burnt and travel-stained, but sat erect and looked as if she were able to take care of herself. Mr. Davis walked to the door.

"What town do you want?" he said.

"The next town, whatever it is."

"Well, there's a station on the Union Pacific some miles on, but you are not looking for it, I suppose. Where are you traveling to?"

"To California."

"Alone?"

"Yes, and camping out. Where can I find good grass?"

Mr. and Mrs. Davis, like good, hospitable people, invited the young lady to dismount and partake of some supper. She washed her hands and face, sat down to the table, and talked about the trip she was making.

"My home is at Kingston, Green Lake County, Wisconsin," she said, "where I live with my father. I once spent some time visiting in Southern California, but it was some years ago. I have for several years thought of starting in the spring and making the journey on horseback, and this year I made up my mind that I would do it. I have been eight weeks on the road. From my home to the Mississippi River the distance is one hundred and eighty miles; it is three hundred and fifty across the State of Iowa, as I traveled, and five hundred and more to Cheyenne."

"Have you a good horse?"

"Indeed I have. She's a good animal, has speed as a trotter, and weighs as much to a pound as when I started with her."

"What bedding have you in camping out?"

"Nothing but that yellow slicker and the saddle-blanket. I haven't suffered from the cold, but it gets awful lonely sometimes at night, when the coyotes are howling."

"Have you been annoyed by tramps?"

"Not a great deal. I go back from the railroad at least two miles, and avoid them. Once a tramp came upon me in a lonely place when I had the saddle off the mare, and began talking. I directed his attention to some emigrants off at a distance, and slipped on the saddle, buckled the fore sinch, and galloped off. But I'm not afraid. I never think of danger, and I carry no firearms."

"How do you manage about eating?"

"There I have trouble. If I don't strike a station at meal-time I get nothing to eat. Why, I've gone all day often without eating—two days sometimes. It was hard at first, but I got used to it. I don't want to travel with emigrants. There's no glory in that. I set out to do this trip alone."

"Would you mind telling me your name?"

"Emma Larson."

"Miss Emma?"

"Yes, sir."

When Mr. Augustin Daly set about naming the very amusing comedy he has sent out to us in conjunction with a very amusing company, he must have found it difficult to pitch upon something which had anything to do with the play itself.

The comedy is a very skillfully joined series of good acting situations, but story there is none. As for "7-20-8"—a cabalistic sort of number to read—it is merely a lure. All advertisers know the magic of an attractive number. And though "7-20-8" has some connection with the play, it is more to give it the right of way on the bills, and to set the public a-puzzling, that the play has been so named than for its intrinsic importance.

As for "Casting the Boomerang," that unfamiliar missile never finds a very comfortable resting-place anywhere out of its native Australia. I have one at this moment before me, which has gone through more peril and theatrical destruction since the giver placed it upon my bric-à-brac stand four years ago than it ever underwent in its native wilds of Australia. It is one of my most cherished pieces, but a most unmanageable bit of bric-à-brac. It will not hang, nor stand up, nor lie down anywhere appropriately. It is a most unsocial savage piece of warfare, and will not rest comfortably in the company of the weapons of other nations. It is apt to lie about miscellaneously, and, to the careless, unknowing eye, is a most unattractive piece of wood.

I have rescued it twice from the ash-barrel, three times from the kindling-pile, once from a whittler, and several times from children who wanted to "play horse" with it.

But its deadliest enemy is the chambermaid. Black, white, and Chinese, they have one and all attempted to throw it out upon the occasion of their first cleaning. When I have interfered, they have regarded me as a victim to lunacy of a mild type on the subject of timber.

One of them tearfully requested me always "to put away the piece of round wood with the chicken-feet marks upon it myself," lest something might happen to it in her broom tempest. The chicken feet marks, I may explain, form the once-owner's monogram, done in the choicest hieroglyphics of the bush.

One black girl looked upon it as my fetich, and feared to touch it, lest it might hoodoo her, a feeling which I encouraged in the interest of the boomerang.

It has come safely thus far through a long phalanx of chambermaids, and there it lies, a queer-looking, *outre* thing, always looking out of place, and not assorted with anything—a pariah in curio.

It is quite as unmanageable in a play. I thought of my own little boomerang constantly the other night, as I sat through "7-20-8," for it is far-fetched and ill-fitting every time it is introduced.

A connection of thought is sometimes too plainly visible in such instances. I fancy the author, or perhaps the adapter, had just seen the curious missile for the first time, and, being struck by its strange, returning power, dragged it into the play whether it would fit or not.

But all the secret of the power of the boomerang lies in the throwing. And this one is badly thrown. So far as can be seen, it was evidently the intention to boomerang the leading man into the play. How else he ever got there no man knoweth.

Being in, he has very little else to do but carry a theory about with him; and it is rather difficult to appropriately introduce such an one.

Mr. John Drew, who, as Courtney Cortiss, fills this not very demanding rôle, is, presumably, the leading man. I gather this rather from the fact that he has all the love scenes with Miss Ada Rehan than from any striking exhibition of dramatic talent. I believe this is the first of a leading man's perquisites.

He is gentlemanly and agreeable, but not easy, and makes his points effectively, but with an over-cultivated quiet. His comedy is certainly very delicately done, for you do not always know whether he is funny voluntarily or involuntarily. I have sometimes suspected people of laughing at Mr. John Drew when he did not intend it.

Miss Ada Rehan does not leave you in any doubt of this kind. She is amusing in a broad, open-handed, ingenuous way, and with most candid intention. She is the most delightful of *ingenues*, the most girlish girl that one could ask. It is strange that she should be so, being more than common tall, and with a loud, ringing voice, which, however natural it may be in the hoyden of the household, has long been banished in the stage *ingenue*.

Miss Rehan has quite a genius at elaborating bits of business, and makes as much out of her little interview with the tender-hearted postman and her improvised illumination as some playwrights do not manage to make of a whole comedy. She is quite a picture in her hybrid costumes—a combination of the Directoire and universal babyhood periods—and one is disposed to impugn the good taste and judgment of Lord Lawntennis, when it transpires that the dog is the feature of the picture "7-20-8" which has charmed him.

Lord Lawntennis, by the way, selects rather a peculiar purchasing agent in the ballet-master of Covent Garden, and Mr. Gilbert makes an even more peculiar person of Signor Tamborini.

Stranger still, the audience seems to accept him as a possible creature, and to be seriously amused by him. He is probably an evolution of the demand for character parts in plays, and, as a piece of the crazy patchwork, is a curiosity. From his collar down he might, being the lithest, limberest, and most India-rubber of men, be a ballet-dancer; from his collar up he might be an agitator in any country—but Italy.

His Italian accent is quite evidently something which has originated purely with himself, and was invented perhaps for this production. Taken in conjunction with his newly introduced custom of traveling through the interior of New York and other likely places in his dress clothes, he is rather a nondescript sort of person. Yet he is undoubtedly one of the wits of the play. So, also, is the other character part—that of Professor Gashleigh, which is played in absurdly broad caricature.

Mr. Lewis and Mrs. Gilbert glide through all this extravagance a very natural couple. If Mr. Lewis's comedy is all very much alike, it is all very good comedy, and, as almost the only comedian left *pur et simple* of a stock company, he is interesting as a feature of a not distant past.

Miss Virginia Dreher, the second lady of the company, is very tall, very handsome, has some very good clothes, and has a very mild but pleasant talent. There is a nice little English soubrette, who finishes the list of the ladies so far as they have yet appeared.

Mr. Yorke Stevens, who, with Miss Dreher, has one of those nice little unimportant but well filling parts which Daly always tricks into his plays so cleverly, is a well-looking young actor of the English persuasion, and manages with considerable dexterity to swallow every word he speaks before the audience can catch it.

Taken altogether, they are a talented group of people, who play with admirable harmony, who dress well, walk well, speak well, and have quite a Frenchy gift of making much of nothing.

"7-20-8" would go better if its first two acts were made into one. It threatens to be dull at times, but develops into one of the most amusing comedies, and the laugh is ceaseless and spontaneous throughout the last two.

The company has come quite comfortably equipped with a repertoire. We are to have a new play every Monday night, "The Passing Regiment" to displace "7-20-8" next week. This is the first of the big companies that has paid us the compliment of a repertoire.

People have been known to assist at the performance of "The Romance of a Poor Young Man" in tears. Perhaps they caught the spell from the lachrymose Madame Aubrey; perhaps they had read the book. As a matter of fact, the first two acts of "The Romance" are very much like an olio at the minstrels.

At the Minstrels, the other night, one of two clog-dancers came out and requested our respectful attention for his partner, who was going to do a real Lancashire clog.

I never knew before that people did Lancashire clogs; but it is doubtless a peculiarity prevalent outside of Lancashire. The speaking clogger explained to us that Mr. Morton would do the same thing with his left foot that he did with his right, and that he would do two English steps to the American one, something which we might not observe unless he pointed it out to us.

He did point it out to us, and we did not observe it; but we would not have mentioned it for the world. It would have been cruel to wound a man who took such a sincere interest in his partner's art.

It would be cruel to laugh at Feuillet when he sets forth the accomplishments of Manuel Marquis de Champcey, one by one; and yet they roll up so fast that it gets to be droll. He draws, he plays, he dances, he paints, he swims, he leaps, he fences, he shoots, he rides, he breaks wild horses.

Apropos, what a pity that he has to execute this latter feat out in the yard, where all we know of his struggle with "Black Harry" are the weakly shouts and stamps of a few supes in the wings!

Would it not be a happy thought to introduce Mrs. Tryphena Puffy's revolving stage into "The Romance of a Poor Young Man," and let him break "Black Harry" in sight of every one?

Fancy the delight of Gotham at the spectacle. The handsome and distinguished-looking Osmond Tearle, the pet of the metropolis, seated upon a wild, careering animal, securely breached and boun to Mrs. Puffy's stage, the superb Rose looking gravely on, admiring his nerve, yet waiting her chance to sit upon the hapless Marquis.

The suggestion is worth a thought. There is no other situation in all the drama which gives Mrs. Puffy's patent any kind of an appropriate opportunity, and in no otherwise shall we ever see Manuel in the most taking of his long list of accomplishments. Still, for all its absurdities, the "Romance" is a pretty play.

Osmond Tearle has not the halo of poetic interest which seemed to surround Montague, but he is a better actor, certainly a stronger one in the stronger scenes.

Miss Rose Coghlan's Marguerite is a very imperious young lady, but one who seems to give more *raison d'etre* for her pride and haughtiness than other Marguerites have shown, and more satisfying glimpses of the better nature beneath.

She looked extremely well in her golden hair and her pretty costumes, but will be more interesting, perhaps, in "The Lady of Lyons," on Friday evening, than in anything she has done. Her thorough training is so evident even in the obscuring of melodrama, that it will be a treat to see her in one of the old-time plays.

The company close their engagement with the ever popular "Silver King," and may go sure of a welcome whenever they choose to come back again.

Tryphena Puffy and her revolving stage also depart, and pretty, big-eyed Maud Granger replaces her with her new play, "Her Second Love." A pleasant change truly.

Betsy B.

Anna Dickinson, says a New York writer, begins to star at Harrisburg, Pa., September 10th. She has just issued a prospectus, in the name of her manager, Mr. Jason Wentworth, of Boston, by which it would appear that Miss Dickinson will play, in addition to her rôle of Hamlet, that of Lady Macbeth. I always thought Hamlet was the least suitable of any character in the world she could assume, but Lady Macbeth never occurred to me. It will certainly give Hamlet points, so far as Miss Dickinson is concerned. She is a worse Hamlet than was the Count Johannes. Her Lady Macbeth will rival that of Avonia Fairbanks; for Miss Dickinson's physique is small, and far from impressive. Her voice has grown squeaky, and her stage carriage is entirely destitute of repose and dignity. It is an odd freak that she should cling so tenaciously to tragedy. One would think that she would attempt a lighter rôle, and stand some chance of success. It is said she has vowed never to come to New York again, after the severe castigation she received from the papers on her last appearance.

Manager Maurice Strakosch, says the New York *World*, has stated to a correspondent in Paris that he is very much afraid that the splendid offer made in America to Miss Thursby, by a fashionable church, will prevent her from coming to Europe, and will take her out of the concert field altogether. It is a new feature in the musical market when churches bid against the impresarios for artists. Many of the American *prime donne* graduated from church choirs, but very few of them have been bought up by church committees when they became as eminent and as costly as Emma Thursby. It may be, however, that Doctor Collyer's successful little experiment of giving "Patience" with his church choir, when they had nothing else to do, had led to this new enterprise in securing first-class talent for the church.

"We believe the frock worn by Miss Ada Rehan in '7-20-8' (with the waist under the arms) is called a 'Kate Greenaway.' We speak under correction. However that may be, the effect from our front seats, when the young lady twirls, is most pleasing."—*Many Baldheads.*

Mr. Gaspard Maeder, the scenic artist, whose fine satin-painted scene was burned in the New York Park Theatre, and who did so much for the Cincinnati Festival, is completing the scenes for the "Winter's Tale," by order of Miss Rose Eytinge.

Mitchell, the young Englishman who sparred with Sullivan, was to come here under Mr. Hayman's management, to do some hard-glove business with Harry Maynard. He is unable to appear at present by reason of a disabled hand, and Maynard claims that he is "afraid." Hayman retorts that he will produce an "unknown" amateur of this city who can knock Maynard out in four rounds, for two hundred and fifty dollars a side. The match is to take place at the Grand Opera House next Tuesday evening.

— The appearance of an anonymou[s com]munication in last week's issue of the *Argonau[t]* [con]cerning masquerade balls, was doubtless the [work] of an ill-natured rival in the trade to injure t[he com]ing masquerade festivity of next Friday nig[ht. No] one more fully than Colonel Andrews appreci[ates the] evils of a common private masquerade give[n by im]proper persons to improper persons, in an i[mproper] place, as a mere personal speculation, and co[nducted] in open defiance of all proprieties as a money [making] operation. It is another sort of thing to se[e the] great hall of the Mechanics' Pavilion; expe[nd thou]sands of dollars in gifts, decorations, and m[usic; to] provide exclusive seats for four thousand [of San] Francisco's best citizens; given under the [auspices] of a committee of our most prominent ge[ntlemen,] with the Governor of the State, the Mayor of [the city,] a Justice of the Supreme Court of the Unite[d States,] the general commanding the department, th[e federal] officials, and executive officers of the city, w[ith their] wives and daughters by their sides. Such a [carnival] as this, surrounded with every guard and pr[otection] necessary to maintain order and decorum, [is in ac]cord with the best civilization, and is in imi[tation of] similar festivities recognized by the church d[uring the] of Rome in Carnival time, subsidized by [the gov]ernment of France, and given in the Gra[nd Opera] House at Paris, encouraged by the highe[st social] circles in all the capitals of Europe—Vien[na, Brus]sels, Berlin—allowed in London, and enjo[yed in] the prominent American cities—New Orle[ans, Bos]ton, New York, Chicago, and St. Louis. [These en]tertainments are criticised only by those wh[o are too] mean or too bigoted to enjoy them, those [who have] no music in the soles of their feet, do[gs in the] social manger, unwilling to allow other fol[ks to have] a good time, or enjoy themselves. This spe[ctacle has] the guaranty of gentlemen and ladies of th[e highest] social position that it shall be managed [in all its] details, from its opening grand entry to [its close,] with reference to the proprieties of life. No[thing will] be permitted not authorized by the canon[s of good] taste. It is not a speculation on the part o[f Colonel] Andrews. He only hopes for the reimbur[sement of] moneys expended. This grand carnival [entertain]ment is given by him as it is given in other [countries] and other cities as the opportunity for legiti[mate fun,] as an incentive to business, and on the p[rinciple] that all work and no play makes Jack a dul[l boy. It] is to be a grand and beautiful spectacle, a[nd will] commend itself to every business man an[d every] person interested in the welfare of San [Francisco.] The argument used against a carnival bal[l is as] applicable in a degree to every public dem[onstration,] from the celebration of our national anniver[sary to a] Methodist Sunday-school picnic that holds [its] festival in a camp-meeting grove. This [grand] fancy costume bal masqué carnival will tak[e place at] the Mechanics' Pavilion next Friday eve[ning. It] will be the grandest thing ever seen upon [this coast.] Everybody will be there—grave and solen[nn in the] reserved seats, the jolly masqueraders by t[hemselves,] with fun everywhere.

A Successful Modiste.

Dress-making is an art of so high a stan[dard] where one achieves a perfect success twen[ty] fail in the attempt. Mrs. R. G. Lewis, [whose por]trait will be found on page 13, is the one o[f the many] aspirants who has attained the reputatio[n of being] the most prominent modiste in San Fra[ncisco;] yet her fame is not alone confined to this ci[ty; her] name has become almost a household wo[rd on the] entire Pacific Coast, as far as Oregon and [the British] Possessions, and even extends to the San[dwich Isl]ands, Australia, and to China, where her p[atrons may] be counted by the score. In painting and [artis]tic work Mrs. Lewis is an amateur artist o[f no mean] ability, and it is through this medium th[at she has] become so successful in the blending of [colors in] perfect harmony, and to the quick per[ception of] cause and effect, which gives so pronoun[ced a char]acter to the work sent out of her establishme[nt. Com]plexion, stature, age, and even the dispo[sition of the] customer, is carefully studied before a cos[tume is de]signed; hence the success. Mrs. Lewis h[as just] returned from her sojourn in the countr[y, and her] customers are again thronging her parl[ors, which] have just been refurnished, papered, and [fitted up in] the most charming manner, making the p[lace a per]fect bijou of art and refinement. This [establish]ment, as all must know, is in Thurlow Bloc[k, Kearny] Street.

A Signor Scovello is announced for c[oncerts in] London. This is the handsome America[n, Edward] Scovel, who married Miss Roosevelt. He h[as studied] for a long time under Lamperti and oth[ers,] and is said to have had success in opera. [Miss] Fielding of Daly's theatrical company is [his sister.] He has now two children.

Flotow's opera, which was found after [his death,] and which he would not publish, has been [accepted by] Julius Hofman, of the Cologne Stadt T[heatre, on the] recommendation of Emil Gotze, the Ger[man tenor,] who became acquainted with this work an[d declares] it an admirable tenor part.

— After eating each meal tak[e a dose] of Brown's Iron Bitters. It helps digesti[on and removes] the full feeling about the stomach.

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TIME TABLE.

Commencing **Sunday, March 31, 1889,** and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

FROM SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1 30, 3.25, 4.50, 10 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 12 30, 1.30, 2.45, 4.20, 6.30, P. M.

FROM SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days) 6.10, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.55 P. M. (Sundays)—8.00, 9.50, 10.55 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 1.15, 2.45, 4.00, 5.05, 7.00 P. M. Extra trips on Saturday at 6.25 P. M. 50 cents. round trip.

FROM SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 9.55, 11.50 A. M.; 2.30, 4.05, 5.30 P. M. (Sundays)—8.45, 10.35, 11.35 A. M.; 12.45, 1.55, 3.30, 4.40, 5.45, 6.50, 7.45 P. M. Extra trips on Saturday at 1.05 P. M. 50 cents, round trip.

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7.30 A. M., Daily (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Stage, leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at 6.00 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12.20 P.M.

8.00 A. M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations.

4.00 P. M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning arrives in San Francisco at 8.15 P. M.

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From June 10, 1889.	ARRIVE
Haywards, Niles and San José	*12.45 P.
Sacramento, and for Redding via Davis	7.15 P.
Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	6.15 P.
Los Angeles Express, for Fresno, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	11.15 A.
Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
Haywards, Niles, and San José	3.45 P.
Sacramento River Steamers	*6.00 A.
Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
Second Class, for Ogden and East	11.45 A.
Stockton and §Milton; for Vallejo, Calistoga & Santa Rosa	9.45 A.
Sacramento, and for Knight's Landing via Davis	10.15 A.
Niles and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
Niles and San José	.....
Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
Central Atlantic Express, for Ogden and East	7.45 P.
Shasta Route Express, for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	7.45 A.
Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

Newark San José and Santa Cruz	‡ 8.05 P.
Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*11.20 A.
Centerville, San José, Almaden, Los Gatos and Santa Cruz	‡‡9.50 A.

NARROW GAUGE DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

San José and Way Stations	2.30 P.
Monterey and Santa Cruz, Sunday Excursion	‡ 8.25 P.
San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos; Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations	6.12 P.
San José, Almaden and Way Stations	7.30 P.
Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	5.08 P.
Menlo Park, San José, Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville, and Monterey only. (Del Monte limited.)	*11.15 A.
San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey and principal Way Stations	*10.02 A.
Menlo Park and Way Stations	7.58 A.
San José and Way Stations	9.03 A.
Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A.
San José and principal Way Stations	‡4.25 P.

A for morning. P. for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. ‡ Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only. ** Mondays excepted. ‡‡ Saturdays excepted. ‖ Saturday and Sunday only to Santa Cruz. ‖‖ Sunday and Monday only from Santa Cruz.

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SIR GALAHAD OF OKLAHOMA.

A Maiden Invades his Tent.

"Honi soit qui mal y pense!"

Let those whose only stock-in-trade in this poor miserable life is a rigid observance of the proprieties, smile; and those who are ever ready and willing to believe evil of their fellow-man, sneer. They should not read what follows.

It happened the other night. The young fellow who, a week ago, drove the stage, but now owns a lot, like the rest of them, has just blown out the candle in his tent and thrown himself on his cot in the corner, when he hears a voice outside in the rain. It is the voice of a woman. She wants shelter for the night. He turns back the flaps of the tent and a figure enters. In the dark, he can barely discern its outlines, but he knows it is that of a woman—and a young woman at that.

"You want shelter for the night?"

"Yes."

"But I'm here all alone, and I have but one cot."

"Haven't you a blanket to spare? I'll lie down on the ground."

He feels himself blush in the dark, but he re-lights the candle, and by its flickering flame discovers a girl, not much more than eighteen, dressed neatly, with a trim figure, and a face every feature of which bespeaks not only innocence, but firmness of character as well. She hesitates a moment, and then she adds:

"I have lost my way among the tents. My father's is somewhere over yonder," indicating the direction.

"Don't you know any one around here?"

"No, we only got here this afternoon."

"Well, I'll give you my cot and see if I can't sleep somewhere else."

"No, I won't do that—that wouldn't be fair."

"But you can't sleep in my tent—with——"

"If you take the mattress off the cot and put it on the floor, it would give us more room."

The situation is becoming decidedly embarrassing—to the young man. The girl seems to think it is the most natural thing in the world. She throws the mattress on the ground; she fixes the pillows and spreads the blankets; she takes off her shoes; she unloosens her hair; she blows out the candle——

And then—yes, let cynics smile, and so-called men of the world look incredulous. That girl is a type. Her courage, her self-reliance, her contempt for forms may smack of the Far West. It certainly has no Eastern flavor. But only here, I admit, under conditions like those which now exist, could such a type grow up. You wish to obtain a true conception of characters such as you meet in communities like this? Set squeamishness aside and paint them as you find them. This is one. Young women like that proof-reader employed by the *Overland Monthly*, who turned up her nose at "The Luck of Roaring Camp," because to her it appeared "indecent, irreligious, and improper," will turn up their noses at this Oklahoma girl, if perchance they should read of her. But, let me tell them that no purer, no more innocent woman, rose the next morning from her bed than did this very same girl. And so, once more, I say:

"Honi soit qui mal y pense!"—*Oklahoma Corr. New York Tribune.*

An Evening Pastoral.

'Twas in the gloaming, and the gloaming was putting in its best work as a soother and a beautifier of field, copse, and meadow. One kind man, Armand McGuire, was driving the cows to the scene of their nightly lacteal robbery, and had paused at an angle of the old stone-wall to watch a belated bird which was trying to reach its nest in a crevice of a gnarled apple-tree. Armand had led a purely municipal and urban life in Dublin up to within three weeks of this special evening, and the sights and sounds of the country were new and strange to him.

At last the little bird, tired by its efforts to find a lodgment, alighted on top of the wall, and Armand approached to get a nearer view of it. Nearer and nearer he came, and as the tame little thing looked up at him in a trusting and confident way, he finally put out his hand to caress it. Armand would not have injured a worm, but a bumble-bee would injure him, and that one did, by plunging its hoarding-pike into his thumb clear up to where the soft, yellow fur began. As Armand unleashed his feet and loitered toward the house at the rate of the best record a second, he was heard to whistle: "Dom a country phere th' hirruds wear their beaks on their tails." He's afraid of a robin now, and a high-flying crow will cause him to bury himself in the barn-cellar for hours at a time.—*Judge.*

We Should Never Laugh, on the Cars,

At:

The man who runs wildly for the train which doesn't start for ten minutes.

The severe old party who seems unconscious of his song-and dance umbrella.

The polite youth who follows the tailor-made girl the whole length of the car, with a paper she has forgotten, only to find that she does not want it.

The fat man who struggles with the immovable window, and then tries to look as though nothing had happened.

The conductor who calls out the stations with dramatic effect.

The married man, with a blonde hair on the shoulder of his overcoat, trying to flirt with the gentlemanly young type-writer girl.—*Judge.*

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SOCIETY.

Three Al Fresco Festivals.

THE WETHERBEE GARDEN-PARTY.

Mrs. Henry Wetherbee recently gave the use of her elegant residence and spacious grounds at Fruitvale to the members of the Eothen Club, of Oakland, who gave a garden-party there as a complimeo. to their president, Mrs. Frank M. Smith, whose recent return from a prolonged Eastern trip has been a matter of much congratulation to them. The beautiful lawn was in perfect condition, soft and velvety, and upon it were placed a number of inviting looking tents where a tête-à-tête could be enjoyed. Here and there tables were disposed, at which refreshing edibles and viands were served as desired. Tennis was a feature of the fête, and proved highly interesting to the on-lookers. Among the contestants were Messrs. Cohen, Cullen, Bryant, Grimwood, Beasley, and Requa. As a variety to the out-of-door pleasures, dancing was indulged in in the drawing-rooms. Light summer garb seemed to be the rule with both ladies and gentlemen, and this added much to the picturesque appearance of the scene. An elaborate supper was served at six o'clock beneath the shade of the tall pines, and in the evening the grounds were illuminated with Japanese lanterns and dancing became general. The affair was a pronounced success, and will be pleasantly remembered by all in attendance.

Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Ainsworth, Mr. and Mrs. George Wheaton, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stubbs, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Miller, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brigham, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Folger, Mr and Mrs. D. B. Hinckley, Mr. and Mrs. Winsor Brown, Mrs. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Commander and Mrs. H. E. Nichols, U. S. N., Captain and Mrs. C. L. Hooper, U. S. N., Senator and Mrs. W. E. Dargie, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Grayson, Dr. and Mrs. William J. Younger, Mrs. Charles Crocker, Mrs. Henry Hinckley, Mrs. Peder Sather, Miss Daisy Ainsworth, Miss Bessie Wheaton, Miss Ella Wall, Miss Etta Chabot, Miss Lena Brigham, Miss Maud Younger, Mr. Robert Miller, Mr. Orestes Pierce, Mr. S. B. McKee, Mr. Robert M. Monteagle, Mr. Chauncey M. St. John, Captain W. S. Schenck, U. S. M. C., Mr. W. C. Ralston, Mr. W A. Powning, Mr. George Crocker, Mr. W. E. Brown, Mr. Samuel Shortridge, Mr. Robert R. Grayson, Mr. Alexander Cummings, Mr. Ferd. C. Peterson, and many others.

THE BOURN PICNIC.

On Thursday, Juoe 6th, a delightful picnic was given at San Rafael by Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Bourn to about fifty of their friends. The arrangements were most complete, and the affair extremely pleasaot. The gentlemen were all attood in tennis flannels, blazers, and brilliant caps, and did not accentuate, as is customary, the ladies' costumes by the ordinary sombre masculine garb. The principal programme of the day was pigeon-shooting, and among the shots were Mr. Austin Tubbs, Mr. J H. Hammond, Mr. D. B. Gillette, Mr. R. P. Hammood, Jr., Mr. D. T. Murphy, Mr. Willard Barton, Mr. Alfred Tubbs, Mr. John Adams, Mr. William Babcock, Mr. Edwin Griffiths, Mr Joseph D. Grant, Mr. W. B. Bourn, and others. The winner of the prize was Mr. John Adams.

Among the ladies a "shoot" was organized, the winner heiog Mrs. J. Mervyn Donahue. Some most unique and handsome programmes were furnished for score-cards; on the title-page was Cupid as an archer, shootiog at pigeons; on the back, were the pigeons, falling through the air. An elaborate luocheon was served, and the affair as a whole was a brilliant success.

THE SPRECKELS SAILING-PARTY.

One of the most delightful excursions which has ever taken place on the bay was given a week ago by Mr. C. A. Spreckels, who invited thirteen of his friends to accompany him and Mrs. Spreckels on a sail around the bay. At ten o'clock on Sunday morning the guests were all assembled on the steam-tug *Relief*, which soon plowed its way through the waves in the direction of Angel Island. From that poiot the tug steamed through Carquinez Straits, and a landiog was made at Benicia. A delicious luncheoo was served on the vessel, and a band of musicians blended their melody with the rippling of the waves. From Benicia the tug went to Point Tiburon, where a special train awaited the party and conveyed them to San Rafael. They were driven to the residence of Mr. Spreckels, where an elegant dinner was enjoyed by the jolly voyagers. Afterward they returned to the tug, and had a moonlight sail around the bay, laoding at the wharf about ten o'clock. Mr. Spreckels spared no trouble nor expense to make the affair thoroughly pleasant and succeeded perfectly.

Those in the party were: Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Crockett, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Charles O. Alexander, Miss Flora Carroll, Miss Nellie Joliffe, Mr. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. Walter L. Deao, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Lansing Mizner, and Mr. A. H. Small.

The Hewes-Lathrop Wedding.

Miss Anna Maria Lathrop, of this city, and Mr. David Hewes, of Oakland, were united in marriage last Tuesday noon at the residence of Senator Leland Stanford on California Street, in the presence of about twenty-five relatives and intimate friends. The bride, who is the only sister of Mrs. Leland Stanford, has lived here for many years at her residence on the corner of Van Ness and Pacific Avenues. She has always been prominently identified with charitable work, and her hospitality to her friends has been hountiful. The groom is a well-known pioneer of wealth and has made Oakland his home. For some time past he has passed much of his time in Southern California. He has traveled in Europe extensively, having been there five years on one visit, and was in Egypt for two years. A feature of his residence in Oakland is his valuable gallery of statuary and paintings, the result of several years' collecting. He has presented this to his wife. It was the desire of the contracting parties to have the wedding a quiet one, and it was carried out fully in accordance with their views.

Owing to illness, Mrs. Stanford was not able to be present, as she could not stand the trip here from Menlo Park, where she is now resting. The ceremony was performed in the main salon, and the fragrant breath of roses perfumed the apartment, while their beauty, in clustered arrangements, added no little to the general attractiveness of the richly furnished interior. Rev. Dr. Abbott, of Oakland, a relative of the groom, performed the ceremony, and he was assisted by Rev. Robert Mackenzie, of this city. The bride wore an elegant costume of white satin, made with a court-train and trimmed with point-lace. The ornaments were a brooch and ear-rings of sapphires and diamonds, presented by the groom, bracelets of the same jewels, presented by her brother, Mr. Charles Lathrop, and an ornament in her coiffure in the form of a peacock's feather of sapphires and diamonds, which was the gift of Mrs. Leland Stanford. She was given away by Senator Stanford. After the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Hewes received the congratulations of their friends, and then all proceeded to the spacious dining-salon, where a sumptuous breakfast was enjoyed. They departed for the Hotel Vendome at San José later in the day, and remained there until Thursday, when they went to Menlo Park and breakfasted with Senator and Mrs. Stanford. That same day they left for the East, and, on June 26th, will sail for Europe, where they will travel for about a year. Senator Stanford placed his private car at at their disposal for their Eastern trip.

Among those at the wedding were: Senator Leland Stanford, Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Stanford and Miss Stanford, of Oakland, Rev. and Mrs. Abbott, of Oakland, Rev. and Mrs. Robert Mackenzie, Mr. Charles Lathrop, Mr. Henry Lathrop, and a few other relatives.

The Page-Shirley Wedding.

At Martinez, the county seat of Contra Costa County, a pretty weddiog took place last Tuesday which was attended a large number of people from this city. The contracting parties were Miss Maud Shirley, daughter of Mr. Paul Shirley, of Martinez, and Hon. James D. Page, district attorney of this city and county. Though it was a noon wedding daylight was excluded from the residence and each apartment was illuminated and handsomely decorated. The bay-window in the parlor was adorned with sprays of fern and leaves of the fan palm tied with ribbons of silk, and above were light draperies of white and pale-blue tulle forming a canopy over a trio of wedding bells which were wrought of pink and white pinks. Here also was a tall standing lamp with a colored, fluted shade, and near it was the prie-dieu of white silk. The marble mantel was banked with bright-hued blossoms which were also seen at points of vantage in the other parts of the room. Wound around the hall bannisters were streamers of light-green and white tulle and the newel-post was adorned with tall fern sprays and bright red bloom. The dining-rooms were embellished with colored tulle, flowers and ferns and in fact the entire residence was made even more than usually attractive.

At twelve o'clock all of the guests were assembled in the parlor, and, as the string orchestra played Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," the bridal party came slowly down the broad stairway and entered. Mr. Guy Shirley, brother of the bride, acted as best man, Miss Jennie Hobbs, of this city, was the maid of honor, and Miss Effie Hogan, of Martiner, was the bridesmaid. Rev. Dr. Abercromhie performed the ceremony impressively, and the bride's father gave her into the keeping of the groom.

The bride, a haodsome brunette, wore an elegant toilet of white faille Fraoçaise, made with a long court-train. The front of the skirt was of beautiful Duchesse lace and the corsage was cut V-shaped back and front. It was trimmed with Duchesse lace and narrow silk ribboos, which were formed in bow-knots at the front and shoulders. The elbow-sleeves were of lace and met the long gloves of white undressed kid. The long and filmy veil was of white-silk moleine and the hand-houquet was of Niphetos roses.

Miss Jennie Hobbs appeared in a becoming toilet of cream-colored flannel, made walking length, and trimmed with gold and white embroidery. She wore a white straw-hat, tan-colored kid gloves, tan-colored shoes, aod a chatelaine-bag of tan-colored kid. Her hand-bouquet was of La France roses.

Miss Effie Hogan wore a stylish Directoire walking costume of cream-colored flanoel with a surplice vest of white satin. She also wore a white straw-hat, tan-colored kid gloves, tan-colored shoes, aod a chatelaine-bag of tan-colored kid. Her hand-houquet was of La France roses.

After the ceremony some time was spent in congratulating the happy young couple, and the dining-rooms were sought and an elaborate breakfast was enjoyed. During its progress Hon. W. W. Foote delivered an address of congratulation to the newly wedded pair. Music, conversation, and dancing were the pleasures of the succeeding hours, and the cool tents and hammocks on the green lawn had many adherents. At eleven o'clock in the evening, Mr. and Mrs. Page left on the train for Del Coronado, and will pass a few weeks visiting other places of interest in Southern California. The high esteem in which they are held was evidenced in the many beautiful aod costly gifts they received, a large room heiog necessary to display them. They will reside in this city.

The Hotel Rafael Hop.

The Hotel Rafael was the scene of a brilliant danciog-party on Saturday evening, June 8th, when the second hop of the season was held there. There was a large and fashionable attendance from this city, San Rafael, Oakland, Mare Island, and other points, and the ladies had paid much attention to the details of their toilets, many elegant ones being noticed. Chinese lanterns illuminated the promenade and the moon gave brightness to the grounds. Dancing began about half-past eight o'clock, and to the music of Noah Brandt's band it was continued until midnight, with an intermissioo for refreshments at eleven o'clock. The hop was a great success.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Miss Fair has heen passing a few days here as the guest of Miss Belle Smith.

Miss Lillie Lawlor is visiting Miss Emelie Doyle at her conntry home, "Ringwood," at Menlo Park.

Miss Nellie Joliffe will pass most of the summer at San Rafael.

Miss Sallie Maynard is visitiog friends in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Castle and the Misses Eva, Blanche, aod Hilda Castle will pass the summer in Healdsburg. Miss Blanche Castle is now convalescent after her recent severe illness. Miss Hilda Castle receotly returned home after an absence of two years at school in New York.

Mrs. William H. Smith, Miss Belle Smith, and Mrs. W. B. Wilshire will leave for Victoria, B. C., next Thursday to he absent until August.

Mr. Edgar Mills, of Menlo Park, was recently a guest at Del Monte.

Mr. Cutler Paige will make a trip to Alaska this summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson will go to the Hotel Rafael to-day to pass the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius O'Conner are at El Paso de Robles Hot Springs. Misses Lillie and Maud O'Connor receotly returned from there.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Sharon will arrive here from New York in about a fortnight, and io July will go to Del Monte.

Mr. Duncan Hayne has gone to Santa Barbara, and will be away several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall will go to Del Monte in a few days to remain during the season.

Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Voorhies and the Misses Marie and Katie Voorhies have returned from the White Sulphur Springs.

Mrs. C. A. Spreckels has been entertaining Miss Nellie Joliffe at her home in San Rafael.

Mr. D. O. Mills left the city recently to visit Alaska.

Mr. Fred Beaver has returned to New York from Europe, and is en route home.

Mr. Edwin Danforth and Miss Fannie Danforth have gone East, and will be away about three months.

Miss A. Joie McCabe has returned from a pleasant visit to friends at Fresno.

Mr. and Mrs. George L. Bradley are at Sausalito for the summer.

Miss Flora Carroll has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Charles O. Alexander at their cottage in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Paige are stopping at Blythedale for the summer.

Governor and Mrs. R. W. Waterman have returned from their visit to the Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. H. H. Hobbs and the Misses Jennie and Anna Hobbs have returned from a visit to Martinez.

Miss Daisy Ryan, of Menlo Park, has been visiting in Martiner during the week.

Mrs. J. B. H. Cooper and Miss Alice Cooper are at the Hotel del Monte for the season.

Mr. George D. Boyd will soon go to Santa Barbara on a visit of two weeks.

Miss Bandmann will go to the Napa Soda Springs to-day to enjoy a brief visit there.

Major B. C. Truman returned from the Yosemite Valley last Wednesday.

Mrs. William Ashe will pass this month at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. W. Morrison and Miss Fannie Morrison, of San José, are at Bartlett Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Cook and Miss Eva Taaffe went to Lake Tahoe last Wednesday to remain a few weeks.

Miss Maude Berry is enjoying a visit to the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. William Alvord have been passing the week at Santa Cruz.

Mr. James D. Phelan returned from Santa Cruz early in the week. Mrs. James Phelan and Miss Phelan arrived there last Thursday, and are at their residence, Phelan Park.

Mr. William P. Hicks is at the Hotel Coronado.

Mr. Creed Haymond is rusticating for a month at his ranch, "Bella Vista," in San Mateo County.

Mr. William H. Mills went to Portland, Or., several days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Alvinza Hayward, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Hobart, and Miss Hobart, who are in New York city, will return home soon.

Miss Kittie Nolan will leave soon, to visit the Paris Exposition.

Hon. and Mrs. John F. Swift and Mrs. Maria R. Baily are comfortably domiciled at the Grand Hotel in Vokohama, Japan.

Captain and Mrs. A. H. Payson will pass the summer at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. I. Lawrence Poole are located at San Rafael for the season.

Mrs. Robert M. Howland and the Misses Edith and Loula Howland are passing the season in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hays Hammond are passing the summer at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Dowling, *née* Pearson, will be at the Palace Hotel after July 8th, following their return from Alaska.

Mrs. A. A. Porter, who recently returned from the Yosemite Valley, has gone to Santa Cruz, to remain several weeks. She was accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Stanton A. Mason, of Fort Lowell, A. T., who will visit Coronado Beach before returning home.

Mrs. Alexander Forbes and the Misses Forbes have returned from their European trip, and are at their home in San Rafael.

Mrs. Henry Janin will pass the season at West Point, N. Y.

Mr. James Spiers aod family are passing a few weeks in the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Holbrook, the Misses Holbrook, and Mr. Henry M. Holbrook have completed their tour of Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Greece, and Turkey, and are now traveling through Russia, Norway, and Sweden. They will pass this and next month in Paris, and August in London, and will return home in autumn.

Mr. Laurence E. Van Winkle left last Tuesday to make an extended tour through the Eastern States.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Howard left a week ago for Colorado.

Mr. C. H. McKinstry is visiting the Hotel del Coronado.

Mrs. Jennie Fish and Miss Lulu Fargo are enjoying a visit to Del Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins will go East this evening on a prolonged visit.

Colonel C. Fred Crocker will leave for British Columbia to-day to inspect some coal mines there.

Mr. A. C. Bassett has gooe to the Yellowstone Park and will be away several weeks.

Mrs. E. B. Crocker and Mrs. Amy Crocker are in New York city.

Mr. T. T. Dargie is enjoying a visit to Vokohama.

Notes and Gossip.

Mr. and Mrs. William C. Ralston, *née* Grayson, arrived at their new home in Placer County on Juoe 6th, and met with quite an ovation from the employees of Mr. Ralston, who were anxious to show their appreciation of his kiodness to them. It was made a day of jollification and pleasure with every one. An address was delivered in their hooor, and they were presected with a massive solid silver, gold-lined cup, elegaotly ornamented, and suitably ioscribed

Invitations have been issued for the wedding of Miss Lucy McCook, daughter of General and Mrs. A. McD. McCook, U. S. A., to Lieutenant Chauncey Brooke Baker, Seventh Infantry, U. S. A. The wedding will take place at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, next Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Goodman celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their weddiog on Saturday evening, June 8th, by giving a dinner-party at the Hotel Vendome in San Jose. Mr. and Mrs. George W. Prescott and Mrs. J. A. Fillmore were their guests and were most hospitably entertained. Beautiful flowers graced the diniog-table in artistic profusion and a most delicious menu was provided. In every way the celebration was made a most joyous one.

Army and Navy.

General and Mrs. Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., have been entertaining General Morgan Miles and family, of San José, at Black Point.

Captain John A. Darling, First Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted a leave of absence of two months.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Mansfeldt Concert.

Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt gave his twentieth coocert of this season last Monday eveoing at Spencer Hall where an appreciative audience was entertaioed with the following programme:

Sonata No. 7; opus 10, No. 3, Presto.....Beethoven
Miss Eva Crowley.
(*a*) Secood Gavotte.....Godard
(*b*) Pomponette.....Durand
Miss Mattie Capell.
(*a*) Nocturne, F sharp major.....Chopin
(*b*) Valse de Concerto.....Raff
Miss Amelia Bohl.
Chant du Matin.....Boscovitz
Miss Hattie Bastheim.
Serenade, "Hark the Lark".....Schubert-Liszt
Mrs. Augusta Holling.
Scherzino.....Moszkowski
Miss Effie McDonald and Miss Opha Miller.
(*a*) Serenade from "Don Pasquale".....Thalberg
(*b*) "Home Sweet Home" (for the left hand).....Wehli
Miss Amelia Bohl.
(*a*) La Fontaine.....Lysberg
(*b*) Spanish Dance, G major.....Moszkowski
Miss Lily Lewison.
Romance, from Concerto in E minor.....Chopin
Mr. Emil Steinegger.
Accompaniment on Second Piano by Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt.

The Mauzy Concert.

The Byron Mauzy Musical Club gave its fourth concert of the fourth series last Thursday evening at Mauzy's warerooms. The following excellent programme was enjoyed by a large audience:

Selection, "Star of the North".....Meyerbeer
Orchestra.
Professor H. R. Austin, Conductor.
Song, "Si tu m'aimais".....Denza
Miss Alice Thomas.
Piano Solo, "La Fileuse".....Chamanade
Song, "Elena".....Batkin
(Obligato for flute and 'cello, Mr. J. J. Ferguson and Mr. A. Lada.)
Boehm Flute and Piano, "Fantaisie on Melody of Chopin".....Demersemann
Mr. H. Clay Wysham.
Selection, "Awakeotog of Spring".....Bach
(Obligato for horn, Mr. Batkin.)
Orchestra.
Song, "Andalouse".....Lavelee
Miss Alice Thomas.
March, "Candahar".....Montgomery
Orchestra.

A Ballad Concert.

The ladies of St. John's Presbyterian Church gave a ballad concert last Tuesday evening under the direction of Mr. George H. Little, organist of the church. The programme, as presented, was as follows:

(*a*) Tarantelle, Piano Solo.....Heller
(*b*) "The Dyiog Poet".....Gottschalk
Mr. George H. Little.
Vocal, "O, Ruddier than a Cherry".....Handel
Mr. Robert Blair.
Vocal Solo.....
Miss Hohron.
Vocal Solo, "Forget Me Not".....Suppé
Mr. Charles Thrower.
Vocal, "Una voco poco fa".....Rossini
Miss Grace Porter.
Vocal Solo, "Turret Chimes".....Blumenthal
Miss May Thorne.
Piano Solo, (*a*) "Lied der Sehnsucht".....Nicode
(*b*) "Toccatina".....Henselt
Miss Amy Gell.
Alto Solo, "A Day Dream".....Strelerki
Mrs. Harry Clark.
Duo, "Si la Stanchezza".....Verdi
Miss May Thorne and Mr. Charles Thrower.

The Philharmonic Society.

A special concert was given by the Philharmonic Society last Wednesday evening, at the Grand Opera House, in aid of the sufferers by the late flood in Pennsylvania. The society had the assistance of Miss Cecilia Adler, soprano, Miss Ada E. Weigel, pianist, aod Mr. Hermann Brandt, violist. Their efforts won much applause from the large audience. The following numbers were given:

Overture, "Euryanthe".....Wel
Largo.....Han
Violin obligato by J. Willard.
Scene and Aria from "A Night in Granada".....Kreut
Miss Cecilia Adler.
Hungarian Rhapsodie, No. 2.....Li
Miss Ada E. Weigel.
The Nations.....Moszkow
(*1.*) Italy, (*2.*) Germany, (*3.*) Spain.
Overture, "Bronze Horse".....Au
(*a*) Nocturno.....Sarasate-Cho
(*b*) Seltarello.....Al
Hermann Brandt.
"My Ladies' Bower".....Tem
Miss Cecilia Adler.
Flute obligato by J. B. Levisoo.
Menuetto.....Bocche
"Coronation March".....Kretsch

The Philharmooic Society has elected the following offic for the ensuing season of 1889–90: President, Mr. Hans Kohler; vice-president, Mr. J. B. Levison; secretary, Felix Deutsch; treasurer, Mr. J. Willard; librarian, B. G. Lathrop.

Mr. Robert Tolmie has gone to Mount Shasta to pass eral weeks. It is probable that upon his return he will o mence another course of musical lectures, differing somew in character from the last series.

Death of Jules Tavernier.

Information was received here a week ago of the deat Jules Tavernier, the artist, which occurred in Honolul May 18th. His death was sudden and it was caused heart disease, his funeral heing held on the day of his dea the interment being at Nuuanu Cemetery. Rev. A. Mac tosh officiated and the pall-bearers were Messrs. Str Peacock, Ollert, and Wright. In the death of Mr. Ta nier the world of art has suffered a great loss. Thoug ratic he was brilliant and this brilliance was noticed i most all of his work and was recognized the world over. paintings have invariably occupied places of hooor wher they were exhibited.

He was born in Paris in April, 1844, his parents bein English descent. With the exception of three years s in London, his early life was passed in his birth-place, w he commenced the study of art—his natural inclination the studio of Felix Barrias. In 1864, two of his pict were admitted to the Paris Salon, and thereafter he w regular contributor until 1870. Two years later he arr in New York, where he contributed to the earliest num of the *Graphic*, and *Harper's Weekly*, *Bazar*, and *Mon* In 1873, he came to this city, where he was well patron He became a member of the Bohemian Club, was one o founders of the Palette Club, aod, at one time, was first president of the Art Association. In December, 18 went to Honolulu, where he was well received, and rema until the time of his death. He leaves a wife to mour loss.

Notable among the pictures he painted were: "The turn of Montezuma," owned by Irving M. Scott; a p or of ao aged man, owned by Colonel A. G. Hawes; "S Scenes in Paris;" "In the Tules" and "Street Sce Mooterey," owned by Mrs. P. Avery; "Volcano of Kila and numerous cartoons possessed by the Bohemian C addition to pictures owned by well-known lovers of a almost every section of the world. Many of his pain have been reproduced in pioomineot magazines.

Is that Old Mendelssohn?

A TRUE INCIDENT.

[Respectfully inscribed to Mr. Thomas Ryan.]

In a Southern towo, far from the Hub—
Its name I dare not say—
A famous Boston Quintet Club
Was billed ooe night to play;
And in the hall
Assembled all,
The young, the old, the gay.

A thousand happy, eager eyes
Were turned the stage upon,
And when, with graceful spikes and ties
The minstrel band came on,
The silence stirred—
A voice was heard—
"Is that nld Mendelssohn?"

—*Samuel Minturn P*

DXXXI—Bill of Fare for six persons—Sun June 16, 1889.

Asparagus Soup.
Fried Brook Trout. Cucumbers.
Veal Cutlets, White Sauce.
Mashed Potatoes. Green Corn.
Roast Chicken.
Lettuce, Egg Dressiog.
Soft Caramel Custard. Raspberries and Cake.
Fruits.

SOFT CARAMEL CUSTARD.—One quart of milk, cupful of sugar, six eggs, half a teaspoonful of salt. the milk on to boil, reserving a cupful. Beat the egg add the cold milk to them. Stir the sugar in a small pan until it becomes liquid and begins to smoke. into the boiling milk; then add the beaten eggs a cold milk, and stir constantly until the mixture beg thicken. Set away to cool. Serve in glasses.

The apprehension of a severe frost producing ice and consequent floods, has led to the propo various schemes for averting these dire calam among which the idea of heating the River Ode passes, for originality, anything we have ever hea The plan is as follows: "Along the middle c river-bed a succession of iron pipes are to be laid Breslau to Salzwedel, and fed with hot wat steam. By this means it is hoped that the format ice may be prevented at the commencement c winter. To keep this gigantic heating apparat ing, it will be necessary to fit up engines at su spots along the course of the Oder and connect with the main by branch pipes."

After spending six hundred and seventy-five dollars since 1871 in fortifying their frontier French were horrified last year to find that the ress of artillery science in Germany had alread dered their new defenses obsolete and worl While the French have been building forts, th mans have been demolishing theirs. The policy of the German general staff may be su up in three words—troops, telegraphs, trains.

It is computed that there are 800,000 railroa ployees in the United States who receive an $400,000,000, an average of $500 each. It is pr that the number of employees now reaches 900,000, and that the amount of money paid correspondingly larger.

—"THE BEST THING YET!" THAT IS THE A young man put it who made arrangements to for B. F. Johnson & Co., of Richmond, Va. Y get further information by dropping them a car

—EXTRA MINCE PIES, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutte

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ISTON, ELDRIDGE & CO., Auctioneers,
618 Market St., San Francisco.

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— OF THE —
(REME DE LA CREME PROPERTY
— IN —
ALAMEDA!
— BY ORDER OF —
H(N. WM. M. STEWART,
SATURDAY,
SATRDAY.........................JUNE 22, 1889
At 2 o'clock P. M., on the premises.

— FRONTING —

Ce ral, Santa Clara,
and Railroad Avenues,
Ca n, Lafayette,
and Schiller Streets.

40 40
M GNIFICENT RESIDENCE
LOTS.

... e size, 82½x157½, 50x207½, 60x150, 66x ...)x108. One block from Grand Street ... 1—Broad-Gauge. Two blocks from Chest- ... reet Station—Narrow-Gauge. Less than ... minutes from San Francisco.

... ts Graded, Sewered, and Cement Side- ... d. The Handsomest Dwellings in Ala- ... Surround this Property. Perfect Sewer- ... lectric-Light System. Educational Facil- ... te Best in the State.

THE CITY OF ALAMEDA

... niles in length and one mile in breadth, and is trav- ... two steam railroads a quarter of a mile apart. The ... a sandy loam, and produces fruits and flowers of all ... Lemons, oranges, and olives are growing in profusion ... of the gardens. The fogs, common in San Fran- ... ring to the formation of the hills, pass to the north ... b of Alameda, following the mountains north of Oak- ... l the hills south of San Francisco. The city pos- ... the advantages for climate which can be found in ... 1 California and is a perfect sanitary location.

SEWERAGE.

... l Avenue extends the length of the city, and follows ... tion from which water flows north and south. This ... as an altitude of thirty feet above the level of the ... h gives thirty feet fall for drainage on each side in a ... of about half a mile. There is an intercepting pipe- ... each side of the city, which is flushed by the tide ... enty-four hours. Forty miles of sewers in the streets ... nues of this city discharge into these intercepting ... nd are automatically flushed daily. The system is ... ever devised. No city in the State is so well located ... age, and none so well provided with sewers.

LIGHT.

... wn is lighted by eighty-five electric lights, mounted ... s and masts, aggregating 200,000 candle-power, all ... d operated by the city.

WATER.

... ty is supplied with pure water, pumped continuously ... esian wells directly into the water-mains. These ... located some distance south-east of the city near ... where a large tract of land is devoted to that pur- ... l where there is an abundant flow of artesian water ... the city for all time.

STREETS

... d, ranging from 60 to 100 feet. During the past ... t 26 miles of streets have been macadamized, and ... much more is under contract. Thirty miles of ar- ... one-sidewalk have been laid, and improvements are ... made at an undiminished rate.

THE PROPERTY.

The operty to be sold is the very crème de la crème, is ... on the highest ground in the most desirable locality ... da, and is surrounded by the best improvements in ... All of the property offered is between the two ... lroads, and within one or two blocks of a station.

RAILROADS.

A st t-car line passes along Santa Clara Avenue, upon ... ich of the property fronts. Quarterly hour steam- ... and from San Francisco run from 5:30 A. M., to ... Time of transit, thirty minutes. Monthly tickets, ... one round trip to San Francisco daily and return, ... the rate of 5 cents per fare. The Alameda high ... near by, as well as grammar and primary schools. ... is governed by a board of five trustees without a ... the municipal affairs are economically and judi- ... anaged. There is no other city in California where ... like facilities for travel, better climate, better water, ... good sewerage or sanitary conditions. The growth ... ery, flowers, and beautiful lawns, the macadamized ... d stone sidewalks, are already giving the city the ... e of a well-cared-for park, and are making it the ... rable place for homes in the State. The property ... r sale is thoroughly improved by macadamized ... tificial stone sidewalk, and sewers, and everything ... r building without the least cost to the purchaser. ... surrounded by ornamental trees and nearly every ... ve one or more native oak-trees upon it.

XTI HELY LIBERAL TERMS—One-quarter cash balance in one, two, and three years, with interest at 8 per cent. per annum, including mortgage tax.

Do ... under any circumstances, fail to examine this ... f the choice residence property in this elegant city. Tak ... Broad-Gauge to Grand Street Station; Narrow-Gauge Chestnut Street Station.

WIL IAM J. DINGEE, Real-Estate Agent and Auctioneer, 46 and 462 Eighth Street, Oakland, or EAS ON, ELDRIDGE & CO., Auctioneers, No. 618 Market Street, San Francisco.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Subjooctifs.

Ah! fallait-il que je vous visse,
Fallait-il que vous me plussiez,
Qu'ingénûment je vous le disse,
Qu'avec orgueil vous vous tussiez;
Fallait-il que je vous aimasse,
Que vous me désespérassiez,
Et qu'en vain je m'opiniâtrasse,
Et qne je vous idolâtrasse
Pour que vous m'assassinassiez?

A Pretty Suggestion.

They lingered at her father's door,
The hour was shining bright,
And to the maiden, o'er and o'er,
The youth bad said good-night.
But still reluctant to depart
Her tiny hand he pressed,
While all the love that filled his heart
His ardent looks confessed.
At length the maiden blushed and sighed,
And said, in accents low,
"I hope, dear John, you will not try
To kiss me 'ere you go."
—Boston Courier.

Poems for the Practical.

"It was the time when lilies blow
And clouds are brightest up in air,
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
To give his cousin, Lady Clare."
The lily-white dough Lord Ronald brought,
She took to her virgin bower,
And let it bake as she bad been taught.
For 'twas made of "Smith's Own" flour.

"Maiden with the meek brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies,
Like the dusk in evening skies."
If you'd keep the smile of youth,
Go and see bow Doctor Booth
Can make an artificial tooth.

"I, too, have suffered, yet I know
She is not cold, though seeming so.
Sbe is not cold, she is not light,
But our ignoble souls lack might."
Sbe is not cold, I'll tell you why:
Because just now she's sitting by
A heater made by Green and White,
That burns all day and burns all night.

"My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure;
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my beart is pure."
My beart is pure, my mind is bright,
I dread no mortal ills,
Because I sleep ten hours at night
By aid of Brown's insomnia pills.
—K. W. Rider in Life.

Cable-Car Rules.

You can ring the bell on the cable line
And the gripman the car will stop.
Or you can jump off backward any time
And alight with a wild kerflop.
If you bave your life-work all complete,
It will do to make the spring.
But if you're not in shape to see St. Peter—
You'd better wait and ring.
—Omaha World.

The Veterao.

"I was with Booth," the fakir said.
Said the amateur: "Say no more,
But come with me to my father's house
And partake of bis goodly store.
And say, do you think I can get a place
With the great Booth-Barrett show?
For I think I would like to take the stage,
And my father says I may go.
For I can play Romeo almost as well
As any one in the land,
And the local press and the people say
That my Hamlet is perfectly grand.
Say! you must see our amateur club,
For it is quite sure to be great,
And I should have been on the road long ago,
But my modesty bade me wait."
The fakir slowly turned and said:
"I pray you tell me no more,
For I was with Booth, and blacked his boots,
In eighteen sixty-four."
The amateur then said never a word,
But beat with his fists full sore
The fakir old, who blacked Booth's shoes
In eighteen sixty-four.
—W. J. Jossey in the Clipper.

An Elegy.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The painter bold winds slowly o'er the lea,
And as he goes, on fences doth display,
"Take Jenkins' pills and from all ills be free."
—St. Louis Magazine.

To a Mule.

O mule!
Thou gaunt, grave, gawky Gatling gun
On fours! Thou lank, embodied lightning streak,
All hail!
(Be careful, Muses, of his heels.)

Thy drooping ears and languid eye,
Most subtle beast, might well breed confidence,
But thou shalt not obliquely launch thy heels
At me, thou wily rogue!

Great Scott!
How I have sometimes seen th' unwary youth
Of African descent hoist heavenward,
Contorted, writhing, by the merciless hoof!
Then thou wouldst turn thy luring, blinking eye
To gaze upon the melancholy work,
Or lure with basilisk glance some victim new.

O mule!
Star maker!
Dealer in pyrotechnic novelties!
Thou verily art loaded, cocked, and primed,
From early morning till the steps
Of dewy dusk imprint the sky with stars,
I would not draw within
The magic circle of thy cognizant heels
For all the yellow gold that Shasta yields,
Or silken freights that hither swim from Ind.
—Detroit Free Press.

A La Rives.

The naked hills lie wanton to the breeze;
The fields are nude, the groves unfrocked;
Bare are the shivering limbs of shameless trees;
What wonder is it that the corn is shocked?
—Saturday Evening Gazette.

The Simple Maideo.

"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"
"Going to act on the stage, sir," she said.
"Will you engage at my theatre, sweet maid?"
"If we agree upon terms, sir," she said.
"What's your advertisement, my pretty maid?"
"Three breaches of promise, kind sir," she said.
"And what is your talent, my pretty maid?"
"Two dozen new dresses, kind sir," she said.
"I'll engage you instanter, my sweet, pretty maid,"
"Well, let us talk business now, sir," she said.
"Ah, what are your terms now, my pretty maid?"
"The entire receipts of the bouse, sir," she said.
—Anon.

— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stocktoo (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

— GO TO BRADLEY & RULOFSON'S NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont Streets.

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Finest oysters io all styles, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

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TUESDAY..........................JUNE 25, 1889
At 11 o'clock A. M.,
THE PROPERTIES
— OF THE —
DONAHUE ESTATE
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SPECIAL NOTICE.

We desire to call the attention of the public to the fact that this is a Peremptory Auction Sale. This property will be sold without limit or reserve, to the Highest Bidder. As it is impossible to give all the details about these properties in the space of a newspaper advertisement, we would request intending buyers to call at our office, where we will be pleased to furnish all the information at our command.

Diagrams and catalogues will be furnished on application. Terms will be announced at sale.

For list of properties to be sold see the San Francisco papers.

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Renovated, improved, and under new management. Open the year round. Hotel stages meet 3:30 train from Tiburon Ferry at Santa Rosa. Through fare, $2.50; unlimited return, $3.75. GEO. ROBINSON, Proprietor.

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— FOR —
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WINDOW SHADES,
AND CORNICE POLES
— GO TO —
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653 and 655 Market Street.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The regular annual meeting of the Argonaut Publishing Company will be held at the rooms of the Company, Room 1, No. 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, California, on Tuesday, the fourth day of June, 1889, at the hour of one o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve during the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.
JEROME A. HART, Secretary.
Office—Room 3, Argonaut Building, No. 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, California.

Meeting postponed till Tuesday, June 18th, at same time and place.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
WILLIAM J. GILMORE.......................Sole Lessee.

Sunday Evening, June 16th, Wednesday and Saturday Matinees. Inauguration of the Gilmore Season.
FIRST TIME HERE.
William J. Gilmore's Latest Spectacle, the
TWELVE TEMPTATIONS!
CHARLES H. YALE.....................Manager.
Produced with entirely new scenery, original marches, dazzling costumes, startling specialties, dozens of novelties. Ten comedians. One hundred and fifty people engaged.
POPULAR PRICES! POPULAR PRICES!
Evenings, 25 cts., 50 cts., 75 cts., and $1. No higher.
Matinees, 25 cts., 50 cts., and 75 cts. No more.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.
KRELING BROS.......... PROPRIETORS AND MANAGERS.

Saturday Evening, June 15th,
NANON!
Sunday Evening, June 16th,
MARITANA!
Monday Evening, June 17th,
AMORITA!
Benefit of Washington Camp, No. 1, of Cal., Sons of the Union.

OUR POPULAR PRICES, 25 and 50 cents.

HIGHLAND BRAND MILK.
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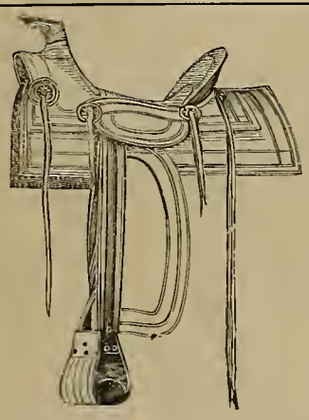

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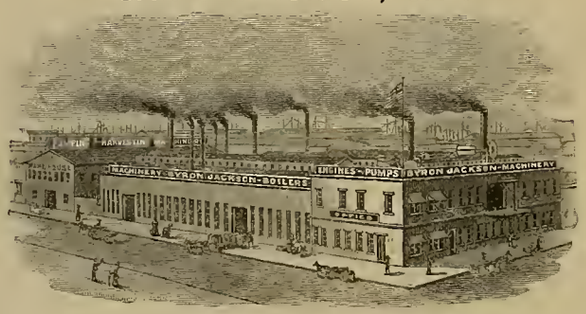

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, ... EDITOR.

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Giordano Bruno, a Dominican monk, born in 1548, was burned at the stake at Rome, in the year 1600, by the Inquisition because he held philosophical and scientific opinions in opposition to scriptural interpretations made by ecclesiastics of the Roman Church. He believed in truth, wisdom, and law. He despised monks for being pedants, for leading dissolute lives, and for breeding dissensions. He scoffed at religious mysteries, laughed at miracles, and regarded masses for the dead as useless and impertinent. He believed in the Copernican system, in the infinity of the universe and of worlds. He questioned the dogma of transubstantiation and the Immaculate conception of the Virgin. He detested the Roman clergy for their hypocrisy and immorality. He insisted that the Scriptures were not intended to teach science. He believed the universe was infinite and filled with numberless worlds, directed by an intelligent cause. Scholarly, learned, and fearless, he had the independence to announce his opinions and the courage to maintain them. The church declared him a heretic, and, after a short imprisonment, he was sentenced to death and burned at the stake. Galileo, like Bruno, held the doctrine of Copernicus. He taught that the earth moved around the sun, and for this was accused by the Inquisition of "imposture, heresy, blasphemy, and atheism." The Holy Inquisition had declared that doctrine "utterly contrary to the Scriptures." Galileo, under threats, recanted his assertion of the Copernican theory; but, after sixteen years, he reasserted the doctrine, and for this was committed to prison, and for ten years treated with remorseless severity, and, at his death, denied burial in consecrated ground. Draper says: "These opinions of the Inquisition are now objects of derision to the whole civilized world," and of Giordano Bruno he writes: "Perhaps the day approaches when posterity will offer an expiation for this great ecclesiastical crime, and a statue of Bruno he unveiled under the dome of St. Peter's at Rome." The time has not yet come when the statue of Giordano Bruno could be unveiled *under the dome* of St. Peter's at Rome, for, unfortunately, the successor of the fisherman holds the keys to this ecclesiastical Bastile, where free thought is still imprisoned, and into which the light of science is not permitted to penetrate. Unfortunately for the world, Garibaldi did not demolish this citadel where intellectual freedom is still bound in chains, and over whose portals is still inscribed the legend "Semper Idem," which means that the conflict between science and religion is to go on till the world is again involved in the blackness of that original night in which Tertullian declared that "the Holy Scriptures are a treasure from which all the true wisdom in the world has been and must be drawn." Unfortunately, Humbert, King of Italy, and the Italian people are not yet enough advanced in political science to recognize their right to administer the laws of the Italian kingdom without the interference or intermeddling of an ecclesiastical organization which, under the shadow of ecclesiastical superstition and ignorance, still makes pretension to a claim of exercising civil power. Still the world moves as the Copernican theory demonstrated—as Galileo and Bruno believed—and with it science advances, till at Rome, under the shadow of the Vatican, the prophecy of Draper is almost realized. The Italian people—emancipated from the cruel superstitions, from the benighted ignorance which, near three hundred years ago, made them assemble around the funeral pyre from which a great soul escaped to the emancipation of freedom—have in this month of June unveiled a statue to the martyr who died for science in the year 1600, where he was condemned to burn at the stake by a church which had not the wisdom to understand that the dogmas and beliefs of true religion and the teachings of a true church must keep step with the inviolable principles of science. On the spot where Bruno was burned at Rome, thirty thousand persons, including students, learned men, statesmen, and scientists, from all parts of Italy, witnessed the unveiling of his statue. The ceremony was witnessed by the syndic of Rome, government officials, and a large number of senators and deputies. The orator of the occasion eulogized the martyr, and declared that on that day was born a new religion of free thought and liberty of conscience which would be worse for the Papacy than the loss of temporal power. While the loud huzzas went up from thirty thousand free citizens of Rome, echoing through the pictured galleries of the Vatican, "the Pope was "much depressed, he refused to see anybody, and passed three "days absorbed in prayer in his private chapel, surrounded by "all the embassadors accredited to his court." Thank God there was no embassador from any free republic, from any country enjoying the advantages of constitutional government, from any independent Protestant people, mingling brine with the fisherman. Germany, France, Italy, England, the Scandinavian North, Russia, Holland, the growing empires of Australia and Canada, the Empires of China and Japan, the rising republics of South America, the people of the great commonwealth of the United States, and all the intelligent, independent-thinking citizens of this revolving world rejoice that the truths of science have triumphed over the ignorance, superstition, and tyranny of intolerant priestcraft by the erection of a statue to Giordano Bruno at Rome. Let no one say after this that the Church of Rome is regaining its ascendency in political affairs, or that there is any danger that it is again to come to the administration of any degree of temporal sovereignty in any part of the world where intelligence prevails, and where independence has not died out in cowardice, ignorance, and crime. This *is* a conflict between science and spurious religion. Religion which depends upon a ritual however gorgeous, upon vestments however splendid, and for its administration before altars however attractive, can not succeed in a scientific and intelligent age, unless it appeals to reason. There is wide scope for the imagination in all spiritual ceremonies, and while robes, tiaras, tapers, processional services carried on in cathedrals of architectural proportions, swelling anthems from choruses and organs, may have their effect upon the impressionable, the dull-minded, the unthinking, or the superstitious, there is something else required to arouse the intellectual faculties of the strong-minded and sensible. The Church of Rome could fight science and subdue its expression of opinions when it exercised the unquestioned political supremacy of the world; but that time has passed. Ecclesiastical authority which, in the time of Cyril, condemned Hypatia to the assault of his mob of many monks, dragged her naked through the streets to a church, where she was murdered by the club of Peter the Reader; civil power which, in Spain and the Netherlands, was subordinate to ecclesiastical direction to imprison, torture, and burn heretics, and could light the fires of the *auto-da-fe* at the bidding of brutal monks; political authority which could direct a French monarch and a French mistress to massacre Huguenots at the bidding of ecclesiastical passion; Papal authority which could humiliate a German emperor to stand barefoot in the snow before the gates of Gregory's castle; which could loosen the hounds of superstition at Albigenses and Waldenses; which could burn Bruno, imprison Galileo, and, at its will, send heretics to the martyrdom of death—are things of the past. The ages have drifted by when in any country—Spain, Italy, France, or Belgium—the civil authority of the Papal power can be revived; the time has passed when in England, Germany, America, and in all Protestant countries, and wherever intelligence prevails and moral courage holds sway, the authority of a spiritual organization could be permitted to exercise political power. Relics, traditions, dogmas, penitential flagellations, image-worship, miracles, mysteries of transubstantiation, incense-burnings, sprinkling of holy water, burning candles by daylight, canonization of saints, mouthing of Latin prayers, religious processions, fastings, vows of poverty, chastity, and other personal mortifications, with all the ten thousand other mummeries which Papacy has stolen from Paganism and priestcraft has demonstrated as of service in governing the actions and controlling the appetites and passions of men, are, and of necessity must become, subordinate to human reason. It might be endurable to permit the indulgence of the most absurd religious ceremonies—such as masses for the souls of the departed dead—if out of their performance men and women were not robbed, made poor and dependent; children driven to parochial schools in order to keep them in ignorance; servants and laborers required to maintain priests in luxurious idleness—all these things might be endurable if it were not for the fact that in this republican form of government all are equal under the law, and that the exercise of political privileges demands both intelligence and independence. Let us not despair in the conflict between religion and science, when we consider what science has accomplished since the time when the writings of St. Augustine did so much to bring science and religion into antagonism, when he diverted the Bible from its true office and made it the arbiter of all human knowledge. Five hundred years ago, in the opinion of the Roman Church and the mental slaves whom it held in the bondage of ignorance, the earth was a flat surface, the sky stretched over it like a skin. The firmament was the floor of heaven, where the angels dwelt, and where the luminous throne of God shed its rays of light through its pierced pavement of gold. Under the earth's surface burned eternal fires, a place of torment for the damned. The earth was the central and important body of the universe, it stood fixed and immovable in the centre of space, created from nothing in six days. Man was

created from the dust of the earth, and woman from his rib; they were planted naked in a garden upon the banks of the Euphrates, under the shadow of trees hearing fig-leaves and fruited with forbidden apples. Man was the sublimest work of creation. The very first man sinned, and was condemned to the penalty of lahor and the sentence of death. He multiplied, and the deluge washed him from the face of the earth, leaving a single family and single pairs of animals for its replenishment. Out of this prohlem of sinful humanity there came in time the organized industry of the Roman Church. It formed a plan of salvation without which men could not be horn, haptized, confirmed, or married; could not die, nor he huried or rescued from purgatory without the intercession of priests; could not manage their political affairs without the direction of priests. A fisherman of the Sea of Galilee hecame Pope; the Popes who succeeded him hecame vicegerents of God; were clothed with all human authority; they were intrusted with the keys of heaven; priests could forgive sins, could withold salvation; the Pope was declared to he infallihle. This is the splendid organization which Macaulay hepraises as the perfection of human reason, and prophesies for it the sovereignty of the intellectual world. This ecclesiastical corporation is organized, first, to save human souls, and after that to exercise political dominion and secure all that divine authority and sovereign power confers. The Papal head is a civil monarch. His cardinals are statesmen and diplomatists. They occupy palaces—the Church of St. Peter is a sumptuous residence. The church is rich in lands and accumulated wealth heyond the resources of thrones. It is amhitious heyond the limits of human avarice. It is greedy of unquestioned power. The Pope acknowledges no equal; Papacy is at war with repuhlican government, with education, with liherty, law, and personal freedom. It does not recognize its ohligation to contrihute to the maintenance of any government other than that of the church. Where it enjoys political power, it pays no taxes. All this it is endeavoring to accomplish in San Francisco. In the United States of America, it dreams of political supremacy. It is looking forward to the time when it can imprison all the Galileos, hurn all the Brunos, and erect a court of conscience for the trial of all heretics, who shall, in the conflict between science and religion, take the side of science and reason against the false and spurious dogmatism it advocates. To this conflict the Church of Rome challenges all who do not embrace its doctrines and who do not yield unquestioned ohedience to all its dogmas, ohey all its decrees, and accept all its teachings. It is not only the opponent of scientific investigation, but demands the exercise of civil and political power; it declares itself in opposition to that repuhlican form of government which clothes the citizen with authority to make and enforce the laws. Its relation to the Republic of the United States is inimical, not in open, avowed, and manly antagonism, but operating through its Jesuitical and other clerical organizations as a secret conspiracy to undermine and destroy the government. It plots intrigues hehind its altars, drills its young men as soldiers of a secret inquisition, intermeddles with the political administration of the country, conspires to destroy the puhlic schools, and holdly presumes to look forward to the time when in this free commonwealth the Church of Rome shall control the State. It is for this political conflict that we are preparing, for this religious war that we are sounding the alarm.

The existence of the Clan-na-Gael as a political order is a dangerous fact, and one which ought to challenge the attention of the government for its suppression. It is an organization within the limit of our national jurisdiction, engaged in waging war against the English Government, with which we are at peace. It is a secret, criminal conspiracy on the part of alien and naturalized citizens to embroil this country in difficulty with the British Empire. It has enlisted soldiers; armed, organized, and disciplined them within the houndaries of our States to invade the Dominion of Canada for the purpose of waging war. A more wicked and scandalous incident was never perpetrated than that of the Fenian invasion of the friendly province of a friendly state hy adopted Irish-American citizens, for the sole and only purpose of avenging Irish wrongs against the English Government. Clan-na-Gael, or the "United Brotherhood," as it is now called, is a part of a secret conspiracy which has heen organized in Ireland for the purpose of securing the independent nationality of Ireland, and for the estahlishment of an independent parliament. While, as Americans, we have no right to take sides upon political questions agitating the people of Great Britain, yet we have the right to denounce as criminal other Americans who, taking advantage of their naturalization papers, endeavor to embroil the Government of the United States in a war with a friendly power. The Clan-na-Gael society is composed exclusively of Irishmen who have hecome naturalized as citizens of this repuhlic, and if the order is a war-order, held together hy grips, pass-words, and secret oaths, for the purpose of unlawful aggression upon citizens of another country with whom we are at peace, it ought to he declared "un-American," and it ought to he suppressed as an illegal organization, and every memher of it should he punished for participating in its deliherations. There was no class of American citizens more indignant than were the Irish-Americans, when German socialists undertook, hy the use of dynamite bomhs, to suhvert the law and commit murder in the streets of Chicago. Seventy-five per cent. of the Chicago police are Irish, and a majority of them are accused hy a Methodist clergyman of heing memhers of the Clan-na-Gael. It was a crime for German socialists to destroy them with murderous homhs of dynamite, and for that attempt they were rightfully hanged. But the crime of the Clan-na-Gael, in the murder of Dr. Cronin, was more inexcusahle, dastardly, and outrageous than that of the German dynamitards, and deserves like penalty of death to all who were concerned in it. The murder of Lord Cavendish and his secretary in Phœnix Park was not more cruel and cowardly than was that of Dr. Cronin. It is prohahle, not that the same parties were engaged in it, hut that the same motives inspired it. Assassination, dynamite, and murder seem to underlie the political policy of home-rule, and seem almost to justify the idea that it is a part of the political character of Irishmen to resort to this kind of violence as a means of accomplishing the nationalization of Ireland. We are treating this question from the stand-point of American principles; we are endeavoring to overlook all the causes which for seven centuries have caused Irishmen and Catholics to hate Englishmen and Protestants. Looking upon our adopted Irish fellow-citizens as citizens of the American Republic, we have the right to demand of them an entire ahstention from the political controversies which agitate the home of their hirth and the government from which they have dissolved their allegiance. The Irish-American who has made his domicile in this land of freedom and law, and hecome a citizen of the United States, has no better or other right to conspire against the English Government, or wage war upon the English people, or invade English soil with hostile regiments, than he would have if he were an American citizen by birth. Memhers of an Irish secret society have no other or hetter right to commit murder than other citizens, and if they shall decree the "removal" of any human being hy illegal means, they deserve death at the hands of the puhlic executioner under a decree of the courts. Murder is murder, treason is treason. The law should be no respecter of persons. If politicians high in authority are guilty of the crime of Dr. Cronin's "removal," they should he suhject to the strangulation of hemp. It is a serious matter that in this repuhlic a society of aliens should he permitted to set up a secret trihunal and condemn a citizen to a cruel and ignominious death, hecause, in the opinion of its memhers, he may have unjustly accused the leaders of a political society with the misappropriation of its funds. We are not quite prepared to admit that the unproven accusation of heing a British spy quite justifies the murder of an Irish citizen. If it is true that seventy-five per cent. of the Chicago police are Irishmen, and of these a majority are memhers of the murderous Clan-na-Gael, it makes us douht the possihility of any conviction. It makes us wonder how many of the clan are upon our own police force, in this and other cities? how many of this class of politicians are clothed with judicial authority? and wonder whether in the city of Chicago there will be the same splendid vindication of the law as characterized the conduct of courts, juries, and the governor of the State of Illinois in condemning socialists to death for the commission of similar crimes? Is not this a good opportunity for the clergy of the Roman Church to speak out in denunciation of secret societies in which secret murder is perpetrated? Let Masons and Odd Fellows have rest for a time while the political organization of Clan-na-Gael is overhauled. Why does not the Irish and the Roman Catholic press speak out in denunciation of this crime, if Irish Roman Catholics do not in their secret hearts approve the murder of Dr. Cronin? We shall be glad to hear from the Boston *Pilot*, the *Irish World*, and the *Freeman's Journal*, from Boyle O'Reilly and Patrick Ford. We should be glad if our San Francisco Irish would call one of their meetings at Platt's Hall, such as were convened hy them some months since in aid of suffering Ireland and to raise funds for political agitation against England, to promote the non-payment of rents, and encourage agrarian crimes against the owners of landed estates. We should like to see twenty-five Irish Roman Catholic priests, with Archhishop Riordan at their head, again sitting as vice-presidents, with half-a-score of Irish judges and all the Democratic politicians in the State, convened to consider the crime of Dr. Cronin's murder. If Irish gentlemen, Irish priests, Irish editors, and Irish politicians do not take some steps to denounce this cowardly and terrihle murder, we may he excused if we interpret their silence as an approval of the crime. It is Ireland and Ireland's cause which is now on trial, and if Irishmen are as good Americans as they claim to be and if they are in favor of upholding the law, this is the opportunity for them to speak out.

Alexander Sullivan, accused of the murder of Dr. Cronin, and now under indictment for that crime, is the friend of Parnell, the great Irish leader, and was chosen hy him as pr dent of the American Land League. In his testimony be the Parliamentary Commission, Parnell pays him the com ment of thinking him honorahle in politics and hones financial matters. Sullivan is trusted by Davitt and mos the Irish leaders. The New York *Herald*, of June 1 makes him to appear as a man of most questionahle ant dents, involving the crime of the murder of one Hanfor school-master of Chicago, assassination, swindling, crim hankruptcy, and a vain political ambition which o'erleaps it In a word, if the New York *Herald* is to be helieved, the nothing improhable or inconsistent in the fact that Alexa Sullivan is accused of complicity in the murder of Dr. Cr His life and ambitious projects are interwoven with thos Patrick Egan, and very many Irish politicians who have ercised great political influence in the Democratic and Re lican parties. We should not epitomize this article i thought our daily journals would have the courage to repro it. The *Herald* says Alexander Sullivan was horn in Car in English barracks, son of an Irish sergeant in the Royal R When a hoy he went to Detroit, where he first kept a shoe-store, which was hurned, and for which he was acc arrested, and tried on a charge of arson, the floor and b heing saturated with kerosene. Miss Margaret Buchanan, Sullivan's wife, then a school-teacher, proved an *alibi* hy fying that, at the time of the fire, hefore, and after, he w her company. He studied law in New York with Alge Sullivan. By the influence of Senator Ferry, of Michiga was appointed collector of internal revenue in New Me from which position he was removed for shortage in hi counts. His indehtedness was over three thousand do While in New Mexico, he had a difficulty with Judge H shooting and seriously wounding him upon the public He was afterward appointed postmaster at Santa Fé, whe again became involved in financial difficulties, was ind and fled the Territory. He then hecame reporter o Chicago *Tribune* through the influence of Miss Buch who was then on the reportorial staff of the same jo Being an active politician, he was appointed secretary o board of puhlic works. His next move was to go into b ruptcy. *His debts were mostly for loans from contract the department of public works.* This is very Irish. Afte occurred the murder of Hanford. The particulars ar fresh to demand particularization. It was murder, alth he was acquitted on his second trial. He then comm the practice of law in Chicago. His only important cases the Chicago boodle trials and the Carter divorce case. hecame at this time politically amhitious to succeed Jo Logan in the Senate of the United States, and endeavo force himself upon the Democratic ticket, with Clevela Vice-President. A meeting was called at his offi Chicago for that purpose, at which Mooney, of Buffalo, cell, of Rochester, John Devoy, Tom Desmond, of San cisco, Pat Egan, Fitzgerald, of the Irish National Le Gallagher, Walsh, and Pat Smith, of Cleveland, and Irishmen of Democratic *influence* who had a pull, present. Patrick Egan—now President Harrison's Mi to Chile—supported the movement. Devoy threw hlanket over the whole husiness hy asking Sullivan if h not horn in Canada. Sullivan lied, and said he was h Maine. Sullivan was a memher of the Clan-na-Gael. made a speech in Brooklyn, hired a stenographic reporte caused his address to he printed in the Brooklyn *Eagle* own expense. He slipped off to Deer Park, where he m hargain with James G. Blaine and Stephen Elkins to tra his influence with the Clan-na-Gael in consideration Cabinet appointment — Secretary of the Interior — his share of Federal patronage. Sullivan got five sand dollars from that excellent and innocent man—Elk and was put upon a printing committee, where he perfo all sorts of fantastic tricks for his own political advance Sullivan is said to have obtained fifty thousand dollars the Repuhlican committee of New York, and he calle head-quarters "The Irish-American Anti-Cleveland Un the United States." There was no such organization. Sullivan's insolvency schedule amounted to twenty-eight sand three hundred and fifty dollars. If the arson episo true, and he has received money from hoth political par on one political campaign fifty thousand dollars—it is very wild proposition to connect this Irish adventure swindliog moneys from the Land League and other Irish ical societies, nor is it altogether impossihle that in the councils of the Clan-na-Gael he may have advised t removal of Dr. Cronin, who had detected him in the mala istration of trust funds. We reproduce this from no de reflect upon Mr. Alexander Sullivan. We think him th of a most natural political adventurer. We think him as as the company he keeps, as good as Patrick Egan or the mercenary moh of unprincipled miscreants wih who leaders of the Democratic and Repuhlican parties are willing to swap horses when crossing the stream of a dential election. We print this to draw the moral a

ain scoundrels from whatever country they come, and to en-
fo e the necessity of amending the immigration laws, repeal-
in the naturalization laws, and keeping Irish Roman Catholic
p ticians from engaging too prominently in American politics.

A movement in the French legislature to increase the French
n y till it shall equal the combined navies of Germany and
lty, is interesting, because it follows so closely upon the re-
cc movement in the Parliament of England, the result of
w ch is to appropriate something more than one hundred mill-
io of dollars to augment the naval force of England till it
sll be able to cope with the combined fleets of any two con-
tintal powers. The rebuilding of Russian forts and the
aning of Russian soldiers with new rifles charged with
n eless powder; the alliance between Germany, Italy,
a Austria; the exchange of royal courtesies between
Embert, King of Italy, and Frederick, Emperor of Ger-
nay, in the Prussian capital; the friendly attitude of
Rsia to France; the political movements of Russia in
th Danubian principalities; and the aggressive approaches
o Russia toward India—all indicate an unrest in European
p tics very suggestive of the possibilities of war. Every
g ernment in Europe seems to strengthen its military and
n al defenses and engage in an all-round endeavor to pre-
pe for aggressive and defensive war. The discussion in the
E lish Houses of Lords and Commons, and upon the hust-
n, is an open admission of the defenseless condition of
E land and its present impossibility to successfully resist the
in sion of its soil if an hundred thousand soldiers sbould
at mpt it under favorable conditions. All of these things
s gest the necessity, on the part of our government, not so
m h of fortifications, fleets, and standing armies, as of states-
m like preparation to preserve the peace of this continent when
fr n Europe there shall come the clamor of fierce conflicts.
W le we recognize no necessity for enlarging our territory or
e nding our boundaries, no very pressing necessity for a
gt t fleet, or any immediate demand for the fortification of
o sea-coast, or the increase of standing armies, we think we
s the propriety of uniting the domain of the United States
a the Dominion of Canada in one ocean-bound North Amer-
ic empire. Here are sixty-five millions of English-speaking
p ple, a homogeneous race, under similar laws, with the
s e traditions, and—excepting certain differences of religious
o ions affecting a minority in both countries—united by
c mon interests. The Canadian population is something
m e than five millions; the American something more than
s y millions. The character of the two communities is not es-
s ially dissimilar, while their commercial, manufacturing, and
a cultural interests are almost identical. Our geographical
l ts are within the same natural boundaries. The Canadian
D inion divides us on the North from our Alaskan posses-
si s. We have fishery difficulties on the Atlantic, four thou-
s d miles of ill-defined border lines separating us, a disputed
S nian Sea at the northward, and fortifications threatening
th Straits of San Juan de Fuca, which command a vast and
in ortant inland sea. A long chain of lakes and great navi-
g le rivers on our northern boundary afford an open invita-
ti for the occurrence of unfriendly possibilities. It will be
d reditable to the English and American people if friendly
t ns can not be arranged by means of which Canada and
A erica can become one nation, the Americans and Canadians
o people. This is the work of statesmen and not of politicians.

The decision of Judge Hoge, in the Spring Valley case, is
th first glimpse of reason and law that the stockholders of
th company have experienced in twenty years. For some
u ccountable reason this corporation has fallen victim to
e rything which is unreasonable in politics, inconceiv-
a in journalism, dishonest, selfish, and unjust. It has
b n plundered by the legislative lobbyists, been made
th victim of twenty years of personal vindictiveness, has
b n subject to sand-lot vituperation, demagogy, and, finally,
h been put under the harrow of constitutional provision, in-
s ed by the sentiment of agrarianism, socialism, and
g eral deviltry. That the company has survived and
n been destroyed; that it has extended and enlarged
it capacity for collecting and distributing waters; that San
F ncisco is well watered; that its sewers are ever flushed,
it streets ever sprinkled; that water in abundance to extinguish
fi s has been provided—is marvelous, and only attributable to
th fact that the general consumers of Spring Valley water have
b n justly dealt with, and the affairs of the company satisfactor-
il administered, its taxes fully paid, and that general satisfaction
is elt toward the company for the general management of its
a irs. The decision of Judge Hoge is, we hope and be-
li e, the first step to the final and honorable adjustment of
a controversies between the company and the citizens. Dis-
g ntled editors, disappointed politicians, dishonest lobbyists,
a l the general dyspeptics will, we hope, endeavor to become
r onciled with the law when it shall be determined. It is
l late in the week for us to consider this question beyond
space of an hurriedly written paragraph.

ELECTRICAL EXECUTIONS.

During the coming week there will probably be inaugurated in New York a new method of capital punishment. At the last session of the New York State Legislature, a bill was passed providing for the abolition of the death penalty by hanging, and in lieu thereof substituting the deadly action of electricity. For hundreds of years past, from the middle ages down, hanging has been the ordinary punisbment for ordinary criminals. The nobility, it is true, were privileged to expiate their crimes under the axe of the headsman, even in England, up to a comparatively recent date, the first innovation upon this hereditary right having occurred in the case of Lord Ferrers, who killed a man-servant in a fit of intoxication, and was hanged for it. The hanging of criminals used to have several substantial reasons for its adoption as a means of capital punishment. It is simple in operation; it is supposed to be humane in its action; it is, or was, supposed to exercise an exemplary effect upon those who witnessed it—the on-lookers, under the old régime, when executions were public spectacles, being composed largely of that element which might have profited by such a salutary object-lesson; it entails disgrace and ignominy upon its victim. These arguments, however, no longer carry the same weight as formerly. The first—that of simplicity of operation—falls before the claim of electricity, than which nothing can be simpler, provided it will do its work. Doubts, however, are freely expressed by electricians regarding the certainty of administering a necessarily fatal shock. There is an instance on record of a man, througb whose body accidentally passed a charge of electricity equal to fifteen hundred volts, or fifty thousand candle-power; his pulse and heart showed no signs of life, and his limbs became rigid, yet he subsequently recovered. Efforts are being made to prevent the projected execution on the ground that there is as yet no positive assurance that an electric shock, such as is proposed, will secure a sudden and painless death. The condemned murderer, Kemmler, himself is strenuously opposed to being made the subject of an experiment. On the other hand, hanging may or may not be humane in its action, according to the skill of the hangman in adjusting the noose and the strength of the victim's neck. It frequently happens that the neck is not broken by the drop, and that the doomed man struggles till he is strangled to death. Even when the neck is induhitably broken, have we any positive assurance that the brain does not continue to remain the seat of sensation, and to be cognizant of all that transpires around it during the fifteen minutes or so before the pulse ceases and the attendant doctors pronounce the victim physically dead? The mere fact of the neck being broken does not necessarily deprive the brain of sensation; in fact, so long as the blood passes to and from the brain, as it must do until the action of the heart ceases, the logical inference is that the functions of the brain retain their activity. There is, of course, complete paralysis of the body below the broken vertebra, as nerve communication is cut off, but there is, at the time of writing, a patient in our city receiving-hospital, who has been lying there for three weeks with a broken neck, yet whose intellectual faculties are in working order, though he has no more power of motion than the victim beneath the gallows. The suggestion is not a pleasant one to contemplate, but it is, at all events, redolent of possibilities. As to the moral aspects of hanging, that wherein it is supposed to exercise a deterrent influence upon crime, by impressing the on-looker with a due sense of the severity of the penalty, became a dead letter when executions ceased to be public; and now that they have become, as they are called, "private," they have simply degenerated into sensational spectacles, attended largely by the rowdy element, and subserving, as they are at present conducted, no useful end. The law does not contemplate more, in the execution of a capital criminal, than that he shall suffer the penalty of death. It is enough that he pays his debt to society with his life, without making the mode of exterminating that life needlessly painful, revolting, or ignominious. Hanging is, in very many instances, all of these. The guillotine is vastly superior in operation and result, but the genius of the Anglo-Saxon race is averse to the shedding of blood. Under the electrical system of execution, which, we understand, it has been agreed upon to employ, the condemned man is bound to a chair; one electrode of a powerful battery is applied to his head, the other to his feet; a button is pressed, the circuit is closed by the passage of a current througb his body of a strength sufficent, it is supposed, to paralyze the nervous centres in the brain thereby causing death. It can not be claimed by the opponents of the new style of execution that it is less effective or more painful than hanging, for the simple reason that the only testimony of real value is that which, in the very nature of things, can not be introduced. The example of New York State will, no doubt, once its efficacy has been demonstrated, be followed by the civilized world at large, and a stop put to the barbarous and disgusting exhibitions now held under the warrant of justice. The law provides that the witnesses of executions under the new régime will be confined to the sheriff, visiting sheriffs from other counties, the warden of the jail, and the attending physicians. Even the press is to be denied representation, and thus the public will be spared the six-column sensational recital which would otherwise have gratified its morbid taste. The legislature of New York in effect says that executions are not held for the purpose of gratifying the public desire for the sensational or the marvelous, but to fulfill the stern ends of justice. The city editors of all the New York dailies have signed a paper, agreeing to report the Kemmler execution, law or no law, even if they are imprisoned for misdemeanor in consequence. If the variety-mongering press of our day attempts, as it avows its purpose to do, to set this law at defiance and to effect an entrance to the scene of execution at all hazards, we hope the great State of New York will accept the alternative so graciously offered her by the great city editors of New York. We hope she will take these modern martyrs, and fling them, neck and crop, into the jail for which they yearn. After they are jailed, tbey may not be so "enterprising," but they will know more.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Giordano Bruno.

The cowardly press of San Francisco, from fear of giving offense to its readers of the Roman Catholic persuasion, have refrained from commenting on one of the most remarkable events of modern times—the inauguration of the Bruno memorial in the city of Rome.

It appears, from the dispatches of the press agent, that the Pope and clergy have been deeply grieved at the erection of a monument to Giordano Bruno under the shadow of St. Peter's and the Vatican. The Vatican was closed for two days, and the Pope exposed the sacrament in expiation of the outrage upon religion perpetrated by the inauguration of the memorial. Many priests and members of the Catholic Church left the city during the inaugural festivities. Not alone from the city on the Tiber, but from Vienna, from Madrid, from Lisbon, and from every part of the habitable globe where ultramontanism is rampant, goes forth the ultra-Papal howl of indignation at the erection of a monument to the memory of a brilliant scholar, profound thinker, and philosopher. Giordano Bruno was one of the boldest and most original thinkers of his age. He became a Dominican monk, but his liberal and enlightened views were far in advance of the false and fossiliferous theories maintained by his monastic associates. He was one of the earliest converts to the new astronomy which Copernicus had given to the world. Professor Tyndall says of Bruno: "Taking Lucretius as his exemplar, he revived the notion of the infinity of worlds; and, combining with it the doctrine of Copernicus, reached the sublime generalization that the fixed stars are suns, scattered numberless through space and accompanied by satellites, which bear the same relation to them that our earth does to our sun, or our moon to our earth. This was an expansion of transcendent import; but Bruno came closer than this to our present line of thought. Struck with the problem of the generation and maintenance of organisms, and duly pondering it, he came to the conclusion that Nature in her productions does not imitate the technic of man. Her process is one of unraveling and unfolding."

Bruno was accused of heresy and had to fly. He embraced the doctrines of Calvin at Geneva, but doubt and free discussion not being in favor there, he went to Paris. He gave a series of lectures on philosophy, and, by his avowed opposition to the scholastic system, made himself many bitter enemies. After traveling about the continent of Europe for a number of years, he made a visit to Venice, where he was, in 1598, arrested by the Inquisition and sent to Rome. During his term of two years in prison, Bruno was subjected to all manner of insults by the inquisitorial fiends to compel or force him to recant; hut no amount of torture could force this noble man to retract or disavow one word of what he felt to be the truth. On the sixteenth day of February, 1600, Bruno, by order of the Inquisition and sanction of the Pope, was hurned as a heretic.

To escape a similar fate, Galileo, thirty-three years afterward, abjured upon his knees and with his hands upon the Holy Gospels, the heliocentric doctrine which he knew to be true. After Galileo came Kepler, who, from his German home, defied the inquisitorial power beyond the Alps.

It would appear that the same cruel and intolerant spirt of Pope Clement the Eighth, at the close of the sixteenth century, animates, controls, and directs the actions of Pope Leo the Thirteenth at the close of the nineteenth century. Rome is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. Rome does not regret to-day that her ignorance and intolerance caused the murder of a learned, noble, and heroic man for asserting and maintaining God's solemn truth.

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers,
But error, wounded, writhes in pain
And dies amidst her worshipers."

"The mills of the gods grind slowly," and the just retribution of heaven for the cruel wrongs of the past has been handed down to the present generation of Roman clericals as a legacy. The clericals of Rome, from pope to priest, are sitting in sack-cloth and ashes, "weeping and wailing, and gnashing their teeth," deeply chagrined and intensely indignant at the dedication of a monument to a *heretic* who had a more powerful understanding, a more vigorous and fertile imagination, a richer and more diversified learning than any pope who has sat in the Papal chair from Anacletus to Leo the Thirteenth. J. E. W.

SANTA ROSA, June 12, 1889.

The Fourth of July Committee and the Union Bands.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: It has been the yearly custom to supplement the three thousand dollars appropriated by the board of supervisors for the celebration of the Fourth of July, by subscriptions solicited from the citizens. This collection has never amounted to less than three and sometimes to as much as six thousand dollars. This year, owing to the disasters by flood and fire in Johnstown and Seattle, the Citizens' Fourth of July Committee deemed it their duty to assist the sufferers with the money hitherto collected for the celebration. An address was therefore made to the people of San Francisco, informing them that this year the Fourth of July Committee would not ask them for any assistance, but to give what they had expected to hand to the celebration committee to the destitute people in Johnstown and Seattle, and that the celebration would be conducted on the three thousand dollars appropriated from the city treasury. Confined to so small a sum, the committee has been forced to the closest economy. Admiring the spirit in which the committee had acted, the citizens have behaved toward it with great generosity. Two of the largest theatres have been offered for nothing, with the free use of the orchestras, for the literary exercises. More talent, both amateur and professional, has offered its services than has ever before participated in a celebration of this day in our city. To all this patriotic generosity there has been one painful exception—that of the union bands. Forced to the necessity of celebrating for three thousand dollars, reduced the sum that the committee was able to pay for music to six dollars per man and twelve dollars for the leader, while the regular union rate is eight dollars per man and sixteen dollars for the leader. The bands were politely informed that, owing to the circumstances above described, the committee could pay no more than six dollars, and that, if the bands would accept that, they would be considered to have played for eight dollars, and to have contributed two dollars of the sum to charity. This reasonable offer was refused, and the committee informed that the union bands—four-fifths of whom are foreigners—would appeal to the Federated Trades and boycott the Fourth of July celebration by withdrawing from it every organization within the influence of that organization. An abundance of excellent music outside the union can be obtained for six dollars per instrument. It now remains to be seen whether San Francisco will tamely submit to having a handful of Hessians forbid her to celebrate the Fourth of July. A MEMBER OF THE COMMITTEE.

[The above communication we received from a reliable member of the Fourth of July Committee, and is printed because it is true, and because it presents the mercenary character of a large number of our foreign-born citizens, who follow the musical profession for their daily beer. Not the distressing calamity at Johnstown, or the destructive fire at Seattle, nor the limited resources at the command of the committee, nor the patriotic occasion which calls Americans to the celebration of the nation's birthday, is sufficient to stir a patriotic emotion in the breast of certain classes of our alien citizens, or not enough of an emotion to induce them to reduce their wages for blowing horns and heating drums two dollars on Independence Day. The attitude of our German fellow-citizens—for it is this nationality that controls the union bands—is not creditable to them. If there are no American musicians to help out the Fourth of July celebration, it is our advice that the music be confined to fife and drum. This kind of music was all that was necessary to set the Hessians skedaddling from our hattle-fields during the War of the Revolution, for the Hessians were mercenaries then, as are some of the emigrants from Germany to-day. As for their threats to "boycott" the celebration, we treat them with the contempt that cowardly menace always conveys to the American mind. If these foreign mercenaries have enough influence to withdraw music from our ranks, let American citizens march in silence. We are not sure that the parade would not be more impressive and productive of more important results than it would be if all Germany blew its bad breath through brass-horns. Orators, poets, readers, and musicians, we are advised, have volunteered their valuable services, then let the Dutch stay at home and sulk if they are not willing to work for six dollars on Independence Day.—ED.]

AFAR IN THE DESERT.

A Tragedy of the Sahara.

In our times, France's great African colonies are subdued forever; but in other days, during the attempts of a laborious conquest, every moment held a danger. Skirmishes were incessant, real combats were frequent, and each post of the extreme vanguard had its romantic episodes, to be related later. Here is one of them.

* * * * * * *

Soft and wavering the wind blew up off the scorched desert, the air freshened suddenly, and suddenly the night fell. Like a barrier upon the horizon the ascending hills gradually took on tints of gray or lilac; to the right and to the left stretched the plain of reddish sand, traversed irregularly by ravines of less or greater darkness, according to their depth, and by strange palm-groves, dusty, yellow, sun-burned. Twilight is unknown in Africa; darkness falls there with a push, like a curtain, and this swiftness of change of setting is accentuated correspondingly as the dry country is reached, in the heart of the desert, in the unexplored lands. Here, past the High Plains, beyond Saida, Ain-Seffra, almost into Morocco, on the borders of the mysterious Fighig, at the farthest point whither the exploring columns have penetrated, this natural phenomenon is profoundly noticeable; the shades invade the earth in the briefest moment, and change and darken it with their clouds as ink darkens water.

A bugle sounded within the circle of tents; the horses of the picket lifted their heads, and the chasseurs, in their wide blouses and trousers of linen, went to form in line slowly for the evening roll-call. The bugle-call, loud and shrill, was prolonged infinitely, carried by the sonorous swells to the foot of the tranquil mountains, where the sound died out. The squadron was formed on the right. Cabarousse, captain commanding, and his two lieutenants, Peyralte and Vaudras, all drowsy, regarded the manœuvre carelessly, without uttering a word, with their arms drooping, and all about, far, near, above, everywhere, there reigned a silence so great that it seemed religious, sacred, full of august mysteries.

The roll-call was begun. After each name followed the same brief, monotonous answers, as each day at that hour, with the apathetic indifference of mechanical exertion. The adjutant did not even pause before passing from one name to another.

"Present! —esent! —sent!"

"Hanrion?"

No one answered. The adjutant, surprised, lifted his gaze from his roll-book, and repeated:

"Hanrion?"

Nothing.

"Well! are you deaf, you Hanrion?"

No answer.

A soldier was missing. His companions of the ranks spread their hands and gesticulated in token that they knew nothing, comprehended nothing. Cabarousse came forward.

"Let us see! Who was the last man to see Hanrion? Where was it? When was it? Speak up now?"

In the morning, at roll-call; none had seen him since.

"Finish the roll-call! Break—ranks!"

So there was a soldier missing. In the neighborhood of a city, Cabarousse would have shrugged his shoulders, saying simply, "A hair thrown to the winds!" but here in this complete solitude, twenty leagues from the last advanced post, an absent man might as well be counted dead at once. And in a squadron alone there, isolated, lost, and entirely dependent upon itself, a call without response was enough to chill the boldest. In the desert, ranks are inevitably narrowed, and individualities are allied; no one is unknown, all are comrades, and one of these comrades had disappeared. In every group, whether the sleeves were blank or braided, that disappearance was discussed passionately, with the instinctive horror of the thought—"If it were I!" For human selfishness is never lost completely; all solidarity rests on personal considerations.

The country here was not, however, openly dangerous, not avowedly hostile; the hands of nomad Arabs had been repulsed, driven back to the mountains, and only a Kabyle village had its huts a short distance away. But the Kabyles are sedentary, of lazy habits, and they regard with indifference the foreign troops defiling past them in clouds of golden dust, and strike not, unless they are attacked in their own dwellings, under their roofs of mud and stone.

And yet, nevertheless, Cabarousse, suspicious, twisting his mustaches, looked obstinately to that side where lay the Kahyle village. There, he was convinced, lay the solution of the mystery. Suddenly he strode toward the groups of soldiers.

"Here! let us see about this! no more trifling! Does any one know anything?—there must be a woman in this business—a Kabyle woman, eh? Answer—one or another, or all at once! But answer! or else——"

"A woman—or more than one! it is the same thing," let slip a soldier, shaking his head knowingly.

"Here, you! come forward, and tell what you know!"

The soldier advanced and spoke out, finally. He was a barracks gossip, a swaggerer, and he spoke after his kind. "Well, this is about it, my captain; one is not made of wood, you see, and the desert is wide, and six months is a long time. It is very hard—not to see a woman for that long." Then he went on to say that the Kabyle girls were wont to go to wash their bright-colored rags at a rill at no great distance from the camp, and "The devil! one gets a twist in both eyes when one sees their brown, round ankles, as they go down to the gully. But that is all! as to their heads, they are so togged out that one sees only their eyes. But such eyes! That scamp Hanrion liked to go to watch them wash—a fancy like any other. He declared that the tallest and the shortest of them winked at him sidewise as they passed by him; and that always pleases a man, wherever he may be, my captain——"

"That is enough!" said Cabarousse, and he gave the order to saddle the horses.

Thirty men were left in charge of the tents. The others were galloping in the bright moonlight, and by the clear rays horses and riders projected gigantic shadows, scattered by the haste of march, but equal in their dimensions, the lines being maintained strictly. The thirst for battle and the joy of vengeance impelled the squadron; besides, any excitement is welcome which comes to break the monotony of long days of idleness. Then forward! Uprose and fled from the road the marauding jackals, whose shrill squeals insult from afar their natural enemy, man, once he is safely past them. Now and then a sabre sounded against a stirrup, or a horse which left his place was by force of hand returned thither; but always the troop continued advancing with spectral aspect, forming an ever-retreating picture.

The soldiers were content with the expedition, perceiving that the death of one among them was not to be passed over indifferently, and that all bloody memories would find prompt vengeance. Little by little, a sparse vegetation spread beneath the feet of the horses; then the way was streaked by the silhouettes of palm-trees; farther yet, and the Kahyle village stood confusedly out from the earth, with its mud-hovels, low, narrow-windowed, whose doors were too small for human stature; and round about the inclosures for cattle, now vacant.

At a brief word of command, the squadron halted. No light shone, all was dark; no one moved, nor anything whatever. Only a few vagabond dogs, scenting the strangers, barked upon the dung-heaps. The troop surrounded, at a walk, the village, still silent, still dark. Dismount! They entered the first hut, and it was vacant; vacant, too, the second; the third vacant; all were vacant—the inhabitants had fled, taking their effects and weapons. This was their guilty confession. More than that all farther search was now useless and without purpose.

But what was that? Lying across a doorway, with its face in a heap of filth, was the body of a man, with its throat cut, its face bathed in blood. It was Hanrion. Then, on the vast night, arose a clamor of rage, which presently sinks into grief—a tone of unspeakable sadness, of supreme pity. Afar stretch the undulating plains; and the imperturbable chain of hills, black now, seemed insolently to bar the way to reprisals.

Stiff upon his horse, gloomy and forbidding in the clear night, Cabarousse shook his clenched hand at the invisible, as one who dreams of vengeance.

"Lieutenant!" he cried, at last, "take fifty men and crush that brood of maggots until not two are left living! Oh, that I must stay at my post! that I might go with you!"

When the ranks were formed, the sub-lieutenant, Phillippe Vaudras, saluted and started with his fifty men toward the Unknown before them, while Cabarousse and his squad returned at a foot-pace, in their own despite, to the camp, with heads bent, with hearts saddened, bearing, laid across two horses, the bloody body of the murdered Hanrion.

Tall, slender, a leonine blonde, with clear blue eyes, when he left the military school, Philippe Vaudras had chosen Africa as a field for adventure, and, in a year of camp-life, he had made himself noted for his bravery, and this in a wild squadron where every man was valiant. Because of his white hands, his sweet voice, and his youth, the soldiers called him "The Little One," "Mademoiselle Vaudras," or else "My Lady Sub-Lieutenant"; but, when he charged across the plain, that "little one" gladdened the heart; his horse had splendid legs and was always first in the combat; and—what a powerful fist had "my lady sub-lieutenant"! His soldiers were fain to follow Vaudras, since they could never get before him; and they followed him with enthusiasm, drunken with his wildness, and, above all, so that nothing of ill should befall him. He seemed precisely the chief necessary for that romantic expedition, for that tragic night, for that setting extraordinarily tragic; after him, his troop would follow blindly.

At the head of the van-guard and on the flanks of the squads, the guides, the explorers, the pathfinders, bent over their pommels, with their gaze fixed on the ground, directing their course by tracks almost invisible by the pale light. Across a width of forty yards, there appeared in the sand deep marks, footprints of men and beasts, whose wide spaces attested the tumultuous flight, the disorder of defeat, beneath the furious lashes of the Kahyle drivers, terrified by that corpse they left behind them.

The horses of the pursuers were panting. "Halt!" commanded Vaudras. The chasseurs camped as well as they could; they lay down to sleep with an arm through the bridle, and, in spite of the jerks and pulls of the animals, their sleep was deep and dreamless. At last, a faint white streak appeared on the horizon; dawn was breaking; and suddenly a growing light dispelled the shadows and discovered distant objects. Then, on the flank of the hills, appeared the tribe they were pursuing, a long, gray line of men, women, and children, of sheep and oxen, climbing the heights in haste, and the air conveyed to them, like a call, the lowing of the oxen and the bleating of the sheep.

With one simultaneous shout, the riders spurred to a gallop; but if they saw, they were seen also; and the Kabyles, abandoning already the heaviest of their luggage, ran up the steeps in a revolt of confusion. They were lost to sight in the chaos of gigantic bowlders; one by one, as ants bury themselves in the earth, they were hidden to the last one in the hollows of the mountain. All that remained in sight were a few oxen, uneasy, turning toward the plain, lowing sadly, with necks stretched, muzzle thrust out, and nostrils flaring.

An hour later, Vaudras and his troopers found themselves all at once within a hundred yards of the enemy, having arrived thither by means of literal goat-paths. The Kabyles had made front and were awaiting them. The situation explained their audacity. Between the fugitive tribe and the blue-and-red chasseurs, the only path open was an extremely narrow pass which joined two level spaces; this pass ran along the side of the mountain like a forbidding balcony, hung over a gorge of immense depth. It was not wide enough for two horsemen abreast, and that beneath the unerring fire of the Kabyles on the heights. The least slip, the first false step would send one rolling into infinite space. Vaudras saw this conformation, and, understanding its horror, his face blanched and he shut his eyes. The troopers paused in astonishment, and the smoking horses panted heavily, and receded, necks thrust over cruppers. Evidently the Kabyles had known of that natural redoubt; the women and children were hidden behind the rocks in the rear, and the men were on their knees or on their breasts, sheltered from balls by great blocks of granite. They held the mountain, and could fire at their pleasure upon the soldiers in the open. Moreover, there was the ravine, the threatening fall.

The French soldiers thrust their heads forward to gaze into the abyss, saying, by their grimaces, "If we were hing now——!"

Suddenly, the hugler, a little scamp of twenty years old, at the utmost, spurred his horse forward in bravado, and sounded the charge. The signal was given, the horses started of their own accord, and along the whole extent of the menacing pass, heads flush with tails before them, the first squadron dashed splendidly, under a furious fusillade. Only one man, restraining his horse with both hands—only one man, rigid as if petrified in his saddle, remained behind it as rear-guard.

It was Vaudras.

One, two, four, five, twenty; the troopers thundered past him, shaking their heads under that hurricane of balls, laughing and encouraging one another with shouts. The sub-lieutenant remained immovable, with his eyes fixed on the summit, a cold sweat running off his temples.

Vaudras was smitten with vertigo.

To be attacked by vertigo is almost as bad as to go mad outright. The horror of it suffocates and paralyzes; and a man predisposed by temperament to that mysterious potency of empty space, to that magnetic attraction from abysses, loses all consciousness of himself and all will-power; he pales, he trembles, he recedes, and flies from the mute summons of the invisible death awaiting him in the air.

Vaudras was afraid.

Ah! the battle! there is the powder which laughs, the lead which whistles, the steel which darts, the blood which flows, the splendid shocks, the noisy death at will! But that gaping mouth, silent, terrific, waiting to suck one in—no!—no!—impossible! never!

Thirty men had passed, had taken the lead of Vaudras. They fancied that their officer, for the best of reasons, doubtless, watched their tragic defile, and would follow, to place himself at their head again. None noted his appearance, none suspected his anguish. The "little one" afraid! But "Mademoiselle" Vaudras nervous! Indeed, that is enough to terrify. What is the matter? "My lady sub-lieutenant" crying!"

Forty men had gone forward; the balls whistled harsh, scratching the granite walls with terrible rebounds. The Kabyles were firing volleys, continual discharges, sure that they were lost if the charging foes should reach them. Vaudras was exposing himself as a target uselessly.

All the fifty men had passed by him. He remained alone. He dismounted, meaning to try the pass on foot; his horse broke from him, and hurled itself after the others; at a distance the length of the trail, its shoes slipped on the rock, it lost its footing, and was whirled into the abyss, its four hoofs turned upward. Vaudras screamed, his eyes starting from their sockets. He threw himself upon his knees, he drag himself upon his stomach, but brute instinct drew him backward. He *could not* go on.

At that moment, he saw his men surrounded on all sides by the Kabyles, three times their number, rendered desperate by their danger. The women and children sallied from the rock-crannies, and hung themselves from the bridles, and plunged knives into the bellies of the horses, they scratched they bit, they threw stones. In that swarming of the horde, that entanglement that furious grasp of the raving multitude, the chasseurs, suffocated, dragged down, felt their limbs become numb. Their bleeding bodies were drenching the earth with red, and their leader was not there to inspire them, to obtain a victory!

It was faring ill with them. Their long sabres, dulled and bent, were withdrawn with difficulty from their thrusts into the masses. Their arms were weak and broken. They were powder-burned—at such close range were the Kabyles fighting. They were deafened by the yells of the dogs, excited by the combat; they were deafened by the shrieks of the children, by the howls of the women, by the roars of the men; they bitten, bleeding, scorched on all sides, the little troop melted slowly before the multitude which assailed unceasingly. Ambuscade, be the attack of what ilk it might, it meant death and death to the French cavalrymen.

Vaudras once more started to run forward, and with the mouth foaming, he fell back once more—the last time. Afar, he gazed with an infinite tenderness upon his men, who there without him—but, ah! in dying they were fighting bravely—slaying gallantly. He drew his pistol from his belt, he held it against his temple, he pressed the trigger, and the last convulsions of the death-agony precipitated his corpse into that bottomless abyss which had brought upon him the cursed vertigo.—*Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Maurice Montegut by Y. H. Addis.*

Professor T. H. Huxley, in a lately published autobiographical sketch, says that he has never entirely recovered from the effects of a blood poisoning contracted during his first post-mortem examination, performed when he was less than thirteen years of age.

An electrical omnibus is running in London. It goes through the crowded streets without difficulty and without exciting alarm on the part of carriage-horses.

In Roostoen, Holland, there is a giant rose-tree belonging to Mme. Regnen, which a few years ago held six thousand roses at the same time.

THE MINISTER TO ST. JAMES.

“ɔckaigne” discusses Mr. Robert T. Lincoln's Prospects in London.

The peaceful calm of suhlime satisfaction reigns supreme in tl American colooy, and the vast army of temporarily transpated New Yorkers, Bostonians, and Philadelphians, who a "doing" their regular annual London season, seem hardly y to have reached the final poiot of exhalation in their giganti sigh of relief. Mr. Rohert Lincoln, the newly arrived Uited States Minister, has not only heen presented at court, whout hitch in deportment or flaw in demeanor, hut has made h first appearance in London society, and has scored an unqlified success as a model "society man." If President Frrisoo had selected either Mr. Ward McAllister, or Mr. Emilton Fish, or any other prominent memher of the now riculously famous "Four Hundred" to have represented the pple of the United States at Queen Victoria's court for the rt four years, he could not have made a happier choice or o more satisfactory to Americans in England generally.

People whose ideas of Mr. Lincoln were formed upon recolleions of portraits of his father, have heen agreeahly disappnted. He is a compact, solidly huilt, comparatively small nn, whose physiognomy in on way seems to recall the ftures or the expression of the great President. On the contry, I should call him not otherwise than a handsome, fineloing man, with that ease of manner and quiet self-possession wch come as much hy nature in some people as hy a long oervance of the rules and hahits of good society in others. I ıould he inclined to helieve that hoth looks and manners he irrits from his mother, who, I am old enough to rememher, w a handsome and perfect-mannered woman. But while h may get his face and grace from his mother, he douhtle inherits the sturdy, unflinching American spirit of his faer; and I will confess myself hut a poor judge of human cracter if my prediction fails that, while he fills the posion of United States Minister in England as a gentlem, it will he as an American gentleman, and not one like M Lowell, who strove so hard to he English, or like Mr. Plps, who strove harder. I am aware that it is a hardous prophecy. Latterly, the Americanism of Americ Ministers has seemed to leave them the moment they set fc on British soil, or, at all events, so soon as they were gn the opportunity of making a speech. There has not ho much to encourage one in the actions of them all, from Rerdy Johnson down to Mr. Phelps.

Vith Mr. Lincoln I hope there will he none of the toadying, sechifying, and flunkeyish lick-spittling which marked the admistration of the office in the hands of the two last ministers. Ce great advantage is the infusion of new hlood into the lation. Mr. Rohert McCormick succeeds Mr. Edward Frpoint Phelps as second secretary of legation; Lieutenant-Cnmander Buckingham succeeds Commander Chadwick as ral attaché, and Major Post of the United States Army asses the newly created office of military attaché. It is te that Mr. Henry White still remains at the post o first secretary, which he has held since Mr. Phelps k over the office of minister in 1885. There is not much Aerican ahout Mr. White, I am afraid, and I often wonder wy it is that he is allowed, apparently, to own the legation. Iubtless he is retained hecause he is supposed to know the res, and there must he some one on hand who is up in athe little trifling infinitesimals concerning court ceremonials, wn to call, and how to address people, and all that sort of tlg. It does seem, however, that it would not take more tn an average hrain to master these details in a very short tie. Surely in all America another American can he found -, real, genuine, *American* American—whose hrain is equal imental force and power of acquisition and retention to tt of Mr. Henry White. As I heard an American lawyer, apresent in England, remark, a short time ago:

'I wonder how the office got aloog hefore White got into it'

The creation of the new position of military attaché to the ebassy is another event which causes a flutter of pleasure in tl hreasts of the self-exiled Americans, and a swelling of pride i he hearts of the anglomaniacs.

'We're getting just like the other European legations," s1 to me one of these aspiring American-Englishmen (ıose aspirations would have heen more crowned with succsful achievement if he had not called it Eu-*rope*-yan); "ırs is."

'In what way?" said I; "heen allowed to wear a unifn?"

His eyes glistened with delight at the idea, although his vce had a tone of disappointment and impatience in it notvhstandiog the hopefulness of his words.

'No; wish we was. But we can't expect everything all a nce. Uniforms'll come all in good time. But haven't you hrd?"

I told him I had not.

'Why, we got a military attaché!"

I do not in the least know what he expected me to do on reiving this astounding piece of intelligence—throw up my h, cry out "Hurrah for Jackson!" jump out of the window, c what, for he looked painfully crestfallen when I said:

'Have they?"

'Why, ain't you glad?" he asked.

'Glad? What difference can it make to me?"

'Well, it does to us over here, anyhow," he continued, waxi eothusiastic at my want of sympathy; "it's a steppingsne, sir. Next thing we'll have a uniform, and then two or tee more secretaries. I tell you it will he fine. Talk ahout ır legations!"

'Two or three more secretaries?" said I; "what for?"

'For the United States Minister to the Court of St. nes!" he replied, with a pompous wave of the hand.

"I mean what does the minister want with two or three more retaries?"

"Eh? What? Why, all the other emhassies have m."

"That's no reason. I don't think the American people would like the extra expeose."

He did oot answer.

"Io my opinioo, one secretary would he ample. There may he some slight excuse for a oaval attaché, which keeps a commander uoder pay doing literally nothing in Londoo. But what need there can he of a military attaché is something I can't imagine. What is there for him to do? Show his uniform at the drawing-rooms and levées. It can not he that his services as an ohserver of English military tactics or advances in the arts of war are wanted hy the United States Government, for the United States prides itself on complete isolation from all the questions which are at any moment likely to arise in Europe and set the great powers hy the ears. That each of these powers should have a military attaché at each other's courts is not surprising. Why America requires one, is what puzzles me. Among the other military attachés, with stupendous armies hehind them, he must feel like a fool."

"Major Post is an elegant gentleman, and a friend of mine, sir," and he turned upon his heel and walked away.

For my own part, I do not think there is any danger of a further increase in the legation staff heyond the military attachéship, which certainly does seem to have heen an unnecessary step. I do not think that Mr. Lincoln is likely to recommend or uphold any expensive nonsense for the sake of show. The Prince of Wales was especially polite to the new minister at Lord Salishury's reception at the foreign office on Saturday night. The prime minister presented Mr. Lincoln to his royal highness, and the two chatted away for some time together. The prince never fails to show his regard for America and Americans whenever the opportunity is given him. It is a pity that a few others in high places, who have received hospitality freely in the States, do not imitate his example.

COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, May 31, 1889.

THE MAN WHO RODE TO CONEMAUGH.

Into the town of Conemaugh,
Striking the people's souls with awe,
Dashed a rider, aflame and pale,
Never alighting to tell his tale,
Sitting his big bay horse astride.
"Run for your lives to the hills!" he cried;
"Run to the hills!" was what he said
As he waved his hand and dashed ahead.

"Run for your lives to the hills!" he cried,
Spurring his horse, whose reeking side
Was flecked with foam as red as flame.
Whither he goes and whence he came
Nobody knows. They see his horse
Plunging on in his frantic course,
Veins distended and nostrils wide,
Fired and frenzied at such a ride.
Nobody knows the rider's name—
Dead forever to earthly fame.
"Run to the hills! to the hills!" he cried;
"Run for your lives to the mountain-side!"

"Stop him! he's mad! just look at him go!
'Taint safe," they said, "to let him ride so."
"He thinks to scare us," said one, with a laugh,
"But Conemaugh folks don't swallow no chaff.
'Tain't nothing, I'll bet, but the same old leak
In the dam above the South Fork Creek."
Blind to their danger, callous of dread,
They laughed as he left them and dashed ahead.
"Run for your lives to the hills!" he cried,
Lashing his horse in his desperate ride.

Down through the valley the rider passed,
Shouting, and spurring his horse on fast;
But not so fast did the rider go
As the raging, roaring, mighty flow
Of the million feet and the millions more
Of water whose fury he fled before.
On he went, and on it came,
The flood itself a very flame
Of surging, swirling, seething tide,
Mountain high and torrents wide.
God alone might measure the force
Of the Conemaugh flood in its awful course.
Behind him were buried under the flood
Conemaugh town and all who stood
Jeering there at the man who cried,
"Run for your lives to the mountain-side!"

On he sped in his fierce wild ride.
"Run to the hills! to the hills!" he cried.
Nearer, nearer came the roar
Horse and rider fled before.
Dashing along the valley ridge,
They came at last to the railroad bridge.
The big horse stood, the rider cried,
"Run for your lives to the mountain-side!"
Then plunged across, but not before
The mighty, merciless, mountain roar
Struck the bridge and swept it away
Like a bit of straw or wisp of hay.
But over and under and through that tide
The voice of the unknown rider cried,
"Run to the hills! to the hills!" it cried—
"Run for your lives to the mountain-side!"
—*John Eliot Bowen in Harper's Weekly.*

Attention was called a few weeks ago to the gradual disappearance of rooks—a wary hut sociahle species—from London, and particularly from the West End. Some time has, no douht, elapsed since rooks' nests adorned the crown at the top of the vane of St. Olave's, Hart Street, or the wings of the dragon on Bow spire. But the elms of Holland House, where three or four nests alone remain, not long ago held quite a considerahle rookery; the plane-trees hehind Lord Wharncliffe's house in Curzon Street, where one solitary old nest is now visihle, a few years hack contained several inhahited nests; and the little colony on the north side of the Marylehone Road, opposite to Devonshire Place, had then a more flourishing appearance than it now presents.

The motion lately made in the House of Commons hy Mr. Lahouchère in favor of aholishing the hereditary principle in the House of Lords, came so near success that a change of less than thirty votes from one side to the other would have turned the scale. Scarcely any attempt was made to defend the hereditary legislators.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Visitor—"That engine acts very queerly, it seems to me." *Engineer*—"Quite likely, sir. It has an eccentric rod."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Miss Bugge—"Oh, but mine is such a horrid name!" *Young Brown*—"Ah—a—um—I'm afaid it's too late to alter it now."—*London Punch.*

Hired girl (to tramp, tattered and travel-stained)—"Well, *you're* a dandy!" *Tramp* (surveying himself sorrowfully)—"Yes, I'm a dandy; hut I'm no dude!"—*Puck.*

"Do you believe the report that there is creole hlood in Miss Waldo?" "No," replied Merritt; "I only wish there was something of that sort to take the chill off."—*Judge.*

He—"Talking about names, I wish I could get mine changed. I think it is too ugly for anything." *She* (enthusiastically)—"Oh, I don't. I think it is just lovely!"—*Tid Bits.*

Bridget—"Enjoy slape, is it? The minute I lay down I'm aslape, and the minute I'm awake I have to get up. Where's the time for enjoying slape to come in I'd like yez to tell me?"—*Life.*

"Well, doctor, how did you enjoy your African journey? How did you like the savages?" "Oh, they are very kind-hearted people; they wanted to keep me there for dinner."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Boston Flathers, Esq.—"I suppose you don't speak to the common herd any more, Miss Luckeigh?" *Miss Luckeigh* (who has just realized largely)—"Why, certainly, Mr. Flathers, how do you do?"—*Life.*

Blind man (to tailor)—"I am looking for something for a suit." *Tailor*—"Yes, sir. What color would you prefer" "Well, I should say blind-man's buff would he as appropriate as anything."—*Boston Herald.*

"Oh, yes, I know. You are true to me no longer! That little flirt, Nellie, has quite turned your head!" "Oh, here, I say. Don't be so hard on a fellow. You don't think I'm true to her *either*, do you?"—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Lady Belle Gravia (in London)—"At the last drawing-room, the queen kissed an American girl who was presented to her." *Miss Allie Bazam* (of Chicago, dressing for her presentation)—"Horrors! She doesn't always, does she?"—*Puck.*

It was a Connecticut boy who surprised his teacher in reading the other day, by his interpretation of the sentence, "There is a worm; do not tread on him." He read slowly and hesitatingly, "There is a warm doughnut; tread on him!"—*Christian Register.*

The grocer—"Good-morning, Mr. Oatcake. What brings you back to the city so soon?" *Farmer Oatcake*—"Waal, I'm going to have a good many more summer-boarders than I expected, so you might send me ten more cases o' canned vegetables!"—*Puck.*

Mr. Van Toozer shows Mr. Perryjohn a new waltz step, and two rustic youths, who are attracted to the spot, thus comment upon the performance: "What's them city fellers doin', Link?" "Wrastlin', sidehold, I reckon. Mighty tame wrastlin', though."—*Harper's Bazar.*

The young lady has just finished playing a selection from "Faust": *Old lady*—"How nice! I always did like 'Home, Sweet Home.'" *Young lady* (with a start)—"'Home, Sweet Home!'" *Old lady*—"Yes. Min plays it. I can always tell it when she crosses her hands."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Judge—"You were arrested for walking on the grass in the park, and that, too, right near a notice warning you to keep off." *Accused*—"Yes, I'm near-sighted you know, and I couldn't make out what the sign was, so I went over on the grass to read it and was arrested."—*Omaha World.*

Miss Ritta—"Aren't you fond of dialect poetry, Mr. Drestbeeph?" *Mr. Drestbeeph* (of the Chicago Browning Society)—"Well, James Whitcomb Riley and Eugene Field do very well; but I came across some poems by a fellow named Chaucer the other day, and he carries it too far."—*Life.*

Miss Greene (just returned from a Western tour)—"Oh, Mr. Noddy, we had a most delightful trip! The Yellowstone Park was beautiful, and the sunrise which I saw there was simply grand!" *Mr. Noddy*—"Yaas? But—aw—excuse me—hut I wasn't aware that the sun ever rose in the west."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Kind lady—"Here's a pair of trousers my son wore at college. You can have them." *Tramp* (sadly)—"Madam, I'm only a tramp, but I have some consideration for the communities through which I travel. I shouldn't want to arouse the people from their slumber if I should happen to pass through a village at night."—*Life.*

First boomer—"You fellows have no git-up about you at all. Why don't you have photographs of your town taken, like we did? Are you ashamed of it?" *Rival boomer*—"Naw, that ain't the reason at all. I want you to understand, young fellah, that our town don't stand still long enough to be photographed."—*Terre Haute Express.*

Patrick (in Ireland)—"Sure it's a foine counthry Americky is, Biddy. Oi'll be afther sthartin' there at onct." *Biddy*—"D'yez not have to work there the same as here?" *Patrick*—"No, indade; me brother Moike writes that he is a policeman, an' has nothing to do but shtand on a corner and assist foine ladies acrost the strate, and ate oranges an' nuts an' bananas."—*New York Weekly.*

Mr. Jason—"A nice fool you made of yourself at that sociable last night!" *Mrs. Jason*—"Me? How?" *Mr. Jason*—"Yes, you. Telling Mrs. Chally that her baby looked good enough to eat." *Mrs. Jason*—"Well, what's the matter with that?" *Mr. Jason*—"Oh, nothing; only you know that they start as missionaries to the Cannibal Islands next week."—*Terre Haute Express.*

Mr. Job Lott—"John, send me a boy." *Mr. Avredge*—"The boys are all out, sir." *Mr. Lott*—"Ring for a district messenger." *Mr. Avredge*—"Very sorry, sir; but the messenger-call is out of order." *Mr. Lott*—"I must get a message to Blank & Blank somehow, and I can't spare time to run around and see them. Are the under-clerks at dinner?" *Mr. Avredge*—"Yes, sir." *Mr. Lott* (despairingly)—"Then I will have to use the telephone."—*Puck.*

Government clerk (to friend)—"I'm in a frightful hole. I went to see two doctors yesterday and got a medical certificate from each. One was a certificate of health for a life insurance company, and the other was a certificate of illness to send to the chief with my petition for a week's leave of absence." *Friend*—"I've done that myself. What's the matter?" *G. C.*—"Matter? Great Scott! I mixed the certificates in mailing them. The insurance company has my certificate of ill-health and the chief has my certificate of good health."—*Boston Beacon.*

I happened to be in the office of the *Mercantile Review and Live Stock Journal* on Wednesday last in time to hear one of the best reasons ever given for stopping a newspaper. A German boy entered, removed his hat, and asked: "Is Mr. Vepsider in?" "He is," replied Charles H. Webster, looking up from a mass of tissue live-stock reports which he was winnowing. "Vell, Mister Bitters don't vant to take dot paber no more. He vos dedt last nide alretty." The name of the late Mr. Bitters, a cattle-dealer, was duly erased from the delivery sheet.—*Buffalo Truth.*

The attention of persons about to visit Paris is called to the circumstance that the American Minister, Mr. Reid, has lately hired a large furnished house in a desirable neighborhood in that city, for which he pays at the rate of twenty thousand dollars per annum. We are not authorized to state explicitly that Mr. Reid expects to take boarders, but, inasmuch as the house is much more spacious than he requires for his family, and the rent alone exceeds his entire official salary by twenty-five hundred dollars, it will suggest itself to the reflecting traveler how the discrepancy between his pay and his expenses can most easily he bridged. Opulent and liberal Americans who are disposed to help our minister out of a tight place, and at the same time get a pleasant taste of diplomatic life, should apply early. New York families of refined table-manners will probably he preferred.—*Life.*

ON THE RIVIERA.

The Invalids, Gamblers, and Blonde Beauties of Monte Carlo.

The Riviera begins, let us say, at St. Raphael, where the quiet people go, where there is nothing much to do or to see (says a writer in *Blackwood*). You can scarcely feel the throb of Monte Carlo in its veins. It is respectable and ritualistic. But as we get on to Cannes, we feel the electric touch. From thence the stream flows, coming and going as far as Mentone on the other side. This, in the present sense of the word, is the true Riviera. The road runs along the coast, close to the sea, flanked with gardens of lemons and oranges on one side, and the gray olives all gnarled and twisted, in terraced plantations mounting up the hills, on the other. The railway runs parallel here and there, but keeps plunging into tunnel after tunnel, disappearing from view; but along the road sweeps carriage after carriage, up and down the slopes, and round the sharp corners, with jangling bells and flying hoofs. They are all on their way to or from the centre of existence; they dash, they gallop, they fly; it is the rule of the road to go always at full speed. In many of them there are pretty creatures with yellow hair, whose audacious beauty, bold yet pitiful, makes the heart sick; in many others, bands of men, three or four together, who are equally suspect, but rouse feelings quite different from pity. It is difficult, however, to draw the line among them—between the idle and vacant, who go simply to amuse themselves, and the *vauriens* who naturally hang about a place where everything which elsewhere is illegitimate and *déclassé* becomes lawful and commonplace. One of the classes of passers-by to which I most object is the solitary old gentleman, very much wrapped up, who scowls out of his furs and shawls at the sea, which has ventured to chill an air which he expects to be made to order for him, to keep cold away and his ailments at arms-length, and preserve his unprecious life as long as possible.

It is with a sentiment less hellicose that we survey another class which is very familiar on the Riviera—that of the elderly-young man, who has come to estimate at their full value the gifts of careless youth, and who is determined to keep his hold upon them till the last practicable moment. He is the man, perhaps, who most enjoys all that is beautiful and delightful here. He has too much good taste to care for anything which involves the nausea of vice. He is in his own person virtuous and clean, from his linen to his likings—unimpeachable, but not strait-laced. He ignores the relationships which may not be quite in accord with the law, when he is asked to a sumptuous dinner or to join a party on board a beautiful yacht. He is not a censor of morals. He enjoys everything—the smile of a pretty woman, and even the little *éclat* of knowing her, and the sensation of passing her without any acknowledgment of acquaintance when he is with ladies of another description. The contact with the unlawful thus brings him a peculiar touch of pleasure; but he is not in any way unlawful himself. He takes the good out of everything, and all the world is open to him. The most innocent person, perhaps, regards him with a certain additional interest, in that he knows all sides of the human problem, and has spoken familiarly with those who are mentioned in polite society only with hated breath. He is free to walk where everything smells of pitch, yet he is not defiled. No unsavory adventures or relationships are his; indeed, there is nothing about him which is not wholesome, clean, and, if the word were permitted, respectable. He would not choose, perhaps, to be called respectable, because that is supposed to infer dullness and limitations which he does not find necessary or desirable. Yet so well brushed, so well got up, so *soigné* and careful is his toilet, both of body and soul, that the title, if he would accept it, would be entirely suitable.

This gentleman, if he were in Piccadilly, might be called a man-about-town, where he would know all the best people, and do everything that the best people do. On the Riviera, while retaining that character, he is a man-about-the-world. He knows not only the best people but the worst, yet, as has been said, he remains undefiled. He may live at Monte Carlo and not even play. Life is enough to interest him without any miserable adjuncts of that kind. The thing which particularly strikes the observer is his care to preserve himself in that perfect condition of enjoyment and comfort to which he has attained. While he is quite aware that a younger man could never get as much (perhaps by dint of wanting so much more) from life as he does, he is also conscious that an older man generally gets much less. He knows that he is on the apex, and that the next step from the apex means more or less downfall. Therefore, his health is a matter of the greatest importance to him. It is so, let us allow, to all sensible persons, but to him even more, for it involves more. It involves diminution—a decrease in every way—and he is most reluctant to contemplate diminution and decrease. He wants to remain where he is, enjoying everything, exercising what he still feels to be a voluntary moderation. If the years would but stand still, all would be well; they have nothing more to bring him, but only less, which is a contingency he has no desire to face. Therefore, he takes care of himself, body and mind, with a constant, unremitting, modest attention. He takes care not to tire himself, not to be put out, to undergo no *contretemps*—such as inferior rooms, a bad dinner, or a company which bores him. All these things detract from perfect vitality—and to preserve that perfect, tempered, well-balanced vitality is the main object of his life.

This gentleman is to be found at his highest perfection on the Riviera. He is well off—generally very well off; he has nothing to do but the pursuits above mentioned. He has no pressure of duties at home, being unmarried and without care save for himself. Generally he is very kind and good-hearted, and pleased to please other people, which gives the finest aroma to such a life. If he were not, indeed, good and amiable, he would not have half so much enjoyment in his existence. This gives the last perfection to it. He would not be what he is if he had not a great deal of goodness in him. And yet, to think that a few years may turn this quintessence of humanity into the old gentleman with a *cache-nez* up to his eyes, who will scowl at the Mediterranean because it is not a hot bath!

There is no feminine counter-balance to this development of man. The nearest thing to him is the old lady who is perennial in liveliness and eagerness to enjoy everything and see everything, and who is amused impartially by the proper and the improper—the latter of whom would bear the bell with her were it not for the infinite drollery of the prim people who are not as other women are, and whose superior virtue puts on airs which delight the clever old critic who has seen everything and everybody, and to whom life is now a spectacle at which she sits, not caring much what passes before her, amused by all the follies, whatever they may be. But women can never attain the impartiality of men. Their toleration is never so genuine, their curiosity not so calm. The middle-aged unmarried woman vainly tries to emulate that perfection of enlightenment which marks her male contemporary. She can not reach it. Probably she would be a monster if she did. Ladies, on the whole, do not shine at Monte Carlo. They are too much on the alert, either to avoid encounters with the equivocal or to brave them. They do not take matters with the same majestic calm.

They are to be seen, however, upon the dusty but lively road which leads by all the inexhaustible curves, bays, and headlands of this wonderful coast, toward that curious little metropolis of folly, passers-by of a very different description. Between the ladies with the yellow hair and the men with the cigars, will come along at a pace more moderate an English family, father, mother, and children, generally grown-up daughters, with worth and wealth in every feature. "Que diable allaient-ils faire en cette galère?" What can they want at Monte Carlo? They go because, we suppose, they have formed to themselves an idea of something in the shape of gayety and exhilarating pleasure which is almost beyond a soher man's dreams—the vortex, the whirl, which recluses in the country dream of, but never find. They expect to be seized upon by the *tourbillon* of joyous life—to be whirled out of themselves in a maelstrom of dissipation in which their own high principles will keep them individually guiltless, but which will have all the fascination of wickedness. Perhaps they are a little shamefaced about going there at all, and murmur excuses as to having heard that it is the best air in the Riviera, the best music, and beautiful gardens, etc. All of which is true enough; but it is something more than they expect.

Still more extraordinary are the other carriagefuls of English travelers, all ladies—ladies who have no yellow hair, but scanty wisps of gray—ladies not fair of feature, and of guise altogether unlike that of seekers of pleasure, most of them in black, most of them a little worn by life, all of them propriety incarnate. As a general rule, they do not care how fast they go, except when there is something to see. Their coachman is a man whom they think very civil, who tells them what everything is on the way, and points out the castle which belongs to Mr. Smith, or the great gardens of the Villa Brown. What records of life might come out of those parties! They are all—or almost all—in black; some of them in crêpe, just emancipated by death from some life-long bondage of circumstances—some long monotony of living, in which no relaxation or variety was possible. Perhaps it is the father who has died, after holding his more than grown-up daughters in grim captivity for years. They have found out that they required change—fresh air, new scenes; and once more it is with the delusion in their minds that they will see at least, if they do not share, if they only look on, the wildest gayety at Monte Carlo — dissipation and amusement beyond their wildest dreams—that they are making their way, in a state of excitement and enchantment difficult to describe, to that centre. The painted ladies, the equivocal men, are all part of the play. They gaze at their fellow-travelers when they dash past, raising clouds of dust, with a shock of delightful horror.

Monte Carlo, the centre of all those visions, has, indeed, the most delightfully holiday aspect when one gets there. The little fortress town of Monaco, standing out to sea upon its lofty rock, with the loveliest little basin of a bay, gay with boats, a yacht or two, perhaps an errant steamer quaintly out of place, flanks it on one side. The road mounts steeply from the line of houses on the lip of the bay called the Condamine, to the platform above, on which the two pepper-casters of the Casino, looking not unlike a modern *rococo* cathedral, stand out in the sun. Behind are the gray mountains, sprinkled along all their lower slopes with olives; in front the broad sea, in wonderful tints of blue, clear as the sky toward the margin, deep as the wine-colored ocean of the classics toward the horizon. Along the coast sparkles Bordighera on the headland, and the white-terraced fortifications of Ventimiglia, the frontier town, with here and there a cluster of towers and roofs upon the hills behind. Roccabruna slipping downward, the immemorial tower of Turbia standing up blanched and everlasting in a fold of the lofty slopes. The gardens are full of palms of every description, great and small, and rare plants, which are all put to bed at night and carefully tucked under coverlets of matting. And, as everywhere else on the Riviera, flowers abound; no need to deny yourself a button-hole or a bouquet. The sunshine streams down upon everything, and January is like June. Nothing can exceed the brightness, the sweetness, the radiance of the air outside. It is happiness of a morning to breathe in that radiant purity of boundless atmosphere.

But there is but one point to which everybody is bound—the rooms. Air, sky, outdoor radiance, and beauty, are nothing to those more potent fascinations. The inexperienced visitor, whose head is full of the vortex, etc., is brought up, suddenly pulled back to himself and such respectability as he may possess, by the almost religious ceremonial which has to be gone through before he can be admitted. If it is dissipation, it is at least protected by all the punctilio of French formality and red-tape. He has to state his name, his age, what profession he follows, when he is at home. Should any member of the party happen to look exceptionally young, there is an immediate inquisition into his (or her) age, minors being prohibited at Monte Carlo. The Direction watches paternally, also, over any one who may be supposed to be a dependent, dragged thither against his (or her) will by wicked employers. No native of Monaco is allowed on any consideration to enter and there is even a tempered prohibition addressed to the in habitants of the province of Alpes Maritimes. Could virtuou precaution go further? Nevertheless, by fatality a number o equivocal people get admission—greatly to the distress, as i natural, of the company of capitalists which was once M Blanc.

And now, here we are on the edge of the vortex, havin gained admission, in a great hall crowded with people walkin to and fro, the men all smoking, the women in every kind c exaggerated toilet, tempered and subdued by the Englis ladies in tweed and in black. The air is rather stifling; an strange to think of, coming in out of the radiant sunshin there is here nothing but artificial light. Opening from or corner of the hall is a great concert-room, where, if it is afte noon, and Thursday, a crowd is pressing, and where you ma hear the best music played by probably the most perfect o chestra in the world. At another corner is an equally gre reading-room, where all the journals of Europe, and most of tho of America, are to be found. But the stream is tending towa the other end, where you enter by guarded doors in a religio quiet into the heart of the place. Here all is evening, no to of daylight—everything excluded that could recall the facts nature; clusters of lights burning, crowds of people steali about with softened steps, talking with hated breath. The are a succession of tables, each surrounded by an earne crowd. Round them are seated, first a line of men and w men, with pencils, and pieces of paper, and rolls of money b fore them; outside of these, another line standing, lookin over the heads of the first rank; and outside of them, as ma as can get a glimpse of the table, which is all laid out squares, with numbers inscribed. In the midst is the *roulet* watched by several persons preternaturally serious—men i capable of a smile, who shovel about the big, white, five-fra pieces with which the multitude *fait son jeu*. Everybody serious; it is only the strangers, the spectators, the new pe ple, who venture on the levity of smiles. A raised voice is offense in this temple of decorum; a laugh—one does n know what explosion a laugh might produce. All is hush and quiet; a grave discretion reigns on every face.

At *trente et quarante* there is the same stillness, the sar decorum, the same solemn officials, graver than any judg which ever sat upon the bench; the same line of inner w shipers with pins or pencil pricking their paper, followi some sombre calculation, or pretending to do so, acting some system; the same line of votaries over their heads; t same rear ranks stretching hands and stakes over the othe shoulders. *Trente et quarante* is, if possible, less excitin save for the terrible question of the stake, than the *roulet* The grave croupier deals out a few rows of cards, rakes in flings out with remarkable skill a quantity of shining pieces gold, and all is over—to begin again without a momen pause. It is all so quick, so silent, so monotonous, that th is no time for interest. Nothing but the instinct of play, t desire of gain, that passion of acquisition which is in humani could confer upon the operation the least possibility of exci ment. People say, however, assuming a fine faculty of c servation, that the interest lies in the faces of the playe where all the vicissitudes of delight and despair are to be re I doubt whether there are many critics of humanity so hig endowed as really to derive pleasure from this; and, as matter of fact, these exhibitions of highly strained feeling few. The great proportion of people at Monte Carlo w play persistently are but little the better or the worse for th devotions. They gain one day and lose another—probal at the end of all things each individual has paid his tribute j enough to make him an item of profit to the bank, and in enormous numbers that come and go this will naturally p duce a large revenue. But tragical losses, like everyth that is tragical, occur but seldom, and perhaps the people w sustain them are able to keep their feelings to themselv Every visitor to Monte Carlo hears of dreadful accidents wh have happened—of suicides so frequent that they becom commonplace; but nobody sees these dreadful occurrenc I have heard a story of a man who shot himself at the tat and was paid no attention to, infatuated gamesters jostling body as it drooped over the fatal board in order to lay do their stakes. Nothing could surpass the ghostly sensation this tale—one seemed to see it—the *affaissement* of the lifel victim, the dead head dropped upon the arms, the heartle horrible players pushing forward their gold across him drawing back their gains. We put very little faith in the s cides.

But all the same, the profits of the company who carry the Casino at Monte Carlo must be immense. They s port, as has been said, one of the most perfect orchestras the world, and give concerts almost daily which cost audience nothing. The classical concerts on Thursdays crowded by listeners from all parts of the Riviera. There nothing to pay; and nowhere in the world is a more finisl programme to be had. Crowds of people, who in no w conduce to the prosperity of Monte Carlo, who never en the gambling-rooms, take advantage of these entertainme —from Mentone on one side, and Nice or even Cannes on other; the railway fares there and back being insignificant comparison with the price anywhere else of tickets for suc performance. On most of the other days, there are also c certs performed by the same inimitable band, which are classical, but perhaps not the less enjoyable from that circu stance. The expense of maintaining this huge number most skilled performers must be enormous. The readi rooms, the gardens, even the immense vestiaries, where there crowds of liveried attendants, prove the extent of the profits the bank. Nowhere is there so much gratuitous pleasure to had; and even those people who condemn Monte Carlo most, take advantage without hesitation of the good thing provides.

It seems only right to say this for the warning of th who come from all kinds of quiet places for amusement Monte Carlo. The air of the rooms is stifling, hot, and wholesome. The artificial light adds to the artificial he which is kept up through the building, and which the clos

up/indows, blocked against the daylight, can do nothing to mi;rate. In the concert-room, crowded with a mass of peo- pl so that there is scarcely standing room, there is never br thing room, nor any movement at all in the dead air, so str gely different from the delightful radiancy and hreadth of the ir outside. When the visitor comes forth dazzled from all at gaslight, and opens his chest to the sweetness of the at- mo here, what a contrast! The hay sparkles in all its tints an shades of varying hlue. Monaco, on its rock, rises sea- wa in picturesque perfection, crowned with trees and pa es. The hoats rock, as it seems, upon the sunshine, wh h is reflected under them, and shines above, penetrating all he wide vault of heavenly atmosphere hetween sky and se Up among the hills the flowers grow unregarded, the so olives flutter in gray and glistening foliage over the green te ces, and here and there, upon the spur of a hill, rises a sm l mediæval town, little changed since it was founded, with ho es faintly yellow or pink in the intense light, its little cam- pa le, its tower, ruined or otherwise. But for the most part, th denizens helow ignore these delights. The hotels are full of en who meet each other everywhere—in London, in En- gli country-houses, in all the monotonous resorts of fashion. Th ladies are a little out of it; they are hustled on every sid hy equivocal personages—sometimes the most correct find that she has heen hohnohhing, without knowing it, i something not to he named to ears polite. The family es, who live in their hotel as in a wing of their paternal sion, with their own servants, their own "ways," all En- li and individual, have perhaps the hest of it. It does not matter where they go, seeing they carry their little nnic *milieu* with them everywhere; but in another sense als it does not much matter where they go, for everywhere is er much the same.

he people, however, who can not engage the first floor of n pensive hotel, nor have couriers and maids to shut them from contact with the lower world—tbe people who have e their dinner at *tables d'hôte*, and in such apartments as re o he had, especially the ladies, and the innocent new- ied people in all the hloom of youthful virtue—had hetter e a nest in other places along the coast, from which they make the flight of a day to see the more piquant company ese haunts of wickedness.

THE NEW MINISTER TO FRANCE.

London *Truth* of May 30th is the following paragraph:

new United States Minister has taken, at a rental of four thousand s sterling a year, the Comtesse de Grammont's house in the Avenue e. The residence has two carriage-way entrances, presents an im- air, is spacious, and Americans expect that it will be the theatre iable entertainment of a nature to increase respect for the stars pes. In the early days of the Republican party, to which Mr. law Reid belongs, the United States Legation used to he really the , and a most delightful centre, too, of American society.

s. Whitelaw Reid, the new United States Ministress, is a lady of mental poise and of intellectual culture. She was much in her od in California. Still young, she has an air of refinement, is free ll trace of self-assertive habit, and will take up her position with unobtrusive dignity. There is distinction in her manner and in ode of dress. Her figure is slender, not tall, and, heing symmetri- d graceful, is what the French call *mignonne*. So far, Mrs. Reid in mourning) has dressed in black.

Reid has quiet geniality, and is also unassuming. He is an able paper editor. Though not yet, I should fancy, on the shady side of e age, he has done a deal for waifs and strays, and for the infant ation of the close streets of New York. His first work, outside of s and newspaper editing, was to send male waifs out West, where ons were ohtained for them as farm-helps. His next work, which oes on, was the creation of an open-air fund to board and lodge en of poor people in farm-houses in salubrious localities. The umber of children sent for several consecutive years from New (where in summer the heat is, day and night, often that of an oven) appear so prodigious that I do not dare to give it.

address of Mr. Reid, when presenting his credentials to M. Car- as remarkable for avoidance of commonplace, and for a few sober, e, and ringing sentences. Coming as they did from the envoy of ost potential nation in the world, they must have been particularly ing to "Mr. President" Carnot. This was the first time that the of the State here was addressed thus in English. Mr. Reid does French, but he is not familiar with it. He read his harangue in sh, but sent previously a French translation to the president.

e foregoing handsome notice to the Minister of the ed States to France, and his accomplished wife, gives us ure, hecause Mr. Whitelaw Reid is a creditahle represen- of the great repuhlic to the other great repuhlic across ea, and hecause Mrs. Reid is a daughter of California. ords us pleasure to reproduce the compliments now com- us from the English press, and to know that our coun- ; beginning to receive the just recognition due to its ness, wealth, power, and influence in the family of civil- ations. Once, at Frankfort-on-the-Main—where we had d from Homhurg, hy rail, for a day's recreation—we ted a gentleman, and, begging his pardon, inquired if he English. With a good, round, Saxon oath he an- d: "No, sir; I speak American." The incident pleased ot that we are ashamed of speaking English, hut because re proud of speaking "American." It pleases us to have country designated as "America," and to be regarded e nation which represents the continent. We are glad to that the sister repuhlics of South America are recogniz- ur country as the friend of repuhlican governments ever they exist; we are glad to know that the Samoan ulty has enahled our nation to impress upon Germany the that our possessions border the Pacific; we are glad to mber that when Lord Lyons left Paris, Mr. Washburn ined, and, through the rule of the Commune, stood at his of duty beside the only other foreign embassador who ot take to flight, viz., the Swiss minister. From France the teachings of 1789, we learned our first lessons publicanism; Jefferson imported democracy and panta- to the United States of America. Our sympathy is with and of Lafayette, and our prayer is tbat the long, hard, bloody struggle endured for an hundred years hy the peo- f France may result in a strong, enduring republic—a re- ic like ours—free from the hurdens of an oppressive church the exactions of a feudal aristocracy. We wish our new ster to France a successful mission and the establishment nduring and friendly relations between the citizens of the republics.

VANITY FAIR.

How Worth, the Paris dress-maker, gained his fame, is thus elucidated hy the Paris correspondent of the Boston *Globe*: Charles Frederic Worth was horn in the town of Bourne, in Lincolnshire, England. His parents apprenticed him at the age of thirteen to a printer. But the hoy ahandoned the printing-office when he bad been there hut seven months, and went up to London. He had previously written to a friend living in the capital, asking for assistance in securing a position in a draper's shop, or in what Americans call a dry-goods store. His friend procured for young Worth a situation in the house of Swan & Edgar. The lad evidently was a favorite at the start, and for more than six years continued to grow in the firm's favor. One naturally asks, How did Worth come to he a dress-maker? Those familiar with his past say that he first conceived the idea of becoming a designer of fashions while talking with huyers for the firm. Moreover, he frequently made suggestions which the heads of departments were not slow to see in a favorahle light. The more he talked with the huyers the more he resolved to go to Paris, and soon hegan the study of French. At length, unahle to secure a positive engagement, he proceeded to the gay capital, and almost at once got a position with Gagelin & Co. Worth was then ahout twenty-two years old. In a few years he was at the head of a department, and strove to introduce several new ideas. Failing to see his suggestions utilized, he established the firm of Worth & Bohergh. In 1870, he founded the now famous house of Worth. Meanwhile, the enterprising Englishman had found favor at the imperial court, Eugénie herself heing an ardent admirer of his skill. Of the many elegant dresses made for the empress, the following may be mentioned: A fancy costume designed from a portrait of the famous Marie de Medicis, which the emperor said looked too funereal, and which Worth replaced hy a reproduction of Marie Antoinette's costumes as seen in a famous portrait; a Juno costume, also a dress designed from a portrait of a wife of a Doge of Venice, a dress in hlack tulle and marahout feathers, representing Night; a Diana costume, in which she wore a silver quiver and numerous diamonds; a gray walking-costume, trimmed with velvet rihhons, the skirt and pocket matching; and a mourning-dress in moiré antique. All these added to the already estahlished reputation of Worth. While in the employ of Gagelin & Co., Worth received medals for displays at the international exhibition in London, and later at the Paris Exposition. "At the beginning of the reign of Napoleon the Third," Worth says, "feminine apparel hegan to assume great importance from an artistic stand-point. Crinoline had just come into use. There was a craze for fancy-dress halls, and the empress was a beautiful woman. I have made costumes for many lovely women, hut the empress was the loveliest of all. It was a genuine pleasure to make dresses for her, a woman of most graceful carriage, and of beautiful hust and shoulders. Relatives of the emperor first gave balls in honor of the empress, who reciprocated by giving a grand affair, at which she appeared as Diana, in a costume especially designed for her hy me. It was very difficult to introduce costumes which are very popular now. What in those days would he called indelicate, is now considered quite proper. Of those things I bad done, and which some call remarkable, you might cite the making of a dress which took one hundred yards of silk. It was in light glacé taffetas, and had three shades of purple, varying from lilac to violet; when completed, the dress looked like an immense houquet of violets, having a skirt covered with close, full ruchings in three shades." Tbe Empress Eugénie once refused to wear a very striking costume Worth once made for her, until a lady at court had first set the fashion. Much as she would have liked to show off in something different from that worn hy others, she always felt that her rank forbade, and therefore left to Countess de Pourtales the experiment of wearing Worth's novelties.

Among what may be called the ohscure idiosyncrasies of the female sex (says the New York *Star*), is a passion for assuming male attire, nor is the woman who thus travesties herself necessarily in her character a virago. Sometimes this sort of masquerading takes an innocent and even a heneficent form. Mme. Ida Preiffer, the famous traveler, was as gentle and sympathetic a type of true womanhood as ever lived; yet she tells us in her autohiography that in her early girlhood no restraints, no reproofs, and no punishment could wean her from attiring herself in boy's clothes whenever she had an opportunity for so doing. A similar penchant for the garments of the opposite sex was shown hy the Duchess de Berri, the mother of the Count de Chambord. This youthful Neapolitan princess dreadfully scandalized the aged Charles the Tenth, when, after abdicating the throne in July, 1830, he fled from St. Cloud, by presenting herself in bis traveling-carriage in the complete make-up of a dandy of the period. The Spanish Princess Doña Blanca also distinguished herself in the last Carlist insurrection hy appearing in knickerhockers and riding en cavalier; hut such an exhibition must he regarded as only a fitful and transient manifestation of eccentricity.

A New York girl, just home from Paris, says: "I think the one thing which impressed me most on this last trip of mine was the cleanliness of the streets in Paris. I hegan to understand why French women could afford the delicate hoots and lace-trimmed skirts they wear in the streets. It is all on account of the asphalt pavements, which are kept as clean as a drawing-room floor. I got in the hahit myself while there, and it was a new and most delightful experience to he ahle to put on delicate suède shoes and lace-trimmed petticoats, and come hack after walking in every direction just as fresh and as dainty as I started. It is an experience I never had in New York. There is no use wearing fine shoes and white petticoats here, where the pavements are more like a rough country road tban a patbway for civilized people; where the dust flies in clouds, and where the crossings are smeared with mud, and we, for our own protection, are obliged to wear heavy walking-boots and mohair underskirts. The Frencb understand the charm there is in frou-frou feminine belongings, and when a Frenchwoman lifts her skirt, she would he disgusted if instead of her whirl of white lace, silk-stockinged ankles, and pretty little shoes, she had to show a dark-colored mohair or silk skirt and a pair of thick shoes, buttoned up high to protect the stocking beneath from dust and mud."

An account recently published gives one a deep respect for the taste of Russian women of means in want of night-gowns, and is calculated to make the American girl envy the Petersburg climate which makes such things excusahle. Princess Alexandra of Greece, who is soon to marry Prince Paul of Russia, will have such fine night-dresses as will make her sorry she can not drive out and walk about the streets in one of them. Three of these things are to be given to her hy the Czar's wife. They are made and ready to he sent. One is made of silver fox, hordered with gold; another of sables fastened with six large pearls, and the third, which is the best, is made of blue fox fur, with a girdle of diamonds. Anyhody who has ever known what it is to huy blue fox, will also know how young Prince Paul must feel at having his wife start out in such an extravagant fashion.

In New York (says the Boston *Courier*) they have coined the term "Dorothy Apartments" to designate the feminine of hachelor apartments. The custom of living alone, unchaperoned, and unsuspected, is increasing to a surprising extent among youngish women in that city. They enjoy the freedom which this gives them; they are, of course, for the most part people who are not scrupulous in the exact observance of the conventionalities of social etiquette, and once it has heen proved that the thing can be done and the daring girl who ventures to do it remains respectable, the custom is sure to spread rapidly. It is one of those steps which conservatives will he sure to deplore, and it is hardly to he supposed that many people will at present be glad to have their womankind adopt this ultra style of life. It is a step, however, which had to come, and it is one to he commended on the score of common sense and justice. As hy far the vast majority of American women are quite as well ahle to take care of themselves as any one is to take care of them, it is only justice to give them their freedom.

The ricb Americans in London are dividing themselves into two camps, one for and one against Mrs. Mackay, the wife of the "Bonanza King." Her enemies, who are numerous, have heen making bitter attacks upon her in the English papers, and her friends, who are equally numerous, have heen defending her with equal warmth, with the result that much unkind feeling has heen engendered hetween the contestants themselves which threatens to divide the American colonies in the French and English capitals. It is the culmination of a difficulty which has long existed. As is natural for a woman of so much wealth, kindness, and generosity, Mrs. Mackay bas always had a large following of earnest friends and supporters, and, perhaps, equally natural, her wealtb and power have excited envy and ill-feeling, and gained for ber many implacable enemies in society. Americans ahroad are familiar with stories on the suhject—how sbe was fought in Paris hy titled Americans who have married into French families of rank, and who are now a good deal more aristocratic than the king; who used every means in their power to keep their untitled American compatriot out of the inner heaven of social exclusiveness. They succeeded pretty well until Mrs. Mackay made a hold counter-stroke hy going to London and getting herself indorsed hy the Prince and Princess of Wales, whose verdict is accepted as readily in Paris as in London, for they are hoth great favorites in the French capital, and a friend of theirs has very little further difficulty with the Fauhourg St. Germain. So Mrs. Mackay, carrying hack her record of royalty triumphantly to Paris, routed ber enemies, who then transferred their efforts to London. It was said this spring that they had so far succeeded that she would find it difficult to hold the social place she had gained. A rumor of this coming to her ears, the energetic millionaire whipped over tbe channel and disconcerted her enemies hy appearing upon the field before their plans were half perfected. Strenuous measures must he taken if they were to he met, for some of the very strongest and most influential of the transplanted Americans were against her, and they carried with them a powerful English contingent. The Prince of Wales was ber only hope, for he is practically the English social dictator, and with the future King of England on her side she was safe. She offered him a dinner-party which he knew by experience would he a good one, and "Tummy," who is a great gourmet, and who sincerely likes the energetic Californian, signified his acceptance. It was a feast. The flowers were a miracle of color and perfume, the world was ransacked for delicacies, the prettiest women and cleverest men of two continents were secured as guests, the music cost thousands, and a delegation of the most finished and gifted actors in the world came over the channel from the Comédie-Française to amuse the guests after dinner. It was a triumph. The prince and princess were delighted, and warmly expressed themselves to that effect, her enemies were discomfited, and, Mrs. Mackay returning to Paris victorious, the most exclusive of doors were opened to her everywhere. But, in the meantime, her enemies have heen filling the society papers with stories of her humhle origin, for if they can not conquer her they can at least make her uncomfortahle. These little anecdotes of her earlier days are popping up just now in all the odd corners of the papers society reads, dwelling upon the fact of her having heen the keeper of a boarding-house for miners when Mackay first met her, and giving graphic pictures of her peeling potatoes in her kitchen, or sun-bonnet on and her sleeves rolled up washing the miners' flannel-shirts in the back-yard. This is very unpleasant for Mrs. Mackay, and she resents it with much bitterness. Her friends have warmly espoused her cause; her enemies are overjoyed to find that they are able to hurt her, and it is a very pretty quarrel as it stands.—*New York World.*

AN IMPERTURBABLE LOVER.

The Strange Interview he had with his Future Father-in-Law.

Early in life, Ferreol resolved that he would never allow himself to be astonished, hence he resigned to nervous individuals the vulgar emotion of surprise. He adhered closely to his determination—in fact, had the heavens fallen upon him, the incident might have annoyed him, hut he would have vigorously denied any feeling of surprise.

He wanted nothing—everything went well with him. His twenty-five years had glided hy as in a dream; he laughed at the past and smiled at the future.

At Paris he met Angèle.

She was adorably heautiful, and, as it often happens in similar cases, Ferreol found himself in love, and, later, revealed his affections to the hlushing Angèle.

She listened. He grew warmer in his declarations, and she resisted. He insisted, and she demanded marriage. He reflected, and said to himself: "She is virtuous and pretty—why not?" Then he asked:

"Have you any relatives?"

"A father."

"Where is he?"

"At Brest."

"What is he doing there?"

"He is a ship-calker."

The idea of having a ship-calker for a father-in-law did not seem to Ferreol at all disagreeable.

"Well, I will go," said he.

"Where?"

"To ask your father for your hand. I never hesitate. Nothing put off until to-morrow. I love you, you love me—you love me?"

"Yes."

"Very well. The train starts at eight to-night; at eleven to-morrow morning, I shall be in Brest. I hasten to the ship-yard, see your father, and put the question. He answers. I am entranced, take the train at three, and day after to-morrow, at seven P. M., I say to you, 'You are mine.'"

Angèle hlushed, and murmured, "Go."

Hailing a carriage, Ferreol was not surprised to find the driver helplessly drunk. At the station, tbe ticket-seller slipped two or three mutilated coins in with the change. Ferreol was not surprised at that. While he loitered in the waiting-room, some one embraced the opportunity to steal his valise. He was not surprised at that. Finally, when he got ioto his compartment in the railway carriage, he found an Englishman occupying the four corners, one with an umhrella, one with a hat-box, one with a Baedeker, and the other with himself. Ferreol was not surprised even at that.

The train ran off the track. A mere detail. Ferreol narrowly escaped a hroken nose. A hagatelle. The accident delayed him several hours. A trifle.

Some time later than he had expected, Ferreol stepped from tbe train at Brest, and started at a rapid pace along the street leading from the station.

"The ship-calker's?"

"On the Penfield Quay, third house to the left."

Ferreol was ahsolutely ignorant of the geographical location of the Penfield Quay, hut he was not the man to linger for explanations. He went straight ahead, as if he had lived in Brest all his life, turned to the left, then to the right, cut across an open field, and finally paused hefore a sign which read:

"Penfield Quay."

Any ordinary man would have been surprised at finding his way so easily, hut Ferreol was no ordinary man.

He started across the quay, and after harkiog bis sbins against coils of rope, stumbling over chains, and treading on rebounding barrel-hoops, he pulled up before a small house, and over the door deciphered the welcome word:

"Calking."

It might he well to say here, that even this magic word failed to astonish him.

Opening the door he entered the house, and, through the thick cloud of smoke which floated in the room, he saw a camp-stool, and on the stool a sailor, vigorously puffing at a short, hlack pipe. A perfect type of the hairy old sea-dog.

"Mr. Kenezek?" inquired Ferreol.

"He is not here."

"Where is he?"

"At work."

"Where?"

"There—below."

And with a mysterious jerk of his grimy thumh, the sailor indicated the vague location of Mr. Kenezek's whereabouts.

"All right, I will talk with him while he works."

"You!"

"Why not?"

"It would he very funny."

"Come, no trifling. I must speak with Mr. Kenezek on an urgent matter. I wish to see him, and I will see him at once, were he at the hottom of the Atlantic Ocean."

The sailor rose from the stool, transferred his pipe from the right canine to the left molar, and growled:

"You are one of the party, then?"

"Certainly."

"Then come along. I will show you the way; it is only a few steps. Do you want to dress here?"

Dress! Any one but Ferreol would certainly have given vent to some expression of surprise at this strange question, but that imperturbahle gentleman never so much as lifted an eyehrow. He was ahout to meet his prospective father-in-law, and he moreover deemed some change of apparel necessary to the tenets of good society, and especially appropriate as a mark of respect toward his future relative.

"Of course," he replied.

The sailor turned to leave the room, hut stopped as he reached the door, and said:

"I almost forgot the questions."

Taking from the wall a printed list, he interrogated Ferreol as follows:

"*You are not in a state of intoxication?*"

"I have not tasted even water to-day."

"*Has it been more than an hour since you have eaten?*"

"Three hours."

Ferreol was furiously tempted to inquire the reason for this rigid cross-examination; any one else would have succumhed to the temptation.

"*You are not perspiring?*"

"I am as dry as a slate."

"A slate? In a few minutes."

That "in a few minutes" certainly threw no light on the situation.

"*Are you in good health?*"

"Perfect."

"*Is your mind calm?*"

"As a summer zephyr."

"Good."

The sailor restored the placard to its place and opened the door.

"Undress!"

Now, up to this interesting period of his existence, Ferreol had never asked permission to marry. He had always understood, however, that the operation was attended with a few necessary formalities, hut he was not altogether prepared for this startling prologue to his connubial enterprise.

But, as he was one of those happy mortals who are never astonished at anything, he did not hesitate, and was soon awaiting the next command.

It was very dark in the room, and Ferreol was reduced to conjectures. Opening a chest, the sailor drew out a cap, a coat, and a pair of trousers.

"There you are," he said, holding out the garments.

"Thank you," replied Ferreol, as he slipped ioto the clothes, redolent with an odor of tar and sea-weed. The sailor next produced a greenish-looking suit made of some beavy material. He made Ferreol sit down, and, with the dexterity of an accomplished valet, passed him the trousers, laced up the heavy boots, introduced one arm after the other into the vest, and adjusted on his neck a copper collar which fitted nicely to his shoulders. On the back, he strapped a kind of knapsack, and ahove it a metal cylinder.

Ferreol accepted the costume with excellent grace, and listened attentively to the sailor, who, as he adjusted the armor, methodically muttered to bimself a series of phrases, as if he had learned them by rote:

"*Insert each button of the vest into the corresponding button-hole of the collar. Leave no crevices between the vest and collar*," etc.

It was a lengthy operation, hut Ferreol was patient. He only said:

"Are you sure that I shall see Mr. Kenezek?"

"Oh, he will not fly away," returned the sailor, with a broad grin. Then, he added: "Nothing left but the helmet. We will fix that helow."

Since nothing but the helmet was wanting, the worst must have heen over.

Taking under his arm a curious-looking copper hall, the sailor led the way to the door. After reaching the quay, he turned to the right and stopped at a wharf which projected several yards into a sheltered hay. To start the conversation, Ferreol asked the name of a vessel whicb lay a short distance out in the hay.

"It is the *Two Sisters*. Big hole in her side."

Ferreol was ahout to express his sympathy for the sad case of tbe *Two Sisters* thus disahled in her early prime, hut discovering that his newly acquired suit was not adapted to elocutionary gestures, he refrained.

Tbe sailor called to one of his mates, who, without speaking, placed himself behind Ferreol.

"Everything all right?"

"Right," echoed Ferreol.

"Attention, then. The slate and pencil are fastened to your belt."

"I see them."

Tbey were his last words. At that moment, the two men, with a careful hut rapid movement, seized the helmet, reversed it over Ferreol's head, and fastened it to his shoulders. Ferreol was shocked, and for a moment nature struggled to assert herself over his rule, hut he realized that protest was useless.

He felt himself lifted from the ground aod for a moment suspended in space; then a strange, cold sensatioo mounted from his feet to his waist and quickly enveloped him. He opened his eyes, and through the windows of his helmet saw a fish dart past his nose.

Strange to say, Ferreol was not surprised at that most unexpected incident. He descended rapidly and soon touched the bottom. Some paces from where he stood, he saw striding toward him a monster with an enormous head and gigantic eyes. This ogre of the sea took from his helt a slate and peocil similar to those carried hy Ferreol, and writing some words, showed him the slate. Ferreol read:

"*I am Kenezek. What do you want?*"

It was a solemn situation. Ferreol drew a long breath and reflected. On this hig-headed calker depended the happiness of his whole life. There was no reason why a diver should not make a desirahle father-in-law. He took the slate, and although considerahly hampered hy his armor, wrote:

"*My name is Ferreol. I live at Paris and have ten thousand a year. I love your daughter, Angèle, and I have the honor to ask you for her hand.*"

There were noticeahle signs of agitation under the diver's helmet at this hold request. He passed a sponge over his slate, and wrote:

"*Marry her if you wish. I am glad*——"

"You consent?" quickly penciled Ferreol, hoth delighted and uncertain.

"*To get rid of her*," crayoned Kenezek; "*I consent. But you may go, I have work to do.*"

The enthusiastic Ferreol attempted to embrace the paternal calker, hut the tightness of the copper-suit prevented th touching act of filial devotion.

In the meantime Angèle's father continued to pencil reques for Ferreol's departure, and as that happy gentleman w equally desirous that the interview should close, he pulled t signal-rope. The sailors ahove responded, and after a pe ous trip through a shoal of marine monsters, Ferreol again a peared in the light of day.

"It wasn't much," said the sailor, drinking the glass of re henevolently hestowed upon him hy Ferreol, "hut if I h heen in your place, I would have waited ten minutes. Kene comes up at five o'clock."

It was then ten minutes to five. With his eyes thoug fully fastened on the clock, Ferreol replied:

"A man like me never waits ten minutes."

On his return to Paris, Ferreol married the ship-calke daughter. Shortly after, he was willing to admit that marria is a surprise.—*Translated for the Argonaut from the Fre of Jules Lermina by Norman Jefferies.*

OLD FAVORITES.

"The Flying Dutchman."

Still southward—through the torrid seas,
Past surf-hound tufts of palms,
And witched in waters where no breeze
Stirs the tranced zone of calms.
Where all the sails drooped dead, and low
The listless pennant hung,
And round and round, and to and fro,
The vessel idly swung.

With stooping masts, with decks foam-strewn,
And prow wrapped white in spray
She fled hefore the fierce monsoon,
A hundred leagues a day;
While writhing shafts came stalking o'er
The deep in whirling routs,
And sky and sea were roof and floor
To aisles of water-spouts.

Still southward through the lengthening days
And lingering twilights dim,
Till morn chased midnight with its rays
Behind the ocean's rim.
And fleets of icehergs sailed in files,
Tall phantoms pale in shrouds,
Till seemed the sea thus thronged for miles,
A firmament of clouds,

And like the clouds where heaven hreaks through
Their shining folds of white,
Those fronts of ice were veined with hlue
Where lifted to the light.
Some stooped their polished flanks to lean
O'er hases hurrowed through,
Scooped hy the wave in arches green,
Or infinitely hlue.

They soared in flames to meet the day,
As through the ocean hurned—
Or quench'd in twilight's ashen gray,
To livid corpses turned.
The noonday sun their summits smote
With pale prismatic sheen,
Or clothed them, like the peacock's throat,
In woven hlue and green.

A spectral army northward driven
The self-same path for years,
They reared against the verge of heaven,
A host of silver spears.
And sometimes clashed in hattle shock,
Like Titans in the lists,
And hurled in thunder cliff and rock,
Through rising ocean mists.

* * * * *

The gust brought up a pall for night,
And tore her veil away,
The tattered shreds of mist took flight,
And settled o'er the hay.
The ship was folded in a cloud,
From earth, and sea, and sky;
And no man's glance has pierced that shroud,
Save when his end was nigh.

Resounding to the thunder's din,
Down stooped the dark, as though
The arch of heaven were falling in,
On all things here helow.
Its roof in rifts of glory hroke,
Ahyss flamed into height,
And the dead heart of midnight woke,
Convulsed, in throhs of light.

The void profound was stirred with sound,
And quick with stings of fire,
And echoing far from star to star,
Pealed heaven's tremendous choir.
Those flaming shafts whose torment wrung
All secrets from the dark,
Pierced not the shield of shadow flung
Around the fated hark.

But when the wrath of the typhoon,
In devastating sweep,
With midnight in its heart at noon,
Is loosed upon the deep,
And in its clutches onward whirled,
All helpless and forlorn,
With naked spars and canvas furled,
Some crippled ship is horne,

Drowned deep in spray, the destined prey
Of ocean's gaping jaws,
Still blindly stumhling on her way,
With many a dizzy pause,
She sees a vessel tall with sail,
Uplifted as a tower,
Drive like a cloud hefore the gale,
Yet stoop not to its power;

With drift on drift of snowy cloth,
Wreathed high on mast and spar
Tempting the hurricane's wild wrath,
Swift as a shooting-star.
The waters smoke—the whirlwinds wake,
Their chaos is her home,
And from her prow in lightnings hreak
The splintered sheaves of foam.

A wraith along the deep she goes,
Till nearing swift and pale,
Upon the fated wreck she throws
The shadow of her sail.
And through the storm with hollow chime
A spectral hail they hear,
"How goes the world? Methinks 'twere time
That Doomsday should appear!"

—*E. M. Clerk*

LO, THE POOR CAFETIER!

"Parisina" tells how Ruin Confronts the Parisian Boniface.

They say here "Grattez le Russe et vous trouverez le Tartare." And if the Russian cuticle indeed covers a Tartar, the idermis of the Frenchman conceals a child. Oh! it is an tremely clever child. A genius, if you will. Anybow, ady-witted, handy, laborious, capable in every way, but with infantine prowess to convert mole-hills into mountains, a nple egotism, a child-like vanity, and a glorious and beautilly illogical self-assertiveness.

Every now and then, you are surprised by glimpses of this her child through an outer crust of *blasé* indifference, a steelated armor of practical worldliness. I am not so sure but at it is this childish element in the French nature which is its eatest safeguard, to which it owes its elasticity and the power retrieving fallen fortunes. Nevertheless it amuses you at nes. Frequently, too, it vexes you and sorely tries your tience.

The illogical, unfledged side of a Frenchman's character mes out strongly in his intercourse with those of other natns. His patriotism often exhibits itself in a childish fashion. ny amount of infantine foolishness, for instance, is talked out Parisian hospitality, and the gracious permission extded to foreigners to come and spend their money freely ke. The people of Paris plume themselves on having the st beautiful city in the world. In this they are not far ong, for if other towns are more deeply indebted to nature, e have been so freely embellished by the band of man as s. And the beautifying goes on every day and all day. e of the things which most strike the American visitor this r is the exquisite way in which the streets are kept, the od roads, the broad, even pavements, swept as clean as om can sweep them every morning, the endless avenues of l-grown trees, the lovely public grounds and parks, with ir undulating green swards and freshly replenished flowerls, and the wealth of comfortable seats in every boulevard, deo, and quay. This, I say, delights and astonishes everyo. Of course they who own them—after a manner, as all e-payers do in a way—are very right to be proud of the c and all it contains. A little bombast may even be forgiven. E when it comes to talking as if the fact of admitting outsers to this Elysium were doing them a personal kindness; as ey ought to be filled with gratitude at the generosity of the isians in allowing them to enjoy all these beauties, you lly can not help feeling some amusement at the child-like ocence of the nation.

Of late we have heard a little less of this sort of thing. It h come to be so generally understood that the "foreigner" s he necessary accessory to the success of the exhibition, t he has been raised to a higher position in the social scale, a the Parisian is almost tempted to receive his visit as a pteness. It is, therefore, not this special phase of infantine monstration which I wish to tell you of, but of another.

t is hardly to be credited, yet it is a fact, that throughout last few days the whole town has been in a ferment, signi petitions, editing doleful leaders, and metaphorically tearir its hair, because the city cafés are neglected for those of exhibition.

hink of it, reader! Instead of taking its bock, as is its wit, beneath the awnings of the boulevard cafés, or under leafy shades of the Champs-Elysées, the chiefs of the r-drinking community have migrated to the Champ de Mrs, and the *cabaretiers* in the old haunts are left lamentin! Neither you nor I will take a tragic view of such a ste of things. Proprietors of cafés, retailers of beer and scas, of absinthes and bitters, do not seem to us meet subjes of compassion. We have been assured, time and oft, th they make large profits, and generally realize big fortunes in bout half the time it takes the usual shop-keeping class to scpe together a small competency. In his calm moods, the Frchman is of the same opinion. The *limonadier* has lo; been a favorite but for his wit, and the fact that he grows fa on the public weakness for alcoholic and other drinks has ncendeared him the more.

ll this, however, is forgotten in a burst of juvenile and unreoning opposition to the powers that be. And suddenly h proprietors of the cafés are transformed into victims of a mt interesting description. Poor things! Did they then lo forward to this season and think to make pots of money sling the thirst engendered by the reiterated journeys to and fr the Champ de Mars? And did the nasty, grasping exni ion get the misguided beer-drinkers into its toils, leaving so ew thirsty souls to them that some of their tables are er ty of an evening, whereby their receipts are diminished, nc increased?

There was there a bad cause without a champion? The ca e of *nos bons limonadiers* (alas for them, if they only dealt in monade!) was taken up by the *Gaulois* and other papers, wh, one and all, waxed fiery and irate. Was the comm e of liquor to be ruined in this way? Were worthy men ar true to be mulct of their legitimate profits after such a fa on? No; no! The situation—if you listened to them —as desperate, and called for some remedy quick and sh p.

hus, out of their baby brains, they evolved a plan. The gc rnment must consent to close the exhibition three evenin a week. And they drew out a petition to this effect, and gc some of the big tradesmen to sign it, beside the proprieto of the cafés for whose benefit it was first intended; restaura keepers who considered that too many people stayed to di at the Champ de Mars; one or two of the big jewelers in th Palais Royal who have been lamenting for ever so long th lecay and fall of this old haunt of fashion, and other pertu ed and discontented tradesmen. In a moment of expansi the *Gaulois* declared that it looked to collect thirty thousa signatures. The fact was they did not get a thirtieth pa of this number. Still the petition was sufficiently well-b ed to necessitate the minister of commerce taking the m er into consideration. He not only accepted the petition, but he gave the delegates an audience. Poor M. Tirard! Fortunately for him he is not a man to be much struck by the ludicrous side of a question, or how he would have laughed! He may have smiled inwardly—I do not venture to say he did not—but nothing disturbed the outward seeming of his gravity. He expressed himself in a becoming manner, though he failed to inspire the delegates with any hope that the Cabinet could be got to lend a willing ear to their complaints.

In the meanwhile, the movement took shape and importance. It was reported that the Boulangists were at the bottom of it all. I rather like the idea of this. The general, as a patron of cafés, as the champion of *le bock*, somehow seems in his place. That he should be beloved of them is natural, too. He has done what he can for them so far; they must have netted a pretty penny at the last elections, and whenever Boulanger has been up to any of his tricks, the amount of beer and the number of *petits verres* absorbed must have been enormous. The negative result attained by the petitioners went a good way toward making people believe in the Boulanger hypothesis. Of course the government would be unwilling to mete out strict justice to its enemies, said the masses.

But while the affair was openly canvassed from a political stand-point, other things were whispered under the rose. I feel I am going to tread on delicate ground, and if the reader is squeamish, I should advise *her* skipping the rest of this paragraph. Well, of course, it is a secret to no one that the Parisian promenades are haunted by a crew of Circes, and the attraction which draws masculine humanity to the cafés and brasseries is not merely beer, it is quite as often beauty. Now, it appears, that since the exhibition was opened, the prettiest and most appetizing of these frail ones have evacuated the boulevards and Champs-Elysées and adopted the Champ de Mars instead (Venus and Mars have always been on friendly terms), hence the rage and disgust of the proprietors of the said cafés and brasseries. The finest of their decoy-ducks deserting them in this way was not to be borne in silence. No wonder they lifted their voices in bitter revilings; no wonder they petitioned the minister of commerce. And would you believe it, the conservative press, which has hitherto been righteously indignant anent the shameless condition of the Paris streets (attributing the increase and growth of the evil to the republic as a matter of coursé), is now so lost to dignity and decency as to deplore this migration; not because it is likely to throw discredit on the *soirées d'exposition*, but because, forsooth, it deprives other places of resort of the very plague they have been so often, and with reason, condemned.

To change the subject. Suppose, for an instant, that the public was suddenly to lose its taste for bocks, and forego its afternoon bitters, and give up patronizing cafés and bars; suppose, for one wild moment, that Paris took the temperance pledge, what would then become of Messieurs les Limonadiers if they were reduced to selling only lemonade and iced soda-water? Would the matter call for governmental interference? Would M. Tirard think himself entitled to admonish the ratepayers and show them the errors of their ways, and bring them back by fair means or foul to the duty they owe to the publicans? *Chi lo sa!* I do not, for one. The undue importance given to the proprietors of the gas-lit, gorgeous cafés seems to make anything—however improbable—possible. Let us go still further and suppose that Paris should grow moral; suppose Circe was swept from the paths, and that the Boulevard pavement knew her no more. Would the *limonadiers* hie them to the ministère du commerce with this new grievance? Of course it would be many times more outrageous than the present one they are airing.

When will Parisians cease to be children and want to be led, or to get others to lead them? When will they understand that matters of this sort are not to be settled by arbitration; that they ought not to appeal to the government in affairs of this kind? This proposal to close the exhibition three times a week that a set of coffee-house proprietors may thrive and multiply, is so ridiculous that it opens up a perspective of inanity. We are not content. M. Tirard should have sent the delegates away with courteous words and empty promises about considering the business at his leisure. We should have liked him to give them a bit of his mind and send them about their business promptly. When people make fools of themselves, it is a relief to those of sounder sense to hear them abused. Probably the whole affair will end in smoke. The *limonadiers ont rapporté une veste*, as they say in the Parisian vernacular; but the stigma of foolish childishness remains. It is not to be hoped that the venders of beer and liquors of a less simple nature are the only ones who consider they have a vested right in the public. Others will crop up. There will be the small shops petitioning against the Bon Marché and the Louvre. We have already had the theatrical managers calling out against the production of farces at the music halls. Why do the provincial towns not make a row about the exhibition, and sue the commission for absorbing to itself all the visitors? What about Dieppe and Trouville? Are they going to sit down in sackcloth and ashes and bemoan the lack of tourists without an attempt at self-assertion? The next thing we shall hear will be that the unfortunate shopkeepers of the Palais Royal, already alluded to, are bringing in a bill to make it unlawful for Parisians and foreigners to avoid taking the air in their pleasant but now deserted garden, or not to spend a certain sum every year in the jewelry and trumpery sold under the arcades. It might even be advisable to regulate the number of times a French citizen is to patronize the theatres in the season, or the quality of his dinners, or the shape of his hats, or the fashion of his wife's bonnets, or the money he stakes on the different horses, or the brands of tobacco he affects, or the amount of shoe-leather he is to wear out in a month, or the frequency of his visits to the lady on whom he has fixed his affection. Excuse me, reader, this is midsummer madness; but what would you have? Our late experiences have sent us off on such a queer tack, we do not know where we shall be landed any more than you do.

PARIS, May 31, 1889. PARISINA.

Ludwig Vonhinkelsteinbausenbloser, of Cincinnati, has the longest name in the United States.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Sitting Bull, the Sioux chief, is dying of pneumonia at Standing Rock. It was this disease which carried off old Colorow, the renegade Ute. The Indians are easy prey to pneumonia, and seem able to make no resistance to it.

When the flood poured into Milton, Pa., a Western Union operator, John Wolfinger, telegraphed Superintendent Gill: "The water is coming in the office, what shall I do?" "Get a gum-coat and a pair of rubber-boots and stay there," was the quick reply. Wolfinger obeyed orders and remained at his post till the flood subsided.

A ladies' literary dinner was held in London a few days ago, with Miss Olive Schreiner as president. Covers were laid for thirty, and no men were admitted. Miss Schreiner, whom some one has dubbed "the Charlotte Brontë of our time," lives in lodgings at the East End of London, attracted to that unpleasant district, she says, by the greater vivacity of facial expression to be observed there.

It is an open secret that the raid on baccarat-houses in London was due to the influence of Lady Dudley. Wise in her generation, she deemed it better that her silly fledgling should be pulled through a certain amount of dirt and public scandal than that he should be plucked of all his feathers by a gang of sharpers. She is not fortunate in her son. He is a terrible ninny, and more foolish even than other dudes of high rank and fortune.

Bernard Gillam, to whom the *Judge* staff gave a complimentary dinner some days ago, last week became the son-in-law of Senator Arkell. Some years ago, he was an obscure, struggling artist, living with two artist brothers in Brooklyn, working for a living. He became attached to the staff of *Puck*. He made a reputation at a stroke by the celebrated cartoons of the Tattooed Man in the Blaine-Cleveland campaign of '84. When the Arkells took *Judge* they picked him out to be put in charge of its artistic department.

Miss Mary Garrett, of Baltimore, is one of the wealthiest women in the United States. The fortune left her by her father, John W. Garrett, the railroad king of the Baltimore and Ohio, is estimated by the millions. Miss Garrett spends her life quietly in her elegant home, corner of Monument and Cathedral Streets. Two youthful dudes lately strolled through Mount Vernon Square, and stopped before Miss Garrett's residence. After viewing it, one remarked: "Chawley, I shouldn't mind owning that house, without the Garrett; it's immense."

Just fifty years ago, Verdi, then in his twenty-fourth year, produced his first opera at Milan. So there was to be a jubilee and a great Verdi fête. But the composer objected. He does not care for these dramatic ovations. The good folk of Milan were horribly put out at the news. And then they decided that the Verdi jubilee could go on just as well, whether Verdi liked it or not. But the jubilee, after all, is not to come off. Boito withdrew from it. The great publishing house of Ricordi would neither lend its music nor its name. The composer is to be allowed to pass the year peacefully, and the public will sympathize with his victory.

Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer has knocked out Mr. James Seymour and his wicked allies. Mrs. Ayer has shown that strength of character which has always distinguished her from the majority of women. She is a woman of strong purpose, prompt decision, and marvelous administrative ability, and it would have been surprising if, after all, she had been mastered by something so utterly insignificant and commonplace as a Wall Street shark. Last week there was a grand clearing out in the offices of the Recamier Manufacturing Company, while Mrs. Ayer, with the flush of returning health upon her pretty face and determination in her pretty eyes, took possession of her desk and her immense business.

A very original dinner-party took place in London, recently, under the hospitable auspices of Mr. Alfred de Rothschild. Mr. de Rothschild conceived the funny idea of bringing artist and model face to face in a festive and convivial spirit, and to that end asked the *Punch* artists to sit at the same table with the leading politicians. Mr. Harry Furniss sat next to Lord Randolph Churchill, with Mr. Chamberlain on his other side. Mr. John Tenniel bobnobbed with Lord Rosebery, while the *Punch* editor, Mr. Burnand, sat hard by, learning by heart the lineaments of the celebrities, so as to be able to judge in the future whether his pictures are life-like and correct. The party was a great success in every way.

Robert Louis Stevenson, the well-known novelist, who is at present in Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, has announced his intention of starting on another voyage to the South Seas about the end of June. The trading-schooner *Equator* will sail with Mr. Stevenson direct to the Marshall Islands, in the South Pacific. During his absence, Mr. Stevenson will visit, in addition to the Marshall group, the Gilbert, Caroline, and Tonga Islands, and also Samoa. He will be accompanied by his wife, stepson, and Joseph Strong, the artist. His voyage will be made the subject of illustrated articles in a New York magazine, and will also furnish the material for a new novel. Mr. Stevenson expects to be absent about one year.

Sir Morell Mackenzie is having a cheerful time with his libel suits against the *Times* and Steinkopff. Steinkopff has apologized most humbly, and offers, in addition, to pay a reasonable sum of money to settle matters up, but Mackenzie does not want a reasonable sum, and George Lewis, his solicitor, says that he will get a very fine one, namely, ten thousand pounds sterling. The *Times*, which published the letters, will probably also authorize its solicitors to prepare apologies and offers of compromise, but there is very little chance of these being accepted either. Steinkopff's anxiety is based on the fact that he owns the *St. James's Gazette*, a good property, which will be damaged, if the trial shows, as it inevitably will, that the paper has been used as Bismarck's tool.

On June 3d, Jeff Davis celebrated his eighty-first birthday. He lives at Beauvoir, Miss. Beauvoir, which was a bequest to Mr. Davis from a Southern woman, is a typical Southern home on the Gulf Coast. There are about nine hundred acres in the estate, with a mile or so of frontage on the water, but only the few acres occupied by lawn, garden, and vineyard are cleared, the remainder being part of the heavily-timbered yellow-pine forest which stretches back miles from the Gulf everywhere in Mississippi. The house is a big, many-roomed old mansion, with flaring wings at the corners and a great hall through which one might almost drive a coach-and-four. From the drawing-room windows, one has glimpses of the blue sea, with the low-lying island bounding the horizon, and the white sails of the charcoal-schooners dropping slowly down from Biloxi. Within the walls are a few copies of celebrated pictures—a Saint Cecilia touching the harp with rapt fingers, the intense, pathetic face of an early Christian martyr—and perhaps a sketch or two by the gifted daughter of the house. All about are dainty bits of bric-à-brac, books, feminine gimcracks, and perfuming it all are great bunches of roses in priceless jars of Wedgwood. It is a pleasant, cosy, home-like room.

Mrs. John A. Logan has spent the last two weeks in Paris at the Hotel Meurice. With Mrs. George A. Pullman and her daughters, Mrs. Logan has visited every object of interest in Paris, and confesses herself disappointed with Europe. "I am completely disillusionized," said she, a few days ago; "I looked forward with great pleasure to Rome, to the Forum, to the palace of the Cæsars. What did I find? A corner devoted to antiquities, the rest robbed of its historical associations by the hand of the restorer. Europe is too Americanized, too improved, and I regret, exceedingly regret, the changes which have come in the past twenty years. As I said before, Rome was my objective point, but it seems that since 1870 there has been built a new Rome, a modern city, with none of the characteristics of the ancient one. There is an Italian proverb which says: 'What the barbarians failed in destroying was destroyed by the Barberini,' and I could paraphrase that by saying 'What Papal Rome did not destroy was crushed by the heel of the House of Savoy.' It may be very sensible in the Italians to improve their capital. They must be more comfortable with their well-paved streets, their well-built houses, water at every floor, street-cars, etc., but for a traveler, Rome is no longer Rome. Street-cars in the Eternal City! Does not that sound like sacrilege?"

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Wilkie Collins is engaged on a new story to be issued in serial form in the *Illustrated London News*, beginning in July.

Mr. de Blowitz's recent "Chapter from My Memoirs," printed in *Harper's Magazine*, has been translated into French and printed in full in the *Revue Illustrée*.

A new magazine idea has been struck by *Scribner's*, the July issue of which will be a "Fiction Number for Midsummer Reading," containing seven complete short stories, illustrated by artists like Frederic Remington, Robert Blum, and Chester Loomis.

"It will be welcome news to the thousands who have been delighted with her 'Records,'" Henry Holt & Co., her publishers, very truly say, "to learn that Fanny Kemble has written a novel." The scene is laid in the Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts.

The Indianapolis *Journal* knows of a young lady—a great belle in her social circle—who recently picked up from a friend's library-table the latest *Century*. "We used to take this," she remarked, as she ran her jeweled fingers through the pages; "or, no, I believe it was the other one." "What other one?" asked the hostess; "do you mean *Harper's?*" "Yes, that was it, *Harper's*." Then, after a moment, she added: "No, it wasn't; it was this one, I am sure, for I remember it had this soap advertisement in the back of it."

"The celebration of the seventieth birthday of Frederick von Bodenstedt, the most famous of living poets in Germany, has assumed world-wide proportions," says the London *Globe*. "His pecuniary means in this, the evening of his life, have proved to be unequal to his fame, and an appeal has been made to Germans, throughout not only the Fatherland, but the entire world as well, to help present him with such a sum of money as will place him beyond all monetary anxiety and surround him with all possible comforts for the remainder of his days."

The writer of the "Ladies' Column" in the *British Weekly* makes short work of any sentimentality which one might feel inclined to attach to George Eliot's relation to George Henry Lewes. "The second marriage," she says, "quite nullified all that young or silly people might find romantic in the first. To fling one's self away at the bidding of a supreme affection may seem rather heroic to inexperienced eyes, but to decline on a stock-broker, however excellent, one little year after the supreme affection was over, is not heroic, and leaves sentimentalists not a word to say."

Georges Ohnet's latest and most successful novel, "Dr. Rameau," has already appeared in three fifty-cent editions, and it is estimated that no less than seventy-five thousand copies have already been sold. Mr. W. S. Walsh, in *Lippincotts*, partly accounts for the popularity of the story in the fact that it is a strong antidote to "Robert Elsmere." Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll will contribute a criticism upon the atheistical tendencies of the learned hero and the religious ardor of his beautiful, young Catholic wife, in the forthcoming number of the *North American Review*.

The question as to who wrote "An Author's Love"—the ingenious book of letters purporting to be by Prosper Mérimée's "unknown"—is exciting some interest. The *Traveller* guesses Mrs. Harriet Waters Preston, but Mr. Brett, of Macmillan & Co., says no. The *Publishers' Weekly* suggests "Vernon Lee." The London *World* says the mystery is now cleared up, and it is admitted that Miss Balch is the author. It remarks that Miss Balch's writings are as well known in London as on this side of the Atlantic, and that her papers in one of the illustrated magazines on English country-houses have been "most charmingly and delightfully written"; but her new book "shows a literary power of a much higher order, and her letters are fully inspired by the spirit of Mérimée's 'Inconnu.'"

W. J. Bok, writing in the New York *Graphic*, says: "Sarah Orne Jewett will be 40 next September; Humphrey Ward is 38, Lucy Larcom is 63, Harriet Prescott Spofford is 54, Edith M. Thomas is 35, Marion Harland (Mrs. Terhune) is 59, Amélie Rives-Chanler will be 26 next August, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett is 39, and she published her first story when only 18; Celia Thaxter is 53, Mrs. Croly (Jenny June) is 57, Miss Braddon is 59, Blanche Willis Howard is 42, Rose Terry Cooke is 62, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps-Ward will be 45 in August, Miss Louise Imogen Guiney is 27, Constance Fenimore Woolson is 41; nobody ever found out exactly the age of Miss Woolsey (Susan Coolidge), but it is believed that she was born in 1845, which would make her age 44; Mrs. Margaretta Wade Deland, author of 'John Ward, Preacher,' is 31, Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge is 51, and Mary Abigail Dodge (Gail Hamilton) is at least eight years older, though the records are not quite sure upon this delicate point. To take some of the most popular of the male authors who are writing now, F. Marion Crawford will be 35 in August, and he wrote 'Mr. Isaacs' when only 27; Robert Louis Stevenson is 39, W. D. Howells is 52, E. W. Howe, whose 'The Story of a Country Town' made so great a hit, is 35; Bret Harte is 49, Julian Hawthorne is 43, Richard Malcom Johnson is 67, and Rossiter Johnson is 49; Arlo Bates is 39, Walter Besant is 51, Thomas Bailey Aldrich will be 53 next November, William Black is 48, William H. Bishop is 42, General Lew Wallace is 62, and he wrote 'Ben Hur' when 51; John Habberton, the author of 'Helen's Babies,' is 47, Joel Chandler Harris is 41, George W. Cable is 44, Edward Eggleston is 51, and looks 15 years older; H. H. Boyesen is 40, H. C. Bunner is about 38, James Anthony Froude has begun now to write novels at the age of 71, Frank R. Stockton is 55, William Hamilton Gibson is 48, Thomas Nelson Page is 36, James Whitcomb Riley was born in 1852, James Payn is 59, Brander Matthews is 37, J. T. Trowbridge is 61, and Jules Verne is the same age, while Edgar Fawcett was 42 on May 26th last."

New Publications.

"Shadowed from Europe," by "Hawkshaw," is a detective story. Published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, 25 cents.

Number 96 of the Globe Library is "Mademoiselle Solange," by François de Julliot. Published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Little Pilgrim," a record of experiences in the seen and the unseen, is published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, 60 cents.

"Alameda," by Dr. N. T. Oliver, has been issued in the Globe Library. Published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co. and by The Bancroft Company; price, 25 cents.

Of the making of books on the law of deliberative assemblies there is no end. "Parliamentary Procedure," by George G. Crocker, is a book which offers little that is new. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by William Doxey.

The latest issues in the Globe Library are "Three Years," by Josephine, Countess Schwerin, and "The Girl from Malta," by Fergus W. Hume. Published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 25 cents each.

Wildcatters and moonshiners—of the petroleum, not the whisky variety—"dusters" and torpedos, bristle in "The Devil's Hat," by Melville Philips. The scene is laid among the oil wells of Pennsylvania, and the excitement of oil speculation furnishes a background for the adventures, amatory and financial, of John Ogden. He meets his fate under romantic circumstances, passes through the usual vicissitudes of the lover in fiction, and reaches the usual happy denouement. Published by Ticknor & Co., Boston; for sale by the booksellers.

"L'Attelage de la Marquise," by Leon de Tinseau, and "Une Dot," by Ernest Legouvé, have been published in the series of Contes Choisis. Explanatory notes by F. C. Sumichrast, of Harvard, accompany the sketches, and add to their value for students. Published by William R. Jenkins, New York; for sale by William Doxey; price: paper, 25 cents; cloth, 50 cents.

The author of "Cape Cod Folks" has tried a novel of the Far West, with somewhat indifferent success. "Lastchance Junction" is a story in which the scene changes rapidly between the east and the west; it has some good character touches, but the plot is thoroughly improbable. Published by Cupples & Hurd, Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.25.

An exposition of the principles of our government and its methods, which can be understood by youthful readers, is a difficult thing to carry out satisfactorily. "The Government of the United States," by W. J. Cocker, probably comes as near filling the requirements as any of the numerous books published on this subject during the last few years. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

With a natural affection for the first-born of her literary children, Mrs. Burnett has revised and rehabilitated her first novel, which now appears under the name of "Vagabondia." It is a story which revolves around a Bohemian family, consisting of three sisters, a brother who is an artist, his young wife, and, last but most important, his young baby. There is a true flavor of the bright side of Bohemia in the story, and an intensity of love as refreshing as it is unnatural. It is a pleasing story, and one which well repays reading. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Strickland & Co.; price, 50 cents.

"An I. D. B. in South Africa," by Louise Vescelius-Sheldon, is a love story of a very conventional type. The scene is laid at the diamond fields in South Africa, and the illicit trade in diamonds is made the means of uniting two loving hearts, by removing the husband of one of the loving hearts; the husband having been sadly in the way of their happiness. There is another couple of very good and highly intellectual lovers, whose connection with the main story is not very necessary, but they are probably introduced to furnish the element of a love episode without the inconvenience of an interfering husband. Published by John W. Lovell Company, New York; for sale by the booksellers.

"Antoinette, or the Marl-Pit Mystery," is the English title given to a translation of "La Grande Marnière," one of Georges Ohnet's novels. It is the story of a feud between two families, one a representative of the old French nobility, the other of the rising *bourgeoisie*. The feud is not continued in the second generation however, and the daughter of the noble house is the means of putting an end to the struggle. The story is full of dramatic interest, including a murder, the trial of an innocent man, his acquittal through the efforts of the son of his father's enemy, the subsequent discovery of the real murderer, and finally the union of the lovers. Beyond this, it is not necessary for the novelist to follow them; because, of course, all their troubles end with marriage. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

The fifth supplement to the catalogue of the Free Public Library has been issued. It contains all the additions to the library from May, 1884, to January, 1888, arranged in one alphabet under the author, title, and subject. The work has been well done, but one or two slips are to be noticed. Under "Pamphlets" it would have been well to give a cross-reference to the special headings under which pamphlets are entered, as "Medicine," "Political Economy," etc. At first view, it now looks as if only six volumes of pamphlets had been added to the library in four years. Another slight slip is under "Periodical Literature," where the Boston *Herald* is credited with seven volumes between the dates of January, 1884, and March, 1885. But these are minor defects, and the work of compilation is excellent, and shows a vast improvement over the earlier catalogues.

"Friend Fritz," a translation from the French of Erckmann-Chatrian, is a charming tale of the Bavarian peasantry. Fritz is a happy, good-natured fellow, whose simple adventures we follow with the interest that attaches to a whole-hearted friend. Happiness is his sole aim in life, and he sets out with the idea of avoiding three things—getting fat, buying shares in a joint-stock company, and getting married—as the truest means of securing that happiness. We enjoy with him his simple life, his good dinners washed down by choice wines, his evenings at the Great Stag with his boon-companions, drinking beer and playing *youker*, his discussions on religion and matrimony with Rabbi David, and finally his discomfiture caused by little Suzel, who creeps into his heart by the way of his most vulnerable point—his stomach. The pictures of the simple Bavarian life are vivid, and the eccentricities of Fritz seem the most natural actions possible for him. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Strickland & Co.; price, 50 cents.

The literary reputation of Robert Louis Stevenson will hardly be advanced by his latest production, though his popularity will probably be considerably increased. "The Wrong Box," in the preparation of which he has been assisted by Lloyd Osbourne, bears about the same relation to the novel that the farce-comedy does to the drama. It is extremely amusing and extremely improbable. The puppets of the book do not rise to the dignity of characters, and thus the author, freed from the necessity of making their actions consistent or reasonable, is able to give a free rein to his fantastic imagination. And he makes the most of his opportunity. The wrong box contains the body of a man killed in a railroad accident, and all the characters in the book, at some time or other, either have the body in their possession and try to get rid of it, or have not the body and try to get possession of it. The complications which arise from this situation are bewildering, the rapidity with which the corpse is whisked from place to place is astonishing. Of course, all comes out right in the end, but after the complications have reached an apparently inextricable tangle. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Strickland & Co.; price, $1.00.

Some Magazines.

The *Contemporary Review* for June opens with a paper by Archbishop Walsh, entitled "Arbitration or the Battering-Ram?" Sir Morell Mackenzie contributes the first of two papers on "Speech and Song." W. T. Stead, editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, contributes an article on "Mme. France and her General." Frederick Greenwood traces the decline of English influence in continental politics in a paper entitled "The Mysteries of our Foreign Relations." Vernon Lee presents a readable paper entitled "Orpheus in Rome." Edwin Hatch argues that the tendency of the present age has been to tranfer the basis of theology from metaphysics to history. E. J. Goodman describes the "Savage Club." G. B. Hill presents an article on "Dr. Johnson as a Radical." Sir William Dawson contributes a brief note in which he defends himself on some of his views of Genesis. The number concludes with two papers on the "Volunteers," by C. B. Brackenbury and Lord Mayor Whitehead.

The *Nineteenth Century* for June opens with an appeal against Woman Suffrage, signed by a number of representative English women, including such names as Lady Frederick Cavendish, Lady Randolph Churchill, Mrs. Knox-Little, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Mrs. Huxley, Mrs. Linn Linton, Mrs. Alma Tadema, Mrs. Matthew Arnold, and Mrs. Max Muller. Professor Edward Dicey presents a short but strong article on the "Ethics of Political Lying." Mlle. Blaze de Bury contributes the first of two papers on the "Théâtre Français and its Societaires." In an article on "A Bird's-Eye View of India," Lady Grant Duff argues that India is a continent, not a people. Lady Verney writes on "Six Generations of Czars." Prince Kropopkin writes on the "Great French Revolution. Mrs. Priestly writes on the "Mysteries of Malaria." Edward Clifford contributes an article on the "Hawaiians and Father Damien." Samuel Plimsoll presents some interesting facts on Marine Insurance. The Rev. H. P. Dunster argues for an extension of the postal service in a paper entitled "An Agricultural Parcels Post." E. N. Buxton contributes an article on "Sardinia and its Wild Sheep." Lord Ebrington describes a "By-Election in 1747." The number concludes with a long essay by Professor Huxley on "Agnosticism and Christianity."

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An Eastern potentate once asked a group of his courtiers whom they thought the greatest man, himself or his father. At first, he could elicit no reply to so dangerous a question. At last a wily old courtier said "Your father, sire; for, though you are equal to your father in all other respects, in this he is superior to you—that he had a greater son than any you have." He was promoted on the spot.

Sergeant Arabin had a facility in making "bulls" which would have done credit to Sir Boyle Roche. Here is one of them: "Prisoner at the bar, if ever there was a clearer case than this of a man robbing his master, this case is that case." "It is in my power," he said to another delinquent, "to subject you to transportation for a period very considerably beyond the term of your natural life, but the court, in its mercy will not go so far as it lawfully might go." His happiest effort was perhaps the offer to give another prisoner "a chance of redeeming a character which he had irretrievably lost."

The thrifty peasant, Nazr-ed-din, one day received a visit from his needy cousin, Hafiz-the-Ill-Favored, who besought of him the loan, for a day, of his donkey. "I should be most happy, good cousin," said Nazr-ed-din, "but unfortunately he has gone astray, and I have no manner of knowledge where he may be." The words were no sooner spoken than the donkey set up a loud braying from a shed in the yard, "Hee-honk! hee-honk!" "But, good Nazr!" exclaimed Hafiz, "there surely thy donkey at home and seemingly quite well." Whereupon Nazr-ed-din rose in great wrath and showed Hafiz the door. "Begone, scoundrel!" he shouted; "wouldst thou insult me in my own house by taking the word of a donkey before my own?"

A Melbourne paper is responsible for this story about Lady Carrington, wife of the governor of New South Wales: The other day a South Australian magnate called at the Government House. He sent his card in, and, waving the footman aside, said he would go up and give his lordship a surprise. At the top of the stairs, he met a nice-looking young woman, and, in a fine, old-gentlemanly, gallant way, chucked her under the chin and pressed half-a-crown into her hand, saying at the same time: "Show me into the presence of his lordship, my little dear." The little dear, with an enigmatical smile, opened the door of Lord Carrington's study, and said: "Bob, here's a gentleman to see you" and"—opening her hand—"he's given me half-a-crown to show him where you are."

When the honors came upon the Grants (says *America*), the mistress of the White House began to renew the dream of her girlhood—to have her cross-eyes straightened. Wishing to surprise the President, Mrs. Grant, telling nobody, sent for the most eminent oculist in America. He willingly promised to undertake the operation, which he assured her would be easy to accomplish, and without danger. The good lady could not contain herself for joy, and, woman-like, gave way when she saw her husband, and confided to him her secret, the pleasure she had in store for him. He looked wistfully into those dear eyes which had held him with tender gaze through all the trials of a checkered career, and said, in his simple way: "My dear, I wish you would not change them. I love them as they are, and they might seem strange if altered." Neither Launcelot, nor Romeo, nor lover of any clime or age, ever spoke words of tenderer gallantry.

A party were stopping at a country-house on the North River, near New York, including as guests, Mrs. Arthur Welman, Mrs. David King, Mrs. Coleman Drayton, *née* Augusta Astor, Mrs. Walker Breese Smith, Mr. S. H. Olin, Mr. Charles Robinson, and others of like ilk. Everyone had gathered in the drawing-room after dinner, and all were feeling contented with themselves as well as at peace with the outside world, when it was suggested, as a pastime, that every lady should state the gem she most coveted, and the possession of which she would most prize. With prompt acquiescence each registered her choice. Mrs. Welman wished for the most exquisite jewels extant, Mrs. King desired to be the best-dressed woman in society, Mrs. Drayton preferred to own the handsomest turn-outs, while Mrs. Smith craved popularity. Now, Charles Robinson is nothing if not frank; springing from his chair, he claimed: "Heavens! don't any of you care for beauty?" And he does not yet understand that he made a bad break.

Two men were walking up Fifth Avenue the other day (says the New York *Tribune*), when one of them said, pointing to a shabbily-dressed man a little way ahead: "Look at that fellow; he is eating a crust of bread, and I just saw him pick it up out of the gutter; that must be a genuine case, and I am going to give him a quarter." "Keep your quarter for a good cigar," replied his companion, "and watch that man a few moments, and you will be glad you gave him nothing." As the two passed on, and then looked back at the man in the shabby clothes. When he found that nothing was to be got from them, he stopped eating the crust and put it back in the gutter, not in the mud but on a piece of clean white paper, and waited till some other benevolent-looking person should come near enough to see him pick it up again. "Well, well," said the man who had saved his quarter, "the ways of the professional beggar are past finding out." "Not at all past finding out," the other replied, "when you have seen him play the trick twice."

Buffon, the great naturalist, one day entertained a company of distinguished savants at dinner, at the conclusion of which they all went out into the garden. It was a very hot summer's day. In the centre of the grounds there stood on a pedestal a large glass globe, which one of the guests happened to touch with his hand, when he found, to his astonishment, that it was warmer on the shady side than on the side turned toward the sun. He communicated this discovery to the other guests, who at once proceeded to verify the statement. What could be the cause? An animated discussion ensued, in the course of which every imaginable law of physics was made to account for the strange paradox. At length, our scientists agreed that it must be owing to the laws of reflection, repulsion, or exhalation, or some other law of physics with a long name. The host was, however, not quite convinced, and, calling the gardener, he said to him: "Pray, tell me why the globe is warmer on the shady side than on the side turned to the sun?" The man replied: "Because just now I turned it round for fear of its cracking with the great heat."

In the days of President Van Buren, the French Government took extraordinary pains to be popular in Washington. This was no hard task for the romantic memory of Lafayette had in no wise died away among our representative citizens. This was the time when duties on foreign goods were heavily imposed to raise revenue to support the government. The wary French king hoped to have the duty made light upon French silks and wines. It was probably more than a coincidence that at this crisis the Prince de Joinville, the son of the king, made a visit to this country and naturally he went to Washington. The President, customed then as since courteously to receive distinguished guests, invited the French prince to dinner. For some insufficient reason the invitation was respectfully declined. Very soon the prince returned to France. In the meanwhile, the French Government, informed of the Joinville's refusal to dine at the White House, made a great stir. It was an affront to a rising power which might well be construed into an international insult. The French sprig of royalty was ordered immediately back to accept an invitation and dine with the President of the United States. In the meanwhile, General Harrison had died in office and Mr. Tyler was the President. The French embassador met the prince in New York and escorted him to the capital. The invitation came, and was effusively accepted. The inexorable laws of courtesy were thus appeased, and the gallant Frenchman, with the fair Miss Tyler on his arm, was ushered into the State dining-room. Immediately afterward he returned to his frigate, which had been expressly detailed to bring him over, and sailed for France.

SOCIETY.

Captain and Mrs. A. H. Payson, of San Mateo, went to Del Monte on Monday and will pass several weeks there.

Mr. M. A. Healy is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carrigan at San Rafael.

Mr. Edward Stanley and Miss Garber will pass the summer at the Napa Soda Springs.

Judge and Mrs. Stephen J. Field have arrived here from Washington, D. C. In July they will go to Alaska in company with Senator Leland Stanford.

Mr. Eugene Casserly and Miss Daisy Casserly went to the hotel del Monte last Monday to remain during the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Parrott will soon occupy the former home of Mr. William T. Coleman at San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, *née* Mizner, will return at the Napa Soda Springs the greater part of the season.

Senator W. E. Dargie, of Oakland, has been visiting his ranch in Santa Barbara County

Mr. W. E. Holloway is at the Hotel del Monte for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall are located at the Hotel Rafael for the remainder of the season.

Mr. Henry W. Mizner, of Benicia, is rusticating at the Napa Soda Springs.

Colonel C Fred Crocker is in Victoria, B. C.

Mr. John R. Jarboe and Miss Kate Jarboe are occupying the cottage at Santa Cruz.

Mr. William H. Kruse was at Del Monte last Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. W. B. Wilshire, Mrs. William H. Smith, and Miss Nellie Smith departed last Thursday for Victoria, B. C., where they will remain about six weeks.

Mr. Edgar Floyd-Jones is visiting friends at the Napa Soda Springs.

Misses Lottie and Edith Clarke and Mr. Edward Clarke, accompanied by Miss Jessie Bowie will leave for Alaska next Sunday.

Mr. John N. Featherston went to the Hotel del Monte on Thursday to enjoy a two weeks' vacation.

Miss Alice Mullins, who has been visiting relatives in England for several months, will leave London on June 25th to return home.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Miller and Mr. Ferd C. Peterson will go to the Hotel del Monte to-day.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Delmas and the Misses Delmas went to Del Monte last Tuesday to remain during the season.

Miss Agnes Burgin is paying a pleasant visit to Litton Springs.

Mr. Evan J. Coleman has been passing the week at Del Monte.

Judge Ogden Hoffman passed a few days at Del Monte last week.

Don Joaquin Bolado and Miss Dulce Bolado are the guests of Mrs. Judge Webb in Salinas City.

Mr. Ira Pierce and family have taken apartments at the Napa Soda Springs for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Jennings are occupying a cottage at the Hotel Rafael for the summer.

Mr. Peter Donahue and Mr. P. D. Martin have been enjoying a visit to Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Smith, Jr., will soon occupy their residence, corner of Berton and Central Avenues, in Alameda.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Coleman and family are paying a visit to the Napa Soda Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. John Malliard have one of the Hotel Rafael cottages for the season.

Mr. Everett N. Bee returned from Del Monte last Monday.

Colonel William H. Chamberlain and Major Darling, U. S. A., went to Del Coronado last Tuesday, to remain a couple of weeks.

Senator James G. Fair has been visiting the Napa Soda Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Sherwood are at San Rafael for the season.

Mr. George Hearst and Miss Ada Butterfield are en route home from Washington, D. C.

Mr. Jay Lugsden, Miss Lugsden, and Miss Wood have been visiting the week at Del Monte.

Mr. Andrew Jackson came down from the Napa Soda Springs last Monday for a brief visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Jackson are stopping at the Napa Soda Springs.

Mr. Frank J. Carolan will go to the White Sulphur Springs shortly.

Mr. and Mrs. J. William Brown are passing the summer at Finland Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Bancroft have rented a cottage at San Rafael for the next three months.

Dr. George Somers, Mrs. W. J. Somers, and Miss Mae Somers went to the Hotel del Monte on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sherwood and Mr. W. R. Sherwood are at the Hotel Vendome in San José.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Montague and Miss Montague have left their country home, near Santa Clara, to pass the season.

Mr. A. L. Bancroft and family will spend the ensuing two months at Yellow Jacket Cottage, Pacific Grove.

Mr. B. C. Truman has returned from the Hotel del Coronado, where he went last week to meet Mrs. Truman and daughters, who will remain in Southern California until the end of July, when Mr. Truman will rejoin his family and leave for Europe on the thirteenth proximo.

Mr. Wallace E. Hyde, of Oakland, left Wednesday for an extended Eastern trip.

Mr. H. W. Yemans, of San Diego, is on a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Staples, and will remain a few weeks.

Mr. Jerome Lincoln and Miss Ethel Lincoln went to the Hotel del Monte a week ago.

Mr. H. G. Kinsey and Mr. Griffith J. Kinsey are passing a few weeks at El Paso de Robles Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Bowles and Miss Bessie McNear, of Oakland, are passing a few weeks pleasantly at the Napa Soda Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles O. Alexander, *née* Carroll, will go to Del Monte in about a week to remain over the holidays.

Mr. A. H. Rutherford returned from Del Monte early in the week.

Dr. and Mrs. Tenison Deane have been visiting Mrs. U. N. at Albeto, near Willows.

Mr. Eugene Sherwood and the Misses Isabel and Winnie Sherwood are at El Paso de Robles Hot Springs.

Mr. F. L. Wooster and family are passing the summer at the Napa Soda Springs.

Miss Maud and Lillie O'Connor have gone south to visit Coronado and San Luis Obispo.

Judge O. C. Pratt has been sojourning at Byron Springs for the benefit of his health.

Mr. and Mrs. David Hewes, *née* Lathrop, are now in Albany, N. Y., and will leave next Wednesday for Europe to remain there for a year.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins have arrived in New York city.

Miss Evelyn Carolan and Miss May Severance were recent guests of Mrs. William H. Dimond at Menlo Park.

Mr. C. T. Mills, of Seminary Park, is recuperating at Byron Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels and Miss Nellie Joliffe are at the Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. Peter Dean and Miss Dean, of Oakland, have gone to the Hotel Rafael for a few weeks.

Mr. Thomas Breeze and the Misses Breeze have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Wensinger at their country home "Rancho Cale," in Sonoma County. Mrs. Breeze will go East shortly to place her son in Yale College.

Dr. and Mrs. H. C. Davis and family have removed from Jackson Street, Oakland, to San Francisco. Residence on Sacramento Street.

Judge and Mrs. Lorenzo Sawyer are passing a few weeks at Cazadero.

Mr. Robert L. Sherwood has returned from a visit to Seattle and Tacoma.

Mr. and Mrs. John Nightingale, the Misses Ella, Minnie, and Georgie Nightingale, Mr. Joseph Nightingale, and Mr. Frank Hamilton Page are located at Cazadero for the summer months.

Mr. Irving M. Dearboro departed for China and Japan last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Grimm have been passing some time at Napa Springs.

Mr. John C. Maynard has gone East, en route to London, where she will visit her sister for a few months. She stopped several days at Yellowstone Park to view the scenery.

Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Willey are located at the Hotel Vendome in San José for the summer.

Mrs. Judge Belcher and Miss Belcher, of Marysville, are at Byron Springs.

Signor G. B. Galvani has left New York en route to the Paris Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Howard, who are now at Coronado Beach, will soon proceed to the Eastern States and Europe.

Miss Margaret Jones, of San José, is visiting friends at Modesto.

Mr. and Mrs. Alban B. Butler, of Fresno, and Mr. J. K. Armsby, of Chicago, are enjoying a visit at Byron Springs.

Mr. S. Monroe Fabian has returned from Paraiso Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A Spreckels will leave to-day for Philadelphia, where they will reside permanently. Mr. A. B. Spreckels will return from there in about a month.

Notes and Gossip.

The particular event of the coming week will be the wedding of Miss Mabel Pacheco, daughter of Hon and Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco, and Mr. William Tevis, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, which will take place at Grace Church next Thursday evening.

Mrs. Jeremiah Clarke gave a delightful dinner-party at her residence on California Street last Thursday evening, at which six ladies and six gentlemen were present.

The prizes that are to be contested for at the tennis tournament, at Del Monte, on July 4th, are on exhibition at Shreve's.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank T. Hohurg, *née* Gibbs, have issued cards for receptions on Wednesday evenings, August 14th and 28th, at 431 Bartlett Street.

MUSICAL NOTES.

A piano recital will be given by Mr. Ernst Hartmann at three o'clock this (Saturday) afternoon, at the residence of Mrs. J. L. N. Shepard, in Oakland.

Mr. Henry Heyman, the violinist, is visiting in New York city and will return early next month.

Buffalo Bill, with the Greatest Show on Earth ("l'attraction la plus grande du monde"), has arrived in Paris, and receives from the *Figaro* a welcome, two columns long, in which the French reporter fairly turns himself loose, and paints a picture which, in the breadth and freedom of its handling and its frank gayety of color, recalls the earlier, or the earliest, manner of our own Mr. George Alfred Townsend. When the brilliant newspaper-man goes out to meet the incoming ship, he says: "Le *Persian Monarch* ralentit son allure pour nous donner le temps de virer et de nous remettre en marche de conserve avec lui. Pendant ce temps, la musique de Buffalo-Bill, qui s'est rassemblée à la hâte, exécute le 'Yankee Doddle,' l'air national Américain. 'Vive la France!' s'écrient les passagers du *Monarch* aussitôt l'air fioi. 'Vive l'Amerique!' répondons-nous. Nouvelle musique—la 'Marseillaise' cette fois." Then he describes, always brilliantly, *le colonel* Cody, and Red Shirt, and Gabriel Dumont, Riel's lieutenant in Manitoba, who very singularly has a French name, and the Sioux "des tribus des Cutois, Arapahoe, Brulay," and afterward he is presented to "Miss Annie Oakley, la fameuse 'reine du Riffle' Américaine, qui tire la carabine et le pistolet comme Ira Paine." But, after all, it is the noble savage that impresses him most deeply: "Quant aux Peaux-Rouges, ils se promènent majestueux et fiers. . . . Seulement, comme j'ouvre mon porte-cigarettes, vingt mains convertes de tatouages se tendent vers l'étui. Je fais un signe affirmatif. En un clin d'œil, le porte-cigarettes est vide. Il est vrai que je suis récompensé par des *owah! owah!* de satisfaction. Et maintenant," he says, in ending, "souhaitons à tous la bienvenue, aux Canadiens si français par le cœur, aux Peaux-Rouges, aux Américains et, comme on dit dans leur pays: 'Let her go Galeghear!'"

Mr. A. M. Battye, engineer of the steamer *Gulf of Trinidad*, while voyaging from Iquique for Europe, was washed overboard. A life-buoy was immediately thrown over and the vessel stopped. Battye sank deeply when reaching the water; but on rising to the surface he struck out swimming, and reached the life-buoy. The way on the steamer had carried her far beyond him, and though a boat was lowered, the prospect of finding him in such weather, and at night, was almost hopeless. Battye soon ceased to see the ship, and when daylight broke he found himself alone on a life-buoy a hundred miles, so far as he knew, from any help. He kept afloat throughout the day, although the heat of the sun was intense. The following night he suffered terribly from being without anything to eat or drink, and in momentary danger of being swallowed by sharks. Another day he held on with amazing endurance, his physical exhaustion and mental anxiety being intense. For the next night he ceased to feel hungry, but suffered from excessive thirst. The third day dawned to find him still in the same position. On the evening of that day a Norwegian bark passed close by him, the steersman of which saw what appeared to be a man in the water. The bark was immediately put about, and a boat lowered, and after a short search found the buoy with Batty still clinging to it, although when taken on board the bark he was insensible.

Just like a man! November 26, 1864, Mrs. Hodges, of St. Louis, mailed a letter to her husband, who was with Sherman's army. On reaching his regiment, the letter was given to Captain Bixby, to be delivered to Mr. Hodges. The captain naturally put it in his pocket. Two weeks ago he found it in the same pocket of the same coat, yellow and dingy with twenty-five years' incarceration, but otherwise all right. He immediately mailed it, and Mr. Hodges received it in St. Louis, the city from which it originally started. The news was a little old, but the family enjoyed reading it.

The Panama Canal was the greatest project ever undertaken by the hand of man. The pyramids of Egypt and the Chinese wall sink into insignificance. Preparations, machinery, and all things considered, it is perhaps one-third completed, and its books show a debt of some three hundred and fifty million dollars. At this rate its whole cost would be over one billion dollars—an amount of money of which the mind is absolutely incapable of forming a real conception.

Is Richard Wagner the greatest musician who ever lived? If you think he is, he is; if you think he is not, all the argument and all the Wagner operas in the world will not convince you of your error. As a rule, in the present stage of musical development, "Wagnerianus nascitur, non fit."—*New York Sun.*

DXXXII—Bill of Fare for six persons—Sunday, June 23, 1889.

Tomato and Rice Soup.
Baked Shad. Mashed Potatoes.
Broiled Squabs on Toast.
Summer Squash. String Beans.
Roast Lamb, Mint Sauce.
Carrot Salad
Chocolate Ice-Cream.
Chantry Sponge Cake.
Apricots, Cherries, Plums, Peaches, and Figs.

CHANTRY SPONGE-CAKE.—Melt three-quarters of a pound of sugar in a little water. Beat the yolks of seven eggs and the whites of four together; mix with the above three parts of a cup of boiling water; dredge into the other ingredients half a pound of flour. Beat all together twenty minutes. Pour into a well-buttered tin, and bake in a moderate oven one hour and a half.

The telephone is being made to serve the cause of religion in the south of England. The South of England Telephone Company has put telephone wires into one of the Congregational churches in Tunbridge Wells, and last Sunday sixteen subscribers were connected with the church. These included doctors and apothecaries, clerks working in various parts of town, an invalid lady who has been obtaining consolation from the telephone for several months, and some lazy club men who went into the thing presumably more from a spirit of experiment than devotion. Wires are being laid to Maidstone, and soon subscribers living there, in Rochester, in Stroud, and Chatham, will be able, without leaving their houses, to attend service in Tunbridge Wells.

Some weeks ago a paragraph went the rounds of the press telling how Mr. S. M. Schafer, of New York, had purchased fifteen thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars' worth of stock for three hundred and sixty dollars through a printer's error. It now seems that Mr. Schafer, upon discovering the error, returned the stock to the sellers, the Union Trust Company, for three hundred and sixty dollars; and received from them, by way of commission on the transaction, the sum of five hundred dollars.

It is said that at the dinner given to ex-President Cleveland by the Young Men's Democratic Club, there was not a man under thirty present, and the average age was fifty.

The Huntington-Hopkins Company.

The building up of the property south of Market Street and east of First has been going on at a rapid rate lately. The Huntington-Hopkins Company is the latest large business concern to move into that locality. Their new building is located at Nos. 18, 20, 22, and 24 Fremont Street, and, with a frontage of 93 feet, extends back 137½ feet to the rear of the building already occupied by them on First Street. The new building has been specially constructed for their purposes, and is built in the most substantial manner of granite, brick, iron, and steel. The First Street building is a four-story brick building, having a frontage of 137½ feet on First Street. The company will therefore have a ground-area of 20,000 square feet, giving them ample room to carry on their extensive business. Between the Fremont Street building and that on First Street there is a court, roofed over with glass and iron, and, from this, a driveway opening to First Street in one direction and to Fremont Street in the other.

Art Notes.

Mr. S. Gump, of the well-known firm of S. & G. Gump, who has been visiting the chief art centres of the old world, is now on his way home, bringing with him many gems from the salons of Paris, Munich, and Vienna. The works selected show exquisite taste in their line, and at once stamp the purchaser as a connoisseur on art matters.

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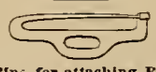

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THE INNOCENT READER.

How he is Ensnared.

[The popularity of the "reading notice" exceeds any craze which has ever possessed advertisers or seekers after notoriety. Exciting and thrilling incidents of contemporary or historical record begin by chaining the attention of the most casual reader and terminate in a touching appeal for Boggs's soap. Captain Burnaby is said to have made the fortune of Squeers's pills by a mere mention of them in his "Ride to Khiva." If this sort of thing grows with the years as it has with the past, we may look for a new edition of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" containing something of this sort]:

"Uncle Tom," said little Eva, as the two sat side by side in the diminutive summer-house, "won't you tell me about the New Jerusalem?"

"Lor' hress yo' soul," exclaimed the faithful darkey, "what makes yo' gwine ax sich questions all o' er heap?"

"Because," said the child, as a beautiful blush o'erspread her brow, "I want to know if a little white girl can get there, or if only colored people will pass the beautiful gates?"

"I specs," replied Uncle Tom, "dat dey'll be mos'ly hracks dere, but dey'll let you in sure 'nough, honey," and he sang in a clear, musical voice fourteen verses of the old plantation hymn:

"De gospel train am movin',
Hop aboard."

"I often think," said Eva, after Tom had finished his melody, "that I shall not be long in this world. I shall not be here when the spring comes and the flowers bloom, and then, dear Uncle Tom, what will all you poor people do without me? I wish you would gather them all about me so I may tell them how to be good."

The faithful African departed, and in a few minutes returned with all the servants, who ranged themselves about her, wondering what she was going to say.

"Dear, good friends," said little Eva, "I am afraid I shall soon go away to join the bright-winged host on high."

The negroes prostrated themselves on the ground, and, with piteous cries and lamentations, besought their young mistress to remain with them. Uncle Tom stood up, with the tears streaming down his honest black face, and shouted:

"Dere's just one ting, Missey Eva, kin fotch yo' back when you's mos' gone, and I'se got it right hyar."

"What is it?" asked the child; "the gospel you sang about?"

"No, honey, it am dat ar' medicin' I done bought down at de store," and with these words he produced a small bottle of Dr. Gander's Golden Godsend and Restorer of Lost Health, and administered a teaspoonful in a wine-glass of water to the sainted child. Eva immediately arose, completely restored to strength, and signed a certificate setting forth the wonderful nature of her cure. She is now practicing for a race on one of Blobbs's bicycles.

[This may be regarded as a combination ad., the expense borne mutually by Dr. Gander and the bicycle manufacturer, between whose wares there can, of course, be no competition. Then there will probably be something in this vein]:

"Like a ray from far beyond, aslant the golden, mellow dawn," said Sybil Craydocke, in her quick, original way, as they all stood watching the shadows fall on the distant heights of Old Graylock.

Harry Thorne said nothing, but he glanced at Rosalind, and the bright color flitted across her cheek; she did not speak at once. Her sweet face was aglow with enthusiasm, and as she turned it toward the young man, there was a swift, answering light in his eyes that deepened her rosy blush.

"It seems to me," said Sybil to Uncle Marmaduke, as they stood apart, "that those two were made for each other—made from the beginning, and have been growing nearer and nearer ever since. They are the true poles of a battery, and there is a shock and a spark whenever they meet. How wonderful is the power of pure love!"

"And how wonderful the forces of nature," exclaimed Uncle Marmaduke, with enthusiasm, "the electric-battery of which you speak! Is it not a perpetual reminder of the far-off gates where the countless throngs are passing to and fro?"

"Yes," murmured Sybil, turning toward her companion with one of her rare smiles; "and the crystal stream, with its golden lilies, too."

They were silent for a moment, and then the old man said, impulsively:

"Sybil, you've got the right stuff in you. You'll excuse the liberty I take, remembering that I'm odd and eccentric, and have been known as a crank. I'm going to give you something as a remembrance of this sanctified hour. Here it is."

"A present! How good of you." She took the small parcel and opened it eagerly. Then she clasped his hands earnestly in hers, and exclaimed, with trembling voice:

"How can I thank you?"

"Do you not know what it is?"

She lifted her face to his, radiant with emotion. Her eyes were moist and her voice wavered like the wind-swept forest, as she answered: "It is Dr. Bilious's Electric Beautifier, it opens the pores of the skin and gives one a complexion like the rosy dawn. Oh, how can I thank you?"

[This style has a society flavor which insures success and commands a high price.]—*New York Truth.*

There is a lecturer in an East Side museum, who unwinds amazingly. Here is a specimen of his oratorical powers: "This, ladies and gentlemen, is Singalee, the sword and spike-walker. She is a native of Lucknow, India, and walks with her bare, naked, and tender flesh upon the glistening, keen-cutting, bristling, incisive, penetrating, needle-like, horrible edges of quivering, wavering, trembling swords, and jagged, pointed, tearing, terrible, cross-cutting, fearful, frightful, horrifying, spearified, tri-pointed, gashing, deep-sinking, death-wounding, feet-ruining spikes, dancing and rolling on a bed of hare and pointed carpet-tacks, and running races on glistening cimeters."—*New York Sun.*

John Keats sang, years ago, of "Bacchus and his pards," and yet ill-informed persons suppose that "pard" is a comparatively new word, introduced into the dictionary from the early Californian by Francis Bret Harte.—*Life.*

"Robinson Street!" called out the street-car conductor. "I'll take (hic) whisky, Robinson!" exclaimed the man who had been half asleep in the corner, and the whole car smiled.—*Munsey's Weekly.*

LADY BULWER'S VINDICATION.

When the present Lord Lytton published the first part of the biography of his father (which, it may be remembered, was to a large extent an autobiography), it was asserted that only one side of the story was told, and that Bulwer's wife would yet be vindicated. It appears that Lady Bulwer preserved all the letters received from her husband, and bequeathed these, together with an incomplete autobiography and another manuscript of autobiographic character, to a friend, Miss Louisa Devey, who has given them to the world by way of posthumous justice to a deeply-injured woman. These papers are published in this country by C. W. Dillingham, under the collective title of "Letters of Edward Bulwer to his Wife." Few persons can review the evidence there submitted without bearing away the conviction that the private character of Bulwer, the novelist, was repulsive and despicable, and that, for his treatment of the woman who bore his name, he richly deserved to be whipped at the cart's tail. They show that his pretended affection for the beautiful and confiding creature whom he married was a merely sensual appetite, or, as she bitterly termed it, the love of a bashaw; and that he, who is not known to have displayed any particular virility in his dealings with his own sex, treated his unhappy wife with the brutality of a costermonger. These letters also show that Bulwer was as mean and vigilant in his expenditure on account of others as he was lavish in outlay on himself; that he was as incapable of honest friendship or candid admiration as he was of love; and that he was no more qualified to form high political or literary ideals than he was to comprehend the hunger of the human heart for a religion. In a word, the documents there spread before the reader reveal a man far more contemptible than Byron; perhaps the most contemptible human being in this century who has managed to maintain a tolerably decent outside before the public eye. That is to say, Thackeray gave proof of divination when, without personally knowing him, he despised Bulwer and taught his readers to despise him.

These letters—they are his own, and his son propounds the theory that only by his own letters should any one be judged—prove Bulwer to have been a man entirely without principle, generosity, or gratitude. Altogether he reveals himself as being precisely what Thackeray detected in him—a snob in literature and fiction, and an arrant cad in his domestic relations.

Annexed are some of the idiotic letters written to his wife before and for a time after his marriage.

Here is one written not long before his marriage:

"MY DEAREST AND KINDEST AND MOST BOOTIFUL POODLE: Me went down to the House of Lords last night after writing oo a note, and had the good fortune to find it shut; me then went to my Club till ½ past ten, when me came in to write to oo again and found my servant out (he had mistaken my orders and thought he was to come this morning instead), so that me had no one to send to oo, which vexed me terribly. However, I thought oo would not be disappointed as oo had seen me. Me went to Almack's about 12, and danced with oo cousin 'Di,' who was looking very pretty. Me did not stay more than ¾ of an hour, for me was at home and in bed by 1.

"Me writes this from my kennel; but I will write to oo in the morning a more fitting answer to oo darling letter; for it contained much which me can not answer now, and much which I never *can* answer.

"Good-by, my darling, my angel, my life, my Poodle. OO OWN PUPPY."

Here is another conveying the important information that his toothache was less troublesome:

"MY OWN DARLING POODLE: Zoo nice, dear, kind, good girl, me is so much obliged to oo for sending after me. Me was out when oo note came. Me has only just returned. My tooth is *much* better. Zoo nice camphor quite cured it; but *zoo*, my poor darling, me is so unhappy about oo! Ah! if oo would but be somebody! However, oo will so soon be Puppy's, and then air and exercise and care and kisses and Puppy will soon quite restore oo—won't they, my good Poodle?

"Me will try and call on oo earlier to-morrow—perhaps a ¼ before one, as me may leave oo sooner. Me has given up my journey to the country to-morrow in order to be with oo. O zoo dear, dear love! God bless oo and make oo well and happy, prays oo own more than ever adoring and fond PUPPY."

The poodle business is kept up for a year or two after the wedding, as this epistle shows:

"JULY 11, 1828.

"MY DEAREST AND DARLINGEST POODLE: Oo says nothing about oo eye, pray for God's sake tell me. Me has been so dreadfully teased you can't think! Colburn only offers £500, but I certainly won't take less than £800, and I have had other things, too, to plague me. Can't get rid of my horse. However, all these when we meet.

"Me is very sorry to hear about poor Miss Greene. My French master, Jerard, dines with me to-day. Pray forgive me for not writing more, me is too late as usual! God bless and keep oo, my own darling, darling Rose, and pray tell me all about oo.

"OO OWN, OWN, OWN PUPS.

"Me sall be back at 7 on Sunday."

It was in 1834, about seven years after the marriage, when Bulwer's brutal ill-treatment of his wife culminated in biting a piece out of her cheek.

Would it be believed that even after this brutal incident Lady Bulwer consented to live with her husband for the sake of her children, and to shield him from opprobrium. There are a few more letters, somewhat perfunctory in tenor, addressed to "My dear Poodle," and signed "Pups." The final and irrevocable separation was not, however, long delayed. Bulwer wrote to his wife that he was detained in London by serious illness. She hurried up to town, desiring to nurse him. Gaining with some difficulty an entrance to his apartments, she found in his dining-room a table spread for two persons and a lady's shawl.—*New York Sun.*

Einstein (to his partner)—"Isaacs, you vas out late lasd night, I zee. Dot must stop, Isaacs; no more drinkin' dis mont'. You hear me, Isaacs?" *Isaacs*—"I don'd drink in peeziness hours." *Einstein*—"Dot make no differ. You drink ad nighd, ant effery mornings your hants tremble so you gan't show a gustomer any of dose sheap pants mitout shakin' de buttons off."—*Puck.*

Ethel (who has come up unexpectedly)—"Don't you want to ride on my tricycle, Mr. Leslie?" *Leslie*—"Thank you, Ethel, but I'm too busy now." *Ethel*—"Oh, come ahead. I'll hold Sylvia's hand for you while you're gone."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

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TIME TABLE.

[Co]mmencing Sunday, March 31, 1889, and until [fu]rther notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

Fr[om] SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN [R]AFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1 30, 3.25, [5.]0, 6.10 P. M.
(S[un]days)—8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 12 30, 1.30, 2.45, [4.]0, 5.30, 6.30, P. M.

Fr[om] SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week [day]s)—6.10, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.55 P. M.
(S[un]days)—8.00, 9.50, 10.55 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 1.15, 2.45, 4.00, [5.]0, 6.05, 7.00 P M. Extra trips oo Saturday at 6.25 P. M.
F[are], 50 cents, round trip.

Fr[om] SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—[7.]15, 8.15, 9 55, 11.50 A. M.; 2.30, 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
(S[un]days)—8.45, 10.35, 11.35 A. M.; 12.45, 1.55, 3.30, [4.]0, 5.45, 6.50, 7.45 P. M. Extra trips on Saturday at [6.]05 P. M.
F[are], 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

[1].[45] **P. M.,** Daily (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) from [Sa]n Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. [Re]turning, leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at [6.]15 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12.20 P.M.

[1.45] **P. M.,** Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations.

[8.]0 **A. M.,** Sundays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning arrives in San [Fra]ncisco at 8.15 P. M.

EXCURSION RATES.

Th[irt]y-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from [all] stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single [ta]riff rate.

[Fri]day to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on [Fri]days, Saturdays, and Sundays, good to return following [Mo]nday: Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.00; Tomales, $2.25; Howard's, $3.50; Cazadero, $4.00.

[Sund]ay Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, good on day sold [onl]y: Camp Taylor, $1.50; Point Reyes, $1.75; Tomales, [$2.]00; Howard's, $2.50; Duncan Mills and Cazadero $3 00.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

[Stage]s leave Cazadero daily (except Mondays) for Stewart's [Poi]nt, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Men[do]cino City, and all points on the North Coast.

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(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

[LEAVE]	From June 20, 1889.	ARRIVE
[..]0 A.	Haywards, Niles and San José	*12.45 P.
[..] A.	Sacramento, Redding and Sisson, via Davis	7.15 P.
[..] A.	Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	6.15 P.
[..] A.	Los Angeles Express, for Fresno, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	11.15 A.
[..] A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
[..] A.	Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
[..] M.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	* 3.45 P.
[..] P.	Sacramento River Steamers	**6.00 A.
[..] P.	Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
[..] P.	Stockton and §Milton; Vallejo, Calistoga & Santa Rosa	9.45 A.
[..] P.	Express for Ogden. Carrying local first-class and local and through second-class passengers. Connects at Davis for Knight's Landing	10.45 A.
[..] P.	Niles and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
[..] P.	Niles and San José	‡ 4.45 P.
[..] P.	Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
[..] P.	Central Atlantic Express, for Ogden and East	7.45 P.
7: P.	Shasta Route Express, for Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East	7.45 A.
[..] P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

[..] A.	Newark, San José and Santa Cruz	‡ 8.05 P.
[..] A.	Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
[..] P.	Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*11.50 A.
[..] P.	Ceoterville, San José, Almaden, Los Gatos and Saota Cruz	‡‡9.50 A.

[CO]AST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

7; A.	San José and Way Stations	2.30 P.
7; A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz, Sunday Excursion	‡ 8.25 P.
8; A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos; Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations	6.12 P.
[..] A.	San José, Almaden and Way Stations	7 30 P.
[..] P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	5.08 P.
[..] P.	Menlo Park, San José, Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville, and Monterey only. (Del Monte limited.)	*11.15 A.
[..] P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey and principal Way Stations	*10.02 A.
[..]; P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	7.58 A.
[..]: P.	San José and Way Stations	9.03 A.
[..], P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A.
[..]; P.	San José and principal Way Stations	‡4.25 P.

[A. fo]r morning. P. for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. [† Sat]urdays only. ‡ Sundays only. ** Mondays excepted. [§ Satu]rdays excepted. ‖ Saturday and Sunday only to Santa [Cru]z. ‡‡ Sunday and Mooday only from Santa Cruz.

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TALKS A LITTLE.

"He says 'Yes,' now," said the bahy's mamma, as the bahy's papa came in; "he said it lots of times to-day, and he knows just what it means. Does Willie love mamma?" she continued, looking at the baby with great earnestness, while papa paused with his overcoat half off.

"Papa—gone!" said Willie.

"No, no; papa *come*. Does Willie love mamma?—wait a minute, George, he's going to say it now; *he* knows. Does—Willie—love—mamma?"

"Got it down pretty fine, hasn't he?" said George, as he finished taking off his coat.

"Well, I don't care," he *does* know, only—say, Willie! Look straight at mamma, now. *Does—Willie—love—mamma?* Y—y—Does Willie love mamma?"

"Pitty!" said Willy, looking suddenly at the glass pendants on the chandelier, with well-feigned excitement.

"Now, Willie—let him alone a minute, George—Willie, be real good, now—just step into the hall, George, where he won't see yon; there, now; Willie, do you love mamma?"

"Papa—*tum?*" said Willie.

"*No*, papa *gone*, now."

"Now?" said Willie.

"Yes, *now*; why can't you say what I want you to?"

"To?" said Willie.

"You're a naughty, naughty boy. You might as well come in, George, he isn't going to say it; he's *awfully* contrary and disagreeable sometimes, and he just tries me to death."

"Willie," said his father, solemnly, "papa doesn't like nanghty hoys. Mamma doesn't; and I don't know who does. Do *you* like naughty boys?"

"Yes," said Willie, with remarkable distinctness.
—*Judge*.

The Professional Homesteader.

I met a professional homesteader to-day in Sioux County, the extreme north-west county of Nebraska. He stood hy a prairie-schooner, out of which came a stove-pipe. Behind was a cow, a calf, and two dogs.

"Where is your home?" I asked.

"H'nt got no home," he said, as he kicked one of the dogs and took a chew of tobacco.

"Where do you live?"

"Where d' I live!" he exclaimed, indignantly; "I don't have to live anywhere. I'm marchin' ahead of civilization, sir. I'm homesteadin'."

"Where do you sleep?"

"Sleep? I sleep over on the government land, drink out of the North Platte, eat jack-rahhits and raw wolf. But it's gettin' too settled round here for me. I saw a land-agent from Buffalo Gap to-day, and they say a whole family is coming up the North Platte, fifty miles below here. It's gettin' too crowded for me here, stranger. I leave the Powder River country to-morrow. I can't stand the rush."—*Omaha Bee*.

Base-Ball Style.

The trouhle on the base-ball diamonds of this great republic has begun in earnest, and the base-hall reporter is once more in his glory. He is as picturesque as ever, and hrimful of enthusiasm. Behold a few samples of his work, culled from the Sunday newspapers:

"The hall went up shrieking."

"A sound like the snapping of a mainmast told that Carroll had made another three-base hit."

"The ball tore over the field, churning the air into sparks, it seemed, and droning like a circular-saw."

"Hanlon slapped his bat on the neck of a hall."

It is evident that the boys are in good form, and if they do not succeed in making their stories of the hall-field sufficiently startling to jar the attention of the captious puhlic, it will be the fault of the English language, and not theirs.—*Chicago News*.

He Knew the Signs.

When Mr. Spooner went home the other evening, the door unexpectedly flew open while he was fumbling in his pocket for his latch-key, and Mrs. Spooner had her arms around his neck and had given him a kiss on either cheek; then she said, cheerily:

"Let me help you off with your overcoat, dear. There, I'll hang it up, dear. You'll find your slippers hy your chair and I'll put your shoes away. Did you have a good day down-town, dear? You look tired. Poor, dear, old boy! There never was a woman who had a dearer husband than my dear, old George, anyhow! Sit right down, dear. There, there, darling, I'll get the evening paper for you. You just sit still and rest while I tell you about what a naughty little wife I've heen to-day, for, oh, *George*, I got me the *loveliest* bonnet for *only* nineteen dollars, and—and—you *won't* mind, will you, dear? I *know* you won't. That's a darling! It's *so* lovely! I'll run right up and get it, and show it to you before tea!"

"Humph!" growled George, like the wretch he was, "I *knew* there was something of that sort coming. I knew the signs!"—*Judge*.

Upward of thirty-four thousand dollars have been subscribed to the Matthew Arnold Memorial Fund, of which five thousand dollars came from America.

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Gaelic	**Wednesday, July 17**
Belgic	**Saturday, August 3**
Arabic	**Thursday, August 22**
Oceanic	**Tnesdny, Sept. 10**
Gaelic	**Saturday, Sept. 28**

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City of Rio de Janeiro ....July 8, at 3 P. M.
City of New York..Thnrsday, July 25, at 3 P. M.
City of Peking....Tuesday, Angust 13, at 3 P. M.

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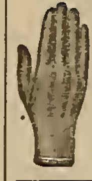

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To see "The Wife" for the first time is to be amused, interested, engrossed. To see "The Wife" for the second time is to be still amused—one could not be otherwise when such clever people as Miss Dillon and Messrs. Lemoyne and Dickson are in the cast—and, at the same time, to be a little wearied with the honeyed sweetness of Helen, a good deal bored with the sentimentality, at times approaching sickliness, which permeates the story. Messrs. Belasco and De Mille do not always toe the line which separates romance from sentimentality. They generally step over. Their prettiest plays, their daintiest ideas—and their ideas are sometimes charmingly delicate and refined—are all tainted with the same cloying, sugary sweetness. It is apparent in everything they write, even in "Lord Chumley," whose affection for the "Old One" was expressed like a school-girl's for her pet actor, and added neither naturalness nor dignity to that otherwise delightful scion of the British aristocracy.

In "The Wife," sentimentalism is rampant, rendering the play a thing of beauty and a joy forever to old maids and young misses. Everybody—barring the Major and the second pair of lovers—is crammed to the muzzle with it. Helen can not open her lips without utterling romantic commonplaces as unctuously sweet as honey dropping from the comb. The melancholy gentlemanliness of John limits him to an attitude of such superb dignity that, on his first appearance, one renounces with a sigh all hopes of getting anything out of his society but an improving example—an elevated ideal of conduct under trying circumstances. As for poor Robert Gray, it is cruel of an author to expect an actor—well-grown, well-looking, of a reasonable age—to retain his attractiveness while personating such a fool.

The great weight of sentimentality has concentrated itself upon this young man, who is, without exception, one of the greatest ninnies in dramatic literature. How so vapid a creature could have inspired two such frantic passions as animate the lovely ladies who are the rival heroines, is one of the great mysteries which only a daring and desperate playwright would have had the temerity to handle. Dramatic authors, like clergymen, can dare to give vent to the wildest ideas, knowing that no one will rise in the orchestra-chairs and denounce them. What woman could become infatuated with a man who falls into a chair and sobs; who, when he gets angry, tears a bunch of flowers out of his lady's hand; who is always on the *qui vive* to fight, and never gets off it into downright battle? Mr. Miller is careful to add to Robert Gray a heightened touch of gentle absurdity. If there was anything needed to make this youthful competitor for the district-attorneyship absolutely and irreclaimably silly, it is the soft, see-sawing tone of his "I will kill you," and his three consecutive "yeses," each one accompanied with a regular rising and drooping of the head. To give Mr. Miller his due, the part is enough to crush the spirit out of any one. To burst into sudden furies, make lunges for adjacent opponents, and be restrained by friends, to murmur words of love, and then dash across the stage holding together the fragments of a broken heart beneath a splendidly glossy shirt-bosom, to fall in a graceful attitude into a chair, and weep fully as well as Miss Cayvan herself—these are the chief points in Robert Gray's repertoire, points which Mr. Miller decorates with all the refinements of art for which the Lyceum Company is famous.

In sentimentality, Helen is not far behind him. She is one of those sweet, amiable, Amelia women, absolutely without dramatic interest. Personally, she would have been a charming acquaintance, but dramatically, she is dull. Angels of the domestic hearth are not, as a rule, amusing on the boards, whatever they may be beneath their own vine and fig-tree. Ladies of the type of she who, drowning, made the fatal sign of "scissors," are infinitely more interesting across the footlights than the cherished, only daughters of brokers in the produce exchange. Miss Cayvan's Helen has six changes of costume and not one change of atmosphere. She is always at exactly the same pressure. She comes in soft-voiced, soft-footed, says sweet, gentle things to everybody, and falls into chairs and attitudes, and when she goes out, still softly and gently, one neglects to notice it—it is all so singularly colorless and ineffectual. She is of too exquisite a fibre to be very merry, and, like Miss Georgie Rutherford, who was too well-bred to blush when her lover kissed her, though it was the first time any man had taken such a liberty, she is too refined to be in the smallest degree impassioned or demonstrative under the most unpleasant and trying circumstances. Miss Cayvan is always self-repressed—she never lets herself go. From first to last, there is nothing distinguished in her performance of Helen. The actress's personality gives no ray of color to the author's pale creation. Individuality, spontaneity, originality—none of them are there. In place of these, there is neat and elaborate imitation, which wakes a cold and critical desire to weigh and judge, but rouses no enthusiasm. Helen is a monochrome, delicately executed, subdued, refined, uninteresting, yet capable, unlike poor Robert Gray, of being made something better.

From these lackadaisical lovers one turns with relief to that truly delicious trio, the Major, Kitty, and Jack. They are the spice of the performance, and relieve the monotony of a second meeting with "The Wife." They are all perfectly natural and perfectly charming. They are never sentimental—one feels when they enter that the sun has broken through a fog. The gentlemen are gentlemen—Jack in his way, the Major in his—yet allow themselves the privilege of giving way to mirth, and even go so far as recklessly to abandon themselves to making puns and rioting in an unhridled ecstasy in the perpetration of jokes. Mr. Lemoyne's Major is as perfect as if Thackeray had planned him and Du Maurier had sketched him. He lends a charm to situations absurd to the verge of the grotesque.

The attraction of the performance lies in the extreme naturalness with which these minor parts are drawn and portrayed. Most of them are people whom we have all seen and laughed at or laughed with. With Jack and Kitty one has a feeling of old fellowship, of lifelong friendship. There is no Eastern drawing-room which Jack has not decked, leaning up against a door-post or spooning behind a portière with the Kitty of the moment. He is a familiar figure on the tennis-court in striped flannel, on the water in blue jerseys. He is as full of slang, of fun, of good nature, and good humor as the author has shown him—and as good-looking, attractive, and unaffectedly ridiculous as Mr. Dickson portrays him. Kitty is just as successful. Miss Dillon is one of the daintiest soubrettes. It would be hard to say how much she, Jack, and the Major have had to do with "The Wife's" success.

G. B.

STAGE GOSSIP.

"The Marquise," to be produced at the Baldwin on July 1st, is a translation of Sardou's "Fereol."

Charlie Reed intends to try a new play in this city after the termination of his engagement with Edward Harrigan at the Alcazar.

Edward Harrigan will begin his engagement at the Alcazar Theatre on July 1st. Charlie Reed and John Sparks have been engaged for the support. The opening play will be "Pete."

"Amorita" has proved a success at the Tivoli, and will be continued without change next week. It is a tuneful opera, well staged, well costumed, and well sung. It is the best performance that has been given at the Tivoli for some time.

"The Silent Partner" will be given at the Alcazar Theatre next week, and Misses Ethel Brandon and Ida Aubrey and Leo Cooper have been specially engaged to take part in the production. Mr. Polk, of course, assumes the leading rôle.

Carrol Johnson has severed his business connection with Slavin, and has turned his back on the minstrel stage. He has signed a five-years' contract with W. H. Powers, and will appear in "The Fairy's Well," recently produced at the Alcazar in this city.

Augustin Daly is turning in a new direction for his dramatic talent. He recently added Mrs. Yeamans, formerly of the Harrigan company, to his list, and now T. J. Cronin, an Irish comedian from the variety stage, has been engaged. They do not appear, however, with the Daly Company at the Baldwin next month.

The new season at the Bijou Theatre opens this evening, with Lewis Morrison in "A Celebrated Case." The company, which has been selected, with a few exceptions, in New York, includes Russ Whytal, H. B. Phillips, and Misses Florence Robert, Stella Rees, and Fannie Young.

Patti is said to be very ill in Paris with typhoid fever. If she recovers, she will be accompanied on her American tour by Tamagno, the celebrated Italian tenor, who will sing on alternate nights with the fair cantatrice. Tamagno was loth to leave his sunny Italy, but a guarantee of one hundred thousand dollars for forty-eight performances overcame his scruples.

The long-talked of production of "The Tempest" takes place at McVicker's Theatre, in Chicago, next week. It is to be followed by "Twelfth Night," which will be the fifth of Shakespeare's plays to be elaborately produced at that theatre in the course of one year. "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Winter's Tale," and "Antony and Cleopatra" were the others.

Colonel Jack Haverly, whose name is inseparably associated with negro minstrelsy, has been expressing his views on the decadence of that form of entertainment. He attributes the decline in public interest to the fact that the genuine negro has become more common in the North, and the novelty of the entertainment is, therefore, lost. It would perhaps be more correct to say that the interest in negro minstrelsy has always been inspired only by its novelty, and that the limit of the grotesque and startling in that direction has now been reached.

"Sweet Lavender," a three-act comedy, by A. W. Pinero, will be given here for the first time Monday evening at the Baldwin. The scene is laid in the chambers of Phenyl and Hale, in the Temple, and the action is amusing throughout. The characters are quite different from those in "The Wife," and we shall have an opportunity to judge as to the versatility of the company.

Thatcher, Primrose, and West, at the head of an army of minstrels, will commence a two weeks' engagement at the California Theatre on Monday evening. Among the familiar names in the company are: T. P. Dixon, H. W. Frillman, Castle Brydges, and Barney Fagan. There is a boy drum-major, a champion bicyclist, and two brothers (Byrnes), whose performance is not only a novelty, but is copyrighted.

Miss Anita Fallon has rented the Bush Street Theatre for next week, in order to produce "The Coral Bracelet," a translation from a strong French drama. The scene is laid in France under the Directoire, and particular care has been taken to make the scenery and costuming elaborate and correct. Harry Mainhall and Neil Warner will be in the cast, the latter having a strong character part.

"The Twelve Temptations" have been attracting crowds to the Grand Opera House during the week. Albert Hosmer, Jacques Kruger, Albert Martinelli, and Miss Randa Florence sustain the dramatic interest. There are several ballets, of which the principal is the "Ballet of Live Cockatoos" led by Mlle. Bonfanti. The Policeman's Quadrille is a grotesque performance, and has taken the fancy of the audiences.

The cast of characters in "Sweet Lavender" will be as follows: Horace Brean, Herbert Kelcey; Geoffrey Wedderburn, Charles Walcot; Clement Hale, Henry Miller; Dick Phenyl, W. J. LeMoyne; Dr. Delaney, Nelson Wheatcroft; Mr. Bulger, Walter Bellows; Mr. Maw, Fred Tibitts; Minnie Gilfillian, Miss Georgia Cayvan; Ruth Rolt, Mrs. Charles Walcot; Lavender, Miss Louise Dillon; Mrs. Gilfillian, Mrs. Thomas Whiffen.

The success of Miss Rosina Vokes and her peculiar form of entertainment, has inspired her sister, Miss Victoria, with a desire to try her fortune in this country. She will appear here next year in an original comedy. Miss Vernona Jarbeau and Mrs. Sophie Worrell Knight are also affected, and propose to star next year in "one-act plays like those of Miss Vokes." They should remember that Miss Vokes's personality has something to do with her success.

The Bostonians—not the opera company, but the Hubites—are agitated about a décolleté dress worn by Miss Rehan in "An International Match." The Boston *Courier*, commenting upon it, remarks: "Doris, her character, is made to say regarding this that while it is 'all very well for a hall-room, it will not answer for a tête-à-tête,' and the offending shoulders are forthwith covered. Anything so essentially vulgar as this is not to be expected from Mr. Daly, who, in common with the rest of the civilized world, must know that the only extenuation for such personal exposure is found in the absolute and universal assumption of unconsciousness of it." San Francisco will feverishly wait to be shocked.

Mr. James Morrissey, who has come down the corridors of time much celebrated for being the inventor of the Abbott kiss, has come to the rescue of English opera. The man who encouraged Miss Emma Abbott to sing "Nearer My God to Thee" in the middle of "Traviata," now proposes to put a scrapping match in the middle of Flotow's "Martha," which is to be done at the Grand Opera House, New York. His own matchless words are: "An innovation in the fair scene will be a Græco-Roman wrestling match between the famous heavy-weights, William Muldoon and Charles Miller, together with a large number of the members of the New York Athletic Club, who will put the heavy stone, and execute the double trapeze."

Nadge Doree, the beautiful actress who is suing Mrs. Langtry in Chicago, claims that it was her fatal gift of beauty which caused Mrs. Langtry to evict her from her company, at a total damage of one thousand dollars. It is well known that Mrs. Langtry can not brook upon the stage a really handsome woman. She became insanely jealous when she saw men worshiping the spiritueile Nadge, and it is related that one day in Kokomo, Ind., she tore a photograph of the radiant Doree from a shop-window and stamped it beneath her feet. It is to be hoped that the hostility between these two professional beauties will not lead to a division of the male sex of this country into hostile and savage bands.

Almost every time that you attend a theatre, your views of the stage are partially destroyed by the interception of a series of high hats. Almost every newspaper in America has had something to say upon this subject. But no publication in America, except *Le Chat Noir*, has ever placed the blame upon the right people. The women wearing the hats have been lectured, satirized, and scolded. They can not fairly be held liable. All censure should be directed at theatre managers. They can stop the high-hat nuisance if they choose.

"The Oolah" now seems to have an assured run. Wilson guaranteed Mr. Sanger fifty thousand dollars before the play opened. Marie Jansen owns one-fifth of this interest, having placed ten thousand dollars of her own money in the undertaking.

RATTLESNAKES.

Nym Crinkle's Theory on the Serpents' Fangs.

Nothing could have tempted me into the place the man himself had not met with an accident and g into the papers. I read the accounts with amaz ment. He had two hundred rattlesnakes in a den, a he gave hourly exhibitions with them on Eighth Av nue to gaping urchins and awe-struck idlers.

I once saw in Tama County, Ia., a man who ma quite a good living by collecting rattlesnake poiso and he showed me a pair of forceps made in the E —a peculiar, delicate, long-handled affair—with wh he pulled the fang of the serpent. When I heard this Eighth Avenue man, I remembered those force and I said, with a smile: "Ah, yes; he has extract the fangs of his friends, the crotalidæ."

But, upon my honor, he had not.

Before I describe what, to me, was the most asto ishing exhibition I ever saw, let me say that I ha been deeply interested in his lively majesty, *Crota horridus*, for years. What thoughtful man, who h in the course of his studies, turned the more myst ous pages of natural science, is not?

Here is a spinal system with a mystery at each which has defied not only science itself, but every cological investigator. We get the most cunnin devised apparatus for inflicting instant death, and are utterly unable, with every liberal effort at hypo esis, to see in it anything more than a cruel sq fluity. The structure of the crotalidæ does not pear to call for any special means of defense o than as provided for hundreds of their non-venom kindred. It is not at all essential to his succes predatory habits. But so dangerous is it that na as if to modify her own deadly purpose, has erect warning signal in connection with it, as if to "Look out for this. It has the celerity of the li ning-stroke and the consuming certainty of fire."

I saw the best photographer in the United St service try to catch that stroke and fail after t efforts, and he used a flashlight too. After have poked about in ophidia to your heart's cont finding many strange and fathomless secrets, you come back from the sluggish constrictors to *Crot horridus*, with his needle prick and his sudden de and acknowledge an unabated and still breathless terest.

It is no use going to the books to exploit him. S. Weir Mitchell, of the Smithsonian, studied closer than any other American, and what a per ing mystery he leaves him. Why, you can almos the strange look on the face of the savant as he you: "This poison is a tasteless albuminoid stance, but neither cold nor heat affects it, and I failed to destroy its deadly properties with alc chlorine, or iodine." This reminds me that I saw Dr. Beard dip a cambric needle in the poison prick a healthy geranium with it. Then we sa and watched the plant die.

It has been my fortune to see three person from the prick of *Crotalus horridus*. Alcoho not save them. In one case it was not procur Ligatures, and suction, and ammonia were unava These men were not poisoned; they were infec if you will allow me to make the distinction. was no break-down of tissue; there was no corr of surface; there was no assimilation. A te seminal agency leaped to its work the moment i in contact with the blood, and swept through "natural alleys," expelling life before it.

One of these victims was a professional s charmer, and had penetrated to the far West. boasted of his immunity, and made exhibition forts and frontier settlements of his skill in han venomous serpents. But the specimens which him use were the small prairie-rattlers which the sters kill with their whips. It happened that on somebody brought him, in a cage, a genuine *ada teus*, a five-foot, sullenly ferocious, and scaly who meant business, and in taking it out of the it struck him in the thumb. It was half an hour before he yielded to the post-surgeon and allow thumb to be amputated. It was too late; b that afternoon.

This reminds me of a similar experience whic Charles Gayler told me, and which he afte printed. He was traveling with Barnum's ci the time, and among the exhibitions was a ma claimed to be an Oriental snake-charmer. The some warrant in his claim, for he had two g cobras in his collection when he started, thoug of them died from the effects of the climate lo fore the show reached the South. Somewh Georgia this fellow was taken sick, and the cir him behind with his box of snakes. During h valescence, he gave exhibitions in the bar-room village hotel, and, being challenged to try his s the American rattlesnake, he offered to pay the darkeys if they would bring him a live rattler. they succeeded in doing. Before a crowd of idlers he undertook to show his power over t mal, and, while lifting it from the ground, it him in the lip. He instantly grasped it by both and bit a piece out of its body. The writhing maddened and uncontrollable, struck him in the The man then dropped the snake, which was by the crowd, and began to pour in whisky. his efforts were unavailing. In less than an h was writhing and rolling on the floor, and the a states that he died a horrible death.

These occurrences among professional snake-ers are not rare. There are some curious fac in one of the reports made to the resident Bri thorities in India on the loss of life by serpents show that the native snake-charmers frequen their lives from the bite of the cobra.

The mystery of the rattlesnake enhances th with which he is regarded by reflective pe have found that, as a rule, the fellow who h him is not only an unimaginative individual, b sesses some kind of occult and innate contet his lively lordship. You will now understand was anxious to see a man who had two h healthy rattlesnakes and was on good ter them.

I was taken to a dime museum on Eighth A at Thirty-Sixth Street.

It was one of those shows of which we ha gether too many. A collection of human mo ties, human frauds, and human invalids, with of museum and an attempt at performance.

But in one corner on the second floor, wh sunlight ever came, and abutting the little stag disease stalked in tinsel, and to which morbid came with delight, there stood a wire cage eight feet square, with a movable lid, and by its a rather spare young man, with a turban on, a dirty American flag. In this cage, coiled locked, writhing in convoluted masses, and moving about, were the two hundred rattle They were the unmistakable crotalidæ, and

ited every variety of the animal that is known to r land, from the lively and cinerous prairie-rattler the scaled beast that one seldom sees except in the rky retreats of the Alleghanies, the Catskills, or the hite Mountains.

The wire cage in which they were placed was not er three feet high, and when the lid was lifted it was en across one-half its top. Presently the floor-alker of the museum, who conducts the crowd from fak to freak and explains the wonders with proverbial r toric, approached this end of the room, and as he cled the attention of the sight-seers to the den of sakes, the man with the star-spangled turban, who d been sitting on a box by the side of his cage, got and with the utmost sang-froid lifted the lid and opped over the wire side into the box. I noticed t he was very careful where he put his moccasined ft, the toes of which went down very gingerly in the rrow space where there was no snake. But the rment he put his hand upon the lid to lift it, the oc-cants of the box showed a curious activity, and re rose from every serpent the whirring cicada and of rattles. There was an unmistakable en-avor on the part of each snake to get himself into concentric position, which is most favorable for iking, but so interlocked and massed were they that was not an easy matter.

The sound of two hundred rattles all going at once, ve me a curious sensation. Probably the most ar-dt student of the crotalidæ, who has bunted the lestone ledges and crevices of Iowa and poked his sk into the musky coverts of the snake-haunted Palachian Range, never yet heard two hundred nesnakes all sounding their alarms at once. He st come to the densely populated Eighth Avenue. he exhibitor seated himself in the centre of the h. Its inhabitants were now in a most lively con-don. They squirmed and rattled, but not one of th struck at him. He picked them up, regardless o heir attitudes and warnings, laid them one upon t other across his knees, put them about his neck hat the little black scaly heads came together on hin, and hung two of the smallest over his ears, presently he was pretty well covered with a writh-in mass.

noticed that he exercised a good deal of dexterity icking them up. That is to say, he picked them ngently, and at the same time appeared to do it essly. His one great care was obviously not to ate the snake. In putting down his hands to feel them on the floor of the cage he could not turn head to direct the motion of his hands with his y, as his writhing neckerchief interfered. He fore groped deftly about with his fingers, now cting a snake by the head, now by the tail, and ly every one that he lifted kept up the rattling, er, however, in an automatic than in a vicious ner.

e remained in the cage just two minutes and y seconds by the watch. When he disengaged elf and slipped out he was in that condition d as "a dripping perspiration," and his pulse nahnormally high. The crowd paid no attention m and passed on to the other wonders. So I had alone.

found him to be an intelligent Irishman (O'Con-is his name), and he told me that he could not t in the cage over three minutes, because "the ths of the snakes overcame him."

asked him in what way he was affected. He said de him "weak."

is is a curious and interesting point, and I am ned to believe that this man suffered from an un-ous fear. He has been struck three times, and escaped so far, but he never steps over the wires out a sub-consciousness that it may be the last y. That this affects him in some way I have no bt.

have known locomotive engineers to suffer from apprehension of which they were ignorant. They ned and sang or whistled carelessly. But some of hidden and unconscious perception of the fact they might be driving to sudden death—that in sh they would be in eternity—drew the lines t their mouths just a little grimly, even while they whistling.

r. O'Connell told me that he had no fear of nes, and never saw one that he could not handle. this only amounts to the statement that he was ware of any fear, and I have heard the boast be-about handling serpents. Once a week he washes sets and rubs them off gently with a wisk-broom, which they shine, he says, like a morning star. t is still more interesting, he feeds them on raw , and has to open their mouths and put it in, the of course not being disposed to seek food that it animated. He has to put this meat into their ts, so to speak, before the act of deglutition be-

ucy a man opening the mouths of two hundred snakes and poking about in close contact with needle!

the information that he gave me concerning the lidæ was correct enough. I asked him why he ot extract the fangs, and he said they would grow in, which is true, for behind the developed fang the rudiments of others, sometimes as many as I have seen an expert Indian boy jerk the tooth with a piece of canvas which the snake had struck. Mr. O'Connell insists that the rattlesnake never strikes s it is irritated. This is his experience, and he e not have been hitten two weeks ago if our-foot rattler had not cut himself on the wire cage.

believe this to be true. So flat a head as that of otalidæ leaves them without any upper brain ver. They have not even the cerebrum of a pos.

s idle, therefore, to look for volition in his scaly n. He furnishes the best example of the mus-automaton in the chain of animated nature, and o I have delighted Descartes. He is a creature of e irritation. The whirr of a bird, the sharp of a bough, the tramp of a heavy foot, sends rvous current along that spine to the alarum. he sleeping beauty might harbor him in her s if she were quiet.—*New York World.*

---

at is supposed to be a hidden treasure has been in the North Town Moss, Island of Burray, y, by George Petrie, in cutting peats for Recently, Sheriff Armour, accompanied by Mr. Cursiter, proceeded to the place and secured nd, which consists of silver coins, armlets, and ts. The coins are of the eleventh century, and be-to the following reigns: Edward, Ethelred the d, and Edgar. There are twenty-five armlets or es, and other pieces, twenty-two neck rings of wire, rope-pattern, twisted one in two strands he other in six. All the articles are in a beauti-ate of preservation. The largest armlet or e weighs over two ounces, while the smaller is one-half ounce.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Couldn't, but Did.

I can not sing the old songs,
As I have been requested;
When last I tried to warble them
I got myself arrested. —*Peru Call.*

Ages Ago.

The Ichthyosaurus lived of yore
In the region of Timbuctoo,
When the water was H_2SO_4
And the air was CO_2. —*Munsey's Weekly.*

Hint to a Bride.

Many a dime unto the dapper
Barkeep finds its jingling way—
Just because a shabby wrapper
Wails a man at close of day. —*Puck.*

In the Garden.

She's fairer than a lily,
And she's sweeter than a rose,
And she knocks the neighbors silly
When she wields the garden hose.

She lifts her skirts from danger
With her left hand, while her right
Grasps the nozzle, and the stranger
Gets a very pleasing sight.

For she's always fresh and rosy,
And she seems so sweet and fair,
As she sprinkles every posy
With the most impartial care.

The neighbors' eyes all twinkle
And their interest daily grows,
For they like to see her sprinkle,
And they like to see the hose.
—*Somerville Journal.*

Why Not?

Just now bright flowers of various hues,
The citizen he grows 'em;
The girl puts on her tennis-shoes
And wears a dress that shows 'em.
—*Boston Courier.*

Therapeutic Courtship.

A man of modern science wooed
A maiden of accepting mood,
Who, dreading lest contagion might
Do mischief to her chosen wight,
With sol. hichloride washed her hair
And sponged her limbs and body fair.

She rinsed her mouth with Listerine,
And held, her snow-white teeth between,
A pad of antiseptic gauze,
Covering her nose, as well as jaws,
Which formed a sort of respirator
Between them and her osculator.

But this reminds: I should have told
That these were things he'd taught of old,
With others which I may not tell, in
Regard to spots that germs might dwell in.
She was a wise professor's daughter
And practiced all which had been taught her.

So this good medicine-man, with pride
Clasping his antiseptic bride,
In disinfected murmur low,
Asked, "Why she loved her doctor so?"
And softly nestling down, and sighed,
"You're such a dear old germicide."
—*Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.*

My Ship.

She fell in love with the harbor boy;
She couldn't have loved him more;
Yet one day jealousy spoilt their joy—
He caught her hugging the shore!

They fixed it up in the good old way,
As you can determine with ease,
For her captain wrote me the other day;
"She's enjoying a smacking breeze."
—*Brunonian.*

Dans le Consommé.

You go away so soon? Good-by—
Some passing cloud made day seem night.
A tear? Ah, no; believe me, I
Was never in a mood more light.
I'll miss you—that, of course, you'll guess;
What further would you have me say?
The thought is easy to express—
J'ai tombé dans le consommé.

An ill-timed jest?—what would you have?
Weak pathos or theatric throes?
That heart is very far from brave
Which can not silence all its woes.
'Tis true the lash which tames regret
Recoils and stings me in its sway.
But sorrows nursed will more beget—
J'ai tombé dans le consommé.

What might, perhaps, have been is not.
To tell you all I oft have tried;
You smiled, my purpose I forgot
And sat in silence by your side.
The dream of happiness is past,
The Golden Now has slipped away.
I wake to find out this at last—
J'ai tombé dans le consommé.
—*Phil. C. Johnson in the Merchant Traveler.*

The Mystery Solved.

"What is that, mother—that curious thing
Ambling the streets with a languid swing;
With a spiketail coat, a fancy vest,
And eye-glass dangling on its breast;
With dog-skin gloves and funny hat
And such poor, thin legs and a stomach flat?
Eerie and weird it looks to me.
Oh, mother, what can the creature be?"

"Oh, hush, child, hush! 'tis no goblin rude—
'Tis only a harmless stage-door dude."

"But what is a dude, oh, mother, dear?
How did they make a thing so queer?
Did it grow while we were fast asleep
Like the little billygoats or the sheep?
Has Barnum got one in his great show?
When it rains or snows where does a dude go?
It walks like a chicken—can it fly?
Will you tell me about it by-and-bye?"

"There's little to tell my child; I think
It's Darwin's original Missing Link."
—*To-Day.*

Matrimonial Love.

Oh, a young man's love is a tight, tight boot,
With a patent-leather shine:
It makes mad pain through your system shoot;
But you feel extremely fine.

But a married man's love is a slipper old,
That waits in the fireside's light—
But your toes don't ache, and your feet ain't cold,
And you don't go out at night. —*Puck.*

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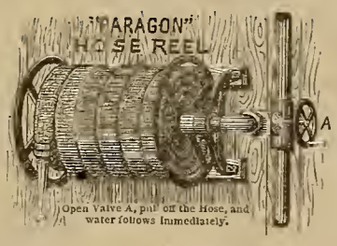

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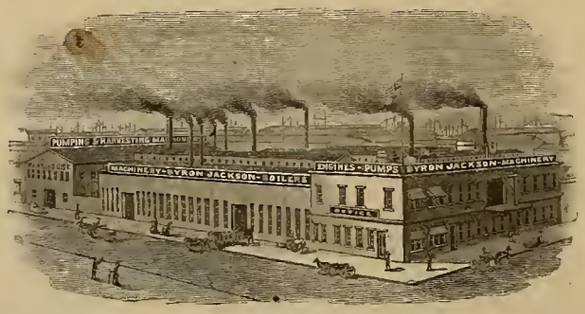

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EFUL LIAR: "A Summer Song," "Willin'," "The Modern Maid," "Filial Faith," "She Talked Differently," "The Umpire," "Fair Play" 15

The news comes to us by telegraph, from Boston, that Mr. Edwin Dudley has been appointed a commissioner to investigate the condition of parties in the State of South Carolina. Whom Mr. Dudley was appointed commissioner, we are informed, nor does it make any serious difference whether he represents the city of Boston, the commonwealth of Massachusetts, or the general government, or whether he is chosen by the Republican party committee to ascertain the reason why in the Southern States there is no Republican party. In South Carolina there is not in State, county, or municipal government one Republican holding office at the hands of the people. Public opinion is so universally one way that Republicans, whether white or black, are denied the elective franchise. The cause is openly averred, viz.: SOUTH CAROLINA REFUSES TO BE RULED BY IGNORANCE AND VICE. It is an astonishing condition of things. We are not stopping to inquire the cause; we are interested simply in the fact. The people of South Carolina, representing a "Solid South," have resolved they will not submit to a law of Congress which gives black majority the right to govern. The South is hy rebellion against the general government. It refuses to obey the Constitution of the United States. Without arguing the case, we state it: A white minority, representing all there is of intelligence and property, refuse to submit to the rule of a black majority, because they think it ignorant and vicious. We think the South has taken a position it can not avoid. We always advise obedience to the law if within the law there is a possible remedy. In this case, obedience to the law perpetuates the wrong by placing in the hands of wrongdoers, who are in the majority, the power to prevent enactment of laws for the remedy of existing evils. To submit to the rule of the ignorant and vicious is to perpetuate vice and crime. To let black barbarians hold sway in the Southern States is to concede the ultimate destruction of Republican government, to yield up civilization, property, order, and everything that makes life endurable, to the sway of an irresponsible and ignorant majority. Southern people have made the mistake of rebellion, they have paid its penalty, it was at best a political blunder, and if the Republican party think the South can be held in subjection to a black majority, because it has a constitutional and legal right to administer the laws of the locality in which the majority prevails, it will have perpetrated a crime. The sooner this fact is recognized at the North, the better it will be for the country. The South has recognized the unlawful attitude of its people, and has taken steps to remedy the anomalous and unfortunate predicament which has come from the civil war. If the States will repeal the amendment, and Congress will withdraw from the ignorant and the vicious the right to vote, Southern States will surrender so much of their congressional representation as depends upon the ignorant negro vote. The South has recognized its anomalous political position, by attempting to form an independent party, not a "white-man's party," but a party contending for fair elections, allowing colored intelligence to vote, and to have its vote counted. In a word, Mr. L. Edwin Dudley, of Boston, says: "There is a general desire for a new organization which "shall be led and controlled by native-born citizens of good "character and standing, who have not been identified with "any of the disgraceful acts of the old organizations "in the State." This means the organization in the Southern States of an American party to coöperate in the North with an American party. In a word, a national party, which, in the South, shall fight ignorance and vice, and, in the North, superstition and crime; a party which shall have the courage to prevent alien ignorance and destitution from immigrating to the country, which shall discourage labor immigration from Asia, which shall have the courage not only to refuse the further naturalization of all of foreign birth, but to take away from the ignorant and the vicious of native birth the privileges which they now abuse. We see no remedy for the ills now complained of by the Southern people except in a change of laws governing the elective franchise, nor do we doubt that, under the law, Southern States, as well as Northern, have an unquestioned right to restrict the elective privilege to those who, by virtue of their intelligence, their property, and their morals, have the only right to its exercise.

The principal characteristic of the *grotesque*, though not so set down in the books, is that it passes by so imperceptible degrees from the extreme of the ludicrous to the most horrifying of the ghastly, that both these extremes of human sentiment seem to be simultaneously present to the perplexed imagination. The unspeakable and almost unthinkable cowardice of the daily press of our country can be described only, and then not adequately, by the one word *grotesque*. Like the sayings of the white-painted clown in the circus-ring, its most dignified utterances furnish to the intelligent only occasions of derision. As theft becomes a jest, because committed by a clown when he picks the pocket of the ring-master, so the honest truth becomes a joke when uttered in an editorial of a daily paper. In fact, if we were to analyze the operation of our mind when we consult the daily paper to ascertain the date, we should find that we unconsciously rely upon its correctness only on the ground of the improbability that the publisher has been paid for falsifying the date of his paper on that particular day. The immediate motive which impels us to give expression to these commonplace ideas, so constantly laughed about by the great mass of reading men, is the information which daily reaches us, but not through the daily papers of San Francisco, of the soul-stirring events now taking place among our nearest neighbors in Canada. In all ages tyrants have made the mistake, and the error seems to be generic, of underrating the intelligence of their victims. The modern tyrant—the partisan press—seeking to rule the people through their supposed stupidity, shows its estimate of the degree of intelligence of its readers by the nature of the matter furnished in its columns. One issue of a San Francisco paper fills columns of its space with the alleged portraits of the babes of a few wealthy families, accompanied with reported smart infantile sayings of the youngsters of the wealthy. Another issue occupies columns of space with pictures of the dolls of wealthy babes, accompanied by the necessary descriptive bosh. Still another issue degrades the printers' art by using whole columns to describe with accompanying pictorial representations the appearance and antics of the puppies and poodle-dogs of a few wealthy households. Some months ago, on a maritime picnic, a well-known lady, legally divorced and morally free, accepted such playful attentions from a gentleman of the party as any well-bred lady moving in wholly respectable society could accept under the circumstances, miles at sea, in the presence of all the occupants of the boat. A reporter was present, and in the next Sunday's issue of his paper, that lady and gentleman were dragged through more than two whole columns of blackguardism embellished with illustrations. But the gentleman unexpectedly proved to be a person of consequence, who had it in his power to materially resent the insult, and when that fact was demonstrated at the business-office of the paper, the publisher in his very next issue got down on his belly, crawled to the feet of the man, and licked the blacking off his boots—but uttered no word of apology to the defenseless lady. The time is close at hand when the publishers of daily papers will be made to know how brutally they are underestimating the intelligence of their readers; and long before the common-herd babes of this generation—who for want of sufficient wealth and because of more than sufficient numbers did not have themselves, their dolls, their pups, and their kittens displayed to the gaping gaze of the supposed asinine public—shall have fully attained maturity, such dailies as the *Examiner* and *Chronicle* will assume the moral courage necessary to fill their columns with the news their readers are hungering and starving for.

Events are now transpiring in Canada, which, if they were not withheld from the knowledge of the American public by the vile cowardice of the American press, would almost extinguish in its mind, by its overwhelming importance, all interest in every other drama now being enacted on the world's stage, not even excepting the Cronin murder and the collapse in our country of the Clan-na-Gael. And apropos of this, we gave, in our last issue, a condensed summary of the extraordinarily criminal career of Alexander Sullivan, assigning as our reason for the publication that the principal dailies of San Francisco would not dare to publish it through fear of offending the Roman Catholic power. What is now to be said of our judgment concerning the abject fear felt by the daily press of the Roman hierarchy? Among all the points involved in the Cronin murder, which the American public is watching with so intensely eager interest, the moral character, and business and social standing of Alexander Sullivan, the President of the Irish Land League and virtual head of the Irish movement in our country, is of the most absorbing interest. Each individual item in the statement of his criminal career is matter of record proof. If that news had been in favor of Irish Catholic interests, the *Examiner* and *Chronicle* would have gone wild over its reception. Each would have endeavored to outdo the other in racing to get and spread it before the besotted public. Each would have tested the full capacity of its sensational writers and fonts of display type to startle its readers into fits of stupid amazement. But the evidence is on the other side, and the *Examiner* and *Chronicle*, equal champions of hypocrisy, pusillanimity, and mendacity, in their frantic race for Roman favor, reach the goal at the same instant and by

the same dishonest trick—*silence*, and the dishonorable matcb is a draw. A few days ago the *Examiner* published, with all the inspiring accessories of exciting headings in display type, nearly a column of telegraphic matter concerning tbe sensible and natural antics of an honest monkey, which had rightly and courageously broken away from its captors. If the *Examiner* dealt honestly by the monkey, and really told only the truth about it, then all that need be said about that particular journalistic exploit is that the entire dramatic ability—which we cheerfully admit is very great and undoubted—of the editorial force of the paper was drawn on to its uttermost capacity to describe the exciting career of the poor monkey during the brief interval which included its triumphant liberation from, and its dolorous return to, unjust captivity. But while that monkey was balancing himself on his hind hands in various positioos on the precarious backs of parlor-chairs, swinging by his prehensile tail from elegant chandeliers, and endangering the safety of costly centre-table lamps and mantle bric-à-brac, human freedom was being attacked and staggered in Canada by the blows of that power before which the press of our country now kneels and trembles. Three and one-half millions of Eoglish people, endowed, as of old, with inextinguishable love of liberty and with all the undauntable courage of the Saxon to resist encroachment upon bis freedom, are roused to a condition of frenzied alarm by the accomplishment of a purpose which the Roman hierarchy, strong in Canada, avows, but which, weak as yet in this country, it here disclaims. Columns of space to chronicle the antics of a monkey, but not a line to tell sixty millions of sympathizing people—we deliberately include the whole body of lay American Catholics—of the excited actions and stirring movements of a kindred people, more numerous than were our own when they struck for freedom, in what now tbreatens to be a protracted struggle for religious freedom, civil liberty, and not improbably for Englisb and Protestant autonomy. Here is a political struggle wbicb is vastly more interesting to the American people than could possibly be a European war, in which all the great nations of earth might be involved. This struggle of Protestant Canada with Rome most intimately and most directly concerns the American people. Canada is now practically dealing with questions whicb the American people are as yet only theorizing upon, but whicb are beiog slowly forced upon them as the power of the Roman Church increases in our country. No sane man can doubt that what the Roman Cburcb wants in Canada it also wants in our country, and that what it does tbere, where it bas the power, it will do here in time when it may acquire the power. Our only immunity from danger consists in tbe fact tbat we have a scbool system wbich, by rendering our people bomogeneous, imbues our American Catbolic laity with tbose principles of civil and religious freedom wbicb are indispensable to American citizensbip, and wbicb makes of tbe American Catholic a wbolly different kind of man from the French-Canadian Catholic. The lesson to be learned by studying this conflict between Protestant Canada and Rome in Canada is of incalculable value to the American people. To suppress all knowledge of it, or to present it to our people in any otber tban its true ligbt, is criminal.

The Dominion of Canada has a population of five and one-quarter millions, of wbich two-thirds are English and Protestant, and one-third Frencb and Roman Catholic. Eacb province has its own legislature, after tbe manner of our own States, and the Dominion Parliament is to the provinces collectively what our Congress is to our whole country. In Canada, as in tbe United States, the Roman Catholic Church is the only cburcb which is in constant antagonism witb the prevailing order of tbings, civil and religious, as they grow up and take sbape in conformity to those mental and moral characteristics of the non-Catholic majority, which, in conjunction with the progress of the age, determine the nature of the civilization of the day. In Canada, as in the United States, tbe Holy Roman Catholic Apostolic Church alone is dissatisfied with the relations between church and state; it alone demands special concessions from the State and Federal Government; it alone is dissatisfied with the public schools; it alone teacbes disloyalty to the government; and it alone is kept coostantly denying that there is any real harm in tbose of its many actions which arouse the suspicions of the non-Catholic British population. In Canada, as in our country, the Roman Church so manipulates botb political parties that it has seized the balance of power, and, though in the minority, it controls the government and domineers over the majority. In Canada, as in our country, both political parties truckle to the Roman Catholic Church; for the sake of office, politicians of both parties pander to the Roman Catbolic vote; statesmen sell the bonor of their country, the safety of their government, imperil tbe civil and religious liberty of their fellow-subjects, and tbe partisan press contaminates the mire of tbe country by dragging their nasty souls through it to grovel at the feet of the only church whicb can and does command a solid vote. Long before Great Britain took Canada from the French, the Jesuits bad been expelled from it, just as they had been expelled from every Roman Catholic country on earth, except Belgium. Not even Roman Catholic governments could tolerate the Jesuits' constant intermeddling in civil affairs and plotting against the law. Even the Papacy was forced to take action against the Society of Jesus, and about three years before our declaration of independence the infallible Pope Clement the Fourteenth issued a bull—an ex-cathedra document—in which he forever suppressed the order, as an injury to society and a menace to the church. Of course, Protestant England was not behind the Roman Catholic countries in protecting herself by parliamentary enactments against the Society of Jesus, and when, by right of conquest, the English Government took possession of Canada, it not only extended over it its ready-made anti-Jesuit laws, but it found the order already expelled and its estates forfeited to the crown. Quebec is the stronghold of Roman Catholicism in Canada. Whatever that church desires to accomplish throughout Canada, it may attempt sooner at Quebec than elsewhere. It seems that by the Caoadian Federal Constitution, the Dominion Parliament may require, by vote, that the Federal Government shall veto any given enactment of a provincial legislature, which act of the veto power they call *disallowing*. No doubt the Roman Catholic Church has long been in position to do as it pleased at Quebec, but only lately has it been able to so adjust its political ropes as to control tbe federal veto power. And now, after a rest of more than one hundred years from Jesuit intrigue—notwitbstanding that the Jesuits' estates had escheated to tbe crown of a Roman Catholic Government before the English Government took possession of the conquered crown and all that pertained to it; notwithstanding that the escheated estates had been devoted by law to educational purposes and had been for more than a bundred years so employed; notwithstanding the fact that the law of the land expressly prohibited the existence upon British soil of the Jesuit order—the Roman Catholic legislature of Quebec not only incorporated tbe Society of Jesus with all the ancient power for mischief, for the exercise of whicb even a Roman Catbolic country prohibited its existence and expelled its members, but it endowed it witb four hundred thousand dollars out of the public funds derived frnm taxation, and, worse than all, actually incorporated into the law a provision whicb requires the provincial government to recognize the authority of the Pope, and its officers to obey his mandate in certain civil matters pertaining to the newly established relations between the provincial government and the Society of Jesus. And tben came tbe blow which awaked the non-Catholic population of Canada to so keen a sense of their danger, that civil war in Canada is more imminent to-day tban it was in our country one year before Sumter was fired on by tbe incipient Confederacy. The Dominion Parliament consists of somewhat more than two buodred members. If tbese members were bonest, and bad not corruptly traded for Roman Catholic votes, one-third of the Parliament would bave represented tbe Roman Catholic interest, and two-tbirds would bave been devoted to tbe English Protestant interest. But wben tbe vote on disallowing the Quebec enactment io favor of tbe Jesuits was taken, it transpired tbat tbe Roman Catholic tbird of Canada had captured one hundred and eighty-eight members of Parliament, wbile tbe Protestant two-tbirds of Canada was represented only by tbe remaioing tbirteen members out of the two hundred and one present on that day. If the Holy Roman Catholic Political Cburcb may conspire witb tbe two dominant political parties of Canada to give the Pope direct power in tbe civil concerns of that country, what may not the Roman hierarchy effect in our country, when from one-seventb its adherents shall advance in numbers to one-third of our population; in view of the fact tbat our incorporation laws are as open to the Jesuit as to the miner; and in view of the astounding spectacle of the President and Senate of the United States being forced to send as minister to a foreign country a disreputable Irish Catholic adventurer, who, even if he were immaculate as to honor and purity of life, would still be the particular kind of immigrant which no court in our country could properly accept for naturalization? And still again, what may not that political church effect in tbe case supposed above when already one of its adberents, indorsed by Charles Stuart Parnell, tbe head of the Irisb world in all countries of earth, came so very near blackening forever the cbaracter of the administration of our country by iofficting upon it, by means of an Irish conspiracy, his criminal record of tbeft, arson, and murder?

Excitement is as necessary to the mercurial Frenchman as food is to tbe average human being. Nothing satisfies bim so much as the startling, nothing is so grateful to him as being the prime mover in a sensation. But, in bis sensations, he is temperate; he is satisfied with one at a time, and upon the approacb of a new excitement, he readily drops the old one. Thus it is that the exposition now absorbs all his attention, and while the mere mentioo of Boulanger's name a months ago would have thrown him into a spasm of ex ment, he now hears of the military hero with passive un cern. The Brav' Général seems to have passed out of Fr life and left not a ripple. His banishmeot to England—t has all the essential qualities of banishment save the fo decree—seems to have extinguished the fire of enthus that, for a time, burned so fiercely. Yet this obscurati tbe result of an eclipse only; it is but temporary, aod be emerge next September when the general elections bring litical questions to the fore once again. In the meantime of the English-speaking race have been studying this pec political phenomenon curiously. In the magazines for current month, two have devoted some space to the ques One, the *New Review*, has called on two Frenchmen to the case for and against Boulanger, and the other, the *Contemporary Review*, presents the English view, as expressed by W Stead, editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. One naturally t with interest to the statement of Boulanger's case by Sen Alfred Naquet, not only because the author is one of the ers of the Boulangist movement—indeed, almost the only e in tbe Frencb Senate—but because the article is announc authorized by the general himself. An authoritative state of the Boulangist programme has been heretofore wa It is this fact, more than any other, that renders Boula popularity so incomprehensible to us. His public lif been tbe reverse of brilliant. His adulation of the d'Aumale, when one of the regimental commanders i duke's army corps; his appeals to D'Aumale for prot and promotion; and his subsequent action, wben mi of war, in expelling from the army his former pro to whom he owed his elevatioo to the grade of eral; his active participation in the conspiracy amon officers of the army to support the restoration of the e or the monarchy; his utter incapacity, shown in his m leadership, in his admioistration of the war departmen in his utterances on the floor of the House of Deputies entire unreliability, sbown in his denial under oath of b ever written to the Duke d'Aumale, and his admissio next day of the authorship of a series of the most adu letters addressed to the duke—such a record would se render popularity impossible. But his popularity is unbo and unquestionable, and we turn to M. Naquet's stateme an answer to the paradox. His first point is well taken understand clearly recent events in France, one must no sight of the fact that the republic was organized b Monarchists, be says. The National Assembly cootai majority of Monarchists, but, divided into three factions Legitimists, Orleanists, and Bonapartists—they were u to establisb anything but what they thougbt woul a temporary republic. They framed the consti in sucb a manner that it would only be necessa cbange tbe president into a king or an emperc return to tbe mooarcbical form of governmeot. So tbe paper constitution of France is concerned, this posit M. Naquet is correct. But tbe practical, working const proved to be sometbing very different. The Chamb Deputies was the only branch of the government elect rectly by tbe people, and the intention of this was, un edly, to facilitate the change to a monarchy. But the p differed from tbe intentioo, and to-day the real governm France consists of the Chamber of Deputies alooe, j the real government of England consists of the Ho Commons. And, in both cases, the cause has been the —tbe responsible ministries, or "parliamentary" gover as they call it. This is M. Naquet's second point. Th cess of the republic, be claims, is impossible under the p constitution. The president is merely a figure-head; th executive is in the ministry, and tbe ministry is a puppet hands of the House of Deputies. The abolition of th istry, then—tbe separation of the executive and legislative tions—is the remedy which must be adopted. The stat of the remedy is simple enough; its application will be more difficult. It is io the details of such a change t real difficulty lies, and Boulanger has as yet shown no ca to meet that difficulty successfully. In prescribing, th stitution of the patient must be taken into consideratio because our system of government has worked well United States is no proof that a similar system woul panacea for all the political ills of France. The Gal ment is strong in Frencbmen, and a strong executive wi continual menace to the republic, for personal devo stronger witb them than political principle. It wa very fact that the Monarchists counted upon in f the constitution, and they were defeated in their pur pose, not so much by its falsity as by the abse a president whose popularity might have turned th of power to himself instead of to the chamber. The case of the Senate in its impeacbment of Boulan r is presented by Camille Pelletan, a member of the Cham r of Deputies. The trial by the Senate is not an assump n of

constitutional power, but is simply the exercise of a function assigned to the Senate by the fundamental law itself. The law providing for the organization of the Senate, which is a part of the French Constitution, makes it the duty of that body to inquire into plots against the public safety. The question is, therefore, one of judgment rather than of right. Did the actions of Boulanger justify a fear for the public safety? Must be admitted that the Anti-Boulangists—those who form the true Republican party in its various branches—are not without a desire to rid themselves of a dangerous opponent, and this has undoubtedly led them to go beyond what they would otherwise have attempted. A proposal to revise the constitution is not in itself revolutionary, and this is probably the exact of the verdict which the evidence will justify. But it is not unreasonable to suspect that Boulanger really aimed more than at first sight appears. It is an acknowledged part of his scheme of revision that, when the presidency is endowed with increased powers and made a real factor in the government, he himself is to exercise those powers—to be that dictator. And of what this may lead to, the history of France already offers more than one illustration. Another feature of the case against Boulanger, brought out by M. Pelletan, is his use of money in the elections. Money, for political purposes, has always been scarce in France. Gambetta, even, with all his popularity, was never burdened with funds for the conduct of his canvass. But Boulanger, on the other hand, has a surprising amount of money, which he spends lavishly in elections. And the strange part of the matter is that nobody, not even the general himself, seems to know where it comes from. M. Dillon, the finance minister of the Boulangists, apparently possesses the secret of obtaining money whenever he wants it, and in quantities to suit. And this money has been used unsparingly to corrupt the ballot. Evidently the general desires to follow the Americans, not only in their constitution, but in their admirably developed methods of purchasing voters.

The following striking remarks are from an article on "The History of our Foreign Relations," in the English *Contemporary Review* for June: "As to Samoa, it is by no means the only source of fear that a far too slavish deference to German susceptibilities led us into something like a betrayal of duty and a loss of honor. It seems pretty clear that if we had not been picked up and hitched on by the American Government we should have drifted yet further into humiliation." If it can be said with truth, as we do not know that it can, that our government protested against the harsh and presumptuous aggression of the Germans before America interfered, it must also be said that no heed was paid to the remonstrance. "Our interests, duties, engagements, were precisely similar to those of the United States; but no attempt was made to protect the one or fulfill the other till the government of the great republic showed us the way. *This is not as it used to be.*" The italics are ours. Again we have the pleasure to make an extract from one of England's great journals eulogistic of America. Not only is it agreeable to be thus noticed, but it is higher satisfaction to think we are somewhat deserving of the many kind things which are being said and written concerning our nation, its greatness, and its destiny. The *Contemporary Review* gives recognition, not to our growing millions, increasing wealth, and the corresponding power which attends the development of population and the national credit, arising from an honest administration of national resources, but to the influence America has gained by the fearless assertion of her rights in the family of strong powers. For the first time America is being recognized in the diplomatic deliberations which concern herself and demand recognition of her true place among the dominant powers of the civilized earth. If, without an army, or navy, or coast fortifications, or frowning forts, or show of force, or the disposition to make other than peaceful aggressions, or any desire for colonial empire, we can deserve the compliments we are now receiving, it will be well for the world and Christian civilization. So long as America shall have the courage to dare to be right and do right, she will continue to have friends among all the strong powers. A war with Germany would have brought the navy of France to our aid; a war with France will let loose upon her borders a German army; England may hesitate to unchain the Russian dogs of war lest their yells are heard on the plains of India. We are proud to think that England, in order to save herself from humiliation, has picked up and hitched on the American Government." We shall be glad to use our strength in the same moral direction whenever our aid is asked to decide for the right in any controversy arising between European powers. The *Contemporary Review* is right in saying that "the interests, duties, and engagements of England are precisely similar to those of America," so are the engagements, duties, and interests of every European power which is content to live in peace with its neighbors and the rest of the world.

Mr. Justice Field finds welcome upon return to his home-circuit from a somewhat unexpected quarter, and judging from the character of his reply to the address tendered by the statesmen and orators of the sand-lot, he has not been carried off his feet by the in-sweeping tide of popular favor. Judge Field is too distinguished a jurist, and his reputation too well established, to be affected by the approval or disapproval of any class of his fellow-citizens over a decision which, in common with his associates of the supreme bench, he has taken part in rendering. Whenever the foreign labor-classes understand that it is their duty to obey the laws, and not to make life uncomfortable by their clamor and unendurable by their unlawful acts, the compliment of their approval will be of higher significance than it is now. Judge Field's opinions upon the Chinese question have been known by all intelligent persons since his dissenting decision as justice of our supreme court, reported in Vol. 20, California Reports. His legal writings and decisions have commanded the approval of all intelligent men and independent thinkers since the commencement of his honorable judicial career. It affords us pleasure to know that the fearless and resolute independence of judicial character is beginning to be recognized by his fellow-citizens of California and by the nation at large.

Mr. Bechard, a French Catholic member of the Canadian Parliament, threatens "if the fanatics of Ontario persecute us, that they will find shelter under the starry flag of the United States." We beg to remind Mr. Bechard that the only kind of people who will not find welcome under the starry banner of the United States is the ignorant and Jesuitical class, of which, we are informed, he is a more conspicuous than intelligent member. We should be quite willing to admit all of Canada, with the French province of Quebec omitted. We have more ignorance and Romanism in our country now than are, in our opinion, quite good for it. If the Romanists of any province of Canada desire to become citizens of an American State, they must expect to be loyal to our constitutional form of government, obedient to the laws, and consent to have their children educated in our public schools, and they must know that in taking the required oath of loyalty they are called upon to remember that they are becoming citizens of a republic not dominated by a church, and that the Pope of Rome has no other or higher authority than is accorded to any irreverent and blasphemous individual pretending that he is the vice-regent of God, clothed with power, and entitled to have part in the administration of civil government.

The governor of Nebraska has found occasion to burst from the obscurity of his official isolation and to make himself absurdly conspicuous, in replying to a very temperate and respectful communication from the British-American Association of Boston, addressed to him in reference to the appointment of the Irish Pat Egan as Minister to Chile, and asking his influence with the President for his recall. Mr. Thayer, governor of Nebraska, has availed himself, in his opportunity of replying, to write the British Association a most vulgar and insolent letter, and to write himself down as an unmannerly demagogue. It is apparent that Governor Thayer is fishing for the Irish vote in Nebraska. He is fishing in dirty water. We are afraid the governor of this State of the inland frontier is an American by birth, one of the cowardly gang of native-born who are willing to exchange all that proud, brave, and honorable men hold dear for some small political honor—perhaps for the chance of being again made governor of Nebraska.

The appointment of William Walter Phelps as Minister to Germany is a most fitting one, and doubtless well deserved for his participation in the successful settlement of the Samoan question. That his conduct meets with approval by the Department of State is, evidenced by the fact that he is selected for this important mission. Mr. Phelps was, during the administration of President Arthur, Minister to the Court of Austria, resident at Vienna; he has been three times elected to Congress, is a leader in the Republican party, and ranks among its most intelligent, honorable, and trusted advisers. His appointment to Berlin is creditable to President Harrison and to Mr. Blaine, his personal and political friend.

Archbishop Walsh is authority for saying that there are not fifty estates in Ireland over which there is, or has been, any serious difficulty concerning rents. If this is true, it is clearly apparent that the whole Irish difficulty is purely political. The money raised in America alone would purchase all the estates in dispute. We are glad to know that the whole business is undergoing a collapse, and we are in hopes that the murder of Dr. Cronin will open the eyes of American sympathizers to the cowardly iniquity of an agrarian, political, and ecclesiastical rebellion against a friendly power.

We are surprised at the information which comes to us from Ohio. Its Republican State Central Committee has kissed the Pope's toe and blarneyed the Irish by passing resolutions in favor of Pat Egan for Minister to Chile. The son of Abraham Lincoln as Minister to England, Whitelaw Reid as Minister to France, William Walter Phelps to Berlin—these appointments call forth no commendation from the Republican party, but the unhappy choice of an Irish political adventurer, whose appointment is the unquestioned result of a corrupt political bargain with the leaders of the Republican party, and a direct and premeditated insult to England, demands resolutions from the Republican party of Ohio, and an absurd and insolent document from the State Department of Arkansas. It looks as though the Republican party could get along without the votes of native-born Americans for the future, and if the party thinks it can, we see no objection to permitting it to make the experiment.

"The practical value of higher education" was the subject of an address delivered at the graduating services of the university at Berkeley by Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Francis Barry, a bachelor of arts of the class of 1884. The practical value of "higher education" is demonstrated by the fact that this young Irish gentleman could, in so short a period as five years, have attained so distinguished a military rank, with the military experience the title implies. Lieutenant-colonel and bachelor of arts all in five years!

The Carlsons are exhibiting the cottage, in Chicago, where Dr. Cronin was murdered. Ten cents admission is charged, while splinters from the blood-stained floor command good prices. As yet, no prominent Irishman, political society, editor, politician, or Roman priest, has manifested any indignation at the murder of Dr. Cronin. His memory is being maligned as a British spy for denouncing the rascality of Irish leaders. This is Irish patriotism.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Golden Gate Park.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: One of the chief glories of San Francisco is its park. Its area exceeds that of Central Park, New York, and its acreage is nearly two and one-half times greater than that of Hyde Park, London. Its surface is diversified by hill and dale, acclivity and slope, in such manner as to present a pleasing variety of prospect to the visitor, whether he sits comfortably behind fleet steeds and is whirled swiftly in the face of the ocean breeze, or regales himself with the beauties of nature in more humble pedestrian fashion. Bleak and barren though the western half of this vast expanse of public property may yet be, we must remember that a quarter of a century ago, Central Park, which is now the pride of the most metropolitan city of the continent, did not embody in itself one tithe of the natural resources or artificial possibilities which Golden Gate Park possesses in lavish profusion. Central Park exists in the memory of men who have not yet reached middle age, as the repository of most of the refuse and garbage of the city, thousands of tons of which had to be removed before the natural soil could be prepared for the planting of trees, the laying out of paths, the excavation of lakes, and the hundred-and-one other details which go to make up an ideal pleasure-ground for the people. San Francisco has had few such difficulties to contend with. Nature had already provided a great deal of her own picturesque landscape-gardening in groves of brush and tangled underwood, with here and there clumps of trees, which are beautiful because they are natural, and which it would have taken years of time and labor to produce had they not been there already. One of the chief charms of landscape-gardening, and one which it has always been considered desirable to supply artificially, is the resemblance to the free and unkempt face of Nature. But there has sprung up in the minds of many a vicious desire for ornamentation of another sort, which does not properly belong to park adornment, as it is understood by the world at large. We refer to the growing craze of little bodies in our community to air their particular patriotic or æsthetic predilections by the erection in the park of statues or busts of some favorite poet, author, or hero, as the case may be, irrespective of what the general sentiments of our people may be in regard to the apotheosis in question. The latest proposition of this kind has been the erection of a statue, or monument, to the poet Burns in some prominent location in the park. Now, if the limit is to be passed in this direction in one instance, where is the line to be drawn? If a Scotch society is accorded the privilege of erecting a memorial to Burns in Golden Gate Park, with what propriety could it be denied to any of our local English societies to set up a graven image of the patron saint of Albion, to the possibly vast edification of those who take no more interest in the spectacle of St. George spearing the dragon than they do in the latitudinarian theological views of Scotland's favorite poet? Then what objection could be raised to a group in bronze or marble, a little farther on, of the saintly Patrick engaged in the operation of ridding the Green Isle of its snaky denizens? Or, why should not France be represented by a mail-clad St. Denis, or a miniature Bastile, and Germany by a portly Gambrinus astride of a plethoric beer-barrel? It is easy to see the impossibility of drawing such a line. The only sensible and possible course, therefore, is to give a point-blank refusal of such privilege to one and all. M.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 16, 1889.

A Court Question.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In a recent number of your valuable paper, your London correspondent—"Cockaigne"—records an interview with a lady, who complains that Mrs. Chamberlain had been invited by the queen to Windsor, stating that if Mr. C. had married an Englishwoman, she would not have been asked there, adding, in reply to your correspondent's question "Why not?": "Because an Englishwoman of her station couldn't be asked to visit the queen; we haven't quite got to that yet."

This lady must be strangely ignorant of society and court affairs not to know that the wives of cabinet ministers and ex-ministers have not only the right to be presented to the queen, but, also, of presenting others; the right of the private *entrée* to Buckingham Palace on the occasion of drawing-rooms, state balls, and concerts, which is exclusively reserved for the royal family, embassadors, ministers plenipotentiary, and cabinet officers, with their wives; they are, also, invited, in due course, to Windsor, Osborne, or Balmoral, and Mrs. Chamberlain, being a lady of unblemished reputation, is, of course, entitled to all these privileges and courtesies from royalty, quite independently of her nationality—privileges and courtesies which she would equally receive if she were an Englishwoman, however moderate or obscure her position in life previous to her marriage may have been. My own sister, Lady (then Mrs.) Stephen, has been received by the queen at Windsor (in the year 1881), and presented to her majesty by the late Duke of Albany, besides being invited to the drawing-rooms and balls, and we are English people in a very moderate position in life, though it is true that by my niece's (Lady Stephen's only child) marriage with Sir Stafford Northcote, we are now connected with the Iddesleigh family. I trouble you with all this to show how ill-informed on society and court matters the lady referred to by your correspondent must be. I may add that the only barrier to any lady placed in society—as Mrs. Chamberlain now is—being received at court, would be a moral one, which, of course, is quite out of the question in her case, and is a matter of the rarest occurrence. J. K. K.

HELENA, MONTANA, June 14, 1889.

THE SILENT WITNESS.

A Story of the Extraordinary Discovery of a Crime.

While walking along Market Street the other day, I met my old friend, Ned Ainsworth, the artist, carefully attired, and with a natty air about him that argued recent residence in the East. It was only about three weeks, however, since I had seen him last in his studio here, his departure then having been sudden and urgent. And as the reason for this departure is closely connected with the events I am going to relate, it will be best to begin with what happened in Ainsworth's studio.

I had dropped in one afternoon to see what new subjects he had on hand, and was lounging in a chair talking to my friend at the easel about things in general, when there came a tap upon the door, and a keen-looking, middle-aged stranger entered.

"Pardon my intrusion, gentlemen," he said, as he sat down; "I have called to see Mr. Ainsworth on a matter of business. Mr. Ainsworth, I presume?" as that gentleman turned inquiringly, mahl-stick in hand, and saluted his visitor.

"The business I am on is not professional—that is as far as *you* are concerned, Mr. Ainsworth," continued the stranger, in an explanatory manner; "the fact is, I am a detective," producing his credentials, "and have called to see whether you can give me any information, or put me in the way of getting any, regarding a young man who used to be, I understand, a particular friend of yours—a Mr. Luttrell—who has got into serious trouble in the East."

At the first part of the stranger's speech I had risen to go, not wishing to interfere with business which did not concern me, but at the mention of the name of Luttrell, I had turned half round, a movement which did not escape the quick eye of the detective.

"Perhaps this gentleman was an acquaintance of Mr. Luttrell's as well," he said, nodding in my direction; "if so, there is no necessity for him to move. He might be of assistance."

I again took a seat, wondering what was the matter.

"Mr. Luttrell—Mr. Hugh Luttrell," continued the detective, "age, twenty-seven or thereabouts—artist by profession—was, I understand, a partner in the business with you, Mr. Ainsworth, for some time during last year."

"Hardly a partner," replied Ainsworth, smiling; "he occupied this studio with me for several months last year, leaving in November last to join his folks in the East. They lived in Baltimore, I believe. I am heartily sorry he is in trouble, and shall be only too happy to do anything I can to help him out of it."

"What I came more especially for," went on the officer, "was to find out whether he had left any papers or letters behind him which might serve to throw some light upon subsequent events. Did you, Mr. Ainsworth, or this gentleman here," motioning to me, "have any reason to suppose that he was not on the best of terms with his relatives in the East—that he had quarreled with them, or anything of that sort?"

"Luttrell was always very reticent about his private affairs," returned Ainsworth, thoughtfully; "he sometimes spoke very bitterly about the injustice with which he thought he was treated by his friends. From what I could gather they were very wealthy, but did not wish him to devote himself to art. There was, also, some love affair, I believe, at the bottom of it—what, I never cared to inquire into. By the way," he added, "when he left here, which he did rather hurriedly, he left behind him a small writing-desk, which may, or may not, contain something of value. That is it over there on the table in the corner. But you have not told us yet the nature of the trouble our friend has got into."

"I am surprised you have not heard of it," said the detective; "it was the sensation of the hour in Baltimore. It was mentioned in your daily papers, too. I got a file of one of them this morning, as I came along, out of curiosity, and clipped this from it," handing us a clipping from the telegraphic columns of the *Call*, which read as follows:

BALTIMORE, December 27th.—At half-past twelve this afternoon, the body of Louis Latreille, the well-known merchant, was found lying foully murdered in the studio of Frederick Hollis, artist, in Walsh's Building. The unfortunate gentleman had been stabbed to the heart, the weapon used being a dagger belonging to his nephew Hugh, upon whom suspicion rests as being the author of the atrocious deed. The supposed criminal is now under arrest.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Ainsworth; "but this is Latreille, and my friend's name is Luttrell."

"He changed his name while he was here," explained the detective; "that possibly accounts for your not having taken more notice of the dispatch."

"It was about New Year time, too," I remarked, "which accounts for the meagreness of the dispatch. At any other time we should have had a column of description. But I am amazed—staggered—at the bare idea of Luttrell having a hand in any such thing as this."

"So quiet, so inoffensive, as he was," added Ainsworth; "no, no; I can't believe it. There must be some terrible mistake somewhere."

"Unfortunately," said the detective, gravely, "appearances are dead against him. The circumstantial evidence is overwhelming. There is no link missing except actual witnesses to the deed. I am sorry for him, and believe as others do, that the deed was done in a fit of passion. Instances where the whole nature is changed in a moment are not uncommon. The defense will be, I understand, temporary insanity from ungovernable passion, though the accused man stoutly maintains his innocence. But let me see whether there is anything in that desk bearing upon the case," and the officer moved over to the table.

The lock was easily forced, and some receipted bills, memoranda, and letters were found inside. The letter the detective took possession of and proceeded to open and read, pointing out to us, at the same time, that the name upon the envelopes was spelled "Latreille." After he had finished his scrutiny, he said that the contents of one of the letters had considerable bearing on the case, as showing the relations existing between our friend and his uncle. It was a letter from the latter, and ran as follows:

BALTIMORE, November 24, 1888.

MY DEAR HUGH: I hope that you have, by this time, come to the conclusion that you have made a sufficient fool of yourself, and that you are at last prepared to accept the counsel of older and more experienced heads in the shaping of your future course. I can only reiterate what I have all along said, that you are throwing away all your chances in continuing to keep the course you have taken. You affect to treat business and a commercial life with disdain, and consider that what you please to call "art" is the only thing worth living for. Where would I have been, I should like to know, if I had entertained the same ideas? What made me what I am, and gained for me the property I have acquired, if it was not the desk and the counting-house which you affect to despise?

It has simply been for the purpose, as you know, of weaning you from habits and ways of life which, if persisted in, must inevitably lead to your moral and social ruin, that I have, for the last six months, cut off your allowance, and thrown you on your own resources. You have by this time, no doubt, found out the difference between comfort and affluence, with five hundred dollars a month pocket-money, and starving upon the proceeds of such pictures as *you* can paint, if you can find any fools to buy them.

Rachel inquires after you most affectionately every time I meet her. That property must be worth considerably over a million by this time. That is another chance you are throwing away by your criminal neglect and absence.

I have decided, however, to give you one more chance, and, on the presumption that you have by this time come to your senses, I inclose check for two hundred dollars, which will be sufficient to bring you back, as otherwise I am convinced you could not come.

I rely on your honor to use the money for this *and no other purpose*, and if you do not choose to come at once, I look to you to return the money. Your affectionate uncle, LOUIS LATREILLE.

"There!" said the detective, with a satisfied air, when he had finished reading; "that explains the relations existing between the young man and his uncle. He returned to Baltimore soon after the receipt of that letter, but soon fell into his old ways, associating with artists—I beg your pardon, gentlemen, no offense meant—in defiance of the express wishes of his nearest relative. The theory is, that goaded to desperation by the threat of his uncle—we have evidence to prove this—to cut him off completely and have nothing more to do with him, in a fit of blind rage, he killed him. This letter is important, and will be introduced at the trial."

"Would you mind giving us some account of the tragedy?" said Ainsworth; "you must remember that, beyond the mere statement that Luttrell, or Latreille, killed his uncle, we have nothing of the facts of the case."

"Willingly," returned the officer, "but it must be brief. It is now two," looking at his watch, "and I have something to do before I catch the three-thirty East. To begin, then, it transpired that, within a week or so after his return, the young man was a constant visitor at the studio of an artist called Hollis, the place where the murder afterward occurred. This, at length, came to the ears of the old man, who became naturally indignant at his nephew again setting his will at defiance, and, on the day of the murder, he went up there, as events showed, to take him to task. The studio is located on the top floor of a large business block, the rooms and offices in which open upon corridors running round three sides of the building, and are occupied by doctors, lawyers, architects, artists, and professional men generally. Many of these rooms are en suite, opening upon each other by doors, which, if the rooms are used singly as offices, as many of them are, are, of course, kept locked. This, however, does not prevent the sound of conversation, if conducted in a moderately high key, from being heard through the thin wood-work of the doors leading into adjoining rooms, and it was owing to this fact that we were enabled to fix the crime upon the proper shoulders. The studio of the artist Hollis was the middle one of three rooms opening on each other en suite, the doors between them being locked. The room to the left of the studio was occupied by a shirt-maker named Wells, and that on the right by a model-maker named Raymond. After the alarm was given—which was at twelve-thirty o'clock—that a man had been found dead in Hollis's studio, I was quickly on the spot, having been detailed for the job, and my first move was to hear the statements of the discoverers of the body—Mr. Hollis, the proprietor of the studio, and a lady named Morgan, who was on the way to visit a manicure upon the same floor, and had come up in the elevator at the same time as Hollis, and passing his door a little behind him, was startled to hear him cry out, and looking into the studio, to find out what the matter was, became an involuntary witness of the discovery of the murder. The body of the murdered man had been found lying on its back on the carpet, which was literally soaked with the blood that had flowed from a dagger-wound in the region of the heart. The fact that no weapon was found near precluded the idea of suicide.

"The next thing I did was to search the room thoroughly, thinking that it was possible that the perpetrator of the deed might have secreted the weapon he used somewhere about the premises, to obviate the risk of its being found upon him afterward. After turning over the queer odds and ends and properties of which artists' studios are usually full, I at last came upon a weapon, some fresh clots of blood on which convinced me that I had lit upon what I was in search of. It was a dagger, or poniard, with a blade about a foot long—just such a weapon as would have made the wound in the breast of the murdered man. Mr. Hollis gave vent to a cry of surprise as I brought it out.

"'Why,' said he, 'that is Hugh Latreille's dagger!'

"'Did he usually carry it about him?' I asked.

"'Not usually,' he said, 'though sometimes he did. He prized it greatly as a specimen of the antique, on account of its rare workmanship.'

"'Did he have it on him when you saw him last?' I asked. 'When did you see him last?'

"'Why, I left him here not an hour ago,' he replied, 'while I stepped out for lunch. The dagger was lying on that table then. There is its sheath,' pointing to a curiously worked metal-scabbard upon a table close by.

"'Do you recollect what time it was when you went out to lunch?' I continued.

"'Exactly twelve,' he replied; 'I asked Hugh to wait till I returned. My God! I wish he was here now.'

"'So do I,' I answered; 'I should very much like to see him.'

"You must remember that at this time I only knew the Latreilles by sight, and did not know their relations till afterwards.

"My next step was to make inquiries of the occupants of the adjoining rooms. I tried the door of the model-maker's first, but found it locked, and then went to the shirt-maker's on the other side of the studio. That door also was locked, but while I stood there the tenant, Wells—the shirt-maker—came along and unlocked it.

"'You have heard the news, of course?' I remarked, as we entered.

"'Yes,' said he, 'I got it from the elevator-boy as I came up. A terrible piece of business!'

"'My name is Brown, of the detective force,' I said, 'and I want to know if you can tell me anything that may throw light on the matter. How long have you been absent from your office?'

"'I went out to lunch,' answered Wells, 'at a quarter-past twelve o'clock. I usually leave my assistant here when I am out, in case customers call. To-day he had some business to attend to, else the door would not have been locked.'

"'Did you hear any noise in the studio, before you went out? Anything that would lead you to suspect that all was not going on right within?'

"'Yes,' said the man, gravely, 'I certainly did, and in view of what has happened, I think that what I heard has a most important bearing on this case. My assistant heard it too—ah! here he comes now himself. We will gladly tell you all we know about the matter.'

"I asked Mr. Wells to state everything fully and unreservedly, and this is in effect what he told me. He said that, although the sound of talking in the studio could be heard pretty distinctly through the door, he never paid any attention to it. Mr. Hollis was a very quiet man, and so, as a rule, were the friends who came to see him. That morning, however, was an exception to the general rule. A few minutes past twelve, somebody entered the studio and began talking in a loud, dictatorial tone of voice. The voice, he judged, was that of an elderly man. Another voice spoke in answer, that of a younger man. It was a voice which had only recently been heard by him in the studio. The argument grew heated and even quarrelsome. Mr. Wells and his assistant grew interested and listened. This was what they heard:

"'Very well, sir,' said the older voice, 'take your own way. I wash my hands of you and your business now and forever.'

"'And I, sir,' answered the younger voice, 'say that I will not submit to be dictated to any longer by you or anybody else. It is simply unbearable, and I will not stand it.'

"'You need never look to me for a single dollar now or hereafter. You shall not touch a cent of my property,' went on the older voice, in tones inflamed with passion.

"'Money is not the only thing in life,' replied the younger voice, with equal vehemence; 'you may regret your action hereafter when it is too late.'

"At this point there was a pause in the conversation, and as there seemed to be no signs of any overt quarreling, Mr. Wells and his assistant went out.

"My next point was to find the nephew. If he was really the criminal, the chances were that he would try to escape. I accordingly telephoned instructions to the central station and to the railroad depôts to look out for a man answering the description of Hugh Latreille. In this, I was successful, as he was apprehended just as he was boarding the New York express. The arresting officer had been instructed not to tell him the reason for his detention before I saw him myself, which I did shortly after at the police station. When I told him who I was, he demanded to know whether his arrest had not been made at the instance of his uncle, remarking that it was a wanton outrage on his personal liberty.

"'Do you wish to know the cause of your arrest?' said I 'your uncle was found in Hollis's studio, an hour ago, murdered. Your dagger did the deed. You are known to have been in the studio about that time, engaged in a heated discussion with Mr. Latreille. It is no use to deny it, as every word was heard by the shirt-maker next door. What have you to say to this?'

"'Good God!' exclaimed the young man, turning pale and staggering back against a bench for support; 'my uncle murdered! With my dagger! In the studio!'

"He sank back and covered his face with his hands. I was forced to confess that if the young fellow was guilty, he was an adept in the art of dissimulation.

"'Yes,' said I, 'appearances are strongly against you. I have no choice but to book you on a charge of murder. You will have an opportunity to clear yourself before the coroner.'

"Returning to Walsh's Building, to see whether I could pick up any more clues, I now found the door of the model-maker's room, to the right of the studio, open, but no one within. The room was full of the usual paraphernalia, models, tools, and what not, belonging to the trade. The next moment the janitor of the building entered, and told me that the tenant, Mr. Raymond, who was an inventor as well as a model-maker, and a man of considerable means, had left that forenoon, after handing him the keys of the office, with the injunction to keep everything in order till his return, which he hinted might be a week or two, or even a month or two, later.

"At the coroner's inquest, which was held next day, the witnesses, besides myself, who testified were: Mr. Hollis, the artist, and Mrs. Morgan, a widow lady of means, who were the first to discover the body; Mr. Wells, the shirt-maker, and his assistant, who testified substantially to what I have already said; and the elevator-boy and janitor. The last named gave some new evidence of a peculiar character. He testified that he was sweeping on the top corridor about the time the murder must have taken place. From where he was working he could see the door of the studio. Many people were in the corridor, passing to and from the elevator and stairs during the noon hour. He recollected seeing the prisoner come out of the studio, closing the door behind him, and walk hasti

to the elevator. He thought nothing of it at the time, as he knew he was a friend of the tenant. About five minutes afterwards he saw a lady walking from the same direction. She looked like the lady, Mrs. Morgan, who had just testified. He did not know whether she had come from the studio or not. The reason that he noticed her was because there had been no one else in the corridor for several minutes. He could not swear positively whether it was Mrs. Morgan or not. The elevator-boy testified that the prisoner had gone down with him to the ground floor about a quarter-past twelve, in a very excited condition. About ten minutes later, Mr. Hollis and Mrs. Morgan entered the elevator together, and ascended to the top floor. He was positive he had not seen the lady earlier in the day, though she frequently used the elevator to go to the top story.

"Mrs. Morgan testified to being a witness to the discovery of the body while she was on her way to see a lady manicure, who had an office on the same floor, testimony which was corroborated by the manicure, who was present. In reply to a question as to whether she had known the deceased, Mrs. Morgan said, in a somewhat embarrassed manner, that she had had some business transactions with him on one or two occasions about some property.

"The prisoner admitted the conversation between his uncle and himself, as stated by Mr. Wells, but said that he had left the room a few moments later, leaving his uncle behind him, seated at a table. The dagger was lying unsheathed upon the table when he left. He again loudly protested his innocence. The jury returned a verdict in accordance with the evidence, and young Latreille was committed, without bail, to answer the charge of murder. The trial begins next week. And now, gentlemen, you know as much about the case as I do. It is getting near the time the train starts, so I must bid you good-by."

"What do you think of that?" I asked, when the officer had gone.

"I can not believe in Luttrell's guilt," returned Ainsworth, moodily, shaking his head; "I am firmly convinced of his innocence, and think I could help him if I was there. Yes," he added, after a pause, "I will go. I have been thinking for some time past of taking a trip East. I have several pictures I think I could find a better market for there than here."

Two days afterwards, Ainsworth took passage for New York. That was about three weeks ago. Accordingly, when I met him upon the street a day or two ago, I was naturally anxious to know the outcome of his friend Luttrell's case, that being the main reason for his journey.

"Come along," he said, in answer to my inquiries, "and I will tell you all about it. After arranging about my pictures in New York," he went on, after we had settled down comfortably in his studio, "I went on to Baltimore, and the first thing I did was to call upon Luttrell—Latreille, I should say—at the prison. He was wonderfully changed and terribly cut up, and small marvel, considering the terrible accusation against him and his long confinement in prison. He was delighted to see me, however, and said, now that I had come, he had a premonition that everything would turn out all right and his innocence be proved. It wanted two days yet to the date set for his trial, and during these two days I set to work with a will to try whether I could secure any new evidence bearing on the case. My efforts, however, were unavailing, and with the exception of one circumstance which had been unearthed by defendant's counsel, and the relevancy of which to the matter in hand it was hard to trace, there was absolutely nothing new. This was a pencil entry in a memorandum-book, found in one of the pockets of the murdered man—evidently the last entry he had made. It was worded thus:

(Draft of Letter to Emma.)

DEAR EMMA: You have broken your word with me, and henceforward our relations must cease. I have left orders at the bank not to honor any more of your drafts. You perfectly know the reason why. This is final. If you annoy me further, you will regret it.

L. LATREILLE.

"'Now,' said the attorney, referring to the memorandum-book, as we sat in his office the day before the trial, 'I thought there might be something in this, so I determined to find out who this "Emma" was. I went to the bank where Mr. Latreille kept his account, and laid the matter before the officials. I then ascertained that, for some years past, the bank had honored monthly drafts drawn upon Mr. Latreille by a female signing the name "Emma Stanley." These drafts had been sent for collection by a New York bank until a day or two before Mr. Latreille's death, when that gentleman had given the bank instructions to honor no more of them. However, I prevailed on the bank to let me have one or two of the drafts bearing this lady's signature. One never knows what may turn up.'

"Well, the next day the trial began, Hugh pleading not guilty. The evidence brought forward was, in all the main points, the same as came out at the coroner's inquest. Wells, the shirt-maker, swore that one of the voices he heard in the studio on the day of the murder was that of the prisoner. The testimony of the artist, Hollis, and Mrs. Morgan, regarding the finding of the body, and that of the elevator-boy and the janitor regarding the people who were about at the time, was gone over again without evolving anything new.

"'Mrs. Morgan, please take the stand again,' said Hugh's counsel when all the evidence was in.

"That lady complied.

"'You say that you had some business relations with the late Mr. Latreille? May I ask the nature of these relations?'

"'Certainly,' replied the lady; 'Mr. Latreille paid me a certain sum monthly on account of some property I had assigned to him several years ago.'

"'How did you receive these monthly sums?' queried the attorney.

"'I drew for the money on Mr. Latreille's bank,' said the lady.

"'How did you sign the draft?'

"'"Emma Stanley,"' replied the lady, after an instant's hesitation; 'Stanley was my name at the time I disposed of the property to Mr. Latreille.'

"'That will do,' said the lawyer; then, leaning over, he whispered in my ear.

"'What can one do? Her answers are perfectly straightforward—there is no attempt at concealment, and yet—I can't help thinking there is a mystery somewhere.'

"Then the usual speeches were made by the counsel on both sides, ending up with the prosecuting-attorney. In reviewing the evidence, he said that though it was wholly circumstantial it was of the strongest nature. The murder must have been committed between a quarter-past twelve, when Mr. Wells, the shirt-maker, left his room, and half-past twelve, when the body was found. No other person had been seen to enter or leave the studio by the janitor, who was on the spot, during that time, except the prisoner. Who but the prisoner had any motive for the act? And what was the prisoner's motive? The gratification of revenge for the fancied injury done him by his uncle in thwarting his desires. The deed was evidently prompted by blind passion upon the impulse of the moment. The dagger was lying handy on the table at the moment, and it became a ready instrument in the hands of the murderer. Then the attempt to conceal the evidence of guilt by hiding the weapon in the studio, the hurried exit from the building, and the capture just as the prisoner was about to escape from the city, perhaps to some foreign land—all these are links in the chain of evidence, tending to fasten the crime more and more closely upon the prisoner at the bar. He concluded with an appeal to the jury to be guided by the cumulative weight of the evidence.

"The judge then proceeded to deliver his charge, which I could see at the outset was unfavorable to the prisoner. He was just beginning his peroration, when a messenger handed Hugh's counsel a letter. As he read it, I could see his cheek flush and his eye dilate. All of a sudden he started to his feet.

"'If your honor please,' he said, 'I have just received news that some most important and wholly unlooked-for evidence will be introduced tending to put a totally new aspect on the conduct of this case. I ask your honor for a stay of proceedings till the new witness can be produced. This letter says that he may be expected at any moment.'

"The judge frowned, and the attorneys for the prosecution wore an air of surprise.

"'Who is this witness?' asked the judge; "and why did he not appear before?'

"'Mr. Raymond, if it please your honor,' replied our counsel, 'the tenant of the other room next Mr. Hollis's studio. He has been abroad for several months, and only returned last night. He left on the day of the murder.'

"'But it was proved,' said the judge, 'that Mr. Raymond left this city on the twelve-o'clock train for New York. That was testified to by several of the railroad officials at the depôt, as well as by the janitor to whom he gave the keys of his office. How can he possibly be possessed of any direct evidence of value in this case?'

"'Nevertheless, I hope your honor will hear what he has to say—ah! here he comes,' said our counsel cheerily, as Mr. Raymond entered, bearing an oblong, wooden box in his arms, and made his way to the witness-stand.

"'Mr. Raymond, please take the stand,' said our counsel; 'now tell us what you know of this case.'

"'Gentlemen,' said Mr. Raymond, 'I only got back from Europe last night, and, on visiting my work-shop, which adjoins Mr. Hollis's studio, this morning, I found everything in pretty much the same shape as I had left it. I am, as you perhaps know, a model-maker and inventor, and at the time of my departure I was engaged upon some experiments in connection with the phonograph. I found the instrument in the same place I left it about six months ago, that is to say, on a table right alongside of the door which separates me from Mr. Hollis's studio. The receiving cone was in position, and simply with the object of seeing whether everything was in working order, I set the clock-work which controls it in motion—I should say that I am experimenting on a new wax cylinder of my own, with a clock-work motion. In about a minute afterwards I was surprised to hear the sound of voices issuing from the cone. I then recollected that, in the hurry of departure, I had forgotten to throw the motor power out of gear, and that, consequently, the words I was then listening to must have been spoken within hearing range of the phonograph after my departure. I had, of course, heard of the tragedy which was enacted in Mr. Hollis's studio the day of my departure, but it was a minute or so before I began to connect the sounds issuing from the instrument with that event. Presently, however, I became convinced that this was really the case. I drank in everything which the phonograph said, and, when it ran down, I turned the machinery back, and heard it all over again to make sure. I have brought the instrument along so that it may speak for itself. Though you can't swear it, you can swear by it, for the phonograph is the George Washington of science—it can not tell a lie.'

"Mr. Raymond then proceeded to open the box and take out the instrument, but counsel were on their feet in a moment arguing against the admissibility of the evidence. Such a monstrous and unheard-of innovation, they said, had never been suggested before. The judge, however, happened to be a man of science as well as sense, and he ruled that the evidence of the phonograph should be heard by the jury, without prejudice to the case. If the jury considered that what they heard, through the medium of this infallible sound-recorder, had a real bearing on the case, and if there was unmistakable evidence of this, then let them give it the weight to which it was entitled. If not, then the case would rest upon the present evidence.

"The instrument was then set upon a table in front of the jury-box, and Mr. Raymond set the works in motion. The metallic cone, which both gathers and emits sound, according as the instrument is used to transcribe or reproduce, was placed in position, and judge, counsel, and jurors drew close to hear what would transpire. Mr. Hollis, Mrs. Morgan, the other witnesses, and myself, gathered round from interest and curiosity. The scene was a strange one in a court of justice. Presently a voice issued from the cone, in somewhat of a smothered key, just as if it had been heard through a door, but distinct enough to permit of each word being recognized.

"'*Well, uncle, how do you do, this morning?*' said the voice, which we in the court-room instantly recognized as that of Hugh Latreille, the prisoner.

"'*You're here again, I see,*' answered a gruff voice, and I heard one juror whisper to another, 'That's old Latreille speaking, by God!'

"'*Very well, sir, take your own way,*' went on the same voice; '*I wash my hands of you and your business now and forever.*'

"'*And I, sir,*' said the voice of Hugh, '*say that I will not submit to be dictated to any longer by you or anybody else. It is simply unbearable and I will not stand it.*'

"'*You need never look to me for a single dollar,*' said the other voice, '*either now or hereafter. You shall not touch a cent of my property.*'

"'*Money is not the only thing in life,*' went on the instrument in Hugh's voice; '*you may regret your action when it is too late.*'

"Then there was a pause of perhaps a minute, during which the wax cylinder of the phonograph continued to revolve but no sound was emitted. The jury and other listeners were visibly impressed by the similarity of what they had just heard to the testimony of Wells, the shirt-maker, as well as by the exact reproduction of the voices of Hugh and his uncle, in all their peculiarities of accent and pitch. Most of them had never heard, scarcely even heard of, a phonograph before, and looked on with feelings akin to awe.

"'*Good-by, uncle,*' suddenly issued from the instrument in Hugh's voice; '*you won't see me again for some time.*'

"Then a noise followed like the slamming of a door, for the phonograph reproduces every sound, simple or composite, made within hearing distance of its receiving cone.

"Then there was another pause of about a couple of minutes, Mr. Raymond explaining to the jury that the instrument is an infallible register of time as well.

"'*What! you here, Emma,*' suddenly issued from the cone. It was old Latreille's voice talking in a startled and excited key.

"'*Yes, I'm here,*' answered a female voice in a hard, metallic key; '*I got your letter saying my drafts had been stopped. I found it was the case. What do you mean by it?*'

"'*I mean what I have said,*' replied Latreille's voice in a rising key; '*I have positive information of the new connection you have formed, and I decline to support you any longer.*'

"'*Do you really mean this? Have a care!*' continued the female voice in the same cold, hard key.

"Meanwhile all eyes had turned mechanically toward Mrs. Morgan, who was one of the crowd surrounding the instrument. *It was the voice of this woman, accent for accent, key for key, that was issuing from the phonograph,* and it was plain that every one recognized it as I did myself. Her face was as white as a sheet, her lips set, and she clung to the railing of the jury-box for support.

"'*My purpose is irrevocable,*' went on Latreille's voice; '*if you dare to annoy me I will——*' the voice paused.

"'*You will——*' repeated the female voice, threateningly.

"'*—— use my knowledge about the Stanley case. It will be the penitentiary for life—if not the gallows.*'

"'*Curse you! Take that—and that!*' said the woman's voice in tones that made the blood run cold.

"This was followed by a stifled groan, and a sound as of a heavy body falling to the floor.

"At the same time a piercing shriek rang through the court-room. Mrs. Morgan threw her arms aloft into the air and fell heavily forward. The utmost confusion prevailed, during which the court adjourned till the following morning.

"Meantime, the judge consulted his colleagues of the bench as to the admissibility of the phonograph as a witness. What decision was come to I know not, as Mrs. Morgan confessed. She had, it seems, ascended the stairs on the eventful forenoon to visit her manicure, and accidentally seeing Mr. Latreille through the door of the studio as Hugh was coming out, entered to reproach him about stopping her drafts. Goaded to desperation by his behavior, she had, in a fit of momentary madness, stabbed him with Hugh's dagger which was lying naked within reach. She had then, after concealing the weapon, descended the stairs, and reascended immediately after in the elevator with Mr. Hollis, and, by seeming to have discovered the body, effectually diverted suspicion from herself. Further investigation went to show that she had held the relation of mistress to Latreille. I understand that since the confession she has become hopelessly insane. Of course Hugh received the profuse congratulations of his friends, and, as his uncle's heir, can now indulge his artistic tastes without let or hindrance. In the fervor of his heart, after liberation, he wrote a characteristic letter to Edison expressing unbounded gratitude for that distinguished scientist's last invention having been the means of saving his life."

ROBERT DUNCAN MILNE.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1889.

A very singular case is reported from Chicago (says New York *Truth*). A young woman of most respectable connections, seen frequently in the best society of that city, and distinguished for her zeal in church and missionary work, a year or so ago took it into her head to make an effort to reform the Magdalens of the pavement. In spite of the advice of her friends, she labored with women of this class persistently; but, strange to say, while reforming these women, she herself became contaminated, and she has now descended to the level of those she hoped to reclaim.

Up to date Mr. Parnell has paid his solicitor, Mr. George Lewis, one hundred thousand dollars for the expenses of his defense before the commission. There is still, however, more than eighty thousand dollars to the credit of the Parnell Defense Fund.

GLADSTONE IN THE PROVINCES.

"Cockaigne" describes a Gathering of the Liberals at Southampton.

I happened to be in Southampton on Wednesday last, when Mr. Gladstone visited that city on his way to spend a day or two with his valued friend, boon companion, and political henchman, Sir William Harcourt. It was the initial point of the Grand Old Man's "holiday trip," as it is called, Sir William Harcourt's country-place, Malwood (pronounced Mawlwood), being in the New Forest, and Southampton being the most convenient station from which to reach that quarter. At all events, it was made the most convenient, for it resulted in the Southamptou Liberals giving their chief what was intended to be a grand reception and presenting him with that inevitable form of English regard—an address.

The reception was given in the grounds of the residence of Canon Basil Wilberforce, a devoted Gladstonite divine, and, withal, one of the cleverest and most brilliant of the English clergy. His place is called the Deanery, and, although in the town, and surrounded almost by streets and houses, the grounds are several acres in extent, inclosed by a high stone-wall, and planted with stately trees, scattered over a grassy sward, and have, but for the roofs of the neighboring houses, which show in places above the tree-tops, the appearance of a park.

Here, at about half-past two, the Grand Old Man, who was flying down from London by the Bournemouth express, was expected to arrive; and, as at that hour I did not have anything better to do, I betook myself hither, as I wanted to see what these Gladstonian receptions and address presentations in the provinces were like. A decidedly democratic crowd of people had already assembled and each minute brought in more, until the grounds were pretty fairly filled. In calling the assemblage democratic, I mean simply this: that it was composed almost entirely of the middle and lower classes. To all appearances, there were very few, if any, gentry. On general principles, and taking the broad view of society wbich is taken in America on all questions of a political nature, this would not occasion any remark. Casting aside the fact that quite one-half of the company were women, the other half each had a vote. The franchise in England is now as close to manhood suffrage as it could well get without being so, and it is, therefore, pretty safe to assume that all of the men present had a voice in the selection of members of Parliament. In that respect, it did not in the least matter to what grade of society they belonged. All I mean to suggest is that if the assemblage of people who gathered together to welcome and pay homage to Mr. Gladstone, at Southampton, are a fair average sample of the body and bulk of the Liberal party as it exists to-day, why then it is as distinctly the lower-class party as a party can well be. There was not even a sprinkling of the upper classes. At this moment, I can recall but one man who struck me as being a gentleman in the English acceptation of tbe term, and but one woman who appeared to me to be a lady. It was not that the majority of the others were not respectably attired, for they were. Their clothing was good enough in its way, but it lacked style. The men were dressed in that indescribable form of attire known as holiday-garb. In England, if nowhere else, this is always a sign of trade and downwards. Gentlemen, in England, have no holiday-garb. They always dress the same way on bolidays and other days. The women, too, were dowdy and adorned with cheap finery.

Now, all this may seem snobbish, and I daresay many American readers will put it down as such. But it really is not. I do not mean to say that these people were not just as honest and good in every way as the best in the land; in many cases, no doubt, more honest and better than many who are socially classed above them. All I wish to point out is that the people who assembled as members of the Liberal party on this occasion, and I must take it as a fair sample of the other occasions of the same character, were, so far as I saw, not gentry. In England, I assure you, this means a good deal. And I am not sure that it ought not to mean a good deal in any country. It does all very well for politicians and others who wish to be popular to sneer at class distinctions and the possession of property. Whenever I hear social levelers rant and rave about class, and contend that birth and worldly possessions do not make a man any better, I am inclined to ask: Do they make him any worse? Are not his opinions as valuable, bis influence as useful, and his power as potent as if he were the son of a costermonger or a chimney-sweep, and worked for bis living? Of course we know, as I fancy do all enlightened men who are not blinded by passion or prejudice, or who are not pandering to the opinions of the masses, that as a general thing gentlemen and owners of property are better educated, are more intelligent, are more open-minded, are freer from bias and bigotry, have a more real and tangible interest in the welfare of a country and the well-being of its people, and are altogether safer men to trust on all political questions than what are known as the lower orders. Therefore, without wishing to discuss the question further, I say that the marked and conspicuous absence of members of the gentry in and around Southampton on the occasion of the reception to Mr. Gladstone, bad a meaning of its own, which, I take it, most intelligent men, who know anything at all of English politics, will take in at a glance. There are, I know, a few peers who continue to stick to Gladstone and his policy: Lord Kimberley, Lord Rosebery, Lord Spencer, Lord Granville, and others. But when you leave them, where are you? Among the gentry? I rather imagine not. You jump from tbis corporal's guard of the nobility to the middle classes without having the gentry to break your fall. As a rule, the gentry of England are Conservatives or Unionists. Of course there are exceptions. Go to a Conservative or Union meeting and you will see. Had the reception at Southampton been to Lord Salisbury, you would have seen the difference. I may be wrong, but I do not think I am.

Well, on one side of the grounds a stand had been erected, draped with flags, promioent among which was the Union Jack! Near by, a brass band discoursed music, and covered itself with honor by playing "The Wearing of the Green" as Gladstone's carriage drove into the Deanery grounds. The procession was tame enough. First came an old man on horseback, with a flimsy blue-and-white scarf from his shoulder to his hips. He simply rode first. What he did, who he was, or what was the object of having him at all, are conundrums which still call for an answer in my mind. He was certainly the sorriest-looking marshal I ever saw, if that was what he was intended for. His horse seemed to give him more trouble than anything else. After this old creature, who was apparently in momentary peril of tumbling off his steed, and who rode some distance in advance, came an open barouche drawn by a pair of horses and driven by a postilion in a red jacket. In this carriage were seated four gentlemen of local prominence; then followed another barouche similarly drawn and driven, and in it were Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, their son, Henry, and Sir William Harcourt. After them came a third carriage filled with members of the press, as I should imagine, for some held note-books open before them. Tbe Grand Old Man bowed and smiled like a sovereign in response to a most labored cheer which greeted his appearance as the procession wheeled out of the carriage-drive and made its way across the grass to the stand. There was considerable cheering, of course, and the band struck up "Och, Paddy dear!" to the enlivening strains of which the Gladstone family alighted and ascended the steps.

A large crowd quickly gathered from the other parts of the ground, and stood out in the broiling heat, for where the stand was placed, the sun poured down almost vertical rays from a cloudless sky. Mr. Evans, M. P.—a neat, dapper man with a face like a cranberry, a grizzled mustache, close-cropped head, a white hat, and the manner of a glib and self-satisfied auctioneer—thereupon presented a voluminous address, which looked like an unbound school-atlas, to Mr. Gladstone, accompanying the same with a few words of laudation and compliment, such as have now undergone the process of sterotyping for the use of Gladstonian speech-makers. It was unnecessarily long, but it is not often that members of Parliament, except a select few, get a chance to speak beyond the precincts of their constituency. At last, Mr. Evans bent down and handed the address to Mr. Gladstone. The Grand Old Man took it, turned over the leaves about as you would look through a directory to find a name under a certain letter, took down bis eye-glasses, and stood up. There was another cheer. Then silence. People stood on tip-toe and craned their necks and strained their ears. The heat for the moment was forgotten in the anxiety to hear. But, though you saw his lips move, and now and then his mouth exhibit the well-known snarling spreading of the lower lip, the fore-finger of the right hand uplifted and brought down again pretty much in the manner of an auctioneer announcing "Third and last call!" you heard nothing beyond a few disjointed sentences. At least, I did not, and I stood just in front of him, and not thirty yards away. I heard "Ladies and gentlemen," with a marked empbasis on the *men*, and, now and then, such words as "Ireland," "Liberal party," "A disgrace to England all over the world," "Convenient for computation," etc. I gave up trying to hear, and contented myself with watching the facial working and tricks of the Grand Old Man, his mannerisms, and peculiar gestures.

I do not remember ever to have seen what I consider a good or full description of Gladstone when speaking, and as speaking is one of his commonest avocations in daily life, it is curious that no one has ever endeavored to reproduce to the mind's eye of far-distant readers a pen-picture of one of the most prominent men in all Europe when engaged in making a speech. Let me, therefore, have a try. In the first place, it must be borne in mind that Gladstone is a small man, and that when standing up to address an audience his low stature is all the more noticeable. People wbo are accustomed to judge the Grand Old Man (those who never see him) by bis photographs, are apt to think him a large, tall man. The immense broad head and width of shoulders naturally give the impression of a body and frame to match. You are quickly undeceived when you see him. As he stands facing you, before beginning to speak, you are struck both by the extreme pallor of his countenance and the stealthy, cat-like expression of his features. The deep-set eyes, the eyebrows diverging at an upward angle of forty-five degrees from each other across his forehead, the long, dark, deep line on each side of the nose from eye-corner to chin, the firm, clenched lips, and the eyes which blink in sullen thought, all combine to suggest a temporarily subdued, but anger-slumbering, Bengal tiger.

Once he opens his lips, this expression vanisbes. His face lights up, and his voice comes forth clear and musical, as unlike the voice of an octogenarian as a voice can be. It has not its old ring, or its old power, but it can not be called a weak voice. There is never a quaver or querulous shrillness, never an approach to the piping, childish treble, or tremulous bass of our grandfathers, and Gladstone might be the great-grandfather of some of us. Though it can not reach me, save as I can catch an utterance or two at intervals, it is the voice of middle-aged manhood still. On and on he talks, never hesitating, never stumbling, never repeating, never stammering, never at a loss for a word. His very ease and fluency make you think his speeches commonplace. At intervals of, say, fifty words, he has a curious facial trick of spreading and tightening his lower lip across his teeth, about as a man does whose teeth are set on edge, and you listen for the whistling inhalation which commonly accompanies clenched teeth. This gives his face a hard, sinister, cruel look, for an instant. Then it vanishes, to come again and again until you get so used to it that you miss it if perchance he lets too long an interval go by. Sometimes he scratches his temple with his bent fore-finger, sometimes the top of his head with his thumb; again, he is beating time with pointed finger or finishing a crushing sentence with a twirl of it over his head. At other times he is holding his double eye-glasses up to his eyes to read some statistic, or extract, or quotation, and then taking them down again. Altogether, as you stand and watch him, you can not realize tbat you are being addressed by one of the greatest orators of modern times. His dress consisted on Wednesday of a black cloth frock-coat and waistcoat, the coat worn open, and the top buttons of the waistcoat left unbuttoned over an expanse of white shirt bosom; a black silk-bandkerchief tied round a not by any means so large a shirt-collar as is generally given bim. Dark-brown trousers completed his costume, which was simplicity itself.

After his speech, Mr. Evans proposed three cheers for him, which were given, it seemed to me, with a lack of heartiness and spontaneity that was depressing. Perhaps the day was too hot to expect men to shout. Then the crowd called vehemently for Sir William Harcourt, whose Falstaffian face and figure loomed up like a giant beside the Grand Old Man. But he would not comply. Then the meeting broke up. Later in the day, I met the procession in the High Street on its way to Malwood. The street pavements were fairly crowded, and many of the houses were decorated with flags. Across the front of one house, above a shop, evidently kept by some vehement Conservative, I saw a large sign in red letters on a white ground, bearing the one word, GORDON. Take it altogether, the whole affair was not one to inspire the Gladstonite party with new hope for their fallen fortunes, or to give the impression that the "Cause of Ireland" was gaining much ground. If you read the Gladstone organ—the *Daily News*—next day, you would have thought it was an overwhelming rebuke to the government of Lord Salisbury and the Tory party.

COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, June 7, 1889.

THE LATEST VERSE.

Inspiration.

Long time it baunts his mind
With purpose scarce defined,
Elusive, subtle, still
Evading conscious will—
A perfume half distilled,
A promise unfulfilled.
There comes a dreamy hour,
A bee, a bird, a flower,
A grain of glittering dust,
A salt Atlantic gust—
Who knows or how or when
'Tis bodied to his ken,
What hidden chain is wrought
That holds tbe poet's thougbt?

—*Debbie H. Silver in Lippincott's.*

Petit Chanson Picard.

Pale leaves waver and wbisper low,
(Silvered leaves of the poplar tree),
Waters wander and willows blow
In Picardie.

Misty green of the orchard grass,
Grass-grown lanes by the sedge-fringed lea,
Pleasant ways for the feet that pass
Through Picardie.

Here the youth on a blue May night,
Soft to bis maiden's home steals he,
Binds a bough to the lintel's heigbt
Of dark fir-tree.

Gaston sigheth for Bernadette!
(Sorrow to come—or joy to be),
This she knows by the token set
In secrecy.

Long lagoons wbere the lilies lie,
(Blossoms and buds of ivory),
Sweet the meadows and fair the sky
Of Picardie!

Where be the waters to drown regret?
Where be the leaves of sleep's own tree?
Nowhere else in the world—nor yet
In Picardie.

—*Longman's Magazine.*

The Cousins.

Unking that fellow with the yellow hair,
Which will be white before the sun is down.
He totters, help bim. Sirrah, fetch a chair.
Only the monarch born can wear the crown.
You would be king, eh? in my princely stead;
You packed the cards, but played them somewhat ill.
And I but willed, my frown would strike you dead;
But scions of our stock, sir, do not kill.
They do much worse—they pity curs like you.
No thanks, kneel not, the dust beneath my feet
Flies from you, as a bare wbom dogs pursue;
To punish such a creature were not meet.
Not pardon, but forgiveness? Be it so.
Our once dear friend, but now our dearer foe.

—*Richard Henry Stoddard in the Independent.*

National Flowers.

In crown and seal the royal Rose is sign
And symbol sweet of England's sovereignty;
Old France her banners filled with Fleur-de-Lis,
And German flags shake out the Corn-flower's shine.
The Thistle is the Scotsman's kingly flower,
And Ireland proudly waves her Shamrock green.
But in our flag no one flower might be seen
As emblem of our greatness. Splendid shower
All blossoms on our vastness—lily, rose,
The thistle, shamrock, corn-flower, thousands more
That grow from stern Alaska to Gulf-shore,
And bloom by sandy beach or mountain snows;
All flowers of use or beauty God bestows
To grace our boundaries and their scope disclose.

—*Harper's Weekly.*

A Dervish.

Like Joseph's coat his tattered raiment shows
A rainbow blending of its countless hues;
The desert dust has stained his pilgrim shoes,
His frame is gaunt, yet on and on he goes.
Few are the hours his weary limbs repose,
Few are the drops that wet his earthen cruse;
The path is long, the sharp flints cut and bruise,
And yet at heart a dreamful rest he knows.

His visions are of calm celestial days—
Of peaceful groves of palm beyond the skies;
Forever shine before his ardent eyes
The fountained heavenly courts through golden haze:
He deems the more he bears on mortal ways
The greater his reward in Paradise.

—*Clinton Scollard in Lippincott's.*

VANITY FAIR.

T: latest whim of London society is the music-hall craze ıy the *St. James's Gazette).* Ten years ago a music-ll as regarded as a place at which ladies were not expected t seen. The programmes which delighted the lower de and attracted men of all sorts and conditions were er:d too coarse for the feminine eyes and ears in the ıp:r classes." It is true, no doubt, that inquisitive and :kss dames, under cover of thick veils and shapeless wraps, nt:ed now and then to enjoy a glimpse of the forbidden ıd But, nowadays, it is the commonest thing in the world fi most of the boxes at the principal music-halls full of shnahle ladies, with a leaven of dames of not quite so fash-na e a character scattered about in the intervals. A cursory ca nation moreover, will convince any one that there is othg in the appearance of the fair visitors to suggest the le:f adventure or concealment. On the contrary, it is quite bvus that they are there just as they might be at the opera. ar om hiding behind curtains or seeking the seclusion of the clbf the hox, they are placed well in the front, and are he absorhed in the performance or employing their opera-.s s curiously on the audience. Observation will show, ıı ver, that such parties are by no means *parties à* .u On the contrary, that is the very last arrangement id is likely to he seen in so *public* a place. *Parties* rs are, perhaps, the most usual. But it is by no aı rare to see in a large box a row of three ladies r t and a vista of white shirt-fronts in the background; it uncommon to notice, with the aid of glasses, that of the ladies in question bear about their cheeks a :ss of bloom which is hardly compatible with mucb ex-ie:e of the world. The direct harm done may be small. mparatively decorous is the management of these :t and so thoroughly has the ballet swamped the variety e inment, that there may be no great prospect of active o nce. The ultimate tendency, however, is bad. A r of music-hall experiences applied "educationally" to c racter of the female sex, will eventually tend to lower eral tone of society in its hahits, in its conversation, in a isements, and in its ideas.

N-ed-Deen, Shah of Persia, who is now engaged on his d ur through Europe, is far from being considered as a wel-m uest by the various courts which be has announced his n of visiting. In the first place, the royalties of Europe e tained a most unpleasant recollection of his disgusting ulsive habits on the occasion of his first visit. His er is treacherous, cruel, and deceitful, and his manners inguished by that utter absence of all ideas of decency s such a peculiar feature of Persian life. On various ns during the past thirty years, Eastern potentates, the Sultan of Turkey, the Khedive, the second King m, and quite a number of Indian maharajahs, have Europe. In almost every case they have displayed refinement, elegance, and courtesy in their dealings heir European hosts. The latter were, therefore, prepared for the offensive and unmannerly ways descendant of Xerxes and Darius. After spend-couple of weeks at St. Petersburg in 1873, he o Berlin. His hehavior, however, was so intolerable : old Kaiser withdrew from the festivities on the plea of sition and refused to see his Persian guest any more his departure. The whole burden of entertaining the l potentate fell upon the shoulders of the Empress ua, whose poetic hankerings for the Orient, however, hjected to a most severe shock. Thus to this day she relate in her shrill and high-pitched voice how, during g nd state banquet given in his honor at Berlin, whenever some food which was not to his taste in his mouth, he coolly remove it from his jaws and place it on Her Ger-ajesty's lap, to the intense horror of all present. Her cent robes at the close of the banquet presented a most aspect. On his arrival in England, he was quartered at gham Palace, and while in London he sorely tried the of Wales's temper by coolly placing his hand on the oulders of the princess while talking to her. Having tertained by the Duke of Sutherland at the latter's cent country seat at Trentham, he suggested to the of Wales that it would be in every way advisable he duke to death, on the ground that he was much too l and wealthy for a subject. Over one hundred and ousand dollars was required to render Buckingham habitable again after his departure. The furniture had e hurned, while not only the silken panels, tapestries, and paper-hangings had to be thrown into the flames, it as even found necessary to remove entirely the plaster alls and the parquet floors of the rooms which he had d. The slaughter of a live sheep for sacrificial pur-one of the queen's daintiest boudoirs was but one of st pardonable of all his offenses, and tbe stench of ms occupied by His Persian Majesty was so in-nd unbearable that quantities of disinfectants had to l before even the palace attachés could muster up to attempt to clean up matters.

At Paris, he was received in state by Marshal Mac-president of the French Republic, and on leaving the , his baggage was stopped on the Swiss frontier by Paris jewelers, from whom he had purchased presents *demi-mondaines* of the French metropolis, but which refused to pay for. At Vienna, he was quartered Château of Luxemburg, now the residence of Crown Stephanie, and before he left, got into serious trouble pect to a young member of the Austrian half-world, he had subjected to the grossest brutality. His pres-Vienna was, indeed, a sore trial to the courteous, chiv-and refined emperor. The Persian monarch had, dur-previous portion of bis tour, developed a strong taste mpagne, and was staggering about in a maudlin state during the major portion of his stay in the Austrian capital. Nothing was more curious than to watch the emperor present some distinguished statesman or soldier to his Oriental guest. The latter would gaze with bleary eyes at the personage how-ing before him, and then, with a short, contemptuous laugh and a twirl of his long mustache, would leave the unfortunate courtier standing there in a state of mingled indignation and perplexity, until the emperor had stepped up and whispered a few comforting words in his ear. On the occasion of his pres-ent trip, he is accompanied by a suite of seventy persons, among whom is a chaplain, whose sole duty it is to perform for his imperial master the fasts prescrihed by the Koran, but which the Shah is too mucb of a glutton to submit to. The most important member of his suite, however, is a young boy of twelve, whom the Shah has covered with honors, dignities, and titles, and who is an object of envy and fear to most of his majesty's ministers. His name is Goolamali Khan. He is the director of the corps of royal pages, and one of his titles is Azizus-Sultan, which, being interpreted, means "Favorite of the Monarch." Not a minister, not a vizier, not a royal prince has ever yet been allowed to sit at the same table as his maj-esty, the only exception to this law of the Persians being Gool-amali Khan, wbo is constantly hy his master's side, and who bas more servants to wait upon bim than any two of the royal ministers. A Persian official declares that the explanation of this extraordinary treatment is to be found in his majesty's profound conviction that his life is inseparably and mysteriously bound up with that of Goolamali Khan, and that wise men have foretold tbat the Shah's death will be preceded only a few days by that of his young favorite, that the healtb and pros-perity of tbe latter will mean the health and prosperity of the former, and that, generally, whatever befalls this little one will also happen to his royal protector. The Shah's belief in this prophecy has resulted in the boy's leading a life of ease and luxury unknown to the most fortunate courtiers in Teheran. Whatever the explanation, the facts are indisputable, and the boy was seated on the knees of two magnificent grandees on the Shah's entry into St. Petersburg, and was held by them with a feeling of awe and reverence during the hurrahs of the populace and the cheers of the soldiers.

I have found a new El Dorado for the dude in the Virginia watering-places. Such fun, such larks, and ahove all, such wealth as awaits the "fly" dude of the North wbo will get there in time! Like tbe sister watering-places of the North, the "springs" in and about "Old Virginny" average about twenty young ladies to one man, and as the solitary fellow might be monopolized by one young lady, the Southern land-lord, with an eye to the dollars, has introduced what is known as "professional servers" throughout the resorts of the Sunny South. Tbe name is deceptive, as the young "servers" are generally impecunious members of the F. F. V's, who receive their board, all expenses paid, and an additional salary beside, to organize all manner of mountain or hotel parties, officiate at balls, lead in the german, organize and conduct picnics, al-ways with the air of millionaires or men of unlimited means. I saw two specimens of "servers" at the White Sulphur Springs a few days ago, both of whom bear time-bonored Virginia names, fine, manly-looking fellows, ahout twenty-five years of age each, men of the world, thoroughly educated and refined, faultlessly dressed in the latest New York style, who sported an abundance of cash, and who were the prime movers in the fun and life in the big botel. From one of the natives I heard that both gentlemen were paid employees of the hotel as "servers," who lent the prestige of their old fam-ily names for a certain consideration per week, and I am told that some of these "servers" make wealthy marriages, but just how tbe captured heiresses view the matter after marriage is not our business.—*New York Truth.*

There seems to be convincing evidence that a watchful providence takes care of that class of men who refuse to ex-periment as to whether "marriage is a failure" or not, namely, the bachelor. His buttonless condition, which was the theme for humorists a few short years back, is made unnecessary by the introduction of button-holes and studs, and his ingenuity has guided him to regard a small nail as the most satisfactory fastening for a suspender. And now, lo! and behold! he need no more lament the loss of spiral studs, for a genius among the unwedded has discovered that nothing looks neater, is more convenient, or cheaper to supply their loss than the ordinary round-topped paper-fastener. The little points of the paper-fastener are pressed through the eyelet, clenched on the underside, and no one but an expert can tell them from the most costly Etruscan gold jewelry.

Is the bustle going out entirely, or will it continue to be worn? These are now the burning questions. From opinions from various parts of the country and abroad, whether the bustle is dead or not, it certainly has diminished in size, and if worn at all this fall it will be hardly perceptible. High authority in Boston says the bustle will certainly go out en-tirely. In Chicago there is hardly any call for it, while in San Francisco it promises to be still worn, though in greatly re-duced proportions. In New York city it is diminishing in size, and many predict that it will soon occupy a position of innocuous desuetude. The London correspondent of the *Cloak and Suit Review*, one of the highest authorities on women's dress, writes as follows: "I hear and read that there is much discussion taking place in America as to the rival claims of bustle and no bustle, and that some advocates of the latter say that skirts are worn perfectly flat at the hack in 'English society.' This is quite a mistake. We never did wear such tournures as many of the American ladies did, and we have not, and do not intend to, run into the other extreme. An utter absence of tournure has the following infallible re-sults: the back of the skirt hangs flabbily against the feet, and is ungracefully kicked from them in walking, and any curves of the front or sides of the figure below the waist are made to appear much more prominent through the straight lines of the back. I often see the Princess of Wales, both in and out of doors, and she wears a small tournure, just enougb to support her dress gracefully, keep it away from the feet, and make a pretty curve from the waist to the ground." Miss E. Holmes, the lady who represents Jordan, Marsh & Co. in the foreign market, says: "During my last trip to Eu-rope, I made particular inquiries regarding the future of the hustle. I went to the great centres of fashion in Paris, and learned that there was to be a gradual shrinkage in its pro-portions. Among the more extreme devotees of fashion in the gay capital, I noticed a complete ahsence of the bustle. Of course the different grades of society take their cue from the upper crust, and it will not be many months before the rear outlines of ladies' garments will have gone back to their normal condition. You may safely say that the fate of the hustle is sealed."

Few high white hats will he worn by well-dressed men this summer. The English riding-hat is now the proper thing for a swell young man to wear. It is a hot-hox. In style it is very like the ordinary silk-hat, though it has straighter sides and a suggestion of a bit of a boiler cut square across, polished, and with a brim to it. The hat weighs three times as mucb as a silk-hat for walking. The hat is stiff, and a hrick let fall from a three-story window would not break through it. Inside the hat is a sort of a net-work, like a cloth cap, suspended from the sides of the hat, so that before the hat can he jammed down over the wearer's eyes, the cap in-side must be torn from its fastenings. Instead of the ordinary leather sweat-hand, there is a quilted cloth band. It must feel on a man's head as if he had a rough flannel bandage tied around his brows. The brim of the hat is as stiff as the top. The inside is padded, besides having the cap piece. This mechanism and bat combined costs ten and twelve dollars. The object of the hat is to prevent any injury to the rider in case he is thrown on his head. The whole body of the hat is stiffened, and the interior is arranged so that a man who wears it can be thrown and strike square on his head without injuring him. It will hurt the hat, but he can buy another one. Tbe quilted sweat-hand is made heavy to absorb the perspiration and to retain the hat firmly on the wearer's bead. A string is worn with these hats, which is attached to the hat and to the coat of the wearer, so that if it is blown off it will not escape him. There is quite a trade in these hats, though it is hard to understand why a young man should wear a high hunting-hat for a ride in the park.

He was seated in a revolving-chair in his office, tapping the desk with a penknife. "Mad!" said he to a New York *Sun* reporter, "who wouldn't be mad? I am trying to figure up whether this is tbe day that my female secretary doesn't come, or whether it is merely to be a morning when she is late. This is the fourth girl I have employed as an amanuensis, and I have about done. You take a young man into your em-ploy, and, if he is any good at all, he tries to anticipate your wishes, to think for you, to help you beyond what you exact from. him. His first and constant aim is to rise and to make himself worth more money and fit for a higher place. Now, when I hired the first woman, I believed that woman had been misjudged and that one sex had as much genius for diversified industry as another; now I know that it is not so, and that female secretaries will not long be endured in busi-ness. When you employ a woman, you can not criticise, scold, or caution her. She either leaves, breaks out in tears, or flirts and flouts most impudently. Then, again, you can't do busi-ness with men if there is a woman to write your letters or stay in your office. Ninety-nine men in a hundred smoke and swear. It's too bad, but it's the fact. They come into your office, and both you and they feel crippled. Other men tell me that it is their experience that whenever they get a really useful girl who takes an interest in the office life around her, she is certain to get married and leave her employers to break in a new-comer. Well, it's half an hour late, so I sup-pose my young woman isn't—no, by Jove, here she is. You're late, Miss Johnson." "Well, not exactly, am I?" the young woman replies, very sweetly; "you did not come till half-past nine o'clock yesterday, so I thought as I had a little errand to do I would risk your heing here this morning." The reporter went out, and in another office at which he called came upon a young girl at her type-writer alone in her glory. He told the young girl all that he had just heard in her sex's disfavor. "Why," said she, "a great deal of that gentleman's complaint comes from his asking too much. A great deal of it I have often thought of myself. I have been in different offices nearly five years, and I see that men make husiness the work of their souls as well as their heads and hands. They enjoy it. They love it. They lose their sex, their humanity, and themselves in husiness, and hecome like machines. Now, I suspect that never can be with women. Woman's ambition is to marry just as man's is to get rich. But if employers com-plain of women," continued the girl, "so can the women com-plain of them. It does not increase a girl's respect for the men for her to work with or for them. I never would have helieved that men were so rude and coarse as my experience in nearly half-a-dozen offices has shown them to be. They are quite as much given to gossip as the average woman. Whenever they drop business for a moment they are almost certain to do one of three things, either gossip about their friends down-town and at the clubs, gossip ahout their clothing and men's fashions, or fall to telling stories which they have to relate in whispers, followed by a sort of laughter which betrays the scandalous quality of what they have heen saying. And then their slang, their habits with tobacco, and their rough play with one another. Oh, my! It is said that women show only their best side to men. I am sure they have no such side to conceal as the men bave. I have seen few employers who were not unfeeling in their manners to the men under them. They nearly all swear, and a still greater number have a liking for indelicacy and coarse-flavored speech. I can not put what I think of men in a better way than by saying that I have seen some good-hearted, manly gentlemen, but I never yet have seen one in whose company I have not thought it best never to relax my guard over myself."

EXPOSITION NOTES.

From Our Paris Correspondent.

Dining is an important function everywhere, and especially so at the Paris Exposition, the post-prandial hours being particularly delightful there. The correct thing to do is to hold telephonic converse with Brébant—who has one of the restaurants on the Eiffel Tower—an bour or two before dinner. Decide your menu, always through the same medium, and bespeak a table well in view of the illuminated fountain, and time your meal so that it should begin to play when the dessert is served. I recommend tbis programme to visitors bitten with a desire to do things in style and who have no objection to paying the piper. A good deal has been said and written about exposition prices, and the general conclusion seems to be that they are somewhat high, not to say exorbitantly so. Now this is not my opinion, and I fancy, reader, you will back me, when I tell you that a very well-cooked dinner of three or four courses is to be obtained at the Brasserie de l'Est for a dollar a head—a price which includes the view of nymphs and goddesses, painted on ceiling and panel, and a good deal of general elegance in pale pea-green and gold, tall pier-glasses, and electric-burners. The *petit bourgeois* will patronize such an establishment as this once in the season, "pour voir ce que c'est," and Duval's, Bouillon's, in a general way, or, perhaps, Les Petites Marmites, where the menu is circumscribed to *soupe aux choux*, beef boiled to rags, and cheese of pungent odor. Foreigners and others partial to foreign ways delight in partaking of dinners in the little Roumanian restaurant on the same line with the Rue du Caire, whence they can watch the Egyptian donkeys and donkey-boys as they eat, and where a perpetual concert is going on. Or if they want a spread of a superior description, there is the Viennese café, prettily situated among bowers of rhododendrons, and in front of which is a soft, grassy sward, sloping down to a miniature lake. I do not mean to say but that, should you choose to absorb bisque and salmon, early vegetables, choice fruits, and viands of a *recherché* order, they will cost you dearer than in the centre of Paris; and it is not to be supposed they will charge nothing extra for hauling up your victuals three hundred feet and keeping your wine cool in mid-air.

From ten o'clock in the morning to six in the evening the entrance fee to the exposition is one ticket. Before and after, two are required. It is, therefore, a decided economy to enter before the dinner hour. Now, though a very passable evening meal may be obtained at Duval's for two or three francs, a large majority of the people—who, like John Gilpin's spouse, have a frugal mind—would think it a piece of reckless extravagance to patronize a restaurant of any kind, when they can assuage the pangs of hunger with half a yard of bread and some slices of cold meat. Besides, the number of guests which may be entertained at the Bouillon, and even Les Petites Marmites, has a limit. Therefore, especially on Sundays and fête days, the park and grounds present an extraordinary appearance at sundown. The lawns are enameled with picnic-parties, not picturesque, dainty entertainments, but vulgar exhibitions of food set forth on greasy newspapers. Not a bench but has its row of occupants, feeding, and washing down coarse food with worse wine. The various buildings on the quays, which constitute the Histoire du Batiment, afford convenient retreats for these *al fresco* banqueters. On the evening of the last Fête de Nuit, they had appropriated every available corner; they sat in rows on the door-steps of the Pompeiian mansion; they congregated within the Persian dwelling; they sat around the Druidical menhirs and dollmans; one hundred at least were accommodated in the village of ancient Gaul; one party, ensconced within the Hebrew tent, was absorbing crabs with great relish; the Phœnician palace reeked of garlic; bottles and crusts strewed the neat garden planted around a Japanese house; and the stone basin in front of the Moorish mosque served to cleanse fingers defiled by too close an acquaintance with fat and sweets. Vulgar and uncouth was the company, but jolly enough at any rate. Jokes were cracked and horse-play had its way unmolested; the *gardiens* tried to enforce the respect due to bistory, but all to no purpose. I was fearful that real damage had been done; going, however, the next day to the scene of the previous evening's dissipations, I found it all clean swept and garnished, only a few trodden-down flower-beds and broken fences being there to tell the tale.

What a bear-garden! I bear the reader exclaiming. Do they manage matters no better than this in dainty Paris? Well, you see sometimes the pleb. does get the upper hand, but not for long. There are other sides to the picture, and baving shown you this one, it is only fair you should be made acquainted with other aspects. Take the grounds on a gorgeous June afternoon for instance, any day but a Sunday. How spic and span everything looks! No daring foot treads the soft green of the lawns. The company sits about under the shade of the marquees. Here are crowds of ladies in fresh dainty toilets, with their attendant swains. The fountains splash in the sun, the air is fresh with the scent of roses and turf, a band is playing, a moving throng passes to and fro on the terraces, behind are the glittering domes basking in the heat. Delicate women, lazy, young, and gouty old men are to be seen pushed about on wheel-chairs by the factotum in gray, or are drawn in little, light, two-wheeled vehicles by barefooted Anamites clad in black and orange. An air of polite and lazy *far niente* pervades every one. From a distance comes the pleasant clatter of tea-cups. Your Parisian *élégante* goes in for afternoon tea, and she has adopted the Ceylon tea-room, partly because it is on the shady side, and partly for the sake of the white-robed Cingalese who hand round the cups.

It would amuse you to see how the ladies gather at Tiffany & Co.'s. I do not think I have ever passed their case without seeing one or more American fashionables, either bending down and examining the jewels, or chatting in friendly fashion with the manager, Mr. Kemz, who is not only an expert in precious stones, but a distinguished mineralogist. California has provided a good many of the gems which make so rare a show and mucb of the gold and silver in which they are set. The American jewelers, in appropriating to their own purposes tbe Indian designs, bave sbaped out an entirely new course for themselves. Tiffany's brooches, bonbonnières, vinaigrettes, chatelaines, purses, and pocket-books are immensely admired by every one here, and as for the lace-pins, reproduced in enamel in the exact shape and color of tbose marvelous freaks of nature, the orchid blossoms, they were sold, every one of them, before the exposition had been open a fortnight.

A few days ago, many thousand dollars' worth of real orchids were blooming in the hot-houses and beneath the tents of the Trocadéro. Then every one crossed the Jena Bridge, and this portion of the inclosure—somewhat neglected previously—was crowded. The love of roses is natural to most people; it needs no cultivation of taste to admire a perfectly grown and flower-laden azalea, but you have to learn to like orchids. Their quaintness, which at first repels, ends by making an unwilling captive of you. After studying the marvelous collections exhibited at the horticultural show at the exposition, I came to the conclusion that nature has intended them as floral libels. They have little resemblance one with another, but almost every type of blossom in the vegetable kingdom is imitated in one or other of the orchids in an underhanded, unwholesome manner. I should not be surprised to bear that they were plants of decidedly corrupt morals, with no character to speak of. PARISINA.

PARIS, June 6, 1889.

Near the ruins of Fort Tejon, in Kern County (says the *Californian*), a pleasure-party recently found a large oak bearing carved upon it this inscription:

I. H. S.

PETER
LEBECK
KILLED
BY
A + BEAR
OCT'R 17
1837

Tbe oak is about three feet through, and the inscription was nearly covered with that new growth by whicb trees repair cuts made upon them. After a little investigation, it was found that the new growth in its progress had fitted tightly to the old, even to the extent of filling in the carved letters. So, with all the care possible, the new growth was cut off in blocks. In this way, a stereotype of the original inscription was obtained. Peter Lebeck, lying in an unknown grave, has a strange and rare epitaph, carved not by the hand of man.

Few persons except specialists in electrical science are aware how rapid is tbe march of electric power over the world. Unused and disused water is everywhere going into the yoke of the dynamo. Mountain streams in Switzerland, which have never before been used for any purpose except that of gratifying sight-seers, are now supplying power to mills five miles distant, and the manufactures of that country are having a great revival. The latest project of this kind in our own country, and one of the most promising, is that of utilizing the power of the "Dalles of the St. Louis," a few miles west of Duluth. These consist of a series of cascades some miles in length, over which the whole volume of the river precipitates itself, with a total fall of more than five bundred feet. A local engineer proposes, with a single dam on the St. Louis, to run all the street-cars in Duluth, to furnish all the electric-lights needed, and to supply a large amount of power for other uses.

Jane Hading, in the course of a letter setting forth her impressions of America, says, regarding what is generally considered an American dish: "One peculiarity struck me forcibly as well in New York as in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and the Northern towns generally. People seem to be eating all day long. They breakfast, lunch, dine, take tea, and then sup—five meals a day—with any amount of ice-water and ice-cream. The buttery crumpets, buckwheat-cakes, pumpkin-pies, clams, and oysters, and other like delicacies, were quite nice and fully to my taste, although I had never, with the exception of buckwheat-cakes, tasted any before. The buckwheat-cakes, however, are of French origin, and those who like them may eat them to-day in their primitive simplicity as *galettes de sarrasin* at almost any village west of the Seine in Normandy."

The will of Allen Thorndike Rice appoints as executors and trustees, the Count de Bañuelos, of Madrid, uncle of the testator, and Charles U. Cotting, of Boston; bequeaths one hundred thousand dollars each to the testator's cousins, Marie and Antoinette de Bañuelos; twenty thousand dollars to his stepfather, Frederick Kofler of Darmstadt; Lloyd S. Bryce fifty-one one-hundredths of his interest in the *North American Review;* and all the rest of his estate, one-third to his aunt, the Countess de Bañuelos, to his aunt, the Countess de Sartiges, and the remaining one-third to James Parker, Charles T. Parker, and Mary Martha Parker, the children of his late aunt, Martha Parker. The countesses now live in Paris.

The "Panorama of the Hudson," published by the Bryant Literary Union of New York, is a remarkable attempt to show a continuous view of both shores of the river from New York to Albany, with the aid of photography and a mechanical process of engraving. One plate is made to answer for both sides of the river, by giving the upper half to the west, and the lower (reversed like a reflection in the water) to the east.

It is said that in many parts of China the literally translated Bibles given to the natives by the missionaries are so ill appreciated that they are used in the manufacture of cheap boot-soles.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Has Charley a sister?" "No, hut he is going to have one as he proposes to me."—*Life.*

House-cleaning joys: "Hi, Bridget, where are my collars an "Down-shtairs in de coal-shcuttle, sorr."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Old lady (to elevator-boy)—"Little hoy, do you go up in thi all day?" *Little boy*—"No, ma'am. I come down the other *Philadelphia Times.*

Farmer—"See here, stranger, ther' hain't no fish in this *Fisherman* (sadly)—"It doesn't make any difference; I could any if ther' was!"—*Puck.*

Miss Charity—"Is your husband addicted to the use of stimulants?" *Recipient of alms*—"No, indade, mum; not only failin' is drinkin'."—*Lawrence American.*

On the train: *Ernheimer*—"I yoosd lefd dot seat." *McSwe* thot so?" *Ernheimer*—"Y-a-a-s." *McSweeny*—"Ye wor a It's as aisy as anny wan in th' car-r-r!"—*Puck.*

An optimist: *Wife*—"This is the third time you have co drunk this week." *Hubby*—"D-don't be so p-pessimistic, You should think of the four nights I came home sober."—*Li*

Customer—"Say, Rothstein, who's that man doing all th and screaming and swearing at the clerks in the rear of th *Rothstein*—"Oh, dot vos Rosenberg, der silent pardner."—*P*

Van Bibber—"Why so silent, Miss Crœsus?" *Miss C.*— you the truth, Mr. Van Bibher, the thought of leading the g night is hanging over me like the sword of Damascus."— *Bazar.*

Nickleby—"That's a strange pair of scales you have thèn pose they are of the Ambuscade kind." *Grocer*—"Ambuscad is that?" *Nickleby*—"Why, they lie in weigbt, as it were."— *American.*

Stranger (who ought to be on the force)—"Excuse me, sir, can I buy a copy of the *Police Gazette?*" *Al* (politely)— gentleman on the corner in a hlue uniform, with a cluh." "Al no cluh."—*Time.*

Mrs. Pilgrin—"Now these hoys air sister's." *The cens* "No; you mean brothers." *Mrs. Pilgrin*—"No, sir; I what I say; they air *my sister's.* She lives nex' door in the re —*Harper's Bazar.*

New arrival—"Can I come in?" *St. Peter*—"Where d from?" *New arrival*—"From Boston." *St. Peter*—"Bo Well, you can go in, hut I want to warn you, you will be disap —*New York Herald.*

Miss Pyrte—"What makes you such a confirmed woman-h Olehach?" *Mr. Olebach*—"Well, when I was a young man made a fool of me." *Miss Pyrte*—"And you never got ov *Terre Haute Express.*

First citizen—"Cashier Outskip seems to have made a bi than the average." *Second citizen*—"Yes, hut there's some knowing that he won't get much good of it. I'm told he's go Paris Exposition."—*Time.*

Not far wrong: *Mr. Société* (who has just been presented of young ladies)—"Pardon me, hut with so many names I a sea regarding yours." *She*—"But you are not far wrong. Atwater."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Time hy the forelock: *Alderman M'Shwin*—"Oi want ye an office fer me brother." *Mayor Grantall*—"I did not know any hrothers in this country." *Alderman M'Shwin*—"Oi hut wan av thim is comin'."—*Puck.*

Photographer—"My dear sir, can't you assume a more smi tenance and throw off that jaded look?" *Rev. V. V. A* "Take me as I am. I need a vacation this summer, and the are for distrihution among my parishioners."—*Life.*

On a naphtha launch: *Cousin Jack* (from Alameda)—" going to pass it 'round, Tommy?" *Cousin Tommy*—" around?" *Cousin Jack*—"That whisky. I ain't smelt a good since I kep' th' Red Eye Saloon in Santa Fé."—*Puck.*

First Westerner—"Where are the New Yorkers going t memorial arch to commemorate the first centennial?" *Se erner* (sarcastically)—"The site of the memorial arch will pr near the site of the Grant monument."—*New York Weekly.*

Ethel—"Do you think he loves you, Nellie?" *Nellie*— certain of it. Why, he wants to marry me so much that rowed money of papa for us to get married on—a thing his p sitive soul could not hrook if he did not love me."—*Chicago J*

Chicago woman—"I want a marriage-license. My fiancé i to come himself." *Clerk of court* (glancing at calendar)— see, this is the tenth, isn't it?" *Chicago woman*—"Why, fectly ahsurd of you! This is only my sixth."—*Minneapoli*

Mrs. Harris (looking up from a letter)—"I'm so glad th Harry to Yale. I knew he would make his mark. He says already considered one of the best scholars in the college." —"Let me see that letter. That isn't 'scholars,' it is 'scr *Chicago Herald.*

Golucky—"As I'm the special summer correspondent of York *Daily Blowhard*, I suppose your terms to me will be different from your terms to regular guests." *Summer* (briskly)—"Yes, sir; yes, sir; of course. Our terms to y cash in advance."—*New York Weekly.*

Twice of late English families in New York have bad the b display the English flag from the windows of their own premis ever, our Irish fellow-citizens promptly saw to it that they wer for this insult to American freedom. N. B.—The Irish flag played from the city hall as usual on the seventeenth day of n —*Life.*

Grigsley (after offering his hox to Wilkins and hoth have lig cigars)—"I like to lie hack in an easy-chair like this, Wilkins, the cares of the day. What a solace is a good cigar! See th pleasing life looks through an azure cloud of Havana! We' to complain of, I should say, Wilkins." *Wilkins*—"Nothi it is the cigars."—*Chicago Herald.*

Mrs. True Genteel—"Good-morning, Mrs. Carrots. Goi York to do a little shopping?" *Mrs. Gushy Carrots* (whose has hit Standard Oil and acquired sudden riches)—"No, I' turned. I bought a nice Rubens this morning, and, I decla called at my husband's office he told me he had bought a Re the same artist yesterday afternoon."—*Once a Week.*

"I shall not marry Miss Crœsus, after all," announced y kins, sadly; "her family seems to oppose the match t "Hang the family!" exclaimed a sympathizing friend; " win, Bjenkins, just the same. What do you care for the fa ton, so long as the girl is willing?" "That's just it," expla kins, still more sadly; "Miss Crœsus seems to agree with *Somerville Journal.*

Musician—"I saw you among the audience at the orator of Creation,' the other evening." *Eminent divine*—"Yes, I was my duty to go and hear it; but it was dreadfully tires tween the long-drawn-out recitatives, the endless repetitions and choruses, the hard seats in the hall, the necessity of rema all that time, and the cramped-up position in which I had t nearly dead hy the time they got through." *Musician*—" sit among the congregation in a church for awhile and get ha *Puck.*

THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN.

What a San Franciscan saw in the Mikado's Empire.

If we look at a map of the eastern hemisphere, we shall find that the group of islands known as Japan bear a striking resemblance to the British Isles, and are, in configuration and position, to the continent of Asia what Great Britain and Ireland are to the continent of Europe. Because of their oceanic surroundings, both countries are well watered, and, therefore, susceptible of a very high state of cultivation; but Japan, being in a more southern latitude, the same as Spain and Portugal, possesses the milder climate, and its flora is so brilliant that to be appreciated it must be seen. Its teeming population is, however, confined to a very inconsiderable proportion of the whole country. The cultivation of the soil is limited to the flat and irrigable land abutting upon the ocean, hence the thickly inhabited parts of Japan may be said to be a succession of villages whose borders are almost in contact one with the other.

We entered this interesting country at its southernmost port, Nagasaki, which is famous in the history of European settlement in Japan. Here the Spaniards and Portuguese first established themselves, and from this point was diffused the Christian religion, which seems to have taken a strong hold upon the popular mind, but the *Bonzes* (Buddhist priests), irritated by the hostile bearing of the young native Christians, who, they said, insulted them in their temples, cunningly inflamed the minds of the people against them, and the nobles, alarmed at the encroachments of the Europeans, united in opposition to them. An imperial edict, issued in the latter part of the sixteenth century, forbade any further teaching of the Christian doctrine by the Jesuits under the severest penalties, and the governors and other rulers of the provinces received orders to compel their subjects to abjure the new faith. In the year 1622, a frightful massacre of native Christians and some of their foreign teachers was perpetrated near that place, and a rock, standing in the harbor, is pointed out as the spot from which hundreds, or thousands, of the doomed ones were hurled to death.

Much to our delight, we found in this picturesque harbor the American flag flying from the masthead of the armed cruiser *Dolphin*, and, in the town, met two ladies from San Francisco—mother and daughter—the husband of the latter being an officer on the *Dolphin*. The popular American Consul, Mr. Birch, was most courteous and hospitable. Upon the bluff overlooking the harbor, stands the beautiful cottage of Captain Furber, one of the commanders of the old White Star packets which used to cross the Atlantic before the days of fast steamers. He spoke in kindly terms of Captain Oliver Eldridge, who was one of his contemporaries in that service, and also of Commodore Watkins, who lost his life in that same harbor, by falling down, in the dark, the hatch of the ship which Furber then commanded. This kindly old gentleman, after weathering for many years the storms of the wild Atlantic, has settled down in this tranquil spot, where he intends "to husband out life's taper to the close."

Leaving Nagasaki, we enter the far-famed inland sea, which, to Kobe, our point of destination, is three hundred miles long. If one could imagine Lake Tahoe elongated to that extent, and narrowed at several points to a mere passage for a ship, where one can almost touch the land upon either side, and again widening into expansive proportions, the shore fringed with highly cultivated plateaus and dotted with villages, the landscape ever changing and always beautiful, one could have some faint idea of the inland sea. The navigation of these waters being difficult, our ship anchored one night close to the shore, and from the adjacent village came a swarm of boats filled with people, mostly girls, some of whom appeared to be of the tenderest age, and they all came clambering up the sides and over the ship, and the officers had some difficulty in keeping them within certain prescribed limits, which did not include the passengers' cabin.

Kobe is one of the most important ports of Japan, and must have a large commerce, judging by the number of ships that anchor in, and entering and leaving the harbor. Our ship lay close under the stern of the United States frigate *Omaha*, a name which until that moment had never possessed any special charm for me, but I then and there adopted it as one of those which I shall always remember with pleasure, because from the mast-head of that old, wooden ship floated the ensign of our beloved country, and, like the Roscari when in exile, I, too, felt that I was not "far away from Venice."

From Kobe—the ancient capital of Japan—Kioto is reached by rail in a few hours. This is one of the largest and most interesting cities of that empire, and some of the finest temples—Buddhist and Shinto—are found there. Adjacent and belonging to those temples are two of the largest bronze bells in the world. Their size is something enormous, and they are sounded not by clappers, but by a beam, which is swung upon the outside like a battering-ram, which the priests of the temples operate by a rude kind of machinery. The temples themselves are gorgeous in carving, lacquer, and other adornments, and the visitor must not enter their sacred precincts before removing his shoes. The Jap is not without a sense of humor, and upon occasion is disposed to make fun of the sacred things of his country. One of our party being unprovided with such covering for the feet as would entitle him to enter a temple, had his shoes bound up in handkerchiefs, one of which being sufficient to cover the heel, the guide patted the bare part with his hand, and laughed, as much as to say: "We will fool the priests to this extent at least."

Yokohama is the most modernized part of Japan, and very many foreigners are in business there. Upon the "Bluff," overlooking the city and bay, are some elegant dwellings surrounded by gardens, which are fairly ablaze with flowers. Up there the charming correspondent of the *Argonaut*, Mrs. Allie Hopps Howard, dwells among her beautiful works of art and one thousand teapots. Our genial fellow-townsman, Clarence Greathouse, is consul-general in Yokohama, and it appeared to be the wish of all the people there that he should be retained.

Tillage is brought to the very highest state of perfection by the Japanese, so much so that every plant, as well as every stalk of grain which grows, has the appearance of being specially cared for by human hands. Fields which to the unassisted eye appear to be level are terraced, and supporting walls of stone or earth are thrown up, so that the water, when turned on for purposes of irrigation, spreads itself equally over the entire surface, and everything in the economy of life possessing fertilizing properties is carefully husbanded and given back to the earth, with the result that a farming district presents to the eye of the stranger the appearance of a highly cultivated kitchen-garden. The holdings, which are necessarily small, are subdivided, not by walls or fences as with us, but by certain raised land-marks, which serve as foot-paths for the laborer in going to and returning from his work.

The dwellings of the people appear to us unsubstantial, but, within and without, they are exquisitely neat. The windows are glazed with a peculiar kind of paper which admits the light, but is not transparent, the doors slide instead of turning upon hinges, and locks are unknown to them. As they invariably take off their sandals before entering, one never hears the sound of a footfall in a Japanese house. The floors are covered with matting made in squares (only they are not square, but oblong) and of exquisite finish and neatness. These mats are of uniform size, and in building their houses they subdivide the space into apartments of so many mats, instead of so many square feet, as with us. There are no fire-places or chimneys, and their cooking is done over charcoal, used in the most frugal manner. In winter, they warm their houses and persons by an artificial heat produced in bronze braziers, which contain only a few coals each, and these little warming-pans are to be found everywhere—in the tea-houses, stores, and dwellings.

Their staple articles of food, as with the Chinese, consist of rice and fish, and their favorite beverage is tea, served in the tiniest of cups, without milk or sugar, but those wishing something stronger take "sake," a liquor distilled from rice. As a people, however, the Japanese are temperate and frugal, and their distinguishing traits would seem to be a love of cleanliness, of flowers, and of children.

Children are to be seen everywhere one goes, and judging from outward appearances, are joyously happy. During a sojourn of more than a month in Japan I never heard a child cry. The little ones are strapped upon the backs of their elder (not much older, either) sisters, and as the infants frequently have dolls strapped upon their backs, it follows that almost every bundle of clothes one sees moving about contains three figures, and one of the chief delights of the grown-up people seemed to consist in making the younger happy. Judging from what I have seen of these people and their country, I feel persuaded that California would support a population equal to that of Japan to-day, if it were brought under the same high state of cultivation. The Japanese do many things the reverse of our way; the carpenter draws the plane *toward* him, and the saw is set so as to cut upwards, and the boatman pushes the oar from, instead of drawing it to him. I observed that this practice of handling the oar prevails in China also.

The village of Myanoshita, with its hot baths, is a popular place of resort for the people of Yokohama and Tokio. It is away up in the hills on the road to the beautiful Lake Hokona, near which the emperor has a summer palace, and from which the best view of Fujiyama can be had. Out of the side of the hill, just above this village, bursts a fine stream of very hot water, which supplies the baths in the two hotels and also the *single* bath of the villagers, for be it known that in Japan the people of both sexes and all ages bathe together. Not fifty steps from the hotel in which we were stopping was the bathing-house of the Myanoshitans, and I came upon it quite unexpectedly. Thinking this scene ought not to be monopolized by a single spectator, I called one or two married ladies of our party to witness it, but afterward it lost the flavor of novelty—we became accustomed to it. The Japanese take to water as naturally as young ducks, and with the same indifference touching the feelings of the spectators.

In this connection—bathing and its concomitants—I feel safe in saying that the sensation which we call shame has no existence in the minds of these people, and that they are perfectly innocent of any impropriety of conduct upon such occasions. Speaking upon this subject, a European writer of distinction says: "Every one goes there—to the bath-houses—three or four times a day to perform their ablutions. Men and women, young men and young girls—all in a state of nature—meet together in numbers of fifty or sixty to each bath-house. Crouching and springing upon an inclined plane, surrounded by pyramids of little tubs covered with leather and filled with hot water, these human frogs sprinkle themselves from head to foot till they gradually become as red as lobsters. They rub and scrub themselves unmercifully, then walk about and gayly beg a cigarette from the foreigners looking on. The splendid tattooing of the men shines amid the soft, rose-color of the sprightly nymphs, who are soaped and dried by professional rubbers with the utmost *sang-froid*, as though it was the most natural thing in the world; and I verily believe we too should very soon join the party with the feeling that even social prejudice could scarcely call it shocking."

This singular people cultivate fruit-trees on account, not of the fruit, but of the blossoms they bear. Their cherry-blossom festival, which occurs about the middle of April, is a national holiday throughout Japan, but is said to be seen to the greatest advantage at Yeddo or Tokio, the capital of the nation. In the very heart of this densely populated city are found beautiful parks, a race-course, gorgeous temples, ponds covered with lotus-flowers, and flocks of mandarin-ducks of brilliant plumage. And here, surrounded by moat and wall, are the very extensive grounds wherein the royal family—the court—dwells; but strangers are not admitted inside this inclosure. To the mind of the Japanese, the person of their emperor is sacred, and this is not surprising seeing that, according to their calendar, he is directly descended, through the royal male line—with many zig-zags upon the other side—from a time dating B. C. six hundred and sixty years, and it is a striking fact in the history of this people that during all these centuries the person of the Mikado has never been molested.

F. McC.

JUNE 24, 1889.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Vice-President Morton has been trying to find something to do in Washington. His efforts have been fruitless.

The Prince of Wales gave more than his mother for the Johnstown sufferers. She sent her sympathy. He bought two tickets to Buffalo Bill's benefit performance.

The oldest living peer is Lord Teynham, who has just completed his ninety-first year. He entered the army only a few months after the Battle of Waterloo, and retired more than sixty years ago.

Mr. Labouchère says that he has made up his mind that base-ball is a game not merely inferior to cricket, but to foot-ball, tennis, rackets, and other games, and that it therefore is worth no man's time to learn to play it.

Mme. Etelka Gerster still cherishes the hope, in which she is encouraged by experts, that she will recover the full use of her voice, and she works and practices as methodically as in the stirring days when she used to star in the United States.

Ex-United States Surgeon-General Hammond says he recently ordered a bottle of wine while at dinner in a Rhode Island hotel, and was told by the waiter a physician's prescription would be required. "That's easily obtained," he replied, and gave him this: "R.—Vini Champani, ℥ʒ. William A. Hammond, M. D."

Mr. Frank Hopkinson Smith seems to be able to do several things at the same time and to do them all well. He is an artist, a society man, a musician, a story-teller, and, above all, a story-writer. Mr. Smith was born in Baltimore and intended for trade, not for a professional career, but having amassed a comfortable fortune as a contractor, he took up the study of art, and has become proficient.

The Rev. Sir Thomas Collingwood Hughes became a baronet in February through the death of his nephew (a septuagenarian) in Australia in February last, and he has now paid the debt of nature at ninety-one. A similar instance occurred in the Percy family some three-and-twenty years ago, when the aged Earl of Beverley, at eighty-seven, became, by his nephew's death, Duke of Northumberland.

Secretary Blaine has invited the President to be his guest at Bar Harbor some time in July. The President and Mrs. Harrison are expected to attend Henry C. Bowen's Fourth of July celebration. The Cabinet has also been invited to attend. The President recently insisted upon paying the fare of his wife and party from Washington to Cape May. He said that the inter-State commerce law made this necessary.

The late John Cadbury, of cocoa fame, was for many years a familiar figure in Birmingham streets. He was a Quaker, and dressed like a Quaker, with a broad-brimmed hat and plain black attire. Born in the first year of the century, and the son of a nonagenarian, he had eighty-eight years of life. Ending with cocoa, he began with tea and coffee, and now the great works at Fourneville cover a large acreage, and give employment to more than twelve hundred work-people.

Prince Bismarck has not a high opinion of the conversational powers of sovereigns and princes regnant in general. At the lunch which he gave to certain deputies and other distinguished visitors in Berlin the other day, he was talking of King Ludwig the Second of Bavaria. "He was a man of high intellectual culture," said Bismarck; "I once had an interesting interview with him in 1863. His coversation was far superior to that of most princes, which almost always is like this: 'How are you? How are you feeling? Have you ever been here before?'"

The Major Pendennis of New York is Mr. Peter Marié. The man to whom this rather fanciful term is applied, is tall, slender, but well-proportioned, broad-shouldered, straighter than many men forty years his junior, and as firm on his small, daintily-clad feet as if they had not carried him gracefully and well through some two-score-and-odd social seasons in the metropolis. He has been a beau for more years than one can remember, always the same light-hearted, gallant, and courteous bachelor, to whom, in spite of his sixty-five years, it were cruel and undeserved to apply the adjective old.

The leading tenor of the world to-day—Tamagno—is about forty years of age, and originally assisted his father in the manufacture of mineral waters in Turin. He and his brother, a baritone, became members of a choral society of working-men, who used to give evening concerts in the public gardens, and, in this capacity, the tenor attracted the notice of Signor d'Albezio, who gave him a musical education. Three years later, in 1873, Tamagno made his début in "Un Ballo," at Palermo, and has since been one of the most popular tenors in Italy and Spain, and particularly in South America, where he amassed a fortune. He has a powerful voice, extending two full octaves to the upper C.

Horace Greeley died in 1872. The usual New York committee of prominent and wealthy citizens was at once appointed to solicit funds for a monument. A few thousand dollars were raised and—again as usual in New York—the project was allowed to lapse. Recently, the printers took the matter in hand, and, ten thousand dollars having been collected, a contract has been signed for the erection of a portrait statue of the great editor to cost twenty-five thousand dollars. For the lacking fifteen thousand dollars, of course, an earnest appeal is to be made to the editors and printers of the country. The raising of ten thousand dollars in seventeen years for such a purpose is pretty good work—for New York.

Lieutenant Schwatka claims to have found a tribe of genuine cliff-dwellers in the mountains of Chihuahua, in Mexico. Lieutenant Schwatka's restless spirit will not allow him to settle down to an ordinary way of living. After he came back from the Arctic regions, he resigned from the army, with the intention of devoting himself to literature, but he could not long content himself at this, and a trip to the untraveled parts of Alaska was the result. Now he is seeking what he can discover in Mexico. One would think that the change of climate from that of the pole to that of the tropics would be more than he could stand, but it seems that Lieutenant Schwatka has a physique which can stand almost anything. He weighs over two hundred pounds, but he is so compactly built that no one would suspect it. His flesh is like iron, and his muscles are like steel. The only thing against him as an explorer is that he is very near-sighted, and is obliged to wear glasses all the time. In the Arctic regions this was often a serious obstacle, because the metal rim would bring the skin off his nose with it, and the glasses themselves would get so thickly covered with frost that he could not see through them.

The court-martial which tried Captain Armes for pulling the nose of Governor Beaver, convicted him and recommended that he be dismissed, but the President took pity on him and commuted his sentence to confinement within such limits as the Secretary of War may determine, and to be prohibited from wearing his uniform for five years. Captain Armes is an officer on the retired list, who is erratic to such a degree that there is some question as to his entire responsibility. One of his peculiarities is the wearing of his uniform on every possible occasion. On all occasions which are in whole or part of a military character, although Captain Armes has no connection with them at all, he appears in the full uniform of his grade. He is probably the only officer on the retired list who would be severely punished by being deprived of the right to wear his yellow plume and other finery, and to him the punishment will be almost as severe as dismissal. The captain has been court-martialed three times now, and has each time narrowly escaped dismissal, and it is now freely predicted that inside of a year he will be court-martialed for violating his sentence and appearing in public in his uniform. If he should be required to dispense with the use of his brevet title on his sign as a real-estate dealer, he would collapse under the cruelty.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

George Meredith's new novel is said to have for its theme "The Romance of Journalism," and to be in an advanced state of preparation.

Samuel Waddington says that William Sharp has attempted an impossibility in endeavoring to compile an anthology of two hundred and fifty good American sonnets, for the simple reason that that number of good American sonnets does not exist.

"Letters of Two Centuries" is the title of a book to be published by Mr. Fraser Mackintosh, M. P., containing two hundred private letters, chiefly written by members of Highland Scotch families or addressed to them. He has obtained one letter for each year of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, thus making up the collection of two hundred letters.

A writer in the Chicago *News* says: "I see that Henry Guy Carleton is going to publish a book of his stories and sketches. Mr. Carleton, who has had a varied and curious experience, is one of the best fellows in the world, but stutters inordinately. At the time he was editor of *Life*, he insisted upon entertaining his visitors by funny stories, and became frantic with rage if the point of his tale was discovered by his hearer before he had reached it in his halting speech. He was much interested, in those days, in various kinds of electric appliances, and his desk was lumbered up with batteries, innumerable wires, and all sorts of arrangements foreign to a well-regulated editorial sanctum. His companions, who, with him, occupied a single room in which the entire work of *Life* was done, were Mr. Mitchell, the artist, who, at that time, was suffering from a nervous affection—from which he has since happily recovered—which caused him to twitch and move his hands rather violently when in conversation, and an office-boy, who, I believe, was deaf and dumb. The visitor who happened to go into the *Life* office in those days had much to do to preserve his gravity."

Julian Hawthorne writes in *America*: "It would not be surprising were the Johnstown disaster to modify the whole tone of our fictitious literature—and modify it for the better. The school of repression can scarcely contemplate the outlook with equanimity. We are once more assured, by palpable evidence, that romance is not dead; that the stories are not all written; that heroes and heroines still live, and act, and die; that generosity and self-sacrifice are not selfish affectations; that wickedness as black as hell is no fable. We know, despite all deprecation, that the heights and depths of humanity can not be overstated. One man rides hand in hand with death for the sake of the lives of his fellow-men. Another mutilates the sacred hand of an infant for the sake of its gold ring. A mother intrusts her children, one after the other, to the flood, hoping the reeling plank may save them, but believing that, whether or not, they are safe with God. In the midst of the kingdom of death, another mother brings a new life into the world. An officer of the guard profanes the awful day with maudlin drunkenness. A father who has lost all that Job lost, loafs about dull and indifferent, a chew of tobacco his chief object in life. A population sees the accumulation of lifetimes, and half its own members, annihilated in one desperate hour, and it is silent because silence is the only complete expression of misery. And over all the continent, upon converging lines, are journeying the tangible proof of sympathy from a nation which hastens to acknowledge the indestructible brotherhood of man. The dead did not die in vain, for they died in the great battle which wages forever between the false thought and the true one. After reading our newspapers, the able ways of popular pessimists and infidels seem somehow a trifle thin and sinister. When the storm-cloud cleared away from Johnstown, the sky over the whole earth became bluer than it had been of late. The valley of death may become a valley of life, and the dam that was broken down may have been one of those barriers which oppose the better nature of man in its efforts to vindicate its sovereignty."

There are very few authors in the pages of whose works slips of one kind or another have not been detected. Most of these errors are made in the course of references to scientific facts with which the writers are imperfectly acquainted. For instance, Mr. Walter Besant, as has been lately pointed out, causes, in his "Children of Gideon," a new moon to rise in the east in the middle of the night, or rather at two o'clock in the morning. Again, Mr. Rider Haggard, in the pages of "King Solomon's Mines," makes an eclipse of the moon take place at the new moon instead of at full, when the earth is between the sun and the moon. How many poets, too, have talked about being "up with the lark," and have exalted their cheerful songster as a moral of early rising?—all in the face of natural history, for the greenfinch, the blackcap, the quail, the blackbird, the thrush, the robin, the wren, the house-sparrow, and the tom-tit are all, a French ornithologist says, up in the morning before the lark begins to bestir herself. Even "Robinson Crusoe" has had holes picked in it. The critics of Defoe's time used to ask the author how Crusoe managed to stuff his pockets with biscuits when he had taken off all his clothes before swimming to the wreck. Further, how could he have been at such a loss for clothes (after those he had put off were washed away by the tide) when he had the ship's stores to choose from? And how could he have seen the goat's eyes in the cave when it was pitch dark? Also, how could the Spaniards give Friday's father an agreement in writing, when they had neither paper nor ink? Moreover, how did Friday come to know so intimately the habits of bears, the bear not being a denizen of the West Indian Islands? Trollope, in one of his most successful novels, has the wonderful statement, "Who should come whistling up the street, with a cigar in his mouth, but his new friend, Andy Scott." In "Cut by the County," Miss Braddon makes her hero say at page fifty: "I dropped in at the bank as we drove to the station and got four hundred in notes. I used to carry circular notes, but I have found of late years that your British bank-note will pass current in most parts of the continent." Yet on page sixty-nine, the same character observes: "The money is there in the cabinet—four hundred in circular notes, and we can have plenty more when that is spent."

New Publications.

"A Woman of Sorek," by Anthony Gould, has been published by the American News Company; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

An original American novel, with the startling title "Can Love Sin," by Mark Douglas, has been published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.50.

"Jerry" is a story for young folks, by Ellen F. Pratt; temperance, misery, and the universal passion are the mainsprings of its interest. Published by John B. Alden, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 75 cents.

A desire to place the doctrine of immortality on a more scientific and rational basis, has led Hudson Tuttle to write "Psychic Science." Published by M. L. Holbrook & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.25.

"Burgoyne's Invasion of 1777" is briefly and clearly described by Samuel Drake Adams in the series of Decisive Events in American History. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, 50 cents.

"A History of French Literature," by Charles Woodward Hutson, is a brief statement of the progress of French literature from the early days of the Trouvères to the present time. Published by John B. Alden, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.10.

A clever picture of life in Southern Georgia is presented in "In the Wire Grass," by Louis Pendleton. The humor is genuine, and the plot, though not very connected, shows considerable originality. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"Deacons," a lecture by W. H. H. Murray, has been issued, with a number of illustrations, which disfigure the book and have no apparent utility. Published by Cupples & Hurd, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price: cloth, 75 cents; paper, 50 cents.

The train of reasoning by which Rev. J. A. Hall has arrived at the conclusion that the author and ruler of the world is a personal being is set forth by him in "Glimpses of Great Fields." Published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.25.

"Dorance," by R. E. Nelson, is a story of Southern life during the days of slavery. The author claims an interest in his subject, arising from inheritance if not from experience, and tells an interesting tale. Published by John B. Alden, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 75 cents.

The fifth volume in the series of reprints of English History from Contemporary Writers is "The Crusade of Richard the First." The extracts, selected from a variety of sources by T. A. Archer, are arranged by him in appropriate order. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by William Doxey.

The brighter side of life is dwelt upon most attractively in the second part of Sir John Lubbock's "The Pleasures of Life," and it is safe to predict for this second part the success which has attended the earlier part of the author's reflections on this subject. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, 60 cents.

The fourth volume in the series of stories of the States, is "The Story of Vermont," by John L. Heaton. The story of this little commonwealth, from the days when it was a bone of contention between New Hampshire and New York to the present time, is pleasantly told. Published by D. Lothrop Company, Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.50.

"Picturesque Alaska" is a journal of a trip from San Francisco to Alaska, made by Abby Johnson Woodman. The grandeur of the scenery has naturally affected the author somewhat, and she writes in a spirit of intense enthusiasm. The book makes pleasant reading, however. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.00.

Mrs. Tadlock leaves little to be desired in the number of places described in her "Bohemian Days." It is a record of travel around the world, including Europe, Asia, Africa, and California. The narrative is written in a lively style, and is illustrated by a profusion of wood-cuts of little value. Published by John B. Alden, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.50.

There is no elementary study more incorrectly taught than geography, as it is usually drummed into the heads of unfortunate pupils. "How to Study Geography," by Francis W. Parker, is an attempt to put this branch of instruction on a more rational basis, and it is to be hoped that the attempt will result in some improvement. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by William Doxey.

The desire to write a story "without a woman in it," the author tells us, was what induced W. H. H. Murray to write "The Man who Didn't Know Much," and the desire to introduce the principal character of this story, John Norton, Trapper, to the general reader, inspired "The Story that the Keg Told Me." These two stories are now reprinted by Cupples & Hurd, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.50.

A handsome edition of Hugo's "Notre Dame de Paris," in the original French, has been published in two volumes. The volumes are printed in excellent style on heavy paper, with clear type, and are illustrated with numerous engravings by Bieler, Myrbach, and Rossi. The publisher deserves much credit for the handsome style in which he is issuing standard French novels. Published by William R. Jenkins, New York; for sale by the booksellers.

A bright and interesting series of sketches is Alphonse Daudet's "Recollections of a Literary Man," translated by Laura Ensor. There are short, suggestive, rather than comprehensive, portraits of persons, prominent in politics, literature, and the theatre, in which a few pronounced characteristics have been seized and are portrayed in a manner that makes the character stand out before you; a few sketches of the Franco-Prussian War, filled with the spirit of patriotic energy, and patriotic sadness at the ruin wrought by the enemy; and notes on life in Paris and in the provinces, both vivid and interesting. Published by George Routledge & Sons, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.50.

The adventures of an athletic, handsome, and light-hearted fellow, transformed into a hopeless, cynical cripple by a painful accident, gazing eagerly across the threshold of the open door through which he longs to pass, leaving behind him life with all its pain and bitter disappointments, is not a very promising subject for a work of fiction in which the tender passion plays the usual conspicuous part. Yet it is around such an invalid that Blanche Willis Howard's story, "The Open Door," revolves. The story is far more interesting than this central figure would suggest, however. The character of Count Hugo, the invalid, with his little black book, in which he notes down choice sentiments, original and selected, concerning suicide; with his cynical treatment of those around him; with his natural generosity and good-heartedness, which he crushes back resentfully, is consistent throughout, and its development is admirable. The countess and Frau Major, Gabrielle and Mercedes, form a quartet, in which each couple has sufficient in common to render their differences striking. The sub-plot of the loves of Röschen and Dietz furnishes a slightly tragic element, and Mousey and his "Mumsey" furnish enough of humor. The plot has few surprises, but it is well developed, and the denouement, though abrupt, is satisfactorily conventional. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York; for sale by C. Beach; price, $1.50.

Some Magazines.

The fiction of *Lippincott's* for July is confined to "Ten Minutes to Twelve," by M. G. McClelland, the complete story, and the eleventh installment of Tourgee's "With Gauge and Swallow." The second part of George W. Childs's "Reminiscences" is given, and "Our Greatest Inventor" (Ericsson) is described by John Habberton. Other prominent articles are "Authorship in the South before the War," by Thomas Nelson Page; "The Courtesies of Summer Resorts," by Anne H. Wharton; and Edgar Fawcett's review of "Mrs. Chanler's Last Novel." The poetry includes four selections: "Inspiration," by Debbie H. Silver; "A Dervish," by Clinton Scollard; "A Gala Day," by M. A. DeW. Howe, Jr.; and "Life," by Florence Earl Coates.

The *Overland Monthly* for July contains the second paper of Eugene J. Trippel on the "Yuma Indians," illustrated by G. E. Lyon, G. H. Piper, and Miss R. F. Lewis. Professor Joseph Le Conte has an interesting article on "The South Revisited." "High Explosives" are discussed by C. E. B. Morrison J. Swift inquires "Shall University Culture be more Widely Diffused?" "Olive Culture in California" is treated by S. S. Boynton. Edward Berwick advocates arbitration as "The Great Want of all Civilized Nations"; and the "Annexation of Mexico" is discussed by Henry S. Brooks. The stories are: "Who Died at Weissthurm?" by Ninette Eames; "The Old Master," by M. F. S. Williams; "A Dispute Concerning Cushions," by C. B.; and "From an Invalid's Window," by K. M. B.

Scribner's for July is a "Fiction Number." Besides the regular installment of Stevenson's "Master of Ballantrae," five short stories are offered: "How the Derby was Won," by Harrison Robertson; "The Rock of Béranger," by T. R. Sullivan; "The Governor," by George A. Hibbard; "The Story of a Lost Car," by John R. Spears; and "The Two Mollies," by Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen. The electric article is "The Telegraph of To-day," described by Charles L. Buckingham, and Margaret Crosby writes of "The Copeland Collection." An amusing comedietta, in one act, by Annie Eliot, is entitled "From Four to Six." The poetry includes "Worship," by Graham R. Tomson; "Lost Light," by Edward S. Martin; "Griefs," by Charles Edward Markham; "Ballade, To Sandra, in Absence," by Duncan Campbell Scott; "Friendlessness," by H. P. Kimball; and "A Singer," by Richard Henry Stoddard.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Mr. Sergeant Dunning was examining a witness, whom he asked if he did not live at the very verge of the court, and received a reply in the affirmative. "And, pray, why have you selected such a spot for your residence?" asked the counsel. "In the vain hope of escaping the rascally impertinence of 'dunning.'"

One time, on the Texas frontier, a man came into camp riding on an old mule. "How much for the mule?" asked a by-stander. "Jist a hundred dollars," answered the rider. "I'll give you five dollars," said the other. The rider stopped short, as if in amazement, and then slowly dismounted. "Stranger," said he, "I ain't a-goin' to let a little matter of ninety-five dollars stand between me and a mule trade. The mule's yourn."

Lord William Poulet was said to be the author of a pamphlet called "The Snake in the Grass." A gentleman, abused in it, sent him a challenge. Lord William protested his innocence, but the gentleman insisted upon a denial under his hand. Lord William took up a pen and began: "This is too sartefy thut the hock kalled the snak——" "Oh, my Lord!" said the gentleman, "I am satisfied. Your lordship has already convinced me you did not write the book."

In 1866, Henry Irving stood on the stage of a theatre at Liverpool wondering what he should do in the summer months, when the theatre would be closed and he would be left without an engagement or a shilling. A letter was brought to him from Dion Boucicault, offering him a part in a new play and asking his terms. "Six pounds a week," he wrote, and added that he hoped the part was a good one. The answer was characteristic: "DEAR SIR: the part *is* a good one. The salary is more than I intended giving, but I never bargain with an artist. Yours, Dion Boucicault."

On the west shore of Narranganset Bay, about four miles from Providence, is the village of Pawtuxet, whose native inhabitants dig most of the clams used at the shore resorts on the bay. The wife of a summer resident one afternoon received a call from a villager, who explained her presence by saying that she had just been to old Deacon Greene's funeral, and seeing she was dressed up, she thought she would "drop in and set a minute." "I suppose there was a large attendance, the deacon was so well known?" said the lady. "Wal, no," replied the villager, "'cause the tide was out." Then noticing the lady's puzzled look, she added, "Most of 'em had gone clamming."

An Englishman, in exploring the North and Baltic Seas on his yacht, once picked up a pilot, who made sundry sarcastic and patronizing remarks as to the leaky condition of the yacht, for she was a boat requiring constant pumping. Presently across the dikes loomed up an enormous congregation of windmills. "What do you have all these windmills for?" asked a sailor. "To pump de water off de land," replied the pilot; "if those was not always turning round, us Hollanders would soon all be drowned." "Well, pilot," returned the captain, "you were very severe just now because our boat leaked, but you must confess that your country leaks harder still." The pilot smiled, in spite of himself.

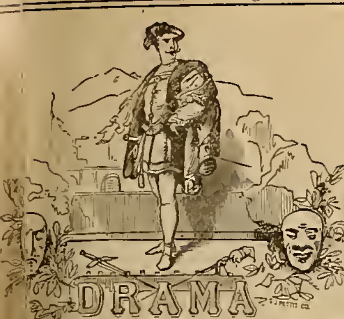
Jemmy O'Neill was the favorite servant of General Jackson at the time the general was President. Jemmy used to indulge a little too freely in liquor, and, on such occasions, assumed too much control over visitors to the White House, as well as over the inmates. Wearied out with complaints, Jackson decided to dismiss the servant, and, having sent for him, said: "Jemmy, you and I must part." "Why so, general?" asked Jemmy. "Because," replied the general, "every one complains of you." "And do you believe them, general?" asked Jemmy, with a mixture of surprise and reproach. "Of course," answered Jackson, "what every one says must be true." "Well, now, general," said Jemmy, "I've heard twice as much said against you, and I never would believe a word of it."

In India, there is a famous border freebooter known as Tantia Bhee, who is the cause of much trouble to the authorities. He has long been wanted, but, like Scottish Rob Roy, Tantia does not seem to stand much in awe of the powers that be. A body of native police recently set out in pursuit of the robber, and halted at a spot near one of his favorite haunts. During the halt a "barber" joined the police, and his services were requisitioned by the officer in command. The "barber" was, after the manner of barbers, loquacious, and talked freely of the Dacoit and his doings. "Ah," he said at last, "there is only one way of catching Tantia." "And how is that?" eagerly asked the officer. "In this way," said the shaver, cutting off the tip of the jemadar's nose, "I am Tantia." Tantia bolted off into the jungle, leaving the unfortunate jemadar streaming with blood. Pursuit was in vain. The "barber" made good his escape.

An Irishman was ordered to make a coffin, which he did, and to paint the inscription on the lid, which he did after a fashion which caused a little excitement in the church-yard. By dint of following the written copy, he managed to get as far as "Michael O'Rafferty, aged ——"; but, try as he would, he could not imitate the twenty-eight. At last, he remembered that he could write seven, and that four sevens made twenty-eight. So he finished it. When they came to bury Michael, the coffin stood at the grave-side, and the priest spoke as follows: "Ah, he was a fine lad. He's lying there so still, taken away in the prime of loife. Young he was, too, only——" Here the priest looked down at the coffin-plate to see how old Michael was. "He was only," said his reverence again, and he put his glasses on and went nearer, to see how old he really was, "he was only," he continued, "seven thousand seven hundred and seventy-seven years old."

When the late Sir F. Gore Ouseley was a gentleman commoner at Christ Church, Oxford, some of his fellow-commoners took it ill that he should choose his friends among the literary and studious men—like Rich, Hampden, and Liddon—rather than among his own set, men who hunted or ratted, or, at least, gambled. So a "Vehmgericht" sat on him, and decreed that he should be screwed up. Somehow Ouseley got wind of their intentions, and took measures accordingly. He laid in a stock of cayenne-pepper and some fetid chemical (probably it was assafetida), and bored some holes in his oak. No sooner had the enemy begun operations than they found themselves half-suffocated with clouds of pepper, emitted through a hot blower, and then besquirted with the foul liquid. Having forced them to beat a retreat into the opposite rooms, he promptly screwed them up by means of the engines they had prepared against himself. The assailants capitulated, and thenceforward Ouseley lived on friendly terms with the "fast" set, though he was never intimate with them.

A Virginian was showing a company of Northern men over a battle field, when one of them said: "I am reminded of an incident which occurred here. I had charge of a gun over there near Fort Morton. One Sunday, while there was no firing going on and we were all loafing about, I saw a man come over that hill by the cemetery and down across this slope toward the rear of the Confederate lines. His comfortable and serene manner irritated me. I determined to see how close I could come to him, and we all chuckled at the idea of scaring the life out of him. I took good aim and landed a shot about six feet from him. You ought to have seen him jump! He was the most demoralized Johnny Reb you ever saw. How he did run! and how we laughed to see him!" "So you are the man who fired that shot, are you?" said the Virginian. "Yes; do you know anything about it?" "Well, yes, I think I do," was the reply; "I was the fellow you shot at. I was a lad coming with something for my father, who was in the works. I didn't suppose there was a Yankee fool enough or mean enough to shoot a cannon at one little fellow carrying grub to his father. But you don't exaggerate the scare. I didn't grow another inch in a year."



"[S]weet Lavender" is as unaffectedly pretty, as sweet romantic, as a picture by Marcus Stone. It is a [ra]ther flimsy, very dainty little play, unfolding an extr[em]ely simple and straightforward story with gentle d[eli]cacy and refinement. There is nothing exciting [or] forcible in it, there are no violent contrasts, no startling situations, no strong scenes—even the humor is of subdued and quiet quality, which makes a smile rather than a laugh. But in the artistic sim[plic]ity of its construction it can rank with some of the most finished of the French comedy-dramas. Bar[ring th]e rigid tableaux and climaxes at the end of ev[ery ac]t, it is as perfectly harmonious a little play as [one] could wish to see. The tableaux are spots upon [the] su[n]. Mr. Pinero evidently deemed it necessary [for dr]amatic effect to have the curtain drop on the [whole c]ompany grouped in attitudes of graceful hor[ror or s]urprise. The determined forcing and crowd[ing of] the company into groups, and bunching to[gether] of the loose ends of the story into an abrupt, [tri]angle, comes so suddenly after a series of [scenes o]f the most easily flowing naturalness, that [one] is taken into sudden consciousness that after all [he has] been watching a play, not taking a surrepti[tious gli]mpse at an episode in real life. If Mr. Pinero [had for]ego this awakening shock, if these protuber[ant cli]maxes were planed off a little—leveled to the [exc]ellence of the rest of the piece—"Sweet [Laven]der" would be a little gem—a small gem, but [one] of a good water. It is with an agreeable [sense] of having witnessed somewhat of a novelty, [that one] leaves the theatre, cheerfully conscious that [there has] been no undue agony, no heroine has wept [salt] tears, no hero has clutched his forehead with ["O, my God!"] no one has knelt and prayed, or [fou]ght a duel. The picture which remains on [the mind], though unpretentious and faintly hued, is [harmoni]ous and finely executed.

[In "S]weet Lavender," Mr. Pinero is content to be [orig]in[al]. There was a time when this was not a dis[tinguish]ing characteristic of the gifted English play[wright]. Making over old ideas was a practice to [which M]r. Pinero did seriously incline at one time. [In the d]ays when "The Squire" rose resplendent [from Tho]mas Hardy's masterpiece, Mr. Pinero's pi[racy was] of so open and unabashed a nature that the [word] "Pinerized" was coined expressly for the [purpose] of designating those plays stolen from the [works of] injured authors, who bleated or blustered [their wron]gs. There has been a reform since then. ["Swee]t Lavender" breaks new ground. No. 3 [Brain] Court is a more or less original setting, and [Dick] Phenyl has no nearer relation in literature than [that ho]peless reprobate as Captain Costigan.

[The wh]ole interest of the play is focussed upon this [singul]ar attractive old inebriate. Without him it is [one can] think of what would happen to "Sweet Laven[der"—a]ction might yawn for No. 3 Brain Court [and t]he pretty, well-dressed people who flit [throu]gh and circle round the bright light of Dick [Phenyl's d]elightful personality and rubicund visage. [Their re]fined and dainty love-making, their elegant [little lov]ing quarrels, their bright snatches of conver[sation, the]ir little scraps of carefully balanced pathos, [all be]came to the picture of the foolish, tender, [old m]an, sitting dejected in his arm-chair, pulling [his mou]stache with an uncertain hand, and faltering [in a qu]avering "Yes, Lavvy, dear." This is the [crow]ning scene in the play. The sentiment has [been t]urned to the most perfect pitch. There is not a [sug]gestion of mawkishness in it. Its simplicity and [sincer]ity and the consummate art of Miss Dillon and [Mr. Le] Moyne, render it deliciously natural, unaffect[ed, and] touching. The expression alone of the old man's [eyes]—vacant eyes, the nervous fingering of his [beard wit]h a tremulous, withered hand, are touches [as] delicate, as minute yet broad, as those by [which] Sargent makes his portraits breathe. Mr. [Le] Moyne's Phynel is so intensely vital, so concen[trated] in its realism, that the surrounding figures [would] grow misty beside it. It has the same [eff]ect on those around it that a painting of Turner's [has] on adjacent pictures, dimming them all into [nothing]s by its rich brilliance.

[To pa]ss from Phynel to the other characters in the [pie]ce is a descent. They are all more or less familiar [figur]es, d[rawn] in a light, graceful, careful manner. The [most re]markable figure on this second plane is Mr. [Ke]lcey's Horace Braeme is a modified type of [the] good old, regulation, stage-American in an En[glish] play. It is only due to Mr. Kelcey's cleverness [and] skill that one laughs with Horace Braeme and [not] at him. In the hands of any one less positive and [ori]ginal, [th]e hurried American would have become [me]rely another edition of George Washington Phipps. It is amusing to note the persistence of English novelists and playwrights in daringly dealing hand-to-hand with the incomprehensible, unintelligible American. It used to be the girl, and we have suffered with her. We have read innumerable books in which she figures as a sort of weird, bewildering, composite creature of overwhelming vulgarity, reckless courage, and cast-iron respectability. She has been as far asunder as the poles, as in the Fuchsia Leach of "Ouida," who always sat with her feet on chairs when there were no mantel-pieces near, wore golden hair at a dollar a bottle, and smoked cigarettes all day long, to William Black's Miss Peggy, who had not an American trait, phrase, or word in her whole repertoire, the nearest approach to a national characteristic being a banjo. We have laughed over Lawrence Oliphant's Californian beauty, with her "Shove ahead, old chappie," and her science in the manipulation of a long-trained dress, and yawned over Anthony Trollope's charming New Yorker, whose father had run for President, and whose one lapse from the strictest English propriety of action and speech was the admission that she had muddied her stockings when walking in the rain. The American man has not been so alluring to the English writer. But the French have ventured to depict him, and succeeded in creating several harmless and amiable Frankensteins, erratic, fascinating, mythological monsters, who are artists with any form of fire-arm, and who, when they get into scrapes, have a splendid, off-hand way of saying "Combien?" and throwing down a purse bursting with gold and bank-notes.

Horace Breame is no more of an American than John Harris. There is a mild attempt visible to connect him with the land of the wooden nutmegs in making him allude to the Gilfillian party as "very delightful ladies" and Mr. Wedderburn as "a very pleasant gentleman." He also says, "Why, certainly," when taken by surprise, and gives evidence of that state of breathless hurry which is supposed to stamp the children of this glorious republic. Mr. Pinero, influenced strongly by tradition, has yet attempted to modify the old type into something less aggressive, with, for result, a sort of agreeable nondescript, neither American nor English. Mr. Kelcey does all that is possible with Horace, and is skillful enough to make him a thoroughly charming fellow, whatever nationality he may belong to.

To Miss Cayvan, who is a New Englander, is allotted the part of a stiff English girl, with a mamma—a part which Mrs. Whiffen fills to perfection. The stiff English girl, by the way, has nothing to learn from her chaperoneless, American cousin in the way of conducting an international flirtation. The docile Minnie would be regarded in this country as a flourishing example of the "Corner Girl" in a high state of cultivation. Miss Cayvan, whose Americanism is as apparent as Horace Breame's Anglicism, is very pretty as Minnie—lady-like, natural, and easy. She is, as always, too subdued and reserved. Helen Truman was, at the best, a feeble, colorless creature; but Minnie Gilfillian, who drives to her cousin's apartments in the Temple alone in a hansom cab, for the purpose of telling that young gentleman that she relinquishes all claims to his hand and heart, is by no means either feeble or colorless. She is a brilliant, vivacious creature, and Miss Cayvan could improve her with a dash more spirit and *diablerie*.

The rest of the company fill their parts well, and do not, as they did in "The Wife," rattle round in them. Mr. Miller, liberated from the oppressive shadow of the lachrymose Robert Gray, redeems himself nobly. He is delightful as Clem, and has the most sunny and ingratiating smile. Keep Mr. Miller and sickly sentiment far apart, and you have an actor thoroughly gentlemanly and agreeable, good-looking, and quite competent to take such parts as Clem to the satisfaction of everybody. Let Mr. Miller and sickly sentiment come together, and they both are somewhat worsted by the encounter.

G. B.

STAGE GOSSIP.

"Waddy Googan" will follow "Pete" at the Alcazar.

"The Wife" will be presented for the Fourth of July matinée at the Baldwin.

Joe Murphy in "The Donaugh" will follow Robert Mantell at the California Theatre.

In the fourth act of "The Paymaster" there is a "tank scene" turned on end. It represents a cascade, twenty-seven feet high, over which real water dashes and splashes in a very realistic manner.

"The Marquise" is a translation from the French of Sardou. It deals with the complications resulting from an accusation of murder made against an innocent man. The murder has been witnessed by a young naval officer, but he dares not reveal the facts for fear of scandalizing the woman he loves.

On Monday, the Bijou Theatre will present Robert Buchanan's "Partners," which was so successful when played by the Madison Square Company at the Baldwin last year. Lewis Morrison assumes the character of Borgfeldt, taken by Salvini last year, but Mr. Morrison translates him from a German to an American.

In the support of Duncan B. Harrison at the Bush Street Theatre next week, several familiar faces will be seen. Miss Beatrice Lieb made a good impression when here before; Theodore Hamilton was a member of the McKee Rankin Company at the California; and Thomas A. Wise will be welcomed as a native of this city.

When Edward Harrigan played his engagement at the Bush Street Theatre two years ago, he was busy putting the finishing touches on "Pete," his first drama of the South. It is this play in which he will appear at the Alcazar next week. The cast includes Charlie Reed, Joseph and John Sparks, Mrs. Yeamans, and Ethel Brandon.

Next week will see the last performances of the minstrels at the California. They will be followed, on July 8th, by Robert Mantell in D'Eanery's "Monbars," a sensational drama, in which the hero suffers everything, including the deprivation of his love, a bite by a rabid dog, the cauterization of the wound by himself, a duel, and an attempt at poisoning.

The cast of characters in "The Marquise," at the Baldwin next week, will be as follows: Marquis d'Autal, Herbert Kelcey; Rodolphe de Chamery, Henry Miller; Gaston de Verneuil, Nelson Wheatcroft; Brisson, Charles Walcot; Martel, W. J. Le-Moyne; Dr. Rousseau, Walter Bellows; Lamolle, Charles S. Dickson; Labrise, B. Davis; Helene de Fontange, the Marquise d'Autal, Miss Georgia Cayvan; Countess de Merville, Miss Grace Henderson; Mme. de Berney, Mrs. Charles Walcot; Andrée, Miss Louise Dillon.

"The Paymaster," to be given at the Bush Street Theatre next week, turns on the rivalry between the Paymaster and the Colonel of his regiment, and the plots of the latter to defeat his more successful rival. The Colonel, after the manner of all well-regulated stage-villains, steals some of the money intrusted to the Paymaster, and fastens the crime on the latter. Various complications of absorbing interest follow, and in the end the villain is foiled. The play is written by Mr. Harrison, who assumes the principal rôle, and it has proved very successful.

The Bush Street Theatre has been occupied during the week by Miss Anita Fallon. She has presented "The Coral Bracelet," a drama adapted from the French by the actress herself. There is an immense amount of sensational and emotional interest in the play, and the staging and costuming has been elaborate. The support has rested chiefly upon Mr. Harry Mainhall, as the Count of Faverne; Mr. Neil Warner, as Seraphin, the royal notary; Miss Meda Brown, as Genevieve; and Miss Fanny Bowman, as Rose Linon.

The Shakespearean "first part" of the minstrels, now at the California, is a most extraordinary performance. The curtain rises on as motley a crowd "as ever cut a throat or scuttled a ship," and all in ill-fitting costumes. Then a lank youth comes forward and goes through some unmeaning performances with a drum-major's staff, Romeo sings "Sally in Our Alley," Hamlet sings "Bell Buoy," "a beautiful baritone ballad," as King John alliteratively informs us; two Touchstones give a double song and dance, and Othello, looking wonderfully like Mother Frochard, sings "The Arrow and the Song," already made familiar to us by being the only song that Mr. Frillman ever sings. It is a most extraordinary performance.

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S NEW STORY, "The Wrong Box," beautifully bound, is sold for seventy-five cents by Pierson & Robertson, 126 Post St.

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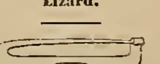
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Printed from copper-plate in the latest style and best quality.

If you have not received our new sample book of FINE STATIONERY, send name and address, and we will take pleasure in mailing you one.

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721 MARKET STREET (HISTORY BUILDING), SAN FRANCISCO.
TELEPHONE No. 1961.

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FURNITURE, CARPETS, UPHOLSTERY.

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Steam Cooked and Desiccated

A. B. C. CRUSHED WHITE OATS,

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TWICE COOKED.

Made from the Finest Grains. All Hulls and Impurities Removed. Prepared for the Table in Ten Minutes.

AMERICAN BREAKFAST CEREALS.

The superiority of these products is owing to their being **twice cooked**, first by steam and then roasted with superheated air (desiccated), which removes all traces of moisture.

PATENTED.

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Only the best materials used, and all goods first class.

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BAKER & HAMILTON,

San Francisco and Sacramento,

SELLING AGENTS.

DIALECT VERSE.

The Agoostic.

His name was William Mullins, and
He had a sneerin' way
Of turnin' his proboscis up
At everything you'd say.
"Wall, now, how do you know?" said he;
"Humph, now, how do you know?"
The way it closed an argument
Wasn't by no means slow.

You might be talking social like
With fellows at the store
On war, and politics, and sich,
And you might have the floor
And be a-gettin' things down fine,
Provin' that things was so,
When Mullins would stick his long nose in
With "Humph, how do you know?"

I seen that critter set in church
And take a sermon in,
And turn his nose up in a sneer
At death, and grace, and sin.
With no regard for time and place,
Or realms of endless woe,
He'd rise and bust the whole thing up
With "Humph, how do you know?"

He cut his grass whenever it rained,
He shocked his wheat up green,
He cut his corn behind the frost,
His hogs was allus lean,
He built his stacks the big end up,
His corn-cribs big end down;
"Crooked as Mullins' roadside fence"
Was a proverb in our town.

The older he got the worse he grew,
And crookeder day by day;
The squint of his eyes would wind a clock,
His toes turned out each way,
His boots and shoes were both of them lefts,
The rheumatiz twisted so;
But if you said he didn't look well
He'd growl, "Now, how do you know?"

And that darned grit led to his death—
He was on the railroad track
Crossin' a bridge; I heard the train
And yelled, "Mullins, come back!
The train is round the curve in sight!"
Says he, "Humph, how do you know?"
I helped to gather him up in a pail
The engine scattered him so.

I think it's best to have more faith
In every-day concerns,
And not be allus a snoopin' round
To get behind the returns.
A plain statement will do for me,
A bint instead of a blow;
A coroner's jury may fetch out facts,
But it's rather late to know

—*C. M. Snyder in Boston Globe.*

Afeared of a Gal.

Oh, darn it all!—afeared of her,
And such a mite of a gal!
Why two of her rolled into one
Won't ditto sister Sal.
Her voice is as sweet as the whippoorwill's
And the sunshine's in her hair:
But I'd rather face a redskin's knife,
Or the grip of a grizzly bear.
Yet Sal says, "Why, she's such a dear,
She's just the one for you."
Oh, darn it all!—afeared of a gal,
And me just six feet two!

Though she ain't any size, while I'm
Considerable tall,
I'm nowhere when she speaks to me,
She makes me feel so small.
My face grows red; my tongue gets hitched,
The cussed thing won't go;
It riles me, 'cause it makes her think
I'm most tarnation slow.
And though folks says she's sweet on me,
I guess it can't be true.
Oh, darn it all!—afeared of a gal,
And me just six feet two!

My sakes! just s'pose if what the folks
Is saying should be so!
Go, Cousin Jane, and speak to her,
Find out, and let me know.
Tell her the gals should court the men,
For isn't this leap year?
That's why I'm kinder bashful like,
Awaiting for her here.
And should she hear I'm scared of her,
You'll swear it can't be true.
Oh, darn it all!—afeared of a gal,
And me just six feet two!

—*New York Tribune.*

Sleep Enough.

O I hate this gittin' up, gittin' up, gittin' up,
O I hate this gittin' up, wuss'n dirt.
I'd like to lay in bed till the evenin' sun was red;
An' if folks should think I'm dead, 't wouldn't hurt.

I have been a-gittin' up, gittin' up, gittin' up;
I have been a-gittin' up, forty year;
Sence I used to live to hum, an' my father used to come
With his finger an' his thumb on my ear.

I have been a-gittin' up, ez I'm bound, ez I'm bound,
Fur I reckernize the fact, I am bound.
Gittin' up before the fowls, with my eyes like hooter owls,
When the voice of duty yowls, "Hustle round!"

I've hustled round an' sparred, hustled round, bustled round;
I've scratched, an' fit, an' tore, an' hustled round;
Till I'd like to take a berth in the cemetery earth,
An' sleep fur all I'm worth, under ground.

I'll lead a righteous life, righteous life, righteous life;
I'll lead a righteous life, ef I bust,
An' when Gab'l sounds his trump, starting sinners on the jump,
I'll wait the final dump, full o' trust.

I'll go to Angel Gabe, Angel Gabe, Angel Gabe,
I'll go to Angel Gabe an' I'll say,
Don't you go fur to salute, I'm a common kind o' coot,
Jest an ornery galoot, plain as hay.

Yer don't need to make no show, make no show, make no show.
Yer don't need to put on style, not fur me.
I don't want no harp, nor crown, nor no shinin' golden gown,
For my tastes is all low down, like I be.

Jest yer put me anywheres, anywheres, anywheres,
So it's somewheres I kin sleep, *sleep to stay.*
Any shake-down yer kin fix, whar it's always half-past six,
Whar it gits to thar an' *sticks*, all the day.

Then yer send a nigger kid, nigger kid, nigger kid,
Ef thar's cullud angels thar, ez I s'pose.
Send him twicet a day to shake at my shoulder till I wake,
An' tell me make a break fer my clo'es.

Then I'll sort o' groan an' yawn, groan an' yawn, groan an' yawn,
An' roll over on my back, half a turn,
Then remember pretty soon, reckernize that octoroon,
An' tell the angel-coon, "*You be durn!*"

Then I'll hear him crawl away, crawl away, crawl away,
An' he'll whisper ez he goes, "Don't you stir!"
Then I'll snozzle down, jest so, whar it's sleepy warm below,
Jest a-murmurin' ez I go, "Thank you, *sir.*" —*Puck.*

Kossuth, on the twenty-seventh of April, was eighty-seven years old. In the coming August it will be forty years since he saw his native country for the last time.

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

It was in August of the year 1910. Along the dusty street of a little town in Massachusetts came a curious-looking procession. Four lean and spavined horses drew the rattling remains of a once handsome open harouche, on the rear seat of which were two boys of about ten, dressed in dusty velveteen suits and wide collars. From the front seat, a Newfoundland and a coach-dog gazed about in dignified silence, as if even they had seen better days.

After the harouche came an express-wagon, filled with a motley crowd of tired-looking men and women, upon whose unsheltered heads the hot summer sun beat pitilessly.

"Gee, whiz, Jimmy," said a small boy in the street to his play-fellow, as the parade came into view; "here comes der circus, sure!"

But his companion, with the proud consciousness of his superior knowledge, replied: "That ain't de circus, Eddy; them's actors."

And even as he spoke, one of the men in the wagon threw out some small hand-bills, which read as follows:

WILL EXHIBIT
at
HAWKSBORO TOWN HALL.
For One Night Only,
Owing to Numerous Engagements Elsewhere:
SMITH'S GREAT DOUBLE
LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY COMPANY.

Two Fauntleroys,
Two Mothers,
Two Dorincourts,
Two Grocery-men,
Two Boot-blacks,
and the Pair of Fierce Mastiffs,
BANQUO AND MACBETH.

During the evening, the wonderful trick horses, Prince and Princess, will be introduced.

A WEALTH OF SCENERY,
including, in
Act I.—THE GROCERY STORE.
[*Cedric On a Raisin-box.*]
Act II.—THE STEAMER ON THE ATLANTIC.
[*Cedric On Deck.*]
Act III.—CASTLE DORINCOURT.
[*Cedric On His Own Estates.*]

Positively One Night Only.
Admission, 25 Cents;
Children, 10 Cents.

History had repeated itself, and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had a rival.—*Puck.*

Cross-Purposes.

One of the most ingenious attempts at a verbal understanding is that recorded by the author of "The *Falcon* on the Baltic," an interesting account of yachting experiences:

We arrived at the town of Hoorn, and there, while a crowd gathered on the quay, an old woman addressed us. She became quite angry when she found that we could not understand her, and she began to scream at the top of her voice, heedless of the fact that we were not deaf, but merely ignorant of her language.

Having failed utterly to explain herself, she suddenly ceased her clamor, and beckoned me with her bony hand to follow her. Her air of authority was such that I dared not refuse. I crawled on to the quay, and did her bidding with a sinking heart. She led me through the street in silence till we reached a small house. The door stood open. Again she beckoned. I hesitated. Then she seized me by the hand and dragged me in.

A crowd of inquisitive boys had followed us. She slammed the door in their faces, and I was left alone with this mysterious woman.

Her next proceeding was to unlock the drawer of a fine, old, carved hureau, which I coveted even in that moment of trepidation. From this she took a small hook, which, without saying a word, she placed in my hand. I opened it at the title-page, and lo! it proved to be a French-Dutch dictionary.

I consulted the pages, and pointed out to her the Dutch equivalent for the words, "What do you want with me?"

She opened the hook in her turn, and, following her finger with my eyes, I read in succession the two words, "*Huit sous.*"

A light broke on my dull intelligence. I hastily turned over the dictionary again, and showed her the uncouth Dutch word which stood for "harbor-master."

"*Ja! ja!*" she cried, laughing, and slapping me on the back.

We understood each other at last. This was the harbor-mistress, and when I had paid her the fourpence, she allowed me to depart.

Songs Wanted.

A young woman in the mining regions of California recently wrote the following letter to a music-dealer in Sacramento:

"Have you got a song with the words & accompliment called chipy Get your Hair cut, johny get you gun—I don't know the name of the song but I think that is part of the first verse. Please let me know right away if you have it & the price of it & also have you the music of a Song called of the day and the price of it, & have you got a song called she is my big Fat Consumpted liza jane & price of it."

These inquiries will remind our readers of the only communication ever written by Larry O'Rorke, during his imprisonment, to his wife Margaret: "For the luv of God send me pop Goes the Weezle."—*Buffalo Commercial.*

Expert Testimony.

Little Nan, of four summers, considering it her duty to entertain a lady who is waiting for mamma, enters into conversation:

Nan—Have you got any little girls?
The caller—Yes, I have two.
Nan—D-do you ever have to whip 'em?
The caller—I'm afraid I have to, sometimes.
Nan—What do you whip 'em with?
The caller (amused)—Oh, when they've been very naughty, I take my slipper.
Nan (most feelingly, as mamma enters)—Y-yo-you ought to use a hair-brush; my mamma does, and it hurts awfully.—*Life.*

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MR. FREDERICK ZECH, JR.,

Residing during this summer at San will receive his pupils at Gray's Music 206 Post Street, until the completion of h residence, 1229 Bush Street, near Larkin

MR. ALFRED KELLEHER,
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Mondays and Thursdays at Mills College. Mr. K forming a class for the study of part music for fema Ladies desirous of attending can address or call a
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FOR BOYS AND YOUNG GENTLEM
Prepares students for college or for b under resident masters of proved abilit Next school year will begin July 16, 18
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REMOVED TO 2237 JACKSON STRE
Miss Emily Edmunds, by special request, classes in the Grammar and High School Grades, Primary Department for young boys and girls, wit open-air play-grounds.
Instruction and Recreation for little children in d garten. Modern Methods for Languages an Reference kindly permitted to the Rt. Rev. Bishop the parents of pupils.

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(Near Broadway).
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Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies
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MRS. S. B. GAMBLE,
Fall Term commences July 29th

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137 & 139 POST ST., SAN FRANCIS

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SALITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN, via

PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE.

mencing Sunday, March 31, 1889, and until notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

N FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN FAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.30, 3.25, 5.00 P. M.

—8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 12 30, 1.30, 2.45, 5.00, 6.30, P. M.

N RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week s)—8.10, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.55 P. M. —8.00, 9.50, 10.55 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 1.15, 2.45, 4.00, 5.05, 7.00 P M. Extra trips on Saturday at 6.25 P. M. ents, round trip.

USALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)— 7.15, 9 55, 11.50 A. M.; 2.30, 4.05, 5.30 P. M. —8.45, 10.35, 11.35 A. M.; 12.45, 1.55, 3.30, 4.45, 6.50, 7.45 P. M. Extra trips on Saturday at M. ents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

P.M., Daily (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) from ancisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. ning, leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at ., arriving in San Francisco 12.20 P.M.

P.M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Caza- d intermediate stations.

A.M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Caza- d intermediate stations. Returning arrives in San co at 8.15 P. M.

EXCURSION RATES.

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Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Saturdays, and Sundays, good to return following d: Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.00; Toma- s; Howard's, $3.50; Cazadero, $4.00.

xcursion—Round-trip Tickets, good on day sold mp Taylor, $1.50; Point Reyes, $1.75; Tomales, oward's, $2.50; Duncan Mills and Cazadero $3.00.

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e Cazadero daily (except Mondays) for Stewart's alala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Men- ity, and all points on the North Coast.

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THERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

ins leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

From June 20, 1889.	ARRIVE
Haywards, Niles and San José	*12.45 P.
Sacramento, Redding and Sisson, via Davis	7.15 P.
Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	6.15 P.
Los Angeles Express, for Fresno, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	11.15 A.
Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
Haywards, Niles, and San José	* 9.45 P.
Sacramento River Steamers	**6.00 A.
Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
Stockton and §Milton; Vallejo, Calistoga & Santa Rosa	9.45 A.
Express for Ogden. Carrying local first-class and local and through second-class passengers. Connects at Davis for Knight's Landing	10.45 A.
Niles and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
Niles and San José	‡ 4.45 P.
Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
Central Atlantic Express, for Ogden and East	7.45 P.
Shasta Route Express, for Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East	7.45 A.
Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

Newark, San José and Santa Cruz	‡ 8.05 P.
Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*11.20 A.
Centerville, San José, Almaden, Los Gatos and Santa Cruz	‡‡9.50 A.

DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

San José and Way Stations	2.30 P.
Monterey and Santa Cruz, Sunday Excursion	‡ 8.25 P.
San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos; Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations	6.12 P.
San José, Almaden and Way Stations	7.30 P.
Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	5.08 P.
Menlo Park, San José, Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville, and Monterey only. (Del Monte limited.)	*11.15 A.
San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey and principal Way Stations	*10.02 A.
Menlo Park and Way Stations	7.58 A.
San José and Way Stations	9.03 A.
Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A.
San José and principal Way Stations	‡4.25 P.

ning. P. for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. rs only. ‡ Sundays only. ** Mondays excepted. excepted. || Saturday and Sunday only to Santa ‡ Sunday and Monday only from Santa Cruz.

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PAPER WAREHOUSE
01 & 403 SANSOME STREET, S. F.
IMPORTERS OF ALL KINDS OF
NTING AND WRAPPING PAPERS

A LETTER FROM YALE.

NEW HAVEN, June 17, 1889.

DEAR MOTHER: I have received your letter asking me to tell you just how I am fixed in my room, and what I want to make me comfortable. I don't think of anything I want except an ice-pitcher. I am drinking ice-water the first thing in the morning now, which the physicians recommend as very wholesome. As I am not much of a hand at description, I can not do better than to inclose you a photograph which my chum took of me and the room, the other day, while I was resting between recitations. Recitations continue until very late in the evening now, so he had to take it with a flash-light. You will see that the clock says twenty minutes past one; but my chum forgot to wind it. I shall have to explain some things about the picture, for it is made with a patent camera, and the perspective is not right unless you stand five hundred feet off. The feet in the chair are mine; but you will see, by comparing them with the cuspidor, that they are exaggerated. The rest of me is the face back by the second window. I do not know what the things that look like shirt-sleeves are, but think they are the window-curtains. Our room is not ninety feet long, nor is one end smaller than the other, though it looks so in the photograph. The thing standing by my side on the table, with a handle on one side of it, is a German inkstand which my tutor gave me. He bought it in Budweis. It has a pewter cover on it, and keeps the ink very fresh. The dog on the rug is a pug. It is only the perspective that makes him look like a bull-dog. I would have put him at the other end of the room, only he would have looked like a paper-weight, and you might have thought I was careless, leaving paper-weights on the floor. The white mark on the left-hand side of the picture that hides the door is a friend of mine's ear. He came in just as my chum was pulling the string, and tried to look into the camera. Otherwise this is a very good picture of the room and myself. I called on the president the other day. He sent word by one of the professors and invited me. I suppose he is as sociable as he has time to be. He said if I was able to keep on just as I had begun, he thought he would give me a special vacation all to myself before the end of the term. So I shall probably see you soon, and will tell you all about myself. I am sorry to hear that Brother Willy has the measles, and hope he will soon be better. I would not like to have anything happen to him so that he could not enjoy the benefits of a college education. With much love to father, I am your affectionate son,

—*Puck.* R. THAYER.

A Woman's Pocket.

It would seem that women ought to have guiding-strings banging from their pockets to assist in discovery when the contents are needed. How often a poor woman stands scarlet and miserable, hunting for her pocket, while the car-conductor stolidly awaits his fare. The writer saw a variation on this in a New York street-car. A conductor wanted change for a dollar-bill. A girl tendered a handful of small money, at the same time asking to be put off at Eighteenth Street. It was then Twenty-Third Street. The conductor returned the bill and the surplus change. The girl stuffed the bill in her glove, and, after some hunting, seemed to find her pocket and dropped therein the coins. At Twentieth Street, a sudden wild look came into her eyes, and she began fumbling for her pocket again, and unsuccessfully. Doubt deepened to anxiety and fear to horror on her face. Presently she made a cautious move. A nickel rolled from somewhere on to the floor. She got rigid and began hunting in a different direction. We were nearing Eighteenth Street. She pretended not to notice it, and she looked more and more miserable. You see, she had put the coins through the placket-hole of her dress, and not in her pocket at all. The conductor motioned. A cent rolled to the floor. The girl would see neither the coin nor the conductor. Then the conductor shouted, while the car waited: "Eighteenth, madam."

"Go on," said the girl.

"But this is Eighteenth Street," returned the conductor.

Down went a dime.

"I don't want to get out," the girl answered, tears of rage rising in her eyes.

"Didn't you say Eighteenth?" said he.

"I have changed my mind," the girl answered, desperately, a tear and a three-cent piece rolling to the floor together.

Well, the writer got out at Ninth Street, and she had not found either her pocket or the placket-hole yet, and the floor was all over small change. She may be riding yet.

The Price of a Leg.

A widow, whose husband had lost his life in a railway accident, received from the company ten thousand francs by way of compensation. Shortly afterward, she heard that a traveler who had lost a leg on the same occasion had been paid twenty thousand francs. The widow at once put on her bonnet and shawl, and trotted off to the offices of the company.

"Gentlemen, bow is this?" she said; "here you give twenty thousand francs for a leg, and you have only allowed me ten thousand for the loss of my husband!"

"Madame," replied one of the clerks, "the reason is quite plain; twenty thousand francs won't provide the poor man a new leg, whereas for ten thousand you can any day get another husband, perhaps a better one."

We are informed that the lady, who is still young, after a moment's silent reflection, walked away apparently satisfied.—*Etoile Belge.*

The poet who rhymes hail-storm with maelstrom, will please consider himself "run through" with a blue pencil.

Transportation--Ocean.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL
STEAMSHIP COMPANY,
FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, at 3 o'clock P. M. for
YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,
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Belgic		Saturday, August 3
Arabic		Thursday, August 22
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Gaelic		Saturday, Sept. 28

Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Offices, Room 74, cor. Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.

For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or at No 202 Market Street, Union Block, San Francisco.

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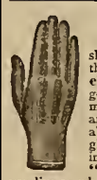

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SOCIETY.

The Tevis-Pacheco Wedding.

At Grace Church last Thursday evening, the union, by marriage, of two of our most prominent families was witnessed by an assemblage of at least one thousand guests, comprising the élite of the city, many of whom had come from various summer resorts to be present at the wedding. The contracting parties, who are well-known here and in the East, were Miss Mabel Pacheco and Mr. William Sanders Tevis. The bride, who is the only daughter of Hon. and Mrs Romualdo Pacheco, was born in Sacramento, where she passed her earlier days, and later received her education here and in the East, where she passed several seasons. She is a beautiful brunette of medium stature, and graceful carriage. The groom is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis. He is a native San Franciscan, was educated at Yale College, and is now a member of the real-estate firm of Tevis & Fisher.

Invitations to the number of eleven hundred were issued for the wedding and the affirmative responses were liberal for the church was crowded. The chaptrel lights sent a flood of illumination over the nave where the guests were seated by the ushers, and revealed in the chancel a scene of exceeding beauty. The decorations were done under the personal supervision of Dr. Harry L. Tevis, brother of the groom, who deserves much praise for the successful outcome. The Gothic architecture of the church was duplicated to a large extent in the floral decoration and the tones of pink and white, in which it was so aptly illustrated, harmonized with exquisite effect. The chancel was arranged to carry out the idea of the choir in an old English church. Rising from before the altar rail were four tall columns formed of white and pink sweet peas, pinks and daisies which sustained a like number of triangular-shaped arches, wrought of pink and yellow hollyhocks in foliations, and above this was a large panel of white stocks, bordered by smilax, and bearing upon its face at regular intervals a series of quatre-foils outlined in pink hollyhocks. This extended entirely across the chancel and to the top of the arches sustaining the roof. Through these arches could be seen the altar which was enshrouded with white sweet peas, and stocks fronded with maidenhair. Upon the altar were lighted candelabra and vases of white bloom and above it a large cross of white roses, carnations, hollyhocks, St. Joseph's lilies and maidenhair. At either side of this the arcades were set with Gothic arches formed of white stocks, while above all, in the centre, blared the Star of Bethlehem. On top of the back row of reredos seats on either side of the chancel there was arranged a series of small Gothic arches made of pink pinks and white hollyhocks alternating, and on the ledge below were garlands of hydrangea. The seats in front of these were topped by quatre-foils of white and pink hollyhocks and smilax. At the end of each seat was a large cluster of sweet peas, hollyhocks and maidenhair and the hymnal boards were concealed by clusters and crosses of these flowers combined with roses, begonias and other blossoms in tints of pink and white. In the chancel and furnishing a wealth of light for this pretty scene were two tall candelabra stands of brigbtly polished brass, which were garlanded with La France roses and white sweet peas in profusion.

The organist of the church, Mr. H. M. Bosworth, played several pleasing voluntaries, while the guests were being seated, comprising selections from "Faust," Suppe, and in particular "Sobre las Olas." The front seats were reserved for the relatives of the bride and groom and those invited to the reception. Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco was noticed at one side in an elegant Princesse toilet of elaborately embossed black velours de Lyon, cut square at the corsage, and made with a long train. The tablier front was richly embroidered with passementerie and silver fringe, and the sleeves, of Chantilly lace, extended to the elbows, meeting the gloves of light tan-colored undressed kid. Her hair was dressed high, and she carried a bouquet of Marechal Niel roses. At the other side of the aisle sat Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, who appeared in an elegant toilet of pearl-colored satin, exquisitely embroidered and made with a long train. The front of the skirt was flounced with rare point de Venise lace, and the corsage was trimmed with the same lace. Her ornaments were diamonds. About half-past eight o'clock the bridal party made its appearance, and the music merged into Mendelssohn's "Wedding March." Leading the cortege were the six ushers: Mr. Carter Tevis, Mr. Samuel Tevis, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr Perry Eyre, Mr. Frank J. Carolan, and Mr. George Veroon Gray. They were followed by the maid of honor, Miss Fair, and after her were the bride and her father. They were met in the chancel by the groom and his brother, Mr. Hugh Tevis, who was best man.

The beauty of the bride was certainly enhanced by the elegance of her attractive costume, which might have been termed a poem in white. The gown was of heavy white faille Française made perfectly plain, with an exceedingly long court-train. Covering this in soft puffs and folds was an entire overdress of white silk moleine, caught up at intervals with little clusters of orange-blossoms and garlanded with them at the left side from the waist to the hem of the skirt. The edge of the pointed bodice was outlined delicately with these blossoms and the corsage was cut V-shaped front and back. The short sleeves were of tulle, almost meeting the elbow-gloves of white undressed kid. Her dark tresses were dressed high in a French twist and high coil, and in them gleamed two pins—one a sun-burst of diamonds, a gift from the groom, and the other a crescent of diamonds, the present of Miss Haggin. These pins confined in place the long, flowing, and billowy veil of white moleine, which extended to the end of the court-train. She carried a beautiful ostrich-feather fan, which Mrs. Volney Spalding sent her from Paris.

Miss Fair looked very pretty in a becoming toilet of pink tulle over pink faille Française, made dancing length. It was caught up with clusters of pink hawthorn-blossoms, and a long spray of them was carried over the left shoulder. Her hair was dressed high and ornamented with a cluster of hawthorn, which held in place a short veil of pink tulle. Her gloves were of pink kid and her hand-bouquet of Duchesse de Brabant roses.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. R. C. Foute, and the responses were distinctly heard at the furthest end of the church. The Right Reverend Bishop William Ingraham Kip pronounced the benediction impressively as the young couple kneeled before him on the silken prie-dieu, and at its conclusion he handed the bride her hand-bouquet of rare orchids and orange blossoms encompassed by bands of tulle. As the newly married couple walked down the central aisle, followed by their attendants and relatives, the "Bridal Chorus" from "Lobengrin" was played. Emerging from under the canvas covered canopy at the entrance, they entered their carriages and were driven to the Hotel Bella Vista, where a reception was held, to which only the members of the bridal party, relatives, and a few intimate friends were invited. The private parlors of Mrs. Volney Spalding were used for the purpose of receiving the guests, and they were prettily decorated. From the chandelier hung a huge ball of perfect La France roses, fragrant and beautiful, and upon the mantel were some rare orchids of bright tints and odd formations resting in a rich receptacle. Stands of roses and jardinières full of ferns were set at intervals around the room, adding much to its attractiveness. In the regular reception-room there was a basket of lovely La France roses on the centre table, and other blossoms found appropriate resting places here and there. Ballenberg's band was stationed in the hall and gave concert selections throughout the evening. The newly wedded couple received the kind congratulations of their friends as they arrived, and appeared extremely happy. At half-past nine o'clock all proceeded to the parlors on the opposite side of the hallway where a bounteous supper awaited them. Here the walls were appliqued with fern sprays, set with pink and lavender sweet-peas and white daisies; the sideboard was trimmed with pepper foliage and nasturtiums, and the chandelier was dressed with foliage and bright-red blossoms. Pink silk was draped over the mantel, where hydrangeas reposed in clusters and sweet-peas were arranged in vases. The bay-window was fringed with ferns, and at the top were draperies of pink silk and white tulle, looped up with ribbons to correspond. In the centre of the room was a handsomely appointed buffet, and around it were small tables, at which the supper was served. An hour of feasting was followed by the departure of the happy couple, who left amid a shower of rice.

The presents received by Mr. and Mrs. Tevis were of unusual elegance comprising gold and silver plate, jewels, pictures, rich service, bric-à-brac and articles of vertu of every description. They all formed ample evidence of the high esteem in which they are held. They departed on Friday for a brief Southern trip, and upon their return will occupy Mr. Hooker's former residence, 1311 Hyde Street. The souvenir given by the bride to her maid of honor, Miss Fair, was a pin representing a white and pink sweet pea blossom with a diamond dew-drop in the centre. The favors for the ushers and best man were elegant silver-headed canes.

Those present at the reception were: Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Hon. and Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding, Mr. and Mrs. Henry R. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Tevis, Rev. and Mrs R. C. Foute, Mrs. Theresa Fair, Mrs. Captain Hillard, Miss Lizzie Blanding, Miss Fair, Miss Birdie Fair, Miss Adelaide Hillard, Miss May Hillard, Mr. Hugh Tevis, Dr. Harry L. Tevis, Mr. Carter Tevis, Mr. Samuel Tevis, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Frank J. Carolan, Mr. Perry Eyre, Mr. George Vernon Gray, Mr. Harry Miller, Mr. Bernard Miller, Mr. James G. Fair, Jr., and a few others.

Lawn-Tennis Tournament.

The final arrangements for the lawn-tennis tournament at the Hotel del Monte on July 4th, are now complete, and most of the players are taking final practice, while some are already on the ground. To add interest to the matches several entries have come in from unknown players in St. Paul, Minn., Portland, Or., Sacramento, and Southern California, who may prove hard competitors to the representatives of the local clubs.

The following have entered: Mr. C. H. Wright, Minnesota Lawn-Tennis Club; Mr E. A. Adams, Multnomah Lawn-Tennis Club, Portland, Or.; Mr. V. H. Hartley Cosmos Lawn-Tennis Club, Sacramento, Cal.; Mr. Alexander P. Stewart, Lakeside Lawn Tennis Club, Oakland, Cal; Mr. Wilberforce, Los Angeles; and from the California Lawn-Tennis Club, of San Francisco, Mr. W. H. Taylor, Jr., Mr. C. R. Yates, Mr. J. Tobin, Mr. G. V Gray, Mr. E. N. Bee, Mr. August Taylor, Mr. J. M. Kilgarif, Mr. Valentine Gadesden, Mr. Jesse Godley, Mr. Ogden Hoffman, and Mr. R. Harrison.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mrs. Thurlow McMullin is the guest of Mrs. Henry McLean Martin at her home in Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Adam Grant has returned to San Rafael after a visit to Seigler Springs

Miss Mattie Gibbs was visiting friends recently in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Loughborough, the Misses Fannie and Josie Loughborough, Mr. A. Z. Loughborough, and Mr. G. A. Loughborough are settled at the Hotel Rafael for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Adams and their daughters, Mrs. Charles S. Knowles and Miss Ella Adams, have gone to San Rafael, where they will occupy a cottage during the remainder of the summer. Mr. Knowles is expected here from Boston in August.

Miss Mamie Blethen has gone to Del Monte for a week.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Bothin are passing the summer in San José.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sonntag have left San Rafael and gone to Del Monte for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. William P. Fuller, Jr., are at San José for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, *née* Ives, are visiting in Paris at present.

Mrs. John Landers and the Misses Landers are passing a month at San José.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean and Mr. Walter L. Dean have been paying a visit to the Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. John Parrott are now comfortably domiciled in Paris.

Mrs. Frederick W. Tallant is passing a few weeks at the Hotel Vendome in San José.

Mrs. F. F. Low, Miss Flora Low, Mrs. D. J. Tallant, and Miss Anne Tallant were in Paris when last heard from.

Hon. William R. Castle and wife, of Honolulu, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Hathaway at Sycamore Park.

Hon. and Mrs. George C. Perkins and the Misses May and Susie Perkins went to Del Monte last Tuesday for a visit of a fortnight.

Miss Alice Johnson and Miss Charlotte Bermingham have returned from an extended tour through the State.

Mrs. Edward Martin, who, with her two sons, is passing the season at the Hotel del Monte, came to the city on Wednesday to attend the Tevis-Pacheco wedding. She returned to Del Monte on Friday, accompanied by Mrs. Peter Donahue.

Mr. Henry Heyman was in Montreal, Can., on June 20th, and is now in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker and Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pease, Jr., recently passed a few days at the Hotel Vendome in San José

Dr. and Mrs. George J. Bucknall will go to Duncan's Mills on Wednesday to rusticate for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Code will go to the Hotel del Monte, to remain over the holidays.

Miss May Code will spend the Fourth at Monterey.

Mr. Philip Code, Jr., is spending the summer on his ranch in Modoc County.

Mrs. Thomas R. Hayes, the Misses Hayes, Mrs. F. G. Berry, and Miss Maude Berry are at the Sea Beach Hotel in Santa Cruz.

Mrs. R. F. Bunker and Miss Bunker are in Paris.

Mrs. A. J. Ralston, Miss Claire Ralston, Mr. Lewis Ralston, and Mr. Preniss Selby, Jr., of Oakland, are guests at the Sea Beach Hotel in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. George S. Ladd are in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Fisher Ames have engaged apartments at the Hotel del Monte for the season.

Dr. and Mrs. Paolo de Vecchi are visiting relatives in Italy.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles O. Alexander, *née* Carroll, will pass the Fourth at Del Monte.

Mr. Theodore Wores, the artist, is in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mrs. M. Deane, and Miss Deane will return from Europe in August

Miss Etta Birdsall, of Sacramento, will soon go to Del Monte for a couple of weeks.

Mrs. William Dunphy, Mrs. N. Flood, Miss Jennie Dunphy, and Mr. James C. Dunphy are in Paris

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Alexander, *née* Crocker, have arrived from New York, and will pass the rest of the season at Del Monte. Mrs. Charles Crocker and Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker will accompany them.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Bowen and Miss Mary Bowen will be at Del Monte during the holidays.

Judge and Mrs. J. H. Boalt and Miss Ella Boalt have decided to pass the holidays at Del Monte, after their return from Lake Taboe.

Mrs. A. A. Nickerson and the Misses Myra and Maud Nickerson have left Paris, and are now in Dresden. They will soon make a tour of Germany.

Captain and Mrs. William H. Taylor and Miss Edith Taylor have returned from their Eastern trip, and are now at the Hotel del Monte for the season.

Judge and Mrs. L. D. McKisick, Miss Rose, and the younger members of the family have been passing the month of June at the Hotel Vendome, in San José. They will go to Del Monte for the Fourth.

Mrs. Burke and Miss Mamie Burke, who have been passing the last two months in Philadelphia and Baltimore, have returned to San José, and will pass the summer at the Nagle place.

Miss Angela Morrison, of San José, will pass the month of July at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. R. P. Doolan and Miss Tillie Doolan went to Santa Cruz last Thursday for a week's visit

Mrs. C. Tempest Graham and the Misses Maud and Lily Graham have gone to Boulder Creek, in the Santa Cruz Mountains, for the summer.

Mr. William Bissell is visiting the Hotel del Coronado.

Miss Marguerite Bucknall is the guest of Mrs John P. Jones at Santa Monica.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Moore are at Paso Robles.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Redding will pass July 4th at Del Monte.

Miss Aileen Ivers and Miss Minnie Houghton are being extensively entertained in New York by their many friends.

Dr. and Mrs A H. Voorhies and the Misses Marie and Katie Voorhies will pass the coming week at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. James Carolan, Miss Evelyn Carolan, Mr. Frank J. Carolan, and Mr. Herbert E. Carolan, are now located at the Hotel del Monte.

General John T. Cutting is in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Bugiere and family are located at Del Monte for the remainder of the season.

Colonel J. Mervyn Donahue is visiting New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Frank Goad, and the Misses Ella and Aileen Goad are visiting Seigler Springs for a couple of weeks, but will be at Del Monte on the Fourth.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Stetson, Mr. Harry Stetson, Mrs. Hubbard, and the Misses Hubbard will go to the Yosemite Valley to-day. Mrs. Ricardo M. Pinto, Miss Stetson, and Mrs. Charles Green preceded them a week ago.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Coleman, Miss Coleman, and Mr. Harry Coleman are at Del Monte.

Dr. and Mrs. Martin Regensburger are visiting relatives in New York.

Hon. and Mrs. W. W. Morrow and family have been passing a week at Del Monte.

Mrs. N. S. Keith has gone to the Napa Soda Springs to pass the summer

Mr. Augustus J. Bowie is enjoying a prolonged sojourn in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Taylor and Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Taylor, of Oakland, have been visiting Del Monte for the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Rosewald have gone to Klamath Hot Springs to remain until August 1st

Colonel C. Fred Crocker, Mr. W. E. Brown, Mr. Henry T. Scott, Mr. Russell J. Wilson, and Mr. George Crocker, are at Vancouver, W. T.

Mrs. B. C Truman and Miss Georgie Truman are passing a few weeks at the Hotel del Coronado.

Mrs. D D. Colton is at Santa Cruz for the season.

Mrs. Volney Spalding will return from Paris about August 1st

Mrs. John A. Paxton has returned from her European trip.

Mrs. T. F Meagher and Miss Lillie Winans are at the Hotel del Coronado.

Mrs. George Hearst has gone to Germany to attend the festival at Bayreuth.

Miss Ada Butterfield has returned to the city after a prolonged absence in Washington, D. C., with Mrs. Hearst.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Willcutt went to the Yosemite Valley a week ago.

Justice and Mrs. Stephen J. Field and Senator Leland Stanford will go to Alaska on July 27th.

Hon. and Mrs. R. A. Alger, the Misses Alger, and Hon. and Mrs. T. C. Platt left here last Thursday en route to Alaska

Judge Garber and family departed for the Yosemite Valley last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Miller were the guests last Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pratt at their home in St. Helena.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Wood and Miss Ellen Wood have been visiting the Yosemite Valley for the past fortnight.

Mr. Charles Miller and Miss May Miller are paying a visit to the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. Edward Clarke, Misses Lottie and Edith Clarke, Miss Jessie Bowie, Miss Laura McKinstry, and Mr. J. C. McKinstry will leave Tacoma next Tuesday on the steamer *Corona* for Alaska.

Mr. and Mrs A. W. Rose, Jr., of San Mateo, returned from Del Monte last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark L. McDonald, of Santa Rosa, have been passing the week at the Occidental Hotel.

Senator John P. Jones and Mr. S. L. Jones came down from Nevada last Monday, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Dr. Alexander S. Younger returned from China last Tuesday, and is at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Hastings came down from their Napa County ranch last Tuesday, and have been at the Palace Hotel during the week.

Mr. Daniel M. Hanlon has gone to Santa Cruz for a week's visit.

Mr. James D. Phelan went to Del Monte a week ago to remain a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. McNear and Mr. J. A. McNear, of Oakland, have been at Del Monte during the past week.

Mr. Harry A. Wise will leave for Europe in a couple of weeks.

Mr and Mrs. Winsor L. Brown are at Del Monte for a few weeks.

Mrs. Theresa Fair, Miss Fair, and Miss Birdie Fair returned to Del Monte on Friday, after a short visit here to attend the Tevis-Pacheco wedding.

Mrs. R. C. Woolworth and Miss Woolworth are passing a couple of weeks at Del Monte.

Mrs. D. E. Allison and family and Mrs. John I. Sabin will leave to-day for Del Monte to remain a couple of weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Douty and Miss Rowe have been visiting at Del Monte.

Mrs. James R. Deane and Miss Mamie Deane left Paris in May for Rome, where they were granted a private audience with the Pope on June 1st.

Miss Jennie Blair came up from Del Monte a few days ago to attend the wedding, and returned on Friday.

Army and Navy.

Captain W. S Schenck, U. S. M. C., passed several days recently visiting friends in San José.

Major J. K. Carson, U. S. A., of the Department of the Columbia, is enjoying two months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant Robert M. Dutton, U. S. N., has been ordered to report on duty on the *Iroquois* at Mare Island, July 1st.

Captain William N. Tisdall, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted a leave of absence of two months to take effect after the summer encampment.

Captain Walter W. R. Fisher, U. S. A., is enjoying a month's leave of absence.

Lieutenant Floyd W Harris, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A, has been granted two months' leave of absence commencing July 1st.

From the second and last part of the "Scientific Results of Dr. Wilhelm Junker's Travels in Equatorial Africa," we learn that the doctor, when on the march, wears a coat of his own designing, with numerous pockets for his note-books, his watch, and compass. From a button-hang pencils of different colors—red for his route line, blue for the streams, and black for noting the time, direction of his course, and incidents. Throughout a journey of nearly four thousand miles he traveled entirely on foot, thus making his notes both more exact and more legible. On starting in the morning he would enter in a book, ruled especially for the purpose, the exact time of departure; and thereafter, at the end of every five minutes of actual marching, the direction by the compass in which he was going. He would also indicate by various signs the breadth and depth of streams and the direction of their currents, the character of the country, the apparent distance and height of any prominent object, the names of places, tribes, etc., as well as the readings of the aneroid and thermometer. At night these notes were carefully copied with pen and ink into a larger book; one page generally, sometimes two, being devoted to a day's march. So numerous were these various details that Dr. Hassenstein found it impossible to reproduce them all upon his map, although on a scale of 1:750,000.

Even in the saintly seclusion of the convent evil passions hold their sway. The world and the flesh may be shut out, but the devil can pierce through the strong walls to work his will. Mother Gertrude and Mother Alphonse, of the Ursuline Convent at Pittsburg, have had a row. Each wants to be abbess, and both went to the foot of the Papal throne for judgment. The Holy Father, in his serene infallibility, ordered the sanctified dames back to Pittsburg *instanter*, and referred the dispute to the proper authorities, who will deliver their judgment by the mouth of Archbishop Ryan.

There is but one cry from the Americans who are in Paris—extortion! They are bled at every step; bled mercilessly. Strawberries are two dollars and a half a plate, and you can not get a ride in a cab unless you buy the coachman a new suit of clothes and another horse. Hotel bills are stupendous; everything is just five times as much as in ordinary times.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Mansfeldt Concert.

Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt gave his twenty-first concert of season last Monday evening at Spencer Hall. A large ence was entertained with the following programme:

Symphony No. 1, C major.....Beet
Miss Edith Reynolds, Miss Hattie Dunla
Miss Ida Fording, Miss Eva Crowley.
Sonatina, F major.....K
Master Arthur Newman.
Sixth Rhapsodie.....
Miss Jennie Beasey and Mr. Mansfeldt.
(a) Prelude, F minor.....C
(b) Mazurka de Concert.....Saint-
Miss Regina Newman.
Waltz, A flat major.....C
Miss Eva Crowley.
Barcarolle, G minor.....Mosz
Mr. Max Weber.
(a) Song without words, No. 12.....Mende
(b) Gigue, G major.....
(c) Valse de Concert.....Mar
Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt.
Hungarian Fantasia.....
Mr. Abe Sundland and Mr. Mansfeldt.

Mr. Ernst Hartmann gave a successful piano recital residence of Mrs. J. L. N. Shepard in Oakland, on Sa afternoon, June 22d. His selections were as follows: matic Fantasie and Fugue, Bach; Sonata, Op. 27 Beethoven; Polonaise in E, Liszt, Nocturne in F sha Mazourka in B minor, Chopin; Etudes Symphon Schumann.

Mme. Camilla Urso and Mme. Louise Pyk will g evening concert at San Rafael soon, at which an inte programme will be presented.

The officer in charge of the United States S Service Station on the top of Pike's Peak, pass days in a low, flat building made of stone, anchored and bolted to the granite bowlders. D the winter he has no connection whatever wi rest of the world. No human being can asce his station, and it is almost impossible for him down. Lee Meriwether, who ascended the covered mountain one July day, says that the officer's face wears that care-worn, depresse pression which comes from unbroken sol "You don't often see snow in July?" he after I had thawed out before a blazing "Not often. You don't yourself, do you?" two or three times a week. Snow is my water supply. That boiler there," pointi the stove, "is full of melting snow. Even in th of summer there is always enough snow at m to furnish all the water needed." "Does not l come weary and desolate here, so far from the wo "So much so that I sometimes fear it will dr crazy. My official duties are light; they requir an occasional inspection of the instruments. rest of the time I have nothing to do but read. much reading becomes wearisome. Someti stand at the window with my telescope. Th without is keen and cutting as a knife. I can s houses of Colorado Springs," he continued, "t miles away; see the visitors sitting in their sleeves, sipping iced drinks to keep cool, an ladies walking about in white summer-robes. T lower the glass; the summer scene is gone. trees and animal life, men and women, fade aw creatures in a dream, and I am the only living in a world of eternal ice and snow and silence."

An unusual sensation was produced recently the visitors and the employees at the Cemet Pere la Chaise when a hearse entered the ga lowed by about one hundred and fifty men of e dinary size and strength. Some were neatly in black garments, while others displayed, b light overcoat, their legs incased in tights and gles. All the wrestlers and "Hercules" in Par come to the cemetery for the interment of one o colleagues, Louis Launay-Launay, who belong a wealthy family, and was fired at a very early ag the ambition to display his muscles at the di fairs. His strength and ability soon won him He was accidentally bitten by a pet terrier an from hydrophobia.

Cecil Clay, the general manager and husb Rosina Vokes, was complaining about town braced in the "Crawford circuit." He prono them very had, and said: "In one place we w the theatre and found only a cornet-player in chestra. I asked him where the other musician 'Oh, they're playing at the ball.' I then asked he was to play for us all alone, and he inform that such was the fact. 'Well,' said I, 'you m a great cornet-player—you must be the greatest world in your line.' He fingered the keys of strument, looked at me a moment, and said: no, I'm not much of a cornet-player; if I was a d—— I'd be playing up at the ball, too.'"

The Vermont Microscopical Association, of Bu ton, Vt., has just announced that a prize of tw dred and fifty dollars, given by the Wells & Ri son Company, the well-known chemists, will b to the first discoverer of a new disease germ. wonderful discovery by Professor Koch of the c bacillus, as the cause of cholera, stimulated gr search throughout the world, and it is believe liberal prize, offered by a house of such standin greatly assist in the detection of micro-orga which are the direct cause of many diseases.

The following sentence, said to be taken ve from a law recently passed by the Nebraska l ture, has a very strange and alarming sound. haps a preposition has dropped out of th phrase: "It shall be unlawful for any person off or discharge any pistol, revolver, shot-gun or any firearms whatsoever on any public r highway in any county of the State of Nebra within sixty yards of such public road or highw cept to destroy some wild, ferocious, and dan beast, or an officer in the discharge of his duty.

In Chile the street-car conductors are all w and the business of the tram companies has be vastly by the change from rough, rude men, to fascinating girls. It is so pleasant to give your a pretty, smiling lass who thanks you with a r glance of a bright black eye, and says, "G señor" with two rosy lips. Besides, the girls chew tobacco nor drink whisky, and so the air car is not contaminated by mephitic odors conductor passes you.

Finest oysters in all styles, SWAIN'S, 213 Sut

— STEELE'S Palace Drug Store, 635 Market

THE INNER MAN.

At some of the plain, cheap, American restaurants plentiful in New York, you have four or five kinds soup, as many, perhaps, of fish, half-a-dozen roasts, d an ample array of made dishes, pies, puddings, c., and all the vegetables, canned or fresh, in ordi- ry use anywhere. Yet the entire kitchen is no big- than that of an ordinary house, and one, or at st two, assistants to wash dishes is all the help the e plain Yankee cook requires. How is this possi- l? Stand aside and see. Here comes a waiter with order for vegetable soup. The cook lifts the lid of big boiler of clear soup, made by boiling bones d scraps of beef, mutton, chicken, veal, etc. Out this boiler the cook dips a bowlful of the clear up and into it he pops in quick succession a le from each pot of boiled vegetables he is ving for that day. There is your vegetable soup. it consommé? From a big pitcher he pours into clear stock some brown thickening fluid. Is it caroni? A pot of boiled macaroni is near at nd, and he forks a few strings into the bowl. Is it tail? A big tin of condensed ox-tail soup stands a handy shelf, and a spoonful lends its flavor to stock. Is it chicken? He thrusts a pair of tongs o the boiler and brings up morsels from the depths il enough scraps of chicken are found to pass ister. Is it tomato? A squirt of weak but thick mato-catsup does the business. Is it rice? Some the rice-pudding is available. More rice, some ickening, and a fistful of curry-powder, and you e a curry. A little thickening and a kidney from ther pot makes the kidney-stew always in demand. ast lamb and roast mutton come from the same t at its touch, and, by the aid of an unctuous d and some jelly, so will roast venison at a pinch. ast rib or roast loin from the same piece of beef ends altogether on his carving. The veal is veal, t is chicken for salad, or it is turkey for fricassee, r is rabbit for stew, or it is lamb for pie, just as he res. The plain old cod, too, if boiled, is turned boiled halibut, or haddock, or bluefish; and if bked, becomes baked halibut, or bluefish, or had- ock, at his simple touch. With the aid of a few bit- sauces, they become almost anything one can e in the way of fish. When it comes to desserts, distinction between fruit-cake and plum-pudding is him only the difference between hot and cold, d vanishes before the blast from his oven. The ed rice of the curry or soup, with milk, sugar, and le nutmeg, is straightway rice-pudding. Tapioca sago come out of the same dish, and it is a won- ow he remembers all the names he calls his cot- pudding by.

traveler gives the following interesting description railroad restaurant service in Sweden: "We en- a little dining-room, around which were arranged tables covered with snowy linen; in the centre a large table, one end spread with the usual sified collection of the 'smargasbord'; at the were piles of plates, knives, forks, and napkins. soup is brought in and placed on the central ; each one helps himself, and, taking it to one e small tables, eats at his leisure; the soup fin- , you serve yourself with fish, roast meats, en, and vegetables in quantity and variety, as you se, and return to your table. The servants re- sh the supplies on the large table, remove soiled s, and bring tea, coffee, beer, or wine, as or- l, to the occupants of the small tables, but each must serve himself from the various courses, end- with pudding, and nuts, and raisins. There was of the hurry, bustle, and crowding usually en- tered in a railway restaurant, but plenty of time given for a quiet, comfortable meal, with no ne- y for bolting your food. For this abundant and cooked dinner the charge was forty cents—tea, e, beer, and wine being extra. Your word was without any questioning regarding the extras, u paid for them and your dinner at the table which the coffee was dispensed."

e quantity of champagne made at Rheims and pay, France, is almost incredible. A great deal nsense is written and spoken on this point. One vely told that more champagne is drunk in Rus- one than all the vineyards of France could sup- nd that America—well, America gets cider for pagne. The fact is that it is very difficult to gle champagne into Russia, and every bottle that goes there is recorded at the custom-houses on ontier, for the Russian tax is eighty cents a bot- England and America consume more champagne all the other nations put together, excepting e. The supply is equal to the demand, despite t that America imports more champagne every One house at Rheims alone exports two mill- of bottles of champagne yearly, all high-class too. From the entire champagne district of e, there was exported last year twenty millions tles of champagne, eight millions of bottles of came to America.

tea generally drunk in Russia is taken without and is of a very light color, very strong, and vored. The best class of tea found in Russia imported overland from China, and is usually nced by those who have tasted it as superior to a in world. The reason for this state of things arily, no doubt, the fact that the overland jour- Russia is so expensive that only tea of really te quality can be profitably sent by this route. e again, the best China tea is grown inland, and removed from the coast to find its way readily export harbors. Its easiest outlet is the cara- ute.

don is to have another new restaurant. This ant is intended to be cosmopolitan. The *cuisine* will naturally occupy the first position; s proposed to provide also purely English cook- well as Indian, Russian, and German dishes, marked importance will be given to the special ts of the United States—canvas-back ducks, n, clams, American oysters, green corn, and uxuries being imported as in season, so that veling Americans will be well catered for. -five years ago there were scarcely any public ants in London. Their number now is legion.

APTAIN CHARLES KING, U. S. A., HAS JUST a new novel, entitled "Between the Lines"; in cloth, illustrated; price, $1.25; for sale by & Robertson, 126 Post Street.

R. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, ckton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

A Summer Song.

Some go to the mountains,
And some to the sea,
And some stay at home
'Neath their own fig-tree!
And I'm a mosquito,
So happy and free,
With nothing to do,
But to do them all three—
And you bet
I will. —*Washington Critic.*

Willin'.

"Is marriage a failure?" he asked her
Quite matter-of-factly, and she,
Unmoved by the prospect, responded;
"Say, why don't you try it and see?"
—*Washington Critic.*

Fair Play.

Ah, husband, do not scold your wife
And make her poor heart ache,
Because she can't build pies like those
Your mother used to make.

That is, unless you're quite prepared
To see the whole thing through,
And buy her hats and dresses as
Her father used to do. —*Ripley Tribune.*

The Modern Maiden.

When fair Aurora calls the Dawn
The golden Day to waken,
And robins on the verdant lawn
The early worms do rake in,
And Sol begins to light the skies
And tint the heaving billow,
My lady in her chamber lies
Asleep upon her pillow.

Oh! beauteous sight! a cheek so fair
On snowy arms reposing,
And lips just parted—rose-buds rare—
Two rows of pearls disclosing.
The light into her chamber streams,
Its bric-à-brac adorning,
And she awakens from her dreams
To greet the golden morning.

She springs from bed—how fair is she
All in her maiden glory,
Like Venus rising from the sea
As told in classic story;
She opes her door, the charming sprite,
And calls her brother Freddy
To tell her ma the fire to light
And get the breakfast ready!

Soon as she's dressed she goes down stairs
And gives the cook some orders,
Then to the dining-room repairs
To mash the young men boarders.
The breakfast over, up she springs
And tells her ma and Hannah
To wash the dishes while she sings
And hangs the grand piano.
—*Boston Courier.*

The Umpire.

An Esquimau sat on a chunk of ice
In the land of the northern pole;
He cracked his heels and he whistled twice
At a sight that alarmed his soul.

For a stranger came o'er the fields of snow
At a speed that was fearful quite;
His cheeks were pallid and thin with woe,
And the frost on his beard was white.

"Oh, prithee, pause," cried the Esquimau,
"From whence do you come so fast?"
"I come from a land weary leagues below
This realm with its storm and blast.

"I came from a land in the far-off South,
And I've traveled ten thousand miles
Since last the sun like a beaming mouth
Turned loose on the earth his smiles.

"I've clambered the mountains, on raging streams
Full oft I've been heaved and tossed;
I umpired a game for two base-ball teams—
Alas! And the home-club lost!"
—*Nebraska State Journal.*

She Talked Differently.

My love was a maiden once fair to see,
But now she's a Doctor of high degree;
She was once as sweet as a maid could be,
And this is the way that she talked to me;
"Yes, dearest Charley, I long to see
The day when your proud little wife I'll be.
Your love is the sunshine of life to me!"
Oh, a dear little womanly maid was she.

Three years I waited at her decree,
As happy as mortal on earth could be;
Then I called at her "office" my love to see,
And this is the way that she talked to me:
"Levator labii superioris,
Iter a tertio, et anchyosis,
Minimi digiti, splenic cirrhosis
Gluteus, hallux, aortic thrombosis,
Adinfundibulum, sphenoid et antrum,
Hernia, calculus, hystero-tantrum,
Thoracic expansion and forced respiration,
Gouty diathesis, likewise amputation!"

Ten minutes I sat ere I rose to flee
As near insane as a man could be;
I breathed one word, it began with *d*,
And then in plain English, "Good-night," said she.

My love was a maiden once fair to see,
But now she's a Doctor of high degree;
And an old maid Doctor she'll always be
If she talks to all as she talked to me
—*L. W. Sheldon in New York Sun.*

The Modern Choir.

"Ah, there!" the tenors shriek so loud; "Ah, there!" reply sopranos shrill;
"Ah, there!" roar out the basso crowd; "Ah, there!" the altos softly trill;
And then the choir together sing in one melodious flood:
"Are there no sins to be forgiven, or washed away in blood?"
—*Puck.*

Filial Faith.

When first in life I started, father gave me good advice
Regarding things of which I didn't know;
He said the world was very full of danger and device,
I believe it, for my father told me so.

A horse-race is a thing that's mighty good to let alone;
A tip is risky—handle it with care.
The man of good address who comes and strikes you for a loan
Should be told you haven't any cash to spare;
The poker flame is festive and the player must be spry,
On ace high one should ever go it slow,
But when you once attempt to bluff, stay in and don't say die—
I believe it, for my father told me so.
—*Merchant Traveler.*

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DXXXIII—Bill of Fare for six persons—Sunday, June 30, 1889.

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Broiled Chicken. Potato Croquettes.
Corn Baked Tomatoes.
Roast Beef, Yorkshire Pudding.
French Artichokes, Mayonnaise Dressing.
Cherry Salad, Fancy Cakes.
Apples, Pears, Peaches, Plums, Apricots, and Cherries.

CHERRY SALAD.—Remove the stones from a quart of fine, black ox-heart cherries. Place them into a compote, dust powdered sugar over them, and add half a wine-glass each of sherry and curaçoa. Just before serving mix lightly.

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SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California Street, corner Webb. Branch, 1700 Market Street, corner Polk. For the half-year ending with the thirtieth of June, 1889, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and one-tenth (5 1-10) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and four and one-quarter (4¼) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 1, 1889. LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

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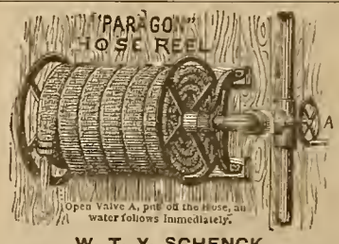
GEO. TOURNY, Secretary.



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The other undivided one-half interest is offered at private sale by the surviving partner.

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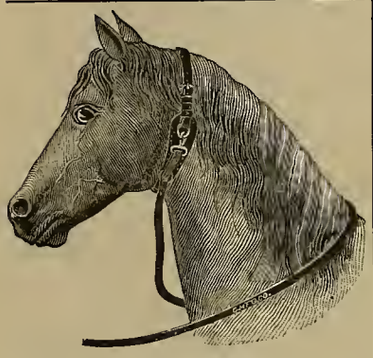

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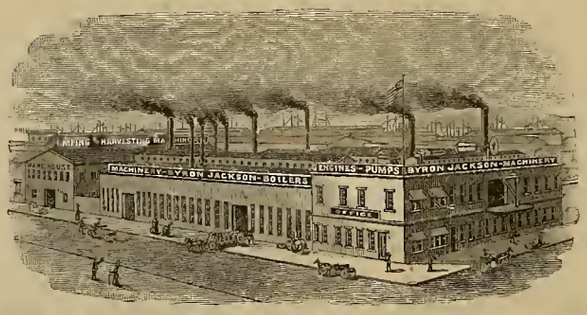

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"Latin Christianity is responsible for the condition and progress of Europe from the fourth to the sixteenth century," says Draper in his chapter discussing the relation of the Roman Catholic Church to modern civilization. It has claimed, and for twelve centuries has substantially exercised, political sovereignty and demanded implicit obedience. It has failed to attain political or spiritual supremacy whenever it has come into contact with the ancient religions of eastern and southern Asia; and the fact that Mohammedanism has more numerous worshipers is sufficient to demonstrate the only fact which the writer seeks to establish in order to justify his assaults upon it, viz., that the Roman Catholic is a political rather than a religious organization. In America its aims, ambition, and danger are confined to its political rather than to its religious efforts. If we believed that the saving of souls was the leading purpose of the Roman hierarchy, the question would not concern us; but as this is, in our judgment, a mere pretense to cover its more ambitious political aims, and because, in our judgment, this ambition is directed to the overthrow of republican government in our native land, it affords us intellectual gratification to reproduce the opinions of such writers and philosophers as we think Draper to have been, in refutation of the false and shameless pretensions of the Roman Catholic Church. With the Roman Catholic faith we have no quarrel; for the dogmas and the ceremonials of the church we have no criticism, except as they come within the lines of just censure for their absurdities. It is our province to attack no church which is friendly to republican government in America, and to defend none which sets itself up in opposition to the free institutions of our country. If we are less friendly to the political organization of Rome, it is because it is political, and because, in our judgment, it is an organized and dangerous alien conspiracy, working secretly to undermine and destroy the government of the United States of America. It is formidable, strong, and criminal; it works with deliberate and sinister purpose; every ecclesiastic who is loyal to it, and every layman who believes in its dogma of Papal infallibility, and who looks upon the Pope of Rome as rightfully entitled to the exercise in America of civil and political authority, is guilty of treason to the republic. We see this conspiracy gathering strength in the country, and the only hope we have for its defeat and ultimate overthrow is in the intelligence and patriotism of that class of Roman Catholic citizens who do not believe that a college of Italian cardinals, or the bishop of a foreign diocese, has any right to participate in American political affairs or the right to exercise civil authority within the jurisdiction of this or any other country; we do not believe that Roman Catholics as such, nor Papal priests as such, nor Irish Catholic party bosses as Catholics, have any right of intermeddlesome interference in the partisan organizations of this government; we have confidence in the future of our country and the successful triumph of our institutions, if they are let alone; we have faith in the outcome of the people if left to the influence of free schools; education, a free press, and the right of uninterrupted liberty of conscience, with freedom of unrestrained discussion, will ultimately make our people intelligent, and with intelligence there will come independence. Better would it be if immigration was restricted to intelligent, moral, and industrious classes; better would it be if the naturalization laws could be repealed, and from the ignorant, the vicious, the impecunious, and the idle could be withheld the right of citizenship. The country can not stand the secret conspiracy existing between an alien church, whose following is composed of ninety-nine one-hundredths of foreign blood, and of that number the greater part ignorant and the lesser either indifferent or vicious. The leaders of this ecclesiastical conspiracy we fear, because they are able, subtle, secret, and dangerous; we fear the order of Jesuits, its growing strength and influence in the Roman Church; we fear its pernicious and secret power in our national politics; we fear the cowardice of our own people. Our hope is in the common schools, and in a press as free, fearless, and intelligent as the *Argonaut* ought to be.

When the writer was in Spain, now twenty years ago, he saw a government torn with dissensions, a people poor and ignorant, splendid palaces, great art-galleries, rich with treasures of the period when Spanish armies overran the world, and the Spanish navy escorted galleons rich with plunder from new-found possessions in America; great cathedrals lifted their spires heavenward, and around their jeweled altars were splendid carvings in marble, bronze, and alabaster; we saw Roman priests, clad in velvet, in carriages or on foot, beneath the shadow of broad sombreros, sleek with luxurious fat, with comfort oozing from every pore of their glossy skins. In every town, village, and hamlet was a sumptuous cathedral, a splendid church, a luxurious parsonage, where the priest lived in abundance, and around were the squalid homes where people starved. Under the shadows of church-spires, and within the sound of bells and organs, men and women lived in huts, cabins, dilapidated dwellings, and, in many places, in caves dug from hill-sides, where children, donkeys, and goats dwelt together. This is Spain of to-day, brought to decadence and ruin after twelve centuries of time under the dominion of Rome. What is true of Spain is true of every European country where the Roman Catholic Church has held sway. Contrast the republics of Mexico, of Central and South America, with the Government of the United States; contrast their progress, prosperity, material and intellectual development with that of our own country, which the curse of Rome has not been permitted to blight; compare Florida and Louisiana with any Puritan commonwealth, and ask the reason why in sterile New England there is the greater comfort and plenty? Why, in the great commercial municipalities, does the line remain distinctly marked between the worshipers at Roman altars and those who find their religious consolations in a broader and freer atmosphere? Why is the educated freethinker more temperate, more prosperous, more comfortable than the person who leaves his conscience in the keeping of a priest, to be interpreted to him in Latin at the last hour of his extremest need? Why are the people of the Canadian Dominion, five millions strong, compelled to depend upon the aid of a Protestant power for their railroads, their steam lines, their border defenses, except that one-third of the population are French Catholics under the dominion of priests? Why is this people in subjection to Rome and England, when an hundred years ago three millions of Americans successfully achieved their independent nationality, and set up a free state without a church, and thus became independent of England and Rome? Why does such a notable difference exist in our own country between immigrants from Roman Catholic and from Protestant countries? Contrast the immigrants from Hungary, Italy, Portugal, Belgium, Ireland, and every land where Romanism holds political control, with the immigrants from Protestant Germany, England, Scotland, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway; compare the Protestant with the Roman Catholic immigrants from the same countries, from Germany, Ireland, France, Austria, Switzerland, and answer, if it be possible, why it is that the Protestants are in all respects superior as citizens to the Roman Catholic? Carry these statistical inquiries into the penitentiaries, insane asylums, hospitals, and homes for mendicants; look at the gin-saloons and street paupers; view the riotous processions, labor strikes; boodle aldermen, official delinquents, political vagabonds, and street vagrants, and let the answer of the intelligent Roman Catholic citizen be honestly made, giving the true reason for all these noticeable differences. If the Roman Church possesses a higher civilizing power than Protestantism; if its teachings and influence produce moral results superior to a free-thinking infidelity, or indifference which disregards all spiritual control, it should be easily made to appear. The history of this church is before an intelligent, thinking world, sincerely anxious to achieve the higher and better conditions of life, and not by any means indifferent to the possibilities of a future state. There are no people in the world more intelligent than the American people, and there is no people on earth to whom this question can be addressed with greater certainty of receiving a thorough, careful, and impartial investigation.

Some quotations from such men as Draper, contrasting the condition of Europe with the earlier centuries when it was emerging from Pagan influences, will not, we hope, prove unacceptable if—saving space—we are not able to give extracts as copious as their merits justify. Nor may we be required to apologize if we bring the very latest writings of Mr. Gladstone in reference to the political relations of the Italian Government with the Vatican, to justify the position we have taken in reference to the danger and impertinence of Papal interference in our civil and political affairs. Speaking of modern Rome, as we have seen it, Draper says: "From the Eternal City itself its splendors have vanished. The marble streets, of which Augustus once boasted, have disappeared. Temples, broken columns, and the long arcaded vistas of gigantic aqueducts bestriding the desolate Campagna, presented a mournful scene. The palace of the Cæsars was hidden by mounds of earth, crested with flowering shrubs. The baths of Caracalla, with their porticoes and gardens, have long ago become useless through the destruction of their supplying aqueducts. On the ruins of that grand edifice, flowery glades and thickets of odoriferous trees extended in ever-winding labyrinths upon immense platforms and dizzy arches suspended in the air. Of the Colosseum, the most colossal of Roman ruins, only one-third remains. Once capable of accommodating ninety thousand spectators, it has become a stone quarry to furnish material for the palaces of degenerate Roman princes. Some of

the popes had occupied it as a woolen-mill, some as a saltpetre-factory, some had converted its magnificent arcades into shops for tradesmen. The iron clamps which hound its marhles together have heen stolen. The walls are fissured and falling. Among the ruins of classical huildings may he seen hroken columns, cypresses, and moldy frescoes. The myrtle, which once flourished on the Aventine, has hecome extinct; the laurel, which once gave its leaves to encircle the hrows of emperors, has heen replaced hy ivy, the companion of death. The popes are not alone accountahle for this. The aqueducts were destroyed hy Vitiges, who ruined the Campagna. The palace of the Cæsars was ravaged hy Totila; then there have heen the Lomhard sieges; Rohert Guiscard and his Normans hurned the city, from the Antonine Column to the Flammian Gate, from the Lateran to the Capitol; then it was sacked and mutilated hy the Constahle Bourhon; it was flooded hy the Tiber, and shattered hy earthquakes—and all these harharian invasions of Italy Machiavelli says came from the invitations of pontiffs, who called in these harharian hordes. It was neither Goth, nor Vandal, nor the Norman or Saracen, hut the popes and their nephews, who caused the dilapidation of Rome. Lime-kilns have heen fed from the ruins, classical huildings have become stone-quarries for the palaces of Italian princes, and churches have heen decorated from Pagan temples. Superh Corinthian columns have been chiseled into the images of the saints. Magnificent Egyptian ohelisks have heen dishonored hy Papal inscriptions. The Septigonium of Severus has heen demolished to furnish materials for the huilding of St. Peter's; the hronze roof of the Pantheon has heen melted into columns to ornament the apostle's tomh. Papal Rome manifested only hatred for classical Rome. In one point only it has never changed — intolerance. Claiming to he the centre of the religious life of Europe, it steadfastly refuses to recognize any religious existence outside of itself, yet, in a political and theological sense, it was rotten to the core. Rome has degenerated in population. Vast sums are collected in Italy, and vast sums were drawn under all manner of pretenses from surrounding countries. Of these, the most nefarious was the sale of indulgences for the perpetration of sin. The Italian religion had become the art of plundering the people. It was the sale of indulgences which caused the German reformation of Luther. For a thousand years, the Roman Catholic faith kept the population of Europe stationary. The continent was covered with pathless forests, here and there dotted with monasteries and towns. The river-courses were hordered with fens, hundreds of miles in extent, exhaling pestiferous miasms and spreading ague far and wide. In Paris and London, the houses were dauhed with clay and thatched with straw and reeds. They had no windows, and, until the invention of the saw-mill, few had wooden floors. They had no chimneys or drainage; men, women, and children lived in uncleanly confusion with domestic animals. Beds were usually of straw, with wooden logs for pillows. Personal cleanliness was unknown. Great officers of state, like the Archhishop of Canterhury, swarmed with vermin. Citizens were clothed in leather, while meat once a week indicated circumstances of ease. Streets had no sewers, and were destitute of pavements or lamps. Pope Pius the Second, describing England in 1430, represented the houses of peasants as constructed of stones, without mortar; the roofs were of turf, the doors of stiffened hull's hide; the food consisted of coarse vegetahles, and even the hark of trees; cahins were plastered with mud, and had peat fires, without chimneys; they were dens of physical and moral pollution, swarming with vermin; scraps of straw protected the limhs from cold. For illness to the stricken peasant, there was no help or remedy except the shrine-cure. Human flesh was cooked and sold in London for food, and past the middle of the thirteenth century, fifteen thousand persons died of starvation in London. Anglo-Saxon nohles were devoted to gluttony and voluptuousness. Common people were seized and sold as slaves; maidens sold to hrothels. Drinking was the general pursuit. Baronial castles were the dens of rohhers; personal torment was inflicted to extort revenue. All the profitahle political offices were filled with ecclesiastics of the Roman Church. In every country there was a ducal government, in which the church was superior. The ostensihle object of Papal intrusion was to promote the moral welfare of the people; its real object was to ohtain large revenues and give support to vast hodies of ecclesiastics. The higher clergy secured every political appointment worth having, and ahhots vied with counts in the herds of slaves they possessed; hegging friars pervaded society, plundering the poor. There was no system of education, hecause 'ignorance was regarded as the mother of devotion.' Superstition everywhere prevailed. Europe was full of disgraceful miracles. On all the roads, pilgrims found their way to the shrines of saints, renowned for the cures they had wrought, for it has always heen the policy of the Church of Rome to discourage the physician, because he interfered with the gifts and profits of the shrines." These miraculous shrines are still doing good husiness in modern Europe. Prayers are the only recognized remedies for the cure of diseases acknowledged hy the church. At the Jesuit Church, in San Francisco, candles are ruhhed on sore throats. To the medical efficacy of shrines is added that of sacred relics; every church and ahhey possessed relics of the cross, the crown of thorns, the lance which pierced the side of Christ, hottles of milk from the hreast of the Blessed Virgin, hones from a multitude of saints, and vestments from all the apostles. The Jesuit Church in San Francisco has a holy hox filled with the sacred hones of canonized saints, and a splinter or two from the cross. The churches of modern Rome are filled to repletion with all these miraculous incentives to religion; one has the holy staircase of Pilate's house in Jerusalem, and another the holy cradle in which the divine infant was rocked. It is a common occurrence to display in the churches of Italy, Germany, and France, the hones of saints and their sacred vestments, and always for the purpose of gain. Yet, during all these twelve centuries of time, the sovereign pontiff has heen recognized as the vicar of God, has heen clothed with infallihle judgment, has had the power to perform miracles, has ruled with ahsolute sovereignty over most of the governments of Europe; yet—until the fifteenth century, until the time of Copernicus, until the period of Galileo and Bruno, until the reformation of Luther, the invention of printing, the recognition of science—the Roman Church organization, hased upon the idea that the scriptures were the source of all knowledge, ecclesiasticism the only authorized representative of God's authority on earth, was plainly a failure. It left Europe in ignorance, poverty, superstition, and crime.

Contrast Europe of to-day not with Pagan times, hut with the period when science first had the audacity to assert its prerogatives against the authority of the sacred scriptures as interpreted hy priests. Contrast the countries under dominion of this church with our free America, and, hearing in mind that the Church of Rome never changes, let the intelligent citizen ask himself whether the *Argonaut* is not right in desiring to prevent the ecclesiastics of this Roman Catholic Church from gaining civil power and political authority in this repuhlic. If the country desires to go hack to the ages of feudal tyranny, mental darkness, and moral degradation; to see reëstahlished the tortures of the Inquisition, and to suhmit again to priestly ignorance and arrogance—let its citizens permit free schools to he superseded hy parochial, and the splendid structure of constitutional government to fall under the civil dominion of an Italian hishop, with priests of the Order of Jesus guarding the Papal throne. In this line of reflection, we may he permitted to quote from an article hy Mr. Gladstone, in a recent numher of the *Nineteenth Century*. The occasion was his recent visit to Italy, which he had not seen since 1850–51. Speaking of Naples, at that time under the dominion of a Bourhon king, and he under the spiritual direction of the vicegerent of God, he says: "Personal liherty was then deprived of every guarantee;" now, under the rule of Humhert, and since the Pope has heen deprived of civil authority outside his palace and grounds of the Vatican, "there is a free press, free speech, free worship, with every sign of vigorous, municipal life replacing the stagnant uniformity of a despotism, hoth local and central . . . the hasking, loitering, lolling, loafing population, so peculiarly Neapolitan, seemed to have hecome extinct." Filth had disappeared; the people were well clad; more meat in the hutcher-shops; mendicity had ahated; water—hoth deficient in quantity and defective in quality—had hecome ahundant and pure; the health of Naples had improved; crime diminished; avenues had heen enlarged and new ones opened; the streets were filled with movement and traffic; the spirit of independent enterprise was alive; population had increased; the city had hecome heautified; museums, schools, lihraries, and new art galleries had heen estahlished; artisans were attending scientific lectures; sculpture and painting were encouraged — all these changes have heen impressed upon Italy within less than twenty years since his infallihle holiness had heen imprisoned in the Vatican. After Italy had hecome an independent power under the Piedmont kings, it took hut little more than thirty years to impress upon Mr. Gladstone's mind that it was "the country of liherty, tranquillity, and law," and to wipe from it the sarcasm that for fourteen centuries it had existed as a mere "geographical expression." Italy from its pontifical petticoats was released, with its thirty millions of people, to a position of dignified national existence, and was allowed to take its place among the great and ruling powers of Christendom with unquestioned title and unchallenged rank. Its seven ahsolute governments, under the sham Papacy of spiritual usurpation, had stepped forth into the family of nations an united people. Mr. Gladstone saw in the streets of Naples ten lousy monks for one soldier; for these greasy, old, snuff-taking mendicants seldom die, and never take to honest employment. Another generation must pass hefore Italy is rid of its monks and monkeries, hut Mr. Gladstone is impressed with the fact that within its realm the crozier a the sword have forever parted company; he thinks the c power of the Pope will never he restored and never ought he, for he says: "Upon the whole, I take it to he a solid incontestahle fact that the unity, nationality, and independe of Italy are permanent in their nature, and are to he re oned on the same footing as the unity, independence and tionality of the other great European countries." If I can do this brave thing, and Gladstone can he applauded its approval, shall we not he indulged with the hope that political and civil power of the Church and Pope of R may not find encouragement on this continent, and will our friends among the Pope's Irish, who are so zealously lowing Mr. Gladstone in his home-rule campaign for the tahlishment of Irish national independence, indulge us in pressing the wish that the Pope and his ignorant and t sonahle followers may not succeed in cursing this conti with a church estahlishment at war with common sense, science, and with the hest interests of the American repul

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The decision of Judge Hoge, of the Superior Coun San Francisco, upon the Spring Valley demurrer, has rece the approhation of every sound lawyer and every intelli citizen who has the honesty to recognize the equitahle cha ter of the opinion rendered. Mr. Justice Field, in his r to the working-men's address, recognizes the necessity of dience to the law when it is properly interpreted. It so times requires courage for a judge to decide in opposition popular clamor, and it was reasonahle to suppose that Spring Valley Water Company had incurred all the preju which a long and vicious opposition on the part of newsp editors and demagogic politicians could create among w consumers against the corporation which supplied them. the decision of Judge Hoge has heen accepted and appr hy the general community is evidence that it has not heen justly dealt with hy the company. The court recites causes which led to the present trial; the complaint rec that the company had heen supplying, for many ye nine-tenths of the fresh water consumed in the city county of San Francisco; that for this purpose it had quired vast properties in reservoirs, lands, water-ri aqueducts, works, huildings, and improvements, at a v exceeding $25,000,000, with mortgage of $9,000,000, b ing an interest of $490,000 per annum; operating penses are estimated at $390,000; taxes, $70,600; the ca stock is $10,000,000; that the ordinance was passed out notice to the plaintiff, and without opportunity for to show hy evidence that the order was unreasonahle and just; that if the plaintiff had heen allowed to present his dence, he could have shown that the estahlished rates insufficient to pay operating expenses, interest, aud taxes; the rates were arhitrarily fixed without reference to the of the property and the cost of supplying water; that rates do not provide a fair, just, and reasonahle compens for water to he supplied hy the plaintiff, and that the gros come for the year 1890 would not he sufficient to yield dividends to stockholders, hut would render it necessar levy assessments. The question of jurisdiction having disposed of, the court decided that the hoard of superv had the power to regulate and fix water-rates, but not p to destroy the corporation or confiscate its property. Th do so would he to justify the taking of private propert puhlic use without just compensation or due process of Not to pay interest on the honded deht suhjects the pro to foreclosure; not to pay taxes renders the property liab sale; not to maintain repairs results in its destruction, there is no just rule which can compel the manage of property like that of the water company to he ried on at unremunerative rates. Not to authorize compel the hoard of supervisors to fix water-rates will answer these necessities, is to suhject the erty of the corporation to confiscation, imperil the s of the city, and the health and comfort of all its zens. The State has not attempted to fix water-rate the provision of the constitution, hut has left the whole m of compensation to the hoard of supervisors, and Judge says: "It must be compensation. The board ha "power to fix the rate so low as to amount in effect to co "cating, or taking of private property for public use wi "just compensation. Whether it does so or not in any "case is necessarily open to judicial inquiry. Here this "poration, holding and owning an immense property, acq "in the exercise of the capacities conferred hy law, and ho "it under the same guarantees which protect the property "dividuals from spoliation, finds itself in danger of losing its "chise and its entire property, valued at many millions, unl "suhmits to an alleged compensation which will not enahle "pay its operating expenses, the interest on its honded "and the taxes which the government exacts upo "property. And we are told that this state of thing "heyond the reach of judicial remedy and that no

as the power to interfere. If this be the law, it will ot be difficult to imagine how long before this corporion may be rendered bankrupt, and its property, which, y the law of its creation, it can divert to no other purpose, e confiscated by unjust and unreasonable municipal action. do not think such is the law and I shall not be the first to stablish it." There can be no case where the equitable adjtment of the relations existing between a corporation and a bly of citizens is more important than this, and we are sure we rect the almost unanimous sentiment of the community en we declare that it desires an honorable, equitable, and jt decision in this case, and that it has entire confidence that Jlge Hoge will render an intelligent and honest interpretation othe law.

The announcement of our daily journals is made that a relous and race war is inaugurated in Canada. It is the upng of Protestants, independent Roman Catholics, and the n-religious against the French-Canadian Jesuits. This oer of the Roman priesthood, conspiring with politicians, h succeeded in robbing the treasury of the Dominion of nrly half a million dollars, and authorized its distribion under the direction of the Pope of Rome. This hh-handed crime was the cause of arousing the indnation of all just men and alarming the country t the necessity of maintaining its laws and preservir its loyalty to her Majesty the Queen of England. Tere is no sentiment of annexation to the United States, in a degree, commingled with the excitement—all lies in this dction are for a purpose. Protestant and law-respecting czens of this country desire the accession of no part of Cnada, and no portion of its subjects to come to us through a:ligious and race war. We are indifferent to the annexati of Canada as a whole or in part, unless it comes to us as t result of friendly and peaceful negotiation, and unless its pple recognize their obligations to our constitution and laws, a. are loyal to our government, without any mental reservati to the Pope. We want no more Jesuits or other ecclesiasti l politicians, under any circumstances. The Jesuits' Eates Act is an outrageous and indecent violation of law, a has been accomplished by a nefarious and secret conspira between Jesuit priests and demagogic politicians, and the rult is the uprising of all good citizens who are not secretly i their hearts favoring the civil supremacy of the Pope a. the ultimate destruction of all liberty and law now eoyed under constitutional governments similar to those of Eland and the United States. No man living can favor the uits' Estates Act, as passed by the Dominion Parliament of Cnada, unless he desires to see the Pope of Rome recognized a the vicegerent of God, with all that that blasphemous and inverent title implies. The Canadian Frenchman who favors itould make the province of Quebec an independent power uler dominion of the church. The Englishman who would s mit to it would dethrone his queen and subordinate the free Eliament of England to the counsels of the Vatican. The Fnchman accepting the logic of this law would consent to t overthrow of the republic in France. The Italian would rore to the Pope the dominion of Italy. The German wld wipe out the reformation of Luther, while the American wo would not rise in armed rebellion and risk his life to defit so villainous a law would deserve to end his worthless al cowardly existence by some speedier and less honorable d.th than in defense of human liberty. It is not probable t.t this insurrection against French-Canadian Jesuits will end i heir destruction, or banishment, or the confiscation of their uawfully acquired property. The order is too wise and too p dent to risk its existence by any armed conflict against the k; but if this contest is inevitable, it may as well come now alater. It had better come in Canada than in the United Stes. Both countries expect an armed conflict with the Curch of Rome, both are prepared for it, and either will give i velcome.

The appointment by the governor of Charles N. Fox as Jlge of the supreme court of the State in place of Judge Jkson Temple, resigned, meets with universal approval from t older members of the bar and the better class of citizens. Jlge Fox is a lawyer of respectable attainments, having had a ong and large practice at the bar; he is an honest man of gd character, deserving of confidence, and will bring to the charge of his official duties thorough integrity, great indust, and a large experience. The supreme court and the serior courts of San Francisco have gone through a great i niliation since the sand-lot rebellion gave the State a change constitution. In earlier days, our supreme court was honed by such names as Nathaniel Bennett, Solomon Heydenlit, Stephen J. Field, Hugh C. Murray, Joseph G. Baldwin, lward Norton, Oscar L. Shafter, Lorenzo Sawyer, Silas W. nderson, William T. Wallace—a list of names which ve shed lustre upon the profession of the law and have ndered Californian decisions of respectable authority in courts. Then came a time when our supreme court came to grief among the politicians, and its authority fell into contempt. Affairs in the superior courts—which had taken the place of district courts—were more disgraceful. Kearneyism had written its character upon our local bench. The personal character of a majority of our judges was contemptible; in learning they were deficient, in manners they lacked dignity, and in integrity they were not above suspicion. They were largely in majority Irish and Roman Catholics. Some were ignorant, some were criminal, some were indifferent, some were unquestioned rascals. There was a gentleman or two of character and legal learning in this mob of incompetents. The courts are coming back to the better time, and the changes which have occurred within the past two years are indicated by the presence upon the superior bench of San Francisco of such men as Judges Wallace, Hoge, Garber, Van Reynegom, and Shafter; upon the supreme bench, of Judges Beatty, Works, Patterson, McFarland, and Fox—Americans, and Protestants, and gentlemen. For these and like honorable appointments, Governor Waterman stands accredited with the selection of Van Reynegom, James McM. Shafter, and Charles N. Fox.

The murder of Dr. Cronin, and his resurrection from the sewer where he was so foully entombed, have done more to arouse the Americanism of the American people than all the political and party crimes which the Pope's Irish have committed in the last quarter of a century. The weekly journal *America* is doing gallant service in Chicago; it is stirring the conscience of the cowardly press, urging the police authorities to the performance of their duties, and with a whip of scorpions lashing all political miscreants, like Michael Davitt, Henry Labouchère, and Parnell, who are endeavoring to throw the shield of Irish home-rule and land-leaguery around the villains who have stolen Ireland's relief funds and murdered an honest man for exposing their crimes. Americans are beginning to dare to speak out in denunciation of the Phœnix Park assassinations and Clan-na-Gael murders. The Chicago *America*, speaking of the Cronin murder, says: "Unless all signs fail, the blood of Dr. Cronin has dissolved the bonds that had bound American opinion and courage to the political fortunes of a desperate set of gamblers; it has aroused the nation to the imposition practiced upon it in the name of Irish affairs, and it will yet help the unfortunate race which has been at once the spoiled favorite and the scourge of the English-speaking world."

Within the last two years the following States have voted upon the prohibition question, with the adverse results indicated in the subjoined figures, showing the majorities against the law:

Michigan	5,645	West Virginia	35,574
Texas	92,661	New Hampshire	5,000
Tennessee	27,693	Massachusetts	44,552
Oregon	7,985	Pennsylvania	186,000
Rhode Island	18,596		

And yet there is an almost universal temperance sentiment abroad in the land. Whenever the temperance folk give up the idea that they can reform the world and by prohibition laws prevent the use of intoxicating drinks; whenever they will be governed by reason and consent to work in harmony with their fellow-men; whenever they will by high-license enactments have the common sense to see that the use of alcoholic drinks can be regulated and restrained—in a word, when temperance fanatics will recognize the fact that the control of alcoholic liquors is a question of political economy and not one of religious sentiment, a start will be made in the direction of temperance reform. At present the tide is running out.

Mr. V. Hoffmeyer is an alien resident who has been in the country eleven months, keeps a cheap hotel, and vends hash. The *Hotel Gazette* is authority for the assertion that Mr. Hoffmeyer is president of the Federated Trades of San Francisco; he thinks Americans who do not belong to the Musicians' Union should not be permitted to take part in the celebration of the Fourth of July. He runs his hash-machine under regulations prescribed by the Cooks and Dish-Washers' Union, and thinks that all American laborers who do not yield to foreign labor-guilds are "scabs." Is it not a pity that Mr. V. Hoffmeyer has been required to reside in the country so long before he could become eligible for the legislature, board of supervisors, or as successor upon the superior bench to Sullivan and Toohey?

Lord Hartington has defined home-rule for Ireland to be "the right of Parliament to legislate for Ireland *if* it thinks fit, and *as* it thinks fit, and to enforce that legislation by all the force that is required." Mr. A. J. Balfour, the coming statesman, coincides with Lord Hartington; a majority in the Lords and Commons agree with them; the Parliament continues for three years more; Gladstone is eighty years old; the Irish cause is dissolving from view; Dr. Cronin charged Mr. Parnell's friend—Sullivan—with stealing American contributions, and was murdered by the ghouls of the Irish secret clan; American Irish are cooling off in their pockets, and things look blue for the Irish conspirators.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Chamberlain versus Hoge.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Much to our surprise, last Tuesday, we discovered that San Francisco has an appellate court, of whose existence we had never before heard, though our acquaintance with San Francisco dates from the time that "the water came up to Montgomery Street," and our experience with the legal tribunals of the city and State has been somewhat extensive.

It was to the San Francisco *Bulletin* of Tuesday that we were indebted for our first knowledge of the existence of this new court of review, and it was from that journal we learned for the first time that our system of jurisprudence included a sort of legal half-way-house between the superior court and the supreme court and its commission. Though we have had some experience with the law, it was not until we read in the *Bulletin* a long opinion by the new court that we were apprised of the fact that there was a court here which had such extraordinary powers that it could review a decision by a lower court, before an appeal had been taken, and, in fact, before the original trial had gone beyond the first stage of setting aside a demurrer to the complaint.

This new and extraordinary court of appeal appears to be presided over by Chief-Justice George W. Chamberlain, and its sessions are held in a small chamber, located in Montgomery Block. Its official organ is the San Francisco *Bulletin*, in whose columns its opinions are published for the edification of the common herd before they have been called to the attention of the parties to the litigation.

The first case that Chief-Justice of the Montgomery Block George W. Chamberlain took under his judicial cognizance, was thus entitled in his official newspaper, the San Francisco *Bulletin*,

THE SPRING VALLEY WATER-WORKS VS. THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, THE BOARD OF SUPERVISORS, BARRY ET AL., MEMBERS THEREOF.—REVIEW OF THE DECISION OF JUDGE HOGE.

In his review of Judge Hoge's decision Chief-Justice of the Montgomery Block George W. Chamberlain states unreservedly, that the lower court was altogether wrong, and that if Judge Hoge had expounded the law properly, he would have decided that the plaintiff's case could not be heard in court, because plaintiff had no cause of action. A good many of us simple-minded people who have enjoyed the privilege of an acquaintance with Judge Joseph P. Hoge, and who have known him to be held in universal esteem as one of the soundest and clearest expounders of constitutional law in this State, would have been willing to follow the law and the custom, and accept his decision as law until reversed by the Supreme Court, had not Chief-Justice of the Montgomery Block George W. Chamberlain disposed of his legal pretensions so summarily; but, after the publicity given to this reversal, all we can do is to admit that our life-long admiration of Judge Hoge's legal ability was based on an erroneous conception of his understanding. Whether it is not the duty of his friends, under the circumstances, to advise him to resign, we leave for them to decide. The three-column opinion filed by Chief-Justice of the Montgomery Block George W. Chamberlain is full of citation, dogma, and argument, and, while we realize fully how grossly impertinent it would be for us to attempt any review of the review of so talented a jurist, we trust that we will be pardoned for respectfully calling attention to some of the more striking features of his legal opinion. And, in doing so, we do not overlook the wisdom of the custom which forbids lawyers, gentlemen, and all persons above the rank of sand-lot agitators and ignorant aliens from publicly discussing the merits of a case which is before a court for adjudication, and we appreciate fully how particularly imperative the observance of this wise custom is on lawyers, who, being officers of the courts, receiving their commissions from the courts before whom they appear, are bound by every rule of honor not to bring contempt upon the source from which they derive their legal existence, by "going down to their inn and abusing the court that decided against them," or proclaiming on the street-corners that the decision in such a case was wrong.

The principal ground on which Chief-Justice of the Montgomery Block George W. Chamberlain bases his decision reversing Judge Hoge is that, as the constitution of the State declares that the board of supervisors—a legislative body—shall fix water-rates, their act can not be subjected to the review of a coördinate branch of the government. Having the power to perform an act, their performance of the act can not be set aside by a court which draws its power from the same constitutional source which made the grant of power to the supervisors. Had Judge Hoge decided against this, our respect for his legal attainments would have been greatly lessened, though it would not have led us to the publication of an opinion reversing his decision, and, by so doing, superseding the functions of the supreme court, but all who have read Judge Hoge's opinion, know that he did not do anything of the kind.

What he did decide was that *the board of supervisors having performed an act which exceeded their powers, it could be set aside.* Herein lies the whole case. The board of supervisors has the power to *regulate* water-rates. But nowhere in the constitution do we find that it has the power to confiscate water or water-works, or force a company to supply water for less than an equitable consideration; and with all due deference to Chief-Justice of the Montgomery Block, George W. Chamberlain, we venture to say that even he can not find the power of confiscation granted in the constitution, either. So long as the supervisors stick to regulation and make provision in their rate for an equitable consideration (viz., "*compensation*" in the language of the constitution), we do not think they will find any court in this State interfering with their decree, but when they exceed their power either to the prejudice of the company or the consumers, the courts are forced to take action at the instance of the highest or meanest citizen of this commonwealth. No regulation can be legal which under the guise of regulation seeks to confiscate; no consideration is equitable which does not take account of cost, expense, and a reasonable profit. Were it otherwise, there is nothing to prevent the board of supervisors from shaking dice for the water-works, and deciding by lot who among them shall own the property of the gas company and the railroads. The board is only the agent of the State, and the State does not possess the power to take from any citizen so much as a sack of wheat without due compensation, except, of course, for taxes and license, which are fixed by due process of law and are, at all times, subject to the review of the courts.

Chief-Justice of the Montgomery Block, George W. Chamberlain, remarks, in his opinion, that "the issue is made and must be determined whether we are the subjects of the State or of the Spring Valley Company." We must confess that we did not look at the case exactly in that way. To our mind, it was a suit at law to determine whether the property of the Spring Valley Water Company belonged to the stock-holders whose money had purchased or created it, or whether it belonged to any man who happened to be able to persuade Mr. Buckley or Mr. Higgins to put him on the board of supervisors. We beg to suggest to the present members of the board that if their view of the law is sustained, as it will not be, and the opinion of Chief-Justice of the Montgomery Block George W. Chamberlain, is confirmed by the supreme court, as it will not be, they had better make the most of the property while they can, for in eighteen months a new board of supervisors will come along and take it away from them.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 3, 1889. X. Y. Z.

This is a curious story which comes to us from Italy. The heirs of King Joachim Murat, who, it will be remembered, was executed, have, it seems, demanded an indemnity of ten million dollars for the estates belonging to their ancestor in the former kingdom of Naples, which were confiscated after the return of the Neapolitan Bourbons in 1815. Stranger still, is the report that King Humbert's government has offered six million dollars in liquidation of the claim. This is one of the many levers which it is possible to work against the House of Savoy. The Neapolitan Liberals still retain a grateful remembrance of the reign of Murat, and it is also true that the Florentines had little to complain of in their last grand duke. Indeed, the tax-payers of Florence, burdened, as they now are, by an immense municipal debt, may well look back to the grand-ducal régime as to a golden age.

THE DEVIL'S PLAINS.

A Legend of Mexico.

It was late afternoon when a hody of Mexican soldiery, moving westward, halted at the hacienda San Miguel, and the commander of the detachment ordered the halt for the night. Foot-sore and weary, the rough, evil-faced fellows—evil-faced necessarily, since the ranks are recruited from the criminal and convict element—set about the preparation of supper and the discharge of their regular duties.

The officer in command, Colonel Darìo Camacho, having received the reports of his subordinate officers, hetook himself to the great outer gateway of the hacienda, and sat down on one of the forms of masonry which flanked it on either hand, a number of peons in possession making way for him respectfully. He scanned, with some interest, the desolate plain hefore him, over which he had come with his command that hot, wearisome day. It stretched for leagues, desolate and arid, unbroken by rise or visible depression, though Colonel Camacho recalled several ugly barrancas which sunk suddenly from the level, where there had heen among his men some difficulty of movement. It was all one uniform gray-hrown color, save where, here and there, a yucca stood up in aggressive hristliness, or where a shapeless patch of mongrel green showed the presence of a bunch of prickly-pear cactus. It was not an enlivening or attractive prospect, and the good colonel fell to musing with a certain cynical compassion on the people whom taste or fate had settled in such a spot.

The sun set, and with uightfall the surroundings seemed a thought less harsh and disheartening, for the mantle of darkness is full of charity, and covers many hideous features shown up in all their repulsiveness hy the garish sunlight. It was a still greater advance toward toleration when the summons to supper sounded; the great, bare dining-room, with its abundant if homely fare, appeared almost a goal of aspiration, and when the repast ended, the officer, accompanied hy his host, once more repaired to the settees without, he thought, as the incense of their cigarettes perfumed the night air, that he must have been in a most ungrateful mood of misanthropy and unappreciativeness when he had caviled at the qualifications of the hacienda.

Don Estevan Aldobilla, the *administrador*—the manager—of the hacienda, was a man of good intelligence, if little learning. He had seen somewhat of the world before he had settled down in the wilderness, and his habit of close and minute observation, coupled with a gift of graphic speech, even greater than is common among his countrymen, made him an interesting companion. Therefore, Colonel Camacho sat contentedly listening to him until the hour was far advanced and all in the hacienda, save the two, were sleeping, even to the *mozo* whose duty it was to close and guard the massive doors of the entrance-arch; for he, too, cuddled down on his *petate*, or rush-mat, and slumhered on the hard stones of the *zaguan* as hlissfully as if his couch were of down and roses.

Don Estevan was just concluding a recital of an encounter with Apaches, in which he had participated in Northern Chihuahua, when out on the plain arose a stir which swelled and deepened, until it grew to take the rhythmic sound of hoof-beats, which came nearer and nearer, and, presently, a large white horse dashed madly along the highway. Colonel Camacho sprang to his feet in dismay, as the animal flew onward, the clatter of his feet now sounding loudly on the rocky steep of the road dipping down into one of those abrupt barrancas, which lay just beyond the hacienda.

"Good heaven!" he cried; "Don Estevan, that horse carried a woman! Did you not see the white flutter of her garments, streaming on the wind as she flew past us? She will he dashed to death in the barranca yonder! Let us follow to see if we can do aught to save or serve her!"

But the hacendado held back dissentingly. "No, no, señor, this is nothing unusual. Naught will befall the lady. You see that I—I know her!" Colonel Camacho was beginning a protest, when the other touched his arm in warning. "Be careful—hush! a question of your people!"

And, indeed, a number of the soldiers had rushed out, terrified or startled by the unearthly clatter. Their commander spoke to them in reassurance, and they returned to their hard couches.

"You are surprised," said the hacendado; "yet, from a practical standpoint, you should not be. You know that we Mexicans, as a general rule, are not given to putting ourselves out for women. Let a lady ride into the court-yard here by day, and, if she were moderately personable, we would all throng about her, full of offers of assistance, full of praises of her valor, her skill, her beauty, full of protests that we would die for her. Let the same woman be in discomfort or danger, under circumstances like the present, when to go to her rescue would involve some personal peril or inconvenience, how many of us but would shirk the unpleasant duty?"

"It is only too true," averred Colonel Camacho; "we are gallant, but we are not chivalric—and we are selfish. It is with reason that our Mexican women prefer, when it is possible, to marry foreigners—particularly Americans. A 'Yankee' will ignore gallant compliment in dealing with a woman; he will often keep his hat on, when he should take it off, in her presence. But whenever her safety, her honor, her happiness, her comfort, even, be involved, though she be a stranger to him, that 'Yankee,' as a rule, would die to serve her and spare her suffering. It is but too true, Don Estevan—as to a true respect and regard for women, there is no man like the American gentleman. But—I do not understand; you who are sensible of this defect in our countrymen—how is it that you——"

"That I concur in the faults I deplore, eh?" Don Estevan finished the question; "well, my dear sir, perhaps I am less culpable than you think me. The fact is, it were perfectly useless to follow that mad rider who went dashing past us. No human power could reach her; the horse is not foaled that could come up with the fleeing white steed. I know, for I have tested the matter."

"But—but what?—I do not understand you."

"No, I daresay not," said the hacendado; "I will tell you the legend of this stretch of territory; do you happen to have heard that it is called *los llanos del diablo*—the plains of the devil? No? Such is its name throughout this region. The story runs that this arid tract was once the garden-spot of the section—you know we are in the rich confines of the *tierra caliente*. All the luxuriant growth of the tropics was here in richest profusion. Wild in the forests grew lemon-trees, whose fruits, in size and flavor, were not inferior to those exported in these days, to find a ready and remunerative sale in foreign markets. The broad leaves of the banana rustled, and the light hending masts of the *taro*,* with their plumy leaves, waved and bent under the light weight of the forest birds which came to perch upon them. In the *alto monte*, the tall, thick jungle, the trunks of the mahogany, the india-rubber-tree, and the liquid amher, crowded thickly one upon another; while in their lofty houghs screamed the *guacamayas*,† and the weird, maniacal laugh of the 'mariner-hird' pulsed upon the air so powerfully as to set pulsating the palm-broad wings of the brilliant butterflies which sailed slowly and majestically amid the thick undergrowths. Streams of crystal water rippled through the harrancas that you have seen to-day so dry and stony, and shoals of fish went darting amid their ripples in the shade of the henoing tree-ferns.

"In all this rich and heauteous country, there lived none hut the lowliest peasants. You know, Señor Coronel, what the Indians are in our coast lowlands—indolent, contented, if they can command enough barely to satisfy their hunger, always more than half-naked in this generous climate, and deaf and blind to the glories of sights and sounds about them. From one day to another, appeared among these simple people two strangers who excited their curiosity to the highest pitch of emotion of which they were capable. So wrought up were these stupid cattle by the striking appearance and remarkable doings of the new-comers, that they were in the habit of coming from leagues around to watch and listen, and I need give you no stronger guarantee of their interest than to cite this triumph over their indolence.

"About this time, my grandfather—it was from him I heard the story—came down here with a corps of engineers to lay off some lands on the river San Luisito. He vowed that he had never conceived, even in nightmare dreams, of so gohlin-like a crew as the Sorcerer—for it was by this name they called the old man—had gathered about him. There were men with wax-white skins, men whose hair was like the petals of the saffron-flowers, and eyes as blue as myosotis. There were others as black as the ropes of india-rubber that the Totonacs bring up from San Carlos, and inky hair that kinked in rings as close as the leaves of *siempre viva* ‡ after a rainless season. And the garb, and the ways, and the language of all of them, was, in the eyes of the eager watchers, simply monstrous. The engineers had tried to scrape acquaintance with the old fellow in the first days of his appearance, but his treatment of them was so cavalier, not to say brutal, that they never again ventured to intrude upon him, and confined their attentions to spying upon him, like the natives, from a safe distance. *Ay, mi coronel*, our forefathers were not over-afflicted with delicate scruples!

"Then, there was another and a more justifying reason for their haunting the vicinity—the old man had a lovely daughter. She was a pale, slight creature, but endowed with an expression so seraphic, and a pair of eyes so speaking, that every one of those case-hardened fellows—and we can judge what they were, by analogy, from the engineers of our own days—felt, when once he had seen her, that life was not worth living until his eyes should rest again upon her. But they were seldom gratified by a sight of their divinity. They had dwelt, the heauty and her father, when they had first arrived, in a sort of bower, constructed of sticks, and stems of taro, leaf-and-palm-thatched. But speedily, as if by magic, the *monte*—the jungle—was cleared for a large space round ahout them, and on the disembarrassed ground sprung up houses and their attendant satellites, a trifle rough, it may be, in construction, judged by our present standards, but spacious and sightly enough. The natives were terrifically impressed by the springing up of those habitations, so infinitely superior to their rude *chozas*, apparently without human agency. For, all day long the attendant crew of the old man lounged in the shade, feasting on the fruits of the region, and chattering in unintelligible language. Several of the surveying party understood, or English, or French, or German, yet none of them understood a word spoken by this motley gathering, save only in the case of the old man, his lovely daughter, and another, who appeared among them later—one whom they called 'The Black Man,' and of whom I will speak again hereafter. As to the marvelous rapidity with which the houses were constructed, my grandfather always declared his idea was that the rapscallion lot did vigorous, lusty night-work, though no amount of night-watching ever resulted in discovering them at their labors. But then they may easily have napped at their post, under the influence of the tropic heat, the five-league ride from the banks of the San Luisito, and the effects of the flasks they brought to protect them from magic influences. The houses were finished, and the old man and his people installed in them; and then came a night when there seemed to be on foot a hellish sort of merry-making—a house-warming, as it were, among a host of devils.

"And all this time, a daily guest of the Sorcerer had been one whom the watchers had tacitly come to call 'The Black Man'—a tall, lusty fellow, wonderfully handsome. Never could they discover whence he came, nor in what direction he departed. Watch as they would, he appeared and disappeared suddenly without a word or a token of warning. And, as I before said, among all the villainous gang the only speech which could be understood hy my father and his comrades was that of the Black Man, the Sorcerer, and his daughter. And, Señor Coronel, perhaps you will not believe me when I tell you that, among those who knew more than one language, there was not one who could tell whether the words of these their worships were uttered in French, or English, or their own native Spanish. On the night of th assemblage, our friends were present in full force, togeth with a host of Indians from the neighboring ranchos. C you figure to yourself that scene, *mi coronel?* None them invited, but all gathered there, clandestinely, men good position and half-naked Indians, huddled together in t edge of the great, dim forest, full of its remote, mysterio noises, and greedily, eagerly spying—yes; the word is n pretty, hut it is adequate—spying upon those who had ign miniously and insolently repulsed their civil attentio There was luxury in that mansion of unholy origin, such the simple coast people could not conceive, nor understan and even the men from the cities found what they saw little strange and sumptuous. Gorgeous hangings, pictur mirrors, unknown instruments of music—my grandsire, to l dying day, never tired of describing the wonders which saw that night through the windows thrown open to t night-wind, which let them gaze into the brightly lighted sal

"But—aye! Señor Coronel, the *convidados!* the invit guests! If you could have but heard my grandfather scrihe them! There were creatures, as tall as men, hut w wide, flapping wings, like the fox-bat—the murderous vampi which prey upon our horses and our cattle, and that e sometimes suck the life-blood of a vaquero, should one unwary enough to slumber without wrapping himself clos in his thick serape, and covering his face with his bro leafed sombrero. Others there were like monstrous toa and others yet like serpents, which now wriggled among others, creeping upon their bellies, and again stood up on upon their tail-parts, finished with rattles, or whip-like poi or other of the caudal decorations of the snake trihes. grandfather always maintained that they all were devils; a that, by virtue of their fiendish nature, they were able to t the shapes which pleased them. For my own part, I h judged that they had put on garbs of fantastic semhlan either from caprice or from some darker motive, for t own disguising. I am told that there are people who f pleasure in thus altering or concealing the semhlance God seen fit to hestow upon them, when they go to great hall cities. But of this your worship will know more than poor, ignorant countryman; and I shall beg you to discou on this and other topics to my benefit to-morrow, since it pleased you to dispose that your troop shall halt a day to at this hacienda.

"The night had swung overhead for many hours, and there was no thought of fatigue among the watchers, so sorhed were they in the strange doings they saw hefore th Dancings and leapings and contortions of strange, unca nature, such as were, surely, never dear to Christians, which seemed to the beholders to partake of the character a rite or service. In view of these things, and of what I h yet to tell you, I have always opined that these people, wh the Sorcerer of the Jungle had gathered about him, were great part from the Caribbean Islands, and that they had duced to their heathenish faith the northerners—for such, f the description of their persons, there were—among th And I have heard, from those who have journeyed and journed in those parts, that there is a wondrous fascinat an irresistible spell, in the Black Doctrines of the faith Vudu. At last, a burly creature, in the semhlance of Uran-Utan—a gorilla—hut in whom my grandsire thou he traced the outlines of a huge, mulatto-like fellow, who the Sorcerer's favorite henchman, came forward to the mi of the clearing before the mansion and touched a splinte *ocotl*—a bit of light-wood—to what seemed a heap of st piled up there. It blazed and burned away, and showed neath a mass of logs and hranches, which hlazed up so n rily and so far skyward, that they must have heen cove with grease or resinous suhstance, and ere long hecam mass of red coals, clear and glowing. Around these, Sorcerer and his minions gathered, and the Sorcerer seer preaching to his people—a frantic discourse, punctuated furious gestures, of which the listeners understood every w in its separate significance, but which, as a whole, seemed tached and without meaning. But his own people seeme understand, for they all leaped and shouted gleefully frightfully. And now and then were set down hefore Sorcerer covered baskets, from which he took, first, owls serpents, which he threw upon the coals alive and struggli and the outcries and houndings were louder and more joy as the hoots of the owls and the hissings of the serpents of their sufferings. And presently he took from the basl parrots and monkeys; and the human-likeness of the *mo* and the human-like voices of the *loros*, as they scream sobbed, swore, and entreated, filled all there with horror.

"Then the Sorcerer turned toward his house with an a gesture, and there came forth two negro slave-like won both stark naked, who led between them the maiden, daug to the Sorcerer. Slowly and resistantly she stepped, an her pallor, and in the dilation of her great eyes, and in nervous tension and tremor, was plainly to be seen the and dismay which were upon her. But the women who w her guides kept fast hold of her, and dragged her close to spot where the coals were glowing. Then her father laid heavy hand upon her shoulder; and now every word he sp was clearly intelligible to the listeners, as was ever the when the maiden was in question.

"'My heart has long been grieved,' he said, with a lool devilish and sly malice, 'over the waywardness of my un daughter. Her wicked opposition has impeded us in our w no little, yet we have always borne with her sweetly and no When he paused, a cackling shout of demoniac laughter w up from all his creatures. But the maiden stood impass her arms crossed over her bosom, with a look of patience resistance which told she had learned endurance in ma long day of persecution. 'To protect us from her evil and to give her at once gentle and firm protection, I h gladly promised her hand to our good friend and patron, has done her the honor to seek it, and who is here with us night to receive her and to take part in our pleasures. D near, good friends, to share in the rites that consecrate daughter.'

* Bamboo. † Macaws. ‡ Lycopodium nidiformis.

The Sorcerer threw back the lid of another basket as the Ick Man, handsome, diaholical, smiling with unholy joy, stoped forward to clasp the slender hand of the maiden. Al then—well, my grandfather always declared that, although he was watching steadily, he could never remember clirly just how it all had happened. The daughter of the Sorcerer slipped one slender hand into her bosom and then wadrew it, holding before the eyes of her tormentors a cross wch she had plaited from the leaves of *palma real*—the real palm—whicb grew thickly all about in the jungle. At tl sight of that sacred symhol, every one of that gang of rians hent and shuddered, and hegan to make hideous outcri. As for the Black Man, never went up from mortal throat sch screams of anguish as he uttered, falling like one in a fit un the ground, where he lay, writhing. But the maiden's fater, rallying from the shock that had at first stunned him ab, shouted: 'Seize her! kill her! lest she ruin us!' And at hat, he and the whole crowd set upon the girl, who leaped aoss the coals before her, and sped toward the forest.

Now, not a man among my grandsire's comrades but had gdly sprung to meet and greet her, had she come alone or in ompany less grewsome; hut at that moment, in good truth, tly were none of them over-anxious to risk their skins for the wman. Moreover, they were arrested hy a strange diversion. At the moment when the Sorcerer sprang forward to overtake his daughter, he let fall the creature he held in bis hands for sarifice, and behold! this was neither owl, nor parrot, dog, nor monkey, nor iguana; and as it lay there screaming in the red lit of the embers, Maria Antonia, one of the Indian women frn the *barra*, ran toward it, crying, 'My haby! oh, my La! my two-year-old haby! To-day at noon I left her singing in her little hammock, beneath the marney-trees, wched over by ber brother! How have they hrought her he to slay—to hurn her?' And with that the whole moh of h gossips, all of whom had left at home some or all of their cdren, set after her, screeching. And they threw themselves on the haskets, set ready there for the ensuing sacrifices, a, sure enough, every *chiquihuite* held an infant. At this sht, even those men stopped who would else have gone to th fleeing maiden; as it was, they did not dare, hut stood thre, stupidly gazing now at her, now toward the squealing, fious Indian mothers. And while they gazed, the maiden, a ost within reach of her pursuers before she could plunge in the jungle, raised again her cross of palm-leaf, waved it, a called upon the name of God. Straightway a nohle steed aeared hefore her; out of the bowels of the earth it seemed tleap, and kneeled before her. She sprung upon its hack, a away! swift and free as light, it hore ber!

At the same moment, the heavens seemed to open, and a sm of fire descended—a rain of flame, hefore wbose awful sht, that scorched and blinded their eyehalls, the petrified na who stood there sank down, fainting. It was broad light at the least, high noon of tbe next day—when they returned to their senses from that long swooning. And then, señor, heve or not, as you will, in lieu of the fruitful savannahs a rich forest, this sterile, desolate plain lay stretched hefe them, dry, stony, and ungrateful, as now you see it You have traveled to-day across *Los Llanos del Diao*, and you have seen for yourself what sharp contrast fn these wastes to the rest of the country, round about tm. Even here, on the edge of the forest, we strongly fl its searing influence. So terrified and overwhelmed were ty all by what they had witnessed, that they hastened to tir camp, caught up their instruments and baggage, and, lying their work in hand, hastened home to Mexico. The lds still lie unmeasured, as they then left them. No one b ever developed enterprise enough to resume the undertaing. It is only two years since the owner of this hacienda cised it to be established, for the working of a product which, a you know, abundant only in this district, has profitable sale in foreign markets.

When the company reached Mexico, they found the capital all agog over a strange occurrence. It seemed that, one rming when tbe sacristan unlocked the door of the *catedral*, h found, kneeling before the main altar, a stranger maiden, som none in the city had seen hefore ever, while a superh ite horse, whom she claimed hy signs, was standing in the *rium*. The stranger maid spoke the Spanish tongue, hut s: would give no account of herself whatever, save that she h suffered much persecution for her faitb's sake, and that s: would enter a convent. When they found that the date her arrival was that of their terrible adventure on tbe Devil's Ruins, the refugees were wild to see ber. But never a glimpse ld they until the day she took the vows in the church of Sta Brijida, and then they saw that the new-made nun was ieed the Sorcerer's daughter. And here, on the site of her sferings and triumph, she comes unfailingly, nightly, mounted on her mystic steed, which scours the plains with never-flagg g swiftness. In the first days of my stay bere, I have nunted many a night and after tbem, on the swiftest borses the hacienda, which I have always winded, without ever dinishing the distance between us. At first the work-people re madly fearful, and we could not get them to stay with But our chapel has many saintly relics, and our *padre* is nan most holy, and they have grown accustomed and indifent to these nightly chases, finding no harm comes from m. No danger even that they will think to speak of the tter to your people, or explain, farther than hy a shrug and laugb, if your soldiers question. But—Señor Coronel! I g of you a thousand pardons for my imprudence! It is ll you have no march hefore you—no to-day, no longer torrow, since I have held you from your hed with foolisb hhle, until—see! yonder the day is hreaking over *Los Llas del Diablo!*"

Y. H. ADDIS.

CITY OF MEXICO, June, 1889.

The price of emeralds and ruhies is increasing from year to ar. Diamonds and white pearls are not getting dearer. ack pearls have been increasing steadily in price for the last ur or five years—in fact, it is almost impossible to supply the mand for them.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Ballad of Splendid Silence.

[Written in memory of Ferenz Renyi, the patriot who suffered death in Hungary in the year 1848.]

This is the story of Renyi,
And when you have heard it through,
Pray God He send no trial like his
To try the faith of you.

And if his doom be upon you,
Then may God grant you this:
To fight as good a fight as he,
And win a crown like his!

He was strong, and handsome, and happy,
Beloved, and loving, and young.
With eyes that men set their trust in,
And the fire of his soul on his tongue.

He loved the Spirit of Freedom,
He hated his country's wrongs,
He told the patriots' stories,
And he sang the patriots' songs.

With mother, and sister, and sweetheart,
His safe, glad days went by,
Till Hungary called on her children
To arm, to fight, and to die.

"Good-hy to mother and sister;
Good-hy to my sweet sweetheart;
I fight for you—you pray for me,
We shall not be apart!"

The women prayed at the sunrise,
They prayed when the skies grew dim;
His mother and sister prayed for tne Cause,
His sweetheart prayed for him.

For mother, and sister, and sweetheart,
But most for the true and the right,
He low laid down his own life's hopes
And led his men to fight.

Skirmishing, scouting, and spying,
Night-watch, attack, and defeat;
The resolute, desperate fighting,
The hopeless, reluctant retreat;

Ruin, defeat, and disaster,
Capture, and loss, and despair,,
And half of his regiment hidden,
And only this man knew where!

Prisoner, fast bound, sore wounded,
They hrought him roughly along,
With his hody as weak and hroken,
As his spirit was steadfast and strong.

Before the Austrian general—
"Where are your men?" he heard:
He looked hlack death in its ugly face
And answered never a word.

"Where is your regiment hidden?
Speak—you are pardoned straight.
No? We can find dumb dogs their tongues,
You rebel reprobate!"

They dragged his mother and sister
Into the open hall.
"Give up your men, if these women
Are dear to your heart at all!"

He turned his eyes on his sister,
And spoke to her silently;
She answered his silence with speaking,
And straight from the heart spoke she:

"If you betray your country,
Yon spit on our father's name;
And what is life without honor?
And what is death without shame?"

He looked on the mother who bore him,
And her smile was splendid to see;
He hid his face with a hitter cry,
But never a word said he.

"Son of my body—be silent!
My days at the best are few,
And I shall know how to give them,
Son of my heart, for you!"

He shivered, set teeth, kept silence:
With never a plaint or cry
The women were slain before him,
And he stood and saw them die.

Then they brought his lovely beloved,
Desire of his heart and eyes.
"Say where your men are hidden,
Or say that your sweetheart dies."

She threw her arms about him,
She laid her lips to his cheek:
"Speak! for my sake who love you!
Love, for our love's sake, speak!"

His eyes are burning and shining
With the fire of immortal disgrace—
Christ! walk with him in the furnace
And strengthen his soul for a space!

Long he looked at his sweetheart,
His eyes grew tender and wet;
Closely he held her to him,
His lips to her lips were set.

"See! I am young! I love you!
I am not ready to die!
One word makes us happy forever,
Together, you and I."

Her arms round his neck were clinging,
Her lips his cold lips caressed;
He suddenly flung her from him,
And folded his arms on his hreast.

She wept, she shrieked, she struggled,
She cursed him in God's name,
For the woe of her early dying,
And for her dying's shame.

And still he stood, and his silence,
Like fire was hurning him through,
Then the muskets spoke once, and were silent,
And she was silent, too.

They turned to torture him further,
If further might be—in vain;
He had held his peace in that three-fold hell,
And he never spoke again!

The end of the uttermost anguish
The soul of man could bear
Was the mad-house where tyrants hury
The hroken shells of despair.

—*E. Nesbit.*

The illumination of the dome and cupola of St. Peter's, Rome, usually requires over three hundred men.

PRICES IN PARIS.

George W. Smalley on the Current Parisian Notions of Hospitality.

Hospitality is a word much in use among the French, but they use it with a meaning of their own which is not ours. Perhaps it may he indicated hy saying that in the French sense it does not exclude the idea of payment in cash. I have been reading a long editorial in one of the best known papers in Paris, written with much literary as well as journalistic ahility. The author of it sbows a frankness which the true Chauvinist would call cynical. Paris, he says, will have during the next six months an enormous floating population to whom it will have to offer its hospitality, and he thinks it would he well that they should come to an understanding as to the conditions of this hospitality. As hetween Frenchmen, it means one thing: it is taken for granted that the guest-chamber of the Parisian is to be made ready for the country cousin. As for foreigners, the duty of the Frenchman is to conceal his antipathies, to treat him civilly, and to get as much out of him as possihle. He should he made to pay well, hut not too well; if he is too grossly overcharged he will not come or will go away. The supreme art is to pluck the goose without making it cry out.

There is no denying the outspokenness of this French warning. It may he the more serviceahle if you hear in mind that it is not designed as a warning to the outsider. No superfluous sympathy is wasted on him; the wider his purse opens, the hetter for the Parisian. The warning is addressed to the Parisian himself, who is thought to be in danger of overdoing the thing; of raising his prices heyond what even the American will stand. That is what happened at Amsterdam and at Vienna. People were driven away hy charges which were not merely exorhitant, hut impudent. They came to stay a week or a month; they departed next day. Putting aside mere sentiment, ohserves the writer whom I am quoting—hy which he appears to mean considerations of morality and decency—the cleverest thing the hotel-keeper and shop-keeper could do would he not to raise bis prices too high.

Unhappily, this view appears to he a purely literary one. It has common sense on its side, hut the hotel-keeper and the shop-keeper do not share it. I have asked one or two of them, and the answer is not encouraging. They have heen told hy their papers, who, perhaps, horrowed it from the English, that all America is coming to the exhihition; whoever has money to spend is coming to spend it here. Their idea of the American is that he likes to spend money, which may he true, and that he does not care what he gets in return, which may also he true, in fact. It is, at any rate, true that if it is his first trip abroad he does not always know what he gets in return. He may have a vague notion that he is paying too much. He may he aware that he is charged an extra price because he is not French. It is admitted that there is a general rise in prices. I have heard it discussed from both points of view, the traveler's and the inn-keeper's. There is a well-known hotel, not far from the Place Vendome, which is rejoicing at this moment in emptiness. It was full week hefore last. The landlord all at once douhled his prices, and his guests left in a hody. He shrugged his shoulders and comforted himself with the conviction that others would come to take their places. I asked my landlord for his view. "Yes," he said, "I have raised my prices, hut not doubled them." If I may judge from my own case, what he says is true. I am paying just seventy-five per cent. more than the price of last January for rooms one floor higher.

I sbould say that the American who knows Paris may he prepared to find his visit this summer cost bim nearly, if not quite, twice as much as usual. The actual sum demanded at any given moment seems to depend on the discretion, or perhaps on the digestion, of the asker. There is no such thing as a market price, or, if there he, why should an apartment he quoted at one hundred francs in the morning and two hundred in the afternoon?

Prices at the exposition itself vary. A restaurant which you find cheap, or moderately cheap, one day, hecomes dear the day after; or perhaps is cheap in the morning and dear in the evening. The law of supply and demand, so precious to the political economist and often so odious in actual life, explains this variahility. If there are few customers, they may have their cutlet and wine at reasonahle rates. If there are many, they must pay for the charm of each other's society—and for the competition. Every restaurant-keeper inside the railings of the Champ de Mars has sworn an oath to retire next Novemher with a fortune. There is no prospect that any one of them will he forsworn. But time and the whirligig Frenchman have their revenges. Itinerant venders of eatahles and drinkahles prowl outside the railings and sell to the thrifty Parisians inside, who lunch or dine in this penurious manner on the grass; the restaurant-man gnashing his teeth, as he heholds the sad spectacle.

But the foreigner who cares to dine well and cheaply will dine elsewhere than at the exposition. If he must be economical, he can always find wholesome food at any one of the many Duval estahlishments. He had far hetter dine there than at any of the "prix-fixe" restaurants of the Palace Royal or the Boulevards. These latter are cheap, no doubt, hut they are also—the other thing.

There are few first-rate restaurants where the prices of the dishes are set down on the hill of fare. It suits the restaurant-keeper hetter to fill out the blank according to the nature, or nationality, of his customer. If you landed yesterday at Havre, and breakfast this morning in Paris for the first time at Bignon's, the amount of your bill will he perhaps douhle what your neighhor at the next tahle pays; perhaps only fifty per cent. more. The waiter will recommend you all the most expensive dishes, and especially the dishes out of season, which are never good and always enormously dear. Beguiled by the friendliness of his manner, you allow him to order for you. If you do it the second time, you have only yourself to thank. The Parisian waiter is a direct descendant from the serpent of the Garden of Eden.—*New York Tribune.*

A LOTTERY OF LOVE.

From Catulle Mendès's Tales "Pour Lire au Bain."

His hat properly adjusted on his head and his stick in his hand, all ready to go out, Sylvère d'Espagnac, after a last glance in the mirror—he was, indeed, a fine-looking fellow—Sylvère d'Espagnac rang for his valet, and demanded, not without some show of emotion:

"Justin, the given name?"

"Clarisse, sir."

"Family name?"

"Mme. de Villerose."

"Title?"

"Baroness."

"Age?"

"About twenty-three."

"Widowed or divorced?"

"She is said to be a widow."

"And the address?"

"Seventeen Rue de Penthiève."

"Which floor?"

"Second floor, over the entrance."

"Let me see—Baroness Clarisse de Villerose, aged twenty-three years, a widow, residing at 17 Rue de Penthiève, second floor, over the entrance?"

"Quite correct, sir."

"Very good. Justin, you may have my trunks in readiness, for if the baroness is willing, we shall start for Italy this evening."

Whereupon Sylvère d'Espignac passed through the antechamber, descended the stairs, and stepped into his cab, calling out to the coachman:

"Seventeen Rue de Penthiève, quickly."

Every morning for three years past, at the same hour, the same scene had unfailingly been repeated.

To his master's question, without availing himself of the aid of any recollection or any reconnoitering, Justin had replied with the given name, the family name, the title, the age, and the address of an imaginary woman. And never had Sylvère failed to repair to the designated house—and never had he failed to he deeply moved when the concierge, naturally enough, had replied, "I do not know of any such person."

What was the reason of this palpably absurd comedy? The fact is that Sylvère d'Espagnac, tired of easy conquests and the routine manner in which match-makers pair off young people for life, wished to owe only to the most extraordinary combination of chances the woman to whom he would surrender. Did he really hope that a mysterious accord between the will of Providence and his valet's imagination should permit him, some day or another, to meet the woman who was predestined to become his wife? Yes! And this dream was the more dear to him that it was so chimerical. Neither the young buds, who never refuse, nor the young widows, who sometimes accept, could turn him from his unique idea; more than one whom others had unsuccessfully sued and sighed for, had vainly given him, by a glance or a smile, the vague and tender signal which does not forbid advances.

It was with constantly renewed trepidation that he presented himself each morning at the address provided by the inexhaustible imagination of his valet.

The carriage stopped. As he entered the hallway, Sylvère trembled in spite of himself, and he took quite short steps, to put off to the last instant the accustomed cruel response.

"Mme. de Villerose?" he inquired.

"She is at home, sir."

"What!" he cried, his heart in his mouth; "but no, you misunderstood me. I said 'Mme. de Villerose?'"

"Yes, quite right."

"It is Baroness Clarisse de Villerose whom I inquired for."

"Exactly."

"A—a young woman of about twenty-three?"

"I should judge so."

"Who is a widow."

"For two years past."

"And who resides on the second floor?"

"Just over the entrance."

He rushed up the stairs, three at a time, knocked, pushed open the door, hurried across the room, opened another door, entered a boudoir, and threw himself breathless at the feet of an astounded young woman.

How fair and deliciously pretty she was—chance had done well to cast his lines in such pleasant places—not for an instant did he think of rising. What words did he use, with what irresistible passion did he reveal to her, with mingled voice and gesture, his bold hopes? I know not. Suffice it to say that Mme. de Villerose, to whom undoubtedly he related with infinite detail the history of his realized dream, saw perhaps that it would have been folly not to submit with a good grace, and to the very end, to a fate of such astonishing coincidences; or, perhaps, she was one of those who can ill withstand the supplications of a handsome, wealthy, and eloquent young man, who is, moreover, kneeling at her feet—at all events, the incontrovertible fact is that on that afternoon the trunks were not packed in vain. Together they came to know, Sylvère and Clarisse, the lazy pleasure of the promenade in a gondola beneath the blue sky of Venice, and the delight of sitting hand in hand on a Neapolitan balcony of an evening, while the smoke of Vesuvius rises like a sheaf toward the stars.

Deeper in love, day by day, Sylvère was perfectly happy, and he even felt a slight thrill of regret one morning when Clarisse said: "Go back to France? When you like, my dear lord and master. But you will discharge Justin, will you not? Oh, with a goodly purse, of course. You see, I would be embarrassed, and I could not help blushing at sight of the poor fellow, since he was my accomplice in the little ruse love showed me by which I won you, my husband."—*Adapted for the Argonaut from the French.*

THE AMERICAN GIRLS.

From London "Truth."

The cry is still "They come! They come!" till London scarce can hold
The army of Americans who land in hosts untold.
Turn to whatever side we may, we come on them in dozens;
England's pervaded, as a fact, by transatlantic cousins.

They dance with us, they dine with us—with us they drive and ride,
And at the play and opera we find them at our side;
They share our joys, if not our griefs, our penance and our sport,
And face with us the ordeal grim implied in going to court.

A thousand chances thus occur for scrutinizing daily
These transatlantic guests of ours who live our life so gayly;
And we, by close analysis of all their words and ways,
Their failings fully can assess, their merits can appraise.

For instance, in those Yankee belles who visit us each season,
We note good points, which English girls might imitate with reason;
Such as their self-reliant tone, their humor, and vivacity,
Their naïve originality, their wit and perspicacity.

La belle Américaine, in truth, thanks to her training wise,
At Mrs. Grundy loudly laughs; her straight-laced laws defies;
And freed from those tight leading-strings which English parents use,
Enjoys a liberty which she's too clever to abuse.

No wonder, then, that Englishmen appreciate the way
In which New York and Boston girls their social charms display;
No wonder they embrace the chance afforded them of gaining
Partners who have been taught to be supremely entertaining.

So English damsels, we repeat, could with advantage learn
A lesson from their visitors; who might, too, in their turn
Mark carefully those attributes so modest and so sweet
With which, whilst lacking showier charms, our girls are still replete.

For though la belle Américaine may boast full many a prize,
And prove herself a rival that 'twere folly to despise,
Yet, whilst we've girls as fair as she who's wed a Duke this week,
Our countrymen are likely still their brides at home to seek!

But why this talk of rivalry 'twixt nations which each day
Are welding closer still those ties Time ne'er can break away?
Say, rather, each is emulous, not jealous, of the other,
Whilst both are proud to be the sons of the same mighty mother!

And conscious of their brotherhood, let each great nation try
Not to the other's chief defects with cynic sneers decry;
But, rather, kindly to point out, with friendliness sincere,
Those faults which in a brother's eye most palpable appear.

For Yankee matrons then would find how vain it is of them
To hope with cunning artifice Time's ravages to stem;
And simultaneously would learn, with English mothers' aid,
How age can truly beautiful and venerable be made.

Nor would good Brother Jonathan object to kindly take
That protest which his Brother John might feel impelled to make;
And which, whilst owning his great nous and enterprise and dash,
Might wish he were more scrupulous with other people's cash.

He, too, on his side, might find fault with John's imperious airs,
And beg him not to fuss so much about such small affairs;
Whilst John, still in a friendly way, a censor might become,
Of Jonathan's bombastic talk and loud spread-eagledom.

In short, by dint of mutual hints and protests interchanged,
All points that needed altering might quickly be arranged;
Till two great nations having learned what each in turn could teach,
Henceforward would he one in heart as they are one in speech!

The "Peter Lebeck Tree."

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Referring to your article in issue of July 1st on the "Peter Lebeck Tree," I thought a further description of this unique monument might be of interest to your readers. The tree is one of a numerous group of mammoth white-oaks, situated on the Castac Ranch, in Kern County, and on the site of old Fort Tejon. This ranch is one of the properties of General E. F. Beale, and I visited the tree in his company, in March last. At this time, the bark was grown over the inscription, so that very little of it could be seen, but the general told me that, in 1848, the whole legend was plainly defined. The tree, at its base, is about eleven feet through.

This tree is mentioned in Vol. 5 of "Explorations and Surveys for a Railroad Route from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean," and William P. Blake, geologist to the expedition, in his report to Lieutenant-Colonel R. S. Williamson, commanding, writes, under date of September 29, 1853: "CAMP IN CANADA DE LAS UVAS. One of the large oak-trees bears the following inscription, cut deeply in the hard wood: 'Peter Lebec, killed by a bear, Oct. 17th, 1837.' A broad flat surface was hewed upon the trunk and well smoothed off before the letters were cut. It is a durable monument."

General Beale informed me that Peter Lebeck was a French-Canadian trapper, who had crossed from Hudson's Bay to Oregon, and had, with his party, worked their way down from Oregon, and were en route to Santa Fé with their pelts. While camped in this mountain meadow, Lebeck was killed by a grizzly-bear and buried under this tree. D. G. S.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 2, 1889.

To the discussion "Is Marriage a Failure?" the following mixed matrimonial narrative may add something: "ANGELICA, N. Y., June 17th.—Allegany County is agitated by the revelations already made in the Whitney divorce suit. Charles S. Whitney, who seeks relief from the court, is a wealthy resident of Belmont. He is about sixty years of age, and has been twice divorced. Mr. Whitney has been married to his present wife—his third—about eleven years, she being the divorced wife of a Mr. White, of Oil City, Pa. Mrs. Whitney is about twenty years younger than her husband, and is quite a pretty woman. She has a son by her first husband, who naturally takes sides with his mother. Ira H. Meyers, the co-respondent, has been the personal friend and legal adviser of Mr. Whitney, and is engaged to Mr. Whitney's daughter by his second wife. Miss Florence Whitney takes sides with her stepmother and with Lawyer Meyers, who, by the way, is a divorced man."

Stockholders and others interested in the Monte Carlo gambling-rooms are in a state of unusual glee over the season which has closed. It has been so profitable, and birds have flocked in so plentifully to be plucked, that the large gambling-halls have been insufficient to accommodate them. A new gambling-room is to be erected at a cost of one million francs. The profits of three months of the winter season, all expenses being paid, exceed twenty times that amount.

It is estimated that the annual money value of the fruit consumed in Great Britain is fifty million dollars, of which about fifteen million dollars' worth is imported.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

One of the ablest men among many able men whom t State of Maine has ever sent to the United States Senate, w William Pitt Fessenden. His father, General Samuel F senden, was also a keen lawyer, and it was not an uncomm thing for father and son to be pitted against each other in case. At one time, when they were on opposite sides of certain suit, the younger man had made some points which l father could not get around, and, finding himself cornered, claimed, angrily, "Young man, I did not bring you up to pi my eyes out!" "Oh, no, father!" was the quick reply; "r to pick them out, but to open them."

An old preacher, after service one Sunday, announced reading for the following Sunday. During the week, so mischievous boys obtained his Bible and pasted two of t leaves together, right where he was to read. Sunday morni coming, the aged divine opened his book, and read as follow "And Noah took unto himself a wife who was"—and h he turned the leaf—"forty cubits broad, one hundred a forty cubits long." With a look of astonishment, he wiped glasses, re-read and verified the passage, and then said: "M friends, although I have read the Bible many times, this is t first time I have ever seen this passage, but I take it as a other evidence of the fact that man is most fearfully a wonderfully made."

An anecdote of Christine Nilsson, the Swedish singer, t in *America*, illustrates her freedom from snobbery: Christi was once at the house of a retired Chicago millionaire n New York. A distinguished company had been invited meet her at dinner. On entering the dining-room she dropp her host's arm, and hurrying in amazement to the stately you butler, seized him effusively by the hand and engaged him conversation, while the other guests stood waiting and the tertainer looked on in astonishment. "That man," she plained to the group when they were seated, "is the son of kind old nobleman on whose estate my father worked a day-laborer when we were children. Fortune has smiled me, while it has frowned on my old play-mate, whom I fi under such changed circumstances."

A Cambridge gentleman was asked to buy a ticket to firemen's ball (says a correspondent of the Providence *Jo nal*), and good-naturedly complied. The next question w what to do with it. One of his two man-servants would pr ably be glad to use it, but he did not wish to show favoritis Then it occurred to him that he might buy another ticket, a give both of his servants a pleasure. Not knowing just h to proceed, he inquired of a policeman where the tickets w to be had. "Why don't you go down to the engine-house said the officer; "the men all know you." So the old geot man went to the engine-house; but, when he entered, th was no one in sight. He had never been in such a place fore, but was perfectly familiar with the use of electric-signa On the side of the room was a button, evidently connect with a bell, and, naturally enough, after waiting a minute two, he put his thumb upon it. The effect was electrical every sense of the word. From the air overhead—so, at lea it seemed to the old gentleman in his bewilderment—men gan to rain down, completing their toilets as they fell. T horses rushed out of their stalls, and, in a word, all the m chinery of a modern engine-house was instantly in moti Amid all this turmoil stood the mild-mannered and innoc old gentleman, who, even now, did not suspect that he h touched the fire-alarm. The men rushed upon him for formation as to the whereabouts of the fire, but when opened his mouth, it was only to say, in the mildest accent "I should like to buy another ticket to the ball, if you pleas The situation was so ludicrous that no one could be angry, even the men whose nap had been broken into, and the gentleman bought his ticket and departed in peace.

The late Vice-Admiral Jauréguiberry was famous for courtly treatment of women. Some time ago, while his fl ship, the *Richelieu*, was at anchor near Nice, the vice-admir from three o'clock till six every pleasant afternoon, was bu serving coffee, kissing hands, and showing off his ship to t Four Hundred of Nice. After this sort of thing had been progress several weeks, the Minister of the Navy turned in Nice for his summer vacation. He disapproved of t vice-admiral's almost exclusive devotion to the pretty wom of the city. He told the vice-admiral so several times in d lomatic language, but the afternoon receptions on the *Ric lieu* continued with unabated popularity. The Minister of t Navy became very impatient. Eventually he determined cure the women of their fondness for visiting the vice-admir as he could not cure him of his fondness for receiving the One afternoon, while an Italian countess and her two frien were drinking coffee on the *Richelieu*, the vice-admiral w unexpectedly ordered by marine signals, made from the sho at the minister's instance, to weigh anchor at once, and, witho any previous communication with the city, to proceed to Ma seilles. The countess and her friends were in despair. Th begged to be sent ashore. With all his gallantry, howev the vice-admiral was a thorough-bred sailor. He did not da disobey his explicit orders. The *Richelieu* sailed almost i mediately for Marseilles with the coffee-party intact. T days later, the three Italian women returned to Nice by r from the French sea-port. Every one was gossiping abo their temporary elopement with the vice-admiral. The not riety of their adventure accomplished the minister's purpo Although the vice-admiral remained the most courteous a courtly of naval officers up to the day of his death, compar tively few women, who had heard of the predicament of t countess and her two friends, dared to visit his flag-ship.

VANITY FAIR.

A mall, hright red hook, with wide margins and strong and visit: text, written hy Teresa H. Dean, is entitled "How to he Iautiful; Nature Unmasked" (T. Howard, Chicago). It contns the picture of a young and attractive woman, presumablyhe author, for a frontispiece. We are not explicitly told in th volume (says the New York *Sun*), hut an easy logical procs informs us that it is Mrs. and not Miss Dean who has give this attractive volume to the world. A womao so good-lookg as the frontispiece, and capable of such art in the arrangnent of hair and marahout feathers, is bouod to be married she is of age. The printed synopsis of the contents of Mrs Dean's hook is exceedingly striking. Here it is: "How o Hve a Beautiful Complexion. How to Remove and Prerent Vrinkles. How to Grow Thin. How to Grow Fleshy. Howto Preserve and Strengthen the Eyesight. How to Improv the Hands. How to Have a Beautiful Form. How to Devop the Bust. How to Wear Corsets, and Why They Are ot Injurious. How to Have a Beautiful Foot. How to b 'Sensihle.' How to he Agreeahle and 'Fascinating.' Hou he Distingué and Self-Possessed. How to Prepare Cold Creams, Toilet-Water, and Hair-Washes." In her first hapter, Mrs. Dean dwells upon the tendency of married adies, under pressure of household concerns, to neg-t he cultivation of their personal charms. She illus-trte her homily with a story. There came once to the d of the author, to sit for a portrait (from this it is pent that Mrs. Dean is a painter in oils as well as in), a woman of society, who was beautiful without the s heing apparent. They hecame intimate, and Mrs. Dea learned the secret of her patron's heauty. The lady arried a law-student in her youth. Her sole amhition s make his home beautiful. In the pursuit of desirable oks and bric-à-brac, she neglected her own person. er omplexion became muddy; her hair and dresses did not mnize; she wore common-sense shoes; the length of her es were not regulated to show to a nicety the curve of ist and forearm; and she went so much without corsets the was exceedingly uncomfortable when necessity obliged put a pair on. Her bushand was elected to the United Senate. In Washington, she suffered poignant anguish rson of his devotion to the numerous beautiful women ahound in that capital. After due weeping, she to work to renovate herself. She took up hath-d exercise, and studied dress and deportment. The st was that, in six months, "she was not only a power, hut the embodiment of health and beauty." rs Dean insists, with great force, upon the advantage of hg. "Persons who do not bathe are constantly liahle to horror to all ladies—black heads." We learn from her that Mrs. Langtry, "to whose complexion all concede lm, takes a cold plunge every morning. After a thor-ruhhing she wraps herself in blankets and rests twenty s, drinking her coffee or chocolate meanwhile." It to have been Mrs. Langtry who, first among the n of Christendom, took to wearing veal cutlets for the exion. "It is said Mrs. Langtry was heart-broken," s Deao writes, under the head of "Wrinkles," "at the s our severe climate made upon her exquisite skin; fter hunting in vain for something to stay the progress fioe lines she saw making their appearance, she accitly heard of a remedy used hy the Persian women to off wrinkles, viz., to cover the face with thin slices of eal. She immediately sent for the veal, and was 'not at ' for the following two hours. Since then, she has been veal twice a week, and fiods it a very successful nourishand tonic for the starved tissues." Mrs. Dean does not any other lady who employs veal in this manner, but ussing the bath she says that "our own Mrs. Frank , one of the most beautiful and one of the most physiperfect women in the world, takes a cold dip in the ng, which, with regular exercise, eating, and sleeping, gives e appearance, upon the closest inspection, of a woman sunny side of thirty-five, while, as a matter of fact, her ust run into the shadows by several years."

T: Eiffel Tower is heing turned to the most varied ac-i hy the jewelers, and Eiffel Tower ear-rings, brooches, ins, aod sleeve-links are all the rage. But a well-known n jeweler, M. Martin Posno, has eclipsed all competiy completing an exquisitely finished model of the fa-tower in diamonds. It staods a little over a yard in eig, and some idea of the costly character of the work may hered from the fact that close upon thirty thousand diaors have heen used in all, their total weight being over three ind carats. The frame-work of this unique model is t finest gold and silver, but it is well-nigh hidden by the nts which stud it so profusely. Every detail of the is reproduced—the restaurants, the lifts, the staircases, he shed-like structure on the secood platform io which ffel Tower edition of the Paris *Figaro* is prioted, the t the top of all covered with sapphires, brilliants, and, and io the tioy pharos beneath is inclosed a still more ectric-lamp, which is not a mere toy, but a practicable ator, which can he lighted hy turning a diminutive switl.

feminine London is interested in the trousseau of Miss herlain, who weds Captain Leland. Miss Chamherlain narry a fortune. It was supposed that with her heauty e prestige given her by royal favor, she would get a title, e has chosen to content herself with a good-looking, well-young fellow who has handsome estates and a big hank nt, which would seem, on the whole, as much as any reale womao, even a professional American beauty, could r. At all events, whether she is contented or not, she ioseo him, and her trousseau is a wonder and a joy, haveeo made entirely in Paris, and mints of money heing upoo it. The liogerie is all in sets to match, as, for ex-, there are six rose-colored silk-chemises, and in the hox with these is a pair of rose-colored satin-corsets, a silk petticoat of the same shade, and six pairs of stockings to match, with a pair of dainty little pointed-toed satin-slippers to complete the set. There are similar sets in nale sea-green, cream-color, snow-white, lemon, blue, and lilac, each one of them having arrived in London, in its own separate case, packed in tissue-paper, and tied up with rihhons to match the contents. Her parasols are another particularly splendid feature, there heing some twenty of them in all, so that she will have a suitahle sun-shade to carry with any possihle costume. One is made entirely of rose-colored ostrich tips, to match a rose-colored gown, in which she will drive in the afternoon. The handle is of an elaborately carved coral of the same shade as the feathers, and it is very hig, heing lined inside with gauze, and forming a great canopy of fluffy pink feathers; another has an ivory staff, with a winged Cupid's head forming the knob of the handle, and the white-silk top is completely covered with accordion plaits of white-silk mull. Another one, made entirely of lace, has a hroad, flat handle of highly-polished wood, and sunk into this under a heavy convex cover of crystal, is a little spray of real orange-hlossoms, preserved with all their natural heauty under the air-tight glass. Her gowns, with the exception of a few tailor-made frocks for travel and street-wear, which were done in London, all came from Paris. One of the prettiest of them is meant to he worn to spring garden-parties, and has a skirt of lettuce-green silk, with little pink ruffles set around the edge. Over this falls, straight from the waist, a skirt of cream-colored-silk mull, closely covered with open-work wheels of emhroidery in the same shade, giving an effect which is at the same time wooderfully rich, and yet very light and delicate. The bodice is of the same emhroidered mull, but is made upon cream color, and is crossed over in front in surplice fashion, with wide velvet sashes of the green coming from high up under the arms and making an extremely long point where they fasten together, a little to the left of the front. The sleeves are of wrinkled green velvet, trimmed at the wrist with the mull, and a bonnet which goes with it sits quite on top of the head, heing a tiny affair of green tulle, trimmed with velvet, a wreath of forget-me-nots all around it, and green velvet strings which pin under the chin.

A novelty in bonnets, which is an English invention, is called the "collapsihle." It can he folded flat and used as a fan. It is a "guinea" bonnet in England, made of silk and ribbon, and should certainly be a boon for traveling, for it is said to he as stylish as it is light and universally becoming.

Again progress is to be reported for women. A women's surpliced choir exists, and is spreading. The pastor in Melbourne who introduced this innovation apologized for it in this way: "It can not he denied that, considering the extraordinary caprices of fashion in the matter of female attire, it would offend the taste to see the simple uoiformity of surpliced men and hoys disturhed hy the intrusion of the grotesque and daily changing inventions of the Paris milliner. What hetter solution, then, of the difficulty could there be than to clothe the female members of the choir in an ecclesiastical vestment of such a suitahle type as should harmonize well with the surroundings of their position, and at the same time not destroy that distinctive gracefulness of attire to which their sex entitles them?" The "ecclesiastical vestment" of the three female members of his choir consisted of surplices edged with black, and college caps. Soon after that the same novelty appeared at a harvest festival in Yorkshire, where the surplices worn hy the women were made of Scotch lawn with plaited backs, and in shape were not unlike a collegian's gown, while purple velvet caps similar to those worn hy doctors of civil law completed the attire. Canon Lidden decidedly disapproved, and expressed himself thus in a letter: "It is difficult to say whether the spectacle of ladies dressed in surplices and so on in church is more irreverent than it is certainly grotesque. It is greatly to be hoped that the good sense and Christian feeling of the Australian churches will steadily discourage anything of the kind, and especially for the sake of the ladies concerned."

A lady traveling in Brazil, a short time since, brought as a souvenir to her friend a pin, the curious design of which struck her fancy. It is the profile of a half-breed Indian done in oxidized silver. The hair is represented by cutting the silver in innumerable facets, which shine like jewels. Directly in the crown of the head is set the polished claw of a wild-cat, the curve of which turns backward. The whole is harbaric in its beauty, but the workmanship is faultless.

A fashionable dress-maker said, the other day, with considerable asperity, as she picked up a waist which had just heen completed and brought from the work-room: "I wonder why fat womeo will persist io wearing tight clothes without any trimming upon them? You can see hy the size of this that the woman I made it for is hy no means a sylph. Her bust-measure is forty-three inches, and yet her waist is only twenty-five, and you can see this waist is absolutely bare and piaio, without a particle of trimming upon it, not even on the sleeves, and so tight everywhere that it will have to be buttoned with a hutton-hook. It is a curious delusion with which all fat women are afflicted, that their *embonpoint* can be concealed hy means of tight lacing and no trimming on their clothing. 'Oh,' they say, 'don't make my sleeves full; my arms are so stout they can't stand it.' And nothing I can say to them will persuade them that the true way to conceal the size of their arms is by covering them up in loose broken folds, instead of crowding them into a plain case three sizes too small for them, which has the effect of giving them the most ghastly resemhlance to sausages. Instead of wearing their clothes loose, so that the flesh will not he squeezed out inordinately in any direction, and hangiog all sorts of draperies ahout themselves, with straight, flowing lines to deceive the eye and give the effect of slenderness, every fat woman who ever comes ioto this place laces herself scandalously, and thinks to excuse her hust-measure hy the size of her waist. And her hodice must always he as plain and as smooth as paper on the wall, so that every one of her exaggerated outlines stares at you without the slightest disguise. But it is hopeless to argue with them. I think getting fat affects their minds in some way, so that they are iocapahle of seeing how queer they look."

Mr. Mallock's suggestion of a "conversation menu" has heen to some extent reduced to practice in Philadelphia, where what are called "topic-parties" are in vogue. The topic-party is thus descrihed by a Philadelphia paper: Fifteen or twenty couples are invited. The hostess hands each guest on entering a programme like a dancing-card, with topics where the names of the dances would he. There are usually thirteen or fourteen topics. At a party given by a well-known diplomat, the topics were: First, the weather; second, the latest fad; third, the hook I last read; fourth, topics; fifth, politics; sixth, cough-drops; then came an intermission filled in with music and recitations); seventh, heggars; eighth, the new President; ninth, Egypt or Samoa; tenth, the small hoy; eleventh, organs; twelfth, reforms; thirteenth, refreshments (with illustrations); fourteenth, "Home, Sweet Home," with "Sweethearts and Wives." When the cards were all filled with engagemeots, the hostess rang a little bell and said: "Find your partners for 'The Weather,'" and in three minutes the hell rang, and that topic aod partner were left for the next, and so on through the course, giving the participators a chance to see how much they could say on a topic in a short time.

This is how a woman learns to swim, according to a professor of the art: The majority of the fair pupils swim with their arms only, and if they do kick, the force of their stockinged soles is lost on the air. Instead of drawing the legs up under the body, as a good male swimmer does, the feminine pupil heods the leg at the knee, so that the lower parts of the limbs rise gracefully above the surface of the water at every stroke and then drop back with a thud, as if the roof of the bath-house had fallen in. The effect of this innovation is most exhilarating, especially to the disinterested spectators. In proportion to their size, women have heavier heads and smaller lungs than men; and, as lung power has much to do with a swimmer's buoyancy, a woman has a tendency in the water to pitch head downward. The conformation of her body, too, helps this unpleasant tendency, so that when she aggravates the trouble by kicking her heels out of the water she looks like a duck diving for clams.

It is generally asserted, and does not seem to be very positively denied, that the old Newport "season," when public gayety was kept up day after day and night after night, is a thing of the past (says the *Nation*). We venture to suggest that the cause in the season itself which leads to this result is that it was an essentially vulgar and disgusting institution, which, unless the world was to grow increasingly vulgar and disgusting, was doomed to an early decay. It consisted simply and solely of a number of people, united by no other tie than that they could afford it, going to a sea-side place, and, instead of spending their time io the pursuit of health and pleasure, wasting it in giving their badly brought-up daughters and sons a "good time" in the way of dancing, driving, and flirting. The elders of course got very little out of the seasoo. The father was apt to be hard at work most of the summer, earning a living; the mothers drove or gossiped (a great many of the leading matrons made their head-quarters on a hotel piazza), and the young people had their fling; that is, they danced night after night in gas-heated rooms, privately if they must, puhlicly in the hotel "corridor" if possihle. In the last twenty or thirty years, immense changes have come over the lives and pleasures of well-to-do Americans. Notwithstanding all the provincialism we see in some directions, in the pleasures of "society" there has been a great advance in good sense and cosmopolitanism. The taste for out-door sports has made a summer season devoted to dancing seem just as silly to Americans as it always did to other people. Summer occupations have hecome diversified. Where sitting on a piazza or parading a corridor used to mark the height of social attainment, these pursuits have come to seem more or less like a bore. The increase of private fortunes has also had an indirect effect. The plutocrats have gradually more and more given up trying to pretend that they liked equality and the give-and-take of democratic hotel life, and have drawn off into their cottages—villas they call them now—and taken a good deal of satisfaction in a reserve and withdrawal from the vulgar herd of resorters, which the latter perfectly well understand. No ooe not fortified hy great wealth could do these things. A generation ago they would have been looked upon as snobhish. Now they are simply aristocratic or exclusive. The very wealthy are a law to themselves. They lead such lives in summer as they please, season or no season, and, for their example, a host of people less rich may well be thankful. Of course the "season" will never he wholly extinguished. There will always be a time when the hotels are full, when there are most turn-outs to be seen, when there is summer dancing; hut the great discovery has been made that the leaders of fashion no longer regard the competition of display in clothes on hotel-piazzas as the sum and substance of human happiness, and the followers of fashion are very quick to echo the discovery. Summer life in the last generation has become much more private. Let the hotel-keepers, and hack-drivers, and purveyors of amusement, by cootract at so much a head, regret it; we can not. To our minds, the old season was a vulgar caricature of real pleasure-seeking, and it has gone, as the late Mr. Carlyle would have said, to the mother of dead dogs.

Scripps' League of Western newspapers, during the present month, will send fifty American working-men to the Paris Exposition with a view to examining the advance of mechanical arts. All trades will he represented, including iron-workers, car-workers, ship-builders, carpenters, molders, printers, etc.

AN INDEPENDENT DUKE.

"Cockaigne" tells how Portland weds the Girl of his Choice.

The marriage of the Duke of Portland to Miss Dallas-Yorke is unquestionably worthy of note, not only as the greatest wedding in English high life of our day, but as one which should merit the approval of all people who believe in marriage as something more than a mere form of alliance entered into for worldly advantage alone. In these days of purely worldly marriages, especially among the aristocracy and upper classes of England, it is a refreshing example and proof of the existence of proper sentiment, heart, and independence of thought, feeling, and action among the great people of the land who are commonly supposed to care for nothing but gain when they marry, and to exhibit nothing but the most sordid propensities in the selection of a husband or wife. In these respects, it is a lasting reproach to the British nobility who have considered marriage as but a natural means to the acquisition of money, rank, and position; and a crushing defeat to the machinations of hundreds of match-making mothers, who, since the young duke succeeded to his title, estates, and fortune, have plotted, and schemed, and left no stone unturned to capture him for their daughters.

The number of disappointed mammas and chagrined daughters in England to-day is astounding. Never was a man so persistently hunted and unrelentingly angled for as a husband, since he came into the dukedom, and at once became the greatest match in England, if not in all Europe. There is not, I will back, a duke's, marquis's, earl's, viscount's, or baron's daughter in England, who was of age and unmarried, who has not at some time or other "had an idea" of the Duke of Portland as a possible husband. Even the Prince of Wales, it is said, tried to bring about the duke's marriage to some one of his especial favorites, and failed. So did all the mammas. There never was so shy a bird. All the matrimonial nets were set for him in vain. That he was reported to be engaged over and over again, must go without saying. But like the same reports with less exalted personages, they each and all proved unfounded. At last, however, the duke was caught. People expected it was at least the daughter of some great grandee in the peerage, Lady Gwendolen this, Lady Muriel that, or the Honorable Beatrice the other; if indeed it was not some some royal princess. But not a bit of it. The greatest matrimonial catch of the day had been captured by a plain miss, of little or no "family" to speak of—a comparative nobody, in fact. Great was the howl which went up from a hundred or two dowagers, and the stamping of feet and gnashing of teeth which ensued among the left-out-in-the-cold daughters by the score, made the dust fly in more senses than one. But it was of no avail. It soon became a case of grin and bear it, and with that sentiment paramount, society has allowed the wedding to take place, with a sort of cold indifference which only the grand preparations for the nuptials, and the consequent curiosity they have awakened in the female heart, have prevented from lapsing into affected ignorance.

The wedding took place at St. Peter's, Eaton Square—one of the three ultra-fashionable churches for marriages in London—in the presence of a vast multitude of the highest society in the land, on Tuesday last, the church being thronged in every part, admittance to the ceremony being by ticket. The Bishop of Lincoln, the prelate who is now being proceeded against by law for some alleged infringement of church rules, performed the ceremony, and it is worthy of note that the Duke of Newcastle, who was married the other day, had the same bishop to marry him. This upholding of the bishop has been considered a kind and graceful tribute to his merits on the part of these two dukes, and can be taken as a mild remonstrance against his prosecution before the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Miss Dallas-Yorke, who is now the Duchess of Portland, is about twenty-five years old, very tall, with dark-brown hair of that peculiar hue which appears dark, but emits a glint of auburn in certain rays of light. Her features are regular, delicate, and refined, while her eyes are a dark-violet blue, her complexion possessing the tinting of a brunette with the clearness and transparency of a blonde. In figure she is very slight, or at least has the appearance of being so from her most unusual height for a woman. The duke is by no means what you would call a short man, yet as they stood together she was an inch or two taller than he. She is certainly a beauty, and in looks is an ideal duchess.

The duke is fairly well-looking. If he was not so big and broad and puffy, he would look better. To me he has a heavy face and animal expression, a small dark mustache not covering the lines of a pair of thick lips. But who ever thinks of men's looks in English high-life? Not the girls who marry them, anyhow. If the Duke of Portland had been a hunchback with a squint, no teeth, a broken nose, a stomach like Falstaff, and a cork leg, he would have got Miss Dallas-Yorke just the same, or any other girl for the matter of that. For just think what he is and what he has got. If he is not exactly what you would call handsome, he is a most proper and exemplary young man. Not a breath of scandal has ever been blown in his direction. Perhaps he is too cautious and knowing to let any cats escape. But that is neither here nor there. He has eight country-houses and estates, a house in London, and over a hundred thousand pounds a year. He is a duke, the highest grade of nobility in the English peerage, and he owns the horse that won this year's Derby. He is, in fact, a great racing-man and a power on the turf. Since 1881, he has won over a hundred thousand pounds on races. His winnings this season have been thus far more than thirty thousand, and it is said that he intends to devote his entire gains on the turf this year to the purchase of a wedding present for his bride.

The bride's wedding-dress was a marvel of loveliness in white satin, embroidered with pearls and trimmed with old point d'Alençon. A white tulle veil enveloped her, orange-blossoms being pinned in bunches in her hair. In her hand, she carried a large bouquet of white exotics. She wore, among other jewels, a pearl necklace, which once belonged to Queen Mary (the wife of William of Orange), to whom an ancestor of the duke was a page.

There were nine bridesmaids—six grown-up young ladies and three little girls. The dresses of the older ones were copied from an ancient portrait in the duke's family, and consisted of dresses of white satin, veiled with draperies of soft, transparent white-silk muslin, with frills of the same. Fichus of the muslin crossed upon the bodices, and long sashes to match were tied in front. The hats were of silk muslin drawn upon wires and slightly raised at the left side. The trimmings were white ostrich feathers and carnations. Each of the older bridesmaids wore a bangle watch, set with diamonds, the gift of the bridegroom, the little girls being given small ruby and diamond hearts, surmounted by a ducal coronet, the two little boy-pages, one of whom was a little Lord Fauntleroy in real life in the person of Lord Haddon, having silver daggers. The ceremony over, the wedding-party repaired to the residence of Lord Cranbrooke, in Grosvenor Gardens, for the *déjeûner*.

The presents here displayed, in three rooms, numbered over four thousand. The Prince of Wales, whose absence at the Paris exhibition has been put down to huff at the duke for not marrying to suit *him*, gave a silver cup. Considering that the duke is one of his set, it was rather a mean present. Prince Albert Victor's offering was a silver-gilt sugar-basin, never by any chance called bowl, in England. Lord and Lady Salisbury gave a silver-framed hand-glass in the shape of a heart. One of the handsomest gifts came from the duke's stepmother, Lady Bolsover, and his step-sister, Lady Ottaline Bentinck. It was a dessert-service, on which copies of some of Greuze's miniatures were painted. Lord Hastings gave a blotting-book, but it had a silver cover. Then there were more than twenty walking-sticks given to the duke, the duchess getting one.

At three o'clock, the duke and duchess departed for Welbeck Abbey, one of the Portland family mansions, for the honeymoon. If worldly goods, high rank, exalted position, youth and health, can confer happiness, they ought to be the happiest pair that ever started on a wedding tour. It is curious that both the duke and duchess were born in Perthshire, in the Dunkeld District—the duke in Kinnaird House and the duchess in Murthly Castle. The Kinnaird mansion was then the residence of the duke's maternal grandfather, Sir St. Vincent Whitshed, whose daughter married Colonel Cavendish Bentinck. The young mother died shortly after giving birth to the infant, who is now the Duke of Portland, and who, ten years ago, was comparatively poor and obscure, as plain and untitled Mr. Cavendish Bentinck, a lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards. Such is luck! Oddly enough, if the duke was born in the house of his grandfather, the duchess was born in the house of her grandmother, Murthly Castle being at the time the residence of Mrs. Graham. Surely the proverb, "small beginnings have great endings," was never applied to a more fitting case than theirs.

Take it all in all, and from whatever point you look at it, and in whatever light, the marriage is not one with which the nobility are pleased. There have been of late so many of what the aristocracy are wont to consider misalliances among the dukes, that the aristocracy have grown tired and disgusted. Take the Duke of Westminster, for example, and the Duke of Marlborough, and the Duke of Sutherland, and, only the other day, the Duke of Newcastle. Each married to a Miss or a Mrs. Not one title among them. And now, here comes the Duke of Portland, of whom better things were hoped for and expected, and he goes and marries another titleless obscurity. What with the Hammerslys, and the Blairs, the Candies, and the Dallas-Yorkes, it is enough to turn their heads white with chagrin and vexation. However, dukes are only men after all, and are becoming more like men in their ways every day. So the aristocracy can only make the best of it. The worst of it is, there are no more unmarried dukes left. There are only two widowers, their graces of Devonshire and Grafton. But as one is eighty-one, and the other sixty-eight, they are not likely to marry again. Yet, stop. I have omitted Somerset. He is a bachelor. But, alas, he is seventy-nine! So there will be no more duchesses for the present. American belles (with money) take notice. COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, June 14, 1889.

The State assessors have been making their annual round of investigation into the values of real-estate in New York. They have found a general depreciation of farm-lands. "We have," says Assessor Wood, "visited fourteen counties, and in all we find the same condition of affairs. City property is increasing in value, while farming property is growing less and less valuable. No one wants to buy farm-lands here. They can't get their money out of them. Most of the farms were bought about war times, when big prices were paid." This information tallies with that furnished by the Connecticut Bureau of Labor Statistics. In the last report of this bureau, the profit-and-loss accounts of nearly one thousand farms are given, from which it appears that fifty-four per cent. of the whole number show an annual loss, or a loss for the year in which the examination was made.

The fact has just come to light *(vide Nouvelle Revue)* that Queen Marie Antoinette, of revolutionary and guillotine memory, mocked the simple-mannered delegates of the young American Republic. She found Franklin and his associates *canaille*, so that the cleverer and energetic Catherine the Second of Russia was irritated to give vent to her depreciating reflection: "Marie Antoinette should remember he laughs best who laughs last!"

English and Scotch capitalists hold United States railway bonds to the extent of $750,000,000, yielding at the average rate of four and one-half per cent. an annual income of $33,750,000. Ordinary railway shares are held to the amount of about $500,000,000.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Oriental gifts sent by the Sultan of Morocco to Kaiser Wil the Second, turn out to have been manufactured in Germany.

Amasa Sprague, of Rhode Island, elder brother of the late Gove William Sprague, and once worth ten millions of dollars, is no sheriff in that State at a salary of about four hundred dolla year.

Prince Albert Victor, eldest son of the Prince of Wales, is to be to India to divert his mind from his disappointment at the failure o love affair with the Princess Victoria of Teck. He will visit princes have too many wives, and may thus become reconciled to the fact he has none.

Among the earliest and most enthusiastic lady photographers in country is Miss Alice M. Longfellow, the daughter of the poet. began using the camera more than a dozen years ago, and her colle of views contains many from the vicinity of Boston and along the o of Massachusetts and Maine.

At M. Cernuschi's great fancy ball the other evening, M. Zola peared as a friar, with his handsome wife as a Norman peasant Munkacsy was a sixteenth-century German, M. Daudet was a lav M. Petit a Zulu chief, and Mme. Bernadeki had an Eiffel tower o head, a yard high, set with diamonds.

Thomas Nast, the artist, has been engaged to make cartoons for T a weekly Republican journal in New York city. In making the annou ment, the publisher says: "With the exception of a slight diversi favor of Mr. Cleveland, Mr. Nast has always been an uncoprom Republican." How about his *Examiner* cartoons?

Sir Francis Cook, the venerable Englishman with a Portuguese who is now the husband of Tennie C. Claflin, denies the story that preparing to secure a divorce from his gifted wife. Sir Francis is sev years of age and is quite wealthy. He has a large family of chil by a former wife, and he is said to dote on his present spouse.

Herr Josef Ritter von Werndl, the great Austrian rifle-inventor manufacturer, gained his knowledge of fire-arms in America, and from a small beginning built up a factory employing eight thou men. On the announcement of his death, stock in the concern fel per cent., showing the importance in which his personality was held

Mr. Gladstone's weakness is said to be his desire to have his face petuated on canvas. In the last thirty-five years, he has found tim sit to thirty-five portrait-painters and to have his photograph taken hundred times. Wherever the tourist goes in England, he finds s likeness of the grand old statesman looking him benignly in face.

Nicolas of Montenegro governs his subjects in old-fashioned pate style. He recently caught his minister of public instruction ste some state archives, and he had him laid across a block in the court of the palace and publicly whipped, and, after fifty strokes with a l rod, sent him to prison for twelve months. Nicolas holds a court e week, and offenders are birched in his presence, but he is always n to remit a certain number of the blows for cash.

John Anton Wolf Grip, the new minister to the United States f Sweden and Norway, is a remarkable shot with a revolver. Pi shooting is very popular with the diplomatic corps. He recently an exhibition of his skill at Bagger's Garden, Washington, which as isbed the on-lookers. He cracked at every trial with a revolver-bulle fifteen paces an egg-shell hung from a thread and swung rapidly b and forth. There are places in the West in which Minister Grip w be very popular.

General Neal Dow has an invalid daughter in Nashua, N. H., may certainly be regarded as a wonderful woman. The lady has been able to move from her chair for years, but she has been an i fatigable student, and has mastered the French, German, Span Russian, and Greek languages. She recently performed the feat of peating a long passage from her Greek testament, verbatim, from m ory a month after she had read it. Miss Dow loses sight of her t fortunes in her love of study.

Belle Mead, Senator McPherson's farm of thirteen hundred acre Somerset County, New Jersey, is one of the finest in the country, an run on business principles, a substantial profit being returned e year. It contains ten thousand pear-trees, hundreds of fruit trees other varieties, a game preserve, and domestic animals and fowls every description. The chief pride of the farm is the herd of Jerseys Holsteins, which are among the best in America, the queen of the H steins being De Bless, a cow valued at five thousand dollars.

One of the most curious among all the curious presents which Emperor of Germany has recently received as products of his Afri possessions, is a transparent walking-stick, made of rhinoceros skin. appears that "Reichscommissaer Hauptmann Wissmann" sent a la piece of skin over to a friend at Hamburg, who gave it into the hand a clever turner to be made into walking-sticks. By means of some n process, the turner has rendered the skin transparent and of a beaut amber color, which has been done before, but never without chang color in a very short time, while, in the present case, the yellow is ste and unchanging.

The Countess de Casa Miranda, best known as Christine Nilsson going to London for the summer, but will not sing in public. "I am she says, "only going to see my friends and to be there during the s son. I have bad offers from Mapleson and Harris to name my c terms, and poor Carl Rosa sent an agent all the way to Nice to m me an offer, but I have refused them all." "Have you given up stage?" "Practically, yes. My husband would not like me to ret to the operatic stage. I do not say that I will never sing in con again, for I may or I may not. I am going to London for pleas just as I might go to America in the near future, but it would be j for a visit to my friends there, of whom there are many. You se continued the diva, "I am not much missed by the public now. Th are so many good singers before us—and America certainly has upper hand."

The humors of a Lancashire audience were recently exemplified the meeting which Mr. Chamberlain addressed at Bacup. Mr. Cha berlain was accompanied by Mrs. Chamberlain, and much interest of course taken in the American bride. Every one of the speakers w preceded Mr. Chamberlain referred to Mrs. Chamberlain's presen and expressed the belief that her coming to England was evidence the growing attachment between the people of this country a America. Sir Joseph Lee was proceeding in this strain of homage Mrs. Chamberlain, when he was interrupted by a man, with a dialect the back of the hall, who inquired, "Which is her?" The question pertinent, because there were a number of ladies on the platform, a the audience were very anxious to identify the one who had been the ject of so much compliment. The homely but independent manner which it was propounded, however, caused much amusement. M Chamberlain herself appreciated the joke, and, at Mr. Chamberlai suggestion, she arose and bowed her acknowledgments.

Speaking of aids to oratory, Sir Morell Mackenzie has a fling alike Mr. Gladstone's egg and sherry, and the Iron Chancellor's brandy a seltzer. "The supposed miraculous virtues of the mysterious poss and draughts on which some orators pin their faith, exist," he sa "mainly in the imagination of those who use them; at best they nothing more than lubricate the joints of the vocal machine so as make it work more smoothly. This is just as well done by means o glass of plain water. In France, water sweetened with sugar is the gra vocal elixir of political orators. As Mme. de Girardin said, somew unkindly: 'Many things can be dispensed with in the tribune. Tale wit, conviction, ideas, even memory, can be dispensed with, but not e sucrée.' Stimulants may give a sort of 'Dutch courage' to the orat and may carry him successfully through a vocal effort in which indis sition or nervousness might otherwise have caused him to fail, but t immediate good which they do is dearly purchased by the thickeni and roughening of the mucous surface of the throat to which they ul mately give rise."

THE FRENCH "NOBILITY."

Some Curious Facts Concerning Titled Persons in Paris.

Napoleon the Third created only five ducal titles—Malakoff, agenta, Tascher la Pagerie, Persigny, and Morny. Persigny d Morny! What a host of souvenirs do those two names voke! Persigny was the son of a pastry-cook, Fialin by me, but being a man of uncommon shrewdness, worked his y up to the very top of the social ladder, and having helped found an empire, and married an heiress, he died a duke, r Persigny, Morny, and Fleury had almost more to do with e *coup d'état* than Louis Napoleon himself. Before he opted the rôle of conspirator, Persigny had busied himself out many things; one of his ideas was that the Pyramids of gypt were not merely built as tombs, but that the original ason of their construction was to prevent the desert sands m drifting, an odd but plausible view.

Persigny's life would have been one of almost unalloyed ppiness had it not been for his marriage with the daughter that mad woman, the late Princesse de la Moskowa, who, hough she was one of the richest women in France, was so serly that she would not wear stockings, so as to save the shing; allowing herself no fire, even in mid-winter, she uld sit by the fire in the porter's lodge of her splendid hôtel the Rue Lafitte, a fire which, of course, the porter had to y for himself out of his meagre wages! The daughter of s old harridan, whom Persigny married, was hardly less ecentric than her mother, and was always getting her husband o hot water by her extraordinary behavior. The following apade of hers made a great noise at the time. Persigny s sent over to London by Napoleon the Third as French ambassador, and, of course, his wife accompanied him as e l'Ambassadrice. The queen had already heard of the entricities of Mme. la Duchesse, and Lord Palmerston had ritten privately over to Paris hinting that if Persigny could e without his wife it would be better; but Mme. la Duchesse would not bear of this, and so, of course, the queen had to make the best of it, for to receive with courtesy amiability the wife of the French embassador was a necessity. Now a grand ball was given at the French embassy, a ball at which it was understood the queen would be present, and the hostess, Mme. de Persigny, had prepared for this great entertainment a very wonderful dress, something e startling and unique. The dress-maker, however, had been indiscreet, and told the secret of this marvelous raiment, so that, to Mme. de Persigny's horror, she saw enter, in the suite of the queen, a lady habited in exactly similar garb. Wild with fury, Mme. l'Ambassadrice strode up to the peccant damsel, and there and then, in the presence of the Majesty of England, smote her on the cheek, as one fish-wife would smite another! The queen, of course, at once withdrew, greatly shocked and scandalized. And you can imagine the noise this scuffle caused. Lord Palmerston wrote to Paris that his sovereign having been insulted, Great Britain was insulted; and so poor Persigny had to return to Laetia without delay, on a plea of sudden indisposition.

At the Tuileries, Persigny was never a *persona gratissima* with the Empress Eugénie, for the simple reason that he had done all in his power to prevent the emperor from marrying the beautiful Comtesse de Téba; so that when that lady eventually ascended the throne, she frequently let M. le Duc see that as she had won the game, she intended to take full advantage of the stakes, and held her vanquished opponent at the mercy. The great trouble, however, of the duke's life was the extraordinary conduct of his wife, who, not only openly and with the most brazen audacity proclaimed her affection for "le Duc Darling," as she called Grammont-Caderousse, but acted in such a manner at Chamarande (the splendid country-seat of the Persignys) as frequently to cause her husband to leave the dinner-table under pretext of sudden indisposition in order to avoid an open *esclandre*. When Persigny died, his son, of course, became duke, but the poor lad was so unhappy that he fled from his mother and died alone a few years back. Mme. la Duchesse married again, a man named Le Moyne, and is again a widow, and she has inherited the miserly habits of her mother to such an extent that she allowed her own daughter to be prosecuted as an aider and abettor in a felony, knowing her to be innocent, sooner than part with a few paltry thousand francs! The scandal made a great noise at the time, and has once and forever closed the doors of the *grand monde* to this daughter of the princess.

The Duc de Morny was the natural son of Queen Hortense and the Comte de Flahault. The fact was never disputed, even by his half-brother, Napoleon the Third, who allowed him to assume what is known as "*armes parlantes*" and display Hortensias on his escutcheon. Morny was educated very carefully by Mme. de Souza, and used, in the old days before the *coup d'état*, to inhabit the little rooms over the stables belonging to the beautiful hôtel now inhabited by the Duc de Massa, on the corner of the Rue Pierre Charron and the Avenue des Champs-Elysées (you can see the very rooms across the garden as you drive up the Champs-Elysées to the Bois); but even before the advent of the Second Empire (which, indeed, he founded), he was one of the most popular young men in Paris, and a particular friend of the Duc d'Orleans and of the (then) young Duc d'Aumale. The *coup d'état*, of course, made his fortune, and from being one of the most popular he blossomed out into one of the most powerful men in France. *La grande vie*, however, was too much for this *viveur endiablé*, and this most charming of men died of a surfeit of success. During his embassy to Russia, to represent Napoleon the Third at the coronation of Alexander the Second, he had met a young princess of the house of Troubetzkoi and this lady he married. Of this union, four children were born, two sons and two daughters. His widow, after cutting her hair short, as is the custom with Russian widows, and depositing her golden tresses in the coffin of the deeply lamented (they were so luxuriant that they half-covered the hood) and almost altogether hid the grand cordon of the Legion of Honor), and, after having found that living alone was not suited to her taste, married a Spanish grandee, the Duke of Sexto, known in Madrid as Pépé Alcanices. De Morny's eldest son, the present duke, is fair, frail, amiable, and clever, but he lacks manliness, and, without being exactly effeminate, is wanting in much of that which should distinguish *un homme de race*. He is so fond of jewelry as to have earned for himself the nickname of "la Cocotte," and on one occasion, dressed as a ballet-girl, danced a *pas* from "Excelsior" for the benefit of the astonished members of the Petite Club. Two important and striking events have marked the career of the young Duc de Morny. A beautiful and most talented young Russian actress, Feyghine by name, destroyed herself for love of him, going to his rooms and shooting herself with a pistol; and he has had the good taste and good luck to marry a pretty woman and great heiress, the daughter of the Venezuelan Dictator, Guzman Blanco.

De Morny's brother, Serge, is good-looking and clever, and rather more manly than the duke. The two daughters of De Morny were, however, as strong in personality as his sons are weak. One of these ladies (and by far the most charming, the Comtesse de la Corzana) is now no more. With much of her father's graceful wit, and much of her mother's peculiar charm, this ill-fated young countess was one of the most popular *mondaines* of Paris. She met her death in the most lamentable fashion, her medical adviser having made a mistake in his prescription and given her a fatal dose of a toxic drug. At five o'clock (she received all her friends during her short illness in bed, and chatted and smoked cigarettes with them) she was full of life and spirits; at seven that same evening she was dead, and at eight, the features were unrecognizable. The other daughter married the Marquis de Belhœuf; but she is an enigma in nature. She is very masculine, wearing her hair cut short like a boy, and, indeed, sometimes attiring herself in the dress of a man, and her eccentricities have caused a separation between herself and her husband.

The Duc de Magenta is, of course, the famous and amiable Marshal MacMahon. He is a man of no family, for his great grandfather was merely an eminent surgeon, nor, indeed, has he distinguished himself greatly, but he is one of those lucky mortals to whom the good things of this world come of their own accord, and any hook will tell you that he is duke and marshal of France, has been president of the French Republic, and married Mlle. de Castries, sister of the Duc de Castries. The Duchesse de Magenta is as quiet and inoffensive as her husband—in fact, they are both nonentities. The marshal has only three children, two sons and a daughter. His eldest son, Patrick, is a well-conducted soldier, who likes his profession, and endeavors, with considerable success, to do his duty; but he will certainly never set the Seine on fire, or even have his father's luck and become a marshal of France. The second boy, Emanuel by name, has rather more character, and is certainly a dashing officer, of whose courage, not to say foolhardiness, there can be no doubt. He got into terrible pecuniary scrapes some years back, and, as his father was a poorer man when he left the Palace of the Elysée than when he entered it as President of the French Republic, this caused great sorrow, and the youth was sent to distant Tonquin to meditate over his follies; but far from his exile being a punishment to this intrepid and adventurous young warrior, he rejoiced in the wild life and the many chances thus afforded him every day of seeking the bubble reputation even at the cannon's mouth. The only daughter of Marshal MacMahon married the son of one of the most charming and amiable of Napoleon the Third's chamberlains—the Comte de Piennes; but this lady is, like all the other members of his family, a nonentity in the brilliant mosaic of Paris society, and is exactly like any other well-bred young woman to be met with in any good salon of any of the capitals in Europe.

A curious fact is that in France a man can will away his title to any one whom he may care to adopt, just as he can a ring or a sum of money. Thus, some years ago, one of the proudest titles in France went a-begging. The old Duc de Miromesnil was so poor that he offered to adopt and leave his ducal title to any man who would insure him, for the rest of his days (and he was very old), the modest income of four hundred pounds—ten thousand francs! Oddly enough, the poor old duke, whom ill-luck would thus seem to have followed up to the last, found no one to bid for the proffered honor, and so he died in the most abject penury. Were a similar transmission of nobilty legal in England, there are twenty members of the House of Lords who would gladly, for a handsome consideration in cash, adopt the most unsavory commercial "gentleman," and leave him all their honors!

The vicissitudes of some of the patrician houses of France are surprising. The truth is, that not only did the great revolution ruin thousands of the proudest patricians, but the Napoleonic wave submerged still more, and the result is that today you will not only see rich *parvenus* bearing historical titles to which they have no real right, save from the fact of their having married dowerless daughters belonging to the family whose title they have usurped, but you will find many instances where men have willingly given up their old *régime* titles for the more attractive ones, from a commercial point of view, of the Bonaparte dynasty. There are, again, many instances where a man is so poor that he will not use the title to which he has an undisputed right. Thus the present Duc de St. Simon (and what more glorious and historic title is there in the French peerage?) is a very dilapidated old gentleman, who, after having found it impossible to attract even South American heiresses by the splendor of his ducal coronet, has elected to do away with it altogether and sip his *vin ordinaire* as plain marquis. Then, again, the La Tour d'Auvergnes of today are no more "La Tour d'Auvergnes" really than they are Howards or Grosvenors. The noble house of La Tour d'Auvergne is quite extinct, but a wealthy country notary, by name Latour, living in Auvergne, thought the title suited him and quietly assumed it. Hence the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne of to-day! It is the same with the noble house of Dreux-Brézé, and the Prince de Sagan said, very truly, of a cardinal who bore that name, "Il n'est ni Dreux, ni même Brézé!"

PICCADILLY.

THE FATE OF THE REPUBLIC.

Being a Letter from a Certain Distinguished Person.

Some days ago there arrived at the *Argonaut* office, a note, running as follows:

JUNE, 21, 1889.

SIR: Whilst examining some old papers and letters, I came across the inclosed document, bearing a distinguished name, and send it hoping that its perusal may prove of interest to your readers. A slight discrepancy appears as to the date of the century, but this may either be a mere *lapsus calami*, or may possibly indicate one of those spiritual communications of which we hear so much nowadays.

However, the events treated of seem applicable to matters within our own cognizance, to some extent. Truly yours, A. WARNER.

Accompanying the note was a MS. inclosure of a rather peculiar nature. This MS. we lay before our readers without comment:

By horsecarrier Immediate.

TO THE HONOURABLE
H. O. I. POLLOI,
Present.

MOUNT VERNON,
Nr ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA,
June ye 20th, '89.

Honourable and Much Respected Sir, & Dear Friend: It is Now so Long a Time since I last had the Pleasure of Communicating with You, that it is Possible my Views upon certain Current Events may seem Old fashioned in Some Measure. Notwithstanding I would Respectfully beg Your Kind Indulgence, remembering that What is Bred in the Bone will Out in the Spirit, or Flesh, as the Circumstance may Happen to be. In the Revolutionary Days—the Times that tried men's Souls as in a Furnace—We endeavored to stablish our Republic upon a Basis of Wisdom & Equity. When necessary we could and Did Fight to maintain our Right—a Right founded upon Justice, digested by Thought and demonstrated by the Open & Frank Assertion of our Views—in no wise partaking of the Nature of Secret Sedition or underhand Conspiracy. We pledged Our Lives and Honours to Secure this Right, and Heaven Blessed our efforts [being Laudable] with Success.

Now I Regret to Remark that, so far from Sustaining the Stand we took in Those Days, our Republic seems to be Honeycombed with Seditious Conspiracies of various Sorts—Irish Blackguardism and German Socialism among them—mostly consisting of low and Ignorant Persons, who, not Content with having Thrown Off their old Conditions of Servitude, still desire in a New Country to Foster the Evils which may have bad some Excuse in the Old. They have no excuse Here. Our Climate is not Healthy for such Persons, and some upright and downright Political Doctor should so inform Them without Delay. They don't Risk their own Lives and Honours for their Cause—for most excellent Reasons—but they Will Subscribe (and Waste) their Spare Cash [which I Observe you now call Dollars] to Hire Assassins to commit Dastardly Crimes in a Secret Way; and so to Tarnish this Country's Good Name Among Nations, & to blot Her Escutcheon, which last was an Honour done to, and derived from, my Family Coat of Arms. We hoped to Raise a Republic of plain, True, and simple Gentlemen—for Honest Men are Nature's Gentlemen—not to Form a Nest for the Hatching of a Brood of Seditious Scorpions or Criminal Conspiracies. For a Cause that Relys upon Secret Murder, Outrage, Riot, and Swindling will not be Blessed of Heaven, but be Cursed, and can not be worth Much, in my humble Opinion, save to exercise the Hangman. I would, therefore, Dear Sir, have them Cleared at once from the Body Politic of this Republic, as I would Cut an Ulcer out of the Body mortal. They are a Disease, & the sooner This be Done, the less will the Wound smart the Nation, and the speedier the Healing thereof. We, who have Tried, know that British bayonets tickle keenly, and are hard to bear. But we Faced them in fair fight as foes, not as skulking Assassins in the Dark. It is, Sir, a gratification to me to Feel that Few Americans have as yet been Drawn into this Vortex of Foreign Rascality. But its Influence is Felt and Shown in the Actions of Persons occupying even the Very First Places of Authority in the Gift of the Republic, despite the most binding and Solemn Oaths of office, which I consider a Serious National Calamity, Requiring a Strong and Immediate Remedy, if a Healthful Tone is Desired and to be Recovered.

Other Countries now Smile [& with Cause] at our Lack of Diplomatic Dignity and Courtesy, excusing Matters by saying that We are not yet sufficiently Civilized to Know Any Better.

It was not so in my Time. Rascals did not then Pull the Strings which cause their Obedient Political Puppets to jump Up into Prominence, and to put them in Soft Spots themselves. There was enough Manhood to consider Personal Integrity as the First Requisite Essential to a Position of Respectability, more than Pounds, Shillings, and Pence.

Now, I Perceive that an Irishman, named Egan, is Appointed Minister to Chile. He is, I gather, Naturalized a Citizen of this Republic, in virtue of Some Months' Sojourn here, as, if not a Convict of, at least a Fugitive from Justice. Are there not sufficient Able and Honest Americans to fill our Diplomatic Missions, without pawning Office for the Venal Irish vote, represented by the Leader of a Seditious Conspiracy, a Fugitive from Justice?

In the New York *Daily News*, of 3d Feb., '84, I behold these lines:

"A crowded meeting of the Dynamitards was held last night. Among the 'notables' present were: P. I. Sheridan (Parnell's envoy), Walsh, F. Byrne, Thos. Brennan, and Patrick Egan, its Treasurer—all 'wanted' for their alleged Complicity in the Phœnix Park Murders."

Has this Egan, our Minister, ever Ventured to stand Trial?

Contrast this with the Reception lately accorded in Britain to Boulanger. A late Newspaper account, despatched from Great Britain to a Journal of this Republic, states, *in re* Boulanger:

"Of course no public official notice was taken of him. No such notice could have been taken. Even if they had sympathy with him (Boulanger), the English Government could not recognize a political refugee from the Justice of a Country with whom England is on friendly terms." Now, I desire to Ask, what great benefit has this Egan conferred upon our Republic, that as a Representative Man this Irish fugitive from Justice should be sent as Minister to a Foreign State? And if by Such Actions we Prove that we Do Not Respect ourselves, How can we Expect other Countries to Respect Us?"

We take just such a Refugee (Egan)—whether political or criminal matters Little—and Over the Heads of our Own Native Born Citizens hoist him into a Political Mission as the Representative Abroad of the Great Republic. He does not Represent America, but Conspiracy and the Venal Irish Vote alone. We might as well pick a Murderer or a Burglar out of jail and send Him abroad as a Representative of our country! The man Parnell, above mentioned, was Adjudged Bankrupt some years ago. But he took up Politics as a Trade, and is now Worth some £70,000. *Verbum sap.* No doubt Much of this was wrung out of Poor Sewing Persons in this Country. Can You, my Dear Sir, wonder at the Sarcastic Smile of Older Nations and the Half-muttered Remark: "Republics always End in Monarchy—or Anarchy!"

I am, Honoured and Dear Sir,
Your Most Obedient, Most Humble Servant,
GEO. WASHINGTON.

P. S.—Was it the Cowardice of Guilt or the Cowardice of Fear that caused Egan to Run Away from Justice? Neither quality is American, and must be exclusively the property of Irish Rascality, judging by their Secret Crimes. These Irish Societies seem Confidence Games, whereby the Cash is extracted from the Poor and Ignorant under false pretexts, to enable a set of Rogues, who call themselves Politicians, to live at their Ease, without Working, as Gentlemen.

Now Egan's claim to Office is Based upon the Sole Ground that he is the Professed Enemy of a Country Friendly to Us, and one to Whom We are Attached by Many, Close, Natural, as well as Business Ties. By his Appointment this Friendly Country has received an Insult coarse & uncalled for from Us. How has England Answered this Diplomatic Brutality? In a Dignified way, by the most Hearty Cordiality of a Warm Reception to the Son of one of our Best beloved Presidents. Should we not feel Ashamed of the puerile Brag which—for political gain—talks windily about "twisting the tail of the British Lion." Let me venture to predict that the said tail will Continue to Vibrate as Usual long after certain Secretaries of State shall have been Consigned to Oblivion, or Remembered only for Venal Puerility, degrading the Country.

G. W.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

"A Little Journey in the World" is an excursion into a new field. It is Charles Dudley Warner's first attempt at downright fiction.

There are oddities in books. Such an oddity was recently published by the Show-Window Publishing Company, of Baltimore, entitled "Nearly Three Hundred Ways to Dress Show-Windows."

Mr. George H. Jessop, who recently contributed to the *Century* a series of Irish-American stories, has written a novel, "Judge Lynch, a Tale of the California Vineyards," which will be published shortly in London by Longmans & Co., and in New York by Belford, Clarke & Co.

M. Paul Bourget, whose new-growing fame is throwing M. Daudet, M. Zola, and other veterans into the shade, has just published a new volume, "Le Disciple," which is much read and talked about. M. Bourget has hitherto been, like M. Dumas, a favorite lay-confessor of the ladies. This time he addresses himself to the rising generation of young men.

Bret Harte has just written a novelette, "The Heritage of Dedlow Marsh"—the story of an old misanthrope, "The Kingfisher of Dedlow," found floating dead in his skiff, and of his two fierce, beautiful children living in their lonely home in the midst of their "three leagues of amphibious domain." T. de Thulstrup has illustrated the story, and it will appear in *Harper's Weekly*.

The only authorized American edition of H. Rider Haggard's story of "old and mysterious Egypt," was published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers June 24th. The full title is: "Cleopatra: being an Account of the Fall and Vengeance of Harmachis, the Royal Egyptian, as set forth by his own Hand." The book is profusely illustrated from drawings by M. Greiffenhagen and R. Caton Woodville.

The late D. R. Locke (Nasby) left the completed MS. of a novel, which he called "The Demagogue." It is claimed by those who have read the story that it is original and dramatic, and describes exciting scenes in which prominent men who are still living took part, but who are concealed by the thin disguise of fictitious names. The novel will be published by the *Toledo Blade*. It will run as a serial.

In the June *Book Lover*, the book terms Bowdlerize and Grangerize are thus defined: "To 'Bowdlerize a book' is to remove all the naughty passages from it before publication, and the process takes its name from a reverend gentleman and English divine, who years ago hit upon the happy notion of purifying Shakespeare by removing from the text all passages which might offend prudish and delicate minds. To 'Grangerize a book' is to extend it by extra-illustration, that is, by the insertion of prints, directly or indirectly illustrative of the text, and is so called from James Granger, an Oxfordshire vicar, who wrote a history of England, which he called the 'Biographical History,' two volumes, quarto. The first edition was printed on one side of the paper only, more readily to permit the insertion of prints by collectors."

An interesting sale of Tennysoniana has just been held in London. One item of the collection was a copy of the "Lyrical Poems" (1830), with pen corrections in the laureate's own hand; another was the original manuscript of his "Poems to the Queen," containing two entire verses unpublished, and exhibiting the writer's partiality for big letters. He says: "Ought not all the yous, and the yours, and the hers to be in capitals?" In the same sale were offered the one hundred and sixteen letters which Dante Gabriel Rossetti wrote to his admiring correspondent, Mr. T. Hall-Caine, and the six original drawings which Seymour designed for Pickwick, and which may be said to be the creation of that famous figure in fiction. For Americans, there was a budget of Poe relics, including the first draft of "The Bells" and the original prospectus of "The Stylus," with pencilings by his band.

A society called "The Haliburton" was established five years ago at King's College, Windsor, N. S., with a view to furthering "in some degree the development of a distinctive literature in Canada." It now begins a series of annual publications with an essay on Thomas Chandler Haliburton, by F. Blake Crofton (prepared, by the way, for the Nova Scotia Historical Society). A portrait on wood of the creator of "Sam Slick," from a photograph taken at the age of sixty, is prefixed to the pamphlet. Mr. Crofton begins by correcting numerous errors concerning Judge Haliburton in Allibone, the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and other sources, and then corrects this author himself in his remarks upon the expulsion of the Acadians, which had their influence upon Longfellow. A character in Haliburton's latest work, "The Season Ticket," which was published anonymously, is Senator Boodle, who seems to need no introduction to our generation; but this worthy gentleman was simply a prophet of colonial confederation, an intercolonial and Pacific Railway. Mr. Crofton finds the proverbial expression, "all same old drunk," in Haliburton's "The Old Judge," and provisionally makes him the originator of it, as well as of "How much are you sorry? (reckoned in cash for relief)," Topsy's "I growed up," etc.

New Publications.

"The Propbet's Mantle," by Fabian Bland, has been published by Belford, Clarke & Co., New York; for sale by Clarke & Spengler.

"The Last of the Thorndykes," by James R. Gilmore, has been published by the People's Publishing Company, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"Micab Clarke," a novel by A. Conan Doyle, has been added to the Franklin Square Library. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 45 cents.

The latest issue in the Town and Country Library is "Lace," a Berlin Romance, by Paul Lindau. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

The second series of Leigh Hunt's "Romances of Real Life" has been added to the Handy Library; published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 75 cents.

A collection of short poems, written by Charles J. Bayne, has been issued with the title "The Water-Spirit's Bride." Published by John B. Alden, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 60 cents.

"Light on the Path," a guide for the uninitiated in theosophic teachings, has been published by the Theosophical Book Company, Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price: cloth, 60 cents; paper, 30 cents.

A cheap edition of the Abbé Prévost's "Story of Manon Lescaut," translated by Arthur W. Gundry, has been published by Belford, Clarke & Co., New York; for sale by Clarke & Spengler; price: cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cents.

"Merze, the Story of an Actress," by Marah Ellis Ryan, and "Vere, the Leading Lady," by "One of the Profession," are two dramatic stories, published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; for sale by The Bancroft Company and by Samuel Carson & Co.

Very comprehensive and very unscientific is the "Political History of the Republic," compiled by James P. Boyd. The facts of the political history of this country from the early colonial period to the present day, are chronicled in nice little paragraphs. Published by Phillips & Hunt, San Francisco.

The Riverside Paper Series has made its appearance, the first two numbers being reprints of "John Ward, Preacher," by Margaret Deland, and Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter." Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents each.

A rather caustic notice of those who disagree with Mr. Donnelly's views as to the authorship of Shakespeare, has been issued by William D. O'Connor, under the title "Mr. Donnelly's Reviewers." Published by Belford, Clarke & Co., New York; for sale by Clarke & Spengler.

A second edition of Lucia Norman's "Popular History of California," revised and enlarged by T. E., has been issued. It presents a brief statement of the events of the history of this State, but there are certainly other books which cover the subject better. Published by The Bancroft Company.

The phenomena connected with hypnotism are attracting unusual attention in these days, and the work of Dr. H. Bernheim, translated by Dr. Christian A. Herter, under the title, "Suggestive Therapeutics," will, undoubtedly, find many interested readers. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Two volumes have been added to the cheap edition of Tolstoï's works. "Ivan Ilyitch" is a collection of short stories, and "My Confession" contains a continuation of Count Tolstoï's religious views, the exposition of which was commenced in "My Religion." Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents each.

During the spring of last year, Professor George S. Fullerton delivered a series of three lectures before the Churchwoman's Institute of Philadelphia, attempting to give a less abstract and metaphysical idea of God. These lectures, somewhat revised and expanded, he has now issued under the title, "A Plain Argument for God." Published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, $1.00.

The divorce problem, having passed through the period of magazine and newspaper agitation, is now invading the more permanent field of books in boards. "Marriage and Divorce in the United States," by D. Convers, is a comparative investigation of the methods of tying and untying the matrimonial knot in the various States. Published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, $1.25.

Musical authorities seem never to tire of telling us that the true musical tone can be produced only by deep breathing, and that chest breathing is an inexcusable iniquity. "The Art of Breathing," by Leo Kofler, is a restatement of this old lesson. In addition to this there are directions for breathing gymnastics, and for correct tone production. Published by Edgar S. Werner, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, $2.00.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell evidently finds relief from the more arduous duties of his profession by his excursions into fiction and verse. "Far in the Forest," is a delightful story breathing an enthusiasm for out-door life. The mountains of Alleghany form the setting for his pictures, and the characters are almost confined to the sturdy inhabitants of that region. Published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, $1.25.

A year or two ago the first volume of the "Autobiography and Reminiscences" of William P. Frith, the artist, appeared. A second volume, continuing the narrative, has now been issued. It is filled with amusing and interesting anecdotes of persons with whose names the public is already familiar, and will be read with interest by all. The style is bright and chatty, and successfully avoids the tiresomeness of an attempt at literary style. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, $1.50.

The correspondence of Carlyle has been very thoroughly given to the public, and, at first view, there appears little cause for any additions. "The Letters of Thomas Carlyle," edited by Charles Eliot Norton, however, contains a number of letters written by him to members of his family when his fame was yet to be acquired, and he had few correspondents outside of the family circle. This early period is always an interesting one in the life of any famous man, and the book will find many readers. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, $2.50.

That entertaining "tramp," Mr. Lee Meriwether, having, after the manner of all well-regulated Americans, exhausted Europe, has returned to his own country and has been tramping around the United States. In "The Tramp at Home," he presents a record of these travels. As a special agent of the United States Department of Labor, he has made some investigation of the condition of the laboring classes, but his information on this subject is lightened by anecdotes of his personal adventures. Two chapters are devoted to a discussion of the labor problem in this State. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, $1.25.

The story of a young aristocrat, whose parents have been improvident enough to leave him with just sufficient money to complete his education, is told by Robert Timsol, in "An Alien from the Commonwealth." Dick Grayson, the hero, goes to college, and is there impressed by the idealistic philosophy, which he does not understand, though the author seems to think that he does. His idealism merely makes him visionary, a failing which his utilitarian chum is unable to overcome. Dick drifts around with the tide, practices law in the West, surrounded by a community of people such as never existed in any human society, drops into journalism, becomes "reader" in a New York publishing house, declines to marry an heiress because she is an heiress, though she has a positive character, and then marries a colorless girl without any character, and finally inherits a fortune from a harum-scarum uncle in California. The author feels the weakness of this denouement so strongly that he makes all the characters apologize for him, but his feeling is not strong enough to lead him to do what he ought—to drop it out. Published by Cupples & Hurd, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.50.

Some Magazines.

In the July *Century*, the gallery of Old Masters reaches the work of Gentile da Fabriano, a part of whose "Adoration of the Kings" forms the frontispiece of the magazine. Travelers in England will find another cathedral article by Mrs. Van Rensselaer, illustrated by Pennell, Winchester being the subject. Frederic Remington describes his experiences among the Apaches and Comanches. The Far West is also depicted in Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote's eighth picture of her series, this one being entitled "The Last Trip In." A timely contribution is Mr. Charles Barnard's illustrated article on "Inland Navigation of the United States," with a brief accompanying paper by Mrs. Van Rensselaer on the "Advance in Steamboat Decoration." "Woman in Early Ireland," is the illustrated paper in Mr. de Kay's Irish series. Bishop John F. Hurst writes of "The Temperance Question in India." Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley gives an article on "Presentiments, Visions, and Apparitions." Thomas A. Janvier has a story, illustrated, entitled "San Antonio of the Gardens." Edward Bellamy prints a story entitled "An Echo of Antietam," and Thomas Wentworth Higginson has one entitled "Nils's Garden." The poems in this number are by William Wilfred Campbell, Edith M. Thomas, Benjamin S. Parker, Thomas Nelson Page, John W. Chadwick, and in "Bric-à-Brac" by Julie M. Lippman, Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, Margaret Vandegrift, Walter Learned, G. Preston, and George Birdseye.

The July *Atlantic* contains two "vacation" articles—"Going to Shrewsbury," by Sarah Orne Jewett, and a paper, by Mr. Bradford Torrey, called "A Mountain-Side Ramble." The magazine opens with an article by Miss Preston, giving an account of the last days of Cicero. Professor N. S. Shaler writes about "The Problem of Discipline in Higher Education." Mr. H. L. Nelson has an article on the "Speaker's Power," a consideration of the power of the Speaker of the House of Representatives. Mr. W. H. Downes has an interesting paper on the "Old Masters" which may be seen in New York. Mr. James's "Tragic Muse," and "The Begum's Daughter," by Edwin Lassetter Bynner, are continued. The two specially literary articles of the magazine are "John Evelyn's Youth," written by Mary Davies Steele, and "Books that have Hindered Me," by Agnes Repplier. The number closes with an articles on "Trotting Races," by H. C. Merwin, some criticisms of recent American fiction and other books, and the usual departments.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

She—"All extremely bright men are conceited anyway." *He*—"Oh I don't know; I'm not."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Brewster—"That young fellow seems to know more than you do." *Barclay*—"No wonder. I'm his father."—*Life.*

Newly-arrived spirit—"So you're the defunct Fahrenheit, are you?" *Fahrenheit's shade*—"I am." "Well, is it hot enough for you?"—*Life.*

Lawyer Quibble—"*You*, a doctor? Why, you couldn't cure a ham!" *Dr. Sawbones*—"And you, sir; you couldn't try a case of lard!"—*Puck.*

Miss de Boy—"How does my new tailor-made costume fit?" *Vinnie Garr* (with enthusiasm)—"Perfectly; why, it fits every angle!"—*Puck.*

A financier: "Dorothy, I think you are dreadfully extravagant to buy all those things." "But, my dear Rufus, I had them charged."—*Life.*

Correctly named: *Ida*—"Mamma, why do they call those things dog carts?" *Mamma*—"Because, dear, so many puppies ride in them."—*Time.*

"How could you tell that sallow-faced Miss Watkins she looked fresh as a rose?" "Why, I meant a Marechal Neil rose, of course."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Lamenting her loss: *Bridegroom*—"Darling, why do you wear black stockings?" *Bride*—"You forget, Duckie, that I am still in mourning for my first husband."—*To-Day.*

Mrs. Struckitt (who recently entertained a count)—"Have you ever had any foreign noblemen as guests?" *Mrs. Manorborn* (quietly)—"No; only as servants."—*Puck.*

A misunderstanding: *Madame* (referring to the music)—"What a lovely chorus!" *Monsieur*—"Think so? I think they're rawther old and scrawny."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Old woman presents herself at the booking-office and asks for a third class ticket. "Where for?" inquires the clerk. "That's my business!" is the reply.—*Dictionaire Universal.*

Actor—"Well, Scalp, I hear you were in front at our first-night, yesterday. How did it go?" *Scalp* (wig-maker)—"Splendid, sir! Couldn't see a single 'join.'"—*The Stage.*

The rigor of the game: *Excited pitcher* (running in, to umpire who has received the ball in his stomach)—"Billy, how's dat? Yer ain't got der nerve ter call balls on dat, have yer?"—*Puck.*

Found his match at last: *Mormon elder*—"Madam, permit me to introduce my wives." *Chicago divorcée*—"Charmed to meet you, ladies. Allow me to present my husbands."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

New York architect—"I have planned the ball-room to accommodate six hundred guests." *Mrs. de Peissterr* (sternly)—"Sir, do you suppose my guests will ever exceed four hundred?"—*Puck.*

Positive proof: "Bill was very fond of his wife," said a Dakota man speaking of a bereaved comrade; "I actually believe he thought more of her as he did of his dog; it's a fine bird-dog, too."—*Time.*

Dinkelspiel (to the waiter)—"Get von bortion obf mudden-chops, two shmall Rhinevines, und der dice-box. Dis vas Misder Ickstein mine vrent from St. Louie, who I vos enderdainin' in der citys."—*Puck.*

"Hurry to the door, Mary, and let Mr. Smith in. He has rung twice." "That isn't Mr. Smith, it is the other young gentleman." "Well, wait a minute, then. I must change the photographs on the mantel."—*Life.*

Stout gentleman (in the front row, on the occasion of a new drama's first night, while the audience is hurling benches at the stage)—"Merciful heaven! I thank you that my rank in life is that of a soap-boiler, and not a dramatist."—*The Stage.*

News editor—"Here are some telegrams about the evictions—" *Great editor*—"Give it a column and I'll write a big editorial on it." "About the evictions of a lot of honest settlers from the Maxwell grant claim in Colorado, seized by a lot of American politicians." "Pooh! No one cares for that."—*Puck.*

Old masters: *Picture-dealer*—"Here, I have got an excellent Rubens—a splendid Rubens—I can let you have it for only three thousand marks!" *Customer*—"Only? It's a good deal more than I intend to give." *Picture-dealer* (sootbingly)—"Well, well, I'll throw in a Vandyke; there now!"—*Humoristiche Blätter.*

Mr. Oldhawk—"Ah, my dear Miss Chick, how like sunshine is the presence of a charming girl! How it illuminates the home! Would that *I* possessed such a treasure!" *Miss Chick*—"Oh, to be sure, Mr. Oldhawk! Don't you wish you had married when you were young, papa did, and had a daughter of your own?"—*Puck.*

Mrs. Houlihan—"Teddy, have yez got any change about yez night?" *Mr. Houlihan*—"Yis; clost upon a dollar, Oi guess, Mary." *Mrs. Houlihan*—"Well, kape it until the McGonigles come round. Oi'll show those Rourkes across the way that they ain't the only wans on the block who can rusb the growler six times av an evenin'!"—*Life.*

Hotel-clerk (suspiciously)—"Your bundle has come apart. May I ask what that queer thing is?" *Guest*—"This is a new patent fire-escape. I always carry it, so in case of fire I can let myself down from the hotel-window. See?" *Clerk* (thoughtfully)—"I see. Our terms for guests with fire-escapes, sir, are invariably cash in advance."—*New York Weekly.*

Applicant—"Can't yer help an old soldier, mum?" *Benevolent lady*—"Poor fellow, here's a dollar for you. Were you wounded?" *Applicant* (pocketing the bill)—"No, mum; but I wuz 'mong de missin' twice." *Benevolent lady*—"How terrible! When was it?" *Applicant*—"Jest afore th' battles of Antietam an' th' Wilderness, mum."—*Judge.*

Had had experience: *Merchant*—"You want a place in my store, do you say?" *Applicant*—"Yes, sir." "Ever worked in a store before?" "Yes, sir." "Let me try you. Suppose a lady should come in with a piece of cloth, and want to get a number of yards to match it, what would you do?" "I'd send her to the next counter." "I guess you have bad experience."—*Time.*

The professor at lunch (he had just completed a laborious piece of work, and his wife brought him as a "refresher" a pancake and a plate of salad. After a while the professor rang the bell)—"Amelia, dear, there nothing but salad for lunch to-day?" *Wife*—"Why, bless my man; if he hasn't got the pancake stuck in his waistcoat instead of the napkin!"—*Fliegende Blätter.*

"You have done splendidly with your elder daughters," said the plain-spoken visitor to the strong-minded mother; "Annie is likely to be a head-nurse at the hospital, Maude is certainly the brightest pupil at the normal school, and Eunice is certain to be a success on the stage. But I don't see what you are going to do with poor little Millie here—she looks so thin and sickly, and suffers so dreadfully with her dyspepsia." "Oh, there is a career ahead for Millie," returned the mother, as she passed her hand fondly through the thin, fair hair of her youngest daughter; "we think she is going to be a passionate poetess."—*Puck.*

Wagner and his landlord: In the year 1834, when the composer of the "Nibelungen" was leader of the orchestra at the Magdeburg Theatre, he lodged with a shop-keeper, and as at that period he was out of ways ready with his rent for his modest apartments, the severe landlord would take as a pledge the only article of value he possessed, viz., a fiddle, which he allowed him to use only on such evenings as Wagner required the instrument when playing at a concert. But having high confidence in his lodger, he always sent a messenger to receive the pledge back from the hands of the musician at the conclusion of the performance—*Mannichfaltiges.*

OVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

M James V. Coleman is at the St. James Hotel in New Yor city.

M and Mrs. W. S. Hobart and family have been visiting frier in Vermont.

M. E. B. Crocker and Mrs. Amy Crocker are at the Hot Victoria in New York city.

C nel C. Fred Crocker, Mr. W. E. Brown, Mr. Henry T. Stt, Mr. Russell J. Wilson, and Mr. George Crocker retu d from British Columbia last Monday.

M and Mrs. Fred W. Sharon have arrived in Paris from New ork.

D and Mrs. A. H. Voorhies and the Misses Marie and Kat Voorhies are at the Hotel del Monte.

M and Mrs. A. P. Redding have been passing a week at the I tel del Monte.

C ain and Mrs. William H. Taylor and Miss Edith Taylor w pass this month at the Hotel del Monte.

M Charles S. Knowles is visiting her mother, Mrs. L. S. A ms, at San Rafael.

M George D. Boyd has gone to Santa Barbara for a mont s outing.

Ju e and Mrs. J. H. Boalt and Miss Alice Boalt have retu d from Lake Tahoe, and are at Del Monte.

M nd Mrs. R. D. Girvin are passing the summer pleasantly Menlo Park.

M nd Mrs. J. William Brown are visiting the Hotel del Coro do.

M nd Mrs. A. N. Towne and Mr. and Mrs. Charles N. Sha re at the Hotel del Monte.

M Emma Irwin is visiting Mrs. Jacob Martin at Yreka.

M nd Mrs. James de la Montanya, Jr., have been visit- ... rk West Springs.

M nd Mrs. Walter E. Dean and Mr. Walter L. Dean ... en making a tonr of Southern California.

M John W. Twiggs has gone to Washington, D. C., and ... away several weeks.

... William H. Stinson and Mr. Frank D. Willey have ... ssing the week at San José.

... Charles Holbrook and Miss Holbrook are visiting ... é for a few weeks

... nd Mrs. Norman Rideout, of Marysville, came to ... last Wednesday.

... nd Mrs. A. W. Rose, Jr., passed the early part of ... at the Palace Hotel.

... Lottie Farnsworth has been visiting Miss Ada Rus- ... Alameda, for several days.

... May Kewen, of Sacramento, and Miss Balsdon, of ... sland, have been visiting Miss Hattie Belle Goad at ...

... nd Mrs. J. D. Maxwell and Mr. and Mrs. A. W. ... re gone to Lake Tahoe. The ladies will remain ... til August 1st.

... nd Mrs. Josiah Belden and Mr. and Mrs. Charles ... are at the Hotel Rafael for the summer.

... ohn N. Featherston has returned from a pleasant ... at the Hotel del Monte.

... eland S. Borack, son of M. D. Boruck, Governor ... an's private secretary, is passing his vacation at the ... long relatives and friends; seeing the sights and en- ... imself. Like his father he is somewhat impressed in ... newspapers, and is a delegate to the Amateur Na- ... ess Association convention now being held at Buffalo, ... rk.

... d Mrs. T. C Van Ness are passing the summer at ... H l Rafael.

... Mamie Blethen is enjoying a visit at the Hotel del ...

... ulia Peyton has returned to Santa Cruz from a visit ... Francis G. Newlands at Carson City.

... d Mrs. George M. Pinckard will be the guests this ... Colonel and Mrs. E. E. Eyre at Menlo Park, and ... the remainder of the season at San Rafael.

... d Mrs. W. Frank Goad and the Misses Ella and ... oad are established at the Hotel del Monte for a ... s.

... d Mrs. Robert J. Woods have leased the Sweeney ... n San Rafael for the summer. Mrs. Charles R. ... d Mrs. Warrin will be their guests for a few weeks.

... aquin Bolado and Miss Dulce Bolado have been at ... te all of the past week. Mrs Bolado is in Salinas ...

... d Mrs. Louis B. Parrott will occupy the Coleman ... in San Rafael in about a week.

... Maggie and Lncy Brooks are visiting Mrs. S. ... t Santa Cruz. Miss Belle Brooks is with Mrs. ... yland at Del Monte.

... and Baroness von Schröder have taken possession ... dridge cottage in San Rafael, which was formerly ... by Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels

... L. Ashe and the Misses Ashe are passing a few ... Maltese Villa.

... H. L. Barnes and Mr. William Barnes are pass- ... ummer at the Peake's House in Santa Cruz.

... l Mrs. George J. Bucknall have been passing sev- ... at Duncan's Mills.

... d Mrs. James A. Code and Miss May Code have ... ing the week at Del Monte.

... d Mrs. T. H. Goodman are located at the Hotel ... in San José, for the month of July.

... ngela Morrison, of San José, will pass all of this ... Del Monte.

... J Bowen and Miss Mary Bowen will soon leave ... e to pass a month at the Hotel Vendome in San ...

... William Dunphy, Mrs. N. Flood, Miss Jennie Dun- ... Mr James C. Dunphy are now in London.

... d Mrs. F. S. Douty have been passing a week at ... e.

... nnie Dargie, of Oakland, has been visiting friends ... é during the last two weeks.

... hauncey M. St. John passed several days of the ... el Monte.

... da Sullivan and Miss Arcadia Spence have been ... visit to Mr. Malarin's ranch at San Felipe.

... and Mrs. William H. Dimond and Miss Eleanor ... ave been guests at the Hotel del Monte for the ...

... fand Smith has been visiting Mrs. Rudolph B. ... San José.

... ugene Casserly, Miss Daisy Casserly, Mr. J. B. ... and Mr. A. J. Casserly are at the Hotel del ... e.

... John P. Jones and Mrs. Gorham have gone to ... nica, where Mrs. Jones is passing the summer.

... d Mrs. James Carolan, Miss Evelyn Carolan, ... J. Carolan, and Mr. Herbert E. Carolan arrived ... el del Monte early in the week.

... l Mrs. David Hewes, *née* Lathrop, are in Lon- ...

... d Mrs. William H. Crocker have been at Del ... ing the past week.

... mes C. Flood and Miss Jennie Flood are expected ... rom the East.

... d H. Beaver has been passing the week at Del ... e.

... eorge Hearst will not return from Europe until ...

... Mrs. George W. Meade have been visiting Lake ...

... Mrs. Gordon Blanding and Miss Edith Bland- ... oying a month's visit at the Hotel del Monte.

... iel M. Hanlon has been passing the week at Santa ...

... nuel M. Blair and Miss Jennie Blair will remain ... el del Monte until the end of the month.

... and Mrs. J. Simpson are passing the summer ... a cottage in San Leandro.

... lora and Leila Carroll, of Sacramento, are pass- ... at Del Monte with Mr. and Mrs. Charles O. ...

... orge H. Tay and the Misses Jennie, Irene, and ... y are guests at the Napa Soda Springs for a ... nonths.

... lamie and Ella Deming, of Sacramento, arrived ... tel del Monte on Wednesday, and will be the ... Mrs. Charles Crocker during their sojourn there.

... remiah Clarke will remain at the Napa Soda ... of this month.

... Mrs. Charles B. Alexander and Mrs. Charles ... pleasantly located at the Hotel del Monte for a ... w weeks.

... a Tracy is passing several weeks at the Napa ... gs.

... Mrs. C. F. Mullins have been visiting the Hotel ... t San José during the past week. Miss Alice Mullins arrived in New York last Thursday on the *Germania* from England. She will come home via the Isthmus of Panama, arriving here about the latter part of August.

Mrs. H. R. Williar returned to the city last Tuesday after a pleasant visit to the East of several months duration.

Mr. A. H. Small left last Monday to visit Tacoma and Seattle.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Wright, Mrs. L. J. Hanchett, Miss Virginia Hanchett, Mrs. Birdsall, and Miss Etta Birdsall are at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. James Phelan, Mrs. Frank J. Sullivan, and Mr. James D. Phelan have been at Del Monte for the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Finigan have been passing the week at the Hotel del Monte.

Dr. and Mrs. Edward A. Yonnger are passing the summer months in Alameda.

Mrs. T. F. Meagher and Miss Lillie Winans have returned from Del Coronado, and are at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Robertson, of Alameda, went to Mark West Springs last Wednesday to remain a couple of weeks

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Starbird and Miss Sadie Starbird are passing three weeks at the Klamath Hot Springs in Siskiyon County. They will go to Sissons afterward for a week.

Mrs W. J. Somers and Miss Mae Somers have returned from Del Monte and the Hotel Vendome, where they have been for a couple of weeks.

Mrs John W. Coleman, Miss Coleman, Mrs. Robert Beck, and Mr. H. L. Coleman are at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Hirsch are guests at the Sea Beach Hotel in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Fisher Ames have been passing the holidays at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Fillmore passed the Fourth at Del Monte.

Dr. and Mrs. J. H Hatch are passing this month at Webber Lake, and will go to Del Monte later in the season.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall are at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. William R. Sherwood and Mr. Robert L Sherwood have been at the Hotel del Monte during the past week

Miss Eda Moody has been passing several days at the Hotel del Monte.

Army and Navy.

Major Edward B. Moale, U. S. A., has returned from his Eastern trip.

Lieutenant L. P. Brant, U. S. A., came down from Benicia last Tuesday, and, in a few days, will go to Del Monte for a month

Lieutenant C. M Perkins, U. S M. C., has been passing a week at Del Monte.

Captain Alpheus H. Bowman, Ninth Infantry, U. S. A, is enjoying a seven weeks' leave of absence.

Major Frank M. Coxe, Paymaster, U. S. A., has been appointed Chief Paymaster of the Department of California.

The "H. C. A," to whom Mrs. Wiggin's new and enlarged "Story of Patsy" is dedicated—"in remembrance of gladness given to sorrowful little lives"—is Mrs. Harriet Crocker Alexander, whose favorite charity is free kindergarten work among poor children. Her generosity in maintaining a kindergarten where eighty little children are made happy and useful, elicited this graceful tribute from the author.

DXXXIV—Bill of Fare for six persons—Sunday, July 7, 1889.

Calf's-Head Soup.
Baked Crabs.
Beefsteak and Mushrooms. Potatoes.
Succotash. Stuffed Bell-Peppers.
Roast Pig, Apple Sauce.
Celery Salad.
Currant Ice. Angel Cake.
Apples, Peaches, Pears, Plums, Cherries, Nectarines, and Apricots.

CALF'S-HEAD SOUP.—Boil half a calf's head and two feet in two quarts of water; when tender take out bones and cut meat into small pieces. Boil brains separately in a cloth, and when cool chop and add to the sonp with a seasoning of salt, pepper, marjoram, thyme, and cloves. Boil one hour, and just before serving add one glass of wine, half a lemon, cut in small pieces, one dessert-spoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of browned flour, and some force-meat balls.

The cleverness of an English rascal has excited the envy of all the rascals in Paris, who, with typical Parisian egotism, have long claimed to be the cleverest rascals in the world. The English rascal in question was a professional London pick-pocket. Shortly before the French Exposition opened, he bought a small hotel in Paris on the installment plan. The purchase price of the hotel was sixty thousand francs, and the first and only installment which the Englishman paid was two thousand francs. The Englishman bought a few pieces of cheap English furniture for his new house, equipped an English bar, and then advertised far and wide for English boarders during the exposition. His prices were so low that he soon filled his house. Every one of his lodgers was warned by a placard over his bed that the landlord would not be responsible for the loss of any valuables which had not been deposited in the hotel safe. Of course the safe deposits increased with the popularity of the hotel, and both reached high-water mark two days before the second installment of two thousand francs on the purchase price of the hotel fell due. There was then thirty-five thousand francs' worth of British jewelry and bank-notes in the safe. The pick-pocket landlord stole every sou of it. He concealed his plunder in his quarters in another part of Paris, dyed his hair, shaved his beard, put on a French suit of clothes, and began picking pockets at the exposition. He was caught by the police with his hand in the pocket of an English member of Parliament, and was locked up. A police investigation led to a revelation of his history, and the recovery of the jewelry and money which had been given to him for safe keeping.

Bullets have been known to flatten round a bone, as if the bone, having been broken, had been thus joined together with the pliant lead. In another curious case, a bullet went exactly six times *in* and *out* of a skirmisher's body without doing him any serious harm. Kneeling when firing, the ball had passed first *in* and *out* of one arm, had traversed the ribs, entering one side and making its exit at the other, and finished its erratic course by entering and finally taking its departure from the other arm of that curiously perforated soldier. Another bullet passed through thick plate-glass and smashing against a wall, flew into particles, bespattering a man's face without seriously injuring him; while the instance of a little child, who, endeavoring to stop, in her childish playfulness, what turned out to be a spent cannon-ball, which danced like a plaything before her, and who was crushed to death by its falling on her as she ran forward to catch it, is still fresh in the memory.

A "Guide to the Churches of London" shows that the number of metropolitan churches has increased between 1883 and 1889 from 928 to 1,016. Altar vestments are now the rule in 59 churches as against 37 in 1883, altar-lights in 119 as against 64 in 1883, and the "eastward position" in 396 as against 304 in 1883. In the same period the number of churches in which the communion is celebrated in the evening has decreased from 289 to 272.

"MASHED BY A MARCHIONESS."

From London "Punch."

The singer should come on correctly and tastefully attired in a suit of loud dittoes, a startling tie, and a white "pot" hat—the orthodox costume (on the Music Hall stage) of a middle-class swain suffering from love-sickness. The air should be of the conventional jog-trot and jingle order, chastened by a sentimental melancholy.

I've lately gone and lost my 'art—and where you'll never guess—
I'm regularly mashed npon a lovely Marchioness!
'Twas at a Fancy Fair we met, inside the Albert 'All:
So affable she smiled at me as I came near her stall!

Chorus—Don't tell me Belgravia is stiff in behavior!
She'd an Uncle an Earl, and a Dook for her Pa—
Still there was no starchiness in that fair Marchioness,
As she stood at her stall in the Fancy Bazar!

At titles and distinctions once I'd ignorantly scoff,
As if no bond could be betwixt the Tradesman and the Toff!
I held with those who'd do away with difference in ranks—
But that was all before I met the Marchioness of Manx!
Chorus—Don't tell me Belgravia, etc.

A Home was being started by some kind aristo-crats
For orphan kittens, born of poor, but well-connected cats;
And of the swells who planned a Fête this object to assist,
The Marchioness of Manx's name stood foremost on the list.
Chorus—Don't tell me Belgravia, etc.

I never saw a smarter hand at serving in a shop,
For every likely customer she caught upon the 'op'
And from the form her Ladyship displayed at that Bazar,
(With enthusiasm) You might have took your oath she'd been brought up behind a bar!
Chorus—Don't tell me, Belgravia, etc.

In vain I tried to kid her that my purse had been forgot,
She spotted me in 'alf a jiff, and chaffed me precious hot!
A sov. for one regaliar she gammoned me to spend,
"You really can't refuse," she said, "I've bitten off the end!"
Chorus—Don't tell me Belgravia, etc.

"Do buy my crewel-work," she urged, "it goes across a chair,
You'll find it comes in useful, as I see you 'ile your 'air!"
So I 'anded over thirty bob, though not a coiny bloke.
I couldn't tell a Marchioness how nearly I was broke!

Spoken—Though I did take the liberty of saying: "Make it fifteen bob, my Lady!" But she said, with such a fascinating look—I can see it yet!—"Oh, I'm sure you're not a 'aggling kind of a man," she says, "you haven't the face for it. And think of all them pore fatherless kittings," she says; "think what thirty bob means to them!" says she, glancing up so pitiful and tender under her long eyelashes at me. Ah, the Radicals may talk as they like, but——
Chorus—Don't tell me Belgravia, etc.

A raffle was the next concern I put my rhino in;
The prize a talking parrot which I didn't want to win
Then her sister, Lady Tabby, showed a painted milking-stool,
And I bought it—though it's not a thing I sit on as a rule.

Spoken—Not but what it was a handsome article in its way, too—had a snow-scene with a sunset done in oil on it. "It will look lovely in your chambers," says the Marchioness; "it was ever so much admired at Catterwall Castle!" It didn't look so bad in my three-pair back, I must say, though unfortunately the sunset came off on me the very first time I happened to sit down on it. Still, think of the condescension of painting such a thing at all!
Chorus—Don't tell me Belgravia, etc.

The Marquis kept a-fidgeting and frowning at his wife,
For she talked to me as free as if she'd known me all my life!
I felt that I was in the swim, so wasn't over-awed,
But 'ung about and spent my cash as lavish as a lord!

Spoken—It was worth all the money. I can tell you, to be chatting there across the counter with a real live Marchioness for as long as ever my funds would 'old out. They'd have held out much longer, only the Marchioness made it a rule never to give change—she couldn't break it, she said, not even for me. I wish I could give you an idea of how she smiled as she made that remark; for the fact is, when an aristocrat does unbend—well——
Chorus—Don't tell me Belgravia, etc.

Next time I meet the Marchioness a-riding in the Row,
I'll ketch her eye and raise my 'at and up to her I'll go,
(With sentiment)—And tell her next my 'art I keep the stump of that cigar
She sold me on the 'appy day we 'ad at her Bazar!

Spoken—And she'll be pleased to see me again, I know! She's not one of your stuck-up sort; don't you make no mistake about it, the aristocracy ain't 'alf as bloated as people imagine who don't know 'em. Whenever I hear parties running 'em down, I always say:
Chorus—Don't tell me Belgravia is stiff in behavior, etc.

Much excitement has been caused (says a London correspondent of the Birmingham *Post*) by the introduction of a new kind of cigar into the high class clubs of London. The ingredients of which it is composed remain a secret with the *soi-disant* inventors, but the effect produced upon the consumers is said to be magical. The softness of perfume, the aromatic flavor, and, above all, the soothing qualities of this new cigar are undisputed, but it does not contain a particle of tobacco.

An American was arrested on the Austrian frontier for having in his luggage unmistakable dynamite-bombs. On further investigation, they proved to be cocoanuts, something which the Austrian authorities had never seen.

In Breslau, a factory chimney, fifty-four feet high, has just been erected out of blocks of papers, held together by special cement. The chimney is fire and lightning-proof.

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THE FIVE JIMS.

Our Dynasty of Chinese Conquerors.

The reign of the Jims began some ten months ago. In that short time we have exploited and been exploited by five Chinese second-boys, all answering to the name of Jim. James the First was a gentle-voiced Mongolian, with a rich, golden skin, a pair of liquid, slanting eyes, a soft foot-fall, a padded lavender coat for high days, and a masterly command of pigeon English. He was the model of deportment for all second-boys. We were impressed by his dignity when he first came; we dreaded it before he left. It was he who eventually expressed dissatisfaction with us. We never would have dared to do so with him.

Under his reign all was happiness—or rather, by comparison with the reigns of the subsequent Jims, it was happiness. It was indeed a sorrow's crown of sorrow to remember the happier days of James the First's rule while languishing under the personalities of James the Third, or the tyrannies of James the Fourth. The first of his line was not without faults, but they were merely exaggerations of his virtues. For example, he was possessed of a devil of cleanliness—and not a dumb devil, on the contrary, a musical devil. When the frenzy seized him, nothing was sacred from his desecrating hand. In fact, it was never thoroughly at ease unless cleaning something, and once started it was impossible to suppress his noble rage. Moreover, suspicious natures might have thought that Jim abused his authority—that he took pleasure in asserting his independence by sweeping the halls or washing the stairs in moments which demanded silence.

The muse having descended upon the family, the melodious scratching of pens issuing from several half-opened doors, was the signal for Jim to unfurl his banner to the breeze, and scrub down halls and stairs with a great splashing of water, a gasping and a wearied toiling to and fro. The delicate-minded muse withdrew, shocked at these vulgar demonstrations. For some time no one dared accost Jim, who, scaling the pinnacles of ecstasy, finally broke forth into song, and cheerily caroled the musical lays of his native land. He was evidently enjoying himself immensely, rioting in soap-suds and sodden rags. Presently a voice arose:

"Don't you think Jim's making a good deal of unnecessary row out there?"

"Yes. Suppose you tell him that if he can't live without cleaning to go and clean downstairs, or out on the sidewalk, or up in the garret."

"Oh, I don't like to interrupt him—he's having such a good time. Besides, he'll be annoyed."

"It's no use for me to speak, for he doesn't understand a word I say. I might throw something at him."

During this conversation, Jim's flight of Celestial song rose triumphantly higher and higher, and the music of the antipodes throbbed to distraction.

A door opened and a head appeared. "Jim—me no like that noise."

Jim sat up on his heels in a state of gentle bewilderment that any one could be deaf to the beauties of his performance.

"Jim!" called another voice, "that music is not soothing the savage breast—it's quite the other way. Curb your love of the beautiful and let the stairs go as they are."

But Jim, muttering cheerfully, "Me no sabe you," reluctantly took up his cloth and his song just where he had dropped them. When he did not "sabe you" there could be no further conversation with James the First. The hottest argument, the finest pigeon English, the most insinuating efforts at persuasion left him vaguely smiling, and murmuring, with an air of bland good humor, "Me no sabe you." Further resistance was hopeless.

But it was as a waiter that Jim excelled. He was always robed in spotless white—a wide, loose-sleeved coat, a sort of a hybrid dressing-sacque, and a pair of baggy trousers—his queue curled around his head, his moon-face expressionless as that of an English footman, and, as there was no time for him to clean things, his main failing was not so apparent as usual. His manner, too, was gently ingratiating. Constant guests and visitors he soon knew, and, in alluding to them, he always designated them by some facial peculiarity, so that, through Jim's methods of observations, one soon acquired a close knowledge of each friend's singularities of physiognomy. Some of them he loved. The gentleman with a scar on his temple was a pet of Jim's, and he always answered the lady's murmured, "Who is it?" by laying a forefinger on his own temple and retiring in mysterious silence. Once, catching his favorite alone in the hall, he drew him aside and suggested, after brief preamble, that he "rub oil on his head." The gentleman naturally resented this slight cast upon his style of coiffure, hitherto regarded as particularly neat and inoffensive. Jim, undaunted, continued to elaborate his idea, explaining that the oil would cause the hair to grow over the scar.

"But I don't think I want that," said the gentleman, weakly, vaguely picturing himself with a tuft of dark hair waving luxuriant from his right temple; "I am not ambitious to be the crowning attraction of a dime museum."

Jim's only answer to this was that tolerant, soothing, superior smile which we had all learned to dread—that look of almost unearthly knowingness which indicated an intuitive knowledge of our real opinions, no matter how we might try to conceal them.

At dinner, Jim was delightful. He never laughed. The choicest ebullition of American wit would have left him, as it leaves most Englishmen, grave, if not melancholy, and darkly uncomprehending. He was soft-footed and noiseless as a cat, and as he offered a dish, murmured a gentle remark in a low, musical tone. We never discovered whether it was a form of grace, or a heathen incantation, or a curse. He never omitted it. A dish touched your elbow and Jim's voice murmured for a second at your ear.

He had an especial form which he used in passing the cakes. It was very short, and never varied. The family mind being concentrated on it for several weeks caught and transfixed it as "pussy-cat." If the offered viand had been a roast dish, we might have had our suspicions. But there could be no sinister connection between the sponge-cake and the wild pussy-cats, which multiplied with exceeding great rapidity about "the estate," and were numerous as the flocks upon Mount Gilead in the back-yard, though we had given Jim and the cook *carte blanche* to remove them from our midst in any way which met their approbation. Neither of the domestics being artists with the shooting-irons, the cats still ushered forth new families into the back-yard with feeble attempts to simulate the pride of former days, when this event glittered with the freshness of novelty, and still Jim repeated his mystic "pussy-cat," offering to the hesitating hand a large expanse of cake beneath a black plaster of chocolate not unlike a smooth wash of coagulated blacking. Finally, at the point of desperation, we discovered the key. How simple!—"Pussy-cat"—"Piece of cake," of course!

When Jim left, there was sadness in Israel and the mourners went about the streets. We were very humble in parting with him. We knew that he was too magnificent to stay. We felt that he had his opinion of us since the day we requested him to stop washing the stairs, and though that opinion was politely hidden, we instinctively felt its weight and sunk beneath it. Jim left in tears and magnificence, in his padded-lavender silk-coat and his black cap, with the coral-button on the top. He bestowed a fond, reluctant glance on the happy families, which lay scattered in profuse dishevelment about the back-yard, and were retarding the development of the roses and geraniums by lying on them; he left a message for the obstinate gentleman who would not rub oil on his head. Thus he departed in an atmosphere of mingled melancholy and resignation.

Jim the second was rather a nonentity. Recollections of him are vague. We had, however, the satisfaction of parting with him before he parted with us, which was a proud feat. He did nothing, showed no positive characteristics, neither a desire to heat the dog, nor to unduly revere the cats. He had no incantation, no pussy-cat. He was a failure, picturesquely speaking. Whereas, Jim the third was young, saffron in hue, and wore a green-wadded coat, which was in delicate harmony with his smooth, yellow-brown skin.

We tried when he first came to suggest to him, gently, but firmly, that his name was not Jim. We tried to trap or cajole him into admitting that he occasionally answered to "Fun," and had been known to come when called "Chong." For we resented the idea of a whole nation answering to the same name. Apart from the confusion which it must cause, it was monotonous, and showed none of that feeling for artistic variety which we had heretofore believed to be a distinguishing characteristic of the Chinese.

"How," said we, "do you know who is being spoken to when you are in China, if you are all called Jim?"

James the Third was not affected by this cunning question. He simply frowned down the suggestion of a change of name, softly reiterating "my name Jim," at every pause in our successfully obscure pigeon-English address. We were forced to surrender. If we did not call him Jim, he said he "didn't sahe" us, and to be continually in an unsabed state is even more trying than a whole nation all Jims.

James the Third, by his associates, was supposed to possess beauty, of an esoteric description, only recognizable by those familiar with the standards obtaining in the Celestial Empire. Our main authority on this point was the cook, who used to call Jim "a 'and-some boy." This may have been by contrast to the cook, who did not himself possess the beauty of Antinous. Jim evidently shared the cook's opinion of his charms, for he used to powder his face whenever he had the chance. I must admit I never saw his loveliness, even when he smiled on me, and this was not often, for James the Third was of the opinion that smiles are not becoming to the Mongolian cast of countenance. Moreover, beauty, when unaccompanied with skill in wielding a broom or in manipulating a duster, is as a jewel in the head of a toad. And Jim's solicitude for his own good looks occupied his mind to the exclusion of all lesser matters. To open your bedroom-door abruptly and find Jim figuring before the mirror, with artificial flowers ornamenting his head, was disconcerting, but to have him query, his eyes fixed in an absorbed stare on your slippered foot: "All the ladies in your country, him got big feet likey you?" was not to be endured.

He was also of a sickly constitution. He was constantly indisposed, and always from the same cause, "drinking too much cold water."

"Did you ever know that cold water taken in large quantities would make a person very drowsy?" said the guileless mistress and mother of the house, after an interview with Jim, lying prone on his bed in the delicious languor induced by opium-smoking. "Jim's lying down and says he feels unable to move; that he's very ill, because he's been drinking iced-water."

Apparently Jim could not resist the beloved, though pernicious beverage, for the very next week he was again laid low in his pride, quite early in the afternoon. In response to the usual anxious inquiries for his welfare, he half-opened one almond eye, glimpsed askance at the alarmed matron, and murmured, with a drowsy smile, "Me drink too much cold water, same lass time!" then lapsed into deep slumber. This acknowledged inability to resist the seductions of the ice-cooler, combined with the remark on big feet, sealed his fate, and he shortly received his *congé*.

The success of James the Fourth would have been immediate and lasting if he had understood English. His knowledge of the language was peculiar—he had quite a mastery of the terms, but their relative meanings had become hopelessly mixed in his mind. For example, he always said "Shut up," when he meant "All right." We at first thought dismally that it was native rudeness, and we were cast down in our spirits at seeing him taking the downward path so early in our acquaintance. But the "Shut up" was always delivered in such a brisk, cheerful, sprightly tone, with such an air of gay acquiescence, that we finally accepted it in the spirit rather than the letter, and only prayed that he would not use it to hot-tempered visitors from the East.

On his arrival, he introduced himself as perfectly conversant with the English tongue. During the first few days we set down his inability to understand us, or to make himself understood, to consuming bashfulness. His use of the language was perhaps massive and terse, but not exactly customary. His accent was not pure, his grammar defective. In fact, it was quite impossible for us to understand him, or for him to understand us. If he had been deaf and dumb, it would have been an improvement, for then you would not have been under the perpetual strain—Hope dancing before you like an ignis-fatuus—of trying to will him into comprehension. There was something weirdly fascinating in watching his struggle to comprehend when you asked for the mustard, and after a moment's silent cogitation he produced, not without pride, a silver fruit-knife.

About his waiting there was an element of piquancy which might have won him admirers. It was like Artemus Ward's entertainment, one of the principal features of which was that it contained so many things that did not have anything to do with it. Jim's waiting at dinner was full of things that did not have anything to do with it, and so you had to be a little used to it before you discovered its piquancy. The sense of humor which can appreciate receiving the salt or the carving-fork instead of the demanded glass of water is acquired rather than inherited. The family could hear being treated in this way, but it was surprising and disconcerting to outsiders who had not been inured by a long course of Jims. It was for their preservation that we were ultimately forced to invent a sign language, Jim, at black coffee time, having brought instead of the kirschwasser the Worcestershire sauce, which was absently poured into the cup of an unsuspecting guest, who retired wrung with anguish. The sign language would have been a brilliant success if all the family had understood it. But the inventor being constantly absent, there were long miserable periods, when a wall of darkness raised itself between the family and Jim, the sign language having completely destroyed the small remnant of English cherished by that gloomy celestial.

To keep ourselves from starvation or poisoning we were forced to part with James the Fourth two months ago. He bestowed a benediction on the family, and trudged sadly up the hill in a purple coat and a black cap, and all the cats came and looked mournfully after him between the pickets of the front fence. James the Fifth is still on the throne. He resembles James the First, but has less dignity and is more malleable. James the First, we hear, holds tyrannical sway over an intimidated family on the other side of town. Let us hope they have no literary proclivities or objections to having the stairs washed once a day and twice on Saturdays. Occasionally, James the First writes us letters. He begins by addressing us by name all the ladies of the family, then tersely informs them up in one brief "Dear Sir," and ends with a satirical wish that we may "enjoy a high rank in the future," thus conveying, with that veiled delicacy which he was a master, his opinion of our rank in the past.—*New York Tribune.*

"Whiskers" Murphy.

Steward Murphy of the receiving-hospital had a "large" time one night recently. He is the proud possessor of a set of fiery whiskers and an equally fiery temper. The other night a patient suffering from morphine-poisoning was brought in by a woman, who not knowing what the steward's name was, imagined that "whiskers" would be an appropriate title, so she called him by that name. This made Mr. Murphy exceedingly wroth, and he called the disrespectful young woman around the ward the hospital. As he had just been aroused from bed and had not had sufficient time to fully dress he was clad in a suit of fiery red under-garments, and he passed the bed of the Italian, Demichelli, who suffering from the effects of a railroad accident. The latter was convinced that his time had come and the devil was waiting ready to take him. Demichelli's yells of terror appeased the fiery Murphy, and he cooled off.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

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TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, March 31, 1889, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.30, 3.25, 4.56, 10 P. M.
Sundays)—8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 12.30, 1.30, 2.45, 4.26, 30, 6.30, P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week day)—6.10, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.55 P. M.
Sundays)—8.00, 9.50, 10.55 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 1.15, 2.45, 4.00, 5.05, 7.00 P M. Extra trips on Saturday at 6.25 P. M.
Fare, 15 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.40, 8.15, 9.55, 11.50 A. M.; 2.30, 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
Sundays)—8.45, 10.35, 11.35 A. M.; 12.45, 1.55, 3.30, 4.45, 6.50, 7.45 P. M. Extra trips on Saturday at 7.00 P. M.
Fare, 15 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

7.00 A. M., Daily (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at 4.00 P. M., arriving in San Francisco 12.20 P.M.
4.30 P. M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations.
8.00 A. M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning arrives in San Francisco at 8.15 P. M.

EXCURSION RATES.

Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single rate.
Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Sundays, Saturdays, and Sundays, good to return following day: Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.00; Tomales, $1.25; Howard's, $3.50; Cazadero, $4.00.
Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, good on day sold Camp Taylor, $1.50; Point Reyes, $1.75; Tomales, Howard's, $2.50; Duncan Mills and Cazadero $3 00.

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From June 20, 1889.	ARRIVE
Haywards, Niles and San José	*12.45 P.
Sacramento, Redding and Sisson, via Davis	7.15 P.
Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	6.15 P.
Los Angeles Express, for Fresno, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	11.15 A.
Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
Haywards, Niles, and San José	* 3.45 P.
Sacramento River Steamers	**6.00 A.
Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
Stockton and §Milton; Vallejo, Calistoga & Santa Rosa	9.45 A.
Express for Ogden. Carrying local first-class and local and through second-class passengers. Connects at Davis for Knight's Landing	10.45 A.
Niles and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
Niles and San José	‡ 4.45 P.
Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
Central Atlantic Express, for Ogden and East	7.45 P.
Shasta Route Express, for Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East	7.45 A.
Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

Newark, San José and Santa Cruz	‡ 8.05 P.
Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*11.20 A.
Centerville, San José, Almaden, Los Gatos and Santa Cruz	‡‡9.50 A.

SAN JOSÉ DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

San José and Way Stations	2.30 P.
Monterey and Santa Cruz, Sunday Excursion	‡ 8.25 P.
San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos; Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations	6.12 P.
San José, Almaden and Way Stations	7 30 P.
Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	5.08 P.
Menlo Park, San José, Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville, and Monterey only. (Del Monte limited.)	*11.15 A.
San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey and principal Way Stations	*10.02 A.
Menlo Park and Way Stations	7.58 A.
San José and Way Stations	9.03 A.
Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A.
San José and principal Way Stations	‡4.25 P.

A for morning. P. for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. ‡ Saturdays only. † Sundays only. ** Mondays excepted. Saturdays excepted. ‖ Saturday and Sunday only to Santa Cruz. ‡‡ Sunday and Monday only from Santa Cruz.

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E. P. HEALD, President. C. S. HALEY, Secretary.

A French play, like all Gaul, consists of three parts—a lately married lady, a fond husband, an old lover. These lovely countesses and charming marquises have always a Raoul, a Gaston, an André, to whom they were betrothed before their marriage with the count or the marquis, and who inconsiderately appears at the end of the first act to wake painful memories and a fine scene, full of agony.

"The Marquise" is no exception to the rule—*toujours perdrix* as usual. There is the Marquise, young and lovely, with a middle-aged, noble husband, a cheeild, and pensive, dormant memories of a Rodolphe this time. Then there is the Marquis, white-haired, magnificent, stately, president of the court, with the most distinguished manners. Then there is Rodolphe, in the army, young, but already a colonel, fascinating and handsome in a becoming uniform, getting over his love for the lady, and deep in distress about his accused friend. These three old stand-bys, with Martel, a game-keeper, are the play. There are, of course, a good many other characters who drift through the four acts, and who are all of the highest fashion and not of the least account in the unfolding of the story. What they are there for, nobody knows. Strike out three-fourths of the women and two-thirds of the men, and the play would get on quite as well as before.

That Countess which Miss Henderson personates with so much languid elegance, what is she there for except to be pretty? Andrée, the little sister, who cries like a garden watering-pot; Mme. de Berney—of what use are they? They form graceful stage-pictures, and when either Rodolphe or the Marquise want to cry, one or other of them is sure to be on hand offering a consolatory shoulder ready and willing to be bedewed with tears. There is one scene where they group themselves about Rodolphe and implore him to divulge the secret under which he appears to be suffering. Of course there had to be somebody to do this, to add the crowning point to Rodolphe's misery, and give him a chance for some strong acting. There are also a great number of unnecessary men—half of them are crushed into gaps in the stage-pictures to fill out the scenes. To have an air of movement and vivacity in the first act there is a photographer, a young dandy, a juror, and a doctor introduced who are entirely superfluous, dragged in by the ears to fill the interstices in an act hammered out into holes.

"The Marquise" is said to be an adaptation from "Ferreol," one of Sardou's most thrilling melodramas. In adapting it for the American stage, the artistic merit and harmony of the play have been sacrificed to the rigid laws of propriety which rule the American drama. In order to have everything quite conventional and decorous, there has been a burnt-offering of art. "The Marquise," as smelted down into English, is an interesting, improbable, almost absurd, production. It is built on a tooth-pick. There is furore and frenzy about nothing—a tremendous volume of smoke and the smallest remnant of fire. This seems to be a fashionable weakness of modern plays. Both "Partners" and "The Wife" showed the same defect—an inadequate foundation on which to build a pretentious and lofty mansion. It is hardly fair to the actors to expect them to give evidence of the intensest mental anguish when the cause for it is trivial and ridiculous.

The anguish of the Marquise and Rodolphe is very French anguish. The friendly custom of evening calls is evidently not appreciated in France, and, when practiced, is regarded as a pernicious habit, more honored in the breach than in the observance. One evening, Rodolphe has been calling on the Marquise—unknown to the Marquis, it is true—in the most harmless way imaginable. In fact, after a few moments' talk, the Marquise sends Rodolphe away rather unceremoniously, as her little girl is taken suddenly ill. Retiring to the conservatory-door, he finds it locked, and loiters about in the garden until he sees a murder, which rouses in him enough energy to climb the wall and run away in the opposite direction. Some months later, his best friend is arrested on suspicion, and is about to be convicted on the flimsiest of circumstantial evidence. The gallant Colonel finds himself in an uncomfortable position. Shall he sacrifice the lady or the friend? Shall he admit the damning fact that he was paying an evening call on the wife of the Marquis, or shall he let his friend be hanged? Confronted by these direful alternatives, Rodolphe's state of mind is something fearful to witness, and, beside his lamentations, those of Jeremiah are hopeful and gay.

Later, a scene follows where Rodolphe tells the Marquise how he saw the murder, and how to save the condemned man they must acknowledge that dreadful business of the evening call, and condemn themselves to heaven knows what miseries. They work themselves up into a state of agony, trying to concoct some falsehoods which will hold water like the Vestal Tuccia's sieve. The Colonel's skill at invention is not remarkable, and all the suggestions he makes are in turn cast aside. In truth, they both appear—especially in this scene—a pitiable, procrastinating pair. Despair at the thought of parting with her child is introduced to give to the character of the wife some dignity and force. She needs it. She is a poor creature, too great a coward to lie daringly or tell the truth boldly.

The whole interest and power of the play are concentrated in the last act. The confessions of Martel and the wife are very ingeniously brought about. The entire scene is dramatic to a degree, in that brilliant, dazzling, dashing style which the French playwright understands so well. The first two acts are rendered wearisome by the lengthy preamble before the story is fairly reached. There are many of those long, dreary, extremely realistic conversations which are strung on the main thread of so many modern melodramas. The later plays of Dumas bristle with them—views of life, conduct, etc.—very wittily expressed, but rather out of place. They sound as if they were originally intended for the pulpit, got discouraged, disguised themselves with some witty phrases, and took to the stage. Some people like to take their physic with jam; wise ones find that the taste of one destroys the other, and both are equally ineffectual. There is no sermonizing in "The Marquise," but there is a good deal of unnecessary dialogue before you get head and shoulders into the story. It strikes the listener like a dramatized novel, and that it must have been better as a novel than a play.

Miss Cayvan's Marquise is the best work she has shown us this season. It is more spontaneous, and shows more individuality than either The Wife or Minnie Gilfillian. She is past-mistress of the art of tears, and, in the third act, has a fine fit of hysterics in the French style. Everybody cries in the play, except one or two stony-hearted men. The Marquise, the Baroness, the Countess, or was it a Duchess?—how pleasant to inscribe these illustrious titles!—Andrée, the Colonel—tears flow from them as water from the rock which Moses smote. One might remark with the late Artemus Ward: "Why these weeps?" for sometimes it is rather hard to find out the source of all this melancholy. When in doubt, however, turn your thoughts to the disastrous evening call, and you will not be far wrong. From it there arose a deadly upas-tree, which cast a blight wherever its shadow fell.

The main interest of the story centres itself about Rodolphe, the young colonel. He suffers unremittingly from the rise to the fall of the curtain. This is the first really heavy part in which we have had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Miller, and he acquits himself more than creditably. He is handsome, gentlemanly, and avoids all temptations to rant, of which his part is full. Even in the scene where all the superfluous ladies—having saved up their tears for this great deluge—group themselves about him, imploring his secret, he is quietly tortured, and heroically refrains from the slightest attempt to tear a passion to tatters. He and Mr. Kelcey carry off the honors, Mr. LeMoyne's small part not giving that gentleman a chance to show the full delicacy and force of his inimitable art.

Mr. Kelcey is always *convenable*, always does the right thing in the right way, and passes through the play replete with awful majesty. There was a time when Mr. Kelcey used to play villains. He seems to have passed out of this stage in his histrionic evolution into the John Rutherford phase of development. He does both with equal skill and superb gentlemanliness. But the villains were a little more interesting. One of the most successful members of Mr. Kelcey's rogue's gallery was the Spider in "The Silver King"—the gentleman cracksman; enchanting combination! Garnished with all Mr. Kelcey's individuality and cleverness, he was a splendid villain, who broke open a safe at eight, went to Lady Blanche's dinner at half-past, and had time between whiles to shoot a man. The Spider, with his black-rimmed eye-glass in his eye, and his well-cut dress-suit, will remain a distinct figure in the mind when the Marquis and John Rutherford have retired to the pigeon-holes of oblivion.

G. B.

There goeth about a legend concerning a Chicago newspaper man who was the prize stutterer of the West. He once wrote a play which he read to a manager. "How do you like it?" he asked. "It's great," was the reply; "very comical idea, that." "Which do you mean?" asked the author, flattered. "That of having all the characters stutter. It will go with a roar."

Edward Harrigan views his return to New York as a manager as much more probable than has been supposed. He is confident of obtaining a theatre either this year or next, and talks hopefully of reviving the Mulligan Guard series with Mrs. Annie Yeamans and other old favorites.

Benjamin Jones, of Chicago, is endeavoring to win a bet that he can witness the performance of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" for thirty consecutive nights without losing his mind.

Sidney Drew is to be married to Miss Gladys Rankin, the eldest daughter of McKee Rankin, on August 15th.

STAGE GOSSIP.

The destruction of Pompeii, at Central Park, is a very elaborate spectacle, and is now running smoothly.

The Daly Company has just finished a three weeks' engagement in Chicago, the receipts of which exceeded thirty-one thousand dollars.

At the Baldwin, the Lyceum Theatre Company will be followed by Augustin Daly's Company, who will play a three weeks' engagement.

"Gwynne's Oath," a play of Nelson Wheatcroft's, of the Lyceum Theatre Company, will be presented at the Bijou Theatre on Monday, July 15th.

Little Helen Henry, who assumes the rôle of the little girl in "Pete," is a young actress of unusual brightness. She will be getting a "Fauntleroy" play soon.

Among the new faces in Mr. Daly's Company is that of Miss Isabel Irving, whose beauty made such an impression when she was here two years ago with the Rosina Vokes Company.

At the California Theatre the minstrels have continued their programme of last week without change. Next Monday, Robert Mantell begins an engagement with "Monbars," a romantic French play.

Rose Coghlan, who opens at the Baldwin Theatre next month, has just secured another new play. It is by Edouard Cadol, of the French Society of Dramatic Authors, and is said to be a strong drama.

Next week will be the fourth and last of the engagement of the Lyceum Theatre Company at the Baldwin. A mixed programme will be presented: "The Wife," for Monday and Tuesday evenings; "The Marquise," Wednesday evening; and "Sweet Lavender," the rest of the week.

"The Paymaster" at the Bush Street Theatre this week has not been without excitement. Mr. Harrison has succeeded in breaking his ankle three times in his leap for life in the fourth act, and there is always a pleasing uncertainty as to whether the last act will be performed or not.

On Monday, July 15th, Charles C. McCarty will begin a two weeks' engagement at the Bush Street Theatre, appearing in "One of the Bravest." A member of the company supporting him will be W. J. Cronin, who is reported to be under engagement for the Daly Company next season.

The public are beginning to appreciate the fact that the company now at the Bijou Theatre is far better than any that this house has presented before, and that a really good entertainment is given there. "Devil Carefoot," a dramatization of Rider Haggard's "Dawn," will be presented next Monday evening.

The revival of "Pinafore" at the Tivoli brings back one of the original cast, who took part in the performance ten years ago. Fred Emerson Brooks returns to the stage for this occasion, and alternates with Max Figman in assuming the rôle of the Admiral. The cast is otherwise strong, and the production is a good one.

Charlie Reed seems to be learning philosophy. He accepts the inevitable with good grace, and sings the "Tamale" song with comparatively little coaxing now. He has abandoned his starring aspiration for the present, by the way, and next season joins the "City Directory" Company, thus renewing his allegiance to farce-comedy.

The Harrigan Company has succeeded in pleasing and in disappointing a number of its old admirers this week. "Pete" is not a good play for the company, and it is amusing to hear these Irish comedians struggling with the Southern dialect. Mrs. Yeamans as a Hibernian Mrs. Malaprop, and John Sparks, as her politically inclined husband, are about the only two who seem to be comfortable in their rôles.

The repertoire of the Daly Company at the Baldwin will include ten plays, seven of which have not been seen here before. The opening play will be the "Railroad of Love," a play taken from German sources. This will be followed by "The Lottery of Love," and "Samson and Delilah," both from the French of Alexandre Bisson; "The Wife of Socrates," "An International Match," "7-20 8," "A Woman's Wont," "A Night Off," and "The Inconstant," the latter being Mr. Daly's last revival.

An interesting souvenir has been issued by the management of the Tivoli Opera House, to commemorate the tenth anniversary of their production of opera. The souvenir contains the cast of "Pinafore" as given ten years ago, and the cast now presenting the opera, a list of the prominent members of the company during the decade, and a chronological list of the operas produced. During the ten years they have given three thousand six hundred and forty-five performances of one hundred and twenty-six different operas, and the house has been closed on eight evenings. The closed evenings have been for the following causes: Death of Garfield, one night; death of Joseph Kreling, two nights; death of Mrs. F. M. Kreling, one night; and for repairs and alterations, four nights. The record is one which may be looked back upon with satisfaction by the managers of this popular theatre.

ON THE RIALTO.

By Nym Crinkle.

About May you will see, if you are in New Y a mushroom crop of strange people spring u Union Square. The broad sidewalk in front c Morton House, stretching from Broadway to F Avenue, called "The Plaza," and the crossing the Morton House to the Union Square Hotel, c corner of Fifteenth Street, is termed "The Rialt

They gather about eleven o'clock in the mo and about one the crowd is so dense that it i difficulty lady pedestrians can get through.

They are actors. They come from all parts c United States. They are not disorderly; the simply good-natured. They are glad to get The seasons close in May, and they assemble h look out for fresh contracts, for all the manage in town in the summer.

It is one of the most interesting, the most anim and the most picturesque of crowds. You wi find anywhere such a variety of characters, s jolly, vagabond, entertaining lot of fellows, an where else can you hear such a rich stock of a tures and misadventures told with such gusto a own expense.

Every type of public performer mingles here. stars, the supers, the advance-agent, the com the minstrel, the ring-master, the acrobat, the singer, the clog-dancer, the operatic tenor, the n ogist, the reader, the man who plays the cor the balcony, and the man who plays the piano orchestra—Claudes, Romeos, Mercutios, Mac Anthony Absolutes, Tony Lumpkins, Don C Monte Cristos, Silver Kings, Armand Duvals. dresses are as varied as their rôles. Their appea are the result of their experiences and their hu But the poorest of them present a threadbare ness; a certain devil-may-care joviality which n but a good-fellowship amid the most outrageou situdes could establish. Here is the ever O Tragedian, with his coat carefully buttoned throat, where a big stone glistens on a frayed band; with a brigandish felt-hat which stand one ear; with a spring-coat on his arm that not be got upon his back. He has been throu whole of Texas since last he was seen on the He tells of his hardships, his hunger, his amou disappointments, his devices with landlords, a death-struggle with managers, in a strain of di sarcasm, and with a keen sense of humor of h suffering.

This man is the best-preserved, the best-know the best-abused of the set. The stage has kno since Garrick. He visits every hamlet, and ac of music, and barn in the country. He has more parts, walked more miles, been oftene dled, and eaten less square dinners to the c than any type of actor we know, and he has pr both a professional dignity and a convivial hu spirit in it all. New York is his home. He c there without an engagement, for he can ma float with the great crowd of actors. It is alw teresting to stop and listen to these people. ever else they may be, their adventures are full humor at their own expense.

Listen to that young fellow in a velvet-coat a bat. He has been with a circus. They were in Minnesota. "Cully," says he, "Texas is bosom of the country alongside of Minneso tent. Why, I had to go out and do a clog-da a board while Kryke was tying the stilts on h They pushed the board close to the centre-pole Wing. I bad on heavy shoes. I went out on, and made a bow, and my feet froze fast. dertook to wiggle and fell over, and the inferna went up on its end, and they had to come on a me off with that board sticking to my feet. I like a big fly trying to walk on a small ceiling. made such a hit in my life. Let's see, you w with 'The Silver Spoon Company'?"

"Yes," says a seedy man with a magnifice tache. "We dimed it for a week with 'The ('Diming it' is playing in ten-cent shows.) didn't catch on, and the management skipped night when we had a smash up on the north- road. There was a big snow storm, and we a locomotive that had been sent down to help Two cars were smashed up. We had to ge an embankment with the snow up to our kn were fifteen miles from a town. The mana offered to walk back for assistance. We go gram from him when we got to La Crosse. in Chicago, en route to New York, and he had given up the show. He was our backer. Pixley came on here to see him, and found he to Louisiana with a fresh gang. How are th in Texas?"

This question is addressed to the Crushed dian.

"By heavens, sir, they are riotous. The deeming quality of the landlords is their po We were sewed up in Waco. Didn't take i enough the last week to buy a shave. Ow weeks' board. I said to Bill Mendel—you kno he was juvenile for Tapsco the year before, a up 'heav's' last spring. He was rooming w Says I to Bill, 'How's your uppers?' 'Wh hold to Dirt Mountain, but I couldn't depend to St. Ann's.'

"'Good enough,' says I; 'let's put what can in our carpet-bags, throw 'em out that far on the grass, go down, invite the landlord t then take a stroll; we can pick up the bags along. He'll murder us if we play another tri tied 'em loosely together, and Bill went o opening the blinds, quickly flung them out— we were in a third-story room.

"'The grass'll hide 'em,' says Bill; 'co let's treat the landlord.'

"We went down, found a gang in the b Landlord was standing in the door, smiling.

"'Fine day for a stroll,' says Bill, walk 'Come on,' says be to me, 'let's go for a wal

"I went to the door. Bill and I felt our j If there wasn't them carpet-bags hangin the telegraph-wires under our window! I may swim, you couldn't reach 'em with escape.

"'I kinder guess,' says that landlord, ain't as nice for a walk as you Yanks thou cloudin' up.'

"Bill struck it desperately. 'I don't s clouds,' says be.

"'Don't you see notbin's up there in th says the landlord, pointing in the direction carpet-bags; 'you take my word, I know t fort. There's a storm brewin'. If I was stay in.'"

"Well," asked some one, "bow'd ye get o

"Started from the theatre that night under night's sable plume, and walked to Dirt Mou

ered up Bill as well as I could. 'If we can get ... to San Ober,' says I, 'I've got friends there; ... can raise funds and do that new piece of yours for a benefit. It had a great go at the springs.'

'That manuscript,' says Bill, looking ghastly, 'is in the carpet-bag.'

I met Burke, who came through there three months afterward, and he said the bags were hanging there yet. The landlord threatened to shoot any man who touched 'em.

Well, we waded to San Antonio, struck the Cockley Combination; their heavy man had the fever. Engaged with 'em, had a week's good business, then the bottom fell out. Got into Galveston, dead hroke, hut hand playing—no money. At the end of week, haggage at hotels began to look douhtful. Chockley skipped. Landlord said, with the most affahle manner, he'd hrain anyhody who took a trunk out before his hill was paid. Our leading woman was afraid they'd snatch her jewelry. They jug you down there if you think of leaving town. Coster wrote her from New Orleans to come on; hig engagement there. Finally, Charley Forney offered to skip out ahead and send money back to hoist us out. We pooled our cash to get him a ticket. He put Miss Cashman's jewelry in a carpet-bag, along with some letters to Coster, and all the company's valuables, including a gold watch of mine and several diamond rings. In fact, we stuffed all our valuables in it, and then asked him how he was going to get out.

'I'm going to drop it out the window at dusk,' said Charley; 'pick it up afterwards, and walk to the 10.30 train with it.'

I gave a start, and told him my experience. He laughed and said that was all right; he'd look out for the wires and drop it in a quiet place in the hack yard, where somebody could watch it from the window till he picked it up.

That's the way they fixed it. He dropped it out about seven o'clock and went down stairs.

It hadn't been there five minutes before the landlord's hig Newfoundland dog snooped it out, picked it up in his teeth, and walks round into the bar-room with it.

Charley was talking with the 'polite and gentlemanly,' and tipping glasses with him at the har. He was telling him that he expected a remittance from his rich father every mail, and saying he liked the place so much that he intended to linger on for a few days and enjoy the balmy Southern air.

The polite and gentlemanly remarked that anybody could see he was no slouch; that he was a thorough-hred, and not like them snide actors who sneaked their things out and vamoosed without settling. Just then the Newfoundland dog walked in and laid the carpet-hag down.

'Dear me,' says Charley, 'what's that dog got?'

'Oh, that's a carpet-bag thrown out of a window,' says the polite and gentlemanly, 'hy some actor. They all do it—present company excepted—and I've trained that dog to fetch 'em in here. Let's have another drink.'

'Well, well,' says Charley; 'I wouldn't believe that a professional person could stoop to anything so despicable.'

'Stoop!' says the polite; 'why, they waller, if you don't watch 'em. No personal reflections. Have a cigar.' Then he picked the hag up and put it behind the counter between two regulation revolvers.

'What would a gentleman like you advise me to do? You'd say keep it, wouldn't you, till the owner showed up, and then arrest him or have him mobbed?'

'Certainly,' says Charley.

'Well, we agree on that; gentlemen always do. Have a light?'

Just then I came into the bar-room, and Charley turned to me and says he: 'What do you think? Some thief has tried to hilk the landlord hy throwin' his duds out the window.'

'Yes,' puts in the landlord; 'join us. It's an old game, hut the ladies and gentlemen in my house always stand hy me.'

'Of course they do,' I said.

'I'll keep that hag,' he went on, 'and nohody'll ever come for it.'

'Of course they won't,' said Charley.

'Don't want to expose themselves,' I said.

'It wouldn't be good for 'em,' said the landlord.

Then Charley and I took a walk; we went out to a quiet place and sat down and looked at each other pathetically, hut we did not say anything."—*Pittsburg Bulletin.*

During the debate on the French hudget, M. Rouvier, the minister of finance, adduced facts to show that France was hy no means on the verge of ruin. Public wealth and prosperity, he said, had grown as well as the hudget. Deposits at the hanks amounted to ... hundred and ten million francs, and the capital embarked in shares and other French industrial undertakings showed since 1876 an increase of seven billions. The deposits in the savings-banks amounted to ... hillion two hundred and twenty-eight million, belonging to six million four hundred and ninety-two thousand depositors. That was a sufficient answer to the gloomy picture which had been drawn of the nation.

Harry Kennedy, the ventriloquist, has been pluming himself upon a long "jump" made hy him from New York to San Francisco and hack. He made the trip in one day less than a month, and played two weeks in San Francisco. But George Rignold has the best record at this sort of theatrical traveling. He went from San Francisco direct to New York to play at a charity matinée, and at the close of his performance went direct to the depôt, and was at once headed back for San Francisco. He did not tarry there either, but proceeded to Australia.

From present indications there is reason to believe that the next dramatic season will hring forth a great crop of juvenile actors and actresses. The success of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" has started the ball rolling and youthful prodigies are hohhing up in every city in the Union, and plays with children's parts are cropping out in all directions.

In the County of London there are sixty-five theatres and five hundred music-halls, and they provide accommodation for three hundred and twenty-five thousand persons.

The average daily sale of tickets to the Paris Exposition since the opening day has been ninety-five thousand three hundred and eighty-two.

DANIEL PERITON'S RIDE.

By Albion W. Tourgée.

All day long the river flowed,
Down hy the winding mountain road,
Leaping and roaring in angry mood.
At stubborn rocks in its way that stood;
Sullen the gleam of its rippled crest,
Dark was the foam on its yellow breast;
The dripping banks on either side
But half-imprisoned the turgid tide.
By farm and village it quickly sped—
The weeping skies bent low overhead—
Foaming and rushing and tumbling down
Into the streets of pent Johnstown—
Down through the valley of Conemaugh,
Down from the dam of shale and straw,
To the granite bridge, where its waters pour,
Through the arches wide, with a dismal roar.

All day long the pitiful tide,
Babbled of death on the mountain-side;
And all day long with jest and sigh,
They who were doomed that day to die,
Turned deafened ears to the warning roar
They had heard so oft and despised before.

Yet women tremhled—the mother's eyes
Turned oft to the lowering, woeful skies—
And shuddered to think what might befall
Should the flood hurst over the earthern wall.
So all day long they went up and down,
Heedless of peril in doomed Johnstown.

And all day long in the chilly gloom
Of a thrifty merchant's counting-room,
O'er the ledger bent with anxious care
Old Periton's only son and heir.
A commonplace, plodding, industrious youth,
Counting debit and credit the highest truth,
And profit and loss a more honored game
Then searching for laurels or fighting for fame.
He saw the dark tide as it swept hy the door,
But heeded it not till his task was o'er;
Then saddled his horse—a black-pointed bay,
High-stepping, high-hlooded—grandson of Dismay—
Raw-boned and deep-chested—his eyes full of fire—
The temper of Satan—Magog was his sire—
Arched fetlocks, strong quarters, low knees,
And lean, bony head—his dam gave him these—
The foal of a racer transformed to a coh
For the son of the merchant when out of a job.
"Now I'll see," said Dan Periton, mounting the hay,
"What danger there is of the dam giving way!"

A marvelous sight young Periton saw
When he rode up the valley of Conemaugh.
Seventy feet the water fell
With a roar like the angry ocean's swell!
Seventy feet from the crumbling crest
To the rock on which the foundations rest!
Seventy feet fell the ceaseless flow
Into the boiling gulf below!
Dan Periton's cheek grew pale with fear,
As the echoes fell on his startled ear,
And he thought of the weight of the pent-up tide,
That hung on the rifted mountain-side,
Held hy that heap of stone and straw
O'er the swarming valley of Conemaugh!
The raw-boned hay with quivering ears
Displayed a hrute's instinctive fears,
Snorted and pawed with flashing eye,
Seized on the curb, and turned to fly!

Dan Periton tightened his grip on the rein,
Sat close to the saddle, glanced backward again,
Touched the bay with the spur, then gave him his head,
And down the steep valley they clattering sped.
Then the horse showed his hreeding—the close gripping knees
Felt the strong shoulders working with unflagging ease
As mile after mile, 'neath the high-hlooded bay,
The steep mountain turnpike flew hackward away,
While with outstretched neck he went galloping down
With the message of warning to periled Johnstown,
Past farm-house and village, while shrilly outrang,
O'er the river's deep roar and the hoof's iron clang,
His gallant young rider's premonitant shout,
"Fly! Fly to the hills! The waters are out!"

Past Mineral Point there came such a roar
As never had shaken those mountains before!
Dan urged the good horse then with word and caress:
'Twould be his last race, what mattered distress?
A mile farther on and behind him he spied
The wreck-laden crest of the death-dealing tide!
Then he plied whip and spur and redouhled the shout,
"To the hills! To the hills! The waters are out!"
Thus horseman and flood-tide came racing it down,
The cinder-paved streets of doomed Johnstown!

Daniel Periton knew that his doom was nigh,
Yet never once faltered his clarion cry;
The blood ran off from his good steed's side;
Over him hung the white crest of the tide;
His hair felt the touch of the eygre's hreath;
The spray on his cheek was the cold kiss of death;
Beneath him the horse 'gan to tremble and droop—
He saw the pale rider who sat on the croup!
But clear over all rang his last warning shout,
"To the hills! To the hills! For the waters are out!"
Then the tide reared its head and leaped vengefully down
On the horse and his rider in fated Johnstown!

That horse was a hero, so poets still say,
That hrought the good news of the treaty to Aix;
And the steed is immortal, which carried Revere
Through the echoing night with his message of fear;
And the one that bore Sheridan into the fray,
From Winchester town, "twenty miles away";
But none of these merits a nohler lay
Than young Daniel Periton's raw-boned hay
That raced down the valley of Conemaugh,
With the tide that rushed through the dam of straw,
Roaring and rushing and tearing down
On the fated thousands in doomed Johnstown!
In the very track of the eygre's swoop,
With Dan in the saddle and Death on the croup,
The foam of his nostrils flew hack on the wind,
And mixed with the foam of the hillow behind.

A terrible vision the morrow saw
In the desolate valley of Conemaugh!
The river had shrunk to its narrow hed,
But its way was choked with the heaped-up dead.
'Gainst the granite-hridge with its arches four
Lay the wreck of a city that delves no more;
And under it all, so the searchers say,
Stood the sprawling limbs of the gallant bay,
Stiff-cased in the drift of the Conemaugh.
A goodlier statue man never saw—
Dan's foot in the stirrup, his hand on the rein!
So shall they live in white marhle again;
And ages shall tell, as they gaze on the group,
Of the race that he ran while Death sat on the croup.
—*The Independent.*

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On Term Deposits, for the entire time of the deposit, at the rate of five and twenty-two hundredths (5 22) per cent. per annum.

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VERNON CAMPBELL, Secretary.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California Street, corner Webb. Branch, 1700 Market Street, corner Polk. For the half-year ending with the thirtieth of June, 1889, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and one-tenth (5 1-10) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and four and one-quarter (4¼) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 1, 1889. LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California Street. For the half-year ending June 30, 1889, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and one-tenth (5 1-10) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and four and one-quarter (4¼) per cent per annum on ordinary deposits. Payable on and after Monday, July 1, 1889.

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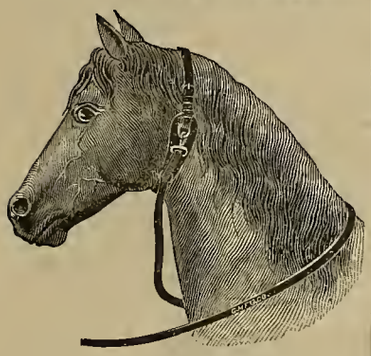

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A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.

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FREDERIK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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HIS Holiness, Vicegerent of God, Custodian of the Keys, Civil Magistrate of all the Earth, is deeply grieved that the Italian people have resolved to render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and are loyal to the Italian king; that the Treasurer of the realm is unmindful of his prisoner of state, immured in the Vatican. The statue of Giordano Bruno, reared at Rome in testimony of the scientific fact that the planetary system revolves around the sun, still stands upon its marble pedestal in silent protest against the decree which burned him at the stake for heresy. His Holiness retires to his frescoed Vatican adorned with the brush of Michael Angelo and the chisel of Praxiteles—condemned not to hard labor, a plank-bed, prison fare, or dress of a first-class political misdemenant, but when he is clothed in pontifical robes, crowned with a tiara, commissed with a triple coronet blazing with jewels, clad in embroidered robes, waited upon by high officials clothed in purple velvet, fed on fruits served on plates of gold—with no other care than to count gifts, and jewels, and Peter's Pence which come in millions to his treasury. This poor victim of persecution is driven to his prison-cell in prayer for assistance from the divine throne to enable him to subdue monarchs, princes, and peoples to his sway. He asks in suppliant tones that nature's laws, and the laws of science, may submit to his infallible decrees; that the world should stand still, and the sun and moon he compelled to revolve around it; that the dark ages should come again, the feudal times he restored, the printing-press be destroyed; that statecraft should come again under the dominion of priests; that education should be confined to the church, and all human knowledge drawn from Holy Scriptures under the interpretation of priests. In the meantime Rome, under the enterprise of the period, becomes a beautiful city—its glory is being restored; order is maintained throughout the Italian realm; and within the walls of the Imperial City schools and churches are permitted to exist; men and women are indulged in freedom of thought without torture and speech without having their tongues cut out. Through a nunnery at the foot of Pincian Hill, a broadened street discloses the sepulchre of unhorn babes. Naples feels the touch of science, and seventeen thousand houses and half-a-thousand miles of broadened houlevards give hreath and light to dark and dreadful homes which Azrael shadowed with his gloomy wings. Italy has become one of the great powers in the family of civilization. Her navy, her army, her statesmen and diplomatists, are making United Italy one of the dominant powers of Europe. We sincerely hope this country may become prosperous enough to keep her people at home. If there was, in any distant country, an unknown and unoccupied place where the Pope of Rome and his Jesuits could exercise undisturbed civil authority and hold unquestioned spiritual dominion, we should wish that His Holiness could emigrate to it, and with him all who would prefer to he his subjects. Rumors come to us that His Holiness proposes to leave his palace hy the Tiber and seek some more genial place in Spain. His mind turns to Valencia, or the snug little principality of Lichtenstein, in Austria; and, curiously enough, he has made no effort to establish his throne in Ireland or the cities of New York or Montreal, where he would find a hearty welcome. We wish he would come to America.

There seems to he an irresistible tendency inherent in every great wrong to commit suicide. Slavery would have heen in full activity and clothed in all its old-time power of Federal domination at this day, if the peculiar institution had not deliherately committed self-murder hefore the ramparts of Fort Sumter. And yet the dominant intellects of our southern country were of the brightest and bravest which graced the land. The encyclical of Pius the Ninth and the infallihility dogma of Leo the Thirteenth have set in motion the death-rattle of Romanism, and may result in a separate Catholic Church in each intelligent country on earth. And we speak deliherately of a separate Catholic Church for each civilized country, notwithstanding the claims of Rome to the succession of Peter. In New York, the Roman Church is having its palmy days of acquisition of wealth, through political donations of puhlic funds, and it may well be trusted soon to commit some unwise act of inordinate greed, and thus hring its holy thrift to a speedy end. In Canada, the Holy Roman Political Church has just performed the pious rite of firing the faggot of its own *auto-da-fé*. In that country, to use the profane language of plain husiness, the church had been well fixed. With only one-third of the population, it dominated both political parties through its solid vote; used its hig toe alternately to receive the submissive kisses of the Canadian press and to kick it into obedience; controlled all branches of the government as though the Pope of Rome were King of Canada; had separate schools in which it taught treason to the state; supported Roman Catholic institutions by levying taxes on Protestant property; and actually converted its native-born English members into a foreign and hostile nationality hy teaching them and restricting them to a foreign language, viz., the French. But the Great Wrong was not happy. It could not rest. That irresistible inherent tendency we have mentioned ahove impelled it to kill itself hy the act which will be known in history as "The Jesuits' Estates Act of the Province of Quebec." By its own rash act, its children will be taught the English language hy compulsion of law, and, as a consequence, the Catholics of another generation will be, not Frenchmen—constituting themselves a hostile nation within the British Dominion, and despising and hating all things English—hut Englishmen, differing from their fellow-subjects only in their creed; it will ohtain from the public funds only its own *pro rata* share; it will have no separate schools in which to teach history in a way to exalt the French and disparage the English; it will not be able to carry out in Canada the mandate of the Pope; it will not control the Canadian Government, the political parties, nor the partisan press. The Canadian Catholic will he taught by English law that he is not French hut English. He will find out that his ancestors were conquered hy British arms; that he was horn on British soil; that he is a subject of the British crown; that he is amenahle to British law; and that the English language is the aptest tongue in which to think of Saxon freedom. He will learn that he may he a Catholic, and a good one, too, without being necessarily an enemy to his native land; without keeping apart from his countrymen of other creeds; without despising his country's characteristics; without detesting his sovereign's language; and without placing his civil rights at the dictation of his spiritual advisers. He will ascertain that, as a British subject, a citizen of an English-speaking country, he is on the train which left on time and which will get there when she is due. Although entitled to a seat, he may ride on the platform, but he must keep his hat on and stay with the train. It will not he safe for him to attempt an ultramontane stop-over while it is in motion. Intelligence is the conductor, Modern-Ideas is the engine, and Human-Freedom is the destination of it. His English education will impress upon him the important fact that no respectable government can tolerate interference in its concerns hy outside authority, spiritual, civil, or mixed; and that a separate and peculiar people in the midst of a nation is an intolerable nuisance to he abated, and a constant menace to be effaced.

The contest now raging in Canada hetween its Protestant and Roman Catholic populations is of ahsorhing interest to America. As a community, stricken with terror at the newly discovered symptoms of a dread contagion in its midst, watches, with intensest interest the efforts of a neighhoring people in deadly grapple with the same disease at a later and more dangerous stage of its development, so will the American people rivet their eager gaze upon the engrossing play—whose first act is a drama, hut whose last may he a tragedy—now in full action upon the stage of Canadian politics. If the American people could he as fully advised concerning the progress of Protestant Canada in her struggle for civil liberty and religious freedom against the Roman Catholic Church as they are advised concerning the progress of the Roman Catholic Irish in their struggle for home-rule against the Protestant English Government, a political lesson would he presented to our country which would be of incalculahle henefit to it. But it does not comport with the interests of popedom that its hundredth victim should know how it overcame its ninety-ninth, or why it failed to strangle and merely crippled it. The attempts of Rome upon the United States will be more likely to succeed if the American people he deprived of the benefit which the knowledge of Canadian experience would be to them. And the partisan press of our country, without regard to politics, will range itself on the side of Rome and will repress, distort, exaggerate, and lie ahout the Canadian news when it may no longer wholly conceal it. In view of what we present below, the following paragraph, contained in the last issue of a San Francisco Roman Catholic paper, is extremely amusing:

"The anti-Jesuit party in Canada is not satisfied with its over-
"whelming defeat in the legislature at Ottawa. It is going to
"hring the Jesuit Estates' Act hefore the supreme court.
"The higots believe in making up in noise and agitation what
"they lack in strength."

Instead of presenting a picture of the Canadian struggle, we will endeavor to exhibit to our readers the struggle itself as it is being carried on hy our neighbors of Canada. Indignation meetings have been held in every part of the Dominion. In Toronto, three immense gatherings on the same day were required to give vent to the

raging excitement. The following head-lines are samples of the style of writing made use of by Canadians to express the intensity of their feelings :

"MAGNIFICENT DEMONSTRATION HELD IN THE CAPITAL."
"STIRRING SPEECHES MADE BY EMINENT GENTLEMEN."
"HISTORY OF THE JESUIT ORDER."
"ITS AGGRESSIONS ON CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY."
"CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS FREEDOM MUST BE MAINTAINED."
"CONDEMNATION OF JESUIT ACTS."
"THE TRUMPET SOUNDED FOR CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY."
"ENCROACHMENTS OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH."
"THE DANGERS POINTED OUT AND THE REMEDY."
"BLOWS FROM THE SHOULDER."
"PLAIN SPEECH FLOWS FREELY."
"DETERMINATION TO MEET ROMISH AGGRESSION FIRMLY."
"THE SOPHISTRY OF JESUIT ADVOCATES EXPOSED."
"JESUIT AGGRESSION."
"THE TRUE BLUES."
"THE PROTESTANT WAR-WHOOP NOT A DEAD CRY."
"JESUITISM BANGED BLUE."
"JESUITISM MUST GO."
"THE WAR IN DEFENSE OF CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS FREEDOM."

Out of the vast mass of resolutions, constructed almost simultaneously in widely distant parts of the Dominion, we select these to show how uniform is the sentiment of Protestant Canada, and how *American* it is in its tone. This series of resolutions is a specimen of the deluge now overflowing the Canadian press. Necessarily each set of resolutions covers the entire ground, but we reprint the following extracts as a specimen of their modes of expression. There is no dry reading in any of them, and we withstand the temptation of printing their more striking features in capitals and italics :

WHEREAS, The legislature of the Province of Quebec incorporated the Society of Jesus in 1887, in contravention of the Act of Supremacy; and, whereas, the said legislature of the Province of Quebec did, in July, 1888, pass an act known as the Jesuits' Estates Bill, in which the Pope of Rome is accorded civil rights within the Dominion of Canada, and his authority to interfere in civil affairs is unblushingly conceded, and the validity of the said act is made dependent on his sanction; and, whereas, by the said act the sum of four hundred thousand dollars is taken from the public funds of the province and placed at the disposal of the Pope on the sole condition that the money shall be used exclusively in the province; and, whereas, the said act provides that in commemoration of this humiliating and disloyal settlement of the Jesuits' Estates, the Laprairie Common, a part of the public domain, be transferred to the Society of Jesus; and, whereas, the interests of the confederated provinces of this Dominion are inseparably connected, it becomes the imperative duty of all good citizens to oppose legislation which is derogatory to the crown, and which imperils the peace and perpetuity of the state; therefore,

Resolved, That we hereby enter our earnest and emphatic protest against the incorporation and endowment of this alien society, whose history for three hundred years proves it to be a traitor to every country that gives it refuge, the foe of liberty, the oppressor of conscience, and the destroyer of morality. We protest against such legislation, embodying as it does the claim of the Pope to civil rights in this country, and the acknowledgment of such rights by the act in question, and of his authority to sanction the acts of a Canadian legislature. (1) Because it is in defiance of and contrary to the letter and spirit of unrepealed statutes, and therefore derogatory to the sovereignty and supremacy of the queen. (2) Because it is destructive of the admitted principles of religious equality and the complete severance of church and state, which is a fundamental principle of our civil policy, and which we are determined to maintain at any cost. (3) Because it is a malversation of public property sacredly devoted to educational purposes. (4) Because it endangers the peace and prosperity of the country, and imperils the very existence of the confederation; for all history proves that liberty and Jesuitism can not live in the same country.

And, furthermore, we hereby put on record our deep regret at the action of the federal government in leaving the act to its operation, and at the vote of one hundred and eighty-eight members of the House of Commons refusing to ask the governor-in-council to disallow the act; and our regret is intensified by the subsequent determined refusal of the government to refer the constitutionality of the act to the legal courts for adjudication and decision. We therefore urge all Christian and patriotic people to sink party considerations and to unite for the defense and maintenance of our civil and religious liberties, and return to the next Parliament trusted representatives, who will not fail us in our efforts to resist the ever-increasing aggressions of the Pope of Rome.

WHEREAS, We have the conviction that the order known as "The Society of Jesus" is an alien politico-religious body, the existence of which is totally at variance with the constitutions of a free state; be it, therefore,

Resolved, (1) That we protest against and condemn the incorporation of the order known as "The Society of Jesus" by the legislature of the Province of Quebec, in 1887, as being not only subversive to national life, but also opposed to civil and religious liberty and equality, the heritage of every British subject. (2) That we emphatically condemn the act passed at the recent session of the legislature of the Province of Quebec, entitled "An Act Respecting the Settlement of the Jesuits' Estates." First, because it endows from public funds a religious organization, thereby violating the undoubted constitutional principle of the complete separation of church and state; second, because it recognizes the usurpation of a right by a foreign authority, viz., the Pope, to become an arbiter in matters pertaining to provincial legislation; and, third, because the endowment of the Society of Jesus, the expulsion of which from every civilized country wherever it has found a foothold has been necessitated by its intolerant and mischievous intermeddling with the functions of civil government, is fraught with danger to the civil and religious liberties of the people of Canada. (3) That we indignantly resent the action of the said legislature of the Province of Quebec in recognizing the usurpation of the right of the Pope of Rome to interfere in the administration of our internal and civil affairs—regarding such action as derogatory to our system of government and an insult to our Sovereign Lady the Queen. (4) That we unhesitatingly condemn the federal goverment, not only for the unseemly haste which they displayed in advising his excellency the governor-general to allow the "Bill Respecting the Settlement of the Jesuits' Estates," thereby thwarting the people's right to petition; but, also, for not advising his excellency, on the grounds of public policy, to disallow the said bill. (5) That while we desire to place on record our hearty appreciation of the stand taken by the *Mail* and Montreal *Witness*, and, also, of the course pursued by the thirteen members of Parliament, who, rising superior to party allegiance, manfully announced themselves as being on the side of principle, at the same time we deprecate the spectacle presented upon the floor of the House of Commons, when a majority in the two great political parties of Canada acknowledged their subserviency to party, to Jesuitical influence, and to the Roman hierarchy, and we hereby express the opinion that the one hundred and eighty-eight members of Parliament who voted against the amendment offered by Colonel O'Brien are unworthy of the confidence of the Canadian electorate.

Resolved, (1) That this meeting disapproves of the act incorporating the Order of the Jesuits as calculated to endanger the peace and well-being of this Dominion by giving legal status to a society which in the past has everywhere proved itself the enemy of civil and religious liberty, and has therefore been adjudged unworthy of a place in any country, Protestant or Roman Catholic; that this meeting also strongly disapproves of the act, entitled "An Act Respecting the Settlement of the Jesuits' Estates," and urgently affirms that the position accorded the Pope of Rome in this act, implying as it does a right on the part of a foreign potentate to interfere in our civil affairs; the claims which the Pope, as the head of the Roman Catholic Church, has advanced in the brief distributing the four hundred thousand dollars placed at his disposal in said act; the provisions which the act makes for the endowment of a religious body, contrary to the recognized principle of equality of all churches; the doubtful constitutionality of the act, and its essentially mischievous character, all demand its disallowance. (2) That viewing the above-mentioned vote as a stain that should be wiped from the page of our country's history, and hoping that under altered circumstances, and with the aid of new light which has been furnished since said vote was taken, the country's representatives would now decide differently had they the opportunity, this meeting hereby determines to petition his excellency the governor-general-in-council to convene Parliament in special session without delay, for the purpose of reconsidering and reversing the vote by which the act for the settlement of the Jesuits' estates was left to its operation in terms of a previous decision of the government; and failing this, to petition and pray that the House be dissolved so that the country may have the opportunity of pronouncing upon this question at the earliest possible moment. (3) That this meeting expresses its earnest sympathy with the Protestant minority in the Province of Quebec, in view of the many disabilities under which they are placed, and the grievances against which they justly complain, owing to the peculiar connection which exists—improperly as this meeting believes—between the State and the Roman Catholic Church in that province; and as all these evils would be greatly intensified by the operation of the Jesuits' Estates Act, and also the act of incorporating the Order of the Jesuits, this meeting is warned that the time has come for the taking of steps to bring about the complete separation of church and State throughout the Dominion, in whatever form it exists, as the only means by which equal rights for all can be guaranteed, ecclesiastical aggression, whether Papal or otherwise, successfully resisted, and our national unity preserved and promoted. We enter our solemn protest against the interference of a foreign ecclesiastical power in the administration of the civil affairs of this Dominion. We deplore the incorporation of the Jesuit Society, as granting civil rights to an order of priests, who are bound by the mandates of an alien potentate, and are known in history as the inveterate enemies of civil government and the disturbers of the public peace. We, furthermore, declare our firm conviction that such legislation, as it assumes a right of the Roman Pontiff to dispose of a portion of the public revenue, is an invasion of the sacred prerogatives of the crown; that as it confers upon one religious body advantages denied to all other churches, it is a gross violation of the priceless principle of religious equality; that as more certainly and more fatally than all other causes it breeds discontent and religious animosity in the popular mind, it is a menace to the peace and permanence of the Canadian Confederation; that the time has come, in the history of this country, when all the friends of civil liberty and religious equality should more earnestly contend against all the encroachments of an unchanging ecclesiastical tyranny, and should exercise a more jealous guardianship over the inalienable rights and privileges secured to us by the British Constitution and by the Protestant reformation. This public meeting earnestly protests against the recent acts passed by the Quebec Legislature, and not disallowed by our Dominion Government, for the incorporation and endowment of the Jesuit Society, which has been suppressed in Great Britain again and again, disqualified by imperial statutes to hold property within the British realm, and which society has also been expelled from almost all Christian and civilized countries, Roman Catholic as well as Protestant, because of its influence in the subversion of government and corruption of morals, and notably from the Republic of France within the last ten years; and which society, for similar and other causes, was absolutely and forever suppressed by Pope Clement the Fourteenth. This meeting further protests against the recognition of the authority of the Pope in any civil affairs of a British province as a dishonor done to our queen; further, to the appropriation of public funds to ecclesiastical and secular uses as discrimination between religious bodies, and a subversion of the principle of the separation of church and State as recognized in the British North America Act.

Our interest in the foregoing scrap from the immense volume of resolutions, dashed off at white heat by the aroused patriotism of our neighboring semi-republic, is greatly intensified by the facts that in our country the Society of Jesus is not prohibited by law; the politicians of both political parties keep their lips moistened, in eager anticipation of the first opportunity for a scramble to kiss the holy toe; the partisan press of every shade, on its calloused knees and in trembling fear, holds its lying pencil ready to obey the haughty orders of the Irish Catholic boss of either party; and the only hope of our blessed country resides in that irresistible tendency to suicide, implanted by a merciful Providence in the carcass of every great wrong of which we have written above. May the time soon come when, with the efficient help of the *Examiners* and *Chronicles* of all our great cities, the Buckleys and Higginses of all our States will pack our legislatures with Jesuit allies and native-American office-seeking cowards, and will fill the gubernatorial chairs of some of our States with Pat Egans and Alexander Sullivans. Then will the unintelligent hierarchy of Rome reach forth its desecrating hand to clutch the throat of American civil and religious liberty, and then—well, then the American people will do what the Protestants of Canada are doing now. Then will the Buckleys and Higginses take trips abroad. Then will the Pat Egans be recalled. Then will the Alexander Sullivans retire from vice-presidential aspirations. Then will returning United States senators decline to receive banqueting orations in payment for partisan speeches in Congress against friendly powers. Then will all the *Examiners* and *Chronicles* of our country endeavor to become outspoken *Argonauts*, and then will they do their best to hide the shameful fact that they turned tail from Rome only when they were kicked into the semblance of decency by aroused American principles.

The action of the enlisted members of the Musicans' Union in refusing to perform their duty on the occasion of the Fourth of July parade, has subjected them to a trial by court-martial. These men are, in most part, composed of aliens, who may not be supposed to possess any patriotic sentiment in regard to the celebration of the national birthday. It is with them a question of bread and beer. The *Hotel Gazette* remarks—and correctly—that they had no right to demand that only union bands be employed. Boycotting is un-American; it is cowardly; it is Irish. There ought to be one day in our year when an American can be permitted to indulge in patriotic music without the fear of any Dutchman. What the issues involved in the military trial are, we do not know. We presume they are technical, unimportant, and evasive—some cunning device of the attorney to escape punishment, doubtless. The fact which strikes the public is, that regiments of volunteer soldiers are, as we understand, equipped by the State, and their armories are provided by the State and supplied with gas, water, and stationery; an armorer is paid to take care of the rooms and to keep uniforms and arms in order; the uniforms of the enlisted soldiers—bands included—are provided for by the State treasury; they are repaired, fixed, and fitted at the expense of the State. Bands on regimental duty are paid out of the regimental or State fund. The military code requires regiments to parade on the fourth day of July and on another day for target practice. Now if these alien Germans or Yankees are not under obligation to play the national music on Independence Day without compelling citizens to pay them eight and sixteen dollars per day for their services, then we would ask the question whether these Dutchmen had not better earn their own money, wear their own clothes, hire their own armory, pay for their own beer, and mind their own business on Independence Day. *We use the term* "DUTCHMEN" *as applicable to all soldiers, native or foreign-born, who refuse to assist at a national parade on Independence Day.* Perhaps there is a defense for this business which we do not comprehend, and, if explained in very Low Dutch, we fear we should find it cult to understand. But somehow it occurs to us th event of war or danger, the enlisted German volunteer demands exorbitant wages for national music on a nat holiday would not be reliable on the battle-field.

On the twelfth of July, the Academy of Sciences lai corner-stone of their edifice on Market Street. The orato Mr. Irving M. Scott, of the Union Iron Works. He has k provided the press with his manuscript for publication. We read it. It is an able and scholarly production. We hop great dailies will find space for its publication, even if the compelled to omit the further details of slogging matche tween Irishmen and negroes, and give their readers a rest the publication of scandal and crime for a few days. To readers who do Mr. Scott the justice of perusing his val paper, we suggest that they keep in mind the position ass by the *Argonaut* in its articles on Bruno and its ex from Draper, viz., the irreconcilable conflict between sc and the Christian religion, as taught by the inspired wr and interpreted by Roman Catholic priests of the Holy R Church. We sincerely hope the corner-stone of this spl edifice, dedicated to science and the standing monum Mr. Lick's munificence, will pass without any misunder ing or unnecessary antagonism between its members. painful to know that in the Academy of Sciences and Pioneer association there exists bad blood, which has times the bad taste to make a public exhibition of itself. are seemingly unnecessary contests over the election o cers, and, in our judgment, it would be becoming for the eers to remember the time when, in their quarrels wit Trustees of the Lick Fund, they desired to sell the erty, in the present enjoyment of which they have re such wealth. In our judgment, there is somebo blame that, in these two societies, there is not e the most friendly of sentiments. Perhaps it would b if the members of each would reflect that they are the ficiaries of the same gentleman, and that he is dead. It be well, also, to remember that he was not a Romanis would not have been offended had the ceremony of layi corner-stone of his Academy of Sciences been perform the Ancient and Honorable Order of Free and Ac Masons.

From a public meeting held at Quebec on St. Jean Ba Day, under a French banner borne at Carrilon, where the were defeated under General Abercrombie, a dispatc sent to the Pope asking his "Apostolic blessing for our "and for the whole young Catholic and French-Canadi "tion." To which Father Rampolla, the Papal secret state, replied : "The Holy Father thanks the French-Ca "nation for its homage and filial devotion, and gives w "his heart the benediction asked for." No reference t land or the queen, or to the fact that Quebec was a con province of the British Empire. If Michael F. Tarpe been elected governor of California instead of W. H. man, and on St. Patrick's Day had telegraphed for the blessing for "*ourselves and whole young Irish Catholic* and this had been done under the flag of the "harp a sun-burst," and no reference had been made to the Am flag or the American people, and no blessing asked f body but the Pope's Irish, and the Papal secretary of st responded his "Apostolic blessing," and thanked the "American nation for its homage and filial devotion, w "his apostolic heart," would we not think it somewhat on the part of the Paddys, and that His Excellency Go Tarpey had forgotten the fact that he lived on America under an American flag, and owed allegiance to an Am constitution? What has come to the Dominion of C may come, in time, to the United States of America—t to the flag, the republic, and the law, acknowledging obe and loyalty only to the Pope, the church, and the Dem party.

We have received from the New Almaden mine a f count of the celebration of our national anniversary. "Hacienda on the Hill," the officers of the day, orator, and musicians were driven four-in-hand. The divine was invoked for its blessing on the land; the national a were sung. The oration was delivered by Major Hill, we regret our inability to reproduce, not because it w quent and appropriate, but because it was earnest and can. It had the genuine patriotic ring, and the orator h courage to express his patriotic sentiments. We rej know that Americans are showing the courage to an American sentiments on the national birthday, and we a to know further that American sentiments are appro their utterance by all intelligent citizens, whether adop native-born. Major Hill places his name among the of advanced American opinions. Our paper is too s justify us in giving space for such Fourth of July orat are now coming to us from all parts of the country.

THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

An interview with Mr. Johnson, editor of the *Century*, is pated, in which, with great hitterness of speech and spirit, h takes to task the management of the Yosemite Valley. Iam aware that the appearance of an interview in the medm which siphons Mr. Johnson's acerhity of soul to the pblic is no evidence that the interviewed made the statemnts attributed to him, and therefore shall consider hriefly vat Mr. Johnson is said to have said, reserving the right to vhdraw such characterizations of the untruthful, snohhish, sall-smartness of the interview as may he necessary upon h disavowal of statements which are not to his credit as a tveler, an ohserver, or a gentleman.

Mr. Johnson had never seen the Yosemite hefore. He tried there a few days, and issued upon the plains enlarged h the conviction that the great valley was cleft and carved rely that he might become an object of interest hy the ission of "views," which he seems to have ahsorhed from ass which he rode up and down the trails. He is kind ough to say that, for the present, he utters no threat; and t this mighty man is regnant with the thundering threats vich he might utter, gives a Californian courage to speak. Johnson had threatened, there would he nothing for it hut hide our mouths in the dust.

As detailed in his interview, while in the Yosemite Valley h saw a pig-pen, a pile of tomato-cans, a few fir saplings hmed of their lower hranches, the stumps of a few more vich have heen felled in an unfrequented part of the valley; al of the four hundred exclusive grasses, which formerly de up the graminaceous aristocracy of the place, he found forty. Therefore, he raises his voice for Federal control al Frederick Law Olmstead.

Now, as to the pig-pen—which did not ohstruct any view, ess the merely consanguineous curiosity which Mr. Johnson al the hogs felt in each other was hindered—it was ordered moved hefore he made it a Federal issue and invoked Olmsad against it.

The pyramid of tomato-cans was not seen hy the Comssion. Of course it is there, and its presence is reprehensle. If the United States and Mr. Olmstead had charge the valley, tinned goods would not he permitted there ess each can was thrown over the verge as soon as eptied.

The felled firs were cut as the heginning of an effort to reire the floor of the valley to the condition in which civilizan received it from the savage foresters. The stumps were otographed and, cut in wood and malice, were printed the paper in which Mr. Johnson has exploited his need of thfulness and good manners.

The commissioners, finding themselves accused of turning valley into a desert hy deforesting it, experimented with a f other saplings, hy trimming the limhs for the sake of caring up the ground space, and perhaps preventing the read of untimely fire. It was done where the saplings may removed and not missed, and is open to criticism only so f as it may have represented respect for, or fear of, the malice a newspaper which has violated every canon of journalism, ery requirement of decency, and every ohligation of party.

Of course it is unfortunate that the valley is not kept swept d garnished, waiting, in virgin simplicity, like the hride for hridegroom, for the coming of Mr. Johnson.

But alas! the common, can-opening public, the hearty folk o eat pork chops and chili sauce, are admitted there; those o go there and camp, carry canned food and leave the cans hind them, to he gathered and used in constructing the ramids which Mr. Johnson thinks can only he ahated hy United States. Mr. Johnson may have noticed, if his atition was not too much diverted hy the pig-pens, that the lls of nature are not hushed in the Yosemite. The Commisn has to deal with the practical question of having many ousands of visitors cared for during the three months of vel. These visitors must find tolerahle comfort. The rney is over sixty miles of staging, much of it at an elevan of eight thousand feet, with its fatigues soothed only hy majesty and inspiring presence of the grandest mountains at ever caught the sunshine on their crests and found foot among the lilies of the valley. But the tourists come eat and drinking, must have food and fire, hot haths and cold, d the hotels—two hundred miles from market—must fairly eet the trying demands made upon them. Their waste and ainage have to be attended to. They must get the henefit the hrief insolation, for sunrise comes tardily and tarries not ng in that profound fissure. Around one of them was made e limited clearing of which Mr. Johnson complains that it was open a vista to the Yosemite Fall. It sacrificed no grove of ks. It was only to make a space for air and sunshine for e comfort of thousands of men, women, and children who there every year.

Where seven thousand people meet and eat and sleep for ree months annually, there must he ash-heaps and garhage, and the waste and dejecta of such a population can not he at once removed or hidden.

Then, these seven thousand or more annual visitors, who unreasonahly persist in eating and drinking in the midst of scenery which inspired Mr. Johnson to cry aloud for the United States, also willfully refuse to walk around the valley and take the trails afoot. More than a hundred trained trail and draught animals have to he kept there for their use. A hlacksmith shop is maintained that these may he shod and repairs may he made on vehicles and equipment, which, neglected, would endanger life and limh.

These animals must feed, hut that they have not exterminated the "natural grasses" would seem evident from the fact that neither they nor horned-cattle have had the freedom of the valley which was enjoyed hy the Indian ponies and the hrowsing wild animals which were there hefore the tourist and tomato-can. These draught and saddle-animals are not fed on hay or grain raised in the valley. Both are freighted in for their use at an expense which often makes harley cost as much there as sugar does in San Francisco, and hay as much as asparagus.

Right here let a deserved word he said for this transportation service in the valley. It is the hest that can he found at any resort on the continent. The animals are thoroughly trained, the saddles and cinches are kept in perfect order, the guides are gentlemen, of whom Mr. Johnson might learn good manners, and the prices are lower than livery-rates in San Francisco and Oakland, notwithstanding the greater cost of feeding. The organ which Mr. Johnson selects through which to void his mistakes and misstatements, has often complained that this trail-service in the valley is a monopoly. It is in the hands of one firm of gentlemen, who pay an exorhitant rent to the State for the privilege. The reasons for making it exclusive to them are ohvious. It prevents the soliciting which has made Niagara a hy-word. A visit to the Yosemite is not emhittered hy the riotous conduct of rival hotel and livery-runners, while the public is protected hy the schedule of prices fixed hy the commission. Another reason is that when one firm controls the trail-horses, the safety of tourists is assured. Rival horse companies would cause the meeting of trains on those narrow and dizzy trails, leading to disputes hetween guides, and causing discomfort and danger to travelers.

Under the present system, it is arranged so that this can not occur, and that alone is a sufficient reason for a so-called monopoly which pays a larger rent in proportion to its profits than any livery-husiness on the coast. Mr. Johnson mourns the extermination of all hut forty of four hundred natural grasses which once had their exclusive habitat in the Yosemite, and for their destruction herates the Commission in language which no gentleman uses, nor permits to he used to his face. How does he know there were four hundred and that only forty remain? Did he count and classify them? And suppose that they were of that class of plants which retire from the face of civilization, like the hlue-joint grass of the Middle-West and the huffalo-grass of the plains, should tourists and the consequences of their presence have heen excluded from the valley so as not to frighten away some plants which are not missed, except hy a few hotanists, who should not mourn as those without hope? Biology did not die with the dodo, and hotany will not hecome extinct with a few weeds which have followed the Indians into ohlivion.

The Yosemite Commission is glad to receive suggestions. But, admitting its own fallihility, it denies also the infallihility of Mr. Johnson and Frederick Law Olmstead. It insists, too, that hilious misrepresentation and outright lying, such as Mr. Johnson's fairy-tale that it makes roads so as to avoid carrying tourists past a certain hotel, and vicious shouts of vandalism, and contemptuous sneers at Californians and their taste, ahility, and enterprise, are not in the line of suggestion and advice, hut are merely malicious.

The Federal management of the Yellowstone Valley offers no features which warrant, hy comparison, impeachment of State management of the Yosemite, and when it is insisted that landscape engineering was horn with Frederick Law Olmstead, for whom Mr. Johnson touts with the vigor of that vender of too, too ripe hananas, who vocalizes at the Market Street Ferry, the Californians whom he insults hy comparison, rememher that Mr. Olmstead declared that a public park could never he made on the peninsula of San Francisco. It was his opinion, as the greatest living expert—and Golden Gate Park spreads its flowery phylactery in defiance and derision of his judgment.

JOHN P. IRISH.

Dr. S. H. Talcott, superintendent of the Middletown Lunatic Asylum, tells of a new phase of asylum life. The patients were encouraged to form a hase-hall nine, and developed a degree of skill in the game which has resulted in the defeat of nines from Middletown and other villages hy scores of seventeen to seven, thirteen to nine, and nineteen to seven. The doctor says that the outdoor exercise and the attractions of the game have heen excellent in their effects, not only on the hase-hall players, hut on all the patients not confined to the cells.

AMERICA JUSTIFIES IRELAND.

Before the special commission in London, sitting in the investigation of the charges uttered by the *Times* against Parnell, Mr. William O'Brien, Irish member of Parliament and editor of *United Ireland*, made reply to the attorney-general, referring to the disposition and temper of the Irish people, that "As to illegality, meaning irreverence for the law as law, illegality is bred in us." Exception is made to this, and, following the expression of the presiding judge of the commission, some in this country denounce it as manifestation of the spirit of lawlessness inherent in the Irish nature.

A fair comparison of the spirit of the Irish people, as avowed by Mr. O'Brien, with the spirit of the people of the early colonies of America, will bring out the fact that in this the Irish people have as their exemplars and justification the people of the colonies. As testimony to this stands George Bancroft's history of the United States. From this standard authority is copied the following:

"The maxims on which the government of Ireland was administered by Protestant England, after the revolution of 1688, hrought about the relations by which that country and our own reciprocally affected each other's destiny; Ireland assisting to people America, and America to redeem Ireland.

"The inhahitants of Ireland were four parts in five, certainly more than two parts in three, Roman Catholic. . . . In settling the government, England intrusted it exclusively to those of 'the English Colony,' who were members of its own church; so that the little minority—less than one-tenth—ruled the island. . . . Two-thirds of the Irish House of Commons were the nominees of the large Protestant proprietors of the land. 'Papists' were excluded from having any votes in the election of members to serve in Parliament. The Catholic Irish, being disfranchised, one enactment pursued them after another till they suffered under a universal, unmitigated, indispensable, exceptionless disqualification. In the courts of law, they could not gain a place on the bench nor act as a barrister, or attorney, or solicitor, nor be employed even as a hired clerk, nor sit on a grand jury, nor serve as a sheriff, or a justice of the peace, nor hold even the lowest civil office of trust or profit, nor have any privilege in a town corporate, nor be a freeman of such corporation. . . . A Catholic might not marry a Protestant—the priest who should celehrate such a marriage was to he hanged.

"The Catholic Irish had been plundered of six-sevenths of the land by iniquitous confiscations; every acre of the remaining seventh was grudged them by the Protestants. . . . The Catholic farmer dared not drain his fields, nor inclose them, nor build solid houses on them. If in any way he improved their productiveness, his lease was forfeited.

"Such was the Ireland of the Irish; a conquered people, whom the victors delighted to trampte upon, and did not fear to provoke. Their industry was prohibited or repressed by law, and then they were calumniated as naturally idle. Their savings could not be invested on equal terms in trade, or manufactures, or real property; and they were called improvident. The gates of learning were shut on them, and they were derided as ignorant. . . .

"Relief was to come through the conflicts of the North American colonies with Great Britain. Ireland and America, in so far as both were oppressed by the commercial monopoly of England, had a common cause."

When, in 1719, the Irish House of Lords—composed of Church of England nobles, the great land-proprietors to whom the land of Ireland had been granted by the crown, through confiscations—enacted that the power of the king to ahsolutely rule Ireland was supreme, the Irish Presbyterians, who were also practically disfranchised from public employment and the local magistracy of any city, resolved to resist English laws by abstaining from using English manufactures—a means similar to boycotting. They adopted the doctrine of the Westminster confession of faith, that they were "under no religious obligation to render obedience to the British Government."

"The American colonies opened their arms to receive them" as immigrants. The "Heart of Oak" Protestants, of Ulster, came over in large numbers and settled in the colonies—in New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia.

Bancroft continues: "We shall find the first voice publicly raised in America to dissolve all connection with Great Britain came, not from the Puritans of New England, or the Dutch of New York, or the planters of Virginia, but from the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians."

As early as 1763, the American colonies strenuously resisted the right of the king and Parliament to impose taxes upon them. In Virginia, in open court, Patrick Henry declared that "a king who annuls or disallows just laws, from being the father of his people, degenerates into a tyrant, and forfeits all right to obedience." The crown-attorney cried out "treason!" but Henry was fearless, and the colonial officers did not dare to prosecute him for his bold words. Neither O'Brien nor any of his colleagues in Ireland, who have been committed to prison as felons and condemned to hard labor, with convict fare and plank beds, ever uttered so disloyal a sentiment. Under British Tory rule, as it is now enforced only in Ireland, Patrick Henry would be held guilty of crime and imprisoned by order of Chief-Secretary Balfour.

In Boston, the clergyman Mayhew proclaimed that the gospel permits resistance. The Scotch-Irish Presbyterians—men from Ulster—in all of the colonies, declared "resistance" to the king and Parliament. At length came the odious Stamp Act, and soon occurred the Boston "Tea Party," which effectually wrought the resistance of the colonies, the glorious revolution, and American independence.

Every American school-boy knows the history, is impregnated with the spirit, and is taught that "resistance to tyranny is obedience to God." It is a plant of Irish and Scotch growth. The English people are themselves devoted to its cultivation and rejoice that it spreads and flourishes. It is the gospel of freemen in every clime, in every land. The people of Ireland have nourished it with their blood and bedewed it with their tears through seven long centuries of merciless British oppression. They still bold to hope and bow to God for his deliverance. Parnell and O'Brien are more clearly blazing the way than any who have gone before—they and their patriotic associates, who have no higotry of miscalled religion.

It is the law as it is unequally and in the face of justice imposed upon Ireland by the British Tory Parliament, which makes the freedom of speech, which is the birthright of an Englishman, a crime in Ireland, as a felony, to which the Irish people object. It is to this discriminating and vicious quality of law for which, as O'Brien candidly declared, the Irish people have irreverence. It is the Tory Government which imposes such monstrous laws that the Irish people oppose and make resistance. They would be unworthy of liberty, unworthy of the respect or sympathy of free men if they did not oppose and resist such wanton and malignant tyranny. The American people would not submit to it. They would rebel and revolutionize the government which would dare to attempt its imposition. Englishmen would revolt at it. The Scotch would spurn it. The patience and endurance of the Irish people is beyond human estimation until it is comprehended that at last it is their settled determination to prove to the world that they propose to gain their freedom by conformity to the law—even though it be harsh and unequal law; that they are resolved to prove to mankind their qualification for self-government; and that in their hour of happy deliverance they will receive the plaudits of every free people, and wear their nationality forevermore with increasing honors and enduring distinction in the great confraternity of free and independent nations.

It is clear to every unbiased mind that a government which ceaselessly makes unequal laws to harshly rule one portion of the people, to which only that portion is amenable, can not expect the proscribed to reverence such laws or to yield devotion to the government. The British Government has never tried the simple and gracious experiment of governing Ireland by equal and just laws. Centuries of oppression, confiscation, broken pledges, and heartless tyranny have naturally had their effect upon the Irish people, plundered, and outraged, and proscribed as they have been and are yet. They would be more or less than mortals if they could, under the circumstances, have reverence for the laws framed for their persecution, or veneration for the government which applies the extremity of its force and cruelty to remorseless methods to deeper humiliate and torture them. Constant irritation of a wound at last compels amputation of the limb. Timely and gentle treatment will restore the limb to complete vigor and usefulness. Ireland will shine in the British diadem if the opportunity be allowed her. But she will shine and soar for ages to come. O'M.

San Francisco, July 10, 1889.

THE FATAL ROPE.

A Curious Narrative of Suicidal Mania.

"Excuse me, captain," said Sergeant Ralette, half-opening the door—an old trooper with three stripes on his sleeve and a face of resplendent purple that more than justified the nickname given him in the company, of Sac-à-Vin—"excuse me, but——"

"Well, what is it you want?" demanded Captain Jean.

"To tell you, captain, that Private Soucas, muster-roll No. 8,420, has hanged himself!"

"When?"

"About two o'clock last night."

"Where?"

"At the store-room of the old château, during his sentry. The men who went to relieve him——"

"Enough! Notify the quartermaster, take command of the platoon of service, and hury him with military honors!".

"Very well, captain!" and with a quick salute and a face-about, Sac-à-Vin stalked from the room. The door had scarcely closed upon him when the young officer noncbalantly resumed his cigar, stretched his legs upon the sofa of his modest cell, and gave himself to reverie again, dreaming of a thousand things, except, perhaps, Private Soucas.

Happiness had made him an egotist, and Captain Jean de Courleon was very happy indeed. He was one of those of whom they say, "he was horn with a silver-spoon in his mouth," or "under a lucky star"; who succeed at everything; who brave even danger with impunity; who know neither ennui nor sorrow, and whose single complaint is that life is far too short for them. How was it possible that he could he otherwise than happy? Twenty-eight years of age, handsome, genial, light-hearted, as great a favorite with comrades and men as with the ladies, whose society he loved, his rapid advancement assured bim a hrilliant career, while his personal fortune shielded him from all care.

So Jean de Courleon was perfectly happy, content even with tbe present hour, the dead level of the life at Broussac, a small garrison-town in which he was post-commander at the head of a hundred and twenty-five men. To read a Parisian paper three days' old, to smoke a cigarette every minute in the day, to walk in the village or chat with a comrade—these for three months past had constituted his sole distractions; and yet he railed neither at fate, destiny, chance, heaven, nor the minister of war, and still counted himself as without a care or sorrow.

But this light-hearted taking of life—was it because the captain was cold or selfish? Not so, for he adored his mother, and even more, perhaps, a certain maiden who had cried a good deal at his departure, and frequently, since his absence, regarded herself in the glass and called herself, a rosy blusb mounting to her golden hair, "Mme. Jean de Courleon."

This was why this gallant and fortunate officer accorded neither a thought nor a regret to the unhappy suicide of No. 8,420, but dined, smoked, retired, slept, and woke again at the hour of six, with his customary ease and tranquillity. At a quarter-past six precisely, there was another knock at the door; it opened, and again Sac-à-Vin entered.

"Captain," said he, "excuse me, but I have come to tell you that Private Bridier, muster-roll No. 4,428, bas hanged himself."

"What!" said M. de Courleon, leaping from his bed.

"Yes, captain; this is two."

"Where did he hang himself—this one?"

"At the store-room of the old château, during his hour of sentry."

"Enough! enough! Notify the quartermaster and command the platoon!" Sac-à-Vin saluted as stiffly as ever, pivoted like a weather-vane in the wind, and departed without a word.

Meanwhile, the captain clothed himself, meditating upon the strangeness of the chance which connected these two events. What motive or thought in common had been in the minds of these two men? Had they planned together the two suicides? The second one, was it in consequence of the first? No matter, speculation was useless; the fact accomplished, nothing was to be gained by thinking of it.

He curled his mustache to a point, threw a last glance at the set of his uniform, then went out in his turn to ogle the grisettes he met en route, and to breakfast at the *table d'hôte*. By the time breakfast had ended, Jean de Courleon had almost forgotten that in two days' time the effective force of his company had diminished by as many men. Besides this, he had taken from the post-office, on the way down, a dainty and perfumed missive, which he carried to his lips after reading and re-reading it a dozen times. Think you he worried about suicides with that before bim, or thought of people mad enough to give up life, pleasure, and love?

The captain wakened the next morning still filled witb the sweet emotions of the evening's dreaming, and, with joy in his heart and a song on his lips, threw open his window, to find the heavens veiled with golden mist, to breathe in the freshness and fragrance of the outer air, to listen to the murmuring of the brook. He was ready to bless all creation, and God in particular, who had made him that miracle of miracles, a happy man.

The voice of Sac-à-Vin wrested him from these comforting reflections.

"You again, sergeant?"

"Yes, captain."

"Well, what is it now?"

"Private Dumenils, muster-roll No.——"

The captain made a gesture of astonishment. "Another!"

"Six thousand four hundred and forty-nine," continued Sac-à-Vin, "has hanged himself!"

"This is too much!"

"Yes, captain."

"And—where did he hang himself?"

"Like the others—at the store-room."

"At what hour?"

"Like the others—while on sentry-duty—hetween twelve and two."

The captain, impassible as he was, commenced to find this more than a strange coincidence. He paced his chamber with agitated steps.

"But how," said he, at last, "these stupids, bow did they hang themselves?"

"By a rope, captain."

"Didn't you cut it?"

"Excuse me, no, captain; it is the rope for the material of war."

"It doesn't matter—cut it!"

"Yes, captain; but it's the rope that hoists the hiscuits, and the flour, and—with all respect—we've got no other."

"All right, then, leave it. Inform the quartermaster and command the platoon!" But, as Ralette wheeled to follow instructions, the officer recalled him.

"Sergeant," said he, "there's something hehind all this."

"Am I to speak, captain?"

"To speak? Yes, of course. What do you think?"

"That it is the spirit."

"What?"

"The spirit, captain, the *ghost* that formerly——"

"Sergeant, you are an idiot—ghost, indeed! It is thieves who seek to steal our stores, and, in order to be unmolested, disemharrass themselves of the sentries hy hanging them. To-night, therefore, you wiil order the rounds every fifteen minutes throughout the neighhorhood of the château hetween the hours of twelve and two. Also, hefore placing the sentry, you will visit and personally inspect the store-room itself, to he sure that no one is concealed there. In addition, select for sentry-duty a man whom you know to he courageous, light-hearted—in short, free from nonsense; do you understand?"

"Yes, captain."

"And if *he* hangs himself, *you* will go to the guard-house four days and nights in order to rid you of your belief in ghosts."

"Yes, captain."

"Then go!" and the sergeant withdrew, ahsolutely satisfied that his trip to the guard-house was inevitahle, nevertheless determined to do his duty, result as it would.

As for Captain de Courleon, the more he reflected, the less he found conclusive the explanation whicb he had given Sac-à-Vin. Still, as thieves bad once really succeeded in entering the store-room, the thing was possihle, and also reasonable that, fearing to be surprised, they had made away with the sentinels; but that they should return every night at the same hour, to accomplish the same crime under the same conditions, was to suppose them either exceedingly impudent and daring, or exceedingly stupid. And, admitting this reasoning correct, then why three useless murders? Ah, why? That was the question, and an enigmatic one.

There was no reasonable or possible explanation of three suicides accomplished stroke upon stroke, at the same hour, in the same place, under the same identical conditions! Turning and turning in this abominable circle, his head aching, and unahle to close his eyes a moment in his anxiety for morning to come, and with it the news that Ralette would bring, the hours of the night wore away. It was not Ralette, however, but the quartermaster who entered his room at peep of day.

"Where's the sergeant?" cried M. de Courleon.

"In the guard-house, captain."

"Why?"

"By your orders, he said——"

"What?"

"If the sentry hanged himself——"

"Then the sentry *has* hanged himself?"

"Yes, captain."

"His name?"

"Varney."

"I knew him—a perfect Hercules—six-feet-two in his stockings, strong in proportion—no one could have hanged him without his consent. Ugh!" and the captain shivered.

"Whether he was hanged, or hanged himself, captain, I can not tell you—nothing, indeed, but that we found him—dead like tbe others."

Captain de Courleon was silent a moment, then beckoning his subaltern to follow him, hurried at a rapid gait in the direction of the quarters. Lying upon a mattress in the centre of the room, surrounded by his comrades, was the corpse of the last suicide. Naked to the waist, not a sign of violence showed itself on the body, not even an abrasion of the skin; only the mark of the rope about the neck and the color of the face announced the nature of the death to which he had succumbed.

The captain, at sight of the suicide, in spite of his coolness and habitual calm, felt a thrill of horror run through his soul. The inexplicable fatality of this death horrified him, and though he remained invulnerahle to the puerile superstitions which had laid hold of the minds of his soldiers, he was unable to defend himself from a vague apprehension before this fourth victim of the same chance, or the same ambush! Chance? No; reason opposed it in every way, and the idea of a concealed enemy and injury whose causes escaped him presented itself more forcihly than ever to the mind of the captain. He sent at once for Sergeant Ralette to question him and take him to the spot which had witnessed these successive events.

Sac-à-Vin affirmed that he executed every order as given him by the captain. The rounds sent hy him had neither heard a cry nor seen a human heing. All the surroundings of the store-room in the old château had remained calm and silent; nevertheless, they had found a body at the end of the fatal cord which hoisted the material of war. He gave tbese lugubrious details with the air and manner of one who had ahandoned himself to the inevitable.

The ruins of Broussac, in truth, were scarcely more than sections of walls pierced with pointed windows, crumbled hy age and the action of the weather, and covered with mosses and clinging vines; the fine sculpturing of these remains, suggestive of extinct splendor, presenting at the first glance more the appearance of a monastery or a church than a feudal castle.

It was in the further part of this building, somewhat better preserved than the rest and approached by a court of entr separated from a second and a grander one still hy a ma sive archway yet untoucbed by the ravages of time, that th administration of war had established its store-room of pr visions. A wall, some thirty feet in height, extended betwe it and the déhris of the older edifice, and forming an almo continuous circle about the magazine, greatly facilitated i surveillance.

In the angle of the court, made hy this wall, hung the ro —with a running noose at the end of it, and attached to a pull fixed to a higher point of the hattlements—hy which was lift and lowered the hoxes of biscuits and sacks of flour compr ing the military stores; in short, the rope which had cut sh the lives of four men of the company of Broussac, and whi Sac-à-Vin defended so energetically as belonging to the m terial of war.

The captain scoured the edifice, fumhled in all the corne displaced one hy one the bales and boxes, sounded the wal the floor, the ceiling—not a soul, and no trace of any on Nothing had disappeared, and the idea of rohhery must course be discarded.

"Then, perhaps," he said to himself, "it is some one w kills for vengeance or pleasure!" But how had an entran heen effected—nothing had heen seen or heard.

"It is the spirit," murmured Sac-à-Vin; "the *ghost!*"

"Zounds! hold your tongue!" cried De Courleon; "b if it is the ghost," he added, reflectively, "we'll catch him!"

"Yes, captain."

"Good; now listen to me. To-night I'll head the roun myself. You, Sac-à-Vin, will place two men on guard on t lower floor of the magazine; leave the windows open, a order them never to lose sight of the court and the ruins single instant. Select men with keen eyesight. In additi a platoon of five men, commanded by you, will conceal the selves in the *first* court. Direct the men in the building shout at the slightest alarm."

"Very well, captain," and the sergeant, shaking his he resumed the road to the quarters; and the captain, rolling cigarette, the road to his dwelling. But his hahitual gay had disappeared. Nothing is more baffling than the known; notbing irritates and saddens like a pressing dan one is ignorant how to meet, and nothing is more terri than a struggle against shadows—it was *this* the captain h undertaken.

When night had come, Captain de Courleon, with sm faith in the intelligence of Sac-à-Vin, himself stationed two men at their post of observation at the windows of store-room, their view embracing the entire court and whole of the ruins; if they were unable to see the senti placed immediately below them, they would, at all events, able to see any one who attempted to approacb him, since building had no other exit than from the side fronting archway into the court.

On the outside, too, the captain organized the rounds, a with excess of caution, decided that the time of sentry du ordinarily of two hours' duration, should now be cut in h the first sentry taking the hour from twelve to one, and second sentry from one to two. This measure would pen them, in case of any inexplicable and unforeseen event, come as near as possihle to the exact moment of its acco plishment, without counting that it sensihly abridged the guish of the sentinel. Thanks to the carelessness of Sac Vin's tongue, the theory of the ghost had spread, and men, convinced of the intervention of supernatural pow evinced a visihle repugnance to occupying the post.

The sentinel was stationed, however, and the rounds heg all going well to the bour of twelve. Nothing had occun when the clock struck one, and the sentinel for the bour tween one and two was replaced by a man of Captain Courleon's own selection, a Parisian, gay, reckless, believin little in God, but not at all in the devil, and spending his d in larking, drinking, and singing. With a sigh of satisfact at the manner in which he had arranged things, the capt gave him the countersign, turned his back upon him, and rounds began anew their silent investigations.

Tbe quarter sounded, then the half; the men watching the windows of the store-room had given no sign of life; night was calm, clear, and starlit—an ambush impossihle un such conditions. When two o'clock, therefore, rang from hells of Broussac, Captain de Courleon, at the head of men, and, witb a perfectly tranquil mind, reëntered to reli his sentinel. To relieve him, aye, and to carry him away, the Parisian, too, had hanged bimself!

"Five!" said Sac-à-Vin, phlegmatically, while the capt white with anger, and, perhaps, a vague affright, gazed stupi at the motionless body.

"Sergeant," said he, presently, "to-morrow night it is *I* w will take this post from one to two o'clock. We'll see i hang myself, or if they'll hang me!"

"But, captain——"

"Silence! it's settled!"

Sac-à-Vin saluted, wheeled, and rejoined his men, w without waiting orders, had shouldered arms and were hast ing in the direction of the quarters; and Captain de Courl followed them, somewhat calmer now that he had arranged confront in person the mysterious and inexplicable enemy fore whom the bravest of his soldiers fell. But he was pale when he took his accustomed seat at the tahle of the ver Lion.

It is needless to say that these successive deaths had passed unnoticed in the city of Broussac; it was the sensat of the hour, in fact, and De Courleon was assailed with qu tions the moment he entered the room.

"It is true," he responded, "another one last night."

"Another—last night? Why, it's a regular epidemic!"

"Exactly," said a gentleman at his left, a doctor, by cha passing through the village, "you've hit the word!"

"An epidemic!" cried a dozen voices; "do you mean doctor, the death of five men, one after the other, in the sa place, at the same hour, under the same conditions— epidemic?"

"Perhaps, and why not?" replied the doctor; "philosop

not the ooly thing in a state of enigma to us; the possessions of Loudoo, the Coovulsioooaires of Saint Médard, for stance, seemingly to all practical tests and medical experiments inexplicable pheoomeoa, but admittedly *transmitted* rough nervous cootagion."

"Then, according to you, this is an epidemic of—suicide?"

"Perhaps!"

A shout of laughter greeted the statement of the stubborn edico, io which oone joined more heartily than Jean de ourleoo. All the same, wheo, at half-past twelve P. M., bis oor opeoed and Sac-à-Vio stood upoo the threshold, the capin's affairs had been placed in order, and, lying upoo his able were two letters, ooe addressed to his mother, the other his hetrotbed.

Fifteeo minutes later the escort of four meo, who would lace and relieve the sentinel, arrived at the old château, and, e customary formalities accomplisbed, the captaio, transrmed for an hour into a private soldier, stood there alone in e stillness of the oight, and heard dying away io the disnce the foot-steps of the men and the orders of Sergeant alette.

The captain's sentry-duty had begun.

If he had beeo right in attributing to some adroit malefactor e recent death of the five meo of bis compaoy, he could rdly have selected, in order to coovict and punisb the culit, a time more propitious than this oight; the moon, broad d full, in a beaven blue as steel, filled the court with a silvery diance—a mouse eotering the archway could hardly bave esped unseeo.

Silence reëstablished, the captain, with a look to the priming his pistols and the free movemeot of his sword io its scabrd, began to pace from side to side, satisfied that he was ll prepared for everything, but determioed tbat danger, if it isted, should not take him unawares, turning his head at ery step and peering at once before him, bebiod bim, to the ght, to the left, above, and below bim. Little by little, hower, with fatigue and growiog confidence, bis movemeots ew less alert, bis promenade more languid, and be eoded by wering his head, bis eyes beot upoo the grouod, and marcbg with a step tranquil and regular. Suddenly he stopped, wned heavily, stretched bis arms and yawned again. "*Sacristi!* be was tired! How loog had he been there? Ooe ur—two hours?" He looked at bis watch. Ten minutes d scarcely rolled away, and time was supposed to fly!

He resumed his promeoade, but grumbliog still, for the omeot, at the clearness of the heavens. "Too clear, by far! ho the devil would risk an attack io a ligbt such as s?"

Briefly, before five minutes had elapsed, Jean de Courleoo d absolutely forgotten why he was there, and walked with ods in bis pockets, bis bead thrown back, aod his *distrait* gard losing itself amoog the vague forms and half-shadows that moonlight sceoe. Freed from the thralldom of his ll, his thoughts ran to the future in ooe of those nameless veries which begin and end in oothing; that encbain you, u know not wby or bow; that carry you from the falling of eaf to the roar of a battle; from a frivolous detail to the igio of the world; from life to death, and then—to God! e thought of everythiog, without, in truth, tbinking of anyng, and came and went to and fro, from end to side, from le to end again, with the listless monotony of a machine, an lefioable seosatioo of weigbt, of weariness, as if tbe springs his being had given way, slowly creeping over him.

But stranger still, he wbo had laugbed aod joked continuy, whose brow chagrin bad never wrinkleö, began to curse destiny. Wby? He could oot have told you. For the st time in his life the smallness of man, ao atom on the face the earth, occurred to him, a realization of the immensity the heaveos, of the march of the world across eternity, of housand other tbings besides; and his joys, his memories, happioess, that each day brought a smile or a soog to his s, faded away in that instant of self-anatomy and dull disuragemeot.

In the midst of this foolisb reverie, his gaze fell by chance on the rope and pulley, showing against the white-wasbed ll like a long black soake; at the same time, rapid as a flash lightning, came tbe thougbt to bis brain: "Why not end it the others? Why oot bang yourself?"

"What noosense!" he cried, aloud; "this is *too* stupid!" d he began to walk as before. But swift as the tbought had en, he had felt bimself seized with a shiver of dread, with instinctive and unreasooing fear of *it*—that hideous thought. bat if it had beeo an admooition? "To the devil with the cked rope and the suicides! I'll think of it oo more!" d, by a violeot effort of will, he tore his mind from the bor- subject, and laughed at bimself and bis moment of weakss aod cowardice.

He, the happiest man in the world, bang himself! He io- t a sorrow like this upon the mother and the woman he ored! Never! The thougbt was truly absurd! He would n his miod to pleasanter tbings; he would think of his life, childhood, its joys and fears; the paternal mansioo aod ady garden, the thicket at the eod of it; the basin of goldh which fled at his coming; his first love—the hour wheo it s born, the hour wben it died—that first love of his for the daughter of his father's bailiff! And now again, of the e of his manhood, of that fine and sleoder band which had ced tbe lines of the letter lying close against his heart!

"Of course he was hap——" the words died oo his lips; a ld sweat broke out oo his brow; for even as be urged himf to pursue the thoughts that made him love existeoce, he s fiogering the rope and pulley, and playing with the runig ooose in which five of his meo, in as many coosecutive ys, had passed their oecks! And for the second time, while gaze rested upoo the sioister cord, the same thought, but re precise and clear: "Why not, like the others, baog urself?" presented itself to his mind, presented itself this ne accompanied by a loogiog, as stroog as strange!

"The devil!" cried the captain, stamping angrily, "this is ore thao queer! If I believed io ghosts, like that fool of a c-à-Vin, I'd say an invisible devil whispered at my ear, and n not mad, either! My brain is clear, my reason the same! Theo why—Bah! I know wby, I who for five days past have heard them talk of nothing but tbe banged and bangings, aod dreamed of naught but the same! To the devil with the cursed cord!" and throwing a searching glance into the furthest corners of the court, hopiog perhaps to see appear the apparitioo of a malefactor, coming to give a turn to his ideas and to justify his previsioos, the captain resumed his paciog and his thoughts.

Zounds! but it *was* a tiresome sentry! Wheo he thougbt of his men, who could belp it at such a momeot? be well uoderstood their killing themselves! They were homesick, perhaps; perbaps disgusted with war; all the same, imbeciles to give up life. Imbeciles, did be say? Wbo could tell? Perhaps they were *not* imbeciles after all—everything failed ooe sooner or later, and ooe's joys, pleasures, love, and frieodship always depeoded upoo caprice! Wbat a silly thing life was!

And the captaio frowned, shook his bead, and heard anew that murmur in his ear: "Wby oot, like the others, end it? Why not hang yourself?"

This time be had oot the streogtb to combat it—a weird attractioo beld him to the sombre idea, that, like a mountiog wave, increased with appalling contiouity. He wished and strove to look elsewhere, but his rebellious eyes fixed themselves voluptuously upon the fatal cord—that snaky cord, that running knot, which seemed to fascinate bim! He was fast in the boods of an irresistible temptatioo, a strange drawing that called him to death, as the depths of an abyss in which one loses with the gaze the instinctive desire to live.

An icy sweat oozed from his pores; he shivered and trembled in the hold of this possession gaining upoo bim with giant strength! Like a man cut io two, yet living and cooscious, his vitals seemed to have become the battle-field of two warring souls, the stranger soul urging upon him its sioister project; the other, his owo soul, struggling, horrified, but gradually yielding foot-bold to the promptings of its rival.

He strove to fly—in vain; his will was paralyzed, his muscles cootrolled by a power stroger than his will. Despite himself, with livid face and fingers sbaking, he touched again the fatal rope, dallied with the running knot, calculated the distance which separated it from the bench and the earth below—in short, took all the measures oecessary to insure a fatal deoouement—all the while a poignant aoguish holding him in its grasp. Heart, miod, instinct, cried to bim to live, to fly if he would live; and all the while ao impulse, inexplicable as strong, pushed him to bis death!

Can you not see him as he toyed with the rope, shuddering, hesitating, swayed by opposing forces; how he fled from it uoder the domioion of a flasb of reasoo; how he returned to it again and agaio, with hair on eod, with eyes starting from his head, with the manner and the air of a madman?

Suddenly, as if ao invisible hand had pressed upon his shoulder, nailiog bim to the spot, he stopped beneath it. Was be alooe? He turned; looked about him. . . . The night was calm, peaceful; the heaveos brilliant with stars; a soft wind moved amoog the leaves and tendrils which clothed the walls of the old château. And again, a last time, that devilish whisper sounded in bis ears: "Hang yourself like the others—bang yourself—*now!*"

At the same moment the bells of Broussac sounded the bour of two.

* * * * * * *

Teo minutes later the surgeoo of the detacbment, the lieuteoant of the same, returned during the nigbt from a leave of abseoce. Sergeant Ralette and a dozen or so of the men were grouped about the body of their captain, lying upon a blanket in the centre of the moonlit court.

"Is be gooe, doctor?" cried the lieutenant, anxiously; "did we arrive too late?"

"Gooe? No; be'd scarcely swung off wbeo we crossed the outer court; but that fool of a Sac-à-Vin didn't hurry us for nothiog," he added, as tbe patieot stirred and opened his eyes with a sigb as beavy as a groan, "the call was a close ooe—the captain has bad a narrow squeeze!"

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The following day, by order of Jean de Courleoo bimself—and in spite of the protestatioos of Sergeant Ralette, still defending the "material of war"—the accursed cord was cut—and cut for good aod all.—*Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Celieres by E. C. Waggener.*

Tbe latest suicide at Niagara Falls took place oo June 14th. A richly dressed woman deliberately plunged into the rapids and was carried over the American Falls. The body was recovered almost immediately after in the river below and was towed to the Caoada side. All the clothing below the waist, excepting the sboes and stockiogs, bad been torn off. On ber head was a deep gash made by the rocks. The body was identified as that of a woman who arrived on the 3:10 P. M., train from Buffalo. She went direct to the park, after stopping to buy a tumbler, and seated herself near the water's edge. A few mioutes later she was seen to rise and pluoge into the rapids, after wading some distance through the shallow water. Oo the grass oear the bench where she sat were found a flask contaioiog a few drops of whisky, the tumbler sbe had bought, a cape trimmed with beavy fringe, a new silk umbrella, and a white handkercbief. She was a woman of large build, about forty years old, with black, wavy hair, and a plain gold ring oo her left hand. Her name has not yet beeo learned.

A curious wedding has just taken place at Lodz, Hungary. A young man, eighteen years of age and of good position, for some unaccouotable reasoo married a poor widow with a oumerous family. The "blushing" bride is in her seventy-fourth year! The "bappy" bridegroom has now eleven stepsons and daughters, the oldest of whom is fifty-three; besides tweoty-three grandcbildren and twenty-three great-grandchildren—and all that at eighteeo.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

When you feel like calling a big man a liar, be sure you're right then use the telephone.—*Life.*

She—"Did you give the waiter anything, love?" *He*—"I didn't. My motto is 'No quarter.'"—*New York Sun.*

An "artist": The following is a copy of an advertisement in a foreign paper: "Durand, valet de chambre; handles the brush like Raphael."—*Youth's Companion.*

Owner of fish-pond (to man, who is catching fish)—"Don't you see that sign—'No Fishing Allowed?" *Angler*—"Well, I wasn't making any noise, was I?"—*Life.*

Bather—"What's that?" *Bath-house attendant*—"Towel, sir." *Bather*—"Oh, all right; chuck it in. I thought some darn fool was sending in his card."—*Judge.*

Floor-manager Spiles—"Howdjer hurt yo' foot, Majah Siles? Miss Pimwinkle step on it?" *Major Siles* (between spasms)—"*Step* on it? No; she done *heeled* on it."—*Puck.*

Editor of "Great Daily"—"H'm! These head-lines of yours hardly agree with the text." *Head-line artist*—"Perhaps not, sir; but they agree perfectly with our policy."—*Puck.*

Mother—"Now girls, as you've finished your daily quarrel, suppose you go and eat some dinner." *Arabella* (sarcastically)—"Oh, I suppose you want us to swallow our feud."—*Life.*

Overheard at the new gallery: *Lady* (reading from catalogue)—"No.—A Greek actor—Monochrome. How singular some of those old Greek names sound to us nowadays!"—*Pick-Me-Up.*

Clerk—"Mr. Daybook, I would like leave of absence this afternoon to attend the funeral of a cousin." *Mr. Daybook* (next morning)—"What was the score, John?"—*New York Sun.*

"To the manner born": *Punctilious traveler*—"Now what ought little boys to say when a gentleman gives them a nickle for carrying his satchel?" *Small boy*—"Tain't 'nough."—*Harper's Weekly.*

"I see that Jay Gould says that he made every cent of his money by hard work. I didn't know that Gould was a working-man." "Oh, yes, he is. In my last whirl at Wall Street he worked me for ten thousand."—*Chicago Herald.*

Sub-assistant maid (investigating the curios, to superior officer)—"I kaint mek out why Miss Julia calls dese t'ings *break* her back." *Superior officer*—"Ignunt chile! She *don't.* She calls 'em *brick* her back."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Harry—"Had a great time last night, old man! Took a girl out to ride with the new mare, you know, and my arms are lame to-day from trying to hold her in!" *Will*—"The girl?" *Harry*—"No; the mare."—*Boston Herald.*

Stolen hours: *Mr. Grumpy* (of Hoboken)—"Mary Jane!" *Miss Grumpy*—"Yes, papa." *Mr. Grumpy*—"Just ask that young man from the West if he isn't running his watch on Chicago time. It was eleven o'clock here an hour ago."—*Life.*

"This is the maid's afternoon out, but we needn't wait. My husband will be home at five o'clock." "But how will he get into the house?" "Oh, I hid the key under the door-mat, and left a note on the door telling him where to find it."—*Time.*

The attire of genius: *Ida*—"Mamma, why does Herr Butterbrod wear that handkerchief when playing? Is he afraid of soiling his collar?" *Mamma* (looking at Herr B.'s faded linen)—"No, dear, he is afraid of soiling his fine violin."—*Time.*

Stamp-clerk (at post-office window)—"You'll have to pay letter-postage on this package. It's first-class matter." *Persevering author* (about to send manuscript on its seventh trial trip)—"Thank you! Couldn't you get a position as editor somewhere?"—*Harper's Weekly.*

"And so you have received a divorce from that vagabond husband of yours, Mrs. Smith?" "Yes, I am glad to say that I have." "Didn't you feel quite overpowered when you heard the decision of the judge?" "Not exactly. I felt sort of unmanned, so to speak."—*Boston Beacon.*

Rev. Mr. Withers—"Conversation at table should be of a light and cheerful nature. It aids digestion and stimulates the appetite." *Mr. Hendricks*—"Yes, indeed; I have always thought so myself. Bobby, take your elbows off the table instantly, or I'll send you upstairs to bed."—*Harper's Bazar.*

An Irish lawyer had occasion to dismiss a clerk. "What made you sack him?" asked a friend; "he wrote a splendid hand." "No doubt of it," replied the solicitor; "but, confound the fellow, he had got into the habit of reading what he wrote. Breach of professional confidence, you know. I was obliged to get rid of him."—*Pick Me Up.*

What kept him: *Irate mamma*—"Goodness me? It's half-an-hour since I sent you around to the store to get those things, and here you are back without them." *Little Dick*—"It was such a long time before my turn came to be waited on that I forgot what it was you wanted." "Then why didn't you come home and find out?" "I was afraid if I left I'd lose my turn."—*New York Weekly.*

"Well, Henry, I know of no man to whom I would rather give Katherine's hand than to you." "Thank you, Mr. Henderson. I am delighted to hear you say so. Doubly so, because I feared that you disliked me." "H'm. Well, Henry, I may as well be truthful. I do dislike you, and when you have lived with Katherine long enough to comprehend the magnitude of her temper, you will see why I rejoice to give her to you."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

They played the second fiddle: *Helen* (to country cousin at fashionable wedding)—"Now, Kate, you must watch everything; this is an awfully fetching affair. See the bridesmaids in their Directoire gowns and those children dressed as pages; and, listen, the choir-boys are singing the wedding-chorus in the distance. It's all awfully effective!" *Kate* (very much interested)—"Yes, and where's the bride and groom?" *Helen*—"Oh, they're in the crowd there somewhere."—*Once a Week.*

They were giving "She Stoops to Conquer," the other day, in a small provincial town. A penniless individual, anxious to see the play, stalked past the ticket-office in a careless, independent sort of way. When stopped, and asked by what right he went in without paying, he replied: "By what right? I am Oliver Goldsmith, the author of the piece they are going to perform!" "Ah! beg pardon, sir," said the check-taker, making a bow. And Goldsmith walked in to see his play.—*Tid-Bits.*

Comparative anatomy: *Mistress*—"See here, Uncle Henry, there was as much as a bushel of corn left in a bag out here by the door last night. What do you think has become of it?" *Uncle Henry*—"Dun' know, missis; but 'spec' dem pesky hens eat it up." *Mistress* (with small respect for Uncle Henry's ideas of meum and tuum)—"*Two-legged* hens, I guess, sir!" *Uncle Henry* (gravely)—"Well, missis, de hens about hyah am mostly constructed on dat ar principle."—*Harper's Weekly.*

Dashley—"Queer things people discover when they are living at boarding-houses. At dinner, at my boarding-house, yesterday, I stuck my fork into a piece of pie and brought up a collar-button that I lost a week ago." *Snaggs*—"That's nothing. I lifted off the top of my strawberry shortcake at my boarding-house yesterday, and what do you suppose there was in it?" *Dashley*—"I give it up. A silk umbrella, perhaps." *Snaggs*—"No, sir; strawberries." *Dashley* (incredulously)—"Aw, what are you giving me?"—*Boston Beacon.*

A reporter on a paper wrote the following account of his hated rival's marriage: "The bride was radiant in a beautiful white-silk dress, with orange wreaths, and six button No. 9 kid-gloves, slightly burst in the thumbs. The groom was as straight as a black-cloth suit constructed by the best tailor could make him, and as red in the face as was consistent with a pair of boots two sizes too small, and a No. 13 collar encircling his manly sixteen-inch neck. Fortunately, before the ceremony was over the restraining button flew out and saved him from strangulation."—*Hawk.*

AT A WATERING-PLACE.

"Iris" Pens a Picture of Maidens, Dancing-Men, and Dowagers.

You leave the city in the afternoon and you get there just in time for dinner, arriving in a ghostly dusk punctured with lights. There is a little station, a well-rolled drive, strange, distorted, writhen trees crouching before the angry breezes, spiked palm branches and waving tufts of plumy pampas-grass against a pale sunset glow, two stages, a haggage-wagon, a quantity of trunks falling with thuds, a load of passengers, and "the long withdrawing roar" of the unseen ocean hooming through the twilight.

Every one makes a suhdued hut not the less deadly rush for the stages. From within sound anxious voices:

"Mother, have you got the hag?"

"Oh, there now! I've left my dressing-case!"

"Popper, where's Charlie's umhrella?"

"Doesn't this smell awfully of the stahle?"

"Now, you see, you've made me drop my purse in the straw."

"Where's Milly?"

"Who's got the little alligator-hag?"

"Did Tom go on top? Oh, what fun! I wish I could."

"Do you notice that delicate aroma of hrandy?—well, the top's come off the flask."

"Push up a little, there's lots of room."

Voices from without:

"This way now—this way. Please step lively. This is the stage. The other's full."

"Quite chilly, isn't it?"

"Is *this* the stage; well I never!"

"If you don't keep quiet, every one'll think you come from Begoshville."

"Why, there's no room, and the roof's so low I can't stand up."

"Five trunks, a hahy-carriage, a tin hath-tuh, an alcohol-stove, and a ruhher hot-water hottle—is that all?"

"Will you he so kind as not to push so? I can do very well hy myself."

"Left it in the train? Well, I hate a fool."

"Why didn't some one tell me the door was so low? I've got concussion of my hest hat."

"Come along—that's not the way. Why will you he so confoundedly ohstinate?—oh, pardon me, very sorry; thought it was my wife."

"Where's Jack? Gone to walk—wish I had."

"It's actually cold—and one always connects California with the tropics."

Here the stage creaks off and the halconies of the hotel soon appear through hreaks in the close-growing trees.

To-night there is to he a hall—hotels in summer are always in a chronic state of hall-giving—which accounts for the load of guests and the radiantly-rohed young ladies whom one meets at every turn. Two of them stand hy the empty hall-fire-place gossiping and pretending not to look at their heads in the chimney-piece mirror. The pretense is hollow, for as one of them smoothes her hack-hair upward toward the crown of her head with the palm of her large, plump hand, she remarks meaningly:

"I got sun-hurned this afternoon, out riding."

The other dear girl says, with that musical sweetness which distinguishes all well-hred young ladies:

"Yes, dear, you *have* got rather a hectic flush across your nose."

Some promenade majestically up the hall, pausing in their sweeping march to study the new arrivals through lorgnons. One runs against them upstairs, in the carpeted and silent corridors. They round a distant corner and approach, a glittering and hrilliant shape, with multitudinous skirts of gauze shimmering out from a suddenly pinched-in waist, a proudly-carried head, and hare, plump arms, over which they draw long, wrinkle-wristed gloves. As they pass occasional lamps, the light trembles on the jewels round their necks and in their ears, touches the hurnished coils of their smooth hair, and gilds their white and polished shoulders. One of them lingers at the stair-head for a hurried word with a young man in a dress-suit, her head hent hack, her finger-tips on the halustrade, the toe of one slippered foot lowered for the next step. He asks something with tender empressement. She debates, pressing on her lip with the ivory handle of her fan, her charming head meditatively drooped to one side, then she admits with soft reluctance:

"Well, when it comes to dancing, you *can* snatch the Yorke hald-headed."

In the hall-room, the Dowagers all collect early and line the walls with countenances as unrelenting and determined as the "Die-Hards" at Waterloo. The Dowagers seriously affect the ball-room, and are sumptuous in laces and trains and flowing satins, gorgeous and unusual to see. They creak a good deal as though their springs wanted oiling, and benevolent people feel like sending them valentines of hottles of "the hest lubricating oils." With the comfortable placidity which accompanies a waist of thirty-two inches, they sit silently, gently hreathing, and wielding large fans of ostrich-feathers.

The young ladies gather ahout the door where a few non-dancing men are lounging. The young ladies are all armed with lorgnons, with which it is their intention to scrutinize the dancers. There not heing any, however, they are forced to scrutinize the Dowagers, or even each other, when the Dowagers hegin to pall. These young ladies appear to he the victims of the most devouring curiosity. One of them, a languid hlonde in a green surtout over a white-silk skirt, is so wrung with interest in her fellow-women that she approaches each in turn, and, adjusting the deadly lorgnon, slowly sweeps them from crown to toe and up again. When not accustomed to this delicate form of flattery, the recipient is apt to grow restive, hut this does not curh the raging curiosity of the damsel in the green surtout. When the survey is completed, she drops the glass with a sigh of weary disappointment and passes on to the next.

But see! a couple, daring and desperate, rises, and the Dowagers feel that they have not lived in vain. Two, three, four other couples follow their adventurous example, and the on-lookers realize that they are indeed witoessing the giddy vortex of the most hrilliant hall of history or tradition. Finally, when a lady with a gilded head, which looks like a decalcomané picture hefore transfer, rises and plunges into a fierce, relentless polka, the doorway is thronged with a dense crowd of excited spectators.

They only once desert their post, and that is when the alluring rumor is spread that a young lady is ahout to play the cornet in the large drawiog-room. For one second the crowd wavers, torn hy the rival attractions of the sternly polking owner of the gilded head and the player of the cornet. Suddenly, a long, melancholy, swelling note, of the style popularly attrihuted to the hanshee when fairly roused, rises ominously on the trouhled air. The crowd can not resist the charms of that reverherating, hollow sound. It turns to a man and rushes for the drawing-room. There is a death-struggle in the doorway—imprecations would he heard if we were not in the hest society. The cornet in the distance hreaks into an uohridled, riotous ecstasy of "Non e Ver," and the lady of the gilded head is left sadly polking alone. Suhsequent intelligence from the seat of war reports the performer upon the cornet as young and lovely, hut evidently determined to see "Non e Ver" through to the last shriek, unless asphyxia supervenes. She is possessed hy the muse. "Non e Ver" has successors, as long a line as Banquo had, if the crowd had heen politely resigned. Its conduct is, however, marked hy a reprehensible fickleness. It returns io good order, pursued hy furies in the shape of "Annie Laurie" and "Take hack the heart." In the hall-room it finds the gilded head, who is still dauntlessly polking, thanks to a timely supply of what athletics call "second wind."

The room now presents quite a gay appearance. The gyrating couples are fully criticised. The pretty, dark lady, with the languishing Spanish eyes, she who wears the yellow crêpe-dress powdered with roses, is pronounced quite graceful on the floor. Her partner, who is large and red and overheated, would look hetter if his collar was not all melted. The lady with the green surtout hops too much, the springiness of her gait communicates itself even to her green coat-skirts, which heat the air in the fury of her flight, while her lorgnon dances outward from a hlack-silk cord. But her face is immovahle in its placid pallor, and her hlonde hair, which lies in coils on the top of her head like rings of well-pulled molasses-candy, is smooth as whey.

That is a neat little couple which comes next. The girl wears a sort of frock of spotted muslin, with a high waist, and a sash tied in a how hetween her shoulder-hlades. Her partner is just the same height, and they dance together very nicely—round and round in a dignified and sedate Yorke. They met this evening for the first time. He is a drummer for some kind of champagne, hut she is ignorant of this damning fact. What would happen if she knew that the red right-hand, which has such an iron grip on the how of her sash, was daily employed in the desecrating operation of drawing champagne-corks?

See that tall young man, who looks like Hamlet—he really dances very well, and is decidedly handsome, with a pale forehead and sculptured, aquiline features. He has for partner the fat girl—she's handsome, too—in yellow gauze, with hlack-velvet hows on her shoulders. She must weigh just douhle what he does. They dance a different step. He glides and she hops. They stop and argue on the point. Both politely surrender and start again. It goes a little hetter this time, hut hoth are so interested in the dancing that the steering is overlooked, and they are hrought to the consciousness that they are at a hall, hy colliding with another couple with terrific force. The fat girl receives the full hrunt of the collision, acting as a sort of huffer, off which the other couples are violently hurled and strewn afar amid a falling shower of hair-pins. The gentleman, feeling himself going, clasps his partner passionately to his heart, and, united, they fall. The hotel shakes to its foundations. People in the drawing-room start up, crying "Did you feel that—an earthquake?" But no one is hurt. Bows, apologies, the ladies smilingly assure their cavaliers that they have sustained no injuries, and the four leave the dancing-room together, laughing gayly. Let us go, too, and have some of that claret-punch which the negro doles out in those little glass mugs. IRIS.

JULY, 1889.

The turf luck of the Duke of Portland, who, if he retired now, would almost certainly head the winniog owners of the season, appears more phenomenal when it is considered that he formed his stud for very little money. The foundation of it was St. Simon, Atlanta, and Mowerina. He hought St. Simon for £1,600, who won every race he started, and has earned quite £3,000 a year since his retirement to the stud, and will doubtless increase it. Atlanta cost £1,000, and she hecame the dam of Ayrshire, the winner of last year's Derhy. Mowerina cost £1,200, won nearly a dozen races, and then hecame the dam of Donovan, the winner of this year's Derby and of more money than has ever heen credited to any other horse. Of the great money stakes, the duke has won the Kempton £10,000 and the Newmarket £7,000, and expects to win the Sandown £10,000 and the Manchester £12,000.

Judge Ridley, of the Nashville criminal court, recently had hefore him a young man charged with the heinous crime of kissing a young woman against her will. As to what constitutes "consent" in a case of this kind the hachelor judge delivered the following ahle and exhaustive opinion: "If a man kiss a woman without her consent, expressed or implied, he would he guilty of a hattery. By expressed consent I mean a declared willingness to he kissed, and hy implied consent I mean such conduct on her part as would lead a man with whom she was coquetting to suppose that she wished to he kissed and then and there desired him to comply with her wishes."

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Martin Irons, who at the time of the strike on the Gould lines fiv years ago was too arrogant to grant General Manager Hoxie an inter view, now earns a scanty living from a little fruit-stand in St. Louis.

That cheerful old savage Prince Nicholas, of Montenegro, recentl had his minister of public instruction laid face downward across a log i the palace-yard and flogged with hirch-rods, some fifty strokes. The he sent him to jail for a year. He had caught him tampering with som State archives.

Senator Morrill, of Vermont, is seventy-nine years old, and has re resented his State at Washington for thirty-five years. He is a well-pr served old gentleman, and hears a striking likeness to Charles Sumne Senator Morrill began his career as a country store-keeper, at whic husiness he amassed a comfortahle fortune.

The wife of Senator Ingalls says he can not only pack a trunk as we as a woman can do it, hut he can also be trusted to select huttons, mat a ribbon, or even pick out a dress and have it made up, all of which most commendahle in a man who is also a good lawyer and an edito and does not lack in other masculine accomplishments.

Miss May Fortescue, the English actress, who was fortunate enou to ohtain fifty thousand dollars damages from Lord Cairns in a hreac of-promise trial some years ago, has just succeeded in winning anoth case of a similar nature against Mr. Laurence Henry St. Paul Moor On this occasion, she was content to accept a verdict of fifteen hundr dollars.

The country-seat of the late John E. Owens in Maryland, was r cently sold at public auction for twenty-eight thousand dollars. Th house and grounds, consisting of two hundred and eight acres, with i provements, cost Mr. Owens one hundred and twenty-five thousa dollars. The house alone cost him sixty thousand dollars. In o room was a large walnut bedstead which he had built in the room, a which went with the house, as it was too hig to be removed.

W. L. Alden, who used to be the "funny-man" on the New Yo *Times*, and was made Consul-General to Italy hy President Clevelan has done much to divert the stream of Italian emigration from the Unit States to South America. When he first took office, his place was ov run with emigrants who wanted the free passage across the seas suppos to be furnished hy the government. Mr. Alden used to shunt them all in the office of the Argentine Republic, where they were received with op arms. After awhile, they stopped coming to the United States Co sulate altogether.

The name Jennie S. Churchill, signed to an account of a trip to Ru sia, and printed in the *New Review*, stands for Lady Randolph Churchi who was Miss Jennie Jerome, of New York, hut who, since her ma riage to the young English statesman, has become thoroughly identifi with her husband's country and politics. She was the founder of one the largest political organizations in Great Britain, known as the Pri rose League, and named in honor of the late Earl of Beaconsfie whose favorite flower the primrose was said to be, though even now th tradition is denied.

Miss Sihyl Sanderson sang the other evening at Minister Tiran (says a Paris correspondent). Her selections were the celehrated a from "The Magic Flute" and an unpuhlished romance hy Masser called "Autumn Leaves." She was a picture of loveliness, and h entrance was sensational; still more so as she discarded the conve tional how of the head and saluted Massenet hy bending her knee a gracefully drooping to the floor in the most approved Louis-the-Fifteen fashion. The French liked this pretty, silent, suhmissive homage of t heautiful *étrangère*, and they could hardly wait her song to offer th applause and recognition.

Whether Blenheim needs a new roof or the money is required to t over the expenses of the London season, deponent saith not, hut certa it is that the Duchess of Marlhorough is again in need of funds. T well-known name of Louis C. Hammersley appeared last week on t calendar of the Surrogate, and when the case was called, a petition fr his erstwhile widow, the present duchess, was suhmitted through her torney, Robert Sewell. The petitioner urged that the Surrogate iss an order requiring the executors of the estate to hand over one hundr thousand dollars of the accumulation forthwith. The duchess has ceived no pin-money from the estate since last January, when consid ahly over two hundred and fifty thousand dollars was transmitted to l grace.

The thousands of American readers of *Punch* will regret to hear the serious illness of Mr. Charles Keene, who for over thirty-five ye has entertained the admirers of that journal hy his comic drawings. is said that for many years Mr. Keene endeavored in vain to make he way with the proprietors of *Punch*, hut was met at every point hy opposition of John Leech, who was at that time the most powerful me ber of the staff. Young Keene persisted, however, establishing hims in a garret for a studio, directly opposite the office of the paper. I work made its way for itself, and he lived to become one of the m famous of all the *Punch* artists. It is feared that his work will not lo be seen in the columns of the journal. This enmity of Leech's tow Keene was, indeed, a very unusual thing. Gentle-hearted, kind to last degree to young artists, his steady opposition can scarcely be plained, unless attrihuted to jealousy, which seems hardly reasona under the circumstances. One other cause may be suggested, howev Leech's father was a man of humhle origin, and kept a coffee-house Ludgate Hill, hut his son was well-educated with Thackeray, at Charter House. It is said, however, that one time Keene good-n uredly poked fun at the artist, which he resented most hitterly fo time.

"Many good Americans," says the *Star*, of London, "are maki a short stay in London on their way to Paris. In this number musi counted Colonel John Hay, the famous author of 'Little Breeche Colonel Hay is a medium-sized man, with a figure firm and wi knit. His hair is dark-hrown, he wears a mustache, and a short, ca fully-trimmed heard. His eyes are dark, and the pince-nez he habitua wears softens rather than conceals their extraordinary hrilliancy. T well-set figure, the trim heard, and a certain squareness of chin, an slight compression of the lips, and the manner, at once strang quiet, wonderfully self-possessed, and perfectly polite, give impression of great reserve of strength and self-confidence. together, Colonel Hay is the type and the embodiment of that perfect of manner which the American gentleman can show even better than cultivated man of any other nationality. When he enters into conver tion, and especially when he is at a small dinner-party, the slight st ness of manner disappears, the hright eyes gleam, and the genera strong mouth relaxes into a most agreeahle smile. Of his practi work, Colonel Hay speaks with a modesty which is delightful. 'I i agined myself a poet for just three weeks,' he said, the other night. 'A in three weeks you gained immortality,' said a hy-stander."

Among the inmates of the National Soldier's Home at Togus, M is Richard Rowley, who was captain of the guns on the *Kearsarge* wh she sunk the *Alabama* off the harbor of Cherhourg, France, and p formed an act of hravery which prohahly saved his ship and her cre The hattle had raged for over an hour and a half, when a one-hundr pound rifle-shell from the *Alabama* struck the gun which Rowley w sighting, and fell on the deck, with the fuse still hurning. In an inst Rowley picked it up and threw it into the sea, where it exploded just it touched the water. The sailor's heard and mustache were burned hy the fuse, hut he stepped hack to his gun and sent a shot into the sin ing *Alabama*. Captain Winslow at once gave the order to man the r ging and give three cheers for Quartermaster Rowley. The latter w greatly lionized after his return to this country. Congress voted hin gold medal, he received other valuahle gifts, and President Lincoln p sonally thanked him. For several days before his interview with President, Rowley had accepted frequent invitations to drink champagn and prohahly showed the effects. As he arose to go, Mr. Lincoln g him a hundred dollars, saying: "Now don't drink too much liquo drink just a little, hut not too much. I know you old sailors all lik little grog, hut he careful and not drink too much." Red tape an rascally claim-agent have thus far deprived Rowley of his pension.

VANITY FAIR.

he luxurious habits of New York women are still on the in ease. The maid has ceased to be sufficient attendance, he time being more or less absorbed by the toilet and cognate m ers, so the present plan is to engage the services of a wo- m who goes out by the day or bour, and whose cards read L ies' Toilets. She bas entire charge of the persons of her cu omers, and it is her duty to see that tbey are kept beauti- fu Once or twice a week she ruhs, comhs, brushes, clips, ar cleans their hair, undertaking to keep it soft, sleek, and th . She manicures the nails, and uses and recommends su unguents as are warranted to keep the hands soft and wh le. She is a pedicure as well, and keeps her customers' fe in as perfect condition as tbeir hands. She has a thou- sa different devices for beautifying the face, and undertakes to ard off wrinkles by her rubbings and emollients. She tr s eyebrows in the way they sbould go, removes superflu- ot hair, ioduces eyelashes to thicken and lengthen, keeps the sk smooth, fresh and fair, and declares she can make the lips k their bloom without the use of rouge. She looks after th igure, too, baving a system called the Swedisb movement by hich she tightens up flaccid muscles, rounds thin throats a lean arms, and removes any of the disfigurements of o ne whicb have resulted from tight-lacing and the abnor- m tendency of flesb to any one part of the body. She re- d s flesh and undertakes to develop symmetry. The prin- cipal occupation, however, of this person, and the one best rel- sh l by her employers, is the massage bath. The tub is il with warm water, quite as hot as can be comfortably se, and into this is thrown a bath-bag, consisting of a little a of cheese-cloth, loosely filled with almond-meal, pow- le d orris-root, and grated soap. The water turns soft and m y as the contents of the bag dissolve, and the skin is r ed witb the bag, which makes a smooth, violet-perfumed ai r, and leaves the flesb as soft as a child's. The batber is w ed dry and rolled in a big sheet of Turkisb toweling, in hen every inch of the body is carefully rubbed, kneaded, a pinched with hands moistened in violet-water, whicb im- p nates the skin with a faint, flower-like perfume. This al the place of exercise in a great measure, and women w are too indolent or too busy to walk or practice in a g nasium, find this keeps the skin in equally good condition m s a more pleasant method of setting the blood to circu- at . Another fancy of these dainty women is to sleep in si They have long abjured any other wear for under- le es, and now there are being shown in the shops, which a to all the new whims of the sex, sets of silk sheets and ou v-cases in all colors. With these go the beautiful East in blankets, woven entirely of raw silk, and down spreads ed with surab or satin. Tbese sheets and pillow-cases e em-stitched, witb a crest or monogram embroidered in o orner. Some of them have a delicate vine embroidered a the edge, or a broad band of Aranu work. Tbey are o l delicate colors, and white and black. Mrs. George d, wbo bas a passion for violets, has several silken bed- sbings of pale lilac, with wreatbs of Parma violets em- ered around them. The Hindu blanket is a deeper pur- and the violet-colored down spread is perfumed witb ets of violet powder.

the dioner-party, given in honor of tbe Emperor and ress of Germany by the Count and Countess von Wal- de e, the countess performed, with distinguishing grace, the ul ult feat of walking backward before her imperial guests p e whole lengtb of a higb staircase, managing ber train r truly aristocratic dexterity. Tbe countess, who was form- er Miss Mary Lee, of New York, is said to be one of the m elegant women in European court society.

though the Duke of Portland's marriage has been no- ic by us at length, some particulars about the duchess's tr seau will interest our lady readers. Concerning it, a w r in *Truth* says: "One of the new ducbess's tea-gowns s hing of loveliness. Tbe draperies are Greek in character. Th gown itself is in wbite veiling, lightly banded with gold, a with a flow of accordion-plaits at one side. The sleeves, lo and flowing, are purely Greek, their fabric being white re-de-chine. Tbe under sleeves are plaited from the elbow, ro d which is a band of gold embroidery. From under tbe a is brought up, across the bust, a drapery of crêpe-de- ch the folds of whicb recall the most classically graceful of th ld Greek statues. The dress has apparently been de- si to give widtb to the tall and girlisb figure. Lovely as h oung ducbess is now, sbe will be lovelier still some five ye hence, wben her figure is more developed, and when the ge e sweetness and firmness of the young matron bave ig d up the cbild-like brow and eyes. This is often so wh girls marry very young. For instance, tbe Marchion- es of Stafford is now much handsomer and more stately, as well as perceptibly taller, than when she was a bride of eventeen. But to return to the Duchess of Port- la s trousseau. There is a dinner-dress of white satin em- br ered witb pearls, whicb is made witb an Empire bodice. Ac ss one side of this is the pearl embroidery, folds of wbite ba ge crossing this from the other sboulder. Round the waist pa s the soft, wide-satin sash, which is tied near tbe front, th ong ends falling to the edge of the skirt, which is white sa , draped in an indescribably graceful way with white ba ge, a long length of which is wound about in one piece, fo ing folds of exquisite softness. Another of the dinner- go s is in vieux-rose crêpe-de-chine, with a very beautiful em roidery coming from the shoulder and falling from thence fa own upon the skirt, being draped about the figure, so as to llow its outlines in true artistic fashion. The soft tints of th embroidery are pale blue, vieux-rose, and gold, combined w that subtle art which subdues the coloring only to en- hance the effect. 'Old pink,' otherwise vieux-rose, is the d ess's favorite color. One of the sorties-de-bal in her trous- se is in velvet of this soft tone, embroidered witb gold, blue, and pink. Tbe fronts open over a waistcoat of wbite uncurled ostricb-feathers, and the higb Medicis-collar is lined with feather. Several tailor-made dresses were included in the trousseau. One was in green vicuna, one in blue, all being made to be worn with skirts and waistcoats, a reefer-jacket completing each suit. Shirts innumerable were sent home with these. There was also a covert-coat for country-riding, besides a large coaching-coat, of Harris tweed, made tightly fitting at the back, but witb loose fronts, and a cape like a man's, coming from under the lapels. The riding-gear was in the most perfect simplicity, the bodices being absolutely plain, without vests.

"As to presents, I do not believe that such a number of beautiful and costly gifts were ever before given to any but a royal couple. They are about five thousand in number, and were laid out round four or five rooms. The most magnificent of the duke's presents to his bride was a dressing-case, with gold mounts, each one of whicb bore the bride's monogram and coronet in diamonds. The duke wanted to have the monogram on the backs of the hair-brushes and clothes-brusbes done in diamonds, too, but Miss Dallas-Yorke would not let bim. All the fittings come out of the case and pack into a traveling-bag of crocodile-skin, whicb bears the duchess's monogram and coronet, in gold, in several places. Lady Bolsover and her daughter, Lady Ottoline Bentinck, gave a very lovely dessert-set, in white china, painted after pictures by Greuze, done in miniature. Each lovely head is in the centre of a plate. The town and country tradesmen have given a bandsome Rose du Barry china clock, with a pendulum of paste diamonds, in the shape of an enormous circle, whicb is large enough to frame in the dial. The carved-oak cigar-cabinet, presented by the officials and employees on the duke's Englisb estates, makes one break the tenth commandment. But, tben, so do many of the gifts. The Duke and Duchess of Westminster's magnificent casket, witb musical tropbies in gold on the lid, is one of these. I did not mucb admire the Prince of Wales's silver cup, but the silver-gilt sugar-basin presented to Miss Dallas-Yorke, 'with Prince Edward's best wishes,' is pretty enough. Lord Hastings's present to the duke was very appropriate, being a large blotting-book witb silver cover, on wbicb was engraved a list of all the races won by the Duke of Portland's horses from May, '81, to June, '89. At the bottom is the total of his winnings, amounting to one bundred tbousand one hundred and thirty-four pounds and four shillings. Walking-sticks, paper-knives, and cigar-cases were not in single spies, but in battalions. The paper-knives were enormously large, witb silver handles. Two lovely ones were in tortoise-shell. Among the artistic presents were Lord and Lady Clamis's curious old watcb; Baroness Burdett-Coutts's beautiful little ivory figure in a case; Sir William Rose's curious Japanese chair; Mrs. Burton's beautiful old silver jug set with turquoises, coral, and cornelians, and exquisitely chased in the finest work of the silversmith; and Lord and Lady Wantage's silver inkstand, the back of whicb was ornamented with figures in relief, beautifully carved in ivory. A very curious present was a ship with sails of mother-o'-pearl, or polished nautilus-sbells, I really could not make out wbich. Mrs. Ronalds gave a large case of very bandsome gilded champagne and liquor-glasses and decanter. The Earl of Dartmouth's gold-enameled dirk is quite unique. Lady Airlie's gold-mounted scent-bottle is set with rubies and diamonds. But I could never describe to you a quarter of the lovely things among tbe tbousands of presents, so I may as well leave off trying."

This is "the correct thing for the lawn," according to the *Haberdasher:* "The neatest toilet possible for the lawn consists of russet low-cut sboes, hose to match the sash, wbich sbould be of a tame color, the scarf a flowing Windsor, whicb sbould also matcb the sash, loose wbite-flannel trousers, shirt, and coat, and a straw-hat witb low crown, straigbt brim, and band to barmonize with the tie and sash." A young gentleman thus attired would certainly be a sweet, sweet thing.

Mr. Lincoln L. Eyre, a young lawyer of Pbiladelpbia, denounces fasbionable society in a pamphlet, price, twenty-five cents. In the course of the dozen or more pages, he makes more insinuations against the honesty and virtue of the men and women belonging to tbe circle of wbich he claims to be a member, than the most scurrilous professional Jenkyns does in a year's weekly work, and yet Mr. Eyre can not find invective strong enough for society journalism. This is Mr. Eyre's experience of Philadelphia society, to quote his book: "Cheek and cash are tbe chief requisites for entrance into the fashionable set. I know that the members of that set will lift up their hands in boly horror at this profanity. They say it requires something more. It requires gentility. No; not gentility, but genteel varnish, spread thinly over the pine. Does any one seriously proclaim that real refinement is a mark of fasbionable society? Never does boorish impudence run more wildly rampant than in our alleged polite circles. We all, no douht, have seen on numerous occasions the large parties of fashionable people straggling into a theatre after the curtain is up; a noisy, silly, jeering crowd of unmannerly men and women, taking possession of tbe auditorium as if it were their own private house; laugbing and talking in the midst of scenes of intense dramatic interest to the other spectators; drowning the voices on the stage until well merited hisses are leveled at the offenders from all parts of the bouse, and the actor is forced to suspend his performance and sternly ask for silence. At the very entertainments that are reported in the next morning's society columns as ultra-fashionable, some of the men get so drunk that they can scarcely stand up, and the young women are carried away by tbe excitement of tbis vulgar companionship and say and do foolisb things, which, if they could remember them afterward, would make their faces crimson witb sbame. I have rarely seen men more piggish tban tbey are at fashionable suppers. At one of our most fashionable balls, a printed notice was put up, begging gentlemen to let the ladies have the first chance at the supper, and adding that 'sufficient supper would be served until all were satisfied.' Some of our leading fashionable youtbs get so wild with excitement that they tear champagne bottles from the hands of waiters, break the necks of the bottles, empty them at a round, and throw them under the table in a heap."

ROYAL MARRIAGES.

The interminable and apparently insoluble question of the apportionment of royal pensions is again coming to the front in England, the occasion being the projected marriages of Prince Albert Victor, the eldest son of the Prince of Wales, with his first cousin, Princess Victoria of Prussia, and of the Princess Louise, one of the daughters of the Prince of Wales, with the Earl of Fife. It has heretofore been customary to grant allowances to princes and dowries to princesses in the direct line of the blood royal, and bills to that effect have always been carried througb Parliament mainly by the conservative squirearchy, still true to that one of its traditions of loyalty to the crown which finds a very substantial expression through the pocket. In spite of the determined opposition of the radical element in Parliament on every occasion wben the question of a grant to any new member of the royal family comes up, there never yet has been an instance of the motion being lost. Tbe question is now, however, assuming such proportions that it is proposed to make the apportioning of royal grants tbe subject of a special commission. The numerous family of the queen has long ago been provided for by annuities whicb last through life, and now the family of tbe Prince of Wales has arrived at that stage of maturity when it is considered proper to give it a place upon the civil-list. Unlike the nobility of England, the royal family owns but little land, the royal manors, at one time very exteosive, having been, prior to the reign of George the First, almost entirely granted away to subjects. The revenues derived from the Duchy of Lancaster, an appanage of tbe crown, are merely nominal; those from the Duchy of Cornwall, whicb form part of the allowance of the Prince of Wales, do not exceed forty thousand pounds sterling a year. Thus, as a matter of fact, the royal family of England is not on a footing, in point of wealth, with a large proportion of the nobility, and even of the commonalty. Personally, the queen is reputed to be very wealthy, and, being of a notoriously thrifty disposition, it may well be that, during her fifty years' tenure of the crown, the accumulations from interest and investment of the large sums she must have been able annually to lay by have by this time run well up into the millions. Still, wbile sbe is doubtless able to provide amply for all of her numerous offspring, both now and hereafter, this, in the opinion of the conservative element in Parliament, does not lessen the obligation of the people of England to make adequate provision for the maintenance, in a style befitting its dignity, of all the members of the royal family in the direct line. The general sentiment seems to be that it is only right that those who dance should pay for the music—in other words, if the people of England desire the luxury of a royal family, let them, at any rate, bave one that will do them credit and not flaunt its pauperism in the eyes of the world. A much more sensible way of bridging the difficulty in a manner satisfactory alike to royalty and subject, is tbat whicb was inaugurated some years since in the nuptials of the Princess Louise and tbe Marquis of Lorne, and which is presently going to gain additional warrant from the contemplated marriage of the Princess Victoria with the Earl of Fife. While there may be some reason for the exclusive intermarriage of royal families with eacb other, where the parties concerned have some reversionary right to a throne, there is but little in the case of a younger daughter, even in the direct line of succession. In the event, however, of the demise, without issue, of the brothers and elder sisters of this princess, she would, by the constitution of England, ascend the throne as queen; in whicb case it would be a very delicate complication for heralds and statesmen to puzzle over whether the issue, if there should be any from the marriage with the Earl of Fife, sbould be considered as in the legitimate succession, or whether the marriage should be rated according to the recognized standard of what is admissible in royal circles as morganatic. It must be borne in mind that this is the first time, in ber eight centuries of dynastic royalty, that England has been called upon to face a problem of this nature. Strange as it may appear, during all these long years, no monarch was ever blessed witb even so many children, to say nothing of grandchildren, as the present queen. In fact, the difficulty was the other way, and on more than one occasion the throne of England has been filled by a monarch of nearly alien stock, tbe succession not coming under the operation of the Salic law, but being transmissible through the female line. The most striking instance of this occurred in the accession of the present house of Hanover, the claim of George the First being derived from his mother, herself only a granddaughter of James the First, whose right also passed to him through his grandmother, a daugbter of Henry the Seventh, who in turn derived his right from his mother, herself again only a granddaughter of John of Gaunt. Thus the present reigning family of England derives its rigbt trebly througb the female line. In face of tbis record, who can predict the lineal future of the crown? Practically speaking, it is far more sensible to marry tbe royal princesses of England to subjects of wealth and influence, wbo are of blood perhaps purer than their own—for not a few of the Norman baronial families have preserved an unbroken succession from the times of the Plantagenets, while the presence of any Norman blood in the line of Hanover is more imaginary than real—than to some poverty-stricken scion of the sixteen so-called royal houses of Germany, many of whose principalities might be set down in one of the third rate counties of California and leave a handsome margin. Not the least consideration in favor of encouraging a practice so well begun is that such nobles as the Earl of Fife, wbose income is about one hundred thousand pounds a year, is amply able to maintain even a princess in regal style without calling upon tbe country for support, which, it appears, he does not at all desire to do.

A SUBTERRANEAN DUKERY.

The Unique Home to which the Duke of Portland takes his Bride.

Everybody in England is still talking of the marriage of the Duke of Portland to Miss Dallas-Yorke. And no wonder. For not only is the marriage a striking one in many ways, but the principals are remarkable as well. The duke is foremost among the peers of England; the duchess is young, beautiful, and of old family. And not the least remarkable thing about the whole affair is the home to which Portland takes his bride.

The father of the duchess, Mr. Thomas Dallas-Yorke, of Walmsgate Hall, claims to be chief of the surname of Dallas, being heir male of the barons of Dallas, tracing his lineal male descent from Sir William de Doleys, Laird of Doleys. Mr. Dallas-Yorke's grandfather, General Sir Thomas Dallas, G. C. B., fought under Sir E. Coote and Sir Arthur Wellesley at the siege of Seringapatam; and his kinsman across the water was the late Mr. George M. Dallas, some time Vice-President of the United States and Minister to the courts of St. James and St. Petersburg.

The duke, whose full names are William John Arthur Charles James Cavendish-Bentinck, is the only son of the late Lieutenant-General Arthur William Cavendish-Bentinck (who was the youngest son of the late Lord Charles Bentinck). He was born on December 28, 1857, so that he is in his thirty-second year. He is a trustee of the British Museum, a privy councilor, and master of the horse to her majesty. He enjoys, besides his ducal coronet, the titles of Marquis of Titchfield, Earl of Portland, Viscount Woodstock, and Baron Circenester; and he is also heir to the Barony of Bolsover, which was conferred on his step-mother in 1880. He has three younger half-brothers — Lords Henry, William, and Charles, and also a half-sister, Lady Ottoline—children of his father by his second marriage.

The founder of the fortunes of the Bentincks was a certain Hans William Bentinck, of Diepenheim and Overyssel, in the Netherlands, who came over to England in the train of William the Stadtholder. He was Groom of the Stole, First Gentleman of the Bedchamber to the King, and, in the end, was created Earl of Portland, and nominated a Knight of the Garter. Hans Bentinck's son, the second earl, was raised to the Dukedom of Portland in 1716, and his grandson became twice prime minister.

The Bentincks, in gratitude for the many favors which they had received from King William, made an oath, which has been handed down from generation to generation, that they would not suffer any male child to be born in the family without having him named William, among other names, at least, at the font. Thus, in the last generation, Lord George Bentinck was really christened George William. One of Lord George Bentinck's elder brothers, the late Lord William Bentinck, was governor-general of India. The Bentincks are noble, by birth and by creation, on both sides of the sea. They are still counts and barons in the Netherlands.

The good fortune and the fortunes also of the house of Bentinck were increased during the first half of the eighteenth century by successive marriages of its heads with some of the noblest heiresses in the land—the Noels, the Cavendishes, and the Harleys—so that, for the last hundred and fifty years at least, the Dukes of Portland have stood almost as high, in regard to wealth, as to that of broad acres; and all the dukes down to the last—who bequeathed it to his two sisters—owned the freehold of nearly half the wealthy parish of Marylebone. In spite, however, of the fact that he has not succeeded to the Marylebone property, the present duke is generally regarded as one of the twelve, perhaps even as one of the ten, richest peers in the entire kingdom.

The Bentincks rightly bear the name of Cavendish-Bentinck, although they do not adopt the former of these two names in conversation, or in their signs-manual, and they have reason to be proud of and grateful for the addition, for they inherit Welbeck itself from William Cavendish. The Abbey of Welbeck, in the days before the reformation, was the home of a house of Cistercian monks, who "made the desert smile" in the midst of the peaceful glades of Sherwood Forest, and were rich and powerful enough to attract the avaricious hands of Harry the Eighth, who dissolved and suppressed the white-robed brethren, and probably would have hanged their abbot if he had not given up possession peaceably and retired on a pittance, miscalled a "pension." Such is the origin of Welbeck.

Entering the park by one of the many lodges that are dotted about it, the long range of stabling and farm-buildings strikes the eye, and when we come nearer to the first quadrangle, and are told that it is only the stables and out-buildings, and that the abbey is half a mile farther on, we are tempted to indulge in an incredulous smile. But so it is, and many an excursionist who has come over to see Welbeck without an order to view the interior has driven back again from the spot, fancying that he has beheld the abbey. Not far off is the new riding-house, which is a wonder in itself, being three hundred and eighty-five feet in length, over one hundred feet in breadth, and more than fifty feet in height. It is built of the native stone of the district, and its interior is arranged, somewhat after the fashion of a cathedral-church, in a sort of nave with side aisles. The hunting-stables, not far off, will accommodate one hundred horses, and are fitted up in a most luxurious manner, so that it is a common saying in the neighborhood: "Better be a horse at Welbeck than a weaver at Nottingham." Another range of stables is assigned to the duke's carriage-horses, and these and the coach-houses beyond are fitted in the same costly style. In a line with the north side of the new stables is an arcade covered with glass. This is nearly thirteen hundred feet in length, and contains upwards of sixty-four thousand feet of glass. It was built as a "tan-gallop" for the exercise of the duke's horses on rainy days and in winter, when the ground of the park is frozen. The eastern and western ends of this "tan-gallop" are of a magnitude which may safely be called "imposing."

All this is simply magnificent; but the real "wonders of Welbeck" are for the most part underground, and they are curious and unique; indeed, they must be seen to be rightly understood, for no description can convey a correct impression of them. They are the work of the late duke, who was a cousin of the present duke's father, and who in his later years was very eccentric and shunned the sight of his fellow-men. He did not like the existence of a public right of way across his park, and, therefore, he resolved to contrive a plan by which legally to neutralize it. So he sank the paths some six feet below the surface, and then covered them in with an arched way of turf and of glass alternately, lighting with gas those parts which were at all dark. The entire length of the various tunnels so constructed by his orders, and from his own designs, is nearly two miles. On the sides of these paths he planted hanks of rhododendrons and evergreen shrubs, so as to render them less unsightly to those who walked or rode on the turf of his park. This tunnel, though large enough to admit a carriage and four, is used only for the carriages of the family and their visitors, being shut against all others, as there was no right of way for carriages there before.

The duke then resolved, without destroying the fine old mansion which he had inherited, to add to it another structure, or rather another series of structures, which should make it unique. Accordingly, he had not been in possession of Welbeck many months before he commenced the series of underground works which are even now far from being entirely completed. During the eighteen years of his reign at Welbeck he is said to have spent on these operations no less than one hundred thousand pounds a year, and to have kept in constant employ an army of fifteen hundred workmen, more or less skilled. First of all, the abbey itself—that is, that part which was used as a residence, and which faces the lake—was somewhat low in comparison with its extent of front; the duke therefore added a story to it. Then, again, one of the chief features of Welbeck Abbey, as it was known to visitors in the last century and through the first half of the present, was its great riding-house, erected by William, the first duke, in the reigns of Queen Anne and George the First. This building the late owner turned into a gallery, in which to exhibit his fine collection of family pictures, from Sir Peter Lely and Sir Godfrey Kneller down to Sir Joshua Reynolds and the modern school. He increased the length of this gallery to one hundred and eighty feet, and replaced its ancient roof with a new one of corrugated copper, lining it with carved wood in imitation of Westminster Hall, paneled the walls in a fashion wholly new, lining them with silvered glass with cut-glass moldings, and lighting the apartment with some two thousand jets of gas. This building serves not only as a gallery but as a chapel, one end of it being screened off by a thick curtain for that purpose. The room covers a rood in area. Another huge structure of the same character, partly underground, is the new library; but its shelves as yet are not nearly filled—not because the books are so few, but because the receptacle built for them is so huge. But "as in the lowest depths there is a lower still," so again beneath this half-subterranean structure immense wine-cellars have been dug out and lined with cast-iron bins; and other underground passages connect these cellars with the abbey itself, the kitchen, and the servants' apartments, all of almost palatial magnitude. The kitchen, it should be here remarked, stands at a most respectful distance from the abbey proper, and the dinners are conveyed from the neighborhood of the kitchen to the dining-room by a short underground railway. In other respects, also, the late duke so far altered Welbeck that almost the only surviving architectural feature of the olden style is the "Gothic Hall," which was restored by his maternal ancestress, the Countess of Oxford, in 1751.

If the buildings of Welbeck proper are so huge, the accessories of its gardens, hot-houses, roseries, and so forth, are quite in proportion to, and in keeping with them. The gardens have long been famous for their grapes, and especially for the Syrian variety, one specimen of which (weighing nearly twenty pounds) was carried, thirty or forty years ago, on a pole between two stalwart and sturdy under-gardeners to Wentworth House, near Rotherham, in Yorkshire, twenty-five miles further north, as a present to the late Lord Fitzwilliam. One special charm of Welbeck, as might be expected from its belonging to Sherwood Forest, is to be found in its oaks, many of which bear historic names; one of these, the "Greendale" oak, has had an archway cut straight through its sturdy trunk large enough for a coach-and-four to be driven through it. This, and many of its compeers, are thought and believed to be a thousand years old; and so far back as 1790 they were specially described by Major Rooke in a book, which is now very scarce, entitled "Descriptions and Sketches of Remarkable Oaks in Welbeck Park."

An artificial lake, three miles in length, has been constructed, and its sides have been beautifully planted, so as to produce the effect of a natural lake. Under an arm of this lake one of the subterranean roads already mentioned is carried, thus forming a miniature Thames Tunnel.

The park-lodges on the Welbeck estate are thirty-five in all, and so fond was the late duke of his subterranean arrangements that in all of these he ordered the same plan to be repeated, by having all their out-houses, wash-houses, etc., underground, and lit with bull's-eyes from above. Most of these lodges are semi-Gothic in style, and they must have cost nearly one thousand pounds apiece. They form pleasing additions to an estate so large that, in their absence, it would seem to be almost bereft of inhabitants. The duke has lately had printed on a small card a brief summary of the measurements of the various parts of the Welbeck estate. This card tells us that the underground tunnels measure nearly two miles and a half, viz.: (1) The main tunnel, from the abbey to the junction, 400 yards; from the stables to the junction, 1,170 yards; from the junction to the south lodge, 1,070 yards. (2) The lesser tunnels, from the abbey to the south lodge, 1,470 yards; from the dining-room to the riding-school, 1,020 yards. The picture-gallery measures, internally, 63 yards by 159; the riding-school, externally, 132 yards by 36; the "tan gallop" is 422 yards long; the hunting-stables alone stand upon an acre of ground; the gardens, glass-houses, etc., occupy 32 acres; lake covers 159 acres; the deer-parks extend over 1,640 a and, lastly, the iron-fencing round the deer-parks is jus miles and a half in length. Such are the "wonders of beck," in 1889.

OLD FAVORITES.

Some Day.

Some day I think you will be glad to know
That I have kept you ever in my heart,
And that my love has only deeper grown,
In all the time that we have lived apart.
Some day, when you have slipped away from care,
And idly fall to dreaming of the past
And sadly think of all your life has missed—
Will you remember my true love at last?
Or will it come to pass some dreary night—
After a day that has been hard to bear—
When you are weary, heart-sick, and forlorn,
And there is none to comfort or to care:
That you will close your tired eyes and dream
Of tender kisses falling soft and light,
Of restful touches smoothing back your hair—
And sweet words spoken for your heart's delight?
Perhaps, then, you'll remember and be glad
That I so long have kept you in my heart,
And that your soul's true home will yet be there—
Although we wander silent and apart. —*An*

Sometimes.

Sometimes—not often—when the days are long,
And golden lie the ripening fields of grain,
Like cadence of some half-forgotten song,
There sweeps a memory across my brain.
I hear the handrail far among the grass,
The drowsy murmur in the scented lanes;
I watch the radiant butterflies that pass,
And I am sad and sick at heart sometimes.

Sometimes, when royal winter holds his sway,
When every cloud is swept from azure skies,
And frozen pool and lighted hearth are gay
With laughing lips and yet more laughing eyes,
From far-off days an echo wanders by,
That makes a discord in the Christmas chimes;
A moment in the dance or talk I sigh,
And seem half lonely in the crowd sometimes.

Not often, not for long. Oh, friend, my friend,
We were not lent our life that we might weep:
The flower-crowned May of earth hath soon an end;
Should our fair spring a longer sojourn keep?
Comes all too soon the time of fading leaves,
Come on the cold, short days. We must arise
And go our way, and garner home our sheaves,
Though some far, faint regret may cloud our eyes.

Sometimes I see a light almost divine
In meeting eyes of two that now are one.
Impatient of the tears that rise to mine,
I turn away to seek some work undone.
There dawns a look upon some stranger face;
I think, "How like, and yet how far less fair!"
And look, and look again, and seek to trace
A moment more your fancied likeness there.

Oh, sad, sweet thoughts! oh, foolish, vain regrets!
As wise it were, what time June roses blow,
To weep because the first blue violets
We found in spring have faded long ago.
Oh, love, my love, if yet by song of bird,
By flower-scent, by some sad poet's rhymes,
My heart, that fain would be at peace, is stirred,
Am I to blame that still I sigh sometimes?

And sometimes know a pang of jealous pain,
That, while I walk all lonely, other eyes
May haply smile to yours that smile again
Beneath the sun and stars of southern skies.
The past is past; but is it sin, if yet
I, who in calm content would seek to dwell,
Who will not grieve, yet can not quite forget,
Still send a thought to you, and wish you well
Sometimes! —*Louisa F. Sto*

Some Time.

Some time, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgments here have spurn
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me;
How, when we called, he heeded not our cry,
Because his wisdom to the end could see.
And e'en as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things because it seemeth good.

And if, sometimes, commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out the potion for our lips to drink.
And if some friend we love is lying low,
Where human kisses can not reach his face,
Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,
But bear your sorrow with obedient grace!

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends his friend,
And that, sometimes, the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon his love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within, and all God's working see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key.

But not to-day; then be content, poor hearts;
God's plan like lilies pure and white unfold;
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart—
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loosed, may rest,
When we shall know and clearly understand,
I think that we shall say that "God knows best."
—*May Riley Smi*

John D. Davis, a farmer residing at New Diggins, Ill., his milk-cans on the wood-pile to dry, and the reflection of sun's rays from them set the wood on fire, doing consider damage to his house and barn.

COUNTESS GYP.

"Parisina" tells of a Wicked and Witty Blue-Stocking.

Freochwomen are very far from holdiog the same position in the world of letters as their sisters of other countries—or I had better perhaps say of English-speaking countries. It is difficult to know to what to attribute this. They are not ill-educated—indeed of late they may almost be described as over-educated—but art seems to come more naturally to them than literature; accomplished musicians are the rule rather than the exception, whereas the number of women who cultivate painting and sculpture is extremely large. Why more than four hundred of the exhihitors at the present Salon are females! (True, some of them are your own girl-students.) Perhaps the difficulties of the French language are to blame. Whatever the reason may he, it is a fact—there are very few women who have earned for themselves a place of distinction in fiction. George Sand shines like a star in the past. At the preseot day, there is no female novel-writer who can he compared to her in any way. Mme. Adam owes her reputation far more to her political writings than to her novels; most perhaps to her salon and to her wonderful gift for brilliant conversation. Hundreds of women live hy their pens, it is true, and hundreds of books are published hy women every year, but their names are not in every one's mouths, and if you ask me I must confess that my opinion of their productions is not high. A monotonous mediocrity distinguishes them. Those who go in for high moral tone are vapid and tiresome, given to preaching and namby-pamby sentimentalism. Those who treat of immoral subjects lack strength and originality and are merely indecent. Both are equally devoid of any sense of humor—poor things!

For this, perhaps, more than any other reason, Mme. de Martel holds a place apart in French female literature. Her writiog is concise, sparkling as champagne, full of wit, go, and humor.

Her talent is just of that order you might suppose Frenchwomen to possess to perfection—and of which in their writings they are so curiously wanting. It is charming to hear a French *femme d'esprit* talk, she touches so lightly on every subject, never bores or tires you, never mounts a hobby and rides it to death, as is the way with some clever women you and I know of io England and elsewhere. Now Mme. de Martel writes as she talks, and if there is levity in her speech we are ready to forgive her for the sake of the amusement she affords us, though of course we are perfectly aware it is not well to encourage that sort of thing and that it is very naughty of us indeed.

Gyp has been the soul of the *Vie Parisienne* for a long while, and Gyp, you will remember, is none other than Comtesse de Martel, about whom we are all talking just now, because she has lately joined the staff of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, a move as incomprehensible on her part as on that of the director of the magazine. Those who devour Gyp's wicked nonsense are the last to care for the often heavy prose of the *Revue* (its admiring readers call it *the Revue*), and, compared to each other, they are as trifle to pudding-crust, both are likely to play havoc with our digestions. I do not know but that some of the subscribers will consider that their review is going headlong to destruction, and prophesy all sorts of dreadful things sioce light literature of this description is to be admitted to the pages of so time-honored and serious a periodical. Strange to say, heaviness and morality always go hand-in-hand in France. The contrary, also, is the case. Comtesse Gyp is never other than amusing, but she is seldom moral. Not that she revels in disgusting details, like Zola or Maupasson, or loses herself in endless sentimental and sensuous dissertations, like Bourget. No; she is immoral, as Skimpole is selfish, in an irresponsible way. You can not possihly quarrel with her about it. She is what society has made her, and she paints men and women as she sees them, with all their faults, foihles, vices, shallowness, and her standard is that of the worldly, pleasure-seeking class into which she has heen horn.

Mme. Pressensé, in one of her critiques on modern French literature (this authoress belongs to the straight-laced, tedious type), expresses her disapprobation of Mme. de Martel's books very strongly, and bitterly regrets that they should find such favor with her compatriots. I daresay she is right. It is all very well to read and forget, to laugh and then throw aside the volume; but it is dangerous to gather your idea of the moral state of society from Gyp's delectable dialogues, nor is it altogether fair to society; every one, it is to be hoped, is not cut after the pattern of her *dramatis personæ*.

The danger is douhtless greatest for women of the world looging to the same class from which she draws her characters—the well-to-do butterflies, with high-sounding handles to their names—women lapped in luxury, who may only he too glad to helieve, when bent on folly or worse, that others have trod the same downward path before; that, indeed, folly is the rule, and to refrain therefrom quite exceptional. Besides, who would think of arming themselves against pernicious influeoces clothed in such a garb; who, seeing the long ears of the ass, would expect to hear a lion's roar, or suspect that the asinine skin covers the king of the forest. Dress the devil as a clown, and no one will heed the cloven foot. If Gyp were suhversive; if she set herself agaiost law and order; if she preached free-love, and railed at marriage; if she were an open advocate of irreligion, impurity, and infidelity her readers would forearm themselves against her; but she is not, she merely suggests that such things are and must be, and treats them as natural, every-day phenomena.

The social philosopher may reckon them as clever satires, especially the papers devoted to the doings and sayings of that lio of Satan—Bob, the *enfant terrible*, the caricature of the child of the period, who talks the most amusing French, dipping all his words, and is old in the world's wickedness, and whose half-ionoceot, half-conscious prattle might call a blush into the cheek of a grenadier. Here, truly, Comtesse Gyp reads French parents a lesson. When will they learn not to talk of subjects unfit for a child's ears before them, and how long will they remain under the mistaken impression that youth is deaf and blind, I wonder? It is quite useless, under these circumstances, to flank Bob with a tutor, and vain to believe that he will he henefited by "Mossieu l'Abbé's" teaching, so long as those around put no bridle on their tongues in his presence. Quick-witted is Bob. Quite too much for the poor abbé. More of a match for his graceless uncle, who can not help laughing at the lad's shrewdness, while mamma mildly chides, papa scolds in vain, and grandmamma throws up her hands aghast. A nice rod they have laid in pickle for themselves, these people! And what a fine crop of wild oats there will be to sow when Bob reaches man's estate!

Foolish and indulgent parents are not the only people to excite Mme. Gyp's comic vein. The psychologists catch it, too, hot and strong. She will not admit that a woman should be a pedant. Her last hook, published a few days since, is a collection of sketches, all bearing, more or less, on this subject. There is an amusing dialogue between two guests at a dinner-party. The man, as he takes stock of the lady hy his side, mentally promises himself a pleasant hour: "Charming, *ma voisine*, what eyes, what a figure, what arms, and what a mouth. . . . I prefer to be the neighbor rather than the husband of the woman with such a mouth!" He is some time before he can hit upon a congenial subject of conversation. At last, to his surprise, they begin to discuss books, and she goes off into a would-he learned discourse upon Stendhal and psychology, so proviog herself an ignorant blue-stockiog. They do not hit it off at all. Her mouth belied her. *She* (as the dinner and talk come to an end)—"You care little for psychology, I see!" *He*—"Ah, Dieu! I—I promised myself a charming talk with a pretty woman!" *She*—"Well?" *He*—"*Eh bien!* we have been absurd." *She*—"So, when you are married, you will forhid your wife psychology?" *He*—"My wife! She shan't even know what it is."

Half-a-dozen officers are seated at a table at an inn, with maps spread out before them—the general and colonel, with their aides-de-camp—and are planning the campaign for a sham-fight. They have beeo luoching copiously; it is not the wine, however, that has got up into their brains, so much as the *beaux yeux* of the lady of the château, with whom they are to dine, and who has a morbid taste for psychology. Each one is privately determined to lay siege to the heart of this beautiful young philosopher. The lieutenants are secretly cooniog manuals of psychology, with a view to her complete subjection. The colonel can not think why she is always talking of Stendhal, and is half-jealous of the uoknown, so that, what with *petits verres* and the châtelaine, pays but a divided atteotion to the remarks of his superior, who (each man thinks he has made an impression on the fair one) is also thinking that the autumn manœuvres would not he half had if . . . "she only would." There is a good deal of cross-questioning and crooked aoswering, and the business io hand makes hut small progress. Finally, the colonel gets quite mixed, and declares his intention of occupying psychology (having rubbed a hole in his map and readiog this from one of the manuals hidden beneath), "unless you like to hold the citadel, general . . . my word, what a name for a French town; I am sure one might think one's self in Tonquin!"

Experimental Psychology is the title of another of these sketches. A young woman, seated in her *petit salon*, feels herself unutterably hored. It is a wet afternoon, she can not expect to have any visitors, besides the season is drawing to a close. Sad to relate, she has never known what love is. Enter an old beau. He makes ardent love to her, finding her there alone. Well, she will experimentalize. Perhaps this one is going to touch her heart, and she allows him to take the seat next to her and look into her eyes; when suddenly she awakes to the fact that he has a lot of horrid wrinkles round his own fishy orbs. "*Eh bien!* no, that is certainly not it!" and she is intensely relieved when the servant announces a second visitor, and the old heau takes his departure, somewhat crestfallen. The new-comer is young; very young. He, too, is smitten, and begins to prove it in a very tempestuous fashion. "I don't think this is it, either," sighs the lady when the ardent youth has exhausted his rhetoric and has come to close quarters, and so she sends him off, too. After that comes a third. Quite another order of man. Not in love at all, seemingly. He begins hy hantering her. She has some love affair, won't she tell him all about it, it would be such good fun to be the confidant of a charming woman. "But I have no love affair." "*Allons donc*, all women have." "But no!" "Not one; surely you have loved some one, some time or other?" "You are too indiscreet." "Inconveniently so?" "Oh! not at all, I have never loved any one!" "On principle?" "No, for I will even confess that I regret to say so. . . . I think I should like to he in love, it must he so pleasant!" "So, so! But do you really mean never?" "Never! never! not the simplest cousin, not even the fatal music-master with long hair, not even a favorite partner—my life has heen absolutely without romantic incidents." "I wanted to he quite sure of that." "Why?" "Because the thought worried me. I don't like leavings." He kisses her. A ring at the hell. "Another visitor, what a bore! I really think this is it!"—Curtain.

Scene—the show-room of a fashionable dress-maker. *Dramatis personæ*—two ladies who are waitiog to be tried on. Suddenly they recognize each other. "Camille!" "Antoinette!" They have not met for more than fifteen years, since they left school. Both are married, of course. The two begin chatting over old times, old school frieods, and at last come to mutual confidences. One declares herself happy in a calm, bourgeois fashion. Her quondam friend sighs and declares that *she* is anything but happy; her husband does not fulfill her ideal by any means. There is one who does, however, the Vicomte de Trauble—"a man who turns every woman's head; you don't know him, perhaps." "Oh! yes, I do." "Well?" "You might have gone further and fared worse." "Don't you think him charming?" "Ye—es!" "Have you known him long?" "Sixteen years, at least." "Then you knew him before you were married?" "A little." "And now?" "Intimately." "Does he make love to you?"—anxiously. "Oh! never!" "Well, as you have known him so long, do tell me what his literary tastes are." "They are vague." "During one of our loog talks I read him some passages from Stendhal. But why do you laugh?" "I am laughing to think what he must have looked like uoder the infliction. No, believe me, you won't get M. de Trauhle to appreciate psychologists and philosophers, you had better change your objective; that is not his style!" "Are you sure you are giving me a true insight into the character of the man I love, to that degree that I am in despair not to call him husband?" "Oh! there is no doubt about it, I assure you. . . . He is my husband!"

These are only a few fragments from Gyp's volume, but the reader may judge of the rest hy them. PARISINA.

PARIS, June 16, 1889.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A young Englishman, on a visit to Ireland during the shooting season (says *America*), asked his host if there were many of the neighboring land-holders then at home. "Divil a one, faith!" was the answer, "the counthry is schwarming with absentees."

The illiterate whites in the mountains of Tennessee and Georgia have a keen sense of humor, and, despite their ignorance, are at times witty. It was related that Sam Small, at the end of one of his hreezy sermons, requested those of his hearers who wanted to go to heaven to rise. Every one in the house hut one man rose. Then Sam asked those who wanted to go to hell to get up. A tall, lean mountaineer rose, pointed a long, bony finger at Small, and said: "It 'pears, parson, that you and me's the only fellers standin'."

Among Washingtonian relics called to notice this year is the epitaph of John Custis, father of Martha Washington's first husband. His wife was a good deal of a Tartar; and so, indeed, was he; hut she generally managed to say the last word in their wrangles. When he died he left orders to his son, on pain of disinheritance, to put this legend on his tomhstone, which was done: "Under this marhle tomb lies the body of the Hon. John Custis, Esq., of the city of Williamsburg, parish of Bruton, formerly of Hungar's Parish, on the eastern shore of Virginia, and county of Northampton, age seventy-one years, and yet lived hut seven years, which was the space of time he kept a bachelor's home at Arlington, on the eastern shore of Virginia." And so he had the last word.

Away back in the forties, when war had been declared against Mexico, every Southern town of any size had its militia company and sent its quota to serve under Scott or Taylor. The town of Hillsborough, N. C., was no exception. The alarums of war had reached its laggard ears, and its small company was mustered for volunteers. The roll-call was read by the recruiting sergeant, who got along all right until he came to the name of Bill Stebbins. "William Stehhins!" he called. No answer. "William Stehhins!" he repeated, with a rising inflection. No answer. "I am sure William Stehhins is here. I saw him gallivanting around with the girls not half an hour ago. William Stehhins!" he shouted at the top of his voice; "if William Stebhins is in the ranks let him answer at once to his name! William Stehhins!" "Yer I am!" came up sullenly from the rear rank; "hut I hain't goin' to no Mexico!"

As Charles Matthews was one day about stepping into his hrougham (as he never paid any one, he could naturally afford a brougham), he was stopped by a deht-collector, employed by one of his many creditors. "Mr. Matthews, I believe?" inquired the man. "Yes," replied Matthews, affahly. "About that little account, sir?" "Account?" replied Matthews, with an expression of extreme surprise; "what account?" "Why, that account I've been after these four years." "Dear me, how much is it?" inquired Matthews, putting his hand in his pocket. "Seven pounds eight and fourpence, sir." "Is that all? dear me!" "I've called near on thirty times, sir." "Thirty times! You don't say so?" "And written at least twenty times. Yes, sir; twenty times, and called thirty times. Only a little matter of seven pound odd, and here have I been bothering about it for nigh on four years. What do you think of that, sir?" "I think," replied Matthews, getting into his brougham, and driving off; "well, I think that it would have been less trouble to have paid it yourself."

In the early days of Maine Methodism, it was the custom for young ministers to consult their presiding elders before taking a wife. Once, during a camp-meeting in Eastern Maine, a young minister approached the presiding elder, and said he wished to be married. "Whom do you propose to marry?" asked the elder. "Well," said the young man, "the Lord has made known to me very clearly that I sbould marry Sister Mary Turner." "I know her well," said the elder; "she is a fine girl. I will see you again before the meeting closes." During the week, four other young ministers consulted the presiding elder on the subject of marriage. Each of them gave the name of the young woman to whom he proposed to offer himself. They had all prayed over the matter a great deal, and each was certain that it was God's desire that he should marry the person named. Neither of the five young men knew that any one else had consulted the elder on that subject. On the last day of the camp-meeting, at noon, the elder called the five young ministers to his tent to receive his opinion. He said: "Now, hrethren, it may be the will of God for you to marry, hut it is not His will that five Methodist ministers should marry little Sister Mary Turner."

Mr. Robert T. Lincoln likes to tell the story of his first fee as an attorney. Old Judge Logan, under whom he read law, had always told him not to he afraid to charge hig fees for his services. "People don't respect a cheap lawyer," said the judge. One day, soon after Mr. Lincoln had been admitted to practice, he sat alone in his office, when a messenger hrought a note from the Chicago agent of one of the wealthiest insurance companies in America, asking to have the title to a certain piece of property looked up. The young lawyer spent about half-an-hour looking into the title, and then sent his report to the insurance office. Pretty soon the messenger came with another note. This one requested Mr. Lincoln to send his hill hy the bearer. The young lawyer had no idea what to charge. At first, he thought it would be good policy not to charge anything, "For," said he, to himself, "I should like to get that company's work regularly." But he knew Judge Logan would not approve that sort of thing, and he did not want the judge to think that he was heedless of his advice. So he figured it that, since he had worked only half-an-hour, ten dollars would be a good stiff price, for it would be at the rate of two hundred dollars for a day of ten hours. The words of Judge Logan, however, rang in his ears, and, with a stroke of audacity which almost frightened him, Mr. Lincoln finally made the hill for twenty-five dollars. He felt that this was an outrageously high fee, and was hesitating as to whether he would give it to the boy or make out another for ten dollars, when Judge Logan chanced to come in. "You are just the man I want to see," said Mr. Lincoln, and he told him of his dilemma. Judge Logan took the hill and tore it up. "I knew it was outrageously high," said Mr. Lincoln, "hut, judge, you always told me to make hig hills, and I did this more to please you than myself." "Nonsense," said the judge, "give me a pen." He sat down, wrote another bill, and gave it to the hoy. In a few minutes the boy returned with the insurance agent's check for two hundred and fifty dollars, and a little note to Mr. Lincoln thanking him for his promptness, and saying the company's other work of this character would be sent to him. "Great Scott!" said the young lawyer to the old one; "did you make out a hill for two hundred and fifty dollars?" "Of course I did," answered the old judge, "you don't want to be a d——d eleemosynary institution for insurance companies do you?"

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The *Herald* says that the formation of a great "book-trust" is seriously contemplated by a number of firms who are large holders of the stereotype-plates from which English novels have been reprinted here. In the fierce competition among the publishers of the cheap reprints, the slender margin of profit has been altogether wiped out, and they must either combine to effect a division of trade or end by eating each other up.

The publishers of *Time* announce: "Thomas Nast will, hereafter, be associated with *Time*, the well-known illustrated humorous weekly paper. Mr. Nast will devote his attention to social and general topics, as well as to politics. With the exception of a slight diversion in favor of Mr. Cleveland, Mr. Nast has always been an uncompromising Republican, and he will bring a personal as well as an artistic force to the Republicanism of *Time*." Mr. Nast's "slight diversion" was rather marked while in San Francisco. After the election of President Harrison, he drew a number of cartoons for the Democratic San Francisco *Examiner*, which were of unexampled bitterness. His favorite epithet for President Harrison was "The Boodle President"; for his advisers, "The Boodle Cabinet."

Frank Saltus died at Tarrytown last week at the age of forty. Frank Saltus was a half-brother of Edgar Saltus, the novelist, and was a man of far higher talents and attainments. He was a disciple of Baudelaire, and the greater part of his poetic work ran in the lines that this great Frenchman reveled in. Saltus wrote equally well in English, French, German, and Italian, and spoke as many as eighteen different languages. He was, besides, a finished musician and a pleasant singer. He had written the lives of a number of the great composers, and knew from memory every famous opera that could be named. The pictures of Saltus at the age of twenty represent him as one of the handsomest fellows imaginable, with a face of ideal beauty and the light of triumphant genius in his eyes. The change from this to the dishevelled and faded man of these last days was indescribable.

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons announce a series of important works in American history. The period embraced by the series comprises the entire history of the country, from the discovery of America to the end of the Southern reconstruction after the civil war. The whole period, dividing itself naturally as it does into four "epochs," each comparatively rounded and complete in itself, will be treated in four volumes of a size and scope somewhat similar to those of the publishers' well-known series entitled "Epochs of History," which contains at present no volume relating to American history. It will be a literary and philosophical history of the *people* of the United States. The different volumes will treat of: First, the epoch of discovery and of colonization; second, the French and Indian War and the revolution—essentially forming one period as regards both the political current of events and many of the actors therein; third, the discussion and adoption of the Federal Constitution after the successful issue of the revolution, and the growth in national consolidation of the different and at first discordant States; and, fourth, the sectional conflict over the institution of slavery, from the rise of the slave-power to the end of the reconstruction period. Each epoch will be treated by a writer of eminence. The enterprise itself has been long in preparation, and in view of its advanced condition the publishers have decided to delay its announcement no longer.

New Publications.

"How to be Beautiful," by Teresa H. Dean, was noticed in last week's "Vanity Fair." Published by T. Howard, Chicago; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

The story of a bad boy and a very good girl is told by Mrs. Patton in "Our Boy and Girl." Published by John B. Alden, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.00.

In the Franklin Square Library, "The Day will Come," by Miss Braddon, has been published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 45 cents.

"Derrick Vaughan, Novelist," by Edna Lyall, has been added to the Gainsborough Series. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by William Doxey; price, 25 cents.

A cheap edition of Mrs. Elizabeth Van Loon's "A Heart Twice Won," has been published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia; for sale by the booksellers; price, 25 cents.

An appendix to the Annual Report of the Viticultural Commissioners has been issued, containing a translation—from the French of Raimond Boireau—of an interesting treatise on "Wines: their Care and Treatment in Cellar and Store."

That excellent series of biographies now being issued under the general title "Twelve English Statesmen," is continued by "Henry the Seventh," by James Gairdner. Published by Macmillan & Co.; New York; for sale by William Doxey.

The sixth volume of the "Musical Year-Book of the United States" has been issued. It is an interesting record of what has been accomplished during the year, in a musical way, throughout the United States. It is compiled by G. H. Wilson, Boston, and sold only by subscription; price, $1.00.

A tale of the civil war in America is the explanatory sub-title of "John Charáxes," by Peter Boylston. The book is crowded with incident and discussion on every conceivable topic. Published by The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, $1.25.

A book called "Dinnerology: Our Experiments in Diet," has just made its appearance. It contains much information about food and food values, but this information is buried in such extraordinary masses of rubbish that scarcely any human being will ever take the trouble to dig it up. Published and for sale by Belford, Clarke & Co.

A new novel by that brilliant and eccentric woman, Selina Dolaro, appears posthumously. It is entitled "The Vengeance of Maurice Denalgues," is embellished by a portrait of the author, and is preceded by an appreciative memorial sketch, by Edward Heron-Allen. Published by Belford, Clarke & Co., Chicago; for sale by Clarke & Spengler.

A story which will attract interest from its local coloring is "American Coin," the latest work from the author of "Aristocracy." The scene is laid, for the most part, in California, and the story is concerned with two American heiresses and two sprigs of British nobility. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Pierson & Robertson; price, 50 cents.

Of the many books which have been written about Russia, Dr. Georg Brandes's "Impressions of Russia" is one of the best. The author visited that country last year on a lecturing tour, and enjoyed unusual opportunities to study Russian life and character. In his book, he devotes some space to a description of the country, but the greater part is concerned with the social and literary life. His comments on the moral condition of society there are particularly just, and are illustrated by many anecdotes of events which came under his observation. Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers.

The field of fiction is a new one for James Anthony Froude, but "The Two Chiefs of Dunboy" proves his ability to enter it successfully. The scene is laid in France and Ireland about the middle of the last century, and the wars between England and France furnish the complications of the story. Mr. Blake, an Irish patriot, who is exiled to France, and builds up a large fortune by carrying on a contraband trade between that country and Ireland, is the central character. The narrative is filled with exciting incidents dramatically told. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Strickland & Co.; price: cloth, $1.50; paper, 50 cents.

A New Bancroft Volume.

HISTORY OF THE PACIFIC STATES OF NORTH AMERICA. By Hubert Howe Bancroft. Volume xi. Texas, vol. ii. 1801–1889. San Francisco: The History Company. 1889.

The history of Texas during the nineteenth century presents an interesting and romantic story of border adventure. Texas, at the beginning of the century, was a desolate, uninhabited country. The settlements were but three in number, and the population did not exceed seven thousand. What little trade existed was carried on with Mexico by a difficult overland route, and with New Orleans, by way of Nachitoches, the latter trade, however, being contraband. The policy of Spain—for Mexico had not then gained her independence—was a rigid exclusion of foreigners, but the settling of the Mississippi Valley by Americans had already begun, and the prohibition acted only as an incentive to the hardy adventurers. A lawless population thus sprung up, defying alike the laws of Mexico and the United States, and the boundary dispute between the two countries, arising from the purchase of Louisiana, gave them an opportunity to push their advances without encountering serious opposition. In order to form an effective barrier against this American invasion, the Mexican authorities attempted to encourage the immigration of Mexican colonists into the territory of Texas, but the efforts of the Mexicans to secure their independence rendered the attempt ineffectual.

In 1819, Spain, having crushed for the time the revolutionary movement in Mexico, and having entered into a treaty of amity with the United States, adopted a more liberal policy. The colonization of Texas by Americans was, therefore, encouraged, and a number of colonists flocked into the country. Among the first of these colonies was one under John Austin, whose son, Stephen F. Austin, was to succeed to the leadership of the colony in its earliest days, and was destined to play an important part in the subsequent history of the country. By 1830, the population of Texas had increased, under the influence of this policy, to nearly twenty thousand, and the wilderness was becoming converted into farms and cattle-ranges.

The independence of Mexico, and the federal constitution adopted in 1824, raised a new question. Under this constitution, Texas and Coahuila formed one State, and in the local legislature the latter had by far the larger representation. The interests of the two were not similar—Texas was agricultural, while mining formed almost the only industry of Coahuila—and thus friction inevitably followed. The dissatisfaction arising from this cause was augmented by the financial measures of the government. In order to encourage the immigration of the colonists, they had been exempted from taxation, and they were permitted to import goods for their own use free from duty. This left the government without the ordinary means of raising revenue, and extraordinary measures had to be resorted to. This caused resentment and resistance on the part of the colonists, and the smuggling of goods into the country, in excess of what the agreement permitted, was indulged in. The continual friction led the government to send an armed force into the country to enforce the laws, and this precipitated an armed resistance by the colonists. In this crisis, both sides were in a measure to blame. The colonists had gone farther than was justified; the troops, composed of the most disreputable class of men, indulged in all manner of excesses, and in this they were encouraged by their leader, who proclaimed martial law.

The revolution of Santa Anna in Mexico occurred at this time, and the colonists, taking advantage of this state of affairs, overthrew the Mexican authorities in Texas, and declared in favor of the revolutionists. The colonists were now anxious for separation from Coahuila and the establishment of Texas as one of the independent Mexican States. Santa Anna quieted them with fair promises, but declared them to be unprepared for the duties of statehood. The emptiness of his promises was further shown by his action in setting up a more strongly centralized government than was justified by the constitution of 1824. This last action forced Coahuila into revolt and resulted in the abolition of the local legislature.

Texas, thus left without a local government, was confronted by the question whether she should set up an independent government, or should accept the governor sent by Santa Anna. The colonists were divided on this question, when an armed conflict with the customs authorities turned the scales in favor of the party favoring resistance. The conflict was now inevitable. The colonists organized by the appointment of committees, and Austin was made commander-in-chief of the forces. The Mexicans, on the other hand, advanced in force. Shortly after this, the colonists prepared a constitution setting up a regular form of government, and providing for the organization of their forces. Under this constitution Sam Houston became commander-in-chief; Austin was dispatched to the United States to promote the interests of Texas.

After one or two preliminary skirmishes, which resulted in favor of the Texans, the first serious engagement was entered into. The main body of the Mexicans, under Cos, was at San Antonio de Béjar, and this place was besieged. The absence of any heavy field-pieces rendered this a difficult operation, and the Texan Army lay inactive before the town for two months. This inaction discouraged the eager Texans, and news coming that the garrison was weakened by lack of supplies, an advance was determined upon. A party of three hundred effected an entrance, and, sheltering themselves in two houses near the main plaza, they succeeded in keeping the Mexicans at bay. Working their way through the walls of adjoining houses, and keeping up a steady and destructive fire from their rifles, they finally gained control of the plaza. Cos then determined to attack the main camp of the Texans, situated just outside of the town. In this he was unsuccessful, owing to a panic and insubordination among his troops, and he was obliged to surrender. By the terms of this surrender, Cos agreed to cross the Rio Grande and not to oppose the reëstablishment of the constitution of 1824. He soon departed with his army, and Texas was freed for the time from Mexican soldiers.

The moral effect of this success, however, was lost by the dissensions which made their appearance among the civil authorities. Under the constitution which had been adopted, a governor, lieutenant-governor, and a legislative council were appointed. The latter body soon came into conflict with the governor, by assuming purely executive powers. The conflict was brought to a crisis by the council assuming to direct the movements of the army. They planned an expedition against Matamoras, and gave orders to have it carried out. Houston, at the same time, acting with the governor, had planned another expedition against the same place, and he only learned of the action of the council when the two expeditions came in conflict, and a portion of the troops refused to obey his commands. Of course this destroyed his authority as commander-in-chief, and disgusted the people of Texas to such an extent that they refused support to the whole movement. The army was thus reduced almost exclusively to foreign sympathizers coming from the United States. By these unfortunate dissensions, the success of the whole struggle for independence was jeopardized. Not only was the army decimated at the time when it should have been strengthened to meet the serious struggle which was coming, but it was impossible to raise the necessary funds to carry on the military operations, and Santa Anna was given sufficient time to raise a strong force to send against them.

The result of this state of affairs was soon apparent. Santa Anna advanced, with a force of five thousand, against San Antonio de Béjar, and the garrison, numbering only one hundred and forty-five men, retreated to Alamo. After taking possession of Béjar, Santa Anna followed them here. The Mexicans laid siege to the place for eleven days, and then, advancing in three columns, overpowered the brave defenders, effected an entrance, and conquered the place after the last Texan had been killed. Of those who had been besieged in the Alamo, three women, two children, and a negro boy-servant escaped alive. A week later another division of the Mexican army attacked the forces which were preparing to march on Matamoras, under the commands of the council, and exterminated them.

In the meantime, a convention met, adopted a declaration of independence—they had only declared in favor of the constitution of 1824, previously—framed a constitution, established a government, and began to take active measures for defense. Houston was reappointed commander-in-chief of the forces, and provisions were made for drafting the necessary troops and raising money. But the disaster at Alamo, and later massacre at Goliad, followed by the retreat of the government to Harrisburg, in the extreme eastern portion of the territory, caused a panic among the people which made it well-nigh impossible for Houston to collect an army. He was obliged to retreat steadily before the advancing Mexicans, and dissatisfaction caused defections and insubordination among his troops.

In the meantime, Santa Anna pressed forward, captured Harrisburg and prepared to advance to Anáhuac, when he was surprised to find that Houston had, by forced marches, thrown himself directly in his path. A struggle ensued, in which the Mexicans were surprised and completely routed, and Santa Anna was taken prisoner. The rest of the Mexican army effected a junction, and, under Santa Anna's orders, retreated to Goliad.

Santa Anna entered into a treaty with the Texan Government, but it was not recognized in Mexico. The Mexican Government ordered a retreating army to return to Texas, but owing to the difficulties of communication, and the desperate condition of the troops, they pushed on to Matamoras. The unfortunate condition of affairs in Mexico prevented the dispatch of a second expedition, and Texas devoted itself to putting its internal affairs in order. For six years Texas enjoyed immunity from Mexico, but the Mexican authorities steadily refused to recognize her independence, and, in 1841, an expedition was sent out to reconquer Texas. San Antonio de Béjar, the scene of so many conflicts, was again captured by the Mexicans. This was followed by a little desultory skirmishing on both sides, which was without significance. The struggle, so far as Texas was individually concerned, was brought to an end by her acceptance of the invitation of the United States to enter the Union.

Such are the principal events of the first half of the period covered by this book. They are narrated with admirable fullness and detail. The second period is more familiar history to us in this country. The Mexican War, the subsequent development of Texas under the more favorable institutions of our republican government, her participation in the civil war, and her subsequent history, are all narrated with the same attention to detail.

The latter portion of the book is devoted to a consideration of the history of Sonora and Sinaloa, Chihuahua and Durango, and Lower California, during this period, and the romantic narrative of the filibustering expeditions from California.

Journalistic Chit-Chat.

Are the newspapers, especially the Sunday editions, likely to keep on increasing in size, or is there a limit at which the line will be drawn? If the latter, where is the limit to be placed? It is becoming burdensome even to glance through one of the Sunday editions, but if one wishes to keep up with the times he must do so, for the very thing which is important for him to know may be hidden away at the bottom of a last column, in the most unlikely place; and yet if he should overlook it, the result might be serious. Of course, the pages which are where given up to advertising can be disposed of in short order, but all others must at least be carefully looked at.

What is the future of the newspaper in this country to be? Is the present tendency to increased bulk only a temporary thing, and will a reaction bring back the more reasonable size of former days? When a man buys a morning paper, does he want a volume or only a compact and intelligible compendium of the news of the day? Especially are these questions in point as applied to the Sunday editions. Their tendency to enlarged magnitude is unmistakable at the present time. Will this tendency to persist and to increase? Where can the limit be drawn—at thirty pages, or forty, or fifty? One paper which I have in mind, which formerly furnished its readers with eight pages on Sunday, is now contented with less than sixteen or twenty. Another, which a few years ago prioted twelve pages, now invariably prints sixteen or twenty. And this same tendency has to a certain extent manifested itself in the week-day editions. A New York paper which until lately won wide popularity and numerous readers because of its compactness, and the ability with which its staff "boiled down" the news, has so far changed its policy as to long-standing as to increase its size regularly from twenty-five to fifty per cent.; and another, which for more than a generation never comprised more than eight pages, except when some uncommon "feature" demanded a large amount of space, now prints ten pages on every week-day, with a very rare exception now and then on Monday.

These are significant facts, but it is impossible as yet to determine with accuracy the ultimate goal to which they tend. It is true that more space is given to advertising than formerly; but that is a matter entirely in the control of the business manager. A limited amount of advertisements at high rates is equally profitable with a large amount at low rates; and the balance-sheet is the main thing to be considered on the head. There would seem to be a physical limit to the number of pages which a daily journal can profitably print from day to day, but what that limit is to be set is a matter of pure conjecture. There is even no certainly a limit to the amount of matter which the average reader will consent to wade through in search of the vital and necessary news of the day.

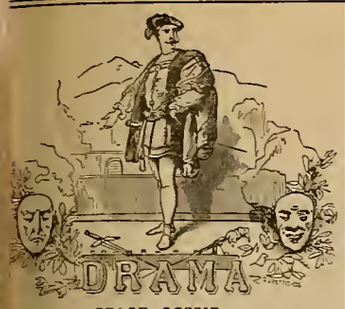
"Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff—you shall seek all day ere you had them, and when you have them, they are not worth the search." Are not the words which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Bassanio applicable to the greater part of what our newspapers are in the habit of publishing? Is it not, in truth, an "infinite deal of nothing"?

It seems to me most probable that the readers of newspapers have the solution of the question in their own hands. A newspaper must publish what people want, or else they will not buy it. The aim of the newspaper is to meet its readers' wishes. If people complain that the tone of the press is low and that too much space is given to murders, sensational matters, and the proceedings of the divorce court, the answer is that it is their own fault; if readers did not enjoy and demand these things they would not be printed. As in the matter of the quality of the newspaper, so in regard to its dimensions. If readers make their wishes known, editors and publishers must hear and heed. Let readers remember that the journal which they subscribe for and make a practice of reading may be to a very large extent—much larger, probably, than most of them imagine—molded by themselves, and made what they would wish it to be. The inalienable right of fault-finding is every reader's own, and editors wince under the criticism that is severe, but at the same time friendly. If any reader of this article questions my statement, he need only try the experiment himself to be convinced.—*Julian Hawthorne in North American Review.*

Some Magazines.

In the *North American Review* for July, six presidents of American colleges—Bartlett, of Dartmouth; Angell, of Michigan; Adams, of Cornell; Hyde, of Bowdoin; Dawson, of McGill; and Davis, of California—and Professor Shaler, of Harvard, discuss "Discipline in American Colleges." Viscount Wolseley continues his "English View of the Civil War"; Professor Ely discusses "The Telegraph Monopoly"; Rear-Admiral Luce writes of "Our Future Navy"; Justin McCarthy discusses "The Throne in England"; Kate Field endeavors to dissipate "Our Ignorance of Alaska"; William Matthews writes of "Negro Intellect"; and General Collis has a paper entitled "A Plea of Office-Seeking." There are tributes to the late editor and proprietor, Allen Thorndyke Rice, by W. W. Astor, Edward Pierrepont, General W. T. Sherman, and Lloyd Brice, and the usual notes and comments are contributed by capable writers.

In the *Forum* for July Bishop Potter treats of "The Scholar in American Life." The Rev. Dr. Edward E. Hale writes of "A Market for Books." Senator Justin S. Morrill contributes the political article, "Republican Party Prospects." Mr. W. S. Lilly has a paper on "The Ethics of Journalism." Professor George J. Romanes makes a spirited reply—"Anti-Darwinian Fallacies"—to the attack made by Professor St. George Mivart. "The Attitude of the French Canadians" is by Honoré Beaugrand, ex-mayor of Montreal. Dr. Austin Flint writes of "Late Theories Concerning Fever." "Organizations of the Disinterested," by Richard J. Hinton. "The World's Supply of Fuel," by Professor W. J. McGee of the United States Geological Survey. The ever-pressing problem of "Domestic Service" considered by "Jenny June" (Mrs. Jennie C. Croly), and the Rev. H. Price Collier on "The Better Side of Anglomania," complete the contents of this issue.



STAGE GOSSIP.

Devil Caresfoot" has been quite successful at the u this week. Mr. Morrison, Mr. Whytel, and s Rees have carried off the honors.

oseph Murphy, who is well known in San Fran-o, will commence an engagement at the New Cal-ia Theatre on July 22d, with "The Donagh."

vidently the San Francisco public enjoy seeing the eum plays a second time. The week of revivals e Baldwin has seen no diminution in the attend-e.

r. William Cronin, a former partner of W. J. Salan, and Mr. Daly's latest acquisition for next , will appear as Mrs. Grogan in "One of the B est" at the Bush Street Theatre next week. His ormance is said to be very amusing.

e Harrigan Company is getting back to the and better plays. "Old Lavender," which pre-; Mr. Harrigan in his best character, will be given week, and it will be followed by "The Leather Pch," which shows the whole company to the best ntage.

Monbars" is a romantic drama of unrelieved suf-for the hero, who goes successfully through im-ble situations, and emerges victorious in the end. Mantell almost bides the absurdities, however, be play will undoubtedly attract large audiences nother week.

The Railroad of Love" will be presented at the win all of next week. When given for the last rmance in Chicago recently, the play was greatly ed by the demand of the audience that each er of the company should be recalled after each Mr. Daly himself shared the affliction.

Monday evening Mr. Charles McCarthy will nt "One of the Bravest" at the Busb Street tre. In the second act there is a fire scene, in a real engine drawn by live borses participates. xhibition of life-saving apparatus, including a anket, life-belt, and scaling-ladders, will also be ure of the play.

Lyceum Theatre Company leaves the Baldwin o years, and the Daly Company takes their for three weeks, commencing next Monday g. Mr. Daly is giving us concentrated comedy ar, crowding ten plays into three weeks' time. theatre-goers who believe in seeing all of the plays will be thoroughly exhausted when the ny leaves us.

ong the coming attractions at tbe Busb Street re are the American Opera Company, a succes-the National Opera Company; "The City ory," including Charley Reed; "The Burglar"; verly-Cleveland Minstrels, beaded by the tbree —Emerson, Rice, and Sweatnam; the New Casino Company; W. H. Crane in three new ies; and Della Fox, formerly of the "King's Company.

Shakespearean first-part of the minstrels, re-at the California Theatre, seems to have affected matic profession. Murray Woods, at one time ber of the old California Stock Company, is ing a theatrical base-ball club, the members ch are to be costumed as stage characters. e Hamlet in the box, being received by Othello, Lord Cbumley, Denman Thompson, and Old form the trio in the field.

"addy Googan" brings Mr. Harrigan back to orite red wig and his amusing Irish brogue. is another amusing picture added to his gal-New York Irishmen, with their love for politics ink. He also presents a very realistic study of witted Italian. Mr. George Merritt bas his al opportunity since the "Leather Patcb," and Mrs Deamans is, of course, intensely amusing, al-much so as the efforts of some members of pany to represent refined society.

cast of the "Railroad of Love" at the Bald-t week will be as follows: General Everett, A., Mr. Charles Wheatleigh; Lieutenant Everett, U. S. A., Mr. Jobn Drew; Phœnix by, Mr. James Lewis; Adam Grinnidge, Mr. Clarke; Judge Van Ryker, Mr. Charles Le-; Benny Demaresq, Mr. Frederick Bond; ne Osprey, otherwise "Cousin Val," Miss ehan; Viva Van Ryker, Miss Isabel Irving; utycia Laburnam, Mrs. G. H. Gilbert.

Bijou Theatre seems to have fallen into the ands at last. The present management took atre as an experiment, and the success has been such as to warrant them in forming more permanent plans. The present engagement closes this week, and then the theatre will be closed to get ready for a season with a regular stock company, opening August 1st. Mr. Frank Burbank, who was bere with Effie Ellsler's company recently, is in New York selecting the members for the stock company, and a number of Eastern successes will then be given.

An interesting and unique performance has been presented at the Orpbeum this week. It is a "giant microscope," which magnifies to such an extent that a drop of water can be shown on a sheet, twenty-five by thirty feet in size, only in sections. The minute life in water and cheese, the fermentation of beer, the crystallization of salt and sugar, and the legs and wings of insects are shown, looking like the mastodonic formations of a prehistoric age. It is curious to note that sugar crystallizes in forms which look like coral, while salt presents the sharp angular formation of pine-needles. In fresb and salt water a similar contrast is presented. The fresh-water life is rounded and soft in its outlines; the salt-water life is sharp and angular, and formed like the crustaceans. Humanity's pests, the mosquito, flea, and bee's sting, present a most formidable appearance.

Here is a letter that fairly reflects the ludicrous side of many a tale of woe which is poured into a manager's ears. The letter reads as follows:

MR. —— MY DEAR SIR: I am a young lady Of good Birth—well-educated—refined, and until with in a few months have Always lived in the custoin of the wealthy, and the fleeting years have been so-Fraugbt with every conceivable blessing that my young beart asked no other Boon.

The death of my father is the mysterie whereby I am to accomblisb my destiny. It is the fust public note which has occurred in my life and it has materially changed the even tenor of my way. I write you —(as I can not think of living bere alone) to intercede for me And get me a chance to travel with some good troop or company in which I can act some sad and lonely Part.

I am very much gifted that way and my greatest desire is to become an actress. If you wish for any particulars in regard to my looks, I will send you a Phot. Please do the best you can and oblige.

Yours truly, ———

P. S.—I will await an answer.

Here is another young miss ambitious for footlight bonors, and makes known ber desire in the following manner:

To MR. ——: I think by next spring I shall adopt the stage, so would like to join some first-class company and play. I truly think I could do justice to them. I would like very much to meet you at 7 tomorrow evening. I can not come to a hotel to interview you, but do want very much to see you. I will be at the corner of Cumberland and Elm Streets at 7 sharp. You can stand under the lamp-post. Hoping to see you, I remain ———.

P. S.—I will be at the corner of Cumberland and Elm Streets at 7.

Here is a would-be actress who wants to teach nobody, reform nothing, but wants to learn the road that leads to success. With all of her youth and beauty she is content to climb. She writes the following letter to a Boston manager:

FALL RIVER, 4,,'85.

MR. —— DEAR SIR: I have long had a desire to get upon the boards as an actress, and as I do not know of any one in this city who can give me any information on tbe subject, I thought I would drop you a few lines as being the most likely person to be able to give me accurate information, so please do not consign this to the waste-paper basket, as I have not the least doubt you do with nearly all letters on the same subject; but really as I mean business, and will send a two-cent stamp for reply, don't be such a naughty, naughty man as not to answer, because it will cost me four cents to send this, counting paper, etc., and yon know pennies saved make girls rich; so as it will only take a few minutes to answer do so. Well, now, to describe myself. To begin, I am a native of the Channel Isles, and came from the Island of Guernsey, four years ago. I am in my 19th year, 5 feet 5 inches high; very large dark brown eyes, good complexion; brown bair, 36 incbes long, very thick; now for figure: bust, 37 inches; waist, 19 inches; weight, 160 pounds; thigb, 26 incbes; calves, 17 inches; arm, below elbow 11 inches, above elbow 12 incbes; hip measure, 42 incbes; size shoe, 3. Now this is a very good description of myself as far as face and form are concerned. As for my talent or ability to become an actress are concerned otber than that I have an excellent memory, am called a good reader, and have a natural love for acting, I can say nothing, and that is wbat I want yon to tell me. I have never taken any lessons in elocution, but am very quick to learn. How long do you think it would take me to prepare for the stage? I am willing to study night and day to attain success. Now, if you will appoint a time when and where I can see you, I will come to Boston, and you would perbaps be better able to judge from a personal interview. I would send you a portrait of myself, but yon could not tell much by that; so please answer this letter as soon as possible, as it is of vital importance to me. Yours, etc., ———

P. S.—Please answer soon.

Another, from a different sort of individual:

BOSTON, Mass., ——.

Manager of ——:

DEAR SIR: Can I obtain a couple of seats (balcony), for either "Faust" or "Il Trovatore" at a reduction on the strength of my being:

An author in a small way, *vide* D. Lotbrop & Co.'s list;

A member of the publishing fraternity.

I do not ask for a pass, however acceptable it would he, but for a discount to the trade.

Yours truly, ———.

P. S.—If some other performance suits you better, "why beggars must not be choosers."

— MR. LOUIS LISSER, 1241 FRANKLIN STREET, begs to state that he has resumed giving lessons.

Finest oysters in all styles, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

APPROVED COOK-BOOKS.

Modern Cookery for Private Families. Reduced to a system of easy practice in a series of carefully tested receipts. By Eliza Acton. With upward of 150 wood-cuts. Fcap. 8vo $1 50

Cookery and Housekeeping. By Mrs. Henry Reeve. With 8 colored plates and 37 wood-cuts. Crown 8vo 1 75

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Cakes and Confections 60

Savouries a la Mode. 8th edition. Fcp. 8vo... 40

Entrees a la Mode. 4th edition Fcp. 8vo..... 60

Soup and Dressed Fish a la Mode. 2d edition. Fcp. 8vo 60

Sweets and Supper Dishes a la Mode. Fcp. 8vo 60

Oysters a la Mode; or, The Oyster and Over One Hundred Ways of Cooking it. To which are added a few recipes for cooking all kinds of shelled fish. 2d edition. Fcp. 8vo 60

Vegetables a la Mode. Fcp. 8vo 60

Dressed Game and Poultry a la Mode. Fcp. 8vo 60

WORKS BY URBAIN DUBOIS, CHEF DE CUISINE TO THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

Artistic Cookery. A practical system for the use of the nobility and gentry and for public entertainments. With 80 engraved plates. Royal 4to. 7 50

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History Building, San Francisco.

PACIFIC COAST AGENTS FOR HENRY F. MILLER & SONS' PIANOS.
The first choice of the great artists.

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317 KEARNY STREET, bet. Bush and Pine.

Science has Conquered! Our system for testing and adjusting, to correct any error of refraction, is used on this coast **only by us,** and is indorsed by the leading authorities throughout the United States **as the best known to science.** A perfect fit guaranteed. EXAMINATION FREE. Our manufactory and facilities are the most complete on the Pacific Coast.

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THE COSMOPOLITAN Warehouse and Storage Company, 770 Mission St., is the only five-story fire-proof storage house in its vicinity. Has better accommodations for storage, merchandise, furniture, pianos, mirrors, than any other house of its kind. Charges moderate. L. THIEBEN, Manager.

THE BANCROFT COMPANY.

BILL NYE'S BUDGET.

William on the Steamer.

AT SEA, June 15th.—There are so many things I have taken during the week to prevent sea-sickness that now I can not tell which it was that saved me. I wish I could. Was it the boneset, or the Hunjadi water, or the blue-mass, or the Piper Heidsick, or the machine-oil, or the fruit, or the seltzer, or the oatmeal, or the preparation for removing grease-spots, which I administered to myself by mistake and was glad of it afterward, because it took the taste of the other things out of my mouth.

I do not know. If I did, I could tell other people and save them the misery they are now going through, while I sit here on the deck alone, filled with pity.

* * * * * * *

All the above was written hastily during the first afternoon on board. I was then full of pity. Now I am not. I am not full of anything. When first I felt this great striving within me, I was filled with alarm, but even that went at last.

* * * * * * *

Aboard the steamer there are two Englishmen who change their clothes whenever time hangs heavy on their hands. They also play powkah somewhat, thereby assisting several poor newspaper men indirectly and aiding them financially so that they may see more of Europe than they otherwise might.

These two young men wear very attractive clothes with perfect impunity here on the ocean, because there are no horses to scare here, and the rest of us know that we took our lives in our hands already when we came across the bosom of the deep.

These two Englishmen have a state-room aft—that is, it is after than the dining-saloon is, while the bath-room is forward. They are very fond of their bath and love to sozzle around in the water after a wearisome vigil at powkah, so while we are at breakfast and conversing with the ladies in low, passionate tones, one of these gentlemen, en deshabille and accompanied by a large, malarial carriage-sponge, passes through the saloon on his way to the bath, bowing right and left with a bright, winning smile. Just as we get to our waffles and genuine Vermont maple syrup, he returns with soapy hair and bright red neck, carrying a wilted Turkish towel and a long-handled scrubbing-brush. He is an intellectual giant in appearance, from the top of whose head large veal cutlets may be easily secured.

He Boards a Bicycle.

Possibly it may not interest the readers of this paper to know it, but I have been, during the past three weeks, learning to ride the bicycle without a master. I do it in the evening, in the barn on my estate on Staten Island. That is why the barn is reputed to be haunted. Strange sounds are said to emit themselves from this barn and loud thumps; also wails of the damned. Boys, who used to go there and shoot cats, now go elsewhere. They can not bear to wrestle with the supernatural or listen to the wail of a damned soul, they say.

I got a very large wheel, because I run somewhat to legs and could propel an enormous vehicle, if I could once maintain a good poise. I have forgotten what size the wheel is. It strikes me that it is seventy-two inches in diameter. I mean the large wheel, of course. The smaller wheel is less large. This small wheel is used mainly for tipping up and buzzing in the air when the machine goes over, which is quite often.

I have a stage leg which looks well behind the footlights, but is most too boneless to work well on a bicycle. It droops too much. So does the other one. When I get to thinking about the propulsive power, I forget the helm, and when I once more allow my mind to revert to the helm, I become rattled and fall off in an oblique manner.

I first began to ride the bicycle about a year ago, not in public, but as a means of personal relaxation. It was a smaller instrument than the one I have now, but good. It was in every way equal to this one, and had a little flat oil-can and an alarm on the withers, which could be rung in case I should be crossing a railroad at night and desired the engineer of an approaching train to save himself by instant flight.

This bicycle I gave to the physician who set my leg for me. He did it so well that I gave him the instrument, together with the wrench I had received while falling from it. He loans it to the boys of his neighborhood and is building up a good practice in compound and communicated fractures.

Last year he tried it himself, one evening, at the twilight hour. He rode down Mr. Gryme's celebrated hill, and killed a child and a cow. He had forgotten how to play on the brake. He offered to replace the child with one whose mother he had treated professionally, up to the hour of her death. But he could not manage it that way. So he settled for the child, and now keeps the bicycle mainly to loan to boys who otherwise might climb his fruit-trees.

My new machine looks well. It is what we wheelmen call a full-nickle machine. I have had my photograph taken with it. That is, in company with it. It is a beautiful picture. You can easily tell which is the bicycle. The portrait was made by a friend of mine who has a homœopathic photograph outfit. He is quite clever with it. He is a Wall Street operator. His father was so before him. His father operated on Wall Street before anybody else. He used to sprinkle Wall Street. My friend does not make his living by photography. He makes his money honestly by speculation, but desires, of course, to have some means of obtaining a livelihood in case of reverses. So he is taking pictures by the dry-plate process.

He got a good picture of my wheel and myself the other day. I wore my wheelman's uniform. I bought my uniform before I got the wheel, and looked so well in it that I concluded to buy myself a bicycle and learn to ride upon it.

I belong to a club, but do not figure in it very much, except at the festive board, where I frequently speak or preside. I also belong to an athletic club, which has made me quite robust. Formerly I had very poor health, but of latterly I am almost too healthy. I go to the evening sessions of my athletic club, and when I go home at night I feel real hopeful.

Bicycling is a noble sport. Some day I am going to go around the world and take my wheel with me in a shawl strap. Bicycling tones up the muscles, enlarges the lung area, and teaches one self-reliance. If I could only ride on my bicycle, I am confident that it would benefit me. It certainly benefits the bicycle to ride on me, and it is a mighty poor rule that will not work both ways.

Our wheel-club takes a spin, as we call it, every week to some remote point, eating lunch at the further point, and then returning in the gathering gloom. I go sometimes, in a hansom cab, and take part in the lunch.

I am a great admirer of manly sports, and used frequently to jar the back-teeth of a sand-bag of an evening, or climb a horizontal-bar and gently fall off again. I was expelled from my first athletic club because I used to fall on the mattress in the early part of the evening and remain there until time to go home, thereby preventing other athletes from practicing on the mattress.

My machine has no cog-wheels or chain attachments. It is the old-fashioned, hump-shouldered bicycle, with steel running-gears. This fall I am going fox-hunting on it, if I can.

I swang the Indian clubs last year. It benefited me a great deal. Formerly I had operated a scroll-saw and bad made a lot of *fayance* and things, among which were a holly-wood clock, with a wealth of holes in it, and other little articles of *vertu*, including a bass-relief—bass-wood—of myself. In swinging the clubs I obliterated these things, especially the clock; and so I regard the Indian club as one of the most beneficial things, in proper hands, of which we are at present informed. I also have a set of dumb-bells, which I use to keep the door open in summer time, thus giving a free circulation of fresh air. In this way the dumb-bell is a great boon. It could also be pleasantly and profitably placed in church-towers throughout our land, thus adding to our general health by taking the place of the more clamorous bell of the dead past. The church-bell, like the tin dinner-horn, has outlived its usefulness, and I fear that the man who has to be reminded, by having the whole top of his head lifted off, that it is time to pray, will have to be assisted out of his grave on resurrection day by means of explosives which will cost more than the result will warrant.—*Once a Week.*

A SAINT OF THE AVENUE.

The applicant (timidly)—Please let me in.

St. Peter (opening the gate)—And who are you?

Applicant—A tailor-made girl.

St. Peter (half-shutting it)—Did you belong to the Four Hundred?

Applicant (reluctantly)—Yes.

St. Peter (shutting it a little more)—Rich and beautiful?

Applicant (still more reluctantly)—So the papers said.

St. Peter (leaving only a crack)—H'm, how came you here?

Applicant—A sudden cold and pneumonia——

St. Peter—Yes, I know. I suppose you took cold at a ball?

Applicant—No, at a charity ball—the flower-table was in a draught.

St. Peter—Why didn't you leave?

Applicant—Oh, I could not. I had promised to serve.

St. Peter (opening the gate a hand's breadth—You were very extravagant, I suppose?

Applicant (slowly)—I spent a good deal of money; but we were rich, and papa said it was a good thing to keep money going.

St. Peter (absent-mindedly)—Has your papa been canonized? But I digress. To return. (Sternly) Of course you oppressed the poor needle-worker, and put off paying the lonely, starving seamstress, while you trailed through the mazy dance the silken robe, into every seam of which she had stitched her woman's heart—or words to that effect?

Applicant (wonderingly)—Oh, no, indeed! Like many other girls in my set, I have successfully established more than one skillful but unrecognized needle-woman by giving them work and telling right and left whom I employed.

St. Peter (showing his head now in the opening)—Did you ever go to church on a rainy Sunday?

Applicant—Oh, yes; always, rain or shine.

St. Peter (suddenly suspicious)—Did you ever write a modern society novel?

Applicant—No, I never did. I was not very wise, you know.

St. Peter—H'm, it's not wisdom that goes into them. Can you recall any especial acts of goodness on your part?

Applicant (thoughtfully)—I kept awake half one night once while an engaged girl was telling me about her *fiancé*.

St. Peter—That was kind.

Applicant—I always kept my dancing engagements even when the best man asked me last.

St. Peter—That was unusual, certainly.

Applicant—And at college balls I used to affect real interest in what the seniors were saying to me.

St. Peter (who bad been gradually widening the opening)—We needn't go much further. Were you engaged to be married?

Applicant—Yes.

St. Peter—Englishman, I suppose?

Applicant—No, an American. I refused an Englishman, though.

St. Peter—Ah! He was a commoner, I suppose.

Applicant—No, he was a duke.

St. Peter (gasping)—What! you refused an English peer?

Applicant—I did not love him.

St. Peter (throwing the gate wide open)—My dear, walk right in. The next young woman from the side-streets who comes up here will have to make a very good showing to get by.—*M. H. Welch in Life.*

A satisfactory explanation: *Distracted mother* (at her daughter's wedding)—"Oh! Oh! Oh! What shall we do? The groom hasn't come, the guests are beginning to giggle, and my daughter is in a faint." *Friend of the family*—"Calm yourself, madam. I saw the groom only two hours ago, entering the Great Dry Goods Emporium at the corner. He said he had forgotten to get gloves." *Distracted mother* (suddenly breaking into smiles)—"Oh, then it's all right. He's probably waiting for his change."—*New York World.*

Two truckmen came into collision in the street with their vehicles: *First truckman*—"My dear sir, I'm very sorry for this accident. Will you kindly excuse me?" *Second truckman*—"Pray, do not mention it, my dear sir. The fault was as much mine as yours." After getting their wagons clear of each other, they bow politely, and, with a pleasant "good-day," proceed about their business.—*Boston Courier.*

Perfect in physiology: *Anxious mamma*—"Why, my dear, you look sick." *Daughter* (a school-girl)—"I feel awful sick. I missed all my lessons to-day except the physiology. I'm always perfect in physiology. Oh, dear, I feel awful!" "Why, what can be the matter? Have you eaten anything unusual?" "Only that two-pound box of candy uncle got me this morning."—*New York Weekly.*

The Chicago Idea.

Mrs. Boeufalamode, of Chicago, who has a marriageable and eligible daughter, is visiting at the country-seat of the ancient, but impoverished, Bareacres's family in Worcestershire. The earl is displaying the art collection to her, while young Bareacres and Miss Boeufalamode are at tennis.

Mrs. Boeufalamode—And which of the family is this, my lord? It seems to me I trace a resemblance.

The earl—Well, to tell the truth, my dear madam, that is not one of our family at all. It is a remarkably fine bust of Marcus Aurelius.

Mrs. Boeufalamode—Oh, indeed (recovering herself), that is the resemblance, then. Is it the present marquis, my lord, or his father?—*To-Day.*

"King Milan is fearfully short of money and utterly without credit." When Brokeley read this he thrust both hands into his pockets up to the wrists, and exclaimed, melodramatically: "Now I know what it is to feel like a king!"—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Rehearsing for charades: *Freddy*—"Now, Charlie, you must propose to Angeline (in her sixth season), and Angie, you must refuse him. It shall be 'Paradise Lost.' See?" *Charles* (thoughtlessly)—"They'll never guess it in the world."—*Life.*

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Fr SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week s)—6.10, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.55 P. M.
(Sdays)—8.00, 9.50, 10.55 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 1.15, 2.45, 4.00, o, 6.05, 7.00 P M. Extra trips on Saturday at 6.25 P. M.
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Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	6.15 P.
Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	11.15 A.
Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
Haywards, Niles, and San José	* 3.45 P.
Sacramento River Steamers	*6.00 A.
Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
Stockton and §Milton; Vallejo, Calistoga & Santa Rosa	9.45 A.
2d Class Sacramento, Ogden and East, connects at Davis for Knight's Landing	10.45 A.
Niles and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
Niles and San José	‡ 4.45 P.
Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
Central Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	7.45 P.
Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East	7.45 A.
Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.
SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.	
Newark, San José and Santa Cruz	‡ 8.05 P.
Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*11.20 A.
Centerville, San José, Almaden, Los Gatos and Santa Cruz	‡‡9.50 A.
T DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)	
San José and Way Stations	2.30 P.
Monterey and Santa Cruz, Sunday Excursion	‡ 8.25 P.
San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos; Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations	6.12 P.
San José, Almaden and Way Stations	7.30 P.
Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	5.08 P.
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San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey and principal Way Stations	*10.02 A.
Menlo Park and Way Stations	7.58 A.
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Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A.
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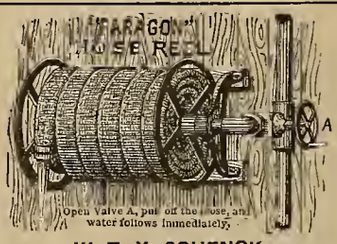

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SOCIETY.

Gibbs Dinner-Party.

An elegant dinner-party was given last Tuesday evening by Mr. and Mrs. George W. Gibbs, at their residence, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Frank T. Hoburg, *née* Gibbs, who recently returned from their bridal tour. During the service of the bounteous repast Noah Brandt's orchestra played concert selections in the floral bower adjoining the dining-room. The affair was a most enjoyable one, and ended with dancing in which many participated who called after dinner.

Those at the dinner were: Mr. and Mrs. George W. Gibbs, Mr. and Mrs. Frank T. Hoburg, Miss Sophie Gibbs, Miss Mattie Gibbs, Miss Mattie McCormick, Miss Evleyn Carolan, Mr. Herbert E. Carolan, Mr. John N. Featherston, Mr. E. Burke Holladay, and Mr. Samuel Tevis.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mrs. J. Mervyn Donahue will soon leave San Rafael to pass a few weeks at the Hotel Vendome in San José.

Mr. William Barnes has returned frnm Santa Cruz to visit his ranch in Oregon.

Mrs. David Willcox and the Misses Willcox, of Oakland, are passing the summer at San José.

Senator George Hearst is in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Hill are at the Peakes House, in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace L. Hill and family are passing the summer at the White Sulphur Springs.

Mrs. J. F. Burgin and the Misses Burgin are at Litton Springs.

Mr. Albert E. Castle is visiting San Diego for a month.

The Misses Childs, of Los Angeles, are at the Hotel Arcadia in Santa Monica.

Miss Cora Caduc, who has been making an extended trip through Mexico and Southern California, is expected to return to her home, "Mosswood," in Oakland, next Tuesday. She will pass the month of August at San José as the guest of Miss Naglee.

Mrs. John R. Jarboe and Miss Kate Jarboe returned frnm Santa Cruz last Monday.

Mrs. David Spence and Miss Minnie Foley, of San José, have been passing the week at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Buckingham, who have been passing the last four months in and around Napa, are at the White Sulphur Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Near, Miss Bessie McNear, and Mrs. P. E. Bowles are at Del Monte.

Mrs. Horace Wilson returned on Wednesday from Santa Barbara, where she has been staying for the past month.

Mrs. F. P. McLennan is a guest at the Arlington in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Willcutt have returned from their visit to the Yosemite Valley.

Miss Emelie Kirketerp has keen enjoying a visit at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. J B. Wright, of Sacramento, have gone to Lake Tahoe to pass the remainder of the summer at Mrs. E. B. Crocker's villa "Idlewild."

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Badlam, Miss Maude Badlam, Mrs. George C. Perkins, Miss Perkins, and Mrs. W. H. Brown left Tacoma on Friday for a trip to Alaska.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Mullins and Miss Maud Mullins have returned from their visit at San José.

The Misses Eggers have departed for a trip to Alaska.

Mrs James McClatchy and her daughter, Miss Emily McClatchy, of Sacramento, have returned frnm a two weeks' visit at Del Cornnado. Miss Fannie McClatchy, who has been at Howell Mountain with Mr. Jorgenson's class during the past month, is in Sacramento.

Mrs. B J D. Irwin and family have left Vineyard Haven, Mass., for Narraganset, Rhode Island.

Mrs. Stephen Rickard is passing a few weeks with her mother, Mrs. Neville, at 1631 O'Farrell Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred MacGrntty are now in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Morgan are passing a few weeks at the Hotel Rafael.

Judge and Mrs. F. E Spencer and Miss Grace M. Spencer, of San José, accompanied by Miss Jennie de la Montanya, of this city, are enjoying a visit at the Hotel del Coronado, and will visit the principal places of interest in Southern California before returning home.

Dr. George J. Bucknall returned to the city last Monday after a very pleasant hunting and fishing trip in the vicinity of Duncan's Mills. Mrs. Bucknall and Miss Marie Bucknall are at Cazadero, where they will remain a couple of weeks.

Mr. Frank L. Unger, who has been passing several weeks in New York and Philadelphia, departed for Europe last Wednesday.

Mrs. J. C Flood and Miss Jennie Flood returned from Europe last Wednesday.

The Misses Burke, of Philadelphia, nieces of the late General Naglee, are visiting Miss Naglee at her home in San José.

Mrs. J. L. Martel, Miss Adèle Martel, and Miss Ethel Martel left their villa at Mountain View a week ago to pass several days at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. George H. Roe and Miss Mae Helene Bacon, who have been passing a month at White Sulphur Springs, have gone to the Napa Soda Springs to remain until August.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Upham, of Oakland, have returned from their Eastern trip, and are at the Hotel Merritt in Oakland.

Mr and Mrs. Cornelius O'Connor and the Misses Maud and Lillie O'Connor are at the Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Redding have returned from the Hotel del Monte and are at their residence in Oakland.

Miss Emily Edmunds has been passing the last two weeks in the Yosemite Valley and at the Calaveras Big Trees. She will return on Monday to remain during the season at the Hotel del Monte.

Major and Mrs. B. C Truman and Miss Georgie Truman have left Del Coronado for New York, and will soon proceed to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding and Miss Lena Blanding will soon proceed East to visit the principal watering-places.

Justice and Mrs Stephen J. Field and Mrs Condit Smith departed last Monday to visit the Yosemite Valley for a week, and upon their return will go to Del Monte for a few days.

Consul and Mrs. J. Simpson have returned from San Leandro and are at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Fisher Ames have returned from their visit at Del Monte.

Miss Florence Caduc will he the guest of Mrs. Henry Williams at the Hotel Vendome for the next six weeks.

Mrs. Everett Wise, of St. Helena, and Miss Henshaw, of Boston, Mass., arrived here Thursday, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Dowling, *née* Pearson, have returned frnm their Alaskan trip, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. N. D. Rideout, of Marysville, arrived here last Wednesday, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Hewlett came down from Stockton last Monday for a visit of a few days.

Mr. and Mrs S D. Hovey have been passing the week at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Green have returned from the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. James Y. Coleman is in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hyde and the Misses Mamie and Gertrude Hyde, who have been traveling in Eurnpe for the past year and a half, will be home about the latter part of August.

Mr. and Mrs Carlos F Montealegre are visiting Lake Tahoe for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase have returned from the Napa Soda Springs, and are at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mrs. Eugene Casserly and Miss Daisy Casserly are visiting friends at Menlo Park for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs Charles Holbrook and Miss Mamie Holbrook have returned from their extended European tour, and are oassing the month at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis, *née* Pacheco, are passing a few weeks at Del Monte

Mrs. Carleton C. Coleman is at the Napa Soda Springs for the rest of the summer.

Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Voorhies and the Misses Marie and Katie Voorhies have returned frnm their visit at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pease, Jr., are passing the summer at Santa Cruz.

Dr. C. M. Richter returned on the *Santa Rosa* from Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Stetson, Mrs. Pinto, Mrs. Hubbard, Miss Stetson, Miss Hubbard, and Mr. Harry Stetson have returned from a pleasant visit at the Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. F. M. Pickering is stopping in Santa Barbara.

Army and Navy.

The military encampment at Monterey will tend to enliven matters there considerably. The troops are now en route there and will remain until August 15th, when they will go to Santa Cruz for a month. The officers accompanying the the companies are: Colonel Loomis L. Langdon, Lieutenant-Colonel William M. Graham, First Lieutenant Henry L. Harris, First Lieutenant Joseph S. Oyster, Major Thomas McGregor, Second Cavalry, Captain Gustavus C. Doane, First Lieutenant Alvarado M. Fuller, Second Lieutenant Charles G. Lyman, Captain Allyn Capron, First Lieutenant Clement L. Best, Jr., First Lieutenant Thomas C. Patterson, Second Lieutenant Charles Menoher, Captain John W. Dillenback, First Lieutenant Henry M. Andrews, First Lieutenant William C Rafferty, Second Lieutenant Elmer W. Hubbard, Second Lieutenant John A. Towers, Captain William M. Tisdall, First Lieutenant Charles B. Vodges, Second Lieutenant Samson L. Faison, Captain John J. O'Connell, Colonel W. R Shafter, Lieutenant-Colonel Charles G. Bartlett, Major Edward A. Moale, First Lieutenant L. H. Strother, First Lieutenant Charles G Starr, Second Lieutenant Frank O. Ferris, Captan Daniel F. Callman, Second Lieutenant Frederick A. Tripp, Captain Mathew Markland, First Lieutenant John S Mason, Jr, Captain Frank H. Edmunds, First Lieutenant T. Barry, Second Lieutenant Frank L. Winn, Major Curtis E. Munn, Second Lieutenant Robert H. Noble, First Lieutenant Louis P. Brant, Second Lieutenant Thomas Connolly, Major John H. Janeway, and Post Chaplain William H. Scott. Brigadier-General Nelson A. Miles, accompanied by his personal aids, Lieutenant C. E. Gatewood, Sixth Cavalry, and Lieutenant J. A. Dapray, Twenty-Third Infantry, will spend a few weeks in each camp. The other head-quarter staff officers, the most of whom will be in camp at various times during the summer, are: Colonel George D. Ruggles, Lieutenant-Colonel George H. Burton, Colonel Alexander J. Perry, Captain D. D. Wheeler, Major John P. Hawkins, Colonel Basil Norris, First Lieutenant James E. Runcie, and Lieutenant-Colonel Isaac D. de Russy.

Lieutenant James E. Runcie, U. S. A, has been ordered to proceed to Olympia, Port Angeles, and Whatcom, Wash, on official business.

Lieutenant John Little, Twenty-Fourth Infantry, U. S. A, is enjoying two months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant and Mrs. George M Stoney, U. S. N., are at the White Sulphur Springs for a few weeks

Mr. Le Roy Irwin, U. S. A., and Miss Ida S. Irwin have returned to New York from Toronto, Canada, where they were visiting friends for several weeks.

Notes and Gossip.

Eugene Dewey, of this city, was married on Saturday, July 6th, to Miss Wynnekoop, of New York, and sailed frnm that city on the same day for Europe on the steamship *La Gascogne*.

Mrs. Amy Crocker, of San Francisco, and H. M. Gillig, of Virginia City, Nev., were married at the Broadway Tabernacle, New York city, this week, and sailed for Europe.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Byrnn Mauzy Musical Club.

The Byron Mauzy Musical Club gave its fifth concert of this season last Thursday evening at Byron Mauzy's warerooms. An appreciative audience enjoyed the following excellent programme:

Overture, "Le Menetrier de St. Waast" ..... Herman
Orchestra.
Prnfessor H. R. Austin, Conductor.
Cavatina from "Robert la Diable" ..... Meyerbeer
Miss Lilian Gummer.
Piano solo, "Polka de la Reine" ..... Raff
Lesley W. R. Martin.
Song, "Forbidden Music" ..... Gastaldon
G. W. Croshy.
Violin solo, Fantasia ..... De Beriot
Ernest E. Weigel.
Miss Ada E. Weigel, Accompanist.
Song, "Angel's Serenade" ..... Braga
Violin obligato, Edward Lada.
Miss Lilian Gummer.
Selection. *(a)* Berceuse ..... Hauser
(b) Cavatina ..... Raff
Orchestra.
Piano solo, "Tarantelle" ..... Liszt
Miss Kitty R. Heyman.
Song, "Only Once More" ..... Moir
G. W. Croshy.
Finale, "Felicity Waltzes" ..... Thieme
Orchestra.

The Mansfeldt Musicale.

Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt gave his twenty-second concert of this season last Monday evening at Spencer Hall. The following programme was enjoyed by a large audience:

Sonata, D major, No. 7 ..... Beethoven
(a) Larghetto. *(b)* Minuet.
Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt.
Mazurka, B minor ..... Chopin
Miss Effie McDonald and Miss Opha Miller.
Slavonic Dance, F major, minuet ..... Dvorak
Mrs. Martha Crnwley and Mrs. Hugo Mansfeldt,
Mr. Abe Sundland and Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt
(a) Nocturne, F major ..... Chopin
(b) Gnomenreigen (Elfin Dance) ..... Liszt
Mr. Max Weber.
Etude, C sharp minor ..... Chopin
Mrs. Martha Crowley.
Dance Macabre ..... Saint-Saens
Mrs. Crowley and Mrs. Mansfeldt.
Siddartha Waltz ..... Alma Mansfeldt
Composed by Mrs. Hugo Mansfeldt.
Slavonic Dance, C major, presto ..... Dvorak
Mrs. Crnwley and Mrs. Mansfeldt,
Mr. Sundland and Mr Mansfeldt.

A special concert will he given next Thursday evening at San Rafael hy Mme. Camilla Urso and Mme. Louise Pyk, for which an excellent programme has been arranged. Mme. Urso will play Mendelssohn's concerto, and Mme. Pyk will sing Weber's grand aria from "Der Freischutz." Signor Campobello will sing Rossini's "Sorgete" from "Mahomet II," and "The Heart Bowed Down." Signor Sigismund Martinez will preside at the piano.

ART NOTES.

Brookes is resting during the summer with his studio full of the work of last spring.

John A. Stanton, who recently returned from Del Monte and Santa Cruz, is at work upon a portrait.

Charles R. Peters, who is said to he doing excellent work in Paris, is expected back here in October.

A. Joullin is doing nothing beyond attending to his duties at the School of Design.

C. D. Robinson is engaged in portraying the beauties of the Yosemite Valley.

Tom Hill is at Wawona, and pays a visit once in a while to the Yosemite Valley.

Carl von Perhandt is sketching at Fort Ross.

Emile Pissis, a well-known local artist who left here last spring for Paris, has taken a studio there with Jules Pages, who is also well-known here. He will remain in the French capital a year, and then go to Spain, Italy, and other points on the Mediterranean.

William Keith has a new painting of Mt. Rainier under way, showing its snow-capped top and a glacial stream coursing through a little valley in the foreground. A quiet pastoral sketch he has just completed is called "Haying-Time in Summer."

Raschen, who has been quite ill for some time past, went to Southern California on Wednesday for the benefit of his health.

A. C. Rodriguez, who recently recovered from a severe attack of malarial fever, now has his studio in the Custom-house Building, on Battery Street. He has completed two small sketches of rural life in Alameda, and is engaged upon a large picture of Mt. Shasta.

Miss Eva Withrow is engaged upon a portrait of Charles R. Story.

Miss Alice Chittenden has finished an excellent study of peonies and several small panels of flowers.

Mrs. Virgil Williams, who has been in Boston for a couple of years, has returned to this city.

Julian Rix has left New Jersey and gone to Paris.

Mrs. M. E. Evans is sketching at Lake Tahoe.

W. A Coulter has a large class of pupils at Stockton,

M. Straus has some landscapes under way and is busy with his class.

Roathe is busily engaged on a couple of portraits.

Joseph Strong will go to the South Sea Islands with Robert Louis Stevenson, to make sketches for the latter's novels.

Mrs. Nellie Hopps Howard is in Yokohama, and occasionally finds time to take up her brush and palette.

The School of Design closes July 31st. and will reopen in September. The attendance has averaged seventy pupils, and all are doing quite well.

E. Narjot is displaying, at Morris & Kennedy's, a pretty study of Duchesse de Brabant and Niphetos roses.

MAN-HATING MAIDENS.

Hnw nne Lovely Spinster was Disarmed.

FAR HARBOR, June 23d.—If you want to see an exhilarating sight, look at an agile, alert young woman when she is fencing. You will acknowledge that fashion, by chance, sometimes does a good thing, and that this is one of the times when the silly goddess is entirely beneficent.

The girl over there is not precisely pretty to see of herself, for she has a wire-mask over her face, and a wire-mask is not a beautifier. Neither is a stuffed plastron of buckskin on the chest exactly what a society girl would choose for adornment. She has on her feet easy, flat-soled shoes; she wears a tennis-shirt and a loose-fitting blouse. The moment sbe moves you are delightfully aware that she has on no corsets. She can bend backward or forward or sideways. Oh, lovely freedom! Is it not charming, the way she puts her right foot slightly forward, then gayly passes her foil over her head in a half-circle and brings it to guard opposite her opponent? It is great fun to watch her. If I were going to fall in love, it seems to me that now is an excellent opportunity to do so. It would not be the first time that one had been infatuated with grace rather than beauty. Tbere is a new meaning to the word elasticity after seeing this fencer. Carte and tierce and parry, and a score of motions not set down, flasb from her arm as her supple body follows in attack or retreat. Why has fasbion waited so long before allowing women to fence? It is nature berself tbat has fitted them. It is not main strength that is so required as alertness, readiness, quickness of eye, and muscle. We know that a woman does not require "to look in order to see."

I am watching this person, but I have no idea who she is. That dress and that mask are too diguising.

Suddenly, after a swift darting of foils, her antagonist lowers his weapon and stands defeated. It is Lillian Smythe's voice which asks gayly.

"Did you really do the best you could?"

She takes off her mask and shows a very red face and sparkling eyes. Algernon Goddard salutes her.

"My best is none too good for you," be answers, gravely.

Tbe two walk away from the hall and I do not care to watch anybody else, for a clumsy fencer is not an inspiring sigbt. I go out on the beach and stray aimlessly.

As I turn back along the sands I see two people who seem as if they were enjoying this dual insulation. They look pityingly at me. Lillian smiles absently but sweetly as she bows. Though Goddard takes off his cap, I can hardly believe that he really sees me.

I immediately begin to wonder cynically if Miss Smytbe will have a report of a refusal of Goddard to make at the next meeting of the Peedees. I see her badge is quite conspicuously displayed. At this moment sbe does not look as if she were exploring in abstruse subjects. Still, what can be more abstruse than —but I am getting beyond my depth entirely.

This subject reminds me to say that Lillian Smythe is very capable in a cold-blooded way. She either has a heart, or sbe has not.

Recently the president of the S. S. S. P. D. reported, in a succinct manner, that sbe had declined Mr. Frederick Flite's yacht, his horses over at Langham's, bis polo ponies, the tidy sum his governor allowed, and, incidentally, Mr. Frederick Fitte himself. This report was in obedience to a by-law of the society, and it was duly recorded by the society's type-writer. I was also greatly applauded as a step toward the suppression of sballowness in the concrete, in the person of Mr. Fiite. The argument in favor of this method of proceeding was, that to fight against anything in the abstract, the best way was to battle with the concrete at every opportunity.

At this very meeting, another Peedee, for so the individuals of this club are disrespectfully called by outsiders, made a report that she bad said "No" to a young man two days before. The announcement was made with such apparent effort that everybody looked at the speaker, and even the writing-machine seemed impressed with a sense of tragedy.

The society waited.

"The name of the gentleman, if you please," demanded the president, in a judicial and impersonal voice, "that it may be recorded."

Silence again.

"The name," inexorably repeated the president.

"I don't care!" burst out the young lady; "I sha'n't belong to this club any more!"

There was a flounce of skirts, a bang of a door, and once more silence, broken at last by the president as she ordered the secretary to erase the name of our late sister. The secretary inquired if she should put down cause of withdrawal.

The answer was given with gloomy emphasis.

"State the cause to be the preponderance of weak human affection over the aims of the S. S. S. P. D."

It was quite dreadful to know that the machine was printing those words.

It was only when the voting for the admittance of a new member began that anything like cheerfulness was restored to the meeting.

Miss Myra Hebron was unanimously elected. She was in waiting somewhere, and was brought in with effusion, took the oath with determination, and was inducted into the honors of the white-satin badge, when she immediately asked permission to say a few words. Everybody took an attentive position. The new member stood up gracefully. She put her hand reverently on her badge; she bad no waistcoat into which to thrust it.

She spoke feelingly for half-an-hour. It was a beautiful speech, and much applauded. I only wish I might give it here in full, it would be so much better than anything I could write.

She said that when we looked abroad over the universe, we saw myriads of men and women. (Applause.) Nineteen-twentieths of these men and wo were without any perception of the profundity of They lived shallowly from day to day. (More plause.) The crying need of the feminine wor this present age was for depth—not such dep merely fed them to repeat what mere men had sai the subjects of the day, but depth which would

Miss Hebron recommended societies throug the country. She thanked heaven that she had to Far Harbor when she did, that she might ad little influence to the great work.

When she stopped talking, the meeting sud and mysteriously became informal in a way it and fell to chattering violently about the recepti be given under the auspices of the S. S. S. I Auspices is a word never to be neglected. A or speaker who will willfully neglect to use that when he may, is unworthy to employ language o kind.

Some days must pass before the reception. days were simply regarded as an interregnum filled, and the filling was tennis and rowing and ing and flirting. But there was a distrait air, of brooding absence, noticeable in the young and reflected upon the stronger sex. Though Flite went about in more splendid raiment than as if to sbow Miss Smythe the glories now lost there was a cloud upon him which was not altog the cloud cast by disappointed affection. painfully uncertain as to what was expected of that reception, but he said he would go if he di it. He was a society man, and if society did thing he was going to be in it. When he came scene of the festivities, he as well as others wer sented with a card resembling what was once ca "dance-card." In it were printed, instead names of dances, the following topics:

Space. How deep ought a person to be really deep? Hypnotism. Spoons. The rel of futurity to the present. Does marriage oppo true development of mentality? If so, why?

Mr. Flite stood in the dressing-room holdi card before the glass in his eye. His evening was so perfect as to give that sense of unea which perfection causes to mortals. His ha parted in the middle of his little bead, and hi chin almost dropped as his glass glimmered ov pasteboard.

Some one flung off his overcoat beside him. looked up heiplessly.

"I say, Goddard, bave you got one of cards?"

Goddard nodded.

"Are not they devilish?" went on Fr "what's a man going to do, anyway?"

It was rather awful. Eacb gentleman w pected to choose a partner and talk with her fiv utes on one of the subjects given. At the end time a flourish of music warned him, if he we living to bear it, that he must choose anothe ner and discuss again. It was an arrangeme culated to appall the bravest. Freddy almost bled.

"Have we got to do this kind of thing time?" His glass fell out and his hands we steady enough to put it back.

Goddard informed his companion that the going to be fed and be allowed to dance for the hours. Flite averred that "he should be dead fore he got to hypnotism. And what was hypn anyway? Can't you tell a fellow a few thin shall have to talk about spoons all the tim whined; "do they mean real spoons, or just you know, Goddard?"

But Goddard asserted that he had not an ide was meant; be said he thougbt it would be spoon a little, and then talk of the subject. Flite brightened perceptibly, and succeeded i ing his glass in his eye again. Still he was rat lorn-looking as he entered the scene of the struggle in Goddard's company.

There were the proper number of chaperon they performed without a blemish the proper quired of American chaperones. It was a to sight to see all these youths and maidens, beautifully, giving all their powers to the know the unknowable profound. One thing me as very strange. At every flourish of mus seemed to change partners, but somehow the two or three young men who presented the app of being all the time beside the same young Of course I know they were discussing space rest of the given topics, because it had be nounced that they would do so. When I these particular faces, I came to the conclusi there had been great skill used in the choosing jects. I had not expected that a talk about hyp for instance, would require just that kind of drooping glance from the maiden and that and from the youth that poorly veiled ardor. all very mysterious to me. How inspiring the were! I was proud of the keenness of the P I looked forward to a future of great usefuln them.

Feeling thus, I was surprised at some thing happened at the next meeting of the society meeting fell upon the following evening. T member, Miss Hebron, announced that she report to make. It seemed that, at the re under the bead of "spoons," Mr. Flite had an offer of his yacht, borses, ponies, and h his hand. This report was received with accla In a few moment, Miss Hebron was made aw precisely the same offer, with only the chang feminine name, was already in the archives S. S. S. P. D. It was intimated that if a ve amount of skill were used, each member might to bring forward a like experience. It w suggested that a printed form of the proposal by Mr. Flite be made with a blank left for th of each girl to whom he confided it. But w prised me was to hear Miss Lillian Smythe spe the president's chair to this effect: She resig office with which she had been honored. M withdrew from the society whose aims were to her. She said a good deal more with th meaning, and with much feeling. I listened and so did every one. When she sat down, th ing instantly lapsed into informality, and Miss disappeared.

A very distinct voice rose above the chatter. mark my words," it said, "I know what it has been and accepted Algy Goddard. Girls to do that kind of thing! It's just too pitiful what I call it."—*New York Tribune.*

Three vineyards in Burgundy, bearing the names of Clos D'Estournel, Château Montro De Pomys, have just been purchased for nine h thousand dollars. The Clos Vougeot vineyar for sale.

XXXV—Bill of Fare for six persons—Sunday, July 14, 1889.

Sorrel Soup.
Fried Tom Cods. Cucumbers.
Breaded Veal Cutlets. Green Peas.
Egg Plant. Asparagus.
Roast Lamb.
Potato Salad.
Orange Float. Walnut Cake.
Apricots, Peaches, Pears, Plums, Cherries,
Nectarines, and Apples.

ORANGE FLOAT.—One quart of water, juice and pulp of 6 lemons, one coffee-cup of sugar. When boiling hot add 6 teaspoonfuls of corn-starch; boil fifteen minutes, stirring constantly. When cold, pour this over four or five oranges which have been sliced in a glass bowl. Beat the whites of five eggs to a stiff froth, sweeten and flavor, and place large spoonfuls over the top of the float.

The history of bank-note forgery is rather intimately connected with that of line-engraving, as many accomplished workmen in that profession have dropped from the path of honesty and turned their skill to the counterfeiter's aid. One excellent engraver, drawn into their net, was John McLees, a skilled artist and an honest man, drink being his great fault. Once, when under the influence of drink, he was seized by a gang of counterfeiters, carried to Brooklyn, and there detained in secret. Under threat of death he was made to counterfeit a government bond. To gain time, McLees spoiled the first plate as if by accident, and before the second plate was finished the government officers descended on the place. McLees's good reputation and his sad story in court saved him from imprisonment. A friend found employment for him and became responsible to the government for his conduct. McLees quit drink and lived the honest life he always had lived, but early one morning he was found, dying, with a fractured skull at the foot of his stairway by Dey Street. He did not revive sufficiently to tell the story of his death-wound, but it is always supposed it came from his Brooklyn captors, in revenge for his trick.

Jerusalem seems now to be a rapidly growing city. This is due to the great number of Jews who are flocking there yearly. They now number thirty thousand more than the Moslem and Christian population combined.

A bee belonging to a swarm which a Dorsetshire farmer was attempting to hive, got down the man's coat and stung him, and the throat swelling very rapidly, the man died of suffocation.

Calustro.

Mrs. Susan L. Mills, Mrs. Sarah Haight Tompkins, Mrs. M. Belle Holmes, Mrs. Clara F. Hamilton, Mrs. Rebecca Knox, and Mrs. Phœbe Watkins are the soulless corporation. Mr. J. O. Culver is the general manager and Mr. M. W. Woodward is the business agent of this altogether anomalous commercial concern, which is engaged in the manufacture of powder for the complexion and teeth, soap for the washing of hands and metals, polishing substances for windows, mirrors, and needles, bricks for scouring marbles, bronzes, hard woods, gold, silver, and precious stones, with enamel for finger-nails. It is warranted to keep everything bright and clean in the domestic circle, from the gouty old paterfamilias and the anxious materfamilias to the cat which licks its paws beside the brasses in the chimney-corner. Polished mirrors reflect the happy faces of servant-maids, made happy by their reflections. "Calustro" is the name of the mineral used in the production of all these marvelous compounds and mixtures. Calustro is used at the watch, in the machine-shop, at the jeweler's bench, in the dental chair, it cleans kitchen coppers, removes ink-stains, takes stains from clothes, carpets, and furniture from everything, in fact, but from the character. It is "perfect comfort." It imparts brilliancy to mirrors, window-glass, and the complexion. Calustro comes from a ledge upon a Napa ranch owned by a woman; was discovered by a woman; it is manufactured by women; it is used by women; its incorporation is composed of women only, and only women are permitted to own and hold stock. The ladies have only their own lack of confidence in their own sex by choosing men for manager and agent. If these gentlemen are not married, or do not get married, the ladies, in justice to their sex, should turn them out.

The business capacity of this board of female directors is manifest by the fact that this advertisement is inserted gratuitously, and, that we may do nothing by halves, we desire not only to bear testimony to the excellency of the articles manufactured from Calustro, but to inform our readers that they are sold cheap at the office and depôt of the company, at 1304½ TELEGRAPH AVENUE, OAKLAND.

A PRIZE WINNER.

Unprecedented Luck That Has Attended J. V. Schofield.

"Yes, San Francisco is a lucky city, and I'm one of the lucky citizens when it comes down to winning prizes," observed Engineer J. V. Schofield of the Union Block, as he polished up a brass coupling.

"You have been playing Louisiana State Lottery," suggested the reporter whom he was addressing.

"Exactly; that's just what I've been at."

"Talking about prizes, though. Here's a little notice. You see, last February I drew the whole of a capital prize. Louisiana was not in the deal, though—it was my wife. I had all the coupons. The first thing she did after our bridal tour was to purchase a ticket in the Louisiana State Lottery. We won an approximation prize. The next month we did the same thing, and in the last drawing, May 14th, my wife pulled out $5 000, and we have got the money. There were two other $5,000 prizes won in the city and several $2,500 prizes."

"Do you expect to quit work and go into business of some kind."

"Oh, no. I am just waiting a good opportunity for investment. Next time I'll get $15,000, and then I may think of taking things easy."

Mr. Schofield is a young man and resides with his wife at No. 521 Folsom Street. This stake gives him a good start in life.—*San Francisco (Cal.) Examiner, June 10.*

— GO TO BRADLEY & RULOFSON'S NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont Streets.

— STEELE'S Palace Drug Store, 635 Market St.

Sufferers from Coughs, Sore Throat, etc., should use "*Brown's Bronchial Troches,*" a simple but sure remedy. *Sold only in boxes.* Price 25 cts.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Board on a Farm.

You soon learn to mutter
This very true ditty;
The fresh milk and butter
All come from the city.
—*Town Topics.*

Happy Time.

The air with scent the clover fills,
Which glads the senses,
And goats are eating circus-bills
From off the fences. —*Boston Courier.*

P. S.

He asked fair Maud to marry;
By letter she replied.
He read it—she refused him;
He shot himself, and died.

He might have been alive now,
And she his happy bride,
If he had read the postscript
Upon the other side. —*Judge.*

Illusion.

Things are never what they seem,
I've heard philosophers say,
And the cold roast veal of yesterday
Is chicken salad to-day. —*Life.*

Off Color.

A writer who, when young, was very green,
In time grew blue as years passed o'er his head.
You ask what caused this transformation scene?
The man grew blue because he was not read.
—*Life.*

Per-Varsity.

"Hereafter no student can matriculate in the University of the Pacific, at San José, California, who uses tobacco in any form."—*Evening paper.*

'Tis sad the Yankee Undergrad
Should be debarred his 'baccy;
And forced to rank his "Head" a "crank,"
And all his Tutors cracky;
Yet that's the dismal case in the
Pacific Universitee.

The modest cigarette is banned;
They've quite tabooed cigars;
And naughty triers of secret briars
Are sent home to their Ma's;
They rusticate like mad from the
Pacific Universitee!

"Cut Cavendish!"—the Dons exclaim;
"Hav-ana weeds you mustn't!
What! 'Nicotine assuage the spleen?'
Oh, trust us that it doesn't!"
A real "unweeded garden," the
Pacific Universitee!

"Pale students are made pale by pipes,"
So say San José doctors;
"All College men to rest by ten
Must go," chime in the Proctors.
They go—and smoke in bed in the
Pacific Universitee!

Of Greek you may know less than ought,
Latin less than you oughter,
Be very rude, give "wines," get screwed,
And then "screw up" the Porter;
Smoking's the only "Yice" in the
Pacific Universitee!

By boycotting the "men's" cigars
They've made a dreadful 'ash;
This pedant's joke may "end in smoke,"
But not in fame—or cash;
Such is our Bird's-eye view of the
Pacific Universitee.

Oh, English Alma Maters, pray
Don't imitate San José;
A fragrant weed is good indeed
When intellect feels dozy.
There'll be no Undergrads in the
Pacific Universitee! —*London Punch.*

It's Irish, Begobs!

(AIR.—"It's English, You Know.")

Disrespectfully dedicated to the Hon.(?) Patrick Egan et al.

To lease you a farm of a modest extent
Is Irish, begobs! quite Irish, begobs!
And to not pay the owner a penny of rent
Is Irish, pure Irish, begobs!
Then to fill the whole world with a howl and a shout
'Gainst the poor swindled landlord, for turning you out,
And the barbarous police, whom you've scalded, no doubt,
Is Irish, quite Irish, begobs!

CHORUS.

All the queer things you see and the queer things you hear
Are Irish, begobs! all Irish, begobs!
And the queerest of all is you don't think them queer,
Just *because* they are Irish, begobs!

To boycott the man who (conforming to law,
Isn't Irish, begobs! quite so Irish, begobs!)
Rents *and pays for* the farm you just *rented* before—
That's Irish, straight Irish, begobs!
To curse him as deep as your language allows,
To send him nice notes filled with murderous vows,
And to cut out the tongues of his horses and cows—
That's Irish, all Irish, begobs!

To skulk, when the night her protection extends
To the Irish, begobs! brave Irish, begobs!
Behind a stone-wall with a score of your friends,
All Irish, good Irish, begobs!
And to shoot some vile landlord who's heartlessly planned,
With unheard-of assurance, to own his own land;
Or to murder his wife or his daughter off-hand—
That's Irish, true Irish, begobs!

If you're nabbed by the police, of such peril ne'er reck,
For it's Irish, begobs! sound Irish, begobs!
To squeal on your pals, and thus save your own neck—
Just *isn't* that Irish, begobs?
But, in any event, in the end never fail
For the shores of Columbia wisely to sail,
And to there get at once into office—or jail,
For they're both filled with Irish, begobs!

Arrived, you will find it will give you strong claims
On the Irish, begobs! good Irish, begobs!
To join secret orders with heathenish names,
Yet, strange to say, Irish, begobs!
Then for servant-girls' cash raise the patriot's cry,
Plot to blow English women and children sky-high,
And induce your most bothersome rivals to die,
Even though *they* are Irish, begobs!

To Parnell and the hyes then let's empty our mugs—
They're Irish, begobs! true Irish, begobs!
To all Manchester martyrs and Phœnix Park thugs,
For they're all of them Irish, begobs!
Be sure to proclaim as *sun*-Irish each crime,
But howl for the criminal's cause every time,
And, if bung, dub him "patriot" in prose and in rhyme,
For he's proved himself Irish, begobs! —*O. in Puck.*

The Wilderness of Lies.

I am lying, Egypt, lying, in my own peculiar way,
I acquired the habit lately, but I do it every day;
Every morning to the river with my tackle I repair
To beguile the speckled troutlet from his deep, pellucid lair;
In the evening, on returning, I describe my victim's size,
And I am roaming, Egypt, roaming, in a wilderness of lies.
—*Nebraska State Journal.*

— WORK FOR WORKERS! ARE YOU READY TO work, and do you want to make money? Then write to B. F. Johnson & Co., of Richmond, Va., and see if they can not help you.

— DON'T GET SUNBURNED. YOUNG LADIES SUMmering in the country can preserve their complexions by using Rachel's Enamel Bloom. For sale by all druggists.

— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

— EXTRA MINCE PIES, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

Its superior excellence proven in millions of homes for more than a quarter of a century. It is used by the United States Government. Endorsed by the heads of the Great Universities as the Strongest, Purest, and most Healthful. Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder does not contain Ammonia, Lime, or Alum. Sold only in cans.

PRICE BAKING POWDER CO.
NEW YORK. CHICAGO. SAN FRANCISCO.

Dividend Notices.

PEOPLES HOME SAVINGS BANK.

Market and Fourth Sts., Flood Building.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

The Board of Directors of the Peoples Home Savings Bank, of San Francisco, California, have declared the following dividends, free of taxes, for the half-year ending June 30, 1889:

On Ordinary Deposits, for the entire time of the deposits, at the rate of four and thirty-five hundredths (4.35) per cent. per annum.

On Term Deposits, for the entire time of the deposit, at the rate of five and twenty-two hundredths (5 22) per cent. per annum.

On the Capital Stock at the rate of six (6) per cent. per annum

Payable at their Banking Premises, 805 Market Street, on and after Monday, July 1, 1889.

JAMES K. WILSON,
Secretary and Cashier.

THE CALIFORNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOciety, corner Powell and Eddy Streets—For the half-year ending June 30, 1889, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and twenty-two hundredths (5.22) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and four and thirty-five hundredths (4.35) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, and payable on and after July 1, 1889.

VERNON CAMPBELL, Secretary.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California Street. For the half-year ending June 30, 1889, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and one-tenth (5 1-10) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and four and one-quarter (4¼) per cent per annum on ordinary deposits. Payable on and after Monday, July 1, 1889.

GEO. TOURNY, Secretary.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.

KEELING BROS..... PROPRIETORS AND MANAGERS.

OUR TENTH ANNIVERSARY!
Saturday Evening, July 13th, and until further notice,
Second Week. Houses Crowded Nightly.
Gilbert and Sullivan's Greatest Success,

H. M. S. PINAFORE!

Unanimously conceded to be the best performance of this opera ever witnessed in San Francisco.
Gorgeous Scenery! Splendid Costumes! Wonderful Silent Drill! Master Lennie's Songs and Dances!
Over 100 People on the Stage!
Souvenirs containing a complete record of our performances from July 3, 1879, to July 3, 1889, will be distributed every night.

OUR POPULAR PRICES, 25 and 50 cents.

1843. **THE BEST COMPANY.** 1889.

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK

RICHARD A. McCURDY, President,

Has Returned to its Members Over **$275,000,000,** Or more than **eighty per cent.** of the Whole Amount of Premiums Received.

AND HAS ALSO OVER **$128,000,000** CASH ASSETS Securely Invested. Ample to Protect all its Insured.

Its Term Distribution Policy is the Best Life Insurance Contract Extant. Simple, Liberal, Nonforfeitable. Secure and Profitable as United States Bonds. DO NOT TAKE ANY OTHER.

The best results in Life Insurance have been attained in the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, and it is therefore the Best Company for the Policy-holder.

☞ All persons who desire to have safe life insurance are requested to apply to

A. B. FORBES,

GENERAL AGENT FOR THE PACIFIC COAST,

No. 401 CALIFORNIA STREET, - - - - SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Or at any of the authorized agencies of the Company, in the principal cities and towns on the Pacific Coast.

HIGHLAND BRAND MILK.

THE ONLY ABSOLUTELY PURE CONDENSED MILK IN THE MARKET.

A Perfect Substitute for FRESH MILK OR CREAM. The BEST KNOWN FOOD FOR INFANTS.

It contains no sugar or chemicals, but is simple pure cow's milk, and can be used the same as fresh milk for every purpose. For sale by all grocers and druggists.

THE JOHN T. CUTTING CO., Sole Agents, San Francisco.

PREMIÈRE QUALITÉ,

OUR NEW CIGARETTE.

As the result of long labor and careful study, we have this superb Cigarette to offer. It can not be surpassed in purity or excellence, and is a novelty, unique, chaste, and dainty. It is from the highest cost Virginia and North Carolina leaf.

The finest Smoking Mixtures are at our manufacture.

15 First Prize Medals. WM. S. KIMBALL & CO., Rochester, N. Y.

LOUIS ROEDERER CHAMPAGNE.

THE HIGHEST GRADE CHAMPAGNE IN THE WORLD.

WHITE LABEL, "CARTE BLANCHE," A Magnificent Rich Wine.

BROWN LABEL, "GRAND VIN SEC," Perfection of a Dry Wine.

See that every Bottle bears the private label of MACONDRAY & CO., Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast.

R. H. McDonald, PRES'T. E. V. McDonald, CASHIER.

ESTABLISHED 1863.
Oldest Chartered Bank on the Pacific Coast.

PACIFIC BANK

Capital Stock . $1,000,000.00.
Surplus $ 700,000.00.
Av. Resources $4,500,000.00.

Returning thanks for past favors, we respectfully ask a continuance of the same and solicit accounts from Individuals, Firms and Corporations.

R. H. McDONALD, President.

San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 1, 1889.

THE WORLD TYPE-WRITER.

IF YOU WANT THE EARTH, BUY THE

WORLD FOR $10.00.

Single case, $10.00; double case, writes 72 characters, $15.00; walnut case, $2.00 extra.

SIMPLE! DURABLE! PRACTICAL! RAPID

Send for descriptive circulars and testimonials.

THE SAMUEL HILL COMPANY,
General Agents and Dealers in Type-Writer Supplies,
725 Market St., History Building, S. F.

$50,000 180 ACRES. THE JACKSON BROS.' Fruit and Raisin Farm, NEAR WOODLAND, YOLO COUNTY

Highly improved and in full bearing; elegant residence and out-buildings; 100-ton dryer and packing-house. Most conveniently situated and equipped for

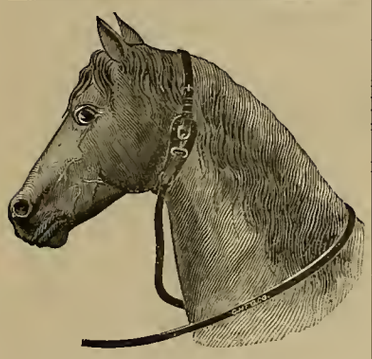
GROWING, DRYING, AND PACKING ALL KINDS OF FRUIT.

TERMS OF SALE: An undivided one-half interest will be sold by the administratrix of the estate of B. F. Jackson, at public auction, at the court-house door, Woodland, July 13, 1889 at 2 o'clock P. M.

The other undivided one-half interest is offered at private sale by the surviving partner.

For further information, address,

BYRON JACKSON,
625 to 631 Sixth St., S. F., Cal.



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IMPORTERS, MANUFACTURERS, AND DEALERS IN

HARNESS, SADDLERY, AND LEATHER.

We carry a very large assortment of all goods in our line, from the cheapest to the best made.

400 TO 404 MARKET STREET

CORNER BATTERY STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO.

W. H. McCORMICK,
Importer and Manufacturer of
Marble, Granite, and Statuary, Mantels and Grates,
1422 Market St., bet. City Hall Ave. and Larkin St., S. F.

SUMMER EXCURSIONS
TO SANTA BARBARA,
THE MOST DELIGHTFUL SUMMER RESORT ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

ROUND-TRIP TICKETS BY RAIL:

Including One Week's Board, - - - - - - $37.50
Including Two Weeks' Board, - - - - - - $50.00

—AT THE—

ARLINGTON HOTEL

A rebate of $2 per day will be made to parties not wishing to stay full time.

"As there is but one Santa Barbara in the world, so there is but one 'ARLINGTON' in Southern California. The rooms are large and elegantly furnished; corridors broad; grounds ample—four and a half acres in extent—adorned with roses, shrubs, and palms. Here the weary may rest, the sick be healed, the active roam over mountain, hill, and valley, or sail upon the ocean. Here is PEACE, HEALTH, COMFORT."—Nordhoff's California.

This famous hotel, enlarged by the addition of a beautiful annex to more than double its former capacity, offers superior inducements to tourists and those in search of health and pleasure.

CLIMATE SUPERB! DRIVES CHARMING!
SCENERY GRAND! SEA-BATHING MAGNIFICENT!

Tickets for sale at S. P. Co.'s office under the Grand Hotel.

FOR HEALTH OR PLEASURE GO TO

BYRON HOT SPRINGS.

SUMMER RESORT AND SANITARIUM.

The most accessible to the Southern Country of any resort in California. Two trains daily each way. Springs two miles from station over level road.

THE HOT MUD BATHS,
HOT SULPHUR BATHS,
HOT SALT BATHS,

Are a certain and speedy cure for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, all Blood and Skin Diseases, Insomnia, Nervous Disorders, Female Complaints and Malaria.

THE LIVER AND KIDNEY SPRING.

Is a valuable water for the cure of Liver and Kidney Complaint and Indigestion. The great number of cures made by these celebrated waters attest their value. Over 4,000 visitors in 1888. ADVICE OF RESIDENT PHYSICIAN as to use of Baths and Water free to guests. Circulars mailed on application. Round-trip tickets, good from Friday to Tuesday, $3.00. Stage meets every train. Buy ticket to Byron Station.

H. B. COLBY, Manager, P. O. address, Byron, Cal.

TRADE MARK

HYGIENIC! NOURISHING! AGREEABLE!

Ghirardelli's Soluble Cocoa

HOME-MADE, FRESHER AND BETTER THAN THE IMPORTED.

KNABE PIANOS

It is a fact universally conceded that the KNABE surpasses all other instruments. A. L. Bancroft & Co., 132 Post Street, San Francisco.

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS

SEASON 1889, NOW OPEN.

Address, DUNHAM & EATON, St. Helena, Napa County.

MARK WEST SPRINGS.

Renovated, improved, and under new management. Open the year round. Hotel stages meet 3:30 train from Tiburon Ferry at Santa Rosa. Through fare, $2.50; unlimited return, $3.75. GEO. ROBINSON, Proprietor.

THE FAMOUS

NAGLEE BRANDY,

Aged 10 to 20 Years. In Original Packages.

THE FINEST BRANDY IN THE WORLD. GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY PURE.

FOR SALE BY ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.

Williams, Brown & Co.

SOLE AGENTS, 116 CALIFORNIA STREET.

Be sure you get the genuine. Fac-simile of our signature on every bottle.

PERRIER-JOUET & Co.

CHAMPAGNE.

W. B. CHAPMAN,
123 California Street, San Francisco.
SOLE AGENT FOR THE PACIFIC COAST.

For sale by all first-class Wine-Merchants and Grocers.

NEW YORK—PARK & TILFORD, PHILADELPHIA—F. P. DILLEY & Co., } Agents.

Fine Table Wines

From our Celebrated Orleans Vineyard.

Arpad Haraszthy & Co.

Producers of the ECLIPSE CHAMPAGNE,
530 Washington St.
SAN FRANCISCO.

CHICAGO—C. JEVNE & Co., ST. PAUL—C. JEVNE & Co., } Agents.

Hotels.

"THE BERESFORD"

COR. BUSH AND STOCKTON STS.

The most conveniently located family hotel in the city. Elevator, Electric Bells, Billiard and Smoking Rooms, etc.

WM. CHAMBERLIN, Proprietor.

HOTEL PLEASANTON

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

MRS. M. E. PENDLETON, Proprietor.

The most elegant hotel in San Francisco; every modern convenience; table excellent; none; the most desirable stopping-place in the city.

GERMEA
FOR BREAKFAST
DELICIOUS.
TRY IT!

625-631 SIXTH STREET. 149-169 BLUXOME STREET.

BYRON JACKSON,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

ENGINES, BOILERS, AND PUMPS; COMPLETE POWER AND PUMPING PLANTS, for irrigating and reclaiming land.

HARVESTING MACHINERY, HAY STACKERS AND RAKES, WINDMILLS, ETC.

Write for Catalogue. Address,

BYRON JACKSON, 625 SIXTH STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

The Argonaut.

VOL. XXV. No. 3. SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 22, 1889. PRICE, TEN CENTS.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.—The Argonaut (name patented June 4, is published every week at No. 213 Grant Avenue (Dupont Street), by rgonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, $4.00 per year; six s, $2.25; three months, $1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. ription to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, $5.00 per City subscribers served by Carriers at $4.50 per year, or 10 cents per Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and s in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post , above Grant Avenue (Dupont Street), to whom all orders from the should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Com- New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may ered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe. Address mmunications to "The Argonaut, No. 213 Grant Avenue (Dupont), San Francisco." No traveling canvassers employed.

A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.

ED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

NK M. PIXLEY, ... EDITOR.

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aliens who are citizens by adoption, or who hope to become do not observe that there is a growing determination on the art of all intelligent citizens—both foreign and native-bor—to enforce the laws in reference to property and persons anc demand for themselves all the rights guaranteed to the under the constitution, they are blind to the signs of the tim and will, if they persist in such acts as labor strikes, whi almost always end in riotous and destructive violence; in l cotting, which is always in violation of the rights of person and always in disobedience of law; in Clan-na-Gael and oth political associations, which are apt to result in murder; in a foreign political associations, to consider the wrongs of Ire nd, France, and Italy; to aid in securing national governme to the Irish, or republican government to France, or civil gov nment to the Pope, or in any way to interfere with countrie with which our own is at peace, or in any way to disturb the government of the American Republic—will he some day aroused to the fact that America is still governed by Am icans. The fact is becoming apparent that there is trou le brewing in the immediate future unless the meddlesom arrogance of ignorant and vicious aliens is checked. It is tter that they, their leaders, and their priests should see nd understand these signs in the political heavens and warning that the trouble may be averted. When the cloud hursts, it is too late to repair dams or rescue drowning persons. A meadow-mole may open the way through banks which the Mississippi will follow at its flood, carrying devastation and ruin to the surrounding country. A cow, kicking a lantern from the maid who milked her, involved Chicago in conflagration. Human institutions are not more enduring than water-barriers or structures of brick and granite. The Clan-na-Gael may turn murder loose upon murderers; a religious and race war on the Canadian border may involve the continent in chaos. The ambition of the Roman Catholic clergy, under the spur and pick of Jesuitry, may so overleap itself as to bring about a religious change greater than that which involved the Roman Empire when from paganism it adopted the Christian religion. This is an age in which revolutions never go backward. This is a country in which the world anticipates the marvelous; it is an age and country where the unexpected is likely to occur. Slavery was deemed fixed and impregnable in our constitution; it was interwoven with our traditions; it was identified with our material interests; it was associated with our most intimate domestic relations; it was at our Southern firesides; it worked in our fields, knelt at our altars; the slave was loved, loyal, and native-born; yet, when the war came, the institution was rent and torn from the soil, where for more than two hundred years it had grown, and not a shred was left. The government was wrenched with the strife of civil war; ruin and desolation were carried to every part of fifteen States; the country was left with an immense debt which to any other government would have been a lasting inheritance. The clouds which then lowered over the political horizon of the country were not darker than now. Popular sentiment was not aroused to a degree of indignation over slavery and its evils at all comparable with that which now surges through the community over the fear of foreign immigration or the dangerous encroachments of an ambitious and disloyal foreign church. These evils are at the ballot-box; they are disturbing our domestic peace, threatening our foreign relations, imposing upon us exorbitant taxation, and bringing to us serious labor complications. Slavery was a sentiment which came to us of the North only as a sentiment. If for it we could go to war, imperil the government, emancipate twenty millions of slave property, create a national debt of three billions of dollars, sacrifice one million of lives, pay unnumbered millions for pensions, plunge the South in danger and the nation in shame from the mistake of a constitutional amendment which inflicted upon the country the irremediable blunder of giving the male representatives of six millions of ignorant freedmen the right of the elective franchise, which carries with it the possibility of rule to the South and ruin to the government, we may not hesitate to accept a religious and race war—harsh and hateful as it may sound—to relieve us from the invasion of ignorant, pauperized, bigoted, and criminal aliens, and the curse of an ambitious church, which is plotting with criminal endeavor the overthrow of republican liberty on the American continent. Wars never occur unless first we have the premonition of their rumors; already we observe the political heavens darkening; we hear from press and pulpit, and from the masses wherever they congregate, the soughing sound which always precedes the coming storm; tempests and cyclones, like wars, give warnings of their coming. It is only fools, politicians, and priests who do not take heed.

There is an American party in Canada now treading the path into which the stupid greed of the Roman Church and the sinful apathy of the American people will soon force the next-time Americans of the United States. How soon that time will come can not be known. If the average American Catholic were like the average Canadian Catholic, the time would be close at hand. But there is a vast difference between the Roman Catholic brought up in the public schools of America and the Roman Catholic kept down in the parochial schools of Canada. And that difference of character does not consist in any difference of knowledge of catechism, nor in any difference of moral traits, nor in any difference of scholastic attainments. It consists in that indispensable feeling of patriotism which the American Roman Catholic inevitably and unconsciously absorbs by daily communion with his fellow-American countrymen, without regard to difference of creed, but which is not allowed to germinate in the breast of the Canadian Roman Catholic, who is carefully prevented from associating with his fellow-Canadian countrymen by being taught a foreign tongue. How long this patriotic difference in favor of the American Roman Catholic will last, or whether it will in the near future be intensified or diminished, is a vital question. As to our country, Rome is both encouraged and alarmed. Never before in our history has the Roman Church so obtrusively thrust herself, with all her barbaric, mediæval pomp and pageantry; her episcopal throne-tinsel, prince-of-the-church glitter; his lordship, his grace, and his eminence absurdities, and the yellow-legged zouaves, with sword and gun gaucheries, upon the startled, amused, and indignant notice of the intelligent American public; never before in our history has Rome so ostentatiously paraded her pretentious claims to superiority by pushing her bedizened prelates to the front on great national and state occasions; never before has Rome so valiantly vaunted and so offensively forced upon the reluctant attention of the American people her prowess in numbers, in influence, in wealth, in aggrandizement, and in her rapid increase in all of these; never before has Rome so aggressively demanded special privileges, peculiar prerogatives, and exceptional immunities; never before has Rome assumed before the American people an attitude so intrepidly self-reliant and so audaciously defiant. And yet this usurping sovereign and would-be lord of all human motives and all human actions shows most evident signs of trembling on his crumbling throne of superstition. Through all the unhappy generations in which the Roman Church held absolute and undisputed sway over the principal countries of civilization, she restricted education to the few who were needed mentally to enslave the many. When Victor Emmanuel wrested Rome from the Pope, only five per cent. of her people could read and write. So long as the civil power was under the influence of the holy Roman Church, there were no common schools for the education of the masses. The church was evidently governed by its motto: "Ignorance is the mother of devotion." So long as there were no distinctively heretical nations, the Roman Church could concentrate her merciful care on the heretical black sheep which the watchful shepherd detected among the flock over whose eyes he had pulled the wool of ignorance; so long as Rome had reasonable expectations of dominating all civilized humanity, her holy fathers wrote on the claims of the church with the most brutal frankness; so long as Rome knew nothing of a coming civilization based on widely diffused intelligence and genuine, because natural, morality, her writers never wrote a word of denial or explanation of, or apology for, her uncountable persecutions for heresy; so long as the readers of history were very few and nearly all Catholic, Rome exhibited no special activity in historic matters; so long as Rome hoped to count all humanity as her own, she had merely to prevent the intelligent few from disastrously affecting her ignorant many.

But the proud vaunt of the church, *semper idem*, has become an idle boast. She is no longer the same, and never again will she have the power to stem the tide of human progress with her unintelligent motto. Protestantism—not that of Luther and Calvin, but modern Protestantism with its distinguishing characteristic, the acknowledgment of the right of private judgment—has taken the old Roman in its powerful young arms and is carrying, pushing, and dragging her along the road of modern ideas and human freedom. No longer influencing the civil power, she is compelled to erect parochial schools to compete with Protestant intelligence; no longer free from the fear of heretical nations, she no longer persecutes her heretics, but mildly contents herself with scolding her *indifferents*, of whom she has legions in all enlightened countries; no longer expecting to dominate all humanity, her writers have wholly ceased to press her preposterous claims. Being overpowered by the might of modern intelligence, she now denies some of her crimes, explains others, and apologizes

for all of them. Being forced by the modern spirit of universal education to provide historical reading for her masses, she is engaged in an active and desperate endeavor to distort history to her advantage. No longer hoping to count all humanity as her own, she now eagerly seeks to gather to her superstitious arms the ignorant few from the intelligent many. These considerations lead us to hope that the above-mentioned difference in favor of the American Catholic, as compared with the Canadian Catholic, will be continued and intensified. Very much, nearly the whole matter, will depend upon whether the American Catholic child will attend the American public school, or whether it will be forced by the Italian priest, through the superstition of its parents, into the Roman parochial school. If the majority of American Catholics shall succeed in resisting the strenuous endeavors of the Roman clergy to force all American Catholic children into parochial schools, the crisis, which we neither desire nor fear, will be long delayed and may never come. If all the children of American Catholics be gathered into parochial schools, not more than one generation will pass away before the present Canadian experience will be brought home to the people of the United States.

In last week's *Argonaut*, we endeavored to give our readers a glimpse of the Canadian struggle against the Church of Rome, by presenting to them selections from resolutions passed at numberless meetings throughout the Dominion. We now continue the realistic picture by printing very carefully selected portions of speeches made in support of those resolutions. We offer no apology to our readers for our copious use of these quotations, as we feel assured that they will prove to be interesting reading:

Rev. Dr. Hunter said: Mr. Mayor and gentlemen, when I look at this gathering, I ask why are we here to-night? When I read of other gatherings in cities and towns, of resolutions passed by ministerial associations, Orange lodges, citizens' committees, and Evangelical alliances, representing the Protestant denominations of the world; when I read the great newspapers day after day, and find column after column filled with accounts of Jesuit meetings, and note the actions of the ecclesiastical courts, and find that they all protest against this bill, I ask what does all this mean? Have the Protestants gone mad? Have we entered upon a war of race for civil and religious liberty? I am compelled to answer no. No resolutions are passed with a view to deprive our Roman Catholic fellow-citizens of any of their rights. I ask if this unhappy agitation is not the outcome of a great outrage which has been perpetrated upon the people. Two years ago, a strong remonstrance from the cardinal at Quebec against the incorporation of this society was sent in to the Quebec legislature. We are anxious to have the support of every intelligent Roman Catholic as well as the most liberal-minded of the old parties. We have no desire in this great movement to make capital for either political party, as we are anxious to dissociate this movement from party altogether.

Dr. Mackenzie seconded the resolution. He asked every man, who valued the rights of British citizenship, to secure a copy of the act and read the preamble which declared the authority of the Pope in temporal matters. This was what the one hundred and eighty-eight members of Parliament had indorsed. It was possible that such a thing might be done in Quebec, but it was almost beyond belief that one hundred and eighty-eight men in the Parliament of Canada had supported this most infamous preamble, had debased themselves, and degraded their constituents, and to crown the stupendous hypocrisy, they sang "God Save the Queen." The only conclusion he could come to was that in doing so their moral senses were so blunted that they were unable to see the results of their infamous action. (Cheers.) They were unfit by their conduct to sit in Parliament. "Let us," he said, "get rid of such men, and get those who have no axes to grind, who will not for self or pelf degrade their country by acknowledging the supremacy of the Pope."

Mr. Armour, of Toronto, first pointed out the difference between Gallicanism and Ultramontanism. The one recognized the rights of civil authorities, the other solely maintained the supremacy of the Pope in all matters. It was Ultramontanism which had the upper hand in Quebec, and it was against it that the people had to fight.

Mr. James L. Hughes, of Toronto, said that no party issues were at stake, neither was an attack being made on Roman Catholicism by the discussion of the Jesuit question. The agitation was raised to purify politics, for one party was as bad as the other. (Cheers.) Of the one hundred and eighty-eight politicians who were willing to make the Pope sovereign, were men of both political sides; but, he added, they can not rule; for when Wolfe planted the Union Jack on the heights of Abraham he planted it to stay, and it was going to stay. (Great applause.) "Quebec," he said, "is a British province, and if the one hundred and eighty-eight politicians don't know it, we will teach them it, and the sooner the better." (Cheers.) He intimated that in the opening of the Quebec legislature it was Ultramontanism which had to be fought, and "if the politicians can't stand up for liberty, then men will be sent to Parliament who will represent the people and recognize the full sovereignty of her majesty." (Cheers.)

Principal MacNear opened by declaring that the Dominion of Canada was a British country, and the sooner some people realized that fact the better it would be for them. He related the humble beginnings of the Jesuits in 1842, and asked his hearers to contrast the situation now. They were hardly established in their college, in Montreal, before their conduct was such that they incurred the opposition of even Cardinal Taschereau and seven of the Catholic bishops. But despite all opposition, they were able to score three notable victories. The first was in 1887, when they secured incorporation, with an income of three hundred thousand dollars; the next was when they secured four hundred thousand dollars of the public funds; and the third was when they gained such a signal victory on the floor of the Parliament of Canada. He was here to protest against these three victories; he was here to oppose the Jesuits generally because they are bad. He opposed the act because it was unconstitutional; he opposed it because it was unjust, in that it subverts the higher education fund of the province; because its language imports that the act of the British Crown was fraudulent; *because it endows* ROMANISM *with public funds*. He would, with still greater freedom, oppose state aid to the Presbyterian Church, the Methodist Church, or any other church. He opposed it because it *gives to the* POPE *civil power in a* BRITISH PROVINCE. They were in future, whenever they required it, to have public money for education, colonization, etc. If the view of the minister of justice was correct, *and this view has been adopted by the Cabinet and Parliament*, the Protestant minority in the Province of Quebec had no safeguards, and they must now seek constitutional amendments such as will give them the safeguards which the minority in the Province of Ontario enjoy. They were told, he said, that the Protestants of Quebec had no grievances. Well, he would enumerate a few. This act subverted the higher education fund. By the laws of Quebec, the taxes of the Protestants on bank and other stocks go to the support of Roman Catholic schools. In Montreal alone, from ten to twelve thousand dollars of Protestant taxes go to the support of Catholic schools. The Quebec council of public instruction is composed of Cardinal Taschereau, his ten Roman Catholic bishops, ten Catholic laymen, and ten Protestants. The legislature *will not consider* any change in the school law *unless it is first indorsed by this body*. The degrees of the Protestant ministers are utterly degraded in the provinces. The holder of a bachelor of arts degree can not qualify to begin the study of law or medicine until he has first studied moral philosophy, as taught in the Jesuit college. Is not the design of this clear? It is to exalt and promote the interests of the Catholic college at the expense of the Protestant seats of learning. Another grievance is the parochial system, and still another is the tithing system, which is admirably calculated—in the hands of a zealous priesthood—to drive her majesty's loyal subjects away from Quebec. Again, the members of ecclesiastical committees are civilly dead, and can not be summoned to give evidence on the most important matters or to perform any other useful civil functions. And beside all this, the Roman Church has a claim on property without registration; Protestant marriages are held to be not sacramental; THE CHURCH FRAMES BILLS AND HAS THEM SENT TO THE LEGISLATURE TO BE PASSED; the cardinal wishes to be considered as high as her majesty's representative. And yet we are told that Protestants suffer no disabilities in Quebec. The speaker closed with a stirring appeal to his hearers to continue their struggle for civil and religious liberty.

The following are brief selections from various speakers:

It is not a question of theology. It involves the immunities, rights, and privileges of all. They were told that by their action they endangered the peace of the community. I am a man of peace, but I say solemnly that if the relinquishment of liberty is to be the price of peace, then welcome war. British rights are being trampled upon by the Roman Church at Quebec. I object decidedly to the teachings of the Jesuits; against their iniquities I raise my voice. The nature of this act is such that it will allow the Pope to set up statues of himself, Loyola, and other Catholics in every corner of the province, and pay for them out of the public funds. The people must rule, the church to the contrary notwithstanding. If Sir John Thompson is correct, then the Protestants of Quebec have not a thread of protection and the constitution must be amended. *We are at war with political Romanism, not with the Catholic Church and its religious dogmas.* The Toronto Citizens' Committee has on it both Protestants and Catholics. *What we are contending for is equal rights for all and exclusive privileges for none.* Even Roman Catholic writers have proved the undesirable character of the Jesuits for any civilized country. The four hundred thousand dollars given them is so much working capital for their opposition to Protestant teachings and institutions. Both political parties are vieing with each other as to which can best serve the Church of Rome. The Governor-General of Canada has stated in the House of Commons that there are only seventy-one Jesuit priests in Canada and that no one need be afraid of them. There may be only seventy-one Jesuit priests in Canada, but that is no indication of the number of Jesuits in the country. I am not afraid of the Jesuits. I do not think that any man with Anglo-Saxon blood in his veins is afraid of them, and the time has come for every such man to cry to them to stop. General Wolfe had spilt his blood on the Plains of Abraham to secure a British government for Canada, but the Jesuits have quietly, and by craft and scheming, secured control of the Quebec legislature, and have nearly secured control of the Dominion Parliament. The Governor-General of Canada has said that it would be a disastrous thing to force a religious war. *This means that for every step the Roman Church takes forward we must take one backward to avoid collision.* This agitation is not against the Catholic religion but against a political church. *The attorney-general had set up the preposterous claim that British law never existed in Quebec.* Why did the British conquer Canada? Was it to bring the canon law of Rome into force, as the attorney-general would have us believe? The attorney-general claims that when the Jesuits were suppressed by the Pope their property went into the ownership of the bishops of the province; but at that time, British law was in force, and by British law the property passed to the British crown and not to the Roman bishops. The attorney-general is the only lawyer who dares to say that British law was not then in force in Canada. The bulwarks of our liberties are being rapidly broken away and soon the flood will be pouring over us. There are many citizens and newspapers which dare not stand up for us. The speech of the attorney-general is the most treasonable ever uttered in the House. I do not take this position because of any prejudice against the Roman Catholic Church. I would resist, in the same manner, any attempt to effect a union of church and state though the church were the Anglican, Methodist, or any other. We are simply demanding our rights as citizens, and not asking for any measure of harshness against our Roman Catholic brethren. I believe in the entire separation of church and state. The sentiment of Canada demands it, and it is the duty of the representatives of the people in the House of Commons to voice the public opinion. It is humiliating to our country that an Italian power should be called in to settle our domestic affairs. Three and a half millions of English-speaking British subjects should be able to manage one and three-quarter millions of French-Canadians. We must fight out this battle according to the constitution. Let us send to Parliament men who will pledge themselves, without regard to party matters, *to resist the encroachments of Rome*. Why should sixty French-Canadians be permitted to govern this country? Because the English are quarreling among themselves.

A careful reading of the foregoing speeches discloses the fact that the agitation in Canada is not against the religious faith of Roman Catholics, but against the aggressions of a political church working in opposition to the rights of the Canadian people.

There is, perhaps, not an honest man or virtuous woman in this community, intelligent of the history of the Sharon case, who does not rejoice at the rendition of the judgment of the supreme court. While it does not come within the province of our journal to make overfrequent mention of this or any other scandal, we have said enough to indicate our opinion concerning the motives which have impelled plaintiff, her attorneys, witnesses, agents, and their entire surroundings to the perpetration of an altogether criminal endeavor to extort money from a wealthy and profligate man. It is not necessary that we should defend the conduct of Mr. William Sharon, in order to express our indignation and contempt of the actors in this most disreputable of legal contests. The supreme court of the State, by an unanimous decision, has set aside the findings of Judge Sullivan in the lower court and wiped out every pretension which has been advanced in reference to the contract of marriage existing between William Sharon and Sarah Althea Hill. The original marriage contract is found to have been a forgery, supported by the kind of evidence which such a decision implies. This verdict leaves the plaintiff in the position in which she found herself before the institution of the suit for divorce and alimony. It leaves her attorneys with their history behind them, and the future before them, without the consolation which might have been derived from a recovery of dishonest fees, the division of alimony, or the sequestration of one dollar of Mr. Sharon's estate, except that which Mr. McLoughlin so happily succeeded in withdrawing from the country. So far as we are informed, no moneys have been obtained by the conspirators who banded together to plunder a rich man. If the history of Judge Sullivan's judicial ambition, and the secret contrivances planned for attaining a place upon the supreme bench, could be exposed, and from confession and priestly conference all the incidents of this wonderful trial could be exposed, it would furnish a marvelous sensation. We are glad to think that the case is ended, and glad to believe that it has ended in failure, mortification, and disappointment to all who have given it aid and encouragement. We do not know to what extent this case has contributed to the changes upon the supreme bench, nor whether the Sharon case has in any appreciable degree affected public sentiment or controlled the result of elections; but we think that it is not improbable that it may have contributed somewhat to the removal of three or four of the Roman Catholic and foreign-born judges, and in their places given us native-born Protestants. Mr. Sharon, as we are informed, on his death-bed pledged his estate and the honor of his heirs to the vindication of his name from the calumny of this forged marriage-contract. We may congratulate Mr. Fred Sharon, his son, Mr. Frank Newlands, his son-in-law, and his daughter, the wife of Sir Thomas Hesketh, that they have honorably performed their duties in this respect.

Very many millions of acres of our public lands have been purchased by Englishmen. Millions of dollars in value have been invested by Englishmen in mines. When the craze for land areas, ranches, stock-farms, and timber had somewhat subsided; when the craze for railroad stocks and l passed over, then came the purchase of salt-mines and eries, and next iron-mines and steel factories, furnaces, ing-works, and rolling-mills. It is said that four millic dollars have been paid out, and seven millions of dollars have been promised for mineral lands in the Cumb Mountains. Large investments are being made in coal-l tanneries, electric-lights, gas-works, saw-mills, and brick- Shoe-factories are being purchased; dry-goods stores the large cities acquired. The rubber business has al tracted the attention of syndicates. In a word, the indic point to the probable investment of many millions of p of English money in American properties and sec Whether this is desirable or not, we have not been al form an opinion. But why not? The more mone more business; the more business, the more profit. E guineas stamped at British mints will prove a very acce circulatiog medium, and one thing is absolutely certai glishmen will not dare to invest their moneys in a coun which they do not become citizens. If they invoke th tection of our laws, the aid of our courts, and the assista juries and executive officers, they will not long cons permit Irishmen to become judges, legislators, and ma political bosses without themselves becoming citizens an ticipating in the control of our political affairs. The E man loves property too well to consent to leave its c taxation, and the administration of political affairs rem in the hands of Irish, because he knows that agrarian rather a pronounced feature of the Irish character. Th been demonstrated in the Land-League-Home-Rule po Ireland, and in the disposition of Irishmen to pay oo maim cattle, murder landlords, and boycott everyhod does not walk hand-in-hand with them in the commis agrarian crimes. So, on the whole, we are disposed t come English citizens bringing money with them t country.

The Reverend Dr. Prendergast, vicar-general of the R Church in the diocese of San Francisco, delivered a lect St. Mary's Cathedral upon the Grotto of Lourdes ar miracles which have been performed there. There are very distinguished scientists, and not a few very disting theologians, who utterly disbelieve in the doctrine of th turgy. It is apparent that the Reverend Dr. Prender not one of them, and as the Church of Rome authori apostolic vicar the use of a Roman Catholic Cathedral licit benefits for a church charity under care of the "Sis the Holy Family," it is apparent that the Roman Chun believes in miracles, and especially in that of the at Lourdes, and the marvelous cures which are said to been performed at that shrine. We do not believ on certain occasions "an image of the Virgin Mar peared eighteen times to a small peasant-girl, called dotte Soubise;" nor do we believe that as the result apparition, which was visible to no one else, "the young became glorified by a holy light and distinguished for a tial beauty unnoticeable at other times." We know th fountain near the grotto, where the image was suppo have been seen by the young woman eighteen times, so came famous, and pilgrimages were made to it. Then, less through the apparition of "faith-cure" working up imagination of the credulous, cures were performed, wh the ignorant, seemed miraculous. Upon this not too structure the Church of Rome saw its opportunity tablish a sort of ecclesiastical grab-bag for catching p from the credulous fools who were induced to make pi ages to its shrine. The Duke of Norfolk took his ur nate heir to Lourdes for the restoration of his mind an cure of his physical ailments, but to no purpose; and ously enough, there are no cases where anybody has been helped by the waters of Lourdes who ever had e of reputation to give force to the authenticity of the The marvelous workings of the waters of the grotto, an miraculous cures attested by the hanging of crutches the gable of the new and very elegant church which super has extorted from the credulous and the ignorant, are on thenticated by priests, nuns, and ignorant peasant girls have been used by a greedy church as a money-making d The church at "Knock," in Ireland, is another instance marvelous wonders which so often come to the aid Roman Catholic Church. There, on a moonlight ni peasant-girl, passing the church at midnight, saw an i graven and carved out from the gable of a granite cl perform its genuflections and cross its hands. Wheth church sent the child to a convent, as they did the little nadotte Soubise, in order that her testimony might be p uated, we are not informed, but, all the same, the c works miraculous cures, hangs up its crutches, and n money from the ignorant and credulous fools who make pilgrimages to its shrine. We believe our good Father dergast was one of the victims of the "stigmata," caught, in San Francisco, so many of our excellent and

s Catholic laymen, and hence we are not surprised tbat be should find in the grotto at Lourdes, its marvelous cures, and wondrous miracles, the theme of an interesting discourse, and clearly worth to anybody, who believes in modern thaumaturgy, fifty cents admission for the benefit of St. Joseph's Home.

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n open letter on our relations with Canada, written by A. N Towne to the visiting committee of the United States Senate, has been laid upon our table. In this open letter, Mr. Towne takes the position that unequal competition witb Canadian railroads, operated under unfriendly and competitive conditions, was as dangerous to the country as competition with the foreign products of cheap labor. Capital invested in the great transportation system of the United States was threatened with disaster as serious as the most positive protectionist could predict from a free-trade policy. This is the point of the argument of Mr. Towne, and is illustrated by the fact that the Government of England and the Dominion Government of Canada have subsidized a railroad through Canadian possessions from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, in competition with the roads whicb span the continent within the jurisdiction of the United States. The Canadian road is a political fabric, built for political considerations, to promote the political interests of the British colonial empire, and to secure the carrying trade of the Pacific Ocean to the injury of our railroad system. The Dominion Government has granted to the Canadian Pacific Railway a subsidy of twenty-five million dollars; has donated to it twenty-five million acres of land, and has given it right of way, station ground, dock privileges, and water-frontage worth additional millions; has given seven hundred and fourteen miles of constructed railway of the estimated value of thirty-five millions of dollars. The Canadian Pacific is permitted to import rails free of duty, and other material for construction of its road and telegraph-line. The road is free from taxation. Its lands are free from taxation for twenty years. This magnificent bounty gives the corporation an almost free road in competition with the half-dozen roads which private capital has built across the continent within our own lines. This competition in transportation has already attracted the attention of our San Francisco Board of trade, and it is not improbable that the future of our city will be endangered unless the Congress of the United States has its serious attention called to this matter. Mr. Towne's letter is a pamphlet of fifty-five printed pages, too long for us to print and too long for us to review, but every merchant, property-owner, and business-man in all the seaport cities of both tbe Atlantic and Pacific coasts would do wise to procure and carefully peruse it. Every line and every figure is wortby of serious consideration to all persons interested in the commercial or material future of this city and State.

We hear frequent complaints of Judge Walter H. Levy, for having permitted an Italian to receive from his court naturalization papers authorizing him to become an American citizen, since without the intervention of an interpreter, he could not intelligently reply to the judge when asked his name or tbe country of his birth, except through the medium of an interpreter. Nor, presumably, could he, with an interpreter, have replied if he had been asked whether he owed allegiance to Umbert, King of Italy, or to Leo the Tenth, Pope of Rome. It would have puzzled this subject of the fisherman to have answered whetber, in event of an armed struggle between the Papacy and the United States, he would have enlisted for his holiness and civil supremacy or for the maintenance of American liberty and law. And yet Judge Levy did his duty under the law, in the admission of this unintelligent alien to the full rights and responsibilities of American citizenship. It is the law and not the judge whicb is in fault in tbis instance, the legislature and not the court which is to blame. It is the duty of a judge to enforce a bad law so long as it remains upon the statute-book. It is the duty of legislators to repeal bad laws. It is the privilege and the duty of American citizens to elect intelligent men to make and execute the laws. To enforce a law, the executive office is not so important, except in case of murder, where the only mistake a sheriff could make would be to omit to hang a guilty member of a murder club when once convicted. It is somewhat uncomfortable to reflect that a citizen of intelligence, property, good moral character, and a keen sense of the responsibilities and dignities of his duties as an American citizen, may have his ballot offset by an Italian *lazzarone*, exuding garlic at every pore of his otherwise unpleasant body, whose intelligence does not equal that of the monkey for whom he grinds the organ and upon whose sense, industry, and honesty he depends for his maintenance and macaroni.

Frencb-Canadians in Canada are seemingly engaged in the organization of conspiracy with the Jesuit members of the Papal Churcb to create a revolution against the British Government in Canada. Military societies are now being formed within the Dominion of Canada and within the jurisdiction of the United States, of French-Canadians, who do not speak the English language, are not citizens of the American Republic, and acknowledge no other allegiance than to the Pope of Rome. Mr. Mercier, Premier of Quebec, has openly unmasked his French-Canadian sentiments at a public meeting in Ontario, on the twenty-sixth of June, while Lieutenant-Colonel Amgot, of the French-Canadian militia, has declared its readiness, at the right time, to guard the institutions, language, and laws of French-Canadian subjects. This means, if it means anything, that there exists in Canada a race and religious war, which it is the intention of Frenchmen and Jesuits to fan into a tempest whenever the opportunity shall present itself. Canada is filled with secret societies, the worst and most dangerous of which is the "Society of Jesus." It works and plots in secret; it schemes in the dark and executes its vengeance without warning. The Order of Hibernians, Clan-na-Gael, Knights of Columbskill and St. Patrick, and many others, are semi-military in their organization, while the entire militia system of Canada is permeated with the idea of an ultimate conflict with the English Government. In nearly every Roman Catbolic College in the United States classes are being instructed in military drill and manœuvre, under masters detailed from the regular army. There are fifty of these colleges. We are not supposed to know the ultimate purpose of this military preparation, nor wbether it is the intention to operate these Papal forces to restore tbe Pope's civil authority in Italy, or to dismember tbe British Empire, in order to secure the independent nationality of Ireland, or to be in readiness to operate in the United States whenever the finger of Jesuitry shall point the hour on time's bloody dial when the religious war shall begin. The fight against republican government, science, Protestantism, liberty, and law, will be welcomed whenever the Church of Rome shall give indication of its preparedness for action. Last month there was an encampment of Irish military companies in the vicinity of New York. They came from all the Eastern States. After four days of drill, the encampment adjourned to the vicinage of Philadelphia for further military exercises. We do not understand the meaning of these manœuvres, nor tbe reason of tbe activity of the church militant. We give notice of the fact as evidence that we do not fear the movement.

Dr. McInnery, of Chicago, a friend of Dr. Cronin and implicated with him in exposing the crimes of the Clan-na-Gael, has been missing since April 19th. He is, and has been for a number of years, a strong opponent of the Invincibles, and incurred their bitterest hatred. He was a man of large influence in Irish societies, and always disfavored tbe use of dynamite and all dishonorable means of warfare. Wbile he was a member of the Clan-na-Gael, be did not belong to tbe Invincibles or the inner circle. Mr. John Devoy says, in tbe New York *Herald*, that England and Ireland have been searched in vain for Dr. McInnery by bis friends, and that they and he fear that, like Dr. Cronin, he has been murdered by the members of the Clan-na-Gael. "For nearly two months," says John Devoy, "America and Europe have been ringing with the brutal murder of bis friend, Dr. Cronin. If McInnery were alive, he could not remain silent over the butchery of a man he so much loved and trusted." The proof is almost convincing that the murderers of Cronin are responsible for the "removal" of his friend. The victims of Irish political vengeance are numerous, and tbe time is, we hope, rapidly approaching when the criminals will be found out and punished. Still we propbesy that the law will, in the Cronin case, be defeated and the gallows cheated of its reward.

The San Francisco *Hotel Gazette*, representing one of the great industries of the city and State, has had the courage to assume the "American," and therefore correct, position in reference to the attitude of the "Musicians' Union and Federated Trades," in reference to the Fourtb of July parade. When American working-men and their representatives bave the boldness to dare to do rigbt, the influence will be speedily distributed to the alien-born labor-element and to all working-men's organizations throughout the country. "To do right" is only another form for the expression to "obey the law." If laws are defective, improve them by remedying their defects, and, until they can be changed, "obey them." The right of franchise and citizenship carries with it the mode of reforming laws. In this line of argument, the *Gazette* says:

> If the Musicians' Union, or any other union, is so completely under the domination of foreign influence and alien leaders as to set American laws and American officers at defiance, then the time has come when such unions or other associations should be dealt with in a manner that shall either compel them to obey the laws or leave the country. If men who have been granted privileges in this country which no otber country would give them, to live in it and become citizens of it on the briefest possible residence, can not respect the country or people which gave them those privileges, and act somewbat in accordance with the ideas of the people among whom they are sojourning, then it is time that such privileges be no longer granted, and those already granted be abridged. Another boycott of the Fourth of July by these labor-unions and the privileges of becoming a citizen will be denied to all people not born on the soil, and accorded to those only when they can prove a good moral character and can read and write the English language. The time when Americans shall assert themselves is at hand, and it can not come too speedily.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Bishop Vincent's Address.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I send you the passage in Bishop Vincent's address referring to the attitude of the Roman Catholic Church toward our puhlic schools. The address was delivered hefore the "Christian Workers' Convention," in the Central Methodist Church, San Francisco, July 9th. A very large assemhlage was present, crowding the spacious edifice to the doors, and no passage in the hishop's address, which was a very ahle and elegant one, elicited such long continued and enthusiastic applause as this. The discussion and remarks which followed showed plainly that to those present this point was the most interesting one in the discourse; yet, in the published reports of most of the daily papers, if not all, this scathing indictment of the Catholic Church was altogether omitted, or else slurred over in a way to give the reader no idea of what the hishop had said on this point. Seeing this, I went to Rev. Dr. McCrary, pastor of the Bush Street M. E. Church, who I learned had taken short-hand notes of the address, and engaged him to write out in full his notes of this part of the address for your paper. Through that medium, the puhlic will learn exactly what the hishop said, and I am very glad that we have one paper at least in San Francisco which does not stand in fear of the frown of Archhishop Riordan.

Yours truly, J. L. HATCH.

JULY 14, 1889.

"I am keenly awake to the dangers that imperil our country, and the greatest peril of our country and civilization to-day, I take it, is the Roman Catholic Church. It is doing more to suhvert the republic, I verily helieve, than any other thing. Its chief object of attack is our public-school system, on which largely depend the future welfare and perpetuity of our country. The Roman hierarchy is seeking to suhvert our school system in two ways. First, hy estahlishing parochial schools as competitors of, and suhstitutes for, the State schools. The parochial school is un-American and ought to he abolished. And yet, at the great educational convention, soon to he held at Nashville, emissaries of the Papal hierarchy will attempt hy shrewdest sophistries to convince the convention that the parochial school is in no sense inimical to the puhlic school. Let us not he hoodwinked by their sophistries nor deceived by their Jesuitical jugglings — the parochial school *is* the enemy of the public school. In the second place, the Roman hierarchy seeks to destroy the puhlic schools, not only indirectly, hy displacement and suhstitution, hut directly, by keeping up a persistent and malignant attack upon the schools themselves. Rome is the inveterate foe of free thought and free education. If the Papal Church had its way in this country, it would close every puhlic school in the land and compel our children either to receive their education at her hands or to go without education altogether.

"It is high time for the people of this country to wake up and realize that the Catholic Church is plotting either to capture or destroy our puhlic-school system. It is our duty as American citizens to see to it that this free-school system—the palladium of the republic—shall be maintained and administered without any interference or dictation on the part of any sect or hierarchy."

Art in San Francisco.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The recent sale at Paris of Secretan's pictures, and the spirited hidding of the collectors on hehalf of some of the puhlic galleries and art associations, hrings to mind the painful fact that very little has heen done thus far by San Franciscans to foster a love and appreciation of true art in the public of this city.

"Degrade first the arts if you would mankind degrade," says Blake. And the reverse of this statement is quite true, that if a love of the beautiful and good and the appreciation of merit in art is instilled into the masses, they are therehy uplifted. The feeling which comes to a man when surrounded hy the grandeur of mountain scenery, or when viewing some charming hit of landscape; that at such moments he could not do a mean or little act, a spirit akin to religion; this feeling it is, which, among others, is instilled hy a love of art. Those who will not say that art is ennobling, certainly admit that it is refining.

Puhlic parks, libraries, and galleries are the hlessings of a community. Our Golden Gate Park is a hoon to the working-man, who can, with his family around him, pass a Sunday or holiday of quiet enjoyment, while those in higher stations of life whirl past him in their equipages, gathering pleasure from the same scene.

While we have our puhlic park and free lihrary, we have no gallery nor any art-schools of note. Thus far the "School of Design," on Pine Street, and the "Art Students' League," on Montgomery Avenue, are the only schools of any prominence. The latter, I believe, now leads in point of merit. It is at present under the direction of Fred Yates, Emil Carlsen, and Mrs. Richardson, and Mr. Matthews, now in Paris, I understand, will lend his services on his return. The "School of Design" is directed by Mr. Joullin and Mr. Yelland.

These artists, if we except Yelland and add Keith, are without douht head and shoulders ahove the artists of this coast, but they have been, especially in the case of the first two named, the least appreciated of any. The ruthless "hit or miss" criticisms of the various dailies have in no wise helped the public mind in this respect, and while lauding a canvas of Tom Hill, they will pass unnoticed a landscape of Carlsen, and condemn a portrait of Yates. The latter is certainly the only artist here who can paint a portrait. His work hrings out the personality of the subject. We had with us last winter Mr. Benoni Irwin, who exhibited some very pleasing work.

Some months ago, a collection was exhibited for sale at Morris & Kennedy's, comprising works of Meissonier, Corot, Dauhigny, Israel, Pradilla, Rousseau, and others of note, the rarest treat of the kind presented to the puhlic here in many a day, yet we understand that the owner was ohliged to hox up the collection without having effected the sale of a single canvas. The exhibit of Theodore Wores, in the rooms of the "School of Design," ahout a year and a half ago, did not elicit much praise here, while at every other point it has been highly mentioned. I believe the *Call* drew attention to this fact in an editorial in connection with Keith's sale at Chicago, to which place he was ohliged to send a numher of his pictures, as he was unahle to dispose of them at home—and Keith's landscapes are charming.

As you are usually willing to espouse any cause for the benefit of the puhlic, and are not afraid of adverse criticism from the enlightened daily press, I hope you may use your ever-ready pen in hehalf of art on this coast.

In California we have every advantage of climate and scenery, of coast and mountain, to make our State the birthplace of artists, whom we shall he glad to call our own, and link their names with that of California. But if our schools have not the encouragement of an appreciative puhlic, they can not be expected to lay the ground-work for eminence. Neither can our puhlic be expected to he interested in art with no galleries to educate the puhlic mind.

We have men who claim San Francisco as their residence who count their wealth by millions. Our citizens are generally very liberal in responding to any cause for the public good. We take great interest in our university and in our free puhlic schools. Every work in which puhlic interest centres and the community takes a pride, is a strong factor in the prosperity of our city.

Will San Francisco have an art gallery? Perhaps, through the columns of the press, an expression of feeling may he hrought out which will elicit the fact whether or not it will he of any use to inaugurate a movement to establish a puhlic gallery. If the *Argonaut*, with its usual activity, will prod the puhlic mind and create a discussion of such an enterprise in the press, it will do a work which will be gratefully appreciated hy the lovers of art. Yours truly, JNO. WARNER.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 12, 1889.

INCOMPATIBILITY.

From Alphonse Daudet's New Book, "Les Femmes d'Artistes."

THE WIFE'S STORY.

What is the matter? What would he have me do? I do not understand! Nevertheless, I have done everything to make him happy! I do not say that, instead of marrying a poet, I should have married a lawyer, a doctor, something more professional; but, such as he is, I loved him. I found him a little exalted, a little extravagant, but gentle, well-bred, and with enough to live on. I thought, once married, his poetry would not be in the way of his finding something to do—something that would make us still more comfortable. He also was pleased with me. When he came to visit us in the country, he had not words enough to express his delight at the order in our little house. He laughed, he called me all sorts of pretty names, culled from romantic stories which he had read. All this shocked me a little, I will admit. I would have liked him a little more serious.

It was not until after our marriage, and being installed in Paris, that I felt the difference in our natures. I, who dreamed of a little, cosy house, bright and clean, saw our home incumbered with furniture of no earthly use; out of fashion, covered with dirt, and the tapestry faded and old! In everything it was the same. Imagine—he made me put in the store-room a clock of the time of the Empire, which my aunt gave me, and paintings, beautifully framed, given me by my school-friends! *He* found all these things hideous. I still ask myself: "Why?" For really, his study is filled with old pictures covered with smoke, statues which I am ashamed to look at, old vases, and bits of china, half of them cracked, antiquated bric-à-brac, good for nothing. Even the chandeliers are covered with verdigris. Beside my beautiful piano he placed an ancient spinnet, with half the keys gone and a tone which put me in mind of a tin-pan. Then I commenced to say to myself: "Well, a poet is half a fool, anyway. He admires nothing useful, finds fault with everything practical."

When I saw his friends, it was worse yet. Persons with long, uncombed hair, and beards, and dirty clothes. They smoked in our rooms and before me! I was not long in finding out that all their ideas were quite contrary to what my aunt had taught me. It was exaggerated words and phrases—nothing natural, nothing simple; and with all that, not the slightest notion of the conventionalities of life. You could have them to dinner twenty times, yet never a visit of ceremony, no polite recognition, not even a card or a box of bonbons on New Year's Day—nothing! Some of these gentlemen were married and brought their wives. You should just see the style of these ladies—always magnificent toilets, such as *I* would never wear—*never!* and no tidiness about them, no order, no method, with hair curled and dresses trailing. Then their accomplishments, which they were not slow in showing off! There were some who sang like actresses, played the piano like professors, and talked on every subject like men. Is it reasonable? I ask you. Ought women, once married, serious women, think of anything but their homes? This is what I tried to make my husband understand when he was pained at my giving up my music. Music and such accomplishments are well enough for young girls and when one has nothing else to do; but, frankly, I should think it ridiculous to play the piano every day.

Ah, I know that one of his great complaints is that I have tried to change all his surroundings, which I consider dangerous for him. He reproaches me with having kept his friends from coming to the house! Yes, I have done so. I don't repent it, either! These people would have finished by making me crazy. Sometimes, after they left, he would pass the night talking to himself, walking up and down, as if he were not eccentric enough already without their coming to excite him. Haven't I stood his caprices long enough? All of a sudden, in the morning, he would rush into my room, and say: "Come quick, your hat; we will go off into the country!" Everything must be left just as it is—the sewing, the house. Take a carriage, the railroad, spend money, and I trying to economize all the time. For, indeed, it is not with an income of fifteen thousand francs that one can live in Paris—and suppose children should come. At first he would laugh at my remarks on the subject, and try to make me laugh by making fun of domesticity. Is it my fault if I detest theatres, concerts, all these things he calls "artistic soirées" and wishes to drag me to, where he meets his old friends, a lot of dissipated Bohemians?

For a time, I believed he had come to his senses. After getting rid of his friends, I invited a number of our neighbors, sensible, dignified people, who, I thought, would be of some use to us. No; he was bored from morning till night. At our little soirées, where we had whist, tea, and everything which was needed, he yawned, and was even disagreeable. When we were alone, it was the same thing; and yet, I was most attentive to his wants. I would say: "Read me a little that you have been writing to-day." He would recite me verses, tirades. I did not understand a bit of it, but I pretended to, all the same, and, here and there, I hazarded a remark, which always seemed to make him angry.

In a whole year, working day and night, he wrote but one book, with all his verses, and that did not sell! and I told him so. "Ah," said he, "you want something which pays better," and then he was angry; and since then, he has been grieved perpetually and has rendered me very unhappy. My friends advised me. "It is only the ill-humor of an unoccupied man," said they; "if he worked, he would not be so sombre." Well, then, I commenced searching, and so did all my friends, for some place for him. I rummaged both heaven and earth. I made I do not know how many visits to the wives of the different cabinet ministers and generals of division. I even went myself to the offices of the ministers. I told *him* nothing about it; I wanted it as a surprise for him. I said to myself: "We will see whether he will be satisfied this time." Finally, the day I received his nomination—a beautiful envelope with five seals—I took it to him almost mad with joy. It was the future assured—comfort, the calm of work, contentment. And what do you think he said? He said: "I will never forgive you for this," after which he tore the letter of the minister into a thousand pieces and rushed out, slamming the door after him.

Ah, these artists, with their half-crazy heads, living at cross purposes! Now, what am I to do with a man like that? I try to talk to him, to reason with him; but, alas! I am afraid they have told me only too truly — "He's a fool." So what is the good of talking to him any more? We have not the same language, we can not understand each other. So, now, here we are looking at each other. I feel he hates me, but I have affection for him. It is really very painful.

THE HUSBAND'S STORY.

I had thought of everything, taken every precaution. I did not want to marry a Parisienne, I was afraid of them. I did not want a rich woman, that would bring with it all her exigences. I was afraid also of her family. Those terrible family affections of the middle-class! My wife was just what I had dreamed. I said to myself, "She owes everything to me." What joy to form that young mind and educate it to the admiration of the beautiful; to initiate that pure soul into my enthusiasms, my hopes; to give life to that beautiful statue—for, indeed, she had the air of a statue with those large eyes, so serious and calm; her profile Greek and severe, but softened by youth, and her skin like the bloom on the peach. Joined to all this, a little provincial accent that I loved to listen to with my eyes shut, as one listens to an air of his childhood, an echo of a tranquil life in a corner of the world, with nobody present but ourselves.

And to say now that that accent has become insupportable! But still I had faith. I loved her, I was happy, and disposed to be more so. Full of the ardor of work, I had as soon as I married commenced a new poem. In the evening, I would read what I had written during the day. I wanted her to enter completely into my existence. The first time she said: "That's pretty," and I was pleased with her childish approbation, hoping before long she would comprehend better what to me was life. Ah, how she has plagued me and tired me. After having read my verses to her, I would explain them, searching in her beautiful eyes the expected intelligence and believing that it would come. I begged her to give me her advice, and I passed over the nonsense, taking what she accidentally said which was good. I had such a true desire to make her my true wife, the wife of an artist; but no, she could not understand. I read her the great poets, picked out the most beautiful pieces—poems of love, but they all fell upon her with the coldness of a shower. Once I remember I was reading to her "October Night," when she interrupted me, asking me to read her something more serious. I tried then to explain to her that there was nothing in the world more serious than poetry. It was the very essence of life and floated above us like a brilliant light, where the words, the thoughts, elevated us and transfigured us. Ah, the scornful smile of condescension with which she regarded me! One would have said it was either a child, or a fool, who was talking to her.

You have no idea of the amount of force and eloquence that I wasted. Nothing convinced her. I argued constantly with her about what she called good sense, reason—that eternal excuse of hearts without feeling and narrow minds.

It was not only poetry that bored her. Before our marriage I had believed her musical. She appeared to understand the pieces she played, even without her professor. Hardly were we married when she closed her piano and renounced music. Do you know of anything sadder than for a young woman to abandon what was so agreeable in the young girl? Once married, her market made, the rôle is finished, she puts off the mask. This is only one view of marriage, a surface view, like a woman's smile. But with her the change was instantaneous.

I had hoped, however, that the taste which I was not able to create, the intelligence of art and of the beautiful, would come to her in time from living in beautiful Paris, where the eyes must become educated in spite of one's self. But what are you going to do with a woman who never opens a book? who looks at a picture and sees nothing, and who even objects to going anywhere? I finally understood that I had to resign myself to have for a wife simply a housekeeper, active and economical—oh, very economical! I would have taken my place and let her have hers. So many artists are in the same boat. But that did not satisfy her. Little by little, quite silently, she drove away from the house all my friends. Before her, we acted naturally, as we had always done, with, of course, little artistic exaggerations and paradoxes, when the mind travels easily, to make us laugh. *She* could understand neither a pun nor a poem. All this only irritated and confounded her. Seated in a corner, she never smiled and seldom spoke. Notwithstanding the most hospitable treatment on my part, my friends soon felt a little current of cold air which made them stay away, and they always found the door half-open for them to leave.

My friends gone, she replaced them by hers. I found myself surrounded by a lot of people with whom I had no sympathy, looking down on art and poetry because they "did not bring in anything!" They took particular pains to mention very loudly before me the names of manufacturers and business-men who made money. "Such and such a one made a great deal of money." Make money! That is all these monsters want, and I had the pain of having *my* wife thinking as they did.

Among these people her provincial habits and narrow ideas were renewed, and she developed the most uncontrollable avarice. Fifteen thousand francs income! It seems to me one ought to live well enough on that without having much thought for to-morrow. But, no. I had to listen all the time to her complaints, her economy, her reforms, placing our money to better advantage. The more she talked to me about these money affairs, which I detest, the more I felt the desire for work leaving me. Sometimes she came to my table and pushed about some verses I had just commenced. "Look at th she would say, "and the hours you have wasted on those lines."

Ah, if I had listened to her, that glorious name of P which I spent so many years in making, would he now fa in the mud. And when I think to this same woman I given, at first, all my heart, all my dreams; when I think what disdain she has treated me because I do not make mo from the first moment of our marriage, truly I am asha of myself and of her. I do not make money—that expl all, the reproaches with which she regards me, her admira for money-making, up to the point of her last proceed when she tried to have me take I do not know what plac the office of one of the cabinet ministers. Well, I resi at this point. It needed but that. She can talk as lon she likes, freeze me with her coldest smile. My *thoughts* can not understand—never will understand.

And yet we are married!—condemned to live together, n separating us, and we are too weary, too discouraged, to t get one step nearer each other. And this is for life. horrible!—*Translated for the Argonaut from the French.*

THE HEROINE OF THE FLOOD.

Conemaugh.

"Fly to the mountain! Fly!"
Terribly rang the cry.
The electric soul of the wire
Quivered like sentient fire.
The soul of the woman who stood
Face to face with the flood
Answered to the shock
Like the eternal rock.
For she stayed
With her hand on the wire,
Unafraid,
Flashing the wild word down
Into the lower town.
Is there a lower yet and another?
Into the valley she and none other
Can hurl the warning cry:
"Fly to the mountain! Fly!
The water from Conemaugh
Has opened its awful jaw.
The dam is wide
On the mountain side!"

"Fly for *your* life, oh, fly!"
They said.
She lifted her noble head:
"I can stay at my post, and die."

Face to face with duty and death,
Dear is the drawing of human breath.
"Steady, my hand! Hold fast
To the trust upon thee cast.
Steady, my wire! Go, say
That death is on the way.
Steady, strong wire! Go, save!
Grand is the power you have!"

Grander the soul that can stand
Behind the trembling hand.
Grander the woman who dares.
Glory her high name wears,
"*This message is my last!*"
Shot over the wire, and passed
To the listening ear of the land.
The mountain and the strand
Reverberate the cry:
"*Fly for your lives, oh, fly!*
I stay at my post and die."

The torrent took her. God knows all.
Fiercely the savage currents fall
To muttering calm. Men count their dead.
The June sky smileth overhead.
God's will we neither read, nor guess.
Poorer by one more hero less
We bow the head and clasp the hand:
"Teach us, although we die, to stand."

—*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps in the Independ*

Faithful unto Death.

MAY 31ST.

"'Fly for your life! The deluge is upon us;
It soon will flood the town.'
Because such messages are crowding on us,
Are we to wait and drown?"

"Just one more warning. Let my frantic fingers
Tick off one message more."
And o'er the wires with blanching face she lingers,
Amid the rush and roar

Of maddening waves that gather fast and faster.
"My God, Thy will be done!
One life may save a thousand from disaster,
And shall I grudge that one?

"Another warning yet." Will naught affright her?
She struck the key, and cast
One backward look. Her ashy cheek grew whiter.
She murmured, "'*Tis my last!*"

One moment, and the overwhelming torrent
Swirled her within its sway;
The next, beneath the maelstrom's deadly current
All, all was swept away!

What soldier at the cannon mouth of duty,
What martyr for Christ's cause,
Ever showed sacrifice of braver beauty
Than this pale woman's was?

Surely she heard above the seething water,
Above the wrack and strife,
"*Thou hast been faithful unto death, my daughter;*
Take now the crown of life!"

—*Margaret J. Preston in Harper's Ba*

The second international short-hand congress will be in Paris from August 11th to 17th, and will deal with subjects: History of short-hand; parliamentary short-hand writing; extra parliamentary short-hand writing, stenogr. machines, physiology and hygiene of short-hand wri theory of teaching short-hand. Short-hand writers of al tems wishing to become members of the congress sl make application, with subscription (ten francs), to M. E Grosselin, Rue de l'Université, 126; or M. Emile Potin, du Point du Jour, 86; or M. J. Depoin, Rue Bonaparte Paris.

AT WAWONA POINT.

"Wawona" is the most beautiful place on the way to the valley of Yosemite, twenty-six miles distant. The South Fork of the Merced er runs through it. It was formerly known to the tourist as "Clark's." s in the midst of a forest of pines, a grand, unbroken primal wilderness woods. Eight miles away from the hotel, over a beautiful drive, are Big Trees, giant sequoias, and giant pines, under which azaleas bloom d ferns carpet the soil. It is in this grove that our correspondent has ched himself, upon an elevation commanding the entire view of forest, f, and cañon for twenty miles around.—ED.]

Was it an hour ago or has a full half-day fled since that to awona Point up I came, armed with the implements of cor- pondence—fancying, perhaps, that I would enjoy the use of em among surroundings such as these? Vain imagining! ere one dreams, bathes in the glory that pervades the air, gets a meaner world—or, if remembering, with joy that for time at least the prosy world of men is afar, afar. I have y climbed among the jutting masses of rock along the verge the great precipice of which Wawona Point is the boldest ght. I have admired with a great admiration the gorgeous ngling of hues with which the lichens and the mosses and saxifrages relieve the more sombre tones of the granite fs. I have peered at the dainty ferns, modestly hiding their auties of color and form in the clefts of crumbling walls. I ve perched myself on the furthest projecting rock of the nt, and have looked down on the green depths a good half- le below, and up at the immaculate white of the mountain s, nearly a good mile above. I have felt the downy touch the passing breeze, and have heard whispered suggestions Elysium from among the gently swaying branches of over- nging pines. With this, and that, and the other, I have ught—or no, I have not thought, but have passively enter- ned a self-assertive notion that, after all, there are on the th places which make it seem a pity that one must die and ve them behind.

Tis a favorite idling place of mine, this Wawona Point, and ny hours have I spent, book in hand (though with but oc- ional eyes for the printed page) and with back against the rm-beaten old pine-stump that stands, doomed but defiant, rost at the extremity of the out-thrusting ledge. What a ding-room it is! What a library entire, whose mighty vol- es, etched and illuminated after nature's most grand and liant methods, are heaped around one in superb profusion, be read by him who can and will.

know of but few—perhaps three or four—of the more ous points of the Sierra that, for the combined dignity and der loveliness of the encompassing scenery, will compare an equal footing with this. Of the world-renowned eleva- is that wall in the Yosemite Valley, Eagle Peak is not more n the equal, and even Glacier Point is scarcely the superior Wawona Point for constancy of charm.

There is a certain "family resemblance" between the pan- ma to be seen from the heights around Yosemite and that ch presents itself at the spot where I write. From Wawona nt, one looks down the valley of the South Merced River, which the bed lies three thousand feet below the point. re and there, through gaps in the forest growth by the river ks, the glint of the dashing water is visible, but so great is downward distance that the stream is dwindled in appear- e to a mere shining thread. Tall spars of pine and fir, in se array, and the interlacing arches of the oak-trees cover swift declivity, from the point down to the low land by river; but there, stretching down the valley for two es or more, lies a strip of emerald meadow—an effulgent el, radiating an air of gentle blithesomeness over the rugged tures of its setting. What would the landscape of the rra be without the meadows! Eyes of the mountains ght they well be called—eyes full of gracious gayety—de- d of whose redeeming light, the dark and shaggy mountain ses and the prepending fronts of inaccessible granite would n overpower the spectator with an unbearable sense of too at solemnity. Over across the valley from here towers one those stern and massive granite forms—the Capitol Dome. her and higher above it rise wooded ridge and dominating k. Near its base, at the western side, is a dash, a mere cil stroke, of purest white—a glimpse of the Lower Chil- alna Fall—on near acquaintance, most captivating of all lesser cataracts of the Sierra. Then, away up the course the valley, across a great gulf of pine-darkened depths, and r steeps dyed with more blues and purples and changeful ens than ever painter's palette could conceive—up, up, ve it all, pressing with passionless but immutable love inst the serene azure of the sky, swell the everlasting snow unds of the High Sierra—spotless and implacable as the asts of Diana. One of those ivory pinnacles they call Clark; for the rest, I suppose that they, also, have names, I know them not, nor does it matter.

Turning westward again, the eye takes a long flight—per- s a dozen miles as the crow wings—and finds a landing on clear-cut backbone of the Chowchilla Mountain, with the nbin called Signal Peak bulging up at one end of the ridge. "evil's Peak" was the old-time appellation of that summit. lack of other theory concerning the derivation of that me, I have always supposed the nubbin to have had some nection with a more or less historical incident related in Book of Matthew: "Again, the devil taketh him up into exceeding high mountain, and sheweth him all the king- ns of the world and all the glory thereof." But the Chow- la Range and the Satanic nubbin are not the limit of the v, for across the lower ridges one can see Mt. Bullion— ant, solitary, blue—and the sea-like plains of the San quin, smothered, perhaps, in a bot and shimmering haze. Over my shoulder, and little more than a mile away, but at immediate spot hidden from sight by the topmost swell of point, the apex of Mt. Raymond, bare and gray, knocks head against the roof of all things. There are miners at k on Mt. Raymond, and it was the sullen noise of their sts which lately gave check to my mooning and brought to the recollection that I had come up here to write.

Oddly enough, although several thousands of sight-seeing velers yearly pass within a few hundred yards of Wawona int, the glory of the place is unknown, except to a handful of the more leisurely members of the moving troop. Everybody who comes to see the Mariposa Big Trees, in going around the circling drive at the upper end of the grove, passes hard by this noble outlook; but scarcely one in a dozen suspects that a walk of five or ten minutes' duration would bring him to a region of beauty such as people attain elsewhere by days of toilsome climbing. The road through the grove keeps down in the hollow between Wawona Point and Mt. Raymond (which are, in fact, but two elevations of the same mountain ridge), and from the road one catches no hint of the landscape over the hill. There has been no by-road to the point, not even a sign-board to indicate its existence. A rarely-trodden, scarcely perceptible trail, overgrown with thickets of ceanothus and crossed by large trunks of fallen trees, has been the only suggestion of something to be seen out of the beaten highway. For my own liking, the seclusion of the point has been not the least of its attractions, but that attraction has been condemned to partial disturbance. With heartless unconcern for people who like to enjoy the best things in selfish segregation, the managers of the Big Tree Grove lately ordered the construction of a branch road, soon to be finished, by which vehicles of any description can reach Wawona Point. If I mistake not, the credit for thus making plain and easy the path to this enchanting scene is due in the main, or in large part, to the editor of the *Argonaut*, who is also a member of the Yosemite and Big Tree Commission.

The ordinary visitor to the Big Tree Grove obtains but a very scant idea of what a pleasant and interesting place it is, and a still less notion of the much more pleasant and interesting place that could be made of it. It was about these things that I meant to write to-day, and not especially about the magnificence of Wawona Point. However, one need not repent of being "carried away" by such an environment, and doubtless some readers of the *Argonaut* will thank me, after they shall have "done" the point, for drawing to it a deserved attention which, perhaps, it has never before received.

GEORGE G. MACKENZIE.

The historical foundation for the incident recounted in the preliminary chapter of Mr. Rider Haggard's novel, "Cleopatra," is furnished in the account of one of the mummies found in the Deir-el-Bahari vault and described in the forthcoming work of Professor Maspero. We find the following outline of the facts in the *Academy:* The ghastliest interest of all attaches to the remains of an anonymous prince, who appears to have been embalmed alive, and upon whose mummy reports are furnished by Dr. Fouquet and M. Mathey. The brain, heart, stomach, etc., of this unfortunate man are intact, as in life. The body was found tightly bound in three places, namely, round the shoulders, round the wrists and loins, and round the feet; these ligatures being drawn with such force as to leave deep furrows in the flesh. This done, he appears to have been covered with a thick coat of bitumen, lime, and pounded resin, and to have been enwound from head to foot with bandages soaked in some glutinous preparation which caused them to adhere with such tenacity that they had to be sawn off. The agonized expression of the face, the open mouth, the swollen and knotted muscles, bear witness to his desperate struggles and to the horrors of his last agony. His age was about twenty-three, and in his ears were small gold ear-rings. That he was a personage of high rank and the victim of some unspeakable tragedy, admits of no doubt; but to his name and parentage, and to the circumstances of his fate, no clue remains.

A curious accident, which unhappily has since proved fatal, befell M. Boutet, an artist, residing in the Avenue Victor Hugo. M. Boutet was working in his studio, when, inconvenienced by the sun, he asked his *bonne* to get on the roof and pass a light linen covering over the glass. As the woman was arranging this awning she slipped, and falling through the glass, alighted on the table at which her master was seated. Oddly enough, she sustained no injury worth mentioning. M. Boutet, however, was not so fortunate. A piece of the broken glass struck him on the neck, severing an artery. He tried to stanch the blood, and failing, ran out of the house in the direction of a neighboring druggist's shop; but he fell down fainting before he reached the place, and two hours afterwards he breathed his last.

Queen Victoria is in the habit of keeping rooms which have been occupied by deceased relatives locked up. The apartments at Claremont in which the Princess Charlotte died, more than seventy years ago, are closed, and nobody is allowed to use them. Prince Albert's apartments at Windsor, Osborne, and Balmoral are all kept precisely as they were when he was alive; and on the wall of the room in which he died there is a tablet, with an inscription recording the fact that "this apartment was the scene of his demise." John Brown's rooms at Windsor have also been closed since his death, and marked with a large brass sign, with an inscription commemorating his virtues and deploring his loss.

At the Women's Congress, now in progress at the Paris Exhibition, presided over by Mlle. Deraismes, the "greatest woman speaker in the world," an interesting paper on the "Industrial Women of Sweden" was read by Mme. Fries. They are bank-clerks and managers, even professors in boys' high schools, working jewelers, watch-makers, and engaged in every sort of wood-carving. The education of nearly every Swedish girl who was not born to fortune was, the lecturer said, in a great degree industrial. There is no doubt, the speaker added, that the Swedish woman will soon receive equal political rights.

Before the Isthmus of Suez was pierced by the canal, there were almost no sharks in the Mediterranean, the passage through the Straits of Gibraltar not being to their liking. Now, however, they come in by way of the canal, and in such numbers that in more than one watering-place, and especially on the Adriatic, the sign has gone up "Beware of Sharks."

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Brewster—"That young fellow seems to know more than you do." *Barclay*—"No wonder; I'm his father."—*Life.*

A good deal of billing and cooing is being done at the summer resorts just now. Lovers do the cooing and hotel proprietors the billing. —*Life.*

Maud Muller was fined fifteen dollars the other day, in Kansas City, for being drunk. The judge wasn't as kind to Maud as he used to be. —*Rochester Post-Express.*

He—"Is your husband jealous, Mrs. Swift?" *She*—"Indeed, no! He has all the virtues—Faith, Hope, and Charity!" (So they adjourn to the conservatory.)—*Life.*

Tramp (to lady of the house)—"I'm starving to death! Can I die out in the barn-yard?" *Lady of the house* (graciously)—"Yes, if you won't crawl under the barn."—*Life.*

"You say you fought all through the war, but I can't find your name on any of the enlistment rolls." "I know it. I wasn't enlisted. I fought with my wife."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Mrs. Figg—"John, there's a long red-hair on your shoulder. And your sleeve is ripped, too." *Mr. Figg*—"Yes, I put the hair on there myself, so you'd notice the ripped place."—*Terre Haute Express.*

House-painter (suddenly appearing at window)—"He dassent back out now, mum, you've got him sure, you kin summon me as a witness; go on, old man, you're in for it now, and it's fun for me!"—*Life.*

Dude (to hotel-clerk)—"I have an idea——" *Clerk*—"Quite so. Well, we have a safe here for the use of guests who wish to store their valuables. Did you bring it down with you?"—*Harper's Bazar.*

Mr. Morris Towne—"You're shortening your days, my boy, by living in the crowded city." *Mr. Madison Squeer*—"So are you, my boy, by wasting two hours of each day in coming and going."—*Puck.*

Nugent Spance—"Well, madam, there is nothing so appropriate for an innocent child as white, pure white!" *Mrs. Fauntleroy*—"Well, I'll look at some white suits. Are they on this counter?" *Mr. Spance*—"No, ma'am; these are bar-keepers' jackets. This way, please!"—*Puck.*

"I say, dear boy, I must be going—I'm late already. You haven't got five cents about you for car-fare, have you?" asked one Bohemian of another. "No, nothing but a dollar, I assure you, dear boy." "All the same—I'll borrow that and take a cab."—*Judge.*

Sure signs: *Bridget*—"Shall I l'ave the hall-lamp burnin', ma'am?" *Mistress*—"No; I am pretty sure Mr. Jones won't be home until daylight. He kissed me three times before he left, and gave me twenty dollars for a new spring bonnet."—*Terre Haute Express.*

Mrs. Gabb—"What is the matter with my husband?" *Doctor*—"Nothing, except that he needs change. I prescribe opiates and rest." *Mrs. Gabb*—"Shall I give him the opiates at once?" *Doctor*—"Oh, the opiates are not for him; they are for you."—*Once a Week.*

Mrs. D'Angler—"I see by the *Gentleman's Magazine* that professional fishermen are barred out of the coming fly-casting tournament. What is a professional fisherman, my dear?" *Mr. D'Angler*—"A man who catches fish when he goes fishing."—*New York Weekly.*

Husband—"What does the paper say about the big fire of last night?" *Wife* (reading the morning paper)—"It says the boiler burst, and then the scene that followed baffled description." *Husband*—"Is that all?" *Wife*—"No; two columns of description follow that."—*Tit-Bits.*

Job Comfort—"If you're in such hard luck, Jack, why don't you go to your uncle Nathaniel and tell him the whole story? He's rich enough to help you." *Jack N. Aighps* (gloomily)—"It would be no use, Job. He's one of those chaps who say 'The Sabbath' when they mean Sunday!"—*Puck.*

Downe—"You seem much interested in the paper. Have they discovered Cronin's murderers?" *Towne*—"No; but coming down in the elevated I saw a man playing a cornet in one window, and in the next room a fellow was stropping a razor. I would like to see the end of it."—*Puck.*

"Do you belong to the Salvation Army?" he asked of a stern-visaged woman who stood at his side. "No, sir, I do not. But in this generation of tired men," she added, with a withering glance at the row of sitting males, "I seem to belong to the standing army." She got a seat.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Husband—"Well, my dear, what did the magnetic physician say to you?" *Wife*—"He says I am a sick woman, and that my nervous system is not in equilibrium. He says I am too positive." *Husband*—"Humph! I could have told you that and saved a couple of dollars." —*New York Sun.*

Professor—"There is an exception to every rule." *Student*—"Every rule, professor?" *Professor*—"Yes, sir; every rule." *Student*—"Well, then, there must be an exception to the rule that there is an exception to every rule, ain't there?" *Professor*—"Don't ask foolish questions, Mr. B."—*Light.*

Smith—"Hullo, Johnson, you're not looking well." *Johnson*—"No, I'm under the weather. I've had to leave off smoking, too." *Smith*—"That's bad—very bad." *Johnson*—"Yes, but that isn't the worst of it. I'm afraid that leaving off smoking is going to do me good!"—*Medical and Surgical Reporter.*

Paying on publication: *Magazine editor* (to publisher)—"Here is a little matter I would like to ask your advice about." *Publisher*—"Well?" *Editor*—"I have just come across an article of my own that was accepted some twenty years ago, and naturally I feel some delicacy about fixing the price of it myself!"—*Ex.*

"Why, my dear child, what is three thousand dollars a year? It wouldn't more than pay for your breakfasts and lunches. The engagement is out of the question." "Well, I'm sure, mother, that is enough. I never care for more than two meals a day, and if we are particularly hungry we can dine with our friends."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Mrs. Hunnemune (as the train emerges from a long tunnel)—"Dear me, John, did you kiss me just now in the dark?" *Mr. Hunnemune* (glancing around to find the perpetrator of the chestnutty outrage)—"No, indeed! I wonder who dared to?" *Mrs. Hunnemune* (simply)—"Nobody. But you missed a splendid chance, John."—*Puck.*

First old man—"That was a terrible accident last night, wasn't it?" *Second old man*—"Yes; shocking, shocking!" *First old man*—"By the way, did you notice how many were killed and injured?" *Second old man*—"No; didn't notice, really." *First old man*—"Er—do you remember where it occurred?" *Second old man*—"Um, no; just looked over the newspaper hastily." *First old man*—"Terrible accident." *Second old man*—"Shocking, shocking!"—*Judge.*

Mrs. Du Ille—"John, my dress-maker arrived to-day, and I must have the materials to-morrow." *Mr. Du Ille*—"Eh? What? You said you had written to her not to come until next month." *Mrs. Du Ille*—"Yes, I did, but she never got the letter." *Mr. Du Ille* (clasping his hand to his breast-pocket)—"Woman! This is a plot—a vile plot! If you had really wanted her to stay away you would have handed that letter to the postman yourself; you wouldn't have given it to me to mail."—*New York Weekly.*

"Hannah," she began, as she called the girl into the sitting-room, "haven't I always used you well?" "Yes'm." "Paid you the highest wages and given you many afternoons out?" "Yes'm." "Well, then, I want to ask you a question and receive an honest answer." "Oh, ma'am, I'm going to quit!" "Yes, I'll go right off!" "Going to quit? Why?" "Because I feel that you are going to ask me if your husband and me were riding on the ferry-boat together the other day, and I couldn't tell you. I promised him on my sacred word I wouldn't."—*Detriot Free Press.*

EXPOSITION NOTES.

From Our Paris Correspondent.

One of the great charms of the exhibition is its versatility. And even what at first excited so much blame—the backwardness of many things at the time of the opening—has lent an interest the more. There is always something fresh to see and admire, and not a week passes hut some amusing novelty is added to the already long list. This week it has heen the Anamite Theatre and the opening of the esplanade at night, which has hrought that portioo of the inclosure into formidahle rivalry with the Champ de Mars. We were just getting a wee hit tired of the delicate and ethereal heauty of the iridescent fountain—heauty of the cold and super-refined order will pall, it is a way it has—and we are glad to he awakened from our dream of sweet colors and the music of falling waters hy the clash of the tum-tum and the hurly-hurly of Indo-Chinese stage effects. If you turn in to the Anamite Theatre of an evening, you will find yourself io good company. The *tout Paris*, curious ahout anything really novel, especially when it has to do with theatricals, has patrooized it assiduously. I was there yesterday, and I noticed Clemenceau in the first row of the stalls, hesides other familiar faces all round. You know what a Chinese dramatic representation is like, perhaps? The Tonquinois are a hit browner than their oeighhors, a little more fantastically clad. We have no opportunities of comparing the respective powers of the two as actors, since the Chinese at the exhibition have not thought fit to favor us with specimens of their performances, hut I daresay the difference hetween the two is very slight. Of course no ooe had the smallest idea what it was all ahout—whether they were quarreling or merely exchanging civilities, remained a mystery; there was a great deal of jaw, and now they chattered like monkeys, now they howled like wolves, then they sputtered and seemed to swear like half-tipsy navvies, the whole accompanied hy the most uncouth and ear-destroying music. However, they seemed thoroughly in earnest, and not io the smallest degree intimidated hy the knowledge that they were speaking in a toogue utterly incomprehensihle to their audience, who discussed them, laughed at them, and cracked jokes ahout them freely.

Between the Esplanade des Invalides and the Champ de Mars plies a miniature locomotive, with little carriages attached, which transports its twenty thousand or so of passengers every day. It is a run of something under a mile, and there are two statioos. "Agriculture—Spanish Pavilioo!" cry the guards at the first stoppage; "Gallery of Dégustation—Hungarian Restaurant!" at the second. The lines of rail are laid in one alley, flanked hy two rows of trees, and as there have heen one or two had accidents, owing to the iocautious manner in which persons have leaoed from the carriages, the authorities have posted up large hills informing the public, in a variety of languages, of the danger there is in so doing. These hegin with the words: "Attention! Attencao! Attenzioode! Waarschwiog! Djugar Back! ¡Ojo!" etc. There are even warnings in Russian and Arahic, hut I was much amused to find there was oot a single one io German. So, you see, English-speaking races, Spaniards, Portuguese, Dutch, Hungarians, and others are forewarned hy a kindly administration which does not care a rap whether a Teuton gets killed or not, and has no compuoctioo in exhihitiog the same.

You remember my telling you ahout the Egyptian donkey-hoys. Well, they have proved a tiresome thorn in the flesh to the commission. The other day, there was a set-to fight outside between them, and some of the unruly spirits of the *gros caillou* ahout some petticoats. They also fight among themselves. It appears that some of them are Mohammedans, while others helong to the Greek Church, and religion proves a hone of cooteotion, as it often has done hefore. Frequently the police have to he called into the Rue du Caire, and, hefore harmony can he restored, half-a-dozen or so of these militant theologians are marched off to the lock-up. The fellows, too, who retail lemonade and grenadine there are hy no means careful how they comhine these drinkahles. Acidulated drinks, prepared in a copper vessel and left to stand therein, are apt to play Old Harry with people's insides, and on one occasioo the exhihition ambulance had to succor three or four individuals who had partaken too freely of these potations; so the sanitary officers were called in and the offending *limonadier* made to shut up shop, while his pans and jugs, with their conteots, were dispatched to the municipal lahoratories for analysis. You can have too much *couleur locale* as of other good things, as was patent to the noses of the visitors as soon as the weather got warm; the Cairo Street was decidedly the hetter when the scavenger had heen round.

There is no more ioveterate sight-seer than the Prince of Wales. He stayed a week among us aod went to the exhihition six days out of the seven, sometimes twice in the same day. He eveo chose to go there on Sunday and to he one of the three hundred thousand visitors on Whit-Monday. Parisians were much edified hy his fatherly way with his children and his extremely *empressé* manner with his wife. Hitherto one of the great reasons for the sympathy hestowed in Paris oo the heir to the English crown was owing to the reputation for fast-living which he had acquired, hut so versatile are the good people hereahout that they are equally ready to admire him on other grounds. And having giveo him half of their hearts wheo they helieved him a oe'er-do-well, they generously threw io the other half when they discovered him to he a *bon père de famille* into the hargaio. The comhination, indeed, is of the kiod likely to appeal to their sympathies. They seldom cotton to the Pharisee, and enjoy discoveriog kindly virtues tempered hy a little vice, as it is so ofteo to he found mixed up in their own characters. When the prince was to be met escorting the princess—always charming and young-looking—aod followed hy the trio of princesses, and one, if not hoth, of his sons, a tremor of excitement possessed all the ladies. They flocked to the Champ de Mars in their prettiest costumes, in the hope of coming across these foreign royalties, and—oh, hlissful thought!—heing honored hy a lifting of the princely hat or a smile of the princely lips. They are gone now, and these halcyon days are over, and, somehow, we miss something. I wooder whether the Shah will excite as much interest in the feminine heart! I question it. Sixteen years have douhtless left their mark in Nasr-ed-Deen, who, when he was in Europe in 1873, was thick-set and somewhat middle-aged in appearance, and years tell in the East more than elsewhere. But I forgot his diamonds. They will dazzle us, of course. They do not grow dim, as human eyes have a had hahit of doing; of all things, they defy time ahsolutely.

Talking of diamonds. The youngest—if age may only he counted from the day a gem is taken from the mine—and one of the largest of the great diamonds of the world, has heen on show the last few days in the Champ de Mars. It has heen placed in a case in the centre of the court devoted to French jewelry, and four custodians are told off to keep watch and ward over the stone. The hauhle is made to revolve slowly hy clock-work, and a whole circle of fair ones may feast their eyes intermittently thereon. It is worth more than a million dollars, and yet might lie *perdu* in the palm of a man's hand. Infinitely larger, however, than the Regent (which visitors must rememher will in a few weeks he exhihited at the Louvre in the Apollo Gallery); larger, too, than the Koh-i-noor, hut not so valuahle as either, the Imperial occupies the position of a parvenu in the world's regalia; it appears there are flaws in its heauty—not visihle to the eye of the ordinary ohserver—or it would he worth a million dollars ten times told. Possihle purchasers of such stones are rare. The syndicate to which it now helongs may have some trouhle to get rid of their white elephant, which so far has only excited desire generally. Many a woman would he pleased to call this diamond her own, hut hitherto no fond hushand or lover has heen found ready to siok so much capital in such an unproductive investment. I may he wroog, hut my private opinion is that it will find its way to America in the jewel-case of ooe of your millionaire's wives—or, perhaps, io the pocket of a Barnum.

PARIS, June 21, 1889. PARISINA.

GIORDANO BRUNO.

June 9, 1889.

Not from without us, only from within,
Comes or can ever come upon us light
Wherehy the soul keeps ever truth in sigbt.
No truth, no strength, no comfort man may win,
No grace for guidance, no release from sin,
Save of his own soul's giving. Deep and hright
As fire enkindled in the core of night
Burns in the soul where once its fire has been
The light that leads and quickens thought, inspired
To douht and trust and conquer. So he said
Whom Sidney, flower of England, lordliest head
Of all we love, loved; but the fates required
A sacrifice to hate and hell, ere fame
Should set with his in heaven Giordano's name.

Cover thine eyes and weep, oh, cbild of hell,
Gray spouse of Satan, church of name ahhorred,
Weep, withered harlot, with thy weeping lord,
Now none will huy the heaven thou hast to sell
At price of prostituted souls, and swell
Thy loveless list of lovers. Fire and sword
No more are thine; the steel, the wheel, the cord,
The flames that rose round living limbs, and fell
In lifeless ash and ember, now no more
Approve thee god-like. Rome, redeemed at last
From all the red pollution of thy past,
Acclaims the grave bright face that smiled of yore
Even on the fire that caught it round and clomb
To cast its ashes on the face of Rome.

—*Algernon Charles Swinburne.*

A sensation was caused in Baltimore at the regular quarterly meeting of the Ministerial Union, hy the reading of a hitter address on "The Bihle in the Public Schools," hy the Rev. F. M. Ellis, D.D., pastor of the Utah Place Baptist Church. In the course of his remarks he said: "I am also in favor of the Bible in the puhlic schools hecause Rome is opposed to it. During the recent Leoteo lectures Cardinal Gihhoos puhlicly advised and urged upon his people to read the Bihle. Now I do not say that Cardinal Gihhons was not hooest in that advice, hut if he did mean what he said he was not a good Cathohc, and if he did not mean it he was not honest. The aim of the Catholic is to make Romanists; our aim is to make character. Rome controls all her people, and therefore a Romanist can not he a good citizen of this repuhlic. If the Pope had his way, our repuhlic, with its puhlic schools and the open Bihle, would soon go. Rome has already declared her intentioo not only of driving the Bihle from the puhlic schools, hut also of dividing the puhlic-school fuods to her own advantage. The right of the State to educate is denied hy Rome, and she openly antagonizes one of the leading institutions of our country."

According to the *Medicinsche Presse*, of Vienna, a Dr. Terc has found a cure for rheumatism in hee-stingiogs. Having found that every stinging is followed hy a swelling up to a point when the hody seems to have hecome hardened against further effect, he tried the stinging on a rheumatic patient. Upon saturating the patient's system with the hee-poison, the rheumatism disappeared—not to return for a long time. Dr. Terc has applied his remedy in one hundred and seventy-five cases and has inflicted thirty-nine thousand stingings; and now keeps a colony of hees on his premises, to he employed in this work.

All is not joy and sweet content, even at the seaside resorts. Here is a oote, culled from an Eastern paper: "The saddest summer resort in Maioe this week is Higgins's Beach, where a dead whale came without any invitation and occupies altogether too much of the air to suit our summer visitors."

The tinfoil commonly used to wrap Neufchatel cheese, chewing-gum, various kinds of candy, and all kinds of chewing-tohacco, is said to he dangerous on account of the lead in it. Its use for wrapping articles of food has heen forhidden in France.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Two grandchildren of the celebrated hallet-dancer, Fanny Ells were married in Griez a few days ago. One married an officer in Austrian army.

Herr Löwy, the Austrian journalist, who undertook to drive fr Vienna to Paris in a cab, arrived after a trip of twenty-one days. took two horses and they were used up.

Mr. Stead's resignation as editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, i whose management he introduced a great deal of what was regarde "American enterprise," has been accepted, it is understood, and will start a radical morning paper in London.

Princess Martha Engalitcheff of Russia and Count von Urban Austria have been for several months riding on the top wave of soc favor in New York, and now the papers are beginning to throw ugly insinuations concerning the legitimacy of their titles.

Lord Balfour, of Burleigh, is a direct descendant of Robert Bruce, has in bis family archives a deed signed hy that monarch conferr upon one of his ancestors the title to a small estate at Clackmann which has ever since remained in the possession of the family.

"Marie, Baroness de Vecszera; born March 19, 1871; died Janu 30, 1889. 'Life is a flower; it opens and is plucked.'" This is inscription on the headstone of the grave in a cemetery near Vie where repose the remains of the woman who shared the tragic fat Crown Prince Rudolph.

Mme. Menier, the widow of the French chocolate manufacturer, vited her three sons to dinner on the occasion of her son Albert's m riage. When the young men sat down, they each discovered un their napkins a check for a million francs. Had one of them sent regrets, his young life would have been hlighted.

Police Justice Welde, a Democratic official of New York, is chan hy the *World* with running a saloon in another man's name and ke ing open Sunday. This combination of industries, "selling liquor make a man drunk and then sending bim to Blackwell's Island for ing drunk," strikes the *World* as unique and unusual.

Sir Charles Young's original "Jim the Penman" is said to be living, and was not long ago on a ticket-of-leave in Western Austra A friend of Mr. Sala, the latter says, had to pay well-behaved conv the trifling wages they earned, and he asked one of a batch who ca to the pay-table (to know whether he could sign a receipt): "Can write, my man?" The convict replied: "Write, sir; why, I'm Jim Penman!"

The Philadelphia *Ledger* says: "Mlle. Besançon secured a M sonier not down on the list of twenty-four works hy that artist in Secrétan catalogue, hy marrying the artist himself last week, abou time the other Meissoniers were also going off. The great artis seventy-seven years old. Mlle. Besançon, now Mme. Meissonie fifty years of age, and the marriage ceremony simply legitimizes the lations which have existed for many years."

David Andreas Saxlehner, owner of the Hunyadi Janos, died rece while on his way to Carlshad. He was a man of limited educati but practical in the extreme. After failing in several undertakings, established a "national clothing-house" in Buda Pesth, in which ho goods alone were sold. Louis Kossuth consented to act as Saxleh clerk for several days, in consequence of which the business increa enormously. While Saxlehner was sitting one day in his office, a pe ant entered and complained that he could get no fresh water on farm. He had hored wells in a number of places, hut succeeded in ting only a peculiarly scented fluid, which be feared to use. Saxleh was interested. He asked the peasant to bring him a sample-bottl the water, had it analyzed, and decided to purchase the estate. He p one thousand gulden per acre for the farm, and established a factor soon as possihle. The water became popular at once, and the red la upon the hottles a famous trade-mark. Of late years, the sales reac four millions annually, and made Saxlehner many times a millionaire

The Rev. Isaac M. Williams, of Mohile, Ala., was in New York week. Mr. Williams first went to that city in 1856, having just p chased his freedom from slavery. When he arrived there, his first was to purchase the freedom of his mother, who was still a slave. had the money, hut he did not dare return to the South, for fear that free papers would be disregarded. He went to Adams Express Co pany to see if they would purchase and forward his mother, but th for some husiness reason, feared to do that and sent Mr. Williams the firm of Bowen & McNamee. They hecame interested in him his object, and secured a draft from one of the banks, hy which the lady's freedom was purchased and she was forwarded to New York freight. She was literally dumped on the sidewalk in front of the goods store of Bowen & McNamee. Her son, meanwhile, had gone New Haven, and his address for a time was unknown. The old l was taken into the store, therefore, and all day long a stream of visit poured in to see her in her plantation costume, sitting quietly by, a woman in a free State.

All the princes of the Romanoff hlood, the sons of Nicholas, the p sent Czar and his brother, are tall, handsome, powerful, well-built m Of the four hrotbers of the emperor two are not much known abro and these are the youngest. The Grand Duke Sergius five years married a granddaughter of the Queen of England, Princess Elizab of Hesse. The hridegroom was reserved, not to say hrusque and sw the hride impetuous, unguarded, ill-advised, and not reticent enoug keep her discontent to herself. Hence the rumors of separation divorce wbicb have more than once threatened to create a scandal court and the audacious, thinly veiled, and exaggerated revelations the novel, "L'Imperatrice Wanda," in which dangerous partisans m nified and exposed hidden sores which ought to have been zealou covered from the puhlic gaze. The Grand Duke Sergius, like his brot Paul, does not often leave Russia, and when he does so does not exte his travels beyond the German States. The Grand Dukes Vladimir Alexis are frequently seen in France. They consider their visits th as holidays, living in a state of semi-incognito, under cover of which t assume certain blissful privileges, and are asked almost informally the "chasses" of the Duchesse d'Uzes, the country fêtes of the L de la Tremoïlle, and the *bals intimes* of the Marquise de Brete Pierre Vladimir is the elder. With his stalwart frame, he has the gen ness and serenity of expression which so often go with great physi strength, and he is undoubtedly endowed with the most delicately arti tastes of any of his Titanic race. Although a general command a *corps d'armée* and an experienced tactician, he has no affectation martial airs and owns to antiquarian tastes. He is the president of Academy of Fine Arts in St. Petersburg. He is hospitable and g erous, hroad-minded and open-handed. At the head of his troops at the head of his table; at the gamhling-tables of Monte Carlo or his hox at the opera; at the court of a sovereign or in the boudoir o pretty woman—his manners and attitude are ever irreproachable. 1874, he married the Princess Marie of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, a gra niece of the Orleans princes. She was an exquisitely pretty girl twenty, horn and hred in strictly German ideas, and a great favorite of old Emperor William. After accompanying frequently the Grand D Vladimir in his visits to Paris, she began to share his partiality for French and to enjoy them almost as much as he did. Marie Paulow considers that her mission is not to interfere in politics, hut to remai happy, loving, and beloved wife and motber, superintending the edu tion of her children; a charming woman and accomplished hoste whose receptions, even in the dazzling Muscovite court, are considered most hrilliant and the most pleasant. The second brother of the Cz the Grand Duke Alexis, who has recently been sent to the Pacific Oce in disgrace, is not only the handsomest of the Romanoffs, hut, perha the handsomest prince living. Alexis has been conducting a "fli tion" so open and shameless with the Countess Zenaide de Beauharn wife of the Duke de Leuchtenberg, that he has been deprived of office of lord high admiral of the fleet, and shorn of his other hon and exiled hesides. The lovely countess has been given permiss to leave the empire for an indefinite period. It is sometimes said t Jean de Rezké, the singer, resembles him, hut the Grand Duke Ale has a nobler countenance and a finer presence.

VANITY FAIR.

Very forward," was the criticism said to have been made b Her Majesty the Queen of England, on the occasion of th presentation of one of our most beautiful American girls. S:l a distinguished Eoglisb geotleman, a few years ago: " er majesty seems to attend very strictly to the matter in h:l, but there is not a trick of maoner or a detail of dress th escapes her notice. Her intuitions are so keen, and the v e that she sets on modesty is so great, her interest io the y ng so siocere, that she has become a famous reader of ch acter. The queen detests a flirt, and she can detect one of hese specimens almost at a glance. Neither velvet, nor sa, nor precious stooes can cast sufficieot glamour over a te ency of this kind to hide it from these truly motherly ey." It is said that ooe day, when her majesty was present in er carriage at a military review, the princess royal, then a it fourteen, seemed disposed to he a little familiar, and, p ihly, slightly coquettish, in thoughtless, girlish fashioo, the young officers of the guard. The queen tried to ca her daughter's eye, but the gay uoiforms were too at- r ive, and the little princess paid no atteotion to the sileot avors of her mother. At last, in a spirit of fun, she ed the climax of her misdemeanors by dropping her lkerchief over the side of the carriage, and the queen saw h it was not an accident. Immediately two or three gen- le en sprang from their horses to return it to ber, hut the a of royalty waved them off. "Thank you, but it is not e ssary," said her majesty; "leave it just where it lies," and h turning to her daughter, she said: "Now I must ask o to get down aod pick up your handkerchief." "But, ma——" The little princess's face was scarlet, and her p uivered with shame. "Yes, immediately," said the u . The royal footman had opened the door and stood g by the side of the carriage, and the poor, mortified girl was obliged to step down and rescue her own hand- hief. This was hard, hut it was salutary, and probably d in the hud the girl's first impulse toward coquetry.

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therine Tynan, a London correspondent of the Provi- *Journal*, thus writes on "Blue Stockings in Grub t": The dinner of literary ladies at the London Criterion urant, on the thirty-first of May, has been exciting quite proportionate amount of comment from the gentlemen of ondon press. Humor, sometimes of the Rahelais sort, red with ill-humor, has it evoked, this quiet dinner whicb ot advertise itself loudly, and which was extremely pleas- those who attended it. No names of the first magni- were there. Miss Olive Scbreiner, who was to bave heen airwoman, and who was very keenly in the project, bad peared mysteriously just at the last, and her place had to en by Mrs. Mona Caird, a lady of a far less serious y reputation. It was a pity Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Mrs. Linton, and others did not see fit to give tbe encourage- of their presence, but the woman even of the higber y magnitude is a creature of precedents, and this was a new and the committee, full of well-known literary names, had as it seems to me, the buge mistake of having the circu- gned only by tbe secretary, who, thougb a very cbarming fficient young lady, took no reflected literary radiance the fact of ber heing the niece of Mrs. William Black. was a quarter of an hour's waiting before dinner, when grouped ourselves with those we knew, or had come to and discussed our neighbors; not a bad quarter of an y any means, for we were too keenly interested. Wben ner was announced, we took each other's arms in tbe approved fashion, and filed in the dining-room, an oak- d room, with electric-light in lily-shaped cups illumin- the pretty tables. These latter were horsesboe-shaped, commodated about thirty guests, and by eacb plate was nu card, witb a design on the front of a diaholical per- pposed to be a printer's devil, boldiog in his band a with the consistent device, "copy, please," while on the vas an audacious group, anticipating the most virulent m, of two cats, arching their hacks in dispute over a mall mouse, presumahly of tbe masculine gender.

A we sat down we all stole a look at the waiters, for it d en rumored that half-a-dozen gentlemen of the press d ihed tbose functionaries to he permitted to take their and so pierce the mysteries of the Bona Dea, but the uninterested faces reassured us. A glance round the would have refuted at once the calumny that clever are not so well favored in looks as tbeir less hrain- ed sisters. Mrs. Mona Caird, in ber pretty white frock, osehuds, looked charmingly young and fresh, with a sincerity and honesty of eye and glance which would the keenest opponent of the anti-marriage crusade, not sbe, but her commentaries bave made less than dig- By her sat, on the right, Alice Meynell, wbo has writ- ten ne of the hest poetry of our generation, a still woman with pathetic, dreamy face, and clad in clinging black gar- men On the left was Mrs. William Sbarp, a bonny woman with air soft face and lovely arms and shoulders, white against the netian red of ber heautiful gown. By Mrs. Sharp was the lle of tbe gatbering, Graham Tomson, the new poet, a Sp ish-looking woman, with a very nohle order of heauty, dark oils of hair raised on a small bead, dark eyes, large and full, d full of intensity, finely molded features; tbese, with heig and sleoderness and Greek length of limb, entitled ber to r the flowery Greek gown, colored like a huttercup, whic threw out gloriously her dark beauty. Opposite her were itting Miss Clementine Black, a fair, pleasant-looking lady nd Miss Amy Levy, the young Jewisb novelist, a won- derf interesting-looking girl, with a dusky little head and eyes ll of dreams, and a necklace of coral clasped pictur- esqu about her pretty, dark throat. At the corresponding part the horseshoe were: Miss Mathilde Blind, the daughter l Blind, a little lady with a keen, handsome face, and her gray locks in artistic confusion; Miss Harriet Jay, a hand- some but not interesting girl, in a Greek rose-colored silk-gown, clasped with a silver belt; Miss Alice Cochran, the most sweet-faced of oovelists; and others, whom it would make too loog a catalogue to enumerate.

The dinner was ample and good. It speaks for the uodis- puted character of the literary ladies that, when the wine-list was brought, oo one knew the proper wines to order, greatly to the disgust of the waiters, one of whom commented on the dinner to a geotleman of the press. "They ate little and drank less." A compromise was arrived at by the substitution of champagne for all the other wines, with the exception of a glass of sherry with the soup. When the dioner had come to an end with the "bomhe criterion," the alarming appellatioo of harmless cream-ices, cigarettes and fusees were handed round, aod a little pretty smoking begao, which just dimmed some charming faces hehiod a silver veil of smoke, and seemed to me to lack somewhat of spootaneity and enthusiasm. Then the letters of apology for non-attendance were read, several ladies frankly expressing their cootempt for a function which cootained no masculine element, and the after-dinner speech-making began. Mrs. Caird, in her introductory speech, seemed to me to ride her hobby a little unnecessarily, but I am told she was requested to speak on the subject which has made her famous. Mrs. Meynell respooded for poetry in the most literary of all the speeches, io whicb she referred to the pretty musical murmur of the exclusively feminioe voices. Miss Levy replied for the novelists very gracefully, and there was some badinage about the toast of the married ladies, which had an amendment from a malconteot, of a proposed toast of "The absent hushands," responded to ferveotly by some loyal wives, aod yet another proposal of "The absent lovers," whicb found no seconder. So we broke up, after an interval of standing about and making friends, in nowise anticipating that we were to make a little London sensation for the Whitsuntide holidays.

The announcement of the engagement of the princess, so soon after the marriage of the Duke of Portland to Miss Dallas-Yorke, has given fashionahle society something else to talk about. The Earl of Fife owns six castles in different parts of Scotland, and has a seat adjoining that of the Prince of Wales at Sandringham. His rent-roll is about four hundred thousand dollars per year. He is a descendant of that Macduff whom Shakespeare has made popular. He talks well, and is a general favorite among his acquaintances, but the family have heen under a cloud during the present generation since bis two sisters, Lady Adrian Hope and Viscountess Dupplin, have hoth heen divorced from their hushands. The house of Portland, on the contrary, was free from scandal, and the fortune of the duke far superior to that of the Earl of Fife. Now, gossips recall that there has been a coolness between the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Portland for some time. Tbe prince and the princess went to Paris just before tbe Portland-Yorke marriage. More significant still, the queen omitted to send the usual cashmere shawl to the hride, and this is the interpretation thereof: The royal family had singled out the Duke of Portland as a son-in-law for the prince, and delicate but comprebensible hints bad been conveyed to him to that effect. But Portland bad in his mind's eye the pathetic spectacle the Marquis of Lorne has made in the world, and rememhered the snuhbings be was compelled to suhmit to, and fighting sby of a royal alliance, be kept out of the way until be bad settled matters by engaging bimself to Miss Yorke. Royalty, which is not yet accustomed to slights of this nature, bas taken umhrage, and Portland is in the black-books at Windsor and Marlhorough House.

One thing in particular ahout the modern Venetian dandies perplexes me (says a writer in *Cornhill.*) Why, in the name of proportion, do they wear such absurdly large boots, and witb toes ending in an upward curve like the prow of the gondola? Heaven knows tbeir coats are ill-fitting enough, but that is relatively a minor defect. They seem to borrow the prints of their fasbion-books from two or tbree continents. For, wbile their collars are bigb and obnoxious as our own at present, and their boots suggestive of China or Japan, they cut tbeir hair as close as tbe Frencb or a New Yorker. It is indeed a fearfully comic sigbt to see a young Venetian nobleman on parade, leading a bull-dog or a shorn poodle by a string, smoking a long cigar called a Virginia, and twirling a cane with the primrose kid-covered fingers of bis left hand. This, however, must be said in praise of bim, tbat, thus weigbted witb personal cares, he yet contrives to acknowledge a hundred salutations in an hour with due elaborateness and dexterity. Nor is the Venetian lady of our day more contenting than the man. Not one feminine face in fifty delays a passing stranger. Tbeir gait, too, is mincing and self-conscious, as if they still had a touch of the discomfort their granddams must have felt when they wore beels twelve inches high to their boots, and could not move without a brace of crutches. One looks to find in them, as a common and bewitching characteristic, that light red-golden hair whicb is currently called Venetian, and which Titian gives his "Bella" in the Pitti Gallery. It is in fact rarer in Venice tban in London, and much rarer than in the United States. Indeed, as the earlier Venetians gained the fame of it by artificial means, it is hut natural that, unless tbey continued to practice these means, they should fail to confirm tbeir ancient reputation.

Blakely Hall writing about "the best dressed men in London," in the *Clothier and Furnisher*, bas this to say: "Altbough the London men about town are the hest dressed in the world, there is little or no adoration of the male beauty here. It is one of the most difficult things imaginable to find out the Englishmen who are considered to he on tbe summit of fashion in the matter of clothes, unless one knows them personally. Portraits of society women of all kinds and ranks are to he seen in profusion here, hut never a portrait of a society man unless he happens to hold some puhlic office of promineoce. English swelldom has a great deal of sameness ahout it. To begin with, the swell must have a title or be a military man, and as all titled Eoglishmen have somethiog to do with the army, the militia, the yeomanry, or the volunteers, all swells of the first water are military officers of some kind. Before a youog titled Englishman can he qualified to become a credit to his family and the British aristocracy he must have heen to Eton, to Oxford, and have held a commission in the Guards. It does not matter how long he holds the commission. Then, again, the personal appearaoce of the most admired meo of this type is apt to be wanting in variety. They run ahout six feet in height, have broad shoulders, deep chests, and comparatively small waists, for which three latter things the tailor may be partly responsible. They, almost without exceptioo, shave all their face but the upper lip, where they grow as hig and curly a mustache as possible. All the men who were pointed out to me were of this type. They are to be seen duriog the morning or afternoon walking slowly and majestically along Piccadilly, Bond Street, Pall Mall (where the clubs are), and a very few other thoroughfares. Their dress on such occasions consists of a frock-coat, buttoned up, a glowing silk-hat, patent-leather boots, and trousers of wonderful straightness, with a sharply defioed crease in froot aod behind, and all the lesser articles of dress perfectly new and fresh." Further, he says: "Americans form the backhooe of the trade of some of the best tailors in London. The beoches at one establishment are piled up with clothes ordered by the Vanderbilts, Riveses, Houstons, Fisks, Fishes, Winthrops, Stuyvesants, Tildens, Blisses, and other well-known American families. Comelius Vaoderhilt only the other day ordered a liberal supply of garmeots which should reflect and not absorb the rays of the Mediterranean sun. Many Americans, notahly in the case of the Riveses and the Winthrops, have the clothes sent to them in America, and bave done so for years. They do not mind paying the import duties there, which are, of course, tremendously heavy. There is apparently a lot of room for the competitive energies of American tailors in this direction. There is not a fashionahle tailor in the West End of London without a good list of American customers. And yet it is freely acknowledged here that there are better cutters in New York than in London."

Annexed is an inventory of Alice Perrer's clothes, etc., taken in 1377: "A pair of gloves, *cum daysies*, 4d.; ooe small forser, 6d.; one *yolowe cappe*, 4d.; entry repeated; five yards of damask rihhon, 33s. 4d.; one yard of ribbon, 16d.; five yards of *strou* damask ribbon, 5s.; five yards of ribbon *de cipers*, 9s. 2d.; two and one-half yards *orfres de Ridemore*, 10d.; *H. aunes dor (sic)*, £7 4s.; a pair of white camaka sleeves, 12d.; a pair of heads *de degeon*, 6d.; three garters of N., gilt (wrougbt with the letter?); two collars for two little dogs, with *cokebelles* of silver; one hlack primer, with embroidered red-cloth, 5s.; ooe small gite of camaka, with a revers, 3s. 4d.; one red *cote*, 2s.; two *sloppes de Redeveluet*, 6s. 8d.; a camaka kirtle, 4s.; a camaka slop, 2s.; a bead sheet of camaka, furred with *pured*, 20s."

A good deal of amusement bas heen afforded to Philadelphians (says *Truth*) by the recent skirmisb between Mayor Edwin Fitler and a reporter on the *Times*, of the name of Witty. Fitler is a wealthy rope-manufacturer, of humhle extraction and pushing disposition. He pushed himself into finance, and, by a judicious selection of the places in wbich his wife and cbildren passed the summer, he managed to obtain some recognition from the families of bis brother directors. Then be made himself prominent among that class of respectable politicians wbo bave gradually exterminated the rings of Philadelpbia, and finally he was elected almost unanimously hy botb Democrats and Republicans to the chief magistracy of the city. Then the reporters came bravely to his assistance, Witty cbief among them, and did all they could to make him a social personage. Detailed description, columns in length, appeared in the Sunday editions of the Philadelphia papers, giving elaborate accounts of Mayor Fitler's river residence, and what the family had regularly for dinner, supper, and breakfast. And so it continued, until people wailed, "We are tired of the Fitlers and their teacups, and don't want to know what 'His Pomposity' has for dinner." Well, for some time, the Philadelphia papers have ceased to grovel all over Fitler, and now they have gone on another tack, and have begun to laugh and gibe at bim. He bas become so inflated with his own importance that he bas arrived at the conclusion that he thought it time to do the fashionable thing and snuh reporters, aod he soon found a capital opportunity. The city of Philadelphia decided upon sending a special committee to Johnstown, and Fitler was chairman of that committee. A train of Pullman cars was provided and stocked witb dainties. Mr. Fitler appeared to think that the whole train belonged to him, and, with that idea, hrought several of his own servaots, and some wooden-hoxes, with straw sticking out, as additional passengers and freight, and the party started on their errand of mercy and jollification mixed. A couple of reporters who wanted to go along were sternly refused, and it was not until the train was some two hours out that it was discovered that a reporter had actually managed to get on board. It was Witty, the society-writer of the Philadelphia *Times*, who had been instructed to get on board that train by his city-editor, and like a good newspaper-man, promptly obeyed his instructions. Witty bad reason to suppose that he was all right. On scores of occasions, he had reported Fitler's dinners and receptions. But he had literally reckoned without his host. Fitler ordered the train to stop, and Witty to he put off. The reporter declined to go; the mayor ordered his lackeys to use force, and it would have fared ill with Witty had not the conductor of the special train intervened and point-blank informed the mayor that he had charge of that train and had received instructions to carry Witty, and carry him he would. Witty remained, hut he was forced to make his journey in the engine-cab.

THE GRAVE-DIGGER'S DAUGHTER.

A Wild Russian Story.

A rattle of musketry came from the direction of the village. The old grave-digger, Boloski, wakened by the noise, sat up on his miserable pallet, listened a moment to the sharp, quick reports, then called aloud: "Milena! Milena!"

"Coming, father, coming!" she answered, and already the little naked feet showed themselves upon the rounds of the ladder which led from the loft.

"Did you hear them, Milena?" he cried; "the sounds of the gun-shots? They are fighting in the village——" a violent fit of coughing interrupted his words, and another rattling volley.

Milena had descended just as she quitted her couch of straw—a young girl, tall, vigorous, and scantily draped in a brief chemise. She had thrown about her shoulders a short pelisse of sheep-skin, but her Amazon hips showed themselves firm and beautiful under their light covering, and her virginal breasts appeared an instant, white as polished marble, against the black fur.

"It is true, then!" said she, leaping the last steps; "it has come at last!"

"What, my child?" demanded the sick one.

"The revolution has broken out to-night, which has been expected so long."

"Yes, and a great misfortune it is, too," mumbled Boloski, and he crouched again upon his couch. Milena, meanwhile, hurriedly arrayed herself in a wadded petticoat and her father's long boots. Binding a scarlet handkerchief about her abundant locks, she went out to learn what was passing.

The cemetery was situated upon a hill surrounded by a low earthen wall, with the hut of the grave-digger standing at its gate. It was an excellent post of observation, yet Milena did not stop there, but passed on into the darkness, beneath the bare branches of the willows, upon which the ravens were already croaking, and with a single, careless glance upon the files of tombs, with their leaning crosses. Everything was mournful and desolate, everything covered by the melancholy shroud of winter. She herself walked in snow so deep and thick it mounted almost to her knees. The cold was terrible; the frozen breath of the night whipped and stung the skin like red-hot needles, but Milena only rubbed her face with a handful of snow, and buttoned the openings of her pelisse closer.

Below, in the heart of the valley, the village had delivered itself to strife and bloodshed, yet here upon this sacred ground all was peace. A large cross rose in the middle of the inclosure, to which was attached the figure of the dying Saviour; shining icicles pendant from the thorns which crowned his brow and from the nails which pierced his hands and feet.

Milena listened intently; not a murmur for the moment broke the stillness. She stopped and gazed up at the heavens, the vast blue vault which seemed to her a satin canopy, retained in place by golden nails, which sparkled and scintillated above her, while beyond there, on the other side of the forest, rode the red disc of the rising moon.

All at once, a gliding, crouching form passed her like a flash, a pair of glowing eyeballs glared into her own.

"A wolf!" she murmured, and, with an energetic movement, wherein shone all the savage strength of this child of nature, she seized a stone from a neighboring wall, and threw herself forward. A low howl responded to the stroke of her arm, and the hungry beast was gone as it had come—a shadow—through those files of tombs and spectral crosses.

A fresh crash of musketry sounded in the distance; another, and still another. Milena traversed at a run the slope of the road which led to the village, and, at the beginning of the first houses, met a neighbor and a wounded man, the wife, whom she knew well, supporting the husband, whose blood dyed the snow at every step.

"What is the matter?" demanded Milena.

"The peasants of our village," replied the man, "and of Mikouloff are struggling with the insurgents, down by the café and the little wood. All goes well, however; the scythes are sharp and do their bloody mowing; the heads of the rebels fall like grain!"

"So!" said Milena; and she aided the peasant to place her husband in his bed and to bind his wounds; then retraced her steps to tranquillize her father.

* * * * * * *

An hour later, a loud knocking sounded upon the gate of the cemetery.

"See what it is, Milena," said the grave-digger again; and Milena, obeying the command, opened the wicket obstructed by frost, to find before it a row of sledges encompassed by horsemen, the barrels of their muskets and the blades of their sickles sparkling in the rays of the moon.

"Come, open the gate, old mole!" shouted a voice from the crowd; "open the gate, and open quickly. We bring you a score of distinguished guests!"

"But I want no guests," replied Boloski, from the interior; "I am ill, as you know well; I dare not go out on a night like this."

"Ill or no," cried the voice again, "*the work must be done.*"

"Well, bury them yourselves, then."

"We can not; we have not time."

"In that case," said Milena, brusquely, shutting the wicket to end the discussion, "'tis *I* who will bury them for you." And she went out to open the gate to the four loaded sledges, hearing the bodies of the dead insurgents, and to the conquerors, armed with their bloody sickles and gleaming scythes.

"Throw them there, upon the snow," said she to the mayor of the village, who greeted her as she appeared, with a friendly nod; "I'll start the business for you at the rising of the sun."

"No," said the mayor, "that would not be Christian; the wolves and ravens are already waiting to do their work; they must be buried *now*. You will receive for the job the usual sum; in addition to that, two quarts of brandy, and, for your hack, a new pelisse. Is it a bargain?"

"A bargain," she answered; "I'll begin when you say;" and with arms akimbo and robust fists upon her hips, she regarded the defile of peasants and sledges rapidly discharging their score of dead. Her beautiful face remained impassible; pity seemed a stranger to those hard features, and yet what charm, what passion, in those great black eyes, in that sensitive nose, in that firm, severe mouth!

The mayor counted the money into her hand, placed the bottle of brandy on the snow beside her, and the sledges slowly drew on again, the peasants following in their wake as silently as they had come.

"But the pelisse?" demanded Milena.

"To-morrow, when the work is done."

And the mayor also quitted the cemetery, and Milena took up her spade, and with a great swallow of brandy, commenced to dig the first trench, crooning as she worked the words of an ancient grave-digger's song.

The sad melody, monotonous and slow as befitted the song of the dead, was accompanied by the dull ringing of the iron upon the frozen ground, the distant howling of the hungry wolves.

Another swallow of brandy, another swing of her muscular arms, and so it went till the trench was done, and Milena, waiting a moment to regain her breath, gazed on the corpses.

"'Twas doubtless you," said she to an old man with long white curls, clad in a rich cloak trimmed with zibeline, and in whose girdle sparkled a superb yataghan, "'twas doubtless you who led the band. Well, this time, too, you shall go before!"

And she took him in her arms like a little child, descended into the trench herself, and gently laid him upon the ground. With the others she was not so ceremonious; an arm, a leg, a shoulder, anything, in short, that helped to lift and toss them to their bed in the ditch, served her purpose.

"But God help me!" she cried out suddenly, as before her in the snow lay stretched a bleeding trunk, "God help me, if it isn't the Lord of Kamiez, that cursed Turk and oppressor of the poor!"

And she struck the face of the head that lay beside the trunk a blow which sent it rolling like a ball to the depths below.

Another swallow of brandy, a new body in the hole, then, the first tomb securely closed, Milena was ready to begin a second.

In the meantime, the moon, rising higher and higher in the heavens, wrapped in its wan light the silent graves, the crucifix, the thatched roofs of the now sleeping village, and the vast and soundless plain.

And again, the second trench ready, Milena approached another group of dead; the face of the first one was covered with blood which had run from a cut in the head. At the same instant she heard a sigh, a long, shuddering breath, that came from this body. Milena drew back hastily; courageous as she was, she felt her hair rise upon her head; and soon she saw that rigid body begin to stir.

He still lived, then. There was no longer a doubt of it! She caught him in her arms in order to succor him, rubbing with snow that face begrimed with blood and powder, and chafing his frozen hands. In a moment, his eyes unclosed.

"Valerian!" the name upon Milena's lips was half a scream and half a cry of menacing anger.

"Yes, Milena, 'tis I, Valerian! Save me! I beseech you, by the wounds of the Saviour, save me!"

She shook her head brusquely, thrust him from her, and rose to her feet.

"Save you!" said she, with a calm more terrible than either rage or the joy of a glutted vengeance; "when it is God that has delivered you into my hands! You betrayed me; you now belong to me! Pray to your God, Valerian, perhaps *he* will be merciful, but from *me* expect no pardon!"

"You have forgotten, then, Milena, forgotten how I loved you!"

"No, I have forgotten nothing; but you, what have you done with all those vows? You, who ruined me, who then, in spite of everything, left me for another! I shall not spare you, be sure of that!"

"You will not kill me?" murmured the unhappy one.

"Kill you?" No!" She smiled with a glacial irony which made him shudder. "I shall only do my duty—I *shall bury you*, as I have received the order!"

"Bury me?" cried Valerian; "bury me—living?"

"Why not?" responded Milena, with a burst of cruel laughter; "I must earn the sheep-skin for my back, which the mayor promised me!"

"Have pity, Milena, for God's sake, have pity!"

"Did you have pity upon me?" she answered, sternly; "you, who have vowed me to sorrow and to shame! This for your beautiful love, behold it!"

And she seized him by the shoulders and sought to thrust him in; but he, with that frightful death before him, had risen to his feet, and a furious struggle began between them; a hopeless struggle, too, for soon Valerian renounced all thought of wresting himself from the embrace of this savage creature; from loss of blood his strength was gone from him—he was but a child in her cruel hands!

"Mercy, Milena, I beseech you, mercy!"

She responded with a disdainful foot-thrust which sent him rolling into the gaping hole. A last time he struggled to his feet, his arms outstretched and clasping her knees with supplicating gesture.

But his prayers only rendered her more ferocious still. She caught up her spade and struck his hands; their grasp relaxed; she struck again, a second, a third blow—he fell!

And Milena?

Milena, with one hand clenched upon her spade, the other doubled upon her hip, stood there and heard him groaning; stood there and contemplated him with cold, fierce eyes and voluptuous pleasure.

"Now," said she, at last, "now, Valerian, *are you mine?*"

Then she began to crumble the earth between her fingers and to fill in the ditch, to fill it in and stamp it down, as she had filled and stamped the first, her voice, firm and clear ever, rising always in the chorus of her sinister song, and always accompanied by the sound of the clods falling one upon the other, by the ring of the spade, by the cawing of the crows circling hungrily above the heap of yet unburied dead!

And, in the east, the first gray lights of the coming morn slowly spread themselves across the heavens, pale and cold as the smile upon the faces of the frozen clay!—*Translated for the Argonaut from the Russian of Sacher-Masoch by C. Waggener.*

OLD FAVORITES.

After the Wedding.

All alone in my room at last—
I wonder how far they have traveled now;
They'll be very far when the night is past—
And so would I, if I knew but how.
How lovely she looked in her wreath and dress,
She is queenlier far than the village girls;
There were roses, too, in her wreath. I guess
'Twas they made the crimson among her curls.
She is good as beautiful, too, they say,
Her heart is gentle as any dove's;
She'll be all that she can to him always—
(Dear, I am tearing my new white gloves!)
How calm she is with her saint-like face,
Her eyes are violet—mine are blue—
(How careless I am with my mother's lace!)
Her hands are white, and softer, too.
They've gone to the city beyond the hill,
They must never come back to this place again;
I'm almost afraid to be here so still—
I wish it would thunder and lighten and rain.
Oh, no! for some may not be abed;
Some few, perhaps, may be out to-night;
I hope that the moon may come out instead,
And heaven be starry and earth be light.
It's only a summer since she's been here,
It's been my home for seventeen years;
But her name is a testament, far and near,
And the poor have embalmed it in priceless tears.
I remember the day when another came—
(There, at last I've tied my hair!)
Her curls and mine are nearly the same,
But hers are longer and mine less fair.
They're going across the sea, I know;
Across the ocean—will that be far?
(Did I have my comb a moment ago?
I seem to forget where my things all are.)
When ships are wrecked do people drown?
Is there never a boat to save the crew?
Poor ships! If ever my ship goes down
I'll want a grave in the ocean, too.
Good-night, good-night! It is striking one.
Good-night to bride and good-night to groom!
The light of my candle is almost done—
(How I wish that my bed were in mother's room.)
How calm it looks in the midnight shade!
Those curtains were hung there clean to-day;
They're almost too white for me, I'm afraid—
Perhaps I may be soon as white as they.
Dark—all dark—for the light is dead;
Father in Heaven, may I have rest!
One hour of sleep for my aching head—
For this aching heart in my poor, poor breast.
For his sweet sake do I kneel and pray:
O God! protect him from every ill,
And make her worthier every day—
The older, the purer, the lovelier still.
(There, I knew I was going to cry!)
I have kept the tears in my soul too long.
Oh, let me say it, or I shall die!
As heaven is witness I mean no wrong.
He never shall hear from this secret room,
He never shall know in the after years,
How seventeen summers of happy bloom
Fell dead one night in a moment of tears.
I love him more than she understands,
For him I loaded my soul with truth;
For him I am kneeling with outstretched hands
To lay at his feet my shattered youth.
I love, I adore him just the same,
More than father, or mother, or life;
My hope of hopes to hear his name,
My heaven of heavens to be his wife.
His wife! Oh, name that the angels breathe,
Let it not crimson my cheek with shame!
It is her name, her word to wreathe
In the princely heart from whose blood it came.
Oh, hush! Again I behold them stand,
As they stood to-night, by the chancel wall;
I see him take her white-gloved hand,
I hear his voice in a whisper fall.
I see the minister's silver hair,
I see them kneel at the altar-stone;
I see them rise when the prayer is o'er—
He has taken their hands and made them one.
The fathers and mothers are standing near,
The friends are pressing to kiss the bride—
One of those kisses had birthplace here,
The dew of her lips is not yet dried.
His lips have touched hers before to-night—
Then I have a grain of his to keep;
This midnight darkness is flecked with light.
Some angel is singing my soul to sleep.
He knows full well why many a knave
So close to his lady's lips should swim;
God only knows that the kiss I gave
Was set in her mouth to give to him.

—*William L. Keep.*

The report of Dr. Dujardin-Beaumetz upon hydrophobia in the Department of the Seine, shows that under Pasteur's treatment the death-rate in hydrophobia had been lowered from fourteen to the sixteen per cent. reported some years ago by Drs. Brouardel and Leblanc to only 1.04 per cent. The statistics of the Institut Pasteur for the year ending July 1, 1889, have just been presented to the Académie des Sciences, and they show a considerable reduction even of the last low figure. During the year, sixteen hundred and seventy-three patients, who had been bitten by animals believed to be mad, received inoculation at the institute; of these, twenty-thirteen died—three after treatment, and ten while the treatment was still going on. This brings the rate of mortality down to little less than .78 per cent.

About thirty thousand people a day go up the Eiffel Tower. Of these, between three and four thousand go to the top. On an average a person has to wait about an hour to go up in the elevator.

AS BRITONS SEE US.

"Cockaigne" writes of Transoceanic Criticism of America.

The London *Daily News* is the leadiog Gladstonite newspaper io England. It is, indeed, the only London daily which supports the Grand Old Man and his policy, or, more properly speakiog, his want of policy. It is, therefore, not only mildly Radical, hut Parnellite to the hackhone. This is not surprising, as it is owned hy Lahouchère, of *Truth*. Now, the strangest thing in the world is that it is not friendly to Americaos. It affects to he, but it really is not. It pretends a frieodship which it does oot feel, and, while it may give more prominence now and then to American affairs and devote more of its space to American news than the other leading dailies of the metropolis, it never loses an opportunity of turning things American into ridicule, in a sly, covert way. I have frequently heeo struck hy this. Most people, glancing over its leaders casually, would, perhaps, not he likely to notice it, and be apt to take all it says in a general way as evincing good-will to the people of the United States and a sort of silent admiration of a repuhlican form of government. But one has only to read hetween the lines of whatever it says and to hestow a little study upon its leading articles to see that, in spirit, it is inimical to America and Americans. While seeming to pay regard to and take an interest in everything in anywise conoected with America, not only does it "damn with faint praise," but sneers in a low, underhand way at the people and their ways. It seldom, if ever, misses a chance to do this. It has a stock-lot of (alleged) Americanisms at its command, and these it uses whenever the occasion offers. There always seems to be an effort on its part to helittle Americans. Whether it be an American hook, an American invention, musical composition, painting, or manufacture, it is just the same. Each is eagerly grabbed hold of as a subject for discussion, as food for an article, as an object to make fun of.

The *Daily News's* leaders are wont to be funny. That is to say, English funny. The writers think them funny, and it is more than likely that the readers think them funny, also. But be fun is of a very poor order. It would not he thought fun in America. It would he voted dull and lacking that spirit of spontaneous wit which pervades and is indicative of American humor. The *Daily News's* funny mao, as seen through the leaders, is dolefully serious. He is at once a dealer in chestnuts and a student of Joe Miller. His originality is only equaled hy his good-nature. He is nothiog if not spiteful, and takes much delight in mean innueodo. He is always posing as a hreezy, devil-may-care critic of manners, and matters, and things in general, with no object in view but the amusement of his readers. I wish I could illustrate my meaning of these underhand shots at America. I have not thougbt it worth while to collect them from the different issues of the paper in whicb they appeared from time to time, hut the spirit of animosity sticks out in a way which is unmistakahle. In the midst of an article on some scientific subject, you will suddenly he told that the "Yankees" can "whip creation." If a criticism of a hook—and the *Daily News* is very fond of tearing hooks to pieces in its editorial columns—you will presently be told, should the author he an American, that "Brother Jonathan knows how to fling ink" wben he "tries his level hest." Suppose it he a learned commentary on some recent American invention of value, he not surprised at baving tecbnicalities and scientific terms occasionally interlarded with such remarks as "Uncle Sam is a snorter," "The eagle screams pretty considerahle," "Trouser the dollars" (an expression invented, I believe, by Edmund Yates), "Go the whole hog," or "Whittle it out." It may not seem much, but it means a good deal.

When the last issue of *Harper's Magazine* came out, and among its contents was announced as one of the articles "Is American Stamina Declining?" it was a foregone conclusion that the *Daily News* would jump on to tbe subject, and if it were prejudicial to America, expatiate upon it and draw attention to it; if it were advantageous, write one of its jocular leaders upon it. I am sorry that Mr. William Blaikie should have written the article, and sorrier that the Harpers should have published it. He could not get a more willing medium for his ideas in this respect than *Harper's Magazine*, which though so glaringly American on the one hand as frequently call forth the British smile of supercilious pity, is, on the other, subserviently Englisb in the tone and drift of many of its articles. England and the English people need no demonstrations of American weakness and inferiority in anything. It is not at all necessary to apprise them of anything lacking in the Great Republic. They have but one opinion, veiled as it may be on occasion, and that is that there is nothing really, fundamentally, or lastingly good in America. Everything is unreal, unstable, shadowy, and trumpery when judged by English standards. Whatever counteracts this opinion is useful; whatever serves to feed and establish it is the reverse. One is not exactly surprised at English tourists in America coming home with a budget full of the mistakes and defects of the country. Knowing what English prejudice, insularity, and national arrogance is, shots at America from these people are but the natural outcome of their habit of tbought. But labored assertations on the flaws of American manners, customs, and habits from the mouths and pens of Americans themselves not only fill one's mind with amazement, but convince one of the fact that the nest-hefouling speakers and writers are a set of inhable anglomaniacs whose sole aim, end, and object is to curry favor with Englishmen. You certainly never find Englishmen belittling their country like that. With an Englishman, *every* thing English is right and perfect. Nothing else is. I defy any one to produce a speecb or a writing of any Englishman which will show anything but the most profound reverence and respect for his country, and I admire him for it. But Americans! Beginoing with the book "Democracy," which is an immense amount of harm wben placed in English hands and before English eyes; and running down through Minister Phelps's humility speeches and such novels as "Though Ooe Administration" to this last contribution from Mr. Blaikie, America has had rather a hard time of it. Of course if these undermining, degrading statements ahout and comments upon American affairs were written and made hy Englishmen, it would not signify. They would neither attract atteotion nor occasion surprise. But coming from Americans themselves, what can you do?

It is a common helief among Englishmen that the American physique is very inferior to theirs; that Americans have no muscle, care to cultivate none, and are given to no games or out-of-door amusements likely to encourage athletics. The recent visit of the base-ball teams to England did mucb to counteract this opinion. To many Englishmeo, the skill, muscle, and physical strength of the eighteen "Yankees" was a revelation. They could not believe they were Americans.

"Why, hless me, these chaps are Englishmen, don't you know," said one young man, as he gazed through his eye-glass from the pavilion at Lord's Cricket-Ground, and watched the pitchers go on delivering ball after hall without the rest of an "over," as at cricket; "no Yankees could keep that sort of thing up like that, don't you know."

"Yankees?" assented another youog man at his elbow, hetween the puffs of his cigarette; "no fear. Whoever saw a Yankee with a chest? Of course they're English."

But, all the same, the hase-ball players did a lot of good in correcting the false estimate of American physical strength so freely indulged io in England. The visit of the teams was alike useful in this respect, and most satisfactory to Americans io England, who are so often obliged to hear their country spoken of as inferior in manly sports. The base-ball players are entitled to the thanks of their fellow-countrymen, and to the Philadelphia cricketers, who yesterday arrived at Queenstown, the gratitude of Americans ahroad, if not at home, is due for coming so far to show Englisbmen that Americans, too, can play their vaunted cricket, in maoy instances quite as well as they can. I am always glad whenever America comes forward and sends a team for anything to England. The Massachusetts militia rifle-team is another instance. So was the sending of a boating-crew from Cornell College to row at the Henley regatta a year or so ago. The hoat-race hetween Harvard and Oxford, some years ago, also did good. But what is the use of Americans trying to remove the erroneous idea as to their own inability to do anything but make money in hot, stuffy offices, if people like Mr. Blaikie write, and magazines like *Harper's* publish, such articles as the one about the decadence of American stamina? It is a pity that Mr. Blaikie, or some of the editorial staff of *Harper's*, can not come over to Eogland with some hase-hall, cricket, hoating, or rifle-team, and take some active part themselves in exhihiting the existence of American stamina instead of writing it down.

Of all people, the English people are the last to have put before them such an article as this latest effort of the Blaikie brain; and Americans have every reason to feel resentful to hoth writer and publisher. For my own part, I do not believe that American stamina is declining. To the eye, Americans certainly may not *show* such heefy and brawny exteriors, such red necks, and such elepbantine calves; but I believe they are generally hetter knit, have more wire in them, and can stand a draft on their powers of endurance under disadvantageous circumstances hetter than can Englishmen. Give an Englisbman his four regular "square" meals every day, his regular eight hours' sleep every night, and no thought to disturb his equilihrium but what he shall do next to amuse himself, or whether he has a good appetite for dinner, and he will look a veritable Hercules in flesh. What can be do? A good deal—anything almost requiring muscle—so long as be keeps up his conditions of food, sleep, exercise, *and absence of thought*. Interrupt one of these sources of his national strength, and where is he? Let any one try campaigning and roughing with Englishmen and they will soon see what loss of sleep, want of regular food, and any trifling business anxiety will do for them. In short, they lack the enduring powers of Americans, the *grit* which carries an American over and above all obstacles, and enables him to do on one meal and a few hours' sleep what an Englishman can only do when he is fed and rested. I have had occasion to compare these *staying* qualities of tbe two countries, and I have seen the American's wiry toughness carry him along where the Englishman's hrawn gave in on account of interrupted supplies.

And, while speaking of *Harper's*, let me say just a word or two on a subject to which I have more than once had occasion to refer in my letters. It is the absurdity of American writers introducing English noblemen into their stories, unless they know something about Englisb high life and its most ordinary usages. At any rate, if authors wbo draw their inspiration from American models *will* write about things English, let them at least keep their efforts for the delectation of American readers, and not parade their ignorance before English eyes. In "A Little Journey in the World," now going on as a serial novel in *Harper's Magazine*, Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, the author, introduces an Englishman wbo, he tells us, is the eldest son and heir of an earl, and yet be calls him "Mr. John Lyon." Even if he were the second son, he would be an honorahle; but as be is the eldest, be must be a "Lord" of some kind or other, bearing his father's second title. I thought at first that perhaps Mr. Warner intended the concealment of the young man's title until later on in the story; hut it appears that one of the American young ladies had been consulting the peerage. This would have shown her "Mr. Lyon's" title, had Mr. Warner known (which he evidently does not know) that an earl's eldest son had one. "Mr. Lyon," too, is altogether such a prig that one is at a loss to conceive where the author found his model. Whatever young English noblemen may be, and their faults and short-comings are many, they are not prigs. This story was an ill-advised selection to insert in the "English Edition." Almost as bad as Howells's "Five O'clock Tea."

COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, June 29, 1889.

An offer has been made to the Britisb Government of twenty thousand pounds sterling per annum for the privilege of advertising on the backs of post-card and postage stamps.

MOORISH BRIDES AND HAREMS.

By David Ker.

Years ago, wbile on my first journey down into the Sahara Desert, I had to change trains at nightfall on the new African railway from Oran to Blidah, and on entering my new car was startled to find it tenanted by eight silent, motionless figures—four on each side—shrouded from head to foot in long white robes which hid their faces as well as their forms, and made them look, in that gbostly twilight, disagreeably like risen corpses. Hardly had I squeezed myself into a corner at the far end of this spectral file, when, just as the train started, in leaped a tall Arab sheik, wbose snowy tunic, crimson girdle, silver-hilted dagger, and gold-fringed turhan overhanging his swarthy black-bearded face and dark lustrous eyes, seen by a passing gleam of lamp-light, made a picture worthy of Meissonier himself.

There could be no douht about it—I had intruded upon a native harem!

At sight of me the sheik's face darkened, and his strong hrown fingers clutched iostinctively at bis dagger hilt; hut I at once held out my hand to him with the usual Arahic salutation, announcing myself at the same time as a "hadji" (pilgrim), the title given to those who have visited the holy places of Arabia. This seemed to pacify him, and having satisfied himself that my intrusion was purely accidental, he became friendly enougb. But during the whole journey the spectres around us never spoke or moved, and their ghostly figures haunted my dreams for many a night after.

Such was my first glimpse of an Eastern harem; hut my later travels introduced me to other harems of all creeds and races, from that of the Afghan Ameer's father-in-law in the Himalaya, down to that of John Dunn, "the White Chief of Zululand," on tbe sunny hills of tbe Tugela. How much custom as well as sentiment has to do with this strange institution, was proved to me by the fact that the Frencb annexation, was actually keeping up at an eoormous cost, merely in deference to Moslem usage, a harem which be never entered, and the ladies of which he did not even know by sight.

Nor is an Eastern lady's entrance upon her married life one whit less harbaric than tbat life itself, as I had a good chance of seeing the other day in Morocco. Returniog from a visit to some of those wonderful ruins with which the country ahounds, I was startled by a sound of distant firing, now in dropping shots and now in sharp crashing volleys, as if a great hattle was raging heyond the low, curving ridge on my rigbt. I forced my way up it through a dense jungle of tall, spiky grass and looked down from its crest upon a very striking spectacle.

Around a fine, brown horse, hearing one of those light, curtained litters in which Eastern women are carried, a ring of wbite-rohed, red-capped Moors stood ranged hehind their horses, firing over them at a cloud of fierce-looking horsemen who kept whirling round them, yelling and firing, while their grim faces and brandisbed weapons, streaming white mantles, and flashing eyes, fitfully seen through billowy smoke, made a perfect picture of desert war. But suddenly the dismounted men ceased firing, and hegan to move in a kind of wild dance, to the shrill note of a pipe and the deep hoom of a native drum, throwing up and catching their long rifles, while the horsemen kept dashing past them at full gallop, with ear-piercing war-cries, discbarging their pieces in the air.

This sham-fight was in honor of the fair inmate of the litter, the forty-first bride of a fine old Moorish gentleman thrice her age, wbo was reverenced as a saint, on the strength of his being stupider, dirtier, and more useless than any one else. And now came filing down the slope a long train of men from tbe bride's village, laden with presents for her, each of whicb cost the giver more than a month's bard-earned wages.

Three days later, I stood in the inner court of a Moorish barem, such as that to which she had been consigned, and fancied myself once more in the palaces of Agra or Samarcand. Here, as there, all was purely Oriental, unmarred by any hoof-mark of that utilitarian civilization which has turned the King of Oude's palace at Lucknow into a botel, his audience-hall into a dining-room, and his harem into a suite of bedrooms. Through the open roof was seen the cloudless blue of the sky, but the dazzling sunsbine, as it streamed down into the shadowy court, was subdued to a rich summer gloom of purple twilight, such as that which steals through the windows of some vast cathedral. All around the four sides of the quadrangle ran a broad, shady cloister, formed by a stately file of key-shaped Saracenic arches of snow-white marble, the edges of which, fretted as delicately as those of a sea-shell, stood out in picturesque relief against the deep shadow of the background.

This cloister (the allotted promenade of the caged beauties) was paved with black-and-white slabs, and had a ceiling of splendidly carved wood-work. Along tbe upper part of the wall—which, like the ceiling itself, was painted with a profusion of those bright tints which give so much life and color to the dusky lanes of Tripoli, Fez, or Tetuan—were engraved, in strange, arrowy, Eastern letters, sundry texts of the Koran, supposed to have a magical as well as a religious virtue. At the far end of the court rose a low, deep archway of sinister aspect, rendered doubly gloomy by the black tiles with which it was faced, at which the gray-hearded Moorish veteran who guided me cast a glance of somhre meaning, which was his sole answer to my questions concerning it. The whole open space in the middle of the quadrangle was a perfect miracle of tessellated pavement, and in its centre sprayed and tinkled a tiny fountain of polished white marble.

Once within these fatal walls, the high-hred Circassian beauty, the bold, bright Persian maiden, the free Soudanese girl of the desert, are alike dwarfed ioto spoiled children, tricked out with jewels and fioery, lolling on couches, eating sweetmeats and sipping sherbet, and finding in small bickerings and petty jealousies the sole excitements of that weak and pulseless vegetation which they call life.—*Harper's Bazar.*

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Professor de Filippe's "Simplified Practical Method for Learning the French Language" is in press, and will be out in the latter part of next August.

Oscar Wilde has written for *Blackwood* a story on the subject of Shakespeare's sonnets, in which he puts forward a new theory as to the identity of the W. H. of the preface.

Lord Ronald Gower's collection of prints and caricatures relating to the French Revolution, which has been described as prodigious in extent, was to be sold at auction in London a week ago.

Cablegrams from London tell us that Mr. Rider Haggard's "Cleopatra" has not met with so large a sale as anticipated, and they are cruel enough to hint that the star of the inventor of "She" is on the wane.

Mr. Edmund Gosse has written for the *Fortnightly Review* for July a paper on Edward Fitzgerald, the so-called translator of "Omar Khayyam," although Fitzgerald did much more for that writer's works than act as their translator.

"A Sage of Sixteen" is the taking title of the latest book by L. B. Walford, the popular English novelist and London correspondent of the *Critic*. Mrs. Walford has always had a happy knack at finding a name for a novel—a thing almost as hard to do as to write a successful book.

A new illustrated magazine has been started in England, giving one hundred pages of complete tales, by such well-known authors as James Payn, G. R. Sims, Hawley Smart, James Greenwood, Sir Gilbert Campbell, Bart., George Manville Fenn, Philip May, and Howard Paul. Moreover three months' free insurance is guaranteed to the purchaser of every copy, and all for the small sum of "one penny."

The authorities of the British Museum do not propose to be any longer annoyed by persons visiting the library merely to enjoy themselves in reading the new novels. They have prohibited the issue to readers of novels published within five years, unless such works are required for special reasons approved by the superintendent. The "special reason" given by a young curate for asking for a complete set of Zola's novels was that he was desirous of preaching a sermon against them, for which a preliminary study was absolutely necessary.

Cheap pirated editions of American novels are said to be among the most popular books sold at the railway-stations in India. A traveler says he has bought Lew Wallace's "Fair God" and "Ben-Hur" for fifteen cents each. Anna K. Green's "Leavenworth Case" is offered for twelve cents. The works of "Uncle Remus" are also for sale in paper covers. All of Bret Harte's books are pirated, and Mark Twain's books are sold for a song. Longfellow's poems can be had for a dime, and Emerson's essays, in cloth, for twenty cents. Mrs. Burnett's novels are sold at one-fifteenth the price they bring in America.

The *Author* has the following: "D. Appleton & Co. have sold more than 25,000 copies of 'The Silence of Dean Maitland.' Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have sold 37,000 cloth-bound copies of 'John Ward, Preacher,' which is now issued in paper covers; and their correspondents in England have sold 16,000 copies more, though two unauthorized cheap editions were published in England. Of Edward Bellamy's 'Looking Backward,' they have sold 20,000 copies in cloth, and the book is now selling in paper covers at the rate of 1,000 copies a day. Of Professor Hardy's 'But Yet a Woman,' 30,000 copies have been sold. G. P. Putnam's Sons have sold 40,000 copies of Anna Katharine Green's 'Behind Closed Doors.' Of 'Ben-Hur,' between 200,000 and 300,000 copies have been sold."

Twenty-three years ago, Austin Dobson turned into English, from the French of Manuel, "Captain Castagnette: His Surprising, almost Incredible, Adventures." Since then, as a circular informs us, Mr. Dobson has "ascended to one of the highest Pinnacles of Fame in the Empire of Letters"; but hitherto no new edition of this old translation has appeared. Now, however, comes a prospectus announcing a handsome reprint of the book, with impressions on India-paper of the forty-three original illustrations designed by Doré, whom the translator held up to admiration, twenty-three years ago, as "the most facile, fertile, and gifted book-illustrator of this or any previous time." The publisher of this new edition, which is limited to two hundred copies, numbered and signed, is Mr. Frank Murray, Moray House, Derby, England.

There is some unexpected frankness in Mr. T. N. Page's "Lippincott" paper on authorship in the South before the war. We have been so used to stilted encomiums on the former writers of "the Southland" (as these writers always called their part of the country), that it is odd to find a Southerner acknowledging that there was not much literature there at that time; and that "the South was so unremittingly exercised in considering and solving the questions which slavery was ever raising that it had neither time nor opportunity, if it had the inclination, to apply itself to other matters." "There was lacking," says Mr. Page, "not only the mental stimulus of contact between mind and mind, but also that yet more essential inspiration, sympathy with literary effort, which is as necessary to literary vitality as the atmosphere is to physical existence. One of Phillip Pendleton Cooke's neighbors said to him after he became known as the author of 'Florence Vane': 'I wouldn't waste time on a —— thing like poetry; you might make yourself, with all your sense and judgment, a useful man in settling neighborhood disputes and difficulties.'"

Mr. Haggard's book is believed in by the publishers at any rate (says the *Journalist*). The Messrs. Harper are the authorized representatives in this country of the writer, but the return which they will be able to make to him will be of the smallest. The Munros followed the Harper edition within three days, and Rand, McNally & Co. followed with another. Perhaps the most amusing thing in connection with this legalized thieving is the statement of the proprietor of *Once a Week*. In his announcement of the publication of the book in his paper, he says: "In consequence of the unexpected receipt of the last chapter of Cleopatra, we publish," etc. The truth of this business is that the enterprising owner of this sheet had clipped the columns of "Cleopatra" as they came out in the *Sun*, and this "unexpected receipt" that he talks about is the sudden publication of the book by the Messrs. Harper. How much there is in the way a thing is put. "In consequence of the unexpected receipt" sounds so much better than "In consequence of an unexpected opportunity to steal the last chapter, we publish," etc. Yet the latter would have been the more honest story of the two.

Edward Bellamy, the author of "Looking Backward," is a native and resident of Chicopee Falls, a quiet village near Springfield, Mass. He is thirty-nine years of age. He was married seven or eight years ago, and has two children. After studying at Union College, where he took a part of the regular course, he pursued his studies for a year in Germany, and on his return studied law, and was admitted to the bar. The bent of his tastes was shown by his entering, in 1871, the year he came of age, on journalistic work in New York, where he was on the staff of the *Evening Post*. In the following year, he became editorial writer and book-reviewer on the Springfield *Union*, remaining on its staff till 1876, when he gave up journalism for more distinctively literary work. He took a trip to the Sandwich Islands that year, going by way of the Isthmus of Panama and returning across the continent. Mr. Bellamy's first book was "A Nantucket Idyll," a summer novel. Not long after the publication of this book, his quaint story, entitled "Dr. Heidenhoff's Process," was brought out as a serial in the Springfield *Union*. "Miss Ludington's Sister" was another story which exhibited his imaginative powers in a striking way. In an entirely different vein is his "Romance of Shay's Rebellion," which he wrote for the Berkshire *Courier*. Besides these books, he contributed some thirty or forty stories to the magazines, the *Atlantic*, *Scribner's*, the *Century*, *Lippincott's*, *Appleton's Journal*, and others. "Looking Backward" was published a year ago last winter.

"Does there exist an interlingual dictionary of proper names, or anything at all equivalent to it? Such a thing would be very convenient for readers who have to follow the study of history through two or three languages. It may take a tyro some time to find out that Dietrich and Thierry are Theodoric, or that Hlodowig, Chlodwig, Clovis, Louis, Lewis, and Ludwig are all the same Protean name—to say nothing of such geographical puzzles as Bois-le-Duc and Herzogenhusch; and when he does learn these things, it is almost by accident. Even the practiced student is apt to be tripped at any time by some travesty which he has forgotten or missed. The lists of proper names given in the ordinary dictionaries go but very little way, and are at most bilingual, so that they are of no scholastic value." So "L." writes to the *Nation*, which replies: At the end of "Lippincott's Biographical Dictionary" is a "Vocabulary of Christian Names," which measurably supplies what our correspondent calls for. For fuller information about personal names, he should consult Dr. G. Michaelis's "Vergleichendes Wörterbuch der gebräuchlichsten Taufnamen" (Berlin, 1856, 72 pp., 8vo); and for Latin names of places, use Dr. J. G. T. Graesse's "Orbis Latinus, oder Verzeichniss der lateinischen Benennungnen der bekanntesten Städte, etc., nebst ein deutsch-lat. Register" (Dresden, 1861, 287 pp., 8vo). A. Franklin's "Dictionnaire des noms, surnoms, et pseudonymes latins de l'histoire littéraire du Moyen Age" (Paris, 1875, 683 pp., 8vo), covers, perhaps, too limited a field for our correspondent.

New Publications.

"Zarailla," a novel by "Beulah," has been published by G. W. Dillingham, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 50 cents.

A collection of anecdotes connected with the theatre is published by Milton Nobles, under the title, "Shop Talk." For sale by the booksellers.

A story for the young, entitled, "Rocks and Shoals," has been written by Bella French Swisher, and published by G. W. Dillingham, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 50 cents.

H. Rider Haggard's story, "Cleopatra," which has been published serially in a number of newspapers, is issued in the Globe Library, with a portrait of the author, by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; for sale by the booksellers.

In the Rialto Series, "My Uncle Barbassou," translated by A. D. Hall from the French of Mario Uchard, has been published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; for sale by The Bancroft Company and by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, 50 cents.

Lord Chesterfield's "Letters to his Son," with an introductory sketch of the author and the son for whose eye alone these famous letters were written, has been issued in the Camelot Series published by Walter Scott, New York; for sale by the booksellers.

The possibilities of the cyclone are beginning to be appreciated, and "A Ride on a Cyclone," by W. H. Ballou, utilizes them in a most startling manner. Published by Belford, Clarke & Co., Chicago; for sale by Clarke & Spengler; price: cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cents.

"A Doctor's Don'ts," by Ferd C. Valentine, M. D., is a handy little pamphlet of advice on matters hygienic, dietetic, and generally having to do with the health. It is provided with an index. Published by G. W. Dillingham, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 25 cents.

The study of American history is at length reaching a point where the simple study of events is giving place to the study of the significance of events, and no historical writer has done more to bring this about than John Fiske, whose latest contribution, "The Beginnings of New England," has lately appeared. In this book the essential feature which distinguishes modern from ancient political institutions, and makes the government of the immense nations of the present day possible, is pointed out. The intellectual forces that led to the Puritan exodus, the disintegrating forces that led to the separation into different colonies, and the forces that afterwards drew the colonies together and prepared them for the struggle for independence, are each dwelt upon, and throughout the development of the genius of American institutions is traced. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.

Henry James has been unusually productive in the past few months, and the four tales in "A London Life," all appearing in the magazines of this year, are among his best productions—so brief that his elaborate polish has not time to seem labored, and with just enough plot to keep the lazy summer reader interested. "A London Life" tells of a young girl, an American, whose elder sister has married an Englishman, becomes a professional beauty, and is sailing very close to the wind; so close, indeed, that her disaster puts the climax to the story. "The Patagonia" is the least pleasant and least artistic of the four tales. It is narrated in the first person, and has much snobbishness in it; this may be only a coincidence, however. "The Liar" is a very clever study. An artist meets the woman who had refused him years before. She is married to a man who has the habit of lying; "he would lie to you about the time of day or the name of his hatter." The artist, wishing to know whether the woman he had loved, and loves, because he thought her the soul of truth, recognizes and condones her husband's vice, paints a portrait of the latter in which his *bavardise*, as he calls it, is the supreme, the striking characteristic of the face. The result surpasses the artist's wildest hopes for information as to the wife's attitude. The last story, "Mrs. Temperly," is a study of the *femme forte*, the woman who will accomplish the most incredible results in face of the greatest odds and with no appearance of effort. Mrs. Temperly has buried her husband after their return from California, and despite a young man's appeal that she let him marry her eldest daughter, carries her three daughters off to Paris that they may "get the best"—educationally, socially, and matrimonially. In five years she has ensconced herself in the heart of the fashionable faubourg, and her intimates are all of the *ancienne noblesse*. The young man is surprised to find how well she has succeeded in her social ambitions, but he is scarcely so pleasantly surprised to learn that this woman, this soul of goodness, has determined to sacrifice his love again and to compel her eldest daughter to remain a household drudge until the two younger daughters have been successfully placed. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.50.

Some Magazines.

Professor W. G. Sumner, of Yale, opens the *Popular Science Monthly* for July with a discussion of the question, "What is Civil Liberty?" Charles W. Pilgrim, M. D., contributes "A Study of Suicide." "Sea-Butterflies" are described by Professor Carl Vogt; and "Fungi—Microscopic Forms," by Professor T. H. McBride. The debate over agnosticism is continued in "Christianity and Agnosticism," by Rev. Dr. Henry Wace, and "An Explanation to Professor Huxley," by the Bishop of Peterborough. Miss Adele M. Fielde describes "Farm-Life in China." "The Artificial Propagation of Sea-Fishes" is discussed by Professor W. K. Brooks. "Railway Maladjustments" is by Benjamin Reece. "Muscle and Mind" is by Frances Emily White, M. D. "Kinship in Polynesia" is described by Dr. C. N. Starcke; and Stephen S. Burt, M. D., considers "Some of the Limitations of Medicine."

The *Fortnightly Review* for June opens with two papers on the revolution: the first, "What the French Revolution Did," by Frederic Harrison, and the second, by General Viscount Wolseley, entitled "The French Revolution and War." The Marquis of Lorne presents a review of "Five Years' Advocacy of Provincial Parliaments." William Day pleads for "Turf Reform." E. C. K. Gonner writes on "The Forciger in England." Professor E. A. Freeman contributes a note on "The House of Hapsburg in South-Eastern Europe." Lady Dilke describes some "Benefit Societies and Trades Unions for Women." Dr. Robson Roose presents rules on the "Art of Preserving Life." An anonymous writer criticises some recent changes made by the British Government in the matter of the Egyptian bonds, and Frederick Greenwood contributes "A Conversation in a Balcony." The number concludes with a paper on "The Women of Spain," by Emilia Pardo Bazan.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An expressman was busily loading one hot noontide, and, as he pile the bundles high, an assistant appeared in haste, carrying a small dog i his outstretched hands. "Well," said the first man, sharply, as he ton him, "where's he to go?" "I don't know." "Don't know?" "No I don't, nor nobody don't. He's eat up his tag!"

At a Scotch funeral, one of the mourners approached the ministe and whispered to him: "Dae ye ken what I aye think just when they'r letting down the coffin?" (the coffin was just being lowered into th grave). "Solemn thoughts, I suppose," said the minister; "of deat and eternity, I have no doubt." "Na," said the other, "I'm aye awfi glad it's no me."

At a Richmond banking-house, on one occasion, a lady called an presented a check which she wished cashed. As she was a stranger t the paying-teller, he said, very politely: "Madam, you will have t bring some one to introduce you before we can cash this check. Drawing herself up quite haughtily, she said, freezingly: "But I d not wish to know you, sir!"

It is related of Rowland Hill that at a certain council held in th Post-Office Department, he explained to his subordinates that offici phraseology was a good thing in its way, but very often did not describ the actually existing state of affairs. "For instance, in writing to yo gentlemen, I am accustomed to describe myself in official phraseolog as your obedient humble servant, whereas"—sitting back and glanin savagely through his spectacles around the board—"whereas, I am nothing of the sort."

Mr. Conybeare, the member who goes in the House and elsewhere b the name of the Curse of Camborne—it is the north-western or Cam borne division of Cornwall for which he sits—has an uncompromisin temper, and never justifies his self-assertion, or supports his opinion, b evidence, by reason, or by mental distinction. The result is that Mr Conybeare is disliked even by his Radical associates. Many will re member his adventures in Ireland, and the sentence of three month imprisonment which his collision with the authorities brought upon hir Mr. Lahouchère was asked what he thought of it. "I think," said Mr Lahouchère, "that such a sentence is an outrage upon law and upo every principle of justice, and that it ought to be so arranged that Mr Conybeare should serve his three months while the House is in session.

Washington Irving was good-natured and delighted to do little deed of kindness; but he was also a sincere man, and would not pay eve conventional compliments unless they were merited. Once, while i London, he and a literary friend were invited by a merchant to drive t his country-house, and spend a day or two there. The carriage stoppe at the gate of the merchant's park. The host alighted, and asked hi guests if they would walk through the grounds to the house. The frien started to get out, but Irving held him down by the coat, and they bot drove on to the house; the merchant followed on foot. "I make it principle," said Irving, when they were out of hearing, "never to wal with a man through his own grounds. I have no idea of praising thing whether I like it or not. You and I will do them to-morrow b ourselves."

It is maintained by some military authorities that it is possible a ma may be a good soldier, in the sense at least of his fighting qualities without having the least morality to recommend him. There are some times unsuspected virtues brought to light by violent means. A certai British regiment, notorious for its ill discipline, served under Lord Corn wallis in the American war. Two of its soldiers went into a house an abused its inmates in the most cruel and shameful manner; a third sol dier, who knew their names, refused to disclose them, and was sentence to be hanged for that offense. The commander-in-chief rode up to him when on the gallows: "What a fool you are, Campbell, to die thus give up these fellows' names, and you are a free man." "No, my lord, was the unflinching reply; "you are in an enemy's country, and ca better spare one man than two."

A new set of stories about the Duke of Wellington includes these The duke, being asked how it was that he had succeeded in beating Napoleon's marshals, one after the other, said: "I will tell you. They planned their campaigns just as you might make a splendid set of har ness. It looks very well, and answers very well until it gets broken, and then you are done for. Now, I made my campaign of ropes. If anything went wrong I tied a knot, and went on." The duke detested being helped One day a gentleman nearly as old as himself made some demonstratio of assisting him to cross Piccadilly when crowded. When the duke reached the gate of Apsley House he touched his hat and said, "I thank you, sir." The stranger took off his hat and said: "My lord, I have passed a long and not uneventful life; but never did I hope to reach the day when I might be of the slightest assistance to the greatest man who ever lived." The duke looked at him calmly and replied, "Don't be a d—— fool!" and walked into Apsley House.

The Federal and Confederate forces were preparing for a battle. The Federal commander and his staff, seated upon their horses, were consulting near the right of the line, drawn up in the edge of the woods. General Neal Dow was standing in front of his command, a very small man, with a tremendously big hat on his head and a monstrous big sword dangling on the ground at his side, a picture such as one seldom sees outside the comic collections. An aide told General Dow (perhaps he was only Colonel Dow then) that the commander wished to see him. General Dow strode down the line, the soldiers laughing at the sight. "General Dow," said the commander, "you will march out into that opening yonder, take a position on that knoll, and hold it until further orders"—something to that effect. In sight of the entire right wing of the army, General Dow went marching into the opening, his long, heavy sword clanking on the ground behind him, his big hat making him look like a grasshopper under a toadstool. The commander heard the army laughing, and looked for the cause. "Who is that walking across the opening?" he asked. "That is General Dow," said everybody. An aide was sent to bring him back. "General Dow," said the commander, "why did you go out there alone? Why did you not take your command with you?" "Dear me, general," said Dow, "I beg a thousand pardons. I didn't know you meant for me to take anybody with me. You didn't say so, you know."

A famous French painter, Nestor Roqueplan, who was well known as a wit, was once invited to dinner by a newly rich family, who were quite willing—for once—to have the witty painter at their sumptuous table, for the purpose of "showing off." When the evening was over, and the guests were departing, the host shook the painter by the hand, and said, in effusive French fashion: "M. Roqueplan, we are much delighted. We should be glad to have you *always* come and dine with us." "Always?" asked the painter. "Yes, yes, *always!*" Roqueplan smiled a little sarcastically, and went away. The next evening, promptly at six, the painter put in his appearance at the rich man's house. The family seemed a little surprised, but he was welcomed, and the dinner passed very pleasantly. Next evening he came again, and was rather coolly received. "What!" he exclaimed; "weren't you expecting me?" "Oh—oh, yes, certainly!" said the host, with a forced smile. This was kept up for a week, when the family gave orders that if Roqueplan came again, he was to be told that they had gone out of town to dine. The servant gave him the message when he rang the bell at six. "Ah!" said he; "well, I will just run up and get my umbrella that I left last night." He presented himself at the table just as the family were seating themselves for the meal. This time, however, he took pity on them, and, after reading them a lecture on the unwisdom of saying a great deal more than they meant, he took his departure.

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Frank Goad and the Misses Ella and Green Goad are at the Hotel del Monte for the remainder of the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Dodge and Mrs. C. J. Bailey are at the Hotel Rafael for a few weeks.

Mrs. M. Flavin is visiting Judge and Mrs. Lawrence Archer at San José.

Mrs. William P. Fuller, Jr., has returned to the city after spending several weeks at San José.

Mrs. W. H. L. Barnes has returned to the city after passing several weeks at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. George W. Grayson is visiting Mr. and Mrs. William C. Ralston at their home near Iowa Hill.

Misses Mamie and Ella Deming, of Sacramento, are guests of Mrs. Charles Crocker at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Moses Hopkins have been visiting the Hotel Vendome at San José.

Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Hill are at the Peake's House in Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Edward May and Miss Alice May have returned from their European tour, and are at the Berkshire.

Mr. William S. Barnes departed for Oregon early in the week.

Mr. John W. Mackay has gone to New York to meet Mr. Mackay and her two sons, who are expected from London about August 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Goodman will soon leave to visit the Warm Springs near Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Dean and Miss Dean, of Oakland, will remain at the Hotel Rafael until autumn.

Mrs. F. G. Berry, Miss Maud Berry, and Miss Lucy Berry are at the Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. T. T. Dargie is now in Yokohama, and is gaining rapidly in health. He will return in August.

Mr. and Mrs. John E. de Ruyter, who have been passing the summer at San Rafael, are now occupying their residence on Devisadero Street.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor departed for Japan a few days ago, and will be away until October.

Mr. F. F. Low is passing the season at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Beaver and the Misses Beaver are passing a few weeks at their ranch in Santa Clara County.

Mr. and Mrs. N. K. Masten and the Misses Irene and Katie Masten have returned to their home in Oakland after a visit to Del Monte.

Mr. John P. Jackson, Jr., returned from the Napa Soda Springs last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joaquin Bolado and Miss Dulce Bolado are visiting friends in Salinas City.

Mrs. George H. Tay and the Misses Jennie, Irene, and Kate Tay, who have been at the Napa Soda Springs for several weeks, have returned to the city.

Miss Sallie Maynard has been visiting Mrs. John Mayhew at San Mateo.

Miss Fannie Danforth, who has been East for the past six months, is expected home soon.

Miss Etta Tracy has returned from the Napa Soda Springs.

Mr. John D. Spreckels, Miss Nellie Jolliffe, Miss Seibrin, Miss Bagley are at the Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Crocker and Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, *née* Ives, are in London.

Miss Florence Pierce, of Santa Clara, is visiting friends at Glen Park.

Mr. Frank J. Sullivan is visiting Mrs. James Phelan at Burlingame Park, Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Baker and Miss Stone, who have been at Homedale during the past two months, have returned to their city residence.

Mr. James W. Keeney will be at Santa Cruz during the remainder of the month.

Mr. John C. Hays, Mrs. William Wayne Belvin, and Mr. Charles L. Weller have been visiting Mrs. John McCrea at Casa Blanca.

Mr. Stuart Taylor is passing the summer at the Sea Beach in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Bassett are occupying their summer residence at Menlo Park.

Miss Mamie Blethen has returned from a delightful visit at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Percival W. Selby are enjoying the summer at Menlo Park.

Mr. William Corbitt and the Misses Minnie and Nellie Corbitt are at their home in San Mateo, but will probably go to Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. George Loomis are at Menlo Park for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Beylard, who are now in Paris, will return home until October.

Mr. and Mrs. Ansel M. Easton are passing the summer at Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Bowie and Miss Babette Howard are passing the summer at their country residence in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Ryan and Miss Daisy Ryan are enjoying the summer months at their residence in Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Howard and family are in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins are passing the summer at their Menlo Park villa.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglass Dick, who are now in England, are expected to visit this city in the autumn.

Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Truman and Miss Georgie Truman left New York a week ago for Europe, where they will travel about a year.

Mr. C. Stuhhs is at the Windsor Hotel in New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. C. de Guigne are still in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Payson are passing the summer at Del Monte.

Mr. Sidney Mezes has returned from a pleasure trip in Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Hobart and Miss Hobart have returned from their prolonged absence in Europe and the Eastern States.

Mr. Charles L. Fair is at El Paso de Robles Hot Springs for a couple of weeks.

Mr. Leland Younger has returned from a pleasant visit at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Baroness J. H. von Schröder are enjoying a visit at their ranch in San Luis Obispo County.

Miss Cora Caduc returned from Del Cornnado last Tuesday, and is at her home, "Mosswood," in Oakland.

Mr. Charles A. Baldwin is at his ranch, near Mountain View, having recently returned from the East.

Mr. Frank D. Madison is passing a couple of weeks in Colusa hunting at Ben Lomond Vineyard.

Mr. S. Van Winkle and the Misses Van Winkle have returned from the Yosemite Valley, and will pass the remainder of the summer in San Rafael.

Miss Florence Caduc is visiting Mrs. Henry Williams at the Hotel Vendome.

Mr. Robert Tolmie, who has been sojourning for the past month at Mt. Shasta and British Columbia is now on board his brother's yacht *Gannet* on a cruise up the Great Lakes.

Mr. and Mrs. William Ashe have been passing a week at Santa Cruz.

Mr. William Kruse returned last Monday from a week's visit at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. James Otis and Miss Helen Otis have returned from a prolonged visit in Southern California.

Mr. G. Walkington, who has been rusticating at Cazadero for several weeks has returned to the city.

Senator and Mrs. Leland Stanford have returned to Menlo Park from Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall are passing a couple of weeks at the Hotel Rafael.

Miss Alice Simpkins has been visiting Miss Mary Eyre at Menlo Park.

Mr. Harold Wheeler and Miss Helen Wheeler will pass the remainder of the summer at Sausalito.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Tallant are passing several weeks pleasantly at the Hotel Vendome in San José.

Mrs. Hamilton Page has returned from a prolonged sojourn at Cazadero.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Eyre are entertaining Mr. and Mrs. D. Girvin at their Menlo Park residence.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sherwood have returned from their visit at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. R. R. Mead is enjoying a visit at Byron Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels are now comfortably domiciled at their new home in Philadelphia, and have Miss Aileen Ivers as their guest.

Mr. and Mrs. George M. Pinckard have not gone to Menlo Park, owing to the illness of their son.

Mrs James S. Wethered and Miss E. Wethered have been at the Summit Soda Springs for several days.

Mr. and Mrs. John Nightingale, the Misses Ella, Minnie, and Georgie Nightingale and Mr. Joseph B. Nightingale, who have been at Cazadero for several weeks, have returned home.

Judge O. C. Pratt has been passing several days at the Summit Soda Springs

Mrs. John Heath is visiting friends near Los Gatos.

Mr. W. H. Taylor and Mr. Chauncey Taylor have been visiting the Summit Soda Springs in Placer County.

Mr. Henry C. Hyde and his daughter, Miss Hyde, came over from San Rafael on Wednesday and passed a couple of days at the Occidental Hotel.

Mrs. Charles H. Jackson has returned from a prolonged sojourn at the Napa Soda Springs.

Mr. Edgar B. Carroll, of Sacramento, passed several days at the Palace Hotel during the past week.

Colonel and Mrs. John P. Jackson, who have been passing the summer at the Napa Soda Springs, will return home today.

Mrs. D. M. Delmas, of Monntain View, was in the city during the early part of the week.

Miss Bandmann has returned from a delightful visit at the Napa Soda Springs.

Dr. and Mrs. G. W. Davis, of this city, have recently returned from an extended European tour.

Captain and Mrs. Morse, of the *Alameda*, went to the Yosemite Valley last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Wooster have returned to the city after passing the summer at the Napa Soda Springs.

Mrs. A. J. Gove and Miss Alice Gove will go to Alaska on the steamer *George W. Elder*, leaving Tacoma on July 26th.

Dr. and Mrs. Martin Regensburger are now in New York city, and are enjoying their visit greatly. They pass much of their time in New Brunswick, N. J., attending to the Meyer law-suit in which they are interested.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mrs. M. Deane, and Miss Deane are expected in New York in a few days from Europe.

Mr. Albert E. Castle has returned from a pleasant visit to San Diego, Coronado, and Los Angeles

Governor and Mrs. R. W. Waterman and Miss A. L. Waterman are at the Hotel del Coronado.

Mrs. Stinson and the Misses Stinson, who have been at Byron Springs for several weeks, are expected home to-day.

Mrs. W. E. Holloway passed the early part of the week at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Willey and Mr. Frank D. Willey, who have been at the Hotel Vendome for the past month, have returned to the city.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pratt, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Miller, Colonel and Mrs. B. O. Carr, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Mehan, and Mrs. T. J. Bass went to Lake Tahoe on Friday for a brief visit.

Mr. William H. Stinson returned from San José last Monday.

Justice and Mrs. Stephen J. Field, Judge and Mrs. Strong, Mrs. Condit Smith, and the Misses Strong have returned from a pleasant visit to the Yosemite Valley. It is probable that they will all accompany Senator Leland Stanford to Alaska on July 26th.

Mr. Henry Heyman was in Boston last week, and, after visiting Washington, D. C., and New York, will return home. He has been extensively entertained by Eastern musical people.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Hecht and family are at the Tallac House, Lake Tahoe.

Colonel Alexander G. Hawes has returned from his Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. William M. Lent and their daughter, Mrs. Alexander, are expected here in a few days from New York.

Notes and Gossip.

A delightful dinner-party was given recently by Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, at their new residence on California Street. Their guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, Miss Jessie Newlands, Mr. James Breet Stokes, and the Messrs. Ootbout, of New York.

Mrs. J. Mervyn Donahue gave a pleasant moonlight yachting-party recently, and entertained her guests most hospitably. A special train conveyed them to and from Point Tiburon, and it was two o'clock in the morning when they returned to San Rafael. The guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Carter P. Pomeroy, Mr. and Mrs. Pierre La Montaigne, Miss Marguerite Wallace, Miss Jessie Newlands, Misses Edith and Kate Forbes, Mr. Henry Redington, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. J. Fred Burgin, Jr., Mr. Arthur Lee, Mr. R. Porter Ashe, and Mr. W H. C. Lee.

Army and Navy.

Captain James Regan, Ninth Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted two months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant George Pullmer, Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A., has had his leave of absence extended one month.

General and Mrs. Nelson A. Miles and Miss Cecilia Miles are at the Hotel del Monte, where they will remain for a month.

Captain W. N. Tisdall, U. S. A., has gone to Philadelphia on a leave of absence.

Major John A. Darling, U. S. A., has returned from Coronado Beach and will soon leave for New York.

Dr. Ernest Norfleet, U. S. N., came down from Mare Island on Tuesday, and passed several days at the Occidental Hotel.

ART NOTES.

Henry Alexander is progressing well in New York city, and will come here in the fall with some of his best pictures. His visit will be a brief one.

Miss Elizabeth Curtis, formerly secretary of the Art Students' League, has returned to the city after a course of study at the Academy of Design in New York city.

Professor Alexander Graham Bell has recently completed a novel structure—a house-boat—in which he will spend the greater portion of the summer, cruising about with a number of friends whom he has invited to be his guests at various times during the warm season. This house-boat, on the catamaran style, with spacious apartments, double parlors, billiard-room, and every imaginable convenience, was built for the special accommodation of guests for whom Mr. Bell found it would be impossible to secure suitable quarters at any of the primitive farm-houses about Nova Scotia. The structure is singularly unique, and will find no parallel in this country or England. It is built so that it can put in at any port. The most luxurious appointments prevail throughout. When the project of building was first started, Mr. Bell found that it was impossible to secure a model after which to copy, and he thereupon employed the services of a skilled architect from Baltimore, in conjunction with whom he drew the plans and details.

Railroad employees are exposed to accidents, as well as various disorders of the nervous and circulatory systems, produced by the constant jarring to which they are subjected; in the case of engineers and firemen by the sudden changes of weather, according to Duchesne, their health for the first few years improves, and some gain flesh, but, to use his expression, they are, as a rule, tired out at ten years' service, sufferers at the end of fifteen, and, after twenty years, rarely are able to continue in the service. Many lose their eyesight, their hearing becomes dull, and pains in the lower limbs render walking or standing upright tiresome and difficult. He attributes these symptoms to an affection of the spinal cord, produced by long standing and the constant vibration of the locomotives.

DXXXVI—Bill of Fare for six persons—Sunday, July 21, 1889.

Vermicelli Soup.
Boiled Turbot, Sherry Sauce, Mashed Potatoes.
French Salad.
Fried Egg-Plant. Green Corn.
Roast Beef.
Lettuce, French Dressing.
Chocolate Ice-Cream. Fancy Cakes.
Peaches, Apples, Pears, Cherries, Plums, Gages, Apricots, Nectarines, and Figs.

FRENCH SALAD.—Chop three anchovies, a shalot, and some parsley very fine; put them into a bowl with two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one of oil, a little mustard and salt. When well mixed, add by degrees some cold roast or boiled meat in very thin slices; put in a few at a time (the pieces not to exceed two or three inches long); shake these in the seasoning, and then put in more; cover the bowl close, and let the salad be prepared three hours before it is to be eaten.

A reference to the use of the elevator has been found in the "Greville Memoirs," under date March, 1830. Greville describes one as being used in the royal palace at Genoa—"a machine made like a car, which is drawn up by a chain from the bottom to the top of the house."

Since the phylloxera has so ravaged France, Turkey is looming up as a wine-producing country. Some of the southern provinces are said to be excellent as wine-growing districts, both for climate and soil.

—FOUR RECENT GRADUATES OF TRINITY School have passed successfully the university examinations. Mr. John Bakewell will take the classical course at the State University, Messrs. Fred and James Follis will enter the Scientific School at Yale, and Mr. Nat. Wilson, the classical. Five graduates of Trinity entered college last year without a condition. Christmas term opens Thursday, August 1st, 1889.

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$3, $4, $6,

$7, $8, $10.

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RARE BOOKS.

WILLIAM DOXEY, Importer, has just received from London a large shipment of Standard and Valuable Books, in fine bindings, including many rare books relating to the Early History of California and the Pacific Coast, early travels and explorations, etc. Another supply of "Wallace on Darwinism" just received.

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A LOVE CHASE.

Herbert Mortmain, Esq., four years at the bar and three at the feet of a beloved object, is engaged with a client when he perceives The Object passing on opposite side of street.

The client—Well, I was charged with notice as accommodation indorser, and took up the note——

Herbert (distraitly)—Precisely. Exactly. Quite so. No doubt. (Aside.) Oh, if I were only out there!

The client—Not paying the money, but making a new note indorsed by my partner——

Herbert (aside)—I could engage her for Tuesday evening. (Aloud.) Perfectly right—I'd have done the same. Then you arrested your partner, of course?

The client (staring)—Arrested him? Arrested him?

Herbert (aside)—Before Maurice Mashley has a chance to. (Aloud.) Oh, yes; excuse me—he arrested you!

The client (fairly gasping)—Arrested *me!* Who's talking about arrests, anyway?

Herbert—Well, I thought perhaps you might have arrested each other—or perhaps somebody else did. (Aside.) And I will, too! (Aloud.) Beg pardon, but I've just thought of some very important business. I'll return in ten minutes—or half an hour—or two hours—or this afternoon. (Rushes out.)

The client (boiling over)—Very, well, young man. I'll take my case to some one whose address isn't Bloomingdale by rights! (Exit in wrath.)

(Herbert, tearing along corridor, encounters leading lawyer.)

Leading lawyer (condescendingly)—Just coming to you, Mortmain, as I happened to be in the building. I want a junior in the Gribbs case, and if you'll give your entire attention to——

Herbert (to whom this proposal would have been rapture five minutes before)—Oh—ah—I'm too busy—I mean, I accept with pleasure—if you'll call later—much occupied just now—ah—eh—— (Disappears, leaving leading lawyer and a five-hundred-dollar fee to go elsewhere.)

(On street—Sees far ahead a rose and a white form which he knows to be The Object. Dashing after it, meets friend.)

Friend (first time he was ever known to do it)—I say, hold on. Come down to the store and I'll pay you that money I borrowed last——

Herbert (pushing past)—Oh, keep it—I may want to borrow some more—that is, perhaps you will—give it to the Fresh Air Fund—good-by. (Friend petrified, but adamantinely resolves not to renew his proffer.)

Herbert—She's almost four blocks ahead. By Jove, I must hurry!

(Crowd before Sarcinet & Galloon's show-window. Herbert plunges through, around, and over it, with the blind obstinacy of his fixed idea.)

The crowd—Oh, what a brute of a man! He's torn my dress! Look, quick, Louise, and see if he's snatched anything. Police! Confound you, sir, what do you mean? Bad luck till yer sowl, git out av th' strate or Oi'll droive roight over yez! Police!

Herbert (emerging much dishevelled)—Never mind. I've gained a block!

(At cross street—Compact jam of carts, wagons, jiggers, hacks, cabs, and every kind of vehicle.)

Different drivers—Hi, there! Git off this track! He's razzle-dazzled for sure—hit him a clip, Patsy! Them hosses'll kick de top of yer head off! Back out of the way or I'll run you in! Ring for the wagon, Connelly; he's an insane loonatic.

Herbert (more dishevelled, but having crossed some way or other)—I'm still gaining.

His Uncle Roger (detaining him)—Where are you going so fast, Berty? Come in and take luncheon with me while I read you a paper I've written for the Genealogical Society. It won't occupy half an hour.

Herbert (who has always, till now, striven to keep on his uncle's right side)—Can't stop, Uncle Roger—business—walking for exercise—some other time—moving!

His Uncle Roger (thoroughly offended)—Young cub! I think, after all, my money had better go to the society. I'll see about it to-day. (Does so.)

(Herbert is close upon the rose-and-white figure ahead, when enter Maurice Mashley, who, without having taken the slightest trouble, by sheer good luck meets the object just as he descends the club steps.)

Mashley (beamingly)—Ah, good-morning! So glad to have this unexpected pleasure. Will you permit me?

The object (all smiles)—Why, certainly. (He accompanies her. Imagine a speech for Herbert.)

The object—Indeed, my mother and I will be delighted with your escort Tuesday evening. (Imagine another speech for Herbert.)

(The couple turn suddenly and pass Herbert, who bows confusedly and staggers on, but not quickly enough to miss hearing):

The object—Mr. Mortmain's practice seems not to require much of his time. He seems always to be on the streets.

Mashley—He looks rather peculiar, doesn't he?

The object—Yes, I noticed it. His clothes are disordered and he's very much flushed and painfully wild-eyed. Did you ever hear that any of his family were eccentric or craz—— (The reader is advised not to imagine a third speech for Herbert.)

Lost By The Chase.		*Gained By It.*
Client's Business.....	$1,500	
Junior Counsel Fee.....	500	
Loan to Friend.....	10	
Damage to Clothes.....	20	
Uncle Roger's Estate...	100,000	
Total.....	$102,030	
And all hope of winning The Object.		

—*Manley H. Pike in Time.*

The mother of a family showed the ticket-collector on the railway a couple of half-fare tickets for her two children. The latter, after looking at them doubtfully, said: "How old are they?" "They are only six, and they are twins." "Ah!" Then, after a moment's pause, the man inquired: "And where were they born?" *The mother* (unthinkingly)—"This one was born in New York, and the other in Paris."—*Feuille d'Avit.*

A little pitcher: "Come here, Bobby. Do you remember me?" "Oh, yes; you're the uncle who came here and stayed two months, and never offered to pay a cent for board. I've heard papa speak of you often."—*Harper's Bazar.*

A sweeping reduction: "Mister Vwinklemeir, did you say de brice vwas to be reduced on dese negties to-day?" "Yah; shust wride *Only* abof de brice, an' put um oud."—*Harper's Bazar.*

A DOMESTIC DYNASTY.

Ann I., surnamed the Toiler by the satirical head of the family. Constitutionally opposed to rising with the lark, but affectionately inclined to the larks which flit by night. After a reign of seven days, in which most of the disbes were beheaded, she was deposed and succeeded by

Bridget I., popularly called the Seven-days Flirt, on account of possessing an admirer for each evening in the week. Giddy, pretty, and exceptionally blessed with incompetence, an article already sufficiently furnished by the three young-lady graduates in the family. She was rusticated in November and followed by a reign of terror, during which the said young ladies did the work. Then descended upon the kingdom of kitchen

Ann II., recommended in the highest terms, and of a top-lofty and ignoring disposition. Felt it to be her mission to rule in the only right way—*her* way. When meekly requested to cook the tomatoes, responded, oracularly, "Cooked tomatoes isn't healthy," and served 'em raw. After a reign of six weeks was forcibly ejected by the combined efforts of the head of the house and his mother-in-law. Succeeded by

Norab, surnamed Lightfoot, on account of her abnormal pedal development. Her capacity for "kicking" was correspondingly great, and after three days of solid stubbornness, she abdicated in favor of her cousin,

Bridget II., a queen of the "may do it if I like ter"; generally didn't—born weary. Could not be impressed by any must, could, would, or should power. But after several pitched battles between her own and the will of the household, was deposed, vowing vengeance, and succeeded by

A regency of four days, in which the mistress of the house poured oil on the troubled waters, got the ship of home safely anchored in the harbor of good order, and then turned over her command to

Sopbronia, surnamed the Cook, whose reign was chiefly remarkable for the mystery surrounding her surname, no possible evidence ever being given by her as to its origin. Deposed without loss of time, and followed by

Bridget III., popularly called the Lunatic, whose chief aim seemed to be to sugar the soups and salt the pudding-sauces. Banished to an asylum known as the nonintelligence office, after reigning one and a half days, and succeeded by

Mary, a sovereign of considerable executive ability, but a victim of alcoholic heredity and temperamental permanent irascibility. After threatening the lives of the entire bousehold, from the English mastiff to the man of the house, was requested to abdicate. Refused, intrenched behind a breastwork of the best china, using knives and forks for defensive weapons. After a severe struggle the regiment of law and order, known as the "bluecoats," were triumphant, and she was imprisoned for high treason. End unrecorded. Succeeded by

Ellen the Pirate, whose vocation lightened the home of many superfluous articles, and the appearance of whose kingdom on the third day resulted in a council of war which decided to "give up housekeeping and take our meals out." The prime minister and her cabinet now spend their mornings repairing the ravages in the kingdom, and the head of the house smiles and says "I told you so."—*Judge.*

Limited Facilities for Travel.

"Say, mister," he said to the ticket-agent, "what is the best way to get to Pulaski, Mo.?"

"Well, I don't know which is the best. There are four or five ways of getting there by rail. If you are in a hurry, you can save time by taking our road to Numkins, the P. S. R. & Q. to Talmage, change there to the C. C. M. & S., and go to Tompkins Corners; wait there for the lightning-express on the L. M. A. R. and G. C. X. road, and then take the Lead Mountain road at Milligan for Pulaski. If you want to go over the roads having the best scenery, you want to leave our line at Dykins Station, and take the B. R. O. Q. & G. G. G. road to Caldwell, change there to the M. Y. and K. W. Switchback—that will take you to Haller's Junction; then buy a ticket via the H. U. P. S. T. & M. L. road to Gosstown, where you can take the X. X. X. & I. trunk line through the celebrated Mossback Valley to Pulaski. Now, if you are looking for the route that affords the most ease and comfort for the traveler, you should travel to the end of our line at Learyburg, then take the steamboat on the Wright River to Crawfordsville, change to the L. M. N. O. P. & B. A. Z. road; that will land you at Baxter, and from there to Pulaski over the G. A. S. & T. A. line is only a short ride."

"Is them the only ways I can get there, mister? I don't travel much, and I want to go the best way."

"Yes, those are the only ways now; but in a year or two, as soon as they open three new roads now building, you can have your choice of seven different routes."

"I'm much obliged to you, mister; I guess I'll wait. I'm going to get my money's worth if I don't get to Pulaski in ten years."—*Puck.*

The Prize-Fight.

The New York *World* thus prefaced its account of the Sullivan-Kilrain fight:

PUGNÆ PERSONÆ.

John L. Sullivan.....First Pugilist
Jake Kilrain.....Second Pugilist
John Fitzpatrick (of New Orleans).....Referee
William Muldoon.....First Second for Sullivan
Michael Cleary.....Second Second for Sullivan
Daniel Murphy (of Boston),
Holder of the Bottle for Sullivan
Thomas Costello (of Cleveland),
Keeper of the Time for Sullivan
Charles Mitchell.....First Second for Kilrain
Michael Donovan.....Second Second for Kilrain
John Murphy.....Holder of the Bottle for Kilrain
Bartholomew Masterson (of Denver),
Keeper of the Time for Kilrain
Francis T. Nicholls.....Governor of Louisiana
Robert Lowry.....Governor of Mississippi
Thomas Seay.....Governor of Alabama
Lawrence S. Ross.....Governor of Texas
—— Cowart...High Sheriff of Marion County, Miss.
Charles Riche.....Owner of the Fighting Grounds
Clem Walker.....On Governor Nicholls's Staff
Bud Renaud.....A Friend of All Parties

Shouters, Heelers, Thugs, Plug-Uglies, Millionaires, Gamblers, Respectable Citizens, and Tramps, selected with great care from all the well-known and popular cities of the United States.

Mrs. Fangle—"How is it that circuses never come up to their advertisements?" *Mr. Fangle*—"Because they are not billed that way."—*New York Sun.*

Some other day: *First robber*—"I've found the dress the lady of the house does her shopping in. I suppose her purse is in the pocket." *Second robber*—"Then we'll have to take the dress with us. We can hunt for the pocket when we have a whole day to spare."—*New York Sun.*

Both went: "Does that go?" asked Algernon, after Penelope had said "no" very decidedly. "It does," replied Penelope; "and you should follow its example." He followed.—*New York Sun.*

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TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, March 31, 1889, and until ther notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

F a SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN AFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1 30, 3.25, 30, 6.10 P. M.
(Sdays)—8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 12 30, 1.30, 2.45, 00, 5.30, 6.30, P. M.

F a SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week ys)—6.10, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.55 P. M.
(Sdays)—8.00, 9.50, 10.55 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 1.15, 2.45, 4.00, 00, 6.05, 7.00 P M. Extra trips on Saturday at 6.25 P. M.
F, 50 cents, round trip.

F 1 SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—15, 8.15, 9 55, 11.50 A. M.; 2.30, 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
(Sdays)—8.45, 10.35, 11 35 A. M.; 12.45, 1.55, 3.30, 00 5.45, 6.50, 7.45 P. M. Extra trips on Saturday at 05 P. M.
F, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

1. P. M., Daily (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) from n Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. turning, leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at 5 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12.20 P.M.

3. P. M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations.

4. A. M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning arrives in San ncisco at 8.15 P. M.

EXCURSION RATES.

ly-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single ff rate.

y to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on days, Saturdays, and Sundays, good to return following nday: Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.00; Tomales, $2.25; Howard's, $3.50; Cazadero, $4.00.

ly Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, good on day sold y: Camp Taylor, $1.50; Point Reyes, $1.75; Tomales, 00; Howard's, $2.50; Duncan Mills and Cazadero $3.00.

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	From July 8, 1889.	ARRIVE
A.	Haywards, Niles and San José	*12.45 P.
A.	Sacramento, Redding and Sisson, via Davis	7.15 P.
A.	Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	6.15 P.
A.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	11.15 A.
A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
A.	Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
M.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	* 3.45 P.
A.	Sacramento River Steamers	*6.00 A.
P.	Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
P.	Stockton and Milton; Vallejo, Calistoga & Santa Rosa	9.45 A.
P.	(2d Class Sacramento, Ogden and East, connects at Davis for Knight's Landing	10.45 A.
P.	Niles and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
P.	Niles and San José	‡ 4.45 P.
P.	Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
P.	Central Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	7.45 P.
P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East	7.45 A.
P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

A.	Newark, San José and Santa Cruz	‡ 8.05 P.
A.	Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
P.	Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*11.20 A.
P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, Los Gatos and Santa Cruz	‡‡9.50 A.

OAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

A.	San José and Way Stations	2.30 P.
A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz, Sunday Excursion	‡ 8.25 P.
A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations	6.12 P.
A.	San José, Almaden and Way Stations	7 30 P.
P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	5.08 P.
P.	Menlo Park, San José, Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville, and Monterey only. (Del Monte limited.)	*11.15 A.
P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey and principal Way Stations	*10.02 A.
P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	7.58 A.
P.	San José and Way Stations	9.03 A.
P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A.
P.	San José and principal Way Stations	‡4.25 P.

A. morning. P. for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. Sundays only. ‡ Sundays only. ** Mondays excepted. days excepted. ‖ Saturdays and Sundays only to Santa . ‡‡ Sundays and Mondays only from Santa Cruz.

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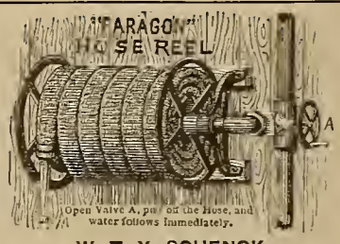

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"The Railroad of Love" is all one widow. She permeates it, saturates it, is its pivot, its main-spring, its core, its heart, its roots and branches, its *raison d'être*. She hides and covers up all its defects, as the ivy covers up the withered trunk.

Everything which happens, happens because of the Widow. Every one who comes in burns a candle before the Widow. Every one talks Widow and thinks Widow. Their joys, their sorrows, their jokes, their angers—all hinge on the Widow. The men talk Widow to the women; the women talk it back to the men. There are people who speak of her before she comes in, and people who speak at her when she is standing by, and people who speak to her when she is fairly before the footlights, and people who speak about her when she goes off. The little lady in green, with yellow hair—looking like a sort of conventionalized dryad—is only there to help precipitate a fine scene for the Widow. And the others—the Lieutenant, the Judge, the General, Aunt Eutycia, Mr. Scuttleby, Bennie, and Cherry—all revolve gently, gracefully, submissively, round the Widow in an orange dress and a yellow wig, a large bouquet, a feather fan, a bewildering laugh, a bewitching dimple, and the most delicious voice in all the world.

In the first act, there is suspense till the Widow comes. When she does come—magnificent, gorgeous, flamboyant in the pride, pomp, and majesty of nearly six feet of humanity and four feet and a half of orange train—the suspense gives place to a tension of the keenest pleasure, which does not slacken till the curtain falls on the Widow and the epilogue. The Widow and the Lieutenant take high-handed possession of the first act. Every one else withdraws, blinking before their scorching brilliancy. The Lieutenant is the only person who seems able to flutter round the charming relict of the late Osprey without getting singed and curling up. In fact, he is a very fine fellow, in brass buttons and aiguillettes, with a military chest, and a manner an artful combination of the meekly submissive and daringly masterful, who has the delightful task of making love to the Widow for four acts. He does this as if to the manner born, or, if not that exactly, as if to the manner higbly cultivated, for Mr. John Drew has made stage-love for so many years that it has become as easy and natural with him—from the on-lookers' point of view—as the rolling off of logs to other and less gifted men.

In that first act the Widow and the Lieutenant do some really exquisite coquetting. It is coquetting of the very highest, most subtle, brilliant, and delicate sort. If the other members of the United States Army can conduct themselves as intrepidly in the face of all dangers as Lieutenant Everett does in the face of roulades of the most agitating and aggravating laugbter, the Temple of Fame should prepare accommodations for the entire army. Later on, the Lieutenant returns cut for cut, and the duel waxes delicately dangerous. When the Widow exclaims, with open chagrin: "Then I'm not your heroine," the balance, just for one little minute, tilts up in favor of the army as against the Widow, notwithstanding the most irresistibly enchanting of chap-fallen expressions, a graceful capitulation, and a deep courtesy in the midst of billowy masses of orange crêpe.

Through three acts more the Widow rides resplendent on the neck of the performance, while the rest of the company amble in her wake. The Lieutenant alone disputes her supremacy. This Lieutenant is a warrior, and in the second act measures swords with her, and the sparks fly. Their tactics have changed since the first passage of arms. Everything is different—there are no brass-buttons nor aiguillettes on the Lieutenant, and the Widow wears a flowered bonnet and a green-and-drab dress, witb stripes appearing here and there, and a red how round her waist. The Lieutenant makes some artistic passes with a beaver hat, which the Widow gracefully parries with a bouquet. It is rather hard to say who is the conqueror this time. The Widow perhaps wins a *succes d'estime*, while secretly contemplating surrender.

The surrender very nearly occurs in the third act, hut not quite. There is a door which prevents it. Were it not for this door the proposal, which never comes hefore the fourth act, would take place then and there, with neither Mr. Scuttleby, nor Mrs. Eutycia, Viva, nor Bennie satisfactorily disposed of, the last view of the Widow being in a tea-gown, all ribbon-ends and lace, which, though delightfully artistic and becoming, fades before the glories of a subsequent pink-silk ball-gown with a long train. The door is to be thanked not only for permitting us to gaze upon the pink ball-gown, but for creating one of the most piquant scenes in modern comedy. It inspires the Lieutenant to the most lavish outlay of wit, the Widow to undreamed of heights of coquetry. Moreover, its insertion in the dead vast and middle of the play projects a fourth act into the future, and helps give the third a dash of melodrama. Next to the Widow, the Door is the most important personage in the play.

There are a good many people and several misunderstandings in the third act. They are all at odds, with a variety of emotions criss-crossing each other like telegraph-wires. There is a to-do with Mr. Scuttlehy and Aunt Eutycia, no sooner finished than out comes the Widow from a scented, lace-hung boudoir somewhere in the gloomy recesses of the Baldwin, sumptuous, red-locked, large, and fair as a northern goddess. When Eutycia and Scuttleby have settled ther differences and gone trotting away on a spree with a theatre somewhere in the middle distance, in comes the Judge and carefully sets to work to make mischief, that the Widow may "some rich anger show." When she is wrathful she is superb, reminding one of the furious Katherine of two years hack. The poor Lieutenant's reception and treatment by this enraged lioness quite take the spirit out of him. In the tempest of her rage and remorse, she is handsomer than ever, splendidly spirited, impassioned, concentrated, yet never extravagant. After the pale elegance of the three weeks past, this well-balanced turbulence is refreshing. The Wife to the Widow is as water unto wine.

The last act is occupied with tying up loose ends. It is a great pity they can not do without last acts. Most of them are only elongated epilogues. If it is a comedy, we all know that the participants are going to be neatly paired off; if a tragedy, that they are going to be neatly killed off. If the manager would come before the curtain and announce the end, it would he a pleasant innovation, and people going to Oakland could catch their hoat without finding it necessary to walk over the feet of people who have not the misfortune to live in the town which was alone left standing in a prophesied earthquake; "showing,' remarked the prophet, "there are some things which even the earth won't swallow." The two old men in the last act are rather long-winded. If they could only he suppressed and Scuttlehy and Mrs. Eutycia could give us a little more Highland Fling! How Mrs. Gilbert does foot it! Dear old lady, how comfortable and charming she is!—a delightful combination of perfect lady and perfect artist.

But the Widow—oh, the Widow! Meeting your friend on the way out, he asks: "Well, how was the play?" To which you answer:

"Oh, it was lovely! It wore an orange dress, with ribbons, and a yellow fan. It had on yellow hair, which stood out like a halo. It was the most subtle and exquisite coquette in the world, with a voice as smooth and soft as honey, and a laugh, and dimples. It has a general personality as irresistibly fascinating as Peg Woffington is said to have been. It was Val Osprey on tbat side of the footlights and Ada Rehan on this." G. B.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Joseph Murpby, one of the interminable line of "Irish comedians," will occupy the New California stage next week with a play called "The Donagh."

"Pinafore" has proved a perennial favorite at the Tivoli, but it will be taken off next week to make way for "Tbe Yeoman of the Guard," wbich has not been given at the Tivoli beretofore.

For the third and last week of the Daly Company at the Baldwin the bills will include "A Night Off," "An International Match," "Samson and Delilah," "The Inconstant," and "A Woman's Won't."

"The Leather Patch"—a play as whimsically named as any of Hoyt's—will be given at the Alcazar next week, with Harrigan, Charlie Reed, and the other members of the mixed Harrigan-Alcazar company.

"Tbe Lottery of Love" and "The Wife of Socrates" will he given by the Daly Company at the Baldwin on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday nights, and at the Saturday matinée next week, and "7-20-8" during the remainder of the week.

Charles McCarthy bas appeared in "One of the Bravest" at the Busb Street during the week, and will continue until next Monday. His play is hung as on a peg upon the fire department, and its proudest boast is that it introduces on the stage a real fire-engine and borses.

Margaret Mather, in her own peculiar performance of Shakespearean and other rôles, Fanny Davenport in "La Tosca," and Rosina Vokes in much the same repertoire she showed at the Bush Street two years ago, are among the notable announcements for the winter at the Baldwin.

"The Stowaway," a melodrama which has been fairly successful in the East, will be seen at the California in September. This is the play in wbich the craze for sensational realism has been pushed to the furthest extreme. In one scene a safe is "cracked," and the two gentlemen who perform this feat are "professional" burglars, by name "Spike" Hennessey and "Kid" McCoy.

Rose Coghlan, who has been spending a quiet summer in our midst, will follow the Dalys at the Baldwin. In "Jocelyn," which was written by her brother, Charles Coghlan, for Mrs. Langtry, she represents a girl who assumes a boy's attire and fights a duel, killing the villain. For this scene she spent long months practicing fencing last summer, and she is now said to handle a rapier very skillfully as well as prettily.

Ada Rehan is as much admired of the women as by the other sex, and yet she seems to roam the streets unrecognized. Perhaps her dress has something to do with this, however, for one would scarcely expect to find the gorgeous Cousin Val of "The Railroad of Love" in the tall young woman so modestly clad in gray checked dress and snug red jacket, with her glorious locks confined heneath a quiet turban. But her face is unmistakable.

Belle Thorne has returned to town, and will be heard at the Tivoli again next week. She made a name for herself in New York by her singing of Edgar Kelley's pretty Chinese song in "The Pearl of Pekin," hut her beauty is of too large and resplendent a type for the denizens of the effete East. There the goddess must he lithe and lissom, piquant, and the soul of *chic*, or she will not be deified; though the worshipers fall not from the faith even though she grow whimsical as Martinot and ponderous as Pauline Hall.

The *Stage* says: "The young men about town who ran after the Gaiety girls were almost as devoted in their attentions to the men. One of them had an interesting encounter in Philadelphia the other afternoon in consequence of his assiduous courting of Mr. Story, the third comedian of the troupe. Story and himself went to the Chestnut Street Theatre to the Wednesday matinée. At the box-office they met the actor's "dresser," and a young English friend of his, who had come to this country several years ago to hetter his fortunes. The ticket-seller passed them all in and gave them seats together in the front of the house. As they took their seats, the numerous acquaintances of the club man present noticed that he was evidently greatly hored, and that the young Englishman on his left was blushing with embarrassment. The situation was explained when the young man who bad been introduced by Mr. Story's dresser was recognized as the butler in a house not many doors from the Rittenhouse Club. Whatever satisfaction the club man may have taken in being seen with one of the London comedians was no douht marred by having the man who generally receives his card on a silver-plate in the same party. But we must be English you know."

A criticism by Turgenieff upon Sarah Bernhardt has just been published in Vienna, from which the actress will be anything hut happy: "I grant that she is a prudent, smart, clever woman, one who knows her own *metier* to its very smallest detail, and is further gifted by nature with a splendid voice, which has been well schooled. But she is utterly without naturalness and without artistic temperament, the defect of which she attempts to supply by Parisian sensuousness. She is *pourrie de chic*, advertisement, and pose, monotonous, cold, dry—or, to gather up all in one sentence, she has not a spark of that which we call talent in its highest sense. Her step is like that of a hen, the movements of her hands are intentionally piquant. Her whole performance, to my thinking, smells of the Boulevards, *Figaro*, and pacciula. If you want authorities, and French authorities, I refer you to a better judge. One day, E. Augier said to me (and I give his exact words): 'Cette femme n'a aucun talent. On dit d'elle que c'est un paquet des neufs. C'est un paquet de ficelles.'"

Galignani's Messenger says: Some American newspapers recently published a notice, according to which Mme. Minnie Hauk made "a disastrous failure" as Carmen, in Posen, Germany *(sic)*. It is stated that "the audience rose en masse, and hissed the American star until she left the stage." It seems incredible that any American newspaper should have knowingly published such a gross slander. We have received the largest daily newspaper of Posen, the *Tagblatt*, of April 17th, wherein Mme. Minnie Hauk's success as Carmen is described as surpassing by far that of all her predecessors in the part. It is further stated that the audience, "which packed the opera-house up to the roof, recalled her enthusiastically several times at the conclusion of each act," and that, owing to the great success, Mme. Minnie Hauk had to repeat her performance three days later.

The Comédie Française will soon be left entirely without the great men who have maintained its name for the past twenty years. Coquelin, Delaunay, and Maubant have retired; Thiron and Barré are invalids, and hardly ever perform; Got must, in the natural course of things, soon quit the stage; and Febvre has just sent in his resignation, which, however, according to the regulations of the establishment, will not take effect until twelve months hence. Worms and Mounet-Sully will soon he the sole survivors of one of the French theatre's most brilliant periods. The younger members of the company hardly promise to keep up its traditions on the former level.

Frank Lawlor, who will be remembered by old theatre-goers, is now an inmate of the Edwin Forrest Home, for aged actors and actresses, in Philadelphia. In speaking of the place to Mr. A. M. Palmer, he said: "We feel as if we were really Forrest's heirs." Everything, he adds, is done for the inmates. They are well clothed and fed, and supplied with pocket-money, and there are no unnecessary and irksome regulations. The old ladies were dressed in "silks and satins," and suggested to Mr. Palmer a number of dowagers receiving guests rather than being themselves recipients of hounty.

George C. Miln, the actor-preacher, formerly of Chicago, is now playing a profitable Shakespearean season in Australia, and is in a fair way to make his fortune. At Melbourne, his box-office receipts for two weeks of "Hamlet" were ten thousand dollars. People in Australia are easily entertained.

Miss Leona Dare, the well-known "Queen of the Air," is one of the leading attractions in Paris, where she is rehearsing a "new act that will make their hair curl," so she says, and sbe ought to know.

THE INNER MAN.

Champagne or Beer.

Preserve me from Delmonico!
A Sévres plate, a speck of salmon,
Three knives, five forks laid in a row—
A service rich enough for Mammon;
A napkin three feet square or so,
A snack of roast, a haughty waiter,
A tiny glass of Veuve Cliquot—
Cut-glass—with song and laugbter later;
And then, while famine-stricken still,
The waiter with a visage solemn
Obtrusively presents your bill—
A fat and formidable column.
Quenched is your mirth, and o'er you steals
A morbid fit of melancholy;
A careful man might buy ten meals
With what you've paid for one! What folly

Give me instead my mug of Weyand's,
Two wieners mustard-coated rare!
Away with all your dainty viands!
Give me the homely German fare.

I love the cold potato-salad,
I love my corner by the fire,
I love the robust German ballad,
That kindles fresh the heart's desire;
I love the jolly crowd of smokers,
I love the salamander's roll,
I love the tapster and the jokers,
I love tbe very modest toll.

For when the final mug I've quaffed,
When one by one the guests are going,
When I my very last have laughed,
And I inquire what I'm owing,
How sweet it is to hear mine host—
I never saw a man immenser—
When he has reckoned up the cost,
Say, "You owe me twenty-seven cents, sir."
—*Buffalo Courier*

In the dietary of the laboring classes, cheese pl a not unimportant part; it has been pronounced h high authority to afford a concentrated and econo food. It can be always at hand, it requires no co ing, and may be considered a fair substitute for me combining heat-giving and flesh-forming elements very useful proportions. From the great variety cheeses thrown upon the market at the present d no exact estimate can be given of its nutritive val for this depends upon the amount of hutter and cas which it contains. One cheese may he made from richest of unseparated milk, produced from high-el cows, fed on rich pasture; another may he made fr the thinnest of skim-milk; and ingenuity can t make cheese with very little, or, indeed, without milk at all. Beans are said to answer the purpo It does not appear that any injurious ingredients employed in the falsification of this article; sim substances foreign to that which it professes to A fair sample of cheese ought to contain two thous six hundred and sixty grains of carbon (besides hydrogen), and three hundred and fifteen grains nitrogen in each pound. It is an economical fo especially if, as Sir Erasmus Wilson maintained, more than one ounce ought to be eaten at a m But this limit of quantity is surely only the fad c particular mind. Let an appeal be made to the destrian who breaks his twenty-five or thirty-mile w hy a luncheon of bread and cheese midway, was down with a mug of foaming ale. How many our of cheese disappear may be left untold, but certa the walk can be resumed with a freshness and vi wbicb plainly indicate no dietetic mistake has h committed.

In Italy, the court dines around a table cove with a magnificent service in gold; it is the only l ury; there are no flowers, and the dishes of the co try are invariably served—above all, the fritto, o posed of a foundation of artichokes, liver, bra and cocks' combs. At the German court, the fi table is that of the Grand Duchess of Baden; has an excellent French *cuisine* and a Parisian c The Queen of Sweden has a very tempting table bill of fare—soups, almost always milk, and b steak; one of her favorite dishes is composed of t of mincemeat, cooked with oil and surrounded wi garnishing of poached eggs; then there is almos each repast the national plate, salmon preserve earth. Queen Victoria's favorite wine is pale she which she drinks from a beautifully carved silver inherited from Queen Anne. The royal dinner is complete. The table is lighted with gold candela furnished with candles; orchids, placed in eperg rise up to the ceiling. The queen eats a special hm square, well-cooked, and of a mastic color.

The consumption of port appears to be increas for during last year eighty-five thousand three hun and nine pipes were exported from Oporto, as aga seventy-one thousand five hundred and eleven p in 1887, and sixty-four thousand seven hundred fifteen pipes in 1885. Port is unquestionably a pl ant and a most efficacious tonic, and Lord Eldon clared that it was the most wbolesome beverage the world contained, and, having been in the hab drinking two bottles daily (usually wine of a strong, dry, rough character) during the greater of his life, he died at the age of eighty-seven, in possession of his faculties. When George the Fo complimented Lord Eldon, after a Christmas din at the Pavilion, on the strength of his head, the c cellor quoted, amid the general applause of an preciative company, the famous old Irish ma "Keep your back from the fire and don't mix liquors," which had been communicated to hin Mr. Dundas, who received it from the jovial Dul Rutland.

It is a curious thing that concerning the mushro which is to be found everywhere in such abunda and which would make so valuable an article of if properly used, Americans are generally so igno that as a rule they can not tell it from a toadst and although nearly every Irishwoman can bring basket of mushrooms out of hand, even then m are afraid to eat them. Certain people will claim anything with gills—parallel edges lining all the u side—is edible, but will not eat it themselves; ot claim that the gill must be of a particular c These will have only the mushroom grown in a ce those only the mushroom grown with nothing betw it and the sky. The mushroom loved in Italy l jected in England, and the best English mushroo all is regarded in Italy as of the same nature a evil-eye. It would be well worth while to have s instruction made common as to the general natu this growth, the innocence of some species and deleterious quality of others.

Now the story is that a Frenchwoman of rank wealth has eloped with one of Buffalo Bill's half-bre and is on her way to America.

THE SOUTH CAROLINA IDEA.

he acquittal of Dr. McDow for the killing of Captain Dawson, although very shocking to the moral sense of the country, ought not to be considered surprising. Due process of law in South Carolina, and in the South generally, would require that some near relative of Captain Dawson should kill McDow, in which case he would be acquitted because he had a strong feeling against McDow. Then, if a near relative of McDow should kill the near relative of Dawson, he, too, would be acquitted on the same grounds. There are no assignable limits to a vendetta of this kind, short of the extinction of the families. It is a drawback to the due execution of law, in the present case, that the Dawsons, being English, have been bred to other ideas regarding the processes of law. In order to get yourself up to the state of mind for killing on sight, or shooting your enemy in the back, it is necessary that you should have breathed the right atmosphere when you were young, and have had the genuine strain in your blood. If McDow had done to South Carolinian what he did to this naturalized Englishman, he would have been acquitted just the same by a South Carolina jury, but the chances are that no one that he would bite the dust before the end of twelvemonth. And if the girl whom he tried to force, and whom he reviled in his testimony, had been a native of South Carolina, and had had brothers McDow's life would be a risk which no insurance company would look at. It is not unlikely that he has to account of both these circumstances, the one with he did the shooting, and the other when he gave his testimony. A person who would shoot another in the back, and revile a woman whose affections he had sought to gain, would calculate the chances of the vengeance to a nicety. The prospect of punishment in pursuance of the statute law he must have seen was next to nothing.

Impulsive as is the case in its judicial aspect, that is the worst part of it. McDow was elected surgeon of a military company while he was still on trial. Military companies in South Carolina represent society as they did before the war. Public opinion in South Carolina, therefore, seems to require that courts of injuries should be advised *aliunde* not to deal leniently with one who shoots his fellow-man in the back, and makes jests publicly concerning the virtue of a woman whom he pretended to love, and to whom he had confided the secret that he hated his own wife and had married her for money. So much baseness has, perhaps, seldom been assembled in one character in the criminal dock, for, when we compare McDow with other villains, we must remember that he is an educated one—no low-browed product of the hogs of Ireland, or the hills of Calabria, or the gutters of New York. He is a Southern gentleman, the member of a learned profession, the scion of a respectable family. But members of this military company have distinctly advised themselves savages. They have put the stamp-mark on the city and State in which they live. There might be some excuse for a jury perverted by the cunning of lawyers, but there can be none for these "soldiers." If any body of men in a civilized State had so sought to influence a jury sitting on a case of life and death, the judge would have issued an attachment against them, and sent them to jail as fast as the sheriff could gather them in. The peculiarity of this trial was that half of the jury were colored men, but this really signifies little. The men of Charleston had some prejudice against Captain Dawson, but it is idle to suppose that they had even the smallest, influence on the white men of the jury. The decision rested with the whites as the superiors. The negroes as well as the whites have been taught that killing is not murder unless it is accompanied by robbery. They have had some experience that killing for purposes of lust is punishable with death if the murderer is one of their own color and the victim one of the opposite color, but not that the penalty should be inflicted by a jury. Due process of law in such cases is lynching, and it is doubtful whether they have any idea of law except as superior force. They generally desire to stand well with the whites, and will always do what they think will that way, provided the rights and privileges of race are not in question. If South Carolina should then think that you have a right to kill neighbors who make themselves disagreeable to you, South Carolina black men will think the same.

Captain Dawson was a man of noble qualities, and for which he was put to death was one which engages the admiration of all right-minded men. He made himself disagreeable to McDow by interfering with his hellish designs upon a young woman in McDow's employ. South Carolinians are as fully aware of the high qualities for which Dawson was distinguished as any people can be. They have as much respect for the virtue of women (if they are white) as any people; indeed, they may perhaps be regarded as sensitive on this point than most communities. But the conviction that homicide is a venial crime if not committed for the purpose of gain, is a strong sentiment. It found abundant expression on the Lord's Day, when McDow went to church, for the dispatches say, he "was quite overwhelmed with congratulations from his friends and others, among whom were many ladies." The whole affair shows us a community only half emerged from barbarism. It is part of the barbarism of the present surviving after the lapse of a quarter of a century the institution which nursed these shocking ideas of the relations and duties of human beings to each other.—*Nation.*

The lift of the Tower Eiffel, Paris, was inaugurated June 16 by the Prince and Princess of Wales, Duke and Duchess Uzes, Marquis and Marquise de Perigord, Colonel Frederick Clarke, Colonel William F. Cody (Major John M. Burke, Captain Carter Centaurier and Annie Oakley, being the first persons to reach the top of the tower by the elevator, where "Arizona Joe" pinned a litho. of "Buffalo Bill" upon the point of the very highest lightning-rod in the world. The excursion party greatly enjoyed the trip up and down, but, having been caught by the rain, a damper was thrown upon their pleasure, and much water somewhat weakened their spirits. The first trip of the Eiffel Tower lift will figure in its history. Why was Boulanger absent? No matter, his place was more than filled by his *bête noire*, "Buffalo Bill," who has taken his place.

People with theories about hands, eyes, or noses can draw their own conclusions from the fact that General Boulanger's ears stand out at an angle of forty-five degrees.

Lord Shrewsbury's new hansoms are to carry electric-bells, and the old speaking-trap in the roof will be replaced by a speaking-tube.

THE GIRL OF TO-DAY.

The Southern Girl.

Her dimpled cheeks are pale;
She's a lily of the vale,
Not a rose.
In a muslin or a lawn
She is fairer than the dawn,
To her beaux.

Her boots are thin and neat,
She is vain about her feet,
It is said.
She amputates her r's,
But her eyes are like the stars,
Overhead.

On a balcony at night,
With a fleecy cloud of white
Round her hair,
Her grace, ah, who could paint?
She would fascinate a saint,
I declare.

'Tis a matter of regret,
She's a bit of a coquette,
Whom I sing.
On her cruel path she goes,
With a half-a-dozen beaux
On her string.

But let that all pass by,
And her maiden moments fly,
Dew empearled.
When she marries, on my life
She will make the dearest wife
In the world.

—*Montgomery Advertiser.*

A Witch.

She is a witch, and mighty well
She knows it,
Although no one, to watch her, would
Suppose it.

Her look demure, her manner shy,
Are charming.
But havoc with men's hearts she makes
Alarming.

She seems so childlike, innocent,
And artless!
But all her victims surely find
She's heartless!

Before I knew she was a witch,
I sang her
Praises daily; now I say:
"Oh, hang her!" —*Somerville Journal.*

A Summer Girl.

She wears a saucy hat
And her feet go pit-a-pat
As she walks;
And the sweetest music slips
From her merry madding lips
When she talks.

She fascinates the street
With her gaiters trim and neat,
Made of kid;
For they twinkle as they pass
Like the rillets in the grass
Half-way hid.

Her skin is soft and white,
Like magnolia-buds at night
On the bough;
But for fear she'd be too fair
There's a freckle here and there
On her brow.

Dimples play at hide and seek
On her apple-blossom cheek
And her chin,
Slyly beckoning to you,
"Don't you think it's time to woo?
Pray begin."

Then her winsome, witching eyes
Flash like bits of summer skies
O'er her fan,
As if to say, "We've met;
You may go now and forget—
If you can."

—*Samuel Minturn Peck.*

Her Only Fault.

All gay in tennis tire, a maid,
With supple form and hair in braid,
Put me in perturbation.
I thought her artless, from her guise,
But found her, much to my surprise,
Most apt in disputation,
She sang divinely, painted well,
Could name the stars, and, strange to tell,
Was quite a politician.
Of art and science, cause and phase,
Sports and religion, books and plays,
She knew by precognition.
Her beauty, added to her wit,
Made me think matrimony fit,
And I was fain to risk it,
Until her mother one day said,
This maiden could not make a bed,
Or fabricate a biscuit.

—*J. A. Waldron in Judge.*

The Pickpocket.

"Dear," she sobbed, timidly (she was a bride),
"My pocket has been picked!" Without a word
(She was a bride), he never once demurred;
But from his pocket took, nor even sighed,
A crisp new bill, and asked: "What was it, dear?
A ten or twenty? See, I have it here!"
(She was a bride.)

"Only ten!" with pretty blush she cried;
But looked so sweet that joyfully he laid
The twenty in her hand, and thought he paid
Small price for her quick kiss (she was a bride)
Then turned; but a low whisper met his ear:
"Perhaps—perhaps—I ought to tell you, dear——"
(She was a bride.)

Her voice sank lower still; she faintly sighed,
And sought for words she could not seem to find;
At last: "'Twas I who picked it; do you mind?"
Of course he didn't mind (she was a bride),
But thought it such a pretty little trick,
He laid down twenty more for her to pick.
(*She* was a bride.)

—*Alice Wellington Rollins in Time.*

The old sanctuary of Methodism, known as the Tabernacle, on Tottenham Court Road, of which George Whitfield laid the foundation-stone in 1756, has been pronounced unsafe, and services have been suspended. It will probably have to be taken down entirely.

Great preparations have been made at Oberammergau for the "Passion Play" next year. New costumes have been procured. The orchestra and auditorium have been increased at an expense of seven thousand pounds sterling.

In 1850 "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" were introduced, and their success as a cure for Colds, Coughs, Asthma, and Bronchitis has been unparalleled.

One can well imagine the thrill of surprise and incredulity which must have run through the audience at the reunion of the Société de Biologie, in Paris, on June 12th, when its president, the illustrious Dr. Brown-Séquard, mounted the tribune and began his address thus: "Gentlemen, I believe that henceforth the question of the rejuvenation of existence may be studied and resolved by the aid of the present data of science." But even a vivid imagination can hardly picture the mingled emotions with which his hearers must have listened as he went on slowly and gravely to unfold his story of the studies and experiments in the renewal of life and youth which have occupied him now for more than twenty years. Dr. Brown-Séquard believes that he has discovered the secret of perpetual youth—nay, more, that he himself is experiencing rejuvenation, and is become ten years younger than he was when he made the first trial of his method upon himself on May 15th. We shall not even try to sketch the outline of the discovery till we have received the full text of the address in the *Bulletin Médical.* The whole first issue of the number which contains it was sold almost instantly, and no copy was to be had at the time of the last mail. It shall be enough to say that Dr. Brown-Séquard's process consists in the subcutaneous injection of a fluid containing particles of the living organs of certain young animals, like guinea-pigs, etc. As yet, of course, nobody has a right to any opinion whatever on the announced discovery. Dr. Brown-Séquard's authority is of the greatest, but until the personal equation in his experiments and observations has been determined one can not tell what weight they carry. It is possible that even a very great savant may have been self-deceived and been self-cured of age by "faith," or what Feuchtersleben calls "the dietetics of the soul." But the new theory will at once be tested by many men and in many ways, and the world will watch intently to see whether it shall prove true or not.

In the office of a newspaper in Luther, Mich., near a window, hangs a sabre captured in the Mexican war. It hangs so that just the point touches the glass. About three hundred feet from the office is a saw-mill, and the minute the gang-saw starts the point of the sabre begins a tattoo on the glass. An increase of five pounds of steam is noticeable in the increased noise on the glass. When the saw has passed through a log the sabre indicates it instantly by keeping quiet.

People run away with the idea that gymnasts, athletes, wrestlers, are perfect Hercules, and can not know disease. 'Tis a mistake. They undergo very universally at times severe tests of muscular exertion, and as a result of these efforts, combined with their irregular manner of living, are usually short-lived men, dying of phthisis and heart disease.

It is to be presumed that London *Justice* has made its computation with accuracy when it says that all the people now living in the world, or about 1,400,000,000, could find standing room within the limits of a field ten miles square, and, by aid of a telephone, could be addressed by a single speaker.

San Francisco, July 15, 1889.

While on a business trip to Mexico during the months of May and June of this year, I contracted a very severe case of fever and ague. By the advice of several of my friends, I made a trial of the baths and waters of Byron Hot Springs, with the result that now, after eleven days, the malaria is entirely out of my system and I am restored to my usual good health. S. B. CONNOR,
No. 517 Twenty-Second Street, San Francisco.

— DON'T GET SUNBURNED. YOUNG LADIES SUMMERING in the country can preserve their complexions by using Rachel's Enamel Bloom. For sale by all druggists.

— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

— GO TO SWAIN'S NEW DINING-ROOM, SUTTER Street, near Kearny, for a fine lunch or dinner.

— MR. LOUIS LISSER, 1241 FRANKLIN STREET, begs to state that he has resumed giving lessons.

— GO TO BRADLEY & RULOFSON'S NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont Streets.

— STEELE'S Palace Drug Store, 635 Market St.

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DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER
MOST PERFECT MADE

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In order to meet the demand for cheap land for farming purposes, our representative has just returned from Elk Grove, situated on the main line of the S. P. R. R., between Stockton and Sacramento, where he has secured 4,000 acres, perfectly level, which we offer in small subdivisions. A canal, now completed, with abundance of water, runs through the property. This is a golden opportunity for actual settlers and Eastern people seeking homes that are profitable. We will state that in this section of the country every farmer has made a success and also made money. No off years; soil prolific. Price cheap; terms exceedingly liberal. For information, apply to

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Unanimously conceded to be the best performance of this opera ever witnessed in San Francisco.
Souvenirs containing a complete record of our performances from July 3, 1879, to July 3, 1889, will be distributed every night.

Next Monday, July 22,
THE YEOMAN OF THE GUARD!
Reappearance of MISS BELLE THORNE.

OUR POPULAR PRICES, 25 and 50 cents.

Dividend Notices.

THE CALIFORNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, corner Powell and Eddy Streets—For the half-year ending June 30, 1889, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and twenty-two hundredths (5.22) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and four and thirty-five hundredths (4.35) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, and payable on and after July 1, 1889.
VERNON CAMPBELL, Secretary.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California Street. For the half-year ending June 30, 1889, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and one-tenth (5 1-10) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and four and one-quarter (4¼) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits. Payable on and after Monday, July 1, 1889.
GEO. TOURNY, Secretary.

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R. H. McDONALD, President.

San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 1, 1889.

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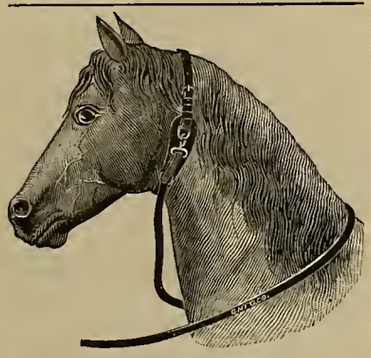

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[FR]A[N]K M. PIXLEY, ... EDITOR.

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[Th]e State of California appropriates thirty thousand dollars [fro]m [th]e general treasury of the State for the support of the [viticult]ural commission. The culture of the vine is one of [Califor]nia's most important industries, and it is deserving of [... Ju]st now, there is a very angry discussion going on in [...] [th]e circles whether this money is wisely and prudently [expend]ed, into which the governor of the State is being drawn [...] [t]hose journals who from other causes have been un[friendly] to him. Mr. Boruck, of the *Spirit of the Times*, is the [confid]ential secretary of Governor Waterman, and as he hap[pens to] be the proprietor and editor of a weekly journal, we [natural]ly look to him for explanation of the attacks made upon [the ex]ecutive office. Mr. Boruck commands the confidence [of the r]eading public for two reasons: he has fearlessness born [of gen]uine courage, and the independence which seems to be in[spired b]y unchallenged integrity. His loyalty to the governor, [whose c]onfidential secretary he has become, is beyond dispute, [and] whatever estimation the secretary may be held by his [enemie]s, he asks no favors from them. The *Spirit of the [Times]* gives names, figures, employments, and rent account[ing for] an expenditure of eleven thousand six hundred [and th]ree dollars per annum, which, in defense of the as[sault m]ade upon his chief, he says is profligately ex[pended]. He alleges that a saloon is maintained at Platt's [Hall i]n the city of San Francisco, the rent of which is [four th]ousand two hundred dollars per annum, and charges that it is the resort of idlers, and styles it an "expensive eleemosynary" institution, maintained for "hungry mouths." A chief-executive viticultural officer draws one hundred and fifty dollars per month, a secretary one hundred and fifty dollars per month, a janitor six hundred dollars per annum, an assistant-manager seventy-five dollars per month, a State analyst and an assistant-analyst seventy-five dollars each per month, with Miss Kate Field, a "special correspondent," traveling, at two hundred and fifty dollars per month, with expenses paid, together with a variety of miscellaneous charges, such as "gathering statistics," "compiling names for a directory," for "attending convention and reporting the same." Mr. Boruck leaves us to infer that the cost of running a State bar-room, with its scientific and literary annex, consumes most of the money, while less than three thousand five hundred dollars a year goes for *real* viticultural interests. Mr. Boruck makes the point that he criticises Miss Field only as a State official, and, as an official, holds her responsible for drawing money which she does not fairly earn. He demonstrates his argument by showing that her compensation equals that of the controller, and treasurer, and State officers who give bonds and devote their entire time to their official duties. While we are supposed to make an impartial statement of these conflicting opinions, we do not think there is any department of industry in California which is more generously compensated than the viticultural. We question whether there is a farmer raising vines in California who would not gladly sell his vineyard and wine-making plant for what he thinks it worth, if he could be transplanted to a comfortable office in San Francisco at a salary of one hundred and fifty dollars per month, with the privilege of sending wife or daughter upon a traveling jaunt, with two hundred and fifty dollars per month and expenses as a reward for her services, and we are very much of the opinion that we have young ladies in our own State as talented, eloquent, and well-posted upon viticulture as Miss Kate Field of New York. Mr. Boruck names the editors of the *Call*, the *Chronicle*, and the *Bulletin*, and particularizes the motives which impel them to mendacious misrepresentations of Governor W. R. Waterman, and intimates that he knows particulars concerning the absent editor of the *Chronicle* which it will be better for him were they not exposed. The quarrel is a pretty one as it stands, and if Mr. Boruck has the right in this controversy, which we are inclined to think he has, we shall not be indifferent to the result, although it is being fought by the press and viticultural commission under the banner of Miss Kate Field's petticoats. We are inclined to the impression that there is a conspiracy at work among the politicians and journalists of the Republican party, which has for its object the purpose of misrepresenting the motives and actions of Governor Waterman—whom we esteem as an honest man, endeavoring to perform his executive duties faithfully and conscientiously—in order to defeat his renomination for governor. We cannot otherwise account for the seemingly premeditated and vindictive assaults which are being opened upon him along the entire line by the politicians and partisan journalists of San Francisco. As a rule, the leading Republicans and journalists of the interior speak and write kindly of Governor Waterman. Mr. Boruck makes not ooly specific charges against the journals named, but, in his issue of July 20th, declares that W. H. Mills is in the employment of the railroad company, and by implication, is responsible for furnishing the facts which inspired the assaults of the *Bulletin* against the management of the railroad company; also, that John P. Young, managing editor of the *Chronicle*, declares that "*it is the* "*settled policy of that journal not to say a word in commenda-* "*tion or approval of anything done by Governor Waterman* "*in his official capacity, however deserving or however valu-* "*able the result to the State.*" The position of Mr. Boruck, as the trusted and confidential representative of the executive department, and his own standing as a journalist and citizen, give authority to these accusations, which from many other sources would not be entitled to the weight which, coming from Mr. Boruck, they are entitled to receive. The accusation against Mr. Mills concerns his employers alone; that against Mr. Young, of the *Chronicle*, affects the honor of that journal, and concerns not only the public in general but the party whose organ the *Chronicle* professes to be.

The revolution now simmering on the verge of volcanic action in Canada must eventually run into and cover the school question. Fortunate Americans that we are, we enjoy the unusual privilege of the opportunity to observe how the garroter, who we know has determined to strangle us to-morrow, performs the operation of choking the victim he has selected for to-day. The knowledge of his method on the Canadian throat may give us an added chance to resist his attack upon our American breath. The Jesuit attack on the civil and religious freedom of Canada involved a robbery of the High School Fund of the Province of Quebec. This feature of the Jesuit manœuvre incidentally raised the school question in its entirety, and, in the briefest possible manner, we will here present the public-school situation as it now exists in Canada, where the Roman Catholic Church has had its way, and as it would exist in our own country, if the Roman Church could achieve its desires. Until about forty-five years ago, the public-school system of Canada was, in all essential features, like our own. As in our country, the Roman Church and, to a slight extent, the more intensely orthodox dissenting Protestant Churches were arrayed against the public-school system. Unfortunately, the mass of the public-school party consisted of members of the Established Church of England, and, in consequence of their church zeal, they gave, not only the Roman Catholics, but also all the dissenting Protestants valid ground for complaints of intolerance and other kinds of unfairness. This resulted in a combination of the Presbyterians, and, perhaps, other Protestants of the dissenting churches, with the Roman Catholics, and the disastrous effect was what is there called the "separate-school" system. In this system all the schools are free, but each tax-payer, according to his choice, is either a "public-school" supporter or a "separate-school" supporter. The public schools remain what they were before—non-sectarian. It may be that they are not entirely free from sectarian taint. It could hardly be expected that a state school, conducted by those who also conduct a state church, should be as pure and honest in godlessness as is the American public school, which is the inteiligent product of an utter and most complete separation of church and state; but there is hardly a doubt that the godliness taught in the public schools is intended to be of a kind that should not alarm an intelligent parent of a church other than the established one of England. The "separate schools," however, are most pronouncedly and aggressively sectarian. As in all other countries, and in all other churches, the Roman Catholic Church in Canada is divided into two parties: the severely orthodox or ultramontanes, and the liberal or progressive Catholics. Of course the Protestant Churches are similarly divided, and, of course, also, to a greater extent. This fortunate division results in the luminous fact that while there are in Ontario five thousand two hundred and four public undenominational schools, there are only two hundred and thirty-one "separate schools"; and of these only seven are Protestant. If the broad American principle that the property of the State must educate the children of the State were prevalent in Caoada, the funds apportioned to the support of all the schools would be disbursed *per capita* among them. But sectarian jealousy is too narrow to entertain a broad principle. The Roman Catholics were not willing to let any of the money they paid in taxes go to the support of the Protestant schools, and it is entirely probable that the Protestants who were sufficiently narrow-minded to want separate denominational Protestant schools sympathized with their Roman Catholic friends in the narrow policy of separate school funds for separate schools. The law establishing the "separate-school" system says:

> The assessor shall accept the statement of any Roman Catholic rate-payer, *or a statement made in his behalf*, that he is a Roman Catholic as sufficient *prima facie* evidence for assessing him as a "separate-school" supporter.

It is amusing to note that by law only Roman Catholics are presumed to be *prima facie* "separate-school" supporters. Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, and other non-Episcopalian Protestants can not be placed upon the "separate-school"

list by their preachers. It is only the Roman Catholic whom the Canadian law implicitly acknowledges and explicitly declares to he under the sacerdotal thumb of the one whose sacerdotal toe he is required to kiss. Of course the Roman Catholic priest is diligently on hand and faithfully *states in behalf of* every rate-payer who is prohahly, or presumably, or supposahly, or assumahly, or conceivahly, or possihly, a Roman Catholic; or whom he may helieve to he, or wish to be, or hope to he, or guess to he, or suspect to be, or surmise to he, or pray to he, a Roman Catholic; that he *is* a Roman Catholic and therefore a "separate-school" supporter. The progressive Roman Catholic who prefers public, unsectarian, godless schools can not then send his children to a puhlic school unless he either pays a second school-tax or takes legal steps to have his name expunged from the holy "separate-school" list and enrolled among those of the puhlic-school supporters. In this case, the law says:

Any Roman Catholic who may desire to withdraw from the support of a separate school, shall give notice in writing to the clerk of the municipality before the second Wednesday in January in any year, otherwise he shall be deemed a supporter of the school.

Beyond doubt this particular Roman Catholic has heen admonished hy the priest, has heen denounced to the Bishop, has heen prayed over as an indifferent, has heen threatened with the deprivation of the most holy sacraments, has heen registered for excommunication, and has heen otherwise made to feel the discomfort and the danger of antagonism to the will of his spiritual owners. Beyond douht he has protested his loyalty to his religion and claimed his right to exercise his own judgment as to the conduct of his own domestic affairs. And now, while the priest has the legal right to force him at each annual assessment upon the list of "separate-school" supporters, his only chance for freedom of choice is to puhlicly place himself, year after year, in open, conspicuous, and offensive antagonism with the church of which he claims to be a memher, whose creed he professes to helieve, and whose welfare he has at heart. How many men could complacently occupy such a position towards their church, their priest, their associates in religion, their friends, and their family? And yet this uncomfortahle position is forced upon them hy their church in its almost desperate endeavor to force their children into the separate Catholic school. To do this, the priest usually announces from the pulpit, and sometimes from the altar, that after divine service he will take the names of all rate-payers who may not yet be on the "separate-school" list in order to so place them. And to har the way from the "separate" to the puhlic-school list the Catholic powers that controlled the matter devised the following form of application: "I, —— ——, the undersigned, verily certify that I am a Protestant, etc.," which enables those who can sign it to use the public schools without farther trouhle. As the Roman Catholic cannot sign this application, he is subjected to modes of procedure which are likely to deter him from making the endeavor.

Until within a few years all voting at Canadian elections was *viva voce*. The ballot was not used. The voter announced openly, and, we hope, fearlessly, hy word of mouth, his choice in the case of each office to he filled. There was a time when the American voter of either political party walked up to the ballot-box with all the manly courage of a free man, and deposited his ballot openly and frankly in the presence of a promiscuous crowd; perhaps gratified by the approving smiles of his partisans, but most certainly unawed by the frowns of his opponents. But now, out of regard to the moral cowardice of the vile rabble which is expected to vote at the dictation of employers, at the behest of the foreign party boss, or for the coin of the purchaser, we have a uniform ballot-law to conceal the vote; and the American citizen who would glory in expressing his political will openly, fearlessly, and honorably, is compelled to sneak into the polling-hooth like a criminal, and drop his ballot like a slave. Perhaps our Canadian neighhors have heen reluctantly forced into the same sort of political degradation; but in their case the Roman Church, true to its character as a political institution, will not allow its children the sorry freedom which a concealed hallot would basely confer. It seems that the Canadian election law allows the election officers to determine the mode of voting. At all public-school and Protestant "separate-school" elections for trustees, the voting is done by ballot; hut at the Roman Catholic "separate-school" elections, the voting is hy word of mouth. In all Roman Catholic school districts, either the parish priest himself, or some other priest, or some Catholic layman designated hy the priest, is the president of the hoard of trustees. Of course all the memhers of the board are Roman Catholics. It is customary in Catholic districts during the canvassing weeks preceding an election—federal, provincial, school, or other—for the congregation to assemhle outside of the church immediately after service on Sunday, and there listen to a political speech from the priest who has hut just finished his spiritual ministrations at the altar. On such occasions—and they are as common in the Province of Quebec and as unremarked as are the ordinary political club meetings in San Francisco—the most eminent of the Ultramontane politicians follow the priests in political harangues. In fact, political meetings are held on Sundays as a rule, and are attended hy priests, who take part in the proceedings. After the pious voter has hrushed the sacred dust off his trouser knees and has wiped the holy water off his forehead, he is in the proper receptive frame of mind to accept the dictation of his priest as to how he shall vote. To make a sure thing of his actually voting in accordance with his conscience, as expounded to him hy the priest, he is not allowed to conceal his vote in a hallot, hut is forced to announce it *viva voce* to his holiness the judge of election, and to he recorded hy the very reverend clerk. And in order to guard fully the sacred interests of Holy Mother Church in cases where a stray indifferent might possihly sell his precious conscience for coin under the opportunity offered hy the concealment of a ballot, the twenty-fourth decree of the seventh council of Quehec, held in May, 1886, approved by the Pope in April, 1888, and promulgated hy Archhishop Fabre of Montreal, sets forth that "to sell the vote is to sell the conscience. It is a sin against God and man." Thus is made potentially secure that flexihle yet frangihle, that rigid yet elastic, conscience which the voter got from the priest, which the priest got from the hishop, which the hishop got from the cardinal, which the cardinal got from the Pope, which the Pope got from the Devil.

While some of the methods employed by the Roman Political Church in Canada to raise money for its own empowerment and aggrandizement may never he possihle to it in our country, yet there are others which we may view with interest hecause that church is now openly and actively working its way up to the point when its designs may take practical shape. And, indeed, some of its methods in Canada are now, and have heen for some years, in active operation in and around our larger cities, where the political church is strong in numhers. We must hear in mind that the Roman Church has more power in the Province of Quehec than in any other province, and that it is constantly struggling to acquire, in all the other provinces, all the peculiar privileges and immunities which it enjoys and profits hy in Quehec. When, therefore, we study any act of the great political machine in the Province of Quebec, we see the end for which it is striving in all the other provinces, and also in the United States. If the Roman hierarchy were content to accept from a government—Canadian, American, or other—exactly the same *per capita* for its children in its schools, for its orphans in its asylums, for its patients in its hospitals, for its paupers in its alms-houses, and for its wards in general as is received by the trustees of non-Catholic schools, asylums, hospitals, and alms-houses, a very great advantage would still accrue to the Roman Church over all other recipients of puhlic hounty. When the "separate-school" system was inaugurated, it came to pass in due course that the schools of the nuns hecame public schools of the "separate" class, and, of course, were entitled to their *per capita* share of puhlic money. The salary of the teacher of a class of fifty school-children is the principal item of the expense of maintaining a system of education. The salary of the teacher of a non-Catholic school represents raiment, food, shelter, the support of a family, the thousand items of expenditure entailed by civilized life and the pursuit of a profession, the bestowal of charity, and the prudent accumulation of savings for investment in view of the relentless approach of age and incapacity. But the Catholic schools are taught principally, and may be taught wholly, hy members, male and female, of the mendicant orders. These have taken vows of perpetual poverty. They do not own, and are not allowed to own, the raiment on their backs, nor the food they eat while it is in transit through them. They do not even own, or claim to own, their names, their wills, their consciences, or their souls. What hecomes of the moneys which the church receives in their pauper names? Is not here exposed the spring and motive of the eleemosynary activity of every Roman parish in the land? Is it not plain that each Roman Catholic pupil, orphan, invalid, and pauper is to the Roman Church like blindness to a beggar—a source of income, a mine of profit, a pretence through which to rob the public fund? But this grasping and wholly insatiable hierarchy is not content to accept from the government the same *per capita* received by other institutions. In the Province of Quebec it builds its churches, rectories, halls, and schools by means of tithes, the *fabrique* system, and impositions on Protestant property. By the *fabrique* system, the parish priest, having determined to huild a new church, simply gives out the contract and immediately levies an assessment, covering the total cost, *pro rata* on each property-owner in the parish. The collection is hy interest-hearing notes running over many years. And this infamous and arbitrary assessment is actually collected hy law in the Province of Quehec, as are also the tithes; and these *fabrique* notes take precedence as a first charge on the farms and other property assessed. In the other provinces, in which the *fabrique* assessment can not be collected by law, the church has far more potent means of enforcing its collection. Instead of the poor little law of a weak, human ment, it has the decree of heaven, with all its and angels; instead of a pitiful little sheriff, with a pap the Roman Church has the great Creator of the u with all Heaven, Hell, and Eternity at His august commar *fabrique* assessment is made just as though it were col by law. If the parish impiously refuse to pay, the immediately excommunicates the entire parish, whe christening, no marriage, no hurial, no sacraments, or a needing the rites of the church can he effected. But infants will pertinaciously struggle into the world; maidens will persistently ensnare young Catholics a them to matrimony; Catholic sports will contumacio and make the confessional necessary; and aged Cathc selfishly disregard the fitness of time and conditions a sist in dying at a time when extreme unction has hee dicted and cannot he ohtained in any quantity or at ar The consequences are terrific, as indeed must he t where God takes a hand in collecting an assessment, crying of children, the weeping of wives, and the wa maidens soon bring husbands, fathers, and lovers to t dience due the agent of God's representative on earth. are the things that illustrate the intimate relations that a State controlled hy a church. In the Province of the government is under dominion of ecclesiastical a directed from Rome. Until this is corrected, the Unite of America has no desire to annex the Dominion of

One of the curious little side facts running parallel charges hy Cronin against Alexander Sullivan, Pat Eg others of the supposed Clan-na-Gael swind'ers who ha engaged in robhing the Irish people in America, is t Parliamentary Commission is now exposing in London fact not less curious, viz., that the hooks of the Land are missing, and Mr. Parnell, after receiving many th of pounds for the retirement of a mortgage from l landed estates, ahundant money for his personal sup the support of his friends in Parliament, for the defe prosecution of his suits against the London *Times*— skulking under the shameful and lying pretence tha not a husiness-man." He and his associates accused have withdrawn from the Parliamentary investigation. meantime, no clew can he found of Mr. Parnell's tran with the financial affairs of the Land League. Cro Dr. McInnery are murdered in Chicago for chargi Alexander Sullivan and the political handitti who ha running things in America are plundering the Irish intrusted to them for the political regeneration of Irel Charles S. Parnell had not permitted his dehts paid out of the Land League and other political fund in America; had not lived off it and saddled his who of personal and party friends upon it; had not taken it to fight the London *Times;* and if Mr. Alexander whom Parnell caused to he elected president of the A Land League, had not heen accused of the crimes of government swindling, through shortage in his official a peculation, gamhling, and the hurning of his propert fraud insurance companies, and other crimes previo accusation of murder now pending against him for t moval" of Dr. Cronin, and had not Mr. Patrick Eg the treasurer of the Land League funds, appointed position by Mr. Parnell, and had he not escaped from to Paris, and had the hooks and accounts not heen might not think what we call "parallel facts" so very But money was raised in America in vast sums. nell's debts and expenses of himself and friends ha paid out of it. The treasurer has escaped from th Empire and is a fugitive from political justice. He thanks to Mr. President Harrison and the Republica in honorable exile as Emhassador to Chile. The pres the league in America, who was Mr. Parnell's choice remains his friend, is suspected of rohhing the le moneys intrusted to it and is suspected of murdering who accused him. Recalliog these things and couplin with the fact that the books and accounts of the le missing, we should say the loss is "curious." Perha is also another fact worth noticing at this time. Th of Campaign" in Ireland has served its purpose, viz. gathering money from Irish-Americans and from Englis gogues and Irish tenants; otherwise the plan has faile has triumphed. Balfour has demonstrated his eminen manship in the management of Irish affairs. Gladsto nearer the premiership than when he first formed natural alliance with the Irish Roman Catholic po crops have improved in Ireland, prosperity has in and tenants are paying their rents. Irish meml Parliament have heen rightfully imprisoned. Th denounces the cowardly boycott and all use of dynamit murders of Lord Cavendish and his secretary in Dub the murders of Doctors Cronin and McInnery in Chica necting the criminal conspirators of Ireland with th America, have been exposed. The Clan-na-Gael

sy pathy from honest men, Irish or Catholic though they may be There is no probability that Roman Catholic priests wi longer work with Irish politicians to milk servant girls of thr wages and laboring men of their earnings for the benefit of he thieves who handle this money or the Irish politicians wl steal it. This fact being realized, Messrs. Parnell, O'Brien, D itt, Healy, Biggar, T. D. Sullivan, and Dr. Tanner and otr political adventurers put their heads together to devise a lw scheme of plunder, and the result is the "Irish Tenants' Dense League," which Sir Charles Russell, Mr. Parnell's layer, has cunningly enough devised to get around the cminal law and make it safe for the Irish politiins to encourage Irish tenants to conspire against thr landlords, to rob them of their rents, and ultimately to cfiscate their landed property. With this sort of business whave no sympathy, and we have no sympathy with Roman Cholic priests or Democratic politicians; and when the new danization of the "Tenants' Defense League" shall find its in working order to rob Irish-American laborers, male a female, in aid of the political adventurers who acknowlee the leadership of Parnell and Gladstone, we shall have n-ympathy for it, nor with the people it plunders. We think E lish law for the protection of landlords' property should be erced in Ireland as it is in America. We think criminals n e English Parliament, on Dublin Green, and in Chicago ild be punished for the crimes they commit. We think nts, under written leases, should pay their rents or iected. We think Mr. Gladstone a demagogue, whose cience has succumbed to his ambition. We think Mr. our a statesmen of transcendent ability. We think Mr. iell a slimy and selfish politician. We think the whole political conspiracy, which is now being carried on in the ed States, is an outrage against England and a crime on part of the United States. We think the whole business is ipted and encouraged by Jesuitry, and we sincerely hope vhole conspiracy will fail.

The Negro Question in the South.

marked sensation has been created in Memphis, Tenn., ie delivery of an address by T. B. Edgington, an attorney at city, to a negro audience on Memorial Day. Mr. ngton was a Northern soldier who served with the blue g the war, and, after its conclusion, became a resident of ville, where he has resided since the termination of the lion. He is spoken of in the local journals as a gentle of high character, marked ability, entire truthfulness, and courage. The fearlessness of his opinions will be apated when it is remembered to whom and the occasion which he uttered them. We are compelled to omit all is most eloquent speech, except enough of its figures to nstrate the unanswerable logic of the argument. Among things which Mr. Edgington said, and with the spirit of i we entirely agree, we quote the following:

ile the blood of our comrades has brought freedom to the slave, examine the question and see if it has purchased any correspondessings for the heroes who shed it or the Caucasian race which inthe late slave States. In three, at least, of these States the es outnumber and outvote the whites. If the ballot is free and unt is fair, and if blood is thicker than water, then the negroes atvote the whites and fill all places of honor and profit in the and will put the whites in subjection. The whites own nearly all operty and possess nearly all the intelligence. Race prejudice, er, is superior to the influences of both property and intelligence. r this unrestrained domination of the colored race, the property of ite man would pass away from him to the dominant class.

ttle attention to statistics will show the wonderful fecundity of the race, and it will give us a timely warning of the dangers of the pian fetich.

m the first colonization of this country on down to the date of the on of the slave trade, only about three hundred thousand negroes mported, and none have been brought to our shores since. They se in a geometrical ratio. Population, in obedience to this law, s vast proportions within a single century.

condition of slavery was not so favorable to the rapid propaga- the negro race as the condition of freedom has proven to be. are those who believe that the negro in a state of freedom and pendence would share the fate of the Indian. Like the Indian, thought that be would gradually disappear from the face of the y as the whites multiplied. The reverse has proven to be the ind the grave question confronts us: Will the white man disapom the face of the country as the negro multiplies? In the sum- 1620 a Dutch man-of-war sailed up the James River to the plan- and sold twenty Africans at auction to the wealthier planters. were made slaves for life, and thus the institution of slavery took rt in this country, although slavery was not established in the s until about a half-century afterward. The total number of negroes United States in the year 1790 was 697,000. The census of one y later, which will be taken next year, in 1890, will show a negro pop- in this country of about ten millions. There were 6,580,000 in Under the more favorable conditions of freedom, the negro pop- doubles itself about every twenty years. Under the impulse of y foreign immigration, the white race only doubles itself in this y about every thirty-five years. When we consider the increased f propagation among the negroes over the whites, the results are ely startling. The twenty negroes whom the Dutch landed on mes River have increased now to about ten millions. Fifty years this country will contain sixty millions of negroes. The census gave Mississippi a white population of 479,000 and a negro pop- of 650,000. It gave South Carolina a white population of 391,- d a negro population of 604,000, or about two to one. It gave ana 454,000 white population and 483,000 negro population. nsus of 1890 will probably show that the negro population out- rs the whites in Alabama, Georgia, and Florida. Ten years later, year 1900, will find Virginia, Arkansas, and North Carolina with population which outnumbers the whites. Thus, in ten years upon a free ballot and a fair count, we will find nine States of nion ruled by its ex-slaves, its unlettered property-holders, while lligent property-holders will be in a hopeless minority.

white element of the South is almost exclusively Anglo-American. other country encouraged and fostered slavery in her colonies, and glish colonists became slave-holders. The Teutonic and other ele- did not settle in the slave States because they would not compete ave labor. All forms of immigration of the white races South is d by negro competition. The Anglo-American race is not pro- increased by births in ten years from 1870 to 1880 only eight and rd per cent. The black population on the contrary increased the same period thirty-five and two-fifths per cent. The descend- our revolutionary sires who founded this government, will have ally changed places with their ex-slaves, unless these results are ted by means that are unlawful, or unless existing laws are d.

class of politicians would disfranchise the negro altogether, while r would let his rights stand as now fixed by the constitution. *The* ind more practical policy now lies between these extremes. Lim- should be placed on his exercise of the right of suffrage. nitation on his right of suffrage should be of such a character as ove the fear or apprehension of negro supremacy. The limitahould be so adjusted as to secure a responsible class of colored voters, whose character and standing will afford a guarantee that they will not conspire with the irresponsible and lawless white elements to seize on political power. The negro should be undisturbed in his equality before the law, and he should possess a sufficient hold on the right of suffrage to insure the protection of the interests of his race. His present mode of discharging his duties of an uncrowned king and ruler has degraded rather than elevated him. The right of suffrage has proved a curse to him rather than a blessing. Any modification of his rights should be of such a character as to impress him with the dignity and honor of American citizenship. The right should be so limited and adjusted as to leave the white race dominant in every State in the Union. These results would be attained by limiting the right to vote among the negroes, and by making the office of voter or suffragist among them an elective office—an office that he holds say for four years, by election of the whole body of the people, or by election of the colored people alone, if this course seems preferable. Thus no property or educational test or qualification is required. The end indicated could be attained by so adjusting and limiting his vote that it shall not exceed say five or ten per cent. of the white vote on any given question or issue.

The fifteenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States should be so modified as to admit of this limitation on negro suffrage. This limitation will produce a class of colored voters of a high order, who are directly accountable to their constituency for the manner in which they have discharged their trust. It will produce a class of voters who could not readily be bought by money or beverage; voters who have respect for the institution of marriage; voters who have a local habitation and a name, by which they could be identified at the polls; voters who would not habitually ask alms or take tips; voters who would feel the disgrace of a conviction for crime; voters so self-respecting that they would not take the pauper's oath in a court of justice for the mere purpose of evading the payment of the costs of litigation. By this limitation on suffrage, the colored race will be relieved of the incubus of a power which at present it has not the ability to exercise. This limitation will furnish the race with a rallying point for instruction; with prizes for merit; with object lessons for its elevation; with goals to be won by honest endeavor scattered in profusion all along the humble pathway of its evolution. . . . Moreover, the two races can never mix and become one; one or the other must rule. Under the enforced conditions of slavery the black race was constantly becoming whiter. Under free conditions the black race continually becomes blacker, and race prejudice deepens with the color of his skin. It expands with the development of his intellect and strengthens with the increments of his political power. That man is color-blind who can see no race controversy.

There is an irrepressible conflict between white suffrage and negro suffrage. All dreams of dividing the colored vote are utopian. This vote is now and always will be a race vote. The negro never can attain to that position of superiority which will permit his vote to ever become anything but a race vote. The enactment of negro suffrage was the great crime of the age and self-abnegation.

The fairest portion of this land is now being taken from the white man and turned over to the enfranchised slave. It is being turned over to the negro race which has furnished no just claims to it and given no assurance of its ability to govern it or even to till the soil. Within the last half century, Florida has passed through the hands of the white man from Seminole to Senegambian. Four of the original thirteen States are about to pass from the dominion of the descendants of the founders of this government into the dominion of their ex-slaves. . . . Lands have thus been ruined and abandoned, sufficient in area under careful husbandry to feed and clothe the entire population of the ex-slave States. So extensive has the destruction of the old plantations become, that the wolf even that was banished from our soil a century ago, now returns to howl over the desolations of its tillage.

The history of race conflict, coupled with a white man's perfidy, will repeat itself in the ex-slave States. When the conservative white leaders, around whose standards the negroes now rally, shall have passed away, and when their white allies shall be bound to them by the mutuality of fellowship and not by the patronage of philanthropy as they now are, then we will descend to a condition of anarchy that on the one side will possess no culture or creed to mitigate its barbarity.

Race prejudice, ambition, and revenge will do their perfect work. . . . Comrades, you face not now a line of glistening bayonets. You confront an impending destiny. Jonah-like you are looking into the open mouth of the Ethiopian fetich. Without a constitutional amendment and upon a free ballot and a fair count, nine sovereign States within ten years, freighted with all the hopes and fears of our race, will be drawn into the belly of the fetich. Let us see to it that the "Lost Cause" was not the cause of white supremacy, or of civilization, or of Christianity itself. Let us see to it that no cause has been lost but the cause of human slavery and the right of secession. With these questions once settled on just and sure foundations, our surviving comrades can glide hopefully down the stream of time to their rest, while our comrades who sleep in the graves where America has laid them, can peacefully sleep on until the dawning of the morning of the resurrection.

The Union and the Dominion.

The word is general that there will be called an extra session of Congress—a session to convene in October and sit continuously until the time of the regular session in December, and thence on till the close of that session, March 4, 1890.

No more important business can come before the extra session, to be concluded by the regular session, than that which is rendered imperatively necessary by the conduct of the Canadian Dominion in connection with the Canadian Pacific Railroad and the cognate matters in conjunction with it. The Dominion is not alone involved in the paramount subject. The Imperial Government of the British Empire and the Australasian Colonies are likewise materially interested. In its purposes and consequences it must be viewed as a combination against the United States. The manifest design of this very formidable combination is to the heavy impairment of the ocean commerce and inland traffic of the United States, to be absorbed by the Dominion, to the advantage of Great Britain and the benefit of the Australasian Colonies. More than this, it aims at the destruction of American industries, with disastrous effect upon American capital and incalculable injury to American labor in the fields of greatest enterprise throughout the entire Union.

Only Congress and the Government of the United States can adopt the policy and execute the measures which are required in self-protection and demanded by the people in defense of vital interests. It is a matter which will not admit of procrastination or inattention. Inactivity will be dangerous, neglect ruinous. Prompt action is necessary, and that action should be decisive.

It was in grandest spirit of that prescience which seems inspired by Omnipotence that Bishop Barkeley proclaimed: "Westward the star of empire takes its way!" The prophecy was sublime. The testimonies are already as the fulfillment of Omnipotent design. On this western coast of America is the realization of the prophecy. The American people are the chosen of mankind to this realization. To the generations now in full prime of mighty accomplishments, the projectors of colossal undertakings, the grandeur of the prophecy belongs. Imperishable history will indelibly record the enduring glory that the people of the United States were the first to span a continent, and with ligatures of steel to bind in friendly and reciprocal communication and traffic the sisterhood of States in indissoluble perpetuity. The pioneers of the Pacific Coast recall with honest pride that, in this great achievement, the genius, and the enterprise, and the energy of their own fellow-citizens have foremost place.

The great empires of the world perpetuate, in grateful memory, the glorious deeds of their distinguished sons, and against all the world beside maintain the fruits of their accomplishments. The American people have loftiest pride in the contemplation of the glories of their revolutionary sires; in the genius of their Franklin, who gave the key to the subserviency of the lightning to the uses of man; in that of Fulton, who reduced steam to the needs of industry and trade. They revere the memory of Morse for his world-awakening invention of telegraphy, and give protection to his rights. Yet, with all of this natural and commendable gratitude, devotion, and protection, they are in some matters remiss in their obligations and negligent of their country's interests. This matter of the Canadian Pacific Railroad is the conspicuous instance in point.

The dispatches report a meeting of the Chicago Board of Trade, in the middle of July, called expressly to adopt measures in relation to the Canadian Pacific road. The Interstate Commerce Committee were holding an investigation of the subject—the effect of Canadian railroads upon the commerce of the United States. The secretary of the Chicago Board of Trade read a report on the subject, which is epitomized in the dispatch as follows:

"The secretary's report was to the effect that the commercial interests of the United States were probably favorably affected by having open to them many channels of trade. The Canadian roads have not diverted traffic from the American roads except in the case of perishable goods, and it is of the opinion that no further restriction upon commerce between the two countries by water routes should be tolerated."

The statements of the Chicago Board of Trade, if correctly reported, must be regarded as extraordinary from an American stand-point, and altogether fallacious. The testimony to the support of this is abundant and invulnerable. In the first place, it is a plain and clear proposition that the surrender of a trading territory by the natural and legitimate possessors to foreign and rival parties is a material mistake. It is virtually the surrender as well of the territory itself for all practicable purposes. And this kind of surrender is materially made, according to the language of the Chicago Board of Trade, or is proposed and upheld.

The board says that the Canadian roads—there is really but one, the Canadian Pacific—"have not diverted traffic from the American roads except in the case of perishable goods, and it (the board) is of the opinion that the further restriction upon the commerce between the two countries by water routes should be tolerated." "Water routes" is a very comprehensive and indefinite phraseology. The Atlantic Ocean is a water route; likewise is the Pacific Ocean. There are water routes all the way from England to Canada, thence across the great lakes to British Columbia, and thence to the Pacific Islands, to Japan and China, and to Australia. Also are there similar water routes from British Columbia to the entire American Pacific Coast, and all the way to Cape Horn. For the United States to aid and facilitate the traffic of the Dominion, and that between England and the Australasian Colonies, is folly enough, but to stretch this aid to the extent of surrendering also the commerce between the United States and the Pacific Islands, Japan, and China, appears as suicidal. It is virtually the surrender of the whole Pacific Ocean to the British Empire, together with all the ports of the Pacific below San Diego. More than this, it strikes at the commerce and trade, the industry and welfare, of every one of the Pacific States, by the inland railroad service, with only the coasting lines to maintain the unequal struggle on the American side.

Now, as to "perishable goods," as the Chicago Board of Trade represents the matter, and with proper regard to the real facts: Mr. A. N. Towne, a director of the Southern Pacific Company and general manager, who has the practical experience of more than forty years in the East and on this coast to fortify his judgment, has, in an open letter lately published to the Committee of the United States Senate on Relations with Canada, presented the facts in clear light, in plain and lucid manner. Mr. Towne does not draw upon fancy or indulge in guesswork. His statements are based upon ascertained facts. Upon invitation he appeared before the Senate Committee, at its session in San Francisco, and stated that which he knew, from authentic sources, with exact figures. Of the transportation from east to west for the sixteen months ending April 30, 1889, the Canadian Pacific road carried ten millions of pounds, of which over five millions of pounds was wool; of sugar, one million; canned goods, one million; borax, logs, salmon, dried fruit, hides, horns, leather, wine, beans, coffee, and cocoa, etc., the remainder. But also was carried above thirty-one millions of yards, or more than ten millions of pounds, of cotton goods of New England manufacture. From west to east, from the Pacific to the Atlantic, from Japan and China to the United States and Canada, there were shipments of tea aggregating nearly thirty millions of pounds, besides large shipments of raw silk and other commodities. Before the construction of the Canadian Pacific road all these goods, carried from east to west and from west to east across the continent, had been transported by the California roads. American ocean steamers or sailers had brought from Japan and China the tea and silk, and the profit of the traffic was to American capital and enterprise. But the diversion of this important traffic brought into the field a fleet of British steamers to sap and absorb this traffic, and the Canadian Pacific road enjoys a large proporion of the transportation, which, on equal or fair terms, would be to the account of the California roads.

But it is not the transcontinental and ocean competition alone which militates to the injury and injustice of the California roads and American shipping. It is the unequal competition, fostered by the Canadian Government and maintained by the Imperial Government, which enables the Canadian Pacific road and the lines of British steamers on the Pacific to bid below the American roads and the American steamers and obtain this lucrative traffic, which should rightfully belong to the latter. British subsidies to British shipping are not alone to be considered. The extraordinary fact exists that the Government of the United States grants subsidies to British steamers at the rate of one dollar and twenty-six cents per mile, while it allows American steamers the meagre pay of only ten cents per mile for equivalent service.

In Mr. Towne's clear and careful showing, he brings out other facts which are of material importance and should receive the attentive consideration of Congress, of the government, and of the American people. Although the overland railroad to California was the pioneer colossal undertaking of the kind in all the world, it was hampered by the provision which compelled it to pay eighty dollars per ton for the rails, which could have been purchased at fifty dollars per ton, including duty, and to pay seventeen and one-half dollars per ton freight from New York to San Francisco, as against ten dollars per ton from Cardiff. The war tax and other onerous taxes were imposed to swell the immense cost, notwithstanding the vast importance to the country of the stupendous enterprise; and to further add to the hazard of the projectors and undertakers, there was no remission of taxes, but, instead, the full sway of unfriendly taxation was allowed to bear against the road.

With the Canadian Pacific all the conditions were most favorable. Beside enormous grants of land, prodigious subsidies, and practically unlimited material aid from the government, the road was exempted from local taxation for twenty years from the time of its construction. With these supremely favorable conditions, the Canadian Pacific road can be operated at less cost than any railroad in the world—at less than one-third the expense of any American road.

As to the management of the Canadian road, in general terms, as contradistinguished from that of the great overland American roads—of the California roads, particularly—there is much to be said; but to say it thoroughly requires space beyond the fair limit of the *Argonaut*. It will serve at present to cite the manner in which the Canadian road is run, compared with that of the California road. But here again comes into consideration the unequal terms which exist. The California road, as are all the other American roads, is subjected to the binding force of the Interstate Commerce law and the rulings of the commission. Besides, there are the regulations and exactions imposed by the States, by counties, and by townships. It is as though at every State-line crossing there stood a special tax-gatherer and in every locality lurked a detective. With the Canadian road the entire transit of the continent is clear, unobstructed, inviting, and altogether encouraging. The government commands the completest opportunities; the provinces assure free passage; and the population everywhere give welcome, aid, and best support. Illimitable British capital is to the backing; the power and means of the British Government are directed to swell the traffic and make the road the most powerful on the continent of America in every respect. It is, moreover, a complete and assured monopoly road. The government stands pledged to allow no other or competing line to be built across the territory of the Dominion from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The American roads have no comparable grants, guarantees, protection, aid, or advantages. They have no rights which they can not themselves vindicate.

Congress should interpose to the protection of American interests and American commerce. The whole country is concerned; but with the States of the Pacific it is a vital matter. The surrender of territory for traffic to the Canadian Pacific is, I repeat, virtually the surrender of the territory itself—at least for trade purposes. The San Francisco Chamber of Commerce has commendably moved in the matter. The open letter of Mr. Towne can not fail of great effect. It will set the people to thinking. It will have good effect with senators and representatives; with State legislatures and the press. It should be attentively read in California and all over the Pacific Coast. The wise and just regulation of railroads should be established. Jefferson well said that the people who were governed best were governed least. The apothegm will apply to railroads. The competition among the several overland lines is the best assurance of the people against aggression or exorbitant charges; and the cost of needless official supervision falls at last upon the people, to the good of none.

THE ITINERARY OF CALIBAN.

How a Sacred Memory was Preserved.

I complained one afternoon to Dr. Marcy, who hesides being my physician was also my very intimate friend, that I found twelve hours of daylight, during which I was not allowed, owing to the condition of my eyes, to read or write, longer than the same number of weeks of time congenially occupied.

"Sweet are the uses of industry," I said; "heretofore, I have been wont to give myself credit for the labors I have accomplished. Now that I am compelled to pass my time in idleness, suddenly am I made aware of the fact that I have been all along merely following a natural human instinct of avoiding *ennui*."

"Providence," said the doctor, "wisely supplies us with an abundance of playthings that we may not keep asking, like children at the matinée, 'when is it going to hegin,' as well as various other questions the answers whereof are not easily found."

"But my toys have all been taken away," I remarked, "and I can find nothing to do except to keep asking myself these very questions of which you speak."

"You should get new toys," answered my friend; "go out and study nature."

"In a city park with custom-made flower-beds and a lake run in a mold?"

"I intend that you shall go out into the country as soon as I have finished with this treatment. In the meantime you can interest yourself a little more in human nature. Mingle with the crowd whenever you can and study its characteristics."

"*Odi profanum vulgus!*" I exclaimed, and I rose from my chair and walked to the window. I looked out through the dusky goggles, which the doctor compelled me to wear, across the yard into the street and to the city beyond. All the world seemed to be in a miserable limbo of twilight.

"You grow peevish," said my friend, presently; "you must make occupation for yourself of some kind, else I shall be called on ere long to minister to a mind diseased. If you are forhidden great things, then do the best you can with trivial. Become an apostle of the commonplace. For mental employment, recite the poetry you learned when you were young; for diversion, play games with the children; if you want conversation, go and get your hair cut; if there is need of exercise, take a long walk."

I laughed, but did not turn away from the window or make any reply.

The doctor continued: "A long stroll, say two hours or more, ought to form a part of each day's programme. Don't wander about aimlessly, hut visit some particular place, or walk by some established rule. It is not a had plan to imagine yourself a shadow-detective and follow up different pedestrians. You might perhaps get a more varied route by pursuing some stray dog."

"These be rare pastimes," said I.

"Then there is a penny walk," my friend began again to say.

"A penny walk?" I exclaimed.

"Yes; that is a perfectly simple device to produce an exciting variety in a stroll. Stockton describes it in one of his stories. You stand at a corner and flip a penny; if it comes heads, go to the right, tails, to the left. When you come to the next corner, repeat the process."

"It has the advantage of being a very economical form of amusement," I remarked.

"Precisely. If you prefer it in a more extravagant form you might flip a twenty-dollar piece."

"Apropos of stray dogs, which you mentioned a moment ago," said I, still at the window, "here is one now coming up the walk in your front yard."

The doctor approached the window and looked out. The dog, which was a big, shaggy Russian terrier, had stopped with his forefeet on the bottom step, and was looking eagerly up at the window. When he saw Marcy, he ran up the steps and stood in front of the door, wagging his blunt tail vigorously.

"Hello," said the doctor; "it is you, is it? Want to come in? There is a mystery of some kind about that dog," he continued to me, as he stepped out into the entry to open the door, "which I would like to have you explain, if you can. Come in, Towser, or whatever your name may he!"

The moment the door opened, the dog bolted through the hall into the consultation-room, where we had heen sitting. There he stood still for a few seconds in the attitude of a setter, head erect, ears pricked, legs spread apart, with the right forefoot raised in the air. With one quick glance he took in the entire room, letting his eyes rest for an instant on me. Then crouching down upon the floor, he put his head between his paws and lay perfectly quiet.

"He always goes through that same performance," said the doctor; "half-a-dozen times I have found him at the door, waiting to be admitted. As soon as it is opened, he rushes into the room and lies down in the position he has now. Presently he will ask to be let out."

"Belong to some neighhor?" I asked, taking off my colored glasses that I might get a hetter look at this mysterious animal. He was exceptionally large for a terrier, but his alert, saucy physiognomy showed that he was of pure breed. His hair was of a wolfish gray and as curly as moss. It had the effect of making his whole figure, including the stubhy neck and the short, thick legs, look gnarled and tough.

"He is not a beauty, by any means," said I; "hut I think he would he a good dog to bet on."

"That is a comprehensive way of putting it," said the doctor; "his appearance suggests, to my mind, infinite faithfulness; and I conceive that his presence here illustrates it. Some time ago—about six months, I should think—this dog's master came here to consult me as to how long he could hope to live. He was a man of only about thirty-five years of age, but he was an absolute wreck. At the first glance, I saw that he had been through the white heat of dissipation, and, without much soliciting on my part, he told me something of his story. I remember the dog lay there exactly as he is lyiog now, and he kept his eyes fixed on his master. In an unconcerned way, very much as though he were speaking of some third person, the man explained how he had been killing himself by degrees with whisky, absinthe, opium, and cocaine. He did not think that he could last much longer, and would like to know what my professional verdict would be on that point. I studied his eyes while he talked, and made up my mind that he was on the verge of madness. It was useless to try to do anything for him, unless he should himself make a powerful effort toward reform, and I started to tell him so; but he interrupted me. 'I am not going to ask you about remedies,' said he; 'what I desire to know is how much longer am I likely to live.' I did not discuss the matter further, but proceeded at once to a searching examination, with some very interesting results." Here the doctor's eyes brightened, and he hegan to describe, in technical language slightly modified for my understanding, the demoralized condition of heart and lungs revealed by the stethoscope. There was, it appeared, an astounding disarrangement of every function of the body, betokeniog a climax of dissolution not far femoved.

The doctor presently emerged from the professional mist in which he had enveloped himself and continued the story. "When he pushed the question again of how long he might expect to live, I assured him that, if he made no change in his present habits, a horrible death of some kind was only a few months away. Some of the symptoms he described were those of approaching deliria. My advice to him was that he apply without delay for admission to the Home for Inebriates, and I offered to give him a letter to the examining physician. He had cross-questioned me narrowly with regard to the diagnosis, but as soon as I hegan to suggest a course of action for him to follow, he made a gesture of impatience and rose from his chair. He asked my fee, and when I told him the amount, he paid it into my hand. Then he took up his hat and, thanking me in a stern, almost savage fashion, went toward the door. This dog followed at his heels; but just as the pair crossed the threshold, the animal turned and gave me such an intensely human look of sorrowful appeal that I give you my word, Firmin, it has haunted me ever since."

"He probably understood in a vague way," I remarked, "that something was wrong with his master."

"About a week later," said the doctor, "the dog returned alone, and I admitted him. He acted just as he does now. I brought him food and drink, hut he would not accept either. Since then he has called a great many times, and whenever he is let into this room he always goes through with this same performance."

The dog now rose to his feet, and, after again looking all about the room, started toward the door. I took up my hat and stick and followed him.

"And you never saw the master agaio?" I inquired.

"No, nor heard of him."

I opened the front door, and the dog ran out into the street. He seemed to understand that I was planning to accompany him, for he stopped on the sidewalk and looked hack at me, while I explained to the doctor that I was about to carry out his suggestion and follow a stray dog. He assured me that I had selected a good suhject—one which was decidedly out of the commonplace.

"Now, see here, my friend," I said to the dog, as soon as I caught up with him, "you seem like a very intelligent fellow, and I believe you will understand most of what I say. I am going to follow you, do you see? I shall go wherever you go. Now don't run along too fast, for I can not keep up. Slowly, slowly, understand!"

The terrier wagged his short tail vigorously, and started off at a moderate trot, a few feet in advance of me. Every now and again he stopped and looked back, to see if I were still following him. There was an air of sturdy earnestness about all his actions which reminded me of a child made prematurely old by care and responsibility.

"Evidently," said I, to my guide, "you have led your master, as you are now leading me, perhaps when the night was dark and stormy, and he was very drunk. If he fell in the gutter, I suppose you shook his arm until you woke him up. When the police took him in charge, you went in search of bail among his dissolute friends, if he had any friends."

We emerged from the quiet, respectable street on which my friend resided into a main thoroughfare of the city. Presently the dog dodged into a doorway and stood looking expectantly at me when I came up. In the window, at one side, was a large display of bottles artistically arranged. The doors were hung with light curtains, impenetrahle to the vision. Above, there was painted, in large gilt-letters, "Harry and Jack."

"So this is one of the places," said I, to the dog; "and you are waiting for me to go in and follow the example of your former master." I pushed open the door and my companion ran in. A large man, with a florid countenance and expansive shirt-bosom, was vigorously polishing the counter of the bar with a towel. The other proprietor sat in an arm-chair at the opposite side of the room, reading a newspaper and smokiog.

"Hey, Jack," the latter called out, as soon as we entered; "here is that fellow's dog again."

"Give him some meat, poor devil," said "Jack." Then he stopped his work of polishing and asked me what I would have.

I explained that I was merely looking for a friend, and then said: "That is a bright-looking dog. Is he yours?"

"No, he isn't," said the mixer of drinks, resting his elhows on the har; "he used to helong to a fellow that came in here to get a drink, now and then. Don't know where he has gone to."

"What was his name?"

"Well, the boys who were with him generally called him Tom, but I never heard no other name. Used to get full pretty often. Never seemed to know when he had enou When a man gets to drinking like that——"

Here a customer entered and called for a whisky-sour, che ing the har-keeper's incipient temperance homily. "Han in the meantime, had come forward, his hand full of sn pieces of cold meat, which he tossed to the dog. They w caught in the air and eagerly devoured.

"Here, Ban!" he said, as he threw him a piece.

"Is his name Ban?" I asked.

"That is what the hoys used to call him," answered "Har looking up at me; "mighty intelligent dog, he is, too. would take his master home when he was loaded so that couldn't roll over straight. Now he comes around here so times to get something to eat, and, you bet, I always give i him. Don't I, Ban?"

The dog, with his mouth full of meat, wagged his short enthusiastically. Then we went out into the street again threaded our way through the crowd for a few squares. Wh ever we passed a drinking-place, my guide would slacken pace a little and look around; but as I showed no disposi to enter, he would hurry along. Preseotly, we turned in quiet street leading off the main thoroughfare, and I bega talk out loud to my companion.

"So your name is Ban, is it?" said I; "it is an odd Are you so ugly that Tom, whoever he may be, regarded as a sort of a Japanese curio?"

I repeated the name several times, and as I did so, words of a catch in "The Tempest" suddenly occurred me, and I spoke them aloud:

> "No more dams I'll make for fish;
> Nor fetch in firing
> At requiring;
> Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish
> 'Ban, 'Ban, Ca—Caliban
> Has a new master—get a new man."

When I came to the name Caliban, I spoke it with sp emphasis. The effect upon the dog, who stood attentively ening, was quite unexpected. With a sudden yelp, he sp up in the air toward my face, and ran around me, leapiog barking. Then he seemed to regain control of himself to remember, for he came and crouched down at my whining softly.

"Caliban, Caliban," I repeated, and each time as I s the name the dog whined again and crouched closer to feet. "That is evidently what Tom called you when you alone together, and I am, perhaps, the first to have utt that name since your master disappeared. Now that we thoroughly introduced, you will trust me, won't you?" ban wagged his tail affirmatively. "Very well, then, you lead on."

I motioned with my cane and Calihan bounded alon front, turning back every few yards to make sure that I not disappeared. A short distance down the street, I ma the imposing façade of the building from which the *G Daily* was issued. Caliban made directly toward it, pas the business-offices and entering at a side doorway which to the editorial rooms. As we ascended the stairs, I sai myself that I had probably discovered the means whe the dog's master had been wont to earn a living.

Caliban hrought me through the outer offices, which, time in the day, were unoccupied, to the desk of the ass editor, a gentleman with whom I was very well acquainte

"How did you happen to get possession of that Firmin?" he asked, looking up from his work.

I answered that I had followed the animal up the stairs, then inquired as to who was his owner.

"I do not think he has any owner," replied the assis editor; "I believe he is a genuine 'vagrom' animal, a marvel that some pound-keeping Dogberry does not order he be 'comprehended.'"

"He must some time have had a master," I suggested.

"He used to follow in the rather irregular wake of a by the name of Gower—Tom Gower, if I remember rig You never knew him, did you?" I shook my head. did specials for awhile for the Sunday edition, and occasio I gave him a chance in the editorial columns. Good w but villainously dissipated; unreliahle on that account."

"Where is he now?" I asked.

"I have no idea; indeed, I wish I knew, for I could him plenty of work just at present, and the poor fellow al looked as though he needed it. I imagine that he mu dead or have left the city, otherwise the dog would n wandering around in this fashion."

Calihan had, by this time, hegun to show signs of i tience, and, after I had answered some inquiries from assistant-editor about the condition of my eyes, we took departure. I felt that I was now in possession of a clearer idea as to the personality of the man in whose foot I was following. A sense of fraternity with him had sp up with the knowledge that he had earned his living by my craft. A dissipated and reckless Bohemian, with no frien the world save this ugly-looking dog—a character well w running down and investigating. For this there could b better guide than the very one which I had happened upo chance.

"After all, Caliban," I said, to my companion, "it is qu well that you can not talk. As we progressed in this itine you would have explained everything, and not allowed m flattering unction of drawing a successful inference. Lon fore this I should have been bored with your well-mea chatter, and the career of Tom Gower would have been b of all possihle interest for me. Hereafter, whenever I w guide, I shall try to secure one that has no power of spe

Calihan was trotting along a few paces in front of me. I noticed in his carriage a jaunty swagger which had no peared before. Every now and again he would look ba at me and then execute a caper and bark.

"Aha!" said I, "we have been to the office and we money in our pocket. Now we are going to spend it. that the idea, Caliban?" Every time that I spoke the full name he started and turned round, evideotly mindf his lost master.

We turned several corners, and were presently in a lo

ch which I was not very familiar. Caliban, on the contrary, emed perfectly at home. The streets were narrow and very ty; they swarmed with people instead of vehicles. Here d there they shaded off into alleys, which were so like the eets that they could not be distinguished from them. Everyng looked dingy and spattered. The sun, which had elsere shone almost offensively bright, seemed to be radiating ough a haze. I slipped off the dark glasses which I had en wearing and called to my guide not to run so far in adnce. At the word, he stopped in front of a small drug-store d looked inquiringly at me. I nodded my head, and he alked over to the doorway.

It was a shabby, disreputable-looking place, several steps low the level of the sidewalk. When I pushed open the or, a bell, which was hung over it, jangled fiercely, and a arse voice, from behind a partition at the end of the room, ied: "Be out in a minute!" I stared around at the flyecked "patent-medicine" advertisements and the long rows bottles on the dusty, paintless shelves, and said to Caliban: What do we want here?"

This inquiry was repeated a moment later by an individual, th a pale face and red eyes, who came forward behind the unter. He looked first at me and then at the dog. I fand that I noticed in his eye, as he caught sight of Caliban, a sh of uneasiness.

"Has Mr. Gower been in here receotly?" I asked, in a bland ne.

"I don't know anybody by that name," answered the othecary, glancing again at my companion.

"But you will recognize his dog, I think," said I.

"The man you mean has not been in here for six months longer. The dog comes sometimes."

"He told me once," said I, mendaciously, "that this was place where he used to get opium and cocaine."

The man folded his arms and stared coldly at me.

"And so," I added, "I thought possibly you might know nething about him."

The apothecary turned and began to move back toward roost from which I had disturbed him. "I know nothing atever about the man," said he; "he often tried to buy um of me, but I let him have only a small amount at a e."

"Caliban," said I, when we were again out on the sidelk, "our friend within is a liar, is he not?" It was quite dent, from the anxiety which the dog had displayed to get of the shop, that his opinion of the pale-faced man was unfavorable as my own, although perhaps based on a difent process of reasoning.

Farther on, the street widened somewhat, and the houses eared to make some effort to assume the virtue of respecility, even though they had it not. I began to meet wellssed men here and there, and an occasional cab rattled r the stony pavement. Suddenly Caliban darted into a k entry-way at one side of a saloon. There was a short ht of stairs, at the top of which was a landing and a closed or. In front of this my guide stopped. It was solidly lt of heavy oak planks, but was not locked, and I opened nd stepped inside. A flickering lamp half-lighted another rt flight of steps, surmounted by a second heavy oak-door. one of the panels of this there was a small hole at which ould see a single eye peering out at me as I ascended.

"Hello there! What do you want?" said the cyclops.

"Is Tom Gower in there?" I asked.

"No; hasn't been here for six months."

"Well, I am all right," I said; "you may as well let me Tom Gower was a friend of mine; here is his dog with now."

The eye rolled itself wildly in an effort to look down at Caln, who was crouching on the top step. Then there was a aking of bolts and of locks, and the door slowly opened. it did so, there was borne to my ears a low hum of voices m an inner room.

"I recognize the dog fast enough," said the door-keeper; e used to come here with Gower regularly. Where is that ow, anyway?"

"I am trying to find out," I said; "do any of the boys ine know?"

"Not any more than I do." Having finished the locking l barring of the door, the keeper went to a sideboard, on ich was some lunch and a decanter of wine, and arranged date of cold meat. "Here, Ban," said he; "it is a long e since you have paid us a visit, and you shall have someng to eat. Now, sir," he continued to me, "if you will take them black goggles, so that I can see what kind of a o I am talking to, I will tell you all I know about Mr. wer."

I complied with his request, although the bright gas-light in room made me blink for a few moments.

"This man, Mr. Gower," said the door-keeper, "the last e he was here he made a great winning at faro—over two usand dollars, they told me," and the speaker indicated the er room by a jerk of his thumb. "He most generally t, you know; so when he went out I congratulated him. turned around, and held out his hand to me, and said: ood-bye.' I asked him if he was never coming back any re, and he said he wasn't. I laughed, you know, and said t those who won always promised that, but as soon as the nings was spent, back they came. He said it would be erent with him; and sure enough it was, for he has never n here since."

"Two thousand dollars," I repeated; "that was a large n of money for a man to undertake to carry through this t of town at night."

"It wasn't at night, but just about this time of the day," d the door-keeper; "and he did not take the cash, but an ler on the house. That is how we came to know his name, he never had told us until then."

"Who presented the order afterwards?" I asked.

"The money was paid several days later to the agent for ne big law firm—I don't remember their names."

There was a sound of feet on the stairway, and the doorper sprang up to apply his eye to the peep-hole. Evidently these were friends and regular patrons of the house, for he proceeded at once to unbar and unlock the door. When it opened, Caliban and I slipped out.

"Two thousand dollars, Caliban!" I exclaimed, when we stood once more upon the sidewalk; "now, what in the world are we going to do with it?"

Caliban seemed undecided. He walked slowly up the street a short distance, and then, crossing over, returned on the other side. I followed. At last he came to a corner where there was a cluster of ill-looking saloons. He showed no desire to enter any of them, but stood upon the kerb-stone for several minutes watching me.

"Are you waiting for me to make my mind up what to do with the money?" said I to the dog. "Poor Tom Gower! who shall know what a contest he had with himself, as he stood on this disreputable corner, half a year ago?"

Suddenly Caliban started off at a quick trot, and I had to walk rapidly to keep up with him. We went through several short streets, turning here and there, until I found myself all at once back in the respectable business portion of the city. From the direction we were heading, I divined that the next point in the itinerary would be the office of the lawyer with whom the order on the gambling-house was to be deposited. My theory was correct. Caliban led me upstairs in a large office-building and to a door which displayed the names of a well-known firm. It had now grown rather late, and no one was to be found in the office except a couple of clerks. They looked hard at Caliban, whom they seemed to know very well, but I made no inquiries of them concerning Tom Gower. There was not much chance, I assured myself, that I should have gained anything here, as the dealings which the master of Caliban had had with the firm were probably of a confidential order.

When we reached the street again, Caliban continued the same rapid pace as before, and I followed him, no longer strolling along aimlessly, but hurrying like a man who has a very definite purpose in view. I had already walked several miles, and, under other circumstances, would probably have experienced fatigue. The interest which I had begun to feel for this lost Bohemian, who had inspired such a loyal affection in a dumb animal, made me oblivious to everything except a determination to learn his fate. The dog, it appeared, was now making a regular itinerary, revisiting the glimpses of his master's route on the day when he had last been seen. Wherever this might lead I felt bound to follow. It would have been quite easy for me to have imagined that the dog was exercising over me the power of an actual spell which I was no longer able to resist.

We had now left the commercial thoroughfares and were in a quiet residence section. We passed block after block of small houses, the houses, evidently, of people of moderate means. Here and there, I noticed a covey of children grouped upon front door-steps. Dogs ran out and barked at Caliban, or followed along, trying, in vain, to fraternize with him. There was an air of steady respectability, as well as comfort, about the neighborhood, and I marveled that such a pair of vagabonds as Caliban and his master should ever find themselves in such surroundings.

There was a small, two-story brick house some distance back from the street, with a pretty yard in front full of trees and flowers. Over the door was an arched sign, with the words "St. Martha's School" in faded gilt letters. Caliban looked back at me and then bowled along the sidewalk toward the gate of this institution, where I could see a very small head, thatched with yellow curls, bobbing up and down over a piece of bread and butter. When the dog came up, this head was suddenly lifted, and I beheld the checked apron and well-filled stockings of a five-year-old boy. Evidently, from the frank manner in which Caliban approached him and the almost deferential air with which he submitted to his caresses, the boy and the dog were friends of long standing.

"Is that your dog, my boy?" I asked, as soon as I came to the gate.

"It is my papa's dog," said the little fellow, turning his large brown eyes on me.

I was very much taken back. Somehow I had never thought of this gambling, drunken wreck of a man in the capacity of a parent. The child was healthy and well developed, and in his face there was a soft sweetness, which, I felt, was the reflected light of a mother's love. When he spoke of his father, it was with the quaint dignity of childish admiration.

"Where is your papa now?" I inquired.

"Gone away. My aunty says you must not be asking questions about him." The little fellow kept one hand at work dutifully patting the head of Caliban, while the other held the bread and butter at arm's length. "First I thought," he continued, solemnly, "that he had gone to heaven to be with mamma, and I cried 'cause I couldn't go, too. But aunty says you oughtn't to do that. 'Sides, he hasn't gone to heaven, but only to some other place in America."

"Did your aunty put all that sugar on your bread and butter?" I asked. The curly head bobbed an affirmative. "Well, she must be a good aunty. And she keeps this school, does she? Do lots of little boys come here?"

"There are some very large boys come here," he answered, with crushing emphasis, "and some very littler than me. There comes my aunty now," he continued, starting to his feet. "She has been to mail a letter 'round the corner, but she won't let you go with her if you're eating bread and sugar. She don't want you to play out on the sidewalk either, but I forgot about that when I saw 'Ban." He stepped back over the stone threshold of the gate with precipitate haste, calling to Caliban to follow.

The lady who was approaching was a little body dressed in black. When she came nearer I saw that she had a kindly face, though it was not without a certain element of sternness. She looked inquiringly at each one of the trio near her gate, first at Caliban, then at the boy, and lastly her eyes rested upon me. I felt that some sort of an explanation was necessary.

"This little fellow tells me that he is the son of Tom Gower," I said, "and that you are his aunt. You must be then Mr. Gower's sister or——"

"I am his sister-in-law," said the lady; "his wife was my only sister. Did you know Mr. Gower?"

"I have done a good deal of work for the *Great Daily* on which he was employed," I answered, evasively; "he was a man in whom I felt no little interest, and happening to meet his dog, Caliban, I followed him into this street."

The lady in black looked intently at me for a moment, and then said to the boy, "You must run into the house now, dear; it is getting late."

The boy obeyed without demur, only stopping at the door to call Caliban. The dog, however, refused to follow and remained with me.

"I want to ask you," said the lady, "if you know where the boy's father has gone."

"I do not," I answered; "they are anxious to learn at the office of the *Great Daily* whether he has left the city. If not, there is work waiting for him. I thought, perhaps, you could tell me."

She was silent for a moment, her gloved hand resting upon a spike of the iron-gate, swinging it back and forth a few inches. "You must have known something of his condition," said she.

"I know that he was rapidly killing himself with drink," I answered.

"He ruined his own life and my sister's," said she, but without the least trace of bitterness; "it was a sort of insanity with him, and I could not bring myself to hold him accountable. We always believed that he would at last get over it, but when my sister died, he ceased to make any effort. He made up his mind that the boy, whom he loved beyond everything, would run more chance of growing up a respectable man if he could entirely forget his father, so he went away. He said he would never return, and would not let either of us hear of him again. This was six months ago. I agreed with him, and thought for the child's sake that he had better go. But I am always in hope that I will hear good news of him."

I looked down at Caliban whose eyes were fixed upon my face. "Verily," said I, to myself, "this man Gower must have been a very taking fellow, with all his faults. Not only does his dog faithfully retrace his steps, and his little son wait patiently for his return, but this woman, who, of all others, should hate his memory, only longs to hear good of him."

"Is the boy provided for?" I asked, aloud; "I think Mr. Gower's friends in the profession——"

"We had some money, my sister and I," interrupted the lady, "from our father, and Tom would never touch one cent of that. Then there was also quite a sum which he realized himself from some sort of an investment and put in my keeping for the boy."

"I think I know about that," said I; "did not he tell you about it just before he went away."

"Yes, he told me of the money and of his determination to leave, both at once. We stood right here and talked it over a few minutes, and I remember it was just about this time in the afternoon. He would not go into the house because—because he was not willing that his son should see him in such a condition. He said that he had made this money and had left it with our lawyers, as he dared not have it in his possession over night. I promised to do everything I could for the boy, but this was not necessary, for he knew that I loved him as I had loved my own sister. He said he would leave the city immediately, and after bidding me good-bye he walked down the street toward town."

"Then you do not know that he has left the city?" I asked.

"He must have done so, else Caliban would be with him," said the lady in black, pushing open the gate and entering the yard; "three days afterwards, Caliban came back, looking a good deal more like a dead dog than a live one. He would not touch food nor water, and paid no attention when he was spoken to. And he has behaved very strangely ever since. Early in the afternoon he disappears, and does not come back to stay until late at night. Usually about this time he passes by the house, and perhaps looks into the front yard, but he is gone again almost immediately."

"Hunting for his master, no doubt, poor fellow," said I; "if I can be of any service to you——"

"I have told you this," she replied, "because I hoped that you might sometime learn where he is and let me know. It is cruel that his son should grow up and he never see him."

I promised to do what I could toward finding Mr. Gower and to report to her. Caliban had been slowly edging away from us, and it was necessary that I should bid the lady a hasty "good evening" and overtake him before he was lost in the lengthening shadows. The sun was just disappearing at the end of the street. In the windows, as I passed, I noticed the faces of women and children watching for the return of husbands and fathers. I hurried along, for my guide's pace had quickened again, and for the time I tried to think myself into the feelings of the man whose steps I was treading—a gambling profligate who dared not trust himself with money, a dissolute wreck who longed to shirk the responsibility of existence.

We went too fast and made too many turnings for me to retain any knowledge of the streets through which we passed. I was presently conscious that we were again back in the disreputable portion of town. It was still too early for the night-workers to swarm out, but the evening twilight gave to the houses a sinister appearance, like that on the faces of ruffians who sleep. At intervals, Caliban would stop before some villainous-looking grog-shop and wait until I came up. I entered one or two of these and learned that the dog and his master had been seen there a number of months ago, and that the dog came every day now. The master had taken a drink, that was all they knew about him.

"See here, Caliban, is not this a very circuitous route to the railway station, if we are bound thither? Now why do we go up this alley, back of these tumble-down buildings? It is a ghostly place for either men or dogs—especially just now when there is only enough light to see our way, and not enough to make these very harmless objects around us—boxes,

harrels, and cans—show for what they are. Am I to climh over that pile of lumber and into this low, dirty-looking sbed? Do you want to get me arrested for a mauraudiug vagrant? Now, what are you searching for? There is nothing on that pile of dirty straw. Heavens! Do people live in such quarters as these? There are lights through the cracks in the partition. Hark! A woman's voice!"

"Somehody is movin' round on the straw in the next room, Jim!"

"It's that d——d dog. I'll get in there and stick a knife through his lousy pelt, some time. Comes here every d——d night since that feller crawled in there that time and ——"

"Yes, yes; the police took him away. Don't talk ahout it. It scares me now to remember how horrihle his face looked."

"Hold on, Calihan! Wait till I ask—you will go, eh? And the police took him away, did they? Then the next thing is the station. Well, it is a relief to get out of that hole. One would think from the way that I am panting that I forgot to draw a full breatb all the time that I was in there."

But the next place was not the station. It was a small stone huilding over whose arched doorway appeared the words "City Hospital." It stood in a small side-street, ahutting a numher of large huildings which fronted upon the main avenue. An amhulance and horse were hitched to a stone post, ready to go at a moment's notice and bring the victim of accident or crime to where he could receive medical attendance. The driver, a hurly fellow in a policeman's coat, was pacing up and down the sidewalk past the vehicle. He touched his hat to me as I came up, and I recognized him as an old member of the force.

"Good evening, McGrath," said I.

"Good evening to you, Mr. Firmin. How does it happen that you have my dog with you?"

"Your dog? Why do you call him yours?"

The man stooped down to pat Calihan, who was ruhbing against his legs. "Because," said he, "he comes every night just ahout this same time to see me. He makes up to me, like he is doing now, until he is sure I am good-natured, then he runs up to the door and hegs to he let into the hospital."

"Why does he do that?"

"I think, sir," replied the man in a half-whisper, evidently fearful lest the dog should overbear what he said, "he is looking for his master. I'll show you. When I open the door, see, he runs along the hall to that room there. Well, *that's* where we put his master wben we got him to the hospital. He had sbot himself in the head, over near Riley's Alley. The dog followed into the room, and heating wouldn't get him out. So they let him stay. There is no one in the room now. He just goes in and looks ahout a little and then comes out—just like he has done now; see?"

"What was the man's name; did you find out?" I asked, as Calihan returned to us.

"He had a note in his hand addressed to the person who should find him. He said that his name was Ed Thompson, and that he came from some town in Minnesota. He said he was a civil engineer, but could not get any work, so be was going to shoot himself. I read the note myself, so I remembered it. 'I have no friends,' that is what it said in ending."

"And what finally hecame of him?" I asked; hut, just as I spoke, I caught a glimpse of Caliban disappearing around the corner. I could not wait for the answer to my question without losing my guide, and I bastily hroke away, almost upon a run. I called to the dog, hut he refused to look around. He was not going very fast, and I succeeded in overtaking him as be turned into the main avenue, which ran parallel to tbe street upon which the hospital was situated.

"Now then, my friend Calihan, surely we have not much further to go. It grows late, the streets are deserted, and the sunlight, under which we started upon this little journey, has given way to the hlackest of night. Here you stop in front of this magnificent pile of stone and marble, and look up at its classic columns. Do you want me to push open this iron gate? Very well, now you are in the yard, where do you propose to go? Around hack of the huilding, through this narrow passage-way, where the echo of my heels upon the stone pavement sounds like the rattle of bones. And now you crouch in front of tbat window, which opens into the hasement below. There appears to he some kind of a chute down whicb hoxes are slid. I will tell you what it is, Calihan, I can see through the dusty pane. What! The dissecting-room of a medical college! And now I know, hy this long, sad howl, that your itinerary is ended."

CHARLES DWIGHT WILLARD.

LOS ANGELES, July, 1889.

On the thirteenth of July, Dr. Julius Rosenstirn, a member of the hoard of health and a physician of deserved reputation, wrote to the *Examiner*, in defense of himself and his colleagues, a vindication of their official conduct in reply to a very ill-natured and ill-deserved assault made upon them hy the grand jury. Without entangling ourselves in a medical quarrel, we may say that, in our judgment, Dr. Rosenstirn's very emphatic and courageous reply to the grand jurors' report gave that hody a well-merited castigation for an over-impudent assault which they have made without investigation and puhlished without just cause. In defense of himself and his school of medicine, some allusion was made to homœopathy, and this hrought to the surface Dr. Samuel Lilienthal in defense of homœopathy. In reply, Dr. Rosenstirn is compelled to come back in the *Post* of Wednesday. As we do not helieve over much in homœopathy, we wish we could reproduce Dr. Rosenstirn's reply to Dr. Lilienthal, and when we commenced this note intended to do so, but our closing columns admonish us that we have not space to devote to the controversy, and we may conclude this hrief article by congratulating Dr. Rosenstirn on his spirited reply to the grand jury and his very energetic defense of the only school of medicine which is likely to survive the test of science and the observations of practical experience.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Cross Roads.

Out from the prison at twilight,
With stealthy, terrible swiftness,
Darted one of the branded, life beating in very vein,
Freedom stirring his pulses,
Gladness and fear and longing
Surging through brain and body with precious, unwonted pain.

Out from the damp, dark cell,
The shackles, the sorrowful silence,
Out from the ring of faces and the jarring of stern commands,
Forth to the scent of the meadows.
The glisten of garrulous brooklets,
And the dim, kindly evening he blessed with his weary hands.

On, like the sweep of a cimeter,
Dashed he, cutting the darkness,
Or as the storm blows on, none knowing its way or its will;
Cumbered with horrible fears,
Leaped he the perilous ledges,
Reaching the village that lay in the valley, untroubled and still.

Midway of his sickening haste,
Sudden he faltered and swooned,
Seeing three stand by a window, as the breeze loitering blew;
A woman, sad-featured and patient,
Two golden heads at her shoulder,
Dear eyes, he made shine once—dear childish hair that he knew!

Not yet, for surely the bloodhounds
Would track him thither to-morrow;
Not yet! tho' soon that door should open, as long ago;
Dashing the tear from his cheeks,
The bronze, rough cheeks that it hallowed,
He rushed on. Had they seen it, the poor, wan face! Did they know?

Here meet the roads; see eastways,
The long, clear track to the forest,
These with chestnuts shaded, the path to the inland town;
Behind, a glimpse of the village,
Front—Four sharp cliffs to the ocean;
Quickly, which shall he choose? Hark, the captors are hunting him down.

Shuffle of hurrying feet,
Breathings nearer and nearer,
No choice for a man who is doomed, unless straight to the merciful sea.
Up to the toilsome cliffs!
Better death than new anguish!
A cry, a plunge. . . . Shine, stars, on the ripples that ring that sea.

Soft in the ominous shadow the branches stir by the meadow,
Fair in the lonely distance the dying household glow;
Deep in the dust of the street,
Just where the four roads meet,
Two trembling forms where he stood a moment so;
And a wistful child's voice said,
Touched with great trouble and dread,
"Oh, little sister! which way did father go?"

—*Louise Imogen Guiney.*

Red Bradbury's End.

"Joe," the old man maundered, as he lay his length in the bed;
"Joe, God bless you, my son, but your dad's no better than dead,
Eh, I'm a powerful sinner, and I thank the Lord for the same,
But, Joe, I'm dying, I tell you! Joe, Joe, and I can't die game!"

"Aye, old man," said the son, "die game or die like a rat;
If you please to sneak into heaven I see no harm in that."
"But the parson, Joe, for pity!" The son leaned forth from his chair,
And the old man shrank and whimpered and shuddered away from his stare.

It was night, and the wind blew loud, and the rain swept over the moor,
And once and again a branch tap-tapped like a hand at the door;
The fire leaped, flickered, and fell, and a candle guttered and winked,
And the old man peered at the light till his eyelids reddened and blinked.

"Joe," he quavered again, "'twas cunning, eh, my son?
We stopped the mouths of the rogues, and we fought the law and we won.
But I tell you here as I lie, I can see those corpses stand,
With a tongue in every wound, all bloody at God's right hand.

"I can't die yet! I can't! Oh, mercy! I'll tell! I'll tell!
Quick, fetch me a parson, Joe, and save my soul out of hell!"
The old man stopped, for his breath came short, and the light grew dim;
But he shrieked, "I'm going to God, and I must get right with Him!"

"Dad," said the son, "lie still; die easy; let bygones be.
Now your own neck's free of the noose you shall tell no tales on me.
We've kept our counsel together; get right with God if you will;
God tells no tales, but parsons may, and I say, lie still!"

Then the whole pent-rage and remorse of the old man burst in a cry,
And he bounded up in the bed and he flung up his arms on high;
His clenched fists beat in the air; then he doubled and fell on the bed,
And his eyes were a fear to see; they lived, but the man was dead.

—*Arthur Symons.*

If actions are to be regarded as any criterion of intentions in politics, the Czar of Russia is, for the time at least, honest in his desire to ameliorate the conditiun of the mass of his subjects. The scheme of reform mapped out by Count Tolstoï, late minister of the interior, sweeping as it was in the measures it proposed to introduce, has met the approval of the Czar, and its adoption is being persistently urged upon the great boards of government of the empire. This scheme is, however, bitterly opposed by the nobles, who constitute, in fact, the legislative body, so far as their power goes, and with whose immemorial vested privileges the hill radically interferes. The bill was, accordingly, first returned to the Czar, with an intimation that it could not be passed. He thereupon sent it hack, with a message that pass it must. A compromise was then sought to be effected on the hasis that a few clauses, not materially affecting the privileges of the nobility, should be tried provisionally in four departments of the empire, to see how the scheme worked. Even this, however, the Czar would not agree to, and the latest phase of this battledore and shuttlecock game has assumed the form of a threat that the refractory assemhly would be kept in session till it came to its senses, if it took six months to do it. As this is the season when the nobles go to their country-seats, the imperial threat adds piquancy to the situation. What may be the outcome of this family quarrel it is impossible to predict. The government of Russia is anomalous, anachronous, and unintelligible. The common acceptation is that it is an unlimited monarchy, the occupant uniting in himself every authority and power, civil and ecclesiastical. Next comes the council of state, then the senate, followed by the holy synod and the committee of ministers. The presumption is that the authority of the Czar is only limited by his will-power and force of character. He treads, however, upon dangerous ground when he is found arrayed against the hereditary privileged classes of the empire, and sincere as may be his desire to carry out Count Tolstoï's measures of reform, he may in the end find himself unequal to the task.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Gazzam—"So young Briggs has taken a partner for life, has he *Fangle*—"No; not—not exactly for life. He married a Chicago gi —*Time.*

Old gentleman (at the head of the stairs)—"Ahem, ain't it gettin' pu late?" *Fannie*—"Oh, no, father dear, it's hardly light yet."—*M sey's Weekly.*

"Why, Charlie, what's the matter with your mustache?" "O got my wife to trim it for me this morning and she used the button-h scissors."—*Harper's Bazar.*

"Mister Vwinklemeir, did you say de brice vwas to pe reduced dese negties to-day?" "Yah; shust wride *only* abof de brice, an' um oud."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Stern parent (to a young applicant for his daughter's hand)—"Yo man, can you support a family?" *Young man* (meekly)—"I o wanted Sarah."—*Boston Post.*

Young bud—"I've had eleven proposals since my coming o *Withered leaf*—"Yes, the men all know you are having too goo time to think of marriage."—*Life.*

"That actor you introduced me to," remarked Giles, "can d more than any man I ever met." "He belongs to the new school, know," returned Merritt; "he's a tank actor."—*Judge.*

"Johnny is an awful boy," said Mrs. Brown; "he hasn't sat s moment this whole blessed day." "If I was his mother," returned M Slipper, "he wouldn't sit still for a whole month."—*Judge.*

Applicant for clerkship—"Are there any vacancies here?" *ployer* (gazes mutely but eloquently around at the assembled clerk "We have no room for any more at present. Call again."—*Harp Bazar.*

Clerk—"There, sir, I call that a pretty good-fitting pair of trouse *Farmer Stubblefield* (from Wayback Junction)—"They feel all righ the seat, Bub; but, seems to me, they don't fit very snug under arms."—*Life.*

Chicago detective (grabbing a man by the shoulder)—"I arrest yo *The grabbee*—"What for?" "For the murder of Cronin." "W Cronin is still alive." "Is that so?" (Releases him.) "Foiled aga —*New York Sun.*

Ella—"Where will you pass the summer? Are you going into country?" *Bella*—"I don't know, I'm sure. Papa said someth about his going into insolvency, and, if he says so, I suppose we s have to go there."—*Boston Herald.*

She—"Do you love music? I am passionately fond of it." (just introduced)—"I knew you were. I watched you the other n at the opera, and the way your jaws kept time to the music was a— *She*—"Sir?"—*Terre Haute Express.*

He—"Will you become my wife?" *She*—"Never!" *He* (g fully)—"Splendid! I'm glad to know that. We will keep righ taking buggy rides together. You don't know how relieved I feel to l you talk that way."—*From the German.*

"How much is cannel-coal, Mr. Littleton?" "I think it's eigh dollars. Just wait a minute." (He goes over to the book-keep "Has Elkins paid his bill yet?" "No, sir." "Ah, Mr. Elkins, I cannel-coal has gone up to twenty-four dollars."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Young Mr. Bliss (just married)—"I'm going right to housekeep and you can give me a point or two, can't you? I suppose the hig item of expense will be the house-rent, eh?" *Mr. Childers*—For first five or six years, yes." *Bliss*—"And then?" *Childers*—"Sho —*Puck.*

Dr. Bowless—"You will find your dyspepsia greatly alleviated, Peck, by cheerful and agreeable conversation at your meals." *Mr. Peck*—"I don't see how I am going to work it, doctor. My inc will hardly allow me to eat away from home all the time."—*Terre H Express.*

Outcast—"Please, mum, could you help an unfortunate man was caught in an elevator and laid up for six months?" *Old la* "Poor man; here's a dollar for you. How did you happen to caught?" (Pocketing the dollar)—"The police wuz too quick for mum."—*Time.*

Mother (to daughter lately married)—"What a change has c over your husband, Clara. He has grown very profane of la *Daughter*—"Yes, I noticed the change, mother. And to think th has all taken place in the short time you have been living with us cannot understand it."—*New York Sun.*

Miss Chatty Lafite (of Chicago, at the seaside)—"There go crab. What a strange creature it is! Don't you think so, Miss So set?" *Miss Minerva Somerset* (of Boston)—"It is passing stra yes." *Miss Chatty Lafite*—"You mean it is passing strangely, doubt. That's one on you, Miss Somerset."—*Puck.*

"That's a queer head-line in the paper," said Mrs. Schoeppenst "'Lost, a Fortune and a Wife.' I wonder which he missed the mo "The fortune, probably," said Mr. Schoeppenstedt, heartlessly; he had the wife, it would be hard for him to get another fortune, b he had a fortune he could easily get another wife."—*Somerville J nal.*

Sink (of the firm of Sink & Swim)—"Well, Mr. Gilbooly, we d need a man just now; but if you will work for the salary we spoken about I will hire you, on one condition." *Gilbooly*—"I acc Name it." *Sink*—"That you will not have the daily papers anno that you have accepted a very advantageous offer from Sink & Swim. —*Judge.*

Angelina—"There is no use in talking, mother. All is over betw us." *Mother*—"What has happened?" *Angelina*—"Two min after George left me at the gate last evening, he uttered a terrible cu *Mother*—"Shocking! What caused it?" *Angelina*—"I don't know sure, mother; but when I turned the light up in the parlor, I fou twenty-five-cent piece where George had been sitting. I am a George is no gentleman."—*Puck.*

Mr. Lenz (photographer)—"I have not, for a long time, had so a sitter as you are. The expression is exactly right. How did you such control over the facial muscles? Are you an actor?" *Mr. R ster*—"No, sir." *Mr. Lenz*—"Well, well! Perhaps you are a l clist?" *Mr. Rhodster*—"Yes, I am." *Mr. Lenz*—"Ah, that exp it! It comes from riding the machine on stone pavements, and tr to look as if you enjoyed it."—*Puck.*

Physician—"Now, Mrs. Smalltalk, will you let me look at tongue?" *Mrs. Smalltalk* (two minutes later)—"Well, doctor, in the world don't you look at my tongue, if you want to, instea writing away like a newspaper editor. How long do you expect going to sit here with my mouth wide open?" *Physician*—"Just moment more, please, madam. I only wanted you to keep still enough so that I could write the prescription."—*Somerville Journa*

Wickwire—"I wish to goodness somebody would invent a way to tinguish between a type-writing-machine and the girl who runs *Yaksley*—"I should think a man of ordinary sense would have trouble in doing so." *Wickwire*—"Oh, you idiot, I mean in wri I received a bill stating that I was indebted to Blank & Co. for rib for type-writer, and my wife got hold of it and raised a dickens of a for about an hour before she'd let me explain."—*Terre Haute Exp*

"Now boys," asked the miser, as twelve pair of eyes gazed hun at the steak over which he invitingly held the knife and fork, "w many of you will take a nickel and go to bed without any supp With visions of tops, marbles, and similar attractions, there was a m chorus of "I's," but alas for their bright-hued dreams! In the m ing, refreshed by sleep, their appetites whetted to a ravenous degree old man asked: "And now, who will give five cents for his br fast?"—*Life.*

VANITY FAIR.

e of the London society papers are criticising very the comments made by the American journals on hamberlain's rebuke to Lady M. for indulging in highly d conversation in her presence at a dinner-party (says a correspondent). They call attention to the trite fact ociety in London is made up of innumerable "sets," at while in some of them loose conversation may be ed, it is not fair for Americans to assume that the gossip better class of London drawing-rooms is unfit for sen- ears. The particular set in which the incident which such a social commotion did take place, was the rough House set, of which the central sun is, of the Prince of Wales. This is the set which a few of st successful Americans eventually get into, and it e they all strive for. Among those who, at one time or have figured therein are: Mrs. Artbur Paget, a er of Mrs. Paran Stevens; young Mrs. George Ben- nown in New York as Miss Livingstone; Lady Mande- liss Jennie Chamberlain, who will soon marry Captain Leyland; Lady Randolph Churchill, Mrs. Adair, rthur Butler, Lady Lister Kaye, Mrs. Jack Leslie, and ackay. Our American duchess is a long way off from urse, mainly because of the Prince of Wales's intense for the Duke of Marlborough. A peculiar notion pre- the Marlborough House set that all the fortunate who are permitted to bask temporarily in the ere of the heir-apparent are warranted in say- doing very much as they please, though they still to retain the privilege of passing judgment on ions of all outside tbeir enchanted circle. When lin-Campbell divorce-case was on, the newspapers ery household with the details. No end of *bon-mots* ies about it were current at swell dinner-tables. Few would admit of reproduction in print, yet they were tingly told by married women in the presence of young d allusions were made to the details of the testimony ay of "chaff" which showed that all present were per- quainted with them. Till within a few years ago, the English society was proverbially a limited and exclu- rie, controlled by staid and decorous matrons, emi- onventional and preëminently insular. The English s the accepted continental type for an innocent, frigid, ogether tiresome maiden; the English peer was a fish, supercilious nobleman; the English dowager a essed, ill-mannered, bigoted, and prejudiced woman. years this insularism has rushed to almost an extreme opolitanism. A quarter of a century ago it would en very difficult to decide precisely who was in society; ally difficult to-day to say who is not. In those days, rs were considered immoral and Americans vulgar. s was considered *bourgeois*. *Punch* capitally crystal- prevailing ideas when it made one Piccadilly swell re- te with another: "Don't walk so fast, old chap, or will think that you have something to do." Society bas ered into trade, and, by way of retribution, trade has into society. Many women of social position bave be- mmission-agents, actors, dress-makers, milliners, curi- op-keepers, club-proprietors, touts, and what not; the other hand, brewers, bankers, merchants, stock- and professionals of all sorts contrive to get securely e realms of what is called society. In short, there n almost a social revolution, and the tone and con- have changed with the rest of it.

of the hard-shelled aristocrats, wbo have been taught America and everything American from their birth, a great deal of the blame for this change to the in- f the American women. They accuse them of having people with their New World wealtb, and to have the more desirable of tbeir marriageable young men any dollars per head. Tbey accuse them of having down their prejudices, ridiculed their stiff customs and ness, and of making a laughing-stock of their social s. In short, it pleases them to accuse a mere handful ican girls—for after all there are very few American who have obtained real social distinction in London— g in and in less than a generation demoralizing a so- eral centuries old. A very "smart" American wo- speaking of this the other night, said: "Yes, we are ly being reminded of the fact that we are interlopers : the charge that we are lowering the tone in English rooms is too ridiculous to argue seriously. On the —and I speak by the card—English society has very wered the standard of some of our girls who have arried here or have come here and struggled about a o wo in the Marlborough House set. It soon wears n off tbem. Without mentioning names, it is noto- t several girls who came here from America as modest ng as any well-bred English girl could be, have turned ning but patterns for tbe young since they got into the swim.

orals and tone of talk in Berlin society are no better. ost astonishes the foreign observer about Berlin so- e fact that what scandalous talk there is is coarse, l without the slightest pretense of attempting to veil al the flagrancy of the matters discussed. This is ue, doubtless, to the fact that society in Germany is nchecked by any fear of publicity in the press. e no strictly society papers printed in Berlin, Vienna, ch, as there are in London, Paris, and New York. ossip never finds its way into print unless some scan- particularly blatant and is crowded into the law The daily papers occasionally print society notes, but h the same stupid, stilted stuff which appears in the press under the head of the "Court Circular." Sev- rts have been made at different times to establish society papers, but they were suppressed, either be- cause they were too scandalous or too truthful. The *Kleine Journal* and the *Boersen Courier*, both published daily, tend more than other papers in Germany to keep some record of prominent social doings, but their matter is very carefully edited, and the truth is often thrown to the bottom of a very deep well. At the Court of Berlin, as at every other court, the social atmosphere is charged with *chroniques scandaleuses*. These are retailed from drawing-room to drawing-room and from dinner-table to dinner-table. There is no hesitation whatever in talking about them. If a man were as much amenable to the law of libel for what he says here as he is in England, lawyers might reap a golden harvest. In comparison to the size of the city, the *grand monde* of Berlin is exceedingly small. It is, in many respects, entirely distinct from society in Paris, London, or St. Petersburg. This distinction is founded partly on the German militarism and partly on the cold, skeptical, unpolished character of the North German people. Those who form the upper-crust of Berlin, absolutely ignore the existence of all beneath it. They refuse to be annoyed by swarms of people aching to lock arms with tbem, as is tolerated in society in London and New York.

The casinos are hot-beds of Berlin social gossip, and the way in which the most private affairs are discussed there amazes an American visitor. The man who would talk in the smoking-room of a New York club as some men in Germany do at the casinos would not be able to sleep for fear that somehow or other his remarks would get into print. There are a few small clubs in Berlin. The officers and army men meet at the Military Casino, the non-military men at the Adelige Casino, and the sportsmen have a club of their own in the Shadowstrasse, just off Unter den Linden. There are a number of societies, or "vereine," which meet at hotels, small halls, and so forth, but they can scarcely be considered clubs. The *grande dame* of Berlin has her *jour fixe* once a week, when she is at bome to those belonging to her exclusive set. Besides these *jours fixes*, she gives two or three soirées a week during the winter season, which always conclude witb dancing. A special German institution is the *Kaffeekränzchen*, which means a gathering about three o'clock in the afternoon, to drink tea or coffee, eat cake, and dish up the latest gossip and exchange stories. These *Kaffeekränzchen* serve the purpose of society papers, so far as the women are concerned, for almost everything and everybody are passed in review and their doings subjected to severe criticism. Woe to the man or woman who runs foul of the ill-will of such a gathering as this. They are managed mainly by a clique of old ladies (known as the "Old Guard"), who know everybody and assume to know everything. But aside from the particularly swell society of Berlin, there is a set nearly as exclusive, composed mainly of financial men. The power of tbis social organization can hardly be understood in any other state of society. The men who rule it can not rub elbows with the aristocracy, but they can and do lend them money and dictate to them. The German nobility have reached a depth of poverty equaled only, perhaps, by that of the Italian nobility. To make both ends meet, they are continually borrowing, mortgaging, and speculating, but woe be to the member of the aristocracy who tries to get a man who has lent him money into the select circle. The whole set will turn upon him savagely, snub him hard, and then drop him. Even Herr von Bleichroder, a wealthy banker and friend and financial adviser to the mighty Bismarck, has not been able to obtain tbe *entrée* into the strictly select *grande monde*. When his wife was alive, ber efforts to climb the social ladder made her the laughing-stock of the people on top, wbo were hitting her fingers, but since her death, Herr von Bleichroder contents bimself with the dignified rôle of an all-powerful money king.

In Municb, tbe paradise of Bohemians, there is even more freedom of action and of conversation than tbere is in Berlin. But then a real society does not exist in Munich. Everybody is more or less a Bobemian. Princes of tbe blood visit beer-houses in the same happy-go-lucky fashion as the tradesmen. One of the best known of the best Bohemians, and really one of the most remarkable women in Municb, is the Baroness von Pausinger, wife of the ex-minister of finance for Bavaria. She keeps open house for painters, poets, singers, actors, journalists, and almost everybody else who can behave decently and dress respectably. In Baroness Pausinger's house you may hear the social tid-bits tbere are going in Munich, and hear them discussed without any particular deference to chaste expression. A man or woman with a good story is a great prize.

How successful tbe profession of dress-making is in New York (says the Chicago *News*) may be inferred from the fact that these fashionable caterers to the vanity of women own some of the most splendid establisbments in the city. One firm of dress-makers, a short time ago, purchased the old Lorillard mansion on Murray Hill and paid one hundred and ten thousand dollars for it. Here, in the very beart of the most exclusive and fashionable portion of the city, they receive their customers in superb reception-rooms with parquet floors, frescoed ceilings, and brocaded hangings. A well-known London tailor—who has a branch house in New York, the front of which establishment is on Fifth Avenue and has dozens of great gilded royal coats-of-arms with legends underneath to say tbat he is a tailor by special appointment for half the crowned beads in Europe—in one year has cleared free of all expenses one hundred thousand dollars in this New York branch house. The dress-makers must have plenty of capital to be able to succeed, for many have often to be out of their pay for two or three years at a time; and, though the interest is high, they take a good many risks. On the whole, the purchasers are pretty honest and pay excellently with heavy interest for the privilege of not being hurried about it. If bills are sent in promptly, the dress-maker runs a pretty serious chance of losing her custom, and she has absolutely two different rates of prices for those who pay when the dress is sent home and those who expect to be waited for for a year or two. They have all sorts of different methods for different customers, as, for example, the wife of a certain well-known millionaire, who can never persuade him to trust her with any sum of money but who gets her bills paid no matter what their size without a murmur, regularly banks with her dress-maker and draws a check on her at any time for two or three hundred dollars, all of which is charged up with interest in the bill under the head of laces, cloaks, or costumes, and is paid by her husband without a question. There are some husbands, on the other hand, who object bitterly to bills from the dress-maker, but will pay any sum to the butcher or grocer, so the dress-maker forwards her accounts to the gentleman who furnishes meats, and he conceals the price of silk underclothes and Paris frocks under an account for a startling number of chops and meat enough to feed an army, and when his bill is paid settles up with the customer. There is a fashionable pawn-broker on Fifth Avenue who has no gilt-balls for a sign and does not display any unclaimed goods for sale in her window, but who does a flourishing business, nevertheless, in lending money at about forty per cent. interest on the jewels and knicknacks of fashionable women. She declares that most of the money she lends out in this way goes to pay importunate dress-makers who have waited for their bills to be settled until patience has ceased to be a virtue, and who have been driven at last to send the account in to the father or husband, who bad absolutely forbidden such debts to be contracted.

The silk-and-taffeta gloves, with kid fingers, lately introduced, are very peculiar to look at and rather pointless, on the whole, for they are neither cool nor pretty, the two virtues which should be combined to make the perfect summer glove. The kids with lisle-thread palms are more to the point, and will be largely worn this summer. Another trick with the gloves is the introduction of a tiny pocket in the palm of the left hand. It is intended to hold a dime, car-fare, a railway-ticket, and other such slippery odds and ends.

The summer girl has developed a violent passion for fishing. This is a fashion imported from France. Every one bas seen French prints of girls standing ankle-deep in the edge of the water, with their skirts kilted up to their knees, and with a long-handled net in which they are supposed to be catching some sort of fish, while they look very theatrical and self-conscious but very pretty and jaunty. Where the trout hides in the deep pools of the shallow brooks, they add a rod to their net and hang a basket at the side in which to put their speckled treasures. The gown's the thing, however; it does not make much difference what one catches, the great point is to have a chance to wear the fetching costume of the fisher-maiden, to show one's pretty ankles, and to have something novel to do. A pretty example of the fishing dress was worn at Cape May by a Philadelphia girl, the skirt of it being in broad stripes of red-and-white flannel, which came only to her knee, having a hem about a foot wide and being set on almost plain all around, all the fullness coming directly in the back. The loose sailor-blouse was of white washing silk, turning over with a deep round collar, cut very low in the neck, with a broad scarlet scarf passed under the collar and tied in a big sailor-knot with floating ends. The shirt was confined at the waist with a wide, soft red sash knotted on one hip. The sleeves were close-fitting and came only to the elbow, leaving the smooth, round, olive-skinned arm bare below that. With this she wore long scarlet stockings and a pair of cork-soled white canvas-shoes, without heels and tied over the instep with strings of red braid. Above her dark, rosy face, she had drawn on her fluffy black locks a little scarlet Neapolitan fisher's cap, the tassle of which hung down over her left ear. Sbe had a long-handled net with which she captured crabs, and a general delightfulness in appearance with wbich she captured more men than shell-fish. Another, for a New York girl, was a gray-green serge, the short hemmed-skirt being embroidered all around the bem with a pretty sea-shell and sea-weed pattern, done in white; the shirt is of gray-green silk opening nearly down to the waist over a pointed front of broad stripes of white-and-green running crosswise, the point being finished with a big sailor-knot of white silk, a gray-green silk sash is tied about the waist. The stockings are in green-and-white stripes, tbe canvas-shoes tied with green, and a white Tam o' Shanter has a huge green pompon on its top. The trouting-girl can not go in for quite so much picturesqueness or such light colors as the crabbing-girl. These delicate tints do not appear as well in the woods as on tbe bright sunny beacb, and her costume is in dark sbades of corduroy, heavy diagonal cloth, and thick serge, as she must tramp through briers and undergrowth to reach the shadowy pools where the trout lurks. The dainty lisle-thread stockings, which serve the crabbing-girl very well in the salt water, would be soon torn to pieces in the woods, and must give place to long leggings of soft, undressed leather, which have little buckles and straps running down the outside of the leg to make it firm and shapely; or else, if she is a very ardent fisher indeed, and will go wading after her prey, she will wear long, soft rubber-boots, which draw nearly up to the hips and enable her to plunge into the shallows and wade in marshy places, with a confidence wbicb only comes from the knowledge that she will not have to stand for hours afterwards with wet feet. A pretty dress, which went in the trunk of a famous trout-fisher up to the Adirondacks, was a dark gray-blue serge, the front of the skirt being plain and forming one broad box-plait the width of the hips, all the back and sides being laid in deep kilts. The shoes were of pig-skin, with corrugated rubber-soles, and over these were buckled a long pair of reddish-tan undressed leather-leggings, which came considerably over the knee. There was a loose shirt of heavy white silk, which had little tucks down the front, brier-stitched in blue, and with a loose blue tie knotted under the collar; tbis was held by a broad leather-belt. For evening and cool days there was a Norfolk jacket of tbe blue serge. She wore on her head a little fore-and-aft of the serge, and two straps crossed her sboulders, one holding her red-leather fly-book, hanging on one hip, her trout-basket being on the other.

EXPOSITION NOTES.

By Our Paris Correspondent.

Fête follows fête.

Last night lanterns were hung on every tree and every jet of gas was lit throughout the whole length and breadth of the exhibition inclosure. The Eiffel Tower blazed forth in crimson fire at intervals, and a superb display of fire-works completed the show. Lanterns, gas-jets, Bengal fire, and fire-works were all in honor of you. As President Carnot courteously expressed it, "The fourth of July will henceforth be for the French 'United States Day.'"

It commenced with the inauguration of the statue of Liberty—a reduction of the huge statue on Bedlow's Island—presented to the municipality of Paris by the American residents, and erected at the further side of the Isle des Cygnes. You have heard of the Island of Swans in connection with the exhibition. It lies on the further side of the Champ de Mars—a narrow, straight bar of land, joined at either end to the mainland by bridges. I never saw any swans there, though I suppose these fowl congregated there at some period of its history. With the departure of the swans—it may be surmised—all picturesqueness disappeared from the island, for it can only boast of a double row of rather meagre trees, forming an avenue on each side of a pathway for pedestrians. Yesterday was the first time I ever set foot on it. Fashionables were never known to make a pleasure-resort of the Isle des Cygnes, because there is no pleasure to be got there, and all you can do is to sit on the benches under the meagre trees and watch the passing steamers. Dwellers in neighboring Passy and Grenelle are attracted thither—of this I am sure, for though uninhabited it is not altogether deserted. Boys, in particular, enjoy its seclusion; lovers, too, I daresay. I will go there one evening and report matters to you, for the island has gained world-wide reputation. Hitherto our knowledge of it has been confined to passing glimpses from the river.

You will perhaps think it strange that such a site should have been chosen for the statue of Liberty. But, after all, it is not a bad one, and its proximity to the exhibition was in its favor—we can not admit that, after the experiences of this summer, the Champ de Mars should ever return to its old desolation—and from the Seine, as well as from the quays, the effect is very good, or rather, I should say, will be very good. For at present Liberty turns her back upon the water that she might show her bronzed visage to M. Carnot, as in politeness bound, and she is ultimately to be turned round on her pedestal so as to look out seaward, in such a way as to command the notice of the hypothetical visitor who should come to Paris by the unused highway of the river.

Many of us, who were not quite up to time, were not there to greet President Carnot on his arrival at the island. For be is punctuality itself. But we managed, most of us, to crowd in after him, and the few reserved seats were soon rather more crowded than was convenient. However, the ceremony was not a long one, by any means. After the veil had been drawn from the monument, M. Chautemps, president of the municipal council, made a neat little speech in which he thanked the resident subscribers in the name of the "Ville de Paris." Mr. Whitelaw Reid responded in English—the minister not yet having mastered the French language sufficiently to use it in public—after which M. Carnot shook him warmly by the band, and the Americans in the near vicinity of M. Bartholdi shook *him* by the hand; crash went the band—first "Yankee Doodle," then the "Marseillaise"—the president descended from the platform, and there was a general move across the bridge. The actual inauguration was over.

This was only the first act. The second was to come. Once we had seen M. Carnot safe off in his calèche, we all began to make our way down to the landing-place, where one, two, and more steamers, decorated with trophies of American flags, were moored. We got on board as soon as possible, for it was fearfully hot, and we were only too glad to find ourselves beneath a friendly awning, and before long we were on our way to the Hôtel de Ville, whither we had been invited to a "vin d'honneur." Now, "wine of honor" is an old French expression. It used to mean a punch-bowl full of spiced Burgundy—hot or cold, according to the season. The modern equivalent consists of bumpers of champagne, to which municipal hospitality added a pretty assortment of savories and sweets. Our jaunt on the river sharpened our appetites. We made our way slowly and solemnly up the centre of the river. There was one boat ahead of mine, and close behind came the official steamer with the prefect and Mr. Whitelaw Reid and all the municipal councilors on board. No petticoats there; but the other steamers were crowded with ladies in pretty summer toilets. All, save perhaps one or two—we were a motley crew of Americans and French—were familiar enough with the river, yet somehow from the deck of this steamer, under the protection of the stars and stripes, things assume a different aspect, and we evince unusual interest in them; first of all in the Eiffel Tower, up which the lifts crawl unceasingly, like huge insects of some unknown and hideous species; then in the various constructions built down by the water-side—the Fluvial Pavilion, the Transatlantic panorama, the new and yet unfinished gastronomic hall, a magnificent pile, a palace of Gargantua; and hard by an Alhamhra-like edifice for housing specimens of rare Spanish wines, a milk-white mansion erected by the Portuguese commission; then the semi-circle of the triumphal arch at the entrance of the Alma Bridge (whereon are crowds of persons, some of whom toss up their hats and cheer us), and, finally, the Russian annex, on which a big St. George is slaying a dragon, and the towers which flank the entrance to the Esplanade; then, after we have passed the exhibition, all the beautiful monuments of Paris itself, in which its history is writ in stone, from the classic Chamber of Deputies—so reposeful-looking without, frequently such a bear-garden within—to the lofty, frowning walls of the dread Conciergerie, past the Louvre and the Institut and many a storied place beside, until we reach the Hôtel de Ville. Here we disembarked, and in irregular procession crossed the wharf, the quays, and place, and entering the town-hall were marshaled through halls and vestibules, up the *escalier d'honneur* to the Salle des Fêtes. Here, as the journals have it, the most cordial reception awaited us. Champagne ran like water, and we did ample justice to the good things provided. While the band of the Garde Republicaine played some of its most stirring airs, we lounged in the gallery, chatted with our friends, and whiled away an hour very pleasantly. As I came out, I overheard a hall-porter teaching his comrade a few words of English. Indeed it was a day of good fellowship. Before proceeding to the Isle of Swans in the morning, Mr. Whitelaw Reid had gone with an American deputation to the cemetery, and placed a wreath of flowers on the grave of the great Lafayette. In the evening, the French officials flocked to the legation to make their bow to the American representative, while the rockets were fizzing and roaring from the Island of Swans, and the people of Paris were enjoying their part of the Fourth of July celebration in right good earnest. Henceforth there is another fête in the French calendar.

Les cadeaux entretiennent l'amitié. Jacques Bonhomme sent Jonathan a statue — the biggest that was ever made. Then the Jonathans over here got up a subscription to present Paris with a reduction of this same statue, and now this new and smaller Liberty having been properly inaugurated and the two nations toasted in excellent champagne by all concerned, they are prepared to be even on greater terms of intimacy than they were before. And it is Vive la France! and Vive l'Amérique! and Vive la Liberté! all round. PARISINA.

PARIS, July 5, 1889.

The opening of the Paris Exhibition, combined with a variety of other and more permanent causes, has brought about a very remarkable acceleration in the speed of the journey between London and the French capital. Only a few years ago the journey to Paris—a matter of two hundred and eighty-eight miles by Calais, and of two hundred and sixty miles by Boulogne—occupied the whole day, and involved an early start, a late arrival, and a middle passage attended with the utmost discomfort. On the other hand, the new "Club train," leaving London at a quarter-past four and reaching Paris at five minutes to twelve, the whole journey is accomplished in seven hours thirty-one minutes actual time. The running of this "Club train" from Calais to Paris is for the continent a veritable *tout de force*. It is the highest speed yet attained in France. Yet the actual speed is only a little more than forty-three miles an hour. Even so, however, it is doubtful whether the speed is not too great for safety, when the comparatively slight construction of continental railways and the loose and careless coupling of the trains are taken into account.

The business of Paris has risen to a point that before the exhibition would not have been considered possible. According to some accounts, it is only limited by the quantity of merchandise for sale. One of the great Parisian jewelers said recently: "Never have we sold as we have during this exposition. There seem to be no bounds to the wealth of the foreigners who are now in Paris. The objects that sell most readily are those that cost the dearest. Pearl necklaces at one hundred and sixty thousand dollars are snapped up nowadays with eagerness. There are more purchasers than necklaces. 'C'est absolument fou.'" A great dress-maker of the Rue de la Paix tells a similar tale. Women say: "I wish to spend twenty or forty thousand dollars in your establishment. How many dresses and mantles can I have for that amount?" Like the jeweler, the dress-maker says: "C'est absolument fou."

Accumulations of surface-matter are astonishingly rapid. Professor Newton estimates that forty million meteors fall to the earth annually. These add enormous quantities of matter to the earth, but do not, of course, account for all surface growth and changes. Modern London is built on the site of Roman London, but the ancient city is seventeen feet lower than the modern. The Jerusalem streets that Jesus walked through are twenty feet lower down than the streets of Jerusalem of to-day. One of the most interesting resorts of that city, in the time of Christ, was the pool of Bethesda. Recently, work being done by the Algerian monks has laid bare a large tank cut in the solid rock thirty feet deep.

According to a Brussels telegram, the construction of the line of railway from Metazi to Stanley Pool will require four years, and will cost five million dollars. The whole undertaking is in the hands of a Belgian company, under the patronage of the government. The line will extend from the western coast to the very heart of Africa. It is expected that the opening of such an important railway will ultimately be the most beneficial and powerful means of civilization in Africa, and put a practical check to the slave trade.

The seventeen persons awaiting trial in Somerset County jail have adopted a code of laws of their own, and elected Lewis, chief of the McClellandtown gang, as their judge. A few days ago two men prisoners were caught stealing tobacco. Judge Lewis sentenced them to be bumped against the prison wall, which was done so vigorously that the watchman thought a wholesale outbreak was being attempted. He was on the point of alarming the town when the situation was explained.

Among other anthropometical data, Mr. Francis Galton has secured the impressions in printer's ink of the two thumbs of many hundred persons in order to determine the possibility of using the method in identification. He says that a minute investigation of thumb or finger-marks shows an extraordinary difference in small though perfectly distinct peculiarities.

Passenger-elevators having electric-motors are much in use in England, the Bank of England being the last to utilize their electric plant for such a purpose.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

When walking out, the Empress of Russia always carries a la with which to screen her face from those who stare rudely at her.

Queen Victoria's health seems to be failing. She has to be by servants in entering or leaving her carriage, and uses a cane port her while walking.

Mr. Gladstone has increased his allowance of wine for dinne drinking less than a pint of his favorite port now. He says that affects him less than a half-pint did a generation ago.

Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll is accepted by those who know a the best cooks in New York. He is said to be a gourmet of the altitude, and his friends say he prepares, with his own hands, the part of the menu at the private dinners he gives at his home.

Prince Alexander of Battenberg's brother-in-law, Lieutenant ger, has been betrothed to the daughter of the head game-keep forest in Hungary. She is named Louise Kopek. What stand Loisinger will have in the royal household of England remai seen.

Herr von Hortig Kruger, the Berlin editor who obtained a lished the diary of Emperor Frederick, and in consequence ha the country after the confiscation of his property, has settled Haven, Conn., with his family. He is now editor of the *Connec publikaner*.

Mme. Buloz, whose death is announced, was the wife of the of the *Revue des Deux-Mondes*, and mother of its present She greatly aided her husband in establishing the *Revue*, e in the stormy days of 1838, when M. Buloz edited his magazine in the debtor's prison at Clichy, and had George Sand for reader.

Count Ladislas Plater, who recently died in Switzerland at th eighty-three, was once mercilessly ridiculed by Caroline Bauer, memoirs, she speaks of him as "a sort of spoony youth, to w mamma was not very liberal as regards pocket-money, and wh evinced an uncommon talent for economy." Yet she afterward his wife.

Dr. von Bulow was recently asked to conduct the performar operetta which he considered worthless. He declined, but we show and occupied a conspicuous seat. What rendered him m spicuous was the fact that he was attired in deepest mourning. stuff," he said, meaning the operetta, "is being buried, and I am ing its funeral."

There are but four persons in the United States, besides those public office, who are allowed the privilege of sending and mail-matter free. These four persons are the widows of Preside Tyler, Garfield, and Grant. That letters, newspapers, and pa be sent to them free, one would think was rather a nuisance th wise, and places them at the mercy of the thousands of "crank

The mother of Frascuelo, one of the leading *espadas* of Sp buried with great pomp. She had passed a life of extreme anxie her son, and she died during one of his appearances in the ri coffin, which was decorated with golden ornaments, was carri hearse by four great *matadors*, and behind it was Frascuelo an other famous bull-fighters of the town, followed by one bun sixty carriages.

Princess Clementine has made a good match for her grand the daughter of Archduke Joseph. Prince Thurn and Taxis has rent-roll of one million six hundred thousand dollars, and is th of the empress. Still the match is regarded as a misallian Austrian Court, and the emperor warned the young archduch fact. She replied that she did not care; she intended to m prince, anyway.

The Duke of Portland, while he was merely Mr. Bentinck, some debts of honor which he desired to pay. He went to lender, but the Jew at first was not inclined to let him have th on easy terms. "The Duke of Portland may live twenty ye may die in the meantime," said the Hebrew. Mr. Bentinck deny this, and was ready to give liberal interest. "I will tell I will do," said the Jew; "you will give me your word that become Duke of Portland you will pay me ten thousand pou I will give you one thousand pounds now." The duke closed offer, and a few weeks after the Duke of Portland died the new membered his bargain. He instructed his agent to pay ten pounds in spite of the remonstrances of his lawyer, who insist promise so extravagant was not binding.

The recent report of the illness of the Queen-Regent of Spa origin in that tactful lady's desire to avoid being mixed up feud. Places had been given for the same tribune in the Señora Martos, wife of the speaker, and Señora Cavalejas, w minister of justice. The latter came first. Señora Martos, c her and two other ladies in possession of the best places, a through an usher, to yield her seat. A refusal was given, money had been paid for the place, the Cortes not being an op or circus." Feelings were vented in high words on both side Martos went to Señor Sagasta about it. But the men were settle the matter among themselves, so they appealed to th regent. She heard them through, and then, without giving any retired to her apartments and went to bed, pretending to be il or so later, she was taken into the country, "for her health." ladies settled the trouble is not recorded.

Mr. John Tenniel, *Punch's* famous cartoon artist, will be next year. He joined the staff in 1851, and has worked under tors—Mark Lemon, Tom Taylor, Shirley Brooks, and now nand. Mr. Tenniel claims little credit for the ideas of h cartoons. At the weekly dinner of the staff on Wednesday, th for the coming week is discussed. "What I do," says the arti see that a subject is not repeated, and that a scene is not o which I do not think I could do justice." On Thursday, Mr. thinks over the composition of the picture and makes one or two of the figures; and on Friday he goes into his "den." Throug day he is "not at home," and by the evening the drawing on finished and packed off to the engraver. He lives in a soli house in Maida Vale, which has sheltered him for nearly forty is a tall, military-looking man, with a drooping, gray musta produces a water-color occasionally, and is a member of the K stute.

Prince Sulkowski recently caused a great sensation at Vien caping from the mad-house in which his family had kept him years. He is a member of the Prussian Upper House, and estates in Germany and Austro-Hungary. Early in life he was ous spendthrift. He was twice married; his first wife died aft been separated from him. One of his eccentric freaks was with a great menagerie of wild beasts through Europe. He m self a nuisance wherever he appeared, because he turned n day. His second wife was an actress. In 1883, his family taken to a private asylum, where he stayed till some days guardian left him alone in the grounds for a few moments onl returning did not find him. The cab-driver who waited for h back-door of the garden has, after four days' delay, informed that he had often taken two ladies to the asylum at Dobling, they had talked over the wall to a patient, who had several the establishment to drive out with the ladies, and had even su them in some fashionable restaurant. The keeper confesse true, but that the prince always returned punctually. On the escape, only the elder lady came, and she soon left with the pr drove to her lodgings. There the younger lady was waiting for m he concealed himself until nightfall, when all three left by r younger woman is a Hungarian, a woman of thirty-five, who the prince's mistress since 1880, and accompanied him when he taken to the asylum. He gave her large sums of money, and part of them upon efforts to obtain his release, first by fair, the means.

THE SHAH IN LONDON.

"Cockaigne" tells how the Persian Potentate was Entertained.

London is spelled with four letters at the present moment, nd these four letters rival in height the Eiffel Tower, and, in rilliancy, the electric-light which burns at its top. They are -H-A-H. Ever since Monday last nothing else has been nought of, talked of, or dreamed of, but the ill-visaged bararian who rules with a tyrant's arm over Persia, and who is ust now, for some unaccountable reason, being made the lion f the hour in the highest society which England can boast. do not know if it has struck any one else in the same way, ut, to me, this British excitement and fuss over a man whose ins and wickedness, were he an Englishman, would exclude im from the lowest order of society, furnishes a painful specacle of the inconsistency of civilized people and the fallibility f the teachings of morality when applied to real life—in high laces. Here is a man whose tyrannical cruelties are notorius, whose treatment of his human subjects is such that, were n English school-boy to practice it on a rat or a dog, he would et a month's imprisonment from the same magistrates who e to-day hustling and elbowing each other to be the first to ostrate themselves before the Shah of Persia. Here is a an whose laws are the creatures of his whims and their exution a matter of his individual temper or caprice; who is nself governed by no respect whatever for the common oprieties or decencies of civilized life, except in so far as it is nporarily enforced, with varying success, during a short som in the dominions of a civilized sovereign; whose every t and thought, as exemplified in his mode of life, are at war th the principles of moral right taught in our schools and from r pulpits—here is he welcomed on his arrival upon British l by the heir-apparent to the crown, surrounded and supted by all the pomp and circumstance of worldly show and eatness which English state ceremonies can supply, conted, with all those tokens of homage usually bestowed upon rsons of high estate, to the residence of the Queen of Engd, and there met by her at the foot of the steps, with outetched hands, kindly smiles, and gentle words. It is all y well to say, as a reigning monarch of a friendly nation, gland must accord him the national respect due to his posin. No one doubts or gainsays that. But, beyond mere ional respect, I would refuse the Shah, and, in doing so, gland would cover herself and her history with far more dit and honor than she is bestowing on either by feasting l fêting him.

Now, just imagine the round of gayety and amusement ich has been provided for him—not by the nation as a ole, but by the people of the nation as individuals, and the best people of the nation at that. On Monday he arrived, l his reception from the time of his landing at Westminster dge, whence he was driven through the West End in state Buckingham Palace, was simply an ovation. The pret-t part of it all was when the open carriages, with the scarliveried servants, turned into St. James's Park at the Horse ards' entrance, and took the whole length of the Mall up to gates of Buckingham Palace. The day was perfect, the sailing aloft in a cloudless blue sky and making that green it and shade on foliage and turf which can be seen nowhere greater perfection than in an English park. The broad dway was kept on either side by household troops, the g, steady, bearskin-topped lines of the Foot Guards being ken at regular intervals by a couple of Life Guardsmen, or lues," in steel cuirass and helmet, and seated like rocks on r coal-black chargers. Away to the right, behind the line rees which skirt the road, loomed up the back windows broad-balustraded balconies of Carlton House Terrace, ped with crimson cloth and brilliant with the summer umes of some of the greatest ladies in the land, for e is no sweller spot in London's West End to live in Carlton House Terrace. If the dear creatures could have e so with the propriety befitting their station, be sure that where along his route would the Shah have received a e rousing cheer of welcome than from the Ladies Gwen-n and Clara Vere de Vere who thronged these balconies, the Shah, be it known, is a ladies' man of some ability. ple do say it is his diamonds, and that it was the aigrette sparkling gems which captured the female English heart is last visit in 1873. But he does not decorate himself time half so much as he did then. Yet the ladies like just the same.

n Tuesday, he visited the queen at Windsor Castle, where was received in great state. In the evening, he attended Italian opera at Covent Garden, in company with the Prince Princess of Wales. What a sight that was! Being a te" performance, uniforms or court-dress had to be worn he men, while the ladies, of course, wore the best they had. ; a pity the Italian opera in London could not get the n to come over now and then and insure a respectable ence, just to keep the music of Verdi, Rossini, etc., from g clean forgotten. Prominent among the most noticeable s in the grand tier was Mrs. Mackay, whose black hair shone with glittering "first waters." One American leman is said to have offered two hundred pounds for a te-box, and could not get one.

n Wednesday, the Shah visited "the city" in grand state, was given a magnificent reception and luncheon by the mayor in the Guildhall. At the luncheon, among the t swells of the land, was the American wife of Joseph nberlain, M. P. That evening he dined with Earl Cadoga where he met the Prince and Princess of Wales, and took Duchess of Portland, still in the orange-blossoms of her hood, in to dinner. After this dinner there was a state at Buckingham Palace. Many Americans who come to lon go to the trouble and vexation of being presented at t, in the vain belief that they will then receive invitations e next state ball. Perhaps not a third of the Englisb le who are presented are invited to the state balls. I ld say about a twentieth of the Americans, and then only ey have some special recommendation, or, better still, if they have the good-will of the Prince of Wales. Of course it is a great honor, or is considered such, to be present at a state ball. Still, though the honor be great, the entertainment is inexpressibly dull. Unless you are a very great personage, and no American short of an ex-President is that at a state ball in England, you make one of a large crowd of eager, restless, anxious-eyed people, in a flutter of excitement to see the "royalties," and in a condition of constant fear lest they should do something contrary to the custom and usage of state balls. You must know all the royalties by sight, and be ready to bow low, if you be a man, or bob a courtesy, if you be a woman, whenever one of them passes your way. As for dancing, there are two inclosures for it. One is for the general public, if so common a term can be applied to any one so grand as to be invited to a state ball; and the other is for the royalties and such members of the outside world as belong to the Prince of Wales's set. Even in this latter inclosure, non-royalties only dance in the square dances. When a waltz is played, the floor is left to the princes and princesses—and of course such non-royal partners as they may have been graciously disposed to select. In one respect no one should object to be a spectator only, when the Prince of Wales dances. It is a sight worth seeing. Hoppitty-skippitty-skip. Skippitty-hoppitty-hop. His partners say he treads on their toes and kicks their ankles, and I do not doubt it. "Tummy" has a finely developed foot of his own, and as he must put it somewhere when he dances, it naturally encroaches within the befrilled domain of his partner. It is funny, too, how the "common herd" are hidden to the dance by their royal masters and mistresses. At state balls, be it known, there are no dance programmes, and so far as the royalties are concerned, no introductions. Before each dance the princes and princesses confer together within the royal circle just in front of the dais. They are choosing their partners. When their selections are made—and he sure many a joke and laugh among themselves accompanies the labor of making a choice—the Lord Chamberlain immediately hears the message thereof to the thus distinguished person. The chosen partners, breaking all other engagements, file up together to the royal circle (if not already within it), and, if men, approach the princesses and wait till the august ladies come forward and claim them; if ladies, the princes come down to meet them and take possession of them. The royalties dance a good deal with each other, and in the square dances, which at state balls are very considerably shortened, the Princess of Wales never walks backward. I daresay when this is known it will at once become the rule in the New York "Four Hundred."

The ball generally begins about eleven, and although refreshments are served continuously after dancing begins, supper is not announced until after twelve. Immediately the doors of the supper-room are thrown open, the Princess of Wales places herself at the head of a quickly formed procession of royalties, and marches away between the lines of bowing guests on either side; the princes and princesses bowing or shaking hands with friends as they pass along. Such of the general throng as wish to see how persons of royal blood eat, follow the procession into the supper-room. But no one touches food or drink until the royal appetite is appeased, all must stand and watch the opening mouths, working jaws, and smacking lips of the queen's children and grandchildren, and listen to their laughter and other noises of a well-enjoyed meal. As soon as they have returned to the hall-room, the common crowd fall to. The supper, served on silver dishes, is an excellent one, including every delicacy elaborately prepared and exquisitely cooked. The supper alone is worth—the price of admission, I was going to say. But its discussion, with the best brands of wine to wash it down, amply compensates for the unutterable boredom of a state ball in every other particular there endured by those ordinary individuals who are neither in the prince's set nor able to class themselves as acquaintances of some one of the royalties. One is soon fatigued. The eyes grow dim with the glare, the ears hum with the subdued voices, the head aches with the strained attention lest some *faux pas*, inconsistent with established royal precedent, be made and draw down upon one the astonished and resentful glare of the dazzling assemblage of dukes and duchesses and all the ramifications of titled personages surrounding one. One longs to get away from all this grandeur, and to rest the eye from a prolonged contemplation of the row of weary, dull-faced ladies-in-waiting, who stand like statues behind the royal ladies; to breathe the air of nature again, and to hear a natural sound, if it be but the carolings of the "early birds" in the park, or the gruff announcements as the different carriages "stop the way." But while there is a royalty left, you must not budge. And so there you are a prisoner still. But at last, the princes and princesses retire, and you are free.

I wonder what the Shah thought of it all. I am afraid, if civilizing him be the object and intent of England in paying so much attention, it was a mistake to show him a state ball. "If civilization means this," he might well say, "I'd sooner stay as I am."

The show of diamonds was something prodigious. I suppose it was out of respect for the Shah, who himself was resplendent. At any rate, the way stars, and crescents, and harps, and sprays of dazzling brilliants were strewn over hair, and neck, and bodice would have made an Amsterdam merchant green with envy. And then the tiaras! The new Duchess of Portland—who, by the bye, is this season completely throwing the new Duchess of Marlborough in the shade—was a central figure, as, indeed, she would be anywhere, from a thronged ball-room to a crowd at a fire, from her immense height. She really must be over six feet. I can not say that I admire her. She is too simply and gigantically tall to suit my taste in a woman. It is not as if she had breadth to carry it off; but nothing does she resemble so much as a—yet stay, I nearly spoiled not a bad joke I overheard at her expense, which I trust I shall not be thought very ungallant if I repeat:

"I thought the Duchess of Portland was English," said a young man, in a hussar uniform, to another Life Guardsman.

"So she is," replied his friend; "that is to say, Scotch."

"I'm sorry to say you're altogether wrong. I just met Bertie Villiers—you know Bertie—and he said she was a Pole."

"Rubbish," said the Life Guardsman, not seeing it a bit, although he had his glass in his eye.

The young hussar's face wore a disappointed sort of frown.

"No good telling you anything, Dolly. You never see it."

"I'm positive she's Scotch. I know all her people. How can she be a Pole?"

The hussar looked at me. Perhaps he saw in my eye the longed-for recognition he sought in vain from his friend. Anyhow, his face brightened up.

"Well, if she's not exactly a Pole, now, you must admit that she's been Polish."

The Life Guardsman wheeled quickly around. I thought certainly to hear him laugh the next instant. But no, indeed. He looked at the hussar from head to foot with a sneer.

"I never heard a fellow talk such rot in my life. If she's Scotch now, how could she ever have been anything else?"

I felt sorry for the hussar. He elevated his eyebrows at me, shrugged his shoulders, and saying: "By Jove, Dolly, you must be Scotch, too," vanished in the crowd.

I might add that the duchess was dressed in white, which made her height even more apparent. She has also a very long, drooping sort of nose.

But to the Shah once more. On Thursday, the Prince of Wales gave a garden-party at Marlborough House in his honor, to which about three thousand invitations were issued, and these, in accordance with the naturally democratic tastes of the Prince of Wales (however be may stickle for form on most occasions), included a sprinkling of everybody. As usual there was Henry Irving, and Toole, the comedian, as well; while among others not commonly seen as guests at private entertainments graced by high society were Mr. and Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, Sir Morel Mackenzie, Mme. Albani, Miss Rhoda Broughton, Mr. Sala (George Augustus), Marie Van Zandt, and a few more people of "brains only." In the evening, the Persian monarch was entertained by Sir Albert Sassoon, a prominent London Jew from Bombay. The entertainment was given at the Empire Theatre, and (strange caprice of the giver) consisted of a veritable variety show. The theatre was hired "for this night only" by the enterprising and wealthy knight, elaborately decorated with flowers and plants, a magnificent supper provided, and all society invited to meet the Shah. The idea was as novel as it was eminently successful. Anything out of the common is a relief at any time, and doubly so during the London season. It was like a grand opera night. All the swells, from the Prince and Princess of Wales down, were there, and many had their first taste of those acts which in the main constitute a variety performance, London society as a rule not having the time to devote to such amusements. Among the performers was Mrs. Shaw (not *Shah*, as somebody suggested), the "American whistling lady," as she is called in London. The party really consisted of a vast audience of guests, and the performance, which had a good deal of acrobatics and juggling, was thoroughly enjoyed by every one.

To-day, the Shah has gone to Kempton Park races with the Prince of Wales, and on his return dines with the Earl of Rosebery, and then goes to a grand state concert at Albert Hall. On Sunday afternoon he leaves London for good, but not England yet awhile. From Sunday to Monday he visits Lord Salisbury; then he goes to Earl Brownlow's; and on Tuesday the Rothschilds entertain him. On Wednesday he goes to Birmingham, and on Thursday becomes the guest of Lord Windsor; Friday and Saturday he stays with the Duke of Norfolk; Sunday and Monday he is Liverpool's guest; on Tuesday, Manchester's. From there he goes to Glasgow, and is successively the guest of the Duke of Montrose, Mr. MacKenzie of Kintail, and Sir Algernon Borthwick, the proprietor of the *Morning Post*. After that, Edinburgh gets him for one day, and then he becomes Lord Hopetown's guest; on the next day he visits Forth Bridge, and then goes to Newcastle to stay with Lord Armstrong. On the three following days he visits respectively Bradford, Leeds, and Brighton, getting to Portsmouth on the twenty-seventh, whence he will go to the Isle of Wight, and at Osborne take leave of the queen, finally leaving Cowes by the royal yacht for Cherbourg. Rather a fair sort of a time he is having, is he not? COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, July 5, 1889.

Professor Ray Lankester, in a recent lecture at the Royal Institution, attempted to account for the absence of eyes in the fishes in the famous underground Kentucky caves, in the following way: A great flood carries to the bottom of the Kentucky caves, some thirty miles below the surface, a number of fish, among whose very numerous offspring will be some defective in sight, as some babies are born blind, or without any eyes at all. The fish that can see some faint glimmerings of light will swim away toward that light, while those will remain that can not perceive the gleams. This, with every succeeding generation, would occur, the stronger in sight swimming away and the weaker remaining; and, as the breeding would therefore occur between those of the worst sight, fish would be born with weaker eyes and weaker until born blind.

A new work on beer shows that there were twenty-six breweries in the city of London and suburbs in 1585, one-half of which were owned by foreigners. The total quantity brewed then was six hundred and fifty thousand barrels. In 1887, twenty-nine million barrels of ale alone were brewed. Bass & Co. began in 1717; but the oldest important brewery was that of Truman, Hanbury & Buxton, which began in 1669.

Denmark's foreign egg-trade has grown to tremendous size, mainly with England. Twenty years ago the annual Danish export of eggs was nine hundred thousand; now it is reckoned at one hundred and eleven millions.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mr. T. Adolphus Trollope has finished another series of "Reminiscences," which he will publish in the autumn.

"Beatrice" is the title of the new novel which Mr. Rider Haggard will begin to publish next January. It is a love story.

Lord Tennyson's new volume of short poems will appear during the coming autumn. Mr. Browning's poem is also nearly ready.

The cheap edition of Mr. Bellamy's novel, "Looking Backward," is still selling at the rate of a thousand to fifteen hundred copies weekly.

Miss Olive Schreiner, author of "The Story of an African Farm," is reported to have said recently that Henrik Ibsen and George Meredith are the two writers who best understand women.

Leander Richardson, a well-known New York journalist, has written a novel called "Lord Dunmersey," which is about to be published by John Delay, of New York. The hero is a bogus English lord in New York.

Mrs. Florence Finch-Kelly's book, "Frances; a Story for Men and Women," is meeting with success. The first edition was exhausted in three days, and it reached the tenth thousand in four weeks after publication.

From the latest London announcements, it appears that William Allingham has in the press a new volume of poems entitled "Life and Phantasy," with a frontispiece by Sir John Millais and a design by Arthur Hughes.

Mrs. Nellie Blessing Eyster, of San Francisco, has written, and D. Lothrop Company will publish, the story of a real colonial boy in the days of hardship and daring—a handsome illustrated 12mo volume, under the title of "A Colonial Boy; or The Old Link Closet."

Captain Charles King, who is becoming one of the most indefatigable novel-writers of the period, has just finished a story entitled "The Love-Knot; or, From the Point to the Plains." It will appear in complete form in the October number of the *Cosmopolitan*. This magazine will hereafter issue a complete illustrated novel—or novelette—in each number.

David Gamut says, in the *Times*, in an interesting essay on "Lock Books": "Dumas's Dame aux Camélias was Marie Duplessis; Zola's Nana, Blanche d'Antigny; Goncourt's La Faustin, Rachel; and Daudet's Le Nabab, Bravais, who once had a contract to build for the Khédive ships which the Khédive did not want and had not ordered, and were for the government of Mr. Jefferson Davis."

It appears from a letter addressed to the London *Times* by Thomas Hughes, that the omissions made in his school edition of "Tom Brown" by Ginn & Co. were in deference to the temperance sentiment of this country, but not to Mr. Hughes's own view of the morality of his work or his readiness to have it "brought into accord with the morality of America," or to have his memoir prefixed, or to have any reprint at all.

A short series of historical works, to be published under the title of "Epochs of American History," will be brought out by Longmans, Green & Co. Albert B. Hart, assistant-professor of history at Harvard, will edit the series and will write one of the volumes, "The Formation of the Union." Professor Woodrow Wilson will deal with "Division and Reunion," and Mr. Reuben G. Thwaites, secretary of the Wisconsin Historical Society, is preparing a volume on "The Colonies."

The story that Leigh Hunt was inspired to write his pretty stanzas entitled "Jennie Kissed Me" by the receipt of a resounding smack from Mrs. Carlyle for his announcement of the award of a one-hundred pounds sterling pension to her husband, has been discredited by a writer in the *Critic*, who produces a note from J. A. Froude to the effect that no such incident could have occurred, for no pension was ever offered to Thomas Carlyle until near the end of his life, when he refused it.

"Until lately," says Mr. W. E. Norris, the popular novel-writer, "I have almost always copied out my own MSS. for the printers; but I have now begun to have them type-written for me, saving time and trouble at a small expense. I do not use the type-writer myself, and doubt whether I should have the patience to learn; but if one were beginning life over again, one might, I suppose, acquire the art quite as easily as that of writing with a pen, and I should think it would be well worth while to do so."

The copy sent in by contributors to the "Dictionary of National Biography" is all set up by type-writer before it is examined by the editor, Mr. Leslie Stephen. This method has many advantages; not the least of which is that it enables him to make a calculation as to the space which each biography would occupy in print. Authors are not generally famous for the beauty and clearness of their hand-writing, and the variety which Mr. Stephen has hitherto had to wade through would cause most men (except, of course, the editors of daily papers) to commit suicide. The strain of the dictionary has told seriously upon Mr. Stephen's health.

Of two recent literary prize offers, the *Writer* says: "D. Lothrop Company received about three thousand manuscripts in response to its Lothrop Literature Prize offer. Of these, all but about three hundred were immediately returned to the writers. The three hundred remaining manuscripts are now in the hands of the judges. Dr. Hale has completed his work, but the manuscripts have still to be submitted to President Angell and Mr. Thompson. As President Angell is in Europe, and Mr. Thompson's health is poor, it is not likely that a decision will be reached before October. In response to its three-thousand-dollar prize offer, the *Detriot Free Press* has received several hundred stories, which are now in the vaults of the Safe Deposit Company, of Detroit. The competition ended July 1st, and it will probably be November before a decision is reached. Every story received will be read by three persons—one woman and two men. One of the men is a member of the *Free Press* staff. Each person who reads the story will give in writing a synopsis of its plot, enumerating its defects, and also its good points. The best of the stories will then be separated from those considered unavailable, and the smaller lot will then be read by two other judges, who will select, perhaps, the best ten out of that lot. These last ten or a dozen will be read by the final awarder of the prizes, and the prizes will be given according to his decision."

New Publications.

"The Devil and I" has been published by G. W. Dillingham & Co., New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 50 cents.

In the Franklin Square Library, "Birch Dene," a novel written by William Westall, has been published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 45 cents.

The mysteries of theosophy play an important part in developing the plot of "A Philosopher in Uniform." Published by the Judge Publishing Company; for sale by the booksellers; price, 25 cents.

The latest issue of the Gainsborough Series is "Thoth," a romance by the author of "A Dreamer of Dreams." Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price 25 cents.

An effort to discourage the reading of sensational literature led the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge to issue a series of short stories, by good writers, at a price within the reach of all. Twelve of these stories have been gathered into two volumes and issued under the titles "Paying the Penalty" and "Three Times Tried." Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.00 each.

A book for children, telling of adventures among the White Mountains, is "Cliff and Cloud," by Willis Boyd Allen. Published by D. Lothrop Company, Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.00.

"Ben Hamed," an Oriental tale by the late Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., which has been said to rival "The Arabian Nights," has been reissued in paper covers by Street & Smith, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 25 cents.

Two volumes of "Sunday-School Stories," one by Edward Everett Hale, and the other by Miss L. P. Hale and Mrs. B. Whetman, have been published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, $1.00 each.

A boy's book of the best class is "Uncle Peter's Trust," by George B. Perry. The scene is laid in India during the Sepoy Mutiny, and the story is filled with adventure. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

That very useful and handy work, "Alden's Manifold Cyclopedia," is continued by the issue of volumes thirteen and fourteen, extending from "electricity" to "exclaim," and from "exclude" to "Floyd." Published by John B. Alden, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 60 cents per volume.

The eleventh volume of the International Educational series is of more general interest and value than some of its predecessors. It is a "History of Education in the United States," by Richard G. Boone, and treats the subject comprehensively from the time of the early colonial schools and the infancy of our public-school system to the present time. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.50.

The origin and development of the heavenly bodies is considered in "Stellar Evolution," by Dr. James Croll. The book is in three parts: in the first, the origin of meteorites, comets, and nebulæ, and the real source of the sun's energy are considered; in the second, the geological and biological evidence is examined; and in the third, the pre-nebular condition of the universe is explained. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.

A delightfully gossipy tale without the connected plot of a story yet with more interest than many stories possess, is Christine Chapman Brush's "Inside our Gate." It is a narrative of every-day events in a quiet little family, consisting of children, a dog, a cat, and a most astonishing Scotch cook, and is told in a bright style with touches of humor and pathos. It is just the book for a summer vacation. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, $1.00.

"A Woodland Wooing," by Eleanor Putnam, breathes of the free and unconventional air of the camp. It tells of a number of amusing people who are thrown together in the intimate life of a camp, alternate chapters being furnished by a brother and a sister. The sister has rather the lion's share of the story-telling and also of the adventures, but she carries out her part in both capitally. The characters act like the grown-up children one meets in such a place, and have their petty quarrels and their little amusements, with an undercurrent of deeper feeling. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, $1.00.

In these days when a person is expected to know something about everything, an encyclopedia becomes a necessity, and no book of this class is better for the family than Chambers's. It contains enough to satisfy the popular needs, and is not prolix enough to address itself exclusively to the *savant* or specialist. The third volume—"Cata." to "Dion."—contains, besides the usual articles, a number of papers which are of value and interest particularly to the people of this country. Among the latter are: Chautauqua, Cheese-Making (American), and Dairy Factories; sketches of Henry Clay, Grover Cleveland, S. L. Clemens, Christopher Columbus, and James Fennimore Cooper; descriptions of the cities of Charleston, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Columbus, and Detroit; the States particularly described are Colorado, Delaware, Connecticut, and Dakota (if we may anticipate the latter's political status). The rapid march of events is shown, however, in the fact that the division of Dakota is not indicated on the map, though the text mentions it. The maps are clearly executed, and include, beside the four States above-mentioned, China and Denmark. Published by The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; for sale by the booksellers; price, per volume, $3.00.

Journalistic Chit-Chat.

Maurice Thompson will hereafter furnish the leading article for the department of literature in Chicago *America*. Heretofore Julian Hawthorne has contributed the weekly article for this column, and it is stated that "the object of the change is to make this department reflect more nearly Western views upon current literary topics."

M. Laffitte, the energetic manager of *Le Voltaire*, of Paris, has just purchased *Le Siècle*, and will put new life into that venerable journal. *Le Siècle* for many years enjoyed the editorship of Senators Hippolyte Carnot and Henri Martin, the historian. M. Brisson succeeded them, and after him came M. Thevenet, the present minister of justice.

Trade journalism has made gigantic strides of late, but it was not until last year that a trade journal for advertisers was started. It is published at New York, is entitled *Printers' Ink*, and has just completed its first volume. Its object is to teach the art of successful advertising, which it does by articles which treat of every phase of advertising, from the writing of the advertisement to its insertion in the proper papers.

Some Magazines.

The *Overland* for August opens with a note on "The Stone Elephant of Inyo," by Dan de Quille. F. B. Evans writes of "The Colombian Presidents"; John Vance Cheney discusses "The Old Notion of Poetry"; A. G. Tassin contributes "Reminiscences of Indian Scouting"; R. G. Sneath discusses "Wine, Brandy, and Olive Oil"; and Dagmar Mariager writes of "Hunting the Bison." In fiction there are the opening chapters of "The Cabin by the Live Oak," by T. E. Jones; "Time o' Day," by W. S. Hutchinson; "Conradt," by Adeline E. Knapp; and "A Soldier Under Garibaldi," by Flora Haines Loughead. Verses are contributed by S. W. Eldredge, Wilbur Larremore, and Francis E. Sheldon, and there are the usual reviews.

The frontispiece of the August *Scribner's* is a portrait of Tennyson, Henry von Dyke has an article on "Tennyson's First Flight" and T. R. Lounsbury discusses "The Two Locksley Halls." "Form in Lawn-Tennis" is the title of a paper by James Dwight, M. D.; Robert Grant writes of "Tarpon Fishing in Florida"; Henry Morton discusses "Electricity in Lighting"; and Benjamin Norton tells "How to Feed a Railway." Stevenson's "Master of Ballantrae" is continued, and there are four sketches: "Memories," by Brander Matthews; "A Pagan Incantation," by H. H. Boyesen; "The New Poverty," by George Parsons Lathrop; and "A Monster of My Acquaintance," by E. C. Martin. Louise Imogen Guiney contributes the only verse, a "Nocturne."

James Russell Lowell has the place of honor in the August *Atlantic* with a poem, "How I Consulted the Oracle of the Goldfishes." "The Background of Roman History" is considered by H. W. P. and L. D. Paul T. Laffeur discusses "A Poet of French Canada." "Law and Political Fact in the United States" is contributed by Irving Berdine Richman; John Fiske writes of "The French Alliance and the Conway Cabal"; George Moritz Wahl describes "The German Boy at Leisure"; and Olive Thorne Miller describes "The 'Black-Capped' Baltimore." "From Generation to Generation" is by Lillie B. Chace-Wyman, and there are additional chapters of Edwin Lasseter Bynner's "The Begum's Daughter" and Henry James's "The Tragic Muse." Emerson's "Concord Life," "Madame de Staël," and "The Letters of Thomas Carlyle" are reviewed.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The famous English divorce lawyer Cresswell, afterwards Sir Cr well Cresswell, was a most pompous man. His manner once so irrita Justice Maule, before whom he was arguing, that the latter at last h out with: "Mr. Cresswell, I wish you would remember that I a vertebrate animal. Your manner to me would be insolence from G Almighty to a black beetle."

Samuel Warren, the author of "Ten Thousand a Year," was on the naïvest snobs that ever existed, whose elastic temperament and penetrable complacency enabled him to survive the most mortifying buffs. He was always boasting of his intimacy with members of peerage, and one day he was saying that, while dining lately at the D of Leeds's, he was surprised at finding that no fish of any kind served. "That is easily accounted for," said Thesiger, "they probably eaten it all upstairs."

During the melon season in Persia, a few years ago, a soldier pic a melon and devoured it without paying the peasant the stipulated pr The peasant went to complain to Masoud Mirza, the Shah's oldest whose ear is always open to the lowest. After listening to his plaint said: "Well, you shall have justice. I will test this matter to the o Bring in the soldier." The gormandising soldier was brought in. "I this man's belly open," he said to the executioner; "if there is a m inside," he added to the peasant, "you will get your money; if not goes your head." The soldier was cut open, the melon found, and peasant paid.

An undergraduate of Oxford University was taking a detachmen strangers round to see the sights, and, when he had exhausted chapels and the cloistered shades, he brought them into the quadra of his own college. "There is only one thing left for you to see," he s "look there; that is the window of my college tutor." As the young spoke, he picked up a pebble from the path and sent it crashing thro the pane of glass. An elderly gentleman, in cap and gown, put head out and shook his fist. "I thought that would bring him out," claimed the undergraduate, in triumph; "that, ladies and gentleme my tutor himself."

The late Dr. Kennedy, while head-master at Harrow, set for the son one day a hard chorus in the "Antigone"; the edition before doctor was, as it happened, Brunck's; the form was waiting, at the of the lesson, for the head-master's construe. But minute after mi passed without his uttering a word; his brow frowning and over his teeth clenched, his eye rapt and absorbed, he rocked himself une in his chair. At last it could be seen that the light had dawned, cloud passed away from his brow, an expression of triumph bea over his face, and he looked around exultantly on his pupils: "' audacious Brunck has actually—inserted a comma."

Hallez Claparède, one of the Prince of Wales's set in Paris, made his social début during the latter days of the Second Empire, not a little of his success to a smart reply which he made when still a boy to a lady at one of the empress's *petits lundis*. In those da was the fashion for ladies to talk slang, and some of them indulge language seldom heard outside the precincts of Billingsgate. One n at one of the empress's "little Mondays," Hallez Claparède happ to tread on the skirt of one of those ladies who took Thérèsa for model, and she, turning on him, exclaimed: "Fichu bête!" "D esse," replied the youthful Hallez, glancing at the too elaborately played charms of the lady, "don't you think the 'fichu' would be b on your shoulders than in your mouth?"

A young Bostonian went to Texas and turned cowboy. He ra caught the spirit of the country and as rapidly shook off the out semblance of tender-footed Eastern habit. Rough-bearded, lea clad, sombrero as wide as the widest, forty-two-calibre Colts or hips, he was as wild as the wildest. Yet within his bosom still bu the flame of Boston culture and refinement. One day, he was r with a stranger across the prairie. Turning his head suddenly (he slightly ahead) he saw his companion make a suspicious motion to his hip-pocket. Without hesitation he drew his revolver and shot The stranger dropped like a log. The cowboy dismounted and lo at the body of his victim. "I wonder if he was really going to s me?" he soliloquized; "I'll see." Turning the body over, he di ered a flask of whisky protruding from the pocket. "Poor fello said he, in a tone of regret; "I've made a mistake. I've killed a nocent man and a gentleman at that. He wasn't going to shoot he was going to invite me to have a drink. Well," he sighed, dra his sleeve across his mouth, "the last wishes of the deceased sha respected."

On one occasion the Duke of Wellington received a letter in th lowing terms: "Mr. Tomkins ventures to address the Duke of We ton. Mr. Tomkins's mother is a washer-woman; Mr. Tomkins re to say that, having washed for the Marquis of Douro for many y his mother has been unable to obtain payment for the last three y Mrs. Tomkins is very poor, and can not afford to lose the m She hopes the duke will kindly pay it. Mrs. Tomkins's address is—" After carefully reading and considering the letter, the duke sent th lowing reply: "Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington has receiv letter from Mr. Tomkins, stating that the Marquis of Douro is in to his mother, Mrs. Tomkins. The Duke of Wellington is no Marquis of Douro. The duke regrets to find that his eldest son ha paid his washer-woman's bill. Mrs. Tomkins has no claim upo Duke of Wellington. The duke recommends her, failing another cation, to place the matter in the hands of a respectable solic Some six weeks later, the duke had a dinner-party at Apsley H One of the guests asked the duke if he was not tormented by ap tions for his autograph. The duke replied: "Oh, yes; constan The friend then said: "A few days ago, I was examining a most esting collection, with Your Grace's in the place of honor in the b "What was that?" asked the duke. "Well, the collector's plan write to every person of eminence and to accuse his eldest son of bi his washer-woman. He pastes his own letter and the reply face to f

The duke's hand-writing was very indistinct. Once, when sitti the Lords, he received a letter from the eminent landscape-designe authority on botanical matters, J. C. Loudon. The duke had lost of him for some years. It was a note to this effect: "MY LORD DU It would gratify me extremely if you would permit me to visit S fieldsaye at any time convenient to your grace, and to inspec 'Waterloo beeches.' Your grace's faithful servant, J. C. LOUD The Waterloo beeches were trees which had been planted immed after the battle of Waterloo as a memorial of the great fight. The read the letter twice, the writing of which was not very clear; and his usual promptness and politeness, replied as follows, having rea signature as "C. J. London," instead of "J. C. Loudon": "MY DEAR BISHOP OF LONDON: It will always give me great pleasu see you at Strathfieldsaye. Pray come here whenever it suits you venience, whether I am at home or not. My servant will receive to show you so many pairs of breeches of mine as you wish, bu you should wish to inspect those that I wore at the Battle of Wat is quite beyond the comprehension of yours, most truly, WELLINGT This letter was received, as may be supposed, with great surprise b Bishop of London. He showed it to the Archbishop of Canterbur to other discreet persons; they came to the melancholy conclusio the great Duke of Wellington had evidently lost his senses. The B of London (Blomfield) declared that he had not written to the du two years, and to receive this extraordinary intimation puzzled the bench of bishops. Explanations, however, of a satisfactory kin lowed, and the friendship of these worthy men was not changed.

THE INNER MAN.

arck appears to have prided himself in taking ional liberties with his constitution. In a talk the French war, he fondly recalled the days e could swallow a dozen hard-boiled eggs at a During a tour of several days in a *fisch-reich* untry, he lived entirely on trout and beer, al- on that occasion nature protested and suc- d. Yet it would have been well had he always o beer; but he had a catholic and cosmopoli- ste in wines. Once in a wine-cellar in the e, he tried a dozen different vintages, and he mix his liquors in the most outrageous man- When Motley was received as a friend of the at Frankfort, in 1855, he gave a graphic ac- of his entertainer's housekeeping. "It is one e establishments where every earthly thing that eaten or drank is offered you—porter, soda- small beer, champagne, Burgundy, or claret out all the time, and everybody is smoking the igars every minute." During the invasion of , he had left his doctors behind, and he was in- to abuse his liberty. He professed to live by ut was constantly yielding to temptation. The r of his cigars had been strictly limited, but at e, where he had spent several days on the way , he would sit of an evening in a summer- looking down upon the Rhine, lighting cigar gar, sipping the sparkling Rhine wine, and ting with all his habitual frankness on the con- es of the victories he confidently anticipated. army advanced beyond the frontier of Lor- e laid Champagne under contribution for its vintages, and when hilleted in Baron Roths- château of Ferrières, when the steward, who key of the cellars, protested there was noth- hem better than *vin ordinaire*, Bismarck him to reason with the threat of a straw- The effect was like that of Moses striking the cept that there came a gush of wine in place

tte smoking tends to produce that indiscrim- d tasteless consumption of liquors which, foolish abstinence from them, is the greatest he day. We shall be told, of course, that s add "relish" to wine, and even to food. ations invented, what nations have largely l the mixture of cigarettes with eating and ? Russians—harbarians of genius and var- douht, but still barbarians—who like cham- the consistence and taste of syrup, and kümmel, literally can dissolve no sugar-candy any nd whose meats, though not to be despised, ainly not delicate; Spaniards, European rican, who poison everything with garlic (a ellent servant in the kitchen, hut a horrihly er); South Frenchmen and Italians, who cul- erpowering flavors in the same way with and saffron, and what not. Of course, a may be tolerable enough, and perhaps a re- een a houillabaisse and a risotto (again ex- ings, he it remembered, but barbarous, har- washed down with Saint Peray (again an thing in its kind) or Asti Spumante. But if says that he can taste oysters or salmon out e of fish, grouse kept and done to a turn, n in similar condition, asparagus, or even e highly elaborated matters as a good *vol-au- sole à la* Joinville, hetter for cigarettes; if, re, he says that he can taste better or as, ch help 1874 Rauzan, 1864 Pichon Longue- Romanée Conti, 1857 champagne, 1851 ven, though the Rhine wines certainly do iselves with some kindness to tobacco, any ner Auslese hocks—why then we shall be o borrow a phrase and say: "My dear do not believe that man, for he speaks not " The things may taste better to him be- poor creature can now taste nothing hut to- mped, or opiated, or simply perfumed, or it is.

ssian eats on an average once every two e climate and custom require such frequent digestion of which is aided by frequent of vodki and tea. Vodki is the Russian ade from potatoes and rye. It is fiery and and is generally flavored with some extract a or orange. It is drunk from small cups perhaps half a gill. Vodki and tea are the le accompaniments of friendly as well as of intercourse in the country of the Czar. men are rare. Russia and Sweden are the tries in which the double dinner is the rule. go to the house of a Russian, be he a stranger, you are at once invited to a side- re salted meats, pickled eel, salted cucum- many other spicy and appetizing viands are n you with an impressiveness that knows no This repast is washed down with frequent vodki." That over, and when the visitor he had eaten enough for twenty-four hours, ays, "And now for dinner." At the dinner- neal is served in courses, with wines grown nea and Bessarahia, where excellent red nade.

lish traveler in Australia writes: For some I landed I had the impression that, as beer onal drink of England, whisky of Scotland, of France, tea was the national drink of Tea made its appearance at the most un- imes—at lunch and dinner as well as at In the stories which people told me travels through the hush, the "hilly" in boiled their water for tea had a conspicu- And the government returns show that nption of tea per head in the Australian s much larger than in England. But r of persons annually fined for drunken- colonies is much higher than in England. I heard, I came to the conclusion that a portion of persons are total abstainers in han in England; that, if people drink at te drinking is rather more difficult in the climate than in ours; that the lahorers liv- is are in the habit of drinking freely; that mber of men living up country usually out that when they come into the towns em drink very heavily.

oranges are as different from our idea of as they can well he, separating from the t as easily as a grape, dividing into sections test pull, each section like a separate fruit, ing in the mouth with a flavor of cherries, pulp behind.

SOCIETY.

Mrs John W. Mackay will place her two sons in Vale College when she returns from Europe

Mrs. George Hearst is traveling in Germany.

Mr. Gaston M. Ashe is at the Hoffman House in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King have gone East.

Mr. James V. Coleman is stopping at the St. James Hotel in New York city.

Mrs. Lucy Arnold, of Sacramento, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Williams, in Washington, D. C. Mrs. Arnold has been very ill, but is now convalescent.

Mrs. George Hyde and the Misses Mamie and Gertrude Hyde have arrived in New York after an extended tour of Europe, and are at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

Mrs. T. G. Walkington is passing a few weeks at the Hotel Vendome in San José.

Mr. Henry Heyman is at the Gilsey House in New York city, and will soon return home.

Mrs. H. B. Williams is enjoying a month's visit at San José.

Mr. Frank L. Unger is in London.

Mrs. M. Herzstein is passing the month at San José.

Miss Nellie Joliffe has returned from Del Coronado, where she has been paying a prolonged visit to Mrs. John D. Spreckels.

Mrs. D. J. Staples and Mrs. H W. Vemans were the guests of Mrs. J. B. Schroeder at Redwood City early in the week

Miss Lillie Lawlor is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Page, *née* Ralston, at San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. James Otis, who have been at San Rafael for the past three months, are passing a couple of weeks near Mt. Shasta.

Mrs. Buckingham, of Vacaville, has been visiting friends here for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Baker and Miss Stone are at the Hotel del Monte for the remainder of the season

Mrs. John Vance Cheney, who is passing the summer at her country home "Solitude," in Napa County, was in the city for a few days recently.

Miss Nettie Tubbs is passing this month pleasantly at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. A. J. Pope and Miss May E. Pope will be at Del Monte until the first of August

Mrs. Drury Melone passed a few days at the Palace Hotel during the week.

Mrs. John Gillig has been paying a visit to the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tubbs returned from Marysville on Tuesday, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. M. B. M. Toland has been passing a couple of weeks at Del Monte

Mrs. Milton S. Latham has returned from her visit at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. Wakefield Baker was visiting at Del Monte recently.

Miss Evelyn Carolan has been visiting Lake Tahoe for a week.

Mr. Frank S Hicks is in the city on a visit from Los Angeles.

Mrs. Sampson Tams has returned from a visit to her cousin, Mrs. Cooper, at Monterey.

Mr. John N. Featherstone returned from the Hotel del Monte last Monday, after a brief visit there.

Mrs. Samuel M. Blair and Mr. William Blair have gone to Bartlett Springs for a week's visit.

Mrs. Paul Neuman recently arrived from Honolulu, and is now en route to Germany.

Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Hovey, who have been passing the summer in Southern California, are at the Palace Hotel for the remainder of the season.

Mrs. James Tobin, Miss Florence Tobin, and Mr. F. K. Tobin have returned from their tour of the northern counties.

Major and Mrs. B. C. Truman and Miss Georgie Truman have arrived in London.

Mrs. Walter M. Castle and her son have returned from a visit to Mrs. F. L. Castle at Healdsburg.

Judge and Mrs. F. E. Spencer and Miss Grace M. Spencer, of San José, accompanied by Miss Jennie de la Montanya, of this city, have returned from a pleasant tour of the southern part of the State.

Colonel and Mrs. Charles F. Hanlon are passing the summer at Cazadero.

Mrs. N. G. Kittle will soon occupy her new residence on Pacific Heights.

Miss Maggie Brooks has been visiting Mrs. J. Mervyn Donahue at San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis, *née* Pacheco, are guests at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. Bissell and the Misses Julia and Theresa Bissell will pass the remainder of the month at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. Ferd. C. Reis is passing a couple of weeks at the Hotel Vendome in San José.

Mrs. Robert M. Howland and the Misses Edith and Loula Howland are passing the season at Hotel Ben Lomond in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mr. and Mrs. Carlos F. Montealegre have returned from Lake Tahoe.

Miss May Severance has gone to Honolulu to reside with her father, Mr. H. W. Severance, during his term of office as United States Consul at the Hawaiian Islands.

Mrs. George C. Boardman, Miss Dora Boardman, and Miss Helen Otis have gone to Del Monte to remain a couple of weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Coleman, Miss Jessie Coleman, and Mr. H. L. Coleman have returned from their visit at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles N. Shaw were guests at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Adams, Mrs. Charles S. Knowles, and Miss Ella Adams have left San Rafael, and are at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred L. Castle and the Misses Eva, Blanche, and Hilda Castle are passing the summer at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Everett E. Wise at Healdsburg.

Mr. and Mrs Cornelius O'Connor and the Misses Maud and Lillie O'Connor will remain at the Hotel del Coronado until August.

Colonel and Mrs. Richard Savage, who have been passing the last two months in Napa Valley, have returned to the city and are keeping house at 927 Sutter Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Hilarion Duncan and their daughter, Marion Duncan, are finishing their summer sojourn at Clayton.

Dr. John F. Foulkes has purchased the residence of Mr. A. D. Allen, on the north-west corner of Washington and Fillmore Streets, and will occupy it in August with his family, who will then come over from Oakland.

Miss Klein, who has been passing several weeks at Santa Cruz, will be at Del Monte during the remainder of the season.

Mrs. P. Hopkins and Miss Jennie Hopkins are camping in a picturesque spot near Taylorsville, and will be away a couple of weeks more.

Mrs. George J. Bucknall and Miss Marie Bucknall, who have been at Cazadero for several weeks, returned home last Wednesday.

Mr. James Freeborn, who has been traveling in Europe for many months, has returned home fully restored to health. He was accompanied by his family.

Notes and Gossip.

At St. John's Church, on Sunday, July 20th, Miss Tillie Doolan, daughter of Mr. Thomas Doolan, the capitalist, was married to Mr. George W. F. Flood, son of Mr. John W. Flood, of the firm of Donohoe, Kelly & Co. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Connolly in the presence of only the relatives of the young couple. They are passing the honeymoon at Del Monte and Santa Cruz. A reception will be tendered to them next Wednesday evening at the home of the bride's father, 1424 Mission Street.

Mr. Edward J. Benjamin and Miss Winnifred M. Kindrick will be married this (Saturday) evening, at the residence of the bride's mother, 1711 Broderick Street.

ART NOTES.

Fred Yates left for England last Friday to fill an order for an Englishman who saw some of Yates's pictures in London and immediately sent for the artist to come and paint his portrait. He will be away some three months.

Theodore Wores is in London, where his exhibition of Japanese pictures ranks among the most notable art events of the season. The cable told us how the press is praising the collection, and private letters more than confirm these pleasant reports.

MUSICAL NOTES

The Mansfeldt Musicale.

Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt gave his twenty-third musicale of this season last Monday evening at Spencer Hall. A very large audience was present, and the following programme was presented for their enjoyment:

Sonata, D major, op. 10 No 3 (last movement).. Beethoven
Miss Eva Crowley.
(a) Song without words, No 14 ("Lost Happiness").... Mendelssohn
(b) Etincelles .... Moszkowski
Miss Hattie Dunlap.
(a) Song without words, No. 15 ("The Poet's Harp").... Mendelssohn
(b) "The Nightingale".... Liszt
Mr. Max Weber.
Allegretto Scherzando.... Dvorak
Mrs. Martha Crowley and Mrs. Hugo Mansfeldt,
Mr. Abe Sundland and Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt.
Rigoletto.... Listz
Mr. Emil Steinbegger.
(a) Nocturne, G major, op. 37 No. 2.... Chopin
(b) Gigue, from English suite in G minor.... Bach
Mr Abe Sundland.
Siddartha Waltz (by request).... Alma Mansfeldt
Composed by Mrs. Hugo Mansfeldt.
(a) Song without words, No. 13 ("Evening Star").... Mendelssohn
(b) Nocturne, B major, op. 32 No. 1.... Chopin
(c) Impromptu.... Mansfeldt
Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt.

A MODEL MUSIC STUDIO.

Professor E. S. Bonelli's pupils gave their closing recital for this season last Friday afternoon at the studio, 1358 Market Street. These recitals, given for the purpose of helping the pupils to overcome that timidity and nervousness natural to so many when playing before strangers, always draw a large and fashionable audience. The pupils show the result of systematic training. Their touch is very similar, being noticeable for the clear and beautiful tone it brings from the piano. All the numbers were artistically rendered.

This studio contains all the latest approved mechanical inventions now used in Eastern and European conservatories, and by all progressive teachers. The most prominent of these inventions are Brotherhood's Technicon, the Techniphone, and Ward Jackson's Finger Gymnastic Exercises. There is also a corps of assistant teachers connected with the studio whose duty it is to visit beginners twice a week to see that they fully understand and carry out the instructions given at their last lesson, thus preventing careless practicing and the acquiring of bad habits, thereby insuring more rapid progress than would otherwise result. Furthermore, the monthly recitals held at the studio enable pupils to overcome diffidence and gain the confidence necessary to play creditably before others.

From time to time, eminent pianists visiting our city are engaged to give recitals at the studio, so that the pupils may have the advantage of hearing artists.

The Deppe System of Technic is the system taught and is the only one, so the Professor claims, that gives a perfect independent action of the fingers. A student of that system can always be recognized by the clear, pure, and sympathetic tone produced from the instrument, also by perfect freedom from any contraction and cramping of muscles or stiffening of wrist, all of which is such a detriment to artistic piano playing. A great many performers have this same beautiful touch naturally, but by the Deppe System any earnest student can not fail to acquire it.

Pupils desirous of practicing their piano lessons at studio, can do so by paying a small extra fee for use of the piano. Mechanical inventions and all other advantages offered are included in the tuition fee.

The operation of severing the accessory slips of tendons of the ring finger so strongly advocated by Professor Bonelli, has nothing whatever to do with his method of instruction—the Deppe system. It is a benefit to the artist as well as to the student, and though highly recommended by him is not enforced.

The advantages offered pupils are:

1. Daily practice on Mechanical Inventions.
2. Home practice under Assistant Teachers.
3. Playing at Monthly Recitals.
4. Appearing in Concert when competent.
5. Ensemble playing.
6. Attending the Recitals of eminent Pianists free of charge.
7. Fitting every pupil to become a competent teacher.

A visit to the studio will convince students of music that we have a fully equipped and thorough music-school in our city.

It would appear that, in the matter of pile-driving by machinery, the apparatus employed in England at the present time is a decided improvement on the device which has so long been in use in this country for that purpose. Raising a hammer, and having its weight drive the pile into the earth as the hammer falls, notwithstanding its accomplishment of the work, involves an amount of time out of all proportion to what should be required for such a result. In the improved device, the driver is made in the form of a heavy steam-cylinder, the lower end of which forms a hammer-head and acts upon the pile; the piston-rod is extended sufficiently to form an eye, a rope being attached to this, and by means of which the whole device may be raised and lowered by a hoisting engine in the customary manner. In driving the pile, steam is admitted to the cylinder, which is raised to a height only limited by its length, and the simple operation of opening a large exhaust-valve causes the cylinder to fall upon the pile and drive it a certain distance. The effective blows thus given can be repeated very rapidly.

It has hitherto been supposed that one of the chief advantages of living in England is that there are no mosquitoes. But this is all over and done with. The mosquitoes have come; the English winter does not kill them; "and in course of time," cheerfully prophecies a correspondent of the London *Standard*, "they will undoubtedly spread all over England."

—MRS. ALEXANDER'S NEW NOVEL, "A CROOKED PATH," is worth reading; price 25 cents. Call at Pierson & Robertson's bookstore for it.

—WEDDING-INVITATIONS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS should be engraved by Pierson & Robertson, the leading stationers.

BOOKS.

When you have tried every bookstore in town, without finding the book you want, try CARSON & CO.'S, at 208 Post Street, near Grant Avenue. The best appointed bookstore in San Francisco.

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$30,000.

On account of departure of owner from the State, a fine tract of choice residence property at Belmont. For sale by
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Address MRS. R. G. KNOX, Proprietor, or MRS. W. B. HYNE, Principal.
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A TRAVELER ABROAD.

Having returned from a three months' tour in Europe, old ex-Senator Tabor, of Colorado, is reeking with recitals of interesting experiences. Barring the trivial circumstance that they quarantined against him in Scandinavia, under the erroneous impression that he was a Mormon proselyter, there was nothing, to use the words of our society reporter, to mar the harmony of the occasion. While he was in Italy, the senator tried to buy some of the pictures and statuary he saw in the Vatican, and inasmuch as he offered very liberal prices, he thinks that the proprietor made a mistake in not selling. Traveling from Edinburgh to London, Senator Tabor met a very charming gentleman named Alfred Tennyson; suspicioned that he was a newspaper man, because he was so well posted, and this suspicion was confirmed when Mr. Tennyson recited a number of poems, which he assured the senator were original.

"It's a wonder to me," said the senator, "that you don't print some of them poems."

Mr. Tennyson made no answer, but he looked rather surprised.

"Oh, I mean it," said the senator; "I know poetry when I see it—I sat next to John Ingalls in the Senate Chamber for three months, and, moreover, I run the Leadville *Herald* for two years. There are four things in this world that I'm a cynosure on, and they are mining property, diamonds, ruffled night-shirts, and poetry. Now, I'll stake my reputation that some of them poems of yours are a good deal above the average—particularly that one you recited about the crick."

"You like 'The Brook'?"

"Yes; and that other one about Maud and the garden; they've got the right ring—they're full of the divine inflatus."

Mr. Tennyson did not say much, but the senator (who likes to encourage struggling talent) assured him that if ever he wanted to print his poems in book-form he could get a check covering the expense simply by addressing H. A. W. Tabor, at Denver.

The senator did not think very much of Westminster Abbey; he objected to the air of snobbishness which obtained there. He ran out to Stratford-upon-Avon for a day and placed a forty-dollar bouquet upon Shakespeare's tomb. He sought in vain to learn aught of the whereabouts and condition of the playwright's family; wanted to do something for them if they were needy. Had contributed to the Bartley Campbell fund, and as Shakespeare's pieces had also been played in his Denver opera-house he thought it no more than right to help out the dead author's widow and children in case they were hard up.—*Chicago News.*

A ROWING EXCURSION.

(Evening—Parlor of Hotel Thalatta. George and Gladys.)

George—Ah—eh—Miss Gladys, wouldn't you like to go rowing with me in the morning?

Gladys (effusively)—Why, yes, *indeed!* I shall be *delighted!* You're ever and *ever* so *kind* and *thoughtful* and all *that*, you know! And what time shall I expect you? And *do* I want to take a wrap, *should* you think? And we'll return in time for lunch, of *course?* And *isn't it* perfectly *elegant* to think of floating about on the calm, still wa—oh, here comes Mr. Glider for his waltz! Then you'll call for me—when? About ten, is it? Very well—and I'm a *thousand* times—*good* by! *Now*, Mr. Glider!

(The next morning. Wharf at half-tide. George discovered in conversation with a Hardy Mariner, and an object of curiosity to several Old Seadogs, Venerable Sailormen, and Marine Nondescripts.)

George—And which one would you advise me to take?

The Hardy Mariner—Well, seein's yer ain't used to rowin'——

George—But I assure you——

The Hardy Mariner (paying not the least attention)—I'll give yer the *Comet*. A bull-whale couldn't capsize her. (Swabs seats, leaving them sopping wet, after the manner of his kind.) Want the tiller in?

George (doubtfully)—Why, yes, if it's customary, sir. Or, perhaps you'd better—well, I don't know—fix it to suit yourself. (General grin.)

The Hardy Mariner—All aboard! (George cautiously descends slippery stairs, steps on boat's gunwale, and falls flat into her bottom.)

Old Seadogs—Humph! Huh!

George (picking himself up and trying to smile)—She tips very easy, doesn't she?

Venerable Sailorman—Tips easy? Yah!

The Hardy Mariner—Off she goes! (Shoves boat out.)

George (sitting down on wet thwart)—Ow! (Gets out oars and vainly attempts to pull.)

Marine Nondescript (in great disgust)—Why, don't yer ship yer rollocks?

George (lightsomely)—Ah, yes, thanks—so I should. Much obliged. (Splashes off, pursued by profane comments, very much to his disadvantage, from Saline Personages aforesaid. Rowing with the grace and quite the circular motion of a stern-wheel steamboat, he is beset on all sides by Various Vessels.)

The Kerosene Cruiser "Teakettle"—Hi, hi!

The Sloop "Teaser"—Get out of the way, will you?

The Schooner "Hannah B."—Ahoy, there! Sheer off, or we'll sink you!

The Fast and Commodious Steamer "J. G. Sprawl"—Port! Hard a-port, you lubber!

All Hands (fervently)—Bless you! Bless you!

(George, by some miracle escaping total and irredeemable smash, approaches his destination, to find pier crowded with Gay Youths, Observant Damsels, and Sarcastic Spectators *ad libitum.*)

Somebody—It's George! George, what are you doing?

George (testily)—Can't you see? I'm rowing.

Somebody—Oh, that's it, is it? (Universal smile.)

Critical Chorus (perfectly audible to poor George)—Nell, isn't he the young man we saw last evening? Yes? Well, I liked him very much—then. Frank, I wonder what his object is in this expedition—it certainly can't be pleasure. Oh, he's out fishing—for crabs! Notice how he cranks, Joe! And he doesn't feather a little bit! That's the *Comet* he's got; Jones keeps it to hire to greenhorns. Oh, mercy, girls, do you suppose he's going to invite any of us out? No; he has some poor unfortunate engaged. I only wish it was that rich aunt of mine! I pity the girl, whoever she is; she'll be wet from head to foot, be splashes so. Do I know him, Charley? Yes, confound it, and I'm shaking in my shoes for fear he'll recognize me.

(Naturally somewhat flurried, George blindly pushes in to make landing and comes in violent collision with the steps.)

George (prostrate on back in bow-sheets)—Wh—what hit me?

Humane Individual—Come, boys, let's put him out of his misery. Help him ashore.

(Humane Individual holds painter, but can not hold George, who comes to grief between the boat and the steps, filling both his boots with water.)

Sneering Stranger—There's a prohibition against landing freight at this pier.

Second S. S.—That doesn't apply to *him*. Freight is something that's useful and that people want.

George (looking at watch)—My stars! I'm awfully late! I'd no idea it would take me so long to get here. (Is just rushing away when——)

Humane Individual—Excuse me, but you haven't made your boat fast. Yes, that's a firm knot enough—little peculiar, perhaps—but hadn't you better give her a little more line? The tide's falling.

George—(thoroughly soured by his sufferings)—Whatthifitis?

H. I. (offended)—Oh, very well, very well, sir; but let me advise you not to be away too long.

(Crowd disperses, scoffing. George, having pulled himself together, departs for hotel.)

The Clerk—I think she's not in, sir.

The Hall Porter—Sorrow bit o' me knows; haven't sane her, sor.

The Bell Boy—Dunno; hain't 'roun' here, nowheres.

Glady's Mamma—Oh, you are here at last! My daughter waited for you a long time; and, concluding you did not intend to honor your engagement, has gone driving with Mr. Glider. And I may say, too, that she is seriously offended, sir—*very* seriously. No excuses, I beg—*good*-morning!

The Hardy Mariner (suddenly appearing)—What's that—that—that feller! (Chokes with rage.) Matter? Oh, nawthin's the matter—not nawthin', oh, no! Only he's tied my boat up short on an ebb-tide, an' thar she is—hung up five foot out o' wotter, an' everything a-spilt out o' ber! What is be? That bim? Say—(Sound and fury, signifying a great deal.)

(The Parlor; evening.)

Gladys (sweetly)—You needn't stop, Mr. Glider. This gentleman has evidently mistaken me for some one else, since he appears to fancy bimself acquainted with me. The next is a waltz, isn't it?

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—*Manley H. Pike in Puck's "Out Doors."*

Selecting the Ring.

A young couple at the jeweler's, with a tray of rings before them:

Fair maiden (examining them carefully)—"It's *awfully* hard to make a choice. This ruby is pretty, but—oh, Tom, I heard that May and Frank were engaged. Yes—that's nice, but not the kind I like—no opals for me, they're unlucky. Have you seen Fan's engagement-ring, Tom? It's a beauty; cost three hundred dollars. Of *course* I don't expect *you* to pay that much. Oh, *oh*, OH! look at this one. What a *beautiful* diamond—*pink*. (Tom looks at jeweler and shakes his head.) Oh, it's sold, is it? That's too bad, just the one I wanted. Now, here's one that's kind of pretty, but the stone is too small. Oh, yes, I know that size doesn't count, but you know, Tom, that some people think so, and I want all the girls to be jealous. Oh, psbaw! I don't see any I want but that pink one; let's go somewhere else. No, no; this will do. Oh, Tom, this will do, it's lovely. How jealous the girls will be!"—*Time.*

What will the man of the twenty-ninth century—that is to say, just one thousand years hence—be like? In what will he differ from ourselves? Will be be stronger or weaker, taller or shorter, more intellectual, or less clever? Will his life be longer or less? Will be develop new powers and faculties, or will be, on the other band, lose the use of and consequently by slow degrees cease to possess certain organs and senses? To sum the whole matter up in a very few words—the future man (and woman) will be very much indeed like the present man (or woman). Probably slightly taller and more robust—certainly more healthy, and consequently longer lived, having all the same organs and senses, only slightly, if at all, modified—much more learned and versed in arts and sciences; but to all intents and purposes so much like ourselves that, if one of the Pharaohs, an Englishman of the nineteenth century, and our man of the future could meet, neither would excite surprise in, or call for remark from, the other.

Scene in an artist's studio—friend equipped for a journey, who has come to say good-by: *Friend*—"Farewell; you will never see me again." *Artist*—"You say I will never see you again?" "That's what I say." "Do you really mean it?" "I do." "Then lend me ten dollars before you go. I want something to remember you by."—*Texas Siftings.*

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...cents, round trip.

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Sacramento, Redding and Sisson, via Davis	7.15 P.
Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	6.15 P.
Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	11.15 A.
Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, O-oville, and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
Haywards, Niles, and San José	* 3.45 P.
Sacramento River Steamers	**6.00 A.
Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
Stockton and §Milton; Vallejo, Calistoga & Santa Rosa	9.45 A.
2d Class Sacramento, Ogden and East, connects at Davis for Knight's Landing	10.45 A.
Niles and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
Niles and San José	‡ 4.45 P.
Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
Central Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	7.45 P.
Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East	7.45 A.
Sunset Route—Atlantic Express. Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

Newark, San José and Santa Cruz	‡ 8.05 P.
Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 P
Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*11.20 A.
Centerville, San José. Almaden, Los Gatos and Santa Cruz	‡‡9.50 A.

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San José and Way Stations	2.30 P.
Monterey and Santa Cruz, Sunday Excursion	‡ 8.25 P.
San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos; Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations	6.12 P.
San José. Almaden and Way Stations	7 30 P.
Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	5.08 P.
Menlo Park, San José, Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville, and Monterey only. (Oel Monte limited.)	*11.15 A.
San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey and principal Way Stations	*10.02 A.
Menlo Park and Way Stations	7.58 A.
San José and Way Stations	9.03 A.
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San José and principal Way Stations	‡4.25 P.

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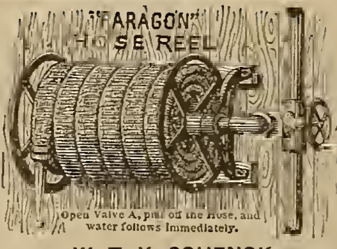

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Miss Rehan is always delicious, but she is particularly delicious as a shrew. It was with this in his mind that Justin McCarthy adapted "The Wife of Socrates" to meet her peculiar talents. But there are shrews and shrews. Katherine, for example, is a splendid shrew. There is something luridly magnificent about her. She is an untamed lioness imbued with savage majesty, who could not, if she tried, be otherwise than imposing and grandiose. But Xantippe, viewed by the cold light of history, has never been awe-inspiring. She was simply an ordinary, harsh, rasping shrew, neither dramatic, nor romantic, nor picturesque. When artists painted her, they always made her crabbed and ugly. One regarded her as the type of the commonplace scold, for whom the ducking-stool was invented—a creature who would have hroken plates over her Socrates's head when she was angered; who would have died rather than have a pretty servant-girl in the house; who habitually got out of bed on the wrong side; who had a scathing and malicious tongue; and who, in all probability, beat Socrates every night of his life with the hroom-handle—a figure never rising above the disagreeable to the dramatic.

But Xantippe, glorified by the light of genius, suddenly glows with a picturesque lustre. As understood by Miss Rehan, she is an imposing and terrihle, yet eminently human, creature. Socrates's attitude is entirely comprehensible; one could love this impassioned, impulsive, savage, foolish being in spite of her faults. Underneath all her fury she is adorably silly. She has been cursed with a raging temper, which finds its vent in violent actions, not, as we have hitherto believed, in bitter words. A man could more easily forgive the blows of Xantippe's club than the lashings of Beatrice's tongue. The one leaves a hruise for a week, the other a cicatrice for life. Moreover, the subsequent blandishments with which the repentant, red-haired fury wooes forgiveness are worth the beating. All the philosophy of Socrates and his school could not be proof against Xantippe's pleadings for pardon. Even a philosopher may be expected to experience a gentle titillation of triumph at the thought that he can master hy forbearance a creature who can master every one else with her strong right arm.

Miss Rehan's Xantippe is hult on grand lines. She is decoratively effective, from the few straight folds of her classic draperies to the simple and direct motives which rule her conduct. There is no artistic complexity in Xantippe's character. Every impulse is as clear as daylight. She flies into a jealous rage, she falls into repentance, she flies into a still worse rage being thwarted, and from that plunges into graceful and abject remorse. She is one of the simple great ones gone forever and ever by. The character thus broadly blocked out is broadly treated by Miss Rehan. The elaboration of detail with which so many of the modern players think to heighten the effectiveness of their productions is refreshingly absent. The tint is never degraded by overwork. Her rage, her repentance, her submission, follow each other in clear, broad waves. Xantippe's is a figure of almost antique simplicity, recalled from the classic ages before art was abandoned to the ornate and the elaborate. It is one of Miss Rehan's richest personations.

Josephine following on the heels of Xantippe can not but compel the on-looker to the perpetration of odious comparisons between the costumes of the old Greeks and the modern Americans. Xantippe is a study in a dress whose every line and fold is harmony. Joe is a nice-looking young lady in a series of gowns which custom has taught us to consider, if not joys forever, at least things of beauty. The exquisite, lithe grace of Xantippe's long, majestic figure almost succumbs in the presence of the very tight bodice, the high-heeled slippers, the black-and-white skirts, and the dress-improver which decorate the *semillante* Josephine. But, though we are far from the grace and beauty of old Greece, we are beginning to matriculate from a period of darkness. Josephine's Leghorn hat of the first act—a reminiscence of Winterhalter's picture of the Empress Eugénie—reconciles us somewhat to the present fashions when we see what has been in the near past. But Miss Rehan's cosmopolitan personality, with its dash of Irish jollity, of French polish, of American *espièglerie*, of English sincerity, can triumph successfully over the largest hat that ever came out of Leghorn and black-and-white striped bodices of the most impossible cuts.

Her Josephine is a pleasure. It is the freshest, gayest, most joyous of personations—Xantippe's antithesis. It is spontaneous, spirited, natural, finished with the finesse which the nineteenth century is bound to give together with the tight sleeves, the high-heels, and the slim waist. It is girlish without affectation and shows a saucy appreciation of the absurd situations in which she and her companions find themselves.

The play of which Josephine is the heroine suffers in the decanting from French into English. Much of its piquancy vanishes in the transfer. The original French version sailed too close to the wind to suit American taste. Now it sails along on a steady keel, at an equable, even rate of speed. It cannot fail to be funny—in the hands of gifted amateurs even it would be funny. But it is a bad plan, singing the songs of Zion in a strange land. French plays and farces done over for American audiences have always a flavor like last night's champagne. They were written for French players, and French players and American players are as different as French patriotism and American patriotism. The shadow of the mother-in-law falls as darkly across the three acts of "The Lottery of Love" as it did across those of "Les Surprises du Divorce," but now it's a shadow in hloomers instead of gauze skirts. The whole play has put on hloomers. It has been combed and trimmed and clipped into shape, but nevertheless it was more amusing in its savage state before domestication.

Neither do the company take to it as kindly as they do to the more conventional and elegant comedy of "The Railroad of Love." Their art is too high and not sufficiently hroad for farce. As a company, their distinguishing characteristics are grace, elegance, and polish—characteristics which are not developed by the wild absurdities of "The Lottery of Love." It is too much to say that they are out of their sphere, and it is not enough to say that their parts hang loosely on them. They have more downrightness and sincerity, less delicacy of touch, than some of the French players who were here last year, and delicacy and lightness are indispensable to carry off such a farce as "The Lottery of Love."

Mr. Drew, for example, seems overweighted. No one is more satisfying, more perfectly at ease, as a thoroughly gentlemanly and artistically impassioned lover; hut he is not imbued with the comic element. His Lieutenant Everett is the perfection of unostentatious realism. His Adolphus Doubledot is a charming hut incomplete creation. There were places where the complications reached a point of turmoil and frenzy when Mr. Drew seemed to have almost exhausted his power of playing up to the occasion. In fact, in the end of the second act, the whole company, with the exceptions of Miss Rehan and Mr. Lewis, seemed oppressed hy the weight of the farce and the accumulating complications yet to be worked through. This sensation of slight weariness, of being stifled beneath too much fun, communicates itself to the auditors. They experience a faint reflex of the harassed and exasperated condition of being which each participator in the tumult on the stage strives to portray. One is undoubtedly amused, but laboriously amused. A strain is faintly visible on the stage and faintly felt in the audience. G. B.

STAGE GOSSIP.

"Shaun Rhue" will he presented by Joseph Murphy at the New California next week. It will be followed by "Kerry Gow."

Among the members of Miss Coghlan's Company to appear at the Baldwin shortly are John T. Sullivan, who was here with the Booth-Barrett Company a few years ago, Thomas Webber, Maurice Pike, Frank Lander, George H. Leonard, James Dunn, and Miss Agnes Thomas.

Next week, Mrs. Yeamans has her opportunity at the Alcazar. "Cordelia's Aspirations," in which she shows to the best advantage, will be given. It will be the last of the old favorites for the present, being followed by "The Lorgaire," a play new to San Francisco audiences.

Charles A. Gardner will begin an engagement of two weeks at the Bush Street Theatre on Monday evening. His play, "Fatherland," is somewhat out of the usual line of German plays. A local coloring is given to it hy three typical scenes of the Tyrol: A *festag* (German festival), a *spinnstube* (spinning bee), and a *sängerfest*.

Miss Rose Coghlan begins a three weeks' engagement at the Baldwin on August 5th. "Joscelyn," a play of the romantic school, with all the scenery and stage appointments used in its production in the East last season, will be the opening production. There is a possibility of seeing Miss Coghlan as Peg Woffington and in "Forget-Me-Not" during the engagement.

Edward Harrigan has been acting one of his hest rôles, Jeremiah McCarthy, in "The Leather Patch," this week at the Alcazar. Charlie Reed, too, has done well with Jeff Putnam, and Joe Sparks with Cah'line Hyer, but they have not upset our preconceived notions of the characters as they were played by Johnny Wild and Dan Collier two years ago.

The Tivoli inaugurates its second decade of opera most ambitiously. Next Monday, a season of grand opera will be inaugurated hy the production of "Ernani." The brilliant music of Elvira will give Signora Ida Valerga an excellent opportunity, while Jacob Müller will be heard to the best advantage as Carlos, and Hamilton, whose voice seems to have been wasted in light opera, will have more congenial surroundings. Signor Roberto Stantini and Mr. Charles Thrower are the new tenors. For the present, grand opera and light opera will be sung on alternate evenings, "The Yeomen of the Guard" alternating with "Ernani."

Next week will be the last of the engagement of the Daly Company at the Baldwin, after which they will return directly to New York. The week will be given up to a variety of plays. "Samson and Dalilah" and "A Woman's Won't" will be presented on Monday and Tuesday; "An International Match" on Wednesday; "The Inconstant," the old English comedy of this season, on Thursday; and "A Night Off" for the rest of the week.

"Five years without a kick," is the inscription on a watch carried by Mr. Mann, the manager of the California. It is the testimony of the friendly relations between himself and Evans and Hoey, whose "Parlor Match" he managed during that period. An evidence, which the public will probably appreciate more directly, however, is offered hy the fact that they are to play an engagement at the California, following Joseph Murphy. Of course Old Hoss, McCorker, and Innocent Kidd are the same, hut the rest of the cast will be new, and the songs and music have been changed.

We are being deluged just now with former San Francisco favorites. Charles Wheatleigh, of the Daly Company, was a member of the Maguire's Opera House Company when the old theatre on Washington Street was in its prime, and Joseph Murphy was a member of the San Francisco Minstrels at the same house. Later, Mr. Wheatleigh was a member of the Grand Opera House stock company, where we also saw Charles J. Edmonds, now supporting Murphy. Edward Harrigan served his novitiate in this city; and Miss Olive West, now appearing at the Bush Street, was a young actress of promise in the Baldwin Theatre stock company some years ago.

MARY ARDEN.

The Little that is Known of Shakespeare's Mother.

Mary Arden, a simple English maiden of the olden time—a girl whose life must have been as sweet and pure as that of any wild rose blowing in her own Warwickshire lanes—was the mother of the greatest poet that ever lived. How all unconscious of her destiny was she when plain John Shakespeare, in the summer of 1557, roamed by her side in the wooded walks of Wilmecot and wooed her in the frank old English fashion.

"Master John Shakespeare, *a gentleman of good figure and fashion*," as the municipal records of Stratford describe him, was in all probability a sturdy, simple-natured fellow, full of that gentle, almost worshiping chivalry which holds in reverence the sacred personality of a sincerely beloved woman. Some people there are who, by way of ruthlessly cutting out any possible romance concerning Shakespeare's parentage, will insist that the father of the "Swan of Avon" was a butcher, but these would-be prosaic individuals have no credible foundation whatever for their brusque theory. He might, with more correctness, have been a wool-stapler, though there is very little evidence to show even this, save a small device of the arms of the Wool-Staplers' Company which was found fixed into one of the windows of his house in Henley Street, Stratford. But coupled with this discovery, it must be remembered that at the time John Shakespeare resided there, one Sir Hugh Clopton, a native of Stratford, and a *wool-stapler*, had become Lord Mayor of London. His neighbors and townsfolk were inordinately proud of the distinction he had attained—so much so that they even prized his heraldic insignia, and many of them copied it as a form of ornamentation for their own dwellings. There are some ultra-fashionable people in London who do the same sort of thing now; they will use the three feathers of the Prince of Wales's motto as a "finish" or decoration to a cornice or portière, though they have nothing whatever to do with the heir-apparent. So that the circumstance of the wool-stapler's device having formed part of the scroll-work of a window in the house of John Shakespeare is scarcely sufficient to prove that he himself was of that trade. But, whatever his business or profession, he seems to have been a man of prominent social standing. He possessed a small estate in the County of Warwickshire—land which had been bestowed on one of his ancestors by Henry the Seventh when that monarch was plain Earl of Richmond. It is well known and authenticated that he served his town as high bailiff of the borough or mayor of Stratford, and, considering these facts, one would hardly be inclined to doubt that he was of reputable birth and position, and, moreover, endowed with something above the average in the way of education and intelligence.

Then, too, a common butcher would scarcely have been permitted to pay lover-like addresses to a young lady such as Mary Arden, the *undoubted* descendant of a gentleman's family, and an heiress in her own right. She came of an aristocratic house, the Ardens having been counted among the acknowledged "gentry" of Warwickshire from the time of Henry the Sixth. Robert Arden, Mary's father, was the son of that Arden who served as first groom of the chamber to Henry the Seventh—a noble office only offered to gentlemen of superior education and distinguished manners. Again, one of Robert Arden's cousins, John Arden, was frequently visited at his own h hy the king (Henry the Seventh); and we also that an Edward Arden, who seems to have been ert's brother, or, at any rate, some very near rel served as high sherift of the County of Warwick ing the year *preceding that in which Mary Ar husband, John Shakespeare, acted as high bail mayor of Stratford.* It may therefore be reaso presumed that the parents of the great poet we no means of low social repute or deficient learning and culture proper to their day. Partic in the case of Mary Arden, it may be fairly acc that she was educated as a lady of refinement delicacy—an education which, for women in simple times, meant a sound knowledge of rel and its sacred duties, thorough instruction in a useful details of domestic management, deft spinning the household linens, proficiency in all of needlework, a comprehension of and a quick pathy with the needs of the sick and poor, and, all, a careful training in those virtues which give peace—truth, humility, patience, modesty, fulness, and obedience. No fitter education cou imagined for the mother of Shakespeare.

As a matter of fact, there was every reason f specially meriting an extra careful training, mentioned before, she was an heiress. She br to John Shakespeare, on the day of her ma with him, an estate called "The Ashhies," sisting of about fifty-four acres of good land, a residence standing on the property, and two ment-houses, with gardens. In addition to thi had an interest in some lands at Wilmecot, and small houses at Snitterfield. We should not ca a mean dowry for any young girl, and recalli pleasing and satisfactory statement made hy one Oldys, of Stratford, who declares that "Mary was verie beautifulle," John Shakespeare must received the hearty congratulations of all his the day he wedded so well-endowed and fair a She was the youngest of Robert Arden's three ters, and is so identified in his will, dated Nov 14, 1556, in which, with her sister Alice, she w pointed his executrix and received the largest sh his inheritance—this arrangement seeming to s that she was her father's favorite.

William Shakespeare was his mother's third and was born when she was twenty-four years o At that time, her nature had been softened and ened hy deep sorrow. No doubt, as a fresl spoiled English lass, young and healthy, with world before her, her temperament had been hrightness and huoyancy. Lovely, innocent passing her time in simple occupations, wi flower-scented Warwickshire air ripening her and invigorating her system, it may well be im that her eyes had never filled with bitterer tear those shed for a wounded hird or dying hutterfl

But no human soul is strong without suf grief alone can teach the high lessons of earne pose and universal sympathy; and Mary Ard the full hey-dey of youth and impulsive gayet scarcely prepared, mentally speaking, to give world a son whose great mind should be able t prehend the gloomy terrors of Macbeth an psychological tortures of Hamlet. For it is ad by all eminent physicians and physiologists, an who have made *race* and the gifts of heritage special study, that the mind or intellectual bi child is, to a certain degree, formed before it is and that its cleverness or stupidity depends in great measure upon its mother's disposition; a only on her disposition, but on her general cha istics and state of mental and bodily health. theory, propounded by so many scientists, is acceptable, then it was perhaps necessary that Arden should know what sorrow had to teach sorrow came. All who have felt what it is to lo children one after the other by some dire sickn calamity, can sympathize with the agony that have been experienced by the young wife o Shakespeare when the "Reaper whose name is D snatched away her two first-born blossoms, th babes Joan and Margaret, who perished in their infancy. How often she must have wended h to the little plot of earth that covered their ti bodies! How often she must have wept, a mothers weep, when she thought of the small that had ceased to beat before they could compr her love and tenderness! In all probability he ried life had been all sunshine until this grea Her union with John Shakespeare must have one of love and happiness, considering all its c stances; and thus far her path had been strew flowers. But with these two little ones, who it were, wearied of life in a moment, had com and hitterness, and a feeling akin to despair. while all this sorrow was freshly weighing mind, there came the dawning of a new hope— that was brought to full fruition on the festival St. George, the victorious patron saint of En William Shakespeare was born. Five more c were born to John Shakespeare and Mary and in the early autumn of 1601 the simple-m God-fearing father of the family died.

The poet was forty-four when his mother therefore it is natural to suppose that she knew thing of his marvelous genius, though she migh been unable to foresee his future unapproa fame. She must have been aware that many son's plays were performed before Queen Elizal Hampton Court, where they met with the roy proval and admiration—an honor which she, i proud of her eldest-born, could not fail to appr

What a halo surrounds the quiet form of Arden—a picture of English village beauty fra hy the luxuriant verdure of the Warwickshire and fields! Surely as we bow before the th her son's profound genius we can spare a glance for the one standing meekly beside hi who bore him, reared him, was patient with his ish caprices, his boyish fancies—who warded o ness and death from his infant slumbers, and for him and his future with those mother's which it is said God hears soonest.—*Marie Co the Woman's World.*

EPH MARTIN SAW THE FIGHT.

lis Description of the Sullivan-Kilrain Battle.

While we were waiting at Richburg, Miss., last onday, for the special train which never came, an elted group of Mississippi darkies were listening to rilling recital of the great battle by Eph Martin. was seated on the back of a solemn-looking mule, n long ears and a bland, innocent expression. is garments consisted principally of a linen dus- full of holes, and a tattered straw-hat. The story begun on mule-back and ended on the ground practical illustrations of how Kilrain was de- ted.

"Now, ef yous'll jes keep you' moufs shet a minit," an the story-teller, with a grandiloquent gesture to companions, who had not uttered a word but were ding with mouths agape, "I'll endeabor to re-late w ob de facks. Bill Adams, yo' done stop laffin' stop right yere. I'se gwine toe hah puffik audah 'lows yo' toe lissen. Yo' heah me? Now pick yahs, honies, kase I ham't got no time toe tawk st. Air youse all yearin' me?"

Eph threw up his right hand impressively and ed the whites of his eyes, as he looked from one ny face to the other.

"I done see de fight," started Eph, "along wif teh Waltah Rich, Misteh Char-less Rich, Misteh he, and sev'l moh' gentlams. When Misteh Sul- done get hisself ready fo' toe fight Misteh Killen, y, 'Whar's Eph? Whar's Eph Martin? Ef I n' see Eph, dere's no fightin' fo' me dis yere day.' One ob de gentlams say, 'Eph, yo' go up dere, ; yo' go up dere. Misteh Sullivan done gwine ef loan' see'm.' So I go up and he shake my han' say, 'Eph yo' mus' done hab de bes' seat. Yo' mos' intel'gent culled man et Rich's Mill, an' ef ain't gwine den I hain't gwine nuther.' Ham y, I'se got no mo' to say ef yo' pull yo' lip ag'in. , 'Aw' right, Misteh Sullivan, I'se done gwine.' Misteh Sullivan he shake han's twisct and say, len am done licked a'ready.' Air yo' lissenen, ahs?"

ere was a gurgle of assent, and Man Johnsing imed "Jee!"

mme see," continued Eph, "whar'd I leah off? yes. Well, honies, I gets inta de pen, and h Waltah he done gimme de hestes seat. by Misteh Sullivan he come. Bimeby Misteh n he come. Misteh Sullivan, he say, 'Ef Eph in's yere, I'se ready.' Den he see me and kiner ees head back and laf."

"TIME!"

h delivered this so vociferously and with such sud- ss that his auditors jumped. Even the mule ed up one lazy ear and wagged it. With the ry of the word Eph slid to the ground and threw lf into an exaggerated pugilistic attitude.

ow," said he, "I'se Misteh Sullivan. Dis yere way he stood prezac'ly. Misteh Killen, he come ick like an' grab Misteh Sullivan. Bif! Misteh an done lyin' on de groun'. Nex' time he get n'. Man Johnsing, yo' put up yo' han's—you'se . Now doan' yo' hit me, chile—doan' yo' hit r I tell no mo'. Misteh Sullivan he jes smile, wouf!"

let drive with his right hand and plunked h Johnson in the stomach, whereupon that man sank to the ground and groaned.

illustrator paid no attention to the fallen object- , but went on more excitedly than before.

ow I'se reachin' right inta de meat!" he ex- d. "I see dem pujilists right yere en front ob Misteh Sullivan he like a bullgine wif a'hms. n' like, he say to Misteh Killen, 'Come up yere, ' lemme see yo'—please man, lemme see ef aint got a spec in yo' eye. I want 'at spec, I want 'at air spec foh my chil'ln. Come man, jes' a little minnit.' Misteh Killen come? , honies—oh, no. He done stay 'way. What! es han' car on de trac' and stop dat air bullgine? o. Hain't got time, Misteh Sullivan—hain't ne to-day, sah. 'Scuse me, sah, hut hain't got What does Misteh Sullivan do den, honies? , niggahs, what does Misteh Sullivan do den? tellin' you what he does—he REACHES fur Bif!"

word of warning was spoken as Eph let go with ht fist a second time and struck Ham Petry on his flat nose. Then, without the shadow mile, he continued his illustrative narrative:

isteh Killen feel like he done et toe much pie— nt misteh doctor. He tek a wahk aroun' an' wunst awe mo' he jump in like ole br'er fox, it Misteh Sullivan. But Lawd! Den's when s it, honies—den's when yo' see. Misteh Sul- e eye shine like old misteh cat. 'Come yere, an,' he say, 'come yere, jes' wunst mo', an' see luh you. Come yere, hun', an' lemme put 'hms aroun' yo' neck. 'Oh, no, Misteh Sul- I t'ink yo' foolin' me, sah; I t'ink yo' foolin' Yo' can't inb me dis yere hot day, Misteh Sul- Go 'way from yere, sah.' 'What!' say llivan 'yo' stay away when yo' called. Tek yo', man!'"

's voice had reached a high pitch and the fingers right hand were working spasmodically. His ice, while deeply interested, was watchful and tly moved hack a couple of paces as he reached nax.

' Ham!" he yelled. "Yo' Ham Petry! ere an' play Misteh Killen. Whah's de mat- yo', chile? Duz yo' 'spect me to stan' ?"

Something must have stung that patient mule just moment, for, without a second's warning or a preliminary movement, he straightened out his d leg with marvelous swiftness. The point of ement was just below Eph's waist-line, and he ven with some force into a shallow but stag- ool of Mississippi water. This apparently p further proceedings. I tried to induce Eph nue, hut his feelings seemed to be hurt, and ould say was: "'Scuse me, sah, but I t'ought isteh Sullivan, and I done tawked; but my le, sah, he Misteh Sullivan, an' my Joe mule t tawk, sah."—*New York World.*

"jolica" was the name at first given by the to a certain kind of earthenware because the ecimens that they saw came from Majorca. But, subsequently a large manufacture of the same earthenware was carried on at Faenza, the majolica" was dropped and "faience" sub- . The term "majolica" is now used to de- vessels made of colored clay and coated with paque varnish so as to resemble "faience"; of much less value than the latter.

— THE STORY OF PATSY," BY KATE DOUGLAS , is for sale by Pierson & Robertson.

THE CONVERSAZZHYONY.

What conversazzhyonies wuz I really did not know,
For that, you must remember, wuz a powerful spell ago;
The camp wuz new and noisy, and only mod'rit sized—
So fashionable society wuz hardly crystallized.
There hadn't been no grand events to interest the men
But a lynchin', or an inquest, or a jack-pot now 'nd then;
The wimmin folks wuz mighty scarce, for wimmin, ez a rule,
Don't go to Colorado much, excep' for teachin' school,
And bein' scarce and chipper, and pretty (like ez not),
The bachelors perpose and air accepted on the spot.

Now Sorry Tom wuz owner uv the Gosh-All-Hemlock mine,
The which allowed his better-haff to dress all-fired fine;
For Sorry Tom wuz mighty proud uv her 'nd she uv him,
Though *she* wuz short 'nd nippy and *he* wuz tall 'nd slim,
And *she* wuz edjicated and Sorry Tom wuz *not*;
Yet, for *her* sake, he'd whack up every cussid cent he'd got'
Waal, jest by way of celebratin' matrimonial joys,
She thought she'd give a conversazzhyony to the boys—
A peert 'nd likely lady and ez full uv cute idees
And uv etiqwettish notions ez a fyste is full of fleas!

Three-Fingered Hoover kind uv kicked and said they might be durned,
So fur as any conversazzhyonies was concerned;
He'd come to Red Hoss Mountain to tunnel for the ore,
And *not* to go to parties—quite another kind uv bore!
But bein' he wuz candidate for marshal uv the camp,
I rayther had the upper holts in arguin' with the scamp.
Sez I: "Three-Fingered Hoover, don't ye see it is yer game
To go for all the votes ye kin 'nd collar all the same?"
To which perceivin' Hoover sez: "Waal, ef I *must* I *must*,
So I'll freqnent that conversazzhyony ef I hust!"

Three-Fingered Hoover wuz a trump! Ez fine a man wuz he
Ez ever caused an inquest or blossomed on a tree!
A big, broad man, whose face bespoke a honest heart within,
With a hunch uv yaller whiskers appertainin' to his chin
And a fierce mustache turnt up so fur that both his ears wuz hid,
Like the picture that you always see in the "Life uv Cap'n Kidd";
His hair wuz long 'nd wavy 'nd fine ez Southdown fleece—
Oh, it shone and smelt like Eden when he slicked it down with grease!
I'll bet there wuzn't anywhere a man, all round, ez fine
Ez wuz Three-Fingered Hoover in the spring uv '69!

The conversazzhyony wuz a notable affair,
The bong tong, deckolett, and en regahly bein' there:
The ranch where Sorry Tom hung out wuz fitted up immense—
The Denver papers called it a "palatial residence";
There wuz mountain pines 'nd ferns 'nd flowers a-hangin' on the walls,
And cheers 'nd hoss-hair sofies wuz a-settin' in the halls;
And there wuz heaps uv pictures of folks that lived down east—
Sech ez poets and perfessers—and last, but not the least,
Wuz a chromo of old Fremont—we liked that best, you bet,
For there's lots uv us old miners that iz votin' fur him yet!

When Sorry Tom received the gang perlitely at the door
He said that keerds would be allowed upon the second floor.
And then he asked us would we like a drop uv ody vee;
Connivin' at his meanin' we responded prumptly "We!"
A conversazzhyony is a thing where people speak
The languidge in the which they air particulerly weak;
"I see," sez Sorry Tom, "you grasp what that 'ere lingo means"—
"You bet your boots!" sez Hoover, "I've lived at Noo Orleens,
And, though I ain't no Frenchie nor kin unto the same,
I kin parly voo 'nd git there, too, like Eli, toot lee mame!"

As speakin' French wus not my forte—not even oony poo—
I stuck to keerds ez played hy them ez did not parly voo;
And, bein' how that poker wus my most perficient game,
I poneyed up for twenty blues and set into the same.
Three-Fingered Hoover stayed behind 'nd parly vood so well
That all the kramy delly krame allowed he wuz *the belle*;
The other candidate for marshal didn't have no show,
For, while Three-Fingered Hoover parlyd, ez they said, tray bow,
Bill Goslin didn't know enough uv French to git along,
And I reckon that he had what folks might call a movy tong.

From Denver they had freighted up a real pianny-fort
Uv the warty leg and pearl around the keys and kiver sort,
And, later in the evenin', Perfesser Vere de Blaw
Performed on that pianny, with considerable eclaw,
Such high-toned opry airs as one is apt to hear, you know,
When he rounds up, down to Denver, at an Emmy Abbitt show.
And Barber Jim, a talented but ornery galoot,
Discoursed a ohligatter corny mory on the floot—
Till we as sot up-stairs indulgin' in a quiet game
Conveyed to Barber Jim our wish to compromise the same.

The maynoo that wuz spread that night wuz mighty hard to beat—
Though somewhat awkward to pernounce it wuzn't so to eat;
There wuz puddin's, pies, 'nd sandwidges, 'nd forty kinds uv sass,
And floatin' Irelands, custards, and patties dee foy grass,
And millions uv cove oysters a-settin' round in pans,
And other native fruits and things that grow out west in cans;
But I wuz all kufflummuxed when Hoover said he'd choose
"Oon peety morso, see voo play, de cette là Charlotte Rooze!"
I'd knowed Three-Fingered Hoover for fifteen years or more,
But I'd never heern him speak so light uv wimmin folks before!

Bill Goslin heerd him say it and uv course he spread the news
Uv how Three-Fingered Hoover had insulted Charlotte Rooze
At the conversazzhyony down at Sorry Tom's that night,
And when they asked me I allowed that Bill fur once wuz right;
Although it broke my heart to see my friend go up the fluke,
We all opined his treatment uv the girl deserved rebuke.
It wasn't no use for Sorry Tom to nail it fur a lie—
When it come to saucin' wimmin there wuz blood in every eye!
The boom f'r Charlotte Rooze swep' on and took the polls by storm—
And so Three-Fingered Hoover fell a martyr to reform!

Three-Fingered Hoover said it wuz a horrible mistake,
And when the votes wuz in he cried as if his heart would break.
We never knew who Charlotte wuz, hut Goslin's brother Dick
Allowed she wuz the teacher from the camp on Roarin' Crick
That had come to pass some foreign tongue with them uv our alite
Ez wuz at the high-toned party down at Sorry Tom's that night.
We let it drop—this matter uv the lady—there and then,
And we never heerd, nor wanted to, uv Charlotte Rooze again,
And the Colorado wimmin folks, ez like ez not, don't know
How we vindicated all their sex a-twenty year ago.

—*Eugene Field in the Chicago News.*

The tornado is a funnel-shaped column of disturbed air, generally about forty or fifty yards in diameter, rotating about a nearly perpendicular axis. It forms in the upper air a few miles overhead and works down to the earth. Its track is generally not more than twenty-five miles until it disappears into the upper air whence it came.

— NOVEL READERS CAN ALWAYS FIND THE latest works of fiction on the counters at Pierson & Robertson's, 126 Post Street.

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DXXXVII—Bill of Fare for six persons—Sunday, July 28, 1889.

Rice and Tomato Soup.
Fried Clams. Cold Slaw.
Broiled Squabs on Toast. Potato Croquets.
String Beans. Summer Squash.
Roast Veal. Currant Jelly.
Tomatoes, Mayonnaise Dressing.
Lemon Cheese Cakes.
Peaches, Apples, Plums, Pears, Gages, Nectarines, Apricots, Cherries, Grapes, and Figs.

LEMON CHEESE CAKES.—Rasp the rind of a large lemon with four ounces of fine sugar, then crush and mix with the yolks of three eggs, and half the quantity of whites, well whisked; heat these together thoroughly; add to them four tablespoonfuls of cream, a quarter of a pound of oiled butter, the strained juice of the lemon, which must be stirred quickly in by degrees. If the lemons are not large, take two. Line some patty-pans with thin puff paste, half fill them with the mixture, and bake them thirty minutes. The extra whites can be placed upon the tops after the cheese cakes are baked and placed again in the oven for a few minutes.

Inquiries, extending over a period of forty years, made of about three hundred members of the Cambridge and Oxford University crews, instituted by Dr. Maclaren, director of the university gymnasium at Oxford, have elicited facts which may be accepted as experimental evidence of the value of physical training in a class of cases in which the conditions of life are most favorable, hence affording a test from which practically every element except the purely muscular one is eliminated. The benefits experienced by the members of these crews are stated to be an increase of stamina, of energy, enterprise, and executive power, and of fortitude in endurance of trials, privations, and disappointments—"a goodly list of benefits bearing on the mental and moral as conspicuously as on the physical side of the question," says Dr. Maclaren, "for, in the struggle for existence, failure is more likely to result from inability to endure trials and disappointments than from merely physical weakness—the statistics of suicide bearing out this statement."

During the last session of Congress, the sum of two hundred thousand dollars was appropriated for the establishment of a zoölogical garden at Washington. The necessary site for it has now been selected. It comprises about one hundred and fifty acres, lies to the north-west of the city, about two miles from the White House, along the banks of Rock Creek, and is said to be admirably situated and in every way adapted for its purpose. It is expected that before next winter the necessary arrangements will be so far advanced that the animals now housed in the grounds of the Smithsonian Institution can be moved to their new quarters.

The new twin-screw steamer *Columbia*, built in England for the Hamburg-American Company's line to New York, made forty knots on her trial trip in an hour and forty-five minutes. The company accepted the vessel at sea, the British flag being hauled down and the German flag hoisted in its place.

— CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER'S NEW BOOK, "Studies in the South and West," is attracting great attention; price $1.75. Sold by Pierson & Robertson, 126 Post Street.

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— GO TO BRADLEY & RULOFSON'S NEW PHOTOgraphic gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont Streets.

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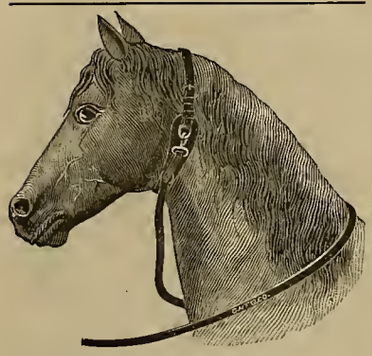

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OL. XXV. No. 5. San Francisco, August 5, 1889. Price, Ten Cents.

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RANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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When the statue of Giordano Bruno was unveiled in Rome, any thousand students witnessed the triumph of science over perstition, and acclaimed their sympathy with young pressive Italy in its victory over the insolence of Papal higotry. e witnessed once, in Holy Week, a procession of scholars d lahorers in the city of Rome, some mounted on mules, aring red pantaloons, their necks adorned with strings of ions, used as rosaries upon which to count their prayers; aying upon tin horns, dressed in fantastic garh, practicing cks of clownery in pantomimic derision of the solemn cereonies of Holy Mother Church. We saw on the Piazza Spagna, in Rome, the palace of a Roman nohle illumined in honor of a festival of the church; we saw the moh d heard the crash of glass, and as the next day we made r way to the Pincian Hill, the palace was a wreck to triotic fury, grown impatient of wrongs long endured. We ppened to he in the city of Brussels when Pius the Ninth lehrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his occupancy of the apal throne, a period longer than that of Peter, wherehy a adition was overthrown; in the capital of Belgium there was no flag displayed on any public edifice; there was no recognition of the day, although the king was Catholic and the queen had accepted that year the Golden Rose; and in the streets of Brussels there tramped at midnight four thousand lahorers chanting the monotonous refrain, "A has le Pape, à has le Pape," and all through the night the cry resounded, "Down with the Pope." On that day in San Francisco an honored fellow-citizen—John McGlynn—now dead, rode upon a white horse at the head of a long procession of priests in carriages and lahorers on foot to celehrate the occupancy of the Papal throne hy an Italian hishop. On the eighteenth of July, in the City of Mexico, occurred the anniversary of the death of Juarez, a liheral president—one of the great, honest, progressive minds of the age, who has become to Mexico what Lincoln is to the United States—in whose veins flowed only pure Aztec hlood. His successor in office holds Rome in the same contempt as did the Indian liherator. At the foot of the Mexican throne an Austrian Catholic usurper has heen shot; from its soil the army of a Catholic king has heen driven in shame. The streets of the Mexican capital are no longer paraded hy priests hearing the Host, at the elevation of which every foreigner and Protestant might he knocked down in adoration of a holy wafer. In the streets of Mexico pontifical millinery is no longer displayed, church-hells are silenced of their hrassy clamor, churches are secularized, monkeries torn down, and nunneries are no longer convenient to monastic seclusion. Mexico, with its nine millions of people, has only seven millions left in ignorance, poverty, and peonage, resulting from the apostolic tyranny which so long held the world in hondage. In Mexico the schools are at work, and, as the result of education, on the anniversary of the death of Juarez, some thousands of liheral students in procession cried: "Death to the clergy!" and death to the Conservative party which would keep the Repuhlic of Mexico in longer suhservience to the hierarchy of Rome. Galileo was right, the world moves! And yet we are told that the Roman Catholic Church grows and strengthens in America. We deny the truth of this assertion. It is not growing nor strengthening among any intelligent and educated people. We see grand edifices, splendid schools, great cathedrals, and around altars, hlazing in gilded paint, we see poverty and ignorance kneeling. These architectural piles have heen reared from the plunder which priests have gathered from the superstitious, the ignorant, and toiling poor, and the fears which shadow the death-heds of the departing rich. Every structure reared hy the Church of Rome upon this continent is ravished from comforts stolen from a poor man's toil or tortured from a rich man's fears. So long as the church grows rich, the community off which it plunders grows poor. This kind of prosperity is not that upon which a nation thrives, and hence it is that wherever the Church of Rome prospers the people decay. Let us illustrate hy the Repuhlic of Mexico, and ask ourselves if it is a wonder that the scholars of the new generation, who are undergoing a free education, and enjoying a free press, and are permitted to think for themselves, should, in the emancipation of their native land from the dominion of Rome, cry out in their exhilaration death to the clerical tyrants who have kept the government in hondage and the people in poverty, ignorance, and idleness; that they should rejoice at the decadence of this political organization, which, for four centuries, has conspired against human liherty, personal freedom, and repuhlican government in the City of Mexico? Fifty years ago, the Church of Rome owned three-fifths of the wealth of the City of Mexico. The income of the Roman Catholic Church was greater than that of the repuhlic. When the Government and people of Mexico were poor and could with difficulty meet the national ohligations, the church property was estimated at three hundred millions of dollars. The altar of the grand cathedral of Puehlo had an altar wrought in solid silver worth three millions of dollars. Sacraments were sold to adorn and heautify the churches; the marriage relation was merchandise; around altars hlazing in jewels and under the glare of chandeliers carved in gold, starving peons knelt and prayed; one-tenth of the hushandman's toil was tithed to support an indolent and profligate clergy in luxurious sensuality; churches covered all of Mexico, and their picturesque ruins adorn the country—hut there are seven millions of the Indian population of our sister republic toiliog in ignorance, poverty, and peonage, hearing their intolerahle inheritances. It is from the curse of such a destiny that we would protect the people of our commonwealth and the sister repuhlic of Mexico.

When we remember that Judge Sullivan was a Roman Catholic, and, after the strictest sect, a Jesuit, that he was educated at a Jesuit college, and when we recall the fact that Judge McKinstry is a Romanist, we find it difficult to reconcile our ideas of law with their ideas of religion, as applicable to the marriage contract. *If* marriage is a sacrament and indissoluhle except for the commission of the one unpardonahle offense, and it is the rule of the church that marriage can only he celehrated after confession, the celehration of the mass, and openly hefore the altar, and only hy the priest of the parish, we find it impossihle to understand how a secret concuhinage, illicitly conducted, even under the conditions of a private contract, one of the terms of which provided for keeping the relation secret, could hy Roman Catholic judges he held as valid. Our personal respect for the supreme court, and our helief in the personal integrity of Judges Sullivan and McKinstry, leave us in utter hewilderment as to the motives which impelled them to a decision which seems to he at variance with every principle of law, in opposition to all the evidence produced at the trial in the lower court, and in utter disregard of their spiritual teachings and their ohedience to the authority of the church. How Judges Sullivan and McKinstry could have arrived at the conclusion that Miss Hill had become the wife of William Sharon is, to us, utterly inconceivahle. We are now rememhering the position taken hy Archhishop Riordan of this diocese, and recalling the letter which he annually causes his clergy to read from the pulpits of this diocese hy the thick-necked and florid-complexioned hachelor hrotherhood, who are hound to celihacy—a letter over which we annually get indignant and which we interpret as a most scandalous defamation of the wives and mothers whom we are accustomed to honor and reverence. Getting our religion and law somewhat mixed, we wonder whether the doctrine of the Sharon-Hill marriage is sanctioned hy the spiritual hranch of the institution of which Judges Morrison, McKinstry, Sullivan, and the six other Roman Catholics upon the superior hench are and have heen such exemplary memhers. Then, again, we wonder if the time should ever come when the civil authority of the Pope is recognized in America and the church hecomes the dominant power of the State, will such marriages as the Hill-Sharon secret contract he recognized as the sacramental union now hlessed hy the church and which the canon law is forhidden to annul?

There is something astounding in the harefaced impudence with which the Roman Catholic Church makes merchandise of charity. We said on a former occasion in these columns that this political institution is coining money for the huilding of its magnificent cathedrals hy using its poor and unfortunates as pretences to draw golden supplies from the puhlic funds raised hy taxation on non-Catholic property. Whenever in the future, and we hope it may he a near future, the American people shall he, hy some specially glaring act of Roman rapacity, roused from their present curious and almost criminal lethargy in matters of Irish Roman Catholic aggression on American supremacy in all departments of government, they will stare with amazement at the figures which will tell them how a political church can plunder a sleeping State. That our pen may quickly reach the case of the Indians in our own country and in our own day we reluctantly forego, with all its allurements of intensest contrast hetween Roman Catholic malevolence, hypocrisy, avarice, and murder on the one hand, and Indian henevolence, innocence, generosity, and suffering on the other, the temptation to let it draw the harrowing outlines of the early domination of the Holy Roman Church in the two Americas. By way of instantaneous stride from the coarse and hrutal methods of the past to the suave and politic manœuvres of the present, we will merely set forth briefly the

case of the Protestant Oka Indians, who have been long struggling against the rapacity of the Roman Church in Canada. Before the occupation of Canada by the English, the French king, under the canon law of the Catholic Church, granted to a French Catholic order, called "The Seminary of St. Sulpice," the lands of the Oka Indians as a trust to he used for their conversion to the true church. The remarkable feature in the transaction is that the grant was not absolute, as under Roman Catholic doctrine any Roman Catholic sovereign has the right to take the possessions of any non-Catholic nation, especially if the taking be done in the interest of Holy Mother Church. Through all these generations all the legal documents pertaining to the lands of the Oka Indians have recited the fact that this religious order held the property in trust. But somehow, many of the tribe of the Okas became Protestants, and these have heen long and severely harassed by the meek and lowly order of St. Sulpice, which now, although it assumes proprietorship over the land, offers to pay these Protestant Indians a few paltry thousands for their immensely valuable share in this property, and is making desperate efforts to force them away from the homes of their fathers. Fortunate Okas to have their struggle with the One True Church of God in this impious age! If it had occurred in the days of Pizarro, instead of being offered a golden compromise for their rights and the privilege of moving away from their homes, they would have been derided for their claims and burned to death for heresy! Only a few weeks ago the Bureau of Catbolic Indian Missions held an annual meeting in Washington. The late plenary council of Baltimore organized a notable committee of hishops, among whom are the archbishops of Baltimore, San Francisco, and Portland, to occupy a position in which influence was required. Of this strongest Roman Catholic committee in America no less august a prelate than Cardinal Gibbons is the head. Before the committee was appointed hy the great Catholic convention of prelates at Baltimore, the wife of General William Tecumseh Sherman and her brother, General Charles Ewing, instituted a bureau to look after the interests of Indians and to represent these bishops before the Government of the United States. In January, 1874, Bishop Bayley appointed General Ewing himself Catholic Indian commissioner. The bureau employs religious communities, who, of course, get only their food and raiment for their time, and have at present in operation about forty hoarding-schools for Roman Catholic Indians in Arizona, California, New Mexico, Indian Territory, Indiana, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Dakota, and Montana, at the expense of the United States Government. One of the directors resides at Washington for the purpose of making contracts with the government. This contractor, who represents the bishops, receives from tbe treasury of the United States from ninety to one hundred and fifty dollars per head per annum to maintain Catholic Indian children in boarding-schools. In 1884, the bishops received from our government for tbis business, $65,220; in 1885, $113,614; in 1886, $148,744; in 1887, $214,760; in 1888, $244,677; in 1889, $344,545. The contractor is expected to receive for the bishops for the year 1890, $431,930. So that, in only seven years, $1,563,490 of puhlic money is delivered over to these influential Roman Catholic bishops, specially appointed on account of tbeir influential positions to carry out a money-making scheme, devised by a Roman Catholic woman whose power is derived from being the wife of a general of tbe army. It may not be correct to say tbat the scheme was devised by Mrs. Sherman or any other lay person. It was most probably devised by the powers which carried it out, and Mrs. Sherman was used on account of her influential husband. The church itself could not, as a matter of policy, make direct application to a non-Catholic government like ours for public money to be handled by the church as it handles all moneys, without accounting to any exterior authority, as it acknowledges none. The establishment of a go-between with a resident contractor is an ingenious and effective contrivance. The contractor gets from the government the utmost dollar for the support of each Indian child. The money goes to the bishops, and they employ unpaid labor, and thus reap as large a profit as possible from their pious business transactions with a government which derives its fund by taxing heretical property. To aid the hishops in their boarding-house business, there is a subsidiary society which raises money by private subscriptions for buildings, etc., so that all the money, from eight to twelve dollars per month, paid by the government to maintain Roman Catholic pickaninnies in boarding-schools goes direct to the bishops to operate the boarding-school business with pauper labor. Many a mechanic's boarding-house is run at three dollars per week at a profit when all the labor is paid for. And this is the institution which calls itself a church and which claims the title of "The Church of the Poor," while her prelates are called princes, and our streets swarm with Roman Catholic white children, ragged, bare-footed, uneducated, and hungry.

The "Church of the Poor" has just found the American negro. For over a hundred years the negro was a poor, despised, down-trodden slave, but the "Church of the Poor" saw him not. He groaned aloud under his grievous burden and under the lash, but the "Church of the Poor" heard him not. He gave a life of toil in hopeless captivity for the few rags on his back and the coarse food he ate, but the "Church of the Poor" felt not for him. He was inbred to obedience, trustful, easily won, and easily led, but the "Church of the Poor" had no place for him. Around the urban or the rural church, among the poor Irish who, being free, could contribute pence to Peter, he swarmed, but the parish priest gently shaded his holy eyes from the sight of him, and unshudderingly allowed the black, heretical, Methodist wolf to seize and hurl his hlack soul to perdition. He was hungered, athirst, naked, sick, and in prison, but the Sisters of Mercy fed him not, gave him not to drink, clothed him not, ministered not unto nor visited him. During all these generations of years, mercy and justice plead for him, but the tongue of Holy Mother Church had no word to say for him. A war broke out upon whose outcome hung the fate of this repuhlic and with it his destiny for freedom or perpetual chains. Of all the civil potentates of earth, the Pope of Rome alone, as temporal sovereign of a few contemptible little ranches, recognized the Southern Confederacy; not for love of the heretical Protestant mass which composed it, but for hate of the Protestant masses which composed both sides to the contest and in utter indifference to the fate of the four millions of enslaved blacks whom the "Church of the Poor" had not yet found. During this struggle for life of the American nation, Roman Catholic France availed herself of the opportunity afforded by America's unfortunate inability to enforce the Monroe doctrine, and sought to destroy repuhlican liberty in Mexico by placing the Austrian Catholic Maximilian astride its neck as king. The Pope of Rome gave Maximilian his most holy apostolic blessing, and the Mexican people gave him a most unholy republican hoisting. But at last the "Church of the Poor" has found the American negro. The loftiest Roman Catholic prelate in America, his Eminence Cardinal Gihbons, will soon perform the ceremony of ordaining the first colored priest in the United States. His name is Randolph Uncles. The ceremony of tonsure — that is, of scraping the wool off his skull—took place at the Baltimore Cathedral on the fourteenth of last month. Another colored priest, and the only one, has heen ordained at Rome. A seminary has recently been established to train clergy to work among the negroes. There are now colored Catholics in Boston; so many, in fact, that for the first time in history they begin to cut a figure in the papers, and we learn that their church is to be the head-quarters of the aristocratic society of St. Vincent de Paul. A great Catholic Congress is to he held in Baltimore next November. Cardinal Gihbons is taking the important matters pertaining to it under his special control. The most potent committee appointed is, of course, that on organization. This committee is composed of an Irishman, a German, and a negro. Indeed, the "Church of the Poor" has at last found the negro. But why not till now? Surely he was not to blame for not being found and appreciated. If he had been approached and tested, he could not have been found obdurate. The mind which naturally takes to voodooism could not resist the entrancing spell of the mysteries which envelop the sacraments. The heart which melts at the plaintive recital of woes in lowly life could not fail to he easily toucbed by the story of Jesus as presented by the Catholic religion. The voice which is born attuned to pathetic melody could not fail to be easily led into sacred song. The nigger who can pick Juba on the banjo must find the transition to a golden harp not only a perfectly natural, hut a wholly unavoidable progression. A pair of black wings should not he a repelling thought, since no animadversions have ever been heard on the claim to heauty of the black swan. Then why has the "Church of the Poor" but just stumbled upon him in this dark age of free thought and general intelligence? The reasons lie upon the surface of the inquiry. The church has no saving apparatus to spare for souls whose owners can not pay, or for which no one else stands ready to pay. Business is husiness. So long as the negro received no wages for his lahor, and therefore had nothing to pay, he was left to the Protestant heretics, of whom the Methodists, with their specially direct appeals to the emotional nature, did the most evangelical work among the slave population of the South, and hlessed the poor negro with a vast wealth of consolatory happiness. But now tbe negro handles the wages he earns, and may be just as serviceable to the church as the Irish or other servant-girl. The church is in certain expectation of ultimately obtaining a division of the public-school fund for the benefit of its parochial schools. In that case, what a vast field for pious business enterprise will not the Southern States afford, with a negro population which the entire sentiment of the South—Protestant as well as Catholic—will gladly relegate to separate schools of any sort! And then the magnificent harvests to be reaped through negro shiftlessness in almshouses and asylums, now that the formerly responsible slave-owner has been superseded by the Government of the United States. But over and above and beyond all else, and including all else, is the great fact that the negro now has a vote. million ballots will afford His Holiness the Pope a vast ad tion of power in this heretical country, and who shall say tl the new Roman Catholic University at Washington may yet become an American Vatican?

If it be true, as alleged, that the jihes and jeers of the lo press so worked upon the weak mind of a young man, madde by passion and crazed hy jealousy over an unworthy wom that he should have resorted to murder and suicide to ter nate his unpleasant and ridiculous predicament, may not incident teach a moral lesson to those writers who indulge such cruel and inhuman satire? May not the death the younger Bierce teach the older man, his father, how ister have been the bitter, heartless, and unprovoked assa which he has spent his life in cultivating that he might more cruelly wound his fellow-men? Might not an intell so keen, a taste so critical, and a pen so caustic have h wielded to some higher and nobler purpose? Might not a l now growing nearly to its close, have heen passed m profitahly to humanity, more happily to himself, than in dulgence in the practiced use of a pen more cruel t the most destructive and death-dealing of swords? D there not rest upon this father the shadow of a haun fear lest he may have transmitted to a sensitive tender soul an inheritance which resulted in crime death, while he was cultivating the gift of wounding natu just as sensitive and tender, who had not the courage to them in murder and self-destruction, but were driven hide their sorrows in secret? Perhaps this man the burning pen will recall the names of those whom he held up to ridicule and shame; the men and women wh he has tortured and humiliated; perhaps he will analyze moral code which has governed him, and review the relations has held toward men of whom he might at least have rem hered that gratitude was something other than merchan and payable as a debt. Perhaps this man may recall time when a younger hoy than his, with brighter hopes, fol his wings in a more peaceful death, leaving in bis fligh mother's love and a father's fondest hopes; and, while t were in sorrow which could find no relief, how cruelly wounded and tortured them because there bad been over the last remains of the son they loved words eulogistic for his hard, incredulous stoicism. We too sincere an admirer of the intellectual capacities this gifted writer not to regret that when his rem shall have heen gathered for entombment in the gr of literature, nothing will he found worthy of prese tion, and that *if* his writings shall find a puhlisher, they contain no bright saying that was kindly meant, nor aught was not cruel and cruelly intended. Upon his tomb may carved the inscription, "He quarreled with God, and fo nothing in His creations worthy of the commendation Ambrose Bierce."

The career of Mr. Gladstone has heen so brilliant, he so long held a prominent position among the leading honored statesmen of the world, he has filled so distinguis a position, and has been held in such great esteem hy mer highest standing in England, that we feel great embarrassm in even questioning any position which, in the ripeness of a maturity of intellect, and vastness of experience, he may sume upon any political question. Yet we must remem that he has been the stanchest of all the defenders of the tablished Church of England, he has been the strongest of the gladiators in contest with the hierophants of Rome, he stood by the landed gentry, the aristocracy, and crown wh ever and wherever they have been assailed. We have rec nized him as a "Conservative-Liheral," drifting somewhat the public current, but always stemming with heart of c troversy and buffeting with sinewy strain the angry wa of popular discontent, so that now, when we read him in political alliance with Dr. Tanner and the vul mob of Irish adventurers who are clamoring for the spoilment of landlords, resorting to mendicancy and asking of alms in America to support crime in Irela endeavoring to destroy the British Empire, suhvert established church, and destroy landed property, are puzzled where to place him; whether with the gr minded, brave, and eloquent statesmen of the British E pire or with the demagogues who pander to the clamoro empty-headed mob. We wonder whether in the Ron arena he is Spartacus fighting for liherty or a slave leadin banditti for plunder? And now we learn that Mr. Gladst is likely to favor female suffrage. It seems to us that in t direction of popular suffrage he has gone far enough. T elective franchise is too widely extended in America; if th are any perils in the future of this republic, it is that we h unwisely opened our doors too widely and have heen too l eral in conferring the privilege of sovereignty upon the imm grant, the pauper, and the ignorant native-born. M than any man in the British Empire Mr. Gladstone

le in this direction where all our dangers lie, and n/ we are informed that he contemplates conferri upon women unlimited election privileges. This ain makes us pause and wonder whether Mr. Gladstone is s great and wise as in our earlier life we imagined him, or w ther, in his advancing years, ambition has not o'erleapt it f, and that this wondrous brain is no longer as strong as w n in earlier youth he found his political alliances with bette men. However, we must admit that in his recent vote un the royal grants he had the courage to stand by the thne, and queen, and royal family, in opposition to Labouc e and the radical Irish who are willing to proceed to any le th to break up the British Empire and destroy parliantary government. On this vote the government had three h dred and fifty-five against one hundred and thirty-four.

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he *Age*, a journal of the largest circulation in Victoria, A tralia, makes this distinction between the Roman Catholic re ion and the Roman Catholic Church. It says, in a leadn article of late date :

is not Catholicism as a form of the Christian religion which has to be uarded against, but the Roman Catholic Church as a political orga ation, employing political modes to achieve a political end. That s the acquisition by the Catholic priesthood of something like a ion and a half of public funds, to be employed by them for educa-al purposes. If candidates would honestly declare to the electors they sought admission to Parliament for the purpose of achieving end, they would be listened to with respect, although the four-fifths e people who are content to release the state from the duty of imng religious instruction to their children and to assume it thems would emphatically testify by their votes that they would not tol- exceptional claims on the part of any sect. But a number of the idates have not, we believe, honestly declared their sentiments, and ying to creep into Parliament on the strength of popular issues, t which they themselves care very little.

is attitude of the Irish and Catholic party, which is also that of a n of the Anglican Church, foreshadows a great struggle with cleri-n. The wealth of the Catholic Church in Australia is enormous, the propaganda at Rome appears to be acting upon Canning's iple, and really calling into existence a new world to recompense urch for its declining power in Europe. Within the last seven a, churches, schools, colleges, seminaries, nunneries, sisterhoods, onastic orders have been founded or established in all the Austra-Colonies, and are, many of them, under the control of Frenchmen, ns, and Englishmen of exceptional ability, who present a marked ast to the illiteracy of the ordinary country priest. In addition, sums of money have been raised in Australia and granted by e for the purchase of land and the erection of buildings ; and all ncrease of power and improvement of organization has taken place the other religious bodies are inactive and declining in authority. ere is it more difficult than in a young country to forecast the e ; but it seems plain from present indications that, unless some nd modifying influence asserts itself, the scene of the struggle be- church and liberty will be changed from France to Australia.

hese reflections come from certain political incidents which recently occurred in New South Wales, Queensland, and oria, in each of which the Irish have played important . In New South Wales, the Irish Romanists cast a block for protection ; in Victoria, a solid vote for free trade ; in Queensland, for "Nationalism"; and, running through ese inconsistences, there is one guiding clew. In every the vote was against the government. The explanation rtly connected with religion and partly with politics. This al says that the Irish priesthood, in strict obedience to the ings of their church, desire to get control of the public ols ; while the Irish laity, who are not guided by the thood, desire to get control of the public offices. In part of the world the Catholic Church is making an t to obtain the control of primary instruction. The vote e church is given in every colony in favor of whatever y may chance to be that of the opposition, in the hope under the cover of silence a large number of members be returned dependent upon Catholic support. Of course not denied that there are many Catholics, as there are non-Catholics, who believe in protection, or object to option. What *is* held is, that it is contrary to all probabil that Irishmen should give block votes upon these questio unless there were some ulterior object. This is the secret piracy which comes from Rome, and is taught by priests ever the Roman Church extends. This is why we call Church of Rome a political organization, and why we times use the term "Pope's Irish."

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e sincerely hope that Dr. Brown-Sequard, of London, Dr. Hammond, of Washington, are not playing upon us ly gentlemen a practical joke, by pretending that they can t into our shrunken veins the juices of rabbits and guinea-pig and thus give to our advancing years the strength and vig of a renewed and buoyant youth. Even the amount of wenty years taken from the three-score now attained wc d be a most grateful fact, and, as we now view the proje we think we would willingly submit to the injected matter nless we felt it would seriously impair our usefulness hereaft by imparting to us the nature of the pig and the courage of e rabbit. Nor yet do we see why this new being might not be tended with great success, for, indeed, we know many men wi all the instincts of the hog, all the moral and mental defic icies of the "bunnie," who have admirable success in lif At all events, we will try one term of twenty years.

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e New York *Herald*, of July 13th, contains the following editorial upon the impending water-famine which now tens the city of New York. If New York—with its vast wealth and varied industries and its great population, located upon a peninsula between the Hudson and North Rivers, crossed by Spuyten Duyvil Creek, accessible to an hundred streams, in a region of constant rainfall, the very centre of the nation's wealth, luxury, and enterprise—if that city is in danger of a water-famine, with its water-works owned by the municipal government, what shall be said of the possible danger attending San Francisco, whose water supply comes from catchment upon lands owned by a private company, located on the hills of an adjoining county, and bedeviled by politics, with its property in litigation, its revenue suspended by a suit at law, and its income dependent upon the board of supervisors, who, by the accident of a curious resolution, have been chosen to fix the "rates" for which water may be sold? We will not do more than to suggest the embarrassments which might occur to the people of this city if by any chance a water-famine should be permitted to occur in San Francisco. The *Herald* editorial thus reads :

Much is said just now about nuisances over the river, and they are bad enough ; but we happen to have within our limits an evil of much greater magnitude, and one which threatens more harm to the health of the city than can result from all the offensive odors produced in all the gas-houses, oil-refineries, or bone-factories in the neighborhood.

We are face to face with the fact of a water-famine. Nobody has yet been unable to quench his thirst, water is within reach for the people who are disposed to carry it, and the wheels of industry have not been arrested for want of the means of filling the boilers ; but in houses where the water hitherto ran on the third floor it now runs only on the ground floor, and, in many cases, can be had only in the basement ; while in the enormous number of tenement-houses, where water was obtained by the use of force-pumps on the third and fourth floors, these pumps now fail entirely, as the water stands in the pipes at so great a distance below the pumps that they can not lift it. No tenement or flat-houses are fortunate as to water save those provided with a cistern on the roof, which cistern is filled by a steam or hot-air pump on the premises.

Since our house-drainage depends entirely upon water, a very little reflection will show what this implies as to water-closets on upper floors in the ordinary tenement-houses all over the city. One closet out of order will contaminate the air of a whole house, and in time certainly breed a pestilence, and it is out of order, as a rule, only because its water-supply fails. With one hundred thousand such closets, more or less, scattered in all parts of the city, the evil will become very serious.

At present the board of health is fighting this evil by an exercise of pressure upon the landlords, but it is a gross shortcoming on the part of other authorities that water should be so scarce. If the evil is due to want of capacity in the public works department, the mayor should hold public officials to their responsibility.

The French Canadians of the Province of Quebec are resisting any attempt to compel the schools of the province to receive aid from the government to teach English. The Roman Catholic Church, in the arrogance of its majority in an English province, refuses to permit the English language to be taught in its free schools. Political insolence could be carried to no further extent, and we know that whenever the time shall come that the Church of Rome can marshal a majority of Roman Catholic votes in any State of the American Union, under the direction of clerical influence, a mode will be found to destroy our American system of non-sectarian free schools. There is a religious war, almost a race war, now existing on the other side of our Canadian line. A similar calamity to our country we are desirous of avoiding.

The Marquis of Lorne and his wife, the Princess Louise, daughter of the Queen of England and Empress of India, have achieved a great social triumph. They have had the honor of a reception given by Mrs. Mackay, of Paris, to meet Mr. and Mrs. de Young, of San Francisco, at a musicale.

CHINESE IN TRANSIT.

The *Call*, *Chronicle*, *Examiner*, *Alta*, *Evening Bulletin*, and other papers accuse the administration of undermining the Exclusion Act, by ruling, for the first time, that Chinamen may, notwithstanding that statute, be carried through the United States in transit to other countries. Writers of the Democratic faith sneer and say: "I told you so;" Republicans deplore the defection of their President from the true faith and threaten Mr. Harrison with the loss of their support. Roused by this language, the members of the Federated Trades, who never allow an opportunity of stultifying themselves to escape, arraign the President for perverting the purpose of a law in order to prove that the American people do not, as a whole, occupy the same plane of civilization as Mr. Denis Kearny and Mr. Vollmer Hoffmeyer.

The amusing feature of this hubbub is that it is all based on a delusion. There has been no new interpretation of the law ; there has been no new ruling ; there has been no change in the way of dealing with Chinese in transit since the Exclusion Act went into effect. Mr. Miller and Mr. Windom have merely trodden in the footsteps of their predecessors. All the talk about "the new device to defeat the Exclusion Act" is mere bosh, born of ignorance.

When the Act of 1882 went into effect, Attorney-General Brewster was at first of opinion that it prevented Chinamen from crossing the country in transit ; but reflection satisfied him that this could not be a legitimate consequence of a statute designed to relieve laborers in California from the competition of Asiatics, and he rendered an elaborate opinion on December 26, 1882, declaring that "a Chinese laborer coming to this country merely to pass through it can not be considered within the prohibition of the law, he being neither an immigrant nor a laborer coming here as a laborer." This view was shared by the Secretary of the Treasury, Charles J. Folger, who, on January 23, 1883, issued a circular to collectors of customs laying down rules for the government of Chinese in transit. That circular has been in force ever since, and under its provisions, about three thousand eight hundred Chinamen —about two thousand five hundred traveling west toward China and about thirteen hundred traveling east from China to countries lying beyond the Atlantic Coast—have passed through the United States without molestation and without a single instance in which the transit passenger stayed here.

There never was but one attempt made to stop Chinamen in transit ; that was made at this port in October or November last by Collector Hager. It is not for a moment to be supposed that so eminent a citizen distorted the obvious meaning of the law in order to curry favor with labor organizations, whose ignorance has bred in them jealousy of the Chinese ; but it is certain that he read the Scott Act—which has no bearing on transit Chinese—as authorizing him to refuse permission to Chinese who had arrived here from Hong Kong to cross the dock, so as to embark in the Panama steamer, and actually compelled them to return to their homes. For this vagary he received such a communication from Mr. Fairchild that he did not repeat the offense. Truckle as Mr. Cleveland might to the stupidity of the sand-lot, there was a point at which he drew the line.

It seems, however, that the example of the Democratic Collector Hager fired a Republican collector at New Orleans with envy ; and in June last, the latter official refused a landing to a party of Chinamen, who were passing through New Orleans en route from Havana to Hong Kong. Under ordinary circumstances, the collector's decision would have been final. When a Chinaman is wronged in this country he submits, deeming—very naturally—that he is the predestined victim of American brutality. But it chanced that the facts reached the ear of an intrepid citizen, who is always ready to spend his time and his money for the protection of the weak against injustice. On the plea that the Chinamen in question were to travel over the Southern Pacific to San Francisco, Collis P. Huntington got a standing before the departments, and it did not take long to have the blunder of the New Orleans collector corrected. It is hardly likely that any future official will contend that American soil is so inhospitable that it may not be trodden, even in transit, by a foreign foot.

It will soon be a year since the Scott Act went into force. Its effects are not discernible by the superficial observer, but they can be detected. The business of Chinatown has declined from one-third to one-half, and the shrinkage is still going on. This has involved a decline in all the various branches of affiliated traffic. An injury inflicted on one branch of business radiates throughout the whole business community, and very often strikes hardest a long way from the interest which was originally assailed. Chinatown is a large consumer of American goods—groceries, hardware, dry-goods, and the like —not as large as it would be if we treated the Chinese more kindly ; but still a fair consumer and an excellent payer. This trade is steadily falling off. Chinatown is not buying much more than half as much as it did, and it is Americans who suffer by reason of the decline. When business was active in Chinatown, the Chinese merchants gave a great deal of business to the draymen, who are chiefly Irish ; the business has fallen off, and the draymen are suffering accordingly. Of course, the trade of the port with China has been reduced. Many of the large Chinese houses which have been in business here for a quarter of a century are closing up their concerns with a view to their return to China ; they are not shipping American goods to Hong Kong as freely as they did. Some of the Chinese steamers sail out of port with two, three, and four hundred tons of ballast on board. We have been in the habit of shipping five and six hundred thousand barrels of flour each year to China ; there was money in the business for our wheat-growers, millers, transportation-men, and merchants. This trade is dying ; we shall probably ship this year less than two hundred thousand barrels. The balance will go from Manitoba to Hong Kong by the Canadian steamers. We can not blame the Chinamen for declining to deal with a nation which declares in a solemn statute that of all the peoples of the earth the Chinese alone are unfit to live in the United States.

Merchants complain that business is dull ; railroads report decreased traffic ; all the leading staples which we produce are slow of sale ; the real-estate boom has collapsed ; wool, wine, fruit, wheat are neglected ; pretty soon wages will join the procession. In past days, when these unpleasantnesses have befallen us, we have made a scapegoat of the Chinese. We can not do so now. The immigration has completely stopped. Not a Chinaman has arrived here in search of work for nearly a year. We shall have to find some other victim for the Federated Trades to rail at, and the politicians to denounce, as the source of all our evils. It is perhaps expecting too much to hope that the community will realize the fact that the depression which impends is the normal consequence of our own neglect of our resources, and of the suicidal policy which has led us to drive away the most industrious, the most frugal, the most orderly, and the most versatile class of our working population. B.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 31st.

Mr. Edison is reported, in a conversation with an interviewer who solicited his ideas on the subject of the projected World's Fair in New York (says *Iron*), as saying that he would take an acre of space in such a fair and completely cover it with his inventions, of which he has no less than seventy now under way. "One of the most peculiar, and now promising good results," said Mr. Edison, "is what I may call a *far-sight* machine." By means of this extraordinary invention he hopes to be able to increase the range of vision by hundreds of miles, so that, for instance, "a man in New York could see the features of his friend in Boston with as much ease as he could see a performance on the stage. That," he added, "would be an invention worthy a prominent place in the World's Fair, and I hope to have it perfected long before 1892."

Whoever desires to see the famous Iron Gate of the Danube in its pristine glory should go at once. The Hungarian Government has decided to blow up the rocks.

GREEN TEA.

Abridged from Le Fanu's "Memoirs of Dr. Martin Hesselius."

The Rev. Mr. Jennings is tall and thin. He is middle-aged, and dresses with a natty, old-fashioned, high-church precision. He is naturally a little stately, but not at all stiff. His features, without being handsome, are well formed, and their expression extremely kind, but also shy.

I met him one evening at Lady Mary Heyduke's. We were but a small party, and he joined agreeably enough in the conversation. He seems to enjoy listening very much more than contrihuting to the talk; but what he says is always to the purpose and well said.

The Rev. Mr. Jennings is a bacbelor, and has, they say, sixty thousand pounds in the funds. He is a charitable man. He is most anxious to be actively employed in his sacred professioo, and yet, though always tolerably well elsewhere, when he goes down to his vicarage in Warwickshire, to engage in the actual duties of his sacred calling, his health soon fails him, and in a very strange way.

There is no doubt that Mr. Jennings's health does break down in generally a sudden and mysterious way, sometimes in the very act of officiating in his old and pretty church at Kenlis. It may be his heart, it may be his brain. But so it has happened three or four times, or oftener, that after proceeding a certain way in the service, he has on a sudden stopped short, and after a silence, apparently quite unable to resume, he has fallen into solitary, inaudible prayer, his hands and his eyes uplifted, and then pale as death and in the agitation of a strange shame and horror, descended trembling, and got into the vestry-room, leaving his congregation, witbout explanation, to themselves. This occurred when his curate was absent. When he goes dowo to Kenlis now, he always takes care to provide a clergyman to sbare his duty and to supply his place on the iostant should he become tbus suddenly incapacitated.

When Mr. Jennings breaks down quite, and beats a retreat from the vicarage, and returns to Loodoo, where, in a dark street off Piccadilly, be inhabits a very narrow bouse, Lady Mary says that he is always perfectly well. I bave my own opinion about that. There are degrees, of course. We shall see.

Mr. Jennings is a perfectly gentlemanlike man. People, however, remark something odd. There is an impression a little ambiguous. One thing whicb certainly contributes to it people, I think, do not remember, or, perhaps, distinctly remark. But I did, almost immediately. Mr. Jennings has a way of looking sidelong upon the carpet, as if his eye followed the movements of sometbing tbere.

During tbe evening, io pursuance of my professiooal babit, I was covertly observing Mr. Jennings, and I saw plainly that he was as cautiously observing me. Lady Mary happening to address me by my name, as Dr. Hesselius, I saw that be glanced at me more sharply, and then hecame tboughtful for a few minutes.

This tall clergyman approached me by-and-bye, and in a little time we had got into conversation. We chatted upon indifferent subjects for a time, but at last be said:

"I was very much interested by some papers of yours, Dr. Hesselius, upon what you term metaphysical medicine—I read them in German ten or twelve years ago—have they been translated?"

"No, I'm sure tbey have not—I sbould bave heard. They would have asked my leave, I think."

"I asked the publishers bere, a few months ago, to get tbe book for me in the original German; but they tell me it is out of print."

"So it is, and has been for some years; but it flatters me as an author to find that you have not forgotten my little book," I replied, laugbing. "But if you still care to possess a copy, I shall be only too bappy to provide you; I bave still got two or three by me—and if you allow me to present one, I shall be very mucb bonored."

"You are very good, indeed," be said; "I almost despaired—I don't know how to tbank you."

Thus our conversation began, and it ended in Mr. Jennings saying tbat he hoped soon to have an opportunity to consult me professionally.

Nearly five weeks passed witbout any word from Mr. Jennings. At tbe eod of tbat time I received a note from bim. He wrote:

I have made up my mind, so far as the most irresolute creature on earth can do it, to tell my case fully to you. If your engagements will permit, pray come to me to-day, to-morrow, or the next day; but, pray defer as little as possible. You know not how much I need help. I have a quiet house at Richmond, where I now am. Perhaps you can manage to come to dinner, or to luncheon, or even to tea. You shall have no trouble in finding me out. The servant who takes this note will have a carriage at your door at any hour you please; and I am always to be found. You will say that I ought not to be alone. I have tried everything. Come and see.

I decided on going the same evening, wbicb accordingly I did.

He would have been much better in a lodging-house, or hotel, I thought, as I drove up through a sbort double row of sombre elms to a very old-fashioned hrick-bouse, darkened by the foliage of tbese trees, whicb overtopped and nearly surrounded it. It was a perverse choice, for nothing could be imagined more triste and silent.

On inquiring at the door, the servant returned io a moment, with a message from Mr. Jenniogs, asking me to go into his study, promising to be with me in a very few minutes.

This was really a study—almost a library. The room was lofty, witb two tall, slender windows and ricb, dark curtains. It was much larger than I had expected, and stored with books on every side, from the floor to the ceiling. The upper carpet—for to my tread it felt that there were two or three—was a Turkey carpet. My steps fell noiselessly. The bookcases standing out placed the wiodows, particularly narrow ones, in deep recesses. The effect of the room was, although extremely comfortable and even luxurious, decidedly gloomy, and, aided by the silence, almost oppressive.

While awaiting Mr. Jennings's arrival, I amused myself by looking into some of the books with which his shelves were laden. Not among these, but immediately uoder them, with their backs upward, on the floor, I lighted upon a complete set of Swedenborg's "Arcana Cœlestia," in the original Latin, a very fine folio set, bound in the natty livery which theology affects, pure vellum, gold letters, and carmine edges. There were paper markers in several of these volumes. I raised and placed them, one after the other, upon the table, and opening where these papers were placed, I read, in the solemn Latin phraseology, a series of sentences indicated by a penciled line at the margin. Of these I copy here a few, translating them into English.

When man's interior sight is opened, which is that of his spirit, then there appear the things of another life, which can not possibly be made visible to the bodily sight. . . .

By the internal sight it has been granted me to see the things that are in the other life more clearly than I see those that are in the world. From these considerations, it is evident that external vision exists from interior vision, and this from a vision still more interior, and so on. . . .

There are with every man at least two evil spirits. . . .

With wicked genii there is also a fluent speech, but harsh and grating. There is also among them a speech which is not fluent, wherein the dissent of the thoughts is perceived as something secretly creeping along within it. . . .

The evil spirits associated with man are, indeed, from the hells, but when with man they are not then in hell, but are taken out thence. The place where they then are is in the midst between heaven and hell, and is called the world of spirits—when the evil spirits who are with man are in that world, they are not in any infernal torment, but in every thought and affection of the man, and so in all that the man himself enjoys. But when they are remitted into their hell, they return to their former state. . . .

If evil spirits could perceive that they were associated with man, and yet that they were spirits separate from him, and if they could flow in into the things of his body, they would attempt by a thousand means to destroy him; for they hate man with a deadly hatred. . . .

Knowing, therefore, that I was a man in the body, they were continually striving to destroy me, not as to the body only, but especially as to the soul; for to destroy any man or spirit is the very delight of the life of all who are in hell; but I have been continually protected by the Lord. Hence it appears how dangerous it is for man to be in a living consort with spirits, unless he be in the good of faith. . . .

Nothing is more carefully guarded from the knowledge of associate spirits than their being thus conjoint with a man, for if they knew it they would speak to him, with the intention to destroy him. . . .

The delight of hell is to do evil to man and to hasten his eternal ruin. . . .

A long note, written with a very sharp and fioe pencil, in Mr. Jennings's neat hand, at the foot of the page, caugbt my eye. Expecting his criticism upon the text, I read a word or two and stopped, for it was something quite differeot, and began with these words, *Deus misereatur mei*—"May God compassionate me." Thus warned of its private nature, I averted my eyes and shut the book, replacing all the volumes as I had found them, except one which interested me and in which, as meo studious and solitary in their habits will do, I grew so absorbed as to take no cognizance of tbe outer world, nor to remember wbere I was.

I was reading some pages wbicb refer to "representatives" and "correspondents," in the tecbnical language of Swedenborg, and had arrived at a passage the substance of wbicb is that evil spirits, when seen by other eyes than those of their infernal associates, present tbemselves by "correspondence" in tbe shape of the beast *(fera)* wbich represents their particular lust and life, in aspect direful and atrocious. This is a long passage and particularizes a number of those bestial forms.

I was running the head of my pencil-case along the line as I read it, and something caused me to raise my eyes.

Directly before me was one of the two narrow mirrors there were in the room, in which I saw reflected the tall shape of my friend, Mr. Jennings, leaning over my shoulder and reading the page at whicb I was busy, and with a face so dark and wild that I sbould hardly have known bim.

I turned and rose. We sbook bands, and taking a chair to tbe window, wbere tbere was still light enough to enable us to see each other's faces, be sat down beside me, and placing bis band upon my arm, commenced his narrative:

"It began," be said, "on tbe fifteenth of October, three years and eleven weeks ago, and two days—I keep very accurate count, for every day is torment. If I leave anywbere a cbasm in my narrative, tell me.

"About four years ago I began a work whicb had cost me very much thought and reading. It was upon the religious metaphysics of tbe ancients."

"I know," said I, "the actual religion of educated and thinking paganism, quite apart from symbolic worship? A wide and very interesting field."

"Yes; but not good for the mind—tbe Christian mind, I mean. Paganism is all bound together in essential unity, and, with evil sympathy, their religion involves their art, and botb their manners, and tbe subject is a degrading fascination and the Nemesis sure. God forgive me!

"I wrote a great deal; I wrote late at night. I was always thinking on the subject, walking about, wherever I was, everywhere. It thoroughly infected me. You are to remember that all the material ideas conoected with it were more or less of the beautiful, the subject itself delightfully interesting, and I, then, without a care."

He sighed heavily.

"I believe that every one wbo sets about writing in earnest does his work, as a friend of mine phrased it, *on* something—tea, or coffee, or tobacco. I suppose there is a material waste tbat must be hourly supplied in such occupations, or we should grow too abstracted, and the mind, as it were, pass out of the body, unless it were reminded often of the connection by actual sensation. At all events, I felt the want and I supplied it. Tea was my companion—at first, the ordinary black tea, made in the usual way, not too strong; but I drank a good deal and increased its strengtb as I went on. I never experieoced an uncomfortable symptom from it. I began to take a little green tea. I found the effect pleasanter, it cleared and intensified the power of thought so. I had come to take it frequently, but not stronger than ooe might take it for pleasure. I wrote a great deal out here, it was so quiet, and io this room. I used to sit up very late, and it became a habit with me to sip my tea—green tea—every now and theo as my work proceeded. I had on my table a little kettle that swung over a lamp, and made tea two or three times between eleven o'clo and two or three in the morning, my hours of going to be I used to go into town every day. I was not a monk, an although I spent an hour or two in a library, hunting up a thorities and looking out lights upon my theme, I was in morbid state as far as I can judge. I met my frien pretty much as usual and enjoyed their society, and, on t whole, existence had never been, I think, so pleasant b fore.

"I had met with a man who had some odd old bool German editions in mediæval Latin, and I was only t happy to be permitted access to them. This obliging perso books were in the city, a very out-of-the-way part of it. I h rather out-stayed my intended hour, and, on coming out, s iog no cab near, I was tempted to get into the omnibus wh used to drive past this house. It was darker than this by t time the 'bus had reached an old house you may have marked, with four poplars at each side of the door, and th the last passenger hut myself got out. We drove along rat faster. It was twilight now. I leaned back in my corner n the door, ruminating pleasantly.

"The interior of the omnibus was nearly dark. I had served in the corner opposite to me at the other side, and the end next the horses, two small circular reflections, as seemed to me, of a reddish light. They were about two incl apart, and about the size of those small brass buttons t yachting-men put upon their jackets. I began to speculate, listless men will, upon this trifle, as it seemed. From w centre did that faint but deep red light come, and from w —glass beads, buttons, toy decorations—was it reflecte We were lumbering along gently, having nearly a mile still go. I bad not solved the puzzle, and it became in anot minute more odd, for these two lumioous points, with a sud jerk, descended nearer the floor, keeping still their relative tance and horizontal position, and tben, as suddenly, they r to the level of the seat on whicb I was sitting and I saw th no more.

"My curiosity was now really excited, and, before I time to think, I saw again these two dull lamps, again toget near the floor; again they disappeared, and again in their corner I saw them.

"So, keeping my eyes upon them, I edged quietly up own side, toward the end at which I still saw these tiny di of red.

"There was very little light in the 'bus. It was ne dark. I leaned forward to aid my endeavor to discover w these little circles really were. They shifted their positic little as I did so. I began now to perceive an outline of so thing black, and I soon saw, with tolerable distinctness, outline of a small black monkey, pushing its face forwar mimicry to meet mine; those were its eyes, and I oow di saw its teetb grinning at me.

"I drew back, not knowing whether it migbt oot medi a spring. I fancied tbat one of the passengers bad forgot ugly pet, and wishing to ascertain something of its tem though not caring to trust my fingers to it, I poked my hrella softly toward it; it remained immovable—up t *through* it! For through it, and back and forward it pas without the sligbtest resistance.

"I can not, in the least, convey to you the kind of ho tbat I felt. When I bad ascertained that the thing wa illusion, as I then supposed, there came a misgiving about self and a terror that fascinated me in impotence to rem my gaze from the eyes of the brute for some moments. I looked, it made a little skip back, quite into the corner, an in a panic, found myself at the door, having put my head drawing deep breaths of the outer air, and staring at the li and trees we were passing, too glad to reassure myself of ity.

"I stopped the 'bus and got out. I perceived the man l oddly at me as I paid bim. I daresay tbere was somet unusual in my looks and manner, for I had never felt strangely before.

"Wheo the omnibus drove on, and I was alone upon road, I looked carefully round to ascertain whether the mon bad followed me. To my indescribable relief I saw it wbere. I can not describe easily what a shock I had recei and my sense of genuine gratitude on finding myself, as I posed, quite rid of it.

"I bad got out a little before we reacbed this house, tw three huodred steps. A brick wall runs along the foot and ioside the wall is a bedge of yew, or some dark everg of that kind, and within that again the row of fine trees w you may have remarked as you came.

"This brick wall is about as high as my shoulder, and pening to raise my eyes I saw the monkey, with that stoo gait, on all fours, walking or creeping close beside me on of the wall. I stopped, looking at it with a feeling of loat and horror. As I stopped so did it. It sat up on the w witb its long hands on its knees, looking at me. There not light enougb to see it much more than in outline, nor it dark enough to bring the peculiar light of its eyes into st relief. I still saw, however, that red foggy light pl enough. It did not show its teeth, nor exhibit any sig irritation, but seemed jaded and sulky, and was observing steadily.

"I drew back into the middle of the road—it was an conscious recoil—and there I stood, still looking at it. It not move.

"With an instinctive determination to try something, thing, I turned about and walked briskly toward town askance look, all the time watching the movements of beast. It crept swiftly along the wall, at exactly my pace

"Where the wall ends, near the turn of the road, it c down, and with a wiry spring or two brought itself clos my feet, and continued to keep up with me as I quickene pace. It was at my left side, so close to my leg that I every moment as if I should tread upon it.

"The road was quite deserted and silent, and it was da every moment. I stopped, dismayed and bewildered, tur as I did so the other way—I mean, toward this house, a from which I had been walking. When I stood still,

onkey drew back to a distance of, I suppose, about five or : yards, and remained stationary, watching me.

"I had been more agitated than I have said. I had read, course, as every one has, something about 'spectral illu- ons,' as you physicians term the phenomena of such cases. considered my situation and looked my misfortune in the ice.

"These affections, I had read, are sometimes transitory and metimes obstinate. I had read of cases in which the ap- arance, at first harmless, had, step by step, degenerated into mething direful and insupportable, and ended by wearing victim out. Still, as I stood there quite alone but for my stial companion, I tried to comfort myself by repeating ain and again the assurance, 'the thing is purely disease, a ell-known physical affection, as distinctly as small-pox or uralgia. Doctors are all agreed on that, philosophy demon- rates it. I must not be a fool. I have been sitting up too e, and I daresay my digestion is quite wrong, and, with od's help, I shall be all right, and this is but a symptom of rvous dyspepsia.' Did I believe all this? Not one word it, no more than any other miserable being ever did who is ce seized and riveted in this satanic captivity. Against my nvictions, I might say my knowledge, I was simply hullying yself into a false courage.

"I now walked homeward. I had only a few hundred rds to go. I had forced myself into a sort of resignation, t I had not got over the sickening shock and the flurry of e first certainty of my misfortune.

"I made up my mind to pass the night at home. The ate moved close beside me, and I fancied there was the sort anxious drawing toward the house which one sees in tired rses or dogs sometimes as they come toward home.

"I was afraid to go into town; I was afraid of any one's eing and recognizing me. I was conscious of an irrepressi- e agitation in my manner. Also, I was afraid of any violent ange in my habits, such as going to a place of amusement, walking from home in order to fatigue myself. At the hall or it waited till I mounted the steps, and when the door was ened entered with me.

"I drank no tea that night. I got cigars and some brandy d water. My idea was that I should act upon my material tem, and by living for a while in sensation apart from ought send myself forcibly, as it were, into a new groove. ame up here to this drawing-room. I sat just here. The onkey then got upon a small table that then stood *there*. It oked dazed and languid. An irrepressible uneasiness as to moments kept my eyes always upon it. Its eyes were half- osed, but I could see them glow. It was looking steadily at . In all situations, at all hours, it is awake and looking at . That never changes.

"I shall not continue in detail my narrative of this particular ght. I shall describe, rather, the phenomena of the first ar, which never varied essentially. I shall describe the onkey as it appeared in daylight. In the dark, as you shall esently hear, there are peculiarities. It is a small monkey, rfectly black. It had only one peculiarity—a character of alignity, unfathomable malignity. During the first year it oked sullen and sick. But this character of intense malice d vigilance was always underlying that surly languor. Dur- g all that time it acted as if on a plan of giving me as little ouble as was consistent with watching me. Its eyes were ver off me. I have never lost sight of it, except in my sleep, ht or dark, day or night, since it came here, excepting when withdraws for some weeks at a time unaccountably.

"In total dark it is visible as in daylight. I do not mean rely its eyes. It is *all* visible distinctly in a halo which re- mbles a glow of red embers, and which accompanies it in its movements.

"When it leaves me for a time, it is always at night, in the rk, and in the same way. It grows at first uneasy, and en furious, and then advances toward me, grinning and shak- g, its paws clenched, and, at the same time, there comes the pearance of fire in the grate—I never have any fire; I n't sleep in the room where there is any—and it draws nearer d nearer to the chimney, quivering, it seems, with rage, and en its fury rises to the highest pitch, it springs into the grate d up the chimney, and I see it no more.

"When first this happened, I thought I was released. I s now a new man. A day passed—a night—and no re- n, and a blessed week—a week—another week. I was al- ys on my knees, Dr. Hesselius, always, thanking God and aying. A whole month passed of liberty, but on a sudden was with me again.

"It was with me, and the malice, which before was torpid der a sullen exterior, was now active. It was perfectly changed in every other respect. This new energy was parent in its activity and its looks, and soon in other ays.

"For a time, you will understand, the change was shown ly in an increased vivacity and an air of menace, as if it re always brooding over some atrocious plan. Its eyes, as fore, were never off me."

"Is it here now?" I asked.

"No," he replied, "it has been absent exactly a fortnight d a day—fifteen days. It has sometimes been away so g as nearly two months, once for three. Its absence always ceeds a fortnight, although it may be but by a single day. fteen days having passed since I saw it last, it may return w at any moment."

"Is its return," I asked, "accompanied by any peculiar anifestation?"

"Nothing—no," he said; "it is simply with me again. On ing my eyes from a book, or turning my head, I see it, as ual, looking at me, and then it remains, as before, for its pointed time. I have never told so much and so minutely fore to any one."

I perceived that he was agitated and looking like death, and repeatedly applied his handkerchief to his forehead; I sug- sted that he might be tired, and told him that I would call ith pleasure in the morning; but he said:

"No, if you don't mind hearing it all now. I have got so r, and I should prefer making one effort of it. You are a philosophic physician. You give spirit its proper rank. If this thing is real——"

He paused, looking at me with agitated inquiry.

"We can discuss it by-and-bye and very fully. I will give you all I think," I answered, after an interval.

"Well—very well. If it is anything real, I say, it is prevailing, little by little, and drawing me more interiorly into hell. May God Almighty help me! You shall hear.

"Its power of action, I tell you, had increased. Its malice became in a way aggressive. About two years ago, some questions which were pending between me and the bishop having been settled, I went down to my parish in Warwickshire, anxious to find occupation in my profession. I was not prepared for what happened, although I have since thought I might have apprehended something like it. The reason of my saying so is this——"

He was beginning to speak with a great deal more effort and reluctance, and sighed often, and seemed at times nearly overcome. But at this time his manner was not agitated. It was more like that of a sinking patient who has given himself up.

"Yes, but I will first tell you about Kenlis, my parish.

"It was with me when I left this place for Dawlbridge. It was my silent traveling-companion, and it remained with me at the vicarage. When I entered on the discharge of my duties, another change took place. The thing exhibited an atrocious determination to thwart me. It was with me in the church—in the reading-desk—in the pulpit—within the communion-rails. At last it reached this extremity, that while I was reading to the congregation, it would spring upon the open book and squat there, so that I was unable to see the page. This happened more than once.

"I left Dawlbridge for a time. I placed myself in Dr. Harley's hands. I did everything he told me. He gave my case a great deal of thought. It interested him, I think. He seemed successful. For nearly three months I was perfectly free from a return. I began to think I was safe. With his full assent I returned to Dawlbridge.

"I traveled in a chaise. I was in good spirits. I was more—I was happy and grateful. I was returning, as I thought, delivered from a dreadful hallucination, to the scene of duties which I longed to enter upon. It was a beautiful sunny evening, everything looked serene and cheerful, and I was delighted. I remember looking out of the window to see the spire of my church at Kenlis among the trees, at the point where one has the earliest view of it. It is exactly where the little stream which bounds the parish passes under the road by a culvert, and where it emerges at the road-side a stone with an old inscription is placed. As we passed this point I drew my head in and sat down, and in the corner of the chaise was the monkey.

"For a moment I felt faint and then quite wild with despair and horror. I called to the driver, and got out, and sat down at the road-side, and prayed to God silently for mercy. A despairing resignation supervened. My companion was with me as I reëntered the vicarage. The same persecution followed. After a short struggle I submitted, and soon I left the place.

"I told you," he said, "that the beast has before this become in certain ways aggressive. I will explain a little. It seemed to be actuated by intense and increasing fury whenever I said my prayers or even meditated prayer. It amounted at last to a dreadful interruption. You will ask, how could a silent, immaterial phantom affect that? It was thus, whenever I meditated praying; it was always before me, and nearer and nearer.

"It used to spring on a table, on the back of a chair, on the chimney-piece, and slowly to swing itself from side to side, looking at me all the time. There is in its motion an indefinable power to dissipate thought and to contract one's attention to that monotony, till the ideas shrink, as it were, to a point, and at last to nothing—and unless I started up, and shook off the catalepsy, I have felt as if my mind were on the point of losing itself. There are other ways," he sighed heavily; "thus, for instance, while I pray with my eyes closed, it comes closer and closer, and I see it. I know it is not to be accounted for physically, but I do actually see it, though my lids are closed, and so it rocks my mind, as it were, and overpowers me, and I am obliged to rise from my knees. If you had ever yourself known this, you would be acquainted with desperation.

"I see, Dr. Hesselius, that you don't lose one word of my statement. I need not ask you to listen specially to what I am now going to tell you. They talk of the optic nerves and of spectral illusions, as if the organ of sight was the only point assailable by the influences that have fastened upon me—I know better. For two years in my direful case that limitation prevailed. But as food is taken in softly at the lips and then brought under the teeth, as the tip of the little finger caught in a mill-crank will draw in the hand, and the arm, and the whole body, so the miserable mortal who has been once caught firmly by the end of the finest fibre of his nerve is drawn in and in by the enormous machinery of hell, until he is as I am. Yes, doctor, as *I* am, for while I talk to you and implore relief, I feel that my prayer is for the impossible and my pleading with the inexorable."

I endeavored to calm his visibly increasing agitation, and told him that he must not despair.

While we talked the night had overtaken us. The filmy moonlight was wide over the scene which the window commanded, and I said:

"Perhaps you would prefer having candles. This light, you know, is odd. I should wish you, as much as possible, under your usual conditions while I make my diagnosis, shall I call it?—otherwise I don't care."

"All lights are the same to me," he said; "except when I read or write, I care not if night were perpetual. I am going to tell you what happened about a year ago. The thing began to speak to me."

"Speak! How do you mean—speak as a man does, do you mean?"

"Yes; speak in words and consecutive sentences, with perfect coherence and articulation; but there is a peculiarity. It is not like the tone of a human voice. It is not by my ears it reaches me—it comes like a singing through my head.

"This faculty, the power of speaking to me, will be my undoing. It won't let me pray, it interrupts me with dreadful blasphemies. I dare not go on, I could not. Oh, doctor, can the skill, and thought, and prayers of man avail me nothing!"

"You must promise me, my dear sir, not to trouble yourself with unnecessarily exciting thoughts; confine yourself strictly to the narrative of *facts;* and recollect, above all, that even if the thing that infests you he, as you seem to suppose, a reality with an actual independent life and will, yet it can have no power to hurt you, unless it be given from above; its access to your senses depends mainly upon your physical condition—this is, under God, your comfort and reliance; we are all alike environed. It is only that, in your case, the *paries*, the veil of the flesh, the screen, is a little out of repair, and sights and sounds are transmitted. We must enter on a new course, sir—he encouraged. I'll give to-night to the careful consideration of the whole case."

"You are very good, sir; you think it worth trying, you don't give me quite up; but, sir, you don't know, it is gaining such an influence over me; it orders me about, it is such a tyrant, and I'm growing so helpless. May God deliver me!"

"It orders you about—of course you mean by speech?"

"Yes, yes; it is always urging me to crimes, to injure others, or myself. You see, doctor, the situation is urgent, it is, indeed. When I was in Shropshire, a few weeks ago"—Mr. Jennings was speaking rapidly and tremblingly now, holding my arm with one hand and looking in my face—"I went out one day with a party of friends for a walk; my persecutor, I tell you, was with me at the time. I lagged behind the rest; the country near the Dee, you know, is beautiful. Our path happened to lie near a coal-mine, and at the verge of the wood is a perpendicular shaft, they say a hundred and fifty feet deep. My niece had remained behind with me—she knows, of course, nothing of the nature of my sufferings. She knew, however, that I had been ill, and was low, and she remained to prevent my being quite alone. As we loitered slowly on together, the brute that accompanied me was urging me to throw myself down the shaft. I tell you now—oh, sir, think of it!—the one consideration that saved me from that hideous death was the fear lest the shock of witnessing the occurrence should be too much for the poor girl. I asked her to go on and take her walk with her friends, saying that I could go no further. She made excuses, and the more I urged her, the firmer she became. She looked doubtful and frightened. I suppose there was something in my looks or manner that alarmed her; but she would not go, and that literally saved me. You have no idea, sir, that a living man could be made so abject a slave of Satan," he said, with a ghastly groan and a shudder.

There was a pause here, and I said: "You *were* preserved nevertheless. It was the act of God. You are in His hands and in the power of no other being; be therefore confident for the future."

I made him have candles lighted, and saw the room looking cheery and inhabited before I left him. I told him that he must regard his illness strictly as one dependent on physical, though *subtle* physical causes. I told him that he had evidence of God's care and love in the deliverance which he had just described, and that I had perceived with pain that he seemed to regard its peculiar features as indicating that he had been delivered over to spiritual reprobation. Than such a conclusion nothing could be, I insisted, less warranted; and not only so, but more contrary to facts, as disclosed in his mysterious deliverance from that murderous influence during his Shropshire excursion. First, his niece had been retained by his side without his intending to keep her near him; and, secondly, there had been infused into his mind an irresistible repugnance to execute the dreadful suggestion in her presence.

As I reasoned this point with him, Mr. Jennings wept. He seemed comforted. One promise I exacted, which was that should the monkey at any time return, I should be sent for immediately; and repeating my assurance that I would give neither time nor thought to any other subject until I had thoroughly investigated his case, and that to-morrow he should hear the result, I took my leave.

Before getting into the carriage, I told the servant that his master was far from well, and that he should make a point of frequently looking into his room.

My own arrangements I made with a view to being quite secure from interruption.

I merely called at my lodgings, and, with a traveling-desk and carpet-bag, set off in a hackney carriage for an inn about two miles out of town, called "The Horns," a very quiet and comfortable house, with good thick walls. And there I resolved, without the possibility of intrusion or distraction, to devote some hours of the night, in my comfortable sitting-room, to Mr. Jennings's case, and so much of the morning as it might require.

* * * * * * *

I left town for the inn where I slept last night at half-past nine, and did not arrive at my room in town until one o'clock this afternoon. I found a letter in Mr. Jennings's hand upon my table. It had not come by post, and, on inquiry, I learned that Mr. Jennings's servant had brought it, and on learning that I was not to return until to-day and that no one could tell him my address, he seemed very uncomfortable, and said that his orders from his master were that he was not to return without an answer.

I opened the letter and read:

Dear Dr. Hesselius: It is here. You had not been an hour gone when it returned. It is speaking. It knows all that has happened. It knows everything—it knows you, and is frantic and atrocious. It reviles. I send you this. It knows every word I have written—I write. This I promised and I therefore write, but I fear very confusedly, very incoherently. I am so interrupted and disturbed. Ever yours, sincerely yours, Robert Lynoer Jennings.

"When did this come?" I asked.

"About eleven last night; the man was here again, and has been here three times to-day. The last time is about an hour since."

Thus answered, and with the notes I had made upon his case in my pocket, I was in a few minutes driving towards Richmond to see Mr. Jennings.

I by no means, as you perceive, despaired of Mr. Jennings's case. He had himself remembered and applied, though quite in a mistaken way, the principle which I lay down in my "Metaphysical Medicine," and which governs all such cases. I was about to apply it in earnest. I was profoundly interested, and very anxious to see and examine him while the "enemy" was actually present.

I drove up to the sombre house and ran up the steps and knocked. The door in a little time was opened by a tall woman in black silk. She looked ill and as if she had been crying. She curtseyed and heard my question, but she did not answer. She turned her face away, extending her hand toward two men who were coming down-stairs, and thus having, as it were, tacitly made me over to them, she passed thorough a side-door hastily and shut it.

The man who was nearest the hall I at once accosted, but being now close to him, I was shocked to see that both his hands were covered with blood.

I drew back a little, and the man, passing down-stairs, merely said in a low tone: "Here's the servant, sir."

The servant had stopped on the stairs, confounded and dumb at seeing me. He was rubbing his hands in a handkerchief, and it was steeped in blood.

"Jones, what is it? what has happened?" I asked, while a sickening suspicion overpowered me.

The man asked me to come up to the lobby. I was beside him in a moment, and, frowning and pallid, with contracted eyes, he told me the horror which I already half-guessed.

His master had made away with himself.

I went upstairs with him to the room—what I saw there I will not tell you. He had cut his throat with his razor. It was a frightful gash. The two men had laid him on the bed and composed his limbs. It had happened, as the immense pool of blood on the floor declared, at some distance between the bed and the window. There was carpet round his bed, and a carpet under his dressing-table, but none on the rest of the floor, for the man said he did not like a carpet on his bedroom. In this sombre and now terrible room, one of the great elms that darkened the house was slowly moving the shadow of one of its great boughs upon this dreadful floor.

I beckoned to the servant and we went down-stairs together. I turned off the hall into an old-fashioned paneled room, and there standing I heard all the servant had to tell. It was not a great deal.

"I concluded, sir, from your words and looks, sir, as you left last night, that you thought my master seriously ill. I thought it might be that you were afraid of a fit or something. So I attended very close to your directions. He sat up late, till past three o'clock. He was not writing or reading. He was talking a great deal to himself, but that was nothing unusual. At about that hour I assisted him to undress, and left him in his slippers and dressing-gown. I went back softly in about half-an-hour. He was in his bed, quite undressed, and a pair of candles lighted on the table beside his bed. He was leaning on his elbow and looking out at the other side of the bed when I came in. I asked him if he wanted anything, and he said 'No.'

"I don't know whether it was what you said to me, sir, or something a little unusual about him, but I was uneasy, uncommon uneasy about him last night.

"In another half-hour, or it might be a little more, I went up again. I did not hear him talking as before. I opened the door a little. The candles were both out, which was not usual. I had a bedroom-candle, and I let the light in a little bit, looking softly round. I saw him sitting in that chair beside the dressing-table with his clothes on again. He turned round and looked at me. I thought it strange he should get up and dress and put out the candles to sit in the dark that way. But I only asked him again if I could do anything for him. He said 'No,' rather sharp, I thought. I asked if I might light the candles, and he said, 'Do as you like, Jones.' So I lighted them, and I lingered about the room, and he said, 'Tell me truth, Jones; why did you come again—you did not hear any one cursing?' 'No, sir,' I said, wondering what he could mean.

"'No,' said he, after me, 'of course, no'; and I said to him, 'Wouldn't it be well, sir, you went to bed? It's just five o'clock,' and he said nothing but 'Very likely; good-night, Jones.' So I went, sir, but in less than an hour I came again. The door was fast, and he heard me, and called as I thought from the bed to know what I wanted, and he desired me not to disturb him again. I lay down and slept for a little. It must have been between six and seven when I went up again. The door was still fast, and he made no answer, so I did not like to disturb him, and, thinking he was asleep, I left him till nine. It was his custom to ring when he wished me to come, and I had no particular hour for calling him. I tapped very gently, and, getting no answer, I stayed away a good while, supposing he was getting some rest then. It was not till eleven o'clock I grew really uncomfortable about him—for at the latest he was never, that I could remember, later than half-past ten. I got no answer. I knocked and called, and still no answer. So not being able to force the door, I called Thomas from the stables, and together we forced it, and found him in the shocking way you saw."

Jones had no more to tell. Poor Mr. Jennings was very gentle and very kind. All his people were fond of him. I could see that the servant was very much moved.

So, dejected and agitated, I passed from that terrible house and its dark canopy of elms, and I hope I shall never see it more. While I write to you I feel like a man who has but half waked from a frightful and monotonous dream. My memory rejects the picture with incredulity and horror. Yet I know it is true. It is the story of the process of a poison—a poison which excites the reciprocal action of spirit and nerve, and paralyzes the tissue which separates those cognate functions of the senses, the external and the interior. Thus we find strange bed-fellows, and the mortal and immortal prematurely make acquaintance.

MAGAZINE VERSE.

Across the Fields to Anne.

[From Stratford-on-Avon a lane runs westward through the fields a mile to the little village of Shottery, in which is the cottage of Anne Hathaway, Shakespeare's sweetheart and wife.]

How often in the summer-tide,
His graver business set aside,
Has stripling Will, the thoughtful-eyed,
As to the pipe of Pan
Stepped blithesomely with lover's pride
Across the fields to Anne!

It must have been a merry mile,
This summer stroll by hedge and stile,
With sweet foreknowledge all the while
How sure the pathway ran
To dear delights of kiss and smile,
Across the fields to Anne.

The silly sheep that graze to-day,
I wot, they let him go his way,
Nor once looked up, as who should say:
"It is a seemly man."
For many lads went wooing aye
Across the fields to Anne.

The oaks, they have a wiser look;
Mayhap they whispered to the brook:
"The world by him shall yet be shook,
It is in nature's plan;
Though now he fleets like any rook
Across the fields to Anne."

And I am sure, that on some hour
Coquetting soft, 'twixt sun and shower,
He stooped and broke a daisy-flower
With heart of tiny span,
And bore it as a lover's dower
Across the fields to Anne.

While from her cottage garden-bed
She plucked a jasmine's goodlihede,
To scent his jerkin's brown instead;
Now since that love began,
What luckier swain than he who sped
Across the fields to Anne?

The winding path whereon I pace,
The hedgerows green, the summer's grace,
Are still before me face to face;
Methinks I almost can
Turn poet and join the singing race
Across the fields to Anne!

—*Richard E. Burton in August Century.*

The Peter-Bird.

When summer's birds are bringing
Their clear, concerted singing,
Singing gladder, gladder, gladder in their glees;
When finches and the thrushes
Make vocal all the bushes,
And the lark his note of morning welcome frees—
I hear no meter sweeter
Than "Peter-Peter-Peter,"
That the Peter-bird is singing in my trees.

How good to lie and listen,
Where brooks in summer glisten,
As they ripple, ripple, ripple to the seas;
Where faintly in the pebbles
They play their pretty trebles
In the plaintive, sad and tender minor keys;
But they can play no meter
Like "Peter-Peter-Peter,"
That the Peter-bird is singing in my trees.

When softly at the nooning
I hear the clover crooning,
Of its nectar, nectar, nectar, and the bees;
When corn-a-field is drying,
And fading blades are flying
With a floating pennon-rustle in the breeze,
Oh, sweet it is, but sweeter
Is "Peter-Peter-Peter,"
That the Peter-bird is singing in my trees.

When summer's joy is over
And bees have robbed the clover,
Leaving odor, only odor, to appease;
When red autumnal juices
Make music in their sluices
As the fruity currents gurgle from their lees;
The wine-tide sings not sweeter
Than "Peter-Peter-Peter,"
That the Peter-bird is singing in my trees.

—*Henry Thompson Stanton in August Century.*

Voices.

A man died yesternight. To-day the town
Makes mention of his taking off, and sums
His virtues and his failings. On the street,
Midst many barterings and lures of trade,
In homes where he was known, in busy marts,
Or public places where the commonweal
Gathers the town-folk: up and down his name
Is spoke of in as various ways of speech
As are the voices various sounding it:
Gruff-throated bass, shrill treble of old age,
Soft sibilancy of a woman's tongue,
Or reed-like utterance of a little child.
Thus one, his mate in business: "Ah! a shrewd
Dry head was that; much loss to us, much loss.
And as for heart"—wise shrug of shoulders now—
"Well, 'tis but little quoted here on 'change."
Another, who had summered with him once
In leisure-time: "A right good fellow gone!
'Tis true, he liked his ease; but who does not?
For me, give me the man that Horace loved,
Who deemed it wise to fool when seasonable."
A tiny one who oft had found great store
Of sweetmeats in his hand, and, prized far less,
Great store of tenderness within his heart:
"Oh, won't he come and see us any more?"
His surpliced pastor, bound to save his soul,
Balanced a bit by inconsistencies
He thought he saw, in private to his wife:
"Alas, poor soul! if only he had grasped
That matter of the creed, and made us sure!
But then—his heart was right, and God is good."
And one, a woman, who had found his arms
An all-protecting shelter through long years,
Said naught, but kissed the tokens he had left,
And dreamt of heaven for his sake alone.
Meanwhile, what was this man, and what his place?
You ask, confused by all this Babel talk
Of here and yonder, from his fellow-men.
I am as ignorant as any one
Whose speech you heard, and yet I loved him well.
Nay, ask me not: ask only God. He knows.

—*Richard E. Burton in August Harper's.*

A ROYAL "LOVE-MATCH."

"Cockaigne" throws a New Light on Fife's Marriage to Louis

The subject of thought and conversation before all oth just now is the approaching marriage of Princess Louise Wales to the Earl of Fife. The announcement but a sh time ago of the engagement took many people by surpr For my own humble part, I do not believe that the enga ment was at all agreed upon until after the marriage of Duke of Portland. The Prince of Wales all along had eye upon the young duke as the most eligible son-in-law am the Marlborough Club set. Unfortunately for "Tummy"; his calculations, the Duke of Portland was just a trifle too a fish to be dazzled by the heir-apparent's spoon-bait. was too rich and too powerful a peer to feel any honor in ing landed in a royal net. Besides, he had before him benighted condition, the nondescript position, of the Marc of Lorne, and had no wish to be another husband of a p cess. He naturally preferred that when he married, the p ner of his joys should become the wife of a duke. It n be, too, that he was not exactly captivated by the perso charms of "the eldest Miss Wales," and was able to ma as he chose. Anyhow, the Prince and Princess of W pointedly absented themselves from England when the d married Miss Yorke, and could not be present at the wedd in consequence. Even Prince Albert Victor and Pri George were taken away to Paris, and instead of assisting the magnificent nuptial festivities of one of England's lead peers, and, withal, an intimate friend of the family, they w amusing themselves and astonishing the natives by asce ing the Eiffel Tower. It was a glaring exhibition princely pique, and about as pointed a bit of discourtesy a prince can show to a subject in these days of commingling class obliteration. But the Duke of Portland did not c Of course he would have liked the added *éclat* of "Tummy and the princess's presence at his wedding, and he naturall fond of the Prince of Wales as a friend and pal of long sta ing. But he was a great enough man himself not to need smile of royalty to throw a golden lustre a[illegible] his nuptials

It goes without saying that we now hear of nothing but "love-match" between the young princess and the Irish e But people who remember the skirmishing and reconnoite that went on before the Marquis of Lorne was decided up know well enough how much room for love there is in previous arrangements of a royal marriage. The dozens dozens of eldest sons of dukes and marquises who w listed as eligible and subject to immediate notificati Many of them got an inkling that their names were down, forthwith unceremoniously "skipped" to parts unknov while others became engaged to the first girls they met, ro "commands" having more respect for marriage engageme than dancing ones. Whoever fondly imagines that the M quis of Lorne was the first choice of the Princess Louise, ber choice at all beyond a well-disciplined submission of h self to him as his wife, is very much out of it. Some of more flunkeyish of the society papers have said that marriage of his daughter to Lord Fife has long been a w of the Prince of Wales. Perhaps. The consummation his wish would seem a trifle more genuine, had the nouncement of it been made before the Duke of Portlan marriage.

But, after all, it is not such a bad marriage for "Tumm eldest." Fife is just turned forty and not otherwise tha good-looking fellow. He has, moreover, sixty thousand a ye Though a Scotchman in birth and blood, his title is Irish. to the year 1885, he had no seat in the House of Lords, s as what is called a representative peer, and I am not s whether he was even that. In 1885, Gladstone kindly ad an English earldom to his previous Irish one, and that put h into the House of Lords by right. Nor is his family so v ancient either. As for the peerage—the Irish one, that is the oldest he possesses—it dates back only the beginning of the fifteenth century. He is only sixth Irish and first English Earl of Fife. People, t are apt to ask: "Who and what is she after all? only because she's the Prince of Wales's daughter that p ple think anything of her. Princesses are much too comm nowadays to lay much store by them." True; so they a But Princess Louise of Wales is the Prince of Wales's eld daughter. When he ascends the throne as King Edward Seventh or Albert the First, whichever it is to be, she will i mediately become Princess Royal of England, the title n held by the Empress Victoria of Germany. Should her t brothers, Prince Albert Victor and Prince George, die with issue before her (not likely, it is true, yet possible), she, a not the Duke of Edinburgh, as many erroneously suppo would be the direct heir to the crown, and should she surv her father she would be Queen of England. She is, the fore, even though so common a thing as a princess, not to sneezed at from a grand alliance with "possible possibilitie point of view. Her children might sit on the English thro

London, July 12, 1889. Cockaigne.

There is a curious museum at St. Petersburg, to which cess is not easily obtained. It contains all the imperial, sta and private carriages, but the most interesting among all is t brougham in which Alexander the Second was killed. T back of it is all in ruins, and inside it looks quite dread One of the cushions, however, is still good; here and th splashes of mud are on it.

The phonograph has been employed in diplomatic corr pondence. The Italian Chargé d'Affaires in London sent letter to Signor Crispi upon a phonograph cylinder as bei the safest means of communication.

Roman Catholicism is not faring well in Italy. The p cession of the Blessed Sacrament in Turin was jeered and on stoned, and for the first time the military did not present arm

VANITY FAIR.

Social elegance is the keynote to the Alexandra, the most successful women's club in London; presentation at her majesty's drawing-room is the *sine qua non* of admittance, and names of various countesses figure on the council. Moreover, the Alexandra is strictly and absolutely feminine in its constitution, no individual of the other sex above the age of twelve being admitted beyond the door-mat. Husbands, fathers, and brothers are all ruthlessly excluded from its sacred precincts. Hence, as a social club, the Alexandra is of little value, and the evening it is practically deserted. But it furnishes an admirable centre for shopping operations, and for feminine luches, teas, etc. Fine women pop in and out all day, and the cheerful drawing-room on the first floor, brightly and artistically furnished, forms a most welcome resting-place in the intervals of a long day in town. It possesses, moreover, the further advantage of bedrooms, let at the most reasonable rate, so that girls and young married women can spend a night or two in town without any trouble as to chaperons or maids. Women friends, of course, may be admitted into the club, and servants and tradespeople interviewed. In spite of the prevalent opinion that women are by nature "clubable," and that they would be certain to fall out over the management of any purely feminine concern, the Alexandra has an eminently peaceful record. A small sensation was caused one day by the appearance on the committee notice-board of the following motion: "Lady A. and Mrs. B. propose that a smoking-room be added to the club." The next day this was succeeded by a further notice: "Mrs. X. and Mrs. Z. propose that Lady A. and Mrs. B. are not fit members for this club." General committee meeting was awaited with some trepidation that month, but the secretary, exercising a right of veto, judiciously ruled both motions out of order. On another occasion, the social "conversaziones" of the club were greatly outraged by the appearance in the club drawing-room of a real Salvation Army officer, bonnet, blue coat, and all, introduced by a member of enthusiastic evangelistic proclivities. The High Church members proposed that the whole Salvation Army should be excluded by special regulation, but good sense and religious toleration were allowed to win the day, and the storm subsided, on the tacit understanding, however, that the offense should not be repeated.

This is about the way that the average American woman dresses to spend the day in the Paris Exposition. The fashionables begin to go there immediately after breakfast and take luncheon and dinner there, attend the concerts and spectacles from hour to hour, taking in all the Oriental departments, seeing the Eastern dancers, and getting a long rest in the afternoon by taking a wheeled-chair and hiring a small boy to roll them about in a leisurely fashion among the palms and flowers in the horticultural department. Dress is so important a question in the French capital that a woman does not feel at liberty to wear the same gown to luncheon and dinner, or at least to make no change in her toilet, so the visitor there has learned to overcome this difficulty by the skillful arrangement of her dress. She appears in the morning dressed in some quiet colored silk-and-cloth costume; the silk, for example, being of closely plaited silk in fine stripes of gray-and-black, and over this is a long cloth redingote of gray serge which buttons smoothly and closely from the chin down, being cut off around the hips, with big pocket-flaps set on with silver buttons. Just a line of soft white silk appears above the edge of the collar; she wears patent-leather shoes, with gray gaiters, her gloves are gray mousquetaires of heavy-dressed kid, and she wears a little gray, close bonnet of the French chip, trimmed with gray net dotted with silver, and the inevitable long-tailed blackbird which every second woman in Paris sets on top of her head just at present. When six o'clock strikes, and she begins to think about the question of dinner, she makes her attendant roll her chair into a quiet corner behind a palm, and there she unbuttons the front of her redingote and turns it back, revealing that the insides of the fronts are *revers* which are heavily embroidered in silver, and that when turned over they conceal the button and button-holes. The high standing-collar turns down, and it, too, is embroidered, and the tiny silk kerchief which she wore inside of it she whips off and thrusts into her pocket. This change brings to view a pretty little inner waistcoat of the silk, which opens over a pretty chemisette and ruff of plaited crêpe lisse. She changes her heavy gloves for lighter-colored ones of suède, gives a touch or two to her front hair, shakes out her draperies, and there she is in a charming Directoire gown, suited for dinner in a public place.

With the earliest advent of summer, the tide of travel from Russian cities to the country assumes gigantic proportions (writes a New York *Tribune* correspondent), but even in the nearest and most frequented summer-resorts it would be futile to look for any kind of a boarding-house. People hire furnished and unfurnished houses—called *datchas*—such places as early as February and March, and as soon as May sets in you see great carloads of furniture and kitchen-utensils slowly winding their way along the streets of Moscow and St. Petersburg to their destinations. Each family brings its own cook and a separate retinue of servants, not its horses and its carriages; brings along, in fact, all the cares and annoyances of housekeeping. The imperial family is the first to set the example of plain living, adherence to the popular Russian dress, and the observance of oldeo-time customs. Taking in this their cue from the Czar's household, all grades of society follow suit. The most approved style of mamao's dresses on the *datcha* is simply the Russian peasant-woman costume, while men don plain brown-holland or percale suits—the peasaot dress being worn only by men of pronounced Slavophile tendencies. One very important feature of city life which is invariably left behind is the clannishness which prevails among the urban population while at home. In St. Petersburg, families live in large apartment-houses, not caring even to know who their next-door neighbors are. In Moscow again, families occupy separate houses, shutting themselves up from their neighbors, visiting only among the set to which they belong by family connection or business affiliation. But the advent of summer brings a thorough revolution in social intercourse. The *datchas* stand in such close proximity that neighbors are not long in striking up acquaintances. Though the elder people may show little inclination to form acquaintances among strangers, young people of most different standing are frequently thrown together, and in the course of the season many such *wahlverwandschafts* are firmly cemented as would never have come into existence under the separative tendencies of city life. Young people spend their days rowing on the lakes and rivers, playing croquet, or tramping over woods in search of musbrooms and wild berries; or else—in season—the men go out hunting, while the wives, sweethearts, and sisters join them at midday, bringing over in a cart all the necessaries for an "al fresco" dinner, to be spread on some dry, shady spot within reach of the marshy grounds where the game-birds are found. In the evening again, when that world-famed twilight sets in, which in Northern Russia, during the summer months, extends almost from sunset to dawn, the young people drift together once more, forming animated groups by the swings or by the benches.

Of course flirtations are going on on every side. There is not a girl on hand but who, at the end of the season, would have found her special "affinity." Yet there is such a radical difference between Russian and American flirtation as to make the Russian article almost unrecognizable to the American. Social life in Russia—even in large centres of population—is cast on such lines as constantly to throw the men and women together; family men are in the habit of bringing their unmarried friends to their homes. Here social and business questions, as well as politics, all such topics as are considered of interest to men alone, are freely discussed in the family circle—mostly over the tea-table. The girls, as well as the women, get to be thoroughly versed and interested in the most serious of life's problems, and, as occasion offers, turn out splendid helpmeets to men in all their undertakings. No matter what social or political question is brought uppermost by the times, it is thoroughly discussed in the presence of women, and the men's course frequently is modified according to the women's suggestions. So, in their flirtations, then, the younger the two kindred spirits, the more they vie against each other in stringing up their talk to the most serious topics; their idea is that love may make them womanish and handicap their usefulness in their chosen sphere of action. As soon, however, as a couple of lovers come to an understanding, they begin to lay plans for a life's work in common. The future does not appear to these enthusiasts in any other form than that of a wide field of duties toward their lower, oppressed brethren. A Russian girl of liberal tendencies scorns the idea of being "supported" by her husband. And again, it would be difficult to find young people in Russia nowadays who would be willing to pledge their love to one another "forever and ever," as was the custom of sentimental lovers of former times. Their acknowledged ambition, however, is to be "honest" before anything else, and they promise to deal fairly with each other and not treat each other with *réchauffé* sentiment when there is nothing else to offer. When the ardor of love gives out, they are prepared to remain true and fast friends. It is understood, nevertheless, that were a stronger, unconquerable passion to assert itself in either of the two for another, then the ethics of the young "Intelligencia" would command the unloved husband or wife to commit a peculiar kind of hari-kari—giving his or her partner full liberty of choice. Though the Greek Church is strongly set against divorce, and there is no other but church-marriage recognized by Russian laws, there is a kind of pride among liberal-minded young married people which impels them not to impose love and company on one who refuses to appreciate it. Not long since, still stranger ideas were popular among the educated Russian young people. A few years ago, it was by no means an uncommon thing for two young enthusiasts to marry on a firm understanding never to assume toward one another the relations of husband and wife. This transaction, though taking the form of a church-wedding, was called a "fictitious" marriage, and was generally resorted to to help a liberal-minded maiden who had not yet reached her legal majority to throw off the tutelage of unsympathetic parents or tutors, and to acquire the right to dispose of her estate or her money at her own will; since in Russia a married woman—no matter how young and inexperienced—is perfectly independent from her husband in her property rights.

A couple of years ago it was the proper thing for a girl to rinse her lace handkerchief in her scent-bottle; such a proceeding now would be considered a vulgarism, for if there is any one article in a fashionable toilet which is not perfumed, it is a handkerchief. Hosiery and gloves slumber in beds of sweet-grass and rose-leaves; laces, wraps, and underwear have their separate sachet-pillows; dresses are hung among the bags of sweet clover which perfume every closet; even bonnet-boxes emit fragrant odors when uncovered, and in the linings of many overcoats the wadding is dusted with orris, but not a trace of scent hangs about the sheer little square of lace-edged mull. The deficiency, however, is more than counterbalanced by faint sweet odors which linger about the folds and hem of dress-skirts, and the bows of ribbon pendant from jeweled-garters. Even card-cases and pocket-books are perfumed, and so is the small blotter bought with fashionable stationery. But these items are insignificant compared with the cost of perfuming a summer outfit, which requires the services of a maid and an outlay equivalent to that expended for gloves or shoes. For instance, there is the corsage-sachet, made of fine satin to match the dress and filled with a perfume too delicious for description. The sacks, which are an inch square, retail at nine dollars a dozen, and it takes about twenty to go round the edge of a Josephine dress. Of course every low corsage has to be sacheted, and if a belle cares to buy them by the hundred, she is charged at the rate of fifty cents each. Another perfume trick is to pour scent over the hair just back of the crimps or frizzes. Every woman rubs the stopper of her scent-bottle across her lips and eyebrows before leaving the mirror, and the habit of dousing a feather or satin fan with wild-rose or blue-bells of Scotland is as old as vanity itself. The puffed sleeves of the hour are also used to sweeten a woman's presence, the essence of chypre, magnolia, or jasmine being poured among the gathers at the elbow, where it is least liable to be detected and most readily perceived. Desirable perfumes cost seventy-five cents an ounce, and the least popular girl in society will dash twelve dollars' worth over a two weeks' visit and half-a-dozen summer toilets.

The French, who have not yet tired of the Directoire styles, are carrying the fashion to further extremes, as they did when it was originally introduced, and letters from France say that the women there are making every effort to revive the old custom of the days of the Empire of wearing short sleeves in the day time. It will not be an easy thing to do, because French women as a rule are not blessed with the most beautiful arms in the world, and there is not one woman out of ten in Paris who can expose hers in daylight with a heart which rests happy in the consciousness that neither their color nor their shape is to be criticised. Women's arms have improved very much in the last two or three generations, for the very reason that they have not been exposed to wind and weather, which has made the skin white and more delicate, and also because of the introduction of tennis, rowing, and various athletic amusements which develop the muscles and make them much rounder and more perfect in outline than the arms of our grandmothers. Tradition says that in the days when women's arms were always uncovered and the sleeveless Directoire gown was a correct wear, women's arms as a rule were red, and very frequently in cold weather badly chapped and unpleasant to look at.

Both the girls and young men at the watering-places have gone in for quieter colors for their blazers this season, and, among the well-dressed ones, one sees no more stripes of crimson or yellow, with black. The men wear white-silk shirts, with gray ties, and their blazers are striped gray and white, while the girls have white-twilled cloth-jackets, braided in black or gray, or in dark blue, and fastened by one button over their silk shirts; for every girl's summer outfit includes a dozen or more of these silk shirts, generally all white, or else some one of the pretty washing silks, with stripes of very pale blue or pink. A new fashion which the girls at Bar Harbor have introduced is the wearing of Eton jackets, made of cloth, worn over little tucked shirt-waists, which have broad linen collars and cuffs turning back over the jacket. These they wear in the morning, with plain kilted skirts of cloth, and it gives them a very pretty, boyish look. Another innovation seen at Bar Harbor is the wearing of straw-hats by girls on horseback when riding early in the morning. The English girls began it in Hyde Park last spring, and some one who was there at the time brought the idea back here. The hat is a white, smooth, stiff straw, neither very tall in the crown nor very wide in the brim, and with a black ribbon around it; but only very young girls can wear it with good effect.

"Drawing-room day" is a great day in Regent Street. After being presented at court, the London beauties go there in shoals to be photographed. The London photographers usually receive no other customers on that day. Most of the royalists go to Vander Weyde now. It is a singular fact that Vander Weyde, with this old historic Dutch name, is really an American, who came to London penniless after the war. A correspondent thus describes her experience at his shop: "As the carriages rolled up the crowd increased. Several ladies in the street tried to go up, but were repulsed by the grim servant in livery at the door. When the Duchess of Marlborough swept in, the excitement became tremendous and I could stand it no longer, so I found myself following yards and yards of black brocatelle, tulle, lace, passamenterie, jets and feathers up the wide staircase to the little Moorish waiting room. There a boy in buttons stopped me, but a few words on a card got me permission to wait and have an 'interview' in an hour, so I retired into a corner, where I could see all. The American Duchess of Marlborough is bearing herself very well in London society. She is not pretty, but she has a fine presence, and carries herself with grace and dignity, and a little self-consciousness, perhaps. She was dressed in court-mourning, with the magnificent family jewels. I thought her dressed in the best taste of any of the ladies in the gallery. Many portraits of Lady Randolph Churchill hang about, from the simple American girl in white muslin when she first came over, to the more mature woman of the world in her court dress, with the star of India blazing on her bosom. The magnificent Duchess of Leinster was there, with her head lifted like a great stag on the alert. Her pictures do not do her justice. She must be seen in the flesh to appreciate her color as well as her form. Vander Weyde was asked recently to come to Marlborough House to take the princess, and he made some lovely portraits of her, after himself choosing the dress she should wear from her wardrobe. She was so much pleased she has ordered a life-sized pastel from one of them. It is marvelous how she continues to look younger than her daughters—the world wonders at what age they will be allowed to inherit an interest in the 'make-up' box. I heard one stout lady of past forty say: 'Oh, you naughty American boy, why don't you make me look like Adelaide Detchon or Dorothy Dene?' These are two professional beauties whom Vander Weyde has made famous. 'A great deal is expected from him sometimes. Most of his pictures are taken by electric light, and by the use of colored glass—which softens and subdues the lines of the face and gives to the skin of each woman its loveliest natural color—he makes some plain women look beautiful."

A SUGGESTIVE SUGGESTION.

By W. C. Morrow.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

John Henry Stiles and Mary Jane Roe, Plaintiffs,

versus

Hannah Coe, Fannie Moe, Annie Foe, Carrie Joy, Minnie Toy, Ella Thompson, Aggie Mompson, Floy Rompson, Avis Lightly, Mamie Brightly, Sadie Longly, Bertha Wrongly, Georgie Rarely, Laura Fairly, Grace Barely, and seventeen Jane Does, and Genie White, Roley Black, Renie Brown, Pinkie Bleu, Fronie Push, Evvie Pull, Ray Taw, Birchie Batte, Susie Dollah, Marie Hunt, Frankie Stayer, and one hundred and forty-seven Emilie Browns, and Jennie Fly, Fairie Pligh, Rosie Young, Phyllie Hause, Daisie Bootes, Teenie Small, Lala Walker, and two hundred and thirteen Ethel Rays, Defendants.

Action to Quiet Marriage Claim.

The plaintiffs in this action complain of the defendants herein, and for cause of action allege:

I. That the said plaintiff Stiles is informed and believes, and upon information and belief asserts, that he is an unmarried male and is of marriageable age, to wit, seventy-five years or thereabout; that he is desirous of marrying the said plaintiff Mary Jane Roe; that the said Mary Jane Roe is unmarried and of marriageable age, to wit, nineteen years or thereabout, and is desirous of marrying the said plaintiff Jobn Henry Stiles.

II. That the said plaintiff Stiles is possessed of large means, that is to say, the sum of ten million dollars or thereabout, and that beyond and in addition to said sum be has transferred and set apart to bis cbildren (by divers former marriages) and to his grandchildren and great-grandchildren, certain large sums of money for their maintenance and pleasure.

III. That the said defendants Coe, Moe, Foe, Joy, Toy, Thompson, Mompson, Rompson, Lightly, Brightly, Longly, Wrongly, Rarely, Fairly, Barely, and seventeen Jane Does (whose true names are to these plaintiffs unknown) are unmarried females of presumable marriageable age; that the defendants White, Black, Bleu, Push, Pull, Taw, Batte, Dollah, Hunt, Stayer, and one hundred and forty-seven Emilie Browns (whose true names are to these plaintiffs unknown) are widows, and hence marriageable; that the defendants Fly, Pligh, Young, Hause, Bootes, Small, Walker, and two hundred and thirteen Ethel Rays (whose true names are to these plaintiffs unknown) are divorced females, and hence of marriageable age; that the said plaintiff Stiles during the last thirty years has been a widower, and at divers times and in various ways has associated with, spoken to, enjoyed more or less social intimacy with, and shown courtesies and attentions to each and all of the said defendants, and to none other marriageable female whatsoever; tbat said association with, speaking to, enjoyment of more or less social intimacy with, and showing of courtesies and attentions to said defendants were done and performed solely for the transient mutual pleasure of the said Stiles and each of the said defendants, and not with any intention, idea, or desire on the part of the said Stiles to marry or propose marriage to any of said defendants, or by any word, look, act, or writing to create in tbe mind of any of said defendants any idea, supposition, belief, or hope tbat tbe said Stiles, directly or indirectly, by act, word, or hint, ever had any intention, idea, or desire to marry any of said defendants.

IV. That the plaintiff, Mary Jane Roe, is earnestly desirous that in the event of her marriage to and with the plaintiff Stiles, there shall be no danger of a competent legal decision that such marriage is void, that she has been living in concubinage witb said Stiles, and that her right as a legal wife to sucb wife's interest in her husband's property and affections shall not be questioned or overthrown; that the said Stiles is equally desirous that such marriage shall prove legal and binding.

V. That the said plaintiffs are informed and believe, and upon information and belief aver, that each and all of the said defendants propose and threaten, or hereafter may propose and threaten, to assert and seek to establish a fraudulent claim, interest, or title upon, in, and to the property and affections of the plaintiff Stiles, each for herself claiming bim as her husband, or asserting that he is engaged to marry her, or that he has spoken, written, or performed things which led her to believe that he intended to marry her.

Wherefore, plaintiffs pray that a judgment of this court be entered declaring that none of said defendants has any present or prospective matrimonial claim upon said plaintiff Stiles; that said Stiles and Roe are free to marry, and that said marriage, so far as the alleged hindrances to be removed by said decree are concerned, shall be legal and binding; and plaintiffs further pray for judgment for costs, and for such other and furtber relief as in the opinion of said court may seem proper.

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

John Henry Stiles *et al.*,
versus
Hannah Coe *et al.*

Opinion of Court.

This action was brought under the amendment of 1889 to the Code of Civil Procedure, providing that "any marriageable person may apply to the Superior Court for a decree setting forth the fact that he or she is not married at the time of making such application, nor under promise or other obligation of marriage." All the defendants herein were brought under the jurisdiction of this court by proper service, and after a contest of singular pertinacity, involving an extraordinary number of issues, and giving rise to an endless mass of contradictory testimony, the cause is now submitted for judgment. The findings filed herewith dispose separately of the defenses and counter-claims of the four hundred and ten defendants to the action.

This beneficent law was framed to deal with the exigencies of the peculiar civilization of the West, wherein climatic, social, or other conditions tend to a communion of the sexes which is a compromise between the closely allied traits of a love of money and a disregard of the moral sense. It had thus come about that elderly marriageable men of large means were constantly in extreme danger from either a deliberate or an innocent misconstruction of their motives in their social intercourse with the opposite sex, and marriage under those circumstances became exceedingly perilous. The peculiarly lax nature of the marriage laws of the State gave rise to a temptation which was as difficult for a rich man to avoid as it was for his marriageable associates of the opposite sex to resist. The consequence was that the ancient legal maxim that "the best evidence of marriage is a desire for divorce" had practically given way to the doctrine that "all rich elderly men are presumed to be married until their celibacy is proved." The distressing circumstances which arose from this condition of affairs gave birth to the statute under which this action is brought.

Between a woman's duty to fly and her inclination to resist, she is required to choose the former; but a law or a sentiment which robs her of accountability degrades her power. A sense of responsibility is the test of character. All laws which give women special privileges based on a presumption of their weakness are founded on an idea of their inferiority. Chivalry is a compliment in social law, but an insult in a statute. It was to fix the accountability and enlarge the responsibility of marriageable women which gives consistency to this law.

That eminent jurist, Sidney Smith, in passing upon a celebrated divorce case in the Supreme Court of California, declared (182 Cal., 2021), in speaking of marriage, that "those who are out wish to get in, and those who are in wish to get out." This aptly describes a weakness which forms the skeleton of a fault. An innate desire to discover the golden mean between the burdens and the pleasures of the married state, between the drudgery of bondage and the spice of freedom, renders strong the temptation to meretricious alliances. This new law here invoked is intended to palliate that which can not be cured.

The only responsibility which the possession of wealtb imposes is that of its retention. Every law bearing upon the management of property has that end in view. Hence positive laws are framed which limit and define the circumstances under wbich property shall be surrendered. One of these is a judgment for damages for breach of promise. Many of the defendants to this action have, by cross-complaint, demanded damages. Various amounts are awarded them, as will more fully appear in the findings. Tbese have been apportioned as much with a view to tbe pleasure which the plaintiff Stiles enjoyed as to the damage which the respective defendants suffered. (Moke on Torts, 315.) There can be no other equitable basis of judgment, for the reason, as Pitty declares, that "the incentive to inflict damage in a case where the pleasure and the expectation of pleasure were small must be sought elsewhere than in the conduct of the man." (Self-defense, 125.)

The opportunities and temptations for a man to become involved in such entanglements are to be measured by the extent of his wealth. There is no other rule laid down in the books. The declaration in the twelve tablets of the law that "the man pursues and the woman retreats," was formulated before millionaires became plentiful. The legal presumption that the ownership of wealth creates a shrewdness sufficient for its protection has, in more recent decisions, been tempered by a knowledge of its unfairness; for the weakness of avarice is its abundance, whereas the opposite condition holds in the case of rascality seeking an unfair acquisition of wealth. It is a maxim of the common law that "the law will protect a man from the consequences of his own folly." It is true that this applies to property, but in what sense are the social vagaries of a wealthy man inseparable from considerations of property? Still, the policy of the law is not to divest him of accountability, which is the restraint imposed by fear; but it does not require that he should suffer for acts not solely of his doing.

The fear of public exposure is the greatest conservator of morality which exists. This law provides for just such publicity as is generally most disagreeable, and the liability of any marriageable woman to be placed in the position of defendant in a suit of this character (provided there are any wealthy marriageable men within a reasonable distance) can not but exercise a powerful deterrent influence.

Many of the defendants herein failed to answer; let judgment be entered against them by default, in accordance with the findings. Others offered evidence of marriage. As it does not appear that all the conditions of complete marriage, including a public assumption of marital rights, duties, and obligations were fulfilled in any one case, the most that has been established, if anything, was that the plaintiff, Stiles, was fractionally married to various of the defendants. Fractional, incomplete, and conditional marriage have never found high favor in the courts of this country, and rather than encourage polygamy in California, I adjudge all these alleged marriages to be void. Let judgment and decree enter accordingly. It is further adjudged and decreed that the defendants in this cause have no further claim upon the plaintiff, Stiles.

A Baptist church at Wolverhampton, in order to provide amusement and recreation for the parish, has built a billiard and smoking-room back of its chapel and a bar for the sale of non-intoxicants, everything to be under the control of the government of the church. The *British Weekly* says that it would be a calamity if this course were generally adopted.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Earl of Fife has two sisters who were divorced from their first h hands. London is wondering what the queen will do about receiv them at court.

At the sale of Maharajah Dhuleep Sing's jewels in Paris, recently, highest bid, eleven thousand one hundred francs, was made for a be tiful ring, consisting of three large Oriental rubies and four diamo mounted *a giorno*. The first day's sale realized sixty-four thousand eighty-six francs.

President Harrison has a peculiar complexion. It utterly defies efforts of the sun to burn it. He has spent a good deal of time in open air at Deer Park, and has paid no attention to shading his from the sun's rays. In spite of this, his complexion retains its pec pallor, and even the end of his nose shows no tinge of brown.

At a recent royal ball in London, the young Duchess of Portland w a beautiful white-and-silver brocade-gown, trimmed with silver this a necklace of pearls and sapphires, and a diamond-and-sapphire ti It was said to be really amusing to see the duke watch her dance Prince Albert Victor, so proud was he of the admiration she c manded.

King Humbert of Italy has not recovered from the effects of his to the German capital. His digestive apparatus has been for a l time in a delicate condition, and the hospitality of Emperor Wil gave it a disastrous strain. The result is that Humbert has to con his diet to milk and fruit, and is allowed to smoke only ten cigarett day.

Mr. Luke Crawford, of Thomaston, Ga., may well claim the bel the champion horse-trader. He had one day three horses, all toge not worth two hundred dollars, and, during the day, traded fifty times and quit with one horse, it being one of the same he started w He also had, as a result of the day's work, three hundred and fifty lars in money, a hull, and a buggy.

A Mr. Downey, a London photographer, was recently summone serve on a jury, and at the very same time was summoned by the qu to go to Buckingham Palace and photograph the Shah. He obeyed latter call, and his lawyer had hard work to save him from being fi for contempt of court. "A jury summons," said the judge, "t precedence of everything else, even the Shah."

According to custom, Premier Bismarck always remains stan when talking about affairs of state to the Kaiser. As the old ch cellor suffers from rheumatism, this is not an easy sacrifice to cerem but he has such a deep-rooted respect for royalty that he refuse give in to the infirmities of age in this matter. The Kaiser, howe never remains seated when Bismarck is making his reports.

Governor Medero, of the State of Chihuahua, Mexico, pa through the United States, on his way to the Paris Exposition, wit wife and interesting family of eighteen children. Of the latter, e are girls and ten boys, the eldest being a stalwart man of thirty years and the youngest an infant in arms. The governor himself is fifty-five years old, and is prepared to take issue with any person asserts that the Mexican race is dying out.

The most elaborate dress in which the Shah of Persia arrays himse state occasions is said to be worth about one million dollars, the prin value being in the precious stones and other ornaments with which decked. The Shah is said to be quite regular in his methods and ra precise in his appointments, except when he indulges too freely in weed, which he frequently does. After he thus indulges, he drops to sleep, and not a member of the suite will venture to awaken him

A recent visitor to the home of Charles Stewart Parnell, the leader, describes it as a comparatively small house, whose rooms ar more and no less untidy than is usual in bachelor quarters. The g front hall is given over to a billiard-table and innumerable framed dresses and resolutions presented by sympathetic followers to their lea The room in which Mr. Parnell was born, and where he passed his h days, is a sort of lumber-room now, and contains nothing more valu than a few empty wine-boxes.

Professor Hubert Herkomer is a sort of Admirable Crichton. He painter in oils and in water-colors, an engraver in etching, in dry-point mezzotint; a draughtsman on wood and on paper; a wood-carver an iron-smith; a university fine-arts lecturer, and the founder and dire of a great art-school; a civil-engineer, an architect, and a decorator furnisher; a magazine-contributor, a play-writer, a musical-comp and performer, a singer, an actor, a scene-painter, and a stage-mana And in all these capacities he has won great success.

The King of Holland, during his last and most serious illness, upon occasions, with a grim and sardonic humor it is difficult to rea to deceive his doctors by exaggerating his symptoms or even by affec to have developed new ones. Since his unexpected partial recove the latest account is unfavorable—it has been necessary for the old to breathe air of one temperature, and that a rather high one, so his apartments have to be kept heated in a manner which makes the votion of the young queen to her wreck of a husband all the notable.

At a recent social gathering in London the young Princesses of W were very badly dressed. "Fancy pink frocks with yellowish Redfern coats!" (says the "Girls' Gossip" in *Truth.*) "The elde more self-possessed and composed in manner than she used to be, there is a stiffness about her which comes of shyness. Princess M is growing very pretty. There is more of her mother's brightness in expression than in her sisters, both of whom strongly resemble father. Prince George has made himself look very odd and old-fashio by allowing his beard and whiskers to grow. He looked as if he forgotten to perform his toilet."

It is told of Nas-ed-Deen that on one occasion he conceived the of imitating Haroun-al-Raschid, and going about by night in disg and unattended through the streets of Teheran. On leaving the ca the sentinel dozing in his box let him pass two nights without hindra whereupon the Shah had the sleepy sentinel flogged. The third n another soldier stood on guard, and he stopped the Shah, and fo him, despite all his protestations, to spend the rest of the night in sentry-box, barring egress with his bayonet. The next morning Shah, after having been liberated, first had the unaccommodating sol bastinadoed, and then sent him a purse with a sum equal to one hundred and fifty dollars, and a robe of honor; but the Shah was cure his love for nightly excursions.

Queen Victoria's dislike of Gladstone is explained by a recent wr who says that when the Grand Old Man used to visit the regal old he was wont to talk to her "about the polity of the Hittites or the lations between the Athanasian creed and Homer." The queen, plexed and uncomfortable, would seek to make a digression, and w address a remark to a daughter or offer a biscuit to a begging ter Mr. Gladstone would restrain himself with an effort, wait till the p cess had answered or the dog had sat down, and then would prom resume—"As I was saying——" Meanwhile the flood had gath force by delay, and when it burst forth again it carried all before Victoria used to complain that on those occasions it was Gladstone was rude! She was probably in the same predicament that Bi Moriarity was when O'Connell called her a parallelogram.

Leopold, King of the Belgians, is a sworn foe of tobacco and ardent supporter of the Belgian Anti-Tobacco League. He is, as a man of "simple and severe way of life." He rises early, breakf sparingly, and—a rare thing on the continent—takes his morning with all an Englishman's fervor. His wide sympathies embrace v tarianism in their scope, and his most notable passion, perhaps, is going about without a hat. He has some strange craze about the wi action on the brain, and he puts his craze in practice whenever possi He is a linguist of rare acquisitions and is always deep in the stud some new language or other. Music is one of his aversions, but sister art of painting finds in him an appreciative and enthusia amateur. His face is strong and intelligent, without being handsc and a beard of appropriately regal length sweeps his chest.

A REMARKABLE CONVENTION.

"Parisina" describes the Woman's Rights Congress in Paris.

Congresses arise out of exhibitions like mushrooms out of dunghills. More than sixty of these gatherings were appointed to take place this summer. In the whole list of meetings down for this exhibition season only two promised to excite any amount of interest among the general public, and these are the International Congress of Feminine Work and Institutions, and the French and International Congress of Woman's Rights. The Woman's Rights Congress is now in full swing at the Geographical Society's rooms in the Boulevard St. Germain.

Every one in the neighborhood was aware that something unusual was taking place. Such a flutter of petticoats up and down the broad thoroughfare! A look of conscious importance marks even the ordinary members as they bustle in and out, while those who are on the committee carry with them an air of dignity which impresses you at first until you find it is not proof against the heat of discussion. I must say I was not prepared for such a display of bright toilets. I had expected to find the greater number travestied in semi-male attire, wearing skirts, doubtless, but tailor-made jackets and trim head-gear, with hair cut short. What was my surprise, therefore, to find myself accosted at the door by a golden-haired houri, fashionably costumed in ruby-tinted cashmere, her bright braids surmounted by an extremely pretty hat, who was on duty as a portress. And also to find in the lecture-room a good sprinkling of elegant gowns among the audience, dainty bonnets from Marguerite's, and hats encircled with a wealth of artificial blossoms. Of course there was the usual admixture of dowdy people, as in all big assemblies, neither more nor less, and on the platform they were less, not more.

Maria Deraismes, to begin with, certainly sacrifices to the graces largely. And Maria Deraismes, you know, is the president of the congress and a shining light, who has lectured and worked hard one way and another in the cause for many a long day. Her apartments in the Monceaux Quarter are the great rendezvous of radicalism, and socialism, and of the advocates of woman's rights. On the day before the opening of the congress, she entertained its chief members, and the foreign delegates, and some journalists there, and they all drank to its success in very good champagne.

Mlle. Deraismes, as I say, does not disdain personal adornment; she is handsomely and becomingly clothed in a dress of greenish-blue silk, made according to the latest mode. She is an extremely good-looking woman, well on in the fifties, I should think, with very gray hair parted over a wide brow, a straight nose, rather large and expressive mouth, and something more than buxom form. Judging from the mouth, I should certainly presume that somewhat broad pleasantry was in her way, and the sequel showed me I was right. She has doubtless long since got over certain sentimental incidents of her career. I have been told quite a romantic story about how she tried to poison herself for love, but this is ever so many years ago—and *requiescat in pace*. One can not easily reconcile that blooming middle-aged face with cups of "cold poison" or anything of a romantic order.

There were other patches of bright color in the phalanx of ladies who sat behind the committee table. Mme. Petti is a pleasant-visaged, tall woman in crimson, very busy with her papers, attentive to the speakers, and ready with her applause, and between her and the president, sat a stiff, wooden figure, clad in pale blue, while further on is a *passé*-faced lady, superb in mauve silk, richly trimmed, and bonnet to correspond, very busy with nods and becks to friends below, but with only half an eye to business.

The huge, matronly female, who is reading a paper as I enter, I recognize as Mme. Vattier d'Amboise, the author of an interesting book on the French Littoral—a hard-worked slave of the pen. She is an excellent type of the simple-hearted, plodding style of French literary woman. Her voice is thin and light, almost child-like in its tones, and what she reads is somewhat devoid of point. We learn nothing new from her discourse, but all are in touch with her when she claims a wider recognition of the women of letters. There could hardly be greater contrast than between her and Louise Kopp, who next claims attention—a swarthy little Frenchwoman, all fire and eagerness, who has espoused the cause of minors in the work-rooms—who paints a cruel picture of the temptations which lie in the way of the young apprentice thrown into daily contact with the vicious and callous, and claims for them the protection of the professional school, where they may learn a trade in a free atmosphere away from the ribald talk of the *atelier*.

There are foreign delegates, as I told you. Thulia Schong was certainly not made to shine on a platform, rather to cut bread-and-butter, like Werther's Charlotte. Pretty, certainly, and, moreover, with a good taste in millinery. In broken French, she informed us that the position of females in Copenhagen is infinitely superior to that enjoyed by the less fortunate women of France. Figures are her strong point; she gave us the number of schools in Denmark and the corresponding number of pupils, and was conspicuously desirous of being very instructive.

Both the Polish delegates are young. Thara Goldschmidt can not be much more than twenty. Merciful powers, the girl must have quicksilver in her veins! she can not sit still an instant. No wonder Poland did not afford a field wide enough for her energies. She was here, there, and everywhere, now scribbling notes at the table occupied by the press, now diving through a small doorway up on to the platform, whispering something to a member of the committee. When it comes to her turn to speak, we find she is less glib with her tongue and very school-girlish. In a small, thin voice, she informs her French audience that their marriage customs need reforming, that girls are bought and sold here as in a slave-market, that they are kept in such total ignorance of life that they are only too glad to accept the first husband who offers. After which, she launched forth into panegyrics on the free American, English, Scandinavian, and Polish girls, and was loudly applauded by the foreign delegates, and by the Frenchmen present, too, who do not at all mind being told that they are far too enterprising where women are concerned, and whom the fair young Pole's criticisms thoroughly amused. The smile broadened, however, when the orator began to enlarge on a topic which should be nameless in polite society and to lisp a word of four syllables which has a very unsavory sound.

Heavens! I wish the women would let this subject alone. There are hosts of other things which call for redress. The legal position of woman in France, the tyrannical power held by the husband over the wife, and the tutelage under which the most charming half of society groans (this is an accepted figure of speech), to say nothing of women's political and civic rights. Why, therefore, do they confine their efforts so pertinaciously to putting down a scourge which has existed from all time, and which will doubtless go on existing in spite of them? Why, above all things, will they discuss matters in public that men themselves would be ashamed to mention on a platform? There is something odious to me in this. It may be all very well for Maria Deraismes, with her middle-aged experience, to harangue a meeting of men and matrons—after all, as she said the other day, the French language provides convenient phrases wherein to disguise ticklish subjects—but the girls ought to be invited to retire first, and as to permitting them to join in the discussion, it is simply heinous. I give you my word of honor I saw half-a-dozen men looking as uncomfortable as ever I saw men look in my life, when Thara Goldschmidt alluded in unveiled expressions to matters which she ought to ignore entirely; and afterward, too, during Maria Deraismes's condemnation of the *police des mœurs*. I can imagine these men going home and thanking their stars that their sisters and sweethearts had not joined the cause.

Even face to face with Maria alone the male part of the audience would not have been quite comfortable—though, as I said before, her consummate use of the language bridged over the worst difficulties. She speaks well, naturally, using no notes, salting her discourse with that species of wit for which old Gaul is celebrated, a seasoning which seemed much to the taste of some of the more elderly ladies—one in particular, a Celt and a member of the committee, who leaned forward so as to catch every word with an expression on her face that Rubens or David Teniers might have painted. Before the congress is over and the dinner—which is to conclude it—eaten, we shall have had enough of street morals and penitentiaries, for there is Mme. Bogelot on the committee, who has given up her whole existence to the regeneration of fallen woman. While she is speaking (in a grandiloquent, impassioned manner, contrasting curiously with the homeliness of her appearance), I catch myself thinking that it might be more just if she reserved some of her pity and boundless charitableness for the pure and unfortunate. The one desire of her life is to see the prison of St. Lazare—that hideous agglomeration of female crime and sin—razed to the ground. Yes, strange to say, criminals have the power of exciting the greatest and finest philanthropy.

Several men had asked to speak at the meetings of the congress, or had been invited thereunto by the president. At this many of the ladies demurred, but had to submit. The poor men felt they were on sufferance, as it were, and some were quite nervous. Not so, though, a gray-bearded, maniacal old gentleman, who seemed to think it was an admirable opportunity of airing some pet grievances of his own and apostrophizing the government. At las the became rabid, and was hissed off the platform—an act of justice on the part of the audience which warmed its blood, and after which Maria Deraismes had some difficulty in keeping it in order.

The men who finally succeeded in exasperating the female part of the spectators almost to the pitch of madness, and nearly wrecked the congress before it had half run its course, were two very mild specimens of male humanity, stuffed full of good intentions. M. Giraud I should have called the woman's true friend. He would give them the franchise, a seat in the house, in the municipal council, on the school boards; he would have them taking their part in the management of all public affairs; but he is averse to see them occupy themselves with manual employments. According to him, the men are the hewers of wood and drawers of water. Now it seemed to me this sounded rather nice, and I was flattered by being told I belonged to the intellectual half of humanity. Would you believe it, however, the rest were furious. They did not see why they should not hew wood and draw water as well as sit in parliament and dispense justice. M. Giraud was coughed down and finally silenced by an irate feminine majority. His colleague—a member of the Anthropological Society—was simple enough to stand up in a congress of woman's rights and argue on scientific grounds the perfect equality of the sexes. Now, this was the last straw! What audacity! An excitable woman in gray cried "Shame! Down with the orator!" and began stamping about as if she were mad. It was impossible to silence her. The committee condemned her for interfering and making a row, and the audience voted her dismissal (as nothing less than brute force could have got her out of the hall, she was allowed to stay); but the speaker also was condemned and was obliged to cut short his arguments and make his bow with the best grace he could.

I have always been, and still am, an advocate of woman's rights in theory; but somehow they do not seem to work in practice—here at least. Men are often unreasonable, irrational, irritable—as you will find if you are ever present at a meeting of the Chamber of Deputies—but I do not think they ever equal the unreasonableness, irrationality, and irritability of a concourse of women; they lose themselves in a sea of trivialities; they throw logic to the winds, and they always allow their feelings to get the better of them in the end—or at least they do in Paris. That they manage better in America, I have not the slightest doubt. PARISINA.

PARIS, July 15, 1889.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Bessie—"How did you come to lose your car-fare?" *Jennie*—"I sneezed."—*Judge.*

"Well," said Wright Field, as he took his overcoat to the pawnbroker, "here goes for three balls and a bat."—*Yale Record.*

Ted—"What induced De Tanque to go to the dime-museum?" *Ned*—"He heard there were some rum coves there."—*New York Sun.*

When a man starts out to lecture, he puts on a dress-suit. A woman with the same purpose in view puts on her night-gown.—*Boston Courier.*

Eminent actor (recognizing friend)—"Ah, Jackson, glad to see you; and how is your wife?" *Jackson*—"Very well, thanks. How are yours?"—*Grip.*

"There's no use in a man's going home drunk," said Swisher to Smipkins. "Not a bit in the world with such well-kept hotels as we have in this city."—*Merchant Traveler.*

Herr Vogneer—"Mein Gott, but I vas all proke up! Vatched mit a corpse last nighd." *Gilligan*—"Wuz it a wake?" *Herr Vogneer*—"Nein, you Irish shump; it vas dead."—*Life.*

Commercial traveler—"What a surprise to see you traveling third-class, Herr Baron. You own a country villa!" *The baron* (grimly)—"You would travel third-class if you owned a villa."—*Ex.*

The King of Uriwandi has three wives, whom he pounds unmercifully when he gets drunk. His course is approved by Hoyle, we believe. A king full always beats three queens.—*Binghampton Republican.*

Gentle applicant—"I read your advertisement for a governess, and I have called to see about it." *Professor von Greutz*—"So?" *Gentle applicant*—"Yes, a little; and I'm a daisy knitter, besides."—*Puck.*

Counsel—"Did you observe anything particular about the prisoner?" *Witness*—"Yes; his whiskers." *Counsel*—"What did you observe with reference to his whiskers?" *Witness*—"That he had none."—*Puck.*

Mr. Bleeker (visiting in Cincinnati, to his cousin, with whom he is dancing)—"You look a trifle pale, Lou. Are you ill?" *Lou*—"I feel a bit qualmish. I think I absorbed too much ham at supper."—*Time.*

Wibble—"I wonder why ministers always wear long-tailed coats?" *Wabble*—"If you were a country minister, with a three-hundred-dollar salary and a large family, you wouldn't ask such a fool question as that."—*Terre Haute Express.*

Wife—"I'll take the twenty dollars you gave me and buy my bonnet this morning, dear, as you want what's left to get your hat." *Husband*—"All right, dearest; I'll go down at once and order a sixty-cent hat for myself."—*New York Sun.*

Visitor—"Your pastor seems to be a very earnest man. His voice trembled with emotion when he read the lesson this morning." *Soprano*—"Oh, it wasn't that; he had just had a row with the choir-leader, and he was mad clear through!"—*Puck.*

"My gracious fräulein, you don't seem to realize that I belong to the oldest nobility. Do you knows what that means?" "Oh, yes, quite well. It means that it is a long time since any of your family has done anything worth doing."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

She—"Uncle Chawles, which is best to have, in your opinion, muscle or brains?" *Uncle Charles*—"I don't know. Of course, a collegiate education is a good thing for a young fellow, but when a man gets out into the world, I tell you, he needs brains."—*Judge.*

"Papa, what do they mean when they speak of the reverse side of a coin?" "The reverse side of a coin," said the old gentleman, without looking up from his paper, "is any side that you happen to name when you are tossing up with the hotel clerk."—*Merchant Traveler.*

Bjones (reading the paper)—"That's queer—a North Dakota clergyman caught stealing a horse from one of his parishioners." *Bjenkins* (languidly)—"Ah! Did they suspend him from his pastorate?" *Bjones*—"No; they suspended him from a tree."—*Somerville Journal.*

Night clerk (to late customer)—"Here is your key, sir. Do you want to be called?" *Customer*—"No need of it, I reckon. I always get up at four on the farm, winter or summer." *Night clerk*—"Well, I'll put you down for the gas-inspector at eleven thirty."—*Peck's Sun.*

Callagin—"Doctor, haven't you been attending on old man Gilfullaw?" *Doctor*—"Yes." *Callagin*—"How is he to-day?" *Doctor*—"He is beyond the reach of medical assistance, I fear." *Callagin*—"What! Is he dying?" *Doctor*—"Oh, no. He's broke."—*Medical Times and Register.*

"I'm afraid that George is trifling with your affections, my dear," said her mother; "he has been calling here nearly a year, and hasn't proposed yet." "You shouldn't blame him for that, ma," said Gracie; "for you stay in the room so long every evening that he hasn't a chance to say anything private to me."—*The Epoch.*

Miss Bessie Neater (of Boston)—"Her books are simply delightful. Indeed, I think she is the most liberal writer I know of." *Miss Hattie Bacon* (of Chicago)—"Well, I don't know. I don't think she is as liberal as Mrs. Southworth. Mrs. Southworth gives you four hundred pages for a quarter every time."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

She—"What a shame such a nice girl should accept the attentions of that dissipated, unprincipled brute!" *He*—"Until recently, you know, she would have nothing to do with him." *She*—"And why does she now?" *He*—"She has recently discovered that he is really a dissipated, unprincipled brute, and the fascination is too much for her."—*Life.*

Mrs. Harpy—"How did you manage to acquire such a fortune from that little pamphlet, 'How To Make Dynamite'?" *Mr. Sharpy*—"I used to offer the book, then pull out a foot section of two-inch gas-pipe, loaded with paper and a piece of rope in one end for a fuse, and tell them that was how a bomb looked when finished. Everybody thought it was genuine and subscribed to get rid of me."—*Epoch.*

Inventor—"Eureka! Eure——" *Kansas rustler*—"What air you Eurekerin' about?" *Inventor*—"I have just completed my duplex indicator, a little instrument that will inform its possessor of the approach of a cyclone before——" *Rustler*—"Wall, you've wasted yer time. Nobody'll buy. What we want yere is a indicator that'll inform its possessor of the approach of a Eastern capitalist soon's he gits across the county-line, an' give the feller with the indicator time to grab up his corner-lot deeds, an' git to the capitalist 'fore anybody else knows he's comin'."—*Puck.*

Mr. Straightlace—"No, Mr. Rawdon, I can not permit you to address my daughter. A painful piece of information has reached me which seriously affects your honor, and which you must first explain." *Mr. Rawdon*—"Who dares charge me with dishonorable conduct? What is it? Speak, sir!" *Mr. Straightlace*—"Well, I understand that you jilted a lady at Bar Harbor last summer." *Mr. Rawdon*—"I was not to blame for that, sir." *Mr. Straightlace*—"Indeed! And who, pray, was the cause of this disgraceful affair?" *Mr. Rawdon*—"The lady's husband, sir."—*Epoch.*

"Elijah," said the President, after a third unsuccessful attempt to arise from his chair, which, through the agency of some mucilaginous substance, clung tenaciously to his trousers; "Elijah, there is one thing we must do before this administration goes any farther. We must spot those misguided office-seekers who persist in giving the children candy. The walls and furniture of this house are kept in a perpetual state of stickiness, which is very disagreeable, to say the least. Catch one of the offenders, and make an example of him. Strike his name off the list of eligible applicants, and—there! I've torn them Elijah, torn them."—*Puck.*

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Five volumes of the young Duc de Morny's memoirs of his father will probably appear in November. The book is said to be a valuable study of the inner mechanism of the Second Empire.

The *St. James Gazette* says: "We plant America, and in the fullness of time she bears us Nathaniel Hawthorne and Mr. Bret Harte. For their sake we put up with American politics and the American language."

Concerning Robert Louis Stevenson's latest book, his mother, Mrs. Stevenson, said recently: "I notice that some of the papers are saying that that story by Mr. Osborne, 'The Wrong Box,' is largely Mr. Stevenson's. Now, that is not the case. The story is really the work of Mr. Osborne. Only, to use a common phrase, Mr. Osborne got Mr. Stevenson to look it over for him and put what he called 'a little more pepper' into it. That is all Mr. Stevenson has had to do with it. Mr. Osborne will be with Mr. Stevenson till the conclusion of the trip, and intends devoting himself entirely to literature."

"The Duchess" has eased her soul by addressing to her publishers the following note: "DEAR MR. LIPPINCOTT: I never saw or heard of the trashy story you sent me, called 'Valerie,' until I received it to-day. Surely it is a scandalous thing that people can be allowed to thus use another's name for the purpose of getting themselves into print; and that publishers should be found to encourage them, or at all events so careless as to make no inquiries as to whether the supposed author is or is not the person he or she purports to be. I should be greatly obliged if you would contradict this story, and let it be publicly known that I never penned a line of this book 'Valerie.' I have glanced at it, and to me it seems to be unmitigated rubbish. I have written to the publishers, to Chicago. With kind regards, very sincerely yours, M. HUNGERFORD (The Duchess)."

A writer in the St. Louis *Republic* says: "I know of two recent novels upon which each of the authors spent the best part of a year in writing and revising. Both novels are, according to the popular acceptance of the term, successful—that is, they have been widely written about, paragraphed in the press from one end of the country to another, English editions have been printed of each, and to every literary person the names of both novels and authors are thoroughly familiar. Now, what have the authors received in hard cash for their year's work? I will tell you exactly: of one, seventeen hundred copies were sold. No royalty was paid upon the first thousand, to cover manufacture, etc., and upon the remaining seven hundred copies the author received the regular ten per cent. The book sold for one dollar. The net revenue to the author was, therefore, seventy dollars. His type-writer's bill was sixty-one dollars and fifty cents. Net profit, eight dollars and fifty cents, and the book has stopped selling. The other author was a trifle more fortunate, in that his novel reached a sale of two thousand all but five copies. Like the first, he received a ten per cent. royalty only after the first thousand copies. Unfortunately, he bought so many copies of his own book for friends that when his publisher's statement came it showed a credit in his favor of just thirty-nine dollars and fifty cents. Had he type-written his manuscript the novel would have thrown him into debt!"

Between the actual life of times present or past and that represented in Mrs. Burnett's "Pretty Sister of José," the resemblance is microscopic. The pretty sister has flirted and pirouetted and warbled through innumerable operettas. A satisfactory synopsis of her history could be made by judicious selection and arrangement of those sheets of thin white paper, much decorated in blue, which lie between the wood and the fruit of boxes of raisins imported from Malaga. There is imprinted, and there has been imprinted from time out of mind, the pretty sister in short skirts and mantilla, with the deep-red rose in her hair, flirting her fan or thrumming her mandolin; there are the vine-clad cot and the leathery-faced grandmother busied about pots and pans which doubtless smell strongly of garlic; there is the supremely beautiful *matador*, proudly advancing, and there are the arena and the bull and a promiscuous multitude of mantillas, and moustaches, and red roses, and brigand-hats. Now, the only question that arises is whether the *matador* will conquer the pretty sister, so haughty of mien and cold of heart, for, of course, the bull is doomed. By the pictorial method of reading the story, one could answer according to his degree of ingenuity, and he who should show less than Mrs. Burnett would be dull indeed. There are novelists in Spain to-day who are neglecting the mantilla and mandolin, the *matador* and the bull, and Mrs. Burnett's well-meant intention may have been to jog the national memory and to protest against deliberate consignment to oblivion of so much picturesqueness.—*Nation*.

New Publications.

"The Fall of Kilman Kow," by Arthur Cummings, is published by G. W. Dillingham, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

In the Town and Country Library, "The Story of Helen Davenant," by Violet Fane, has been published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

In the Globe Library, "The Tents of Shem," by Grant Allen, has been published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; for sale by The Bancroft Company and Samuel Carson & Co.

The latest issue in the Globe Library is "Artist and Model," translated from the French of Réné de Pont-Jest. Published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

A republication of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's translation of "Amiel's Journal" has been issued, evidently for the purpose of taking advantage of the popularity of Mrs. Ward's novel, "Robert Ellsmere." Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.75.

A story, already more or less known through its appearance in serial form in the newspapers, is "The History of a Slave," by H. H. Johnson. It contains much information regarding the life and customs of the natives of Central Africa, strung together by a thread of fiction. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, 50 cents.

A book of strange adventures is A. M. Fleming's "Captain Kiddle." It relates the experiences of the captain during a successful journey to the North Pole, and the reader is led to believe that all the alleged myths of antiquity are realities within the mystic circle which surrounds that Mecca of the Arctic explorer. Published by John B. Alden, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.00.

Nearly twenty years ago Prosper Merimée's "Lettres à une Inconnue" created an immense sensation on their publication, and public curiosity has searched in vain to discover the woman to whom these letters were addressed. Interest in the problem has been revived by the publication of "An Author's Love," purporting to be answers by this fair unknown. The attempt is an audacious one, but it is strikingly successful. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers.

The new volume of "Poems and Ballads" (third series), by Algernon Charles Swinburne, contains two poems of considerable length, "The Armada" and "The Commonweal." The former, commemorative of the three hundredth anniversary of the threatened destruction of England by Spain's boasted fleet, contains many fine passages, none better than the description of the sea-fight and the oncoming storm. "The Commonweal" is a patriotic poem of the jubilee year. Besides these two are a number of shorter poems and ballads presenting an interesting variety, including a number of child-poems of great grace of diction and tenderness. Published by Worthington Company, New York; for sale by the booksellers.

"The Spanish-American Manual" will be welcomed at the present time, when efforts are being made to extend the trade between this country and the countries of Central and South America. The book describes all the countries of South America, Mexico, the West Indies, and the Central American republics. Late and accurate information is given as to the agricultural resources, the manufactures, commerce, laws, and government of each of these countries. In fact, the book is a mine of information, such as would be desired by any merchant wishing to increase his business in that direction. Published and for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Fifteen years ago Dr. G. Frederick Wright commenced a study of the glacial phenomena of this country. Commencing in New England in the summer of 1874, he continued his investigations there for four years, then the similar phenomena in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, and Illinois were successively studied, and later Washington Territory, Alaska, and the North-west were visited. The result of these investigations has been issued under the title "The Ice Age in North America." The book is handsomely printed and embellished with numerous maps and illustrations, and forms a valuable contribution to our knowledge of the geological history of this country. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $5 00.

The period of the civil war is drifting into the background of history sufficiently to enable us to form a somewhat more critical opinion of the principal actors in those stirring events, and biographies of the public men of that time are coming from the publishing houses thick and fast. "The Life of Lincoln," by William H. Hernden and Jesse Weik is one of the latest of these issues, and already it is creating discussion. Mr. Herndon was associated intimately with Lincoln as law-partner and friend for a quarter of a century, and is, therefore, eminently familiar with the subject of whom he writes. His idea in the preparation of the book has been to describe the personal character of the man rather than the statesman, and, in doing this, he has published much matter concerning Lincoln's private life which has hitherto not been generally known. Its publication at the present time is an act of questionable delicacy, for it may be doubted whether a full knowledge of Lincoln's domestic unhappiness adds anything to our understanding of his public character. The book, however, apart from this lapse, contains much valuable information. Published, in three volumes, by Belford, Clarke & Co., Chicago; for sale by Clarke & Spengler; price, $4.50.

The rôle of censor is always an easy one to assume and a difficult one to sustain. Mr. Thomas Russell Bowden, in "Blunders in Educated Circles Corrected," assumes this rôle, but sustains it with indifferent success. Many of the blunders he points out are condemned in all school grammars, others are seldom committed by educated people, and, in many cases, his reasons given for the corrections are exceedingly lame. "Every man and every woman is doomed to die," is correct, he says, because "the sentence in full would read 'Every man is doomed to die and so is every woman.'" By a parity of reasoning we would say, "Man and woman is created in God's image," because the sentence in full would read, "Man is created in God's image and so is woman." The true reason, of course, is because "every" and "each" convey the idea of separation. "Elegant," he tells us, "is a word used by those who are themselves as far as possible from being elegant. It should be used only when peculiar beauty is sought to be given to a sentence!" In the familiar "lady-woman" discussion, he espouses the cause of the lady for two reasons: (1) "In those countries where women are treated as badly as the law allows, they are always addressed by the most insulting term that the law allows, while the term woman is almost unknown in those States of the Union most distinguished for their courtesy to the female sex;" and, (2) "No woman ever felt insulted by being called a lady, while many a lady has felt insulted by being called a woman." Again, "'He was more beloved, but not so much admired as Cinthio.'" More beloved than who? *(sic)*. . . . The sentence corrected is, 'He is more beloved than Cinthio, but not so much admired.'" Published by G. W. Dillingham, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Journalistic Chit-Chat.

Santa Claus, "a first-class weekly journal for young folks," spoken of in these columns during the past year or so, is finally to make its appearance in October. Its head-quarters will be in Philadelphia; but it will be issued as well in New York, Boston, Toronto, and London. There is to be an active board of seven members and an advisory board of twelve, and the stockholders are said to be, to a large extent, "newsdealers, teachers, authors, and others who represent every State in the Union." The list of contributors includes many familiar names. "Wreckers of Sable Island," by J. MacDonald Oxley, will be the opening serial.

Bernhard Gillam, the chief caricaturist of *Judge*, in the *Epoch*, says: "I get papers from all over the country—North, South, East, and West. When I have digested their views, I get a pretty clear conception of what the country is thinking about. Then I seek to present the thought in a picture. Thus it may be said that I only reflect public opinion. But people like nothing so much as to have their opinions confirmed. The caricaturist is, perhaps, liable to abuse the freedom from restraint which he enjoys. He can put an expression into a man's face which may constitute a most diabolical slander upon his character, and there is no court in which the man thus traduced can seek redress. But he is under the restraint of public opinion. Americans have a keen sense of justice as well as of humor. I think you will find that the tone of cartoons has greatly improved in recent years. They appeal to higher tastes; they don't make coarse insinuations against public men. Men who are caricatured seem to stand it remarkably well. Besides, the public man, if he be shrewd enough to see it, has this to console him when he is caricatured: it is a sure indication that he has become a man of consequence. Public men are easily caricatured as a general thing. Cleveland is a good subject for the caricaturist. Butler is one of the best. His bullet-like head and peculiarly shaped, half-open eyes render him distinguishable in a crowd without any label. Pulitzer's pronounced nose and glasses make him easily recognized. But we lost our best face for caricaturing when Samuel J. Tilden died; another good face was John Kelly's. I think these men were more sincerely mourned by the caricaturists than by the politicians. We have no faces now in public life equal to theirs for purposes of caricature. The English caricaturist has a great advantage over the American, in the fact that so many English officials wear uniforms. An English judge makes a splendid subject, with his horse-hair wig and robes. The ordinary American judge, as he sits on the bench, is dressed in citizen's clothes, with a spittoon by his side. Cabinet ministers at receptions in England are gorgeously attired. Ours dress like the ordinary civilian. But notwithstanding the fact that the Englishman has so much better material to work with, I think it will be generally conceded that the American caricaturist leaves him far behind. The American works for a nation of humorists who simply won't tolerate a bad jest."

Some Magazines.

The contents of the August number of the *North American Review* are: "A Word with Professor Huxley," by Lyman Abbott; a continuation of "An English View of the Civil War," by Lord Wolseley; a discussion of the question, "Will Reason Exterminate Christianity?" by David Swing; "Leaves from the Diary of a Dramatist," by Dion Boucicault; a letter on Allen Thorndike Rice, by Mr. Gladstone; an article on the Johnstown Disaster, by Governor Beaver, of Pennsylvania; "Great Britain and the Confederacy," by Henry Clewes; "The German Army," by Karl Blind; "The Sense of Honor in Americans," by Professor N. S. Shaler; "Philanthropy at Johnstown," by Clara Barton; "The Lesson of Conemaugh," by Mayor J. W. Powell; "The Cash Value of a Book Review," by O. B. Bunce, literary adviser of D. Appleton & Co., and "The Poetry of Poverty," by H. B. Carpenter.

The *Century* for August opens with an article on "The Stream of Pleasure—the River Thames," by the Pennells. Mrs. Foote's picture is "Afternoon at a Ranch." Dr. Weir Mitchell has an article on "The Poison of Serpents." Remington describes, with pen and pencil, his outing with the Cheyennes; and a group of well-known wood-engravers—French, Kingsley, Closson, and Davis—describe, with drawings and engravings by each, a wood-engraver's camp on the Connect River, as well as the methods of the American school of wood-engrav The chapters of the Lincoln History describe "The Chicago render," "Conspiracies in the North," and "Lincoln and Churches." A chapter in the Kennan series describes "State Crimi at the Kara Mines." Professor David P. Todd shows "How M Messenger Outran the Moon" at the time of the recent eclipse. G W. Cable gives "The 'Haunted House' in Royal Street"; Ed Bellamy has a short story called "A Positive Romance"; and in number is begun a three-part story by Joel Chandler Harris ("U Remus"), entitled "The Old Bascom Place." The frontispiece of number is a portrait of Alfred Tennyson; and the Rev. Dr. Dyke contributes "The Bible in Tennyson." Fra Angelico is sented in this number in the Cole-Stillman series. The poems inclu long one by Robert Burns Wilson—"A Song of the Woodland Spi and shorter pieces by Harry Stillwell Edwards, Mrs. Moulton, F Dempster Sherman, Celia Thaxter, and others.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

At an Italian café a group of gentlemen were discussing politic young student entered and joined in the conversation. His argum did not please the others, and one of them said to him: "Be quiet your age I was an ass myself!" "You are wonderfully well prese sir," was the reply.

Senator Jones, of Nevada, was once expressing surprise that sinc advent of the whites into his State, the Piute Indians had increase number, whereas all other aborigines in this country had withered perished when brought in contact with civilization. "I can't acc for it," said Mr. Jones. "To me," ventured Sunset Cox, "the e nation is simple. The Nevada Indians have not yet been brougl contact with civilization."

The dicta and sayings of the Shah are still being reported. O the most amusing of them is a remark which he made during his vi the Château of Laeken. When he was introduced into the great where the Queen of the Belgians stood in state, surrounded by al court dignitaries, he said, in French, to the king, pointing to the g of ladies-in-waiting: "Your harem, sire?" The king, astonished amused, said nothing; and the Shah, taking his silence for an affi tive, remarked mildly: "You will have to renew it."

When Mme. Soyer died, the famous *chef* asked Serjeant Murph an epitaph. She had been a lady of an arrogant temper, "and i generally rumored that the poor cook had rather a warmer time of home than be bad in the club-kitchen." Murphy's suggestion fo epitaph was "Soyer tranquille." A physician who was thinking of ing out some one who had insulted him, came to consult Murphy a the matter. "Take my advice," Murphy said, "and instead of ca him out, get him to call you in, and have your revenge that way; i be much more secure and certain."

Street-fights of the "upper-ten" boys with the town-boys he Scott, "after long years," out of a troublesome conversational barrassment with the Czar Alexander in Paris, in 1815. The Czar, ing Scott in his blue-and-red dress of the Selkirkshire lieutenancy, noticing his lameness, asked Scott in what engagement he had wounded. Scott at first said that he suffered from a natural infir but as this did not satisfy the Czar, Scott added that he had bee gaged "in some slight actions—such as the battle of the Cross C way and the affair of Moredun Mill"—and then managed to turn conversation to some other subject.

One Croft was the original purchaser, for the Indiana Colony, o three thousand acres upon which Pasadena was located sixteen ago. Pasadena is a prohibition town, and Croft is a strong Prohibi ist. The other day he had occasion to loan money for a noted Los geles temperance woman. He wrote her that he could get but nin cent. She went up to see him about it, complaining that the rate too low—saying that she had been offered thirteen per cent. didn't you take it?" he asked. "Oh," said she, "it was at I Beach—prohibition property." "What objection to that?" he as "was not the property improved?" "Oh, yes," she replied; property is improved, but they say that the temperance clause cloud title."

Zagonyi, the commander of General Fremont's body-guard, w Hungarian refugee, and a man of most gallant spirit; not at al man to overlook insubordination or the appearance of it. He ob orders himself and exacted obedience from others. Just before the charge at Springfield, Mo., Zagonyi directed one of the bugle Frenchman, to sound a signal. The bugler seemingly paid no atte to the order, but darted off with Lieutenant Maythenyi. A few mi afterwards he was observed in another part of the field vigorously suing the flying infantry. When the line was formed in the city sq after the engagement, Zagonyi noticed the bugler, and approaching said: "In the midst of the battle you disobeyed my order. You unworthy to be a member of the guard. I dismiss you." For n the bugler held up his bugle and showed the mouth-piece shot ent away. "The mouth was shoot off," said be; "I could not bugl mon bugle, and so I bugle viz mon pistol and sabre." It is unnece to add that the sentence of dismissal was withdrawn.

Watchitowatchit, Kan., is one of the cities of the West which ha joyed a genuine "boom," a word which stands for a state of thin which prices soar, while people lose their heads, and, with them, often their money. Everything "rushes." Every man is a "rus or a "hustler," and the air is full of schemes for making thousands day. During the excitement in Watchitowatchit, when land was se at fabulous prices, an old farmer drove into the city and hunted real-estate agent for the purpose of making a trade. "I've got a that I want to trade for a city lot," he explained; "my oldest girl w a taste of city life and the excitements of the great metropolis, as calls it. I'm satisfied with the farm myself, but the women folks to live in town." "Very well, sir," says the agent, blandly, "we suit you. About how high a figure can you go?" "Well, abo three-thousand-dollar lot. My farm is worth all of that." "Call aro this afternoon," said the agent, "and I will take you out to see sou the finest city lots in Watchitowatchit." Promptly at the time fixed old man presented himself at the office of the agent, whose team w the door, a span of horses and a buggy. "Get right in, and we'll out to the lots," he said, politely. "How far is it?" asked the far wondering if the city lots were so far apart that two horses and a bu were necessary to get to them. "Oh, not very far," replied the ag assuringly. They got into the buggy and the agent drove raj through the main avenue of the city. The farmer kept glancing a fine business blocks and wondering when the three-thousand-dolla would be reached. Soon the avenue began to merge into the pr road, the houses grew farther and farther apart, until they finally di peared, and the agent and the farmer were riding through the open rie, dotted occasionally with farm buildings, and still the agent urge horses, as if he were anxious to get back to his office before d "Well, well," thought the farmer, "this is the great metropolis, is Finally, after driving some ten miles, the agent drew rein beside a of unbroken prairie, where, just above the grass, could be seen row red-painted stakes driven in to designate the lines of house lots. piece covered about five acres. "There!" said the agent, with a gr sweep of his hand; "there is one of the finest city squares in the ket. This corner lot here, twenty-five feet front, is quoted at three sand five hundred dollars. We will let you have it for three thous dollars, the value of your farm." "Mister," said the agriculturist, sl getting down out of the buggy, "do you see that farm-house about miles back on the road we've just come over, toward the city? Th my farm, and I don't know as I want to trade to-day for this city lot think if I start now I shall get back there about milkin' time. I've all I want out of this boom!"

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabonts.

Jn. Newton Booth, of Sacramento, is at the Paris Exposition.

Js. Durhrow and the Misses Emma and Carrie Durhrow are siting friends in New York city.

I. and Mrs. J. B. Haggin and Miss Rita Haggin are in NeYork city.

Ms John C. Maynard is visiting her sister in London.

I. and Mrs. David Hewes, *née* Lathrop, are traveling in Fr.e.

Ms Alice Mullins, who is visiting friends in New York, wile here in three or four weeks.

I. and Mrs. Fred W. Sharon are in Paris.

I. and Mrs. Alexander Badlam, Miss Maude Badlam, Mr George C. Perkins, Miss Perkins, and Mrs. W. H. Brn will return from Alaska in a couple of days.

Ms. R. F. Morrison is at the Pope House in Santa Cruz.

I. and Mrs. John H. Parkhurst have returned from the Sar Cruz mountains, and will he at home nn Thursdays dur the fall and winter.

I. D. O. Mills and Mr. Ogden Mills have arrived safely in w York after a visit here of two months' duration.

Ms. William H. Taylor and Miss Edith Taylor are having pleasant visit at Del Monte.

I and Mrs. W. Frank Goad and the Misses Ella and Goad are at the Hotel del Monte.

I. Francis G. Newlands and Hon. Charles N. Felton returned from a visit to Portland, Or.

Geral and Mrs. W. H. Dimond and Miss Eleanor Dind will enjoy the remainder of the season at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. John H. Boalt and Miss Alice Boalt will pass the rest the summer at the Hotel del Monte.

I and Mrs. O. O. Burgess and their nephew, Mr. Marcn Spaulding, of Honolulu, were in Berlin about three weeago.

M and Mrs. T. H. Hittell have been visiting Lake Tahoe de Sierra Soda Springs.

M James C Flood and Miss Jennie Flood are at their cn Menlo Park.

M John W. Mackay arrived in New York last Tuesday London. She was accompanied hy her eldest son, whshe will put in Yale College.

M and Mrs. Edington Detrick, *née* Tucker, who have visiting Alaska on their wedding trip, have retnroed to home in Oakland.

M and Mrs. Cosmo Morgan, *née* Jennings, and their child, are passing a fortnight at the Hotel del Monte.

M Isaac L. Requa and Miss Amy Requa, of Piedmont, gone to the Hotel Arcadia, at Santa Monica, where they'll remain a few weeks.

M T. T. Dargie, of Oakland, is in Shanghai, and has in almost fifty pounds in weight. He will return home at t a month.

M J. F. Houghton and Miss Minnie Houghton are a a pleasant visit in the Eastero States, making anal trips tn the principal watering-places. They turn home in October.

M and Mrs. Louis Marshall have retnroed to the city their sojouro at the Hotel Vendome.

M and Mrs. Henry L Dodge and Mrs. Charles J. are at the Hotel del Monte during the military encampment.

I nd Mrs. Henry Williams are at the Hotel Vendome, San José. Miss Florence Caduc is their guest.

M nd Mrs. H. S. Crocker were at North Cape, Norway, last heard from. They will return here in the fall.

M Eugene Sherwood and the Misses Jessie and Rose rod are enjoying a visit at Del Monte.

M and Mrs. Albert Gallatin are at the Napa Soda Springs.

Mr. J. Valentine, of Oakland, is at the Hotel del Coronado.

Mr Eugene Sherwood and the Misses Isahel and Winnie rod have returned from El Paso de Robles Springs.

Mi Rnby Dore, who is now in London, will go to India returning home.

Mi Maud O'Connor has retnroed home after a visit of weeks at the Hotel del Coronado.

Mi Marie Bucknall left for Santa Monica last Saturday Mrs. John P. Jones.

Mr W. B. Wilshire, Mrs. William H. Smith, and Miss Smith, who have been at British Columbia for several have returned to the city.

Mr. E. Shawhan, Jr., has been at Santa Cruz for the week.

Graham, daughter of General Graham, of Alcatraz is visiting Miss Delmas at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr J. F. Burgin and Miss Agnes Burgin have retnroed tton Springs.

Mr nd Mrs. David Hearfield, *née* Van Norden, will re- t month from Eurnpe, after an absence of six months.

Mi May and Grace Miller have returned from their Wawona and the Yosemite Valley.

Mr nd Mrs. W. P. Buckingham have returned to the l are at the Hotel Oriel

Mr A. N. Towne and Mrs. Charles N. Shaw are rusti- at the White Snlphur Springs.

Mr W. J. Somers and Miss Mae Somers have returned rip to Yolo County.

Mr Daniel Hanlon and Miss Josie Hanlon will soon go ale for a hrief visit.

Mr . B. Peterson has retnroed trom an extended and en- our of the Eastern States and Europe.

l and Mrs. Charles F. Hanlon are passing the month st at Blythedale.

Mr. E. Mayhew and Miss Estelle Baker, who have sing a week at Litton Springs, will visit the Napa rings hefore returning home.

Mr nd Mrs. Morgan Hill, who are passing the summer at Cruz, were at the Occidental Hotel for a few days week.

E. V. McCloskey has been visiting Mrs. J. Rolls, ncroft, and the Misses Van Winkle at San Rafael ast two weeks.

Mrs. T. Green, of Berkeley, and her daughters have from Cazadero, where they have been spending the nth.

Mr I. N. Cook returned from Tallac last Tuesday, after two eks' visit there.

d Mrs. Charles B. Brigham are at their country Lake Tahoe.

Mr nd Mrs. Frederick W. Tallant, who have been pass- nth very pleasantly at the Hotel Vendome, have re- the city and are occupying their residence, 1311 reet.

Mr nd Mrs. Jerome Lincoln, Miss Lincoln and Mr. B. Lincoln are at the Hotel del Monte.

ora Caduc is visiting Miss Naglee at San Jose.

R. Woodworth, of Fresno, is at the Hotel Pleas- n.

lora Carroll has returned to Sacramento alter visit- M C. O. Alexander at San Rafael for several weeks.

d Mrs. John Maynard, of San Mateo, are making the southero counties.

:. W. Holloway has left San Rafael and is at the otel for the remainder of the season.

Mr. nd Mrs. George M. Pinckard are visiting Colonel E. E. Eyre at Menlo Park.

Mr illiam Babcock will depart in October for a visit to Europ

Mr. arren D. Clark returned from Del Monte last Monday.

Mr. nd Mrs. Fred L. Wooster have retnroed from a visit o the otel del Monte.

Mr. d Mrs. W. B. Bancroft are located at San Rafael for the mainder of the season.

Mr. enry C. Hyde and Miss Bertie Hyde, of San Rafael, have visiting the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. Thomas Boyson, who was recently visiting Mrs. M. stee at Hedgeside, Napa County, is now the guest of Mr V. L. Dickenson at Brookside near Santa Rosa.

Sen r and Mrs. Leland Stanford have been enjoying a visit a e Hotel del Monte.

Mr. d Mrs. William S. Tevis, *née* Pacheco, went to the White lphur Springs a few days ago for a brief visit.

Mr eter Donahue and Mrs. Edward Martin are again visitin he Hotel del Monte.

Mr D. C. Pratt and Miss Lily Jones are passing a few weeks in the Catskills. They will prolong their Eastero visit l winter.

Mr nd Mrs. F. A. Frank recently visited Mrs. A. J. P. he Hotel del Monte.

Ca n and Mrs. J. C. Ainsworth, who have been paying g visit to the various points of interest in the southero counties, are now domiciled at their home, "Roselawn," near Oakland.

Mrs. George Hyde and the Misses Mamie and Gertrude Hyde are expected soon from New York.

Mrs. Samuel M. Blair and Mr. William Blair have been paying a visit to Bartlett Springs.

Miss Daisy Ryan has returned to Menlo Park after a short visit at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Baker and Mr. Wakefield Baker are at the Hotel del Monte.

Miss Virginia Hanchett has been paying a pleasant visit to Mrs J. B. Wright, who is occupying Mrs E. B. Crocker's villa, "Idlewild," at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Parrott are now residing in the former residence of Mr. William T. Coleman in San Rafael.

Hon F. F. Low is dangerously ill at the Hotel Rafael, Mrs. Low and Miss Flora Low are believed to be traveling in Germany.

Mr. John W. Coleman and Miss Jessie Coleman are at the Hotel Vendome in San José for a few weeks.

Misses Grace, Annie, and Florence Pierce of Santa Clara, are rusticating in their picturesquely situated cottage in the Santa Cruz Monntains.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Goodman are in Chicago. Mr. Goodman has almost recovered from his recent illness

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean and Mr Walter L. Dean, who have been passing a month at Lake Tahce, are expected home in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L Moody, Miss Eda Moody, and Mr. Fred Moody have returned to their city residence after a visit to the Hotel del Monte

Mr and Mrs. A. W. Rose, Jr., who have heen enjoying a month's visit at Del Monte, have returned to San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Mead, of Oakland, are passing a few weeks pleasantly at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels have returned from an enjoyahle sojourn at the Hotel del Cornnado.

Mrs. John Gillig is again at the Hotel Bella Vista, having returned from a visit to Mrs. Theresa Fair at Del Monte.

Miss Jennie Blair is still at the Hotel del Monte, where she will remain a couple of weeks longer.

Mr. and Mrs. C. de Guigne, who have been traveling in Eurnpe for the past ten months, have retnroed to their residence in San Mateo

Miss Nellie Joliffe, who has been having a delightful time at Del Coronado for several weeks, is now visiting Mrs. Adam Grant at the Hotel Rafael.

Captain and Mrs. A. H. Payson have returned from Tahoe to their country home in San Mateo.

Misses Mamie and Ella Deming are now at their home in Sacramento, having returned from Del Monte, where they were the guests of Mrs Charles Crocker for several weeks.

Mrs. Frank J. Sullivan and Miss Phelan retnroed to Santa Cruz last Sunday after a short visit here. Hon. F. J. Sullivan is now en route home from Paris.

Baron and Baroness von Schröder are located at the Hotel Rafael for the remainder of the season, having reretnroed from their ranch in San Luis Ohispo County.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, *née* Ives, who have been doing Europe on their hridal tour, have arrived safely in New York in good health, and will he here within a fortnight.

Mr. John D. Vost is in New City on a trip combining husiness with pleasure, and will be away until October.

Mrs. A. M. Burns has returned from Howell Mountain, and has gone to Ben Lomond with her danghter, Miss Daisy Burns.

Professor and Mrs N. S. Keith have returned from the White Sulphur and Napa Soda Springs

Mrs. L. S Adams, Mrs. Charles S. Knowles, Miss Ella Adams, and Mr. E. D. Adams are at the Hotel del Monte for the remainder of the season

Miss Madeline Lissak has been visiting friends at Santa Rosa.

Mrs. Jeremiah Clarke has returned from the Napa Soda Springs.

Notes and Gossip.

Mrs. D. M. Delmas gave a delightful picnic at Del Monte last Tuesday in honor of Miss Graham. The party, twenty-four in number, were accommodated in a large four-in-hand, and were drven to the point After viewing the places of interest, luncheon was served and many toasts were drunk.

At her villa at Santa Monica, Mrs. John P. Jones gave a large party on July 29th, to celehrate the twenty-first hirthday anniversary of her son, Mr. Roy Jones. The affair was a grand success, being highly enjoyed hy the many present.

Army and Navy.

Captain William W. R. Fisher, U. S. A., is on temporary duty at Benicia Barracks.

General Rufus Ingalls, U. S. A., arrived here last Tuesday and has heen passing the week at the Palace Hotel

General and Mrs. Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., and Miss Cecilia Miles are at the Hotel del Monte, where they will remain until the United States troops move to Santa Cruz.

Lieutenant and Mrs. George M. Stoney, U. S. N., are at the White Sulphnr Springs.

General and Mrs. Alexander Perry, U. S. A., Miss Josie Perry, and Miss Eleanor Dimond are at the Hotel del Monte for a few weeks.

ART NOTES.

The few who have been admitted to a private view of the art gallery of S. & G. Gump during the past few days, were surprised to see so many valuahle paintings, and hy such great masters, as have been pnrchased for our city hy Mr. S. Gump, who has recently returned from Europe Particularly notahle is a canvas hy Narcisse Diaz, whose fine paintings hrought such fahulous prices at the Secretan sale in Paris. The pictures so far received are not yet on puhlic exhihition, hnt will be on the arrival of the Paris Salon and Mnnich Exhibition paintings, which are now on the way and will be here shortly.

"Little Sweetheart" polka mazourka, composed by Julius Oettl, has been published hy Clark Wise, of Oakland.

DXXXVIII—Bill of Fare for six persons—Sunday, August 4, 1889.

Okra Soup.
Fried Pompano. Cucumbers.
Broiled Chickens. Lyonnaise Potatoes.
Lima Beans Stuffed Egg-Plant.
Roast Venison. Port Wine and Currant Jelly Sauce.
Lettuce, Egg Dressing.
Vol-an-vent with Strawberries.

When the vols-au-vent are nearly or quite done, take them out of the oven, hrush the tops with the white of an egg, then sprinkle over this coarse sugar; return them to the oven to set the glaze. At the moment of serving, fill the vols-au-vent with fresh strawberries, raspberries, or any kind of preserved fruit. Place a few spoonfuls of whipped cream over the tops of the fruit.

The royalist spirit of old England is safe in the keeping of the Holhorn Guardians. In meeting lately they received a letter from the London County Council recommending the compulsory notification of outhreaks of infectious diseases. Thereupon a guardian, named Shearraid, arose to declare: "Why, gentlemen, if this rule be passed, the Prince of Wales and the queen would be bound to notify that measles had hroken out in the royal residence." The recommendation was stamped upon.

There are in the United States no fewer than five hundred and sixty-three manufactories of patent medicines, of which one hundred and eight are in the State of New York alone.

— Mr. Louis Lisser, 1241 Franklin Street, begs to state that he has resumed giving lessons.

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE GRANTS.

The question which comes up periodically in the British Parliament, whenever an annuity is asked for any member of the reigning house upon arriving at adolescence, has heen discussed during the past week or so with an acrimony which shows that the subject of royal grants possesses as great an interest as ever for politicians and the public in general. It is a subject upon which advanced Radicals, such as Labouchère, Bradlaugh, and their following delight to dilate, since it offers them an opportunity to air their acrid political views rarely offered by any other economic subject in the present day. The vote taken, however, in a more than averagely full house, about four-fifths of the members being present, proved conclusively by a majority of more than three to one that the country is not prepared to sustain the objections of the Radical party in this particular. It is noteworthy, too, that Gladstone and the Parnell faction voted with the Conservatives upon this question, thus demonstrating that they did not look upon the subject as embodying the requisite elements of a party issue. It should be borne in mind in taking a fair consideration of the propriety of granting annuities to members of the royal family of England in the direct succession, that that family is not a rich one in point of territorial possessions. Rumor has it that the queen has laid by quite a large fortune from the annual grant made for her private use in the civil list, and that she is amply able to provide for all of her grandchildren without applying to the country for assistance. But even if such is actually the case, the mere fact of her being a queen, and of her having exercised thrift in the matter of her private expenditures, does not render the property she has thus acquired one whit the less her own, to dispose of as she deems best, than if it belonged to the meanest of her subjects. Time was when the crown-lands and royal fiefs of the English monarchs, which had lapsed to them by confiscation or lack of heirs, produced a royal income. But both the houses of York and Lancaster, as also the Tudors and the Stuarts, found it necessary to strengthen the ties which bound their adherents to their interests, by conferring upon powerful baronial houses valuable domains. William of Orange, upon his accession to the throne, ended what his predecessors had begun, and disposed of the last of the royal manors to his followers, and so it came to pass that the house of Hanover found that it had succeeded to a comparatively empty honor so far as territorial emoluments went. Beyond the Duchy of Lancaster, from which the queen receives fifty thousand pounds a year, and the Duchy of Cornwall, from which the Prince of Wales receives sixty thousand, the royal family of England is dependent upon the country for maintenance. In this particular it is not nearly on a par with many other royal houses not nearly its equal in point of dignity. Even the King of the Netherlands, who is reputed to be the richest monarch in Europe, or he of Saxony, or of Bavaria, is much better off than the Queen of England, to say nothing of the Czar of Russia or the Emperor of Austria. The royal houses of Spain and Italy are both well provided for. The Hohenzollerns are comparatively poor, while the monarchs of Denmark and Sweden have not enough to keep up regal state in the appreciation of the world. The English nation can well afford to provide for royalty in a manner commensurate with its wealth and standing, and all appearances are in favor of their doing so for some time to come, when questions of royal grants in the direct succession come up, as in the present instance, in spite of the windy and notoriety-loving Labouchère, the didactic Morley, or the iconoclastic Bradlaugh.

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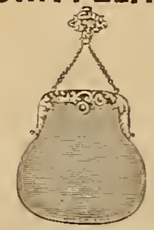

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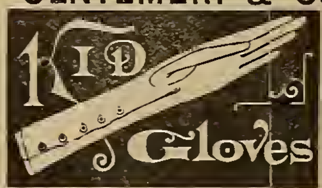

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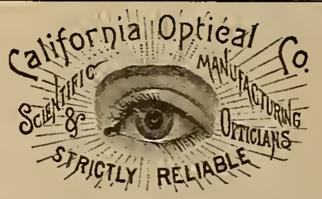

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TROUBLED TENNIS.

(A tennis-court. George is about to begin serving in a set of doubles. Gladys and George's Rival are watching the game from a lawn tent in his immediate vicinity.)

George's Rival—How comfortable we are here! It's much more pleasant to look on—sometimes.

Gladys—Yes, sometimes. Especially now, when —— (Her voice drops to an indistinct murmur.)

George (aside) — "Especially now, when——" When what? When I'm playing, so that I can't speak to her? When she isn't playing, so that she doesn't have to play with me? When *he* isn't playing, nor she either, so that they can talk together. When——

Harry (one of George's opponents)—Come, old man, it'll be sunset in three hours.

Sibyl (the other)—Please make haste. We are tired of waiting.

George's Partner (who very reluctantly consented to become such)—Goodness! Are you never going to begin?

George (flurried)—Oh, I really beg pardon! Play! (Blindly bangs ball.)

Harry—Fault! It's gone out of sight.

Sibyl—Didn't I hear a pane of glass break at the house?

George's Partner—Yes, indeed. They'll be dreadfully vexed. All that glass was specially imported, you know.

Gladys—Ha, Ha!

George's Rival—Huh!

George (choking)—P-play! (Serves again—about one-puppy power, this time.)

Harry—Net! Double!

George's Rival—Some people never can learn to serve well.

Gladys—And it's very annoying, don't you think? Now, your serving is something admirable. I wish you'd——

(George is about to serve again, but stands nervously awaiting close of above sentence.)

Gladys—Teach me how to do it.

George's Opponents and Partner (in chorus)—Come! Come!

George (in partial prostration of the intellect)—Oh, certainly! By all means! Why not?

Gladys—To-morrow afternoon, then? You're very kind. Come about four, and you'll stay to dinner afterward, of course.

George (squirming with jealousy)—Confound it!

George's Partner—Upon my word, sir!

Harry (coming to net)—S——t, George! Brace up! The girls are getting suspicious!

George—I'm awfully sorry. Excuse me. Play! (Makes another double, knocking both balls over some rather lofty trees.)

Harry—Love—thirty. I say, Miss Sibyl, we're hardly needed to win the game.

Sibyl (petulantly)—No. We might as well sit down. I don't call this tennis.

George's Partner—Disgraceful!

George (with a paralytic smile)—I—I'm afraid I'm not in very good form to-day. (Loquacious silence.)

(By good fortune the next ball goes right, and is in play between Harry and George's Partner. Meanwhile——)

George's Rival—You're a little severe upon the poor fellow—ha, ha! But, then, I must admit——

George (aside)—Was she speaking of me? Oh, I'd like to murder that fellow, and I will, too, if he——

George's Partner (screaming)—E-e-e-e-eh! Look out! Look out! Oh!

George (dazed)—Wh-what is it?

Harry—Love—forty, that's all. (Winks violently at George.)

George's Partner—That ball passed not six inches from your nose!

George (idiotically)—I—I—th-think I s-saw it!

George's Partner (with crushing scorn)—Ah, indeed?

Sibyl (significantly)—Perhaps you're not quite—well!

Harry (in a "Hush, hush!" way)—Never mind, Miss Sibyl, never mind!

(George, foggily conscious that something is the matter, tries to pull himself together, but——)

Gladys—You surprise me. But certainly he's very queer.

George's Rival—Sorry to say so; and it's not my habit to call attention to such things, yet——

George's Partner—Oh! Oh! Oh!

Harry—Fifteen—forty.

George (aside)—They mean me this time, I know! What things are "such things"?

George's Partner (in repressed wrath)—I beg you, sir, to make *some* effort, at least, and not oblige me to play the whole game alone.

Sibyl—Oh, isn't this awful!

George's Partner—And if you wish to stop here——

George (galvanically gay)—I? Oh, no! Why, I'm enjoying it immensely. Perfectly jolly sport, I assure you!

George's Partner—Possibly. It's not my opinion, however.

Harry (uneasily)—Let's hurry up and get through.

George's Rival—Never knew him this way before—I'll say that for him.

Gladys—I'm glad something can be said for him.

George (aside)—I'd give a thousand dollars to know what this means. (Serves.)

Harry (greatly relieved)—Double! Game!

George's Partner—I won't go on with the set, I think. I'm very tired.

Sibyl (with compliant haste)—So am I. I'm quite worn out. And, besides, we must go, Sophie.

(They hurry off without taking any notice of George, who hasn't the slightest idea of what it all means.)

Gladys (rising)—The girls have gone. I must do the same.

George's Rival—Permit me——

(Gladys bows graciously to Harry, quite ignoring George, and departs with Rival.)

Harry (confidentially)—Now we're alone, old man, I must say I'm surprised at you. Never would have believed it—wouldn't really. Next time don't try to play tennis after——

George (completely bewildered)—Eh? What do you mean?

Harry (magisterially)—After luncheon.

George (light, or rather the blackest of darkness breaking on him)—What? Do you think—did they think—does she think—that I'm——

Harry (smiling knowingly)—Come and get an ammonia with seltzer, George!—*Manley H. Pike in Puck.*

In Australia, there are nearly two hundred and forty-seven thousand more males than females. Including New Zealand and Tasmania, the excess of males over females is three hundred and one thousand nine hundred and forty-nine.

IT'S AMERICAN, YOU KNOW.

Here is an extract from a letter just received from a prominent member of the Four Hundred, now in London, by one of the remaining Three Hundred and Ninety-Nine on this side of the "pond." It is published by kind permission of the recipient, and can be easily skipped by our lower-class readers:

"I suppose you remember young Stuyvesant Hickenlooper, who came over here to go into a banking-house after we were all compelled reluctantly but firmly to drop him on account of his father's failure. Well, a year passed, the bank failed, and Sty floated around 'on his uppers,' as some of our best young men would express it, looking in vain for employment. In fact, he became so far reduced that he finally joined Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show as a genuine Wyoming cowboy, and in time became a very clever bronco-rider indeed. Sty was, like all Americans, simply dumfounded by the way the English swells made 'bloomin' idiots' of themselves over B. B., and when the show had broken up an idea suddenly struck him like an express-train on a down grade. He hunted up his favorite bronco, which had been sold to a coster-monger, and was astonishing the natives by bucking vegetables over St. Paul's every time his owner tried to drive him, and easily bought him for a few 'puns.' Then he fixed up the Wild West costume in great shape. The fashionable world was out of London just then, but he heard there was going to be a meet of the Cholmondeley-Chickworth Hounds at Mumble-peg-under-the-Hill, so he took his horse up country by rail, and the next morning, the red-coated squires and country noblemen were surprised to behold a fine-looking young chap, in a red shirt instead of coat, his boots covered with a pair of wide-trimmed Mexican trousers, with enormous spurs, sombrero, high-peaked saddle, and all, and who ambled around the field on 'a cross between a greyhound and a rabbit, don'tcher know?' He was at once given out to be an eccentric American, and soon absorbed the excited attention of the ladies, among whom were the Duchess of Diffenderfer and the Right Honorable Miss Erosene Spuds. Just as the men had reluctantly come to the conclusion that there was no fault to be found with 'that Yankee person's riding,' a fox was found, and the whole field went streaming across the turnip-fields like a flock of turkeys after a devil's darning-needle.

"The chase led across Little Fruffington Meadows as far as Rock-on-the-Rye. Then it turned to the right at Great Guffington-near-the-Shag, the riders flying the brook at Chuckleton Four Corners, and slowing up over the plowed land at Secondhandle Close after a fifteen-mile run and a regular breather across Swylogger Rise. By this time the field was strung out like the tail of a comet, the fox being the comet, or still more resembling a Fourth of July rocket in the old country (in England all Americans speak of the United States as the 'old country'). All the English flyers were completely blown by that time, but Sty knew that his Colorado bronco was good for a hundred from sun-up to sun-down, and would 'get there' before any Darby winner, if the course was only long enough; and soon he came loping along to the front without turning a hair. As they swung into Flyblone Reach, Sty saw to his great delight that there was no one up with the hounds except the Duchess of Diffenderfer and the huntsman, and both looking like 'quitters.' The huntsman sent his panting horse at a stiff bit of hedge on the further side of Cowcumber Coppice and disappeared, horse and all, into an old eighty-foot well on its off side. Taking the leap side by side with the duchess, Sty cut a neat slice out of Coyote with his ear-wheel spurs, jumped clear over the pack, with his lariat circling around his head, lassoed the fox, and, hauling him in, gracefully offered the struggling captive, 'brush' and all, to the duchess, who burst into tears of admiration.

"Need I hint the sequel? In less than a week that 'extraordinary American' was married to the completely infatuated huntress—who is as rich as a pork-pie—by the Very Reverend G. Murchinson Codwellin Bobberson Browne, at St. Cymbeline of Cyprus, Gabbington-in-the-Fields, Hanway-on-the-Skids, Slapham, Kent."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Previous to 1870, no shad were found in the Pacific Ocean or in any of its tributaries. Between 1870 and 1875, the United States Fish Commission introduced a few young shad into the Sacramento River. The number was very small, but the little fishes made their way down to the Pacific to feed and grow large and fat, and to return at last to the fresh water to reproduce their kind. Some of them came back to the same river, but others, following the warm Pacific current, wandered further north into other rivers, until now the shad is in some places sufficiently abundant to furnish profitable fisheries, and it is distributed along more than three thousand miles of the Pacific Coast of North America, and is still spreading northward in such a way as to indicate that it will in a few years be found in the rivers of Asia, so that the descendants of the shad of the Chesapeake Bay will increase the food-supply of China.

The French are taking to the water for amusement. Rowing on the Seine is receiving considerable and not unsuccessful attention. Yachting is becoming very fashionable. Jules Verne has been for many years a very enthusiastic yachtsman. Guy de Maupassant cruises about the Mediterranean frequently. Henri Menier, a son of the famously wealthy chocolate manufacturer, has one of the finest of French yachts, and various other representatives of French nobility and wealth take their vacation on the Mediterranean, the Atlantic, or the various European canals.

A tax upon playing-cards is universal in Europe, with the exception of Spain, America being the only other country which does not now tax playing-cards sold for home-consumption. France collects the tax by means of the paper used for making the cards, which is manufactured specially and is sold by the government at a rate which covers the tax. In Italy and Germany a small device is impressed upon the ace of hearts, indicating that the tax has been paid.

The "regal red poppy" has recently been found to have the valuable power of binding with its roots the soil in which it grows in such a manner that it will prove most valuable in supporting embankments. Already French engineers have undertaken the sowing of railway-embankments with poppies.

In 1887, every male inhabitant of Austria-Hungary smoked, upon the average, sixty-seven cigars and twenty-seven cigarettes, besides about ten pounds of tobacco.

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TIME TABLE.

omencing Sunday, March 31, 1889, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1 30, 3.25, 4.15 6.10 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 12 30, 1.30, 2.45, 4.15 5.30, 6.30, P. M.

SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days—6.10, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.55 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 9.50, 10.55 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 1.15, 2.45, 4.00, 5.15 5.05, 7.00 P M. Extra trips on Saturday at 6.25 P. M.
Fare 10 cents. round trip.

SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6. 8.15, 9 55, 11.50 A. M.; 2.30, 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.45, 10.35, 11.35 A. M.; 12.45, 1.55, 3.30, 4.15 5.45, 6.50, 7.45 P. M. Extra trips on Saturday at 7.05 P. M.
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Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

	From August 1, 1889.	ARRIVE
7.00 A.	Haywards, Niles and San José	*12.45 P.
7.00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis	7.15 P.
7.00 A.	Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	6.15 P.
8.00 A.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	11.15 A.
8.00 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
9.00 A.	Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
9.00 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	* 3.45 P.
10.00 A.	Sacramento River Steamers	*6.00 A.
12.00 M.	Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
1.00 P.	Stockton and §Milton; Vallejo, Calistoga & Santa Rosa	9.45 A.
3.00 P.	2d Class Sacramento, Ogden and East, connects at Davis for Knight's Landing	10.45 A.
3.00 P.	Niles and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
3.00 P.	Niles and San José	‖ 4.45 P.
3.00 P.	Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
4.00 P.	Central Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	7.45 P.
5.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East	7.45 A.
6.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

7.15 A.	Newark, San José and Santa Cruz	‖ 8.05 P.
8.15 A.	Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
5.30 P.	Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*11.20 A.
6.45 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, Los Gatos and Santa Cruz	‖‖9.50 A.

NOTH DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

7.00 A.	San José and Way Stations	2.30 P.
8.00 A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz, Sunday Excursion	‖ 8.25 P.
10.00 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations	6.12 P.
12.00 M.	San José, Almaden and Way Stations	7 30 P.
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4.45 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	7.58 A.
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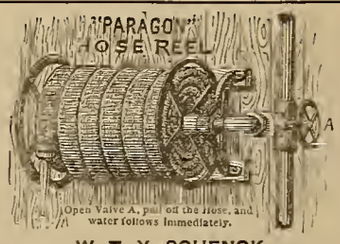

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"Samson and Delilah" suggests many "whys"—why, in the first place, is it called "Samson and Delilah"? There is not the smallest resemblance between it and the Bible story. Why did Mrs. Ollyphant coquet with old Puttybank? She said she did it to pique her husband, but her husband was in Mexico at the time, and not being gifted with second sight, was not supposed to be aware of Mrs. Ollyphant's flirtation with the new trustee of her fortune. Why does Mrs. Ollyphant call Miss Jelateen "a cat," and then appear to be the best friend in life with her? Why does Miss Jelateen keep harping on an invisible person named "Gruff," who is as useless as the fifth wheel under the wagon? Why does the milliner, or whatever she is, come in in the first act, do a little talking, go out, and never appear again? Why did they give Miss Kitty Cheatham the part of Angelina Jelateen, which she renders with an amazing wealth of affectation—a luxurious plenitude of "nods and becks and wreathèd smiles"? Why didn't Mr. Daly do something to lift the last act from the dead level of mediocrity where it now stands?

It is generally conceded that woman are strange, incomprehensible, erratic beings, the source of whose motives is always more or less obscure. But the women in "Samson and Delilah" are even more puzzling and purposeless than tradition and history have given us a right to expect. In the beginning they were French—M. Bisson's French—and all the adapting and turning and twisting in the world will not bide their original characters. Unfortunately in the Americanizing they have lost all coherence. Mrs. Ollyphant, the heroine, has the most impossible personality. Even the art of Miss Rehan can not transform her into a rational, comprehensible being. Her outlines are all faint and blurred. She denies herself, contradicts herself, goes back on herself. She is two or three different people. There is no consistency nor cohesion in the character; it is made up of broken, bright fragments of other characters. In the first act, she is loving, artless, extravagant, charming, silly—a perfectly compact and well-finished figure. In the second act, she is hard, brilliant, cold, calculating, and daringly coquettish. In the third act, she is harder, colder, almost cruel, and in her scenes with old Puttybank and her husband she looses all connection with the alarmed and foolish heroine of the first act and becomes repellant and disagreeable.

The author has put many bright remarks into her mouth, but has made no attempt to form her into a complete whole. She is merely the hollow reed through which he blows his melodies, the peg on which he hangs his witticisms. Miss Rehan has done wonders with this impossible part, but even Miss Rehan is only a mortal, and can not construct a silk-purse out of a sow's ear. She is clever enough to make Mrs. Ollyphant exquisitely charming, but she can not hide the cracks in the masonry where Mrs. Ollyphant One, Two, and Three are joined together. The lady in the green dress and pink sash is quite a different person from the lady in the blue-crêpe draperies, who so dexterously eludes the embraces of the enamored trustee.

Then there is Angelina Jelateen. She is more comprehensible and even less agreeable than Mrs. Ollyphant. Angelina is a cat, as her friend expresses it. She appears to occupy a peculiar position in society—having a suit for breach of promise and yet mingling in the gatherings of the Four Hundred at Saratoga. It seems that Angelina has some guardians, incidental mention being made of a mamma. Were it not for this, one might distrust Angelina's pretensions to a high place in the world of fashion, and feel inclined to relegate her to the circles where the *cigale* is more common than the *fourmi*. Her usefulness consists in giving Jack Prynse a chance for some pretty love-making, and in filling up gaps in the scenes with more or less aimless chatter. Miss Cheatham renders Angelina a little sillier than the adaptation has already made her. If she would prune her affectations and consent to be simple and sincere, she would be a pretty and agreeable soubrette.

There are three acts of "Samson and Delilah," and of these the two first are charming. The characters are nothing, the story everything. Whatever it may have been in the French, it is undoubtedly amusing in the English. In the first act there is a fine breeze, in the second act quite a gale—but the third act "flats out" into a dead calm, without a ripple or a swell. The Daly Company have done nothing better than the court-room scene. It is a triumph of smooth realism. Here Mr. Drew and Mr. Lewis are unrivaled, easy, natural, simple, self-possessed. Everybody is good. The Judge is excellent. The aimless milliner, with her unpaid rent, is amusing—the meaning "ahems!" which issue from the shelter of the newspapers are capital. Mr. Ollyphant is good, the reporter is good, Smith and Brown are good, the farmer-trustee is good, and Miss Rehan is exquisite, of course.

Mr. Drew and Mr. Lewis really carry off the honors of this scene. They are delicious—Mr. Drew never did anything finer than his speech as Mrs. Ollyphant's lawyer. Miss Rehan never did anything more delicately humorous than her acting throughout the arguing of the case. Mr. Lewis's "This breast" is almost as funny as his immortal "Everything red-hot here," in "Dollars and Sense." In the second act there is plenty more fun. There is Mr. Lewis's sudden seizure, and poor Mrs. Gilbert flying about in a Leghorn hat, trimmed with poppy-heads. There is the argument between the two medical men, when the vital question arises whether the springs are to be the "White Sulphur" or Saratoga. There is the flirtation between old Puttybank and Mrs. Ollyphant—it is all well done and amusing, if a little reminiscent of an undoubtedly marrowy original.

But with the third act comes a great collapse. There is a faint attempt made to settle up affairs, but it is very faint. Every one makes a sort of perfunctory admission that he or she is quite satisfied, as though they politely wished to set the audience at ease and send them home happy in mind. But it is decidedly unsatisfactory. Mrs. Ollyphant is going to be as extravagant as ever, and though Junius has made a fortune in Mexico of a few odd millions, he will need it all to keep up with her expenditure. Jack Prynse, the only really nice person in the play, is paired off with the young lady who has the breach-of-promise suit, and who appears to regard her prowess as a litigant as a feather in her cap. Everything is very loosely ended. Even the dialogue ceases to sparkle, and, barring the love-scene between Jack and Angelina, there is nothing piquant or brilliant in the whole last act.

In short, these French adaptations are rarely a success. The sap is all drawn away from them and the dry shells presented to us. G. B.

LEAVES FROM A DRAMATIST'S DIARY.

By Dion Boucicault.

Previously to 1850 the condition of the English dramatist resembled that of the author described in "Gil Blas," or more recently depicted by Charles Reade in "Peg Woffington." The greater number of the literary men exercising this craft depended upon other means of livelihood. While managers and star actors were reaping a golden harvest by means of the dramatic works furnished by the phalanx of dramatists, the authors received a miserable pittance of thirty dollars a week for the use of such plays as "Richelieu," "The Rent Day," and "London Assurance." Boucicault sold "The Willow Copse" for five hundred dollars, and he received three hundred for "The Corsican Brothers."

The French method gave the dramatic author one-tenth of the gross receipts of each performance of his play. Boucicault sought the leading members of the Dramatic Authors' Society and proposed to reform its principles so as to conform to the French method. He was defeated.

Finding himself defeated and disregarded by the London managers, Boucicault turned his face to the West, and on September 18, 1853, landed in New York.

Boucicault was surprised to find the American theatres superior in every respect to the theatres in England. The New York audiences were keener and more sincere; their taste was of a finer kind; their appreciation was quicker. The plays were better acted. He had left behind him in London no such comedians as Blake, Burton, Walcot, Holland, Lester Wallack, and Laura Keene. The great school of pantomime, which became extinct in England after the death of Grimaldi, flourished in the United States under the Ravels. Neither the press nor the people seemed to understand this artistic wealth. They had been taught subjection to London and to Paris in all such matters, and willingly recognized their inferiority. They had no drama of native growth. They had no laws protecting copyright in the performance of dramatic works. The casual contributions to American dramatic literature from George Boker, Dr. Bird, and others were *publici juris;* any one was at liberty to perform them freely. In the presence of such an impediment, the existence of an American drama was impossible. It required three years' labor to remove it. In 1856, a brief statute was passed by Congress investing the author of a drama or the composer of a musical work, in addition to the sole right of printing and publishing, with the sole right also of representing it or permitting it to be represented.

Boucicault had used these three years in study of the American people, their tastes, and the direction of their intellectual appetites. The poetic and romantic drama had no longer its old charm; the actual, the contemporaneous, the photographic, had replaced the works of imagination. It was in turning over the *Illustrated Journal* that the idea struck him that the stage might be employed in a similar manner to embody and illustrate the moving events of the period. The Russian war, the Indian mutiny, the adventures of Dr. Kane in polar regions, the slave question, were all live subjects of that period. But the most immediate and burning matter in the public mind was the Indian mutiny. The news of the massacre at Cawnpore had filled the world with horror, when we learned that a small garrison of Europeans were shut up in Lucknow, besieged by an overwhelming force of Indians. This attitude was seized on by Boucicault when he wrote "Jessie Brown, or the Relief of Lucknow," and this play was produced in New York while the siege was still in progress. The result fulfilled all the expectations of the author, who soon followed this drama with the "Streets of New York" and the "Octoroon, or Life in Louisiana." This last work was produced in December, 1859, and, accidentally, on the day when John Brown sent his soul marching on ahead of emancipation.

At this time, Boucicault entered into an engagement with Miss Laura Keene to perform for five months at the Olympic Theatre. He opened in "Jeanie Deans," which proved one of the most successful of his efforts. He followed this drama with "Vanity Fair," a comedy in three acts, which failed. This work had been relied on to carry the engagement prosperously to the end of May; twelve weeks of disaster lay ahead, in which all the profits of the season, and more, too, must inevitably disappear.

"Have you nothing—no subject, no play half-written? Can you think of nothing to replace this unlooked-for collapse?" pleaded Miss Keene.

"I have nothing," replied Boucicault, "excepting a very poor sketch of 'Little Dorrit' and another of 'Bleak House'; but let us meet to-morrow and talk it out."

It was a bitter night, and the sleet, driven by a northerly blast, lashed the author's face as he turned up Broadway. A few doors from the theatre a dim light in a cellar showed that a thrifty little Italian, who sold cheap publications and small stationery, invited the belated pedestrian to buy a home-made cigar. His name was Brentano. Descending into the den, where he knew he should find the usual display of ten-cent literature, Boucicault asked for two novels, over which he intended to spend the hours of night. Brentano pointed to a shelf where a scanty row of cheap novels represented his stock in trade; from these the visitor selected a dozen at hazard, and, with the pockets of his overcoat stuffed, he pushed his way through the sleet and the darkness to Union Square, near which he resided. The following morning Miss Keene received this letter:

MY DEAR LAURA: I have it! I send you seven steel-engravings of scenes around Killarney. Get your scene-painter to work on them at once. I also send a book of Irish melodies, with those marked I desire Baker to score for the orchestra. I shall read act one of my new Irish play on Friday; we rehearse that while I am writing the second, which will be ready on Monday; and we rehearse the second while I am doing the third. We can get the play out within a fortnight. Yours, D. B.

Among the hooks picked up at Brentano's was, haply, "The Collegians," by Gerald Griffin. Throwing it aside, Boucicault evolved "The Colleen Bawn."

These incidents may appear too trivial for such particular record, but their results will be seen to have a signal importance. The least important was the revolution effected by this play in what may be termed the Irish drama and the representation of Irish character. But the adventures of the "Colleen Bawn" in England will be seen to have contributed mainly to a fundamental change in theatrical affairs throughout the world.

In September, 1860, it was produced in London, at the Adelphi Theatre, and its success enabled Mr. Boucicault to carry out the plans he had vainly endeavored to put into operation in 1852. He refused to allow "The Colleen Bawn" to be played on royalty or fees. He engaged four comedians, Mr. John Drew, Mr. Sloane, Mrs. Sloane, and Mrs. Hudson Kirby, and instructed them in the principal characters. He offered the play as the star, supported by this group of American comedians. He experienced much resistance on the part of managers in the provincial theatres, but at last his terms were accepted, the play became the thing, and the author received half the gross receipts. A second and a third company were organized and sent out. In the following year, he sent out "The Streets of London," and, in 1865, he sent out three companies with "Arrah-na-Pogue." The leading dramatic authors, perceiving the very large profits accruing from this new method, began to secede from the Dramatic Authors' Society, and to follow the new method, under which the name of the author of the play was starred and his importance recognized. The provincial theatres became so overrun with these new companies that managers proposed to the authors to send out, not groups, but entire companies of comedians; by such means, the managers could dispense with local companies altogether. This suggestion was accepted, and thus "stock companies" were swept away.

At a meeting of the French dramatists and composers, held in Paris in 1866, Mr. Boucicault described this new method of harvesting the provincial theatres. The shrewd and practical Frenchmen adopted the idea at once. But it was not until after 1872 that the United States finally gave up stock-companies and adopted the new system. It is not our business here to discover how far the stage was benefited by this new order of its affairs. Mr. Boucicault was an author; his object was to benefit his craft—to obtain for the dramatist not only the place of honor at the entertainment, but the largest share of the loaves and the fishes.

* * * * * * *

In the summer of 1865, Mr. Joseph Jefferson arrived in London from Australia, at an unfortunate moment. American comedians were not regarded with favor by the London public. The failure of Mr. Owens was of recent date. Mr. Jefferson had no new plays. Those characters which Mr. Boucicault had written for him—Salem Scudder in "The Octoroon," and Caleb Plummer in "Dot"—had been played out. So this bright comedian found no door open to him. The manager of the Adelphi hazarded the remark: "If Mr. Boucicault will write a new piece for you, I will give you an appearance. He ought to do it, for he told me you were the best eccentric comedian living." So Jefferson came to Boucicault, and they tossed over a dozen subjects. He expressed great affection for "Rip Van Winkle," an old and very bad melodrama. He admitted that the piece had failed; he had shown it to Webster, who objected to producing such a rag. Boucicault pointed out that the character of a ragged old sot, however picturesque, was not an attractive object through three acts.

"Stay," cried the author, "a thought occurs to me. Suppose we sweep aside Washington Irving, and make Rip a young, buoyant never-do-well, with a young wife and a young child. Let him be the play-fellow of all the children, the lover of all the girls, a village Bohemian. Let us carry that character through the first and second acts, and bring him out in the third aged in appearance, but fresh in heart, after his long sleep."

Jefferson was not "enthused" with this new form of the story, but yielded, as he saw no other way to obtain a London appearance. In a few weeks the piece was written, and the Adelphi Theatre was placed at the disposal of Mr. Boucicault. Jefferson's agreement with the manager, Webster, was to share the gross receipts nightly after seventy pounds had been deducted for expenses. The agreement between Boucicault and Jefferson was that the author should receive one-third of Jefferson's share. The play and the comedian made the success of that season. In the summer of the following year Jefferson went to New York, and there commenced a career too well known and remembered to require record. The share in that success which Boucicault was entitled, under his contract, to receive, he was not destined to enjoy. Jefferson wrote him that no copyright on "Rip" could be sustained in the United States; that it was stolen by several pirates, whom he could not repress. Therefore, in place of a share in his receipts, he would propose to pay a certain amount in lieu of all claims past or future. And so ended a little golden dream.

* * * * * * *

At a dinner-party which took place in 1866, the question was discussed as to the value of the literary merit of a play which had recently been produced. One side maintained that the literary element in a drama was rather an impediment than an assistant to popular success.

"Gentlemen," said the host, "will you permit me this question be settled practically? I propose to write three new pieces: one a society drama, relying mainly on its literary treatment; the second a domestic drama, and the third a sensation drama. The pieces shall be produced at the same time, and I guarantee that the success of each shall be in the inverse ratio of its merits."

The proposition was received with roars of laughter. Nevertheless, the three pieces were written. "Hunted Down" was the society drama; "The Long Strike" was the domestic play, and "Flying Scud" the sensation piece. They were produced simultaneously in October, 1866, and the results were precisely what Boucicault had anticipated. This experiment may not be worth recording had not an incident attending the preparation of "Hunted Down" rendered the occasion memorable. The author took the play to Manchester to give it a provincial trial before producing it in London. A company had been engaged and picked out to give each character with the greatest effect; but one character, Rawdon Scudamore, a fashionable villain, remained uncast. Mr. Calvert, the manager of the Manchester Theatre, suggested an unknown, but clever, provincial actor. Boucicault sent for him, was satisfied with his appearance, and engaged Mr. Henry Irving, at a salary of thirty dollars a week, to play the part. The result of this performance was that when "Hunted Down" was produced at the St. James's Theatre, in London, six months later, Boucicault stipulated that Irving should be engaged to create the part.

Life is a chapter of accidents, and the most insignificant and casual frequently become the progenitors of great events.

* * * * * * *

In 1874, in pursuance of a contract made with Lester Wallack, Boucicault had undertaken to compose a new Irish drama, in which he was to appear as the principal character, to be produced in November of that year. The play, entitled "Boyne Water," was in a forward state in September, when Wallack strolled into the author's room in Fifteenth Street to ascertain what scenery would be required. Then for the first time, Boucicault laid before him the plot of the new play, and read some of the scenes. As he proceeded, the countenance of the manager fell so miserably that the author paused.

"You don't seem to like the piece," said Boucicault, throwing aside the manuscript.

"Oh, yes, that is the difficulty," replied Wallack. "I have just bought the last London success, 'Oliver carty.' The part suits me, and it entered into my plans this season to make my appearance in a new play, at the conclusion of your engagement in January. This drama of yours involves the use of historical characters, especially that of William the Third, and the same costumes. You will blank the piece. You will take the wind out of my sails. What can he done?"

"Nothing that I can see," replied Boucicault, "unless to change the period of my play, say, to the present day."

"But you can not change 'Boyne Water' to any other period."

"No," laughed the author; "if we could, it would end differently. No matter, John; leave it to me."

And he did. In a few days an entirely new play was shaped out, in which some of the scenes of "Boyne Water" were used. This was "The Shaughran." The first performance of this drama was a complication of mishaps. When Boucicault arrived at the theatre, two hours before the curtain went up, he was met by his dresser, who asked him what character was going to wear for the part of Con. The question suddenly reminded him that he had been so busied with other people that he had forgotten to provide for himself. They mounted into the wardrobe of the theatre.

"Have you got an old red hunting-coat? Where is your Tony Lumpkin dress? Surely, you have a Goldfinch coat?"

"But, sir, they will not fit."

"That is just what I want. Tear the arms to them shorter; slit up the back—so. What have you there? Tony Lumpkin's hunting-cap?—black velvet—the very thing! Tear the lining out. I have a splendid pair of old boots yonder."

"Those are not a pair, sir."

"So much the better."

And thus in half an hour the costume of Con was patched together. What an escape!

At the end of the second act we had a very fine scene by Matt Morgan—the ruins of St. Brendan's Abbey by moonlight. A bright, full moon appeared over the sea, and the silver ripple on the water was admirably contrived by a new process, was depended on to produce a great effect. Just before the curtain was discovered, there was "a wait"—something had gone wrong. The gas-man appeared before the author, breathless, perspiring with despair. "Oh, sir, if you please, *the moon has bust!*"—that is, the glass of the apparatus by which the moon was illuminated broken. There was no help for it. The scene must be discovered; and when it was, it exhibited a total eclipse—a big round black hole in the scene represented the luminary; but they had forgotten to shut off the ripple in the water, which continued to sparkle bravely, to the great amusement of the audience, in which Con joined heartily.

Surely here were accidents enough, but the worst was to come. In the last scene the villain, Kinchela, is shot, and the English officer, examining the body, finds the bullet, entering his heart, has been stopped by a pocket-book he carried in his breast-pocket.

"Ah!" cries the Captain, "the bullet has entered here; this pocket-book has saved his life."

When Montague approached Arnott and felt for the pocket-book, he could not find it. "Good heavens! Arnott," he exclaimed, "you have forgotten the book."

"No," whispered Arnott, "it is in my tail-pocket."

Montague rolled him over, and, searching in that region, exclaimed: "Ah! the bullet has entered here; this pocket-book has saved his life."

Not another word of the rest of the play could be heard. Boucicault was so convulsed with laughter that he broke down in the last speech. But the humor never spoiled anything.—*North American Review for August.*

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Kathlynne Heron, who played in Modjeska's company in the spring, is dangerously ill with brain-fever.

Joseph Murphy will play "Kerry Gow" next week, his last at the California Theatre. "A Parlor Match" will follow.

John T. Sullivan, who will be remembered as Booth's leading man two years ago, is the chief member of Rose Coghlan's company, next after the star herself.

George S. Knight will occupy the Orpheum next week with "Over the Garden Wall," a farce-comedy in which he was seen at the Bush Street Theatre some years ago.

Karl Gardner will present "Karl, the Peddler," at the Bush Street Theatre next week. It has the same characteristic features as "Fatherland," and has a record of eight years' survival in the East.

Rose Coghlan will begin an engagement at the Baldwin next Monday night in "Jocelyn," a romantic play which she produced in New York last winter, with fair success, in a season of theatrical successes.

"The Russian Nihilists" is the title of the lecture which is to be repeated by request at Metropolitan Temple next Thursday evening, August 8th, by William Jackson Armstrong, the well-known lecturer and journalist.

Harrigan's new play, "The Lorgaire," will be given at the Alcazar next week, which will conclude his engagement in this city and the "combination" season at the theatre, the Alcazar stock company following in melodrama.

The Daly season has been even more successful than that of two years ago. The few stools allowed have invariably been sold days before, and double the ordinary price was vainly offered for seats for last (Friday) night to see "A Night Off."

Besides Augustin Daly's company, there is another troupe of actors who play the Daly comedies. It is managed by Arthur Rehan, a brother of Miss Ada Rehan, and among its members are J. H. Ryley (formerly of the Tivoli), and Madeline Lucette, from the comic-opera stage, and Adele Waters, of this city, who is to play Miss Rehan's parts next season.

What is the Daly Company coming to? Here the august manager has been engaging song-and-dance artists, Irish comedians, and Mrs. Yeamans—who, though a marvelous character-actress in her favorite line, is, in the Daly Company, if not a bull, at least an Alderney cow in a china-shop—for his company next year, but he allows "gags." At least George Clarke delivered himself of an unmistakable "gag" about the earthquake on Thursday, during the performance of "A Woman's Won't," though he may have been drawn and quartered for it later behind the scenes.

A few years ago, Mrs. Langtry took up fencing as an antidote to corpulence, that *bête noire* of women on the stage, and became so skillful a swordswoman that her new accomplishment must needs be utilized on the stage. Accordingly, Charles Coghlan, then her leading man, wrote "Jocelyn," with its duel scene, for her. Now that the author's sister, Rose Coghlan, has the play the cause becomes the effect, she has to fence and it keeps down her growing avoirdupois. She fenced all last summer till she could thrust and parry to chill the boldest heart, and she has spent a large share of the past month in teaching her antagonist a like proficiency.

It was chronicled in this column some weeks ago that Boston was shamefully shocked when Doris (Miss Rehan), in "An International Match," said of her low-cut gown that while it is "all very well for a ballroom, it will not answer for a tête-à-tête." Boston was deeply grieved at Mr. Daly's ignorance of the fact that "the only extenuation for such personal exposure is found in the absolute and universal assumption of unconsciousness of it." The amusing scene to which Doris's consciousness of the exposure gives rise is one sufficiently extenuating circumstance, and another, which the myoptic Hubbites may have missed, was vastly admired on Thursday night by every man who had a front seat or a lorgnette.

FAVORED BY FORTUNE.

Sacramentans Play Lucky in the Louisiana State Lottery.

Dame Fortune, through the medium of the last drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery, showered her favors into the laps of Sacramentans with lavish hand. The unprecedented streak of good luck has been the all-absorbing topic of conversation, and a *Bee* reporter this morning started out to interview those who had been designated as the lucky ones. The first one encountered, was, of course, George H. Lavenson, the *Bee's* handsome cashier. George was not at all backward in stating that he had been enriched to the extent of $7,500 by the Louisiana State Lottery. "Sam Gerson and I," said Mr. Lavenson, "bought five coupons, and I kept them in an envelope and did not look at them until the list of the drawing was published in the papers. Then I took the list and saw that No. 61,605 had drawn the capital prize of $600,000. I opened the envelope, and the first coupon I took out bore the figures '61,605.' It knocked me silly, and for about three minutes I didn't know whether I was standing on my head or my feet. The coupon drew one-fortieth of the big prize—$15,000. We sent the ticket by Wells-Fargo, and in less than two weeks had the money. It came in greenbacks—$4,000 in $500 bills, and $11,000 in bills of smaller denomination. You know that, however, as I let you reporters feast your eyes on the money. I have 'squared myself' with the boys, have made some presents, and propose to put the remainder of the money where it will do the most good."

Samuel Gerson, the well-known fruit commission merchant, confirmed Mr. Lavenson's story, and smilingly admitted the receipt of his $7,500.

"Yes, I got away with $2,500—one-fortieth of the third capital prize," said G. H. Stevenson, ticket agent at the Southern Pacific depôt. "I received my money a few days since—five $500 bills—through Wells-Fargo Express."

Another $2,500 was drawn by a young man of this city, employed in a shipping and commission house, who is equally as well known as any of those mentioned above. He got his money through D. O. Mills's Bank, but there are reasons which impel him to most strenuously object to his name being given.—*Sacramento (Cal.) Bee, July 10th.*

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

A Super in the Soup.

I wants to be an actor
In a razzle-dazzle troupe,
And not a starvin' super,
What's always in de soup.

One week I he's a Roman,
And mutters wid de moh,
De next week I'm a cut-throat
What's lookin' for a job.

I've been a Greek, a Spaniard,
A Rooshen and a Turk;
De stage hain't got no country
Where I ain't been to work.

Last night I wuz a Scotchman
In a piece dey calls Macbeth;
To-night I shouts in Richard,
Meself all out o' hreath.

It's fifty cents dey pays me,
No matter what I do;
It's time in dis profeshen
I riz a peg or two! —*Exchange.*

A Revised Version.

How doth the little husy Boss
Improve each hour that fleets
In gathering voters to his side
Through tearing up the streets.
—*Puck.*

The Reason Why.

Why do I love at early morn to wake
When roses still are wet with dews?
Because I then can turn and take
Another snooze! —*Boston Courier.*

Behave or Shave.

They sat within the parlor dim.
And fretfully she said to him,
"I wish, dear John, that you'd behave.
If not, I wish that you would shave."
—*Boston Courier.*

Probably He Did.

The maiden in a hammock lay,
The day was fair and bright,
The young man sat not far away—
Gazed on the pleasant sight.

The mesh her rounded form entwined
In soft embrace, at ease;
Each ripe perfection, clear-defined—
She wonders if he sees.

She turns half round to catch his eye,
Moved by coquetry's law,
The hammock tips—the white skirts fly—
She wonders if he *saw*. —*Chicago Mail.*

The Way of the World.

Who borrows all your ready cash,
And with it cuts a mighty dash,
Even though the lender go to smash?
Your friend!

Who finds out every secret fault,
Misjudges every word and thought,
And credits your good sense at naught?
Your friend!

Who eats your dinners, drinks your wine,
Smokes your cigars, Havanas fine,
Then goes with your worst foe to dine?
Your friend!

Who makes deep love unto your wife,
Knowing you prize her more than life,
And breeds between you hate and strife?
Your friend!

Who, when you're dead, makes a sour face,
And hints at stories of disgrace,
And how he helped you in life's race?
Your friend! —*To-Day.*

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ANK M. PIXLEY, ... EDITOR.

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Behring's Sea lies between the north-west part of America and the north-east part of Asia; it connects the North Pacific with the Arctic Ocean, and is known as Behring's Strait. ; the north-western boundary of our Alaskan possessions. was discovered by Vitus Behring in 1728, and held by the ernment of Russia as a "close sea" until the year 1867, n, with the whole of the Russian possessions in America, it sold to the United States for seven million two hundred sand dollars, and by all the great powers of the commer world Behring's Sea was accepted as a *mare clausum*, considered as under the exclusive political jurisdiction Russia. Behring's Strait was, with a vast wilderness fur-producing territory, leased for a period of nearly nty years to the "Russian Fur Company," by whom it exclusively administered. When the Alaskan territory e into possession of the United States, an American comy succeeded to the rights of the Russian company to pursue take otters and seals, abounding in those waters. This Alaskan territory is eleven hundred miles in length and eight hundred miles in width, stretching along our Pacific Coast, but divided from our possessions by a strip of territory belonging to the British Empire, standing in the relation of colony to it, known as the Dominion of Canada. This strip of English territory is sparsely settled, but like all people without independent government, without an army or navy or financial credit, and having back of it the strongest naval power and the richest empire in the world, it puts on the boldest of airs, and would embroil the Government of the United States and the British Empire in a destructive war which would destroy Canada, prove of infinite injury to the countries involved, and strike an almost fatal blow at the civilization of the age. Before this divided and inharmonious Dominion of Canada, with its two and one-half millions of Canadian-French and Jesuits, succeeds in precipitating the two great Protestant and English-speaking nations into what would be practically an internecine war, perhaps England may pause to consider whether it can depend upon Canadian loyalty, and consider to what extent it will be aided by Canadian money and Canadian troops to defend Canadian soil from the invasion of an Irish army which would be precipitated upon its defenseless territory. There are said to be ten millions of Irish-American Roman Catholics along the southern Canadian border, all of whom hold toward England an irreconcilable hatred, and it is just possible that England might not desire them to be brought in contact with the two and a half millions of French Jesuits who are chafing under the enactment of English laws and the enforcement in their schools of the English language. Perhaps the Government of England, under an administration not altogether friendly to home-rule and parliamentary government for Ireland, may pause before it takes up the gauntlet of war which our very excitable little neighbor across the border is so anxious about. We do sincerely hope that our neighbors at Victoria may not close their golden gate across the channel of San Juan de Fuca, nor prevent our tourists from making their summer jaunt to the northern glaciers, nor prevent the waters from sweeping down the Yukon to the Arctic seas, simply in order that their pirates may engage in the wanton destruction of an hundred seals in order that they may send half-a-score of skins to London. The intelligent world knows that the Prebilov Islands, far away in the North Pacific, northward of the Aleutian chain, are the rookeries where the sea-otter and the fur-bearing seals rendezvous to rear their young; that these islands are necessarily under the police of the commercial world; that their occupation is of necessity exclusive; that the traffic in the furs of the otter and seal are, and must of necessity be, a monopoly; that eight thousand Aleutian and other islanders and fur-hunting Indians and fishermen will perish whenever the protection of these islands shall no longer be intrusted to some one of the strong nations. It was Russia's for an hundred and fifty years. It is America's now, by purchase from Russia and the assent of the ruling maritime powers. Our government has succeeded to the natives in guarding and preserving the animals which produce these marvelous furs, which when taken from the animal are of little worth, but which when treated in London become of great value. The protection of these islands, the guarding of this industry, and the careful preservation of these simple people, are acts of humanity which ought not to incite the greed of our Canadian friends to the absurd and ridiculous display which they are now making of patriotism and pride of country and principle which they will expect somebody else to pay for and fight for. The vessels' crews engaged in murdering seals, one in ten of which they can not secure, is an act of both vandalism and piracy, which the Dominion of Canada, its government, its people, and its press, ought to be ashamed to encourage. It is possible that there may be some necessity for diplomacy to guard this swimming property in furs. It is possible that Behring's Strait ought to be regarded as an open sea, subject to the navigation of all the ships which sail. It is the highway of the world's commerce, and if there was any commerce between the North Pacific and the Arctic Sea, this strait should be kept open. But if we may enforce the Monroe Doctrine against political intervention with the affairs of our continent; if we may combine with civilized powers against piracy upon the high seas; if England may draw her coast-line from headland to headland across our broad Atlantic bays to prevent our fishermen from following their calling—then it is better to submit this question of pursuing fur-seals in the Arctic seas to the arbitration of intelligent statesmen than to go to war about it. To permit the pirates of the Canadian Dominion to send out their marauding sealers to wantonly destroy these animals, is not admissible, because, in a very brief time, the seals and other fur-bearing animals would disappear, as they have disappeared elsewhere in the world, and, by the time diplomacy should have ended, there would be nothing to preserve and the native Aleuts would have died of starvation. Our Congress considered this question in its practical bearings, and, at the very last hours of the last Sunday morning of the Democratic administration, Congress passed a law declaring that Behring's Sea was a *mare clausum* and that the pursuit of seals in the open on their way to their rookeries was not admissible. This is a law of the Congress of the United States, it was almost the last act of President Cleveland, and it is now being enforced by a Republican administration. It will be approved by the English Government, and it ought to be, and if the Dominion Government or the owners of sealing pirates do not like it, we think they had better pause before they precipitate the nations into war; for, though the English navy might bombard our coasts, invade our ports, destroy our cities, increase our national debt, and strain England's credit, the armies of the United States would wipe out everything human and habitable which exists in the Dominion of Canada, from Baffin's Bay to Behring's Sea.

It is only a few weeks since that we angered some of our Canadian readers by declaring that our nearest and most probable war would be with England, and that it would grow out of entanglements with our northern neighbor; then it was the fisheries difficulties we had in view. It was then we said that it would demand great caution on the part of England to avoid being drawn into the embroilments likely to arise between jealous people over contentions possible along four thousand miles of border line. Since these few days, we have heard of a Congressional commission investigating the embarrassments and injuries growing out of competitive transcontinental roads, one of which has been largely subsidized to bind a continental colony in chains of allegiance to the mother government, while the American roads are dependent upon the private capital of their owners for the building of their lines and the maintenance of their traffic. Our Chamber of Commerce was called together quite recently to consider what would be the result of subsidized ships and subsidized railroads upon the commerce of the city and harbor of San Francisco, and whether in our entire business and in the values of our real property this city would not be disastrously affected unless some remedy should be suggested to place our transportation facilities upon a more healthful basis. We observe that our Canadian fellow-citizens are engaged in a race and religious agitation which not only disturbs them, but also most nearly concerns us; our relations are so near and our interests so intimate, that if either community shall be disturbed, the agitation will communicate itself to residents across our border lines. And now we find ourselves face to face with such conditions that, if Canada were independent, and as strong in armies, fleets, and war credits as she is angry and resolute of purpose, we would find it difficult to avoid a conflict. Of course this agitation will pass over, because England has too supreme a sense of moral right to permit herself to champion a controversy which would be but the technical evasion of an international principle. This conflict over the seal fisheries does not involve any controversy over the lessees who now exercise the present right of killing seals in the Alaskan waters; the existing lease very soon expires, and whether it is renewed to the same or different persons upon the same or other terms, the principle of protecting the lives of the animals and the lives of the natives engaged in taking them is very likely to be recognized by the Govern-

ment of England as essential to the protection of the fur-trade of the world, and to the welfare of the natives who dwell on the islands and along the borders of the Arctic seas.

Wonderful events are occurring all over the world. Fires, cyclones, political agitation, and rumors of war — all these and lesser things; some strange, some terrible, some quaint and curious, some altogether comical, and some sensational, scandalous, and criminal. How we can pick a clean way through this narrative of the world's events can only be demonstrated by the endeavor. We remember ourself as a bare-footed boy, on a cold, frosty morning, going for the cows at pasture, with the ground white with hoar-frost, dodging from a warm stone to a desiccated bovine chip; we stormed the herd and drove it homeward with quick dispatch. Perhaps we may skim lightly enough over terrors, scandals, and crimes to make the world's events seem less dreadful, and bring to the surface things more pleasing than horrible, less sensational than attractive. We may not omit the destructive conflagrations which have swept over Western towns. Seattle, fairest and most promising of cities on our inland northern sea, Spokane, last of the miracles of our ultimate West, swept from existence, and while their ashes are smoldering, from out the forests and the quarries new material is dragged with strong arms, and the work of reconstruction is entered upon with stout, brave hearts. Ellenburg, Fresno, Bakersfield, and half a dozen lesser conflagrations, have tried the courage, not only of our bold argonauts, but are testing the courage of stockholders in our insurance companies. Perhaps it is fortunate that our governor vetoed the Mutual Insurance Bill, which, if we understand the principles of mutual fire-insurance organizations, are more interesting and reliable when showing premiums than when shouldering the responsibilities of assessments at the loss of towns valued at ten millions of dollars, swept away in an hour. The loss of wooden towns in which there are blocks of exceptional elegance and homes of luxurious comfort, are not calamities at all comparable with the cyclones which sweep our Western States of the East. A fire rages, and, as a rule, the stranger at the hotel is rescued, the dweller gets up and walks away, and draws consolation from the fact that the final winding up of all material things is by fire, and of the future, a majority of God's creatures have the theological assurance that for them a Creator's divine love and justice have kindly provided an everlasting torture of flame, intensified by sulphur and a malevolent spirit, with a prodding fork. We hear of towns, and villages, and farms in our Middle West swept by tornadoes, and we await the time when some of the great cities of the region where these cyclones prevail shall leave the track of the tempest through their busiest streets, strewn with their stateliest edifices and their most luxurious homes, for assuredly the hand which guides the tempest, tears oaks from their rooted anchorage in the soil, and sends homes flying in the air, will not change his course or abate his power when such a city as Chicago, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Kansas, or Omaha stands in the way of the lurid lightning of his wrath. Perhaps we of San Francisco, in view of occasional earth-tremblings which have, from time to time, suggested the most terrible of possibilities, may not be overconfident of our security when the divine power shakes the foundation of this not too solid earth, and yet we feel that we may be content with an occasional shaking-up in exchange for the cyclones, destructive floods and freshets, sunstrokes, mad dogs, endemic diseases, and lightning-bolts, from which we are so mercifully spared. Indeed, we think that we of the Pacific have cause to thank the good God that we live in the one spot of earth most favored. We may not pass the terrible calamity which visited Johnstown without acknowledging the fact that this most fearful of casualties awoke in all parts of the civilized world sentiments which in their response indicated the universality of human sympathy. Except in Egypt, the world is at peace, and yet we fear that the nations are on the very verge of war. The great colossus of the north, locked in its ice-bound seas, will never cease to agitate till it secures passage for its commerce and its troops to southern lands. Across Bulgaria, Servia, and the Danubian Principalities, the northern bear watches the Turk, and only that the sick man of Europe is guarded by powers more formidable than his scimiter, war would pour across the Baltic to the Bosphorus. Austria is guarding the peace of nations; Germany and England hold in their embrace the civilization of Europe, and just now the emperor of the world's strongest military power seems to be proud that in his mother's family reposes the strength of fleets and finance, which makes her empire the arbiter of the world's repose. England and Germany ought to be what they have rarely been before—good friends, and though royal marriages count but little in the struggles of diplomacy, yet when the monarch of so powerful an empire as Germany meets the welcome of a navy which is mistress of all the seas, and finds himself at home in the domestic circle of the bravest and strongest empire of the earth, it must be suggestive to him that this England is, for an all-round ally, the most desirable. Kings and queens are curious folk. There are some funny things which attend royalty. When the Shah kills his ram for daily sacrifice in the private apartments where he is being entertained, and bloodies the carpets and upholstery, that is curious; when the Emperor of Germany appoints his illustrious grandmother to become colonel of a Dragoon Guard at Berlin, that is curious; and when the emperor is appointed admiral of the Royal Navy of England, that is curious. When her somewhat dumpy majesty of England shall parade at the head of her Dragoon Guards Unter den Linden, parasol in hand, we sincerely hope the *Fliegende Blätter* will not be there to see and sketch the curious spectacle for the delectation of the four millions of fighting men enlisted to uphold the dynasty of the Hohenzollerns. There is a row in Crete, and Greece is in danger of revolution. The Russian influence presages danger to Servia. The Shah of Persia is being fêted in England, in hope that Persia may interpose her friendly frontiers between the Romanoff and India. The Irish home-rule organization is going to pieces, and there is danger that order and good government may be restored to the most distressful country which has ever disturbed the world. There is a muddle in the Vatican, and the Pope is with difficulty being prevented from immigrating to Spain, or Portugal, or some friendly country, whose people are ignorant and superstitious enough to welcome him.

It is perhaps fortunate if at last the elixir of life has been found—if the spring which Ponce de Leon sought in the everglades of Florida has turned up in the laboratory of an aged physician in the city of Paris. Dr. Brown-Séquard proposes to inject into the veins of the aged a strengthening restorative which will recall the vigor of more youthful days, if it does not roll back the tide of years. When we reflect upon the improvements and scientific discoveries of the last half-century; when we contemplate the steam-engine, the telegraph-wire, the telephone, the phonograph, and all the marvelous discoveries and achievements of the age, we may hesitate whether the time is not coming when, the threshold of the electric world having been crossed, we may come upon the solution of all the old problems which so long have distracted the inquiries of the earlier students. Why may not the baser metals be transmuted to the more precious ones? Why may not a motor be formed as perpetual as that which keeps the tides in motion and the orb in circulation? Why not some of this generation be spared to the ages which distinguished the earlier prophets of the Methusalem era, by injecting into their veins the juices of more vigorous animal strength? Strange things have happened and are happening continually. San Diego has discovered a soap-mine. Toads are found locked in rocks of solid granite and in beds of clay, indicating their existence from the glacial period. Bears hibernate by sucking their paws during long winter months. Dr. Tanner lived without food for a period of forty days. We hesitate to register our confidence in Dr. Brown-Séquard's panacea for the restoration of youthful strength to advancing years. We are the more tangled in this belief, because Vicar-General Prendergast, of the only true church, has pronounced his belief in the marvelous cures which have been performed at Lourdes, in France. If the incurable may be restored to health by the assistance of the Blessed Virgin, why may not the ravages of old age be arrested? If, in this material age, thaumaturgical relief may be made available, and scholars so profound as our brother of the Jesuit Order find no difficulty in placing their belief in miracles, we see no reason why we should doubt the possibilities which this physician suggests. One of the curious points taken by Dr. Prendergast in his recent lecture, was the assertion that the Virgin Mary never interposed her miraculous relief in aid of any but the miserable. This recalls to us an incident in the history of one of the most distinguished of the Roman Catholic families of England. We repeat it from memory as we recall the narrative, published some years ago, and may therefore be somewhat astray in our facts. The noble house of Howard, one of the oldest, most noble, and honored of the English realm, found its intellectual and physical strength impaired. England's richest peer, the premier Duke of Norfolk, in the hope of restoring the physical vigor and intellectual strength of his race, and by the advice of Roman Catholic priests by whom he was ever surrounded, consented to take to himself a wife from the Protestant family of the Scottish house of Eglington. The lady was young and strong, and she consented to become a convert to the Church of Rome, to qualify her for the ducal bed. A male child was born to inherit the honors of the English earldom, but, alas! it inherited but the weakness of the sire. It was born an idiot, deformed and blind. When these startling facts became apparent, there was but one remedy within reach of the church to suggest. The Queen of Heaven was to be asked to interpose a marvelous restoration to the ducal cradle and earldom. A strong, bright, gifted child was to take the place of the invalid, and for this purpose there was arranged a pilgrimage to Lourdes. This great earl, attended by Catholic nobles, servants and retainers of his house, accompanied by magnates of the Church of Rome, with all the pomp and ceremony should accompany so august a ceremony, was prepared to company the unfortunate infant to the sacred grotto, in fidence that the Virgin Mother, who had eighteen times peared to the peasant girl, would manifest herself for benefit of the ducal heir; and had it not have been for a s of unfortunate Protestant and political suspicions, it is probable that the pilgrimage would have returned with a fant Howard of physical strength and mental vigor. But s how the British Government scented a possible monkish t and set detectives of Scotland Yard to watch the proceed and see to it that the invalid babe should not have anc and a healthier child substituted for it. The Earl of Car a younger branch of the noble house of Howard, to whom title and entailed wealth of the Norfolks should descend, his suspicions aroused, and succeeded in smuggling som his retainers into the band of pilgrims to watch for h work on the part of the priests of Rome. And so the g was played, if game was intended. The Holy Mother of did not appear, a miracle was not performed, the little came back an idiot, deformed, and blind, and still lives t herit the fortunes and the faith of the Howards, if he sha deemed eligible for the succession by the laws of Eng The premier Duke of England has never taken his seat i House of Lords. This story the vicar-general of the Ch of Rome in San Francisco, the Reverend Dr. Prendergas not tell, and perhaps for the reason that he thinks it is not

The late naval review of England's maritime strength, near Portsmouth, in honor of the visit paid by the Ge Kaiser to his grandmother, Queen Victoria, may have significance than usually attaches to such complimentary plays. Granting that the primary object of the review w pay the compliment customary between potentates, fron mote ages, of exhibiting their personal importance to other by parading the resources in which they most excel, was doubtless the secondary object of impressing the Ge Emperor, in his capacity of commander of the best equi land-force upon the earth, with the belief that he was then i presence of its correlative upon the sea. A great dea been said, during the past few years, regarding the weal of the British navy; that the majority of its vessels are quated in construction, and unfit to cope with the best mens of naval architecture, belonging to other nations, afloat. The recent movement to appropriate twenty-millions of pounds to increase the effective force of the gives color to this idea, as it is a vital necessity for En to maintain her marine supremacy, the alternative the loss of her commerce and, perhaps, of her I and colonial empire. Still, a power which can pres quadruple line of battle-ships five miles long, saluting fifteen thousands guns, while the greater portion of its fl upon foreign waters, can not be reckoned as by any me contemptible power. Numerical strength must always b important factor where there is such an extensive shore-li protect as that of the British Isles, and the mere fact th the vessels in a fleet are not either first or second-class not necessarily render them inoperative for fighting. the visit of the Kaiser to England is admitted to be don and not political in character, it may yet result in bri about a more reciprocal feeling between the two nations is at present the policy of the English Government to aloof from European complications, and not to commit to any overt alliance with the three Central European po The *rapprochement* between the queen and the Kaiser, bury and Bismarck, suggested by the present junketi however, distasteful to the Czar, who has, it seems, offense thereat, and will not carry out his projected visit t German Court according to the original programme. A the political coquetry between crowned heads, involvi many variations as a new figure in the german, goes br on, while an expectant world speculates upon the chan partners in the rythm of the mazy dance.

The world is again being treated to an old subject in a dress, and this time it is the hackneyed and well-worn o the elixir of life. Upon the present occasion, however, it not come to us through the medium of the charlatan c thusiast, but with the indorsement of one of the greatest p ologists of modern times—one who ought to be an autl upon the human system, if any one is. No less a savant Dr. Brown-Séquard, of Paris, is responsible for the ass that a hypodermic injection of a fluid obtained from c glands in the body of animals, is capable of so acting the worn-out tissues of old or enfeebled persons, as to re them to a condition of youthful vigor—at least, that is th pression conveyed by the accounts which have reache through the daily press. That the idea of the possibil such a departure from the commonly accepted iron la nature should be ridiculed by the medical profession g ally is not surprising, but at the same time it is no proo *se* of the fallacy of the proposition advanced by the Fr doctor. There have been so many and so surprising di eries made in every department of science within the half-century, that one is tempted to defer judgment ev the case of such an astounding proposition as the one in

There is, bowever, a strong and unanswerable argu- m t against it, based upon the *a priori* grounds of tbe et nal fitness of tbings. Tbere is a unity and harmony in all na ral laws which precludes the idea of any one of them be- in wantonly suhverted or outraged by tbe action of any ot r. We see the laws of generation, growth, decay, and de h succeeding each other in invariable sequence throughout al he families of the universe, inorganic as well as organic, fr n the nascent nebula to tbe extinct sun, witb its train of de planets in its parent wake. Organic life follows tbe se e all-pervading rule; accordingly, on *a priori* grounds w may safely predict the failure of the new panacea to what is claimed for it. But while it is easy to affirm its ir icacy in conferring perpetual youtb upon its user, it is not s easy to set a limit to wbat it may possibly do in therapeutic s nce. It may have the effect of stimulating the vital forces a enabliog tbem to bear up against debility or disease; or i nay supply new constituents to the hlood, and enahle it r e effectually to renew the decaying or decayed tissues. As y the preponderance of medical opinion is in favor of assign- o it tbe virtues, if it possesses any at all, of a stimulant. It somewhat premature to speculate upon the changes in so- should tbe claims of enthusiasts be verified and added s aod vigor be conferred upon senectitude. Wbat tbe lation of the world may be at the end of tbe next hun- years, even under existing conditions and at the present of increase, is a matter of uneasiness to the political econ- t. If this rate of increase sbould he beightened hy any operation as tbat hinted at in the new discovery, the re- vill be sometbing appalling to contemplate. It is to be d in the interests of humanity tbat Dr. Brown-Séquard nade a mistake in his inferences.

E QUESTION OF BEHRING'S SEA.

By Charles N. Felton.

e annexed article, hy the Hon. Charles N. Felton, Member of ess, will be found of much interest, particularly at this time. Mr. is thoroughly conversant with the subject, as he was a member Conference Commitlee between the Senate and the House which l the passage of the hill amendatory of the laws regulating the l fisheries in Behring's Sea. This bill was passed during the clos- urs of the Cleveland administration.—EDS.]

view of the fact that tbe Government of the United s has seized tbe British schooner *Black Diamond*, con- ed the vessel and cargo, as required hy our statutes, for o or infringement of our laws, and tbat our rigbt to do questioned, and perbaps may become an international on, it occurs to me tbat a statement of the facts upon whicb ed our rigbts and title would not he uninteresting to yonr rs; bence, I will attempt to give them such a statement.

e title of the United States to Alaska and the Behring ras acquired from Russia hy the treaty of cession made 68, in wbicb she "ceded and conveyed all tbe rights, hises, privileges now belonging to Russia in tbe ceded ry or dominion, and appurtenances tbereto;" tbe same contained within the geograpbical limits berein set forth, :

eastern limit is the line of demarkation between the Russian and possessions in North America, etc. The western limit within the territories and dominion conveyed are contained, pass through t in Behring's Strait on the parallel of sixty-five degrees thirty s north latitude, at its intersection by the meridian which passes y between the Island ot Krusenstern or Ignalook, and the Island manov or Noonarbrook, and proceeds due north, without limita- ato the same frozen ocean. The same western limit, beginning same initial point, proceeds thence in a course nearly south-west h Behring's Strait and Behring's Sea so as to pass midway he- the Island of Atioo and the Copper Island, of the Kormandorski l or group, in the North Pacific Ocean, to the meridian of one d and ninety-three degrees west longitude, so as to include the of the Aleutian Islands east of that meridian.

sia's title was based upon tbe following facts: Behring's ormerly called tbe Sea of Kamchatka, was discovered by Behring, a Russian subject and officer, in 1725. From that o that of the purcbase of Alaska hy the United States, ters were surrounded hy Russian territory, except Behr- Strait upon tbe north, and tbe south-west outlet to the Pacific Ocean. Soon after its discovery, it was occu- y Russian citizens as traders and fur-bunters, and sev- rading stations were establisbed upon its coasts and s by Russian subjects.

1745, the Aleutian Islands were discovered by Russia. 58, Bebring's Sea, tbe whole arcbipelago, and the penin- f Alaska were explored by an expedition ordered by the ess Catherine. Subsequently, Russia caused four otber ing expeditions to be made, in 1785, 1803, 1815, and Vancouver discovered the coast of British Columhia o, and in the same year the Columhia River was entered ay. It will be here noted tbat Russia's discoveries and n the north-western coast antedate tbose of tbe otber s some sixty-five years.

764, the Russian Government granted the right to trade Aleutian Islands to a Russian company, wbo created nducted a considerahle number of trading stations.

799, the then Russian Emperor Paul issued his imperial asserting the dominion of Russia by right of discovery cupancy to all the territory embraced from Behring's on the nortb, to the fifty-fifth parallel, on tbe American and as far south as Japan, on the coast of Asia, and in- the Russian-American Company with its absolute con- nd, if necessary, the land and naval forces of the empire rdered to maintain tbeir jurisdiction. To this imperial protest was made on the part of any of the nations, re Russia's rights disputed or questioned. Thus tacitly, t, all the nations conceded her rights, based first upon ery, and next upon continued occupancy and peaceful disputed possession for nearly three-quarters of a century.

821, upon tbe complaint of this company to the Rus- overnment that their rights under their charter were disturbed by the interference of foreigners, the then or Alexander issued his manifesto, extending his domin- the fifty-first parallel on the Nortb American coast, and probibiting foreign vessels from approaching within one bundred miles of the shore. I quote from said manifesto as follows:

SECTION 1. The transaction of commerce, and the pursuit of whaling and fishing, or any other industry, on the islands, in the harbors and inlets, and, in general, all along the north-western coast of America, from Behring's Strait to the fifty-first parallel of northern latitude, and likewise on the Aleutian Islands, and along the eastern coast of Siberia, and on the Kurile Islands—that is, from Behring's Strait to the southern promontory of the island of Urup, viz., as far south as latitude forty-five degrees fifty minutes north—are exclusively reserved to subjects of the Russian Empire.

SEC. 2. Accordingly, no foreign vessel shall be allowed either to put to shore at any of the coasts and islands under Russian dominion, as specified in the preceding section, or even to approach the same to within a distance of less than one hundred Italian miles. Any vessel contravening this provision shall be subject to confiscation with her whole cargo.

To this edict, tbe Governments of the United States and Great Britain entered protest, in so far as it extended the dominion of Russia four degrees south, and to the one bundred-mile limit. Mr. Adams, then Secretary of State, conceded tbe boundary named in the charter to the Russian-American Company, viz., to the fifty-fifth parallel on tbe coast of tbe North Pacific Ocean, but resisted the claim of Russia to the coast between tbe fifty-first and fifty-fifth parallels north, also tbe exclusion of American sbips from the Nortb Pacific Ocean, stating that "with the Russian settlements at Kodiac, or at Sitka, tbe United States may fairly claim tbe advantage of a free trade, baving so long enjoyed it unmolested, and hecause it bas been, and would continue to be, as advantageous to those settlements as to them."

Mr. Adams also said, "It may suffice to say that tbe distance from shore to shore of this sea, in latitude fifty-one nortb, is not less tban ninety degrees longitude, or four tbousand miles," having exclusive reference to the Pacific Ocean.

A careful examination of the protests before mentioned and the correspondence in reference thereto, as well as the treaties whicb settled the controversy—that of 1824 hetween Russia and tbe United States, and that of 1825 between Russia and Great Britain—will disclose tbe fact that they all bad reference to the coast and waters of the North Pacific hetween the fifty-first parallel north latitude and Mt. St. Elias and east of tbe one bundred and forty-first meridian of longitude. In all tbe protests, correspondence, negotiations, and treaties, there is no allusion to Bebring's Sea, the Aleutian Islands, or to any region of country or sea within one thousand miles of its eastern border, hence tbe sovereignty asserted and maintained by Russia over tbat sea from its discovery to its partition and cession to tbe United States, a period of over one bundred and forty years, has never been officially questioned or denied.

At the time of and when negotiating these treaties, the higb contracting powers all knew of the existence of Behring's Sea, tbe Aleutian Islands, the Prebilov Islands (St. George and St. Paul) within Behring's Sea, and tbe valuable life on them and in their surrounding waters, and that these constituted the chief value of Russia's possessions on the North American coast and waters. Charts bad been published before and as early as 1805 hy England and Russia, as accurately hounding and defining the waters of Behring's Sea on tbe north-west coast to tbe North Pacific Ocean, as do tbe maps of to-day, Behring's Sea tben heing called the Sea of Kamchatka.

In tbese treaties, there is no allusion to, or surrender of, Russia's dominion over Bebring's Sea and tbe Aleutian cbain of islands by expression or inference. Russia surrendered or abandoned her claim only to the control of tbe Nortb Pacific Ocean and to the nortb-west coast south of latitude fifty-four nortb, yet her title to the Aleutian Islands, extending as far south as fifty-one degrees north latitude and longitude one bundred and sixty-six to one bundred and sixty-seven west, is not and never has been disputed or invalidated.

It will be observed by tbe description of territory granted to us in our purchase of Alaska, that its western boundary divides Behring's Sea between us and Siberian Russia, and the fact cannot be successfully denied, as it is a matter of bistory, that Russia, from ber discovery of Behring's Sea down to the cession to the United States, bas controlled the navigation of its waters and tbe taking of its marine life. To tbis end, her navy bas patrolled it, and, in pursuance of her laws, taken, confiscated, and burned marauding vessels; she has since pursued and is now pursuing tbe same policy on ber part of Behring's Sea.

In confirmation of this, I quote from the official order issued hy the Russian Government, as late as January 13, 1882:

NOTICE.—At the request of the local authorities of Behring and other islands, the undersigned herehy notifies that the Russian Imperial Government publishes for general knowledge, the following:

(1) Without a special permit or license from the Governor-General of Eastern Siberia, foreign vessels are not allowed to carry on trading, hunting, fishing, etc., on the Russian coast or islands in the Okhotsk and Behring's Seas, or on the north-east coast of Asia, OR WITHIN THEIR SEA BOUNDARY LINE.

(5) Foreign vessels found trading, hunting, fishing, etc., in Russian waters, without a license or permit from the governor-general, and also those possessing a license or permit who may infringe the existing hylaws on hunting, shall he confiscated, both vessels and cargoes, for the benefit of the government. This enactment shall he enforced henceforth, commencing with A. D. 1882.

(6) The enforcement of the above will be entrusted to men-of-war, and also Russian merchant vessels, which, for that purpose, will carry military detachments and be provided with proper instructions.

There is nothing ambiguous in the language of this proclamation. It means tbat Russia will enforce ber sovereignty over the western balf of Bebring's Sea, within ber "sea houndary line."

The cession of Alaska to the United States hy Russia, and the terms of the treaty making such cession, were well-known to all nations, yet no protests or objections were made, though it was well understood to convey the title to the waters of Bebring's Sea. The discussion of tbe treaty in tbe United States Senate was notice to our nation and to all the world. In confirmation of wbicb, I quote from the remarks of Mr. Cbarles Sumner, Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs of tbe Senate of the United States at the time of the consideration of tbe treaty. Mr. Sumner said, speaking for the treaty:

The seal, amphibious, polygamous, and intelligent as the beaver, has always supplied the largest multitude of furs to the Russian company. After enumerating the land furs, the value of the walrus for ivory, he adds: In mention the sea-otter last; but in beauty and value it is the first. In these respects, it far surpasses the river and land otter, etc. I come now to the fisheries, the last head of this inquiry, and not inferior to any other in importance; perhaps the most important of all. What even are sea-otter skins by the side of that product of the sea, incalculahle in amount, which contributes to the sustenance of the human family?

Thus showing that the acquisition of the products of Behring's Sea, its fur-bearing animals, and fisheries, were regarded as the chief object of the purcbase.

Again, Mr. Sumner, in the course of his remarks, said:

Traversing Behring's Sea midway between the island of Attoo on the east and Copper Island on the west, to the meridian of one hundred and seventy-three east longitude, leaving the prolonged group of the Aleutian Islands in the possessions now transferred to the United States, and making the western boundary of our country the dividing-line which separates Asia from America.

Mr. Sumner again said:

In the Aleutian range, beside innumerable islets and rocks, there are not less than fifty-five islands exceeding three miles in length; there are seven exceeding forty miles, with Oonimak, which is the largest, exceeding seventy-three miles. *In our part of Behring's Sea* there are five considerable islands, the largest of which is St. Lawrence, being more than ninety-six miles long.

Note the expression of the distinguisbed senator, "In our part of Behring's Sea." This coming from so high an authority, in language so plain and explicit as not to admit of misconstruction, evinces tbe intention and understanding of the contracting governments, wbicb was the partition of tbe sovereignty of the waters of Behring's Sea by a soutb-westerly line through it, the eastern portion, witb Alaska, heing the territory of the United States, and the western portion, witb Siberian Asia, that of Russia, their combined territory and sbore-lines surrounding Behring's Sea, except tbe northern and southern outlets.

The discussion in the United States Senate, and its final action upon tbis treaty and question, was a notice to the world of Russia's right to transfer this valuable marine territory, to which not even a suggestion to the contrary has ever heen raised on tbe part of any nation.

If more were needed to convince us of the rigbts and intentions of the bigh contracting parties, we bave only to refer to tbe correspondence between our then Secretary of State, Mr. Seward, and our Minister at St. Petersburg. (Printed in executive documents for the use of Congress.)

In May, 1867, our Minister writes as follows:

SIR: Your dispatch (No. 241), April 1, 1867, inclosing the treaty between Russia and America, ceding us all Russian America, was duly received. I awaited the expression of European and Russian sentiments in reference thereto before answering you.

I congratulate you upon this brilliant achievement which adds so vast a territory to our Union, whose ports, whose mines, whose waters, whose furs, whose fisheries, are of untold value, and whose fields will produce many grains (even wheat), and become thereafter, in time, the seat of a hearty white population.

Again, in Novemher, 1867, tbe American Minister at St. Petersburg, giving a description of Russian America, says, in reference to tbe Aleutian Islands:

The Aleutian Islands may attract transient traders, but no permanent settlers. To inhabit them, one must be an Aleut, and if it were not for the sea surrounding the islands, this country, owing to its unfavorable climatic conditions and the sterility of its ground, would have never been inhabited at all.

From the first extract, it will be observed that the American Government exercised caution before concluding tbe treaty, and awaited the expression of European sentiments in reference to tbe same. Its acts were open and free to criticism, and tbe last quotation is conclusive on the point tbat our government fully comprehended the value of the waters of Behring's Sea, and for tbis reason mainly was the purcbase made.

Had it been understood that the waters of Behring's Sea and its marine life were free to tbe fishermen of all nations, including ours, there could have been no incentive on the part of our government for its purchase at the price of seven million two hundred thousand dollars. In any otber view of tbe case, it would have been absnrd, but, on the contrary, it was known that Russia did, from the time of its discovery, control these waters, and that she had ever asserted ber title and maintained her dominion by causing ber sbips of war to patrol tbem.

It is admitted on all sides that wbatever title Russia bad at the date of the transfer of tbe territory, we acquired and still possess, and the United States heing in possession and claiming ownership, our right must be conceded until it is established that our grantor, Russia, had no title to this territory, or tbat she did not maintain dominion over it, whicb, I apprehend, can not he successfully accomplished.

Tbere was no concealment of this treaty or its purpose. Russia divided her possessions of Behring's Sea with us in the presence of all nations, to wbich there was no remonstrance on the part of any of them.

By an Act of Congress, approved as early as July 27, 1868, it is provided: "The laws of the United States relating to customs, commerce, and navigation are extended to and over all tbe main land, islands, and waters of the territory ceded to the United States hy the Emperor of Russia." It also provides that (see Rev. Stat., Sec. 1,956) "no person shall kill any fur-seal or other fur-bearing animals within the limits of Alaska Territory or in the waters thereof."

In 1881, it coming to the knowledge of the United States Government for the first time that unauthorized persons were illegally taking seals in Alaskan waters, tbe Secretary of the Treasury caused to be published a notice to all that the law prohibiting the killing of seals in Alaskan waters would be enforced against all comers and its penalties he inflicted (Congress having made provision to equip the vessels of the revenue marine for that purpose); since which time this notice has been yearly published, and to-day, both this and the Russian Governments are protecting their respective dominions in the waters of Behring's Sea, as they ever have done, from all unauthorized comers.

It might be interesting to continue the history of the legislation of Congress on this subject, and ascertain upon what facts it hased its late action, the necessity for such action, and to speculate upon its probable results, but my time and your space will not permit. Suffice it to say, Congress bad entire confidence in our title, the justice of our cause, our ahility to maintain our rights, and helieved that not to have maintained those rigbts would have heen unwise, heneath the dignity of the nation, and even craven.

THE LADY SMILED.

The Saturday afternoon train at Point Tiburon was crowded as usual and people were streaming through the cars in the hurried search for vacant seats. Little Mr. Tom N. Oddy, who was just starting out on his two days' vacation, knew there would be this rush and so was among the first to scamper off the boat, clamber into the nearest coach, and preëmpt the best middle seat on the shady side of the car. Then, after the miserable fashion of his kind, he proceeded to cover the entire seat with himself, his overcoat, his cane, and his valise.

This exercise of selfishness accomplished, he drew an evening paper from his pocket and pretended to be absorbed in the base-ball reports. As he read, however, he could not help being conscious of a persistent shadow that fell upon the sheet. Other shadows went forward and backward like jostling silhouettes, but this one stayed. Glancing out of the corner of his right eye, he saw a small black-gloved hand resting upon the top of the seat just where his overcoat lay, and then, curiosity leading him further afield, he glanced still more and found that the hand belonged to one of the most charming women it had ever been his undeserved good fortune to see.

Her face was rather pale, almost sallow indeed, but lit up by a pair of great hlack eyes that were as luminous as a child's and as gentle as a doe's. The nose was short, straight, but rather too stout; the mouth was full and red, with a provoking little droop to the lower lip; and the chin was round and slightly double. The eyebrows were heavy and the hair was black with a coppery tint at the edges. The dress was black, relieved by three great damask roses at the bosom, and was so draped as to show, with some degree of accuracy, a lithe but well-rounded figure.

It may be repeated that little Mr. Tom N. Oddy felt that he had never before seen so bewitching a creature, and when she looked at him in a pleading, timorous way and asked in a low voice if "this seat were engaged," he swept his things out of the way with a single movement and declared himself delighted to be able to say it was not. She thanked him with a little faltering smile and sat down.

She was unprovided with current literature, and so little Mr. Tom N. Oddy, as the first advance towards his determined plan of making himself agreeable, offered ber part of his paper. At this she stiffened somewhat, then prettily declined the offer, saying that it hurt her eyes to read on the train. As she said so she turned those heautiful orbs of hers upon the young man, and just to show that he knew what was proper under the circumstances, he replied that no book or paper that had yet been written was worth spoiling those eyes over. She threw up the lids a little more at this, tben smiled again and lifted her shoulders in something very near a shrug.

Little Mr. Tom N. Oddy observed this—he was a very observing young man—and hazarded the remark that she was a foreigner.

"No," she replied; "I was born in California."

"Ah, indeed," said he, with fine spirit, "so was I—so that we are a native son and daughter of the Golden West, and therefore related."

"That's quite ingenious," she remarked; "are you a lawyer?"

"No," he answered, getting rather red in the face; "I'm connected with Messrs. Sock, Tie & Co."

"I have a—a friend who deals there," said she, sweetly; "are you one of the partners?"

"No," he replied, feeling very warm about the ears; "I have charge of the suspender department."

"Oh, that must be very nice," said she; "such a pleasant, clean business, isn't it?"

"Yes," he replied, but without any very great enthusiasm, for this was a subject on which be did not particularly care to converse. He did not mind it when he was with the "fellows" who earned their living in the same "state of life," but at present, when he was deeply possessed of the necessity of making an impression on this beautiful creature, he felt that the topic was one that ought to be changed as speedily as possible. So, grasping his cane in such a way as to bring a flashing ring within range of those lovely eyes, he asked their owner if she was going far.

"To Santa Rosa," she said; "and you?"

"Oh, I'm going on back of Cloverdale for a little roughing it," he said, with delightful airiness, although he forgot to add that the scene of the roughing was his mother's ranch.

"Does it hurt you—to rough it?" she asked, with sucb gentle interest, that he thought he had never met with anything quite so tender and unsophisticated.

"Bless you, no," he cried; "why it's the pleasantest kind of life. Fresh air, fresh milk, and an occasional bear——"

"Bears!" she cried; "hut surely those nasty hugging things must be dangerous?"

"Of course they are," said be, valiantly; "but I go well prepared. I have a revolver in my valise, and this cane is a sword-cane."

"Is it really, now?" she asked, with ready interest; "how does it work? But perhaps it is not right to display it here."

"I don't know but what you're right," assented little Mr. Tom N. Oddy, "especially as that fellow across the way has done nothing but stare at us ever since the train started. I must say he's exceedingly impertinent to go looking like that at people he don't know."

"Ah, but that's not all," said she; "would you believe it, that man has followed me ever since I left my house, got on the same boat, and now here he is on the same train. Oh, if I only—— But there, don't let's notice him. Tell me about your bear hunts and how you would use your knife if you saw a bear going to hug me."

Little Mr. Tom N. Oddy was trying hard to remember the most exciting bear adventure he had ever read of, when the engine gave a shrill toot.

"Oh, my!" cried she, laying her hand on little Mr. Tom N. Oddy's arm; "I do believe we're going through a tunnel."

There was no doubt about it, and with another toot the engine plunged into the long, black hole. A wild, wicked hope leaped up in little Mr. Tom N. Oddy's little mind, but it only lived a moment, for there, directly over the next seat, was hung a lighted lamp. It only burned dimly, and the light it gave out in the blackness of the tunnel was very faint, but it was quite enough to stay little Mr. Tom N. Oddy from doing the desperate thing he had contemplated. He could see the pale outline of her face and two lustrous spots which showed where her eyes were gleaming, but so, too, he could see the oval of that fellow's face across the way, and was very sure that in the upper half of that oval, just where it was cut by the dark line of the hat-hrim, there were two other eyes which were fixed very persistently in his direction. There was no use trying to talk against the roar of the tunnel, but when they were clear of it and in the light once more, little Mr. Tom N. Oddy gave vent to his feelings by saying:

"Confound that lamp!"

"Why? Does it smoke?" she asked, with gentle solicitude in both her look and tone.

"No," he said; "but if it had not been lit, the car would have been dark in the tunnel, and then——"

"Then, what?"

"Well, one is so much bolder in the dark," he replied, with Machiavellian evasiveness.

"Don't you think you are bold enough in the light?" she asked, with captivating archness.

"Sometimes," he answered.

There was a short silence, during which little Mr. Tom N. Oddy brought his diamond-ring into better view, and attempted to find out whether her feet were on the floor or on the rest-bar.

"That is the only tunnel on this part of the road, is it not?" sbe asked.

Little Mr. Tom N. Oddy gave a start. "No, indeed," be said, "there are three more between this and San Rafael."

She sat quiet again, looking pensively at her folded hands.

"Is your sword-stick hollow?" she asked, with curious interest, considering the apparent irrelevancy of the question.

"Stick, hollow?" he repeated; "yes, it's a Chinese bamboo; that is with the joints bored out. Do you wish to examine it?"

"No," she answered, with a smile like a sunbeam; "only I was thinking that if the ferule, or whatever you call that brass thimble-thing at the end of the stick, were cut off and the sword removed, it would make a splendid blow-pipe."

"Well, well, he stammered, confusedly, "what in the world do I want of a blow-pipe?"

"Oh, nothing, I suppose," she answered, with another flash of smile, "only I was thinking, also, that if any one had such a blow-pipe it would just about reach from here to that lamp, and that a little, well-directed puff would blow it out without any one heing the wiser."

"Oh, you angel," said little Mr. Tom N. Oddy, and, with two motions, he whipped out the sharp sword-blade and slashed off the ferule.

As he did so, there came another warning toot from the engine and a little smothered cry from his side.

"Why, here's another tunnel," she cried.

Then, in the gathering darkness, little Mr. Tom N. Oddy cunningly laid the bamboo tube along tbe side of the car until the further end was just under the lamp-glass, set his mouth to the near end, gave a sharp puff, and, presto! the car was in what is sometimes known as Egyptian darkness. Tbere was a chorus of cries and smacking sounds from all over the car as the light went out, but little Mr. Tom N. Oddy minded none of these, but turned in a tremble of excitement to snatch his reward from his captivating companion.

As he flung out his arms to make a prisoner of the dainty beauty at his side, they were seized by two hands of iron, and then little Mr. Tom N. Oddy felt himself irresistibly drawn down and doubled up over two undoubtedly male knees. Then one of those iron hands was swiftly drawn away, and, before little Mr. Tom N. Oddy knew what was happening, he was treated to a castigation of that basic order which vigorous mothers sometimes administer to rebellious sons. Then he was lifted up as suddenly as he had been drawn down and planted, with a jerk, in his corner. Before he had recovered his breath, the train was rushing into the daylight once more, and there, sitting quietly at his side and reading *his* paper, was the stalwart young man of the opposite seat.

"How—dare——" little Mr. Tom N. Oddy began, with a fierce pant, when the young man turned slowly on him and said, in a ponderous, bass voice:

"Please accept my thanks for your kind attentions to my wife."

"Your wife!" gasped little Mr. Tom N. Oddy, and, glancing wildly across the aisle, he saw the lovely creature sitting demurely in the young man's seat. Demurely only for a moment, however, for then a merry, wicked light sprang into those ravishing eyes, and—

The lady smiled. Thomas J. Vivian.

San Francisco, August, 1889.

The substitution of a handsome two-cent stamp for the present aquamarine apparition of the Post-Office Department will be one of the most popular acts of Mr. Wanamaker's administration. Tbe new stamp will be either carmine or metallic red in color, and it may be made smaller than the one now in use, both for economy and convenience.

Isaac S. Dement, the winner of a stenographic contest at Lake George last summer, gave a speed exhibition in Omaha, in which he wrote two hundred and twenty-five words the first minute, two hundred and forty-two the second, and two hundred and sixty the third.

Diamonds have blazed in English society this season as never before. They have even appeared in profusion in morning entertainments.

The greatest house in London before long will perhaps be Lord Portman's proposed reproduction of Wolsey's famous palace at Hampton Court.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Boston lady—"Have you the *Century*?" *Newsdealer*—"Whi ye want—tobacco or magazine?"—*Chicago Liar.*

Boston suitor—"And now may I ask your father for your ha marriage, dear?" *Chicago bud*—"Better ask ma; what she goes."—*Epoch.*

Mr. Jason—"How did your wife come to buy such a cheap Wickwire?" *Wickwire*—"I told her that it was too young fo face."—*Terre Haute Express.*

Mrs. Struckitt (who recently entertained a count)—"Have yo had any foreign noblemen as guests?" *Mrs. Manorborn* (quie "No; only as servants."—*Puck.*

Bride—"George, dear, when we reach town let us try to avoid ing the impression that we are married." "All right, Maude; yo lug this valise."—*Nebraska Journal.*

Mrs. L. (on deck of Atlantic liner)—"Rufus, have the children up yet?" *Rufus* (who is having a hard time)—"No, but they ar only things of mine that haven't."—*Life.*

Elderly but coquettish widow—"And this, baron, is a portrait when I was a girl." *Baron*—"Oh, indeed! And by one of th masters, I presume."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Literary lady—"I know scores of New York ladies who live by pens." *Chicago lady*—"Horrors! Why, in Chicago we won't live by our abattoirs."—*New York Tribune.*

"What is the matter, my man? Why do you look so sad?" have lost my wife." "No wonder you look sad." "Besides have also married another."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

"That man is as brave a fellow as I ever met. Why, only las he met his tailor, to whom he owes a cool three hundred, and, by he cut him—yes, sir—cut him dead."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Aunt Keziah (severely)—"So you're going to try the experim reforming young Scapely after marriage. Is he worth reform *Kittie* (tearfully)—"Well, he's worth a million."—*Puck.*

Skeptic—"Did you ever know two doctors to agree?" *M student* (after reflection)—"Y-e-s; once." *Skeptic*—"Where wa *Medical student*—"At a post-mortem."—*New York Weekly.*

Mrs. Muggs (a traveler)—"You'll shtop shcarin' me kid wi monkey faces, 'r Oi'll have yez put aff th' car!" *Mr. Fourten* (s muter)—"Pardon me, madam, but I have a cinder in my eye."—

Bessie—"I met Miss Shapely out shopping to-day, and I never realized what a loud voice she has." *Jennie*—"But you must reme my dear, that she was asking for a pair of No. 2 shoes."—*Ha Bazar.*

"Still the loveliest of women, Clara." "I wish you wouldn't p those foolish compliments. I was never pretty nor charming." you will admit that you are remarkably well preserved."—*Fli Blätter.*

"Yes, mum, your husbund's in there throwing dice for the bee Reverend Father MacMoriarty; I told him you wanted to see hi he said for you to go home an' not be breakin' up a church ence!"—*Life.*

Oklahoma City has its first plate-glass window. It is in the fr the Golden Bull-Dog Saloon, and bears the following inscri "Gentlemen will please not stand in front of this window while shot at."—*Life.*

Undertaker—"What kind of trimmings will you have casket?" *Widow*—"None whatever. A plain casket. It was tri that killed him." *Undertaker*—"What?" *Widow*—"Yes. D trimmins."—*Boston Courier.*

Hi Weighman—"I say, there, I want your money. And be about it, for I've got a pistol in my hand!" *Jake Cohen*—"I te vot, friendt; you sells me dot pistol, und I gif you a brice dot vil your eyes stick oud!"—*Puck.*

Miss Gladys Herbeau—"It's not for my property you love m George? You love me for myself alone?" *Mr. Hermann*— darling." *Miss Gladys Herbeau*—"For my real worth?" *M mann*—"Yes, dear; real and personal."—*Life.*

Customer—"I want to get a mixed suit; what have ye got line?" *Proprietor*—"I haf pants from Pansalvania; I haf vest Vest-Virginia; I haf collars from Colorado; I haf coats from D I haf neckties from Conneckticut! Mixed suits vas my special *Puck.*

Mrs. Squatter—"I saw Bridget Ann in the strate to-day. nade of a Solomon to tell she's your dawter!" *Mrs. Goathill*— du say she's the very picter of me." *Mrs. Squatter*—"And t 'em!" But what need ye care so long as the poor thing has her he —*Puck.*

"Young man," said the long-haired passenger to the occupant seat ahead, "do you know that I've never spent a dollar for liquo whole life?" "Really?" responded the young man, turning h round, with a look of great interest on his face; "how do yo it?"—*Life.*

Mistress—"Bridget, I wish you would refill my ink-stand fo *Bridget* (up-stairs girl)—"Please, mum, ivery toime oi fills th shtand oi gits me hands that black they don't git clane fur a *Mistress*—"But you surely do not expect me to do it?" *Br* "No, mum; but oi waz thinkin' yez moight ax th' colored co *Harper's Bazar.*

Oppenheimer—"Couldn't I sell you some lead-bencils to *Merchant*—"No; I don't want any pencils." *Oppenheimer*— class bencils, t'ree for five cents." *Merchant*—"It doesn't ma difference what kind of pencils I get; people always borrow an 'em." *Oppenheimer*—"You vant to buy some of dese; dere s nobody vouldn't steal 'em."—*America.*

"Get out of my way!" "Step off in the mud yourself. walk is as much mine as it is yours!" The first of the two s was the possessor of an incipient boil on the back of the neck second had just got a letter from home announcing that he was the of a pair of lusty twins. The fight which took place on that sidewalk was the most desperate ever known in the history of the —*Chicago Tribune.*

Regina—"What barbarous things these prize-fights are, Cla *Claudia*—"Yes; it makes me indignant to read how they a ducted." *Regina*—"And yet we think ourselves more civilized t Romans." *Claudia* (regretfully)—"Indeed, I don't think Why, the Romans were not barbarous enough to exclude lad children from the gladiatorial combats. They were just like m and everybody could go."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Mrs. Brown—"Is this hotel on the European plan?" *Mr.* (in preoccupied tones from behind his paper)—"Yes, my dear." *B.*—"I'm not feeling hungry this morning. I think I'll merel some coffee and rolls." *Mr. B.* (laying aside paper)—"What w asking me, my dear? On the European plan? No, it is not." *B.* (to waiter)—"You may bring me an omelette, some shad, m chops, with a bit of bacon, baked potatoes, rolls, and coffee, an ward some griddle-cakes and syrup."—*Harper's Bazar.*

The flannel-shirt is a great institution. When it is brought ho proud husband and father dons it and goes forth to defy the swe heat of a July day. The next week it is washed, and then it about the size for the twelve-year-old son. Another week rolls and it is a perfect fit for the baby. The fourth week it desce Betsy's doll, and the fifth week it vanishes altogether—disappear teriously. It was seen to go into the wash-tub, but that was the it. It never came out. It had shrunk away to nothing.—*Ro Herald.*

A BABEL BALL.

Parisina" tells of the Giant Hop at the Palais de l'Industrie.

The grand ball, given by the exhibitors and others con-ted with the exposition, under the auspices of M. Alphand, w an immense success.

f there are two men who deserve well at the hands of their fo w-townsmen, it is certainly Haussmann and Alphand. To th former, the city owes its net-work of boulevards, those mgnificent thoroughfares which have given it life and air and hlth; to the latter, its emhellishments in the shape of gar-ds, squares, and parks. Go to the Bois de Boulogne, to the Fc Monceau, to the Champs-Elysées, to the Buttes Chau-rnt, to Montsouris, to the Trocadéro and Champ de irs, and then tell me if Alphand is not an artist. Under his pervision these places have been either transformed out of a derness of wood or park-land, or actually created out of vel-pits, stone-quarries, or sandy deserts. Is it so very nderful, therefore, that he should also have converted Palais de l'Industrie into a huge and handsome ball-m?

ou know the palace—a big building in the Italian style, aining an enormous nave, with galleries running round it, rein the pictures are hung every year in May, and which, n expositions were not the monster growths they are now, tered the arts and industries of all nations. This was in 5. Since then the building has been *mis à différentes es.* The nave, in particular, is constantly being trans-rified out of all knowledge. In January, it will be filled stalls, pens, styes, coops, and hutches for the accommo-n of oxen, sheep, pigs, poultry, and rabbits, while March see it converted into an arena for the exercise of horse-ship. By the time the Salon is open, it will have under-e another change. There will be gravel-walks and neatly flower-beds where there was nothing but loose sand, and rook and hurdles will have disappeared, and in their stead umental statues rear their heads. It is not so very long since the greater part of the nave was converted into a n, whereon floated boats and canoes. Now it is covered a flooring of deal-boards, over the snrface of which on nesday night twenty-five thousand pairs of feet strode or ed, as the case might be.

agine a milk-white stone building—or so it appeared the straight lines of its architecture marked out with s of gas-jets—bowered on either hand by trees bearing ge, lurid, red fruits. This was the palace as we ap-ched it from the Champs-Elysées side. We had told our man not to get into the line, so alighting some hundred s from the entrance, we advanced thither on foot—as y others, both ladies and gentlemen, were doing—to the delight of the crowd mustered pretty thickly beneath the with the golden fruit. In the vestihule, tall palms clus-around the stone pillars and rose-hushes in full bloom at oot. My young companions, shaking out their draperies, ed around in vain quest for a looking-glass. Well, we e a note of that. M. Alphand had forgotten one thing—st important thing in the eyes of women—a mirror.

the centre of the great, huge hall fifty musicians were bog and blowing away with a will. Round about the estra—a low circular platform hanked up with plants and s—hundreds of couples were whirling in cadence to the c. But they were only a few among many—hundreds g thousands who were promenading about. Not a dense d certainly, a multitude which in no wise opposed your ress if you went with the current, but formed little eddies and there, the combined noise of whose footfalls rose into r and almost overpowered the hand when it was foolish gh to attempt any *andante* movements. This was not any means. Beneath the galleries, all round the build-had been erected a sort of stand or balcony, and this, too, hronged, every seat of the half-dozen rows or so occupied. e galleries above, groups of people clustered against the trades, while up and down the huge double staircase a m flowed continuously. You see there was a buffet up-, and something to do there beside stare at the moving of human beings below. Though, for the matter of that, was another one beneath the galleries, and another again rter of a mile or so off in the Pavillon de la Ville, joined orarily to the main building by a long covered passage. v odd thousands of people found their way hither in the e of the evening—"promiscuous like," as Mrs. Gamp l say. Here there were more palm-trees—whole groves em, and delicate tree-ferns and sweet-scented flowers to er the pungent odors of tobacco, for smoking was al-l in the pavilion—a haven of rest and relaxation for masculine humanity.

ound that the hest view of the hall was to be ohtained the staircase. From this coign of vantage I counted -two candelabra, hig as lamp-posts, supporting clusters of ic burners. Near at hand, and again far down at the end was a tall fountain—superposed marble hasins, over of which the water trickled—surmounted hy a huge illu-ed globe. Overhead hung a gigantic chandelier, com-of carved wooden poles, arranged somewhat after the n of a reversed and half-open umbrella, from each rih of hung a great glass globe. Moreover, the brilliance as ylight was superadded to by lines of gas-jets, concealed ound-glass globes, which ran along the edge of the rched supports of the roof, shedding a soft glow on the hehind, hung with pieces of rare old tapestry, gems from overnment hoards, woven pictures of royal hunts, grim s, stately feasts and Arcadian groves, peopled with Wat-shepherds and shepherdesses as ladies in courtly robes. is worth coming to see the tapestry alone. Need I ou the balustrades and the stands were draped in elvet, fringed with gold?—for this is the official decora-the whole wreathed with garlands of flowers and foliage, rnamented, moreover, at intervals with the arms of the f Paris and the monogram of the French Republic, sur-ited by trophies of flags. Finally, overhead, a huge canopy hung tentwise, concealing the glass roof and the stars and moon.

So much for M. Alphand's share in the business.

And now, how about the people themselves? Who were they who wandered up and down the hall, who sat on the velvet-cushioned seats, or twirled in rhythmical measure around the orchestra? Who were the guests and who the hosts?

To begin with, there were all sorts and conditions of men. A motley crew in every sense of the word. The gathering was typical of the great universal gathering on the Champ de Mars, and included people from every quarter of the globe—dusky Africans, yellow-skinned Asiatics, and long-robed Orientals. Every State in America was represented and every country in Europe. The *Tout Paris* was cheek by jowl with business Paris. There was a heavy contingent of provincials and officials of all classes and ranks, from President Carnot down to a country mayor. A good sprinkling of uniforms, too, lots of journalists, Radical deputies, artists, and exhibitors, rich manufacturers, tradesmen, *limonadiers*, inventors, mechanics, contractors, men in perfect evening-dress get-up, and here and there an individual in fustian or a tourist in tweeds, ladies in elegant toilets, low-necked and sparkling with diamonds, dowdy females, in merino and honnets, escorting girls in plumed hats, and here and there a flashy *demi-mondaine.* Even though I am in contradiction with many a published account of the hall, I give you my word the well-dressed men and women were in the majority, and those who had thought fit to come in their ordinary garb, looked somewhat ashamed of themselves. In the case of the tourists, they were excusable, having come off on their travels without the needful "claw-hammer" and gibus.

As for M. Carnot, he was the pink of presidential propriety as usual. What a curious cast-iron face the man has! It seems molded specially for the caricaturists. His movements are all angular, his smile is galvanic, his clothes set on his figure as if they, too, were in japanned metal. I am more than half-ashamed to quiz him, for he is both clever and honorahle, a gentleman to the backbone, courteous and amiable. He shook hands with the ladies and remained standing long after Mme. Carnot had subsided into a crimson-and-gold chair, looking down upon us with those expressionless eyes of his, the electric-light shining on his long nose—longer than usual, it seems to me—and, yes, surely, displaying some silver hairs here and there in the brilliant black of his beard. I look upon those silver hairs and exclaim: "I told you so!" No, the president *does not* dye his beard.

Mme. Carnot's braids are as black as her lord's beard. But no one ever ventured to say she had recourse to art, of course. On this occasion, she wore a magnificent gown of yellow crêpe, diamonds glistened about her throat and shoulders and on the yellow fan she wielded with such easy grace. She got, as is her due, more attention than the president; there was a knot of eager young men about her chair paying court to her, and she chatted in an animated way, while poor Carnot seemed rather out of it, if the truth be told.

All this we note as we struggle to get as near as possible to the official box installed in front of the orchestra, which has just done playing the party in with the "Marseillaise." However, we soon tire of this employment, and wander off to get a good look at the black princes. Yes, that queer figure in a gray dressing-gown and soft felt-hat is a prince, and so is that tall, jet-black native of Senegal, who wears a white shirt and collar, with a fez and a long lilac rohe—none other than Dinah Salifon. He has an escort of stalwart fellows, in blue cloaks of different shades, with huge wooden rings round their necks. M. Carnot has his escort, too—a company of Anamite soldiers, dressed in native garb. We presume they are men, though they look wonderfully like women, with their hair tied up in a chignon, with red worsted and straw-hats on top of their heads. Congo contrihutes a party of negro sailors—hullet-headed, ferocious, and small; Cayenne, some burly fellows in red jackets and white pith-hats; Tunis, Moors with baggy trousers and braided coats; and Algeria, many tall and stately Bedouins, who have much success with the ladies, whose white burnous is the most picturesque of costumes, and who stalk about the place or group themselves in attitudes half-indolent, half-imperious, always graceful.

I told you there were men from all parts of the world—north, south, east, and west. France, for the first time, seems to take pride in its colonies. So much the better for her. Every one flocks to the esplanade, where the colonies' exhibits are, and the natives were fêted and run after the other night at the Palais des Champs Elysées, and of all the guests they were the most honored by public attention. They quite took the wind out of the sails of the provençal musicians, whose gray suits had nothing picturesque about them, while their music was hardly more melodious than the tom-tom, rattle-rattle of the Japanese, the monotonous twanging on one string and heating together of bits of bamboo in which the Tonkinites indulge, or the hand-clapping and castanets of the newly imported Gitanas. The provençals must be the soul of economy, for, considering a man has two hands, they make the most of them. One is occupied in holding a clarionet and the other wields a drum-stick; so that, while he whistles down the wind instrument which he holds with his left, with his right he heats lustily on the sugar-loaf-shaped machine which does duty for a drum. They have the usual artistic hellief in their own powers, and would have treated President Carnot to an endless serenade had they not heen politely requested to cut it short hy a message from Alphand. Baulked in their desire to shine hefore the nobs, they afterward wandered about, playing in the intervals between the dances, which were kept up to a late hour, long after such sober ladies as your humble servant had disappeared, and M. Carnot—having retired to the privacy of his palatial hed-chamber—had taken off his japanned tin coat, and put on his night-gown, and hetaken himself to his couch. He certainly deserved his hard-earned rest.

PARISINA.

PARIS, July 15, 1889.

The prize for short-hand writing at the Vienna competition was taken by a woman.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The late S. L. M. Barlow left an estate of about two million dollars, largely accumulated in his law practice.

Daniel Drawhaugh has resolved to carry his claim of being the discoverer of the telephone before Congress.

Buflalo Bill has written to a friend in Colorado that he has received proposals of marriage from twenty-seven wealthy Parisiennes.

A. Page Brown, of New York, has designed a monument for the grave of the late Charles Crocker, of this city, which is to cost one hundred thousand dollars. It will be in the form of a Grecian temple sixty feet high.

The Archduchess Stephanie, widow of Crown Prince Rudolph, will soon leave Austria, as there is now no longer a possibility of the hirth of a posthumous heir to the throne. The Emperor Francis Joseph has made a splendid provision for her.

Orchids are Jay Gould's hobby, outside of financiering. He has one variety of this plant discovered only six years ago in the mountains of the United States of Colomhia, hy Frederick Mau. Orchids of this variety have sold in London for as high as one thousand guineas.

Nathaniel Montgomery subscrihed for the Pittsburg *Gazette* in 1786, paying his subscription with a hushel of rye, a hushel of potatoes, and a wild turkey. After his death, his son continued to take the paper, so that the name of Nathaniel Montgomery, father and son, has heen continuously on the hooks of the office for one hundred and three years.

Colonel North, who not so many years ago was a machinist in the north of England, hut is now known as "the Chilean nitrate king," pays the Chilean Government one million seven hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars a year in export duties on nitrate of soda produced at one of his works. He is huilding a magnificent country-seat near London.

The greatest land-owner in New York State, George Clarke, died recently at Richfield Springs, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. He inherited a large landed property, much of which had descended from his great-grandfather, who, as colonial governor of New York in 1740, had received a crown grant of about sixty thousand acres of land in Otsego, Montgomery, Oneida, Greene, and Dutchess Counties.

The Hon. George H. Pendleton, late Minister to Germany, is now traveling, with his daughters, about the health resorts of Europe, and hopes to return to America this fall, hut he will never again appear in public life. His friends reluctantly confess that he is threatened with softening of the hrain. His daughters are devoting themselves to him constantly, and he has to be watched hy an attendant.

A life nearly one hundred and twenty-one years long gives Nazy Frencz, of Barcs, Hungary, a very fair claim to heing the oldest man in the world. He attended the funeral of Queen Maria Theresa, one hundred and nine years ago, and has quite vivid recollections of the occasion. For twenty years he fought in the Austrian Army, and at different times saw Napoleon, Blücher, and other great generals of the day.

Miss Caroline Fitzgerald, of New York, whose engagement to Lord Edward Fitzmaurice, the younger hrother of the Marquis of Lansdowne, has heen announced hy cahle, is only twenty-one years old, hut is a fine classical scholar and a clever linguist. She studied Sanscrit under Professor Whiting, of Yale College, and has published a hook of poems. A large fortune in her own right has enahled her to gratify fully her taste for study and travel.

Lord Salishury keeps ahout seventy in-door servants, the hest paid of whom, the house-steward, receives only one thousand dollars. His hutler commands seven hundred and fifty dollars, and his two French cooks only five hundred dollars each. He also has, at Hatfield, his London residence, a head-gardener, with twenty-five assistants, and a forester who has twenty men under him. In all, the marquis's yearly expenditure is about four hundred thousand dollars.

Mrs. Harrison is bored daily with numerous letters from persons of her own sex. Some of them heg for a piece of one of her dresses for a crazy quilt, for a tress of her hair, or for a substantial contrihution to some charity, while others ask if she approves of dancing, whether she wears a hustle, what she thinks of Mrs. Rives-Chanler's novels, what is her opinion of "Rohert Elsmere," how much time she devotes to her toilet, which of the McKee hahies she likes best, and other questions equally impertinent.

In Berlin, great demand has of late heen made upon the booksellers for a small volume which professes to he the truthful life story of Princess Pignatelli. Princess Pignatelli is at present thirty-five years old, and has recently appeared at Berlin as a concert-singer, having begun her professional career a few years ago at the Scala Theatre, at Paris, where her first appearance created an unprecedented sensation. Every large newspaper in Paris told of the howls and hisses with which the princess had heen received, and in every salon was whispered what the author of the "Confessions of my Life" now publishes, namely, that Count Potocki, enraged at his sister-in-law's proceedings, had hrihed the Parisian press with fifty thousand francs to go against the sister of his wife, who had so far forgotten herself as to sing for money on a Parisian stage. Since those days, Princess Pignatelli has been waitress at the Folies Bergères and at the Maison Rouge, at Vienna; she has even made attempts at lion-taming, and lately she has once again hegun to earn her living hy her musical talents and her voice.

"Pierre Loti" is a lieutenant in the French Navy, and in that capacity has traveled much and in many and varied climes. His hooks are published in succession from the journal of his every-day life during his travels. The first work which attracted the notice of the public, was "Le Mariage de Loti," published in 1880. It is simply a daily account drawn from his diary during his stay in Tahiti, and his poetical love for a young Tahitian girl there. At one time "Loti" spent a whole year in Turkey at Stamhoul (1876 to 1877), and was so delighted with his sojourn that he was sorely tempted to remain there for life. He learned Turkish, and as a real Turk wore the national costume, and lived in a Turkish home with his Turkish love, Aziyade. When his naval duties called him to his ship he changed his attire, and, having dispatched his duties, resumed his Turkish dress. This period of his life he has immortalized in his novel "Aziyade." A similar affair in Japan furnished the theme for his "Mme. Chrysanthème." "Pierre Loti" (whose real name is Julien Viaud) was horn in 1850, and entered the naval school at Brest in 1867. During the war of 1870, he was in the Baltic and Northern Seas. In 1871 and 1872 he traveled in Polynesia, and after that time his naval career may be followed in his hooks.

Notes of the Shah: Kümmel is his favorite drink. He drinks it hy the tumblerful.—All the Persian suite haggle over purchases as in their native land. They even stand out for shillings.—Twenty-five thousand roses alone were ordered for the floral decorations of the Empire Theatre when Sir Alfred Sasoon took it for a performance in his honor.—At the Marlhorough House garden-party, seeing a young woman who struck his fancy, he marched over to her, and planting himself square in front, stared at her until she had to heat a retreat.—His standard for female beauty may be judged hy this: When the Duchess of Leinster was mentioned, he said, "Hem!" But Lady Rosehery, "Ah! beautiful." Lady Rosehery weighs over two hundred pounds.—His famous emerald is described as too hig for effect, being about the size of an ordinary watch, and exactly like a hit of green glass. The surface is so extensive that it loses the ordinary lustre and sparkle. — He has his hair and mustache dyed hlack. Naturally he would probably be very gray.—He writes his name in the visitors' book wherever he goes.—His English escort, during his stay, could not quite understand why his own suite took such elaborate trouhle when waking him if he happened to be asleep when approaching his railway destination. The cause was not the dread of royalty, hut the Persian idea that during sleep the soul wanders away from the body, and if a sleeper is so suddenly aroused that the soul can not return in time to its accustomed home, death will be the result.—The Shah's usual method of addressing English ladies is to tell them in had French: "You are beauiful; I like you." But recently, meeting one of the ogres of aristocratic London society, he said, simply, and also in had French: "You are so ahominahly ugly you ought to be killed."

THE RAILROAD PROBLEM.

Two leading Eastern newspapers—the New York *Tribune* and the Chicago *Tribune*—are drawing attention to the alarming condition of the railroad interest. The latter journal publishes a series of interviews with prominent railroad-men; the language they use is calculated to startle those who have not kept pace with the march of events. Mr. Miller, of the St. Paul road, says that things look very black indeed. Mr. Hughitt, of the Chicago and North-western, says that the situation is not hopeless, but a remedy must speedily be found. Mr. Jeffery, of the Illinois Central, feels sure that many dividend-paying roads will soon cease to pay dividends, and that many roads which now earn interest and expenses will go into the hands of receivers. Mr. Porter, of the Chicago and Great Eastern, predicts railroad bankruptcy as almost inevitable. Mr. Ripley, of the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy, says that all the small roads are certain to he swallowed up hy the large ones. Other railroad presidents and managers coincide in the general opinion that, without some powerful remedy, the tendency of the railroad interest is toward insolvency. As the railroad securities held hy the public represent something like nine thousand millions of dollars, the prospect of this enormous volume of property hecoming valueless or unprofitahle is appalling. Such a catastrophe would he more overwhelming than the repudiation hy Congress of the national deht.

The causes of the depreciation in value of properties which only eight years ago were regarded as safe investments are various. The Inter-State Commerce Act, which was a concession to the agricultural States, bas not helped the parties whom it was intended to henefit, hut has gravely hampered the transportation interest. That interest has also heen hurt hy the low price of grain, which has now prevailed for several years. Cereals have heen carried from the farm to the market for less than the cost of moving them. The great railroad lines debouching from Chicago have stretched out their arms into new country, far in advance of any necessity; the extensions have cost a great deal of money, and produce nothing; yet each company is so fearful of its rivals gaining an advantage that it strains its credit and empties its cash-box to huild faster into the desert than they. Finally, railroad huilding everywhere has heen overdone. Where there was traffic to support one line, two or three have heen constructed; where there was harely husiness for a toll-road, rails have heen laid down. Thus in the last eight years—which have not hy any means heen years of uniform prosperity—the railroad mileage of the United States has heen increased over sixty per cent.—from ninety-three thousand three hundred and forty-nine miles in 1880 to over one hundred and fifty thousand in the heginning of 1889. The mere statement of the causes which have been in operation explains tbe effect.

It seems curious that men of tbe sagacity of the leading railroad managers of the East should have committed so palpahle an error as overhuilding. But it must always be horne in mind that, with the exception of the Vanderhilt system and the Gould system, the great railroads of the East are not managed hy their owners. The latter pick out the ablest railroad man they can find, and having put bim in charge, they leave everything to him. He has no interest in the property; as a rule not more stock than is necessary to qualify him to hold a seat in the hoard of direction. His concern is to make as fine a showing as he can in his annual report and to spread the net-work of which he is the sovereign. It is not for a moment to be supposed that the long lines of rail wbich spread across the continent, from the Missouri River into the desert, would have heen huilt in our time if the people whose property has heen mortgaged to huild them bad controlled their own companies. It was palpahle that tbese lines would not pay within the life-time of the people who laid the rails. But the St. Paul president declared that the North-Western would get ahead of him if he did not build; the North-Western president was afraid of the Burlington and Missouri; the Burlington and Missouri president had his eye on the Atchison-Topeka; the Union Pacific president was resolved not to be outdone by the Northern Pacific; and so all these presidents, having nothing to lose, handling other people's money, and having a shrewd notion that when the storm hurst they individually would be safely under shelter, ran a race to see which of them sbould do the most to destroy the real value of the properties in their charge.

What is past is irremediable. The mischief is done. Nothing remains now but to try to devise a way of averting the disaster in which years of folly threaten to involve the railroad interest. It is the imminence of the peril which has led to the consideration of the subject of a great combination of railroads throughout the country.

Of course, the proposal of a railroad combination would rouse the hostility of the opponents of pools and trusts, and it may he taken for granted that attempts would he made to defeat any such organization hoth in Congress and in the State legislatures. The shallow minds which see danger to the commonwealth in a combination of steel-rail makers to maintain prices, and avoid glutting the market, would be shocked at the notion of a railroad trust. But the power of these enemies of concentration is in inverse ratio to their noise. They have heen unahle to disturh the sugar trust; they have heen heaten hy the steel-rail trust; they have never even dared to tackle the Standard Oil trust. In this country, individuals possess rights which no Congress, nor State legislature, can take away; and one among these rights is the right of every individual to take into partnership his rivals when he chooses. If the railroad companies choose to put a majority of their stock into the hands of a syndicate, so that the latter shall control them all, there is no law in force in this country to prevent them, nor could any legislative body with that object in view enact a law that would hold water in the supreme court.

The effects of such a combination would he, first, to save the companies from ruining themselves hy building lines which are not needed, and second, to enahle them to give the public lower rates and more efficient service. A general combination of railroads would enable the companies to dispense with a vast number of highly paid officials and agents, with scores of passenger and freight-offices, and with that vast army of solicitors and touters, whose commissions now consume so large a share of the net earnings of the roads. They would save a dividend on advertising alone. Combination would put an end to railroad wars; instead of pools, which are always liable to be broken when a company thinks it sees an advantage in breaking them, the combined companies would have one uniform policy directed by a single mind, or a few minds working together, and the aim of that policy would be the prosperity of the roads, which means the prosperity of the territory they serve. When a new extension was required to give new localities an outlet, it would be constructed on the shortest line, with a view to the interest of the locality only. An element of stability would he introduced into railroad tariffs; merchants would cease to dread sudden and unexpected cuts in rates, depreciating the value of merchandise brought in before the cut, and followed by equally startling advances in rates on the restoration of peace. Just as the price of kerosene-oil has been steadier, and, on the whole, lower, since the whole production fell into the hands of the Standard Oil trust, so railroad fares and freights would prohahly give more satisfaction to shippers if the whole husiness was systematized, and the disturhing element of periods of wild competition followed hy periods of extortion were removed.

But the task of combining the great railroad lines is one which staggers the holdest mind. Perhaps it is impracticahle.

San Francisco, August 7, 1889. B.

FOUR BRILLIANT PARISIENNES.

Pen Portraits of Some of the Women who Rule Parisian Society.

Jeanne de Talleyrand-Périgord, Princesse de Sagan, is the daugbter of the late Baron Seillière, the audacious speculator, and, if we may believe rumor, the demise of this gentleman (he committed suicide) took place most opportunely, in that criminal proceedings had already been instituted against bim. The haron, at his death, left a very considerable fortune, the greater part of which remains to this day intact, although Raymond Seillière, his eldest son, and young Talleyrand-Périgord, his grandson, and son of Mme. de Sagan, bave made considerahle hreaches in it. Mlle. Jeanne Seillière married some five-and-twenty years hack Boson, Prince de Sagan, the eldest son and heir of the Duc de Valençay, hrother of Adalbert, Duc de Montmorency, and of the same family which gave to the world the famous diplomatic priest, Talleyrand, Bishop of Autun, whose wit and wile are so celehrated, and whose *bons mots* are bousebold words. Some of his sayings, however, are not so well-known, and the following will hear repetition. Talleyrand was lame, in fact, physically a monstrosity; and it is narrated of him that, limping up the hroad staircase leading to the audience-chamher at the Palace of the Tuileries, he turned to the Duc d'Estissac, and, pointing to a gorgeous and herculean royal footman, said: "That's the way we make them, *mon cher duc!*" and then, indicating his own decrepit hody, he added, with a sigh: "And this is how the knaves return the compliment!" In all tbe history of French wit it would he difficult to find a more profoundly cynical remark than tbis.

Jeanne de Sagan was never pretty, and never pretended to he. She is a woman of very great intellectual ability, and thoroughly well understood that when the eldest son of the Duc de Valençay sought her hand in marriage it was not so much the hrightness of her eyes as the weight of her money-hags that attracted M. le Prince, and it has always heen an enigma and puzzle how two people so profoundly cynical and practical and philosophical as Sagan and his wife should ever have taken the trouhle to live apart. They have, however, agreed to disagree, strange as it may seem, and, although they are good friends when they meet, madame la princesse cares as little for what monsieur le prince may do as for the private affairs of his valet. Clever, rich, possessing to a supreme degree that inestimable and rare gift, the power of wearing her clothes well, and having hought hy marriage a good title and exalted position, Mme. de Sagan and ber splendid house in the Fauhourg St. Germain are in the centre of the hest society of Paris. Her bouse formerly helonged to Hope, the banker, and is one of the most princely residences in the French capital, containing among other conveniences three dining-rooms—one for a hanquet of hundreds, one for a dinner-party of forty, and one for a *dinette intime* of a dozen; while the garden at the hack is even more delightful than that whicb adjoins the British Emhassy in the Fauhourg St. Honoré. Hope was a madman, and one of the most dissolute men of his time, greatly preferring "the roses and raptures of vice" to "the lilies and languors of virtue." Unfortunately for his aiders and ahettors in his dehaucheries, he was indiscreet enough to keep a diary, in which he recounted in full detail, and giving names, all his misdeeds, and this precious record was found at his death!

Mme. de Sagan's special merit is that she is a true, stanch, and steadfast friend both to men and to women, hoth to those not connected with her hy blood and to her own family. What would have befallen Raymond Seillière years ago hut for his sister the deity who presides over the card-tahle alone knows, and it is prohable that Jeanne de Sagan has helped more men and women out of had scrapes than any other lady living in Paris. In the golden days of the Second Empire, the court circle was resplendent with five striking female personalities: The Princesse Pauline Metternich—who called herself "the monkey in fashion," alluding to her very great ugliness, and, who, born a Sandor, married her uncle, Prince Richard Metternich; Jeanne de Sagan, called "Canaillette"; Mélanie, Comtesse de Pourtalès, called "Chiffonette"; the fair Marquise de Gallifet, Princesse de Martigues, called "Cochonette"; and the Juno-like Marquise de Canisy. Of these five very remarkable ladies, all still grace society with their presence, beauty, and wit, save the last, hut poor Mme. de Canisy has allowed her sentiments to master her good taste and common sense, and has permitted scandal to connect her nam that of Prince Jerome Bonaparte ("Plon-Plon") in s very unpleasant fashion that society has decided with regret to cut her. Mme. de Sagan ("Canaillette") neve ing been, even in her youth, beautiful, has, in commo Mme. de Metternich, lost less of her charm through th flight of time than the other ladies mentioned.

It has been said that Mme. de Sagan is an mother. This is not to be implicitly believed, but wh reflects that she has had to mitigate, both by advice a signing checks, the vagaries of her husband, of her b Raymond, and of her son Hély, you can hardly be sur if you do not find in Jeanne de Sagan a lady who belie the spotless purity of the honor of mankind. Her true story which will show you how the kindness princess has been imposed on. She and her husban apart, the wife in the Faubourg St. Germain and the green prince in the Champs-Elysées quarter, near the of his predilection, the Petit Club. Some years ago, Hirsch sought out the noble prince and offered him a million of francs to repair to Constantinople and transact business for him. The prince, who is a very practical and one who cordially concurs with Vespasian in the of the "*non olet*," smilingly accepted the offer the H gentleman made him. When Mme. de Sagan heard o however, she was furious, and the space separating th St. Dominique from the Rue Montaigne was very sp traversed hy the pair of splendid thorough-hred hays the honor to draw Mme. la Princesse.

"What is this I hear?" exclaimed Jeanne de Sagan, ing in upon her astonished husband in his bachelor qu

"What in the world do you mean, *ma chère?*" excl the urbane, silver-locked dandy.

"That you are going to sell your name; going, in f become the mere commission agent and tout of tha Hirsch for some speculation of his in Turkey! Is it tru

The prince smiled; this jealous regard for the honor name of Talleyrand-Périgord which seemed suddenly t awakened to life in the bosom of his wife, *née* Seillière, g amused him. "*Hélas, ma chère*, it is hut too true. offers me a very considerable sum; you know I have bu money, and the allowance you make me is wholly inad to meet my wants, so I am forced to take advantage o honest, alheit humhle, opportunity offered me of adding scanty store."

"You are merely going, then, for the sake of the pres money Hirsch makes you?" asked the princess.

"Of course; why else should I take the trouhle to ru to Constantinople about this wretched railway, *dont je fiche comme de l'année quarante?*"

"So that if you got for remaining in Paris and giv this husiness the same sum that Hirsch offers you for you would stay?" continued Mme. la Princesse.

"*Ma foi, oui*," smiled the prince.

"Will you promise?" asked Mme. "Canaillette," her husband with shrewd suspicion.

"Yes, I will promise."

"How much does be give you?"

"Oh, a mere bagatelle to you, hut a large sum to m *million!*"

"Well, you shall have a check for this sum this afte from me, but only on condition that you abandon this al degrading trip to Constantinople at once. Is it a bargai

The prince, laughing at his wife's earnestness, bowed, her band, and, murmuring a compliment, accepted the That afternoon M. le Prince got his check, and the foll morning saw him with one for a similar amount in his p from Hirsch on his way to the Bosphorus!

Mme. de Sagan was herself one of the first to laugh own folly wben she heard of her husband's departure.

Mme. la Marquise de Gallifet, Princesse de Martigues four-and-twenty years ago, one of the most lovely wom Paris. She is balf English, for her father, Lafitte, the ba married an English lady. Mme. de Gallifet is as fair sister (who first married Erlanger, tbe hanker, and see Cordier) is dark, but apart from the beauty of her face years have treated her very kindly), she possesses a re ahle fascination, which proceeds from her constant good-n and sweet amiahility of character. Her few faults (for which she has heen most hitterly punished) have always ceeded from her tenderness of heart. The beautiful hlonde marquise could not find it in her heart to say "n anybody who did not seek too audacious a favor, the res course, inevitahly heing that her generosity was ahused taken an unfair advantage of. Her nickname, "Cochon originated in a very malicious and untrue rumor that Grammont-Caderousse spread, to the effect that this d lady did not pay so much attention to soap and water a might have done. Her husband, the celebrated Marqui Gallifet, having reason to suspect that his wife did not over much for soap and water, played off on her the follo practical joke. One night, or rather morning, after retu from a hall at the Tuileries, he strolled into his wife's dres room, and, lighting a cigarette, sat down to discuss the of the evening hefore retiring to his own rooms. He f Mme. la Marquise impatiently taking off her jewels and th ing them right and left on the carpet, for the maids to pic in the morning and put in order. After a few minutes' versation the marquis kissed his wife's hand and retired fo night, hut the following morning he came in again and a his wife to let him take a beautiful ruby hracelet he had given her to Boucheron's to be reset, as it had already arranged between them it should be. Mme. la Marquise one of her maids to hring the hracelet, but the jewel wa to he found. The house was thoroughly searched from to bottom, but the missing hracelet was not discove "Never mind," said the marquis, at last; "you must been robbed, that is all. I will get you another like Ten days later he again came into his wife's dressing-r early in the morning, and, after a few minutes' casual cor sation, carelessly asked, "You have seen nothing of that bracelet, I suppose, that you lost ten days ago?" "No,

pl Mme. de Gallifet, innocently; "of course not. How cd I?" "Cochonette!" exclaimed the hero of Puebla, bursting out laughing; then, taking his wife by the hand, he gently led her up to the washing-stand, which, as is common in France, closed with a lid to keep the dust out. Lifting the cover, he showed his bewildered better half the bracelet lying in the basin, where he had put it the night he had gone into his wife's bedroom after the court ball!

Jeanne de Sagan is a devoted friend, and among the very many proofs she has given of this, few have been more striking than her conduct toward Mme. de Gallifet when disaster overtook the marquise. The greater part of the vast fortune of banker Little, her father, would seem at his death to have vanished in thin air, and what remained be left for the most part to his son. Under these circumstances it became, of course, quite impossible for the fair marquise to continue living in her beautiful hotel in the Rue Rabelais, especially as she and her gallant husband had come to a mutual understanding that they had better live apart one from the other. What was to be done? The situation was a delicate one. With a greatly impaired fortune, which would not allow her to maintain her former splendor, what was to become of this dainty lady, who so many years had been one of fortune's favorites and a queen of fashion in the capital of pleasure and luxury? Mme. Sagan came forward and told her friend that she had a very pretty pavilion in her spacious garden in the Faubourg St. Germain, that she would have it exquisitely furnished for her and, and that she would look upon it as a personal favor if she would accept her hospitality for as long as she pleased. Such the kindness of Mme. de Sagan did not stop here. Seeing the beauty and grace of her friend's daughter, Mlle. Diane de Gallifet, Jeanne de Sagan set her active brain to work and made up a match between that lady and her brother, Frank Père, a most charming man, who has already made good his claim to immortality by being the very last man who ever had a love with poor Cora Pearl, that pig-faced Phryne (her name was Emma Crouch, and she was the daughter of a composer of "Kathleen Mavourneen"), who at one time had every one in Paris at her feet, from Prince Jerome Bonaparte ("Plon-Plon"), the nephew of the great emperor, to Leg Duval, the son of the well-known butcher.

Mme. de Gallifet has not been quite so fortunate with her Gaston, who was always in hot water even when at school, evinced at a very early age a most precocious admiration for the fair sex; in this respect, indeed, resembling his gallant father, who first took his seat in the sparrow-drawn car of Love when still quite a boy. Poor old Blanche d'Antigny is to narrate this story of him with infinite relish. Blanche who that remembers Paris twenty years ago does not recall Blanche d'Antigny in "L'Œil Crévé," "Chilperic," and a host of her musical absurdities?—inhabited a very pretty little house of her own, the gift of a transatlantic adorer, in the Rue Friedland, and although at that time she had lost some of her pristine beauty, she still retained in full splendor her joviality, her shoulders, and her diamonds. One afternoon her maid came to her, with a smile upon her lips, and announced that a boy dressed in the uniform of a Lycée had asked to speak to her, and said it was of the most urgent importance that she should see "Frédégonde" without delay. Slightly puzzled, Blanche gave orders to admit him, and in another moment a child of fourteen, dressed in the uniform of Louis-le-Grande, was ushered into the room, and, rushing up to her, fell upon his knees before the astonished *divette*, and began kissing her hands with passionate kisses.

"What do you mean?" exclaimed poor Blanche, rather alarmed, and fearing lest she was about to be made the victim of a stupid practical joke by some cynical journalist to whom she had turned a deaf ear; "what do you mean my child? Get up!"

"You know my father; I know you know him, for I have heard him often speak of you. I am Gaston de Gallifet. I am madly in love with you. I can not live without you, though I am only fourteen! Have pity on me, and be as cruel as you are beautiful!"

Of course Blanche took in the whole situation at once, for, like many actresses in vogue, she had frequently been annoyed by love-letters from amorous school-boys, so, chucking the boy under the chin, she said, laughing: "Ah! so you are the son of *cher marquis*, are you? Well, prove that you are worthy of your father; get up from your knees and sit down here, and talk seriously."

The boy, greatly abashed by this very sensible and complacent reception of his hysterical addresses, obeyed her, and then Blanche amused herself for half an hour reading to the infant a lesson in morality, and pointing out to him the folly of his ways, ending in the following very practical fashion: "Go away now, and come back and see me in six years, when you are twenty, and then, if you are still as much in love with me, ever, I may, perhaps, listen to what you have to say."

I hear Blanche d'Antigny narrate this extraordinary tale—the absolute and historical correctness of which she vouched for—was, indeed, a treat in which Pantagruel would have revelled, and not one of the least amusing details was that she did the boy very frankly avowed to her that, having heard his father declare she was a very mercenary woman, he had saved his pocket-money during the past month, and now began to lay the immense sum of three hundred francs at her feet!

Then, some thirty-odd years ago, the lovely and graceful Mlle. Mélanie de Bussière made her début in Parisian society, and literally took the *grand monde* by storm, and every one felt that a new star of the first magnitude had risen in the social firmament—lovely and graceful, for these are, indeed, the two epithets which even to-day best describe Mme. de Pourtalès. Many other women have been more beautiful—many others, Virginia Oldoni, the famous Comtesse de Castiglione, who created such a sensation when she came dressed (or rather, undressed) to the Tuileries as Salambô—some have been more lovely, and a few more graceful; but to find a counterpart to this exquisite union of grace and loveliness we must look up even to Cæsar's wife herself—to that lyric of loveliness set to flesh, Eugénie de Téba, the lady who, after having laughed "Plon-Plon" and Pépé Alcanices, Duke of Sexto, to scorn, condescended to allow Napoleon the Third to encircle her perfect brow with the imperial diadem. From the very day of her début to the time of this present writing, Mélanie de Pourtalès has, by virtue of her grace and loveliness, occupied one of the most prominent positions in European society.

The house of Mme. de Pourtalès is one of the most important social centres in all Paris. In all matters pertaining to ladies' dress, "Chiffonette" has always been acknowledged to be the one most perfect and infallible oracle in Europe, and her exquisite taste in the myriad details of "la toilette" it would indeed be impossible to find equaled even in the *grand monde* of Paris. "La Comtesse" has, at times, been audacious, and it was she who introduced, some twenty odd years ago, the fashion for ladies to wear short dresses—even, in the first instance, short dresses in the evening. She gave a ball—De Nieuwerkerke remarked of it that he had never seen so many pretty feet together in his life—and it was understood that all ladies should attend this *réunion* attired in short skirts. The effect at first was very odd and hardly pleasing, except, of course, for the consideration which interested De Nieuwerkerke, and doubtless Mme. de Pourtalès herself saw this, for, although short ball-dresses became at once the fashion, "Chiffonette" ere long ceased lending her countenance and support to this mode, so that by degrees the long trains came back for evening wear, short dresses being reserved for the daytime.

But Mme. de Pourtalès is not only a *mondaine*, a society "leader," a lovely and fascinating woman of fashion—she is a woman of extraordinary shrewdness, and, above all, a woman of heart. Some time before the war of 1870, she happened to be on a visit to Germany, and there her quick eye detected the tremendous force and power of Prussia which France so thoroughly ignored, and which seemed to be increasing stealthily and steadily, as if preparing for some terrible emergency. Mme. de Pourtalès wrote not only to her friend, the Empress Eugénie, but also to General Ducrot, making them acquainted with what had come to her knowledge, and warning them of the rocks she so plainly saw ahead. Alas! this lovely Cassandra's prophecies were not hearkened to, and it was under the smoking ruins of the Palace of the Tuileries, among the private imperial papers, that these two letters were found, which, if their contents had been listened to, would have saved France from disaster, dismemberment, and dismay.

When the empress left the Tuileries and fled, accompanied by Richard de Metternich and di Nigra, to escape the angry mob which was breaking into the palace (one of the principal insurgents being, by the way, Victorien Sardou, the dramatist, whom the emperor and empress had been especially kind to), she departed in such haste that almost all her personal property, objects of value, souvenirs, etc., were left behind. When her majesty found herself at length in safety in England—thanks to the devotion and shrewdness of her American dentist, the famous Dr. Evans—and had time to reflect, she bitterly felt the loss of these trinkets so dear to her heart (many of them, indeed, having belonged to her dead sister, the Duchesse d'Albe, whom she idolized, and whose death nearly broke her heart), and she determined to do all in her power to get this personal property, which belonged to her as a lady and not as a sovereign, restored to her. The diplomatic advances, however, which were made from Camden Place for this purpose met with a stern, not to say brutal, reception from the then French Government, and it was very bluntly announced to the empress that nothing whatsoever—not a scrap of paper, not a ring, not a pocket-handkerchief—should be returned to her. Mme. de Pourtalès having heard of this, and being then, as she is now, devotedly attached to her imperial majesty, determined to try her luck, and so skillfully did "Chiffonette" play her cards that ere long she was rewarded for her trouble by the great joy which it caused her to be able to restore to the empress almost all which that august lady held most dear and had abandoned in her hasty flight.

A few words should be said here about a lady who, although she is no longer resident in Paris, is one whose name is so indissolubly connected with that of "Canaillette," "Chiffonette," and "Cochonette" that, although she now resides in Austria, to describe Paris society without mentioning her would be a grave error. When Pauline Metternich married her uncle Richard, and went to Paris as Austrian ambassadress, she was as certainly one of the ugliest women in Europe as she was one of the most clever. Her success in Paris was immediate and overwhelming, owing principally to the exquisite art with which she waged warfare against the conventional. Pauline Metternich found the Court of the Tuileries dull and heavy, but, with her magic wit, her contagious *diablerie*, her determination not only to amuse herself but to amuse others as well, and aided and abetted in this praiseworthy undertaking by Mme. de Gallifet and Mme. de Pourtalés, more especially than by Mme. de Sagan, she very quickly changed all this, and smiles and laughter superseded yawnings and sighings at the Tuileries, St. Cloud, and Compiègne. What an ordinary *grande dame* would hardly have dared do, nay, what the empress would not have allowed an ordinary *grande dame* to attempt to do, the "*Singe à la Mode*," representing as she did his Apostolic Majesty the Emperor of Austria, not only did with impunity, but brought into favor and made fashionable. The natural good-breeding of this extraordinary woman is so perfect that even her most wild eccentricities—and she has been wildly eccentric—become good taste by the exquisite grace which she so artfully infuses into them. She has merited well of all womankind, for she invented the great Worth, and so great a lady as Pauline Metternich could easily learn from Thérèsa the way to sing "Rien n'est sacré pour un sapeur" without in any way soiling her ermine.

Piccadilly.

Father Hayseed's custom of blowing out the gas was reversed by a girl brought up in London when she first went out to service. After she had gone to bed, her mistress noticed that her candle had been left burning, and when asked why she did not put it out, she replied: "Please, ma'am, I do not know how to turn it off."

OLD FAVORITES.

The Old Sergeant.

"Come a little nearer, doctor—thank you—let me take the cup;
Draw your chair up—draw it closer—just another little sup!
Maybe you may think I'm better; but I'm pretty well used up—
Doctor, you've done all you could do, but I'm just a-going up!

"Feel my pulse, sir, if you want to, but it ain't much use to try"—
"Never say that," said the surgeon, as he smothered down a sigh;
"It will never do, old comrade, for a soldier to say die!"
"What you say will make no difference, doctor, when you come to die.

"Doctor, what has been the matter?" "You were very faint, they say;
You must try to get to sleep now." "Doctor, have I been away?"
"Not that anybody knows of!" "Doctor—doctor, please to stay?
There is something I must tell you, and you won't have long to stay!

"I have got my marching orders, and I'm ready now to go;
Doctor, did you say I fainted?—but it couldn't ha' been so—
For as sure as I'm a sergeant, and was wounded at Shiloh,
I've this very night been back there, on the old field of Shiloh!

"This is all that I remember: The last time the lighter came,
And the lights had all been lowered, and the noises much the same,
He had not been gone five minutes before something called my name:
'Orderly sergeant—Robert Burton!'—just that way it called my name.

"And I wondered who could call me so distinctly and so slow,
Knew it couldn't be the lighter—he could not have spoken so—
And I tried to answer, 'Here, sir!' but I couldn't make it go;
For I couldn't move a muscle, and I couldn't make it go!

"Then I thought: It's all a nightmare, all a humbug and a bore:
Just another foolish grape-vine—and it won't come any more;
But it came, sir, notwithstanding, just the same way as before:
'Orderly sergeant—Robert Burton!' even plainer than before:

"That is all that I remember, till a sudden burst of light,
And I stood beside the river, where we stood that Sunday night,
Waiting to be ferried over to the dark bluffs opposite,
When the river was perdition and all hell was opposite!

"And the same old palpitation came again in all its power,
And I heard a bugle sounding, as from some celestial tower;
And the same mysterious voice said: 'It is the eleventh hour!
Orderly sergeant—Robert Burton—it is the eleventh hour!'

"Doctor Austin! what day is this?" "It is Wednesday night, you know."
"Yes—to-morrow will be New Year's, and a right good time below!
What time is it, Doctor Austin?" "Nearly twelve." "Then don't you go!
Can it be that all this happened—all this—not an hour ago?

"There was where the gunboats opened on the dark rebellious host;
And where Webster semicircled his last guns upon the coast;
There were still the two log-houses, just the same, or else their ghost—
And the same old transport came and took me over—or its ghost!

"And the old field lay before me all deserted far and wide;
There was where they fell on Prentiss—there McClernand met the tide;
There was where stern Sherman rallied, and where Hurlburt's heroes died—
Lower down, where Wallace charged them, and kept charging till he died.

"There was where Lew Wallace showed them he was of the canny kin,
There was where old Nelson thundered, and where Rousseau waded in;
There McCook sent 'em to breakfast, and we all began to win—
There was where the grape-shot took me, just as we began to win.

"Now a shroud of snow and silence over everything was spread;
And but for this old blue mantle and the old hat on my head,
I should not have even doubted, to this moment, I was dead—
For my footsteps were as silent as the snow upon the dead!

"Death and silence!—Death and silence! all around me as I sped!
And behold, a mighty tower, as if built to the dead,
To the heaven of the heavens lifted up its mighty head,
Till the Stars and Stripes of heaven all seemed waving from its head!

"Round and mighty-based it towered—up into the infinite—
And I knew no mortal mason could have built a shaft so bright;
For it shone like solid sunshine; and a winding-stair of light
Wound around it and around it till it wound clear out of sight!

"And, behold, as I approached it, with a rapt and dazzled stare—
Thinking that I saw old comrades just ascending the great stair,
Suddenly the solemn challenge broke, of—'Halt, and who goes there!'
'I'm a friend,' I said, 'if you are.' 'Then advance, sir, to the stair!'

"I advanced! That sentry, doctor, was Elijah Ballantyne!—
First of all to fall on Monday, after we had formed the line!—
'Welcome, my old sergeant, welcome! Welcome by that countersign!'
And he pointed to the scar there, under this old cloak of mine!

"As he grasped my hand, I shuddered, thinking only of the grave;
But he smiled and pointed upward with a bright and bloodless glaive;
'That's the way, sir, to head-quarters.' 'What head-quarters?' 'Of the brave.'
'But the great tower?' 'That,' he answered, 'is the way, sir, of the brave!'

"Then a sudden shame came o'er me, at his uniform of light;
At my own so old and tattered, and at his so new and bright:
'Ah!' said he, 'you have forgotten the new uniform to-night—
Hurry back, for you must be here at twelve o'clock to-night!'

"And the next thing I remember, you were sitting there, and I—
Doctor—did you hear a footstep? Hark!—God bless you all! Good-by!
Doctor, please to give my musket and my knapsack, when I die,
To my son—my son that's coming—he won't get here till I die!

"Tell him his old father blessed him as he never did before—
And to carry that old musket"—Hark! a knock is at the door!—
"Till the Union"—See! it opens!—"Father! father! speak once more!"
"Bless you!" gasped the old, gray sergeant, and he lay and said no more!

—*Forceythe Willson.*

A LIVING LIE.

From Alphonse Daudet's New Book, "Les Femmes d'Artistes."

"I never loved but one woman in my life," remarked one day the artist D——; "I passed with her five years in perfect happiness, in peaceful joy. I even believe that I owe my present celebrity to her, rendering my work so easy, with an innate inspiration. From my knowledge of her, it seemed that she would be mine forever. Her beauty, her disposition, satisfied all my dreams. This woman has passed out of my life, my arms, my affections.

"Ah, well, when I think of her, it is with anger. If I attempted to describe all I saw in five years, all the radiance of love, her fine, willowy form, her rich pallor, her oriental features, her slow manner of speech, as seductive as her looks—if I endeavored to give shape to this delicious vision, it would be better to say 'I hate you.'

"She called herself Clotilde. In the house where we were both living, she was known as Mme. Deloche, the widow of a sea-captain, who had made long voyages. In truth, she seemed to have traveled much. In speaking, she would remark suddenly: 'When I was at Tampico,' or 'One time in the Bay of Valparaiso.' Aside from this, nothing in her conduct or in her language indicated a nomadic life. Nothing betrayed disorder of hasty departures and of sudden arrivals. She was a Parisienne, and always dressed in perfect taste, without any eccentricities like most wives of officers and mariners, who are in perpetual readiness for departure.

"When I found myself in love with her, my first and only thought was to ask her hand in marriage. Some one had spoken to her of me. She replied simply that she could never marry again.

"As my thoughts were so depressed, so absorbed in her, that I was unable to do the least work, I resolved to travel. I was making every preparation for my departure, when, one morning, in the midst of the confusion—furniture disarranged, trunks half-packed—I saw enter, to my great astonishment, Mme. Deloche.

"'Why are you leaving?' she said, sweetly, to me; 'because you love me? I also love you!' Here her voice trembled a little. 'But—I am married.'"

"Then she related to me her history. It was a romance of love and desertion. Her husband drank and beat her. They were separated—had been for nearly three years. Her family she represented as being very proud, occupying a high position in Paris, but after her marriage they would not receive her. She was the niece of a great Jewish rabbi. Her sister, widow of a general, had married a second time a high officer stationed at St. Germain. However, she, being left destitute by her husband, had fortunately a thorough education, and, having kept up her accomplishments, she now turned to them as a source of livelihood. She gave lessons on the piano in rich houses—Chaussée d'Antin, the suburbs of St. Honoré, and so on, and was well remunerated.

"The story was touching, but a little long, full of those pretty repetitions of countless incidents which embellish the feminine conversation. Thus it took her many days to relate it all to me. I rented in the Avenue de l'Imperatrice a little house, large enough for both of us. It was on a quiet street, with a pretty lawn in front. I lived one year there, listening to her, looking at her, without dreaming of work. It was she who first took me to my *atelier*, and I must not prevent her from giving lessons. This noble spirit greatly touched me; I admired her proud nature, but felt a little humiliated by her express determination to take nothing from me, only from her own work.

"All day long we were separated and re-united every evening in our little home. With what happiness I would return to the house, so impatient when she was late in coming, and so delighted when I found her there before me. From her rambles in Paris she would bring me a bouquet of rare flowers. Often I was forced to accept some present, but she would smilingly say she was richer than I, and that her lessons paid her well. She dressed always so elegantly, in black, with dainty touches of color, in heavy velvets, glossy silks, and soft lace-work, which astonished the eye, discovering, under apparent simplicity of feminine elegance, a thousand tints of color. There was nothing laborious about her occupation, she said. All her scholars—daughters of bankers, brokers, and merchants—adored her and respected her. Sometimes she would show me a bracelet, or a ring, which they had given her in recognition of her interest in them.

"Aside from our working hours, we were never apart. Only on Sundays—she went to St. Germain to see her sister, the wife of the general, with whom after some time she had made peace; I would accompany her to the boat. She would return the same evening, and often during the long summer days I would meet her at a station near Paris, and we would roam the woods together. She would relate to me the incidents of her visit—the pretty expressions of the children, the happy air of the household. This made me feel sorry for her, deprived forever of a true family, and I would redouble my tenderness trying to make her forget her false position, which cruelly wounded her courageous spirit. What happy hours I spent at my work, and such perfect confidence between us. Sometimes, in speaking to me of the families of her scholars, she would have such an abundance of details, of imaginary intrigues, which she invented as she described them. She surrounded herself with romance, and her life passed in dramatic contrivance. These idle fancies troubled my good nature. I had wished to retire from the world to live entirely with her, but I would find her occupied with various things. I could well pardon these caprices in a young and unfortunate woman, whose life had been like a sad romance, without any proper outcome.

"Once only I had a suspicion, or perhaps a presentiment. One Sunday evening she did not return. I was in despair. What should I do? Go to St. Germain? I might compromise her; however, after a frightful night, I had determined to go in quest of her, when she arrived, all pale and distressed. Her sister was ill, she had remained to care for her. I believed all that she told me without distrusting this flow of words, never interrupting with the least question. She always concealed the principal idea with useless details—the hour of arrival, an impertinent servant, or the delay of the train. Two or three times in the same week she returned to sleep at her sister's. After her recovery, she resumed her orderly and peaceful life.

"Unfortunately, some time later, she was herself taken ill. One day she returned from her lessons, trembling, wet, and feverish. The doctor pronounced it inflammation of the lungs. She grew worse, and soon the physician told me that the case was hopeless. I was almost frantic. My only thought was to render her last hours as happy as possible. This family whom she loved, of whom she was so proud—I wished to bring them to her bedside. Without saying anything, I wrote at once to her sister at St. Germain, and hastened myself to the house of her uncle, the rabbi. I did not think of the unseasonable hour at which I arrived. This great catastrophe had completely bewildered me. I was trembling in every nerve. I believe that the rabbi was at dinner. He came to me, saw I was excited, and received me in the antechamber.

"'Monsieur,' I said to him, 'there are moments when all ill-will should be laid aside.' His dignified countenance turned toward me with an astonished look. I continued: 'Your niece is dying.'

"'My niece? I have no niece. You are mistaken!'

"'Oh, I pray you, monsieur, forget this foolish prejudice. I speak of Mme. Deloche, the wife of the captain.'

"'I do not know Mme. Deloche. You are misinformed, monsieur, I assure you,' and gently he moved toward the door with me, thinking I was either an impostor or a fool.

"This was so unexpected, so terrible, that I could not comprehend it. Then she had told me a falsehood. Why? Immediately an idea came to me. I hastened to the house of one of her scholars, of whom she had so often spoken to me, the daughter of a well-known banker.

"I asked a servant.

"'Mme. Deloche? she does not live here.'

"'Yes, I know that, but she is the person who gives piano lessons to the young ladies.'

"'We have no young ladies in this house, nor a piano. I do not know what you are talking about,' and he shut the door in my face ill-humoredly.

"I did not seek further, I was sure I would find the same response—the same disappointment.

"On returning to our little house, they handed me a letter stamped at St. Germain. I opened it, knowing what it would contain. The general did not know Mme. Deloche; he had neither wife nor child.

"This was the last blow. Then all that she had told me for five years was false. A thousand ideas of jealousy took possession of me at once, and frantically, not knowing what I was doing, I entered the room where she was dying. All the questions that so troubled me I poured out on this bed of death.

"'Why did you spend your Sundays at St. Germain? At whose house did you stop? Where have you slept the nights you were absent from me? Answer my questions!' and I threw myself at her, gazing into the depths of her still defiant and beautiful eyes, waiting in agony for her replies.

"But she was silent.

"I trembled with rage, and said: 'You never gave lessons. I have not found any one who knows you. Where did you get your money, your lace, your jewelry?'

"She cast on me a look of horrible sadness and that was all. Truly, I could do nothing with her but let her die in peace. But I had loved her so! Jealousy was stronger than pity. I continued: 'You have deceived me for five years. You have lied to me every day, every hour. You know all my life and I do not know anything of yours. Nothing, not even your name, for even the name you bear is not yours. Oh, deceiver, deceiver! Tell me, before you die, that I may know by what name to call you. Quick! Who are you? Whence did you come? Why did you come into my life? Speak to me, tell me something!'

"My efforts were lost! Instead of replying to me she painfully turned her face toward the wall, as if she were afraid her last look might divulge her secret.

"And thus she died, the unfortunate woman, died in her own deceit, false to the end.

"I hate her."—*Translated for the Argonaut from the French.*

The legislature of Minnesota has lost patience with "one Willard Glazier," whose distressing attentions to the Father of Waters as sole discoverer of the fountain-head are well known. It has passed an act fixing the name of Elk Lake, situated in Beltrami County, and warning all publishers that "no edition of any school geography, published subsequently to January 1, 1890," which gives Glazier's name to that lake, or any name but Elk, "shall be used in the schools of this State."

The news comes from the University of Padua that Professor Gravenigo has succeeded in grafting the cornea of a barn-door fowl on the eye of a human subject. The operation is spoken of as most successful, the transplanted cornea being transparent, glossy, and convex. If it be as is said, there is a new hope for many blind people.

There was a recent case to confirm the rule of the English law that persons getting their hands crushed by the slamming of railway carriage-doors can not recover damages. The doors are meant to be shut, and passengers must look out for them.

A chiropodist will henceforth be attached to every German regiment. This may seem rather odd, but keeping soldiers' feet in order is one of the most important elements of successful war.

THE LUMINOUS FOUNTAINS.

One of the Sights at the Exposition.

A moment of weariness falls upon the exhibition aft brilliant hours of the summer day have flown. It is period during which the fête silently prepares its evening The borders of flame of the ogives and platforms of the Tower are slowly lighted up; strings of electric gleams to surround the lawns of the central garden.

The visitors gather in the garden and install them on seats around the vast sheet of water, as if to breath coming freshness; they whisper almost inaudibly in the tery of the *chiaroscuro*.

Suddenly, you hear cries of admiration uttered by hun of thousands of voices. There has been a surprise, nigh come on, rockets, spouts, and sheets of flame have risen the fountain basins.

Night falls. The ensemble of the incandescent jets e glow as of dawn. At the same instant, the Eiffel Tower b flings its formidable electric rays on the central dome statue on its summit seems translucent in a glow like t liquid metal; the artificial light spreads upon the thro spectators assembled beneath the trees or grouped o steps of the palaces; lastly, it discloses, through the gold of the jets, the grand fountain and its groups of alle in a misty and ghastly whiteness.

The vision of the whole scene is one piece of spl But another cause for surprise is acclaimed with new s The columns of water have suddenly become red, and are tinged successively with blue, with green, with silver lilac, and with a ravishing amalgamation of all these hue is a magic spectacle. This light dance of the waters d with mirages awakens reminiscences of Eastern tales; s Arabian almas turn, undulating, quivering, agitating golden girdles, their sapphire, ruby, and emerald neck with glittering diamonds on their arms and the sheen of gers in their hands, slender and supple in their flounced g full of embroidery and of various colors. No fairy en ment ever produced a prettier charm than this iris-tinted of water and of light, blooming in sunny and roseate floating in glittering flowers, in slips of flame, in pea showers, and in diamond-dust.

From the sheet of water, tinted with various reflec rise a score of agglomerations of water-spouts which ha appearance of tufts of reeds, and are nourished by an mous fluid-vein. These waters vary in hue every minut their variations enchant the eye. The colored rays are fined within the water-drops. Each particle of the fo becomes incandescent. And one after another appear cl glittering with sparks of liquid gold or silver, strean jewels, of diamonds, of rubies, of topazes, of amethys beryls. There are cascades, metallic in color, remarkab intensity, brightness, and beauty.

Each of the clusters of the great central *motifs* is il nated in a different tint. And the falling of the drops duces effects of unexpected loveliness. There are spl red hues, carnations, purples, poppy-colors; charming hues, tender mauves, violent violets; then all the shad yellow are suddenly beheld, then deep golden and pale g colors, ardent copper tints, and pale yellows, cold lemon warm topaz colors.

The crowd which looks on, open-mouthed, can only j of the spectacle by its instinct. Its eyes are uneducate senses have remained unrefined. There it is, uttering c admiration, overpowered by that vision of beauty, viol impressed, intimately shaken by something which subju it, which attracts it, by which it is enchanted, and which incapable of understanding.

The liquid veins change in form, in expression, in char as they change in hue. A purple obelisk sometimes ap in the centre of green bubbles, sometimes a large sheaf vivid violet, bordered with carmine, sometimes a vault o low and of blue, sometimes a pyramid of a pale-silvery quicksilver hue, sometimes a cluster of volutes, glitterio green and with red.

Suddenly, all the water-jets cease their motion. The nant water of the basins trembles in a few faint c Farewell to the jewels and the splendor.

The crowd utters a sigh of disappointment and of re Then, with its infantine versatility of impression, it turn something else.

The phantasmagoria of the luminous fountains results a coöperation of the art of the statuary, of the architec mechanics, of hydraulics, of physics, of electricity, and crowd of innovations in these various subjects, a detailed scription of which would fill an encyclopædia. Seine wat taken from the reservoir at Villejuif, which is situated height of three hundred feet. Thus propelled, it flows in f eight different directions, in thirty-five vertical jets, an fourteen parabolical jets. Through what gulfs, through obscure drains does this liquid mass flow to glitter for a stant in the evening before the eyes of the crowd?

The light is manufactured in one of the electric stat The conductors, starting from this point, conduct, heneat large piece of water, a quantity of light sufficient for the l iog up of a whole district.

The totality of this lighting power equals in intensity a two hundred and forty-five thousand candles.

At a distance of about one hundred feet from the f tain rises a kiosk corresponding by an underground sage with the octagonal basin. From this post a *chef d'q* directs the playing of light and of fires. He makes use series of knobs to indicate to the men in the undergro rooms, whose office it is to place the glasses in their pr positions, the successive changes of colors. With the ai levers, which he himself handles, the *chef d'équipe* determ the springing of the spouts and of the jets and multip their effects, lowers their *faisceaux*, or causes them to in golden showers, in snowy mists, and in rainbow f ments.

VANITY FAIR.

I must go to Henley!" Every acquaiotance said so at ev y chance meetiog on the streets; every friend, whether E lish or American, said so. Apparently every one who sa so was going himself. There came along an American m ooaire, who said, in the wholesale way characteristic of A erican success, that he had taken two houses close to H ley for the week, and that in one of them was a room set ap t for me. I would be expected at noon at the Red Lion at Henley on Wednesday, he said, or a day earlier if I was al dy provided with the necessary costume for the great oc- ca n. "Is there any particular way to dress for Henley?" he was asked. "Yes, indeed," said he; "you must have a su of flannels for the day-time, with a soft woolen cap, and R sia-leather sboes. For eveoing, hring along your dress- s The flannels will cost you under three pounds, and th gh you can get along without them, you would give ten po ds to have them half an hour after you get there should be come dressed as you are for London. Come along, that's a od fellow. It will open your eyes as they never were ed before. Henley is the great national fête. It is the week when the English, who love the water more than people on earth, get a chance to demonstrate their fond- for it. About nothing else is England so unanimous as r insistence that the great aquatic festival shall be her est triumpb in pleasuring. It is the one occasion when asses enjoy themselves together. The Derhy is demo- , Ascot and Goodwood are swell, hut the regatta at y is both swell and popular. It will amaze you. There hing like it in the world, and there can not he, for it s of the single opportunity given to thirty-eight millions ings, crowded on a little island, aod all loving fun and ics, to meet under the happiest circumstances. Unhap- e had a fine Ascot, and, you know, the rule is, 'Fine , bad Henley'; so you may look for rain all the time. mind that; nobody else will mind it." After such ing eloquence and enthusiasm there was no room for t. My tailors hegan to prepare me for Henley. Un- y, no one concerned had wit enougb to suggest a cap of me flannel as the suit, and other friends advised the pur- of an ordinary cricket-cap, one of the circular, flat cloth- ith peak in front that one sees thousands of in the hat- indows. When all had heen prepared, and the porter ken the Heoley outfit down to the hotel doorway in a ere stalked into the hotel a splendid apparition of man- n a white flannel-suit, with the trousers tightened around nnel-shirt hy means of a silk-scarf. And, horror! on ad was a tall Royal Yacht Club cap that hulged out- at the top, and had a white leather-peak and a wbite -strap, with gold huttons at either end. What sort would the cricket-cap have at Heoley, and the white hirt aod the vest and suspenders in the hag at the door- For the apparition was going to Henley. It said so, and proudly.

'll 'ave to 'urry to the roilway, sir," the porter hroke in, ten seconds tbe cricket-cap and the rest of the uncer- d distrusted outfit for Heoley, as well as its perturbed were flying at the mad rate at which everything on seems to go in London. Presently tbe flying hansom part of a flying column of hansoms, and all sped to- like a line of retreating field-guns, until other lines of ansoms, coming together from all points, filled a wide ith their rattle and their wheels, and then Paddiogton was reached. There are half-a-dozen Grand Central in London, and Paddington is one of them. As the s, and the four-wheelers, and tbe private carriages of drew up uoder the vaulted roof of the great depôt, ated porters and ragged beggars opened the doors, out h came that which almost amazed tbe senses—a vast ly of men and women, all dressed for the country, in white, in stripes, in India silks of the most delicate Half the London beauties and half the London eemed to he there, the ladies with their filmy skirts p to show their silken ankles and to avoid the coun- , the men luxurious and dainty in tbeir loose, soft, colored-flannels. Half the men wore cricket-caps. e little closet-like compartments of the railroad cars nt. And into one went the present historian in a suit onals, higb silk-hat, and black sboes, the only man hose Henley suit was in his valise instead of on his The other men in the same closet of that car said that ver had been such a Henley, that special trains were n every few minutes at sixty miles an hour, and that ere so few stops between London and the great resort would reach the latter in a little more than an hour. way went the swift, smooth-rolling train. Tbe only hle thing at Henley Station was the way in which the nd porters, all in hlue and some with gold-lace, ran e train and threw open the doors of the absurd, un- ttle cars. Then out came all the swells and the heau- the others dressed so like them, in summer skirts and oats and trousers, that they were hard to tell about.

gar seized my hag and led the way to the Red Lion. e was dusty, and led hetween the usual low and small f stucco or of unfaced rough hrick which make up sh villages. The road was crowded with people hur- cross-purposes. The scene hrought to mind scattered a hundred English novels. Here were beggars and negro minstrels, made up for performiog, clergymen liar round hats and clergymen with strange felt-hats, d peddlers, men and women crying papers, and—— best to see them from the doorway of the Red Lion. ere three har-maids hehind the Red Lion har—a fat ely one and two thin and homely ones. They were pon men standing three rows deep. All the orders r sounded strange to American ears. "Give me a od split soda," said one man. "A glass of bitter, please," called another. "Have you any Bond Street cigar- ettes?" "A fourpenny smoke, miss." "A glass of potass, please," and so they went. Bitter meant hitter ale; split soda meant half-a-hottle or a small hottle of soda-water, half the size of the standard hottle; "a smoke" was a cigar; and "potass" a mineral water.

The American was right when he said that the crowds at Henley were only possihle in a compact population of thirty-eight millions of lovers of aquatic sports at a rendezvous close to the richest and higgest city in the world. Two hattling streams of men and women met hefore the Red Lion Inn, one from the constantly arriving cars, and one from the crowded river. The oarsmen of the crack crews of the world were in the crowd, always hare-legged from their knees to their soft-cloth shoes, and wearing heavy sweating shirts, flannel knee-hreeches, and colored caps, whose stripes told the initiated what club each belonged to. Dandies in light flannels of every delicate shade and pattern, and beautiful girls, some in flannels and some in India silks or lawn, clustered around them. Poor men, who touched their hats when they met your gaze, hawked programmes of the races and London newspapers, and so did many pinched-visaged, sun-bronzed women. Men and girls, with haskets and pusb-carts, offered roses and straw-herries with the piteous voices of the London street-crier, and with the frequent cry of, "For God's sake, huy a rose, ma'am; only a penny!" Bands of negro minstrels, all hlacked up, and wearing steeple-like hats and striped coats with fantastic tails, strode along with hanjoes and guitars over their shoulders. Some famous ones had their names painted oo tbeir hats—such names as "Inky," or "Panky," or "Samho." It is said that some of these cwn houses at Henley, and rent them to rich families. Then there were jugglers, and men with galvanic batteries and scales, with trays of pork-pies and wagons laden with ice-cream, to sell at a penny a cup, or little hoxes on wheels with cargoes of tiny hottles of soda-water and lemonade. There were men in donkey-carts selling milk out of polished brass-topped milk-cans; there were hands of gypsy women in flounced dresses and very large flowery bonnets, stopping every one with a "Won't you give a penny to the gypsy, sir?" They seemed very natural and like their pictures in the novels, so dark and thin and foreign-looking; in fact, everything seemed to the Americans partly unreal (as belonging to the fiction we import), and partly quite to have been expected, and meeting all the requirements of aoticipation. Such is the case with everything in England. At each new glimpse of the life here, the well-informed American is at first surprised, then reassures himself with the recollection that it is all what he has seen and read in illustrated hooks.

But great and peculiar as was the hustle hefore the Red Lion, it was as nothing to the sceoe on the Thames. So amazing was the view, that the wealthiest man alive may venture all his dollars on the wager that nowhere else does the world offer anything to compare witb it. Tbe river swarmed with boats as far as one could see in either direction. Just as at the great centennial ball in New York last spring, there were so many dancers that there could not he any dancing, so here there were so many row-hoats that not a soul could row. There were thousaods upon thousands of them. Every now and again, at places, they were so massed that a man could have walked dry-shod upon them from shore to sbore. Close at hand the view was of hoats, hut at a quarter or half a mile away, no hoats were to he seen, only the heautifully dressed people were visible. It was as if teos of thousands of men and women were holding a mass-meetiog in what must have been the dry hed of a river. The setting of the scene was exquisite. At Heoley there is a long, straight reach of the river, and therefore the place was chosen sixty years ago for the annual battle of the university crews. The bills inclose this course at eitber end, and give it the appearance of a lake. On the one side are the quaint houses and inns of the village, centred by an ancient church, which is said to have heen designed hy Cardinal Wolsey. Its great, square, battlemented tower rises above the luxuriant clothiog of the trees around it in picturesque and feudal grandeur. Beyond the village, at either end, are country-seats upon lawns which lave their green edges in the river. On the opposite side are dense woods, whose shapely piles of foliage look strangely dark to American eyes. Here and there the cupolas and towers of country-bouses illuminate apertures in the woods. A rounded bank of leafage closes the view helow, and a softly swelling hill-side, sown in grain, hems in the scene above. This is the mere framing of the picture. It is the picture itself which can not he described. Yet something must he ventured ahout it.

The incomprehensihle confusion of hoats in the river hegins with a gorgeous line of what are called "house-hoats," moored one hehiod the other along the Henley bank. There are seventy-five or a hundred of these, and they are between tweoty-five and sixty feet in length and ten to fifteen feet wide. They are one-story houses huilt on harges, witb their flat roofs shaded hy awnings, and appointed with chairs and rockers. By spending from one thousand to ten thousand dollars upon a Hudson River hay-barge, you could turn it into a Thames bouse-hoat. You would have to put great plate-glass windows close together in the sides, and if you sheathed the outer walls with polished natural wood, you would do nothing extraordinary. You might loop fresh roses, day after day, upon the sides hetween the windows, and you would he ohliged hy custom to keep a rihhon or hand of gorgeous flowering plants along the top of the boat on either side. Then, if you hung richly-striped, scallop-edged awnings bigb above the roof, with dangling lanterns a-plenty and hrilliant flags galore on the awning-poles and flag-staffs, you would have nothing more to do than to appoint your boat's interior with costly furniture, and rugs, and bric-à-hrac. There you have an idea of the nether wall of bouse-boats along the Henley bank. A more opulent, gorgeous, splendid effect than they produce it would be difficult to imagine. It was like an exaggerated Oriental pageant halted, and yet with all its line a-flutter with gay hunting and lanterns. Some of these boats were pure white, some were walled with polished oak or lustrous maple; others were great hlocks of rich color. So extreme is the opportunity to spend money upon them that in special cases the ladies and gentlemen ahoard them were dressed to match the colors of their hoat-hangings. It has long heen the fashion for wealthy people to own or rent these house-hoats, and in them to spend their summers. They cook, and eat, and sleep in them, though some have separate kitchen-harges lashed to their dwelling-hoats, as a tender is fixed to a locomotive in our country. Change is what we are all after—not rest, as the doctors prescrihe—and so it pleases rich ladies, who never enter their kitchens in London, to cook and keep house in these hoats.

To understand the scene, then, fancy the long line of house-hoats along the lawn-edged hank of the river. The lawns were dotted with dining-tahles, and canoes, and racing-shells, and splendid carriages, and heaps of ladies' wraps and shawls. Dandies and beauties were at the tahles, and extra-dignified waiters in aprons and men in liveries were waiting upon them, for every lawn was leased to wealthy Londoners, who wished fixed meeting-places and luncheons *al fresco*. The very cottages upon the lawns were leased also, sometimes to still different parties. Three miles from Henley little cottages fetch one hundred and twenty-five dollars for the regatta week, so that the reader may estimate for himself what those actually at Henley rent for. But the interest was mainly focussed on the river, and we have seen that it was as crowded with pleasure-boats as if it were a pail of water in wbich there had heen dropped a small measure of corks. Sir Morell Mackenzie, pbysician to the late Emperor of Germany, had brought a real gondola from Venice to anchor off bis lawn, and a Mrs. Hamersley came with another genuine gondola, sculled hy a Venetian in native dress. There were hircb-hark canoes and modern American canoes hy the score; there were dozens of dinghies, looking like the bow ends of whale-boats cut in half; there were scores of long, iron-hound, flat, shallow punts, in which men walked to and fro wielding great poles; there were steam-launches and sail-hoats with their sails tied up, and, finally, there were thousands of Thames pleasure-boats. Tbese are like very broad and very light whitehall-hoats. Each has a cushioned settee for two in the stern, and seats for two oarsmen. There is also a pillow and rug for a fifth person near the how of each. All have carpets in them, and some are covered with awnings, while others carry radiant masses of flowering plants in how and stern. All carry paddles and books, as well as oars. The paddles are more often in use than the oars, and the hooks hecome useful when in the thick of the crush you see a few meo poling or paddling, aod scores of boats booked on he-hind each other, all moving by the efforts of those who are at work. Tbe scene is amazing. The ladies lie back on the settees, the colors of the costumes dazzle the sight, the min-strels float ahout and sing, the peddlers cruise around and hawk their wares, the boats crash into one another, row-locks are torn off, oars are snapped, canoes are overturned, and the only element that is ever uninterrupted is the general good-nature. That is the distinctive feature of the three holidays after all. Nothing disturbs the even temper of either the multitude or the individuals.

Once an hour a hlack hoat, manned hy men in uniform, pushes down the stream. It is a boat of the Thames Conservancy. "Clear the river for a race!" the guardians of the river shout. Not far behind them comes a little launch manoed by more of the same force. As if hy magic the pleasure-boats mass together along the Henley bank, leaving a clear space seventy-five feet wide near tbe other shore. Tbe Thames at Heoley is about three hundred feet wide; perhaps a little wider. Bang! goes a cannon. A moment later every man and woman on the river stands up. "Do you see them?" is closely followed hy, "Here they come!" Two rows of white-shirted men dot the clearing on the water. Their backs and their long oar-hlades sway in the sun. There is confusion on the hank across the river from Henley. Scores of youths are running along even with the oarsmen, and shouting to them. Their money or friendly interest is staked upon one crew or the other. Among them ride men on horseback, the coachers of the crews. Behiod the hindmost racing-hoat a steam-launch glides along. The judges are on hoard the launch. Nine throats in ten in all the tremendous multitude yell at the racers, hut not two persons in ten know or care who they are or what the race is. Interest in the hoat-races is the last and least thing felt at Henley. The people go there for fun in the open air and on the water, to meet one another, aod to say they have heen to Henley. A nohle lord who was present was asked at one time what hoats were racing. He did not know one race in the three days, he said. Suddenly a man cried, "There's Christchurch ahead!" The nohle lord, as all lords are called, no matter how little they deserve it, sprang to his feet at once. "I must cheer Christchurch," said he; "well rowed, Christchurch; well rowed." Then he sat down and continued his luncheoo. Christchurch was his *alma mater*, or he would not have stirred. To complete the record of a visit to Eogland's greatest gathering, it is necessary to say that at its close on the last night, when all the lanterns on the house-hoats were sending their chromatic rays upon the cluster of crafts in the river, there was a grand display of fire-works. At once the earth and the sky were made resplendent with colored lights. It was a heautiful scene.—*Julian Ralph in Harper's Weekly.*

There is a revival of the oft-appearing project to gild St. Paul's dome. It would cost ten thousand pounds sterling. The rihs may be tried this time, and the result of that considered first.

There are fourteen thousand two hundred and forty-seven policemen in London, and fourteen thousand two hundred and sixty-seven cabs.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Robert Browning has been very generally condemned for his hasty attack on the memory of Fitzgerald.

After a hundred years in Edinburg, the famous firm of Messrs. A. & C. Black are about to move their head-quarters from the Scottish capital to London. The houses of Blackwood and Chambers remained in the north, but each had a branch establishment in London.

Zola's newest novel, "La Bête Humaine," contains all the personal experience of life on the railway which the author was so busy in acquiring last winter when he rode on express engines, interviewed traffic managers, traveled with guards, and bobnobbed with porters and signalmen.

The Baltimore *American* credits Edgar Saltus with making not less than fifteen thousand dollars a year out of his stories, and the *Critic* thinks that Mr. Saltus is a lucky man if he has made fifteen hundred dollars annually for the last five years out of stories. The New York authority is nearer the mark by at least one cipher.

Here is another picture of Tennyson by Edward Fitzgerald, the translator of Omar Khayyam: "We have had Alfred Tennyson here; droll and wayward; and much sitting up of nights till two and three o'clock in the morning with pipes in our mouths; at which good hour we would get Alfred to give us some of his magic music, which he does between growling and smoking; and so to bed."

The *Author* states that the editor of *Harper's Magazine* "selects for publication each year about seventeen manuscript stories and rejects annually between fifteen and sixteen thousand. The magazine is published at a yearly cost of two hundred and sixty thousand dollars for original literary matter and the work of artists and engravers. This sum does not include the expenses of printing or publishing the magazine."

The author of "Micah Clarke," the historical novel lately published, is an English physician who is only thirty years old, and who has been a writer of magazine stories for ten years past. Dr. A. C. Doyle is a tall, athletic young man, who not only attends to a good practice and writes novels, but is a famous cricketer. He has, moreover, seen service on the West African Coast and has roughed it in a whaler. He is a nephew of Richard Doyle, the *Punch* artist and the illustrator of "The Newcomes."

As a result of the imprisonment of Mr. Vizitelly for the publication of Zola's translations, his firm has suppressed Henri Murger's "Vie de Bohème," and Chatto and Windus have burned all their remaining stock of Boccaccio, Rabelais, and other mediæval classics. The so-called Vigilance Society, elated by this testimony to the scare they have created, are reported to be considering a crusade against a well-known edition of the early English dramatists. Thus very soon there will be pantalettes on all the piano-legs through the length and breadth of merry England.

Many books have been published in Paris about the accompaniments of acting, but none of these has been quite as unnecessary or as frankly personal as "Loges d'Artistes," by "Rose-Thé." It contains some four hundred solid pages of about a square foot each, devoted to a description of the dressing-rooms of the leading actresses of Paris, amplified by an occasional account of the private residences of these ladies, all illustrated by many drawings by M. Félix Fournery, and introduced by a letter of M. Emile Bergerat. Five of the thirty ladies thus immortalized—Mmes. Desclauzas, Judic, Céline Montaland, Sarah Bernhardt, and Théo have been seen in America. Nearly a third of them are now connected with the Comédie Française. About a quarter are attached to the Opéra or Opéra Comique.

Mr. William Aldis Wright's letter in the London *Athenæum* in regard to the unfortunate Fitzgerald letter is as follows: "I find that by a grave oversight I have allowed a sentence to stand in one of Edward Fitzgerald's letters which has stirred the just resentment of Mr. Browning. Fitzgerald's expression was evidently thrown off with the freedom that men permit themselves in correspondence with their intimate friends; and I feel how great an injustice I have done to Fitzgerald in making public what was but the careless outburst of a passing mood, and thus investing it with a significance which was never designed. That I should have allowed a passage to remain which has so wronged the dead and pained the living causes me, I need not say, extreme vexation, and I can only beg publicly to express my sincere regret."

"Ouida" is hard on her brother novelists—even to the extent of writing about Mr. Rider Haggard's "paste-board inanity." She declares that the English literature of to-day is "beyond all, lacking in those artistic qualities, those qualities of style which constitute the especial literary excellence of a literature, and for which French literature is at all times conspicuous. Style seems by the English writer to be considered a thing with which he has nothing to do. In a nation which had consciousness of style, the grotesque, unpolished, and often barbarous diction of Carlyle and Dickens would never have been allowed to disfigure their talent, because, before they would have addressed a lettered audience, they would have studied the art of letters. But it is not only defects of style which injure English literature, it is a want of knowledge of the world, a Puritanism, a hypocrisy, a timidity which lie like lead upon it, and check its full development, and keep it in swaddling-clothes ill-fitting manhood."

New Publications.

"His Wife, or His Widow?" a novel by Marie Walsh, the author of "Hazel Kirke," has been published in the series of cheap, paper-covered novels issued by G. W. Dillingham, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 50 cents.

"Hélène: A Tale of Love and Passion" is the title John Stirling gives his translation of one of Emile Zola's stories, which has recently been reprinted by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia; for sale by the booksellers; price, 25 cents.

"To-Night at Eight" is the title given to a collection of comedies and comediettas by Fannie Aymer Matthews. They are all short and sparkling, and are adapted to the needs of the amateur stage, though they read better than they would act. Published by Belford, Clarke & Co., Chicago; for sale by Clarke & Spengler; price, 50 cents.

"Deborah Death" is a novel, published without the author's name, which takes the reader to London, particularly the slums thereof, and makes his hair to stand on end and his breath to come in gasps over the horrors of murder and the intricacies of Scotland Yard men's work—provided, of course, that he reads the book and does not laugh at it. Published by G. W. Dillingham, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 50 cents.

"Uncle Piper of Piper's Hill," by Tasma, deserves its sub-heading, "An Australian Novel." It is not satisfied with a scene or two in the bush and the mines, but takes its entire course in the island continent, showing the home of a typical Australian nabob and introducing the reader to the most notable and typical phases of the present Australian life. Published in the Franklin Square Library by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 40 cents.

"Published in vindication of her memory" is the excuse offered by the Dowager Lady Lytton's executrix, Louisa Devey, for publishing the "Letters of the Late Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton, to his Wife." Some weeks ago we reprinted in another column a few extracts from these letters, in which the author of "The Last Days of Pompeii" signed such pretty names as "Puppy" and "Poodle" to effusions of a most vealy character; there are many more of this sort, better and worse, in the volume, explained by extracts from Lady Lytton's manuscript autobiography and other documents, ranging through their correspondence from their first meeting to the last legal aspects of the affair. Published by G. W. Dillingham, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

T. J. Richards, who came to the Golden Gate four years ago, has dallied with the muses to such an extent that he has in this brief period produced two books of verse. The first, collected from the periodicals in which they first appeared, was destroyed in the Bancroft fire; the second is now published under the title of "Shifting Scenes." The four-score poems the book contains are generally smoothly rhymed, but the diction is not notable for melody or strength, and the themes are not new. Published and for sale by The Bancroft Company, San Francisco.

"Clip Her Wing; or Let Her Soar" is the title of a novel by "A Lady of Louisiana." Despite its three hundred and eighty pages of fine print, this novel will not add much to the reputation of the new South. The personages are of the romantic type which was well enough in "The Children of the Abbey," but is now relegated to the *Ledger* stories, and the Lady of Louisiana betrays an eminently airy freedom, not to say carelessness or ignorance, in her choice and use of words. Published by G. W. Dillingham, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Garden's Story," by George H. Ellwanger, records the pleasures and trials of an amateur gardener. The gardener rode his hobby in the East, to be sure, but he writes so enthusiastically and in such a happy manner that the reader who cares at all for pottering around with a trowel will be delighted with him, and the ordinary reader will find something to surprise and amuse him in the precautions needed in the rigorous climate of the East to bring up what are to us hardy plants. An index greatly increases the value of this little book. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.25.

"We found the whole country BEAUTIFUL and full of the most WONDERFUL EFFECTS; but we must also add that it is the most abominable to travel through, and its people are the most down-trodden on God's earth." This is the concise description Elizabeth Robins Pennell gives of the Western Highlands and islands of Scotland in "Our Journey to the Hebrides," in the preface to that book. The three parts of which the book consists were originally published in *Harper's Magazine*, and drew down on her devoted head and that of her husband, Joseph Pennell, the artist, the ire of William Black and other literary farmers of this district, as well as of those who were commercially and patriotically interested in maintaining its good name. The controversy which followed in the literary periodicals was a drawn battle, but those who have recognized in their earlier books the accuracy of description and keenness of observation of this accomplished pair of travelers, will side rather with them after reading the book. "In the Highlands," "On the Islands," and "To the East Coast and Back Again" are the three trips they made, journeying by 'cycle where the actual and reported roughness of the roads did not prevent, and the rest of the way on foot. The text, presumedly the work of Mrs. Pennell, is as readable as any she has written, and Joseph Pennell's illustrations, reproduced by excellent wood-cuts and process plates, are scattered with a lavish hand through the pages. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Journalistic Chit-Chat.

As specimens of journalistic enterprise, the New York *Herald* printed last week an interview with a burlesque actress cabled from Paris while the actress was in New York, and the *Graphic* spoke of a well-known musical director being "a prominent figure on Broadway at present," when the poor man has been dead a year or more.

From Europe, Turkey has received the impetus which has already produced a prolific and ephemeral daily press. What the reputation of this press among the Turkish people is, may be gathered from a common name for a newspaper, heard everywhere, *The Lie (Yalan)*. "What news out of *The Lie?*"—or, what false news—to-day? Southern Europe has flooded Western Asia, along the sea-board, with its cheapest, most trashy, and corrupting literature.

A new illustrated weekly has made its appearance in New York, which proposes to devote itself to literature, the sciences and fine arts, politics, and topics of general interest. It is called *Le Nouveau Monde*, and addresses French-Americans and speakers of French in Canada, the United States, and Mexico. The name of the editor is not given. The first number has for a monthly supplement a print in red ink after Bouguereau's "Psyche and Cupid." A portrait of M. Bruwaert, of the consul-general's office in New York, makes a frontispiece.

A London correspondent writes that the "we" of the London *Times* is composed of Mr. Soames, a country solicitor, whom Mr. Walter brought to town to contend with Mr. George Lewis; Mr. Macdonald, the exceedingly droll manager, who thought it took three men to write all Parnellite letters; and Mr. Walter himself. And the author of the famous anti-Irish articles in the paper is an obscure Cork Orangeman, named Wilson, for whose opinions on the question, delivered in *propria persona*, nobody would give what the Duke of Wellington used to call "a tuppenny damn."

Some Magazines.

The *Popular Science Monthly* for August contains: "The Spirit of Manual Training," by Professor C. H. Henderson; "Agnosticism and Christianity," by Professor T. H. Huxley; "Life in the Solomon Islands," by C. M. Woodford; "Scientific Charity," by A. G. Warner; "The Influence of Race in History," by M. Gustave Le Bon; "The Stone Age in Heathen Sweden," by W. H. Larrabee; "Electrical Waves," by Samuel Sheldon; "The Wastes of Modern Civilization—I," by Felix L. Oswald; "Home-Made Apparatus," by Professor John F. Woodhull; "The Defensive Armor of Plants," by M. Henry de Varigny; "Blood-Vengeance and Pardon in Albania," by Herr J. Okie; "Mr. Mallock on Optimism," by W. D. Le Sueur; and "Savage Life in South America," by Captain John Page.

The leading article in the August *Forum* is by Mr. John G. Carlisle, Speaker of the House of Representatives, on "The Republican Programme." Another political article is by ex-Governor Hoadly, of Ohio, on "Methods of Ballot Reform." Warning against the influence of unassimilated foreigners on our social and political life, is given by Bishop A. Cleveland Coxe, of Northern New York. In "The Transformation of New England," by Mr. A. L. Bartlett, superintendent of schools at Haverhill, Mass., points out the rapid growth of Catholicism, especially in Massachusetts. "Prohibition and License," by Senator Ingalls. "The Defects of the Coroner System" are pointed out by Dr. S. W. Abbott. Edward Atkinson sums up his economic theories by a demonstration that every man, under existing conditions, can earn all that his character and industry fairly entitle him to have. Judge James M. Love makes a comparative study of the Governments of the United States and Canada. Walter Lewin reviews the main purposes to which fiction has been put. Alfred H. Peters writes concerning "The Extinction of Leisure."

The frontispiece of the August *Harper's* is a drawing by Edwin A. Abbey, one of a series of twelve illustrations of Austin Dobson's "Prologue and Epilogue to 'The Quiet Life.'" Alfred Parsons, too, has two illustrations of William Wordsworth's sonnet, "How Sweet It Is." Theodore Childs has the place of honor with a long illustrated article on "The Kremlin and Russian Art." J. Wells Champney writes of "Fifty Years of Photography"; Mary E. Wilkins has a story entitled "A Gentle Ghost"; John Lillie writes of "Westminster Effigies"; James Lane Allen describes "County Court Day in Kentucky"; Louisa Parr writes of "The Fan"; Y. H. Addis describes "Mexican Lustred Pottery"; Constance Fennimore Woolson's novel, "Jupiter Lights," is continued; Dean Lichtenberger discusses "The Religious Movement in Germany"; Charles Dudley Warner gives the fifth part of his "Little Journey in the World"; George H. Hepworth narrates "The Experiences of an Amateur Photographer"; M. G. McClelland contributes a story, entitled "Mollie"; and there are verses by Richard E. Burton and Francis L. Mace, and the departments.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Samuel Rogers had a very good heart and a very sharp tongue even took delight in saying disagreeable things. "They tell n once observed to Sir Henry Taylor, in his slow, quiet, deliberat "I have a very weak voice. If I did not say ill-natured things, would hear what I said."

An Anglo-Indian lady boasted that her Chinese cook was much than her neighbor's Indian *chef*. They visited the respective ki The Indian's pots and pans and utensils of all kinds were filthy Chinaman's vessels shone like mirrors, and Chang himself was sit his box, washing himself in the soup-tureen.

It was at the shop of Herr Spithoever, the erudite bibliophile Eternal City. A pretty American traveler wanted a copy of Max book on the United States, and said so. The Herr bibliophile gl through his spectacles a moment, and replied with noble scorn: in himmel, mees! Marcus Aurelius vos neffer in der United Sl

A French mayor, who at one time held the office of stipendary trate, was about to perform the civil service of marriage. "moiselle X——," he said, addressing the bride, "do you agree Mr. Z——, here present, for your wedded husband?" And, al young lady had applied in the affirmative, the mayor, turning bridegroom, delivered himself as follows: "Prisoner at the ba have you to say in your defense?"

Just thirty years ago "La Grisette de Béranger" was first pl the Théâtre des Folies Dramatiques, Paris. The part of Liz taken by the celebrated Virginie Dejazet. The famous old ac that time had lost all her teeth. In honor of the new part she personify she ordered a beautiful new set. Finding her teeth fortable, she took them out as soon as the play was over, and p in her pocket. In the green-room she unfortunately sat upon th rose up with a scream. "What is the matter?" asked ge Adolphe Dennery. "Nothing," smiled Dejazet; "I only bit my

You may see at Heiligenstadt, near Vienna, where they are no ing a sort of Beethoven Museum like the Mozarteum at Sal sketch of a château in Nether Austria, where, a few years be death, Beethoven used to compose. It belonged to Beethoven's a chemist, who had made some money and was rather fond of ing his wealth. This brother called upon Beethoven and left upon which he had engraved his name: "Jean von Beethoven proprietor." This innocent vanity so enraged Beethoven tha turned the call upon his brother when he knew he would not be a and left his card: "Louis von Beethoven, hrain proprietor."

A Swedish statesman recently inveighed most eloquently in ment against oleomargarine. Next evening, he was invited to d the king, who loves a joke. There was only oleomargarine royal table, and the statesman liberally partook thereof. At t of the meal the king asked him: "Well, sir, how do you butter?" "It is excellent," replied the statesman; "the cont tween it and artificial butter is very marked." "But," said t "that is artificial butter!" The other guests roared with laug the "old Parliamentary hand" returned quick as a flash: majesty, if one can be deceived so easily, there is all the more strict laws against bogus goods!"

A young lady of Mississippi was visiting the blue-grass region tucky, and was entertained at a dinner-party at the governor's During the course of the dinner, a degenerate son of the govern loosely about things in general, and among them of a visit in Mi remarking that he had not seen a pretty woman in his tour thr State. The girl from Mississippi awaited her opportunity, and lull in the conversation turned and asked the governor if what heard of the gentlemen of Kentucky were true. The governo to know what it was, and the attention of the whole compan rected to the lady's response: "Well," said she, "I heard t tucky gentlemen educate their horses and turn their sons out t

When General O. O. Howard was marching down through see, General Whittlesey, late president of the Freedman's B assistant adjutant-general on his staff. Whittlesey had been man down in Maine, and was fully as straight-laced as How day, Howard drove into a farm-yard from which Whittlesey departing. A woman and her grown daughter were standin the door. "My good woman," said Howard, "will you ki me a drink of water?" "No. Get out of my yard! A lot of pident Yankees I never seed." "But I have done nothing and ing out of the way, and will severely punish any of my sold should say or do anything wrong." "That soldier insulted she, pointing to the retreating form of General Whittlesey; me for a drink of water, and when I done give it to him he "But—but that is General Whittlesey, of my staff. I am wouldn't be rude to any woman." "Maw," said the girl, pu mother's dress, "I reckon he moughn't have meant anythi holden." "Hush; don't I know low-down blackguard talk hears it? He asked me what was the State of my nativity."

An eccentric clergyman, in Cornwall, had been much anno way the members of his congregation had got into of looking take stock of later comers. After enduring the annoyance time, he said, on entering the reading-desk one day: "Breth gret to see that your attention is called away from your religio by your very natural desire to see who comes in behind you. I henceforth, to save you the trouble by naming each person enter, and I hope that the service will then be allowed to pro out interruption." He then began: "Dearly beloved," but pa way to interpolate, "Farmer Stubbins, with his wife and Farmer Stubbins looked rather surprised, but the minister, wi gravity, resumed his exhortation. Presently he again paused. Curtis and William Diggle." The abashed congregation kept studiously bent on their books. The service proceeded in orderly manner, the parson interrupting himself every now an name some new-comer. At last he said, still with the sam gravity: "Mrs. Symons, of the Red Lion, in a new bonne moment he felt his mistake, but it was too late. Every feminin the congregation had turned round.

A Chicago undertaker, whom we will call Mr. Z., is a w pathetic man, and one who sincerely mourns when it becomes ful duty to take charge of the obsequies of his friends or acqua One freezing cold day last winter, a young lady whom he well k whose family he was much attached to, entered his office and s be at once so overcome by her feelings that she could not spe Z., much shocked to think that some member of her family ha victim to the death angel, drew her near the grate and placed chair. He then thought it best to let her take her own time t the sad news. The young lady sat for some time, with hea unable to restrain her sobs. Finally, she drew a note out of handed it to Mr. Z., and went sobbing out of the office. The addressed to Mrs. Z., but the affair seemed so curious, Mr. Z. to read the note. It ran like this: "MY DEAR MRS. Z.: As in our section in the church, I am going to ask you to contribu ham for our social next Tuesday evening at the church parlors. in haste, MRS. ——." Afterward, when asked why she wept ously, the young lady said: "In the first place, I cried because cold, and then, just as I went in, I happened to think how d would be if any of our family were dead."

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

rs. James A. Rohinson has been at Bayreuth for the performance of "Parsifal." She sails for home early in September.

rs. Catherwood and daughter, who have been at Bayreuth, go to Paris for the exposition, and return to Dresden for the winter.

rs. F. J. Huse and her sister, Mrs. Newton Talbot, of Boston, have just returned from a trip to Alaska.

shop and Mrs. William Ingraham Kip will leave on September 1st for a visit to New York.

s. John H. Maynard, Mrs. William P. Morrison, and Miss Florence Coleman are in England.

. J. B. Hagerin has left New York en route to Europe.

. and Mrs. William M. Lent, Mrs. Alexander, and Mr. Jesse Lent have returned from the East, and are stopping at the Palace Hotel.

s. John F. Miller, Mrs. Richardson Clover, Mr. and Mrs. Gen. C. Truman and daughter, and Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Dewey are at the Grand Hotel, Paris.

. Josepb D. Redding returned from Europe last Wednes-

s. Theresa Fair, Miss Fair, and Miss Birdie Fair, wbo have been at the Hotel del Monte for a couple of months, returned to the city a week ago. They were accompanied by Miss Jennie Blair, who has also been at Del Monte for several weeks.

s. George Hyde and the Misses Mamie and Gertrude Hyde, who have been devoting the past two years to European travel, have returned to their home on Geary Street.

. and Mrs. Henry Schmiedell, wbo have been passing summer at San Rafael, will return to the city September 1st.

and Mrs. Moses Hopkins have been passing a week at Hotel del Monte.

and Mrs. Louis F. Monteagle, who have been passing season at Blythedale, have returned to the city, and are in their residence, 2002 Pacific Avenue.

and Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson and Mr. and Mrs. Russell Wilson will remain at San Rafael a couple of months

James G. Fair, Jr., is at the Pacific Ocean House, in Santa Cruz.

. H. M. Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall, and Mr. George A. Newhall will return from San Rafael September 1st.

Peter J. Donahue is stopping at the Hotel Brunswick, New York city.

and Mrs. Adam Grant will remain at San Rafael the present month.

and Mrs. R. P. Hastings returned from their Napa villa on Monday, and are at the Palace Hotel.

and Mrs. James Otis have decided to remain at San Rafael during tbe winter months, as will Mrs. Lucy and Miss Helen Otis, who are expected at San Rafael

Joaquin Rolado, her mother, Mrs. Abrego, and Miss Rolado, who have been visiting Mrs. Judge Webb at Santa Cruz for the past two weeks, returned home on Friday in a special car.

and Mrs Cosmo Morgan have left San Rafael, and are residing at 2210 Devisadero Street.

John N. Featherston returned from San José early in the week.

A. J. Ralston and Miss Claire Ralston, of Oakland, are spending the season at Santa Cruz.

and Mrs. Fisher Ames have returned from a month's stay at Del Monte.

Timothy Paige has returned from Blythedale.

and Mrs. J Henley Smith have returned from Yellowstone Park, and are at the Occidental Hotel.

Clermont L. Best is passing a couple of weeks at the Hotel del Monte.

Samuel M. Blair and Mr. William Blair have returned from a visit to Bartlett Springs.

and Mrs. J. B. H. Cooper and Miss Alice Cooper returned home after passing the summer at Del Monte.

and Mrs. D. B. Hinckley, of Oakland, have returned from a visit to Blythedale.

and Mrs. W. B. Bourn will remain at San Rafael the latter part of September.

Misses Hastings will return from San Rafael early in October.

Bessie Bughee has returned from a visit to Santa

and Mrs Morris Newton went to San Rafael nn Monday, to pass a month there.

. P. Deering is at the Gilsey House, in New York

Walter S. Newhall is visiting in New York city.

. F. Mullins and Miss Maud Mullins have returned from a delightful trip to Alaska, and with their mother, Mrs. Jeremiah Clarke, have gone to Santa Cruz to the Pope House for a few weeks.

and Mrs. Cosmo Morgan, Sr., of Berkeley, will pass the month of August at San Rafael.

. F. Thorn is paying a visit to New York city.

Kate Jarboe has been paying a visit to Miss Urmy in San José.

d Mrs. W. B. Tubbs have been at Del Monte during last week.

d Mrs. Henry W. Redington and Mr. William Babcock and family were rusticating at Lake Tahoe for a couple

F. F. Low has returned from San Rafael to his city.

Monroe Salishury is enjoying a visit at the Hotel del

d Mrs. Witcher Jones and Miss Margaret Jones returned to San José after a prolonged absence.

usie Tompkins has been entertaining Miss Julia at her home in Ross Valley.

V. E. Holloway is again at San Rafael, where he will remain until Mr. Holloway returns from Australia.

orence Reed has been passing the last fortnight at Hotel del Monte.

d Mrs. Henry Williams, Miss Grube, Miss Kate Miss Florence Caduc, and Mr. Henry A. Willstill in San José.

aud Bourn is expected soon in San Rafael, after an absence of several weeks in the East.

. H. Hobbs and Mrs. Charles E. Bancroft are visiting Mrs. Pray at Santa Cruz.

. L. Bliss, of Carson City, Nev., arrived here Tuesday and is at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Drury Melone came down from Oak Knoll day and passed several days at the Palace Hotel.

. L. Dickenson and Miss Thama Dickenson have come from Santa Rosa and are at the Palace Hotel.

rett N. Bee has returned from the country and is at El Pleasanton for the winter.

O. Brigham and Miss Brigham have returned to from a visit to El Paso de Rohles Springs.

exander Badlam and Miss Maude Badlam have from their Alaskan trip. While at Portland, Or., m was called East on business.

alter Turnbull has gone to Santa Cruz, wbere she the month of August.

Mrs. George H. Wheaton, of Oakland, have Paso de Rohles Springs for a couple of weeks.

Hopkins and Miss Jennie Hopkins have returned camping near Taylorsville for several weeks.

nes A. Folger, Miss Elizabeth Folger, Mr. J. A. and Mr. Ernest Folger, of Oakland, have been Grove during the past month.

Marie and Marguerite Bucknall are guests of Mrs. nes at Santa Monica.

Mrs John D. Spreckels have returned from a visit at Coronado.

J. Mervyn Donahue returned last Monday from trip.

arles Bandmann will pass most of this month at

nd Mrs. F. E Spencer and Miss Grace M. turned to San José last Monday, after passing a weeks at Santa Cruz.

ak J. Carolan returned from Del Monte last Mon-

ury Heyman has returned from bis extended East- ucb improved in health

bert Tolmie, wbo is now at Niagara Falls, will soon visit Colorado Springs and Manitou and then return to this city.

Signor G. B. Galvani is visiting his father in Milan, Italy, and will return bere in September.

Army and Navy.

Lieutenant Tbomas J. Clay, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A., bas been granted two months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant A. M. Fuller, U. S. A., and Lieutenant P. D. Lochridge, U. S. A., have gone to Bellevue, Neb., to act as range officers during the coming cavalry competitions.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Mauzy Musical Cluh.

The Byron Mauzy Musical Cluh gave its final concert of this season last Thursday evening at Byron Mauzy's warerooms. A large audience was in attendance, and the following excellent programme was presented:

Overture, "Ligbt Cavalry" ..... Suppé
Orchestra.
Professor H. R. Austin, Conductor.
Song, "Tell Her I Love Her So" ..... De Faye
Mr. E. D. Crandall.
Piano Solo, Valse ..... Moszkowski
Miss Ernestine Goldmann.
Song, "Good-By" ..... Tosti
Miss Pearl Nohle.
Yiolin Solo, Fantasie on "Faust" ..... Sarasate
Mr. F. Victor Austin.
Song, "A Bandit's Life" ..... Harper
Professor W. B. Bartlett.
Selection, (a) "The Mill" ..... Gillet
(b) Melody in F ..... Rubinstein
Orchestra.
Song, "I'll Crown thee Queen" ..... Tours
Mr. E. D. Crandall.
Guitar and Mandolin Duo, "La Traviata" ..... Verdi
Misses Theresa and Lily Sherwood.
Song, "Come where the Lindens Bloom" .... Dudley Buck
Professor Bartlett.
Piano Solo, "Tarentelle" ..... Liszt
Miss Ernestine Goldmann.
Trio, "Te sol quest Anima ("Attilla") ..... Verdi
Miss Pearl Nohle, Mr. Crandall, and Professor Bartlett.
Finale, "Coronation March" ("La Propbète") .. Meyerbeer
Orchestra.

The Mansfeldt Cnncert.

Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt gave his twenty-fourth concert of this season last Monday evening at Spencer Hall, which was crowded with auditors. The selections given were as follows:

Symphony No. 2, D major ..... Beethoven
Miss Edith Reynolds, Miss Eva Crowley,
Miss Hattie Dunlap, Miss Opha Miller.
(a) Waltz, D flat major ..... Moszkowski
(b) "Chant du Matin" ..... Boscovitz
Miss Hattie Bastbeim.
(a) Study, C sharp minor ..... Chopin
(b) Waltz, A flat major ..... Moszkowski
Miss Gertrude Miller.
(a) Capriccio ..... Gade
(b) "Adieu" ..... Schubert-Liszt
Miss Kate Snyder.
"Caprice Hongroise" ..... Ketterer
Miss Jennie Beasey and Mr. Mansfeldt.
Romanza from 1st Concerto ..... Chopin
Mr. Emil Steinegger and Mr. Mansfeldt.
(a) "Spinning Song," from the "Flying Dutchman" ..... Wagner-Liszt
(b) Sixth Rhapsodie ..... Liszt
Mrs. Charles Neale.
Fourth Rhapsodie ..... Liszt
Mr. Abe Sundland.
Grand Duo, "Norma" ..... Thalberg
Miss Eva Crowley and Mr. Mansfeldt.

The annual entrance-examinations of Mrs. Thurber's National Conservatory of Music, will be beld in New York in the latter part of September and early in October. The successful candidates will enjoy the tuition of the best teachers, and, after graduation, will be afforded opportunities of making known their accomplishments and thus securing engagements. The charges will be one hundred dollars, with no "extras" whatever, and in cases in which circumstances may warrant, instruction in any or all of the branches of learning taught in the conservatory will be given free. For further particulars, address Charles Inslee Pardee, Nos. 126 and 128 East Seventeenth Street, New York.

The Loring Cluh will commence its thirteenth season hy giving a concert at Odd Fellows' Hall on Wednesday evening, September 4th.

DXXXIX—Bill nf Fare for six persons—Sunday, August 11, 1889.

Purée of Onion Soup.
Broiled Fresh Mackerel. Potato Croquettes.
Braised Duck with Olives.
Green Peas. Young Beets.
Roast Mutton.
Celery Salad.
Strawberry Ice Cream. Fancy Cakes.
Peaches. Figs, Apples, Pears, Grapes, Plums, Prunes, Gages, Apricots, Nectarines, and Grapes.

The discussion consequent upon the increase of leprosy in the East leads to curious conflicts of opinion regarding its cause. One authority declares it to be beyond question the result of a hot and damp climate; another says that it comes from bathing when in a state of perspiration; a third from sitting in a draught; a fourth says that it is hereditary; a fifth that it is contagious, and so is caugbt like small-pox or scarlet fever; and another accepts the sentiment of the ancient Jews, and asserts a belief in its being a punishment for sin.

To prevent over-sleeping, and thus risking the loss of their employment, the mail-carriers of Morroco resort to a unique and perilous scheme. They tie a string to one foot, and, as they know how long a yard or two will burn they regulate the length of the string by the time they have to sleep. They light the string, which burns slowly; and, when the fire comes to their foot, they are painfully reminded that it is time to arise.

At one factory in the United States, there are manufactured between two and three tons of postal-cards a day all the year round. The largest order ever filled for one city was four millions of cards, or about twelve tons of paper, for New York. There are four hundred and fifty millions of postal cards manufactured annually, and their use is increasing daily.

It is said that a Paris firm has produced porous glass for window-panes. The pores are too fine to admit of a draught, but they assist in ventulation.

— EDGAR SALTUS HAS WRITTEN A NEW NOVEL, entitled, "The Pace That Kills"; price 50 cents. For sale by Pierson & Robertson, the booksellers.

— MARCUS WARD'S STATIONERY ALWAYS ON hand at Pierson & Robertson's, 126 Post Street.

— EXTRA MINCE PIES, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

THE BALLAD OF TRUTHFUL CHARLES.

Charles Stuart, the crownless king whose hand
Sways Erin's sceptre—so they sing,
The bards of holy Liarland—
Can give his tongue such scope and swing,
So smooth of speech, so sure of sting,
That all wbo feel its touch must dread it:
But now we hear it witnessing—
"I meant to cheat you when I said it"

Base England felt his vocal hrand
Burn on her hlushless hrow, and cling
Like fire; though grave and calm and hland,
His voice could touch so deep a string,
That souls more pure than flowers in spring,
Wêre moved to follow wbere he led; it
Rang out so true: we hear it ring—
"I meant to cheat you wben I said it."

Convinced, appalled, confused, unmanned,
We see, splashed hlack with mud they fling,
Parnells and Pigotts lie or stand;
We see their faith, how pure a thing,
Their cause, bow past all challenging;
We read their creed as Gladsniff read it
And worshiped. Then a word takes wing—
"I meant to cheat you when I said it."

Prince of pure patriots, "blameless king,"
Is this conducive to your credit?
No shift, no plea hut this to hring?
"I meant to cheat you when I said it."

—*A. C. Swinburne in St. James's Gazette.*

Society Assumes the Lead.

Strange as it may appear, it is nevertheless a fact, that, until recently, the Parisian demi-monde and the members of certain sporting circles decided the fashions, and their taste was considered the supreme guide. But the educated sense of modern aristocracy, the aristocracy of refinement as well as rank, has now arrogated to itself in a quiet, undemonstrative, but still supreme way, this privilege, and its right to be considered an authority in those matters is universally conceded. Formerly, when the introduction of a new brand of wine was attempted, the influence of fast leaders of a certain class was solicited, and through their exertions it often occured that a temporary sale was forced. All this has changed. It no longer exists, and the most striking confirmation of this assertion is the effort to gain a foothold for certain brands of champagnes which have outlived original merit, and obtain for tbem a foot-hold similar to that which Pommery Sec enjoys among all lovers of good, pure, and incomparable wine. Those spasmodic attempts are like puny shadows passing before the sun, through which the reputation of Pommery Sec shines all the brighter, and its hold upon the esteem of the aristocratic and refined grows stronger and more enduring than ever. As an example of this, there arrived in this city on the 8th inst., by railroad from New Orleans, one shipment consisting of two thousand two hundred cases of Pommery Sec, the largest shipment of wine ever brought to this coast. Pommery Sec is the Wine of Princes and the Prince of Wines, and the high place it has steadily won among the refined and epicurean of this country is a good sign of the progress made in the discrimination of best things in life. The verdict of the Prince of Wales and the wine-drinkers of Europe has received the amplest confirmation from the aristocracy of this country.

— THE COLD WEATHER HAS HAD A TERRIBLE effect on the complexions of the few San Francisco belles who do not use Rachel's Enamel Bloom as a protection. For sale by all druggists.

— AN AMERICAN REPRINT OF THE "ENCYCLOpædia Britannica," duplicating the English edition in all respects and sold at one-third of its price, is advertised in another column.

— LADIES AND GENTLEMEN SHOULD YOUR HAIR be falling out for the want of proper attention, go to Professor Monks, artist in hair, 122 McAllister Street, opposite New City Hall.

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S NEW BOOK, "THE Wrong Box"; price 75 cents. For sale by Pierson & Robertson.

— PARTIES DESIRING FINE GOLD FILLINGS, BY the most skilled specialist on the coast, call on Dr. M. L. Cooper, 236 Sutter Street.

— MRS. JOHN VANCE CHENEY WILL RESUME teaching at her residence, 908 Sutter St., August 19th.

— FOR WEDDING-INVITATIONS AND CARDS, SEE Pierson & Robertson, 126 Post Street.

— USE SOUTHFIELD WELLINGTON COAL.

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PRICES:
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"WHITE SEAL," DRY AND FRUITY.
"IMPERIAL BRUT," VERY DRY.

These are the wines chosen from 38 brands of champagne submitted to the Committee of the Centennial Banquet and Ball in New York.

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Science has Conquered! Our system for testing and adjusting, to correct any error of refraction, is used on this coast only by us, and is indorsed by the leading authorities throughout the United States as the best known to science. A perfect fit guaranteed. EXAMINATION FREE. Our manufactory and facilities are the most complete on the Pacific Coast.

ED. W. WAINWRIGHT and JAS. W. EASTON want your COAL BUSINESS, FAMILY and OFFICE TRADE. GUARANTEE A SQUARE DEAL.
131 and 133 FOLSOM STREET.
Telephone 383.

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THE COSMOPOLITAN Warehouse and Storage Company, 770 Mission St., is the only five-story fire-proof storage house in its vicinity. Has better accommodations for storage, merchandise, furniture, pianos, mirrors, than any other house of its kind. Charges moderate. L. THIEBEN, Manager.

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We carry a very large assortment of all goods in our line, from the cheapest to the best made.
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No. 39 Clay Street ....San Francisco.

HAGGARD'S FAMOUS BOOKS. A Tale of 2 Lions and Hiawa's Revenge. Illustrated. Both only 10c. postpaid. CRITERION PUB. CO., St. Louis, Mo.

THE ARABIAN TRAVELER.

Mohammed Ben Ali to Ismail Mustapha, love that dieth not and greetings of great joy.

Behold, the wisdom of the land of sand and pomegranates hath stood me in great stead this day; whereof, I now sit me down to write unto thee the true and touching story. To-day I was walking in the street called Broadway, because it is so narrow and overcrowded, near the street called Canal, because it hath no canal near it, when a benevolent-looking stranger, with a long, white heard, accosted me, saying:

"Hello, Sheik Abdallah, how are you?"

"I am not the Sheik Abdallah," said I, "and I marvel that thou didst ever hear of him. I am simply Mohammed Ben Ali, a merchant of Bagdad."

"I beg your pardon," he said; "hut you look just like the Sheik Abdallah, who used to travel with Barnum."

I passed on, and had gone hut a few yards, when another benevolent-looking stranger, wearing a large, black mustache and a great diamond, accosted me, saying:

"Why, I am sure this must he Mohammed Ben Ali, of Bagdad."

"That is true," said I; "but how didst thou know it?"

"My friend, Boswell Poor, traveled in the East, and met you in Bagdad. If you will come around to my office, I'll send for him."

Now, Son of the Nightingale, my memory recalled no such man, but I thought it best to go. He took me through many streets, and, at last, to a small, poorly-lighted room, where we found another man sitting.

"Where's Boswell?" asked this man.

"I don't know," said my new friend; "let us send for him."

So saying he went to the door and called into the hallway?

"John, go and tell Mr. Poor to come around at once."

I saw no boy in the hall as we entered, and when he had called, he closed the door and locked it. I was now suspicious, and I obtained possession of the key hy means which thou knowest. My new friend sat down and whistled. Suddenly he said to the man at the table:

"Say, Jim, what's the matter with having a little game while we wait for Boswell?"

"I'll go you," said the other.

Then he produced some cards, and, selecting three, one of which was an ace, by a dexterous movement of the hands spread them out, face downward on the table. My friend het a dollar he could pick out the ace, and he promptly did so. This was repeated several times, and then, seeing that it was what they desired, I offered to het. The man with the cards distributed them clumsily, so that I could easily see which was the ace, and I won. This was repeated thrice. Then the man with the cards appeared to lose his temper, and bet me five dollars that I could not do it the next time. Now, O Nephew of the Pomegranate! did I, as we are in the habit of saying in the mosque, scent the rodent; hut knowing that I possessed all the magic of our people, I smiled and took up the het. This time the man distrihuted the cards very skilifully. Truly he must have studied the foolish art with long lahor. I permitted him to win. Then I het him that I could do it the next time. And I did. He seemed a trifle disconcerted, and he laughed with difficulty. I was still four dollars ahead of the game. Once more I het him, and this time I permitted him to win. The next time I won. This went on for a quarter of an hour, and I was still four dollars ahead. The man with the cards hegan to perspire. We tried it once more, I pointed out the card at the left as the ace.

"Wrong," said the man; "it's here."

And he turned up the card at the right. But it was a king. Then he turned up the one at the left, and it was the ace. I see thee smile as thou readest of my doing this old, old trick. But the man did not smile.

"There's some trick here," he said.

"Surely," said I, with great innocence, "no one could suspect trickery in this place."

I was now nine dollars ahead; hut my manner reassured my friend, and we went at it again. This time—I see thee smile again—no ace could he found at all.

"You duffer," said the man who took me there, "you've dropped it."

They searched on the floor, hut could not find it. When they lifted their heads again, they beheld the ace standing on end on the table and dancing. Brother of the Pyramids, I hlush to tell thee that I practiced this aged trick on these unsuspecting strangers; but I was anxious to measure the depths of their ignorance. They sprang to their feet and turned pale.

"What alarms you, friends?" I said; "there is a draught from the window which hlows the cards about. Let us close it."

That reassured them, and they closed the window. Then we began again. Once more the ace was missing. While they searched on the floor again, I determined now to bring to my aid our true art. The room began to grow dark. On the wall a luminous spot appeared. I bade them look at it; and, as they did so, I caused a large image of the ace to appear. The two men turned deadly pale. Then I caused aces to appear all over the room, dancing and glowing.

"Holy herring!" exclaimed one of the men; "we've buncoed old Nick!"

With that they made a rush for the door. But I had the key. The room began to fill with sulphurous smoke. The two men could not breathe. With a wild yell they hurled themselves through the window into the street, and, bleeding from many cuts, fled for their lives.

As for me, I put out the sulphur-fire which I had kindled behind a chair, removed the wet handkerchief from my mouth, gathered up my cards and my mirrors, and departed in peace, fourteen dollars ahead of the game.

Verily, Descendant of the Prophet, when thou goest abroad, always carry the apparatus of our Eastern art with thee.—*Puck.*

No Booms Need Apply.

"Can you direct me to Pacific City?" asked the Buffalo man of a station-agent in Dakota as he left the train at a "huddle" of four or five houses.

"Right across the street for information, sir," was the reply, and the stranger walked across to a shanty hearing the sign of "Real Estate," and put the same question to a red-headed man who was busy folding and sealing a prospectus.

"This is it, sir," was the calm reply.

"Why—why——"

"You are disappointed, of course."

"Well, rather."

"You expected to see a city of at least five thousand inhabitants, with parks, schools, factories, churches, and all that?"

"Yes, I did."

"That's the way with many others, hut it is not our fault. Our object is to go slow and sure, and not create anything like a hoom to give fictitious values. We have done remarkahly well thus far. One year ago this was the only structure in the city. Now look around."

"Now I can count seven."

"Exactly. That's what our latest prospectus says—improved seven hundred per cent. in one year. Can you ask a town to go ahead faster than that? Don't confound this wonderful progress with a hoom, however. Booms have killed half this Western country. We don't want any."

"How's real-estate?" queried the Buffalo man after awhile.

"Advancing, of course. Six months ago I offered lots on Washington Avenue for ten dollars a foot. To-day I am asking twenty dollars. That's one hundred per cent., isn't it? and nothing like a hoom. We are simply growing on our merits alone. That's the proper way for a town to grow."

"Any factories here?"

"There are. A year ago we had none. Now we have a blacksmith and a shoe-maker. That's an increase of two hundred per cent., and I want you to find a town to match it. There has been no boom, however—remember that. It's just a natural growth."

"What's the population?"

"That's one of the strong points in my new prospectus. A year ago I was here alone. To-day, we number twenty-two souls. Think of the tremendous per cent. of increase! All legitimate and on its merits, and no boom to cause a rush."

"Are the future prospects flattering?"

"Exceedingly so. This climate is good for catarrh and a check on hiliousness. Our seasons are very mild, and a farmer can get sixteen hours a day out of the hired men. This is a great distrihuting point for trade and the centre of manufactures, and we shall seek to have the national capital removed here. We expect six railroads and two canals to cross here, three large universities have asked for sites, and before the end of the year Congress will he asked for a public building, to cost not less than a million dollars. Flattering? I should remark. But we ain't doing any crowing about it. It might start a boom, and booms are the bitter foes of new towns. We want to grow on our merits as the coming city of the glorious West. If you write anything for your home paper, just put that in—all legitimate and solely on its merits, and no booms need apply."—*New York Sun.*

An Anecdote of Advertising.

It is well-known that at the Pere-la-Chaise Cemetery, near Paris, there stands in a conspicuous position a splendid monument to Pierre Cahochard, grocer, with a pathetic inscription, which closes thus:

"His inconsolahle widow dedicates this monument to his memory, and continues the same business at the old shop, 167 Rue Mouffetard."

Now, a Parisian paper relates that a short time ago a gentleman, who had noticed the above inscription, was led by curiosity to call at the address indicated. Having expressed his desire to see the Widow Cahochard, he was immediately ushered into the presence of a fashionably-dressed and full-hearded man, who asked him what was the object of his visit.

"I came to see the Widow Cabochard, sir."

"Well, sir, here she is."

"I heg pardon, hut I wish to see the lady in person."

"Sir, I am the Widow Cabochard."

"I don't exactly understand you. I allude to the relict of the late Pierre Cahochard, whose monument I saw yesterday at the Pere-la-Chaise."

"I see, I see," was the smiling rejoinder; "allow me to inform you that Pierre Cahochard is a myth, and therefore never had a wife. The tomh you admired cost me a good deal of money, and, although no one is buried there, it proves a first-rate advertisement, and I have no cause to regret the expense. Now, sir, what can I sell you in the way of groceries?"
—*Sampson's History of Advertising.*

Educational.

IRVING INSTITUTE.
A SELECT SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.
Thirteenth year. Fifteen Professors and Teachers. The next session will begin Monday, July 29, 1889. For catalogue or information address the Principal.
REV. EDWARD B. CHURCH, A. M.,
1036 Valencia Street, San Francisco, Cal.

MISS ALICE M. BACON

Has returned to the city and resumed teaching at her residence,

No. 1514 SACRAMENTO STREET.

Miss Bacon is prepared to furnish good pupil teachers.

MISS JEAN MURRAY,
Landscape Painter,
Studio at Byron Mauzy's, Union Club Building.
Classes commence August 5, 1889.

TRINITY SCHOOL, 1534 MISSION ST.

Prepares boys and young men for College, University, or business.

Christmas Term opens Thursday, August 1st.

REV. DR. E. B. SPALDING, Rector.

MISS GILBERT'S SCHOOL,
2501 FILLMORE STREET,
Will re-open Thursday, August 1st, 1889.

Educational.

MR. HENRY HEYMAN,

Will resume his Violin lessons and Cl in Ensemble playing on or about August

Address, 623 EDDY STREET, S

MR. AND MME. J. H. ROSEW

WILL RESUME THEIR PROFESSIONAL DUTIES

AT NO. 938 GEARY STREE

— ON —

MONDAY, AUGUST 5, 1889.

MR. H. J. STEWART
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— AND —
MRS. H. J. STEWART
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Beg to announce that they will resume teaching on day, August 1st, at their new residence, 2417 Califo
Address until July 31st, 1513 Hyde Street.

MR. FREDERICK ZECH, JR.,

Residing during this summer at San J will receive his pupils at Gray's Music 206 Post Street, until the completion of hi residence, 1229 Bush Street, near Larkin.

MR. ALFRED KELLEHER,
Teacher of Vocal Music,
Mondays and Thursdays at Mills College. The c ladies will be resumed in September.
Ladies desirous of attending can address or call at
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SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES AND CHI
REMOVED TO 2237 JACKSON STREE
Miss Emily Edmunds, by special request, wi classes in the Grammar and High School Grades, J Primary Department for young boys and girls, with open-air play-grounds.
Instruction and Recreation for little children in the garten. Modern Methods for Languages and Reference kindly permitted to the Rt. Rev. Bishop the parents of pupils.

SNELL SEMINA
568 Twelfth Street, Oakland, Cal.
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A Boarding and Day School for Young L Fall Term begins Monday, August 5, 1889
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1606 VAN NESS AVENUE.
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Special Attention and Advantages for fitting for a Scientific or Classical Course.
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TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, March 31, 1889, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.30, 3.25, 4.[illegible], 6.20 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 12.30, 1.30, 2.45, 4.[illegible], 5.30, 6.30, P. M.

SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.10, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.55 P. M. (Sundays)—8.00, 9.50, 10.55 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 1.15, 2.45, 4.00, 5.05, 7.00 P. M. Extra trips on Saturday at 6.25 P. M. 50 cents. round trip.

SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.15, 8.15, 9.55, 11.50 A. M.; 2.30, 4.05, 5.30 P. M. (Sundays)—8.45, 10.35, 11.35 A. M.; 12.45, 1.55, 3.30, 4.45, 6.50, 7.45 P. M. Extra trips on Saturday at 6.25 P. M. 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

P. M., Daily (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Morning, leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at 8.00 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12.20 P.M.

P. M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations.

A. M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning arrives in San Francisco at 8.15 P. M.

EXCURSION RATES.

Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single rate.

Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Days, Saturdays, and Sundays, good to return following day: Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.00; Tomales, $2.25; Howard's, $3.50; Cazadero, $4.00.

Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, good on day sold to Camp Taylor, $1.50; Point Reyes, $1.75; Tomales, $2; Howard's, $2.50; Duncan Mills and Cazadero $3 00.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Leave Cazadero daily (except Mondays) for Stewart's, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, and all points on the North Coast.

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General Offices, 327 Pine Street.

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(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

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Sacramento, Redding, via Davis	7.15 P.
Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	6.15 P.
Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	11.15 A.
Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
Haywards, Niles, and San José	*7.45 P.
Sacramento River Steamers	*6.00 A.
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Stockton and §Milton; Vallejo, Calistoga & Santa Rosa	9.45 A.
2d Class Sacramento, Ogden and East, connects at Davis for Knight's Landing	10.45 A.
Niles and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
Niles and San José	‡ 4.45 P.
Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
Central Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	7.45 P.
Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East	7.45 A.
Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

Newark, San José and Santa Cruz	‡ 8.05 P.
Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*11.20 A.
Centerville, San José, Almaden, Los Gatos and Santa Cruz	‡9.50 A.

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San José and Way Stations	2.30 P.
Monterey and Santa Cruz, Sunday Excursion	‡ 8.25 P.
San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos; Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey, Pacific Grove; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations	6.12 P.
San José, Almaden and Way Stations	7.30 P.
Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	5.02 P.
Menlo Park, San José, Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville, Monterey, and Pacific Grove only. (Del Monte limited.)	*11.15 A.
San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and principal Way Stations	*10.00 A.
Menlo Park and Way Stations	7.58 A.
San José and Way Stations	9.03 A.
Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A.
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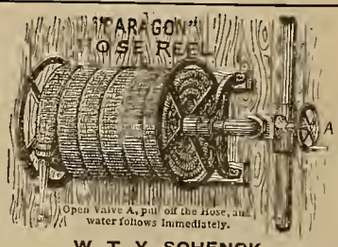

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"Jocelyn" is a story of blood, if not of thunder. It is a good, old, gory, Bowery melodrama. It is a play where shrill-edged shrieks cleave the air of the shuddering night, where every one is either an angel of goodness or a demon of darkness, where the heroine, "in white satin, and the confident, in white linen," are relentlessly pursued by the villain, booted and spurred, with wicked, gleaming eyes, a slouch hat, and a wild "Ha! ha!" The first blood is drawn in the second act and continues to run in rivers to the ensanguined end. Very nearly every one comes in for their share of cutting and hacking. Short swords, rapiers, guns, and daggers do their deadly work, and the play resounds with the clashing of steel and the firing of musketry.

It is a long time since the Baldwin has witnessed so much tragedy, since such vividly bad and good people have figured behind the footlights, or such a genuine, double-dyed, outrageous villain has lain weltering in red paint on the very spot where John Drew argued the case of Mrs. Ollyphant and John Rutherford murmured, "I have never, in facing the United States Senate, felt the trepidation that I do now in facing one simple girl." The spot seems accursed for gentlemen who are facing simple girls. For here, too, Prince Saviani—a man of blood and iron—was seized with horrible trepidation at the thought of facing one simple girl, who, in doublet and trousers, carrying a rapier in her hand, had announced her intention of "making worm's meat" of the prince.

Jocelyn had three brothers for whose sakes she renounces the love of Gaston, a young advocate in black. The brothers were younger than she, guileless and inexperienced. They needed some one to take care of them, for Philip, the eldest, lost five hundred crowns at cards to Prince Saviani, and, unable to pay, writes the prince an order for Jocelyn's hand in marriage. Apparently in these generous, free-handed old days, the golden primes of Maria de Medici and Louis the Thirteenth—the latter actually appearing in the last act in his habit as he lived—this was quite a custom. There was no difficulty in making the creditor accept the transfer, for the prince loved Jocelyn. When he comes a-courting, however, he commits the indiscretion of bringing with him a certain duchess, a lady friend, who is a little less than kin and more than kind. These two make a majestic entry into the court-yard of the château. The prince, in satin and gold galoon, a large hat full of feathers, a ruff, a pointed beard, a fierce mustache, a wild glance, looks just like the picture of the Duke of Alva in the front of Motley's "Dutch Republic." The duchess also wears a ruff, houffant yellow draperies, and pearls. They enter hand-in-hand, and behind them comes one trusty minion, in armor, and a regiment of the prince's servitors, consisting of two privates and an officer. The orchestra executes an ecstatic fanfaronade, and the lime-lights are turned on.

This baleful pair now begin a work of destruction. The misguided Philip no sooner sets eyes on the duchess than he "loves her with a love that is his doom," and proceeds to give words to his admiration, as Mallory puts it, "in the best manner and the richest." They exit to the garden, smiling and ogling. The prince and Jocelyn are left alone. The prince is a soldier, little blessed with the soft phrases of peace. He puts his hat firmly on, and, standing on his toes behind Jocelyn, looks at her over her shoulder, and confesses his adoration. When Jocelyn scorns him, he exclaims: "I will win you by force. B'ther gods, I swear it! Ha, ha!" And, with a terrible glance, he strides away. But mischief is afoot. Philip is discovered in the castle court-yard, with his arm about the yellow-plush waist of the duchess, and the curtain falls upon Jocelyn requesting the prince to seek other quarters and take his train with him.

In act two, the three brothers are all killed at one fell swoop. This is rather hurrying the pace. One expected them to be killed, but with due dignity, to drop off decorously one by one. There is something indecent in so much hurry. The deep damnation of their taking off is managed just under the window, so that Jocelyn may see them, and their harrowing cries ascend to her, in a manner which quite throws in the shade the similar scene in "La Tosca," where Mario's head is squeezed in the iron clamp. The brothers, like Achmet Pasha, "rage without," Jocelyn rages within. The prince, with a diabolical smile, gazes at her with demoniac triumph. His regiment entering, he inquires of the captain, with the ease of the practiced campaigner, "How many?" "Three," answers the man of war carelessly, referring to those "about to be removed" in the Nihilist phraseology. The prince considers, then waves his hand and bids the menial dispose of the three brothers in the manner which has been so efficacious with previous brothers. For the prince appears to have a whole battalion of fraternal relatives on his conscience. An instant after, three loud reports are heard, three wild cries follow—the prince's followers are evidently dead shots—Jocelyn gives several piercing shrieks, and faints away in a debris of millinery, and the curtain falls.

After this she goes mad. The heroines always go mad in these plays. The gods feel that they have been cheated if Tilhurina does not enter "stark mad in white-satin," and run about raving with her back hair down. For three-quarters of an act Jocelyn suffers from mania, harmless but very acute, for she consents to marry the prince. He has arranged everything, the settlements are drawn up, the special dispensation permitting the marriage of a heretic with a Romanist procured. The regiment—augmented to four—are brought in as witnesses. Jocelyn herself is arrayed in a wedding garment, procured at a moment's notice and warranted a perfect fit. But the duchess has a spasm of remorse. She sends for Gaston, the advocate in black, and Gaston comes with a large bag full of documents. The strategies by which he saves his love are interesting—this scene being undoubtedly the best in the play. The outwitted prince falls against the table, writhes, and gnashes his teeth. The mayor, in a red duster, appears at the head of a posse of excited citizens. The duchess is discreetly triumphant. In the midst, Jocelyn, in her wedding garment, gets back her mind, and for a short space the participants in the drama, like the heathen, "do furiously rage together."

The duel occupies the last act. There is little else. To be sure, Gaston attempts to spur the prince to an encounter, an invitation to which the prince does not respond with the alacrity of the French journalists. Saviani will not fight. He is the victim of a doleful presage. Holding his arms, he says to Gaston: "It likes me not—vassal, get hence!" He will not stain the sacred steel of the Savianis with the blood of a commoner. That was the way they expressed it in those days. So the commoner is seized upon, and, like the wicked Sapphira, "the young men carry him out."

The duel with Jocelyn is exciting. The foils clash, the sparks fly, the participants glide and edge round each other in a most scientific manner. A sunset in the background changes color like a dying dolphin. The trees, not to mention the stone château, undulate gently down to their roots in the sighing of the passing breezes. A calcium-light plays upon the two figures of the duelists, who steal about each other like wrestlers meditating an encounter. It is interesting and quite picturesque. What is it in either a play, a book, or a picture which lends such a fascination to a duel? Why have all the romanticists in art and literature tried their hands at it? Jocelyn and her prince, under the calcium-light and the eerily waving trees, recall a dozen startling paintings—each suggesting its own romance—from Gérôme's "After the Ball," with its dim figures and the trail of blood on the snow, to that more modern study by some forgotten artist—a green hollow, a stretch of dead wall, the broad back, raised arm of one antagonist, the barrel of his opponent's pistol, and his unearthly, pallid face. For capping off a romance, give us a duel!

But the duel can not save "Jocelyn." It becomes simply the climax of every conceivable kind of slaughter. It is the one novel hit in the play, and the one hit which is above the level of the Bowery. But even as such it can not over-balance the massacre of the three brothers, the fiendishness of the duchess, the lurid villainy of the prince, and the rough boorishness of the regiment, who occupy the boards during the intervals when Miss Coghlan is making a change of costume. Jocelyn holds the uncomfortable position of one who is unintentionally amusing.

As the heroine of all these horrors—the loving sister, the scornful loved one, the agonized witness of the triple murder, the crazed bride, the avenger of blood—Miss Coghlan is the star of the piece. Miss Coghlan, the sister of actors and herself the leading-lady of Wallack's for many years, has had a splendid training. But her talent is one-sided. She only excels in parts demanding brilliancy, hardness, and fierce intensity. She has no softness. She was a fine Stephanie in "Forget-me-Not"—a powerful rival of Genevieve Ward, to whom the part really belonged. She was a spirited and brilliant Countess Zicka in "Diplomacy." But the soft, the loving, the feminine are beyond her. This was demonstrated, shortly after her appearance in "Forget-Me-Not," when she created "Vera," in a dramatization of "Ouida's" story, "Moths." Every one knows that ice-bound heroine. The play was mounted with much care. Mrs. Herbert Kelcey, a very pretty lady, was Lady Dolly, the had little mamma, who wore dresses made out of peacocks' tails, and took to religion when her second manner developed itself, who called satyrs centaurs, and otherwise trifled with classic illusions and tongues in a way which even her gifted author would find it hard to beat. Miss Coghlan wore a white frock, her hair in a braid, and carried her eyes downcast. She looked very well and acted very badly. She seemed strained, stiff, unreal. The same faults are obvious in her Jocelyn. She does not get inside the part. She handles it carelessly and with little sympathy.

Since her departure from Wallack's Company, some years of successful starring have not improved Miss Coghlan's art or her methods. She is now a veritable star, with diamonds, an agent, sets of Worth costumes, a high dramatic reputation, and a one-part play. But the facile triumphs in country towns, the consciousness that the audience is inexperienced and uncritical, have had their deteriorating effect upon her acting. She is content to win cheap laurels, to substitute meretricious tricks for the art of former days. When her brothers are killed, she shrieks very loud and breaks the windows, but her face is as null as a marble Venus's. There is none of the passion and pain in it that there was in the Countess Zicka's when recounting her hard and bitter life.

But it is good to see her again—if for nothing but the memories her presence conjures up. John Gilbert, Lester Wallack, Mme. Ponisi—where are they now? Six years ago, Miss Coghlan was the Miss Hardcastle in a revival of Goldsmith's comedy, wherein these "great ones gone" took their old parts. Old Hardcastle, beside his great fire-place, his long-stemmed pipe in hand, his servants ranged in line before him, instructing them on their behavior before the city guests—what a rich, cheery, comfortable, simple life it looked! The old country squire was not above a joke with his servants, but with his guests was still a fine gentleman, if of a cut somewhat out of date. Then came Marlowe, with his swaggering city airs, and the dash, and flourish, and rare flavor of a life of movement and fashion; abashed before the ladies, a conquering hero with the barmaid. Lester Wallack must have been sixty, and there was not an actor in New York who could give the same touch, charm, brilliancy, inimitable suggestion of bravado to this beau of the early days of the Hanoverians, with his daring and his doubts. In his black and silver, he was a picture, with his diamond snuff-box and his hair—streaked with gray—*en queue*. What finish! what elegance! what fire! and never a suggestion of his sixty years, save once when he rose hurriedly from his knees—yes! there was just a touch of stiffness in that movement. His Marlowe at sixty—gray-haired, plagued by rheumatism—was a hundred times a handsomer man than any member of that long line of imported English beauties, who rang through every stage of young Greek god-dom from Montague to Kyrle Bellew.

Between these greater lights, Miss Coghlan flickered brightly. She was piquant, she was pretty—who could be otherwise, personating Miss Hardcastle in the dress of Miss Hardcastle's picturesque day? No one—unless Mrs. Langtry. But Mrs. Langtry personating Ariel would drag that sprite to earth and make it plod along, leaving No. 6 foot-prints in the sands of time. Miss Coghlan, as the bar-maid, in a white cap, was bewitchingly demure; but Miss Coghlan in a coquettish, small hat, a Watteau and paniers, leaning forward and inquiring of Miss Neville: "Cousin, am I in face to-day?"—in that instant Miss Coghlan was a rival of Miss Rehan.

It is a pity that she should not try and live up to what has been, that she, who has had the benefit of association with some of the greatest artists of their day, should sink to the barn-storming level of depicting the highest anguish by the shrillest shrieks and the breaking of a window-pane. G. B.

STAGE GOSSIP.

The Tivoli has introduced a drop-a-nickel-in-the-slot-and-get-an-opera-glass machine.

Otis Skinner, whose romantic young figure was missed from the Augustin Daly Company during their recent visit to the city, will be a member of the Booth-Modjeska Company this winter.

Rose Coghlan will give us a taste of old comedy at the Baldwin next week. She is to appear as Peg Woffington in Charles Reade's "Masks and Faces," a rôle in which she has played over five hundred times.

Mrs. Padelford — no longer known as Bettina Girard, of the Conreid Company—is now the prima donna of H. C. Wyatt's English Opera Company, and will appear at the Orpheum next week as Phyllis, in "Iolanthe."

Joseph Murphy's Irish dramas have proved so popular at the California Theatre that he will remain there another week, playing "Kerry Gow" and "Shaun Rhue." Evans and Hoey in "A Parlor Match" will follow him.

"Ernani" and "The Yeoman" have attracted large audiences in their second week at the Tivoli, but the management has decided to change the bills, and will next produce "Princess Toto" and "Lucrezia Borgia," with the same people in the casts.

Next week will be the last of Edward Harrigan's engagement in this city, which has drawn crowded houses every night for seven weeks. "Squatter Sovereignty" is not a new play, but it is one of Harrigan's best, and ought to keep up the record made by its predecessors at the Alcazar.

Edwin Stevens, who graduated from the Tivoli a few months ago when "Said Pasha" was sent East, has been engaged for two years by the New York Casino management; he is called "Stevens, the comedian," and has it chronicled in the papers that he has given up cigarettes and is getting fat.

"Editha's Burglar," at first one of Mrs. Burnett's pretty sketches of child-life, later made into a one-act comedy by Gus Thomas, and now developed by the same dramatist into a play in three acts, which has been one of the successes of this spring in New York and Boston, will be played by the Grismer-Davies Company at the Bush Street next week.

Marie Wainwright has engaged Barton Hill for her revival of "Twelfth Night." His Malvolio used to be one of his best rôles, years ago, William F. Owen is said to be an admirable Sir Tohy, and with two other pretty women in the support, besides Miss Wainwright herself, the performance should be a notable one. It will be seen here in the spring.

There is a lively interest expressed in the appearance of Hugo Toland at the Bush Street next week. He has been a prominent amateur in this city and Los Angeles for some years, and made his first venture on the professional stage a few months ago in Mme. Modjeska's company. In "Editha's Burglar," he assumes the rôle of a retired merchant.

The cast of "Editha's Burglar," as it will be given at the Bush Street next week, is as follows: William Lewis (Bill, the Burglar), Joseph R. Grismer; Edward Bainbridge, Harry Davenport; Paul Benton, Edgar Weir; John Hamilton, Hugo Toland; James, George H. Trader; David, James Nevins; Fannie, Isabelle Archer; Martha, Lizzie McQuade; Editha, Little Mabel Bowman; Alice, Phœbe Davies.

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Manager (to energetic young dramatist, wh tracked him to his lair)—Yes, young feller, I've your play, and while it's first-class in its way, it exactly what I want. Now, you seem to be a ing, active sort of a feller—if you hadn't beer never would have found your way in here—and can only get me up the sort of piece I want, we c a little business together. In writing a play to bear one thing in mind, and that is to yourself to the public taste and the resources theatre. Are you on?

Dramatist—Certainly, sir; and I shall only happy to write something especially for your th I think I can do it if I only get a chance. Sar my model.

Manager—Well, Sardou is all right enough way, but I'm looking after something entirely ent. Now, I want a strong melodrama, and I ing to call it "Only a Type-Writer; or, The P the Great Metropolis." There are twenty tho type-writers in the city, and they'll all want to and each of them will fetch her mother or he along with her. Then they'll gabble about it the people they know—nothing like a lot of to advertise a piece—and if there's any go in th at all it'll be talked about from Harlem to the E before it's been on the boards a week. N course, there's got to be a moral; in fact you' to come out pretty d——d strong with your My idea is this: In the first act you show the writer—whose folks are all gilt-edged people an up—in an elegant cottage at Newport. She's hearted, innocent girl in a white-muslin dress, blue sash. I'm going to cast Pearl Livingston part, and she's always crazy to make up for a cent girl. Recollect, you can't spread the inn and simplicity on too thick. Livingston wants a prayer with her hair hanging down her back you can ring that in somehow, it'll be all the You must give her a good entrance, too, o kick like a steer.

Dramatist—Excuse me, but I don't see how a type-writer could live in a Newport cott

Manager—I'm coming to that right away. see this act is just to show her as a light-hearted cent girl, whose father has always been loa with dust, so she's never known what it was to for a seal-skin sacque and not get it. But in t of the act the father goes broke and exclaims, ciful heavens, we are beggars!" and drops His wife gives a shriek, and all the society rush on from the wings so as to make a picture back, while the daughter, that's Livingsto know, takes the centre of the stage, and says mother," or mommer would sound more affect maybe—"No mommer!" she says, "not yet, for I will work for you!" Curtain! Are to the idea?

Dramatist—Well, I believe I understan scheme so far. But who's the hero, and w you get your comedy element?

Manager—Oh, the comedy's easy enough age, and, as for the hero, I forgot to tell you shows up in the first act and wants to marry she gives him the bounce because he's as po crow. Better make him an artist or somet that sort. It might be a good idea to have reporter, and then he can read some good lines about the dignity of his profession, or thing of that sort, just so as to catch on press boys. Well, the next act shows the gi in a garret in New York, supporting herself mother by type-writing. Lay it on thick abo being poor and industrious and all that, a some good lines about the noble working the virtuous type-writer, or something of Livingston's got an elegant new silk gown w says she's going to wear in that act, so you to give her a few lines to explain that a they're poor she still has that dress, and wo with it because her father gave it to her, and wears it home nights when the other one wash.

Dramatist—Excuse me, but isn't it rather for a poor type-writer to appear in a handso silk-dress when she's having hard work to herself and her mother? Why not put her gingham gown——

Manager—Plain gingham be blowed! Say feller, when you know that cat, Livingston, as I do, you won't sit here talking about plain g gowns. No, siree; she won't touch any she can dress it right up to the handle. Well is in two scenes. The first is a front scene, the humble house on the virtuous-poverty pl the old lady warming her hands at a little saying: "Oh! It is hitter cold to-night, and t cuts like a knife," and then we can have wind through the garret in a melancholy sort of wa next scene shows the broker's office where t writer is employed. Here you can run in comedy, and show them having a lot of fun old man is out at lunch. Livingston's got so rate music—sort of pathetic-like—and you some words to it for her to sing. Write so appropriate, such as "I'm only a working- I m virtuous, noble, and true." How does tha hey? Well, in this act her employer insults she leaves him, though she hasn't a cent in t and doesn't know where to go. You must a good strong scene, and have the curtain tableau of indignant virtue rebuking the tempt must have a picture there that we can a three-sheet poster. In the next act the grand climax. The villain still pursues h new place, for she gets a job with the aid poor young lover who was bounced in the Just as the old villain is about to seize her a her off by main force, the young lover rushe knocks him out with a fire-shovel. He f breaks his skull. In comes the doctor—t goes to fetch him—and, meanwhile, the typ gives him some pious talk and converts him. it would be a good idea to ring in the praye act. Livingston's dead stuck on having it in t Well, he repents of his wickedness, and when tor says he has only ten minutes to live, "Oh, if I hut had the time, I would make a leave all my wealth to this noble girl, hut the time to write it." And then Livingsto "What's the matter with my doing it on my type-writing-machine?" or words to that eff she takes it down like lightning, and he has j to sign it before he expires. Now, youn you've got my idea of n play. You go to w write something on that hasis. Fetch it ar me and maybe we can do husiness. Do you tackle the job?

Dramatist (dubiously)—I'll try, sir, hut I it's a little hit out of my line.—*J. L. Ford i Sun.*

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—*Merchant Traveler.*

The Maiden's Lament.

I found a maiden weeping.
"Now wherefore weep?" said I.
"The fountains bright are leaping
In gladness to the sky;
The fruitful earth is weaving
For thee a wreath of flowers;
Thou shouldst not thus with grieving
Becloud the sunny hours."

The maiden wept. I wondered
That one so fair should weep.
Had loving ties been sundered?
Had sorrow cut her deep?
Had lover, friend, or mother
Been cursed with sudden doom?
It must be so. What other
Distress could bring such gloom?

All this I asked her, tearful
Myself to see her grief.
Her agony was fearful,
She trembled as a leaf;
But not a word she uttered
Until she saw me glum;
And then she sobbed and spluttered,
"Ma burned my chewing-gum!"
—*Chicago Herald.*

A Summer Paradox.

Beside the sea, where men are few,
Things are reversed, beyond dispute;
For as each bather meets his view,
The lover smiles upon her suit. —*Life.*

The Dying Barber.

The dying barber's hands were crossed,
He moved his lips in prayer,
And muttered, as he lay and tossed,
"There'll be no parting there!"

His work was done, his weary mind
No longer was perplexed
With visions of the man who whined
Because he wasn't "next."

Across his face so worn with care,
There stole a peaceful bush;
He stood once more beside his chair
And feebly murmured "Brush!"
—*Chicago Herald.*

The Regret of a Sea-side Bachelor.

It's a legend as old as the hills
That a secret the girls can't keep;
You tell them a matter of serious weight,
And you caution them gravely not to prate,
But they do—till they make you weep.

They'll promise and swear and affirm
That they'll even close their pores;
And upon their bosoms, and on their words,
No breath of the subject your tale affords
Shall reach any ears but yours.

But you hear of it right and left;
And the thought comes, bleak and grim,
That the only secret the girls can keep,
And hold with a silence that's fathoms deep,
Is the place where they go to swim.
—*Judge.*

Mouth and the Man I Sing.

I love the man who knows it all,
From east to west, from north to south;
Who knows all things, both great and small,
And tells it with his tireless mouth;
Who holds a listening world in awe,
The while he works his iron jaw.

Oftimes, in evening's holy calm,
When twilight softens sight and sound,
And zephyr breathes a peaceful psalm,
This fellow brings his mouth around,
With its long gallop that can tire
The eight-day clock's impatient ire.

His good, strong mouth! He wields it well!
He works it just for all it's worth;
Not Samson's jawbone famed could tell
Such mighty deeds upon the earth.
He pulls the throttle open wide
And works it hard on either side.

Up hill and down, through swamp and sand,
It never stops, it never balks;
Through air and sky, o'er sea and land,
He talks, and talks, and talks, and talks,
And talks, and talks, and talks, and talks,
And talks, and talks, and talks, and talks.

Good Lord, from evils fierce and dire,
Save us each day; from fear and woe,
From wreck and flood, from storm and fire,
From sudden death, from secret foe,
From blighting rain and burning drought,
And from the man who plays his mouth!
—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

On the Crags.

The summer reigns in beauty everywhere;
In secret covert chirps the song-bird shy;
The breath of hidden bloom is on the air,
And scents the twilight wind that creepeth by.
With fleecy coats the idly roving flocks
In freedom browse among the grassy hills,
And scan the legend on the painted rocks:
"Take Jimmy Johnson's Anaconda Pills!"

Great Mother Nature, ever kind and fair,
Is eloquent with praise of liver regulators;
Her ancient cliffs, precipitous and bare,
Proclaim the worth of rat exterminators.
The sun is sinking in a sea of glory;
Its last red rays are dying fast and faster:
And on steep crags we read the deathless story:
"There are no flies on Simpson's Porous Plaster!"
—*Puck.*

Whose Fan?

The ball was at its height of light and glory,
And beauty, joy, and music filled the place;
Behind the palms, in the conservatory,
Brown saw a couple stand in close embrace,
And heard a kiss. He knew 'twas gay Ned Story,
But had no chance to see the woman's face.
When they had gone, he passed the threshold o'er,
And found a dainty fan upon the floor.

Whose was the fan? He vowed that he would know it;
He sought the ball-room, and, in passing through,
He waved its silken wing, that he might show it,
Asking each fair: "Does this belong to you?"
He'd told his friends the joke—could not forego it,
And they watched, too, to see him get his clew.
Sudden—Brown's pretty wife called from her chair:
"Why, Dick, that's mine! I've sought it everywhere."
—*Judge.*

A Parting.

On a very moving tête-à-tête the summer moon looked down—
A Poole-clad youth, a maiden in a stunning Redfern gown;
And the cold moon saw a parting. Grieve not, sentimental fair,
It was only in the middle of the young man's golden hair.
—*Life.*

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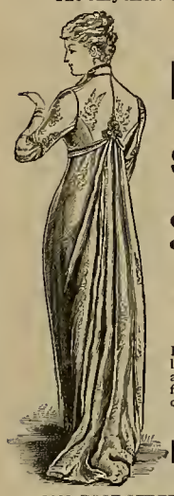

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K M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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rrival from Hungary of an beir to the Leidesdorff es- ngs up recollections of the early times and revives s of one of San Francisco's earliest and most impor- troversies over landed property. Leidesdorff, during period of our municipal history, was San Francisco's st citizen in lands. He had come to the country, as mber, before gold was discovered, and was contempo- with James Lick, Samuel Brannan, and Thomas O. When he died, Captain Folsom, by just what pro- never knew, became possessed of the Leidesdorff es- e was the friend and associate of W. D. M. Howard, Howard, Green, Garrison, General Sherman, and Stone, and was himself a graduate of West Point. agent edited the *Herald*. Felix Argenti was the banker. Roderick N. Morrison was county judge, hate jurisdiction; he was an able lawyer and an dge. There were three great lawyers of the early dmund Randolph, Rufus Lockwood, and Roderick ison. We mean to cast no reflection upon Captain he was regarded as an honest man, and though there any of our earlier citizens who looked upon Anna arks, the colored woman of the island of Santa Cruz, d as the mother and heir of Leidesdorff, as hypothet- ust he remembered that Judge Edward Norton, who visited that island to investigate the heirship, returned with papers which were at that time deemed sufficient to pass the title to Captain Folsom and entitle him to administer upon the estate. Judge Morrison was one of those early citizens who were not satisfied with Captain Folsom's title, and endeavored to appoint the public administrator, Joseph Henriques, to administer upon the estate, claiming that it was properly an escheat. He did not succeed in this, and Captain Folsom remained in possession till his death, when the property was sold at public auction by Selover & Sinton, under the hammer of General H. A. Cobb, who was the leading auctioneer of lands in San Francisco's earlier days. What steps can be taken, if any, to disturb titles in the Leidesdorff estate, it is not the purpose of this writing to consider. The statute of limitations, which fixes the term of five years as a bar to actions concerning landed property, will probably be deemed sufficient to protect this property from assault of heirs. The common-law statute of limitations would throw its mantle of protection over the sale of 1856 and leave the California statute half-a-dozen terms to run. John Nugent, editor of the San Francisco *Herald*, was then aided on his editorial staff by William Walker, the blue-eyed man who met his destiny in the attempt to overthrow the Republic of Nicaragua and establish himself as dictator of a slave republic; Ben C. Hillard and A. J. Moulder were also on the *Herald*. It was at that time the leading paper of San Francisco, and was the headquarters of Southern men, and looked upon as the organ of the chivalry wing of the Democratic party. What afterwards became a bitter controversy and led to the contest between Gwin and Broderick, the killing of Broderick by Judge Terry in a duel, and the establishment of political Democratic factions in which such names as Broderick, Gwin, Estell, Terry, William M. Lent, Palmer, Cook & Co., David M. Colton, Mayor Van Ness, and others took a prominent part, was just commencing to show itself in public affairs. It was the beginning of that long and bitter feud between Northern and Southern men which was never relaxed until the Republican party obtained its victory by the election of the Hon. Leland Stanford as governor of California. In the controversy which was going on in the public prints over the Leidesdorff estate, the *Herald* took a most prominent and leading position; scarce a day was permitted to pass in which Judge Morrison was not bitterly and vindictively assailed in the columns of the *Herald*. Judge Morrison, while an able lawyer and an honest judge, was unfortunate in his appetite. He was addicted to the use of liquor, and subsequently died at Stockton in the insane asylum. His convivial habits did not at that time prevent him from being popular, and he had many friends. One morning there appeared in the *Herald* an attack upon the probate judge, charging him with an attempt to "pickle" the Leidesdorff estate. Upon the morning of its appearance, six young gentlemen, all personal friends of Judge Morrison, met together at a round table and resolved that the *Herald* must be silenced. The dice were produced and thrown for choice of the man who should challenge the *Herald* writer, and it fell upon Will Hicks Graham, a native of Philadelphia, a protégé of Judge Morrison, as were all who composed the party. The dice went round, and the six friends of the probate judge, in the order of their castings, were designated to take up the conflict till the *Herald* should never again make unfriendly mention of the name of Roderick N. Morrison. A second was chosen for Mr. Graham, and, at an early morning hour, he was dispatched to the *Herald* office, bearing a cartel which denounced the writer of the "Pickle" paragraph as a malicious and lying slanderer, and demanding that, unless he was as cowardly as mendacious, he should apologize. The council of six had not long returned from breakfast when the Hon. Edmund Randolph appeared, bearing from Mr. William Walker a challenge to Mr. Will Hicks Graham, demanding satisfaction for his insulting language. The challenge was promptly accepted; weapons, navy-revolvers at ten paces; to advance one pace at each discharge till a shot should prove fatal. Mr. Randolph was very dignified and very desirous of adjusting the difficulty; the "six" young gentlemen were Northerners and spoiling for a fight. It was the first blood of the sectional strife which later on involved Broderick in its meshes, divided the Democratic party of the State into irreconcilable factions, led to the organization of a Republican party, and ultimately to the civil war and the abolition of slavery. All the elements of conflict which came to the surface in the Rebellion existed in San Francisco from the year 1850. The Douglass, Breckenridge, Lincoln parties were as distinct when Conness, McConnell, and Stanford ran for governor as when later developments made a civil conflict inevitable. We recall no instance in California where a Northern man declined a duel when proposed by a Southern adversary. The same feeling which prompted Mr. Broderick to accept the contest with David S. Terry, ran through the entire community. The tradition of chivalry on the field of honor rested with the gentlemen of the South; the fighting young men of the North determined to establish that courage was not a plant of local growth. This was the spirit which prompted Mr. Graham to the field of honor, and in the same spirit Mr. Edmund Randolph was informed that the assaults of the San Francisco *Herald* could not continue to pursue Judge Morrison till his six friends had been disposed of. The terms of the duel, as we now understand the code, were barbarous. It was not to be a conflict between students at a German university, nor a contest between French editors, but an encounter to the finish to determine whether an old man should be wantonly assailed by an anonymous writer. This duel settled the controversy, and so long as the *Herald* lived it never mentioned unkindly again the name of Judge Morrison. We sometimes wonder whether the code would not give to the San Francisco press a better character than it possesses to-day, and question whether it was not a mistake that the duello should have ceased to exist as a settlement of difficulties between gentlemen. We sometimes think it better than the unchecked blackguardism, lies, and personal abuse which drive the defenseless man to the indefensible crime of secret assassination. The Graham-Walker duelists rendezvoused at the roadside inn of Thomas Hayes, in Hayes Valley. The field was, as near as we can now guess, in the chaparral-covered sand-dunes near to what is at present the corner of Ninth and Market Streets. Present, witnessing the fight, were three judges of the supreme court; Mr. Alexander Wells, acting as advising friend to Mr. Graham's second; Colonel Jack Hayes; Colonel Caperton and John Freanor, deputy sheriffs, were on the field. Harry Brown and Judge McGowan, then judges of the court of sessions, were also spectators. At the first fire, General Walker received a flesh wound below the knee, which fact he did not disclose; advancing to the distance of nine paces, he received his adversary's second ball below the hip, and was carried from the field with a broken limb. The six breakfasted together in Commercial Street, between Kearney and Montgomery, and when the Vigilance Committee was organized, the San Francisco *Herald* ceased to exist.

An interesting chapter would that be which should embrace a true narrative of the duels engaged in by early San Franciscans, and, though the numbers of these encounters are large and many of them attended with fatal results, it must be remembered that from the South we had a large population. These gentlemen came impressed with the conviction that the code of honor was the proper mode of adjustment for all serious difficulties between gentlemen; not only did our early Southern friends think this, but they also labored under the impression that avoidance of personal encounters by men of Northern birth was an evidence of their want of courage. The old impression was emphasized by the constant suggestion—sometimes in words, but oftener in manner—that one "Southern gentleman" could whip five "Northern men." It became necessary to correct this altogether false impression, and to establish the fact that there was no locality on American soil and no race of Americans especially lacking in the common virtue of personal courage. It was this general error which led to many conflicts between citizens of the North and the South. The class prejudice became very strong between Northern and Southern men. In the early times, the Whig

party was largely composed of Southern men, and in the Democratic party there was a very strong minority of Southerners—active, eloquent, and trained to political leadership—contending for supremacy. The Whig party, very early in the history of California, came under the influence of Southern leadership, and so continued till the Republican party gained ascendancy in this State. The contests which divided the Democratic party were more determined and uncompromising. From an early day, William M. Gwin became the recognized and acknowledged chief of the Southern wing. He was an early senator, representing California in the Senate of the United States. He was an able statesman, and his wife occupied a distinguished social position at Washington. He was surrounded in this State by strong, resolute, brave, and faithful adherents, who were ready to uphold him in the political arena or support him on the field of honor. To name the catalogue of the Gwin men would be to give a list of the most prominent Southern men of California's early history. The Hon. David C. Broderick was from New York, the son of a stone-cutter; he ran with a fire company in that city; was of Irish descent, and, by virtue of all his surroundings, became naturally a leader of politicians. His following was not, in point of social standing, comparable to the men who surrounded the Democratic leader. Mr. Broderick was himself of honorable instincts and of unimpeachable private character. When he developed as a Democratic leader, and it was known that he aspired to the Senate of the United States, it created something of a sensation. He was styled "fire-plug" and "hboy," and his aspirations to the highest and most coveted place in the nation were derided. Our space affords us no opportunity to write the history of the long and bitter controversy which ended in the elevation of Mr. Broderick to the Senate of the United States and his ultimate death at the hand of David S. Terry, the Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of California. It was the unfortunate ending of a most promising political career, for Mr. Broderick had qualities which, in the events that followed, would have entitled him to a foremost rank among the loyal statesmen brought into prominence by the events of the civil war. Broderick would have followed his friend Douglass, and would have stood by the administration of President Lincoln as firmly as did the Hon. John Conness, who succeeded him in the national Senate. Mr. Broderick was a martyr to the false code. He determined to show that a Northern man was brave; he determined to risk his life, and died in vindication of his courage. With this gentleman died the calumny so often heard in our State concerning the superior courage of Southern gentlemen, a calumny which would have been silenced on an hundred battle-fields of the civil war. It may not be unprofitable here to give such names as occur to us from memory of some of the more prominent encounters which occurred in our early times: George Pen Johnson and William I. Fergusson, in which Fergusson was killed; George I. Hunt and Numa Herbert, Herbert was killed; Achilles Kewen and Colonel Woodlief, Woodlief killed; Nugent and Jones, Jones wounded; P. F. Thomas and Dr. James P. Dixon, Dixon killed; H. B. Truett and Austin E. Smith, Smith wounded; Charles J. Blackburn and W. H. Woodcock, Blackburn severely wounded; Edward Tobey and Alfred Crane, Crane killed; E. B. Lundy and George M. Dibble, Dibble killed; Hawkins and Dowdigan, Dowdigan wounded; Duhert and Ellesler, with broadswords, Duhert killed; William Leggett and John Morrison, Leggett killed; Edward Rowe and Colonel May, Rowe wounded; Archibald C. Peachy and James Blain, Blain wounded; William H. Scott and Peter Smith, Smith killed; C. J. Wright and Oliver T. Beard, Beard wounded; H. P. Dorsey and Raeny Bivins, both wounded; Colonel Smedburg and Gardner, Smedburg wounded; Hicks Graham, in a street encounter with Frank Lemon, received Lemon's ball in his mouth—a duel ensued between them at Benicia without a fatal result, Lemon was wounded; the duel between General James W. Denver and Edward Gilbert, editor of the *Alta*, Gilbert was killed; John Nugent fought two encounters, one with Alderman Cottle and one with Alderman Thomas Hayes, Nugent was wounded in each—if the press and the supervisors would fight now, it is to be hoped that some of each would be killed; William A. Carter and Henry De Courcey, De Courcey was killed; Frank Washington and C. A. Washburn, of the *Alta*, Washburn was severely wounded; Charles E. Lippincott and Robert Tevis, brother of Lloyd Tevis, Tevis was killed; Judge Stigger and Colonel Rust, neither hit; Captain J. L. Folsom exchanged shots with A. C. Russell; Charles E. Beam and John Wilson, Wilson wounded; a bloodless duel with rifles occured between United States Senator William M. Gwin and the Hon. I. W. McCorkle, M. C. Here is a long and bloody list of severe encounters, most of which were fatal. As a rule, they grew out of political and party disagreements and were largely between Northern and Southern men. The thought occasionally occurs that if the wager of battle had not fallen so entirely into disuse that editors can plead its discontinuance as an excuse for personal slanders, and politicians shield themselves behind moral battlements in justification of their villainies, and social criminals avail themselves of legal evasions and delays and tricks to escape the penalty of their crimes, there would be a better press, a higher standard of political morality, and cleaoer social surroundings than now prevail.

After writing the foregoing and when returning from our place in Marin County on Wednesday morning, we were informed, upon arriving at the ferry, that Judge David S. Terry had been killed in an encounter between himself and Judge Stephen J. Field, at Lathrop, a breakfast station upon the Southern Pacific road. Mr. Justice Field, of the Supreme Court of the United States, is judge of the Ninth Judicial Circuit, embracing the States of California, Oregon, and Nevada. He is required to sit in the determination of contested cases with Hon. Lorenzo Sawyer, judge of the Circuit Court, and Hon. Ogden Hoffman, of the District Court of California, in Bank. In the performance of this duty, he was called upon to review the testimony involving the validity of the marriage contract between Sarah Althea Hill and William Sharon, deceased. William Sharon was a millionaire, with whom Miss Hill had such connections as in her opinion justified the assertion of marriage relations, and in proof of which she produced a contract, by the terms of which they were to regard each other as husband and wife, but which was not to be made public for two years. This contract Mr. Sharon asserted was forged. In rendering a decision of the court, read from the bench by Mr. Justice Field, Miss Hill—who had become the wife of Judge Terry pending the controversy in the lower courts—interrupted the reading by the inquiry as to how much Mr. Frank Newlands, a son-in-law and heir of Mr. Sharon, had paid him for his decision. Upon this interruption Judge Field demanded that Mrs. Terry should be removed from the court, and upon the attempt of Mr. Franks, the United States Marshal, to carry out this order, Judge Terry interposed for the defense of his wife, and, striking a severe blow at the United States Marshal, knocked several teeth out. It is asserted that in the conflict Judge Terry drew his bowie-knife and Mrs. Terry her revolver. For this conduct of Judge Terry and Mrs. Terry they were fined for contempt and imprisoned in the County Jail of Alameda, the wife for thirty days and the husband for six months. In the meantime, Mr. Justice Field returned to Washington. The rumor obtained circulation that wherever Judges Field and Terry should meet there would be a fatal encounter. The character of Judge Terry and his wife justified the presumption of the result. The Attorney-General of the United States ordered the United States Marshal of California to guard Judges Field and Sawyer by the continued presence of deputies armed for their defense. Judge and Mrs. Terry resided at Fresno, in the San Joaquin Valley, upon the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad. On Wednesday morning, when the train arrived at Lathrop, a breakfast-station upon the line, it was known that Judge Field was on board, accompanied by a deputy-marshal, named David Neagle. It was also known that Judge and Mrs. Terry had boarded the train at Fresno. Upon the arrival of the train at Lathrop, Mr. Stackpole, proprietor of the dining-hall, asked Judge Terry if anything was likely to occur between him and Judge Field, to which Terry replied: "Watch my wife." Mrs. Terry had gone to the train, from which she returned with a satchel, and in it was found a loaded revolver. When she attempted to reënter the dining-room, Mr. Stackpole refused her admission. At this time Terry arose from his seat, and walking across the room to where Judge Field was sitting, struck him in the face with his open palm. Deputy-Marshal Neagle arose, drew his pistol, and called upon Terry to desist, and, upon Terry raising his clenched fist to strike Judge Field the second time, shot twice; one bullet passed through the heart, the other grazed the head. Terry fell dead. After the shooting, Neagle, announcing his official character and asserting that the occurrence was in his line of duty, asked Judge Field to resume his position in the car. He accompanied the judge to the next station—Tracy—going himself to Stockton, where he surrendered himself to the authorities. After the shooting, Mrs. Terry, in great excitement, hunted the train before its departure for the purpose of killing Judge Field, who was locked in the sleeping-car till it pulled out. On a previous occasion, Mrs. Terry had assaulted Judge Lorenzo Sawyer, on the train, her husband being present and making no effort to restrain her. This affair is deeply to be regretted, insomuch as it casts a shadow over the better time which all good citizens believed had come to our State. There will be many who will criticise the conduct of the deputy-marshal as unauthorized and unjustifiable; they will make the technical argument that the defense of a blow did not justify an officer in the killing of the assailant; but we think it will be conceded by all good citizens that—under the conditions which surround this case, in view of the reports which had gained such wide circulation, when the life and character of Judge Terry and the history and character of his wife are understood; when it is remembered that Mr. Justice Field is of advanced years, has no cause for a personal quarrel with his assaila has, so far as we know, done nothing in the judicial de ation of the questions submitted to him which by the e he was not justified in doing, and that, in the manner dering his opinion, he had said or done nothing offe Judge Field will, by unanimous consent, be discharged blame for the death of Judge David S. Terry. The he a refinement of technical argument which will not s imously approve the conduct of the deputy-marsh when we reflect that he had been, by authority of his s in office and by the requirement of his official called to protect Judge Field from a contemplat liberate, and well-planned assassination; when he s assailant, with clenched fist, attacking him whom torney-General of the United States and the Unite Marshal of the State of California had commissi guard; whom the chief of police of San Francisco, a detective on the look-out for crime, and every sheriff stable in the counties and towns through which the tr Los Angeles to San Francisco was passing, knew was ject of the wrath of the Terrys—wife and husband—both were desperate, it is our judgment that the marshal, David Neagle, will be, as he ought to be, a If a marshal of the United States court should see a sin, with malevolent purpose, make a deliberate murder a judge upon the bench while in the exercis judicial functions, he would, we think, be authorized the judge's life by sacrificing that of the assassin. If telligent mind, that is honest, can come to any othe sion, or find any very marked distinction between th chronicle and the supposititious one we suggest, course, entitled to hold and express the convictions do not approve. We see in the action of Mr. Neagle to criticise, but, in our understanding of the circun everything to approve and commend. Judge David was not to be estimated as other men. His life has of exceptional incidents. His has been a tumultu violent career. From the age of thirteen he was thro the world; as a boy, he served with Colonel Jack H frontiersman fighting Indians; as an older youth, under Sam Houston through the Texan disturbances with Taylor in Mexico; he crossed the plains in 1849 mander of a company of immigrants; he was an ac tician in troublous times in California; he was elect Supreme Bench of California in 1856—he knew the due to a judge upon the bench, he understood the gentlemen of the bar held toward the courts before w practiced—he had been the victim of serious misfort had driven his bloody knife into the throat of one when he was upon the supreme bench; he was hel by the Vigilance Committee till it was determined would live, the block and rope which would have s into eternity suspended before him to await the event a soldier in the Confederate service, and returned war without having added to his honors. He cam California with limited professional engagements, he vanced in age, and was poor. His wife died, and h Sarah Althea Hill. Her career and her history are t known to justify hasty comment. It was the culmin life filled with disappointments and overwhelmed wit ties. We remember Judge Terry in his youth— thought him, an honest judge we considered him, an hasty, imperious, hot-tempered, and vindictive in later years, we have some sympathy for the man wh with misfortunes since the hour when Hon. David C. fell his victim to the false interpretation of a false honor. We congratulate the Hon. Stephen J. Fiel escape, and it affords us pleasure to hear testimony t and dignified manner in which he has borne himself th unpleasant and dangerous incidents which have atte in the performance of his most responsible official d

Upon the arrival of Mr. Justice Field at the Pal he made the following statement of the incident for We copy from the *Morning Call:*

It has been circulated publicly, while Mr. Terry was in pris had threatened to shoot me when he would be released fro My friends told me he would offer me some gross insult w could not brook, and if I resented, he would thereupon take tunity to accomplish his design. I was advised to arm mys fused while performing my duty.

I believe the whole affair this morning was premeditated, indeed, an opportune time for Terry to submit me to indig said before, my nervous temperament might not allow me passive, and after I had resented his insult, Terry would ha chance to kill me instantly. When Terry slapped me in the shal Neagle, who was beside me, leaped up from his seat, a his hand upon Terry's breast, exclaimed: "Stop! stop! Terry unheeded the rebuke, and as he was about to strike m blow, Neagle shot him through the heart. A second shot head of the falling man and he fell dead upon the floor.

From the same journal we produce the incident curred in the United States court in which Judge dered the adverse decision in the Sharon case:

The scene in the court-room upon the memorable occasion was one which will never be forgotten by those who we

on the bench sat Justice Field, Judge Sawyer, of the Circuit Court, dge Hoffman, of the District Court, and Judge Sabin, of Nevada. ere were present in the room: Ex-Judge Terry, Judge J. P. Hoge, M. Wilson, ex-Judge Messick, ex-Judge Stanly, William F. Herrin, B. Young, W. C. Belcher, Mr. Miller, of Langhorne & Miller, ssrs. Page and Redding, W. H. L. Barnes, United States District orneys Carey and Weller, A. T. Hatch, W. Woods, ex-Judge A. L. oades, Russell Wilson, Judge Charles F. Scott, of Oroville, Lloyd vis, ex-Judge Niles, ex-Judge Curry, Marshal Franks, Frank D. nckton, of the Circuit Court Clerk's office, Deputy Marshal Farish, others from every department of the Federal building.

ust before the court was opened, Mrs. Terry entered the room in a st attractive costume, and took a seat by her husband and counsel. ere was no unnecessary delay when the judges entered and took their ts at eleven o'clock. Mr. Terry placed himself in a most favorable ition to hear the reading of the decision, and was perfectly cool and moved. Mrs. Terry, on the contrary, was evidently laboring under h-pressure mental excitement. The Chief-Justice had not proceeded y far with the reading when Mrs. Terry, her eyes flashing and her ce quivering with the excitement under which she was laboring, sprang her feet and exclaimed:

"Judge Field, how much have you been paid for that decision?"

For a moment, the most profound silence pervaded the room. Then stice Field, in a perfectly cool manner, but a shade paler than usual, id, in a quiet manner:

"Take your seat, madam. I will overlook your outbreak this time, do not let it occur again. Sit down."

"I will not sit down. You have been bought, and I know it," almost amed the infuriated woman.

The justice then said to Marshal Franks: "Marshal, put that lady of the court."

his order was the signal for the most intense excitement, and the m was immediately in an uproar. As Marshal Franks advanced to y the order of the court, ex-Judge Terry jumped to his feet and ned him not to lay a hand on his wife. Franks pushed Terry to one , and at the same moment received a most terrible blow in the mouth n the fist of the infuriated man. His teeth were broken, and the d flowed freely. Deputy Farish rushed in to assist his chief, and ther they bore the maddened husband from the room, while Deputy rgart performed the same office for the woman.

was not done, however, without a terrible struggle, Terry and his fighting like demons, and disputing every inch of ground. When reached the hall, Terry drew a bowie-knife, and would soon have le bad work for the marshal and his deputy had not several others ned in to their aid, who finally threw him on his back and disarmed

Meanwhile, Mrs. Terry had also been forced from the room and taken the marshal's office, from which place she sent for her reticule, which been left with a friend. Before giving it to her, it was opened, and itish bull-dog pistol was taken from it. The Terrys had evidently at business when they went into court that day.

After quiet had been restored, Justice Field continued the reading of decision, and at its conclusion the court retired for consultation. result is well-known. Terry was sentenced to the Alameda County for six months and Sarah Althea for one month for contempt of t. Terry appealed, but the appeal was denied, and they both served eime.

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he old dead spirit of the early times has been galvanized new life by the incidents of Terry's death, and there is the flutter of a sensation moving in the hearts of some of older citizens of the South. Stockton and its vicinity have had taste to think that there may come to Marshal Neagle e embarrassment for the manner of Terry's sudden ng off. The question is agitated as to his authority, that is not the question which will be considered. ge Terry and his wife are believed to have de- l the death of Mr. Justice Field, and had determined seek with him an encounter they neither had dreamed ible would be otherwise than fatal to him. Without his ent, and by the order of a higher police authority than self, Judge Field was placed under protection of an ial directed to guard him. When he was assaulted by ge Terry, Neagle believed, and had the right to believe, Terry was armed, and we think he was. Neagle had no to act otherwise than as he did. He acted like a brave , and acted wisely. His conduct is approved by the er sentiment of the men who best love order and e the highest respect for the law. It is their opinion that friend of Judge Field would have been justified in his de- e by taking the life of Judge Terry, and of his wife, if she been early enough to have become involved in the assault Judge Field. This was, and was understood to be, an e of life and death for one of the justices of the highest t in the land, for this reason, and for no other—that had rendered decision adverse to a litigant whose hus- l the attorney happened to be. The opinion was de- ed by Justice Field as one of four judges, and affirmed by equent decision of the highest courts. If the citizens of ktoo or elsewhere, if Southern citizens or anybody else, act wisely, they will permit this vendetta to end without oking encounters concerning it. If David S. Terry was ave man he will not sleep less composedly in his grave if e shall not be raised over his death any question of the k of the pistol" or its "nimble handling." The stirring of esentments will be of no benefit to him; and any resort to nce will be attended with fatal results which will dishonor State and disgrace the men who encourage them. That e Terry fully intended to kill Judge Field, no one doubts; he did not expect to be killed himself, no one doubts; that wife of Judge Terry provoked him to the actions which acterized his later days, no one questions; that she is ly moved by the result, which deprives her of her only panion, and that her grief is as profound as such a nature experience, is apparent. Field lives, and Terry is dead. good or harm follow further agitation, is the only practical tion which survives.

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r. Gladstone defines his domestic policy as follows: "Whenever my wife insists, I submit; whenever I insist, she submits. We never discuss family affairs at the table, and if anything unpleasant occurs during the evening, we never refer to it till next day."

THE ALASKA MONOPOLY AGAIN.

The communication in the last *Argonaut*, on the subject of Behring's Sea, from the pen of Hon. Charles N. Felton, is entitled to respectful consideration, because the author has been a high Federal official, a member of Congress, and is an esteemed and wealthy member of society. But it would be a mistake for a publicist to allow his respect for the man to deter him from pointing out what appears to be erroneous in his reasoning; a mistake the graver as Mr. Felton's station may induce persons not well informed on the subject to embrace his conclusions, not because they are right, but because they are his.

Mr. Felton's contention is that the *Black Diamond* was rightfully seized, because Behring's Sea is a closed sea; that it is a closed sea because Russia so declared it to be, and the United States bought it from Russia with that character attaching to it; that the United States have never regarded it as an open sea, but have always held that the whole body of water inclosed between the coast of Alaska and the line dividing Behring's Sea into two parts—the one American and the other Russian—was territorial water, and as such subject to American municipal law and Treasury regulations; that all nations have acquiesced in this understanding. In support of these propositions, Mr. Felton quotes various ukases and edicts of the Russian Government, showing that it has always been the opinion at St. Petersburg that Behring's Sea was a closed sea, and he completes his chain of reasoning by quoting the terms of the sale to the United States, which subrogated the United States in the place of Russia, and invested the former with all the rights, titles, privileges, and interests which the latter enjoyed.

The error in this argument is that it assumes that Russia possessed the power to decide what is and what is not a closed sea. In fact, it never possessed any such power. It claimed to possess it; but it did not. What sea is a closed sea and what an open sea, is a question of international law, to be determined by the joint consensus of nations, as deduced from treaties, conventions, international congresses, general usage, and the accepted authorities on international law. There was a time when the Pope divided the great oceans between two Catholic powers; Mr. Felton will not contend that any valid rights could be derived under such an award as that. Spain once claimed the exclusive right of navigating the Gulf of Mexico; he will not say that such a right could descend to her assigns. Portugal once claimed exclusive territorial sovereignty over the Gulf of Guinea and the Indian Ocean; he will hardly venture to assert that she could transfer such a claim as that. So Russia claimed absolute governmental ownership of the North Pacific, including Behring's Sea, at first down to the fifty-first and subsequently down to the fifty-fifth parallel; Mr. Felton must surely perceive that so preposterous a claim could not be the subject of an assignment to a foreign power. Russia's assignment to the United States of her claim to exclusive dominion over Behring's Sea was a conceit, resting on a fallacy; the assignee thereof took nothing. It was of no more value than an assignment of an estate in the moon by a denizen of the earth.

Mr. Felton says that no nation ever protested against Russia's assumption of exclusive sovereignty. If he consults the correspondence which led to the conclusion of the treaties of 1824 and 1825 between Russia and the United States, and Russia and Great Britain, he will find that his memory has betrayed him on this point. Both nations did protest so vigorously against Russia's claim to exclusive sovereignty that she gave it up, so far as the North Pacific is concerned. But among nations silence does not always imply consent. Within a century, Asiatic rulers have claimed to own the earth without eliciting a protest from Europe or America. The simple fact is, that until our time so little was known about Behring's Sea that nobody cared what Russia did with it. It was not worth while disputing propositions which seemed to possess no practical importance. It is only at the present time that it has been discovered that the absurd and obsolete doctrines of Russia may be used to bolster the fortunes of a commercial monopoly, and to excuse the pressing of the revenue marine of the nation into the service of a few rapacious speculators.

What is an open sea and what a closed sea ceased to be matter of debate among commentators since the case of the *Franconia* (1878). Grotius had laid down the true doctrine on the point as long ago as in 1609; but nations were slow to surrender exclusive claims, and the extent of territorial waters was debatable ground in Europe until a few years ago. In this country the law was defined long before. Kent said: "According to the current of modern authority, general territorial jurisdiction extends into the sea as far as a cannon-shot will reach and no further." Wheaton concurs: "According to the approved usage of nations, which forms the basis of international law, the maritime territory of every nation extends to the distance of a marine league, or as far as a cannon-shot will reach from the shore. There are reasons which forbid the assertion of an exclusive proprietary right to the sea in general." In France, Hautefeuille takes the same ground, and says: "The limit of the territorial sea is fixed by the principle from which its territorial character arises. It extends as far as the sea can be commanded and no further." Marteos observes: "At this day, all European nations agree that straits, bays, gulfs, and the neighboring sea belong to the master of the coast, to the extent of a cannon-shot from the shore. In a number of treaties the range of three leagues has been adopted." In moving an amendment to the admiralty law of England, Lord Chancellor Selborne said: "By the general consent of nations the three-mile limit has been fixed, and within that limit other nations claim exactly the same jurisdiction and sovereignty that Great Britain claims." Summing up the authorities, James Fairbanks Colby lays down the rule which is now accepted by all writers on international law. He says: "Inclosed waters (*mare clausum*) are first, all rivers, lakes, and other inland waters wholly within the boundaries of a state; and, secondly, ports, bays, straits, sounds, or arms of the sea within headlands belonging to the same state not more than two marine leagues apart. Open waters are the open sea to the distance of one marine league outward from the line of low water-mark, and where bays, straits, sounds, or arms of the sea are inclosed by headlands not over two leagues apart, the open sea to a distance of one marine league outward from a line drawn between the two headlands."

Another high authority, Lieutenant George B. Davis, professor of law at the United States Military Academy at West Point, says, in his compendium of international law, published in 1887:

> The term high seas is applied to the general ocean surface of the globe. It begins at low water-mark (or at the seaward boundary of the territorial water zone). Upon the high seas, all nations have equal rights. The privilege of sailing over them, or of fishing in them, belongs equally to all. *No state can include them within its territory, or extend its dominion over the whole or any part of the high seas.* The doctrine of the absolute freedom of the high seas is of relatively recent growth. In former times, claims were made to exclusive jurisdiction over large portions of the sea, but none are now maintained.
>
> In the early part of the sixteenth century, extravagant claims to dominion were advanced by Spain and Portugal, based upon their maritime discoveries. As these claims were of the most conflicting character, a controversy arose which was submitted to Pope Alexander the Sixth for decision. He decreed that all those parts of the world which were not then in secure possession of any Christian prince, should be divided between Spain and Portugal. A meridian line was established through a point one hundred leagues west of the Azores as a boundary between the possessions of the two powers; all the territory to the west of the line was decreed to Spain, and all to the east of the same line to Portugal. Under this authority, which for a time seems to have had international recognition, Portugal forbade all commerce with the East Indies and the West Coast of Africa; Spain claiming the Pacific Ocean and the Caribbean Sea as Spanish territory, forbade all commerce with Mexico, the west coast of North and South America, and the islands of the Pacific. England at one time claimed that its jurisdiction over the narrow seas extended to the coasts of France and the Netherlands. This claim was resisted, especially by the Dutch, and so successfully that it was largely reduced in importance, and at the close of the seventeenth century finally abandoned. Russia, in 1822, laid claim to exclusive jurisdiction over that part of the Pacific Ocean lying north of fifty-one degrees north latitude, on the ground that it possessed the shores of that sea on both continents beyond that limit, and so bad the right to restrict the commerce of the coast inhabitants. *England and the United States entered vigorous protests against the right claimed by Russia, as contrary to the principles of international law, and it was formally withdrawn in 1824.*

That is the law of the case, and all the ukases and decrees of Russia can not make it other than it is. Nor can Mr. Felton give to that law any interpretation which can justify the seizure of British vessels in Behring's Sea, sixty miles from land, engaged in the peaceable pursuit of hunting seal. The capture of such vessels is as gross an outrage as the arrest of an American citizen by a boat's crew from a British flagship in a street of San Francisco would be; and for such captures this country will have to pay exemplary damages to owners.

It seems to be the fate of the Alaska Commercial Company to court unpopularity by procuring the publication in newspapers, all the way from San Francisco to New York, of arguments on this question which will not bear examination, and which appear to have been written in order to deceive. The American people are neither ignorant nor fools. They see through the attempts which are being made to manufacture a false opinion on the Behring's Sea question, and the chances are, if Mr. Windom does not cut the Gordian knot by extending the lease without asking for proposals or submitting the matter to Congress, that the Alaska Company will find that it would have fared better at the hands of Congressmen if it had held its tongue, and given members some little credit for common sense and knowledge of law.

As for Mr. Felton, he appears to be himself on the open sea as to his facts as well as his law. His friends of the Alaska Commercial ought, in common decency, to have posted him as to the *Black Diamond* farce. That vessel was fitted out for the purpose of being seized. She is a worthless tub, and would have been well sold for a claim on the United States for illegal seizure. Her captain was instructed to cruise precisely in the track of the revenue cutter, so that she was certain to be overhauled, and seized she was. Unhappily for the working of the plot, the captain took it into his head to recapture her; and this not being set down in the programme, things became mixed. Harrington, the "prize crew," could have easily retaken her in passing Neah Bay, which is a government reservation; but he failed to signal the shore. As matters stand, the owner of the *Black Diamond* has not lost his vessel, as he expected, and his claim for damages resulting from a spoiled voyage is thin. B.

P. S. I observe that in your editorial you say that Congress, by the act of this year, declared Behring's Sea to be territorial water. You have been misinformed. An amendment to that effect, introduced by Dunn, of Arkansas, did pass the House; but it was killed in the Senate, and the act, as passed, carefully avoids declaring what are and what are not territorial waters.

San Francisco, August 14, 1889.

We remember the disbandment of seven thousand armed Vigilantes—they carried their arms to their homes and retained the conviction that they had acted for the best interests of the community in which they lived. Judge Terry was their prisoner for the killing of Hopkins. His life was spared because his victim, Hopkins, did not die. We have seen the nerves of the organization sometimes touched. If anybody thinks they can move it in sympathy for David S. Terry, let them think before they act. It is no time to revive Southern sentiments. The war settled all the issues that survived the Vigilance Committee. The man who would revive them in this State is a madman or a fool.

The house occupied by Minister Whitelaw Reid in Paris was originally the home of the Count de Grammont. When Mr. Reid took the house, the large entrance-hall was filled with Egyptian antiquities, principally mummies. The effect of these latter was exceedingly depressing, so that Mr. Reid had them all packed away, and the walls that had been lined with departed Pharaohs were hung with brocatelle of a crimson ground and figured with a design in deep yellow.

Murat Halstead, who speaks from recent experience, says that those who do not feel ambitious to cross the Atlantic in less than a week, and are willing to spare two or three days in addition to the time made by the "greyhounds," will consult their comfort by taking slower ships and obtaining better accommodations.

AN ANIMAL ELIXIR.

The Extraordinary Story of How an Old Man became Young.

One August afternoon, in the year 1870, I met, at the outskirts of Berunegui, in the San Blas mining regions, not far from the town of Legutiano, a company of villagers who were following the hody of a child to the cemetery. The little corpse reclined upon a cushion surrounded by flowers, and, as is customary in that country, was horne upon the head of an old woman. Moved hy idle curiosity, I inquired whose child it was.

"No one knows, sir," replied a villager; "it was found, alive and naked, there in the glen some two years ago; was taken to the house of Gussurrandi and continued, little hy little, shrinking, shrinking, and falling away, until it hecame like a new-horn infant, finally ceased to nurse, and died. Stranger still, its face is wrinkled like an old man's, and its fingers are hurned and stained like those of one in the hahit of smoking a pipe."

These details aroused my curiosity, and I joined the party in order to obtain a view of the strange corpse. Before it was deposited in the grave, while the women wept and prayed, I examined it. The villager was right; the hody certainly presented a most incomprehensihle appearance. Imagine a newly-horn child, the forehead and cheeks marked with hard, callous wrinkles, the half-opened eyes retaining an expression of marked intelligence, and the upper portion of the thumb and index-finger of each hand yellow and discolored like those of an old smoker.

The child being buried, I returned with the party to Berunegui to pass the night with the Gussurrandi family, being well acquainted with them.

"What did that child die of?" I asked my hosts.

"Ah, Mr. Richard," replied the wife, "it must have been a case of witchcraft, for a stranger thing never happened. When we first found the child, it ate bread, meat, and pottage; afterward, the four teetb it had fell out, it quit eating, seemed to lose all knowledge of persons and things, and we were compelled to suckle it, and in the last days of its life, it lost even the power to do this. When first discovered it seemed a well-sized child, but it gradually sbrunk to half its original size. The expression of its eyes was remarkably intelligent; it acted at times as if it wished to speak, seemed to understand perfectly all that was said, and appeared continually laboring under some mysterious and terrible agitation."

"And you have no idea as to where it came from?"

"Not the slightest. One day, on returning from work, we found it, quite naked, amidst a heap of old clothing. It aroused our pity, we took it in, and cared for it. Among tbe old clothing there was a bundle of papers and an old pipe."

"Where are these objects?"

"I have them all in a box," replied my host; "but as I can not read, I have never examined them closely. One day I showed them to the priest, but he told me they were written in Bescayan, and he could not understand them."

"Bring them! bring them!" I cried, excitedly.

"I will bring them, but will you read them all, every bit, to us?"

"Yes, friend Gussurrandi, all, and will make all as plain as possible."

So, after supper, a lamp was lighted and placed at my side, and, after the men had filled and lighted their pipes and all taken seats around me, I unrolled the bundle of papers given me by my host. It was composed of many leaves of different sizes, ages, and styles of writing. I arranged them in order, and, witb ever-increasing astonishment and curiosity to myself as well as my listeners, read the following:

The twentieth of August, 1785, completed my eighty-fifth year, and I found myself in the kitchen of my beautiful home, seated at the table with Don Juan Manuel de Ursubil, a famed Empiric, a man of great ability and recondite knowledge, whom I had known intimately from youth. My children and grandchildren, after celebrating the anniversary of my birth, had retired to their homes. The Empiric, myself, and an old serving-woman, who waited upon me, were alone in tbe house. It was one o'clock in the morning, we had smoked thirty-four pipes of tobacco and drunk five jars of cider, and, though at that time I was rugged as an oak-tree and of an exceptional constitution, so much smoking and drinking caused my head to spin.

The Empiric was even worse than myself. For more than an hour he talked unceasingly of humors, clavicles, systems, plasters, and other things of which I understood not a word. I listened silently.

"You do not answer me," he finally said.

"What can I answer?"

"You might say something, man. Wbat are you thinking of?"

"That I am very old and shall not last much longer."

Juan Manuel struck the table with his fist, and, with a loud laugh, exclaimed: "'Not much longer'—what folly! Why, you can live as long as the fancy strikes you."

"Truly?"

"Surely. I have a secret of everlasting life; but I fear the Inquisition and the priests, if they learned of it. I would be taken for a sorcerer, and it would go hard with me."

"Juan Manuel, are you telling me the truth?"

"The exact truth. Ah, if I could but find one wbo did not wisb to die."

"You could easily find many."

"You are mistaken. Men are peculiar in their mode of reasoning; they fear death, but they fear more the operation they must undergo to escape death. They would rather die than suffer for a few days."

My hrain reeled. This learned man expressed bimself with such positive conviction that it already seemed to me that death no longer existed. There was an ineffable satisfaction in the thought.

We drank several more glasses. The old servant was sound asleep, the stocking she had heen knitting had fallen from her hands, and the cat was playing with the yarn.

"Why do you not make a proof of your theory upon yourself?" I at length asked the Empiric.

"Wbat nonsense! How could I operate upon myself, when the performance demands all my care, observation, and strength?"

We again relapsed into silence. My eighty-five years weighed heavily upon me, a new life appealed to me too strongly to he resisted. I decided, and rising suddenly cried, "*I do not wish to die!* Dispose of me!"

"Done!" answered Juan Manuel, rubhing his hands with pleasure; "eighty or eighty thousand years hence we will again drink cider in honor of the twentieth of August."

He arose staggering, seized my arm, and said, "Let us go."

"Wbere?"

"To my house. This very night all shall he accomplished."

"Let us go then." And in my shirt-sleeves, just as I was, we set out, unsteadily, reeling and stumbling, toward his house.

On reacbing his room, Juan Manuel lit a lamp, took off his hat and coat, opened a drawer of a table from which he took an apparatus composed of wires, bandages, tubes, and hulhs, with wooden keys, then rolled up his sleeves, pushed a bed from an adjoining alcove into the centre of the room, placed a large copper kettle heside it on the floor, and turning to me said, smilingly: "Now place yourself at full length on the hed and remain perfectly quiet."

I extinguished my pipe and threw myself upon the bed, stretching myself out as much as possible. Tbe Empiric then produced a lancet, and, after feeling my left arm, made a broad incision in one of the veins. I heard the plashing of the blood as it fell into the caldron, while Juan Manuel busied himself preparing his strange apparatus.

This must have consumed a quarter of an hour, when I began to feel horrihly weak and faint from loss of blood. All effects of intoxication had disappeared. From time to time the Empiric felt my pulse, murmuring as he continued his work: "More; more yet!" I do not know how long a time elapsed, but I suddenly found that I could not move; I was consumed by thirst, but could not make an articulate sound; I could only lie there and listen to the monotonous dripping, dripping of the blood as it fell into the caldron. My sense of vision, though, had remained remarkably clear and distinct.

The Empiric again felt my pulse. "Good!" he exclaimed; "a little more," and, finally, "enough!" and be remained contemplating me for some time in a species of abstraction. Then he bound up the wound, and taking some small pieces of linen, moistened in water, he introduced them into my mouth, pushing them into my throat, using for this purpose the wooden handle of a spoon. Then he closed my nostrils with pieces of dampened tow.

"So!" he said, when this was accomplisbed, "we are progressing finely. Now breathing almost imperceptibly, and with the heart barely fluttering, we shall come within a step of death, but that step we will not take."

My condition was now simply indescribable. I seemed to have no body, for only the head retained warmth and life. A terrible oppression weighed upon my breast, my ribs seemed crushed in, and I felt an intense agony in every respiration as I inhaled a little air through the damp cloths. My head seemed burning, and the slow pulsation of my heart reverberated in my ears like the blows of a hammer.

Juan Manuel, after contemplating me for some time, took a deep drink. "It is necessary," he said, "my nerves must be steady."

He then went out and returned in a short time, carrying in his arms one of his grandsons, a beautiful four-year-old child, who appeared wrapped in a profound slumber. He laid the child down beside me and made the sign of the cross over it.

"My plan," he said, communing with himself, "must have occurred to many; but the actual problem is that the regenerating blood shall not come in contact with the air; that it shall pass warm, pure, full of life, and throbbing with power, from the heart of the child to the almost lifeless old man. The old man loses his blood; there it is in the caldron, weakened and vitiated by the sins and pains of eighty-five years. The child is going to transmit his almost entirely; but it will not matter, for, after eight days, the little that will be left will have multiplied, and the child will be as rohust as before. Blood is fire; a single drop serves for the base of a life. I know there are doctors in Salamanca and Alcala who laugh at me, for it is the privilege of men of science to laugh with impunity at others, whether they are right or wrong. But after my friend shall have lived for two thousand years, where, then, will be the doctors of Salamanca?"

He again placed his hand over my heart; it scarcely fluttered and the noise in my ears had died away.

"Now is the time," he exclaimed; "he will feel nothing now."

He then took the strange apparatus from the table and enveloped my neck with its bandages, doing likewise with the child, who still remained without moving at my side. Next, from another vessel he took a dark ointment, with which he smeared the wooden keys of his apparatus and also my neck, all but one side, where, hy means of a cupping-glass, he had drawn the flesh into a roll. The bulhs were squeezed together, the tubes in which they terminated adhering firmly to my own and the child's neck. Among the wires constituting the apparatus were two long and strong ones which the Empiric, grasping witb both hands, gave a sudden jerk, as if he wished to separate them; at the same instant, I felt a sharp pain in the side of my neck and the child gave a terrible start. Then a cloud passed before my eyes, but I could still hear Juan Manuel ruhbing bis hands with pleasure and murmuring to himself: "It beats, *it beats!*—after twenty years of thought and study—the air does not enter—tbe priests and doctors are vanquished!"

On opening my eyes on the following day, I found myself stretched upon the same bed. The Empiric was beside me. I endeavored to speak, but could not; the Empiric placed his finger on his lip and shook his head.

"You now have within your veins," he said, "the revivif hlood of youth. You will begin life anew at the age of years. What terrihle heat! A hundred and eighteen pu tions; the new blood pours through your veins like a torre a mill-race. This fever will last for fifteen days, during w time you must take nothing but milk. My little grandso resting well; in six more days he will have recovered. my apparatus is a marvel."

At this juncture a knock came at tbe door, and my servant, Maria Anton, entered.

"What has become of my master?" she asked.

"Here he is, a little indisposed hecause in accompan me home he stumhled and——"

"That accursed cider!"

"No, Maria, it was owing to the darkness. Two of rihs are displaced, but inside of fifteen days he will b right."

Maria Anton, thus reassured, departed.

"Poor old woman," mused the Empiric; "how man your granddaughters will have to wait upon your master."

For many days the Empiric paid me hourly visits, fe my pulse, giving me milk, and talking to himself. My dition was very peculiar. My whole hody was hurning w feverish heat, and I experienced a general trembling, witb pains in the chest, hack, and rihs on drawing a hreath felt a sensation of restful satisfaction when the air was exp *from* my lungs.

By degrees my strengtb returned, and at the end of tw days, accompanied hy Juan Manuel, I returned to my house.

"I believe your life is now assured for another epoch said, as we approached my door; "but you must be ca as it is, of course, exposed the same as before to disease violent accidents. I have merely lengthened your days b newing the vital element which sustains life; what you sh do is to be silent and watchful."

Some time passed, and my health and strength be enviable, save for that strange persistent pain in the h accompanying each respiration. Yet I could never con myself that Juan Manuel had succeeded in his underta but looked upon the operation as a grave indiscretion, mitted while we hoth were intoxicated, and I expected t at the usual age of mankind.

Five years later my face was more ruddy, my pulse stro my appetite and strength doubled, and strangest of al bald portion of my head was again covered with bea gray hair and the wrinkles on my hands had disappe Juan Manuel, then just turned seventy, was mad with e tion; he would spend whole hours smoking and contempl me with all the affection and interest of an artist looki his work.

"What puzzles me," I said, "is that constant pain i breast."

"And me also," he replied; "I have been thinking o for three years without being ahle to discover the caus seems to me, after five years my grandson's blood should become accustomed to flowing tbrough your veins."

After three more years, my face was still rosier, my h and strength greater; in fact, my wonderful vitality te all my friends. On my hundredth birthday I entertain the relatives who had assisted at the celebration of my e fifth; that is, all save some eighteen who had passed aw

Tbe Empiric, meanwhile, had aged greatly, and his was visibly failing from day to day. Only in his ey gleamed the old expression of vivacity and satisfaction.

One morning, very early, he came to my house, and, ting himself in my room, said to me: "You are now vinced?"

"Yes, my friend, *entirely* convinced."

"Well, then, we must wait no longer. I feel very old to tell the truth, the idea of dying does not suit me, ho as I do, life in my hands. But there is a difficulty i way; we can not continue living here to repeat and expl discovery; they will persecute us relentlessly. It is the necessary for you to make a great sacrifice for me. Let to France."

"To France!"

"Yes, there we sball enjoy our marvelous conquest; th shall initiate you into my secret; you will operate upon m a thousand years from now we shall he able to give an ac of ourselves."

"I owe you this second life and will obey you."

I collected some gold I had laid by, bought two good and, under the pretence of paying a vow to tbe Vir Aratte, took the road to the frontier.

We established ourselves in Bordeaux, and Juan M began to instruct me in his secret. My intelligence, f weakening, seemed clearer than ever; and my eyes, whic been far-sighted, bad become strong and regular. Still, times, I felt a vague pain on thinking I should neve Juan Manuel was astounded; my hair was gradually t hlack, and my appetite becoming daily more enormous his consternation was complete when I one day told hi I had become much enamored of the daughter of our h Mlle. Busant, and was inclined to marry her. As a world knows, the entire city was aroused when the news out that I, an old man of a hundred and six years, was to take a wife. They pursued me, caricatured me, be me—our house became a perfect Bahel.

"Your madness may cost us dear," the Empiric s me, with great sadness; "now that I am ready for y operate upon me, you have doubled your age, and so France will be talking about you. I am profoundly dis with you and feel like abandoning you and dying my you do not listen to me. Will you hear me?" continue old man, beginning to weep.

"Yes," I replied, "I am all yours."

"Well, then, abandon Mlle. Busant, forget this ins love, and let us flee from here."

"But whither?"

"To any of the American colonies; and as soon land, you will operate on me."

I separated therefore from my aggrieved little lady as dip-matically as possible, leaving her a magnificent present, and, almost in secret, we set out for Vera Cruz in an English vessel. During the tedious passage we entertained ourselves by conversing amicably, always though upon the same theme.

"What I can not explain," said the Empiric, "is your complete and entire regeneration. After my wonderful operation, it was natural that you should have retained your aged appearance, gray hair, baldness, etc., indefinitely, the new blood merely maintaining your actual state. But it has been exactly the reverse; you are younger, stronger, and more full of life each day."

"As for myself," I answered, "what annoys me is this complete revolution here in my breast."

"I have not forgotten that, either," said the Empiric; "night after night, I have revolved it in my brain until I felt as if I were going mad." And once again Juan Manuel resumed his discussion of his apparatus, plans, hopes, and theory.

One afternoon, as I was enjoying a siesta, he came to me with dilated eyes, pulled me from my bed, and dragged me on deck to a solitary spot where, seizing me by the neck, he made a careful examination of the scar left by the famous operation. At its conclusion he fell into my arms completely overcome, saying, as he wiped away a tear: "Well, we have done it."

"What?" I interrogated.

"*That cursed drink!* Horror, horror, and a thousand times horror! You are the most unfortunate of men, my poor friend."

"What are you saying? What have you discovered in me?"

Seizing me by the hands, he dragged me back to our cabin. "At last," he exclaimed, "I have found the explanation of the pain of your abnormal respiration—of your astonishing regeneration. When, on that never-to-be-forgotten night, I injected the blood of my grandson into your veins, I was a little——"

"Exhilarated, eh?"

"That's it, exhilarated. That unlucky cider! You recently lived, your veins were empty after the great bleeding. On performing the operation, I lanced the child in an artery, and—oh, *curse* of drunkenness!—in you I opened a vein. The action of your heart was so weak *the rush of new blood reversed it.* Through your veins rushes arterial blood, through your arteries venous blood flows. No wonder there were pains in your chest. Your heart and lungs act inversely. Your circulation is reversed, and you live the reverse of all men. Your organization is being reconstructed entirely contrary to what happens to all other men; while your journey toward old age, you travel toward infancy. You are not a hundred and six years old, you are only forty-four; eleven years younger than I, because we must go backward from the day of the operation. O God, forgive me, forgive me!"

"But, man," I said, "what of all this? I feel well; what happen to me?"

"Unhappy man, you will be seventy years old, then fifty, then, and after——"

"But can you not correct this?"

"*Impossible!* Your case is one that no doctor or scholar foreseen, one no book refers to, one no man has imagined believed possible. For you there is no scientific precedent explanation, you are a living paradox, an absurd positive, an impossible reality. It was a case of malpractice on part. You will operate upon me without drinking, of course—after two days of clear water, you understand—and we will see if, after observing, you can remedy the evil. Ah me! it is impossible. We can do nothing but weep."

Large tears flowed over the old man's wrinkled cheeks.

The night, a little before reaching Vera Cruz, our vessel foundered in a fearful tempest. The Empiric clasped the box containing his precious apparatus, I lashed myself to a spar, and for two hours we were the playthings of the furious waves.

"I can do no more," cried the poor old man.

"Courage," I called to him, "do not die now when you are at the threshold of immortality. Courage! We shall soon reach the shore."

"Impossible," he answered; "take it," and he pushed the box toward me.

"Hold out one hour longer," I cried, and, at the same moment, a mass of water buried us in an abyss. When I came to the surface, buoyed up by the spar, Juan Manuel Ursubil and his box had disappeared forever.

A short time afterward, a launch from Vera Cruz picked me up together with the other survivors of the wreck.

In Vera Cruz, I joined a caravan of muleteers and set out for the City of Mexico, where I purchased an estate and two tenements with the gold I had preserved in a belt clasped around my waist. There, in reading and contemplation, I passed many years. I never worked at anything. I said to myself: "Unlike other men, I do not need to make provision for old age, for, when I am a child, there will always be some blind man whom I can serve as a guide. And when I become a mere infant, some good woman will be found who will suckle me at her breast." At the forty-fourth year—that is to say, the one hundred and twenty-first, counting from my birth—I was strong and erect, without all wrinkles, my eyes were bright, and a full black beard covered my face. My servants were wont to say their master dyed his hair, and the ladies of the quarter murmured that the Señor Bescayan seemed to grow younger daily. There was one ripe blonde of some thirty years whom I thought seriously of marrying, but always on reflection I saw the impossibility of it. "In a little time," I considered, "she will be of my age and I of hers, and eventually my children will be older than I. I can not love, nor marry, *nor live;* my eternal torment is insufferable. It is best to terminate it at once."

"By the speediest means of ending my life, I set out in the capacity of a volunteer with the soldiers sent by the viceroy against the Indians. But though I always fought in the posts of greatest danger, the bullets and arrows of the enemy respected me. I could not achieve death.

After peace was made with the savages, I, with some others of my companions, remained in the forests devoting our time to hunting. Among these simple people my adventures, knowledge, and great experience soon earned for me the nickname of "Yhokero Oytcho," which means "The Great Liar."

For twenty years I remained in these forests, accumulating, during that time, almost without effort, nearly half a million dollars. But to me this great sum of money possessed no value. There was only one thing which offered me any consolation, and which still linked me to my old life; this was the habit I had retained of smoking the old and grimy pipe of my Gussurrandi home.

Wearied at length by this savage life, I separated from my good companions of the forest and repaired to New York, with the intention of laying my case before the most learned doctors of the country, explaining as much as I could of Juan Manuel's apparatus and submitting, if necessary, to a new injection. I was a hundred and forty-one years old when I presented myself before the eminent physician, R. Clark Maxwell. He, on bearing the object of my consultation, put on a strange face; examined my body, my papers, my recollections of so many years, felt the old scar on my neck, and had me make a drawing of the apparatus of the Empiric; then he shrugged his shoulders, elevated his eyebrows, pursed up his lips, stuck out his tongue, and concluded by telling me to "call again to-morrow." I called the next day and submitted to a new examination by several other doctors whom Maxwell had called in. Then I placed myself under their care for twenty days, while they experimented upon me with various kinds of diet, bled me and submitted the blood to analysis and countless proofs, and finally took me before a sort of medical congress, whose members, after a heated discussion, decided that I was insane, my papers recollections, and my entire history but the product of a diseased imagination, and also declared Doctor Clark Maxwell, who espoused my cause, of unsound mind. This conclusion was arrived at by means of the ballot-box. On reaching my hotel, I found the doctors' bill. This seemed to be the only subject upon which they were unanimous; they valued their services at twenty-eight thousand dollars. After paying them religiously I found myself worse off than before the consultation, my condition weakened, my abnormal existence without remedy, and my purse considerably lightened.

I took passage again for Spain, convinced that the poor Empiric knew more than all the doctors, and determined to realize the dream of my life, to die in my own land, at my old farm-house.

As soon as I landed, two police agents arrested me and conducted me to jail. It seems that a traveling companion of mine, seemingly an honest man, and to whom I had loaned some money during the trip, informed the captain of the vessel that I was a notorious thief fleeing to Spain with the funds of a great American association. I protested and gave proofs before the tribunal of my innocence, but as I could produce no witnesses, and as they found me possessed of a large sum of money, justice closed her eyes, or rather opened them too much, for I was thrown into a cell, and the court began to pile up sealed documents bearing upon my case. They would not listen to me, but sent out to all parts of the country for information concerning me; and meanwhile I remained in prison for a long, a very long time.

At last it happened to occur to some one to order an inspection of the prisons. The jailor, supposing me a madman or a very dangerous criminal, had placed double doors upon my cell, and served me through a hole in the lower panel. When the door was opened, he fell back with a cry of alarm. He had imprisoned a man of thirty years, tall, ruddy, and with a full beard; and now found a youth of eighteen or twenty, with scarcely a hair on his face, clad in the loosely fitting rags of an old suit of clothes. I was again taken before the tribunal, and learned that I had been confined for eighteen years, and that every cent of my money had been expended by justice in ascertaining the truth. The result of the investigation was that I was not myself, that the prisoner of the millions had escaped, leaving me in his place. The jailor was declared an accomplice of the substitution and imprisoned, leaving me at liberty, after vain endeavors to ascertain who I was.

Thus it was, that on foot, almost begging alms, I returned to the place of my birth. I inquired, without telling who I was, for my sons; they showed me my grandsons already married. After seeing my house and orchard, and all the places made dear by remembrance of past pleasures, filled with a profound sadness, I fled as if ashamed. Had I told who I was no one would have believed me; they would have imprisoned me or sent me to a mad-house, even my own descendants.

I returned to Madrid, and for eleven years was a servant, match-seller, news-boy, boot-black, and I do not know how many other things. During this time, I continued writing my memoirs and smoking my old clay-pipe. My intelligence remained and still is clear; but each day I write worse, and believe I will end by being unable to form a letter. In 1863, I was seven years old, or it might be a hundred and sixty-three. To-day I am six, have been reduced to less than half my total height, my second teeth have fallen out and been replaced by my first or infantile set, and my head is covered with beautiful auburn hair. My power of understanding is being annihilated, together with my strength and childish tendencies.

Walking, walking, and suffering greatly, I have returned to my native land. I say that I am an orphan and poor, and they give me alms at every house. Yet even though a beggar, it is consoling to live beside the house where one was born. . . . [Here the manuscript is very illegible, and further on, in letters scarcely legible, it says]: "It is impossible for me to hold the pen or write one letter beside another. I do not know what will become of me; I only beg that some day, when I am found and am unable to speak or eat, that I may be carried to my house of Gussurrandi, because I wish to die in it.

Jose Anton."

While I read, the women had arisen, terrified, making signs of wonder and terror, and crossing themselves often. As I finished, they exclaimed in a chorus, "Blessed St. Barbara! It is impossible to believe that! *Impossible!*"

Gussurrandi consulted me as to what he should do in the matter.

"Nothing," I said, "quiet the women, and forget about it, all."

All the women dreamed that night that the Empiric Juan Manuel, completely intoxicated, had fastened his apparatus on their throats.—*Translated for the Argonaut from the Spanish of R. B. de Bengoa by Osmund Warde.*

OLD FAVORITES.

Lord Walter's Wife.

"But why do you go?" said the lady, while both sate under the yew,
And her eyes were alive in their depth, as the kraken beneath the sea-blue.

"Because I fear you," he answered; "because you are far too fair,
And able to strangle my soul in a mesh of your gold-colored hair."

"Oh, that," she said, "is no reason! Such knots are quickly undone,
And too much beauty, I reckon, is nothing but too much sun."

"Yet, farewell so," he answered; "the sun-stroke's fatal at times.
I value your husband, Lord Walter, whose gallop rings still from the limes."

"Oh, that," she said, "is no reason. You smell a rose through a fence:
If two should smell it, what matter? who grumbles? and where's the pretence?"

"But I," he replied, "have promised another, when love was free,
To love her alone, alone, who alone and afar loves me."

"Why, that," she said, "is no reason. Love's always free, I am told.
Will you vow to be safe from the headache on Tuesday, and think it will hold?"

"But you," he replied, "have a daughter, a young little child, who was laid
In your lap to be pure; so I leave you: the angels would make me afraid."

"Oh, that," she said, "is no reason. The angels keep out of the way;
And Dora, the child, observes nothing, although you should please me and stay."

At which he rose up in his anger—"Why, now, you no longer are fair!
Why, now, you no longer are fatal, but ugly and hateful, I swear."

At which she laughed out in her scorn—"These men! Oh, these men overnice,
Who are shocked if a color not virtuous is frankly put on by a vice."

Her eyes blazed upon him—"And *you!* You bring us your vices so near
That we smell them! You think in our presence a thought 'twould defame us to hear!

"What reason had you, and what right—I appeal to your soul from my life—
To find me too fair as a woman? Why, sir, I am pure, and a wife.

"Is the day-star too fair above you? It burns you not. Dare you imply
I brushed you more close than the star does, when Walter had set me as high?

"If a man finds a woman too fair, he means simply adapted too much
To uses unlawful and fatal. The praise!—shall I thank you for such?

"Too fair!—not unless you misuse us! and surely if, once in a while,
You attain to it, straightway you call us no longer too fair, but too vile.

"A moment—I pray your attention!—I have a poor word in my head
I must utter, though womanly custom would set it down better unsaid.

"You grew, sir, pale to impertinence, once when I showed you a ring,
You kissed my fan when I dropped it. No matter!—I've broken the thing.

"You did me the honor, perhaps, to be moved at my side now and then
In the senses—a vice, I have heard, which is common to beasts and some men.

"Love's a virtue for heroes!—as white as the snow on high hills,
And immortal as every great soul is that struggles, endures, and fulfills.

"I love my Walter profoundly—you, Maud, though you faltered a week,
For the sake of . . . what was it? an eyebrow? or, still less, a mole on a cheek?

"And since, when all's said, you're too noble to stoop to the frivolous cant
About crimes irresistible, virtues that swindle, betray, and supplant,

"I determined to prove to yourself that, whate'er you might dream or avow,
By illusion, you wanted precisely no more of me than you have now.

"There! Look me in the face!—in the face! Understand, if you can,
That the eyes of such women as I am, are clean as the palm of a man.

"Drop his hand, you insult him. Avoid us for fear we should cost you a scar—
You take us for harlots, I tell you, and not for the women we are.

"You wronged me: but then I considered . . . there's Walter! And so at the end,
I vowed that he should not be mulcted, by me, in the hand of a friend.

"Have I hurt you indeed? We are quits then. Nay, friend of my Walter, be mine!
Come, Dora, my darling, my angel, and help me to ask him to dine."

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

EXPOSITION NOTES.

By our Paris Correspondent.

It is delightful to potter about on the Esplanade des Invalides. I, for one, am never tired of trying to imagine myself a thousand miles away.

Such easy traveling, too. A few steps take you from the Place de la Concorde to the cool, shady, palm-filled courtyard of a house in Algiers, a few more to the squalid encampment of the wandering Bedouin. So here is the Arab in his tent! Imagine a huge, ragged, brown blanket, supported on poles of different heights, and you will have some idea of the tents in which the king of the desert takes his rest or conceals his *smalah*. "On ne passe pas," croaks an old hag seated within an inclosure. This to my companion. In virtue of my sex I am allowed to enter the pale. I might even carry myself and my curiosity into the dark, noisome interior of the tent, which is the harem of one of the chief Bedouins, but I decline to do this for good reasons—the prospect is really not inviting.

Hardly have we done scrutinizing the features of certain bundles of grimy muslin, which we are satisfied are women, or vouchsafed a passing glance to the antics of the urchins—as much like our own street-boy, saving the clothes, as can well be imagined—than here we are in noisy Tunis, among the hooked noses, the baggy trousers, and tarnished embroidery. The smell of boiling fat arises from a stall, where a couple of bawling fellows are selling some Tunisian arrangement of fried batter. Passing through a Moorish archway, a swarthy figure, in a fez, thrusts a box of coffee beneath my nose—"See, tenez, judge yourself of the delicious odor!" We are beguiled into ordering cups of the beverage, which is being hailed up in tiny tin-mugs, with long handles, among the wood ashes. If you follow our lead you will wish you had not. It is sickly sweet, and the promised aroma has evaporated in the process. Next we take a turn in the bazaar. Yonder over-grown bouri, in pale blue, who is airing her calves (and what calves!) at her shop-door, does not improve on closer acquaintance, and her powers of speech are vehement. She would sell us the whole contents of her shop—Hispano-Moorish embroidery, tables and stools inlaid with mother-of-pearl, pottery, brilliant-dyed *babouches*, and necklaces of sequins. Turning our backs on her, we find ourselves on the threshold of a Madagascan house, in polished pine-wood—a very pretty dwelling.

What are all those people laughing at? Two swarthy, grinning faces are peering over a low fence and chattering in unknown tongues, and overhead in the trees a monkey is swinging himself by his tail. Merciful powers! Darwin was right. There is no doubt about the resemblance *here!* This is a Pahouin village—a conglomeration of hovels breast high. We have traveled in this short space from Tunis to Congo, via Madagascar. This white-washed building is the Tower of Solde, in Senegal, and there are more villages behind.

If you read the finger-posts, you will find the alleys and paths are all named after French colonies or countries which rejoice in the protection of the tricolor-flag. Where will the Rue Nouméa take us? Why, to New Caledonia, of course, or rather to a Canaque village. Fine fellows the Canaques, if one judge by the two brawny sentinels in red tunics and pith helmets, who guard the entrance; wretched pigmies if these two scraps of native humanity weaving mats are specimens to be relied on. Their taste in art is rude and uncouth. Posts carved into the rough semblance of a face flank the doors of the huts, and are daubed with paint. An Aunt Sally is a Venus in comparison. I have never seen such faces out of a Christmas pantomime.

All this time our ears have been pierced by the howling and screeching which issues from the Anamite Theatre. I have been there and do not mean to go again, for it is a dismal, monotonous spectacle. What it would seem if we understood the endless speeches or the meaning of the pageant, I have no means of judging; but to listen to a sort of animated image, seated cross-legged on a tea-chest, working himself up to a white-heat of rage without so much as turning a finger-nail, is apt to pall after a while. Leaving the Coquelins and Sarahs of the Anamite stage to bawl themselves hoarse, we make our way to the Tonquin village. You can not miss it. Straight down the Rue Hué to the Avenue de Gabon. It is a small inclosure, lined with huts made of plaited bamboo and thatched with palm-leaves. In most of them there are men and women. Some are at work, others idling. One fellow in a gown of blue is carefully measuring the calf of his leg with a bit of tape. They take no notice of us—the public. We watch them plait hats till we are tired, then we move on to the smithy and see how they work their hammer and anvil. A couple of women are occupied laying in bright splashes of color on paper fans in another hut, while their neighbors are patiently putting together various wings, fins, fishes' heads, and birds' beaks, so as to compose creatures which are neither fish, flesh, or good red herring. Their powers of grotesque invention are marvelous.

At the end of the Avenue de Gabon is the Place de la Réunion. Here more music—"Più la Victoire" followed by the "Blue Danube" waltz. That is the Creole restaurant. How the Tziganes got there I can not tell you. They interfere somewhat with the *couleur locale*. To get out of the way we back into a tea-shop, presided over by real Chinamen. Now we are under the shadow of the Colonies Pavilion, and the crowd is thickening. Shall we take a seat here on the margin of a small lake, with its fleet of canoes and pirogues, and watch the scene, or sign to one of the Anamites there and have a drive in a *pousse-pousse?* The latter, by all means. Our party forms a procession, one *pousse-pousse* behind another. You get in, and the bare-footed, blue-and-orange-gowned native of Hué places himself between the shafts and off we go in Indian file. The movement is easy and would be conducive to sleep, if the situation were not quite so conspicuous. We take a couple of turns up and down the esplanade, and then discharge our vehicles, for the tom-toms are tuning up in Java and we want to see the Javanese dancing-girls.

The inclosure is much the biggest of all, and there is a small entrance-fee of half a franc. This keeps the crowd outside and makes Java quite select. Bits of bamboo strung on a sort of frame and violently shaken produce a somewhat hard and woody sound; a dozen Malays have instruments of this description on their hands and use them lustily. Two others are beating a drum. They constitute a sort of guard of honor at the door. Buildings of all sizes line the inclosure, some rudely enough constructed of bamboo, others planters' dwellings—quite mansions. In one of the former, fires are burning and natives are preparing the evening meal—boiling rice, and cooking meat stuck on skewers, now by thrusting it into the hot cinders, now by plunging it in a vessel of boiling fat.

At the further end is a covered place with a platform whereon sit a row of Javanese girls; this is the Javanese Music Hall or *café chantant*. They are not performing just now, it is the *entr'acte*. There are five girls. Two among them are not ill-looking for all their yellow skins; they are dressed in gorgeous array. Large square pieces of stuff gird their loins and fall to their feet, and they have corselets of cotton velvet which cover their bosoms, while their shoulders and arms are bare. Their arms are tattooed, and on their heads they wear huge gilded helmets. Their attitudes are listless and not without grace. One crouches on the floor, the others sit immovable on chairs. Ever and anon they exchange a few phrases and their lips part in a sunny smile. On either side are Javanese men with more strange instruments—a series of inverted copper-bowls fixed in a frame. We wonder when they are going to begin. The musicians hold hammers poised in their hands. At last they let them drop on the inverted bowls. The girls rise, shake their skirts and slowly advance, raising their arms and unfolding their hands. Now they are in front of the platform. It has taken them three minutes to advance three yards, then they turn and work their way backward no faster than before. The amount of premeditation needed to unfold their arms, or raise the arch of their feet, is extraordinary. And so, posturing with painful deliberation, the dance—if dance it may be called—goes on until the spectator loses patience and would give the world to see them galvanized into life. After I had watched them for half an hour I would have hailed a breakdown with delight, and remembered the dancing Dervish in the Rue du Caire with regret. We came to the conclusion that the Javanese take their pleasure sadly, as the French declare the English do. Parisina.

Paris, July 26, 1889.

THE KING'S DUST.

"Thou shalt die," the priest said to the king.
"Thou shalt vanish like the leaves of spring.
Like the dust of any common thing
One day thou upon the winds shalt blow!"
"Nay, not so," the king said; "I shall stay
While the great sun in the sky makes day;
Heaven and earth, when I do, pass away.
In my tomb I wait till all things go!"

Then the king died. And with myrrh and nard,
Washed with palm wine, swathed in linen hard,
Rolled in naphtha gum, and under guard
Of his steadfast tomb, they laid the king.
Century fled to century; still he lay
Whole as when they bid him first away—
Sooth, the priest had nothing more to say,
He, it seemed, the king, knew everything.

One day armies, with the tramp of doom,
Overthrew the huge blocks of the tomb;
Arrowy sunbeams searched its chambered gloom,
Bedouins camped about the sand-blown spot.
Little Arabs, answering to their name,
With a broken mummy fed the flame,
Then a wind among the ashes came,
Blew them lightly—and the king was not!

—*Harriet Prescott Spofford in St. Nicholas.*

MODERN DRINKING.

The Wail of a Lover of Wine in the "Saturday Review."

In twelve years (says the chancellor of the exchequer) the total consumption of wine in Great Britain has sunk from seventeen millions of gallons to thirteen millions. But the consumption of the lighter kinds has risen from six to eight millions. That is to say, there is the extraordinary fall from eleven to five millions in port, sherry, Madeira, the better class of claret, Burgundy, and so forth. Sparkling wine has held its own, while its less exhilarating rivals have been declining. As to spirits, foreign spirits have somewhat increased; but the increase is entirely upon "Geneva and other sorts"—that is to say, "chiefly upon German plain spirit." British spirits, on the other hand, have slightly decreased, and beer still more slightly increased, though it has increased. The changes in social habits which these details imply and are connected with are striking. As to one item it may be regarded with unmixed disgust, and that is the increase in "Geneva and other sorts." If "Geneva"—that is to say, Hollands—had formed the staple, there would be no great need to make moan. Hollands is not fashionable, and it is not universally palatable. But it is a very wholesome spirit when good, and probably the superior of any other spirit at anything like its price for general dietetic and hygienic qualities. But German plain spirit is a mere abomination. It is immensely strong, it is utterly beastly to the taste, and it is merely poison to the health. But the bulk of it undoubtedly goes to strengthen and cheapen cheap spirits (especially cheap brandy, now that true brandy is scarce and dear), cheap wines, cheap cordials and liqueurs, cheap nastiness of every kind. A benevolent despot with a good taste in drinks would certainly ordain that every cask of it should be staved and the contents run into the sewers.

The wine question is a little more complicated. Heavy wines, whether owing to the circulation of the cigarette after dinner or not, have fallen off; light wines have increased; and of light wines, sparkling wine, despite an increased d and a decreasing consumption of wine generally, has held own and more. Now what does this mean?

What it means is, as we have said, not really intelligi without considering what the habits are that have led t We all know that the decrease in the consumption of he wines is a fact. Some months ago we had the dreary disheartening spectacle of a city company selling off its wi some days ago an Oxford college got rid of a hundred do (of sherry too, which, it may be observed, was not likel spoil by keeping); and earlier than either of these disaste club which had some of the best wine in London committe similar atrocity. Besides, even these examples are not need The Gaul is at each of our gates. It is with great diffic that any one who likes good wine and knows it when he g it can drink even a glass or two in peace and quietness, even then he must generally put up with the smoke of neighbor's cigarettes, spoiling the flavor of his liquor; m have coffee poked in his face as a reminder that he is an seasonable toper; and must gulp his last glass like a bl draught because somebody wants to go to a theatre or ot wise unprofitably employ himself.

This is, we suppose, what would be called good news the friends of temperance. We only repeat, "Is it?" begin with, it must be remembered that the friends of tem ance, if they have reduced the total amount drunk, have tioned it out among a much smaller proportionate numbe people. In the amiable, if not exhilarating, picture which Thackeray drew of the after-dinner moments of an aver middle-class Briton some forty years ago, Mrs. Briton "had two glasses" (old ones, ten or twelve to the bottle), Briton's mamma four, and Mr. Briton himself the remain In a row of thirty such houses it may well be that, w thirty bottles were so drunk then, only twenty are dr now. But if none at all, or next to none, is dr in half of them, the actual consumption per drio head is increased, not decreased. Again, do the ple who drink so little after dinner drink as little at o times? We trow not. Their fathers, who would have r larly consumed three or four glasses of port, and at a feast perhaps have managed each his bottle or more of claret, probably not touched anything alcoholic before dinner at all, less it was a glass of light beer or light sherry at lunch The model man, a joy to temperance persons, who scar touches a single round of claret before hurrying to his ci ette, has not only drunk champagne at dinner, but has impossibly opened the day with a brandy-and-soda, has sumed various irregular nips of spirits and liqueurs, has bibed not a little champagne at luncheon, and perhaps at times as well, while he will very likely return to whisky- seltzer, or brandy-and-soda once, or a good deal more once, before he goes to bed.

The drinks of the time are beyond all doubt champ (or at least sparkling wine of some sort) and spirits min with (for the most part effervescing) water, liqueurs, and descript drinks of various kinds being thrown in quite f In the poorer ranks, at any rate, and in that not inconsi able portion of the richer which has no taste, the spirits often exceedingly bad, from the worst kind, which is me the "plain German" aforesaid, diluted and flavored, to which consists of not exactly bad, but insufficiently matu whisky and brandy. To this kind of stuff mixed with s water may perhaps be awarded the palm over all o liquids for achieving two apparent contradictions. It se to quench the thirst, and it makes you horribly thirsty does not seem to get you any "forrader," and it by deg makes a man simply drunk. Then for champagne. Ch pagne properly and sparingly used (that is to say, not s ingly at a time, but at sparing times) is, as everybody kn a most admirable exhilarator, stimulant, and tonic. Ta constantly, it ruins the nerves by constantly jogging them inviting the use of stronger liquors to quiet them, not to n tion (an evil which, from our own point of view, we t considerable) that the reckless drinking of it when i new and not fit to drink, by tasteless persons, le persons of taste none of it to drink when it is and fit to drink, unless they are millionaires. Both bra and-soda and champagne can he, and are, drunk at time, and when you begin you go on. They can be dr standing, sitting, loafing, pretending to work (scarcely w ing), before breakfast, after dinner, and they are drunk a these times. Except an utter barbarian, nobody could reconcile himself to drinking good port or claret in a manner—sherry was a little more adaptable, certainly, a few years ago was too often "adapted," but it did not do mischief of its successors, being much less insidious. did not in former days attempt, unless you were a de ne'er-do-well, to drink your wine at odd times. You did day's work with a will, and with the assistance of the p but honest creature, small-beer, or some of his fellows. dined. Then you drank your wine, and possibly a good of it; with nothing more to do, with no worries before with such conversation as was obtainable, and with a pros not too distant, of sleeping all the more peacefully for the and assimilating the wine all the better for the sleep. would as soon have thought of shaving or having fa prayers miscellaneously as of miscellaneous drinking. It its place, and the right place, and it helped to produce st men, divines, men of business, men of letters, men of all s of classes, who have certainly not been beaten by this ge ation, where one man recreates himself with coffee and ci ettes and Giesshübler, while his neighbor links his days gether by the possibly natural, but rather tangled, pict successive glasses at odd times of brandy-and-soda, ch pagne, Kümmel, Angostura, Vermouth, whisky, champa and brandy-and-soda again. Perhaps there is a little less dr on the whole; though, considering the strength of the liq of those who do drink, this may be doubted. But is it dr in a way to give joy to the friends of temperance? And whatever way it may be druok, is it drunk in a manner to joice the philosopher who would like his country to be heal wealthy, and wise? We doubt it.

VANITY FAIR.

A riter in the New York *Herald* says: "I recently criti-
sed he wearing of hlack cockades at one side of the hats of
achen and footmen, asserting that it is a custom stolen
om ngland, and that there the cockade is worn only hy the
rvants of nohlemen who hold positions in either the army or
e ry. Since then I have received several contradictions
th statement, hut I reiterate it and go further and say that
E land any one outside of the class which I have named
o ermits his servants to wear the hlack cockade is liahle
arst and punishment hy fine. A kindred regulation also
qu s that one shall procure a license hefore using a crest,
ringement of it heing punishahle in like manner. This
lk out horses and carriages has hrought to my mind the
rou of a custom which is of very recent birth in this coun-
y. In the fashionahle season, when Fifth Avenue's highway
ist impassahle on account of the thousands and thou-
of swell turnouts, one can not help wondering where in
me of Crœsus they come from, and who supplies the
money necessary to keep the wheels going around.
ystery is explained hy the fact that a numher of New
very-men have found it profitahle to supply fashionahle
es for those who can not afford to purchase and sup-
good equine establishment, and also in some instances
lthy people who do not care to he annoyed by the
necessarily involved. There, for instance, is the well-
livery-man whose ten large stahles in this city are now
rated into a limited stock-company, who has found
to this new custom the most profitahle portion of his
s. I am told, in fact, that it warrants him in having a
pay-roll of five thousand dollars, and keeping nearly
dred horses in his stalls, and having nearly half-a-mill-
lars invested in rolling-stock and real-estate. The
s he pursues in dealing with his private and, in most
ecret patrons, are decidedly interesting. For each cus-
use, he sets aside a handsome family carriage of any
style, and upon its doors places any crest or monogram
That vehicle under no circumstance is used by any
the person by whom it is hired. In the same way two
and a coachman and footman are set aside as exclusive
s of each particular equipage, and these four are arrayed
cial set of harness, enriched with a special monogram
if desired, and suits of the very swellest livery. Now
programme. Every morning each footman waits upon
icular suh-employer and receives from madame her in-
ns as to the day's engagements, and these are attended
promptitude. If one horse goes lame, there is no de-
ese arrangements, for another takes its place at the
an's expense. If the footman gets the measles or the
an stays out too late the night hefore, madame suffers
yance, for the all-suffering livery-man takes the hurden
s shoulders and other men fill the place made vacant
delinquents. Everything moves with clock-work regu-
d the household has its equipage served to it every
its morning newspaper, and, as in its case, scarcely
and rarely caring whence it comes. I would do no
rm in telling you all that you can roll along Fifth
with all the splendor of a Vanderhilt at the low price
dollars a week."

across rather an odd form of ornamentation in a bach-
artment in New York, a day or two ago (says Blakely
It was in the form of a wainscoting around the library
d entirely of canes, which were set an inch or two
d extended entirely around the apartment. The col-
omprised every variety of cane conceivable, from the
ng of the South Sea Islanders to the most delicate of
r-topped insignia of dudedom. The collector was for
ars on a man-of-war, and drifted into every country
orld. He always had a fad for canes, and he devoted
re while traveling to the collection of specimens.
re over three hundred canes altogether in the unique
which surrounds his library, and the notahle and un-
es are numhered so that the history of each may be
p in the private catalogue of reminiscences which tells
ry of the collection.

man who has a red face should not wear emeralds,
an arhitrary man-milliner sends her home a dress
neralds would emhellish. A woman with a poor com-
does not improve it by pearls. These lovely and in-
ornaments really derive their chief lustre from a
ent skin, as they depend largely on reflected lights.
lescent colors on pearls attract notice to the whiteness
te ground, hut on an ill-colored ground they are de-
indictive. A woman whose face, however heautiful,
erdâtres tints in the shadows should avoid ruhies,
y pink ones, and roseate topazes. A face may have
enish tints without damage to heauty. Every face
eat deal of green in it, as a portrait painter will tell
iotto (who painted the loveliest angels conceivable)
is pupils made the shadows on girls' faces startlingly
d the eyes green, too, sometimes, and yet we receive
ession of exquisite delicacy and hrilliancy. Still, red
mplementary of green, and if the dress should be
l no help for it, the jewels nearer the face ought to
ct it. A wise man will not select the precious opal
ancée's ring, especially if the engagement is to he a
, nor as a christening gift to a rohust child. Opals
cky, they say, probably hecause they are extremely
Art tells us to avoid the opal as we avoid the pearl,
e can do it justice hy a lovely background. There is
so revengeful when ill treated. Try a fine opal on a
ed hand or freckled neck and judge. On similar
do not try to reconcile a good sapphire with a sallow
The spiteful thing will loudly announce your misfor-
but the gentle turquoise (always supposing you get a
—they say the Orientals have not sold us a genuine
for ten years) is more amiahle. There is no stone
that so sets off a fair white hand, and if its owner fall sick, or
be trouhled mentally, the turquoise will temper its vivid hlue
to a sympathetic green. There is some ground for this old
Turkish superstition, which no doubt means that the stone is
sensitive to mephitic or acid vapors.

The style of cravat which is at present in vogue in Paris, London, and Berlin, and will prohahly break out in this country hefore long, sets very high on the neck, and is made of a stiff material. It is called the Metternich cravat, after the illustrious prince and diplomat, who wore it early in the present century. We find such a cravat in the old portraits of Jefferson, Jackson, and the statesmen of their day and generation. The russet shoe is now worn by nearly every one. It is one of the most sensihle of modern innovations, heing cool and comfortahle, needing no hlacking, and always looking well. The latest style among men of wealth and fashion in Europe is a shoe of pure white leather, a luxury which hut few men can indulge in, as shoes of this kind are expensive, require constant cleaning, and last hut a short time. The flannel shirt is another sensihle innovation. It is comfortahle, cool, and eminently appropriate for the summer, and it looks very much hetter than white linen. Some of these shirts are made of flannel, others of silk, and others of silk and flannel woven together in alternate stripes. It is considered quite the thing now in the most exalted circles of the Fauhourg St. Germain to carry an umhrella which has never heen opened. The umhrella in this case is folded very tightly and carefully pressed with an iron, and it is said that there are some swells who carry an imitation umhrella made of a gold-mounted stick, with a few folds of fine silk ahout it. The sun umhrella for men is another fashion which is rapidly gaining favor on the other side of the water. There the heavy swells appear with umhrella, cravat, and hat-hand made of the same pattern. The belt or sash, which has largely replaced the suspenders with which we have heen familiar for many decades past, appears in various forms. Some of the helts worn hy men this summer are made of costly material and adorned with clasps and huckles of solid gold or silver. The pointed silk hat is now coming into general use. It is called the Ange Pitou, hecause it figures in "La Fille de Mme. Angot." A very common costume for a gentleman's country-house in France or England is of fine corduroy in very delicate shades of light hlue or hrown. The coat is made in the shape of a shooting-jacket, with capacious pockets. The trousers are of the knickerbocker pattern, and very full. With this costume long hlack stockings and white-leather low-shoes are worn. But the acme of splendor in male attire has been reached in the most exclusive circles of Europe, where some advanced dress-reformers have appeared at halls dressed as follows: Coat of red cloth, lined with red silk and adorned with hrass huttons; waistcoat of white flannel, with hrass buttons; knee-breeches of silk or satin, with three brass huttons on each side; hlack silk-stockings, low-shoes, and Directoire hat, which is a sort of flat edition of the cocked hat which flourished during the Napoleonic war. But this costume is worn only hy extremists.

The war in Hayti has developed an interesting feature in the drafting of women into Légitime's army. There heing a surplus of the softer sex in the capital of the negro republic, it has been possible to enroll quite a numher of these ebony Amazons, who are not embodied in exclusive hattalions of their own sex, hut are distrihuted among the men. These women are dressed in masculine costume, and look much like negro youths. The Haytian negroes, where they have been amalgamated with the native Caribs, have become almost beardless, particularly when the men are young, and hence these Haytian Amazons are said to he distinguishable from the males, when all are standing in a line together, chiefly by the fact that the faces of the women are more pleasing and less hard and hrutal than are those of the men. Every person who has seen our own fair Amazons on the stage or engaged in a hroom-drill, will have noticed that in the peculiar conformation of the sex the superior swell at the hips and the lesser hreadth of shoulders comhine to exert special effects upon the manual of arms. When the guns are hrought to a "carry," heing rested against the hip and upon the shoulder, they do not stand erect, but incline at an angle toward the head of the fair soldier. Moreover, when the troops are alligned in "position of the soldier" it is more easy for them to touch hips than elhows, as required hy the code, and should the time ever come when the armies of the white nations are to he made up of women, it is to he hoped, in the interest of grace and symmetry, that somehody will design special arms and a manual for their use suited to the sex.

Social warfare is very obscure and subtle when carried on between well-hred people (writes a London correspondent). When one sees Gladstonians and Liheral Unionists and Tories together, there is apparently no want of cordiality in their relations. All the forms of mutual liking and respect are fairly well observed. If you ask how the mutual dislike is shown, you are probably told that it appears in the diminished numher of dinners or halls of "smart people" to which Gladstonians are invited, for it must he admitted that although there are a good many "smart" Gladstonians, probahly four-fifths of the smartness is to he found among their opponents. The latter have consequently ways of punishing home-rulers hy leaving them out of their social entertainments, and their "Saturday to Monday" parties in the country-houses, which the home-ruler finds it difficult either to resent or avenge. He perceives that he and his wife are not asked to houses in which they used to he welcome, and he guesses the reason why, hut he can not openly take notice of it. All he can do is to retaliate, and if there were more smart Gladstonians, retaliation might he effective; hut, as matters stand, he is ohliged to take refuge in most cases in religion or philosophy. This kind of political warfare, too, is wonderfully aided in London by the social struggle, or, in other words, hy the desire of everyhody who stands high in the social hierarchy to keep those below him from rising, and by the desire of these latter to conciliate him and get him to let them join him up at the top. That Darwin never used London society as an illustration of the struggle for existence is a curious omission. The fierce competition which goes on in it gives the party which gets the smart people on its side an immense advantage. It is told of Lady Palmerston, who used to he one of the leaders of society there, and took great pains to keep it very select hy throwing her doors open to rank, character, and intellect only, that, after the extension of the franchise in 1867, she was compelled to let down the bars. The new men who then came to the House of Commons wanted invitations for themselves and their wives, and the whips reported that, unless they got them, the ministry could not have their votes. This sort of connection between society and politics is now stronger than ever. Opinions, especially on the Irish question, are just as much suhject to fashion as clothes or furniture. Everyhody who wants to he considered smart or to he on good footing with smart people, has to oppose Gladstone's plan for "hreaking up the empire" and to denounce "the old man" himself with more or less bitterness. The frankness with which this hitterness is expressed is often very amusing. A country squire recently declared it would give him pleasure to "hang the old fellow with his own hands"; and a lady told a friend of the eagerness with which she looked in the paper every morning for news of his death.

The classic type (says a writer in the *Fortnightly Review*) seems hetter preserved among the "chulas" of the lower quarters of Madrid than among the higher classes, and this is due to the fact that the "chula" dresses in a way that follows the fashions of the past. Her shoes are made and her hair is arranged in the Spanish manner, and she wraps around her the Manila shawl emhroidered with bright colors. When the ladies of the aristocracy hring out the mantilla during holy week, the classic type shines forth immediately in all its genuine brilliancy, like a diamond in its setting. On visiting Spain, every tourist of artistic instincts laments the disappearance of the mantilla. Formerly, a hope remained for him outside holy week, namely, the bull-fights. But even from this last stronghold, the mantilla has been cast out hy fashion. Nowadays the proper thing is to go to the bull-fight in hats, the more exaggerated the better; and if the simple truth must he told, the right thing is not to go to the hull-fight at all, hut to prefer the race-course, with its ins and outs of betting, its rivalry of ostentation in the rows of carriages, and its exhihition of loud summer costumes. The taste for bull-fighting, which is the true Spanish taste, with which the whole nation is deeply imhued, is now to be found almost exclusively among the men, the "chulas," and the common people. The middle class, which always follows in the steps of the upper, has deserted the hull-ring, and the Spanish woman, whose nerves are getting so highly strung that she can not stand a sad play, can not now endure the emotions of the hull-fight.

There are over eight hundred thousand more widows than widowers in England. In France, for every one hundred widowers there are one hundred and ninety-four widows. These facts lead the *Westminster Review* to treat the growing disposition of men to marry late in life as a very serious evil of modern society. Such men usually marry younger women, who, in the natural order of things, may he expected to survive them. Even where widowers enter again into matrimony, they do not often take for wives women of a corresponding or an approximately corresponding age, hut young maidens who are likely to he left widows. The greater longevity of women has even induced some philosophers to advise that, on the contrary, the wife should be older than the hushand, and there have heen some notable marriages where that was the case. The Baroness Burdett-Coutts and Mme. de Stael, for instance, were much older than the men they married. But the law of nature commonly stands in opposition to such unions, though it can not he denied that the woman with whom a lad first falls in love is very apt to he much his senior. He would marry her if she would have him for a hushand, hut she looks on him as a mere hoy, and usually refuses to take his love seriously. The natural tendency of women to marry older men seems to he as strong as it is for men to marry younger women, else the amorous lads would receive an amount of encouragement which might put the average superiority in age on the side of the hrides.

All costumes are going out (says a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine*). Manchester invades the secretest village of the Ahruzzi, and even the peasants are now ahandoning their dress. Civilization has triumphed over picturesqueness, the stove-pipe hlack hat is making its way to the Pyramids, and the formal coats and uncouth trousers of the West are invading the East and driving out the flowing Oriental rohes. This world is getting frightfully monotonous and ugly. Colors are going out and man is endeavoring as far as he can to make himself hideous. Think of the old Florentine streets, of the Rialto at Venice, of the Mart of Genoa, of the Forum of Rome, of the Piazza of Sicily and Naples, of Siena and Milan and Pisa, and Mantua and Verona, in the golden days of their prosperity, in the time of their repuhlics and monarchies, what picturesqueness, what variety of costume, what hrilliancy of color, what animation there was! How splendidly their figures grouped together in the streets and market-places! All was picture wherever one looked. Gorgeous colors flashed in the sunlight. Rich rohes swept the pavements. Dignified figures moved along in costumes hefitting the majesty of man and the heauty of woman. Remember the old Venetian and Florentine and Sienese pictures which report the aspect of their cities in those days, and contrast them with the dull, monotonous vulgarity which now characterizes their street life. Are we any hetter for all this change? Have we gained anything by the sacrifice of all this variety and beauty? Compare the England of to-day with England in the time of Elizabeth simply for costume. Never have men been so hadly dressed as in this nineteenth century. Prose has triumphed over poetry, ugliness over heauty. What a loss to art!

THE TREES.

I.

What mystery, what fascination are exhaled by these noble beings and lurk in the folds of their enormous shadows! All the forest of the Sierra owns a potent seductiveness differing in kind and intensity from the charm of other woodlands, but the spell is known in its fullness only to him who has felt the influence, who has won the friendship, of these mightiest magicians of the arboral tribes. The oftener that I renew my acquaintance with The Trees, the more deeply am I impressed with their untranslatable distinction of character—with the atmosphere of a grand order of humanity, imperial yet affably companionable and conversable, that is distilled from their immense personalities.

It is of the Mariposa Big Trees that I speak; but to designate them no phrase is ever used by the frequenters of the region than the unqualified words "The Trees." The odd-fangled, "scientific," Cherokee-Latin name, Sequoia Gigantea, and even the blunt, more effective American term of "Big Trees" are alike, in the ears of denizens of the neighborhood, vain cumulations. When one says "The Trees," is there a possibility of your being in doubt of his meaning? Are there other trees which could thus be called in a land that produces these? And so, what more would you have than "The Trees"?

Lately, in coming to The Trees from the hotel at Wawona (which, by the way, is a softened pronunciation of the Indian name for the grove), I followed the old trail which used to be taken by all visitors in the days before the making of stage-roads in this part of the mountains. A pleasant ride it still offers, and wise people, who are able to sit with comfort on horseback, do sometimes yet make use of it. Its curving course is well shaded by pines, and cedars, and oaks, and banked above and below by thickets of silver fir, of flowering azalea, of ceanothus, of hazel brush, dogwood, and I know not what all other lesser or greater shrubbery. In going up the hillside, which must be ascended before one may come to The Trees, there are opening vistas of the valley of the South Merced; the steel-gray front of the great Capitol Dome heaves upward on the other side of that river; there are, crossing the trail, the ever-occurring mountain rivulets, nourishing the wild columbine, the cardinal mimulus, the gay castilleia, and other brook-side blossoms of the mountains. No matter how well one knows a trail of the Sierra, he may always find some fresh delight by its side—some novel appearance of tree or rock, some glimpse of graceful doe or lordly buck, some fluttering of feathered wings, some flights of insects like morsels floating from a dissolving rainbow. These, or any of a thousand other things, there always are to content him who can derive pleasure from nature's unsophisticated manifestations; but above all the other charms is the never-ceasing play of lights and shades which forever go on, recomposing and recoloring, making new paintings out of the old ones.

So, by the picturesque trail for about three miles, and then for some lesser distance by the stage road, come I to the warders of the home of the Wizard Trees. Two above and two below the roadway along which the bands of curious mortals pass stand the proud sentinels. Ancient sentinels, I salute you! 'Tis a friend who comes, humbly seeking admission to the stately company within. Your silence means assent? Then on I go, wondering as I ride what marvelous thoughts have occupied your minds during all the ages through which your watch has lasted.

My ladies—the Three Graces, as you are called of men—to you I doff my hat. You have, I see, around you a gallant following of sturdy knights of your own race. Tall knights and sturdy must they be, indeed, to be worthy of your robust beauty. If my presence has not been too insignificant to gain your notice, I crave your pardon for disturbing your little game of coquetry—which little game began, perhaps, ere Cleopatra played with Antony. I leave you to continue the exhibition of your charms for some additional centuries. Perhaps by that time your youthful wantonness will have worn itself out, and it may even come to pass that your knights will have wearied of your attractions and will give you some other name than Graces.

To the right hand and to the left I make my obeisances to the majestic tree-folk who dwell by the road—a family group here, a lonely meditator there, and, again, two or three stout companions having by themselves a good time after their grave and dignified manner. But I linger not now to ask a share of your attention, O trees, although much would I like to worm from your bosoms the secrets of old hidden in those deep depositories. I must up to look again on the honest face of our dear old Grizzly Giant. It must be confessed that our dear old Grizzly Giant is rather surly to his own kin. He loves not their proximity, but stands far aloof—and, indeed, 'tis his large independence of his clan which gives such force to his friendly treatment of the staring mob of petty men. The tree of trees he is! Had dreamful Spenser or the great soul of Avon ever known our Giant, what unbounded tales of faery might have been twined around his awful trunk, what mystic wreaths of everlasting glory would have crowned his cloud-scorning head!

Old Grizzly Giant! how you must laugh at the human mites that come creeping 'round you! When the nice old women get out their spools of thread and fetch them about your spacious base, to find for themselves if you are really and truly no less than one hundred feet in around-abouttiveness, how you must grin! Does not your corrugated hide shake with cachinnation when the fat Dutchman, and miladi the countess from Russia, the millionaire pork-boxer from Chicago, 'Arry from London, the pert little school-ma'am from Kansas, and the inexpressible "Boston tourist" of unknown sex join hands and try to measure your girth by the length of their little spans. We are all like a pack of children playing at your feet, my Giant, and sometimes, I think, our antics must become tiresome. But you are good-natured, and on the whole regard us with unbounded kindness, although you must wax wroth occasionally and have to struggle hard to keep yourself from bringing down that great arm of yours—eighteen feet around the biceps—on the head of some little wretch who tacks on your brown skin his card announcing that he makes shoes on Market Street, or sells cotton by the yard at St. Louis. Speaking of cards, you are yourself not above criticism, for you wear a sign telling us that your first name is "Grizly" or "Grisly"—I can not say exactly which, for your sign is weather-worn and battered. If your education was neglected in your young days, kind Giant, I think that some of us, to whom you afford so much pleasure, might see to it that your defective knowledge of spelling should be improved or bidden from a mocking world. But you have good company in your ignorance, for that brother of yours up yonder, who tries to call himself the Governor, is only able to print his name as "Govenor"—a rather grievous error in one with such pretensions.

I love to ramble around the grove, and prattle with the friendly trees. By the roadside, after a chat with the Grizzly Giant, one comes to no more trees for something like half a mile, but then they begin to gather up again in crowds to greet their human guests. One of the first to show himself in the "upper grove" is the great Argonaut. In girth at the ground he is perhaps the largest tree in the grove—certainly no more than two or three others can show a measurement like his of one hundred and ten or one hundred and twelve feet. A worthy member for mighty vigor is he of the Californian brotherhood of argonauts. Most of the larger trees indeed are fitly named. Through long acquaintance one comes to fancy that these splendid vegetables are in truth endowed with senseful attributes in keeping with their names. I approach the tree Washington or Lafayette, Lincoln or Grant, with something of the feeling that I might undergo if entering the presence of the shade of one of those great men. From Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, and Irving come hints of thought, melodious, pure, and strong. Bravely do the trees which bear the names of States reflect the majesty of sovereign commonwealths, and the trees Harvard, Yale, Columbia, and Haverford have learning deep and wide imprinted on their fronts. I like, however, best the names of men—the most illustrious minds of this our nation—to designate the trees. What rarer monuments for our great dead than these living shafts? What nobler abbey-walls or towers to make a shrine for Webster, Clay, or Jackson than these resplendent hills designed by the First Architect? Here should be our Westminster—one more in keeping with our land, our history, and the character of our people having churchly edifice or collocation of puny images carved by the faltering hand of man.

Will your readers do me grace to let me write another letter about The Trees—a growling letter, telling how rich California leaves my friends to be the prey of fire, of woodsman's axe, of growth of scrubby pine, and all the other envious foes of the great glories of the forest which once undone can never be renewed?

Geo. G. Mackenzie.

Imitativeness is very much a question of age alone (says a writer in the *Nation*). Lowell began, in "A Year's Life," by imitating Tennyson's earlier poems, and it did him no harm; indeed, he showed more discretion than Tennyson when it came to weeding them out. Imitation at twenty is often a good sign, if well directed; it proves nothing against a first volume of poems; it is when it continues into the third and fourth volumes that it becomes discouraging. This is the case with Mr. Madison J. Cawein, for instance. The habit of cheap imitation of easy and dangerous models is as glaring in his third book of verse, "Ascolon of Gaul, and Other Poems," as in its predecessors. First we have Swinburne:

> "Brows wan through blue-black tresses
> Wet with sharp rain and kisses;
> Locks loose the sea-wind scatters
> Like torn wings fierce for flight;
> Cold brows, whose sadness flatters,
> One kiss—and then good-night."

Then comes Poe, four pages later:

> "And we clomb through a murmur of pinions,
> Thin rattle of talons and plumes;
> And a sense as of Boreal dominions
> Clove down to the abysms and tombs;
> And the Night's naked, Ethiope minions
> Swarmed on us in legions of glooms."

In the title-poem of sixty-four pages, we have unmixed Tennyson. Were all these the compositions of a sophomore, by way of joke, it would be well enough, or if a student suspected of genius were to do them seriously, there would be no great harm; but Mr. Cawein is in his third volume. Again, Mr. Charles Edward Barns prints "The Amaranth and the Beryl" as his fourth work, but we have the inevitable Poe again:

> "Come with me, my angel-bride,
> Where the drowsing billows ride;
> Where the poppied isles of ease
> Sleep in paradisial seas."

And in the long poem "Mirabel," we have Keats and "The Eve of St. Agnes" at every step:

> "Ah, friary vigil of All-Hallow's Eve!
> Now Memory masks with weirds her children pale,
> And fancies from the fertile bosom heave,
> Crouching them shy upon the eyelids frail.
> See! brided Twilight in her moon-warm veil
> Hath crept down from the altars of the sky
> With her druid knight in ebon coat of mail,
> While the young Hours their tributes kneelingly
> Hymn to the panting stars, mid wildest melody."

To be at once imitative and crude is the blessed privilege of youth; but it is one soon forfeited.

Noadiah M. Hill, an old gentleman who died near Albany a few days ago, read and understood Hebrew, Arabic, Syriac, Chaldee, Samaritan, Maltese Arabic, Mogrebin Arabic, Persian, Armenian, Turkish, Hindoostan, Orenburg, Tartar, Estrangelo, Transcaucasian Tartar, Greek, Latin, German, French, Italian, Spanish, Dutch, Flemish, Anglo-Saxon, and many other tongues.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Milan Obrenovitch, ex-King of Servia, has an income of nin sand dollars, and is steadily running into debt.

Mrs. Cleveland recently officiated as postmistress at a fair Marion, Mass., and "retained the change" with all the coolne old campaigner.

Lord Fife was said to be the financial backer of the Gaiety London, during Mr. Hollingshead's management, in the early Messrs. Phyllis Broughton, Kate Vaughan, Connie Gilchrist, a Farren.

Ex-Senator Dorsey, it is said, will retire from the Americ Company with some nine hundred thousand dollars of solid The company obtains therefor possession of his New Mexic and cattle.

Mr. Samuel Jones, the "revivalist," was recently offered six dollars a year and a fine church to preach in at Minneapolis, plied: "Do you take me for a fool? I'm getting twenty-five dollars a year now!"

Bill Nye has been financially "done up" by a Minnesota man, who induced the humorist to trade his house and lot at Wis., for some worthless suburban lots near Minneapolis havi thousand-dollar mortgage attachment.

Emperor William sleeps on his yacht *Hohenzollern* and kee London during his visit to England, and thus saves enough pay for his excursion. The Shah retrenched by giving photo himself, but the German Emperor's plan is better.

When Mr. Andrew Clark entered London Hospital as an ass was in poor health. "Poor Scotch beggar," said one of the "let him have a place; he can not possibly live more than six He is now, after these many years of eminent service, Sir Andre perhaps the most famous physician in England.

Whatever happens at the English court seems to be for the di of the luckless John, Marquis of Lorne. Although a comm would, by virtue of being a duke's eldest son, have taken prece the Earl of Fife, but the advancement of the prospective bride a dukedom sends the marquis down a place in the procession there to stay until he becomes Duke of Argyll, when he will be to walk before the earl once more, unless the new dukedom is a point on which the cable does not condescend to give any tion.

W. J. Arkell, the energetic business-man who placed *Judge* feet, and recently purchased *Frank Leslie's Weekly*, is associa Russell Harrison in these and several other enterprises. Co them, the New York *World* says: "Mr. Arkell says that he is of forming a syndicate to make a bid for the seal-fishing co Alaska. The contract is unquestionably of great value, and is at the discretion of the Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Wind be disposed to look favorably on a bid coming from Arkell an Harrison."

A wonderful young Russian giantess has just reached P name is Elizabeth Liska. She is only eleven years of age, ready six feet six inches in height. Her parents are of ordinary and her brothers and sisters, of whom she has five, are not a average height. Her abnormal growth began when she years of age, but the doctors say she will continue to grow time. Her development is in keeping with her stature. She three feet one and three-quarter inches round the waist and eleven inches round the chest.

King Alexander of Servia, says a London *Times* writer, is thirteen years old; but he is precociously developed and look glish boys do at fifteen or sixteen. It seems but a short while he was being photographed in a sailor's dress and knickerbock now, in his colonel's uniform, he stands as tall as the three reg has acquired a good deal of self-possession. He has bright but not an intellectual face. His forehead is low, and little of be seen if he did not wear his hair close-cropped. He has eyes and a quick, pleasing smile; but a physiognomist would the mouth and nose showed indecision of character.

Somebody has remarked that a bishop is the most envia human beings, seeing that he has everything the soul can desi world, and ought to be secure for the next. But, on the Austrian archbishop is probably more to be envied than any bishop. The Cardinal-Archbishop of Vienna has only about th sand dollars a year, it is true, but the Cardinal-Archbishop of O two hundred thousand dollars, the Cardinal-Archbishop of P one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, and the Arch Erlru has three hundred thousand dollars. Luckier than a happy Primate of Hungary, the Cardinal-Archbishop of Gr has four hundred thousand dollars a year.

The Shah occupied the wing of Hatfield House in which the Marchioness of Salisbury (the grandmother of the prime mini burned to death in November, 1835, when she was in her eig year. Lady Salisbury's Sunday card-parties and suppers "smartest" entertainments in London for more than forty yea was *très grande dame*, but very good-natured, and she adhere fashioned customs to the end of her life; driving in the park phaeton, with four black ponies and outriders in splendid always going to court in a sedan-chair, and making her footm flambeaux when she went out at night. Lady Salisbury (who terly known as "Old Sarum") hunted with the Hatfield hou she was past seventy, wearing a sky-blue habit, with black-velv and a jockey-cap, and she was a very bold rider, and no fe stopped her.

The Duke of Fife, although a respectable member of English has the misfortune of possessing near relatives whose behavior rise to much scandal. The character of his three sisters has that it was found absolutely impossible to invite them to atte brother's wedding at Buckingham Palace. The eldest, ma the eccentric Marquis of Townshend, lives separated from her h from whom she eloped in years gone by. The second, Lady I conferred her hand on the well-known turfite, Adrian Hope, eloped and became the heroine of one of the most remarkable trials ever heard in the London courts. The youngest, Lad deserted her husband, the late Lord Dupplin, and eloped with friend, the handsome Herbert Flower. Both the former and are now dead, and have thus enabled Lady Agnes to contrac marriage with the famous London surgeon, Alfred Cooper. duct of the three sisters of the Duke of Fife is, however, hardly ing when one recalls the relations which subsisted between their the late Countess of Fife, and the journalist, Edmund Yates.

M. H. de Young, of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, who return Paris recently, is lavish in his praise of Consul-General Rathbo am a member of the Republican National Committee," he said porter, "and pass for a pretty stiff partisan at home, but I do h President Harrison will permit Rathbone to serve out his term Heretofore our consul-generals at Paris have not cut much of But for the past three years Consul-General Rathbone has fully the dignity of the United States at the French capital. Minis Lane, Mr. Reid's predecessor, kept himself in the background an no effort to entertain people or be entertained. Major Rathbo ceptions have made him a reputation second to none. The A colony in Paris are all in favor of Rathbone's retaining his place am going to ask Mr. Blaine to keep him in if possible." The ab not be very pleasant news to General Adam E. King, of Bal General King has had the promise of Rathbone's place, and h waiting with more or less impatience for the plum to drop into hi for some time. He is one of Mr. Blaine's most intimate frien last year he made eighty or ninety speeches for the Republica while accompanying Mr. Blaine on his stumping tour. It is fear General King will go on the war-path if he is compelled to wa next year before taking possession of Major Rathbone's place.—*York World.*

JOHN BULL SURPRISED.

he Philadelphia Cricketers beat Englishmen at Their Own Game.

The Philadelphia cricketers are the sensation of the hour. Coming almost unheralded, they arrived at Queenstown about fortnight ago, and began playing a series of matches with rish clubs. Their first game was played at Dublin against a eam composed of past and present members of Trinity College. They easily vanquished this time. Trinity College, Dublin, or "T. C. D.," as it is known in the land of initials, is ot, it is true, much at cricket. However, they were not otherwise than a respectable team for the Philadelphians to start in with, and, no doubt, would not be so badly beaten by an average English eleven. After this match, the Philadelphia gentlemen met the Gentlemen of Ireland, and, after a three days' match, beat them also. No, I believe I am wrong; this match was drawn, which means that there was not time to play it out. To an American not versed in the antique regulations and longevity-requiring customs of cricket (as played in England), it must appear astounding that three whole days were not sufficient for one game. How long cricket will be permitted to remain governed by these antiquated rules depends altogether on the judgment of the Marylebone Cricket Club—known in initial-land as "M. C. C."—backed, of course, by the popular feeling of the day among cricketers at large.

The fact is, cricket is a game of delays. To begin with, w matches commence until noon. All the morning is wasted ittering about doing nothing, for your cricketer, as a rule, is arrant idler—when not playing cricket. Then there is an journment for luncheon at two o'clock. This wastes another hour or hour and a half. Again, when the game is being played, there is a virtual stoppage of the game while the ld change positions—execute an "over" in the lingo of the me. The reason of this frequent changing is the fear of ing the bowler. Five consecutive balls are supposed to be e limit of the average English professional bowler's strength. ntil this year, the number allowed was only four. In the pe of preventing this absurd waste of time in the middle of game, a cry went up from cricketers to do something to er the limit. "M. C. C." took the matter under advisement, d, after much discussion and prolonged deliberation, decided increase the limit by one ball. Well, it is these constant ays and fritterings away of time which make it often the e that three days see a cricket match left unfinished. I ve not mentioned the constant changing of bowlers—every yer in an eleven being sometimes tried, one after another, that capacity; the long waits after a man is out until his cessor appears at the wicket; the stoppages for players to brought water, new gloves, a different bat, together with strapping on of pads, the beating down of the ground out the wicket with the player's bat, and the unconscionable ay between innings to let the "pitch" be rolled and watered. After this game with the Gentlemen of Ireland, the "Gentlemen of Philadelphia," as they are called, crossed over to otland and played the Gentlemen of Scotland at Edinburgh, ing them a sound thrashing. When you spoke to an Enchman about it, he said:

"Oh, yes, I daresay. Scotchmen can't play cricket, don't know. Wait till they meet an English team. You'll see n. Oh, yes, they play very fairly indeed, but you mustn't nt their beating the Scotchmen as anything."

"How about the Gentlemen of Ireland?" you ask.

You are greeted by a loud guffaw.

"My dear fellow—the Gentlemen of Ireland! Irishmen no cricketers. You never hear of an English team play- Irishmen or Scotchmen. Wait, I say, until these Yankees et an English team. Then we'll see what they are made of."

Well, the Philadelphians' next match was with the "Gentlen of Liverpool." Now it so happened that the Liverpool tlemen got together a very strong team, yet the Philadelans held their own with them, "drawing" the match. The erpool gentlemen—an English team—could not beat them. er the Liverpool match the Philadelphians came on to stol, and there played the Gentlemen of Gloucestershire. re they met their first defeat. But they had against them less than the redoubtable W. G. Grace, the greatest keter in England of this or any other day. Naturally they st have been nervous at having to play against him. Yet made some very good scores, and played to the admira- of everybody. From Bristol they came on to London, on Thursday began a three days' match at Kennington l with the Gentlemen of Surrey.

Now Surrey is one of the crack cricketing counties of Eng- l. It has a large number of cricketers of the first-class to from, and you may be sure the eleven chosen to play Philadelphians was about as strong a team of "gentlemen" ers as English cricket could furnish. Well, Surrey won toss and went in. Some good batting followed, as it ought mong such swells, and the Philadelphians did not get the rey men out until they had scored a total of two hundred ninety-four for their first innings. Of these, the celebrated W. W. Read, supposed to be one of the best "gentle- " bats in England, made one hundred and five. To e a hundred—called a "century," in the cricket language considered a great feat, and is always a matter of annual rd in a player's favor. With nearly three hundred runs ng them in the face, the Philadelphians went in to bat. They kly ran up seventy runs with the loss of three wickets, and the play ceased for the day. Yesterday—Friday—they med their innings, and before Surrey could get them out scored the large total of four hundred and fifty-eight.

Here comes your Englishman again. Let us see what he got to say now.

Grand thing, eh? Do you think so? Oh? Really? y, don't you see, they've only got amateur-bowling to play nst and——"

Oh, that's it, now, is it? It's the bowling that's wrong?"

Why, yes, of course. Can't you see? If they had Lohn, or Briggs, or Barnes, or Peat, or Quaife, or even Ulyet owl to them, you'd see it would he very different."

"Why don't they get these good bowlers to play?" you ask, if you are not up in cricket.

"'Cause they're professionals, of course. These Philadelphians won't play professionals, only amateurs, that's their proviso and condition of play."

"Now, look here!" you suddenly exclaim, remembering the talk that went on when the base-ball players were here; "don't you recollect what you said about cricket being superior to base-ball because gentlemen played quite as well as the professionals?"

"Eh? What? Who's mentioning base-ball?"

"I am. I see it doesn't suit you to refer to it now. Yes, you contended that base-ball was not a national game, because it was played chiefly by professional players. I told you then that the chief matches of base-ball in America, to see which the public were asked to pay, were played by professionals, as the professionals played better than the amateurs, or gentlemen, as you call them in England. What did you say to that; what was your answer?"

"Eh? What? When? Where? What are you driving at?"

"I see you don't want to remember. I'll tell you. You said that your gentlemen played as well as your professionals, and instanced the annual matches of Gentlemen *vs.* Players, which the gentlemen often won. Now, when it suits you to belittle the play of these Americans, you say that your 'gentlemen' are not good bowlers. Is not bowling really the cbief thing in cricket?"

"Rather."

"Then why the deuce don't your 'gentlemen,' with nothing to do from one summer's end to the other but play cricket—why don't they practice bowling and learn to bowl? You can't call them equal to professionals when they can't bowl, can you?"

"No, you can't."

"Then why do you?"

"I don't."

"No, not now, for it doesn't suit you to. But you did when we talked over base-ball a few months ago."

"Aw. Did I? Don't remember."

"No, I see you don't."

The fact is that cricket is just like base-ball in this. It is the bowling in the one, the pitching in the other. Professional bowlers are necessary in England, just as professional pitchers are necessary in America. The Philadelphians have exploded all the rot that went on about the superiority of cricket to base-ball, because amateurs and professionals played equally well. When cricketers were jealous of the establishment of a foreign game in their midst, this argument was advanced. Now that it is demonstrated that the stamina of American gentlemen is quite equal to the stamina of English gentlemen, and there is no loophole to get out of, a retrograde movement is ordered, and leads to the discovery that—as with base-ball in America, which was one of its chief objections a few months ago—the professionals play better than the amateurs.

I shall have to post my letter before the match with Surrey is decided, but I expect it will end in a draw, although there is a chance of the Americans winning if they had time. Cricket in England is a good deal like Chinese plays. But whether the Philadelphians win or are beaten, or the match is drawn, the result will be the same, that as batsmen, the Americans have shown themselves the equals of Englishmen, and as bowlers, the superiors. I speak of amateurs only. National conceit needs a constant shaking, and no nation on earth requires it so often as England. All England plays cricket, but a small, very small, portion of America does. It is England's national game, it is not America's. Yet out of the very few American cricketers from whicb the Philadelphians had to select their team, they found eleven equal to the pick of one of the greatest cricketing counties in England. It is not a very delightful discovery on the part of Englishmen that Yankees can beat them, or be equal to them, at their national game, and it is perhaps natural that they should seek to undervalue the shattering of this national delusion.

The defeat of the Philadelphians by the Gentlemen of Gloucestershire can not fairly be taken into account. There Grace played, and he is virtually a professional. Anyhow, he is a good bowler and not a representative of English amateurs in tbat respect. If Grace had been left out of the Gloucestershire team, it would have been a fairer thing for the Philadelphians, whose batting is so superior that in their one inning yesterday every man of the Surrey eleven but one was called upon to bowl. As for the batting-scores, Mr. W. Scott, of the Philadelphians, made one hundred and forty-two, thus beating Mr. W. W. Read by thirty-seven; Mr. Morgan also made ninety-eight, within two of a "century." Scott's bowling, too, was a trifle too effective for the Surrey "amateurs." He clean bowled three of the Surrey players, and took altogether six wickets. Yet he is only an American "amateur." What English cricketers would do if they had some American "professional" bowlers (did there exist any) to bowl to them, I can not begin to say. If American amateur-bowling is so good, one can only surmise what their professionals would be. It would be amusing, if nothing else, were a few of the star base-ball pitchers to go through a course of training and practice as cricket-bowlers, and then come over and show Englishmen how to bowl. I wonder what excuse would be conjured up and promulgated then? COCKAIGNE.

London, July 20, 1889.

From investigations carried on by Dr. Rappoport in St. Petersburg, it would seem that the quantity of gastric juice secreted during sleep is much smaller than that secreted during the daytime or active life. The digestive power is also less. Pepsin is found to much the same amount; but chloride of sodium and hydrochloric acid are in smaller proportions.

At Manchester, the Chamber of Commerce presented an address to the Shah. Before it was read, the Shah asked, through his interpreter, if it was very long. "No, your majesty." "Well then read it, but be quick as you can!"

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

The sun—"Wilt thou?" *The collar*—"I wilt."—*Life.*

Quel fut le capitaine le plus *consommé* de son temps? Godefroy de Bouillon.—*Life.*

Song of the convicted New York murderer—"I'm goin' home to dynamo."—*Time.*

He—"Will you marry me?" *She* (of Chicago)—"Yes, but I've got to marry George first."—*Epoch.*

Dearest friend (in a tone of surprise)—"Why, Sophy, what a pretty picture you take!"—*Harper's Bazar.*

Poets are born, not made—unless they can write something nobody can understand—then they are made.—*Puck.*

A pocket-book made of rattlesnake hide, which is so repulsive to ladies that they won't touch it, is having a large sale among married men.—*Troy Press.*

"Mr. Dash may be a very fine player, but I do not intend to ask him to *my* lawn-tennis-parties." "Why, what is there against him?" "Oh! he pays too much attention to the game and too little to the girls."—*Time.*

"My dear," said a dying husband, "do you think you will marry again when I am gone?" "I don't know, John," replied the lady, with a burst of tears; "I haven't given the matter very much thought as yet."—*Texas Siftings.*

Clara—"They tell me that after your quarrel with Charles he wanted to break the engagement—asked for his ring and all that." *Louise*—"Not at all, my dear, I may be somewhat injured, but I'm still in the ring."—*Chicago Journal.*

Mrs. N. Peck—"I ran across one of your old letters to-day, Nathan, where you said that you would rather be in endless torment with me than be in bliss by yourself." *Mr. N. Peck*—"Well, I guess I got my wish."—*Terre Haute Express.*

Exasperated lady (in railroad-train)—"I don't see why car-windows are made so tight that no woman can raise them." *Philanthropic brakeman* (reluctantly raising it)—"I s'pose it's to keep the gents behind from catchin' cold, mum."—*Puck.*

Fanny (who lives across the street)—"What caused you to give up your singing, Ethel? I never hear your voice any more." *Ethel Screecher*—"Oh, mother persuaded me to give it up. You see, Fanny, we are keeping boarders now."—*Time.*

Mr. Blaise—"I know I'm not what the world calls a good man, Lucille, but I love you, and if you'll only marry me, I swear I'll reform." *Lucille*—"If you love me, what's the matter with a reformatory, and save me the pains and expense?"—*Judge.*

At the country boarding-house: *Landlady*—"Not fond of huckleberry-pie, Mr. Smithkins?" *Smithkins*—"Yes, ma'am, very; but—shoo!—under the circumstances, I can't tell where the huckleberries begin and the flies leave off."—*Harper's Weekly.*

Judge—"Prisoner, you are found guilty of assaulting an officer while you were in an intoxicated condition. Have you anything to say before the court passes sentence upon you?" *The prisoner* (meekly)—"Please, your bonor, I didn't know I was loaded."—*Time.*

"Then, my dear, you have really made up your mind to marry a widower?" "Certainly." "And does he never talk to you about his first wife?" "I should like him to try. If he did, I should at once begin to tell him about my third husband."—*Madrid Comico.*

Dr. Farrar, in his address to the Round Lake Assembly the other day, said that to be a good husband a man must have a good memory. So he must. He must be ahle the next morning to tell the same story he told the night before about where he had been.—*Washington Post.*

Murderer—"Yer honor, if yer don' moind, wud yer plaze change the day fer me execution? Sure it goes agin me conscience to be hung on Friday—I'm a Catholic, an' 'tis a fasht day." *Accommodating judge*—"With pleasure. We will make it the Monday before."—*Pick Me Up.*

De List—"Heard about Cadson's good luck?" *Mrs. Van Jones*—"No; what is it?" *De List*—"Been blackballed at a London club Wales belongs to." *Mrs. Van Jones*—"But where's the luck in being blackballed?" *De List*—"Why, think of having been proposed!"—*Time.*

Messenger (going through Western railway train)—"Want dinner at Scroggs' Corners?" *Starving passenger*—"Indeed I do." *Messenger*—"One dollar, please." *Passenger*—"What do you want pay in advance for?" *Messenger*—"Sometimes the train is late an' don't stop."—*New York Weekly.*

First nurse—"Did you ever see a lion fed?" *Second nurse*—"Yes, once; I was standing too near the cage, and the baby I was in charge of was snatched into the cage and devoured." *First nurse*—"Oh, what did the parents do?" *Second nurse* (sobbing violently)—"They discharged me!"—*Lowell Citizen.*

Captain F. (brought by a friend)—"Old Stick-in-the-Mud does the thing well, doesn't he? The supper alone must have cost him a guinea a head." *Lady*—"Twenty-two and sixpence, sir. I can give you the exact figures." "Why, how, what do you mean?" "Merely that I am old Stick-in-the-Mud's daughter."—*Pick Me Up.*

"What's the trouble with you?" asked the doctor. "Insomnia," replied the patient. "Can't sleep, eh?" "Not four hours a night." "Ever tried anything?" "Tried everything; all no good." "Ever try anything to keep awake?" Patient sees hope for himself in an experiment that never was known to fail.—*Burdette.*

Mrs. Alcet—"If you should make a thousand dollars unexpectedly, Tom, would you give me that diamond pendant I've been looking at so long?" *Mr. Alcet*—"Why, yes, dear." *Mrs. Alcet*—"Very well; I'll order it to-morrow. I stopped wanting that ivory-finished piano today, and a thousand was just the price of it."—*Judge.*

There stood in the dock a big, hurly artisan, a regular Hercules in point of stature, brought up on a charge of assault with intent to do grievous bodily harm. "Prisoner," said the judge, "have you engaged any one to defend you?" "What's that? I don't want anyone. Come on, any half-dozen of you!"—*Der Amsterdammer.*

Clerk of Oklahoma hotel (to newly arrived guest)—"I'll put you right in here—finest room in the house, sir—the bridal-chamber." *Guest*—"Yes, yes, I see. Can I get a towel?" *Clerk*—"Oh, yes, sir—we have all the modern conveniences here, sir. Yes, sirree! Hop Sing ought to bring in the towels by to-morrow—send you one soon's they come, sir. Anything else?"—*Puck.*

"Darling," said the young man, as he tenderly raised the lovely head from the place where it had rested an hour or more, got up, sat down again on the other side of the beautiful maiden, and once more drew the golden curls to his bosom, "you have no objection to this slight change of position, have you?" "No, Alfred," she murmured, softly; "your heart is on this side." "Yes, my angel," responded the young man, his voice trembling with deep feeling, "and my vest will now be soiled alike on both sides."—*Chicago Tribune.*

First tramp—"Look, Tom, this is the minister's house; the window's open, and all the folks are at church, an' they don't keep no dorg, so that we couldn't have a softer snap!" *Second tramp* (with suppressed emotion)—"The minister's house, do you say? Ah, Bill, I have been a bold, bad man, but I have never yet robbed the clergy. They are a hard workin' lot, an' their pay is small; besides, some of the tendererest recollections of an innercent boyhood is coupled with my Sunday-school (wipes away a tear). But, Bill, you haven't got the same feelink in the matter I has; an' if yer've made up yer mind to enter the place, why I'll stay outside an' keep watch, an' I'll give a whistle if I see any on comin'!"—*Life.*

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Some indomitable statistician has figured out that ten thousand books have been written by women in the United States.

Walt Whitman recently said that the greatest pleasure of his old age had been the reperusing of the works of Charles Dickens.

The Prince of Wales will find a full-length portrait of himself in "Miss Bayle's Romance," perhaps one of the most realistic pieces of fiction in the book market.

Speaking of the writers of society verse, Richard Henry Stoddard says: "For the school which these gentlemen represent, the school of light, laughing verse which turns sentiment into ridicule, I have less respect than they have."

The most distinctive and valuable contribution which America has made to literature in the domain of fiction has been the short story of the kind in which Mr. Bret Harte has set so potent a fashion. There is little essentially fresh or important in American realism.—*St. James's Gazette.*

The Browning Society of London, utterly unable to discover the symbolical meaning of the Nymph in the poet's "Numpholeptos," has resolved to apply to Mr. Browning himself for the true clew. It is not at all improbable that the poet will tell the inquirers that they can make what they like out of it.

"I have seen," writes Moncure D. Conway, "in the middle of a page of Carlyle's 'Frederick,' and without distinction from the other matter, a passage like this: 'What ridiculous drivel I am writing here. I had better go out and take a walk or I will drift into absolute inanity.'" Macaulay's remark might be added here, that those born north of the Tweed are hopelessly confused about *will* and *shall*.

They need a critical reader of revises in the Harper's establishment. In the June number, in Theodore Childs's article on Parisian cafés, Théodore de Banville is spoken of as "Bauville," while Emile Augier masquerades as "Angier." In a list of Communards, the famous—or rather infamous—Raoul Rigault is spoken of as two men, thus: Dacosta, Raoul, Rigault, etc., while the date at which Gambetta won his spurs as an orator in the Café de Madrid is given as 1886!

It is said that the Harper's, who are the publishers of four periodicals, receive about fifteen thousand manuscripts a year, of which number they can use, at the most, only five hundred or six hundred. The Century Company, with two publications, is favored with not less than ten thousand manuscripts, and can use but three hundred and fifty. Five thousand articles are sent annually to the Scribners, who reject all but two hundred of them. Many of the monthly magazines are made up almost exclusively of ordered matter—articles written under special contract with the publisher. This is scarcely a hopeful outlook for the ambitious writers. It is estimated that the occasional contributor, who has not made a reputation for himself, has about one chance in fifty of having his production accepted by either of the large houses named.

A London paper quotes from the new volume of Carlyle's "Letters" a scene which it declares reveals Carlyle "really and truly as he was." A Scotch friend, calling at Chelsea, happened to remark that he and his mother had been reading Lord Beaconsfield's last novel, whereupon exclaimed the host: "Then you and your mother are fools." The visitor ventured to reply that the author of the work in question was at least a great speaker. "Young man," replied Carlyle, "I hope that you will live to get sense, and learn that words are no good at all; it is deeds, and deeds only." Even this, however, did not shut up the admirer of that "melancholy harlequin," and, after quoting an apposite passage from Sophocles, he presumed to observe: "You do not agree with one of the wisest of the Greeks, Mr. Carlyle?" to which that sage retorted: "I see what you are now, a d——d impudent whelp of an Edinburgh advocate!"

According to *Current Literature*, John T. Trowbridge was born in a log-cabin, raised on a New York farm, and composed his first verses behind a plow. His mother was a cultivated New England woman, and the boy inherited her refined taste, and although not interested in the studies his common-school education offered him, hungered after languages—Latin in particular. When sixteen, he wrote some verses on the "Tomb of Napoleon," which were published in the Rochester *Republican*, and from that moment he determined to become an author. After his father's death, he left the farm and attended a classical school, where he studied Greek and his coveted Latin. His twentieth birthday found him in New York, battling almost against starvation for a place in the literary arena, and at last he won the desired vantage-ground and has sustained it both with his verse and prose. As a writer of boy's stories, he has scarcely a rival in this country, and his poetry is admirably simple, dignified, and musical.

It can scarcely be denied that, considering his heavy-pated generation, Scott created more characters whom we remember, who are familiar friends of half the world, than any other author, save Shakespeare and Molière. That counts for something, in spite of his universally confessed blemishes of careless and clumsy style. Nor is be really so dangerous, we hope, as Mr. Howells thinks to American youth. A fairy-tale of the old sort might be written to this effect: Once there was a Rich American Merchant who had Three Daughters. All were beautiful; but the youngest, the Bud, was his favorite. On his death-bed, he called them together and said: "My dear daughters, I am busted up on Chicago Preferreds. I have nothing left for you but these three books. To you, Morlina, I give M. Flaubert's 'Madame Bovary.' 'It is one impassioned cry of the austerest morality,' Mr. Howells says; and, my dear girl, you need it all! To you, Felicia, I present 'The Quick or the Dead?' by Miss Amélie Rives. She is 'our American female Shakespeare'; I read that in the papers. Follow her maid, called Barbara—*vous irez loin*. And for you, Emmie, I have kept a bad old book; but you will not be harmed by it," he said, addressing the Bud. "It is 'The Heart of Midlothian,' by a man who had a wicked feudal title, Sir Walter Scott. I should be very culpable if I did not warn you that the author was a blind Jacobite, and intensely devoted to the institutions of his country and his time. But you are warned." Here the Merchant expired, and the Fairy-tale would trace his daughters' adventures. Which young lady would you prefer to follow through life?—*The Saturday Review.*

New Publications.

"A Crooked Path," a novel by Mrs. Alexander, and "Up Terrapin River," by Opie P. Read, an account of a trip through the undeveloped northern part of Arkansas, have been published in paper covers by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co. and by The Bancroft Company; price, respectively, 25 and 50 cents.

"One Voyage and Its Consequences," by Julius A. Palmer, is a sea-story. The bark *White Fawn* is the chief scene of action, but excursions are made from its cabin to various points on the Mediterranean, in Egypt, and on the Atlantic. In fact, the story is like the dramatization of Jules Verne's "Around the World," being possessed of a plot with the necessary complications set in a shifting panorama of much spectacular interest. Published by the D. Lothrop Company, Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.25.

The noble work of the late Father Damien among the lepers of Molokai has been made the theme of an admirable memorial sketch by Edward Clifford. "Father Damien: A Journey from Cashmere to his Home in Hawaii" it is called, giving an inkling of the fact that the author has himself been engaged in missionary work, as indeed he has, though not under the direction of the Romish Church. His own experience has peculiarly fitted him to treat this theme, and the resulting little volume is a very intelligent and sympathetic biography. The frontispiece is a portrait of Father Damien, reproduced from a crayon drawing by Mr. Clifford. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 75 cents.

Charles C. Abbott manages to find in the babits of the live tbings about us, insects, birds, reptiles, and animals, an amount of information which is positively astonishing, in its great quantity and interesting character, to the ordinary—not to say unobserving—observer. The level fields around Trenton, New Jersey, have been his hunting-ground for some years, and yet he has by no means exhausted their stories of curious facts. To this his latest book bears testimony; it is called "Days Out of Doors," and takes the reader afield in all seasons of the year and shows the many-sided intelligence of the furred and feathered inhabitants of meadow and brook in a thousand new and surprising directions. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.50.

We have received a pamphlet entitled "First Annual Report of the New York Institute for Artist-Artisans," with a request that we make "suggestions or criticisms." The pamphlet is issued by the superintendent, Mr. John Ward Stimson. It consists of thirty-two large pages of closely printed matter. We have not read it for the simple reason that it is not fit to read. It is printed on cream-colored paper in bronze ink! It is folly to expect that any sensible human would ruin his eyes over such a production. The cover is a process imitation of a wood-engraving, printed on imitation laid paper, in imitation gold. This tawdry production is disfigured within by numerous typographical errors. However, it is doubtless the work of an "artist-artisan." An bonest artisan would have printed it without the errors, on honest paper, with honest black ink—there is no better. As it stands, it is—alas!—a type of the "snide elegance" which is so often the hane of honest work in the United States. We do not look for much from the "New York Institute for Artist-Artisans."

Ernest de Lancey Pierson has found that his "Society Verse by American Writers," reprinted from books, magazines, and other publications, was entirely too small to contain even a representative number of the *vers de société* which our American rhymesters are turning out with the same lavishness which marks every other phase of American production, and he has accordingly edited and published a second volume. It is called "The Merry Muse," and resembles its predecessor in outward form as well as in inner and *spirituel* grace. Some one has said that one American humorous paragrapher pens as many witty sayings in a week as would have puzzled Talleyrand to produce in a year, and this same wit, run into the *vers de société* mold and chipped and polished into wbat would have been *chefs d'œuvre* in an earlier era, has produced an enormous quantity of really admirable light verse. Mr. Pierson's task has been no easy one, and the one hundred and twenty-eight poems here reprinted represent the result of a vast amount of winnowing. Sixty-nine authors are represented, ranging from such famous names as Edmund Clarence Stedman, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, and Oliver Wendell Holmes, down through Robert Grant, Henry Austin, H. C. Bunner, Bret Harte, G. P. Lathrop, Walter Learned, Brander Matthews, Louise Chandler Moulton, Samuel Minturn Peck, J. J. Roche, and Clinton Scollard, to people whose names we do not know, but whose verses are none the less to be admired. Perfect smoothness and euphony, and lightness of touch, with wit, or, admissibly, kindly bumor, are the distinguishing features of this popular form of versification, and the examples Mr. Pierson has selected come well within its defined bounds, with the possible exception of two somewhat slangy poems by Mrs. M. P. Handy and Charles Crandall's "Hickory Tree," which is lacking in the necessary lightness. Seventeen of the contributors are women, it may be noted, and their verses go far to prove that there are women who can not only enjoy wit, but can see and appreciate certain unaccountable vagaries of mind and heart in their own sex which have always been a source of surprise, interest, and amusement to the unprejudiced male observer. Published by Belford, Clarke & Co., Chicago; for sale by Clarke & Spengler; price, $1.00.

Journalistic Chit-Chat.

The publication of Sunday editions by the principal daily journals dates from an epocb considerably later than the close of the civil war. It is unquestionably true that a large sum of money, which formerly was laid out in the purchase of magazines or weeklies, has been diverted into this new channel. The Sunday metropolitan daily does not overlook the fundamental function of a newpaper, but it essays, at the same time, to rival the magazine. It publishes the latest news; it also undertakes to offer a conspectus of the latest achievements in the whole range of science, literature, and art. Nevertheless, the best Sunday edition of a daily newspaper has its limitations. Under penalty of losing its huge circulation, which is the fundamental condition of its existence, it must remain, first of all, a *newspaper*. To recall the news of the hour, and the necessarily basty comment to which a first glance gives rise, continues to be its main purpose, involving the heaviest drain on its resources and absorbing most of its space. It can not, as a rule, afford to discuss a scientific or literary topic at the length which is possible within the pages of a magazine or weekly. There is still an ample and lucrative field for monthlies and weeklies, sold at a price sufficiently high to justify the joint employment of the artist and the man of letters. In the whole range of American periodical literature, monthly, weekly, or diurnal, it would be hard to point to a more profitable enterprise than the *Century* magazine, and its principal competitor, *Harper's*, is not much behind it on the score of pecuniary returns. Among illustrated weeklies, *Puck* has been for some years the source of a large income to its owners, and *Judge* is meeting with the success which it deserves. It will possibly surprise some readers to learn that other weekly papers—notwithstanding the supposed overpowering rivalry of the great dailies through their Sunday editions—have managed to attain an enormous circulation. The weekly output of the *Youth's Companion*, published in Boston, does not fall far short of three hundred thousand, while that of the Philadelphia *Home Journal* is variously estimated at from a quarter of a million to half a million copies.

Some of the friends of the late Allen Thorndike Rice (says the *Nation*) seem to think that he was the originator of the present habit of filling a review with articles bearing the signatures of contemporary celebrities or notorieties. Mr. Rice carried the practice to more pernicious extremes than other editors, but he did not originate it. In the *Edinburgh*, which was the earliest of all reviews, the articles were all anonymous, although the names of the writers were generally known to those most interested. When Buloz evolved the fortnightly *Revue des Deux Mondes* from the English quarterlies, French custom overruled the English precedent, and the articles bore the name of the authors. In time, the English *Fortnightly Review* was founded, in imitation of *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and, under the editorship of Mr. John Morley, its articles were also signed by the authors—then a distinct innovation on English usage. The *Fortnightly* was always decorous and devoid of "sensational" attraction. One of its rivals, the *Contemporary*, was edited for a while by Mr. James Knowles, and he it was who began the search for sensational signatures. When he withdrew from the *Contemporary* to found the *Nineteenth Century*, he made special efforts to get as many titled contributors as possible, and to extract timely articles from the man or woman of the hour, even when these temporary lions were not professional writers. It was from the *Nineteenth Century* that the *North American* borrowed this unliterary seeking for special attractions, and this looking rather to the name of the writer than to the merit of the writing. Under the adroit guidance of Mr. Laurence Oliphant, Mr. Rice was able to vie with Mr. Knowles and to procure papers as likely to be talked about as Mr. Gladstone's "Kin across the Sea." But after Mr. Oliphant was called away, and more particularly after Mr. Metcalfe withdrew to found the *Forum*, the *North American Review* sank lower and lower into the marsh of mere sensationalism. The founder of the *New Review* has spoken of his new venture as "a sixpenny *Nineteenth Century*," and so far Mr. Grove has skillfully followed on the lines of his two-and-six predecessor; not even Mr. Knowles could have done better than to get an article on the Eiffel Tower by M. Eiffel himself. There are no signs, fortunately, that either the *New Review* or the *Nineteenth Century* will ever descend to the depth of perverted "timeliness" in which the *North American* now is. The *Forum* has a dignity which the *North American* has wholly lost.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Here is a scintillation of unconscious humor from a crowded stree A little girl of two or three years had been lost and was crying most l terly, and would not tell any of those who asked her what was her na or address. Seeing the position of affairs, a benevolent old gentlem said kindly to her: "My dear, won't you tell me your name? Do and recollect. It can't be very long since you were baptized?"

The great friendship wbich the famous Salieri had for Gluck led the following polyglot leave-taking so often resorted to by Italia who know a little of every language. This is, when Gluck left Paris, how Salieri addressed him: "Ainsi, mon cher ami, lei pa domani per Parigi. Je vous souhaite di cuore un bon voyage. gehen in eine Stadt wo man die fremden Küntsler schätzt, e lei fará onore, ich zweifle nicht (embracing him). Ci scriva, mais h souvent!"

Neil Gow, the fiddler, was fond of his whisky, and seldom went tr eling without frequent "revivers." One morning he had an appoi ment with a noble patron at Dunkeld, but, at the stated hour, had arrived at the castle. The duke waited till he was obliged to drive to keep another appointment. On the road he met the fiddler, stagg ing. "Ah, Neil," said the patron, "it's a long road to Dunkeld morning." "Ah, ma laird," said the fiddler, "it's no the length, the breadth."

Michael Kelley, though a pupil of Mozart, was, as a composer, p lific in quantity, but slight and sketchy in quality. For some years made a good living out of his professional duties, but things began fluctuate, so Kelly turned his eyes in another direction, and finally barked in business as a wine merchant. His friends joked about step, but none more so than Sheridan, who suggested that the insc tion over the door should read thus: "Michael Kelley, composer wine and importer of music."

At the battle of Altoona, word had been sent General Sherman an ear and part of a cheek-bone had been swept off gallant Gene Corse's head, and he ran to his wounded comrade to see for himself extent of the fearful damage. "Remove those bandages at once," said to the surgeon, who obeyed instantly, waking up the poor fellow he did so, and lo! there was nothing but a slight scratch on the ch and an insignificant hole in the ear. "Why, Corse," calmly said Gene Sherman, "they came mighty near missing you, didn't they?"

A Minneapolis young lady (says the *Journal*) was much pained shocked as she walked down the street the other day to see her yo brother sitting astride the prostrate body of another boy, and rain down blows upon his struggling victim. "Johnny," she alm screamed, "what are you doing? Come here this minute? Aren't ashamed of yourself, fighting this way in the street?" The boy rel tantly arose from his vanquished antagonist, and faced his indign sister. Then be explained: "Well, I don't care. He said you was good-looking. I don't think you are either, but it ain't none of his f eral. So I licked him."

A gentleman was traveling in a smoking-compartment on the N York Central the other day, and at a certain station a German ente the carriage and took his seat opposite to him. When the train started, the German, noticing the other's Havana, inquired if he co ohlige him with a cigar. The American, astonished at the request, luctantly pulled out his case, and saw with disgust the other select best cigar he could find, and prooce a match from his pocket and li it. After taking a few puffs, with evident enjoyment, the Germ beaming at his companion through his spectacles, said, affably: vould not haf drounled you, but I had a match in mein boggit, un did not know vot to do mit it."

Oliver Hampton Smith was elected senator from Indiana in 18 When the election was over, Smith, who was a good lawyer, and been in Congress eight or ten years before, took a drove of hogs do to Cincinnati, going on foot all of the way. On the way he arrived tavern, covered with mud, unwashed, and unshaven for many da The crowd surrounded him, eager for news of the election. "Wh senator? Hendricks?" "No." "Noble?" "No." "Who, then "I am." There was a dead silence for a moment, and then one ask "Who are you?" A stump speech, delivered with all the mud clinging to his face and clothes, was necessary to convince them of rigbt to the title of senator in the Congress of the United States.

When the charming operetta "Blaise et Babet" was at the height its popularity, chiefly owing to a song beginning, "Lise chantait la prairie," a party of young Parisian students took it into their hea inflict a "*scie*" on the actor Monvel, author of the libretto. With intent they assembled one night after the performance beneath his w dow, and amid much shouting and uproar declared that they would go away without seeing him. On his at length coming forward and quiring what they wanted, "We wish to know," replied one of th "what is the name of the air sung by Mlle. Lise." "If you will wa moment," said Monvel, "I will tell you;" and fetching a jug of wa coolly emptied it over his visitors, adding by way of explanation that air in question was no other than, "Il pleut, il pleut, bergère!" ("is raining, shepherdess!")

That incorrigible *farceur* and practical joker Romieu, had been din one evening at the Trois Frères, and, while enjoying a digestive st under the arcades of the Palais Royal, entered one of the numer jewelers' shops, and pointing to some watches in the window, gra asked the proprietor what they were. On being informed, "Ah," s he, "and pray, what are they intended for?" "They tell the ho "Indeed! and do they always go on ticking like that, monsieur "Certainly, if they are wound up regularly." "How is that done continued the mystifier, with an assumption of intense interest. "Si ply by introducing a key into this hole, and turning it until it stop "Wonderful! and when ought one to wind up a watch, monsieur "Every morning." "Ah, and why not every night?" "Because," plied the jeweler, with a low bow, "at night, M. Romieu, you are g erally drunk!"

Thomas Corwin—*Tom* Corwin, he was almost always called— famous for his power of quick repartee. He was witty, and his wit always at his tongue's end. "There go some of your constituents, C win," said John C. Calhoun, pointing to a drove of Ohio mules. "Y said Corwin, gravely, "they are going down South to teach schoo In one of his political campaigns, Governor Brough was pitted agai Corwin. In the course of his speech, the governor said: "Gentlem my honored opponent himself, while he preaches encouragement of ho industry, has a carriage at home which he got in England—had shipped across the ocean to him. How is that for supporting home dustry and labor?" When Corwin's turn came, he began slowly and a stammering, confused manner, as if he felt himself in a very emb rassing predicament. "Well, gentlemen," he said, "you have hea what my friend, Mr. Brough, has to say of my carriage. I plead gui to the charges, and have only two things to say in my defense. T first is, that the carriage came to me from an English ancestor as heirloom, and I had to take it; the second is, that I have not used it f seven years, and it has been standing in my back-yard all that time, a the chickens have converted it into a roost. Now, gentlemen, that is the defense I have to offer; but before I go on with what I have to s upon the topics before us, I should like to ask bow Brough happens know anything about my carriage, unless he has been visiting my chicke roost?"

SOCIETY.

The Hoburg Reception.

Wednesday evening was delightfully passed at the resi- of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Gibbs, 431 Bartlett Street, Mr. and Mrs. Frank T. Hoburg, *née* Gibbs, gave their post-nuptial reception. Nasturtium vines, with their green leaves and golden-hued blossoms, clambered e large hat-rack in the hall; La France, Bon Silene, her beautiful roses were displayed in bandsome vases parlors on mantels and tables, and other choice bloom d in producing pretty effects. Mr. and Mrs. Hoburg assisted in receiving by Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Gibbs and Mattie Gibbs, a cousin of the bride, who was becom- attired in black. Mrs. Hoburg appeared in her ele- wedding-gown and was resplendent with diamonds. Brandt's band, stationed in the dining-room, played for dancing, and varied it at intervals by concert selec- Iced punches were served in the conservatory, and efreshments were provided. The affair ended at mid- and was extremely pleasant throughout.

Movements and Whereabouts.

and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, *née* Ives, have returned their European tour.

and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels and Miss Aileen Ivers are York city.

Volney Spalding and her niece, Miss Brush, have ar- n New York from Europe after an absence abroad of e of months. Mrs. Spalding is expected here in a few

J. F. Houghton and Miss Minnie Houghton are at tel Victoria in New York city.

and Mrs. Joseph A. Donoboe, Jr., *née* Parrott, who een traveling in Europe ever since their marriage, rrived in New York, and will pass a few weeks in the efore returning bome.

and Mrs. A. C. Gunther, who have been passing sev- eeks at San José, departed last Sunday for Denver,

and Mrs. O. O. Burgess were visiting Frankfort-on- in when last heard from.

Newton Booth, of Sacramento, was recently at Ant-

and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mrs. M. Deane, and eane returned last Wednesday from their European

and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller were in Paris a week ago, l soon leave France for a visit to England and Scot- They will leave Liverpool September 28th on the *City of Paris* for New York.

D. O. Mills and Mr. Ogden Mills are in London and n leave for Paris.

William H. Dimond and the Misses Dimond have d from Monterey, and are at the Occidental Hotel.

John Skae and Miss Alice Skae are at a summer n Maine.

nd Mrs. Joseph M Masten, *née* Martel, are now oc- a cottage at 1428 Webster Street, Oakland, and will on Thursdays.

and Mrs. Gordon Blanding are now in New York d will soon sail for Europe.

and Mrs. J. L. Martel and the Misses Adèle and Martel have returned from their summer sojourn at in View, and are residing at 2226 California Street.

and Mrs. Homer S. King are visiting friends in New

and Mrs. Walter E. Dean and Mr. Walter L. Dean cted to return from Lake Tahoe in a few days.

. Lawrence Poole is in New York city.

William A. Powning has returned from a trip to

William Kruse will soon go to bis ranch in Sonoma to enjoy deer bunting for a week.

nd Mrs. William F. Mau are in New York city, and ping at the Hotel Albemarle.

red. Johnson, who has been deer-shooting in Marin returned to the city last Monday.

nd Mrs. Ricardo Villafranca, *née* Ponton, are in rk city, and are expected here soon.

Daniel M. Hanlon will go to Modoc County soon to until Christmas.

nd Mrs. W. F. Sharon and family, of Virginia, Nev., e Palace Hotel.

Barreda and the Misses Barreda are passing the sea- ong Island. They will return here about October

A. J. Pope, Mrs. F. A. Frank, and Miss May E. ho bave been at Monterey for the past month, have to this city.

nd Mrs. Jay Lugsdin, Miss Flora Lugsdin, and Miss Wood have returned from their visit at Monterey.

Julius Bandmann and Miss Bandmann have gone to y for a visit of several weeks.

L. S. Adams, Mrs. Charles S. Knowles, and Miss ams have returned from Monterey.

nd Mrs. A. L. Tuhbs, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tuhbs, Austin Tubbs have returned from a week's visit at y.

Fulton G. Berry and Miss Maud Berry are now re- 1812 Van Ness Avenue and receive on Thursdays.

obert R. Grayson will return about September 1st ho, where he has been passing a couple of months nch.

Laura McKinstry and Miss Jessie Bowie have been Mrs. J. Mervyn Donahue at San Rafael during the k.

C. L. Ashe and the Misses Ashe have returned from Villa, where they have been passing the summer.

Annie Pierce arrived here from Santa Clara last y and is at the Palace Hotel.

Clinton Cushing returned from Santa Cruz early in

George Loomis and Mrs. William L. Elkins, Jr., from Menlo Park last Tbursday and are at the Pal- l.

W. J. Somers and Miss Mae Somers are visiting n Napa.

L. D. McKissick, Miss Rose and Miss Madeline ck have been passing the week at Monterey.

Angela Morrison is very ill at her bome in San José.

James Carolan and Miss Evelyn Carolan, who have sing the summer at Monterey, have returned to the

Peter Donahue and Mrs. E. Martin have returned to after passing several weeks at Monterey.

nd Mrs. Henry Wetherbee have returned to Fruit r a pleasant visit at Monterey.

n and Mrs. William H. Taylor and Miss Edith Tay- have been at Monterey since their return from the now at their California Street residence.

nd Mrs. Moses Hopkins and Miss Florence Lock- ll pass the remainder of the season at Redwood City.

Alice Boalt has been at Monterey during the past

and Mrs. Charles Sonntag have been visiting Mon- a week.

hn Nightingale and the Misses Nightingale have ing a visit to San José.

William B. Collier, who bas been in Lakeport all of ner, came to the city last Tuesday for a short visit.

rank S. Hicks, of Los Angeles, is at the Palace

d Mrs. E. S. Breyfogle, *née* McPherson, have re- rom a tour of the Eastern States. They were at recently, visiting Dr. Charles W. Breyfogle, but rned to the Palace Hotel.

William T. Wallace, Miss Marguerite Wallace, and R. Wallace bave been passing a few days in San

. F. Sweeney departed for Portland, Or., a week teamer, to pay a two months' visit to Mr. and Mrs. erley.

illiam Dunpby will leave for England early next o join his family, who are now in Scotland.

nsel M. Easton has been enjoying a visit at Mon-

. J. Ralston and Miss Claire Ralston, of Oakland, e Sea Beach Hotel in Santa Cruz.

al and Mrs. Walter Turnbull are at the Pacific ouse in Santa Cruz.

C. T. Dargie, of Oakland, returned bome on the *Arabic* after a three months' trip to Japan and He has fully recovered his health.

Marie Naglee, of San José, is in London and will soon leave for Paris, where she will remain about two months. She is accompanied by Miss Randolph, of Maryland.

Mr. Carleton C. Coleman has been passing the week at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Daniel Hanlon and Miss Josie Hanlon are visiting Colonel and Mrs. Charles F. Hanlon at Blythedale.

Miss Hattie Hall, of Petaluma, is in the city.

Misses Nellie and Maud Hollingsworth, of Woodland, have come to the city to attend the Van Ness Seminary.

Mrs. George Law Smith and Miss Maud Smith, of Oakland, are passing this month at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Jeremiah Clarke and the Misses Lottie and Edith Clarke are at the Pope House in Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Remi Chabot and the Misses Etta and Josephine Chabot, of Oakland, arrived in Paris a few days ago.

Mrs. William Kohl and Miss Mamie Kohl, of San Mateo, have been passing the latter part of the week at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Herbert W. Yemans has returned to San Diego after an extended visit to her mother, Mrs. D. J. Staples.

Miss Cora Caduc is visiting Miss Cecile Burke at the Naglee place in San José.

Mrs. E. Martin is enjoying a visit at San José.

Mrs. M. P. Jones and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller have been rusticating at Cazadero during the past week.

Miss Lillie Burns is visiting Mrs. L. D. McKissick at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs Robert S. Moore returned from Portland last Monday.

Notes and Gossip.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hort will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage, the golden wedding, on Wednesday evening, August 28th, at their home on Jackson Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank T. Hoburg, *née* Gibbs, will give their second post-nuptial reception on Wednesday evening, August 28th, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Gibbs, 431 Bartlett Street.

Army and Navy.

Lieutenant William H. Bean, U. S. A., formerly of the Presidio, is now doing inspection duty in Pennsylvania. He has been in attendance at the encampment of the National Guard of Pennsylvania at Green Hill, N. J. recently.

Lieutenant Robert D. Read, Jr., Tenth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted two months' leave of absence, to take effect upon the completion of the cavalry competition at Fort Wingate N. M.

Lieutenant and Mrs. S. C. Paine, U. S. N., have been passing the week at the Palace Hotel.

Lieutenant Tate, U. S. A., who was formerly stationed at the Presidio, is now at West Point.

Captain William E. Dougherty, First Infantry, U. S. A., bas been ordered to Fort Gaston, Cal., on official business.

Post Chaplain Joseph A. Potter, U. S. A, has been relieved from duty at Fort Bidwell, Cal, and will proceed to San Diego to report for duty at that port.

Lieutenant Fred S. Calhoun, Fourteenth Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted two months' leave of absence, to take effect August 31st.

ART NOTES.

Theodore Wores is still exhibiting his pictures in London, the collection including some owned by Lord Rosebery and Sir Thomas Hesketh. He intends to return to Japan in a year, and will stop in San Francisco during his journey.

The Art Students' League will reopen on September 2d, having as its corps of instructors, Mr. Emil Carlsen, Mrs. Mary Curtis Richardson, Mr. Fred Yates, Mr. Arthur F. Mathews, and Miss Elizabeth Curtis. The rooms at 8 Montgomery Avenue have been tastefully rearranged and are very attractive.

W. A. Coulter is enjoying an extended yachting trip.

Pictures for the art exhibition at the Mechanics' Fair will have to be presented on or before next Saturday to secure positions.

A. Joullin is working in a flower-piece to fill an order.

Raschen is sketching at Fort Ross with Carl von Perbandt.

The School of Design will reopen on September 2d.

R. D. Yelland is passing his vacation at Lake Tahoe.

Hermann Schnabel has returned to the city after an absence of three months in Alaska, Washington Territory, and Oregon where he made many sketches.

Samuel Brookes will soon leave his studio on Clay Street which he has occupied for the past twenty-two years, as the building is to be remodeled.

John A. Stanton will leave in September for Paris, where he will devote the next three years to study.

Tom Hill is still in the Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. M. E. Evans will go to Paris next Thursday, to study art for a couple of years.

Emil Carlsen is having a studio erected in San Rafael.

Miss Matilda Lotz is in Paris, where she is doing well and is enjoying excellent health.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Mme. Louise Pyk will give a farewell concert at Irving Hall on Friday evening, August 30th, prior to her departure for the East. Signor Campobello and Mr. Hermann Brandt have volunteered their services and an excellent programme is being arranged. Miss Nellie Hinrichs will be the pianist.

The Handel and Haydn Society will give its third subscription concert of the season of 1888–9 at the Grand Opera House on Thursday evening, August 22d. Sir Arthur Sullivan's oratorio, "The Golden Legend," will then be presented for the first time on this coast. The soloists will be Miss Cecelia Adler, Miss Mary E. Barnard, Mr. Ben Clark, and Mr. F. G. B. Mills. There will be a chorus of two hundred voices and a complete orchestra all under the direction of Mr. H. J. Stewart.

DXL — Bill of Fare for six persons — Sunday, August 18, 1889.

Purée of String Beans.
Cantaloupe.
Fried Oysters.
Beefsteak. Saratoga Potatoes.
Stuffed Bell-Peppers. Tomatoes.
Roast Chicken.
Cress Salad.
Raspberries. Whipped Cream.
Fancy Cakes.
Fruits.

PUREE OF STRING BEANS.—Make a strong stock the day before it is needed of a knuckle of veal, three quarts of water, a generous slice of salt pork, and two or three slices of onion. Let it simmer for five hours; then pour it through a sieve into a jar; before using, scrape off all the fat. Ten minutes before dinner, put into a saucepan two ounces of butter, and when it bubbles sprinkle in two heaping tablespoonfuls of flour; let this cook without coloring; then add a cupful of hot cream, one pint of the beated stock, and one pint of green string-bean pulp; *i. e.*, either fresh or canned string beans, boiled tender with a little pork, then pressed through a colander and freed from juice. After mixing all together, do not let the soup boil, or it will curdle and spoil. Stir it constantly while it is on the fire.

The Indians are not making much trouhle now, and it has been decided to establish a small fish-propagation station at each army-post out West. The soldiers can do what little work is necessary and guard the growing fish. The fish commissioner is going to look over the ground and make plans for putting this scheme into operation. It is a new idea and has everybody's approval so far, save, perhaps, the soldiers'.

— PARTIES DESIRING FINE GOLD FILLINGS, BY the most skilled specialist on the coast, call on Dr. M. L. Cooper, 236 Sutter Street.

— USE SOUTHFIELD WELLINGTON COAL.

THE SHADOW OF THE HAREM.

The Sultana.

In the draperies' purple gloom,
In the gilded chamber she stands,
I catch a glimpse of her bosom's bloom,
And the white of her jeweled hands.

Each wandering wind that blows
By the lattice, seems to bear
From her parted lips the scent of the rose,
And the jasmine from her hair.

Her dark-browed odalisques lean
To the fountain's feathery rain,
And a paroquet, by the broidered screen,
Dangles its silvery chain.

But pallid, luminous, cold,
Like a phantom she fills the place,
Sick to the heart, in that cage of gold,
With her sumptuous disgrace!

—*Thomas Bailey Aldrich.*

The Favorite Sultana.

(*"N'ai-je pas pour toi, belle juive."*)

To please you, Jewess, jewel!
I've thinned my harem out!
Must every flirting of your fan
Presage a dying shout?

Grace for the damsels tender
Who fear to hear your laugh,
For seldom gladness gilds your lips
But blood you mean to quaff.

In jealousy so zealous,
Never was woman worse;
You'd have no roses but those grown
Above some buried corse.

Am I not pinioned firmly?
Why pout, then, if the door
Repulses fifty swing maids
Who vainly there implore?

Let them live on—to envy
My empress of the world,
My city, Stamboul, like a dog
Lies at your slippers curled.

Before you heroes cower
Whom warriors ne'er have cowed;
Before you bow their turbans
That else they bear so proud.

To you Bassora offers
Tribute; and Trebizonde
Her carpets and her spices
And gems, from lands beyond.

To you the Cyprus temples
Throw open wide their doors;
For you the mighty Danube sends
The richest of its stores.

Fear you the Grecian maidens,
Pale lilies of the isles?
Fear you the scorched sand-rovers
From Baalbec's massy piles?

Compared with yours, O daughter
Of Solomon the Grand,
What are round ebon bosoms,
High brows from Hellas' strand!

You're neither blanched nor blackened,
Your tint as olive's clear;
Your lips are ripest cherry,
You're straight as Arab spear.

Hence, launch no longer lightning
Upon these paltry slaves!
To save your eyes a tear-drop
I'd spill their blood in waves.

Then, Jewel, let our banquets still
Be served by charming girls,
For beauties sultans must adorn
As dagger-hilts the pearls.

—*Victor Hugo.*

In the Sultan's Garden.

PANTOUM.

She oped the portal of the palace,
She stole into the garden's gloom;
From every spotless snowy chalice
The lilies breathed a sweet perfume.

She stole into the garden's gloom,
She thought that no one would discover;
The lilies breathed a sweet perfume,
She swiftly ran to meet her lover.

She thought that no one would discover,
But footsteps followed ever near;
She swiftly ran to meet her lover
Beside the fountain crystal clear.

But footsteps followed ever near;
Ah, who is that she sees before her
Beside the fountain crystal clear?
'Tis not her hazel-eyed adorer.

Ah, who is that she sees before her,
His hand upon his scimitar?
'Tis not her hazel-eyed adorer,
It is her lord of Candahar!

His hand upon his scimitar—
Alas, who brought such dread disaster!
It is her lord of Candahar,
The fierce Sultan, her lord and master.

Alas, what brought such dread disaster!
"Your pretty lover's dead!" he cries—
The fierce Sultan, her lord and master—
"'Neath yonder tree his body lies."

"Your pretty lover's dead!" he cries—
(A sudden ringing voice behind him);
"'Neath yonder tree his body lies"—
"Die, lying dog! go thou and find him!"

A sudden ringing voice behind him,
A deadly blow, a moan of hate,
"Die, lying dog! go thou and find him!
Come, love, our steeds are at the gate!"

A deadly blow, a moan of hate,
His blood ran red as wine in chalice;
"Come, love, our steeds are at the gate!"
She oped the portal of the palace.

—*Clinton Scollard.*

Nazli.

Nazli, my lithe and agile-footed deer,
Why, when I warned thee, didst thou not obey me?
How for a Christian dog couldst thou betray me?
Nazli, my idle Kandjar thirsts, I fear—
Shrink not—I do but need thy star-pale head.
Beside thy bleeding body on my bed,
This sweet night I will lay me! —*F. S. Saltus.*

The Bayadere.

Near strange, weird temples, where the Ganges' tide
Bathes domed Delhi, I watch, by spice-trees fanned,
Her agile form in some quaint saraband:
A marvel of passionate chastity and pride!
Nude to the loins, superb, and leopard-eyed,
With redolent roses in her jeweled hand!
Before some haughty Rajah, mute and grand,
Her flexible torso bends, her white feet glide!
The dull kinoors throb one monotonous tune,
And, mad with motion, as in a hasheesh trance,
Her scintillant eyes in vague, ecstatic charm,
Burn like black stars below the Orient moon,
While the suave, dreamy languor of the dance
Lulls the grim drowsy cohra on her arm!

—*Town Topics.*

— LADIES AND GENTLEMEN SHOULD YOUR HAIR be falling out for the want of proper attention, go to Professor Monks, artist in hair, 122 McAllister Street, opposite New City Hall.

— MRS. JOHN VANCE CHENEY WILL RESUME teaching at her residence, 908 Sutter St., August 19th.

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AN AMIABLE TRAIN-BOY.

In the smoking-car of a train which came to New York from Babylon on a recent morning, was a wall-eyed youth, with an embittered expression of the mouth, a sneering nose, and a wanton incompleteness in the matter of buttons, hoots, and garments, which extended even to his teeth. On the forward seat of the smoking-car was a picturesque assortment of periodicals, candy, and a basket of peaches. It was the business of the boy to vend these things, and he did it in a way that was a menace and a terror to the passengers.

It was dusty and hot. The business-men were deep in their papers, and the wall-eyed boy, having found small demand for his candy, grabbed up the basket of peaches, and, as a sort of preliminary announcement of his coming, howled absently, but robustly:

"Here y'are—pee—chez—fresh—dis—mawnin'—twa—fer—five—pee—chez—nice—un—fresh——"

No one paid the slightest heed. The rumble of the train mingled with the voice. The boy stopped amiably to shoo a fly from the crown of a bald man who slept near the door, and then glanced down at his peaches.

Suddenly he stopped and looked more intently. One of his six peaches had rolled off and bowled down the aisle of the car several seats, lodging finally near the mighty boots of a Long Island farmer, who sat amid the ample folds of a home-spun suit, enveloped by an air of exclusiveness and the aroma of a grocery-store cigar. It chanced that I alone knew of the erratic course the peach had taken.

For an instant the wall-eyed boy looked at his fruit, then he raised his head, and a wrinkled nose and the corners of his mouth drawn down, he eyed the passengers suspiciously. Then he strode to a handsome, middle-aged, and highly respectable-looking banker near him, and, leaning over, hissed in that astonished gentleman's ear:

"Say, I'm jess' about half-way onto you!"

The banker looked up from his paper with mild interest. The boy wagged his dirty forefinger in front of the banker's nose and added:

"Unload, see? Ree-verse. Give up."

The mild blue eyes of the financier opened, and he drew himself up.

"Give up, you slab-sided, cork-nosed old rat, er I'll smash yer jaw," screamed the boy in sudden frenzy; "I'll bat——"

"Why, you confounded little scoundrel," sputtered the banker, "what do you mean?"

"Give up dat peach, an' do it suddent, er I'll break yer jaw. Yu can't swipe my peaches——"

At this point the muscular hand of a gentleman in an adjoining seat fell on the back of the lad's neck, and he was yanked backward and away from the old banker. The boy turned and struck out fiercely, but he only struck the seat. The man who had hold of the boy's collar was muscular and strong. He is the junior partner of one of the largest dry-goods houses in Brooklyn. It was all he could do to hold the boy for a moment, then another man across the aisle extended his hand, and the panting, struggling child was held there as in a vise, shrieking curses and indescribable filth and blasphemy until he burst into tears. His knuckles were blistered and skinned where he struck the backs of the seats, and he accused every man in sight of being a thief. Finally the farmer discovered the peach, and rising, interrupted the hubbub.

"Here y'are, sonny," he said, amiably; "here's th' peach, but I ain't stole it, nor have no one else. Take it an' go on with yer work. I'm a mind t' slap you onct or twict—yes, I believe I will, for you're a mighty bad lot."

With this he restored the peach, and then swung the back of his hand around with a force that nearly knocked the boy's head off of his shoulders.

"That's 'bout th' way t' treat a boy of that sort," he said, with an explanatory wave of his hand; "it don't do no good reasonin' with him, cause he's crazy mad."

The blow nearly settled the boy. It broke his spirit. With a few more surly curses he flung himself in the corner of the forward seat, lighted a cigarette, and made no further effort to sell his wares.—*New York Sun.*

The Men Touched their Hats.

There were eighteen men and one undersized boy seated in the car when I entered it at Canal Street. The ladies began to get in as we reached the Metropolitan, and the men rose one by one and gave up their seats—it was early in the afternoon. At last, when we reached Union Square, there were eighteen ladies, one large old gentleman, and the undersized boy occupying seats in that car, while a row of able-bodied men stood in the aisle and hung on the straps.

The women had begun to pour in in a steady stream, and the further up-town we went the steadier the stream grew. For the last five blocks I had noticed that the old gentleman was watching the undersized boy, who sat right opposite him. I had also noticed that the more the old gentleman watched, the redder he grew in the face and the tighter his collar seemed to fit him.

The boy was not watching the old gentleman. He sat with his hands in his pockets, fidgeting upon his seat. From time to time he whistled a little, in a penetrating undertone. As each lady entered the car, he bestowed on her a prolonged and particular stare, that would have been a notable performance for a tooth-pick masher on a hotel porch. But he had not observed the old gentleman.

At Seventeenth Street two ladies boarded the car. The old gentleman instantly arose, and, with a bow, offered his seat to the elder of the two. Then he glanced around the car as though he were looking for a seat for the other one, and his eyes fell upon the boy. A look of ready-made surprise came upon his face, succeeded by an expression of grief and indignation.

"William!" he shouted, as he grasped the boy by his coat-collar, "William, get up this instant and give your seat to the lady! Great heavens! that I should live to see a boy of mine sitting down and whistling while a lady is standing! What will your poor old mother say when I tell her this? William," he continued, sadly and yet sternly, "I am going to teach you right here and now never to disgrace my name again."

Still holding the boy by the collar, he backed up against the door-frame and elevated one broad knee. The boy had just time to gasp: "I ain't no boy of yours!" when he found himself lying face downward across that knee in the very vortex and maelstrom of one of the grandest and most symmetrical spankings ever administered in this or any other age. Those who witnessed the exhibition of agility and science were of the opinion that the old gentleman was well preserved for his years.

The performance was thorough; but it was also rapid. It was over before the boy had succeeded in repeating his original statement three times, in three different keys. Then the old gentleman set the boy on the floor; and the conductor, who was evidently a man of deliberation, thought it time to interfere.

"Here!" he said, "you can't lick that boy if he ain't no relation to you."

"I never seen him before!" said the boy, between gasps.

"Great Scott!" cried the old gentleman, "does the young rascal deny his own father?"

Then he took out his glasses and looked at the boy, and his expression of astonishment was beautiful to see.

"Why, bless me!" he exclaimed, "that's so! Why, I thought it was my youngest boy, William. Dear me! I hope I haven't inconvenienced you, young sir? You'll excuse me, won't you?"

The boy said something that sounded like "police."

"Want to go to the police-station?" asked the old gentleman, benevolently; "been carried beyond the street, eh? Well, we'll rectify *that* mistake at once." Grasping the boy once more by the collar, he stepped out on the platform, lifted him lightly over the rear bulwarks, and dropped him. The conductor smiled and rang a merry peal on his strap, the driver whipped up, the car flew rapidly up Broadway, the boy stood in the street weeping and using language shocking in one so young until he was nearly run over by a truck. And when the old gentleman stepped back into the car, all the men touched their hats to him, and six ladies arose and quarreled with each other for the privilege of giving him a seat.—*Puck.*

A Fair Knocker-Out.

The proprietor of a well-known gymnasium, who, during the winter months, instructs in a very private way a class of young ladies, all of whom would be greatly disturbed to think that their real, not their ostensible, purpose in learning calisthenics was known, was induced to talk a little of his pupils the other day, and gave some interesting details of his experiences. He is not altogether certain that women would make the best use of the science of boxing if they were to be generally instructed in it. "One day, not many weeks ago," said he, "a young lady, who is among the cleverest I have ever trained, came to me and said:

"'Professor, can't I see how the heart blow is done?'

"And she stood there with her hands clasped behind her back and her little head peeking forward in such a pert way that I could hardly help laughing right out. She saw that I was amused.

"'Oh, certainly; I will show you the blow over the heart; but, remember, it is not considered a fair blow, and it is certainly not for a lady to use.'

"She is a little creature, weighing possibly about one hundred and ten pounds, but she is lightning with her fists. I explained that she must use the right hand and deliver on the lower ribs on the left side. She smiled and looked at me for a moment, then she inquired:

"'Will it really kill a man, professor, to hit him there?'

"'It may not kill, when those little fists of yours are the aggressors,' I said, 'but it is a dangerous blow at the best, and should never be used. A knife would not be more fatal to some people than this blow.'

"She was quiet after receiving my caution. Some time later I entered the practice-room again to see how the class was progressing, when, off in one corner, I observed a pair of girls boxing. One of them was my inquisitor, and I was astounded to notice that she was pounding away at the other girl among the small ribs on the left side. I went over, and, taking her by the arm, swung her roughly to the middle of the floor, asking what she meant by disobeying me. The tears came to her eyes and she sobbed out:

"'I—was—only try—ing—to see—if I could kno—no—ck her out.'

"'You little fiend!" I exclaimed; 'what do you mean? To kill the girl?' Of course I at once suspected and I afterward learned as a matter of fact that the unfortunate victim was my little lady's rival. So much for jealousy."—*Philadelphia Times.*

A Summer Girl.

Flirtation has been brought to the highest degree of culture at Old Orchard (says a summer correspondent). A young man from New York arrived at noon time one day, and, after getting his luggage into his room, he took a chair on the front piazza and began gazing down toward the vast expanse of sail-dotted sea, with its low-lying shores edged with foam. To the beach from this hotel it is an unobstructed half mile, and a plank walk runs directly from the hotel steps to the bath-houses. Our young man declares that a sharp little girl of sixteen detected him on the piazza when she opened the door of her bath-house, half a mile away. She walked straight up that walk with her eyes fixed on him, and as she came near he discovered that she was a clean and fine-looking creature with auburn hair and blue eyes. He followed her with his gaze as she moved up the steps, and she wore a sort of half smile on her pretty mouth as she steadily returned his look. When she reached the middle step she sank down on one knee with a little cry of pain. The young man sprang to her assistance, asking if he could be of any service.

"I have turned my ankle," said the girl; "oh! it hurts so! Can you take my hand, please? Thanks."

And with the assistance of the young man the fair creature limped up the steps and sank into the first chair which was come to. Of course, the young man lingered, and spoke many solicitous words of sympathy, finally drawing a chair up near the girl and sitting down himself. It was the bathing hour, and the hotel was practically deserted, so these two sat chatting away about sprained ankles and liniments till the crowd began coming back from the beach. All the girls looked with envious eyes at the little fairy who had turned her ankle, and wondered who the stylish young man she was talking with could be. Dinner time came, and suddenly the girl jumped from her chair.

"I must go now, and have my hair fixed for dinner," said she; "I shall see you again, shall I not?" and she cast upon him a look of flattering hope that he would not forsake her.

"I sincerely hope I shall have that pleasure," he replied.

Then the girl went prancing off in a manner which showed that her ankles were in perfect condition. Recovering her presence of mind at the door, she turned with a mischievous and coquettish look toward the astonished young man, and limped out of sight.

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TIME TABLE.

[Comm]encing Sunday, March 31, 1889, and until [furth]er notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

[F]ro[m] SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN R[AF]AEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.30, 3.25, 4. 6.10 P. M.
[Sund]ays)—8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 12 30, 1.30, 2.45, 4. 5.30, 6.30, P. M.

[F]ro[m] SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week da[ys])—6.10, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.55 P. M.
[S]u[nda]ys)—8.00, 9.50, 10.55 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 1.15, 2.45, 4.00, 5. 6.05, 7.00 P. M. Extra trips on Saturday at 6.25 P. M. ...o cents, round trip.

[F]ro[m] SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6. 8.15, 9.55, 11.50 A. M.; 2.30, 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
S[und]ays)—8.45, 10.35, 11.35 A. M.; 12.45, 1.55, 3.30, 4. 5.45, 6.50, 7 45 P. M. Extra trips on Saturday at ... P. M.
...15 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

... M., Daily (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) from [San] Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. [Retur]ning, leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at ... M., arriving in San Francisco 12.20 P.M.
... M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations.
... M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning arrives in San [Franc]isco at 8.15 P. M.

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...to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on [Fridays], Saturdays, and Sundays, good to return following [Mond]ay: Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.00; Tomales, 2.25; Howard's, $3.50; Cazadero, $4.00.
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From August 1, 1889.	ARRIVE
Haywards, Niles and San José	*12.45 P.
Sacramento, Redding, via Davis	7.15 P.
Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	6.15 P.
Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	11.15 A.
Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
Haywards, Niles, and San José	3.45 P.
Sacramento River Steamers	**6.00 A.
Haywards, Niles and San José	* 9.45 A.
Stockton and §Milton; Vallejo, Calistoga & Santa Rosa	9.45 A.
2d Class Sacramento, Ogden and East, connects at Davis for Knight's Landing	10.45 A.
Niles and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
Niles and San José	‡ 4.45 P.
Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
Central Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	7.45 P.
Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East	7.45 A.
Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

Newark, San José and Santa Cruz	‡ 8.05 P.
Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*11.20 A.
Centerville, San José, Almaden, Los Gatos and Santa Cruz	‡‡9.50 A.

... DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

San José and Way Stations	2.30 P.
Monterey and Santa Cruz, Sunday Excursion	‡ 8.25 P.
San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos; Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey, Pacific Grove; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations	6.12 P.
San José, Almaden and Way Stations	7 30 P.
Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	5.02 P.
Menlo Park, San José, Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville, Monterey, and Pacific Grove only. (Del Monte limited.)	*11.15 A.
San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and principal Way Stations	*10.00 A.
Menlo Park and Way Stations	7.58 A.
San José and Way Stations	9.03 A.
Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A.
San José and principal Way Stations	‡4.30 P.

[A. for m]orning. P. for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. ...ays only. ‡ Sundays only. ** Mondays excepted. ...ys excepted. || Saturdays and Sundays only to Santa ... ‡‡ Sundays and Mondays only from Santa Cruz.

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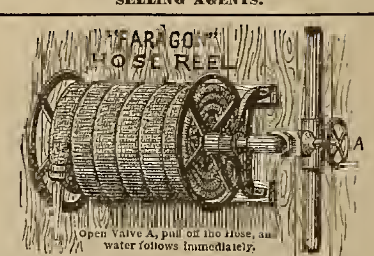

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When "Masks and Faces" was first produced in this country it was accredited to Tom Taylor. As played to-day, Charles Reade's name alone figures on the bill as its author. So its joint creators are quits.

It would be hard to say who really did write this most classical of comedies, quaint, piquant, witty, picturesque, with a flavor as rich and fruity as the works of Goldsmith and Sheridan. It is not precisely the subject of controversy—every one concerned was too proudly polite for that—but we find in one place that Charles Reade, referring to Mrs. Bancroft's revival of it, says: "Not one single line of Tom Taylor survives." And somewhere else we find Tom Taylor's brother writing that "When Charles Reade came to him (Tom) on the subject, he had one character and a bit of one scene, together with some vague, crude ideas of how the play was to be worked into shape." Later on, Tom generously admitted Charles's authorship of the scene in Triplet's garret, and said that in his opinion it was the best in the whole play.

In one of the diaries which the erratic Fellow of Magdalen College was in the habit of keeping with occasional hiatuses of years, we come across the following description of his overhauling of the play after they had both tinkered at it with mutual dissatisfaction: "Flung Act I. into the fire and wrote a new act, dashing at once into the main story. I took his (Taylor's) cold-stage creation, Pomander, and put alcohol into him, and, on the plan of the great French dramatists, I made the plot work by a constant close battle between a man and a woman. I then took in hand Act II., and slashed through Taylor's verboseness, loosing none of his beauties, and he has some pretty things in that act. Then I came to Act III., where I found my own picture-scene wanted little alteration. Then, with the help of a speech or two of Mabel's, as sweet as honey (Taylor's), I softened Woffington so that she cried in the frame, and Mabel found her out."

That was Charles's account of it. And yet again, in another place, we read a harrowing description of how Charles every day wrote out scenes of the play to submit to Tom's approval every night, and in what a royal manner Tom cut and slashed and hacked away large chunks of the result of that fond toil. Who shall decide, when doctors disagree? If Charles exaggerated, if Tom's vanity ran away with him, who can blame them? All great men have their eccentricities—most great writers are incapable of weighing their own merits. Milton thought "Paradise Lost" but a freckle on the face of "Paradise Regained," George Eliot always believed her forte to be poetry, Charles Reade was possessed of the idea that, though he was all very well as a novelist, it was only as a dramatist that he was truly great.

Certainly his Peg, in the play or in the book, is the finest, most splendid, spirited creature of her kind. Charles himself owned to more than a sentiment for her. "I am in love with Peg Woffington," said he; she is dead and can't sting me. I love her and hope to make many love her." And he did. Like another famous charmer, the description of whom is said by Anthony Trollope to delineate the most beautiful woman in fiction, "her look was love." She was all splendor, brilliance, and radiance. She had had hard knocks, had trodden rough ways; figuratively speaking, she was rather battered, but she was warm-hearted, generous, impulsive—an Irishwoman to her finger-tips. Her authors glow over her brain, melt over her beauty. That brain and that beauty had lifted her from a bare-footed orange-girl in the streets of Dublin, from a performer in spangles in the booths at country fairs, to be the glory of the London of her day, to be the envied of Kitty Clive, the shrewish-tongued, to be the admired and feared of Colley Cibber, to be the star to which the youthful Garrick raised awed eyes, to be the successor to the laurels of Mrs. Oldfield and Anne Bracegirdle, to be the toast of the splendid, ruffled, red-heeled beaux, to be the salt and spice of existence to the Sir Charles Pomanders, the despair and distraction of the Ernest Vanes of the easy-going, brilliant, free-handed times when the second George was king.

The play presents her in a very melting mood. Peg was not often so softened and so sweet. Her disappointment over Vane may have been the one tender spot in a career which showed the hard brilliance of the diamond. So we see her at her best—from the devil-may-care, reckless mood in the green-room, through her anger at Vane's deception, her buoyant bravado in Triplet's garret, her sudden sympathy for the lachrymose little wife, up to the final ruse by means of which she gives back to Mabel her repentant Ernest. The author would like to have you believe that she is disappointed, disillusioned, almost broken-hearted, and yet she can not help enjoying the deception which she practices so artfully upon the courtly villain in his patches and his powder, his red heels, his ruffles, his queue, his rapier, his self-assurance, and his princely swagger.

As far as looks go, Miss Coghlan is a fine Peg Woffington. She is as handsome as possible—a splendid woman, in splendid gowns, who forms a series of splendid tableaux. When she makes her sweeping courtesy as the Lady Betty Modish, we imagine that Peg must have looked very much like that—a large, richly-tinted, red-haired woman, with long, laughing eyes and red lips. When she dances her jig, with a twinkling of black ankles and silver buckles, and a whoop now and then to hurry the pace, we imagine that Peg might have been exactly such a woman, danced just in that way, used her feet similarly with the toes well pointed, held her skirt so with her wrist bent in to form a curve, kept her head at that angle, the chin tilted out with an air of saucy, cool defiance, looked so out of the ends of her narrow eyes, and laughed so, in a suppressed, wicked sort of way, as if there were hidden jokes tickling her memory. Yes—in the jig and the courtesy, Miss Coghlan is Peg, but Miss Coghlan is not always jigging and courtesying.

In the other parts of the play she is charming and bright and brisk, but she is not sufficiently versatile, mercurial, changeful. Peg was an Irishwoman—an Irishwoman who had all the dare-devil, reckless jollity of her countrywomen and her class. She was up, she was down. She was sparkling with fun, she was weeping into a lace handkerchief, she was swearing at Vane. They can not have her swear on the stage, but that she did swear in good, old, Queen Elizabeth style, there can be no doubt. These lightning changes of mood, these delicious caprices, are slighted by Miss Coghlan. While the general effect is good, the Irish actress's rush of high spirits, bubbling vitality, surpassingly rich sense of humor, are only roughly suggested, not worked out in detail. She is not quick enough, brilliant enough, sparkling enough. In the scene with Triplet and the children she is charming, but in the subsequent scenes with Mabel her changes of feeling want stronger marking. Whatever Peg turned her hand to, she did with her might. She danced the jig with her whole soul, and she pitied Mabel with her whole soul half an hour later. She must have overwhelmed the little wife in an avalanche of sympathy. When Mabel cried before the picture, she was worked up to such a pitch of sentiment that she was ready to undertake the apparently impossible task of bringing Vane back to his wife. This generous, but erratic and impulsive nature is only shadowed forth faintly in Miss Coghlan's Peg.

The rest of the company try their best, and Triplet's part is well taken by Mr. T. Webber. But beside the gay, picturesque, and vital figure of Peg, every other participant in this fresh and tender comedy shrinks to comparative insignificance. The sound of her laughter rings in one's ears, the glitter of her shoe-buckles, awink in the footlight's glare, dances before one's eyes long after the curtain has fallen on the company arranged in a semi-circle, uttering neat, farewell couplets. "She is Charles Reade's, all his"—muses the departing auditor, drifting out with the crowd, and oblivious even to the elbows which ladies obtrude so persistently upon one's reluctant notice in a struggle to get on tight wraps—"she is all Charles Reade's. I know it by that one remark: 'Say you never loved any one before, even if you did.' No one but Charles Reade would have had the insight to make a heroine say that. She was evoked by the same brain that evoked Margaret of Sevenbergen from the mists of history. She and Margaret are first cousins, though one was a star actress in London in the middle of the eighteenth century and the other was a simple housewife of Tergou in the end of the fifteenth. Nevertheless, they are first cousins and show a strong family likeness."

G. B.

Elsie Lester Lyde, the most prominent of the child-actresses, is up in Vermont, strengthening herself against her appearance in December in the dramatization of Mark Twain's "The Prince and the Pauper." She wears a boy's suit most of the time, because it is more comfortable when she takes her fencing lessons. One of the best scenes in the story—and it is probably retained in the play—requires much knowledge of this pretty accomplishment, for the prince, who has been taught by the first fencers of Europe, not only defends himself at single-stick against a bullying gypsy, but utterly routs that burly ruffian. The scene should be much modified for the play, however, for Elsie can count her years on her fingers and thumbs.

The two Kiralfys, Imre and Bolossy, have buried the hatchet, and declared that death alone shall come between them again. Imre, in a burst of fraternal feeling—tempered, perhaps, by other feelings—has determined not to conduct a show in which his brother is not interested, and the winter spectacle in this city—and wherever else his company was engaged—is off. Two years from now the two brothers will together manage a spectacle which Bolossy is now preparing in Europe.

The twenty-fourth annual exposition of the Mechanics' Institute will open at the Pavilion on Tuesday, August 27th, and continue until October 5th. The music will be provided this year by the First Regiment Band of twenty-four musicians, under the leadership of Charles S. Cassasa, assisted by Miss Marie McNeil and Mr. A. H. Knoll, solo cornetists.

Dancers from Egypt and Siam and various places have been performing at the Paris Exposition, but the gypsy-dancers from the slope of the Alhambra, in Granada, practice such movements and postures that even the Parisians think it will not do.

THE VARIETY-SHOW SONG

As She is Sung in New York and in London.

For the bad variety show you have to go over into the side avenues and the Bowery (says *Le Chat Noir*). The prices are ten, fifteen, and twenty-five cents, with seats in proscenium boxes at thirty-five. Around you, in too affectionate proximity, are clustered the demoiselles of Hester Street, feathered fresh from the hen-coop, ribboned from McGonigle's *Bon Marché*, and perfumed from nature. Their gallants are red and moist young gentlemen who smoke. With clasped hands, these students of the drama drink in the outbursts of art which the stage reveals, and bestow their applause, without partiality, *et sans reproche*.

The bad variety show is strictly imitative of the good one. The Kernells, Pat Rooney, the Big Four, Frank McNish, Billy Sweatnam, the Irwins, and the other original performers each find dim reflection in the fake houses. From the bill of the performance, you are led to expect a treat such as is denied to sovereigns, but the realization of the big black promises are not all that they should be. For instance, when you see that Miss Ida Mack, Queen of Ballad Singers, is to appear, you fancy to yourself a fine, white-throated girl, with the tender stories of Molloy rippling from her ripe-red mouth, the sight of a salt and sere brunette, with a masculine nose, and stockings embroidered with purple moss-roses, freezes your hopes and saddens your heart. Miss Ida will probably sing something like this. Its nature is pathetic:

Oh! the dramatic profession, like others,
Has its struggles and many broken hearts;
You never know when your sister or your brothers
May get the cue to play their last parts;
You never know when the storm's rising,
Nor when the sun will shoot through a cloud—
Oh, you never know, what's most surprising,
When your head with a sorrow will be bowed.

Oh!—(prolonged while the orchestra executes scales *ad libitum*.)

CHORUS (with great feeling).

Here lies an actress, wrapped gently in the snow,
Here lies an actress, let the tears flow as you go.
Weep for the actress, Bertha is dead,
And now her old blind mother is toiling for her bread.

You will observe that this is a very sad song, and the Hester Street girls shed copious tears over it, while their red escorts pound on the floor with their effective feet. Miss Ida Mack is bound to contribute two more songs, and then the next actor on the bills, who is, perhaps, Mike Rafferty, the Greatest Delineator of Irish Character in the World, appears for an act. Mr. Rafferty has a little hat tipped over his forehead, a claw-hammer coat with brass buttons, a plaid waistcoat, red whiskers under his chin, and a green umbrella in his hand. As he steps out of the wings he casts a roguish eye up at the gallery. This starts the applause, and, as the band begins, Mr. Rafferty lifts his feet very high, and with his arms pumping behind him, and an expression of magnificent Celtic self-esteem on his wide mouth, he gains the centre of the stage. With clenched fists, his eyes fixed high in the air, Mr. Rafferty sings:

'Twuz up ter McGovern's lasht Choosda' evenin',
Phwin Mac's hye Dinny war given his name,
We dhrank thurrta rounds av foine lager beer,
An' Riley fit Phil Daly's gawt; I tell yez dthey war game.
Riley joomped, an dther harns av dther hilly
An' shtuck his taws gintly right intil his ears,
An' I tell yez dther way dther gawt chood Riley's pants
War wurth dther assissmint av dther thurrta lager beers.

CHORUS.

Up ter McGovernses party,
Dtheres phwere we all were so hearty,
Dther ambulance called for McCarty,
Up ter McGovernses party,
Hooroo!

And amid the deafening applause of the audience Mr. Rafferty ends this wildly comic-song with a patter dance, after the fashion of the Hon. Mr. Rooney, of the best variety houses.

But of all the inflictions in this style of show, the stout lady, who sings patriotic songs of Erin, is really the most painful. She usually wears a green satin-dress, cut so that her expansive red arms and neck can glisten in the gas-light, and she takes very short steps when she makes her entrance, for her bronze slippers are almost killing her. With her thoughts on the slippers, and her eye on a red-haired product of the land she glorifies, who has his head poked under the gallery rail, and is chewing Galway Tolu for his health, she gets rid of this inspiring arrangement, four notes under the key that the orchestra has chosen to take.

Though tyrants grind their heel on her fair brow
And tear the wreath from off her face,
The Irish race will never bow
And never will quail while heaven gives her grace.
Do not seek to trail her name,
Do not stifle her mouth, it shall not close,
Ah, no! there can be no mean shame
Where the lovely shamrock grows.

CHORUS.

Erin, gem of the ocean,
Long may you live and exist,
Long may you wave your bright green flag,
And scoff at England's fist.
Long may the memory of Emmett,
And the work of Charles Parnell,
Last in the land of the Irish
And each brave Irish heart swell.

After this it is always very difficult for the song-and-dance artiste, who comes next on the bill to get a hearing, for such an appeal to American sympathy almost causes a convulsion of excitement.

"Ain't she lovely?" says a Hester Street girl to her friend; "say, Maggie, I wonder cud I get a pair uv stockins' like hers wid the roses up an' down them?"

But, after a vain effort to coax the stout lady to panegyrize Ireland some more, the song-and-dance artiste, with copper-heeled shoes and a wonderfully open countenance, succeeds in making her entrance. Her song is a gem. The first verse is as follows, the others being just as good:

I was walkin' down Six Avenoo
The other day at three,
Just listen an' I'll tell to you
Who came and spoke to me—
A lovely gent with dark-hrown eyes,
An' curly blonde mustache;
He came an' took me by surprise—
Now, don't you think him rash?

CHORUS.

Charlie Brown, he is my charmer,
Charlie Brown, I do adore,
Such lovely eyes an' teeth; oh, Mommer!
In all my life I haven't saw.

It will be noticed that the metre and the rhymes in these songs are not always legitimate, but I have never heard a complaint on this point by any regular patron of the houses. It could be thought that the man who composed the words also composed the music, only the music is so much worse than the [illegible] that it is probably a collaboration.

A single example will suffice to show the qua[illegible] lyric pabulum the frequenters of London musi[illegible] are fed on. The appearance of the performe[illegible] little smarter than her New York sister: the auc[illegible] however, joins in the choruses with a will. T[illegible] lowing song is down on the bills as:

"RAISED TO THE PEERAGE."

I'm Stella Starr, the serio,
A song-and-dance arteest;
And don't you fancy that I'm proud—
I ain't—no, not the least.
A-dashing in my browam, three
Good 'alls a night I clear;
But to-morrow (ain't it scrumptious?) I
Am going to wed a peer!

(Spoken) There! what d'ye think of that, girls, eh? [illegible] up against 'em, ain't it? That bones the biscuit, and [illegible] remember it. Fancy me raising a real live lord to my [illegible] of life! Wouldn't you like *your* daughter to do th[illegible] Mr. Chairman? Under these circs. you cawn't expe[illegible] bemean *myself* by standing any sauce. So, when [illegible] 'em starts, I just say:

CHORUS.

Here, chuck it! You chuck it! Jest you shut yo[illegible]
I'll stand no once a week, I give you *war*-nin';
Though I'm now a serio,
I shall be, I'd have you know,
A Real Titled Laidy in the mornin'.

My young man, he's a nobleman
Of bloomin' high degree;
And I shall be a countess, on
The day he marries me.
'Twas my refinement copped him. Wh[illegible]
Do *you* think? *(Winks.)* Yus, you [illegible]
And shan't I just look proper in
My hrand new *coronet*?

(Spoken)—Rather! And won't my 'ed swell till [illegible] Not much! And wait till you see me riding abou[illegible] coronet in the Row. O-h! Here, I say, your [illegible] time down there in the orchestra, don't you make [illegible] *me* or you'll be sorry for it.

"So chuck it," etc.

Yes, girls, just take example from
This queen of song and dance,
And p'r'aps to join the peerage you
May one day have a chance.
I'd like to just catch any chap
A showin' me his cheek;
I'd get my hearl to knock him to
The middle of next week.

(Spoken)—I should think so. That's me! and [illegible] hlue-hlooded young man was givin' him beans, I'd ju[illegible] around and warhle:

Here, chuck it! Jest chuck it! Jest you shut y[illegible]
Please remember it's a countess you are *scor*nin';
For to-morrow I shall be
A laidy of degree,
Yus! a Real Titled Countess in the *mor*nin'!

STAGE GOSSIP.

The present Grismer-Davies Company is [illegible] youthful. Not reckoning little Mabel Bowr[illegible] eight other members of the company probabl[illegible] not average over twenty-six years each.

Gilbert and Clay's light opera, "Princess [illegible] with Belle Thorne in the titular rôle, and "[illegible] are sung on alternate nights at the Tivoli [illegible] much popular appreciation that they will prol[illegible] continued for another week.

Joseph J. Levy, who has been in town s[illegible] disbandment of the Booth-Barrett Compan[illegible] for New York next Wednesday, where he w[illegible] Mr. Barrett on his return from Germany and [illegible] for the Booth-Modjeska season.

"Conflict," a society comedy-drama, adap[illegible] the French of Edouard Cadol, will receive i[illegible] performance at the Baldwin Theatre on [illegible] night, and will be continued through the w[illegible] cluding Miss Coghlan's engagement.

Marcus M. Henry, the energetic and pope[illegible] business-man of a great number of opera anc[illegible] companies and lecturers, has recently change[illegible] dress. He may now be found at Gray's Mus[illegible] on Post Street, or at 1200 California Street.

Margaret Mather is to follow Rose Coghl[illegible] Baldwin. She returned from a run over to F[illegible] where she made a vain quest for a new play—[illegible] ago, and has been, for a fortnight, acting b[illegible] web-footed and asbestos-coated denizens of t[illegible] ern coast.

The following will be seen at the Bush Su[illegible] atre during the winter: The Casino Opera C[illegible] "Paul Kauvar," Criterion Comedy Company [illegible] Mitchell, Vernona Jarbeau, the American Ope[illegible] pany, and M. B. Leavitt's spectacular pr[illegible] of "The Spider and the Fly."

"The Stowaway," a sensational melodram[illegible] notable for the fact that two professional h[illegible] "Kid" McCoy and another of equally eu[illegible] name—burgle a safe in the most approve[illegible] right on the stage, will be seen at the Califor[illegible] atre after the Evans and Hoey engagement.

Next week will be the last of Edward H[illegible] engagement at the Alcazar. "Old Laven[illegible] be revived for the early part of the week, an[illegible] 44" will end it. The mysterious title of t[illegible] play is a bright and shining symbol to the [illegible] and other—"policy" players in the East [illegible] known as the "Washerwoman's Gig."

"Editha's Burglar" has proved so popula[illegible] the past week that Mr. Grismer has deter[illegible] give up his second week to it, rather than t[illegible] play. As next week is the last of his compa[illegible] Bush Street, we shall not see "The Tigre[illegible] the company returns to town, as Mr. Gris[illegible] the sole right to produce it on the Pacific Co[illegible]

Charlie Reed will head the farce-comedy [illegible] which comes to the Bush Street after the [illegible] Davies Company. The play, written by Pat [illegible] formerly editor of *Town Topics*, is called "[illegible] Directory," and the notable members of the c[illegible] beside the plain comedian, are Ignatius M[illegible] the actual son and seeming father in Frank [illegible] "Little Puck," and May Yohe, whose escap[illegible] more widely known than her histrionic abilit[illegible]

Evans and Hoey, with Minnie French an[illegible] ter, as well as some new people, in the mi[illegible] will be at the California Theatre next week [illegible] Parlor Match." This perennial farce-come[illegible] of Hoyt's first productions, but he does not [illegible] its success; he sold it outright to the two co[illegible] and it is understood that Mr. Hoyt cover[illegible] himself every time he reflects that Evans a[illegible] have been coining money out of it for fou[illegible] years.

THE INNER MAN.

Bread, and plenty of it, is the grand foundation of e French peasant dietary. Potatoes are admitted an addition and a change, but not, as in Ireland, the staff of life. Salad in unlimited quantity and quency front the beginning to the end of its season; che, corn salad, or lamb lettuce—a great favorite, hough, being eaten, it leaves an after taste of one's ving swallowed drugs from an apothecary's shop—ndelion, green and blanched; radisbes, little red, und and long, and big black, wbite, or yellow anisb; lettuce, cos, and cabbage; water-cress, dive, curled and broad-leaved, and cooked beet-ot, cold, are all considerable articles of consumption, course helped down with a huge slice of bread. How often can you eat salad?" I asked a young asant; "three times a day, monsieur, so long as it ts," was the answer. French beans—"princesses" "flageolets"—are in great request, either, hot as a ner disb, or cold, dressed as salad with oil and egar. Boiled haricots also, plain, bot, or dressed salad, cold, come in as a substantial mess in winter. indispensable repast with the French working asant is his "collation," a solid slice of bread eaten four or five o'clock in the afternoon and frequently en with him or carried out to bim in the fields—haps with a little grease spread on it as a luxury—d consumed with a leaf of sorrel or lettuce laid on s a thumb piece; or their place is taken by a few ing onions—the thinnings of the beds—or a clove garlic. In the South a red, fiery capsicum is thus ulged in, to relieve and season the bread—wbich, haps, is partially made with the flour of maize. pported by this inexpensive treat the rustics resume ir work till supper time.

Because people use the same words, it does not ow that they mean the same thing. The word tridge, for example, means one bird in New Eng-d and another bird at the South, and the signifi-ce of even so common a term as toast appears to subject to wide fluctuations. On the second day from Fort Smith (says Colonel Marcy), we halted the night at a respectable-looking farm-house, my New York companion readily obtained from hostess a promise to make a nice dish of toast and p of tea. In due course supper was announced, we seated ourselves at the table. The disbes be-us consisted of fried bacon floating in grease, e corn-bread in the sbape of hand-grenades, and antity of glutinous, half-baked, hot biscuit, neither which seemed calculated to tempt the appetite of gentleman from New York, who called for the t. The landlady replied that she "had it on n', and she 'lowed it would soon be done." Cap-McClellan and myself exchanged significant ces, but my friend from New York appeared not ppreciate the joke, and inquired what sbe meant rying toast. Sbe assured him it was all right, as ould soon see for himself. When it came on the e, it appeared that she had taken the loaf, cut it wo parts, placed them in a pan, and fried them in se for about half-an-hour. My friend did not to relish this method of cooking, and explained e hostess in detail the proper method of making t, whereupon sbe said: "Oh, I see; you want it bread. I thought you wanted toast."

The first requisite for making mayonnaise is perfect ness of utensils and materials. The eggs, oil, gar, bowl, and egg-beater should be on the ice for our or more before they are used. When the work gun, the bowl in which the mixing is to be done uld be set in a pan of ice-water, in the coolest er of the kitchen. The yolks of two eggs, drained of the whites, should be dropped into the bowl, mingled with a few turns of the egg-beater. To must now be added a couple of drops, no more, e best salad oil, and these must be stirred in with l minute's revolution of the beater. Two more s, another minute's whipping, and so on for ten utes. Then the quantity of oil may be increased e or six drops at a time. Be careful to beat vig-sly between these additions. Soon the mixture begin to thicken, and now the oil may be put in e teaspoonful, whipping it thoroughly, until the onnaise has reached such a consistency that the beater moves with difficulty. A teaspoonful of gar thins it a little, and then more oil is again d. Thus the work goes on until the requisite unt of dressing, of the thickness of very rich n, is ready. A pint of oil may be used to every and vinegar enough to keep the mayonnaise at lesired consistency. At the last, salt to taste, and le white pepper may be stirred in, and the whole n to be set on the ice until it is needed.

American eyes a Cuban kitchen looks very ge and unusual. In it one does not see the range and numerous shining tins, and, in place ir portly Bridget, one finds generally a colored or an almond-eyed son of the Celestial Empire. kitchen is the yard, generally tiled on its sides oor. You will notice running from one side of itchen to the other a flat platform, and, at inter-of two feet, a grate about five inches wide and ches deep. These grates are built in the solid orm and bave the draft underneath. There are ly eigbt or more of these grates. Each one is ly independent of the other and bas its own sep-fire. Charcoal is the fuel used, and the gas and of cooking all go up a large chimney built over platform, so that one seldom gets the benefit of dors. The cooking utensils are few and simple, ure generally of glazed earthern-ware. No bread ke is ever made in any Cuban family; it all s from the baker's and is of excellent quality. ooking is as different from American cookery as kitchen.

e author of an amusing book called "Behind nngalow," which has just been published, prints ollowing bill of fare, elaborated by his native Domingo:

Soup.	Joint
Salary Soup.	Roast Bastard.
Fis.	Toast.
Heel fis fry.	Anchovy Poshteg.
Madish.	Puddin.
Pups. Wormsil mole.	Billimunj. Ispunj roli.

e author of this bill of fare had objection to deviled turkey. "Devil," he said, "very bad "; so the dish appeared on the programme as —d turkey."

e cognac-brandy grape, which very much resem-he cbampagne, is a small white berry the juice ich, previous to distillation, tastes like very bad cider.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

In a Hammock.

I rock in the lazy hammock
Beside the lattice bars,
While daintily dance the shadows
Of the blue clematis stars.

And while I am in this shallop
With a pleasant book to read,
A vague mysterious something
My swinging doth impede.

My eye from a chastened lyric
I cast on my small canine,
Who is standing beneath the hammock
With parabolic spine.

He trembles and still he is rigid,
His pleasure I indulge
Watching his caudal quiver
And his eye-balls shine and bulge.

For I know what a sweet sensation
Is through the doglet shot,
When I agitate in passing
Above him the proper spot.

And I know if I had the patience
He would stand as now he does,
Till his back shone like the spotlet
Where my front hair used to was.
—*R. K. Munkittrick.*

A Summer Tip.

When you upon the sands would lie,
And under her umbrella hide,
Upon your rival keep one eye,
But keep the other on the tide. —*Life.*

In August.

Lives of great men all remind us
We should try to keep our hair;
Or when summer's flies shall find us,
We shall very likely swear.
—*Omaha World.*

The Blarney Stone and Plymouth Rock.

The harp that once thro' Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
No longer hangs on Tara's walls
As if that soul had fled;
It wakes, at Plymouth Rock to twist
The British lion's tail,
And scare the haughty Briton with
The Irish Clan-na-Gael. —*Puck.*

What's in a Name?

Behind the honeysuckle's trembling blooms,
A beauty fairer than the eye of day
Swung in the lazy hammock to and fro
Like a tall lily in the twilight wind,
And to her lordlet in an easy-chair
She murmured in a pettish manner: "Maud"
And "Helen"; and it seemed that she would tease
Him with allusions to the various girls
That made his single days less wearisome.
And then she said: "Jessica," "Eleanor,"
Till he, provoked, looked up and thus replied:

"Abigail, Rebecca,
Myra, Isabel,
Dorothy, Jemima,
Marjorie, Estelle,

"Frances, Araminta,
Julia, Margaret,
Laura, Emma, Florence,
Dora, Violet——"

"Yes," she broke in, with just a tinge of feeling,
"I know there is a charm in 'Violet'
That always lights you with a pleasant smile.
And then there's 'Gladys' and 'Mehitable'
And 'Dorothy.'"
Unseen behind the vines,
She spoke as with a vexed and jealous look,
Such as she'd wear on finding in his coat
Some faded letter with a faded flower,
The precious missive of a long past day,
Wrapt in a most celestial memory.
And as again she murmured "Marion"
And "Susan" in a most sarcastic mood,
He tootled on his comic syrinx thus:

"Angelina, Dorcas,
Cora, Sarah Jane,
Annabel, Johannah,
Harriet, Elaine,

"Rosalind, Cornelia,
Georgiana, Jean,
Evalina, Charlotte,
Agnes, Josephine——"

It seemed he took a most divine delight
In murmuring these names to let her see
He'd have her well acquainted with his past,
To let her see he'd been a favorite,
And have her fancy all those happy hours
Paved with rosebuds and tender memories,
So when again she trilled "Olivia,"
And followed it with "Edna" and "Lucille,"
He with a hollow and sarcastic laugh
Proceeded with no punctuation point:

"Matilda Theodora
Zuleika Mildred Fay
Carlotta Adelina
Lenore Theresa May

"Lucretia Edith Mabel
Elizabeth Louise
Oh, bother! call the blooming
Infant what you please!" —*Puck.*

The Telephone Girl.

I'm a Central Union Telephone girl,
Ting-a-ling-ling, ting-a-ling-ling,
I come when you give your 'phone-handle a whirl,
Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling, ting;
I'm queen of a hundred holes here in a row,
A hole for each telephone number, you know,
And for each of these holes I've a cheery "Helloa!"
Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling, ting.

I can hear every word that you speak o'er the wire,
Ting-a-ling-ling, ting-a-ling-ling,
E'en down to the whispers of love's fickle fire,
Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling, ting;
I know all the secrets there are in the town,
Where faithless men smile and suspicious wives frown—
It would take me a year just to write the half down.
Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling, ting.
—*Columbus, O., Dispatch.*

James and William.

When Jimmy Riley and William Nye traveled the country over,
A-lecturing and cracking jokes, and wading deep in clover,
'Tis said that Riley's face would wax into a broad-gauge smirk,
And, taking frisky Bill in tow, would huzz a hotel-clerk,
And with a twinkling and a winkling, and a twisting of his eye,
Would say, "We want the best room you can give to Bill 'n' I."
Then William, with his dryest smile—indicative of humor—
Would say that Riley wasn't big enough to make a rumor;
'Twas not because this was a joke that William prized it highly,
But because he knew it always served to make James Whitcomb Riley. —*Oil City Blizzard.*

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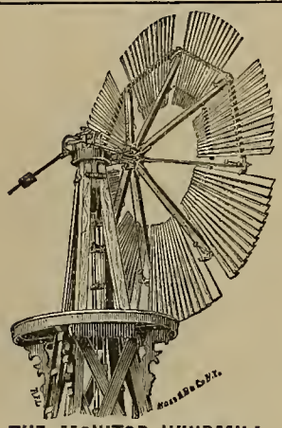

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M. Pixley, - - - - - - - - - - Editor.

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e we reflect that the earth came swinging into space s hundred millions of years ago, a molten mass of matter twenty-five thousand miles in diameter, and has aged in the process of cooling off, from the poles opic centre, giving birth to animal and vegetable wheo we reflect how short a period of existence is to human-kind, how narrow a space we occupy, and ether unimportant a figure do the most important of the divine economy, we may not be surprised that ions are local and short-lived. The war which cost n of lives and the accumulation of a national debt, e payment of which the politics of a nation centres, red within a generation and heen forgotten by all save engaged in it or suffered by it. Our imperial neigh- s an ocean westward has heen within our time rent war, overflown hy rivers bursting embankments, till and starvation half-a-score of millions have perished. r time, convulsions have shaken the very foundations th; war has in almost every populous empire tracked pathway over crushed humanity. Hence it is not sur- heo a man reaches the ambition of his life, and reaps t for which he has bravely toiled, lets his light go out nt, or finds the Dead Sea fruit turned to ashes in his grasp, that it should create not more than a momentary flutter, and that within the circumference of hut a narrow locality. David S. Terry had bravely hattled for a life-time that he might turn his toes to the daisies with his boots on; Cæsar or Napoleon could not do more; Torquemada and the bloody Duke of Alva earned only a wider and not a better celebrity. Lucretia Borgia and Cleopatra only achieved broader fame than the disconsolate widow, who now enacts her tragi-comedy around all that is mortal of a life gone wrong. Our little tea-pot has hoiled aod bubbled over and put out the fire. Terry is a memory. The Sharon case is a *cause célèbre* filed away in dusty pigeon-holes, from which the romance-writer can gather the strange history of a curious crime. There may he a precedent or two to come out of the case for some new crop of lawyers to cite in defense or prosecution of some later conspiracy formed for the plunder of a rich man who was weak and foolish. So long as the young gentlemen of the har, who are ambitious for the distinction of connecting their unimportant names with the arrest of a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States for the commission of an act which was not a crime, and for which he is only grateful and not responsihle; so long as any part of the community of Stocktoo, or any numher of men ambitious to he enrolled as friends of the "deceased gentleman," may wish to revive the controversy of "State rights," which we had supposed was settled hy the war—this agitation will cootinue, hut like the stone dropped in placid water, the larger the circling movement the less important will it seem to he. Our advice to the small and select company of mourners is that they accept the verdict. Yet there is one thing we regret, and that is, that the church whose sacred symhol is the cross, upon which two thieves were crucified, could not find it consistent to let some priest read the offices of the dead over the remains of him who had fallen. There could not have died a wretch so vile who, had he heen popular and rich, would not have heen sent to the gates of the Golden City with a crown of prayers and a mantle of sacred ceremonial to impose upon Saint Peter for admission. With David S. Terry we have no sentiment in common, no sympathy for any part of his life, and we do not at all assent to the doctrine of *de mortuis nil nisi bonum;* hut, had we been a priest of the Church of Rome or of England, we would have said a prayer for a wearied, troubled soul that had reached its journey's end.

The course of Judge Field through this troublesome business has been in the highest degree creditahle to him. He has acted with dignity and courage, and his conduct has heen characterized hy most excellent taste. His answer, when requested to go armed against the assault of Terry, is worthy of preservation: "No, I do not and will not carry "arms, hecause when it is known that the judges of the "courts are compelled to arm themselves from an assault "offered in consequence of their judicial action, it will be time to "dissolve the courts, consider government a failure, and let "society lapse into harbarism." And now that his assailaot has heen arrested in his career by death, all honest men who respect the law will hreathe more freely. Judge Terry had gained a most questionable reputation, not for courage in the right direction, not for generosity which overlooked, or forgave, or forgot offenses against himself or his interests. He never conceded the right to any man to hold an opinion in opposition to his prejudice, or cross the path of his passion with impunity. He could, with vulgar whisper, insult the judge who rendered an opinion adverse to his client, and with profane language assault the attorney who had the misfortune to he retained for the man whose cause he did not champion. He had become a terror to society and a walking menace to the social circle in which he revolved. His death was a necessity, and, except here and there a friend of hlunted moral instincts, there will be found hut few to mourn his death or criticise the manner of his taking off. To say that Marshal Neagle should have acted in any other manner than he did, means that he was to have left Judge Field in the claws of the tiger and at the mercy of an infuriated, angry monster, who had never shown mercy or generosity to the enemy in his power. There comes up hefore us the memory of David C. Broderick on that cold morning hy the sea, when he stood shivering and faint, but not with fear, surrouoded hy a riog of practiced duelists, armed with a pistol which Colonel Baker said was "educated with a trick." Broderick fell, pierced to the heart, aod died after thirty hours a lingering death of pain. When sentiment is aroused over the death of this man, who, in the presence of a public concourse, endeavored to compass the life of a jurist whom he had wantonly insulted, while his accomplice was bringiog him his weapons for the murder he contemplated, let us remember Broderick. We hope this matter has terminated, and that she who has caused it indulges in a sorrow sincere enough to permit Judges Field and Sawyer, Mr. Frank Newlands, and David Neagle to live in peace, and we earnestly hope she will not endeavor to assault the deputy-marshal with the little pistol she has so often shown, but has had no occasion as yet to use.

The suhject of this controversy, and the elahoration of its details, is growing tedious, and yet we claim indulgence for its consideration, hecause from such incidents society draws its lessons of experience, and on them founds its judgmeot for future action. It is curious to observe how differently different men estimate the conduct of the slayer of Terry. The man who does not approve the killing of Judge Terry finds critical objection to the manner of his taking off. The man who does not like Mr. Justice Field finds some apology for mixing his name with the tragic incident and endeavors to hold him morally responsible for the act. We know Judge Terry as we know Mr. Justice Field, *i.e.*, we know what manner of men they are, hecause their lives have heen spent within our ohservation. Like the writer, they came as young men to the State in its early history, Judge Terry from the South, Judge Field from the North. Both men were brave. One was impulsive, one was in all his actions calmly deliberate. Judge Field came from the hest educated class of society in the North; Judge Terry, we helieve, from that class of Southern men who have prided themselves in the display of personal courage. Judge Field has achieved the highest distinction of the profession he honored hy his learning, and reached the highest judicial position attainahle in a government of sixty millions of people. He has heen regarded as a candidate of his party for the Presidential office. If it had not heen for Judge Terry and the men whom he drew around him, Judge Field might have heen nominated and might have been elected. It was a small hand of jealous, local malcontents who prevented him from receiving the highest distinction of earthly power as estimated hy all men who love repuhlican government. Judge Terry had heen made a judge of California's supreme hench when it was attainahle hy political and party finesse, and when the prejudice of local questions carried more weight than judicial learning or integrity, which in Judge Terry was never questioned. The steady progress of Mr. Justice Field from the position of village attorney to the supreme bench of the nation is in marked contrast with the tumultuous life of the turhulent, quarrelsome, unquiet soul who served in boyhood as a scout for Indians, in later life as a soldier in Mexico, as a leader of a fighting expedition across the plains, as a Know-Nothing politician contesting for judicial honors, as a duelist, as a "law-and-order man," when the term meant opposition and armed resistance to the administration of the law, as a Confederate soldier, as a man of so desperate a courage that he thought himself strong enough to set at defiance the canons of the highest moral code which regulates society in its social intercourse. Judge Field has survived the unhappy cooflict which has carried Judge Terry to his grave. He is more highly honored now than when this quarrel was thrust upon him. He has lost no friend; he has made thousands of new ooes, who honor him for protecting with his life the honor of the American bench, the dignity of the American har, and the credit of the American name. In the home where Judge Terry lived, he went to the grave almost unattended by the friends of his social surroundings; no clergyman consenting to read the service of his burial; the

supreme court, over whicb be had presided as cbief-justice, refused to adjourn in booor of bis death; the press and public opioion, for a wonder, in accord over the maoner of his taking off. We may not regret the death of David Terry; we may regret the necessity of taking his life. One might admire the stateliest beast which roams the forest, take pleasure in contemplation of his brute strength, and, at safe distance, take delight in the terror of his angry roar; but to meet him with foamiog mouth, as he lashes his sides with his tail, one might be justified in thinking his own life more precious than that of the monarch of the forest. We have not considered the death of Terry from any other standpoint than his own; we bave not sougbt any hypothetical case; we measure its value in the market where he exposed it, and our estimate of its value at what be considered other and better lives to be worth.

From the news columns of the *Examiner* we make the following extract, as foreshadowing the theory of defense of Marshal Neagle for the killing of Judge Terry:

Neagle and Terry were not strangers. for Neagle had disarmed Terry on the occasion when, in the Sharon trial, the wife insulted the court and the pair were sent to jail. Judge Field had refused to refrain from entering the breakfast-room, although he knew the Terrys were on board the train and would be at breakfast and would be armed.

It was a brave act. Neagle endeavored to prevent a collision, and when it occurred, he had no other alternative than to take the assailant's life. Field was seated at the table breakfasting when the Terrys entered the room and recognized him with Neagle sitting by his side. Terry gave no sign, but the wife glared at Field and left the room.

Terry went to the end table of that row and took a seat where he could watch Field. Presently he got up and, as if to walk out of the room, started down the aisle behind the back of Field. Neagle thought that he wished to leave the room on account of the unpleasantness of the meeting, and had gone behind them rather than attract their attention by passing in front of them. It was this thought that made him careful not to look back, but he followed Terry's movements by glancing from the corner of his eye until Terry had got behind him. He thought that Terry had continued on his way out of the room, when suddenly he heard a slap and saw Justice Field stagger from the effect of a heavy blow in the face. It was not a light tap, for it made the justice stagger and knocked off his glasses. As quickly as he could, Neagle jumped up and called to Terry: "Stop, sir, I am an officer," just as Terry struck Justice Field a second blow with his clenched hand. Terry turned and saw Neagle. Instantly he recognized him as the man who had disarmed him. His hand that had been drawn back, as if to strike another blow, was arrested, and he moved it down toward his vest for his knife.

Neagle realized that unless he acted promptly both Justice Field and himself would be cut to pieces. He realized that Terry regarded him as an enemy, too. There was no mistaking Terry's purpose, and Neagle shot as quickly as he could. He shot twice, and he shot to kill, for he felt that Justice Field and himself would pay the penalty of death for any failure on his part.

He explained his official position to the crowd, and hastily escorted Justice Field to his car.

Mrs. Terry claims that Judge Terry did not have his knife on him, and that it was in her satchel. Not having a knife, Terry could not have reached for one, though it might be said that he could have made such a movement from force of habit.

Neagle will have witnesses at the trial to disprove Mrs. Terry's statement. First will be Mr. Stackpole, who will swear that when he took her satchel he searched it, and there was nothing in it but a pistol. Later she had both the knife and pistol in the satchel. She will be asked to explain where the knife was in the meantime, and Neagle will have witnesses to show that she took the knife from Judge Terry's body, and, going back to the car, put it in her satchel. When she saw Judge Terry lying on the ground, she threw herself on his body, completely covering him. One witness will testify that he said to her, "Give him air." He saw her fumbling at Judge Terry's vest. Another witness will testify that he saw her take the knife from Judge Terry's vest.

It was not until she had done this that she called on the by-standers to search her husband's body and see that it was not armed. They can not say that it is outrageous to charge her with thinking of making evidence before her husband's dead body was yet cold, because she was doing exactly that thing when she called out to people to come and search the body.

In speaking of Judge Terry's recognition of him, Neagle said to a friend: "Whatever opinion I might have had before about Judge Terry's willingness to engage in a conflict, there could be no mistake about his intention when he saw me. He fairly leaped at Justice Field and myself with an exultant look on his face as much as to say, now I have got you both. It was not hate then so much as pleasure to think that his enemies had been delivered into his hands. He would have cut us to pieces in a second. There was no mistake about it. He never thought of anything except his pleasure at anticipated vengeance. Brave! Why the man never gave a thought to anything but his revenge. I never saw more complete fearlessness before. I tell you, if I had been slow there would have been two corpses in that dining-room, and mine would have been one of them. I don't know what he intended to do when he struck Justice Field from behind, but I know he meant murder when I put out my hand and cried: 'Stop!' I have not forgotten that when he was arrested he told the reporters, and they published it, that he had been in the habit of going armed for more than thirty years, and I had seen that knife in his hand before."

An important witness will be the conductor of the train. He will be called to show that Mrs. Terry asked Stackpole what he had done with Terry's pistol, and never spoke of a knife. He says that when she came in the second time she said to Stackpole: "What did you do with Judge Terry's pistol?" He replied that he had taken charge of it. She said: "You have no right to take anything from Judge Terry's valise." She sent some telegrams after that, spoke of her lecture tour, and threatened to show up Stackpole, the conductor, the engineer, and others who had protected Justice Field. She said: "Stop Field before the train gets in. If he gets on the bench once he can not be removed."

On the twenty-ninth of August, a special meeting of the Chamber of Commerce is to be held in San Francisco. Io-vitations to participate have beeo issued to the Board of Trade, to all other commercial organizations on tbis coast, to the Pacific Coast Congressional Delegation, and to the Senatorial Committee now in San Francisco. And what is the cause of this special meeting, in wbich the mercantile community is so interested? It is, to use the language of a member of the Chamber of Commerce, interviewed in a local daily, "because many of the leading merchants of this city view with alarm the encroachments of the Canadian Pacific Railway upoo the domestic carrying trade." It is a rather grim commentary upon the intelligence of San Francisco's merchants that only at this late day have they discovered that the interests of this city and State are identical with those of the Pacific transcontinental railroads. In the article referred to, W. L. Merry is quoted as saying: "If it is proper to protect our domestic carryiog trade from foreign competition by water, it is equally necessary to do so by land. The fourth clause of the Interstate Commerce Law should also be liberally interpreted as regards San Francisco." L. L. Baker, of the firm of Baker & Hamilton, said: "It is my impression that the Interstate Commerce Law should be repealed. If not repealed, then that portion of it which prevents fair competition with the Canadian Pacific for the carrying trade of this coast should be annulled." Charles Merrill, of Holbrook, Merrill & Stetson, said: "I believe the Interstate Commerce Law is detrimental to the interests of this coast. I regard the preseot state of affairs as militatiog directly agaiost American roads, to the advantage of tbe Canadian Pacific." James B. Stetson, of the same firm, agreed with Mr. Merrill, and said: "I believe that American goods should be carried in American cars." Such was the tone of tbe various interviews witb leading wholesalers. The change of front which bas been made by the merchants of this city is rather ludicrous, but it is universal. They bave been forced into their present position by that potent argument, fear of losing trade. They have at last seen—what some clear-headed men saw when the bill was passed—that the Interstate Commerce Law is a failure. This law is an outgrowth of the communistic feeling against corporations, which took its rise in the Western States, and is so strongly marked in the California Constitution of 1879. Let us take a glance at the conditions out of which politicians evolved the Interstate Commerce Law.

Among the evil effects of the civil war was the spirit of speculation wbich tbat period of economic disturbance fostered and left as a legacy to the country. Tbe uncertainty of business operations during the period of strife, the increased demand for capital, arising from the stupendous expenditures of the war drawing immense amounts of money from the channels of legitimate business, and resulting in an abnormal increase of interest, and the unprecedented profits of government contracts—all combined to accustom the public mind to enormous returns from investments, and encouraged the searcb for new fields of business enterprise. One of tbe most striking illustrations of this condition was the immense impetus given to railroad building, particularly in tbe States of the Mississippi Valley. There seemed to be almost a fear that railroads would not be multiplied with sufficient rapidity. During the five years succeeding the war, tbe railroad mileage of the country was increased more than fifty per cent., and each year more miles of new track were built than would suffice to reach across the continent. For purposes of transportation the area of each of these Western States was diminished more than half, and the entire West was brought several days nearer to the Atlantic sea-board. The most brilliant results were expected from this enterprise; but these bopes were doomed to disappointment. The roads had been multiplied more rapidly than the business of the country justified, and the shippers had looked for benefits that would have been impossible from any reduction of the cost of transportation, however extreme that reduction might be. From their disappointment, a reversal of public sentiment resulted. The railroads were accused of charging "what the traffic would bear," and this principle of charging, however legitimate when properly understood, was interpreted popularly to mean that tbe freight charges amounted to the value of tbe goods, minus the smallest possible return to the shipper. This cause of complaint was soon supplemented by another. It was charged tbat tbe railroads indulged in discrimination both as to persons and as to localities. In the personal discriminations it was urged that large shippers received lower rates than small shippers, either in the form of an absolutely decreased rate or in the form of a rebate. This practice, it was claimed, favored the rich at the expense of the poor, and encouraged monopoly. Opponents of tbe railroads never tire of citing the Standard Oil Company as an instance of tbe evil effects of this practice, attributiog all its success to the decreased freight charges granted it by the railroads. With regard to the discrimination agaiost localities a similar charge was urged, it being claimed that the railroads favored large cities and terminal points in their freight charges, even to the extent of often chargiog more for goods delivered at a way station than for goods carried a greater distance and delivered at a terminal point. It is undoubtedly true tbat in many cases hardship was wrought to individuals. In other cases, the acts of the railroads were fully justified by the circumstances, and resulted from the peculiar conditions under which railroad business must be transacted. But public opinion is seldom discriminating in these matters, particularly wben the pocket of the individual is deeply concerned, and the railroads were condemned without qualification.

The "granger" movement, io its political aspect, was the result. The grangers by their agitation soon made the politicians see that they were in earnest in their opposition to the railroads, and a politician is always open to conviction by an argument backed by numbers. The logic of the politician is always the logic of the majority. Adverse legislation followed a of course, and in 1871 the ball was set rolling io Ill law was passed fixing the maximum rates to be ch the railroads. A judicial decision by Judge Lawren ing the law unconstitutional, resulted in tbe defeat of at the next electioo, and in the passage of a law later providing for a commission to fix the rates. I nesota, and Wisconsin followed, and similar legisl adopted subsequently in twenty-two States. In where the law was most stringent, the evil effects conspicuous. In tbe second year of its operatioo n sin road paid a dividend, railroad coostruction came still, and tbe development of the State was checked. men who had favored stringent legislation in the h duciog their freight cbarges found their pockets mor affected by the decrease of railroad facilities. Two t made clear to them: first, tbat the profits of the roa been exorbitant, and second, that the railroads we great benefit to the people. The legislation finally se to the plan of providing for a commission empowered and to prohibit discriminations. But the State co failed to satisfy the expectations of the shippers, as ing of railroads had formerly done. Five years of railroad buildiog had been followed by five years repression, aod still they were unsatisfied. Failing true cause of tbe lack of success, the opponents o roads began to clamor for national legislation. road business bad been extended beyond the bou the States, and tbe inability of the State government interstate commerce must, io their opinion, be the the failure of the State commissions. The agitation for some time, various bills were introduced in Co successively defeated, until the logic of numbers agai itself, and, io 1887, a law to regulate interstate com enacted. The measures intended to attain this o practically been reduced to two, one introduced h Cullom, of Illinois, the other by Senator Regan, The latter bill was made the basis of the law, the provisions of the Cullom bill being engrafted upo law aimed to prevent exorbitant rates for the carria sengers and freight, to prohibit discriminations in fav ticular shippers, particular classes of goods, br business, or particular localities. It provided for sion of five members, wbo sbould exercise a very ge trol over the railroads of the country and should e provisions of the bill. The principal of these provi those providing for tbe rendering of accounts to th commissioners, the posting of uniform rates of fr fare—which might be decreased at any time, but co increased without ten days' notice—those prohibiti or division of freight among the differeot compa finally, what is known as the "long-and-short-hau which provides that "it shall be unlawful to charge any greater compensation in the aggregate for the t tion of passengers, or the like kind of property unde tially similar circumstances and conditions, for a sh for a looger distance over the same line, in the same the sborter beiog included within the longer." It is note that in this act, and more particularly in the act commission appoioted under it, the charging of rates, which was the chief cause of complaint, has ordinated to the prohibitions of pooling and discr This is the result of the not generally admitted fac profits of the railroads have been found to be not but, in many cases, less than sufficieot to give a reas turn on the capital invested. As in all other branc iness, there is great inequality in the profits of th roads, resulting from differences in oianagement an stances, but taking the railroads in the aggregate—w only legitimate method of determining their profits ated from the personal element—the profits have from excessive.

Under the Interstate Commerce Act, a co was appointed which was as capable in its pers could have been selected in the country. The have done all in their power to carry out the provisio act and to assist the commission in their work. F have the evideoce of the commission itself, repeated i its annual reports. Yet, in spite of these favorable stances, the act has been far from fulfilling the expec its supporters. It is a weakness of popular govern it is taken for granted that a law will accomplish it object. Crude and ill-digested laws are enacted, in to popular clamor, which can not accomplish the objec enactment and often jeopardize the most extensive an ant interests. The Interstate Commerce Law was with acclamation as a final solution of the railroad Yet it scarcely went into operation before the folly practicability of some of its provisions were appare long-and-short-haul clause particularly proved emba The commission organized on March 31, 1887. T

ne day an application for exemption from the provisions of thi clause was filed; on April 7th, this exemption was granted. Dng the first month of its operation, the commission received similar petitions from ninety-eight corporations and gra ed the petitions in forty-three cases. In this emergency, the commission intrenched itself behind the clause "under sut antially similar circumstances and conditions," a phrase wh the advocates of the law had considered meaningless. Th fact was that the long-and-short-haul clause had been adted without a proper consideration of the peculiarities of railad business. In operating a railroad, the expenses are of two kinds, one kind being fixed, the other fluctuating according to the amount of traffic. Among the fixed expenses are those oected with the stations along the road—the salaries of sta n-agents and other employees. Within certain limits be remain unchanged, whether the traffic of the particular sta n is great or small. The freight and passenger rates to and from each station should be sufficient to cover this expe, and, therefore, where the traffic of a particular station all, the rates must be comparatively high in order to the smallest possible part of this expense on other sta- or Another element in the case is that freight carried to and stations must either be carried in partly empty cars or in ed" cars—those filled with freight consigned to different ns. In either case, the dead weight of the car, which is w s more than half the weight, becomes greater in proon to the freight carried, and therefore the expense of ge is increased. For these reasons, the rate to and from w station is often legitimately higher than to a through n, and the only method of adjusting the rates in accordwith the provisions of the law was by an increase of the o terminal points. But here another difficulty presents el Terminal points are usually railroad centres where a er of competing lines converge. The effect of compeis naturally to lower rates, and thus a railroad passing h a new country is placed at a disadvantage. Its nu- s way stations, where the traffic is not sufficient to ren- e station self-supporting, compel an increase of through which practically prohibits the railroad from obtaining re of through business. In this manner, the most en- ing roads have been placed at a disadvantage, and the g up of new country has been discouraged. Where mpetition against which the railroad must struggle is by the evil effects are even greater. These evil effects have been diminished by the practice of "pooling," the law unnecessarily prohibits. It has been shown in stern States, where pooling was practiced to a consid- extent, that under the pooling arrangements the rates owered more and the decrease was more regular than the condition of unrestricted competition. The regular- the decrease is a very important matter to the shippers, e extreme fluctuations do more to disarrange business an steady high rate would. The merchants of this city very vivid recollection of the business chaos which ed the "cut rates" and railroad war of 1886. Any ement between railroads must be enforced by a pooling ement in order to be effective. But pooling is prohibited, e railroads are thus left to unrestricted competition.

Al here a new and most serious difficulty has presented The completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway ought into competition with our transcontinental lines d free from all restrictions. It is able to carry g from the Atlantic to the Pacific, or to any of the al trade centres of the Northwest, in competition with ads, and at lower rates than they can possibly charge. nly is it free from the restrictions of the Interstate erce Act, but the Canadian Pacific is enabled, by culiar conditions of its construction, to charge exy low rates. The subsidies granted to this road r larger than is generally supposed. The Canaovernment has given this road a cash bonus of sixty dollars, donated twenty-five million acres of land, in- only such as is suitable for settlement, representing a of at least sixty-two million five hundred thousand dolre, exempted the lands from taxation for twenty years, e railroad from taxation perpetually, and has guaranteed opoly to the company for twenty years. With such ages, greater than any other road has hitherto enjoyed, hampered by the restrictions of an Interstate Com- Commission, it is not surprising that the Canadian is able to underbid the roads of this country. By of lines of steamers on the great lakes, it has cut exly into the carrying business of the Northwest, and by shing a line of steamers to China and Japan, it is g the Asiatic trade from this country. A recent de- of the Interstate Commerce Commission, that grain from the interior for shipment to Europe is subject to ovisions of the law in regard to the long and short as had the effect of increasing freight charges on this f traffic, and will result in turning more of this trade anadian channels. To this city a most serious matter, also, is the diversion of the Asiatic trade to the north, thus materially crippling the commerce of this port. Should the law be continued in force, this tendency will be increased rather than diminished, because the commission, recognizing its duty to enforce the law as it has been enacted, is making an effort to apply its provisions more stringently. Public opinion is finally being thoroughly aroused on the subject. This agitation has resulted in the calling of the meeting referred to in the beginning of this article. This meeting should avoid the error which has been formerly made in the discussion of the railroad problem. The fault is not with the Canadian Pacific Railway or with the Canadian Government. They have simply tried to obtain a larger share of the carrying trade by legitimate means. The fault is with the Interstate Commerce Law, which places the railroads of this country at a disadvantage in their competition with the Canadian road. Turning from the graver sides of this matter, there is a not unamusing phase to the question. It is this: The merchants of San Francisco have for years been steady, unswerving, and bitter enemies of the transcontinental Pacific railroads. They have fought them in every possible way—in private, in public, in political conventions, in legislative halls, and in the columns of venal newspapers. They have placed every obstacle in the way of these roads. When the railroad people attempted to establish their terminus here, they were driven away. Such was the hostility of the mercantile community to the railroads, that they hailed with joy the passage of the Interstate Commerce Bill as a panacea to all their ills. They were right. It is apparently not only going to remove the ills of trade, but trade as well.

The death of William Higgins does not convey to the *Argonaut* a sufficient sense of personal bereavement to permit its wallowing in the billowy grief which is now sweeping over the face of the press and suffusing with pallor the cheeks of the politicians. We do not quite agree with that so ancient maxim that it comes to us clothed in the language of an age which is past—*de mortuis nil nisi bonum;* but we ought, perhaps, to adopt the later and more practical one, "Speak not unkindly of the dead, lest you aid to preserve his memory." Mr. Higgins has been, in our judgment, a power of evil in the land; his influence, in our opinion, has been bad. He had virtues, and who has not? From within his domestic circle there has come to us no rumor of a wrong. That he was intellectually strong, we know; from him we have gleaned ideas; the man who leads the kind of men he led and achieved the results which he accomplished, must be a man of resolute purpose, strong will, and untiring energy. Mr. Higgins was a political boss of the party which exacted the allegiance and service of the writer. It requires a strength of will and an energy unremitting to lead good men and brave in the right direction; but it demands in addition thereto all the secret subtlety of a conspirator to lead corrupt masses and the time-serving patriots of the kerb through the intricate mazes of party debauchery, that they may escape the opening jaws of the penitentiary and the gloomy shadow of the scaffold. The party boss who makes and unmakes the fortunes of the office-seeker; who puts up conventions; who conducts elections; who serves great corporations in the halls of legislation; who makes governors, and senators, and courts—has at his command only the worst elements of society, only the mercenary, the criminal, and the cowardly. Unless a good man is a fool or indifferent, he may not be used by the party boss. If he is courageous and has brains, he is instinctively and naturally at war with the man who manages party politics in the lobby of legislatures, in the ante-room of courts, in the crowds which gather at conventions, and in the stolen and confidential interviews which bring him near the pockets of the men of affairs. The party boss is usually generous and always poor. Prosperity only attends the successful, and the road to this kind of success is through deep wading and over rough ways. The qualities which make a successful party boss sometimes produce parasites and slaves. The generous qualities which begin in conviviality sometimes result in inebriety and dissipation. The independent journalist and the courageous, honest gentleman are never found in association with party bosses. They can not be made serviceable, because they can not be used; they are liable to be dangerous, because they may not be silent. Mr. Higgins was "true to his word"; this was "policy," and it is the commonest of virtues, for the trickiest of politicians is never believed when he forfeits his promise; he is distrusted if he fails, he is ruined if he lies. Mr. Higgins was not a successful leader, and this is said to the credit of the Republican party, because it is a bad follower—only the worst and meanest of Republican party men are willing to follow any leader. Mr. Higgins was an Irishman, born in County Longford. He was a Romanist and intended for the priesthood. He came early to California and engaged in mining in Sierra County. He moved to Sacramento and engaged in milling. This is the account of his early life given by the press, and is altogether creditable to him. We wish he had remained in Ireland, and had he there become a priest and succeeded to his uncle's bisbopric, he would have not interfered with American politics, nor his life have come within our observation and criticism. Had he remained a miner, we should have wished him to be successful, and had he continued in milling, nothing would have pleased us more than to have been a consumer of his flour. Personally, we have known Mr. Higgins for thirty-five years, and during all that time he has been in politics, first in Sacramento as deputy recorder, then in San Francisco, where he has resided nearly thirty years. His occupation, as we have it, is that of a saloon-keeper, and his profession that of party boss. He has driven ourself and better men from the Republican party by the use of means which, while he lived, we criticised. For long years the *Argonaut* endeavored to counteract the baneful influence of boss politics, and as we have done it openly when Mr. Higgins exercised an influence we felt and wielded a power we were compelled to respect, if not to fear, we may be indulged in refusing to join in the exhibition of sorrow which is but hypocrisy and in the laudation which is insincere. Mr. William Higgins was the type and embodiment of all that we bold most objectionable in politics. He was an Irishman, a Romanist, a party boss, a lobbyist, and, by virtue of his occupation, we could bave nothing in common in sympathy or interest with him. So feeling, we have deemed it better and braver to say that his death carries with it, to us, no sentiment of personal bereavement, asking for ourself as kind a criticism when our work is ended, and when, like him, we are laid defenseless before those who shall have completely differed from us in our sentiments, our opinions, and our conduct.

The editor, like the school-master who goes abroad, is sometimes unusually honored. We have heard, with infinite satisfaction, that our townsman of the *Chronicle* has been dined by His Excellency the President of the United States, accredited to foreign courts by the State Department, made commissioner to the Paris Exhibition by the governor of California, has been dined and musically entertained by the wealthiest American lady in Europe, has bobnobbed with the daughter of England's queen, and sat at the festive board with the nobility and best blood of continental Europe. He has, upon his return, been called into Cabinet council with the administration, to consult upon the question whether the Chinese should be permitted to cross our continent; and now, on his return to California, the press of the great city of the interior of the northern hemisphere gives him the following notice:

M. H. de Young, editor of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, is prominently mentioned as a candidate for United States Senator from California to succeed Senator Hearst. Mr. de Young is an able journalist and a stanch Republican.

The *Argonaut* is the only journal in California that recognizes Mr. de Young abroad. The jealousies and rivalries of the daily press are so intense that the *Call*, *Bulletin*, *Examiner*, and *Alta California*—Pickering, Fitch, Hearst, and Irish—not only do not reprint from the *Chronicle* the account of Mr. de Young's social and political triumphs, but refuse to reproduce the items of news in which his name is so frequently and honorably mentioned. The eleven-story building now in process of erection at the corner of Market and Kearny Streets seems to have cast a shadow over our and the *Chronicle's* contemporaries of the daily press.

Suppose the seizing of sealers should lead to complications with Canada? Suppose the complications with Canada should lead to complications with Great Britain? Suppose the complications with Great Britain should lead to British threats of war? Suppose the Behring Sea to be one-half American and one-half Russian? Suppose the United States to be the vendee, Russia the vendor of the eastern half? Suppose Russia still to be the possessor of the western half? Suppose Russia to be a haughty power, jealous of her rights? Suppose the United States to be a humble power, but still averse to being trodden on? Suppose, in fact, the two powers to be sailing in the same boat? Suppose Russia to be an ancient friend of the United States? Suppose Russia to be an ancient enemy of Great Britain? Suppose Russia remembers the British soldiers of fortune who fought shoulder to shoulder with the Turk? Suppose Russia has not forgotten the barren victories of her latest war? Suppose Russia remembers how she was stopped at the gates of Constantinople? Suppose Russia has not forgotten how a British fleet sailed up the Dardanelles? Suppose Russia remembers British diplomacy in the Treaty of San Stefano? Suppose British insolence in forbidding Russian ships on the Black Sea still rankles in the Russian heart? Suppose Russia chafes at the British blockade on her pathway to India? Suppose the United States will not permit her part of the Behring Sea to be made a British lake? Suppose Russia should strike hands with the United States? Suppose these two great powers should inform Great Britain that they were pained to be obliged to differ with her? Suppose Great Britain should then sail in, and lick the United States and Russia? Well—suppose.

A DOUBLE RETRIBUTION.

It is a black, stormy night. The trees are swaying and creaking, and their gigantic branches are tossing about in the fierce west wind like huge writhing arms stretched out in intersected confusion across the shadowy road which winds for a couple of miles through a thick forest of pines. A heavy rumbling is audible in the distance, speedily resolving into the sound of carriage-wheels; it comes nearer and nearer, and then suddenly ceases. The carriage stands still. The horses are tired, and need no staying hand as the coachman scrambles down and walks from side to side, peering into the dense blackness which envelopes them on every side.

"Pierre! what is the matter?" rang out an impatient though melodious voice. The window was let down with a jerk, and a woman's head looked out.

"Madame," answered the man, deprecatingly, touching his hat, "the horses are tired. There ought to be an inn near, but I fear I have passed it. It is so dark and stormy that the road seems unfamiliar and I can not make out where we are."

"Drive on very slowly. I will look out too, and the first house we come to, you can get down and seek information. If it be possible, we will stay there the night."

The coachman mounted and did as he was ordered. Presently there seemed a break in the density on one side of the road. There was a clearing in the forest and a glimmer of light about a hundred yards away.

"Pierre!" came in sharp tones again, "go and see what that light is! The horses will stand still without you."

Pierre knew from experience that remonstrance was vain. His way was through thick underwood and long grass, and he dreaded some unknown danger with every fresh step. A long, wandering house of two stories soon stood up in black relief against the murky sky. He struck on a gravel pathway, and followed it up till he came half-way round the house and found a way of entrance. It was a low, trellis porch, with a narrow door. After fumbling about, he discovered a long wire with a handle attached, which he pulled vigorously. A jangled tinkle sounded faintly in the interior of the house. In a moment footsteps were heard, a bolt was withdrawn, and the door slowly opened. An old man in shabby livery stood there.

"Monsieur," said Pierre, "my mistress is driving from Fehrenstadt to Aronsen, and, owing to the storm, we have been delayed, and I do not know where we are. Can you kindly tell me how far it is to the nearest inn?"

"Humph, du lieber Gott!" the old man said; "there's no inn, as I know of, within six miles of here, and it is a ticklish road in the dark. Wait a bit, I'll go and speak to the master."

He soon returned, carrying a lighted lantern. "The Herr Graf sends his compliments to the lady, and will be happy to receive her as his guest till the storm is over. I will come down with you."

The two men walked with rapid steps down the drive and appeared on the road some twenty yards ahead of the carriage. Whether it was the unexpected noise in the distance, or the sudden gleam of the lantern light, the horses started and plunged, then galloped with ringing hoofs straight along the country road.

"Mon Dieu! My poor mistress!" cried Pierre, and he flew, as if possessed, after the runaways.

The lady, fortunately, had alighted some moments before, as Pierre's absence made her restless, and now she stood speechless, as she saw first her carriage, then her servant, disappear from before her eyes.

The old man shook his head as he looked round and mumbled to himself; then swinging his lantern high, he caught sight of the tall, erect figure standing motionless by the roadside.

"That must be the lady herself," he muttered. "If you are the lady who owns that vehicle, you had better come straight along to the house with me," he continued, aloud; "the horses can't be stopped, and your man will soon find his way back."

"There seems nothing else to be done," she said, decisively; "go on with your lantern and I will follow."

The man obeyed. They came to the house and stepped into a broad, low hall, with many doors leading from it.

"Where is your master, my man?" the stranger asked; "tell him that Baronin von Reichstein is the name of his guest, and she thanks him for his courtesy and would like to see him."

"Yes, gnädige," replied the old servant, "and will you please to take a seat in there, and I will send my wife, the housekeeper, to you." While speaking, he opened a door to the right, and the baronin walked in with stately step. It was clearly but not brilliantly lighted, and was a comfortable room, with low lounges and deep chairs, covered with an old-fashioned chintz; polished floor, with a few skin rugs lying about. She shivered, however, as she walked down the room, and, after throwing aside her traveling-cloak and bonnet, she sat down by the newly-kindled log-fire. She was a woman of fifty, at least, well preserved, and with a slender, even youthful figure. Her hair, though snow-white, was luxuriant and waved. Her features were delicately chiseled, and her skin, though somewhat wrinkled round the eyes and mouth, was like marble, and the reflection of the firelight gave almost a youthful shimmer to the eyes and a rosy tint to the cheeks. She took off her gloves, and putting her elbow on the arm of the chair, she leaned her head on a little white hand, sparkling with the gleam of costly rings. She must have been a very beautiful woman in her youthful days, and possessed that regular type of beauty which seldom changes its character, even in fading years. Heinrich, the man-servant, forgot to close the door, and, after knocking and receiving answer, he entered a room on the opposite side of the hall. It was a small library, and, seated at a writing-table, was an elderly man, with iron-gray hair, straight features set with classical rigidity, and, though strictly handsome, cold, passionless, hard. He turned round and faced the servant, who delivered the stranger's message, supplemented by certain explanations of his own.

"What name did you say?" asked the master, in even tones.

"Von Reichstein, Herr Graf."

There was a slight pause.

"Ah, very well. Send Martha here, and I will give her orders about our guest."

Heinrich bowed himself out.

A strange look came into the graf's face. He got up and began to pace slowly up and down the room.

"It can not be possible!" he murmured, clenching his hand; "after all these years, has it come at last? There can only be one Baronin von Reichstein. I must see for myself—be convinced that the name is not a mere coincidence."

So saying, he opened his door noiselessly, and, making no sound with the soft slippers on his feet, he stealthily crossed the hall and gazed from the shadow right into the other room.

The baronin, as though instinctively conscious of an unknown observation, changed her attitude, and her eyes moved uneasily from one object to another. The graf withdrew further into the shadow, still watching her intently.

"It is she! Oh, God, how little changed!"—his features softened and worked convulsively for some seconds, then set into the same unbending rigidity as before—"the same fair, false mask! How many more lies has it told since it lied my life's happiness away? She shall sleep in that very room to-night. It can not be coincidence that makes to-day the anniversary of that memorable occasion."

With a cruel smile that might have curdled a brave heart, he went back to his old seat at the writing-table, his eyes glistening with excitement, and a dull red spot on each pallid cheek.

A shriveled-up, little old woman, with a basket of keys, now entered and approached him timidly.

"Get some refreshments ready, Martha, and take them to our guest, in the morning-room. Light a fire in the north bedroom; the Frau Baronin von Reichstein will sleep there to-night."

Martha started as the graf spoke. "The north bedroom, did you say, sir? But——"

"The north bedroom," he replied, emphatically; "mind there is no mistake about it. Uninvited guests must be content with what is given them."

The old woman still hesitated, but lacking courage to speak, she shuffled out of the room. "Well, I never!" she said, half aloud, "the room that has not been used for years, and which folks vow is haunted. The master is a strange man, and no mistake."

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The Baronin von Reichstein had retired to her room. In spite of the large log-fire burning briskly in the open grate, there was a chilly, damp atmosphere hanging about the walls and furniture, which was of a heavy, sombre character. The bed was one of those ancient canopied four-posters of early days, and presented a funereal appearance. The baronin shivered the second time that night as she glanced round the room. There were two wax-candles lighted on the dressing-table, and their flickerings created uncanny shadows which lurked in every gloomy corner. She rang for more lights. When two more candles were brought by the old woman, who looked pale and frightened, she placed them on the high wooden mantel-piece above the fire-place.

"What can make me so uneasy to-night, I wonder?" she thought, impatiently; "those stupid horses and that idiotic coachman! How could I divine that I should be stranded in the middle of the forest, at the mercy of a man who seems either to have outlived the manners of ordinary society or never to have had any at all. The last premise seems the most likely. That reminds me, I meant to have asked his fossilized old retainer the name of her master." So communing with herself, she moved about examining the furniture, and finally drew a low couch, which seemed to have got in there by accident, to the side of the fire-place. Then she loosened her hair, drew it into one thick plait, removed a wadded silk-quilt from the bed, and then throwing herself on the couch, she arranged the coverlet over her.

"It would be an impossibility to attempt sleep in that hearse," she thought, viewing the heavy bed; "I wish it were morning."

She tried to sleep, but everything conspired to keep her awake. The thought of her coachman and horses did not disquiet her, but the rain beating on the window-panes, the curtains moving with the wind, the shaking of the door in the socket, the falling embers of wood—all these worked upon her imagination and took on a weird importance. She sat up, and, putting the coverlet round her shoulders, rested her feet on the fender and gazed into the fire. She hated to have time like this for thinking. She had lived through many strange and sad experiences which she never had wish or will to summon from the past. By dint of leading a busy, restless life, full of variety, friends, and pleasures, wrapped up in her only surviving son, who was married and happily settled, and to whom she was hurrying, she never allowed regretful moments to take her unawares, and if threatened with a sleepless night, always took a sleeping-draught, which effectually wooed and won the fitful god. To-night she was powerless; her baggage somewhere out in the forest, sleep refused to be conjured at will. She tried to concentrate her mind on the bright home of her son, but all kinds of gloomy shadows and voices of a dead past rose to defy her in those silent hours of the night. With sheer force of will she drove them back into their secret lairs for a time, but presently out they crept again—the stealthy, ugly, shapeless phantoms—on they came like a phantom tide, crowding, mounting, accusing, overwhelming—an offspring begotten of remorse and shame suppressed and concealed for more than a score of years.

She rose impatiently, shook herself, and began to walk about the room. She went to the alcoved window, drew aside the curtain, and looked out. The storm of rain was over, and through the swift-scurrying clouds were glimpses of stars and of the unfathomable firmament beyond. Just then the moon shone out, clear and still. She was not a timid woman; an idea suddenly struck her, and she went and put out the candles. Then she sank into a large chair by the window, with the curtain drawn half-way back.

A momentary lull, and back again came those relentless shadows, sad and terrible. She was gazing abstractedly into the darkness. Suddenly her brow contracted, and she pressed her hands tightly over her eyes.

"Am I demented?" she cried; "*his* face is the last I should ever expect to see in this world, and yet I seem to see it distinctly, stern and angry, as I saw it last. It was only an illusion!" and she gave a deep sigh, and looked out steadily again.

Nothing to be seen but the neglected shrubs and straggling grass, with a black background of lofty pines; a wild, weird scene enhanced in expression by the fitful moonshine and moaning wind. From one mood she dropped into another in the retrospective. Scenes came before her to which the former mood seemed but the prelude, and passed in shorter time than they take to describe.

The first is laid in an old garden, gay and trim, which has many winding walks and hedges of yew. There is a fountain and close to its gleaming marble rim are two figures—a man, tall, stately, bearing erect, in velvet coat, lace ruffles, buckled shoes, and a young girl, in the picturesque costume of the Trianon period, satin petticoat, bunched paniers, and sleeves of flowered silk, a soft muslin kerchief drawn loosely round the graceful shoulders, leaving the marble pillar of her soft neck bare and cool, little high-heeled shoes, and a coquettish fan. A large, drooping hat topped the dainty head, which was dressed high, with tiny curls straying over the rose-red ear and delicate neck. Her face is turned away. The man is bare-headed, and the breeze lightly lifts his thick chestnut hair from a broad, noble forehead, beneath which burn two passionate eyes which are bent, with yearning intensity, on the slender figure of the girl as she seems to sway like a willow in the wind. He puts his arms out slowly; she does not move away; then he draws her, with a fierce rapture, into a passionate embrace and devours the sweet, downcast face with his burning kisses. "My Ermantrude! Mine now and for eternity!"

A break in the vision.

The scene changes, and a second picture gradually unfolds on the inexorable camera of retrospection. Two people are walking down an avenue of linden-trees. The girl we saw before in the garden. Her companion is not the same; he is more massive than the lover of the last scene; his expression less intense; hair darker, eyes smaller. He is pouring out avowals of love and devotion. The girl turns her head coquettishly. By degrees he wins her attention; she allows him to kiss her and to put a sparkling ring on her finger. There is a narrow footway on one side of the avenue beyond the linden-trees, and an unsuspected observer has accompanied them step for step. It is the man with the chestnut hair and passionate eyes; he is breathing quickly with suppressed rage and excitement, and, as the final seal of the engagement-ring is put to the compact, he rushes forward, with a muttered oath, and confronts the lovers with flashing eyes and face inflamed with jealousy. "Hypocrites!" he struggles out, hoarsely. It was a tragic, a dreadful scene. The girl gives a sharp cry, remains as if struck for a second, and then, flinging her head up and pressing her hands over her ears, she flies back the way she came as if for bare life. The two men were brothers. Rudolph, the first lover, was poor and proud; Carl, the younger, rich and powerful. Carl looked at his brother in amazement. "How dare you make love to my betrothed?" gasped out Rudolph. Now it was Carl's turn to burst into frenzied indignation, and hot and strong, bitter and stinging were the words they hurled at each other. The passion played was too deep for depiction. They parted.

The third picture is slowly unfolding.

The brothers meet again at early dawn in the depths of a forest, where no ear can detect the clashing of swords, no arm of the law can intervene to avert the duel which may prove of deadly result to one or the other. The survivor to retain his bride. The seconds are officers from a neighboring garrison, over-zealous in their temporary office and righteous in the antipathy each bears to the opposing party. Carl is wounded to the death. Rudolph relents, and is never to return to the beautiful Ermantrude who has been false to both.

The Baroness von Reichstein only guesses at that third scene. She never saw either lover again after the fatal encounter in the avenue, but heard of the duel and Carl's death. To-day she turns sick and faint at the smell of the linden-trees. Even now, as she reclines in the low chair by the window, with tightly pressed lips and contracted brow, the sickly sweetness seems to float before her sharpened senses after the long thirty years' silence.

She shudders, and rises to leave her seat. She will take no sleep, now she has allowed these ghosts of a buried past to hold sway for a time; they will surely rest now. A scribable something arrests her; she can not move, not even raise her eyes. She sinks back. Still feeling that same sensation of an invisible barrier, she looks up, and becomes conscious of a light in the room. Just at first she forgets the candles are extinguished, and then a chill of terror overcomes her. There is a cold, phosphoretic, bluish light, filling the room mistily, dimly, and brightest round the bed. She dares not breathe; a dreadful oppression weighs her down; she wonders if she is going mad, and a sickening horror seizes her. All at once, after one rapid glance all around, she gives an agonized gasp and loses consciousness.

This is what she saw: On the bed the clothes were disturbed, showing the outlines of a massive figure; on the pillow, with closed eyes and a greenish pallor on the cheeks and forehead, was a rigid, ghastly face. There were stains of blood on the linen coverings, and by the bedside stood a shadowy form in the act of pouring some fluid from a bottle into a glass—the lady at the window here opens her eyes, and

fainated, horror-struck, staring look, every nerve strung, every limb tense, she followed each detail of the ghostly scene. Phantom-like figures pass in and out of the room, noiselessly and rapidly. Still that quiet figure on the bed sleeps on; still the shadowy figure by the bedside holds the glass in its hand. Now the figure of an aged man enters, misty and uncertain; profound grief is shown in his very attitude; he stands gazing on that quiet figure with a sorrow-stricken face that would warm the stoniest heart. Now he stands erect, seems to be listening to some one speaking at his side; as he listens his countenance changes, his features become convulsed, an awful look enters his face. He lifts his hand high up, and, with eyes fixed into space, seems to pour forth torrents of words. The figure on the bed moves, rises—"My God!" muttered the lady at the window—endeavors to clutch the old man's arm, opens his mouth to speak, but suddenly falls back on the pillow, and from his side, which now reveals surgical bandages, spreads a bright, crimson stain, which spreads and spreads till the whole bed seems flooded with red, and a red stream trickles to the floor and collects in a dark, ominous pool. The old man staggers, falls to the ground, and his horne swiftly hy shadowy figures from the room. Confused forms pass to and fro; the light becomes indistinct, the shadows less frequent and more dimly seen; in another moment all has vanished, the grewsome vision is past, only the moon shines into the room, throwing long silvery beams across the bed with its undisturbed linen and snow-white pillows.

But the door remains open, and a tall figure stands on the threshold. It advances, like the figure of relentless fate, silent, strange, and seems to seek something. The haronin's horror-struck eyes are still staring into space. Evidently they think in this fresh apparition as part of the awful pageant. She gasps to speak:

"You, too, Rudolph? I expected you. Do not look at me gravely! I did not mean it. How could I tell what would be the ending? I swear I never knew till to-night. I was so long then. A-a-a-h!" with a long convulsive shudder, "look at the blood," and she draws her skirt aside; it is only a red silk coverlet that has slipped from her shoulders. "I won't go till I tell you what my life has been—how I have been punished. I married, Rudolph! Yes—to try and forget. I have had six children, bonny boys and girls. Tony, the eldest, lived till he was six; then he was drowned in the lake. Pretty little Adèle was poisoned with berries gathered in the woods with a careless nurse. My handsome Eccard was killed by a fall from his horse. One of my babies fell down the well-staircase in the Reichstein Schloss, and was picked up dead. Two boys grew to be twenty; then one was killed in a railway accident, and now I have only my Ernst. He is married, Rudolph, the only one left. I am going to him to-morrow. Would to God I were with him now!" She died quietly. The words fell mechanically, as from the lips of an automaton.

"Your husband? Is he alive?" said the figure.

She did not think it strange that the phantom spoke. "He was killed in a storm ten years after we were married—twenty years ago. For one life, lo, six have been taken from me. My sin was great, but my punishment greater, for I loved Rudolph, and lost you for ever!"

The tall, erect figure never swerved. It was Graf Rudolph Wilding himself—no apparition. It was the white outline of a face that the haronin had seen through the window and not for an illusion. He drew back when he saw himself obeyed, and only appeared again to remain an intent, awful spectator of the ghostly phenomena that had just taken place.

"Baronin Ermantrude von Reichstein! The dreadful scene we have just witnessed repeats itself every anniversary night. The real tragedy that was enacted here thirty years ago. I know this, and for that reason caused this room to be prepared for you to-night." He spoke in icy, stern tones; she stretched her hand as if to ward off a blow, and bent her head with a faint moan. "After our unnatural duel, my unfortunate brother was carried in a dying state to the forester's house to die. My father was sent for, and learned at the death-bed the cause of the fatal quarrel. Standing there, he cursed the false woman, cursed all who loved her, and all whom she should love." The bent head and stretched-out arm at the window sank low, and seemed to press heavily on the arm of the chair. "He poured forth curses which roused the dying man to protest. His bandages hurst; death was instantaneous. My father died the next morning. I bought this house, and have lived and shall live to the end of my days. No hour will escape my memory if I live a thousand years. This is the room to which he was carried, that the bed on which he died, this is the very night on which he died."

He paused. There was a solemn, ominous silence in the room. The moon still shone through the alcoved window. The Graf's dark form was deeper in the shadow than before. No sound came from the crouching, motionless mass leaning over the chair.

"And now, Baronin Ermantrude, are you satisfied?" he continued; "true, you have suffered, but that is just. Let me remind you that the result of those sins, which our own folly and blindness lead us into, remains our constant, our nearest companion, till death deliver us from the burden."

He turned to go. The baronin never moved. Whether it was a faint touch of pity, a sudden stirring of remorse, or a vague misgiving which arrested his steps, he hesitated, came forward a few paces, hesitated again, his face working with conflicting emotions. She was hut a woman after all, and had suffered much.

"Frau Baronin," he said, gently. No word, no motion in answer to his call. "Ermantrude!" he whispered, hoarsely. Silence still prevailed. He took one stride forward and bent over the drooping figure, lifted her up, and laid her head back on the cushion.

Just then a silver moonbeam struck right across the pale, chiseled features, revealing wide-opened eyes, agonized and piteling, already fixed with the appalling, terrible stillness of death itself. Ermantrude, the sinning, the suffering, was dead! Rudolph started violently. It was not possible! He seized her hands; they were icy cold to the touch. He bent his head in agony of suspense to listen for the faintest heart-beat. All was still, intensely still.

"A three-fold murderer!" he muttered; "my brother, my father, and now my—Ermantrude!" he suddenly shouted. He knelt on the floor hy her side; he fondled the cold little hands, laid them against his cheek and kissed them; he murmured broken, unmeaning words of love and endearment. Was it fancy, or did those fixed, troubled eyes gradually soften into a quiet calm? Suddenly he came to himself again. He stood up, passed his hand over his eyes, looked long and fixedly on that pallid face, pressed a lingering kiss on the marble forehead, then swiftly left the room.

Listen! What was that? A shot, loud and piercing. It echoed clearly through the stillness of the early dawn which had risen fresh and calm after the stormy night. The sound did not rouse the two old servants. A few hours later, the rays of the morning sun lightly touched the rose-sprays hanging over the library window, then shot downward through the window into the room, and hovered over a still, lifeless figure that lay stretched out on the floor, face upward, one hand clutching a pistol, the other thrown across the chest.

* * * * * * *

Heart-disease the doctors told Ernst von Reichstein was the cause of his mother's sudden death. He adored his mother, and was almost broken-hearted when the terrible summons reached him. She had carefully concealed her weakness from him, but had known it herself for the last few years. No one could account for the second death in that house of terror that night. There were strange rumors about for months afterward, and the heirs of the last Graf von Wilding would not enter the house. It was closed up and allowed to fall to decay and ruin.

ADA INCHBOLD.

San Francisco, August, 1889.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Battle of Naseby.

[By Obadiah-Bind-their-kings-in-chains-and-their-nobles-with-links-of-iron, Sergeant in Ireton's Regiment.]

Oh! wherefore come ye forth, in triumph from the North,
With your hands, and your feet, and your raiment all red?
And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous shout?
And whence be the grapes of the wine-press which ye tread?

Oh, evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,
And crimson was the juice of the vintage that we trod;
For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and the strong,
Who sate in the high places, and slew the saints of God.

It was about the noon of a glorious day of June,
That we saw their banners dance, and their cuirasses shine,
And the Man of Blood was there, with his long essenced hair,
And Astley, and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert of the Rhine.

Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and his sword,
The General rode along us to form us to the fight,
When a murmuring sound broke out, and swell'd into a shout,
Among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant's right.

And hark! like the roar of the billows on the shore,
The cry of hattle rises along their charging line!
For God! for the Cause! for the Church! for the Laws!
For Charles, King of England, and Rupert of the Rhine!

The furious German comes, with his clarions and his drums,
His bravoes of Alsatia, and pages of Whitehall;
They are hursting on our flanks. Grasp your pikes, close your ranks;
For Rupert never comes hut to conquer or to fall.

They are here! They rush on! We are broken! We are gone!
Our left is horne before them like stubble on the hlast.
O Lord, put forth thy might! O Lord, defend the right!
Stand hack to hack, in God's name, and fight it to the last.

Stout Skippon hath a wound; the centre hath given ground:
Hark! hark!—What means the trampling of horsemen on our rear?
Whose hanner do I see, boys? 'Tis he, thank God, 'tis he, boys,
Bear up another minute: brave Oliver is here.

Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row,
Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the dykes,
Our cuirassiers have hurst on the ranks of the Accurst,
And at a shock have scattered the forest of his pikes.

Fast, fast, the gallants ride, in some safe nook to hide
Their coward heads, predestined to rot on Temple Bar;
And he—he turns, he flies: shame on those cruel eyes
That hore to look on torture, and dare not look on war.

Ho! comrades, scour the plain; and, ere ye strip the slain,
First give another stab to make your search secure,
Then shake from sleeves and pockets their broad-pieces and lockets,
The tokens of the wanton, the plunder of the poor.

Fools! your doublets shone with gold, and your hearts were gay and bold,
When you kissed your lily hands to your lemans to-day;
And to-morrow shall the fox, from her chambers in the rocks,
Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above the prey.

Where be your tongues that late mocked at heaven and hell and fate,
And the fingers that once were so husy with your blades,
Your perfum'd satin clothes, your catches and your oaths,
Your stage-plays and your sonnets, your diamonds and your spades?

Down, down, forever down with the mitre and the crown,
With the Belial of the Court and the Mammon of the Pope;
There is woe in Oxford halls: there is wail in Durham's Stalls:
The Jesuit smites his hosom: the Bishop rends his cope.

And She of the seven hills shall mourn her children's ills,
And tremble when she thinks on the edge of England's sword;
And the Kings of earth in fear shall shudder when they hear
What the hand of God hath wrought for the Houses and the Word.

—*Thomas Babbington Macaulay.*

The country home of Mr. Charles A. Dana is an island, called Dosoris, on the north shore of Long Island. The island consists of forty-five acres under a high state of cultivation, being one immense garden. The pasture and foragelands are on the main land. A sea-wall, over which hang festoons of vines, runs around the entire island. The house is an old one, but it is large and comfortable, and surrounded by vine-covered piazzas. A perfect lawn in front runs down to the Sound, glimpses of which are to be caught between the trees.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Back from rural scenes: "I suppose everything was very fresh on the farm?" "Yes; particularly the family."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Guest (to colored waiter)—"See here! I can't cut this steak with this knife!" *Colored waiter*—"'Low me, sah, to lend you my razah, sah!"—*Boston Herald.*

Servant—"A man to see you, sir." *Trumble*—"How is he dressed?" "He wears a silk hat and a flannel shirt." "Not at home. He must be a reporter."—*Time.*

Wife (tearful)—"You've broken the promise you made me!" *Husband* (kissing her)—"Never mind, my dear, don't cry; I'll make you another."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

"I heard you were fishing yesterday," said one traveling man to another. "Yes." "Have any luck?" "Yes, some; I didn't get drowned."—*Merchant Traveler.*

Briggs—"Young Smithers seems to be quite a favorite in society." *Braggs*—"Yes; he has the knack of saying indelicate things in a delicate way."—*Terre Haute Express.*

Rev. Primrose—"The tide waits for no man, my young friend." *Merritt*—"So they say. Still, when one lies down on the sands, it seems to wait till he's asleep."—*Life.*

Hubby—"What's the matter, my dear?" *Wife* (reviving from faint)—"Oh, I went to see if there was anything in the trap, and I found a horrid mouse there."—*Evening Sun.*

She—"Oh, see that scarecrow out there in the field." *He*—"That isn't a scarecrow." "It must be; see how motionless it is." "That's the hired man at work."—*Yankee Blade.*

Lieutenant of Hussars—"Caramba! I can't, for the life of me, remember just now whether I was to meet Catherine in Theresa Street or Theresa in Catherine Street!"—*Il Carlino.*

Shipwrecked but safe: *Jack Tar*—"We ain't so very fur from land, Jim! There's been a yacht along here lately." *Jim*—"How do you know?" *Jack Tar*—"See all them champagne corks."—*Life.*

A countryman had consulted a fortune-teller as to his future. "You'll be poor, kind sir, until you're thirty," was the prediction of the Pythoness. "And then?" "Oh! after that you'll get used to it."—*Judge.*

Mr. Kerbe Stone (just down from town)—"And are you enjoying your camping experience, Miss Gusherton?" *Miss Gusherton* (ecstatically)—"Oh, *ever* so much! Everything is so lovely and disagreeable, you know!"—*Grip.*

"I married for love, Dick, and I've had about enough of it! What did you marry for?" "Well, ye see, I'm an artist; I married Jenny for her figure." "That's only natural." "No, by George, 'twasn't natural! Mostly art."—*Life.*

Wife—"What's the matter?" *Husband*—"Cousin Harry was standing on a thousand tons of dynamite in Ohio last week, and they exploded." *Wife*—"Ah! let me see his letter. Does he say whether he was hurt?"—*Harper's Bazar.*

Solomon Rubenstein (in deep distress)—"I expect, fader, ve vas better sent for some ohf dose Elixir ohf Live, ain't it?" *Jacob Rubenstein* (very low)—"Vat vos you dinkin' ohf, Solomon? Did you vants me to lose mine insurances?"—*Life.*

Ted—"Are you going to call on that heiress this evening?" *Ned*—"No; not with this terrible cold." *Ted*—"What difference does that make?" *Ned*—"Why, my boy, in these days an heiress isn't to be sneezed at."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Dr. Bluff—"You stick too closely to your desk, Mr. Borrowit. I recommend you to huy a pair of Indian clubs." *Poor Jack*—"But I live in the city, doctor. It would take all my salary to rent a room hig enough to swing them in!"—*Life.*

"Your husband looks like a man of great self-control," remarked Mrs. Gadd to Mrs. Gahh. "Well, he hadn't much when I married him," replied Mrs. Gabb, "hut," she added, with a cold-steel look in her grey eye, "he's getting it."—*Exchange.*

Major Dashaway (of Tennessee)—"Do you know whether Colonel Bumphus, of Kentucky, has had his breakfast yet?" *Hotel bar-keeper*—"The colonel hasn't been to breakfast yet." "Are you sure?" "Yes, sir; he has only had four drinks this morning."—*Time.*

"I'm tired of living with such a homely woman," exclaimed William Rush, of Niagara Falls, as he walked away from his wife six weeks ago. The other day she was left a legacy of forty thousand dollars, and William hurried home to call her his angel one, hut she would not let him in.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Moldy-looking individual (to London police officer)—"Yes, sir, I've decided to give myself up. I'm Jack the Ripper, and I——" *Police officer*—"Sorry, hut we can't accommodate you, as we are overcrowded. There are seven more Jack the Rippers down-stairs, and you'll have to roost somewhere else to-night."—*Life.*

Traveler (in railway restaurant)—"Two soft-boiled eggs and a glass of milk, in a hurry!" *Waiter* (quarter of an hour later)—"Sorry to keep you so long, boss, hut de fact is, sah, dat dose——" *Traveler*—"That'll do. You may stand there and talk all day, hut you can't make me believe that it takes fifteen minutes to boil an egg three."—*Puck.*

"My dear sir," said an elderly passenger on a suburban train to a young man in the same seat, "don't you shudder when you read in the newspapers such a story as that about the death of that Hoboken man from delirium tremens?" "No, not very much," replied the one addressed; "I wrote that story myself from my imagination."—*Time.*

Life in a flat: *Wife* (covered with mortification on reading a letter just received)—"Oh, Egbert, I am so chagrined! I shall sink through the floor! I shall sink through the floor!" *Brutal husband*—"I wouldn't think of it, my dear. You would land exactly on Mrs. Smith's dinner-table, and he more chagrined than you are now."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Merchant—"You think your son would make us a satisfactory errand-hoy, do you?" *Mrs. Moriarity*—"Whativer 'e do, sor, 'e do it very quick." *Merchant* (turning to boy)—"James, take this note up to Captain Centrefield at the ball-grounds and be back in twenty minutes." *Mrs. Moriarity*—"Niver moind, Jimmy; coom ahn home. It's not a hye they're wantin', it's an angel."—*Life.*

He—"Yes, the acting is uncommonly good for amateurs; hut it is very evident that the play was not written specially for Miss Atherton, as they say it was." *She*—"Oh, how can you speak so positively? It seems to he adapted to her genius, I'm sure." *He*—"Yes, I know; hut haven't you observed that Lady Gertrude's lovers always call her 'My *beautiful* darling'?"—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Mr. Nuwed (tenderly, hut inflexibly)—"It seems to me that 'Lovey' and 'Sweetie' and 'Dearie' ought to afford you scope enough. It makes a man hlush to be called 'Darling' at every other word, particularly in the presence of strangers. But I draw the line at 'Duckey.' I won't be called 'Duckey' by any one!" *Mrs. Nuwed* (tearfully)—"All right, 'Birdie,' I won't. But I love you so much, 'Dolly,' that it's hard not to. Don't you understand, 'Baby'?"—*Puck.*

Stranger (in Boston)—"I beg pardon, sir; hut can you tell me the way to Milk Street?" *Native Bostonian*—"Go right down this street till you come to the Old South, and then——" *Stranger*—"The Old South? What's that?" *Native*—"Why, the Old South Church, to be sure! Do you mean to tell me that you never heard of it before? Most interesting building in all Boston. The British soldiers were quartered there during the revolution, and after that——" *Stranger*—"But I don't want to hear anything about the Old South Church. I only want to go to Milk Street." *Native*—"Well, if you don't care anything about the Old South, it's entirely immaterial whether you get to Milk Street or not."—*Puck.*

SOME PARIS VISITORS.

"Parisina" writes of the Shah and Other Less Married Men.

It amuses me to try and put myself in the place of the visitor who sees Paris for the first time. And I often catch myself wondering how this and that will strike the new-comer. To the newly arrived tourist, who has just been paying his maiden visit to the exposition, I invariably remark: "Well, what do you think of it? Does it strike you as grand, imposing? Are you agreeably disappointed or not?"

I wish I were on sufficiently friendly terms with the Shah to put these queries to his Oriental majesty. I should enjoy noting down his impressions, because he does not go about with his eyes in his pocket, and because he considers his pleasure only and scorns the trammels of etiquette. If he wishes to do a thing, he does it, supremely indifferent to what people will think. European kings and princes have but half a good time; they live in glass-houses and are always on the *qui vive* for stones. Now, Nasr-ed-Deen may or may not read our society papers. The chances are he does not and would not care if he did, and were a "high-life" reporter in Teheran to take it into his head to criticise the doings of the monarch, the chances are he would get short shrift.

Judging from appearances, the Shah is delighted with all he sees. The shouting of the people, as he drove through the town on the day of his arrival, pleased him; he looked gratified to see the flags waving at the windows, the soldiers keeping the line, and the crowds pressing on them behind, and to hear the cannon roaring away at the Invalides. And it appears he signified his complete approval of the arrangements made for his comfort, and greatly admired the mansion prepared for his reception. He has grown accustomed to the sight of royalty in plain clothes since he came to Europe, and M. Carnot, in his frock-coat and wearing no diamonds, did not strike him as a figure devoid of dignity, as the royalist journalists would fain have us believe.

Guzman Blanco's mansion, in the Rue Copernic, is not Buckingham Palace, nor is it the Palais d'Hiver at St. Petersburg, but it is a very luxurious dwelling, and the government has furnished it with the spoil of palaces, and—alheit a republic—has provided a canopied throne of crimson-and-gold for the sovereign, as well as sofas and divans for the Oriental. The bed which used to pillow the uneasy head of Charles the Tenth was placed in the Shah's sleeping-room; but we are saved the trouble of moralizing on the circumstance, since Nasr-ed-Deen travels with his own bedstead and cover lays his limbs on other mattresses than his own. The private apartments of the Shah consist of an immense room or hall—which is salon and audience-chamber in one—and a gallery above, reached by a winding staircase in one corner of the ball, where he sleeps. The President of Venezuela built the former for a hall-room and the latter to accommodate the band when there was dancing below, little dreaming what a high destiny was before it, and that within its modern walls the representative of the oldest monarchy in the world would one day repose. It does not belong to Guzman Blanco, but to a Mexican grandee, who purchased it of the Bank of France a few weeks ago, but who, however, will not enter into possession yet awhile, as it is to be used as a lodging for the sons of the Khedive and other exotic princes intending to honor France with a visit. The "Wales" and George of Greece came *incog.*, and so had to put up at the Bristol, not being the actual guests of the republic.

There is no doubt but that Nasr-ed-Deen thought the Eiffel Tower a very wonderful construction. No need to question. His face, so grave and inscrutable in an ordinary way, was quite animated. The descendant of the fire-worshipers would naturally admire the building that seems to climb the heavens, while the inquiring mind of the modern Asiatic was curious as to the methods which enable European civilization to accomplish such a stupendous work. At the same time, a cautious spirit deterred so infinitely great a man—in his own estimation—from exposing his precious life and limbs to the mercy of a cable and the perfect homogeneity of a pipe no higher than one's finger, though he kindly invited the members of his suite to make the ascension. Such an invitation on the part of their master is tantamount to a command, so up went the Shah's grand vizier and the Shah's chamberlain. If they had broken their necks, there are other fishes in the sea—other viziers and chamberlains in Persia.

While the Persian grandees were in the elevator, being hauled up to the top of the tower, their king of kings was wandering about in the grounds and exhibition buildings, and whenever he came across any souvenir of the Eiffel masterpiece he purchased it, and in the course of an hour had collected photographs, models of all sizes in silver and gilt metal, in glass and wood, pin-cushions and needle-cases in the form of the tower, mechanical toys with working lifts, sticks and umbrellas, the handles of which are modeled after this pattern. Some of these he ordered his attendants to pocket, others were to be dispatched straight to the Rue Copernic, but he stuck to one of the umbrellas, carrying it about with him throughout the day as proud of it as a child with a new toy.

Apropos of these purchases, the Shah shows himself in the light of an affectionate husband and father—of many wives and children, it is true. Somehow one does not think that a monarch professing polygamy entertains while in foreign lands a sentimental affection for the women of his harems and their offspring. Yet, there be was, the morning after his first introduction to the exhibition, superintending the packing of these models and pictures of the Tower Eiffel, and talking with pleasure of the surprise and delight of his babyish wives and their offspring when the trunks should be opened and their contents distributed among them.

I wonder whether the Shah will so far defy etiquette, and, like Haroun-el-Raschid, take surreptitious trips through Paris after dark. Perhaps. I wonder whether the chamberlain has orders to keep his eye open and secure any particularly attractive Parisian houris for the delectation of his master during his sojourn in the Rue Copernic. Surely there is a private door into the garden, and has not M. Alpband built a kiosque in the midst of the grounds and furnished it sumptuously? Nasr-ed-Deen, accustomed to be surrounded with beauty and lapped in luxury, is not likely to have suddenly become cold and indifferent to feminine charms, or to consider that he is sufficiently provided in this matter by the presence among his retainers of the lovely Circassian slave disguised as an aide-de-camp, who was presented to him by his embassador to the Porte.

There are many things of interest in Paris besides the Tower Eiffel and the Galerie des Machines. If the Shah is frivolously inclined, and if he does walk abroad, I do not think he will regret it. Imagine him taking his iced-lemonade on the boulevard and watching Circe as she trots along the asphalt, or driving in the Acacia. Anonyma and her sisters will all be there in the most killing costumes this week, and they will ogle every man with dark eyes and beard in the hope that he may be the Persian monarch in mufti. Inmates of harems are not likely to be tortured by jealousy, or else the poor, forsaken wives in the palace of Teheran must be having a bad time of it.

Other wives may be eating their hearts out, too, in widely different regions. I have noted that the majority of men who have come over to see the Paris Exposition without home incumbrances is very large. Of course a good many would have that admirable excuse of expense wherewith to silence protestations on the part of their better halves, while others may have alleged the fatigue of a flying visit to delicately nurtured women, and even appeared in an admirable and unselfish light to the companions of their bosoms whom they left behind. Perhaps they really were sorry to come away alone when they started. But, oh! for human nature. I do not believe one of them had been a week in Paris before, in his heart of hearts, he rejoiced to be free and untrammeled. Time and again, he might *think* he was sorry his little "wifey" was not by his side, the feeling, however, was likely to be short-lived. "After all, it is well to live and learn, and all things considered, I daresay," says the fickle one, putting the matter so as to still the small voice of conscience, "she is far happier at home, and . . . I will tell her all about it when I get back." Now, this is the very thing he will not do—tell her all. If she does not want to be told any lies, she had better not ask too many questions.

Talking about impressions, how different are those of the independent bachelor or husband on a lark to those of the devoted Benedict, who brings Mrs. Benedict with him and is properly devoted to her pleasure and comfort. The latter, up he-times, incited to early rising by his wife's example, passes the day visiting the exposition and the different sights. Not a corner of the exposition does he leave unexplored, not a single church or picture-gallery unvisited. Moreover, he has to do the shops, dance attendance on his wife at the dressmakers' and milliners', take her to the theatre and opera, to Versailles and Fontainebleau. He has no time for dallying, each day bringing its quota of work to be got through. Women generally make a toil of pleasure, men very seldom, and only when subject to petticoat government.

And the unincumbered Fortunatus, how does he pass his days in Paris? What would madam at home say if she knew her lord does not rise until nearly midday and is rarely in bed before one or two in the morning? He saunters out of his bedroom in time for *déjeûner*, a little earlier, perhaps, if he contemplates going as far as the Champ de Mars. He does not burry over his meal (why should he?), he is here to enjoy himself. So he chooses the dishes he likes best, and does not let care for the morrow interfere with his digestion. For the after-breakfast smoke and coffee he installs himself under the veranda of a frequented café. Happy man! He is due nowhere—save at home two months hence. Vaguely, he thinks he will look in at the Louvre, perhaps. Sculpture-galleries are cool and pleasant; he thinks he could dream away an hour in the company of the Milo Venus. But, somehow, he does not get farther than the Tuileries Gardens, and finally decides that he likes flesh and blood better than stone. When he left the conjugal roof he told Mrs. Benedict he should rub up his French. Doubtless she might not be best pleased if she knew he was conjugating the verb *aimer* in the company of the first pretty face he meets—quite in a Platonic way, of course. There are so many quiet, charming, little restaurants where two can dine under the trees.

But I will not follow him in his downward path. Let us rather suppose him virtuously doing battle with himself, resisting temptation, and merely watching from a safe distance the current of *la vie galante*. When at the exposition, instead of haunting the picture-galleries and the loan collections, you will find him watching the Almées in the Rue du Caire or handying words with the Moorish girls in the bazaar. Of course he will go to see the Gitanas, and thank his stars Mrs. Benedict is not with him. In town, too, there are many ways for him to spend his evenings. And when he has shaken the dust of the boulevards from his feet and looks back to the charming, unprofitable, lazy, delightful weeks he has spent here, his visions will be of crowded thoroughfares, brilliantly lighted cafés, music-hall dancers, graceful women, illuminated gardens, splashing fountains, delicate cookery, and all the sweets of life of which he has tasted in the course of his short sojourn in the French capital.

I do not want to deprive Paris of any of its visitors—and it is too late anyhow now—but if wives would, in the words of the nursery rhyme, "keep their husbands safe abroad, why, keep them safe at home!"

PARISINA.

PARIS, August 2, 1889.

The division in the English Parliament upon the royal grants, on Labouchère's amendment, was rejected by a majority of three hundred and ninety-eight to one hundred and sixteen. On the division, Gladstone and Parnell voted with the government, but Labouchère had a majority of the Gladstonians and the Irish Home-Rulers against their leaders, only forty of Mr. Gladstone's Liberals followed him into the lobby. Indeed, this vote would indicate that the Gladstone-Irish coalition was going to pieces.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Dumas once said to a young gentleman who was invited to a Ri soirée, and was dazzled with the stars and ribands of the gent present: "You are the most distinguished man here this evening, Dumas to him; "you are the only one who is not decorated."

When Dr. Holmes read a paper on Jonathan Edwards bef Boston literary club, David A. Wasson remarked: "Jonathan Ed was peculiarly a man who had a realizing belief in the creed he prof and the man who could have a realizing belief in infant damnati he professed it, and then beget a son, is a knave."

Once when playing with the lord-mayor, who was an enormous brewer, Beau Brummel, as he rose and coolly pocketed the money, "Thank you, sir; for the future I shall never drink any port yours." "I wish, sir," replied the brewer, "that every other black in London would tell me the same." It is needless to say that the never tried to be funny at this gentleman's expense again.

A musician, who is famous for playing practical jokes, wrote to a of his a short time back thus: "Dear ——, I expired sudden Wednesday last, and am to be buried on Tuesday next. Can you to the funeral? Shall be glad to see you. Yours, ——." To whi friend replied: "Dear ——, Should be happy to come to your f next Tuesday, but, unfortunately, I died last Friday myself. Yours,

A story is told of an American plutocrat visiting Oxford. On hi of the colleges nothing struck him so much as the velvety turf in the quadrangles. He asked for the gardener, and made minute in as to the method of laying down and maintaining the grass. "' all, is it?" he exclaimed, when the whole process had been carefu scribed. "Yes, sir," replied the gardener, with a twinkle in his "that's all; but we generally leave it three or four centuries to down in."

A famous colonel at an inspection of a very crack corps was t the general that he vastly admired the regiment on parade, a proved of its interior economy, but added: "There are some stories afloat about gambling among the officers." "Pray, be as general," said the colonel, "that there is no truth whatever in t ports circulated; I never allow my officers to play, except for money, and, as a matter of fact, I've won every farthing of 'rea the regiment!"

One of the pleasantest stories about Rogers, is Campbell's d of his friend. Some one said that Rogers was always speaking his acquaintances. "Is he?" said Campbell; "borrow five hu pounds of him, and he will never say anything unkind of y you try to pay it back." That is good—as good almost as th different story that the late Mrs. Procter said to Rogers: "Mr. R I hear you have been attacking me." "Attacking you, my dear Why, I pass my life in defending you."

Apropos of the story told about the Shah mistaking one of the silken programmes provided for him at the opera for a pocket-ha chief, it is said that that famous piratical Princess Granna Naille O'Malley), when at Queen Elizabeth's Court, was decidedly prim her habits. Observing this, a lady-in-waiting, fancying Grace ha gotten her pocket-handkerchief, handed her a cambric one. who had a bad cold, used it promptly, and then threw it in the fi ing so every time a fresh *mouchoir* was lent her.

A Western man, proud of his immensely productive acres, was ing a visitor from Vermont over his farm, and, while boasting som loudly of his own crops, turned upon the Vermonter with the que "You can't raise much back there on those stony Vermont hill you?" "Oh, yes, yes; we generally get fine crops." "But you raise much grain, do you?" "Oh, yes; we raise a sight of b "You do?" "Why, certainly; I don't know what our farmers do if it wasn't for their barley." "Do you get much for it?" "C don't sell it; no, sir; we don't sell a grain of it." "You don't to your stock?" "Oh, no, no; you don't catch us wasting barl that?" "Well, what do you do with it then?" "Why, man, w every grain of it for seed—that's what we do with it!" This Western man's story.

Louis the Eleventh of France once took it into his head to vi kitchen and see what was going forward. He there found a litt low, about fourteen years of age, busily engaged in turning th with roast meat. The youth was handsomely formed and of so ing an appearance that the king thought him entitled to some office than the humble one which he then filled. Accosting him, asked whence he came, who he was, and what he earned by his o tion. The turnspit did not know the king, and replied to his inte tory without the least embarrassment: "I am from Berny; my n Stephen, and I earn as much as the king." "What, then, do king earn?" rejoined Louis. "His expenses," replied Stephen; I mine." By this bold and ingenious answer he won the good gra the monarch, who afterwards promoted him to the situation of of the chamber.

A luxuriant example of red-tape was exhibited by Captain Vi the admiring House of Commons, some years ago, in the commit army estimates. The initial fact was the need of a pair of bell the Curragh Camp. After a preliminary whetting of the appetite red-tape dragon by a lengthy correspondence, the operation of g this pair of bellows proceeded as follows: February 12th.—W partment gives authority to the local commissariat officer to inden is, give an order] on the royal engineer department for a pair of be Same date.—Local commissariat officer applies to district engine cer for a pair of bellows. February 16th.—District engineer offic plies to military store officer at Dublin. February 19th.—Milita officer informs royal engineer officer at Dublin that he can supp bellows on requisition. February 20th.—Royal engineer offi Dublin forwards this information to royal engineer officer a Curragh. February 21st.—Local engineer officer at the C informs royal engineer officer at Dublin that he has no fo requisition. February 22d.—Local engineer officer at the ragh asks the local commissariat officer if the propose lows would do. February 23d.—Local commissariat offic plies: "Yes." February 24th.—Local engineer officer informs commissariat officer that he must apply to the royal engineer o Dublin, and application is made accordingly. February 26th.—M store officer at Dublin answers that he will supply the bellows order from the War Office. February 28th.—Local commissariat produces authority from the war officer and reads it to local en officer. March 1st.—District engineer officer declines to have an to do with a service not brought to his notice through the prop thority; and local commissariat officer refers matter to comm officer in Dublin. March 2d.—Commissariat officer in Dublin re the question to the deputy quartermaster-general, Dublin. March Deputy quartermaster-general passes on the requisition to quarterm general, Horse Guards. March 5th.—Horse Guards refer to Office, and War Office refers to commissariat-general-in-chief, Lo March 10th.—Commissariat-general-in-chief asks director of st give authority; director of stores states that the commissariat should include the bellows in his annual estimate; and commissar eral-in-chief writes to the Horse Guards and to the commissariat o Dublin. March 20th.—Commissariat officer at the Curragh wi know why he does not get his bellows. Whether he ever did get we do not know.

VANITY FAIR.

The ewspaper paragraphs on bathing-suits have irritated lakel Hall, and he writes: I am again interested this year the ories I read of the rabid and reckless indecency of r wien at the summer resorts. I have read these stories ar a r year, and I have wondered at my own obtuseness the atter. Either I am entirely lacking in delicacy and ve r perception of that which is vulgar, or I am hardened yon the point of receiving a sensation, for, look at it as I y a examine it as closely as I will, I find that I can not ree ith the newspaper critics, who shriek about the im- ides of our girls at Long Branch, Narragansett, Newport, C.e May. Wherein is the bathing-suit of the day so ges e and immodest? Is it possible that the average n c not look at tbe black-stockinged leg of a woman ou aving his mind filled with such a medley of violent g and crazed sensations that he must go off and write s suggestive abuse in the newspapers about it? Where th ow-cut hodices about which we hear so much? I n er seen them, and I have been all over the prominent of the Atlantic Coast. One sees pictures in the news- rs ad reads accounts of women who go into the water b d arms, costumes made of silk, which fit every line e gure, with a skirt only a few inches long, and with h that are virtually tights. We are told that the e re cut so low in front as to be absolutely indecent— h, in fact, expose more of the wearer's bust than the nal ball-room gown. Who has ever seen a woman p lic beach dressed in sucb a fashion as this? I have even seen a low-necked bathing-dress, except those e about the throat, or in a modest V-shape down the hese suits, however, are in every way respectable. It b upon the American woman to keep up such a persist- : against their manner of dressing when they enter : for, above all other women on earth, American re distinguisbed for absolute correctness, beauty, and e in the matter of dress. The talk about women so low at the opera and in society in New York is as s the scandals about the bathing-suit. I have seen housands of women in London, dressed in a fashion uld not even be tolerated without an outcry in the k drawing-rooms, and yet no one cries out against m there.

ne person in a tbousand laces his shoes correctly. e nearest anybody gets to it is to lace as tigbtly as . The correct way is to put your foot when you are lace your shoe as much as possible in tbe heel of the ou can do tbis best by lacing your shoes with the our sboe resting in a chair standing in front of tbe re seated in. Over the instep the lacing sbould be tigbtly as possible, this will hold your foot back in giving tbe toes freedom and preventing their being Lace about tbe ankle to suit your comfort.

is a distressing story that tbe queen was at one mo- perhaps, at two moments, in a bad temper at her grand- s wedding. Tbe ceremony began ten minutes late, ueen no more likes being kept waiting tban did Louis eenth. The reason for the delay was simple enough. cess Louise of Wales drove away from Marlborough such a burry that she forgot ber bouquet. It was orth while to send an equerry on horseback from am Palace to Marlborougb House to bring the miss- s. And, as the princess was arranging her veil, the whicb sbe wore burst and scattered over the floor. had to be found and put together. At the end came se awkward pauses so frequent in royal ceremonials, y to want of rehearsal. Nobody knew wbo should st. Tbe bride and bridegroom waited for the queen, ueen thought it their business to lead the way, and e Prince of Wales, never at fault in a social emer- d Lord Fife to go on, and on they went. Last of ears that Lord Fife, a sby man, did not salute in the the mother of bis bride. Probably it did not occur at, even in these circumstances and by virtue of his on, he had become privileged to kiss tbe Princess of s. At any rate, be did not do it, and tbe queen noticed ion and was vexed, and one of tbe household, who like the marriage, said: "If be bad been a Ger- e he would have done it as a matter of course." e short list of privileged guests bidden to the actual invitations, or permissions, were given to many per- ter tbe palace, and arrange themselves as best tbey he alcoves and doorways and recesses along the cor- whicb the wedding-party passed to the chapel—a . Among them was Mr. Augustus Harris, the man- of Drury Lane Theatre, and of Covent Garden Opera, e Empire Tbeatre, and of other dramatic and musi- rises. In the cbapel-gallery witb him was no less a : than Mme. Sarah Bernhardt.

A curious collection of ladies' garters is kept at the lern Museum at Berlin. Whenever tbere is a wed- e Hobenzollern family, a number of these sbort, s, with the initials of tbe newly-married princess, are l among friends. The collection was begun by Will- irst, and the oldest garter is tbat which was woven casion of the marriage of Prince Friedrich Wilhelm ith tbe daughter of the reigning Duke of Anhalt , in 1817. There are twelve garters from the reign ick William the Third, and ten from that of bis suc- ederick William tbe Fourtb. Tbey are all made of of different colors, braided witb gold or silver, and hem are finisbed off at botb ends by heavy fringes.

Wall, "king of tbe dudes," bas tbis to say to bis sub- a man wears a diamond collar-button, his scarf so arranged that under no circumstances must the jewel show. The infringement of tbis rule is really considered the most ostentatious form of vulgarity. The scarf-pin itself furnishes a wide expanse for the exercise of good taste. Any form whatever is good form, provided only that the pin is not large and glaring. The new fad which places the pin at the side of the scarf, instead of in the centre, is not an idle affectation, but has thorougb common sense for a basis. A pin placed in the middle of a tie is nothing more than an idle ornament, whereas the same article of jewelry stuck in the side serves a practical purpose, for men who do the correct thing now tie their own scarfs, and the pin when placed at the side serves to hold them in position. When a few young men first placed their pins at one side of their four-in-hand scarfs they were laughed at, but the public coming to understand the reason and appreciate the convenience has now taken it to its bosom and made the practice a popular one. Last season a new and somewhat similar fad was introduced in the evening costume, and a number of swell young men held their white-lawn ties securely in position at both sides of their collars by the insertion of very small pearl pins or tiny points ornamented with rubies. These are comparatively inexpensive and certainly present a better appearance than a shiny pin head or a tie awry. Studs have long presented a question of mucb idle dispute. In these days of high-necked vests and breast-covering scarfs tbey do not enter into the problem of day-time dress, but tbey are essential for the evening costume. It really makes very little difference how many a man adorns his shirt-front witb, provided only they are not large or gaudy. Three are tbe most popular number, and probably may be considered as being in the best form. The most exquisite style consists of three small pearl buttons, with sleeve-links to match. Tbese latter pieces of jewelry are made in the link-form of very small bars of gold, witb a pearl at both ends of each bar. If a man wishes to be very swell, and if his bank-account is very pletboric, he can vary bis studs by having one a black pearl, another a pink, and a third a white pearl. A black pearl of good size and form would cost about twelve bundred dollars, an Oriental pink pearl about eight bundred dollars, and a white pearl of size and form and bue in keeping with the other two about five hundred dollars, making a charming total for the three studs of two tbousand five hundred dollars. Yet a man of moderate means can appear in just as good form in this respect as his richer brother at an expenditure of about twelve dollars. That sum would purchase him three gold studs, with wbite linen surface or a front in imitation of pearl buttons, and sleeve-buttons to match. The watch-chain is the article in wbich men, otherwise tasteful, most frequently violate the tenets of good taste. Nothing so mars the appearance of an otherwise well-dressed man as a heavy cable stretched across his pauncb. The most correct thing in cbains is made very small and very thin, and can be either of gold or platinum and gold, and the watcb whicb is attached at one end sbould be almost as small as that of a lady's. For evening dress, one need wear no chain at all, or else, if he wishes to be very swell, a silk ribbon of eitber black or white, witb a small gold buckle on it, and a fragment of chain and a small bar at one end. A watcb-guard of this kind adds somewbat to tbe attractive tastefulness of a gentleman's attire.

Tbe summer of pastime in the country, of dullness and dissolution in town, is selected by married couples in New York, wbether the conjugal tie be of short or long duration, to vary tbe monotony of housekeeping and dinner-parties by making the rounds of the restaurants. If there are no "incumbrances," this is all tbe easier. If, on tbe other hand, there is a family to be provided for, matters are simplified by baving a family dinner at the luncbeon bour, and the evening tbus made free, departing arm in arm to dine tête-à-tête. One sees numerous couples thus enjoying an outing, and they may be found in demi-season state at Delmonico's or in out-and-out Bobemianism in tbe Frencb and German restaurants of University and Lafayette Places. Delmonico's is, perhaps, too conventional to suit tbeir taste. They are tired, too, of the too familiar faces of all-the-year-round guests, men wbo perform tbe operation tersely characterized as "wearing out Delmonico's chairs." The most circumspect lady, like Cyprienne in Sardou's merry "Divorçons," insists on being taken out to dine, and, rejoicing in tbe semblance of an atmosphere less conservative tban that to wbicb sbe is accustomed, she realizes wbat bas been described by a clever woman as a delightful combination—that of being Cæsar's wife, and yet indulging in a petit souper—with Cæsar!

Sitting once at a dinner-party in England, beside one of those rather pert young ladies who are by no means a monopoly of our own country (writes Colonel Higginson in the *Bazar*), I was asked various questions about our works and ways. Having been led, perhaps, into some pbrase of modest national self-satisfaction, she said, witb abrupt surprise: "But you don't mean to say tbat you *like* being an American, do you?" When I replied, with unflinching assurance, tbat this was precisely wbat I most liked, sbe said, honestly: "I give you my word that tbe thougbt never before occurred to me that people liked being Americans; I supposed that they were Americans because they could not help it." Upon which I made no scruple in admitting to her that we had undoubtedly that reason also. It would appear that Mr. Ruskin had some such impressions in his mind when he was kind enougb to admit, in his "Praeterita," that our fellow-countryman, Professor Charles E. Norton, would be recognized as a gentleman by "the higbest-born and best-bred of every land." No doubt tbe young lady who questioned me would bold that, by virtue of being an Englisbman merely, Mr. Ruskin is fully qualified to speak for tbose classes to an American; although in respect to birth, he is stated in the biograpbies to be the son of a successful liquor-dealer and a rural inn-keeper's daughter, while in respect to breeding, be uses tbe vulgar and offensive word "nigger" in this very passage. The curious thing is that tbe whole remark appears to be but a new version of one which was currently attributed to the same source, on the same subject, twenty years ago. The story tben ran that Mr. Ruskin, having on one occasion pronounced all Americans to be peasants, was met by some one with the inquiry: "What, then, do you say of your friend, Mr. Norton?" "He," retorted Ruskin, "is a cultivated peasant." If, then, the experience of twenty years is enough to develop Mr. Norton, in Mr. Ruskin's estimate, from a peasant into a gentleman, who knows but a few years more, if Mr. Ruskin keeps good company, may cure even him of saying "nigger"? The patronizing tone in which we permit ill-born and ill-bred foreigners to speak of the best-born and best-bred Americans is curiously like the tone, familiar in literary criticism, with whicb third and fourth-rate authors disavow the productions of fifth and sixtb-rate authors when confused witb theirs. This is like the hostility that Thackeray imagined as raging in London fish-mongers' windows between the oysters labeled at fourpence a dozen and those priced at sixpence. Thus a writer known as "The Duchess," whose novels may sometimes be seen on railway-trains, and are said to be dear to the hearts of boarding-school damsels, has lately been expressing great indignation at having some still poorer novel attributed to her authorship. She writes to disavow it as being "trashy" and "unmitigated rubbish," as if this were not precisely the ground on which the public bad accredited it to her.

There is an amateur pbotographic crank in Boston wbo bas developed a morbid passion for a most unusual pastime. If his identity were ascertained—up to date it is a mystery—he would be apt to suffer from various kicks and other unpleasant tbings, inflicted by persons who bave undergone annoyance at his hands. The Charles River at this season of the year is a favorite trysting-place for aquatically disposed lovers, who paddle about on the calm waters after sundown, and spoon and spoon and spoon until the fishes come up to the surface and gasp for breath. Naturally, the dark of the moon is considered the most appropriate time for tbese amatory pursuits, and it is at such periods of lunar obscuration that the crank photographer above referred to comes to the front. Armed with a camera, he paddles a light canoe silently about over the still surface, until he finds himself unperceived in the neighborhood of some small craft, the suspicious immobility of wbicb betrays the presence of Cupid at the helm. Then, without making the slightest noise, be trains his instrument upon the unconscious victims, springs a little magnesium flash-ligbt, and jerks simultaneously a string that exposes a dry plate for a fraction of a second. This, at any rate, is supposed to be his method, thougb the astonishing swiftness witb wbicb be skips away down stream, after performing an operation of the sort, has thus far precluded all possibility of investigation. Tbe outrage has been perpetrated so many times that the owner of the canoe must now have quite a gallery of lovers afloat, all ready for exhibition at so much a head to the thousands of curious people wbo would undoubtedly be willing to pay liberally for a view of the collection. And meanwhile it appears that engaged or "courting" couples who go out in boats to spoon upon tbe Cbarles are rapidly becoming fewer, owing to the fear of being "took" unawares by this scamp witb the magnesium-ligbt.

It is interesting to note the variety of carriages which are driven now in tbe large towns of America. That light and humane vehicle, the buggy, has almost disappeared from the fashionable drives. It was an easy-riding wagon, and the lightest of vehicles for a horse to draw. But it can not be said that there is much comfort in the average buggy for a man of stalwart or beavy build. Dog-carts, buck-boards, gigs, mail pbaetons, and the like have pushed the buggy to the wall. But, perhaps, tbe most recently imported of vehicles, and one whicb bids fair to retain a large degree of fashion, is the curricle. This bas two wheels, like a cart, but it also has a hood and a rumble behind for a servant, and two horses are driven to it witb a pole. The buggy is hung on big "S" springs and drives very easily, and it is one of the most convenient vehicles for long drives in the country which has yet been designed. Besides, it has the indefinable but valuable stamp of fashion to recommend it to the world.

Tbe magnificence of Lord Fife's own gifts to his bride left nothing to be desired, yet even Lord Fife recoiled before that single string of pearls at the low price of one hundred and eighty thousand dollars which a Palais Royal jeweler came over from Paris to propose to him. Lord and Lady Rothschild's chrisoberyl, or Cingalese cat's-eye, large as a half-dollar, set in brilliants, is said to be the finest single gem given. The emeralds and diamonds which the Sassoon family clubbed together for, and the matchless diamond-bracelet—composed of stones whicb never occur in these days—given by Lord and Lady Rosebery, come next. Before her engagement to Lord Fife sbe was jewelless, and Lord Fife bas no family jewels, yet now they say she has more than the Princess of Wales herself, whose collection is remarkable. The caprices of fasbion are endless. It is one of them that jewels are now more worn than ever. Never were so many tiaras seen as this year, or not for many years, and never on any one evening, as at Lady Rothschild's ball, or a few days later at the Duchess of Westminster's ball. Not in the Minnesota manner, however; not in the day-time (writes George. W. Smalley in the *Tribune*). These splendors are for the evening exclusively, and the Englishwoman does not go shopping in diamonds, not even if a duchess; perhaps least of all if a duchess. So, for these two reasons and others not less good, the Princess Louise has now become the owner of an extraordinary number of sets of precious stones. Nor has she, nor has Lord Fife, been obliged to rebuke the zeal of their admirers as tbe Duke of Portland did. It is said of the Duke of Portland that he caused some of the presents to the ducbess to be returned to the donors, on the ground that their acquaintance was too slight to entitle them to accept these gifts.

THE CIPHER.

During my sojourn in Dijon, I was on intimate terms with an eccentric individual named Eustache Loriot, a man of some forty years of age, fresh, ruddy, fair complexioned, rather stout, of medium height, a large head, with forehead unduly prominent, Socratic nose, and china-hlue eyes.

He was a deputy judge of the trihunal, hut his duties leaving him considerahle leisure, and heing possessed of an independent fortune, he had early ahandoned himself to a passion for hric-à-hrac. His collection comprised a little of everything—rare hooks, medals, old china. He was, moreover, a memher of an antiquarian society, to which he addressed enthusiastic and prolix memoirs on each of his discoveries.

Like many collectors, he displayed a childish simplicity and credulity on the suhject of his antiquities. Apropos of a fragment of china or a piece of old iron, his imagination suggested to him marvelous histories, which he ended hy helieving in as firmly as in the articles of faitb.

He had found, for example, in a second-hand shop, a shapeless mask of forged iron, pierced with three holes for the eyes and mouth, and he was perfectly convinced that he possessed the identical iron mask that had served to conceal the features of the mysterious prisoner of Saint Marguerite and the Bastile. He had very nearly quarreled with me for venturing to insinuate, mildly, that according to authentic accounts, the famous iron-mask was of hlack velvet, and that, moreover, had it heen of iron, it was not likely that in the seventeenth century—that epoch of skilled workmanship—there would not have been found for a prisoner of importance something less heavy and less uncomfortahle than this lump of iron.

Although married, Eustache Loriot was childless. His wife was a pretty hrunette of twenty-eight years, well made, lively, with a pair of dangerous dark eyes, and a light down on the upper lip.

Elegant, pleasure-loving, she found life extremely dull in the silent house in the Quartier des Grangettes, where her hushand accumulated his treasures, and where no visitors were received excepting a few old antiquarians and a young lawyer, a friend of Loriot's, and, like him, an amateur in rare hooks. This celehrated advocate, Frederic Simonnet hy name, was not more than thirty years of age, and passed for the head of the Dijon har.

He often came to horrow from Loriot's library, and the evening on which I had the pleasure of making his acquaintance, he had just hrought hack a fine copy of "Daphnis and Chloe," hound in red morocco.

"See," said Loriot, proudly, handing the book to me, "here is a rare hook that came from the library of M. des Armoises, a gentleman of Lorraine, who was imprisoned during the Terror, condemned to death, and whose mistress, a laundress, aided him to escape on the morning of the day fixed for his execution. I secured this hook for almost nothing at the sale of the effects of the daughter of the very woman who saved Des Armoises."

I took the book, and while turning the leaves, remarked a singular circumstance. Here and there, from page to page, whole lines were underscored with minute dots or hyphens, some in red ink, others in yellow ink, and having the appearance of age.

"Ah, this is curious," I murmured; "have you noticed this peculiarity in your copy?" I asked of Loriot, showing him the marked pages. At the same time, I raised my head and was struck hy the uneasy, troubled expression of the lawyer's countenance. I turned toward Mme. Loriot and was astonished to see her pretty face reflect, as in a mirror, the confusion in Frederic Simonnet's.

Loriot had perceived nothing. His near-sighted eyes fixed on the volume, he was turning the pages, murmuring: "Yes, it is very strange, and what is strangest of all is that it had escaped me until now. And you, Simonnet, had you remarked it?"

"I? No," responded the lawyer, reddening slightly; "I attached no importance to it."

During this time the young wife had not uttered a word, but was bending over the fire, stirring it nervously.

"No importance?" cried Loriot, firing up; "for my part, I think there is an historical enigma there, a mysterious language to which I sball discover the key—you shall see, you shall see!"

And he ruhhed his bands.

Some eight days after I met Loriot, and, with characteristic impetuosity, he seized me by the arm.

"My friend," he said, "I am on the track, and hefore long I shall discover the key! Here is what I have found so far" (at the same time drawing the copy of "Daphnis and Chloe" from his pocket). "In the first place," he continued, in opening the volume, "notice that the dots are always in yellow ink and the hyphens always in red ink. They seem to answer each other. Now, it is evident to me that Des Armoises kept this hook in his prison, and his mistress, visiting him there, sometimes took away and sometimes returned the volume, so that with the aid of a cipher the two lovers used it as a means of correspondence. Ha! is not that an ingenious explanation? Only I have not yet discovered the key to the cipher, but with patience I shall find it!"

"Will you lend me the book for a couple of days," I responded; "I have studied cipher language a little, and might he ahle to help you."

He consented, and I took the hook home with me. It did not require any long study to discover the key, for the cipher used hy the two correspondents was of the simplest. They had made use of the characters in the text, retaining their ordinary value, and it sufficed to place the marked letters side hy side to reconstruct the sentences.

The first that I deciphered was this:

"*He goes to the tribunal to-morrow at two o'clock. Come; we shall not be disturbed.*"

To which the hyphens in red ink responded:

"*It is understood, darling. At two o'clock. A thousand kisses.*"

I was highly edified, and if my hypothesis did not exactly coincide with Loriot's, it was none the less most interesting.

The next day I called at the judge's at an hour when I felt certain of meeting his wife. I found her alone, hefore a blazing fire, and Eustache Loriot was at work in his library.

"I have discovered," I said in a low voice to Mme. Loriot, "the key to the famous cipher correspondence."

She never moved a muscle.

"Ah," she murmured, glancing sharply at me, "let me see this hook!"

I handed it to her, and immediately, with a rapid movement, she threw it into the fire.

"Hush!" she continued, with an imperious gesture; "you are a gallant man, monsieur, let this go no further."

And while I, stupefied, watched "Daphnis and Chloe" smolder, she stirred the fire with the tongs.

When the hapless hook was reduced to an incandescent mass, she gave a cry:

"Ah, mon Dieu, what a misfortune! What will Eustache say?"

At this exclamation, Loriot came running out.

"What has happened?"

"Such a misfortune, my dear. Monsieur inadvertently placed the 'Daphnis and Chloe' on the arm of my chair, and I must have made a false movement and the volume fell into the grate. As we were conversing with our backs to the fire-place, we did not perceive it until too late."

Eustache seized the tongs in consternation, pulled out the hurning hook, and rushed to plunge it into a hasin of water. But it was of no use. When taken out of its hath nothing remained of "Daphnis and Chloe" hut a heap of charred cinders.

"What a disaster!" lamented Loriot; "it is not so much a rare hook that I regret, hut there are the documentary materials that the fire has devoured—I repeat it, there was an enigma there of the highest interest—and just as I was about to discover the key!"—*Translated for the Argonaut from the French of André Theuriet by H. C. R.*

The strange animus of the late ukase of tbe Czar, excluding from the line of succession to the Russian throne all memhers of the imperial family who contract marriages with princesses not of the Orthodox Greek Church, has just heen learned from an intimate of the court circle. Shortly after the unfortunate accident at Borki, a numher of officers were seated at a convivial tahle in one of the most aristocratic casinos of St. Petersburg. The collision at Borki was one of the suhjects of conversation. The Prince of Oldenhurg, commander of the Garde-du-Corps, was asked what would have happened if the deplorable occurrence had resulted in the death of the emperor. Evidently in an unguarded moment, and influenced probahly hy the presence of intimate companions, he replied that he would have assemhled the Guards and ordered them to take the oath of allegiance to the Grand Duke Vladimir, brother of the Czar. That prince is married to a Princess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, whose family does not helong to the Orthodox Church. The speech soon reached the emperor's ears. He at once sent word to the prince, informing him that he was in error, and tbat his remarks were untimely, as an old law, which had never been rescinded, precluded the succession of princes whose wives did not profess the Orthodox helief. The ukase emhodying the same sentiments appeared a few days later. In addition to Prince Vladimir, the Grand Duke Sergius, who married a Princess of Hesse-Darmstadt, is also cut off from succession, unless his wife joins the Greek Church. This is looked upon as impossihle. Thus, should the heirs of the present Czar die hefore him, the future husband of the Princess of Montenegro will rule over all the Russias.

Here is something ahout London parks: Battersea Park covers an area of 199 acres; Bushey Park contains 994 acres, hut from a large portion of this the puhlic are excluded; Greenwich Park contains 185 acres, almost all devoted to the public; Hampton Court Park, with an area of 752 acres, is wholly unreserved, and the same may he said of Hampton Court Green (17 acres) and Hampton Court Inclosure Gardens (42 acres); Hyde Park, with 360 acres, is also practically unreserved, and the public have equal freedom in Kennington Park (19 acres), Kensington Gardens (274 acres), Kew Gardens (248 acres), and Regent's Park (472 acres), the largest reservation in Regent's Park being 31 acres for the Zoological Gardens; Richmond Old Deer Park, containing 363 acres, is not open to the puhlic; Richmond and Petersham Parks cover 2,470 acres; St. James's Park (93 acres) and Victoria Park (212 acres) are unreserved; hut from Windsor Green Park, which covers 5,300 acres, 1,395 acres must he deducted from which the public are excluded; Windsor Home Park consists of 73 acres, with no restrictions to the public.

In 1888, 308 more vessels passed through the Suez Canal than in the previous year, the increase in net tonnage heing 737,810 tons. The percentage of the tonnage of Great Britain was 78.65 of the total, as compared with 78.31 in 1887, France having diminished from 6.51 per cent. in 1887 to 5.83 in 1888, and Italy having diminished from 4.28 per cent. to 4.03. Germany is now fourth on the list, having taken the place of Holland, which occupied that position in 1887. The tonnage for 1888 is the highest ever registered. There has been a considerable development in the night-traffic through the canal. The average duration of passage through the canal for the total navigation was 30¾ hours, as compared with 34 hours in 1887 and 48½ hours in 1888.

Miss Rosina Vokes, in a sensible article on the stage, advises young women who have no especial talent for acting to keep off of it. The life is a hard one, too hard, she thinks, for young girls. Used as she is to the stage, having heen on it ever since she was a child, she never appears before an audience without heing in a nervous tremor.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Queen of Italy is an ardent student of Volapük. She senber of the *Stuval*, the organ of the new language, printed and is said to read it with ease.

It is not generally known that Mr. Gladstone has only thr on bis left hand. The index finger was shot off, forty-seven y by an accident in the hunting-field.

The woman whom the Shah took about with him dressed u clothes, never dined with the rest of the Shah's suite. Her m usually served to her in her own apartments.

Serious fears are entertained for the safety of Mr. Malc millan, son of Mr. Alexander Macmillan, the well-known Mr. Macmillan, who has been traveling in the East, undertoo cent of Mount Olympus, and has been lost on the mountain.

It is remarkable how soon a family loses what might be marketable value after it falls from power. Publishers no lon handsome offers to Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, photographers off importuning Mrs. Cleveland for sitings, and ex-President is not considered a valuable card by summer hotel-proprietors.

The Duke of Fife is only the third duke, not of royal blood, been created during Victoria's long reign, excluding the Du Inverness, which was conferred upon Lady Cecilia Underwo now extinct. The other two dukes created by the queen are and Westminster. Fife is the sixth duke of this century. I added that most of the dukedoms are painfully modern in co with other ranks in the peerage.

Mr. Laurence Hutton has hit upon a novel idea for decorat study. The frieze that runs around the room is made of masks of distinguished men and women. The effect is striking unsuggestive of the famous room in Bluebeard's castle. Th Mr. Hutton's, by the way, contains many other things of among them a pencil sketch of Thackeray by himself. Li Thackeray's portraits done by his own hand, it is more or less

The most brilliant rascal of Europe is now said to be on h this country. His name is Charles Hoffmann. He calls him Baron von Hoffmann, Chevalier von Hoffmann, or Baron Courtier. He is tall and fine-looking, dresses handsomely, a military air. He is about forty-seven. He married a Russian whom he deserted after squandering her fortune. He speaks French, German, Italian, and Russian. He was born at Prag story of his swindling in Vienna and other cities makes a mos able tale of crime.

There are sometimes amusing episodes at the president's vi Paris Exposition. He is generally followed without his kno newspaper men, who get money from the exhibitors by pro speak of bis visit. Some of the exhibitors have themselves to being thus fleeced; but one day Mr. Edison's agent turned After M. Carnot had heard some passages of music by phono apparatus repeated the following message: "A quarter of an a man styling himself reporter for the —— came and said th President of the Republic was about to visit us, he was ready, fo dred francs, to give us a long puff; whereas, if we did not giv money, he should not mention the visit. We replied that th graph was a scientific, not an industrial affair, and did not req ing; but we wish to inform the President of the Republic hy th graph of the traffic that it is attempted to make of his kind visi Carnot was much amused at this exposure, especially as the n named was bitterly anti-republican.

The late Dr. W. B. Roberts, of Titusville, Pa., was the gre pedo King" of the oil country, and, after the Standard Oil p best-known man connected in any way with the oil trade. Hi Colonel A. E. Roberts, is also dead. For years they enjoye monopoly of the torpedo business and both made millions out of it. Roberts was originally a dentist in New York, but the oil country in the early days of the petroleum excitement, h brother engaged in the oil business, and soon secured a patent vice for exploding nitro-glycerine in the bottom of oil-wells to the flow. The device was simple, but it proved one of the n able inventions of the age, and certainly far exceeded the wilde of the young inventors. There were anywhere from fifteen th twenty-five thousand wells in the region, and nearly all of torpedoed at regular intervals. The Roberts Brothers got prices, and in a few years their several fortunes were estimate two millions to four millions of dollars.

One of the most remarkable scenes I have ever witnes Blakely Hall) was John L. Sullivan, the pugilist, in his room at derbilt Hotel, surrounded by a crowd of his admirers and w I had heard and read of it, but the thing itself was a revelatio van on this occasion wore his trousers and an undershirt and cigar. The floor was strewn with cigar-stumps, and ten or tw browed, heavy-jawed, and murderous-looking "toughs" sat aro ing at the champion with the same look of abject devotion th dog will sometimes turn on its master. The worship of these the pugilist is beyond all belief. Sullivan is not a good story-t when he related an incident in which there was a little bit o tears streamed from the eyes of the toughs, and when he told was pleased to call a humorous story, their laughter could h heard across the street. They did not seem to regard him in th a man at all, but looked upon him rather in the light of a stra awful but lovable being, who had suddenly come to earth fr other planet. And Sullivan seemed to think so, too.

A shiftless, seedy man, with some of the marks of dissipation, is ally seen about the docks of Liverpool, in whom few would the handsome young Captain Cottier, who commanded the steamer *Oregon* four years ago. The circumstances surroun loss of the vessel showed such gross carelessness and incompeten was summarily dismissed from the Cunard service. The affair, broke his heart, and he has been steadily going down hill ever s captain who has once lost a ship finds it difficult to get anot mand in the present crowded condition of the merchant ser Cottier's next birth was as under-officer on a vessel plying in t terranean trade, but he was not able to hold it long. He is said his old acquaintances of the Cunard line, whose officers preset creet silence on the subject of the mysterious loss of the *Oregon* dismissal. Meanwhile, Captain McMickan, of the *Umbria*, promoted to commodore of the line in whose service he has over thirty years, during which time he has commanded twenty- of the Cunard Company. He has now crossed nearly four and seventy times.

During the Shah's visit to Earl Brownlow, he was shown the of Edison's phonograph, by Colonel Gouraud. Colonel Gourau a little speech to the Shah, saying that if his imperial maje prolong his travels to America, he would be afforded as sple hearty a welcome there as had been extended to him in t mother country. All this was translated to the Shah by Prince Khan, and indented upon the phonograph. Then the speech wa off as pronounced in Persian by the prince, whereat the Shah palms together and cried: "Oh, oh!" and "Wonderful!" An more, his imperial majesty bade the poet of the suite recite som from the great Persian poet, Hafiz, into the receiver. Out cam course from the phonograph the verses of Hafiz, with the exact tion of the speaker, which caused the Shah anew to clap his ha express the utmost surprise. One thing led to another. He sp the instrument himself, Prince Albert Victor did the same, an Brownlow followed. Then the Duke of Abercorn said somethi was laughing, crying, and whistling, and, finally, the band player at it, all of which in due succession were afterward reeled off, t tonishment of the Shah and his suite. A pause ensued, and his majesty laid his hand upon the machine, and Prince Malcol speaking for his sovereign, said: "The Shah would like to have strument, or one like it." "It is his," said Colonel Gouraud. said the prince, "he knows it is a new one, and the only one y of its kind in Europe." "All the same, it is his imperial maje though there were many more," said the astute and courtly Amer

ENGLISH GIRLS.

"ockaigne" explains why they do not become American Brides.

While we every day hear of Englishmen of rank and title marrying American women, it is curious that we never hear of English women of rank and title, or of mere birth and position (which may lack a title), marrying American men. Why is it? There must be some reason. It is not merely chance. It can not be that American men are not attractive enough to English women. American men are chivalric to a high degree in their homage of woman, simply on account of her weaker sex. There ought to be no surer pathway to a woman's heart than this, be she English or of any other nationality. American men are, for the most part, handsome, and they are clever and bright talkers; and they know all the soft and tender little speeches which women of all nations delight in having made to them, and in the knowledge and use of which Englishmen of the present day, and of the higher classes, are so proverbially deficient. They are generally well educated, well informed, and are neat and painstaking in their personal appearance. They are graceful in movement, polished in deportment, and they are beautiful dancers. No people are admitted in England to be such good dancers as American men. And yet English girls do not marry them. Why?

happened, the other day, to ask an American lady why it was. Her answer was laconic and (to her) decisive: "Because American men don't ask them."

"But," I told her, "that is no answer."

"And why not?" she asked; "it's the best I can give, any-"

"To begin with," said I, "how do you know they don't ask them?"

"Oh, if you come to that, I don't *know* anything. I wasn't aware that I was under cross-examination. I thought you only asked my opinion. I know this, however, if I was a man *I* wouldn't ask them. So, there."

"But why?"

"There you go again—Y? Why can't you say *wh*-y, as we do?"

"The corrupting influences of long association," said I; "I daresay, now, if I——"

"There you are again—I *dessay*. Why don't you say we say? I often wonder why English people put *w* and *h* in their whys—the letter *y* would be ample. And then——"

"But that's not answering my question. I thought you were above a woman's 'because.'"

"And then," she went on, not heeding my remonstrance, "the letters *a* and *r* are quite unnecessary in your *dare*. ... spells *dare* in England."

"I'll allow all that and go on with what we were talking about. I asked you why American men don't marry English women, and you gave me no answer at all."

"No answer at all?"

"Well, equivalent to none. Now, shall I tell you why they don't? Yes? All right, I will. I'll try to, at all events."

At this point, an English lady of title joined us, so I had to be a trifle circumspect in my reasons.

"Now, then, we'll start with this proposition. There are no women in the world more attractive than American women. You'll admit that?"

"You're very kind."

"Mind you, I say *more* attractive, not *so* attractive," I qualified, with my eye on the Englishwoman.

"Oh!" in rather a crestfallen voice; "but I wish you wouldn't talk so much of women. Why can't you say ladies? ... women."

"Yes, I believe you all do hate each other at heart."

"You know perfectly well what I mean. I only mean the ..."

"It's an English word, and a good one," said I; "for my part, I detest ladies."

"What an admission for a gentleman!" with a toss of her head, "thank you."

"If I believed you really misunderstood me I would explain. But I don't. I detest the term 'ladies.' It means nothing."

"Nothing? It does in America."

"I don't agree with you. I know something of America ..., and there, as in England, the term 'lady' is applied to ...s who have no claim whatever to it."

"What do you mean by ladies of title, then?"

"That's different. There, every one knows what you mean. I speak of the use of the word in a general way. We have ...ie & Pond's young ladies, and Marshall & Snellgrove's, and Howell & James's, and Stagg & Mantle's, and dozens of other ladies in London 'dry-goods stores.' They are all young ladies in these days. Thirty years ago, they were young women. No one thought of calling them anything else. As for America, I constantly see in American papers: 'Saleslady wanted.' Indeed, I once saw an advertisement that 'a lady wants a situation as cook.' It hasn't got to that in England yet, but it will get to it. Therefore, I say that 'lady,' as a distinctive, designating term, has no meaning. For what is meant by lady, I generally use, and let us now use the word 'gentlewoman.' I really prefer 'woman,' but if you don't like it, we'll take gentlewoman."

"Haven't we got rather far away from the subject we began talking about?" she asked.

"I am afraid it's your own fault if we have. But to return. Now, while it is true that there are no more attractive women on earth than Americans, it is also true that there are loads of English girls——"

"There! That's another word I can't abide. Girls. Girls means servants in America," said she.

"Well, loads of English gentlewomen who are quite as charming and desirable as wives as any in the world. If left to the exhibition of their natural impulses, American men—I beg your pardon, American gentlemen—would find this out. Unfortunately there is no way for American gentlemen to find it out. English gentlewomen are forbidden by the strict laws of class to show any feeling of regard for or interest in any man, and of all men foreigners, and Americans are considered foreigners in England. They are labeled 'Hands off,' 'Keep off the grass,' and 'Don't handle,' from top to toe. There——"

"Who are? American gentlemen? Not much they're not."

"I'm talking of English gentlewomen. There is a barrier of propriety surrounding them at arms' length which it would take a brave man to storm. Then, again, there are so many straight-laced rules concerning courtship, if such a vulgar proceeding as courtship be tolerated in high life, which I doubt. Suppose a man—a gentleman—storms the redoubt and gets inside, what does he find? More barriers. More notices of 'Please don't touch.' Instead of having a good time with the girl he is fighting for, and thinks he has won, when he gets within reach of her, he is at once brought to book about settlements. He is in constant consultation with her father or mother, often both, varied at times by occasional conferences with the family solicitor. If the girl have brothers at home—and what English gentlewoman has not?—he sees them all the time. A sight of the girl alone he never gets, a chance of exclusive conversation with her he is never allowed. If her father or mother isn't present when he calls, one of her brothers is. The worst of it is that the girl doesn't mind this interference. She has been taught to think anything else vulgar and low. She doesn't seem to care to want to be alone with her admirer. She prefers the society of her family, and likes to be with her brothers. Englishmen don't mind this sort of thing—when the girl has money, of course, they wouldn't be in attendance if she hadn't—but I can imagine that Americans wouldn't stand it five minutes. Accustomed to see only ladies at home when they make even an ordinary call at a house, they couldn't and wouldn't put up with the society of the men of family when they are paying attention, aye, are actually engaged—(if their pluck and perseverance and endurance have carried them so far as that) to a young lady—gentlewoman, I should say."

"Oh, you've made several slips before this."

"Have I? Well, it doesn't matter a great deal, after all. This is the reason—these are the reasons—why American gentlemen don't marry English gentlewomen. It is too much of a siege."

"Didn't I say as much when I said it was because they didn't ask them?" asked the American lady.

"Yes. But you implied that they didn't, because they didn't want to, not because they are not allowed to. I believe myself that if these 'stand off" inclosures of English girls in high life were demolished, and the girls themselves——"

"There you go with your 'girls' again."

"Well, gentlewomen, then. If they were given the liberty and the latitude and independent swing of American girls, you'd see that not only would American men marry them, but there would be fewer Englishmen going to America for heiresses as wives."

"Just let me say one word," interposed the English lady; "I've heard all you said, and I agree as to the existence of the barriers, as you call them. They do exist, and it is right that they should. No gentlewoman in England has a 'lover.' She wouldn't know how to behave with one."

"You are speaking of young unmarried gentlewomen, I assume," said I.

She gave me a glare, but ignored the point when she replied:

"Yes, I am. You spoke of girls, didn't you? Married women are not girls. What nonsense you talk. As I was saying, no English young lady—and I mean lady—would want to have a lover dangling at her heels all day, talking rubbishy sentiment and paying her silly compliments, looking into her eyes and squeezing her hand. She simply couldn't do it. It's not English, that sort of thing."

"Your grandmothers were English, I suppose?" said I.

"Of course they were," with dignity.

"They didn't mind it?"

"I don't know whether they did or not. I have no desire to go back to their days. All I know is that English young ladies to-day are too sensible to want sonnets composed about their eyebrows or to have serenades played under their bedroom windows. They'd much prefer a good game of tennis, a ride across country, and a sound sleep at night. And, in my opinion, they make better wives in consequence."

"It's a pity the intending husbands don't have some one to tell them so," said the American lady, with a danger signal in her eye; "it would save them a mint of money for passages to New York. The Cunard line would have to go into bankruptcy if what you say became generally known."

"I don't at all know what you mean," replied Lady de Grand, seeking refuge behind the wall of pretended ignorance—a very common safety resort in English high life—as she swept magnificently away.

"Nasty, hateful old thing!" snapped Mrs. Madison Square; "she'll never get any sonnets written to her daughters' eyebrows or have serenades played under their bedroom windows. They're much too homely. She needn't be afraid."

She spoke rather loud, and Lady de Grand turned and flashed a tigress-like look back at her.

So I changed the subject to the Shah and the royal marriage.

However, I still kept it in mind, and it has had a sort of freshening given it by the presence in England of the team of American cricket-players from Philadelphia. I went to see them play one of their matches on Monday. It was against the "Gentlemen of Hampshire," the said Gentlemen of Hampshire being eleven of the best players in the country among the gentry, selected by the committee of the Hampshire Club to compete with the Philadelphians. A nicer set of young men I have never seen than the Philadelphia players. All are fine-looking, clean, healthy, athletic, graceful, refined young fellows. Some are quite handsome, notably Clark, the bowler, and Stoever. Clark is tall and dark, with clear-cut features and a brown, nutty complexion, while Stoever is shorter, but rejoices in the possession of what an American girl would call "a love of a mustache." I do not know what an English girl would say about it. Nothing, I daresay. Etting is another good-looking fellow. Every one I have spoken to is struck by the appearance of the team.

Their playing, too, of the great English national game was superior to that of the Englishmen. When I got to the ground, the Hampshire Gentlemen were in batting and the Philadelphians fielding out. As I sat on the warm, green grass sward, near the boundary ropes, I was filled with admiration for the little band of Americans. Not only was the perfection of their bowling and fielding a thing to admire, but their loneliness, so to speak, appealed to one. With no one to applaud them or recognize little points of good play, they played quietly on, a compact, mutually reliant body, not caring for applause and apparently not expecting it. As Clark, than whom there is no better English "gentleman" bowler, bowled down three consecutive Hampshire wickets in almost as few minutes, not a hand was clapped except by a few of his own party. The home team were entitled to all the applause—which was seemingly the rule, whether they earned any or not. And when they went in and Stoever hit five consecutive balls to the boundary, making four for each, it was just as bad. But, whenever one of the American players was put out—the noise there was!

I had a long talk with one of the team.

"We've had a lovely time," he told me, "right straight along ever since we landed. We're not going home as a team. We've got one or two more matches to play, and then we break up and go and travel on the continent."

I daresay he was right, from a cricket point of view. They have had a lovely time. For the most part fine weather and good matches. After all, it is all they came over for. And yet a little hospitality of a social kind would not have hurt Englishmen. Take the same number of young English gentlemen and send them in a team to America. I will warrant that society receives them with hospitably opened arms.

It is worthy of note, as it ought to be refreshing to all real Americans at present in England, that the Philadelphia cricket eleven are all Americans. There is not an Irishman among them. Certainly there is no distinctively Irish name in the team. Their names have a good, solid, American ring about them, and show, with perhaps one exception, an English origin. Here they are: Clark, Brown, Scott, Brewster, Newhall, Patterson, Baily, Stoever, Morgan, and Etting. Thank fortune the Mulcahys, O'Raffertys, Balbriggans, O'Dwyers, O'Dowds, Roonys, O'Hoolahans, McShaughnessys, and O'Tooles, whose Milesian patronymics disfigure the base-ball scores and turn America's national game into pastimes for the exiles of Erin—thank fortune, I say, that the Pats and Micks and Teddys, and Shauns and Shamuses do not play cricket in America. It has enabled Englishmen to see a few, real, simon-pure Americans. At one time it got past a joke. You would pick up a paper and read this sort of thing: "An American on the rampage. Before Mr. Newton, at Marlborough Street, an American, named Michael O'Connor O'Flaherty, was brought up on remand for breaking the plate-glass window, etc."; or, "Arrest of two suspected dynamiters. Yesterday two Americans, named Patrick O'Shaughnessy and Phelim O'Connell Flynn, were arrested at Bath, etc."; or, again, "Terence Maguire and his wife, Bridget, both Americans, hailing from New York, U. S., were tried for picking pockets at the Westminster Aquarium on Saturday night, etc."; or, yet again, "The very interesting article in last week's *Comet*, on the justice of Ireland's fight for freedom, is from the pen of a talented young American, named Michael McMahon O'Reardon Rafferty, who is at present the guest of Mr. Terence O'Gallagher McGrath, M. P., for Blarneystone." COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, August 3, 1889.

Mr. G. H. Verrall, F. E. S., says: "There are about a hundred species of mosquito in the world, occurring in all climes. Eight or ten species have been known to inhabit England for more than fifty years—in fact, since they were first studied. No new species to Britain has been recorded for more than fifty years. No specially topical species has ever been recorded as having occurred in Britain, but one of the well-known British species has recently been recorded from Mexico. Most, if not all, of the British species bite in very hot weather, when, apparently, like their betters, they require more liquid refreshment. Finally, mosquitoes, as well as Hessian flies, are as common in England as white butterflies."

The Historical Society in Pennsylvania possesses an authentic list in manuscript of the French officers who came to the aid of the Americans during the revolutionary war. Among them was the Vicomte de Fontanges, major-general at the siege of Savannah, who commanded a legion of free mulattoes and negroes from St. Domingo. Their officers were Captains André, Rigaud, Beauvais, and Beauregard, all men of color, who afterward became generals under the republic, and also Henri Christophe, who later was King of Hayti.

A single share of the New River Company (London Water Company), which was originally sold at the par value of one hundred pounds sterling, was disposed of at auction on July 17th for the immense sum of one hundred and twenty-two thousand eight hundred pounds. This company supplies half of London with water and owns very valuable estates. Its financial growth is something tremendous. Last year it declared a dividend of two thousand six hundred and ten pounds on each share.

For a vacancy which will occur in the corps of chaplains in the army on August 29th, there have been filed already two hundred and fifty applications.

They are attempting to acclimatize American oysters from Connecticut in several places along the coast of Sweden. So far, the oysters thrive well.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Arthur Dudley Vinton publishes with J. S. Ogilvie a paper-covered novel of a lively type called "The Unpardonable Sin."

The letters of the Duc d'Orleans are on the press and will be published by the Comte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres.

Some interesting letters and journals of British naval officers, describing Napoleon's voyage to Elba and St. Helena, will appear in the September *Century*.

Mr. E. L. Arnold, son of Sir Edwin Arnold, is writing a romance which promises to rival Mr. Haggard's "Cleopatra." It is entitled "The Wonderful Adventures of Phra, the Phœnician."

The Boston *Journal* tells of two recent novels which were favorably reviewed in the United States, reprinted in England and well mentioned there, which did not earn for their authors a hundred dollars each. The moral of this seems to be that some publishers do not publish—they merely print.

"One of Our Conquerers" is the title of the novel which George Meredith is finishing. People ask with which one of his novels they shall open acquaintance with his work. Probably "The Egoist" is the best introduction, for it is not only full of brilliant aphorisms and epigrams, but is a story whose plot-interest never fails.

Thousands of readers of Stevenson's "The Wrong Box" have admired the skill with which a newspaper "personal notice" was stamped upon the cover, but the publishers say that a copy of the book was returned as imperfect because the cover was "defaced by a newspaper scrap, which, although I have applied soap and water, I have been unable to remove."

Is not Major Kirkland wise when he recommends authors to use very small folios in preparing MS.? When a paragraph needs revision and rewritting, it would be easy to sacrifice a slip containing eighty or a hundred words, whereas to rewrite a larger number would be a weary task. This seems a simple thing, but many careful authors have apparently never thought of it.

The historical treatise on Columbus, for which a prize has been offered by a Spanish commission, must be delivered to the secretary of the Royal Academy of History, at Madrid, before the first of January, 1892. Works written in Spanish, Portuguese, English, German, French, or Italian may enter the competition. The two prizes amount respectively to five thousand seven hundred and two thousand eight hundred and ninety-five dollars, each of the two successful authors receiving beside five hundred copies of his work.

Mr. Jefferson Davis has complained so loudly of the failure of his "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government"—the word failure being used to denote the work's limited sale as compared with "Grant's Memoirs" or even Sherman's—that D. Appleton & Co. have obtained his consent to the appointment of arbitrators to decide the points at issue between them. The gentlemen chosen for the purpose are now at work. For reasons more or less obvious, the demand for the book has been confined almost wholly to the South.

The larger proportion of American authors and scholars write and have written an exceedingly small hand, neat, clear, almost perfect, each differing but little from the others. It has been suggested that poets are particularly given to this tiny chirography, because verse may be committed to paper much more daintily and effectively in such a hand than in a large and scrawling one. Whatever may be the reason, it is the fact that poets are notable for MSS. of minute and orderly elegance. Tennyson and Swinburne are exceptions. The laureate's hand-writing is big and spluttering; and Swinburne is said to write like a schoolboy.

The literary executor and the publisher have still a few things to learn, and one of these things is that sometimes it is not wise to put into print the inferior, incomplete, and tentative writings which many a brilliant author leaves in MS. behind him. There is a certain interest in tracing the growth of strength in the early work of a man of genius; but why include in anybody's "complete works" the writing done in days when all the fire of the mind has gone and when the man is too old and too self-absorbed, perhaps, to use properly his critical faculty? Why, for example, do Victor Hugo's executors go on indefinitely publishing the poet's posthumous works? The latest volumes have had little success, and some of the most accomplished critics in France have, it is said, "made themselves the mouthpiece of the weariness felt by many." Hugo was without question a great writer; why not enshrine in a final edition such of his works as deserve to live forever? Why not, instead of scraping together every poor trifle, let a dead genius be represented by his highest and best? Sometimes, we must believe, a regard for the pockets of survivors, instead of a reverence for literary art and an author's fame, enters largely into this matter.—*New York Tribune.*

Literary coincidences of one kind or another are as common as coincidences in matters of real life; and yet they are not so common as to pass without comment, "uttered or unexpressed." When Robert Louis Stevenson's "Prince Otto" was published, the points of similarity between the career of its hero and heroine and that of the Servian King Milan and Queen Natalie (whose domestic infelicity was just then a matter of universal gossip) were so many and so striking, that I was impelled to draw attention to the coincidence in the *Critic*. Last spring, when that veteran of the waxed floor and supper-room, Mr. Ward McAllister, was eclipsed if not permanently extinguished by the centennial entertainment committee, Mrs. Barr's novel "The Last of the McAllisters" appeared at the moment of his completest obscuration—the moment of "totality," as the astronomers term it. Still more recently "The Last of the Thorndikes" trod close upon the heels of Mr. Thorndike Rice's death. And now a new book of Mr. Stevenson's lends special interest to a story that comes from Pittsburg, Pa., of the adventures of a human body encased, if not in "The Wrong Box," at least in a very singular one. "Miss Madge Crawford, late of Kittanning, this State," so the press dispatch began, died, in Rome, of the Roman fever toward the close of June, and, as the law required, was interred there. The casket in which her remains were inclosed was placed in a spacious semi-public receiving-vault, beneficently built by the mother of an American who had died in the Eternal City some time before under similar circumstances. Subsequently, the young lady's brother, aided by American friends, spirited the casket away under cover of night to a quiet building in the neighborhood, and there incased it in two large boxes. Each of these was carefully sealed and the entire package covered with bamboo. A placard, reading "Fragile: Handle With Care," having been tacked upon it, the case was then shipped by rail to Naples. It was represented that it contained plate-glass, and, as such, it passed through the Neapolitan custom-house. But it was learned that such freight could not be taken on board the passenger steamship on which Mrs. Crawford and her son had secured passage, and, at the last moment, the box had to be put upon a freight-ship bound for New York.—*Critic.*

New Publications.

"Through Love to Life," a novel by Gillan Vase, has been issued in the Franklin Square Library by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 40 cents.

Charles Kingsley's "Alton Locke," with a prefatory memoir by Thomas Hughes and preceded by Kingsley's essay, "Cheap Clothes and Nasty," and the author's two prefaces; and "The Blue Ribbon," a novel by the author of "St. Olave's," etc., are the latest issues of Lovell's Household Library. Published by Frank F. Lovell & Co., New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 50 cents each.

"Uncle Piper of Piper's Hill," by "Tasma," the Australian novel which is having such success in England and the East, has been republished in the International Series by Frank F. Lovell & Co., New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 30 cents.

Josiah Royce's novel of California life, "The Feud of Oakfield Creek," which created something of a stir on its appearance two years ago, is issued as the sixth number of the Riverside Paper Series. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"The Light of Her Countenance," by H. H. Boyesen, is a novel based on and enlarged from a novelette published without Mr. Boyesen's name in *Lippincott's* for May of last year. The resemblance between the two tales is only a resemblance, and those who enjoyed the first need not be deterred from reading this by the fear that that early reading will rob this of all element of surprise. Published in the Town and Country Library by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"Between the Lines," by Captain Charles King, is a story of the war. Love is the theme, of course, but there is enough of the military life in the story to give another than the sentimental interest; indeed, Captain King's strong point—and it is a good one—lies in vividly depicting the life of the citizen-soldiers in the late war, in camp, on the march, and in action. The story has just been published as a serial, and is now reprinted in book-form by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, $1.50.

"The Confessions of a Society Man" purport to be an autobiography edited by Blanche Conscience. The young man who dubs himself a society man is the son of a Philadelphia banker, good looking, with the average amount of schooling, and an unusual share of conceit. He goes into the dissipations of the fast set among the fashionables of the Quaker City, going to balls where he becomes engaged to girls on the stairs or in other secluded nooks, while the other men do as he does, or drink too much champagne and fall down in attempting to dance, or address their partners as they would women of a very different stamp, and are put out of the room; and after the balls they generally wind up with a poker-party or some other form of "enjoyment." In the summer he goes the round of the summer-resorts, becoming engaged right and left. He takes in New York, one winter, and has an intrigue with an actress. Finally, his father becomes a bankrupt and, being a widower, marries a wealthy widow; but the "society man" has to shift for himself, and so marries an unlovely but wealthy girl, and settles down to separate existence on an allowance from his wife. The hero whose confessions are here recorded is a shallow-minded youth, who considers himself a man of the world; he indulges in the most debasing riotry and yet indulges in dish-watery moralizing over his companions' follies and crimes; he is utterly selfish and calculating in his alleged passions, but succeeds by dint of good looks and a glib tongue. It is to be suspected that Blanche Conscience intended to portray a man of the world; she has actually photographed the silly, callow, "had man" of certain unfortunate circles of American society. Published by Belford, Clarke & Co., Chicago; for sale by the newsdealers; price, 50 cents.

"Madeline and Other Poems" is the title of a volume of verses, by James McCarroll, which has recently been brought into the world with Charles Lotin Hildreth as its sponsor; that is to say, Mr. Hildreth has written for the volume an introduction from which we learn in advance that Mr. McCarroll has "absorbed through the spiritual senses all that is good and precious in our common life and given it back in pure and tender music"; that he "probably has the honorable distinction of having edited or been connected with more newspapers, journals, and magazines than any other man in America" (including the *Peterborough Chronicle*); that he was surveyor of the port of Toronto; that he made the acquaintance of many singers, players, and other persons in public life; that "amid the thunder of the presses" he has "woven tissues of song into imperishable beauty"; and many other facts which point to Mr. McCarroll as a person of no inconsiderable importance and almost disarm criticism of his verses. This latter object is furthered by an appendix consisting of six letters from Oliver Wendell Holmes, in which that kind-hearted gentleman says a word or two commendatory of such of Mr. McCarroll's verses as have been dedicated or submitted to him. Still, the courageous reader is not completely dazzled by the effulgence of Mr. McCarroll's genius. His verses are of the kind that one finds in the poets' corner of country papers, and the most that can be said for them is that Mr. McCarroll treats of his favorite theme, the graces and virtues of the fair sex, with much the same invincible admiration that characterizes Thackeray's young gentleman of quality who dedicated "The Rose of Flora" to Miss Br—dy of Castle Brady. The not inappropriate design on the cover, done in gold and blue on a white ground, represents a robust Cupid in the act of smashing a barebell with a mallet. Published by Belford, Clarke & Co., Chicago; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.50.

The Century Dictionary.

The first volume of the new dictionary of the English language, compiled under the direction of the Century Company, of New York, has made its appearance, and fully justifies the expectations which had been aroused. Mechanically, the book leaves little to be desired; the binding is handsome, the appearance of the page is attractive, and the method of arrangement is clear and concise. The illustrations are numerous, and are not simply ornamental, but are of utility in making the definitions more clear. But the chief merits of the dictionary are not in its mechanical parts. The vocabulary is far more complete than is found in any other work of the kind; indeed, as Professor Whitney, who has directed the preparation of the work, declares, it aims at being a dictionary of the English language, not a dictionary of selected words. To this end, technical words of science and art, which have heretofore been found only in technical dictionaries, are included, as are also dialectical words, Americanisms, and even those cant and slang phrases that have become a part of the language by usage. By this means the vocabulary will include upwards of two hundred thousand words, an increase of eighty-five thousand over the latest edition of Webster's unabridged. Another feature is the concise history and derivation of each word. By a series of signs, the whole history of the word is presented at a glance, it being traced back through its various forms to its ultimate root, cognate words in other languages being shown at the different periods. Synonyms receive some attention, but not sufficient to enable the book to take the place of a dictionary of synonyms. In the spelling, well-established usage is followed, there being no attempt to follow any fixed rules. Where different modes of spelling are adopted in England and in this country, as in the case of *color* and *colour*, both forms are given, with an expressed preference for the briefer one. Indeed, though the editors are very cautious about attempting to dictate in these matters, the influence of the dictionary is thrown in favor of the tendency toward a more consistent and phonetic spelling. In the pronunciations, the same rules are followed. The usage of the best speakers is followed, and, where two pronunciations of a word are recognized, both are given without any expressed preference. The shades of vowel sounds are, perhaps, carried farther than will be observed in popular usage when a distinction is drawn between the familiar, easy utterance of a word in ordinary conversation and its pronunciation in deliberate discourse. In the definitions, the attempt has been made to separate those senses of each word which are really distinct, but avoiding that over-refinement which tends to confuse, rather than make clear. The various meanings of a word are also arranged historically in the order in which the word has entered the language, and the separate definitions have been made more clear by illustrative quotations from standard authors, which have been selected and verified with the greatest care and are referred to the particular portion of the books in which the passage occurs. The definitions of technical terms have been prepared by specialists, a corps of thirty-one editorial contributors, each distinguished in his particular branch, having been employed in addition to the regular editorial staff. The most striking of the new features of this dictionary is its encyclopædic character. In regard to the technical terms in particular, much practical information has been given in addition to the explanations contained in the definitions. And, in other branches, more or less historical and descriptive text is introduced. Thus, under "cockade," an account of derivation of the French tricolor is given; under "base-ball"—w naturally receives full treatment in an American dictionary—a desc tion of the game is presented; under "biretta," the introduction of form of head-dress in offices of the church is described. The advan of this introduction of matter, formerly found only in encyclopædia stated by Professor Whitney to be that "the information given is fo most part distributed under the individual words and phrases with w it is connected, instead of being collected under a few general top It is doubtful, however, whether a person in search of this informa could not better get it in the more extended and connected for which it is presented in the encyclopædia. Even the extensive cross erences of this dictionary are insufficient to cover this disadvantage. great weakness of the dictionary is in this direction. It contains much material for handy reference. This first volume, including Cono, is almost the size of Webster's unabridged, though differi shape, and the six volumes which will contain the completed work necessarily be relegated to the shelves of the library. For the spec it is invaluable, but for popular use it lacks the handy features o ordinary dictionary. The extreme multiplication of definitions is a disadvantage for hasty reference. The letter "a" for instance ha separate definitions as a letter and as a particle, twenty-one as a p and three as a suffix; "by" fills more than three columns of sep definitions; "cap" has twenty definitions filling two columns; "c has twenty-four definitions; "cock" has thirty-three. This fea which renders the dictionary so invaluable to the student, rend equally inconvenient for popular use. The price also—ten doll volume—limits its use. The dictionary may therefore be consider addressed particularly to the student, and to him its value can no over-estimated. It is a monument to American scholarship of whic may well be proud.

Journalistic Chit-Chat.

The New York *World* building will be thirteen stories high. roof is just thirteen feet higher than the *Times* building. Abov main structure of stone, brick, and terra-cotta will be raised a do five stories high, and surmounted with a lantern which will be three dred feet above the sidewalk. The editors and reporters will have ters in the dome.

The proprietors of the London *Graphic* are on the point of issui Paris an edition of their summer number, entirely in the French guage—even to the advertisements on its outer leaves and artist ornamental wrapper. A large amount of space is devoted to the exhibition. *L'Été*, the name of the French issue, is published a price of two francs.

An illustrated magazine will appear in Boston at the end of the m opening with a "Plymouth number." It is called the *New Eng Magazine*, and is under the control of Edward Everett Hale and E D. Mead. While largely historical and devoted to the past of England, the articles will be by no means confined to local t Short biographies of Charles Stuart Parnell and Gladstone, the Fr settlements in America, remarkable cities not in New England, fi in prose and verse, are among the papers promised during the first The prospectus has a long list of contributors, headed by Messrs. W tier and John Fiske.

The first number of a journal, relating to the history and antiq of New York city, appears at 19 Park Place, under the name *New York*, and edited by W. W. Pasko. Each month a part co ing about sixty-four pages is to appear, making two volumes ye "The work is intended to cover the entire range of events from th covery of the river and bay down to a period within the recollecti middle-aged persons." The first number contains: "Notes on l ing in New York"; "An Englishman's View," from Rev. Isaac Fl almost forgotten work; an index to the engravings in the many vol of "Valentine's Manual"; "Extracts from Early Newspapers"; " Introduction of Methodism"; and other interesting matter.

The London *Stationery Trades Journal* says: "A good deal o has been occasioned during the past month by the appearance n London *Illustrated News* of a picture in which the prurient-mi could detect an indecent detail. It does not say much for our bo progress in delicacy and purity that copies of the issue were at greedily bought up, and that these were soon retailed at advanced p five and even ten times the publication price being readily give them. It is said that the proprietors took measures for stopping the s out-of-the-way places of all copies in the hands of the newsvendors A long chapter might be written upon previous incidents of a some similar kind, in which conductors of journals, usually by the trea of some of their servants, were made the unconscious instrumen the publication of pictures and reading matter of an indecent char Several years ago, the management of an important architectural were thus victimized, for with a perverse ingenuity one of their a bad half-concealed in the picture of a church chancel representa and wording that were decidedly lewd and obscene. Before th newspaper circulating largely, if not chiefly, among ladies was fou contain a word—obviously altered from an inoffensive one—of a objectionable and immoral description. The *Times* has, on variou casions, been thus defiled, despite the utmost precautions taken aft peated warnings. As far as is known the perpetrators of these offe have never been detected. The alteration in the type could on made in the stage between the making-up of the galleys and the ing of the forms to the foundry, but hitherto no one has been found This is much to be regretted, not merely in the interests of public m ity, but in those of newspaper proprietors, who, besides incu odium and distrust on the part of the readers—for a paper liable to errors would be as morally dangerous as the presence of a leper meat-market—are put to very great expense in recalling and canc a portion of an edition."

Some Magazines.

The August number of the *English Illustrated* contains a fr piece, "The Card-Players," after the picture attributed to Nicolas M an article on the fine old Elizabethan mansion, Aston Hall; por of living English generals, and of Lord William Beresford in Arch Forbes's account of bow "Bill" Beresford won his Victoria Cross; the pen-and-ink drawings accompanying Theodore Child's chatty a on "Outdoor Paris." "The Better Man" and "Sant' Ilario" are tinued; "Charles Dickens as an Editor," by the novelist's son, i duces letters written to contributors and others connected with *H hold Words*; and H. D. Traill in Et Cætera talks of obsolete modern writers of verse, lawn-tennis, muzzles, and the ethics of kee a dog.

The August *Macmillan's Magazine* is distinguished by the ope chapters of a new novel by Mrs. Oliphant, "Kirsteen," a story of Sc life seventy years ago. W. Clark Russell's novel, "Marooned," is ried on. An appreciative study is the paper on William Cowper, C. Bailey. A picturesque account of a land little visited by touri Macedonia—is given by D. G. Hogarth. A study of ancient Greek and art is the "Hippolytus Veiled" of Walter Potter. A brief graphical sketch of Orlando Bridgman Hyman is given by a pu the man, and a sonnet to Lord Tennyson on his eightieth birthd from the pen of H. D. Rawnsley. Mary Brotherton contributes a p "Chechina," a recollection of Frascati. A curious fragmentary sk psychological in its character, is given in the form of the short s "A Modern Novelist."

Mr. G. W. Childs's "Recollections" in the August *Lippincott's* with Dickens, and describe the manuscript of "Our Mutual Fri now in the writer's possession. B. Macgahan gossips about the sian painter Verestschagin and his work. "Floods and their Cau is a timely article by Felix L. Oswald. W. G. A. Bonwill tells wh denies evolution. Of the three or four short articles on literary subj Julian Hawthorne's, on "French Propriety," is the most piq William S. Walsh has some curious notes about theatre footlig Melville Phillips asks "Where is Mr. Stevenson?" and answers the is at the head of English writers of fiction; Judge Tourgée's "A Gauge and Swallow" is continued; the poetry of the month is Daniel L. Dawson, Walter Learned, and Dora Read Goodale; the novelette, "An Invention of the Enemy," is by William Babcock.

SOCIETY.

Dunphy Dinner-Party.

Mr. William Dunphy gave an elaborate dinner-party last esday evening, at his residence on Washington Street, in nor of Mrs. Robert Gilroy, of Worcester, Eng. She will remembered as Miss Ella Kellogg, who formerly resided e, and is at present on a visit to her parents. The table s beautifully appointed with fragrant flowers and rich ser-e, and the menu was complete in every detail. During dinner a string orchestra played in the conservatory adning the dining-room. Appropriate toasts were given, in ich members of the host's family, now absent in Europe, re pleasantly remembered. After dinner, the guests reed to the drawing-rooms, where musical selections were oyed Mr. Ferrer and the Misses Ferrer gave several detiful numbers on the guitars and mandolins and Mrs. O. Evans sang operatic arias and ballads. Mrs. Gilroy gave dence of her musical ability by singing some English hals in a sweet, sympathetic voice, and happily surprised ery one by some whistling solos, *à la* Shaw, with piano acopaniment. At midnight the guests retired, having passed evening most delightfully.

Those present were: Mr. William Dunphy, Mrs. Robert rov, Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Kellogg, Mr. and Mrs. O. P. , Judge and Mrs. William Craig, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. edith, Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Meagher, Dr. and Mrs. R. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Kellogg, Miss Wilson, Maud Smith, Misses Ferrer, Mr. John N. Featherston, Barry Belgrave, of London, Mr. Joseph Ryan, of Car-City, Nev., and Mr. John Conroy.

Movements and Whereabouts.

enator and Mrs. Leland Stanford will remain at Palo o several weeks longer.

Mrs. Theresa Fair, Miss Fair, and Miss Birdie Fair will the winter months in New York city.

Mrs. William L. Elkins, Jr., of Philadelphia, who will be embered as Miss Kate Felton, is paying a visit here, passthe time between this city and Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Howard are traveling in nce.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Frank Goad, Miss Goad, and the sses Aileen and Genevieve Goad, who have been at Monfor the past month, have returned to the city.

Mrs. John Landers and Mrs. Frederick W. Tallant have ed to the city after passing a month at San José.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac L. Requa and Miss Amy Requa, iedmont, are at Santa Monica.

Miss Aileen Ivers has recently been passing some time at ragansett Pier.

Mr. Joseph D. Grant has returned from a visit to El Paso obles Springs.

Mrs. F. F. Low and Miss Flora Low arrived in New York eek ago from Europe, and started at once for San Fran-. It was their intention to remain abroad several months er, but Mr. Low's illness here hastened their return.

Baron and Baroness von Schröder will remain at San Ra until October.

Mr. and Mrs. William C. Ralston, *née* Grayson, are in land on a visit from their home in Georgetown.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schmiedell, who have been at San el all of the summer, have returned to their city resi-e.

Mr. William Bahcock has returned from his trip to Lake oe.

Miss Maud O'Connor is visiting Santa Monica.

Mrs. T. G. Walkington has returned to the city after a deful visit at San José.

Miss Julia Peyton is in the city on a visit to friends.

and Mrs. W. B. Tuhbs went to Santa Cruz early in eek.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pease, Jr., intend remaining at Santa during the month of September.

James V. Coleman is paying a visit to New York

Mrs. J. H. Boalt and Miss Alice Boalt are still at Mon-

O Shafter Howard is in Salt Lake City, where he will ably remain several months.

and Mrs. Edgar E. Coursen have returned to Port-Or., after a delightful visit here.

Eugene M. Hilgard, son of Professor Hilgard, of the ersity of California, has gone to Europe, traveling East e Canadian Pacific route.

Wilcutt G. Lane, nephew of Judge J. H. Boalt, has ned to his Eastern home, after a year's visit to this

Alfred MacGrotty returned from Europe last week s now at Monterey. Mrs. Alfred MacGrotty and her George are at Manhattan Beach.

and Mrs. J. B. Crockett, who have been at San el all of the summer, have returned to the city.

Miss Jessie Newlands has returned from an enjoyable visit Miss Julia Peyton, at her home near Santa Cruz.

Colonel John P. Jackson, who has been passing several s at the Napa Soda Springs, returned home last Mon-

and Mrs. George H. Howard, *née* Schmiedell, are ex-d to return here early next month. They have been ling in Europe ever since their marriage.

Mrs. Charles Crocker has returned from a brief visit to erey.

James Phelan has returned from a visit to Seattle.

Misses Nightingale have returned from a visit to San

and Mrs. Fred W. Sharon have returned to New York a quick trip to Paris and London.

and Mrs. Paolo de Vecchi, *née* Follis, who have been ng Italy for a few months, have arrived in New York ate home. It is their intention to reside in Los An-

and Mrs. Cornelius O'Connor have been at Santa Cruz veral days.

Mr. Frank J. Sullivan has returned from a prolonged ab-s in the East and Europe.

Mrs. Volney Spalding, who has been traveling in Europe veral months, has returned to the Hotel Belle Vista, was greatly benefited by her trip.

and Mrs. W. H. McKittrick and Mrs. William R. her have left Monterey and gone to Santa Cruz.

Count G. B. Galvani, who is now in Novara, Italy, visiting ives, will go to the Paris Exposition on September 1st. will arrive in this city about October 1st.

Mrs Gladys M. Code has just returned from a short visit pa, where she was the guest of Miss Bessie Mardis.

Philip D. Code is visiting Camp Cutting at Monterey, rest of General J. T. Cutting.

Mrs. Stuart Taylor will return from Santa Cruz in about a

Mrs. John Boggs and Mr. Frank Boggs are at the Fifth e Hotel in New York city.

Culler Paige is now en route to Alaska and will return out a month.

and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson have been enjoying theality of Colonel C. Fred. Crocker at his residence in rae.

Mrs. J. P. Hale and Miss Josephine Hale, who have been rope for the past year, are expected to arrive here September 1st.

Mrs. J. F. Houghton and Miss Minnie Houghton are at George in company with Governor and Mrs. Morgan keley, *née* Houghton, of Connecticut.

and Mrs. D. M. Delmas and family have engaged nents at the Palace Hotel for the winter season.

Mrs. Elisha Cook, Miss Leonide Cook, and Mr. Elisha Jr., are in New York city, having visited all of the pal watering-places recently. They will soon depart rope to make an extended tour.

Mrs. Thomas Breeze and family have returned from their er sojourn at Monterey.

Charles R. Peters is expected in New York city to-rom Paris, where he has been studying art for two

Edward G. Schmiedell and Mr. W. S. Page are en-; a hunting trip in the interior.

Mrs. H. M. Newhall will remain at San Rafael for several

and Mrs. Adam Grant are now occupying their resi-on Bush Street after passing the summer at San

and Mrs. A. P. Redding, of Oakland, have returned their sojourn at Santa Cruz.

and Mrs. J. B. Wright, who have been at Idlewild, Tahoe, for several weeks, have returned to Sacramento.

Miss Virginia Hanchett has returned to this city from a visit to them.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Loughborough, the Misses Loughborough, and Messrs. George and Alexander Loughborough have returned from San Rafael to their residence, 829 O'Farrell Street.

Miss Florence Lockwood is the guest of Mrs. Moses Hopkins at her Redwood City home.

Mrs. W. J. Somers and Miss Mae Somers have returned from Napa and gone to San Rafael.

Mr. George Cheesman has returned from a visit to his ranch in Mexico.

Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Belden, who have been at San José most of the summer, have returned to this city and will soon leave for the East.

Mr. James D. Phelan contemplates a visit to the Eastern States in October.

General and Mrs. John F. Sheehan have leased the residence of General P. E. Connor at Redwood City.

Mrs. A. J. Pope, Mrs. F. A. Frank, Miss May E. Pope, and Mr. George A. Pope have gone to their villa at St. Helena to rusticate for a few weeks.

Miss Meta Page is visiting friends in London.

Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Salisbury have returned from a prolonged sojourn at Monterey.

Mrs. Clark W. Crocker has returned from a visit to San José.

Mrs. Julius Bandmann and Miss Bandmann have left Monterey and are now at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Clermont L. Best, Jr., is visiting the Misses Corbitt at San Mateo.

Mrs A. J. Ralston and Miss Claire Ralston have returned to Oakland after a month's visit at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. George W. Grayson, of Oakland, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Hinckley at Beowawe, Nev.

Mr. and Mrs. William S Tevis, *née* Pacheco, have been stopping at the White Sulphur Springs.

Mrs. T. C. Van Ness has returned from San Luis Ohispo owing to the illness of her daughter, Mrs. John E. de Ruyter.

Mr. Allan St. J. Bowie is passing the present month at San Rafael.

Mrs. B. J. D. Irwin, the Misses Irwin and Lieutenant Le Roy Irwin, U. S. A., a recent graduate of the U. S. Military Academy, who have been passing a month pleasantly at Fisher's Island, N. Y., have gone to Watch Hill, R. I., and will pass September at Cranstons, West Point, N. Y.

Mrs. Daniel Hanlon and Miss Josie Hanlon are enjoying a visit at Blythedale where they will remain almost all of this month. Mr. Daniel M. Hanlon and Mr Joseph Sheldon, who were visiting there for a few days, returned to the city last Monday.

Mr. Henry Martin and Mr. F. W. Hinckley arrived in Paris on August 10th, and will remain there until next spring.

Miss R. Johnson, of Boston, is visiting the family of Mrs. A. A. Cohen at Fernside, Alameda.

Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon Borden and Miss Borden are passing a couple of weeks on the Santa Catalina Island.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Hewlett, of Stockton, passed the early part of the week at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. William Alvord is still at Monterey and will remain there several weeks longer.

Notes and Gossip.

The Bachelors' Cotillion Club is making preparations for another season, and will hold its meetings as usual in B'nai B'rith Hall. The dates selected are Friday evenings, November 18th, December 6th and 20th, 1889, and January 10th and 31st, and February 14th, 1890 Each of the cotillions will have a different leader. The membership list has closed, and no more applications will be received.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hort will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding next Wednesday evening at their residence on Jackson Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank T. Hohurg will give their second postnuptial reception next Wednesday evening at the residence Mr. and Mrs. F. A Gihbs, 431 Bartlett Street.

Mr and Mrs. C. W. Bonynge, formerly of San Francisco, now residing in London, recently entertained the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne at dinner. To meet them were United States Minister Lincoln, Mrs. and Miss Lincoln, Earl and Countess of Wicklow, Earl and Countess Cairns, Vicount and Visconntess Bury, Lady Sophia Macnamara, Captain Hon Randolph Stewart, Hon. Ronald Greville, and Hon. Marcus Beresford.

Army and Navy.

Lieutenant and Mrs. E. F. Qualtrough, U. S. N., have returned from a visit to Monterey.

Lieutenant Elmer W. Huhhard, U. S A., has gone to West Point on special duty.

General and Mrs. Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., and Miss Cecilia Miles are at the Pope House in Santa Cruz.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Honors to Mme. Camilla Urso.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. Campbell recently gave a musicale at their residence, 1820 Turk Street, in honor of Mme. Camilla Urso, who has been spending the summer in the city across the hay, and will return East early in September. The parlors were beautifully decorated with flowers, and quite a number of music-lovers were present. Mme. Urso played several exquisite numbers and also the obligato to Massenet's "Elegie," which Mrs. Marriner-Campbell sang delightfully. Signor S. Martinez gave a piano solo, and there were some vocal numbers by Miss Helen Little, Miss Wilcox, and Mr. Walter C. Campbell, the accompaniments being played by Mrs. William J. Younger. After the musicale an excellent supper was enjoyed.

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Campbell, Mr and Mme. Frederic Luer (Mme. Camilla Urso), Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred B. Ford, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, Dr. and Mrs. William J. Younger, Colonel and Mrs. W. C. Little, Colonel and Mrs. S. D. Mayer, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, of Oakland, Mrs. George Loomis, Mrs. William L. Elkins, Jr., Mrs. William Kohl, Mrs. T. W. Park, Mrs. J. L. N. Shepherd, Miss Maud Younger, Miss Helen Little, Miss Mamie Kohl, Miss Jeannette Wilcox, Mr. Henry Heyman, Mr. C. N. Felton, Jr., Mr. Sigismund Martinez, and others.

A few evenings later, Mr. and Mrs. E G. Lyons entertained Mme. Urso at their home, 2022 Bush Street, where a musicale and conversazione was held. About seventy-five friends enjoyed Mme. Urso's playing, which included several numbers by Wieniawski, Spohr, Vieuxtemps, and others. Mlle. Godchaux was her accompanist. The hostess sang to Mme. Urso's violin obligato, and Mme. Zeiss-Dennis and Mrs. J. M. Pierce also gave vocal selections. Señor M. Espinosa played also. A delicious supper ended this very pleasant affair.

Oakland people will tender Mme. Urso a farewell testimonial concert at the First Congregational Church, on Thursday evening next, August 29th. She will herself play two violin solos, and will be assisted by Mrs. W. C Little, Miss Helen Little, soprani; J. Lewis Browne, organist; Signor Martinez, pianist; and a male quartet—Messrs. Ben Clark, D. P. Hughes, H. A. Redfield, and George H. Carleton.

Handel and Haydn Society.

The Handel and Haydn Society gave its third concert of this season last Thursday evening at the Grand Opera House. There was a large and appreciative audience present, and they gave full evidence of their appreciation of the performance by their frequent applause. Sir Arthur Sullivan's oratorio "The Golden Legend" was the attraction, and it was presented with a full orchestra and a chorus of two hundred voices under the direction of Mr. H. J. Stewart. The soloists were Miss Cecilia Adler, Miss Mary E. Barnard, Mr. Ben Clark, and Mr. F. G. B. Mills. The affair was a success both musically and socially.

Mr. Henry Heyman is now located at 623 Eddy Street. Since his return from the East he has been the recipient of several dinner-parties.

At Irving Hall next Friday evening Mme. Louise Pyk will give her farewell concert, for which an interesting programme has been prepared. Among those who will appear are Signor Enrico Campobello, Mr. Hermann Brandt, and Miss Nellie Hinrichs.

"Sobre las Olas" (Dancing Waves), a new waltz composed and arranged for the piano by Juventino Rosas, has been published and is for sale by the Matthias Gray Company, San Francisco; price, 75 cents.

Mr. Nathan Landsberger, a young California musical genius, is making quite a reputation in Berlin by his wonderful violin playing, both in public and at the palaces of some of the most distinguished nobility.

The Loring Club will give its first concert of the thirteenth season at Odd Fellows' Hall on Wednesday evening, September 4th.

DXLI — Bill of Fare for six persons — Sunday, August 25, 1889.

Okra Soup.
Cantaloupe.
Deviled Crabs.
Lamb Chops, Tomato Sance.
Summer Squash. Corn.
Baked Squabs. Potatoes.
Vegetable Salad.
Charlotte Russe. Fruits.

Deviled Crabs.—When the crabs are boiled, take out the meat and cut into dice; clean the shells well. To six ounces of crab-meat, mix two ounces of bread-crumbs, two hard-boiled eggs chopped, the juice of half a lemon, cayenne pepper, and salt. Mix all with cream or cream-sauce, a dessert spoonful of butter, and fill the shells with the mixture; smooth the tops, sprinkle over sifted bread-crumbs, and color it in a quick oven.

— Mrs. John Vance Cheney will resume teaching at her residence, 908 Sutter St., August 19th.

— Extra Mince Pies, Swain's, 213 Sutter St.

NEW NOVELS.

The following list contains the names of a few of the latest novels received by us:

Solarion, by Edgar Fawcett	$ 25
Three Days, by S. W. Cooper	1 00
Adrian Lyle, by Rita	25
Basil Lyndhurst, by Rosa Carey	25
Merle's Crusade, by Rosa Carey	1 25
The Wrong Box, by R. L. Stevenson	75
Antoinette, by George Ohnet	50
Wheat and Tares, by Graham Claytor	1 25
The Light of her Countenance, by H. H. Boyesen	50
Story of Helen Davenant, by Violet Fane	50
American Coin, by author of "Aristocracy"	50
In the Wire Grass, by Louis Pendleton	50
Reproach of Annesley, by Maxwell Gray	50
A Dreamer of Dreams	50
Near to Happiness	50
Lace, by Paul Lindau	50
Judge Lynch, by Geo. H. Jessop	50
The Pace that Kills, by Edgar Saltus	50
The Crooked Path, by Mrs. Alexander	35
Miss Shafto, by Wm. Norris	30
Between the Lines, by Capt. King, U. S. A.	1 25
Through Love to Life, by Gillat Vase	40
Uncle Piper, of Piper's Hill, by Tasma	40
Birch Dene, by W. Westall	45
The Nether World, by Geo. Gissing	45
Margery, by Georgie Ebers	80
A Splendid Egotist, by Walworth	50
Le Bleuet, by Gustave Haller	25
Thelma, by Marie Corella	50
Ardath, by Marie Corella	50
The Romance of an Alter Ego, by General Lloyd Bryce	50

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GUARDIAN'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Los Angeles, State of California.

In the matter of the estate and guardianship of BERTRAM E. WILLIAMS, minor. No. 155.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the said Superior Court, made on the 15th day of August, 1889, in said matter, the undersigned will sell at private sale to the highest bidder, and subject to confirmation by said Court, on and after the 10th day of September, 1889, all the right, title, interest, claim, property, and estate of the said BERTRAM E. WILLIAMS, minor, in and to the real estate hereinafter described, said interest being an undivided one-tenth interest in the following tracts and parcels of land situate in the City and County of San Francisco, said State, and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Lots 5, 8, and 9, as marked upon a certain map, styled Map of the Precita Valleys Lands, now on record in the office of the County Recorder of said City and County of San Francisco, said lots fronting on Serpentine Avenue, and being in what is called the Bernal Rancho.

Lot No. 18, of the Precita Valley Lands, having a frontage on Precita Avenue, as per map or plan of said valley lands drawn from actual survey by Milo Hoadley and filed in the Recorder's office of said City and County of San Francisco, September 27, 1859; said Precita Avenue substantially corresponding to what is now called Army Street.

Lots 1472, 1474, 1476, 1518, 1519, 1520, 1521, 1522, 1523, and 1524, as designated upon a certain map, entitled Gift Map No. 2, recorded in the office of the Recorder of said City and County of San Francisco, in Liber 2, of Maps, said lots being on the Bernal Rancho, so-called

The terms of sale of said real estate being cash, gold coin of the United States

Bids or offers may be for any or all of the above lots, and must be in writing, and may be left at the office of Charles Ashton, at Nos. 409-411 Montgomery Street, in the City of San Francisco, said State, or delivered to the undersigned personally, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of the sale.

OLIVE A. WILSON,
Guardian of the person and estate of said minor, 835 South Main Street, Los Angeles, Cal

Allen & Miller, Attorneys for said Guardian.

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THE AGED CASHIER'S REVENGE.

A Tale of Wall Street.

I.

"And so, after all my long years of service, you would cast me out upon the mercies of a cold world to earn my bread as best I may."

The speaker was an old, old man. His threescore-years-and-ten had bowed his once tall and commanding figure, had frosted his locks, and had seamed his face with many a line and wrinkle. As he raised his thin, white hand to his forehead, and ran his fingers through his scanty hair, they trembled as though he had the palsy.

He was standing beside the desk of the millionaire bank-president, Richard Coupon, Esq., and it was to him that he addressed his remarks.

"If you must earn your bread, Robert," said the banker, in a cold, harsh tone, "it is your own fault. You should have laid by sufficient to keep you in your old age. You have discharged your duties faithfully, it is true, but you have been paid to do so."

"Aye!" said the old man, his lips trembling with impotent rage; "aye, you are right, I have been paid. I have been the cashier of your bank for four-and-thirty years at a salary of six hundred dollars a year. Out of that sum I had to keep my large family. Of course I could have saved a princely sum. I should have laid by a million or so, I suppose."

Banker Coupon pushed back his chair impatiently as he heard these sarcastic words.

"Well," he said, "if you have saved nothing it is so much the worse for you. I feel that I must have a younger man in your place. On Saturday, therefore, you will give up your keys and leave my employment. That is all I have to say now."

Robert Certify, the aged cashier, turned and left the banker's private office. At the threshold, however, he paused for a moment, and, looking back at his cruel employer, said, in low, smothered tones:

"To-day is Thursday. I have, therefore, two days before me. He trusts me yet. I'll do it. Ha! ha!"

The "Ha! ha!" was spoken in a whisper. In that moment, dear reader, Robert Certify had become a villain.

His provocation was great. Let us not judge him too harshly.

II.

"You say that you can do this, doctor?"

"I can."

"There is no possibility of a failure?"

"None whatever."

"Will it be painful?"

"Not at all."

"And your fee to do it and keep the matter quiet ever after?"

"One hundred thousand dollars."

"It is a great sum, but no matter; you shall have it. When will you do it?"

"This very day."

"'Tis well. When you have succeeded the money shall be yours."

III.

"Extra! Terrible failure in Wall Street! De Coupon Bank busted! All de horrible perticulars! Extra!"

Such was the startling news which burst upon the metropolis.

The crash came on the Saturday morning following the conversation which opens our story.

Old Robert Certify had stolen three million dollars' worth of bonds and securities and one million dollars in cash.

He had been seen to leave the bank at half-past three o'clock Friday afternoon with a bundle under his arm. He had walked up Wall Street to Broadway and had taken a car up-town. After that all trace of him had vanished completely. The detectives had not the slightest clew upon which to work. There had been a great run upon the bank, and at ten o'clock Saturday morning the doors had been closed. Thousands of depositors were penniless.

Richard Coupon was a ruined man.

* * * * * * *

Three days after the failure of the bank, and while it was still almost the sole topic of conversation in the great city, a meeting of the directors and the principal creditors of the bank was held in Richard Coupon's private office. The receiver and several expert accountants were there.

Richard Coupon sat at the head of a long table with his face buried in his hands. Ever and anon his form shook convulsively.

The receiver had risen to make his statement of the bank's affairs to the best of his ability, and was just about to begin when an attendant entered and said:

"There's a young gent at the door as says he must see you at once. He won't take no for an answer."

"What does he want with us?"

"He says it's about the missin' bonds."

"Send him in immediately."

In another moment a handsome young gentleman was ushered into the room. His face was rosy with the flush of health; his eyes were bright and sparkling; his hair was as black and glossy as the raven's wing; his step was light and buoyant. Walking straight up to where the crushed president, Richard Coupon, sat, he said, in a clear, ringing voice:

"I come from your missing cashier, Robert Certify."

"Where is he?" came in a chorus from all in the room, as they leaped with one accord to their feet.

"Calmly, gentlemen, calmly," said the young man, as he motioned them to be seated; "where he is you will never know, at least, not until I have transacted the business which brings me here. I am his attorney, and I bring from him a proposal to return the three millions of dollars in securities which he took, if he is permitted to keep the one million of dollars in money. You must sign a bond never to molest him nor to attempt to recover a cent of the money. Otherwise, the securities will be destroyed."

There was a long discussion following this remarkable announcement. Finally, it was agreed to accept the terms rather than lose all. The agreement was at once drawn up and signed. Then the young man took it and left the room.

In fifteen minutes he returned, with a large bundle under his arm.

"There are your securities, gentlemen," he cried, as he threw the bundle upon the table.

"And now, sir, will you tell us where is Robert Certify?" asked Richard Coupon, when he had counted the securities and found them correct.

"He is here!" shouted the young man, as he faced the president; "I am Robert Certify, your old cashier! You didn't know me, because my youth has been restored by the use of Dr. Brown-Séquard's elixir of life. The fiery blood of a young guinea-pig is coursing in my veins. Now I will leave you and enjoy my savings in my old age. Ha! ha! ha!"

But Richard Coupon did not hear his words.

He had fallen back in his chair—dead.—*Evening Sun.*

The Hotel Skiff.

A man with orange eyes thought he would take a girl, with whom he had been playing tennis, out for a row. So he engaged one of the public boats attached to the hotel. He had never used one of these boats before, and did not know that they weigh two hundred pounds apiece, without including the twelve pounds of paint put on every season.

He was also in blissful ignorance of the fact that no two oars connected with the establishment came within five pounds of each other in weight, or that the average weight of each was something like twenty pounds.

But when he got out a little way, and found the boat sailing about in a circle, he concluded that one oar was about seven pounds heavier than the other, and it would be necessary to row much more gently on the heavy than on the light one to attain anything like a straight course.

The boat, to be sure, was not equipped with a rudder, and the girl would lean over to allow her lily fingers to trail in the water, and then the wind would come up and cause the water-logged craft to head in a different direction.

To secure a straight course, it would require a mathematical calculation which no oarsman could work out in his head, for he would have to consider the different weights of the girl, boat, and oars, as well as the force of wind, resistance of water, etc.

The man's orange eyes grew larger, while the oar-handles took the palms, and occasionally cracked his knuckles like so many English walnuts.

It ought to have been consoling to him to know that the girl in the stern of the boat was enjoying the row and the beautiful surroundings.

"Oh, let's go over to that lovely island," she said.

He did his best to appear delighted with the idea, but his orange eyes began to dilate, and his heart felt as sore as his oar-bruised knuckles. But he started for the island, which seemed three or four hundred feet distant, when, in reality, it was about two miles. It was the apparent lack of distance that lent enchantment to the view, but the enchantment vanished like his cuticle as he rowed on. By the way he was turning about he would have to row probably six miles before reaching the island, so he headed the boat for the mainland.

"You are not pointing toward the island at all, now," she said.

"By rowing toward the mainland," he replied, "we shall reach the island sooner, because this boat is turning so continually that we make the greatest headway by going in the opposite direction."

"Yes," she replied, "but we are going away from the island all the time. We shall be back on shore in ten minutes if you keep on."

"Excuse me," he went on, "but do you notice my eyes growing larger?"

"Yes."

"That confirms me in the opinion that I have a fit coming on, and must get ashore as soon as possible."

So, after a violent effort, during which the girl was frightened half to death, he reached the shore. He had no fit, but he had the satisfaction of knowing that that girl would never ask him to row her again, and that she would tell the other girls, and he would no more be a victim of the hotel boat—the fat poodle of the lake in contradistinction to the Cunarder which is the greyhound of the sea.

"It is lucky I can make my orange eyes bulge at will," he said, after relating the circumstance to a friend.

"Let's see you make them bulge now," asked his friend.

So he bulged his orange eyes until they looked like a couple of hard-boiled eggs, shelled, and cut in half lengthwise.—*Once a Week.*

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TIME TABLE.

mmencing Sunday, March 31, 1889, and until urther notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

om SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.30, 3.25, 4.50, 6.10 P. M.
ndays)—8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 12.30, 1.30, 2.45, 3.20, 5.30, 6.30, P. M.

om SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.10, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.55 P. M.
ndays)—8.00, 9.50, 10.55 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 1.15, 2.45, 4.00, 5.00, 6.05, 7.00 P. M. Extra trips on Saturday at 6.25 P. M.
re, 50 cents. round trip.

om SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—5.45, 8.15, 9 55, 11.50 A. M.; 2.30, 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
ndays)—8.45, 10.35, 11.35 A. M.; 12.45, 1.55, 3.30, 4.40, 5.45, 6.50, 7.45 P. M. Extra trips on Saturday at 3.05 P. M.
re, 25 cents, round trip.

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0 P. M., Daily (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at 8.45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12.20 P. M.
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LEAVE	From August 1, 1889.	ARRIVE
7.30 A.	Haywards, Niles and San José	*12.45 P.
8.30 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis	7.15 P.
8.00 A.	Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	6.15 P.
8.30 A.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	11.15 A.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
9.30 A.	Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
*10.00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	*3.45 P.
*10.00 A.	Sacramento River Steamers	**6.00 A.
1.00 P.	Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
3.00 P.	Stockton and Milton; Vallejo, Calistoga & Santa Rosa	9.45 A.
3.30 P.	2d Class Sacramento, Ogden and East, connects at Davis for Knight's Landing	10.45 A.
*3.30 P.	Niles and Livermore	*8.45 A.
4.30 P.	Niles and San José	‡4.45 P.
4.30 P.	Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
5.30 P.	Central Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	7.45 P.
6.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East	7.45 A.
6.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

‡7.15 A.	Newark, San José and Santa Cruz	‡8.05 P.
8.15 A.	Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
4.15 P.	Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*11.20 A.
5.15 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, Los Gatos and Santa Cruz	‡‡9.50 A.

EAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

6.15 A.	San José and Way Stations	2.30 P.
10.00 A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz, Sunday Excursion	‡8.25 P.
10.00 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos; Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey, Pacific Grove; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations	6.12 P.
11.00 A.	San José, Almaden and Way Stations	7.30 P.
11.45 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	5.02 P.
3.00 P.	Menlo Park, San José, Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville, Monterey, and Pacific Grove only. (Del Monte limited.)	*11.15 A.
4.00 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and principal Way Stations	*10.00 A.
5.00 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	7.58 A.
5.00 P.	San José and Way Stations	9.03 A.
5.15 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A.
5.15 P.	San José and principal Way Stations	‡‡4.30 P.

or morning. P. for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. turdays only. ‡ Sundays only. ** Mondays excepted. urdays excepted. || Saturdays and Sundays only to Santa uz. ‡‡ Sundays and Mondays only from Santa Cruz.

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Mr. Thomas's "Burglar" is the lineal descendant of "Little Lord Fauntleroy." For both children Mrs. Hodgson Burnett is responsible. "Editha's Burglar" was the bud which bloomed into that happiest of all stage pictures, the little ragged boy who left his American home to be an English earl. The fortunate mother of gifted and lovely children, Mrs. Burnett has made an especial study of childhood, of its ways, its manner of thought and speech, its impulses, and the natural generosity with which its instincts overflow. She has so trained her own mind that she enters into the mind of children as if she were still one of them; and she is artist enough to discriminate between that which in the brightest of them is dull from that which is quaint and captivating. Her child-lore is striking while it remains natural; her children's humor bubbles unconsciously from their lips. The little laddie who prayed God that He would make him good "after he had licked Tommy," and was utterly unaware that he had said anything funny, might have been one of Mrs. Burnett's heroes.

Until our day, infantile humor had no representation on the stage. Many of the greatest actors and actresses made their débuts as children; but they played adult parts. Peg Woffington appeared before the footlights at eleven, but it was as Macheath, in "The Beggar's Opera"; Master Betty made his bow to the public at ten, but it was in a man's part in heavy tragedy; Edmund Kean was put on the stage at the age of five, but it was as an imp in "Macbeth"; so our own Clara Morris played parts when she was a tiny waif, but she was a nymph or naiad; Mr. Crummles's Infant Phenomenon made her début at ten, and as she was kept up late at nights and had had an unlimited allowance of gin-and-water from her infancy, her stature did not increase afterward, but she played ballet-dancers and Indian maidens, in which parts child-talk would have been out of place. Mrs. Burnett has the credit of creating the modern stage-child, who acts like a real child, talks like a child, and draws upon our emotions by the normal humor of a child.

To say that the creation has been a success is faint language. And the success was as surprising as it is phenomenal. When "Lord Fauntleroy" was offered to the managers of New York, though it was from the pen of an experienced and successful dramatist, it was not believed by any of them that it could hold the hoards. No manager conceived it possible that the whimsical prattle of childhood could fascinate grown people. A mother or two, here and there, it was said, might smile as she thought of her own darlings at home; but girls would find such performances duller than hen-parties, and as for men, they would yawn their heads off. But one manager gauged public taste more correctly, and he won his reward in the triumph of a play which has made more dollars for its author than any piece which has been produced for years. He acted upon the adage that men are but children of a larger growth, and that a play which amuses children will also amuse their parents, if it be deftly constructed, and the contrasts between the child mind and the adult mind skillfully brought out.

"The Burglar," as produced at the Bush, is a mild melodrama, with faint flavors of "Enoch Arden" and "Jim, the Penman"; it has a suitable underplot, in which Harry Davenport shows some pretty by-play, and Miss Archer a pair of pretty ankles; but the point of the piece is the commission of a burglary in the presence of a child, and her innocent comments thereon. The situation is new. How would a child act who witnessed a burglary without consciousness of its iniquity? What would she say? It goes without saying that her impressions and her remarks would be something entirely out of the common run, and that nothing but genius of the very highest order could divine and portray them. How enormous the difficulty of penetrating the child mind, and discerning how it would act under such circumstances, may be imagined from the failure of so great an artist as Dickens to surmount it. Little Paul Dombey and little David Copperfield are grown people, razeed to the child level. They are not real children. Events do not strike them as they would strike tenants of the nursery; they talk like men who are affecting the dialect of children, as the fond father of a two-year-old mutilates his speech in the wild idea that he will then be better understood by his offspring.

The good fortune which has attended the production of "The Burglar"—and which in all probability will follow it elsewhere—is another illustration of the tenderness of the average human heart, and a warning to playwrights and managers that the path to the applause of the gallery is not necessarily paved with blood and murder. Mayhew long ago surprised his readers by informing them that the most popular songs at the penny-gaffs in London—which are frequented by the lowest, most degraded, and most brutal classes of the British metropolis—were not the vulgar and indecent ditties of the music-halls, but the tenderest and most pathetic ballads in the language. It seems that away down in the coarsest and roughest men, as in the most frivolous and selfish women, there is a fibre of exquisite sensibility which thrills to sentiment and responds to emotion. The spectator at the Bush will see in the audience faces so hard that in real life it would obviously be idle to appeal to the feelings of their wearers; but when little Editha reasons with her father, the burglar, these same faces are distorted by a laugh which is very nearly a cry, and the attention becomes so rapt as almost to be painful. Moralists may derive a good deal of comfort from the fact that the same class of faces, when observed in the parquet at one of the Kiralfy shows, where the loveliest female forms are exhibited in costumes in comparison with which Eve's full-dress in the garden was modest, reveal nothing but weariness and boredom.

In the meantime, it is agreeable to realize that Mr. Grismer is likely to be suitably rewarded for the enterprise and judgment he has displayed in producing "The Burglar." Such adventures deserve reward, and his will not be wanting. He is himself a fit representative of the hero; he plays with ease, grace, and naturalness. And his charming wife, Miss Phœbe Davies, has in the part of the unhappy spouse of two husbands an opportunity of disclosing a power and fire with which those who were not acquainted with her capacity were agreeably surprised.

STAGE GOSSIP.

The Tivoli will continue to give grand and comic opera on alternate nights, with Signora Ida Valerga and Belle Thorne in the leading rôles.

"King Cole II," the new spectacular production now playing at the Columbia Theatre in Chicago, will be one of the fall attractions at the Bush Street Theatre.

The Alcazar will inaugurate its melodrama season next week with "The Galley Slave." The stock company will comprise E. J. Buckley, Isabel Morris, L. R. Stockwell, and other less-known people.

Ed. C. Johson, who is the romantic young man of "A Parlor Match," made his first appearance on the stage with a minstrel company at the Standard Theatre here a few years ago. He is well known in society in Sacramento.

Margaret Mather will play in "Romeo and Juliet," at the Baldwin on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings and at the Saturday matinée, in "The Honeymoon" on Tuesday and Saturday evenings, and in "Macbeth" on Thursday.

The company supporting Margaret Mather comprises J. B. Studley, Charles Welles, Harry Eytinge, Eugene Jepson, J. N. Long, Harry Hanscombe, F. L. Sylvester, Percy Sage, J. E. McGregor, G. V. Devere, Lizzie Good, Virginia Marlowe, Mary L. Bener, Josie Ingram, Annie Ingram, and Gertrude Wood.

Mr. and Mrs. Grismer deserve the full measure of success, artistic and financial, that is being accorded them at the Bush Street, for they have worked very hard over the rehearsals. And even now they devote a share of every afternoon to rehearsing Mabel Bowman and the little maid who is her alternate in the rôle of Editha.

"A Parlor Match" has been well patronized at the California, and the indications point to an equal success next week, which closes their engagement. The young women with the fog-horn-and steam-whistle voices cast but a brief shadow over the show, and one forgets them in the real enjoyment of Evans and Hoey and Minnie French.

Charlie Reed, whom we all know as the plain comedian; Ignacio Martinetti, whose clever dancing was a feature of "Little Puck"; and May Yohe, a Chicago girl who is considered very pretty and very *chic* in her native city, though she has no reputation in the East, are the leading people of "The City Directory" Company.

"The City Directory," which is to be given at the Bush Street next week, is a farce-comedy, and has been seen only in Chicago, where it was well received. It is the production of Paul M. Potter, formerly editor of *Town Topics*, and the eight men in it are named John Smith, while the women are Mrs. John Smith and her six daughters.

Recognizing the fact that the beauty of the girls in the minor rôles is a prime factor in the success of a farce-comedy, the manager of "The City Directory" promulgates the announcement that "there are no more attractive girls on the stage than the Misses Howard, Thorne, Wilson, Kirby, and Archmere, who figure prominently in 'The City Directory.'" This is important, if true.

Robert M. Eberle, than whom no man deserves better treatment at the hands of the amateurs of this city and their friends, for he has been the favorite manager of their productions for years, is going East to assume the stage-management of the Booth-Modjeska Company in a few weeks, and a benefit has been arranged for him which should be a great success. It is to take place at the Grand Opera House next Wednesday evening, August 28th, and inasmuch as the performance is "The Merchant of Venice," with young Mr. Hotaling as the Jew and other prominent amateurs in the other rôles, the event will be one of social importance as well as artistic interest.

The friends of that promising young actress, Kathlynne Heron, will be glad to learn that she has entirely recovered from her recent severe illness. She will travel through the Pacific Coast with the Harrigan Company, playing the leading juvenile parts, but will return to this city in time to fill an engagement with Fanny Davenport's company, which comes to the Baldwin in the last week of September.

ACTORS' SUDDEN DEATHS.

Though many an actor has been seized with fatal illness, either while playing his part on the stage or directly after quitting it, there are but few well-authenticated cases of death when actually upon the stage and in view of the audience. The cases, however, range over a long period, dating from the days when the dramas of ancient Greece and Rome were in their glory, to the melancholy occurrences of a few years ago.

It was a custom in ancient Rome to choose from among the criminals condemned to death the most likely men, and employ them to represent such characters as were to be killed in those great public tragedies in which even the emperors took part. These ill-fated men were really slain on the stage, and thus, says the old writer to whom we are indebted for the information, were tragedies naturally acted. Julius Cæsar was one of the emperors who exhibited his skill, or want of it, as an actor, and he is credited with the introduction of an unrehearsed and sanguinary effect. Once, when acting as Hercules, he was so overcome by the passion of the part that, instead of merely appearing to kill one of the other actors in the course of the tragedy, "he slew him dead at his feet."

A horrible scene was witnessed in Sweden, during the performance of a religious drama, "The Passion of Our Saviour," in the year 1513. One of the actors had to pierce the side of the person on the cross, in the crucifixion scene; in his enthusiasm he plunged his lance into him and killed him. The dead man fell from the cross upon the impersonator of the Virgin Mary, who was fatally injured. King John the Second, who was present, was so enraged at the occurrence that he drew his sword and slew the terror-stricken cause of it; whereupon the audience, furious at the loss of their favorite actor, wound up this cycle of horrors by striking off their sovereign's head.

About the year 1814, a conjuror was performing at Dublin, one of his tricks being to catch a ball, fired from a pistol, between his teeth. A gentleman from among the audience was selected to fire the pistol; through some mistake, he was given the wrong one, and when he fired, a bullet crashed into the brain of the unfortunate juggler, who, needless to say, fell dead on the spot. In 1820, during a performance at Armstadt, a young woman, Mme. Linsky, was fired at by six soldiers, who had been instructed to bite off the bullet, when biting the cartridge. One of them did not do so, and as the smoke of the volley cleared away, the human target sank to the floor, exclaiming: "Dear husband, I am shot!" At Milan, an actor was playing in "Antigone," and had to seem to turn his sword from his father's breast to stab himself, which he did so effectually that he fell on the stage, covered with blood, from what proved to be a fatal wound. The celebrated comedian, Buckstone, records a terrible affair that happened at the Mohile Theatre when he acted there. A Mr. Ewing and a Miss Hamblin were members of the company, and after the first act of the farce, "My Old Woman," the latter followed the former into the dressing-room and stabbed him. A curious fact in connection with this tragedy was that the jury acquitted the actress, on the ground that Mr. Ewing might have died from heart disease if he had not been stabbed. On March 7, 1876, Miss Mabel Hall, an actress at the Theatre Comique, St. Louis, was shot by a man whose attentions she had rejected, and who afterwards committed suicide.

Of deaths on the stage caused by emotion, excitement, or sudden illness, we find an abundance of curious cases. The deaths from one or other of these causes, or a combination of them, have been many, and, in some few instances, they receive additional interest, apart from their tragic nature, from the fact that the last words of his part uttered by the actor when the last call came, had some significant reference to the uncertainty of life. Betterton, one of the first of great actors, may almost be said to have died on the stage, although his death did not actually take place in the theatre. For more than fifty years he had been the delight and the pride of London playgoers, the friend of sovereigns, a good man, and a grand actor, his method being somewhat akin to that which, a century later, was to be recognized as the style of the Kemble school. Betterton was seventy-five years of age when he made his last appearance on the stage of Vanbrugh's Theatre in the Haymarket, on Tuesday, April 25, 1710, as Melantius, in Beaumont and Fletcher's drama, "The Maid's Tragedy." He was, at the time, suffering tortures from an attack of gout, yet excited, no doubt, by the applause of an immense audience, which rose to greet him on his first entrance, he succeeded in fighting the pain, and acted with even more than his usual vigor and effect. But when the curtain fell he broke down, and had to be carried to his dressing-room. He never rallied, and three days afterward he was dead. His remains found a resting-place in the quiet cloister of Westminster Abbey. Steele made the funeral the text upon which to hang one of the finest essays in the *Tatler*.

The first instance on record of death actually upon the stage occurs in 1735, when an actor named William Bond, having unsuccessfully attempted to get his friend's, Aaron Hill's, translation of Voltaire's "Zaire" acted at Drury Lane or Covent Garden, resolved to give a performance of the tragedy privately in a concert-room, in York Buildings. The play took place, Bond himself representing Lusignan, a part which was afterward undertaken by both Garrick and Barry. Nothing was omitted which could assist the success of the performance, which was given before a numerous and enthusiastic audience. By his acting as the old Christian, Bond gained great applause; it was considered wonderful. He so far identified himself with the passions of the part that, in the second act, on discovering his long-lost children, he fainted away. The audience, thinking this to be only a piece of superb acting, n doubled their applause, and the house rang with cri of approval. As he remained in that state for wh seemed to be a longer time than was necessary, bo players and spectators grew uneasy. The Nerest and Chatillon of the play raised him from the flo and placed him in a chair. He recovered a little, e tended his arms to embrace his newly-found childre and with difficulty uttered the next lines of his par "My son! My daughter! Lost in embracing yo I would now die, lest this should prove a dream raised his eyes to heaven, and died without a strugg

Charming Peg Woffington, like Betterton, receiv her death summons while engaged in her profession duties, though she lingered, a helpless paralytic, f three years before her final exit from this earthly stag It was on the third of May, 1757, that she was stru by paralysis, while playing Rosalind, in "As Y Like It" (a part she had for ten years held almo without a rival), at Covent Garden Theatre. Ta Wilkinson, then a hanger-on at the theatres, was eye-witness of the sad termination to the popul Peggy's dramatic career, and he has left us a grap account of it. She went through the first four acts the play in her usual vivacious manner, but in t fifth complained of illness. A sense of approachi trouble and a feeling of faintness came over her she made the rapid change from her male disguise the bridal garb of the last scene. However, she ma aged to dress, and returned to the stage to finish b part, appearing to the audience as charming a sprightly as ever. When in the epilogue she got "If I were among you, I would kiss as many as h beards that pleased me," her voice broke, she falter endeavored to walk, but could not, then, in a voi of terror, screamed "O God! O God!" as she t tered toward the stage-door. There she was caug in the arms of sympathizing comrades, who carri her gently from the stage she had adorned so we and to which she was never to return.

Eighteen months later, Joseph Peterson, one of t Norwich company of actors, died on the stage. H was a comedian of considerable ability, having or appeared at Drury Lane, and was besides the auth of an opera performed at York, entitled "The Ra Show." In October, 1758, he was playing the p of Duke Vicentio in "Measure for Measure," wh we are told he did in a masterly style, to the Clau of John Moody. All went well until the commen ment of the third act, when the Duke, disguised a Friar, enters the prison cell in which Claudio is c fined, and endeavors to prepare him for his impe ing execution. Peterson had no sooner spoken t lines:

> Reason thus with life;
> If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
> That none but fools would keep: a breath thou

than he fell into Moody's arms, and died almost stantly. This is, perhaps, the most curious case t the stage has to offer of death following close up the delivery of some sentiment in dispraise of l Peterson was interred in Bury St. Edmunds, and his tombstone are engraved the last words he utter Moody seems to have been fated to be present at s den deaths, for in 1776, while he was looking on a rehearsal at the Plymouth Theatre, in company w the lovely, fascinating, and virtuous Mrs. Jeffers the lady, in the midst of a hearty laugh caused some comic business on the stage, was taken ill would have fallen to the ground if Moody had caught and supported her in his arms, where she pired.

In 1777, the satirical Samuel Foote was, like M tress Woffington, seized with paralysis while on stage, and in July, 1784, West Diggs was also t seized on the Dublin stage while rehearsing Pierre the Belvidera of Mrs. Siddons. He was remo from the theatre, and never acted again. In September of the same year, Miss Maria Linley d at Bath while singing, "I know that my Redeer liveth." On November 20, 1794, one of Garrick's actors, Robert Baddeley, the founder of the Twe Night feast at Old Drury, and the original Moses "The School for Scandal," was taken ill while dr ing for a performance of that part at the Natio Theatre, and shortly after died, aged sixty-one.

1799, an actor named Chickingham burst a blo vessel while playing Osman, in "The Castle Specu

The tragic death of John Palmer is now a w known legend of the theatre. He was one of E land's best light-comedians, and the original Jos Surface; indeed, it has been said that the part written for him as in a great measure from him. was fulfilling a provincial engagement at Liverp in the summer of 1798. "The Stranger" was be prepared for performance, with Palmer as the mel choly and misanthropic hero—rather a strange ch for a comedian. On the morning of the day fixed its production, Palmer received intelligence of death of his second son, a youth of much promise whom he was greatly attached. Owing to the fath natural grief and distress, the play was postponed a time. On its subsequent performance, his succe was so great that a second representation was ca for; this took place on August 2, 1798, and durin Palmer, according to a contemporary account, "a sacrifice to the poignancy of his own feelings, the audience were doomed to witness a catastro which was truly melancholy." There has been a g deal of doubt as to the precise place in the pla which the tragic occurrence happened. In the count which was at first accepted, it was stated have been in the fourth act, when Baron Steinfort covers the unknown recluse to be his old friend, Co Waldhourg, and learns from him the reasons for misanthropy and seclusion. Palmer, it was said, just uttered the words, "There is another and a be world," when he fell lifeless on the stage. The coi dence was at once seized upon by all who conside the theatre to be a hot-bed of sin and vice, and no do Palmer's sudden end served to point many a m and adorn many a tale of retributive judgment. pamphlets published and the sermons preached this subject lose much of their force when it is sho that the event took place at quite a different passa The sentence, "There is another and a better wor really occurs in the first scene of the second act, w it is not until the fourth act that Steinfort discovers friend. The truth of the matter seems to be that fourth act had been reached; that Palmer, who very unwell at the time, had replied to Steinfort's q tion as to the whereabouts of his children, but w he was asked, "But why did you not keep your c dren with you? They would have amused you many a dreary hour," the recollection of his own cent loss was too much for him; he turned and t tered, and then fell on the stage, dying in a few m ments. The audience, who supposed that the was nothing more than an elaboration of the pa were surprised to see him carried off the stage by fellow-actors, but soon the awful truth dawned up them. Mr. Aickin, the manager, tried in vain to nounce the sad tidings; his feelings would not all

him to utter the words. At last, Incledon mustered sufficient resolution to tell what had happened, and the theatre was slowly and silently cleared. The medical men who were called in gave it as their opinion that the dead actor died of a broken heart, caused by his domestic affliction.

One of the chief actors on the York circuit, in the time of Tate Wilkinson, was a veteran player named Cummins, who, owing to his great popularity, retained in his old age all the leading parts he had held when a younger man. It is recorded of him that he played as the volatile and sparkling Charles Surface when sixty years old. There can be no doubt that he was a powerful actor, and he obtained much praise for his representation of Hamlet and like characters. Once, at the conclusion of his performance of Charles the First, a young girl in the boxes dropped down dead from agitation brought on by his picture of the sorrows of the unhappy monarch. On June 20, 1817, the company was performing at the Leeds Theatre. The play was "Jane Shore," with Cummins as Dumont, the heroine's unrecognized husband. The tragedy went on as usual nearly to the end, but as Dumont, or Shore as he had then become, was speaking his last lines :

> Be witness for me, ye celestial host,
> Such mercy and such pardon my soul
> Accords to thee, and begs of heaven to show thee,
> May such befall me at my latest hour,
> And make my portion hless'd or curs'd for ever!

he suddenly staggered and dropped dead upon the stage. As in the case of Bond, the audience took this to be a part of the acting and loudly applauded. The actor was afterward proved to have suffered from heart disease, and this, aggravated by the excitement of the scene, was most probably the cause of death.

The death of Edmund Kean is so closely connected with the subject of this article that the circumstances attending it may well be retold. It was at Covent Garden Theatre, on March 25, 1833, that Kean and his son, Charles, played together on a London stage for the first and last time. The play was "Othello," Othello, Mr. Kean ; Iago, Mr. Charles Kean. Worn out by illness, Kean struggled through his part until he came to the touching "farewell" speech. He spoke the curiously prophetic words, "Othello's occupation's gone!" and then his strength failed him. He sank upon his son's shoulder and whispered : "I am dying—speak to them for me!" Then the curtain fell forever on one of the greatest geniuses of the British stage, for in three weeks he died.

The gifted Mrs. Glover died, in 1850, on the very night of her benefit. Harley, the comedian, was playing Bottom, when he was seized by paralysis and died in a few hours, his last words being, "I have an exposition of sleep come upon me." Fulham, Bland, Rogers, Jordans, Drummond, and George Honey were all seized with fatal illness, either when on the stage or shortly after quitting it. The play "Marked for Life" was being performed at the Holiday Street Theatre, Baltimore, on December 15, 1875. One of the actresses, Grace Marco, had to read a letter in the course of her part ; while doing so, she had an attack of heart disease, and died immediately. At the same theatre, a year later, Mr. John Ferris had to be carried off the stage, and died in a few minutes. His last words were, "What's the matter? Can this be death?"

Several recent instances of the sudden deaths of actors on the stage may be added. The first to be cited may be that of the popular English actor, who, about a year ago, expired while going down through the flames flashed through a trap in the stage while playing the part of Mephistopheles, and this startling accident, which occurred in Australia, attracted widespread attention in that country and in England. More recently still we have the case of Austin Webb, who, while about to play the part of a suicide, tripped on a loose board on the stage, fell, and drove the knife he was holding through his heart, killing himself instantly. Another very tragic stage death occurred, not long ago, at the Bellini Theatre, in Naples. The opera of "Gomez" was being given, one of the scenes in which represents a battle. At the moment when the chorus-singers discharged their guns, a terrible cry was heard, and one of the choristers fell to the ground with a bullet through his heart. It appears that another member of the chorus had quarreled with his colleague the day before, and to avenge himself of some fancied injury, he came to the theatre with a loaded gun, and thus deliberately murdered his adversary. The assassin, in his soldier's uniform, fled from the theatre, but was arrested in the street.

Some forty miles from Barcelona there is an actual mountain of very pure salt, which is hewn out in the open air, like stone from a quarry.

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An Idol of the Stage.

Did you ever know an op'ra bouffe
That did not first begin
With peasants gayly caroling
Outside a village inn?
And quaffing nothing eagerly
From gilded pasteboard glasses,
They sing their drinking chorus, while
The dudes they scan the lassies.

One night I peered thro' lorgnette, as
A maid alone did enter,
Forlorn, yet smiling merrily,
And tripped into the centre.
The chorus then had sung their sing,
And drunk their spurious toddy,
So, like real rustic villagers,
They went home in a body.

With many a giggle and cavort,
And faces passing pleasant;
How happy is the lauchter of
The genuine stage peasant!
She as a shepherd was attired,
With boldness and effront'ry,
Displaying rather more than's showed
By pastors in the country.

The blue-silk tights, the satin shoes,
The diamonds in her tresses,
All showed dramatic instinct rare,
Not found in most actresses.
I asked of my next neighbor, "Who,
I prithee, is this maiden?
Some new star who is doubtless with
Both youth and talent laden?"

He handed me his play-bill, with
A smile grim and sardonic,
I did not pay much heed to that,
I thought it might be chronic;
Until I read in letters large,
And quickly made for clearance:
"The fiftieth anniversary
Of Lydia's first appearance."

—*Town Topics.*

An Emotional Actress.

The house was darkened for the scene,
Low sobbed the music's moan;
With arms outstretched she wandered in
And held the stage alone.

Her voice stole through the breathless hush
In silvery tones, subdued;
Heart-broken pathos thrilled and filled
That listening multitude.

The exaltation of her look,
Her pure and noble grace,
Combined with drapery, seemed to make
A temple of the place.

Across the green-baize garden-sward,
Where trembling moonlight veered,
She trailed her long white-satin train
And slowly disappeared.

Still for a moment more her spell
The audience beguiled,
When thunder shook the roof and walls
And handkerchiefs went wild.

But as she passed into the wings
Her voice rang shrill and clear—
"Oh, where the mischief is that girl?
Matilda, hring my beer!"

—*M. S. Bridges in Judge.*

What the Usher Said.

By the merest chance, in the lobby's gloom
At the narrow aisle he met me,
And I tried to pass, but he made no room;
Oh! I tried, but he would not let me.
So I stood and blushed 'till my tie grew red
From my massive cheek above it.

"You can't get in on that pass," he said,
"It's a benefit night and the free-list's dead."
How the man in the box-office raised his head
And smiled when he heard what the usher said.
Oh! the benefit night, I love it!

—*The Mirror.*

Dramatis Personæ.

Who is the youth who, when all danger's past,
Exclaims in act the fifth: "Aha, at last!"
And makes the villain quail and look aghast!
The hero.

Who is the damsel cast in virtue's mold,
So sweetly simple to her parent old,
Rejects the villain, says: "I scorn thy gold?"
The heroine.

Who knows not conscience, law, nor etiquette;
Says of the heroine: "She'll be mine yet,"
And generally smokes a cigarette?
The villain (polished).

Who are the low-browed twain there, muttering;
Whom "sneaky music" to the stage will bring;
Who "stick at nothing"—or at everything?
The villain's "creatures."

Who is the aged peasant, short of breath,
Turned out of doors by what the villain saith,
Who always seems just at the point of death?
The heroine's father.

Who is it pays the cash, the theatre fills,
Who longs to sympathize with other ills
Than children stolen, birth-marks, and forged wills?
The audience.

—*Harry B. Smith in America.*

The Crushed Tragedian.

Although my memory is vast (Shakespeare for years I've known by heart),
Invariahly I am cast to fill some miserable part;
I, who as Hamlet would just spurn all rivals who might dare advance,
Am always cast for Guildenstern, unless it be for Rosencrantz.
My Lear'd be positively grand—a marvel of the modern school—
But ruthless managers command that I shall personate The Fool,
As Richard I'd be at my best, hut they, of course, can have no tact,
And cast me for that King distressed, who's hutchered in the opening act.
As Macbeth I'm a wondrous thing, a weird and awful silhouette,
But when I ask to play The King, Fleance is all the part I get,
As Romeo, I'd charm the town, and fill the managerial purse;
But, oh, they ruin my renown, and make me dress up as The Nurse.
'Tis hard to play Antonio, where as Shylock I can challenge Booth;
But managers are foolish men, and never find the lurking truth.
Why, my Othello's finer far than coarse Salvini's, hy the way.
Yet I, who should be hailed a *star*, am forced the herald's part to play.
There's Richelieu! Why Davenport in palmiest days could never touch,
My glorious acting at the court, neither could Sullivan—not much.
But be thou still, my wounded heart. 'Tis half-past seven, I must go
To play a beastly servant-part to Kyrley Bellew's Romeo.

—*To-Day.*

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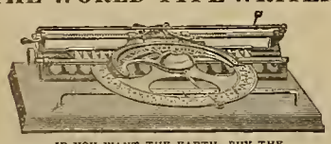

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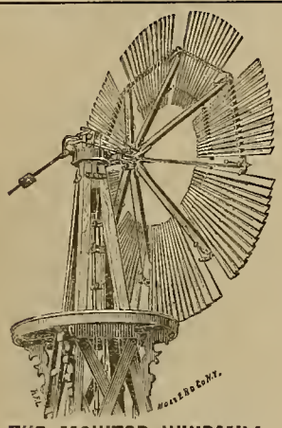

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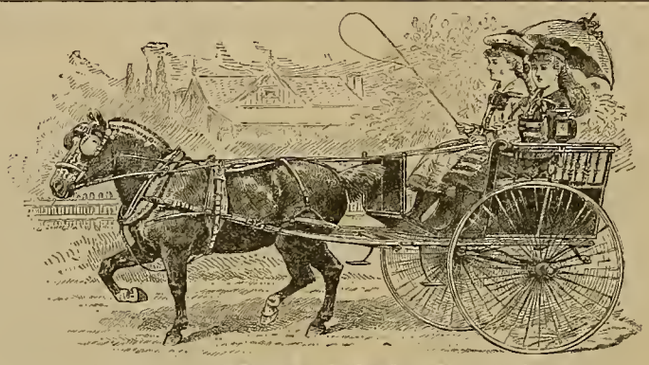

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It sometimes the misfortune of the *Argonaut* to find itself ..tune with popular opinion. Its note never sounds more ..nd discordant than wben it vibrates inharmoniously with ..ling anthem of funeral cbimes. When good and use.. lay down the weary burdens of their lives, and mourn..nds gather around the grave where all that is mortal of ..nored dead repose, the expression of their sorrow is a ..g manifestation of tbe most sacred sentiment that can .. soul. The grave of those we love is a place for medi.. and around the graves of enemies wbom we did not ..because we did not honor them when living, nor approve ..ts—is a fitting place for silence. But when the grave ..over all that is mortal of one who has taken an active .. the affairs which concern the individual happiness of the ..nity, who actively participated in public affairs whicb ..he welfare of the State, and by bis intelligence and the ..of his individual character has impressed himself upon .. which controls the politics of the State in which those ..ve differed with tbe dead must take part—what is then ..y of a survivor to the memory of the public man who ..ssed away? History takes up the lives of public men ..als with every detail affecting the public welfare. ..xercising political leadership can not escape the re..bilities attending them, nor should they be permitted to do so. It is, of course, evident that we are consideriog the case of Mr. Higgins, lately deceased, and, while the flowers are still fresh upon bis newly-made grave, it is proper, in view of his past career, and in view of the necessity which his friends advance of naming a successor who will be clothed with bis mantle and exercise tbe power be can no longer wield as a party "boss," that the question should be fully considered. The ceremooy of bis interment was noticeable from the character of the men who honored him. From the Howards came the English ivy and roses of Fraoce; from a club at Los Angeles, a barp, witb jasmine, immortelles, and lilies of Japan; from bis district club, an hour-glass, scythe, and broken sheaf of wheat; from the Sheriff's Office, a chair of flowers, vacant; from the County Jail, "Gates Ajar," a cross, and a Bible; from the County Clerk's Office, "Gates Ajar" in roses; from the Recorder's Office, a broken wheel, with spokes of pansies, and a pillow, "At Rest"; from the Tax-Collector's Office, an emblem io flowers of Faitb, Hope, and Charity; from Alexander Badlam, Edward Edwards, Geoeral John McComb, C. L. Asber, Judge Levy, Mr. C. A. Buckley, and tweoty assembly districts, from the Bear Club, from Moses Gunst, from Sidney Lacey, of Los Angeles, from Jere Driscoll, Jacob Straub, and General Salomon, came appropriate and beautiful gifts. Higb mass was celebrated in St. Mary's Cathedral, the organ sent forth its solemn anthems, a requiem was cbanted by the cboir, and all that was mortal of the Republican party leader was attended to tbe grave by Mr. Patrick Crowley, Chief of Police; Hon. T. W. McFarland, a judge of the supreme court of the State; W. W. Morrow and Charles N. Felton, Members of Coogress; General John McComb, warden of the prison; General Dimond, superintendent of the Mint; and Messrs. Badlam, Con O'Connor, Thomas O'Brien, D. B. Jackson; Keating, of the alms-house; W. H. Brown, late surveyor of the United States; Dr. May, and J. A. Giusti. Mr. Boruck, secretary of the Republican State Central Committee and clerk to bis excellency tbe governor, writes of bim eulogy that could not be more eloquent if Mr. Higgins bad been summoned by tbe golden born of Gabriel to counsel with the Trinity in administering the affairs of the golden-paved and golden-harped city that is builded around the great wbite throne. If Mr. Higgins has deserved all these things and no protest may be beard against this acclamation of masses, anthems, floral gifts, homage of bigb officials, and indorsement of citizens, against wbom there is no suggestion of meaner motive than gratitude for political favors and a desire to bear testimony to the intellectual ability and moral strength of a fallen party chief, then it follows that the press—during all these years, in so far as it has questioned the political course of Mr. Higgins, or challenged the integrity of his motives, or the disinterestedness of his political conduct—has been guilty of a palpable and cruel wrong. If the conduct of this dead gentleman bas been as bonorable and patriotic as the ostentatious ceremonials attending bis burial justify, the *Argonaut* has done him great wrong. If it is indispensable to the welfare of the Republican party and to the Republican commonwealth tbat from alien lands tbere must come adopted citizens, surroundiog themselves with a voting power which is marsbaled under the banner of an alien church, who shall manage political conventions, control primary elections, and, acting as dictators and "bosses" of party macbinery, sball control government patrooage, declare who shall be elected to office and bonored, and who shall be relegated to private life and be dishonored by neglect—then the course we have pursued for the last thirteen years has been an unworthy one. The *Argonaut* has been, during all that time, opposed to boss rule, and now that Mr. Higgins is dead it does not want any successor to fill his place. The Republican party has no need of a party leader. It has no use for sucb a man. We are now speaking of a successor to Mr. Higgins, and since we are no longer discussing him, we may not bridle our utterances or suppress our voice lest it jar upon the sensibility of mourners. To briog some new man to exercise the duties of a party boss will be to subordinate the best and most independent of tbe Republican rank and file to indignity. Proud men, and honest men, and intelligent men, will not work withio party lines under the dictation of any party chief. Party leaders, indicated by their iotelligeoce and chosen for their capacities, are easily recognized and cheerfully followed, but when from the party ranks there is dragged forth some "boss" known to do dirty party work for hire, to betray the interests of the organizatioo for some selfisb purpose, wbo can use party men for money or tbe promise of office, and who has always some political axe to griod in secret, and whose only mode of attaining an end is througb some subtle aod tortuous device, it is time that the Republican party cry halt, and if the honorable men whom we have named in tbis article as mourners at tbe grave of the dead cbief would do the Republican party in the State of California a disinterested and memorable service, they will not consent to give Mr. William Higgins a successor in his office. For it is an hundred to one that of the ambitious koaves who are plottiog for bis shoes, not one will bave been wortby to untie them, not ooe of them will act as intelligently or as honestly as he has done.

The Rev. Father Gleason, a Roman priest—a friend of the Roman Catholic parochial school-system, an enemy of tbe free non-sectarian scbool-system, which prevails in America and is part of its governmental policy—has availed himself of the opportunity afforded by the religious ceremonies of the dedication of a brick school-bouse at Oakland, in the County of Alameda, to laud with fulsome eulogy the Papal system of education and denounce with unsparing invective tbe non-sectarian American system. He has said nothiog new, his argument presents nothing attractive, but it is specious enougb in false suggestion, and makes sufficient show of monkisb learning, and is untruthful enougb in its historical deductions, to have called forth from the Rev. Dr. Wendte, of the Unitarian Church of Alameda, a temperate, rational, and courteous answer eotirely conclusive in its argumeot and convinciog to all rational, sensible, and unprejudiced people who do not take their opinions from their priests as a matter of theological discipline. We have been asked by balf a huodred letters and half a hundred marked copies of the Oakland *Enquirer* to notice the effort of the Rev. Father Gleasoo. The Roman Catholic establishment of education, conducted by alien monks of the Christian Brotherhood of De la Salle at Oakland, is not "a pledge of progress or an assurance of eoligbtenment." It is a vain attempt to arrest the step of progress and roll back five centuries of time; every monkish school in America is an endeavor to crush out and destroy intellectual and scieotific investigatioo, and to enslave the human mind and bind it in the shackles of ignorance or the superstition of a false religion. The whole system of parochial education is called into existence from necessity, and is intended to be used as a makeshift for the higher, better, and broader education taugbt in American common scbools and carried out in the higher colleges and universities provided by Protestant churches, by the State, and by private individuals independent in their religious beliefs. Christian Brothers, Jesuit professors, and monkish scholars educated io theological schools, imported from foreign lands, and drawn out of cloisters, will never understand the importance of the teaching of science, art, philosophy, literature, and law as Americans would desire them to be presented. These hooded ravens of the cloister may profoundly explain the niceties of religious disquisitions, and may perfectly analyze the doctrines and unravel the intricacies which involve the dogmas of the Churcb of Rome, but these are the very things that non-religious parents, or parents of the Protestant faith, hold in but slight esteem, and every American boy is beginniog to regard with disdainful contempt. It was a bit of complimeot, which amounts to rhetorical bathos, for Father Gleason to compare Oakland to Atheos. It is inappropriate in anybody, but when this priest of Rome indulges io this sort of easy noosense, we have the right to ask him to what Athens Oakland is comparable? Is it the Atheos of to-day or the Athens of that incomparable era when there was no Roman Catholic Church; that era before St. Paul appeared upon the areopagus and preached concerning the unknown God? Alameda is doubtless somewhat comparable in topography and climate to

the brown hills of the Ægean, and the general coast range with the bee-haunted Hymettus, backed by the marble-ribbed Pentelicus in the shape of Mt. Diablo. It would require a vivid Irish imagination to plant the marble palaces of sea-born Salamis upon Goat Island, or compare the wharves of San Francisco with the busy marts of the wealthy, wicked Corinth of ancient Hellas. But which is the age of Athenian learning to which Father Gleason compares the "flourishing burg" where he has planted his brick school-house? Is it the age of cultured Greece, when it was the home of all the ancient world ever knew or dreamed of—science, philosophy, and art? Was it Pagan or Christian Greece? Was it during that splendid era when Athenian literature spread its light across the Roman and Grecian world and lit up the groves of academic learning through which scholars, orators, and philosophers moved? Or was it in those later days when, under the influence and teaching of the Church of Rome, the genius, instinct, and motives of the Greeks of two thousand years ago became as dead as the Caryatides upon the Parthenon of the Acropolis? Was it the age of Herodotus, Thucydides, the fiery Æschylus, of Tacitus, Juvenal, and Horace, or was it in the later days when a pall of darkness spread over the ancient world, involving civilization, philosophy and art, while literature barely escaped by hiding itself in monasteries and cloisters? Is it the age of Phidias and Praxiteles, of Plato and Aristotle, that Oakland, in 1889, is to be compared, or the later time, when, out of the teaching of priests and dominion of popes, Greece became the refuge of helpless degradation and the hiding-place of bandits? Is it with the universities of Padua in Italy, Paris in France, Oxford and Cambridge in England, that this brick school-house of Oakland is to be compared? Is it with the learned professors of modern science and the marvelous progress within these later years of printing that the lazy, hulking monks of De la Salle, suppressing the facts of history, perverting the truths of science, and teaching the ineffable doctrines of absurd dogmas of Rome, are to be placed? These ancient universities had no learning worth treasuring that did not come from a pagan age far back of the Christian era. Fourteen hundred years had passed after the Christian era before, from cloisters and monasteries, there came anything of practical value. Rome had not only guarded the learning of the pagan and barbaric world, but had stolen and suppressed very much of it, and in its place substituted the worthless theological disquisitions of the early fathers of the church. Not all the learning which the Papal Church has preserved in monkish missals, nor all which it has produced in ten centuries of scholastic endeavor, is of the practical value of the printed school-books of the American public schools of Oakland. The Rev. Father Gleason is in error if he thinks the time will ever come "when the college of St. Mary's will become one of the chief educational establishments of this great republic." That time has gone by. The time when to Jesuits, or Christian fathers, or monks of any class will be intrusted the education of American youth will never return. St. Mary's will gather the youth of the bigoted and narrow-minded Papist parent within the parochial jurisdiction of its priests when the moral teachings of the Jesuit order, and the dogmas of the Church of Rome, and the theology of the early fathers may be expounded, and out of it will come narrow-minded priests and laymen constipated with dogmatical theology, and over this result such minds as that of Father Gleason will speculate "how superior is a Christian to a secular education." Perhaps it would be well for this knight-errant in his clerical gown not to forget that within the last three hundred years — *i. e.*, since the Reformation of Luther and the English Reformation, and the period when Voltaire, Thomas Paine, and Colonel Robert Ingersoll have had the courage to laugh at the grim casuistries of religion, the mistakes of Moses, and the want of common sense, which, up to this later period, has prevailed among nearly all religious sects—greater progress has been made in science than in all the ages which the world has known. Within what we may call the Protestant age more has been achieved in the way of useful learning than was accomplished by the Church of Rome in fifteen centuries. The world has made greater practical advancement in valuable learning since free schools have been established in Germany, America, England, and other Protestant countries than in all time beyond. The human mind has become so free since its emancipation from theological and dogmatical errors, that the liberty and unrestrained freedom of its investigations have accomplished more than has been done since Cadmus first brought the alphabet to Greece. We wish we could be convinced that the education of St. Mary's would lead our Irish youth in that moral direction which would make them "administrators of justice, expounders of the law, defenders of property and personal rights; whose voice will be heard at the bar, the bench, and in the senate." But unless St. Mary's shall be different from any other Roman Catholic institution, it will do nothing of the kind. These institutions already abound in the land, and they have, as a rule, turned out politicians who are demagogues rather than statesmen, pettifoggers rather than lawyers, socialists and levelers rather than men who protect property rights, criminals who do not respect personal rights, lobbyists rather than legislators, political bosses who desire to run the country, and knaves of all kinds, and all degrees, and all prices, who are a nuisance to the country in which they live and a disgrace to the human race in whose image they have been created. We do not sympathize with Father Gleason's complaint that "millions of his fellow-citizens are ceasing to be Christians," for, of course, we understand the definition of Father Gleason is that none are Christians who do not belong to the Church of Rome. Indeed, the reverend gentleman is statistical in his complaint, and places the number at thirty millions of those who are unbaptized. As we have never been educated to consider baptism as a saving ordinance, and as we do not care whether the Roman Catholics—who interfere in our political matters or who are endeavoring to destroy our common schools—are saved or damned, and look upon the dipping of dirty fingers in holy water and making the sign of the cross upon the face of a thirty-days-old infant, corrugated with belly-ache, as in the highest degree unimportant, we will not follow the reverend antagonist, whom we have invited ourself to encounter, further into this unknown and untrodden wilderness of controversy. We are getting confused somewhat at the learning of our clerical man-at-arms. We never knew that an "ill-shaped aerolite was worshiped in the Temple of Ephesus as a goddess in the days of St. Paul." We had a confused idea about Diana of the Ephesians, but had never thought of comparing our common schools to this bard-faced, pagan divinity; nor do we quite understand now how "millions of our little ones are being sacrificed to this mighty, monstrous, and insatiable Moloch." Not being ourself a "father," even in the church, our parental sympathies do not quite respond to this terrible illustration. We have a lively memory of the ferule and willow-rods which were sometimes used to correct our moral and disciplinary delinquencies; and while we have every respect for the Christian profession, and a higher one for the Christian practice which illustrates itself in practical life, we are still of the opinion that there are some exceptional cases of very good men and good citizens who make no profession of religious faith, and do not believe in all the dogmas which Dr. Gleason doubtless regards as indispensable to citizenship. We believe in education of a non-sectarian character, and we do not think the common schools should be permitted to teach religion of any kind. The schools should be supported from the public purse, and the money should only be expended for that teaching upon which all can agree. The parent who has no religion, or a religious belief not in accordance with the dogmatism of any other faith, will object to being taxed for the religious education of his children; but if he is of the Church of Rome, or the Greek Church, or the Jewish, or the English, or any one of the two hundred divisions into which the followers of Christ have consented to divide, he will not object to his child being taught to read the language of the country in which he has chosen to produce him, nor prevent him from acquiring the multiplication table, nor a knowledge of geography, history, science, and such technical information as shall qualify him for pursuing the practical avocations of life. In fact, Dr. Gleason thinks the Church of Rome is an improvement upon Paganism; we do not think so. He thinks Protestantism is not an improvement upon the teachings of the Roman Catholic Church; we think it is. We think the Roman hierarchy is opposed to a republican form of government, and is plotting the destruction of our free schools. We look upon our system of education as a part, and the better part, of our national system and think it ought to be preserved. To teach "a love of God and the love of a neighbor" as a Christian doctrine, we approve, but do not think even so small a portion of Christian teaching is indispensable to the school-house, and we are quite sure if the Christian Brothers were permitted to go thus far, they would soon involve themselves in subtleties of argument and questions of theological disquisitions which would involve the whole neighborhood in a polemical muss. When the Church of Rome had some hand in governing the world, it involved nations in war over dogmatical questions utterly unimportant in this age of common sense and common reason. The opinions of George Washington, Napoleon Bonaparte, François Guizot, Lord Derby, Lord John Russell, Herr von Puttaker, and Mr. Gladstone, are of no sort of consequence in this discussion, and are only dragged in to make a false argument and to draw from misstated premises false conclusions. France, England, Germany, and the United States of America are all recognizing the fact that a priest or monk is not a proper instrument for the education of youth in their public schools. It is Jesuitical and subtle to drag into the educational question the issue whether it is desirable to encourage morality and patriotism as taught in this country, and it is simply infamous to assume that there is not an equal appreciation of both and all similar virtues by Protestants as well as Catholics, and by the non-religious and independent free-thinkers of the community as by the professors of any religion. Wh Gleason declares that "it is a historic fact that all th tion of the world is Christian and has been creat Catholic Church," he puts himself outside the pale o able controversy, and when he claims that the C Rome has been the missionary for "religious toleratio tellectual enlightenment"; that it has "lifted woman fr "age, espoused the cause of the degraded slave "moted civil liberty throughout the world, and laid th "tions of liberty in all enlightened countries; "church had aided to secure the writ of right at Ru "and that the principles of the common law are der "the canon law," he misstated the history of a thous of ecclesiastical tyranny and covered up the infam thousand Papal crimes. When he claims that the Church has been the friend of science and engag diffusion of general knowledge, and that it has no stumbling-block in the path of progress and in the r of learning, he is guilty of a deliberate perversion To bring up the names of Descartes, Copernicus Newton, and others, and assert that their theories an phies have been advanced; that astronomical stu been aided by the general policy of the Church o that it has not persecuted Galileo nor burned Giordano is to misstate and misrepresent the history of the C Rome and the policy of its pontiffs from the time the Apostate to Leo the Thirteenth. It is not surpri the Rev. Dr. Wendte should take three lectures to Dr. Gleason, for he has crowded enough misrepresen his one hour's address to require a life-time to corr misstatements of any Roman Catholic priest, or o Roman priests, were worthy of the expenditure of effort. We leave our reverend brother of the Roma to argue with Protestant divines whether they shal the opinions expressed by the Rev. Dr. Platt, of th Church, and coöperate with them in destroying ou schools. The issue is not between Christianity and and, if it were, there is a kind of infidelity which we erty of conscience, of more value to mankind than a ligious organizations which would run the country th school-houses and under the influence of their cler issue that Dr. Gleason presents, and by the sanction whose slave he is, involves the permanence of free in and the preservation of republican government.

The two great powers which must rule Europ present are England and Germany. England, by her wealth, her navy, her commerce, and her colonial Germany, by virtue of her military strength, her ambit direction of colonial acquisition, her navy, and her o ranking next to that of England. So long as thes remain in accord, there is danger of war from but able source, and that is from Russia; and it is not that any, save a general European complication, is involve England and Germany in a conflict with northern power. Russia's ambition is in the directi Bosphorus, and, curiously enough, the Austrian —which with France is supposed to compose the Tr ance—is not in accord with Russia in this respect. I correct in this, then every indication of friendly rela isting between the British and German Empires regarded with interest. Just now there is exis most intimate and friendly intercourse between th powers, and not only as between the royal families people, as represented by the press of the respecti tries. The visit of the Emperor of Germany is ap something more than that of the Emperor Fred Italy, the Persian Shah to England and France, the Berlin, or any of the royal junketings which have been in by any of them in these later times. The German E visit to the home and family of his grandmother, and ception by the English nation, have undoubtedly h gratifying to him and to the people of Germany. personages, like those of lesser note, are not indif such attentions as England has the ability to extend, extended, to the German sovereign. The naval and distinctions which the queen and emperor have confer each other, indicate that the friction lately existing bet families has entirely disappeared, and that close and co lations are fully reëstablished between the two courts cordiality and friendship will extend to the legislative of the Governments of Berlin and London, and will p to the social circles of the two countries. When Her of England became honorary colonel of the German Dragoons of Cavalry, it gave the world an opport smile at the idea of her majesty on horseback; but w emperor of unified Germany is created admiral of the fleet—which he inspected through a triple line of the est manœuvred ships which have ever been marshaled array—there was presented to the nations a suggestion possibilities when German and English soldiers should together in the line of battle, and with English and Germa

guarding and protecting the commerce and the colonies of their respective countries. It was an inspiriting sight when, on the waters of the Solent, seventy-four great leviathans of war, attended with thirty-eight torpedo-boats, gave welcome with thundering guns and clouds of smoke in mimic battle to the imperial German admiral, who had brought his squadron to English waters to exchange the courtesies of flags and unshotted ordinance with battle-ships of ten thousand tons' displacement, such as the *Northumberland*, the *Camperdown*, and the *Iron Duke*, while all around moved, like a cloud of flying fish, great commercial steamers, gentlemen's yachts, small craft, and merchant vessels, loaded with men from their clubs, merchants from their counters, mechanics from their shops, with ladies and children in bright colors and happy faces, to welcome the grandson of their empress, himself the emperor of the only nation which equals her own in military and naval force, and in the financial ability which underlies the display of military strength and naval power. It was by far the grandest maritime display that the world has ever witnessed—exceeding that of the invading armada which came hearing to Elizabeth of England the menace of Spain and France. The navies of Spain, France, England, and Holland in those days, when religious and dynastic wars devastated the world, inspired by the ecclesiastical tyranny of Rome, have undergone great change. Fleets are now moved by the resistless power of steam and with the fleetness of the sea-gull on its wing. The age of Nelson and the naval heroes of his time has passed with the building of oak-ribbed chariots of the sea, as the time has passed when the affairs of nations are no longer dependent upon purely personal influences; yet it is a guarantee of peace that the German Emperor has been treated by the family of his imperial mother to an exhibition which displays to Germany the strength of England's naval power and the assurance that the German people may have the British Empire for an ally and its people for friends in event of war. This is an alliance which may preserve the peace of Europe, and, if the two other great powers—the United States of America and the Empire of Russia—could be brought into accord with England and Germany, they could preserve the peace of the world for all time to come. If intelligent statesmen representing these great nations could meet in a congress of peace, they could dismantle all the forts which now frown at each other along the border lines of states; could disband the nine millions of men in arms which are now eating up the world in idleness; could anchor hostile fleets in peaceful harbors, or change them to ships of commerce and compel the lesser nations, and all the barbaric powers now expending their strength in slave-catching and piracy, to the arts of production and the pursuits of peace. Give Russia an open highway of the ocean to southern seas, and let her participate in the commerce of the world; protect Alaskan seals by international laws; let the ocean, its fisheries, its whaling-grounds, its broad and narrow bays, be protected by fleets of police, and let all the peaceful, law-abiding, orderly classes of the earth understand that they can expend their strength in the pursuits of peaceful bread-getting. These suggestions are all possible, for the world is growing very small, and, by intelligent and honest legislation, easily governed. When the age of the Cæsars, the great Peters, the Fredericks, the Gregorys, and the other great warriors who have ruled the world shall have had their day and given way to statesmen as great in the arts of peace as they were great in the arts of war, the millenium will have dawned, and a thousand years of peace will have inaugurated preparation for the final end.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Behring Sea Question.

In the *Argonaut* of the nineteenth instant, I carefully note an interesting criticism of an article—"The Question of Behring Sea"—published in your issue of the twelfth instant, and furnished by me at your request (in justice to all interested in the question, I will add, and without the knowledge or at the instigation of any other person or persons whatsoever). In this criticism the author first takes issue with my conclusions, and, secondly, suggests that my memory has betrayed me as to an important fact. To this I respectfully suggest, as to the first, that it is a matter of opinion, and needs no answer. In regard to the latter, it is more serious; though, as the fact, as stated, was the deduction drawn from certain acts and circumstances, possibly this also might be a question of opinion—an honest difference.

As suggested by the gentleman, I had consulted the correspondence which led to the conclusions of the Treaties of 1824 and 1825. I could, therefore, come to no other conclusion of fact than as stated, viz., that Russia's dominion of Behring Sea was not a subject of protest on the part of Great Britain and the United States, occasioned by the Russian ukase of 1821, though it was practically considered in the conventions between the United States, Great Britain, and Russia, and that in so far as these conventions were concerned, Russia's title to Behring Sea, the Aleutian Islands, etc., was practically conceded.

It should be here noted that to the ukase of the Emperor Paul in 1799, claiming territorial jurisdiction and dominion from Behring Straits on the north, south to latitude fifty-five degrees on the north-west coast of America, and including Behring Sea, no protest was ever made by any of the powers, nor is it claimed to have been done; but that to Russia's second ukase—that of the Emperor Alexander in 1821—claiming not only all the dominion that was contained in that of 1799, but additional sovereignty over territory and sea from fifty-five degrees north latitude, south to the fifty-first parallel, the United States and Great Britain did protest. In confirmation of this view, I quote (excluding immaterial parts) from the correspondence or "protest" on the part of the United States, by Mr. Adams to the Russian Minister:

> I am directed by the President of the United States to inform you that he has seen with surprise, . . . the assertion of territorial claim on the part of Russia, extending to the fifty-one degrees of north latitude on this continent, and the regulation interdicting to all commercial vessels . . . an approach upon the high seas within one hundred Italian miles of the shores to which that claim is made to apply.

Again, he says:

> The limits prescribed by the Emperor Paul . . . were fixed at the fifty-five degrees of latitude, and in assuming now a latitude of fifty-one degrees, *a new pretension is asserted*, to which no settlement made since the year 1799 has given color of sanction. This pretension is to be considered not only to territorial right . . . but also to the prohibition to the vessels . . . of the United States to approach within one hundred Italian miles of the coast.

In Mr. Adams's instructions to the American Minister at St. Petersburg, we find as follows:

> Considering the differences which have arisen from the imperial ukase of the 4th (16) September, 1821, relative to the north-west coast of America: From the tenor of the ukase, it is the intention of the Imperial Government to extend an exclusive territorial jurisdiction from the forty-fifth degree of north latitude on the Asiatic Coast to the latitude of fifty-one degrees north on the western coast of the American continent, and they assume the right of interdicting the right of navigation and fishing of all other nations, to the extent of one hundred miles from the whole *of that coast*. The United States can admit no part of these claims. Their right of navigation and of fishing is perfect, and has been in constant exercise from the earliest times after the peace of 1783, to the whole extent of *the Southern Ocean*, subject only to the ordinary exceptions and exclusions of territorial jurisdiction which, as far as Russia's rights are concerned, was confined to certain islands north of fifty-five degrees of latitude. No demand of a right to trade and fish in Behring Sea was made even by allusion.
>
> With regard to the territory claimed, separate from the right of traffic with the natives, and from any system of colonial exclusion, we are willing to agree to the boundary line, within which the Emperor Paul had granted exclusive privileges to the Russian-American Company, *that is to say, latitude fifty-five degrees*.

This would seem to be explicit as to the meaning of our government. A critical examination of the projets, proctocols, and the treaties resulting therefrom, will develop the fact that they were in strict accord with the objects sought in the correspondence and protests hereinbefore mentioned, which, in my opinion, was the abandonment by Russia of her extended claim in the ukase of 1821, which object was practically attained. Article I., of the treaty with the United States, says:

> It is agreed that in any part of the great ocean, commonly called the Pacific Ocean or South Sea, the respective citizens . . . of the high contracting powers shall be neither disturbed nor restrained, either in navigation or in fishing.

In Article III., it is agreed that no establishment upon the north-west coast of America, nor in any islands adjacent, shall be formed by the United States north of fifty-four degrees forty minutes, or by Russia south of that parallel. By Article IV., it is understood that, during the term of ten years, the ships of both powers and their citizens may frequent the interior seas, etc., upon the coast mentioned in the preceding article, viz., the north-west coast of America. The treaty of 1825, between Russia and Great Britain, made immediately after that of the United States, is similar and practically the same. Nowhere do we find any protest or allusion to Behring Sea, the controversy beginning and ending with reference to the Pacific Ocean or South Sea, and the north-west coast from fifty-five degrees to fifty-one degrees, and yet Russia's claim and exercise of sovereignty over Behring Sea was well known to the high contracting powers, its geographical position, as well as that of the Okhotsk Sea, having been as accurately, topographically, and hydrographically mapped and charted as it is to-day. They also were aware of the existence of the Prebilov Islands, with their production of seal life, and of its value, it being the chief source of revenue to the Russian-American company, who maintained their exclusive right to the taking of them. Yet, as we have seen, the conventions settled the boundary between Russia's possessions and that of Great Britain and the United States, at fifty-four degrees forty minutes north latitude, and thus, so far as they are concerned, admitted Russia's title. "The inclusion of one is the exclusion of all others." Russia's title was confirmed by Great Britain and the United States, so far as their act could go.

By the Treaty of 1868, the United States purchased Russia's title within metes and bounds, and paid for the same with the full knowledge of and in the presence of the nations of the earth, without protest or remonstrance on the part of any of them; hence, they are estopped from questioning our title.

If an individual witnesses the sale, delivery, and payment for his property by and to another person without protest or remonstrance, he is forever estopped from claiming ownership therein. Where the law is just, should it not equally apply to nations and individuals? We have just rights in Behring Sea, and no principle of equity will permit of their being taken without just compensation.

If I correctly comprehend the views of "B," as stated in his criticism heretofore mentioned, they are that Russia possessed no title to Behring Sea, consequently could not transfer to the United States dominion thereof, as that sea was not what is understood as a *mare clausum*, or "shut sea," and therefore that such transfer would be contrary to the principles and usages of international law. As I understand it, there is no *code* of international law, or power to enforce it; but it is practically a comity between nations—"practice of nations," as evidenced by treaties, marine ordinances, declarations of marine and prize courts, etc., which, if my reading is correct, frequently favor the powerful, and it is not always in accord with "divine law" or "natural law." My observations are that the great powers still maintain standing armies and are building great and powerful naval vessels. The *theory* of international law is, that it is, in the highest possible sense, founded on principles of right, justice, and equity—its practice has been somewhat less. From this it follows that natural rights, common to all nations, should not be ignored by any; that the stronger powers should not arrogate to themselves the rights of the weaker, or abrogate them, or dispossess them of acquired or vested rights, without just compensation. By this standard let us discuss the rights of the United States to Behring Sea, and to the protection of its marine life, regardless of the technical question of "shut seas."

It purchased Russia's title to Alaska (including Behring Sea)—of undisputed possession and sovereignty for over one hundred and fifty years—paying therefore the sum of seven million two hundred thousand dollars, with the knowledge of all nations, and without remonstrance from any, it being well known that the continental territory embraced therein was blanketed with ice and snow, practically uninhabitable and valueless; that the Aleutian chain of islands and the Peninsula of Alaska on its extreme southern borders were of but little value, and that the marine production of Behring Sea comprised its chief and great value, and consequently was the object of its purchase. The United States, realizing that upon this marine production depended her reimbursement of purchase, the existence of a considerable portion of the inhabitants of Alaska (without which they would have to be removed or left to die by starvation), the preservation of seal life to commerce and to the use of all mankind, continued to enforce the law and practice of protecting the seal from indiscriminate slaughter, as Russia had ever done, without restraint to commerce, trading, fishing, or the traversing its waters by the vessels of any nation. Russia, the United States, and Great Britain, have a direct economic interest in the production of the fur seal—Russia and the United States in preserving their seal life, and England in the cure and manufacture of their furs (in which a large number of her inhabitants are engaged). Humanity is served, and the rights of no nation invaded. Arrayed against all these rights and blessings, we only have the interests of a few "moonshine outlaws," who, for small and transitory gain, would wipe from existence this animal, which is, and may be for all time, valuable to the human race. In the preservation of this animal, we are conferring a benefit upon all mankind. There can be no question of the result of their unauthorized and indiscriminate slaughter. We have the history of nearly one hundred years to refer to. The history of the South Seas and the Indian Ocean is replete with facts as to the destruction of this animal. Millions upon millions were ruthlessly destroyed, their haunts abandoned, nevermore to be occupied by them. The marauding vessels in Behring Sea within the last four years, principally the last three, according to abundant and reliable testimony, have taken nearly one hundred thousand skins, of the value of two hundred thousand dollars, and, in doing so, destroyed over three-quarters of a million of seals, of the value to the government of near two millions, and this, notwithstanding the attempts for their protection by our and the Russian Governments. In all the oceans and seas, to-day, so far as known, there remain but three rookeries, and they exist only by reason of protection from indiscriminate slaughter, by the respective governments exercising sovereignty over them. To protect them it is not only necessary to protect their breeding grounds, but also the waters surrounding them. The fur seal is an animal which visits the place of its birth to reproduce its kind, and to suckle, rear, and educate its young to maintain themselves. To do this requires less than half a year, during which time it is necessary for the old seal to traverse the sea for food to a distance of from sixty to one hundred miles from the shore. The death of a mother means the death of its pup.

The Prebilov Islands in Behring Sea are American soil, these animals are their production and our property, and I maintain that in all justice and equity we have the right to protect them, more especially as in so doing we neither ignore nor encroach upon the rights of any nation, but, on the contrary, preserve them for the benefit of humanity as against the marauding law-breakers, who, under the guise of commercial enterprise, have disregarded and outraged the divine and natural law, and, with sublime impudence, invoke their protection for the privilege of annihilating, within a few years, that which it has taken centuries to produce, and, if at all possible, would require centuries to reproduce. The United States, of all the nations of the earth, has never waged war for conquest or territory, or to enforce her trade and commerce upon other nations; nor has she ever encroached upon the rights of others (being content to maintain her own), but from this fact it must not be expected that she will not maintain her rights and national dignity whenever the occasion arises. That occasion will not result from this question. A convention of the three especially interested nations will doubtless be convened, and the result will probably be a declaration that the unauthorized taking and indiscriminate slaughter of the fur-seal, not only in Behring Sea, but in parts of other seas, is piracy.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 26, 1889. C. N. FELTON.

The Present Stage of Irrigation.

In the *Overland Monthly* for June an article attempted to depict the stage which the business of irrigation had then reached. Since then, further progress has been made, and the public are concerned to follow it. By the beginning of June, Major Powell, of the Topographical Bureau, to whom the expenditure of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, appropriated by Congress for the discovery of water sources and the location of reservoirs had been committed, had put surveying parties in the field; they have since done a good deal in the way of clearing the ground. In the first week of this month, a senatorial committee, of which Senator Stewart, of Nevada, was chairman, and Senators Reagan, Jones, Plumb, Allison, and Hiscock were members, met at St. Paul's for a hurried jaunt through the arid portions of the country. They visited Dakota, Wyoming, Montana, Idaho, Oregon, Utah, and Nevada; they have spent the past week in this State. Wherever they have been, they have gathered information from persons who had studied the problem of irrigation as applicable to their several localities; and with the light thus furnished, Senator Stewart will be prepared to lay before the Senate, when it meets, reasons to justify a vote for larger appropriations for future surveys. Senator Stewart's conclusions are only known to himself. But there is no indiscretion in stating that he has satisfied himself that a very large area of land now desert can be made fertile by the application of water, and that the application of water presents no insurmountable engineering or financial difficulties.

Last year's appropriation for surveys was, as I have said, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. This was to be distributed over sixteen States and Territories lying west of the Missouri Valley. East of that valley the physical geography of the country permits successful agriculture without irrigation, though the fertility of the soil would be promoted by a regulation of the water supply, and some day farmers will insist on that modern improvement. But west of the Missouri the country mainly consists of two great level and normally treeless plateaux, separated from each other by the Rocky Mountain Range, and owing to the scanty average rainfall, agriculture has been possible only in river-valleys on either side of the main range, and between the spurs which spread from it, or from parallel ridges in the Sierra and the Coast Range. The task intrusted to Major Powell was to find points in these several ranges where their water treasures could be corralled in reservoirs, whence they could be distributed over the dry plains beneath.

Of the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars appropriated for the whole work, a sum of about forty-five thousand dollars—nearly one-fifth of the whole—was allotted to California. For this sum, parties have surveyed Clear Lake, in Lake County, and Lake Tahoe, in El Dorado and Placer—the two most important bodies of fresh water in the State—with a view to determining the extent of land which might be irrigated, and the freshets which might be avoided by a system of dams and aqueducts from the outlets of these water bodies; other parties have mapped out the water sources of southern El Dorado, Stanislaus, and Merced, to furnish the data required by the promoters of schemes of irrigation in those counties; other parties are on the east flank of the Coast Range, in Santa Cruz, Monterey, and San Luis Obispo, counting the inches of water which can be got on that range for irrigation purposes in the plain lying west of the San Joaquin River; and finally, other surveyors are conducting a hydrological survey of the north-eastern counties—Modoc, Lassen, Plumas, and Sierra—which are known to be rich in water, and which lie conveniently adjacent to land which, for want of water, is now exclusively used for pasturage. What good work these parties have done, and are doing, we shall be better able to decide when their reports are laid before Congress next December.

Some of the most important fields for irrigation in this State have not thus far engaged the attention of the government surveyors. We do not understand that there is any party in the field in Fresno, Kern, or Tulare Counties; nor is there any work pending in the Colorado or the Mohave Desert. These will probably occupy Major Powell's field parties next year. The irrigation of the Colorado Desert, which would be an enterprise of scarcely less magnitude than the Suez or the Panama Canal, could not be accomplished without a special treaty with Mexico; until that is signed, nothing practical can be accomplished.

I understand that it is the intention of the hydrographic department of the Topographical Bureau to ask Congress next winter for eight hundred thousand dollars to carry on the surveys for another year, and the enormous benefits which will ensue from the reclamation of the desert should insure the passage of the appropriation as soon as the plans of the bureau are explained. It is reckoned that the whole survey which has been authorized by Congress will cost not less than eight millions of dollars. It can be completed, if there is no hitch in Congress, in about seven years—that is to say, about 1896. If California continues to absorb one-fifth of the total outlay, her share will be something like one million six hundred thousand dollars, spread over seven years. This amount would, however, inadequately represent the aggregate outlay which is likely to be made in that period for irrigation in this State. When it is realized that the government is in earnest and that the desert is going to be reclaimed, private capital will volunteer for a share of the work. A number of organizations are already operating under Senator Wright's Act, and private individuals are preparing to extend the canal and ditch systems of Merced and Fresno. In San Diego, the operators who have undertaken to utilize the waters of the Sweetwater are likely to realize such profits that they are pretty sure to extend their works.

The question how the cost of the great irrigation system of the future is to be defrayed is rather a question of politics than of engineering. It is likely to revive the old controversy about the right of the general government to conduct internal improvements in the States. Strict constructionists will naturally protest against the devotion of the surplus to canal schemes, while the new liberal school of politicians will hold that a surplus, which probably could not be got rid of by any manipulation of the tariff, had better be used where it will do the most good—not only to the arid wastes of the West, but to the over-crowded cities of the East. In districts where the land is already all or nearly all in private ownership, it would seem but fair that the land-owners, who are to be the beneficiaries of irrigation, should construct irrigation-works at their own expense, after the government has shown them where the water sources lie and in what way they can be diverted. But there are four rivers in or near the arid plains which will have to furnish water for the irrigation of vast districts, and these could hardly be handled by private individuals. A judicious system of irrigation will contemplate immense reservoirs, with canals of great length, from the Missouri, the Shosbone, the Columbia, and the Colorado. The waters of these rivers will have to be handled either by corporations subsidized in money or land by the government, or by government itself. The public temper will have to change very much indeed before the organization of subsidized corporations for the monopoly of water would be tolerated by the people. The mere proposal to organize such companies would arouse an outcry which might be fatal to the progress of irrigation for many years. It follows that if the surplus waters of the Missouri, the Shosbone, the Columbia, and the Colorado are to be utilized as fertilizers, and their periodical tendency to overflow checked, the work must be done by the general government. It can not be done by companies, for public opinion would not tolerate them; it can not be done by the States, for its benefits would accrue to several States in varying proportions; it can not be done by individuals, for the purse of the Vanderbilts might prove too light for the enterprise.

But it will be time enough to discuss this branch of the subject by-and-bye. B.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 27, 1889.

THE CENTENARY OF THE ELIXIR.

The Statue of Brown-Séquard unveiled in Golden Gate Park.

At a little gatbering of friends, tbe other evening, in the rooms of one of the party, the conversation turned upon one of the sensational topics of the hour, namely, the alleged discovery by Dr. Brown-Séquard, of Paris, of a method of prolonging life by bypodermic injections of a substance obtained from certain glands of the lower animals.

"Suposing the method should prove effective," remarked Brown, after the pros and cons had been pretty thoroughly discussed, "what effect would it have upon society in general? It seems to me it would modify it in a very remarkable way."

"If one could only dip into the future," observed Brooks; "but what is the use of speculating?"

"Suppose you hypnotize Willis, Foster?" suggested another, banteringly; "he might, perhaps, give us some valuable information upon the matter."

The suggestion was received with enthusiasm, the gentleman referred to making no objection. Mr. Willis is of a highly nervous organization, peculiarly susceptihle to what is variously termed mesmerism or hypnotism, and in the trance condition possesses the wonderful faculty of clairvoyance in a marked degree. Mr. Foster, on the other hand, exerts strong magnetic influence over persons of nervous temperament, and had on several occasions hypnotized his friend with very remarkable results. Willis composed himself in an easy-chair, and in a few minutes his eyes closed, under the mesmeric passes.

"We are anxious to know," said Foster, taking the sleeping man by the hand, "whether there is any benefit in the rejuvenating process of Dr. Brown-Séquard. Can not you project your spirit into the future and satisfy us on this point?"

After a silence of several minutes, during which his limbs twitched nervously, Willis spoke. I was prepared with my short-hand tablets, and this is what he said:

"I find myself in a park—it is Golden Gate Park, though I hardly think I should have recognized it, except for tbe glimpses of the bay and the Golden Gate. Not a spot of sand is to he seen. The whole scene is gorgeous with flowers and trees and grass as far as the eye can see. To the north and south, as far as the eye can reach, there are streets and villas. The park is crowded with people gayly dressed, in carriages, on foot, and in the air. The air is filled with vehicles of every description, some of them holding one, some two, some a dozen or more persons, circling swiftly bere and there, rising or descending, evidently answering every whim of the occupant, and tbougb there are bundreds of them about, they never come into collision with each other.

"Something remarkable is going on. It is evidently a gala-day of some description. An immense tbrong surrounds a statue, set on a pedestal, which has just been unveiled. Beside it on the steps stands a handsome, bright-eyed, old gentleman, in whom I think I recognize Dr. George Hewston, who, with his bead uncovered, looks as if be was going to deliver an address. Upon the pedestal of the statue, I see this inscription:

"1889—1989.
In Memory
of
DR. BROWN-SEQUARD,
of Paris,
On the Centenary of his Discovery
of
The Vital Essence."

There was again silence for a few moments, after which Willis again began speaking, but now in a declamatory manner and in a changed key, accompanying his sentences with appropriate gestures. I took down *verbatim* the words as they fell from his lips:

THE ADDRESS.

Fellow-Citizens, Ladies and Gentlemen: We are met here to-day, as you are aware, to celebrate the centenary of the grandest discovery of modern times—that discovery which has enabled so many of those who were living when it was made, and who were comparatively old men then, to he present here to-day as strong, as vigorous, and as hearty as ever—the discovery of the Vital Essence. We are met in this beautiful park upon this joyful occasion not only to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of this momentous discovery, but at the same time to unveil a statue erected to the memory of the illustrious discoverer, who though he can not be present with us in the flesh, is doubtless so in the spirit. It is a singular commentary on the uncertainty of human existence that Dr. Brown-Séquard, to whose genius the world is indebted for its knowledge of how to prolong human life, should himself have failed to reap the benefit of his great discovery. Such, however, has been the dispensation of Providence and we must bow before it.

But what shall I say of the sentiments, the ideas that course through my breast when I see hefore me, on this spot to-day, men and women whose names have been associated with this country and this coast for the past hundred and fifty years, some of them for even longer than that time? I see among tbe vast and brilliant assemblage, come to do honor to this momentous occasion, and whose proud aërial equipages lend lustre to the ambient, men who remember the time when this beautiful park was but a desert, and the city of San Francisco itself, which now boasts a population of three millions, and is the greatest sea-port upon this continent, was naught but a barren waste of sand-hills. It is with feelings of unalloyed gratification and pride that I recognize the well-known faces of General Fremont, Don Pio Pico, General Vallejo, General Manuel Castro, Alcalde Leavenworth, Judge Hastings, Judge Field, and scores of others, who were old men when this grand discovery was made, hut who are here in the flesh to-day to attest its wondrous virtues. As, however, in the galaxy of manhood and beauty that I see before me, and which I should judge—taking those wbo are coming and going through the air as well as those who cover the ground in innumerahle multitudes—must numher at least two millions of souls, there are thousands to whom the history of the past hundred years is known only through the hooks they have read, I may perhaps be pardoned for taking up a little of your time in recounting the main issues through whicb the world has passed since the discovery of tbe grand secret, the practice of which now forms the commonest detail of our daily life.

There are many here—myself among the number—who remember the sensation wbich followed a report circulated by our daily press, during tbe summer of 1889, just one hundred years ago, that the famous physiologist, Dr. Brown-Séquard, of Paris, had discovered a means of rejuvenating the human system, by the injection of a fluid obtained from certain glands in healthy animals, so that the undue waste of the tissues might be obviated, with the consequent effect of rendering inoperative those causes which produce old age. We remember the ridicule with which this report was received by the mass of pbysicians all over the country, nor was this to be wondered at considering the astonishing nature of the alleged discovery, so utterly contrary to and suhversive of all preconceived notions regarding the human economy.

Gradually, however, it began to be understood that the ideas promulgated by Dr. Brown-Séquard were not so visionary as had at first sight appeared. The train of thought laid by this distinguished scientist was destined to lead eventually to the goal he had proposed. Crude and incomplete as was his theory, it had within it the same germs of truth as had the hattery of Volta or tbe telescope of Galileo—all that was wanted was some one to follow in his footsteps and carry out and develop what the French cbemist had begun. After years of laborious investigation and careful analysis in the domain of physiology, he bad approached the conclusion, or rather the idea broke in upon him by some instinctive process of tbought, that the germs of life lay in that portion of tbe physical economy through which life is reproduced. He saw around him on every side the individuals of animal nature born, decaying, and dying, while the species remained practically the same as ever. The few thousand years of history which we possess have done little to alter the form or structure of the various species of animal life which we see around us to-day. There are, indeed, instances of extinct species and genera, which existed in remote eons of the unrecorded past, but the extinction of these may be properly ascribed to the changed conditions, climatic and otherwise, of the world in which tbey lived, and which made it incompatible for them to exist. But such changes are so slow in their nature that their effects are scarcely discernible in so brief a space of time as a few thousand years. The domestic animals—the horse, tbe cow, the dog, the cat—are the same in Assyrian sculpture, or in Roman fresco, as they are to-day.

Why then sbould individuals die and species be preserved? The answer was plain. The principle of life in the individual decayed and died, while that of the species remained as vigorous and persistent as ever, because no means of renewing the former had yet heen discovered, except the natural one of reproduction. What Dr. Brown-Séquard did was to transfer tbe vigor and persistency of the vital principle from tbe species to the individual. He did not foresee at the time the alarming result which we are now beginning to contemplate, namely, tbat our eagerness to obtain the life-sustaining element is beginning so to deplete the races of inferior animals, tbat tbere is a chance of their ultimate extinction, in spite of the strict laws which have been enacted for their conservation. This, my fellow-citizens, is tbe dilemma which we have now to look boldly in the face, and which, even in the short course of a bundred years, has assumed such proportions as to threaten to deprive us of the means of sustaining that life wbich we have now learned how to prolong.

While Dr. Brown-Séquard is entitled to all the honors of discovery, it was not till two years after, and a year after the doctor's own death—which, as you know, occurred at sea—that the other elements were added and the method of administering the essence reduced to a scientific basis. The principal objection raised to the new system by the scientific lights of the old school was tbat, at most, it would act as a stimulant, and that it was physically impossihle to renew tissues and cartilage, veins and arteries, by the mere injection into the blood of a fluid which contained no elements of nutrition but merely those of temporary stimulation. Before three years had expired, however, it was amply proved that the elixir did actually possess all the constituents necessary to renew just sucb parts of the animal economy as deteriorate through age. Physiologists, even in these days, were well aware that all portions of our animal organism are nourisbed by the blood, even the vessels which carry it througb the system and the valvular structure, called the heart, which propels it. It was ascertained that the elixir supplied the blood with just such chemical constituents as it lacked in persons of advanced age, and through lack of which there supervenes that cumulative decay which culminates in death.

At first the essence was received incredulously and administered cautiously and only to a few. The world in these days was still prone to be suspicious of novelties in science or physics. It had only been newly introduced to the mysteries of the physical world. Now, you traverse the air how and as you will, either in these vast air-ships, one of wbich I now see looming up on the eastern horizon, conveying as many as an ocean steamer in my younger days, and at more than twenty times its rate of speed—we used to consider six days marvelously fast to cross this continent, now it takes little more than the same number of hours—or you sail tbrough the airy medium above us singly, or in twos or threes, with less exertion and infinitely greater pleasure than we, in the old days, experienced in traversing the ground on velocipedes.

The world, I say, at first suspended its verdict. Then, when it saw men and women, whom it had known gray-haired and decrepit with age, gradually becoming sprightly, their hair returning to its pristine color, new teeth appearing in their mouths, and their entire persons recovering vivacity and vigor, their anxiety to partake of the new-found hoon was tbe greater as their former doubts bad been strong, and they rushed ten times more madly to the acquisition of youtb and streng than ever our old Californian gold-bunters flocked to a ne diggings in the days of '49.

What was the consequence of this mad and insatiable desir This country, Europe, Asia, every spot on tbe earth's surfa where news was disseminated, became the scene of the mo violent excitement ever witnessed on the face of the world b fore or after. Physicians, surgeons, and doctors reaped golden barvest. Their consulting-rooms and private hous were besieged at all hours of the day and night by throngs the old, the feeble, the debilitated, the halt, the maimed— short, by every one afflicted by any kind of complaint. W do I remember the motley gathering which besieged my ov doors at that time! The great difficulty we had to meet w in obtaining a sufficiency of the necessary element to supp the demand. The abattoirs and slaughter-houses took adva tage of the situation, and charged the most exorbitant pric for the required portions of the animals they butchered. Tb together with the fact that absolute freshness is essential in t fluid to be injected, at once put it beyond tbe reach of any b those willing to expend a considerable sum to take advanta of the rejuvenating process.

As a matter of course the enormous profits made by t new mode of treatment brought legions of quacks into t field. Stuff which had become stale, or which was obtain from diseased animals, was used with the most deadly effe Instead of instilling new life into the victim, it injected into t veins the seeds of death. An epidemic followed, which swe the city with more virulence and more deadly effect than t cholera or the small-pox. The disease tbus propagat seemed to be disseminated by atmospheric germs; for t strong and healthy, who bad never undergone the hypoderm treatment, were attacked equally with those who had been i oculated with the deadly poison. Thousands were swept o in this city alone, and the same result bappened in other tow and cities throughout this and other countries. It is estimat that the great plague of 1892, as it was called, carried off b tween four and five millions of people in this country alone, whom some twenty thousand were inhabitants of San Fra cisco.

Such a terrible calamity as this naturally called for immed ate legislation. The most stringent laws were enacted, ma ing it a felony, with a most severe penalty attached, for a hut a properly qualified physician to administer the elixir, a then only under a special license from a controlling board each individual case. This did much to restrict the use of t process, still there was, as there is now, an immense amou of surreptitious treatment practiced.

The great plague was tbe first and most observable effect the popularization of the rejuvenating process. But, ind pendently of its effects upon the individual, the next few yea demonstrated in what a fundamental fashion it was destined affect our whole social economy and revolutionize all our pr conceived notions of ethics and methods of life. Those w were young men and women when the discovery was ma saw themselves, a few years afterward, on a level with tho they had been accustomed to consider old in their young days. Boys and girls saw, with surprise, that tbey were gra ually growing more and more like their parents in physic appearance, tbough their parents still remained tbeir superio in wisdom and knowledge of the affairs of life. This surpri was, however, only noticeable in the earlier epoch after t discovery; the generation wbicb was yet in its infancy wh tbe discovery was made, could, of course, evince no surpri at a condition of things anything different to which it had nev practically known.

The wealthy libertine, if his organism was sound, shared t boon of rejuvenation equally with the exponent of the pure morals. The balance, however, was on the right side, sinc all potent as the elixir was to arrest decay in healthy orga isms, it could not work miracles upon a diseased system. the seeds of death were already there, if any of the gre glands—heart, liver, or kidneys—were diseased, the taint w ineradicable. Thus it will be seen that nature, even in t apparent perversion of her own laws, was working ever towa her own wise ends—the survival of the fittest.

It was not easy, at first, to see to what this would ultimate tend. The lapse of even one generation, however, ga promise of what the final result would he, and experience, we all know, has carried out to a great extent this promis As the administering of the essence was regulated by law a also was witbin reach of only tbe wealthier classes, the in provident and criminal elements did not share in the gener longevity. Other causes contributed to keep the pariahs society within bounds, all tending to make the conditions this latter part of the twentieth century as happy and ha monious as they are. These, however, we shall adve to in due sequence, deeming it best to adhere to a chronolog cal exposition of events, as hest showing the social chang which the new scheme of physiology brought about.

As soon as it had been demonstrated beyond the shadow a doubt that the treatment inaugurated hy Brown-Séquar and supplemented by other practitioners, would really arre the progress of decay in the human organism, it became t target for the anathemas of every religious creed or sect in e istence. The Papal Church fulminated its especial thunde upon it, and excommunicated, or threatened with excommun cation, all who used or gave countenance to this impious mea of thwarting the designs of Providence and changing t recognized laws of nature. We, who review these early eccle iastical criticisms at this later day, can scarcely repress a smi at the way in which the churches have gradually swung int line, even the present Pope, Pius the Tenth, having now s upon the pontifical throne for eighty-two years without an seeming intention of vacating his office—otherwise he woul certainly have dispensed with the hebdomadal injection nece sary to sustain physical vigor. What we have to congratulat ourselves on is that, within the past few years, all the churche have recognized that their true relations to the human rac consist in the conservation of morals, and not in interfering i political economy, natural science, and other kindred topic for which their previous education has not fitted them, an

which they know nothing about, though, in my younger days, they pretended to know it all and people credited their pretensions.

I need scarcely tell you that the blessings we now enjoy did not inure to us all at once. This country, like the rest of the world, has passed through the fiery furnace of trial during the hundred years that have elapsed since the discovery which we to-day commemorate. War, pestilence, and famine have succeeded each other before they themselves were succeeded by the prosperity and social harmony which now characterize our age. The twentieth century, like its predecessor, came in with storm, revolution, and blood. The world never before witnessed such a carnival of carnage. All Europe sprang to arms. The rupture which began upon the Danubian frontier of Turkey quickly involved all the nations as participants in the strife. Had the combination merely consisted of the rest of Europe against France and Russia, as it originally was, the issue would not long have been doubtful. But the craft of the Roman Church made itself apparent at the outset. It saw, as a result of the success of the Protestant nations, a blow to its own political power. Accordingly, under the guise of defending the faith, it proclaimed a crusade against the Mohammedan religion, declared that the Turk must be driven from Europe, and excommunicated all who fought in his defense. This constituted the apple of discord, which fell like a bomb into the camp of the allied forces. None was willing that the other should occupy Constantinople—the Turk, therefore, must remain. The North-German Protestants of Prussia found themselves opposed to the South-German Catholics of Austria and Suabia. To add to the confusion, England and Italy, taking advantage of the embarrassed situation, suddenly invested Constantinople by sea and land, and assumed the protectorate of Turkey. Then began a series of invasions and counter invasions, dictated by the independent action of generals, in which whole countries were devastated and given over to fire and sword. But why follow out these scenes which are now matters of history with which all my younger listeners are as familiar as we who remember their actual occurrence?

Meantime, we in America were involved in strife more fierce and sanguinary than even that of the civil war fifty years before—that intestinal conflict now known as the Great Revolution, or the War of the Commune. There is no need for my entering into the details of this most mournful page of our country's history. My older friends here personally remember the gigantic strides made in the first few years of the present century by that organization known in these days as the Trades-Unions, organized at the outset ostensibly for the protection of the interests of labor against what were considered the unjust encroachments of capital, but which had latterly fallen under the control of the lowest kind of political agitators, who saw in these unions of honest but easily influenced working-men a pliable power, which could be made to subserve their own rascally and unscrupulous ends.

The first intimation of how formidable this power had become came in the sudden waking up of the people to the fact that it had really become a tremendous military organization. The blindness and supineness of the authorities, the press, and the people had permitted the members of the various unions, in every city and town throughout the country, to engage in the harmless pastime of drilling, under the plea of exercise and the conceded right of any society to form itself into a military company if it so desired. It was a year or two before the country realized that there existed, distributed throughout its most thriving industrial centres, a force of well-drilled and well-equipped vigorous men, the very bone and sinew of the land, numbering in the aggregate about half a million. Not more silently or expeditiously had the forces of Prussia once aggregated in spite of the restrictions of Napoleon, and not more surprised were the French to find their hereditary enemies once more in a position to oppose them successfully in the field, than were the authorities and people of these United States to find that there had sprung up in their midst an *imperium in imperio* more than capable of handling all the Federal troops and States' militia combined.

This state of things made itself apparent in 1903, and it was not long after that the political object of this movement made itself known. During the past decade every phase of industry had passed into the hands of syndicates and trusts. At the close of the century there was no such thing known as an individual manufacturing or even producing for himself. Manufacturers had either to enter the combination and submit to dictation in the matter of prices, or close their doors. Even the farmer who owned his land was beginning to find that he must submit to dictation as to the nature of what he produced—cotton, cereals, fruit, or what not—or he could not hope to find a market for his produce, except at ruinous rates. Cotton trusts, flour trusts, fruit trusts, with capital running up into the hundreds of millions, controlled the market, fixed the price at which produce of all kinds should be bought and sold, and how much land, and in what locations, should be devoted to the culture of each. In a few short years the American farmer, whose name had been the synonym for freedom and independence of action all the world over, found himself reduced to the condition of a chattel, or slave, compelled to obey the behests of a gigantic combination of capital or become bankrupt.

It is true, counter-combinations were formed by the more independent spirits in the various industries, but these were short-lived and resulted in the ruin of those who formed them. The insatiable ogre Trust swallowed all. The closing years of the century saw, on the one hand, a few score of capitalists with fortunes exceeding a hundred million dollars apiece; on the other, seventy millions of people robbed of their liberty of action and dependent on the fiat of these moneyed despots. If ever a country was ripe for a revolution, or had cause to inaugurate one, that country was these United States. The unjust taxation by England a century before was not more intolerable or odious than the tax imposed by these gigantic combinations of capital upon every article of daily use, which was, in fact, even less tolerable, in that it was the act of their own countrymen. Members of Congress, indeed, pointed out the danger, and made remonstrances as impassioned as those of Chatham in the Parliament of George the Third, but they were in the minority. A certain faction in Congress, in sympathy with capital, constituted a majority affirming the legality of trusts.

At length came the *coup d'état*. It is a matter of history how the various lines of railroad, converging upon Washington from New York and other industrial centres, were seized, with their rolling-stock, by preconcerted arrangement in the dead of night; how desperate was the conflict in the streets of the metropolis between the forces of the trades-unions, who had inaugurated the movement, and the State militia, before the lines, dépots, and telegraph-offices were taken by the former; how, at four in the morning of the fourth of June, 1907, the Capitol was taken possession of, the Treasury seized, the White House occupied, and the persons of the President and every member of Congress then in Washington placed under arrest; how the same day a provisional government was formed by the revolutionary leaders, and dispatches sent to the trades-union forces in every city and town in every State of the Union to put said city and town under martial law; and how, so secretly had the arrangements been made, the movement in almost every instance was successful, the first act being the destruction of the local armories.

Had the government thus established been conducted by men of note, in whom the people had confidence, or had its actions demonstrated that it was worthy of confidence, there is no predicting what the result might have been. But it soon showed unmistakable elements of weakness. An order was issued for the trades-union troops to converge upon New York, and within a week an army of three hundred thousand men had invested that city. The lack of responsible leaders immediately became apparent in the excesses of the rank and file, intoxicated with success and imagining themselves already virtual masters of the country.

Meantime, the better class of citizens had everywhere become aroused. Though not without sympathy with an uprising, provided it promised to alleviate the conditions which oppressed them, they instinctively distrusted the quarter from which it came. Prominent men headed a counter-movement. There was not a town of any consequence in the country which did not possess a fair sprinkling of veterans of the civil war, and, though these were verging upon three-score-and-ten, many of them were yet, by virtue of the elixir, as vigorous as in the prime of life, and entered into the movement with all the enthusiasm of former years. Within two months a million of drilled men were in the field.

But why need I detain you with events which have now become household words? You all know how the trades-union forces were recruited from the discontented and criminal classes—socialists, anarchists, and others—in short, all who saw in the movement a chance of plunder, or of acquiring property in a speedy and easy manner. They secured the aid, too, of able but unscrupulous officers, and it was mainly due to this fact, and having the vast funds of the Treasury at their command, that three years were consumed before the uprising was crushed and the government once more established on a foundation of law and order. But the revolution, involving, as it did, a loss of about six millions of men and thousands of millions of dollars' worth of property, was pregnant with results. If manufactures and industries of all kinds were wiped out during the three years of war, so was the bugbear of combined capital. Even such portable capital as managed to escape could find no market elsewhere, as Europe was similarly convulsed.

And how happy and grateful should we be, my fellow-citizens, that never again can there be repeated the same conflict between capital and labor as led to that disastrous war! In these days, the unanswered and unanswerable objection was that capital represented the fruit of labor; that the capitalist was at liberty to do with it as he pleased; and that without capital neither manufactures nor industries could exist. But scarcely had the world emerged from the social and political chaos into which it had been cast, before manufactures and industries revived and flourished with greater vigor than ever on the coöperative system, now so familiar to us all, where the workman is a partner in the concern and receives a share of its profits proportionate to the value of the services he has performed. The discovery, too, of the simple and beautiful process of transmuting one metal into another, by merely changing its density by altering the collocation of its atoms, rendered gold and silver worthless as mediums of exchange, coin being replaced by government paper redeemable at any of the government warehouses, and acquiring its value from the guarantee of obtaining that value anywhere, at any time, and in any article desired. This system of currency served the double purpose of giving the note its full face value and of making it impossible to bull or bear any market, beyond the existing government standard at the time; this being itself regulated by the lowest price at which the government could supply the article, including the running expenses of the department.

The great war which ruined Europe sounded the death-knell of feudal government. By 1920, the nations of Europe had banded together in a federation of sovereign states, represented in an elective federal parliament. Having experienced the abuses of one-man power, the President of the European Republic was simply the chairman of the assembly of delegates, and had no patronage or veto-power, an innovation which we were not slow to imitate, thus doing away at one blow with that bane of the Presidential office, the importunities of the office-seeker.

For more than half a century the world has reposed in peace. Education has been disseminated among the masses, and, with the progress of mental enlightenment and culture, there has come a grand moral awakening. Bigotry has disappeared, and with it has disappeared the political power of the Roman Church. The really sincere and pious element of that and every other church still ministers to its adherents, for the genius of our age is to allow the utmost latitude in thought and conscience to all. The semi-barbarous nations of Asia are fast becoming civilized through the spread of our western discoveries in science, our labor-saving machinery, and our mode of life. The great continent of Africa has been explored and colonized, and its savage but tractable races raised to a human level and taught how to become useful and industrious members of the human family. Its climatic conditions, too, have been altered so as to admit of even its equatorial regions becoming the abode of northern races, through the introduction of the waters of the Mediterranean to the Sahara Desert. The resources of South America, too, have been developed, its trackless forests tamed, and its boundless pampas brought into subjection to the plow.

These are some of the causes which have rendered it possible for our earth to sustain its recent rapid increase of population. One hundred years ago the population of the globe did not exceed twelve hundred millions, one-third of which number were residents of China, a country covering not more than one-twentieth of the habitable surface of the earth. Now the population of the globe is estimated at two thousand five hundred millions, five hundred millions of which are residents of this country alone, our federation of States now extending from Alaska to Cape Horn.

It will be seen that the increment of population, taken as a whole, has not been so seriously affected by the discovery of the vital essence as might, at first sight, have been predicted. In the first place, only healthy organisms are influenced by it. There are but few instances of men who have lived to such an advanced age as myself and my pioneer friends whom I see around me. In the next place, the growing scarcity of animal life, fit for supplying the essence, tends to render the operation more and more expensive every day. The horse is fast becoming an extinct species, our labor-saving engines, electric-cars, and air-carriages having rendered him almost useless. In the same manner, the production of artificial milk and the manufacture of artificial wool have not made the steady drain upon our cattle and sheep so badly felt as it would otherwise have been. The fact that animal food has now become so scarce as to make its consumption a luxury, can not be looked upon in the light of an unmixed evil, as a vegetable diet is, on the whole, wholesomer. The cat and the dog have long become the exception rather than the rule in our homes. In short, it is hard to see whence, in a few years from now, the supply of animal life for the essence is to be derived. Perhaps, by that time, another Brown-Séquard will arise to show how the vital essence can be manufactured from vegetable life. If so, will the vegetable kingdom also fall a victim to the desire for longevity? And in process of time will only man be left to prey upon himself?

It is not a consoling reflection, my friends, but it can not be denied that it is the logic of events followed out to their ultimate conclusion. Meanwhile, I am happy to see you all happy around me, and to know that the labor-saving machinery of our day makes it possible for you to enjoy six holidays out of the seven. I have already detained you longer than I really meant, and, as I see that some of you are getting impatient, I will now, thanking you for your attention, say adieu, hoping that we may all meet in another hundred years from now to celebrate the bicentenary of our illustrious benefactor, Dr. Brown-Séquard.

And, with a start, Mr. Willis awoke.

Robert Duncan Milne.

San Francisco, August, 1889.

A young man, aged twenty-one, committed suicide at Leeds after writing this letter: "I am going to commit suicide on Friday morning, as I want to be buried on bank holiday (Monday), so that I shall disappoint my cousin Annie, who is to be married on that day, so there will be a funeral instead of a wedding. I hope you will attend my funeral. I will meet you in heaven."

London seems to be rather crowding out Paris as the great purveyor to feminine taste for finery. The daughter of a great Spanish hidalgo has gone to London for her trousseau. That will be particularly strong in petticoats, of which countless numbers will be in silk, lace, insertion, and ribbons, and the other underwear will be equal in style and quality.

For once the great Pears has been beaten in the advertising line. Every one knows the now famous advertisement, "Good morning; have you used Pears's soap?" The other day, one of the big New York dailies had the following, immediately opposite this particular announcement: "Yes; but Cleaver's is better. Good evening!"

There is now in forbidden circulation on the continent a book containing the letters of the Crown Prince Rudolph and Marie Vetsera, the cause and companion of his death. From these it is seen that Rudolph was so much in love with the girl that he offered to renounce all his titles and dignities for the sake of marrying her.

The longest uninterrupted debate on record was, on August 1st, brought to a close by the New Zealand House of Representatives. It had caused a continuous sitting of seventy-six hours, entirely given up to the discussion of a representation bill. Yet the debate was not finished.

Since the introduction of mastless ships some sort of a gymnasium has been recognized as a necessity for providing the seamen with the proper amount of exercise, formerly found in the work aloft. Each war-ship will now have the needed arrangements.

Preparations are already being made in several German university towns to celebrate next year the three-hundredth anniversary of the invention of the microscope. Zacharias Janssen, of Middleburg, put together the first microscope in 1590.

THE WISTERIA FESTIVAL.

A Bit of Out-door Life in Japan.

It is a glorious June day. I am sitting on the matted floor of a charming little tea-shed overlooking a miniature lake at Kamedo, a picturesque suburb of Tokio, celebrated for its lovely *fuji no hana* (wisteria blossoms). Surrounding the lake, or *Shin ji no Ike*—Pond of the Word-Heart, as it is called from its resemblance to the Chinese character for "heart"—are innumerable tea-sheds, inhabited only during the wisteria season. Each one is equally gorgeous in its wealth of rich purple coloring, for the wisteria is trained on a bamboo trellis and hangs in pendant clusters of wonderful length—fully a yard long—varying in tones from a delicate lilac to a deep heliotrope. Here and there are dashes of tender green, sometimes a dense net-work of leaves that grow mellow and increase in warmth under the downpour of the hot June sun, sometimes a patch of blue sky peeps through the trellis, its deep cobalt color contrasting strangely, yet not inharmoniously, with the purple blossoms of the wisteria.

It is all so bright and luminous. Everywhere there is life. Crowds of people fill the park—pleasure-seeking, light-hearted people whose very existence seems to be one long-continued hour of happiness. Life is a delight to them, and one wonders at the harmony, the peaceful and friendly feeling that characterize so strongly their disposition. Their charming manners, light spirits, and graceful, touching movements can not fail to charm the foreigner.

Every day during the blossoming of this beautiful trailer, till the last bit of color falls from the trellis overhead, the little tea-sheds are crowded. From my secluded corner I watch the ever-changing scene. Gossipy squads of men, women, and children sit in picturesque groups on the floor. They drop down with the facility of a dog, and remain in the same position on their knees till my longing for a resurrection, a chaoge of attitude, becomes intense. I find myself making calculations and speculating wildly as to the limit of their powers of endurance. My meditation is suddenly interrupted by a series of hissing sounds, and my attention is drawn to the adjoining tea-shed. It is apparently an unexpected meeting of friends. They are down on all fours; their heads bob and bob till I wonder the vertebræ of their necks do not unhinge. As their foreheads touch the *tatamis*, they draw their breath between their teeth, showing intense pleasure and reveling in the happiness of meeting friends. It is a social grace the Japanese delight in, and it is this extreme politeness, noticeable in all classes, which strikes the foreigner so forcibly on his first arrival in Japan. It is the result of feudal etiquette, and in the old days when the *samurai* (two-sworded men) flourished, the people exercised great care in addressing each other. An uncourteous manner, a rude word, or careless gesture, mere trifles seemingly, to the hot-headed *samurai* were sufficient cause to cut a man down. The extravagant salutations cease at last, and the friends subside into conversation and cake, supplemented with watery tea. The tiny pipe and tobacco-pouch are unfastened from the *obi*, a pinch of tobacco succeeded by a couple of whiffs, a gentle tapping of the pipe on the *hibachi*, and the smoke is completed. Warm *sake* is brought on at intervals, and, during this scene of feasting, poetry is written on slips of paper and bung on the boughs. The beauty of the wisteria blossoms, the summer day, the charming effect of the scene, inspires an improvisation which is no doubt poetical and touching. A clap of the hands — a sound familiar and always welcome — brings immense carp to the side of the shed. They rival the wisteria in length, and their appetites are as remarkable as their size, for the fragments of bread which are thrown constantly disappear with wonderful rapidity. The picture before me is such a dainty, pretty one, glowing with sunlight and feeling; the quaint little group on the floor so unconsciously charming in its picturesqueness; the sunbeams dancing through the tangled vines, *kimonos* with strong lights and brightening into a glistening mass a golden-threaded *obi*; the toddling children, with their funny little cropped heads, tufts of hair left here and there in accordance with their age, their merry voices reaching a shout as a veritable old stager of a carp appears on the water's surface and gobbles the shower of crumbs—every detail is so luminously bright, so full of feeling, that I am content to sit and watch forever.

Strolling later on through the grounds I come to a semicircular bridge, and, after a desperate struggle, I accomplish the climb, but not with the rapidity of the little wooden clogs. On the other side, beyond the massive red gate, which is said to be built in the style of *Yatsu-mune dzukuri* (eight-roofed style), is a Shinto temple, founded by a priest as a memorial to his ancestor and martyr, Sugawara no Michizane, a popular and worthy noble, a hero of the ninth century, who achieved great things in literature. Under the tree yonder is a white marble cow, a fine piece of carving, representing the animal Michizane rode during his days passed in exile. From the scattered fragments of history, I find that this national hero was banished on account of an intrigue against the Fujiwara Clan. He is regarded as the patron god of literature, and his spirit is worshiped by the ardent student who prays that success may come to him as a great scholar and writer. A pretty bit of legend tells how his favorite plum-tree, which flourished in his own palace garden in Kioto, flew through the air and followed him into exile.

The people gaze at me curiously as I ask a few questions of the priest attending the temple. Their puzzled expression and surprised manner remind me of a Japanese poem I once beard, an amusing bit of sentiment the people have regarding the wandering American. It runs:

"What are those strangely-clad beings
Who move quickly from one spot of interest to another
Like butterflies flitting from flower to flower?
These are Americans.
They are as restless as tbe ocean,
In one day they will learn more of a city
Than an inhabitant will in a year.
Are they not extraordinary persons?"

Scattered in the park are numerous booths, decorated with lanterns and bright-colored banners, and shaded from the sun by big yellow umbrellas or blue-cotton awnings. There are little cook-shops on wheels, where the youthful gourmand smacks his lips over greasy-looking cakes and various indescribable mixtures, prettily arranged on green leaves. Here is a stall where the wisteria hairpin is sold—pretty bits of the artificial flower that dainty little maidens buy for their quaint chignons. One stand is always surrounded with children, that of the *ameya* (gluten figure-maker), whose nimble fingers create odd toy-figures, and with marvelous quickness are they executed. It is fascinating to watch him. From a little drawer he takes a bit of bamboo, dips one end into a dish of creamy-looking paste, thick and glutinous, and manipulates it till it distends with remarkable rapidity; then blows it and it finally develops form; a pinch here, a nip there, a little more modeling, and lo! it is a rat with a chestnut. It is taken from the blow-pipe and attached to a piece of bamboo, and with a brush dipped into color, the rat receives the final touch.

Peace, happiness, lazy enjoyment everywhere. The scene, with its changing lights, its brilliant color, and joyous people, makes an impression both pleasant and lasting.

NELLIE HOPPS HOWARD.

YOKOHAMA, July 30, 1889.

SAN FRANCISCO JOURNALISM.

An article in the Sacramento *Record-Union* of August 17th—presumably written by Mr. W. H. Mills—gives expression to certain sentiments in reference to California journalism and to the killing of Judge Terry which we so thoroughly approve and heartily indorse that we make them our own by giving them currency in the columns of the *Argonaut*. Naming the San Francisco *Chronicle*, he says it has taken up a very common-place rôle when it attempts to break the force of Eastern comment upon the killing of Judge Terry by assuming the rôle of champion and swashbuckler for the locality assailed. This is the provincialism which adheres to our newspapers, because to be told of our virtues and to have our vanity flattered soothes our conscience and gratifies our self-complacency. Self-laudation is fast becoming to be regarded as unreliable boastfulness. The *Record-Union* says:

On the same day with the killing of Terry, the superior judge of San Diego County was shot, and, perhaps, mortally wounded, for a judicial opinion displeasing to a litigant in his court. These circumstances will give to California society tbe color of lawlessness in the estimation of the world. There is ahsolutely no help for it. These and kindred occurrences are highly injurious to the growth of the State. They challenge the interest only of the lawless element. They are repellent to the sense of law-abiding and order-loving intending immigrants.

The Sbaron-Hill divorce trial, from the first line of its complaint to the last tragic act of its miserable sequences, has wrought untold mischief to tbe welfare of California. The whole case has been one unbroken scene of indecencies, unrelieved hy a single ray of sentiment, which would present human affection or buman passion in any other aspect than that nf the vilest heastliness.

To the shame and disgrace of San Francisco journalism, it must he confessed tbat no feature of that judicial saturnalia was eliminated from the accounts published in that city. The revolting details were presented with a fidelity amounting almost to diabolism, which even assailed the sense of smell with offensive effluvia. Between the lechery of a sinful old man and the hloody corpse of David Terry, lying upon the floor of one of the most public eating-houses, killed by a public peace-officer, there is a logical chain of consequences, every link of which was forged and welded by the carrion-glutting instincts of San Francisco journalism. The legal warfare which has been waged under the title of Sharon *versus* Sharon, entered the courts to the too evident joy of the journalists nf San Francisco. If that trial, with all the beastliness of its revelations, had, out of respect to common decency and public morals, been held witb closed doors; if the responsihle conductors of the *Bulletin*, *Call*, *Chronicle*, *Alta*, *Examiner*, and *Post* had heen possessed of a due respect for the pure-minded young men and women of this State; if they had been possessed of a decent regard for the morals of the community; or if, on the other hand, the morals of tbe community had heen strong enougb to have demanded the suppression of these San Francisco journals as obscene publications while they admitted the accounts of the Sharon trial to their columns, the moral, commercial, and industrial interests of California would have been largely benefited.

Issues growing out of that vile legal contest were carried into every court of the land—the superior court, the supreme court of the State, and the circuit court of the United States. Judges were drawn into this whirlpool of nastiness. It went from the forum of justice to the arena of politics; it entered into the political contests of the State; it invaded the legislature, and hills were passed so modifying and changing the laws of the State as to intercept the course of a law-suit in its demoralizing career from one court to another. It is far more just than severe to say that the man who thinks these events bave had no injurious effect upon the growth and settlement of this State is little less than a fool. They have inflicted injuries upon our accession of population wbich a whole year of toys in the way of "California on Wheels" would not repair, and for nine-tenths of that injury, the hroad publication of the indecencies of the Sharon trial by the press of San Francisco is responsible.

We might ask sorrowfully: Where were the judicious mothers nf that city during that deluge of erotic indecency? Where were tbe protests of the pulpit against the demoralization of that public baptism in obscenity? Where was the one honorable exception in journalism to resist the temptation of corruption, or to turn in honorable contempt from tbe allurements of increasing circulation? The stench of that trial pervaded the whole State. It invaded every household, and the devilish ingenuity nf direct and cross-examination left no sexual secret to inferential obscurity. Let the files of our San Francisco contemporaries rise in judgment between this accusation and the accused. Let them be examined to-day, and they will show forth a degree of festering indecency whicb no nudity of art, no broad obscenity of picture, can at all equal.

But worse than all this, tbe question sbould be asked: Where were the instincts of decency in the public mind to spurn these obscene publications from the doors of virtuous bomes? And yet the responsible conductors of these same papers will in all probability resent these just imputations, and witb whining Phariseeism declare that the commonwealth of this State not only did not, but should not, take any harm whatever in the exalted opinion of virtuous mankind. In very truth, a vast harm has been done. To the minds of strangers all sucb exponents of the moral status of any community are received in an exaggerated form. Tn us here in California the killing of Terry, the shooting of Judge Pierce, and the indecent revelations nf the Sharon trial, wore a comparatively innocent aspect to that presented by the same events in the mind of a stranger. Every act of bloody violence is the cumulative evidence of lawlessness in the minds of people unacquainted with the community in which it occurs.

A man of science in Vienna has published statistics, showing that one smoker contracts diphtheria to three non-smokers. His theory is that tobacco-smoke protects the throat against microbes very much as it destroys parasites on rose bushes.

The penny-in-the-slot of some English railway carriages will now provide a traveler with an electric-light in the lamp fastened at the side.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

He—"Whom do you think the prettiest girl in the room?" *She* (with a blush)—"Well, if I was some one else, I should say I was."—*Time.*

"I say, conductah, how comes it that we've reached ouah destination half a minute late?" "Front end of train's on time. Rear end's allus late."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Mr. Quizitive—"Catching anything?" *All-day fisherman*—"Yep." *Mr. Quizitive*—"What?" *All-day fisherman*—"Darn-fool questions, right in th' neck."—*Judge.*

Lone train-robber—"Hold up your hands!" *Passenger* (feebly)—"Don't shoot, mister. Can't you see that every man in the car has fainted dead away?"—*Life.*

Usher (at reception in Chicago, pompously, as Mr. Foot and daughters enter)—"Mr. Foot and the Misses Feet!" And yet they say Chicago has no culture.—*Puck.*

Dashwood—"I am going to do something noble and get my name in the papers." *Merritt*—"If that's what you're after, you'll have to do something had."—*Harper's Bazar.*

"I heard Mrs. Fisher say she wouldn't mind marrying that young man of yours." "I'll never give her the chance. The man a widow would marry is pretty sure to make a good husband."—*Life.*

Gus—"What did you think of our amateur theatricals, Miss Mamie? Rather a rare entertainment, was it not?" *Miss Mamie*—"Well—er—yes; it wasn't very well done, to be sure."—*Harper's Bazar.*

"What a beautiful new boat!" exclaimed Miss Ethel at Long Branch, as the yacht *Psyche* shot past the wharf. "Yes," replied her uncle, from St. Louis; "but isn't that a funny way to spell *Fish?*"—*Judge.*

"Sonny, how can I get to the railway station from here?" "Have you got a carriage?" "No, my little lad." "Oh, then you'll have to walk!" (Disappears whistling a very popular melody.)—*Life.*

"Since you have insisted on trying on my hat, Miss Mabel, I sball certainly claim the forfeit." "I don't know what you mean, sir; and besides, this isn't a good place; they can see us from the hotel."—*Life.*

It is an ancient belief that a change in the body of a man occurs every seventb year. It is a modern belief that he keeps the same old gout and whatever else he has that he does not need.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Fond father—"Sir, my daughter is the apple of my eye. She shall continue under her father's wing." *Van Gall*—"Thanks; I was just going to speak about that. Can you give us the north-west wing?"—*Epoch.*

A couple of jail-birds were drinking together, when one of them took out his watcb. "Bless me!" exclaimed his astonished companion, "you've got a watch?" "Looks like it." "And how much did it cost you?" "Six months."—*London Tit-Bits.*

Mr. Budworthy—"Rather clever fellow, that young Dudelong, don't you think?" *Miss Tewstules*—"I really couldn't tell. He scarcely uttered a word the whole time he was here." *Mr. Budworthy*—"Sly dog! He knows when he is at his best."—*Puck.*

The laying of the corner-stone: *Grand master*—"Deputy-grand master, what is the jewel of your office?" *Deputy-grand master* (a merchant, out for a good time, but unable to divest his mind wholly of business affairs)—"The t-t-type-writer girl."—*Puck.*

Ryder (on the Elevated)—"Don't go into that car, Bob. Old Garrul is sitting next to the only two vacant seats." *Vielé*—"What of that?" *Ryder*—"Why, he reads the paper before he leaves home, so as to have something to talk about all the way down!"—*Puck.*

"How did you manage to see everything in Rome inside of two days?" "Well, you see, we got up early, my wife went to the shops, my daughter to the picture galleries, and I took in the restaurants. In the evening we compared notes."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Father—"My son, you must not dispute with your mother in tbat way." *Boy*—"But she's in the wrong." *Father*—"That makes no difference; and you might as well learn, my child, once for all, that when a lady says a thing is so, it is so, even if it isn't so!"—*Pick-Me-Up.*

Baptist minister (to an inebriated parishioner)—"Oh, Mr. Jones, you don't know how you make my heart bleed when I see you in this dreadful condition!" *Inebriated parishioner*—"If you don't shut up I'll make your (hic) nose bleed, an' you'll find that a blanketty sight worse!"—*Life.*

Captain—"Sergeant, note down Private Grasgrün—three days on bread-and-water for slovenly turn-out on parade." *Sergeant*—"Beg pardon, captain, that won't make the slightest difference to him—he's a vegetarian!" *Captain*—"What? Then put him for three days on meat and soup!"—*Humoristiche Blätter.*

Epicure—"Waiter, this steak is positively had. It must be three weeks old." *Waiter*—"Ah, pardon, monsieur! I have made ze meestake, and have brought you ze venison." *Epicure*—"Venison? Oh, yes! Then you may leave it. (Tastes it.) Ah! to be sure, it is venison; and very nice, too—very nice, indeed!"—*Town Topics.*

Maude—"Algernon, you know a year ago I told you I would not marry you until you had saved ten thousand dollars." *Algernon*—"Yes, but——" *Maude*—"And six months ago I told you I thought we could get along on one thousand dollars." *Algernon*—"But still——" *Maude*—"Well, how much bave you by this time?" *Algernon*—"Exactly thirty-six dollars and sixty-two cents." *Maude*—"Don't you think that—tbat—tbat is near enough?"—*Time.*

Miss Arabella Liepyer—"I do not mind your poverty, George. Until your fortunes mend, I could be happy in your wealth of affection; and in some vine-clad cottage——" *Mr. Wardoff*—"Pardon me, dear; you know I am only a poor city clerk, and cottages are out of the question. Do you think you could be happy in a third-floor-back furnished room, with a sewing-machine buzzing overhead and some fiend below cooking cabbage?" *Miss Arabella*—"Maybe, George, dear, we'd better wait, after all."—*Puck.*

"Could you tell me," he asked of the clerk at the laundry agency, and his voice quivered with expectancy, "if they have engaged an Englishman lately at the laundry?" "No, sir," replied the clerk, confidently; "they hire none but skilled American workmen. Why do you ask?" "Well," said the stranger, sadly, "it is of no importance now, but from the appearance of the shirts and collars that I got back this week I didn't know but I had a clew to Jack the Ripper." And he went out witb a halo of disappointment bovering about him.—*Time.*

Customer from the Far West (at clothing store in Boston)—"I want to buy a pair of pants." *Clerk* (coldly)—"We do not keen them, sir." "Isn't this a clothing store?" "It is, sir." "And you don't keep pants?" "No, sir." "What do you call them things over there on that counter?" "Those are trousers, sir." "They are, hey. Well, I'm just contrary enough to want a pair of pants." "Would be glad to nhlige you, sir, but we sell only trousers." "Then I don't want any." "Can't help it, sir." "And you can go to thunder, sir." "All right, sir."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Why do I discharge you?" asked old Cbinacrate; "why do I discharge you? Well, because you have been with me only five months and have already appeared in your third new suit of clothes." "Well, sir," demanded the young man, "what of that? Haven't I served you faithfully? Do you bring any charges of dishonesty against me? Have I done anything wrong?" "No," said the old man, kindly, "I don't, and you haven't; but I can't stand tbis constant strain upon my confidence and credulity. It isn't nn your account, but my own, that I am compelled to part with you."—*Liverpool, Eng., Courier.*

VANITY FAIR.

cely Hall writes: "One of the most terrible visitations summer season is the amateur photographer. He in- e suburban resorts in a fashion that lifts him into ac- valry with Jack the Peeper and Jack the Ripper. Some nce, I heard of the case of one of these amateur pho- hers which would justify police interference. He was those remorseless and tiresome creatures, a village ody, and he had purchased for a few dollars a camera, he could carry around in a small box, and with which c views of his unconscious victims. If a lady happened lying in a hammock and showing half an inch of her g above her slipper, the chances are a hundred to one ck the Photographer would approach the house on some or other and procure a chance photograph of its mis- n the sly. This photograph is subsequently finished own to most of the members of a club at Sea Bright, ch the husy-body is a memher. He has a wonderfully ted assortment. The most aggravating instance of his nce, however, occurred one Sunday morning. One of ideots of the place has a private beach on his grounds runs down to the water, and he was in hathing with bis utterly indifferent to the presence of a man in a row- st off the heach. The man wore a hig straw-hat which ed his features, and pretended to he fishing. There are aughters in the family, and the only man in the water e father, an amiable and portly old gentleman who is oted as authority on athletics. He has for some time aching the girls to dive. As the beacb was absolutely d and private, and the girls all young in their teens, the freedom was indulged in. They were diving off the d ended by having a long swimming-match from the ut around the float and then to the sbore again. They e old-fashioned, long-skirted bathing-suit, and, before , two of the young girls, with tbe permission of their took off the heavy clinging skirts and swam in suits e proper enough hut unconventional. Then they dived an hour or more, and finally left the water. After e fisherman, who was Jack the Photographer, rowed ut a few days later he had sixteen or eighteen well- photographs of the girls who had been in bathing, s exhibiting them liherally round among his acquaint- This is only one of the thousand performances of the ys of the camera."

rtain class of American travelers in Europe (says the) has, under the influence of Cook's tours and the of wealth, or rather the spread of wealth, increased usly during the past ten years. They pass over the an continent no longer as single spies, but in heavy ns, sometimes "personally conducted," in squadrons of one hundred, by one of Cook's captains, but oftener helpless little family or neighborhood groups, going ow not where to see they know not what. They are foreigners who now penetrate Italy during the sum- nths, in happy indifference to heat and malaria, but warm everywhere. As a general rule, one might hem in vain for the smallest knowledge not only of languages or laws, manners or customs, but of history, graphy, of art, of literature, of antiquities, of any of gs which are absolutely necessary to make European nything more than a change of air and scene and a xpenditure of cash. The guide-books, even, do little n, because every guide-book assumes a certain amount ledge in the above fields. The two things, as a gen- le, which impress them most are the spectacle of working in the fields and the absence of baggage- What plagues and bewilders them most is the weigh- their trunks at the railroad-stations and the tedious of dinner in courses at the *tables d'hôte*. It is not g that, under these circumstances, the elders at least t tired and homesick, and that all love to sit down and ut "Jim Smith and Bill Jones at home." There is a story of a certain general from Maine who, "doing" in company with his wife and daughter, a few years t at the great door of St. Peter's at Rome a friend pened to have about him a copy of the Bangor *Whig*, e offered him, and whicb came to the general, weary Eternal City, as manna in the wilderness. He seized own on the steps to peruse it, and let his "women- spect St. Peter's alone!

uestion which was so sharply discussed last year over ety of dress-coat known as the "Tuxedo," has been y settled by the army of New York's young men who London and Paris last spring. This tailless dress-coat quite a run in New York in the hands of some of omaniacs of the smaller clubs. It was essentially En- d men were seen at the clubs, at the opera, and even r-parties in the shell-jacket which has always been re- n the older cities of Europe and among army men as for a gentleman's smoking-room. Men who have into English theatres or into public places with the in London have not repeated the experiment more ce. As London practically rules in matters of this end is predicted for the shell-jacket. There was y particular excuse for its existence; for, if there is an in America for a man to assume evening-dress, the justifies dress of the fullest and most complete char-

Ralph thus writes from London: "Among the one and fifty thousand Americans now in London at least ree are women. They judge every city by its shops, , and consequently they rate London below Paris, elow New York. Whiteley's is one of the very first American woman goes to, and she is sure to come y much more proud of being an American than she s before. In the lingerie department at Whiteley's n and women are made acquainted with a peculiarity in women's wear in England. A certain garment, peculiar to the costume of the fair sex, is here displayed in two forms. The form common to American usage is here laheled with the mysterious word 'Knickers.' These indescrihahles reach only to the knees, and are considered an innovation here. The queer word is evidently a contraction of 'Knickerhockers.' Every rainy day brings to the public knowledge of all who walk the streets the impressive fact that the soher and conservative members of the fair sex in England still cling to the time-honored pattern, whose ornamental terminations reach almost to the wearer's shoe-tops. There is apparently little else of such striking interest to fair American shoppers, except that nearly all underwear here is made of linen so coarse that no shop-girl in New York would wear it. American women notice, also, that it is apparently the one aim of rich and poor alike to procure capes of headed net-work. As those women who can not afford these light and airy luxuries are all to be seen wearing fur capes, one is able to judge how strong is the rule of fashion even here, for any girl or woman who could get one would wear a beaded cape, whereas fur is what is most needed as a protection against the fogs, the cold winds, and the chilling rains which come without five minutes' notice, often several times in a day."

The House of Commons is to have an apartment set apart for those who wish to dress without going home. As a general rule (writes James Payn), memhers of Parliameot do not dwell in regions very remote from what used to be "the best club in the world," but all of us are not so fortunate; our homes are very often distant from our club, and though there are dressing-rooms in the latter, we do not all keep a suit of evening clothes in them. Perhaps we have not even a duplicate suit to spare. At all events, it is quite common to see scores of men hurrying away comparatively early because they have got to go home and dress for going out to dinner. It is not only private entertainments that now demand that sacrifice, but even the places of amusement where you could at one time appear as you pleased. Since you pay ten shillings for your stall instead of five, it is but proper that you should dress accordingly. But when one lives in South Kensington, for example, and has to get there from Pall Mall and then back again, it sometimes strikes one, is the game worth the candle, the promised entertainment worth the trouble of paying for it? How many dinner-parties, one wonders, bas one ever been at, which have been worth driving six miles for? If we are not carriage people, and expense is of consequence to us, we can get a good dinner for what the hired brougham costs, or a moderate one even for the cab-fare, so that we gain nothing in the way of economy by all this locomotion. A late wit of the House of Commons, who had at one time been a great diner-out, once said to me, apropos of this tyranny of evening-dress: "I can't think how I could ever have been such a fool as to submit to it; I know now that comfort is the only thing worth consideration. I have done enough for society; society must now do something for me and let me dress as I please." It is not everybody, of course, who can talk like that; but however difficult some people may find it to get into society, anybody who pleases can let society alone. It may be suicide, but that is a matter of opinion, and there is certainly not the same moral objection to it.

A correspondent, writing to the *World* from Narragansett Pier, says: The pigskin shoe is admirable for country wear, but a daintier boot is required for the maidens who frolic at Narragansett; white kid and canvas or the most fanciful of patent leathers is the thing. These are Oxford ties, high heeled and pointed in the toes, with broad white ribbons knotted over the instep. Mrs. William Allen, of Richmond, whose wonderful dainty little feet are at once the admiration and envy of all women beholders, slips these slim, high-arched members into white-canvas ties for the morning, and, in the afternoon, they twinkle over the ball-room floor in high-heeled black-satin slippers. Mrs. Burnett Baldwin takes the delight of a Frenchwoman in clothing her slender, aristocratic feet in most fanciful and costly shoes. The heels of her tan suède ties are the highest and the toes of her satin slippers show the finest taper of any woman's at the pier. Mrs. Courtney O'Donnell wears black stockings with her white-kid shoes, and follows the color of her evening toilet in the choice of her satin slippers. On the toes of these last are lace rosettes or flaring bows of ribbon caught through jeweled buckles. Tan suède shoes, with bands of patent leather, were rather affected in the early part of the season, hut the vivid contrast of yellow and black is not becoming to the feet.

There is just now a remarkable fashion among the people of London for joining so-called "toilet clubhs." These clubs are for cheapening the cost of shaving. Almost seven in every ten barber-shops have been forced to form themselves into head-quarters for toilet clubs. The members are the customers. They pay down five to ten dollars, the sum varying according to the quarter of the town in which the shop is situated. Ten dollars is the price in the West End, where men pay from eight to twelve cents to get shaved. Five dollars is the price away from the swell quarter in all the outlying districts, where you get a casual shave for four cents. When a customer pays his five or ten dollars down, the barber is obliged to shave him, or shampoo him, or cut his hair every day in the year if he demands that amount of service. The idea has been carried to such an extreme that there are now many shops in which men may join the clubs for a month or even for a week. It is evidently hard on the barbers. They went into the plan to secure steady custom, hut the English are a thrifty and a bargain-driving race, and in each club are found many members who give the little that is asked and demand the most that can be had.

An unequaled number of English women are taking part in the grouse season. The feminine shots have increased enormously.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The excitement resulting from the death of David S. Terry has—as we prophesied it would—quickly subsided. It has become an old story, hecause—unexpectedly—the few mourners who went about the streets met with such an unusual expression of approval for the course of Marshal Neagle that they were not encouraged to make any especial manifestation of the sorrow they undouhtedly felt at the abrupt taking off of so good a man as they thought the Hon. David S. Terry to have been. The testimonials which the press and private correspondence have paid to the Hon. Stephen J. Field from all parts of the country and all classes of people must he in the highest degree gratifying to him. The incident, painful as it is, is one of those which contrihutes to the education of the people, and would seem to mold the legislation of the country into a hetter shape than it has heretofore occupied in reference to the protection due our courts, and the respect that should he paid to our judges. In all European countries the courts are under the protection of the government; in England, in France, and, we believe, in all the civilized states of the continent, judges are escorted to and from their trihunals guarded hy efficient officers. Not only has this custom not prevailed in our repuhlic, hut we have gone to the extreme of indifference and taken no steps in the direction of protectiog the dignity or the lives of our judges. Mrs. Terry has once indulged herself in insulting Judge Lorenzo Sawyer in the presence of her husband, who looked on and gave her the countenance of his bowie-knife and revolver while she accomplished the cowardly indignity. Another judge was shot in San Diego by an angry litigant. Judge Field was publicly and grossly insulted in the presence of an hundred guests at a railroad eating-house, by a disappointed litigant who had filled the State with threats of his intention to take Judge Field's life when he could encounter him, and went armed for that purpose. The wife turns out to have been armor-bearer for the busband when he fell in the encounter he had sought with the intention of murdering his antagonist. This incident should result in more stringent laws for the protection of unarmed judges in the discharge of their official duties. Laws of the most stringent character should be passed to prevent the utterance of threats by desperate men. Judge Terry and his wife should have been under honds to keep the peace for the last year. Mrs. Terry should he placed under bonds now, and if she has any friends, let them be held responsible for her good conduct in the future. A young woman comes from San Diego, threatening to kill Judge Coffey; she is allowed to go free, because she is pretty and supposed not to be in earnest. There is an opportunity for the supreme court to define the laws constituting Federal and State jurisdiction, and to enact laws by Congress and State governments for better securing the safety of judicial officers.

A new phase of the "Eastern Question," as the political problem affecting the relations of Turkey to its immediate Christian neighbors is called in Europe, is just now exhibiting itself, and this time the fine hand of the Church of Rome is plainly visible. A certain Cardinal Lavigerie, who has lately heen figuring as an enthusiast upon African affairs, and under color of sympathy for the natives been endeavoring to set England and Germany by the ears in their new colonization ventures, now appears in a new rôle, and advocates the establishment at Jerusalem of an independent Christian state, under the guaranteed protection of the great powers. It is well-known that the Roman Church does nothing for nothing. The world of to-day is not the world of Richard Cœur de Lion, Philip of France, and Godfrey de Bouillon, and the motive for the erection of a Christian state at Jerusalen nowadays must have a deeper root than the mere sentimental one which influenced the mail-clad, mediæval barons to follow the leading of a visionary monk. No doubt the Porte would be glad to sell Jerusalem, or, for that matter, the whole of arid and unproductive Palestine, to either Jew or Gentile if a sufficient consideration were offered. But that is not the question. It looks very much as though the Church of Rome, which is now, since the loss of its temporal sovereignty, more than ever on the alert to seize any and every opportunity to regain it, is trying to get in the thin end of the wedge upon this Eastern question. A Christian state, established in a commanding position on the confines of the Turkish Empire under the protectorate of the powers, would he a veritable apple of discord and bone of contention rolled into one. The policy of Rome at present is to do all in its power to weaken the Triple Alliance and to force Bismarck to buy its influence in exchange for a restoration of its temporal supremacy. It is already anticipating European statesmanship, and hastening a general conflict, by advocatiog the total expulsion of Mohammedanism from Europe, a course which is clearly a bid for Russian favor. Rome has nothing to lose, everything to gain by a European war, provided it can trim as deftly as of old, and none will question its Machiavellian ability in that direction. It is now endeavoring to foment discord between Prussia and Austria on creed grounds, and hetween Austria and Italy on the old issues. If it can break the Triple Alliance it can get anything it asks for from Russia and France.

Judge Terry's memory is not safe in the hands of his friends. Mr. Dagget is authority for the assertion that Terry did not intend to kill Judge Field, but only to insult him, because, to his knowledge, Mr. Justice Field was a coward and would not fight. By the rules of the code of honor recognized among gentlemen, the knowledge that the aggressor will encounter no resistance stays his hand.

About a dozen persons are now constantly at work among the once hidden archives of the Vatican, employed by the German, Austrian, French, and English Governments in studying the histories of their respective countries.

THE WAGE OF TREASON.

A Wild Story of a Circassian Wife and a German Lover.

This, as on every other evening, Professor Alexis Ivanovitch, scientist and director of the Imperial Gymnasium at St. Petersburg, pressed a kiss, half tender, half mechanical, upon the fair white forehead of Dounia, and stole away from the conjugal domicile, while Dounia remained alone and reflected. Where did Alexis Ivanovitch's nocturnal excursions take him? The professor was no longer a young man—he had passed his fiftieth year—and science and his absorbing duties as director of the Imperial Gymnasium, where five hundred pupils studied under him, left him no time to devote to amorous intrigues. And then, was not Dounia young, robust, and beautiful, with her luxuriant auburn hair, her steel-colored eyes, and her perverse, enigmatical smile? She was poor, obscure, and ignorant when he married her; he rich, a grand dignitary of the Slav University, and councilor to his majesty, the Czar. But love had conquered all obstacles, and Dounia, daughter of a shepherd of the Caucasus, became the idolized wife of the director of the gymnasium. The seductive Circassian had indeed often triumphed in the heart of the *savant* over despotic duty. How frequently he sat by her, admiring her, and listening as she babbled in French, gently criticising her linguistic errors. Was not her naïve conversation worth a hundred times as much as the subtile literary and philosophical discussions in which he engaged with the lettered men of St. Petersburg? Since several months, however, Alexis Ivanovitch's interest in Dounia's French lessons had flagged. He permitted her to confound the tenses, to ignore gender, and to forget the elementary rules of syntax without correcting her, as formerly. Moreover, he left the house regularly every eveoing and did not return until late at night. Was Alexis Ivanovitch deceiving her? She had discarded that supposition long ago. Dounia was too sure of herself, too proud of her extraordinary beauty, to suppose she could have a rival. Still, how should she explain Alexis's absence every night? He did not gamble, for the money in the safe was never disturbed, and it is not usual to visit the games with empty pockets. Once only, a person of unprepossessing aspect and poorly attired presented himself at the door with a letter. Alexis, having read it, handed the bearer a note of five hundred roubles without the least remark, the stranger accepting the same without even giving thanks. Gambling-debts are not paid in such a manner, and when Alexis was asked about the incident he merely answered, "I am helping along a good cause," and Dounia did not dare to question any further.

She was patient and waited, hoping the inexplicable absences of her husband would cease soon; the thought to follow and spy his actions never occurred to her. This evening, however, he had hardly crossed the threshold wheo, enveloped in heavy furs, her face hidden by a hood, and her feet encased in stout boots, Dounia followed rapidly in his footsteps. She shadowed him through the snow-covered streets, oppressed and anxious, the blood mounting to her temples, and her heart beating violently.

This conjugal pursuit, in the oight and through the soow, did not have jealousy for its only motive. In fact, Dounia had not the right to be jealous. Dounia was guilty. A young instructor at the gymnasium, a German named Karl Strueber, profiting by the director's occupation and the isolation of his wife, had won her. And it was the thought of this that tortured her—that perhaps she alone was guilty, and that Alexis was not deceiving her; that he loved her still, and might be able to justify his nightly abseoce and convict her of treason, ignoble and unpardonable. Ah, could she but establish his faithlessness! She would then be excusable for her own.

This is why Dounia followed her husband, oo that clear and frosty night, through a strange and labyrinthine quarter of the city, whose oarrow streets were scarcely illuminated by the mysterious moonlight.

* * * * * * *

Alexis, having arrived at his destination, was about to rap on the door of a house, within which all seemed silent and dark, when he paused. Retreating hastily, he hid behind the angle of the house and listened. Light footsteps were coming in his direction. "I am being followed," he thought. Coolly and resolutely he drew a revolver from his pocket, cocked it, and waited. Some moments later, a dark form showed plainly against the bright moonlight at the entrance of the alley. Alexis raised his pistol ready to fire. Just then Dounia, surprised at seeing no one, and believing she had been outwitted, threw back her hood in order to get a better view of the locality. The moonlight revealed her features plainly, and Alexis, recognizing her, ran from his hiding-place.

"Dounia!" he cried, "what are you doing here, unfortuoate woman?"

"I was following you, Alexis Ivanovitch," she answered, with trembling voice; "it was wrong, I know, but I could oot resist the desire. I wanted to know where you spent your evenings."

"Curiosity is very often a bad counselor, Dounia," said the professor, gravely, after a few moments' reflection; "heaven grant you may not regret wanting to know that which I had determined to hide from you. But, perhaps, I am wrong after all. The wife should hide nothing from her husband, and the husband have no secret from his wife. I love you, Dounia; my love alone caused me to let you remaio ignorant of certain things, a knowledge of which might prove dangerous to you. Do you know, by the way, that, not knowing who you were, I was about to kill you?"

"What, kill an unknown!—one who has never harmed you? You must be engaged in some very grave undertaking to harbor such a resolution."

"Very grave, indeed. But you wished to see and know; come with me and you shall be satisfied." And Alexis Ivanovitch drew Dounia, still surprised and frightened, toward the low door of the mysterious house, which opened silently after he had knocked in a peculiar and measured manner.

A regular meeting of the nihilistic committee was being held within, and they were discussing a circular to be sent out which was to inform the affiliated of an important attempt to be made by the revolutionary party against the life of the Czar. Alexis Ivanovitch introduced Dounia as a neophyte, and, two or three women approaching her, gave her instructioos. She was given pamphlets to distribute, the names of prisoners and sick persons whom she was expected to visit and bring food to, and other duties to perform. The affiliatioo of the wife of Alexis Ivanovitch, one of the leaders of the society and the author of numerous pamphlets secretly published by the nihilistic press, seemed quite oatural and aroused no suspicioo. Ways and means were next considered, and were discussed quite freely before Dounia, who listened, as if in a dream, to the different plans for carrying out their tragic purpose. The meeting then adjourned.

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The following day, while Alexis was at the gymnasium inspecting the classes, listening to the complaints of students, and attending to his daily routioe work, Karl Strueber, the handsome German professor, visited Dounia, who had not yet recovered from the shock the terrible experience of the night before had given her. So, then, her husband was a conspirator! He was the associate, the accomplice, of those savage meo who terrorized the empire and whose audacity neither Siberia nor the gallows could arrest. Alexis wished to assassinate the Czar! Ah, he filled her with horror now, she was no more ashamed of her fault, and it even seemed to her that, in deceiving him, she punished him for the crime he meditated.

So she abandoned herself to the embraces of her lover with a frenzied passion that savored of the primitive ardor of the dwellers in her mountain home. But Karl Strueber appeared preoccupied. The dull German! to be meditative at such a time. But he had a mission to perform, and waited for an opportunity, although he was for a time disconcerted by Dounia's savage voluptuousness. At last, he succeeded in putting the following questions to Dounia: "Does your husband receive many visits from meo of peculiar aspect, who, upon entering, hand the door-porter a ticket?"

"No, never," replied Dounia, surprised.

"Well, then, does he go out often?"

"Every eveoing," she answered, promptly, paling immediately thereafter as she thought of the terrible meetiog which she had attended. In the meantime, a light dawned upon her. Why did her lover ask her these questioos? Who was this German, concerning whom vague rumors had reached her ears? Quite a oumber of Germans were employed in the police—could Karl Strueber be a spy?

Strueber, not noticing her abstraction and carried away by his desire to obtain more informatioo concerning Ivanovitch's movements, continued to interrogate Dounia eagerly, thus exposing himself. Dounia, a prey to conflicting emotions, had answered half mechanically, and now realized that she had betrayed the secret of her husband—consigned to the prison, the knout, Siberia, or even to the gibbet, the man whose honor she had already sullied. A gust of pride and revolt swept through her, and the wild nature of the mountain girl asserted itself within her. She had, indeed, consented to betray the husband, but she would not betray the conspirator. The Circassiao never gives shelter to a spy. Her resolution was takeo immediately. No, she would not deliver Alexis over to the executioner. She arose, trembling but superb. Strueber sought to detain her. "Remain," she murmured, with a bewitching and provokiog smile; "I shall return; I am thine forever." Io the neighboring room she wrote a few words, called the *moujick*, aod commanded him to take the note to his master.

Ten mioutes later, Alexis Ivanovitch arrived at the threshold of the chamber where Karl Strueber was tenderly embracing Dounia, while endeavoring to obtain further informatioo concerning the vast conspiracy of which the police already had an inkling. The oext moment the bloody form of Strueber, felled by a crushing blow of a battle-axe which Alexis had torn from the wall in his library, lay stretched at Dounia's feet, while Alexis, with fiery enthusiasm, cried: "Rise, Dounia, wife of my bosom! Thou hast aided us to punish a treacherous spy. Thou art a second Judith, my beloved!"—*Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Edmond Lepelletier.*

English society is making an attempt to introduce a new dance, on this plao: Four paces are made as though a march were intended, and then each gentleman embraces his lady and waltzes with her for four bars, then resuming pacing. Repeat. This manner of waltzing is not unknown in San Francisco, and is considered extremely recherché in extremely soide society.

The London season just over was the gayest ever known. On an average there were said to be about seven "good" parties going on each night for three months. None of these, it was estimated, would have cost less than two hundred pounds sterling apiece—many, of course, costing several times that.

A German lieutenant practicing with a balloon got his foot entaogled in the valve line and was carried for two miles with his head downward. The balloon lit without breaking his oeck, but he was insensible.

Archdeacon Farrar pleaded recently before the convocation for an attempt to reach the poor by reviving the mooastic orders, the oew monks vowing obedience, celibacy, and poverty.

The garrison at Exeter has been ordered to bathe at the public bath every day, and if it does not know how to swim, to learn.

MAGAZINE VERSE.

The Domino.

I met a pilgrim clothed in hodden gray;
E'er any greeting word I found to say,
He cried in accents masterful and stern,
"My name Indifference, I pray you learn,
Nor har the way when I am passing by."
"You look like Love," quoth I.

I met a lordling in a purple cloak
Most bravely garnished; yet like churl be spok
And hade me heed he came of courtly strain,
Somewhile called Pride, and otherwhile Disdain
Whose favor none might hope to beg or buy.
"You look like Love," quoth I.

I met a wight arrayed in martial red,
And on his shield a heart shaft-bitten bled.
"I Anger am, I bear both sword and fire;
At my approach all men affrayed retire.
They forfeit life, wbo will not turn and fly!"
"You look like Love," quoth I.

I met a damsel, drooping-eyed and sad,
And like a holy sister sbe was clad.
Some cordial from a slender flask she poured,
And smiled, and bade me drink; 'twas Pity's h
To succor wounded ones that else must die.
"You look like Love," quoth I.

I met a fugitive distraught, undone,
Who sometimes stayed for dread, and sometime
Though lord of all that sweetest hards have sun
Not one poor word supplied his halting tongue,
But all bis soul be lavished in a sigh.
"So, you are Love!" quoth I.

—*Edith M. Thomas in September Seri*

Phryne's Test.

PHRYNE—
Full leave to choose the statue that I will
From out the throng that fills thy sculptured hall,
And make it mine? Ran not thy promise thus?

PRAXITELES—
Yea, thus. And yet, methinks my slow consent
Was won unfairly, with thy delicate cates,
Thy fruits from Lemnos, and the witching wines,
With whicb thou haply cozenedst overmuch
In the cool atrium. But I keep my word.
If I have captured from thy breathing form
Of most incarnate beauty, that wbich makes
My marbles live, I do but give thee back
Thy graces, turned, like Niobe, to stone,
By stress of love, not grief. Yea, thou shalt choo
There's Hebe. Well thou knowest bow Athens ra
Over the curvings of her willowy grace;
Or Pallas, with divinity's white flame
Within her lambent eyes. If other yet
Tby choice should be, behold that Naiad there,
Shaking the pearl-drops from her dripping limbs;
Or glad Aurora, with the orient light
Full in her face.

PHRYNE— But which were best to choose?
Thy promise holds that I should have the best;
And I am not so deftly skilled in art
As wbolly to be certain which *is* best.
O master, double thy rich gift, and make
The choice thine own!

PRAXITELES— Say'st so? Take Hebe, the
I never wronght in pure Pentelican
Augbt perfecter than those raised arms that lift
The chalice up—unless it were that knee,
In its bare, dimpled roundness.

PHRYNE— Nay, methinks,
Amid thy group of radiant goddesses,
Hebe is not the fairest one. Her robe
Conceals too much tbe orbed bosom, hides
The matchless sboulder.

PRAXITELES— See, then, Clytie stands
With but the peplos caught about her waist,
If that's thy whim. Or mild Persephone,
Just back from Hades, pleads, "Make *me* thy cho

PHRYNE—
Nay, sbe is sad. The goddess of my dreams
Must wear no wistfulness upon her face,
But be as fresb as dawn. Persepbone's
Shows morning twilight. Choose Demeter? Nay,
She hath not youth enough, and her grave brow
Hints overmuch of motherbood and care.
Confess, now, once for all, Praxiteles,
Thou holdest Aphrodité, with the foam
Wet on ber lip, the most divine of all.

PRAXITELES—
One always deems one's last creation best.
Demeter is my last. Thou bast my word.

PHRYNE—
And so Demeter is thy very best,
Because thy latest? Judgeth Athens thus?
The Archons that from Cnidos came to choose
A statue for their temple—saw they not
Demeter? Yet, unsougbt, they pass her by.
I know thou ratest Hermes, as he holds
The grapes beyond the child's so eager reach,
Among thy works the foremost. Shall I choose
Hermes to fill the niche that empty waits?
Not so. A god would overburden, oft,
My most unspiritual fancy. And, withal,
He girds his chlamys with too strained a fold
Across his hreast. A goddess it sball be,
Whose calm, white presence shall have comfort in i
Goddess, yet woman still.

Enter A SLAVE— Ill news, my master!
Amid the sculptures fire bath broken out.
Which marble shall we save? We can not all.
Which rescue first?

PRAXITELES— Haste! haste! by all the gods!
Snatch Aphrodité from her pedestal,
Without a moment's waste! Where's Clisthenes,
Gulippos, and the rest? Base slaves to let
Such mischief hap!

PHRYNE *(soothingly)*— Nay, nay, content thyself!
Thine Aphrodité is as safe as when
The foam first brake to let the goddess through.
Forgive! I did but mock thee with a trick.
See! Here is Creon, with thy snow-cooled cup
Of Thasian wine. Enough. I have thy choice.

—*Margaret J. Preston in September Atlan*

BEEF, BREAD, AND BEER.

Americans may now Hope for Something Better in London.

An event which should be hailed with delight by all Americans in London who have not grown so intensely English as to prefer English cooking and Englisb food to their own, took place on Tuesday last in the opening of tbe Savoy Hotel and Restaurant on the Victoria Embankment, between Charing Cross and Waterloo Bridge and opposite Cleopatra's Needle. "The mere opening of a new hotel in London is not an occurrence worthy of sufficient note to make it a subject for a letter to the *Argonaut*," some people will be apt to say. And no more is it. They are quite right. Since tbe Grand, Metropole, and Victoria were built and exhibited to admiring throngs, the "new hotel" inauguration bas become somewhat stale. English people of the best class are not great patronizers of hotels at any time, and unless, wben actually forced to stay at one when traveling, take little or no interest in them. No one lives at hotels in London as they do in America. Gentlemen, too, do not frequent the bars and billiard-rooms of hotels at night in the same way as Americans do at say, the Fifth Avenue or Windsor in New York, the Cootinental in Philadelphia, or the Palace or Baldwin in San Francisco. Tbey go to their clubs. But when Americans come to London, unless they belong to the American Club or the International, or are (ob, most rare occurrence) given tbe temporary entrée of an Englisb club, they have nowhere to go to except the bar, smoking, and billiard-rooms of the hotel tbey are stopping at. Gillig's American Exchange in the Strand is a great resort; so is tbe American bar at the Criterion. Outside of these places they have no spot. Therefore it is natural tbat Americans should hring their American ways and customs with them, and lounge and loaf about the hotels to their hearts' content.

But while they can smoke without limit, and regale themselves at the hars witb "brandy-cocktails," "sberry-cobblers," "mint-juleps," "wbisky-sours," and such other of the simpler concoctions known in England under the generic term of "American drinks," such a tbing as an American dish they nust abstain from while on Britisb soil. It is the supply of a want long felt in this direction wbich marks the opening of he Savoy Hotel and Restaurant as a noteworthy event in the annals of London hostelries, and of especial interest and concern to American ladies and gentlemen sojourning in the English metropolis. For—says tbe publised announcement—"Arrangements are in progress to provide later on the special delicacies of the United States." Tbis is indeed a move in he right direction, and I wonder it was not long ago thougbt of hy some enterprising caterer who "knows how to keep a hotel," for a fortune ougbt to lie in store for the management rom tbe pockets of Americans, pining for their national canvas-backs and green corn, their pumpkin-pies and Vermont maple-syrup.

Not that English people want any delicacies but tbeir own. There are no greater pigheads on the subject of tbe superiority of their own food and their own cooking (as on their own everything else) than are Englishmen; and for any one to hope to convert them is quite waste of time. They begin with "the Englishman's national food—the three B's—beef, bread, and beer," and never really seem to care to go much beyond that. "Roast beef and plain pudding" is but a sort of variation on tbis, for bread forms a strong component part of this essentially national disb—as eaten by the people. Of course there is an immense amount of French cooking in England, as there is everywhere else, and all the swells, noblemen, gentlemen, and nobs (especially tbe latter) have French cooks, *chefs* at enormous salaries, to get up their dinners for them and write out the menu. But I venture to say that nine-tenths of tbese swells (snobs included, which is saying a good deal) would, if let to their own natural taste, sooner sit down to a joint of roast beef, well garnished with garlands of horse-radisb and surrounded by tough, underdone, greasy Yorkshire pudding, boiled carrots and turnips, a slice of plum-pudding (or jam roly-poly), Cheddar, Cheshire, or Stilton cheese, half a loaf of bread, a bottle of brown sherry, a tankard of ale, and a couple of glasses of old port to end up with, than all the French dinners wbicb could be laid hefore tbem. No Englishman (proper) considers a dinner a *dinner* without a joint!

"None of your confounded French kickshaws and raggy-oos, our bully-uns and salamees, for me," said a fat old fellow in the smoking-room of a country-house, one wet afternoon between five-o'clock tea and the dressing-gong, wben tbe rain penned a few of us up together and drove us to talk of anything we could think of to avoid dropping asleep in the big leather armchairs which made a half-circle round the blazing logs; "what I say is, give me a joint, beef or mutton—saddle for choice" and his eyes sparkled and bis mouth watered; "if a leg, boiled, with caper sauce, melted butter, and boiled turnips, with a dah of black pepper on each. After that, a hit o' Cheddar. What more does any man want?" He grunted contentedly, stuck his pipe back in his mouth, and, leaning back in his chair, from which be had bent forward to deliver his oration, puffed away in silence and waited for a reply.

I have said he was a fat man, and so he was. He bad a double chin and his cheeks grew straight out of his neck witbout any division line of jaw, and compelled him to sbut his eyes wben be laughed. When you looked at him from behind, his neck overbung his collar in a thick welt and the bottoms of his ears rested upon his shoulders. His skin—face, hands, neck, and top of head, for he was as bald as a billiard-ball—was of one tint. Brick-dust, pure and simple—brick-dust mixed into a paste with lard or mutton-tallow, and spread on in a thin, oozing, glistening coat. He wore no hair on his face, and there was not much left anywhere else. Altogether he was not a particularly prepossessing person, and not knowing who he was (he had arrived during the afternoon), I put him down as some eccentric, old-fashioned country squire of the neigbborhood, if not the land-agent of the man of the house, asked as a compliment for a day's shooting, and stayed over night on account of the weather.

Tbere was no reply for some minutes, and then a young Guardsman, witb a dainty mustache, a bored expression, and an eye-glass, drawled out:

"By Jove! Fancy ordering a dinner like that at one's club!"

"Couldn't get it if you did," said another youth; "sort of thing you'd get at a rent audit."

"So it is, young man," exclaimed the old fellow, leaning forward again; "that's where you'll see prime English fare—none of your gimcrack tomfooleries," and he looked at the two young men as if he meant to include them in his last two words.

"Old turnip-tops is rather riled about his joints," I remarked to a friend near by.

"Old turnip-tops!" said he; "don't you know who it is? That's Lord S——, the biggest land-owner in the county."

His lordship's taste, I am bound to say, is not the rule nowadays, whatever it may have been once upon a time among the nobility and gentry—that is to say, so far as outward appearances show it. There is an affectation for French cookery, if there isn't a real liking for it. An American, however, who likes American food and the American way of cooking it, will have to remain unsatisfied so long as he stays in England. Hot cakes, except in so far as they are personified in a very tough and tasteless pancake, are unknown. Waffles were never heard of. Indian corn (called *maize*), either green on the cob or ground into meal, forms no part of an English dinner or breakfast. There is consequently neitber corn-bread, Indian pudding, nor musb on a bill of fare. You never bear of buckwheat-cakes for the reason that there is no buckwheat flour. Cracked wheat is another absentee. I never saw or beard of a broiled chicken. Chickens are "fowls," and are either roasted or boiled, and in tbe latter case, invariably served covered witb thick "melted butter," whicb a famous Frenchman once remarked was tbe only known English sauce. Broiling as a way of cooking food is seldom if ever employed in private houses, whatever tbere may be done at public eating-houses, the result of wbich is termed a "grill." Beefsteaks and mutton-chops are invariably fried in a pan. There is but one recognized method of cooking oysters, and that is scalloped. No one ever heard of stewed-terrapin, or chicken-salad. Pumpkin and squash pies are unknown. So is maple-syrup. Honey is most commonly eaten strained from the comb. Roast or boiled turkey is, compared with your usages, a very unusual dish. Rice-and-tomato soup would be as great a novelty to the English palate as stewed shark's fins would be to the American. No one knows anything about it. Boston brown-bread, cod-fish balls, and succotash are Greek—aye, Egyptian bieroglypbics—to the British understanding. Game is always kept until, not unfrequently, a cbunk of Limherger would become a cake of Piesse and Lubin's soap heside it. I once dined at a country-bouse on the first of Marcb, and a pheasant was served and eaten that had been shot on the last day of January! This is a fact. As for venison, well, I don't thinb many Americans, unless they had colds in their heads, would care to tackle it as eaten in England. I have seen a cucumber brought in warm from the garden to the luncheon-table, there peeled and cut up into thick lozenges, and then covered with oil. Peach-pie and peaches and cream are unknown disbes. There is also a painful ignorance of doughnuts, crullers, cookies, milk-toast, dipped toast, squabs, flannel-cakes, brandy-peaches, cranberry-pie, watermelons, molasses-candy, cream-candy, hickory-nuts, tomato-catsup, pepper-sauce, pickled oysters, gumbo-soup, oyster-soup, chowder, noodles, sweet potatoes, lady cake, Virginia biscuit, Saratoga potatoes, shrimp-salad, fried oysters, and strawberry short-cake. Canvas-back ducks, soft-shell crabs, and clams do not "grow" in England. There is another dish that I have never encountered (as it is in America) and that is corn-beef, either hot or cold. Mrs. Ronalds at her Fourth of July receptions has endeavored, with Mr. Van Wagner (the "American barrister" practicing in London) as concocter, to introduce egg-nog to the Englisb people. Speaking of eggs, it may not be inappropriate to state tbat in England they are never, when boiled, hroken into a glass and mixed up, hut are invariably eaten out of the sbell. Oranges, too, are never peeled at dessert, but cut in quarters, with the peel on, and the pulp cut away from each quarter and eaten with a fork. You could not do a more pronouncedly vulgar thing than to offer to peel an orange for a lady.

But to return to our muttons—and our beefs, as well. That English people know nothing about American dishes is an unfortunate fact for Americans who come to England expecting to get them at the hotels at wbich they stop. But this new hotel will, it is to be hoped, remedy all that. Of course the anglomaniacs on their way to order clothes at Poole's will give the Savoy a wide berth, and patronize Long's, so as to pass for Englishmen, over muffins and dry toast at breakfast, and a boiled fowl and a "tart" at dinner. American "delicacies" are about tbe last tbing tbey want. Why England should for so long a time have persisted in ignoring American articles of food is but another instance of ber perverse insularity and want of tbat genuine feeling of reciprocity with America which United States Ministers are so fond of raving about whenever they get a cbance to make a speecb. In America, there are English muffins, roast-beef, plum-pudding, Bass's ale, Guinness's porter, and Scotch whisky, as easily to be obtained as in England. Why can not England reciprocate and furnish herself throughout with a lasting supply of buckwheat-cakes, clam-chowder, pumpkin-pies, Milwaukee lager, and bourbon "corn-juice"? It would at once be a graceful compliment to the American travelers who visit her shores, and a benefit to trade in stimulating foreign demand for American products.

COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, August 10, 1889.

A woman's proper figure on the modern plan is said by the English authorities to be twenty-three inches about tbe waist and thirty-six about tbe bust. There is a Mrs. McDonald in England, though, who has a waist of eighteen and a bust of thirty-eight.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

John H. Surratt bas just had his life insured at Baltimore. In the application blank, he wrote opposite the question as to tbe cause of the death of his mother: "She was murdered by the United States Government."

A strange coincidence is noted in the death of General Henry Dupont, head of the well-known gunpowder manufacturing firm, in that be died in the same bouse in Wilmington, Del., on August 8th, wbere, exactly seventy-seven years before (August 8, 1812) he was born.

Captain L. G. Shepard, commander of the revenue-cutter *Rush*, wbose seizure of tbe Canadian sealing-vessel, *Black Diamond*, has brought bim into recent prominence, bas been in the revenue marine service since 1866, and has served through all the grades from third lieutenant to captain. He is a native of Massacbusetts, and is regarded as a cool and brave officer.

Society in Munich is at present excited over tbe determination of a young Japanese woman wbo has played a social rôle in tbe Bavarian capital. Miss Toki Mardira, the daugbter of one of the higbest families in the Empire of the Mikado, bas decided to take the veil, and next month will enter the convent of the Sisters of Cbenfailles. This is said to be the first instance of this kind on record.

Dr. Brown-Séquard is an American. His father, Captain Edward Brown, of the American Navy, was a Pbiladelpbian, and married a Frencb woman on the Island of Mauritius named Séquard. He and his descendants took the name Brown-Séquard. The distinguished scientist, whose elixir of youth is making a sensation, was their eldest child. He was educated in France, but was afterwards a professor at Harvard and practiced medicine in New York for some years subsequent to 1873. He married twice, his first wife being Miss Fletcher, of Boston, a relative of Daniel Webster.

Tbe long and unique boast of the Hobenzollerns that their blood is freer from the effects of intermarriage than that of any other royal family, will not he so true fifty years hence. Another member of the family is to marry his cousin. The engagement of the Crown Prince of Roumania, Prince of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, to Princess Henrietta Maria, daugbter of the Count of Flanders and Princess Louise of Hoherzollern, will he announced in the near future. The bride is nineteen years of age. Her father is a brother of the King of the Belgians, and her mother the aunt of Roumania's future ruler.

Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, is now in his eighty-eigbth year, and is in the best of bealtb and the enjoyment of all his mental powers. He lives in the suburbs of Turin, Italy, in a picturesque villa, surrounded by handsome gardens, wbich he planted bimself, and which he cultivates witb the greatest care. Kossuth is devoted to the study of botany, hut being too old to study it in the Alps, his favorite botanizing ground, be finds his pleasure in the plants at his door, of which he has over four thousand varieties. Mme. Rutkay, the sister of the patriot, is with him. For a number of years she made ber bome at Scotch Plains, New Jersey.

Theodore N. Vail, wbo is hacked so strongly as the man to represent the interests of electricity in the World's Fair committees, is a man of stalwart and imposing presence, with waving bair, straight eyebrows, and a mustacbe which curls slightly at the ends. He stands about six feet high, and is polished and courteous in manner. He is president of the Long Distance and several other telephone companies, a potent force in the world of electricity, and, by all odds, the most conspicuous figure of any of the men who deal most largely in the newly-discovered force. There is no doubt in the minds of the best electricians that Mr. Vail will he chosen hy the mayor to represent tbem.

Mr. Gladstone's bahits of life are very simple, although busy. He rises about half-past six o'clock, breakfasts on bacon and eggs or a little fish and tea, and then goes to his library to skim over the newspapers. From nine to one o'clock he receives callers. A ligbt lunch follows, and tben be is driven directly to Parliament. He usually dines quietly at home at half-past seven in the evening, the food being simple and the wines light, and then he returns to the House. Unless there is to be an important division, he is at bome and in bed by eleven o'clock. Mr. Gladstone bas a fondness for bis old clothes, and when new ones are bought for him, his wife has to resort to diplomacy to make him wear them. When he speaks in the House he loosens his collar, turns up his wrist-hands, and unbuttons his waistcoat, his gestures becoming exceedingly vigorous as he warms up.

There are some interesting items on England's civil pension list. Sir Richard Owen has had ten hundred dollars a year since 1842 and Lord Tennyson the same since 1845. The widow of Kitto, the biblical encyclopædist, gets two bundred and fifty dollars and the widow of Haydn (of the "Dictionary of Dates") five hundred dollars. The daughter of Douglas Jerrold gets two hundred and fifty dollars. Mr. Gerald Massey, because he is "a lyric poet sprung from the people," gets five bundred dollars a year; the same sum is awarded to Mr. William Allingham, Mrs. Olipbant, Mr. Robert Buchanan, the widow of George Cattermole, and the Rev. Dr. George Macdonald. Faraday's niece gets seven bundred and fifty dollars, Mr. Tupper six hundred dollars, the widow of Charles Kingsley ten hundred dollars, two ladies directly descended from Defoe three hundred and seventy-five dollars eacb, the widow of Richard A. Proctor five hundred dollars, the sister of Keats four hundred dollars, Mr. Philip James Bailey five bundred dollars, and the daugbter of Nelson's adopted daugbter, fifteen hundred dollars.

Felix Pyat is dead. It was be wbo conceived, planned, and incited the destruction of the Vendome column and the destruction of Thiers's bouse. He wanted all the foreign newspaper correspondents in Paris shot, or at least locked up. He urged the slaughter of all prisoners and hostages. He finally advocated the utter burning of the city, and the scbeme would have been fulfilled to the letter had not the Versailles troops got in in time to stop it. But amid it all be kept himself out of danger. He was, too, a fastidious fellow in dress; almost a dandy. All of Felix Pyat's fighting, then, was done with tongue and pen. But it had its penalty. "If," said be, "I had suffered all that was passed upon me, I would have paid a quarter of a million francs (fifty thousand dollars) in fines, been under police surveillance five years, been in confinement ten years, been imprisoned in a dungeon twenty-nine years, been exiled for life, and been put to death!" He managed, bowever, always to get across the frontier just before the police caught up with bim. Some thirty-five years were spent by bim in exile in Brussels, London, and Geneva. He was in London wben he wrote bis famous "Ode to a Bullet," in wbich he urged the assassination of Napoleon the Third.

Tbere bas seldom been a more persistently contested law case than tbat of Edward Moran, the painter, against the estate of Joseph W. Drexel, the banker. The hone of contention is a big picture representing the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty. Mr. Moran put bis counterfeit presentment of the tbing on canvas before the original was put upon its pedestal in the New York bay. He says it was bought, but not paid for, some years before Mr. Drexel's death. A few months ago, therefore, he presented to tbe widow, administratrix, and William J. Arkell, administrator of Mr. Drexel's estate, a bill for tbirty thousand dollars—twenty thousand dollars for the picture and ten thousand dollars for royalties on engraved plates. Mrs. Drexel demurred at the price and offered to return the picture; but the artist contended that the thing was sold at a time when there was great interest in the statue project, wbich gave it an extrinsic value that it no longer possesses. By mutual consent, the matter was brougbt before a referee appointed by the supreme court. After a large amount of testimony bad been taken, it was decided to have the question left to arbitrators. The arbitrator for the estate decided that tbe picture was worth five thousand dollars, and the arbitrator for Mr. Moran insisted that the artist should be paid twice that sum. Mr. Cbarles S. Smith, president of the Cbamber of Commerce, was then selected as umpire. Unluckily for the painter, be put the value of the picture at even less than the figure fixed hy the arbitrator for the estate. Finally, the two gentlemen settled upon thirty-five bundred dollars as a fair valuation. Mr. Moran now sues to have the award set aside as unfair and irregular. The case will come up before the superior court in October, and by the time it has passed thence hy various stages to the Supreme Court of the United States and been decided beyond appeal, the painting will bave as great an extrinsic valu as an antique as it originally bad by virtue of its "timeliness."

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

"Fifty Years of a Showman's Life" (chiefly in the United States) is published by W. H. Allen in London for Van Hare, the lion-tamer and exhibitor of trick animals.

Charles M. Snyder, a Pennsylvanian who has done some graceful things in humorous verse, is to be the editor of a new department in *Lippincott's Magazine*. This department is to be one of humor, with illustrations, and will begin in the September number.

Some magazines have an especial public of their own, which is catered for independently of literary merit; but, generally speaking, this is graduated according to the position of a magazine and (especially) its rate of payment. Periodicals of the first rank get the first choice of contributors; those of the second, the second, and so on, till you come to the amateur magazines.

W. H. Siviter thus writes to the New York *Star*: "Some time ago you printed an article on 'How Writing Pays.' In the list of periodicals whose rates were given, *Godey's Lady's Book* was omitted. I think the munificent rate offered by this magazine should be known. I sent it a story of about four thousand five hundred words and received an offer of two dollars for it."

William Black says, respecting his habits of composition, that after breakfast he writes steadily for two hours, and one hour after dinner, which is all the time he gives to literary work. During the rest of the day he walks, or reads, or writes letters. He writes rapidly and makes few erasures. He is engaged upon a new story, the serial publication of which will begin next January.

The *Critic* says that "The Century Dictionary" has cost the Century Company over five bundred thousand dollars. When the undertaking was begun, the company had no idea that it would swallow up a sum approximating this. But, like Topsey, it "grow'd." It has taken nearly seven years of the time of some of the best experts and specialists in the country, at an annual expense of not very much less than one hundred thousand dollars.

The monthly catalogue of publications by the government issued at Washington by J. H. Hickcox, gives some idea of the great variety and value of the works toward which the United States act as publisher. Reports on foreign trade, special industries, laws, fisheries, scientific specialties, agriculture, and other matters too numerous to mention, appear in the July list, which shows one hundred and three numbers, some of them written by scientific men of the first rank.

Mrs. Burnett writes to Mr. Bok, of the Boston *Journal*: "There is nothing which strikes me as being much more appalling than the modern interview, in which the most modest persons appear—or, I should say, are made to appear—to harangue for hours with inflated glee on the subject of themselves and their affairs, seeming to regard the most trivial details of their careers as worthy of a place in public interest in common with their simplest remarks. Consequently, I never willingly see an interviewer unless I am entrapped into it, and when this last occurs I devote all the energies of my mind to saying nothing whatever."

Last September, *America*, of Chicago, through the American Economic Association, offered a prize for the best essay on the "Evil Effects of Unrestricted Immigration." The Hon. Carroll D. Wright and Professor Small, of Colby University, acted as judges, and last month announced their award in favor of Mr. Richard Dailey Lang, whose essay appears entire in the issue of *America* of August 21st. The widespread interest taken in the subject, as well as in the competition, is proved from the fact that papers were submitted by writers in Maryland, New Jersey, Massachusetts, New York, Minnesota, Switzerland, Nebraska, Colorado, Illinois, Virginia, and Maine. The winner, Mr. Lang, is a resident of Baltimore, Md.

General Lloyd Bryce, to whom the late Allen Thorndike Rice bequeathed fifty-one one-hundredths of the *North American Review*, has acquired the remainder of the property, and is now the sole proprietor of the magazine. The September issue of the *Review* will contain an announcement to this effect, and General Bryce's name will appear as editor and proprietor. He does not contemplate any change in the staff at present. General Bryce said that, in a general way, it was his purpose to adhere to the lines laid down and followed by Mr. Rice, whose conception of the field and functions of such a periodical as the *Review* he considered entirely correct. He was in full accord with Mr. Rice in his intention to make the *Review* a "magazine of the times."

The London *Athenæum* says: "If a lavish use of capitals and italics and a profound ignorance of French grammar can secure success for an attempt to depict Parisian life under the second empire, the author of "Mr. Barnes of New York" is amply qualified for the task. The contents of "That Frenchman!" are as spasmodic and incoherent as the title, and were it not that the work is apparently perfectly *bona fide*, we should set it down as an elaborate attempt to construct a parody on Gaboriau. The author is not content with one mystery, but gives us a brace of plots. Number one is connected with a phenomenally preposterous attempt to assassinate the "imperial infant," as Mr. Gunter calls the Prince Imperial; number two is entitled "the web of the Russian secret police," is mainly concerned with napkins and sympathetic ink, and for the rest is of bewildering intricacy. The improbabilities of Mr. Gunter, unlike the confections of his illustrious namesake, are hard to swallow and impossible to digest.

New Publications.

"Ryllis Darke," by Stanley McKenna, a sensational story of New York life, has been published in the Minerva Series by the Minerva Publishing Company, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"The County," a story which appears without the author's name, and "Margaret Maliphant," by Mrs. Comyns, two English novels, are the latest issues of the Franklin Square Library. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 45 cents each.

"What Moses Saw and Heard," by A. O. Butler, is a consideration of the idea of God in the Old Testament, viewing the subject in the light of ancient and modern philosophy and with careful analysis of the history, conditions, and character of the inspired portions of the prophets' writings. Published by R. R. Donnelley & Sons, Chicago; for sale by the booksellers.

"Judge Lynch: a Romance of the California Vineyards," by George H. Jessop, is a story founded on a play by Mr. Jessop and Brander Matthews. It narrates the particularly hard time a young man has in avoiding being lynched and afterwards in proving his innocence, and, as is to be expected of a story made from a play, it is full of dramatic situations. Published by Belford, Clarke & Co., Chicago; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

At the Manchester Church Congress, last year, the Rev. Dr. Henry Wace, Prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral and Principal of King's College, in London, read a paper on agnosticism which brought Professor Huxley to his feet with a sharp reply in the *Nineteenth Century*. Doctor Wace responded in the same magazine, and they had it back and forth, hammer and tongs, the *Nineteenth Century* being the field of battle and a large portion of the civilized world being more or less interested spectators. The Bishop of Peterborough presently took sides under the banner of the church and W. H. Mallock and Mrs. Humphrey Ward rushed in where others feared to tread, and it is a very pretty quarrel as it stands. The question is over the true significance of agnosticism, and incidentally the limits of natural knowledge come in for discussion. The whole series of papers so far published, eleven in number, have been collected and printed in a volume, entitled "Christianity and Agnosticism: A Controversy," by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by William Doxey, 631 Market Street; price: cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cents.

"The Old Settler and his Tales of Sugar-Swamp," by Ed. Mott, is a collection of sketches of the people and customs of some primitive community in the South-western or Western States, which it would be impossible to locate without a more careful consideration of dialectic peculiarities and other internal evidence than the sketches are perhaps worth. There is much keen observation and a just appreciation of humor and pathos in the sketches, which first appeared in the New York *Sun*. Published by Belford, Clarke & Co., Chicago; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood, who has written pretty verse and pretty stories and has compiled books on social usages, has combined her two fields of usefulness in "Sweetbriar." This story tells how a pretty country girl, come to live with wealthy relatives in a large city, gradually learns not only the advantage of observing the minor conventions of social life, but what they are to the smallest detail. It will be found useful, and perhaps interesting, to the intelligent young Hottentot or Santa Barbarian who would leave her native heath to essay the delights of metropolitan life. Published by the D. Lothrop Company, Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.25.

"Echoes from the Rocky Mountains," by John W. Clampitt, is a portly book, with a red cover, on which are pictured an Indian clasping a villainous-looking knife, and a mountain jehu dashing his six-horse coach down a steep road. These are fairly illustrative of the contents of the volume. Mr. Clampitt is a breezy *raconteur*, with the fire and luxuriant imagery of the West in his style of narration, and he has here gathered together a vast store of anecdotes of adventurous life on the old overland stage-lines, in Mormondom, at the mines, among the *rancheros*, and in the guilded palaces and busy marts of early San Francisco. The book is of a kind which is fast disappearing between the upper stone of Bret Harte's imitators and the nether stone of slow-paced and intensely personal reminiscences of the early settlers; it reminds one of Mark Twain's "Roughing It," a reminiscence made the more vivid by the fact that the many illustrations are in the same manner and probably by the same hand as those in Mr. Clemens's early books. Published by Belford, Clarke & Co., Chicago; for sale, by subscription only, by the J. Dewing Company, 813 Market Street.

"Studies of the South and West, with Comments on Canada," is the collective title of the essays on the social and industrial condition of the States along the Mississippi and of Canada, which Charles Dudley Warner has been contributing in the past few years to *Harper's Monthly*, with an essay on the New South, which first appeared in the *New Princeton Magazine*. The first of the papers is "Impressions of the South, in 1885," and all after that are of more recent date. New Orleans, voodooism, and the Acadians had been sufficiently "written up" by Mr. Cable, and, except for his broad view of "Society in the New South," it is not until Mr. Warner leaves Louisiana behind and tells us of the marvelous strides of South-western industrial progress in the last few years that his papers reach their true standard of excellence. The enormous product of manufactured goods and the large export trade of these Southern States, as Mr. Warner describes them, are astonishing to most Northern and Far Western people. Of the commercial centres, from Memphis to Minneapolis, Mr. Warner draws a perfect picture, and if he seems to indulge in a too free use of statistics, it is only to be exact in surprising statements. It has been said against Mr. Warner's comments on our northern neighbor that they are founded on insufficient observation of the people; his analysis of their political system and condition is admirable. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Some Magazines.

The *Atlantic* for September contains: "The Isthmus Canal and American Control," by Stuart F. Weld; "James Wilson," by Frank Gaylord Cook; "La Nouvelle France," by Eben Greenough Scott; "Americans at the First Bastile Celebration," by J. G. Alger; "The Day of Rest," by Charles Worcester Clark; "Voodooism in Tennessee," by S. M. P.; "Flowers and Folks," by Bradford Torrey; "The Black Madonna of Loreto," by Katharine Hillard; new chapters of "The Begum's Daughter," by Edward Lassetter Bynner, and "The Tragic Muse," by Henry James; "The Gold Heart," by Harry P. Robinson; "The White Rose Road," by Sarah Orne Jewett; verses by Margaret J. Preston, W. R. Thayer, and Julie M. Lippmann; and reviews of new books.

The September *Scribner's* opens with a paper on "Alexandre Dumas," by Andrew Lang. "Nepigon River Fishing," is described by A. R. Macdonough. "In the Valley," a new novel by Harold Frederic, is commenced. "The Place of the Fitting-School in American Education," discussed by George Trumbull Ladd, "Night Witchery" is an illustrated paper by W. Hamilton Gibson. "Out of New England Granite" is a story by T. R. Sullivan. "Safety in Railroad Travel" is treated of by H. G. Prout. "The Master of Ballantrae," by Robert Louis Stevenson, is continued. "The Small Arms of European Armies" are described by W. W. Kimball, U. S. N. "Three Dream Heroines" is contributed by Justin McCarthy, and there are verses by Zoe Dana Underhill, Charles Henry Lüders, Duncan Campbell Scott, A. Lampman, and Edith M. Thomas.

The September *Century* contains a paper on Napoleon Bonaparte, by British officers connected with the ex-emperor's exile to Elba; his voyage to St. Helena and life on that island. The Lincoln installment has to do mainly with Lincoln's reëlection. Hamilton Gibson contributes a study of butterfly and plant life. Theodore Wores writes interestingly of Japanese things, and the text is illuminated by reproductions of a number of his oil-paintings. Mr. Paine presents an illustrated study of "The Pharaoh of the Exodus and his Son." George Kennan closes his account of "The Kara Political Prison." Another illustrated article is Emmet O'Brien's account of "Telegraphy in Battle" during the civil war. In fiction there is the second installment of Joel Chandler Harris's "The Old Bascom Place"; a story by Cable, "Attalie Brouillard"; and a story by Mrs. Eichberg King, "Jufrow Van Steen." James Jeffrey Roche has a poem on "Albemarle Cushing," and there are other poems by Charlotte Fiske Bates, Langdon Elwyn Mitchell, Louise Morgan-Smith, Nathan Haskell Dole, and Richard E. Burton.

IRRIGATION.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The interesting article on irrigation which appeared in a late issue of the *Chronicle*, has caused considerable discussion—so far as it bears on the subject in this State—and remembering the honest, outspoken position assumed by the *Argonaut* against tempting the inexperienced to invest in uncertain land enterprises, I beg permission to add my small share to the excitement through its columns.

Irrigation is all right in itself, but allowance must be made for surrounding circumstances. In this age no one man can order and carry out a grand system of irrigation, as was done by powerful rulers in the past; now it is a company which undertakes the enterprise—a power subject to hindrance through law-suits about the land and water they seek to control, and, perhaps, rendered unable to carry out their plans and promises. Then the destruction of the forests on the mountains—a sad state of affairs which is yearly becoming worse—will greatly affect the subject of irrigation in the near future; in fact, such effect has been already noted in the local press. There will be a flood during the rainy season and a "dry" system of irrigation during the remainder of the year.

In my opinion, the northern valleys, where the soil is very productive without irrigation, have been neglected. An organized attempt should be made to settle these valleys, as that so successfully made to improve the southern part of the State. Railroad facilities would be rapidly increased, and the investors would have a certainty to rely upon.

So far as health is concerned, a non-irrigated district is far superior to a malarial irrigated one.

When the supply of good arable lands in the northern valleys is exhausted, then turn to schemes of irrigation in the deserts, but not before.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 28, 1889. M.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A French soldier on active service was informed by the mayor of his village that his father had recently died. In acknowledgment he wrote as follows: "Monsieur le maire, I heartily thank you for my father's death. It is a little accident that often happens in families. As for myself, I am in the hospital minus one leg, with which I have the honor to salute you."

A captious Englishman began holding forth the other day after dinner upon the enormities of a certain baronet in the next county. His neighbor interfered with, "I think it right to inform you, sir, that I am Sir George's brother." "His brother? Oh, I know nothing about his brother, personally, but I am told he is even a greater blackguard than Sir George."

Here is a choice specimen of "Pigeon English" culled from the *Times of India*. A native recently sent a present of a gosling to an English commissioner, with the following letter: "Honored sir, my father was in Bombay the week last and he bought two goose's pups of the newest fashion, so I beg leave to send your honor one. They are not common gooses, but of somewhat respectable family. Kindly accept."

In the *Volunteer*, Lieutenant Lewis D. Green, Seventh U. S. Infantry, gives an account of a campaign against Indians, and relates this incident. Some of the command had been bathing, and when the ablutions were about finished, one of the group called out, "Any of you fellows got a brush?" Some one inquired, "And what do you want of a brush?" "To fix my hair, of course," when up spake another in a strong Italian accent, "Bedad, you wait; the Utes will soon give us a brush and fix yer hair for ye."

Some months ago, at Buenos Ayres, a rich Spanish banker gave a dinner to some friends, and United States Minister Hanna was seated on the right of the hostess. She inquired as to the health of Mrs. Hanna, who was not present, and asked how many children they had. Hanna, not understanding Spanish very well, thought she wanted to know the age of Mrs. Hanna, and said: "Forty-eight, madam." To his surprise the lady threw up her hands and exclaimed: "Gracias á Dios, que no tengo esposo Americano!" which being translated is, "Thank God, I have not an American husband!"

J. H. Dolph was one of a number of artists and newspaper men who, four or five years ago, were accustomed to dine at one of the quiet little semi-Bohemian French restaurants which have arisen in New York during the past ten years. One evening a discussion arose concerning the real artistic merit of the pictures of Diaz, Daubigny, and Corot. "Pshaw!" said one artist, "anybody can paint like Corot; only yesterday my friend Perry, here, dashed off an impression that would have passed for a Corot, and he did it in less than half an hour." "And it wasn't so dreadfully bad!" murmured Perry, in a reflective tone. "Probably because you spent so little time on it," said Dolph.

Before dinner, at the house of a rich banker, in Florence, Colonel (afterward the Earl of) Dundas had said some sharp things about the crudities of Americans. Notwithstanding this rudeness, it fell to his lot to take Mme. Bonaparte (Betsy Patterson) in to table. He impertinently asked Mme. Bonaparte if she had read Basil Hall's book on America, in which he pronounced all Americans vulgarians. "Yes, Colonel Dundas," she answered, "but it did not surprise me in the least. If my compatriots were descended from the Italians or Spanish, any display of low breeding might astonish me, but being the direct descendants of Englishmen, it is natural enough that they should be vulgarians."—*America.*

Not only does every woman who enters an elevator containing a mirror turn round immediately, touch up her frizzes and remove flakes of soot from her face, but men adjust their neck-ties, take a deliberate survey of themselves, and pose and inflate their chests like Colonel Sellers, of lamented memory. A little stenographer in her building over near the city hall (says the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*), had been observing this peculiarity in the lords of creation. One day, having surprised a man making a more deliberate and careful scrutiny than usual, she expressed her opinion to "James," the elevator-man: "You needn't talk to me about the vanity of women after that," she exclaimed, scornfully; "men look at themselves twice as long and twice as intentiy as the vainest woman that ever breathed." "You didn't hear what he said to me, did you?" asked James. "No." "He said, 'I've been drunk four days, an' I just wanted to see how I looked.'"

A practical joke was played upon the late Mme. Rudersdorff by Sir Michael Costa, the conductor. At rehearsal one day the lady declared that she could not sing her song as it was written, but must have it transposed half a note lower. "But, madame," said Costa, "consider the inconvenience, especially to the wind instruments, and particularly as all my men can not be counted upon to transpose at sight!" But madame was obdurate, and Costa, shrugging his shoulders, bowed in acquiescence. "Very well, gentlemen," said he, turning to the bewildered orchestra and closing his score, "to-morrow you will play it a note lower." The next day, however, just before Mme. Rudersdorff came on to sing, Costa whispered to the orchestra, "In the original key! No change." And so it was sung. At the close of the air, the singer turned to Costa and thanked him warmly. "I am charmed!" she said. "Madame," replied Costa, with a touch of pleasant irony, "*we* are also charmed. You sang it in the original key."

The Duke of Wellington was once attending morning service at some fashionable church, and was shown into the pew of a rich city man. The offertory was for the benefit of some important charity, and it was the custom in those days for the members of the congregation to place the money on the ledge of the pew in readiness for the collecting bag. The duke put down his modest shilling, whereupon the owner of the pew, who did not know who his illustrious guest was, put down a couple of guineas, looking superciliously at the shilling already deposited. Without appearing to notice this, the duke calmly put down two more shillings. The city man promptly answered the mute challenge, and plumped down three more guineas. This was followed by the addition of two more shillings to the duke's pile. The snob was not to be beaten, so down went two more guineas. At this moment the bag came round, and the purse-proud individual with a lordly air swept his six guineas into the bag. The bag next came to the duke, who, in the most imperturbable manner, returned four shillings of the pile to his pocket, and placed in the bag the original shilling.

Peter the Great was once traveling incognito in a part of Finland, just conquered, where he was executing some naval works. He met an over-fat man who told him he was going to St. Petersburg. "What for?" said the Czar. "To consult a doctor about my fat, which has become very oppressive." "Do you know any doctor there?" "No." "Then I will give you a word to my friend, Prince Menschikoff, and he will introduce you to one of the emperor's physicians." The traveler went to the prince's house with a note, the answer was not delayed; the next day, tied hands and feet, the poor man was dragged off on a cart to the mines. Two years after, Peter the Great was visiting the mines; he had forgotten the adventure of the over-fat man, when suddenly a miner threw down his pick, rushed up to him, and fell at his feet crying: "Grace, grace! what is it I have done?" Peter looked at him astonished, until he remembered the story, and said: "Oh, so that is you; I hope you are pleased with me. Stand up. How thin and slight you have become! You are quite delivered from your over-fat; it is a first-rate cure. Go, and remember that work is the best antidote against your complaint!"

:IETY.

The Hort Golden Wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hort celebrated their golden wed-
ry pleasantly last Wednesday at their residence, 1920
Street. About two hundred and fifty invitations
ued to their friends to call upon them between four
bt o'clock in the evening. The celebration of the
owever, was properly commenced with a sumptuous
st early in the day, at which nineteen members of the
representing four generations, were present. A pleas-
dent of this portion of the day was the presentation
Hort to each of her children and grandchildren of a
jewelry formed of diamonds and emeralds which
inally a present to her on her wedding day. She
piece subdivided and made into ornaments, making
ique souvenirs of the affair.
nd Mrs. Hort were married in Montreal, Canada, on
28, 1839, and came to California in 1851, and have
sided here continuously. Their two daughters, now
orge C. Boardman, of this city, and Mrs. M. Tomp-
Ross Valley, have interesting families, and the little
Mrs. John B. Maillard represents the fourth genera-
Ir. and Mrs. Hort are still hale and hearty after their
nd notable union of a half century, and bid fair to
ate in many more anniversaries.
e midst of their descendants they received their
extending a cordial welcome to them in response to
gratulations bestowed upon them. The various
ents were beautifully arranged with flowers, the floors
anvased, and the air was freighted with perfume.
nd there were seen elegant baskets of La France,
ne, Maréchal Niel, La Marque, and Perle du Jar-
s, fronded with delicate maiden's-hair ferns and
asparagus tenuissimus. Rare orchids of odd for-
nd exquisite coloring also played their part in the
n of the rooms. The mantel in the parlor had its
lambrequin set with a wicker-basket, which teemed
turtium and other golden-hued blossoms, around
band of yellow silk-ribbon was arranged. The rich
ses were full of long-stemmed roses of varied tints,
ct lovely flowers were to be seen almost everywhere
ts came and went, those who lingered enjoying con-
and the musical selections of Ballenberg's band.
refreshments were served as desired in a tent-like
down-stairs. The host and hostess were cor-
embered by many of their friends, who sent them
its of much elegance. The display was extremely
and was the subject of admiring remarks from all
ed it. A large golden bowl of rich workmanship,
Mrs. Boardman and Mrs. Tompkins, was one gift
ilar which Mr. and Mrs. Hort prized very highly.
iration of the affair was made enjoyable and mem-
every possible way, and the diamond wedding of
couple is looked forward to as one of the pleasant
es of the future.

The Coleman Lunch-Party.

van J. Coleman gave a charming lunch-party last
, at her home on Sacramento Street, in honor of
hen J. Field. Covers were laid for nineteen, and,
st one o'clock, the ladies, in beautiful toilets, were
a handsomely appointed table. A glistening silver
the centre was ladened with exquisite La France
, at either side, extended long beds of bright flow-
as, Eucharis Amazonica, and many varieties of
gling their beauty and fragrance in profusion. An
menu was provided, and at least three hours were
passed in its enjoyment.
resent were: Mrs. Evan J. Coleman, Mrs. Stephen
Mrs. William M. Gwin, Mrs. William M. Gwin,
Lloyd Tevis, Mrs. Joshua Tevis, Mrs. Fred W.
Irs. J. Condit-Smith, Mrs. W. Frank Goad, Mrs.
1. Wilson, Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mrs. John
Irs. William T. Coleman, Mrs. John Garber, Mrs.
yne, Mrs. L. M. Coit, Mrs. R. C. Foute, Mrs.
oit, and Miss Carrie Gwin.

The Hoburg Reception.

Mrs. Frank T. Hoburg gave their second post-
eption last Wednesday evening at the residence of
Irs. F. A. Gibbs, 431 Bartlett Street. Many who
le to attend the first reception were present that
nd were warmly welcomed. Fragrant flowers
parlors, dining-room, and hall in pretty arrange-
ir bright colors being toned down by sprays of
other foliage. Mrs. Hoburg, in her beautiful wed-
. Mrs. Gibbs, in black silk, and Miss Mattie
white silk, received the guests and attended to
er enjoyment. A number of dances were partici-
the music of Noah Brandt's band, and light re-
. were served at intervals. The affair ended at
Mrs. Gibbs and Mrs. Hoburg will hereafter re-
Wednesdays.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mrs. Fred W. Sharon have returned to the city
g absence abroad and in the Eastern States.
F. Houghton and Miss Minnie Houghton, who
enjoying a prolonged Eastern visit, have returned
the Palace Hotel.
Mrs. O. O. Burgess are inspecting the picturesque
the Swiss Alps.
Mrs. Paolo de Vecchi have returned to the city
t to Italy and the Paris Exposition.
rge N. Macondray went to Japan on the last trip
ner *Arabic*.
orge Hearst is in Russia, traveling with Mrs. and
ony, of Boston, and Mrs. W. M. Kincaid, of this

Mrs. Arthur Brown have been at the Hotel Binda
ring the past month.
Mrs. Timothy Hopkins are at the Hotel Binda,
They will soon proceed to London and will leave
or America, September 7th, on the steamer *Au-*

nd Mrs Ben C. Truman and Miss Georgie Tru-
eft Paris for Vienna.
n F. Miller and Lieutenant and Mrs. Richardson
e returned to New York after passing several
Paris.
rry Babcock returned to Paris from London on
, and is now in Switzerland.
Porter Ashe and Mr. Gaston Ashe are at Long

Mrs. C. A. Spreckels and Miss Aileen Ivers are
el Victoria in New York city.
W. Simpson and the Misses Simpson arrived from
ast Wednesday and are at the Occidental Hotel.
ander J. Younger has returned from China and
ccidental Hotel.
ce Mullins, who has been visiting in England for
, has returned home after a delightful trip.
Mrs. H. H. Hewlett, of Stockton, have been
eral days at the Palace Hotel.
B. Crocker is visiting the White Mountains in
ith Mrs. Myron P. Walker, of New York.
C. Pratt and Miss Lillie Jones were at Saratoga
eard from.
Mrs. Gordon Blanding are in New York city after
e leading Eastern watering-places.
art Taylor will return from Santa Cruz in a few

Mrs. J. P. Hale and Miss Josephine Hale are en
from New York.
Mrs. M. H. de Young are occupying their cottage
ael for a few weeks.
n H. Boalt and Miss Alice Boalt have returned
visit at Monterey.
lliam B. Collier has returned to her Lakeport

J. Pope, Mrs. F. A. Frank, and Miss May E.
returned from a visit to their country residence at

B. H. Cooper and Miss Alice Cooper have re-
Monterey.
Mrs. Downey Harvey, of Los Angeles, are in the
sit.
Mrs. Walter E. Dean and Mr. Walter L. Dean,
een visiting the principal watering-places all over
r the past three months, have returned to the city,
the Baldwin Hotel.
tin Regensburger has returned to the city after an
some months in New York. Mrs. Regensburger
will probably be obliged to remain away a couple of months longer, or until a decision is rendered in a law-suit in which she is interested.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Moore are at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York city.

Mr. Andrew Jackson is in the city on a visit from the Napa Soda Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Morse and Mrs. W. E. Pinney, who have been traveling in Europe for the past two years, have returned, and are residing in San Rafael

Mr. Irving M. Dearborn will return to China to-day on the steamer *City of Sydney*.

Mr. Fred L. Wooster will soon go East, to remain a couple of months.

Mrs. C. L. Ashe and the Misses Millie and Bettie Ashe are visiting Mr. and Mrs. William L. Ashe at their cottage in Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Charles E. Bancroft and Miss Anna Hobbs are visiting Mrs. A. Pray at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. L. M. Coit, of Larkmead, has been visiting friends here for a few days.

Mrs William Barber is entertaining Miss Arthur, of New York, at her home in Ross Valley.

Mrs. William M. Stewart, Miss Maybelle Stewart, and Miss Letitia Aldrich are at the Greenbriar White Sulphur Springs.

Miss Lucia Kittle, who was recently visiting at Lake Tahoe, has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Hilarion Duncan and Miss Marian Duncan have returned from their summer visit to the country and are located at 1823 Turk Street. They will receive on the first and third Wednesdays of each month.

Miss Ada Sullivan is the guest of Miss Phelan at Santa Cruz.

Mr. Charles R. Peters, who has been studying art in Paris for the past two years, has returned to the city.

Mrs. F. F. Low and Miss Flora Low returned from their European tour a week ago.

Mrs. W. J. Somers, who has been visiting at San Rafael, has returned to the city.

Mrs. Henry E. Highton has returned to the Baldwin Hotel after passing the summer at Bartlett and Adams Springs and the Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. William P. Harrison and Miss E. S. Harrison will leave to-day for the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gallatin returned from Santa Cruz last Monday.

Mrs. George J. Bucknall is enjoying a visit at Santa Monica as the guest of Senator and Mrs. John P. Jones.

Mrs. A. Warner and her sister, Mrs. A. Davis, are visiting the Geysers and Cloverdale.

Miss Mae Somers has returned from a visit to San Rafael.

Judge and Mrs. L. D. McKissick, Miss Madeline McKissick, and Miss Ross are in Los Angeles.

Mrs. William T. Wallace and Miss Marguerite Wallace have returned from San José.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker have been passing a couple of weeks at the White Sulphur Springs.

Miss Jessie Bowie and Miss Laura McKinstry were recently guests of Mrs. J. Mervyn Donahue at San Rafael.

Mr. Mountford S. Wilson was visiting at Sacramento during the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. William C. Ralston, *née* Grayson, are at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Hattie Cooper has returned from a visit to Washington Territory, where she has been spending some time with her friend, Mrs. Cyrus Walker, at her delightful home, "Admiralty Hall," Port Ludlow, on the shore of Puget Sound. Mrs. Walker has been entertaining many friends the present season.

Notes and Gossip.

Mrs. Charles Crocker has added to her long list of charities by donating three hundred dollars to *Life* Fresh Air Fund, of New York.

A flannel cotillion was given at the Hotel Rafael on Saturday evening, August 24th, which was well attended. Mr. George A. Newhall led several figures of the german, which was followed by regular dancing until midnight. Tennis or yachting costumes were worn by most of the dancers.

The wedding of Miss Ella Nightingale, daughter of Mr. John Nightingale, to Mr. G. H. T. Jackson, son of Colonel J. P. Jackson, will take place on Wednesday evening, September 25th. It will be a quiet home wedding, witnessed only by the members of the two families.

Army and Navy.

Chief-Engineer Montgomery Fletcher, U. S. N., is on the way home from Paris.

Mrs. Nelson A. Miles, Miss Cecilia Miles, Mrs. E. W. Sherman, Mrs. M. S. Curtis, Miss Nita Baldwin, Mrs. William R. Shafter, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. McKittrick, Mrs. Edward Moale, Mrs. Doane, Mrs. C. B. Vogdes, and Miss May Andruss are at Santa Cruz attending the military encampment.

Commander A. E. K. Benham, U. S. N., passed the early part of the week at the Occidental Hotel.

Dr. J. J. B. Cordeiro, U. S. N., of Mare Island, was at the Baldwin Hotel several days during the week.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Carl W. Jungen, U. S. N., will soon proceed to Sitka, Alaska, where he will be stationed on the *Pinta* for a couple of years.

Major P. J. A. Cleary, U. S. A., has been granted a two months' leave of absence.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Pyk Farewell Concert.

Mme. Louise Pyk, who will soon depart for the East and Europe, gave a farewell concert at Irving Hall on Friday evening, with the assistance of Signor Enrico Campobello, Miss Nellie Hinrichs, Signor Sigismondo Martinez, and Mr. Hermann Brandt. Her admirers filled the hall and were well entertained by the following programme:

Piano Solo, (a) "The Spring" (b) "The Mill" .... Joseffy
Miss Nellie Hinrichs.
Cavatina, "Largo al Factotum" .... Rossini
Signor Enrico Campobello.
Aria, "Ernani Involami" .... Verdi
Mme. Louise Pyk.
Violin Solo, "Romance" .... Jonan S. Svendsen
Mr. Hermann Brandt.
Swedish Songs,
Mme. Louise Pyk.
Piano Solo, "Tarantelle" .... Schumann
Miss Nellie Hinrichs.
Duet, "Il Trovatore" .... Verdi
Louise Pyk and Enrico Campobello.
Violin Solo, "Romance et Gavotte" .... Thomas-Sarasate
Mr. Hermann Brandt.
Aria, "The Jewel Song" (by request) .... Gounod
Mme. Louise Pyk.
Scotch Ballad, "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton" .... Burns
Signor Enrico Campobello.
Songs, (a) "My Lady's Bower" .... Hope-Temple
(b) "Waiting" .... Millard
Mme. Louise Pyk.

Van Ness Seminary Musicale.

Under the auspices of Rev. and Mrs. S. H. Willey and the ladies of the Van Ness Seminary, a musicale was given on Friday evening at that institution. There were a large number of invited guests present, all of whom enjoyed the following excellent programme, the numbers of which were well interpreted:

Sonata in F (first movement) .... Beethoven
Violin, Mr. Henry Heyman; piano-forte, Miss Walthall.
Song, "Hindoo Song" .... Bemberg
Miss Jeannette Wilcox.
Piano-forte solo, Valse in E flat .... Moszkowski
Mr. H. J. Stewart.
Songs, (a) Elegie .... Massenet
(b) Song .... Weil
Mrs. Marriner-Campbell.
Violin obligato, Mr. Henry Heyman.
Piano-forte solo, Aria con Variazione .... Pabst
Miss Walthall.
Song, "The Mighty Deep" .... Jude
Mrs. Marriner-Campbell.
Violin solo .... Selected
Mr. Henry Heyman.
Musical director, Mr. H. J. Stewart.

DXLII — Bill of Fare for six persons — Sunday, September 1, 1889.

Mock-Turtle Soup.
Cantaloupe.
Boiled Salmon. Dressed Cucumbers.
Fricasseed Chicken. Potatoes. Peas. Egg-Plant.
Roast Veal
Artichoke Salad.
Lemon Pudding. Fruits.

LEMON PUDDING.—Mix quarter of a pound of crushed sugar with an eighth of a pint of cream; add the yolks of four eggs and quarter of a pound of butter, which should be previously warmed. Blanch and pound one ounce of almonds, and put these with the grated rind and strained juice of one large lemon to the other ingredients. Stir all well together; line a dish with puff-paste, put in the mixture, and bake.

Mr. Robert Tolmie, the pianist, has returned from a trip to British Columbia, the Eastern States, and Colorado.

The ballet-girls, humble as their position is, are in good theatres always provided with one or two dressers by the management. These are usually women employed about the play-house, and they have a lively time of it. The ballet generally dress in one large room, and the rafters ring as the orchestra approaches the end of the overture with cries of: "Oh, Mrs. Brown, are you ever going to lace my corsets?" "Mrs. Jones, I want my shoes buckled, do you hear?" "Mary Murphy, don't you think you've kept that woman to yourself long enough?" And so on, till the dresser begins to think of sending in her resignation next day or striking for double wages.

Probably no one statement gives a better idea of the enormous size of the Paris Exposition than the daily return from the chief ticket-office. On a recent day the number of visitors to the great show was registered at three hundred and six thousand. As the system of prices is very ingeniously graded, so as to get as much out of the people as the people will stand, in Paris, this represents a very large sum of money. There are a great many side-shows and points of interest in the French fair where extra fees are paid—and this goes to swell the total.

It is rumored that the queen has at last yielded to her physicians and will take a long sea trip, perhaps to India, or possibly to Canada and the United States.

AT AUCTION.

Sample Lots of Cresta Blanca Souvenir Vintages.

The Cresta Blanca Souvenir Vintages, from the cellar of Charles A. Wetmore, Livermore, have already achieved high distinction among connoisseurs, and great praise of their merits has come from the Paris Exposition. The producer desires, however, to satisfy our people at home before attempting to get a market abroad. Many cases have been selected and sent to people in New York and England by appreciative friends, the last important selection being twenty cases for the private table of D. O. Mills, Esq., who made his own selection after having previously tried the wines and found them approved by his own taste as well as that of his guests. None of these brands rank among "cheap" wines. The Table d'Hôte, which sells readily at six dollars a case, is the lowest priced on the list and is worthy of a place on any gentleman's table as an ordinary table claret. The Medoc Souvenirs are worthy to be compared with fine Chateau wines of France, and at twelve dollars per case are undervalued.

The public has been invited to attend an auction sale of sample lots of these wines, to be held next Thursday, at 1:30 P. M., in Platt's Hall, 216 Montgomery Street, under the auspices of the State Viticultural Commission. Wines in bottle and wines in cask will be sold to enable the public to acquire a true appreciation of their high qualities. The family can be supplied with a barrel of Macon Souvenir, a bottled wine; the restaurant, hotel, or grocery-store may try a small stock and test their market values by giving the people a chance to choose between common, ordinary stocks and these fine goods. The circular of the producer, issued and circulated at Platt's Hall, contains much interesting matter, with descriptions of the wines offered.

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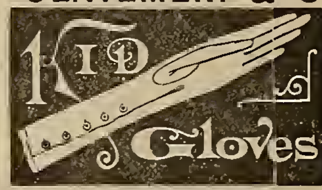

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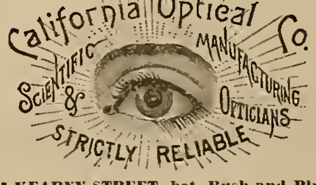

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HE GOT OFF.

Curious Experience of a Georgia Globe-Trotter.

Away back from the lines of the southern railroads, up in the mountains and in the sombre pine-woods, dwell many people who have never seen a locomotive, a steamboat, a telephone, or a Sunday newspaper. Those who live within a few miles of the tracks ride down on mule-back to witness the passage of the one daily train with undiminished wonder and satisfaction. I have frequently seen forty or fifty saddled mules tied to the fences around some obscure little station, and their owners gawkily standing open-mouthed, gazing at the train and its occupants.

But if you ride back into the country you will find many who have intended all their lives to go down and see the sight, but have been too busy loafing around to get time to accomplish the journey. Crops need watching in this section, and the men with great endurance will sit all day observing with eagle eye the growth of forty-five feet of popcorn and a few stalks of tobacco for home consumption—home consumption being a prevalent disease there.

They have few worldly goods, and they are light and portable. One of the residents of a little cluster of log-cabins said to me: "We uns don't hev no trouble 'bout movin' yereabouts; we jist pour some water on the fire and whistle to the dog, and we're a' moved."

Now and then one of these people is compelled, once in a life-time perhaps, to make a journey by rail. It is like pulling a tooth to get him started, and the whole community assists in the operation. Every able-bodied inhabitant is at hand to witness his departure, and few "allow" that he will ever return. When he does so, he is regarded as a "globe-trotter" forever by his stay-at-home neighbors.

I had a curious exhibition of the verdancy as well as the neighborly feeling of these shy and retiring people on a journey through Georgia. Our train stopped at a little, almost nameless station on signal, and a tall, slim boy, attired in butternut homespun, stepped upon the platform and knocked vigorously upon the door. Some wag shouted, "Come in," and he opened the door, hesitated a moment, and then walked in. Making solemnly for the first seat, he shook hands warmly with its occupant, saying: "Howdy, stranger; how's yer folks?" He went through the car, shook hands with every one, with the same kindly inquiry, and sat down. I, later, took occasion to talk to him, and discovered that it was his first experience in railroad travel, and the formal manner of his entrance I afterward ascertained to be the regular "cracker" manner of greeting an assembled company. He was extremely alarmed at the terrific speed of the train, which rattled and bumped along one of the rudest of tracks at the rate of seventeen miles an hour, and he said it took his breath away.

But the queerest and funniest incident of this Southern trip had almost a tragic termination. The train was just starting, without ringing a bell or blowing a whistle, as is the unique Southern custom, when a cloud of dust was observed traveling down the road to the station, and from the midst of which proceeded prolonged yells. The train was promptly stopped, and an ancient and rickety chaise drove up, and there climbed down from it an old man, in a long, yellow coat and a long goat-beard. He wore besides these a pair of abbreviated green trousers which seemed to desire to shun his boots and rise to a higher plane, and a heaver hat of the vintage of 1812. He took from out the chaise a bandbox tied with a string, a large carpet-bag, a paper-bag containing an assorted lunch, two live chickens tied together by the legs, and a crock of butter, over the top of which a piece of muslin was tightly secured. With these and an ancient umbrella, he boarded the train with some difficulty, and sat down in a seat a few feet from the door. The train rolled away, leaving his companion in the chaise sitting, open-mouthed, paralyzed with wonder.

The ancient one, with the wind-tossed beard, gripped the arm of his seat as soon as he felt the train's motion, and let out a startled yell which caused the passengers to turn pale with a fear that we had a madman on board, and, when the conductor ran to him, he shouted: "The bull darn thing is sinking!"

The amiable conductor assured him that he was perfectly safe, and, going into his pocket, pulled out his punch. The old man held up his hands in an instant, and cried: "Don't shoot, mister, don't shoot; I give in."

"I ain't goin' to shoot; I only want your ticket."

"What ticket?"

"Your railroad ticket."

"Ain't got none."

"Where are you going?"

"I'm gwine to Staunton to my grandson's, Pete Rawlins. Know any of his folks down in Staunton?"

Just then the whistle blew, and the old man jumped up and tried to get past the conductor, who held him down by main strength. The white hair of the old "cracker" fairly stood on end, and it was several minutes before he calmed down enough to count his change.

At the next station, where the train stopped, he gathered up his belongings and made for the door, but was stopped before he could get off. This attempt he made at every station, and, finally, the conductor went to him, saying: "Look here, old man, you jist sit still and don't move till you hear the brakeman holler '*Staunton*,' then you get off! See?"

He sat there awhile quietly, and then began to question the rest of the passengers as to their acquaintance with Staunton and its people.

Thinking I could derive some entertainment from him, I changed my seat to the one in front of his, and, turning around, addressed some words to him, with an amiable and seductive smile.

He looked at me a moment, and solemnly took his musty leather wallet from his side pocket and thrust it deep down into his boot, saying:

"Now, then, young man, what do you want to know, eh?"

The action set the entire car full of people roaring with laughter, and almost brought a blush upon my cheek, which sensation had scarcely gone when the brakeman opened the door and yelled "Staunton!"

We were at the moment crossing a trestle about fifty feet in height, upon the slanting, heavily wooded side of a mountain. We could look down the hillside over the tree-tops and see a silvery stream threading its winding way through a black and dark swamp. The old settler rose quickly at the sound of the brakeman's voice, packed up his belongings, and going to the platform, stepped right off.

As we passed, we got one glimpse of him sailing down. Somebody pulled the bell-rope, stopping the train at once, and a relief-party was organized, which went down the mountain side until we came to the spot where he struck first, a tall hemlock.

It looked like a gigantic Christmas-tree. Pendant from its branches were socks, collars, handkerchiefs, chewing-tobacco, chickens, rolls of butter, fancy goods, ham-sandwiches, boots and shoes, notions, suspenders, shoe-laces, hand-boxes, samples of cloth, hardware, and gents' furnishing goods. Further down the hillside we found some patent-medicine bottles, the old umbrella, the butter-crock, and the plug-hat. Then we reached the old man, who was up to his waist in black mud, busily engaged in washing the mud from a whisky-flask which he had somehow managed to retain in his pocket through all his exciting flight.

He was as cool as a cucumber, and, when we yanked him out of the mud, remarked: "This yere railroad traveling do heat hell, don't it?"

We climbed up the hill, gathering his belongings as we proceeded, and, when we arrived at the train, the conductor angrily inquired: "What in thunder did you mean by jumping off like that?"

"Why, my friend," blandly answered he of the goat-like beard and shattered garments, "you told me yerself to get off when I heard the brakeman holler 'Staunton,' and I got off."—*Railroad Topics.*

Sullivan in Wax.

Down in the cavern of the Eden Musée, a great magnet has attracted continuous and interested throngs in the last week. The magnet is in the nature of a reproduction in wax of Sullivan and Kilrain as they stood in the ring at Richburg. The ring itself is on a reduced scale, but in that particular only does it differ from the ring at Richburg. The upright posts with the ropes and the grass under foot are all there. Children, men, and boys, young women and matrons have gazed at the life-like statues with wonder, joy, and amazement.

Billy Muldoon, Sullivan's trainer, heard that the Musée had the figures on exhibition, and he strolled around to see how they looked. It was a perfect picture to him, he said. There was Sullivan stripped to the waist, just as on that eventful day in Mississippi, for which John L. is about to answer. The famous green tights and thick-soled and spiked fighting-shoes, and the colors, red, white, and blue, in the form of a sash and knotted jauntily at the side, were all there. The flesh-color on the arms, face, and chest was, perhaps, slightly heightened and almost too pink, but, for all that, Muldoon was ready to say that it was a mighty natural picture. He had but one criticism:

"You have made the face of the champion," said he, "altogether too intelligent. The fault is in the eyes and the forehead. They express more intellect, I am sorry to say, than is shown in the face of the champion."

The men say that John L. and Kilrain are made to look too handsome. Here is where the women disagree with them. It is said that many clergymen have visited the Musée to get an idea of what a prize-fighter is like. But there are no more enthusiastic visitors around the ring than the women.—*New York Sun.*

The Drummer Abroad.

"I'll tell you what I saw in Manchester, England," said a Michigander who lately returned from a trip abroad. "On the hotel register I found the name of 'C. Sidney Smith, U. S. A., embassador to England and France and S. P. D. to the Czar of Russia.' It was a puzzle to me and I smelled a mouse, but I waited to see him before giving anything away. After a few hours he called at my room. Then I found him to be an ex-drummer for a Chicago crockery house. He had saved up a few hundreds and was making the tour.

"'What induced you to register as you did?' I asked after a bit.

"'Simply to receive the respect and consideration due me,' he replied.

"'Does it cheapen your bills?'

"'No, not to any extent; but it gives me the best for my money, and I have free carriage-rides and many invitations out to dine. Man who registers over here as plain Smith or Brown gets only soup. I'm off for France next week, and I shall register there as "Special envoy of the American Congress and jim-dandy representative of seventy million Americans." I'll get quail on toast when you fellows have only bacon. Well, so long. I'm off to dinner with a big manufacturer, and to-morrow I'm to ride out with an M. P. and a duke. Take my advice and hitch on a title.'"

Her First Swim this Season.

"Been in yet, May? I'm awfully afraid it's cold. (Whispering.) How do you like my suit, isn't it giddy? Oh, say, *did* you see Frank last night, flirting with that horrid Smith girl? What, he was not with her, you say? Why, I met him myself on the shore about ten o'clock. O-h-h, that was not *you*, was it? I'll take it all back, 'scuse me. I'm awfully afraid it's cold. Expect to become engaged this season? Lots of fun, isn't it; but the fellows seem to be so dreadfully in earnest that you can't flirt with any other man. *Have* you met Mr. What's-his-Name—that awfully rich fellow? He's staying at our hotel. Piles of money, but he can't talk. Oh, you know him, do you? I wonder if the water's cold? Oh, say, May, here comes Frank and that other man—let's go in. Ug-g-h. (Approaches water and rushes in.) Isn't it elegant, May? Why, how are you, Mr. Brown?"—*Time.*

The Advance of Science.

"Do you know why the chimney flue?" he asked, as he dropped into the visitor's chair. We didn't answer verbally, but we know why he tried to fly as we reached for the lever above the desk. But he was too late. There was a crash, a yell, a mangled form was thrown in the alley, a gong struck, and three figures appeared on the wall. Then all was silent. Our Surepop Spring Poet and Crank Exterminator had registered its one hundred and thirty-first victim and wound itself up for the next.—*Time.*

Reports come constantly from St. Petersburg of the ever-increasing use of naphtha dregs as fuel. Russian manufacturers and railways are adopting it in place of wood and coal, and it is even utilized for domestic purposes, in stoves of special construction. It is about thirty-five per cent. cheaper than wood or coal, and it occupies less space in storage.

Princess Louise's gloves showed that she had no serious idea of resigning her character of royalty when she became Lady Fife. Her evening-gloves are all kid, twelve buttons, kid being always worn by the royal women and suède by the other ladies of the court. Her morning-gloves were eight-button suède.

Suicide among German officers increases shockingly. During May twenty-three shot themselves, and the number for June was larger still.

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TIME TABLE.

ncing Sunday, March 31, 1889, and until rt notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

AN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN AEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.30, 3.25, 10 P. M.
di)—8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 12.30, 1.30, 2.45, 30, 6.30, P. M.

AN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week 6.10, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.55 P. M.
di)—8.00, 9.50, 10.55 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 1.15, 2.45, 4.00, 05, 7.00 P. M. Extra trips on Saturday at 6.25 P. M.
cents, round trip.

USALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—
15, 9.55, 11.50 A. M.; 2.30, 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
8.45, 10.35, 11.35 A. M.; 12.45, 1.55, 3.30, 45, 6.50, 7.45 P. M. Extra trips on Saturday at M.
cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

M., Daily (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) from ancisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. ing, leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at M., arriving in San Francisco 12.20 P.M.
M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Caza- d intermediate stations.
M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Caza- d intermediate stations. Returning arrives in San co at 8.15 P. M.

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y Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from ons, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single e.
Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Saturdays, and Sundays, good to return following : Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.00; Toma- s; Howard's, $3.50; Cazadero, $4.00.
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ins leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

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Haywards, Niles and San José	*12.45 P.
Sacramento, Redding, via Davis	7.15 P.
Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	6.15 P.
Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	11.15 A.
Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
Haywards, Niles, and San José	*3.45 P.
Sacramento River Steamers	**6.00 A.
Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
Stockton and §Milton; Vallejo, Calistoga & Santa Rosa	9.45 A.
2d Class Sacramento, Ogden and East, connects at Davis for Knight's Landing	10.45 A.
Niles and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
Niles and San José	‡ 4.45 P.
Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
Central Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	7.45 P.
Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East	7.45 A.
Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

Newark, San José and Santa Cruz	‖ 8.05 P.
Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*11.20 A.
Centerville, San José, Almaden, Los Gatos and Santa Cruz	‡‡9.50 A.

DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

San José and Way Stations	2.30 P.
Monterey and Santa Cruz, Sunday Excursion	‡ 8.25 P.
San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey, Pacific Grove; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations	6.12 P.
San José, Almaden and Way Stations	7 30 P.
Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	5.02 P.
Menlo Park, San José, Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville, Monterey, and Pacific Grove only. (Del Monte limited.)	*11.15 A.
San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and principal Way Stations	*10.00 A.
Menlo Park and Way Stations	7.58 A.
San José and Way Stations	9.03 A.
Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A.
San José and principal Way Stations	‡4.30 P.

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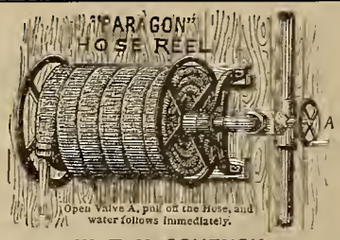

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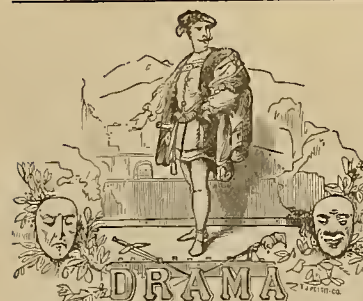

After seeing "The Honeymoon" one feels as if one had heen at a matinée of "The Lady of Lyons" and an evening performance of "The Taming of the Shrew," then gone to hed, read one's self to sleep with Mrs. Browning's "Romaunt of the Page," and had a wild, weird, chaotic dream.

The resemblance is closest between "The Honeymoon" and "The Taming of the Shrew," though Katherine was a splendid fury and Juliana is merely a vixen. "The Lady of Lyons" is so strongly suggested in the first scene of the second act that one only knows it is not Pauline and Claude by the fact that there are no short waists and skimpy skirts, no cameos, and sandals, and turbans, and all the other fripperies which demonstrate the truth of the remark that "Art stopped short in the cultivated court of the Empress Josephine." "Is this your palace on the Lake of Como?"—one can imagine tbat Juliana is going to ask that with every coming breath, and then realizes, with a start, that Juliana is in a modern sort of sacque, with blue coat-skirts slapping out in the boisterous breezes, mousquetaire gloves, and the tightest of pin-backs, and recalls Mrs. Langtry in pearls and a short waist, her hair piled high, her eyebrows slanted up into aggrieved "pent-house hrows" to sbow her misery, and the back of ber neck kindly presented to the audience that they may witness the evolutions of the Langtry shoulder-blades under the pressure of raging fury.

"The Romaunt of the Page" is introduced in the person of one Eugenio, a youth in brown, with flamboyant flaxen curls, of whom Siegfried himself might have remarked, with awed surprise, "This is no man." Eugenio, in the happy days when she wore the skirts, veils, and draperies of the ladies of her time, loved, with a fine frenzy, Orlando, a soldier, and, in order to keep the beloved object ever before her eyes, followed him to the wars dressed as a boy. For twelve months she was Orlando's page, and rescued her master from any number of imminent, deadly hreaches. The situation is a cross between that in "The Romaunt of The Page" and "Twelfth Night." It is so close on the latter that, when Eugenio tells Orlando of his friend who followed her lover to the battle-ground disguised as his page, one waits, suffused by gentle expectation for the green-and-yellow melancholy, Patience and the monument, to take their places in the conversation. Eventually, Eugenio puts on a blue-plush train, a silver hodice, and a lace shawl, and, thus attired, breaks upon Orlando's dazzled vision. Orlando, staggered hy her beauty, loves her madly. She is really pretty, hoth as a boy and a girl. There is none of that "Great God, how beautiful she is!" that there was in "Théodora," when the young barbarian almost swooned at the radiant loveliness of a lady who would have been remarked as a fossil even in the rear rank of the hallet.

The second pair of lovers are less interesting than Orlando and Eugenio. They are the count, and Zamora. Zamora is casually alluded to as "a fair treasure," to own which the count does seriously incline. The Fair Treasure, as fair treasures will, leads ber lover a dance. She is coy and coquettish, but is finally induced to make an avowal of her love to the count's picture—which, one may add, bears a hewildering resemblance to Robert Mantell in "Monbars." The count, concealed behind the picture witb pieces of his draperies appearing on either side, hears the entrancing words, creeps out, and clasps the Fair Treasure to his heating heart. The Fair Treasure shrieks in wild dismay, then regains her calm, and extending a lily band says, "Count, I am thine." The father comes in at this moment and corroborates his daughter's words. "Take her, my boy, she is yours." And the count embraces her with a tender regard for the manufactures of Messrs. Piver and Pinaud.

These two love episodes, wbich have literally nothing to do with the unfolding of the plot, are merely introduced to fill hreaks in the main story of the loves of Juliana and the duke. Juliana is not fascinating, she is too much of a vixen—her fury docs not suhside with a rush as did poor Katherine's. She is cleverer than Katherine, but less charming. She was a horn shrew—all the dukes in Spain could not break that angry spirit. When she suddenly is suhdued to the point of kissing her husband's hand, it is merely a trihute to his cleverness in turning compliments.

Miss Mather makes her pretty and as engaging as is consistent with the part. She has a charming smile and a Western accent which is anything but charming. "My lor-r-rd the duke"—how ugly it sounds, even though proceeding from the reddest lips in the world. Miss Mather's accent is not as pronounced as Miss Lilian Olcott's, which her admirers said "hreathed of the prairies," but it is more noticeahle than Miss Marie Burroughs's, which breaks out in moments of strong emotion and made Guinevere enunciate with a rolling accompaniment of r's "his honor-r-r rooted in dishonor-r-r-r stood." This irruption of r's transported the auditor from the royal palace of Carleon-upon-Usk to the cable-carred avenues of Chicago-upon-Michigan.

But, overlooking her accent, Miss Mather is agreeable, charming, and painstaking. She is a lady who tries to please, and for that reason constantly does please. Her acting is unquestionahly variable. It is well known that her first personation of Juliet in New York was the hest she ever gave in that city. It was refined, delicate, girlish, tender. The acrobatic fall which she makes down the steps, vying with those wonderful evolutions of Mrs. Langtry in "The Wife's Peril," in which she falls over a chair, strikes a sofa, deals a deadly blow to a flower-stand, and overturns a tahle, was not able to mar the grace, dignity, and charm of her personation. No subsequent performance during her season showed the same finish and delicacy. Juliana is a part which she monopolizes in this country, and which she acts with much vivacity if somewhat insufficient play of light and shade. She makes the duchess even more of a scold than John Tohin did, and a modern scold to boot. She dresses her, too, with a magnificent disregard for time, fashion, and accuracy. Mr. Studley and the rest are Spanisb of the sixteenth century, while Miss Mather follows her own untrammeled fancy in the question of costumes, obeying no other law and precedent than that of making herself look as pretty as possible. She is as oblivious of all historical accuracy as was Mrs. Moberley representing the Queen of Sheha in red velveteen and bog-oak ornaments, or Garrick's Hamlet in a bag wig. That she succeeds in her aim, no one can deny. In the village dance, she looks charming in a swirl of light crépe skirts eddying and curling round her ankles. She dances deliciously—as light as thistle-down—hut, as far as appearance goes, she might he going down to sit on the heach at Narragansett under a red-silk parasol, with a yellow-covered novel, a hox of pastelles, a lorgnon, and a hest man.

Miss Mather is the only actress who for many years has attempted Juliana. The only otber resurrecters of this brilliant shrew have heen a few amateurs, who, as a rule, have the temerity to attempt parts which would have presented insurmountable obstacles to Rachel and Ristori. Acts from "The Honeymoon" have been given at the Berkeley Lyceum, in New York, in which ladies more renowned for their social prestige than their histrionic laurels have massacred poor Juliana as only reckless, cruel amateurs can. It has probahly commended itself to the amateur stage as a play in which abnormal dullness, deadly, desperate dullness, reigns when the heroine is off the scene. No matter how badly she is portrayed, Juliana must shine with the lustre of the evening star beside Zamora, and Eugenio, and Volante. Mrs. Potter, even in the first daring days of amateur ambition, had sense enough to refrain from meddling with such a piece, but Juliana is one of Miss de Wolfe's rôles, and the honors are easy between it and Lady Teazle, whicb this accomplished young lady will act with a picked company for worthy charities, well recommended. None of the amateurs, however, have had the courage to produce the whole play in its crushing entirety. They have confined themselves so far to the scenes in the duke's cottage. It is said that Miss de Wolfe is a pretty Juliana, and this is the highest commendation to be had on the amateur stage.

It may be remarked, *en passant*, that the orchestra at the Baldwin play out of tune with a skill and persistence worthy of a hetter cause. While "unwinding the hidden chain of harmony"—occasionally too well hidden—sounds are now and then produced whicb are more remarkahle than tuneful. The solos are always charming—the violin, the cornet, the trombone—but there are times when the whole orchestra hlends its united voice in one raging crescendo of sound which resembles Anger's performances upon the lyre, as described by Mr. Collins in his celebrated "Ode to the Passions." G. B.

The average young girl who leaves a sewing-machine, a counter, or a feather-foundry, to try her fortunes on the stage, is an interesting study. Dame Nature has, perhaps, been kind to her in bestowing upon her a well-molded limb, a tiny foot, a slender waist, and surmounting it all with a well-poised head and a pretty face. She has only to look in the glass to see all these things, and she resolves to turn them to some lucrative use. She applies to the manager. Bolossy Kiralfy claims that he can tell the size and shape of a woman's underpinning hy the scrutiny of her fingers. The method he employs is simple, and in detail is substantially as follows: The knuckle joint shows the size of the hip, the second joint the shape and size of the knee, and the first joint the height of the instep; the tip of the nail shows the length of the foot; the wrist, compared with the width of the open hand, shows the size of the waist, and the amount of flesh on the fatty part of the thumb indicates the size of the calf. He says that he is seldom deceived hy this method, and is thus enahled to select his chorus without the necessity of donning fleshings to test their eligibility. He says that he would prefer girls for his chorus who have done hard work; that is, if they have any shape or beauty at all. They are usually well developed and muscular, and what flesh there is on them is solid and firm. They can stand any amount of dancing, and do not tire with long traveling. It is only within the past few years that operatic and spectacular managers have taken to American chorus-girls. There was a time when they thought they could not get along without the French and German girls, but now they prefer the Americans to all others. They are more tractable, easier to instruct and manage, and their beauty of form and feature is conceded to be far above that of any other nation.

STAGE GOSSIP.

"The Stowaway" will he given at the California Theatre next week.

"The City Directory" will he continued for its second and last week at the Bush Street Theatre.

"Gwynne's Oath," with E. J. Buckley and Isahel Morris in the leading rôles will he given next week at the Alcazar Theatre.

"The Barher of Seville" will he sung at the Tivoli next week, Signors Gustavo Panitza and Con Zapelli making their first appearances.

"Little Lord Fauntleroy" will be seen at the Baldwin again after "La Tosca." Wallie Eddinger and Flossy Ethel, who were here before, will alternate in the title rôle, and Minnie Ethel will be Dearest.

"The Parlor Match" will conclude its engagement at the California Theatre with Sunday night's performance, ending the most successful fortnight that either that farce-comedy or the theatre has ever known.

Margaret Mather will play "Leah" on Monday and Friday nights at the Baldwin next week; "The Lady of Lyons" on Tuesday and at the Saturday matinée; "As You Like It" on Wednesday; and "Romeo and Juliet" on Thursday. The bill for the farewell performance on Saturday night has not yet been decided.

The Smith girls of "The City Directory" are among the prettiest of the farce-comedy stage. But the rumor that they are from the New York Casino and Bijou choruses seems not unfounded. Two of them, at least, take in the front rows as adroitly as an old euchre-player skins his hand, though they have not his immohility wben they discover a hower.

The company whicb will support Fanny Davenport in "La Tosca" during her tour of the coast, commencing next month at the Baldwin, is made up, except for Melhourne McDowell, chiefly from the ranks of local actors. Among those already engaged are: Theodore Roberts, George Allen Watson, Charles Edmunds, E. J. Holden, Wilson Deal, and Emile Collins.

Charlie Reed has come to regard his "Tamale Song" as a creation infinitely more horrihle than Mrs. Shelley's Frankenstein. When he began his first song at the Bush Street on Monday night, he was almost drowned by the calls for it, but he smiled maliciously as he replied, "Later." And he almost enjoyed singing it when it is ranked among the chestnuts of the third act of "The City Directory."

A "DIVE" STAR.

Performers in the dives at Coney Island do not pose after they have left the stage like they do in the winter time in front of the variety theatres. It does not pay where the sad sea waves hreak, because the beer is always on tap, and all hands must give a helping hand and make it flow. After doing a "turn," the "artist" goes among the audience and meets his friends or makes acquaintances, and helps them spend money on froth-lined glasses.

The other evening, three persons sat at a table in one of these temples of Thespis and song. The party was composed of two young men and a young woman, a factory-girl of the "spieler' variety. One of the young men had jet-black hair, formed behind in a waterfall. His mustache was waxed and his cheeks daubed with red paint, and there was every evidence that he had made up to look pretty. He wore light trousers and a short jacket, and had a neck-scarf of pronounced color, with a glass diamond stuck in it. His friend, a typical tough, who was putting up all the beer, leaned over and said in a rather loud voice: "When do ye do yer turn, Billy?"

"Aw, in a minute or two. Just as soon as her snake-bites floats off."

A snake-charmer was giving an exhibition on the stage at the time. When she had finished, Billy, who was on the bills as the "Silver-Toned Vocalist," arose, and bis friend said:

"Say, give us 'Save Me Mudder's Picture from de Sale.'"

"All right," said the silver-toned vocalist, as he swaggered around the chairs and tables toward the stage, with the air of a pugilist who was going to "do" his man.

The old piano rattled for a few seconds and the silver-toned vocalist emerged from the wings with a smile.

"He's a bewt! ain't he Kitty?" said the tough at the table, turning to his companion."

"Button your mouth or you'll spoil the song," said Kitty, who admired music more than bogus manly beauty.

The silver-toned "bewt" rendered the requested song and also "The Old Fashion Photograph of Mudder," as the tough at the table called it. Then he returned to his friends.

"Billy, you can do any o' dim," said the "bewt's" friend, as he held out his hand.

"I know I kin. If I didn't lush I'd he in comic oprer," said the "bewt."

His friend ordered three beers and looked at him with admiring eyes.

The class of songs rendered in a rasping voice by the silver-toned vocalist always pleases the tough. He wants a song that dwells on the hardships of poor mother or brings up recollections of her death and burial. They will occupy seats in the gallery and weep at the pathetic lay about mother.

"Then," said one of the "posts," not long ago, "he goes home and thumps the life out of his old man in order to settle his nerves."—*Brooklyn Citizen.*

An "American" syndicate is said to have offered eight million francs for the right of keeping a gambling-house, like that of Monte Carlo, at Toptchider, about four miles from Belgrade. Toptchider is highly picturesque. But, although the syndicate offers one-third of the profits to the town, the authorities hesitate.

The opening exercises of the Twenty-fo[illegible] trial Exposition were held in the Grand O[illegible] on Tuesday afternoon. The overture t[illegible] "Rienzi" was played hy the First Infant[illegible] Band, which plays every afternoon and [illegible] ing the fair. The Rev. Edgar J. Lion[illegible] short prayer, and was followed hy Pres[illegible] Kerr, who reviewed the history of the ins[illegible] Marie McNeil and O. H. Knoll, the tw[illegible] engaged for the fair season, then entertai[illegible] dience with two duos. Irving M. Scott [illegible] oration of the day, which might he des[illegible] scientific retrospect. The doors of th[illegible] were opened to the public at seven o'[illegible] large number of visitors were in attendan[illegible] hibition spaces are now almost all filled [illegible] number of visitors is expected this (Sat[illegible] ing.

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— GO TO BRADLEY & RULOFSON'S N[illegible] graphic gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Du[illegible]

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AT AUCTI[illegible]

TUESDAY,

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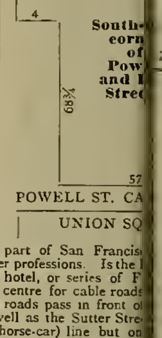

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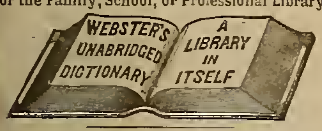

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GUARDIAN'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Los Angeles, State of California.

n the matter of the estate and guardianship of BERAM E. WILLIAMS, minor. No. 155.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of said Superior Court, made on the 15th day of August, 9, in said matter, the undersigned will sell at private sale he highest bidder, and subject to confirmation by said irt, on and after the 10th day of September, 1889, all the it, title, interest, claim, property, and estate of the said RTRAM E. WILLIAMS, minor, in and to the real ite hereinafter described, said interest being an undivided -tenth interest in the following tracts and parcels of land ate in the City and County of San Francisco, said State, more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

ots 5, 8, and 9, as marked upon a certain map, styled p of the Precita Valleys Lands, now on record in the e of the County Recorder of said City and County San Francisco, said lots fronting on Serpentine Avenue, being in what is called the Bernal Rancho.

ot No. 18, of the Precita Valley Lands, having a fronton Precita Avenue, as per map or plan of said valley ls drawn from actual survey by Milo Hoadley and filed he Recorder's office of said City and County of San ncisco, September 27, 1859; said Precita Avenue subitally corresponding to what is now called Army Street.

ots 1472, 1474, 1476, 1518, 1519, 1520, 1521, 1522, 3, and 1524, as designated upon a certain map, entitled Map No. 2, recorded in the office of the Recorder of City and County of San Francisco, in Liber 2, of Maps, lots being on the Bernal Rancho, so-called

he terms of sale of said real estate being cash, gold coin he United States

ids or offers may be for any or all of the above lots, and t be in writing, and may be left at the office of Charles ton, at Nos. 409-411 Montgomery Street, in the City of Francisco, said State, or delivered to the undersigned onally, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of said erior Court at any time after the first publication of this ce and before the making of the sale.

OLIVE A. WILSON.

ardian of the person and estate of said minor, 835 South Main Street. Los Angeles, Cal.

EN & MILLER, Attorneys for said Guardian.

HER PERSONAL PROPERTY.

Dainty but Dangerous.

Her enchanting little boot
From beneath her jaunty suit
  Ventured out.
That she knew its witching charm,
Without meaning any harm,
  Who could doubt?

So I wooed the charming maid,
First enchanted, as I said,
  By her boot.
Now, alas! I'm well aware
Boots and tempers seldom are
  Built to suit.

For our friendship ripened fast,
And before a year was past
  We were wed.
Now both boots and other things
Recklessly she often slings
  At my head. —*Somerville Journal.*

A Realized Ideal.

When I was somewhat younger,
  And all on pleasure bent,
While yet my only hunger
  And thirst was sentiment,
When all the world looked sunny
  In life's first blossom-time,
Love fed my heart with honey
  And filled my head with rhyme.

To Prudence in Her Rocker,
  To Phyllis with a Rose—
I followed Praed and Locker
  In—not exactly prose.
All feminine apparel
  Inspired my easy Muse,
Who must have filled a barrel
  With songs to hats and shoes.

The gloves, the muffs, the dresses,
  The ribbons that were worn:
Clarinda's midnight tresses,
  Hypathia's face like morn—
These were the idol themes of
  The lines I used to write
Before my youthful dreams of
  Sweet nothings took their flight.

And then you came! A vision
  Too blissful to be true,
A dream, thought I, Elysian—
  A dream! Sweetheart, 'twas you!
"Farewell to girls' ideal!"
  Said I, with heart astir;
"At last I've found the real;
  Henceforth I sing to Her!"
—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Her Violin.

Her violin, her violin,
Pressed gently by her rosy chin—
  Across whose strings her slender bow
  In graceful balance, to and fro,
Can from its heart such music win—

What mystery is hidden in
This wooden box so light and thin?
  What knowledge of the heart below
    Her violin?

With joy it makes my senses spin;
My heart has strings and strings *ad fin.*
  She wields the bow, and makes them go
  Vibrating with my love; and so
Haste Cupid, tell her I have been
    Her violin!
—*F. D. Sherman in Life.*

A Staid Rondeau.

She was so staid, so prim and tall,
That when I first began to call
  I feared to shock her modest taste
  And so I kept quite solemn-faced,
Lest from her favor I should fall.

But after waltzing, at the ball,
And sitting two beneath one shawl,
  I wondered why I thought, in haste,
    She was so staid.

And when I kissed her, in the hall
(A kiss did not this maid appal),
  And tighly clasped her slender waist,
  She seemed to like to be embraced;
But that I found no fun at all—
    She was so stayed!
—*Town Topics.*

To a Glove.

Go, virgin kid, with lambent kiss
  Salute a virgin's hand;
Go, senseless thing, and reap a bliss
  Thou dost not understand:
Go, for in thee, methinks, I find
  (Though 'tis not half so bright)
An emblem of her beauteous mind
  By nature clad in white.

Securely thou mayst touch the fair
  Whom few securely can.
Mayst press her breast, her lip, her hair,
  Or wanton with her fan;
Mayst coach it with her, to and fro,
  From masquerade to plays.
Ah! couldst thou hither come and go,
  To tell me what she says!

Go, thou, and when the morning cold
  Shall nip her lily arm,
Do thou (oh, might I be so bold!)
  With kisses make it warm.
But when thy glossy beauty's o'er,
  When all thy charms are gone,
Return to me—I'll love thee more
  Then e'er I yet have done. —*Anon.*

He Respondeth.

She.—You still persist in using,
    I observe with great regret,
  The needlessly expensive
    Cigarette.

He.—You should set a good example,
    But you seem to quite forget
  That you use a thirty-dollar
    Vinaigrette. —*Anon.*

Fair Phyllis.

As through the rain fair Phyllis goes,
  Her cheeks a-flush with timid pride,
A bashful glance each gallant throws,
As through the rain fair Phyllis goes,
And wonders if the maiden knows
  Her dexter shoe-string is untied,
As through the rain fair Phyllis goes,
  Her cheeks a-flush with timid pride.
—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

This Bit of Lace.

This bit of lace I rescued from the floor,
  Ere dancing feet had marred its dainty grace;
What vandal step from my love's vestments tore
    This bit of lace?

She whirled away within my foe's embrace:
  Ah! did she know I madly should adore
This tiny fragment through all time and space?

She married him. I ne'er would wed, I swore;
  And now my wife says, laughing in my face,
"'Tis only Hamburg edging, nothing more,
    This bit of lace"
—*Samuel Williams Cooper in Life.*

FORTUNE FOLLOWS DISASTER.

A Clerk's Windfall Two Hours After His Employer Was Burned Out.

Bernard Heringhi, a well-known broker, whose office is on Pine Street, between Montgomery and Sansome, is the father of a young man who will hereafter speak nothing but praise concerning the Louisiana State Lottery. The young man's name is Louis, and he has for several years past been chasing fortune behind the counter of Louis Sach's dry-goods store at Fresno.

A few days before the recent conflagration at Fresno, the clerk bought the one-twentieth part of ticket 42,758, for which he paid $1, and of which he thought no more until the morning of the fire. His employer's store was left in ruins, and he escaped from his boarding-house with little more than the garments considered necessary by civilized nations.

In his vest-pocket was his portion of ticket 42,758, and in a somewhat reckless mood he offered to sell half of it to a friend for 50 cents. The offer was refused, and two hours later the poverty-stricken clerk passed a bulletin-board on which he read, with something like bewilderment, that his ticket had drawn the first capital prize of $300,000 in the Louisiana State Lottery, of which he was entitled to $15,000.

That night there was a champagne supper at Fresno, in which the lucky clerk participated as host. His share of the prize was promptly forwarded him by Wells, Fargo & Co., and he hastened to the home of his parents at 828 Geary Street in this city. Louis's father and one of his six brothers are stock-brokers, but Louis believes in real-estate, and in real-estate the larger part of his prize money was invested.

He paid off a mortgage of $2,500 on some land that he owns at Fresno, and with $8,500 of the remainder bought the handsome dwelling-house at 2222 Jackson Street, which he subsequently presented to his mother. The family moved to their new quarters yesterday, and the lucky clerk, after telling the story of his good fortune to many friends and acquaintances, departed for Lake Tahoe, where he will make merry while the season lasts.—*San Francisco (Cal.) Call, Aug. 8th.*

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A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.

AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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r the *Argonaut* nor its editor proposes to occupy the of organ or leader to the American party. It would gly, if it were possible successfully to do so; not he- ery line of our journal and every pulsation of our ot in sympathy with an American party movement, for party purpose. We despair of successfully im- in American sentiment upon either the Republican ratic party. This has been tried in a gubernatorial idential election in this State, and it has proved an re. The Democratic party is so largely composed reign-born, that it dare not alienate that class of s by molding its platform or its policy in the Amer- tion, and the Republican party has been so timid and ng in the past, that in the future it will lack the cour- clare itself in favor of modifying the naturalization gration laws. In California, when Mr. Swift was the in candidate for governor, he estimated the strength can opinion by declaring in an open letter that he re- rish Roman Catholics with the same political favor st earnest and patriotic of Americans. Mr. Water- didate for lieutenant-governor, had the courage to re- it, and he received nearly fifteen thousand more votes than did the Hon. John F. Swift. This vote is most significant, and we lose no opportunity to refer to it, as there is but one explanation to account for it, viz.: An American sentiment, anxious for organization and eager to demonstrate its strength at the polls, whenever an issue shall be presented when its strength can be practically shown. The death of Governor Bartlett, and the accession of Lieutenant-Governor Waterman to the executive office, illustrated the wisdom of the protest against Mr. Swift. It has given us a good governor and a most excellent minister to Japan. The Presidential election afforded no opportunity for the American party in this State or elsewhere to make an impression. The party was unorganized. The two national parties were so evenly divided that the result was uncertain. There were great and important issues pending. The candidate of the Democratic party was Mr. Cleveland, the representative of clear-cut Democracy. General Harrison was an early republican soldier of honorable mention, representing the best traditions of the nation, and was presumed to be Protestant in his convictions and that he would be conscientious and patriotic in his administration of the executive office. He has disappointed every American through lack of courage in his conscientious convictions, and, with a marked disregard of American sentiment, he sent Patrick Egan to Chile as a mark of his contempt for every man who loved his country better than the Papal hierarchy and who did not love Ireland well enough to be willing to embroil the United States in a war with the British Empire. The Republican party had not the courage to place an *honest* line in its platform looking in the direction of naturalization or immigration reform. The American voter has no right to expect that an American party will have power to Americanize the Republican party. It can not even hold the balance of power between the Republican and Democratic parties, and, as we see the position at this time, it has no reason for existence, except as an independent organization. The opportunity is now presented when it may make itself felt. In one year from the present month, the State will again be holding party conventions, naming candidates for governor and State officers, and framing party platforms. Within the next ten months, electors will be forming opinions which will regulate their action in reference to parties. It is time now, when Higgins is dead and before his successor is appointed, and the custom-house and mint are awarding their prizes, to organize the American party and lay out a definite line of policy for it to pursue. The American party can destroy the Republican party in California or rule it. "Americans"—using the term in its broadest sense—have the right to govern the Republican party, because a majority of the intelligence, wealth, and patriotism of the Republican party of California is American. The minority of the Republican party is the active and office-seeking workers who are ever striving for selfish and mercenary ends. They have no right to dictate to the majority, and could not do it if the majority were not inactive and indifferent. One Higgins is for organization worth an hundred merchants, and his meanest bar-room satellite, who attends clubs and primaries, is worth a wilderness of wise old owls who stay at home and never hoot until the night of danger comes. Of the "best citizen" who never awakes to danger till the assessor vexes him by over valuation, and the tax-gatherer pricks him by collection, who grumbles and kicks, we have become very tired. Whether Mr. Higgins or Mr. Buckley shall control California and give us a governor like Mr. Morrow, or General Dimond, or Mr. White, of Los Angeles, or Mr. Pond, of San Francisco, should not be of sufficient importance to paralyze the efforts of the best and strongest men of the State, nor should the senatorial ambition of Governor Stanford, or the Hon. Charles Felton, or anybody else, suffice to prevent the gentlemen composing the American party from demanding of Messrs. Morrow, Dimond, White, Pond, Stanford, Felton, and the conventions which place them in nomination, what will be their policies in the executive chair? what their principles in the senatorial office? And if these things can not be ascertained, and if from these gentlemen assurances may not be obtained that will bind their honor, then why may not the American party make an organization, call an early State convention, nominate a candidate for governor, and State officers whom they can trust? Why may not legislative candidates be run who will send to the Senate of the United States statesmen who favor the amendment of immigration laws, the repeal of naturalization laws, and who will not confirm Roman Catholic Irish Pat Egans as ministers plenipotentiary and extraordinary to foreign courts? Unless American citizens are willing to concede to professional hands their most sacred rights and most valued privileges, why should they not exercise them themselves? The practical question comes down to this: Have not Americans as much right to organize a party as have the Irish? Ought not Ireland to be content to run the Democratic party and not endeavor to run both? We feel assured that Americans can compel the Republican organization to adopt American principles, or, by running an independent American State ticket, give the gubernatorial election to the Democracy. We think we can guess who will be the nominee of the American party. The convention to nominate him will be called early, will be first in the field, and if it is the man we think, he also will be the nominee of the Republican party. That is, he will have of necessity both party nominations, or a Democrat will be chosen. The only thing for the Democratic party to do in such an emergency will be to nominate for governor a native-born American, who is not a Roman Catholic, and thorough Americans for the other State officers. *One thing is, however, certain—whoever desires to be the American candidate for governor must have the courage of his convictions; and if the Republican party shall have the boldness to reject a candidate in nomination because he is an American, then the issue is made.* We would not advise that any good citizen should be denied candidacy on the State or municipal ticket because he is of alien birth. If he is loyal, qualified, honest, and respectable, there is no office but that of governor, lieutenant-governor, and State superintendent of public instruction, for which we would not be willing to give him our vote, and we think we are reflecting that broad and generous sentiment which delights in calling itself American. We would oppose the nomination of a Papist, not because of his religious opinions, but because, being a Papist, we should distrust his loyalty.

What course the temperance people will pursue, it is impossible to conjecture. We shall look for a divided sentiment, which will leave them disunited and voiceless in any effective effort. We shall expect to see radicalism and the extreme Prohibition wing control the entire temperance element of the State, and neutralize any effective effort in the direction of limiting the use of alcohol or controlling the traffic in alcoholic liquors. With this extreme element of the temperance party it is impossible for the *Argonaut* to coöperate; ultra-temperance people, by the enactment of prohibitory laws, believe they can lessen the consumption of wines and liquors, tear up the vines of the State that produce wine and brandy, prevent traffic in all beverages containing alcohol, command the highest consideration for abstaining from the indulgence of vices to which they are not themselves inclined; but, in our judgment, they are not pursuing a course which is calculated to mitigate the evils following from the use of alcoholic stimulants. We are not attempting to dictate to such gentlemen as Mr. Hartshorne, of Napa, or Doctor McDonald, of San Francisco, or the very excellent people who meet in the grove at Monterey, who are members of temperance orders, or who convene annually in political conventions to place a prohibition ticket in the field. This is a political element which is entirely uncontrollable; it is not open to any practical suggestion looking to any scheme short of compelling abstention from everything that is liable to intoxicate. While we favor a temperance movement, and realize the moral and social evils arising from the immoderate use of alcoholic drinks, we regard the opinions of the ultra-temperance people as utterly impracticable, and believe that more evil than good comes from the intemperate efforts of temperance people in the direction of prohibition. If good citizens divide and bad citizens unite to accomplish political results, then the question is settled not even by numbers. If there is

an American party, a Republican party, a Prohibition party, and a Democratic party, the result is determined in the nominating convention of the Democracy. Mr. Buckley will name the officials of San Francisco, and Mr. English the successful candidates at the State election. The *Bulletin* will insist upon the one-dollar tax limit. Assessor Nealon will add twenty-one million dollars to the taxable wealth of the city, and the State hoard of equalization will raise that if an additional amount of money is required for the political use of the Democratic party. We favor the organization of an American party, hecause we are anxious for the spread of American ideas, and hecause we despair of hringing either of the national parties to the recognition of American principles or to the modification of the laws controlling immigration or naturalization. We would hecome a Democrat or remain a Repuhlican if, hy doing so, we could hring about practical results which would improve the character of our foreign immigration or deprive any portion of our alien citizens of political power at the hallot-hox. If temperance people could he induced to assume some less extreme position, there would seem to be no very good reason why Americans could not adopt some practicahle middle ground which all might occupy. The time is soon coming when a governor and State officers are to he chosen for the State, a mayor and municipal officers for the city, and it is almost certain that the better class of citizens, representing wealth, intelligence, and patriotism, will remain unorganized while the politicians will he drawn together in ties of closest intimacy, will unite in party affiliations, and he in position to charge justly that Americans and temperance folk are throwing away their votes, their political influence, and their power for accomplishing anything good in the way of practical results. While we have reasoned ourselves into a conviction of the usefulness of an American party, and quite convinced ourselves of the inutility of a Prohibition party, we shall not he surprised to see the issue distinctly drawn in California hetween Republicans and Democrats, with prohahilities favoring the most active and the most unscrupulous, who resort to practices of the most indefensihle character.

The Native Sons of the Golden West ought to take an active part in the political management of the country. They have members of all ages under forty, all religions, all nationalities, all classes, and are of all parties. We are informed that the organization is not political; hy that it ought to mean that it is non-partisan and not that it is non-patriotic. There is another organization in California and extending beyond the horders of the State. It, as we understand, *claims to be* non-political, and religion and politics are said to he forhidden topics of discussion; hut it is composed of Irish Catholics, and we are further advised that it has grips and secret pass-words. If this is true, as we hear, then it is political. Mr. Jeremiah Sullivan, ex-judge, who decided the Sharon case, is president, and if waters never rise higher than their sources, we are quite certain that the general level of memhership must, in point of political morals, he just under the level of the position assumed hy Judge Sullivan when he interpreted the contract hetween Miss Sarah Althea Hill and William Sharon to have bound them in marriage relations. Whether the memhership of the Sons of the Golden West is large or not, we are not advised, or whether that organization is prepared to champion a great patriotic cause, we do not know; hut this we do know, that upon the young men of this nation there are rapidly advancing events which shall challenge the utmost of their courage and their patriotism.

The strike of London dock-lahorers and of men employed in discharging the cargoes of ships has reached alarming proportions, and seems to have behind the movement pecuniary and moral support. Not only in London, hut throughout the civilized world, and in all countries where great capitalists, men of leisure and luxurious idleness, make lahor availahle for indulgence in the accumulation of wealth, the enjoyment of idleness, and luxurious ease, there is the heginning of a revolution which threatens, if it does not imperil, the foundations of the social fabric. We have lived long enough to contrast the present period of time with that of fifty years ago. In respect to the relations existing hetween capital and lahor, there have heen most extraordinary changes within the half century referred to, not only in Europe, hut more particularly in America. Half an hundred years ago the political power of the European states was military, which enahled the wealthy and titled aristocracy to keep labor in subjection to it through the exhibition of its organization and the display of its power. This is changed hy the general introduction of the hallot, and hy the change that education and freedom have introduced into the working ranks, which no longer feel that their toilers are at the mercy of the class that hy virtue of its hirth and the accidents of its position seemed to have the power to rule over them. Education and the general recognition of the equal rights of all men have so appealed to the higher and hetter nature of intelligent mankind that it has, from time to time, heen making concessions and giving power to the masses, which have clothed them with an authority that so fast as they hecome intelligent they have exercised for their own advancement. Lahor-strikes and labor agitation in America, as in all new countries, have heen confined to the adult and ignorant alien lahorers, who have emigrated to the country feeling the emancipation from all legal restraints which has attended the change from oppressive governments to a free repuhlic. The reason that native-horn Americans do not, as a rule, engage in lahor-strikes is hecause they have an appreciation of the prohability of speedily moving out of and above the necessity of daily toil. The average American of native birth, who has enjoyed the opportunity of education in free schools, feels that if he is employed at any hard, manual labor it is only a temporary engagement, and he is not in sympathy with the imported toiler, at whose side he is working, because he helieves, and has reason to believe, that the period of his enforced lahor is of short duration. His sympathies are not with the class in whose ranks he finds himself drafted hy the necessities of the moment, hut in the higher husiness, money-making class, with the members of which he thinks himself equal, and whose privileges he is confident he will share when the cloud of adversity has passed away from his horizon. He has a wife and family; he has friends and expectations; he sees around him men who are millionaires, whom he remembers are from his own social rank; he has expectations for his children, if not for himself; he is law-respecting from his repuhlican instincts; he is law-abiding from the education he received at the puhlic school, where his children are now engaged in preparing themselves for a higher position than he now occupies, and for hetter luck than now attends him. There ought to be no lahor agitation in any American State, and there would be none if the gates of immigration had heen kept closed hetween our shores and the ignorance and pauperism of Europe, and the harharism of Asia, and the crime of invading Africa for slaves. Our forefathers were wise men, but when they huilded our constitution and laid the foundations of our governmental fahric, they huilded in ignorance of much that we know and without the light of experience we have gained. The world grows smaller every day. The earth is circumnavigated in sixty days; the ocean which divides America from Europe is crossed in six days; we are in instantaneous telegraphic communication with Bagdad and Constantinople; cable telegraphs unite us with Asia; steam lines convey our mails to distant ocean isles; railroads are contemplated in Africa and China; great powers have hut short wars, through the perfection and precision of powerful arms and the use of terrihle explosives of death. There is hut one monarch on the horders of civilization who attempts to exercise autocratic dominion, and his life is passing in terror on the hrink of an ahyss which threatens himself and his dynasty with annihilation. A repuhlic exists in France, where communism is with difficulty suppressed. Germany is a constitutional monarchy, against which socialism chafes and threatens and grows yearly stronger. England is the freest of empires, and throws the protection of the law over its meanest suhject; it is among the wealthiest, strongest, hest educated of nations; it commands the commerce of the world, under protection of fleets which are invincihle; upon its colonial empire the sun goes down in the west as it rises in the east. On its sea-girt, rock-hound, ship-and-gun protected island, holding the pawn-hroker shop and savings-hank for the accumulations of nioe centuries of civilization, London is the largest city of the world; it lies inland; it is protected hy the hest and hravest police which any municipal government on earth has developed. Yet to-day, as we write, labor parades one hundred thousand strong; unrest pervades London's entire lahor class; anxiety is in every hosom, lest the accumulations which contrihute to the comfort and ease of the cultured, social class are heing imperiled. Banks close their iron-doors and fix their automatic locks, uncertain upon what conditions they hold their treasures from a multitude made desperate from hunger. London was in danger of darkness from want of gas-light, and darkness means anarchy, riot, and plunder in its streets. London listens to the tread of hungry men, moved hy the unknown John Burns, in the same peril and danger which surrounded Paris when the German invested it with an invincible military strength. It is a question whether the toilers who march or the wealthy class which slumbers can longest endure, if ships do not unload their grain which comes from the Baltic, or the frozen sheep which come from Australia, or the provisions which come from America. Darkness and hunger are terrors greater than the dangers of war. The investment of England hy invading fleets would involve the island in the horrors of a famine. The uprising and revolt of its working forces is accompanied hy a danger more terrible than an invading army. It is the enemy within the walls. It is a civil insurrection more formidahle than a foreign invasion. Through hostile ranks great iron-clads may hreak their way from without; through the investing hosts hrave men may cut their way to freedom; hut the silent, rugged determination which threatens to starve and not to steal—to starve hecause those who hold the wealth, the power, the comme grain, the frozen sheep, the inherited estates, who live and jeer from cluh-windows on Regent Street to who strike for sixpence an hour for the hard, lahor which lifts from the holds of ships the co lights London, the hales of silk from India, the w Australia, the mutton from the Highlands of and the grain, and meat, and fruits, and vegetahl which luxury is fed, and clothed, and takes its danger from an unexpected quarter. The great, stro ful stag-hound, which has followed its master's lead faithful, grateful, and ohedient, has leaped at its throat and fixed its fangs in a deadly grasp. He driven off, the moh may he subdued hy the police, it broken up by the Horse Guards, artillery may m swaths through its ranks, and men may go again un to work. The dog may he sent chained to his ke may he beaten, but let not the master think that his tail and silence are sign of forgiveness or forgetfulnes is not well enough fed. There is a feature which has itself in the London moh which is most significant open and ostentatious manner, Mrs. Gladstone, the w ambitious English leader of the opposition, who will content to die till he is again Premier of England, h the mob in her carriage, and presented her check in ind of the demands of lahor and in encouragement of the which the dock laborers have endeavored to accompl ends. This means that Mr. Gladstone and the Irish Rule party propose to indorse the contest hetween capital and to take the side of lahor. "No rent," in means agrarianism; the landed interest of the Unit dom emhodies the Tory strength. Gladstone and cal co-lahorers, in view of a portentous election now hand, propose to bid for the lahor element; the polit the civilized world are all hidding for it, and it is s more than demagogy — it is a recognition of th strength and moral influence of the labor masses, i and growing as education and the principles of equality are hecoming recognized. It has not heen t of this writing to more than state the position that t tending forces now occupy, and, in casting the writ hack for a great portion of the half-century which ha since this agitation hegan in these later times—for of conflict is as old as the world's written history— been our intention to declare whether the argument right is upon the side of capital or of lahor, or whether anced hetween them; but we think we may admit sympathy with the toilers, from whose ranks we cam whose ranks we still helong, to declare that the time approaching when it will he the "policy" of the idle the toiling poor to have estahlished hetween them so rational, and, we may say, some more feasible, c that which now prevails. The man whom God has with muscular strength is entitled to live, as well as who is endowed with mental ability; both are wor hoth must he provided for. We shall not questio writing the rightfulness of a law which gives owne land, nor authority to inherit from the parent, nor th which follows the penalties of crime, intemperance, and general profligacy. Our sympathies are not w who are accidentally rich, nor with those who are c profligate and consequently and inevitahly poor, hut t lahorer who works with his muscle or his hrain has an and God-given right to live, and, in our opinion, th toiler of the London docks has as much right to an hour as the poet-laureate who, for a salary, c songs for England, or the prince imperial who must ported till a vacant throne permits him to draw h maintenance from the civil list. The measurement o perate, willing, poor man's necessities is a compensati shall enahle him to meet all the exactions which c rightfully demands from him. If the man may ma the requirements of his wife are to be considered. children, whom he must feed, and clothe, and educ they must come within his rightful demands; if he in a house, rent must not he disallowed; if he thinks and children have souls to save, his opinions must sidered and respected; if his education has come w influence of Christian civilization, and if he has mode of acquiring a livelihood, and no other way of employment, and is willing to work, it is, in our opi duty of organized society to provide employment at a compensation commensurate with his necessities. ply this doctrine to London, it should he the the Parliament of England to compel the dock and the owners of ships to provide employ their working forces at remunerative prices. It is matic principle of political economy that it is cheaper t employment to industrious and willing workers, who perate and law-abiding, than to permit the lahor clas into demoralization, live in idleness, and support itself pursuit of criminal practices. We think the pyrami

nstructed to provide employment for a redundant population, d, in our judgment, it would be a wise administration of vernmental powers if the Parliament of England should mpel the owners of docks, warehouses, and ships to pay ir laborers sixpence an hour, even if it became necessary to y a special income-tax upon the idle and profligate class o gaze from the club-windows of Regent Park or live in ofligate idleness upon inherited properties. The fact is beming every day more and more apparent, viz., that or is the monarch and capital the slave. Labor is g and capital is at best but an ally when usefully ployed. Minted gold, lying idle in its steel-ribbed lts, is useless dross till it is moved by labor and the arts of labor distributed. Gold is not good to eat nor ailable as clothing. It will not satisfy the hungry stomach keep the cold from the person. It is immense when ighed in the social scale, and if the teaching of theology be e, it will protect from insufferable torments in the future te and open wide the golden gates of the heavenly city. Capi- , in coinage of golden discs, may not be transported beyond point where it is required for the use of man, and if govern- nt can distribute it where it will act as an incentive to the dustrious, the temperate and the moral, it can promote bu- n comfort and preserve the order of society. It seems to us roper use might be made of it in London by giving to rking dock-men sixpence per hour, even if it is taken from arned incomes of those who have more than they know w to expend profitably to themselves or safely to the com- nity in which they reside.

The commercial conference held in this city last week has the excellent effect of provoking discussion as to the com- cial needs of this port. The commerce of San Francisco, h by land and water, is not what it should be, and the signs t toward a serious diminution of both. Nothing but the ost activity on the part of our merchants and the wisest tment of the subject will secure us in the position which now hold as the most important port of the Pacific Coast enable us to secure our share of the increasing commerce. establishment of a department of commerce, as proposed the conference, would undoubtedly benefit the commerce he whole country, but San Francisco is more directly in- sted in developing the commerce of her own port. We e hitherto enjoyed the greater part of the commerce of the st owing to our superior railroad facilities, but the comple- of transcontinental lines to the Pacific seaboard, both to north and south of us, will have a tendency to divert a tter or less amount of the traffic from our port. The era nonopoly has passed, the era of competition has set in. commerce of this coast will gravitate toward the port ing the best railroad facilities, and if we would retain our most position, we must make every effort to secure iency in this direction. The conference recognized the ortance of this part of the problem, and President Rankin ed the general sentiment when he said that the best wine been reserved for the last. It was inevitable that there ald be differences of opinion among the members of the mittee appointed to consider the railroad question, but it is ifying to note that the majority report—which was adopted he conference—strikes at the root of the evil. The propo- n of the minority that restrictive measures should be pted against the Canadian Pacific Railway was wholly in- quate. The control of Congress over a foreign railway is sufficient to render such legislation effective. Through ic, coming from foreign countries for transportation to the ntic sea-board, can be carried from Vancouver to Montreal uebec without touching the territory of the United States, it is just this traffic that this city is most interested in bing. The only effect of legislation adverse to the Cana- Pacific Railway would be to restrict our trade with our hern neighbor, thereby injuring our own railroads as much he Canadian, and the object of legislation is to foster in- ry not to restrict it. The true evil is the disadvantage er which the roads of this country are placed by the oper- n of the Interstate Commerce Law, and more particularly he long-and-short-haul clause of that law. The majority rt clearly holds that the limited enforcement of that clause been seriously detrimental to the interests of the Pacific st, and the extension of its application to the transconti- al traffic, as it has been enforced on the shorter lines, will more serious injury. Yet, should this clause of the law ain in force, the commission will have no choice but to en- it, and our merchants are wise in demanding its repeal. serious defect in the Interstate Commerce Law is its one- dness. Enacted in response to the demands of shippers, it s only at half the question. It looks alone to a decrease e charges for carriage, a desirable thing in itself, other gs being equal, but other things seldom are equal. The iency of the railway service, the rapid and safe transporta- of goods and passengers, is of even greater importance to prosperity of the country, and this aspect of the question not received sufficient consideration. The railroad problem is too broad a one, the interests involved are too great, for it to be approached without due consideration of all parties. Legislation favoring any particular class, or imposing undue restrictions on any other class, is always certain to react upon the community with disastrous effect. The peculiar condition of railroad business should be taken into account in framing legislation for the purpose of regulating transportation. Arthur T. Hadley, one of the best authorities on the railroad question in the country, declares that the great defect of the Interstate Commerce Law is its failure to consider the interests of the railroads sufficiently. Two facts operate to place the railroads outside of the laws which govern other branches of industry. First, a large part of the capital invested becomes fixed and can not be turned to any other purpose should the road cease to be operated. The purchase of the right of way, the building of bridges and cuts, the construction of the roadway, and the laying of the track, form a plant which becomes inseparable from that particular road. The rolling stock may be used on other roads should the company cease operations, but the roadway would represent a dead loss. This fact tends to cause a road to be operated even after it ceases to pay expenses, and this tendency is increased by a second peculiarity of the railroad business. This is the large proportion of fixed expenses, as distinguished from the expenses that fluctuate with the amount of traffic. Whether the road is in operation or not, the interest charges on bonds and mortgages must be met, and that this is no inconsiderable item is seen from the fact that during last year one hundred and eighty-seven million dollars was paid by the railroads in interest alone. The cost of maintaining stations, repairing bridges, guarding against accidents, keeping the track in order, and repairing the rolling stock, the salary list of officials and employees, these expenses run along without reference to the amount of the traffic. It follows that a railroad may carry freight for less than the cost of carriage and still save money, because the receipts, however small, go toward meeting these fixed expenses. Of course a well-conducted road does not willingly cut rates below the point of actual profits; but in a railroad war, rates are at times reduced to this extent for the purpose of driving rivals from the field, and a bankrupt road in the bands of a receiver, where the business has proved unprofitable under any circumstances, is inclined to cut rates in order to gain sufficient traffic to meet its fixed expenses. The more conservative roads are thus forced to meet the reduced rates of the irresponsible roads, because rates are fixed by those who carry cheapest. At first view this might be considered a benefit to the shipper, but in reality it is not. The fluctuations in rates cause corresponding fluctuations in the prices of goods carried. A merchant, who has laid in a stock of goods while high rates were prevailing, is undersold by one whose goods are carried at lower rates, and thus all are encouraged to carry a small stock of goods in order to profit by any cut in rates. Then, when the war comes to an end, rates are increased to enable the railroads to recoup themselves, the price of goods rises, and the buyer, objecting to the increased price, restricts his purchases as far as possible. Furthermore, the efficiency of the railway service is impaired. The decreased receipts compel an economy which tells upon the regularity and rapidity of the carriage of goods. In this manner the merchant is injured in all directions and the interests of the country suffer. The Interstate Commerce Commission, while recognizing the evils of this state of affairs, declare their inability to reach it under existing legislation. The Interstate Commerce Law should be amended to enable the commission to protect the railroads from each other, and the long-and-short-haul clause should be repealed. Commerce between Asia and South America and this country is certain to be increased in the future, and the only hope of securing a fair share of the increase for this port lies in the preservation of our railroad facilities.

When from the executive department the Governor of California called the attention of the attorney-general to the arrest of the Hon. Stephen J. Field on the unsupported oath of a female of questionable antecedents who had threatened his life, and when the governor styled it a burning disgrace and urged the attorney-general to *instruct* the district-attorney of the County of San Joaquin "to dismiss the unwarranted proceedings" against Mr. Justice Field because it was an "unprecedented indignity," he did a most commendable act. Governor Waterman displayed a courageous and intelligent appreciation of the power and responsibility which clothe the executive office. He acted promptly, and not only helped to emphasize the healthy public opinion which was forming, but impressed upon the country at large the fact that in California there is no sentiment justifying the assassination of a judicial officer for the discharge of his official duties. The letter of Attorney-General Johnson to District-Attorney White was a prompt recognition of Governor Waterman's authority, quite creditable to him when it is remembered that the highest officer of the law department is not a member of the political organization which elected the executive; creditable, because political considerations were not considered in a question affecting the honor of the State and the respect due to the highest judicial tribunal of the nation. Both Governor Waterman and Attorney-General Johnson have acted wisely and well in this particular, and deserve the appreciation of all good citizens for the course they have pursued.

Two weeks ago we printed a paragraph commenting on the fact that Russia and the United States claimed similar rights in the Behring Sea, and that in any international conference discussing this matter, Russia and the United States would take the same stand. Since then, Minister Lothrop, writing from St. Petersburg, thus presents the Russian view of the Behring Sea seal fishery question:

> The seal fishery on our Behring coasts (says Russia) is the only resource our people there have; without it they perish. Now, international law concedes to every people exclusive jurisdiction over a zone along its coasts sufficient for its protection; and the doctrine of the equal rights of all nations on the high seas rests on the idea that it is consistent with the common welfare and not destructive of any essential rights of the inhabitants of the neighboring coasts. Such common rights, under public law, rest on general consent, and it would be absurd to affirm that such consent had been given, where its necessary result would be the absolute destruction of one or more of the parties. Hence, the rule can not be applied blindly to an unforeseen case, and these alleged common rights must rightfully be limited to cases where they may be exercised consistently with the welfare of all. Behring Sea partakes largely of the character of an inclosed sea; two great nations own and control all its inclosing shores. It possesses a peculiar fishery, which, with reference to its preservation, can only be legitimately pursued on land, and even there only under strict regulations. To allow its unrestrained pursuit in the open waters of the sea is not only to doom it to annihilation, but, by necessary consequence, to destroy all its coast inhabitants. If this result is conceded, it follows that the doctrine of common rights can have no application to such a case.

A most creditable fact to the Urban School, to the city of San Francisco, and to the young gentleman who bears off the honors, is the fact that at the recent examination for entrance to Harvard College, Mr. William P. Humphreys, son of San Francisco's oldest and best surveyor, took seven honors—all advanced. In Greek, Latin, French, all the mathematics, plain and solid geometry, analytical geometry, trigonometry, and mechanics. We should be very glad to have this young gentleman end his career as well as he has begun, for, with our old-fashioned notions, it seems more creditable to succeed in the classic tongues, in mathematics and science, than to bear away the honors at a boating-match, a base-ball game, or a drinking-bout. We are somehow of the impression that the standard of California scholarship in the Eastern universities has so far not been very high.

We are informed by one who is generally well posted in city politics that Mr. William Higgins expressed a desire that the mantle of his office should fall upon Mr. Phil Crimmins, who is a late State senator from San Francisco and at present the keeper of a whisky saloon on Geary Street. If it is essential that a "boss" should run the Republican party, we know of no one more appropriate for the succession than the Hon. Phil Crimmins, State Senator. He is Irish, a Papist, keeps a rum-mill, and is not too scrupulous to disfavor the erection of barricades at the polls within which votes may be manipulated.

Another mistake corrected: Revolutions *do* go backward. When we were a boy, our honored parents believed it was our duty to rise early. We heard continually of the success of the early bird. Our moral sensibilities were never aroused nor our humane feelings touched by the fate of the early worm. We were taught that to rise early would make us healthy, wealthy, and wise. Our parents had been taught in their youth that it was essential to take an early departure on the daily voyage of life in order to secure a successful termination of the great journey. At all events, they so informed and succeeded in convincing us that for many generations the family had gotten up before the lark, and this had accounted for the eminent success of all our ancestors. So, as a boy, in our cold winters we were expected to get from our warm nest about four o'clock in the morning and make the fire, keep it burning till daylight, and keep the candles burning. As we chopped our own wood, dipped our own candles from our own tallow, it did not make much difference in the household economies, but what was the necessity for this early rising and early consumption of fire-wood and tallow we could never quite understand. We clipped this extract from one of our journals, which gives the old-fashioned model man: "I work three hours, take a light breakfast—namely, a cracker and a pinch of salt; work five hours more; never smoke, never drink anything but harley-water; eat no dinner, and go to bed at six o'clock in the evening." If anybody finds that donkeyfied sort of a life suits him, by all means let him continue it. We have heard of this kind of man but never saw him, and should wonder for what purpose he was created. Robert Ingersoll, Esq.—God bless him!—introduced a new rule, which was that children should go to bed when they were sleepy and get up when they were not. Had this been the rule of our youth, we should have been saved inexpressible suffering; we should have saved enough of candles and wood to have lighted and warmed us to a very green old age; we should have respected and venerated our parents' memories fully as much as we do now, and we should have been saved from endeavoring to understand a policy which always seemed to us to have been instituted for our personal mortification and punishment.

ALONE ON THE SEA.

How José Andres Claimed the Life he had Saved.

Among the smiling villages and hamlets which horder the Cantahrian coast is one little seaport town, gay and charming, whose sands and shore have made it a summer-resort for the richest and most luxurious of those Spanish families who hasten witb every recurring season to take refuge at some favorite watering-place from tbe vernal heats of the great cities. Now this same village, pet retreat of the Spanish aristocracy, hears in its annals many a record of humanity, noted in strong lines — pictures drawn in vivid colors, music whose chords are thrilling, as must he ever true of those eddies where the children of earth drift and gather—where buman pains and human passions grow, possess, and tben diminish, after the inexorahle rule which governs all things earthly.

Among tbe many tales, now grave, now gay, which tbe fisher-folk love to relate to the gentry who come to sojourn amid them, not the least popular is the history of José Andres Villalba, whose fame yet lives in enthusiastic regret in the hearts of his fellow-townsmen. He was a gallant fellow—a model of manly beauty, so says the recollection of those who have emhalmed his memory—tall, slender, supple, with the satiny black locks and the clear, olive skin of the ideal type of Spanish heauty. His moral qualities would seem to have been, as rarely, wortby of his physical perfections; honest as the light of day, no man could allege against him a lapse from integrity; he seemed to have no vices; gaming, tbat curse of bis race, seemed for him to have no fascination; and his sobriety was so great that he scarcely cared to wet his lips with the sweet syrups and the fiery waters set forth for the guests at the festivals of the village. But what excited most candid wonder and most trenchant comment among his class, was the insensihility of José Andres toward the charms of women. In vain the fisher-girls came running down to greet the coming of his boat, as they hailed the arrival of the others, chattering like magpies, their hlack hair streaming in thick plaits across their coral-red hodices, their gay-striped petticoats fluttering about the rounded knees of them. If José Andres showed his white teeth in a hrief smile at their sallies, it was much to boast; if, now and then, his grosser nature had throhhed at the touch of one of these huxom lasses, her conquest had heen hut a short-lived one and its impression upon José Andres hut momentary.

"He is a stick, a stone," said some of his companions; "for all bis lusty strength and the red lips of him, it must he that in his veins runs not hright, hot blood, hut sluggish water-gruel."

But others of his mates were fain to show cause otherwise. "Go to!" they would say; "warrant you José Andres has as wide an eye for a pretty girl as another. But the witches—*qué diantres!*—are growing exacting. It is not enough any more to love them; one must give them not only kisses, hut pesetas. And how the deuce can José Andres spend money on women while he has to bold his nose to the grindstone to keep the pot boiling on the hearth for Tia Luciana, and stock his tohacco-pouch for old Melchor, eh?"

For the devotion of José Andres to his parents was something almost phenomenal. He was the child of their old age—tbe youngest of a great hrood of offspring, of whom all the rest lay, either in the little Campo Santo behind the village, or else rocked by the surges out where the fishing-hoats gathered. The Tio Melcbor was very aged and decrepit, and his wife, Luciana, a gnarled hundle of rheumatic knots; and José Andres it was wbo did all for them. Save during the *temporada* (the hathing season), work was scarce and wages scant at the village; even the fish industry was declining, for want of an adequate market. But José Andres made a continual and hand-to-hand struggle in order to maintain the old people with some degree of comfort. Not only did he put forth his hest efforts as a fisher; all his time ashore was spent in the most assiduous lahor; no task was too hard or too humhle for him to undertake it, and even at night he wrougbt at mending the damaged nets of his neighhors, or in weaving finer seines to he sold at the adjacent town of San Sehastian. But, withal, he felt a daily increasing need of larger earnings, and so, one summer when the season was at hand in which the old blood of Spain took wing for this modest village, as their prototypes of Germany and France for Biarritz and Baden-Baden, it occurred to José Andres to apply for "papers" to serve as *bañero* (bathing or swimming-master). It seemed strange he had not sooner thought of this as a source of income. His character was heyond reproach, and he was the hest swimmer on all that coast. None other dared to stay as long as he in the water, none ventured so far seaward, none had the valor to follow him into the water, wherein he plunged with smiling confidence, even on days when the sea was hoiling and the waves rushed sboreward churned to lather—hissing, foaming, crashing, grasping, like sentient creatures.

So it happened that that year's influx of bathers found José Andres installed as an addition to the customary corps of swimming-masters, and ere many days he had come to be the most popular of all among the fair clients of the breakers. Than his whose strokes were more swift, sure, and even; whose arms so strong and steady to hear them aloft and swing them to the crest of the great, combing, rolling swells which came heaving toward the sands, placid enough in outward seeming, but always, with their show of latent power, holding enough of hidden menace to fill the feminine heart with frequent, sudden terror? And who shall say that the comeliness of José Andres had not full as much to do with the favor he found among the fair, as his strengtb and skill, his gentleness and patience, and his unfailing good-humor? Spanish women are not, as a rule, anchoritish nor discriminating as to the source of incense offered up to them, and it may have been that in this familiarity of contact with a man heyond their pale, yet personahle and of fair manners, these fair clients of José Andres found a piquant zest not existent in their conventional relations; for it is not to be disputed that, at the distribution of attributes among the daughters of Eve and Adam, the All-wise Creator of the Universe, who douhtless had in view the adequate castigation of men for all tbeir short-comings, bestowed upon the fair of Spain all the deviltry left over after equitahle sharing among all other women.

Be this as it may, the surroundings began to have their natural effect upon José Andres, who was, after all, a man, and young, and ardent, in spite of all the jeers and jihes of his cronies. Day after day, as he came down to the *playa*, be found awaiting bim on the sands a veritahle houquet of heauties, maidens and young matrons, who disputed among themselves for the privilege of his support and his attentions, who leaned softly and languorously upon him, whose soft and perfumed hands impelled him hither and thither, whose rosy, pouting lips smiled ever on him, and whose caressing, languid voices addressed him in confidential cadence.

Now, the soul of José Andres was one of those phenomenal natures in which the emotions and the passions remain ahnormally latent, slumbering long past the usual hour of awakening, hut in which, when once aroused, the pent-up feelings hurst forth like a lava torrent, to overleap the hounds of convention and circumstance, as the volcanic issue, long buried in the howels of the earth, at last, bursting its honds, hurls forth its fiery currents, overwhelming and consuming all that lies in their pathway. The sealed-up heart of the fisherman held sentiment, ardor, fiery passion—that heart which, up till now, had known no love-throh, which had until then seen in women only a mate for man, as the cattle and the hirds are mated. But the advent in his immediate surroundings of this host of dainty and exquisite women, as different from the creatures of bis class as if they had helonged to another sex, another genus, was for him an entire and immense revelation. Their unconscious teachings showed him the delights of spiritual heing, the refinements and suhlimities which modern civilization bas bestowed upon even materiality—in short, all the sweet, the wonderful, the divine potentialities of existence in that world outside of his world. Some instinct whispered to him of the peril in these new conceptions of his heing; hut he found that he had no longer strength to flee from tbe danger, and so, day hy day, he returned to the beach to ahsorh the suhtle poison. But the nymphs of the waves had possessed themselves of his spirit, and the essence of them refused to he expelled and hanished from its lodging. Night after night, as he lay down to his rest after a day of excessive exertions, there seemed to gather ahout him, as soon as he closed his eyes, a lovely phalanx of beautiful women; they called him, they caressed him, they wound their bare and velvety arms about him, looking into his eyes with a gaze which meant more than mere words might. Then he would awaken, shaken, startled, nervous, filled with horror and despair at finding himself within the smoky walls of his but, in such hitter contrast with tbe sweetness of his visions, and be would flee to the heaches, seeking environs more in harmony with his new ideas, wbile his silks lay idle in his hasket of reeds, and his twine and shuttle hade fair to rot in uselessness.

But, for all his suffering, Andres had as yet come to think only of Woman—not of any one woman. No longer seeing in the sex the partner of Man's material existence, he now perceived in her the fruit of a new creation, a thing of loveliness, of sentiment, of spirituality, of qualities and faculties hitherto undreamed of in his comprehension.

One morning, when the hlue waters seemed actually to leap and dance ahout the sportive band of doves wbich were the charge of José Andres, their numher was augmented hy the arrival of one ahout whom all the rest, maids and matrons, quickly gathered, with an affectionate warmth of reception which proved how little of jealousy or resentment they felt toward her for ber exceeding heauty, which outshone theirs as the full hlaze of the sun deadens moonlight. She was no longer youthful. Thirty years must have hrooded over her, hut they had only perfected and completed her attractiveness. Tall, slender, dark, and pale, with hlack flashing eyes, her lovely face showed spirit, fire, and passion, such as migbt have been the gifts of Venus Aphrodite, when she sprang from the sea-foam. And, Venus-like, too, were the proportions of her grand figure, as the wind and the waves folded and lapped her hathing-garh about her.

When José Andres faced that splendid heauty, he felt that the spell of his fate was upon him. He grew pallid and tremulous, and when his hand, tanned and calloused hy the oars, touched the silken, aristocratic palm of the lady, to lead her into the sea, he closed his eyes to give himself up the more to the delight of the moment, such as he had never expected to enjoy. That was the beginning. From one day to another, the hathing-master's passion grew more and more intense for this great, worldly lady, who was to him the emhodiment of all that he had dreamed of and longed for—the sublimation of the charms and graces of all the other women whose mere presence had intoxicated him. But she never dreamed of the youth's infatuation—she was so far above and beyond the little vanities and coquetries of the others. She, at least, could not stoop to accept, even—had she known of it—to tolerate, the adulation or the adoration of a hireling, a menial of her service. So she gave herself to the clasp of the young man's strong arms as carelessly as she gave herself otherwhiles to the support of her great Newfoundland dog, Neron, nor dreamed that one regarded her with a more human feeling than did the other. For there *are* women in the world who, for all they know of men, all their passions and their presumptions, yet do hold themselves so apart from and above tbese things, that they do not conceive how lower aspirations may set toward them.

But for José Andres there was now no longer work—no father nor mother, no world, no space, no time—only the two divisions of time, when he saw, or saw not, his divinity. And the hours when she hathed in the sea seemed to him less than so many minutes.

There came a day which long should he of dismal memory and melancholy regrets in the history of that seaport village. The sands were covered with bathers. Seldom, indeed, they gathered there in such numbers. Suddenly the waters shivered, whirled, and eddied, circling in foamy whirlpools, and then retreating for a space, and then uplifting themselves as with intelligent malevolence, they hurled themselves upon t heaches. There was a hell upon earth. The gay and mer dawdlers, horror-stricken, struck down in the midst of th joyousness, acted each according to the individual's natur some shrieked and then stood gazing stupidly upon their door some fell swooning; some turned and fled for their own selv salvation; some set their teeth, drew bard the hreath, a turned to perish witb helpless loved ones. The sturdy, lo sea-folk who served as bathing-masters hattled nohly, in co junction with the few who kept their self-possession; but wh the tidal wave had spent its force, and the mighty pendulu swings of it in their diminishment had hecome dangerless, fi were they of all the gay throng so lately gathered there w were left among the living.

When the first shock of impulse reached them, José And was, with the woman for whom he felt so mad an infatuati so far out beyond the hreakers that the shoreward rush waters left them short of the land, and the retreating mo ment swept them again seaward. Instead of struggling towa the beach, the young man struck out witb mighty strokes ward the wide waste of water, as if he were aiming for mi ocean. The undertow now caught them and now set the free; drift and tangle of weeds and huffeted human corps were dashed around them in menace, but when at last t commotion suhsided, they two were floating, still togeth beaten, spent, exhausted, hut alive and quite uninjured. Th failed her, woman-like, the noble courage of the woman, w had until now ably seconded with her splendid physical po ers and ber valiant self-possession every effort of her gui her servant-protector. But, now that the danger was virtua over, her forces deserted her ignohly. Pallid, gasping, s looked across the yet turhulent waters toward the scourg beach, and hopelessly drooped her head on tbe hathing-mi ter's shoulder, and gazed despairingly up at the heavens wb dense, hlack clouds had gathered, from wbose gloomy hosc flashed now and then lightnings wbich gave sinister and lu coloring to the corpses floating near, of those who had heer short while since her associates and companions. Then h eyes turned with imploring to tbe living face heside her; t at sight of tbat countenance her wbole frame was convuls by a great shudder, for the face of José Andres was somb terrible, and his eyes were fixed upon her with the look of serpent that fascinates a fluttering hird.

She threw up her hands and covered her eyes.

"Oh, God!" she cried, "can it he that I must die? N no! I am too young to die yet!"

"These also were young—and lovely!" responded Jo Andres, indicating the floating corpses, "and now—only s them!" he strained her convulsively in his arms. "Is yo life, then, so dear to you?"

"So dear! so dear! What would I not give for it?"

"Will you choose to live then?" demanded tbe man, vouring her with his flaming eyes.

"Oh, yes, yes! hut save me, José Andres, and my gratitu will he eternal!"

"And do you know wbat will be the price of your safet for I can save you; yes, helieve me. Wbat to me is t stretch of water? I could swim it yet, and carry you, th times over!"

"The price! I will give you what you will! hut save m save me!" sohbed the poor lady.

"Then I will," cried José Andres, "that you shall love me The madman pressed his fiery lips upon that proud, delic face.

The woman screamed with terror, and struggled to free h self from the hurning arms which held her with hercule power, while the hathing-master murmured in her ear wild, coherent words of passionate vehemence.

"Andres, have mercy!" cried the unhappy woman, fixi upon him her starting eyes; "I will make you richer——"

"Make me rich!" cried José Andres; "you would offer money? Know, then, that souls like mine care nothing for money! It is your love that I would—that I must—ha señora. I love you!—love you madly! Parents, home, life all are lost to my eyes! You fill the world with your beau and you have made me the most wretched of men. Decid Will you die, or will you love me?"

The lady looked once more across the water. Did she r member that one there loved her well enough to forgive her sin, a treachery, as the price of her preservation?

"You shall have your will," she murmured, "but—y must take me to shore quickly, I am near to dying!"

José Andres dragged her weak form across his should and turned toward land, cleaving with giant strokes the unqu water that seemed to part hefore him and own him master.

As they came near enough to the shore to hear the wa and lamentations of the few survivors, he paused again, a said, sternly: "A pledge! You must give me a pledge good faith! The chain around your neck! What, you w not? *You must!* and swear upon it that you will keep yo word to me!"

She took from her neck the slender golden chain, and hu it ahout the throat of the man who sustained her.

"I swear!" she murmured, faintly.

José Andres uttered a cry of joy, and once more sped o ward and plunged with her through the hreakers. He wou give her over to none, hut carried her, almost lifeless, to t dwelling of her people, laid her upon her hed, and r jected the reward proffered by her family, unforgetful of t claims of the man who had saved her, for all their frenzy delight over the recovery of one given up as dead.

But Andres bore away the golden chain, which he kiss frantically at every other step. If he remembered the gulf b tween himself and the daughter of one of the first families of t realm, the madness of his daring passion hlinded him to i width and its importance. That night, amid all the tales terror and of wonder attending the catastrophe, the o which rang clearest and was most applauded was tbe story the heroism of José Andres, *bañero*, whose skill and courag had saved, against desperate odds, a lady of nohle lineag and who had generously refused all compensation.

The next morning the little town found time, in the midst of its grief and excitement, to wonder over the departure, late the night before, of the noble lady who had been miraculously preserved from drowning. So great was the shock it was said which she had received, that she could not bear to remain on the scene of her great peril, hut had so strenuously urged her family to remove her that they had consented, fearing disastrous consequences to her health from a refusal.

A year passed hy, and another, and the village was solitary and abandoned by its old friends; its beaches deserted and its villas empty; so sinister a remembrance had cast an anathema over the waters. But everything yields to time; so that tragic history was forgotten little by little, and when twelve years had rolled around, the little port had returned to the joyousness and fullness of its best days, and was the theatre of reunion of the flower and cream of three aristocracies.

One evening, smiling as almost always are summer evenings by the sea, there came to the favorite beach of the bathers a cavalier and a lady. The gentleman looked about for a bathing-master to whom to confide the lady, hut none was disengaged at the moment. Presently approached them a man whose gait was light and whose limbs were nervous, notwithstanding his white hair and wrinkled countenance, as of one very aged. He humhly hegged that he might be allowed to take the lady into the water.

"What! are you a bathing-master?" demanded the new arrival, wondering to see one of that calling at that place in such unfortunate plight.

"Ah! yes, my lord! and none will dispute my ahility to battle with the waves, that have known me for such long years!"

There was such accent of truth and sincerity in the words of the man that the cavalier intrusted the lady to him with the utmost confidence.

She, although beyond the fortieth birthday, was still so beautiful as to need fear no comparison with younger rivals. The bathing-master led her into the water, so gently, so slowly, that when she at last cast a look around to take her bearings, she saw that they were far beyond the other bathers.

"Look at me, woman!" suddenly exclaimed her guide, clasping her in his sinewy arms, and fixing upon her his brilliant eyes, which gleamed like coals in their sockets; "look at me! Does nothing in these waves which rock us so voluptuously remind you of other days?"

"My God! it is José Andres!" replied the lady, hut half convinced, and still endeavoring to trace in those worn and aged features the hold, audacious lineaments of the young fisherman.

"Yes, it is José Andres! he, the poor victim of your hlack, disloyal treachery; your love has heen for me an ahyss that has swallowed up everything—home, friends, parents, youth, hope, life itself!—all devoured by your love! I saw heaven open hefore my eyes when in a supreme moment you swore to be mine forever, and the dark pit opened heneath my feet when you left me, committing the blackest perjury. Woman! woman! you did not know, or you would not understand, my love, nor how my heart adored you with all its force—with delirium, with frenzy! I have tried with all the force of my will to forget you, and the struggle has only resulted in spending me, in destroying the best part of my life, and in leading me to premature old age!"

"Andres!" the lady murmured, terrified, "I shall always remember the generosity of him who saved me!"

"But that is a chimera! the years can not return. The man to whom you have helonged—oh, he has at least been happy, while the hapless José Andres has heen consumed hy the sole idea. Oh! that man—that man is happy; he was rich, and he could ohtain the hand of her whom I worshiped. But I, who have sacrificed everything for her, I who was swallowed up in the waters with her, I who saved her, and who, in return, despising reward, and only asking that she should give me—what is left to me? Her ingratitude, her treachery, her——" His voice choked in his throat and he could not continue; hut he pressed her convulsively to his heart and frantically kissed her perfumed tresses.

"But you will forgive me?" entreated the lady, encouraged by the thought of the strength of the love that had survived so many years, so many changes.

"Will I pardon you? Yes! oh! your heauty causes in my heart a fatal vertigo that awakens in me again the wish to possess you forever—to unite you to me for that endless eternity whose secret is known to God, and to him only!" And José Andres, trembling, palpitant, re-living in that moment all his life of deprivations, clasped in his arms the neck of his heautiful companion, murmuring in her ear sweet words of love that the hreezes hore away on their wings, to whisper to the seaweeds of the shore.

The unhappy woman, struggling in vain to free herself from the arms that clasped her, turned a last look toward the beach, most sorrowful, most despairing, and saw, arising above the the shadows of the twilight, the gay little town with its white hills, and its chestnut groves, where the winds went, sighing, to blend with the sighs of lovers. Never is life so dear as when one's hold on it is loosened. Never seem so beautiful such scenes as when they are about to be hlotted out forever. Pale, stunned, the unhappy wife struggled faintly yet a few moments longer, with the instinct of self-preservation; then her head drooped upon the hreast of the man who hlessed the life of dying with her in his arms, as he held her heneath the water. He gazed upon her for a few moments, and then gave himself up to the force of the waves; a few hubbles sprang to the surface, and it seemed as if one prolonged sigh was breathed forth, saluting the pale moon as she rose above the water.

Y. H. ADDIS.

SEPTEMBER, 1889.

[In the foregoing tale from the Castillian, it is characteristic of the Spanish temperament and the esteem in which it holds women, that in recounting this history, José Andres always is presented as a hero, a dragon, a martyr, and the poor victim of his presumption as a traitress. Y. H. A.]

MAGAZINE VERSE.

The Secret.

I have heard a fearful secret:
To the Shah I will not tell it;
I will hide it from my sweetheart,
From my merry, dear companions,
When they ask.

This it is: The clod I trample
Was the skull of Alexander,
And the waters of the ocean
In the veins of haughty princes
Once ran red.

And the dust-clouds of the desert
Were the lips of lovely women:
Where are they, and they who kissed them?
Power dies, and beauty passes—
Naught abides.

Where is Jamshyd, and his beaker?
Solomon, and where his mirror?
Which of all the wise professors
Knows when Kaus and Jamshyd flourished—
Who can tell?

They were mighty, yet they vanished;
Names are all they left behind them:
Glory first, and then an echo;
Then the very echo hushes—
All is still.

O my Shah, ask not my secret!
Sweetheart, I must hide it from you!
They who hear it are not merry:
Power dies, and beauty passes—
Naught abides.

—*W. R. Thayer in September Atlantic.*

"Albemarle" Cushing.

Joy in rebel Plymouth town, in the spring of 'sixty-four,
When the *Albemarle* down on the Yankee frigates bore,
With the saucy Stars and Bars at her main;
When she smote the *Southfield* dead, and the stout *Miami* quailed,
And the fleet in terror fled when their mighty cannon hailed
Shot and shell on her iron back in vain,
Till she slowly steamed away to her herth at Plymouth pier,
And their quick eyes saw her sway with her great beak out of gear,
And the color of their courage rose again.

All the summer lay the ram,
Like a wounded beast at bay,
While the watchful squadron swam
In the harbor night and day,
Till the broken beak was mended, and the weary vigil ended,
And her time was come again to smite and slay.

Must they die, and die in vain,
Like a flock of shambled sheep?
Then the Yankee grit and brain
Must be dead or gone to sleep,
And our sailors' gallant story of a hundred years of glory
Let us sell for a song, selling cheap!

Cushing, scarce a man in years,
But a sailor thorough-bred,
"With a dozen volunteers
I will sink the ram," he said.
"At the worst 'tis only dying." And the old commander, sighing,
"'Tis to save the fleet and flag—go ahead!"

* * * * * * * * * * *

Bright the rebel beacons blazed
On the river left and right;
Wide-awake their sentries gazed
Through the watches of the night;
Sharp their challenge rang, and fiery came the rifle's quick inquiry,
As the little launch swung into the light.

Listening ears afar had heard;
Ready hands to quarters sprung,
The *Albemarle* awoke and stirred,
And her howitzers gave tongue;
Till the river and the shore echoed back the mighty roar,
When the portals of her hundred-pounders swung.

Will the swordfish brave the whale,
Doubly girt with boom and chain?
Face the shrapnel's iron hail?
Dare the livid leaden rain?
Ah! that shell has done its duty; it has spoiled the Yankee's beauty,
See her turn and fly with half her madmen slain!

High the victors' taunting yell
Rings above the battle roar,
And they hid her mock farewell
As she seeks the farther shore,
Till they see her sudden swinging, crouching for the leap and springing
Back to boom and chain and bloody fray once more.

Now the Southron captain, stirred
By the spirit of his race,
Stops the firing with a word,
Bids them yield, and offers grace.
Cushing, laughing, answers, "No! we are here to fight!" and so
Swings the dread torpedo spar to its place.

Then the great ship shook and reeled
With a wounded, gaping side,
But her steady cannon pealed
Ere she settled in the tide,
And the Roanoke's dull flood ran full red with Yankee blood,
When the fighting *Albemarle* sunk and died.

Woe in rebel Plymouth town when the *Albemarle* fell,
And the saucy flag went down that had floated long and well,
Nevermore from her stricken deck to wave.
For the fallen flag a sigh, for the fallen foe a tear!
Never shall their glory die while we hold our glory dear,
And the hero's laurels live on his grave.
Link their Cooke's with Cushing's name; proudly call them both our own;
Claim their valor and their fame for America alone—
Joyful mother of the bravest of the brave!

—*James Jeffrey Roche in September Century.*

Storm.

The sound of thunder rolled down the threatening arch of sky,
Echoed from hill to hill till the valley rang with the roar,
And a few great drops of rain on a sudden gust swept by,
To fall like a bullet spent on the highway's dusty floor.

Then a mighty wind arose and blew from the sunset land,
Blew till the tall trees bent like the slender blades of grain;
Wildly their tangled boughs were tossed by the tempest's hand
That smote the cowering fields with the dashing drifts of rain.

But the wrath of the storm-king died, and silence came like a boon;
The far horizon glowed with gold-edged amethyst bars;
And up the seas of the night came sailing the mystical moon,
Her sapphire pathway strewn with the blossoming silvern stars.

—*Clinton Scollard in September Cosmopolitan.*

THE SUMMER COMEDY.

How it is Played at the Small Summer Hotel in the East.

The scene of the comedy of life at a summer resort is, of course, a hotel. Plenty of gahles, with some sort of wooden ruching around the eaves. A Queen Anne ahomination. Big piazza. Things on legs and rockers which are called easy, but which should be called uneasy chairs. Big parlor; dark, stuffy, and containing a peculiarly ferocious piano. No chair made to sit on, and the sofas wheezy as to their insides. Picture of Washington crossing the Delaware. Hotel provides parlor for people to meet in; but they obstinately stay away from it. The office, where all the men like to sit and smoke, and consequently the place where the women may be found during the few hrief moments when they are not dressing, although they loudly declare that they detest smoke. The bar-room, a mysterious region down-stairs, to which the women send for lemonade, and where men go for cigars. They are frequently heard laughing when down there, prohably because they get such good cigars. Trees on the lawn, described in the prospectus as "monarchs of the forest, affording an abundance of shade," but in reality a few measly little sticks. The guests' rooms, described as "elegant, large rooms, handsomely decorated and furnished," in reality about as large as a good-sized closet, with rickety furniture and a bed harder than the heart of the heavy villain of a Bowery melodrama.

The *dramatis personæ* include, first, the Staff of the House. The Landlord, by turns suave, diplomatic, and unbending; his countenance a prey to conflicting emotions, inspired at once by a hope that the rich Jones family will come as they have promised, and by a fear that the equally rich Smith family will leave as they have threatened. The Clerk, a glorious and resourceful being, with his bang and his curled mustache, and his skill in warbling "Front," and his diplomacy in standing guests off, and his delicate blending of respect and familiarity in talking with all the pretty girls. The Head-Waiter, having the look of owning the earth and the fullness thereof; gifted with rare prescience in "sizing people up," and capable of feeling a lofty scorn when a guest goes away without "seeing" him. And the waiters, who frequently make you wait, in order that you may know how it is yourself; the chambermaid, who gives you damp rags and calls them towels; the bell-boy, whose terms are a dime a trip, cash down, and no trust; the porter, who, after delivering your trunk, declares, "Be gohs, there must be a rare sight o' goold in that thrunk; for it's as heavy as an Oirishman's conscience before he goes to confession." (Cash price of this speech, twenty-five cents.) The harher, with the implements of torture, who sneers at the way in which "them city harhers" cut your hair.

Then, the Guests. *Place aux dames*, of course. The bevy of Piazza Girls, attired in smiles and Worth costumes; each with a "Plan of Campaign" carefully mapped out by Dear Mamma; very fetching and very gracious when the right young men are around. The Belle of the House, with a reputation as a breaker of men's hearts; surrounded at all times by a guard of honor, composed of very young men in blazers, who frequently exclaim, "Bah Jove!" and "Ged!" Then there is the Woman Who Thinks the Hotel is not What It Used to Be, and who prattles about the glories of past seasons, and the Encyclopædia, who is a perfect mine of useless information in regard to the hotel and its guests. She informs you that the landlord lost his money at poker last winter, and tells you how the clerk jilted a poor girl last season. And did you hear, my dear, of the dreadful way in which that Shadroe girl carried on with young Gillyflower on the piazza last night? Why she actually—and so on, and so on. And have you noticed how shahhily the Brownsmiths dress this season? They say all Brownsmith's money now goes to support his daughter, who married an English nobleman last year. There is also the Woman who Boasts of the Blue Blood. She married old Josiah Chugg, the richest man on the street, but frequently, in the office, she thanks God, in a loud voice, that she was born a De Montmorency. Then come the Woman Who Thinks that Everything is Lovely, the Woman Who Thinks Everything is Horrid, the Woman Who Keeps Her Children Perdu, in order that she may pose as a giddy young thing; the Woman With an Ahnormally Developed Bump of Curiosity, and the Woman Who Sings "Some Day" on the slightest provocation.

Last of all, enter the men. Nozzle, the rich old hachelor, who spends all his time in pacing up and down the office, looking at the notices and reading hack-numher magazines, has a look of resigned misery on his face, as though he were counting the days of his hanishment. The Men Who have Come for the Fresh Air, and spend all their time in the badly ventilated hilliard-room down in the hasement. The old fellow who tries to be a dude, big cork-helmet hat, showy flannel shirt, gorgeous sash, and russet shoes. The Man Who is Ill and won't acknowledge it, and the Man Who is Perfectly Well and imagines himself to be ill. The man who is always getting up picnics and excursions; the man with a reputation as a masher. The Piazza Cuh, young, noisy, impertinent; supremely conscious that he knows it all, and hlissfully unaware of the fact that he is a general nuisance. The man who is négligé to the verge of slouchiness. The man who is always remarking that of course you can not expect anything better outside of New York. The rich and handsome young man, of whose fast life the girls speak in whispers; hut upon whom they smile very sweetly, nevertheless. The solid business-men, who have come here to escape from the cares of business, and who therefore spend most of their time in talking ahout their business. The man with a reputation as a weather prophet, and the man whose eccentricities earn for him the title of crank.

These, and a multitude of other equally typical characters, comhine together to enact the annual comedy of life in a summer hotel, which is like nothing so much as a Chinese play, in that it is never finished and never leads to anything.—*Tribune.*

TITLED WRITERS.

Something about the Aristocratic Littérateurs of Lutetia.

One of the most essential points of difference between the hest Parisian society and that of the same calihre in London, is that all things literary and artistic are very fashionable in the Frencb capital, and that art is, in Paris, installed in the shrine occupied hy sport in London. Of the modern French poets, the three greatest have belonged to the aristocracy—M. de Lamartine, Count Hugo, and Alfred de Musset, Vicomte de Pathay. In France, literature and art have ever heen "fashionable," and stern necessity is not required to stimulate those born in the purple, or, to speak more broadly, individuals mixing in fashionable society, to artistic effort. Eugène Sue was a great dandy, and (this fact is hut little known, save to old Parisians) was one of the original members of the Jockey Club in Paris, and poor old Barhey d'Aurevilly, who died only the other day, and whose prose is a marvel of perfection, would any day gladly have gone without his dinner (and toward tbe end he was very poor) to have had that very absurd lace *jabot* properly done up hy the laundress. Buffon always put on full dress to write, and it would seem as if this respect which fashion pays to art is hereditary in the French nation. Literature and art are looked upon as the most proper study for the aristocracy, and many a man of fashion would prefer to have an article with his signature attached received hy the *Revue des Deux Mondes* to heing himself received by the committee of the Cercle de l'Union—the most exclusive cluh in Paris—while the ladies, one and all, rank the muses far above the dress-makers and milliners. Lord Houghton once said: "In England, most of the novels are written hy women, and by women directly or indirectly connected with the clergy; history and criticism are taken care of by ambitious ushers and tutors; and poetry is the exercise-ground of the rehels and the unclean."

Artistic labor heing in France fashionable, of course much had artistic work is done, and there is much dishonesty—professional writers, sculptors, composers, and painters heing hired to do the work, and the aristocratic signature which the patrician appends to tbe *opus* heing all that he or she can legitimately claim as heing genuinely personal. Painting, sculpture, and music, of course, are more apt to be made use of hy fashionahle seekers after artistic fame than literature. Literary work of real merit being more jealously guarded hy the actual creator thereof, it is in the fashionable literary coterie of Paris that you will find the type and individualities most worthy of your attention. The fashionable literary centre of Paris is the salon of the Princesse Mathilde, the sister of one of the cleverest Frenchmen now living, one of the hest informed as he is one of the most unpopular of princes—"Plon-Plon." The love of the Princess Mathilde for the heautiful—animate and inanimate—is, of course, not of recent growth, and her imperial highness owes, in a great measure, the development of it to the society and encouragement of that most delightful, as he was certainly one of the best-looking of men, Niewerkerke, who succeeded poor Alfred d'Orsay at the Beaux-Arts. The Princesse Mathilde (wbo in her youth was very heautiful) has herself perpetrated verses, and very good ones, but they have been read hy only a favored few; and has contented herself, for the most part, with encouraging the development of artistic growtb in others, having in her time protected the most eminent men of the day, beginning with Sainte Beuve, passing by Coppée and Gounod, and coming down to Guy de Maupassant and Paul Bourget.

It is likely that art has been to the Princesse Mathilde a great solace for her domestic troubles; for the life of the daughter of the King of Westphalia would, had it not been for the muses, hardly have been a happy one. Her brother, "Plon-Plon," with his remarkahle intellectual ahility, vast erudition, ahominahle immorality, and still more ahominable manners, has ever heen a thorn in her side, and the vulgarity of her nephew, Prince Victor, is likewise a sorrow to her. Then, again, her married life has, of course, been a most unhappy one. It was at one time arranged that sbe should marry her cousin, Prince Louis Napoleon (hy-the-bye, the Empress Eugénie, when a young girl in Madrid and simply Comtesse de Téha, refused the hand offered to her in marriage of her present arch-enemy and cousin, "Plon-Plon"!), and, if this marriage had taken place, of course Mathilde would have become Empress of the French, a position admirahly suited to the splendid heauty and rare intelligence of madame la princesse. This match, however, fell through (to tell the story would entail too much scandal, as almost all the actors in the little intrigue are still living), and the Princess Mathilde was married to that millionaire, savage, and harharian known as Anatole Demidoff. Around this extraordinary creature and his nephew, Paul, although they were hoth for years very prominent social figures in Europe, has gathered a most absurd cloud of misrepresentation. The Demidoffs were originally hut common tradespeople in Petershurg, hut their great wealth eventually overcame a few of the harriers which separated them from good society, and the marriage of Anatole with the cousin of the Emperor Napoleon the Third of course gave them at once great social prominence. Anatole, having hought in Italy an estate with which a princely title goes, suddenly blossomed out into Prince de San Donato, a title which his nephew, Paul, inherited, hut neither of them was ever ennohled hy a sovereign, or was a Russian prince, as is generally supposed. The title of prince goes with the San Donato estate, and Mr. Tom Noddy has only to buy the place to immediately become Prince de San Donato.

By the way, a curious incident took place in reference to this. Anatole Demidoff's name having heen put down on the hook of the Jockey Cluh in Paris as "Prince Anatole Demidoff," a secretary of the Russian Emhassy drew his pen through this, and wrote: "There is no Prince Demidoff," the result of this truth-telling being a duel. Anatole Demidoff was the most cruel and licentious of men, and as soon as he had secured the hand of the beautiful cousin of Cæsar in marriage, and thus realized bis most amhitious dream, he began ill-treating her and rendering her life intolerable. The Emperor Napoleon the Third was averse to a separation, hut when at length Anatole Demidoff slapped his wife's face in La Scala, at Milan, before the public, his majesty recognized that extreme measures were necessary, and madame la princesse was allowed to retire to St. Gratien alone.

Innumerahle are the anecdotes concerning Anatole Demidoff. Old Baron James de Rothschild came up to him one evening at a soirée, given by the beautiful Duchesse d'Istrie, and said, showing some malachite sleeve-links he had just purchased: "Look at these, mon prince; as a Russian you must he a connoisseur. Are they not of splendid quality?" "Yes," replied Anatole Demidoff, after having carefully considered them; "splendid, indeed! I have two doors and three mantel-shelves at San Donato of exactly the same stone."

When Anatole died (his death was brought about hy his terrihle dehaucheries, and toward the latter part of his life he was paralyzed, and his hideous face, with his tongue lolling out of his mouth, was a horrihle sight to see nightly at the Italiens), his nephew, the handsome but eccentric Paul, succeeded to his wealth and title. Paul Demidoff was the most curious possible combination of savage cruelty and tender kindness of heart; many were firmly convinced the man was really mad. Here are a few of his freaks. He made one of the most heautiful women in Paris (it was, of course, a question of money), who was dying of consumption, sit on a winter night at the Café Anglais in a draught, and amused himself by deluging her bare shoulders with seltzer water! On another occasion he tried to throw the heautiful Léontine Massin out of the window of his *hôtel* in tbe Rue Jean Goujon (now the property of the Duc de Chartres), but on this occasion was rewarded for his hrutality hy a heavy hlow from a poker wielded hy Narischkine. Then, again, he used to go ahout witb one of the largest and most valuable diamonds—after the Koh-i-Noor—in his pocket loose with his latch-key and money, and on one occasion left it with a friend in the Place Vendôme and forgot all ahout it. Some weeks later his friend met him and asked him if he did not remember having left something at his house. "No," replied Paul, greatly astonished, "unless, *par hasard*, it was at your place I left my latch-key, for I know I had to hreak down my door the other night to get in!"

Poor Paul Demidoff was, however, capable of great kindness, and he spent (quite unknown to any one, save his secretary and his most intimate personal friends) very many thousands a year relieving destitute and infirm children, suffering infancy appealing to his heart with particular pathos and power. He was one of the handsomest men of bis day, and, oddly enough, of a most aristocratic type of heauty—a mystery which he would always characteristically explain hy airily alleging that his mother must have made a mistake! This handsome madman (towards the end of his life he was tormented by religious mania) died a few years hack, leaving a widow to regret his caresses and remember his ill-treatment.

If you are honored with an invitation to the Princesse Mathilde's, you will in all prohahility find there the surviving De Goncourt, Charles Yriarte (the French Ruskin), Ernest Rénan, Gounod, François Coppée, the author of that exquisite idyll, "Le Passant," and the hattalion of young novelists, beaded hy the stalwart and impassive Guy de Maupassant and the rather supercilious Paul Bourget. Oddly enough, however, you will not find the conversation sparkling or entertaining—save, indeed, when Rénan, Yriarte, or Gounod converse—for the young French *littérateurs* in vogue talk only of money and the numher of editions of their hooks, or the sums they have received or intend to ask for their poems, novels, or plays, these forming the principal topics of conversation.

The most prominent *littérateurs* in the world of fashion in Paris are Comte Eugène Melchior de Vogué, the Marquis de Costa, the Comte Ludre, the Comte de Baillon, and the young Comte Rohert de Montesquiou. It is due to M. de Vogué that some of the treasures of Russian literature, as represented hy Tolstoï and Dostoiewski, have heen revealed to the fasbionable world of Paris. He is a hard worker, hut at the same time a man greatly attracted hy the pleasures of the *grand monde*, and thinks nothing of going to a hall after having heen at his desk eight hours at a stretch, with nothing to sustain his energy but innumerable cups of hlack coffee, that terrihle liquid which killed poor Léon Gozlan and so many others. The Marquis de Costa is the author of a very remarkahle book, "Un Homme d'Autrefois," the story of one of his ancestors; and his opinion in all literary matters has the greatest weight in fashionable Paris. The Comte Ludre is the adapter of the history of the Four Georges, so admirahly done hy Thackeray, and also enjoys the honor and privilege of heing the uncle of the fashionahle saint, the Comte de Mun, who tells people of their sins during the pauses of the cotillon. The Comte de Baillon (who now lives in retirement) is the author of a clever study of the daughter of Henry the Fourth, and wife of Charles the First, and his charming *hôtel* on the Quai d'Orsay, where he receives, is a treasure-house of art. The young Comte Rohert de Montesquiou is a fashionahle Bohemian, who, although helonging to one of the nohlest and most aristocratic families of France, was brought up on the knees of Sarah Bernhardt in the Rue Fortuny, and who, therefore, has very peculiar views of his own, being a fantastic dreamer, a melancholy, effeminate, and eccentric youth, who causes much trouhle to his aristocratic parents through his dislike to having his hair cut, and wbo occasionally gives to the world some pretty verses signed "Stéphane Mallarmé." These gentlemen, of course, constitute only the fashionable world of letters in Paris. PICCADILLY.

The London *Times*, in discussing General Sheridan's Memoirs, remarks that "he saw an amount of service and experienced a numher of exciting adventures such as can not, prohably, be matched hy the oldest and most adventurous veteran now living in any European army."

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Mrs. A.—"What black eyes that baby has!" *Mrs. B.*—"Yes father is a pugilist."—*Puck.*

Clara—"Where's Ethel?" *Maud*—"She had to go home, got her bathing-suit wet."—*Time.*

To the small boy who has to wear his father's made-over apparel seems one dreary ex-pants.—*Puck.*

It makes considerable difference to a young man whether a pretty sits on his lap or on his Dunlap.—*Life.*

"No," sobbed the widow, "I shall never find John's equal, but p haps I c-can find h-h-his equivalent."—*Harper's Bazar.*

"Are you still at Vassar, Miss Jobkins?" "Yes." "And wh your favorite course?" "Oh, dessert, by all means."—*Harper's Ba*

He—"What did your pater say when you told him we were gaged?" *She*—"Oh, you must not ask me to repeat such languag —*Life.*

"Judge Lynch is not a real judge, is he?" asked Mrs. Far "No," replied her husband; "he's usually in the suspender busin —*Time.*

"Will you eat a philopœna with me, Miss Emily?" "What lose?" "Then I win a kiss." "And if I win?" "Then I hav kiss you."—*Ex.*

Gazzam—"Do you know the favorite remark of the Prince of Wale *McCorkle*—"No; what is it?" *Gazzam*—"It's a long time betw coronations."—*Life.*

Anxious inquirer—"No; a sewer-trap is not a trap to catch sew In Chicago its use is to act as a receptacle for the people removed b Clan-na-Gael."—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

Mrs. MacTavish—"Then ye'll be doon tae see us on the Sawbet *Mr. MacTartan*—"I wull, if I'm spared." *Mrs. MacTavish*—" aye; gin ye're deed, we'll no expeck ye."—*Grip.*

Foply—"Miss Slymlymme shows considerable nerve in appearin décolleté, don't you think?" *Dudely*—"She shows a great dea backbone, in my opinion."—*Terra Haute Express.*

Perdito—"What a cheerful way you must have of refusing a r You seem to send them away supremely happy." *Beatrice*—"I them that the report that I am a great heiress is a mistake."—*Life.*

Young wife—"Ach! how fortunate I am in possessing a hust who always stays at home in the evening!" *Bosom friend*—" your husband never was much addicted to pleasure."—*Flieg Blätter.*

"What prompted you to rob this man's till?" asked the judge of prisoner. "My family physician, sir," was the reply; "he told n was absolutely necessary that I should have a little change."—*Yon Gazette.*

City dame (who has bought a little farm)—"Mary, all those f eggs are soft, go out in the harn and see if some of the chickens hav laid some hard-boiled eggs; I'm going to make a salad." *Ma* "Yes, mum."—*Time.*

"You s-s-s-say you c-can t-tell a f-feller-h-h-how-t-t-to av-v-void tut-tuttering f-f-for wo-w-one d-dollar?" "Yes." "W-well, h-h-h y-your d-d-d doll-ollar. How c-can I av-v-void stut-tut-ter-in "Don't talk."—*Exchange.*

She—"Perhaps you won't care to marry me when I confess th have been engaged ten times in my life." *He*—"Did you return lovers all their presents?" *She*—"Not a single one." *He*—"T darling, I forgive you."—*Life.*

"I don't say marriage is a failure," said Adam, candidly, as he down on a log just outside the Garden of Eden and looked hungri the fruit on the other side of the wall, "but if I had remained single wouldn't have happened."—*Ex.*

"My friends are responsible for my being here," said the priso bitterly. "How was that?" asked the sympathetic visitor. "I sentenced to be hanged, but they got the governor to commute it to imprisonment."—*Harper's Bazar.*

"Rosalind, do you know what the people here are saying?" " mother. What?" "That you are going to marry Mr. Van Antwe "How ridiculous. Did you ever know a girl to marry the man to wh she became engaged at a summer resort?"—*Harper's Bazar.*

A lady puts her head out of the car-window and demands, in s tones: "Here, guard, is smoking allowed in this compartment?" the gentlemen inside don't object," was the good-natured re "madame may smoke to her heart's content."—*Humoristisch.*

"Oh, Uncle George," cried tender-hearted little Rollo, his eyes fil with tears, "let us give some money to that poor woman over the the sand; see, she has hardly any clothes on!" "Sure enou said Mr. George; "why in thunder didn't you point her out before *Life.*

Lady (in 1895)—"You are the most disgraceful, woe-begone-lool mortal I ever saw. How came you in such a condition?" *Tr* (with a sob)—"I—I was a member of an English syndicate, m that tried to do this country and got left. Pie! Thanky!"—*Lawr American.*

Scribbles—"Where's the foreman of the composing-room?" *E* —"Oh, he's gone off on a vacation." "For his health?" "Yes. our 'Weekly Theatrical Gossip' the copy I gave him to set up, 'Miss De Rouge, the opera queen, has some very noticeable fads,' he got it 'pads'—so he asked for a vacation."—*Time.*

Young Mrs. Greene—"Henry, dear, do you think so much bread molasses is good for Harry?" *Young Mr. Greene*—"Certainly good for him. Don't you know 'bread is the staff of life'?" "Ye-e- but so much molasses, you know!" "Well, what of it? He doe eat the molasses; he leaves that on the door-knob."—*Puck.*

Dolly Début—"I am looking everywhere for mamma, but whe the world to find her I don't know. Now how would you go to w Mr. Ultradude, to find anyhody in a big hotel like this?" *He* (a some thought)—"Why, weally now, I don't know, Miss Dolly, weally I think I should look in the wegister."—*Harper's Bazar.*

First bather—"Why, there is Mr. Smart; it's a wonder he leave his studies. Do you know he is taking up French, German, osophy, biology, Greek, and——" *Second bather*—"Gracious! Is going to be a philosopher?" *First bather*—"Oh, no. He has h offered a position in a Boston dry-goods store."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Turaccioletti is very absent-minded. The other day he stumbled u a beggar who had a hoard suspended from his neck, on which th stood, in large letters: "Deaf and dumb." Unthinkingly, he shou in a loud voice: "Have you been a long time in that state?" Distu tion is evidently contagious, for the beggar replied: "From my birth —*Il Carlino.*

Lawyer—"Have you read the papers?" *Talesman*—"No, sir can't read." *Lawyer*—"What is your business?" *Talesman*— hain't got none, sir." *Lawyer*—"Well how do you make a living *Talesman*—"I don't make a living, sir; I am an inmate of the asyl for the feeble-minded." *Lawyer* (to judge)—"We will accept this m your honor."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Hired girl—"Two gentlemen at the door, sir, want to see you. T didn't come together, but happened along at the same time." *Citi* —"How do they act?" *Hired girl*—"One of them is very polite a begs the honor of a few minutes' conversation." *Citizen*—"I do want to see him, he's a hook-agent." *Hired girl*—"The other is polite at all. He says, 'I want to see him.'" *Citizen*—"That's a d Tell 'em both that I'm not at home."—*Boston Courier.*

VANITY FAIR.

Viting in *Harper's* of life in Moscow, Theodore Child is to say of the golden youth of Muscovy: "They a thin varnish of apparent Western civilization, or Western corruption, but they remain nevertheless rank tians. This they show in their amusements, and even in hospitality, as we may readily convince ourselves by ing a 'gay' evening at Moscow. The reader need not armed; we shall not invite him to follow us into any very ie places, but simply to accompany us to the restaurants and cts of which we had heard so much, Strelna, Mauritania, ia, Eldorado, and others, where the famous Tsyganes hémiennes sing. After the lyrical and hyperbolical de- ons of Théophile Gautier and other enthusiastic travel- say nothing of the boasts and recommendations of n acquaintances, we were prepared for marvels and ors, for something fairy-like and unheard of, or at least e new and memorable sensations. The deception was ete. These establishments consist of pine-wood halls nded by gardens similar to the ordinary German heer- s; and the salons and private rooms, instead of being with gilding and sumptuous divans, are furnished onomical hent-wood chairs, simple looking-glasses, and tables. We visited these establishments one after the they were all the same, all enveloped in a veil of dis- alaria and ennui suggestive of bankruptcy; the pine- alls were empty, the waiters half asleep; in one cor- he room on a dais was an orchestra, but the musicians t play. Pacing up and down in couples, their arms each other's waists, were women, mostly Swedes and s, dressed in bright in-door costume—chorus-singers o not sing. In out-of-the-way corners sat ancient s of horrible aspect, painted and powdered, who to watch over the safety of the promenading chorus-

Near the door stood a few gypsy women in shabby an costume, and a fat, brigandish gypsy man dressed n corduroy, with a black cloth-cap on his head. In len, a dozen customers and military officers were sit- he tables drinking tea and smoking cigarettes; they ng overcoats, although we were supposed to be enjoy- summer heat—so sensitive are the Russians to cold np. Strange, is it not, that in spite of this sensitive- y should be so fond of out-of-door places of amuse- What was to be done? We consulted a Russian n officer who had kindly guided us to these distant 'Why do not the Bohémiennes sing? Why are few people here?' These questions seemed to strike being rather odd. The Bohémiennes, he told us, ly when they are paid; we must hire a private nd make a bargain with the fat man in corduroy. nuch do they want?' 'At least twenty-five rubles.' de the bargain, hired a room, ordered refreshments, n half a dozen men with guitars, and the same num- women, all of them ugly beyond expectation and in ridiculous French costumes, entered and took their t the end of the room. They sang some melancholy songs, then some passionate Tsygane songs, and then them danced with lascivious Oriental movements, e others howled and ejaculated in truly savage fashion. rder to induce them to execute this dance the guerdon e raised from twenty-five to a hundred rubles, and were looked upon as very small seigneurs.

songs and dances of these Bohémiennes have a wild ing character—on several subsequent occasions we opportunity of ascertaining this fact—but from the view of art and intensity of expression, these famous gypsies can not for a moment be compared with the ls; and as for their vaunted beauty, it is a delusion are. Not one in a hundred of them can pretend to oks. The Tsyganes of Moscow are one of those 'frauds' in which the East is so fertile. In any other these people would exercise the profession of chair- , fortune-tellers, poultry thieves, and horse-dealers, for e gypsies have natural gifts; in Moscow, thanks to *veté* of the new-fangled merchants and of the rich en in general, they are able to spoil the Egyptians trouble and risk. No fête is considered complete he Bohémiennes; no prodigality in money or jewelry fy their rapacity; reserved, disdainful, inaccessible to rprises of gallantry, these gypsy women drive the outh of Russia wild with enthusiasm, and stir their uls in much the same way as ardent spirits tickle their tes. The fascination which they exercise over the in- imagination of the Russians is exemplified by the Prince Galitzin, who, in our own days, bought from for more than fifty thousand dollars the young who became his wife and the mother of his children. , now divorced from her husband, lives in the vast Palace at Moscow, on the Moskwa Quay, and does in to increase her handsome income by carrying on ne largest pawn-broking businesses in the Russian After hearing the Bohémiennes, and after further g our Russian friend, we began to understand why *s chantants* in the park are ordinarily so deserted, there is no regular public to speak of; they depend on the support of the *jeunesse dorée*, and this gilded a peculiar way of organizing a pleasure-party. A gneur or a young merchant will drive up to one of blishments, accompanied by his friends, and hire the use. If there are other customers present, he will to go away or fight them for possession if they pre- tter course. Then he will hire the Bohémiennes, mpagne by the hundred bottles, and a feast copious r a company of giants, and then, after so many hours nd brutal eating, drinking, and roistering, he and his ill smash glasses, dishes, tables, chairs, and everything within the place. This breakage is always reckoned d in the contract. Such is young Moscow's idea of a pleasure—the ostentatious spending of large sums of money. Naturally, with such customers as these, say four nights only out of the seven, Strelna and Mauritania can exist and even enrich their proprietors; but when some gay sparks are not engaged in making match-wood of the furniture, they are dull, dismal, and full of *ennui*.

"The Bohémiennes of Moscow have been famous in Russia for their musical talent ever since their settlement there in the fifteenth century. Like the gypsies in Spain and other countries, they live in tribes under the rule of chiefs, and hold their wealth in common. A whole quarter of the town near the Zoölogical Gardens is occupied by their dwellings. The men employ their leisure in horse-dealing. From the beginning, too, the women seem to have fascinated the boyars and nobles; several marriages between gypsy women and Muscovite gentlemen are recorded in the annals of the town, while in the course of centuries irregular intercourse has been so great that few of the modern Bohémiennes are of pure blood or of the true Tsygane type. Nowadays the craze is as strong as ever; every Muscovite of means has his favorite company of Bohémiennes, who, under the guard of their director and of the men of their tribe, are invited to the seigneur's fêtes, and profit by his wild generosity. It must, however, be said that the Russians themselves do not begin to appreciate the music of the Bohémiennes until they are wild with drink, which state they generally attain toward two or three o'clock in the morning. After the traditional Russian fashion, the Bohémiennes keep challenging the seigneurs to drink, and excite them by melodious recitative, in which they repeat the name of each guest, emptying at the same time a cup of champagne or spirits, and then passing the cup to the one named. This invitation is never refused, and these amiable savages finally get into such a condition of frenzy and enthusiasm that they fling to the Bohémiennes a hundred rubles, a thousand rubles even, and then their watches and chains and all the jewelry they may have about their persons. The drinking capacity of the Russians passes description. On one occasion we were the guests of a Muscovite seigneur who had invited a party of ten to the Hermitage Restaurant to supper, together with his favorite Bohémienne, who came, not professionally, but as a guest, accompanied by three other Bohémiennes, and of course by the inseparable tribesman as director and guardian. Such is the custom, and in such cases the Tsyganes would feel insulted if they were offered any fee—a delicacy which does not prevent them accepting presents in the form of ruble notes and jewelry. The Bohémiennes, it must be added, are poor eaters; their only preferences are cold sturgeon and *agourtsis*, or salted cucumbers, of which they consume enormous quantities; as for drink, anything and everything is welcome. Our dinner was copious and over-abundant, according to the Russian manner, and things went on merrily until two o'clock, when we and our host retired, after paying the bill of nearly two hundred dollars, and requesting the maître d'hôtel to provide the guests who remained with whatever they might require, of course at the host's expense, the extra bill to be paid the next day. Happening to go to the Hermitage the next day, we inquired of the maître d'hôtel, out of curiosity, what the extras had amounted to. The genial guests whom we had left had remained until four o'clock in the morning, and in the space of two hours had drunk three hundred dollars' worth of champagne and other wines. From the Tsar down to the humblest mujik, the Russians are more or less barbarians, from the point of view of the refined West, but certainly most amiable barbarians, so far as foreigners are concerned. Their hospitality knows no limits; no trouble is too great when it is a question of obliging a foreign visitor; but charming as they are, you are constantly being reminded of the wildness of their real underlying nature by the strange contrasts of delicacy and brutality, of civilization and barbarism, which their daily life offers."

The Boston *Courier* says: "It is told of a wealthy family in New York that it is their regular custom to apply to new acquaintances a test of breeding which they are accustomed to call the 'booby-trap.' They seat the stranger in a rocking-chair and sit about to watch him or her. If the visitor rocks, the verdict is given against him and he is thenceforth cut off from the calling list of the family. If he or she sits quietly and does not sway to and fro, the case is considered as being decidedly in his or her favor.

The *Haberdasher* thus addresses the dudes: To begin with, you needn't worry about last year's dress-suit; it's all right for the coming season. There are men who will wear the Tuxedo tailless "dress"-coat and the black sash for evening-dress, just as there are men who will wear sombreros and green neckties; but our advice to you is—don't. If you want to be well dressed, avoid experiments and stick to accepted gentilities. Don't be either a dude or a sloven; and, to avoid being either, wear a dress-suit of plain black throughout, with no marked departures from the shape which has so long prevailed in evening-dress. You do not need a shawl-collar, nor a white-silk vest, nor embroidery down the sides of your trousers; you can have any or all of them if you wish, without being overdressed, but you are sure to be in good taste if you avoid them all. So much for the dress-suit. As for street garments, there is little yet to be said. The single-breasted cut-away still remains the popular garment for semi-dress. Although there has been some effort to bring forward double-breasted cut-aways, it has not been well received. Those somewhat unreliable persons, the London correspondents, represent that the Prince of Wales and his "set" are at present walking nightmares. It is said that of late the prince has abandoned the tall hat at race-meetings, and has frequently appeared clad in a suit apparently made up of unrelated fragments of several other suits, as item, one coat, with a middle-sized gray check; item, one waistcoat, with a little brown check; and, item, one pair of trousers, with an immense yellow check. As there are plenty of American idiots who would wear their coats wrong side out if they thought "the prince" wore his that way, it is not unlikely that this queer fad may take hold here, whatever may be its state of activity abroad. Fancy waistcoats for street wear have been steadily increasing in favor for some time past, and bid fair to be extensively worn this season. Another threatened innovation is in frock-coats. Nobody wears frock-coats nowadays, but elderly gentlemen and country brethren from Wayback. But it is not the recent frock-coat with which we are threatened—the genteel garment whose skirts come down well below the middle thigh—but a substitute for it. Its distinguishing feature, of course, is its short skirts, which reach scarcely to mid-thigh. The box-coat is a stylish and handsome garment, made in meltons, kerseys, and Irish friezes. All its seams are strap seams—that is, they have a narrow strap, with rough edges overlaid upon them—which gives the coat great distinction. The coat bangs straight from the shoulders, and it is cut quite short, although not so short as the covert-coat—say, between that and the ordinary sack-overcoat. The collar is a pretty feature. It is what is called a strap velvet collar—that is, one-half of velvet—and it has wide lapels. No box-coat is good style unless it has fancy linings, and bright plaids are the thing. A very swell idea is a combination lining of fancy plaid and silk, the latter covering the upper, the former the lower part of the garment. The popular colors are the various blues, browns, drabs, tans, olive, and black. The English fly-front overcoat is cut on very much the same lines as the box-coat, but is somewhat longer. It is also cut to hang straight from the shoulders, has the strap collar and wide lapels. It has lap instead of strap seams, however. The back is cut full—that is, without a middle seam—but this feature is not exaggerated.

Out of the fourteen trunks Mrs. Vanderbilt brought home with her from Paris, comes every day or two something new and lovely to fill the hearts of other women with admiration and envy. At the latest ball at Newport, she carried a fan which was greatly admired. It was a great fan, by Louise Albema, painted in pastels. It is the first time that this medium has ever been used for fan-painting, because the colored chalks of which the pastels are made would rub off with wear; but Mlle. Albema has invented a *fixatif* which renders pastel pictures as imperishable as those in water or oils, and, as a result, her pastel fans have had a great rage. The Duchesse d'Uzes has four of them and the Queen of Spain two. Mrs. Vanderbilt's big fan is painted on one side to represent a blue night-sky. In one corner is the wide thin ring of the new moon and the blue is dotted with stars. Across the sky flits a great butterfly, with wings of silver gauze, on whose back lies a slim, nude Japanese girl. Following is an innumerable train of butterflies, which melts away into a haze in the distance. On the other side, the fan is pale-apricot pink, the color of the after-glow on a summer evening, and this is sprinkled with silver stars. A tea-gown Mrs. Vanderbilt wears is another of the contents of those wonderful trunks which the other women are envying her. It has a plain skirt of old-pink brocade, over which is another one of very fine white-silk muslin. There is a very full skirt of the silk muslin, which is bound at the waist by a sash of old-pink China crêpe, wound around three times and knotted on the leg and side, whence it hangs in broad, silver-embroidered ends to the feet. Over the skirt is a long jacket of old-pink cashmere, embroidered with silver, and the revers turned back with antique silver buttons. The loose, satin-lined and silver-embroidered sleeves hang to the floor, and the effect of the whole is very beautiful.

The gorgeousness of men's summer-wear at Narragansett Pier is thus described by a correspondent of the Providence *Journal*: "Fancy a symphony in yellow, aged thirty, blonde and beautiful! White flannel trousers and coat, whiter than the driven snow, turned out in Piccadilly by a celebrated tailor who adorns the person of H. R. H. the Pr—ce of W—les; a boiled shirt and pale-yellow sash held in place by jeweled pins; a necktie to match; a white straw-hat, with a yellow ribbon; and a *boutonnière* of Marechal Neil roses and maiden-hair. And what do you think this young exquisite had on his aristocratic feet? White suède shoes and white silk stockings, delicately embroidered! He was a thing of beauty and a joy forever, and as he walked on the green with a slender girl in pink mull, Directoire coat, ruffles and frills and all that, a coquettish hat smothered in roses, a pink sunshade, with a long Directoire stick that deepened the flush on her dimpled cheek—the picture was one that made everybody stare and smile, first with amusement and then with delight."

The Princess of Wales gives a great deal of time to the dressing of her hair, which has grown very thin. She has only a little "wisp" of her own to build the coiffure upon, and it has grown very sparse about the temples. She has a barber who regularly treats her hair, and he it is who makes up the very pretty and natural-looking fringes and puffs which conceal her lack of hair. The prettiest head of hair in Europe is Jane Hading's. It is soft as silk, ripples from the very roots in big, sculpturesque-looking waves, and, though it is not very long, it is thick and vigorous. Naturally, it is a light bronze-brown in color, but this she deepens to a red-bronze by the use of henna, the stuff with which women in Persia dye both their nails and their hair. It is not injurious at all, and the Persians begin to use it from childhood, for nearly every woman without exception in the land of the Shah colors her hair. Most of them are born with it black, but this they dislike very much, and at the age of ten or thereabouts, mothers begin to apply henna to their daughters' heads, and from then till her hair turns gray, it is a splendid golden bronze. There is a well-known author of erotic novels, the color of whose hair has long been a standing topic of discussion among her acquaintances. Her hair is a good rich gold to the eye, there can be no mistake about that, but whether it is gold by nature or gold by art, is a question upon which her friends and enemies can never agree. She herself to her intimate friends makes no secret of it, and never denies that art has helped nature.

A MOUNTAIN SKETCH.

"Shall we go to Paris or go to the country?" That was what we said. As for remaining in San Francisco, hutting my head against its cold, damp winds, with my overcoat-collar turned up about my ears, my eyes and nose full of desiccated pavement, and my legs festooned with flying advertisements and fugitive newspapers, I, for one, swore — "Par hleu! sacre hleu! while the fields were green and the skies were hlue"—I would not do it, and that was all there was about it. Of course it is understood that neither Jim nor I had the faintest idea of going to Paris. Our remarks on this point were simply the reflection of town talk. It was an easy way of heing in the fashion, to talk of going to Paris and then voting the crowd a hore and going to the country instead. And so we went to the country. Now whereahouts in the country we are at this present writing, or how we got here, will, for very good reasons, not be told. Let it suffice that we crossed the hay in the early morning, dawdled away a certain numher of hours on a railroad train, and then alighted in a little town—a town actually hot, delightfully bot. We had a curious sort of a lunch in this little town. It was, in fact, a mid-day dinner, with little dahs of dyspeptic things which raised our curiosity at the expense of our appetite. I ate soda-crackers while Jim tried to mash tbe pretty, hlack-eyed girl, who waited on us, in a red dress and yellow how. I do not think he succeeded very well, hecause, when he leeringly declined to take the last slice of hread on a plate for fear that he should forever remain a hachelor, the hlack-eyed maiden made a hideous face at him hebind his hack. Then we resumed our travels, this time on a stage—a real stage. As a little boy, who was one of the passengers, exclaimed, it was "just like the stage in Buffalo Bill's show!" It had a rapacious boot behind, which was fed with a carload of trunks, and an inside which swallowed great numhers of people, and seats all up and down its hack and over the top, while into the front hoot a half-dozen mail-bags were thrown and lost. When the driver gathered up the lines of the six horses, and, firing off his whip, started down the main street of the village in fine style, I felt as thougb I was riding in a highly-colored advertisement.

To the music of clanking cbains, and buckles, and creaking thoroughhraces, we sped softly over the dusty road through a valley dotted witb oaks, some of them regular road-agents of trees, standing sturdily in the middle of tbe bighway as thougb they would stop us and try to rob us of our bats as we swept beneath their branches. Then up a mountain range we climhed—up, and up, and up—until the six borses glistened with sweat as they tugged at the huge traces, and each turn of the road seemed hound by all the ordinary laws of nature to bring us to the summit, whereas, in fact, it only brought us in view of more ascending road. Up and up, around the edge of the mountain's hrow we crept, with the village and the mighty oaks we had left far down beneath us (looking like the toys wbich come from Germany in a cbip-box), until we bad made up our minds that the moon was tbe only possihle termination to the adventure, when, suddenly swinging around a sbarp curve, we found ourselves confronted hy nothing — that is, nothing but blue sky. Looking down we saw a hawk poised beneath us, and beneath the hawk were dark-green, forest-covered mountains, and at the foot of the mountains was a lake—a silvery-hlue rihbon—so far away that hut for the signals flashed from its surface hy the sun, it would have been indistinguishahle in the silvery-hlue distance of its surrounding bills. As we hung there, on the verge of creation, we bad a good idea of what it felt like to be a hird. And, after the descent began, the sensation became still more realistic. With the horses trotting loosely in the harness and the driver on the hrake, we streamed around the curves, at one moment swinging over the abyss until one's bold and one's breath involuntarily tightened, and the next, swaying back easily toward the bank. In some places, the shoulder of the mountain jutted out so ahruptly that we would lose sight of the leaders around the curve before we got around it ourselves. They were dainty, elegant, little animals, those leaders; at one moment, witb their reluctant beads reined around to their flanks, they danced like wild deer along the verge of tbe precipice, and the next, the inexorable driver was grinding them against the bank—hut never a sign did they give of leaving the road, so thorough-bred were they. The swing-horses, a trifle larger, followed the movements of the leaders, but more sedately. The wheelers, hig, steady fellows, held tbe stage hack with their collars on their ears. While all six moved in fearless ohedience to the guidance of the two hands clad in a pair of old huckskin gloves, whose taciturn owner, with one foot on the hrake and the other on tbe dash-hoard, made me think of a skilled musician playing upon a familiar instrument.

Occasions do still arise in California with the power to revivify its old days of romance:

> "The days of old,
> The days of gold,
> The days of '49."

And tbis was one of them. It helonged to the eternal fitness of things that this stage-driver should be a silent man; that his name should he "Jerry"; that he should be big, hroad of sboulder, and hrawny-armed. Going down the grade, when we were all searching for something to cling to, Jerry bade the little boy to hold on to his arm, stalwart fellow that be was; with six impetuous horses in his hands and the ponderous brake under his foot, a little hoy, more or less, hanging on to his arm was nothing to him.

Among the passengers on the roof of the stage was a young man, who seemed to be on enviable terms of intimacy with the driver and with all the people we met on the road. He called every one hy their first name, aod greeted them with some neat reference to their personal appearance or home affairs. "Hello, Jimmy Flynn," he shouted to a red-haired lad on the road, "sure, your mother got the divil's own fit on thim pants, God save us! Ah, there, Molly!" this with a coquettish movement of his hand to a girl who stood in the door of a cahin. "Archie! Hey, Archie! Archie Smith! Hi, hi, hi!" he yelled, to a distant teamster. And when Archie waved his arm in recognition, the young man enthusiastically returned tbe salute hy holding aloft a large hlack hottle, from which, with much pantomime, he drank to Archie's health. Like Boh Sawyer on his celebrated ride with Mr. Pickwick, he presently tied his hottle to the end of his handkerchief and lowered it down to a friend on the inside; then hecoming anxious at its prolonged ahsence, he leaned over the roof of the stage, at the peril of his neck, and called out: "Oh, say now, play fair! Break away, can't you?" Recovering the hottle, he generously offered it to every one on the roof of the stage, and seemed a little hurt that no one would drink. "See here, stranger," he said, in a conciliatory tone to a rusty-looking, sour-faced man at his elhow, "you mustn't mind me if I talk a little hit rough. Tbat's just my way, but I don't mean no harm by it. Jerry'll tell you that. Say, Irish" (this was the first intimation we had had of the silent driver's nationality), "ain't I all right?" To which appeal, Jerry responded with a good-humored nod of his head. "Here, Jerry," continued the young man, "take a drink."

"No," said Jerry, "I don't want any."

"I knowed d——d well you wouldn't," replied the young man; "you never drink on the box, do you, Jerry. That's all right, if you don't want to drink, don't you do it. You know me, don't you, Irisb? And I know you. And you're the hest dog-goned driver there is on the Pacific Coast. Ain't that so? Say, Jerry, do you remember the time that Muddy Creek was over its hanks, and the old lady passenger that was afraid to go across in the stage? Well," turning to us comprehensively, "what do you think he done? He drove the stage througb and then waded in again with the water up to his middle and hrougbt the old lady over on his hack. Yes, he did. Didn't you, Irish?"

But the driver, with an unmoved countenance, merely spoke to one of his excited leaders in a peculiar, short way that he had, which the irrepressihle young man promptly mimicked: "Yup! Me hig Injun, Jerry! Yup!" And then, the hottle heing empty, be laid himself down on the roof of the stage, saying bumbly to tbe sour-faced man, "Neighbor, you won't let me fall off, will you?" and so went to sleep.

An bour or so later, when we rattled gallantly up to the door of the hotel in the town of our destination, Jim and I made up our minds that if the usual talked-of railroad should eventually be built, we sbould never in the world trust ourselves to it to cross those mountains; for I am convinced that the only safe way to make the trip is on the roof of a stage, hehind six horses of mettle, with Jerry on the hox to hold the lines.

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What a lazy, drowsy, delightful place this is! A day or two after our arrival the prominent citizen said something to me in a balf apologetic tone accounting for the absence of an electric-ligbt plant, street-cars, and I know not wbat otber "hoom" ahominations. May God forgive him and turn his heart! As I write now it is Sunday morning, or rather, as I sbould say, "the Sahbath morning." There is a glare of sunsbine on the dusty road outside, a very blue sky overhead, and tbe green stillness of old oak-trees between. It seems as thougb trees take on a different sort of stillness for Sunday. Across tbe way there is a village church surrounded by hitching posts, and to these country teams are driving up. From one covered wagon I saw three generations climb down, with a liheral display of white stocking. Tbe great grandmother, witb a face like a withered apple, and her gnarled hody incased in black silk; her daughter, a gray-haired stout matron, in a well-fitting, black dress, who is pleasantly solicitous about "motber"; then came her daughter, a pretty, fresh-faced, young country woman in a colored gown and bolding a hlue parasol, with which sbe carefully shielded the infant in her arms. Around these were a miscellaneous collection of men folks, from the bobhledehoy boy, awkward and uncomfortable in his unaccustomed shoes and store clothes, to the stalwart grandfather of the hahy, the master of the household. Evidently the great grandfather had withered and dropped from this fruitful family tree.

And now every one has gone inside the church, every one, except a vagrant, bare-footed boy, who hovers around the door. I hear the voices of the congregation raised in a lusty hymn, led by a stentorian male voice which drowns the feehler female pipe in the middle notes, but is triumphantly overpowered wben the tune soars out of his reach, and leaves him groping grumhlingly around for an alto or bass note which will fit in somewhere. Good man. I can picture his impressive form and patronizing Sunday manner, as, with creaking boots, he tiptoes up the aisle to seat a stranger or tiptoes down the aisle to suppress a lot of giggling hoys seated near the door, who are being guyed by the godless, hare-footed urchin outside. Now the singing has ceased and the lonely voice of the preacher has the silence all to itself. On and on it goes, rising and falling, now shouting in trumpet tones, now suhdued to a low murmur wbich is lost in the huzzing of a bumble-bee against my window-pane, and the stamping of the patient borses at the hitching-posts, as they hite at the flies and whisk their tails in the heat. Once an unregenerate young horse playfully bit his mate, who thereupon hroke the Sahhath stillness with a squeal. This brought a man to the church-door. He sauntered out and spoke to the horses, but seems in no hurry to go hack as he leans against the hitching-post, chewing a straw. The farmers' dogs lie under their respective wagons panting, with tongues lolling out, only raising their heads, with a low growl, as some truculent strange dog, with bristling hair and tail rigidly erect, walks around them with stately step and slow. A final hurst of singing, done with a vim suggestive of long repression, and then the village congregation comes trooping into the sunshine, like a garden full of hollyhocks out for a walk. ROBERT HOWE FLETCHER.

SEPTEMBER, 1889.

It is said that Paris, when full, can accommodate nearly four millions of people.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mrs. Langtry is at Aix-le-Bains, suffering, it is said, from a ve attack of rheumatic gout.

The Duchess of Fife, Princess Louise of Wales, is a capita and, indeed, an all-round gymnast.

One of the most prominent men on the French turf, Baron was put up at the Paris Jockey Club the other day, but, though poser and seconder were popular men, he was heavily blackball

The Paris correspondent of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* says Sihyl Sanderson is becoming very stout, and it is reported rapidly increasing embonpoint will have an unfavorable effect t beauty. Few singers with any tendency to stoutness can st régime imposed upon them."

A man in Washington recently purchased a package of cigare found therein a photograph bearing the name "Miss Halford." White House the picture was recognized as that of Private S Halford's daughter. The photograph was sent to Mr. Ha Deer Park, and the President's private secretary is now on t path.

Milan Ohrenovitch had a sad disappointment on his last jo Belgrade. Without knowing it, he traveled on the same tr Princess Clemenüne, the mother of Prince Ferdinand of Bulga Sophia there was a huge and enthusiastic crowd awaiting the a the train, and the ex-king put on his best smiles to acknowl compliment, when he found himself quite unnoticed, and the the centre of attraction.

Baron Alfred Tennyson has been in receipt of a pension of eig dred dollars per annum for the last forty-four years, "in consi of his eminence as a poet." "We own," says the London *Tim* mentüng on the circumstance, "that it is with a slight shock of that on the eightieth hirthday of the great poet we find that, th is poet-laureate and peer and though his books have sold by h of thousands, he has been for forty-four years drawing eight dollars from the civil list."

An impressive incident of the recent royal wedding in Engl the unexpected appearance of the queen for the first time in th ity of a speaker. It had been originally arranged that two should be proposed—those of "The Bride and Bridegroom" an Queen"—and that these, according to custom, should be given by steward (the Earl of Mount-Edgcumbe), standing on her majesty The *Official Court Circular* has summarized the interesting incid only tells an inquisitive public that her majesty proposed the to every wish for the wedded pair's happiness; but it would have b more interesting if it had given the text of the words employed.

Marceau, whose dust is now enshrined in the Pantheon, aft hurled on the battlefield, was disinterred by order of General Governor of Coblentz, and his body reduced to ashes. The placed in an urn, which was deposited in a tomb, and there left the public gaze. In 1804, some thieves opened the urn and ashes on finding that the tomb contained no valuahles. The aut forwarded the ashes to Marceau's sister, who divided them int portions, one of which was sent to Marceau's hride. The la marrying later, sent the ashes back to the general's sister. Anot was given to the city of Chartres, and was interred in the founda the monument erected to Marceau's memory. The third urn w hy Marceau's sister and hurled with her remains three years a death, in 1834, at the instance of the French authorities and the at Nice.

During her stay at Kissingen, the German Empress has evider aside all the "splendors of the throne," and lives, together with h sons (the fifth having remained in the care of his nurse at Berlin), simple country life. Shortly after six, the empress, accompanied two eldest sons, ages seven and six years respectively, takes a the mineral springs, drinks her glass of Rakoczy, and returns h hreakfast at eight o'clock. At ten she receives her medical advis shortly after the mineral hath is taken, after which another lon follows, in the course of which the boys take their sandwich and glass of Hungarian wine. At half-past one dinner is announ consists of soup, fish, a joint, and one sweet dish, the empress only occasionally a glass of claret or German champagne. A the afternoon, and a supper of cold meat, stewed fruit, and a mi ding for the princes, conclude the day's programme.

Krautz, the "Kaiserliche und Königliche Scharfrichter," in words, the chief executioner of the German Empire, a man of he proportions, has been placed on the retired list, and has settled d the ordinary and respectable business of a horse-knacker. Six ago he was charged with the murder of one of his principal ass named Gummich. Although a married man and father of a larg ily, Krautz has the reputation of being one of the very gayest Lo of the Prussian metropolis. Among those of the fair "B Kinder" who had become the willing prey of this Don Juan scaffold, was a very pretty woman named Greil, who forsook h band and children to take up her residence with him. After weeks, however, he began to neglect and even to ill-treat her. Dis at length by his infidelities and hrutality, she took advantage of h sence at Göttingen, whither he had been summoned to decapitate derer, to effect her escape, and took up her abode at Charlottenb the house of a painter named Janowski, the brother-in-law of the ant-executioner, Gummich. On the return of Krautz from Gö he at once set to work to discover her whereabouts. He disc that she was living with Gummich's hrother-in-law, and immed took it for granted that his assistant had been a party to her e The most acrimonious discussion ensued, which finally culminate night in a terrible quarrel at a small beer-saloon. On the arrival gendarmes, Krautz was found seated at the table quietly drinking. Gumnich was writhing on the ground, moaning with pain and plaining that he had been kicked in the groin hy Krautz. Three later Gummich died from the effects of the injuries which he receiv that occasion. As, however, there had been no witnesses of the struggle between the two men, Krautz was declared acquitted.

Princess Louise has hlossomed out wonderfully since her wedding is not only much better looking, but very much more amiable and able. In consequence of which, people declare that the Prince Wales kept her girls in the background and never did them justice seems that the Earl—as he was then—of Fife, always a very hearted, amiable fellow, used to have a great deal of sympathy fo ugly little princess, who was such a disappointment to her parents. little princess adored him in the innocent way in which small girls be their affections on good-looking young men who notice them occa ally, and used to prick all the ends of her royal fingers making cushions and pen-wipers for his hirthday. When she grew up, a plain girl of sixteen, she adored him still, but in a different fashion and, conscious of this feeling, she grew desperately shy with him. he, thinking she was growing proud and spoiled, let her alone. year still she sewed hard, embroidering him elaborate gifts, with his of-arms and monogram all over them, and then, when his hirthday c lacked the courage to give them to him and locked them away in drawer. One day some one discovered these four hirthday gifts and Fife about it. He was inexpressibly touched and made no objec when the amiable husybody, who had informed him, proposed to the prince the whole story. He intimated very plainly that he w deeply appreciate the honor of the princess's hand, and in a day or the whole matter was arranged. During the engagement he s manfully by Louise, and took pains to see that, for the first time in life, she should be indulged in the matter of choosing her own clo and dressing to suit herself, and under the influence of happiness becoming toilets, she developed considerable good looks, and a c dence and amiable charm of manner of which no one had believed capable. He refused to accept any of the money Parliament grat to the Prince of Wales's children; she wore no jewels when she r ried, save those he gave her; he arranged that after the wedding Lo should drive away with him in his own coach with the Fife liveries arms, and has taken her to Scotland, to introduce her to his people tenants and make her in every sense a Scotch peeress.

EXPOSITION NOTES.

From our Paris Correspondent.

There is one man sure of a welcome here—namely, Edison. His name is as familiar in Frenchmen's mouths as Eiffel in Americans'. The admiration his inventions have excited in this country is unhounded, and the people believe in his wonderful genuis so implicitly that there is nothing they do not suppose him capahle of accomplishing if he will put his mind to it, and they await with eager curiosity the completion of the task on which he is now engaged, feeling sure that the time is not far distant when we shall he ahle to see—if not through stone-walls, at least infinitely farther than mortal vision has yet extended. Skeptical, atheistical, and suhversive as repuhlican France has shown itself, it has still a wonderful taste for the marvelous, and Edison's inventions smack deliciously of this. You may he sure there is always a crowd of persons awaiting their turn at the inclosures where the phonographs are exhihited. In the machinery hall, three or four hundred people are frequently to he seen arranged *en queue*—exercising that wonderful patience for which the Parisian *flaneur* is celehrated—and perfectly content to stand for an hour if in the end they are rewarded hy getting hold of the tuhes which put them in communication with the machine which trolls out a sonata or a love-ditty. It is very amusing to watch their faces as they stand with the tuhes pressed to their ears, and the astonishment, pleasure, surprise, and wonder depicted on their faces as they listen to sounds the nature of which you can guess at hy the varying expressions.

The expense of erecting the Eiffel Tower will he more than covered when the exposition closes. By the thirtieth of July half a million of dollars had heen taken at the doors, and its vogue is increasing. As many people make the ascension in the course of the day as the lifts can carry up and hring down. If you are not minded to devote three or four hours to the trip, you must either he at the foot of the tower at the time the doors open or proceed part of the way by the staircase. The other day I took up some American friends, and we chose the hour when the majority of Parisians are at hreakfast, hoping to steal a march on the crowd. Vain illusion. It was plain sailing as far as the first platform. But finding the inevitahle *queue* had formed, and that we must wait at least half an hour hefore we could hope to ohtain a place in the lift, we chose to go up the staircase instead, hy which means we got the start of those helow and only found ahout three hundred persons hefore us, and were told we were in luck's way.

It takes ten minutes for the lift to ascend to the centre of the shaft and hack again. The two lifts are worked simultaneously up and down, meeting in the middle, where there is a hanging stage and where the up-going passengers change places with those who are coming down. Each lift transports sixty or thereahouts, so that we were ahout an hour ascending from the ground to the third platform. Beyond this the general puhlic does not go, but we were privileged. An engineer of our acquaintance was going to escort us to the topmost top of all. The third platform is closed in like a room and you look at the view through windows hreast high, which are generally kept shut to windward. You must he a very giddy suhject, indeed, to feel any inconvenience in so close and snug an inclosure, but it is not quite so pleasant in the lift, as you rise perpendicularly and see the earth sinking at your feet, tunnel-wise, and the horizon pulling out therefrom like a telescope. And I must confess to have felt a certain amount of nervousness when I found myself standing outside the lantern with only a light railing hetween me and the awful precipice yawning below. To reach this altitude we had first passed up a sbort stair—to the door whereof our kind conductor held the open sesame—whicb brought us out on to the roof of the third platform. Around this runs a truck-line for the easy removal of scientific instruments, and outside rise the four huge arms which support the lantern. The tiny corkscrew staircase, leading up from thence, is in the centre, and while trudging up ahout the height of four stories—I experienced a pleasant feeling of protection in the width of the platform we had just quitted, a sensation tbat deserted me as soon as I had stepped out on to the halcony ahove. At tbat moment, I felt it was promoting Providence to build such a tower, and I knew very well that I should thank my stars once I was safely down on *terra firma* again. However, I plucked up my flagging spirits and made the tour of this awful balcony. Then we were told we migbt go higher still and—hravely determined to carry the husiness to the bitter end—we one after another hegan groping up a dark shaft by means of iron rings sealed to the wall on eacb side. Fortunately we had not far to go. The gentlemen who preceded us were soon outside, hut we ladies contented ourselves with poking our heads through the aperture, not that our courage failed us at the last (we had got accustomed hy this time to face the giddy heights), but we were exercised in our minds as to how, if we once ahandoned the ring on which we then stood, we were to find it again or make a decent descent at all. Our male companions were invited to compass the rest of the journey—the few of the thousand feet still remaining to he climhed—hy means of a ladder which has to he drawn up and fixed to a hook above in the upper-hox construction which crowns the tower, hut they declined—somewhat hastily it seemed to me. They would not for any account trouble our guide, and so we all went down again like the ten thousand men of the nursery rhyme.

One thing I regretted, and tbat was that we had not happened to have chosen the day when the Indians helonging to Buffalo Bill's Company made their excursion into mid-air. It would have heen amusing to hear their ejaculations of astonishment and wonder. True, Apache and Sioux must have looked strangely out of their element either running up the circases in single file, or crowded into such an extremely civilized and modern invention as an elevator. In our way down, however, we met Dinah Salifon and his wife, Phillis. The Bedouins sbowed themselves superior in courage to the Shah of Persia, whom no persuasion could induce to go up further than the first platform, to which he mounted on foot, panting and hlowing all the way, and taking snatches of rest from time to time on the steps—a lowly seat, indeed, for so great a man.

The imperial guest, who has heen the cynosure of our eyes for a fortnight past, is now on his way to Vienna. He carries away with him heaps of toys and trifles, hut little of real value, and has left most of the lapidaries and jewelers lamenting. Praises and compliments he hestowed largely on the exhihitors; he enjoyed feasting his eyes on the gems and fingering them, too, hut—like a shrewd monarch as he is—he declined to pay exhihition prices. As I write, the domestics of the repuhlic are sweeping and garnishing the mansion in the Rue Copernic for fresh visitors—the son and hrother of the Bey of Tunis—whom we may expect to meet in the Champ de Mars hefore long. If European royalties have heen somewhat scarce this season, Asia and Africa have provided us with a large contingent of dusky princes. PARISINA.

PARIS, August 10, 1889.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Escape of Count Fernan Gonzalez.

They have carried afar into Navarre the great Count of Castile,
And they have bound him sorely, they have bound him hand and heel;
The tidings up the mountains go, and down among the valleys,
"To the rescue! to the rescue, ho!—they have ta'en Fernan Gonzalez!"

A pilgrim knight of Normandy was riding through Navarre,
For Christ his hope he came to cope with the Moorish scymitar;
To the Alcaydé of the Tower, in secret thus said he:
"These bezaunts fair with thee I'll share, so I this lord may see."

The Alcaydé was full joyful—he took the gold full soon;
He brought him to the dungeon, ere the rising of the moon;
He let him out at morning, at the gray light of the prime;
But many words between these lords had passed within that time.

The Norman knight rides swiftly, for he hath made him howne
To a king that is full joyous, and to a feastful town;
For there is joy and feasting, because that lord is ta'en—
King Garci in his dungeon holds the doughtiest lord in Spain.

The Norman feasts among the guests, bnt, at the evening tide,
He speaks to Garci's daughter, within her bower, aside;
"Now God forgive us, lady, and God his mother dear,
For on a day of sorrow we have been blithe of cheer.

"The Moors may well he joyful, hut great should be our grief,
For Spain has lost her guardian, when Castile has lost her chief;
The Moorish host is pouring like a river o'er the land—
Curse on the Christian fetters that hind Gonzalez' hand!

"Gonzalez loves thee, lady—he loved thee long ago,
But little is the kindness that for his love you show;
The curse that lies on Cava's* head, it may be shared hy thee—
Arise, let love with love be paid, and set Gonzalez free."

The lady answered little, hut at the mirk of night,
When all her maids are sleeping, she hath risen and ta'en her flight;
She hath tempted the Alcaydé with her jewels and her gold,
And unto her his prisoner that Jailor false hath sold.

She took Gonzalez hy the hand, at the dawning of the day,
She said: "Upon the heath you stand—before you lies your way;
But if I to my father go, alas! what must I do?
My father will be angry—I fain would go with you."

He hath kissed the Infanta—he hath kissed her hrow and cheek,
And lovingly together the forest-path they seek;
Till in the greenwood hunting they meet a lordly priest,
With his bugle at his girdle, and his hawk upon his wrist.

"Now stop! now stop!" the priest he said (he knew them both right well),
"Now stop, and pay your ransom, or I your flight will tell;
Now stop, thou fair Infanta, for, if my words you scorn,
I'll give warning to the foresters with the blowing of my horn."

* * * * * * * *

The base priest's words Gonzalez heard; "Now, hy the rood!" quoth he,
"A hundred deaths I'll suffer, or ere this thing shall be."
But in his ear she whispered, she whispered soft and low,
And to the priest she beckoned within the wood to go.

It was ill with Count Gonzalez, the fetters pressed his knees;
Yet as he could he followed within the shady trees—
"For help, for help, Gonzalez! for help," he hears her cry,
"God aiding, fast I'll hold thee, until my lord come nigh."

He has come within the thicket—there lay they on the green—
And he has plucked from off the grass the false priest's javelin;
Firm hy the throat she held him hound—down went the weapon sheer,
Down through his body to the ground, even as the boar ye spear.

They wrapped him in his mantle, and left him there to hleed,
And all that day they held their way—his palfrey served their need;
Till to their ears a sound did come, might fill their hearts with dread,
A steady whisper on the hreeze, and horsemen's heavy tread.

The Infanta tremhled in the wood, but forth the Count did go,
And, gazing wide, a troop descried upon the hridge below,
"Gramercy!" quoth Gonzalez, "or else my sight is gone,
Methinks I know the pennon yon sun is shining on.

"Come forth, come forth, Infanta, mine own true men they be—
Come forth, and see my banner, and cry *Castile!* with me!
My merry men draw near me, I see my pennon shine,
Their swords shine hright, Infanta—and every hlade is thine."

—*J. G. Lockhart.*

* Caba, or Cava, the unfortunate daughter of Count Julian. No child in Spain was ever christened by that ominous name after the downfall of the Gothic kingdom.

The one-hundred-and-eleven-ton gun is heing tried at Shoeburyness with a projectile weighing nearly a ton, hut with one hundred and ninety pounds of powder. The concussion is less than from the eighty-one-ton gun.

The authorities at Eton and Harrow bave given instructions that the pupils at these schools shall not wear the hrown, "untanned" leather hoots with ordinary attire, as they do not consider them becoming or dignified.

France's production and consumption of milk amount every year to 1,350,000,000 gallons, which is three times in excess of the production of wine.

A DRINK FOR LIFE OR DEATH.

An Adventure in India.

I came to India in 185– as a private in the —th Regiment, and my company formed part of the garrison at Arcot. Life in harracks in India is very dull, and it was with great satisfaction that we heard an order had heen given for our company to march to Vellore to strengthen the garrison there, which had heen very much reduced hy cholera.

It was then ahout the middle of March, and consequently later than is usual for moving troops, as the days hegin to get very hot on the plains in the Carnatic ahout that time of the year. But ours was special duty, and, as we should only march in the very early morning, we did not fear the inconvenience of the mid-day heat.

It was on the second day after leaving Arcot, that, late in the afternoon, I was listening to a description of Vellore hy one of our fellows who had heen there, when suddenly I felt spasms and sickness.

"Holloa! old fellow, how hlue you look!" remarked a companion, sitting next to me, and as he spoke my comrades shrank terror-stricken from me. It needed no doctor to tell what was the matter. The cholera had seized me!

I was hastily conveyed to the temporary hospital, where our assistant-surgeon already had several cases of the disease under treatment, and I was laid on a charpoy. I rapidly passed from the first to the second stage of that malady, and hy nine o'clock at night the incessant vomiting and purging had reduced me to a condition of weakness approaching insensihility. I was consumed hy a hurning, raging thirst, hut the dresser disregarded all my entreaties for a drink of water. The system of treatment for cholera in those days allowed the patient nothing more than just to have the lips moistened occasionally with weak hrandy-and-water, and this simply aggravated the torture of thirst. Nowadays champagne is given, and the sufferer is allowed to drink pretty freely.

The hospital was, of course, only a pandal, hastily constructed with palmyra-leaves, with a large cuscus-mat at the entrances at each end. Two large chatties of water were placed just outside each entrance.

I had hegged, sworn, and menaced at intervals, hut no one paid the slightest heed to me, and I was sinking into that condition of torpor which is the immediate precursor of the third and fatal stage of cholera, when I heard voices in the pandal. The assistant-surgeon was making his last round for the night, accompanied hy the hospital-dresser. With a violent effort I roused myself, and eagerly listened for their approach. I wanted to hear my fate pronounced.

They stopped at length where I lay, and the doctor examined my hody.

"Mottled," I heard him remark to the dresser; "he is insensihle already, and will not last long. So Wetherall will make six!"

"Make six?" I said to myself; "make six what? Six corpses, of course, for hurial at daylight to-morrow morning."

They had gone and the place was in darkness, save for the glimmer of a cocoanut-oil lamp. I heard the scratching of mumooties just outside, made by the camp-followers, who were digging a common grave for six of us.

I felt utterly stunned and quite indifferent as to my fate. My tongue was like a piece of dry leather in my mouth, which had long since ceased to yield any saliva to relieve the agonizing hurning of my throat and palate. I could not have made any sound had I attempted to do so; hut I did not try, for the attendants were all stretched on the ground fast asleep. I felt I was deserted—left to die.

I was heginning to wander, I think, and was hack again in the hright, green, English meadows, picking daisies with my little sister, and so I should have passed away. But just at that moment, the coolies, who had finished digging the grave—my grave—passed the entrance of the pandal; and one of them threw a pannikinful of water on the matting screen.

It was like a galvanic shock to me. I resolved to have a drink at any risk. I had to die, so what matter if I hastened my death an hour or two hy drinking cold water?

I tried to get up, hut I was too weak to stand, and fell down at once. Then I reflected that I was more likely to he seen if I walked, and if detected in my attempt I should he brought hack and perhaps he strapped down to die. So I tried to crawl. I was about ten minutes dragging myself from my cot to the entrance, and I wriggled under the screen.

There were the chatties hefore me!

The first I seized was empty, and the disappointment nearly made me swoon; hut the second was brimful. I threw my arms around it and dragged myself to it. I plunged my head into the delicious, limpid water, and devoured, rather than drank, huge mouthfuls of the cool and heavenly fluid. I felt my stomach swelling with the enormous draughts I swallowed; hut I laughed and drank again and again. I recked naught of life or death then.

At length I could drink no more, and then discipline asserted itself. I knew I had no right to he out there, and I thought if I were missed from my cot I should he reported. So I crept hack the way I had come, and shortly after fell into a profound sleep.

It was hroad daylight when I awoke and saw the assistant-surgeon and dresser standing heside me.

"How is this?" asked the doctor; "Wetherall ought to have heen dead!"

"Please, sir," said I, "I am feeling much hetter, and have no wish to make the sixth this morning."

"There were six without you," said the doctor, sadly.

I rapidly recovered; and as I had never indulged in the pernicious country arrack sold to soldiers out here, I was soon quite strong again. But it was some time hefore I told any one how I recovered from my attack of cholora. However, I told the doctor one day all ahout it; and though he said the cold water ougbt to have killed me, I ohserved the poor fellows who were in hospital with cholera got an extra allowance of water.—*Blackwood.*

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Lady Colin Campbell's new novel, "Darell Blake," will treat of contemporary society in London. People who have seen the proofs say that several prominent people will be recognized.

Wordsworth had a way of writing immediately to thank authors of poems which were sent him, ending with this set phrase: "From the perusal of which, when I am at leisure, I promise myself great pleasure."

Robert Louis Stevenson's illustrated novel, "The Master of Ballantrae: a Winter's Tale," which has run serially in *Scribner's Magazine*, will be published this month in cloth, and also in the Scribner's Yellow Cover Paper Series.

D. Appleton & Co. will publish at once "Recollections of the Court of the Tuileries," under the Third Empire, by Mme. Carette; and later, in the International Education Series, "European Schools in 1888," by Dr. L. R. Klemm, Principal of the Technical School in Cincinnati.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* notes that Lord Tennyson still draws his pension from the civil list, although he is now a rich man, and many poor authors are only too anxious to get what he no longer needs. This is "one of those facts which one might well wish were otherwise." The London correspondent of the Leeds *Mercury* says of this statement: "I believe that though the poet-laureate receives the money, he does not use it for his own purposes, but spends it entirely on the relief of members of the literary profession who are in distress."

The abstention of Longfellow from topics of immediate social and politic interest to his countrymen is used by the *Saturday Review* in order to enhance the merit of Tennyson. "He is not merely the most popular of our poets, but also the national poet—the poet who represents the political and social life, the patriotism, the aspirations and ideals, deep-set or transient, of the nation as a whole. This is Lord Tennyson's special distinction. Rare and fortunate, indeed, is the conjunction of national popularity and national influence. In the popular judgment he has not always been supreme, if we take popularity alone as a test."

James Payn writes: Mr. Browning's lines "To Edward Fitzgerald," in the *Athenæum*, may be "caustic," as I see some call them, and give pleasure to that large class to whom "the follies of the wise" and the weaknesses of the great are always welcome; but to all right-thinking persons, and especially to those who have an admiration for the poet, they are most deplorable. If they were called, as they well might be, "Lines Addressed to a Corpse," the horror of them would be complete and unique, for even Churchill has not pictured himself spitting in the face of a corpse. The provocation, as Mr. Browning understood it, was extreme, but it is clear that he misunderstood it. The words, "Mrs. Browning's death is rather a relief to me, I must say. No more 'Aurora Leighs,' thank God!" are bad enough, but they are not the same as "Thank God, Mrs. Browning is dead," nor anything like the same. Moreover, they were never intended for publication. We may say at the dinner-table, among familiar friends, without hurt to anybody, what would give pain and shame if it were put in a book; and the same thing holds good of private letters. The person who is to blame for this shocking outbreak of one of our noblest poets is Fitzgerald's biographer, as it happens a most kindly and cultured gentleman; that circumstance, however, only proves how far the custom of keeping nothing sacred that belongs to a dead man has spread. It is nearly fifty years ago that Tennyson protested against it in his well-known lines, "Break lock and seal! betray the trust," etc.; but matters since then have gone from bad to worse. It is often said that the art of letter-writing is dying out; but the fact is that persons who have made a name in the world are becoming very cautious both as to whom they write and what they write, lest the "Epistle to a Friend" may subsequently figure in their biography as an address to the public.

New Publications.

"Her Sacrifice," a novel by F. W. Pearson, appears in the Minerva Series, published by The Minerva Publishing Company, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 25 cents.

The handy little compendium of "The Fish and Game Laws of California," compiled by S. P. Maslin, has just reappeared in a fourth edition, containing the latest changes and enactments of the legislature. Published for the State Board of Fish Commissioners by the State Printer at Sacramento.

"The Cronin Mystery," purporting to be a complete history of the murder and the quarrel in the Clan-na-Gael, by an ex-member, appears in the Globe Detective Series, and W. Clark Russell's sea-story, "Marooned," in the Globe Library. Published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, 25 cents each.

"Elementary Lessons in Heat," by S. E. Tillman, professor of chemistry in the United States Military Academy, is a more valuable book than its modest title might suggest. Its ten chapters are brief but comprehensive, giving the essential facts of thermometry, the dilation of bodies, calorimetry, the production and condensation of vapor, change of state, hygrometry, conduction, radiation, thermodynamics, terrestrial temperatures, and aerial and aqueous meteors. Published by The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.80.

"Seven Thousand Words Often Mispronounced," by William Henry P. Phyfe, is the third and last of the Phyfe series in pronunciation. It contains a chapter on the sounds of the English language, native and adopted, suggestions concerning the use of the book, a key of signs or diacritical marks, a list of abbreviations, and a carefully chosen list of words, including two thousand five hundred proper names often mispronounced. Webster is generally Mr. Phyfe's guide, but in many instances he gives others' pronunciations and some discussion of their merits. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by William Doxey; price, $1.25.

The latest volume of the Knickerbocker Nuggets is "Tales by Heinrick Zschökke." The tales, four in number, are given as representative of standard German fiction, but the art of story-telling has been almost as progressive in Germany as in other parts of the world, and these tales now sound even more quaint and old-fashioned in our ears than do those of American writers of fifty years ago, and they have not—certainly in the translation, whatever they may be in the original German—the true ring of the classic. The first three, "Adventures of a New Year's Eve," "The Broken Pitcher," and "Jonathan's Frock," are given in the translation made by Parke Godwin in 1845; "Walpurgis Night" has been translated for this volume by William P. Prentice. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Louis Gregoire & Co.; price, $1.00.

Laura Jean Libbey is a young woman who has attained a certain degree of notoriety in literary circles by the business acumen she has shown in her methods. She can write grammatical English, and has apparently read a sufficient number of New York *Ledger* stories to have caught the knack of reeling off similar tales. After knocking a tale together, she has had her book printed, as Mr. Gunter had his, at her own expense, and then, taking advantage of the outcry against immorality in fiction, she has inserted in the New York papers columns of reading matter, paid for at so much per line, in which her books are denounced as subversive of morality and calculated to bring the blush of shame to the cheek of maiden modesty. The books have not been notably immoral, they have only been vulgar and stupid; and no noteworthy change is to be found in the latest of her productions, "That Pretty Young Girl." The tone of the book may be judged from one scene: A young girl, saved from marriage to a man she detests by the murder of that man a few hours before the ceremony, is asked by her father if she will desert him if he tells her a terrible secret; she, although she suspects that he, her father, will confess to the murder, and is, presumedly, a prey to the most violent emotions, replies: "I shall always believe in you, papa. My affection is as true as steel, as faithful as the unswerving magnet to the pole, I say with Byron: 'Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer,'" and so on for three stanzas! That "unswerving magnet," by the way, sounds very pretty, but it would be as useful as hands painted on a clock-face. Published through the American News Company, New York; for sale by the San Francisco News Company; price, 25 cents.

"A Blind Bargain," by Robert Howe Fletcher, certainly differs from many of the novels offered of late, inasmuch as it does not treat of the problems of the soul or the problems of the body; it is neither "Robert Elsmere" nor "Hermia Suydam." It is a rather long tale of real life as most of us have found it, spiced with adventures only given to those of us who go down to the sea in ships. In fact, the sea in this story is almost a personality. The tone of the book is pure, as the atmosphere of American family life is pure, when all is said and done and the Saltuses have had their saltiest say. The *motif* of the story is afforded by an elderly woman's idolatrous affection for her good-natured, profligate husband, that sort of "mad idolatry which makes the service greater than the god." The further complication arising from the strained chivalry of the young navy officer's allegiance to an undeserving woman, and a young girl's loyalty to an undeserving man, both under a mistaken sense of duty, challenges criticism. But the author treats this phase of youthful quixotism (only too common in real life) in the spirit of a mature man reviewing youthful troubles which might have been avoided if some kind, worldly voice had been near to whisper "These dragons, O youthful knights, are but wind-mills!" Langdon's was that voice of worldly wisdom and experience when he advised his friend Merrin not to let vengeance lure him into a pursuit of the ignoble wife who has deserted him. The stroke of fate whereby Arthur is made a witness of the crime he, himself, was about to commit, is also a curious phase of the story. In the many scandals which form food for conversation in society, we venture to say that nine out of ten have no more foundation in fact than this affair in which Arthur involves himself with Mrs. Merrin. Some readers, disputing this very point, whether it was not intended that the worst should be believed of Arthur and Mrs. Merrin, referred the question to the author himself. The result was more flattering to human nature than that produced by a similar appeal to Mr. Saltus in regard to "Mr. Incoul's Misadventure." The author gave it as his opinion that Arthur's exalted sense of honor was incompatible with such a construction. We are presented with a life-like picture of men in their intimate social relations with each other; while the friendship between Arthur and "Curley" is, in its honest simplicity, a good illustration of what Walt Whitman calls the "manly love of comrades." Published by Belford, Clarke & Co., Chicago; for sale at the bookstores.

Journalistic Chit-Chat.

Beginning with Saturday, September 14th, the *West Shore*, of Portland, Or., became an illustrated weekly.

Mr. Oscar Wilde will cease to be the editor of the *Woman's World* after the appearance of the September number.

To-Day, which had been in existence for the past seven months, went under last month. It was a spicy weekly, edited by Alfred Trumble, but the public did not support the paper. To the last there was no sign of weakening, and the little craft went down with her colors nailed to the masthead, gayly flinging to the breeze the legend, "Guaranteed Circulation, 59,000."

The *Authors' Gazette* is the name of a new monthly paper which is to be published by Mr. H. R. Tift, at No. 2 Broadway, New York. "It will publish any original article upon any subject. The proprietor assumes no responsibility for the views of contributors, and will exercise no censorship beyond what may be necessary to exclude anything of an immoral or libelous character."

The London *Athenæum* reports that "all the capital has been subscribed for the new weekly which Mr. Wemyss Reid intends to edit when he has finished his biography of Lord Houghton. The journal will, in some degree, be on the model of the New York *Nation*. Professor Bryce and Mr. Morley have been giving advice as to the literary part of the paper." It is intended to replace the *Spectator* with the Liberals.

The *Journal des Débats*, of Paris, has celebrated its one hundredth anniversary. It began its existence on August 29, 1789, with an unpretending issue scarcely larger than a sheet of note-paper. Its sole purpose was to furnish its readers with an account of the debates and decrees of the Assemblée Nationale. From that slender beginning it gradually enlarged its sphere of influence, and to-day is one of the most influential journals of the time.

Some Magazines.

The *Popular Science Monthly* for September contains: "A Study from Life," by Olive Thorne Miller; "Recent Economic Changes," by Hon. David A. Wells; "The Surface Tension of Liquids," by W. H. Larrabee; "The Value of Witness to the Miraculous," by Professor T. H. Huxley; "Museums of Household Products," by Professor Rudolph Virchow; "The Wastes of Modern Civilization—II," by Felix L. Oswald; "The Ethical View of Protection," by Huntington Smith; "Some Modern Aspects of Geology," by Professor G. H. Williams; "Animal Life in the Gulf Stream," by Ralph S. Tarr; "Huxley and Pasteur on the Prevention of Hydrophobia; "Origin of the Rights of Property," by Henry J. Philpott; "Arctic Ice and its Navigation," by Albert A. Ackerman; "A Corner of the Dutch East Indies," by Captain G. Langen; "Sketch of Joseph Lovering;" and the usual editorial notes.

The *North American Review* for September contains: "The Elixir of Life," by Dr. William A. Hammond; "Common-Sense and Civil-Service Reform," by General John Pope; "An English View of the Civil War—IV.," by Viscount Wolseley; "The Coming Congress," by Henry Cabot Lodge, M. C.; "Why I am an Episcopalian," by Canon Farrar; "The Value of International Exhibitions," by Senator Joseph R. Hawley; "Capital Punishment by Electricity," by Elbridge T. Gerry; "The Transformation of Paris," by Frederic Harrison; "Are Public Libraries Public Blessings?" by James M. Hubbard; "The Real Rights of Women," by Rose Terry Cooke; "Nurseries of Crime," by Inspector Byrnes; "Can the Mosquito be Exterminated?" by Dr. Henry C. McCook; "Ministers' Wives," by Marion Harland; and Notes and Comments: "Friends in South America," by William Eleroy Curtis; "What Makes the Actor?" by Julian Magnus; "If," by William Mathews, LL. D.; "The Slayer of J. Wilkes Booth," by R. B. Hoover; and "An Emergency that Demands a Word," by Kingdon Meredith.

With the September number the *Forum* enters its eighth volume, and its publishers announce that there has not been a single month in its career when it has not made a permanent increase in its number of readers. The leading article in this number is an appeal to the American people by Thomas Hughes, for the cause of England as against Ireland. Other political articles are, "The Spoils of Office," by Goldwin Smith, and a defense of Henry George, by Thomas G. Shearman. There are two articles on social-science topics, A "Remedy for Social Ills," by Washington Gladden, and "The Outlook for Industrial Peace," by Professor A. T. Hadley, of Yale University. Charles F. Beach, Jr., of the New York bar, makes a defense of trusts. The Rev. Dr. J. K. Kendrick writes of the conflict between Catholicism and our public schools. Mrs. Helen E. Starrett, Principal of the Kenwood Institute, at Chicago, finds a difficulty in the present system of domestic service that can be overcome only by organizations which shall serve food and clean houses for the entire community. Other articles of this number are "Causes of the Belief of Immortality," by Professor Lester F. Ward, of the Smithsonian Institution, and "The Luxury of Pity," by James Sully.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The late Henry S. Leigh met an acquaintance who had recently lost his teeth, and whose utterances, in consequence, were almost unintelligible. "It was Greek to me," remarked Odell, as the man left. "Greek?" replied Leigh; "*gum arabic, I* should call it."

During the occupation of Paris by the allies, Wellington gave an order that no English officer should give a challenge to, or accept one from, a French officer. A French marshal, shortly after this order, shoved an English colonel from the pavement into the street. The Englishman knocked him down. When the marshal made a formal complaint, the duke sent a written reprimand to the colonel and in it inclosed an invitation to dinner.

A friend of mine (says W. W. Story), who was giving a large dinner once, called on old T., the negro caterer, to arrange the dinner and take the trouble off her hands. "Yes, ma'am," said old T., "I'll look out for it all; hut fust I want to know who de company is. Is there any clergymen and them kind a-comin'?" "Certainly," said my friend, "but why do you ask such a question?" "Oh," says old T., "if they's clergymen and that sort comin', you must get more to eat and drink. Them pious eats tremendous!"

Handel's most faithful friend and admirer of his music was George the Second, who more than once advanced him sums of one thousand pounds sterling to carry on his unfortunate undertakings. An habitué met Lord Chesterfield coming out of Covent Garden Theatre one evening in the middle of a performance. "What, my lord," said the dilettante, "is there not an oratorio?" "Yes," replied his lordship, "they are now performing, but I thought it best to retire lest I should disturb the king in his privacy."

The present Episcopal Archbishop of York, who used to be an ardent fisherman, once betook himself for a few days to a little Yorkshire village which boasted a good trout stream, and put up at a clean but modest hotel. His grace, on his arrival, informed the landlord who he was, and on leaving wrote a check for his bill and handed it to his host. The landlord closely scanned the signature and asked: "What name is this?" "W. Ebor," answered his grace. "Ah," said the landlord, as he pocketed the check, "I thought you were telling me a lie when you said you were the Archbishop of York.

In a certain New England town, a man shot himself. A coroner hearing of the fact, and still in ignorance whether death had occurred, summoned a jury and hastened to the place, only to find the man alive. Selecting the nearest saloon as a waiting-place, the coroner and his jury remained there until the man was dead, employing a boy in the neighborhood to keep them informed as to the man's condition until he had ceased to breathe, when they proceeded with the inquest. In another place, the body of a drowned man was towed across a mill-pond from one town to another, to save the first town, in which the body was found, the expense of inquest fees.

Andrew Ducrow (of Astley's famous "horse opera" in London) was noted for a profound contempt for the literary part of the drama. "Cut the dialect (dialogue) and come to the 'osses," was his favorite direction. During the rehearsal of an equestrian piece one morning, after listening with growing impatience to a long dialogue between the two leading actors, he at last broke in with: "Hold hard, gentlemen; here's a deal of cackle without any good in it. I'll show you how to cut it. You say, 'Yield thee, Englishman.' Then you (indicating the other) answer, 'Never.' Then you say, 'Obstinate Englishman, you die.' Then you both fights. There, that settles the matter; the audience will understand you a great deal better, and the poor 'osses won't catch cold while you're jawing."

A curious story is related of the Count de Brancas. One day he was reading by the fire in his study when the nurse brought him a child newly born to him. The count threw away the book and took the child on his knee to play with it. By-and-bye a visitor was announced, and the count, forgetting all about the child, and remembering only that he had been reading a book, threw the poor infant carelessly on to the table. What a mercy he did not throw it into the fire! It is recorded of La Fontaine, noted for his absent-mindedness, that he once attended the funeral of one of his most intimate friends, and shortly afterward called to visit that friend. When reminded by the astonished servant of the recent death, he was at first terribly shocked, and then remarked: "True; of course, I recollect now—I went to his funeral."

General Loris Melikoff, the famous chief of the dreaded "third section," had been given unbounded power to act against the Nihilists, and had virtually been created vice-emperor, as Melikoff himself used to say. Now, Melikoff had discovered that one of the leading Nihilist chiefs was in the habit of frequently visiting Count Tolstoï, the novelist, and one day he went out to Tolstoï's country-house. Before the visitor had announced himself, Tolstoï recognized him, and said: "You are Loris Melikoff, chief of the third section. Do you come to see me officially, or as a private man? If you come officially, here are my keys; search; open everything. You are free." "I come not officially," replied Melikoff. "Very good," answered Tolstoï, and calling two mujiks, he said to them: "Throw this man out of the house!" The mujiks obeyed Tolstoï to the letter, and Melikoff had to accept this treatment.

Two days after the great flood had devastated Johnstown, Mr. Richardson, a Pittsburg attorney, was serving out clay-pipes and tobacco, which some kind-hearted soul had sent out among the relief stores, when a young woman presented herself before him. The line, of course, had been made up of men, and Mr. Richardson asked the girl, who was extremely pretty and refined in appearance, what she wanted with a pipe. She blushed and repeated her request. "Why, you do not smoke?" said Mr. Richardson. "No, but please give me a pipe." "If you will tell me what you are going to do with it, I'll give you one." The girl hesitated, and then raising her hand to her bangs, which hung limp over her forehead, she said, "I want to curl these." She got the stem of a broken pipe, and went away laughing. She had been rescued from the wreck at the bridge only twenty-four hours before, and was then almost on the verge of starvation, and when she sought the pipe to curl her bangs she was evidently badly in need of clothing.

Sergeant Arabin, in sentencing a prisoner who had been convicted of stealing property from his employer, thus addressed him: "Prisoner at the bar, if ever there was a clearer case than this of a man robbing his master, this case is that case." Again, he had to pass judgment on a middle-aged man who had been tried and convicted upon two or three indictments, and had then pleaded guilty to more. Arabin said: "Prisoner at the bar, you have been found guilty on several indictments, and it is in my power to subject you to transportation for a period very considerably beyond the term of your natural life; but the court, in its mercy, will not go so far as it lawfully might go, and the sentence is that you be transported for two periods of seven years each." It is further recorded of Arabin that, in sentencing a man to a comparatively light punishment, he used these words: "Prisoner at the bar, there are mitigating circumstances in this case that induce me to take a lenient view of it, and I will, therefore, give you a chance of redeeming a character that you have irretrievably lost." Again, he once said to a witness: "My good man, don't go gabbling on so. Hold your tongue and answer the question that is put to you."

SOCIETY.

The Goad Lunch-Party and Dinner.

lelightful lunch-party was given last Tuesday by Mrs. W. rank Goad, at her residence on Washington Street, in ioi of Mrs. Stephen J. Field. The hostess had eaused a eous repast to be prepared, and it was served in the dining-room where handsome lamps witb fancifully old shades gave illumination in lieu of the sunlight which excluded. The table was ornate with masses of beauti-ll shaded Lillium Grandiflorum in tones of white and nterspersed with delicate tufts of maiden's-hair ferns. h bours were devoted to the luncheon, during which laliberg's band played concert selections.

ise present were: Mrs W. Frank Goad, Mrs. Stephen ld, Mrs. J. Condit-Smith, Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson, Lloyd Tevis, Mrs. Lucy Otis, Mrs. Thomas Holt, W. W. Conner, of New Orleans, Mrs. Stuart Taylor, Pierre La Montaigne, Mrs. L. M. Coit, Mrs. Walter win, Mrs. R. C. Foute, Mrs Evan J. Coleman, Mrs. e Salisbury, Mrs Samuel Hort, Mrs. William Alvord, William B. Collier, Mrs. J. William Brown, Mrs. E. rshall, Mrs. R. C. Harrison, Mrs. A. J. Perry, and Carrie Gwin.

and Mrs. Goad entertained a number of friends ner last Thursday evening. Covers were laid for y-four, and at seven o'clock all were seated at the cally appointed table. Long-stemmed La France were used in decorating the table, forming a long almost its entire length. The light-tinted even-lets of the ladies made a beautiful setting for this of pink blossoms, and the combination was highly at-e Ballenberg's music was enjoyed during the service elaborate menu, and afterward there were music nversation in the drawing-rooms until midnight.

se present were: Mr. and Mrs. W. Frank Goad, Mr. rs. Fred. W. Sharon, Mr. and Mrs. Cbarles B. Alex-Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, Miss Ella Goad, Condit-Smith, Miss Evelyn Carolan, Miss Maynard, ompkins, Miss Newlands, Miss Hager, Mr. Frank J. n, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Dr. Harry L. Tevis, enry Redington, Mr. Edward H. Sheldon, Mr. Allan Bowie, Mr. Horace G. Platt, and Mr. A. H. Small.

Movements and Whereabnuts.

and Mrs. W. B. Tubbs, who have been at Monterey nta Cruz during most of the summer, are now at alistoga villa where they will remain until winter.

A. A. Nickerson and the Misses Maud and Myra son, who have been abroad for the past eighteen , are now traveling in Germany. They are expected n home in October.

and Mrs. F. L. Castle and the Misses Eva, Blancbe, ida Castle have returned to their home on Yan Ness . after passing the summer months at Healdsburg.

Leland Stanford recently visited Sissons in a private ing a number of friends as guests.

nd Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson, who have been passing mer at San Rafael, have returned to their residence Street.

nd Mrs. Gordon Blanding and Miss Lena Blanding in England a few days ago. Tbey will remain abroad cember.

J. B. Wright and her two daughters are passing sev-ks at Monterey.

nd Mrs. George M. Pinckard, who have been visit-nel and Mrs. E. E. Eyre at Menlo Park for a month, urned to San Rafael.

Edward Kirkpatrick and family are now in Dublin. Kirkpatrick returned here Monday for a short visit soon join his family in London, where they will re-ew weeks and then come home.

M. P. Jones intends going to New York to pass the bere.

Roberta E. Lee Wright is visiting friends in China. the season sbe will go to Japan as the guest of Hon. John F. Swift, and will return home in January.

red L. Wooster has gone East to remain a couple of

C. L. Asbe and the Misses Millie and Bettie Ashe urned from their visit at Santa Cruz.

l and Mrs. Charles Sonntag will pass the remainder ason at San Rafael.

E. B. Crocker and Miss Crouch, of Sacramento, are York city.

May Kewen, of Sacramento, is visiting Misses Emelie e Hanlon for a couple of weeks.

Emma Balsdon, of Grand Island, is being enter-y friends in Oakland.

Stuart Taylor has returned to the city after passing ner at Santa Cruz.

nd Mrs. J. P. Hale and Miss Josephine Hale have from their prolonged European tour.

Lemuel H. Davis has returned with her family from onged trip on the continent; she has been visiting ter in Sonoma, and is now visiting Mrs. Georgie Mc-13 Pine Street, where she will remain some days be-rning to her home in Philadelphia.

. N. R. Martinez has gone to New York on a busi-

r and Mrs. Fred Cox, of Sacramento, have been he week at the Grand Hotel.

d Mrs. Moses Hopkins and Miss Lockwood came Menlo Park last Monday, and remained at the Pal-l a few days.

Eva McAllister is visiting Miss Julia Peyton at her ar Santa Cruz.

d Mrs. John F. Merrill have returned from their ark villa.

d Mrs. Robert K. Nuttall will pass the winter at e Hotel.

Iaude L. Berry has recovered from her recent ill-a couple of weeks she will return to ber home in

nd Mrs. Charles G. Hooker and Miss Jennie have been paying a visit to Mt. Shasta.

n and Mrs. A. H. Payson are sojourning at Lake r a few weeks.

d Mrs. Walter E. Dean and Mr. Walter L. Dean ity last Monday for a three weeks' visit in the in-the State.

and Mrs. L. D. McKissick, Miss Madeline McKis-Miss Ross are visiting Los Angeles.

and Mrs. Stephen J. Field, Mrs. J. C. Condit-d the Misses Dora and Alice Condit-Smith expect East in October.

d Mrs. William S. Tevis, *née* Pacheco, are settled esidence on Hyde Street for the winter.

d Mrs. George H Howard, *née* Schmiedell, will New York from Europe early in October, and, after ay there, will return to this city.

d Mrs. Stanley W. Dexter have returned from , and are now at San Rafael.

d Mrs. Timothy Hopkins will leave Liverpool to-e *Aurania* for New York.

tler Paige has returned from his Alaskan trip.

. E Head and Miss Anna Head will leave Havre New York.

William Dunphy, Mrs. N. Flood, Miss Jennie Dun-Mr. James C. Dunpby were in Baden-Baden when l from.

William B. Collier is in the city on a visit.

dith Taylor and Miss Alice Simpkins have returned sit at Menlo Park.

d Mrs. James Otis will reside at the Occidental ing the winter.

. M. Parrott departed for New York last Monday Ir. and Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe, Jr., who recently here on their return from their European tour. l remain in New York several weeks before coming

d Mrs. W. W. Conner arrived here on a visit from eans a week ago, and are at the Palace Hotel.

r. Hitchcock and Mrs. L. M. Coit are passing a s at the Palace Hotel preliminary to their departure ast and Europe.

adie Huie has been visiting Mrs. Jeremiah Clarke Cruz.

d Mrs. William L. Ashe have left Santa Cruz for e.

ston M. Ashe is expected to return from the East

William H. Dimond and Miss Dimond are in New

d Mrs. A. J. Bowie, Mrs. Isaac Friedlander, and s May and Fannie Friedlander left Santa Cruz last Monday after a long visit there, and are now at San José, where they will remain for a montb.

Mr and Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor will return from Japan about the middle of October.

Mr. W. R. Judson is now at Lake Tahoe and will soon visit the interior of Nevada.

Judge Ward McAllister has been visiting bis cousin, Mrs. Francis G. Newlands, at Carson City, Nev.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, of Oakland, will return from Europe next month.

Lieutenant and Mrs. George M Stoney have returned from Lake Tahoe and are at their residence, 2500 Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Bartning, of Mazatlan, Mexico, are at the Palace, and will go to Monterey soon.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Moody and Miss Eda Moody will go East in November, to remain during the winter months.

Miss Dora Boardman has returned from a visit to Mrs. James Otis at San Rafael.

Mr W. E. Holloway, who went to Australia two months ago, has returned to the city.

Mrs. Carleton C. Coleman has been paying a visit to Mrs. M. Tompkins at Ross Valley.

Mrs. W. B. Bourn and the Misses Bourn, who bave been at San Rafael all of the summer, are now occupying their residence on Hyde Street. Miss Maud Bourn, who is visiting her sister in New York, will return home next month.

Mrs. W. H. L. Barnes and Mr. William S. Barnes have gone to Del Coronado for a visit of several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Girvin, who have been at Menlo Park for the past month, have returned to their residence, 2424 California Street.

Captain and Mrs. R. S. Floyd are at Coronado Beach after a visit to Santa Barbara and Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. Hastings will remain at the Palace Hotel until their residence, 2024 Jackson Street, is renovated.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph B. Spence bave returned to San José after a pleasant visit to Mrs. James Phelan at Santa Cruz.

Miss Florence Reed is visiting Mrs. William R. Sbafter at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Crittenden Thornton returned from Santa Cruz last Monday.

Mr. Frank L. Unger is viewing the Paris Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcus D. Boruck and Miss Belle Boruck bave been passing the week at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Gillig are now in Paris.

Mrs. Thomas Breeze and family have gone to New York, and will be away until November. Mr. Thomas Breeze, Jr., intends entering Yale College.

Miss Ada Sullivan and Miss Arcadia Spence have gone to Sitka, Alaska, to visit Lieutenant and Mrs. Turner, U. S. N.

Notes and Gossip.

Miss Belle Brooks, daughter of Mr. S. H. Brooks, Assistant United States Treasurer, will be married on Wednesday, September 18th, to Mr. John Reis, son of the late Mr. Gustav Reis.

Tbe wedding of Miss Maud Estee, daughter of Hon. and Mrs. M. M. Estee, and Mr. Cbarles Deering will take place at Napa on Thursday morning, September 12th.

ART NOTES.

Tbe most notable collection of paintings that has ever been brougbt under one roof in San Francisco is now on exhibition in the art gallery of S. & G. Gump, on Market Street. Tbere are several examples of the best modern art scattered among the galleries of our connoisseurs, and San Francisco can boast of a few old masters; but it is doubtful if, were they brought together, they would constitute a collection as representative of the best modern painting as is now in the Gumps' gallery. The pictures are almost all new importations—Mr. Sol. Gump baving selected them during his recent trip to Europe—and comprise canvases from the foremost studios of the Paris and Munich schools.

Perhaps the most notable picture of the collection is a Spanish garden scene by Narcisse Diaz, whose pictures obtained tremendous prices at the Secrétan sale in Paris a couple of months ago. The rich tone of this picture is remarkable, and as one gazes at the placid scene and takes in its full beauty, it seems to exhale a sense of peace and calm; it is a picture to study, one that will not lose its charm.

In an entirely different manner is A. A. Lesrel's Spanish cavaliers. They are the bluff roysterers of the seventeenth century, such men as Dumas's three guardsmen, always ready for a bout with sword or tankard, and the artist has put this into their attitudes, the way they wear their picturesque garb, their faces, and their expressions, so that they seem to be before us in the flesh. Of the same period, though of a different country, is Jacomin's "Le Bretteur," in which the young gallant, listening to the old armorer's tale, seems like one we know, so full of life and character is bis face.

Near this last is Edouard Bisson's Salon picture of this year—266 of the catalogue. It shows a girl of the nineteenth century, half-lying on the sands at the sea-shore, gazing off in a reverie, evidently called up by the book held idly in her hand. The face is a noble one, full of womanly beauty and fully realizing Pierre Véron's quatrain, which is written beneath the title To her left are two companion pieces, by Corcot, modern in subject, too, but lighter in tone; each shows a group of three young women in yachting costume, on a veranda at Trouville or Douville. And still further to the left is another large canvas, by Ballavoine, of two young women of our own time. But these two are daring misses, and having taken a surreptitious swim in a woodland stream, are now startled by some sound and evidently fear intrusion. She in the foreground has caught up a black-lace shawl, which throws the brilliant color of her body and limbs—both girls are quite nude—into splendid relief; the other is just appearing above the bank, and is in strong contrast to the green turf and neutral-tinted trees about. There are those who would object to the subject, who regard the human body, except head, neck, and arms, as immoral when put on canvas; but whoever knows anything of art must concede this painter's marvelous success with the human figure.

There are two canvases by R. Weisse, of Paris, which are especially notable as disproving the modern dictum that finish in the minor details detracts from the prominence of the central figure, and so from the artistic value of the picture. These two are Oriental interiors, the one a domestic scene, including women of the harem, Ethiops, and an old Moslem, and the other a corner of a mosque where four of the faithful are at prayer. The mosaics of the walls, the rugs and tapestries, and the cotton and silken garments are reproduced with all their delicate differences of texture, and yet one forgets them as one sees the marvelous drawing, coloring, and expression of the figures and faces. They are brilliant scenes, too, rich and harmonious in their bright colors. The collection is rich in these Oriental scenes, among them E. Richter's beautiful woman of the harem, in her proud, cold beauty; Edwin Lord Weeks's scene before some Persian palace; a Tunisan market scene by A. S. Franke; Berningen's sunset at Cairo; and a picture showing a party of Arabian horsemen, much in Schreier's style.

Standing alone on an easel is the original sketch from which Julien Dupré painted his great picture, a girl watering her cows, for the Salon of last year, which placed him on a level with Rosa Bonheur as a painter of animal life. This study has been touched up by Dupré, and makes a little gem.

Zuber-Buhler is represented by a canvas showing a girl, semi-nude, smiling out from a blue-satin couch; the colors in this are equally fine in the palpitating flesh of the girl and the draperies around her

A particularly French scene is Cbarles Schreiber's "Chess-Players," a young French officer and an old abbé deep in the mimic strife. Near it is an equally German scene, "Uhlans at the Ferry," by Max Pitzner. These are small canvases, but three pictures yet smaller measure only two inches by three; they are by J. Worms, Levy, and Barron, and are gems in their delicacy and beauty.

In the street window down-stairs is a picture of which Mr. Gump is particularly proud; it is "The Welcome Comrade," by Koloman Dery, and William Walter Phelps, wbo was Mr. Gump's companion on the voyage back from Europe, was very much struck with it, and even offered to exchange for it a Deffreger he had just bought.

It is impossible, in this brief space, even to mention all the treasures of this collection; but it is possible to urge all art lovers to see them A visit to this gallery is an education in art, and those who appreciate really fine paintings will find among them many a gem well worth studying.

THE STORY OF THE SHIP.

[The following poem was prepared for the opening exercises of the Mechanics' Institute Fair.]

O first great Builder! prototype of old,
  Mechanic-wise, who wrougbt the heaven-drawn plan
Of that primeval vessel—earliest mold
  Of sailing things; framed for the use of man
When Nature, trembling at Creation's doom,
  Sank shuddering in the seething seas that swept
When firmaments were opened, while deep gloom
  The ruined world engulfed. Jehovah kept
His Ark within the hollow of His Hand
That so Noah's seed might populate the land.

Since that first boat, a myriad ships have sped,
  And nations' argosies have plowed the waves;
Phœnician, Persian armaments have led
  In van of glorious conquest. Manned by slaves
The far-famed Tyrian triremes bent their oars
  For distant commerce. Latium rose—and Greece—
And launched their galleys. While from Colchian shores,
  To lure the heroes, shone the Golden Fleece.
With prow advanced, with unabated zest,
Through Gades' Strait, to Islands of tbe Blest,

They pushed their way. Calpe's herculean wall
  Opened from Abyla to speed them through.
From Isles of Tin, with treasures culled from Gaul,
  They heaped their home-bound vessels. So to new
Adventures hasted. From far Euxine coasts
  To Indus' tide, the nations' navies swept.
The fleets of Solomon, great Hiram's hosts
  Of mighty ships, and Persia's millions leapt,
With eager prows and swiftly bending oars,
To seek in war or peace far distant shores.

With commerce, empire. Thus Byzantium rose,
  In rapid barks from Greece, Massilia came.
Borne by Æneas, fleeing from his foes,
  Lavinium sprang to life from Trojan flame.
Then Magna Græca grew. Domains increased.
  Taught by Chaldea, men of Araby,
And captains, bringing vessels from the east,
  The merchant squadrons of the Middle Sea.
Led by Polaris, tracked the ocean wide,
His star their only compass and their guide.

Battle, their pastime. Lo! in dauntless pride,
  Thro' foaming billows raged the thund'rous fray
Where sons of Pelops braved th' Ægean tide,
  Or wreaked their fury on Heraclidæ.
There Xerxes hurled his fleets on Attic coast,
  And dashed his galleys on Saronic seas,
To weep, at Salamis, his shattered host
  Crushed by the genuis of Themistocles.
So fierce ambitions strove, and greed of gain,
Launched all Earth's navies on the angry main.

The Carthaginian ships, their brazen peaks
  Pushed fiercely forth, defiant, cleft the waves;
Illyrian corsairs, lion-headed beaks
  Of Egypt's triremes, urged by chainèd slaves,
To conflict rushed. Then Rome uprose in rage,
  While fair Sicilia, torn by Punic strife,
Defended by the Syracusan sage,
  Saw all his great inventions spring to life.
Archimedes there built for Egypt's shore
The first screw vessel that the world e'er saw.

The gilded barge of Egypt—all her host
  Of purple sails at Actium's fatal fray;—
Great Cæsar's galleys, tossed on Britain's coast;—
  The fleets barbaric, rushing on their prey;—
These were our models—these but led the van.
  The nations' navies of that older time,
Their ships of commerce bringing wealth to man,
  The restless daring of that earlier prime—
Historic now. These people ruled the wave
Before the Florentine his magnet gave.

Again great navies rose. The nations strove
  For greed commercial or dominion wide.
Thro' furthest foam where Vikings used to rove,
  Their great sea-castles swept the ocean tide.
Then wave-born Venice, led in Fourth Crusade
  By her blind Doge, became renowned in war—
Then the great Tuscan, Andrea Doria, made
  Genoa famed—e'er fought was Trafalgar—
Or yet had the Armada sailed in vain,
Or had Dutch fleets their country freed from Spain.

Full long had Ptolemaic darkness hung
  Before the face of mediæval day;
Till forth the Prussian sage his system flung
  And to old Samian laws made spheres obey.
These laws, Columbus proved. Magellan sbowed
  The Earth a globe. Their vessels brought to light
New continents and seas. Adventure glowed;
  And keen Discovery, compass-led, in might,
Sped her swift ships, sent bold explorers forth
From southern strait, to later Franklin's north.

Great England's captains—admirals of Spain—
  All Europe—launched forth ships by her commands.
Barks, galleons, caravels—all swept the main,
  To seek, discover, colonize the lands.
Then to each new-found realm, the Jesuits bore
  The Holy Cross in ships across the sea,
As fisher's vessel from Judean shore
  Once bore the Nazarene to Galilee.
Then to the west, the Pilgrims' frail bark flew,
To bear their faith the rolling waters thro'.

These days have passed. Adventure's mighty feats—
  The rush of commerce—and the ceaseless rise
Of later wars—the dash of Europe's fleets—
  While, younger still, *our* maritime emprise,
Have in succession swept in swiftest course
  The lamp of Knowledge burned—its brilliant beam
Showed Watt the nature of that wondrous force—
  And lit the way to Fulton's age of steam—
Science, the true Aladdin! Born of skill
Mechanic Arts, her fabled genii still!

So waked Invention!—cast old molds aside;
  Framed clippers from the light canoe. Ships sailed
With keel and bow new-formed to cut the tide.
  Speed, strength to gain, creative powers entailed.
She taught her Ericsson tbe deadly plan
  Of his great Monitor; and brought to Hayes
The shell of dynamite; and gave Berdan
  And Sims, and Howell, all the newer ways
To form the dread torpedo. Timby's towers—
Zalinski's guns—all warrants of her powers.

The latest offspring of Inventive Thought,
  Born in the waters of St. Francis' Bay,
Where once the Spanish ship, *San Carlos*, brought
  The Jesuit band, o'er seas, thro' Golden Way;—
Lo! there she rides—that child of Western skill!
  With her twin sister war-ship near at hand,
A pledge that yet those mighty forges will
  Send forth more armèd ships to guard our land
Salutes peal loud around. Far o'er the waves
They echo tributes to Samoan graves.

Cradled on surges at the Mission Rock,
  And nourished by Potrero's furnace blast,
Conceived and framed to out-breast tempest shock,
  Reared to full strength on Union forges vast—
Touched by electric fire, and well supplied
  With each appliance known to modern art—
Her guns of metal proved—her swiftness tried—
  Steel clad—strong ribbed—complete in every part—
Mold—engines—arms——the best inventions known,
Mechanic Science claims her for her own.

The armored cruisers—yachts for speed—the craft
  Of various merchantmen in times of peace—
The naval monsters of each clime—the raft
  Of light flotillas on the inland seas—
These still shall sail, and weave their endless chain—
  A bond commercial, joining land to land;
Prepared for war, a glorious peace shall gain,
  And bind the nations in one allied band.
Thus navies still shall guard, and ships shall ply
While Argo's constellation sails on high.

Julia Clinton Jones.

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COOK AND COUNTESS.

Patty Cowslip, the only daughter of the Rev. Peter Cowslip, Vicar of Muddesworth-in-the-Marsh, was a pretty girl. She was so pretty that she might have actually aspired, though she had not a penny in the world, to marrying a fashionable curate. But though Patty was penniless, she was ambitious, and she had not the slightest idea of marrying the most fashionable of curates.

It is not necessary to describe what Patty was like. "Rather above than below the ordinary height," as novelists say, rich chestnut hair, with a glint of gold in it, an excellent figure, small ears, brown eyes, with dark eyebrows and lashes, pearly teeth set in the rosy frame of a pair of lips arched like Cupid's bow, a round and dimpled chin, a swan-like neck—— Bah! we have all once in our lives met somebody as charming as Miss Patty Cowslip; but, as a rule, the experience has not been repeated. We must not forget, though, that Miss Patty's arms and hands were her strong point; a queen might have envied them, for they were absolutely perfect.

Miss Patty Cowslip had had a decent education; but beyond the annual subsidy of ten pounds sterling a year, which the parish paid her for playing the organ, she had not a penny in the world.

The Rev. Peter Cowslip was as poor as a rat. With considerable difficulty he managed to pay his tradesmen at the year's end; but the Rev. Peter dined every day much better than many millionaires. And why? Was it on account of the poor clergyman's wicked extravagance? Not a bit of it; the fact is that Patty was a splendid cook—a born genius for the noblest of the arts.

Many modern young ladies, having purchased a terra-cotta jar and rendered it hideous with dauhs of paint, compel their friends to fall down and worship it, and call it art; other girls torment us with the piano, violin, hanjo, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of music; other girls sing. All these people work their wicked wills upon us with impunity. We grin; we say "Oh, thank you so much," because we are obliged to do that; and our politeness is treated as an encore, and then our sufferings recommence. Pretty Patty Cowslip did none of these dreadful things; but she could cook like Ude, Francatelli, and Soyer rolled into one. And pretty Patty went up to town, entered the School of Cookery, and came out as the senior wrangler of the year. It was Patty first, the rest nowhere. Monsieur Caramel, the professor of ornamental pastry, proposed to her at once; but Patty refused him, for, as we have said, she was ambitious. And then Miss Cowslip issued a neat little advertisement, took modest lodgings in a modest West End street, and began to teach on her own account.

Lord Fleshpotts was a widowed nobleman. He had three unmarried daughters—the Ladies Gwendoline, Ermyntrude, and Ermyngarde Casserole. His lordship was a great sufferer from indigestion, and he was dying of bad dinners. No cook ever stayed more than a month in his house; each of his daughters ruled the roast for a week, and generally the particular young lady who happened to be responsible for the dinner on any given evening left the room in tears before the dessert was put upon the table. If Lord Fleshpotts would only have dined at his club, all might have been well; but he persisted in dining at home, and the lives of his three daughters were slow martyrdoms.

It chanced one day that they saw Miss Cowslip's advertisement in the *St. James's Gazette*. Lady Gwendoline pointed it out to her sisters. They ordered the carriage early the next morning, and they were ushered into Miss Patty's neat little sitting-room in Park Street. "We don't want to take lessons, Miss Cowslip," said Lady Gwendoline. "We're too stupid," said Lady Ermyngarde. "And it would be no use," said Lady Ermyntrude. "But, oh! Miss Cowslip, couldn't you come every morning and give us a few hints, for pa is wasting visibly?" cried the eldest girl.

"It's novelty that poor papa requires," sobbed the second daughter; "refreshing novelty and perpetual change. Those are his very words, Miss Cowslip, his cruel, heartless words."

"Has Lord Fleshpotts ever tasted apple-dumplings?" asked Patty Cowslip, solemnly.

"It's a *plat* I never heard of," exclaimed Lady Gwendoline.

"They were a favorite dish with His Majesty King George the Third," remarked Patty, the historian.

"And *we've* never even heard of them!" sighed Lady Ermyntrude.

So it was arranged that Patty was to come the next day and teach them how to make apple-dumplings, for which she was to receive a fee of one guinea; and, as a personal favor, she wrote them a charming little menu, in which among the sweet dishes appeared the item, "Apple-dumplings *à la* George Trois."

At two o'clock the next day, Miss Cowslip was shown into their ladyships' boudoir. A clean white cloth, by Patty's direction, was laid upon the round table in the centre of the room; flour, water, a dish of apples, some brown sugar, some cloves, a pastry-board, and a basin were brought in by Adolphus John, the six-foot footman, and then each of the Ladies Casserole, provided with a silver-knife, began to peel an apple.

Poor things, they couldn't even do that properly. But Patty Cowslip, who had taken off her hat and gloves, laid aside her jacket, and donned a natty little Swiss apron trimmed with Russian embroidery, rolled up her sleeves and displayed her magnificent arms, and demonstrated the proper way to peel an apple, to the delight, astonishment, and admiration of the Ladies Casserole; and when she was in the middle of the process the door opened, and Lord Fleshpotts entered the room.

"Pa," said Lady Gwendoline, "allow me to introduce to you Miss Cowslip, who has kindly consented to give us a few lessons."

"My dear young lady!" cried his lordship, "do I speak to the talented authoress of the charming menu I hold in my hand? Ever since it met my eyes, I have felt a new sensation. I've eaten no lunch. I am reserving myself for your most delectable little dinner. But you have aroused my curiosity as well as my appetite. What on earth are apple-dumplings *à la* George Trois? It is a dish I have never met in the whole course of my vast experience." ("She's got the most lovely arms and hands," he thought, "that I ever saw in my life!")

Patty smiled. ("What teeth!" thought his lordship.)

"You shall see them made, Lord Fleshpotts," said Patty, "if you care to look on."

"If I care! It will be the proudest privilege of my life. My dear Gwendoline," said the earl, "I could watch the movements of your charming friend forever."

"Pa!" cried the Ladies Casserole, in an astonished and indignant chorus.

And then Professor Patty divided her apples into quarters, and then she made the paste and cut it into the requisite sized squares. And Lord Fleshpotts looked on with respectful admiration, for he could not take his eyes off her magnificent hands and arms. "If," he thought, "that shapely creature would only prepare my meals forever, life would still have charms. I can't ask her to be my cook, for she's a lady. Gad! when I look at her, I feel myself growing young again."

Just then Patty completed the first dumpling.

"What do you think of that, Lord Fleshpotts?" she said, as she displayed the little white sphere on her extended palm.

"My dear young lady," said Lord Fleshpotts, gazing at her arm and hand, "it's a dream of loveliness."

"Your lordship is laughing at me," said Miss Patty.

"I'm not, I assure you!" burst in the enamored peer; "I could eat it raw!"

And then the three Ladies Casserole simultaneously began to hate Professor Patty with a deadly hatred.

But Miss Cowslip hadn't come to Eaton Square to waste her time. She turned out the rest of the apple-dumplings with the celerity of a practiced hand. She took no further notice of his lordship, but she pocketed her guinea, which Lady Gwendoline tendered wrapped in the conventional piece of tissue-paper, and took her leave.

The dinner that evening in Eaton Square was for once a success, and Lord Fleshpotts was helped three times to apple-dumpling *à la* George Trois.

The next day, when Miss Cowslip arrived at Eaton Square, she was shown into his lordship's study.

"My dear young lady," cried Lord Fleshpotts, as he advanced with extended hands, "I'm delighted to see you! Words fail me," he added, in a broken voice, "to sufficiently express my appreciation of your beauty and accomplishments. The crispness of the crust, my dear madam [they were *baked* dumplings], was indescribable. I have one question to ask you, Miss Cowslip. Will you be my wife?"

Patty Cowslip felt as if the room was going round with her.

The enamored peer dropped upon his knees.

"If the devotion of a life-time——" he began.

"Don't, Lord Fleshpotts!" said Patty.

"You've found the way to my heart, my darling——"

* * * * * * *

The second Lady Fleshpotts is a very popular person, and her dinners are celebrated. She has married off her three step-daughters to Mustard, Soap, and Furniture respectively, and she takes the most dutiful care of her husband.

His lordship's hill, the British Cooks' Compulsory Education Act, comes on for first reading at an early date, and the young Countess of Fleshpotts has promised to give evidence at the Royal Commission which is expected to be appointed upon the subject.
—*St. James's Gazette.*

The Lounger on Duty.

Scene 1—Office of *Society Topics*.

(Enter a brisk odor of red herrings and lager beer, followed by seedy individual in décolleté broadcloth, with dried beer trimmings).

Proprietor Society Topics—Hello, Zola, d'ye want to make a stamp?

Seedy individual (promptly)—Well, I should relax my facial expression!

Proprietor Society Topics—Well, just take in a few of the hotel registers this morning and see who's in town.

Scene 2—Front of St. Marc Hotel.

Seedy individual (humbly approaching desk)—Beg pardon, sir, but can I glance over your register for one moment?

Clerk (haugbtily)—Hey?

Seedy individual (meekly)—I asked whether I could glance over your register for one moment. Hope sir, you have no objection, sir!

Clerk (with magnificent scorn)—Well, rush it! I'll give you just two minutes to look over the list and fling yourself out into the sidewalk again. Time!

Scene 3—Office of *Society Topics*.

(Seedy individual bard at work as follows on the Lounger paragraphs):

While glancing languidly over the register in the lobby of the St. Marc yesterday, I almost dropped my cheroot (a reminiscence, by the way, of a delightful evening spent with Sir Lionel Westgate, of Her Majesty's Life's, and a select little set of gay club-men), as I remarked, I almost dropped my cheroot in surprise to run across the autograph of my old chum, the Count de la Frommbosio. So the count is once more basking in the sunlight and *chic* of Gotham society. Well! well! as we would say on the Bourse; "Ce monde est plein de fous." If I remember aright, I first met the count at Baden, where we were both taking the waters. His persistent attentions to Miss Madeline X——, a fair young bud of two seasons, was the talk of the clubs. Many were the rumors, etc.

—*Journalist.*

A Modest Drummer.

Will Hansard, a traveling salesman of Louisville, was last week pursuing his calling in Bell and Harlan Counties, Ky. These two counties are the most mountainous and thinly inhabited in the State. Just before starting back to Louisville, he passed the night at a farm-house in Harlan. When he went to bed he hung his trousers on a chair near the window. Next morning, the trousers were gone and no one knew where. Some one, passing in the night, had reached in at the window and taken them, for his host was above suspicion.

Mr. Hansard called loudly for the farmer, expecting to borrow a pair of trousers from him. His wife came to the door and said that her husband had gone hunting an hour before, and, as he had only one pair of trousers, he had very naturally worn them. Here was a dilemma, but his hostess, who was a woman of expedients, solved it. She came to the door with one of her Mother Hubbards and suggested that the drummer put it on. He consented. She tossed the garment to him and closed the door. He got into the Mother Hubbard, went out to the stable, hitched up his team, and climbed into his buggy. Here he took the garment off and handed it back to the lady, who was full of sympathy for him. The buggy concealed his lower extremities, and he wrapped his linen duster around them to keep them warm.

Mr. Hansard drove quickly to the nearest store, about four miles away, expecting to buy a pair of trousers there, for all the country-stores keep ready-made clothing. When he got there he found numerous ladies who had congregated to see the opening of some new goods. He could not leave the buggy, but he yelled for the proprietor to come out, and to him he made known his predicament. The merchant brought to him five or six pairs of trousers. He drove down into a neighboring hollow, tried them on, found a pair to fit him, and thus his tribulations were ended.

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GUARDIAN'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CO of Los Angeles, State of California.

In the matter of the estate and guardianship of TRAM E. WILLIAMS, minor. No. 155.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an the said Superior Court, made on the 15th day of 1889, in said matter, the undersigned will sell at pri to the highest bidder, and subject to confirmation Court, on and after the 20th day of September, 188 right, title, interest, claim, property, and estate of BERTRAM E. WILLIAMS, minor, in and to estate hereinafter described, said interest being an u one-tenth interest in the following tracts and parcels situate in the City and County of San Francisco, sa and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Lots 5, 8, and 9, as marked upon a certain ma Map of the Precita Valleys Lands, now on recor office of the County Recorder of said City and of San Francisco, said lots fronting on Serpentine and being in what is called the Bernal Rancho.

Lot No. 18, of the Precita Valley Lands, having age on Precita Avenue, as per map or plan of sai lands drawn from actual survey by Milo Hoadley the Recorder's office of said City and County Francisco, September 27, 1859; said Precita Ave stantially corresponding to what is now called Arm

Lots 1472, 1474, 1476, 1518, 1519, 1520, 152 1523, and 1524, as designated upon a certain map, Gift Map No. 2, recorded in the office of the Rec said City and County of San Francisco, in Liber 2, c said lots being on the Bernal Rancho, so-called

The terms of sale of said real estate being cash, of the United States

Bids or offers may be for any or all of the above must be in writing, and may be left at the office of Ashton, at Nos. 409-411 Montgomery Street, in the San Francisco, said State, or delivered to the undersi personally, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk Superior Court at any time after the first publication notice and before the making of the sale.

OLIVE A. WILL
Guardian of the person and estate of said minor, 83 Main Street, Los Angeles, Cal.
ALLEN & MILLER, Attorneys for said Guardian.

Transportation--Rail.

SALITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN, via

TH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE.

mencing Sunday, March 31, 1889, and until ner notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN AFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.30, 3.25, 6.10 P. M.
m/s)—8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 12 30, 1.30, 2.45, 5.30, 6.30, P. M.

SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week 6.10, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.55 P. M.
s)—8.00, 9.50, 10.55 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 1.15, 2.45, 4.00, 6.05, 7.00 P M. Extra trips on Saturday at 6.25 P. M. cents, round trip.

SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—3.15, 9.55, 11.50 A. M.; 2.30, 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
ys)—8.45, 10.35, 11.35 A. M.; 12.45, 1.55, 3.30, 5.45, 6.50, 7.45 P. M. Extra trips on Saturday at P. M.
cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

. M., Daily (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) from Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. ning, leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at . M., arriving in San Francisco 12.20 P.M.
. M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations.
. M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning arrives in San isco at 8.15 P. M.

EXCURSION RATES.

Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from tions, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single rate.
o Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on s, Saturdays, and Sundays, good to return following ay: Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.00; Tomales, $2.25; Howard's, $3.50; Cazadero, $4.00.
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ains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

From August 1, 1889.	ARRIVE
Haywards, Niles and San José	*12.45 P.
Sacramento, Redding, via Davis	7.15 P.
Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	6.15 P.
Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	11.15 A.
Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
Haywards, Niles, and San José	*3.45 P.
Sacramento River Steamers	**6.00 A.
Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
Stockton and §Milton; Vallejo, Calistoga & Santa Rosa	9.45 A.
2d Class Sacramento, Ogden and East, connects at Davis for Knight's Landing	10.45 A.
Niles and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
Niles and San José	† 4.45 P.
Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
Central Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	7.45 P.
Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East	7.45 A.
Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.
SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.	
Newark, San José and Santa Cruz	† 8.05 P.
Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*11.20 A.
Centerville, San José, Almaden, Los Gatos and Santa Cruz	‖9.50 A.
DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)	
San José and Way Stations	2.30 P.
Monterey and Santa Cruz, Sunday Excursion	† 8.25 P.
San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos; Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey, Pacific Grove; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations	6.12 P.
San José, Almaden and Way Stations	7 30 P.
Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	5.02 P.
Menlo Park, San José, Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville, Monterey, and Pacific Grove only. (Del Monte limited.)	*11.15 A.
San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and principal Way Stations	*10.00 A.
Menlo Park and Way Stations	7.58 A.
San José and Way Stations	9.03 A.
Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A.
San José and principal Way Stations	‖4.30 P.

rning. P. for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. s only. † Sundays only. ** Mondays excepted. excepted. ‖ Saturdays and Sundays only to Santa Sundays and Mondays only from Santa Cruz.

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Oceanic.....**Wednesday, September 11**

DIRECT:

Gaelic.....**Thursday, October 3**
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Oceanic.....**Saturday, November 23**
Gaelic.....**Thursday, December 12**
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25th ANNUAL EXHIBIT, JANUARY 1, 1889.

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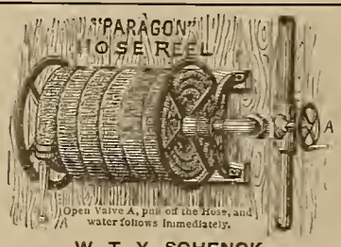

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In Charles Hoyt's farces there is a pretense at plot. The songs and dances are strung on a thread of story, more or less amusing and vulgar, but sufficient to keep the performance from dropping apart and forming a series of disjointed pictures. "The Rag Baby," "The Bunch of Keys," "The Tin Soldier" turo on a phase of the contemporaneous existence of the boarding-house and the back kitchen. They are amazingly vulgar, hut they are written to appeal to that class of audience to which Mrs. Brooklyn Bridge belongs and before whom she appears with comfortable familiarity as a well-known type. She is ooe grade above the tenement-house, hut with none of the picturesqueness of the ladies who throw boiling water and hot stove-lids at each other when, with lance in rest and banners flying, they take the field. When Mrs. Horg says that "unless she does some house-cleaning she'll breed a pestilence in the neighborhood," Mrs. Brooklyn gives evidence of a great inquietude of spirit—at least as much as is consistent with incidentally sweeping the front rows with an experienced eye—which gratifies the auditors as being a replica of a sensation they have often experienced under the insinuations of the Mrs. Horgs of their own neighborhoods. But Mrs. Brooklyn Bridge was the pivot of a story. Events concentrated about her. Had they eliminated her from the cast her absence would have been observed.

"The City Directory" is a cut beyond Eli. It scorns a plot, it snaps its fingers at an embroglio, it jeers at a situation, and mocks a climax. Like the play described by the theatrical manager, "the curtain rises at eight, and the plot is over at three minutes after," and from that on, the story meanders gently and aimlessly forward through three acts of disconnected nonsense. John Smith, of Kalamazoo, sends his son, John Smith, Jr., to New York, to wed the daughter of another John Smith. Junior loses the address and hunts for his intended, garnishing his search with some comic dances and a song or two, the latter of some value, as they illustrate what vocal miracles may be performed on the burlesque stage when a gentleman with no voice sings a song. That is one story. John Smith, married and the father of three lovely Buds, has a flirtation with Mlle. Nanon, of The Tivoli, who engages herself as a governess—reason not given—to the lovely Buds. Mrs. John Smith—red-haired, parrot-voiced, mother of the Buds, apparently introduced to show how loud a woman can scream without breaking her voice or cracking the chandelier globes—fights with Mr. John Smith, and shows us how they manage these disputes in Minerva Flats—a conjugal quarrel being introduced in every act as a touch of local color, a *soupçon* of effective realism. That is the second story.

Mlle. Nanon, of The Tivoli, governess to the lovely Buds, is the third story. She is all in bright red, sings songs in a deep voice, and by way of perfecting her pupils' education takes them to a theatre where they appear to join the ballet—unless the three black nymphs who come in and dance under the calcium light are meant to be three different people. In a play where there is no plot to guide you, and where the same people take different parts, this is often rather difficult to decide, and leads one into confusing mistakes. The three Buds may be included in the third story with Nanon—not that they belong there—they do not belong anywhere, nobody does, for that matter; but one may class them with Nanon, as they are all about of an age, rather pretty, sing nicely, dance nicely, and all four talk in a sort of shrill, chattering shriek, which, when one shuts one's eyes, makes one think that one is being waked on a warm, summer morning in the East by the deafening clamor of the English sparrow welcoming the rising sun.

Stories four, five, and six introduce some more John Smiths. John Smith, a detective, who, in the second act, comes out mysteriously transformed into an Irishman, unless, like the three Buds, he is meant to be personating another character. John Smith, a theatrical manager, who is training two coming stars of the first dramatic magnitude. When—I was going to say the plot—when the action sticks, this John Smith enters with his two ladies—large, placid daughters of the gods, whose "beauty is beneath their skin; it lies in layers upon their bones"—and they rehearse their play. The situations are dramatic in the extreme. In one play the lover is tied to the railway track, the heroine is tied to a tree, and an express-train is coming toward them at full speed; just in the nick of time the heroine falls upon her lover's body and tears him off the rails. How can she do this, tied to a tree? Nothing is more easily explained—this is the plot—she pulls the tree up by the roots! Neither of the plays—there are two—bear in the least upon anything. That they are amusing is the only point worth consideration. When he has "done his act"—I believe that is the expression—John Smith and the daughters of the gods quit the scene, to return anon in base-ball and tennis-costumes, and once more introduce into the minds of the auditors the disturbing thought that they may be now playing other parts, that the third act may have started afresh, with a new set of characters, scenery, and situations. A few other John Smiths fill the chinks—elevator-boys, messenger-boys, and such flotsam and jetsam. These softly come and softly go, and no one pays much attention to them—the whole mind being firmly concentrated on the unraveling of the mystery of how these eight or nine disconnected John Smiths are held together in unity, peace, and concord for two hours and a half.

It is a desiccated Hoyt farce. It is hopelessly vulgar. Nothing could be more common or less amusing than the fights of Mr. and Mrs. John Smith, of Minerva Flats. It is again the tenement-house, with none of the dramatic intensity of the stove-lid and the boiling water, when Mrs. John Smith unfurls her banoer to the breeze and Mr. John Smith counts twenty. The shrieking vituperations of these antagonists are only disagreeable. Their daughters, the Buds, are only a shade less unrefined. The governess episode is almost as bad as the conjugal quarrels. The only two figures which show originality and the real sense of comedy are Charlie Reed and the theatrical manager—all else is cheap, common, and yet the humiliating fact remains that it is undoubtedly amusing! It is more entertaining than "The Honeymoon," and yet "The Honeymoon" is a classic. It is more entertaining than "Jocelyn," which, if it was not anything else, was certainly meant to be thrilling and gory. While it amuses you, you feel ashamed that you should be amused by such absurd nonsense.

It would be hard to say just in what its attraction lies. The songs, with the exception of Charlie Reed's, which are really clever, especially the parody on "Sailing," are old and not particularly pretty, though the voices are in some cases good. This, of course, is a surprise. To hear people sing who have no voices is one of the main attractions of this sort of performance. It is one of the choicest tricks in the repertoire of the burlesque artist. Among the women a lack of voice is always expected, occasionally causing ooe to agree with the poet when he remarked that

> "Swans sing before they die—
> 'Twere a good thing if certain persons died before they sing."

But the three Buds sing quite nicely, showing a preference for songs of a soft and sentimental character, lineal descendants of that moving ditty, "Popper's teeth are filled with zinc," which in early days enjoyed such popularity on the minstrel stage. It was not a humorous song. It was sad, deootiog, with a wealth of passive imagery, the economies to which Popper had been reduced by grinding poverty. But it is not the songs which are the maio attraction—they are the same that one may hear on any quiet afternoon when the young ladies are practicing with the windows open, and "Bid me Good-bye and Go," comes wailing out of No. 17 in violent opposition to "'Twill break my heart, Marguerite,' which is being massacred with deadly determination in No. 20. And it can hardly be the dancing, of which there is very little and that of a very mild kind. Neither can Charlie Reed—clever though he be—take the credit of the success of a whole piece, or even divide the honors with the theatrical John Smith and the daughters of the gods, who, under stress of mental anguish, are expected to tear up trees by the roots as the angry mastodon is said to have done while walking through the primeval forests. It is in the perpetual, kaleidoscopic brightness of the piece that all its claims to attractiveness lie. Each disconnected episode has some sparkle. It is a combination of more or less amusing trifles, bright enough, clever enough of their kind, none of them needing a strain to be appreciated, and all of them showing in a crude way a reflex of some condition of contemporaneous life, though it be of the back kitchen and the boarding-house.

This style of performance may be an embryo of somethiog light, graceful, enchanting, beautiful to develop in the future—a sort of sublimated "Beggar's Opera," an apotheosized "variety show" wherein all the wit will be real coin, the dancing grace personified, the voices as pure and fresh as Patti's, and the songs no older than the beginning of the century, uoder penalty of returning the entrance fees at the box-office. The young ladies will be all beautiful as houris in black stockings and accordion skirts, the men will be all as clever as Charlie Reed, no one will worry any more about one person taking two parts, for by that time they will have become accustomed to the idea of a play without a plot, and probably come round to regarding a play with a plot as quite an unnecessarily involved, complicated sort of a production. There will be nothing wearying about it—no more "getting a crick in the back of your mental neck" with straining your head to look up to a lofty standard—all will be gently exhilarating, softly amusing, keyed at comfort pitch, and yet delicate, finished, brilliant. "The City Directory" illustrates this style of performance in its savage state. It gives you a shadowy idea of what the completed whole will be in its dazzling entirety when it achieves the summit of its evolution.

G. B.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Margaret Mather will play "Romeo and Juliet" at her farewell performance this (Saturday) evening at the Baldwin.

Murray and Murphy, two Irish comedians, will be at the Bush Street Theatre next week with a play called "Our Irish Visitors."

The Baldwin Theatre is to be closed for the next fortnight. Fanny Davenport in "La Tosca" will be the next attraction, opening September 23d.

Henry Chanfrau will begin a short season at the Alcazar next Monday night, in that thrilling old border-drama, "Kit, the Arkansas Traveler."

Ida Valerga and Louise Manfred are now the alternating stars of the Tivoli, in "The Barber of Seville" and "The Vow of Love," respectively. "Théodora" is announced to be in preparation.

The little song, "Listen to Our Tale of Woe," which May Yohe and Charlie Reed sing in "The City Directory," was written by Eugene Field, the Chicago humorist, and was printed in the *Argonaut* several years ago; Francis Wilson saw its possibilities, and gave it to the stage by having it set to music and interpolating it in his comic opera, "The Oolah."

"The Stowaway," now running at the California Theatre, is the most dismal rubbish ever perpetrated, even by an English melodramatist. It is extraordinary, by the way, what a number of idiotic melodramas come from London; it gives one peculiar ideas of the London intellectual calibre. But even in London we question whether the managers of such a show would be allowed to advertise two of the actors as "genuine burglars, Spike Hennessey and Kid McCoy." It is probable that the Lord Chamberlain would prohibit the performance. However, it is allowed here. But if this burglar business is a crime against good morals and good taste, the whole play is a crime against nature. The author is apparently ashamed to father such awful rot, as his name does not appear upon the bills. It is said to have been written by one Conquest; if so, Mr. Conquest must have done it while toying with the jimjams.

Among the most interesting passages in Ruskin's "Praeterita" is one describing his love of dancing. The extraordinary vividness and force of Ruskin's description has seldom been more thoroughly illustrated than in the chapter where he describes what he calls "a beautiful flying romp" of the Vokes family. The Vokes troupe held an altogether unusual and unique position in theatrical life. One can scarcely mention their names now without a certain feeling of sadness. Jessie, who was one of the most prominent members of the family, is dead, and so is Fred Vokes, her brother, the merriest and most delightful comedian which the stage knew during his time. It is pleasant to think, however, that the two younger members of the family are in good health and in the undiminished enjoyment of their popularity. It is a curious thing, for both Rosina and Victoria Vokes were supposed to be the delicate ones of the family. It would be difficult to mention the name of an actress who enjoys a more affectionate regard among theatre-goers than Rosina Vokes, and the stories that there is any antagonism between her and her sister, Victoria, who has just arrived in America for a tour, is absurd. It is, indeed, largely through the instrumentality of Rosina that her sister has come to try her fortune in this country, where the family has always met with so many friends and such thorough appreciation. They are, by the way, the only theatrical family which has ever been warmly and thoroughly received by New York society.

Francis Wilson, the comedian, is at odds with Sidney Rosenfeld, who adapted Lecocq's "La Jolie Persanne" for Mr. Wilson and called it "The Oolah." Mr. Rosenfeld has received many substantial benefits at the hands of Wilson, and whenever Rosenfeld wanted one hundred dollars, or even one thousand dollars, he could depend upon Wilson to let him have it. "The Oolah" was sold to Wilson outright, Rosenfeld agreeing to make any necessary changes. On the first night everybody, before and behind the curtain, knew that the piece was what is known in theatrical parlance as a "frost." Wilson had risked a lot of money on the production, and he was in despair. Next day, he called on Mr. Rosenfeld, and said: "Now, Rosy, my boy, this is where we must do some great work on the opera," and then proceeded to outline the alterations needful. Mr. Rosenfeld, however, refused to make any changes whatever, unless a new contract were made whereby he should receive five per cent. of the gross receipts. Mr. Rosenfeld now pays for his ticket when he goes to see "The Oolah," and Mr. Wilson has engaged another libretist, who has made a new piece from the old materials. Steele Mackaye recently said: "Plays are not written; they are re-written." This seems to apply to comic operas especially.

In the play of "Effie Deans," the act concludes satisfactorily by the judge giving a verdict of "Not Guilty," in favor of the persecuted heroine. A novice, who undertook the part at short notice, got a little mixed, and pronounced the girl guilty, to the astonishment of the audience. Every one on the stage whispering "Not guilty," the novice was equal to the occasion. He rose again, in all the majesty of wig and ermine, and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, when I said just now that the young lady was guilty, that remark was ironical. I beg now to say that the young lady is not guilty, and leaves this theatre without a stain upon her character."

The villain of a well-known melodrama had to be shot. The supers came on and fired at him accordingly, but the property-man had omitted to load the guns, and the only sound was the faint click of the falling hammers. The villain had to die, and rose to the occasion. Throwing up his arms, he exclaimed, "I dies perforated by a thousand bullets, but I takes the opportunity of cursing with my last breath the niggardly government that supplies its army with air-guns."

THE CHILDREN OF THE STAGE.

We see them oft at Christmas-time,
They flash upon our gaze
As Kings and Queens of Pantomine
Or lightly dancing fays.
They tread the stately minuet
Like folks of greater age,
And who that knows them can forget
The Children of the Stage?

We've seen them ably play their parts
Where ranged in order stand,
With Alice, dear to childish hearts,
The folks of Wonderland.
We've seen the Dormouse and the Cat,
The Duchess and her rage;
What harm could come to them from that
Those Children of the Stage?

The winter nights are cold and long,
The winter blasts are rude,
The children's little dance and song
Will win them fire and food,
In fetid courts and streets they roam,
In sin alone grow sage;
The theatre's a safer home,
For Children of the Stage.

Then leave the children of to-day,
Their merry smiles to shed,
Upon us, in each fairy play,
To work that brings them bread.
The Puritanic times are o'er;
Erase that cruel page,
That tells us we shall see no more,
The Children of the Stage.

—*H. Savile Clarke in St. James's Ga*

From a newspaper, published at the Cape of Hope, South Africa, the *Stage* learns that Searelle lately took out to Kimberley, from En a "bevy of beauteous maidens," intending to a tremendous attraction among the residents He succeeded in doing this; but if matters p as they were doing when the last mail left, have to arrange for a shipment of some half-do so "beauteous maidens" by each steamer. Th herley mashers nightly crowded the theatre, ar Searelle's exchequer was in a most healthy sta still he was not happy. His "beauteous ma are a source of constant worry and anxiety for, although he has them bound by agreemen sum of twelve hundred and fifty dollars shou marry during their engagement, Cupid is rife the fair bevy, and Mr. Searelle is continually ering a fresh outburst of amativeness on the one or other of them, and a most watchful eye he kept over the flock. There is something mantically attractive in the idea of a flight to the pecuniary penalty that the young ladies powerless to resist it. A little time ago, the e was set by a Miss Harcourt, who, with an en ing and passionate adorer, fled in coach-and haste from the trammels of managerial au waiting neither for the church's blessing nor to whether Mr. Searelle would take ten per cent. penalty for cash. The strayed lamb was c and brought back to the fold, and then anoth appeared. This time it was a Miss Clare Will by her dancing, appearance, and "build," tranced the whole of Kimberley, firing the fee old and young alike, and making them forg diamond-digging and speculations. Out of th one more ardent than the rest succeeds in his cooing, and—although not entirely without claims upon him—fled with his adored one Free State and the hackwoods of Bosho haste, an expedition was organized to pur erring maiden; but, with a day ahead, ing pair had a good start. Arrived at a hostelry, well out from Kimberley, the pursuer a strange tale. No young lady had been seen previous day a chariot-and-four had arrived, contained only a gentleman and a "tall, thi They were cousins, and the "boy" was in ra exhausted condition; but the devotion and care with which the elder of the two administ the wants of the delicate cousin were most to After a rest the pair again took the road, a business manager, at last reports, was still trail, while Mr. Searelle was anxiously contem how many "beauteous maidens" would be the time he reaches Natal.

Some of the remarks of comedians strike t as being a trifle personal. They look so in pr the inexpressible smirk, grin, and twinkle of which a clever comedian can put into his wor the victim of any power of retort. Blakely Ha a dialogue between Louis Aldrich and Louis H the other day which illustrated this. Mr. Al a large, rather pompous and solemn-looking man, who, some years ago, made a hit on the and has since then posed as the Actor's Frien usually appears as the chairman of any co whom the actors organize. As men of the st continually organizing, Mr. Aldrich's promi marked, though not particularly lucrative. As of acting his comments are severe and carefu sidered. After he had criticised Mr. Louis H for some time, on the occasion referred to abo Harrison indulged in a long and interesting on the virtues of Mr. Aldrich, and finally wo by saying: "In a word, in my opinion, and opinion of the vast and seething body of a America, you are the crape on the door-bell drama. If my business next season is as big think you are, I shall stay out fifty-two wee come in on a special train with bells on the whe sky-rockets belching from the engine. But if size of the brain which coyly lurks beneath yo I shall stay out less than a week—and will p have to walk home then. Good-morning."

Theodore Wores, whose studies of Japan and landscape have recently attracted wide at in New York and London, has written for th tember *Century* a paper on "An American Japan," for which a number of his oil-paintin been engraved. Mr. Wores describes many traits of character which might be copied to ad by nations which are generally considered mon civilized. "An utter absence of sham," he s perfect freedom from all affectation, constitu of their most admirable qualities. They sh false or veneered front to the world. The be their homes lies more in the interior finish th showy outside, and the lining of their gowns of a more expensive and finer material than th stuff."

A month ago occurred, perhaps, the first o in the history of the stage on which an English man appeared before the curtain in clerical a respond to the call for the author. He was t H. Cresswell, and the piece was called "In D.

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LATE VERSE.

A Patron Saint.

Many kindly saints there are
Mentioned in the calendar;
Saints to pray to, saints to bow to—
Be as good as you know how to!
Some, to make the spirit easy,
Pray to Francis of Assisi;
Others deem it safer, meeter,
To address the good Saint Peter.
Plenty in a direful "stew"
Turn to Saint Bartholomew.
To beseech the "fair persuasion"—
Kneeling, as their wishes vary,
Now to Martha, now to Mary.

If I only knew the way to
Find the proper saint to pray to,
I would lift a supplication
Worthy of your emulation.
For I soon shall cross the ocean,
(That abode of wild commotion),
And my state when I'm a-sailing
Is a subject for bewailing.
I have tested each invention
Every loving friend could mention;
Naught avails against the frantic
Pitching of the mad Atlantic.
Over what results I'm certain
It is wise to *draw the curtain!*

Tell me in my tribulation
Unto whom to "pour libation!"
I would pray to all the sainted
Raphael and Titian painted
(Though the many names affright one),
If I thought I'd hit the right one!
Saint Champagne did some one mention
Being worthy my attention?
Hail, then, though thy titles vary,
Louis Roederer and Pommery,
Moet-Chandon, Grand Vin Sec,
Perrier-Jouët—well, *et seq.*
Prithee send—my prayer is fervent—
Comfort to your humblest servant!

—*Munsey's Weekly.*

To a Celebrated Physiologist.

Dr Charles Edward Brown-Séquard,
Your nostrum gains you no renown,
You can not warm an old man's heart
With vigor from a young Southdown.
Though like a child, with toys beguiled,
Old age by craze for youth is fired,
The bloom of youthful rams or hogs
Is not the golden bloom desired.

Dr. Charles Edward Brown-Séquard,
You put strange fancies in my brain;
Will brute-like tendencies affect
That man for whom the brutes were slain?
Where is it that the brute life stops?
Where is it that the man begins?
Can Cheshire cats that lick their chops
Impart the mirth expressed in grins?

Dr. Charles Edward Brown-Séquard,
Turn up the wick of wisdom's lamp!
Can slaughtered guinea-pigs confer
The rank that bears the guinea's stamp?
When old age fears declining years,
And seeks of life a longer lease,
From rams whose wool invites the shears,
Can you obtain the golden fleece?

Dr. Charles Edward Brown-Séquard,
You can not alter Nature's plan;
The red corpuscles of the blood
Are not the same in beast and man.
The laws of blood alike hold good
For outward forms and vital germs;
Your own loved science makes this plain,
And common sense the truth confirms.

Oh, Doctor, Doctor Brown-Séquard,
Seek not the lamp of life to feed
With that essential oil derived
From some poor rabbit run to seed.
But let that force maintain its course
The way that Nature bids it flow;
Thank Heaven for a human heart,
And let the foolish creature go!

—*New York Sun.*

Browning and Fitzgerald.

Oh, Robert Browning these are lines to blot:
Old Fitz's phrase had done her less despite
Than these vile words that seek to set him right.
She, living, would have warned you "write them not."
She, dead, warned double; but your blood grown hot
Doom'd your dull'd ear her distant voice to slight,
Her radiant face took shadow at the sight,
Her poet spitting in a dead man's face!
Down on your knees, if half your love be true,
And contrite beg re-consecrating grace.
Him she had pardon'd; may she pardon you!

—*Scots Observer.*

The Banner of the Sea.

[Some time ago *Truth*, published at Scranton, Pa., offered a prize for the best American sea-song, and the efforts of the contestants, some two hundred in number, were submitted to John Boyle O'Reilley, who made the following selection. It is the work of Homer Greene, author of "What my Lover Said." The publishers of *Truth* now offer a prize of one hundred dollars for the best musical setting to the song.]

By wind and wave the sailor brave has fared
To shores of every sea;
But, never yet have seamen met or dared
Grim death for victory
In braver mood than they who died
On drifting decks, in Apia's tide,
While cheering every sailor's pride,
The Banner of the Free!

Columbia's men were they who then went down,
Not knights or kings of old,
But brighter far their laurels are than crown
Or coronet of gold;
Our sailor true, of any crew,
Would give the last long breath he drew
To cheer the old red, white, and blue,
The Banner of the Bold!

With hearts of oak, through storm and smoke and flame,
Columbia's seamen long
Have bravely fought and nobly wrought that shame
Might never dull their song;
They sing the country of the free,
The glory of the rolling sea,
The starry flag of liberty,
The Banner of the Strong!

We ask but this, and not amiss the claim,
A fleet to ride the wave,
A navy great to crown the state with fame
Though foes or tempests rave;
Then, as our fathers did of yore,
We'll sail our ships to every shore,
On every ocean wind will soar
The Banner of the Brave!

Oh! this we claim, that never shame may ride
On any wave with thee,
Thou ship of state whose timbers great abide
The home of liberty;
For, so, our gallant Yankee tars,
Of daring deeds and honored scars,
Will make the Banner of the Stars
The Banner of the Sea!

—*Homer Greene.*

— PARTIES DESIRING FINE GOLD FILLINGS, BY the most skilled specialist on the coast, call on Dr. M. L. Cooper, 236 Sutter Street.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Loring Club Concert.

The members of the Loring Club gave their first concert of the thirteenth season last Wednesday evening in Odd Fellows' Hall. They were greeted by an audience which filled every seat. The programme was unusually interesting, and each number was accorded unstinted applause. The club had the assistance of Mrs. Carmichael-Carr and a quartet of French horns. A novel feature of the concert was the fact that a phonograph recorded the selections as they were given. They will be reproduced by the instrument at the next meeting of the club. The programme was as follows:

"Thou Bright, Sunny Earth".....Rheinberger
"Wanderer's Night Song"..... .....Lenz
Serenade ....Appel
"Spring Net".....Goldmark
"Valentin von Isenberg"..... .....J. Rheinberger
"A Gallant Hero is the Spring".... ..... Esser
"The Wild Rose"..... .....A. Dregert
(*a*) Serenade .....Eisenhofer
(*b*) "Rhine Wine Song"..... ...Mendelssohn
"Silent Night".....Von Weber
"The Boy and the Owl".....Chadwick
"O, Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast".... .....Kucken
"Night in the Forest".....Schubert

Army and Navy News.

Surgeon-General and Mrs. John M. Browne, U. S. N., have arrived here from Washington, D. C., and are the guests of Colonel and Mrs. J. T. Grayson.

First Lieutenant Henry W. Hubbell, First Artillery, U. S. A., has been promoted to be captain of Battery C.

Captain Junius W. MacMurray, First Artillery, U. S. A., has gone to Arroyo Grande, San Luis Obispo County, on official business.

Lieutenant George W. Van Deusen, First Artillery, U. S. A., has been detailed to duty at Fort Canby, W. T.

DXLIII — Bill of Fare for six persons — Sunday, September 8, 1889.

Barley Soup.
Shrimp Salad.
Boiled Chicken. Lemon Sauce.
Baked Tomatoes. Corn.
Roast Beef. Sweet Potatoes.
Chocolate Cream. Fancy Cakes.
Fruits.

LEMON SAUCE.—Cut one small lemon into very thin slices, and these again into very small dice. Have ready three-quarters of a pint of melted better, put in the lemon, let it just simmer but not boil, and pour it over the fowls.

The *Criterion*, as the *Real Estate Criterion* is now called, is an admirable publication of its kind. It is issued monthly, and contains records of the month's business, mortgages and releases, building contracts and sales; a review of the real-estate market, the rumors of the street, and readable, sensible, and reliable articles on projected improvements and similar topics having a bearing on real-estate values, chiefly as regards San Francisco, but including the real-property market of the entire State. Published by McAfee, Baldwin & Hammond, 10 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

— LADIES WHO HAVE JUST RETURNED FROM Paris, speak with praise of the beautiful laces on exhibition there by The Lace House of this city. We understand the articles will arrive here as early as Mr. Samuels is able to withdraw them from the cases, and will then be *on exhibition here*. During this coming week, The Lace House intends to offer some of the rarest of real point laces and flounces, worth forty to fifty dollars per yard, at less than half its value. Also other flounces and draping-nets at fifty per cent. below their regular value. Those fortunate enough to secure first selection, may congratulate themselves. The Lace House, D. Samuels, 123 to 129 Post Street, San Francisco.

— LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, SHOULD YOUR HAIR be falling out for the want of proper attention, go to Professor Monks, artist in hair, 122 McAllister Street, opposite New City Hall.

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Rev. Father Gleeson is correct when he asserts that *onaut* did him great *honor in noticing his remarks* in on with education. It did him an honor, and it should own better. It should have remembered how, on a occasion, being invited to its columns for a courteous on, he abused the privilege. The *Argonaut* knew t any discussion with Maynooth was "entirely unprofit- unprofitable on general principles, for a discussion sel- tles anything with Rome—and especially unprofitable ther Gleeson, because courtesy to him is not appre- d not considered, unless—as in this instance—it should ded to eleven thousand monks and to all the absurd of the Papal Church. We are not conscious that on e former occasion we have used the name of the Rev. Gleeson in other than respectful mention, nor do we all an instance when any *respectable* clergyman of ch of Rome has been treated in our columns with n personal respect. We do not feel called upon to any order of monks, or to give approval to the s, errors, or lives of the members of any mon- der, and as it does not as a rule come within ral line of our discussion to consider the religious of Rome or controvert the opinions entertained by y, we are not expected in any controversy to do more than give them such respectful recognition as in general terms we may think them entitled to. We are guilty of styling the eleven thousand monks of the monastic order of De la Salle as "lazy," and as teachers with "suppressing the facts of history, perverting the truths of science, and teaching the *absurd* dogmas of Rome." This is the burden of our offense, for this we are accused of deliberately "insulting" a highly respectable fraternity, designating them with "offensive and indecorous" epithets. We are accused of using "opprobrious" names, with "not being a gentleman." "Laziness" is interpreted by Father Gleeson to mean *idleness, indolence, sloth*, and *wasted energies*, and it is called "calumnious." While these monks are applauded for "rising to their devotions at "half-past four every morning of their lives, they are accredited "with more work in twelve hours than the writer in twenty-"four, after putting his nose out from under where he has been "snoring after a night with boon companions." The monks of De la Salle are accredited with all the virtues incident to the monastic life, with living on *scant* food, wearing *coarse* habits, and being successful school-masters. Their self-denial, their shabby clothes, we do not deny; their success as school-masters, we do not admit. We have seen in other lands—for Father Gleeson finds it convenient to admit that we have somewhat traveled—many orders of monks. In Italy and Spain, they abound; they are a lazy, hulking, idle body of what, to us, seem to be a most worthless class. We have never seen a monk engaged in honest labor; we have seen them lousy, barefoot, bareheaded, and snuff-taking, clad in unclean raiment, and begging. We are informed that some work; we have read curious romances of the monks of St. Bernard, toiling with dogs in Alpine snows to save the lives of lost travelers, but it is the dog and not the monk that always appears in rescue of the imperiled voyager, with his flagon of brandy strapped to his honest throat, and we have never heard of the dog of St. Bernard drinking from the flagon. We have heard of roystering, drunken monks and drunken, libidinous priests and fathers of the church, but we never saw a drunken dog. Even the monks of the Grand Chartreuse monastery do not work; the herbs are collected by peasants, the manufacture is performed by paid operatives, while the monks do nothing but sample their delicious liqueur. These holy fathers we have never seen drunk, but in other and less distant lands we have seen holy fathers on a holy tear. The monks of St. Francis—with their cowl, and gown, and cord, their sandals and dirty feet, their bald scalp and cord—we have never seen at harder work than to beg. We remember one—a hulking, lazy fellow at the Hotel Costanzi, in Rome—who got up at half-past four o'clock to prayers, was vowed to all the virtues except cleanliness; industriously he solicited alms for the benefit of his order. Somehow we have associated beggary and dirt with laziness, and the Franciscans, as we saw them in Rome, were a lazy lot. We are not familiar with the monkish orders, and though they get up at half-past four o'clock every morning of their lives, and pray, and fast, and wear unclean raiment, we do not associate them with any system of teaching, except the *absurd* ecclesiastical dogmas of the Church of Rome. The monks of De la Salle are a new order—only two hundred years established—for it is only within the last two hundred years that the Church of Rome has found it indispensable to teach the children of the poor anything. The system of public education introduced in Prussia, and adopted in our system, is found to be so injurious to the influence of Rome, that the church has been compelled to recognize this new misteaching order in self-defense. The subject of our controversy with Father Gleeson is the inferiority of the parochial system to the free, public, American-school system; and with our ideas of monks, we must be indulged in the belief that the monks of La Salle are, as a class, inferior to the American school-master, and in order that we may not seem—what we are not—illiberal and ungenerous, we do not believe that Christian Brothers are at all comparable with the Catholic teachers of Oakland or San Francisco, for whom we have great respect, and of whom we believe we have never been guilty of unkind criticism. The Christian Brothers are not distinguished for teaching ability, and because they work for inadequate compensation, and are poorly clad, and contribute their laborious lives to the suppression of educational facts in the interest of a church which does not submit its "absurd dogmas" to the intelligent understanding of boys who are permitted to think and reason, is excuse enough for their lack of a teacher's qualifications. No Roman Catholic—male or female—in the schools of San Francisco or Oakland would have the courage to explain the dogmas of "transubstantiation," the "immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary," the "infallibility of the Pope," "the authority of the priest to grant forgiveness of sins," and if any one of them would endeavor to demonstrate, exhibit, or explain the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, or work a miracle by the water of Lourdes and the spring at Knock, or make the image of the Virgin Mary weep in front of the altar in any other way than by passing a spoonful of water into the sockets of her eyes, or practice any one of the ten thousand fantastic tricks which priests of Rome play upon their ignorant following — they would, we think, be driven from their positions by the most Catholic board of education which the Democratic party bosses would ever dare to impose upon the conventions of Alameda or San Francisco. Father Gleeson is authority for the assumed fact that, in Paris, from the year 1847, school prizes were awarded to pupils of Christian Brothers for scholarship. If we accept the fact as worthy of belief, what of it? France was Roman Catholic and Paris was under the sway of the ecclesiastics of the Church of Rome till the third Napoleon was exiled and made captive by the soldiers of Prussia's king. Protestant Germany triumphed over the Roman Catholic soldiers of France, but when France became free, the Christian Brothers of La Salle were deprived of their vocation of teachers and became liable to the performance of military duty. We do not accept the authority of newspapers as authorized to stamp the character of efficient scholarship upon the Christian Brotherhood, and we have the right to ask our disputatious Roman priest to give us the name of any respected Protestant authority in the world who will be responsible for comparing any member of the eleven thousand Christian Brotherhood with the learned professors and teachers of modern science, art, philosophy, literature, and law. We deny that these Christian monks are in any respect comparable to the ordinary teachers of ordinary free schools; that they are their equals in ability, learning, character, or qualifications. We assert, with confidence, that the pupils of the parochial schools are inferior in learning to the pupils of the public schools, and we shall demand of Father Gleeson some better and higher proof of his ability to decide this question than in his distorted quotations of Latin from his Maynooth collegiate preparation for reading prayers, in a tongue in which he can neither converse nor think. The writer has visited Rome, has seen the churches of St. Peter, St. Paul, St. Mary the Greater, and St. John Lateran; has studied the works of Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Da Vinci; has visited the Sistine Chapel, and, in spite of the sarcastic sneers with which this priest of Rome insinuates an act of courteous respect to the Pope of Rome, admits that he was received by His Holiness, and then, in accordance with the rules of the Papal Court, bent and kissed the hand upon which glittered the papal ring, received his blessing, and was not ashamed to act the gentleman. The writer is not indifferent to the splendid organization of the church which antedates the time when the smoke of sacrifices rose from the Pantheon and the camelopard bounded in the Flavian amphitheatre; he is not unmindful of the architectural glories of Rome, nor indisposed to admit that among the many monarchs of the spiritual realm popes have flourished who have been great and good, nor is he blinded to the crimes of the Roman Church, nor to the bloody and brutal wars which it inspired to deeds of blood, nor to the cruel persecutions which have taken place in its name, nor to the perversions of history which it has endeavored to perpetuate; what we never forget is its long endeavor to suppress the truths of science, nor its war with liberty and freedom of conscience, nor are we

at all imposed upon hy the vaporings of Father Gleeson about pictures and chiselings in marhle hy men who were Roman Catholics when they dared be nothing else, nor ahout the nautical skill and daring manifested hy Marco Polo, Christopher Columbus, Ferdinando Magellan, Vasco da Gama, Vespucci, and Balhoa, when the civilized world was under the dominion of Rome and no ship sailed except under the flag of a Catholic king. Whether Johann Gutenherg invented printing, or a Catholic monk first fashioned a glohe, or the first designer of a map was Cosmos Indicoplenetes, or the "Delai Lama" was the first graven image, or some other person than a Connecticut Yankee first invented a clock, or a monk discovered gunpowder, or that there have been great astronomers amoog the members of the Church of Rome, or great scholars, has no hearing upon the question whether parochial schools are admissihle under the theory of a free repuhlic, and whether they ought to he taught hy the Christian Brotherhood of the monks of La Salle, or hy men who are competent to raise pupils, and women who are not disqualified hy their views from entering into the relation where they may become the mothers of legitimate children. Gutenherg did not invent printing, nor did a monk discover gunpowder, nor has the Church of Rome encouraged any research into the science of astrooomy. Printing, gunpowder, the magnetic needle, and other inventions and discoveries of the highest importance came from China, India, Egypt, and were iotroduced hy the Arahs and Moors into Europe; were secreted in cloisters, hidden and stolen by monks till the Church of Rome, in its policy of keeping the world in darkness, could no longer conceal them. If we have the right to he impatient at the controversialist and his mode of discussing the educational question, what shall we say to the greater fact which this formidahle conspiracy of Roman ecclesiastics has declared war against, the institution which in America is regarded as restiog at the foundation of free government? It is declared to he "godless," "immoral," and "dehasing" in the most solemn councils of the church. It is pronounced in the address which leads to this discussion as an "insatiahle and destructive Moloch," destroying our children; from the parent who sends his children to a free school the priests of Rome withhold the sacraments of religion in his dying hour; false and absurd dogmas are taught to the neglect of more useful branches of learning, while science and reason are suhordinated to the exploded traditions of a past age. Imported alien monks are imposed upon our youth as teachers in the place and pay of women haviog families to maintain. This conspiracy against our schools is an intrigue not only to destroy them, but is an organized rohbery of our treasury, as is the whole system of Roman charities. There are in the Counties of Alameda and San Francisco one thousand female teachers, whom the monks of De la Salle are to deprive of employment, one-half of whom are Catholic women, and in every respect—in moral character, learniog, and educational accomplishments—the superior of the hulking monks of alien importation, of whose cause the Reverend Father Gleeson is so zealous a champion.

We have heen "set a-thinking" by this second endeavor to draw an ignorant, vain, and garrulous peasant priest of Maynooth from the obscurity of a pulpit he has never adorned into the open arena of intelligent discussion upon a grave and serious public question. We have been disappoioted at his flippant discourtesy, his shallow impertinence, his bad temper, his bad English, his fantastic use of a much-munched Shakesperian chestnut, his ioapt, inelegant, pedantic quotations, his vulgar reference to an honored name in English literature as "Tom" Carlyle, and to our own as "a noisy, blustering, vapid blatherskite of a fellow," who makes assertions "without proof," arguments "without reason," and exhihits so lamentable a lack of historic knowledge as to charge Papistry with having been an enemy of science for imprisoning Galileo and burning Bruno, and insulting Rome hy alluding to the persecutions of Lollards and Waldenses, the massacre of the Huguenots, and the terrors of Inquisitorial tortures in Spain and Holland. This reverend gentleman—who is educated to Christian meekness and authorized to the forgiveness of sins he does not himself commit—rejoices in the hope that mental faculties "upset" and a mind affected by "dry-rot," a hrain disturbed by "*ignorantia crassa*" will not again give utterance to such "unfounded" and "untruthful calumnies" as that the intellectual world has been involved in darkness by means of monkish ignorance and clerical superstitions, through impossible miracles and absurd dogmas of the Church of Rome. If the writer should ever reach that "locality where the temperature is considerably above zero," the place to which priests so cheerfully consign all who do not agree with them in opioion, we shall probably look back to this controversy with the Reverend Gleeson as one "entirely unprofitable," because, on his part, it has not been carried on with intelligence nor with the courtesy which characterizes such discussions among gentlemen. Because we do not like it is no evidence that, under like provocation, we shall not he quite willing to renew it. We shall, however, express the hope that whenever the Church of Rome again seods forth a knight in armor to champion its persecuted school-masters, he may come not in the harness of Maynooth, with a peasant's clumsy flail, his equipments stained with muck of Irish hog, misquoting muddled Latin, nor with flippant impertinence allude to softeoing hrain, and consigning opponents to future purgatories from which—in our case—we are guaranteed hy the purchase of eleven millions of masses for which we have duly paid. There is more shining armor and keener weapons in the arsenal of Rome than are horne by this Sancho Panza of the pulpit; there are hetter, hraver, and more courteous and generous knights of controversy willing to couch a lance in defense of parochial education and Romish dogmas than it has heen our fortune to encounter in the Reverend Doctor William Gleeson.

France is on the eve of a general election, the result of which will he awaited with unusual interest. A new Chamher of Deputies is to be elected, and already the political atmosphere is hlack with manifestoes from the various leaders. This personal aspect of French political life is one of its most strikiog and most unfortunate features. Platforms are not enunciated hy political parties, hut hy prominent individuals to their personal followers, and thus it happens that parties give place to factions, too numerous for any one of them to gain a working majority, too jealous of each other for any effective combination to he possihle. Io the last Chamher of Deputies there were seventeen factions of more or less strength, extending from the Monarchists on the extreme right to the Socialists on the extreme left. Among the Monarchists were the Legitimists, the Fusion Legitimists, the Philippists, and the Compromise Royalists, representing different aspiraots or different shades of opinion. Beside them were the Bonapartists, divided into three groups. These various groups of Monarchists and Imperialists were united in their opposition to the repuhlic, and could, therefore, always he counted on to vote solidly on any question adverse to the existing ministry. They have formed a cooservative union, directed hy a central committee, and aiming at an overthrow of the repuhlic. Should they succeed in this object, bowever, they would immediately split into their several groups again. But for the present their interests are common. Their alliance with Boulanger is attrihutable to the same motive. They thought they saw in him an effective instrument for the overthrow of the republic, and entered into combination with him with that object io view. Though they have decided to continue with him in the approaching electioo, his weakness in the local electioos last month has opened their eyes, and their support is hut half-hearted. The "Brav' General" will probahly fare eveo worse in the general elections than he did in those of the arrondissements, for he has been thoroughly discredited by his flight and hy the verdict of the Senate. He attempted to overcome this by offering to stand trial by the military authorities, hoping that the government might take some action which would enahle him to pose as a martyr before the country. Instead of this, however, the goveroment has gone to the other extreme, and has consented that hoth Boulanger and Rochefort shall stand for election to the Chamher of Deputies. Instead of the heroic, therefore, his attitude partakes somewhat of the ridiculous—the one thing fatal to a Frenchmao. The coalition has now a voting strength in the Chamber of Deputies of ahout thirty per cent., and this is likely to be decreased rather than increased by the coming elections. At the extreme left are the Socialists, a small but energetic body, having a voting strength of less than one per cent., which is not likely to he changed. Between these two extremes are the Repuhlicans, divided into seven groups, extending from the Left Centre to the Extreme Radicals. The Left Centre was the party of Thiers, and to it the republic owes its estahlishment. For a time they formed the intellectual element in French political life, but they now form only an unimportant group. The Opportunists, the party of Gamhetta, supplanted them only to give way in turn—discredited under the leadership of Ferry in the Tonquin affair—to the Radicals. The Opportunists have considerable strength yet, when they act together, and, therefore, they have received in recent cahinets a minority representation as the price of their support; but the drift of political power is to the left, and the Radicals are now in the ascendancy. Despite their preponderance, however, they have not sufficient strength to retain them in power, when opposed by a coalition of the other factions, and thus one Radical ministry succeeds another, differing from its predecessors only in its personnel. This fact, as much as anything else, tends to strengthen the personal character of French politics—the individual receives an exaggerated importance, the policy hecomes subordinate. The prospects are, however, that in the coming elections the Radicals will ahsorb some of the smaller factions, and will enter the next Chamher with a hetter working force. Such a gain will be a great henefit to the repuhlic, because the instahility of ministries has meoace to the stahility of the government itself. Sir estahlishment of the existing constitution in 1875, the heen twenty-four mioistries, or an average of one every months. Another most potent factor in promotiog the i ity of the government, is the tendency to ahstract spec among the politicians. There is hardly any prominent pc in France who has not a scheme for the revision of the c tion in his coat-pocket, which he is ready to produce least provocation. And this persistent agitation of th tion of revision accustoms the puhlic mind to the frequent change in the frame-work of government. mania for revision receives additional impetus from cepted doctrine that the life of a governmeot does not sixteen years. During the last three hundred years, has had eighteen governments, or an average of one ev teen years, and the present constitution dates from 1875 teen years ago. This superstition has done something encouraging the desire for revision, hut more has hee hy the evident imperfections of the constitution. The of the government has drifted into the Chamher of De until the seoate and the president have become p nonentities. The trial of Boulanger marks the only di independent action of the senate in recent years, ar would have heen impossihle had the Chamher of Depu consented to it. The responsihility of ministries is cause for dissatisfaction with the present constitutioo. the constitution has heen io force, there have heen twer different ministries, or one oo an average every seven r It is clear that with such frequent changes it is impos carry out any governmental policy, and the administrat comes contemptihle. A change of the constitution is hle, and the coming election will decide, in a large m what direction that change will take. The Comte de the candidate of the Philippists for king, has issued festo advocating a return to mooarchy, and calls on all of good government to support his followers. But th are not ripe for a return to monarchy in France, and th clear-sighted among the Royalists are heginning to see

Political circles are profoundly agitated over the q whether Mr. W. H. Sears will or will not be appoi collector of internal revenue for California. Rumor Governor Stanford and the Hon. W. W. Morrow as th est advocates of Mr. Sears, and Mr. M. H. de Young avowed and open adversary. It is a war of political and though two to one, the contest is not altogether u Our personal feelings favor the senator and memher o gress. Our political memories recall the time when Mr in connection with the hoycott convention at Sacra worked in concert with Horace Davis and M. M. Estee, the demagogue and acted as the allies of a gang of Irish adventurers, who eodeavored to introduce an ele chaos into our political and lahor system. Mr. de Yo not dined with the President *en famille*, or heen provid exotics from the Presidential green-house, without hav quired a strong hold upon the very able executive, wh in his hands the destinies of internal revenue collectors a critical position in which the Republican party of Ca is placed, and if we were not a member of the Ar wing, we should be deeply solicitous for the result.

Republicans will not, we fancy, be either very mu prised or deeply pained that Corporal Tanner has f convenient to sever his connection with the adminis That he has been forced to a voluotary resignation parent, and it is not prohahle that the Grand Army Republic will disband or that the government will fall to in consequence of his severing his connection with the in power. It is just possible that the withdrawal of C Tanner from the flesh-pots of the political Egypt may i the country in such embarrassment that there may he of restoring it to prosperity other than by the renom and reëlection of ex-President Cleveland; and, hy th it looks very much as though this gentleman would h invited by the Democratic party to hecome its candid the Presidency.

The very flattering reception given to Governor Stanf the citizens of Santa Clara and hy the Native Sons Golden West on Admission Day, must have heen excee grateful to him. He has not always been well enough stood to he appreciated. To his dead son—who, had b would have been properly enrolled among the native whom the State has given birth—he is erecting in the Co Santa Clara a monument that should live as long as the lit of the age survives. The Leland Stanford Jr. University become a royal seat of learning, the influence and v which may endure so long as civilization is maintained. not the railroad magnate, or the senator, or the milli that the people of Santa Clara desire to honor with a ment of bronze or marhle, but the man of affairs, the

an, and man of wealth, who devotes his vast fortune and e remaining active years of his life to the equipment of great university. Governor Stanford is a useful senator, is an esteemed and valuable citizen, and has made the ople of California the residuary legatees of great wealth nestly acquired to enable them to educate their sons and ughters.

The *Argonaut* is continually receiving letters from its readers, king for information concerning the opening of the Stanford niversity. We therefore addressed a note, summarizing the rious questions, to the secretary of the board of trustees. is reply is as follows: "Senator Stanford expects to open e Leland Stanford Jr. University in the fall of 1890. Work at present actively progressing on the buildings. A large rmitory, capable of holding three hundred students, is in urse of construction, and one quadrangle of buildings, for citation-rooms, comprising eight buildings, is almost com-ted. Buildings for machine-shops, engine, and work-rooms also well advanced. As regards the course of study to pursued in the university, nothing has yet been decided on, and will not be until Senator Stanford has selected the sident and faculty; this he has not yet done, and we do not ow how soon it will be before the staff of professors is npleted."

The London dock companies have a responsibility put upon m in the present crisis such as no commercial body in Eng-d has ever before had to face, for if they yield to the huge mbination now made against them, it will be the same thing transferring the control of their business to the socialist ders—namely, Burns, Hyndman, Cunningham & Co.—and petition of the attack on some other trade or industry ld be sure to occur before long. The London dock labor-now on strike are, perhaps, the lowest class of labor in gland. They are the drift from the country, who hang und the docks for jobs by the hour and live literally from d to mouth. Anybody with strong arms can do their k. Their sole trouble is that there are twice too many of n where they are. The only effective remedy for their dis-s is to send half of them away. Giving them what they —sixpence instead of fivepence per hour, and engagements not less than four hours—would have only a momentary ct on their condition. It would draw thousands more n the country districts to compete for the work, and Lon-would then have more discontented laborers than ever. e strike promises to be a serious affair for London, which-r way it ends. If the dock companies give in and continue mploy the same number of men, they must recoup them-es by raising their charges, and to raise their charges is to e away shipping from the port. At this moment the stock all the dock companies except the Millwall pays no divi-ds, and the price is correspondingly low. The Alexandra s at seventeen, the East and West India at twenty-two, the ndon and St. Katharine's at forty-two, the Millwall at eighty-. All are laboring under heavy debts in the shape of pre-ed stock and debentures, or mortgage bonds, as we call n. Even before the strike occurred the outlook for them becoming very serious, owing to the fact that London has n for some time declining as what is called a "distributing tre." The last great strike, which took place there eight rs ago, and was the first blow to its commercial supremacy, that of the shipwrights, and was quite as senseless as this , but was supported by the same amount of sentimental iver from philanthropists and clergymen. It took place on eve of a great decline in the demand for shipping, and was sisted in spite of the fullest explanations as to its prob-e results, until it absolutely killed ship-building on the Thames. When it was over, the trade was extinct, and some the greatest ship-yards in the world were closed for good. e business has gone to the Clyde, where it has remained lost ever since.—*Nation.*

The demand which Mr. Washburn has made on the Swiss Government for compensation for the arrest and false im-onment of four American tourists, raises seriously a ques-which has often been raised jocosely: What can he done nforce a demand against Switzerland by a power which no adjoining territory? France, Italy, Austria, and Ger-ny could all bring armed pressure to bear on Switzerland, what could England and America do if Switzerland chose nap her fingers at them? She has no ports, no maritime e, no foreign possessions, and, in fact, is absolutely unas-able by any but border nations. It would seem (says the New York *Evening Post*) as if the only mode for us to get sfaction, in case the Swiss sense of honor and fair play ed us, would be to capture a leading hotel-keeper when on h travels in winter, and hold him for a ransom.

An ordinance requiring contractors to darken cement side-ks has been passed by the trustees of Sacramento. The ease of eye affections demands that a similar law be enacted every city in the State.

THE PRIESTS AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The priests of Rome never cease denouncing public schools—calling them godless and infidel schools, forbidding parishioners, on penalty of excommunication and hell-fire, in send-their children to them—and yet, Mr. Editor, would you believe it, ther Crowley, who has charge of the Youth's Directory, on Howard et, near Sixteenth, sends the inmates of that institution to the lion Primary School? Now, then, if the Catholics who send their dren to the public schools will go to hell, will not this holy priest of e go too? If it is a sin for poor Bridget to send her child to a ic school because of her inability to send it to a parochial school, is t a supposable case that this holy priest of Rome is likewise sin-? It matters not what a holy priest of Rome does—it is all right; with poor Bridget it is a horse of another color. What arrant crites these priests of Rome are! OBSERVER.

PUBLIC-SCHOOL EDUCATION.

The following most eloquent sermon, comparing the system of public-school education with that of the parochial system now in process of introduction by the hierarchy of Rome, is published in full by the daily evening *Tribune* of Oakland. Its author is the Rev. Dr. Dille, of Alameda. It is an encouraging sign of the times that evangelical clergymen have the courage to preach, and the daily press has the courage to print, such a sermon as this. We regret we have space only for the publication of extracts. Upon the question of public schools, American statesmen, orators, and writers are now taking position. We are proud to claim that in this cause of patriotism the *Argonaut* began early, worked honestly, and is most happy to welcome the Protestant pulpit and the patriotic press to carry on the work we could but feebly aid to inaugurate. From the following text he spoke as follows: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it":

My theme implies a certain antagonism between the common and the parochial school. Unfortunately there is antagonism between the common school and the Roman Catholic parochial school, because the aim of the former is to make good citizens, the aim of the latter to make good Catholics. The former seeks the full rounded development of the individual in his relations to society and the State; the latter seeks the production of a drilled and obedient servant of the Romish hierarchy.

As Americans we do not propose to go either to Paris or to Rome for our educational methods. Our public schools are not in all respects adjusted to their environments as yet, but they can be. The just relation of church, family, state, and individual will be ascertained and adjusted, and while our schools will not be sectarian they will not be godless.

While the public schools, then, though not irreligious, are unsectarian, the parochial schools are only sectarian, since they make the dogmas and practices of the Romish Church preëminent in their teaching.

It is said that the poison of the cobra serpent becomes innocuous when exposed to the sun. So Romanism, whose virus has got into the blood of so many peoples, fears the light as it fears nothing else. Fellow citizens, we have in our midst a band of priestly conspirators, who have no sympathy for the American Government or its system of education. They have been watching with sleepless vigilance every phase of our school system, and they have seen that our free schools are the nurseries of American ideas, and that a large number of children born of Roman Catholic parents, who were educated in these schools, were so thoroughly Americanized in them that they were lost to the church, and so, at the command of the Pope, they have gone to work to take possession of our schools—to control them or to destroy them. They are perfectly willing to control them, and though Father Gleeson calls the system Diana of the Ephesians, his co-religionists are quite willing to be priests and priestesses and temple-sweepers for this Diana!

The priests of Rome would carry the abomination of desolation into the holy place of our public schools if they could. A lady of this city informs me that a priest conducted Romish services in the school in the Laguna District, in San Mateo County—a public school in which the teacher and most of the scholars were Catholics.

I agree with Father Gleeson (I am glad we are agreed on something) that the school question is a matter of life and death to his church; so much the worse for his church, say we. If the issue is between the two, if one or the other must go, the American people will not hesitate a moment. They will send every meddling priest home to Rome before they will see the system harmed. By the way, come to think of it, if these befrocked gentlemen don't like our institutions, why don't they leave our country for one where there are no "grim, insatiable Molochs" in the shape of free schools to affright their souls? I'll agree to take up a rousing collection to pay their passage home, right here.

Rome knows that it can only control the people by beginning at the beginning, before they are able to judge intelligently.

Now, while we question no man's right to hold the creed and practice the religious ceremonies which his judgment and choice commend to him, so long as the practice of his religion involves no infringement on others' rights, still an institution which claims for itself the right to control the primary education of citizens is a proper subject of criticism and investigation.

To-day we have nearly a million of the future citizens and voters of this country in parochial schools, and all the power that Rome can bring to bear there, the pulpit and the confessional is being used to force all the children of Catholics into them. It is a fact full of promise to our nation that there is a strong tendency on the part of more enlightened Romanists to revolt from the dictations of a lot of celibate priests in their most sacred domestic matters, and in spite of the thunders of the Vatican, the denial of sacraments, and the use of all the spiritual penalties which Rome has at her command, one-third of the children of Catholic families are still in our public schools, where they can obtain secular education without any of the musty flavors of monkery and mediævalism about it.

The State must educate, because its political safety depends upon it. The conservative and guiding forces of a republic do not reside in a power outside of and above the people; they reside in the people—in the minds and wills of the many who, by their opinions and votes, determine the policy of the government and the character of its rulers. Ignorance is a perpetual invitation to anarchy, with its torch on the one hand and the man on horseback on the other. In this country it is the ignorance of many voters which makes the opportunity of the bosses and the demagogues.

The State must educate in order to bring about that social homogeneity which is vital to a republic. Aristocracy intrenches and perpetuates itself in private schools. But in the common school the children of rich and poor meet on a common level, and all through the school course a sort of leveling process goes on—a leveling up and not down, for the tendency is to lift the whole school to the level of the best and most refined elements in it. The common school is the natural foe of caste and of foreignism, and this process of assimilation which goes on in the common school is of tremendous importance in this country, where we have annually from five to eight hundred thousand immigrants coming to us from foreign lands. Imagine the effect, if the children of our foreign population should be segregated into schools where foreign ideas should be sedulously taught, and should grow up in as dense ignorance of our institutions as their fathers are when they land at Castle Garden—how long would this nation stand the strain? I tell you it is a glorious thing for broadcloth and homespun, the children of Hans and Pat and Johnny Crapaud and John Bull and Brother Jonathan to rub up against each other in the public schools. There our lads learn to clasp hands in a mutual respect born of something broader and better than class or race or creed distinctions—distinctions about which the wholesome public school-boy, thank God, cares precious little. It is the function, then, of the common school:

1. To furnish a wholesome and thorough primary mental training for every child in the land.

2. To make good citizens by inculcating those principles of morality, patriotism, and true social life, without which a republic, however rich its resources, and however favorable its natural situation, can not long endure and prosper.

Such is the ground and theory of the common school. The parochial school, on the other hand, is based on the assumption that the Roman Catholic Church is the infallible representative of God on earth; that, as Cardinal Manning says, the Pope alone has the right to define the limits of his own authority and the limits of the authority of the state; that it is the Pope's duty to pronounce not only on the rights of individuals, but of peoples, nations, and their rulers.

I come now to the practical results which the spirit and method of the parochial school invariably produce.

The assault upon free, popular education which is made here, is successful in all Catholic countries. In Quebec, the Jesuits have captured the funds which have been raised by taxation for high-schools, and as Mr. Pixley well says: "We Americans now enjoy the unusual privilege of seeing the garroter, who has determined to strangle us to-morrow, perform the operation of choking the victim he has selected for to-day." If we are wise, forewarned will be forearmed, and the fingers which now clutch the Canadian throat will be handcuffed before they embrace our jugular vein.

What has been the practical result of Romish schools in the Old World? Listen to Count Cavour, the Italian statesman, the prime minister of United Italy. He says: "Nothing hurts Rome so much as the light. I will attack Rome by railways, by electric telegraphs, by agricultural implements, by gratuitous education on a large scale, by civil marriages, by the secularization of conventual property, by the enactment of a model code, embodying the most lenient laws of Europe, and by the suppression of corporeal punishment. I will place the spirit of modern expansion face to face with the old spirit of obscuration. I am quite certain the former will triumph. I will establish a blockade of new civilization around Rome. If she undergoes a modification, she will come to us; if she remains unchanged, she will by constant comparison become so disgusted with her state of inferiority that she will throw herself into our arms to escape destruction."

What the prime minister predicted has come to pass, for free Italy has become too hot to hold His Holiness the Pope, and he is talking of emigrating to some land still in the twilight of mediævalism, like Spain or Portugal.

Victor Hugo, the greatest genius of this century, saw what Romish schools meant in France, and he says of them:

"Ah, we know you! We know the Clerical party; it is an old party. This it is which has found for truth those two marvelous supports, ignorance and error. This it is which forbids to science and genius the going beyond the missal and which wishes to cloister thought in dogmas. Every step which the intelligence of Europe has taken has been in spite of it. Its history is written in the history of human progress, but it is written on the back of the leaf. It is opposed to it all. . . .

"For a long time the human conscience has revolted against you, and now demands of you, 'What is it that you wish of me?' For a long time you tried to put a gag upon the human intellect. You wish to be the masters of human education, and there is not a poet, nor an author, nor a thinker, nor a philosopher that you accept. All that has been written, found, dreamed, deduced, inspired, imagined, invented by genius, the treasures of civilization, the venerable inheritance of generations, the common means of knowledge, you reject. You claim the liberty of teaching. Stop! be sincere. Let us understand the liberty you claim. It is the liberty not to teach."

Who is this Rome, fellow-citizens, that comes to us with this arrogant claim that God has committed to her the exclusive function of educating the youth of this land?

Who is this that claims that our school-system is godless and impious, unfit for the education of her children? Who is this that would rend asunder our school-system, the palladium of the American Republic? What has been her record in the work of education? What superior enlightenment has she imparted to the nations that have long been under her dominion? What type of civilization has she fostered? What progress in morality, piety, the arts and sciences, and in social amenities?

Gattini, a member of the Italian Parliament, speaking of what the Papal Church has done in the line of progress and in the line of civilization, asks:

"What share has the Papacy taken in this work—is it the press? Is it electricity? Is it steam? Is it chemical analysis? Is it self-government? Is it the principle of nationality? Is it the proclamation of the rights of man? Of the liberty of conscience? Of all this the Papacy is the negation. Its culminating points are Gregory the First, who, like Omar, burned libraries; Gregory the Seventh, who destroyed a moiety of Rome and created the temporal sovereignty; Innocent the Third, who founded the Inquisition; Boniface the Ninth, who destroyed the last remains of municipal liberty in Rome; Pius the Seventh, who committed the same wrong in Bologna; Alexander the Sixth, who established the censorship of books; Paul the Third, who published the bull for the establishment of the Jesuits; Pius the Fifth, who covered Europe with burning funeral pyres; Urban the Eighth, who tortured Galileo; and Pius the Ninth, who has given us the modern syllabus.

"This is the power that is striving to undermine, destroy, or control the educational interests of our land. It put Campanella seven times to the torture for saying that the number of the worlds was infinite. It persecuted Harvey for proving the circulation of the blood. In the name of Jesus, it shut up Galileo for having said that Jupiter had moons. It imprisoned Christopher Columbus. To find a new world was heresy; to discover a new law of the heavens was impiety.

"It was this spirit that anathematized Pascal in the name of religion, Montaigne in the name of morality, and Molière in the name of both morality and religion."

I do not deny that the Church of Rome has done good educational work in all the ages, for which the world is greatly her debtor, but it was the education of limited classes—never of the people. Her education was for the cloister and the castle, and not for the yeomanry and peasantry of Europe. It has ever been her policy to keep the masses ignorant, in harmony with her time-honored maxim that "ignorance is the mother of devotion."

In the Papal States, before the downfall of the Pope's temporal power, although the Romish Church had absolute control of all affairs, both temporal and spiritual, eighty per cent. of the people could neither read nor write, and only five per cent. could read and write, and an American official stationed there said that the humblest district school in the backwoods of America was infinitely superior to the parochial schools of Rome. The leading institutions of the Eternal City were churches, monasteries, and foundling asylums—the latter by no means least important in a land where the proportion of illegitimate births was larger than in any other country in Christendom.

Under the parochial schools of the Romish Church the people of Catholic Ireland and Italy have fallen so far behind other races in intelligence, that they have become mere hewers of wood and drawers of water for the nations that sustain a system of free public education abreast of the age. Look at Spain, where Rome has controlled all education for ages. Seventy per cent. of the population could neither read nor write in 1864, though Spain had fifty-eight colleges, with fourteen thousand students in them—nearly all priests and monks being trained to prey upon the ignorance and superstition of the people. In Spain to-day, with sixteen million people, twelve millions can neither read nor write. Victor Hugo said to Rome: "What have you done for Spain? Spain, magnificently endowed Spain, which received from the Romans her first, and from the Arabs her second civilization; from Providence, in spite of you, a world—America—Spain, thanks to you, rests under a yoke of stupor, degradation, and decay. Spain has lost the secret of the power it obtained from the Romans, the genius of art it obtained from the Arabs, the new world it had from God; and it has received from you, in exchange for all you have made it lose, the Inquisition, which some of you are trying to re-establish; which has burned on the funeral pyre millions of men, which disinterred the dead to burn them as heretics. That is what you have done for two great nations, and that is what you want to do for France. Take care; France is a lion and is alive." After this masterpiece of sarcasm from the illustrious Hugo, look over Mexico, Central and South America, after nearly four centuries of Catholic education. Who dares deny that Roman Catholic countries in both hemispheres are the least educated? that in them is the deepest, densest ignorance, and the grossest morals and the most unpardonable loitering in the march of human progress that is to be found in Christendom? while Germany, Switzerland, Norway, England, and the United States are the best instructed countries in the world, because they each have a national system of instruction.

The great English historian, Macaulay, in speaking of the manifest superiority of Protestantism over Romanism in his day, said: "When in Ireland, you pass from a Catholic to a Protestant county; in Switzerland, from a Catholic to a Protestant canton; or in Germany from a Catholic to a Protestant state, you feel you are passing from a low to a high civilization."

Fellow-citizens, let us stand by our schools; let us take a practical interest in them. Let us favor a broad and liberal policy for buildings and maintenance. Let us ask our council to appropriate that forty per cent. of the school-tax levy, which the charter makes available for the erection of school buildings, worthy of our city and our schools, so that the enthusiasm you have shown when the schools are attacked may prove itself to be more than a mere barren sentiment. I thank God for this agitation. It has done good, and the people have spoken in no uncertain tones, to the dismay and confusion of the enemies of American free schools.

THE RESTORED PALIMPSEST.

"That way madness lies! Let me shun that!"—LEAR.

A *palimpsest*, as every reader knows, though not all, perhaps, may remember just on the moment, is an ancient piece of parchment, upon which various treatises have at different times been written, one on top of the other, the document being partially cleaned by erasure before each new inscription is made. During the middle ages, the power to fit words together in an appropriate manner, and to write them down when so fitted, was limited chiefly to the monks. These, living in monasteries and isolated from the centres of civilization, found themselves often sorely put to it to obtain parchment whereon to set down the results of their lucubrations. Thus it would sometimes happen that some hoary old abbot, when he called to the novices to bring him writing materials, that he might make known to future generations some new and short method of consigning all the enemies of the church to the infernal regions, would be informed that the last shred of clean parchment had been used by the clerks in taking down the confession of a rack-tortured heretic. Then would the good father ascend to the turret where the library was stored—not as yet black-letter tomes bound in leather and brass, but mere dusty rolls of sheepskin—and would draw out from the heap one of the right size and shape, and return with it to his cell. What if it did contain the last extant copy of some precious ode of Horace—the lustful heathen!—or a sweet pastoral of Theocritus—crackling of thorns under a pot! The abbot called for a felt-brush and did away with the contents of the parchment, with the same easy complacence that is displayed by the modern magazine editor when he drops into the waste-basket the soul-throbbings of some young poet, who happens to be unknown to him.

Alas for the abbot! The monks of the next generation scrubbed out his maledictions and replaced them with elegant casuistry; and this in turn, perhaps, a century later, gave way to the *abracadabra* of pseudo-science. Thus, when the palimpsest falls into the hands of the nineteenth-century antiquarian, he must needs dig down through various strata of folly and ignorance to come to the pure metal underneath it all.

In the "Suspira de Profundis"—those sighs from the depths of the drug-diseased brain of De Quincy—one may read: "What else than a natural and a mighty palimpsest is the human brain? Everlasting layers of ideas, images, feelings, have fallen upon your brain softly as light. Each succession has seemed to bury all that went before. And yet in reality not one has been extinguished."

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A special study which I happened to be making into the illusions of science caused me to wish to know something about the origin of the doctrines of phrenology. What were the data upon which Gall had constructed his map of the human reasoning powers, which was still in use, but little altered, among the professors of the alleged science? I began a search among the libraries which were within my reach for any volumes of the work of his disciple, Spurzheim, if happily, though out of print, they might still remain extant. But science has its *Index Expurgatorius* no less than the Vatican, and such works appear to be of it. Then I bethought me of the second-hand bookstores; and first of all I went to visit my friend, Justinian Peebles, in his queer old den on Alexandria Street.

There was this advantage about Justinian, which, by the short step which separates contrasts, sometimes changed itself to a disadvantage, that if he had not what you wanted, he would always offer something else. Thus, now, when I asked him for a book, he pointed out to me the only thing which is greater and better than a book, and that was—a man.

"Phrenology?" said he, looking up under his dusty eyebrows; "no, I have not Spurzheim; neither have I Forster, nor Combe, nor Dewhurst; nothing, in fact, that is worthy of your study, Mr. Firmin. But I have a customer who will serve your purposes better than all these, and by good fortune he is here in the shop at this present moment. There he stands, with his nose and goggles buried in that volume of Lavater," and the ferule in Justinian's hand pointed toward a murky corner in the front room.

I looked at the man and found my attention arrested by more than passing curiosity. He was tall and large, and wore a coat of a ministerial cut, which came below his knees. This, together with the rest of his attire, including the bell-shaped beaver hat, was neglected almost to the point of being shabby. He was stooping over his book, and seemed to read with some difficulty, as the light was poor and he was evidently very near-sighted. What contributed more than anything else to the oddity of his appearance, was a black skull-cap, worn under his hat, which fitted his cranium like a glove and came down almost to the nape of his neck. His face I could not see at that time.

"I know what you are thinking," said the voice of Justinian; "you are trying to restore him to his place in Hogarth's plates."

"Who is he?" I asked.

Justinian answered me in his most mysterious and impressive manner, the same that he was wont to employ when displaying some rare Wechel or Elzevir: "He is Dr. Casco. I can tell that he is a foreigner—but I don't know of what country. He buys books of whatever language they happen to come in, if they have what he wants."

"What kind of books does he buy?" I inquired.

"Science and philosophy; but he is peculiar in the selections that he makes of these. He never buys nor even looks into the standard works, but is always searching for something out of the common run; and as a result, between you and me, he gets a great deal of trash."

"And so you think that his library contains something of Spurzheim?"

"It is a short road to the finding out. I will introduce you to him and you can inquire."

We approached the doctor, and as Peebles spoke to him he turned and looked at me. Then I felt a sudden impression of having misjudged the man. His attire and general bearing were those of an antiquarian, of one whose interests are with the thought and action of previous generations of men. But his face was much younger than I had expected, and was full of the force and vigor of originality. Plainly, if this man studied into the ideas of others, it was only that he might assimilate them with his own and attain results in action.

He removed his glasses as he spoke to me, and I noticed a peculiar expression of the eyes. There appeared to be something out of order about them, yet I could not tell just what.

"I am glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Firmin," said Dr. Casco; "if any part of my small library will prove useful to you, it is at your service."

Mr. Peebles had already explained what was the object of my search in the store, and I spoke of it again.

"Spurzheim?" said the doctor; "yes, I can supply what you want there, and I have several other later writers who will give you some idea of the recent development of the science."

The doctor gave one more glance at the plates in the Lavater which lay open in his hands, and then, with a disdainful shrug of the shoulders, snapped the volume together and replaced it on the shelves.

"If you will come with me now," said he, "to my room, which is not far distant, I will show you what books I have on phrenology."

He picked up a large blackthorn cane, and we ascended the steps together into the street. As the sunlight shone upon us, I was conscious of the fact that my companion was looking me over to see what manner of man I was.

"Have you made a special study of this alleged science?" I asked.

"*Alleged* science!" exclaimed the doctor; "ah; that is your idea, eh?"

He spoke the words with some vehemence, and for the first time I detected a peculiarity of accent quite un-American.

"In default of personal investigation and experiment, I have been inclined," said I, "to accept the views of most scientific writers on the subject. I have regarded phrenology rather as a specious art of guess-work than as an inductive science."

At the same time I said to myself: "I have fallen into the hands of a crank. I must pay hire for my Spurzheim by suffering *un mauvais quart d'heure.*"

Much to my relief, however, the doctor did not seem inclined to enter into any argument. He delivered himself, as we walked along, of something of a tirade against modern scientists. No class of men were more given, he said, to reckless theorizing, and yet they were utterly intolerant of the theories offered by any outside of their own clique. They deluged us with talk of molecular attraction, limitless æther, and conservation of energy, but for the idea that the different faculties of the mind were located in certain definite parts of the brain, they had nothing but sneers.

The doctor's rooms were on the top story and in the rear of a tall brick building, the most of which seemed to be used for a wholesale warehouse. As we went along the hall toward his door, he apologized to me, in a rather awkward manner, for the disorder which I would probably find in his apartments, saying that his servant had recently left him, and that he had himself no time to set things to rights.

"This," said he, opening the door, "is where I keep my books. They are not many in number, as you see, and are in very sad disorder." He took off his hat, retaining the skull-cap still upon his head, and sat down upon a box.

There were several hundred volumes, some upon sagging shelves, and others scattered about the room—heaped up on the table, piled into chairs, or thrown down promiscuously in the corners of the apartment.

"If you are fond of books," said my host, as I bent over and began to examine those deposited in the nearest chair, "I wish that I could show you the library which I abandoned when I escaped from Russia. In your country I find very few books worth my time to own and to read."

Glancing over the titles of the volumes which were arranged upon the shelves, I readily understood what his difficulties were. Indeed, I was somewhat amazed that he had succeeded so well with his collection. It was the very foam skimmed from the surface of thought. Astrology and alchemy, odic force, mesmerism, theosophy, Oriental magic, German dreams, and English madness—they all stared down at me, solemn, and yet wild, like the eyes of maniacs. I presently ran upon the object of my search, Spurzheim, who, in contrast to the Bedlam by which he was surrounded, seemed a very Gradgrind of sanity.

I drew out the volume, and, thanking Dr. Casco for the loan of it, I took up my hat and prepared to depart. Coming to the room of a stranger for a certain purpose, I had nothing left to do when that was fulfilled, but to go away. I must confess, however, that I was very well suited when the doctor stopped me, and, tossing the books out of a chair upon the floor, asked me to be seated.

"What do you propose to do with that book?" he asked, as I complied with his invitation.

I answered that I would read it through to learn, if possible, by what process of empirical reasoning Dr. Gall constructed his map of the human understanding.

"To the end that you may treat it with ridicule, I suppose, as you might the science of any other man of that period. Do you not remember what the great Hugo says: 'Science goes on unceasingly erasing itself. In it, all tends to stir to change, to form fresh surfaces. All denies, destroys, creates, replaces all. What was grand yesterday is to-day put into the hopper again.'"

I replied that I had always understood that this science had not been fructified by continuous investigation and experiment, and, indeed, that it had never a second time come up to the point of popularity gained by the impetus of its first discovery.

"You do not know then," said the doctor, "that within the last year experiments have been carried on by a club of London physicians and scientific men, which have given us an entirely new phrenology, a thousand times more wonderful th any of which the early theorists ever dreamed?"

A brilliant gleam shot from the doctor's eyes, which w fastened upon my face. Again the thought renewed itself my mind that I was dealing with some kind of an unb anced enthusiast. However, I was instantly curious ab the new experiments of which he had spoken, and, confess my ignorance, I asked for further explanation.

For answer, he gave me a beckoning glance and thr open the door behind him. We passed through a sm sleeping-apartment into what appeared to me, at first, a m lumber-room. I presently distinguished some of the obje about the room, and knew that I was in a laboratory.

The doctor's experiments evidently involved the use the therapeutic electrical apparatus, as several batte stood upon a large table at one side of the room. On shelves were jars of acids and leaves of metal, tangled ir snarl of wire. A large and brilliantly colored chart of a c sected brain hung against the wall; and on the first sw which my eyes made of the appartment, they were cau and held by the black and glaring eye-sockets and grinn chaps of a human skull, which reflected back the few r of light that struggled into its dark corner.

Something tickled my cheek, and I jerked my head aw thinking that only a noisome spider could have given me s a thrill. What I had at first glance taken to be a sm blackened lamp, suspended from a pulley in the ceiling, h been lowered until it was on a level with my head, and I n saw that it was a specific piece of apparatus, though for w purpose used I could not imagine.

"I let it down," said the doctor, coming up to me, "so t you might have a nearer view. It is a small felt-cap, with elastic steel rim holding it in place on the experimente head. You see the cavity is about that of an ordinary h crown." To illustrate, the doctor slipped my hat from head and made the comparison. "These small steel-peg he continued, "which stand out all over the cap—like qu upon the fretful porcupine, as your poet says—are the po into which the electrodes of the battery may be fixed to dir an electric current through any part of the brain. This li device here—can you see it?—step closer—is fixed so t when I lift it up thus——"

Snap! The steel band closed around my temples, and cap was holding my head like a vice.

"Hold on!" I cried; "I don't wish to——"

"I know you don't," said the doctor, and he caught wrists as I strove to lift my hands to free myself; "I took chances of your declining."

I have since often wondered why it was that, in the lo and fierce struggle which ensued, I did not make use of voice to call for help. For some reason it never once curred to me. The doctor's arms, long and sinewy as th of a baboon, wound around me, almost crushing my ri His cold face pressed against mine. The diabolical cont ance upon my head seemed to numb and to chill my bra so that I scarcely knew what was happening. All the up part of my body was as if paralyzed, but I could still move feet. Presently the doctor's legs curled around mine, and came down in a heap upon the floor. The pulley *whir* with a grating sound as the counterpoise went up and the paratus fastened to my head descended. I was complet stunned by the violent jerk administered to my neck, and not understand what was taking place, until the doctor h me bound firmly hand and foot, and utterly helpless. Thou I still continued to struggle, it was like the faint buzzing o fly wound round with countless strands of web.

"What a fuss!" said the doctor's harsh voice; "you suffer no injury by the experiment which I wish to try. will probably be to you an experience which you will reme ber all your life."

He drew an arm-chair to a spot directly underneath the p ley in the ceiling, and, lifting me up like a child, deposited in it. A piece of rope, passed around the back and over arms of the chair, held me so that I could not move.

"Now, are you comfortable?" asked the doctor; "are a of these knots too tight for you?"

I bad by this time become accustomed to the odd sen tion which the cap, pressing upon all parts of my head, ga me, and my wits, which seemed to have departed in the mi of the struggle, returned.

"These knots are all too tight," I answered, "for I can loose them and get free. Will you explain what you prop to do with me? Remember that we have laws in this coun to exact severe punishment for such outrages as this."

The doctor was busying himself with the batteries on table, immersing the cells and attaching the wires. He laugh good-naturedly, and answered my inquiries in a most matt of-fact tone.

"I suppose you think that you are dealing either with crank—as you call them in this country—or with some d agreeable kind of a practical joker. I am neither; but I a a very determined experimenter, who is at his wits' end fo subject. My servant leaves me, and no fee will persuade a of the men that I have picked up on the street and brou here to wear that horrible-looking cap. Besides, for this exp ment I want an educated, intelligent man, like yourself, a not a dirt-shoveler."

"Friend!" I cried, "try your infernal experiments up yourself, not upon me. I will assist you if you wish. I und stand the use of those batteries."

"Gently," said the doctor; "I have shown my good fa in this matter by first trying every experiment on my o cranium. I have worn that cap and allowed an electric c rent to pass through my brain, until every follicle has be destroyed, and I am now as hairless as a Foo-Chow pu The doctor here slipped off the tight silk covering from head, and showed his bald scalp covered with small sores li those from the pricking of countless pins.

"Now, if you understand the therapeutic battery," he co tinued, "you will know that such a current as I shall admi ister to you will be quite harmless. As you are a young m who would probably be a little sensitive about premature bal

ness, I will be so considerate as not to apply the current to the pirsute portion of your scalp. The faculty of eventuality, or memory, lies in the anterior portion of the frontal lobes of the brain, hack of the centre forehead. To get at it, I shall apply the electrodes through these posts over the temples. Now, don't attempt to jerk your head away, for it will simply cause me to tie it fast. Be reasonable; you are not going to be hurt."

"Very well," said I, desperately; "let me see just what preparations you make, and I will endure the experiment."

The battery had started in action, and its steady hum reached my ears underneath the tight cap. The doctor took up the two electrodes and held them for a moment in his hands.

"You will not find this current unpleasantly strong," he said; "I will increase it slightly, but when it begins to hurt, speak out. After the farodic current has given the desired stimulating effect, I will cbange to the galvanic for the final results that I would attain."

"Oh, no!" I cried out; "not the galvanic current! I can feel the other, but this may have a power that I can know nothing about."

"Fool," said the doctor, harshly, "he silent and listen to my instructions. I shall slowly increase the galvanic current, entering it, by a device in the cap, at the point in your brain where memory has its abode. I shall not give you even as powerful a current as I am accustomed to use on myself. Compose your thoughts, and do not speak while the experiment is in progress. After it is over, you shall detail to me the mental phenomena which you have experienced. Not until you have told me all shall you leave the chair. Now we will begin."

The doctor lifted the wires and planted them in the posts at the front of the cap. Resistance was useless, and I attempted one. The tickling and burning in my temples slowly increased, until at last I winced under it. Then the doctor, who was seated in front of me a few feet away with his hand on the battery, said: "That is enough. I will now change to the galvanic current, which you will not feel in any way. I will gradually increase its force to a point that I think you can bear with perfect safety, and then shut it off—not instantaneously, as that might prostrate you, and yet swiftly. Now, do not excite yourself. The experiment will last only about three minutes."

The prickling at my temples had ceased together with the buzzing of the magnet. By a metallic taste in my mouth, I knew that a strong electric current was still passing through the cap. I felt a strange numbness about the head, much as if my brain were going to sleep. But the particular point, through which I had been led to believe the current was now passing, seemed to stand out as if plainly visible to some inner organ of sight.

The space of time which now ensued was described in advance by the doctor as about three minutes. I have since taken what means I could to learn what it was, and I am convinced that the rest of the world counted it but some two hundred seconds. I can not tell how long a space of time it was for me, for it seemed not of the sort that could be measured. The one who dreams lives in the world, but not of it. To him, as an immortal, time is infinite, and the narrow ledge of the present broadens to a limitless vista.

The doctor sat motionless, looking into my face. I presently fell into the glare of his basilisk eyes, and remained enrapped. At first I was merely intent upon studying them, to find out, if possible, what was the peculiarity which I had noticed when they looked into mine at the bookstore. The waves of memory surged and threw to their surface the desired clew. A visit to an insane asylum, made in my early boyhood, when the mind received strongly but weakly held its impressions, arose before me. One after another, with amazing clearness, the faces of the different inmates, long since forgotten, appeared between the doctor and myself. Into their eyes, sad and awful, I looked and saw always the same strange effect. Then I suddenly remembered something which I had read in a book, the very title of which had long since been lost to me, that the eyes of the insane were unbalanced, the pupil in one being of a different size from that in the other. This was true in a marked degree of the vividly beaming pair which were holding mine entranced; and by this I knew that I was in the power of a maniac.

Then a horrid terror seized me, and, acting upon instinct, I drew in my breath to cry aloud for help. But the shock of a sudden and involuntary flash of the memory detained me for an instant. This overpowering, sickening terror—where had I experienced it before? I saw myself a little child running about alone among the flowers in an old garden. I reached for the top of the long stalk of a tiger lily and plucked one of the drooping flowers. As my fingers closed firmly upon it, in an awkward but eager grip, out there ran from its ruddy depths a gigantic spider, with black-and-yellow stripes upon its body and dark-crimson legs. I could not drop the flower; I could not cry for help. I stood rigid as a statue, while the creature fastened its web to the apex of a leaf, and, by this gossamer ladder, slowly descended to the ground. My eyes followed it until it crept out of sight. Afterward I remembered sobbing in the arms of my nurse, to whom I was unable to explain the cause of my grief. Terror had for the moment paralyzed the memory. The experience became to me like a nightmare, the incidents of which are forgotten while the horror remains. But now the heretofore remembered details rose up to come into the completed picture.

This was but the first of the panorama which now whirled before me; and, as I watched, terror gave way to amazement, and this in turn to an exhilaration so intense that I questioned my own identity. The scenes were all familiar and yet forgotten; I saw them to the perfection of every detail, yet with an ever present consciousness of the mysterious haze of one which lay between me and them—just as one, who peers through the telescope at the heavenly bodies, seems to see them almost at a stone's throw, but he none the less constantly thinks of the unfathomable gulf of distance.

At first these visions were to me involuntary. One by one, they rose out of dark Lethe, revealed themselves in a flash, and then sank again, and I knew not the order of their coming. The chaos bewildered me. Here would be a scene of college days, not yet so far distant in the past that the flood of newer impressions had quite covered it from the view of my normal memory; then would follow some incident of childhood of which not a vestige had remained; and each would be true and complete to the uttermost detail.

Presently I learned the trick of the will by which these memories could be forced to come and go at my order. Then was I, for the time, king of my own past life. For once I knew myself. Bethink you, reader, of the tens of thousands of seconds which you did live yesterday; each one was stirred with some impression, freighted with some thought or dream, or marked by some particular act. Of all those countless impressions, thoughts, and acts, how many can be made yours again by the action of your memory? A tenth part, an hundredth, or yet a thousandth? And of all that you have felt, and thought, and acted, in the year which has passed, what infinitesimal fraction yet remains to you? Nay, of your whole life, what do you hold? Is it more than a handful of grains of sand from an ocean bank of limitless stretch?

But, for me, this mighty palimpsest was restored—with not one letter left obscure. Each legend of thought as fast as read, of its own accord, cleared away to allow the next to stand forth visible. My life seemed reversed and was playing itself, though backward, with not a throb of feeling nor flash of thought omitted. There was no haste. Each act occupied its proper space of time and was set with all its original surroundings. Whether it were some long day spent in tedious drudgery, or some blissful hour full of new and thrilling experience, not the smallest fraction of a second was lost to me now. The music which I had heard sounded again in my ears; one after another, I re-read books, some of which I had entirely forgotten. I studied anew into several languages of which only fragments had remained to me. But, in the matter of the acquirement of knowledge, my brain seemed strongly divided; here was memory recalling and offering to me an understanding of things which my judgment told me I had lost and could get back only by a new conquest. As one who dreams a strange dream often pauses in its midst to assure himself that there will come a waking hour when all this will have vanished, so I, while these visions flitted before my mental sight, never quite lost consciousness of where I was, nor ceased to see the awful eyes of my captor fastened upon my own.

Slowly the years rolled back from manhood to youth and thence to the time when I had thought and acted as a child. I had carried my own identity along in my thoughts, so that although I had now come to a period whereof I had almost no memory, yet every act which I reviewed seemed to have come from myself and not from some other person. The transaction of time had been so gradual—second by second, through long years—that there was no shock of sudden contrast, and the thoughts and actions of childhood placed in their natural environments seemed as thoroughly my own as those of later years. But though memory was calm and complacent in the midst of these childish pleasures and sorrows, judgment, the offspring of experience, chafed and strove for explanations. Thus did the division between self and past-self grow wider and wider, and a sense of strangeness and impossibility thrilled me with a vague dread. Gradually I felt the gathering of a mighty struggle. Memory was beginning to suffer limitations which judgment would not tolerate; these impressions received as a child came through senses untrained by experience to be stored away in a brain where childish imagination ran riot. "Wait! Let me understand what this is!" cried judgment. "This is all that I know," answered memory. I had gone back beyond the point where the mind had grouped ideas and reasoned; presently I saw myself lose the power to think; nothing now remained but a dumb exercise of the senses, and these at last seemed about to lapse in a long sleep.

There was a strange calm of short duration. Memory was numb or dead, and judgment had ceased to interrogate. Was this to be the end? . . .

Suddenly every function of the mind seemed thrilled with the consciousness that something was about to happen. The knowledge came like a flash of lightning, to penetrate the most obscure retreat of my thoughts, and then followed it, like the deafening roar of thunder, a terror mightier than any I had ever known. This immortal soul, whose development I had watched in the human body, tracing it back to its earliest origin, was now about to burst its cerements, to throw off the trammels of its earthly life and to return to some earlier form of existence. Memory, which had seemed for the moment defeated, had been stimulated to new effort, and was now about to triumph. But I drew back with instinctive terror from the knowledge which lay just before me. Would I find my soul re-inhabiting some human body that now was dust; must it return to the purgatory of existence in some animal form; or would it flow out and be absorbed in the all-soul, the eternal?

What followed seemed to come all in a flash, with no sequence of events. I felt myself poising for a mighty leap out into the dark. I could not see yet, I felt that below me there was an abyss of infinite depth. Distance, so limitless that it seemed to dissolve my very soul, spread out in every direction. Strange forms, gigantic in size, intangible, invisible, yet with the power of making their presence known, seemed all about me. There was a roaring in my ears as of earthquakes rending worlds to fragments. Brilliant flashes of light shot through the awful darkness, seeming to sear my vision, yet offering no sight of what lay around. And in the midst of all was the dread consciousness that this was but a premonition of the awful experience about to follow. I stood like one who looks from the summit of a tower to the pavement beneath and feels that he is about to dash himself down—irresistible impulse, unspeakable terror! Before me was madness, yet I could not draw back.

Something snapped! It was the bond between Dr. Casco and myself—his eyes peering into mine. He had risen, and I became conscious of the fact that actions were in progress about me, and that I still lived in the world. I lifted my voice and my ears received the sound. In the same instant, there was a flash of light before my eyes and I became unconscious.

My friend, Dr. Casco, is now being cared for in a place where his experiments can do no one any harm. His captors, when they freed me, broke the current so suddenly that the shock lacked but little of proving fatal. A scientific friend, to whom I narrated the incident, affirms that it was probably during the instant of time in which the current was leaving the brain and the latter was struggling to regain its balance, that I made this strange review of my past life. In getting the cap off of my head my deliverers found it necessary to wrench the delicate mechanism to fragments. It being thus quite impossible for me to repeat the experiment, I will have no quarrel with science and shall accept the explanation offered me.

CHARLES DWIGHT WILLARD.

LOS ANGELES, September, 1889.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Wonderful Spring of San Joaquin.

Of all the fountains that poets sing—
Crystal, thermal, or mineral spring;
Ponce de Leon's Fount of Youth;
Wells with bottoms of doubtful truth;
In short, of all the springs of Time
That ever were flowing in fact or rhyme,
That ever were tasted, felt, or seen—
There were none like the Spring of San Joaquin.

Anno Domini Eighteen-Seven,
Father Dominguez (now in heaven—
Obiit Eighteen Twenty-Seven)
Found the spring, and found it, too,
By his mule's miraculous cast of a shoe;
For his beast—a descendant of Balaam's ass—
Stopped on the instant, and would not pass.

The Padre thought the omen good,
And bent his lips to the trickling flood;
Then—as the chronicles declare,
On the honest faith of a true believer—
His cheeks, though wasted, lank, and bare,
Filled like a withered russet-pear
In the vacuum of a glass receiver,
And the snows that seventy winters bring
Melted away in that magic spring.

Such, at least, was the wondrous news
The Padre brought into Santa Cruz.
The Church, of course, had its own views
Of who were worthiest to use
The magic spring; but the prior claim
Fell to the aged, sick, and lame.
Far and wide the people came:
Some from the healthful Aptos Creek
Hastened to bring their helpless sick;
Even the fishers of rude Soquel
Suddenly found they were far from well;
The brawny dwellers of San Lorenzo
Said, in fact, they had never been so:
And all were ailing—strange to say—
From Pescadero to Monterey.

Over the mountain they poured in
With leathern bottles, and bags of skin;
Through the cañons a motley throng
Trotted, hobbled, and limped along.
The fathers gazed at the moving scene
With pious joy and with souls serene;
And then—a result perhaps foreseen—
They laid out the Mission of San Joaquin.

Not in the eyes of Faith alone
The good effects of the waters shone;
But skins grew rosy, eyes waxed clear,
Of rough vaquero and muleteer;
Angular forms were rounded out,
Limbs grew supple, and waists grew stout;
And as for the girls—for miles about
They had no equal! To this day,
From Pescadero to Monterey,
You'll still find eyes in which are seen
The liquid graces of San Joaquin.

There is a limit to human bliss,
And the Mission of San Joaquin had this:
None went abroad to roam or stay,
But they fell sick in the queerest way—
A singular *maladie du pays*,
With gastric symptoms: so they spent
Their days in a sensuous content;
Caring little for things unseen
Beyond their bowers of living green—
Beyond the mountains that lay between
The world and the Mission of San Joaquin.

Winter passed, and the summer came:
The trunks of *madroño*, all aflame,
Here and there through the underwood
Like pillars of fire starkly stood.
All of the breezy solitude
Was filled with the spicing of pine and hay
And the resinous odors mixed and blended,
And dim and ghost-like far away
The smoke of the burning woods ascended.
Then of a sudden the mountains swam,
The rivers piled their floods in a dam,
The ridge above Los Gatos Creek
Arched its spine in a feline fashion;
The forests waltzed till they grew sick,
And Nature shook in a speechless passion;
And, swallowed up in the earthquake's spleen,
The wonderful Spring of San Joaquin
Vanished, and never more was seen!

Two days passed: the Mission folk
Out of their rosy dream awoke.
Some of them looked a trifle white;
But that, no doubt, was from earthquake fright.
Three days: there was sore distress,
Headache, nausea, giddiness.
Four days: faintings, tenderness
Of the mouth and fauces; and in less
Than one week—here the story closes;
We won't continue the prognosis—
Enough that now no trace is seen
Of Spring or Mission of San Joaquin.

MORAL.

You see the point? Don't be too quick
To break bad habits: better stick,
Like the Mission folk, to your *arsenic*.

—*Bret Hart*

A FALLEN IDOL.

"Parisina" writes of the Political Death of the Famous Boulanger.

"Condemned to transportation in a fortified place." So runs the verdict pronounced hy the high court against Boulanger.

The decision is a severe one. But severe measures are necessary in some cases. If a dog exhihits the premonitory symptoms of hydrophohia, you do not wait until he hecomes rabid to shut him up and assure your own safety.

It is the same with such men as Boulanger. According to the strictest rules of justice and equity, perhaps he ought not to have heen arraigned hefore a high court at all—merely tried as any other citizen, and, if found guilty of transgressing the laws of the land, condemned. Under other circumstances than the present, douhtless, he would have heen acquitted, the evidence against him being somewhat meagre—even an inveterate anti-Boulangist acknowledged as much—and the witnesses for the prosecution not always irreproachahle. But there was the political health and safety of the community to be considered hefore everything else. The general and his friends were an ahsolute danger to the country, and so long as they were at large in it there would have heen no peace and quiet for any one. Suppose the scenes which signalized the last Paris elections had heen repeated all over the whole length and hreadth of France? Trade would have heen at a standstill, and the menace of civil war in the air. What a miserahle wind-up that would have heen for so successful a season. The exposition allowed to die a miserahle death; all the profits expended in unfruitful agitation and worse. The laurels of 1889 mown down and used to make political honfires—perhaps an *auto-da-fe* for the destruction of the long-suffering republic.

How calm and comfortahle we have heen here in Paris since Boulanger and his familiars, Dillon and Rochefort, crossed the channel! It was a happy day for the republic when they slipped off to London. Some mystery was made over the departure hy the Boulangites, who chose to think it possible that they might he stopped by the police. But you may he sure the myrmidons of the law had strict orders not to do anything so foolish. To get Boulanger out of the country was the hest that could happen; it left the government free to deal with him as they listed. Besides, it was adding another to the long list of foolish things the general bas perpetrated in the course of his meteoric career—and even he must some time suffer for his own foolishness, he could not go on forever defying fate, making false moves, and having them turn out to his own advantage.

No, for once the luck had turned. Boulanger, scuttling away to England, did not impress the public as heroic. Mind you, it was the same public which had excused his douhlings and turnings, his speechifying in pot-houses, his dueling with civilians, his lies, and systematic disregard of authority. It began to dawn on people that they had made an idol of straw. But everything would have heen forgotten, and the general might have regained all the popularity he had lost, if, at the eleventh hour, he had returned to stand his trial like a man. Why now, instead of being outlawed and a refugee, he might he receiving the adulation of thousands, he the cynosure of all eyes, the admiration of I don't know how many millions of Frenchmen—ah! and women, too. It is difficult to comprehend how hlind a man may be to his own interests—what silly things the instinct of self-preservation will make him do. And Boulanger can hardly have the excuse of saying he was ill-advised in the matter, for it is an open secret that several of his adherents urged him strongly to return to Paris; one of them, Laguerre, going so far as to declare that, in the event of his not doing so, he need no longer count on his, Laguerre's, countenance and aid.

Now, the only part left for Boulanger to play is that of the martyr, and it appears he does it very well. Quite a Cbristian spirit is his; he tells his followers not to grieve, hut to be resigned and to follow his high and gracious example.

The Legitimists and Bonapartists, who were eager to use the general as a cat's-paw, hoping to upset the republic through him and establish themselves in power at his expense, are all now turning their backs upon him. The *Figaro* is sbameless, its cynicism is revolting. But, with the rascally cleverness which has always distinguished this amusing journal, it scented the danger heforehand, and, for some weeks past, has heen gradually veering round so as to he ahle to cut its ex-hero adrift as soon as the senatorial decision was made known, knowing that henceforth he could he of little service to its cause. Of course it veils its defection with some high-sounding epithets directed to the powers that he, a system which is sure to recommend it to the particular set of readers for whom its prose is principally intended. It is wonderful, the numher of people who take the *Figaro* as their oracle, entirely ignoring tbe petty spirit of mockery which is its best recommendation to popularity and taking their opinions ready-made therefrom—opinions which, in the case of Boulanger, have always been of the fine-weather order. For instance, when he first went over to London and society began to make a certain fuss over the refugee, they—not knowing its little ways—thought his cause was to he materially helped by this means, and that an invitation to a garden-party at Marlhorough House meant a semi-official recognition of his political importance. Simple, unsophisticated creatures! Do they never lionize on their own account? Well, we do not do it quite in the same way here as it is done in London, where to be deluged with invitations, the apple of a hostess's eye, the magnet round which guests gather, has nothing in it to satisfy the pride of the object of it, thougb it may tickle his vanity. People who give dinner-parties and "at-homes," invite a lion or two as they would dancing-men, if they were going to give a hall, the waiters, flowers, and champagne. The Prince of Wales likes to have a gathering of all the well-known "heads" in London at his hig festivities, and to he found wandering in the parterres hehind the Mall, or even hreaking a crust at Sandringham, does not—if you have made a noise in the world—mean that you are actually one of the elect. The fact is, you are there to amuse the elect. When Buffalo Bill was heing courted hy London society, this was his social valuation. Boulanger, the guest of princes and aristocrats, ranked no higher.

There is a good story told of the dinner at Baroness Burdett-Coutts—a veritahle Mrs. Leo Hunter. The worthy lady had invited a great many guests, and among them were cahinet ministers and others high in office, and she had not considered it necessary to inform them of the fact that she had also sent a card to the general. Now, the minister happened to have a most knowing little wife. Perhaps they scented danger. Who knows? At any rate, while Mrs. Cahinet Minister was unrobing, she found an opportunity to question my lady's lady.

"Were any interesting characters to he present?"

"Yes, madam, there is General Boulanger."

This was enough for the little woman. Joining her liege-lord in the hall, she explained matters to him as she was huttoning the top hutton of her glove.

"I can't dine, it is out of the question!" exclaimed the horrified right honorable. And it came to pass that he was seized with sudden indisposition, and the carriage that had just set him down at the door took him home again to a solitary chop and glass of claret, while his wife fluttered upstairs and told the haroness how "very sorry Mr. G—— was," and excused his absence as hest she might. Another guest of almost equal importance was not so fortunate; not until he was in the drawing-room and spied a circle formed round some great centre of attraction, did he learn with whom he was expected to sit down to dinner, when it was too late to beat a retreat. So he had to go through witb it, much to his vexation. Next day, of course, the Boulanger journals informed their readers that the general had heen entertained with other illustrious guests by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, which was true enough, only two or three of them would not have gone if they had known.

However, when we sift and pick to pieces the evidence given at the trial, we find the general conspiring right and left. At the Ministère de la Guerre, at Clermont-Ferraud, in Paris, in the Nord, everywhere he went, and in whatever position he happened to be at the time, the companion of men without political honor of any kind, the instigator of street hrawls, the chief of a wbole army of paid *camelots*, who greeted him with vivas wherever he went. All is fair in love and war, his friends say, and it was war to tbe knife, of course, between Boulanger and the government. The "*eternel féminin*," too, running through it. You do not generally judge a man by his private character, of course, hut it does not do for one who aspires to he leader of others, a redresser of a nation's wrongs, to he found writing to his *bonne amie*—"*ma chère petite*, don't he a fool and believe all those rascally newspapers say of me." Of course the letter was not meant for puhlication, and the less said about tbe manner in which it fell into the hands of the procureur-general the better, still there it is.

Scandal-mongers are at work to discover the identity of this *chère petite*, as they did that of the veiled female who watched the duel with Floquet outside Dillon's villa, and of tbe fair one who used to drive about with him at Clermont-Ferraud. The general is a lady-killer of the first water and certainly did not confine himself to one *chère petite* hy any means, so that it is lahor lost. While he was making love, in a discreet way, to *grandes dames*, whose bounty helped to fill his coffers—one of whom, it was whispered, would have bartered her duchess's coronet against his general's stars if a divorce could have been ohtained against Mme. Boulanger—a part of his time which was not given to politics was spent in one or other of the apartments that a Mme. Pourpe had been commissioned to furnish, and where he was joined by closely veiled ladies who drove up to the door in cabs. One of these *buen-retiros* was situated in the Boulevard Malesherbes, another in the Faubourg St. Honoré. The furnishing and fittings cost the ex-minister of war a pretty penny. Table-napkins have heen seized with a pair of tri-color flags and the three stars embroidered in one corner. Mme. Pourpe was an old friend. She was an almost daily visitor at the general's quarters in Tunis years ago, where she descrihed herself as "an agent of the French Government sent out to study Tunisian customs and morals!" Unfortunately for ber employer, she got into trouhle once or twice. Her *pensionnat de jeunes demoiselles* was not above suspicion, and she was implicated in a very shady piece of business which landed her in the prison of St. Lazare in '81, when the general unhent so far as to go and see her in the prison and interceded to good purpose in her behalf with the authorities.

Just now I mentioned Dillon. Well, you know, he is no more a count than you or I—not so much as Rochefort, wbo might sign himself marquis if he liked. He seems to have been a faithful friend to the general, and now suffers with him; still one does not usually care for people who sail under false colors, and there is something ludicrous in having to give a man a title to which he has not the shadow of a claim. And curiously enough, until this trial at the high court, he was never anything but *Count* Dillon, and his wife—a charming little woman who was once upon the stage—was "countess" to all her friends and acquaintances. I suppose they will drop it now, and stick to plain monsieur and madame.

No cause, I fancy, was ever the hetter for having Rochefort on its side. The man has done more mischief than any one else of his time; having at his service the bitterest tongue and the most virulent pen, with which he stirs up passions which he is afraid to face. A coward, alheit the hero of fifty duels, ready to faint at the sight of a crowd, even when it is his own stinging words which have goaded it into existence. Dillon and Rochefort are condemned with the general, and the sentences pronounced against the three are identical. They represent three separate dangers for the republic—one has Popularity; the second, Wit; and the third, Money—and these combined are indeed formidable. What a phalanx!

PARISINA.

PARIS, August 17, 1889.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The late John Edward Redmond, M. P., for Wexford, a great-uc of the present Parnellite member of Parliament, asked a gentlen named Devereaux for his vote and interest. "I had rather vote for devil," was the indignant reply. "But in the event of your friend cining to stand," suggested Mr. Redmond, "may I count on your s port?"

A certain well-known man of letters received from a friend of m ambition but small literary talent a volume of portentous length, wb he was requested to read and criticise for its author's benefit. Fo moment the recipient of the ponderous tome was staggered by weight of the hurden laid upon him; then a happy inspiration sei him, and, snatching up his pen, he addressed to his tormentor the lowing note: "DEAR X.: I have received your hook, and shall l no time in reading it!"

They used to tell a story of John Brougham, in the days when he his theatre on Broadway. An actor of his company went to him beg for five dollars out of his arrears of salary to buy a pair of sh with. "My dear hoy," replied Brougham, "I haven't got it. So but it's impossible, I assure you. Times are something awful. Ne saw money so scarce. Come in and have a drink." And, leading way into the ever-convenient bar, he ordered a bottle of champag which, at that time, cost five dollars.

James Alberry was a hright and most original playwright; he will remembered chiefly as the author of "The Two Roses." Poor Albe was one of those unfortunate men whom the world did not seem to preciate as he deserved. He grew discouraged of late years sought solace in the wine cup. Years ago, when she was a mere g he married Mary Moore, of Charles Wyndham's Company, for wh "The Two Roses" was written. Alberry was always very proud of young wife's success on the stage. One day, when he felt particula down on his luck, he said to her: "Ah, Mary, you are a clever li girl. You should have married a better man than I am." "I c Jim," was her reply.

Judge Walton, of the Maine Supreme Court, was one day at worl his office, drawing up an opinion in a knotty and important case, wl a brother lawyer walked in. The visitor was a man for whom judge entertained a pretty decided dislike. "Well, Brother Lig weight," he said, curtly, "what can I do for you this morning?" "I nothing," answered the caller; "I merely dropped in for a few m utes." A disagreeable silence ensued. Then the judge looked up asked: "Brother Lightweight, why don't you get married?" "B cause I can't afford it. How much do you suppose it costs me to now?" The judge declared that he could not guess. "Well, it co me all of six thousand dollars a year just for my own living." "De dear!" said the judge, in a tone of astonishment; "why, Lightweig I wouldn't pay it. It isn't worth it!"

When the boundary surveyors were running the line westward throu Manitoba, a resident of Pembina cautioned Captain Cameron—the he of the Canadian survey—against the Sioux, who were then mustering Wood Mountain district, and recommended his taking a large esc "Oh, I am not afraid of them," replied the gallant little hero; "I sh just hoist the British ensign, and that will he sufficient." In the cou of the conversation, Captain Cameron inquired as to the hest means saving his men and animals from the annoyance of mosquitoes, wb that year were peculiarly troublesome. "There is no remedy for ther replied the American, "except when there is a slight breeze, bef which they disappear." "Yes," said the gallant officer, "but we m do something. Men can't work and take careful observations with th infernal mosquitoes buzzing around them; can't you do anything to rid of them, Mr. Lennon?" "Wal, sir, we can't do anything he we have to put up with them. Perhaps if you were to hoist the Brit ensign you spoke of awhile ago, that might scare 'em; I don't kn nothing else they'd care a cent for."

When the War of the Rebellion broke out, General Robert C. Sche had been so long in public life and away from Ohio that he did not kn even by sight, half of the numerous nephews who were the sons of half-dozen brothers. He was appointed brigadier-general, and it happened that one of the regiments assigned to his brigade over in V ginia was the Second Ohio, commanded by Colonel Alexander M Dowell McCook. Several of the companies of this regiment were rai in and around Dayton, where the Schencks lived in swarms, and th was a goodly number of Schencks in the regiment. It so happe that when any mischief was afoot the Schencks were sure to have a ha in it. This fact was very annoying to the general. Near Fairfax Cou house, one morning, a party of five foragers was brought before G eral Schenck for examination. The general looked at the faces close but recognized none, and then asked the first man: "What is yo name and regiment?" "Peter Brown, Second Ohio, sir." "Oh!" a relieved tone of voice) "I was afraid you might be one of those d— Schencks." "What's your name?" he inquired of the next. T youth looked the general straight in the eye, and answered, cheeril "Why, general, I'm one of those d——d Schencks." The offic standing by did not try to restrain their hoisterous mirth.

M. André Theuriet has recently given his memories and impressio of the *coup d'état* on the second of December, 1851. Theuriet was that time a clerk in the civil service, attached to the registrar's office Bar-le-Duc. He had joined not more than a couple of months befo and was just becoming used to the daily routine of his work, when saw Louis Napoleon's placard one morning announcing his dissoluti of the Assembly and his appeal to a *plébiscite*. Beside it was poste circular from the prefect, threatening in tone, serving as a sort of co mentary. These fell upon the ardent youth like a blow, and he hurri to the office to free his mind to his colleagues. They all agreed w him; the registrar himself, an old man and an old soldier, marching and down the office and denouncing the usurper. Just at this mome the figure of a man in uniform passed the window and a heavy step w heard in the corridor. Order was instantly restored and work hurrie taken up again. Theuriet felt sure in his own mind that it was he w was to be arrested and carried off on account of a little secret socie which he and his friend Laguerre had founded, and he suffered a go deal of anguish hefore the purpose of the gendarme's visit—which w to buy a stamp—was disclosed. Apparently there was no further or m active resistance in that public office. And so it was, unhappily, over France.

Some twelve years ago (says a writer in *Harper's*), the emperor se for Loris Melikoff, chief of the Russian police, and announced to hi that the plague was raging in two villages of the empire, and order him to do whatever was needful with a view to stopping its ravages, the same time giving him unlimited powers. Thereupon, Melikoff we first of all to the minister of finance, informed him that he should p haps require a great deal of money in order to carry out the empero commands, and demanded a credit of fifty millions of rubles. T minister of finance made a long face, but was unable to refuse. Me koff then posted to the villages in question, and, having observed t situation, he telegraphed for twenty fire-engines to be sent from t neighboring towns, had the pumps charged with petroleum, and order the firemen to approach the villages by night, inundate the cottages wi petroleum, set them on fire, and save nobody. The order was executed the cottages and their few hundred inhabitants—men, women, childre and cattle—were burned to ashes, and those two villages disappear from the map of Russia and from the registers of the empire. T measure was radical, but it stamped out the plague effectually. Lo Melikoff thereupon reported to the emperor that his commands ha been executed, and then called on the minister of finance to tell hi that out of the credit of fifty millions of rubles granted to him, he ha spent only two hundred rubles to buy petroleum.

VANITY FAIR.

t is said that what is popularly known as "ladies' literature" is imoog the most lucrative of journalistic speculations. Sne of the proprietors of ladies' oewspapers have realized lae fortuoes, and the "ladies' letter" has now become a pop- al feature in our journals. A notion that was started some ie ago is shortly to he realized—that is, a magazine devoted one interest of the fair sex, of a very superior description. Its proposed to hriog it out every mooth and to puhlish heio photographs and illustrations hy the hest artists. The ion and frivolity of the feminine world will he written hit hy the hest authors and suog ahout hy the hest poets. s ought to he a very great success. I trust (writes J. by-Sterry in a letter from London to the *Book-Buyer*), while every attention will he hestowed on coming fash- , the editors will not fail to depict fashions as they ly are, and so make it a really valuahle chronicle of costumes of the day. It is too much the custom in publications to depict the ideas that milliners would like ee adopted, rather than the costumes that are actually . As a general rule the humorous artists and social ers are a hetter guide to what was really worn than the oo-hooks of the period. The exhihition of "Humorists t"—which, hy the way, has proved so successful that an- of equal size and variety is likely to he organized—is ially valuahle as a costume collection. Not a few artists ahsolutely set fashions and many of them have made a fashion popular. Years ago John Leech almost converted amsels of the day to Bloomerism hy his delightful draw- and he undouhtedly rendered popular the enormous ine, the long pantalettes, and the hlack-kid hoots worn e hest-dressed girls hetween '58 and '64. I am told that pularity of hlack stockiogs is entirely due to Du Maurier ates from his depiction of a hevy of short-skirted, sahle- little lasses somewhere ahout the year '72.

out ten years ago some wealthy young women of Berlin d an anti-marrying cluh, each memher pledging herself marry under a penalty of a fine of a thousand marks. cluh started with twenty-three memhers, and soon had one. Then an epidemic of marryiog hroke out, and the hegan to pour into the treasury as the fines were paid. year at the general meeting there was hut one memher nd she had twenty-eight thousand marks remaining of id-up fines. By advice of the ex-memhers this sum was d into two parts, one to go to the Berlin hospitals and her to the last memher.

ne years ago, the American Summer Boarder was hy the Cottager from nearly all the choicest resorts on astern coast. The Boarder sought a precarious refuge White Mountains, the Catskill, at North-east Harhor, me other points along the shore of Mt. Desert Island. then his disappearance from Bar Harhor may he said complete. There are Boarders there still, hut they are feehle and disheartened remnant of a once powerful vial trihe, and try in every way to escape ohservation ceal their real character. There are one or two very ive hotels in which the guests all live in "suites" of , in which they still present a hold front, and try to ease, hut their smiles are like light on graves. As to ge old hotels, in which whole armies of Boarders once happy and careless existence, and from which they forth proudly, and even ostentatiously, on fine morn- here are now few indeed who are willing to enter or hem without seeing whether the street is clear of the ers' wagons and victorias. The Cottager grows yearly hers and power. He has hought up nearly all the de- land, and holds it himself at high prices for sites, or has the once simple-minded, hut now astute and sophisticated, to do so. Moreover, many Boarders are simply Cot- in emhryo, so to speak. All Boarders are hy no means ither to suhmit to extermination or fly to the mount- Very large numhers prefer lettiog themselves he ah- hy their conquerors. That is, as soon as they hegin to e that the invasion of the Cottager is inevitahle and not they shrewdly make preparations to hecome Cottagers lves hy purchasing lots in the neighhorhood, which, as rs, they have learned to know and love. Many a r lives for years in this status of inchoate Cottager, to all outward appearance a Boarder's life, and taking riends and to the companions of his walks and drives nics a Boarder's view of life, while all the while a Cot- heart, and determined, when the time comes, to throw al lisguise, and openly ahandon his hrethren and huild on We do not mean to say there is anything discredit- this. Very few of us, indeed, who are over thirty f age, have hen always Cottagers. There are very few rs who have never hen Boarders; fewer still who orn Cottagers. Therefore, there has hen in nearly Cottager's existence a transition period, a process of n, so to speak, which converted him from a Boarder Cottager, and this process must necessarily have most cases a slow one, with more than one stage It is not every character which could support a of sudden conversion. Even the strongest natures t prepared for the responsihilities of Cottage life ling, for a longer or shorter period, a Cottage lot, intention, concealed or expressed, of huilding on it. er, the hoarding-house keeper is not enamored of the . He does not welcome him in the summer hecause s his society, or loves to see him consume his fresh s vegetahles, and his pure milk, and sit under his ees. On the contrary, he hates him, and would, if he trip him of everything he possesses in the world, and, makes such vigorous attempts in that direction that, Darwin's great law of natural selection, the Boarder nerally helongs to that race whose wits have hen so sharpened hy ages of oppression that they are hetter fitted than any other to meet the extortioner in the gate, and foil his nefarious designs on the purses of the industrious and economical.—*Nation.*

While the directors of metropolitan gayety, in spite of their apparently ahsorhing engagements at present, are pondering on plans for the winter, they can make a note of a very eccentric style of figure in the cotillion which lately made its appearance in London life through the medium of Lord Rothschild's hall. The cotillion, which has such a fashion of coming and going, and yet, in fact, goes on forever, was in great vogue in London last year, only to disappear this season almost entirely. It was revived at the Rothschild function in great glory. The figure in question consisted in a lady dangliog a hit of sugar at the end of a line and rod, and the chosen men all struggling to catch the hait with their mouths. This somewhat reminds one of the traditional custom in the Netherlands, where each cottager is said to hang a hit of licorice in his parlor, and every visitor is supposed to have a lick at it on entering as a sign of good will.

A female correspondent thus writes to the New York *World:* "If you are rich and have a place in polite society, hy all means go to Newport and spend your summers. If you are poor, go anywhere else on earth instead. Of course you have read of the heauties of Newport and the gay 'goiogs on' of people whose money is the sole thing which makes them known in the world, hut have you read of those unhappy creatures whose only amhition is to get a peep into what they call 'society'; who count themselves hlest if they get a nod from people they consider great; who feel as proud as a mother when ahle to point out this moneyed royalty to strangers? They fill the hotels at Newport; they fill the cottages in the hack streets; they joyfully pay their money to see rich ones play polo and tennis; they sit lonely and unhappy and envious on the piazzas, inhaling gratefully the dust raised hy the equipages of the wealthy, as they roll hy in all their splendor, hut never a sniff do they get on the inner side of that sacred circle. I went to Newport to look ahout. The day was cold and dull when I reached there, and when I reached the hotel, the sight of the quiet line of people strung along the piazza, looking as if they were haoging around on the outside of paradise, made me homesick. The evenings are something dreadful at Newport for people not in the swim. There is nothing to do hut to sit in the long hall and look at each other, studying out one another's effects and defects. This long hall was lined with chairs, and these chairs were occupied hy the guests of the hotel, the people who were there to enjoy themselves. There was a large numher of old women and a third as many old men, an even numher of middle-aged people, some ten or fifteen young ladies, and three young men. The old people talked to each other in whispers or sat in silence. The middle-aged sat in silence or read novels. The young women read novels or sat in silence. There was an orchestra in an alcove off Peacock Row, hut it gave forth such melancholy airs that I wished it were any place else. I could overhear the talk of the women nearest me, who whispered together with long faces. They talked ahout everyhody, myself included. At nine o'clock, we were all yawning; at ten, the orchestra closed their dismal rehearsal, and we all silently, moodily, and thankfully slipped off to our rooms and heds. But—this was enjoying life at Newport."

Americans here (writes Julian Ralph from London) had reason to suppose that our hotels are the hest in the world—as they were until a little time ago—hut to-day they are entirely eclipsed hy the hig caravanseries of London. There are no such hotels in New York as the Victoria, Grand, Metropole, and Savoy, the new hotels centred around Charing Cross, and huilt on the grand avenues which have heen opened up where either slums or palace-grounds used to he maintained. They are, first of all, very solid and suhstantial; they rise seven or eight stories ahove ground, and their lohhies and parlors are walled with the most exquisite marhles, onyx, and metal-work. They are cheaper than our hotels at home. Each floor has its own rates, and those who take the elevators to the topmost floors are ahle to get rooms for as little as five shillings and sixpence a day, which is one dollar and thirty-seven cents in our money. The heds, the ordinary appointments, and the conveniences common to all the guests are quite as good as the hest that we are ahle to ohtain at home. Meals are charged for separately, at the rate of one shilling and sixpence for a plain hreakfast, and five shillings (or a dollar and a quarter) for dinner. The main entrances gleam with electric-lights and polished hard woods and precious stones. A cloud of men in gold lace and uniforms cluster at the doorways, suggesting endless tips, hut also perfect service. A new era in hotel-keeping has heen introduced in this way. The old Langham & Morley's and the Golden Cross are now neglected and forgotten. You are ordered to write or telegraph for rooms at these new and grand houses, and if you are not well-known, you can not get rooms without doing so, hut the ordinary citizen of the world takes his chances, and is reasonahly sure of finding somehody already in the hotel to introduce him and get him a room. The American clerk is unknown. The different departments of hotel management are scattered all over the huildings, and that common centre, the clerk's desk of America, is in London a mere depot for room-keys and letters in the care of what they call "Buttons," or hoys in uniform. The cashier has another room, the manager still another, the porter another, and so on.

Recently a New York lawyer advertised for a young woman type-writer. Out of the several hundred answers he selected five or six, and three called while I was in the office (says Blakely Hall). The first of these was, from a husiness standpoint, ahout as undesirahle a person to have in a husiness office as one could imagine. She ran very large to eyes, which she tried with unerring effect on the office-hoy as a starter, and then cast promiscuously ahout the place. She wore a comhination gown, which consisted of a yachting-skirt and cap and a very hright-red satin-hlazer. Her thin and fragile little arms were encircled hy a dozen or two hracelets, and she carried a valise, a tennis-racket, and was pervaded hy an air of hright and rollicking flippancy. She sat down near the lawyer, who is a grave, sedate, and solemn old person, and looked at him for a moment with her large and meltiog eyes, as though trying to restrain herself from chuckiog him under the chin. Then she started off vivaciously, and told that her aunt Mary had recently moved to her widowed mother's house in New Canaan, Conn., and had put on such an odious amouot of style, that it hecame quite impossihle for the girl with the scarlet-satio hlazer to remain under the same roof with her. Thereupon she had decided to come to New York and earn her living. "Have you had any experience in a husiness office?" asked the lawyer, in a cold tone of voice. "None at all," said the girl, cheerfully, "hut I don't douht I could pick it all up, you know, in a few days." If she has picked any up since, she has got it in some other office than that of this particular lawyer. Another of the girls who called was one of that particular type of New York womanhood, the young lady in reduced circumstances, who exudes respectahility at every pore, lives in a cheap hoardiog-house, and makes tremendous pretences to swelldom. This young woman talked ahout "receptions," "swell society affairs," "informal dawnces," and similar social festivities hy way of a recommendation for her fitness as a type-writer in a lawyer's office. The third of the applicants was fearful, uohappy, and anxious to secure a position on the strength of her poverty. She had no ahility at all as an operator. I saw the lawyer a few days after this, and asked him who the successful candidate was, and he said: "The last one of all proved to he a husiness-like, direct, and quick-witted youog Irish girl who lived on the east side of town, had ink stains on her fingers, and the physique of a John L. Sullivan, hut she was husiness from the word go, and she is installed in the office for life if she wishes to stay there."

A professional dress-maker says in the New York *Evening Sun:* "In women's toilets, the imitation of hy-gone fashions leads often to most ludicrous and inartistic results. When the Creator made the human form he pronounced it perfect, and since that time poets, painters, and sculptors have howed down in worship hefore the shrine, and in verse, on canvas, and from polished marhle, have tried to reproduce its heauties—particularly the heauty of a woman's form. In this, the latter part of the nineteenth century, much that was grotesque and undesirahle in women's dress has heen done away with, and the design of the artistic dress-maker has heen a perfection of cut and fit, which, while clothing the hody, would at the same time leave the outlines of a heautiful form unincumhered. It is with great regret, therefore, that the attempt to revive the old-fashioned style of dress, notahly the so-called "Empire," is ohserved, and a few words of caution in regard to the use of the same may he of henefit. The proper length of a well-proportioned woman's hody from the neck to the waist is from fourteen to sixteen inches, according to height and length of limh; therefore the adoption of a style of dress necessitating disproportion gives the figure at once an ungraceful appearance. The "Empire" dress advocates a very short hody, the waist line heing formed up very nearly under the arms. On a tall woman this gives an ahnormal length of limh, and in any case destroys effectually the heauty of the figure. Then, in regard to sleeves, what is more disfiguring to a heautiful arm than a loose, hlousy sleeve? If the material he thin and soft, permitting the arm to he seen, then, indeed, the style is less trying, hut when made from ordinary goods, the contour of the arm is not only concealed, hut a hreadth of figure will he ohtained which, unless the height of the wearer is ahove the average, will he anything hut hecoming. Therefore, if an open or loose sleeve is desired, let the upper part of it he sufficiently compact to show the outline of the arm, and the fullness go unconfined from just ahove, or helow, the elhow. A flaring or loose effect helow the elhow is always hecoming to a pretty arm, as it permits of showing the same. Another most trying fashion, to other than a very youthful, pretty face, is the turned-down ruffle or ruff. Women with long, slender necks should never attempt to wear this style, unless, as we have already said, they are young and pretty. If the ruffle he arranged somewhat high in the hack, and turned down more decidedly in front in the form of a surplice, it will he found more hecoming, or when hrought up high ahout the throat; hut when worn lower down, almost to the collar-hones, it is an extremely ugly and unhecoming fashion. We have only to take the portrait of a lady of the Elizahethan period, say, with her enormous ruff, tremendous sleeves, and voluminous drapings, and place it hy the side of a well-dressed lady of our day, to see at once that in point of charm and personal attractiveness of face and figure the woman of our times has the same decided advantage over her ancient sister that the inventions and industries of the nineteenth century have over those of the eighteenth."

Boston is to have the first taste, apparently, of an improvement in postal methods, for which other large cities have heen wishing these many years. This is the establishment of suhstations for the collection of the hulky packages of third and fourth-class matter which can not he posted in the lamp-post hoxes, hut which must he carried to a station post-office at a considerahle expense of time or money. Under the new plan there will he package-stations in drug-stores, at news-stands, and in other puhlic places, the proprietors of which will he paid one hundred dollars a year for the service they render. The packages will he collected from these places several times a day hy wagon. Boston hegins October 1st with fifteen "package-stations." Postmaster Corse is credited with originating the idea, which Postmaster-General Wanamaker likes so well that he is said to he ready to put it into general effect if he can get the necessary appropriation.

THE NUMBER THIRTEEN MYSTERY.

A Sea-Beach Scandal, Dedicated to the Poisonous Dowager.

At Maréville all the hathing-machines are actually alike; they are made of hoards, painted yellow, with hlue horizontal stripes. The swimming-master and his wife rejoice in the name of Pichard, and have two children.

Gaston, heing accustomed to close his door without locking it, was not surprised to find it open when, after more than an hour in the surf, he came forth, dripping, and hlue with cold, and hounded into what he thought he recognized as his own hathing-machine. He closed the door quickly.

Outside, the sun was hlinding; it was half-past four on a warm July afternoon. Gaston's eyes, dazzled hy the glare of the sun and the reflection on the water, could not at first distinguish the details of the ioterior, hut at the end of a minute he could see clearly, and perceived that he had made a mistake—he was in some fair hather's dressing-room.

His first idea was to get out again immediately; hut the devil, who was watching this little scene out of the corner of his eye, judged that it was time to interfere and to make of this innocent mistake a tragedy which should set the whole heach hy the ears. The devil, then, so managed it that Gaston was seized hy an irresistihle curiosity and stopped to look about him.

With a furtive and rapid glance, then, he passed in review the garments which hung floating from the wall like so many perfumed clouds. He inspected the dress, with its fluted folds and fantastic huttons; he took down the dainty sailor hat, with its fish of iridescent enamel floating in a houquet of green algæ and red actinias; and he geotly stroked a little pair of undressed-kid hoots. And then he saw on the shelf a great ivory comh and hrush—and no false switches! There were still two or three hairs of the color of molten gold which remained interlaced among the teeth of the comh.

This examination had lasted hut four or five minutes at the most, and Gaston, ashamed of his indiscretion, now that his curiosity was satisfied, put his thumh on the latch aod opeoed a slit of the door, glancing out to see if he could escape without heing seen. But he hastily closed the door agaio; a fair hather was hurrying from the water in the direction of this hathing-machine, at the same time heckoning to the Pichard woman, who was now running to open the door for her.

At the sound of the key entering the lock, Gaston felt his knees giving way heneath him. In a few seconds, with the rapidity of lightning, he ran through all the possihle schemes to escape. Should he lower his head, and, dashing out like a hull, scattering the women in his way, spring into the sea and swim to America, never to return? Should he fall on his knees, with protruded chin and the palms of his hands toward the zenith, and sohhingly demand pardon? Should he lie down at full length and pretend to he dead? Should he cooceal himself and await eveots?

The key turned in the lock, and while the fair hather, her eyes half-hlinded hy the sun, turned toward the door and closed it, Gaston had gone down on all fours, and, like a dog that has done something he knows he should not do, had squeezed himself under the hench which ran across the hack of the room.

Happily for him, the mirror was hung ahove the hench, and the hrush and comh were on the shelves at right and left, so that the hather, naturally placing herself hefore the glass, looked at her own face, and did not see the man at her feet. She hegan hy wiping her face and neck, then she unhuckled a helt of oxydized copper that confined her waist, after which she unfastened her hlouse. That dooe, she disengaged one arm, then the other, and the discreet light of the dressing-room lighted up the most divine torso that ever nature, in her inexhaustihle munificence, lovingly molded for the admiration of the artist or the delight of less gifted men.

But let the ladies reassure themselves, and the geotlemen smooth down their affrighted hair; the modesty of the fair hather ran no risk. The unfortunate Gaston, consumed with fear, did now as does the ostrich in distress, he concealed his head. He glued his face against the wall, and of the magnificent spectacle heing developed in the room he saw nothing.

Having quitted her hathing-costume, the lady pushed it with her foot into the corner at the left of the door, threw a towel oo the floor, and, having partially dressed herself, sat down on the heoch and commenced putting on her stockings, glancing ahout meanwhile for her shoes. The left one was at the corner of the door; she picked it up, drew it on, and huttoned it. The other was not to he found. The lady stood up, and with the tip of her hooted foot pushed aside her hathing-suit to see if it did not cover the missiog shoe. She stooped down and reached under the hench; instead of her shoe she caught hold of the hare foot of a man!

A terrihle cry would have hurst from her lips, hut it could not, and she fainted, walling up with her inanimate hody the place of concealment where Gaston was suffering agooies.

Then he turned his head, saw this insentient hody, these disheveled strands of hair, these heautiful eyes closed as in death, and delicately pushing aside this charming ohstacle, he came forth from heneath the hench.

After a few seconds, which seemed centuries to him, Gaston at last saw those heautiful lids open languidly. She sighed deeply, raised her hand to her head, and murmured: "Where am I?"

Then she saw Gastoo, and her face took on an expressioo of terror.

"In heaven's name, madame," said he, "in the name of your honor, do not cry out or you are lost! I am in the depths of despair at what has happened to you through my fault, and I am ready to do anything and everything to save you. I heg of you to listen to me, and we will try if we can not find some way to get out of this situation." And he told her everything. She recovered her senses hy degrees; her eyes indicated attention at first, then confidence in the sincerity of the guilty man.

When he had finished, she looked at him with an air of despair that would have brought tears from a stone, and passing from tears to sohs, which she restrained with heart-rending efforts, she said: "So, sir, hecause it has pleased you to satisfy your insulting curiosity, here I am lost, dishonored forever. And I, who have done nothing, who do not even know your name, I shall hear through all my life the opprohrium which you have needed hut a moment to attach to it!"

At these words, Gaston comprehended the enormity of this fault which, hy its consequences, assumed minute hy minute the proportions of a crime. He fell on his knees and implored pardon. Through the tears that dimmed her eyes, she let fall on him one of those glances which can in a moment of danger give to a man the power of a god. The poor child, kneeling, and her hands joined as in prayer, looked at him with the most supolicating air io the world, and the confidence of the weaker heing, who awaits her rescue hy the stronger, shone in her pretty eyes. Her eyes, I had forgotten to tell you, were the color of pansies, as is happily the case sometimes with hlondes who have white skin.

Here Gaston gave the measure of what was to he expected of his coolness and lucidity in moments of peril. "Before everything, madame," said he, "let us hegin hy seeing how matters are outside. I do not see how I am going to conceal myself in these hare walls, hut in desperate straits the first thing to try is that which is most simple, and I want to see if I can not simply open the door and walk away."

But Gaston, applying his eye to the key-hole, saw a spectacle, or rather a scene, which left him no hope from that side. He sat down agaio on the hench with a despairing shake of the head to his companion in captivity.

Outside, or rather around, were groups, seemingly posted hy chance, evidently surrounding and guarding Numher Thirteen.

There was at that time in Maréville a retired Parisian milliner, who had married herself in some unknowo way to an old heau in the last extremity, and who called herself the Baroness de Longuépine. She passed her life sowing evil reports and reaping scandals.

When the Pichard woman returned from opening for the fair hather the door of Numher Thirteen, the Baroness de Looguépine had come down to the heach to pick up the gossip of the day. The Pichards' two childreo, a little hoy and a little girl, who aided their parents in the service of the hathers, came up at this moment, and declared that they had seen a geotleman hather go into Numher Thirteen a few minutes before the lady came out of the water and that he had not come out again. Severe cross-questioning failed to shake them in their helief, and their story, deftly aided hy the haroness's sharp tongue, soon worked the Pichard woman up to a fine pitch of anger.

"I'll show them," she cried, in a loud and angry tone, "I'll teach these turtle-doves to huild their nests in my hathing-machines! Come," she said, turning to the children, "let us find the mayor and the constahle."

At these words the haroness was off like a shot to spead the precious news, aod to such good purpose that soon a great crowd of the curious gathered ahout Numher Thirteen, and she was heside herself with joy.

"Poor things," said she, "do you think they will he sent to the galleys? After this—more's the pity—Maréville is lost," she ran on, to the proprietor of the three prettiest cottages on the heach, "if such scandalous affairs are allowed to pass unpuoished."

A general movement of arms and heads directed toward the great stairs of the promenade announced the arrival of the mayor. Soon he was seen to appear on the left of the line, along which he passed rapidly and stopped a few paces in front of Numher Thirteen. Never had Maréville witnessed such a scene! The curious crowd, hreakiog from all restraint, formed a semi-circle, and concentrated their hungry looks on the door where in a few momeots the victim would appear in all her shame and her dishonor. It was one of those little pictures in which humanity shows itself in all its cowardliness aod cruelty.

The mayor now gave a signal to the constahle, and the latter, respectfully unfolding a package wrapped in gray paper, drew from it a tri-colored scarf with silver fringe, with which the mayor hegirt himself. He was drawing the two ends to cross them, when a sharp little noise came from the interior of Numher Thirteen. It was the holt, which had just heen drawn. The mayor, an excellent man at heart, let fall the two ends of his scarf, his heart failed him as he thought of the poor penitent whose punishment was ahout to hegin.

A minute at least passed. The crowd no longer heard the waves, which seemed to rumhle curses mingled with the cries of a soul in anguish.

Another ooise was heard; the latch was heing lifted.

The poor mayor almost fainted and turned his head aside, hut the others, craning their necks, took a step forward.

The door opened slowly, slowly, and the fair hather, heautiful as the day, hrilliant as a fairy, appeared on the sill, where she stopped a moment to consider the remarkahle picture that presented itself to her gaze. It was horrihle. The evil sentiments that possessed them had entirely changed all the faces; the sight of this troop hungering for scandal reminded one of a pack of wolves ready to throw themselves on a lamh.

The hather swept the groups with a look of unutterahle scorn, and she stepped down to the sand.

"What holdoess!" cried the haroness, eyeing her victim from head to foot. And she flew into the hathing-machine to see THE MAN.

She recoiled with surprise and horror. THE MAN was not there!

Her cheeks hecame greeo, her lips gray, and she stood for a moment suffocated with spite and anger.

The heautiful hather, seeing every one hurry to her hathing-machine, seemed greatly astonished and demanded what it meant. But no one dared reply, and she turned to the mayor to demand an explanation of him, when the two children, led hy the Pichard woman, were hrought forward, and, parrot-like, repeated their declaration to the mayor.

But just then the father came up, and not seeming to what was goiog on, said to his wife, with an uneasy air: Marie, you haven't seen the gentleman of Number T have you? Everyhody came out of the water long he has heeo in the water at least two hours, and his c are still in the machine. I have heen looking for him fo an hour, I have gone out in the water more than a mil there's oo one to he seen. I hope nothing has happe him!"

"Heaven help us, what a day!" cried the woman; was he dressed?"

"Red suit, with hlack edges, and a red-and-hlack cap.

"The man we saw go into Numher Thirteen was dr like that," cried the two children.

At these words, the face of the Pichard woman turned she made the sign of the cross, and said, looking at he hand: "Holy Virgin! it was his ghost the children saw

At this new turn of affairs, there was a change like a formation in a theatre. Every one rushed to the dro man's machine, while our heroine, after a covert glan hers, walked away with the last of the crowd to whe hoat was heing put out.

After more than two hours, the searchers came hack. had found nothing, and Numher Three was still empty. gathered together his effects, finding a card hearing the "Gaston de Rochekern," hut no address, and the mayor ceeded to draw up his *procès-verbal.*

All the evening the events of that memorahle day wer cussed, and, at the moment when Dr. Destomhes was ex ing to an attentive audience that it was not difficult to cit lucinations, such as had deceived the imaginations of th children—at the moment when, pursuing his demoostratio learned doctor added finely that many popular heliefs ha hetter origin, Gaston de Rochekern, who was oot dead ooly huried, slipped as stealthily as a cat up the last step promenade and managed, unperceived, to reënter the co which he occupied alone.

He meditated the greater part of the night, and at d hefore any one was astir, he put oo his hathing-suit a went and lay down on the edge of the heach, and waited

Ahout an hour later, found hy an early fisherman, the imate hody of the drowned man was carried on a litter t Casino, where Dr. Destomhes, after energetic treatment the happiness to restore him to life. Gastoo then recou how, on the evening hefore, just as he was regaining the he had heen seized hy a cramp; that he had made the that the cramp had lasted a long time, getting worse; tha sea had carried him off again; that he had not heen ab reach the shore; that, happily, he had managed to ca piece of drift-wood, which had sustained him until the in ing tide had carried him to the heach—in fact, a tale enough to put one to sleep, hut to which no objection he made.

Now, do you wish to know how he got out of the hat machine? It is very simple. With a strip of iron fro latch, he had taken up two hoards from the floor. Wit aid of his companion, he had scooped a hole heneath the f throwing the sand in the space hetweeo the floor and heach; he had concealed himself in the hole, and the l replacing the planks, had only to rest the heel of her on them to drive the nails hack in their holes, which Ga had taken care to eolarge hy workiog the nails in them li drill.

From his place of concealment he had heard all that pas He had remained hidden until night, and then, having care poked out his head to see that the heach was clear, he made his escape.

The lady left Maréville in a few days, and her name never registered in its hotels again; hut Madame the Vic tesse Gaston de Rochekern, who came there on the follo year on her wedding-tour, was remarked hy the wise hath master to hear a striking resemhlance to the fair hathe Numher Thirteen.—*Translated for the Argonaut from French of Eugène Mouton.*

A pocket type-writer is shortly to he offered to the Bri puhlic. Type-writing instruments now in the market ar considerahle size and weight—at least, a person could scar think of carrying one ahout with him regularly. The uoder ootice is not only inexpensive, hut is so small th may he carried in the waistcoat pocket. The retail price he under ten shillings; it measures three and one-half inc hy three inches, and weighs ahout four ounces. Though small, it is not a mere toy. The inventor claims for it th will turn out hetter work and he found more useful than lar and more expensive machines. With reference to its c struction, all that can he seen when superficially examined i disk ahout the size of the face of a gentleman's watch, in wh the type is fixed, and one or two small rollers. It will prin line from an inch to a yard long, and paper of any size thickness can he used. Any one can use it, though, as in case of other instruments, practice is required to enable operator to write quickly. Another advantage is that means of duplicate types the writer can he used for differ languages. Patents have heen ohtained for most of the co tries in Europe, as well as for America, Canada, and Austra

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The Austrian Government, which controls the toha trade, made a great fioancial loss hy raising the price cigars. In Vienna alone, thirty-five million fewer cigars ha heen sold, with a correspooding increase in the consumpti of cigarettes and pipes. In all the loss amounted to sev hundred and ten thousand florins.

Prince Henry of Batteoherg may soon hecome Duke Inverness, the title of Duke of Kent, which his mother-in-la desired for him, heing vigorously opposed as exclusively roy

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The Pope has had his large hedroom filled with singi hirds.

THE SILLY SEASON.

"Cockaigne" retails the Gossip of London while Society is Away.

Again is London empty. In Mayfair and Belgravia, Pimlico and South Kensington, Bayswater and St. James's, the shutters are closed and the furniture and pictures clad in their out-of-season attire of brown holland; and where a month ago powdered-headed and white-calved flunkies sunned themselves on door-steps and beneath porticoes to charm the eyes of passing nursery-maids, the slovenly charwoman and frowsy-haired caretaker peer wistfully over the area railings and pass the time of day with the lonely policeman patrolling his weary beat. The West End streets no longer echo to the rumble of well-turned-out equipages; clubland is deserted, and the parks given over to the rag, tag, and bobtail of society. Swelldom has departed for Scotland, Homburg, the Riviera, the Engadine, the Solent, and the Mediterranean. It is true that Parliament still sits, but the great men whose presence there give it its tone, are "paired for the remainder of the session," and flown away in quest of pleasure, recreation, relaxation, and rest.

Even Labouchère has gone. He was reported to have gone before he did go, and his sudden appearance in the House of Commons the night before his actual departure, when he was thought to be safe away on the other side of the channel, caused very nearly a stampede among the few remaining ministerial members left in charge of government affairs by the holiday-seeking leaders. He only came down for a few minutes to ask a question as to whether the cost of the queen's last pair of galoshes was to be paid by herself or by the nation, or something of that sort, and to say good-bye, after which the Conservative benches breathed a sigh of thankfulness and relief. Without doubt Labouchère is the greatest nuisance the Tory government have to contend with. He is always springing some tiresome, unexpected question upon them; always prowling about and nosing out some mare's-nest or other, and wanting to know the reason why.

Lord Randolph Churchill is enjoying a short term of rest at a house near Windsor, which he has taken for a month or so, and is accompanied by his charming wife. Gladstone is at Hawarden, felling trees and making speeches whenever chance throws the opportunity in his way. He is always ready to talk. In season and out of season it is just the same. There certainly never was a man so fond of the sound of his own voice, or so given to keeping himself before the people, as is the Grand Old Man. He is forever doing or saying something for the papers to report. You hear that he has gone on a cruise in somebody or other's yacht, and you flatter yourself that you are going to have a short season of relief. But not a bit of it. The next morning you open your paper and the first thing you see is "Mr. Gladstone addresses the fishermen of Highwater Cove," where the yacht put in for water, or vegetables, or fish, and then follows a verbatim harangue on the noble occupation of deep-sea fishing, deftly interlarded with political shafts at the Conservative Irish policy and enthusiastic predictions as to the approaching victories of the Liberal party. The next day he lands on some uninhabited island for the purpose of climbing a hill to see a view. On the way back, not finding any one to address, he fells a tree—if there is one. Next day after that the yacht puts in for coal somewhere or other. Another speech, and more sophistries on the indications of the bye-elections. We have only just got over a dose of his silver wedding. You can not forget him. He will not give you the chance. Take up a review. What is the first thing you encounter? "The Increase of Classical taste in the Hebrides," by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, or "The Celtic Invasion of Kamtchatka considered in connection with the idea of National Home-Rule in Fiji," by the ditto.

Joseph Chamberlain is taking his holiday at Eastbourne, one of the fashionable watering-places on the Sussex coast, last year honored by the presence of Mrs. Mackay. By-the-bye, a curious incident happened at Mr. Chamberlain's London residence the other day. I call it curious on account of its result and considering the radical principles and views of the Right Honorable Member for West Birmingham. An itinerant buyer of empty bottles was discovered by Mr. Chamberlain's butler in one of the lower passages of the house near the pantry. The butler sent for a policeman, and the man was conveyed to the police station. Next day he was brought up before the police magistrate and given two months' imprisonment with hard labor! I wonder what the radical mind of Mr. Chamberlain thought of this punishment for such a trifling offense against his property? The man's excuse was that he had gone in to get a drink of water. The magistrate did not believe him, and, so far as Mr. Chamberlain is concerned, he does not appear to have applied his radical principles to practice and made any effort to get the oppressive punishment lessened or remitted altogether. The basest-blooded Tory in the land could not have been a more willing, acquiescent prosecutor and legal oppressor than is apparently Mr. Chamberlain in this instance.

The Mayhrick case, of the facts of which I take it for granted San Francisco readers have been fully informed by the press cablegrams, has been the one absorbing topic of thought and conversation among all classes since the finding of the verdict a fortnight ago. Whether Mrs. Mayhrick was guilty of poisoning her husband or not has been the theme on everybody's tongue, and at the point of everybody's pen in letters *pro* and *con* to the leading newspapers. Indeed, feeling has run so high that the subject, as one of discussion even among friends, soon grew to be almost a forbidden one. There can be little doubt that popular feeling was against the verdict. It seemed to take people by surprise. The case for the defense, as put before the jury by Sir Charles Russell, the ablest advocate at the English bar, clearly raised a reasonable doubt as to the guilt of the prisoner, and this doubt the jury failed to give her the benefit of. This is what the anti-verdict folk claimed, and it is the view which Mr. Henry Matthews, the home-secretary, after a careful examination of the evidence and a laborious and exhaustive examination of the case, has come to himself in his recommendation to the queen that she should commute Mrs. Mayhrick's sentence to one of imprisonment for life.

Here is how the doubt arose. Mrs. Mayhrick was accused of poisoning her husband with arsenic. A very strong and suspicious combination of circumstances—the evidence was all circumstantial—all pointing that way was sworn to by a group of servants in Mrs. Mayhrick's own employ. There was no direct evidence of the administration of the poison—indeed, it would be difficult to imagine a case more lacking in positive evidence. The chief point of the defense was that the husband did not die of arsenic-poisoning, but from gastritis. On this point the medical witnesses differed. Those for the crown swore that the symptoms were all indicative of poisoning by arsenic, while those for the defense testified that one of the indispensable indications of arsenic-poisoning was absent. The doctors, in short, disagreed, not an uncommon event, and hence arose the doubt. Both sides were composed of eminent men in the profession. Both had equal weight, so far as opinion went. While leading practitioners deposed for the prosecution, Dr. Macnamara, ex-president of the College of Surgeons, Ireland, and Dr. Tidy, the chief medical analyst of the Home Department, averred that there was no poisoning. "When doctors disagree, who shall decide?" is an old saying which the jury complacently answered by deciding themselves. Unfortunately, in doing so, they overruled a fundamental principle of law, and, in the opinion of the home-secretary, they had no right to do this.

There are two things, however, pretty certain. Everybody is sick and tired of the subject, that is one. The other is, that the present almost barbaric state of English criminal procedure has been made so glaringly apparent to the public eye, that a complete remodeling in the near future would appear to be a foregone conclusion. First and foremost in the needed reforms should be sensible and humane provisions in the selection of juries and their control while trying a case. Men who have formed or expressed opinions should (as in the United States) be ineligible; peremptory challenges should be allowed the prisoner; and, above all, the jury in every case should be prohibited from discussing the case among themselves until it is finally submitted to them.

"Oh, yes," said one of the jurymen in the Mayhrick case, on being interviewed, "we talked the evidence over every night as it came out in court. We kept up with it day by day."

They, in fact, weighed the evidence in its partially adduced condition, and got notions fixed which no after evidence could loosen. What was to prevent them from coming to a settled belief upon the case for the crown being concluded? Then, the judge's "summing up" should be, in its present heterogeneous condition, abolished altogether and the American system of "charging" the jury substituted. To crown all, a court of criminal appeal should be established. As things stand now, the only means of altering the erroneous result of a criminal trial, if against the prisoner, is by application to the secretary of the home department to advise the queen to use her prerogative of mercy.

One of the most curious letters, by the way, was one to the *Daily News*, in which Bret Harte's poem of "The Wonderful Spring of San Joaquin" was cited as evidence to prove that the use of arsenic, if suddenly stopped, will cause symptoms of actual poisoning which a continued use of the drug would have prevented.

General Boulanger has subsided considerably, so far as I can judge, since the result of his trial in France. Indeed, his comb would appear to have been drooping past reclaim of late. The fact is, that adventurers soon grow stale in England. It is the worst place in the world for a social mountebank to come and stay for any length of time, least of all to take up his residence. The English people do not "cotton" to such gentry, and are a trifle too matter-of-fact in their way of looking at things. I should not be surprised if the dapper-and-smirk "successor of Napoleon" found his way to New York before long. COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, August 24, 1889.

The pocket-camera has taken a place among the appurtenances of the art of *chantage*. A past-master in that very delicate profession has been doing a thriving business in Berlin by following frivolous married ladies who make rendezvous with strangers, and photographing them in compromising attitudes. He has found that both the ladies and their *amants* pay very substantial prices for the negatives. The other day, however, he came across a lady who objected to purchase a photograph of herself kissing her brother, for a thousand marks. One of the Berlin magistrates also considered the price exorbitant; and the enterprising photographer is now in prison, where, for six months, he will be enabled to meditate on what Mark Twain calls "the cussedness of things in general."

Paris keeps its streets clean by not permitting them to get dirty. An American unsuspiciously tore a letter in two and dropped the pieces in the gutter recently, just as he had doubtless done a hundred times at home. A moment later a policeman invited him to retrace his steps and gather up the fragments of waste paper, on penalty of being arrested. The American was a sensible man, and, instead of protesting that America was the only really free country on earth, he then and there learned a valuable lesson, and subsequently expressed his admiration of a city which showed such respect for itself.

One curious effect of the Mayhrick tragedy has been to cause a very great reduction in the sale of fly-papers by London chemists. "People are afraid to have them in their houses—especially ladies," was the explanation given by a druggist in a large way of business.

A society has been started in London to promote the development of the science of mesmerism and of the application of hypnotism to practical medicine.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Archduke Albrecht was mulcted seven hundred dollars by the keeper of a hotel in a small town in Hungary for forty-eight hours' entertainment. Albrecht has interdicted all officers from stopping at the house for the next twelve months, and no military band may play in the town.

A French gentleman, M. Emile Durer, wrote a life of Edison in anticipation of the wizard's visit to Paris, which contains an amusing account of the curious little news sheet, the *Grand Trunk Railroad Herald*, which Edison edited in his early days. M. Durer's translation of the title of the journal is "La Grande Valise du Chemin de Fer."

Secretary Halford can take no action in regard to the use, by a cigarette firm, of a photograph purporting to be that of his daughter, Jeannette. The picture is not Miss Halford's, but is evidently an ideal head to which the tobacconists have cleverly affixed the name, "Miss Halford," leaving it to be inferred that it is meant for the private secretary's daughter.

The other night the Marchioness of Bristol, the ladies Hervey, and a few of their friends went through the streets and squares of Belgravia, singing and playing on guitars and mandolins. They tried to suit all tastes, and sang "O bella Italia" and "O dem golden slippers" with equal vigor. The proceeds of the night's work are to be given to the hospital Sunday fund.

General Crook, the famous Indian fighter, wonders how so great a fraud as Sitting Bull could be made such a hero of. He says that the old Indian is an arrant coward, but so full of conceit that he impresses people with his importance. "And no wonder he is conceited," adds General Crook, "for he has had offers of marriage from white women, and endless requests for his photograph."

Prince Bismarck's illness was smarter than the public knew, but he quickly recovers. A sign that the prince is out of sorts is always the presence of a toothpick, which he solemnly chews. It has camphor in the end of it, and when the toothpick and lemon-water stage begins, all the Berlin world knows that the chancellor is not to be trifled with. At such times he gets through enormous quantities of work. But when the toothpick is laid aside for the cigar, then the boisterous manner returns.

A romantic story is told about Mme. La Maréchale Canrobert, whose death was recently announced in Paris. Twenty-six years ago the marshal, at that time in the height of his glory, was at an official ball, when a young lady approached and said quite simply, "Monsieur, will you dance with me?" The surprised soldier "begged off" in a few confused words; then, turning to a young officer beside him, he said, "Will you kindly take my place beside the young lady, and remember that this night a marshal of France envies a sub-lieutenant?" However, the matter did not rest here, for Miss Flora MacDonald, under the auspices of the Empress Eugénie, with whom she was a favorite, subsequently became the wife of the great general.

The death of the queen-mother of Bavaria reduces the number of widowed queens and empresses, who are still numerous, as the following list will show: The Queen of England, the Regent-Queen of Spain; the ex-Empresses Eugénie, Augusta, Friederich, and Charlotte; the Queen of Hanover, and the Princess Wilhelmina; three widowed princesses, whose husbands had regal powers at one time—Princess Antoinette, daughter of the King of the Two Sicilies, widow of the Grand Duke of Tuscany; Princess Aldegonde, daughter of the King of Bavaria and widow of the Duke of Modena; the Princess Danika, widow of Danilo First, Prince of Montenegro. To these must be added the two widows of crown princes, the Princess Stephanie of Austria and Princess Catharine of Wurtemburg, and finally there is the mother of a reigning sovereign, Princess Clementine, mother of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria.

Professor Tyndall upon one occasion was to deliver a lecture in a certain town, and, on the day in question, visited the lecture-hall during the afternoon, as lecturers usually do, to make various arrangements. The place, of course, was empty; no one was present save the care-taker, who was busy over his dusting at the far end of the hall. Happening to look up from his work, however, the care-taker was surprised to see the learned professor assiduously vaulting backward and forward over his table, for some seeming incomprehensible reason. The explanation of this little performance was quite simple, and was forthcoming during the course of the lecture in the evening, when, chancing—by accident, of course—to knock over some of his paraphernalia, the agile professor, amid appreciative applause, lightly leaped over the table and as lightly leaped back again. There is nothing like being prepared for these little accidents. As Sydney Smith said, some of his best impromptus took him years to prepare.

King, the cabman, who ran Lord Mandeville to earth in Bessie Bellwood's apartments a few days ago, and was assaulted and battered by the gentle singer for asking the nobleman to pay a debt, obtained a measure of revenge last week. He had Bessie in the Bow Street Police Court, with Mandeville as a witness, and in the end the pugilistic young woman was fined three guineas and put under bonds to keep the peace for six months, and her lordly protégé was branded to the world as a particularly disreputable member of a not too reputable nobility. Mandeville is an unusually callous scamp, but the cabman had the pleasure of seeing the noble lord flush from his neck to his hair when the concert-singer was asked if she ever paid his debts, and replied: "Well, if I do, it is for the sake of his wife and family." Mandeville, it will be remembered, married Miss Yznaga, an American girl. They have three young children, but he is bankrupt and lives apart from his family, supported by Bessie Bellwood. Any one can have the pleasure of seeing her pay for his suppers in the public restaurants after the theatre. It is pleasing to reflect that as soon as an invalid of sixty-six years pays the debt of nature, Mandeville will be Duke of Manchester, patron of six livings, with a seat in the House of Lords, several landed estates and country-seats, and two or three town residences.

General Juan de Cordova is the principal aide-de-camp of the Spanish queen. The general, in particular, is a special favorite of the little three-year-old king, who invariably addresses him as Juanito (little John). On a recent Sunday, while seated beside his mother in the royal gallery at mass, his diminutive but Most Catholic Majesty happened to catch sight of the general kneeling in the nave of the church, and at once, amid the silence which precedes the elevation of the Host, began to shout with great glee: "Hallo, there is Juanito! Hallo there! Juanito! Juanito!" It was only with the utmost difficulty that the queen and his governess could reduce the little monarch to silence. Raimunda, the gorgeously attired peasant woman, who first attracted the infant monarch's notice and favor by her exceptional qualities as a wet-nurse, still figures among the king's attendants, though, of course, not in the same capacity as formerly. The child absolutely refused to permit her to be paid off, as it was intended to do, and insisted that she should become a permanency in his household. At San Sebastian every morning, punctually at eight o'clock, he steps out on the balcony of the royal château in order to listen to the music of the regimental band. There is always a crowd of children assembled to see him appear, and, as he knows many of them personally by name, he leans over the balcony to talk to them, and the quaintest kind of conversations ensue. They are generally interrupted by a tap on the window, on hearing which the little king cries: "Adios, au revoir; I must go in; mamma is waiting for me." Shortly after nine he appears on the sands escorted by Mme. Tacon, Raimunda, and a couple of footmen, and plays around in the most thoroughly democratic manner with his sister and other children of his acquaintance. At twelve o'clock, after having dug, and romped, and paddled about barefooted in the water to his heart's content, he returns to the château for luncheon. At five o'clock he goes out for a drive, and, as he comes down the steps to the carriage, the royal halberdiers range themselves, one on each step, on either side of the stairs. So soon as he is seated in the carriage he turns to Colonel Loigorri, the chief of the halberdiers, and in obedience to the instructions which he has received, exclaims, with the utmost gravity "Let them retire."

PUELLA CALIFORNICA.

"Iris" pictures the Self-Reliant Maiden of the Golden State.

We have heard so much of the American girl that we are tired of her. All the realists have tried their hands at her, all the analysts have penetrated to the roots of her every motive. We have had her in spectacles from Boston, in "gums" from Philadelphia. We have had her from the far and near West—the wild and woolly West of Colorado, the level, sun-burned, burning West of Illinois. She has been the vulgar-heroic Western type, the masculine-noble Western type, the easy-mannered Western type. English authors have entered the hand and given us their ideas on this elusive charmer. They make her impossible, golden-haired, spicy, with a "claw-like hand" and a glib, slangy tongue. She "flirts from the teeth outward," one of them says; she smokes cigarettes and puts her feet on chairs, another one thinks. Her vocabulary displays all the slang of our vast republic, and her male relatives are in "the pork business." To the French she is gently incomprehensible. They all agree that she dyes her hair, and a good many of them disagree on the subject of her respectability.

But this, as the authors' pet type, is the mild, old-fashioned, regulation type from the Middle-Western States—the type which used to be alluded to as "The Per-rar-rie Flower." It is when the author gets out to California that he bestrides his gallant hobby-horse, who, with head up and tail over the dash-board, prances away. And then, what superb, what unapproachable demi-voltes does that hobby-horse proceed to execute. The portraits of Californians drawn by this Knight of The Rampant Pen are about as true to life as the pictures of English lords in *Charivari*. Even reliable writers become inebriated with their own verbosity while portraying Californian types, and set to work creating mild Frankensteins. Lawrence Oliphant, in one of his books, makes a beautiful Californian heiress urge on a timid swain with the encouraging words: "Well, shove ahead, old chappie!" And people found this very droll and characteristic. Of course there was always Bret Harte! But Bret Harte had an imagination which could transform a five-cent nickel into a twenty-dollar gold-piece and *vice versa*, and then Bret Harte was a Forty-Niner, and lived when ladies were as he described them, only more so. The author yet lives to give Puella Californica her due—to do unto her as has been done unto her Boston sister by Mr. Howells, her New York sister by Mr. James, her Washington sister by Mrs. Burnett, and her New Orleans sister by Mr. Cable.

Take her all in all, Puella Californica is really the nicest kind of a girl. Of course she has faults, and one of them is a very tender vanity—the most innocently obvious vanity which you can possibly imagine. She has been told so many times that she is the finest and most luxuriant product of the finest and most luxuriant State in the Union, that she has begun to regard it as an absolutely established, incontestable fact, like the revolution of the earth or the law of gravitation. It is also a staple topic of conversation, especially with the itinerant from the East—in fact, it is her weather and crops. Not to say "I have been much struck, Miss Bonanza, by the beauty of the Californian girls," is to make an unpardonable social omission. She will receive it with the tranquillity of staled custom, assent placidly, and give an instance or two where taste, celebrated for its culture, has arrived at the same conclusion.

She goes even further, for she resents a criticism or a comparison. Matthew Arnold, in his article on the United States, deplored the inability of Americans to brook criticism. Puella Californica has this national failing in its worst form. In a drawing-room where you stand on a pleasantly intimate footing it is as much as that footing is worth to admit that you admire the beauty of Fifth Avenue more than the beauty of California Street, even though you confess that your taste is bad, and excuse yourself from the wrath to come on the ground that you were brought up in New England, where a sense of the beautiful is not cultivated. Still the fiat has gone forth, and though you must not exactly die, from that moment on your glory is extinguished.

Undoubtedly Puella Californica has beauty—a sumptuous, splendid beauty, but, like the fruits and flowers of her native State, lacking in fineness and finish. California fruit, while exquisite to look at—smooth-skinned, richly colored—is wanting in delicacy of flavor, in piquancy of taste. So with the flowers—the roses are the largest, the deepest-hued, the closest-leaved in the world, but they have little sweetness. They have all run to size. Their main charm has been sacrificed to overdevelopment. Puella Californica, like the rose, is in danger of running to size. In the rich, warm climate of her native State she has grown too rapidly, shot up like a weed. She ought to be grown under glass for a few years. Then she would be perfect. She would have pointed ends to her fingers, small wrists, and little, delicately-molded ears. As it is now, she is rather roughly finished, but she has the prettiest complexion and hair in the world.

In her attitude toward her "gentleman friends," Puella Californica is again original. She is without the instincts of a flirt. She likes men to tell her that Californian girls are the handsomest in the country, and that of Californian girls she is the flower—but this is merely regarded as a *façon de parler*. Conversationally she is too straightforward and matter-of-fact. In some cases she is absolutely heavy. Make no mistake about her not talking—for hours the welkin rings with her eloquence, but there is talking and talking, as all men know. Puella Californica talks as the English do—states a good many solid facts and muscular opinions with ponderous earnestness. The art of conversation as the French understand it, "to say nothing in particular and say it very well," is to her an art yet to be acquired.

Her lack of lightness, of *esprit*, of that indescribable charm which makes the successful *femme du monde*, is accounted for in various ways. Puella Californica has had an active life, and from her cradle has been an earnest worker. She has made herself and done her work well, and one can be justly proud of her. Where an Eastern girl breathes from her infancy an atmosphere saturated with social traditions, where her papa and mamma on either hand lead her up elegantly in the paths of fashion, the Californian has had to do all this for herself. Her papa and mamma are far down the ladder, a good, old, honest, kindly, rough pair, while she has mounted to the top. She has made herself agreeable, well-mannered, well-dressed, clever enough, and refined in an attractive, lazy way, alone and unaided. She must have very keen perceptions to do this, and an intuitive knowledge of what is the correct thing. How can she go to her parents for instruction, when they, in their turn, come to her? In fact, she has not only to make herself, but to make them. A more hard-worked girl never breathed. And in the effort and occupations of her life the art of being piquant—after all a secondary consideration, a useless embellishment—is overlooked for more important matters. When one is angling for salmon one does not think of sprats.

But the salient point of her character, the great difference between her and all other girls, is her fearless truthfulness. The art of lying for purpose or effect is unknown to her; she is quite honest, open, and unaffected. If her best man breaks an engagement to go out walking with her, she will tell of it—and, oh! the lies Eastern girls would perpetrate rather than confess themselves similarly "left"! The very practicality of her manner arises in a measure from her extreme straightforwardness. She has no imagination—she could not invent. Dodging gracefully round the truth, garnishing her conversation with pretty exaggerations, seem to her waste of time. To lie in the fearless old fashion, as her sisters of the Atlantic sea-board do, never occurs to her. It strikes her as absurd that a woman should trifle and coquette with a subject which could be finished and done with in ten minutes' solid talk, and then you could go on to another. She talks to a man much as she does to a woman—to her lover as she might to her brother. It was in searching for a verbal expression of this careless bonhomie that Lawrence Oliphant hit upon his "Shove ahead, old chappie." But the illustration was not happy. She would not have said just that—hers is lack of reserve, not of delicacy. But she would have looked her old chappie tranquilly in the eye, and either accepted or rejected him with the most perfect *savoir-faire*.

This candor, fearlessness, and self-confidence permeate her in every condition of her life. She is sure of herself wherever she may be. No fear of what the world or what her friends will say deters her from acknowledging a shabby acquaintance or doing a generous action—in short, she is not afraid of making a fool of herself, according to society. She is not ashamed of any of her belongings, though she might be pardoned sometimes if she were. To her, Miles Arbuton's conduct, in Howells's charming story, is beneath contempt, yet you will find in Boston plenty of nice people who will stand up for Miles, and say he only did what any other man—not a great man, but an average man—would have done under the circumstances. Were she engaged to the livest of lords, and were her mother—as is sometimes the case—an irretrievable barbarian, she will not hesitate to push "Mommer" forward with pride and affection. "Take me as I am," she seems to say, with a passionate pride; "or leave me and go away." And this is not affected. She is loyal to her surroundings not because she thinks she ought to be, or because if she did not she would be made uncomfortable by an uneasy conscience—she does it because she honestly loves them, and thinks them quite as perfect as she thinks herself.

"Popper" is an old pioneer, originally a laborer, perhaps, who sits in the back-parlor in his shirt-sleeves, with his hat on the back of his head and his feet on a chair, while Lucy is entertaining her gentlemen friends in the front-parlor. He has nothing in common with them, and they call him "The Old Man." But he looks upon Lucy with a sort of adoring wonder, glories in her cleverness, her beauty, her popularity, her pretty clothes. He is content to sit back and watch her silently—a rough, plain, common, old man. But Lucy, on her part, regards him with exquisite, tender fondness. She has a sort of solicitous, protecting affection for him, that she might not have if he were a fine old gentleman with curling, white whiskers and the grand air. They have lots of cozy little talks. She coquettes with him as she never does with "pleasant gentlemen from the East," and is as proud of him as he of her. She tells people about Popper's vicissitudes, and how brave he was in the early days. And on evenings when there are no young men about, she comes and sits with him in the back-parlor, hand-in-hand, in happy silence, watching the gaunt hills and the first, large, white stars. When Popper is ill, she does not go to balls, not because of society's criticism, but, with her honest eyes looking into yours, because "I couldn't enjoy myself—I'd be thinking about Popper all the evening." To realize the full magnitude of this fearless affection, one must have seen Popper.

In the great, final question of her marriage, she is still placid, self-reliant, serious, and never disturbed from her purpose by sentimental considerations. Puella Californica makes no secret of her intention to marry money. Neither of her parents interfere with her in the least, they know she will manage better by herself. She owns her ambition loudly and confidently, owns that she likes money and power and fine things, an ambition also cherished by the more delicate Eastern flowers, but which they keep shut up out of sight in those guileless hearts of theirs, which outsiders think want no more than "love in a hut with water and a crust." Eventually she marries her rich man—old, ugly, rough, divorced—it does not matter much. In other parts of the country such a marriage would be regarded as rather a calamity, but in the golden State of California nothing is irrevocable. The girl who has managed so well all her life makes no foolish mistakes, takes no hopeless steps. She marries with the tacit understanding that she will fall back on divorce if all does not go well. It is almost as easy to obtain a divorce in California as it is in parts of Kansas, where people who have had experience can get it, they say, for a dollar and a half. So, when her elderly lord throws the clothes-brush at her, or refuses to supply her with sufficient money, she appeals to the law. Until then let all be merry.

IRIS.

SEPTEMBER 2, 1889.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

The man who feels around in the dark for a door, and gets an arm on each side of it, occupies the time of a recording angel for fully five minutes.—*Puck.*

Wifely care: "John, do tie a knot in your handkerchief before you go to bed, so as not to forget to get up to-morrow at four o'clock."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Nurse—"Mum, the baby's eating green apples. Would I take them away?" *Fond mother*—"Do you want to make him cry, you goose. We can give him some ipecac hy-and-hye."—*Puck.*

A druggist says that starting a fly-paper is queer. "It may be queer but it is not so blame expensive as starting a newspaper, though a man is liable to get 'stuck' on both."—*Norristown Herald.*

McCorkle—"If Dr. Brown-Séquard's elixir of life turns out to be what he claims for it, cemetery stock-holders will be ruined." *McCrackle*—"Yes; they would have to depend on the Clan-na-Gael."—*Epoch.*

Mr. Bleecker—"Here's an account of a man who got shot while assaulting a judge out in California." *Mrs. Bleecker*—"Dear me! What did they do then?" *Mr. Bleecker*—"Arrested the judge!"—*Puck.*

Genial host—"Pathrick, me bhoy, you've had quite enough to dhrink. Take me advoice; when ye get to the top of the street ye'll see two cabs; take the first, because, begorra, there's only one!"—*Funny Folks.*

Bobby (trying to be funny)—"Supposing I should steal him some night and take your pug to the pound?" *Miss Edgeways*—"I don't believe the pound-keeper would be entirely sure just which one of you to keep."—*Judge.*

Nephew (trying to make a good impression)—"Uncle, this port is excellent." *Uncle*—"Well, I should think so; it is fifty years old." *Nephew*—"By Jove, you don't say so! What a superb wine it must have been once!"—*Life.*

Mr. Littlecalf—"Aw, ye knaw, old man, I feel—aw—downright gloomy. What a deuced shame 'tis the wide trousers cawn't be introduced into the bathing-coslume? The present style practically debars us, ye knaw, old man!"—*Time.*

Railway official—"M'sieu, your valet has been run over and cut into a dozen pieces!" *Languid Englishman*—"Haw! Be good enough, please, to bring the piece that—haw!—contains the key of my hat-box—haw!"—*Half-Holiday.*

Bridget has a kitchen full of her company: *Mistress* (from the head of the stairs)—"Bridget!" *Bridget*—"Yis, ma'am." *Mistress*—"It's ten o'clock." *Bridget*—"Thank ye, ma'am; an' will ye be so kind as to till me whin it's twelve?"—*Judge.*

Theatrical manager—"You surely don't expect to succeed on the stage solely on account of your beauty?" *English society woman*—"Yes, but I do. I know of scores of actresses who succeed, and they aren't one bit good-looking."—*Time.*

Stanzer—"I'd like to know how to get this poem published. I've sent it to a dozen editors, but it's of no use." *Carper*—"You might put it in an envelope, leave it on your table, and then commit suicide. All the papers would have it next day."—*Puck.*

Undertaker—"And what will you have on the headstone, Mrs. Blifkins? I suppose something regarding the true qualities of Mr. Blifkins as a husband and father?" *Widow*—"Yes; but nothing compromising. I expect to be led to the altar again shortly."—*Judge.*

Mr. Crossrhoades—"Mirandy! some thief got in back o' the counter t'-day 'n' stole them ten-cent cigars I jest got in; took the hull hundred." *Mrs. Crossrhoades*—"Good land! why, that's ten dollars." *Mr. Crossrhoades*—"It ain't's bad's that, but it's two dollars an' fifty cents."—*Puck.*

"Your brother ought to marry. He is too good a man to be wasted." "But he thinks he oughtn't to, you know, because he's a minister." "And why shouldn't a minister marry if he wants to?" "I suppose it is because he may have a son, and you know what a minister's son usually is."—*Life.*

"Mr. Jones," said the old millionaire. "Yes, sir," answered the private secretary. "Here are fifty begging letters. Answer them all with a refusal." "Yes, sir." "And you will observe that every one has a two-cent stamp inclosed for reply." "Yes, sir." "Well, answer them on a postal."—*Society.*

Bagsby—"Yes, this is all right, but where are the coat and trousers?" *Einstein*—"Vy, mine frent, you puys tis suit on ter installment plan, ain't it? You pays fife tollar down, unt you gets ter fest. You pays ten tollar, unt you gets ter pants. Ter next veek you pays tfenty tollar, unt you gets ter coat. Dot ish ter vay."—*Puck.*

"Mamma," she asked one day, "if I get married, will I have a husband like pa?" "Yes," replied the mother, with an amused smile. "And if I don't get married, will I have to be an old maid, like Aunt Kate?" "Yes, Flossie." "Mamma," after a pause, "it's a tough world for us women, ain't it?"—*Binghamton Republican.*

A serious case: *Mrs. Briske*—"Johnny, did the doctor call while I was out!" *Little Johnny* (stopping his play)—"Yes'm. He felt my pulse an' looked at my tongue, and shook his head and said it was a serious case, and he left this prescription and said he'd call again before night." *Mrs. Briske*—"Gracious me! It wasn't you I sent for him to see; it was the baby."—*New York Weekly.*

Young man (somewhat agitated)—"I have called, Mr. Means, to ask permission to pay my addresses to your daughter, Miss Ruth." *Banker Means*—"My daughter, Ruth, Mr. Peduncle? Why, she is engaged to Mr. Swackhammer." *Young man* (still agitated, but reflecting that all is not yet lost)—"Did you think I said Miss Ruth, Mr. Means? I said Miss Gwendolen. The—er—similarity of the names probably caused you to misunderstand me."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Sharp Parent (at head of stairs)—"Clara! it's time for you to go to bed." *Clara* (in the parlor)—"Why, pa, Mr. Greene is here!" "Oh! I beg pardon. I thought it was Mr. Brown, and I haven't any patience with Mr. Brown. He always kisses you with such loud smacks that it wakes me up. Stay as long as you please, Mr. Greene. You are always welcome." *Mr. Greene*—"Um!—thank you, but I was just getting ready to go, and I—I promised my chum I'd be back early. Good-night!"—*New York Weekly.*

He (trying to start the conversation)—"I hear that another comet has just been discovered." *She* (a Boston girl)—"Oh, yes; and you can easily find it with a small telescope, such as every one has nowadays. It is now about five hours fifty-one minutes right ascension, and about fifteen degrees north declension, with a retrograde motion of nearly one minute per day in right ascension. Are you interested in astronomy?" *He* (floundering around mentally)—"Um—er—yes; but I prefer base-ball. What do you think of the Boston team this year?"—*Puck.*

The curtain had risen on the last act of the play, and the diabolical plot of the villain was about to be exploded in all its hideousness. Suddenly there was a commotion near the entrance, and a voice called out breathlessly: "Is Dr. Kallowmell in the audience?" With the grave, preoccupied manner of a man on whose skill the life of some fellow-creature might depend, the doctor arose from his seat near the stage and passed slowly down the aisle. "What is it?" he asked. "Doctor," said the breathless man, as he drew from his breast-pocket a package of folded documents, "I'm Spotcash & Co.'s new collector. Would it be convenient for you to settle that little bill this evening?"—*Chicago Tribune.*

SOCIETY.

The Jewett Tea.

rs. J. H. Jewett gave a delightful matinée-tea on Saturday, September 7th, from four until seven o'clock, at her residence, 1100 Van Ness Avenue, in honor of Justice and Mrs. Stephen J. Field, Mrs. Condit-Smith, and the Misses Condit-Smith. A wealth of lovely blosssoms, La France and Duchesse de Brabant roses, were displayed wherever artistic fancy found place for them; some in vases on the mantels, the draperies of robin's-egg-blue silk harmonized with the; others on tables and other places of vantage, while blue hanging-baskets, suspended at the folding-doors narrow silk ribbons, held the beautiful pink-tinted roses quiet relief. Handsome ferns, also, were seen in the windows and at the sides and corners of the rooms. Marigolds nasturtiums, with draperies of yellow silk, graced the dining-room, while smilax and fair blossoms adorned the

The affair was entirely informal and thoroughly pleasant every way. A string band furnished music during the afternoon, and, during an interim, Mrs. Frances Edgerton a couple of recitations in a finished manner, from Joaquin Miller and Taylor.

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Jewett, Justice and Mrs. Stephen J. Field, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mr. and Mrs. George C. Boardman, Mr. and Mrs. Hort, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Gibbs, Mr. and Henry L. Dodge, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Holladay, and Mrs. Sampson Tams, Colonel and Mrs. Sprague, General and Mrs Ginness, Judge and Mrs. Belcher, Mrs. J. Condit-Smith, Mrs. James S Wethered, Mrs. Frances Edgerton, Mrs. L. M. Coit, Mrs. Lucien Hermann, Mrs. P. Williams, Mrs. S. G. Wilder, Mrs. Rideout, Mrs. Rice, George H. Roe, Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, Misses Condit-Smith, Miss Rideout, Miss Dora Boardman, Misses Wethered, Miss Wilder, Miss Taggart, Miss Brumagim, Rice, Major R. P. Hammond, Jr., Colonel E. A. Belcher, Judge Lorenzo Sawyer, Mr. W. C. Belcher, Judge r, Mr. E. Burke Holladay, Mr. James Wilder, and

The Deering-Estee Wedding.

Hedgeside, Napa County, the country residence of and Mrs. M. M. Estee, a pretty wedding took place last day morning, when their daughter, Miss Maud Estee, united in marriage to Mr. Charles Deering, son of Mr. Deering, of the firm of Myrick & Deering of this The popularity of the young couple in society circles induced many of their friends to make the trip to Napa early morning train, and, upon their arrival at the station carriages were in readiness to carry them to the scene of wedding. The villa had been handsomely decorated with treasures, and was as inviting and attractive as it could be. Under a lovely canopy of fair blossoms, the marriage rites were performed at half-past eleven o'clock by the C. S. Fackenthal. Miss Macy Hicks, of Oakland, was maid of honor, and Mr. Frank P. Deering acted as best The newly wedded couple were overwhelmed with congratulations of their friends and also received many of their esteem in the way of elegant presents. Tête-tables were set beneath the shade-trees on the lawn sumptuous luncheon was served about noon. Later in y Mr. and Mrs. Deering came to this city, and were panied on the way down by their many friends from who had enjoyed the festivities of the day.

The Wilson Lunch-Party.

Samuel M. Wilson gave a charming lunch-party in Stephen J. Field's honor at her residence on Pine last Tuesday. The hall, reception-room, and drawing-ad received the careful attention of the decorator, re-in an ensemble that was highly attractive. Tropic brightened by clusters of marigolds, adorned the hallway, while the two rooms were graced by the pres- pale purple larkspurs, fern sprays, fine potted plants, ng fronds of asparagus tenuissimus in berry. The room, under the mellow glow of gaslight, revealed gantly appointed table with its glistening service and te floral adornment. Covers were laid for twenty, ch lady's name-card was artistic and unique. The were lettered in gold and mounted with tree-moss, was laced with fine silk cords. A centre-piece of overed bark was on the festal board, and from it arose wy heads of larkspurs in vivid blue tints, while above ong, trailing streamers of smilax, pendant from the the chandelier. A bounteous menu was provided, hours devoted to its discussion were happily passed. e present were: Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson, Mrs. J. Field, Mrs. J. Condit-Smith, Mrs. Russell J. , Mrs. Scott Wilson, Mrs. W. Frank Goad, Mrs. Tevis, Mrs. Henry Schmiedell, Mrs. Evan J. Cole-Mrs. Isaac L. Requa, Mrs. Denis Donahoe, Mrs. Donahue, Mrs. Edward Martin, Mrs. D. W. Earl, red W. Sharon, Mrs. J. D. Fry, Mrs. Ralph C. Har-Mrs. W. S. Hobart, Mrs. William Ashburner, and George C. Boardman.

The Edgerton Reception.

usical and literary reception was given last Tuesday on by Mrs. Frances Edgerton, at the residence of her Mrs. Homer S. King, 1001 Leavenworth Street. It especially in honor of Mrs. Stephen J. Field, and quite ber of her friends were present to greet her. Choice nd other fragrant flowers were distributed throughout ors with pleasing effect. The guests commenced to t four o'clock, and soon after the musical and literary me was commenced, and the following numbers were ed:

t Peggy and High Art....................
Chasse................................Coquelin
Mrs. Edgerton.
...........................Kjerulf
olution...............................Lassen
Miss Connel.
Dialect-Recitation....................
Mrs. Langstreth.
...........................Franz
made..................................Heles
Mrs Mintzer.
na..................................Anon
Mrs. Edgerton.
ng Solo...............................
Miss Hewlitt.
, Riez, Dormez.........................Gounod
Miss Connell.
d Domino..............................
Mrs. Edgerton.
Azzuro................................Verdi
Mrs. Mintzer.
Musk..................................
Mrs. Edgerton.

arious selections were listened to with much interest sure, and the hearers' appreciation of them was quite Mrs. J. D. Fry, Miss McClure, and Miss Bishop Mrs. Edgerton in receiving and entertaining her

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. Peter Decker and Miss Alice Decker, who are now nd, will sail for New York early in October with ation of passing the winter in this city.

Mrs. John W. Mackay and her son have returned to London passing a few weeks in New York.

Mr. George W. Scott and his sister, Mrs. Morton Cheesman, traveling in England after having visited France y.

Mr. nd Mrs. Dell Linderman are visiting their friends in New rk city.

Bishop and Mrs. William Ingraham Kip and Mr. W. I. Kip, have gone East on a prolonged visit and are now in Al y.

Mr. nd Mrs. Henry T. Scott are at the Gilsey House in New rk city.

Miss Mary Eyre has been visiting Mrs. George M. Pinckard at an Rafael.

Mr. Griffith Coit is at the Hotel Albemarle in New York city.

Miss Fair and Miss Jennie Blair have been paying a visit to Miss May E. Pope at her country home in St. Helena.

Mr. John P. Jones and Mr. Roy Jones returned from Santa Monica on Thursday and are at the Palace Hotel.

Dr. nd Mrs. J. C. Tucker, Miss Tucker, and Miss Mae Tucker, of Oakland, are passing a couple of weeks in Lake County.

Mrs. John McMullin is visiting friends in Fresno.

Miss May Kewen has returned to Sacramento after a pleasant visit to the Misses Emelie and Josie Hanion.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Henley Smith will go East on September 25th.

Mr. and Mrs Harry Gillig and Mr. Frank Unger were doing the glaciers near Grundelwald during the latter part of August.

Miss Maude L. Berry will return to her home in Fresno in a few days

Miss Elise Kelly, of Mendocino, is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Samuel M. Blair, at her residence on Van Ness Avenue.

Mrs. William S. Wood departed for Philadelphia a week ago, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Eleanor Wood, who will enter the Ogontz School for young ladies, near that city. Mrs Wood will remain away about six weeks.

Mrs. Barreda and the Misses Rose and Christine Barreda are at their home on Long Island.

Mrs. Theresa Fair, Miss Fair, and Miss Birdie Fair will leave for New York early in October, and will remain in the East during most of the winter.

Captain and Mrs. A. H. Payson will go East in November, with the intention of remaining there throughout the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Yost and Major Ben Truman and family were at Chamounix on the twenty-ninth ultimo.

Mr. and Mrs. Eli J. Hutchinson, who have been passing the last two months at San Rafael, have returned to the city.

Miss Flora Low has been visiting Mrs. Charles Simpkins at her home in San Rafael.

Mrs. Jeremiah Clarke and the Misses Lottie and Edith Clarke have returned from a month's sojourn at Santa Cruz and are at their residence, 2119 California Street.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Hewlett arrived here from Stockton last Monday and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. William Kruse returned to the city last Monday after passing a couple of weeks hunting and fishing at his ranch in Sonoma County.

Mr. Richard Ferrer, Miss Carmelita Ferrer, and Miss Adèle Ferrer have returned from a visit to Paraiso Springs.

Mrs. A. E. Wilcox, accompanied by her son and three daughters, after traveling in Germany and Austria a month, returned to Paris on the nineteenth ultimo, and are at the Hotel de l'Athenée.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Bourn and Miss Ida Bourn have returned from a brief visit to Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, Mrs. Charles Crocker, and Mr. George Crocker passed Admission Day at Monterey.

Mrs. James A. Robinson and family, who have been in Europe for several months, are on their way home.

Colonel and Mrs. E. E. Eyre and family, who have been passing the summer at their residence in Menlo Park, will return to the city about the first of October to occupy apartments at the Palace Hotel during the winter.

Mr. Robert L. Coleman has returned East to resume his studies at Harvard College.

Mr. Mountford S. Wilson, who has been away on a two weeks' hunting trip, returned to the city last Monday.

Miss Kittie Chalmers, of Stockton, is visiting Mrs. W. P. Buckingham.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Trumbo arrived in Paris from Austria on the twenty-eighth ultimo, and went to London on the eighth instant.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Head and Miss Anna Head recently left Vienna for Paris on their way to London. They will leave Liverpool on the *City of Rome* on October 16th, en route home, and will pass the winter season at their residence on Taylor Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King are visiting friends in Dayton, O.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert D. Fry are visiting Dresden.

Mrs. William H. Shafter and Mrs. McKittrick have returned from a long visit at Santa Cruz and are at Angel Island.

Dr. and Mrs. E. B. Perrin have gone East and will be away until the end of October.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett E. Wise have returned from a visit to Monterey.

Mrs. Cornelius O'Connor and Miss O'Connor have returned from a visit to Litton Springs.

Notes and Gossip.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker gave an elegant dinner-party to a number of friends last Thursday evening at their California Street residence. A sumptuous repast was enjoyed amid beautiful decorations and the evening was made one of much pleasure.

Mrs. William J. Younger gave a charming lunch-party last Tuesday at her home, 1414 California Street, in honor of Mme. Camille Urso. About a dozen young ladies were invited to meet the distinguished violinist, and the affair was made very pleasant for all present.

Mrs. Monroe Salisbury entertained a party of lady friends at luncheon last Thursday at her home, 1812 Gough Street. Her hospitality was bountiful, and her guests passed the afternoon in a most delightful manner.

Miss Clara Luning gave an enjoyable lunch-party at the Palace Hotel on Friday, and pleasantly entertained several young lady friends.

The Union League Club (formerly the Dirigo Club) will give a ladies' night at home on Friday evening, September 27th. An entertainment will be given from half-past eight until ten o'clock, followed by dancing. The Committee of Arrangements comprises: Mr. A. T. Badlam, Jr., Mr. Joseph D. Redding, Mr. M. H. de Young, Mr. Walter Hinkle, Mr. Thomas R. Knox, Mr. J. D. Maxwell, and Mr. Charles J. Bandmann.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Mansfeldt Concert.

Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt gave his twenty-sixth concert of this season last Monday evening at Spencer Hall, where a large audience was assembled and enjoyed the following programme:

Sonata, No. 9, E major......................Beethoven
(*a*) Allegro, Miss Hattie Dunlap.
(*b*) Allegretto } Miss Eva Crowley.
(*c*) Rondo }
Soirées de Vienna, No. 6......................Liszt
Miss Tessie Franklin.
(*a*) Song without Words, No. 19. "On the Seashore" ....Mendelssohn
(*b*) Au bord d'une source......................Liszt
Mr. Max Weber.
Etude, C major......................Moszkowski
Miss Eva Crowley.
(*a*) Song without Words, No. 17, "Passion"...Mendelssohn
(*b*) Waltz, E major......................Moszkowski
Mr. Abe Sundland.
(*a*) Spinning Song from "Flying Dutchman"..Wagner-Liszt
(*b*) Sixth Rhapsodie......................Liszt
Mrs. C. A. Neale.
(*a*) Song without Words, No. 16, "Hope" } Mendelssohn
(*b*) Song without Words, No. 18, "Duetto" }
(*c*) Tenth Rhapsodie......................Liszt
Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt.

A benefit concert has been tendered to Mme. Camilla Urso, the violin virtuose, by many of our prominent society ladies and music-lovers. It will take place next Thursday evening at the Grand Opera House, and the following artists have volunteered their services in presenting a programme of much excellence: Mme. Julie Rosewald, Miss Mary E. Barnard, Mr. J. H. Rosewald, Mr. Alfred Wilkie, Mr. Walter C. Campbell, Mr. Oscar Herold, Mr. Roderick Herold, Mr. Sigismondo Martinez, Mr. Henry Heyman, Mr. Noah Brandt, Mr. Frederick Knell, Mr. Rudolf Patek, and the Bohemian Club Male Chorus.

Under the auspices of the Laurel Hall Association a series of three illustrative historical lectures on vocal music will be delivered by Mrs. Emilia Tojetti at Irving Hall on the following Wednesday evenings: October 9th, November 6th, and December 4th. The lectures will be divided as follows: "Ancient Music," "Songs of the Classic Epoch," and "The Romantic and Dramatic School."

FOR A BRIDE.

Come, fragrant dawn and tender,
For the birds twitter low;
A wakening sunbeam send her,
Who forth in bridal splendor
At the high noon shall go.
The day-rim riseth slow,
The day when she shall render
Her life for weal and woe
Unto her lover's keeping;
Ah, dreamlessly she's sleeping,
While the birds twitter low.

The light comes stealing shyly
Through the dim house of rest;
An infant sunbeam slyly
Creeps smiling to her breast,
But, being blest too highly,
Dies in that dainty nest.
For mists with vapor pearly
Blindfold the prying throng,
And quell the joyous hurly
Of the bird's matin song,
Because the light is early
And the day is long.

Now shines the votive treasure
With silver-gleam and gold,
Whereby relations measure
The sympathetic pleasure
With which the friends behold
The hymeneal function,
From the lush jewels' unction
To the prim toast-rack cold:
The modest pepper-caster,
Or work of Modern Master
Unsought for and unsold,
The statuette in plaster,
An album manifold.

Come, for the hour approaches,
And all await the bride,
Leaving their splendid coaches,
In silver sheen, like roaches,
The bridesmaids, side by side,
Pace up the chancel wide,
Wearing their wedding brooches
Of pearls and rubies pied.
Like sunlight driving shadows
Along the April meadows,
Before them goes the bride.

Now clearly quirl, ye singers,
A holy wedding psalm;
Grasp bell-ropes, lusty ringers,
Tight in the timeful palm;
Far let the music-swingers
Float on a sea of balm.
And, while they rock the steeple,
Crowds of the smartest people
Flock to the bridal bower,
Where wedding-cake and ices,
And presents, and their prices,
Speed the conducive hour,
Till valedictory rices
Upon Love's pilgrims shower.

Good luck betide bridegroom and bride,
This rice and satin shoes' day:
Let them alone, they'll be "At Home
On every second Tuesday." —*Punch.*

John A. Stanton, one of the most gifted of our local artists, has gone to Paris to pursue his art studies for a couple of years. Before his departure he was tendered a farewell dinner at the Bohemian Club and was presented with a handsome souvenir of the occasion.

Captain and Mrs. William B. Newson (Mme. Louise Pyk) left by steamer for Victoria, B. C., last Thursday. Mme. Pyk will sing in some of the prominent cities up north, and will then proceed to Chicago.

THE MECHANICS FAIR.

A Fine Art Exhibit.

One of the prettiest features of the fair this year is the fine display made by the "New Home Sewing Machine Company" with a splendid assortment of their well-known sewing-machines and a beautiful line of "art work" executed on them. This exhibition will be interesting to all admirers of household art decorations, and will demonstrate how easily the most elaborate designs in drapery may be decorated in the most exquisite manner with arasene, chenille, gold thread and tinsel, mosaics and etching. The work is done by the operator right in your presence, requires no special skill after a short lesson given to a new beginner, and is much facilitated by a very simple device lately adopted and controlled by this company.

The effects produced by this method are simply marvelous. In place of the old style of flat work with hard lines, everything stands out like bead-work and is executed so rapidly and so much better than by hand, that ladies will wonder why they ever tried to do such work without the aid of this splendid machine.

This is an opportunity never before offered to learn, free of charge, the latest methods of embroidery work. The well-known expert, Mr. F. J. Newton, of New York, will be in attendance and will be pleased to impart knowledge to all who take interest in such work.

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THE ARABIAN TRAVELER.

Mohammed Ben Ali to Ismail Mustapha, Son of the Nile and Shadow of Bagdad, greeting and gladness.

Now have I been much astonished in that I have beheld the sport of the country, and have seen the people at their pastimes. There is in the upper region of this city a place where the people assemble to witness the playing of the popular American game, which is called base-ball. There the people assemble in great crowds, as if it were a fête day, or as if a public proclamation of exemption from taxes, after the manner of our celebration of the birthday of the Prophet, was to be made. But, behold, these people pay money to gain admission to the inclosure wherein this game is played.

I am at a loss to tell thee just how this game is constructed, O Son of Merak! but it is a passing strange show. There are nine men attired in curious costumes, composed of stockings and short trousers, blouses and caps, all of which look as if they had not been washed for many ramidams. The men in the costumes have been washed, but they are not lovely to see for all that. These nine men distribute themselves about the field. Then another, attired in a different style of costume, so that he looketh like a Chinese god out for a Saturday half-holiday, cometh forward with a wooden club. He whacketh the ground, and standeth with his feet spread apart, and looketh defiantly at the nine scattered men.

Then one of these throweth a ball at the man with the club so swiftly that he hath just time to fall on his back to escape having his head taken off. The judge, who standeth near by, yelleth, "One Ball." O Pearl of Bagdad! these Americans are a strange people, to employ a judge to cry "One Ball," when a child could see there was but one. Bismillah!

The ball is thrown back to the man, and he forthwith throweth it again. This time the man with the club, being much angered, striketh the ball with exceeding great force. Then the spectators endeavor to intimidate him by yelling at him like ten thousand Nubian lions. He, being sorely frightened, starteth away at a good round pace; but when he hath put his feet on a sand-bag about thirty paces away, he recovereth himself and appeareth to regard himself as safe. And though it seems that he and all the others know this, still the judge danceth about like an intoxicated Bedouin, and shrieketh, "Safe!"

Then the crowd breaketh forth with cheers, and the fugitive smileth triumphantly. Now another man cometh forward with a club. And again the man with the ball throweth it at him. Then the crowd yelleth at the man on the sand-bag, and proceedeth to revile him very bitterly because he doth not run again. But he is courageous, and sticketh to his sand-bag with both feet till the man with the club hitteth the ball. Then the people jump up and down, and shake hands one with another, and fall upon one another's necks, and weep with joy, and shout great shouts of triumph, as if a new king had ascended his throne; while the man on the sand-bag and he who struck the ball chase one another from one sand-bag to the next, all around, until they have returned to the place where they started, and then they chase no more, but sit beside each other peacefully on a wooden bench. But while they are running around, the nine men in the field throw the ball continually all around the place, and run after it and fall down on it, and yell and scream like howling dervishes.

And this is the manner of the game throughout. It lasts thus for about two hours, and when it is over the crowd rush down from the seats and sing pæans of joy to the victors, as though they were conquerors in a great battle. I stood amazed when I saw this, and I turned to the man next to me, and said:

"Pray, friend, why do the people rejoice so much?"

He turned to the man next to him, and exclaimed:

"Hey, Timmy, look at der Injun wot don't know dat de Noo Yawks has beat de Bostons."

"But," said I, "this is only a game, is it not? Why should it occasion such rejoicing?"

Then these two men became exceedingly wrathful.

"Chuck him out! Bounce de chump!" they cried.

In an instant a great commotion had broken forth around me. I was seized by many hands, and, in spite of my protests, carried bodily to the top of the rows of seats and dropped over the fence. And, in falling on the outside, I alighted on the heads of a number of boys who were peeping through the cracks in the fence. And they, too, reviled me with many bitter words, whose meaning I have vainly searched for in the English dictionary. I complained to a policeman who stood near by, and he said:

"Come off the roof."

I have not yet learned the meaning of this; but I do assure thee, O Terror of the Simoon! that I will go no more to the game of ball, which is rightly surnamed base.—*Puck.*

Maudie's Swimming Lesson.

"Yes," she said, with a giggle and a shiver, "George is going to teach me to swim. Every one should know how, you know. It isn't safe not to, and George says he can teach me in about a minute. I'll be right down, George, in a few minutes." And in three-quarters of an hour after George has run up and down the beach six times to keep warm, and swam round the mackerel fleet twice, and ducked under seventeen girls who asked him to do so, she appears, surrounded by a squealing chorus, who telephone from the hotel to the raft, "Maudie's going to learn to swim." After the preparatory big-toe test of the water, the customary screech and run back, the customary explanation to the dry people on the beach that "It's as cold as *ice!*" the customary efforts of three or four young men to get her in, the customary clutches and squalls and bub-bub-blubbering, George finally gets her out to her neck, heads her toward the shore, tells her to have perfect confidence in him, to rest her chin in his hand, and throw herself fearlessly on to the water. Stung by a desire to show her bravery to the crowd on the beach, she throws herself with such unexpected force that George stumbles, and lets her down to a convenient level for swallowing salt water. Five minutes of reproaches, explanations, sputterings, and snuffling, and confidence being restored, Maudie consents to try it again, but insists that George shall hold her hands instead of her chin, and with another shiver and giggle, she grasps his wrists, and lets herself down, *cautiously* this time. "Oo-ooh! I *never* can—I am going down—Ge-*orge!* If you let me down again I'll never speak to you as long as I live. I never *saw* a frog kick and if I get up off my knees my head will go down again. Ge-*orge!* don't take me out so far; you are the most unsafe man to go in the water with I ever *saw.* I don't care whether I learn to swim or not—it would be easier to drown—I will never, never"—suddenly finds herself swimming. "There!—I believe I've got it after all—why, it's just as easy—now let go of me, George, and see if I can't do it alone," and there is a great splash—George gets a violent kick in the stomach and one in the eye—there is a wild wave of stockinged legs in the air and a tearing up of the sand beneath the water, then a determined snort—a sudden calm—a violent striking out followed by a gentle glide and a delighted giggle, and "Maudie is learning to swim."—*Boston Gazette.*

The Conductor's Check.

If there is any one thing that a woman can not possibly understand, it is the agile conductor's check. She can hear to manage her ticket that she buys very well, but when it comes to subduing the fiery, untamed conductor's check, she is at a loss, and all her powers of perception avail her naught.

As soon as it is given her in exchange for the ticket, she puts it in her pocket-book so that she may not forget where it is, but when the conductor comes round again and wants to gaze on it just for old acquaintance sake, she can not remember for the life of her where it has gone, and she looks through all her pockets, then on the floor, but it does not appear. Next she gets up, moves out into the aisle, examines the seat, and shakes her skirts; but it is only after the conductor has passed on, telling her that he will stop on his way back, that she remembers putting it in her pocket-book.

After this, she holds it heroically in her hand until the conductor returns and sees it. When he has vanished, she leans back with a sigh of satisfaction, and begins a novel that she has purchased from the train-boy. Something, however, attracts her attention, or she does not find the story interesting, so she closes the book, putting the check in to mark the place.

This time the check is gone. The conductor may fret and fume, but he will never see that check again. She assures him that he took it up at the last station, and when he tells her that he never did so, she becomes angry, and if he persists, she declares that she will report him, and fully makes up her mind before she leaves the train that she will have him dismissed as soon as she can write to the superintendent. By-and-bye she opens the novel that she bought on the train and finds the missing check. But she can never understand how it happened to get in between the leaves, she certainly never put it there, she can not account for it, and she never will. It is an unfathomable mystery.—*Railway Topics.*

Bill Nye in London.

Jack the Ripper has made the streets of London quite safe for an unprotected man, and yet I blush to say that before nine o'clock P. M., on the twenty-ninth day of July, 1889, I was caught in the strong arms of an English lady of great descent and hugged considerably right in plain sight of Trafalgar Square. And yet we hear it said that the English are not friendly toward the Americans. It is not so. A fair young girl playfully undertook to pat me in a bantering way the other evening as I trudged gayly home in the opaque gloaming. She struck a bunch of keys which I had in my pistol-pocket, and went sadly away wringing her hands. I felt sorry for her, but at the same time could not afford to stop and pity her, so I gave a piercing shriek and darted away like a frightened deer. Many of those girls stay out until a late hour at night, conversing freely with comparative strangers, thus giving the public ample opportunity to gossip about them and to misjudge their motives. A girl in London can not be too careful about conversing with strangers that way. One of those pleasant and piquant maids admired my umbrella very much, and taking it gently from me, with a winning smile, spreading it and holding it over us, took my arm, and trudged blithely along with me until I told her that here our ways seemed to diverge and our paths to fork, as it were. Reluctantly I took the umbrella, and telling her to run along home before it rained, I passed on toward my inn.—*New York World.*

At Coney Island.

What the bath-keeper bears fifty times a day: Twenty-four! Where's twenty-four? Oh, this is mine; yours is across the way. Got your key? I'll take the satchel. Lizzie's in nineteen. My, what a poky place! Come in a minute. This isn't my suit. You had the blue. Oh, patience! I never can appear in this. What looking things! The buttons are gone. Why, every one else looks just as bad! Where did Emma go? Emma! Emma! All right; wait there. Mrs. Smith is in twenty-one. Can't you let me have a towel? Maggie's got the comb. Oh, my hangs! For goodness sake, man, hurry and open this door for me—eighteen. I can't stand here all day. It was lovely. Such a surf! Hear my teeth chatter. Take a mouthful of whisky; all good bathers do it. My ears are full of sand. Are you ready? Don't come in HERE! Say, let me have a hair-pin? Oh, I do look such a fright! Nearly ready now. The horridest suit! I never *can* go down the beach! Come on. Oh, how funny you look! Oh! Oh! But look at ME! I declare, I never can. Only one string, and so short! I'm disgraced. Where did you get that hat? I look the worst of all. Girls, *do* hurry. Come on; who cares? Brace up and have some style. Those horrid, staring men! Yes; all right, in *one* minute. Are you ready? Then come on.—*Judge.*

Suits to Suit.

Adoring Mother—You sell children's clothes here, I believe?

Merchant Tailor—Yes, madam, we have every late style of boys' suits.

Adoring Mother—Come here, dear, I'm going to get you some nice new clothes.

Little Boy—Let me 'lone. I'm playin' with the cat. Hear 'er yow, ma, when I pull 'er tail.

Adoring Mother—Don't hurt the kitty, pet, come here and let the gentleman take your measure.

Little Boy—I won't.

Merchant Tailor—It will only take a moment, sonny.

Little Boy—Git away, you old hog.

Adoring Mother—Oh, you shouldn't speak so, my darling; it isn't nice at all.

Little Boy—I will.

Merchant Tailor—Perhaps I can get his fit without measuring. What style of suit do you wish?

Adoring Mother—A little Lord Fauntleroy.

—*Life.*

A Jersey City policeman having offered his hand to a young lady, which was refused, he arrested her. "What is the charge?" asked the sergeant at the station-house. "Resisting an offer, sir," was the reply.—*Texas Siftings.*

GORDON'S GREAT LUCK.

A Louisiana State Lottery Ticket Cashed Five Dollars, Draws Five Thousand Do

R. J. Gordon, who keeps a little cigar-stor Street, between Third and Fourth, was a consi winner by the July drawing of the Louisian Lottery, and in a peculiar way. He explaine *Bee* reporter this morning how he came into sion of the winning ticket. "The day the list drawing arrived," he said, "Clinton Woodwort into the store and said: 'I have won an appr tion prize of $5, and I want you to cash the I said: 'Are you sure your ticket won?' an plied: 'Yes; the number is 58,607, and "07 the last two figures of the number winning the capital prize.'

"That satisfied me, and I threw him $5 and ticket in my vest pocket. About two hours aft there were half a dozen fellows in the store over the list, and I pulled out the ticket an 'Boys, see if that won anything.' Well, sir, i a minute one of them yelled out:

"'Why, Gordon, you have won $5,000.'

"I wouldn't believe it at first, but when I for myself there it was—the ticket called for on tieth of the Second Capital Prize of $100,00 course the news was all over the town in a sho and the *Bee* has had an account of how Woo wanted a 'divvy' and how he began legal p ings. We fixed the matter up amicably, th was sent to New Orleans, and in a few days the arrived. How did we divide it? Oh, that's o terest to the public," and Mr. Gordon smiled i to indicate that he lost nothing by the tran The money must have been most gratefully re as Mr. Gordon is physically incapacitated fro labor, and it was doubtless joyfully welcomed Woodworth, who is a hard-working carpent ployed on a river steamer.—*Sacramento (Cal August 17th.*

Educational.

ROBERT TOLMIE,

FORMERLY PUPIL KULLAK,

TEACHER OF PIANO-FO

Has returned to the city and resumed his instruc

Address, M. GRAY MUSIC CO, 206 Po

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WILL RECEIVE PUPILS IN

ELOCUTION

At her Studio, 1148 Sutter Street, corner Pol

Physical Culture a special feature.

Successful experience as leading support for t dramatic stars of the present day, enables her to of ual advantages in preparing for parlor, pulpit, or st

MR. ALFRED KELLEHER,

Teacher of Vocal Music.

Mondays and Thursdays at Mills College. The ladies will be resumed in September.

Ladies desirous of attending can address or call a

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TWENTY-FOURTH YEAR.

REV. ALFRED LEE BREWER, M. A., Pri

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KINDERGARTEN FOR CHILDREN,

922 POST STREET.

Next term begins Thursday, August 1st. For and all particulars, address:

MISS M. LAKE, Pri

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1606 VAN NESS AVENUE.

Next term opens on Wednesday, August 7, 1889. Students prepared for college.

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For $75 this College instructs in Shorthand, Type Book-keeping, Telegraphy, Penmanship, Drawing English Branches, and everything pertaining to for six full months. We have sixteen teachers, and dividual instruction to all our pupils. Our schoo graduates in every part of the State. Send for circ Stenographers furnished for law and busine Type-writing Machines for sale.

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HAGGARD'S FAMOUS BOOKS. A Tale of 2 Lie Hawa's Revenge. Illustrated only 10c. postpaid. CRITERION PUB. CO., St. Lou

SAN QUENTIN,

via

TH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE.

ncing Sunday, March 31, 1889, and until r notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN AEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.30, 3.25, 5.10 P. M.

ys)—8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 12.30, 1.30, 2.45, 5.30, 6.30, P. M.

SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week —6.10, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.55 P. M.

ys)—8.00, 9.50, 10.55 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 1.15, 2.45, 4.00, 6.05, 7.00 P. M. Extra trips on Saturday at 6.25 P. M.

o cents, round trip.

AUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—

8.15, 9.55, 11.50 A. M.; 2.30, 4.05, 5.30 P. M.

ys)—8.45, 10.35, 11.35 A. M.; 12.45, 1.55, 3.30, 5.45, 6.50, 7.45 P. M. Extra trips on Saturday at P. M.

5 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

. M., Daily (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) from Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. ning, leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at . M., arriving in San Francisco 12.20 P.M.

. M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazand intermediate stations.

. M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Cazand intermediate stations. Returning arrives in San isco at 8.15 P. M.

EXCURSION RATES.

Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and frnm tions, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single rate.

to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on ys, Saturdays, and Sundays, good to return following ay: Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.00; Toma- 2.25; Howard's, $3.50; Cazadero, $4.00.

Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, good on day sold Camp Taylor, $1.50; Point Reyes, $1.75; Tomales, Howard's, $2.50; Duncan Mills and Cazadero $3.00.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

eave Cazadero daily (except Mondays) for Stewart's Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Men- o City, and all points on the North Coast.

V. COLEMAN. General Manager. F. B. LATHAM. Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

General Offices, 327 Pine Street.

UTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

rains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

From Sept. 9, 1889.	ARRIVE
Haywards, Niles and San José	*12.45 P.
Sacramento, Redding, via Davis	7.15 P.
Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	6.15 P.
Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	11.15 A.
Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
Haywards, Niles, and San José	*3.45 P.
Sacramento River Steamers	**6.00 A.
Express Haywards, Niles & San José	9.45 A.
Stockton and §Milton; Vallejo, Calistoga & Santa Rosa	9.45 A.
2d Class Ogden and East	10.45 A.
Sacramento and Knight's Landing via Davis	10.15 A.
Niles and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
Niles and San José	‡ 4.45 P.
Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
Central Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	7.45 P.
Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East	7.45 A.
Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

Newark, San José and Santa Cruz	‡ 8.05 P.
Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*11.20 A.
Centerville, San José, Almaden, Los Gatos and Santa Cruz	‡‡9.50 A.

T DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

San José and Way Stations	2.30 P.
Monterey and Santa Cruz, Sunday Excursion	‡ 8.25 P.
San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey, Pacific Grove; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations	6.12 P.
San José, Almaden and Way Stations	7 30 P.
Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	5.02 P.
Menlo Park, San José, Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville, Monterey, and Pacific Grove only. (Del Monte limited.)	*11.15 A.
San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and principal Way Stations	*10.00 A.
Menlo Park and Way Stations	7.58 A.
San José and Way Stations	9.03 A.
Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A.
San José and principal Way Stations	‡4.30 P.

morning. P. for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. days only. ‡ Sundays only. ** Mondays excepted. ys excepted. || Saturdays and Sundays only to Santa ‡‡ Sundays and Mondays only from Santa Cruz.

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Steamer From San Francisco for Hongkong, 1889.
Gaelic.....Thursday, October 3
Belgic.....Thursday, October 17
Arabic.....Tuesday, November 5
Oceanic.....Saturday, November 23
Gaelic.....Thursday, December 12
Belgic.....Tuesday, December 31

Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Offices, Room 74, cor. Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.

For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or at No 202 Market Street, Union Block, San Francisco.

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GEO. H. RICE Traffic Manager.

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Taking freight and passengers direct for Mazatlan, San Blas, Manzanillo, Acapulco, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, La Libertad, Corinto, and Panama, and via Acapulco for all lower Mexican and Central American ports.

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City of Peking ..... Saturday, Oct. 26, at 3 P. M.
City of Sydney....Thursday, Nov. 14, at 3 P. M.

Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

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Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., September 7th, 22d.

For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports 9 A. M. every five days. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesdays, 9 A. M. For Mendocino, Fort Bragg, etc., Mondays and Thursdays, 4 P. M. For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports every fourth day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo, every fourth day at 2 P. M. For ports in Mexico, 25th of each month. Ticket office 214 Montgomery Street.

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25th ANNUAL EXHIBIT, JANUARY 1, 1889.

HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.,

No. 216 Sansome Street.

Capital (Paid up in Gold).....$300,000 00
Net Surplus (over everything)..... 287,531 34

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SAN FRANCISCO.

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THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.

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Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiana, Locano, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.

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The object of display in an advertisement is to attract additional attention.

An advertiser of much experience has said that an advertisement should be so arranged that the first glance conveys the idea.

The theory being that the catch words or lines convey to the mind of the interested reader the idea of the thing he needs, without his having the power to overlook it, he is sure to read the whole advertisement, no matter how small the type in the body thereof.

To make an advertisement really attractive the display should not be too general. It is often possible to make a more noticeable card in three inches' space than could be done in four inches when attention is not paid to this fact.

It is usual to put the display line in as large type as the width of column will permit.

To confine the display to a single word is always wise when the meaning can be properly expressed thus, as the attempt to put several words in a display line is very apt to prove a failure.

In a handsomely displayed card, when the proper words or lines can be selected without giving too many letters to each, a very effective advertisement is made by using the same type for each display line.

A fashion of display, which is at the same time simple and effective, and has the additional important advantage of being unobjectionable to the most fastidious publishers, is simply a white space at the head of the reading matter of the card. In a closely printed sheet this white space catches the eye instantly, and curiosity is excited to ascertain the object of its being there.

It not unfrequently happens that the columns of a newspaper are filled with advertisements all profusely displayed or illustrated with cuts, and in such cases a modest, plain card, without any attempt at display, will be attractive from the contrast.

For latest examples of condensed display, in small space, the leading magazines and the most expensive weekly papers should be examined each issue. Two dollars per line of space will make advertisers ingenious.—*Printers' Ink.*

THE ARGONAUT CLUBBING LIST FOR 1889

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, opea to all subscribers direct to this office; it must be understood, however, that by this arrangement a subscriber may not obtain more than one of these periodicals without an additional subscription to the *Argonaut* for each additional periodical.

The Argonaut and the Century for One Year, by Mail	$7.00
The Argonaut and the Independent for One Year, by Mail	6.00
The Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine for One Year, by Mail	5.90
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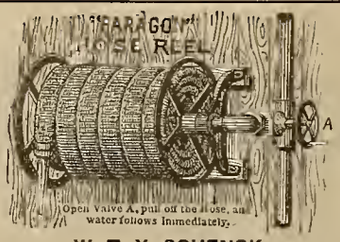

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LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

A compilation of the most enjoyable letters of Charles Dickens will soon be issued by the Scribners, in a style uniform with their handsome 16mo edition of Thackeray's letters.

The Routledges have two of Daudet's books—both illustrated in the fashion of their predecessors—on their fall list, "Artists' Wives," just ready, and "Jack," to be published shortly.

Spielhagen has written a novel, "The New Pharaoh," in which he depicts the heartlessness and libertinism of bureaucrats in modern Germany. One of the characters is an American girl who sacrifices her virtue for the love of a selfish, impudent young German and horsewhips him only when his real character appears. Conservative papers interpret the novel as an attack on Bismarckian rule.

Lord Tennyson told Mr. Edmund Gosse not long ago that he attributed his command of metrical language mainly to the thorough acquaintance which he enjoyed from early youth with the "Odes of Horace." His father insisted upon his reciting on successive mornings the whole of the four books of the "Odes" without a break. "Horace was my master," said Lord Tennyson, "Horace and Keats."

We learn from a London letter in the New York *Times* that a most unexpected literary novelty is announced in England in the form of a new series of letters by the famous Lord Chesterfield. "The correspondence in question is considerably later in date than the celebrated letters to his son, and was addressed to his cousin and heir, the fifth earl. These letters passed to his sister, Lady Carnarvon. They are now prepared for the press by Lord Carnarvon, and are said to be quite as remarkable and valuable in a way as their classic predecessors."

Two suits have been brought in the United States Circuit Court against the Henry G. Allen Company by Adam and Charles Black, of Edinburgh, Francis A. Walker, of Boston, and Charles Scribner's Sons. The company published the "Encyclopædia Britannica" from a reproduction of the ninth edition taken by the "gelatine method." In the original is an article which General Walker claims to have written and copyrighted, called "Political Geography and Statistics," and which is used in Edinburgh by permission of the author. Messrs. Scribner base their suit on the fact that the defendants use in the twenty-third volume a series of maps owned by the complainants.

A book that is to appear this autumn is the "Florida Days," by Mrs. Margaret Deland and Louis K. Harlow. The publishers asked Mrs. Deland to go to Florida and write the text to accompany a set of pictures by Mr. Harlow. With a literary conscientiousness not quite so common as it should be, Mrs. Deland replied that she would go to Florida, and that if she could she would write the book, but that she would not bind herself to do so until she discovered whether she had anything to say. If she did not find that the country inspired her, she declined to do any sort of mechanical back work. She accordingly went, and on her return she wrote a charmingly individual and lovely little book. It is perhaps best to be described as half rhapsody, half reverie; and it is as unlike the ordinary volume of travels on the one hand and the guide-book on the other as can well be imagined.—*Book Buyer.*

Authors will do well to be careful to count all the costs before they embark upon the dangerous sea of publishing for themselves (writes Arlo Bates in the *Book Buyer*). In the first place, they are likely to overlook the fact that the standing of a large house, its prestige, its knowledge of how to handle business, and its means of advertising and distributing books, are things which have cost an immense deal of money that is not reckoned into the direct actual cost of producing a given book. The question of risk is also one that is likely to be passed by unnoted. It is necessary that a publishing-house should be able to recoup somewhat upon successful books for the loss upon unsuccessful ones; and although, of course, every author is confident that if he managed his own books they would be tremendous successes, it is nevertheless true that such is the unappreciativeness of a wicked and perverse generation that in all publishing schemes some allowance should be made for possible failures. And it is also true that most of the authors who are now successful enough to make it worth their while to be their own publishers, were able to get before the public for a first hearing from the fact that their publishers had capital which they risked, and which, if lost, would have had to be made up upon the backs of somebody else.

A gentleman in New York city, wondering why he did not more regularly receive the numbers of that valuable art publication, the *Studio*, wrote to the publisher for an explanation, and received in reply a remarkable note, from which the following is an extract: "The cause for the irregularity and the unnecessary delay in issuing the monthly numbers of the *Studio* has been owing entirely to the absence, indisposition, and indifference of the editor, notwithstanding his entire knowledge as to the numerous complaints received from our subscribers, our news-agents, etc., and the only response we can make to the inquiries as to when our next issue is to appear is to direct the inquirers to address their request for information to the editor, Mr. Clarence Cook, Fishkill-on-the-Hudson, N. Y. Numerous inquiries on this subject from our subscribers, news-agents, etc., will no doubt forcibly impress on the editor's mind the absolute necessity for issuing the *Studio* regularly on time. Trusting that the above will satisfactorily explain the whole matter, we remain, yours very truly, JOSEPH J. KOCH, Manager." Mr. Koch appears to despair of being able, by himself, to do anything with his recreant editor, and plaintively begs the subscribers to see if they can not do something. The appeal of Mr. Koch is really pathetic. Mr. Cook ought to have some compassion for him and get out another *Studio*. The last number of the paper appeared in April. It seems that there was also a number issued in November of last year or the year before.

In the month of January, 1834, Miss J., a young woman whose parents belonged to the smaller English gentry, and who was herself possessed of the two very desirable properties of youth and good looks, opened a correspondence with the Duke of Wellington under most peculiar circumstances. Left an orphan at an early age, under the nominal care of a guardian whose oversight was apparently of the slightest, Miss J. lived with an elderly friend, Mrs. L., whose discretion appears to have been limited. Naturally of a morbid turn of mind, she early became a religious enthusiast, and, usurping masculine prerogatives, saw visions and dreamed dreams. Casting about for some person for the saving of whose soul she might strive, her attention was directed to the Duke of Wellington, and, without loss of time, she wrote him, receiving in due course of post an acknowledgment and a polite expression of thanks for her interest. The correspondence lasted, with lapses, for seventeen years, and at animated stages it was not uncommon for her to send him four or five sheets a day. In addition to this she kept a closely written and voluminous diary. Her letters to the duke were not preserved, but those written by him to her she scrupulously guarded, and they are now printed, interspersed with extracts from her diary sufficient to make their purport clearly intelligible. Almost in the beginning of the correspondence she asked the duke to call upon her. This interview is detailed at length in the diary. Owing to a perhaps not unnatural misapprehension on the part of the duke, this interview terminated rather unfortunately, and a number of indignant letters from her is the result. The quarrel is appeased by apologies on his part, and a flood of pious exhortation begins to fall in increasing volume upon his head. On one occasion he acknowledges the receipt of a "letter which you were so kind as to write me on nineteen sides of paper, under three covers." It will surprise no one to learn that Miss J. soon formed the idea that the glory of God would be furthered by her becoming the Duchess of Wellington. She evidently suggests this, for the duke writes her: "The commands of all others which we ought to obey are those dictated to us by our social relations. What would be said if I, a man of seventy years of age, nearly, were to take in marriage a lady young enough to be my granddaughter?" Throughout the correspondence the duke appears as a kindly gentleman of the old school, at times bored to death by his correspondent, and apparently restive under her never-quiet pen; but his letters are always courteous and often contain sound advice. Possibly the recollection that Miss J. was young and pretty may, at the outset, have helped him to curb his impatience, but illness soon destroyed her charms, and only a truly chivalrous spirit could have actuated him through it all.

In an item being largely copied in the press concerning the number of different articles received by the editors of the various magazines, it appears that for each magazine the number runs well up in the thousands. Further than this, it is stated that a given magazine which gets several thousand articles in a year can not use over a few hundred at the outside. In another item, also floating about in the sea of the public prints, the editor of a prominent monthly bewails the fact that editors should be obliged to spend so much of their time in going through the inferior and utterly worthless matter which is crowded in upon them. Clearly something ought to be done, and done promptly. Let us therefore venture, very timidly, to present a plan for the Amelioration of the Condition of Overworked Editors. What we propose is briefly this: To go from the haunts of pure literature to the race-track and borrow an idea—that of the entrance fee. Let the aspiring author send in an entrance fee with his contribution. Say, for instance, ten per cent.—not ten per cent. of what he considers it worth, because in that case, if accepted, he probably would not get so much as he had paid in—but ten per cent. of what is usually paid for such things. Thus, if he were sending a story long enough to command two hundred dollars, let him inclose a money-order for twenty dollars. We suspect that this plan would reduce the number of contributions and bring relief to the editor. If it did not reduce the number, there would at least be the check to comfort him. There is much consolation, even to an overworked editor, in a twenty-dollar check. Nothing exceeds it except one for thirty dollars—or a still larger amount. The story might look as prosaic and uninviting as usual to the editor, but as he noted the faultless style, the ingenious plot, and the beautiful denouement of the draft he would smile and go through the story with a light heart. At present the magazine editor leads a dreary life. He sits on the top floor of a high building, surrounded by the unexciting story, the uninteresting "travel," and the unmusical poem, and the only sound which comes to his ear is the heavy tread of the biggest postman on the force, as he toils up the stairs with another bagful. He becomes covered up—buried—lost—in dull and dismal manuscripts. He dare not rise up in his might, tearing the sleep-producing dialect tale and casting away the doubtful war reminiscence, and go away to the seaside for a week, because he knows that when he returned he would find literature ranging from the novel as long as "David Copperfield" to the three-and-a-half line "fragment" fairly bubbling out of the transom of his door. The plan of an entrance fee would do away with all this and give the magazine editor a chance for his life. We are sure that the editors will agree that there is nothing unfair about it. If a contributor has not confidence enough in his effort to back it with a small percentage of what he stands a chance to win, let him keep it and use it to start the morning fire.—*New York Tribune.*

New Publications.

A new "Souvenir of San Francisco," which has just been issued, consists of thirty views of scenes in Golden Gate Park, at the Cliff House, at the Presidio, in the Chinese quarter, on business streets, on Nob Hill, at the ferry, in Oakland, at Felton, and at the Lick Observatory, printed in albertype. The views are well taken and well printed, and will serve admirably to recall to visitors the more characteristic scenes of this city. Published by A. Wittermann, New York; for sale by Joseph A. Hofmann; price, $1.00.

The annual publication of the Office of Naval Intelligence for 1889, number eight of the General Information Series, considers the plans for naval mobilization now in force in England, Germany, France, and Italy, with an account of the naval manœuvres of 1888; the recent developments in offensive and defensive naval weapons and armor, including the use of electricity for naval purposes; a paper on the development of the resources of the United States for the production of war material; and notes of ships, machinery, ordnance, torpedoes, and other subjects of professional interest. The work contains a number of maps, illustrative plates, and an index. Published for the Naval Department at the Government Printing Office, in Washington.

A "Manual of Machine Construction for Engineers, Mechanics, and Draughtsmen" has been prepared by John Richards, a well-known practical engineer and editor of the San Francisco *Industry*. The book is not so much a work of instruction as a convenient guide for the office, draughting-room, and works, and treats of machine design, the transmission of power, steam machinery, hydraulics, processes, and properties, concluding with tables and other memoranda. The book is bound in flexible leather covers and measures seven inches by eleven, the width of the page running the long way; and the text is printed on the odd-numbered pages, the others being left blank for the owner's memoranda. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; for sale by the booksellers.

The report of the proceedings of the fifth annual meeting of the American Historical Association, held in Washington last December, has been prepared by Herbert B. Adams, secretary of the association, and is issued as the second number of volume three of the papers of the association. Besides the accounts of routine proceedings, the report contains the papers read at the meeting, on the early North-west, Ohio in the second quarter of the century, the old Federal courts of appeal, Canadian archives, the States'-rights conflict over public lands, the martyrdom of San Pedro Arbués, religious liberty in Virginia, American trade regulations prior to 1789, museum history and museums of history, and concludes with an elaborate index. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.50.

In "The Pace that Kills," Edgar Saltus has exploited a lower level of degradation than many men, with a pretty wide knowledge of the world but a less ingenuity in the imagining of evil, could invent. The modern and degenerate descendants of the Chevalier des Grieux in his lowest stage are almost sightly in comparison with this individual, whom Mr. Saltus has studied with painstaking care, who lays a pitfall for his own wife. Even the broad canon of literary morality, which tolerates any recital which depicts the inevitable punishment of crime, would lay this book under a ban, for the futility of Mistrial's scheme is by no means inevitable—indeed, it is a cheap literary trick, exposing by its concession to the conventional Mr. Saltus's insincerity. The main point on which the story hinges is unnameable; there is no word to express it in English, French, or Italian; but let not the devourers of erotic novels buy "The Pace that Kills" on that account, for their jaded palates will remain untickled, and they must indeed be strong who can read the book and escape mental nausea. Published by Belford, Clarke & Co., Chicago; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"Max O'Rell's" latest book bears the title "Jaques Bonhomme," but it contains pictures of other life in France than French men and women provide. The first portion treats of the Frenchman from boyhood to old age, rich, poor, and in the intermediate stages, at home and abroad, and is a clever if somewhat hurried estimate of the French people. In his chapter on the Frenchman's critics, he would have us place no more reliance on the French novelist—who writes of the exceptional cases which have a strong dramatic interest and not of the ordinary, humdrum life—than on the self-satisfied Englishman, who thinks all is said when he tells you "the French have no word for *home*," ignoring, voluntarily or involuntarily, the fact which M. Blouet points out, that *chez nous* was originally *en chez nous*, from the Latin *in casa*, meaning "at home." A supplement treats of "A Frenchman, Yet Not a Frenchman," the Auvergnat; another describes "John Bull on the Continent," in the voluntary banishment of the traveler, or living abroad through stress of financial distress or social bankruptcy; and still a third supplement is "From My Letter-Box," a rambling article on the queer missives an author receives. Published by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by C. Beach; price, 50 cents.

Some Magazines.

The September number of the *Pacific Monthly*—successor to the *Pacific Review*, edited by F. E. Holloway and published in Los Angeles by Edwards & Mercer—opens with the first paper of a series on "Astronomical Photography," by Professor Edward S. Holden. Dr. H. P. Peebles discusses the question "Is Genius a Form of Hypnotism?" "O" replies to Henry George and Edward Bellamy. Charles Dwight Willard—of whose admirable tales several have been published in the *Argonaut*—contributes the fiction, "Dolores of La Yedra"; the verses are by K. E. M. and Grace Ellery Channing; and there are editorials and discussion of literary topics.

"Solarion," by Edgar Fawcett, is the complete novel in the September *Lippincott's*. G. W. Childs continues his "Recollections"; Charles Chauncey Binney discusses "The Australian Ballot System"; Julian Magnus tells "How Plays are Made"; Anne H. Wharton writes of "The Log College and Early Presbyterianism in Pennsylvania"; Charles Morris indites "An Answer to Dr. Bonwill"; Staniland Wake writes of "Bride-Catching"; William A. Shaw discusses "The Stenographer"; Melville Phillips considers "The Philosophical Novel"; Anne Ferris Muir contributes "Related by an Unavailable"; William S. Walsh has a story, "The Pine and the Palm"; and there are verses by Solomon Solis-Cohen, Samuel Minturn Peck, and Henry Collins.

Theodore Child has two articles in the September *Harper's*, "American Art at the Paris Exhibition" and "Holy Moscow." Charles Dudley Warner gives the sixth installment of his "Little Journey in the World"; Senator Edmond de Pressensé discusses "The Religious Movement in France"; James Lane Allen describes "Kentucky Fairs"; Rev. John F. Hurst writes of "The Oldest and Smallest Sect in the World"; John Lillie has an article on "London Mock Parliaments"; Constance Fenimore Woolson concludes her novel, "Jupiter Lights"; there are two stories—"The Pendragon Trial," by Lynde Palmer, and "Joe Gilfillan," by John Elliott Curran; Nina F. Layard contributes the only new verse; and the departments are interesting and valuable as usual.

The complete story in the September *Cosmopolitan* is "Steria's Revenge," from the pen of the Queen of Roumania, who writes under the name of "Carmen Sylva." Her portrait serves as frontispiece for the number. "The Two Capitals of Japan" is by Frank G. Carpenter. This is followed by "An Extraordinary Republic" (Colombia). The Chinese novel, "We Chip Tien," is brought to a close. "The Opening of Oklahoma" is a description illustrated by photographs of the town of Guthrie at the various stages of its growth. G. N. Lovejoy writes of "Mermaid Stories"; Abby M. Diaz describes "Conventions During the Anti-Slavery Agitation"; Eli Shepperd has a sketch called "Witherv"; and the number closes with a description of the New England Conservatory of Music at Boston.

THE INNER MAN.

In Praise of Rare Roast Beef.

When the numerous distempers to which all flesh is he
Torment us till our very souls are reeking with despair
When that monster-fiend Dyspepsy rears its spectral
head,
Filling bon vivants and epicures with certain nau
dread;
When *any* ill of body or of intellect abounds
(Be it sickness known to Galen or disease unkno
Lowndes)—
In such a dire emergency it is my firm belief
That there is no diet quite so good as rare roast beef!

And even when the body's in the very prime of health-
When sweet contentment spreads upon the cheeks he
wealth,
And when a man devours three meals per day and
for more,
And growls because, instead of three square meals,
are not four—
Well, even then, though cake and pie do service on the
And coffee is a luxury that may not be denied,
Still, of the many viands, there is one that's hailed as
And that, as you are well aware, is rare roast beef!

Some like the sirloin, but I think the porterhouse is be
'Tis juicier and tenderer and meatier than the rest;
Put on this roast a dash of salt, and then of water pour
Into the sizzling dripping-pan a copful and no more;
The oven being hot, the roast will cook in half an hour;
Then to the juices in the pan you add a little flour.
And so you get a gravy that is called the cap-sheaf
Of that glorious summum bonum—rare roast beef!

Served on a platter that is hot, and carved with thin,
knife,
How does this savory viand enhance the worth of life!
Give me no thin and shadowy slice, but a thick and stea
slab—
Who would not choose a generous hunk to a bloodless
dab?
Upon a nice hot plate how does the juicy morceau stea
A symphony in scarlet or a red incarnate dream!
Take from me eyes and ears and all, O Time (thou rut
thief!)
Except these teeth wherewith to deal with rare roast be

Most every kind and rôle of modern victuals have I tr
Including roasted, friccassed, broiled, toasted, stewed
fried;
Your canvashacks and papa-bottes and mutton chops.*Sw*
Your patties *à la* Turkey and your doughnuts *à la* grea
I've whirled away dyspeptic hours with crabs in m
halls,
And in the lowly cottage I've experienced codfish-balls
But I've never found a viand that could so allay all grie
And soothe the cockles of the heart as rare roast beef.

I honor that sagacious king, who, in a grateful mood,
Knighted the savory loin that on the royal table stood;
And as for me I'd ask no better friend than this good ro
Which is my squeamish stomach's fortress (feste Burg,
host;
For, with this ally with me, I can mock Dyspepsy's wra
Can I pursue the joy of Wisdom's pleasant, peaceful pa
So I do off my vest and let my waistband out a reef
When I soever set me down to rare roast beef!

—*Eugene Field in the Chicago Ne*

One London institution that would pay in Ame is the Aerated Bread Company's system. It chain of restaurants scattered all over the city, or more to each of the business districts. The thing a stranger notices is the neatness of these pla The windows are of large plates of glass, lett with white porcelain. The interiors are always b tifully kept. Each has a counter, with tea and co urns, and rolls and bread and cake. Opposite counter is a line of marble-topped tables. Here well-to-do can get a hasty bite of luncheon w sbopping, and the poor can be cleanly and get wh some food. Tea and coffee sell for threepence a c and are of the best. Bread or rolls cost a pen and butter another penny. Eggs are boiled for t pence each. The motto of each store is: "No h has touched it," a reference to the mode of manu turing the bread. Opposition companies have est lished other shops of the kind, and they form a gr feature in those conditions which make London cheapest, as it is also the most expensive, city in world—according to your plan of living. There very grand and brilliant shops for the sale of tumblers of ice-cream or water-ice. Cakes and sw meats, tea, coffee, cocoa, and chocolate are served in these places at twopence and threepenc cup, and there is an amazing epidemic of so-cal cocoa-shops where poor folks, clerks, and errand-b may buy a cup of cocoa and a piece of cake at a c cost of twopence or threepence.

The consumption of China tea in Great Britain years ago amounted to 123 000,000 pounds, and of Indian produce to 23,000,000 pounds; but year only 87,000,000 pounds of China tea were c sumed in Great Britain, as against 93,000,000 pou of Indian and Ceylon tea. This great change in tea trade is principally attributed to the defect method of cultivation prevailing in China, and to discredit which has been brought on the Chinese p duct by the systematic adulteration practiced by native dealers. The export duty, which amounts together to about fifty per cent. of the present va of the article, has also contributed considerably ruin the Chinese tea trade.

Philadelphia and its environs form the greatest ice cream-eating district in the world. The English not use ices like Americans. The latter are a gre people for sweets, and especially iced sweets. T English are great sweet-eaters, too, but they wa heavy sweets such as puddings. The Anglican sto ach, for instance, can stand and enjoy a sweet pu ding, made entirely of grease, which the Americ stomach would revolt at. A good liver in Engla manages to throw off the effect of his heavy plu puddings by plenty of out-door exercise. American rich and poor, in immense numbers, and especially the cities, indulge in ices after dinner.

Sudden death in Indian gastronomical parlance is broiled chicken—a spatchcock. When a guest traveler arrives unexpectedly, the handiest repast serve is a chicken, which strutting about in the con pound at, say one o'clock P. M., is caught, decap tated, plunged in boiling water, plucked, singed, sp broiled, and sent to table by a quarter-past one P. M which is a sudden death, with a vengeance.

The Japanese are learning how to eat meat. 1885, only thirty thousand head of cattle were slaug tered in all Japan. In 1886, the number increased t one hundred and sixteen thousand; in 1887, to on hundred and thirty thousand five hundred; in 188 to two hundred thousand.

The most widely separated points between which is possible to send a telegram, are British Columbi and New Zealand, via America and Europe.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Hoyt's latest farce-comedy is called "A Texas ...er." It will receive its initial performance at the ...azar early in November.

Fanny Davenport and her husband, Melhourne ...cDowell, will reopen the Baldwin Theatre a week ...m next Monday night in "La Tosca."

Sybil Sanderson has sung "Esclarmonde" over ...ty times and is getting tired of it. She is now ...dying "Manon" under Massenet's direction.

Murray and Murphy will continue in their Hiber...an comedy for another week, at the Bush Street Theatre, and will be succeeded by Herrmann, the ...stidigitator.

McKee Rankin, who has been enjoying widely ...ying fortunes in the few years since his combina...n company at the California went under, will be at ...d Alcazar next week.

Rosina Vokes, who comes to the Baldwin in a few ...ks, has two new plays in her repertoire, "Wig ...d Gown" and "The Lawyer's Fee," beside "The ...ted Venus" and all her old plays, and is consider...g a new one written for her by Barton Hill.

"Mankind" is the latest combination of stage-...chinery and melodrama in New York, and has ...n so well received that L. R. Stockwell has already ...ured it for the Alcazar. Ethel Brandon (Mrs. ...ckwell) is now studying the New York production, ...d will be in the cast when it is given here.

Charlotte Tuttle, a member of a family which, at ...e time, could in itself have rivaled Mr. Crummles's ...mestic aggregation of histrionic marvels, has passed ...m a hard-working provincial to an established met...opolitan, and is now being well received by New York ...Museum audiences. She is playing Belle Archer's ...in Sothern's "Lord Chumley."

Margaret Mather will be at the California Theatre ...t week, filling the hiatus between "The Stowa...ys" and "A Brass Monkey." For the first three ...ts of the week she will play Gretchen in W. S. ...ert's adaptation of "Faust," a rôle for which her ...h German style of beauty is well suited; and ...ng the remainder of the week she will play ...et.

W. H. Crane commences his lonely starring tour ...out Stuart Robson, in Chicago, on Monday, and ...may expect him here before very long. His reper...e includes Matthews and Jessop's "On Probation," ...current English success, "The Balloon," and ...apa Perrichon," a version of Labiche's "Voyage ...M. Perrichon," in which Mr. Crane says he "fairly ...ls."

The many-thousand-dollar monument Emma Ab...proposes for her late husband's grave has no ...ner ceased to be matter of comment than the lady ...fides to a reporter that "I have never been in bet...voice than I am now. Sorrow seems to have de...ped new tones; to have deepened, and strength...d, and mellowed them. I am offered larger terms ...managers than I have ever had before." Thus ...s a beautifully developed advertising faculty tem...the wind to the shorn lamb.

Richard Stahl, the composer of "Said Pasha," is ...so busy clipping coupons but that he can find ...e to wield his conductor's baton over a Chicago ...tre orchestra. Gustav Hinrich still conducts and ...nages his opera company, though with no aston...ng financial success. Emil Knall, who left San ...ncisco some months ago to play in the American ...era Company's orchestra, is to be musical director ...Richard Mansfield this winter, conducting original ...ic composed for "Richard III."

The Tivoli is to produce another new opera next ...nday night. It is entitled "Theodora," and is ...as tragic as Sardou's play of the same name, but ...eats of another incident in the Byzantine empress's ...e. The music is by W. W. Furst, who has led the ...oli orchestra for a year and more, and the libretto ...by Fritz La Fontaine, with lyrics by Arthur H. ...endt. The production is to be one of unusual ...ance, the costumes and scenery having been pre...ed from plates of ancient Byzantine scenes; ...e are to be one hundred and seventy-four people ...the stage, including a hand of old Roman brasses; ...the management brought George A. Lask out ...m New York to superintend the production. The ...s will include Campobello, Ida Valerga, Messmer, ...a new contralto, Lena Spangler.

The New Yorkers are, apparently, rebelling against ...beefy beauties. The note of revolt appears from ...to time in various papers. Concerning Miss Louise ...audet, who appeared in this city some years ago at ...Tivoli, and later in Carleton's company—which ...o this year, by the way, was practically unknown ...New York—the critic of the *Epoch* says: "In ...la,' the 'satirical operetta' now running at the ...Avenue, the principal attraction is Miss Louise ...audet, who as Chilina really astonished comic-...a lovers who have been unable to escape from ...buxom placidity of Pauline Hall and the adipose ...ia of Lillian Russell. Miss Beaudet was like a ...ze from the Folies-Dramatiques, the Renaissance, ...e Bouffes. Her presence suggested the dramatic ...bilities of comic opera. At the present day the ...ic-opera prima donna thinks that she has done ...duty when she has donned a garb that begins and ...with as much brevity as possible, and from her ...tion in the centre of the stage has sung a song ...contains roulades high enough to frighten a Patti ...Nilsson. As for acting, nothing is farther re...ed from her ideas or ambitions. She stands there ...and melodious, and moves away reluctantly when ...ebody else claims attention."

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

How to be Right Though Left.

I never nursed a dear gazelle,
And trained it so's to ride,
But when I had it fit to sell,
The creature went and died.

I never had a business scheme,
And got it where 'twould pay,
But that some villain smashed my dream,
And took my cash away.

I never asked a maid to be
My wife, of home the head,
But what, alas! she jilted me,
And with another wed.
—*Harper's Bazar.*

Cold Facts.

The girl for whom you risk your life
By plunging in the water,
Is sure to be another's wife,
And not a rich man's daughter. —*Life.*

Ode to a Tailor.

In life thy worth we never knew—
We judged you merely by your clothes;
But at thy grave man stops to think
How much to thee he really owes. —*Life.*

Apple of His Eye.

"Dear Eve," said Adam, with a sigh,
"With truth I can no longer grapple,
You were the apple of my eye
Until you chanced to eye the apple."
—*Philadelphia Press.*

Elixir.

There was a very ancient maid,
Whose charms were dreadfully decayed,
Declared she wouldn't be afraid
To try, for luck, that modern aid,
Elixir!

The which she promptly did; and oh!
Unless you knew you wouldn't know
That anything could change her so,
And give her such a youthful glow,
Elixir!

It made her young, it made her sweet;
It brought a lover to her feet
Who, unsuspicious of a cheat,
Pronounced her most uncommon neat.
Elixir!

And they were wed—alas, the day!
For stimulation wore away;
And when her charms refused to stay,
So mad it made her lord, they say
Elixir!
—*Mrs. George Archibald in Judge.*

Ladies' Whist.

List! Four ladies playing whist.

"Is it my lead?" asks the first.
"Well, of all hands, I've the worst!"
"Dear me! if I only knew
What you had," chirps number two.
"Now I can't say, on the whole,
That this play accords with Pole,
But it is the best I have,"
Number three says, mild and suave.
While above this small uproar
Comes the chorus from all four,
"What's the trump?"

"Mrs. Gray, is that your ace?"
"Oh, say, have you seen the lace
Selling now at Brown and Dart's?"
"I forgot that she trumps hearts."
"And the most exquisite shade—
Gracious! haven't you a spade?"
"Is it my play? What was led?"
"Do you know you can get thread
Only four cents?—John Smith's best"—
Just here chime in all the rest,
"What's the trump?"

"This I think's the leading spade.
O-h! I thought that jack was played."
"Well, that makes two points for you.
One for us, did you say, Sue?"
"How can that be? Did you trump?"
"Have you heard about the hump
Nellie's boy had on his head?"
"Isn't that a lovely spread?"
"Did I take that trick? Dear me!"
Here strike in the other three,
"What's the trump?"

"How much better we all play
Than we did." "Well, I should say!"
"Once I couldn't keep my mind
On the game; but now I find
It as easy as can be."
"Is it your deal? Let me see—
No; the cards belong to you."
"I remember now that Sue
Led the king, and that the nine—
Did you say the lead was mine?
"What's the trump?" —*Judge.*

The Doctor.

Oh, doctor, in our hours of ease,
We score your counsel as we please;
When peach and watermelon green
The bowels wring with anguish keen;
When in the night the hoarse "ka-whoop"
Rouses the house with fear of croup;
When midst the storm that rends the skies
"Newralagy" tackles grandma's eyes;
When roaring thunder-clouds low hung,
Retard the play of ma's left lung;
When wintry drifts the roads impede,
And baby's nose begins to bleed;
When hub-deep mud clogs all the way,
And Tommy's ear-ache comes to stay;
Whene'er the least of human ills
Clamors for poultices or pills,
Come right away—no matter how—
A ministering angel thou.
All aches and pains are cured by you
Save pa's tick-dollar-I-owe-you. —*Burdette.*

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In the coming editions he'll fix "Her,"
By using instead of the Pillar of Fire,
The Dr. Brown-Séquard Elixir. —*Time.*

My Dora Dived.

My Dora dived, and, diving, dived so far,
That mermaids saw through shelly doors ajar:
Who, envious since, lift plaint of bitter woe,
That fate their forms had failed to fashion so.
My Dora dived! —*Town Topics.*

They're Here.

When night has let her curtains down, with low and plaintive hum
Mosquitoes, thirsting for our blood, around our pillows come;
We watch, we wait with hated breath while strikes the midnight chime,
And hit our cheeks a stinging slap and miss 'em every time.
—*Boston Courier.*

DXLIV—Bill of Fare for six persons—Sunday, September 15, 1889.

Rice Soup.
Fried Oysters.
Lamb Chops, Tomato Sauce. Potatoes.
Fried Vegetable-Marrow. String Beans.
Roast Ducks. Apple Sauce.
Lettuce, Egg Dressing.
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Attention has been recently called to the elaborate system of drum-signals used by the Cameroon negroes, by means of which long messages are sent from village to village. Explorations in the Congo basin have shown that this system prevails throughout Central Africa. The Bakuba use large wooden drums, on which different tones are produced by two drum-sticks. Sometimes the natives "converse" in this way for hours, and, from the energy displayed by the drummers and the rapidity of the successive blows, it seemed that the conversation was very animated. The Galla, south of Abyssinia, have drums stationed at certain points of the roads leading to the neighboring states. Special watchmen are appointed, who have to beat the drum on the approach of enemies.

It looks as though France was the greatest country for horse-racing in the world. For Sunday, five weeks ago, twenty-five meetings were advertised, and for the Sunday following twenty. It should be remembered, though, for comparison, that the French concentrate their racing on Sunday, while England and America run during the week.

The longest distance over which conversation by telephone is maintained is about seven hundred and fifty miles, namely, from Portland, Maine, to Buffalo, New York.

— THE EXCURSION SEASON AT THE MARK West Springs has opened, and three or four of these delightful little trips through Sonoma, Napa, Lake, and Mendocino Counties are started from the Springs each week. Full particulars may be had of George Robinson, Mark West Springs Hotel, Sonoma Co., Cal.

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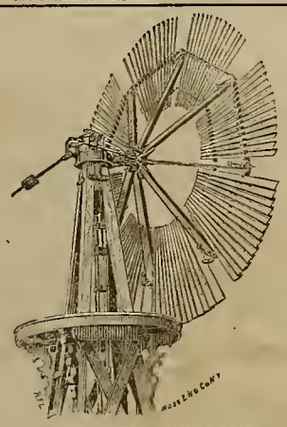

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ardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, is accredited with the ement in an address, at the laying of a corner-stone for a Catholic church at Washington, with a congratulation ar prophecy: "I rejoice in the growth and progress of the atholic Church in the United States during the century, be- use I am convinced that the growth of the Catholic faith this country will, more than any other means, promote the elfare and stability of our American institutions." The fa that Cardinal Gibbons is an American, a man of distin- gi hed learning, reputed piety, and unquestioned love of his na ve land and its republican institutions, inspires us—in any cr cism we may make of the utterance referred to—to ques- ti his judgment rather than his sincerity. We are per- m ed to question whether his love of the Church of Rome d not exceed his love of his native land, and whether he d not esteem the dogmas of his religion as contributing in a eater degree to the welfare of his fellow-citizens than the p nanence and stability of republican institutions. We may n doubt that this learned gentleman is read in the history of n ons, and familar with the events which have marked the p ress of civilization and contributed to the establishment o overnments throughout the earth. But whether he has c sidered the events of the growth and development of n ons with impartial as well as intelligent judgment, may be d bted. We may not forget that he has been from his youth dedicated to the ministry; that his education has been guided along the paths of historical research by teachers practiced in casuistry, and themselves devoted to an unquestioned confidence in the truths of the dogmas taught by the Papal Church, and to a full belief in the hierarchy which has directed its councils and guided its political action. Hence, may we not consider how far this most distinguished and honored leader in the Roman Catholic Church has had his judgment warped and his opinions molded by the one-sided education which it has been his misfortune to receive? It is from this point of view that we justify ourself in reviewing and criticising an expression which includes a fact and expresses an important conviction. We will not attempt to controvert the assertion of the growth of the Catholic Church, nor the progress of the Catholic religion in the United States, because in respect to knowledge of these facts the cardinal may be supposed to possess a more intimate knowledge than we can acquire. We will, however, venture to suggest that the increase in Catholic members is more apparent than real. The very large number of immigrants from Roman Catholic countries has brought to our shores multitudes of persons who are nominally Romanists, who will marry at Roman altars, who will baptize their children in holy water, and who, when they come to die, will invoke the last holy sacraments of their religion, but who spend their lives in hut outward show of respect for the things which Cardinal Gibbons regards as essential to salvation. In the Unum Sanctum Bull of Pope Boniface, in the thirteenth century, it "was declared, "determined, and decreed that it was absolutely necessary to "salvation that every human being should be subject to the "Roman Pontiff." Now, if no human soul is saved who does not subscribe to the faith of the Papal Church, and does not live up to its precepts as enjoined by such divines as Cardinal Gibbons, then we may not despair of meeting in hell a vast multitude of otherwise very respectable and apparently sensible citizens. If the Church of Rome holds in its hands the power of salvation, then it is of the highest consequence for its clergy to impress a conviction of this fact upon the minds of men who can be made useful in attaining the ends of its organization; but whether "the growth of the Catholic faith in "this country will, more than any other means, promote the "welfare and stability of our American institutions," we have the right to question. We have upon this question the same right of opinion and the same right of expression as has the venerable and honored cardinal of Baltimore. We do not agree with him. We do not believe that the Catholic faith contributes to the permanence of American institutions. In our judgment, we are convinced that the dogmas, precepts, and practices of the Church of Rome are inimical to republican government and subversive of the principles which underlie American institutions. If the Pope of Rome is the vicegerent of God, God's representative on earth, and, in matters of faith and morals, is infallible, why is he not rightfully the sovereign and entitled to the exercise of civil power? Why is not loyalty due him, and what good Romanist can hesitate in allegiance to a power which comes from divine and not from human sources? In comparison with the dogmas of a church, belief in which involves eternal salvation, how inconceivably trifling and how utterly insignificant are human laws and constitutions, except when they run in harmony with church teaching, under the interpretation of priests clothed with divine authority and speaking with sanction of something more than human power? If education is a means of training the youthful mind in the direction where it can alone be receptive of church doctrines, then are parochial schools necessary, then are public schools immoral and godless, then is Protestantism a heresy, then is republican government a mistake, then is Father Gleeson right and his uneducated foreign-born monks are to displace the women teaching in our schools, and the education of American youth is to be turned over to these alien prayer-mechanics, who get up at half-past four in the morning to run their praying-wheels in preparation for a day's labor, explaining the theories and principles which underlie the stability of our American institutions. If Cardinal Gibbons is sincere in his convictions, may we not ask him how it is that the Church of Rome is so prosperous in this country of freedom, this age of intelligence, and this era of science, and how it is that in Italy, France, and elsewhere in Europe it is so entirely unprogressive? The church is at war with the government of nearly every civilized power upon the continent of Europe. In Italy, the Pope of Rome is a prisoner in his palace of the Vatican, shorn of all civil authority. He has neither armies, fleets, nor treasury; diplomatic representatives are only accredited to exceptional powers; the Papal authority no longer commands the respect of the Italian people; it is at war with the community, and the Pope contemplates removal to Spain or Austria. In France, the clergy are at war with the state; the hierarchy is at variance with the statesmen who direct civil authority; Christian Brothers are no longer permitted as teachers of youth; students of theology are drafted into military service of the republic; and laymen are alone intrusted with the authority of the schools. Even in Ireland, where ignorance and superstition have accentuated a marvelous devotion to the Church of Rome, there is a growing restlessness and impatience toward the Papal discipline which exacts abstention from acts of violence, assassination, and boycotting, and shows a disposition to compromise with the hated Saxon and the brutal Balfour, if from the English treasury there may be endowed a Roman Catholic university. It will almost seem as though the gates of hell were about to prevail against the rock of Peter. The overflow of immigration accounts for the increase of a Catholic population in America; but, except from Ireland, Hungary, Portugal, and Spain, we do not observe a very marvelous growth of Catholic faith. There are not enough Catholic women or men competent and willing to teach parochial schools without importing alien monks for that purpose; there are not enough American-born clergymen and priests being educated at public schools, or private colleges, or church theological universities, to fill the pulpits of the Papal organization without importing Irish peasants, half-educated at Maynooth, and Italians who but imperfectly speak the language. The boys and girls being educated at American schools are turned out better citizens than Romanists. As a rule, only ignorant and uneducated males of adult age and of the first generation spend much time on their knees before church altars. There are more Roman Catholics attending picnics than church on a summer Sabbath day. Nor do we think our hoodlum class, our politicians, our political bosses and their following, the inmates of our houses of refuge, our poor-houses, and our penitentiaries, are specimens of a fruitage which is likely to contribute very much toward promoting the welfare and stability of our American institutions. We see more women than men attending divine service in the Roman Catholic Churches; we see native-born Catholic boys dodging their religious duties. No Americans—thank God!—are becoming monks, and very few native-born young women of the higher social class are taking upon themselves vows withdrawing from the world. It is not regarded as quite respectable for a healthy boy or an honest woman to shirk from the duties and responsibilities of life to a cloister. So that, as we review the world's progress, we must come to the conclusion that the Church of Rome is not progressing, and, in spite of so venerable and honored an authority as that of Cardinal Gibbons, we claim the privilege of asserting that the kind of Catholicism prevailing in Europe, imported to us from Hungary, Italy, Spain, and Portugal, is not calculated to promote the welfare and stability of our American institutions.

Cardinal Gibbons stands so high in the councils of the Church of Rome, and holds so exalted a place in the affection of its members—being an American citizen of native birth and a patriot of unchallenged loyalty to the government of the country, recognized as a gentleman of intelligence and of devoted piety—that we shall be excused if we make him the medium through which we may communicate some things we desire to say to our readers of intelligence and of American nationality, and to those of foreign birth, who have come to the United States resolving to exercise independence of judgment in re-

lation to matters spiritual, social, and political. It is a small minority of independent thinkers whom we expect to find in the ranks of the Roman Catholic Church. Cardinal Newman is recognized as one in England, Cardinal Gibhons is another in the hierarchy of the Church of Rome in America. To such men as these—to the Catholic families of native hirth, to the gentlemen and ladies of education, intellectual training, social culture, and moral discipline—we respectfully propose the following suggestions in reference to the future of the Roman Church in America, and its future influence upon the welfare and stahility of American institutions: This country was settled hy Protestants. Its discovery by Columbus was the daring adventure of a Spanish Catholic navigator, and counts for nothing save the fact of discovery. The institutions of Roman Catholicism came early to Florida and Louisiana as they did to Mexico and to the South American countries, hut it was the Puritans who came to New England, the Protestant Dutch to New York, the Quakers to Pennsylvania, and the Huguenots to the Carolinas. May we not ask Cardinal Gibhons to consider the condition of those countries like Mexico, Central America, Chile, Peru, and the Argentine Republic, and contrast their progress, development, and history with the Protestant empire which stretched from New England to the Gulf of Mexico, and sent its colonists across the Cumberland and the Mississippi, founding republican institutions and peaceful societies under the law wherever they advanced? In this new continent, given to us by a Catholic king and queen of Spain and a Catholic navigator, there grew up in rivalry two religions—Roman Catholic and Protestant. The Roman Catholic religion, in the closing years of the fifteenth century and the opening up of the sixteenth century, was the dominant power of the civilized world—Spain, France, Austria, Italy, Belgium, Portugal, Hungary, and nearly all the states now composing the German Empire, were under tbe rule of Catholic kings, under the influence of the Papal power, under the dominion of the Roman Church. England was only in part emancipated from Catholic traditions, and Prussia had not entered upon its exercise of Protestant rule. The doctrines of Luther had not time to extend their influence to Holland and England. It was a fair race in an open field. Mexico and South America fell under Catholic dominion, the United States and Canada became the home of Protestantism. May we not ask this learned American cardinal of tbe Church of Rome to appeal to his knowledge of the history of the two Americas, on the eve of this fourth centennial of the discovery of the New World, and ask himself what have been the teachings of Romanism and Protestantism in this new land? It is within the age of printing, it is in the later days of liberal religious opinions, it comes within the time of steam and electricity. It was a fair start—the Roman organization grasped with greed the promising South land; steel-clad warriors, in their glittering corselets, gave dominion to Spain; monks, in their cowls, raised the cross as an emblem of the dominion of the Church of Rome. The splendid pageantry of its ceremonials, celebrated with all the mysteries of an unknown faith, with prayers invoked in an unknown tongue, vestments, embroideries, altars blazing in jewels, caught the imagination of untutored minds. The Puritan came to the rugged shores of New England, the Quaker to Rhode Island and Pennsylvania, the Huguenots to the Carolinas—all escaping religious persecution from Catholic powers inspired by bigotry and hatred. They came for the privilege of enjoying conscientious convictions in freedom; they came unarmed, in plain garbs, without organization, unsupported by military strength, their church ceremonies attended with no glittering displays. Mark now, proud cardinal of Baltimore, the condition of these South and Central American and Mexican Governments, their people, their morals, their physical comforts, their moral and physical conditions; contrast them with the descendants of the first adventurous Protestants who came to the United States; contrast them, most worthy prelate, with your own people in your own State, who had implanted with them the liheral sentiments which made the descendants of Lord Baltimore live in harmony with those who came in broad-hrims and Quaker garhs, with William Penn, and coöperated with them, and with Huguenots, and Puritans, to lay the secure foundations of a repuhlican commonwealth, of which you alone, of all the cardinals of the Church of Rome, have expressed the hope that they may be rendered permanent and enduring. We make a wide distinction between this intelligent prelate of American lineage and the ignorant mob of political adventurers, who together compose this organization of ecclesiastical and alien political power. There might be an American Catholic Church conducting its ceremonials in the English language, presided over by an independent bishop, with his palace of spiritual dominion at the national capital, teaching dogmas, founded in common sense, with which we could live in harmony. It is the Church of "ROME" which outrages our American feelings. It is an "alien Pope," demanding loyalty because he assumes to be the representative of divine authority, which makes our gorge rise, and to which we feel that Americans can never, and never ought to, submit. If we may continue respectfully to call the attention of Cardinal Gibbons, and, witbout questioning the sincerity of his religious opinions, ask him to rememher that we are endeavoring to represent the Protestant reasoning which governs in this line of inquiry, may we not demand of him hy what authority does he arrogate to the Church of Rome a better right to interfere in the molding of political opinions than he concedes to Protestants? Does he claim that in the early history of this repuhlic Romanism was clothed with any authority in the American commonwealth? Did the Pope of Rome, *as such*, have anything to do with modeling our institutions, which he affects to consider so worthy of stahility? In the revolutionary war with England, a Protestant power, did Rome assist in achieving our independence? Lafayette was the ally of Washington, and he was a Roman Catholic; hut did he fight *because* he was a Catholic, or did any Catholic soldier enroll himself in the armies of the repuhlic in order to advance the interest of the Church of Rome hy huilding up a Protestant power? If Lafayette is to be regarded as a Romanist, why has he left the admonition to regard the Church of Rome as the enemy of free government and to be looked upon as a menace to a republican commonwealth? Did the armies of the revolutionary war embrace any goodly number of Roman Catholics, *because* they were Catholics, or did the soldiers of the civil war, or any part of them, fight for the maintenance of our government and the preservation of the American Union because by doing so they thought to subserve the interests or advance the objects of the Church of Rome? Let it be remembered that the Pope recognized the independence of the Confederate Government, and, in a personal correspondence with his beloved son in Christ, Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America, invoked upon him the blessings of God for his sacred cause. We recall the difficulties of Federal troops in passing through the streets of Baltimore on their way to the defense of the national capital, and that, to avoid the Roman Catholics and plug-uglies of the Monumental City, President Lincoln was driven to the disguise of a Scotch cap. Perhaps the most excellent bishop and cardinal of Baltimore will not take unkindly our allusion to the draft riots of the city of New York, nor to the fact that the resistance to the draft prompted the burning of a colored orphan asylum where negro children were given a home, nor to the fact that nearly all the riots against the law, and all the persecutions of races—Germans, negroes, and Chinamen—and all the resistance to authority, and all the assaults upon property in the United States came from the ranks of the Church of Rome and mostly from the ignorant and degraded class of foreigners who have had these teachings of priests in alien lands, where respect for the law, obedience to authority, and regard for liherty is not found in the teaching of the catechism of the Apostolic Church. Under our organic laws the system of education became one of the institutions of tbe country. There is no God in our constitution; there is no sectarianism in our free schools; there is no connection between our government and any church, whether wisely or unwisely. Our fathers—Protestant or Catholic, free-thinkers, like Jefferson, infidels, like Tom Paine, philosophers, like Franklin—all agreed upon a non-sectarian policy in government affairs. When Cardinal Gibbons, presiding at Baltimore over a council of ecclesiastics, advises the establishment of parochial schools, and turns loose among our pupils a class of hooded monks, and endeavors to send the higher candidates for educational advantages to monkeries founded by Dominicans and Jesuits, and endeavors to set up a theological seminary at Washington to teach dogmatical casuistry and the Jesuitical logic of Gury, and proposes to destroy our free schools and rob our treasury in order that priests, monks, and nuns may take the place of our school-teachers and give over to the Church of Rome the education of American youth—we must not be blamed if we question whether Cardinal Gibbons does not love Rome better than he does republican liberty and the free institutions which underlie our political fabric. Why issue from our Roman pulpits the scandalous annual lie, which comes yearly from Rome, that Protestant marriages are "filthy concubinage," their progeny "illegitimate," and the marriage relation an adulterous one? This is a Protestant government, under the administration of civil authority. Marriage laws are administered by the highest legal authority, are sanctioned by persons of purest lives and the strictest moral character, and are in harmony with the civilization of tbe age; the marriage contract lies beneath every relation which is esteemed in a republican commonwealth, and to question it is an inexcusable crime, indefensihle whether in pope, cardinal, archbishop, priest, or layman. With what country would Cardinal Gibbons compare ours? with what civilization contrast ours? with what church organization would he desire us to exchange? Where would he send American laborers to better their conditions? where would he elsewhere in the world find a region where man is better fed, better clad, better educated, where class distinctions are more easily overcome? Perhaps we may be permitted to suggest to Cardinal Gibhons that his clergy should not be permitted to interfere in our political affairs, and that the pulpit and confessional are n positions from which political instructions are to he direct to the ignorant and unreasoning; that if secret societies are deleterious to private morals and injurious to the publi he secret whisperings of the confessional and the advice ch comes from the altar are not fair and open modes for co ering puhlic and political questions. If Catholic Italy nd Catholic France can afford to inhibit this kind of politic interference hy priests, in order to preserve their governm the United States of America will not long hesitate to act i he same direction. Perhaps Cardinal Gibhons, and the intell not memhers of the religious organization which takes its pc from Rome, will pause hefore they go too far in meddle interference with the political affairs of this repuhlic. If th stitutions of this country are well enougb as they are, and served to carry our country successfully through the form period when our forefathers were suhduing forests and pr into farms and homes; when they were molding Ame institutions into harmony; when they were fighting the wars—the War of Independence, the War of 1812 war with Mexico, and the Civil War; if they have se to guide us successfully so far along the rugged paths of history when we had no inspiration from Rome, and nc from Roman Catholics, and no assistance from the Apo Church, may we not trust the same agencies and the powers to "promote the welfare and preserve the stabilit American institutions" without advice from the priests or lates of the Church of Rome, not even from the most ored and honorable of them all—the Cardinal-Bishop of timore?

If the recently organized California State Bar Associ attempts to carry out its avowed object, it will certainly enough work to keep it occupied. The advocacy and pro tion of legal reform is an eminently proper work for a b of lawyers to engage in, and no State offers a better fiel such activity than California. The cost of litigation and delays of the law have rendered the administration of ju in this country almost a farce. But we have become ac tomed to such delays by painful degrees, until their true nificance is not appreciated. The law's delays, however, largely the result of excessive litigation, which crowds the c calendars and blocks business, and this in its turn is the re of careless legislation. Every session of the legislature t out a new crop of laws, so carelessly or ignorantly worde to require judicial interpretation hefore anybody can k what they really mean. And very often their meanin found to be such that the intent of the law is nullified or e reversed. The American Bar Association, which met rece in Chicago, devoted considerable attention to the problem the preparation of laws for the legislature. But the ques is by no means a new one. Governor Hill, in his messag the New York legislature two years ago, called attentio the same matter, and he was not a pioneer in the field. proposed as a remedy the appointment of a legislative at ney, but one man would be clearly unequal to the task of amining so large a mass of proposed legislation. Anot plan is that the attorney-general should he charged with duty, being empowered to appoint the necessary number of sistants. A more practicable remedy would he the adoptio the plan of tbe French local legislative bodies, where a sta ing committee is appointed to revise, during the recess of th bodies, all proposed legislation and to put it into proper sh for enactment. A large part of the working time of the le lative session is now lost through the multiplicity of bills a the necessity for comparing and revising them in committ The hurry and confusion prevent any critical examination details, and nothing beyond the general intent can be seriou considered. In one case, during the last session of the le lature, five bills were introduced, all covering the same subj and containing almost identical provisions. The necessity examining so many bills delays the actual work of the sessi and, excepting a few unimportant routine measures, the fi bill passed the legislature on the twenty-third day of the s sion. One third of the session was, therefore, lost in the wo of examining proposed legislation before the two houses cou get to work. As the cost of the session was two thousa seven hundred and three dollars for each day, the expense this preliminary committee work was more than fifty-fo thousand dollars. A legal commission, to meet sixty days b fore the opening of the session, receive all bills proposed b members and carefully put them into shape before the mee ing of the legislature, would result in a great saving in th direction, and would do away, in a large measure, with th uncertainty of the laws.

On the second of next month the Commercial Conventio of the American republics will be held at Washington. will be attended by delegates from all the countries of Midd and South America, with the exception of Santo Dominge That little republic is at present indulging in a fit of the sulks and proposes to punish the United States by refusing to sen a delegation. In spite of this defection, however, the confer

nc will take place, and will prohahly accomplisb some oc The prime object of the meeting is to make the ou ries south of us acquainted with the resources and ech of the United States, hut the preliminary discussion is avg the secondary effect of directing the attention of this ou ry to the astonishing development of the Spanish-m ican repuhlics in recent years. Since the days of the pa ish domination, South America has remained almost out e world, and has taken little or no part in the commer-al development which marked the advance of civilization. ow Spanish-America has awakened, and is husily en-gl in developing her vast natural resources. Brazil has nined in advance of the other countries hecause of the pior facilities for transportation offered hy her immense e. But the railroad, that potent instrument of civiliza-has made its appearance and is changing the industrial ition of the whole country. The Argentine Republic, ed hy its natural conditions and hy the energy of the peo-as taken the advance in this progressive movement. oads have heen constructed, opening up the central and ern portions of its territory, where immense grazing and lands have added materially to its prosperity. The nost important lines of railroads which bave heen extend one to the north and the other to the west Buenos Ayres. The first is expected to reach Bolivia long, where the immensely rich silver mines of are situated. Ultimately it is hoped that this vill he pushed through Bolivia, Eastern Peru, and or, and so connect Buenos Ayres with Colomhia Panama. The other line, leading to the west, ached the Andes, and work is now heing pushed on d through the mountains. Santiago and Valparaiso, in are the objective points of the road, thereby connecting lantic and Pacific Coasts of the southern continent. er road pierces the Andes starting from Lima, Peru, ding now at Jauja. This latter road needs to he pushed ard only a short distance in order to reach the rich y of eastern Peru, which now finds an outlet only h Brazil, hy way of the Amazon and its hranches. A oad, also in Peru, crosses the Andes to Lake Titicaca, ence a short road leads to La Paz, in Bolivia. Little in-has heen felt hy the merchants of San Francisco in the of South America. It seems inclined to follow the nat-rmation of the country. The Andes form a hackhone g along the Western coast, and trade has naturally fol-the water-ways to the Atlantic, and passed thence to and the Atlantic seahoard of this country. The com-of the Chile-Argentine transcontinental line will still increase this tendency. But a line of steamships he-Valparaiso and San Francisco would change the current e. Such a line is talked of. The question of subsidiz-vill probably come hefore the next Congress.

death of Judge Terry hy the pistol of Marshal Neagle, arop, was the tragic event of an hour whicb has passed. his remarkable character concluded his eccentric and career in the attempt to murder some less distinguished than Mr. Justice Field of the Supreme Court of the States, his life would have ended with a journalistic ention of the locality where be was known. But the t he had attained position upon the supreme hench of nia; that he had killed Senator Broderick in a duel; bbed the police officer of an early vigilance committee caped hy accident the strangulation of hemp; that enlisted in the civil war upon the Southern side; that engaged in an effort to estahlish tbe existence of mar-elations between William Sharon, a millionaire, and a with whom he (Terry) had intermarried subsequent death of Senator Sharon, and in whose interest he ndeavoring to divide the estate; threats made hy Terry against the life of Judge Field; the insult wife of Judge Lorenzo Sawyer, and in Terry's e; his final, most unprovoked, and hrutal assault the judge who had rendered an honest hut an decision in reference to the division of moneys, in he had hut a *post-mortem* and suh-petticoat interest; den death hy the hand of David Neagle; the question dicting jurisdiction hetween Federal and State courts—to lift this case from the level of vulgar crime to a *célèbre*. Now comes the decision of the Circuit Court United States discharging and justifying Neagle for the commending him for his courage, and releasing him prisonment, pending a possible appeal to the Supreme of the United States. We suppose the case has ended sensation of the hour drifted down the channel of A trouhlous life has closed its tumultuous career; a te woman, with passions unapeased and with imagined unavenged, is at large, and while it is impossible to t other sensations may not follow, this one, of the f David Terry, is ended.

final shudders and throes of the Southern California have been taking place hefore tbe State Board of Equalization at Sacramento. Tbe wild-eyed, melancholy hoomers came, and dragged unnumhered skeletons out of uncounted closets. The Southern California assessors have attempted to fix values far below hoom prices, hut even at these low figures the terrified tax-payers have asked the State Board for a reduction of twenty per cent. The Sacramento correspondent of the *Bulletin* gives the following account of the proceedings:

Within tbe past few days, the Board of Equalization has heard the stories of Fresno, Santa Barbara, and Ventura, and lately it has received the application of Los Angeles for a reduction in its assessment-roll of twenty per cent. Like the red-nosed individual who was hired by the temperance lecturer to accompany him as a horrible example of the effects of alcohol on the human constitution, Los Angeles, having been the head-quarters of "booms" for the past three years, is the frightful example of the South. To support its application, there appeared before the State board several of the supervisors of Los Angeles County. The assessor, C. C. Mason, was not present. Supervisor Davis said the assessor bad gone East for his health, which, considering the figures showing his valuations of real property, was a highly necessary thing for him to do.

The figures of the assessment of Los Angeles for 1889 are about $14,000,000 less than for 1888. Notwithstanding this, Supervisor Davis asserted that property in the county is assessed far beyond its value. Everything has been wrecked by the "boom," and financial men have gone down by the hundreds. He gave the location of large tracts of alkali lands which are assessed for $40 and $60 an acre which were suitable only for the home of horned-toads and jack-rabbits. Many of these tracts, however, have been subdivided into town-lots and sold at fabulous prices, but are now abandoned by tbe purchasers.

Supervisor Davis also gave an interesting account of the efforts of the supervisors to equalize the roll. He said they would have reduced it so that the present application would have been unnecessary, but for the reason that such a proceeding would have entailed the making of a new roll. It was found impossible to make Assessor Mason's figures conform even to the asking value of lands at present.

Supervisor Brierly cited particular instances of the decline in values of which he knew personally. There was found one piece that sold in 1887 for $15,885, which has since been returned to the owner for $6,000, the face of the mortgage upon it. On Redondo Beach some sand-dunes, designed for a town-site, are assessed for $7,000, and now the owner offers them for $6,000, with no takers. At Oak Knoll, lots sold two years ago at $1,500, which now can not be sold at $100. The sales given in this list aggregated $403,980, and the assessment of the same property $90,590, which Supervisor Brierly asserted was more than the property could be sold for.

One of the most curious things which came out was offered by Supervisor Davis. It was a document giving the history and present condition of sixty paper towns in all portions of the county. The sixty town-sites comprised 79,350 town-lots now listed by the assessor, and at present the whole sixty had but 2,351 inhabitants. The statistics were compiled by V. J. Rowan, a surveyor, on the fourth instant, and he took only towns laid out since January 1, 1887. The names included many ridiculous ones. At many of the town-sites vast sums of money have been expended in building hotels, churches, and school-houses, which are now abandoned or offered for sale at a fraction of their cost. One botel was mentioned which cost $60,000, which has since been given to a college society.

Among the towns were Border City, having 1,920 lots platted and not a single inhabitant; Chicago Park, 2,286 lots and one inhabitant—the watchman who takes care of the "leading" botel; Carlton, 4,060 lots and no inhabitants; Manchester, 2,304 lots, with not a soul in it; West Glendale, 8,128 lots and no inhabitants; Sunset, 2,032 lots and one inhabitant, he being, as in the other case, the watchman of an expensive hotel.

Supervisor Davis said that there had been many applications from the owners of these towns to the supervisors for the return of the land to acreage property, and in some cases the petitions had been granted. In this way the assessment can be reduced to something like the value of the property. There were now before the board applications for the abandonment of six towns, in which there was not a single inhabitant. Some difficulty was experienced in getting some land back to an acreage basis, owing to the contumaciousness of the duped purchasers. In these cases the purchasers are holding on at "boom" rates, with a view to forcing the owners to buy them out or suffer the penalty of having their land assessed for town-lots, for where one lot is still held, the assessor can not list the property by the acre. This had degenerated into a species of blackmail, in which the late "boomers" were getting decidedly the worst of it.

Supervisor Davis concluded the case of Los Angeles by submitting a number of affidavits, from citizens of that county, offering to sell their holdings for less than their assessed value. This constituted the *pièce de résistance* of his argument, and was a clincher.

Not tbe least amusing feature of the foregoing tale of woe is the way in which the duped tenderfeet are revenging tbemselves on the boomers. By the way, after the *Bulletin* had printed the foregoing, the *Chronicle* called the attention of the Los Angeles people to the "attacks of the *Evening Silurian* leveled at the prosperity of Los Angeles." Tbe *Bulletin*, with fear of lost subscribers hefore its eyes, flung itself upon its marrow-bones before the boomers, and hluhheringly retracted all its correspondent had said.

W. E. Hazen, examiner of the department of justice, wbo is now in the West, goes fully armed for inquisitive interviewers. He has provided a supply of cards, on which the following is printed: "What do I think of your city? There is no question hut that your city has many advantages over any in the Union, hut, of course, these advantages are too well known to its residents for me to enumerate them. You bave some heautiful residences, some fine public huildings, and business-bouses; tbese betoken enterprise and tbrift. I have heen out to ——. I have met ——. I sball he here about ——. I smoke small, ten-cent cigars (rather strong)."

The heads of the Danisb police have introduced a way of suppressing intemperance which is both simple and original. If a man is found drunk in the streets or at public places, a cah is hired and he is taken home. If he is too intoxicated to he communicated with, he is taken to a police-station and kept till he is able to give his address, when he is taken home hy cah. The puhlican who has given the last glass of drink to the victim is made responsihle for the cah-fares, which sometimes amount to a considerahle sum.

The Australian Government is huilding a fence of wire-netting eight thousand miles long to divide New South Wales and Queensland, in order to keep the rahhits out of the latter country. Australia is paying not less than one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars per year to keep the pests down in what are known as crown lands. The offer is still kept up of one hundred thousand dollars to any man who will produce something that will exterminate the pests.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A witness, who had given his evidence in such a way as satisfied everybody in court that he was commituing perjury, being cautioned by the judge, said, at last: "My lord, you may believe me or not, but I have been wedded to truth from my infancy." "Yes, sir," said Maule, "but the question is, how long have you been a widower?"

The *Epoch* gives this as a fact: An English lady, walking down Broadway with her little girl, saw a lame old beggar bearing on his hat the legend, *I fought at Waterloo.* "Give him some money, for he helped to save your country," said the lady. As the child dropped some silver into his hand, the ex-soldier bowed and exclaimed: "Merci, mademoiselle!"

The Rev. Dr. Sutton once said to the late Mr. Peech, a veterinary surgeon: "Mr. Peech, how is it that you have not called upon me for your account?" "Oh," said Mr. Peech, "I never ask a gentleman for money." "Indeed," said the vicar, "then how do you get on if he doesn't pay?" "Why," replied Mr. Peech, "after a certain time I conclude that he is not a gentleman, and then I ask him."

There is a general belief among Englishmen in American illiteracy. An American says he had this experience a sbort time since in St. John's College, Cambridge: "We were wandering about with one of the Fellows, wbo had been cordial and kindly in his attentions to us. As we entered the beautiful dining-hall, my eye fell on a fine portrait of Wordsworth, and I said: 'So, this is Wordsworth's college?' 'It *was;* Wordsworth is dead,' was the prompt though gentle correction."

During the Franco-Prussian War, a corporal came to the doctor with one of his men who was unfit for the saddle. The doctor examined him, and found him suffering from rheumatism. The corporal proceeded to fill up the requisite form for the man's admission to the nearest military hospital. "Can you spell *rheumatism*, corporal?" said the doctor. "I think I can, doctor, thank you," replied he, saluting. The corporal was Louis Coetloyon, one of the leading journalists of Paris.

There is a story told of a lady who one day went to call on Fuseli, a painter, who, when there was need for it, could express himself with emphasis. Her ceaseless chatter did not allow him to get in even a word edgeways. At last a pause to take breath gave him time to say: "We had boiled mutton and turnips for dinner to-day." "What a strange observation, Mr. Fuseli!" exclaimed the lady. "Why," he said, "it is as good as anything you have been saying for the last two hours."

Senator Vance's first wife was a Presbyterian and quite active in cburch work. Some years ago, he married for the second time, and got a wife who is a Roman Catholic. One of Zeb's Presbyterian friends in North Carolina said to him, recently: "I bear your new wife is a Catholic. How in the name of common sense did you come to marry a Romanist? It caused much sorrow in the church." "Well," said Zeb, "I have tried rum and rebellion, and I thought I would like to try Romanism."

"Will you kindly allow me to stand?" asked a gentleman, as he got into an English railway carriage, which carriage already contained the specified number. "Certainly not, sir!" exclaimed a passenger occupying a corner-seat, near the door; "the way these trains are overcrowded is shameful!" "As you appear to be the only person who objects to my presence," replied the gentleman, "I shall remain where I am." "Then I shall call tbe guard and have you removed, sir." Suiting the action to the word, the aggrieved passenger rose, and, putting his head out of the window, vociferously summoned the guard. The new-comer saw his opportunity and quietly slipped into the corner-seat. "What's up?" inquired the guard, as he opened the carriage-door. "One over the number," replied the new-comer, coolly. "You must come out, sir! the train's going on," and without waiting for further explanation, the guard pulled out the aggrieved passenger, who was left wildly gesticulating on the platform.

The variations of language in different parts of the same country are often so extreme that residents in one region can hardly understand those of a different region. A certain calico-manufacturer in the north of England employed a set of workmen wbose pronunciation was quite unintelligible to alien ears. One day, a Southern visitor, wishing to note the variations of popular language, said to him: "I hear that you are obliged to speak in two different tongues, one to your friends, and another to your workmen. Is that true?" "It is perfectly true, as I will show you. Hear me address one of the men. Fetch Mr. Dean." The operator stared, and uttered nothing beyond a peculiar guttural sound. "Fetch Mr. Dean, I say!" Still the same stolid expression of countenance continued. The employer then glanced meaningly at his friend, to prepare him for a surprise, and said, abruptly: "Fot Dane, mun." The messenger darted off at once, without another word. When he reappeared, his master said to him: "Why have you tied up your head?" No answer was returned, and the question was repeated, with the same result. Then the master said, quickly: "What thee got thee yed teed up fur-r?" "To keep the yure out o' my een," was the immediate answer.

The following curious anecdote of a man of muscle is told by Salvini, himself a man of great strength: "A man named Luchini died a few years ago in Venice at an advanced age, but up to the last preserved much of his extraordinary strength. He was by trade a mason and in comfortable circumstances. His strength was allied to wonderful presence of mind and coolness. Once he was carrying out to a villa he was building, some miles from Venice, a large sum of money with which to pay off his workmen. He carried the money, which was in silver coin, in a bag over his shoulder, though it would have taken two ordinary men even to lift it. At nigbt be found himself some distance from his destination, and so was obliged to 'put up' at a small inn. He went to bed early, placing the bag of silver in the bottom drawer of a small chest of drawers in the bedroom. About midnight he was awakened by a rough shake of the shoulder, and, opening his eyes, saw by the light of a small oil-lamp two of his own workmen, each of whom had in his hand a stiletto, the uncomfortably sharp points of which were pressed against either side of his throat. Luchini grasped the situation instantly and saw that he was in a position where bis enormous strength availed him but little, so he coolly said, 'What do you want?' 'The money,' was the answer; 'where is it?' 'Take it,' said Luchini, 'it is in that drawer,' and he pointed to the chest of drawers. One of the ruffians remained to guard the recumbent Luchini, while the other went to the drawer indicated and tried to open it. It would not budge. 'Give me the key,' he growled. 'It is not locked,' announced Luchini. 'Open it, then,' said the robber, and still with the stiletto at his throat Luchini rose, and with one hand pulled open the drawer the other could not even budge with all his strength. At the men's bidding be then pulled out the bag of money and threw it on the floor. One of the thieves began to fill his pockets with loose coin so as to lighten somewhat the weight of the bag. At the sight of the glittering coin, the other's avarice outstripped his prudence. Withdrawing his poinard from Luchini's throat, he bent down and burrowed his hands in the pile of money and began to follow his comrade's example. The looked-for opportunity had come for Lucbini. He calmly stooped forward, grasped one of the robbers by the hair in either hand, and then, spreading out his arms and bringing them together again with incredible force, he crushed in the two men's skulls as if they had been egg-shells. They were dead without a groan. Hearing a noise at the window, Luchini then looked out and saw that a third scoundrel was keeping watch outside. Taking up one of the dead men in one hand, he opened the casement and calling out, 'There's something for you!' he pitched the dead robber at the living one with such force that the man below was not only scared almost to death, but was seriously hurt and limped off as fast as a fractured leg would allow him. Luchini went back to bed and calmly slept till morning."

THE BLOCKADE OF BILBOA.

How Zucarraga, the Carlist Chieftain, went into the Other World.

It was in the time of the war of Don Carlos the Last. Yes, señor, and all that Basque country in the neighborhood of Saint Sebastian and the mountains of Guipozcoa had smelled blood and powder for long and weary months. These blackened and shattered wrecks and cemeteries, which now surround us, were in those days farms, and houses, and verdant, happy villages. They were forced to fight each other, you see, señor, the Carlists on one side, the soldiers of the Government of Madrid upon the other. On all these mountain roads lay heaps of dead and wounded, and it was only the wounded and the dying who ever paused to ask themselves, "What are we fighting for?"

Civil war—ah, but it is terrible, this civil war! and it may break out to-morrow, señor—who knows?—for men are fools.

They simply told us one morning that the "king had come." Yes, Don Carlos had arrived, and behold, in the twinkling of an eye, our peasants had risen, rallied to the Pretender, and he was furnished with an army. The peasants were carried away by a handsome uniform, a cap cocked over the ear, the ringing notes of the trumpets, the eyes of the admiring girls, and the whistling of the balls, for, truly, our Basques are a brave people and live gayly and die well. They fought daily, and for three years; and every road, and village, and pass was occupied by men of the same country, cutting each other's throats.

You know, of course, señor—it's a matter of history—the story of the blockade of Bilboa. The Carlists held it in a grip of iron, and that grip the soldiers of the Madrid Government were seeking to break or bend. The chief of the Carlists, who commanded there, was a certain Zucarraga—ah, a hero he, señor. He had been an officer in the Madrid army, but he had sent in his sword to the government, with the message to give it to one who would fight against him, since henceforth he would fight for the king, Don Carlos.

Zucarraga was young—not over thirty—brave and vigilant. He guarded the mountain from morning till night, from night till morning, and no one crossed the lines, though every day they sent against him the choicest troops, and every day fresh ones.

The Madrileño general who commanded at Hernani, and who vainly launched his poor devils of soldiers into the defiles defended by Zucarraga, was simply a madman in his helpless anger. He had promised himself to force a passage, to drive back those peasants in their rakish uniforms, and to pierce the lines of the enemy to the walls of Bilboa. Instead, at every attack, a defeat; at every assault, a half rout, and his bleeding, harassed soldiers, returning with wearied feet and lowered heads, leaving upon the roads their heaps of dead and dying.

One evening, on the Place of the Ayuntamiento, on the heights of Hernani, contemplating his soldiers slowly regaining their cantonments, and while the cannon of Zucarraga growled in the distance, General Garrido, his head like snow under his close-fitting cap, cried, with clenched fists and flashing eyes:

"Ah, that scoundrel Zucarraga! I'd give my skin to have him in my power, and to whoever would kill him for me, I'd give a fortune!"

He was maddened, you understand, señor—wild at the sight of his brave soldiers falling like grain, sowing the roads with wounded and corpses, and because of whom? Zucarraga, always Zucarraga, and the Basques of the Carlist army!

Scarcely had the words left his lips on that plaza crowded with troops, and where evening was slowly falling, when a man, a tall and handsome fellow who had been standing at his elbow, planted himself in front of him and said, brusquely, regarding the general in the face:

"Will you give me what I ask of you, if *I* strike Zucarraga—*I?*"

"You? But who are you?" Garrido responded, irritably.

"A son of the Basque country, Juan Arquil, a man who has no fear of dying, and who has sworn to be rich!"

The general scrutinized him from head to foot. "Truly," said he, at last, "you are of this accursed country of Guipozcoa; why, then, are you not with Don Carlos?"

"Why? Because I love a woman; she is here, and I mock at all else."

"Your betrothed?"

"Ah, if she only were! No, she is a farmer's daughter, too rich for me. I am poor, and I want this money in order to marry her."

What he said was true, this Arquil, for he was a lad well known throughout the country, as was also the story of his love for Pepa, the daughter of Father Chegaray, a rich Guipozcoan peasant, master of a full half-dozen farms, proprietor of as many orchards, where the apple-trees groaned under the weight of the fruit as it ripened and mellowed for the cider.

He lived between Hernani and the fort of Santa Barbara that you pass in coming from Saint Sebastian, señor. He was proud of Pepa, fox that he was, as he passed with her on his arm to church or to some merry-making. He was as proud of her as an Andalusian is proud of his trinkets.

There was also then dwelling at Loyola, very near Hernani, below there in the valley, a tall and handsome scamp, who spent his days in fluttering about the pretty girls, and, my faith! had all the qualities that please the women, but unhappily none that please the parents. Briefly, it was this Arquil, who, as I tell you, señor, had come to relate his ambitions to old General Garrido.

A madcap, that boy! always ready for any folly, the best of players at a game of tennis; a killer of bulls in the *novilladas*, an *espada* by profession, with the shape of a Hercules, the air of a cavalier, the face of an Apollo, and—not a copper. Not a single peseta, señor, and living from hand to mouth—sometimes by the proceeds of a wager won from the lads of Bilboa or Tolosa, sometimes from the *toreros* who opposed him at the bull-ring, or at the throwing of the *navaja*.

As for the wounds he received, he was like all *toreros*, and snapped his fingers at them, and at the end of a month was in his place again, *espada* or *banderilla* in hand. Strokes of the knife or strokes of the racket, nothing daunted him. A man of iron, a true Basque!

He had, moreover, his own remedies for the wounds he received, having gained his knowledge, since he meddled with everything, by consorting with those who dealt in the mountain herbs and balsams that so quickly put sick men on their feet. And all the world knew that he carried in his ring the essence of some wicked plant, I know not what, señor (aconite, possibly, or something worse), declaring that a man should always be master of his life and able to finish with it at his will. A knife—they could wrest it from you; a ring, never; but a touch of the fingers to the lips and—one was free!

One day this handsome lad of twenty-five, who had been loved without loving, in his turn encountered at Loyola, one Easter Monday merry-making, a beautiful young girl whom he took among others for a turn in the dance. It was Pepa Chegaray, and there and then, under the blue sky, circling to a waltz throbbing from the mandolins, the thing was done—two hearts were given, two lives entwined.

From that Easter Monday, Juan Arquil, so gay habitually, became sullen, and smiled no more, and Tiburcio Chegaray smiled no more, either. He saw all with his foxey eyes, and knew it was love which had done the mischief.

It was for Juan Arquil a complete and absolute love, and swift as a stroke of lightning. It had seized him, it lived in him, he thought but of it, and he was melancholy as a garden without flowers and rendered by this love of his as wicked as a peevish dog. Why? Because he had not a douro in his pocket; because Pepa was rich; and, above everything else, because that man of iron, Father Tiburcio, had told his daughter that never would he give her to a man who had for fortune nothing but a tennis-ball.

"But Father Tiburcio," said Arquil, one day to Chegaray, "Pepa loves me; she has said it!"

"She has said it to me as well," returned the father, indifferently.

"I adore her; I am mad for her; I shall kill myself if you do not give her to me! Tell me, what must I do to have her for my wife?"

"That which I did myself," concluded the father, "*work;* bring to the household that which will nourish the children. Truly, I have not struggled a life-time to throw my money and my daughter both to a runner of bull-rings—no. But, since she loves you, you shall have Pepa when you can come to me and show me that you have gathered together a little fortune, enough to do your part in furnishing the bread and salt for the table."

"And that must be—how much?" demanded Arquil.

"Two thousand douros."

"*Two thousand douros!*" cried the poor lad, all white; "where would I find two thousand douros?"

"I," responded the farmer, "found them in the earth; seek you there, also, Juan Arquil."

And Tiburcio was not of those, who, once having spoken, go back on their words. Arquil had either to kill himself, as he had threatened Chegaray, or to dig in the earth to amass the sum. Pepa would not disobey her father, but resigned herself to wait and hope till Juan had gained the exacted sum.

But, in their furtive meetings, or their talks before old Chegaray, even, she did not conceal from Juan that she had for him one of those passions which bind two beings until the last sacrament. She had sworn this to him—sworn it on the mass-book of her dead mother—sworn "that she would never be another's if she could not be his." A vow like this by a creature as beautiful as a star would have put heart in a stone.

"I'll have them!" Juan said to himself; "I'll have those two thousand douros, I know not how, *but I'll have them!*"

And still, while rolling his projects in his brain, he did not cease to frequent the tennis-court of Saint Sebastian, and one day lost a game in which he had engaged against the champion of Tolosa by a single point. The stakes were large, a true beginning of fortune, and to lose by a point—a single point! Arquil was beaten, and his friends of Hernani with him. He tore his hair and was mad with rage.

He must gain those two thousand douros, he must; for Pepa had said to him: "Life with you, Juan, or life with no one—but I shall obey my father, living, and dead, I shall respect his will!"

He had come at last, poor Juan, to dreaming of some long journey—to America, perhaps, to Buenos Ayres, where, they had told him, the players of tennis could gather in the pesetas by the fistful. And just at that moment the war broke out, the last war which set fire to this unhappy country, and matters stood as I have told you before Bilboa.

Hence it was that old General Garrido was accosted by this robust, reckless lad, who in two words told him his history and repeated his promise:

"If the life of Zucarraga is worth a fortune, as you say, general, it is *I* who will win it!"

"The life of Zucarraga is worth more than a fortune," Garrido responded; "it is worth the existence of thousands of my poor soldiers. Zucarraga is the key to the fortress, the bulwark of Bilboa. I have no orders to give you; you are not a soldier, but if you do as you have announced that you will do, remind me of what I have said."

"Good!" said Juan; "adios, general!"

Old Garrido shrugged his shoulders, and for a moment asked himself if this man were not a spy.

Arquil thought of but one thing—the life of Zucarraga was worth a fortune! That fortune which had mocked him like a will-o'-the-wisp and which he desired only because it permitted him to wed with Pepa.

He left Hernani—disappeared, and no one saw or heard of him for days, and old Garrido, telling himself he had talked with a madman, made his arrangements for another attack, this time, in order to surprise Zucarraga, during the night.

And all this while, Arquil, *navaja* in belt, that sharp-e knife, which, as you know, the men of the Basque co launch from a distance to the heart of a target, as one v launch a javelin—Arquil, I say, prowled about the Carlis trenchments. He waited and watched for the chance would place him in reach of Zucarraga.

Once it seemed as if he had him. Zucarraga slept guard of the sentinels in a ruined barn which forme quarters. But the sentinels saw Arquil, a ball stung hi and his work had to be done again. So he it! he woul commence it on the morrow. But that morrow was pre the time that Garrido had chosen for his night attack, a the same instant that the attacking column flung them upon the Carlists, Juan Arquil squatted in a ditch, crou like a beast about to spring, and telling himself that this cost what it might, he would reach Zucarraga.

The first gun-shot of the engagement astonished A the second pleased him, for always when they battled Zucarraga himself who directed his men; he would be a reach him then; it would soon be over, the knife in his and not in ambush, either, but in full battle! Ah, that of Zucarraga, worth to him a fortune! Chegaray would his two thousand douros—*he* would have them—so muc worse for the Carlists!

They struggled fiercely that night, those enraged soldi Garrido, climbing to carry the entrenchments by the hay striving to reach the enemy whom they believed the surprised. In the pitch darkness, they gripped and c each other; the ravine ran blood; flesh to flesh and b to brother, they murdered without even seeing each othe

This lasted, señor, until daylight; then—the soldiers Madrid army were in full retreat, once more, poor having slain themselves to arrive at—what? Another attack—another debauch of blood to the score that had Almost weeping in his rage, old Garrido fell back; the ists, on the other hand, saluted the dawn with cries and of joy. But, all at once, these, too, died away; silenc upon the mountains; they had just brought in a wounded a general officer, with a shattered leg, the rumor ran. Zucarraga, the invincible chief, whose voice all night long had heard repeating:

"Courage, comrades! courage, and onward always!"

And the prisoners of the Madrid army, of whom, d the night, the Carlists had taken a number, saw before supported by his officers—he could no longer hold hi erect—their enemy, Zucarraga, pale as his own white p hearded like a Turk, and seated with outstretched leg the ruined barn which formed the Carlist quarters.

Juan Arquil stared at him. Taken with the soldie Garrido, and guarded with the rest of them under the m of the Carlist guns, Juan's famous knife had not served seeing himself dragged into the general rout and surro by the enemy, he had thrown it from him, saying: "I do for another time!"

But now, destined probably to be strung up by the since he, alone, among all those prisoners, was without form, he told himself it was finished, yes, finished; would marry another or die a maid; and his eyes, red anger, turned upon that human quarry which had es him, that Zucarraga whom he hated!

Meanwhile the group of officers surrounding their c some on their knees beside him, and all examining the w—were strangely agitated. One of them called alou Urrabieta.

"Urrabieta! Urrabieta! *Valgame Dios!* Where, *is* Urrabieta?"

It was the surgeon of the Carlist detachment, whom were seeking everywhere. Suddenly a soldier came ru up, pale and with trembling lips. Urrabieta was fo *dead*—struck by a ball, and lying across the breast Navarro, whom he had knelt to succor; a stray bullet, morsels of lead which kill as often those who assist as who need assistance.

What should they do now? The wound of Zucarrag serious, and not a surgeon to care for it? Wait till they call one from the corps of armed neighbors? It was da ous—he would lose too much blood!

In despair they appealed to the group of prisoners.

"I say, there," they called aloud; "tell us, you fe have you a surgeon among you?"

Garrido's soldiers looked at each other. No; no su there; all were soldiers.

"No one who can dress a wound?"

"Yes," responded a voice; "I can."

"Advance, then."

A man separated himself from that group of prisoners was Juan Arquil.

"But you are not a soldier!" cried the officer, as A approached.

"No."

"Then what are you doing there?"

"Because they put me there. I was going to Bilb see my own people—the battle hindered me—here I am.

"And you know something of medicine?"

"No; but I know how to cure wounds. I am a fighter."

The officer, still suspicious, brought Arquil to Zucar and the Carlist chief demanded explanations. Arquil tinued his romance:

"He had desired to embrace his people, shut up in Bil it was not his fault if civil war came between families; shots or no gun-shots—he had simply gone his way."

"And you are of the Basque country, too; how is it you are not for the legitimate king, Don Carlos?"

"Because I am for no one."

The Carlist officers, examining and studying this tall still with some doubts, heard this response with angry murs, quickly checked by Zucarraga.

"Every man is free," said he, gently, "and he is here me, to soothe me, if nothing more, for I suffer much. gin!"

And he showed him his leg, red and torn, and drip

b od, even through his garments. Arquil bowed gravely in so of assent, drew off his waistcoat, tore the sleeve of his s rt into fitting strips, and with this improvised bandage in bis hid, the corner of it *yellowed by a stain which had not been tre when he began to roll it between his fingers*, advanced tZucarraga's side. He was white as the wounded man himsf, but his hand did not tremble nor his purpose falter, though t black eyes of the Carlist chief never quitted his face a sgle instant during the whole operation.

"What is that stain?" suddenly demanded a captain of the gup, who had caught a glimpse of the linen as it was wound abut the bleeding leg; "that yellow stain?"

"A remedy of mine for the wounds of the *corrida*," rsnded Juan, steadily.

"Good! go on!"

The handage had scarcely touched the wound when Zucarra declared himself somewhat relieved.

"And you, my man," turning to Arquil, "you are now free."

"Free? But, general——" began an officer.

Zucarraga raised his hand.

"Enough! Service for service I render to all men!"

* * * * * * *

That same evening, in the little hall of the inn which served a for general quarters, old Garrido saw for the second time tall fellow who had spoken to him first a fortnight before the Place of the Ayuntamiento.

The general was rabid, purple with spleen, sick at heart, and ing, since the rout of the night before, of blowing out his ins. He received Arquil like a dog.

"What do you want now?" he demanded, savagely, "and do I know that it was not you who advised those rascally lists?"

"What I want, general," responded Arquil, "is to speak you alone"—forcing the words as if his throat were hed, he added, hoarsely, "*alone*, for that fortune which said the life of Zucarraga was worth, I have come to claim om you. *I have gained it!*"

The general gazed at him without a word as if a ghost risen before him. The life of Zucarraga! Gained it, man! Garrido knitted bis brows and asked himself if he heard aright. Arquil remained erect before him, very e.

"I do not understand you," said Garrido, presently, and still vildered, "I do not understand you!"

"It is easy to understand, nevertheless," Arquil answered; ucarraga will fire no more upon your soldiers!"

"He is dead, then?"

"He should be; but if he is not dead, he will be by tokrow evening."

And while Garrido listened, his face as wbite as his own stache, Arquil told him everything—how he had watched spied upon the Carlist chief; how he had wished to plant knife in his heart, but failed; how at last he had applied he wound of the Carlist chieftain *the poison in his ring*.

t seemed to the old general, as this story was poured into ears, that he was suffocating, strangled by some hideous ntmare, and in his blanched face his black eyes flashed like ne.

"You have done this," he cried, "you have done *this* to a nded soldier?"

Then Juan, crying out like a madman, told him that he ld have done even more to have Pepa for his own; Cheay had exacted two thousand douros—those two thousand ros he had earned them as he could. Besides, had not arraga killed Garrido's brave soldiers?

"In hattle, yes!" said Garrido, hoarsely, "in battle! in le!"

But the panting Arquil urged tbat the justification for what had done was his passion for Pepa. He wanted her. The of Zucarraga gave her to him. Garrido had promised; quil presented himself to reclaim the debt.

"It is just," said the general, "you shall have your red."

And, demanding the dwelling of Pepa, be called an aidecamp, dictated him the address, and showed him Arquil.

"Lodge this man," said he, "in the Fonda del Sol, and tonrrow advise the chaplain. He will be needed for a marri:e—go!"

The time was long to Juan Arquil, counting the moments o that passing night in the black silence of the Fonda. A slv, horrible night, with bayings of dogs in the distance, h lings which presaged death, and scattering gun-shots below tl e, toward the picket-posts of the Carlists.

When morning dawned he was sleeping uneasily, dreaming o Pepa, and droppiog in his dream, one after the other, two tl usand golden douros into the greedy hand of old Chegaray, tl dower of a living maiden, the price of a corpse.

t was broad daylighbt when a detachment of soldiers, headed b a sergeant, came at last to seek Juan. Who wanted bim? The general. Tbe rest of Arquil's questions remained unansrred, and they climbed in silence the streets of Hernani, a soon came to a halt on the plaza. It was a superb day, w a gorgeous sun gilding the red roof of the church and tl fallen walls, blackened by fire, of the Hotel de Ville. But tl plaza, as Juan looked, seemed to be filled with all the wld; line after line of infantry, troop after troop of cavalry. E the steps of the church was old Garrido, pale and stern, in f uniform, his brilliant staff around him. Beside them a in, beautiful as a saint in her veil of lace and her snowy r es, stood Pepa, with Father Chegaray erect beside her. Arquil saw it all with a glance—the assembled troops, their bonets shining in the sun; the general, the beautiful girl, a through the open door of the cburch behind them the g at shining chapel and altar, radiant with light and gold.

They led him hefore Garrido. Arquil turned upon Pepa a y glance of love; but she, with her hlack eyes under the dow of her lashes, contemplated him with a strange air, l it seemed to Juan that the prayer-book with the cross of on its back—the book on which sbe had sworn to be his e—trembled in her gloved hands.

"Bid the priest come hither!" said the general.

And iostantly, as if awaiting tbis order, the priest appeared upon the steps of the churcb and stood upon the thresbold motionless as a statue, while the heavy bells of the campanile, with their rusty mouths, sounded the hosanoa of festival days, the marriage-peal.

"Tiburcio Chegaray," began the general, addressing himself to the farmer, "Tiburcio Chegaray, behold before you one Juan Arquil, who has gained the two tbousand douros exacted by you as the price of your daughter. That which was promised is due. You consent, then, to the marriage of this Arquil with Pepa, your child?"

"Yes," answered Chegaray, in his wheezy tones, "I consent."

"And you, Juan Arquil, do you consent to take for wife one Pepa Chegaray?"

"I do! I do!" responded Juan, ardently, his eyes, like glowing coals, bent upon Pepa, and then on that waiting priest ready to bless them, "I do consent!"

"And you, Pepa Chegaray," continued Garrido, his stern voice breaking a little as he confronted her, "do you consent to take for husband Juan Arquil, here present?"

Pepa looked toward Juan, raised her beautiful eyes, shining with that same strange light, to his face, and responded: "*I do not consent!*"

In the crowd behind the soldiers there was a quick stir, a long murmur, as of a tension suddenly relaxed. The soldiers, the general, the staff, motionless as tbe priest upon tbe threshold, regarded her in silence.

"*No*," repeated the young girl, elevating her voice, "I do *not* consent; yet I have sworn to be only his, and having sworn it, I shall never be another's, but I will not be the bride of a coward!"

A coward! Had Pepa called him a *coward?* Juan Arquil stood as if turned to stone. And as he stood thus, there came from far up tbe valley, moaning through the hills, a mournful sound, the sound of a knell, the long plaint of a bell which cries for the dead or dying.

The poison had done its work; the Carlists were tolling the funeral-knell for a passing soul.

And little by little, as if they, too, in their turn, saluted tbe dying, the bells of Hernani grew slower and slower and hushed themselves, leaving but the far-away bell still tolling its plaintive prayer.

Then, all at once, the knell itself stopped, and on that plaza, filled with people, fell the stillness of death, in truth of death, the news of wbich the summer breeze had so swiftly borne.

Garrido uncovered his head. "He is dead!" said the old general, his white face whiter still, "*Zucarraga is dead!*"

Arquil extended bis arms to Pepa, supplicating her to read his heart: "It was for you!" he cried, "for you, Pepa, for *you!*"

She coldly averted ber head, and the general's face and gesture, when he turned to bim, were even colder.

"Tell me, Arquil," said he, "tell me, what do you wisb done with the two thousand douros?"

Done with those two thousand douros—his money? Juan Arquil began to understand.

He turned and looked at the escorting platoon, headed by the sergeant, which had brougbt bim from the Fonda del Sol, and wbich was still drawn up behind him. Juan Arquil sbuddered. "Are they—is——"

"You are more fortunate than your victim," said Garrido, coldly, "you will not die by poison."

Five minutes later the bells of Hernani sounded, as bad sounded the bells of Santa Barbara, the knell for a passing soul; and Pepa knelt at the feet of the priest who had come to bless, but bad remained to pray. Knelt, surrounded by a kneeling multitude, her straining eyes fixed upon that red wall, behind which, in the golden sunshine, circled by glittering bayonets, Juan Arquil had disappeared. And soon from behind that wall there came, sharp and clear above the notes of the tolling bell, the crash of a volley of musketry.

Zucarraga the hero, and Arquil the murderer, had gone together before their God.—*Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Jules Claretie by E. C. Waggener.*

It must be very convenient to possess a surname consistiog of a single letter of the alphabet. The Paris papers mention the singular case of a certain Marie whose surname consists of one letter, B. Many years ago, there was a shop kept in the Rue de Louvain, in Brussels, by Thérèse O, and there is a Madame O living with her two children at Molenbeck, a suburb of the Belgian capital. In the Rue de l'Angle, in the same commune, lives a Mr. O, with a circumflex accent, who is no relative of Madame O. In 1866, among the Belgian recruits was a young man named O, wbo could not write, and signed his name with a cross; yet he could so easily have learned to write his own name! In the Department of Somme there is a village called Y; in the Zuyder Zee there is a bay called Y; and Amsterdam has the River Y. In China there is a large town of the same brief name. In the Chinese Province of Ho-nan there is a city called U, and in France there is a river, and in Sweden a town, rejoicing in the name of A.

It is estimated that the expense of maintaining the prisons of the United States amounts to seventy-five million dollars a year; but this is only a small part of the cost entailed upon the people at large by the existence of the criminal class. The maintenance of the police departments, it is calculated, costs another seventy-five million dollars. Then there are in the United States more than two thousand courts possessing criminal jurisdiction, to say nothing of more than eighty thousand justices of the peace, a majority of whom have a limited criminal jurisdiction.

Nearly every railway and bank in Ireland has been paying large dividends for tbe last half year; but nothing has come up to Guinness & Sons' eighteen per cent., with a very large reserve fund.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

M. Carolus Duran was led by his wife's advice to take up painting portraits of fashionable women, through which he has made a fortune. Mme. Duran is a sister of the famous actress, Sophie Croizette.

"The report comes from Pittsburg that Mr. Matthew S. Quay is preparing to be a candidate for the Repuhlican nomination to the Presidency of the United States in 1892," says the *National Democrat*, the new Democratic organ at Washington.

The relations between the Marquis of Lorne and his wife continue to be as follows: "Princess Louise is about to proceed to Marienbad. Later, she will go to the Lake of Lucerne. Lord Lorne will spend the autumn among the islands off the coast of Argyle."

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe once visited Edinburgh, where she was invited to dinner by William Chambers, the dull but pompous publisher of *Chambers's Journal*, of which he was excessively vain. Mrs. Stowe accidentally mentioned that she believed he published a journal of some kind, but she really forgot its name. Mr. Chambers was speechless with astonishment.

Joseph Pulitzer, of the New York *World*, declines to serve on the World's Fair committee; Bennett, of the *Herald*, a member of the committee, is wandering somewhere in the unknown wilds of Europe; and Dana, of the *Sun*, another member, is about to take a long vacation in Spain. It seems difficult for the editorial managers of the New York exposition to get together.

Dr. Buckley tells a story in the *Christian Advocate* about his following Tennyson years ago through the South Kensington Museum, hoping to hear him speak. For two mortal hours and a half he did this without success. "At last he made signs as if he was about to speak. Hoping to hear some criticism of a painting, he listened intently, and these memorable words fell from the lips of England's poet-laureate: 'You take care of the children while I go and get some beer.'"

An appeal by the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh of an extraordinary character, addressed to the natives of India, is published in the Indian press. In prevision of the future, and as his royal decree, he demands a monthly subscription of one pice from each of the two hundred and fifty million inhabitants of India; bnt from each in the Punjaub one anna. The puhlic deht of India is (in this document) repudiated; the payment of taxes is forbidden, cow-killing is prohibited, prisoners are to be released, and all persons who have suffered from tyranny and injustice caused hy the British Government are to be reinstated in their rights. He purposes entering India with a European army with the material support of Russia.

While passing a weighing-machine, the other day, on the esplanade at San Sebastian, with the children, the Queen-Regent of Spain took it into her head to get the whole party weighed. The scales tipped the beam at the following figures: King Alfonso weighs thirty-five pounds; his mother, the queen-regent, one hundred and eighteen; his eldest sister, the Princess of the Asturias, forty-eight; and the Infanta Maria Theresa, forty-five. That is to say, the entire family weighs just three pounds less than the old, hut not venerable, Queen Isabella the Second. The regent, while at San Sebastian, spends much of her time in driving a spirited four-in-hand team harnessed to an English break. She handles the ribbons with thoroughly Austrian skill.

John Burns is thirty years of age, and was born in Battersea, London. When he is not agitating in the streets he works as an engineer in Hall's press-works in Southwark. He is a powerfully-huilt man, with muscles of iron. He is five feet ten in height, hroad-shouldered, thickset, and strong-limbed. His hair is as hlack as a negro's and he wears a grizzly beard and mustache. Hairs grow all over his cheeks, and stick out straight like hristles. He has a voice of tremendous power, which he has developed hy howling in the open air. No man ever addressed a crowd in London who has as powerful lungs as Burns. He is a born demagogue, and he is successful in sowing discontent and planting the germs of revolution among the ignorant masses of the London workmen.

As one consequence of the royal wedding, the queen has directed that in future her married daughters shall be officially described in somewhat different form, as follows: Princess Christian will henceforth be termed "the Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein (Princess Helena of Great Britain and Ireland)"; Princess Louise will appear as "the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne (Princess Louise of Great Britain and Ireland)"; and Princess Beatrice as "the Princess Henry of Battenberg (Princess Beatrice of Great Britain and Ireland)." The "Great Britain and Ireland" thus added in this connection for the first time will serve to distinguish one of these august ladies from her niece, who will be officially described as "the Princess Louise, Duchess of Fife (Princess Louise of Wales)."

The executors of the late Marquis de Urquijo have paid into the Spanish Treasury succession duties amounting to nearly four hundred and eighty thousand dollars on his fortune, which exceeded twenty-five millions. The deceased began life a penniless lad in an obscure Basque village, and that his fortune reached so vast a sum in less than half a century is the more astonishing when one considers the commercial and industrial stagnation which prevails in Spain. He was made mayor of Madrid and a senator, and his ahilities even gave him a place among the Castilian aristocracy, for he died a grandee of Spain. He has left nine hundred thousand dollars in hequests to charities in his native province, many of which he founded himself. He also left one hundred thousand dollars for masses to be said in various churches in Madrid, and Vittoria, in the province of Biscay.

Prince Albert, son of Charles the Third of Monaco, when only twenty-one, married the daughter of the Duke of Hamilton, hut eight or nine years later their marriage was dissolved by the Vatican. Six months later, the princess married a Hungarian, Count Tassilo de Festetics. Since that time, she has never seen Albert of Monaco, and, although he has not explained the causes of their trouhle, even to his intimate friends, the world in general blames the princess. The son Louis, now nineteen years old, will soon graduate from the Sorbonne. He remains with his father, and since the separation has not seen his mother. Few sovereigns have so many titles as Charles the Third: Honoré Grimaldi, Prince of Monaco, Duke de Valentinois, Marquis de Baux, Count of Carladez, Baron of Buiz, Seigneur of Saint-Reny, Sire of Matignon, Count of Thorigny, Baron of Saint-Leo, Baron of Luthumiere, Duke d'Estouteville, Duke of Mazarin, Duke of Meillerage, Duke of Mayenne, Prince of Château-Porcieu, Count of Ferrette, of Belfort, of Thann, of Rosemont, Baron of Altkirch, Seigneur of Isenheim, Marquis of Chilly, Count of Longjumeau, Baron of Massy, Marquis of Guiscard, etc. He is also a Spanish grandee, is Grand Cross of the Order of Malta, and of all the principal orders of chivalry in the world.

A correspondent of the New York *Sun* writes concerning the Prince of Wales's family while traveling: The haggage of the royal household was peculiar. For instance, who would have expected to see among the pieces a great case, as hig as a Saratoga, labeled "H. R. H. the Prince of Wales—newspapers"? Another surprising thing was the fact that all the pieces of haggage were labeled with the initials of royalty thus: "H. R. H. the Princess Maud," "H. R. H. Princess of Wales," "H. R. H. the Princess Victoria, P. B." They are very modest, ordinary-looking girls, very bony, very hroad-shouldered, and very tight-laced; very much lacking in hust measure, and very plain featured, and H. R. H., their papa, always calls one of them "Jack." By the way, I could not restrain my Yankee curiosity when I read P. B. on one of the pieces of haggage. There were a dozen men in quiet livery handling the haggage, while a tremendous flunky, also in hlack coat and cap, hut also in supreme command, hovered near and chatted with the royal conductor, who wore as much gold lace as an admiral in the Haytian navy. I asked them all what P. B. meant, and they all said, "Blessed if I know," till I came to the tremendous flunky. "Pillow-bag, of course," said he. "Why, of course," said I, for I had long before noticed that whenever I rode first-class about England somebody was certain to shake a small, white pillow out of a tight muslin-bag, and afterward put the pillow behind her head against the back of the high car-seat. The only difference in this case was that Miss Victoria Guelph, being a princess, carried enough pillows to fill a box the size and shape of an apple barrel.

WHIST AS SHE IS PLAYED.

"Iris" pictures a Quiet Evening at Home.

(SCENE: The small sitting-room. A polished floor glimmering between rugs, book-shelves with calf-bound "favorites," which no one ever thinks of reading. A sofa with two pillows, on which *Lilian's* fair hand has depicted some strange, pre-adamite forms of vegetation, of future value as illustrating the first savage stages of decorative art. Round a green-baize table sit the family playing whist. *Mamma*, a henign, stout, gentle lady, with eyebrows perpetually lifted in a state of mild and plaintive deprecation, and glasses well down on the tip of her nose, plays with *Papa*, at whom she gazes with timorous appeal. *Papa*, rotund, flushed, gray-haired, tilts his chair back on its hind legs, or else hitches it close to the table. As the interest of the game increases, he unfastens, one by one, the buttons of his waistcoat, beginning from the bottom, till it gapes open and reveals a triangle of shirt. The opponents of *Papa* and *Mamma* are *Lilian* and *Arthur*. *Lilian*, in a green-and-buff tea-gown, looks bored, and, holding her cards high up under her eyes, sorts them with an appearance of resigned languor. *Arthur* shuffles the pack with a skill and dispatch which prove him to be no novice.)

Arthur (dealing out four cards face up)—Papa's deal. Now, Lily, buckle on your armor—we're going to wipe up the floor with them this time.

Mamma (folding her hands on the edge of the table and smiling absently at the falling cards)—I don't remember who won last time.

Papa (dealing)—No, dear, you never were known to remember anything in your life—whose card is that?

Lilian—Count the cards, Arthur. Is it a misdeal?

Papa (confidently)—We beat you last time, and we're going to beat you this time. You can't play whist without *some* science.

Arthur—The better the cards you hold the more science you have. Just wait and see—Lily and I have the luck with us.

Papa (loftily)—Oh, the cards are a small matter—it's the way you play them.

Lilian—I see. It's "Heaven sends good meat, but the devil sends cooks," over again. It's your lead, Arthur. Go on.

Arthur—What are trumps? Spades. Let's see! (Examines his cards, then looks triumphantly at his partner.) I told you we'd lay them out this time. Your name's mud, mamma. (Leads a heart.)

(There is a pause. *Mamma*, with her eyebrows well up and an expression of absorbed preoccupation on her face, sorts her cards. They all look expectantly at her, but she continues, placidly oblivious of their glances. *Papa*, tilting back his chair and running his fingers through his hair, watches her with the air of pride which one exhibits when viewing a remarkable and novel possession. *Mamma*, at this moment, drops a card into her lap, and, looking up with furtive fear, sees three pairs of eyes fixedly staring at her.)

Mamma (politely, with innocent inquiry)—Are you waiting for me?

Papa (bowing, and with a gracious gesture)—Well, there *was* some such idea in our minds.

Mamma (contrite and flurried)—Oh, I beg your pardon (returning to the arrangement of her cards and speaking low in a preoccupied, inward voice). It takes me such a long time to sort them. If I could go into the next room and spread them out on the sofa, it would be such a convenience. What did Arthur play—hearts? (looking over her glasses) hearts! (meditatively.)

Papa (in a cheerfully encouraging tone)—Second in hand, low.

(*Mamma* throws a heart on the trick, which *Papa* takes with the queen.)

Papa (letting his chair come down on its front legs and speaking with incisive emphasis)—Now, mamma, it's a bad plan to return your enemy's lead, but that play of yours indicated so clearly to me how the cards lie, that I'll set aside rules and trust to my own instinct. (Plays a low heart. To *Arthur*) It's always a good plan to disregard rules. Be independent. Don't play by the hook, play by your own instinct.

Arthur (dazzled by this sudden widening of his horizon)—Suppose you haven't any instinct?

Papa (conclusively)—Then don't play whist. (Encouragingly, as one speaks to timid children) Go on, mamma, dear.

(*Mamma*, who, during his harangue, has fixed on him a glance of concentration which would have done credit to Galileo when evolving the revolutions of the spheres, grows suddenly nervous. She looks over her spectacles at the table, then at her hand, draws out a card, pauses, considering doubtfully, and finally throws down the knave. Then looks across at *Papa* with a resigned glance, expectant of, yet determined to bear meekly, the wrath to come.)

Papa (in an awed, low voice, laying down his cards and looking upward at the ceiling)—Holy St. Bridget! (Then returning to earth and speaking plaintively) You see the way your mother ruins my game. Playing with a good partner, you base your play on his. Every card he plays should indicate to you the state of his hand. But you can't count on the mother, there's no knowing how she will break out. Take the visiting-cards out of your mother's reach, Arthur, or she'll be playing them.

Lilian (to her mother, comfortingly)—Never mind, dearest, there's always an element of excitement about your kind of playing; with Arthur's, there's nothing but a certainty that it's going to be as bad as possible.

Arthur (gathering up the trick)—All the same, I notice that he scoops the tricks.

Mamma (who has been meditating, with her head on one side, like a thoughtful bird)—Now, what did I do then that was wrong?

Papa (with gallantry)—Nothing, my dear, nothing! Your play would have given the keenest rapture to Pole and Cavendish. But suppose, just for form's sake, that you go on.

Mamma (starting again)—My turn? It always seems my turn. Let me see! A club. What are trumps?

Papa (in sudden agony)—It's the first time round.

Mamma—Oh, yes, so it is. Well (deliberating) clubs, and I'm second in hand. I think—I'll—play—this (slowly depositing a card).

(They all lean forward in suspense to see what it is, then sink back, with great sighs of relief, on recognizing a modest four.)

Lilian (who has taken the trick)—Gather up the spoils, Arthur, I return your lead.

Arthur (gloomily, throwing the ten on the table)—It wasn't much of an inspiration.

Lilian (glaring at Arthur, with sudden fury)—Isn't that your lead?

Arthur (frightened and feeling guiltily conscious of a stronger suit in spades)—Don't kill me, break my legs!

Papa (wickedly triumphant)—Spare the boy. Even Don Ferdinando can do no more than he can do.

(A silence. *Mamma*, in a brown study, looks at the ceiling. Then)

Papa, *Lilian*, *Arthur* (in three different keys) — It's your play, mamma. It's your play, dearest. It's your play, petty.

Mamma—My play again? Oh—hearts! Has hearts been led before? (looking round with vague inquiry).

Papa (with the vivacity of desperation) — Now, mamma, look here—Arthur third in hand plays the ten. The ten, you see. Do for pity's sake (in a tone of exasperated entreaty) try and take something.

Lilian (sarcastic)—That means you're to get that trick if it takes every card in your hand.

(*Mamma*, spurred by this, throws down the ace.)

Papa—Why in heaven's name did you play such a big one?

Arthur—That's the way to take a trick, take it with a flourish.

Mamma (with the cold resignation of one who knows herself blameless)—It was the only one I had.

Papa—Well, why didn't you play that the last time?

Mamma—I only just found it. It was hidden between two diamonds.

(After long debate with herself, *Mamma* leads a diamond.)

Lilian (suddenly concentrated)—Diamonds?—diamonds? Hasn't somebody led that before, or was it in the last game? There are a lot of red things out. Oh, yes, of course, that's hearts. Yes—yes—now I remember.

(She takes the trick and leads diamonds again.)

Papa (second in hand, now debates. He holds his head and counts, looking at the ceiling with his eyes screwed up. He consults his hand and meditates. He turns over the last trick and spreads it out, muttering ominously to himself. The others watch these dark proceedings with melancholy forebodings. They fear the results of the concentration of the mind instructed in the labyrinths of whist when thus visibly working for their destruction. Finally *Papa*, hitching his chair closer to the table, throws down a card, looks round with a glance of triumphant challenge, and says with the air of one who dares to put it to the touch)—I play the king, second in hand.

Mamma (on the alert, and with her glasses on the tip of her nose, so that she has to hold her head up to look through them)—A diamond! (Having studied the table that way she looks over them and says) Diamonds! (Then she looks suddenly up at *Papa*, her glance instinct with comprehension and what seems to his excited fancy devilish menace.)

Papa (a prey to horrible fears)—Now, mamma, take care! For heaven's sake, take care! Look now. Here's the way the cards lie—the three is Lilian's—you see I'm putting it in front of her—the king is mine, and the eight Arthur's. (Carefully placing each card before its owner) There—now you see! That's my king, you remember.

Mamma (with offended pride)—Of course I see. There is no need to explain all that. (Studies her hand, pulls a card half-out and pushes it back with a dark shake of her head. Looks imploringly at *Papa*, who watches her in sick suspense. Draws out a card slowly, reluctantly, fans it back and forth for a moment uneasily deliberating, then despairingly drops it on the trick. The six of trumps!)

(*Papa* throws down his cards, falls back, and, running his fingers through his hair, invokes several of the heathen deities who appear to be roosting in the chandelier.)

Arthur (who has not understood what his mother was expected to play)—Was that an example of instinct?

Mamma (patiently)—I suppose it was wrong?

Papa—No, dear, it was great, majestic, sublime! It might have been inspired by a close study of theosophy or a long residence in the Concord School of Philosophy! Go on, go on!

(The game is concluded, giving *Arthur* and *Lilian* two points.)

Arthur (briskly dealing)—That last game was a cold day for science.

Mamma (with innocent sweetness)—I'm afraid I must have made some mistakes.

Papa (exasperated)—Now, mamma, I pray, I implore of you to take care. If you'd just think a little, just keep your mind on the game!

Lilian—I would caution you in the same way, Arthur; but in your case there is always a question about the existence of a mind.

(For some moments the cards fall in silence. *Mamma's* hand shows a weakness in diamonds.)

Papa (leading diamonds)—There! Now, let's see! I did that for you, mamma.

Mamma (absently, conning her cards)—"Bad for me" did you say? What a pity!

Lilian—It will be bad for you if you don't do what's expected of you. Play a diamond on that.

Mamma (bewildered)—But I haven't got any.

Arthur (interested)—Shut your eyes and play the first you touch. That's a good way to do when you're stuck

Lilian—Listen to the reckless manner in which Ar giving himself away.

(*Mamma* trumps and leads trumps. *Arthur* refuses plays a low spade.)

Papa—No more trumps?

Arthur (both elbows on the table)—Not a trump!

Lilian (groaning)—Well, you *are* a partner!

Papa (rubbing his head)—That puts quite a differen on the matter. (Muttering.) Six, seven, and two— got them this time, mamma. I'll try hearts. My q good, I fancy.

(As they are playing the next hand, *Papa* suddenly p and stares at the table in front of *Arthur*, off which young man has moved one of his elbows. Then *Papa* forward and softly lifts and bears away five of *Ar* neatly piled tricks. *Arthur*, examining his sleeve-bu and humming softly, is oblivious of the theft. So *Mamma* and *Lilian*, the one gazing at the chandelie other looking at her finger-tips.)

Papa (settling himself and speaking with forced cal Go on, Arthur!

Arthur (glancing at his cards)—Cluhs! clubs! Oh, snatch you baldheaded now.

Lilian (with her eyes fixed on the table)—What's that card out there?—that trump?

Arthur (picking it up)—Oh, that was the turn-up. did it come there? Isn't that funny?

Lilian (suddenly, in a high key)—Where are our tr What's happened to them?

Arthur (blankly)—Yes! our tricks! Why, he's them. (Makes a lunge for the tricks.)

Papa (guarding them)—My children, it is one of the damental rules of whist that when the enemy revokes are entitled to five of their tricks. Here, therefore, are fi your tricks on my pile.

Lilian (breathing the air of war)—Who revoked?

Mamma (waking from a dream and gallantly hurling self into the breach)—If any one revoked, it must be m

Papa—No—strange, impossible, as it may seem—it not you. It was Arthur.

Arthur (blustering)—I never did!

Lilian (in concentrated tones, the hideous truth hre upon her)—How did that trump—the turn-up—come o table?

Papa — Perhaps there's been a miracle performe Arthur's favor, and one of his cards has been transfo into a trump.

Mamma (soothingly)—Perhaps it fell from somewhere

Lilian (grimly)—Perhaps the stork brought it.

Papa—It was the turn-up. Arthur had his elbows by accident and forgot it. I saw him move it off just he'd refused trumps.

Arthur—Well, don't you think this is one of those where you ought to disregard rules?

Papa (counting unctuously) — Three — four. Go mamma, dear.

Lilian (with cold calm)—I should think this would rather tame way of winning a game. It can't be very ing.

Mamma (squeezing a hand of each of her defeated ponents)—You played beautifully.

Arthur—You did the best you could for us, petty. W should you say they got it by, Lily, science or luck?

Lilian (pushing back her chair and sauntering away w hored air)—Consideration for my partner forbids me t spond.

IRI

SEPTEMBER 9, 1889.

An extraordinary diving feat has been accomplishe Blackpool North Pier. The weather was boisterous, but Annie Johnson essayed the task of staying under the w longer than two minutes fifty-one and one-quarter seco which ranked as the record achievement. She stayed t minutes ten seconds, which is eighteen and one-quarter onds longer than the time made by Lurline some years Miss Johnson is nineteen years of age, and is one of the accomplished lady swimmers in the world.

A system of medical insurance among the industrial has now been put in successful practice for eighteen mo by the Metropolitan Hospital in the Kingston Road. It rolls all those within a mile of its gates who are willing to a small monthly charge as clients of the hospital, and, w they fall ill, they at once receive the full advantages which institution can furnish. The new principle works excelle

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The Boulangists think that they have still an ancho windward in the expected birth of a young Driant, a ho for grandchild of the general. Mme. Driant, the gene daughter, is stationed about two hundred miles from the of Tunis.

Three generations of one family are now serving in Royal Engineers. They are General Sir Alexander Cunn ham, Colonel Cunningham, and Second-Lieutenant Cunn ham. General Cunningham was gazetted in 1831.

Some idea of the Shah's traveling expenses may be forr from the statement that Cook's charge for what railroad hotel expenses he had disbursed on the Shah's account one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars.

Dr. O. W. Holmes received a congratulatory telegra message on his eightieth birthday from an entire stran marked "Collect, 90 cents."

The hansom-cab, "the London gondola," is comparativ a modern creation. The first patent was taken out by Hansom in 1834.

VANITY FAIR.

Lucy Hooper says: "Ambition sometimes wrecks the lives the young girls who come from the United States to study or music. The mistress of a great painter or a famous pressario has far better opportunities of winning prominence d fame in her chosen profession than have the young girls o plod patiently and conscientiously at their studies, and o try to make their way hy the sheer force of talent and lustry merely. For these last who form, to the honor of r nation be it said, the large majority of the young Ameri- n girl-students abroad, success is far harder to achieve than is for their less highly principled colleagues. They are ust aside in the majority of cases by their competitors, less ented than themselves usually, who make of their laxity of nciple a stepping-stone to fame, and in some instances to tune. There are at least three of the American prima nnas now flourishing in Europe whose careers have been be- n and maintained on this doleful basis. But the chief cause ich leads any American woman astray is ao inborn ten- cy to vice. It is, happily, very rare, and it may or may he a hereditary tendency; but, as a rule, it is nothing of kind. Women, sprung from families where every female mber in their own and the preceding generation have ahove approach, have spurned all the traditions of their e and have trodden the paths of evil with unswerving feet. e, for instance, the case of the all-notorious Mrs. Black- d, whose career added more than one chapter to the annals European scandal. She was born of a highly respectable ily of Pennsylvania, her father having been a Presbyterian gyman of high standing. Sbe was related to several minent and celebrated personages of her native State. was possessed of exquisite beauty and almost irresistible ination. One of the leading lawyers of Philadelphia, who charge of ber affairs after the death of her hus- , related to the writer the following story, which cts this woman, and others of her class, better whole pages of analysis and description could do: r the settling up of the deceased Mr. Blackford's estate, a few thousand dollars remained for his widow and ber girl. 'Now, Mrs. Blackford,' quoth her legal adviser, are a young and very beautiful woman. Go to Wash- n, engage a handsome suite of rooms, and entertain ele- ly. There are so many wealthy single gentlemen attracted Vashington during the session of Congress that you will no difficulty in winning a rich husband.' In language coarse and too vile to admit of transcription here, his y client announced her determination of devoting herself life of wickedness. She came to Europe and she fulfilled intent. The late Mme. Musard was one of the few rican women in Europe who closed a life of wrong- g in splendor and luxury. Up to the last the gorgeous- of her hotel, and her dresses, and her jewels, were the of Paris. The sale of the latter attracted crowds to tbe l Drouot for a week. The whole of the two principal s io that great auction mart was lined with show-cases, e sparkled this dazzling collection, a fortune in itself, be- ng witb the Empress Eugénie's bridal necklace of large s, and going down to hand-mirrors and glove-buttoners ith gems. But she was neither well-horn nor well-bred. hegan life as a dish-washer and stair-scrubber at a hotel oston. She closed it in a mad-house, her once lovely face rted by a stroke of facial paralysis, whicb had caused the anent closing of one of her eyes several years before. impossible to speak in terms of too strong reprebension e conduct of those parents and guardians in the Uoited s who suffer young American girls to come to Europe, aperoned aod unguarded, to study painting or music."

electric physician in New York city has been engaged single operation for over three years. In the early part 86, a lady called upon him and told the doctor that she d to have the superfluous hairs on her lip and cbin re- d. There is only one way to accomplish this success- and that is by inserting an electric oeedle into the capil- ube of each hair and killing the root by electric shock. rough estimate, the physician placed the oumber of hairs e woman's chin and lip at nine thousand. He is an ex- agly busy man, and he sat down and figured out how t would take to accomplish the total eradication of the . Then a contract was entered into between the physi- nd patient, and the result was that the electrician has a comfortable income from tbe patient ever since. He ompletely annihilated the beard, and the lady's face is free e old adornment. She is some thousands of dollars r, but ber soul is possessed with peace. And so all ends aply, as in the tales of fairy-land.

ere is a paragraph, which is still going the rounds of the (says the Alhany *Journal*), on the evolution in shape of n's shoulders from the extreme slope of the young beau- the court of Queen Anne, to the square—the very square of which the Princess of Wales and Mrs. Langtry are olars, and which is the present ideal. Since that item aw daylight, Dame Fashioo has been playing tentatively he notion of a reaction, and has half made up her miod ree this autumn the abolition of spanlets and of sleeves ed full or puffed high on the shoulders, leaving the way if womankind takes pleasantly to the notion, for a re- y degrees to the droop of our great grandmothers' day. are obvious reasons why a revival of sloping shoulders be a possible caprice just now. Women let their arms pendeot, depressed their shoulders, and held their heads on swan-like oecks for well nigh two bundred years. were taught to consider slopiog shoulders elegant, to themselves so as to attain them, and so was perpetuated of women the line of whose arms seemed but a con- ion of the line of tbe neck and shoulders. The Princess ales, John Tenniel, of *Punch*, and Du Maurier inaugu- the change. The Princess of Wales has high Muscovite shoulders. Other women boisted theirs at once io imitation. Tenniel went in for the antique and found square-shoulders on the classic torsos; Du Maurier absorbed himself in the square-shouldered mediæval dames of knight-errantry, and the sketches of the two artists lent a powerful aid to fashion. Mrs. Langtry helped along the craze on this side of the water. The training of women in athletics counted, among other things. Now, then, behold! The Princess of Wales is getting elderly. Mrs. Langtry is no longer a fashion leader. Will somebody arise and set us a new style? Mme. Hading has sloping shoulders. She is a light, which, in veils and in hair-dressing, we rushed to follow. The Josephine, and Récamier, and Venetian dresses are dominant, and the models from which they are taken were made for women with sloping shoulders. Dame Fashion has an itch that way and the time is very possibly ripe for a change. There have heen fashions on fashions in women's waists and it may be we are to see an era of new fashions in women's sboulders. A full, plump oval, which is, perhaps, as far as we are likely to go, would be as æsthetically desirahle as the present high square, but from the "lady-like" droop of flabby muscle may the goddess La Mode in her pleasure defend us.

The police say tbat the amateur photographers are flooding the country with iodecent photographs, and nobody who has watched the newspapers of late can fail to have heen impressed by the extraordinary number of arrests and convictions of amateur photographers for exploiting immoral pictures, and, in some instances, actually selling them. It is difficult at times to get the requisite amount of proofs for convictions in these cases, unless the amateur photographer uses the post-office, when they are easily brought to book for employing the mails for immoral purposes. The rage for cameras goes oo apace, and, unfortunately, it seems to have met the desire of a great many silly women to have their figures photographed without the regulation attire to whicb society is accustomed. There are always fools whose fancy turns in this direction, and the craze for amateur photography has unwittingly brought out the agents who are only too glad to gratify the absurd vanity of the aforesaid fools. The results are often disgraceful and sometimes disastrous.

The girl who lives beside the rivers and other still waters spends her autumn in rowing (says the New York *World*), and the latest fancy is to wear a sleeveless jersey sucb as ber brother wore in his shell during the summer, when the fierce sun tanned his swelling biceps a tawny brown. The September sun is milder, so that there is no danger of its taking the skin off the fair round limhs that are now being exposed to their rays. But by the time the athletic girl gets into her décolleté winter gown she is going to be a curious spectacle. She has burned her face, throat, and a little square oo the front of her chest a delicate meerschaum-tint by the exposure in her bathing-suit, when she was kicking up her little heels io the surf all through July and August, and now this baring of the arms in her new passion for rowing will make her odd to look at when she gets on her low-necked dress and her skin shows brown against the edges of her delicately-tinted gowns, while the hack of her neck and all below tbe square brown patch in front will be as white and fair as ever. But sunburn is the fashion, and "goes" under any circumstances. She wears with this sleeveless jersey a short, dark-blue flannel skirt, a pair of rubber-soled shoes, a Tam o' Sbanter cocked over her eyes, and underneath a pair of those sbort, pliable leather corsets, such as were introduced last year for the girls who ride. Tbere is a rowing club of girls down at Staten Island wbo wear some such costume, and have an eight-oared barge in which tbey are doing very creditable work. There is another club up at Harlem whicb has a boat-house of its own, and the members not only practice in a barge, but do much good individual work in shells and skiffs. A family of six sisters, living up the Sound this summer, have attracted much attention in their barge, in which they form the entire crew, in a pretty uniform of blue and white. Nothing can be more charming than to see the twelve round, bare, brown arms rising and falling in unison with the flashing oar-blades. Here is a recipe that will make those browned arms white again in a few days, if the owners of them are reluctant to expose them in short-sleeved evening-dress: Buy a box of cocoa butter, sucb as can be bought at any of the apothecary-shops, and before going to bed mix a little lemon-juice and bismutb to wash the burned places; when this dries, rub in the hutter smartly and allow it to remain all night.

A Washington correspondent writes thus to the New Orleans *Picayune*: "Surely there is oot another city in these United States which cao boast so many pretty womeo as Washington. The stranger is immediately struck with the prevalence of female heauty bere, more especially if he has just arrived from Boston, where one may walk the most crowded tboroughfares for hours witbout beholding a single iostance of it. In this town, youthful loveliness in petticoats is to be seen everywhere. During the cooler hours of these summer afternoons, the streets are a parade-ground for troops of sweet young girls, like so many budding roses in their dresses of snowy cambric and muslin. To find a plain one among them would be difficult indeed. This style of dress, of all costumes the most appropriate and becoming for maidenhood, is tahooed in the modern Athens, where it would be considered in bad taste for a lady to appear out of doors in other than a cloth gown."

Coofession of a Chicago bank cashier: "A man in a bank is not allowed to talk about its business, and I reckon that is right. But what you have just been saying prompts me to tell you something under cover. There is not one depositor in two hundred who will allow his wife to check against his money. Occasionally a man leaving towo will come in and ask us to hooor his wife's cbecks to a certain amount. A woman does oot seem to have any sense about money in bank, unless she is her own depositor, and then she is apt to be a good deal of a nuisance. She will come down shopping, for instance. She buys a bill at one house for thirteen dollars and eighty-nine cents., and she gives a check for that sum. She makes purchases at another house to the amount of three dollars and thirty-nine cents, and gives a check for that. And she goes on shopping a half day, giving a check for every purchase. And the next day she comes to the bank and wants to know if the checks have been presented, and then she wants to know if we can not balance up her hook. She wants to know how she stands. Women depositors, fortunately, are few. Most women prefer to keep their money in a safety-deposit vault, where they can go and look at it and count it over for their own comfort. I know one bank president's wife in this city who has her own money which her husband allows her. She won't deposit it in his bank, and he told me one day he was glad of it. She has her own tin-hox in a safety-deposit vault."

Another woman who used arsenic for the complexion, as Mrs. Maybrick did, was Miss Chauncey, of Columbus, O., and she had that same handsome appearance of glowing health. Her drug was a mixture of arsenic and nitrate of silver, and tben she foolishly went to the sulphur springs and took haths. The sulphur decomposed the silver salts in her skin, and turned her so black that she has gone into retirement and will not he seen again for a year.

According to an old traveler, one of the first things ooe notices in the crowd of passengers recently quitting American shores is the sensible and appropriate costumes in which they array themselves. The reproach of the American woman—that she wears costly and heavy jewels at all times and seasons—is taken away from her. Her charming sea-costume bears the marks of artist's brains and fingers, but is simplicity itself. A steel-blue serge, perhaps trimmed with white braid, a little straw-bonnet and blue veil, a tiny scarf-pin at the throat, no ear-rings, no brooch, and only keepsake-rings oo her fingers. Men wear rough tweed-suits, as coarse as horse-blankets, straw-hats, and carry striped-silk umbrellas. It is *de rigueur*, too, for them to avoid ornament, and the dandiest of dudes has abandoned his scarf-pins, bis rings, and his watcb-chain; indeed, the latter is not less than a social crime, and the time-piece is either dropped into the pocket without a guard of any kind, or if a guard is worn at all, it is a steel chain, which is passed around the waist beneath the waistcoat and attached to the watch for safe keeping, not to be discovered except by a thief, who may attempt to grasp it.

What about the bathing? (asks Julian Ralph, writing to the New York *Sun* from Brighton, England's principal watering-place). Oh, next to nothing. There are hundreds of bathing-machines on the heach, but there is little use for them during the fashionable season. A bathing-machine, by tbe way, is merely a single dressing-room on wheels, made necessary by the extraordinary rise and fall of tbe tides all along the west coast of Europe. You see a few little girls paddling about, with their skirts trussed up, or little boys with their trousers in rolls above tbeir koees, and now and tben you come upon a bevy of women in soul-chilling suits of blue flannel, such as one gets for a quarter at Rockaway—suits with long sleeves, long trouser-legs, and long skirts, suggestive of the paradise on earth which Dr. Mary Walker used to dream of and once tried to found. One feature of the little bathing there is at Brighton seems incredible eveo when you are looking at it. Every one has seen in Du Chaillu's or Staoley's books their pictures of the natives of Africa clad in a mere whisper or furtive suggestion of cloth, proportioned to their bodies as a dog-collar is to a Newfoundland. Such is the costume of the male bathers at Brighton—at least, of those I saw. It may he an advantage to a hather to be able to wring out his suit and carry it home in his watch-pocket, but it does not provide an artistic finish to a marine view. Just over the channel is Trouville, the most fashionable of the watering-places of France. Trouville is as gay as a ballet-spectacle, as pretty as a chromo brought to life. The only promenade at Trouville was in beautiful undress between the bathing-machines and the heach. There were Russian princesses, aod Austrian duchesses, and Italian countesses there, and there were women of the *demi-monde*, and shop-keepers' wives, and gentlemen's daughters, all meeting in the surf, but it seemed to me that there was no woman with so little pride or taste as to don a regulation costume. The consequence was that all the conceits, and skill, and artistic sense of a thousand women were reflected in the thousand beautiful rohes which they wore into the surf, and these they did not display with the vulgarity of a miss at Ocean Grove, or the indifference of a belle at Narragansett Pier. On the contrary, every lady at Trouville walked from her dressing-box to the sea enveloped from head to foot in a great cloak, at eitber end of which one saw her pretty face or sandaled feet. Tbe cloaks were often rich and yet simple; some of them were as gorgeous as a domino at a masked ball. The hats and sandals always told the color of the suit which was to be revealed when the right moment came. That came as the beautiful woman stepped into the gentle surf of tne sheltered hay. Then she threw up her arms and her cloak dropped into the hands of the browned and wrinkled hath-guide wbo stood ready to catch it. As he seized the film of silk or cloud of thin flannel, you saw that the upraised arms of the lady were bare to the shoulder; you saw, also, that they were round and plump, and tinted as with a dye of roses which produced the effect of a blush spread over ivory. You saw that the lady wore a suit of sailor pattern, fitting her as a compliment fits a queen; that the collar, so broad behind, was open in front to match the open bodice, behind which there peeped above tbe swelling form a dainty sailor-shirt, penciled with white cording. You saw below the lady's belt a skirt only long eoougb to have a graceful fall, and then you saw the tigbtest and shortest of trousers, with long silk stockings, and pretty sandals corded in the color of all the rest. Aod then the stifled scream and the plunge!

ANOTHER MOUNTAIN SKETCH.

Since our arrival in this nameless town, Jim and I have ridden all over the neighborhood, and we have been repaid by some charming discoveries. Country lanes, between snake-rail fences overgrown with wild rose all in bloom, vines tangled with elder-blossoms, and flaming red thistles jostling those downy, white balls which merry maidens blow to find out whether or not they are beloved by their best fellows. And the grand, old oaks are everywhere!—in the road, holding aloft their vast canopies over the weary traveler, and in the harvest-fields, drooping their dark-green plumes over the hot harvesters at work in the golden grain. Some of these mighty trees hold themselves so loftily that the hay-wagons, loaded for the barn and with the hay-makers atop, stop under their branches for a few minutes' rest in the grateful shade. And that is a pretty picture to see—that contrast of dark green and ruddy gold, of cool repose after heated toil. But there are so many pretty pictures! There is the flash of the newly-shingled roof of a barn away off in the distant foothills; although that, to be sure, is not so much a picture as it is a coquettish signal from the laughing meadows; or, near at hand, there is the butterfly, like a scrap of yellow tissue-paper, idly floating across the dusty road on the warm, fruity breeze; or a little, wooden-bridged gorge, filled with an inextricable confusion of sunlight and shadow, green creepers, and plants, and mossy rocks, and, away down in its depths, a little trickling rill of water, as shy as the squirrel that drinks from its hidden pools.

Then there are the houses. It is not to be supposed that a people who love trees so much as to humor their vagrant desires, and let them grow wherever they want to, would live in the ugly, square houses common to the treeless farms of California. These houses all have something artistically unexpected about them. A good many of them look as though they had been brought out from Virginia in the early colonial days; and it goes hard with the plainest of them if it can not have a dormer-window breaking the straight outline of its roof, or a quaint, little balcony hung up around its second-floor window. I actually saw one house with a green fan-light over the front door, precisely as you find them in centuries' old cottages in England—but I am going to save this house to say something about farther on. The barns, too, are as picturesque as the houses; great, generous affairs, with huge rounded backs and odd nooks and corners, just the thing for birds to nest in. In fact, the birds have a fine time in this vicinity, particularly the blackbirds, with their red epaulet and military swagger. Hundreds of these robber-barons will blacken a farm-yard at one fell swoop; greedily, yet warily, pecking at the grain which by right belongs to the chickens, until a slouching house-dog, or the shadow of a hawk, or their own guilty conscience, will startle them. Then, with a sudden whirr, their black wings will arise in a cloud, changing magically into a black sword, which flashes across the blue sky, then again it swerves into a cloud of black wings, then again becomes the edge of a scimetar slashing the sky, until, with a final, downward sweep into a myriad little, broad, black wings, they descend once more upon the place from which they arose, and, after strutting about with many a blustering boast and bully oath, resume their depredations.

About the house, with the green fan-light over the door. That was in the village, on the main street. The pavement in front of it was of an old-fashioned red brick, while a low, white paling, with a green gate, hemmed in the garden. The house was one-storied, long, and low; a steep gable, rising in the centre, divided the building into two wings, the roof of the wings coming down over the windows like two sleepy eyelids, giving the house an air of peaceful rest. These roofs, or eyelids, were propped open by the round, white pillars of a deep veranda, which extended along each front of the wings. In the apex of the gable front an immense pair of antlers was nailed. The front door directly beneath was a big, hospitable front door, opening in the middle, while just over it was the long, arched fan-light. The garden was full of grass, and flowers, and birds, and butterflies. Besides these there was a baby, a dog, and a cat. It was like one of Kate Greenaway's illustrated rhymes. The baby had been seated beneath a tree, on a shawl, with a tin-dipper and a bunch of keys for playthings, but, overcome by the general drowsiness of the afternoon, had fallen asleep in a little disheveled heap. The cat, having appropriated a corner of the shawl, had placed its four white feet together with great precision, and then coiled its tail neatly around them, and was blinking at the sunlight with an air of conscious rectitude. The dog, a mastiff, lay on the other side of the baby, with his nose between his paws. With that artistic sense of what was due to his surroundings, which all dogs possess, he pretended to be asleep, but, from an occasional wrinkling of his forehead and gleam of his bloodshot eyes, I do not think that it would have been wise for a stranger to have presumed upon appearances to the extent of going near that rumpled, tumbled mite of a warm baby.

Jim and I have been making the round of the springs, or summer resorts, within a radius of a hundred miles, more or less, from our central village. As Jim remarks, we always find the same "lay-out." There is the usual big house or hotel, with its out-lying cottages of primitive make, with blue curtains which will not roll up stuck sideways in the windows. The usual row of middle-aged matrons working the rocking-chairs on the front porch, with treadmill monotony, as they knit or crochet; one or two lads, in blazers, tyrannizing over a lot of protesting girls at croquet; while a few middle-aged men with livers prowl around, with a newspaper in one hand and a cup in the other, drinking the waters. The marvelous way in which these people pour all sorts of curious-looking and queer-smelling waters down their throats is only equaled by the frequency with which the young women wash their hair. We always counted on finding at least a dozen girls sitting out in the sunlight, with a towel around their shoulders and their hair hanging down their backs in a very fluffy condition. And how subdued every one appears! In spite of an occasional assumed air of gayety on the part of some individual (the sort of gayety you see on the stage when the banqueters clink their pasteboard goblets together and cry "Ha! ha! let us be merry!"), the silence persisted in drifting down from the mountains and queaching their spasmodic attempt at frivolity. This is particularly noticeable when the guests are gathered together for any occasion—meals, for instance. Perhaps it is because they are afraid of getting acquainted with each other. At any rate, the first dinner of which we partook at one of the springs, Jim and I were very much impressed with the solemnity of the proceedings, and spoke in hushed tones. Now, Jim has a keen sense of the humorous, and has, moreover, a habit of laughing aloud when anything amuses him. Remembering this, I sat in expectation of what was going to happen. We unfolded our damp, little napkins and waited patiently for several minutes; then a waiter, a young countryman, with red hair and a blue neck-tie, came to us, and, in an "I'm-as-good-as-you-are!" tone of voice, demanded what kind of water we would have. This was quite sufficient for Jim, in that church-like atmosphere, and, leaning his head back, he astonished the waiter with a hearty "Ha! ha! ha!"

"For heaven's sake, James," I exclaimed, severely, "remember where you are!"

But that did not help matters any. Every one turned and stared at us in a wondering sort of way—every one except a pretty, young girl near by, who, becoming infected with Jim's merriment, began to laugh with him. But her mother, with a frowning face, evidently kicked her foot under the table, for the girl instantly blushed and tried to look as though she had not laughed in a month.

After each one of these visits to the summer resorts, when we were fairly clear of the vicinity, Jim would race the horses and halloa, and yell like an Indian. He said it was the reaction. I suppose that it must have been, as there was nothing else to be had at the springs, except water. Jim says that he would not give a hat full of the lake for all the chalybeate waters in the country.

And, to be sure, we do enjoy that lake. We are out rowing, or sailing, upon it, at all hours, by daylight, by twilight, by starlight, and by moonlight. We have become very epicures in the matter of the lake. We have decided that to be becalmed in the middle of a starlit night is the choicest experience. To recline on your back, on deck, and gaze up into the fathomless depths of the heavens until it seems as though you were lying out in a heavy snow-storm of stars—that is a luxury. We had rather anticipated the coming of the moon, but when it came, it failed to fulfill our expectations. And yet the moon produced an effect that was not to be flouted. We had been away from the town for some time, and the evening of the day that we returned we sauntered down to the water in the twilight and getting into a boat let it drift, but with no thought for the moon. The gloom was deepening, the western horizon was glowing with a dusky red which made the lake look like the inside of a shell. The trees and sedges along the shore loomed up cool and dark against the sky, while the water at their feet was so still that you could not tell which was tree or sedge and which was reflection—not until the ripple of a passing boat made the reflection elongate and contract like a red-lined accordion. On the eastern shore of the lake was a huge mountain, consisting of two protuberances, like breasts. Its black mass was accurately reflected in the water beneath. We were idly looking at this mountain, when a vague, misty light appeared in the crease between the hills, and promptly in the crease below, in the water. We were taken by surprise, and sat up. As we wondered, the light grew brighter, until suddenly there appeared, directly in the hollow of the mountains, a flashing, silver crescent, which, broadening as it rose, quickly hung in the heavens a splendid, full moon. At the same instant this luminous appearance, which had been so faithfully reproduced in the inverted shadow in the lake, changed rapidly into a glittering pathway across its dark surface, and into this glided a distant sail-boat and paused there in black silhouette.

"Upon my word," I said, "that is very remarkable! I don't believe that I ever saw anything exactly like it. One would almost think that it was all arranged beforehand for our benefit."

"That is just the trouble," said Jim; "but it is always the way with the moon, she is so confoundedly theatrical."

Nevertheless the moon was generous and transformed our lake for us. What with the strange effects of light and shadow, and Jim quoting the "Idyls of the King":

> "I heard the water lapping on the crag,
> And the long ripple washing in the reeds,"

We lay there almost expecting to see an arm rise

> "Up from out the bosom of the lake,
> Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,"

And it was midnight before we got home again. Nevertheless, we preferred the stars. As the Genius of the Lake remarked: "Stars wear better."

I should like to say a good deal about the Genius of the Lake, but I do not know just how he would take it, and I can not afford to imperil our friendship. The Genius, it will be observed, is not an Undine, or a Lady Ellen Douglas, but an old, deep-water sailor. A retired English merchant-captain, laid up in ordinary, as it were, in this dock-yard of a mountain pool. He has a square, iron-gray head, is deep-chested, and strong in the arms and legs, the latter being unusually short and sturdy as befit legs which have upheld their owner's massive weight on many a slippery, rolling deck. His weather-beaten hands hang loosely at his side, with an air of being ready for any emergency, from cutting away a wrecked mainmast to hitching up his own trousers. These latter, by the way, the Genius makes himself; in fact, sailor-like, he makes all of his clothes except his hat and shoes, and he has even tried his hand on these, with tolerable success. He dwells in a little, white frame-house, which is mounted on the end of a float, moored at the foot of one of the village streets. He made the house himself, and here he cooks his own meals and sleeps, quite independently, and rents the row-boats and sail-boats, which are also the product of his handiwork. And here, of an evening, Jim and I invariably betake ourselves with our cigars. We generally find the Genius on his little wharf, or float, under a striped awning, at the door of his cabin, sitting in an easy-chair, of his own construction, his feet cocked up on another, his rotund body comfortably filling his blue flannel-suit, while around him his boats bob and dabble in the water with a pleasant sound. He nods his grizzled head as we approach, while his blue eyes twinkle a welcome underneath their shaggy brows, and he takes his clay-pipe from out of his bearded mouth and points with the stem of it to vacant chairs.

"Stars wear better," the Genius avers, "but the moon has had. It's a powerful 'elp to the young women in gettin' married. W'en a young 'ooman comes down 'ere a-keepin' company with a young man, an' says: 'Capting, w'en 'll there be a moon?' I doo't say nothink, but I count on losin' 'em reg'lar customers 'fore long. For, d'ye see, after they get married, the 'ooman sort o' loses h'interest in the lake, an' for the man, I take it, he don't know an' don't care a bran farden w'ether the moon's shioin' or not, 'cept it might be a winter's night w'en 'e gets up to look for paregoric and such like."

The Genius is a great authority on all matters pertaining to women.

"If I was a young man," he said, on another occasion, when Jim and I were fishing from his back porch, "if I was a young man an' was casting 'round in my mind to get wedded, I'd steer my course by the way a 'ooman 'ud get into a boat. Some on 'em, the moment they get nigh a boat, commence to giggle an' lay 'old o' h'everything 'cept the right thing; some on 'em gets scared and begins to screech; an' some 'em flops 'round like a w'ale stranded on a mud-bank an' the hut capsizes the boat; an' some on 'em, an' precious few they are, steps in as light as a bird an' sits right down, without h' fuss or noise, so that ye'd 'ardly know that they was there. Now, if I was goin' to get married, I wouldn't 'ave anything w'otever to do with the gigglin' kind, nor the screechin' kind, nor the floppin' kind. I'd just make right up to the one that was quick an' light o' foot an' didn't make no fuss, I would, *I* was going to get married."

I asked the Genius, one day, why he did not get married. His mind seemed to dwell on the subject so much.

"W'y, lord bless you, sir," he said, "I was married once for twenty years, though my wife she's been buried now nigh on to twenty more. And if I ain't got married since, ain't been for lack o' b'opportunity." And he cocked his weather-eye knowingly.

But "Pride goeth before Destruction." I expect at any moment to get the Genius's wedding-cards.

SEPTEMBER, 1889. ROBERT HOWE FLETCHER.

TWO POETS.

They Exchange Sentiments on Each Other's Birthday.

JOHN G. WHITTIER, ON HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

Friend, whom thy fourscore winters leave more dear
Than when life's roseate summer on thy cheek
Burned in the flush of manhood's manliest year,
Lonely, how lonely! is the snowy peak
Thy feet have reached and mine have climbed so near!
Close on thy footsteps 'mid the landscape drear
I stretched my hand thine answering grasp to seek,
Warm with the love no rippling rhymes can speak.
Look backward! From thy lofty heights survey
Thy years of toil, of peaceful victories won,
Of dreams made real and largest hopes outrun.
Look forward! Brighter than earth's morning ray
Streams the pure light of heaven's unsetting sun,
The all-unclouded dawn of life's immortal day.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, ON HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

Climbing the path that leads back nevermore,
We heard behind his footsteps and his cheer;
Now, face to face, we greet him, standing here
Upon the lonely summit of Fourscore.
Welcome to us, o'er whom the lengthened day
Is closing, and the shadows deeper grow,
His genial presence life an afterglow
Following the one just vanishing away.
Long be it ere the Table shall be set
For the last breakfast of the Autocrat,
And Love repeat, with smiles and tears, thereat
His own sweet songs, that time shall not forget,
Waiting with him the call to come up higher.
Life is not less, the heavens are only nigher.

8th Mo., 26, 1889. JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Before our civil war the money value placed upon a working force in a slave, a young negro field-hand, was one thousand dollars and upward, and upon a skilled mechanic over three thousand dollars. Dr. Farr and Edwin Chadwick, both eminent sanitarians, practically confirm these estimates. Dr. Farr says that in England an agricultural laborer, at the age of twenty-five years, is worth, over and above what it costs to maintain him, eleven hundred and ninety-one dollars, and that the average value of every man, woman, and child is seven hundred and seventy-one dollars. Edwin Chadwick says that each individual of the English working-class (more children work there, we must remember) is worth eight hundred and ninety dollars, and at forty years of age seventeen hundred and eighty dollars. Our values in this country are much greater. Take the probabilities of our length of life from the insurance tables, and put our labor on the market for that term of years, and you will find what we are worth to the community.

The cigarette has advanced to the dignity of being an argument of debate in the British Parliament. Mr. Goschen said in his last budget that in his opinion the increased tobacco with the cigarette after dinner was partially accountable for the decreased consumption of wine. Men smoked more and drank less.

A number of diamonds are said to have been found in a meteoric stone which has recently fallen near Novoe Urei, Russia.

British soldiers not in possession of swimming certificates are forbidden to enter boats for purposes of recreation.

EXPOSITION NOTES.

By Our Paris Correspondent.

After the Shah, Braganza; after Dinah Salifon, Taïeh ey; after the banquet of mayors, the hanquet of millers. lways something fresh goiog on; somehody new to run fter. True, the heir-apparent to the crown of Portugal was o insignificant personage, indeed, in comparison to Nasr-ed- een, and the brother of the Bey of Tunis excited decidedly ss attention than the Senegalian prince, whereas the gather- g of six hundred millers was nothiog to the concentration of irteen thousand mayors in one huilding, though each gave s something to talk ahout in turn.

The *banquet des maires* is almost an old story, as things ate nowadays, and the mayors bave, most of them, returned the hosom of their families—poorer and wiser men. We o longer meet them in the exposition or in town, wandering bout in detachments, the delight of street-hoys and vagrants enerally. We have ceased to wonder at the amount of the ictuals needed to feed thirteen thousand hungry French nctionaries—they gave them of the best, truffled poultry, almon trout, turkey pullets, spriog salads, and iced souffilets— d of speculating how high a tower might have been builded f the plates piled one upon another—eight times the height f the Tower Eiffel they tell us—whereas, if the tri-color arfs of all these mayors had been laid end to end tbey ould have reacbed from the Champ de Mars to Versailles! I. Carnot presided, with his usual urhanity, at the Palais de Industrie; he played the host gallantly afterwards, too, hen these representatives of communal authority came, at is invitation, to the Elysée, shaking hands with every good man od true, and smiling a welcome into thirteen thousand faces oe after another. He, also, has left town, and is resting fter his almost superhuman lahors of the season in Fon- inebleau. Braganza found him out wben be called and left is card at the presidential town-house, and courteously ex- ressed his sorrow at the circumstance to Lichtenstein—care- iker for the nonce.

All the trees in the Jardin Anglais bave been weeping tbe ist few days, and when M. and Mme. Carnot are minded to o and feed the carp—as Francis the First and other noble osts of Fontainehleau have done—they are forced to carry mhrellas with them. It has been raining heavily in Paris itely, and tourists have had a rather had time of it. Both the hamp de Mars and the Esplanade des Invalides lie low, and e water does not run off easily, the result being decidedly wampy and muddy. Some parts of the gardens are impass- hle, and stilts migbt be loaned out with advantage. By an nfortunate accident, the Arab tents have been pitched in ahout e lowest and swampiest corner of the esplanade, and it is itiful to see the kings of the desert ankle-deep in slush and to ear them regretting their burning Sahara sands.

On one of the wettest afternoons of last week, I was pilot- g a friend round among the native encampments and vil- ages, and we paid our two sous and went into the Arah arem. Now, harem is generally suggestive of luxury and ase. But imagine a corner of a low tent of coarse hrown acking, divided hy a screen of rugs from tbe rest of the in- losure, and a couple of women seated on an old packing- ase in the centre thereof, and surrounded hy other cases full f indescribahle rubhish. True, the females were dressed in ostumes rich and artistic, thougb somewhat tawdry, hut their aces were dauhed with paint and black. One of them was ocking a hahy, a pretty, hrown-limhed thing, tied up in an range-colored muslin garment. In a few hroken words of rench tbe poor mother told us she was terrihly homesick.

"Paris—bad, horrihle!"

Little did she know of it, poor thing, seated in the deep hadow of her dripping tent. Her great, kohl-blurred eyes oamed round the place, and she shuddered as she drew her nfant nearer to her. We asked the child's name. Lara! There were two others gamboling hither and thither; this was Taya—a slim little maid of seven, and that was Ali. The oy had caught up the language and spoke almost fluently. He asked us if we were Americans, adding: "many Ameri- an ladies come here, they like to see everything!" Astute oung Bedouin! Ali gamholed out hefore us, and his mother gave us a parting salutation from her lowly seat. Outside in he wet and slush other Arah urchins were at play; two tiny ittle fellows, hare-footed, wore microscopic hournous and fez, ut our young acquaintance was got up in a tunic and turhan ike his father, who lifted the corner of the tent for us to pass hrough with the same easy grace he had previously shown in ocketing our coppers.

The young ladies who dispense bitter beer, sodas, and cups of tea at Spiers & Pond's are not the only females carefully guarded against the dangers of a residence in the modern Babylon. The fair daughters of Alhion have their boarding- house, presided over by a strict matron, in the close vicinity of the Champ de Mars; while on the opposite side of the field are located the Gitanas who dance at the Grand Théâtre and the Almehs who perform the *danse du ventre* in the Rue du Caire. The authorities, hefore admitting these somewhat shady characters into the exposition, stipulated that they should be kept apart and he allowed no intercourse with the puhlic, and though at home their reputation for moral- ity is not bigh, here they live in the Avenue Suffren like chaste Dianas. In Algeria, the *danse du ventre* is strictly prohibited, as it excites the warm Arah hlood to fever heat. Parisians are less impressionable — or in a differ- eot way; curiosity, nothing more, attracts them to the tent of the Dervish, and neither the little Torkice nor the hand- some Zorah — who wears a heavy necklace composed of French gold pieces, not sequins—have yet made any con- quests of importance. By all those men who have seen it, the dance is declared to be more suggestive of seasickness than of anything else, the extra amount of drapery wbicb must needs be insisted upon to fit the show for Western eyes taking away much of the grace of movement, hesides weighting the performer in an unaccustomed and extremely uncomfortable manner. Both Almehs and Gitanas are escorted home every night hy their custodians of the café and theatre. But, in spite of all these precautions, one of the latter found means to correspond with a *torero* from the Plaza del Toro, in the Rue Pergolese, who was smitten with her charms, and last Saturday, when the little troupe left the exposition, it was set upon hy the lover and four of his friends, and a free fight ensued. One of the escort was stahhed in the shoulder, and hefore succor arrived in the shape of a couple of *gardiens de la paix*—attracted hy the "Ollé! Ollé!" and shrieks of the women—the desperadoes had made their escape, carrying away with them Lola, *la castagnetta*, who has not yet been recovered, although the manager bas searched through the length and hreadth of Grenelle for the ahscondiog damsel, one of the prettiest of the Gitanas. Her *torero* keeps her well concealed. PARISINA.

PARIS, August 25, 1889.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Ballad of Bitter Fruit.

In the wood with its wide arms overspread,
Where the wan morn strives with the waning night
The dim shapes strung like a chaplet dread
Shudder and sway to the left, the right;
The soft rays touch them with fingers white,
As they swing in the leaves of the oak-tree hrowned,
Fruits that the Turk or the Moor would fright—
This is King Lewis his orchard ground.

All these poor folk, stark and sped,
Dreaming (who knows!) of what dead despight,
In the freshening breeze hy the morning fed,
Twirl and spin to the mad wind's might;
Over them wavers the warm sun hright:
Look on them, look on them, skies profound!
Look how they dance in the morning light!—
This is King Lewis his orchard ground.

Dead, these dead, in a language dead,
Cry to their fellows in evil plight;
Day meanwhile thro' the lift o'erhead
Dazzles and flames in the hlue vault's height;
Into the air the dews take flight;
Ravens and crows with a jubilant sound
Over them, over them, hover and light;
This is King Lewis his orchard ground.

ENVOI.

Prince, we wot of no sorrier sight
Under the whispering leafage found;
Bodies that hang like a hideous hlight—
This is King Lewis his orchard ground.

—From the French of Theodore de Banville by Austin Dobson.

The Dance of the Dead.

The sexton looked forth, at the mid hour of night,
O'er the tomhs where the dead were reclining;
The moon, at its full, gave a great, ghostly light,
And the church-yard as day was shining.
First one, then another—oh, terrible sight!—
Each grave opened wide, and, in gowns long and white,
The dead all arose from their sleeping,
Round the tomhs grimly dancing and leaping.

In a skeleton ring, then, together they hung,
While they danced as the waves of the ocean—
The poor and the rich, and the old and the young—
But their grave-clothes hindered their motion;
And, as here no modesty held its hroad sway,
They all shook them off, and around them there lay
Their winding-sheets, here and there scattered,
And they naked—hut that little mattered.

In a frenzy of joy then they swung their long shanks,
Their long fingers in unison snapping,
And they clicked and clacked as they played wild pranks,
As though timber on timber were clapping.
Then the sexton laughed loudly again and again,
And mischief gave slyly the thought to his hrain:
"Now quickly—'tis joking, not thieving—
Steal a winding-sheet! None are perceiving."

It was done; and then swiftly he fled in affright
Behind the great door of the tower,
While the dance still continued, the moonbeams hright
O'er the weird scene still holding their power.
At last it was o'er, and the skeleton crowd,
One after another, each slipped on its shroud;
Then into their cold graves they glided,
And silence once more presided.

But one—'tis the last—trips and stumhles along,
And eager each tomhstone it scratches;
But none of its comrades have done it this wrong,
For the scent in the air now it catches.
The church gate it rattled, hut hackward was pressed;
To the joy of the sexton, the door had been hlessed—
With crosses of iron 'twas covered,
And angels' wings over it hovered.

Its shroud it must have, else it rests not again,
For soon its last hour will be chiming;
The columns it grasps the high tow'r to attain
From summit to summit sull climhing.
Oh, sad for the sexton, for swifter it glides,
And onward it rushes in wonderful strides!
O mischief! 'tis thou hast undone him;
Heaven help him! 'tis almost upon him.

The sexton grew pale, in his horror he shook,
And the shroud would have yielded with gladness;
Near, nearer it came, then its last leap it took
In a frenzy of rage and of madness.
For an instant the moon no longer shone;
"One!" thundered the clock in a terrible tone;
Its limbs through the air wildly dashing,
Down—down—fell the skeleton, crashing!

—From the German of Goethe.

Great fields of asphaltum have been discovered in Utah and Wyoming Territories. One field near Vernial, Utah, contains seven hundred thousand tons of asphalt. This as- phalt was formerly crude petroleum, which, escaping from natural openings in the ground, flowed into the plains where it now lies and there dried.

The fires used in hlowing Venetian glass are made of wood, coal heing useless on account of its generating too mucb smoke and gas, which prevent the delicate ornaments used in decorating the various ohjects from adhering.

GENTEEL IDLERS.

"Cockalgne" writes of the Gentry who Play Cricket and Tennis.

American gentlemen in England at the preseot time must he forcihly struck hy the immeose numher of genteel idlers there are to be met with everywhere. There is always an ahundance of these gentry ahout, hut the summer months of July and August fairly teem with them. It is the time of the long midsummer vacatioo, and from the beginning of July, on to the end of Septemher or first week of Octoher, does Eng- land go through her anoual season of augmented idleness. All the great puhlic schools, such as Eton, Harrow, Win- chester, Rughy, etc., and the Universities of Oxford and Cam- hridge, are closed, and so are the law-courts, except for the transaction of vacation husiness before a poor "hig-wig" known as a vacation judge, who is the sole representative of the judges left in London. The law vacation ruos on longer than all the others, the regular Michaelmas term of the Inns of Court for the eatiog of the "Hall" dinners not commeocing until Novemher.

Cricket and tennis monopolize the time of nine-tenths of these idlers who are content (if not impecuniously forced) to stay in England and not overrun the contineot. Men literally live in white-flannel trousers, canvas or untanned-leather shoes, striped hlazers, and fantastically colored skull-caps. Their existence—their daily existence—is passed with cricket-bats or tennis-rackets in their hands. Great, strappiog, hrawny fellows they are, well fed and well clothed—for the most part by in- dulgent fathers aod mothers who never seem to see the in- herent vice of idleness which mars and vitiates the whole thing. No one who lives out of Eogland, or who does not pay it a prolonged visit during the summer, can form any con- ception of the time spent and streogth exhausted every season from May to October at cricket and lawn-tennis. Nothing else appears to he thought ahout. For a man not to possess at least two pairs of white-flannel trousers, a blazer, a cricket- hat, leg-guards, hatting-gloves, and a tenois-racket, would, to say the least, he a suspicious circumstance, justifying society in ignoring him, if not actually tabooing him. As for the majority who do, they live in a white-flanneled atmosphere of play and amusement. The first thing they do in the morning is to look at the weather, the last thing at night to consult the harometer. The only books they read are cricket-almanacs and annuals, giving statistics and averages of the batting and bowling achievements of professional players and leading amateurs; the only subjects wbich interest them in the papers are cricket-matches, scores, and fixtures, tennis-tournaments, and reports of games.

Should you be thrown in this society—and be sure you will, sooner or later—what do you hear? Such conversations with each other as this:

"I tell you, Renshaw has won the championship four years running."

"I thought Blennerhassett, of 'Mawdlin,' won it last year."

"Cambridge won last year's singles. Tom Dashwood, of Peterhouse, won 'em. I know, for he's a cousin of my own."

"I heard there's a strong movement to abolisb 'faults.'"

"About time. It's most awful rot, baving 'em."

"Barnes performed the hat-trick in the second innings, and made a follow on."

"He was out leg-hefore?"

"No. Caught in the slips, off his pads."

"Because he pulled an off-yorker round to square leg."

"And was clean bowled hy a full pitch which hroke in from tbe off."

"No, he wasn't. He cut a bumhall to coverpoint."

And so on *ad infinitum*, or as long as you bave patience to sit and listen.

These cricketers and tennis-players are, for the most part, young men and in the prime of life, who ought to work, and would have to work if they had not foolish fathers and mothers who keep them in genteel idleness waiting for something to do. Nine out of ten young men you meet are without any occupation. They all want something to do out-of-doors. Being nohlemen's or landed gentlemen's agents is what they like. Unfortunately, there are not enough such agencies to go round, or, what is more likely, not enough nohlemen or landed gentlemen who care for idle-minded, amusement-seeking agents. "Poor Freddy can't find anything to do," you will be told hy Freddy's mamma; "he is so willing to work, poor dear. It is really very bard," and she looks very wretched and care-worn, for Freddy is a lumhering six-footer, with the appetite of a famished tiger three times a day and a taste for dress only equaled hy his fondness for field-sports.

"Why don't you get him into a bank or insurance office?" you ask.

"Oh, it would never suit him, being cooped up in a stuffy office after his fresh-air life," will he the stereotyped answer.

"Which he gets at cricket and tennis," you suggest.

"Yes, poor boy. He could never stand it."

The army is a very favorite resort for these "occupation"-seeking young men, for the garrison-life of the average British army officer is one of idleness, pure and simple. Stay in a garrison-town and see. There is more cricket than drill and tennis than parade; and flannels and hlazers are worn twenty times to a uniform's once. But it takes work to get into the army.

"Those confounded competitive exams," you will be told, "have ruined the army for gentlemen." The young gentlemen, however, do huckle to and work with a "crammer," at great expense to their parents. They have a stimulant to excite them to lahor. "Six months' cram, and then nothing to do for the rest of one's life," is the stimulating sentiment which huoys them up and makes close study not only bear- ahle, but possible to them. COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, August 31, 1889.

A Mohammedan mosque has been built in Woking, Eng., and a Buddhist temple has been opened in Paris. There are about three hundred Buddhists in Paris.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

It is said that the Lippincotts intend to bring out next year a fourth volume of the late Dr. Allibooe's "Dictionary of English Literature," which will bring the scope of tbe information given down to recent times.

Tbe Shah, it is said, is to write his memoirs, including ootes on bis late tour, and *Figaro* is to publisb them *en feuilleton*. Tbe work will be "carefully translated and elucidated" before being submitted to tbe Parisian public.

The nineteenth Englisb edition of Haydn's "Dictionary of Dates" is anoounced as in preparation foi issue this season. It will comprise a volume of one thousand and eigbty-eigbt pages, which is seventy-five more than the last Englisb edition contained.

In tbe September *Scribner's*, Mr. Andrew Lang takes up with some vigor the cause of Alexandre Dumas. Concerning his article, the *Nation* says: "It is a pleasure to see a literary paper in the great magazines of New York city, since their ioattention to literature, except on special occasions, is so marked a characteristic."

A man of fastidious cultivation in England is in constant daoger of being lost in a clique, or limited to a little club or party. Every American in visiting London notices this limitation. Even the Englisb periodicals show this; eacb one, as Moncure Conway said, is not a magazine, but a circular letter addressed to one another by a few cultivated gentlemen who belong to the same club.

Tbe publisbing and printing-house of Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, started in 1856, since which date the growth of its business has necessitated several removals and enlargements of quarters, but it has always been cramped for room. Its new building is intended to remedy this. It is ten stories higb, one hundred and fifty by one bundred and sixty-five feet, and will have seven acres of floor, and be completely fire-proof. Tbe foundations are laid upon one thousand tons of steel.

Alike to those wbo grieve or rage over the word *reliable*, and to those wbo contemplate it with equanimity, tbe opinion touching it of the chief-editor of tbe great English Dictiooary, now in course of publication, will be of interest. Dr. Murray, as migbt have been expected, maintains that *reliable* is "good, useful, well-formed, and ancient"; thus accepting tbe cbaracter of it demonstrated again and again by Dr. Fitzedward Hall, especially in wbat bis indorser calls "his scbolarly and exbaustive treatise, 'On Englisb Adjectives in *-able*.'" Dr. Murray's defense of tbe expression is in *Notes and Queries* for August 17th.

Concerning the methods of Alexander Dumas the First, a writer says in the New York *Times*: As we were neigbbors at Marly, Monte Cristo being not more tban half a mile from my bouse, opportunities to see Dumas were constant. I bad the entrée to Monte Cristo, and went in and out without questioning. I never entered bis sanctum, bowever, though I frequently inspected it from tbe garden. It was a kind of small moated building, covered with glass, to whicb tbe only approacb was by means of a bridge, whicb bridge was lifted or lowered at the will of the occupant. As far as I remember, the machinery of tbe bridge was always out of order. Dumas explained that a visitor he particularly wisbed to exclude was just in the act of putting bis foot on the bridge wben Dumas suddenly lifted the bridge. Unfortunately some wheel or crank got jammed, the bridge was immovable, and Dumas was in a trap of his own devising. How Dumas got out be did not tell. Probably he bad to wade througb the shallow ditcb wbicb surrounded bis tower.

Pbilip Gilbert Hamilton, explainiog wby foreign books are read, says: "Englisb autbors are known in France by translations, and as neither the muse of verse nor the style of prose can be reproduced in a translation, the author is judged by a criterion outside his literary workmanship. His reputation is constructed over again, without reference to his mastery of language, on tbe grounds of tbougbt or invention only. Herbert Spencer has a great reputation in France as a tbinker, Dickens as an inventor. Tbackeray is very little appreciated, because the Freocb can never know how superior be was in style to Dickens. Of English writers on art, Sir Joshua Reynolds is appreciated in France because bis doctrines contained nothing particularly English, and his style was simple and clear; Ruskin has no Frencb readers, because bis views on art are English, and bis style complex, elaborate, ornate. The name of Byron is known to every educated Frencbman, that of Tennyson is known to students of Englisb literature only. All tbe cbief English and Scotcb philosophers are familiar to French students of philosopby, aod, in fact, accepted by tbem as their great teachers and guides, but they are utterly unknown to the French public. Independently of literary merit, foreign literatures are sometimes called upon to supply ao element of human interest tbat is wanting in the bome productions. Tbe French are aware that Russian novels are not so well constructed as their own, yet there is a poignancy, a profundity of feeling, and a strength of primitive barbaric nature in the Russian novel that are wanting in the French, and this bas given the foreign novelist a great success, even througb translatioos. Tbe desire for *more nature* always brings on a reaction against any conventionalism, and the foreigner wbo brings more oature bas his assured success. A modern English conventionalism, quite unknown to our forefatbers, forbids the complete portraiture of men and women in fiction. This bas created a desire to see anotber side of life, and the French novelist supplies tbe want. The English want immoral literature, and buy French novels; the Frencb want moral literature, and buy Englisb novels—in translations. It would be better, perhaps, to have for botb countries a kind of fiction that sbould be simply truthful, rather than the Englisb novel that makes life better tbao it is, and Frencb tbat makes it worse."

Concerning the Erckmann-Chatrian trouble, Auguste Georgel, in tbe Paris *Figaro*, says: "We bave thougbt it well to publisb in the *Figaro* some curious details upon the breacb between the literary partners, Erckmann-Cbatrian, those Siamese twins wbo achieved so notable a success at the Comédie-Française with 'L'Ami Fritz'; for the partnership has been dissolved, and the causes wbicb have brought about the rupture are exceedingly curious. Every ooe knows tbat these two writers have furnished several pieces to various theatres—'Madame Thérèse' and 'La Guerre' to the Cbâtelet; 'La Taveroe des Trabaos' to the Opéra Comique; tbe 'Fou Cbopine' to the Renaissance; 'Myrtille' to the Gaité, where we saw for the last time poor Tallien, dead at Saint-Maurice; but what every one does not know is that, assisted by MM. Jules Barbier and Maurice Drack, Chatrian worked hard upon these pieces, while Erckmann did nothing. What is extraordinary is that Erckmann can not lay claim to so mucb as a comma in the ten or twelve plays whicb bear his name, and that he knows nothing of those which are not in print, for he never leaves Phalsbourg, wbere he lives in perfect serenity with the Germans. So long as tbcre were large returns, Erckmann was satisfied witb the share allotted to him by Chatrian; but the mine having been exhausted, Erckmann dispatches to Paris a nephew—his future beir, perhaps—M. Alfred Erckmann, a member of the directors' committee of the Association Générale d'Alsace-Lorraine. The moment was well chosen. Chatrian was ill; he was broken in health, his memory was weak, and he was ready to sign anything. M. Alfred Erckmann declared that his uncle refused to recognize the payments made to M. Chatrian's co-workers (MM. Barbier and Drack), and he demanded tbat, by way of indemnity, Chatrian sbould make over to him the complete rights in these plays. Had it not been for the writer of these lines, Chatrian would have signed without understanding and his sons would have lost all. This stroke having failed, the neplew offered to submit the matter to arbitration, and, against our advice, Chatrian, sure of the equity of his position, consented. Tbe Society of Dramatic Anthors and Composers was the proper tribunal, but not for M. Alfred Erckmann. He took M. Chatrian before M. Sée, a lawyer, who is also a fellow-member of tbe Association Générale d'Alsace-Lorraine. After going through the accounts wbich Chatrian bad placed in the hands of his nominal collaborator's nephew, M. Sée gravely declared tbat Cbatrian should return to Erckmann the money paid to the other collaborators. Cbatrian dreaded dissension or litigation—he would do anythiog to avoid publishing bis rupture with Erckmann; for the sake of peace, and upon our advice, he offered half the sum claimed, tbat is to say, twenty-two thousand one bundred and twenty-seveo francs. Tbe nepbew took tbe money and wrote a receipt on the spot."

New Publications.

"Tracked by a Woman," by "Goldey," appears in the Globe Detective Series, and "Could Aught Atone" in the Globe Library, publisbed by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 25 cents eacb.

"The Franklio Square Song Collection—No. 6," containing the words and music of two bundred favorite soogs and hymns, has been publisbed by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 50 cents.

"A Hopeless Case: The Remarkable Experience of an Unromantic Individual with a Romaotic Name," by Luther H. Bickford, is a sbort story in which love, mesmerism, metaphysics, and crime are cleverly commingled. Publisbed by Cbarles H. Kerr & Co., Cbicago; for sale by tbe booksellers.

"Ogeecbee Cross-Firings," a tale of life on a Georgia plantation, by R. M. Johnston, and "Lady Car: The Sequel of a Life," by Mrs. Oliphant, are the latest issues of the Franklin Square Library. Publisbed by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the bookseller; price, 35 and 30 cents, respectively.

"Jed," by Warren Lee Goss, is a story of a boy's adventures in tbe army during the war of secession. Tbe author is already known by his contributioos to the *Century* war papers; in this book he has utilized bis knowledge of the war to construct an absorbing story which gives vivid and accurate pictures of battle and prison-life. Publisbed by Tbomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York: for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, $1.50.

Sarab K. Bolton, one of the most indefatigable, and at the same time careful, compilers of biograpbies for youog readers, bas brougbt out a new book entitled, "Men of Science." The fifteen scientists whose lives and achievements are bere detailed are Galileo, Newton, Linnæus, Cuvier, Sir William and Caroline Herscbel, Von Humboldt, Davy, Auduhon, Morse, Sir Charles Lyell, Josepb Heory, Agassiz, Darwin, and Buckland. Each sketcb is prefaced with a portrait. Publisbed by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.50.

"A Short History of the French Revolution" bas been prepared for young people by Lydia Hoyt Farmer. Tbe method adopted coosists of making copious extracts from the writings of Mignet, Michelet, Thiers, Lamartine, Taine, Carlyle, and others, stringing them together with tbe necessary conoecting passages, so that tbe whole forms a series of striking pictures of the terrible revolution from 1789 to 1799. Tbe book is embellished witb numerous illustrations, including several portraits. Published by Tbomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.50.

"Monopolies and tbe People," by Charles Whiting Baker, is appropriately published in the Putnam's admirable Questions of tbe Day Series. Mr. Baker first considers tbe problem of monopolies and trusts in general, and then particularizes witb trusts and monopolies in manufacturing industries, in mining, in transportation and communication, municipal monopolies, monopolies in trade, mooopolies depending on the government, in the labor market, and elsewhere; discusses the theory of universal competition and the laws of modern competition, the evils due to mooopoly and iotense competition, ameliorating influences and remedies, the sovereign rights of the people and their government; and finally suggests practical plaos for the control of monopolies. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by L. Gregoire & Co.; price, $1.25.

The publication of "Tbe Duke of Wellington," by George Hooper, in tbe Englisb Men of Action Series, is most opportune, after tbe book of anecdotes of the hero of Assaye, Vittoria, aod Waterloo, which bas been so generally read and enjoyed in England and America. We bave had our interest in the Iron Duke aroused by striking and amusing tales of bis greatness of mind, his directness of manner, and bis contempt for pretence, as shown in private life, and Mr. Hooper's monograph now comes to tell us the early surroundings and eventful career wbicb shaped his character and made him wbat be was. Tbe biography begins witb the birtb of Arthur Wesley—tbe name was afterwards changed to Wellesley—and follows bim througb bis early Indian services, ihe Mahratta campaign, at bome as soldier and civilian, bis three campaigns in Portugal, at Waterloo, and finally through bis later diplomatic services to bis old age and deatb. Publisbed by Macmillan & Co., New York; for sale by the J. Dewing Company; price, 60 cents.

"Astarté," a novel by Alfred Delvau, bas been trauslated from the Frencb by R. B. and S. H. Davenport. Tbe theme is one as popular witb Freocb novelists as it is condemned by English moralists; it tells of a man's ruin by a beautiful but conscienceless woman. The plot is naturally and dramatically constructed, and tbe story is well told in crisp description and clever dialogue—a trifle high-flown in English, but more than bright in Frencb. The people are of a Bohemia descended from that whicb Mürger described, still venerating the Café Procope and not yet content to strut in dress-coat in a fashiooable salon, as do the Bohemians of modern Paris; the hero is a poet and playwrigbt, wbo likes to go out in the woods and sleep in a bay-loft—not to be written up in the *Figaro*, but because he loves nature—and his friends are artists, sculptors, writers, and the people of tbe art world. Tbe woman, wbom he names Astarté, is a model, wbo, between artists and bankers, bas made her beauty keep ber in luxury for four years, tbougb sbe is but twenty; be bas bitherto kept free from all entaoglements with tbe women of tbis—and, indeed, of any—world, and when at lengtb he loves ber, bis career to ruin is brief. Tbe theme is no better tban that of "La Dame aux Camélias," and tbe story is not so strong; but those wbo can look upon tbe "hideous face" of vice and not "pity, tben embrace," will find mucb to admire and enjoy in tbe story of "Astarté." It is far and away above tbe epicene erotica tbe same publishers have poured on the market in tbe past two years. Published by Belford, Clarke & Co., Chicago; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

Another literary effort in tbe culinary line: Cookiog is an art; all good cooks are true artists in their line, and as such arc fond of studying all tbe best works upon their special art; to sucb we recommend the book just published, entitled "Tbe Table," written by Alessandro Filippini, who gained great fame as cook at Delmonico's for oearly a quarter of a century, and who is fully indorsed by Mr. Charles Delmonico. To a novice the work may seem somewhat too claborate, with its numerous complicated sauces, entrées, desserts, etc., and like the similar but even more complicated work of Francatelli, who is the cook of her majesty Victoria of Eogland, may be very bewildering to a novice, yet those well versed in the culinary art, will fiud in it a valued friend, which may be called into consultation at any moment. It treats of the pleasures of the table, the markets, the varieties of fish to be found tbere during tbe different months, vegetables, melons, meats, fowls, etc. It gives directions for setting the table and properly serving meals, wbich items will be of great service to many. It cootains one thousand and ninety-five menus, being one for eacb meal for every day of the year, together with celebrated meous; many of which were prepared by Mr. Filippini himself. One chapter contains curious menus of all nations, with remarks upon tbeir table and manner of eating, and while with Francatelli it may be too elaborate for every-day use, the daily menus of the year will give comfort aod relief to many a weary housekeeper, who is obliged to think "what shall we have for dinner," while sbe will not follow Mr. Fillipini in the elaborateness of his menus, but will select such viands as are within reach of ber purse and tbe markets. This book is gotten up in the best style, by Charles L. Webster & Co., New York; and is for sale by Tbe Bancroft Company.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

In missionary lands tbey never ask, "Is tbe preacher tbrougb?" Th say, "Is he done?"—*Life.*

He—"Does not tbe sea always make you sad, Miss Peachblow *She*—"No, only sick."—*Life.*

Too expensive: *Jack*—"Editb, will you bave me?" *The heiress* "Thanks, Jack—I can't afford you."—*Life.*

"Is your new employer a Christian, Fred?" "No, I'm afraid n You see, be bas to use the telephone a great deal."—*Life.*

Youngbusband—"Ah, you bachelors have no real happiness!" *Ba* —"Well, we can, at least, escape from real misery!"—*Puck.*

"Do you subscribe to *Comicalities?*" "No; the editor boards the same bouse I do, and we get all his jokes at meals."—*Harpe Bazar.*

Jinks—"Been to the circus, eh? Seen anything new?" *Blinks* "Yes, the children wbo laughed at the clowns were new."—*New Yo Weekly.*

"James, you have been figbting. I can tell it by the look io yo eye." "Yes, but motber, you should see the look in tbe other bo eye."—*Life.*

"Mrs. O'Toole, would yez moind takin' care of Pbelim for a wbol There's a scrimmage down at the Clancy's, an' it's great fun the havin' killin' a policemao!"—*Life.*

Aunt Clarissa (taking Jobnny under the cbin)—"Good-morni Jobnny. Have you——" *Johnny* (six years old)—"No, mum I haven't used *nobody's* soap!"—*Puck.*

Mrs. F.—"They must bave some very heavy winds in Bosto *Mr. F.*—"Indeed they do." *Mrs. F.*—"There is an item in tbe pa about a safe being blown open there."—*Life.*

Jawkins—"Well, Jack, the cool weatber's coming on now." *J Borrowit*—"Yes, and I'm glad of it. One more wasbiog, and my fl nel sbirt will do for a chest-protector."—*Life.*

A misunderstanding: "I tbougbt you advertised that there were lo walks to be had from this botel?" "No; I said the neigbborhood w renowned for its tramps."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Mrs. Youngwife (at breakfast)—"There is no bread on the tab Norah." *Norah*—"Shure, tbere's none in tbe bouse, mum." *M Youngwife* (severely)—"Then make some toast."—*Life.*

Natalie—"Ob, Mr. Decourcy, I am tired of this frivolous life! H fatiguing to sit and bold one's hands all day!" *Mr. Decourcy*—"W not have some one hold them for you?"—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Jack—"Pay my check, too, will you? I haven't anything in pocket but a tbirty-dollar bill." *Dick*—"Wbat kind of a bill is that *Jack*—"It's a bill for this suit of clothes I have on."—*Puck.*

Culprit (in confusion)—"I beg pardon, but really I couldn't help i you looked so roguish and tempting." *She*—"Are you sorry?" *C prit*—"No, I'm not." *She*—"Then I'll forgive you."—*Life.*

Elevated Railroad conductor—"Schwxyzmixstrish!" *Stranger* "What street did you say?" *Elevated Railroad conductor* (with ble in bis eye)—"Schwxyzmixstrisb." *Stranger*—"Tbanks."—*Life.*

Prodley—"I bear you've been getting married." *Tooker*—"Ye *Prodley*—"Whom did you marry?" *Tooker*—"Milly Jones, mother, ber step-father, and two maiden aunts."—*Harper's Bazar.*

"Smithers is going to marry that rich Miss Bunker—a million doll cold." "Hooray!" "I'm surprised to hear you rejoice. I thou you disliked bim." "I do; but he owes me a hundred dollars. *Harper's Bazar.*

Spriggs (to Cocculus, a brewer)—"I read in the paper, the other d tbat tbe bop-crop is a sbort one this year. Will that have any effect the price of beer?" *Cocculus*—"I guess not. Why should it? *Munsey's Weekly.*

California Life Insurance agent (to applicant for policy)—"Wha your profession?" *Applicant*—"I am judge of the court— *Agent*—"Sorry, judge, but we can't take such a hazardous risk. *Munsey's Weekly.*

Old lady—"Doctor, please let me bave my bill." *Doctor*—"I good woman, I know you are not in the best of circumstances. I w nothing for my trouble." *Old lady*—"Oh, tbat's kind of you! wbo will pay tbe druggist?"—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Physician (to unprepossessing female patient)—"You say you foll a sedentary occupation—you should be on your feet as mucb as pos ble out of working bours." *Unprepossessing female*—"I am; I r back and forth to business in a Broadway street-car."—*Life.*

Isabel Irene—"Ob, Mr. Van Swell, there is such a beavy uoder bere! Give me your hand—quick—I am afraid I shall be carried off it." *Van Swell* (on a rock)—"Oh, no, you'd better hang on to cane so that I can let go in case you are."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Tawker—"How can you afford to send your family to Sarato when you told me only last month that you were broke?" *Cawker* "Ob, I'm in a new business now. I have started a drop-a-nickel-in-t slot-and-ascertain-tbe-machine-is-out-of-order-company."—*Life.*

Tommy—"I'm going to tell ma you pusbed me overboard." *Lit Johnnie*—"You'd better not." *Tommy*—"She'll lick me if I say I over." *Little Johnnie*—"That's what you'd better tell her. If you p the blame on me I'll lick you, and I'll burt you more than your mou will."—*Life.*

One wet evening Mr. Cyrus Cole throws the stub of a cigar in a p of old scrap-iron, and starts a million-dollar fire. At a later date be tempts to start a fire in the grate, and altbougb he uses a dollar's wo of kindlers and a half-gallon of keroseoe, be is obliged to give it up a failure.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Farmer Pommy—"If you had come and asked me for them app I'd a' give ye all ye c'u'd eat." *Naughty Tommy*—"I koowed it, bos that's ther reason I didn't ax yer." *Farmer Pommy*—"But now guess I'll bev to give ye a lickin'." *Naughty Tommy*—"What I putting so mucb confidence in yer?"—*Puck.*

Nellie (sympathetically)—"You poor dear! What a narrow escap And what started the horse?" *Gussie* (indignantly)—"Well—y know, Will was just helping me out of the buggy; and—the stu horse could not tell the difference between a—good-night—kiss an signal to start. And be just—started. Some horses bave so little sens —*Pittsburg Bulletin.*

Ardent swain (to object of his affections, who is about to start o visit to a well-known watering-place)—"Anna, my sweet, will you main true to me all the time you are away, taking the waters?" *Sw seventeen*—"Why, Edgar, you silly old boy, as if that would make a difference! Don't you know the Karlsbad waters act on the liver, a not on tbe heart?"—*Fliegende Blätter.*

"Is your name Goodenough?" asked a bill-collector of a man whom he was calling. "It is," answered the man, with a look of su prise. "Then I have a bill against you," and he handed him a slip paper. "That is not my name," said the man. "But you said yo name was Goodenough." "So it is," said the man, as be prepared close tbe door; "it's good enough for me."—*Peck's Sun.*

The President—"Mr. Halford, when Mr. Cleveland occupied t office of executive, the newspapers used to print conversations betwe him and Mr. Lamont." *The secretary*—"Yes, I remember." *T President*—"And in those conversations Mr. Lamont always address Mr. Cleveland as 'sire.'" *The secretary*—"So be did." *The Pres dent*—"Well—er—um—ah, do you think we are going to have any ra to-day, 'Lige?" *The secretary*—"No, sire."—*Epoch.*

SOCIETY.

The Reis-Brooks Wedding.

A pleasant home wedding took place last Thursday afternoon at the residence of Mr. S. H. Brooks, United States Treasurer, 634 Polk Street. The contracting parties were the daughter, Miss Belle Beaufort Brooks, and Mr. John Neal Reis, son of the late Mr. Gustav Reis. In the prettily decorated parlors, where bright-hued roses and other fragrant flowers gave their beauty to the apartments, there were assembled the relatives and a few intimate friends of the young couple who witnessed the ceremony at half-past three o'clock. Rev. J. K. Smith was the officiating clergyman.

The bride, who is a blonde of exceeding beauty, was richly gowned in a Worth costume of white Duchesse satin, en traine. The V-shaped bodice was ornamented with a stomacher of pearls in floriated designs, and the short sleeves were finished with loops of pearls which were met by long gloves of white undressed kid. The skirt opened at the side in a panel, with an insertion of white crêpe, and near the base was a deep fringe of pearl embroidery. Her coiffure, which was dressed high, was adorned with a spray of orange blossoms and a blazing star of diamonds, which held in place the long flowing veil of white silk moleine. Her handsome bouquet was of La Marque roses and gardenias, and her ornaments comprised diamond bracelets, ear-rings, and a necklace of these flashing gems.

After the ceremony the newly wedded couple were duly congratulated, and then followed an elaborate dinner which was attended by many pleasant incidents. Some beautiful and costly presents were given to Mr. and Mrs. Reis by their many friends. In the evening they departed for New York, from which on October 2d will sail for Europe on the *City of Paris*, intending to remain away about a year.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mrs. Theresa Fair, Miss Fair, and Miss Birdie Fair will start for New York on October 2d.

Mrs. Henry Lund, who has been in Europe for the last six months, returned to the city on Friday.

Mr. Lloyd Tevis went East a week ago, accompanied by his son, Dr. H. L. Tevis.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, who are now in New York, after their European trip, are expected home soon.

Mrs. Martin Regenshurger will return from New York at the latter part of October.

Mr. James V. Coleman is in New York city, and makes his headquarters occasionally to Long Branch and other seaside resorts. Senator George Hearst is in New York city, and is paying considerable attention to his racing-stock.

A telegram from New York announcing the arrival in New York a week ago of Mrs. A. E. Head and Miss Anna Head was without foundation, as they will not leave Liverpool before October 16th.

Senator and Mrs. Leland Stanford have been visiting Sacramento during the past week.

Mrs. Peter Donahue will soon go East on a visit for a couple of months.

Mr. and Mrs. William Wolff have returned from a five months' trip to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Holbrook, the Misses Holbrook, and Mr. H. M. Holbrook have arrived in New York after their prolonged European tour, and are stopping at the Hotel Brunswick.

Mrs. Henry Matthews, of Oakland, has gone East, en route to Paris, where she will join her daughter, Miss M. G. Matthews. They will then commence on a two years' tour of Europe.

Mrs. S. Huff and the Misses Huff went East via Panama, a week ago on the steamer *San Blas*, and will be away several months.

Senator and Mrs. John P. Jones will pass several weeks in autumn at Gold Hill, Nev., and then will go to Washington, D. C., to remain during the winter season.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles O. Alexander, Miss Leila Carroll, and Miss Fannie Thompson have been passing the week pleasantly at Sacramento.

Colonel and Mrs. J. Mervyn Donahue will leave for an extended visit in a fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Monteagle have gone East, and will be away about two months.

Mr. William M. Lent and his daughter, Mrs. Alexander, have been visiting at San Rafael for several days.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Lincoln and Miss Ethel Lincoln have returned from their visit to Monterey.

Mrs. Charles S. Knowles has been visiting friends in Sacramento during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Sherwood will reside at 2121 California street when they return from San Rafael.

Mrs. J. H. Boalt and Miss Alice Boalt have returned from a prolonged visit at Monterey.

Mr. E. J. de Santa Marina arrived here from Paris last Friday and is at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Gladys M. Code is the guest of Mrs. P. A. Jordan, Santa Cruz, where she will remain for two weeks.

Miss Bessie Mardis, of Napa, has been visiting her cousin, Mrs. James A. Code.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Rideout have been spending the week at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Edith Taylor has been paying a visit to Mrs. Louis Parrott at her home in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Sharon will return East about the middle of October.

Mrs. W. H. L. Barnes and Mr. William S. Barnes are at Coronado Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Booth have gone north to visit Portland, Seattle, and other points.

Mrs. Eugene Casserly, Miss Daisy Casserly, Mr. J. B. Casserly, and Mr. A. J. Casserly are still at Menlo Park, but will return to the city next month.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Bowie and Miss Babette Howard are at their country residence in San Mateo, having recently ended from a yachting cruise which took them as far south as San Diego.

Mr. Paul R. Jarboe has gone to New Haven, Conn., to study law during the coming winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph E. Spence have been entertaining Miss Annie Bliss, Miss Sheehy, and Miss Sybil Nugent at their home on the Alameda in San José.

Misses Kate and Agnes Burgin have returned from a visit to Richy Springs.

Mr. Dudley Child, who has been visiting Captain and Mrs. W. H. Watson, of Oakland, for several months, will return to his home in Boston next Wednesday.

Mr. W. E. Sharon came down from Virginia, Nev., last Friday for a brief visit.

Miss Mae Wickersham, of Petaluma, is in the city on a visit to her friends.

Mr. Summit L. Hecht has returned to Harvard College to resume his studies.

Miss Mae Helene Bacon, who has been visiting relatives in Stockton and Sacramento, has gone to Fairview Cottage, Santa Cruz County, to remain until her departure for Guatemala in November.

Miss Mamie Miles has returned to her home in Los Angeles after a pleasant visit to Mrs. Wilson.

Miss M. E. Snell and Miss Jennie Waters have gone East, the latter to enter Vassar College for a post-graduate course of study.

Notes and Gossip.

Mr. T. P. Fowler, of New York, who is out here on a pleasure visit, gave an elegant dinner-party at the Palace Hotel last Thursday evening in honor of Mr. A. N. Towne.

The wedding of Miss Ella Nightingale, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Nightingale, and Mr. George H. T. Jackson of Colonel and Mrs. John P. Jackson, will take place at the home of the bride's parents on Haight Street next Wednesday, and will be quietly celebrated, as only relatives will be present.

Mrs. James Herrmann formerly Miss Georgia A. Cooper, of Washington, D. C., accompanied by her mother, will soon arrive in this city from the East to join her husband. Mrs. Herrmann will be remembered as one of the leading society belles of San Francisco, and during the past few years has been well known in society circles in Philadelphia and Washington.

The Union League Club will hold its first ladies' night reception and entertainment next Friday evening at the club-house on Geary Street.

The California Lawn Tennis Club has issued invitations to its exhibition games which will be held at its grounds, corner of Bush and Scott Streets, on Saturday, September 28th. At two o'clock exhibition games will be played between Mr. W. H. Taylor, Jr., champion of the Pacific Coast, and Mr. Joseph Daily, court-keeper, and doubles between Messrs. McGavin and Hoffmann and Messrs. Yates and Wright. The annual election will be held that day and a luncheon will be served.

Mrs. Peter Donahue will give a tea at her residence on Bryant Street next Tuesday afternoon, from three until eight o'clock.

A party of young ladies and gentlemen enjoyed an excursion up the Sacramento River last week at the invitation of Mrs. Daniel Hanlon, who chaperoned the party. They left on the steamer *Pride of the River* on Friday morning, the 13th instant, and made the trip leisurely, going as far as Bryant's Landing, within fourteen miles of the capital city. The weather was delightful, the moon was agreeable, and at night the river banks echoed with the music of banjos and melodious voices. The party returned Saturday at midnight.

Army and Navy News.

Lieutenant E. F. Qualtrough, U. S. N., was at the Palace Hotel for several days during the past week.

By recent orders changing the stations of companies of the First Infantry, U. S. A., the following changes in the stations of some of the officers of that regiment will take place: Captain Tisdall and Lieutenants Vogdes and Faison, of the Presidio, and Captain Markland and Lieutenant Mason, of Angel Island, to Benicia Barracks; Captain Edmunds and Lieutenants Barry, Winn, Tripp, and Ferris, of Angel Island, to the Presidio; Captain Pierce and Lieutenants Noble and Connolly, of Benicia, Captain Armstrong and Lieutenant Holley, of Fort McDermitt, Nev., Captain Dougherty and Lieutenant Maus, of Fort Gaston, Cal., to Angel Island.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Urso Testimonial Concert.

Mme. Camilla Urso, the eminent violin virtuose, was tendered a testimonial concert at the Grand Opera House last Thursday evening, under the patronage of many of our most prominent society ladies. The concert was both a social and financial success, and was greatly enjoyed by the large audience. The programme was as follows:

Quintet in C minor, op. 70, first movement ..... Jadassohn
Messrs. S. Martinez, Henry Heyman, Noah Brandt, Frederick Knell, Rudolph Patek.

Male Chorus,
(a) Serenade ..... Eisenhofer
(b) Rhine Wine Song ..... Mendelssohn
The Bohemian Club Male Chorus.

Songs, with violin obligato,
(a) Ave Maria Stella ..... Proch
(b) Timbre d'Argent ..... Saint Sàens
Mrs. Julie Rosewald.
Violin, Mr. J. H. Rosewald.

Song, "Life" ..... Blumenthal
Mr. Walter C. Campbell.

Andante and Rondo, from the Violin Concerto ..... Beetboven
Mme. Camilla Urso.
(First time in San Francisco.)

Variations for two Pianos ..... Schumann
Messrs. Roderick and Oscar Herold.

Valse de Concert, Profumi Orientali ..... Bellenghi
Miss Mary E. Barnard.

Aria from "Stabat Mater," "Cujus Animam" ..... Rossini
Mr. Alfred Wilkie.

Fantaisie, "Faust" ..... Wieniawski
Mme. Camilla Urso.

Duo, Folksongs ..... Dvorak
Mrs. Rosewald and Miss Barnard.

Male Chorus, Wanderer's Night Song ..... Loreur
The Bohemian Club Male Chorus.

The Mansfeldt Concert.

Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt gave his twenty-seventh concert of this season last Monday evening at Spencer Hall. The attendance was quite large, and the following programme was well presented:

Largo and allegro from Symphony No. 12 ..... Haydn
Miss Edith Reynolds, Miss Eva Crowley,
Miss Opha Miller, Miss Hattie Dunlap.

Nocturne, E flat major ..... Chopin
Miss Effie McDonald.

Le Galop (Caprice Brilliante). Opus 104 ..... Raff
Miss Hattie L. Dunlap.

Saltarelle, D minor ..... Ketterer
Miss Jennie Beasey.

Waltz, A flat major, op. 42 ..... Chopin
Miss Eva Crowley.

Minuet ..... Schubert
Miss Opha Miller and Miss Effie McDonald.

(a) Study, G flat major ..... Chopin
(b) Octave study, F major ..... Kullak
Mr. Emil Steinegger.

(a) Nocturne, G flat major ..... Meyer-Helmund
(b) Caprice Espagnole, "Golden Locks" ..... Arrillaga
Mrs. Hugo Mansfeldt.

(a) Slumber Song ..... Heller
(b) Glueckes Genug ..... Schumann
(c) Murmuring Zephyrs ..... Jensen
(d) Waltz, A flat major, op. 34, No. 1 ..... Chopin
Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt.

The Channing Auxiliary announce two piano recitals by Ernst Hartmann on Saturday afternoons, October 12th, and 26th, at which he will play two of Beethoven's sonatas and some selections from Liszt, Chopin, Schumann, Schubert, and other composers. Mr. Hartmann has not appeared in public for several years.

Signor G. B. Galvani has arrived in New York after visiting Italy and the Paris Exposition, and will return to this city in a few days.

Gardiner's Island, which covers ten thousand acres, still belongs to the descendants of its original proprietor, Lionel Gardiner, to whom it belonged in the days when England ruled America. The old manor-house still stands where it stood two hundred years ago. The dining-room is perhaps the best preserved in the house. There may be seen the heavy oak mantel-piece, the massive fire-place, with its iron crane, the tall clock, the dining-table surrounded by its high-backed chairs, and the mahogany sideboard groaning under its weight of silver. The house is occupied in summer by members of the family of Gardiner.

The plan adopted by the British authorities for carrying the increased amount of ammunition required for the magazine-rifle, provides for a double handolier passing over the left shoulder and round the body, but made in two parts joined by hooks, so that either part could be used alone extending from shoulder-strap to waist-belt, or the whole could be joined to form a belt round the waist. This will enable each man to carry over one hundred rounds into action, in addition to the contents of the magazine.

A novel cause for unpleasantness occurred at the Duke of Richmond's house at Goodwood, not long ago, between the host and one of his most distinguished guests. The latter gentleman had made baccarat a regular feature of the evening, telling the host that it was "Homburg whist." On the last night, he found out that he had been hoaxed, and expressed himself in language strong enough to strain his relations with his guest very seriously.

The rumor is that Princess Victoria of Wales will marry Viscount Chelsea, the eldest son of Lord Cadogan.

"A LITERARY ADVENTURESS."

"Nym Crinkle" Scores One of the Erotic Maidens.

[Recently, A. C. Wheeler ("Nym Crinkle") of the New York *World*, wrote a review of one of those erotic novels which American maids and matrons seem to be turning out with such rapidity. On the following Sunday, the publishers of the book printed a column advertisement in the *World* containing extracts from "Nym Crinkle's" review, which extracts in turn contained some of the most erotic passages in the book. The advertisement was a staring one, and the general impression it gave was that "Nym Crinkle" approved of the book. The same advertisement has since appeared in the chaste columns of the *Chronicle* and *Examiner* in this city. Mr. Wheeler has been moved, by this commercial use of his prose, to make some comments on the literary maiden and her methods. He says:]

The writer of a wretched piece of juvenile bombast and indecency has, it appears, been hoisted into momentary success by a review of her book which I wrote.

In writing that review I was actuated solely by the desire to emphasize as much as possible the overlooked elements of audacious and indelicate craft that are employed by a group of women-writers, recently brought to public notice, who are destitute of all literary skill and knowledge, and depend entirely upon their impudence and their unscrupulousness to arrest the attention of the gullible public.

The position in which the author of this book has put me requires some explanation. That book was published by the author and by her sent to me, with a letter requesting me to review it. The first glance at the book made me throw it down as beneath contempt. It has no literary merit. It is uninteresting, imbecile, foolish, and impertinent. But the note which accompanied it deliberately hoped that I would denounce it, and thus aid the author, who was a very young and inexperienced girl. The unparalleled effrontery of this young girl was so much greater than her ability that it arrested my attention. Here was a young woman who deliberately calculated that if it could be made to appear that she had offended good taste, she would get a sale for her book. With a devilish craft that one does not look for in a girl, she built her hopes upon the vulgarity, the ignorance, the stupidity, and the shameless curiosity of the public.

As she was one of a group of literary adventuresses, all bent on blackmailing decency, I read the book with the one purpose of exposing not alone her literary imbecility, but her commercial dishonesty.

I wrote an article touching upon and quoting the incomprehensible nonsense which she had put forth as literature. I said, as distinctly as polite English would permit me to say, that it was the exudation of an immature mind mistaking the ill-regulated impulses of a young kitten for the upreaching of a human soul; that the young girl who wrote the book did not know the difference between an appetite and an aspiration, and continually confused her own "mewling and puking" with intellectual activity,

I honestly felt, as a father, no less than as a reviewer, that she ought to be spanked back into proper retirement in her mother's nursery until she was fit to wear long clothes and bad been taught how to control her "rebellious bust." Like a good many other irrepressible minxes who have never had any moral training, she labored under the delusion that impertinence is cleverness, that adjectives are poetry, that recklessness is romance, that beinousness is heroism, and that literature is license. Like thousands of her kind, she became a suffering genius whenever her desires were not gratified.

That an ignorant, willful, and slightly hysterical young animal of this description should also possess a calculating craft which enabled her to see that her incompetency and audacity could be turned to commercial account, is, perhaps, the most surprising, as it is at present the most conspicuous, element in the literary adventuress. I received the following blaspbemous letter from her, which, in view of all the facts, I think I am warranted in publishing:

I hope you will not think that I do not appreciate your notice of my novel. I have been so busy working on my new book that I have not had a moment to call my own. Nevertheless I thank you for your kindness, and if you were here I would shake hands with you. A good old lady said to me, a few days ago, that I ought to thank God for my success; but I say that "Nym Crinkle" deserves thanks just as much as God, for it was your criticism which induced Mr. —— to buy the copyright. I do not mean to be slangy, but I really mean just what I say. Pluck and courage go a good ways, but I think a good, sharp critic can do still more.

The brazen insensibility of this letter is so unmistakably indicative of the gross, hard craft which underlies the literary adventuress, that the letter may safely be put in evidence as corroborative of all that I have said of the writer. It appeared to me that the young woman who wrote it stood, by virtue of her mingled literary brazenness and puerility, a little in advance of the Atherton and Daintry, who had opened the path for her. She appeared to me to realize in her fiction what Macaulay said of the playwrights of the Restoration, who found popularity in putting the most objectionable words and ideas into the mouths of the youngest and most ignorant of their actresses.

Nobody except the diligent critic has any notion how many new plays are produced in a London season. In the August number of the *Theatre* (edited by Mr. Clement Scott) it is shown that twenty-four new plays and eight important revivals were put on the stage between June 19th and July 23d—that is to say, that, allowance being made for Sundays, a new play was produced or an old one revived at rather more than the rate of one a day. No wonder that dramatic authors complain of their lot, and only refrain from quarreling with their bread and cheese because they have none to quarrel with. A good number of these more or less original new plays were produced at matinées, presumably at the expense of the author or his friends—but not all of them, or nearly all; so we are forced to believe that the London manager is naturally a sanguine man, who will gladly produce almost any play on the chance that it may turn up trumps.

Patriotic Germans are hard at work weeding out words of French extraction from their vocabulary. Among them is a tobacconist of Dusseldorf, who, wishing to banish the word *cigarre* from the German dictionary, offered prizes for substitutes which should be thoroughly Teutonic. Two of the words offered are said to have been *glimstengel* (burning-stalk) and *giftnudeln* (poison-tubes).

The vintage of this year, in both France and Germany, promises to rival that of 1868.

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Song of the Jag.

Sing a song of fifteen cents,
A tumblerful of rye,
Quite a lurid case of joy
Plain to every eye.
When the jag was over,
Closed the wild carouse,
Wasn't that a doleful sight
In the station-house?
—*Washington Capital.*

America.

(Seeing Dr. Smith and going him several better in the matter of Centennial stanzas.)

My country—that's if I
May use the pronoun "my"
Of what's not mine—
Land where my fathers died
(To make more room inside
For aliens to ride
Upon my spine!)

My "native" country, thee—
Where Clan-na-Gaels are free
And boycotts thrive—
I love thy stocks and hills,
Thy Goulds and D. B. Hills;
My heart in rapture spills
In blocks of five.

Our Country's God, to thee,
Oh, thou Almighty D.,
To thee we Sing.
Long may our flag be green,
Our patriots unseen,
And our Four Hundred mean
Great Gold Our King
—*Charles F. Lummis in Life.*

He Found her and Foundered.

I called her my own destiny,
My dearest ship of fate,
That sailed the stormy sea of life
With love of me as freight.

I wandered in the garden, still
Beneath that witching spell,
And found my ship at anchor
On the bosom of a swell. —*Light.*

Bootblack Blues.

The melancholy days have come,
The days of yellow shoes;
The sun does all the "shining" now,
And bootblacks have the blues.
—*Yenowine's News.*

A Trouser Idyl.

DEAR KATE: By this mail I advance
To you the remnants of my pants.
There's just the waist-band and one leg
Which you'll accept with love, I beg.
It may be when you find the rest
They'll make your brother Tim a vest.
The shreds I send are very slight,
Your pa's dog got the rest last night.
—*Omaha World.*

Pat's Wisdom.

Tim Doolan and his wife, wan night,
Were drinkin' av the crayture,
Whin something started up a fight,
And they wint at it right an' tight,
According to their nature.

O'Grady and mesilf stood near,
Expecting bloody murther.
Says he to me: "Let's interfere."
But I, pretending not to hear,
Moved off a little further.

"Lave off, ye brute," says he to Tim;
"No man wud sthrike a lady."
But both the Doolans turned on him,
And in a whist the two av thim
Were wallopin' O'Grady.

That night whin I was home, in bed,
Remimbering this token,
I took the notion in my head
That the wisest word I iver said
Was the one that wasn't spoken.
—*Washington Post.*

A Revised Version.

Great Phayroe's daughter, on the banks of Nile
Wint wan day to bathe in stile,
And running along the bank to dry her skhin,
She hot her fut agin the basket Moses lay in.
The Princess turned round to her maids and smiled
Saying, "Girls, which av yees owns this darling child?"
—*Town Topics.*

Base-Ball.

Give me, of every game, Base-Ball, the great game of the nation.
The game that is played every day in each hamlet from sea unto sea,
The game that just shakes us all up as the winds shake the turbulent ocean,
The game that our hearts hold forever as though by a natural law.

It is one of the greatest delights, it is one of America's pillars,
That never will fall to a ruin, or crumble away into dust;
It will live like the sea and the stars, that defy both the earthquake and tempest;
It will be a large part of this land, and shake it right up to its centre
As long as this land of the free among nations shall hold the first place. —*Puck.*

Valedictory of the Future.

Hail, fellow-sluggers, athletes all; hail sinew, bone, and muscle;
The one equipment worth our care in life's unnerving tussle.
Hail, running leap, and boxing-bout, the wrestling-match, and vaulting;
The tug-of-war, the flying ball—cart-wheel and somersaulting.
Upon the threshold we advance of large achievement's portal,
Where curves and kicks and bludgeon blows make enterprise immortal.
Think of the mighty Sullivan; recall his record gory;
And then consider so may we slug on to wealth and glory.
Observe the sculler in his scull along the river flying,
The wild huzzas—the struggling hosts to do him honor vying.
And lo! the man behind the bat. Where else such chance gigantic?
A three-base hit—a double play—the people mad and frantic!
Brains—to be sure, else life would be monotonously lonely,
But brains to be the complement of brawn and muscle only.
For what's the good of intellect when muscle gets the credit?
The geniuses are never known in all the sheets they edit.
But, give a supple man the gloves and he's in rarest clover,
For he can strike a blow that's heard this sporting country over.
Brains, to be sure—but sluggers hail! Hail sinew, bone, and muscle!
So best is modern man equipped for life's unnerving tussle.
—*Philadelphia Press.*

Mrs. Rubinstein (to little Moses, who has been presented with a quarter)—"What do you do, Moses, when the gentleman gives you the quarter?" *Little Moses*—"Ring it to see if it is good."—*Time.*

PHONOGRAPH REPORTING.

Some poor law-reporter anxiously inquires whether the phonograph is not likely soon to supersede the stenograph. It might strike one that the phonograph would make the best of reporters; but the stenographers need not consult their fears until some of its bad habits have been overcome.

The experiment was tried at the office of the Hon. Gordon Blakely, in a hearing, on the third of August last, in Buller *vs.* Jones.

This is the way page 237 of the testimony would have read if his stenographer could have had the handling of it:

Cross-examination by Mr. Smith:

Q.—What is your business?

A.—Lumber, commission. I solicit orders for door-casings, etc.

Q.—Do you know the defendant, Mr. Jones?

A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—And Mr. Kavanagh? Answer "yes" or "no."

A.—Yes.

Q.—You heard his testimony, given yesterday?

A.—Yes; most of it.

Q.—He was asked how many casings had this turned molding on them, and he said he could not tell. Do you know?

A.—I couldn't tell. A great many.

Q.—Did you furnish the material to make that molding?

A.—It was ash.

Q.—I say, did you furnish it?

A.—Yes, sir; some of it.

But the stenographer had been given a vacation, in the expectation that the phonograph would more than fill his place, and the instrument covered itself with glory, thus:

"'Mr. Peck, what's your business? Eh? What is your business? I SAY, WHAT IS YOUR BUSINESS?'

(The phonograph gave this very loud. That witness was deaf.)

"'Oh, my business? Lumber, commission. I answered that before. I solicit door-casings, etc.'

(Here the phonograph gave a distinct laugh, and one politely suppressed.)

"'What do you do—do you get them?' 'I mean I solicit orders for door-casings, etc.' 'Do you know the defendant, Mr. Jones?' 'Yes, sir.' 'And Mr. Kavanagh?' 'Well, I dunno; pretty well. I am acquainted with him. You can't always say you know a person——' 'Never mind moralizing; answer yes or no. Are you acquainted with him, if you like that better?' 'Yes.' 'You heard his testimony, given yesterday?' 'Yes, most of it; all I was listening to. I am a little hard of hearing—been so since —let me see——' 'Never mind. He was asked—Where is it?——'"

(Here the phone broke off suddenly and began to relate an anecdote of General Sheridan during the late war. Mr. Blakely ransacked his memory as to what that had to do with Buller *vs.* Jones, till he remembered that the anecdote had been related by Mr. Whitney, on Mr. Dill remarking that it was very warm, while Mr. Smith was hunting for a passage in the stenographer's minutes. But it was no use to remind the phonograph that it was irrelevant, incompetent, and immaterial; for it would go on, and even related Mr. Blakely's own laugh at the end, although Mr. Blakely made a point of never laughing at the same anecdote twice. Then it resumed the examination.)

"'Oh, here it is. He was asked how many casings had this turned molding on them, and he said he could not tell; do you know?' 'Eh?' 'He was asked how many casings had this turned molding on them, and he said he could not tell; do you know?' 'I couldn't tell; a great many.' 'Did you——' 'Here's a gentleman to see you, Mr. Blakely.' 'I can't see him now, I am engaged; tell him to call again. Tom! Come back and shut the door!'"

(The phonograph now imitated the shutting of a door.)

"'Now, Mr. Smith ——'"

(For eighteen seconds the phonograph seemed divided between a desire to report the question and to imitate the rumbling of a cart which went through the street, with a few notes of what sounded like "Lanagan's Ball" on a hand-organ.)

"'Perhaps we had better have that window shut. We will have the next hearing in the back room, as usual, gentlemen; I thought it would be cooler here. Did you furnish the material to make that molding?' 'It was ash.' 'I say, did you furnish it?' 'Eh?' 'Did you furnish it?' 'Earn it?' 'FURNISH IT!' 'Oh! Yes, sir; some of it.'"

"Tom," said Mr. Blakely, half an hour later, "go out and post this letter to the stenographer, to tell him he must be back before the next hearing. If civilization had stopped short the other side of the phonograph, it would have been advanced enough for me.

"There, I forgot to tell him to hurry! The inventors would do well to turn their attention to making an instrument that would keep track of a boy when he goes on an errand."—*Puck.*

Getting an Ad.

Opie P. Read, the editor of the *Arkansaw Traveler*, is a very big man, with a tremendously heavy head of long, black, unkempt hair. One day he was passing the office of a well-known hair-restorative establishment on State Street, Chicago. His partner, Mr. Benham, was with him and said:

"We ought to get an advertisement out of this establishment."

Opie looked in and saw a family of country people inside.

"I'll get it for you right now," said he, and in he walked.

The countryman had just taken off his hat and was showing the manager how bald he was, and asking if he thought the hair would ever grow again on his head. Opie walked up to the manager, and, putting out his hand, warmly said:

"My dear sir, I have come a long way to thank you in person and to show you what your restorative has done for me."

Here he took off his old black slouch-hat and shook out his long and wonderfully thick, fine hair.

"There, sir," said he, gratefully, "look at that. Four months ago, you remember, I was as bald as that electric-lamp up there."

The manager was a little dazed. This was rather more than even he could swallow.

"What did you do for it?" put in the interested countryman.

"Used this restorer—four dozen bottles of it—according to directions."

The upshot of it was, the countryman took two dozen bottles, and went his way.

"There," said Opie to his partner, "now you talk business with this man, and I guess you'll get a pr[...] good advertisement out of him."

When the manager learned who Opie was, said:

"You can put me down for the biggest ad. in y[...] paper, and send in your bill when you please."—*Washington Post.*

His lovely Innocence.

It had rained all the long, dreary day, and [...] Lord Fauntleroy's golden curls were bedraggled [...] wet, and his nice collar hung limp adown his sle[...] shoulders when he came home at a quarter-past [...] o'clock and tossed his school-books at the cat w[...] lay by the hearth.

"Grandpa," he said, softly, as he came to w[...] the old man was quietly sitting, smoking, and th[...]ing, "I thought all brides were of the female sex[...]"

"They are, child; they are. Why do you m[...] such an odd remark?"

"Because, grandpa, in looking over my geogra[...] lesson I came upon the Hebrides. Are they fem[...] too? And if so, why are they called 'he'?" [...] the little lord peered into his grandsire's face wit[...] anxious, eager look in his gobelin-blue eyes, w[...] showed how great was his desire to be informed [...]rectly.

"Go away, child; you weary me," said the [...] man. And little Lord Fauntleroy crept sadly a[...] and did not smile again even once all the remai[...] of the day.—*Albany Express.*

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A gentleman of good education, a graduate of Oxford [...]versity, prepares a few pupils and fits them for enteri[...] universities. Classics, mathematics, made a special s[...] French, German, music. In order that each pupil [...] receive the greatest amount of individual instructio[...] number of pupils is limited. Great care is also ta[...] selecting only those who are the sons of families o[...] standing, in order to maintain as high a tone as p[...] among the pupils. Backward boys receive special atte[...]
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W. W. GASCOYNE, B. A[...]
Care S. H. Bigland, 39 Sutter Street, S[...]

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Commencing Sunday, March 31, 1889, and until ther notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

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(Sdays)—8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 12.30, 1.30, 2.45, 0, 5.30, 6.30, P. M.

Fr SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week ys)—6.10, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.55 P. M.
(Sdays)—8.00, 9.50, 10.55 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 1.15, 2.45, 4.00, 0, 6.05, 7.00 P. M. Extra trips on Saturday at 6.25 P. M.
, 50 cents, round trip.

Fr SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—5, 8.15, 9.55, 11.50 A. M.; 2.30, 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
(Sdays)—8.45, 10.35, 11.35 A. M.; 12.45, 1.55, 3.30, 0, 5.45, 6.50, 7.45 P. M. Extra trips on Saturday at 05 P. M.
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A. M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Cazaro and intermediate stations. Returning arrives in San ancisco at 8.15 P. M.

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

AVE	From Sept. 9, 1889.	ARRIVE
30 A.	Haywards, Niles and San José	*12.45 P.
30 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis	7.15 P.
00 A.	Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	6.15 P.
30 A.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	11.15 A.
30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
30 A.	Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	*3.45 P.
00 A.	Sacramento River Steamers	**6.00 A.
00 P.	Express Haywards, Niles & San José	9.45 A.
00 P.	Stockton and §Milton; Vallejo, Calistoga & Santa Rosa	9.45 A.
30 P.	2d Class Ogden and East	10.45 A.
30 P.	Sacramento and Knight's Landing via Davis	10.15 A.
30 P.	Niles and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
30 P.	Niles and San José	‡ 4.45 P.
30 P.	Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
30 P.	Central Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	7.45 P.
00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East	7.45 A.
00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.
	SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.	
45 A.	Newark, San José and Santa Cruz	‡ 8.05 P.
15 A.	Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
45 P.	Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*11.20 A.
45 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, Los Gatos and Santa Cruz	‡‡9.50 A.
	COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)	
25 A.	San José and Way Stations	2.30 P.
50 A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz, Sunday Excursion	‖ 8.25 P.
30 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos; Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey, Pacific Grove; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations	6.12 P.
30 A.	San José, Almaden and Way Stations	7 30 P.
01 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	5.02 P.
30 P.	Menlo Park, San José, Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville, Monterey, and Pacific Grove only. (Del Monte limited.)	*11.15 A.
30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and principal Way Stations	*10.00 A.
20 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	7.58 A.
20 P.	San José and Way Statioos	9.03 A.
35 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A.
45 P.	San José and principal Way Stations	‡4.30 P.

A for morning. P. for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only. ** Mondays excepted. Saturdays excepted. ‖ Saturdays and Sundays only to Santa Cruz. ‡‡ Sundays and Mondays only from Santa Cruz.

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WILLIAM ALVORD ..... President.
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The displayed lines should give in a condensed form the information contained in the advertisement. The display should be the index. Short display lines should be centered, leaving a uniform blank on each side. When a number of short lines are grouped together, and it is desired to use the same style of type in displaying them all, an excellent effect may be produced by giving them an irregular indentation, by beginning each line a little further to the right than the line above it was begun, preserving throughout a well-balanced irregularity. Some of the best displays are produced not by type, but by the absence of type. Blank spaces nearly always improve an advertisement. One thing remember, nothing disfigures a displayed advertisement so much as crowding together displayed lines. If the advertisement is brief, let the displayed lines be few.—*Printers' Ink.*

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By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office; it must be understood, however, that by this arrangement a subscriber may not obtain more than one of these periodicals without an additional subscription to the *Argonaut* for each additional periodical.

The Argonaut and the Century for One Year, by Mail	$7.00
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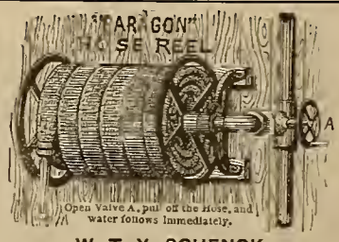

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Rosina Vokes will come to the Baldwin after the "Little Lord Fauntleroy" season.

"Little Lord Fauntleroy" comes to the Baldwin after Miss Davenport in "La Tosca." Sixteen performances only will be given, twelve nights and four matinées.

"Theodora," the new opera at the Tivoli, has been greeted with large houses every night. It will be continued next week, again alternating with Audran's "The Vow of Love."

The "Razzle-Dazzle" song is a prominent feature of "A Brass Monkey." It was written by Mr. W. T. Barton, of this city, and has brought that gentleman much money in royalties.

Wallie Eddinger and Flossie Ethel will again he the Little Lords of Mrs. Burnett's play here and on the Pacific Coast tour, and then they go direct to the Madison Square Theatre, where the play is to be put up for another run.

Herrmann, the magician, will be at the Bush Street next week with a lot of new tricks. One of them he guarantees to be far ahead of "The Vanishing Lady"; it is called "Cremation," and consists in hurning up his pretty wife hefore the audience's very eyes.

Hoyt's latest—and, if we may believe the Eastern peopie, best—farce-comedy, "A Brass Monkey," will be seen at the California next week. It is needless to outline the story; the play, however, satirizes society journalism, the auction husiness, politics, and even the wearing of mourning.

New York *Truth* gives puhlication to the rumor that Mr. Mackay intends to reopen the Grand Opera House, and has engaged a manager and given him *carte blanche* to engage the best people procurahle. It further says that Sophie Eyre has had the post of leading-lady offered her.

The "Brass Monkey" company is the largest ever hrought out here for farce-comedy. There are twenty-one parts, eight being taken hy presumably pretty girls—all of whom are new here except Flora Walsh and Rosa France—and one by what Bill Nye calls a frank, open-faced bull-dog.

Patti Rosa, who has just returned from a year and a half in London and has a new play called "Marjorie Daw," will follow "A Brass Monkey" at the California. Then comes "Mr. Barnes of New York," Gunther's play, which is now being done in Chicago. James O'Neill in the new "Monte Cristo" will be along later in the season.

The Kiralfy Brothers have again joined bands and fortunes, and are now in New York, where their new spectacle "Antiope," with the marvelous Spanish dancer, Carmencita, is the talk of the town. The entire company, costumes, and scenery of the production will soon be hrought across the continent without a stop, and will open at the California in Novemher.

Charles Drew will be the Jonah of "A Brass Monkey," the rôle Charlie Reed played in New York. He has been in this farce-comedy for several months, ever since he left Carleton's opera company, in fact. His first appearance in this city was somewhat different. Ten or twelve years ago he was a handsome young tenor, and sang in comic opera with Alice Oates at the Alhamhra, now the Bush Street.

Fanny Davenport will open the fall and winter season at the Baldwin next Monday night in "La Tosca." She will he supported by Melbourne McDowell and a company made up largely from our local colony of actors. The engagement, which is for two weeks, promises to be a popular one, as it was one of the Baldwin's hest engagements last year and was not played long enough to hecome stale.

McKee Rankin will appear at the Alcazar next week in "The Runaway Wife." Since he last appeared in this city he has been seen in "The Golden Giant," and other plays of that order, in New York and other Eastern cities, hut for nearly a year he has confined himself to this present play. Mabel Bert is his leading lady, and E. J. Buckley, L. R. Stockwell, and the members of the Alcazar stock company will fill the other rôles.

Hermann is a good deal of a magician if he does claim to he only a prestidigitator, for he transmutes managerial talent into gold at a wonderful rate. He remarked casually the other day that his Transatlantic Vaudeville Company would add ahout forty-five thousand dollars to his yearly income—"add" making the statement particularly impressive. He probahly succeeds in making more show and money out of a few good performers than any other theatrical manager.

People who go out to the Park have caught more than one glimpse of Fanny Davenport and her stalwart husband striding along in the early morning of late. They have been enjoying a long vacation, and Miss Davenport has had to redouble her precautions against the terror of pretty actresses, increase of flesh. It was to avoid this insidious foe that Marie Jansen took to riding—she was nearly killed hy being thrown last month near Boston. Judic, strong in the *diablerie* of her eyes, does not care how fat she gets; but her rival, Granier, keeps her figure perfect by incessant exercise. Florence St. John—pronounced "Sinjen," with the accent on the "sin"—drinks huge quantities of cold tea; Agnes Huntington, another English actress, walks eight miles a day; Lillian Russell bants; and Pauline Hall rides a bicycle.

THE CHORUS-GIRL AT WORK.

A Comic Opera viewed from Behind the Scenes.

There were sobs from the violins, wails from the cornets, and groans both loud and deep from the 'cellos. The overture was just commencing.

"Plink! plink!" went the prompter's hell, and with a breezy whirr the curtain flew up on the opening chorus.

It was a new sensation to stand in the wings and watch the opera from the wrong side. All the skeleton rigging was in view, the tricks, the make-up, the hardship, and the disillusion.

I peeped through a hit of torn scenery and took my first view of an audience across the footlights.

Tier upon tier of faces, here and there a glistening shirt-front making a white spot in the gloom, and the leveled opera-glasses looking like the burning, unwinking eyes of strange monsters.

The stage hehind the painted forest was like a dismantled attic. Bunch-lights were sputtering in niches, and stage-hands in sbirt-sleeves dragged scenery about. Everybody was whispering, laughing, peeping, and the chorus-girls, making rapid entrances and exits, were the gayest there.

The chorus-girl! That young person, one of many, with startlingly hlack lashes and unnaturally hrilliant cheeks—we all know her. We have seen her times without numher trip down to the footlights, point her satin-shod toe, and wreathe her arms with rhythmic regularity to the music's beat. We have heard ber laugh at the comic man, have heard her shout, with her score of sisters: "Oh, no!" and "What impudence!" followed by a universal pout of painted lips—and we have thought we knew all about her. But there's another side to her life.

"We are going to change now for the Parisian scene," said a soft-voiced Bavarian peasant-girl to me; "don't you want to see us? You'd better. We're a queer lot."

I followed her down a narrow, bare stairs, which led under the stage. As we descended, the heat rushed up in our faces like a blast from a furnace. I heard voices humming half a dozen different tunes, and then my guide drew back the portière of a room at the end of a passage and ushered me in.

Ten gas-jets were turned at full blaze, and ten girls stood under the jets dabbing their faces with powder and flattening their noses against little hand-mirrors.

"Sit down and make yourself at home," said one girl; "this is an old story to us, but no doubt you'll find it interesting."

Clothes were flung recklessly on floor and chairs. The high-heeled slippers worn with the Louis Fifteenth costume were side hy side with the sabots of the peasant and the top-hoots of the soldier.

"Do you want to see me put my make-up on? I've just got in—late again! You remember the story of the Frenchman who committed suicide and left a note saying he killed himself because be was tired dressing and undressing? Well, that's what I'll do some day, only I'll say I'm tired putting paint on and rubbing it off." She turned her face to me as she laughed. It was ghastly with white grease-paint and a dew of perspiration stood upon her forehead. "You see," she went on, "first we rub in cold-cream and vaseline, then rub on grease-paint, powder comes next—see? Now I'm ready to wipe off my lashes and brows."

She held up a piece of hlack cosmetique to the gas-light, and when it had become soft, pasted it on her lashes until each hair stood out like a little, black stick. A hare's foot, covered with rouge, left a most uncompromising blush, not only on the cheeks, hut on the chin and eyelids, hesides a touch of pink in the ears and nostrils.

"How do you ever get it off? It must ruin your skin."

"Why, it comes off just as easy as—as—pie! We just smear our faces with vaseline, and it takes away every bit of it. Instead of harming the skin, I think it does it good. And the cosmetique we use on our eyes makes the lashes grow heautifully. Really!"

"Oh, girls, I'll die for a hreath of air!" exclaimed a short-skirted damsel, with a Little Buttercup figure; "just button this skirt for me. Oh, I keep growing stouter and stouter. Soon there won't be a thing in the wardrobe to fit me!" she exclaimed, despairingly. "Can't we open the ice-chest for a moment?"

"Oh, we wouldn't dare! You must want somebody to be fined for you, upon my word," said her neighhor.

"Do you like this life? Do you find it hard?" I asked.

To these questions there were half a dozen different answers all at once.

"I like it," said a little girl, in a flaring blondine wig; "there's a fascination about it—morhid, if you like—hut it's there. When seven o'clock comes I get restless. I left the stage for years, hut returned to it. Once you've been on and caught the fever, you're hopeless."

"Oh, it's a hard life," said another girl; "I don't see where the fascination comes in, hy Jove!"

She was tall, with a handsome, discontented face, and spoke with a remarkahly sweet, slightly foreign accent. She was a Louis Fifteenth swell, in light-hlue satin-breeches, silk hose, and a periwig. As she talked, she leaned against the wall, her hands thrust in her breeches' pockets, in approved masculine fashion.

"I have heen on the stage ten years. I tell you it's not an easy life. Many a hot day, when we've rehearsed all the afternoon, played at night, and rehearsed after the play until past midnight, I have thought one might hetter be dead. It's got to be done. I'm not complaining, hut I'd like to see where the fun comes in. The public imagine that we have a sort of soirée behind the scenes while the play is on and all sorts of interesting little flirtations with men-about-town. Now I wish you'd disabuse their mind of that nonsense. No strangers are admitted. And it's all hard work."

"Ladies all up behind the scenes! Ladies!" sang out a voice which sounded hollow and melancholy coming down the passage. There was a shout of dismay at this.

"Why, I'm not half-dressed yet!"

"Oh, just take your time! We can't he ready before we are, anyhow, and that settles it."

"Mercy! Look at me, will you? Just fling me that coat. Have I too much color on? How are my eyes?"

"Heavens! There, the music's commenced!"

"La-dies! Will you come, I say, ladies?" called the voice.

"That's Mike," said a little brunette, with a resigned air; "oh, he'll he the death of me some day. We're coming! Just hold your horses a minute, can't you?"

A last touch to lips, cheeks, and eyes. A last twist to the lovelocks on the brows. A last, hackward look into the mirror over satin shoulders. Then the girls in short skirts, low bodices, and hig corsage-bouquets of paper-flowers clattered up the stairs, followed by their cavaliers in ruffled coats and tri-cornered hats.

In two minutes the scene was changed and every girl had taken her position.

It was funny to see the men of the chorus wearing the tri-cornered hats of the time of Louis the Fifteenth and still clinging to their mustaches, some of them walrus-like in length. With one man this incongruity was beightened by a face of such a strong Celtic cast that the effect was laughable. But what comic opera was ever perfect in every trifling detail?

"Annie has a headache. She's taking a shock for it," whispered one of the girls, as she passed me.

I went over to see what she meant, and found the piquant-faced soubrette under the tender care of a gas-man. Her fingers were placed on a knob of the electrical apparatus attached to the wires used in lighting the theatre. The current passed into his finger-tips, and these tingling fingers were pressed to the little woman's aching temples.

"Oh, thank you so much," she said, opening her hahyish eyes; "it feels so much better. But it aches a little still. I must go on now."

She ran across the stage with a sweet, high laugh, and said her lines in the gayest manner, as if headaches were something which never came in the way of a comic-opera soubrette.

The music went madly, merrily on. The chorus bravely and merrily clinked their empty hrass drinking-cups and quaffed draughts of nothingness with a relish wortby of something better.

The comic man ate tart after tart, causing a laugb each time. But they were only tissue-paper tarts, with a spot of jelly on the top, and be did not swallow one.

The bero had left the stage to stake his all upon the seductive green cloth of the gambling-table. In fancy, the audience saw him recklessly flinging down his gold and courting fate. But he was not. Of course not. He was in the wings getting up a fetching pallor, with the help of a powder-puff and a glare of despair in bis eyes hy means of a blue pencil. So, when he staggered upon the stage crying, "I have lost every sou!" be looked the ruined, heart-broken gambler to perfection.

Later on, when fortune bad hlessed him again, and he was going to start for the battle-field to cover himself with glory, I chanced upon him holding a rouge-pot and a hare's foot. The pallor was fast disappearing.

"What does it mean this time?" I asked.

"Oh, this is the flusb of returning hope," be said.

"If you can stand a bard and dusty climb," said my guide, "I'll take you over the property-room."

So we went, up winding stairs scarcely more than a foot wide, wbicb twisted in half a dozen different directions, across shaky hridges, deserted save for an occasional scene-painter husily at work; up more stairs, until we stood under the slanting rafters in a room whose like I had never seen hefore and which simply can not he described.

Imagine a place filled with the paraphernalia of a bundred plays, situated in as many centuries, climes, and seasons, hanging from rafters, lying in unused, dusty heaps in corners and piled one upon another to the very ceiling.

There were the modern equipments of a society play side hy side with an antique harp and antique chairs and tables. Eastern pitchers and Indian fans were cheek by jowl with every-day tea-pots and *papier-maché* clocks. Plaster-casts were everywhere, broken statues, and faded tinsel.

A few steps further down on the other side ran a narrow hridge. To the left was an open window. It was odd, indeed, to look out and see the moon shining with chaste effect upon the tin roof-tops lower down, making every chimney a sharp-cut shadow, and then on the other hand, leaning upon the rail of the hridge, to see the stage far, far below.

The chorus, now arrayed as Swedish soldiers, were marching to martial music, in a rose-colored light. What a strange little world it seemed! What a confused medley of sounds! What a flashing, fluttering, waving, and shining there was to it!

As we listened there a ripple of song floated up. Then there was a crash from the orchestra, which as suddenly ceased, and one long, rich note slowly rose, quivering with flexible sweetness, and died away.

When we went down again, the Swedish troops were pouring into the wings, finishing the marching-chorus, with many varieties of expression on their faces. Some were weary, some were laughing, some were only warm.

"Thank heaven that's done and there's a long wait now!" exclaimed one girl, dragging a paper-covered novel from behind a pile of scenery and hurying her nose in it. Quite near her three other girlish-looking officers were crocheting, and, at the same time, indulging in a flirtation with the general.

For the last act the chorus were required to change the Swedish uniforms for gondoliers and fisher-maidens' costumes in five minutes.

"Come down again if you want to see quick work," whispered the discontented heauty who did not like the stage.

There had heen singing and laughter in the dressing-rooms under the stage during the former change of costume. There was none now. Every nerve was strained to be ready for the rising of the curtain. I watched one girl's flying fingers in wonder.

She had hung up the white uniform and in a twinkling donned the tights of a gondolier. For a second she hurled her perspiring face in a towel, put on more powder and rouge, flung herself into the pretty, striped hlouse, placed the worsted-cap at a right angle on her head, grasped an oar from the dozen standing upright in the corner, and was ready just as the lonely cry, this time with a peremptory ring, came floating down the hall:

"All the gondoliers and fisher-girls up for the last act! Are you ready? All up! ladies!"

After each song there was a hreathless wait in the wings. Would there he an encore? Sometimes the applause was so faint it seemed there would not

"Yes," from one girl. "No," from another. "Yes—no. Ah, yes!" as a redouhled burst of clapping would begin. Then the chorus would trip on again and the song he repeated.

It was after eleven now. The heat and fatigue were leaving their traces upon the faces of many of the girls. They leaned languidly against one another in the wings, a disconsolate droop to lips and eyes. Some had even ventured to let their eyelids down and the result was a dark trail of feathery lashes on their cheeks.

Ah, there was the first har of the finale! How lightly they tripped on, how they called up all the fading energy and gave the chorus with a vim, while eagerly watching for the last wave of the director's baton!

The pealing music rose higher, higher, terminating in a prolonged burst of melody, and the curtain fell.

Then there was a scampering, and a jostling, and a huzz of voices. Every one was talking at once. Hats were removed and waists partially unbuttoned as the exhausted girls flew down the stairs.

"Oh, won't I sleep!" exclaimed one.

"And won't I enjoy that glass of beer that's waiting for me at home—tra, la!" said another, clearing the lower steps at a hound.

Five minutes later the stage was hare of scenery and the hunch-lights sent weird sbadows up the white brick walls.—*New York Herald.*

Victoria Vokes has never been married. She is slightly taller than her gifted sister, Rosina, and undoubtedly weighs more than that merry little comedienne. She has a magnificent contralto, which has often been heard in concert in England, and several times, on great commemorative occasions, in church. Victoria's season opens at Philadelphia with a piece called the "Doctress," which both A. M. Palmer and Daly tried hard to secure for their theatres. It is a farce-comedy from the French, hy F. C. Burnand, the editor of *Punch*. It is not generally known that Victoria Vokes first decided to reappear upon the stage, after her hrother Fred's death, in melodrama. Then she seriously contemplated accepting an engagement in comic opera at the Prince of Wales Theatre in London, finally deciding upon farce-comedy. This versatility of talent seems to be natural to the Vokes family. Rosina, whose early success was as the low-comedy romp in "The Bell of the Kitcben," and as an imp of mischief of all sorts in pantomine, bas become an exponent of refined comedy, and bas practically adopted a line that was perfectly distinct if not opposed to ber first style of stage experience.

Mrs. Madge Kendal, in her theatrical sketches says: "I bave often been asked whether actors who play minor parts conspicuously well, spring sudden into more prominent positions. The question recalls minds me of an incident which occurred in a play by Arthur Sketchley, tbe well-known author of the 'Mrs. Brown' series. He had written a three-act drama called 'Blanche,' which my hushand and I were playing at the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool. The piece was taken from an old French drama, and consisted of a woman being falsely accused of poisoning her hushand. It was very bard work, I remember, with three acts for every one in the play. In the last scene, when the villain steps forward and denounces the heroine with the words, 'You poisoned your husband; I saw you put the poison in the glass at supper and such a time,' a hlack man-servant comes forward and says, 'Liar!' This was the only occasion on which genuine applause throughout the play, hut so great was the success of the minor actor that be immediately jumped into a most prominent position in the provinces and became a leading-man."

When the Francis Wilson Company and the Casino Company celebrated their anniversary nights in New York two weeks ago, the managers of hoth companies gave away souvenirs to the people who bought tickets, and, as the souvenirs cost considerahly more than the tickets, there was a very decided rusb at the box-office. The Casino souvenir was in the form of a Russia leather card-case of pretty design, with a small mirror and embossed backs. It probahly cost the theatre a great deal of money to manufacture these gifts. The rival company across the street presented all the people who attended the bundredth performance with silver Persian daggers of unique and very pretty design. Theatre-goers have hecome exacting in the matter of souvenirs. Anything which costs less than two or three dollars is not accepted seriously, and hence the item of theatrical expenditure has grown constantly until it makes a heavy draft upon the receipts of the box-office.

In an article on "How Plays are Made," Julia Magnus, in the September *Lippincott*, says in regard to preparing an audience in a natural way and in a few words for important characters who are about to come upon the stage: "I can recall no instance in which this is better done than in Sardou's 'Seraphine.' The admiral's name is taken by a servant to Seraphine. She dreads to see her former lover. 'To him I am not receiving.' 'I have done so, madam; he hut sat down in the hall and said he would wait till you were.' These are not the exact words, but they show the spirit of the scene. Curiosity is at once aroused hy the firmness and determination of the visitor, and all are anxious to see him."

On the first night of the only dramatic piece that Miss Braddon has ever written, a scene was introduced in which a child was kidnapped from its mother, and, at the end, when all were made happy, the restoration of the child was taken for granted. It was the fault of the novelist and passed unnoticed for quite a minute after the fall of the curtain. Then a "god" leaned over from the halcony and solemnly inquired "What about that kid?" The piece was swamped in an inextinguishable hurst of laughter.

Edward Terry, the prominent actor and theatrical manager of London, has heen invited by the Secretary of the Church Congress to read a paper at the October gathering on "The Amusements of the People" at the session to be held in Cardiff. Mr. Terry has accepted, though the play of "Sweet Lavender" will have to he interrupted for a night.

STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

few years ago, the inhabitants of Seville read, surprise, in the advertisements of an approach-bull-fight, this unusual notice:

When the third bull shall have attacked the pica- and receives three pairs of banderillas, a young ant, by whom it has been brought up, will appear he ring. He will approach the bull, caress it, after removing the banderillas, one after another, e down between its horns."

he announcement of so singular a feat attracted numense crowd to the amphitheatre. The third appeared, an animal with splendid horns, and brave; it slew four horses, received the ban-as, and became furious. Then, contrary to cus-all the *toreros* retired from the ring, leaving the stamping about and shaking the bloody darts hung from his neck.

at once a long whistle was heard. The bull ed and listened. It was repeated. The bull ap-ched the harrier, and a young man leaped into ing, calling the bull by its name, "Mosquito!" animal knew its master, came to caress him, and ppeased. The peasant gave it his hand to lick, ith the other began to scratch it behind the ears operation which seemed to afford the brute pleasure. He then gently removed the ban-as which annoyed the neck of Mosquito, made down on its knees, and placed his head be-its horns. The grateful bull seemed to listen pleasure to a pastoral melody sung by its mas-The admiration of the multitude, hitherto sup-ed by surprise, burst forth with Andalusian vio-, and shook the building. Hearing this frenzied use, which had accompanied all his sufferings, ll, till then under a charm, appeared to wake eturn to reality. It suddenly rose, bellowing, he peasant tried to escape. But it was too late. animal, as though furious at being betrayed, the young man into the air, received him again horns, gored him, trampled on him, and crushed o pieces, in spite of the efforts of the *toreros*. erformance was suspended—a phenomenon in —and the horrified public quitted the circus in e.

Belle Starr, the female outlaw, who was recently n the Indian Territory, the following anecdote l: A murder had been committed in her neigh-od; the entire Stevens family having been the s. Belle organized a searching party to look remains and fasten the guilt where it belonged. ns's body was found first, and finally the search-arty, headed by Belle herself, came to a deep pit ve. A rough windlass was constructed and a lowered into a spot where no human eye had penetrated. Suddenly those above him heard bout as if in great terror, beseeching them to him up quickly, and once up the poor fellow was hless with fright. He finally managed to tell that the cave was filled, bottom and sides, with nakes; that he had been on the very edge of a d thousands of them; that they had rattled and in his very ears, and that all the rewards in endom would never induce him to enter the again. Naturally enough, his companions ered at this description, and not a man among would have gone into the cave if his life de-d on it.

he was the first to act. She fastened the rope d her waist, and, in reply to the astonished looks party, she announced her determination to enter ve and find the body if it was there. She took aded pistols and a torch, with which she pro-to frighten the snakes into their holes. Then pped over the edge of the bank and disappeared, g her torch and firing the pistols in every direc-rightening her unwelcome hosts into their cracks revices. She afterward said the place literally ed with snakes, big and little, and she admitted g been badly frightened, but her pride at having he men spurred her to the very bottom, Mrs. Stevens's skeleton lay, blackened with s. Having frightened them off, she picked up nful of bones—all that was left of Josey's victim groped her way to the surface. With these and other evidences of Josey's guilt, Belle went rt Smith, procured a writ for his arrest, and led eputy-marshals to the murderer's dug-out, where is arrested. He was hanged at Fort Smith in 1884.

ompany of Englishmen was on a tiger-hunt in The beaters had been at work for some time, a shout was heard which meant that a man-was making toward the sportsmen. All hands emselves into position to receive the attack. of the company describes the meeting, which with an adventure which no one was expecting: utenant Farrington was on my right, in line with outh of the gully, and not more than twenty feet ny elbow. He had a double-barreled rifle of calibre, while I had a repeater. In three or four es after the cry of warning, the tiger appeared in outh of the gully, head on to Farrington, and g him straight in the face.

old on! He's my meat!" shouted the lieuten-s he brought his gun up, and it became a point or with the rest of us to hold our fire. He took nd careful aim, but the bullet simply touched in between the tiger's ears.

beast dropped like a stone, but was up in an t, and, with a roar to shake any man's nerves, ang forward at the lieutenant.

he tenth of a second I turned my eyes to the ; and what was my horror to see a serpent twin-elf about his legs and rearing its head to a level is shoulder. I forgot all about the tiger, and, for st time in my life, my blood seemed turned to ice. rington stood with his left foot ahead and his oot braced, and, as the tiger touched the ground last spring, the rifle spoke again, and the beast over with a ball through his brain. Then, while kept our places like so many blocks of stone, pped his rifle, seized the snake just below the with his right hand, and came walking toward us. serpent writhed and twisted in its rage, and, as oiled itself from the man's leg, he flung it thirty way. It was rushing back at him, when one of rty, with a shotgun, blew its head off.

ood shot!" remarked Farrington, as he walked and picked up his rifle.

ran after him, and shook his hand and show-instinted praise on him for his nerve, but he not be a hero. It was the presence of the ser-which had disturbed his first aim. He felt it his foot and realized that its bite meant death, maddened tiger was before him and he did not he snake a second thought.

unken rock, which is near Loretta, was sup-to have quantities of very large pearl-oysters around it. Pablo, a pearl-diver, in search of speci-ments, dived down in eleven fathoms of water.

Being satisfied that there were no oysters, he thought of ascending to the surface of the water; but first he cast a look upward, as all divers do. Pablo found that a large shark had taken a station about three or four yards immediately above him, and, most probably, had been watching during the whole time he had been down.

A double-pointed stick is a useless weapon against a shark, as its mouth is of such enormous dimensions that both man and stick would be swallowed together. Pablo swam round to another part of the rock, hoping by this artifice to avoid the vigilance of his persecutor. What was his dismay, when he again looked up, to find the pertinacious shark still hovering over him, as a hawk would follow a bird! He described him as having large, round, and inflamed eyes, apparently just ready to dart from their sockets with eagerness, and a mouth that was constantly opening and shutting, as if the monster was already, in imagination, devouring his victim.

Two alternatives now presented themselves to the mind of Pablo; one, to suffer himself to be drowned; the other, to be eaten. He had already been under water so considerable a time that he found it impossible any longer to retain his breath. On a sudden, he recollected that on one side of the rock he had observed a sandy spot, and to this he swam with all imaginable speed, his attentive friend keeping a measured pace with him.

As soon as he had reached the spot, he commenced stirring it with his pointed stick, in such a way that the fine particles rose and rendered the water perfectly turbid, so that he could not see the monster, nor the monster him. Availing himself of the cloud, by which himself and the shark were enveloped, he swam very far out in a horizontal direction, and reached the surface in safety, although completely exhausted.

Fortunately, he rose close to one of the boats, and those who were within, seeing him in such a state, and knowing that an enemy must have been persecuting him, and that by some artifice he had saved his life, at once began, as is their common practice in such cases, to frighten the creature away by splashing in the water, and Pahlo was taken into the boat more dead than alive.

LATE VERSE.

The Monk.

From gyves of care and custom free,
In summer a recluse I'd be;
For shady cloister I would find
A woodland haunted by the wind;
For rosary the flowers I'd tell
That prankt the bosom of the dell;
From branch and tree-trunk I would read
My pleasant articles of creed;
The robins, lilting loud and long,
Would furnish me with choral song;
In sweet seclusion I would know
The source whence hermit pleasures flow.

But stay! Should Syvia pass—why, then
Methinks I'd be a man again!

—Clinton Scollard in America.

Some Day.

"They'll all come back again," she said,
That by-gone summer day,
The while we watched the goodly ships
Upon the placid bay.
"They sail so far, they sail so fast, upon their shining way,
But they will come again, I know, some day—some other day."

Some day! So many a watcher sighs,
When wind-swept waters moan,
With tears pressed back, still strives to dream
Of the glad coming home.
Good ships sail on o'er angry waves, 'neath skies all tempest gray,
For quivering lips so bravely tell, "They'll come again—some day!"

Some day! We say it o'er and o'er,
To cheat our hearts, the while
We send our cherished ventures forth,
Perchance with sob or smile;
And tides run out, and time runs on, our life ebbs fast away,
And yet with straining eyes we watch for that sweet myth—some day!

Full many a true and heart-sped bark
May harbor find no more,
But Hope her beacon-light will trim
For watchers on the shore;
And those who bide at home and those upon the watery way,
In toil or waiting, still repeat, "Some day—some blessed day!"

—Lucy Randolph Fleming in Harper's Weekly.

The Progress of Man.

Hard was the lot of our fathers, the men of the early world,
Beast-like, scratching the earth for a niggardly dole of her fruit.
Wedged in the clefts of the hills, in the hollows of tree-trunks curled,
Groping in glooms of the cave, starving on berry and root.

Shelterless, weaponless, weak, a haggard and wandering brood,
Seared by the brand of the sun, by the whirlwind scattered and tossed,
Buried in drifts of the snow, whelmed by the rivers in flood,
Flayed by the scourge of the storm, scarred by the dagger of frost.

A wretched and barbarous race, unskilled, at the mercy of all,
In haste to escape from its foes to the hiding-place of the dead;
Hunted of hunger and lean, whose life was a piteous crawl
From the dark of the womb to the dark of the grave through the shadow of dread!

But we! we are cunning and strong, we have made all wisdom our own;
We have mastered all arts, we have tools and raiment and roof overhead;
We laugh at the shriek of the winds, we dance on the brute overthrown,
With his skin we have clothed us about, with his flesh we have filled us and fed.

Our fathers, the cowering men of the caves, were the cave-bear's prey;
They fled him, we seek him; the snows with his blood, not ours, shall be dyed;
We follow his tracks through the drift, ha! ha! we spear him and slay;
We feast on the fat of his ribs; we comfort our loins with his hide.

O marvelous progress of man! O race of unspeakable craft!
O strikers of fire from the heart of the rock in a fortunate hour!
Who have fitted the sharpened flint to the wonderful pine-wood haft;
In the day of your weakness and want, who dreamt of the day-of your power?

—H. D. Traill.

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SAUCE RAVIGOTE.—Take half a pint of mayonnaise, add to it a little chervil, parsley, tarragon, all mashed and chopped fine, a teaspoonful of capers, and a teaspoonful of mustard; mix well.

Mlle. Carmencita, the Spanish dancer, has pushed sensationalism to the farthest point yet reached in America. She is not pretty, and her dance is not particularly graceful; but she goes through more extraordinary contortions and twists herself about with greater violence than any other dancer now before the public. Hence her success. She has been upon the stage from infancy, and began her career as a dancer in Madrid when but four years old. For a long while she was the wonder of Paris audiences, and now she is duplicating her early successes abroad, in America. Many of the most successful dancers on the variety stage twist themselves about with a violence second only to Mlle. Carmencita, and it is a question whether civilization is not returning toward barbarism, and our dancers slowly getting back to the point of the South Sea Island women, who walk on their hands and jab spikes into their legs when they reach the most ecstatic movements in vogue in their native islands.

Twenty years ago, Arthur Sullivan began a grand opera, entitled "The Sapphire Necklace," but abandoned it, and has used it up in other compositions. He is again about to attempt an opera on a serious subject, intended for D'Oyly Carte's new theatre, now building on Shaftesbury Avenue. Julian Sturgis will write the libretto.

— B. F. UNDERWOOD, THE FREETHOUGHT LECTURER, of Chicago, will speak at Union Square Hall, 421 Post Street, next Sunday evening, September 22d, on "Religion in the Light of Evolution." No admission fee.

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No grander event has occurred within the century than Sun- 's election in France. It is a triumph of republican gnv- ment in the very beart of Europe. It will sbake the tbrone every usurping king. It is a triumpb of order and law en riots and disorder were anticipated. It bas demon- ated, by a final and complete victory in a battle intelligently ght and honorably won, that France desires and determines t her people sball rule through a government republican in m, and, finally, it is a clear victory over the Churcb of me, grander, more complete, and more decisive tban any ich has been fougbt in Europe since the time of Martin ther and King Henry the Eighth. Germany, England, and ance have now eacb bad their reformations. To France it oes in a later and more intellectual age; it comes as the re- t of mature deliberation, wben the human mind has been ancipated frnm passinns, errors, prejudices, and political in- gues which surrounded the days of the German and En- sh Reformations. The election nf Sunday last is the st demonstration which has ever been made in France ich fairly determines that the French people desire a publican government, such as Lafayette aided Wash- gton to establish in America. All parties were com- ned against the republic—Bourbon, Orleanist, Imperialist, Monarchist, Communist, and Boulangist conspired to overthrow the principles of freedom and liberty whicb underlie all republican governments. The Papal Cburcb, with its meddlesome priestbood, clamored from pulpits, whispered in confessionals, conspired in cloisters, and intrigued in cafés to defeat the government, because it was antagonistic to an ambitious churcb. Priests ordered prayers at the altars of their churches for the success of Boulanger. The divine throne was bombarded by the boly men of tbe Roman priesthood in the interest of a profligate and fantastic adventurer, who, gathering up his wanton with her mussed petticoats, abandons his wife and flies from the country he has conspired with its enemies to rule. Rome invokes the aid of divine Providence to make Boulanger France's great chief of state, and turns loose its priests among tbe Communists of Montmartre and Bellevue that they may send a libertine and swindler to the seat which has been occupied by ber best and proudest citizens. These meddlesome priests were imprisoned; election-day was quiet; Boulanger was overwbelmed; the prayers of the church were answered by his humiliating defeat. Bourbons, Orleanists, and Bonapartists were rolled up together with the unwasbed mob in the tumultuous rout of a complete defeat. Out of five hundred and eigbty-four memoers to tbe Cbamber of Deputies, tbe Republicans will elect nearly four hundred, and of this minority Boulanger will have about thirty adherents, with himself at tbeir head, elected from Montmartre, the Tar Flat of Paris; his colleague will be Rochefort, from Vilette, which is tbe Barbary Coast of the Frencb capital. Republican civilization may be congratulated that France swings into line with America and takes ber fixed and permanent position beside the great American republic. Witb this overthrow of the Papal Church, tbere will come the severance of churcb and state, decentralization, free public scbools, not taught by monks of De la Salle, but by free-thinking, liberal-minded men and women teachers. Priests will be taught in France to let politics alone and mind tbeir own business, a lesson we are endeavoring to teach in this country. With Switzerland, the United States of America, and France in republican line it will not be long before the ballot, in the hands of labor, will make the civilized world republican, and give to all intelligent citizens of earth the rigbt to exercise their religious opinions free of any ecclesiastical control. Relief will come to the Republic of the United States, and its people will soon emancipate themselves from the old man from over the sea who has imposed himself upon tbeir necks to trample under foot the priceless jewels of American liberty. The American, free, non-sectarian school-bouse is more than equal to the cburcb, the cloister, and the confessional. Tbe American scbool-master is more than equal to all the hierarchy of Rome, from the Pnpe to the most active monk wbo wbirls bis prayer-wbeel from half-past four o'clock in tbe mnrning till the midnight hour gives him rest on his irnn couch. Nnt only has the Italian Cburch found cbeckmate in the Frencb game, but rnyalty has received its *coup de grace*. The Cnmte de Paris awakes tn a mortifying repulse. He has played the demagogue and conspirator, allied himself with the soiled blouses of the slums, tnadied to the priests, and conspired with the politicians in the hope that the purple of an bonorable line of kings would be thrown nver his moral deformities. He issued a proclamation to his followers, gave them royal promises in event of his electioo, and called upon the country to no longer encourage religious dissensions; bis enemies nf the Hnuse of Bnnaparte, and the Communists, who drove him an exile from France, be implnred to vote for any deputy who was in opposition tn a republican government. It was a cowardly and shameful concession, altogetber unworthy the descendant of a royal line, tbe candidate for an empty throne. It will be strange if this Orleans pretender shnuld looger hold any respectable following. Throne and cburch, demagogy, and crazy mob, have been overwhelmed in republican France by a powerful victory, honorably gained at the electoral urn on Sunday last.

The *Catholic Telegraph*, a diocesan weekly journal of the archdiocese of Cincinnati, edited by Owen Smith, had an editorial criticism of Archbisbnp Elder. His ecclesiastical lordsbip was offended, and demanded of its publisher a bumble apology, and a promise never again to criticise a bishop of Rome, or he would pronounce from every pulpit an edict forbidding the people to take the paper. Owen Smith pleaded that be was sick and poor, and that bis family depended upon the earnings of his journal, and tbat the article as printed was true. The archbisbop was inflexible, and dictated an ample and complete retraction, which was printed. This shameful and cowardly act of Arcbbishop Elder has received no adverse comment in a Roman Catholic journal. Rome is tyrannical and its editors are cowards. The church anathematizes the liberty of the press and its writers fear its power. Bisbops and archbishops are local autocrats against whose injustice tbere is appeal only to the Pope at Rome, and that is expensive, wearisome, and unsatisfactory. A former arcbbishop of Cincinnati swindled Catholics out of millions through an ecclesiastical bunco-sbop, called a savings-bank. There has been a recent riot in Detroit over church property seized by one of those ecclesiastical corporation-soles wbo claim tbe right to hold all the property of the Roman Church. A church bas recently been burned in Wisconsin because a bishop took it away from the congregation to which it rightfully belonged. There is rumored discontent in San Francisco in the same direction. There are serious complaints among the more intelligent priests and laymen at tbe evident policy of the Roman hierarchy to humiliate them. The fact, illustrated in the case of Owen Smith, of Cincinnati, is that the Roman Catholic Church is not represented in the United States of America by a free press. It is warring against free schools, and its efforts are in the direction of suppressing free speech, free thought, and a free conscience. A free ballot is no longer possible in any city in America where Roman Catholicism bas gained the political ascendency. No Catholic priest, editor, politician, or statesman is at liberty to give these topics free discussion, and not one journal in a score, oor one evangelical preacher in a hundred, nor one business-man in a thousand, nor one politician in ten thousand, has the courage to give open expression to his opinions in reference to the political aggressions of the Papal Church in the United States of America. From this ecclesiastical terror we are breaking away—we begin to see the brightening of a new day. A foreign church, blinded by its ambition, foreign politicians, blinded by their zeal for office and their greed of spoils, are, by the very insolence of their aggressions, alarming the American people, and when they are aroused they are no longer timid. From such men as John Jay and Bishop Cox; from the evangelical pulpits thougbout the land; from Boston—wbere political impudence invaded the schools and stole from their scholars the books which dared to teach the truths of history—we hear the murmur of the coming tempest; from political circles we hear a protest against Pope's Irisb bosses. From the halls nf Congress there is here and there, and now and tben, a leader who has the courage to echo public opinion, and—thank Gnd!—there is not now an important American city wbich has not a weekly journal with courage and independence enough to dare to tell the truth. The assault upnn the free scbools has sounded the alarm. The organization of an American and Protestant party is sure to result. There is revnlt in the atmospbere, and when it comes, the Church of Rome, with its Italian and Irish priests and its Pope's voters, will be required to abstain from ioterference in the political affairs of this cnuntry. Let us pray for patience to wait.

On the thirtieth day of August, ber majesty the queen prorogued the Parliament of England in order that the Lords and Commons might enjoy their grouse-shooting, fox-bunting, and tbe Christmas pleasures of their rural homes. The summer is the Parliamentary, the business, and the "London season," while tbe autumn is tbe time for social gatherings at rural bomes. The cnnflict in Parliament between Tories and Liberal-Unionists is relaxed for a time. Parnell "puts on his coat" and seeks health at some quiet place, wbere his nerves may not be disturbed by the din and roar nf political contentions. Mr. Labouchère consents for a time to let his whip repose in its socket and gives the lash a rest, while the horses

are turned out to pasture. Mr. Gladstone goes willingly to grass, content to visit some neighboring country where he may receive congratulations for his hard-earned labors, returns to his country-home, entertains his tenants at Hawarden, shows them his presents—honestly earned by living with one wife for fifty years—makes a few speeches to keep his tongue oiled for the next conflict of the hustings or the forum. Mr. Conybeare and Mr. Cunningham Grahame may doubtless find employment in rousing the rabble in Trafalgar Square, at the base of the Nelson monument, or stirring the resentment of laborers at London docks who think they have the right to earn sixpence an hour for toil which occupies their strong muscles in unloading and warehousing the wealth which makes England the great commercial power of civilization, and for the protection of which they are taxed to defend, by fleets which are invincible, and by guns, and forts, and armies which render the stout little island impregnable. Mr. Joseph Arch will renew his acquaintance with the agricultural laborer, whose very respectable representative he is. Mr. Morley, Sir William Harcourt, and Sir George Trevelyan will endeavor to wriggle themselves successfully into harmony with conditions which will give them prospective office in event that Mr. Gladstone should be able to lead his disjointed ranks to the crowning victory of a premiership. What Lord Randolph Churchill may do next, and whether he will spend his vacation in Russia or at Constantinople; whether he will find himself in sympathy with the mobs of London or the landed nobility; whether he will spend his time in addresses to the learned universities or among the people down in the lower levels to which the political pay-rock seems dipping—it is impossible to conjecture. Lord Randolph Churchill seems to possess the powers, eloquence, and earnestness of executive statesmanship of the highest order. Where it will land him we may not undertake to prophesy. Mr. Morley has signified his intention to sever the ties which have bound him to Mr. Gladstone, by refusing to follow his lead in the debate on the royal grants. The temptation is undoubtedly strong which leads ambitious young men from loyalty to the royal family in the direction of demagogy. How far we may approve the course of statesmen like W. H. Smith, the government leader in Parliament, Mr. Balfour, the Secretary of Ireland, Mr. Goschen, Lord George Hamilton, Lord Charles Beresford, Michael Hicks-Beach, the Marquis of Salisbury, Lord Hartington, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, and the other prominent men now occupying positions of high favor with the government majority, it is, perhaps, difficult to determine. When we consider the conduct of English politicians, so thoroughly are we in opposition to the Irish Roman Catholic organization which is endeavoring to overturn the legal authority which protects landed estates in Ireland, and, by violence, assassination, dynamite, and the boycott, to set up an independent parliament over a people which seem, to us, incapable of fair and generous legislation, that we find it difficult to be impartial in our estimate of the men who advocate and the men who oppose the various measures tending to produce these political results. We believe in the English people, in English laws, and are thoroughly in sympathy with their maintenance and preservation. We believe in Protestantism, because, in our judgment, it is the enlightened civilization of the age and that it is the only system of religion under which mental liberty, independence of conscience, acquisition and protection of property, and personal freedom are possible. We do not love the Celtic race, and we fear the Roman Catholic Church—we fear it because it is aggressive and because we believe that its tenets are not in harmony with republican government, nor in accord with that higher and broader statesmanship which must respect the individual rights of all persons and leave them to the unrestrained exercise of all their rights under the law. The Parliament of England is prorogued by her majesty, and its members turned out to grouse-shooting in the country, with the Liberal-Union party undiminished in numbers and strengthened in its intellectual and moral attitude before the English people. The administration of Mr. Balfour, the Secretary of Ireland, has been resolute, intelligent, just, and successful. Under the Force Bill the Irish have been brought in subjection to the law; they have been hanged for murder, punished for violence and agitation, and what gives us the most complete satisfaction is, that members of Parliament have been imprisoned for their infraction of laws, been compelled to pay their rents, and that order has been enforced and thereby prosperity restored. The conduct of nearly all the Roman Catholic hierarchy and the rural priesthood of Ireland has been in open and insolent conspiracy against the government and in active sympathy with criminal resistance to English laws. The Protestant clergy and the Protestant people of Ireland have been loyal, peaceful, and obedient to the law. Ireland has been in as complete rebellion to the English Government as it is ever possible for Irishmen to be. Parnellism and crime are synonymous, and though the Parliamentary Commission is not closed, and though Pigott has proved a traitor to Ireland and the London *Times*, and though he committed suicide, and though Le Caron is exposed as a spy—the investigation, authorized by the Parliamentary Commission, has opened the eyes of the world to a thorough knowledge of what has been done by Roman priests and Irish politicians, in their endeavor to set up an independent Papal government in Europe. It has failed, and there are further experiments left for the Roman Catholic Irish to endeavor to bring about the best interest of their "most distressful country," and that is to inaugurate one last, and we shall hope successful, rebellion against Papal authority. Home-Rule is clearly the right of the Irish people, and if they will make one united effort to throw off the supremacy of an alien ecclesiastical power which has enslaved, oppressed, and impoverished them for seven hundred years; if they will become as temperate as they are industrious, and establish non-sectarian schools, taught by women and not by lazy, hulking monks; if they will replace their superstitions and bigotries by enlightened common sense—Ireland will speedily rank among the foremost and most prosperous nations of the world. If her citizens will pay rent to their landlords instead of sending Peter's pence to Rome; if they will save their money from exacting, greedy priests for masses, and burial fees, and church edifices—they will soon own their own land, with money enough to improve the homes of every county in Ireland.

HELL HAS SOME ADVANTAGES OVER MARIN COUNTY AS A SUMMER RESIDENCE. FIRES NEVER COME TO IT AS A SURPRISE, NOR DO HOODLUMS VISIT FOR PLEASURE-EXCURSIONS, NOR POT-HUNTERS INVADE IT WITH DOGS AND GUNS. THERE ARE RAILROADS TO HELL, BUT NONE WITHIN ITS BORDERS.

The street railroad has advanced by such imperceptible degrees into our daily life that we fail to appreciate fully the extent of its service to us and the magnitude of its operations. It is a familiar observation that the practicable area of this city has been doubled by the construction of railroads climbing the steepest hills, and enabling residents to reach the heart of the city from its most extreme limits in comparatively little time. But we are scarcely prepared to accept the fact that the street railroads form a more extensive factor in the daily life of the country than the steam railroads which connect widely separated localities. There are four hundred and twenty-five street railroad companies in the country, and they carry annually a number of passengers exceeding twice the number of men, women, and children in the United States. In 1887, the steam railroads of the country carried 428,225,513 passengers. During the same year, the street railroads of one city alone—New York—carried 371,021,534 passengers, or a number exceeding eighty-six per cent. of the steam-railroad traffic of the country. The horse railroads of Massachusetts carry annually 44,000,000 more passengers than are carried by the steam railroads of that State. It is curious, in view of these figures, to think that forty years ago the municipal population of the country was dependent upon the heavy, lumbering omnibus for its transportation. In 1850, there was but one street railroad in the country; to-day, the street railroads are operating three thousand five hundred miles of track, and they are located in every important city in the country. But street-railroad locomotion is now undergoing a revolution, more important and far-reaching in its results than was the change from the omnibus to the horse-car. The practical substitution as motors of steam and electricity for horse-power is working an immense change in the conditions of street-railroad travel. The cable-system is the system of the West. Originating in this city sixteen years ago, it has gained its way until the time is not far distant when it will entirely supersede the horse-car. In the cities of the East it has met with some opposition, and, in that section of the country, the electric-motor is looked upon as the successor of horse-power. There are two cable roads in New York, one on the Brooklyn Bridge, and the other, a small cross-town road, up above Central Park. Neither amounts to much. The Bridge road is continually out of order, owing to the refusal of its directors to pay royalties on grip patents; the grip they use is their own patent, and very defective. In Kansas City, which is a hilly place, like San Francisco, the cable-system gives satisfaction. In Chicago, the cable-system has been in use for some years, but for various reasons it has not been entirely successful there. In this city, however, its success has been unqualified. As compared with the horse roads, the cable-system effects a saving of at least forty per cent. in operating expenses, after making fair allowance for interest on the increased capital required for the plant. In addition to this, the increased speed and comfort of travel cause a material increase in the number of passengers carried and in the resulting profits. In no other city of the United States are the street-cars so much patronized by pleasure-seekers as in this city. A ride on the street-cars for pleasure would be a novelty in New York; in this city that class forms an important element of the traffic. And this is the result of the introduction of the cable-system which makes it possible to climb the steepest hills, and thus to obtain extended views of the bay, the city, and the surrou ing country. But these great benefits derived from the str car system have led us to confer benefits on the compa which more than compensate for their services. They h received from the city valuable franchises, for which t pay nothing; their tracks cut up the streets so as to m ordinary traffic difficult, while the cars, passing and repass crowd the regular business of the streets to the comparati narrow space between the outside tracks and the sidew The car companies are compelled to keep in order the po of the street lying between their tracks, but, as this portio the street practically belongs to them, this amounts to no turn to the community. Under the existing franchises might be compelled to pave, keep in order, and sprinkle f sidewalk to sidewalk the streets over which they run, but is not likely to be required of them under existing circ stances. It has been proposed to charge companies obtai a franchise from the city, in the future, a certain percentag their receipts in return for the franchise. But this is imp ticable with regard to franchises heretofore granted. A these, the most practicable solution is a reduction of the of fare. A reduction of twenty per cent. was effected b law passed about ten years ago, at a time when there wa particular reason for the change, beyond the excessive ceipts of the railroads. The reduction, so far from cripp the roads, resulted in an increase of traffic and incre prosperity. Since that time the introduction of the ca system has reduced expenses and increased receipts, while growth of the city has still further increased the patronag the roads. A reduction of fare to three cents would not h the roads, and would be a recognition of the just claim the public.

The visit of the Shah of Persia to England has been a n ble event. This great ruler of a great Oriental empire been most royally and hospitably entertained by English ple; he has been a welcome and honored guest of her maj the queen and the Prince of Wales; he has received ma attentions in the higher social circles, been received in homes of the nobility, been honored by the city of Lon and the leading men of commercial classes; he has had opportunity of viewing the great manufacturing industries, the happy opportunity of witnessing the marvelous strengt England's naval power, marshaled to welcome the grand of England's queen, himself the ruler of the strongest mili power of Europe. He has made a thorough, careful, and int gent investigation of all that is best and most attractive of strongest and most powerful of the governments of Eur and carried away with him the best impressions of a po which more than any other is interested in preserving pe and possesses ships, guns, forts, and soldiers able to main and to command it. In an interview with the correspon of the London *Times*, at Paris, communicating his imp sions of the English nation, he says: "What most str "me in the English crowds was the appearance of po "that seemed to animate them. I have never seen a p "ple in which every individual seemed so much one of "masters of the country; and what struck me speci "was that, along with this sentiment, there is so much "spect for the law." England's greatness is, in the opinio the Shah, attributable to the fact that she has no neighbor is not compelled to keep an open eye in the back of her hea a remark most significant when he regards his own positio maintaining friendly relations with Russia and the Indian E pire and is required to regard his political relations with Ru and England, acting as a buffer between their conflicting bitions. The reflections of the Persian monarch are not significant in reference to the French people, by whom he also been most hospitably entertained. He sums up French character as follows and says of the French peop "They are powerful, rich, gay, and contented with life. T "would be still more so if they were less divided. Pe "have tried to explain to me all these divisions, but I can "understand them. I think it all comes from this—that "body will obey anybody else." The great lesson which French people have not yet acquired is that prime ne sity which underlies all governments republican in their cl acter, viz., the necessity of submitting to the will of majority when legally expressed and rightfully exercis What England demands is unrestricted commerce through the dominions of the Persian Empire, in the Persian Gulf, along the borders of Belloochistan. What England und stands by the "Empire of Peace" is the right to trade in ev sea in which her fleets may spread their canvas, and fin welcome wharf upon every shore where they may unload bales and boxes of merchandise.

The proposition to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary the discovery of America by a World's Fair, which shall eclip all previous efforts of the kind, is causing a vast amount of co motion and hard feeling among the cities of the East. Th

a four cities now struggling to secure the exposition, with its a:ndant honors and emoluments. The proposition came orig-irlly from New York, and that city is actively working for tl prize. Chicago is the most prominent competitor, with Vashington and St. Louis following. St. Louis has indulged in s ne little hluster, has appointed a committee, and has issued a nap showing that that city is a centre of population. But tl St. Louis boom is really inspired hy the old-time rivalry wh Chicago, and even the citizens of the city hy the river do n expect to win. The claims of Washington are hacked up wh more force. It is urged that the proper place for a na-tinal exposition is at the capital of the nation; that if held in a other city it would become a State affair. The location o the various foreign legations at Washington furnisbes the p per means of communication with other nations in inviting tir coöperation, and the President is the proper person to end such invitations on behalf of the country. Another t which assists Washington is its geographical position. It y he classed as a Southern city, and is the only Southern y having any chance of securing the exposition. The South-e States have therefore united in support of its claims. The w York *Independent* recently addressed letters to the vari-s members of Congress asking their views as to tbe proper ation, and the Southern congressmen almost unanimously lared in favor of Wasbington. Wasbington, bowever, ks accommodations for the multitudes of people who would k to such an exposition; ber hotels are inadequate, ber taurants wbolly unequal to the strain which would he put on m. Furthermore, the climate of Washington is such during summer, at which season the exposition would be open, that n residents of the city, hardened hy years of exposure to the ath of the Potomac flats, are unahle to endure it, and desert city during the summer months. The struggle is therefore ctically narrowed down to two cities, New York and Chicago be East against the West. The rivalry has heen active and er. The prize will ultimately he awarded by Congress, be-ise a national appropriation will he necessary to a proper ehration. In the meantime, New York, with her usual desty, has assumed that her claim is unassailahle, urging t she is the metropolis of the country, and that her position the sea-hoard reoders it the only proper location for the positioo. Invitations have heen sent out to prominent men over the country asking tbem to assist New York, a com-ttee on site has been cbosen, and the owners of all availahle s are trying to unload on the committee. Tbe financial ivity, bowever, has been confined to formulating the follow-plan: Seligman, the hanker, appeared hefore the com-ttee, with this scheme: ten million dollars were to he sub-ibed hy wealthy and patriotic citizens of New York; honds re to he issued to these patriots, guaranteed hy the city; se honds to hear six per cent. interest per annum; the ex-ition would prohahly pay for itself in admission fees, and a ge surplus he left; the wealthy and patriotic citizens would n receive their original loan, six per cent. interest on same, d the surplus as a reward for their unselfisb patriotism. is scbeme met with the acclamations of tbe assembled New rkers. Unfortunately it fell through, owing to a constitu-nal provision which forbids New York city from guarantee-g any bonds. Tbe New York financiers are again at work. ey want to have the exposition, if it does not cost them any-ng. If they can figure out a good profit, they intend to go ead, whether Congress locates the exposition elsewhere or t. In short, New York wants the exposition, and wants the st of the country to pay for it. This is thoroughly charac-istic, however. New York city has frequently played the le of national mendicant. It is still fresh in the memory of e people that when the Bartholdi statue was presented to ew York, that city refused to furnisb a pedestal for it and lled on the country for tbe necessary funds; that she in-ted upon having the Grant monument, and has ever since fused to furnish the money to build it; that she talked of a emorial arcb to commemorate the centennary exercises of st April, and stuck half-way in putting up the money. Chi-go has furnished a refreshing contrast. She has acted wisely not making tbe movement a local one for Chicago, hut tbe ake City is pushed forward as the representative of the entire est, and it has thus secured coöperation on all sides. "If e have the exposition," says Chicago, "it will he an exposi-n of the whole country, North, South, East, and West. If ew York secures it, it will he an exposition of the city of ew York." In money matters, Chicago is also lheral and actical. Tbe sum of five million dollars has already been bscribed, and they are now raising as much more. In ldition to this, Chicago has agreed that goods and passen-rs sball be hauled free of cbarge over the thousand miles om tbe Atlantic seahoard to Lake Michigan.

The French are reported to he greatly exercised over the rospect of their South American trade heing diverted to the Jnited States, as a result of the commercial conference to be eld in Washington next month. The foreign trade of South merica is now controlled by Great Britain, France, Germany, the United States, and Belgium, in the order named. True, this order does not hold in some countries—for instance, in Brazil, where the United States bolds first position, or in Colombia, where we are second. But in these two cases the prominence of the United States arises from its large purchases of coffee, whicb, heing admitted free of duty, finds a readier market in this country than elsewhere. The relative amount of foreign trade secured hy the different countries is approximately shown hy tbe statistics of the trade of the Argentine Repuhlic. Here Great Britain leads with one-quarter of the foreign commerce, followed hy France, twenty-three per cent.; Belgium, eleven per cent.; Germany, ten per cent.; and the United States, eight per cent. Belgium here slightly surpasses Germany, hut the latter country is generally in third place, and is making every effort to surpass France. The commerce of all these South American countries is increasing rapidly, that of tbe Argentine Repuhlic having increased twenty-two per cent. during the last year. Geographically, the United States is in a position to secure the greater part of this trade, and it is largely the fault of our merchants that they bave not done so. Tbe establishment of any numher of steamship lines will not of itself persuade our Spanisb-American neighbors to purchase from us or to sell us their goods. Commerce is not a matter of sentiment, and the people of South America will huy the goods which suits them hest hoth in price and quality. Tbe merchants of Germany and France have recognized this and have put forth every effort to meet the peculiar demands of tbe South American market. The principal article of export from these two countries to South America is manufactured cotton, a considerable portion of the raw material heing exported from South America to these countries. As this cotton-cloth is to he used for clothing hy the poorer classes, a very cheap quality of goods is desired, and both France and Germany manufacture a low-grade cloth especially for this market. Furthermore, transportation is primitive throughout South America, with the exception of the comparatively few places which bave heen opened up hy the recently huilt railroads. Merchandise must he handled frequently, as it is transferred from the ocean-steamer to the river-boat or the railroad, and from here to the back of a mule, by which primitive conveyance it is carried over rough mountain trails to its destination. It is therefore necessary that goods should be packed in small packages, and that these packages should he sufficiently strong to stand the frequent handlings. European goods are packed with special reference to these requirements. They have agents in all parts of the country, and they take advantage of every suggestion for increasing their trade. An illustration of this was presented recently when one of the United States consular agents suggested certain improvements in packing goods for the South American trade, and almost immediately French and German merchandise began to arrive packed in this manner. On the other hand, the merchants of this country are particularly careless in regard to these points, and continual complaints are received as to the packing of the goods. There is no good reason why the United States should not secure the greater part of the South American trade. We can produce cotton goods to compete with other countries, and in the manufactures of iron our superiority of construction would give us the market, with sufficiently cheap raw material. There is a large and growing demand for railroad material, both for road-hed and rolling-stock, wbich is now supplied by Great Britain; water-works are being constructed in many of the principal cities, and we sbould be ahle to supply the piping; all kinds of machinery and agricultural implements are required, and we ougbt to furnish them. In short, South America is a new country commercially and produces raw material. Its manufactures are undeveloped and it is in the market for all classes of manufactured goods. The countries of Europe are putting forth every effort to secure this market, but as we have said, there is no reason why it should not he secured hy tbis country, and it rests with our merchants to secure it.

The ancient scheme of bringing Lake Taboe to San Francisco has heen revived. There has been talk for generations of bringing the water of the Welsh lakes to London. They are nearer to London tban Tahoe is to San Francisco. But it has not yet been done, and probably never will he. London continues to take its supply of water from the adjacent streams. Yet London contains four millions of inhahitants and San Francisco three hundred thousand. Some weeks ago, a single share of the New River Water Company was sold at auction in London, to settle an estate, for one hundred and twenty thousand pounds sterling. The stock is well held. Evidently the stock-holders do not fear the Welsh lakes.

Prohably the longest "hee" line railway in the world is that from Buenos Ayres to the foot of the Andes. It covers three hundred and forty kilometres, or ahout two hundred and seventy-five miles, and is as straight as an arrow. The highest grade is about three feet to the mile. It crosses no ravine and no stream, and therefore no hridge.

THE AMERICAN GRIDDLE-CAKE.

"Cockaigne" tells of a Patriotically Hungry Yankee in London.

The American griddle-cake is an unknown quantity in London kitchens. I know of only one place where they keep a supply of other American stores, including cornmeal, buckwheat-flour, maple-syrup, waffle-irons, and griddles. A griddle, hy-the-hye, is called a "girdle" in England, and even at that it is a culinary article almost as unknown in an Englisb kitchen as a "dipper." An American friend of mine, who is keeping house in England, lately acquired a truly national longing for buckwbeat-cakes. By a hit of good luck, he saw Jackson's advertisement in the New York *Home Journal*, and at once ordered a supply of buckwheat flour and maple-syrup. He got a receipt out of an American cookery-hook, which an American lady lent him, and there he stuck. The kitchen possessed no griddle. He went to the first iron-monger's and—hut let bim tell it himself:

"I want a griddle."

"A what, sir, if you please?"

"A griddle."

Tbe sbopman stops dry-washing his hands to raise one to the back of his ear, wbile his smile grows into a questioning wrinkling of the nose. "I beg your pardon, sir, hut I didn't quite catch what you said."

"A griddle—a griddle. I want to buy a griddle."

The smile returns, but mixed with pity and disappointment. "Ah, yes, to he sure—a—a—what was it, sir?"

"A griddle."

Smile vanishes altogether, and cold indifference reigns in its stead. "Don't keep 'em." ("Sir" dropped at certainty of failure of a trade.)

"Don't keep 'em? Isn't this" (looking round at the shelves) "a hardware-store?"

"Iron-mongery, if you please, sir." ("Sir" comes hack from force of hahit.)

"Well?"

A pause. The shopman's face hecomes statuesque, while he stares in silence out of the door, and strokes his chin. Presently he looks round and says, mechanically: "Anything else to-day, sir?"

"Humph. Where can I get one?"

"D'know'm sure. Might try at tbe green-grocer's."

"Look here. Do you know what a griddle is?"

"Well, no, sir, I don't."

"Never saw one?"

"Never saw one."

"Never heard of one?"

"Never heard of one."

"Do you know wbat a frying-pan is?"

"Really, my good sir" (getting familiar, the British tradesman's certain sign of intentional disrespect), "I must ask you to tell me if you want anything in my line, for my time is——"

"I want a griddle."

"Don't keep 'em."

"I wonder, Thomas," says the tradesman's wife, who, at sound of her hushand's voice in an unusual tone, has come forward from the little room at the hack of the shop, "I wonder if the gentleman means a girdle?"

The husband's face lights up at chance of business after all. "Ah! You mean a girdle, sir, I dessay, sir?"

"No, I don't. I mean a griddle. If you haven't got one, I——" Turns to go.

"One moment, sir," says the wife; "do you mean?" etc. (describes a griddle).

"Why, yes. Why, certainly. Tbat's a griddle."

"We call it a girdle, sir; leastways they do in Scotland. I saw one once. I'm sorry we haven't one, sir. We have no call for them, sir. But we could get you one, couldn't we, Thomas?"

"I make no douht we could, sir. Allow me to procure one for you, sir?"

"How long will it take?"

"To-day's Tuesday. Hum. Must order it from Edinburgh. Saturday week, sir."

"Great Scott! Edinhurgh's in Scotland, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Sure it ain't somewhere up the Mediterranean? Going to order it hy telephone, via the Suez Canal?"

"I don't understand you, sir," drawing bimself up.

Tbe man's wife, who is hy far the hetter business-man of the two, laughs a modest *tee-hee* and says: "Very well, then, sir, you'll let us order you one. We'll promise it hy Monday."

"I'll tell you what. If I can't get one anywbere else, you may."

"Very good, sir."

"I came back," said my friend, "in a couple of hours, considerahly unstarched. I had tried at least a dozen hardware establishments, hut without success. They didn't even know wbat a girdle was, let alone a griddle. Well, I let the first people order it for me. I wish you could have seen it when it came. It must have heen a yard in diameter, and had a great handle across it like an iron hoop, with a ring in it to hang it over the fire. I sent it back to the shop, saying there must he some mistake, as my kitchen wasn't round, and I hadn't ordered an iron floor for it. I guess the buckwheat and syrup will keep till I get hack to America." COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, September 7, 1889.

After all, "pigs in clover" seems to he able to boast a most respectable antiquity. In one of Mr. C. H. Shannon's illustrations to the article on Jezebel in the *Universal Review*, the queen is represented out-of-doors, without her magnificent Sidonian garh or even so much as the merest rag on, resting ber head on Ahab's knee, while sbe looks on with languid interest at a slave who has apparently just succeeded in shaking all the little balls into one pen.

THE MAN WITH THE WOODEN HEAD.

By Eugene Mouton, the French Mark Twain.

When I saw him in the regiment, he was just twenty. He was a fine soldier, tall, well huilt, and strong. He performed his duties like any one else, neither hetter nor worse. He was a good-hearted lad, always ready to laugh, smoke, or drink, a great joker, and always playing some prank. His name was Duhois, and he came from Gascony.

It was impossihle to get tired of him; he was always making us laugh fit to split our sides with his drolleries. But he was not a Gascon for nothing; at the least word, he would fire up and want to fight.

"Duhois, you'll get your head hroken some day, with these fine airs of yours," the sergeant used to say to him.

"Well, if it is broken," he would reply, "I'll have another made out of wood."

No attention was paid to his hoast at the time; hut I have always had the idea that it is just for that reason that he got his wooden head.

One day we were ordered to the front. At the very first battle, he had his nose sliced off with a sahre-cut, in saving his colonel from a hrute of a Turk, who, under cover of the confusion of the skirmish, was attempting to do the officer an injury. The colonel, in recognition of his devotion, had him cared for in his own tent and purchased for him a silver nose, painted flesh-color.

Duhois, too proud of this signal favor, was no longer a good-hearted lad. He mocked at those who had only a "meat nose," as he said, adding that "such noses were good enough only for hraggarts, cowards, and good-for-nothings." This insulting language incensed his comrades, and one night, while he was asleep, they scraped all the paint off his silver nose and ruhhed it with red oxide of iron till it shone like a sahre-hilt. At day-hreak the call to arms sounded, and every one rushed out to repel the enemy, who were coming from the east. Duhois tumhled out of bed, fastened on his nose without noticing the change, and hurried out to the intrenchments. His nose, shining in the first rays of the orh of day, attracted the attention of the Turkish general, who aimed a hullet at it; the hullet glanced, and Duhois had his left eye put out.

In exchange for his eye, Duhois received the cross and a sergeant's stripes. Then he set ahout learning to read and write, in the hope of heing made colonel at the next engagement; he did not take into account the fact that his nose gave to his voice a disagreeahle metallic tone which forhade him all hope of advancement.

Then came a battle still more furious than the two others. This time Duhois performed marvels and fought like a tiger, hut fortune betrayed him once again. He had just taken, single-handed, a hattery of twelve forty-eight pounders, when he conceived the foolish idea of looking into one of the cannons to see if there was plenty of grape-shot in it. A hostile artillery-man, profiting hy his imprudence, hounded forward, pulled the lanyard, and the gun went off. At the noise of the explosion, Duhois, whose presence of mind never deserted him, made a movement to withdraw, hut he was too late. The grape-shot carried away almost all of his head, including his silver nose, leaving only his one good eye and a front tooth.

What a terrihle position! He was just going to be taken prisoner when the greater part of the army came to his assistance. The colonel, who was in the lead, and who loved him dearly, seeing him so hadly used, thought that he would never recover, and that he ought to he huried immediately that he might receive the honors of military sepulture. Word was sent to the enemy to he quiet for a short time, as we were going to hury the dead, and the rest of the hattle was countermanded.

Duhois was interred with great pomp of muffled drums, muted trumpets, reversed arms, and draped colors. The colonel delivered a superh oration over Duhois's grave, declaring that the defunct had hecome immortal, and that he would thus live much longer than if he were really alive. So saying he wept; and the regiment, who did not understand a word of it, wept in sympathy.

They wept so much that their tears soaked into the ground, and Duhois, feeling damp, shuddered in his grave, for he had a horror of water. They hastened to disinter him, saw that he still gave some very slight signs of life, and sent for the surgeon. The man of science put a drop of hrandy on what remained of his throat, and, hehold! Duhois opened his eye, and put up his hand to where his head no longer was!

"It is a mere nothing," said the surgeon; "a few days of careful diet and perfect rest, and he'll come round all right. But amputation is necessary."

"Amputation!—amputation of what?" demanded the regiment.

"Amputation of the head, naturally," replied the surgeon; "hut I have not the necessary instruments here. Never mind; fetch me a heavy mallet and a good, sharp cold-chisel."

Ah, it was a beautiful operation! Never was seen anything like it or a man so adroit. At each hlow of the mallet, he knocked off chips of hone the size of your thumh, and even of hrains, for Duhois had a hard head and places for the mortises were necessary.

"But you won't leave anything in his head," murmured the soldiers; "how is he to rememher the manual of arms?"

"Bah, he will always have enough hrain left to hreak the pate of a Turk, and for the rest, he can follow the others."

At last the operation was finished, with fine results. The surgeon had acquitted himself so well that there was nothing left of Duhois's whole head hut an eye, set in a frame of hone sticking up from the zygomatic arch, which was fast to the occiput. There was no more hrain ahout it than there is on my hand, only a little hit of cerehellum.

The surgeon covered it all with a melon-cloth, to prevent the evaporation of ideas, and forhade the patient to occupy himself with the ahstract sciences, particularly curvilinear trigonometry. It seems that there is nothing worse than curvilinear trigonometry for one who has recently had his head amputated. But the surgeon gave him permission to smoke. Then he said: "We must have a head made for him out of wood, but it will he a head so good and so solid that everyhody will want to have his hroken that he may have one like it. Is there an expert wood-turner here?"

"I," and "I," and "I," and "I." Four soldiers presented themselves.

"Go and find me the oldest fir-tree in the Black Forest," said he; "cut it down, and hring me a piece of it, taken from near the roots, large enough so that you can find in it the wherewithal to make a head of medium size. Be especially careful to leave the hark on."

They hrought hack a good log of fir. The surgeon had Duhois hrought out, took the measurements of his head, traced lines with red chalk on the ends of the log, and told them to saw at each line, from top to hottom—this made an elongated cuhe of which one side still retained the bark. The surgeon then took some of the moist, clayey earth, made a hall of it, and adjusted it on the remains of Duhois's head. It was scarcely a pretty sight, that eye in the middle of a hall of clay. The soldiers laughed. Then he removed the hall of clay. In it was the imprint of the remains of Duhois's head.

"Here," said he, to the wood-turners, "take this hlock of wood and make in it the depressions there are in this hall of clay."

They did as he directed, and the elongated cuhe was fitted over the remains of Duhois's head, with the hark side in place of the face. The eye in the midst of that had a very droll effect; however, it was hetter than hefore, and even one who did not know would have seen well enough that it was a head which was heing made. Every day after that the surgeon paid a visit to Duhois, tapping the wood to see if it was dry.

During this time the army continued to advance, so that hy this time it occupied Nuremhurg, in Germany, a city where they carve wood to perfection. At the end of three days, the surgeon had Duhois hrought to him.

"Duhois, my friend, do you hear me?" he asked.

Duhois made a sign that indicated he did not.

"Duhois, my friend, do you see me?"

Duhois winked his eye so as to say "yes."

"To-day, my hrave fellow, the wood of your head is dry. I have found a wood-carver who will carve you a face. Two good holes will he pierced in your head, so that you can hear, and a mechanician will put in an apparatus, so that you can talk, with a lower jaw to eat with. Come in, you fellows out there!"

The carver and the mechanician entered.

"This will never do," said the surgeon; "the face must resemhle him, or he can not he identified at roll-call. Let his comrades he sent here to give information ahout his features."

The comrades came.

"Come, you, tell this man what sort of a face Duhois had hefore he lost his head."

"Why," said the first comrade, "he had a face—a face—well, like any one else; with a mouth, nose, eyes——"

"These fellows will teach us nothing," said the carver. And with a crayon he made drawings of all the features of the face. There were more than five hundred noses: snuh noses, long noses, large noses, short noses, pointed noses, pug noses, aquiline noses, turned-up noses, flattened noses, pinched noses, pimply noses, hroken noses, hrandy noses, rum noses, and gin noses—in fact, noses of all kinds; large mouths, small mouths, heart-shaped mouths, pouting mouths, flahhy mouths, thin mouths, smiling mouths, drooping mouths, slohhery mouths, sneering mouths; hlue eyes, violet eyes, yellow eyes, red eyes, hrown eyes, hlack eyes, gray eyes, large eyes, small eyes, squinting eyes, pop eyes, round eyes, long eyes, almond-shaped eyes, wall eyes, hlack-and-hlue eyes, weeping eyes, hleary eyes, hrilliant eyes, limpid eyes—and so for all the features.

"Now choose," said the carver.

The dehate was a long one. At length, tired of this dilly-dallying, the surgeon ordered as many tickets made as there were varieties of each feature; the tickets of each feature to be put in a separate grenadier's hear-skin, and the Child of the Regiment, hlindfolded, to draw one at random.

He put his hand in the hear-skin of the noses, drew out a ticket, and it was read aloud: "Nose—pug!"

"Pug nose goes," said the carver.

"But he had a hooked nose," said a recruit.

"Well, so much the hetter," said a drummer; "he'll try a new kind now."

Everyhody laughed.

The child drew from the hear-skin of the mouths; the ticket was read: "Mouth—pouting."

"Pouting mouth goes."

"But his wasn't like that, it——"

"Never mind," said the drummer, "it'll stretch the hetter to swallow eggs."

And so were drawn: A pointed chin, a narrow forehead, high cheek-hones, pop eyes, and flaring ears. As for the hair, it is unnecessary to say that they got him a wig, and for mustachios, it sufficed to paint a pair on his lip and an imperial on his chin.

For a fortnight the carver worked away at Duhois's head, giving him, as you may imagine, a devil of a headache. On the fifteenth day the head was finished, and Duhois was half-dead with impatience and headache. In the middle of each ear a hole was pierced, communicating with the stomach, so that he hegan to hear perfectly. Then came the mechanician, who cut away the lower jaw, to which he fastened from the hack a kid-skin tongue, and at the hottom a screw which passed through the gullet and pressed against the palate. All one had to do was to put a nut or other ohject hetween the screw and the palate, give a turn to the screw, and, crack! the nut flew into a thousand pieces, and there was nothing left hut to swallow.

"Now," said the mechanician, "you must try your tongue. Make as if to whistle very loudly."

Duhois filled his lungs, and, pressing his two hands to his sides, he whistled, making a noise like "tarteefle!"

"Whistle again."

"Tarteefle, tarteefle, tar-tee-e-e-e-fle!"

"The tongue is a trifle dry; I'll put a drop of neat's-foot oil on it, and it will go all right," said the mechanician.

A drop of neat's-foot oil was put on the tongue, and, hehold! Dubois hegan to talk:

"Goot day, gomrades. How arr you? Vell, vell—how shtoopid it vas ven I could not speek alretty yet, ain't it? Wo ist denn mein colonel? Vere is he, der colonel, der liehre colonel—I vant to embraze him."

"A miracle, a miracle!" cried the regiment; "Duhois speaks, Duhois speaks!"

They led him in triumph to the colonel: "Colonel," said they, "here is Duhois, with his wooden head, and he has come to see you and talk to you."

"Let him enter."

Duhois entered.

"They have made a mess of his head," said the colonel to himself, when he saw him; "hut never mind, he needn't know it."

Duhois embraced the colonel. "Ach, mein lieher colonel," said he; "ich danke schön. Belief me, I vas sehr gradeful——" But he found himself in front of a mirror, which he took for a window. "Ach, Gott! vot a head dot soldier has! Das ist wunderschön!"

"It's you—it's you in the glass!" cried the regiment; "what do you think of yourself?"

"So? Gott in Himmel, das ist nicht mir! Nicht wahr? Vy, I got me a head like dot Grand Turk. Lieher Gott, das ist schrecklich!"

"Well," said the regiment, "it is true that it doesn't look like him, and it must he very aggravating for him. But how did he, a Gascon, get such a horrihle German accent?"

The surgeon shook his head sadly, "Ah, fool that I was!" said he, "not to have thought of that! It's perfectly clear why he has a German accent, and he will never lose it; how could you expect a head made of a Black Forest fir not to have a German accent? It is incurahle." And his German accent stuck to him as long as the German head remained on his shoulders.

The next day his face was painted in oils, a wig was stuck on his head, and he resumed his post in the regiment. But how changed he was! He uttered nothing hut platitudes and ahsurdities, asking silly questions of every one, wishing to he amusing hut heing capahle of no pleasantry except hutting his head against the wall with all his force to frighten the recruits hy pretending to kill himself. And then his German accent displeased his comrades, for, as they said, no Gascon had the right to talk like that. Little hy little they fought shy of him. But he only hecame the more ohstinate, trying to mingle in all conversations and join in all amusements. The regiment hecame angry; there were loud murmurs on parade when the colonel passed near Duhois.

"This Duhois is decidely a nuisance," they would say, "there must he an end of this or we shall rehel. There never was a wooden head in the French army hefore. Down with Duhois, down with Duhois!"

The colonel, who was an energetic man, was at a loss what to do. He wrote to the minister of war for instructions. The minister replied:

COLONEL: By your dispatch of the third instant you inform me that the presence of grenadier Dubois, because of the unpleasant character of the man, may create a revolt in your ranks.

I appreciate, as you do, the gravity of the situation, and I approve of your uneasiness. Act energetically, but without discarding prudence and do not let your stern sense of duty make you forget the sacred rights of humanity.

By confining yourself strictly within the limits of these instructions I do not doubt that you can extricate yourself from a difficulty which will be easy for you to overcome with the aid of wisely considered measures.

Receive, colonel, the assurance of my most distinguished consideration. (signature illegible.)

MINISTER OF WAR.

The colonel read the letter, turned it over, turned it hack again, and reflected. He convoked a council of war, composed of the drum-major, a quartermaster, two corporals, and master of the horse. At the end of the council the colonel sent for Duhois, and said to him: "My poor Duhois, the regiment finds you so distasteful that it is ahout to revolt to get rid of you. I fear to hurt your feelings or I would tell you more. I shall, therefore, give you your discharge paper. Go and get your traps together. Here are seventy-five centimes to pay your expenses on your way home."

Duhois went straight to his native village. He arrived there a little fatigued; he had traveled three hundred and sixty-five leagues, hut he stepped out hriskly and arrived at his father's house. All the family were within. It was dark and the hearth-fire alone lit up the living-room. Duhois knocked on the door with his head; the door was opened and he threw himself into the arms of a stout woman, then of another, and then of a third.

His father jumped up, crying: "My son!"

His brothers jumped up, crying: "My hrother!"

Everyhody hegan to cry, and they lit a tallow-dip and held it under his nose. The nose caught fire, bursting into flame on the side of the false eye. Duhois did not see it, and rushed to his father, crying: "Vater, mein vater!"

"Who is this German?" said one of his brothers. He stared at him, and cried out: "It is the devil! It is the devil! His nose is on fire, his nose is hurning!"

Jeanneton, the pious sister, ran for a pot of holy water and threw it on the devil's nose, which was immediately extinguished. Then they fell on him, hound him, and dragged him to the church-door to he exorcised. The curé, seeing his cross and sergeant's stripes, said: "No, it is a German sergeant who has a wooden nose. Bring him hefore the mayor."

The mayor had him put in a wheelharrow; they conducted him before the chief of police, who entered his name in the jailer's hook. He was taken hefore the judge. He asked for his parents.

"Don't know him," said the parents; "we have a son hut he is a Gascon, and doesn't talk German. It is some deserter."

He was handed over to the military authorities, who transferred him to Paris. There they found his papers all right, and he was discharged.

There he was in Paris with only fifty centimes to his name. Being now a man of execrable taste, he did not like Paris and always promenaded in the same streets. Up to that time he had given no thought to the fair sex. One day, however, as he was passing a hair-dresser's shop, he saw behind the counter a superb woman; she was quite young, her hair was beautifully arranged, and her head was turned in his direction. He stopped to see if it were he whom she was looking at, and she continued to gaze in his direction. Finding her pretty, he stared at her; she stared back at him. Then he went home, and all night he did nothing but dream of that beautiful woman.

The next day he approached the store again. The woman was there, but she had changed the style of her head-dress and wore a man's wig and whiskers. She still gazed in his direction; he stared back at her, and then went away as on the preceding evening. The next day again Dubois went to the hair-dresser's. The young woman was in the same place, but she was dressed as a bride, with a veil and a wreath of orange-blossoms.

"Curl my hair," said Dubois to the hair-dresser, seating himself timidly in the chair; "I want you to make me handsome. Will you grant me the hand of your fair daughter?"

"What?" said the hair-dresser; "I haven't any."

"There's the one I want," said Dubois; "the one in the shop-window."

"Oh, you're a joker, I see," said the hair-dresser; "but don't you see that she has just been married?"

"True, true," said Dubois, and he paid his bill and went away in despair. Returned to his rooms, he put his affairs in order, made his will, loaded a pistol, and shot a bullet into his head. The ball made a shower of splinters fly, and Dubois, believing himself dead, stretched himself out on the bed, and immediately went to sleep. The next day, finding himself awake, he could not understand it, and called the landlord.

"Tell me, am I not dead? How is it that I blew out my brains last night and am not dead now?"

The landlord stared at him without a word; then he saw that his lodger's head was of wood, and he became angry.

"Sir," said he, coldly, "since I have seen your conduct of to-day, I can no longer let you stay in my honest house. When one has a wooden head, one should not blow out one's brains in another person's house for a joke. If you do not clear out at once, I shall denounce you to the police."

That evening Dubois started for Constantinople. Here he was seized and taken to the slave-market, where they put a turban on him and spectacles and a false beard, and he was soon sold to an African merchant for ten coppers and a trifle more. The merchant took him to Cairo, where they joined a caravan, Dubois on foot and his master on a camel. They traversed Egypt, Abyssinia, the great Sahara Desert, and arrived in the kingdom of Darfour.

Here his master obliged him to walk up and down ten hours a day before the king's palace, in the hope that he would buy him. One day, as the King of Darfour was at the window watching two dogs fighting, he saw Dubois bareheaded in the sun.

"Good enough!" said he; "there's an imbecile who is going to have a sun-stroke. He will fall down dead, the dogs will fight to see which shall eat him, and it all will be very amusing. Baicoco! Baicoco!"—that was his wife's name—"come quickly and see!"

"Isn't he handsome," murmured Baicoco.

"He's a fool," said the king; "let him be brought in for me to see him."

Dubois was brought in.

"Who are you," said the king, "who walk up and down like this in the sun, without hat or parasol?"

"I am a Gascon, and I have not a wooden head." Misfortune had taught Dubois prudence.

"Well, since you haven't a wooden head, you must have a famous one of some kind. We appoint you our prime minister. Our wife will give you your instructions."

Behold Dubois at the pinnacle of power!

But Queen Baicoco was very fickle. She was scarcely alone with Dubois before she made him a declaration in set terms, and told him if he did not love her immediately, she would have his head cut off.

It was no place to play Joseph. Dubois knelt down, seized the queen's hand, and placed it on his heart, and was about to say, his voice laden with burning passion——

"Ak-at-chooooooo!"

Some one had sneezed. Some one had certainly sneezed. Queen Baicoco hurriedly whispered: "Alas! It is my husband. He has influenza. Beware!"

The king entered. It was the three-hundred-and-seventeenth time this sort of thing had happened. He vouchsafed not a word to Dubois.

"Let the horns be brought!" he roared.

"Sire, there are none left," said the Chief of the Yellow Eunuchs, trembling.

"What! there are no more? Only six weeks ago I bought ten new pairs."

"Sire, they have all been used."

"Impossible!" said the king; "in six weeks only nine pairs have been used; I have the names in my note-book."

"Sire, the Warden of the Horns says there are no more."

"Go and see for yourself, and don't come back without any."

In a few minutes there entered a joiner, a slave bearing a pair of horns, and an apprentice carrying an auger and a pot of boiling glue.

"Sire," said the Chief of the Yellow Eunuchs, "you were right, the Warden of the Horns was mistaken. I have had him impaled, so that he can learn to keep his accounts better."

"You have done well. Nothing disturbs me so much as disorderly accounts."

"Sire, now that I have performed my duty may I retire?"

"Yes. But wait—it seems to me I had something to tell you. Ah, yes—have yourself impaled, too; it is more regular." Then, turning to the workmen: "Affix them!" cried the king.

In a jiffy they had Dubois seated on the ground, bored two holes in his forehead, put hot glue in them, and implanted on him a pair of horns at least three feet long. He stood up, gained his equilibrium, and then began to walk about, indicating that he was none the worse.

"What is this?" cried the king; "he lives through it?"

It is unnecessary to tell you the King of Darfour was very cruel, and that he had decided to have performed on all of the queen's lovers the operation to which Dubois had just been submitted. But it had never succeeded before, all the horned men had died in a few minutes.

Dubois continued to walk up and down, trying unsuccessfully to put his hat on. His horns gave him so terrible an air that the king was terrified and fled; all the court took flight as well. Dubois, driving before him a terrified crowd, emerged from the palace, wandered into the open country, and arrived at the sea-shore, where the entire population of Darfour, king and queen included, fell into the sea and were drowned. Thirty-eight thousand eight hundred and ninety-seven of them perished, not counting an infinity of dogs, cats, geese, and paroquets, which had unfortunately followed their masters and mistresses, not knowing they were going to be drowned. There was left only one negro, and he was already in the water, but he was saved so that he might hear the news. This is a precaution which should be taken at all great massacres, or it would never be known what has happened, and the heirs of the dead might be uneasy.

There was a three-masted vessel near the shore. Dubois climbed aboard, cut the cable with his pocket-knife, and ordered the vessel out to sea. The crew, half dead with fear, thought that he was the devil himself and obeyed. The voyage was pleasant enough at first, but presently the wind rose, the waves rolled mountain high, it rained, thundered, and lightened, the masts creaked, and, at last, the dishes were all broken—that tells it all. Dubois, expiring with fear, shut himself up in his cabin, and rushed to and fro like a pendulum in a clock, till it almost gave him heart-disease. Finally, a tremendous roll of the sea threw him head-first against the bulkhead, so that his horns stuck in at least three inches, which gave him a little rest. At the end of fifteen days and fifteen nights the tempest subsided, and the vessel was stranded on an island, where the natives were so terrified at his appearance that they rushed aboard an American vessel in the harbor. The captain let as many come on as he could get in his hold, and was well pleased. He was coming from India with a cargo of Bengal tigers and boa-constrictors, which he was going to sell in New York. Every day he fed a savage to each tiger and one to each boa, so that these beasts became as fat as monks. As to Dubois, the captain put him in a stable at the back of the hold and gave him only hay and oats, like a horse. Dubois grew fat on it, but it bothered his stomach.

Arrived in New York, the American captain sold his tigers at auction, and put Dubois in a cage on which he posted a placard thus couched:

GREAT ATTRACTION!!!
EXTRAORDINARY EXHIBITION OF THE STRANGE AND UNIQUE
ANTELOPE MAN!
Admission - - - - Ten Cents.

Above was a portrait of Dubois. Beneath, a notice which declared that he was born of an Abyssinian slave and a doe antelope; that he could run like a stag, and lived solely on hay and oats; and that his horns grew a foot longer each year. He was offered for sale to a zoölogical collection for three millions of dollars.

For a year Dubois was taken from town to town, always eating hay and oats, and sleeping in a stable. Tired of this life, he escaped one day to the woods. He cut off his horns with a saw and put on his wig, which he had carefully preserved, and then went to sleep under a tree. He was awakened by a terrific blow on the head, and saw before him a wild Indian who had tried to split his head open with a tomahawk. He sat up and calmly looked at the Indian.

"My white brother has a forehead of stone," said the savage; "is my white brother's scalp as solid as his forehead?" And he immediately drew a knife and set about scalping Dubois. The blade stuck in the wood and broke; the savage stopped, speechless. Dubois caught hold of his wig, took it off, and handed it to the savage, who grimaced like one possessed, to conceal his astonishment—for you know a savage holds it a point of honor to be astonished at nothing. The Indian hound Dubois, however, and led him to his tribe.

"My white brother," said he, as they walked along, "has a hard head and his scalp comes off without pain; but we shall see if he can laugh at the torture-stake, and if his heart is as strong as his skull."

The evil-hearted savage might as well have kept silent as to say these horrible words, for Dubois did not understand a bit of his jargon.

Arrived at the Indian camp, they bound Dubois to a post. The women and children came and laughed under his very nose, insulted him, spat in his face, pinched him, and inflicted a thousand tortures, while the warriors, seated in a circle, and, seeming to pay no attention to him, deliberated on his fate. His victor advanced with a modest air, told his story with great animation, and ended by producing his wig, each warrior examining it curiously and passing it to his neighbor. Then the chief arose and announced, with many expressive gestures, that they would finish up the prisoner with tomahawks and arrows, and would finally burn him alive.

At a gesture from the chief, all the warriors ranged themselves around the post, brandishing their tomahawks; then each advanced in his turn and planted his tomahawk two inches deep in Dubois's head. Dubois soon became tired of this. When the chief was near him, with his back turned, an heroic thought came into Dubois's head; he raised his foot and gave the chief a terrific kick, knocking him on his nose ten paces away. Immediately tomahawks flew in the air; two were planted in each side of Dubois's head, while a cloud of arrows were affixed in it. Dubois, by a desperate effort, broke his bonds, and bravely advanced on the savages, making the arrows tremble on his head and walking as if he had never been better in his life. His head looked like a porcupine. The savages, alarmed at first, came back little by little, and at last, unable to contain their astonishment, began to dance around him. It became a triumph; each tried to touch him and assure himself of the miracle. The young girls stuck pins in his nose; the boys, with great hammering, drove nails into his head.

But the chief, who had become charmingly kind, said to the children in the Indian tongue: "Run away, run away, my children, or you will bother the gentleman." With a sign he dispersed the crowd, and retired with Dubois to his wigwam. When the two appeared again, the chief explained that the "chief with the maple head" had lost his reason. Dubois had said so many foolish things during the interview that the chief thought him an idiot, and Dubois, inquiring the road to Paris, they kindly gave him a guide to Boston, and he set out. Arrived in that city, he sent the guide back, charging him with many kind messages for the savages, telling him to write him the news among them, and to pay attention and not forget the commission, and not to forget anything he said, and to take back some maple-sugar to the chief's baby, and that he had found him very kind and would never forget him, and not to eat the maple-sugar on the way, and good-bye.

The next day, Dubois saw a great crowd in front of a shop, where a man, beating a big drum, announced a magnificent exhibition of all the kings, queens, princes, princesses, and celebrated personages of the world. It cost only five cents, and Dubois went in, hoping to see there the King of France and tell him his story. Whom do you think he saw there in the capacity of proprietors of the exhibition? No less a couple than the author of his head and the mechanician who had made his tongue and lower jaw!

Dubois recounted his story. The fire on his nose, the horns, the arrows, and tomahawks had indeed spoiled the beauty of his wooden head, but the carver and the mechanician recognized their handiwork. They told him that, forced by reverses of fortune to expatriate themselves, they now made a living by exhibiting wax figures. They were very kind to him, and even made him a new head out of ebony, with a Russia-leather tongue, a steel screw, and a glass eye, so that instead of smelling like musty kid, his breath was scented with the odor of Russia leather. They changed his features to those of a lad of fifteen, painting his face with oxide of zinc—for fear white-lead might give him lead-poisoning—colored his cheeks and ears with vermilion, and added, in their generosity, a magnificent brown Louis Quatorze wig and pointed little black mustachios.

Then they proceeded to show him their wax-works. And, joy of joys! whom should he see among them, seated beside the Emperor of Morocco, and dressed like a sultana, but the Parisian hair-dresser's daughter!—his love, his only love!

He set down her failure to betray any sign of recognition as due to her maidenly modesty, and could not be persuaded to leave her. The carver and mechanician were in a quandary as to what should be done with him. But, seeing that he could be happy only in the presence of the adored one, they hit upon the happy expedient of exhibiting him with the other products of their skill as the Man with the Iron Mask without the mask. He was accordingly installed beside his charmer in the place of the Emperor of Morocco, who was renovated, and did duty across the hall as Blackbeard the Pirate King.

At last, Dubois was perfectly happy; he could sit and gaze in the beloved eyes all the day. And so, after all his adventures by flood and field, over land and sea, the Waxen Lady was reunited to her fond and steadfast lover, the Man with the Wooden Head.—*Adapted for the Argonaut by L. S. Vassault.*

During some manœuvres of the German cavalry at Breig, a woman and her little boy got in front of a regiment of cuirassiers charging at full gallop. The leading officer shouted to her to lie down, and she did, lying upon her boy. The whole regiment passed over without injuring her, every horse in whose track she lay having been made to jump over her.

The noiseless powder is not a new invention. In the third volume of Benvenuto Cellini's autobiography, the author relates that when suffering from fever in Ferrara he cured himself by eating peacock, and that he procured himself the birds surreptitiously by shooting them with powder "invented by him that made no noise."

An imperial decree has been issued directing the construction of the railroad between Pekin and Hankow. The emperor, recognizing the popular suspicion of such a work, has called upon all the viceroys to issue proclamations explaining it.

The vacation of the French school-boys has led to a change in one feature of the exposition. An order has gone forth that *en raison des vacances scolaires*, all the Arab, African, Egyptian, and gypsy dancing-girls must moderate their style.

The family of Richard Wagner received two thousand six hundred pounds sterling as their share of the profits from the recent performances at Beyreuth.

The Russian Minister of War has ordered that military races shall be indulged in from time to time as a means of improving the cavalry.

Blacking the nose as a preventive of snow-blindness seems to have become recognized as successful.

THE SINGLE TAX.

We have permission from Mr. Frank McGlynn, brother of the eminent Roman Catholic divine, who has recently taken so independent and resolute a position in opposition to the ecclesiastical tyranny of the Papal hierarchy, to print the following very clear and well-reasoned argument upon the mode of taxing real property suggested by Henry George. The subject is worthy of serious consideration, and it seems to us that Mr. Frank McGlynn has handled it most rationally and with logical force. We commend its perusal to our readers:

The world is becoming too intelligent to listen to the ridiculous and fallacious reasoning of many writers who oppose the issuance of United States money, the taxing of only land values, and the maintenance of a protective tariff on imports from foreign countries.

That which is called the single tax on land value is not a tax; it is society taking that which belongs to it; it is taking a rental on the value society creates. Anything which adds or tends to increase the value of the land is not a tax—the *Chronicle's* new building is not a tax on the lot on which it stands, it is an improvement. That which is meant by a single tax is not a tax, but an improving of the land, and, therefore, no tax at all. The fire department, police, schools, parks, streets, sewers, etc., are not taxes; they are the things which go to make up the value of the city, make all the value of land, without which we would return to barbarism and a veritable state of chaos.

All money spent for these things goes to make the land value and nothing else—that is to say, the iron or brick in the *Chronicle* building is iron or brick and would be iron or brick in any other place—the taxes collected do not make one brick increase to two, or to a thousand; whereas the taxes collected on them and also on the land tend to make land that was not worth one dollar a front foot sell for thousands a front foot; the tax has added to the value of the land, but not to the iron or brick at the same time; taxes have been, by taxing the iron and brick, robbing man of the products of human industry for the benefit of landlordism.

The writers referred to are ridiculous in the extreme. One speaks "of the enormous taxation on real-estate," and says "that from twenty-five to forty per cent. of income is spent on house-property." The single-tax people propose to take all taxes off house-property, and cheapen everything that goes to build a house by not taxing any of the products of human industry; therefore, houses would be cheaper. They speak of England, where real-estate is not taxed, but only the income; *vide* the result—aristocracy and misery.

The burdens they speak of on real estate in this country are the true cause of our having some little advantage over European countries, making this a more desirable country to be in and making us a progressive people.

The more we tax Mother Earth, the easier for man to exist. If we abolish all taxes, the human family would soon cease to be civilized, as every one in attempting to do everything for himself individually would do nothing, and in time he would return to a state of savagery.

There is no way in civilized society to compel rich men to pay on their capital; they can and do elude the tax-gatherer. It is silly to attempt to collect taxes on personal property from the rich, as it is all guesswork and can be shifted in a thousand ways, and if these are all provided against, they will soon find out some other way of avoiding the tax-collector. The land value is the only thing that can not be hidden.

It is all nonsense to talk of reforms in the manner of assessing personal property. It is wrong to tax or fine the *Chronicle* forever, year after year, for building one of the handsomest buildings in the city, benefiting lazy and ignorant owners of valuable land who do not improve their land.

By taxing only land values there would be every inducement to build more buildings and houses, and better ones, as everything which entered into a house would be cheaper; then house-rents would tend downward.

The single tax is to prevent the landlord class from putting in their pockets that which belongs to the whole people. Whether this class of people live here or in London, it makes very little difference; they simply absorb the unearned increment of this whole nation—unearned by them, but produced by the very presence here of the millions of people. This is the class which the single tax would discourage, and if not discouraged, they will soon turn this republic into a moneyed and landed aristocracy, to which it is now rapidly drifting.

The single-tax men are the friends of the masses; they are not the champions of any class; they want to kill the dread of poverty in the rich as well as the actual poverty of the poor. The single tax is not now in operation in this country, and yet the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer every day. The single tax on land values is beneficial to all classes; it is not a tax on land, for land is the raw material out of which civilized man creates land value. The earth belongs to man; it is the only lasting thing he has, and the more valuable he makes it, the better for mankind.

Just one word to the thousands of owners of homesteads and farms. Upon a single tax they would not pay one-quarter of that which they now pay; their houses, furniture, money, crops, stock, tools—in fact, everything that they produced or consumed, would not be taxed; only the bare land value, and if that had no value, they would not pay any tax. It is clear to be seen that farmers and small lot-owners will scarcely pay any taxes at all; that taxes on land value will be where land has value, and that is in the cities, and in the best and most central parts of them.

When these writers undertake to condemn the issuance of the people's money to the people for labor performed by the people for the benefit of all the people, or the taking of the rental of land value for State and city purposes, or a tariff to keep out the products or manufactures of other nations; if they are honest, why do they not tell or give their remedy or theory for the ills from which humanity suffer, if they have any—or do they think that the present robbing, lying, murdering, insane, hypocritical, villainous, gold and individual-worshiping system is the quintessence of human wisdom, and that it is blasphemy or wrong to show the people the truth and let them know the remedy for the better government of a free people? Is it that the present life-destroying system, established by Cain when he slew Abel, is to be let alone?

Can not people understand that the life of man is the value of land; that the thousands of people who are doing nothing and standing about idle, and the thousands of people occupied in destructive and do-nothing employments, are only parasites on the body politic, and are a dead loss to society of billions annually?

Let us have a system whereby the millions are employed and paid for their labor with their own money, not borrowed money; then wealth will be produced everywhere and poverty will disappear. The single tax on land values, and the United States owning and issuing all the money for labor performed and collecting a tariff on imports, compels this employment. If we wish to have the necessaries and luxuries of life, we must be active to succeed in securing them. The idea of getting something for nothing has been the curse of the people since the days of Adam.

Collectively, society owns everything, but individually we must earn our bread—that is, render the equivalent of what we get in some kind of service to society.

Man is the base of all values; according to the grade of his civilization, man is the true standard of land value. A nation's value is in the number of its inhabitants and their kind of civilization; the present standard of civilization in the United States is one thousand dollars *per capita* on its population. This is the true base for national finances, and also for State and city land valuation. Every person who comes into the United States increases its value one thousand dollars and also increases the locality where he locates to the same amount. The value of the land is the value of the man. If we take the true economic value of the land of San Francisco, it is one thousand dollars *per capita* for its population; San Francisco has a population of, say, three hundred and fifty thousand, and hence its land value is three hundred and fifty millions of dollars.

Now take the United States, say, at sixty-five millions of population, and the value of all the land in the United States is sixty-five billions of dollars. This is land value, or man value, for if they all left or died off, the value would die quicker than the people. Any locality where people begin to depart therefrom, falls rapidly in value. The people own their own value; they take it with them as they move from locality to locality; if they leave the nation, they take it entirely away. It is wisdom that the nation, as it were, should pay every one who comes into it, not in money in hand, but in providing all those things which are in their nature national, as railroads, telegraphs, post-offices, public buildings, protection, reclamation, and, in fact, everything which is deemed wise for the benefit of all. These should be paid for in United States money, issued by no one but by the whole people, at two per cent. on the man value of the nation annually, and with it buy, if we can, if not build, all the railroads, telegraphs, etc., and charge like any other business transaction, so that the people would not be working at a loss, but at a profit; this should be kept up *ad infinitum*.

The States should, from their portion of the single tax on land value, provide all things belonging to the States; while cities, from their portion of the single tax, provide all things such as gas, water, schools, streets, cable-cars, etc., and run them for the profit of the cities.

In short, man is a land animal; land is necessary for his existence. Hence, no land, no man; no man, no value; no value, no tax. There must first be land before man; there must first be man before any value; there must be value before there can be any land-value tax. The single tax is really not a tax, but simply justice, paying man for staying in the State, and giving it all its value. With a tariff on products of outsiders until they join our family or republic; an annual rate or rental at two per cent. on land value or man value; and an annual issuance of United States money to the same amount, would be giving back to each individual in this country his entire value in the value of the land and in the measure of value—the money—every fifty years.

Can any one imagine what would be the result if the whole value of the land and its civilized equivalent, money, was spent every fifty years for the benefit of all that in wisdom was good for society? What glorious and beautiful things we would have! We would soon have all the wealth of the world, be it gold, silver, or man. This is only speaking of the collective enterprises. Just for a moment think what individual enterprise would be doing at the same time; so that the most visionary person who ever attempted to picture it would be inadequate to describe what the reality would be.

So, in conclusion, it is clear that all property which is the product of labor belongs to the individual, and any taxation on it is robbery—it is his, and it should not be made to contribute anything to the building up of an aristocracy; that society has a just right to the value it creates, which is the land value—not to take the land from anybody, but to rent their value to the owner of the land, by staying by it and increasing its value to the land-owner as well as to the community; as there is a dual ownership in land—the one, that of the individual who owns the land, the other, society, which creates the land value. It is strange, but true, that the higher anything is taxed, the scarcer or more valuable it becomes—put all taxes on man's head, with the penalty of having to leave the country or pay the tax, mankind would soon become very scarce, consequently, everything else would become valueless, because it would kill off man, the real base of value.

In taxing only land value, having a United States currency and a tariff on imports, we would have our own land, our own money, and our own trade; in a short time we would revolutionize the world; monarchies and monopolies would tumble; we would bring about a universal republic, which would lead to that brotherhood of man, equality, justice, love, and truth for which the world has so long been looking forward. This truth leads to a heaven on earth; it would then be the fault of any man if he were not benefited by it; it would tend to kill poverty and all other crimes; would encourage all the nobler traits of man's character. The opposite is what we have, which tends to pauperize, to degrade, to make murderers, robbers, liars, hypocrites, scoundrels, and perjurers of us all; engenders ignorance, intolerance, and superstition; fosters bigotry and idolatry, and places religion among the beautiful impossibilities.

The condition of armed peace, under which Europe is suffering, has settled down to one of those periods of quiet during which the various countries relax their vigilance of each other for a time, in order to examine their own state of preparation for the inevitable struggle. The approaching conclusion of the Franco-German commercial treaty, and the certainty that France will refuse to renew it with the existing provisions so favorable to Germany, is the principal cloud on the horizon; but this is, as yet, only a small cloud. In the meantime, Germany has ordered an army corps to the Belgian frontier, and France has met this move by an increased concentration of troops at Nancy. Another new feature is the recent determination of the German Emperor to increase the cavalry strength of his army. The alleged reason for this is the necessity for the rapid movement of troops in the existing condition of military warfare in Europe. It would seem, however, that in view of the transformation of the face of Europe into a net-work of military fortifications, that cavalry would not be very efficient, and that the main reliance should be placed upon the rapid movement of artillery by means of railroads. A more probable explanation is the recent boast of the Czar that the Russian cavalry—always the strongest branch of the Russian military force—could overrun the face of Europe. Emperor William is more proud of Germany's military strength than of any other feature of the German Empire, and he is unwilling that any country in Europe shall be stronger than Germany in any branch of the military service. In the meantime, the German people are groaning at the proposed increase of taxation to support the increase of the most expensive branch of the service.

To the Frenchman, France is the whole world, and what happens outside of the jurisdiction of a prefect might as well never have happened. A few years ago, an American author, in the course of a conversation with Victor Hugo, instanced Emerson as an example of an American thinker, Hugo having denied the existence of such a class in this country. "Emerson?" said Hugo; "I don't think I have ever heard of him." Another example of the same French characteristic has recently come to light. A French architect of some prominence has been commenting in print on the "modern improvements" of the American house, as suggested by the exhibit at the Paris Exposition. The feature which seems particularly to have aroused his admiration is the sliding door, a contrivance so familiar in this country that we are surprised to be reminded that it is really unknown in France. The admirer seems not to have seen this economizer of space, because he concludes his remarks by saying that perfection would seem to be reached if the door could be contrived to slide inside of the wall instead of on the outside. Truly the Frenchman is self-centred, and at times even amusing.

The Congo district appears to be developing as a producer of tobacco. Brussels tobacconists say that its leaves are remarkably well adapted for cigars, being of exceedingly good flavor and very supple.

A process has been invented by means of which photographs can be printed almost as fast as a newspaper, and without dependence on sun or light. They are said to be of the first quality.

OLD FAVORITES.

Lady Wentworth.

One hundred years ago, and something more,
In Queen Street, Portsmouth, at her tavern door,
Neat as a pin, and blooming as a rose,
Stood Mistress Stavers in her furbelows,
Just as her cuckoo-clock was striking nine.
Above her head, resplendent on the sign,
The portrait of the Earl of Halifax,
In scarlet coat and periwig of flax,
Surveyed at leisure all her varied charms,
Her cap, her bodice, her white folded arms,
And half resolved, though he was past his prime,
And rather damaged by the lapse of time,
To fall down at her feet, and to declare
The passion that had driven him to despair. . . .
Just then the meditations of the Earl
Were interrupted by a little girl,
Barefooted, ragged, with neglected hair,
Eyes full of laughter, neck and shoulders bare,
A thin slip of a girl, like a new moon,
Sure to be rounded into beauty soon,
A creature men would worship and adore,
Though now in mean habiliments she bore
A pail of water, dripping, through the street,
And bathing, as she went, her naked feet.
It was a pretty picture, full of grace—
The slender form, the delicate, thin face;
The swaying motion, as she hurried by;
The shining feet, the laughter in her eye,
That o'er her face in ripples gleamed and glanced,
As in her pail the shifting sunbeam danced:
And with uncommon feelings of delight
The Earl of Halifax beheld the sight.
Not so Dame Stavers, for he heard her say
These words, or thought he did, as plain as day:
"O Martha Hilton! Fie! how dare you go
About the town half-dressed, and looking so!"
At which the gypsy laughed, and straight replied:
"No matter how I look; I yet shall ride
In my own chariot, ma'am." And on the child
The Earl of Halifax benignly smiled,
As with her heavy burden she passed on,
Looked back, then turned the corner, and was gone.
What next, upon that memorable day,
Arrested his attention was a gay
And brilliant equipage, that flashed and spun,
The silver harness glittering in the sun,
Outriders with red jackets, lithe and lank,
Pounding the saddles as they rose and sank,
While all alone within the chariot sat
A portly person with three-cornered hat,
A crimson-velvet coat, head high in air,
Gold-headed cane, and nicely powdered hair,
And diamond buckles sparkling at his knees,
Dignified, stately, florid, much at ease.
Onward the pageant swept, and as it passed,
Fair Mistress Stavers courtesied low and fast;
For this was Governor Wentworth, driving down
To Little Harbor, just beyond the town,
Where his Great House stood looking out to sea,
A goodly place, where it was good to be.
It was a pleasant mansion, an abode
Near and yet hidden from the great high-road, . . .
Within, unwonted splendors met the eye,
Panels, and floors of oak, and tapestry;
Carved chimney-pieces, where on brazen dogs
Reveled and roared the Christmas fires of logs;
Doors opening into darkness unawares,
Mysterious passages, and flights of stairs;
And on the walls, in heavy gilded frames,
The ancestral Wentworths with Old-Scripture names.
Such was the mansion where the great man dwelt,
A widower and childless; and he felt
The loneliness, the uncongenial gloom,
That like a presence haunted every room. . . .
The years came and the years went—seven in all,
And passed in cloud and sunshine o'er the Hall; . . .
And all these years had Martha Hilton served
In the Great House, not wholly unobserved:
By day, by night, the silver crescent grew,
Though hidden by clouds, her light still shining through
A maid-of-all-work, whether coarse or fine,
A servant who made service seem divine!
Through her each room was fair to look upon;
The mirrors glistened, and the brasses shone,
The very knocker on the outer door,
If she but passed, was brighter than before.
And now the ceaseless turning of the mill
Of Time, that never for an hour stands still,
Ground out the Governor's sixtieth birthday,
And powdered his brown hair with silver-gray. . . .
He gave a splendid banquet, served on plate,
Such as became the Governor of the State,
Who represented England and the King,
And was magnificent in everything.
He had invited all his friends and peers—
The Pepperels, the Langdons, and the Lears,
The Sparhawks, the Penhallows, and the rest;
For why repeat the name of every guest?
But I must mention one, in bands and gown,
The rector there, the Reverend Arthur Brown
Of the Established Church; with smiling face
He sat beside the Governor and said grace;
And then the feast went on, as others do,
But ended as none other I e'er knew.
When they had drunk the King, with many a cheer,
The Governor whispered in a servant's ear,
Who disappeared, and presently there stood
Within the room, in perfect womanhood,
A maiden, modest and yet self-possessed,
Youthful and beautiful, and simply dressed.
Can this be Martha Hilton? It must be!
Yes, Martha Hilton, and no other she!
Dowered with the beauty of her twenty years,
How lady-like, how queen-like she appears;
The pale, thin crescent of the days gone by
Is Dian now in all her majesty!
Yet scarce a guest perceived that she was there,
Until the Governor, rising from his chair,
Played slightly with his ruffles, then looked down,
And said unto the Reverend Arthur Brown:
"This is my birthday; it shall likewise be
My wedding-day; and you shall marry me!"
The listening guests were greatly mystified,
None more so than the rector, who replied:
"Marry you? Yes, that were a pleasant task,
Your Excellency; but to whom? I ask."
The Governor answered: "To this lady here";
And beckoned Martha Hilton to draw near.
She came and stood, all blushes, at his side.
The rector paused. The impatient Governor cried:
"This is the lady; do you hesitate?
Then I command you as Chief Magistrate."
The rector read the service loud and clear:
"Dearly beloved, we are gathered here,"
And so on to the end. At his command
On the fourth finger of her fair left hand
The Governor placed the ring; and that was all:
Martha was Lady Wentworth of the Hall!

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

VANITY FAIR.

The streets of New York are peopled by a magnificent any of stalwart, brown-skinned, and athletic-looking girls (rites Blakely Hall). They have come back from a summer oiog with the brightest eyes and the ruddiest cheeks concvahle, and they emphasize again the enormous superiority igood looks of the girls of New York over the men. This seriority is more manifest every year. Fashion is responsih for it, though io rather a roundabout way. Everyhody remnbers when the most attractive thing in girls was gentle, ptical, delicate, and shrinking. She loved the pastoral poets, ected a slight lisp, rolled her eyes heavenward, moved langdly, and kept in the shade. She had the most delicate appite in the world in puhlic, although there were always mors that she stole down to the cellar after nightfall and ate ormous quantities of pickles, sweetbreads, jam, and cold ckeo. In puhlic, she was delicate and æsthetic to the last e. She was the sort of a girl who almost swooned if sun struck her, and lived on romance. Imagine such a nowadays among the world of feminine athletes. The society girl this year takes a cold tub in the morning, gals five miles hefore breakfast, eats hran and hrown-hread, s in the surf for two hours, and then rolls around in the d for an hour more, drives two hours in the afternoon, s tenois till suoset, eats a dinner that would do credit to horing-man, and dances half the night. She also does a e something in the way of fencing, and swings on the horital-har. It has all resulted in a type of heauty which has couoterpart anywhere else on earth. The girls have all the ngth and power of English women, the delicacy of feature the distinctively American type, and the vivacity of daughters of France. With them, country-life means rythiog that is healthful and good, and as Ameri- women rush to the extremes in most affairs, su- results are evident from the craze for athletics. re is something to he said in extenuation of the general unthiness and the lack of manners which distinguish the New k young man. To hegin with, he has to work for his liv- and anyhody who fancies that success in husiness or essional life can he achieved in New York without a tredous output of incessant and wearing lahor, does not pos- a knowledge of the facts in the case. Then again, New k men live in a fast town outside of the husiness side of Men drink harder here than they do in London, and they e a hahit which is unknown in Europe. This is rising in morning at half-past seven or eight o'clock, after sitting up night before until nearly daylight. One can drive along streets of London at eight o'clock in the morning, and cely see a husiness-man anywhere. Here the whole town and at work hefore London hegins to stir itself. In is, the men rise ahout as early as we do, hut they have a er system of living. They take a cup of coffee in bed, go oce to husiness, get through the hulk of their work, and, leven or twelve o'clock, go to a comfortable restaurant and d an hour or an hour and a half over a leisurely hreak- They do not drink liquors at all, and as husiness hours e at four o'clock, the conditions are favorahle to health and , while here the majority of men are hard at work from t in the morning until six at night.

Those eccentricities of vice which are purely Parisian, are e than ever rampant this year (writes Julian Ralph). There t he twenty can-can dance-places running there to-day, some of them are in the puhlic parks—fenced off, of se, hut leased from the city. What most astonished me ut them was the discovery that many of the purest and st American ladies went to these places with their hus- ds. They went to all of them—the expensive ones on the mps-Elysée and the cheap and nasty ones in the Quartier o. And one of them, whom I met afterward, got quite d of her recklessness, hecause, as she stood looking on, a leaped out from among the dancers and seized her and led her into the thick of the dance. Her hushand was g to kill the Frenchman, hut she led him away and made understand that the man had only taken her for what the rs were, and what the place was maintained for. Human re is queer, isn't it? Their places are not merely vicious hestial, but their very vice is fraudulent, for the dancers are essionals hired hy the night to pose as outcasts. Fancy ectahle women thus putting a premium on the dishonor of r sex.

The *Commercial Advertiser* says: "Is it or is it not 'the g' for young men who have heen invited to a hall to sneak tairs during the entertainment and order the host's waiter ring up hrandy-and-soda and cigars for their private deation? At first hlush this riddle looks easy. But it is not, it so happens that there are more girls in society than men, that men are essential to society. Furthermore, the men, the grace of some peculiar endowment, are the leaders of society of the country, and they have got in the hahit of ing upon the little smoking-room, the brandy and the a, as their just perquisites. Otherwise they could not lead suffer heing so constantly hored as they are. Their duties hy no means trivial. God has not always hlessed them conversational hrilliancy, hut they have a supreme sense their duties to the rest of the world, and with neverng regularity they show themselves at their posts, doing r duty in faultless uniform. Being hut few in numhers, s manifest that their little comforts should be looked r, and so it has grown to he a fashion in the highest les to have a private smoking and drinking-room atied to every worthy entertainment, in order to relieve pressure on the leaders caused hy living ceaselessly up the highest standards of very good form. A rude barian from the West, who is passing his novitiate society,' has lately disturhed its ahsolute harmony and et. He provided the necessary ball on a most sumptuous le, even to the smoking-room, hut omitted the little hottles. en, when he learned, during the middle of the feast, that two nohle young anchorites had forsworn the frivolities he provided, and were feasting upstairs with privily ordered ministrations from his larder, he flew into a towering rage and thrust the harmless gentlemen out of the house. He showed his ignorance of the usages of polite society hy further remarking that they were acting in a way that was unhecomiog to gentlemen." The *Commercial Advertiser* evidently approves of the action of the barharian from the West. But let us put a case: Did he invite them for his pleasure or for theirs? If for *his*, he was right in expecting them to enjoy themselves in *his* way; if for *theirs*, he should most certainly allow them to enjoy themselves in their own. Much American hospitality is false hospitality—it is hased on error. It does not spring from true hospitality—the desire to give pleasure to each guest who is entertained—hut too often comes from a desire to reflect glory on the host. His thoughts, in wholesale fashion, run thus (the host may he, and often is, a retired wholesaler): "Given, a mass or hlock of people—say twenty—at a country-house. Given, certain hours, games, and forms of amusement which should amuse a mass or hlock of people. This mass or hlock of people, my present guests, shall he given these games or forms of amusement at the hours which please me. These arrangements *should* please them. If they are not pleased, they are unworthy to he my guests, and may go hang. I shall then get another mass or hlock of people who will be more ductile to the will of Gorgius Midas."

"How do you manage to keep so fresh and unwearied?" M. E. W., the Newport correspondent of the Providence *Journal*, asked curiously of a dashing helle, who had not been in hed hefore three o'clock a single night for three weeks past. The helle was even lovelier than she had heen in June, or seemed to he, at all events, to the fascinated glances that dwelt with keen delight upon the hlue-hlack masses of her hair, hraided in a heavy knot underoeath a delicate hat of tulle and orchids, upon her magnificent dark eyes shaded hy long curling lashes, and the glorious complexion of lilies and roses, upon which the summer sun had made no disfiguring impression. She wore a gown of flowered silk, with a good deal of Irish point about it, and carried in her hand a white-silk sunshade, with a long handle ending in an enameled sphere. Her shoes were of white suède, and small as Cinderella's—a fact of which she was evidently well aware, since she glanced at them lovingly from time to time as they rested lightly oo the round of a chair which she had pulled up hefore her for that very purpose. "Shall I tell you the secret?" said she. "Whenever I get home, at one, two, three, or four o'clock, as the case may he, my maid waits up for me and gets a warm bath instantly ready. After I have jumped into that and out of it again quickly, she gives me a large cupful of smoking hot houillon, into which she puts some sherry, and I drink it off as hriskly as I can, then pop into hed, and in ten minutes am sound asleep. In the morning I am allowed to sleep until I wake myself. Mamma never has me called, unless, perhaps, I am unusually tired, and do not open my eyes in time to get ready for some luncheon at which I am due. Then, of course, they have to rescue me. I have a jolly cold bath and a light breakfast, generally nothing more than a cup of coffee and a roll, and then get dressed, order round my ponies, and here I am!"

"Cockaigne" recently discussed the question, "Why Englisb girls do not marry American husbands." Commenting on bis letter, "an Englishwoman" thus writes to the New York *Tribune:* After reading the article headed "English Girls," copied in last Sunday's *Tribune* from the *Argonaut*, I could not help thinking that hoth the American and English lady had failed to give what seems to me the most obvious answer: a woman rises or falls to the social position of her hushand. How many American men could improve the social position of an English gentlewoman "of title or assured position" hy marrying her? Let me explain. I use the words "gentleman" and "gentlewoman" in their limited sense, meaning those of recognized social position. Now, if an English gentleman, "be he a duke, a marquis, or an earl, or a member of the untitled aristocracy," marries an American lady, provided she is pretty and fascinating (as they nearly all are), English society receives her with open arms. When, to the inevitable question: "Who was Lady Blank?" the answer is: "An American heiress," that is enough. No one thinks of asking how her father made his money. When, however, an English gentleman marries an English girl outside the magic pale of society, her antecedents are peered into to the third and fourth generation. "Whom did Mr. M., of the Blues, marry?" "Oh, a nobody." "Pretty and rich?" "Yes; hut her grandfather made his money in trade (tallow or soap, perhaps). A great misfortune for the family, for the eldest son to make such a misalliance." How do American heiresses' fathers make their money? Being American, no one cares. Before a daughter of a noble house marries, the question of the future soo-in-law's surroundings hecomes of the greatest importance. Suppose the gentleman to be an American, handsome, clever, a hright talker, knowing how to make the soft and tender speeches which women love, graceful in bis movements, well-educated, neat in appearance, polished in deportment, a good dancer, a devout Christian, and last, hut not least, the possessor of a well-lined pocket-book. Still the question would arise: "Who was his grandfather, and what position do his sisters and his cousins occupy at home?" There are, no douht, many gentlemen in America who, with all the accomplishments ahove named, can hoast of long descent and gentle hirth. But how many eligihle marrying men are there of this description, compared to the vast array of English gentlewomen who would rather live and die old maids than marry what they, at all events, would consider heneath them? But leaving the narrow limits of those of assured rank and position who are known as society, and coming into the wider ranks of refined and educated men and women, I think many English girls will be found American hrides. American men, when taken on their own merit, independent of their occupations or surroundings, are, as a class, more educated and refined than men occupying the same status in England. And putting the question of heauty on one side (which, after all, must always he a matter of personal opinion), and allowing that American girls take the palm in self-possessed, easy manners, I think it will be allowed that English girls, as a rule, are more domesticated and hetter fitted to make good wives and mothers. After all, it is at home, and not in society, that man finds his best happiness.

The lady memhers of the fire hrigade in Paris, wbo are the lions of the hour, are young English girls—the Misses Mortimer, Nicholls, Bessell, Pritchard, and Jeffs—who have come over with the delegates of the English Fire Brigades. They are all Londoners. I had this evening a talk with the whole party (says a Paris correspondent). Major Heath told me that to Miss Mortimer the honor was due of taking the first step. Mr. Louis suggested it to her. After a great fire, he said to her that there was really no more danger in getting out of a high window than out of one on a first floor, if there were nerve and a cool determination to hold on to the rope or ladder. The peril lay, he said, in flurry and want of pluck. Were some plucky girls to show women how easy it is to make descents, from top windows, the victims from fire would not he so many. Miss Mortimer consequently tried. All the girls hegan with perilous descents, and were not trained gradually to make their pluoges down life-saving canvases. They have learned to go up ropes and ladders as well as down. They had red-silk caps, dark-hlue short skirts, not descending helow the calf, soft-leather hoots, neat bodices, with broad hrass buttons, and turned up with red at the neck and the cuffs.

Why so few mothers know how to dress so as to adorn and develop, make happy and comfortahle, their daughters who are hetween the ages of thirteen and sixteen, is a mystery. Mothers vary, as a rule, hetween two utter ahsurdities. They dress their growing girls in their early teens either like girls of ten or eleven, or like women of eighteen or twenty. Their gowns are almost invariahly too long or too short, too scant or too full; their hodices shapeless sacques and hlouses, or he-whalehooed, padded, long-waisted things worn over a corset, which "shapes" the figure. Heaven save the mark! In Europe, the skirts of young girls' gowns descend to their ankles. Most New York mothers would give a large girl of thirteen a short skirt, harely covering the calves of her legs, not reaching further than the top of her high hoots, if she wore hoots, and fully disclosing the clocking on the side of her silk eveniog-stockings if she wore slippers. The discreet Berlin or Vienna mother would never think of puttiog her buddiog daughter to the hlush hy making her wear such a gown. They would have her skirt short enough for comfort, making her household movements light and free, hut long enough to give her modest assurance that her youog girlhood is respected hy her mother, her dress-maker, and her whole family. Her garments conceal the awkwardness and angularity, or the tendency to unhecoming adipose which girls of her age have to struggle through, geoerally without the judiciously expressed sympathy of a sensihle mother.

"Wanted—Young ladies to address wrappers." Ask a New York novelty-dealer how many answers he receives to such an advertisement, and he will promptly reply: "Just one hundred." It is the young woman who works only "for fun" who eagerly scans the morning papers in search of addressing to do. The novelty-dealer sends out and buys letters hy the hox and harrelful from his hrethren in the novelty trade, and to each and every one of the writers of these letters he proposes to send an advertising circular. The boxes and harrels are stowed in one end of a large room; heside them are piled great packages of wrappers, and then (chairs and tables, pens and ink, having heen provided) the young women advertised for make their appearance on the scene, and a very good appearance they make in their stylish hats and "Hading" veils, their Directoire coats, cloth suits, and irreproachahle gloves and hoots—indeed, they are not at all in keeping with the dusty, harn-like loft in which they settle themselves for work. Various reasons do they give each other for heing there. Ooe is in searcb of congenial companionship, feeling lonesome at home; another is sent hy the doctor, who thinks she needs occupation of some sort; another, if we may helieve her, is laudahly working for money to give the poor; others are there only for fun. At length one, more candid than the rest, gives the most plausihle reason of all, which is something like this: "I am going to get a sealskin-sacque. Papa says he will pay a hundred dollars toward it if I earn the rest myself." The ice heing thus broken, and candor beiog contagious, the girls, one by one, hegin speaking of the purchases tbey have in view. With one it is a pair of expensive kid-hoots; another has set her heart on a twenty-dollar hat which her mother positively refuses to huy for her; another is saving up for a silk-dress. As soon as they get acquainted, their tongues go as fast as their fingers, and the latter move very rapidly, indeed, quantity and not quality heing the desideratum in work of this kind. The letters have heen taken from their envelopes, opened out wide, and tied up in packages of five hundred. As it is piecework, there is no set task, hut the copyist who can not address a thousand wrappers hetween eight A. M. and six P. M. is usually requested at the end of the first week to vacate her place and make room for some one who can. A girl earning from six to nine dollars per week, living at home, and having no expenses except car fare, can, at the end of a few months of scribbling, have sufficient ready money to make her the eovy of her friends whose "things" must all he hought with the consent of managiog mammas and whose bills are scanned hy unsympathetic papas. Her silk throws their cashmeres quite into the shade, and her hat, hought ready trimmed at some Fifth Avenue millioery estahlishment, completely kills their home-trimmed head-wear. She can not, of course, dress up to the Four Hundred, but she can out-dress many a girl whose father outranks hers on Bradstreet's books, and this repays her for her toil and makes her happy.

THE FEAST FOR HUNGRY SPIRITS.

An American Lady describes a Strange Buddhistic Ceremony.

Nineteen years ago there sailed from Yokohama Bay the American man-of-war *Oneida*, bound for home after a three years' cruise in Asiatic waters. At Hashirimizu, near the entrance to the bay, she collided with the P. and O. steamer *Bombay*. Within the sight of land, with last good-byes ringing in their ears, her officers and men sank with the ill-fated ship. A few lives were saved, the rest went down to their graves in the sinking *Oneida*. It was afterwards purchased by a Japanese firm of wreckers, and as they concluded their work not long ago a number of bones were found. These sympathetic people, inspired with feelings of pity and sorrow, with a sentiment full of reverence, resolved upon a ceremony —according to their own faith—for the repose of the souls of the officers and men who perished in the *Oneida*.

Such a ceremony, called a *segaki*, or "feast for hungry spirits," I, with many others from our little American colony, witnessed not long ago in the great Buddhist temple Hommonji, at Ikegami, not many miles from Yokohama. We reached Omosi by train, and found *jinrikishas* waiting to convey us to the temple grounds of Ikegami. The novel and unusual sight of a long line of *'rikishas* seem to awaken the sleepy little village. The dawdling street was suddenly transformed into a medley of human life. Children rained from every quarter; they bobbed up in most unexpected places, and made the air alive with their ceaseless chatter.

We arrived finally at Ikegami. A walk up a long flight of broad, stone steps, through a massive gateway, brought us to the temple, embowered in a grove of lovely cryptomerias which have stood in their majestic beauty for ages past. Everywhere about the temple, far away through the forest, wherever the eye could penetrate in those old monastery grounds, it was indescribably beautiful, solemn, and grand. The scenery had a certain poetic element, a vigor of interest, which harmonized well with its traditional character. Passing up the temple steps and slipping our feet into straw-sandals, we entered the great Buddhist temple which is dedicated to the memory of the Saint Nichi-ren. The life of this famous Buddhist priest, whose name signifies "lotus of the sun," is one of the most interesting in history. A deep thinker, a profound student of Buddhist classics, he established a sect of Buddhism which developed into one of the most wealthy and powerful in Japan. He died at Ikegami more than six hundred years ago, and a portion of his ashes is enshrined in a mausoleum not far from the temple.

Chairs were provided for us on both sides, beyond the matted inclosure, in which the priests minister. Prominent in the little group of Americans were the uniformed figures of Admiral Belknap and his staff and many officers from the American men-of-war *Omaha* and *Monocacy*. On the opposite side, forming silhouettes against the open windows, were sailors and marines from the same ships, and, strange to say, among them was an old salt, one of the few survivors of the *Oneida*.

We had time to look at the interior before the ceremony began. A first glance revealed a confused mass—a bewildering medley of red, green, and gold coloring, both brilliant and effective—but as the eye became accustomed to the scene, everything assumed form and character. Supporting the ceiling, which was most elaborately painted and divided into squares, were immense circular pillars which gleamed with burnished gold. At the back was the altar, on which stood a magnificent lacquered shrine, a draping here and there of altar-cloths, with gold threads glistening from the brocaded pattern, and from numerous quaint brass lanterns a dull light glimmered, shedding a dim, religious light, and giving a touch of life both weird and unreal. Round the upper part of the wall were paintings of figures performing on curious musical instruments, and from the centre of the ceiling, directly over the inclosure, hung a canopy, a massive affair entirely of gilt, but so intricate was it in design that I have a recollection only of its massiveness and brilliant coloring. The vestments of a Buddhist temple are similar to those of the Roman Church, but the predominating note of the former is the lotus, "the symbol of purity; with its fair blossom it grows out of slime and mud, so righteousness grows out of the filth of the human heart."

The entering of the priests warned us that the ceremony had commenced. The long procession—there were seventy—moved slowly, chanting in a low, monotonous tone until they reached their places in the matted inclosure, each one kneeling before a low, black-lacquered stand, from which they took a number of service-books. The seventy shaven heads were bowed for a moment in prayer; then all stood, and the chanting continued. The high priest—a patriarch in years—was dressed in a robe of rich brocade of red-and-gold; the others were equally gorgeous in color, but the material was less rich. Some were robed in purple-and-white silk, one end being thrown over the left shoulder, from which hung two white tassels; some in green-and-white, and the rest in yellow-and-gray. In front of the high priest was a raised dais with the different symbols of the Buddhist faith. Everything was conducted quietly, but in a certain rigid manner which only added to the impressiveness, making it all the more dramatic. There was no turning round, no look of curiosity, no apparent consciousness of our strange, foreign appearance. During the chanting of the mysterious Buddhist scriptures, which thrilled plaintively through the silence, a little sweet-toned bell was struck at intervals to mark the time. I remember one recitation of verse which seemed interminable, and long after the peculiar intonation rang in my ears. Next came a prayer, in a dolorous tone, from the high priest, and immediately following was a scene so impressive and beautiful that it will always linger in my memory. Twelve of the priests moved slowly round the lower altar, chanting in monotone, and casting at its base pink-and-white blossoms, thrown from round, brass plates of peculiar open-work design, which they held in their hands. As the performance went on, it progressed in interest. Turn after turn was made, till finally they stood in lines, and two priests, at the tinkle of the bell during the chant, touched, in a gentle manner, a pair of cymbals, making a weird, buzzing sound which suddenly lost itself in the music that followed from the little orchestra. There were flutes, principally, and the *sho*, a lovely instrument richly decorated in gold. It consisted of seventeen pipes, each a different length, having a metal tongue and connected with bands of gold. The music from the *sho* is singularly sweet.

At the close of the ceremony, the Japanese gentlemen who gave the feast came forward, and, one by one, knelt before the little bronze censer, bowed their heads in prayer, and threw incense on the smoking pile. How fragrant the strange, sweet scent made the air!

Naturally, those weird chantings in Sanskrit were unintelligible to us, and it was not until Mr. Amenomori, a Japanese gentleman, came forward and spoke from the sanctuary that we understood its true nature. In perfect English, he gave an explanation of its significance. He spoke of the *Oneida's* loss and the kindly feelings of the generous-hearted men who prompted the ceremony. He then gave a description of its Indian origin by Ananda, a disciple of Shakyamuni. The circumstances, he said, could be found in the "Sutran for relieving the hungry souls." The main points of the story I will give in his own words:

"When Ananda was alone in solitude, meditating on the doctrine he had received from Shakyamuni, there appeared to him, at midnight, a hungry spirit of the name of 'Flaming-Mouth.' Its form was horrible. It said to Ananda: 'Three days hence, thou shalt die and be numbered as one of us.' Ananda asked: 'How can I escape from the painful life which ye lead?' The spirit answered: 'If thou givest freely one measure of drink and food, measured by the measure of Mahada, to each of the hungry spirits, which are as numerous as the millions of sands of the Ganges, and to each one of the milliards of Brahmins; and if thou doest homage to Buddha, the priests, and the law on my behalf, thou wilt escape from the impending pain and I shall be born in heaven.' So saying, the spirit departed. Ananda rose and went to the place where Shakyamuni was, and told him what had happened, and asked him, saying: 'O my Lord and Most High in the world, how can I give an entertainment to so many millions of spirits and Brahmins? If there be any means to do it, have mercy on me and teach it to me.' Then Shakyamuni answered him, saying: 'Fear not, Ananda, there is a way to do it. I shall teach thee a Sutran. If thou offerest some drink and food and repeatest the Sutran, there shall be given to each spirit and Brahmin seven measures seven-fold of the drink and food. Now hearken; this is the Sutran: "*Naumak Sarahatatta Kiyata Barokitei On Sanhara Sanhara Um.*" After that, call on the names of the four Buddhas—that is, Buddha of the Great Riches, Buddha of the Celestial Beauty, Buddha of the Infinite Expansion, and Buddha of the Freedom-from-all-Fears. If thou performest this, the hungry spirits shall be filled and born in heaven. If any priest do this, he shall obtain an infinite happiness.'"

In a clear and intelligently interesting manner he spoke of Buddhism, explaining its mysterious doctrines, its teachings, the transmigration of the soul, and the different stages or conveyances, as they are called in Buddhism, through which one must pass to attain Nirvana.

The address ended; the priests rose for the last time and in single file walked out of the temple, down the steps to a tall, wooden tablet about thirty feet high, on which was written the date of the *Oneida's* loss and the names of the unfortunate men who went down with her. Inscribed on the tablet were a number of Buddhist texts, and immediately surrounding it were numerous floral offerings of immense proportions. The high priest stood under a big, orange-colored umbrella, which was held by a younger priest, and after offering up prayers and burning incense the ceremony ended. The solemn pageant walking beneath the spreading branches of the old forest trees, the brilliant coloring of the priests' robes, with golden threads catching the sunlight here and there, the memory of the dead and gone for whose souls the ceremony was held—all made it a scene full of beauty which breathed of peace and harmony, a picture of color and mystery which seemed unreal.

We were then invited to go through the inner courts to a row of low buildings, which contained relics of religious interest —old *kakimonos*, valuable works of art, all faded and worn with age, hung on the walls amid gold lacquer-boxes—priceless treasures which breathed of the far past. Very tenderly guarded are these relics, the few remaining fragments of a dead and gone era.

The last final act in the day's drama was a presentation to each guest of a little white-wood box, containing funeral *manju* —a sort of dumpling—beautifully colored a delicate green-and-yellow. The box was tied with black-and-white cord in a large, loose knot, and folded on the top was a map of the Ikegami monastery grounds.

In wandering through the grounds, we turned down an avenue lined with noble old cryptomerias, and found at its end a five-storied pagoda almost completely surrounded by burial places, all moss-covered and gray. Under the venerated soil are buried the followers of the Saint Nichi-ren. One is very likely to dream in wandering through old temple grounds and recalling to mind stray bits of history and tradition. The old Buddhist monks knew well where to build their monasteries, for one of the characteristic ideas of Buddhism is a love for nature. One generally finds them embowered in some lovely forest grove, or in some soul-stirring spot among the mountains, secluded and far away from the world.

NELLIE HOPPS HOWARD.

YOKOHAMA, July, 1889.

Disraeli once remarked that flattery was the secret of his success in life. The higher a man climbed, he said, the thicker it could be laid on, until, if one could approach the throne, it might be laid on with a trowel. Disraeli once gave a capital piece of advice, namely, that scandal should never be replied to, but lived down.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Two Egyptian princes, sons of the Khedive, are being educa Vienna.

"To-day," says M. Jules Claretie, "the home of Edison is enl and, as was said of Humboldt, Edison's country is the world."

Among the inscriptions in her album most prized by Mme. Nicolini is this, by the elder Dumas: "Being a man and a Ch I love to listen to your singing; but if I were a bird I should envy."

The Czar has a new train of cars to travel in. The cars are con with each other by vestibules, so that he can pass from one to a without being seen from the outside, and they are covered with ir eight-inch walls of cork.

Editor Stone, of the New York *Journal of Commerce*, has no a day's rest from routine work for thirty years. He has not m day at his desk since the death of his wife. He has not been sic since he began editorial work. He recently gave his recipe for re perfect health in journalistic labors. It ran thus: "Plenty of ex plenty of sleep, and plenty of religion."

The London correspondent of the Newcastle *Chronicle* says: Prince of Wales is said to have received a somewhat novel pres can not vouch for it, but the story, as it reaches me, is to the effe a registered letter was delivered at Marlborough House last we was found to contain ten thousand pounds sterling in bank-notes missive was in the handwriting of a lady, who 'apologized' for on the ground that her wealth far exceeds her requirements."

It is possible that the widowed Crown Princess of Austria m become empress. The Archduke Francis, the heir-presumptive throne, and the eldest son of the emperor's second brother, th duke Charles Louis, is devoted to her and wants to marry her. obstacle to his wish, however, is the fact that he is an epileptic a tremely weak-minded. The Archduke Charles Louis has form nounced his rights, to the frantic rage of his third wife, who is t two years his junior.

The queen's yacht, the *Victoria and Albert*, is exquisitely cle neat, even for a yacht, and is painted in white and gold, which a the spotlessness of its appearance. The internal arrangements w signed by the late Prince Consort, who showed his excellent t having everything as plain as possible. His cabin remains just as it. The queen's cabins are roomy and comfortable, and her sl apartment contains a big, old-fashioned, high-post bedstead, w regulation English canopy.

R. B. Hines, a Boston commercial traveler, is considered a r At the new Griswold House, in Detroit, he was the first man to w autograph in the new register, and the success of the house co the proprietors that he was a mascot. When they opened a l Kansas City, they had the Boston man write his name first in the of the house they purchased. This house was also a success. the Hotel Cadillac. This house has also been a great success, a Hines's fame as a mascot has spread. He declares he is booked to October.

The Prussian princess, sister of Emperor William, who is abou married, is having made for her thirteen pairs of splendid garters does not mean to add all these to her trousseau, though among that traditional pair of new and blue stocking-supporters said t brides luck, and this one is the thirteenth, made of pale-blue si clasped with buckles set with diamonds. Another pair will be pu with the rest of the Hohenzollern collection of garters in the mus Berlin, and the rest will be distributed among the nobles who the Greek prince, her husband.

Colonel John Hay lives in a large house in Washington, desig the late H. H. Richardson. The library is the largest room in the and is filled with books in low hook-cases, over which rare painti hung. The library is the living-room of the family. Colonel H methodic literary worker, sitting down to his desk at nine and w steadily until twelve, when he knocks off for the day. He is a looking man of average height, with dark heard and mustache an brown-eyes, and he is always well and fashionably dressed, thoug is nothing "dudeish" in his appearance.

For some months past, the following advertisement appeared the columns of the London *Times*: "Miss Ethel Dickens, Type-W Office, 26 Wellington Street, Strand, over the office of *All the Round*, MSS. copied. Price-list on application." The young the daughter of Charles Dickens, who was out here a short tim There is no necessity for her to enter into business; but all of Mr ens's daughters, and there are a number of them, have display usual energy in the way of self-helpfulness. One assists her f editing *All the Year Round*, another is studying for the stage, on, each studying or practicing some useful avocation.

On the occasion of the marriage of the Duke of Sparta with t man Emperor's sister, great fêtes will be held in the Acropolis, an the ruins of the Temple of Minerva will be held a great banquet. ing his late visit to Paris, King George of Greece bought sixty th dollars' worth of furniture in view of the approaching visit of the and Kaiserin, not to mention all the other guests who will hav right royally entertained on the occasion of such a marriage. Th will embark at Venice, where fêtes will also be held in her honor streets of Athens will be given German names for the nonce, out pliment to the future Crown Princess's family. All the bride's tro is to be made in Greece and Germany, by order of her brother.

The late Austrian vice-admiral, Count Bombelles, was master household to the late Crown Prince Rudolph. He was descende an old Scottish family. He spoke English to perfection, and every sense of the word a "thorough gentleman." Nevertheles the crown prince's suicide a scapegoat had to be found, and Bombelles was dismissed contumeliously from his high station missals of this kind, even when tempered with the bestowal of decoration, are rare in Austria, and Count Bombelles felt his d keenly. About six weeks ago, a friend, who met him on the C looking old and broken beyond his years, offered a few words c cheer, upon which the count answered, in English: "Do you what it is to try and hold a crown prince in? Try and hold a wil without whip or bridle, and you will see what it is."

The younger Harrison is said to receive ten thousand dollars from W. J. Arkell, the proprietor of *Judge* and of *Frank Leslie's* Of course this is merely for his name. He is being used exactly same man used Oscar Wilde some years ago. Joe Howard t story: "The editor of *Judge* is a great boy. When Wilde was asked him what he would charge to go to Mt. McGregor and to be the recipient of a complimentary breakfast. Oscar asked tw dred dollars. Arkell paid it, and invited eighty Saratoga visi meet him. Then he ran frequent trains up to the mountain Thousands made the trip to see Wilde eat. Wilde was then pa dollars for telegraphing a regret to an invitation in Saratoga, and he could not persuade himself to leave the trees on Mt. McG Arkell cleared about three thousand dollars on the job."

The Shah gave an infinity of trouble at Vienna. After the firs dinner he suddenly started from his seat at table and rushed out room, and the Archduchess Elizabeth, who represented the em had literally to chase him, in order that they might enter the sa gether at the head of the guests. At the Schönbrunn Menage King of Kings diverted himself by poking at the more savag mals with a stick, which threw them into transports of fury, and imperial banquet he kept the emperor waiting for twenty minute the last evening of his stay, the Persian Minister gave a recepti supper, but, to the horror of the trembling diplomatist, the Sha tively refused to see any of the guests, insisting on taking hi apart, in the company of little Aziz, who created a disturbance night of the gala performance at the theatre, as, deeming him have been insulted by one of the court functionaries, he scre stamped his foot, and bawled: "*Allez, diable bête!*"

HOW THE PARISIENNES DRESS.

"Parisina" discusses the Laws of Feminine Apparel in Lutetia.

Since Paris sets the fashions for all the world, it is but natural that the question of dress should be uppermost in the minds of many who now visit the French capital for the first time. The women, especially, are dying to discover for themselver whether *la Parisienne* is equal to her reputation, and whether she is really and truly, out and out, the best-dressed woman of her time. Possibly—nay, probably—some among them will be disappointed. It depends a good deal on themselves, on the country from which they hail, the degree of cultivation to which their taste has been subjected, and their own social status at home.

I have been frequently amused this year by the sweeping assertions of persons who have made up their minds on a number of questions before they have been here a week. Scribblers are apt to magnify the importance given to their opinions. And, perhaps, I flatter myself when I imagine that the reader is anxious to hear what "Parisina" herself has to say about *la Parisienne*. Yet surely she ought to know as well as Barker, of Brooklyn, Bayden, of Philadelphia, or any of those whom the reporter of the New York *Herald* lately interviewed on the subject.

It may seem strange, hut, to speak plainly, I have not quite made up mind upon this momentous question. I cannot put my hand upon my heart, and say: "Verily, there is but one woman who knoweth how to dress, and it is she of Paris!" In the first place, what do we understand by perfect dressing? Does it mean striving after picturesque and artistic effects?

If so—and I hope my French friends will forgive me—I decline to award them the palm. Supremacy in this branch of the matter is much more nearly reached hy a few English and American ladies, who think and act for themselves, and do not allow themselves to he dressed, as the Parisian *élégante* does, by some one else, who dictates his or her choice. But if perfect dressing signifies looking your hest, being always attired in keeping with the time, place, and surroundings, and never wearing unsuitable colors and unsuitable things, then, I say, without hesitation, Parisians are undoubtedly the best dressed of all women. And this is not only true of those who are rich in this world's goods and can afford to patronize M. Worth or M. Félix, but also of the comparatively poor, and has earned for the *grisette* her old reputation for neatness and modest elegance.

To whatever class the Parisian belongs, you never find them at fault in this. They know exactly when to overwhelm you with the elegance of their appearance and when to dress so that they shall pass in a crowd without attracting comment, though not without remark of a pleasing and complimentary description. There are rules they never transgress; they have an ahsolute code, and every one in society—and a great many who are not of it—observes its laws most strictly.

No wonder Barker, of Brooklyn, finds that Parisians dress very like other women. Most likely he had spent the greater part of his time at the exposition, and some of the plainly and neatly dressed women he saw there were pointed out to him as the leaders of the Paris world of fashion. They did not impress him in any way. He could see no difference between them and other plainly and neatly dressed women of the *bourgeoisie;* how was he possibly to know, poor man, that their plain, neat, little costumes cost ever so much money; that the plainness was only skin deep, and the neatness the *ne plus ultra* of *récherché* simplicity?

When the exposition was opened, very grave conclaves were held, and it was decided therein that the costumes worn at the Champ de Mars should be practical, light, simple, and not smart. For dinners at Brébant's and elsewhere a special toilet was invented: a dust-colored cashmere gown, severe in its outlines and soher in its trimming, but so made that the bodice and skirt, unfastened in front and thrown hack, discovered a most exquisite gold-embroidered slip and vest, with lining equally fanciful in color and decoration. The very essence of Parisian taste lies in such a combination.

One of the rules of the social code is for a lady never to wear a fine dress when going on foot. The difference between the walking-costume and the carriage-toilet is always distinctly marked. Ten to one if you meet a woman attired very elegantly in silks and satins, her head surmounted either by a very delicate-hued bonnet or a hat of picturesque proportions, she is either a foreigner (I take the word in the French sense) or a provincial, unless she is a person of shady reputation, which is even more likely. The "magnificently dressed" females whom John Maclernon, of Philadelphia, so much admired were douhtless no hetter than they should be, and I certainly decline to class those, whom Bayden of the same city describes as "always splendidly dressed," among the Upper Ten.

There are shades to be ohserved both in walking and carnage-costumes. Parisians glory in respecting *les nuances*. Formerly there used to be a series of strict rules in connection with the season, but these have been somewhat relaxed. For instance, velvet and moire were materials never worn in summer, and no woman of the world would have thought of having her New Year's bonnet trimmed with flowers. Fashion, however, has to an extent got the better of custom, and of late it has decreed that feathers shall take the place of hlossoms after midsummer and artificial flora begin to bloom long before the snow is off the ground. Society is not quite so particular either about keeping its unmarried girls in the background as it used to he, and it allows them a little more latitude in dress. They are no longer tied down to *la sainte mousseline*, because muslin now belongs to the devil as well, and is not hy any means a saint in paradise. Still there must be a world of difference between their gowns and fallals and those of mamma—which is natural, and of their married sisters—which seems less necessary. A Parisian is able to say at once: This is a girl on promotion, or, That young woman is subject to marital authority. Diamonds glittering on the throat or fingers have a distinct significance; a maiden never wears diamonds—the engagement-ring, which is the sign of her future hondage, is set with a sapphire or a ruby—nor any real lace, save Valenciennes, nor richly trimmed mantles, nor, as a rule, velvet or satin, nor does she indulge in sweeping trains nor yellow materials of any sort, confining her colors to virgin white, or maidenly pink, or blue, or nun-like shades of gray.

How would your smart American damsels like to he handicapped in this way? Naturally enough, when they come over here, they turn up their noses somewhat at the school-room misses they see in the Bois or elsewhere, sheltering themselves under the maternal wing, even while they appreciate to the full the elegance of the fashionable *jeunes femmes* whom matrimony has transformed into gay hutterflies. For themselves, they ignore the chrysalis stage altogether, they have no idea what it must be like to be a grub, and their coquetry has not to look forward to marriage as a way out of thralldom.

I have said the *femme du monde* must not look conspicuous in the streets; more than this, she must consider the exact amount of dress which is requisite for each separate occasion. There are theatres—*les petits théâtres*—to which she must never go in sumptuous attire; the Français requires a more elegant style of dress than the Vaudeville or Gymnase, though to be seen in the "House of Molière" without a bonnet—as at the opera—would be most improper. There are *nuances*, too, to be respected in private entertainments. Some hostesses like to see the lady guests at their table in full-dress, others prefer them to don *demi-toilette*, and it would be deemed equally incongruous for one among them to appear in a low bodice while the rest had high ones, than for one fair throat to he draped if her companions wear *les épaules nues*. Matters of this kind are thought to be of primary importance, and are freely discussed. Women will pay visits purposely to ascertain what is expected of them. "Is it to be a low-dress affair, *chère amie?*" is a very common inquiry among friends, and if the future guest does not happen to be on terms of sufficient intimacy with her hostess to apply to her personally, she must have recourse to mutual acquaintances, as it would never do for her to err in the matter.

Thus, conventionality hems in the Parisian on all sides. In the country, however, she is more free than in town. At Trouville and Dieppe, she may even allow herself to run into eccentricity, and will sport millinery and dresses there which she would never think of putting on at home, even at Longchamps in Grand Prix week. The fashionables who patronize these watering-places are the *fine fleur* of the gay world, and they carry away with them innumerable trunks full of exquisite toilets. Whoever has visited these haunts of fashion this season, will have had the best opportunity of judging of one phase of Parisian fashionable life, and their note-books will probably contain memoranda rather complimentary than otherwise. Shall we give Mr. Maclernon the benefit of extenuating circumstances, and suppose that he called at Trouville on his way from Philadelphia to Paris, and that it was there he saw his "magnificently dressed females?" But, though he admired their clothes enormously, he was less taken with their persons, and unhesitatingly gave the palm to his own country-women in point of beauty, in which, mind you, he was not far wrong. His fellow-townsman, G. T. Bayden, on the contrary, describes Frenchwomen not only as "very, very pretty," hut declares "they have not their like in the whole world." I should think he was preparing a warm welcome for himself on his return to his native city, poor man!

Pretty or not, Parisians know how to make the best of themselves. Yet they do not overdo the cosmetics. If they are artificial in complexion, the red-and-white are so cunningly put on that half the time it passes for nature's own hloom. Even actresses paint less here than elsewhere. It has been lately ascertained that far more pearl-powder and rouge are sold in Berlin, proportionately to the population, than in Paris. Lots of women hy careful dressing, discriminating use of hair-washes, etc., pass muster as *jolies femmes*, to whom in any other country the term would certainly not be applied. Certainly Frenchmen think less of actual beauty of face than general *ensemble*, and toilet goes a good way with them; many of them are as well versed in its mysteries as their wives—and mistresses. An American or Englishman, if he notice feminine dress at all, does so generally; a Frenchman goes into particulars, he even allows himself to be led by conventional rules. He will tell you if a woman is *bien corsetée*, and is sure to look at her gloves; the neatness of her hands, feet, and figure is almost more to him than the color and shape of her gown, hut he likes her to study the *bienséances* and be always attired in a manner perfectly in keeping with the occasion. The dress and the woman are often so mixed up in their minds that the former seems an actual part of her being. French novelists rhapsodize over clothes. They are not content with describing their heroine as she appears when fully equipped, either in gala attire or in natty, every-day costume, but they invade her dressing-room and profane it with their remarks—or, at any rate, a certain class of them do—and minutely describe her *lingerie* and the cut of her night-dress, the whole making part and parcel of her personality, as it were.

It is hardly surprising that the interviews recorded in the New York *Herald* should have excited the sarcastic humor of the French journalists. Paris considers itself the general referee in matters of fashion, and does not brook criticism from outsiders—which is no reason, however, why "outsiders" should not indulge in it if they have a mind. Foreign influences have been making themselves felt for some time, though it would be difficult to get a Frenchman to acknowledge as much. The opinions of Barker, Bayden, and the rest may do some good, if they have only the effect of rubbing a little of the high polish of conceit off the Parisian veneer.

PARIS, August 31, 1889. PARISINA.

One of the latest social innovations, says an English provincial paper, is the female butler, a parlor-maid in livery. A good-looking girl in livery of dark hlue, green, and gold, or scarlet and white, looks very smart, and the waiting is, as a rule, done more quietly and deftly than by a man.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

He—"Darling, will you love me when I'm gone?" *She*—"Yes; if you are not too far gone."—*Time.*

In milking a cow, always sit on the side furthest from the cow and nearest a solt spot in the pasture.—*Milwaukee Bluff.*

Temperance orator—"What is it, my hearers, that drives men to drink?" *Voice* (from the hack seat)—"Salt mackerel!"—*Life.*

Lena (of New York city)—"And you are going to marry, Ella?" *Ella* (of Chicago)—"Yes; I thought I would for awhile."—*Sun.*

Postmaster—"The letter is too heavy; it wants another stamp." *Countrywoman*—"Why, that will make it heavier still!"—*Humoristika.*

He—"What are you reading, dear?" *His wife*—"The latest society novel. I'm just glancing thro' to see if it is fit for you to read, dear!"—*Life.*

Customer—"These cuffs don't appear to he reversible." *Clerk*—"No, sir; these are what are called the self-respect brand."—*Men's Outfitter.*

De Gotham—"Blood will tell." *Bostonian*—"Not in New York." *De Gotham*—"Why?" *Bostonian*—"It isn't old enough to talk."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Jack—"What are you doing, Mabel?" *Mabel*—"Making angel-cake; don't you want some?" *Jack*—"No, thanks; I don't want to he an angel."—*Puck.*

Mrs. Quiztiff—"I wonder why they call that trunk a 'Saratoga,' Lemuel?" *Mr. Quiztiff*—"Simply hecause it'll take all you've got, and not say a word."—*Puck.*

Thompson (proudly)—"Rohinson, you see that gun? My wife killed a hear with that once." *Robinson*—"Ah, indeed! What was she shooting at?"—*Munsey's Weekly.*

"Well, Herr Schulze, what are you going to do with your boy?" "I think I shall have to let him join the police, for I never can find him when I want him."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Wife—"Am I, then, never to have my own way?" *Husband*—"Certainly, my dovey; when we are hoth agreed you can have your way, and when we differ I'll have mine."—*Der Ulk.*

Prison-keeper—"You will have to work here, Moriarty, hut you may select any trade you wish." *Prisoner*—"Well, if it's all the same to you, sor, Oi'd like to be a sailor."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

She (sentimentally)—"Harry, I wonder what the mermaids do when they want a lemonade?" *Harry* (practically)—"Probably they call a bell-huoy to fetch it from the harhor har."—*New York Sun.*

"Oh, I had my fortune told, and Miss Larkins broke off the engagement." "Why, is she as superstitious as that?" "Oh, no; hut my fortune was told hy Bradstreet, and that settled me."—*Harper's Bazar.*

School-teacher (to hoy at head of class, the lesson being philosophy)—"How many kind of force are there?" *Boy*—"Three, sir." "Name them." "Bodily force, mental force, and the police force."—*London Punch.*

Bertie—"I heah Cholly has been expelled from the club fur vulgarity and had form." *Gussie*—"Yaas, we had horrible evidence against him, y'know." *Bertie*—"What was it?" *Gussie*—"One of his tailor hills receipted."—*Life.*

The age of Pat: *First citizen*—"They're talkin' av cilibratin' the foor-hundredth anniversary av the discovery av the conntry, Pat." *Second citizen*—"Begorra! an' Oi didn't think that Castle Gardin was that owld."—*Harper's Weekly.*

Sympathetic citizen—"Is he fatally wounded, do you think, officer?" *Policeman*—"Two av the wounds is fatal, sor, hut the third is not, an' if we can lave him rest quiet for a fwhile, I'd think he wud come around all right!"—*Grip.*

Old sportsman—"Ah, I see you've got a pa'tridge. Did you use hird-shot?" *Amateur sportsman* (sarcastically)—"Of course I did. How do you think I killed him? S'pose I caught him in a harn and clubhed him to death?"—*Puck.*

First livery-stable horse—"Pegasus, at the hour of twelve to-night, I shall hang myself hy my halter." *Second ditto*—"Oh, Bucephalus! Why? *First horse*—"Hecause I am so slow that every young man who has a cuddlesome girl wants to hire me."—*New York Sun.*

"I trust you will not think hard of me," he remarked, reaching for his hat. "Sir," she answered, frigidly, "one who knows you can never think hard of you." And wandering homeward 'neath the electric-light, he wondered what it was she meant to convey.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Country cousin—"I shouldn't think you'd like it, living so near the railroad-track. Don't the cars keep you awake?" *City cousin*—"No; we get used to the rumhle of the trains. The only thing that disturbs us is when a Cincinnati man snores hy in a sleeping-car."—*Judge.*

Penelope—"Ah! Mr. Villanelle, you poets are too careless, you have no thought of the morrow." *Poet*—"Have no thought of the morrow! Great heavens! my hoard-hill is due to-morrow. If my thoughts of the morrow were worth money, I would he rich."—*Saturday Herald.*

"Murrey, Miss Sue! phat's the matther wid yer arrums? 'Pon me worrd ye look loike the tattooed man in the doime museum!" "Why, I wore that dress with the lace sleeves to the picnic the other day, and I guess I was sunhurned through the interstices."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Canvasser—"I have here a work——" *Man of the house*—"I can't read." *Canvasser*—"But your children——" *Man of the house*—"I have no children (triumphantly); nothing but a cat." *Canvasser*—"Well, you want something to throw at the cat." (He took it.)—*Life.*

Reagan (the foreman)—"What was your number in Hennessy's lottery, Feagan?" *Feagan* (the hod-carrier)—"Wan hundred an' t'irty-foor." *Feagan* (the foreman)—"You're a dollar out. Seventy-three's won it." *Reagan*—"Shmall hit do Oi care. Aisy come, aisy go!" (Struggles up the ladder.)—*Puck.*

"Cognac brandy, is, after all, the best cure for pain in the chest, don't you think, Frau Hirschmaier?" "I am not so sure of that. Formerly my husband used to be troubled that way only twice or three times a year; hut since I began to keep brandy in the house, he has been ailing nearly every day."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Parkinson—"Will you pardon me if I introduce myself? Your brother and I are members of the same company in the Seventh?" *Miss Gartner*—"It is Mr. Parkinson, isn't it? I've heard Tom speak of you a great deal lately." *Parkinson*—"Delighted, I assure you." *Miss Gartner*—"Yes; he said you could play poker in the dark, and win every time."—*Judge.*

Mr. Verishort—"What are you crying for, Maria?" *Mrs. Verishort*—"That—that—miserable dog of yours has eaten up the last two-dollar hill that we had in the house. I dropped it and he snatched it!" *Mr. Verishort*—"H'm! We can't eat the dog, and a walking safe-deposit company can't be tolerated. Let's send him to the Treasury Department for redemption."—*Life.*

Penelope—"All right, Jack, you may put that ring on my finger and we'll call it engaged, hut it must be definitely understood that you are to have hut one kiss a day and one dance at each hop, for you dance horribly, and I don't like to kiss a man without a mustache. I am to go boating, riding, and walking with any fellow I please, dance as much as I please, and flirt with whom I please. You are to give up smoking, card-playing, and wine, and, finally, you are to lay around after me all the time, for I'm not going to have my enjoyment spoiled just hecause I'm engaged." *Jack* (her humhle slave)—"Well, hut, Penelope, tell me what I can do?" *Penelope*—"You can read Tennyson and think of me."—*Life.*

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

A translation into English of the late Crown Prince Rudolph's book, "Notes on Sport and Ornithology," is nearly ready for publication.

The new Canadian copyright law provides that a work to obtain copyright must be printed and published in Canada within one month from its first appearance elsewhere; and that such works must be registered at the Ministry of Agriculture (why there?) before or simultaneously with their first publication elsewhere. Protection is granted for twenty-eight years.

Julian Hawthorne sailed for Europe early last month, and on his arrival learned, to his sorrow, that his house at Scotch Plains had been submerged by the recent floods in New Jersey, through which his valuable library, comprising many thousand volumes as well as unpublished works of his father's, and originals of Dickens, Thackeray, Longfellow, and Emerson, were practically ruined. His library was insured against fire, but, unfortunately, not against floods.

The late librarian of the Lenox Library, Dr. Samuel Austin Allibone, probably gained his most enduring fame through his "Dictionary of English Literature and British and American Authors." This work, which has taken its place as a standard everywhere, occupied eighteen years of close work in preparation, and contains notices of over forty-six thousand authors. Dr. Allibone also published a number of theological treatises, tracts, hand-books of literature, and "An Alphabetical Index to the New Testament." He held his post at the Lenox Library for ten years, but was forced to give it up on account of ill-health.

A volume of much interest to students of the Second Empire is announced for publication in Paris next November. This is a selection from the letters and papers of the Duc de Morny, who was one of the most unscrupulous of the ministers of Napoleon the Third, and was also perhaps the ablest of them. He left a great mass of letters and documents, running back to the year 1830, to his son, the present duke, who has spent the last four years in the study and arrangement of them, and the preparation of a portion of them for the press. He proposes to print documents and letters only, without a word of editorial comment, and, as many readers will be disappointed to hear, everything that is in any degree scandalous will be left out.

The writers who sneer at the practice of "cutting" one's own MSS. ought to consider the example of Charles Dickens. He was preëminently the great "cutter." "Cutting" was his grand maxim, pruning down florid sentences and adding little effective points of his own. Slips of his work are to be seen astonishingly improved by these touchings—a labyrinth of insertions, transpositions, and erasures, all in his favorite blue ink, which he adopted when "Copperfield" had run about half its course. The original "copy," or MS., of nearly all his works is to be seen in the Forster Library, at South Kensington, in great stout quartos. It is curious to note how every line almost is carefully amended or altered, and the substituted passages written in the very minutest characters. So close are the lines, and so "squeezed" the writing, that the effect is bewildering; but his printers knew his ways perfectly. Each page holds about forty lines of close writing, and each line some twenty words, making about eight hundred words in each page. He followed one system, and never failed in the practice—to make the words erased illegible. This must have cost him time and trouble, for it is done in thorough fashion. The erring sentence is laboriously effaced by a series of minute flourishings.

Georges Ohnet, who enjoys the unique distinction of having written the most successful novel of the century, resides in Paris on the ground-floor of a pleasant, sunny hôtel in the Avenue Trudaine. His sanctum is filled up after the Dutch fashion with heavy Gobelin tapestries, old oak presses, and fire garnitures of hammered iron. He writes one novel a year, about two years elapse between the production of his plays. He generally has two or three books in hand at the same time, but he carries them in his head for a long time before writing them, and never even makes as much as a note until he has worked out every detail in his mind's eye. He does all his work in the very early morning, and declares that six or seven whiffs of a cigarette and a turn around the room always help him out of a difficulty of composition. He writes four closely written pages of letter-paper—about one thousand two hundred words—every day, but not a word more or less; his MS. is afterward copied out by his wife. Like Thackeray he is tremblingly sensitive of criticism, and he is a favorite victim of the autograph-hunter. He is also a great admirer of Zola, whom he describes as "a splendid genius," but his favorite author is Balzac, to whom, he declares, the literary world in general owe a debt they will never be able to pay. Of his own books, curiously enough, M. Ohnet prefers "Lise Fleuron," although it brought him the least money of any of his works.

New Publications.

"A Nameless Wrestler," by Josephine W. Bates, has been issued in the American Novels published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"Could Aught Atone?" a novel by some person or persons unknown, has been published in the Globe Library by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, 25 cents.

"Giraldi: or the Curse of Love," by Ross George Dering, a clever English novel, has been republished in the Town and Country Library by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

A little book of good views of San Francisco, including the principal streets and public and private buildings, the Chinese quarter, the Golden Gate Park, the Cliff House, and Fort Point, has been published and is for sale by The Bancroft Company, San Francisco; price, 50 cents.

"The Simplified Practical Method of French," by Professor T. B. de Filippe, LL.D., contains simplified synoptical and alphabetical tables of the verbs, regular and irregular, a synopsis of French grammar, colloquial conversations, oral exercises, a vocabulary, a list of the most used adjectives, and the other features necessary for a rapid acquisition of fluency in the French language. Published and for sale by The Bancroft Company, San Francisco; price, $1.75.

"Jane Austen," by Mrs. Charles Malden, has been issued in the Famous Women Series. The forty-two years of Jane Austen's life were passed in the quiet of a country parsonage, varied with occasional visits to London and Bath, and were marked by few incidents which in themselves would warrant the writing of her biography; and so Mrs. Malden has devoted the greater part of her book to Miss Austen's literary life and to criticism of her novels. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, $1.00.

A new edition of Shakespeare's plays, intended primarily for school use, but well adapted to meet the wants of the student and general reader, has been inaugurated by the publication of "Macbeth." The editor is Dr. Homer B. Sprague—who was not long ago president of Mills College—and his foot-notes are copious and suggestive rather than only explanatory. Appendixes give an elocutionary analysis, examination papers used by the English Civil Service Commission, and an index of words, phrases, and topics. Published by S. R. Winchell & Co., Chicago; for sale by the booksellers; price: cloth, 55 cents; paper, 40 cents.

Though many wise people in England and on the continent declare that America has no literature of her own, they must acknowledge that no nation can compare with us in our children's literature, especially in the class which *St. Nicholas* and *Wide-Awake* provide; and in no department are these two magazines better than in their fairy-tales. "Princess Liliwinkins," by Henrietta Christian Wright, contains an admirable collection of such tales, in which the humor of the German school is mingled with the wit and delicate fancy of the French, with the strong virtues of the Anglo-Saxon morality, and as such is to be heartily recommended. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

To supplement the histories of American literature by providing typical extracts of the writings in prose and verse of American authors from Benjamin Franklin to James Russell Lowell, whom he regards as the leader of living American writers, Huntington Smith has prepared a volume which he calls "A Century of American Literature," selections being made from one hundred authors. The method adopted is the same as that in Stedman and Hutchinson's "Library of American Literature," though much more circumscribed, the book containing less than four hundred pages, including the index; one or more extracts are given under each author's name, of whom we are told only the place and time of his birth, and of his death if not now living. The selections are fairly and judiciously made, but it will surprise most Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Germans, to say nothing of Americans, to find that Bret Harte, Aldrich, and Howells are entirely overlooked. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.75.

Walter Besant has again taken up the cudgels, or, at least, his pen, for the poor of London in his latest story, "Children of Gibeon," though in a way quite different from his "All Sorts and Conditions of Men." Lady Mildred Eldridge, a woman of wealth and rank in London, adopts the daughter of the woman who had been her own nurse, and brings the child up with her own daughter. The two children look equally like her and her dead husband's family, their names have been changed to Violet and Valentine, Lady Mildred cares for each with the same kindness and love, and when they are twenty, no one but her and her solicitor knows which is the granddaughter of a duke and which the child of a clever locksmith. When they reach this age, they are brought in contact with the mother, the sister, and the brothers of one of them—though of which remains a mystery almost to the end—and so they are made to see and sympathize with the squalor and misery of London's poor. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, $1.25.

A very pleasant book to read, and one that is doubly welcome as supplementing "Corea; the Hermit Kingdom," in telling us more of a strange and curious people, is "Korean Tales," by Dr. H. N. Allen, foreign secretary of legation for Korea. Dr. Allen begins his book with two brief introductory chapters descriptive of Korea, discussing the country, the people, and the government, and sights in and around the capital. The peculiar Korean head-covering is due, he explains, to the fact that, centuries ago, there were many conspirators in Korea, and, consequently, plottings, and so in order to prevent men getting their heads together, the king ordered his people to wear earthenware pots with big rims. If the rim of any man's hat was broken, off went his head, because he was supposed to conspire. The fashion was found uncomfortable, but precedent was everything, and so something resembling the shape of that impossible head-covering has been retained, only the superfluity of it is constructed with gauze or horse-hair. The bulk of the book is devoted to translations of Korean folk-lore, some such as Joel Chandler Harris has taken from the Southern plantations, some like German fairy-tales, some Oriental in their magnificent imagery, but all pervaded with a distinctive spirit which teaches more of the nature of the people than could be explained in a dozen volumes of philosophical analysis. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by L. Gregoire & Co.; price, $1.25.

Journalistic Chit-Chat.

Concerning "British Journalism," a London correspondent of the New York *Commercial Advertiser* thus writes: "One of the most important factors in the recent progress of this country has been the rapid rise of the provincial press. Even now, powerful and excellent as that press is, it does not meet with adequate recognition here or abroad. There is still a superstition about London papers, the kind of superstition which leads foreigners constantly to quote the *Times* as a genuine organ of 'public opinion,' when not one person in twenty here reads it, and when its circulation is only some forty thousand. If you want to know what England is likely to do and what the great majority of the people are thinking about, there are, at the very least, a score of daily papers, any one of which is twice as important an index of opinion as the *Times*. Perhaps the most important centres of English provincial journalism are Manchester and Liverpool. Manchester has three morning and three evening papers, together with many weeklies. The Manchester *Guardian* is far and away the ablest provincial journal in England. It enjoys immense influence in the Liberal party. It first made something more than a local reputation during the Franco-German war, and it has since maintained high rank as an organ of foreign politics. The London correspondence of the *Guardian* is particularly good, its information being earlier and more accurate than that of any other paper.

"Leeds has one of the oldest and most respected Liberal dailies in England, the *Mercury*. Sir Edward Baines is its proprietor, and it has always been in his family. The Baines family is strongly Puritan and temperance, and they tried to carry Puritanism into their paper. For years it never published any sporting matter or theatrical advertisement. But the modern world is too strong for Puritanism, and the Leeds *Mercury* has been compelled to yield. The theatres are now advertised in its columns, and the results of the races are given, though the space devoted to them is minute.

"The south of England is covered and dominated by the London press, so that there is no room for local dailies. In the east of England, Norwich and Ipswich are the two centres of daily journalism, and their papers have a large local circulation. In the extreme north of England there is one great journalistic centre, viz., Newcastle, which is probably the most vigorous and intelligent place in England.

"Take them all round, the chief provincial dailies are well-written, well-conducted journals. They are very excellent institutions, and do not, by any means, receive that recognition which is their due. If those who cable over news to New York from this country were sometimes to tell their readers what the Glasgow *Herald*, or the Manchester *Guardian*, or the *Scottish Leader* says on a given subject, it would be much more to the purpose than cabling over several paragraphs from the *Times*."

Some Magazines.

"Creole and Puritan," by T. C. de Leon, is the complete novel in the October *Lippincott's*. The leading article is "The Correspondence of John Lothrop Motley," by S. B. Wister; and other papers are "The Trials of Magazine Editors," by Junius Henri Brown; "What Shall be our National Flower," by Annie H. Wharton; "An Old Philosopher," by Robert Timsol; "Banzou Jean," a story by Maurice Thompson, and the "Book-Talk." The verses are by John B. Tabb, Ellen Seawell, and Mary Ainge de Vere.

In the October *Scribner's*, Joseph Thompson tells "How I Crossed Masai-land"; "The Master of Ballantrae," by Robert Louis Stevenson, is concluded; "Electricity in War" is described In Naval Warfare, by Lieutenant W. S. Hughes, and In Land Warfare, by Lieutenant John Millis; "In the Valley," by Harold Frederic, is continued; "A Summer in Iceland" is described by Charles Sprague Smith; "The Common Roads" are discussed by N. S. Shaler; "The Life of Benvenuto Cellini" is told by Edward J. Lowell; "Jacob's Faults" is a story by Francis Doveridge; and "A Scattering Shot at Some Kuralities" is fired by Donald G. Mitchell.

The October *Atlantic* contains: "A Non-Combatant's War Reminiscences," by J. R. Kendrick; "The Monmouth and Newport Campaigns," by John Fiske; "Prismatics," by Sophia Kirk; "The Closing Scenes of the Iliad," by William Cranston Lawton; "The Government and its Creditors," by Henry Loomis Nelson; "Ladies and Learning," by L. D. Morgan; "Fiction in the Pulpit," by Agnes Repplier; "Theodore Dwight Woolsey," by Joseph Henry Thayer; "The Butterflies of the Eastern United States"; "The Beginnings of New England"; new chapters of "The Begum's Daughter," by Edwin Lasseter Bynner, and "The Tragic Muse," by Henry James; and verses by Clinton Scollard, Mary Colborne Veel, and John B. Tabb.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A well-known Australian writer—a very bad penman—in mentioning the name of a certain lady in an article, said she was "renowned for her graciousness and charity." For "charity" the compositor read "chastity." The author, on seeing a proof, recognized at once that there was an error; but, unable to remember the word he had used in place of "chastity," marked the proof with what is called a "query"—?—to refer the printer to his MS. When the article appeared, the writer—who had intended to pay a pretty compliment to the lady—was surprised to read that she was "renowned for her graciousness and chastity (?)." Verdict for plaintiff, twenty-five hundred pounds sterling, with costs.

Louis the Fourteenth of France had in his court a nobleman known to be inordinately anxious for distinction. One day the king asked him if he understood the Spanish language. "No, sire," was the answer. "That is unfortunate," said the king. The nobleman at once conjectured that the king wished to make him embassador to Madrid, and, employing a teacher, he forthwith applied himself, day and night, to acquiring the language. At last, pale and exhausted, but with a satisfied, expectant look upon his face, he came to the king with the announcement, "Sire, I can now speak Spanish." "Do you understand it well enough to converse intelligently with a Spaniard?" "Yes, sire," the man answered, his heart beating high in anticipation. "I wish you joy," said the king; "now you can read 'Don Quixote' in the original."

Fully thirty years ago, at a certain custom-house on the American border, one of the local appraisers was one day found dead in a warehouse. The man who made the discovery covered the body with a tarpaulin, and then started to break the news to the widow. He found her seated on the veranda and saluted her, and asked if Dan was home. She replied in the negative, and he sat down and talked about the weather and other matters for a quarter of an hour before saying: "Mrs. Philbrick, you and the collector's wife are friends, are you not?" "Oh, yes, the best of friends." "And through her you could influence the collector?" "I don't know about that." "But if there should be a vacancy among the appraisers would you be willing to speak a good word for me?" "Why, yes, I'm sure I would." "If, for instance, Dan should resign, could I count on your kind efforts?" "Oh, certainly." He returned to the warehouse, re-discovered the body, gave the alarm, and had it sent home. Three hours later, he called to offer his services as one of the dead-watch, and as he took the sorrowing widow by the hand, he said: "Poor Dan! Cut down in the prime of life, and that without warning. Let me assure you of my heartfelt sympathy, and please don't forget to pull that wire for me when the collector's wife comes over to extend her sympathies. Ah! how true it is that life hangs by a brittle thread." And it is a matter of record that he received the appointment.

Prince Henry of Prussia, the Kaiser's brother, is the idol of the German naval service, and countless stories are told to illustrate his good nature, his devotion to his profession, and his physical prowess. Once when the *Olga*, of which he was then a watchkeeping-lieutenant, was lying in the Gulf of Kiel, the order was given through him for all hands to bathe. The weather was chilly, and an officer remarked to the prince that the water must be far too cold to be pleasant. He suggested, therefore, that the order be annulled. Without a word, Prince Henry, who was on the bridge, sprang thence into the sea, swam to the Jacob's ladder astern, climbed on board again, and, mounting, dripping to the bridge, said to the officer: "Do you say so now?" There was no reply, and the prince, instead of going below to change, remained on the bridge in his wet clothes until his watch was relieved. Another story illustrates the prince's activity. One day, at Wilhelmshaven, he put a thaler between his teeth and dashed up the rigging of his ship, crying "He who catches me shall have the thaler." Although he was pursued by the whole of the ship's company not on duty, he was not caught and, at last, swinging himself by a rope to the deck, he turned to the nearest of his pursuers and said, laughingly: "If you are as thirsty as I am, you must want it, so here's your money." These anecdotes are interesting, but it is a remarkable fact, running down through the ages that royal princes are always more powerful and more active than other men. In shooting-parties, the prince always has the biggest bag.

A highly sensational story was once running in one of the Paris papers, and the chief had a few installments on hand when the brilliant young author took it into his head to go off and get married. Then he set out on a wedding tour, which was to last a week. The installments were soon used up, and another member of the staff was directed to wind up the story. He sent the heroine to a watery grave in the River Seine; he poisoned the hero; slew the abbé who was the sole witness of the marriage; and closed the tale in a most tragic and harrowing manner. It was a dark and weird success. At the end of the week the author showed up. He had with him several installments, which he tendered to his chief. "Your story is finished, M. ——," said the editor. "Pardon me," returned the undaunted novelist, "it is not finished. I have here the continuation, and there is more to come. Indeed, the best part of it is here." "Pshaw!" exclaimed the chief, "why insist? I say it is finished. M. —— had to do it in your absence." "I am aware that he wrote several chapters," said the unblushing romancer; "but if you will kindly read this manuscript, I am sure you will agree with me that I am right." The manuscript was passed over, and, to the chief's surprise, it was a remarkable dramatic sequel to the story. The heroine, instead of being drowned, was rescued by some fishermen on the river below Paris; the hero was saved by a medical friend, who applied the stomach-pump in time; and the abbé recovered from his wounds, and was on hand to bless the nuptials of the happy pair.

When Napoleon the Third was emperor, he sat one day at Longchamps, sleepily reviewing his army. Regiment after regiment passed, but nothing seemed to stir the emperor from his lethargy. At last, however, as a regiment of dragoons rode by, he suddenly fixed his attention upon the front rank. "What is that lancer doing there among the dragoons?" he asked his chief-of-staff. The chief-of-staff looked at the lancer and galloped away to the division commander, while the emperor sank back into his customary impassiveness. "The emperor demands to know why that lancer is among the dragoons?" The general looked shocked and called out sharply to the colonel of the regiment, "Colonel, what have you got that lancer among your men for?" The colonel was dumfounded and appealed to the commandant of the squadron: "What's that lancer doing here?" "I don't know, sir," exclaimed the commandant of the squadron, and he called the captain. "Look here, captain, why have you got that rascally lancer in your company?" The captain pleaded ignorance. "I'll ask the lieutenant," he said. By this time, the inquiries began to be garnished with oaths and abuse. The lieutenant, apparently surprised beyond expression at the presence of the lancer, hurled question and imprecation all at once at the head of the orderly-sergeant. "What in the world is that lancer here for?" Then the orderly-sergeant rode up to the lancer himself, as if he were about to cut him through to his saddle. "You villain! what are you doing here among the dragoons? The emperor is after you. You'll be shot at the very least." "But, sergeant," the soldier stammered, "you know I've permuted, sir!" Permutation in the army means transfer, by authority, from one corps to another. "Permuted, eh?" said the sergeant; "well, that won't help you now." The orderly-sergeant went to the lieutenant with the report that the man had permuted. The lieutenant told the captain, and the captain the commandant of the squadron, and the commandant of the squadron the colonel, and the colonel the general, and the general the chief-of-staff, and the chief-of-staff came to the emperor. "Sire," he began, the lancer has permuted." "What lancer?" "The lancer whom your majesty noted among the dragoons." "Oh, yes! He's permuted, eh?" said the emperor sleepily; "well, he looked like a good man. Let him have a medal!"

SOCIETY.

The Donahue High Tea.

n elaborate matinée tea was given last Tuesday by M. Peter Donahue at her residence, corner of Bryant ar Second Streets. Her friends to the number of over fi hundred were invited, the major portion responding in pon and being delightfully entertained. She was assild in receiving by her sister, Mrs. Edward Martin, he daughter, Baroness von Schröder, her niece, Mrs. Dney Harvey, and Mrs. M. A. Healy. The interior of e residence was darkened by closely drawn curtains, and merous gas jets in the quainily molded chandeliers gave illumination to the apartments wherein a wealth of fragrant blooms and foliage was arranged with artistic care. The fri hall was lined with tall cat-tail reeds, ten and fifteen feehigh, and stalks of canna. In the library, at the left, hmantel was trimmed with French marigolds and ferns, we the table supporting the statue of Mercury was massed wi coriopsis, which appeared as if it were growing there. T carved ebony table was adorned with a large basket full of eeply tinted African marigolds, and the glass front of hbook-case was almost concealed by sprays of ferns, and ders of marigolds and coriopsis in tones of gold, brown, an light yellow. At the side doorway hung a portière of ng vines covered with a net-work of golden-hued blossoms. Tl gentlemen's dressing-room was decorated in tones of and the smoking-room was trimmed with dahlias and sagus tenuissimus in berry.

e posts on the stairway in the rear hall were built up forest trees and massed with ivy, and the bannisters, o the second floor, were prettily trimmed with foliage inced with scarfs of pale-pink silk. The long conservawas filled with tropic plants in profusion, and it was that Ballenberg's hand was stationed, out of sight but out of hearing, for the music floated in to the main through the open windows past a delicately formed ice-work of smilax. Mrs. Donahue received in the modious double parlors which Miss Mary Bates had embished with rare good taste. Amaryllis lilies and their eautiful leaves ornamented the mantel, and the gilded or was gracefully garlanded with Cecil Bruner roses. Portraits of the late Colonel Peter Donahue were approely embellished. Suspended between the folding-doors three flat Chinese baskets, filled with larkspurs in tints nk, blue, and white, which attracted much favorable ment. The handsome bric-à-brac case was decked with of varied shades, and the mantel was banked with e anemones and La Marque roses. This room, which nished in red brocade and frescoed in Pompeiian de, was further adorned with its collection of rare marble es, including that of Nydia, and an arrangement of d palms and ferns. The billiard and dining-rooms had their share of decorations, the latter being set with erous tête-à-tête tables and a handsome buffet trimmed rose-hips.

e hours of the reception were from three until eight ck, and the stream of visitors seemed almost without Concert music and conversation were the features of affair, and the elaborate supper which was served was ct in every particular. All of the ladies who called apd in bright toilets which gave a particularly attractive arance to the scene. The dresses worn by the hostess those who received with her were as follows:

rs. Peter Donahue appeared in a rich imported toilet ack faille Française, made en train, with a petticoat of -gray Duchesse satin. The silk bodice had a vest of the satin, and the corsage and sleeves were finished with point lace. The trimmings were of passementerie and teel beads, and the ornaments were diamonds.

rs. Edward Martin was attired in a beautiful robe of velours de Lyons, with a long court-train, which was with deep cherry-colored silk. The front of the skirt the vest were of white satin, brilliantly embroidered with ers and delicate foliage. Point lace ornamented the cor, and in her coiffure were pompons of cherry-colored marbt tips. She carried a fan of cherry-colored ostrich plumes, her ornaments were of diamonds and emeralds

roness von Schröder wore an elegant Worth costume of brocaded silk, on which were panels and bands of mossn velvet hand embroidered. The high coiffure was ed with an aigrette of white marabout tips. Her ornas were diamonds.

rs. Downey Harvey was becomingly dressed in a gown hite crêpe de chine, fashioned after the style of the Empire.

rs. M. A. Healy appeared in a costume of light green ded silk, finished prettily with bands of green velvet deeper shade.

his is Mrs. Donahue's last entertainment previous to her rture for the East, which will be about the latter part of ber.

The Jackson-Nightingale Wedding.

e of the prettiest weddings of autumn took place last nesday evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John tingale, on Haight Street, when their daughter, Miss Nightingale, was united in marriage to Mr. George H. ackson, son of Colonel and Mrs. John P. Jackson. The ncting parties are well known in society circles, having ge number of friends who greatly esteem them. It was tually a quiet, family affair, as only relatives were inl to witness the ceremony and participate in the pleasof the evening. The elegant furnishings of the Nightle residence need but little to enhance their beauty, but n was done in the way of decorating was harmonious and ely pleasing. In the large parlor, long cordons of smilax stretched overhead from the central chandelier to each er, while the hay-window was embowered with asparagus issimus sprays and streamers of smilax which were draped the richly-brocaded curtains, where, at the centre, there a basket full of beautifully variegated coleus-leaves. The curtains at the rear were dotted with bright-hued blos and sprays of foliage which stood out against the light ground in pretty relief. The mantel mirror was trimmed cross-bars of smilax, and on the café-au-lait colored mequin reposed little vases and jars containing pinks, and hydrangea. Throughout all of the apartments seen appreciative evidence of the kindly feeling of the ds of the bride and groom in the form of numerous bas of lovely flowers and many appropriate floral designs of h beauty, which were advantageously disposed.

was a few minutes after nine o'clock when the impres marriage ceremony was read by Rev. Horatio Stebbins. Mimie Nightingale, sister of the bride, was the maid onor, and Mr. Andrew Jackson, brother of the groom, d as best man. The newly wedded pair received the tfelt felicitations of all present, and after a short period onversation the dining-room was sought. Here was a ty scene, for the table was ornate with rich service and lsome *pièces montées*, and the decorations were in most llent taste. The walnut mantel and mirror-frame were ly adorned with verdant foliage and bright scarlet rose, while the glowing colors of nasturtums were seen in the s on the mantel. Pendent from the embrasure of the window hung branches of the orange tree laden with ge and ripe, golden hued fruit. A couple of hours at table were merrily passed, and with the café noir came e congratulatory toasts and speeches, those of Colonel son, Mr. John Nightingale, and Dr. John Nightingale g particularly notable. The wedding gift of the bride's er was the handsomely furnished residence, 308 Haigbt et, next door to her former home, and when midnight e the entire party adjourned to the new house and passed our in inspecting it and in looking at the extremely elearray of other presents. When the time for leaving ard departures were made with regret, as the evening had one of unalloyed pleasure to all. Mr. and Mrs. Jackwill receive on Wednesdays after October 22d. The ts worn by the ladies at the wedding were as follows:

he bride was elegantly attired in a most becoming toilet blanc Ivoire lampas, a rich brocade with a Duchesse satin ind, which was strewn with designs of foliage and flowers atifully woven in Louis Quartorze designs, which formed basque and the gracefully draped square court train. fmnt of the skirt, which was of plain Duchesse satin of same shade, was entirely vailed with white net in the ches of which iridescent opals were embroidered with a t pleasing effect. The corsage was cut décolleté with a vest and short puffed sleeves of the soft white net which ninated with a fringe of the opals. Her coiffure was ssed high and was ornamented with a diamond pin which d in place the long fleecy veil of white silk moleine that in rippling folds over the entire figure. Her long gloves e of white undressed kid, her hand-bouquet of white sweet-peas and her jewels were diamonds the gift of the groom.

Miss Minnie Nightingale, the maid of honor, looked charming in a Recamier gown of pale-pink faille Française covered with silk net to match and finished with narrow bands of satin. The corsage was décolleté and sleeveless with a heavily fringed wide sash of silk at the waist where it was tied in a knot at the front. She carried a bouquet of Duchesse de Brabant roses encompassed by ribbons of pink satin.

Mrs. John Nightingale, mother of the groom, wore a rich toilet of black Bengaline, with a court train, the skirt being handsomely set with panels at the sides which were embroidered with roses and other flowers in tones of lavender and orange. The corsage and sleeves were also embroidered to correspond and were trimmed with Duchesse lace. Her fan was of lavender-colored ostrich plumes, her hair was dressed high, and her ornaments were diamonds.

Mrs. John P. Jackson wore an elegant robe of black velours de Lyons with a long court train. The corsage was cut square and trimmed with point d'Venise lace, and her ornaments were diamonds.

Mrs. Hamilton Page appeared in a costume of black faille Française covered with Chantilly lace, which was delicately embroidered with golden-colored threads. The corsage was V-shaped back and front, and the sleeves were of Chantilly lace. She wore tan-colored, undressed kid gloves and ornaments of diamonds and pearls.

Mrs. Charles H. Jackson looked lovely in a pretty toilet of electric-blue faille Française, en train, cut décolleté, and trimmed with blue passementerie and point lace. Her hair was arranged in a Grecian knot, and her ornaments were diamonds.

Mrs. T. G. Walkington appeared in a striking costume of old-rose colored brocaded silk, with a velvet basque of the same shade. The corsage was V-shaped back and front and filled in with point lace Her ornaments were diamonds.

Mrs. Grant Boyd wore a toilet of black silk, covered with black fisher-net and trimmed with rows of black gros-grain ribbons. Her ornaments were diamonds.

Mrs. John Metcalfe was attired in a costume of heliotrope-colored faille Française. The square corsage was filled in with Duchesse lace and her ornaments were diamonds. Her hand-bouquet was of La France roses.

Mrs. J. B. Wooster wore a toilet of black Bengaline, trimmed with jet passementerie and cut V-shaped at the corsage.

Mrs. Fred L. Wooster was attired in an elegant toilet of mauve-colored silk trimmed with point d'Alençon lace and finished with a wide scarf at the waist. The corsage was cut V-shaped, the sleeves were made full, her coiffure was à la Langtry, and she carried La France roses.

Mrs. Helen Lacklison appeared in a toilet of black satin trimmed with jet passementerie.

Mrs. Horatio Stebbins wore a handsome dress of black silk trimmed with lace.

Miss Georgie Nightingale, a sister of the bride, wore an Empress Josephine gown of white India silk with a full waist and skirt and a broad silk sash which encircled the waist and ended in a deep fringe. Her gloves and ties were tan-colored.

Miss Nellie Boyd wore a costume of the First Empire style, made of light blue Bengaline and finished with a broad sash of the silk. Her gloves and ties were of tan-colored kid.

Little Miss Ellen Page wore a becoming Recamier gown of white mull, ornamented with a large bow at the waist. Her gloves were of tan-colored kid.

Miss Lucy May Jackson wore a pretty little white gown covered with white net.

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. John Nightingale, Colonel and Mrs. J. P. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Page, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Walkington, Mr. and Mrs. Grant Boyd, Captain and Mrs. John Metcalfe, Rev. and Mrs. Horatio Stebbins, Mrs. J. B. Wooster, Mrs. Fred L. Wooster, Mrs. Helen Lacklison, Miss Minnie Nightingale, Miss Georgie Nightingale, Miss Nellie Boyd, Miss Lucy May Jackson, Miss Ellen Page, Dr. John Nightingale, Mr. Joseph B. Nigbtingale, Mr. Andrew Jackson, Mr. John P. Jackson, Jr., Mr. Ellis Wooster, Mr. W. P. Lane, Mr. J. N. Lean, Mr Percy Jackson, and Mr. Stanley Hooper Jackson.

The Crocker Dinner-Party.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander were the guests of honor at an elegant dinner-party which Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker gave at their residence, last Thursday evening, as a compliment to them. There were eighteen in all seated at the beautifully appointed dinner-table. Several hours were passed in enjoying the sumptuous menu, and at the termination of the dinner the remainder of the evening was devoted to music and conversation in the drawing-rooms.

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mr and Mrs Charles B Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis, Mr and Mrs. H. H. Sherwood, Mr. and Mrs. James Otis, Miss Ella Goad, Miss Edith Taylor, Miss Maynard, Miss Emelie Hager, Mr. Edward M Greenway, Mr. Frank J. Carolan, Mr. T. Cary Friedlander, and Colonel C. Fred. Crocker.

The Tevis Lunch-Party.

Mrs. William S. Tevis, *née* Pacheco, gave a charming lunch-party last Thursday at her residence, 1311 Hyde Street, in honor of Mrs. Fred W. Sharon. Covers were laid for eight at a beautifully appointed table, where delicate blossoms were prettily arranged among the rich service. A tempting menu had been prepared, and the hours devoted to its discussion were made very agreeable.

Those present were: Mrs. William S. Tevis, Mrs. Fred W. Sharon, Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco, Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, Mrs. William H. Crocker. Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, Mrs. William B. Collier, and Miss Thibault.

The Baker Dinner-Party,

Mr. and Mrs. L. L Baker entertained a few friends delightfully at dinner last Thursday evening at their bome, 1882 Wasbington Street. The dining-table looked exceedingly neat and pretty with its floral adornment in the form of a large oblong bed of nasturtiums whose colors of canary, gold and red harmonized beautifully with the masses of light-green leaves above which the blossoms peeped. At each cover was a delicate souvenir formed of a cluster of nasturtiums tied to a miniature hand-painted porcelain pitcher by ribbons of white silk upon which the name of each guest was painted. The dinner was elaborate

Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Baker, Colonel and Mrs. William H. Shafter, U. S. A., of Angel Island, their daughter, Mrs McKittrick, Colonel and Mrs. Langdon, U. S. A., of the Presidio, Colonel and Mrs. W. R. Smedberg, and Mr. Wakefield Baker.

Miss Fair's Lunch-Party.

Miss Fair gave a delightful lunch-party at the residence of her mother, Mrs. Theresa Fair, on Pine Street, last Thursday. The table was prettily decorated with a cover of lavender silk, edged with lace, and the floral centre piece was of violets, La France roses and ferns. The favors were large branches of La France roses tied with long loops of lavender ribbon, with a hand-painted scene on one end and the name of the guest on the other.

Those present were: Miss Fair, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Florence Reed, Miss Lillie O'Connor, Miss Belle Smith, Miss Edith Taylor, Miss Gertrude Hyde, Miss Marie Voorhies, Miss Kate Voorhies, and Miss Nellie Joliffe.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mrs. Peter Donahue will go East about the latter part of October, to remain about three months. It is possible that Mrs. E. Martin, Mrs. J. Mervyn Donahue, and Miss Marguerite Wallace will accompany her. Baron and Baroness von Schröder will leave for the East about the same time.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Simpkins, Miss Alice Simpkins, and Mr. Harry Simpkins have returned from San Rafael, and are located at the Palace Hotel for the winter season.

Miss Mamie Masten has returned to Oakland from a visit to Mrs. Dunne in San José.

Mr. Robert R. Grayson returned to the city last Monday night after a stay of over three months at his ranch in Idaho.

Mrs. H. M. Newhall and Mr. George A. Newhall left for Honolulu a week ago, and will be away about a month and a half.

Mrs. Theresa Fair, Miss Fair, and Miss Birdie Fair will leave for New York next Thursday, and will pass about three months in the East.

Dr. and Mrs. O. O. Burgess are now resting at the Hotel de l'Athénée in Paris after a three months' tour of Europe, during which they have visited Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and France, and all of their varied points of interest.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G Booth are traveling through Washington Territory and Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Hooker and the Misses Hooker have returned from a trip to Mt. Shasta.

Mrs. W. H. Dimond and Miss Dimond will return soon from their Eastern trip During the winter, General Dimond and family will reside with Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Dimond at their bome, 2204 Pacific Avenue

Mrs. Henry McLean Martin has been passing the week at Santa Cruz.

Miss Anna Hobbs returned to the city last Monday after a visit to Mrs. Pray at Santa Cruz.

Miss Daisy Casserly and Miss Eva McAllister have returned to the city after a pleasant visit to Miss Julia Peyton at her home, near Santa Cruz.

Mr George Cheesman will leave for his ranch in Mexico next Tuesday after a short visit here

Mrs. William T. Wallace and Mrs. J M. Burnett have been paying a visit to General and Mrs. J. F. Sheehan at Redwood City.

Mrs. J. E. Wright, of Sacramento, has been visiting friends bere for several days.

Mr and Mrs Isaac L. Requa, of Piedmont, passed a few days at the Palace Hotel during the week.

Mrs. James A. Rohinson and her children have returned from Europe.

Miss Mary Eyre bas returned from a visit to Mr. and Mrs. George M. Pinckard at San Rafael.

Mrs. Thomas H. Selby will occupy her city residence in a few days.

Miss Fanny Crocker has returned from a visit to Sacramento.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Moore have returned from New York city.

Mrs. Charles S. Knowles has returned to Boston after a prolonged visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Adams, at their residence, 825 Bush Street.

Mrs. A. H. Rutberford has returned from Monterey, and will go East next Thursday on an extended visit.

Mrs. J. B. Haggin and Miss Rita Haggin have returned from their Eastern trip.

Colonel and Mrs. E. E. Eyre will come up from Menlo Park in a few days to pass the winter at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wilshire are now at the Hotel Bella Vista, where they will remain during the winter months.

Mrs. Gasbwiler and the Misses Gasbwiler have returned from the Paris Exposition, and are at the Hotel Dakota in New York city.

Mrs. O. C. Pratt. Miss Lillie Jones, and Mr. O. C. Pratt, Jr., are at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs Henry J. Crocker have purchased the residence corner of Washington and Laguna Streets.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs and Miss Nettie Tubbs have returned from Monterey, and are at the Palace Hotel for the winter.

Mr. Sidney E. Mezes went East last Thursday, with the intention of remaining two years in Boston and Cambridge.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mrs. M. Deane, and Miss Deane, who have been at their San Rafael cottage since their return from Europe, have returned to their residence, 1919 California Street.

Mr. William Babcock bas gone East, en route to Europe, and will be away about three or four months.

Miss Ada Sullivan and Miss Arcadia Spence are visiting Lieutenant and Mrs. Turner at Sitka.

Mr. and Mrs. William M. Lent, Mr. George H. Lent, and Mr. Eugene Lent are at the Palace Hotel for the season

Mrs. James Phelan, Miss Phelan, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Sullivan have returned from their long sojourn at Phelan Park, Santa Cruz.

Mrs. A. A. Nickerson and the Misses Maud and Myra Nickerson will not return from Europe until next spring.

Mr. James D. Phelan will leave for an Eastern visit next month.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander will return to New York on October 10th, in their private car, after an extended and very pleasant visit to this city. Mrs. Fred W. Sharon will accompany them.

Mrs. William B. Collier is in the city on a visit to friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Buckingham are passing the autumn months visiting the leading Eastern cities and during the Indian summer days will rusticate among the beautiful valleys of the Genessee and Susquehannah. They will return to San Francisco about December 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tubbs, who have been at Calistoga most of the summer bave returned to the city and are occupying their residence corner of Van Ness Avenue and Jackson Street.

Miss Mamie Kohl, of San Mateo, will leave for Philadelphia soon to pass the winter there as the guest of Mrs. William L Elkins, *née* Felton

Mr. and Mrs. George H Howard, *née* Schmiedell, have returned to New York from their prolonged European tour, and are expected here early next month.

Dr and Mrs. Clinton Cushing have given up their residence on Sutter Street for the winter, and are at the Hotel Pleasanton. Mrs. Cushing will go to Europe in the spring.

Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Baker have returned from a brief visit to Oroville.

General and Mrs. Alexander Perry and Miss Josephine Perry are at the Hotel Pleasanton for the winter.

Mr. Carter Tevis has gone to Santa Barbara with the intention of remaining there most of the winter.

Captain and Mrs. A H. Payson have gone to Colorado and will pass several months there.

Miss Mary B. West is the guest of Mrs. Lucy Otis at her residence, 1900 Washington Street

Mr. and Mrs. J. Henley Smith left for the Eastern States last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Taylor are at the Hotel Bella Vista, where they will pass the winter season.

Mr. Evan J. Coleman will soon leave for an Eastern trip.

Mr. Ranul Martinez has been in New York city during the past fortnight.

Miss Mae Somers, daughter of Mr. W. James Somers, the capitalist, will be married to Mr. Ferd. C. Peterson, son of Mr. S. B. Peterson, on Wednesday, October 9th, at the Howard Presbyterian Church.

The phonograph has been turned to a new use to record the sounds given by the heart and lungs under auscultation. This should be invaluable in consultation, as a true account of a patient's condition can be sent to a doctor at a distance.

Pop! Pop!! Pop!!!

A certain very wealthy gentleman of San Francisco, with strong literary tastes, and who indulges in them to a great extent, and who also bets heavily on Eastern races, put a pile of money on Firenzi, the great California horse. He also induced several young bloods like himself to back him. This they did, and great was their joy when Firenzi won the one and three-quarter mile race at Sheepshead Bay. They were so overjoyed at the victory that they determined that all whom they knew should enjoy their good luck. Their elation was heightened by liberal potations of wine. Finally the leader of the party, who had won the greatest amount, bethought himself of some of his chums in New York, and especially of a prominent young railroad magnate, who is somewhat of a sport himself, and is as fond of fun and champagne as any man living. The telegram that was sent was a characteristic one, and read thus:

While we live, we live in clover,
When we're drunk, we're drunk all over.
So drink our health in Pommery wine,
For the sake, dear boy, of auld lang syne.
Yours truly.

It was not long before the jovial sender of the telegram received a dispatch from New York, written at Delmonico's, which returned the compliment in verse to this effect:

Carrying out your wishes,
Pommery is delicious;
Pop, pop, pop,
Tell us when to stop.

Delmonico at the same time sent a dispatch saying that the jolly young railroad millionaire, together with a few friends, had already swallowed champagne to the amount of six hundred and eighty dollars, and asked: "Shall we extend credit?"

This last telegram had somewhat of a sobering influence upon the Californian party, who were not prepared for any such elaborate jollification, but they answered the railroad man tersely:

One more pop,
Then, please, stop!

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ARCHDUKE RUDOLPH'S DEATH.

Revelations of the Dowager-Baroness Vetsera.

A Vienna correspoodent of the New York *Tribune* writes thus under date of August 22d: "I write this letter on the Archduke Rudolph mystery under the dictation of a Hungarian friend better informed than I could be on the question, since the Vetseras belong both to Hungary and Croatia. He happened to be slightly acquainted with the family of the young heroine of the tragedy in Meyerling Castle, and, like all the other sincere friends of it, he deeply regrets the publishing of the aged baroness's memoirs, for it does not clear her daughter from the shame of having been knowingly the mistress of a married man, archduke and imperial heir though he be, and it does not disprove the extensively believed story to the effect that the prince killed himself for some other motive. The dissolute life led by Rudolph was known to everybody and was not a secret to his wife, Archduchess Stephanie, who did not care about it any more than her mother-in-law, Empress Elizabeth of Austria, cared about the conjugal infelicities of her husband, Emperor Francis Joseph. No serious obstacles existed to prevent the continuation of his intimacy with the young Baroness Vetsera.

"These adventures and caprices, though tolerated or rather winked at, have not been, however, without producing sometimes tragical results. Thus, in this case, the people stick to the following explanation of the Meyerling mystery. Archduke Rudolph had been surprised by a prince in a compromising situation with the latter's wife. A duel being impossible with the heir to the throne, the archduke, who was, anyhow, a brave and chivalric man, agreed to take his own life against guarantees furnished by the injured husband and his wife's brother that they would not punish the princess for her infidelity. When the day of reckoning arrived, Rudolph sent for his latest love, and Mary Vetsera, hearing of his suicidal resolve, without suspecting the cause of it, excepting that it might be on her own account, insisted on leaving life at the same time her lover chose to leave it. This is quite in keeping with the morbid spirit displayed in the letters published in the memoir which the Dowager-Baroness Vetsera has caused to be prioted and privately circulated among friends of the family.

"It seems as if in that mysterious tragedy the characters had been interchanged and that the young, foolish, poetical girl was more of a Werther than of a Charlotte. She did not, like Goethe's heroioe, survive her love and her lover to marry another man and bring up many children—she wanted to die with her Imperial Werther.

"Their first interview took place on the fifth of November, 1888, thanks to arrangements made by a certain countess. The latter was a friend of Mary's mother, and betrayed that friendship by playing a disgraceful rôle in the whole affair. She used to take out the young lady for a drive or for shopping, and literally threw her into the arms of the archduke. She explained away and quieted the suspicions of the mother, who discovered one day in the possession of her daughter an iron engagement-ring bearing the name 'Rudolf' and the letters 'I. L. V. B. I. D. T.,' meaning io German, 'In Liebe Vereint bis in den Tod' (United by Love even to Death). The countess said that it had been given to herself by Archduke Rudolph and presented by her to her dearest friend, Mary, who was, like many Viennese women, an admirer of the prince.

"Meanwhile, she had come to be more than an admirer of him. In one of the notes addressed by her to another young lady, she wrote: 'I can not live without seeing and talking to him. . . . Oh, if we could only live together in a poor cottage, how happy I would be! We often talk about it, and that makes us happy. But, alas, it can not be so. Could I give him my life for his happiness I would do it cheerfully, for what is life worth?'

"She was true to her word, and before dying she wrote: 'Dear mother, forgive me for what I have done. I can not resist love. It has been so understood with him, and I want to be buried by his side in the cemetery of Alland. . . . I am happier in death than life. Your Mary.' She expressed the same sentiments in notes addressed to her sister and to a friend, which are republished in the memoir of Baroness Vetsera.

"For its second part, the memoir relates the efforts made in vain by the uofortunate mother to prevent the catastrophe. Her daughter had disappeared suddenly. The baroness, whose suspicions were at last thoroughly aroused and bent in the right direction, asked for the assistance of the police authorities. The director answered that in such cases police investigations are ordered to proceed no further as soon as they meet with the personality of the heir to the throne. The tragedy at the hunting-lodge of Meyerling was therefore easily consummated, and the mother had afterward many difficulties to overcome in order to exhume the body of her daughter aod give her a proper burial in the family ground. The 'reasons of state,' as we say in Europe—that is, political motives—thanks to which, efforts were made to hush up the whole sad affair as much as possible, uselessly added to the grief of the Vetsera family, and finally caused the publishing of the memoir."

LINCOLN AND STANTON.

The Night After the Election of 1864.

[On the editorial page of the New York *Sun*, over his initials, Mr. Charles A. Dana tells the following curious story:]

In the last number of the *Century Magazine*, Messrs. Hay and Nicolay narrate their idea of what happened at the War Department on the eveoing after the second election of President Lincoln in 1864. As they were not present, their report must be a matter of hearsay. I do not know that any of the particulars they relate are deficient in accuracy, though I can testify that while I was there at that time, I did not observe them.

I was not usually on duty in the War Department at night; but Mr. Stanton had directed me to come over that evening, and I arrived pretty early, say at eight o'clock or half-past eight. The excitement of the struggle had been intense. In all my experience I have never witnessed any other election that had so much politics in it. All the resources of partisan science, backed by the immense power of the vast and widespread expenditures of the War Department, then about a million a day, had been employed by the astute and relentless statesman at the head of the war office; and he did it with a pertinacity and skill that never have been surpassed. Of course no great step had been taken without the knowledge and consent of Mr. Lincoln, himself a politician of a very fertile and superior order; but the engineer whose hand was never taken off the machine, and whose purpose never relaxed its high-pressure energy, was Mr. Stanton; and his ardent and excitable nature was kept at fever heat to the very last moment of the contest, and afterward.

The President, apparently as serene as a summer morning, was in Mr. Stanton's large private room, and no one was with him except the Secretary and General Eckert, who came continually with telegrams. The result of the voting was of such a decisive character that the news arrived much earlier than had been expected; and when I went in, I learned, both from the Presideot and the Secretary, that the question seemed already to be substantially settled. Each dispatch that was received seemed only to add to the apparent certainty; and by about nine o'clock, there was no looger any doubt. But, without waiting for that hour, Mr. Lincoln drew from his breast a thin, yellow-covered pamphlet.

"Dana," said he to me, "bave you ever read anything of 'Petroleum V. Nasby'?" pronouncing Nasby as though the first syllable were spelled with the letter *e*.

"No, sir," said I, "not much; but I know he writes from the Confederate Cross Roads and prints his things in the *Toledo Blade*."

"Yes," said Mr. Lincoln, "that's so, but that is not the whole. Pull up your chair aod listen."

I drew up to him, and he began to read aloud, to me only and not to Stanton, one after another of Petroleum's funny hits; and between each of them we had a quiet little laugh all to ourselves. But the lion head of the secretary showed plainly that he had no sympathy with this amusement; in fact, his face wore its darkest and sternest expression. However, the reading went on, occasionally broken by General Eckert's entrance with another telegram, to which Mr. Lincoln paid no very serious attention, and he quickly turned back to the reading every time. In this way he read paragraphs and even pages of Nasby, until, finally, a dispatch was brought in of a more important nature, and he laid the pamphlet down to attend to it.

While he was thus engaged, Mr. Stanton motioned to me to come with him into General Eckert's room, and when the door was shut, he broke out in fury: "God damn it to hell," said he, "was there ever such nonsense? Was there ever such inability to appreciate what is going on in an awful crisis? Here is the fate of this whole republic at stake, and here is the man around whom it all centres, on whom it all depends, turniog aside from this momentous, this incomparable issue, to read the God damned trash of a silly mountebank!"

This fiery speech of the enraged secretary was interrupted by General Eckert, who had another telegram which he showed to him, and with which we all went back into Mr. Stanton's own office, in order that the President might see it.

These iocidents of a memorable historical event are not recorded in any annals of the time that I have seen, and yet they appear to me interesting and characteristic enough not to be forgotten. C. A. D.

A TALE FROM "LIFE."

Which is not at all Droll.

Life does not envy the New York *World* its connection with the death of the late Dr. David T. Brown. Very likely you know why the *World's* connection with his death is not enviable. If not, this is why.

Dr. Brown was a genial and charming man, esteemed and beloved as a friend, and highly valued as a physician. For a long time prior to 1875, he had charge of the Bloomingdale Asylum. A man whom he trusted, stole a large sum of his money, and about the same time his management of the asylum was criticised. He was a man of extreme sensibility, and it is possible that long association with insane people had weakened his mind. At any rate, the combination of troubles was too much for him; his mind became affected and broke down; he left Bloomingdale and was taken to Europe for treatment. For some years nothing more was generally known about him until three or four years ago; many of his friends and friends of his family were told that his reason had been restored, and that he was living happily and in good health with his sons on a farm near Chicago. It was true. Thanks to the devotion of his family and others, this unfortunate gentleman had really been restored to the enjoyment of life. His melancholia, from which he had suffered intensely, disappeared, and his life had again become a pleasure to him and a source of happiness to others. Occasionally, he came to New York, where he visited quietly with relatives.

You know those supplements that swell the bulk of the New York *World* on Sunday—they have to be filled. So great is the success of this successful newspaper that they can be filled in great measure with advertisements, but there must be reading matter, too. No reading matter is valued so highly by successful journals of the type of the *World* as news, and, of course, the more unexpected and startling the news is, the better. One of the persons who are hired to fill these *World's* supplements got wind of Dr. Brown's story and determined to make Sunday reading of it for the *World's* constituents. He wrote out as much of it as he could in the most sensational manoer possible, and then a man was sent from Chicago to visit the ex-physician and interview him. This creature, who signed himself O'Neil, did his errand to the *World's* taste. Carefully concealing his purpose, he went to Dr. Brown's quiet country-home and by his own account hung around the place for two days until, in spite of rebuffs and excuses, he finally met the doctor and had a talk with him. Incidentally, and in the course of his inquiries, he managed to tell a number of the doctor's neighbors the story of his life. The effect of this on a rural population can readily be imagined. He sent a long story to his employers, and three weeks ago the *World* printed four columns of choice sensation about "Farmer Brown, Once a Famous Alienist, Now Living in Retirement in Illinois." What effect it would have upon Dr. Brown to have the retirement that was so necessary for him invaded in this fashion, the *World* did not need to consider. It is the business of a successful newspaper to succeed; other considerations are secondary, or beneath consideration altogether.

Within a fortnight after the publication of this story the *World* published another, not so long, but even more sensational, about the same man. It told that Dr. Brown's mind had become again upset by memories of the past, and that in a fit of insane melancholia he had hanged himself.

Life does not *know* at this present writing that the *World's* article was the immediate cause of Dr. Brown's death, but the probability that it was so is overwhelming. The article was one which might naturally have been expected to upset a mind in such a state as that of this unfortunate gentleman. No one who knew Dr. Brown read the *World's* article without instant apprehension as to its effect on its subject.

And what is the name for this piece of wanton wickedness? Can we call it murder, or in what grade of homicide can we class it? Here is a life, which pious devotion had protected and preserved, suddenly trampled out by a ruffian. But no grand jury will investigate the case or send the *World* to trial. The particular villainy of which it seems to be guilty is not one which the courts regard or the law punishes, but only "newspaper enterprise."

It is said of the New York *World* that no man can be so faithless, so base, or so great a liar, but what that journal is willing to employ him and able to fiod for him congenial work. We suspect that this saying is true.

TOOT!

A Story of the Seaside.

Arabella had told me to come to Narragansett and I would have some fun. She said there were lots of girls there. So there were, but so was George. Arabella, however, had not mentioned him among the delights of the pier. And girls—what were girls to me when they were not Arabella? Aod Arabella—what was she to me with George? And George was a fixture, he went with Arabella, and my presence seemed only to increase his attentions to her. I foresaw before I had been there a day that there was going to be mighty little fun ahead for me. Unless—unless I could have a little fun with George.

How?

This was the question which agitated my brain the second morning as I took my lonely whisky-and-ginger-ale on the casino balcony, while George and Arabella reveled in social cobblers on the piazza below.

Toot!

A sudden and awful paralysis seemed to have seized the entire assemblage. Every one stopped short in his or her occupation—talking, drinking, walking, eating, standing, sitting—as though that untuneful fishhorn were Gabriel's final trump. To my relief, the spell lasted but for a moment—almost instantly the chatter recommenced, and people went on about their affairs.

It was only the usual signal of some speculative photographer for the crowd to keep still while he snapped the shutter. In a day or two, every one would go to the "studio" and buy a picture.

This was one of the principal excitements of the place. The stiller you remained when the horn was blown, the better you would come out in the view—and the view *might* be printed in one of the illustrated papers.

Toot!

This was only a rival "artist" bent on the same errand.

The effect was precisely the same as before. The habitués were evidently in good trainiog.

Toot!

Tableau!

Photographers were plenty that morning, but apparently no ooe thought of disobeying that peremptory command.

Toot!

This was merely I, a few hours later, trying the note of a similar horn in the shop of a neighboring dealer in fishermen's supplies.

The questions which had beeo agitating my mind were: Did George really love Arabella? Did Arabella really love George? I had determined to find out, before wasting all my energies and a two weeks' vacation in a hopeless contest; for my intentions in regard to Arabella, though honorable, were not serious.

It was night. Arabella and George had retired, as on the evening before, to the remotest and darkest corner of the hotel-piazza.

Toot!

A blinding flash, that revealed nothing, and that was all. Magnesium-powder can be obtained at the druggist's for a few cents.

The next morning George received the following note:

DEAR SIR: I will destroy the negative of the flashlight picture I took of the Quassasoit House last night for twenty-five dollars. Yours truly, AMATEUR, P. O.

That afternoon, when I said at the post-office window: "Amateur," I received an envelope from George containing twenty-five dollars, which I put aside toward a handsome wedding-present for Arabella. For I knew that Arabella would allow no liberties from a man to whom she was not engaged.

But I could not leave without having a little more fun—with George.

The day following was the first of the tennis-tournament. George, who was a fair player, was matched against one of the inexperts. The games were very even, and Arabella looked on with eager interest.

At last it came to the final rally. Whoever made the successful stroke would win the match.

George's opponent, in making a half volley, stumbled and fell, just managing to send the ball easily over the net as he did so.

George assumed a graceful pose as he stood prepared tn drive the ball to certain victory.

Toot!

My wicked scheme worked. For an instant, such was the force of habit, George remaioed as if frozen to the ground. For an instant, but in that instant the little white sphere passed gently by him, and he had lost game, set, match, and was out of the tournament.

That night I started for the Maine woods. I should never have forgiven myself if I had not just received Arabella's cards to her wedding in October. —*Puck*.

A Dangerons Load.

A Denver geotleman, who has been on a camping-tour through the mountains, recently returned, and relates an incident which testifies to the statement that even the most dangerous callings become ordinary every-day affairs to the men engaged in them, the element of danger being apparently lost sight of. He was driving his team across a mouotain road when, coming to a narrow place, another team was met. In this latter were the driver and his wife, and, as the passage was narrow and rough, there being many bowlders on the side where the turniog out had to be made, his wife got out of the wagon. This was to be expected, but when the Denver tourist saw her run somewhat speedily and hide herself behind a large rock, it somewhat astonished him.

"I say," he asked, "what makes your wife act that way?"

"Oh, I don't know exactly, but I guess she may be a little scared."

"But what is she scared about?"

"Oh, I have got some stuff in my wagon which she does not like to see bumped over these rocks," ar coolly proceeded to head his team over the bowl

"Say, what have you got in your wagon?"

"You see those three boxes—well, they are f giant-powder."

"My God, man, you don't intend to drive these rocks with all that explosive matter?"

"Yes, I do. Why not? I have been tea giant-powder for ten years."

"But it might explode and blow us, horses an to the devil."

"What of it? We would never know what us, would we?"

And it was with difficulty that he was persuad wait and carry it about fifty feet.—*Denver News*

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Are now offering the latest novelties in

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TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, March 31, 1889, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1 30, 3.25, 4., 6.10 P. M.

(Sundays)—8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 12 30, 1.30, 2.45, 4., 5.30, 6.30. P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.10, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.55 P. M. (Sundays)—8.00, 9.50, 10.55 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 1.15, 2.45, 4.00, 5., 6.05, 7.00 P. M. Extra trips on Saturday at 6.25 P. M. Half 50 cents. round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.18, 8.15, 9.55, 11.50 A. M.; 2.30, 4.05, 5.30 P. M. (Sundays)—8.45, 10.35, 11.35 A. M.; 12.45, 1.55, 3.30, 4., 5.45, 6.50, 7.45 P. M. Extra trips on Saturday at 7 P. M.

Fare 35 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

7 P. M., Daily (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at 8 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12.20 P. M.

3 P. M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations.

8 A. M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning arrives in San Francisco at 8.15 P. M.

EXCURSION RATES.

Sunday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single fare rate.

Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.00; Tomales, $2.25; Howard's, $3.50; Cazadero, $4.00.

Saturday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, good on day sold: Camp Taylor, $1.50; Point Reyes, $1.75; Tomales, $2.00; Howard's, $2.50; Duncan Mills and Cazadero $3.00.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Trains leave Cazadero daily (except Mondays) for Stewart's, Camp Meeker, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, and all points on the North Coast.

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

FROM	From Sept. 15, 1889.	ARRIVE
7 A.	Haywards, Niles and San José	*12.45 P.
8 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis	7.15 P.
8 A.	Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	6.15 P.
8 A.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	11.15 A.
8 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
9 A.	Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
10 M.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	*3.45 P.
10 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	**6.00 A.
12 P.	Express Haywards, Niles & San José	9.45 A.
12 P.	2d Class Ogden and East	10.45 A.
3 P.	Stockton and §Milton; Vallejo, Calistoga & Santa Rosa	9.45 A.
3 P.	Sacramento and Knight's Landing via Davis	10.15 A.
4 P.	Niles and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
4 P.	Niles and San José	‡ 4.45 P.
4 P.	Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
5 P.	Central Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	7.45 P.
6 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East	7.45 A.
8 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

7 A.	Newark, San José and Santa Cruz	‡ 8.05 P.
8 A.	Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
5 P.	Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*11.20 A.
5 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, and Los Gatos	9.50 A.

EAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

6 A.	San José and Way Stations	2.30 P.
10 A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz, Sunday Excursion	‡ 8.25 P.
10 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos; Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey, Pacific Grove; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations	6.12 P.
10 A.	San José, Almaden and Way Stations	7 30 P.
12 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	5.02 P.
10 P.	Menlo Park, San José, Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville, Monterey, and Pacific Grove only. (Del Monte limited.)	*11.15 A.
10 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and principal Way Stations	*10.00 A.
10 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	7.58 A.
10 P.	San José and Way Stations	9.03 A.
5 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A.
5 P.	San José and principal Way Stations	‡4.30 P.

A. for morning. P. for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. ‡ Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only. § Saturdays excepted. ** Mondays excepted.

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Arabic	Tuesday, November 5
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25th ANNUAL EXHIBIT, JANUARY 1, 1889.

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Any one can write an advertisement, and almost any one can write it to please the advertiser; but often the advertisement which is so gratifying to the writer will hardly attract a passing notice from the possible customer. Whether or not the advertisement be pleasing to the pride of the writer or advertiser is a question of small consideration. but vital importance hinges upon the capacity of the advertisement to attract the people, and, by attracting them, gain their intelligent attention, which, once obtained, must force the gist of the advertisement into their minds, and, if they be available customers to the line advertised, impress upon them the wisdom of an inspection of the goods advertised.

Few advertisements sell goods directly. The burden upon an advertisement is to draw attention to the store, or to the articles there for sale, teaching the first lesson in prospective purchasing. The advertisement brings people to the store, and there its mission stops—then success in selling depends upon the quality of the goods, the price, and the salesman. But let me emphatically say here that, in the evolution of selling, to the medium which brings the possible customer to the store or place of business, furnishing the always difficult to forge connecting link between buyer and seller, is due half the credit of the sale; and the world over, inventive genius has not devised a substitute for legitimate advertising.

100 SONGS Words & Music Complete Choice collection of gems only 10c GUIDE PUB. CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

THE ARGONAUT CLUBBING LIST FOR 1889

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office; it must be understood, however, that by this arrangement a subscriber may not obtain more than one of these periodicals without an additional subscription to the *Argonaut* for each additional periodical.

The Argonaut and the Century for One Year, by Mail	$7.00
The Argonaut and the Independent for One Year, by Mail	6.00
The Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine for One Year, by Mail	5.90
The Argonaut and St. Nicholas for One Year, by Mail	6.00
The Argonaut and the Magazine of Art for One Year, by Mail	6.20
The Argonaut and Harper's Magazine for One year, by Mail	6.50
The Argonaut and Harper's Weekly for One Year, by Mail	6.70
The Argonaut and Harper's Bazar for One Year, by Mail	6.70
The Argonaut and Harper's Young People for One Year, by Mail	5.00
The Argonaut and the Weekly New York Tribune (Republican) for One Year, by Mail	4.50
The Argonaut and the Weekly New York World (Democratic) for One Year, by Mail	4.50
The Argonaut, the Weekly Tribune, and the Weekly World, One Year, by Mail	5.50
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To catch the public's attention with a sensational fall, swoon, or death, appears to be the summit of the dramatic star's ambition. A tastefully mounted play is not enough; a play dripping with gore is not enough; a set of costumes from Worth, advertised on the programme, together with the names of the perruquier, the ushers, the head carpenter, the call-boy, the prompter, the first and second supers, the gas-man, and the bill-poster is not enough; a soubrette from one of the first families, having adopted the boards as a profession expressly against the family's wish, is not enough—none of these potent attractions are sufficiently enticing. There must be a death, an ecstatic, riotous, untrammeled, acrobatic death, to buoy the modern melodrama upward toward success when the modern melodramatic star is shining in all her glory at the head of a cast of carefully selected ugliness.

That great actors have eschewed sensationalism is a precedent which second-class actors do not seem disposed to follow. Salvini goes so far as to prefer acting against a worn-out flat which swells out and in on the gentle gales from the orchestra, regarding any more gorgeous accessories as meretricious aids, only admissible in those sad cases when the public's attention must be drawn off the star at any cost. Booth has an exactly similar idea—the might of his genius can make the auditor forget that Hamlet is interviewing the majesty of buried Denmark against a background of a marble Italian terrace, flanked by statues of Venus and Mars. Henry Irving, who goes farther and believes in a fine stage-setting, will not allow any of his company to fall fainting from great heights, or to take more than a minute and a half to die, even though the medium of dissolution has been strychnine. The horror of his own death as Matthias, in "The Bells," is only momentary—and how infinitely more effective than a series of absurd contortions and writhings!

But the noble army of the second and the third class rise rampant and ride the whirlwind of sensationalism. They probably are conscious of a lack of talent to enthrall, and so fill the vacancy with a wealth of clap-trap to amaze. At any cost they must send home their audiences with the bulging eyes of appalled amazement. To make a sensation, to win a burst of valueless applause from beneath the dome, to be talked of on the Avenue, to be pronounced "grand" in Minerva Flats, to win the discriminating approbation of Mrs. Brooklyn Bridge—that appears to be the summit of their ambition. When Mrs. Langtry first came out, she concealed her "plentiful lack" of art with two or three fine fainting fits. When you met your friends on Broadway, they said: "Go down to Niblo's and see Mrs. Langtry tumble off a sofa on to a flower-stand—it's lots of fun!" When the National Opera Company was fighting for its life with the Metropolitan and Colonel Mapleson, Pauline L'Allemand, feeling that the time had come to make a bold stroke or surrender, introduced into "Lakmé" a marvelous fall, down a flight of stairs backwards. When Margaret Mather's Juliet was being boomed in New York against Mary Anderson's, Miss Mather's manager, feeling the inequality of the contest, suggested that Miss Mather, on parting with Romeo, should fall senseless, roll down half-a-dozen steps over and over, finally bringing up before the footlights in a whirlwind of millinery. That Shakespeare never intended such a finale, that such a climax to such a scene is an insult to art and poetry, never seems to have checked either Miss Mather or Mr. Hill in their determination to create an effect even on Shakespeare's mangled remains.

At the same time, for there were a good many poor actresses struggling up into prominence just then, the vogue set in for the agonizing-death plays. Croizette had died in "The Sphinx," with a piece of green soap in her mouth, under a green light. Clara Morris tried it with a sufficiently horrible effect. But the second-class actresses are all pretty and intend to remain pretty, even in the agonies of dissolution. They died slowly and with difficulty, but always picturesquely, with their trains curled round their feet and a lover and a husband, one on each side, holding them up so that the audience should not lose one graceful contortion—the three figures, thus grouped, suggesting a sort of scaffolding on which the ingenious could build half-a-dozen plays in the French style. So Miss Davenport died in "Fedora," Loris and some one else keeping her firmly on her feet till the end. Then they laid her on the sofa. But all was not yet over. With a sudden contraction of the muscles, the corpse turned briskly and rolled off on the floor. A grewsome horror was created and all went home satisfied. Mrs. Langtry's death in "The Looking Glass" was the most vivacious, romping, sprightly death to be imagined. It was like an exhibition of calisthenics. Everything on the stage was broken and flung about. The curtains were ripped off the poles, the chairs overturned. The Lily tore her beautiful black-lace teagown, and finally, when she fell dead from sheer exhaustion, and lay a corpse, gasping in a reserved but obvious manner, it was full five minutes since the first intimation to the audience that something had gone wrong. Since then, Mrs. Potter has died by the asp, which, according to all accounts, must be the most engaging of the collection.

All this apropos of the deaths of La Tosca and Baron Scarpia. They have been changed, accentuated, intensified. Every one has seen "La Tosca" and supped full of horrors. It was, therefore, necessary on its second appearance to have something new. This, Miss Davenport has introduced in a set of fresh costumes for herself and a dash of cayenne pepper in the deaths. A year ago, Scarpia accomplished only one leap and a convulsive kicking of his red heels. To-day, his manner of dissolution is boisterous and animated in the extreme. He dies with much resistance and his treatment of the sofa is almost brutal—for we have all a tender feeling for that sofa, out of which the dust flies in a protesting cloud when the baron falls upon it. Has not Peg Woffington sat on it, smiling over her fan upon her faithless Vane? Was it not there that Louise Ferrant told such a series of lies about the coveted lieutenant to Miss Helen Truman? Did not Mrs. Ollyphant and her guardian sit side by side upon that sofa and persiflate over a bunch of violets—and Miss Cheatham make eyes at John Drew in a way to make the boldest hold his breath for a time? Poor little sofa! It was never before so roughly treated, so hammered upon by a pair of red heels, till its very soul rose in a cloud of dust, so shaken to its inmost springs by the pounding of the baronial head in Tosca's red right hand.

Miss Davenport has changed her death entirely—a tame plunge into the mattressed depths of the Tiber is not a fit ending for such a fiery spirit as La Tosca. But the original idea has not been entirely abandoned. The singer does contemplate the Tiber from the height of a draw-bridge, but while she hesitates over the yawning chasm, the myrmidons of Scarpia fire upon her. Miss Davenport has thus the chance of falling down the draw-bridge and dying in brilliant combination. She rolls over and over and dies upon Mario's body. Anything more lurid, sensational, and inartistic than these two deaths, it would be hard to imagine. The straining for effect spoils even the dramatic intensity of situations wrought to the highest pitch.

Miss Davenport has improved. Her Tosca is more complete and consistent than it was a year ago. But the part is beyond her powers. "La Tosca," as a play, is "painty," the color is laid on in ridges, applied with a palette-knife, or, as Holmes says, ejected at the canvas with a garden-squirt. It stands in the same relation to Sardou's earlier masterpieces as a chromo does to a landscape of Rousseau's. The situations are hackneyed, the characters crude, scarcely more than outlined; the whole is carelessly thrown together without any of that elegance, that inimitable finish and style which mark the playwright's former works. But La Tosca, as a woman, is a fine conception—able, in efficient bands, to triumph over the débris of worn-out ideas. She is a vital figure—the peasant singing in the field, a half-savage devotee—the successful prima donna, but still the peasant, uneducated, coarse, uncontrolled, jealous, impassioned, and always devout. We can understand the great actress, for whom this part was written, making the play by her treatment of the singer's character, casting the glamour of her potent individuality over the lifeless Scarpias, Marios, Angellottis, and Queens of the cast. But in Miss Davenport's performance the part loses its personal note, its flavor, its original atmosphere, its distinction. It is not Sardou's La Tosca. And the successful personation of Sardou's La Tosca is the one excuse for the existence of a play which can only dismay an audience of moderate intelligence and refinement, and only please an assemblage of Goths and Vandals.

Mr. McDowell, unlike Miss Davenport, has not improved. He grows more stagey. It is a great pity that actors can not wean themselves from that peculiar stage-strut with which so many of them mar their movements. A man in the costume of modern society, which some one calls "a coat without a front put on over a vest, which is a coat without a back," can walk in any way he likes and no one complains; but a man in the powder, patches, and ruffles of the end of the eighteenth century should cultivate some grace in his mode of locomotion. Mr. McDowell is spoiling himself with affectations. Of spontaneity and ease, there are little in his performance. He poses and attitudinizes, and seeks to portray various emotions by such old-time tricks, long since laid on the shelf, as eye-rolling and grimacing. Scarpia was a man of the highest elegance, a fine gentleman, used to the life of courts. Mr. McDowell makes him stiff, sulted, unnatural.

The rest of the cast—local talent—was uniformly colorless, with the exception of Mr. Roberts as Mario. Mr. Roberts was agreeable and painstaking, but he should remember, in whistling the "Spring Song," that when Mario Cavaradossi wore the costume of the Muscadins, Mendelssohn was not born. G. B.

The New York *Sun* announces that Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera may be expected in November.

STAGE GOSSIP.

"La Tosca" will be continued for another week at the Baldwin.

The J. C. Duff opera company will be the holiday attraction at the Baldwin. "The Queen's Mate" will be one of their important productions.

"The Canuck" is announced for next week at the Alcazar, with McKee Rankin, Mabel Bert, E. J. Buckley, and the stock company in the cast.

Stuart Robson is nightly amusing great crowds in Chicago with Bronson Howard's comedy, "The Henrietta." He will come to the Baldwin in a few weeks.

"Little Lord Fauntleroy," which follows "La Tosca" at the Baldwin, promises to be as popular as it was last year, judging by the applications for seats already made at the box-office. It will run for two weeks.

"Theodora," even at increased prices, which would ordinarily seem a great hardship to the Tivoli's patrons, draws full houses every night. It will be continued next week, alternating with "La Fille de Madame Angot."

"A Brass Monkey" is a distinct disappointment to those who have found pleasure in Hoyt's earlier farce-comedies. There is scarcely a funny scene, a bright bit of dialogue, or an amusing song in the whole two hours, and Drew and Flora Walsh can not drag the average of the company up to mediocrity.

The rôle of Jonah in "A Brass Monkey" might be amusing in the hands of Charley Reed, Frank Daniels, or some other comedian of strong personality and strong methods. But Charles Drew makes Jonah more pathetic than humorous, and a farce-comedy with a pathetic central figure is—well, it's a novelty which will not live long.

Herrmann is providing a form of entertainment at the Bush Street Theatre which has a perennial popularity. He has so many tricks in his repertoire that he follows no set programme, so that the ingenious ones who go a second time, and perhaps again, to discover the *modus operandi* of his "Cremation," are by no means bored with the "preliminary events."

Joseph Grismer and Miss Davies will be the attraction at the Bush Street after Herrmann's engagement. They have been following the fairs from town to town in the interior, and have had all the people their theatres and halls could hold at every performance. They will open in "The Tigress," which they did not show us before on account of the unexpected furore over "The Burglar."

Judic has again left her realm on the Boulevard Montmartre (writes the Paris correspondent of the New York *Times*), and has gone to the Menus Plaisirs, taking up an old success of hers, in which we find the famous *pilouilth* song, celebrated also by Théo. Judic always liked the part of the Roussotte, because it just fails to be emotional. The play was written for her by Albert Millaud—well, some years ago. The peculiar skill of Judic lies in naughty suggestiveness in a demure, coy, sweetly engaging manner, and when she leaves this field the manager trembles. In the Roussotte, a touch of sentiment might have carried the diva into a tragic tale, but the pruning was done by Meilhac and Halévy, and the smile remained without the tear, except those of Judic, who shed tears of rage. When the play was first given—long years ago—it was continued at one run over one hundred nights, and the great song of *pilouilth* was repeated seven times a night. History adds also that when the actor Dupuis, according to custom, came to the footlights to announce the name of the authors, the audience would not even listen until Judic had again sung the song before the curtain. Judic is too fat, even for people who like flesh, but her face is charming. Her resemblance has made the repute of Sybil Sanderson, who does look like Judic at twenty, only prettier. Pi-ouit brought the house down and Judic sang all her songs twice.

An instance of the moneyed value of the star of a theatrical combination occured during Rosina Vokes's illness in Chicago last year, and later on at the Standard Theatre in New York. Before her illness the nightly receipts were in the neighborhood of twelve hundred dollars. The night after she fell ill the receipts dropped to less than fifty dollars, and they never got above that point until she returned to the stage, when they got back to the old figure. This in spite of the fact that the company was an admirable one, including Weedon Grossmith and Brandon Thomas, and that two of the pieces were farces in which she did not appear even when well. The significance of the value of the star's personality was shown at the Standard Theatre when she was ill on one Saturday night, for there were only seventeen dollars and fifty cents in the box-office, and when Miss Vokes took her place again in the company, the box-office returns showed a taking of twelve hundred and sixty dollars. That is one reason why theatrical managers watch the health of their stars.

A man who recently returned from London, said, concerning Miss Kate Forsythe's appearance in the English metropolis: "The *Daily Telegraph* stated the case exactly when it said that Miss Forsythe had waited exactly ten years too long before making her bow to the London public. Like most ladies of robust physique, Miss Forsythe is unable to realize that she has lost her youthfulness and the charm which attaches to a girlish figure and face. If she had essayed the strong emotional rôle in 'The Tigris' instead of that of the pretty young flower-girl, there is very little doubt that she would have been successful. But when it comes to dressing a one-hundred-and-ninety-pound figure in a short gown, and ornamenting it with flower-baskets and a juvenile smile, the London public is just as skeptical as our own."

"A TALE OF WOE."

This little poem was contributed by Eugene Fie to the Denver *Tribune* seven or eight years ago. then bore the title "The Little Peach," and was reprinted at the time in the *Argonaut*. Later it w copied occasionally by papers in all parts of t Union, and even passed into book-covers in Slas Thompson's "The Humbler Poets." A few mont ago, Francis Wilson got hold of it, had it set to mus and made it the popular air of the day by intr ducing it as a duet for himself and Marie Jans in his new opera, "The Oolah." The vogue has acquired here, since Charlie Reed and M. Yohe sang it in "The City Directory," warra its republication. By the way, it is a notable fact th clever verses may be enjoyed in the papers, but a soon forgotten utterly. But let a negro minstrel farce-comedian repeat or sing them from the stage, Charlie Reed has sung "The Little Peach," or as recited the stanzas beginning "Girl in hammoc reading book" and ending "nary mash," when was a minstrel half-a-dozen years ago at the Sta ard Theatre, and they leap into immediate favor thousands, even hundreds of thousands, and fa away like the ripples of a stone dropped in a pool, constantly widening circles which die at last in the motest rural districts. We print the first stanza a is sung; the others are as they originally appeare

A little peach in the orchard grew,
Listen to our tale of woe.
A little peach of emerald hue,
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew
It grew,
It grew,
Listen to our tale of woe.
One day passing that orchard through,
Listen to our tale of woe.
The little peach dawned on the view
Of Johnnie Jones and his sister Sue,
Those two,
Those two,
Listen to our tale of woe.

Up at the peach a club he threw—
Down from the tree on which it grew
Fell the little peach of emerald hue—
Mon dieu!
She took a bit and he a chew,
And then the trouble began to brew—
Trouble the doctor couldn't subdue—
Too true!
Under the turf where the daisies grew
They planted John and his sister Sue,
And their little souls to the angels flew—
Boo-hoo!
But what of the peach of emerald hue,
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew?
Ah, well, its mission on earth was through—
Adieu!

Bronson Howard refused the other day an offer ten thousand dollars to write a play for a star. I figures that "Shenandoah" will pay him over thi thousand dollars royalty this year. If he had ke the "Henrietta" on royalties, instead of selling outright to the two stars who made fame and fortu in it, he would be eigbty thousand dollars richer th he is now. "Shenandoah's" success is one of t big things of the season. It is another instance (sa the New York *Sun*) that contradicts Mr. A. Palmer's statement about American plays. M Palmer has always professed a profound admirati for everything American, but he steadily purchas English and French plays, and never gives an Ame can dramatist a chance. When "Shenandoah" w produced in Boston, Mr. Palmer went and occupi a stage-box with T. Henry French. After the p formance the two men arose, shook their heads do fully, left the box, and returned to New York. Th considered "Shenandoah" a failure, and did not ca to touch it. Mr. Palmer then went to Europe a bought a lot more of French and English plays. I returned and found that the drama which he refused buy has been the success of the season. More than th it has been precisely what he needed for the openi of Palmer's Theatre, all of which shows, according a large number of theatrical papers, that it is best encourage native work when the chance offers.

Archibald Clavering Gunter has demonstrated ability to write stories that serve to beguile the wea ness of railroad travel. His stage-work, howev has never been particularly successful, and "M Barnes of New York," as a play, has not the tractiveness of "Mr. Barnes" between yellow cove if we may believe the Chicago critics. It is not dramatic as a novel, and its humors suffer when tra ferred to the stage, becoming coarse and commo place in the transition. The first and last acts a interesting, but the audience is bored in the interv which is filled with conventional material. The cau of this peculiarity is simply that Mr. Gunter w obliged to spread his material over too large a surfa for all to be covered. Except for the acting of M Rigl as Marina, there is nothing remarkable abo the company. Miss Rigl is a spirited and intellige actress. Mr. Robert Hilliard's Mr. Barnes fails realize one's idea of the type presented in the nov The production will probably draw audiences of go size, owing to the extensive advertising it has receiv by reason of the book's popularity.

Hundreds of people were turned away from th Chicago Grand Opera House on the opening nigh unsatisfied in their yearnings to see Herrmann Transatlantique Vaudevilles. This would indica (comments *America*) that the public wants its vane shows undisguised by the title of "farce-comedy Audiences are eager for novelty, and there is abu dant novelty in the performance of this organizatio One of the novelties is the exhibition of Trewey, wh combines the talents of a juggler and a sleight-o hand performer, and amuses the spectators wi shadow pictures, "hand-painted," so to speak. Fo attractive young women dance in the London Gaie fashion, and Miss Kate Seymour dances in a style p culiarly her own. Miss Eunice Vance, in Quaker co tume, sings a Quakerish ditty; and then, by sudden appearing in tights, creates a powerful dramatic co trast. Every one of the specialties is entertaining an original.

London was first lighted in 1414 with private la terns. In 1736 they were increased from one tho sand to five thousand. In 1744 the first Lighting A was passed. In 1820 gas was generally substituted fo oil.

MISTRESS AND MAID.

A Young Matron's Experiences with Cooks.

This is the way I started out. I made it a rule ever to scold, hut to drop gentle hints. Another le was to overwhelm had temper hy argument. his is a noble weapon, especially if you divide the one of contention into major and minor premises, ad so prove the consequence. Generally, the result very good. The hired girl, so called, as Mark wain remarks, because her wages are never lowered, lapses into a state like unto coma, and is very cau- ous of provoking another logical sequence. Another le was not to he patient or forgiving, if it could ssibly be avoided; these two qualities are the root all evils in domestic economy. If the maiden does t suit, tell her so sweetly at once, and ten to one e won't go until turned out.

One young creature had a decided objection to sting. So had I. But it had to he done. I gave r several hints, such as writing her name in the dust the piano, mantel-pieces, and tables; hut they re not taken, so I told Milly that I was accustomed having my furniture dusted and did not care to ange the habit, so she must find a place where they ed the poetry of ages better than I. "I don't think ill," she said, "this place suits me very well. I ess I won't change." I was aghast, but firmly in- ted that when her time was up she must go. The y came, hut Milly was pursuing her usual tasks. Have you sent for an expressman?" "No'm; I n't want one. What for?" "To take your things ay." "I told you I did not care to change, and, I ain't doing nothing to hurt any one, you can't n me out." "Yes, you are. This is my house, and are a trespasser the moment your time was out. m going out to send a man for your trunk, and if u do not go, he will telephone for a policeman." hen I returned the coast was clear.

One morning I was awakened hy a hanging in the chen about seven A. M. Presently the cook passed door and returned in a few moments. She tapped d exclaimed, in an angry tone: "I'm going, Mrs. —. I can't stand more than one dog for anyhody, d these two puppies has tore my kitchen upside wn." I hearda chuckle from my hushand, so gayly led out: "Good-hye, Eliza; you are quite right. od luck to you." Eliza changed her mind and got akfast, hut I told her I could not have the dogs ed, much as I would like to accommodate her, as y were worth about two hundred dollars; so we rted.

My next was a treasure. She was a remarkable man. I am sure hrains were left out of her com- sition; hut I never needed to tell her anything. e seemed to know hy instinct, and everything was ne with mathematical regularity. Her cooking was cellent. This was a case, I think, where her ances- s had been hard-working people for generations d had bequeathed to Rose the legacy without intellect. She really was a machine. A milk- n married my jewel. Then five ladies spent a ek each with us, and received the old hlessing ahout peeding the parting guest." One of these facto- ns left a Turkish rug out all night after sweeping, d I remarked: "Frances, that rug is ruined. I am accustomed to having my rugs used as lawn-car- s, and, as I do not care to change my ways, you st find some one who likes yours." "Ah, pshaw, w, Mrs. ——, I wouldn't he so particular ahout an d, faded rug like that. You forget yourself some- es." "Certainly; but if I were a well-trained ser- nt, I should not forget duties like that." "I'm not rvant for nohody." "What are you?" Silence, oken hy "It's no use in our talking, Mrs. ——, if keep on insulting each other, and I'll get my ther to make you a pretty new rag-rug in place of t old, faded thing." I declined.

Then a motherly old hlack woman, so hlack you ld not see her face in a dim light, only the whites her eyes, made me fear the millennium was near. out this time I engaged a housemaid, who was a latto and quite young, ahout twenty. For a ek things ran smoothly; but one evening we were rtled hy a shrill scream, and Sally appeared in the or and heckoned me. She said the cook was try- to get in the dining-room to kill her because she d told her she looked ahout forty years old. Sure ough, old, fat Mammy was trying to squeeze her- f through the slide for the dishes, as the doors re locked. Peace fluttered hack to her perch, and eturned to my guests. About an hour afterward, portières were thrown open and Mammy rushed yelling: "Whar's thet little yaller face? I'll ch her how to call folks names—folks as has got nest, black skins! No po' white hlood in me! I'se oud my parents was honest!" More she fain uld have said, hut the merciless hand of King cohol smote her upon the muscles, and she fell in a ip. Moral: When finished with wines and brandy- tches, lock them up.

Nine, Ten, and Eleven were scarcely worthy of ecial notice; only Nine hroke a cut-glass dish and placed it with a twenty-five-cent one. Ten was a ored belle who used much powder. She was in- ted because, in the course of an argument, which ommenced on the subject of judicious powdering, I d that it would he quite as sensible in me to cover face with shoe-polish as for her to put lily-white hers. Eleven had a mania for piano-playing, d as I also was afflicted that way and did not care hire an extra instrument, we agreed to part. elve was very pretty. She wanted to flirt with hushand, but on that point also I was selfish, and, ugh he thought it fun, I did not. Few were the rds we spoke, hut they were to the point. I told gentle creature that I was used to lighting my sband's cigars myself, and that she must find a band for herself, or horrow one from a person re generous than I. Thirteen—that fatal number et the house on fire, upset a dish of hot custard r my hand, hrought in a huge platter of hoiled caroni for dessert at one of my little dinners, in of macaroons, and had three hushands. These ee happened to meet one summer evening in our k yard, and explanations were very much in de- nd. A ring was formed, the population from the ys adjacent assembled, and the spouses sailed in. hen my hushand and I returned, ahout eleven P. M., tumult had reached the ears of the policeman for t beat, and he was marshaling the three thwarted llos through a hole in the hack fence as we entered front gate. Really, it was lots of fun, and these only a part of my various scenes.—*New York ibune.*

The Russian army has just exhihited to the world gress to an important degree at the manœuvres at asnoë-Selo. This is attrihuted chiefly to the work General Vannofsky, the new Minister of War. e event was marked also hy the Czar being thrown. has grown very stout, and in going up a hill his se fell, and his majesty rolled away without injury.

THE LATEST VERSE.

In the Harara.

Uncumbered and supine I lie,
An azure dome my mimic sky;
Smooth, shining walls around I see,
As white as new-cut ivory,
Save where one sinuous purple line
Creeps up the marble like a vine.
The crystal stream that o'er me runs
Has felt the glow of Syrian suns,
And swift through all my being flows
Not the keen chill of Hermon' snows,
But such a latent fire as sleeps
Within the grape on Lebanon steeps.

Now comes my genie of the ring
A lighted narghileh to bring;
Against my longing lips I set
Its deftly polished tube of jet.
The quiet water in the bowl
Seems suddenly to own a soul:
The bubbles form, and swell, and break,
And incoherent murmurs make,
While visions fair before my eyes
In upward-curling clouds arise;
I catch the soothing scent divine
Of Latakia rich and fine.

Oh, is it strange I should forget
The world of turmoil and of fret—
For one sweet hour should play no part,
But be a Syrian to the heart!
Clasp idleness unto my breast,
And drain the very dregs of rest:
Know all the joy that Haroun knew,
And feel the power of Timur too!
But dreams have end, and once again
I rouse me to life's real domain,
To hold forever more in fee
The Orient's charm and mystery.
—*Clinton Scollard in the October Atlantic.*

The Last Giustiniani.

O wife, wife, wife! As if the sacred name
Could weary one with saying! Once again
Laying against my hrow your lips' soft flame,
Join with me, Sweetest, in love's new refrain,
Since the whole music of my late-found life
Is that we call each other "husband—wife."

And yet, stand hack, and let your cloth of gold
Straighten its sumptuous lines from waist to knee,
And, flowing firmly outward, fold on fold,
Invest your slim young form with majesty
And when, in those calm bridal rohes arrayed,
You stood beside me, and I was afraid.

I was afraid—O sweetness, whiteness, youth,
Best gift of God, I feared you! I, indeed,
For whom all womanhood has been, forsooth,
Summed up in the sole Virgin of the Creed,
I thought that day our Lady's self stood there
And bound herself to me with vow and prayer.

Ah, yes, that day. I sat, remember well,
Half-crook'd above a missal, and laid in
The gold-leaf slowly; silence in my cell;
The picture, Satan tempting Christ to sin
Upon the mount's blue, pointed pinnacle,
The world outspread beneath as fair as hell—

When suddenly they summoned me. I stood
Abashed hefore the Abbot, who reclined
Full-bellied in his chair beneath the rood,
And roseate with having lately dined;
And then—I standing there abashed—he said:
"The house of Giustiniani all lie dead."

It scarcely seemed to touch me (I had led
A grated life so long) that oversea
My kinsmen in their knighthood should lie dead,
Nor that this sudden death should set me free,
Me, the last Giustiniani—well, what then?
A monk!—The Giustiniani had been men.

So when the Abbott said: "The State decrees
That you, the latest scion of the house
Which died in vain for Venice overseas,
Should be exempted from your sacred vows,
And straightway, when you leave this cloistered place,
Take wife, and add new honors to the race,"

I hardly heard him—would have crept again
To the warped missal—but he snatched a sword
And girded me, and all the heart of men
Rushed through me, as he laughed and hailed me lord,
And, with my hand upon the hilt, I cried,
"Viva San Marco!" like my kin who died.

But, straightway, when, a new-made knight, I stood
Beneath the bridal arch, and saw you come,
A certain monkish warping of the blood
Ran up and struck the man's heart in me dumb;
I breathed an Ave to our Lady's grace,
And did not dare to look upon your face.

And when we swept the waters side by side,
With timbreled gladness clashing on the air,
I tremhled at your image in the tide,
And warded off the devil with a prayer,
Still seeming in a golden dream to move
Through fiendish labyrinths of forbidden love.

But when they left us, and we stood alone,
I, the last Giustiniani, face to face
With your unvisioned beauty, made my own
In this, the last strange bridal of our race,
And, looking up at last to meet your eyes,
Saw in their depths the star of love arise,

Ah, then the monk's garb shriveled from my heart,
And left me man to face your womanhood.
Without a prayer to keep our lips apart
I turned about and kissed you where you stood,
And gathering all the gladness of my life
Into a new-found word, I called you "wife!"
—*Edith Wharton in the October Scribner's.*

Under the pseudonym of "Prudence Lowell," Louise L. Battles-Cooper has written a novel, called "The Wife of a Millionaire," which is at present in "press," having heen accepted hy T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. The writer is the daughter of W. W. Battles, one of San Francisco's early promi- nent citizens, who huilt the first flour-mill in San Fran- cisco, took a prominent part in politics, and held a high office in the custom-house for nine years.

A recital of Tennyson's "Elaine" will he given hy Miss Ida Benfey at Irving Hall, next Thursday even- ing, under the auspices of the managers of the Maria Kip Orphanage. Miss Benfey is a Californian, who has heen in New York for the past four years, study- ing in the schools of voice-culture and Delsartean physical culture in New York, and comes well rec- ommended hy the Eastern press.

An example of the depreciation of agricultural land in England was afforded within a month when a farm in Lincolnshire was offered for sale. The highest hid was ten thousand five hundred dollars, although the property cost thirty-three thousand five hundred dol- lars eighteen years ago, and a considerable sum has since been expended in improvements.

Professor Brown is a strong advocate of the scald- ing of milk to he used for human food—hy which means, he says, consumers can protect themselves until such precautions as are necessary to keep milk from infection are universally taken.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Mme. Marchesi, who is the most renowned teacher of operatic aspirants in Paris, is the subject of a tremendous amount of talk in musical circles. "She is," said one of the members of Emma Juch's opera company, "a most re- markable old woman in the way of penuriousness. She grasps at money wherever the chance offers, and it is her rule that when she is ill her pupils must pay her just as though she gave them lessons; while, if the pupils are ill, they pay just the same. This is very hard for the majority of American and English girls who are studying music in Paris, who have to depend almost entirely upon their own resources for support, and every penny counts. Mme. Mar- chesi pretends to have a tremendous interest in every pupil who approaches her, but she does not pay the least attention to those whose voices are merely good without being great. Once in a while a potential Patti comes along, and then Mme. Marchesi throws herself into the instruction heart and soul. She gets nearly all of the wonderful voices, for the simple reason that the French do not helieve in having a man teach a girl. They think that a woman instructor will be much more firm and decided, and that there can never be any such thing as a flirtation between them."

A vesper service will be held at Grace Church every Sun- day afternoon at five o'clock until further notice, Rev. Dr. Foute officiating. Appropriate music will be rendered by the choir, which includes Mrs W. C. Campbell, soprano; Mrs. Eunice Westwater, contralto; Mr. A. Messmer, tenor; Mr. W. C. Campbell, hasso; Mr. H. M. Bosworth, organist. The music for Sunday, Septemher 29th is "Prelude," hy Bastisti; "Magnificat," in F, Williams; "Nunc Dimittis," Calkin, in G; hymn, "Abide with Me," by the quartet un- accompanied.

Mme. Emilia Tojetti will give her first vocal illustrated lecture on ancient music at Irving Hall on Wednesday even- ing, October 9th, under the patronage of the Laurel Hall Educational Association. The programme is rich in old melodies arranged hy modern composers, concluding with the music of the troubadours and minnesingers. She will be assisted by Mrs. F. McG. Tjader and Mr. R. A. Luccbesi.

DXLVI — Bill of Fare for six persons — Sunday, September 29, 1889.

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Cantaloupe.
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Pigeons' Poëles Potato Croquettes.
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PIGEONS' POELES.—Clean six pigeons and put them in a saucepan with a small clove of garlic, two cloves, two pepper-corns, two small bay-leaves, a hranch of thyme, a small onion cut in slices, a little salt and pepper; moisten with a quarter of a pint of stock and the same of white wine. Simmer gently, and, when they are cooked, drain off the liquid, remove all the grease, strain, reduce one-half, add a dozen mushrooms, and serve with the pigeons.

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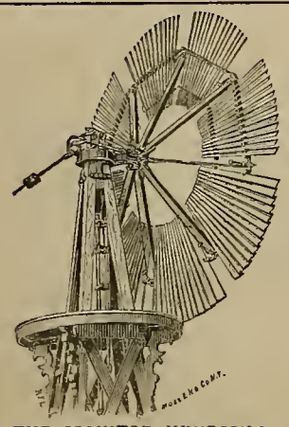

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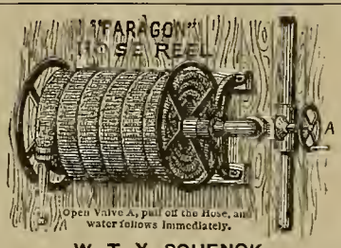

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If it is true that the four new States of the North, recently admitted to the Union—Washington, Montana, and the two Dakotas—have given as decided victories for the Republican party as indicated by the first returns, it is an important event in the political history of the country. It indicates that the new generation is prepared to indorse the action of its fathers in fighting for the preservation of the American Union and for the abolition of human slavery in the Southern States. It divides the nation not, we think, into two great permanent political divisions—a Republican North and a Democratic South—but it makes the government in its administration for the next quarter of a century substantially Republican. The senators to be elected and the newly elected members of Congress will give the Senate and House of Representatives a substantial working Republican majority. The Democratic "Solid South" will, in our judgment, give way, in such States as Virginia, Missouri, Kentucky, and Tennessee, and perhaps in others, provided that the Republican party shall be disposed to accept the fact that the civil war is ended and that the South, as it is, is entitled to be treated generously and fairly. The result of the election in the new States is decisive of the fact that the Democratic party is not to be intrusted for the present with the administration of the Government of the United States, and this fact will, in our judgment, be accepted by the better class of Southern men as conclusive. Another fact is decided by this election—the foreign element is not to be permitted to control the Democratic party or any party in the United States. The Republican party is the American party, and within its lines the contest with Rome and with the foreign immigration is to be carried on. The Republican party, strengthened by the elections in the new States, ought now to feel that it is sufficiently powerful to adopt and carry out all the principles which have been suggested by the American party. The American party is not by any means content with the administration of President Harrison. It does not approve of the appointment of Pat Egan as Minister to Chile and is not satisfied with the tendency exhibited in the general government or the Republican States to bid for the Roman Catholic Irish vote. The South is, and if it is not ought to be, American. The Solid South has no right to continue Democratic, and will not so continue if the Republican party will have the courage to become American. The American party is in favor of amending immigration laws, is in favor of repealing naturalization laws, is in favor of the American free non-sectarian school-system, and is opposed to the Pope's Irish influence in our political affairs. And if the Republican party will have the courage to accept these principles, and embody them in their platform, and carry them out in their administration, there are hundreds of thousands of Americans who would rather work within the lines of the Republican party than endeavor to carry out their views by the organization of an Independent American party. If the Republican party desires to be the party of moral ideas, and will have the courage to meet and administer the government upon American principles, there will be no difficulty in bringing to its support the great bulk of the members of the American party. We postpone this question to a time when we shall be able to give it more careful and more deliberate consideration.

In the distribution of prizes issued from the world's fair at Paris, there were distributed nine hundred and three grand prizes, five thousand one hundred and fifty-three gold medals, nine thousand six hundred and ninety silver medals, nine thousand three hundred and twenty-three bronze medals. The following prizes were awarded to the American section: Wisconsin, board of education, gold medal; Boston, public schools, grand prize; Buffalo, public schools, gold medal; California, department of public instruction, gold medal; Iowa, department of public instruction, gold medal; Elizabeth (N. J.), public schools, gold medal; Moline (Ill.), public schools, gold medal; Washington, bureau of instruction, grand prize; Massachusetts, Institution for the Blind, gold medal; Sockanosett, School for Boys, gold medal; Cold Water (Mich.), State public school, gold medal; Washington, bureau of education, grand prize; Indiana, industrial school, gold medal; Galveston, public school, gold medal; Boston, public school, gold medal; Pittsburg, public school, gold medal; Massachusetts, department of public instruction, gold medal; California, public schools, gold medal; Chicago, public library, gold medal; New York, American Museum of Natural History, gold medal; United States Commission of Geology, grand prize; New York University, grand prize; Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, of Troy, grand prize; Smithsonian Institute, grand prize; Johns Hopkins University, gold medal; Poughkeepsie College, gold medal; Philadelphia, training-school, gold medal; St. Louis, training-school, gold medal; Massachusetts, Institute of Technology of Boston, gold medal; Century Company, Lippincott, Merriam, of Springfield, gold medals; United States Geological Survey, grand prize; United States Signal Service, grand prize; United States Naval Observatory, grand prize; State Geologist of Pennsylvania, gold medal; United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, grand prize. In our recent controversy with Father Gleeson—in which that most polite and courteous defender of parochial schools, conducted by the Christian Brotherhood, asserted, as an evidence of the superior teaching qualifications of the monks of De la Salle, that they had taken prizes for their educational system over the Protestant schools of Paris, in which they were conducted—we questioned the truth of the evidence produced by the reverend controversialist and doubted its authenticity. A trial has now been made at the world's exhibition at Paris. The American public schools, American colleges, scientific institutions, charitable, and other organizations, have been on trial before the world for their efficiency and usefulness. The result is before and the award has demonstrated one great truth, and that is, the superiority of our non-sectarian and scientific instructions. While the theological and parochial schools, so numerous in America, so much lauded by the Roman Catholic clergy, have gained neither grand prize nor gold medal, nearly every American school of a non-sectarian or Protestant character has been awarded prizes and medals. It may be remarked that the judges who have awarded these are, as a rule, Roman Catholics. Another pregnant fact to which we called attention is that, since France has been emancipated from the ecclesiastical rule of the Roman Catholic Church and become fixed as one of the permanent republics, the monks and clericals in France have been driven from their positions as teachers and their places have been filled by laymen. Another world's fair is to be held on the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus, at which the Christian Brothers, Jesuits, Dominicans, and Franciscans will be invited to make exhibition of themselves, their pupils, their parochial schools, and their learned universities in competition with the non-sectarian free-school system of the country which Columbus discovered. We sincerely hope that the Church of Rome will permit the monks and nuns to compete with American teachers in the struggle. If the coming conflict for the world's mastery is to depend upon education, we shall be content to let it rest between the priests of Rome and the school-teachers of America. We shall be willing to abide the result, confident that the non-sectarian schools, with their scientific instruction, will prove to be more than a match for all the learning which has been gathered from cloisters or been intrusted to the keeping of monks and priests, learned clericos or pious fathers, who have posed for their learning drawn from musty old manuscripts and moth-eaten missals. We shall be quite content that the early fathers of the church should band down their dogmas and traditions in Latin for the use of Roman Catholic theological institutions, established at Washington or elsewhere, while our schools confine their teachings to the scientific inquiries of such men as Tyndall, Huxley, Draper, Herbert Spencer, and the hosts of bright and studious minds who have spent their lives in the investigation of practical science. The last half century has produced abler and greater intellects than the Church of Rome has given to the world in eighteen centuries of time. Science and philosophy, in an unrestrained freedom of investigation, no longer trammeled by the restraints imposed by priestcraft and hierarchical tyranny, is now fully and fairly emancipated. In this world, the time has gone by forever when grand prizes and gold medals will ever again be awarded to the teaching of monkish learning.

It is always a matter of congratulation when brave and earnest men organize for the protection of their country and its laws, and for the purpose of contributing charity to suffering humanity. It is doubly delightful when both these objects are united, as in the case of the Young Men's Institute, composed of Roman Catholics; presided over by Judge Sullivan, of Hill-Sharon association; John T. Doyle, secretary; countenanced and encouraged by the membership of the Rev. Father J. J. Sullivan, of Sonoma, Rev. J. A. Lally, of Dixon, L. Serda, of Temescal, Joseph Cranwell and M. King, of Oakland, Father Quinn, of Navaro, Slattery, of Napa, Aroden, of Martinez, Peter Carasco, of Visalia, Father McGinty, of San Francisco, and half an hundred other Roman priests, all of whom are inspired by love of American institutions and a desire to preserve and protect the country to which their fathers have kindly consented to immigrate, and in which their mothers have been good enough to rear them.

The Young Men's Institute *is not in any sense political.* Its leading object is to promote the *morals* of its membership, to do good by dispensing charities, by assisting to obtain employment in other places than the custom-house, United States mint, city hall, or on the police; "*its aims are exalted, its purposes are noble;*" it extends to Oregon, Nevada, Washington, and New Mexico; its present membership is seventeen hundred and seventeen. Mr. Glascock, the Democratic ex-mayor of Oakland, is authority for the assertion that the object of the institute is "benevolence and philanthropy, and its purpose to "*ennoble* its members and ennoble the Irish race, and to "teach the young men who compose it to govern them-"selves, and to perform service for God and the country." Mr. Glascock is a candidate for reëlection as mayor of Oakland. It has been feared that the organization was political and in the service of the Church of Rome, and somewhat under the influence of the Roman Catholic clergy; that its first purpose was to aid the Irish in obtaining home-rule and an independent parliament for Ireland; and that its ultimate object was not to teach the young Irishmen who exclusively compose its membership to govern themselves so much as to govern the Democratic party, and through it the State; to secure Federal, State, and municipal offices, to get on the police force, and, through the aid of clerical intrigues, the confessional, and the secret conspiracy of the spiritual organization masquerading as Rome, to govern the American Republic. We are glad to have these fears dissipated by the assurance of so good a citizen and so disinterested and honorable a gentleman as ex-Mayor John R. Glascock, that these suspicions are unfounded, these fears chimerical, and that the aims and ends of the young Roman Catholic Irish gentlemen and politicians who compose the Young Men's Institute are simply to promote morals, inculcate benevolence, promote charity, and teach them to govern themselves, and to surround themselves with good influences.

Pope Leo the Thirteenth has been deeply grieved that the Government of Italy has permitted the people of Italy to erect a monument of marble to the memory of Giordano Bruno, an Italian philosopher of the sixteenth century, a monk of a Dominican order—which order he abandoned by reason of his skepticism—a lecturer against the philosophy of Aristotle, a friend of Sir Philip Sydney, a lecturer on mathematics in the Universities of Magdeburg, Prague, Helmstead, and Frankfort; arrested by the Inquisition, imprisoned for seven years at Rome, tried, degraded, excommunicated, sentenced to death, tortured, and burned at the stake in Rome, February 17th, in the year 1600. He was a profound scholar, a learned philosopher and thinker. He believed in the existence of God, and did not believe that the Pope or Church of Rome had any other, or higher, or more divine authority than was conferred upon any other intellectual and moral earthly power. When Pope Pius the Ninth was driven from Rome and became a prisoner in the Vatican; when the sovereignty of the Papal States was taken from the Papal power and conferred on the King of Italy; when Leo the Thirteenth succeeded to the spiritual and not civil jurisdiction of the city of Rome and its little patch of adjoining campagna and salt-marsh; when emancipated Italy resolved to honor the philosopher and free-thinker whom Rome had tortured, imprisoned, and murdered by burning at the stake—Leo the Thirteenth sulked, and fasted, and prayed through three days, while the students of the universities of free Italy and emancipated intelligence rejoiced that the memory of Bruno was lifted from the dishonored grave where ignorance, superstition, and priestly malice had ignominiously buried it. And now comes His Holiness the Vicegerent of God, the representative of the meek and lowly Jesus, with an attack upon the memory of the dead Bruno, and Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, an American by birth, issues this pastoral letter—to be read in all his pulpits—which we copy from the New York *World*, and which the *World* styles "forceful and dignified," but which, in our opinion, is blasphemous, brutal, and blackguardly, and altogether unworthy of the American source from which it comes. The sentiments expressed in this pastoral communication could be endured coming from Italy, but as the expression of the American hierarchy, are contemptible exhibitions of cowardice and malignity, utterly unworthy of an American. The pastoral letter of Cardinal Gibbons thus reads:

A mingled feeling of righteous wrath and deep sympathy was bred in every Catholic heart when the news came that upon a public square in Rome impious men dared to unveil the statue of an apostate monk. Dragging the memory of a wild theorizer, a shameless writer, and denier of the divinity of Christ from the obscurity of a grave that had for three centuries closed upon its disgrace, these men, hacked by mere brute force, have set upon a pedestal in the Holy City the statue of the infamous Bruno.

Such a proceeding is a palpable and flagrant outrage, not alone upon the Catholic, but upon the whole Christian world. Its animus is clear in the un-Christian and defiant language employed, in the unveiling of the statue of a man whose whole life breathed cowardice, pride, and defiance of lawfully constituted authority. Theirs is not the action of decent, honorable but misguided men, calmly and with due regard to the feelings of others, promulgating a new belief or introducing a new cult.

Their attempt is not so much to honor Bruno as to insult and vilify the Vicar of Jesus Christ and his devoted children throughout Christendom. Indeed, their aim is higher still; they defy and insult not alone his vicar, but our divine Lord himself. From every land they have chosen as the committee to further the movement the champions of atheism, the would-be destroyers of the very foundations of Christianity. It is proper that the Christian world, and especially this portion where the term "religious freedom" is understood in a sober, Christian sense, should brand with their indignant scorn an action such as this. We are not yet ready for processions in which the red and black flags of revolutionists and anarchists are defiantly flaunted.

This is the church which Father Gleeson says is the friend of science, which has encouraged literature and learning by establishing the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, of Paris, Padua, Mantua, and the renowned seats of scholarship in Germany and elsewhere throughout the civilized world, nearly all of which have now become Protestant colleges. Most of them were founded in ages when science was unknown, and if every scientist, like Galileo and Giordano Bruno, had been imprisoned, tortured, and burned at the stake, these universities would now be teaching only the absurd dogmas of the Church of Rome.

In the New York *Herald* of September 24th, the following account is given of a marriage which occurred between a Roman Catholic priest and an Irish Catholic girl, who was a member of his congregation at Jersey City. We ask the intelligent and honest-minded of our Catholic readers to consider the narrative as it is given in the *Herald*, and, in light of the facts, to reason to a conclusion the attitude in which the Papal Church is placed in reference to our laws, and to the moral consequences of an offense so monstrous and so inhuman as is involved in this crime of the Rev. Thomas E. Butler. The *Argonaut* is not a police gazette, and has never been in the habit of reprinting the crimes and scandals which are so prevalent among priests, and which are so carefully hidden from the public. If the Rev. Butler had wronged a maiden and debauched her moral character, it would have been looked upon by the *Argonaut* as but a chip drifting on the mad surface of an angry stream, burdened by such a mass of iniquity as is incident to human passions and human frailties; but when a repudiation of the marriage-contract—which, by belief of the Church of Rome, is declared a sacrament, and is the one dogma most nearly allied to sense, reason, and good morals—is by a bishop of the church condoned, and by the Papal authority at the Vatican approved, American laws set at defiance, the civilization of the age held up to contempt and derision, the wife turned out dishonored and disgraced, the child made—so far as canonical laws can go—illegitimate, mother and child made to suffer in shame and perhaps in poverty, while the cowardly, profligate priest is housed in a monastery where he may save—if salvation is possible—his debauched and worthless soul, restored to the bosom of the church, permitted to renew the vows he has violated, then—what then? Then we ask our intelligent Catholic readers to consider in what estimation they expect the *Argonaut* to regard this crime, considered in its relation to the political institution of the Roman Catholic Church? If to marry and abandon a virtuous woman, if to deceive and betray a trusting girl, if to turn a wife and child out to penury, starvation, and toil be a crime, then this crime has been committed by a Roman priest in holy orders and sanctioned by a holy, only apostolic church, over whose spiritual councils an infallible vicegerent and representative of God prevails. The *Argonaut* holds the church responsible for this and all kindred offenses. The New York *Herald's* account is as follows:

A monastery in Europe has been selected as the asylum of Thomas E. Butler, the former priest of the Catholic Church, who expressed his penitence for broken vows in a letter to Bishop Wigger, of Newark. The girl with whom he eloped and to whom he was married is with friends in Newark. Their relations are severed forever.

Butler, four years ago, was assistant-pastor of St. Bridget's Church, on Mercer Street, Jersey City. He was then thirty years old. His wife's maiden name was Mary Theresa Brady, and she attended the Church of St. Mary, in an adjoining parish. It was known for some time before the elopement that the priest called frequently on Miss Brady, but it was never suspected by the friends of either that they were contemplating marriage.

From Jersey City the couple went to Easton, Pa., where they were married. Then they went to Chicago. For a time Butler did literary work, but his earnings were not sufficient to keep himself and his wife, and he became a conductor on a horse-car. They remained in Chicago for three years, and about a year ago a child was born to them.

Butler and his wife afterward came East and went to live in Brooklyn.

Two months ago, it is said, Mrs. Butler went to live with relatives in Brooklyn and the ex-priest went to the rectory of St. Mary's Church, in Hoboken. Father Corrigan, the pastor of that church, had always a liking for Butler and he took up his case. The letter to Bishop Wigger is said to have been written upon the advice of that priest. It is as follows:

Hoboken, August 9, 1889.

Most Rev. Father: After four years of great scandal to the church and of torture to my own conscience, I have determined, with the grace of God, to abandon my sinful course and to atone for the past as far as in my power lies.

I know that I have sinned most grievously, and that I am not worthy to be readmitted into the church from which my unpriestly life has banished me; but I have not lost my faith nor my confidence in the mercy of God, against whom alone I have sinned.

I alone am responsible for the sacrilegious ceremony of attempted marriage and the great wrong which I thereby inflicted on an innocent girl. Both of us, however, have severed the relation which has caused this scandal and intensified the same in St. Mary's Parish, Jersey City, to which she belonged, and in St. Bridget's, where I acted as an assistant priest.

I implore pardon for my shameful conduct from the people of these two parishes, as well as from all others who may have been in any manner affected by my example. I know that I have forever forfeited the respect of my fellow-priests, and that there is, in consequence, no prospect or hope of my ever exercising priestly functions in their midst again. I, however, ask the charity of their prayers in whatever asylum it may be your pleasure to place me.

Asking again, with all my heart, pardon of all whom I may have scandalized, and asking of yourself, Most Rev. Father, pardon for the great mortification and sorrow I have caused you, I remain, your most unworthy servant.

Thomas E. Butler.

We should be very greatly pleased if the intelligent heads of families who are members of the Roman Catholic Church and who take the *Argonaut*, would read this narrative on a Sabbath morning to the young lady members of their fam and to the young gentlemen of the household, and explain them first the law in reference to marriage, then the relat of the Catholic Church to the Government of the Uni States, and, in the light of these relations, interpret to th the position in which the Church of Rome has placed M Mary Theresa Brady, who has supposed herself to be legal wife of Thomas E. Butler. Upon this act of the R Butler, the New York *Herald* makes the following edito comment:

Of course Father Butler has a right to desert the mother of his chil if she does not object, but a noble nature would have dared death damnation rather than stigmatize the legitimatizing his offspring as tempted marriage." A true man would have stuck to the wife of bosom.

It is sometimes the subject of regret that by our system government there is provided no means of national hospital The original plan of our republic seems not to have conte plated the interchange of international courtesies. Whil European courts there come from Indian empires and Orie countries rulers blazing in diamonds, and from among wealthy princes of neighboring kingdoms high officials the insignia of their rank indicated by rare jewels and stone precious value; from Russia, its autocratic Czar; from Per its superb Shah; from Turkey, its luxurious Sultan; fr Egypt, its Khedive; from Germany and Austria, their emp ors; from Spain, Italy, Holland, Belgium, their kings; fr Switzerland, America, and France, their presidents; and fr all parts of Asia, Africa, and the Oceanic islands, embassie strange costumes, with strange manners, reflecting the custo of barbaric and savage tribes, the polished courtesies of cultu peoples—there has been no machinery in our republic ranged for their reception or provided for their amuseme We could scarcely entertain them, for if Frederick of G many should visit us with his fleet, we would have no flee give him welcome. No ruler of any part of Europe's n millions of standing soldiers but would laugh in the embro ered sleeve of his epauleted uniform at the ridiculous sm ness of our national defense. The country which pla two millions of men in arms, and for four years, at an expe of one billion dollars, maintained its armies on a war-footi has not soldiers enough in all its armies to hedge the sac persons of half-a-dozen starveling kings. And yet spectacle presented in our Department of State at national capitol, where, on the second of October, representatives of seventeen American republics, represent a territory so vast, a population so numerous, an emp so great, that its destinies are freighted with the best ho of humanity—is the grandest spectacle the world has been called upon to witness. To Mr. Blaine—with wh originated the idea of assembling this Congress of Americ Nations—was accorded the honor of presiding over its liberations. In his opening address, he said:

No conference of nations has ever assembled to consider the welf of territorial possessions so vast, and to contemplate the possibilities a future so great and inspiring. Those now sitting within these w are empowered to speak for the nations whose borders are on both great oceans, whose northern limits are touched by the Arctic waters a thousand miles beyond the Straits of Behring, and whose south extension furnishes human habitations further below the equator tha elsewhere possible on the globe. The aggregate territorial extent of nations here represented falls but little short of twelve millions of squ miles, more than three times the area of all Europe, and but little less t one-fourth part of the globe, while in respect to the power of prod ing articles which are essential to human life and those which mois to life's luxury, they constitute even a larger proportion of the en world. These great possessions to-day here aggregate a populat approximating one hundred and twenty millions, but if the peo were as densely settled as the average population of Europe, the to number would exceed one billion.

History is filled with narratives of the meeting of monarc great councils have been convened to consider diploma questions involving the peace of the world; great armies ha encountered great armies in decisive battles; knights armor have met on fields of cloth of gold, have settled fate of dynasties in contests clad in mail of steel—but no so important as this peaceful congress, representing seve teen free commonwealths, at the national capitol at Washin ton, in which, again quoting Mr. Blaine:

All have met together on terms of absolute equality—a conference which there can be no attempt to coerce a single delegate against own conception of the interests of his nation; a conference which permit no secret understanding on any subject, but will frankly publ to the world all its conclusions; a conference which will tolerate spirit of conquest, but will aim to cultivate American sympathy as bro as both continents; a conference which will form no selfish allian against other nations from which we are proud to claim inheritance; conference, in fine, which will seek nothing, propose nothing, end nothing which is not, in the general sense of all the delegates, tim and peaceful.

What may result from this congress we may not anticipat It may be found that its *personnel* is not composed of me ranking in the order of statesmanship as of the highest cha acter. It is within the realm of probability that there are t many politicians and too few statesmen. But, under the gui ance of such men as Mr. Blaine and Mr. Henderson, from there is likely to result wise conclusions and practical resul of the most satisfactory character. The government seems t have accomplished one thing which will, at least, be appre ciated by the non-resident delegates from our sister republic and not improbably be of the greatest advantage to those po tions of the United States which may be visited by number

of he delegates. At the conclusion of his very appropriate ad ess, Mr. Blaine said:

'fore the conference shall formally enter upon the discussion of the sub cts to be submitted to it, I am instructed by the President to invite all e delegates to be the guests of the government during a proposed vis to the various sections of the country, with the double view of showing our friends from abroad the United States, and of giving to our own people in our own homes the privilege and pleasure of extending the warm welcome of Americans to Americans.

his excursion in vestibule-cars to all the more interesting as of the American Republic is likely to prove highly gratfy g to our guests and highly beneficial to our own product- industries. Our citizens will make the acquaintance of the mbers of the international congress. Hospitalities and courtesies will be extended on every side, and these highly in- ent observers will carry home to their respective countries people information which, in the future, will encourage a e intimate and profitable commercial intercourse than has tofore existed between the Mexican, Central, and South erican Republics and the people of the United States.

he Argentine Republic has been enjoying a boom of gen- s proportions. The Argentines have indulged in specula- inflated values, and all the other paraphernalia. But a n is something like a tobogan ride. After it is once ed, its momentum keeps it going, but it requires a cool to keep it in the track and to stop it at the right time. Anglo-Saxon is peculiarly well equipped for the manage- t of booms, combining as he does the requisite energy with necessary cool-headedness. But the population of the entine Republic, on the contrary, is drawn from the enthu- ic Latin races. Spanish, Portuguese, French, and Italians ot offer good material for the conduct of a boom; they oo excitable, they possess too little cool judgment. And it happens that the Argentine boom shows signs of an y collapse. It is a pity, too, when we consider the specula- ingenuity they have displayed. As examples of this in- ity, we may mention the "Sociedad Territorial La Plata," nsurance company which not only insures all patrons, but presents them with a farm, thus virtually insuring them ng life as well as after death, or the "Banco Constructor a Plata," a savings-bank which advertises as a special in- ment that each depositor will receive a chance in their d lottery scheme, the drawings of which occur three times ally. The capital prize is one hundred thousand pesos, thus all may become rich. The success of this class of rprises is shown by the fact that the "Banco Nacional ohiliario," which does a comparatively legitimate banking ness, is forced to advertise its shares for sale. One of the really prosperous concerns seems to be the "Compañia Americana de Billettes de Banco," which does a rush- business engraving and printing bank-notes and lottery- ts. This speculative mania was induced by the ac- of the government within the last decade. The entine Republic has vast grazing and agricultural lands, until recently they were practically inaccessible. The ne- ity for adequate transportation facilities was evident, and government threw all its force into the work of developing n. Railroads, with state guarantees, were built in all di- ions, and more rapidly than any possible development of country would justify. Of the seventeen railroads in the atry, thirteen enjoy government support, and these repre- eighty-six per cent. of the total railroad mileage. In 7, the sum of seven million four hundred and fifty-two sand and thirty-three dollars was appropriated for the con- ction of railroads and other public works. The principal which comes under the head of "other public works" is improvement of the port of Buenos Ayres, which has been omplished at a heavy expense. Of course, all this repre- s an expenditure of large sums of money, and, as the ducts of the country are chiefly agricultural, the necessary must be borrowed in foreign markets. During the two rs 1886 and 1887, over twelve million dollars in gold was orted into the country, and last year a new loan of forty lions was negotiated in London. But the balance of trade teadily against the Argentine Republic, owing to the fact : it buys all the material for internal development in foreign rkets, and thus the gold and silver borrowed are reshipped n the country to settle the balance. In 1881, the public t amounted to only eighty-two million seventeen thousand hundred and ninety-one dollars, and though the country enjoyed peace since that time, the debt now amounts to re than two hundred millions. This, at an average rate of rest of five and one-half per cent., is a constant drain on country. Owing to the scarcity of coin, the country de- ds on paper-money for a circulating medium. In 1885, amount of paper-money in circulation was seventy-three lion dollars; in 1886, it was increased to ninety-two million lars; and it is now over one hundred and thirty million lars. This large volume of paper-money will be a most verful factor in intensifying the crisis when it comes.

The extent of the revolution in the street-railroad system city, by the substitution of cable-roads for the horse-lines, ust beginning to be recognized. The companies which have adopted the cable-system show extreme reticence as to the financial results of the change, and have indeed made every effort to hide the extent of their increased profits. The Market Street system, for instance, runs six lines—five cable-roads and one horse-road—and incorporates a separate company for each of these lines. The advantage of this is, that the exact amount of the dividends paid by the system is hidden by apportionment among the different branches, and further, this separate incorporation permits a fictitious value to be given to the capital upon which dividends should be paid. The five cable-lines of this Market Street system use the road-bed on Market Street from the ferries to McAllister Street in common, and three of the roads use the same track to the junction of Market and Haight Streets. In this manner the same investment may appear as capital upon which dividends are paid in each of the five different roads. But the increase of profits is very apparent to the management of the various roads of the city, as is shown by the fact that the horse-roads are steadily being transformed into cable-lines. The system, inaugurated in 1873, as a method of climbing the steep hills of the city, has steadily made headway. The Clay Street line was an experiment, but it had been running only four years when the Sutter Street road began to lay a cable and to sell its horses. The latter line had been unprofitable as run by horse-power, owing to a variety of causes, but since making the change, it has been extremely prosperous. Besides paying dividends to the stockholders, the profits have of late years been expended in extending the line and in improving the road-bed. The cable-system, at the time of its introduction, was intended merely as a means of transportation where horse-railroads were impracticable, but its economy as compared with horse-power is so great that its field has been widely extended. The two original lines were followed by the California Street, the Geary Street, and the Union Street lines. Then came the Market Street system, which is as yet the most extensive and most profitable cable-system in the city. The Powell Street line, with its network of roads, and the Omnibus Cable Company, with its equally complicated system, are the latest additions, until from one mile in 1873, the cable-roads now include eighty miles of single track. The single-track measure is used instead of the double track, because some of the lines have double track, some single, and some partly single and partly double. This extensive development of the cable-system, when considered in connection with the fact that during the period no new horse-line has gone into operation, is very significant testimony as to the saving effected by the cables. The same story is told in an even more striking manner if we compare operating expenses under the two systems. The following tables were prepared for the Pacific Cable Railway Company, a syndicate composed of the various San Francisco cable-companies, and controlling all the cable patents. The tables were designed to show capitalists how cheaply they could construct cable-roads in other cities, which of course would lead to their paying royalties on the syndicate's patents. While we are not using the tables as their authors designed them, they are none the less interesting reading:

I.

AVERAGE RUNNING EXPENSES OF A HORSE-RAILWAY.

Stable expenses and feed, 288 horses	$ 51,840 00
Shoeing 288 horses, at $24 per annum	6,912 00
Maintaining harness, at $7.50 per set	1,080 00
Maintaining 32 cars, at $180 per annum	5,700 00
Maintaining horses, 288, at $125; average life three years; one-third of $36,000	12,000 00
Wages of 32 drivers, at $2.25 per day	26,280 00
Wages of 32 conductors, at $2.50 per day	29,200 00
Interest on cost of cars, 32, at $900, $28,000, at six per cent	1,728 00
Interest on cost of horses, 288, at $125, $36,000, at six per cent	2,160 00
Interest on road-bed, $32,000, at six per cent	1,920 00
	$138,880 00

II.

AVERAGE RUNNING EXPENSES OF A CABLE-RAILWAY.

Coal, screenings, 730 tons, at $6	$ 4,380 00
Wages of engineer, $1,200, and two firemen, $1,200	2,400 00
Twelve dummy-tenders, at $2.50 per day	10,850 00
Twelve conductors, at $2.50 per day	10,850 00
Maintenance of 12 cars, at $180	2,160 00
Maintenance of 12 dummies and grips, at $200	2,400 00
Maintenance of wire-rope, life one and one-half years	8,538 75
Maintenance of engine and running gear, fifteen per cent on $20,000	3,000 00
Interest on cost of road, $241,778.50, at six per cent	14,506 71
	$59,085 46

This estimate is based upon a three-mile road, and on the same carrying capacity for the two modes of locomotion. The cable-car, owing to the seats on the dummy, has a greater carrying capacity than the horse-car, and therefore a smaller number of cars is required. On the other hand, allowance is made for interest on an investment of $241,778.50 in the cable-road, against only $32,000 in the horse-road. With these allowances, the cable-road shows an annual saving of nearly $80,000 on a three-mile road. If we apply these same figures, increased proportionally to the requirements of eighty miles of road, we find that the running expenses of the cable-system show a gain of forty-one per cent. This is all actual saving in running expenses. The increased profits arising from the speed and comfort of the cable-cars is not so easy of calculation, nor is it easy to estimate the increased carrying capacity of the cable-car. The horse-car seats twenty-four people at the most, the cable-car seats thirty-eight to forty persons. The standing-room on the cable-car is also much greater, and as many as one hundred persons have managed to crowd on one car and dummy. Such a number would be beyond the capacity of the horse-car, as the horses could not draw the car so loaded. Some idea of the increase of travel on cable-cars resulting from the speed and smoothness of their motion may be gained by standing on Market Street any day and counting the passengers on the cable-cars and those on the horse-cars which run beside them. The same thing is seen on Sundays, when the cable-cars are unpleasantly crowded by pleasure-seekers all day, while the horse-cars are comparatively deserted. In view of these figures and these facts, the claim of the car companies that it costs five cents to carry a passenger is absurd. The horse-car lines are carrying on a profitable business; they pay their heavy running expenses and also pay dividends to their stockholders. How much greater the dividends of the cable companies are may be imagined from what has been said. The car companies are given the use of the public streets in order that they may benefit the public, not for the purpose of making extravagant profits on their investment. Justice demands that the interests of the public should be protected, and, since the car companies show no inclination to reduce fares, the public should take the matter in hand through their authorized representatives. A reduction of forty per cent., or from five to three cents, would simply be giving the public a portion of the benefits resulting from the improved method of transportation.

Chicago's supremacy as the chief commercial city of the West is menaced, and Chicago is agitated. For many years it has held its lead owing to the fact that Illinois developed her railroad-system earlier than the other States of the West, and Chicago, as the centre of this system, became the chief distributing point. But now the railroads have been pushed in all directions, and the development of the North-western States has shifted the channels of trade. Minneapolis and St. Paul are cutting in on the trade of Chicago seriously. The Northern Pacific and the Chicago Pacific have thrown Chicago somewhat out of the direct line, and that city must now look in other directions for a development of trade. In this emergency, the business-men of Chicago have turned their eyes southward and are contemplating longingly the profitable South American trade. That trade now enters this country through New York, being compelled to make a rough and often dangerous journey along the Atlantic Coast. In order to turn this trade into the Mississippi Valley, Chicago merchants propose to build an air-line road from that city to Tampa Bay, on the west coast of Florida. This can be done at comparatively little cost, because roads already constructed cover a large proportion of the line, and short connecting links here and there will be all that is necessary. Tampa Bay is the nearest and best harbor in the United States for the South American and West Indian trade, and Central American commerce can also conveniently centre there. By the shortening of the sea-trip and the avoidance of the dangerous Atlantic voyage, considerable time and expense can be saved, and Chicago is a more central and therefore more convenient distributing point than New York. At least four days would be saved in the time of transportation by adopting the new route. The chief difficulty to be overcome is the divergence of the regular line of trade. When commerce once pursues a certain course, it is extremely difficult to turn it in another direction. As to the West Indian and Venezuelan trade, this difficulty will be much less than in the case of the commerce of Brazil and the Argentine Republic. The trade of Colombia, Peru, and Chile now finds its way to New York by way of the Isthmus of Panama, and this could easily and naturally be diverted to Tampa Bay. The Central American trade for a time could also be secured, but this will, before many years, reach this country by way of Mexico. Rail communication from this country now extends to Vera Cruz, and comparatively short connections will be necessary in order to join with the railroads already constructed in the Central American States. The completion of the Nicaragua Canal will undoubtedly give an impetus to this construction. But without the Central American trade there is sufficient inducement for the construction of the Tampa Air-Line, and the South American and West Indian trade which can be diverted will guarantee a good profit on the investment.

The New York *Sun* represents that in the New York Democratic State Convention, recently held at Syracuse, Cleveland has met with a great defeat in respect to his plans for the Presidential nomination at the hands of the Democratic party at the next national convention. According to Mr. Dana, of the *Sun*, Governor Hill has achieved a great victory over the forces of the late President; but it must be remembered that, through thick and thin, the editor of the *Sun* is the friend of Hill and the enemy of Cleveland. It is not improbable that Mr. Dana's judgment is clouded somewhat by his prejudices. We look upon the renomination of Grover Cleveland for the Presidency, at the hands of the Democratic party, as a foregone conclusion.

THE BUILDING OF ARACHNE.

In the year 2029, the leading Vanderhilt of the time came into his fortune. He had received a remarkahle education, and one which the nineteenth century would have considered impossihle. Without going into details, youog Vanderhilt was evenly developed—physically, mentally, and morally. He bad heen so educated that he found happiness in the full and constant use of his money and his hrains for the good of humanity. But he was preëminently practical—a purified and perfected type of one of the industrial kings of the nineteenth century. He lived in a cottage in the hills, and he thought out his plans in long walks under his trees. He was the richest man in America, and yet he had as much freedom as any plain farmer. To sum it all up, he had become, without knowing it, the most unselfish, and, at the same time, the most patient and persistent of liviog men.

The friends he had were not numerous, but each one of them was capable of great thiogs. And he and his wife understood each other in that complete way which happens once in a thousand or so. Remember, I am not trying to tell you how it all came ahout, hecause that would make a volume. Briefly, Vanderhilt wished to build a city, more pleasant and hetter to live in than any city the world had yet seen. He wanted to see whether such a city could he estahlished under new conditions of social and industrial life, and in such a way tbat the enormous capital he proposed to invest could he restored unimpaired at the end of a term of years.

The site which was chosen for the city of Arachne was in a sheltered and fertile part of the great valley-plain of California, which extends from Shasta to Tehachapi. The floor of the valley at this point was a slopiog plain, looking west, with tree-clad foothills east, and hundreds of great oaks scattered here and there, like the ancestral oaks in the beart of England. The region was chiefly occupied hy large wheat-farms. Vanderhilt was ahle to purchase, through agents, a tract of land nearly twenty miles square. Then he sent for his engioeers.

"What I want," be said, "is a city capahle of indefinite extension. The plan is to he hased on the web of the geometric spider. Streets, sewerage, water, light, transportation, and the other requirements of this Utopia are to be perfected as far as the science of the day will permit."

The engineers made their report. It was a wonderful situation, they said. There was natural gas underlying the valley; water could he brought from the Sierras; railroads from all parts of the continent could centre in the heart of the city; commerce could occupy miles of wharves—if only people chose to come and live in Arachne.

Then Vanderhilt sent for several great landscape gardeners to work with the engineers, and he and his wife went with them over the valley, the golden foothills, and the sea-green tule lowlands by the sloughs. As the work went on, so hroad and heautiful were the plans developed, so magnificent the scale of operations, that the interest of tbe country was aroused, and many persons wished to buy and live in tbe as yet unhuilt city; hut the reply sent out was: "Not yet; wait until we are ready."

The landscape gardeners said: "With this soil and climate every home can have its garden and every street can he an avenue of shade and fragrance. All the trees of the temperate zones, and many of the tropics, can thrive here, so we will have no street less than a hundred feet wide, and some of our great avenues sball even he a hundred and fifty feet across, and planted with date-palms and magnolias, for twenty miles into the country. We sball lay out puhlic squares on every street, and two great parks, one on tbe lowlands hy the river, another on the foothills which look down on the city. We shall so arrange our squares as to preserve the hest of the oaks, sycamores, and other trees of the valley. And, when the city is built, one of its officers shall be a city forester, educated and efficient, to preserve and develop all this beauty of streets, squares, and parks." And that winter they planted miles of avenues and hundreds of acres of forests. There were four hundred species of deciduous trees, forty-eigbt species of hroad-leaved evergreens, and one bundred of conifers, chosen to plant on the streets; some streets had one row of trees down the centre, others had two rows near the sidewalks. The great parks were to he not only pleasure-grounds, hut also arhoretums. A helt of forest, a mile wide across the valley, was planted to protect the city from the occasional northers.

The engineers arranged to have all the sewers of the city unite at the edge of a tule marsh, hy the river, five miles heyond the city's possihle extension, and there tbeir contents were to he heated in vast furnaces, dried, ground to powder, and sold for fertilizers to farmers the world over. They arranged for water and natural gas for cooking and lighting, to he piped into every house, free to the consumer. They arranged for cahle-cars up and down every street and avenue, all managed hy one system. They laid out the city so that every lot, hesides fronting on a street, ran hack to a twenty-five-foot alley, and they arranged for a freight cable-system on all these alley-ways. They arranged for telegraph, telephone, and phonograph connections throughout the entire system. Railroad men in those days had come to run cars without smoke or noise, hy electricity, and it was easy to arrange for the approach of all trains hy two hroad, sunken avenues, one north the other south, over which the streets crossed. These avenues led to the centre of the city, where a union depot, the great puhlic huildings, and the offices of all the departments of public works were situated.

It would he too long a story to explain further the physical details of the system of organization, in wbich heauty and utility were joined in perfect union. When the time came, there appeared one morning in every newspaper in the United States an announcement:

"Lots for sale in Arachne, to actual settlers. Two hundred and fifty millions of dollars have already heen invested here, and sales will he so conducted as merely to restore this capital intact, at the end of twenty years, to the original investor. The object of this experiment is not money-making. Those who can not read and write had better not come to Arachne, as the charter which it is hoped will he adopted does not allow such to vote at city elections. Copies of tbe proposed charter mailed to all applicants."

Within a year Arachne was a city. Vanderbilt and his friends succeeded in ohtaining their charter, which could not he altered except hy a three-fourths vote of the citizens. This charter was the most important part of Arachne, and so I will give a synopsis of some of its provisions. As Vanderbilt stated, at the puhlic meetiogs of the twenty or tbirty thousand voters who finally adopted it, almost as it was written: "It is iotended, in this charter, to give intelligence, thrift, and honesty the controlling power in Arachne. Some things the people can do unitedly; some must forever he left to the individual. Arachne will prohahly contain hoth rich and poor, weak and strong, wise and foolish, to the end of time, hut we hope it will contain less crime, less unhappiness, and fewer failures than any other city in the world. Tbe charter of Arachne will suit neither nationalists nor silurians, hut it is worth trying, nevertheless."

The charter provided for the ahsolute equality of men and women hefore the law, and for non-sectarian free schools in a chain from the primary grades tbrough the university, witb schools of the arts and industries.

Then came the qualifications for voters: "City elections shall he conducted separately from all otber elections. Voters at city elections must be able to read and write, and must be freeholders owning one 'unit of real-estate.'

"The 'uoit of real-estate' is a lot of fifty feet frontage and not less tban one hundred feet in depth, extending to a rear alley. This unit can not be suhdivided, though it may he held in several undivided interests. If used for residence, only one house can he huilt on such a lot, and it must have at least five full feet of space left on each side, ten feet in front, and twenty-five feet in the rear. If used for business, the plans of the huilding must conform to the general ordinances of the hoard of huildiog commissioners."

Tbe sections relating to "qualifications of officers" were remarkahly simple: "All candidates for offices in the gift of the people shall have passed through at least the grammar grade of the public-school system. Heads of departments shall have passed through at least the high-school grade."

The system of voting provided for was unique. Voters were registered hy residence. Besides telepbonic and phonographic apparatus, and pneumatic tuhes for receiving and sending mail, every house contained a "voting-tuhe," connected with the city hall. At nigbt, hetween tbe hours of six and nine, every voter sent from his own house or room, to the central voting office, his vote, recorded on a pbonographic piece of metal, which passed at once without any human agency into a mechanical contrivance which counted and recorded the entire vote, and preserved the cylinders and tallies intact for twenty-five years. This gigantic machine was mathematically perfect, and had been tested in every possihle way. The entire vote of the city was announced within an bour after the closing of the polls. The introduction of a single unregistered vote, or of a vote from the wrong place, would cause the machine to throw out the entire vote of that house or room. Any voter could give his numher at any time within twenty-five years, and bear his own vote read off hy the machine. Tbe city had printed on its hallots the names of all persons nominated by fifty or more freeholders. Tbe voter merely read off the names of those he wished to vote for, and bis phonograph recorded it. Tbe voting-tubes and the machine were securely closed at all other times of the year except during the three voting hours. The register of the city was posted, page by page, in many prominent places, for weeks hefore the election, and the city had a standing offer of a reward for the discovery of any fraudulent entry.

After a few years it became evident tbat machinery had triumphed and hopelessly hroken up all the political machines. Voters stayed at home, after dinner, long enougb to vote, and then went to the theatres, libraries, or art galleries, returning in time to hear their phonographs report the results of the election.

The organization of the city was said hy the charter "to he for the purpose of carrying on, as cheaply and efficiently as possihle, the business of the city." The officers were expected to give their entire time to the city's service, and all were salaried.

The head of the government was called "Tbe city president," answering in some respects to the mayor, but with greater powers. He sent all nominations for heads of certain departments to the legislative body, which consisted of twenty-seven members, nine of wbom were chosen once in every two years. They were elected, not from districts, hut at large, and were termed "the city legislature."

The officials nominated hy the president, and elected hy the legislature, were those helonging to what was termed the "Industrial Group of the City Departments"—the chief forester, the sanitary engineer, the city architect, the chief railroad engineer, and the heads of the water supplies, the gas wells, and the sewage furnaces. These were all trained and educated specialists, for each department worked up to witbin certain test limits of error, just as the United States mints now do.

The beads of the "Governing Group" of officers—the city attorney, the school superintendent and directors, the chief librarian, the head of the art schools, tbe insurance, hanking, and fire commissioners, head of the tax department, chief of police, and similar officers, were elected hy the people.

The judiciary were twice elected, once hy the people and once hy the president, legislature, and other elected officers assemhled in council, on the following day. Usually they ratified the cboice of the people, but there were notahle instances wbere they had reversed that decision. This heing a veto power, required a two-thirds vote. In that case, the people presented new candidates.

Taxes were arranged on the hasis of the "Unit of Real-Estate." This unit was taxed at a fixed rate, whether improve or unimproved. A fixed amount of water and gas was fu nished free to each house—this amount being rated as "suf cient for the use of one family"; everything above th amount was charged at cost of production. The sewa furnaces turned in a large annual revenue to the city. Tl transportation department, which iocluded all the freight a passenger traffic, had rates of charges, fixed from time to tim hy the city legislature. The income from this source, add to the revenues of tbe sewage department, and the small fix tax on the unit of real-estate, was sufficient to pay all the e penses of the city government. The city had enahled citizens to escape most of the indirect taxes of the cities of t nineteenth century, and the result was most astonishing in t tax department. It was not necessary to put a dollar of t on the great huildiogs, for as the city grew, the added tra portation, at rates that lessened each year, paid all the e penses.

The legislature had the right to raise the tax-rate on t unit of real-estate, and even to levy a graduated tax on huildings which cost more than five thousand dollars, hut t was a rigbt which it never exercised. The other sources of come were sufficient.

As Arachne grew from a population of fifty thousaod to of half a million, and before the close of its first century, more than two millions, the wisdom of its founders heca more and more manifest. It was a city of homes, of heal of happiness. Individuality had its proper play, compe tion had healthful activity, but the sense of hrotherhood w cultivated, and as the powers and duties of the city grew, t service of the city increased in honor and responsihility, a tbe organization of public life hecame more perfect.

The evils of cities like London and New York never exist in Arachne; there were no slums, no tenement-houses, pestilence-haunted rookeries, no dives and dance-cellars a saloons, for the spirit of the community did not tolerate the things.

Charles Howard Shinn.

Professor Jones answers (in an English newspaper) t question raised as to whether the tapping and drilling of t earth for oil that is going on in America is dangerous or r —that is to say, likely to let out the internal fires of the ea to play havoc with the surface far and near. He compa the earth to a halloon floated and kept distended hy the g in the interior, which, if exhausted, will cause the crust to c lapse, affect the motion of the earth in its orhit, cause it lose its place among the heavenly hodies, and fall in piec Another writer thinks that drilling should he prohibited stringent laws. The scientist says an immense cavity exis and that here the gas is stored; tbat a mile below the botto of the cavity is a mass of roaring, seetbiog flame, which gradually eating into the rock floor of the cavern and thinni it. Eventually the flames will reach the gas, and a terrific e plosion will ensue. The simile of the earth heing like a b loon is not very solid. Why not weigh the earth, and set the question of solidity? The scientist can weigh the sun a moon; the figures are long, hut the result is worth the troub

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F. W. Galton proposed to the Congress of Psychologic Physiology a first-rate conundrum. He told of an aquariu divided into two parts hy a plate of glass perfectly transpare and therefore invisible to the fish. In one division there w a pike, in the other a gudgeon. Every time the pike saw t gudgeon he rushed to seize bim, hut every time he was stopp by the plate of glass. He did not learn soon, but for seve months made this rush and hruised his nose against the gla Finally, be came to understand that for some reason inscrutab to his intelligence he could not seize the gudgeon, and then gave it up. He now swam ahout seeing the gudgeon co stantly, hut paying no attention to it. Then the plate of gla was removed. This made no difference, the pike did not tempt to take the gudgeon. He had acquired the hahit leaving the gudgeon alone. The conundrum was: Would descendants inherit that hahit or possess the original impul of their kind?

The *Saturday Review*, which does not love Mr. Gera Massey, plays with him thus in an article on his latest editio There are echoes of more sweet and powerful verses here a tbere, as in tbis—

> Aye, 'tis a tale of olden
> Time, long, long ago;
> When the world was in its golden
> Prime, and love was lord below.
>
> ("Banners, yellow, glorious, golden
> On its roof did float and flow;
> This, all this was in the olden
> Time, long ago."
>
> Mr. Massey is beholden—
> Much—to Edgar Allen Poe!)

Barr Ferree and Howard Jenks, architects, have suhmitt a novel plan for an elevated structure on which to erect t exhihition huilding in case New York shall be the lucky ci They propose to throw a series of wrought-iron or steel-latti arches over the houses in the heart of the city, and on thes as a platform, to erect a three-story huilding, averaging twen acres per floor, of glass and iron throughout, the whole edifi to be crowded with a series of domes and semi-domes model after St. Sophia at Constantinople.

Considering the shortness of tbe season, hotel-keeping Switzerland is a decidedly remunerative industry. There a as nearly as possihle 1,000 of these establishments in t country, making up a matter of 58,000 heds in all, and the total receipts each season are calculated at $8,400,000, which sum $2,640,000 may, according to the most modera computation, he set down as clear profit, showing an averag of $2,640 for each house.

THE LAND OF "B. & S."

"Cockaigne" writes of the Thirsty Briton's Beverages.

If ever an American should have cause to be fond of his n country, and to feel its supreme superiority over all other untries under the sun, and England in particular, it is when fiods himself under the British flag in thirsty weather. e have had (and are still having, for the matter of that) a ell of real out-and-out thirsty weather—days and nights en there is nothing to do but drink. Drink what? Were u in America there would be no difficulty in answering the estioo. The list of thirst-quenchers at your command, and thin your immediate call, would be endless. But in Eng- d you are limited to just three. You can have a brandy- d-soda, a lemon-squash, or shandy-gaff. The standard En- sh drink on all occasions—in hot weather and cold, in dry ather and in wet—is brandy-and-soda. By Englishmen it considered the acme of all that is perfect in the way of a ink, and a man can not possibly pay you a greater compli- ent or show you a higher mark of his esteem than to ask u to have a brandy-and-soda at his expense. Englishmen, a rule, do not indulge themselves overmuch in the matter "standing the drinks" for any one but themselves, as I esay Americans in England have had an abundance of portunity of observing.

And just here, before I forget it, let me give American gen- tmen in England a small hint which may be useful to them, ould they not know about it already. Should an English- n ask you to drink, do not lose your self-possession at the ddenness of the unexpected shock. Do not get hilarious er it. Look as serious as you can. Try and imagine that u are going to partake of a dose of medicine, castor-oil, sts and senna, tincture of rhubarb, or genuine "Black ap." Your features will assume the proper facial expres- n expected on such occasions and be in thorough keeping h the dignity of the proceedings. Always take a brandy- d-soda. It is the most "high-toned" drink known on Brit- soil, and while its cost is higher than brandy, whisky, or alone would be, and your entertainer may register a series silent anathemas upon your devoted head for sticking him, will in his heart, when the momentary resentment wears , think higher of you. You see, brandy-and-soda is a ble drink and costs a shilling—sixpence for the brandy d sixpence for the soda. A glass of beer would have been pence or threepence, but no one should drink beer at such ime—unless (say at a cricket-match or a railway refresh- nt-bar) when the invitation specially limits the drink to the coction of the somnolent hop. Of course you can have a ss of sherry-and-bitters or sherry alone. But, as with beer, will be *asked* to "have a glass of sherry." Then, you e no option in the matter. Should you not wish to be too rd on the munificence of your entertainer, and exhibit a de- to rescue him from the clutches of the bankruptcy court, can have with your brandy what is called a "split" soda. at is to say, you take but half the bottle of soda, leaving other half for him. You will thus save him sixpence ould he be drinking brandy also, which is a safe assump- n), and he everlastingly rewarded by the never-fading rec- ection of the beaming glance of gratitude which will for a ment illumine his face.

As soon as your drink is poured out (no matter what it may), seize the tumbler, wine-glass, or tankard at once, and hout a look or a word to your friend, drink it down. Men er how or nod to each other before drinking, or say "My pects," "Here's how," or "How," or anything. They do even wait to drink together. The first one helped takes glass and drinks like a machine, and the other man fol- ws. Anything like or approaching the faintest suspicion sociability, joviality, or good-fellowship is an "unknown antity" in the sum of the transaction.

Another wrinkle. Never choose champagne. You will be ught vulgar if you do. The other two drinks I mentioned, ., lemon-squash and shandy-gaff, are eminently respectable oles, and can be indulged in with perfect safety—so far as impression you create is concerned. Both are, however, sidered merely thirst-quenchers and appropriate only to weather, while brandy-and-soda is a pick-me-up at all sea- ns. Lemon-squash is a strictly temperance drink—nay, re, a total-abstinence drink. It is simply the juice of a mon squeezed into a large tumbler, sugar, if you like, and a tle of soda-water poured on to it. Shandy-gaff is beer d ginger-beer, half and half. Lemon-squash you can put with, if you do not mind a forcible reminder of Dinneford's uid Magnesia, made effervescent with acidulated syrup— at in fact is commonly known in America as "citrate of gnesia." Not exactly the sort of drink one would select a beverage. As for "shandy-gaff"—well, I really am at oss to know what to say. From the way you see English- n, young and old, pouring it down their throats and smack- their lips over it at cricket-matches and during lawn-tennis, would think it was the veriest nectar. But——

"Good gracious me!" as an American friend said to me other day, after tasting some; "is it possible that people nk this for pleasure? Why, it tastes like soap-suds mixed h flat beer and flavored with a pinch of Jamaica ginger," he quietly put the tankard down on the table. "I'd as n drink cider and seidlitz-powder, with a flourish of cay- ne."

But I quite forgot the "cups." The best known are claret- and champagne-cup. There is hock-cup as well, I be- e, but claret and champagne are the most popular. Claret- is a great stand-by at garden parties, and so is champagne- at the more "swagger" entertainments. Champagne-cup however, oftener to be encountered at balls and evening ties; and oftener (I am glad to say) in the refreshment- m than on the supper-table. Champagne-"cup" at supper uld stamp a ball directly. Naturally the worst and cheap- wine that can be procured is "cupped"—claret at twelve llings a dozen and champagne at thirty. Imagine the ilth" (a very common designation for bad wine in England) that champagne must be at half-a-dollar a bottle! The doctoring the wine gets in "cupping" disguises its inferiority—for Carte Blanche or Pommery Sec would be ruined by the operation—but does not increase its palatableness. Fancy Moët and Chandon or Perrier-Jouët improved by soda-water, sugar, lemon-juice, cheap brandy, and several slices of cucumber! Imagine, also, Château La Rose or Margaux enhanced either in bouquet or flavor by the same added ingredients! Yet you should see the thirsty men and women at a garden-party tuck their rackets under their arms after a rousing set and make for the refreshment tent and the "cups." I suppose it is all right and that they like such drinks. It is better than shandy-gaff, at all events, and that is something.

Beer is, as everybody knows, England's staple drink. You can get good, light, table-beer, sound and wholesome, for four shillings and sixpence for a cask of four and one-half gallons. That is a shilling a gallon. You can get it cheaper than that even. It is only from second-rate brewers that small casks can be had. Such swells as Bass and Allsopp sell nothing under nine gallons. Lately, imported lager beer has found much favor in England. "Pilsener" is the commonest brand sold, and is objected to by some people as tasting of "onions and tobacco-smoke." I do not think that the native trade has been in the least interfered with, or a gallon less of English beer been brewed since the importation of lager began. Every one drinks beer in England. Porter and stout, so far as I can see, are not near so much drunk as beer. It is Guinness's exportation, I take it, not the home consumption, which gives the stock-holders of the famous Dublin brewery such big dividends. By-the-bye, a movement seems to have been lately on foot to call Guinness—Gui*nn*ess. This is a bit of swagger for Lord Ardilaun. The name must of course have originally been McGinnis, but years ago it was called by the family itself as if it were spelled *Gin*n'ss, and that is the proper way to call it now.

Such, then, are the English drinks—beer, porter, brandy-and-soda, lemon-squash, shandy-gaff, claret-cup, and champagne-cup. One can count them on one's fingers and have two or three to spare. Stay, there is cider (spelled cyder) and "perry," an intoxicating drink produced from pears. Compare them with American drinks? The contrast is disastrous to England.

Whisky is a good deal drunk in England—that is to say, Scotch and Irish whisky. I do not suppose a gill of American whisky ever finds its way down an English throat from one year's end to the other. In the first place, Englishmen do not like it, and in the second, you can not get it in England. I mean, of course, as a general thing. Hotels do not keep it, restaurants do not keep it, clubs do not keep it, wine merchants do not keep it, and public houses do not keep it. Nine out of ten Englishmen do not know that there is such a thing; and the other tenth either never tasted it, or dislike it if they have. I have often wondered why there should be this difficulty about getting American whisky in England. It is true that you can get both bourbon and rye at the American bar at the Criterion. So you can all sorts of mixed drinks on the American plan. The bar, to all appearances, is an exact counterpart of a first-class "saloon" or hotel bar-room, even to linen-coated "bar-keeps" who stand leaning with their hands on inverted tumblers, and carefully wipe the counter dry every five minutes. But this is one place. Just imagine there being only one place in New York, where you can get Scotch or Irish whisky! I believe the large hotels, such as the Metropole, Victoria, Grand, and Langham, have lately gone in for keeping a supply of American whisky on hand for their American guests. There is a grocer's shop, too, in Piccadilly—Jackson's—which advertises American whisky for sale. Whether they get any call for it, is another matter. Englishmen, as a pretty general rule, do not drink whisky in the day-time. They only drink it at night after dinner, and so very much diluted with water that there is little taste of whisky left. I do not think I ever saw an Englishman drink whisky neat in my life. Irishmen I have. An Englishman would no more think of mixing his grog, even half-and-half, than he would of drinking the whisky raw. One-fourth whisky and three-fourths water is about the regular formula of smoking-rooms.

When on the subject of drinks, I might add that egg-nog is an unknown drink in England. There have been several attempts to introduce it. The gentleman known in American colonial society in London as "the American barrister" (Mr. Albert Van Wagner, who is, I believe, practicing at the English bar as a sort of successor to Judah P. Benjamin), one Fourth of July, at a reception given by Mrs. Ronalds, in Cadogan Place, endeavored to induce the English guests to take to egg-nog, by providing them with a very excellent bowl of that liquid of his own manufacture. It was praised, of course; lips were smacked, and dozens of "How goods!" with a prolonged chorus "Capital!" "Awfully jolly drink!" "Excellent!" "No end good!" and "Delicious!" greeted the experiment. But there, I feel morally certain, the enthusiasm stopped. It is safe to say that not one of the people who went into raptures over it at Mrs. Ronalds's that Fourth of July (hardly the season for such a drink, by-the-bye,) even so much as remembers its name to-day. COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, September 14, 1889.

The growing habit of building monstrous flat-houses makes it possible to own a freehold estate in a single floor of a house, without having any proprietary rights in those below. A floor or a flat is not permanent. It may be burned, or those underneath it may tumble down, and in that case it seems that the freehold of the superterranean owner is gone. For you can not have a freehold in a piece of space.

The man who will name a pair of beautiful sorrel thoroughbreds, Chills and Fever, has gone a long way around the posts in search of a novelty. The same man has named another of his teams B. and S. These names are on a par, more or less, with the extraordinary nomenclature of Norman Munro, who has named one of his yachts *Say When* and another *Now Then*.

THE FRENCH PRETENDER.

Some Notes about the Personality of the Comte de Paris.

Recent events, not wholly unconnected with elections, seem to show that the French are not pining for the Pretender, the head of the house of Orleans. The Comte de Paris has not been called upon to assume the reins of government in France under the style and title of King Philip the Seveoth.

Personally the Comte de Paris is not the interesting and sympathetic individual his adherents would wish him to be, and it is an open secret that his supporters deeply regret that his brother, the deservedly popular Duc de Chartres, is not the head of the House of France. But then again it must, in all fairness, be admitted that the Comte de Paris has been very often reproached with faults of which he is wholly guiltless; not one of the least of these accusations being that it was owing to his cold reserve and unbending obstinacy that a reconciliation was not effected years before it was between the senior branch, represented by the Comte de Chambord, and the junior, represented by Philippe d'Orléans. Every one (save, indeed, the intimate friends of his royal highness) believes this; but more arrant nonsense was never written in the name of history. The Comte de Paris was guiltless, from beginning to end, of this grave error, which made him so very unpopular with the "noble Faubourg," and which has done so much to retard his accession to the French throne; and the fault was, in the first instance, that of his mother, the ambitious but narrow-minded Duchesse d'Orléans, who would never countenance any idea of a reconciliation with the Comte de Chambord; and, secondly, of the wily M. Thiers, who played battledore and shuttlecock with both parties, using the confidence with which he inspired each to keep them apart, for reasons of personal ambition, while apparently, of course, doing what he could to bring them together.

A few days after the Comte de Chambord had been induced forever to ruin his prospects by unfurling the white flag, M. Thiers met the Comte de Paris at Versailles, and said, laughingly: "By keeping you from coming to see him, your cousin has done you a great service."

"Strange," said Philippe d'Orléans to a friend, "that a man who has always pretended to have been so anxious to bring me and my cousin together should have said that!"

He saw the game at once, and shortly afterward quietly proceeded to Frohsdorff, accompanied by his uncle, the Prince de Joinville; but the whole thing was stupidly and awkwardly done, and the little speech which the Comte de Paris made to his cousin he had written down beforehand and learned like a parrot.

"Paris was simply perfect—simply perfect," exclaimed the poor old Comte de Chambord, naively adding, "every one who heard his speech was delighted!" Now, it so happened that the only two other people in the room at the time were the Comtesse de Chambord and the Prince de Joinville, who were both stone deaf!

Then, again, another grave reproach which is constantly leveled at the poor Comte de Paris is certainly not his fault, although it is most assuredly his misfortune. This is his very marked German aspect and appearance and manner. He himself has endeavored in every way to modify this, and has worn his beard in every conceivable fashion in order to resemble something other than one of the sworn foes of his country, but in vain, and the tell-tale Mecklenburg physiognomy, which his brother the Duc de Chartres has luckily been spared, proclaims to all who see him that his mother was a German princess. Even his very speech bewrays him; not that, of course, his French and his accent and pronunciation are not perfect—rather, on the contrary, because of their extreme perfection. It is the carefully chosen language of the student, not the easy speech of one whose words come spontaneously to his lips.

He is tall for a Frenchman, looks younger than he really is, and endeavors by his whole manner and bearing to make a favorable impression upon those whom he honors with an audience, rising to receive them, giving them a cordial shake of the hand, freely discussing all matters, and accompanying them to the door on leaving. But, notwithstanding all this gracious condescension and affability, the impression which the Comte de Paris makes upon all who see him for the first time—that is, converse with him—is not a favorable one. There is nothing princely about him, neither in his bearing, his conversation, nor his appearance, and he has neither the rare virtues nor the many vices of most gentlemen of royal descent. He is well read, but pedantic; affable, but with the studied affability of a pedagogue.

The truth of it is, the Comte de Paris is distinctly German and heavy, and altogether lacking in that sparkle and *verve* which make even the most outrageous follies of the French pardonable if only because of their sublime and brilliant absurdity; and the Duc de Chartres made really a true and profound remark when he said laughingly, one day at Eu, to Alphonse de Rothschild, "My brother is the wine, I am only the froth."

Some fancy that the Comte de Paris's fortune is small and that he needs power to enlarge it, but this is a mistake. He has a considerable fortune, the amount and origin of which are unknown even to his most intimate friends. At least ten years ago, a man, since dead, who bore a high foreign title, wrote to the Comte de Paris: "I owe my immense fortune to your grandfather, and I wish to show my gratitude to him by offering you part of it, and thus enabling you to personify the monarchy. Give a trusty man five of your visiting-cards. He will present them to five stock-brokers named below, and what I destine for you will be handed to him." This was done. The trusty man brought back a cabful of bonds to bearer. The precise sum is not known, but the insurance companies demanded one hundred and fifty thousand francs for the transport of the bonds to England. The count thought this too much, and he had the bonds put in tin boxes, which two trusty men took to England and deposited at Coutts's bank.

UNCLE SAM'S SHEKELS.

Some Curious Facts concerning the Treasury at Washington.

The Treasury Department was one hundred years old last week. And yet, during the century of its existence—from its foundation under Alexander Hamilton to the one-hundredth anniversary just celebrated—it has never suffered a loss by theft which amounted to anything (writes Rene Bache in the Providence *Journal*). Think, too, of the temptation to its poorly paid employees? Consider the masses of gold, silver, and greenbacks lying day by day under their very noses! Money on such a scale can not be made intelligible to the reader by mere figures of millions, which the mind has no power to grasp. Go into the basement of the Treasury Building, and simply cast your eye upon the huge lattice-work box of iron which holds eighty-five millions of silver dollars. Remember that it is one hundred feet long, sixty feet wide, and fourteen feet high—and chock full of the coined metal—and you get some notion of what that amount of cash signifies. Why, the treasure of Monte Cristo was as nothing to it! You gasp with wonder and turn around, only to be informed that behind a masonry wall, with a big door like that of a safe, eighty-five more millions are stored, twenty-five millions in bags of gold, and the balance in bags of silver. But this is only a small part of Uncle Sam's cash; in the New York Sub-Treasury alone there are two hundred millions of dollars more.

True, these great masses of silver and gold are not accessible to employees of the treasury, but there is plenty of money in more portable shape lying around loose. The receiving-teller in the cash-room takes in two millions of dollars on an average each week-day. You can see great bundles of bank-notes, amounting to many hundreds of thousands, lying around him at any hour between nine A. M. and 2 P. M. Likewise it is with the assorting-teller, who separates the greenbacks fit to be sent out again into circulation from those unfit, and also with the change-teller, who gives new bills for old ones, and with the paying-teller, who deals out the wherewithal. All fairly roll in wealth, though not equally so with the vault-clerk, who thinks himself poor when he has only a paltry twenty-five million of dollars in his little shelf-lined room. That amount of money does not make much of a show behind the glass-doors of the shelves. Most of it is done up in common-looking, rectangular, brown-paper parcels, each containing four thousand brand-new notes. One of these bundles, about a foot cube, will contain eighty thousand dollars' worth of twenties, or four hundred thousand dollars' worth of one-hundred-dollar bills. Just such a bundle of ten-thousand-dollar greenbacks they had some years ago, which contained forty millions of dollars. You see the packages of bills stacked up in this shape on the shelves, simply for the day's use, with a few millions of silver and gold in bags, here and there. This is a trifling affair, however. Overhead is a "reserve vault," which contains more such bags and bundles, to the tune of one hundred and fifty millions of dollars.

Yet nobody ever steals anything—at all events, nothing worth mentioning. One or two trifling attempts to pilfer have been made and quickly discovered. There was the woman, a year ago, for instance, who was caught in the only really dangerous trick which ever threatened the treasury coffers. The trick was dangerous, because it had never been tried before in a banking establishment, though it was sufficiently familiar to swindlers at large. It consisted in making nine bank-notes out of eight, and the woman-thief, who was employed exclusively in examining mutilated bank-bills sent in for redemption, performed it in this way: She had a good deal to do in the way of pasting scraps of greenbacks together, to make whole notes, and it was her interesting babit to tear off a little slice from each one of eight bills so as to make up a ninth, leaving each of the original eight bills a little short, but still good enough to pass, when mixed in with hundreds of others untampered with, as a reconstructed mutilation. This enabled the ingenious female to pocket one bill—usually a fifty—and still have her account perfectly even. If she could accomplish this little act once a day, it was quite an income outside of her salary. The way she was caught is a matter of history. Lack of ordinary prudence was alone responsible for her detection. She could not resist the temptation to splurge. She wore diamonds and silks, bought real-estate, and drove to the treasury in her own carriage every morning. This excited suspicion, and the denouement soon followed.

But the Treasury will get its money back in this case, as it did in that of a young man who made up a dummy package to represent forty thousand dollars in ten-dollar notes, and skipped with the real bundle. The trick was clumsily done; it was found out almost immediately, the thief was caught, and the cash given up.

One reason wherefore the Treasury does not suffer from thefts by its employees is, that it is scarcely possible for them to steal. The Secretary of the Treasury himself can not draw a dollar from the concern without depositing vouchers, signed by others, that call for it. The Treasurer of the United States can not get a dollar from his own paying-teller without handing in the equivalent, in bonds or otherwise. Likewise it is with the cashier; he has no better facilities for drawing money out than you or I. The Register of the Treasury handles no cash, but only accounts. The tellers are shut up in wire cages, which they are not permitted to leave until the head-bookkeeper has verified their accounts for the day by adding them all together to see if the sum squares precisely with the totals he ought to have. If both are the same, the individual accounts, separately made out, are proved correct. A teller might put one hundred thousand dollars in his pocket out of the cash put down to his account as on hand, and the final proof would not show the deficit; but, as like as not, the cashier will say to him, before he is given permission to leave the cage and have the chain taken off his leg: "Mr. Snooks, please wait a moment, while Mr. Timpkins goes over your cash with you."

This is done constantly. But even if the teller escaped from the building with the money in his clothes, the theft would be discovered and the secret service blood-hounds started after him within a few hours. He could hardly get away. In short, the system by which the United States Treasury is protected from theft is so elaborately complete that only a genius, capable of inventing a method of stealing hitherto undiscovered, could very well rob Uncle Sam of a dollar.

Salinas is rejoicing over the discovery of natural gas. An artesian well was being sunk for water near the centre of the city, and, at a depth of eighty-four feet, a good supply of gas was reached. Already there are visions of using the gas from this well for lighting the city, but it may well be doubted whether any permanent supply of gas can be found so near the surface. The well at Stockton, for which an appropriation was granted at the last session of the legislature, is down twelve hundred and fifty feet, without having reached the gas supply yet. At San Pablo, good indications have been discovered, and a company has recently been incorporated, with a capital stock of one million dollars, for the purpose of boring for natural gas. Small wells have also been bored in other parts of the State, but none have yet justified the hope that the gas can be found in sufficient quantities to be used for heating and illuminating purposes. The search for natural gas is by no means confined to Pennsylvania and Ohio, where it first came into prominence. Nearly all of the Northern States of the Mississippi Valley have found the gas, many of them in paying quantities. The modern natural-gas excitement dates from the discovery of a well at Murraysville, a small town about eighteen miles east of Pittsburg. In 1884, the gas was piped to Pittsburg, and it is now used there for both light and heat. In many places, the gas is used in manufacturing establishments, where it has entirely superseded coal. The wells around Pittsburg have been flowing for more than ten years, without any apparent diminution of the flow. Indeed, at Fredonia, in New York, a well has been flowing since 1821, and, in 1824, the chief inn of the town was illuminated by the gas during a visit of Lafayette. The natural gas burns with a pure light, gives out extreme beat, and is both odorless and smokeless. Its discovery in paying quantities in this State would solve the difficult problem of fuel, the absence of which is the great drawback to the development of our manufactures. But the search for natural gas must be pushed further before any satisfactory results can be obtained. Knowledge on the subject is not sufficiently systematized to establish the depth at which the deposits of gas are located, but the best wells are over a thousand feet deep and the shallow wells are generally found to be simply "pockets" which soon give out.

From the New York *Nation*, of September 19th, we take the following excerpt as showing how intelligent men regard the erection of a statue to Giordano Bruno, and how they look upon the pitiable spectacle of a fasting Pope praying in sackcloth and ashes over the personal humiliation he experiences, because the Italian people have had the courage to do a generous act in memory of one of Italy's most illustrious sons:

The Italians have done a grand thing in erecting, on the spot where he was burned alive by the Papal Inquisition in Rome, a statue to Giordano Bruno, one of the precursors of modern intellectual freedom, and one of the noblest products of the Italian soil, that fruitful mother of great men. He predicted in his last moments, after years of imprisonment, the rehabilitation of his memory through the triumph of his ideas, and his countrymen have only done one of their most solemn duties in making provision for the perpetual remembrance of his martyrdom. They are finding full justification, if they needed any, in the furious denunciation of them, first by the Pope and then by the Catholic bishops, who are pouring torrents of their peculiar ecclesiastical vituperation on the memory of the murdered philosopher—who was, according both to Cardinal Gibbons and his brother of Montreal, Archbishop Fabre, "an enemy of God and virtue, a man without doctrine or morals, whose revolting crimes brought him under the condemnation of ecclesiastical and civil laws." Yes, and if Archbishop Fabre and his kind had their way to-day, there is hardly a man eminent in science, or literature, or philosophy, who would not be "an enemy of God and virtue, a man without doctrine or morals," ripe for their gibbet and their stake. But, thanks to the Brunos of the world, we have clipped their claws and made their sentences all "sound and fury, signifying nothing."

Congressman Morrow has been doing the State a good service. The public discovered not long ago that the cost of collecting the revenues of the Board of State Harbor Commissioners was about one-third of the gross receipts. It was apparent that the board was furnishing too many comfortable places for broken-down politicians and not enough sea-wall accommodations for the commerce of the port. The board being advised by counsel that it could not dismiss its useless wharfingers and toll-collectors, it was determined to test the question in the courts, and Stephen Ford, one of the collectors, was accordingly dismissed. This action of the board was resisted by the toll-collectors, and the case taken to the supreme court. Mr. Morrow appeared for the State in support of its authority to dismiss these officers whenever it might be deemed necessary, and the supreme court has decided the case in favor of that authority. The decision will save the State at least fifty thousand dollars a year in collecting the harbor revenues at this port.

The Chautauqua Assembly is an educational institution which is far too little known on this side of the continent. There are now about one hundred and fifty thousand people enrolled in the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle—to give it its full title—ranging from youth to old age, for the managers hold, and the results bear them out, that it is never too late to begin self-instruction. The plan pursued is to have each member devote forty minutes a day to reading, for nine months in the year during four years. The reading, ranging over science, literature, and art, is wisely chosen, and it is supplemented by a monthly magazine containing explanatory notes, additional reading, papers for reviewing past work, etc. A diploma is awarded at the end of the course, and though it does not give the standing of a college degree, it bespeaks a very respectable amount of classified knowledge and general cultivation.

COMMUNICATIONS

Shall Art be Provided for?

EDITORS ARGONAUT: It has recently come to the knowledge of public that the late Robert C. Johnson bequeathed to his executors hundred thousand dollars "for charitable or educational purposes," money to be given to such institution or institutions which may, in judgment of the executors, be deemed "most beneficial and usef The only other limitation on their discretion is that the institution benefited shall be situated in the city and county of San Francis The trustees of this munificent bequest are Mrs. Robert C. Johns Messrs. E. B. Mastick and G. E. Jenkins.

I do not believe that the worthy executors of this estate will consi a few words, as to the best disposition of the legacy, as infringing t prerogative or trespassing on their private business; on the contr I am satisfied that they will be pleased to hear expressed the needs wants of our community, that they may better exercise the trust wl bas been reposed in them. The late Mr. Johnson deferred to t judgment. They are to decide whether education or charity shall the beneficiary; and it is safe to say that within these lines, whiche way the bequest goes, it will go wisely and well.

But, in the language of the testament, how can the money be "m beneficially and usefully" employed? That is the question which propose itself to their minds.

Now, charity and education are charges on the State. Every large sums are paid out of the State and municipal treasuries for support of orphan asylums, alms houses, and hospitals for the sick firm, insane, and feeble-minded. Besides, large and small benefact by testamentary device and solicited donation, are constantly swel charitable funds. Charity appeals to our common humanity. It is always will be, provided for. But shall nothing be done for the s and the strong-minded? Shall men not be helped to keep out asylums, or shall they be cared for only after lack of employment, sufficient occupation, unsatisfied soul-thirst for better things have dri them thither? It is not alms they want, but opportunity; not chai but a chance.

Again, every year our common schools, high-schools, and univer draw upon the State for support, a tax which is cheerfully borne by people. But I wish to call your attention to the fact that in these sch and colleges men are equipped merely for the practical affairs of They maintain studiously the dead level of mediocrity and commonpl The duty of State education seems to end there. The facts show students will never have opportunity in this city to acquire higher cial knowledge unless the thoughtful and the wealthy make provi for establishments where such special knowledge shall be prop taught. Hastings has given a law school, Toland and Cooper med colleges, and Cogswell a technical school. But no one has discer the necessity of endowing an art school. Yet art is the most sensi plant in the garden of accomplishment. It needs a fostering band careful culture, but when it attains perfection it is more beautiful t all the rest! In a land of matchless advantages and among a peopl high capabilities, we lag in the race where the genius and imaginatio others win prizes; where a refined civilization greets the success to wh a generous patronage had first paved the way!

The plaiable attitude of art, standing on the rich metropolis of a St so magnificently endowed by nature, begging for support, recalls lines of the poet-artist:

> "Is this the stately shape I saw
> In Greece a thousand years ago,
> Who ruled the world by Beauty's law
> And used among the gods to go?
>
> "Now, scant in garb a mendicant,
> She stretches forth her prayerful palms,
> And wealth, in pity for her want,
> Contemptuous tosses her its alms.
>
> "*This gift* is not for charity,
> But love, that at thy feet I lay.
> O take my heart that throbs for thee
> And smile as in the ancient day."

In recollection of what art has done for other cities—I will not reco her triumphs—should not San Francisco vouchsafe her a niche? not worth while? Should not our youth, before they become immer in material things, be given facilities at home to develop any divine they may possess? Should not this city have a gallery, where work art might accumulate, and inspire excellence in the student and awa pleasure in the beholder?

The San Francisco Art Association has done in the past, and is doi what is in its power to do. With a moderate income from contribut members, it gives exhibitions and maintains a school of design. M Johnson, a student and patron of art, is familiar with its work and c dition. It has no gallery, it has no home. Its rooms over a meat-m ket tell the story of its finances. Recently, in the hope of better thin the association was incorporated, thus giving it responsibility to the permanence, and stability. It is in a position to receive assistan Well-known citizens, always ready to do the unpaid work of soci have watched over its affairs, and have devoted time and energy to management. It is to be hoped that the executors will not, to ple every applicant, endeavor to spread this splendid bequest over too gr a surface; but that they will give it to art in San Francisco, and let building the money will erect bear the founder's name—a monumen beauty and usefulness! If the Art Association is endowed, the city have a gallery, art will have a home, the love of art will increase, tone of the community will be raised, our city will be adorned and be tified, and our State placed at last *en rapport* with modern civilizat and enlightenment. P

SAN FRANCISCO, September 29, 1889.

"Cockaigne" on Iron-Mongery.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Of all ridiculous stories, surely "Cockaigne tale of the London iron-monger sending for a griddle to Scotland, to Edinburgh, of all places in the world, is the most preposterous have had ten years' experience in the hardware trade in England. know whereof I affirm. As well send to Oxford or Cambridge. I wi der how he imagines they cook the tons of oat-cakes which are every day in every county in England, and in London itself.

Very truly yours, T. A. BARNES

SAN FRANCISCO, October 1, 1889.

The death of F. J. Seymour, in Findlay, O., last month, is a loss the scientific world. Mr. Seymour discovered a method of manufact ing aluminum at a cost so much under the market value, as to net company, of which he was the manager, a large profit. The proc was a profound secret and was known only to Mr. Seymour. As far can be gathered by rumor, the clay was heated to fifteen hundred grees, and when thoroughly fused, the aluminum was separated from baser materials by the addition of a chemical known only to the ma ager, and this final stage was accomplished with no one but himself the room. His death was sudden, and he carries his secret to the gr with him, which is, indeed, regrettable, for the possibilities held out this metal surpass comprehension. Three times lighter than steel, greater tensile strength, and unsusceptible to rust, whose native silv beauty no exposure can impair, the limit of its usefulness can not reached by the most distant leap of the imagination.

Walter Savage Landor once told a friend that after he had rea book, he gave it away on principle—"for if I know I am to put it my shelf to refer to, I shall not fix it in my memory; but if I know wh I am reading it that as soon as it is read it will be taken away, I am s to keep all that I want." In his old age, Landor was furious if he not remember at once any passage of a book, or any name or date, would immediately begin to abuse himself, crying out in his sharp, hi voice, "God bless my soul! I am losing my mind; I am getting old and then the name or date or passage would come in the midst of vituperation of himself, and he would calmly go on as if nothing h happened.

In these bacteriological days it is a good thing to have a long no for the nose is the best provision that nature has made for us against constant contamination of the system with disease germs floating in t air; and as the nose protects us, the more we have of it the safer ought to be.

VANITY FAIR.

All last summer, Mrs. Westinghouse, wife of the rich air-brake inventor (says a Lenox letter to the Chicago *News*), sat alone in her gorgeous house and not a woman in the place crossed the threshold or sent her a single square of pastehoard intimating the owner's desire to feed her or to amuse her in any way. But they talked about her. They talked about very little else. She was the standing topic of conversation, and not a dinner-party of the whole season escaped at least one anecdote about the woman whom all reiterated should never be allowed to share their high-bred festivities. And she gave them something to talk about, too—precious food for gossip, for which they were profoundly grateful. Perhaps no other aspirant for social honors ever dared he so eccentric before. Personally she is rather a handsome woman, but she dresses in so remarkable a manner that one loses sight of her face and can only regard her clothes in dazzled astonishment. Upon her head she wears the weirdest of brass-colored wigs; not a "front," nor a "wave," nor any of those bits of additional hair with which women conceal the ravages of time, but a whole, entire wig of the theatrical sort, and with not the smallest attempt to conceal its aggressive wigginess or make any artful effort to cause it to seem other than it is—a very cheap-looking yellow wig. Her friends say that it is worn, by the physician's advice, for the cure of neuralgia; that her own hair has been almost destroyed by the remedies used to allay the pain; that the slightest touch of cold brings on cruel twinges, and that since she must wear this head-covering, she is determined to make no effort to deceive others as to its exact nature. Her ideas of the fitness of things kept the New York woman—whose one desire in life is absolute and faultless "correctness" in dress—in a chronic state of speechless astonishment. Mrs. Westinghouse is a clever horsewoman, and rides frequently a beautiful blooded mare, whose pedigree rivals the Plantagenets. Whenever she took her rides abroad last summer, she got herself up in the most perfect of London-cut, Quorn-cloth habits, with a silk-hat and dogskin-gloves of the approved type; but she invariably hooked into the belt of her habit-skirt a large silver chatelaine, with twenty or more belongings, so that she tintinnabulated upon her way much after the fashion of the celebrated lady who wore rings on her fingers and bells on her toes. To complete the picture, she carried over her head an expensive and expansive white-lace parasol, whose carved ivory-handle fluttered with white-satin bows. When she appeared with these little additions to her toilet upon the favorite drives, the Lenox cottagers did not hesitate to openly stare and comment, and girls in correct driving costume, who were going about in their own chapel-carts, would even go so far as to draw rein and stand still in the road as this queer figure went by. Her toilet on the drive, when she appeared in her own handsome, London-built equipage for an afternoon airing, was equally peculiar. Her dress might be the most perfect creation of Parisian couturières, and yet with it she would wear a large, white knitted hood tied under her chin, with a long, pink ostrich-feather thrust into its meshes, with the end waving in the wind. Some astonishing eccentricity of the sort made every costume noticeable, and her appearance was always anticipated with interest, for it was known that she would not disappoint the public of some novelty impossible to forecast. Her costumes, however, were trifles compared with the anecdotes which were related at the Lenox dinner-tables of her management of the household. She had a French *chef*, and was particular that he should always present for her inspection every day, whether she dined alone or not, a carefully thought-out menu. If this met her views, she signed her name at the bottom, and the dinner was served according to the programme, but if it did not appeal to her imagination, she drew a cross-mark down the list, and the whole dinner had to be composed again from the very beginning. She always dined with a butler in evening dress in attendance and many lackeys in plush to aid him. Even if she sat down to the meal quite alone, the whole place was lit with wax-candles, the tables loaded with flowers, and all the plush-clad lackeys, with knee-breeches and powdered hair, ranged round the dining-room. Every time she passed to or from her carriage, all the footmen were in attendance, ranged along in a double row from the front door down to the carriage. They all came out and bowed solemnly as she passed between them, until the last footman shut the door of the vehicle; and, as soon as she was sighted returning, the lackeys were summoned, and she gained the threshold again between an avenue of plush-coats and breeches. But the central figure of the Westinghouse household is the boy George, who is about eight years old. There is a daughter, too, but she does not seem to count for much, all the splendor of the household being lavished on the son and heir, as he has been crowned with an Italian title and estate offered to his father in return for services rendered the Italian Government. The little fellow is treated in a curious way by the visitors and servants of the establishment. Until five o'clock, he is one of Uncle Sam's boys, after which he ends the day as a full-fledged marquis. He is dressed as an Italian, he is spoken to as an Italian, and he drinks the wines of his adopted country as though a native.

A fascinating young married woman of my acquaintance (says a writer in the Chicago *Herald*) tells a quaint little experience of hers while sojourning as a brand-new bride in a new Colorado town. She had in her possession a pair of black kid-gloves, which turned out to be the only pair in camp. Besides settling the question of her social standing right from the start, this fact caused her to be the recipient of many flattering little attentions from the matrons of the camp, who did not know how soon they might need the loan of these emblems of mortality. Society in the camp was mixed and somewhat unconventional. On her first appearance on Sunday before the eyes of the shaved and shining camp, the black kids made their appearance out of due respect for the day. On Tuesday, she had a feminine caller, who, after introducing herself and heating about the bush a little, asked "if she could lend her the loan of the gloves," alleging as a reason that her husband had been stabbed in the back that morning. The gloves were loaned and returned with zealous care at the close of the obsequies. That first year in camp was a hard one on deputy-sheriffs, and five separate times did born relicts of these officers come to her, entreating the loan of those black kid-gloves to wear at their husbands' funerals. And each time they came back a trifle more stretched and more frayed-out than before, until, finally, she left off wearing them at all herself and devoted them entirely to the camp burynings.

A German young man does not consider it much of a trick to kiss an American girl (says the Berlin correspondent of the New York *Sun*). A commonplace chat in a hall-room, a waltz, and a promenade, and he is ready to try his luck the first chance he gets. This temerity is not generally the result of infatuation, for an American girl rarely approaches to a German young man's ideal of beauty and breeding. Her voice is too keen; her face is too mobile; her shoulders are too narrow. Little in her face, figure, or manner attracts his fancy or appeals to his sentiment. Consequently, he does not kiss her for the ordinary reasons which move men to kiss women. He kisses her simply because he thinks she expects him to kiss her. If he is left alone with her, he feels at once that she expects him to do something, and so he does it. The German young man gets these rather curious ideas from German newspapers and light magazines, which often go out of their way to prove that American girls are as devoid of true German modesty as are American men of true German honor. The extravagance of many of the stories used to illustrate the desire of American women to kiss everything in trousers is almost incredible. Not six months ago, reputable dailies, like the *Frankfurter Zeitung* and the *Börsen Courier*, gave detailed descriptions of kissing-bees, which, they said, were being held in the large Western cities of the United States for the benefit of church societies. This story has been crowded out of favor by "The Kissing-School" (copyrighted), by Hans Werner. In this sketch, professors teach young girls how to kiss. The scene is laid in Philadelphia. The great mass of continental German readers, who firmly believe that all American women kiss and flirt just as all American men speculate and lie, swallow it whole. Their writers have recently told them that fourteen-year-old school-girls in New York always wear some four or five thousand dollars' worth of diamonds on the street, give afternoon teas and evening receptions, have their own tailors and caterers, and carry on all sorts of high jinks with the private secretaries of the hen-pecked papas. Therefore, a kissing-school or kissing-bee, or any other harum-scarum social eccentricity of the same sort, is supposed by them to be the necessary outgrowth of the monstrous American method of rearing children, especially young girls. German newspapers and magazines have been publishing such stories as the three cited ever since they began describing the ways of Americans and American women. Every German who reads at all has read such stories ever since his legs were straightened and he began to be a big boy. It is, therefore, hardly surprising that the German young man supposes an American girl expects him to kiss her the first chance he gets, especially since a German young man is invariably guided by what he reads rather than by what he sees and experiences himself. The extravagance of the notions which the stories in question inculcate in the continental German's mind was illustrated several years ago by the experience of a beautiful young American girl in Berlin. One night, after a ball at a house beyond the Thiergarten—the Central Park of Berlin—she was being driven home alone in a cab. In the middle of the park the cab stopped. The cabman got down from his box and opened the door. "I have never kissed a fine lady," he said to the trembling girl, "and I want to see what it's like. I couldn't ever kiss a German lady, of course, but you are an American." He took the speechless girl in his arms and gave her a big smack on the lips. Then he put her back on the seat, closed the cab-door, and drove her home.

Theodore Child says, in *Harper's Bazar*: "You may have heard travelers scoff at the practical Frenchman who stuffs one corner of his napkin inside his shirt-collar, and spreads it fully over the front of his person from his chin down to his knees. This is the practice of the French people of the middle and lower classes, who are thrifty and prudent, and who wish to eat at their ease and not spot their clothes. There is nothing ridiculous in this practice. There is a reason, and an excellent reason, for so spreading the napkin, and if I were dining at home, or alone at a restaurant or club, and had on my spotless shirt and open waistcoat and clawhammer coat, all ready to go to the opera, I should certainly spread my napkin over my manly and snowy bosom, just as the Frenchman does, and so I should dine at my ease, serenely and without care, knowing that I had thus insured the immaculateness of my linen. However, let it be remembered that company manners in all countries require you simply to spread your napkin loosely over your knees, and to eat cleanly and decently."

Compulsion is the woman convict's drop of bitterness. The complete mortification of that harmless sort of vanity which fills so much of a woman's life, makes her durance doubly vile. All her fine feathers are sacrificed ruthlessly. Her hair, which she has apostolic authority for regarding as an ornament, is shorn of its last lock as soon as her cell has been allotted to her; and the face which has gazed with perfect passiveness, almost to rouse a country's admiration, and the tongue that has been mute under the finding of jury and sentence of judge, are raised to plead pathetically with the holder of the scissors, while the corridors sometimes ring again to the piercing cries for a sparing pity as the inexorable shearers gather their harvest of curls. But, spring returns, and the hair renews itself, and before the next shearing-day the girls grumble that a thoughtless administration provides them with no hair-pins. One woman, whose hair continued to be suspiciously resplendent, as of macassar, after weeks of incarceration, was an object of some wonderment, even to the chaplain, until she explained to him in confidence that she allowed her broth to grow cool, and then skimmed off the fat to glitter in her crown of glory. Another girl certainly rouged, and rouge tells effectively on the pallor of prison confinement. Great was the envious indignation of her sisters in servitude against a frivolity so unattainable, but greater still, perhaps, was the curiosity to discover how the accomplishment of such a frivolity could be attained. At length, it was discovered that the red threads woven among the blue shirts, which she had to sew, would, when drawn out and chewed, yield the bloom yearned after by the cheek of beauty. The manner in which nearly every woman finds it possible to disarrange and double one of her underskirts, and present the fascinations of a crinolette, is so comic that it has been known to wring a smile from that gravest among men—a prison chaplain. And a woman without a looking-glass! Only the austerest and severest orders of nuns renounce that. And, perhaps, it is the female prisoner's most oppressive penance, for the relief of which she is even willing to risk the imposition of extra punishment—a task the more, a meal the less. By an accident, which she declares she will regret for a life-time, she has broken a window. The hole is there, sure enough; but where is the detached glass? Days after this it is found concealed in a corner of her cell, and behind it a strip of dark cloth, her substitute for quicksilver. And all for what? There are no male hearts to break and few male eyes to see—only those of governor, chaplain, and doctor.

There is a popular fiction that New York women of the better class do not use powder, but the amount of money gathered in by a woman who manufactures little puff-bags is proof positive that the pretty article "filled a long-felt want," as the advertisers put it. The bag is about three inches square at the bottom. A two-inch-wide piece is slightly frilled around this and gathered in a tiny frill where the ribbons draw it at the top. A lining of delicate silk just shows. Opened, it discloses a bit of swan's-down inside the square, underneath which is a layer of cotton sprinkled with perfume powder. It is a pocket powder-puff of superlative prettiness and model convenience. Finding that her bags were being imitated in the shops, the manufacturer recently secured a patent.

The materials for a historical review of Saratoga, perhaps the most national of our watering places, are plentiful. At least two distinguished observers have left on record their impressions of Saratoga at periods remote from the present. Mr. George William Curtis wrote in 1852 and Mr. Henry James in 1870. It seems that even in 1852 there were "good old days," for which the more elderly habitués expressed regret. Speaking to an old and frequent visitor of the springs, Mr. Curtis praised some beauty of the hour. "Yes," responded the other, "but you should have seen Saratoga in her mother's day." Of the green inclosure of the United States, Mr. Curtis says that it is "the nearest bit we Americans can make to Boccaccio's garden," and yet hints that he has learned from his elders that Congress Hall, which in early days was the temple of fashion, had delights which the modern glories of Saratoga could scarcely equal. Mr. Curtis's allusions to the Southern visitors of that time recall to mind the vast alterations of thirty years. He speaks of the "languid, cordial, and careless Southerners," and again, with regard to Southern ladies, of "the beauty which is ours, of which we have a right to be proud in Italy and Spain, but which is really less familiar to most of us Northerners than Spanish or Italian beauty." The Saratoga of Mr. Curtis is evidently the home of fashion. In 1870, Mr. Henry James, then, as now, a supercilious person, hears that the company is more mixed than formerly. Mr. James was somewhat disappointed in external Saratoga. "I had," he remarks, "idle dreams of Saratoga as buried in a sort of elegant wilderness of verdurous gloom." He does not find this dark verdure, but he does find certain "stern vulgarities," which he describes with his usual cleverness. He does not like the shops or the loafers on the sidewalks. And he has some amusing and acute remarks to make about female dress. He admits the success of the result, but adds: "To dress for every one is practically to dress for no one." We imagine that a point of contrast between the Saratoga of the present and that of 1870 is, that the ladies now dress less than they did then. Mr. James's remark about the paucity of men as compared with women, is perhaps as true now as at that time. European watering-places are much better attended by men than American watering-places, because the class of men who frequent such resorts—idle men with a certain income—are more abundant in Europe than here. Saratoga of 1889 is unlike both of these representations, but is, as might be supposed, particularly unlike that of Mr. Curtis. Southern people are there in large numbers, and mingle with people from other parts of the country with a sociability in strong contrast with the distance and strangeness mentioned above. Saratoga is now a popular, rather than a fashionable place. We should say, also, that it is rather scenic than social. From Mr. Curtis's descriptions, there was evidently a great deal of dancing in former days. They danced, not only by night, but also by day, if we may judge from the following: "At noon we must return to the parlor and practice the polka, which we have not danced since yesterday midnight." This sort of thing was doubtless much less sensible and healthful than the present fashions of lawn-tennis and horseback-riding, but it had its fascinations. In old days in Saratoga, we believe, each hotel had its belle. There is nothing of that kind now. Mr. Curtis, by the way, tells us that no Saratoga belle in after years ever comes back to the scene of her former triumphs. But, in truth, there is now no general Saratoga society. The company at the hotels is broken up into groups, who sit on the piazzas and look at each other while the music is playing.

Dumas's island of Monte Cristo was recently purchased by an Italian nobleman, who intends to build a handsome villa there and to maintain a fine yacht.

THE VEIL OF DEATH.

How the Casamicciola Earthquake preserved the Lover's Secret.

Count Jeppi had a habit of promeoading by the seashore for an hour or two, every day after dinner, while smoking his cigar. Possessor of a great name and a colossal fortune, related to the most ancient families of the Roman patriciate, the count had made a marriage of love. He had espoused, five years previously, the daughter of Prince Cinella—superh and placid as a Raphael blonde and stately as a Titian. A cultivated man—elegant, young, handsome, loviog, and beloved—the count could not be other than perfectly happy, and he was. During eight mooths of the year, from November to June, he dwelt in Florence, the city of palaces and pleasures. At the periods of intense heat he came to Casamicciola and iostalled himself in a coquettish, vine-clad, little villa, hung on the flanks of the mountain, by the side of the sea, hetween the blue of the water and the blue of the sky—a corner made for reading love-stories and for loving. He lived here during the summer, eojoying with his wife the solitude *à deux*, drinking in long draughts of love, enchanted with the sunlight—a spoiled child of fortune.

One suffocating eveoing toward the last of July, the count, according to his custom, shortly after dinner kissed his wife and went out. It was about eight o'clock. The air was sultry and oppressive; not a breath of wind stirred amoog the leaves of the fig and orange-trees, white with dust. The sea, of an azure opaque and profound, stretched away toward the horizon, smooth as a sea of oil, and the sky, saturated with heat, was of a blue so intense and implacable as to appear stone gray. Along the winding streets, peasants, seated on the doorsteps, were drinking Sicilian wine from the wide-mouthed, leathern bottles, and groups of beautiful young girls, brown as the Florentine bronzes, flung back and forth, amid peals of laughter, flowers less red than the coral of their lips. Barefooted urchios, with eyes of jet, were driving the white goats slowly homeward; loog after they had passed, the tinkling of the little bells, hung round their necks, could he heard.

This charming spectacle, always the same, yet always new, never wearied the count. He reached the foot of the hill and passed rapidly out on to the quay. The night had come, superb, and the stars appeared, one by one, like eyes of gold looking down on the slumbering island.

Suddenly, in a second, in less time than it takes the lightniog to flash, the earth trembled, as if shaken hy the march of invisible armies—armies of giants. The sea, chopping and agitated, hurled its waves together in wild confusion; the heavens veiled themselves in hlack; a sulphurous wind, like a blast from a furnace, breathed devastation; and in the awful darkness, the count, terrified, recommending his soul to God in that supreme instant of lucidity which always precedes a dreadful death, was thrown violently forward on his face.

* * * * * * *

The first thing which Count Jeppi saw on regaining consciousness, was a star looking down at him, then two, then three, and all the heautiful cortege of the silent sky. He remained motionless a few moments, uncertain what had happened to him, then he arose and walked a few steps; he was not wounded. What then had taken place? What formidable power had thrown him, unresisting, to the ground? The amorous sea was washing the heach with its silvery waves, the heavens were clear as the eyes of a hride, a gentle hreeze was stirring—all was calm! Yet, strange circumstance, he no longer recognized the country about him, the horizon seemed to him more even and more level than before.

Suddenly, he comprehended all, the frightful truth—the earthquake! Like a sword piercing him to the soul, a vision of his wife huried heneath the ruins filled him with a mortal anguish.

He started on the run in the direction of his villa. Was she dead—dying—or living still? She was crushed, perhaps, her lovely body a shapeless mass, caught hetween two walls. Horror! Ah! how one suffers in such moments! Would he arrive in time? The count shook his fist at the sky, great tears rolling down his cheeks. He did not even take the trouble to wipe them away. He hurried on, stumhling at every step among the stones and heaps of timher, treading on dark ohjects which moved and groaned. The air was rent with terrible cries—cries of animals in torture, shrill cries of children, agonized groans of women, loud at first, then weakening little by little and ceasing in the death-rattle. There were despairing calls throngh the darkness, "Father!" "Mother!" "Son!" and iovocations to the divine mercy, "Jesu! Maria Santissima!" and every stone, every ruin gave forth a groan. The count passed shadows staggering like drunken men, walking on tiptoe with arms stretched out hefore them, or seated motionless like statues of desolation; others, holding on their knees heavy drooping bodies which no longer responded to their endearments. Women, disheveled, danced, with uplifted skirts, mad. One would verily have believed one's self with Dante.

The moisture cold on his brow, frozen with horror, the wretched Jeppi leaped over corpses, scaled walls, and the one thought incessantly heating in his hrain, like the tickiog of a clock, was, "Shall I arrive in time?" At the corner of a street, he saw by the light of the moon a woman's arm thrust out from under a heap of fallen beams, a naked arm, caught as in a vise. The white hand, loaded with rings, writhed like a crab. The cries of the sufferer, deadened, stifled under the débris, could not he heard, but these twitching fingers called for help, and this hand, thrust out into space, shrieked: "To the rescue!" The count could have rescued her. He turned away his head and passed on. He had not the time.

After retracing his steps more than twenty times, after wandering about for over an hour, he arrived at last hefore what had been his dwelling. What a sight! The charming villa, the villa of kisses and flowers, was now hut a smokiog mass of ruins. One side of the wall alone remained upright, and overhead, in its cage of gilded osier, cooed a turtle-dove, which the countess had cherished. It was a touching sight, this poor, frail little hird, suspended between heaven aod earth io its dainty house—this dove of miracle, as if to prove that the God who, in His terrihle and mysterious power, razed cities to their foundations in an instant, could equally, if it were His will, save the life of a dove.

At the sight of these great stones, piled one above the other, the count felt himself turn weak as a child. She was there underneath this mass, his adored wife. Where, in which direction? Even if she were dead, he must find her at any cost. Softly, with infinite precautions, with steps of velvet, clinging to the projections, he ventured amoog the ruins of his house. He hesitated before setting his foot down anywhere, as if fearful of trampling on the beloved body.

Suddenly he thought he heard—he did hear—a distant voice, but so faint one might have said it was but a breath, a sigh borne by the wind. He stopped. It was a subterranean voice, a woman's voice—her voice! He recognized it now. He could not distinguish what she was saying, but it was, iodeed, her caressing voice, calling to him from the depths of that fearful night, where she believed herself immured forever.

"I will save her," he said, and he set to work.

Bruising his knees, lacerating his hands, the nails torn away, sweating tears, weeping blood, for over an hour the count toiled at the mass of stones with frenzy. Now, vainly thrusting his bleeding hands into a heap of ruhbish, the powdered plaster slipping through his fiogers like running water; again, moving heavy blocks of stone, which fell back, catching his hands in an iron grip.

The distant voice guided him continually. It began to grow less distinct, and suddenly it ceased altogether.

Then despair helped him to accomplish prodigies. He lifted blocks of stone, which he threw far from him; he wrested away beams hristling with nails. With hlows of his feet, of his shoulders, urged on by a ferocious energy, he rapidly accomplished a giant work, and was ready to fall from fatigue and thirst, when there was a sudden giving way in the mass under his feet, which landed him on the edge of an excavation, which yawned heneath him black and unfathomable. Crouched down over this sinister hole, he reached out his arm and groped cautiously around in the darkness. He encountered something soft and cold. In spite of the horror which seized him, he had the courage to examine with his trembling hands the already icy flesh. He distinguished first an open mouth, closed eyes, a smooth brow, then, suddenly, his fingers were buried in a waviog, silken mass, which he recognized instantly. Her superb tresses! Merely by touching them, he recalled their color distinctly.

Caressing, in the darkness, the locks he had so often fondled, he murmured, softly: "My love—if you are not dead—speak to me."

Only the silence replied to him.

"She is dead," he thought; "I must take her from this too narrow tomb."

Seizing her at hazard by the shoulders, he began to lift her toward him. Three times he raised her, and three times was he forced to let her fall back. She seemed terrihly heavy, as if some enormous weight were suspended from her feet. At last, gathering up all his strength, he succeeded, and dragged forth a something which he did not at first dare to look at, and placed it near him on the stones.

But he had scarcely cast his eyes on it when he uttered a piercing cry—a cry of rage and horror.

His wife dead, with hair loosely flowing, an ecstatic smile on her lips, held in her arms—a man! Oh! how she strained him to her, with hands tightly clasped behind his back! And *he*—he had thrown one arm around her waist, while his left hand, hanging hy his side, grasped a white rose, not yet faded.

The count had fallen on his knees. In a flash, he had measured all the depth of his dishonor. The years of love and happiness, he saw them suddenly illumed in all their startling reality, polluted hy lying caresses and deceitful kisses.

He approached and leaned over, to view the features of him who had culled the last sigh, the last vow of the perjured wife, but he recoiled in disgust. The head of the man, crushed, almost detached from the hody, was but a bleeding mass of flesh. Life had guarded their secret, and now death seemed still to favor them, giving up to the dishonored hushand nothing hut an unrecognizable and disfigured hody. He looked again, searching for some trace, some mark which would flash a name out from the darkness—the name coveted hy his jealousy and his rage! The white hands bore no rings. The body, slender and elegant, appeared to he that of a young man. It was an impenetrahle corpse, resolved to guard its secret. The count questioned the motionless lips of his wife, which must have so often let pass the name of the beloved—they remained mute. In a frenzied prayer, hroken by hlasphemies, he called on God to deliver up to him, on the instant, the abhorred name. God answered not. Only, on the wall overhead, the turtle-dove cooed in its gilded cage. Ah! if the bird of love could only speak.

Then, after passing his hand across his hrow, the count, moving mechanically, stooped down and placed one knee on his wife's breast, and, holding her thus, endeavored to separate her from this man's hody—this body on which Love and Death had crucified her. It was a long and difficult task. As well try to untwine serpents or to tear away the ivy from the trunk of the ancient oak.

At last the rigid arms relaxed on either side, and the outraged hushand, putting an end to this odious emhrace, repossessed himself of the hody of his wife, which the corpse of the lover had still disputed with him. Then he sat down between them, like a judge, and awaited the day.

In the early dawn, with the aid of some peasants, he huried his wife under the shadow of a little fig-tree, in a garden close at hand. The remainder of the day he walked the island, stopping the soldiers, the workmen, every one whom he met, and led them up to the corpse. He showed every sign of the most profound grief. He believed, he said, that he had found the body of a dear friend, hut he was not ahsolutely sure, and he offered twenty thousand scudi to the person who could tell him with certainty the name of the de man. In spite of the enormous sum, no one could identi the hody. The count had it interred separately, at his o expense, in a corner of the Casamicciola Cemetery.

Since then, he searches ceaselessly for this name—which is coodemned never to know—less jealous of the man who, li ing, stole from him his wife's heart, than of the mysterio corpse which had so insolently duped him.—*Translated f the Argonaut from the French of Henri Lavedan by H. C.*

MAGAZINE VERSE.

The Plaint of the Rose.

Said the hudding Rose, "All night
Have I dreamed of the joyous light:
How long doth my lord delay!
Come, Dawn, and kiss from mine eyes away
The dewdrops cold and the shadows gray
That hide thee from my sight!"

Said the full-hlown Rose, "O Light!
(So fair to the dreamer's sight!)
How long doth the dew delay!
Come hack, sweet sister shadows gray,
And lead me home from the world away,
To the calm of the cloister Night!"

—*John B. Tabb in October Atlantic*

In New Mexico.

He stepped without his cabin door;
The white moon cut his shadow tall
Waist-high in halves, and strewed it o'er
From ground to gray adobe wall.

The air that swelled his shaggy chest
From peaks of snow hlew fresh and free,
That reared two skyward miles their crest
Above the far, forgotten sea.

The hare hrown valley at his feet,
The staggering mesa's cliffs behind,
The spring's wee, wavering silver sheet,
The cedars lisping with the wind—

He claimed them all, in one wide glance
Of eyes half-careless, half-content,
O'er sky and moon-heguiled expanse;
And half his heavy hrows unbent.

He stretched, with thick arms overhead—
The slow half-yawn of powerful men.
Ha! "*Click!*" yon sullen cedar said,
And spat a crash of fire—and then

A shadow sneaking down the trail,
A still length sprawled upon the ground;
A hlot upon the forehead pale,
A dark pool widening fast around!

—*Charles F. Lummis in October Cosmopolitan.*

A Florentine Garden.

How many summer suns have shone
Upon this gem of garden closes,
With all its jars of céladon,
And all its wealth of Tuscan roses,
On tahlet or on page no hand
With cunning letters has recorded;
Yet he who seeks this dreamy land
Will find his wanderings rewarded.

Here citrons lean above the wall,
And figs grow purple in September,
Here luscious-ripe the red plums fall—
Each hursting globe a ruddy ember;
And here, inscrihed upon a seat,
With lichens gray, carved, stained, and stony,
Twined in a love-knot, will he meet
A "Paula" and a "Giorgione."

Who were they? That we may not know:
Enough that 'neath the empyrean
They lived and loved, long, long ago,
In days of splendor Medicean.
No doubt they saw the hours creep round
The silver disc of yonder dial,
And 'neath the pleached laurels found
A shelter safe from all espial.

In still word-pauses, fondly sweet—
A silence known to fools and sages—
Perchance he graved upon the seat
Their names, that have defied the ages;
Traced with his dagger, jewel-hright,
The characters we yet discover;
Then pledged himself her valiant knight,
And swore himself her faithful lover.

Perchance upon his speech she hung
With rapt regard, the radiant creature,
And answered with impassioned tongue,
Love limned on every flawless feature!
Mayhap they planned the future out,
As young troth-plighted people will do;
Of course he satisfied each doubt,
As easile-huilding suitors still do.

And were they wed with smiles and tears,
Here where all mortals toil and grope so?
And did they have full meed of years,
And pass to peaceful graves? We hope so!
And if in some celestial sphere
Unto their angel eyes should this come,
May they on two *now* loving here
Breathe down a tender "*Pax vobiscum!*"

—*Clinton Scollard in October Harper's.*

Phryne in Hades.

To Phryne, wandering hy Lethe's hrink,
Spake, with rude lips, a phantom at her side:
"Ere of this last forgetfulness we drink,
Who in thy memory doth last ahide
Of all who loved thee living?" To and fro
Swayed the fair head, and seemed to ponder long
A doubtful thought: and, "Ah, that I might know!
For these with laughter wooed me, those with song,
And all with gifts—save one, and he with tears.
Yet who gave most, most quickly was forgot;
And him who praised me I remember not;
And mirth is hut a crackling in mine ears.
Nay"—and a mist across her wan eyes crept—
"Yet must I think of him with whom I wept."

—*William Young in October Century.*

Fire-proofing material of all kinds is now as economical in cost as it is serviceahle and ingenious in character. There is a building in Chicago constructed wholly of terra-cotta.

EXPOSITION NOTES.

By our Paris Correspondent.

The weather is so much cooler that, instead of dallying in the gardens or sitting sipping iced-drinks under the verandas, we do what we might have done at first—we begin to take an interest in the industrial sections, to hethink ourselves of France especially, feeling rather guilty with respect to it. Moreover, we are, too, a little tired of the hawling Oriental element in the vicinity of the Rue du Caire, having once or twice heen drawn into hargaining with hook-nosed dealers, as ill-pleased with their tiresome pertinacity as determined in withstanding their cupidity and extortion. In the French galeries, at any rate, one is not pestered into purchasing, at twice its proper value, what one does not need. There are the prospectuses, to he sure. These are certainly a hore. Directly you make a stand or hegin to examine anything, a neat young person hustles up to you—she may have heen flirting with a male or talking scandal with a female neighhor—hut you recall her to duty, and up she comes and thrusts a prospectus into your hand, or an illuminated card; some of them keep small volumes for distrihution. You thank her and pass on. You feel unequal to prosecuting further examination under her keen eyes. She will he sure to find out that you have not the lightest intention of ordering any of the things—that financially you are a fraud—and so you shrink away. Now, this is not a frame of mind into which exhihitors or their myrmidons should throw visitors. The prospectuses are an unavoidahle evil. Of course, it would he simple enough to refuse them. The fact of having stayed your steps hefore a given stall, however, seems to make it imperative on you to hurden yourself with the exhihitor's name, address, etc. So that, after an hour or so spent in the galleries, you find yourself much hampered with the accumulation of pamphlets, which you have gleaned so unwillingly, and you look about you in the vain hope of finding a place wherein to deposit your hurden, which, in the end, you carry home, or leave in the railway-carriage or fiacre, for the imminent risk of having them picked up hy some busybody and thrust into your hands again, at which you thank them with politeness, if not with effusion, heing neither surly nor churlish hy temperament. But enough of grumhling.

Of course all the women and all the juveniles go to see the dolls. The hest are shown in a circular case in the midst of the gallery hy one Jumeau—a predestined name for a doll-maker. Mr. Twin is a social philosopher, a hit of a cynic, too. He makes dolls for the true Parisienne of tender years, own sister to Gyp's "Boh." They are elegant little darlings, dressed in the very height of hahy fashion, with plumed hats, dainty hoots, frocks of silk-and-velvet, faultless gloves on their chuhhy hands, and lovely waving or curly hair. There are ghhy boys and hahy girls, none of them out of the nursery and some puling in their *nou-nou's* arms, hut all have a curiously precocious look in their eyes, horn of the artist's wish to make them look more human and not more "expressionless dolls." The rows of young things sitting in front of Guignol are prophetic pictures of what they would look when grown up (if the Béhé Jumeau could he endowed with life), when laughing and applauding a new piece full of naughty inuendoes at the Variétés or the Palais Royal; young hopeful who has snatched a toy from his sister's hand is a tyrant already; that hashy-faced little lady, making eyes at a hoy who does not reach to her shoulder—a flirt; that three-year-old, sucking a sugar-stick is a glutton; that fellow climhing an apple-tree—a thief; and that hevy of children in the goat-chaise may divide the whole list of capital sins among them. No, I douht whether our little ones will he the hetter for seeing Jumeau's wonderful dolls. Fortunately, however, they do not look at things with their worldly-wise eyes and all seems innocent to the innocent, even the amorous colloquy of the nursery-maid and the soldier in the hench heneath the chestnut-trees.

Another doll-maker (he is not a Twin, hut his name matters not) has illustrated Gulliver among the Lilliputes. The great, luhherly fellow is seated on a house-top and peering down curiously on an open arena where miniature hulls are being baited—as they are now, every Sunday and Thursday, three circuses within the city of Paris—while on the stands around are seated (I do *not* exaggerate) hundreds of tiny dolls, the higgest doll crowd I ever saw. One seriously-inded exhihitor shows us a sweet, little, innocent, sleeping-doll in her cradle, over which a pale, flaxen-haired angel doll, with real feather wings, is watching. A third, inclined quite other way, represents scenes of well-known comic operas, and a utilitarian shows a whole standful of infants drawing their nourishment from patent hottles, or exercising their limhs in improved hahy-jumpers.

Toys for the little ones and trinkets for their elders. The *joujoux* and *bijoux* galleries are next door to each other. Both are crowded every day and all day. I must say the French jewelry is a sight for sore eyes. But the envy and enzy of desire it must excite is terrible to think of. Such a sparkling of diamonds, so many rich gems of all sorts, and ity novelties in the way of costly hauhles. Can anything more hecoming than the diamond C-spring necklet, one end of which curls round the throat, while to the other, resting on the snowy hosom, is attached a heavy-petaled poppy, a peacock feather, a hunch of pendant cherries, or some delicate fuschia-flower wrought in diamonds only? Some of the diamond flower-forms have all the grace of nature's cunning handiwork — the delicate hunches of cyclamen, the melancholy heart's-ease, the quaint orchid, the simple daisy or lily of the valley, reproduced in their natural size in diamonds for the decoration of the feminine corsage or the hair; the garlands of grants, the oak-houghs, with great pear-shaped pearls for acorns, the apple and the hawthorne-hlossom, and the drooping hellets inclosed in a circlet of green leaves. And, side hy side with these *rivières* of hurning hrilliants, attached together hy almost imperceptihle wire, fine as a hair, were coronets, with deep-hlue sapphires to set off their diamond settiug; glittering serpent necklaces and hracelets, with cruel, emerald eyes; peaceful doves, with the olive-branch in their heaks; chaste stomachers and collars in the Renaissance style; epaulets of hrilliants—a fashionahle ornament nowadays, and one patronized hy the lady who reigns at the Elysée; and lace composed of diamonds on net in linked platinum, soft to the touch as Brussels point or Valenciennes. Historical gems, too — the necklet worn hy Queen Maria Leczinska, with the regal Sancy diamond for a pendant; a single string of pearls worth fourteen thousand dollars, each the very picture of its neighhor; a priceless necklace of colored diamonds, and the cream of the Cape diamond-fields; a constellation of stones making a radiant nimhus for a star, in the centre of which glows one of the higgest yellow diamonds yet discovered—save the "Imperial"—imprisoned there in a case all hy itself in lonely grandeur.

A good many people have hunted through the galleries of the Champ de Mars for the famous diamond tower, hut in vain. The firm which has had the extraordinary notion of reproducing the Eiffel masterpiece in precious metals and stones, tried hard to get it admitted to the exposition. The authorities, however, were inexorahle. The time had passed for this to he possible, and so Messrs. Martin Posno & Cie. had to he content with exhihiting it in the galleries of the Rue de Sèze. I can imagine lady visitors gloating over the sight of forty thousand diamonds—especially the hig hrilliants round the hase—and gazing their fill at them, thinking, I daresay, that such an application of precious stones was willful waste of good material. There is something grand and imposing ahout the Eiffel Tower itself, as it stands there on the Champ de Mars, mounting guard, as it were, over the exposition; hut reduce it to a knicknack—a clock, a paper-weight, or what-not—nothing hut its ugliness remains, and, upon my word, I don't think it much matters whether the material he card-hoard or tin, nickel, silver, or pure gold, paste or diamonds worth many hundreds of thousands of dollars. PARISINA.

PARIS, September 9, 1889.

In coin-counterfeiting there are ahout as many methods as craftsmen. Some of the hest work in this line has heen done hy William G. Hards, of Chicago. The operative who arrested him was surprised to find in his possession an extensive outfit of tools, hut no fraudulent coin. Hards had a pocketful of money, however, mostly silver, with as neat a face and as clear a ring as any that ever came from a mint. Something impelled the officer, hy-and-hye, to pierce one of these pieces and apply the acid test, and it proved to he only a hase composition, plated heavily with silver ohtained hy melting down trade-dollars, which gave the desired finish and ring, and resisted all tests till cut through. Italians are the people most numerously engaged in coin-counterfeiting, prohahly hecause so many are trained to the art of plaster-working, and can make excellent molds. Some token coins, such as the nickel five-cent piece, can he made of the real metal at a handsome profit. This is a disadvantage which the government must always expect to suffer when it issues a coin whose hullion value is only one-quarter its face.

If your friend who is just hack from Paris claims that his French carried him along all right, read him this paragraph hy Gaston Jollivet: "The little Parisianism which remains at the present moment (Septemher 4th) is, perhaps, not of the hest hrand and is chiefly to he found in cafés. Foreigners are numerous at theatres, for they can manage to get on there. With a copy of the hook in his hand, the foreigner follows the piece as well as he can, and when Mme. Sarah Bernhardt kills M. Bertin in 'La Tosca,' he must necessarily understand the drift of the performance. But set him at the Alcazar or at the Horloge, with a *bock* hefore him, and the devil a word will he understand of the slang suhtleties spouted there. Three-quarters of the Parisian spectators themselves are ohliged to have them explained hy the initiated."

The whole world has heard hy this time of the Bostonian's claim to have seen a hook catalogue containing this entry:

ÆSCHYLUS: Prometheus.....(unhound.)

"which," he adds, "is quite as good in its way as the entries:

Mill on the Floss,
Do. on Liherty,

and the excerpt from the catalogue of a country lihrary:

Patti .....Adelina.
Do.....Oyster."

The French hinder's error in laheling two volumes of "Uncle Tom's Cahin" "L'Oncle, Tome I." and "L'Oncle, Tome II.," is also historical, hut hardly more deservedly so than that of the cataloguer who entered "Heine's Songs" as "Hen's Lays."

Among the many curious sights the traveler on the Lower Columhia witnesses as the steamer rushes through the green waters of that mighty river, is men on horsehack wading ahout in what appears at a distance to he a most aimless manner. Inquiry develops the information that they are fishing for salmon with huge seines. These seines are often many hundred feet in length, and the task of drawing them in is too much for men alone.

The fashion of a man locking his arm hehind a woman's elhow and clutching fast to her forearm, is not peculiar to America. An English woman writes to a London journal: "Man is rapidly ceasing to he the gallant defender of our sex. Once upon a time we looked up to him and rested upon his arm. Now, alas! the tahles are turned. In the present day, he idly takes our arm, while we are ohliged to take his part and our own as well."

A large and very important discovery of uranium is reported in Cornwall. It is a true fissure vein, the ore containing an average of one per cent. of the pure metal, going up as high in many places as thirty per cent. The market price of uranium is twelve thousand dollars a ton.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

"In a few years," says Mr. Edison, "the world will he just like one hig ear; it will be unsafe to speak in a house until one has examined the walls and furniture for concealed phonographs."

Thomas Monahan, an Irish millionaire, who lived in Melbourne for half a century, died recently. He was one of the three hundred and sixty poor Irish immigrants who sailed for Australia in 1839.

Mrs. Burnett's purchase of a place in Surrey does not mean that she will forsake her adopted country, hut merely that when she revisits her native land, she wants to live in a home of her own, and not to be dependent upon the variahle hospitality of English hotels.

Nasr-ed-Deen scattered decorations around Vienna at a lively pace; fifteen grand crosses of the Order of the Lion and the Sun, sixteen insignia of the first class of the same order, twenty-six of the second class, thirty-seven of the third class, and fifty-two of the fourth and fifth classes.

Despite his ascetic demeanor, Mr. Edison is not altogether destitute of humor. One of his practices is to keep a stock of cigars, composed of wadding and hair, hut specially made up in elegant wrappers. These he reserves for critical smokers, gravely informing them that they cost him thirty-five cents apiece.

Archduchess Stephanie, the widow of Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria, is living in strict retirement at Ischl. Her suite consists of a lady-in-waiting, a lady's-maid, a courier, and two footmen. Her carriages are simple and without crests, and drawn hy two horses. The only ornament which the young widow wears is a locket, on a thin, gold chain, holding the portrait of her little daughter, to whom she writes regularly every day, and who is said to bear a striking resemhlance to Crown Prince Rudolph.

Buffalo Bill has become so fascinated with Paris that he is inclined to make that city his home when he abandons his calling as a showman. He has a fine suite of apartments, in which he entertains handsomely. He has heen purchasing some fine paintings, and is really looked upon as an æsthetic of high standing. He is still pursued hy women who have matrimonial aspirations. In one week, recently, he received fourteen written proposals from women, some of whom are wealthy and in good social position.

Amy Levy, the young English girl who had become famous in literature at a hound, died a few days ago suddenly at the age of twenty-three. She was a graduate of Newnham College, Cambridge, and her first work was a volume of poems. She then wrote and puhlished two novels of remarkahle power. Her latest hook, "Reuhen Sachs," made a sensation and received high praise from London critics. At her own request she was cremated at Woking. A small oak-chest, containing her ashes, was then huried in a cemetery.

Dr. Brown-Séquard expresses himself as astonished and disgusted with the manner in which his theory regarding the elixir of youth has been received in this country and England. He claims that he should not he held responsible for the misapplications of his reasoning made hy sensationalists. The hungling of charlatans he especially regrets. "Epicurus was not an Epicurean, Plato was not a Platonist, Aristotle was not an Aristotelian, Dr. Pusey was not a Puseyite," says Brown-Séquard, who hopes he is not a Brown-Séquardist.

The Sultan is much alarmed hy his increasing ohesity, and he has just summoned Dr. Schwennenger to Constantinople from Berlin, for whose accommodation a palace on the Bosphorus, at Therapia, has been prepared, where he is to stay for a week. Dr. Schwennenger's treatment has greatly benefited Prince Bismarck, and the Czar was much the hetter for it, hut he soon gave it up, as he is an inveterate gormandizer, and careful and very plain feeding was as impossible to him as the prescription of one tumhler of weak whisky and Apollinaris at each meal, instead of the magnum of champagne which he nsually consumes.

The Queen of England is one of the hardest-worked officials in the realm. Apart from her private correspondence, there is hardly a government office which does not daily send her hoxes of documents, warrants, etc., requiring her signature and attention. There is not a question of precedent, etiquette, or change of uniform in the army, or detail of military and civil orders and decorations, which does not come under her immediate supervision. The daily *Court Circular* is carefully edited, revised, and corrected hy her own hand, and the punctuality with which she returns documents, submitted for her signature, is said to be marvelous.

English nohlemen are beginning to invest largely in real-estate in Australia. The Duke of Manchester, who has paid many visits to the antipodes, first set the example, which has heen promptly followed hy Lord Rosehery and Lord Brassey. Lord Carnarvon, too, owns city property in Melhourne and has an estate in Western Australia. But long ago Lord Sherhrooke, then Mr. Robert Lowe, harrister-at-law at Sydney, had purchased landed property in New South Wales, some of which he still holds. When the gold-fever hroke out, however, his agent, thinking it presaged the ruin of the colony, put the larger portion on the market, when it was sold at a sacrifice. Had Lord Sherhrooke retained it, he would now be numhered among the Australian millionaires.

Adelina Patti, as is well known, is fearfully superstitious, and is a devout believer in the "Jettatura," or evil eye. She will not sing where there is a cross-eyed conductor, and always wears a hracelet or necklace of coral to counteract the malignant influence which darts from the eyehalls of certain evil-minded people in the audience. She asserts that Offenhach, who possessed the evil eye, hrought ill-luck with him wherever he went; that he passed through the Rue Lepeletier the night the old Opera House was destroyed hy fire, when poor Emma Livry was hurned alive in the only hallet Offenhach ever had represented at the Opera; and that Mme. Berthelier died while playing in the "Vie Parisienne," for which he wrote the score. On the other hand, she declares that when a cat, and particularly a hlack tom-cat, comes of its own accord with tail erect purring upon the stage, that it is a good sign. She also helieves that it is very unlucky to catch sight of a hunchhack and not to touch his hump. The diva will, in fact, go out of her way and dodge after one a mile to get a chance to do so, as if by accident and without being seen.

Since the publication of a sensational story concerning the escapade of Countess de Beauharnais, *née* Skobeleff, and the Grand Duke Alexis, we are somewhat surprised to hear that the Czar has not only allowed the countess to take the name of her husband, the Duke of Leuchtenberg, hut he has conferred upon her the title of "most illustrious countess," hut not imperial highness. Duke Eugène of Leuchtenberg, husband of the illustrious countess, is only the second brother, and the eldest brother has never ohtained for his wife, *née* Annenkoff, any other title than that of Princess of Beauharnais. This ukase of the Czar must put an end to the rumor that the Grand Duke Alexis has been sent to Siberia. In fact, only three weeks ago, his imperial highness was in Moscow. It is said that, ever since her marriage in 1878, the Grand Duke Alexis has been fascinated hy his lovely cousin, Zena de Beauharnais. The Czar seemed to he the only person who suffered from this devotion, and so long as the husband did not interfere, he was powerless. But, unfortunately for Alexis and Zena, they dined in some restaurant and got into trouhle with a party of French actors and actresses; only hy the interference of the police was peace restored. But, in spite of the stories of hanishment of one and disgrace of the other, the beautiful countess is given rank in the imperial family and Alexis roams about free as before. The Countess de Beauharnais is tall, hlonde, with hlue eyes, exquisite complexion, charming manners, and very witty conversation. She resembles, in a great degree, her hrother, the famous general. She is often seen in Paris, at the theatre, dining at Bignon's restaurant, hut what she prefers is shopping and carrying home her packages. Each member of her family meets with a tragic death, often not untinged with romance. Her mother, traveling in Bulgaria, was robhed hy a courier of all her jewels, then stahbed, and left to die upon the road. General Skobeleff himself was never supposed to die a natural death; it has always been suspected that he was killed in a restaurant.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

A volume of "Orations and After-Dinner Speeches," by Chauncey M. Depew, is announced by a New York publishing-house.

The Scribners announce a new book by "Ik Marvel," shortly to be issued. It has the title of "English Lands, Letters, and Kings."

The Authors' Club, of New York city, has a library of several thousand volumes, all the work of members of the club—rather a startling revelation of the extent of literary activity there.

The real name of the person who writes poems under the name of E. Nesbit is Mrs. Edith Bland. She is the wife of Hubert Bland, is a vigorous socialist, and lives at Lee, one of the suburbs of London.

"A Collection of the Letters of Dickens, 1813–1870," compiled from already published materials, is the title of a book which will be issued by the Scribners in uniform style with the 16mo edition of recently published Thackeray letters.

The lately published second volume of Flaubert's general correspondence consists of letters written during the composition of "Madame Bovary," and addressed almost exclusively to the literary lady who had the honor of awakening almost the only passion of his ascetic life. As love-letters they are singularly austere; but they abound in striking criticism, with side-lights on his own work.

"Mr. Andrew Lang's magazine discourses this month, upon Dumas in *Scribner's* and upon Omar Khayyam in *Wit and Wisdom*, are both eulogies," says the *St. James's Gazette*. An article on Omar Khayyam appeared in the New York *Independent* within three weeks. Query: Are these articles identical, and is Mr. Lang "syndicating" his articles? or has he worked over the same matter twice for different publications?

The widow of Thackeray's friend, Crawford—the man whose good fortune it was to sit, without knowing it, for the character of Warrington—is preparing for the Putnam's "A Story of the French Revolutions." Her special qualification for this task lies in the fact that she has been an eye-witness and critical student of the last two or three uprisings in the gay capital; for, as her husband's assistant during his lifetime and his successor since his death, she has been the Paris correspondent of the London *Daily News* for a quarter of a century.

It is not pleasant news to hear that the friendship which has bound together for forty years two great collaborators in French literature has been broken, and that the hyphen is destroyed which joined the names of MM. Erckmann and Chatrian. A difference about money has arisen between the two friends, and they have parted for good and all. M. Auguste Georgel, on behalf of M. Chatrian, lays bare the pitiful story in the *Figaro*, with a superabundance of sordid and ridiculous details. M. Chairian has affirmed the truth of M. Georgel's letter, and now M. Erckmann publishes a note to say that he will prosecute both his old friend and M. Georgel for libel and defamation.

"G. W. S." tells his readers in the New York *Tribune* that the author of "Talks and Talkers of the Day," in the *New Review*, is Mr. George Russell, a rising journalist, magazinist, and politician, who though a member of the great Whig family whose name be bears, and a nephew of the Duke of Bedford, is a Radical and "one of Mr. Gladstone's pet boys." An article from his pen in the *Nineteenth Century*, a few years ago, attracted wide attention. Among those who read it was his uncle. He was very much struck by it; so much so, it is said, that he wrote to his nephew that such powers as it evinced clearly indicated the writer's ability to support himself without the allowance he had hitherto received. This was disingenuous, perhaps, but it was a pointed way of showing the duke's disapproval of the author's political creed.

According to the *Athenæum*, the nineteenth edition of Haydn's "Dictionary of Dates"—being the thirteenth which Mr. Benjamin Vincent, librarian of the Royal Institution, has edited—was to be published by Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co. about the middle of September. The volume now extends to one thousand and eighty-eight pages, an increase of seventy-seven on the last edition, and brings up the information to a very late date, events happening during the printing being recorded in an appendix. The dated index has been further extended, and many small articles on topics arising in general conversation have been inserted. The first edition of "Haydn's Dates" appeared in 1841, and contained only five hundred and sixty-eight pages in smaller size and larger type than later editions. The eighteenth edition was issued in 1885.

Prosper Merimée's "Inconnue," to whom he wrote the famous "Letters," was an English governess, residing with the family of her employer, at Boulogne-sur-Mer. She conceived the rather imprudent idea of writing to Merimée, and intrusted the letter which began the famous correspondence to a school-boy returning to Paris after his holidays. The experiment would always be a dangerous one for romantic young ladies with most French novelists; the cynical reputation of Merimée was not likely to improve matters. He was interested and flattered; he answered the letter, and a correspondence followed. Miss —— went with her employers to Paris, and there met the distinguished writer. They remained correspondents for many years. Miss —— was very pretty, with the "splendid black eyes" to which Merimée alludes in his letters.

No fewer than three hundred and forty-six thousand copies of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab" have been sold in England in the course of the last eighteen months, and one hundred and forty-seven thousand copies of "Madame Midas," another book of the same class and by the same author, in a twelvemonth; and the company which publishes them has, in the course of one year and a quarter, sold nearly six hundred thousand of these and other similar books, of which about one-third were disposed of by Messrs. Smith & Son. Scarcely less remarkable are the statistics made public not long since at Bristol, from which it appears that some three hundred and fifty thousand copies of "Called Back" have been sold, and that upward of a million shilling-volumes of the kind have been issued during the last four or five years. When we reflect that the population of the United Kingdom is not much more than thirty-five millions, the proportion of readers represented by the figures given is sufficiently astonishing. Unfortunately, there are no contemporary English novelists who have sufficient genius and hold upon the public to enable them to drive out the rabble of trash-mongers.

Marion Crawford's New Novel.

In "Sant' Ilario," Marion Crawford has written a novel which undoubtedly places him in the front rank of living novelists. It is a continuation of "Saracinesca"—though knowledge of the first is by no means essential to enjoyment of "Sant' Ilario"—and is itself to be followed by a third volume, which will complete the social history of a noble Roman family during the period which saw Rome changed from the Pope's capital to that of United Italy. The Saracinesca are one of the half-dozen foremost families of the Roman nobility; they are a survival of mediævalism in modern Europe, and Mr. Crawford seemingly ascribes to them all the virtues of mediæval chivalry. But they are in reality only carpet-knights—although devoted adherents of the Pope in his struggles against Garibaldi, in his hour of need, when the invader's troops are thundering at the gates of Rome, the Saracinesca, as well as the rest of the Roman nobility, go about their pleasures, meeting in each other's drawing-rooms to whisper political nothings, and never for an instant think of drawing sword for their spiritual and temporal sovereign. Mr. Crawford does not even draw attention to this pusillanimity; it may be he thinks to make it more glaring by saying no word of criticism, he may intend to deal it crushing blows in the last book of the series, or, perhaps, he has not thought of it—though this last, in view of Mr. Crawford's methods, is a strained supposition.

But as a picture of the Roman nobility of that day, "Sant' Ilario" is a remarkable book. The author shows to us, in public life and in the intimacy of home, the Saracinesca family: the old prince; Sant' Ilario, the son, and his wife, Corona; and San Giacinto, the son of an elder branch which had resigned the honors and estates to the present prince's great-grandfather; the Montevarchi: the old prince, his English-born wife, and his vast brood of sons, daughters, and children-in-law; and a few others of the princely rank, with a French artist, an apothecary, and other minor persons to fill in the open spaces. The strongest feature of the book is its analysis of human moods and passions as evinced in the Italian race, and in this Mr. Crawford proves himself keen in observation, sympathetic, and deeply philosophical. Of the Italian race, he says: "To understand Italians, a man must have been born and bred among them, and even then the harder, fiercer instinct which dwells in Northern blood may deceive the student and lead him astray. The Italian is an exceedingly simple creature, and is apt to share the opinion of the ostrich, who buries his head and believes his whole body is hidden. Foreigners use strong language concerning the Italian lie; but this only proves how extremely transparent the deception is. It is, indeed, a singular fact, but one which may often be observed, that two Italians who lie systematically will frequently believe each other, to their own ruin, with a child-like faith rarely found north of the Alps."

"Sant' Ilario" is as full of plot and situations as a society play—a garrison is blown up, a fortified farm-house is taken by assault, an old deed is forged, the forger strangles the man who set him at the work, the forger becomes a slave to opium and brandy, and finally confesses and blows his brains out—these are merely incidental; the chief interest is in the estrangement of Sant' Ilario and his wife, Corona, and it is here, in analyzing the successive stages of love, shaken confidence, suspicion, jealousy, resentment, and reawakening love, that Mr. Crawford shows himself a master.

Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company, price, $1.50.

New Publications.

"Diana Wentworth," a novel by Caroline Fothergill, has been published in the Franklin Square Library. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 45 cents.

"Captain Polly," by Sophie Swett, is a story of children's adventures which should interest a great many little boys and girls. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, $1.00.

"A Hardy Norseman," a novel by Edna Lyall, author of "Donovan," "We Two," etc., is the latest issue of the Town and Country Library. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"Jacob Valmont, Manager," a novel of life in New England and the West, by George A. Wall and George B. Heckel, has been issued in the Rialto Series by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, 50 cents.

"The Faithful Achates," a story by Anthony Gould, who wrote "A Woman of Sorek," appears in the Judge's Novels, published by the Judge Publishing Company, New York; for sale by the San Francisco News Company; price, 50 cents.

"The Destiny of America," by Edwin Sutherland, of the District of Columbia bar, is a pamphlet which predicts the political union of the United States and Canada. It is well reasoned and brings to the argument many striking facts. Published by W. H. Lowdermilk & Co., Washington, D. C.

"Le Tour du Monde en Quatre-Vingt Jours," Jules Verne's famous story built upon a wager made by such an Englishman as only a Frenchman could imagine, lost through the Englishman's chivalry, and won by an astronomical paradox, has been republished in French in the Romans Choisis, published by William R. Jenkins, New York; for sale by William Doxey; price, 60 cents.

The fifteenth volume of "Alden's Manifold Cyclopedia" has been issued, carrying on the work from *fluctuate* to *galvanism*. The purpose of this work is to provide a reference work in handy volumes, combining the features of cyclopedia and etymological dictionary. The high standard of the initial volumes has been well sustained. The present volume devotes nine pages to *food*, thirteen to *fruit*, thirty-five to *galvanism*, treating other subjects proportionately, and has biographies of Admiral Foote, Archibald Forbes, Franklin, Frémont, Froude, Galen, Galileo, and others. Published and for sale by John B. Alden, New York.

"A Transient Guest," a book with a flaming cover, on which are depicted a young man in traveling costume, the head of a dark-orbed beauty, and a leopard, contains four stories, in which the promise of the flaming cover is well borne out. They are: "A Transient Guest," "The Grand Duke's Rubies," "A Maid of Modern Athens," and "Fausta," all by Edgar Saltus. These short tales are models of their kind, useless from a moral point of view, and show Mr. Saltus at his best. Published by Belford, Clarke & Co., Chicago; for sale by Pierson & Robertson and the San Francisco News Company; price, 50 cents.

"The California Fruits and How to Grow Them," by Edward J. Wickson, A. M., is a work on California's most valued industry, carefully prepared by a man who knows his subject from *a* to *zed*. Mr. Wickson's plan has been to discuss first, the climate of California, the various fruit-soils of the State, and the native fruits and those introduced here; then to take up the cultural processes and to describe the varieties of orchard fruits, grapes, semi-tropical fruits, small fruits, and nuts; to consider fruit preservation and fruit protection; and, finally, to say a few words on melon-growing and fruit-packages. The work is abundantly provided with explanatory diagrams and pictures. Published by Dewey & Co., San Francisco; for sale by the booksellers.

"The Hansa Towns," by Helen Zimmern, is the twenty-fourth volume of the Putnams' admirable Story of the Nations Series. This is probably the only history of the Hanseatic League in the English language, except in brief monographs, and would, therefore, have a certain importance even if it were not—as it is—a carefully considered and well-constructed account of this germ from which sprang municipal independence and much of our modern liberty. The subject is divided into three periods, from the beginning of the idea to the conclusion of peace with Denmark, from 1370 to the First Maximilian's decree of public peace in 1495, and thence to the fall of the Hansa. The book is copiously illustrated from prints in the British Museum, from drawings and photographs in the possession of Miss Zimmern, and from various German authorities. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Pierson & Robertson; price, $1.50.

Some Magazines.

Harper for October contains an interesting paper by Fred M. Somers, entitled "Forests of the California Coast Range"; it is well illustrated by Julian Rix; "Hierapolis and its White Terraces," by Tristram Ellis; "The Church of St. Denis," by Charles Eliot Norton; "A Corner of Scotland Worth Knowing," by W. G. Blaikie, D. D.; "Recent Progress in Surgery," by Dr. W. W. Keen; "The Fair of Nijnii-Novgorod," by Theodore Child; "A Peculiar People," by Howard Pyle; Austin Dobson's poem, "The Noble Patron," illustrated by Mr. Abbey; the continuation of C. D. Warner's serial; sketches and stories by a variety of hands, and verses and the departments.

The October *Century* contains: "In East-Siberian Silver Mines," by George Kennan; "Molière and Shakespeare," by C. Coquelin; "Baseball—for the Spectator," by Walter Camp; "Italian Old Masters" (Fra Filippo Lippi), by W. J. Stillman; "Three Jewish Kings," by Edward L. Wilson; "Reminiscences of the Herschels," by Maria Mitchell; "The Training of the Teacher," by Nicholas Murray Butler; "Manual Training as a Factor in Modern Education," by Francis Newton Thorpe; "The Democratic Ideal in Education," by Felix Adler; "War Diary of a Union Woman in the South," by George W. Cable; the conclusion of "The Old Bascom Place"; new chapters of Nicolay and Hay's "Lincoln"; a number of short stories and sketches; a variety of verses; and the departments.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Many curious documents connected with the two Jacobite risings, n merely from the Stuart side, but (what are rarer) from the Hanover side, still exist. Many of them are quaint and humorous, but sp prevents the quotation of anything longer than the succinct Jacob curse, which was written on folded slips of paper and handed to lik persons in the streets of Edinburgh. It ran simply: "May God Da Hanover, Vivat Jacobus."

Dr. Macadam used to tell of a tipsy Scotchman making his w home on a bright Sunday morning, when the good folk were wendi their way to the kirk. A little dog pulled a ribbon from the hand o lady who was leading it, and, as it ran from her, she appealed to first passer-by, who happened to be the inebriate, asking him to whis to her poodle. "Woman," he retorted, with that solemnity of visa which only a Scotchman can assume—"woman, this is no day wbustlin'!"

The Chevalier Duplessis, who wrote a bad opera called "Pizarr lost his temper at cards with the poet Guillard, and murmured son thing, which was not unheard, about his partner being the worst whi player as well as the worst verse-maker in the world; to which the oth replied, reprovingly: "Chevalier, you forget yourself!" This is pret but not so forcible as the retort, overheard at a whist-table: "I wish observed a player, in a passion, to his partner, "that I was sitting op site to a gentleman." "My dear friend," observed the other, cool "your aspiration is gratified, for, whether you are sitting, standing, lying, you can not be more opposite to a gentleman than you are."

Dr. John Ritchie, the great voluntary leader, had charged the min ters of the Established Church with living the lives of Sybarites, fari sumptuously every day, and clothing themselves in soft raiment. A public meeting, Dr. Guthrie had to reply to the assertion. He w standing on the front of the platform; his boots were strong, iron-sho country boots, and his trousers were bespattered with mud, for he h just walked several miles. Looking round upon the audience, and hol ing out his foot, be pointed to it and said: "My friends, Dr. Ritch declares that we are a set of dandies. Do you call that the foot of dandy?" The appeal was irresistible, and was responded to with gre laughter on the part of the audience and with cheers, which were doubled as Dr. Guthrie stood holding out his foot and looking abo him with a quiet, comical smile.

A distinguished politician was once upon a time first lord of t admiralty. Full of the importance of his office, he determined to we the gorgeous uniform of lord high admiral, whose representative was. The first time he had official business with the fleet, the right ho orable gentleman put on his uniform and went aboard one of her m esty's ships. The minister who liked to look upon himself as lord hi admiral, had his flag run up and the vessel started. In a few minut one of the officers came up and politely touched his hat to the fi lord. "If you please, sir, what are your orders?" he asked. "O ders! what orders?" "As your flag is flying, you are in command "But I don't understand, at all." "Well, sir, you are in command, a in a few minutes we shall run into the queen's yacht. Will you give m my orders?" The unlucky first lord became crimson with vexatio and the lord high admiral's pennant was promptly hauled down.

In his youth, James Lewis, of the Daly company, drifted about t West, with various traveling companions, playing sometimes in tave dining-rooms (where the actors would fall to after supper and erect stage), and sometimes even in churches. At a small provincial town acted in a building used in the daytime as a school-house, and was se to the belfry to announce the commencement of the performance tolling the bell. On one occasion, Hamlet was enacted in a small ba which formed part of the outbuildings of a hotel, and immediately b neath the stage was the hotel laundry. In the pathetic scene where t Queen strews flowers over the grave of Ophelia, saying, "Sweets to t sweet. Farewell!" etc., the heat and steam coming up from the lau dry through the open trap were so strong that the tissue-paper flowe instead of descending, were wafted up toward the flies, conveying t notion that the unhappy Ophelia must have gone to a very warm pla indeed.

A Vermont Baptist minister, who is not too grave and dignified to enjo a good joke, even when it is on himself, narrates a ludicrous incident his early life. Soon after being settled over a new congregation, he on day received a note asking him to be at home that evening at eig o'clock. The writer added that he was intending to be married at th hour, and would call at the parsonage with his bride. It was but a fe minutes before eight o'clock when the door-bell rang, and a mome later, the servant announced that a young couple awaited the minister the parlor. Going down into the parlor, accompanied by his wife, t pastor found a neatly dressed, intelligent-appearing young man and bright-looking young woman, who rose to receive him. "I am M Homer," said the young man, "and this is Miss Cross." Having a other engagement for the evening, the minister said, immediately: " received your note this morning, and we will proceed with the ceremon at once. Please join your right hands." In great bewilderment, whic the minister mistook for natural embarrassment, the young couple timidl clasped hands and the ceremony was about to begin, when the you man said: "I—we—what ceremony is it?" "Why, the ceremony marriage, of course." "O-o-o-h!" shrieked the young lady, withdraw ing her hand and covering her face with a handkerchief. "I don't un derstand this at all," said the young man, sharply; "we came her simply as a committee from the Young People's Society of the Metho dist Church, to ask you and your wife to be present at a public entertain ment we are about to give, and——" It was now the minister's turn t be astonished, but at that moment the maid ushered in the right couple

Dickens wrote from Italy the following delightful sketch of the marriage broker as he found him in Geneva: "Do you know of the marriage brokers among the Genoese? Sometimes they are old women—quee old women, who are always presenting themselves mysteriously at un expected times, like their sisterhood in 'The Arabian Nights.' Bu there are men brokers—shrewd, hard, thorough-paced men of business They keep formal registers of marriageable young gentlemen and mar riageable young ladies, and when they find a good match on thei books—or rather when one of these gentry does—he goes to the young lady's father, and says: 'Signor, you have a daughter to dispose of?' 'I have,' says the father. 'And you will give her,' says the broker, 'fifty thousand francs?' 'On fair terms,' replies the father. 'Signor,' says the broker, 'I know a young gentleman with fifty thousand francs embarked in business, who will take fifty thousand francs and the clothes.' 'Clothes to what value?' asked the father. 'Clothes to the value of five hundred francs,' says the broker, 'and a gold watch. She must have a gold watch.' 'His terms are too high,' says the father; 'my daughter hasn't got a gold watch.' 'But, signor, she has a cast in her eye,' says the broker, 'and a cast in the eye is cheap at a gold watch.' 'Say clothes worth two hundred and fifty francs,' retorts the father, 'and a silver bracelet. I admit the cast in the eye, and will throw in the bracelet, though it is too much.' 'We couldn't do it, signor,' says the broker, 'under a gold watch. The young gentleman might have done better in his last negotiation, but he stood out for a watch. Besides, signor, as a fair-dealing man, you must make some allowance for the ankles, which,' says the broker, referring to his hooks, 'are thick. If I did rigid justice to my employer, signor, and hadn't a personal regard for you, I should require one hundred and fifty francs at least for each leg.' On such terms the bargain is discussed and the balance struck, and the young people don't see each other until it is all settled. In short, it's very like the system of our own dear dowagers at home, except that the broker boldly calls himself a marriage-broker, and has his regular percentage on the fortune."

SOCIETY.

The Whitney High Tea.

Mrs. Calvin E. Whitney gave a most delightful high tea her residence 1213 Jones Street on Saturday afternoon, e 28th ultimo, as a compliment to Mrs. Robert Mack, of msterdam, who will be remembered as Miss Lohmann, of akland. The handsome apartments bore a pretty decora- on of roses of varied varieties and streamers of smilax which re arranged with tasteful effect. Mrs. Mack assisted the stess in receiving, and several of her friends presided over e service of delicious refreshments in the dining-room, hong them being Mrs. Marcus D. Boruck, Mrs. J. M. rmehr, the Misses Boruck, Miss McNeil, Miss Kenfield, iss Lohmann, and Miss Vermehr. The reception was m three until six o'clock, and during that time nearly two ndred guests called all of whom were agreeably enter- ned. Concert music was furnished by Ballenberg's band, d the usual pleasures of such affairs were enjoyed.

The Dimond Lunch-Party.

Miss Eleanor Dimond gave a delightful lunch-party, at home, in Menlo Park last Wednesday. She met her ests at the station with a buckboard, and took them first a drive around the neighborhood. After arriving at the idence, an elaborate luncheon was served at one o'clock, d the young ladies passed a couple of hours very pleasantly the table, returning to the city on a late train. hose present were: Mrs. Edward Dimond, Mrs. Mc- trick, Miss Eleanor Dimond, Miss Ella Goad, Miss Flor- e Reed, Miss Edith Taylor, Miss Dora Boardman, Miss ephine Perry, Miss Cecilia Miles, Miss Emilie Hager, Miss Lockwood, of New York.

Crocker Angling-Party.

Miss Fanny Crocker gave an enjoyable progressive angling- y last Tuesday afternoon, at her residence, on Sutter et. The game proved highly interesting to her guests, om she most agreeably entertained. The prizes wereique and pretty. mong those present were: Miss Fanny Crocker, Miss ie Shreve, Miss Eva Castle, Miss Blanche Castle, Miss ence Reed, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Willcox, Miss Bertha cox, Miss Alice Owens, and Mrs. Fred Green.

The Smith Lunch-Party.

charming lunch-party was given by Miss Belle Smith, at residence, on Buchanan Street, last Monday, as a com- ent to Miss Fair. Pretty decorations and a delicious e made the afternoon pass delightfully. ose present were: Miss Belle Smith, Miss Fair, Miss ie Blair, Miss Fanny Crocker, Miss Hyde, Miss Nellie e, Miss Marie Voorhies, and Miss Kate Voorhies.

The Union League Club.

he first ladies' night entertainment and ball, given by the bers of the Union League Club, took place on Friday ing, September 27th, at their club-house on Geary et. It was a highly successful affair from first to last, was enjoyed by over three hundred members and guests. parlors and ball-room were decorated in a very at- ive manner, and some elegant toilets were woro by the s. At nine o'clock the entertainment commenced, and ollowing programme was presented:

ture, "Chimes of Normandy".....
Noah Brandt's Orchestra.
n Solo, "Souvenir de Bellini".....Artot
Mr. A. H. Kayton.
Quartet.....Selected
Messrs. Blum, Snook, Stadtfeld, and Nelson.
ling Solo.....Selected
Mr. Benno Kayton.
r Solo, "Salve Dimora"..... .....Faust
Mr. Ugo Talbo.
ation, *(a)* "The Winter's Tale".....Shakespeare
Act V, scene III.
(b) "Laska".....Deprez
Mrs Frances Edgerton.
d Air, "Roberto toi che adora".....Meyerbeer
Mme. Thea. Sanderini.
tte, "L'Ingenue".....Arditi
Los Bandurristas.
ling Solo.....Shaw
Débutante.
Professor and Mme. Herrmann.
Mr. G. H. Little, Accompanist.

ery selection was highly appreciated and the applause ch case was liberal. Dancing followed until a late hour, uring its progress an elaborate supper was served.

Movements and Whereabouts.

s. J. B. Haggin and Miss Rita Haggin have been pass- couple of weeks at Auburn, where Miss Haggin has recuperating after her recent serious illness

M. and Mrs. Charles Holbrook, the Misses Holbrook, Mr. H. M. Holbrook have returned to their residence n Ness Avenue after a prolonged absence in Europe.

. Robert McMillan, the Misses Jennie and Emma Mc- in, and Miss Alice Mau left for Washington, D. C., last Monday to attend the Triennial Conclave, and at its conclu- they will travel through the Eastern States for several s.

s. A. H. Rutherford went East last Thursday and will ay a couple of months.

and Mrs. H. M. Yerrington came down from Carson last Monday and are at the Palace Hotel.

. John H. Boalt and Miss Alice Boalt have returned their summer sojourn at Monterey.

J. Lankersheim, and Mr. J. Lankersheim, of Los es, have been passing the week at the Palace Hotel.

. John Taylor has returned to her home after an ab- of three months in the East, where she was visiting re- s.

. Charles E. Bancroft has returned from a prolonged o relatives at Santa Cruz.

. M. J. Flavin and son are passing a couple of weeks ta Cruz.

. Theresa Fair, Miss Fair, Miss Birdie Fair, and Miss Smith left for New York last Thursday evening in Mr. e's private car "Maraquita." They will probably re- away until January. Many beautiful floral remem- s were sent to their car by their friends.

and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker returned to the city on after a fortnight's visit at Los Angeles.

and Mrs. John D. Yost and Miss Yost returned from Eastern and European trip last Thursday.

n and Baroness von Schröder will depart for New or his evening, and will return in December.

and Mrs. H. P. Bowie, of San Mateo, have been at Cruz during the past week making arrangements about ction of their new cottage at Seabright.

and Mrs. John Reis, *née* Brooks, left New York this on the steamer *City of Paris* for Liverpool.

tor and Mrs. Leland Stanford will go to Chico this on and a reception will be held there in their honor.

and Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe, Jr., and Mrs. A. M. are at the Brevoort House in New York city.

nel and Mrs. E. E. Eyre, Miss Mary Eyre, and Mr. Eyre, who have been at their Menlo Park villa all of mer, arrived at the Palace Hotel on Tuesday and ss the winter here.

J. de Barth Shorb arrived here from Los Angeles on sday and is at the Occidental Hotel.

and Mrs. Drury Melone, of Oak Knoll, have been g at the Palace Hotel during the week.

John F. Miller and Mrs. Richardson Clover are g at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York city.

and Mrs. H. N. Cook will go East about the latter this month, in the hope that the trip will benefit Mr. health.

ral and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, who are now in London, s the winter there and in the spring will go to Spain aly. It is their intention to remain abroad three yea

and Mrs. Charles E. Miller will pass the winter at the Hotel Pleasanton.

M. M. Estee, of Napa, has been in the city on a friends

nel C. Fred Crocker, Mr. Russell J. Wilson, Mr. Evan J. Coleman, Major R. P. Hammond, and Mr. J. B. Wright departed for the East a week ago and will be away about a month.

The Misses Pierce, of Santa Clara, have been enjoying a visit to friends in this city.

Mrs. Lily Coit and her mother, Mrs. Hitchcock, have arrived safely in New York city.

Miss Susie Russell, of Sacramento, has been paying a visit to Mrs. N. H. Foster at her residence, 1719 Broderick Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, accompanied by Mrs. Fred W. Sharon, will return to New York next Thursday in their private car.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph M. Masten, of Oakland, have gone East on a brief trip.

Mr. Hugh Tevis has gone to his ranch in Arizona after an enjoyable visit here.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins are guests at the Hotel Brunswick in New York city

Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Allen and Miss Jessie Allen, who have been living in Oakland for a couple of years, have moved to this side of the bay, and will be at home on Wednesdays at 1836 Green Street.

Mr. Fred W. Bean and his sister, Miss Alice Bean, left on the Panama steamer last Monday to join their father in New York. They will remain East for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Gregory, who have been passing the summer at their cottage in Sausalito, have returned to the city, and will pass the winter at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Fisher Ames have gone to the Palace Hotel for the winter season.

Mr. Paul R. Jarboe has been in New York city for the past fortnight.

Hon. M. M. Estee is stopping at the Murray Hill Hotel in New York city.

Dr. and Mrs. E. B. Perrin are visiting New York and neighboring cities.

Mrs. William S. Wood and Miss Wood are stopping at the Hotel Victoria in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Monteagle have been visiting in Boston during the past week.

Signor G. B. Galvani returned to the city last Wednesday after an absence of four months abroad, which was passed with his relatives in Novarra, Italy, and at the Paris Exposition.

Mrs. George J. Bucknall and Miss Marguerite Bucknall have returned home after a prolonged visit to Mrs. John P. Jones at Santa Monica.

Mrs M. A. Healy and her son, Mr. Fred Healy, will pass the winter at the Occidental Hotel.

Mrs. William M. Kincaid has returned from an extended tour of Europe.

Mrs. George Hearst is traveling in Italy.

Miss Hattie Joliffe will soon go East to enter Vassar College.

Miss May Norton and Miss Minnie Hennessy have been passing fair week at San José.

Mr. James D. Phelan went East on Thursday, intending to be away six weeks.

Mr. Alfred MacGrotty and his brother, Mr. Albert E. MacGrotty, of London, are at Monterey.

Mrs. Samuel Wiggin has recovered sufficiently to start for the East to-day. She will visit her husband's relatives in Boston for some weeks and spend the rest of the winter with Mrs. Alice Wellington Rollins in New York, with whom Mr. and Mrs. Wiggin have resided for the two last winters. Mrs. Rollins is a successful literary woman and her charming apartments, adjoining those of Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge in the Navarro Flats, are frequented by the best writers and artists in New York. Mrs. Wiggin will return to San Francisco in February.

Notes and Gossip.

Arrangements are being made by the managers of the Woman's Ex-hange to hold a full dress ball at the Palace Hotel on Wednesday evening, October 30th. All of the necessary service has been kindly donated by Mr. Livingston, and Ballenberg will play. Mrs. Henry Schmiedell, Mrs. Winsor L. Brown, and Mr. Henry Heyman, the ball committee, are working hard to insure the success of the affair. There is a constant drain on the none too heavy treasure box of the exchange, and the ladies who give their time, money, and labor to its needs feel that they must occasionally call on the public for financial assistance. They endeavor to make a return for the kindness and attention thus shown them, and the yearly ball is one form of reciprocity.

Rumor has it that La Mandolinata Club, whose pretty Spanish melodies were the special feature of several private musicales two years ago, will come to the front this winter with some of its former members and a few new ones, under the leadership of Señor M. Y. Ferrer, with Mr. Samuel M. Fahian as director. The club is now rehearsing, and has much new music in its repertoire.

The wedding of Miss Mae Somers, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. James Somers, and Mr. Ferd C. Peterson, son of Mr. S. B. Peterson, will take place next Wednesday evening at the Howard Presbyterian Church. It will be followed by a reception at the residence of the bride's parents, 1034 Mission Street

The German Club, whose cotillions of the past two years were so successful, is being reorganized. Mr. Chauncey M. St. John, the former leader and secretary, has been asked to fill the same position this season. Only two cotillions will be given, one in November and the other in February, and as the members will concentrate their efforts on these two, instead of having five as heretofore, they expect to make them exceptionally brilliant affairs.

An afternoon concert or garden-party will be given from one until five o'clock next Saturday afternoon at "Meadowland," the country residence of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young. It will be given for the benefit of the new college, erected last summer at San Rafael, which is conducted by the Sisters of St. Dominic. Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Rosewald will have charge of the musical programme, and some of our best artists will participate.

Miss Sally McKee, daughter of the late Judge Sam Bell McKee, will be married on Saturday, October 5th, to Mr. Orestes Pierce, at the home of the bride in Oakland. They will go East on a wedding tour after the ceremony.

The officers of the division staff, N. G. C., will present an elegant division standard to Major-General W. H. Dimond at the Occidental Hotel next Thursday evening.

Army and Navy News.

Lieutenant Robert H. Patterson, First Artillery, U. S. A., is enjoying one month's leave of absence.

Lieutenant and Mrs. F. H. Lefavor, U. S. N., will reside at the Hotel Pleasanton during the winter.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Carl W. Jungen, U. S. N., came down from Mare Island last Tuesday, and passed a couple of days in the city.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Mansfeldt Concert.

Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt gave his twenty-eighth concert of this season last Monday evening at Spencer Hall, and the large audience in attendance enjoyed the following programme:

Sonata, No. 10, G major.....Beethoven
Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt.
Waltz, E minor.....Chopin
Miss Clara Selig.
Moment Musicale.....Moszkowski
Mr. Emil Steinegger.
Polonaise, C sharp minor.....Chopin
Mrs. Hugo Mansfeldt.
(a) Solfeggio, C minor.....Scarlatti
(b) Song without words, No. 21, "Agitation"..Mendelssohn
(c) Impromptu, G flat major, Op. 51.....Chopin
Mr. Abe Sundland.
Scherzo, B minor, Op. 20.....Chopin
Miss Eva Crowley.
(a) Consolation.....Liszt
(b) Song without words, No. 20, "Fleecy Cloud".....Mendelssohn
(c) Traumerei and Romanze.....Schumann
Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt.
Hungarian Dances, in D flat and A.....Brahms
Mr. and Mrs. Mansfeldt.

Mrs. Emilia Tojetti announces that, under the patronage of the ladies of the Laurel Hall Association, she will give a series of illustrative historical lectures on vocal music, divided into three recitals, as follows: "Ancient Music," "Songs of the Classic Epoch," and "Romantic and Dramatic School." The recitals will take place at Irving Hall on the following Wednesday evenings: October 9, November 6, and December 4, 1889.

The Channing Auxiliary announce two piano recitals by Ernst Hartmann on Saturday afternoons, October 12th, and 26th, at which he will play two of Beethoven's sonatas and some selections from Liszt, Chopin, Schumann, Schubert, and other composers. Mr. Hartmann has not appeared in public for several years.

DXLVII — Bill of Fare for six persons — Sunday, October 6, 1889.

Potato Soup.
Cantaloupe.
Oyster Patties.
Quail on Toast. Fried Potatoes.
Baked Tomatoes. Green Peas.
Roast Pork. Apple Sauce.
Celery Salad.
Omelet à la Célestine. Fancy Cakes.
Fruits.

OMELET A LA CELESTINE.—Boil a small cup of milk and mix with it one heaping tablespoonful of rice-flour; sweeten to taste, and add vanilla. Simmer gently for ten minutes, stirring constantly; add the yolks of two eggs, mixed in a little milk and one dessertspoonful of butter; stir all together until quite smooth, and keep hot. Beat up six eggs, with which make six little omelets of about four inches in length. Fill each one with a tablespoonful of the above mixture. Heat half a pound of peach marmalade, to which add a little water. Place the omelets in a circle on a dish, pour the marmalade in the centre, and serve very hot.

The question "How fast can a locomotive run," which first appeared in Acworth's "The Railways of England," has been a good deal discussed recently in the engineering papers. The conclusion appears to be that there is no authentic record of any speed above eighty miles an hour. That speed was obtained many years ago by a Bristol and Exeter tank-engine with nine-foot driving wheels—a long-extinct species—down a steep grade. But it has, apparently, never been beaten. It is, indeed, not a little strange how sharply the line appears to have been drawn at eighty miles an hour. Records of seventy-five miles an hour are as plenty as blackberries. Records of eighty are exceedingly rare. Records of any greater speed have a way of crumbling beneath the lightest touch.

In France, as in several other countries, the musicians have decided "Hail Columbia" to be the real national hymn of America. It was played the other night, at the Grand Opera, in honor of Mr. Edison. The French bandmasters say that they consider it the most dignified of our national tunes, and that is true enough, for "America" is borrowed from England, "Yankee Doodle" is English and a trivial affair to boot, while "The Star-Spangled Banner" was a drinking-song originally—also English.

Sheet-steel ceiling is fast supplanting the old-fashioned lath and plaster and corrugated-iron ceiling, for the reason that it possesses the very essential advantages of beauty, durability, and fire-proof qualities. It can be decorated in the most superb style or painted in colors to suit the most fastidious. Sheet-steel ceiling is a comparatively new invention, patents having been issued in August, 1888.

— AN HONOR RICHLY DESERVED AND ONE which meets with the approval of all the fashionable ladies of San Francisco, is the awarding of the first prize for the most artistic hair-dressing, a handsome gold medal and two diplomas, to Strozynski. This famous *coiffeur* was an artist when he came to this city, and the high favor he now enjoys among the most beautiful women of the city is due to the fact that he has not only quickly adopted the newest ideas but has himself introduced many novelties.

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CONCERNING SHOPPING.

Does a man ever feel meaner or appear at greater disadvantage than when he accompanies his wife or his best girl on a shopping expedition? I trow not. From the moment he enters a dry-goods store in the wake of his enslaver, every atom of self-respect leaves him; a realization of what is coming bursts upon him and fills him with a sickening horror; he calls himself all kinds of hard names for having allowed himself to be enticed into the place; he would turn and flee if he only dared, but he does not.

The salesladies gaze upon him with scorn; the salesgentlemen look at him and then at one another and grin; the cash-boys guy him behind his back. He knows all this, but he has not manhood enough left to resent it. Manhood! he is no longer a man; he is merely a thing to carry bundles, to make idiotic replies when asked his opinion as to this or that perfectly lovely dress-pattern, and to pick up his companion's handkerchief and gloves, which she drops, on an average, every three minutes.

Woman knows how it humbles the proud spirit of man to go shopping, and that is why she likes to take him. No woman can ever really enjoy a man's companionship on such an expedition, but she endures it just to give him a realizing sense of her own superiority.

Men and brethren, never go shopping at all if you can help it; but if you must, avoid, oh, avoid those large places where you can buy anything from a wooden toothpick to a performing giraffe. The man who enters an establishment of this sort leaves hope on the door-mat. He crosses the threshold with a strange sinking of the heart; he thinks of the bright, beautiful world outside, and wishes he had stayed there. He endeavors to assume a sprightly air. He looks about him with feigned interest. There are signs hung all over the place, such as "Special Sale of Horse-Collars," "Full Set of Teeth, 34 cents, Marked down from 41," "Goat Department Upstairs," etc. Behind the counters are a large number of ladies and gentlemen of assorted sizes and ages.

A large man, with a Lake George diamond and a fascinating smile, approaches the visitors, and in silvery accents asks what they want. The lady, perhaps, requests him to direct her to the lace counter, and he informs her that it is on the third floor.

The lace counter is in charge of a weary-looking youth, with a Langtry bang and a large amethyst ring. After he has exhibited two-thirds of his stock, the shopper makes a purchase amounting to eight cents, asks to have it sent home, and demands a souvenir.

Then she visits the silk department, the glove department, the stationery department, the trunk department, and a dozen other departments—reducing her companion to a state of almost utter physical prostration, but preserving her own vigor unimpaired—and at last suggests that they proceed to the restaurant connected with the establishment.

To the restaurant they go; and here the wretched victim of woman's wiles pays three dollars for luncheon, the expense of which meal, he it borne in mind, would not exceed twenty cents were the shopper alone.

This refection over, they usually depart; and if he be a wise man he registers an oath never to do so any more—and keeps it, too.—*Puck.*

Some Politeness Does not Pay.

Politeness is a dangerous experiment at times in some parts of New York. It is a good deal safer to keep silence than to be courteous.

The other day, walking east past the Bowery, were two girls. One had her arms full of bundles and the other, a slight, pale-faced little thing, with arms not much thicker than clothes-pins, was lugging a big valise. She could barely stagger along with her load. Coming behind the two girls was a well-dressed, modest-looking young man, the secretary of a prominent Sunday-school. He is a real nice young man, who would not take advantage of a sick kitten. The sight of the weak little woman with the tremendous valise evidently touched his sympathies, and after looking compassionately at her for a few moments, he stepped alongside and said:

"Pardon me, miss, but that bag seems to be very heavy for you. I am going your way across Grand Street, and if you will permit me I will carry it."

Quick as a flash and before the polite offer was well out of the young man's mouth, the thin, pale-faced girl turned sharply upon him and cried:

"G'won, you dirty dude, 'tisn't the likes of you I'd be after asking to carry my grip."

The young woman with the hundle added some other forcible remarks, and, turning, beckoned down the street. At the same moment, two typical East-Side toughs, who were evidently the escort of the girls, hut had been lounging around some distance behind, came hurrying up. Without stopping to ask what the trouble was, one of the toughs hit the good young man a stinging blow between the eyes which sent him sprawling into the gutter. The good young man had just regained his feet in a dazed sort of way, when a heavy hand fell upon his shoulder, and the voice of a Grand Street policeman roared:

"Come on, now! come on, now, or I'll run you in, ye mashing blackguard!" The good young man attempted to explain, but the policeman hustled him off down the street without ceremony. On the way they met a man of influence in the ward, who happened to know the young Sunday-school secretary, and he got the policeman to release him. Meantime, the toughs and their girls had disappeared down a side street, the thin, pale-faced girl still lahoring under the tremendous valise, while the escort slouched on behind.—*New York Herald.*

Dressing the Boy.

"Elijah, dear, will you dress Willie this morning? I'm in such a hurry, and it won't take you hut a minute or two."

"Certainly," replied Mr. Bixhy, cheerfully, "I'd just as soon dress the little chap as not. Here, my little man, come and let papa dress you. I'll have you as neat as a pin in a jiffy."

Willie, aged four, comes reluctantly from his playthings, and Bixhy hegins:

"Now, let's off with your nighty-gown and—keep still, dear, or I can't unbutton it. There now, we'll—sit still, child. What makes you squirm around like an eel? Where's your little shirty? Ah, here it is, and—sit still! Put up your arm—no, the other one and—*can't* you keep still half a second? Put up your other arm and *stop* hauling and pulling so! Now, let's—come here, boy! What under heaven do you mean by racing off like that with nothing on hut our shirt? Now you come here and let me put the rest of your duds on. Stand *still*, I say! Put your leg in here! Not *that* leg! There you go squirming around like an angle-worm. Now, if you *don't* keep still, young man, I'll—stop pulling at that chain, and—here, Mary Ellen, you'll have to dress this wriggling animal yourself. I couldn't do it in ten years. Go to your mother, sir!"—*Time.*

A Rear Guard.

Little Jimmy Botts brought home a peeled nose and a garter-snake from a picnic the other day, and hid the latter inside the piano. When his sister's young man put up the lid that evening to perpetrate "Two Pretty Black Eyes," he thought he had 'em again, and yelled like a pirate chasing a stage-coach in ahead of time.

Jimmy failed to prove an *alibi*, and his father said he would reason with him in the wood-shed after supper. When the family sat down to the table, Jimmy solemnly entered in his stocking feet and carrying a pillow, upon which he carefully sat down.

"What new monkey-shine is this?" growled old Botts.

"S-s-s-h, papa," whispered Jimmy; "I was playing fire-works with Tommy McGlue this afternoon, and I swallowed a torpedo."

"Did, eh?"

"Yes; and if anything should touch me kinder sudden, I might go off and he tored all to pieces."

And the snake indemnity bill was laid on the tahle.—*Puck.*

Adapted Adages.

There is plenty of room underground.
It's a *nil* wind that does not blow at all.
It is better to give advice than to receive medicine.
A rolling-pin gathers no moss.
The game is never won until the umpire has spoken.
A run in time may save the nine.
Blessed are the peace-makers, but not hy those between whom they mediate.
It is better to have two beaux to one's string.
Little pitchers sometimes command big salaries.
Talk is cheap, if you don't do it through the telephone.
What is one man's food is another man's luxury.
The pensioner is mightier than the sword-wielder in reducing the surplus.
Necessity is the mother of conventions.
Honor among aldermen.
None hut the suave conductor deserve the fare.
Mules are stuhhorn facts.—*Life.*

They Differed.

"Yes," said the temperance orator, solemnly, "drink will he the ruin of the world. Liquor is what paralyzes industry, dwarfs ambition, and retards progress. I knew a young man richly endowed with intellect; a young man who had but to apply himself in order to attain hoth honor and fame. But he became a slave of the demon rum, and now he is languishing in a felon's cell. I tell you, gentlemen, you can not drink and get ahead."

A pale-faced, emaciated young man arose in the back part of the hall, and remarked: "Excuse me, sir, hut I think you are mistaken."

"How am I mistaken?" inquired the orator, somewhat testily.

"In saying that one can not drink and get a head. It always struck me as heing the surest way of getting one."

Then the young man went over to the corner grocery and smiled.—*Life.*

Questions in Inductive Philosophy.

A young lady went into a store and asked for number eleven shoes. In what large Western city did she live?

D. Stump, of Burnt Cabin, York County, Pa., can put a large goose-egg in his mouth and close his lips without crushing the shell. What is the color of D. Stump's cuticle?

A foreign gentleman addressed a native the other day in these words: "No checkee, no shirtee." In what country was the foreign gentleman born?

In a certain bar-room a man arose and made this remark: "Colonel, will you take a drink?" Every man in the room rose, saying: "Thanks! Don't care if I do." In what State did this take place?—*Life.*

John L. as a Legislator.

"I'll have no trouble about getting a hearing in Congress."—*John L. Sullivan's Letter.*

(Scene—Congress some years hence:)

Speaker—All those in favor of the motion as stated by the chair, will manifest it by saying "Aye."

Hundreds of voices—Aye!

Speaker—Opposed, "No."

John L. Sullivan (loudly)—No!

Speaker (very faintly)—The motion is declared lost.—*New York Sun.*

Daughter—"But, mamma, you ought not to object to Charley on account of his poverty. I'm sure he has as much money as father had when he married you. I've often heard you say you were as poor as a church-mouse when you married." *Mother*—"You must remember, my dear, that your father had a good deal of horse sense, which Charley hasn't."—*Terre Haute Express.*

St. Peter (as a shower of mangled remains flies over the wall)—"Bless me! Who are you and where did you come from?" *A voice from the heap*—"I'm Jones from New York. Just note the exact time, old man! We were on the *City of Oshkosh*, and when the passengers on the other racer hegin to drop in, we want you to witness that our boat blew up first!"—*Time.*

"Darling, when we are married, will you stay home every night?" "Yes, Ethel." "And I can have a hox at the opera?" "Yes, sweetheart." "And I can go to all the fashionable halls?" "Yes, heloved." "I shall be so happy!"—*Harper's Bazar.*

Old gent—"Little boy, I am sorry to see you smoking a cigarette." *Little boy*—"I ain't smoking it. I'm keeping it alight for another feller what's gone on an errand."—*Boston Courier.*

Elsie (who has been playing some dance-music for the entertainment of Cousin Tom)—"Do you play anything, Tom?" *Cousin Tom* (from the West)—"Only a little poker."—*Time.*

Not noticeahle: "Bronson is half-witted." "Indeed! As much as that?"—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE NOBLE PATRON.

By Austin Dobson.

What is a *Patron?* Johnson knew,
And well that life-like portrait drew.
He is a Patron who looks down
With careless eye on men who drown;
But if they chance to reach the land,
Encumbers them with helping hand.

Ah! happy we whose artless rhyme
No longer now must creep to climb!
Ah! happy we of later days
Who 'scape those *Caudine Forks* of praise!
Whose votive page may dare commend
A Brother, or a private Friend!
Not so it fared with scribbling man,
As Pope says, "under my Queen *Anne.*"

Dick Dovecot (this was long, be sure,
Ere he attain'd his *Wiltshire* cure,
And settled down, like humbler folks,
To cowslip wine and country jokes)
Once hoped—as who will not?—for fame,
And dream'd of honors and a Name.
A fresh-cheek'd lad, he came to Town
In homespun hose and russet brown,
But arm'd at point with every view
Enforced in Rapin and Bossu,
Besides a stout portfolio ripe
For Lintot's or for Tonson's type.
He went the rounds, saw all the sights,
Dropp'd in at *Will's* and *Tom's* o' nights;
Heard Burnet preach; saw Bicknell dance;
E'en gain'd from Addison a glance;
Nay, once, to make his bliss complete,
He supp'd with Steele in *Bury Street.*
('Tis true the feast was half by stealth:
Prue was in bed; they drank her health.)

By this his purse was running low,
And he must either print or go.
He went to Tonson. Tonson said—
Well, Tonson hummed and shook his head;
Deplor'd the times; abus'd the Town;
But thought—at length—it might go down,
With aid, of course, of *Elzevir.**
And *Prologue*—to a Prince or Peer.
Dick winced at this, for adulation
Was scarce that honest youth's vocation;
Nor did he deem his rustic lays
Required a Coronet for Bays.
But there—the choice was that or none.
The Lord was found; the thing was done.
With Horace and with Tooke's *Pantheon,*
He penn'd his tributary pæan;
Despatch'd his gift, nor waited long
The meed of that ingenuous song.

Ere two days pass'd, a hackney chair
Brought a pert Spark with languid air,
A lace cravat about his throat,
Brocaded gown, *en papillotes.*
("My Lord himself," quoth Dick, "at least."
But no, 'twas that "inferior priest,"
His Lordship's man.) He held a card:
My Lord (it said) would see the Bard

The day arrived; Dick went; was shown
Into an anteroom, alone—
A great gilt room with mirrored door,
Festoons of flowers, and marble floor,
Whose lavish splendors made him look
More shabby than a sheepskin book.
His own book, by the way, he spied
On a far table, toss'd aside.

Dick waited, as they only wait
Who haunt the chambers of the Great.
He heard the chairmen come and go;
He heard the Porter yawn below;
Beyond him, in the Grand Saloon,
He heard the silver stroke of noon;
And thought how at this very time
The old church clock at home would chime.
Dear heart! how plain he saw it all!
The lich-gate and the crumbling wall,
The stream, the pathway to the wood,
The bridge where he so oft had stood.
Then, in a trice, both church and clock
Vanish'd before—a shuttlecock.

A shuttlecock! And following slow
The zigzag of its to and fro,
And so intent upon its flight
She neither look'd to left nor right,
Came a tall girl with floating hair,
Light as a wood-nymph and as fair.

O Dea certè! thought poor Dick,
And thereupon his memories quick
Ran back to her who flung the ball
In Homer's page, and next to all
The dancing maids that bards have sung;
Lastly to One at home, as young,
As fresh, as light of foot, and glad,
Who, when he went, had seem'd so sad.
O Dea certè! (Still he stirred
Nor hand nor foot, nor uttered word.)

Meanwhile the shuttlecock in air
Went darting gayly here and there;
Now cross'd a mirror's face, and next
Shot up amidst the sprawl'd, perplex'd
Olympus overhead. At last,
Jerk'd sideways by a random cast,
The striker miss'd it, and it fell
Full on the book Dick knew so well.
(If he had thought to speak or bow,
Judge if he moved a muscle now!)

The player paused, bent down to look,
Lifted a cover of the book;
Pisbed at the Prologue, passed it o'er,
Went forward for a page or more
(*Asem and Asa:* Dick could trace
Almost the passage and the place);
Then for a moment with bent head
Rested upon her hand and read.
(Dick thought once more how Cousin Cis
Used when she read to lean like this;—
"Used when she read"—why, Cis could say
All he had written—any day!)

Sudden was heard a hurrying tread;
The great doors creaked. The reader fled.
Forth came a crowd with muffled laughter,
A waft of Bergamot, and after,
His Chaplain smirking at his side,
My Lord himself in all his pride—
A portly Shape, in stars and lace,
With wine-bag cheeks and vacant face.

Dick bowed and smiled. The Great Man stared,
With look half puzzled and half scared;
Then seemed to recollect, turned round,
And mumbled some imperfect sound:
A moment more, his coach of state
Dipped on its springs beneath his weight;
And Dick, who followed at his heels,
Heard but the din of rolling wheels.

Away, too, all his dreams had rolled;
And yet they left him half consoled:
Fame, after all, he thought might wait.
Would Cis? Suppose he were too late!
Ten months he'd lost in Town—an age!

Next day he took the *Wiltshire* Stage.
—*October Harper's.*

* *I. e.*, Elzevir type.

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Commencing Sunday, March 31, 1889, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

For SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.30, 3.25, 5.50, 6.10 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 12.30, 1.30, 2.45, 4.20, 5.30, 6.30, P. M.

For SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.10, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.55 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 9.50, 10.55 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 1.15, 2.45, 4.00, 5.20, 6.05, 7.00 P. M. Extra trips on Saturday at 6.25 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents. round trip.

For SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—7.15, 8.15, 9.55, 11.50 A. M.; 2.30, 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.45, 10.35, 11.35 A. M.; 12.45, 1.55, 3.30, 5.10, 5.45, 6.50, 7.45 P. M. Extra trips on Saturday at 6.05 P. M.
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7.00 P. M., Daily (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at 8.15 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12.20 P.M.

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LEAVE	From Oct. 1, 1889.	ARRIVE
7.00 A.	Haywards, Niles and San José	*12.45 P.
7.00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis	7.15 P.
8.00 A.	Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	6.15 P.
9.00 A.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	11.15 A.
9.00 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
10.00 A.	Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
10.00 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	*3.45 P.
12.00 M.	Sacramento River Steamers	**6.00 A.
1.00 P.	Express Haywards, Niles & San José	9.45 A.
1.00 P.	2d Class Ogden and East	10.45 A.
3.00 P.	Stockton and §Milton; Vallejo, Calistoga & Santa Rosa	9.45 A.
3.00 P.	Sacramento and Knight's Landing via Davis	10.15 A.
4.00 P.	Niles and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
4.00 P.	Niles and San José	‡ 4.45 P.
4.00 P.	Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
5.00 P.	Central Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	7.45 P.
5.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East	7.45 A.
6.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.
SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.		
7.30 A.	Newark, San José and Santa Cruz	‡ 8.05 P.
8.30 A.	Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
3.00 P.	Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*11.20 A.
5.15 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, and Los Gatos	9.50 A.
COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)		
7.00 A.	San José, Almaden and Way Stations	2.30 P.
8.00 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos; Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey, Pacific Grove; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations	6.12 P.
9.00 A.	San José and Way Stations	5.02 P.
11.00 A.	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	3.38 P.
3.00 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and principal Way Stations	*10.00 A.
4.00 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 7.58 A.
5.00 P.	San José and Way Stations	9.03 A.
6.00 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A.
11.30 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	† 7.28 P.

A. for morning. P. for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only. ‡ Sundays only. § Saturdays excepted. ** Mondays excepted

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For how many things is climate responsible? See the difference it made in a lady and a gentleman's appreciation of "The Tin Soldier" and "A Brass Monkey."

"The Tin Soldier," seen at the Standard Theatre, in New York, one burning, midsummer night, has left upon their minds an indelible impression of horror. It was a stifling evening—the sort of evening when the sun sets in a red-hot blaze at the end of cross streets, its glory barred with a net-work of telegraph wires, when the dusty leaves hang limp and motionless on the alanthus trees in the park, when people sit at the open windows of restaurants wielding palm-leaf fans, when the crowd drags its feet, organs sound fitfully from distant streets, and the night holds its breath. Wise people were all out of town, at the seaside, sitting on the breakwater in the cool of the evening, listening to the gurgling of the waves round the piers, and watching the stars come slowly out.

But two unfortunates, a lady and a gentleman, were in town, and they went out after dinner for a breath of air. It was hot and tiring walking, and seeing a theatre with a crowd going in: "Let us try this," said the gentleman, who was of an adventurous spirit—"'The Tin Soldier'—a friend of mine says it's awfully funny."

They went in. It was hotter than ever in the theatre. Everything seemed to blaze, the lights naturally—but beside these, other things which had no right to—the hangings, the gilding, the frescoes, the people's faces. The curtain rose on the household of Brooklyn Bridge, and the lady and the gentleman prepared themselves to laugh. But a sphinx-like gravity settled on their faces.

"I suppose it's going to get amusing after a while," said the gentleman, hopefully, as the Professor came in and broke down the ceiling; "it's going to gradually work up with a crescendo movement. Don't let us despair."

"I wish Bridget was not quite so stout," said the lady, peevishly; "stout people look so out of season in summer."

This was Amy Ames, a really clever comedian, the brightest and most original member of the company, and together with The Dancing Mad-Girl, taken by a young English woman with a cross-eye and accordion-skirts, which made her look as if she was dressed in a lamp-shade, had spirit enough to give the successful fillip to a duller play than "The Tin Soldier." They have no one in "A Brass Monkey" to offset these two whose loss they must mourn. Miss Walsh dances nicely, but she has neither the grace nor the buoyant lightness of the cross-eyed English girl, whose oblique orbs would have caused Jonah superstitious qualms. And Miss Walsh suffers by comparison with the redoubtable Amy Ames, singing the "Moon and I," with two small Japanese fans stuck through her "blue-black Irish hair."

But such is the depressing effect of warm weather that not even the combined efforts of these two gifted beings could beguile the lady and gentleman into forgetting that the mercury was ranging amid the nineties. They would laugh at nothing—not at the Professor, not at Rats, not at Bridget, not even at Miss Flora Walsh as Mrs. Hogg's domestic, in a white pinafore and bare arms, and holding a little kitten up against her chin. Indeed, it was just as she made her famous remark about the pestilence that the lady remarked to the gentleman:

"Who was the man who told you this was awfully funny? Because you have my permission to cut him, or even to kill him, if you want."

"I will challenge him to-morrow," said the gentleman.

The agile mercury mounted higher and higher, and the vivacity of the company seemed to increase correspondingly. The vim with which they acted made last week's performance at the California appear almost indifferent. They all seemed to be enjoying themselves. The twinkling feet of the Dancing Mad-Girl, like the little pigs in the story, "ran around so fast you couldn't count them." Miss Ames sang with rich, Irish note, and Mrs. Bridge investigated the first rows in the orchestra with a pair of lovely, large black eyes.

"Why is that woman looking at you as if you were a basilisk?" asked the lady.

"She is fascinated by my beauty, of course. But I doubt whether even a basilisk could remain here and live."

They had the bad taste to leave before Miss Walsh sang her Spanish serenade—but their misery must be their excuse. As they drifted out toward the street, leaving behind them a burst of laughter and a blaze of light, the lady remarked:

"Is it their fault, or is it ours?"

It was neither. The cause was purely climatic. It was really due to the soaring ambitions of the mercury upon that particular midsummer evening.

For seeing "A Brass Monkey" a year or two after, on a cool night, in San Francisco, they came to the conclusion that, though the play was much poorer, the evening was much pleasanter. There was a fog this evening. The lamps cut yellow blurs out of the mist and the cobble-stones shone with moisture. When the car-horses paused, they stood modestly veiled in steam, and ladies walked with their skirts held up off the pavements. The lady and the gentleman strolled along in the fog. The air was moist and fresh, the lights shone through it large and indistinct, and in the crowd jostling on the gleaming sidewalks there were any number of good-looking people.

It was even cool and pleasant in the theatre. But the lady and the gentleman had not been there half an hour before they knew the piece was not to be compared with that other one, seeing which they had endured all the pangs and earned none of the glories of the ordeal by fire. It was a faint shadow of a Hoyt farce. It had just sufficient life in it, ably assisted by the cool night, the pretty theatre, the bull-dog and the little girl, to keep the auditor from slumbering with the obstinate persistency of Kathleen Mavourneen or beating a retreat before the tenth repetition of "Razzle Dazzle." Yet, after "The Tin Soldier," they found it very soothing, mild, and restful.

"There is certainly no unseemly levity about this," said the gentleman; "please wake me at 'McGee's back-yard,'" and, wrapping the draperies of his coat about him, be retired to pleasant dreams.

"But you may miss a joke," said the lady, uneasily; "do you like to take the risk?"

"Oh, don't be afraid. If there is a joke in the air, I shall feel it coming a long time before it gets here, and be quite fresh and smiling to receive it."

There was just enough story to keep the piece together, and not too much to render these naps by the way an impossibility. You woke with a pleasant start, and took up the thread of events without experiencing any disturbing sense of loss. If you could hear Miss Flora Walsh sing "Drill, ye Tarriers," you felt that you had spent a pleasant and profitable evening.

Who would suppose that one's capacity for enjoyment was regulated by the thermometer? If "A Brass Monkey" is bearable in California, what must "The Tin Soldier" have been? Maddening, bewildering in its wealth of brilliancy, of wit, of humor. To return to our original text—for how much is climate responsible? G. B.

STAGE GOSSIP.

"A Brass Monkey" will be continued for another week at the California Theatre.

McKee Rankin will appear in "'49" at the Alcazar on Monday night, when a benefit will be tendered to Mark Thall. The same play will be continued through the week.

"La Fille de Madame Angot," with Belle Thorne and Louise Manfred in the leading feminine rôles, affords a pleasing foil to Furst's "Theodora," and the two draw large audiences to the Tivoli night after night.

Joseph Grismer and Miss Davies, supported by substantially the same company that appeared in "The Burglar," will come to the Bush Street Theatre next week. They appear in "The Tigress" during their first week.

"The Toodles," a two-act comedy which has weathered many seasons of amateur acting, will be given at Irving Hall, next Friday evening, by a company of amateurs, for the benefit of a charity fund of St. Peter's Church.

The J. C. Duff Opera Company, which will come to the Baldwin for the holidays, will be one of the strongest light-opera organizations ever sent out from New York. "The Queen's Mate" and "Paola" will be presented in spectacular style.

Rosina Vokes has commenced her tour and is drawing larger houses than on any of her previous tours. Her coming here is awaited with interest, as she has added several plays to her repertoire and has an excellent company supporting her.

"Little Lord Fauntleroy" is to be run for two weeks at the Baldwin, commencing next Monday, with matinées on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. There has been a heavy advance sale of seats, and a repetition of the former success may be expected.

Wallie Eddinger and Flossie Ethyl will be the little lord on alternate nights during the run of "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Since they were last here, they have appeared extensively in the East, and have been generally adjudged quite the equals of the infant prodigies of the New York and Boston productions of the play.

The rôle of Gemarino, in "La Tosca," must be irresistibly attractive to maidens with dramatic leanings, as it is stated that there were seventy-five applicants for the part when Miss Davenport was assigning the characters. Such a wide range would embarrass almost any woman's judgment, but Miss Davenport is to be congratulated on her choice. Kathlynne Heron makes a pleasing Gemarino, and puts a deal of life into the page's part.

That pretty little singer, Clara Lane, who raised a pretty rumpus in the Carleton Opera Company at the close of their last engagement at the Baldwin by getting married to J. K. Murray, the baritone who sang the toast-song in "Dorothy" so well, made her reappearance on the stage last week in Philadelphia with the Carleton Company. Her temporary retirement has been excused by those who missed her silvery voice since they learned the why and wherefore; five weeks ago she increased the population by one prospective voter.

Four or five years ago, San Francisco was not electrified when a Miss Grace Hawthorne appeared continuously for a fortnight at the Alcazar in some melodrama which has slipped back into oblivion. The young lady has not slipped back into anything like oblivion, however. She had a pot of money, and, securing the services of a manager whose ability to procure free advertising has gained for him the title of "Rustler" Kelly, she went to London. Here she did not mince matters; she hired a theatre outright, and has ever since figured as the lessee of the Princess's, playing the leading rôles at her theatre. Three years of running a theatre would make almost any pot of money look pretty tired, if the theatre did not attain some degree of popularity; and, as Miss Hawthorne still holds the fort, she must have made some inroads upon the British heart. But she shows signs of weakening. She has been announcing and postponing an American tour for some months, though now the tour has been put off for a year. The reason ascribed is the necessity for Miss Hawthorne's attendance at a suit-at-law, in London, in which she sues Manager Palmer for not producing "Theodora" in London. This statement is being industriously circulated by Mr. "Rustler" Kelly, and, in accordance with his request, we give it this publicity.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

She—"This is Minerva." *He*—"Was she married?" *She*—"No, she was the Goddess of Wisdom."—*Life.*

"Were you ever stage-struck?" "Worse than that—run over by a Broadway car."—*Harper's Bazar.*

He—"Do you believe in marrying for money, Miss Antique?" *She*—"I don't know; how much have you got?"—*Epoch.*

Professor—"Mr. Benedick, you may define the superior maxillary." *Mr. Benedick* (finishing his education after marriage)—"The wife's."—*Puck.*

New missionary (to perishing heathen)—"How long do missionaries usually last in this climate?" *Perishing heathen*—"'Bout two meals."—*Time.*

The only son of the millionaire—"Oh, Mabel, do you love me?" *Mabel*—"No." *The son*—"Then you won't marry me?" *Mabel*—"Of course I will!"—*Life.*

Editor—"I can not think and use the type-writer at the same time." *Rival editor*—"Then you find the type-writer no better than the pen."—*Boston Courier.*

"Marriages are made in heaven," quoth Miss Antique. "Then there is some chance for you yet," was the cruel response of her younger sister.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Policeman—"Do you have to take care of the dog?" *Nurse-girl*—"No; the missis says I'm too young and inexperienced. I only look after the children."—*Life.*

Bessie—"Do you read the departments devoted to women in the Sunday papers?" *Jennie*—"No, my dear. Those articles are only fit for men to read."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Judge—"You reside——?" *Witness*—"With my brother." "And your brother lives——?" "With me." "Precisely; but you both live——?" "Together."—*Eulenspiegel.*

Miss Summit—"I had such a delightful time at Newport." *Miss Palisade* (who owns a cottage at Bar Harbor)—"Ah, indeed? How did you find the—er—hotel there?"—*Life.*

Trumble (to office-boy)—"Can you tell me if the sporting editor is in his office?" *Office-boy*—"He aint got any office. He's outside marking the base-ball scores on the bulletin."—*Time.*

In a labor meeting: "You are working-men——" "Hooray!" "And because you are working-men——" "Hooray!" "You must work." "Put him out! put him out!"—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Mike—"What's the matter, Bill? Yer looking pale." *Bill*—"Too much head-work, Mike. I had ter sleep all night wid me head agin a knot-hole ter keep th' muskeeters out o' the barn."—*Time.*

"There is ice in Greenland six thousand feet thick," read Mr. Mumble in his evening paper. "That's just the way," commented his wife; "I suppose it's so cool there they don't need it, either."—*Puck.*

Guest—"I judge from your talk that the season has not been a very profitable one for the summer hotels." *Proprietor*—"Well, we might have done worse." *Guest*—"Not in the dining-room."—*Judge.*

"Hard work has done Charley Barrett good. Just see what huge muscles he has on his arms." "Yes; he wasn't so last year. What was his work on the ranch?" "He did the carving at meals."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Mrs. Proudfoot—"I have at last consented to my daughter's marriage with George. You know he saved her from drowning while bathing." *Little Tommy* (speaking up)—"Sister told me it was a put-up job."—*Epoch.*

Young lady—"A pair of No. twos, if you please." *Shoe-salesman* (glancing at her foot)—"You probably have not heard that twos are out of fashion. Mrs. Langtry wears a No. five, Mrs. Potter a five-and-a-half, Mrs. Cleveland five, and Mary Anderson No. six." "Indeed! Well give me a pair of fives, then."—*New York Weekly.*

Republican—"I am gratified to hear you adm that Mr. Harrison appoints only first-class men postmasters." *Democrat*—"You misunderstood m my friend; what I said was that he appoints on first-class postmasters."—*Life.*

Alice—"I've just been reading a newspaper d cussion on 'When Women should Marry,' M Elder. When do you think a girl should marry? *Miss Elder* (emphatically)—"Just as soon as she h a proposal."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Inquiring spectator (at the races)—"Which hor was it that won?" *Speculative speculator* (gloomil —"I don't know the name of the horse that wo but I know the names of most of the horses th didn't win."—*New York Weekly.*

Hackman (at Niagara Falls)—"Take you to t Falls for five dollars." *Crank*—"I wish to enter t stream at a point above the cataract and float do over it."—*Hackman* (cordially)—"Take you th for nothing, sir."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Critic—"What does that fashionably attired you man with wings represent?" *Cartoonist*—"T angel of style." *Critic*—"Who ever saw an an wear a silk-hat and a suit of clothes?" *Cartoon* —"Who ever saw one that didn't?"—*Life.*

"But you are surely mad! How can you think borrowing money on those terms and from people that stamp?" "My dear fellow," replied Gontr "better go to a scamp who lends you money at fifte per cent. than to an honest man who refuses you five!"—*Le Figaro.*

Spirit of great physician (in the other world "Oh! Oh! Oh! Ouch! Ooo! What did y kick me that way for? Ouch!" *Unknown form* "I am Nature, and, seeing you tired and weary thought I would assist you along the way you u to assist me."—*Puck.*

He—"This is a nice state of things and we are o four months married. I'm almost crazy at seeing gadding about with my old rival. You recollect wh you promised at the altar?" *She*—"Indeed I do dear. I was so nervous then that I don't remem the least thing."—*Life.*

Mabel Meadowsweet—"So you refused him. W did the poor fellow say?" *Laura Layoverem*—" said he knew a girl who would marry him and glad to." *Mabel*—"I wonder whom he mear *Laura*—"I wondered, too, so I asked him." *Ma* —"Who was it?" *Laura*—"You."—*Life.*

Between clerks in a big counting-house: "H you hear the news, George?" "No; what is Billy?" "The cashier has skipped to Canada w three hundred thousand dollars belonging to the bo "Well, well; pretty smart, ain't it?" "And he a took away your silk umbrella you left here yesterda "Confound the rascal!"—*New York Sun.*

Mr. Franklin de Belleville—"I'm mighty g cold weather is coming on, for one thing. I w have to work this lawn-mower then." *Mrs. Belleville* (pleasantly)—"No; you'll have noth to bother you but the furnace." *De Bellev* (fiercely, after an interval of gloomy silence)—"W you're a cheerful companion for a man, I m say!"—*Puck.*

Mr. Primus—"Your friend, Oldham, is a qu character, isn't he, Secundus?" *Mr. Secundu* "Oh, I don't know. He is quite an accomplis fellow, I can tell you." *Mr. Primus*—"I saw tha had a good many hobbies. Something of an tiquary, too, isn't he?" *Mr. Secundus*—"No, that I know of." *Mr. Primus*—"Well, I beard ask Miss Whitebead, point-blank, how old she wa —*Life.*

"I'd like to exchange this yard of ribbon; i soiled in one place," said Mrs. Shoppingley to of the clerks at Silk & Sattin's. "I'm not the l you bought it of," replied the sales-duchess in atte ance; "I've just returned from my season in country and some other lady must have sold i you. Here, Maggie, did you sell this person a y of orange ribbon? No? Well, see which of ladies in our department *did* sell it, then."—*Time*

It is a fact not generally known that a numbe foreign governments keep at the American ca secret representatives, themselves Americans, wh duty it is not only to watch the American Gov ment, but to keep an eye upon the ministers and l tions sent here by their employers. These se agents are usually men who have held high offi positions under the United States Government, gi them a great advantage in procuring informat The diplomatic representative of a government is pected to attend to all official matters; the se agent keeps his employer informed concerning latest gossip, social, political, diplomatic, milit naval, in which that government may have inte Sevellon Brown, formerly chief-clerk of the S Department, is the secret representative of Franc Washington. John W. Foster, formerly United St Minister to Mexico and Russia, represents both t countries here, Mexico as an attorney, with an an salary of twenty-five thousand dollars, and Russi secret agent, with a salary said to be ten thous dollars a year. Spain, Germany, China, and C are other countries which hire bright American help watch their interest in this capital.

The San Francisco Fencing Club has tenden benefit to its *maître d'armes*, M. Tronchet, whic to take place at Union Square Hall on Satur evening, October 12th. The exercises will consi a general assault-at-arms by members of the club number of fencing bouts, including one between young ladies and Messrs. Tronchet and Ansot, *prévost*, will fight a duel in the old style, using sw and daggers, and will give an exhibition of *la sa* the French method of boxing with the hands and

It is rather extraordinary to read the statement the American tour of the London Gaiety Comp resulted in a loss of nearly fifty thousand doll The company played to crowded houses in e American city. Considering the enormous busi that was done, it is evident that the loss must h been the result of mismanagement.

Sembrich, next to Patti the most accomplis singer in the Italian school, has yielded to the p sure of German music and is studying the rôle Elsa in "Lohengrin," in the expectation of s singing it at Berlin.

NTURY BRIC-À-BRAC.

The Dialect Tale.

We have had it in Irish and Dutch,
From the east, from the north, from the south;
The spelline is generally such
As to twist the most classical mouth.
We have meekly submitted for long,
We have patiently tried to pronounce
This language of story and song,
But there comes to each pound a last ounce.

O brothers, we pray and beseech,
If you have a "short story" to tell,
Put it into your every-day speech,
And spell as the spelling-books spell!
If you find it devoid of all wit,
If it lacketh both humor and sense,
If it aimeth and faileth to hit,
Spare, spare us the final offense!

Has the reader no rights of his own?
Must he read his once-loved magazines
In language which makes him to groan
With struggles to guess what it means,
While, haunted by similar tales,
He tries to compare and collate,
Till overtaxed memory fails,
And he yields to bewildering fate?

"Take care of the sense," we are told,
"And the sounds will take care of themselves."
It is time to return to the fold,
O fillers of library shelves!
If man is a savage at heart,
Conventions may suddenly fail,
And an *auto-da-fé* in the mart
Be the end of the dialect tale!

—*Margaret Vandegrift.*

Ol' Pickett's Nell.

Fee more 'an ever like a fool
Sence Pickett's Nell come back from school.
She oncet wuz twelve 'nd me eighteen
('Nd better friends you never seen);
But now—oh, my!
She's dressed so fine, 'nd growed so tall,
'Nd l'arnin'—she jes knows it all.
She's eighteen now, but I'm so slow
I'm whar I wuz six year ago.

Six year! Waal, waal! doan't seem a week
Sence we rode Dolly to th' creek,
'Nd fetched th' cattle home at night,
Her hangin' to my jacket tight.
But now—oh, my!
She rides in Pickett's new coopay
Jes like she'd be'n hrung up thet way,
'Nd lookin' like a reg'lar queen—
Th' mostest like *I* ever seen.

She uster tease, 'nd tease, 'nd tease
Me fer to take her on my knees;
Then tired me out 'ith Maree'y Daw,
'Nd laffin' tell my throat wuz raw.
But now—oh, my!
She sets up this way—kinder proud,
'Nd never noways laughs out loud.
You w'u'dn't hardly think thet she
Hed ever see-sawed on *my* knee.

'Nd sometimes, ef at noon I'd choose
To find a shady place 'nd snooze,
I'd wake with hurdocks in my hair
'Nd elderberries in my ear.
But now—oh, my!
Somebody said ('twuz yesterday):
"Let's hev some fun w'ile Ned's away;
Let's turn bis jacket inside out!"
But Nell—she'd jes turn red 'nd pout.

'Nd oncet when I wuz dreamin'-like,
A-throwin' akerns in th' dike,
She put her arms clean round my head,
'Nd whispered soft, "I like you, Ned";
But now—oh, my!
She curteseyed so stiff 'nd grand,
'Nd never oncet held out her hand,
'Nd called me "Mister Edward!" Laws!
Thet ain't my name, 'nd never wuz.

'Nd them 'at knowed 'er years ago
Jes laughed t' see 'er put on so;
Coz it wuz often talked, 'nd said,
"Nell Pickett's jes cut out fer Ned."
But now—oh, my!
She held her purty head so high,
'Nd skasely saw me goin' by—
I w'u'dn't dast (afore last night)
A-purposely come near her sight.

Last night!—Ez I wuz startin' out
To git th' cows, I heerd a shout;
'Nd, sure ez ghostses, she wuz thar,
A-settin' on ol' Pickett's mar';
'Nd then—oh, my!
She said she'd cried fer all th' week
To take th' ol' ride to th' creek;
Then talked about ol' times, 'nd said,
"Them days wuz happy, wa'nt they, Ned?"

Th' folks wuz talkin' ev'rywhars
'Bout her a-puttin' on sech airs,
'Nd seemed t' me like they wuz right,
Afore th' cows come home last night.
But now—oh, my!

* * * * * * * * *

—*Mather Dean Kimball.*

The Elder Galvanism.

A PARABLE FOR NOVELISTS.

Paulus, who love science more than money,
Self, woman, fame, or art,
ssect a certain sleek, tame household bunny
And galvanize its heart.

mes Paula, liking science less than habit,
Wit, beauty, youth, and flowers:
orms—calls me monster—wants her old live rabbit,
Whose heart beats—beats—like ours!

—*Dora Read Goodale.*

When Polly Goes By.

m it poorly I'm lodged in a little side street,
. is seldom disturbed by the hurry of feet,
e flood-tide of life long ago ebbed away
o its homely old houses, rain-beaten and gray;
sit with my pipe in the window and sigh
buffets of fortune—till Polly goes by.

s a flaunting of ribbons, a flurry of lace,
rose in the bonnet above a bright face,
ce from two eyes so deliciously blue
idsummer seas scarcely rival their hue;
ce in a while, if the wind's blowing high,
und of soft laughter as Polly goes by.

p jumps my heart and begins to beat fast.
coming!" it whispers. "She's here! She has
ssed!"
I throw up the sash and lean breathlessly down
ch the last glimpse of her vanishing gown,
d, delighted, yet wondering why
ses desert me if Polly goes by.

e must be a witch, and the magical spell
s woven about me has done its work well,
morning grows brighter, and gayer the air,
ny landlady sings as she sweeps down the stair,
poor lonely garret, up close to the sky,
something like heaven when Polly goes by!

—*M. E. W.*

October Century.

t oysters in all styles, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

A PECULIAR BAPTISM,

In which two Distinguished Kentuckians Figure.

It is a well-known fact that, upon the collapse of the Southern Confederacy, Judah P. Benjamin—at the time of the secession of a majority of the slave-holding States a United States Senator from Louisiana, and subsequently attorney-general of the Confederate States along with John C. Breckenridge, former Member of Congress from Kentucky, Vice-President of the United States, and later the candidate for the Presidency of one "wing" of the great Democratic bird—accompanied Jefferson Davis in his flight from Richmond. These two prominent leaders of the rebellion, however, prior to the arrest of its head and front, made their way to the Bahama Banks, where, chartering a fishing-smack, they crossed over to Cuba, and, eventually reaching Havana, they embarked on a British steamer, and, landing at Liverpool, proceeded at once to the great metropolis of the world. Benjamin, remaining in London, took the oath of allegiance, and, becoming a British subject, entered at once upon the practice of his profession, and soon attained a high rank at the British bar. Employing his leisure time in writing several legal works—which soon became acknowledged authority—they contributed not a little to his advancement as a barrister, and a source of no small emolument as well. His rise in his profession was rapid beyond all precedent, and at the time of his death, which occurred a few years since, he had attained the high and much coveted rank of queen's counsel and law officer to the crown. His compatriot, Breckenridge—also a lawyer, who had attained some prominence in the profession, where such legal luminaries as the Clays, Crittendens, Wickliffes, Rowans, Bibbs, Guthries, and a host of others shone conspicuously at the bar of his native State—for some reason crossed the channel, drifting to the gay French capital.

There are a number of people in California hailing from Henderson, a not very large town located on the Southern bank of the Ohio River, some distance below the flourishing city of Louisville. Notwithstanding its inferiority in point of size and population to many other settlements along this leading artery of the commerce of the South-West, it was the principal shipping port for one of Kentucky's leading staples—tobacco, hemp, and whisky being its most prominent rivals. The principal buyer and shipper of this article from this point was John Burbank, whose brother, the late Caleb T. Burbank, will be remembered by many of California's citizens from his having served a term as district judge and also as State senator from San Francisco, under the old constitution. In the course of some years' successful trade in this profitable commodity, amounting to some hundreds of thousands, this stalwart son of the genial soil of Kentucky had amassed considerable wealth. As he was always ready to accommodate the planters with liberal advances upon their crops, at fair rates, he might be said to have monopolized almost the entire business in this line in Southern Kentucky. During "the unpleasantness," he was, like Senators Crittenden, Dixon, McCreery, Prentice, of the Louisville *Journal*, and a large number of other leading men of his State, a stanch and true supporter of the Union from first to last. Soon after "the cruel war was over," he took it into his head to make the tour of Europe, and see what was to be seen outside of "God's country," as many of the pioneer settlers of "Old Kaintuck" were wont to characterize a region which, on account of the fierce Indian wars attendant upon its early settlement, was styled "The Dark and Bloody Ground." So set were this class in their opinions with regard to the manifold attractions of this region, that an old pioneer preacher, in his earnest endeavors to give his hearers some idea of the beatitudes of the Celestial Kingdom, that, failing to conjure up a suitable simile, he wound up with this ecstatic exclamation: "In short, my dearly beloved brethering an' sistering, heaven is a real Kentucky of a place!" In the estimation of both himself and the assembled congregation, this capped the climax, as even the most exalted imagination could go no further.

Arriving at that renowned city, where all good Frenchmen go when they die—no matter where they may happen to "shuffle off this mortal coil"—in one of his daily rambles through the streets of the gay capital, he encountered a tall, *distingué*-looking individual, wearing the seedy uniform of a Confederate major-general, topped off with a rusty fatigue cap that had evidently seen hard service. Throwing up his hands, in the intensity of his astonishment, he exclaimed: "My God, John, is this you; where did you come from; and how the devil did you get here?" After a hearty hand-shake, the tobacco factor having known his fellow-countryman from his childhood, and also his father before him—these hurried questions being satisfactorily answered—Burbank continued: "Now come with me," and proceeding to the nearest gentleman's furnishing-store, the almost worn-out Confederate rig was replaced by an elegant civilian's suit of the latest fashion. The outward man being thus amply provided for, the party proceeded to a popular café, and having refreshed the inner man with a sumptuous repast, the generous Kentuckian addressed his companion and guest with: "Now, John, I suppose your family at home are in almost as sore a strait as you are here?" Without waiting for an affirmative answer, he continued: "Come along with me," and proceeding to the banker's upon whom he had a healthy letter of credit, he proceeded to remit by telegraph the sum of three thousand dollars to those at home dependant upon his companion. This accomplished, the generous Kentuckian unfolded his plans to the expatriated Confederate soldier and statesman, which were to visit the principal capitals of the leading European nations, winding up with a thorough tour through the Holy Land, and nothing would do but his fellow-Kentuckian must accompany him on his protracted travels. After a sojourn in the gay French capital long enough to have achieved a satisfactory look at the numerous "lions," for which it has a world-wide reputation, the other leading European cities were leisurely visited in succession. After a sojourn in the Eternal City, long enough to examine thoroughly the relics of the past glory of the once-proud Mistress of the World, comparing them with its more modern advancement, the travelers turned their faces toward the Holy City, where, after a thorough examination of the wonders of the temple and pilgrimages to the sacred spots held in veneration alike by Christian and Pagan, they at length stood upon the banks of the River Jordan. As the day was exceeding sultry, in their wanderings along the meanderings of the sacred stream reaching a secluded spot, hidden from the gaze of the curious, they concluded to indulge in the luxury of a bath. After splashing around in the water to their hearts' content, the stalwart Kentuckian, suddenly seizing his companion in his arms, soused him completely under, holding him there as long as the situation could be endured, without stopping off his victim's wind entirely. Finally letting him up to catch his breath, his tormentor put to him the pertinent question whether he would ever again be guilty of rebelling against a government which he had, on taking the oath of its second highest officer, sworn to support and defend. After a solemn pledge thus extorted being made by the repentant rebel chief, his monitor continued: "Now, John, since I have baptized you in the sacred waters of the River Jordan, you are reconstructed, regenerated, and redeemed, and d——n you, if you ever violate the pledge you have made and take up arms against your country, I'll lash you to a hogshead of tobacco, spread-eagle fashion, and roll you off the old wharf-boat at Henderson into the Ohio River and drown you—I will, as sure as there is a God in heaven." As Sterne says of the profane expression used by Uncle Toby—who, when instead of crushing the fly that had annoyed him by its persistent buzzing gave the insect its liberty—if the recording angel made a note of the loyal Kentuckian's emphatic expletives, taking into consideration all the surrounding circumstances, he undoubtedly in this, as in the case quoted, blotted it out with a tear.

Both the parties named remained truly loyal to the last, and crossed over Jordan some years since. It may safely be premised that such an occurrence as that narrated, certainly by such parties as were engaged, has never before or since transpired in this universally reverenced locality. Napoleon the Third was anxious that his son and heir to the throne of France should go through his "baptism of fire" at the Sedan, but this baptism of a repentant rebel by the loyal Kentuckian was, to say the least, a strange, striking, and peculiar one. E. R. C.

SAN FRANCISCO, October, 1889.

W. W. Story says: I had just arrived in America and was taking my breakfast in the breakfast-room of the hotel, when a pretty woman came in, with a little child, and seated herself near me. The child had no appetite and refused, in a whining voice, everything that was offered to it. The mother apparently was disturbed by this, and at last relapsed into silence for a few minutes. Then suddenly she turned to the child, and said: "Well, don't you feel like beefsteak?" Feel like beefsteak! That was good. It is better than the singular epithet I once heard an American lady apply to a fish at a *table d'hôte*. When it was placed on the table, she turned to her husband, and exclaimed: "What an elegant fish!" Odder still is the American use of love for like. They love beef and potatoes, and they like their friends.

On Sunday, September 1st, last, the French Government took forcible possession of the telephone-system throughout France. The telephone company protested against the seizure of its property, but were obliged to yield. The action of the government in the matter originated in the theory that the telephone-system should be run by the national government for the benefit of the community at large. The telephone company is loud and violent in its denunciations of the action of the government, which it describes as being nothing less than a shameless robbery, and it has already commenced legal proceedings in the matter, with the object of securing not only the cost value of the material which it owned, but also a heavy indemnity for the loss of so lucrative a monopoly.

Professor Proctor accounted for the incurably low character of many of the mountaineers in the Cumberland and Appalachian Mountains, all the way from West Virginia to northern Georgia. He traced them, in a paper read before the Filson Club, of Louisville, to "bad stock" from Virginia and North Carolina tide-water counties; men and women who were transported from England as convicts, or vagabonds, or sturdy beggars, many of them the descendants of thralls from before the Norman conquest, and who before, and even for some time after, the revolution were held in a sort of slavery as white "servants."

Few persons outside of New York city have a correct idea of the enormous rents charged and paid for offices in Wall Street and its vicinity. The highest price paid for a single office-room in the Equitable Building is twenty thousand dollars a years, paid by one of the big law firms. The cheapest room is two hundred and fifty dollars a year. The room is nine feet square. It is generally conceded that the handsomest office building in that city is the new United States Trust Company's building. It takes a millionaire to open offices in that edifice.

The London post-office, not long ago, received a letter addressed to "Monsieur Pale Ale, Brasserie, Londres." It was from Algiers. "Try Bass," said the head postal-clerk; and sure enough it was a letter to Bass & Co. ordering beer.

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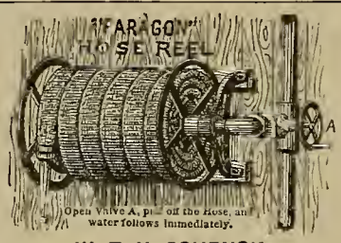

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n estimate of the life and character of David S. Terry, by E. G. Waite, appears in the current number of the *Overland Monthly*. Mr. Waite is well qualified to write a *true* estimate e life and services of this eccentric and criminal character, his he has not done. Mr. Waite has been contemporaries with David S. Terry for almost the entire time in which fe has been passed and his characteristics been under observan; Mr. Waite was a State senator and editor of the Sacramento *Union*, living with Terry in the same city, and having been emporaneous with him during the period which both have ed in California—*i. e.*, from youth to advanced age. ce, when so impartial a writer declares that Judge Terry closed a *remarkable* life and filled a *prominent* place in history of this State, and endows him with "courage," nesty," and "honor" in his private life, prominence at the bar, ruptibility upon the bench, and accredits him with possessa "genial and companionable spirit," and the possession of nirable" traits which attached friends to him; and in alternate nces charges him with a "quick and violent temper," with g "ungovernable when aroused," of Herculean strength and massive form, skillful in the use of arms, born in Kentucky, educated on the frontier in Mexican War times, and in the rough life on the trail which brought him to California, "when society was molding its heterogeneous elements into order"; he was "imperious and impetuous"; he "was a terror to those he hated, and his hates were strong"; Terry was a man of "violence"; JUDGED BY THE STANDARD OF HIS CLASS, HE WAS THE SOUL OF HONOR! So was Robin Hood esteemed by all his merry robbers in Sherwood Forest; so was Claude Duval; so was the bloody Alva, when he burned hecatombs of heretics; so was Napoleon, when he stole the imperial crown of France; so was Jeffries, presiding at the bloody assizes, and Hildebrand, the great Pope, when he sent the wives of priests to dishonor, death, and starvation; so has been every successful villain who has had the gift of controlling men in robber bands, in directing marauding invasions; every great military genius who led armies, not for patriotism, but for conquest; every tyrannical king who has waded through blood for the establishment of dynastic power; every Pope and potentate who has used the inquisition for the suppression of conscience by mechanical tortures and death upon funeral pyres; every rogue who has robbed a municipal corporation or gained political power by indirection and used it for a dishonest purpose. When Mr. E. G. Waite declares that it is too soon to analyze the life and character of David S. Terry, it is simply an admission on his part that he lacks the courage to do it honestly. The proper time to write a review of such a life—if it is worthy of being done at all—is when the clamor is in the air, when recollections are fresh, when living men, who have witnessed the evil consequences of evil characteristics, are prepared to write truthfully and fearlessly of their observations. To speak other than truthfully of the dead is a crime against the living; to say nothing of the dead unless of good, if all his life was not good, is cowardly sycophancy or sentimentality diseased; to say nothing of a life which is ended, is to sacrifice the moral examples of the good and bad, for almost the only thing which a good man or a bad man can leave behind him is the influence of his example. If, as in the case of Judge Terry, public sentiment and popular opinion were overwhelmingly opposed to him, as Mr. Waite asserts, then it comes very near to proof of the fact that his life had been overbalanced with evil and that his death was not a public calamity. Mr. Waite, in his endeavor to be impartial and fair-minded, has done Judge Terry rank injustice in the two instances he has given of his characteristics; they are these: When Judge Terry was upon the bench of the supreme court, —which position he did not attain by his legal acquirements or by any qualifications for a judicial position, but through the accident of a revolution which threw "Know-Nothings" to the political surface—he was called upon to decide the constitutionality of an over-issue of State scrip, some part of which he held for his judicial salary. The "tempter"—who is Mr. Waite's informant and who declares that *he knew what the decision would be before it was rendered*—offered to act as broker for the sale of Judge Terry's scrip. Mr. Waite's picture of the indignant giant, in stentorian voice thundering forth his refusal "to cheat a Jew" with what he had declared worthless, may be regarded as sensational and dramatic, but will not be accepted as true by any man who ever knew Judge Terry, for no enemy has ever charged him with being a dishonest judge, nor do dishonest judges, as a rule, disclose their decisions before they are rendered; if they do, they would not sell their own property to an innocent purchaser when they had declared it valueless. We do not doubt that Mr. Waite's "tempter" so informed him, but we think the "tempter" lied. The decision rendered by the supreme court in the Archy case, in which, according to Judge Joseph Baldwin, "the law was given to the North and the nigger to the South," is not creditable to Judge Terry, nor does the reviewer of Terry's life and character relieve either by giving as an excuse that "Terry was a believer in African slavery," for if this was his motive for his judicial decision, then Terry was not an honest judge. Because from Northern pulpits reverend divines preached sermons in favor of slavery, and the Vicegerent of God acknowledged the independence of the Confederate Government, and acknowledged Jefferson Davis as his "brother in Christ," is no excuse for a judge to be guilty of wantonly violating a fundamental principle of law by remanding a free man back to servitude and slavery. That Judge Terry opposed the Vigilance Committee needs no apology for the apparent motives which controlled him. If, like Judge Edward Norton, he had remained upon the bench, or, like General Sherman, he had attended to his own affairs, he might have done infinitely more good than to have come to San Francisco, armed with pistol and bowie-knife, to engage in a personal affray with Hopkins over Rube Malony. He might have better illustrated his common sense than by endeavoring to stem a resistless torrent which was doing more good than harm, and was being guided by brave, cool-headed men in a safe direction. The duel with Broderick is told with prejudice to Broderick, and, if true, does him infinite discredit; and though this most-to-be-regretted incident in our early history is narrated with an evident desire to exculpate Judge Terry from the charge of encompassing his death at the bidding of a political conspiracy, or by the trick of an over-sensitive trigger, Mr. Waite puts into the mouth of General Colton, the second of Broderick, an accusation which must be regarded as infamous. For the sake of Mr. Broderick's good name we are compelled to regard it as altogether false. This is the account, in which for the first time, so far as we are informed, has the incident thus narrated gone into history: "According to General D. D. Colton's private statement afterward, he told Mr. Broderick that if the word fell "to him he would prolong the time several seconds between "the words 'Are you ready?' and 'One,' so as to disconcert "Terry, and when the word 'One' came, Broderick must "fire." As Broderick, Colton, Terry, and nearly all those who witnessed the duel are dead, we are compelled to criticise Mr. Waite for dragging to light so serious and, we believe, so false an accusation against the courage of Broderick and the honor of Colton. The Broderick-Terry duel grew out of serious complications incident to the early political history of California, for which David S. Terry can not be held responsible; and now that both parties to the conflict are dead, we see no advantage in dragging forth recriminatory accusations impeaching the fairness or the courage of either party. The marriage of Judge Terry to the woman who bore the name of a dead millionaire through a marriage-contract, adjudged to be feloniously simulated, and the incidents which led to his death by the officer of a tribunal which had passed upon the forged document, are too recent to become the subject of a memoir. The case is now pending in the Federal courts, against whose judges it is possible the vendetta has not yet ended. If there is anything in the life and character of David S. Terry beyond that of blind and brutal courage, as indicated in his entire career from boyhood till he lay dead upon the bloody floor in the breakfast-room at Lathrop, any generous emotion, any truly chivalrous action—when, as a soldier of the Mexican War, an Indian scout, under Colonel Jack Hayes, in crossing the plains to California, in his professional career at the bar, in his accidental election to the supreme bench, in his personal encounters as a duelist, in his political career as a member of the Kearney constitutional convention, as a member of a waning faction in the Democratic party, in his attitude toward the Vigilance Committee of San Francisco, in his career as a Confederate soldier, and in his personal and professional conduct as a private citizen in these later years of his life—the writer in the *Overland Monthly* has not been fortunate in bringing it to notice. Nor do we at all subscribe to that diseased sentiment which finds for the Southern man, the frontier's-man, the cow-boy, the politician, the member of any nationality, religious sect, party faction, or class, any other motive for a criminal life than comes from criminal inclinations and the deliberate choice of a criminal career. We may sympathize with a drunken man, who, under the influence of liquor, commits a crime, but we do not carry our sympathy to the man who gets deliberately drunk in order to fit himself for the commission of the crime. We can not sympathize with the "lost cause," nor find excuse for Judge Terry's witnessing the assault upon Judge Sawyer in his presence when

armed, nor for Judge Terry's assault upon Judge Field, when unarmed, with intent to humiliate him; nor can we attempt to determine where the "mercenary" line separates from the "chivalrous" in his attempt to gain a part of Sharon's millions by his marriage with his last wife, which so "lost him standing with some of his friends." Perhaps, on the whole, it were better to give the life and character of David S. Terry oblivion in the grave of buried memories than to drag them forth to the publicity of magazine and journalistic review.

The supplemental elections, which occurred on Sunday last, are finally conclusive of the repuhlican government of France for the next four years. When France again has a general election, the repuhlic will have survived the trials of war and perils of peace for a period of twenty-three years, after which time a new generation will be in control of French politics. The Bourbon dynasty has died out. The Orleanists, under the leadership of the Comte de Paris, have committed a fatal error in forming an alliance with the Bonapartists and Boulangists in opposition to the repuhlic. The Napoleonic dynasty died with the death of the young Napoleon at the hands of a Zulu, whose territory and native land he was aiding the English to conquer. The Republican growth in the Chamber of Deputies and in the Senate is strong, united, earnest, and patriotic. The opposition, though insignificant in numbers, is divided into Bourbon, Royal Imperialist, Boulangist, and the mob of the Paris Commune. With these heterogeneous and conflicting elements, the Roman Church combination engages to unite in the scramble to destroy the republican government, and will, of necessity, take its destiny with these warring factions. The reformation has come to France, and it has come as guest and master. From out the triple diadem of Rome its most precious jewel has heen stolen. The oldest, strongest, and most honored stay of the hierarchical edifice has been torn away. The favorite son of the church has departed from the faith. France sneers witb Voltaire and ridicules the fantastic faith which ignorance creates and ambition encourages. Cardinal Gibhons, of Baltimore, may console himself and the two hundred millions of nominal Catholics—a majority of whom do not accept Rome—for the loss of France, by the hope that the Italian Church is gaining ground in America; but in this we are confident he is reckoning with little sense; quoting from the Boston *Transcript*, we are confident that in a majority of Catholic countries the people are openly or secretly opposed to priestly rule. Priestly rule has heen demonstrated to be unendurable, and the people of Catholic countries are getting rid of it. Roman Catholic governments are weak in comparison with Protestant governments. Aristocracies and some imperial families, like Austria, Belgium, and Spain, sympathize witb the Pope; hut in the case of Austria, the sentiments of its court are not allowed to become audible at Berlin. Spain is very Catholic; its government is the most Catholic in Europe, yet its governing power has ordered its provincial authorities to repress demonstrations intended to induce the Pope to leave the Vatican for a residence in Spain. Neither Spain, Belgium, Austria, Portugal, or even Ireland, if it should establish bome-rule and an independent parliament, would he willing to concede territorial dominion to the Pope of Rome, or give palace or castle for the accommodation of the Papal Court. We have referred to the revolution going on in France as a reformation equal in importance to that wrought by Luther, in Germany, or Henry the Eighth, in England. Religious people will not entirely agree with the *Argonaut* in this view of its importance, because it has not been brought about by religious influences, as in the case of Luther, nor by celebrated divines, as in the time of the English reformation. Infidelity, Voltaireism, and free-thought have been the instrumentalities of a change in France, the political consequences of which are of the highest importance to the world. We, in America, are fighting for tbe defense of American principles which underlie our American institutions. The people of France are fighting for the establishment of a republican government in which a constitution without a God in it, and non-sectarian schools in which religious doctrines are not taught, may have the protection of the law. Tbis step is in the direction to make the conscience free and to leave all religious organizations and opinions open to the most perfect liberty. This is the position to which all strong, fearless, Christian thought is tending in all free countries not under the dominion of Rome. To make religious opinions free is all that religious minds demand, is all that Protestant organizations require. The separation of church and state is the first requisite of a free and independent republican government. That step the people of France have taken. Hence, we say, the first and most difficult part of the reformation in France is over; all tbat remains is easy. The news comes to us that Boulanger contemplates an invasion of the soil of France, in the hope that he will cause a revolution in the army, an insurrection and mob in the city of Paris, and that, out of the chaos of the uprising, he may improvise a dictatorship which shall form the foundation of an imperial throne. Napoleon did that, but it was the result of conquests which added to the glory of France. Boulanger's services as a soldier, his dancing horse, his career as minister of war, his cribbings from the exchequer of France, his parsimonious savings from contributed election expenses—are not likely to enthuse Frenchmen over-much for a dictator or emperor who fled from France in the time of danger, and remained safely in England while the elections were pending which decided whether he should sway the destinies of France or remain in inglorious and cowardly exile. There are millions of Catholics whose allegiance to the church is purely nominal, and among them are the wealthiest, most intelligent, and most influential lay members. The journal from which we have largely quoted, correctly declares interests are growing up which no amount of pulpit-thunder will thunder down.

Governor and Mrs. Stanford have been in receipt of complimentary attentions which must be exceedingly acceptable to them. From Santa Clara to the northern portion of the State, wherever they have gone, they have been most kindly welcomed and heen most hospitably entertained. We remember the time when such receptions would not have been tendered them, because the motives of Governor Stanford were not so well appreciated as now, since his wealth has been acquired, and it is manifest what use he proposes to make of it. The building of railroads has advanced the material interests of this State in a wonderful degree; the election of Stanford as senator is acquiesced in by the people, because they think by his labors he has earned the honor and that his wealth has not purchased it. But the attentions paid the governor and his wife are not rendered because they are millionaires or he a Senator of the United States, but because, having acquired a vast fortune, they have determined to leave it as a legacy to the sons and daughters of the men and women from whom and among whom they have acquired it. The leading thought which runs through all minds is the Leland Stanford Jr. University, which is to he the medium through which the legacy of this wealth is to reach the people. The attentions paid to Governor and Mrs. Stanford are personal and not political, and undoubtedly the more acceptahle to them for that reason.

The bear is, of all animals, the most uninteresting, and hence, when we see it in procession, as is often the case when Californians parade, it makes us feel uncomfortahle. Just now the knightly order of Masons is indulging in one of its national parades in our capital city of Washington—a hand of splendid men, mounted upon coal-black chargers, gorgeously caparisoned, knights in most attractive and elegant regalia, giving entertainments of costly hospitality, furnishing the rarest wines and fruits of our goodly State. We are proud of them, and proud of the order which, in the coming possible strife with an alien church, will hold in defense altar fires, around which any honest religion may rally in defense of liberty and conscience. We wish the traveling California Knights Templar had left the bear at home.

The information comes to us, from a source we deem autbentic, that Mr. Christopher Buckley will he a candidate for the office of mayor of San Francisco, subject to the action of the Democratic Convention. We should look upon Mr. Buckley's nomination by the Democratic party as attended with conditions not altogether unlikely to give us a more satisfactory municipal administration than we at present enjoy.

There are several interesting and curious features presented hy the elections in the new States. Two constitutional provisions were proposed, one granting the franchise to women, the other prohihiting the sale of intoxicating liquors. The former was defeated in all the new States. This is particularly strange in Washington, where public opinion has apparently been in favor of woman suffrage. A law granting women the right to vote was adopted there in 1882, defeated by the supreme court in 1887, reënacted at the next session of the legislature, and again defeated by the supreme court. But woman suffrage was deemed incompatible with the dignity of Statehood, and it has been overwhelmingly rejected. The Prohibition amendment and the Democrats were also buried with equal thoroughness in Washington. In the two Dakotas, on the other hand, the Prohibition section was adopted. It was a curious coincidence that almost on the very day that the "frontiersmen" of the West were marching up to the polls to vote for Prohibition, the staid New Englanders of Connecticut were voting with equal unanimity against such an amendment. The vote in the new States indicates a gratifying increase of population. Taking all the States together, the vote indicates an increase in population of 155,000 during the last year. Washington shows a vote of 60,000 against 46,353 of last year, and South Dakota, 80,000 against 64,000. Montana remains about the same as last year, and North Dakota shows a slight falling off. Compared with 1880, the population of the four States has increased about five-fold. Washington had a population of 75,000 in 1880, its population is now more t 300,000. Montana has increased from 39,000 to 220,0 and the two Dakotas from 135,000 to 640,000. result of the elections on national affairs will be to crease the Republican majority in both Houses of Cong and to increase the proportionate influence of the Pa Coast. Two of the four new States are properly classe Pacific Coast States; the remaining two will probably act them, because their interests are identical with those of other States of the Pacific North-West. The Pacific C and North-Western delegation in Congress—including Cali nia, Oregon, Nevada, Washington, Montana, North Dak and South Dakota—will number thirteen Representatives, of them Democrats, and fourteen Senators, three of t Democrats. In the Senate there will be forty-five Republic and thirty-nine Democrats; and in the House the Republic will have one hundred and seventy-one, the Democrats one h dred and fifty-nine. The seats of two Republican Represe tives from West Virginia are contested, but as the Republi candidates have received their certificates of election and House is Repuhlican, they will probably retain their seats. Republicans have thus a majority of six in the Senate and tw in the House, a margin so narrow that the Democrats, by hustering tactics, can prevent the passage of any important le lation. The admission of these new States also raises a teresting question as to the effect of the readjustment of resentation, which will go into effect after the taking of the census and will he in operation at the next Presidential tion. The increase of population can, of course, only be app imately estimated at the present time, and the drift of pop tion is an element which complicates the problem considera However, the drift of population being westward, it is kn that the chief growth has been in the States of the No West and of the Pacific Coast. Recent elections in different States furnish a hasis for calculation, from w many interesting results may be forecast. According to most careful estimates, the population next year, when the sus is taken, will he a little more than sixty-five milli Taking the present ratio of representation—151,912—we estimate the relative representation of the different section the country. According to this calculation, the next H will have four hundred and fifteen memhers, and the Elect College of 1892 will he composed of four hundred ninety-nine electors. The New England States will gain the Repuhlican States of the Mississippi Valley will eighteen, tbe North-Western States will gain eight, Pacific States eleven, counting the new States, and the S twenty-nine. Divided according to political parties, States counted as certainly Republican gain thirty-e the Democratic States twenty-nine, and the doub States—New York, New Jersey, Indiana, and Californi gain eighteen. The question whether New York will ren a pivotal State is an interesting one in this connection. Empire State will gain nine votes in the Electoral Colleg greater gain than is sbown in any other State. The Repu can States will bave a voting strength of two hundred thirty-one in the Electoral College; the Democratic States hundred and eighty-two. New York, added to the Democr vote, will give only two hundred and twenty-seven; the De crats will, therefore, need some other State in order to c tbe election. New York and Indiana will give two hund and forty-five, but New Jersey and California would incre the Republican vote to two hundred and fifty-four, giv them a majority of nine. The Democrats must, therefo gain at least three of the doubtful States in order to and New York must he included in these three. The puhlican States, with New York, would give two h dred and seventy-six, or twenty-six more than a major New York will, therefore, cease to be a pivotal State, beca the Repuhlicans can win without her, but she becomes more a necessity than ever to the Democrats. This state of aff will be beneficial to the country at large and to the Democ in particular. The reliance which that party has placed u the solid South has tended to keep alive sectional issues, to restrain that party from courageously attacking questions the day. They must, in the future, seek to win by gain new converts, and thus they will be forced into a positive aggressive policy. This, in turn, will react upon the Repu can party and force them into a more definite position on political questions of to-day. The party-lines of the period will be broken up by the reapportionment following eleventh census.

The cahle-car companies of San Francisco are exceedin prosperous concerns, and where they do not pay dividend is because of their large outlays for improvements. T Sutter Street road has lately put in an entirely new road-b at an expense of many thousands of dollars, and has paid it from the profits of the road during the past few yea The cable-roads have in no case cost anything like amount of their capital stock, and generally not more th one-quarter of the par value of the stock has been paid wh

ie stock was originally issued. By this method of watering ieir stock, and by an extreme reticence as to the times and mounts of dividends declared, the roads have been able to eep the public in the dark as to the enormous extent of their rofits. However, we have at hand the means of ascerining very closely what these dividends amount to. The acific Cable-Car Company, a syndicate which controls ie various cable-car patents, is sponsor for a document etting forth the cost of construction of cable-roads, and also n estimate of the cost of conducting a horse-railroad. Their gures are, of course, intended to set forth the advantages of the able-system, and therefore we may presume that the figures reting to the cable-roads have been reduced to the lowest possie figure, while those relating to the horse-car have been corspondingly increased. But, on the other hand, the document addressed to practical railroad men whose experience would etect a misstatement of any magnitude, and therefore the oom for this sort of manipulation is extremely limited. We ive taken these figures to estimate the cost of construction of e street railroads of the city, making more than due allowice for their manipulation of these figures. For instance, e cable syndicate puts the cost of a mile of cable track at 7,300. But this is based upon the cheaper construction of e California, Clay, and old Sutter Street roads. We have aced it at $30,000. They place the value of the engine and nning-gear at $10,000; we place it at five times this amount, 0,000; they estimate the building-sites and engine-buildings $220,000; we place them at $356,000, based on a careful timate of the value of the land and buildings. In this man-r, allowance has been made for their under-estimate throught. From this calculation we find that the *cost* of the cable-r plant of the city is $3,636,000, an amount considerably low the idea that the cable companies would have us accept, t one that is really above rather than below the true amount, we may accept the figures of the Pacific Cable-Car Syndicate at all approaching correctness. As to the horse-car plant this city, we may accept their figures as very nearly correct. this basis, the cost of the horse-roads is $897,500. The eet-car companies of the whole city may therefore claim a asonable return on an investment of $4,534,100, instead the many millions of their nominal capital stock. Bees a reasonable interest on this investment, the compan can properly claim an amount sufficient to cover their rung expenses. To determine the amount of these, we may ain turn to the figures of the cable syndicate. After mak the proper allowances, and adding insurance and salaries officers and clerks—which are omitted by the syndicate we find the annual running expenses of the cable-roads to $842,400, and of the horse-cars, $1,214,925, or $2,057,325 the running expenses of all the roads of the city. A fair urn on their investment is therefore $2,057,325 in excess of erest on $4,534,100. We may now turn to the other side of e account and estimate the receipts of the car companies. ie cars on the cable-roads of the city, estimating that one r runs every five minutes, make 3,090 round trips daily; s is an under-estimate, because in the busy hours of the day e cars on some roads run with three minutes' headway, d on others with two-and-one-half minutes' headway. e may, however, give the car companies the benefit of the erence, which amounts to about 300 round trips. On e basis of the five minutes' headway then, and estimating ty passengers for the round trip—twenty-five each way—ring the greater part of the day, and seventy-five for the und trip during two hours of the afternoon, the daily travel nounts to 166,825. At first view this may seem excessive, cause the seating capacity of a car is only thirty-eight. it a moment's thought will show that it is not so. During round trip, a car changes its entire load of passengers at st three times, owing to the fact that very few ride the whole stance. Passengers are continually getting off and new es are getting on to take their places. Twenty-five and irty-eight for the busy hours is, therefore, an extremely modate estimate. For the Sunday travel we may estimate the isy part of the day from nine in the morning to six at night, d before and after these hours as the slack time. On the sis of seventy-five and fifty, then, the Sunday travel amounts 193,125. The number of passengers annually carried by e cable-cars, as based on these figures, is, therefore, 62,258,5. In the same manner we may estimate the horse-car vel. The horse-cars make 2,052 trips, with an average of enty-four on week days and forty on Sundays, and carry ,354,464 passengers. This gives the total annual passenger vel of the city as 81,613,189. We may arrive at this same nclusion by another calculation. In New York city, 371,1,534 persons ride on the street-cars annually, or 247 times the pulation. Estimating the traveling public of this city at the me proportion, and we have 80,275,000. But New York ople do not ride on the street-cars for pleasure as do the n Franciscans. Every Sunday, thousands of people ride the cable-cars merely for the pleasure of the ride, and ousands more ride out to take the steam-car extension roads. aking 80,000,000 as the number of fares collected, however, we have $4,000,000 as the annual income of the car companies. Subtracting the running expenses we have $1,042,675 as the present profit of the roads—a *profit* of nearly three thousand dollars a day! The rate of interest on the investment is now twenty-three per cent. The estimates upon which these conclusions are based make every allowance to increase the expenses and to decrease the receipts of the railroads.

The World's Fair of 1892 is to be truly American, of course, and so it is necessary that it should be distinguished from all others by some original and striking feature. The intervals between the squabbles of the rival cities are therefore being devoted to the advancement of ideas as to what this feature shall be. The Eiffel Tower, as the most prominent feature of the Paris Exposition, seems to be in the minds of many, and plans for such a structure were presented in New York almost before the appointment of the committee. Chicago, not to be outdone in enterprise at least, followed almost immediately with plans for a similar structure. Both plans agreed in one particular—the tower was to be just twice as high as the Eiffel Tower. But there was a poverty of invention about a proposition whose only original feature was the favorite American one of an application of the multiplication table, and so other suggestions have been presented in great number. One striking proposition is to reverse the tower—to surpass all previous efforts in the opposite direction and to dig a shaft one hundred miles toward the centre of the earth. Platforms could be constructed at convenient intervals, and an electric-railway could conduct passengers to the centre of the earth and back, making a pleasant and novel day's journey for visitors. The tower idea is again seen in the proposals for colossal arches and pyramids. One extravagant and, perhaps, also humorous man proposes a pyramid higher than the Eiffel Tower, a church larger than St. Peter's, an immense statue of Columbus, the largest arch in the world, and clean streets for New York. One is reminded of the twelve labors of Hercules. Another pyramid idea includes a railroad running to the top, and a representation of the history of America upon the four faces. Somewhat similar is the proposition that the principal building shall be constructed in the form of a globe, representing the earth. Continents and oceans would be reproduced upon the surface, and thus the visitor from every clime might find his home reproduced in miniature. An admirer of Edison suggests a statue eight hundred to one thousand feet high in honor of the inventor, the interior of which shall be divided into compartments illustrating his electrical inventions, and the whole illuminated by electric-lights. An immense amphitheatre for dramatic representations is proposed by a theatrical manager. Here he would have performances in every language of the world, the characters being represented by the best actors speaking that language. As a bit of realistic scenery, he proposes the importation of a half-acre of African jungle. A more practical suggestion is a great American stock show, where the fancy stock of America might be exhibited to the admiring nations of the world. Air-ships, sailing to and from the exposition buildings, a fac-simile of Solomon's temple, a colossal statue of John L. Sullivan, a series of captive balloons, furnished with reflectors to reflect a panorama of the surrounding country down upon the fair grounds, and so on through the list, until one is convinced that if the World's Fair has not developed originality, it has, at least, brought to the front the impractical side of the American character. By the way, the war between Chicago and New York has now been transferred to Manhattan Island. The Gothamites, having assumed that the earth is theirs and the fullness thereof, have now fallen foul of each other, and are battling fiercely over different sites for the exposition. They have raised no money, however—not a stiver—while Chicago has reached six million five hundred thousand dollars. It is said, also, that the Lake City has secured the favorable vote of the next Congress. In the meantime, the New Yorkers are wrangling over the Morningside Park, the Riverside Park, and the Central Park as sites, with dozens of schemes from private land-owners. While this goes on, the able editors of what—in their opinion—are the greatest journals in the world, hurl mud at each other with great ferocity, and the *Evening Pot* calls the *Morning Kettle* black.

Eiffel Tower postal-cards—bearing a fac-simile of the pride of the Paris fair in one corner and containing on their face the written statement that they were mailed "*au second*," "*au troisième*," or on any other story, or *étage*, of the tower—are among the latest World's Fair curiosities. You can buy, and write, and actually drop these postal-cards into a government mail-box on any of the lower stories of the *Tour Eiffel*. The postmen make their rounds and collect the mail from Eiffel boxes the same as they do in the street.

An instantaneous photographic apparatus is proposed to take the place of the judge at the winning-post in race-courses. Its value is seen in very close races, when the judges can not decide accurately, and in what are called "dead heats," when two or three horses appear to reach the winning-post at exactly the same time. The photograph will show one of the horses to be an inch or so ahead, and decide in its favor.

[COMMUNICATED.]

GENERAL JOHN BIDWELL, OF BUTTE,

FOR GOVERNOR OF CALIFORNIA.

EDITORS OF THE ARGONAUT: Allow me the honor of placing in nomination for governor of California, GENERAL JOHN BIDWELL, OF CHICO, subject to the approval of the American, Prohibition, and Republican State conventions. This gentleman's life has been as clean and spotless as the snow upon the mountains. A pioneer of pioneers, his liberality and public spirit have made him prominent among the old Californians. General Bidwell is loved by all the Christian men and women of this State; he is identified with every earnest effort to uphold morality, temperance, and education by the people of this State; owner of the grandest farm in California, he has always given freely of his income to the building of schools, churches, and all benevolent institutions; his name stands for everything that is sweet and beautiful in our daily life:

> "With all good grace to grace a gentleman,
> Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit."

In the upheaval of parties sure to come next year, no name is more likely to arrest the public gaze than that of Hon. John Bidwell. Elect him governor, and the foreign vote of this State will find an AMERICAN at the helm—a man whom neither aliens, nor communists, nor socialists can control, or the saloon interest influence or control. Elect him governor, and all public extravagance will cease, our taxes be reduced, and the public morals improved. The reckless appropriations made by the last legislature have increased the State taxes of California FORTY PER CENT. in one year. This startling fact has aroused the tax-payers of the interior as never before. Their indignation knows no bounds. No one party can be charged with this outrageous increase of the people's burden. Both the Democratic party and the Republican party are responsible for this monstrous wrong upon a long-suffering community. Who cares for party when party and partisanship rob him? What have the good people of California done that they should be dealt this last crushing blow of FORTY PER CENT. increase in their taxes in one year? And at a time, too, when all the farmer raises is cheaper than ever before—when wheat that once sold at two cents is now selling for one; when cattle are selling for half price; when good wine is selling for eight cents a gallon; when hay is selling for six dollars a ton; and when potatoes and fruit can scarcely be given away. On top of these terrible facts comes a monstrous increase of taxation. These taxes can not be put off. The store-bill can be delayed, the note renewed, but the tax-gatherer can grant no mercy, no delay. Some of the farms in this State will be sold for taxes next year. The supervisors of Los Angeles County say there is not money enough left in Southern California to pay these enormous taxes. How dare the old parties which perpetrated these damnable outrages on the tax-payers, appeal to the people for another indorsement? How dare the Democratic thieves and Republican scoundrels, who passed the jobs through the last legislature, show themselves again before the honest people of this State? When they do, they will be snowed under by such majorities as were never before seen on the Pacific Coast.

The day of the independent voter is at hand. He will no longer submit to be robbed in the name of party. He will seek some new party, which, in its infancy, is always honest.

The American party and the Prohibition party have but to combine on a ticket headed by General John Bidwell; the Republican party will be compelled to nominate him, and the wronged voters of this State will flock to his standard by the tens of thousands, and a glorious victory will be won over Republican treachery and Democratic scoundrelism. Only five years ago, the honest voters of San Francisco, to show their contempt of the "bosses" who control both the old parties, rose in their might and elected, by an overwhelming majority, Dr. O'Donnell coroner of this city. If such a thing can be done for a man like O'Donnell, what might not be done with such a man as John Bidwell for a leader? Newton Booth became governor of California under similar circumstances.

To tax-payers of California the day of deliverance is at hand. It will not come through the agency of the political bosses of either of the old parties. They have sunk into the mud of corruption too far for any redemption. But every yoke will be broken and the people go free through the triumphal election of a governor, who will be nominated by the Americans, the Prohibitionists, and the honest Republicans.

M. OF R.

The *Scientific American* says: "In appearance, the beer-drinker may be the picture of health, but in reality he is most incapable of resisting disease. A slight injury, a severe cold, or a shock to the body or mind will commonly provoke acute disease, ending fatally. Compared with other inebriates who use different kinds of alcohol, he is more incurable and more generally diseased."

AN EXPLANATION.

He—Good-night, Miss Wilmott.

She—You are not going?

He—It is hard to tear one's self away from such pleasure, but it is late; most of the guests are gone.

She—Stay till they are all gone.

He—I am afraid I will——

She—You are easily frightened *now*. You *will* wait. I must speak with you.

She—At last! Tbank heaven, they are gone.

He—Why such a sigh of relief. It has been a delightful party.

She (wearily)—Has it? I don't doubt it has been delightful to *you*, except for these last fifteen minutes.

He—They have been, so far, the happiest.

She—Of course you had to say that. I know you wanted to go.

He—Don't let us talk nonsense. You told me——

She—I told you I wished to speak to you—since you will not speak to me.

He—What do you mean?

She—Do sit down. You make me nervous, standing there, posed like a statue, with tbose searching eyes looking through me.

He—They're looking for something that is not there.

She—I suppose you want me to ask you what? and then you will say, a heart. I've had so much of that, so very much of that; and I expect something better from you.

He—You are bitter this evening.

She—Tell me—what have I done to you?

He—Done to me?

She—Yes. Have I offended you? have I been rude to you?

He—No. I don't know of anything you have done. You could not be rude.

She—Then you have been.

He—I! How, when, where?

She—Will you turn some of those lights down? The glare hurts my eyes.

He—Will you not take the easy-chair? You look more natural in that.

She—What have I done? For two years we bave been friends, close, warm friends—almost brotber and sister.

He—Yes. We are friends still, are we not?

She—I never used to go anywhere, that you did not find me and come to me, if it was only for a moment, only to shake hands, only to look at me. You came here very often—and it seemed as if you could do nothing, think of nothing, witbout telling me.

He—Yes. I remember that.

She—You remember that! You speak as if it were something of the far past. Yet it was only last year.

He—Only *this* year.

She—Suddenly it all came to an end. Suddenly you began to avoid me. Everything, even the grasp of your hand when we did meet, told me you had changed. What was it?

He—I have not changed.

She—You know, for the last three months, you have never come near me. To-night, even, in my own house, you have avoided me all the evening, you have devoted yourself to others—to another.

He—I didn't want—that is——

She—Why do you hesitate? You did not want to tell me you had wearied of my friendsbip—tbat it had become a bore to you.

He—Edith! I beg your pardon—I——

She—Speak out. I am a woman, but I do not live on compliments. I can bear the truth sometimes.

He—But I could not.

She—What do you mean? . . .

He—How it blows outside. I used to like the storm. Do you remember how one night last winter we sat here and talked, and as we talked, we heard the wind rise and howl around the house, and then the rain came dashing against the window, until the storm's great charm put a spell upon us, and we listened in silence till it grew quite late, and, as I stepped out into the wild night, your face close to the window-pane in this cosy room, seemed like a picture of an angel?

She—I do remember that hour of dreaming—but not the angel part of it. . . .

He—I was very happy in those days. There was one summer day out in the redwoods, you and I together. We sat under a tree, and the sun made fantastic figures that danced on the carpet of dead, brown ferns, and the bees were humming all around us——

She (in a low voice)—Yes. I remember—I have never forgotten. The world seemed so beautiful and life such a blessing. . . . I remember. You told me what your ambitions were, and I——

He—You—you held out your hand to me, as if you would have led me to their fulfillment.

She—And I would, if I could. Every woman wants to be an inspiration to a man. Women can do so little that their greatest effort is self-sacrifice, and of that self-sacrifice the world hears nothing, knows nothing. Men can dare, and do, and compel the world's homage, and when it comes, the woman's heart fills with pride if she can think to herself: "I was his inspiration."

He—And if I had done something great, something that made people talk of me with praise and with respect . . . I should have come to you—unhappy until you had said: "I am proud of you."

She—Would you? . . . I don't believe it.

He—Do you think I am happy now? Do you think that this estrangement has come from my desire to he rid of such a friendship?

She—No. I would not like to believe that. But why have you neglected me? If you had found some other whom you loved—who was nearer to you than I—could you not have trusted me and told me? Can you not tell me now?

He—There is no such one.

She—If there were, I suppose you would never speak to her at all. If you give such odd expression to friendship, what expression would you give to love?

He—I was only too happy with you. But you began to make new friends.

She—*Began?* I was always making new—no, not friends—acquaintances.

He—And then they told me——

She—What?

He—That you were to marry Mr. Blackstone.

She—It was not true—that is—I mean, of course, papa, at first, wished me to, and——

He—And—there's no particular reason why you shouldn't.

She—Only one. I don't love him.

He—That is hardly necessary nowadays.

She—Cheap cynicism does not become you. Tbat remark is very stupid.

He—Well—be is wealthy—he is good-looking—he is——

She—A numskull. I am not *very* particular, but a numskull I can not endure.

He—Still you must marry in your station. I know that. I know that somebody will come along and carry you off—if not Mr. Blackstone, somebody else.

She—My station! What is my station?

He—You are a belle. You bave all the pleasure, all the luxury life can offer. Your fortune must, I suppose, mate witb another fortune.

She—I'm sure I don't know why a million should have to mate with another million, any more than a man six feet bigh should have to marry a woman six feet high.

He—But society——

She—What is society?

He—The people who decide the status of other people.

She—That reduces character to a matter of opinion.

He—Society is simply opinion in authority.

She—You are getting heavy. I thought you had a flower in your button-hole—I'm sure I saw her take a bud from her bouquet and put it there. Where is it?

He—Dropped somewhere, I suppose.

She—There—there's a pink. That will "drop, I suppose," too.

He—No.

She—So they told you I was to marry Mr. Blackstone. I think he wants me to. But why did you not ask *me* about it?

He—It was a delicate question.

She—Yet it was not fair of you. You know me well enough, and you know I would have told you.

He—I was afraid you would.

She—Would it have hurt you very much? I doubt it. Your attentions to that other——

He—There is no other.

She—I certainly heard — and then tbe way you have avoided me. . . . I have so wanted to see you sometimes. Do you know—but I won't tell you.

He—What is it? Do tell me.

She—I will—because we have been such good friends. I have begun a dozen letters to you—and torn them all up.

He—Why did you not send them?

She—It did not become my *amour propre* to beg a friendship, even so sweet as yours has been to me.

He—Has it been so sweet?

She—I don't know why, but you have been so much more to me than anybody else. I have told you all my secrets, and somehow it has been the most natural thing in the world for me to do.

He—Then you have not found me unworthy of your confidence?

She—No, no; even when I saw you grow cold and avoid me, it did not occur to me to doubt you.

He—Cold! Avoid you! If you only knew wbat that coldness cost me; how I suffered.

She—Why did you need to suffer?

He—What had I, a poor devil picking up a precarious livelihood, to do with a girl whose sphere was so far from mine?

She—So far from yours? I do not understand you.

He—No? Tbat is wby I have avoided you.

She—Philip! Surely you don't think I am one of those miserable women who play with men's hearts? Surely you don't doubt me? No, you can not believe me so bad? I did not seek to make you fall in love with me. I wanted your friendship.

He—No, I never doubted you, and now I know the truth.

She—What truth?

He—Can you not see that through our friendship I looked forward and saw that some day it must all end? If I had had a name—anything that would have balanced your position—I might have dreamed of no end. But I should have kept away from you.

She—Kept away from me! What would I have done witbout you? You don't know how much happiness I have had in these two years—how peaceful, how content, I have been, feeling that in this miserable world one man seemed to me so worthy of my confidence.

He—If I have given you happiness, I am happy.

She—I would not have made you stay to-night, but I could bear it no longer. Three months without one little tête-à-tête. All these dreary weeks, and not a grasp of your hand, hardly a sound of your voice. Some evenings I have felt that I would give all the world if you would walk in at the door and sit down beside me as you used to do.

He—And I would have given all the world to have been with you. . . .

She—How *could* you pay so much attention to that other?

He—I did not. But what did it matter?

She—It was a reflection upon my taste. But you will come back to me just as you were, won't you?

He—If you wish to be kind, tell me not to come.

She—You do not wish to come?

He—Yes, I do. Edith, can you not see that my friendship has long ago ripened into love? I am jealous; I suffer from every glance, every smile you give to other men. I bave nothing to offer you save an allegiance. Some day, perhaps I may be able to offer you a name that is known; perhaps our positions may be more equal. But it will be deatb to me wben tbat other comes and wins you from me. . . .

She—If I insist——

He—I can not refuse. But be kind. Give me your hand say "God bless you!" and let me go. . . .

She—Stay a moment. If I tell you something—a secret—if I tell you that a year almost ago, papa came to me one night and talked to me, and told me—that—if I had guessed aright—and—you were to ask me to be your wife—and if I loved you very dearly—he thought I might say—"Yes."

He—And do you love me very dearly?

* * * * * * *

She—My darling, bow the storm rages!—but it is peaceful here, is it not?

PETER ROBERTSON.

SAN FRANCISCO, October, 1889.

A NEW POEM BY TENNYSON.

The Throstle.

"Summer is coming, Summer is coming,"
I know it, I know it, I know it.
Light again, leaf again, life again, love again,
Yes, my wild little poet.

Sing the New Year in under the blue,
Last year you sang it as gladly.
"New, new, new, new!" Is it then so new
That you should carol so madly?

"Love again, song again, nest again, young again!"
Never a prophet so crazy;
And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend,
See, there is hardly a daisy.

"Here again, here, here, here, happy year,"
O warble, unbidden, unbidden.
Summer is coming, is coming, my dear,
And all the Winters are hidden.

A remarkable instance of electrical transmission of powe has recently been accomplished (says a writer in the Octobe *Overland*) in Nevada, on the Comstock lode and in tbe Sutr Tunnel. At tbe Nevada Mill there is a ten-foot Pelton wate wheel, which receives water through a pipe-line deliverin water from the side of Mount Davidson, under a head of fou hundred and sixty feet, giving two hundred horse-power. Her the water is again caught up and delivered into two heavy iro pipes, and conducted down the vertical sbaft and incline of th Chollar mine to the Sutro Tunnel level, where it is again de livered to six Pelton water-wheels, this time running under bead of sixteen hundred and eigbty feet. Each of the six wheel is but forty inches in diameter, weighing two hundred an twenty-five pounds, but with a jet of water less than five eighths of an inch in diameter, tbey develop one hundred an twenty-five horse-power each. On the same shafts, which re volve nine hundred times a minute, are coupled six Brus dynamos, whicb generate the current for the electric-moto whicb drive the stamps in the mill above ground. The re sult is, that where it formerly took three hundred and twelv miners' inches of water to operate thirty-five stamps, hu seventy-two incbes are now required to run sixty stamps This is tbe most enormous head of water ever used by an wheel, and by itself constitutes an era in hydraulic engineer ing. A solid bar of iron thrown forcibly against this tremen dous jet rebounds as though it bad struck against a solid bod instead of a mobile fluid.

Here is a simple and not too expensive plan for utilizing th old monitors. There are thirteen of these obsolete craft i the navy. Each one carries five inches of iron armor on he hull and eleven inches on her turret. It is proposed to re move the turret, and in its place build a circular pit larg enough to contain two eight-inch breech-loading rifles, mounte side by side on pneumatic disappearing carriages. The armo on these craft could be readily pierced, at even more tha two-mile ranges, by the modern six-inch guns, but it is suffi cient to keep shell out, since impact with five-inch armor wil explode the shell before penetration. The chief immunit from danger which their crews could hope for would be due t the smallness of the target exposed to an enemy's fire. Half a-dozen of these monitors concentrated at a point threatene with attack would be very valuable coast-defenders. Thei shallow draught—less than twelve feet—would enable them t manœuvre with a freedom impossible to the attacking fleet and they would have sufficient offensive power to do grea damage before tbey could be disabled.

It is not impossible that the new smokeless and noiseless gunpowder, whicb bas been successfully tried in several European armies, may prove to be an epoch-making invention The old systems of warfare will have to be entirely changed. Lines will he mowed down without a sign to show from what quarter comes the deadly hail of bullets. War's terrors will become still more ghastly, battles will be full of surprises, outpost duty will be doubly dangerous, the science of tactics will bave to be reconstructed. And how deadly an addition the new powder will be to the sportsman's equipment! The noiseless destruction it deals forth is sure to hasten the extermination of game. Mucb more serious is the assistance it may give to murderers. It looks as if an assassin might walk the streets, with a pistol disguised as a Kodak camera, and scatter bullets right and left without being detected.

Emile de Laveleye, the European publicist, says, in the October *Forum*, that a hundred years hence, leaving China out of the question, there will be two colossal powers in the world, beside which Germany, England, France, and Italy will be as pigmies—the United States and Russia.

ROMAN SOCIETY.

As pictured in Marion Crawford's new novel, "Sant' Ilario."

Mr. Crawford has said, in his latest novel, "Sant' Ilario," at every foreigner, poet or prose-writer, who has treated of e Italians, has more or less grossly misunderstood them; that understand them a man must have been born and bred mong them. Several of his critics have taken him up on is point, declaring that Mr. Crawford is an American and so himself disqualified for the task. But Mr. Crawford has for ears made his home in Florence, and has entered the society f other Italian cities where few other foreigners have pene-ated. As he has knowledge of the subject, and is an un-sually keen observer, his pictures of Italian people are well orth considering, and in "Sant' Ilario" he gives us a series f pictures of Roman society that are extremely interesting. rom these we take the following extracts:

The Montevarchi household was conducted upon the patriarchal rinciple, once general in Rome, and not quite abandoned even now, enty years later. The palace was a huge square building, facing on two streets in front and behind, and opening inward upon two urt-yards. Upon the lower floor were stables, coach-houses, kitchens, d offices innumerable. Above these were built a half story, called a *ezzanino*—in French, *entresol*—containing the quarters of the un-arried sons of the house, of the household chaplain, and of two or ree tutors employed in the education of the Montevarchi grand-ildren. Next above came the *piano nobile*, or state apartments, mprising the rooms of the prince and princess, the dining-room, and vast suite of reception-rooms, each of which opened into the next in ch a manner that only the last was not necessarily a passage. In the ge hall was the dais and canopy, with the family arms embroidered in lors once gaudy but now agreeably faded to a softer tone. Above s floor was another, occupied by the married sons, their wives and ildren; and high over all, above the cornice of the palace, were the dless servants' quarters and the roomy garrets. At a rough estimate e establishment comprised over a hundred persons, all living under the solute and despotic authority of the head of the house, Don Lotario ontevarchi, Principe Montevarchi and sole possessor of forty or fifty her titles. From his will and upon his pleasure depended every act every member of his household, from his eldest son and heir to the der-cook's scullion-boy.

The old Princess Montevarchi was English by birth and education, t thirty-three years of life in Rome had almost obliterated all traces of r nationality. That all-pervading influence, which soon makes Ro-ns of foreigners who marry into Roman families, had done its work ectually. The Roman nobility, by intermarriage with the principal milies of the rest of Europe, has lost many Italian characteristics; t its members are more essentially Romans than the full-blooded Ital-ns of the other classes who dwell side by side with the aristocracy in me.

When Lady Gwendoline Fontenoy married Don Lotario Montevarchi the year 1834, she, no doubt, believed that her children would grow as English as she herself, and that her husband's house would not fer materially from an establishment of the same kind in England. e laughed merrily at the provisions of the marriage contract, which en went so far as to stipulate that she was to have at least two dishes meat at dinner, and an equivalent on fast-days, a drive every day—traditional *trottata*—two new gowns every year, and a woman to t upon her. After these and similar provisions had been agreed on, her dowry, which was a large one for those days, was handed over the keeping of her father-in-law, and she was duly married to Don tario, who at once assumed the title of Duca di Bellegra. The wed-g journey consisted of a fortnight's retirement in the Villa Monte-rchi, at Frascati, and at the end of that time the young couple were talled under the paternal roof in Rome. Before she had been in her w abode a month, the young duchessa realized the utter hopelessness attempting to change the existing system of patriarchal government er which she found herself living. She discovered, in the first place, t she would never have five scudi of her own in her pocket, and that she needed a handkerchief or a pair of stockings, it was necessary to tain from the head of the house not only the permission to buy such cessaries, but the money with which to pay for them. She discovered, thermore, that if she wanted a cup of coffee or some bread-and-but-out of hours, those things were charged to her daily account in the ward's office, as though she had been in an inn, and were paid for at end of the year out of the income arising from her dowry. Her shand's younger brother, who had no money of his own, could not get a lemonade in his father's house without his father's consent. Moreover, the family life was of such a nature as almost to preclude privacy. The young duchessa and her husband had their bedroom the upper story, but Don Lotario's request that his wife might have itting-room of her own was looked upon as an attempt at a domestic olution, and the privilege was only obtained at last through the for-dable intervention of the Duke of Agincourt, the duchessa's own ber. All the family meals, too, were eaten together in the solemn old ning-hall, hung with tapestries and dingy with the dust of ages. The ler of precedence was always strictly observed, and though the cook-e was of a strange kind, no plate or dish was ever used which was not solid silver, battered, indeed, and scratched, and cleaned only after lian ideas, but heavy and massive withal. The duchessa soon learned t the old Roman houses all used silver plates from motives of economy, the simple reason that metal did not break. But the sensible En-hwoman saw, also, that although the most rigid economy was prac-ed in many things, there was lavish expenditure in many departments the establishment. There were magnificent horses in the stables, rgeously gilt carriages in the coach-houses, scores of domestics, in ght liveries, at every door. The pay of the servants did not, indeed, eed the average earnings of a shoe-black in London, but the coats y wore were exceeding glorious with gold lace.

t was clear from the first that nothing was expected of Don Lotario's e but to live peaceably under the patriarchal rule, making no observa-ns and offering no suggestions. Her husband told her that he was erless to introduce any changes, and added, that since his father and his ancestors had always lived in the same way, that way was quite od enough for him. Indeed, he rather looked forward to the time en he should be master of the house, having children under him om he might rule as absolutely and despotically as he was ruled him-f.

The training of the young women was thoroughly character-c. Mr. Crawford gives this description of a typical Roman iden about to enter society:

Such was the home to which Donna Faustina Montevarchi returned live after spending eight years in the convent of Sacro Cuore. Dur-that time she had acquired the French language, a slight knowledge music, a very limited acquaintance with the history of her own coun-, a ready memory for prayers and litanies—and her manners. Man-s among the Italians are called education. What we mean by the er word, namely, the learning acquired, is called, more precisely, in-uction. An educated person means a person who has acquired the of politeness. An instructed person means some one who has ned rather more than the average of what is generally learned by the s of people to which he belongs. Donna Faustina was extremely l educated, according to Roman ideas, but her instruction was not, l was not intended to be, any better than that imparted to the young s with whom she was to associate in the world. The nuns had told that she must never care for the world, which was a very sinful place, of thorns, ditches, pitfalls, and sinners, besides the devil and his an-s. Her sister Flavia, on the contrary, assured her that the world was y agreeable, when mamma happened to go to sleep in a corner dur-a hall; that all men were deceivers, but that when a man danced ll it made no difference whether he were a deceiver or not, since he ced with his legs and not with his conscience; that there was no opiness equal to a good *cotillon*, and that there were a number of se in every season; and, finally, that provided one did not spoil one's complexion, one might do anything, so long as mamma was not looking.

Prince Montevarchi, for his part, intended his youngest daughter to be a model of prim propriety. She should marry in her first season, and if she chose to be gay after that, the responsibility thereof might fall upon her husband, or her father-in-law, or upon whomsoever it should most concern; he himself would have fulfilled his duty so soon as the nuptial benediction was pronounced. He knew the fortune and reputation of every marriageable young man in society, and was, therefore, eminently fitted for the task he undertook. To tell the truth, Faustina herself expected to be married before Easter, for it was eminently fitting that a young girl should lose no time in such matters.

The following is not a pleasant picture of the Roman *jeunesse dorée*, but Mr. Crawford gives no other—the three Roman young men of whom he writes are exceptions, as he expressly declares—and, indeed, there is probably little more to be said:

In those days, young men of society had very little to do. The other day, a German diplomatist was heard to say that Italian gentlemen seemed to do nothing but smoke, spit, and criticise. Twenty years ago, their manners might have been described less coarsely, but there was even more truth in the gist of the saying. Not only they did nothing—there was nothing for them to do. For the few who disliked idleness, there was no occupation but literature, and literature, to the Roman mind of 1867, and in the Roman meaning of the word, was scholarship. The introduction to a literary career was supposed to be obtained only by a profound study of the classics, with a view to avoiding everything classical, both in language and ideas, except Cicero, the apostle of the ancient Roman Philistines. As for the literature of the country since the Latins, it consisted, and still consists, in the works of the four poets—Dante, Tasso, Ariosto, and Petrarch. Leopardi is more read now than then, but is too unhealthily melancholy to be read long by any one. There used to be Roman princes who spent years in committing to memory the verses of those four poets, just as the young Brahmin of to-day learns to recite the Rig Veda. That was called the pursuit of literature.

Prince Montevarchi thus receives a proposal for his daughter's hand from the Marchese di San Giacinto, of the house of Saracinesca, a man who is nearly, if not quite, his social equal:

"I wish to speak to you upon a delicate subject," began the younger man, after seating himself upon one of the high-backed chairs in the prince's study.

"I am at your service," replied the old gentleman, inclining his head politely.

"I feel," continued San Giacinto, "that although my personal acquaintance with you has unfortunately been of short duration, the familiarity which exists between your family and mine will entitle what I have to say to a share of your consideration. The proposal which I have to make has perhaps been made by others before me and has been rejected. I have the honor to ask of you the hand of your daughter, Donna Flavia Montevarchi."

"You wish to marry Flavia," remarked the prince, after a pause; "I believe you are a widower, Marchese. I have heard that you have children."

"Two boys."

"Two boys, eh? I congratulate you. Boys, if brought up in Christian principles, are much less troublesome than girls. But, my dear Marchese, these same boys are an obstacle—a very serious obstacle."

"Less serious than you may imagine, perhaps. My fortune does not come under the law of primogeniture. I can dispose of it as I please."

"Eh, eh? But there must be a provision," said Montevarchi, growing interested in the subject.

"That shall be mutual," replied San Giacinto, gravely.

"I suppose you mean to refer to my daughter's portion," returned the other, with more indifference; "it is not much, you know—scarcely worth mentioning. I am bound to tell you that, in honor."

"We must certainly discuss the matter, if you are inclined to consider my proposal," said San Giacinto; "I will make a proposal: you shall give your daughter a portion; whatever he the amount, up to a reasonable limit, which you choose to give, I will settle a like sum in such a manner that at my death it shall revert to her and to her children by me, if she have any."

"How about the title?" Montevarchi asked.

"My title, of course, goes to my eldest son by my first marriage. But if you are anxious on that score, I think my cousin would willingly confer one of his upon the eldest son of your daughter. I will settle one hundred and fifty thousand scudi in the way I stated."

"That is much more than I gave my other daughters," the prince said, in a tone of hesitation.

"Did you give the money to them or to their husbands?" inquired San Giacinto.

"To their husbands, of course."

"Then allow me to point out that you will now be merely settling money in your own family, and that the case is very different. Not only that, but I am settling the same sum upon your family instead of taking your money for my own use. You are manifestly the gainer by the transaction. Do I understand that you consent to the proposal I have made? If so, we might make arrangements for a meeting to take place between our notaries."

"One hundred and fifty thousand," said Montevarchi, slowly rubbing his pointed chin with his bony fingers; "well, well—you are very eloquent, I must consent. It is understood," he continued, after a pause, "that we, or our notaries, shall appear with the money in cash, and that it shall be immediately invested as we shall jointly decide, the settlements being made at the same time and on the spot."

"Precisely so," replied San Giacinto; "no money, no contract."

"In that case, I will inform my daughter of my decision."

"Do not let me detain you any longer," replied San Giacinto, rising to go; "pray accept my warmest thanks, and allow me to say that I shall consider it a very great honor to become your son-in-law."

After this extremely business-like interview between the papa and the potential son-in-law, the papa consults *die frau mamma:*

When Montevarchi was alone, he sent for his wife, who presently appeared.

"Sit down, Guendalina," he said, "I have something important to say to you. My dear, I have got a husband for Flavia."

"At last!" exclaimed the princess; "I hope he is presentable," she added. She knew that she could trust her husband in the matter of fortune.

"The new Saracinesca—the Marchese di San Giacinto."

"Have you spoken to Flavia? It certainly looks like a good match. But how will Flavia behave?"

"What a foolish question, my dear!" exclaimed Montevarchi; "how easily one sees that you are English! She will be delighted, I presume. And if not, what difference does it make?"

"I would not have married you against my will, Lotario," observed the princess.

"For my part, I had no choice. My dear father said simply: 'My son, you will pay your respects to that young lady, who is to be your wife. If you wish to marry any one else, I will lock you up.' And so I did. Have I not been a faithful husband to you, Guendalina, through more than thirty years?"

The argument was unanswerable, and Montevarchi had employed it each time one of his children was married.

"And now we will send for Flavia," said Montevarchi.

"Would it not be best that I should tell her?" asked his wife.

"My dear," he replied, sternly, "when matters of grave importance have been decided, it is the duty of the head of the house to communicate the decision to the persons concerned."

This was the Roman society of twenty years ago. It was a survival of mediævalism in the nineteenth century; but is it not probable that the rapid changes following the unification of Italy have obliterated much of its intense conservatism? It is to be hoped that in later novels Mr. Crawford will sketch with the same vividness the Rome of to-day.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Customer—"How much is that ring?" *New jewelry-clerk*—"It's marked 18c. Eighteen cents, please."—*Judge.*

Annie—"Oh, Charlie, I found out something to-day that I promised never, never to tell!" *Charlie* (settling back)—"Well—I'm ready."—*Life.*

Visitor (to man at the desk)—"Are you the base-ball reporter, sir?" *Man at the desk* (with dignity)—"I am the base-ball editor, sir!"—*Puck.*

George—"Why so sad, Charles? Does not Mildred return your love?" *Charles*—"No, she only returns my letters."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

First New Yorker—"Hello! Going off, I see. Business or pleasure?" *Second New Yorker*—"Neither. I'm going to Philadelphia."—*Puck.*

Mrs. Traight—"Alice! Drop that hook! I'm not going to let you read any of those nasty French novels!" *Alice*—"Oh, *please*, Dumas!"—*Puck.*

The Rev. Mr. Pewrent—"Do you know what worries your mother, my young friend?" *His mother's boy*—"No; if I did, I'd go and do it."—*Puck.*

Jack—"I see that Rosamond Footlights has added fifty dozen silk stockings to her wardrobe." *Dick*—"Sort of a display add, I suppose."—*Puck.*

"Joe, I've begun to think my wife doesn't tell the truth." "Why so, Bill." "Well, she threatens every week to go back to her mother, but she never goes."—*Epoch.*

Al.—"Mary is a real nice girl—what a pity she drinks." *Ed.*—"She? Never." "Yes, I saw her this morning drink four goblets of ice-water. It'll kill her."—*Time.*

First insane asylum-keeper—"I can't make that new patient do anything at all. I'd like to break his head." *Second keeper*—"Well, why don't yer?" "He might be a reporter."—*Time.*

The Italian organist who invaded the White House grounds and played, "Where did You get that Hat?" under President Harrison's window, did not receive a foreign mission. Oh, no.—*Time.*

Merritt—"So that heiress refused you!" *Giles*—"Yes. She said that so many hearts were submitted to her daily she hoped I would overlook the absence of any individual criticism."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Badger (mad and excited)—"Say, your dog ate up seven of my hens last night. What are you going to do about it?" *McGall*—"Well, if it don't make the dog sick, I won't do anything about it."—*Life.*

In literature we have the lone horseman, in the drama the lone fisherman, in Wisconsin the lone highwayman, and in Ohio the man who is not a candidate for the United States Senate.—*Washington Post.*

Mr. Bloodgood (to Miss Eames, from the country)—"May I have the pleasure of escorting you into the conservatory?" *Miss Eames* (eagerly)—"Certainly, Mr. Bloodgood. To tell the truth, I am half-starved."—*Exchange.*

First tramp (waking up in a freight-car)—"What jay town is dis?" *Second tramp*—"I dunno—see de blackbirds flyin' troo de air." *First tramp* (looking out)—"Huh! dem's no blackbirds; dem's cinders—dis is Chicago."—*Time.*

Ethel—"Oh, how you frightened me when you came up behind me and put your arm around my waist! I thought you were a man." *Laura*—"I thought you thought I was a man. You did not try to get away until I spoke."—*Exchange.*

Willis—"I am sorry that your wife opened that business letter I sent you, Harris. You told me that she never opened your letters." *Harris*—"She doesn't, as a rule, Willis; but you see you made a great mistake to mark it 'private.'"—*Time.*

Traveler (from Kentucky)—"Madam, can I get a drink here?" *Lady of the house*—"Certainly; there's the well." *Traveler* (with a courtly gesture)—"Madam, you misunderstand me. I don't wish to wash my hands, I want a drink."—*Life.*

Mrs. Wickwire—"If woman were given the credit she deserves, I don't think man would be quite so prominent in the world's history." *Mr. Wickwire*—"I guess you are right. If she could get all the credit she wanted, he'd be in the poor-house."—*Terre Haute Express.*

Muggins (to clerk in express-office)—"I wish you would send a wagon to No. 27 Smallway Street to take a trunk to the ferry." *Clerk*—"Lady's or gentleman's?" "A gentleman's." (To assistant)—"Here, Bill, send a messenger-boy around after this gent's trunk."—*Time.*

Cheerful friend—"Well, you're all ready to start—baggage checked, insurance-ticket bought, and all that. If you're killed, old boy, you'll get five thousand dollars, you know." *Traveler* (gloomily)—"Stuff and nonsense! No such luck for *me*. *I'll* go through all right."—*Puck.*

Matron—"I suppose you find your husband as selfish as most men." *Bride*—"No, indeed. I often heard that a man gobbled up all the nice things on the table, but I must say that my husband leaves nearly all the pies I make for me to eat myself." He's dreadfully kind to me."—*Epoch.*

Camperdown—"Did you ever see anybody act so absurdly as old Megrim has this morning? He has found a complimentary notice of himself in the newspaper." *Cooldorf*—"H'm! He isn't half as bad as those who read the papers to find something bad about other people!"—*Puck.*

Professor of geology—"Gentlemen, at the close of the spring term, I asked you to report to me, individually, any object of extraordinary interest you might meet in your respective outings. Mr. Corbett, you may begin." *Corbett, '91*—"Please, sir, mine had yellow hair, blue eyes, and a tailor-made suit."—*Puck.*

Softpate—"Whatcher think of the dawg, Miss Sprightly? Fine dawg, that." *Miss Sprightly*—"He is a splendid creature." *Softpate*—"I have refused a cool thousand foh him—fact, I assure you. Would it surprise you if I told you that dawg knows as much as I do?" *Miss Sprightly*—"Not at all."—*America.*

"I would have you remember, brethren," continued the preacher, "the same master-hand that contrived the celestial system fashioned the least of earthly atoms as well; the superb architect of the mountains arranged the minute threads of gold within them; and, remember, friends, the God who made me made a daisy."—*Life.*

Bessie—"Madge was out walking with Charlie and they had a quarrel. Charlie gave her a shove and she fell into the lake. Everybody said she would have been drowned if George hadn't been there and saved her. She is going to be married next week." *Jennie*—"To George?" *Bessie*—"No, to Charlie."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Aunty—"I can not understand how girls act the way they do nowadays. It's simply awful. You spent two months at Newport last summer, and during that time you were engaged to half-a-dozen different men." *Sweet girl*—"But, aunty, what else could I do? I'd hardly get engaged to one young man before his vacation would be over, and he'd have to go back to the city, and that's the way it went. It was horrid."—*New York Weekly.*

Stalwart passenger—"Do you think there is any hope, captain?" *Indignant skipper*—"Look here, you big coward, that's the fourth time you've asked me. I believe you're the most thoroughly frightened man on the ship!" *Stalwart Passenger*—"Sh-sh! No, I'm not. Do you see that old duffer over there by the rail? Well, that's my rich uncle. I've been more than attentive to him all my life, but if the ship's going down, I want time to get in just one good kick at him as an evener."—*Puck.*

"GETTING IN."

"Iris" tells How the Parvenu takes the Social Citadel by Siege.

When the parvenu has passed the first savage stages of money-getting, he begins to think that the time has come for him to enter society. Perhaps there is a family of small parvenus of exceeding beauty and brilliant intellect, who the fond parents feel were made to adorn society. Perhaps the wife and mother thinks that she was intended for a life of fashion. She wants to be written about in the papers, and to have "the élite at her soirées," as the society reporter has it. But strange as it may seem to members of that sacred circle which has never known a real, live parvenu, it is generally the man who wants to force an entry into those realms of the blessed where ancestors are much in vogue and the broad *a* enjoys popularity.

Having established his claims to be a man of wealth, he now wishes to be a man of fashion. He yearns to be a swell. Some men, hard as iron in most matters, show this one vulnerable spot. They may have exhibited genius in molding their early life, but in their middle and old age all their ambitions have shrunk to the little measure of being "in the swim." They who have conquered fortune, now aspire to conquer the young gentleman who leads germans and is up with all the latest fluctuations in the fashions of cravats.

To these aspirants, the process of "getting in" is a science. There is a way to do it. There is a way of inserting the small end of the wedge, and then gradually prying the door open. First they go to Europe, returning in the fullness of time with English accents and French phrases, an intimate acquaintance with the titles of all the new books, English servants, French dresses, Russian dogs, lorgnons, friends in the peerage, a crushing way of looking at unfortunates who have not the honor to be *de notre monde*, and a manner of staring at strangers through their lorgnons as though they suspected them of concealing half-a-dozen superfluous arms and legs under their draperies.

Thus armed for conquest, the returned travelers take the field. They buy a large house in New York, horses and carriages, a box at the opera, first-night seats everywhere, peach-blow vases, original Munckacsys. They keep themselves continually before the public eye. When the Four Hundred puts up its glass and looks at them with languid curiosity, they follow its haughty example, only they are ten times more languid, more haughty, more elegantly weary. They learn their lesson well. Soon there is not a trick or a phrase of the polite world which they have not caught and appropriated. The unnoted nobodies, sitting in the nigger's heaven, with their craniums pressed against the skylight, view these brilliant beings with proper awe. They little know that the gorgeous occupants of Box No. 12 would as soon speak to them, up there with their heads no bigger than peas against the ceiling, as exchange bows with the still more gorgeous occupants of Box No. 11.

It is a dreary existence for the occupants of Box No. 11. They do not belong anywhere. They have neither a local habitation nor a name, according to society. They do not dare to sink to the level of the nigger's heaven, but they can not rise to the height of Box No. 12. They can not afford to know the people who are willing to know them, and the people they can afford to know will not so much as send them a card to the church when one of the sons gets married. It is terribly dreary. For years their choice lies between sitting lonely in their shining, splendid rooms, staring at each other across a glittering expanse of crystal and silver, or of filling their house with a set of half-bred parasites, who would go to Brooklyn, or Oakland, or Hades for a good dinner, sell their souls for a bow from a rich man, and who, with equal tranquillity, borrow their host's money, drink too much of his champagne, and remark, casually, on the way home: "Well, those are about the commonest people I ever met."

A sprightly and amusing society journal having discovered and made public, with marrowy choice of adjective, that the new-comer had begun life in a corner-grocery, or a cigar-stand, or a hat-room, his introduction to society may be said to have been made. The process of "getting in" now fairly begins. A series of parties, composed of all sorts of social flotsam and jetsam, inaugurate the new house. Everybody who is asked comes. One-half greet the hostess, one-fourth bid her good-night, one-third of the men drink too much, and one-sixth pay party-calls. Of the rest, some bow when they meet her in the park, and some look the other way. But this is part of the business of "getting in." Such slights and rebuffs must be expected and endured. There is no use getting angry, for the people who have done this to you have received exactly similar treatment themselves only a few years back, and they thus even up the score.

The next season, more balls are given. The attention of society is attracted. They are splendid balls—fine supper, good music, perfect floor, beautiful house. Host and hostess do not interfere, do not object if things are broken, let you do whatever you like. Rather jolly house, 'pon my word. Old duffer shoveled coal or carried hods for a living. What does he look like? Don't know, I'm sure; don't think I ever saw him. Been to half-a-dozen dances there, but never noticed him. He doesn't show—hides away in corners, scared to death of his guests, they say. It's a first-rate dancing-room—take you round there next ball! And so they go. Some of the guests get to know their host by sight. They have to for convenience, for so many of them have taken him for a waiter that it is getting rather monotonous.

The balls get a name. They cost enough to keep a dozen poor families for the winter. They are reported in the papers. The Old Man gets some "good men" to come. On the evening that Montmorency Brown leads the german, the family feels that the corner-stone has been laid. Montmorency, who is twenty-three, a clerk in a bank down-town, is crushingly magnificent. He is a youth with a long neck and an eye-glass, one of those inexplicable, ugly, insipid, impudent, horesome young men, who have what might be called "the social talent." He lends *éclat* to every assemblage which he attends. In languid splendor, a hotel-clerk might take points from Montmorency. The gifted creature finds fault with everything, patronizes the Old Man, consents to dine and bring some friends to the hall.

"These people have got to get in some time," says Montmorency's set, "so we may as well go."

Montmorency sees to the sending out of the invitations. People are asked whom host and hostess have never met. Society reflects that, after all, such good balls are not worth losing. And what did he do? Shovel coal, carry hods, keep a cigar-stand? Well, if he has not been in the penitentiary, we'll go. One must draw the line somewhere, and we draw it at the penitentiary. Where did you say they got their suppers from—Pinaud's? He has not been in the penitentiary, has he really, now? I could not let the girls go if he had.

Half-a-dozen years from the date of the European return, the family find themselves at the goal of all their hopes, and fears, and struggles. Whether they are satisfied or not is their affair. One thing is certain, they become more select, more exclusive, more frigid to outsiders than any one else of their set. They out-Herod Herod. People no longer allude to them as "those Joneses." They say: "The Mortimer-Joneses are so terribly exclusive, you know."

That is the way it is done in high places. People have "got in" this way for years—since old Townsend gave the famous "sarsaparilla wedding," to which the *élite* of New York were all asked, from a list made out by the sexton of Grace Church—all came and departed, leaving behind them footprints in the sands of time and carrying off all the spoons and forks.

It was only by a rigid system of entertainments that the Vanderbilts eventually reached the goal. They had a lonely existence for years. Corneel and the perry-auger were cherished in the eye of fashion with malicious persistency. Even when social prejudices began to melt before the refulgence of the Vanderbilt millions, there were some haughty spirits—sons, but more especially daughters, of Northern chivalry—who intimated that the hand of Douglas was his own, and never would in friendly grasp the hand of such as Vanderbilt clasp. Foremost among these were the Astors. An Astor would not bow to a Vanderbilt on pain of death. The Montagues and the Capulets, the Guelphs and the Ghibellenes were friendly, not to say affectionate, in comparison with the Astors and the Vanderbilts. The Astor blood is, as every one knows, of the purest cerulean tint—it would be a calumny to allude to that sacred fluid as plain blue. The original John Jacob had gone to school with Schopenhauer, which is enough to have cast an aristocratic gloom over the family of Bacchus. The posterity of the school-friend of Schopenhauer and the posterity of Corneel, of the perry-auger, could never be on friendly terms while reason holds a seat in this distracted globe.

This was the situation when the Vanderbilts gave their famous fancy ball five years ago. None of the Astors were asked. They had not called. The Vanderbilts had resurrected their dignity—generally regarded in society as both lost and gone before—from oblivion, dusted it off, and unfurled it to the breeze. No call, no invitation, said they. Miss Astor longed to go to the ball. She waited for an invitation—hoped, pined, drooped, despaired. Finally, in desperation, she bowed her crested head and tamed her heart of fire and called. The next day she received the coveted card, and since then the families of Vanderbilt and Astor have grown together like a double cherry.

IRIS.

October 1, 1889.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Mauzy Concert.

The Byron Mauzy Musical Club gave its first concert of the fifth series last Thursday evening, at Byron Mauzy's warerooms. A large audience enjoyed the following programme:

Trio, (*a*) Andante, D minor ..... Mendelssohn
(*b*) Scherzo ..... Weber
F. Victor Austin, violin; Adolf Lada, 'cello; Miss Elene Austin, piano.
Song, "Ave Maria" ..... Millard
Mrs. N. J. Donovan.
Piano Solo, "Rigoletto" ..... Liszt
Leslie W. Martin.
Baritone Song, "Honor and Arms" (Samson) ..... Handel
Professor J. Wesley Wilkins.
Violin Solo, "Witches' Dance" ..... Paganini
F. Victor Austin.
Song, "Last Rose of Summer" ..... Flotow
Mrs. N. S. Donovan.
Piano Solo, Op. 53 ..... Chopin
Leslie W. Martin.
Song, "Bedouin's Love-Song" ..... Pinsuti
Professor J. Wesley Wilkins.
Violin Solo, "Legende" ..... Wienawski
F. Victor Austin.
Trio. Rondo Finale, G minor ..... Reissiger
F. Victor Austin, violin; Adolf Lada, 'cello; Miss Elene Austin, piano.

The Tojetti Recital.

Emilia Tojetti gave her first vocal illustrative lecture last Wednesday evening at Irving Hall, having as her subject "Ancient Music." She had the assistance of Miss Minnie Deering as reader and Mr. R. A. Lucchesi, accompanist. Two hours were passed in the enjoyment of the following programme:

Chinese Sacred Hymn, in honor of Confucius } ..... Lucchesi
Popular Chinese Song, "A Young Man," }
Hindoo Ballad, "My Handsome Lord" ..... Naumynn
Egyptian Ballad, "Lament of Isis" ..... Lane
Israelitic Sacred Hymn, "By the Waters" ..... Arends
Chant of the Muezzin (at the sunrise) ..... David
Arabian Song, "Far Away" ..... Lucchesi
Pinnar's Ode (the first of the Pythian) ..... Lang
Chatelain de Concy, "Je Chantasse" ..... Fetis
Adam de la Halle, "Robin M'aime" ..... Ritter
Henry IV. of Navarre, "Charmante Gabrielle" ..... Galli
Francesco Landing, "Angelica Belta" ..... Lucchesi
Prince Witan, "Broken Faith" } ..... Stade
Spervogell, "Loveliness of Woman" }

Miss Alice Bacon and Miss Ella Partridge announce a series of four ensemble concerts, to be given in the parlors of the Unitarian Church, corner Geary and Franklin Streets. The ladies will be assisted by Mr. Hermann Brandt and Mr. Louis Heine. The concerts will take place on Saturdays at three P. M.: November 2d, 16th, 30th, and December 14th.

The pupils of Professor E. S. Bonelli gave a recital at his studio on Market Street last Friday afternoon. An interesting programme was presented, the pupils being accompanied by the instructors in the various departments. Signor Martinez, a European pianist now visiting in the city, was present and played Liszt's "Rhapsodie Hongroise."

The Harmony Quartet has been organized and comprises: Mrs. Eno Wadsworth Vivian, soprano, Mrs. C. R. Dickman, contralto, Mr. E. D. Crandall, tenor, and Mr. A. M. Thornton, basso, under the direction of Signor F. Ziliani.

Mr. Ernst Hartmann will give a piano recital this (Saturday) afternoon, under the auspices of the Channing Auxiliary in the parlors of the First Unitarian Church.

POEMS BY EDWIN ARNOLD.

The Brahman.

O Yaksha, listen to the truth:
Not if a man do dwell from youth
Beneath a Brahman's roof, nor when
The Srutis known to holy men
Are learned, and read the Vedas through,
Doth this make any Brahman true.
Conduct alone that name can give;
A Brahmana must steadfast live,
Devoid of sin, and free from wrong;
For he who walks low paths along,
Still keeping to the way, shall come
Sooner and safer to his home
Than the proud wanderer on the hill;
And reading, learning, praying, still
Are outward deeds which oftimes leave
Barren of fruit minds that believe.
Who practices what good he knows,
Himself a Brahmana he shows;
And if an evil nature knew
The sacred Vedas through and through,
With all the Srutis, still must he,
Lower than honest Sudra be.
To know and do the right, and pay
The sacrifice, in peace alway:
This maketh one a Brahmana.

—*From "Indian Idylls."*

Sang.

Choti Gwâlini—A milkmaid sped
Slender, and bright and brown;
With a chatty of curds on her neat little head,
To sell in Mathura town.
"Rama! ho, Rama! who buys of me
Curds as white as the ivory?"

Jahan dharelê—when—at noon-tide,
She set down the chatty, to rest,
Tahan tamua—up to her side,
In silver and satin dressed,
Rama! ho, Rama! canters the King;
"Sweet little milkmaid, marketing!"

Agu! hokh agu!—"forwards go!
Ride on your road, my lord!
If you lay hands on my sari so,
The curds will spatter your sword!
Rama! ho, Rama! the curds will fall
On silver, and satin, and jewels, and all!"

"Tôra lêkhê—you think it is curd
That falls from your milk-pot, Dear!
Môra lêkhê—I call it ahsurd
A goddess such stuff should bear:
Rama! ho, Rama! 'tis amrit instead
Which Heaven rains down on your beautiful head.

—*From "Lotus and Jewel."*

Queen Arjamand.

I have two pictures of Queen Arjamand
In the Persian manner. Oh, a lady fair!
Everywhere beautiful, and born for love;
A face to win worship of hearts, once seen.
No vain voluptuous Odalisque, with orbs
Set hold under low brow, but kind, but good,
More woman than Sultana; yet with air
Of majesty, as fitted great Princess;
And in her high-bred nostrils, habit of rule.
Complexion like the shell of ostrich-egg,
A tinted ivory; hair midnight black,
Braided in seven bright tresses; dark-brown eyes
Splendidly lambent under eyebrows arched
Like edge of swallow's wing;—love-lighted eyes
Curtained with long, fine, sweeping eyelashes;
Cheeks hardly touched by palest rose-color;
Chin delicately molded; sweetest mouth
Flower-soft and sensitive, with curves to make
The smile divine—a mouth of rose and pearl—
Mouth to give orders to an Emperor:
The neck an alabaster pillar; hands
Perfect and small; but stained upon the palms
With henna's russet-red, the Persian way,
Holding a blossom of the pomegranate
Flower of true Faith! Upon the proud smooth head
A Persian cap of state sewn thick with pearls;
Necklet and ear-rings pearl; a ruby clasps
The scarlet silken choli laced with gold
Binding her high-girt breasts; a shawl of blue
Sits on her comely shoulders, stiff with gold,
Letting a dagger's jeweled handle peer;
And cloth of gold, clasping a slender waist,
Droops to the feet, slippered in silver, gemmed.
Arjamand Banu Begam—such she was.

—*From "With Sa'di in the Garden."*

The Spider and the Dove.

The spider and the dove!—what thing is weak
If Allah makes it strong?
The spider and the dove!—if He protect,
Fear thou not foemen's wrong.

From Mecca to Medina fled our Lord,
The horsemen followed fast;
Into a cave to shun their murderous rage,
Muhammad, weary, passed.

Quoth Ahu Bekr, "If they see, we die!"
Quoth Ebn Foheir, "Away!"
The guide Abdallah said, "The sand is deep,
Those footmarks will betray."

Then spake our Lord, "We are not four, but Five;
'He Who protects' is here.
Come! Al-Muhaimin now will blind their eyes;
Enter, and have no fear."

The hand drew nigh; one of the Koreish cried,
"Search ye out yonder cleft,
I see the print of sandaled feet which turn
Thither, upon the left!"

But when they drew unto the cavern's mouth,
Lo! at its entering-in,
A ring-necked desert-dove sate on her eggs;
The mate cooed soft within.

And right athwart the shadow of the cave
A spider's web was spread;
The creature hung upon her net at watch;
Unbroken was each thread.

"By Thammuz' blood," the unbelievers cried,
"Our toil and time are lost;
Where doves hatch and the spider spins her snare
No foot of man hath crossed!"

Thus did a desert-bird and spider guard
The blessed Prophet then;
For all things serve their Maker and their God
Better than thankless men.

—*From "Pearls of the Faith."*

GIRL-CRICKETERS.

"Cockaigne" writes nf Athletic English Maidens whn Bnwl and Bat.

"Ladies' Cricket-Match" is one of the novelties of the season, as it is a sign of the times, and a most potent indication of the sure and certain progress in England of the movement in favor of woman's elevation to equal rights with man. But Englishmen positively refuse to discuss the question should they be so timorous as to attempt its discussion with them.

"I know that women are not fit to do half the things that they do, and that she is trying to do in these fast, fire-works, all-in-the-pan days," says Lord Standstill, grandly, "and I do not wish to say or to hear anything on the subject."

"I quite agree with you," concurs Squire Stickfast; "it's all the greatest rubbish out. Women, indeed! Let her leave alone. When we want her society we'll ask it, ha! ha! It's no business to do what men do."

"Yet you let her hunt," you suggest.

"Hunt, eh? Why, of course we do," say both viscount and squire in a gasp; "that's as old as the hills. Our great-grandmothers hunted. But they didn't go in for cricket."

"Ah, yes, cricket, to be sure," you say; "so your grandmothers didn't play cricket, eh?"

"I should rather think not. Nor our mothers, either, for the matter of that."

"And yet they hunted?"

"Yes, they hunted. Why shouldn't they have?"

"There *was* a time, however, when they didn't hunt? English ladies, I mean."

"*Was* a time? When? I don't remember it. Not in my time."

"They had to make a beginning, hadn't they?"

"Make a beginning? Of course they had. Who says they hadn't?" and the viscount's color rises, while the squire adds; "what the deuce are you driving at?"

"And the girls who go in for cricket will some day be grandmothers and great-grandmothers," you go on.

"I never heard a man talk such skittles. I suppose they will if they marry—not else," and the squire bestows on you a look which a professor of mathematics grants unto a dull-witted pupil.

"Great-grandmothers?" queries the viscount; "what have they to do with playing cricket?"

"You see it is useless to go on with it, so you stop.

"But later on the subject comes up again. You are sitting in the smoking-room of a country-house, and while you puff your pipe or inhale your cigarette in silence, you listen to the talk that half-a-dozen or so strapping young men are indulging themselves in.

"There never was so splendid a cricket season," says one, who, in a light blue-silk smoking-suit, with gold braid on the collar and cuffs; "Surrey and Notts's averages are quite astounding. Lohmann never bowled in better form, and Barnes made six centuries."

"Look here, don't you know, it's a grand game, isn't it?" remarks another young fellow, in pea-green, picked out with red; "the idea of cricket ever going down!"

"What, in England? No fear. Who says so? Some one inquires an older gentleman, in a Zingari blazer, doing duty for his huff-and-blue-faced smoking-suit, which his valet has put to pack (so you heard him tell a young lady at dinner an hour ago), white-flannel trousers, and brown-canvas tennis-shoes.

"Must have been a most awful ass," says the pea-green boy; "cricket was never so prosperous or popular," his adjectives running to *p's* in sympathy with his dress.

"It's the out-and-out, the supreme manliness of the game that gives it such a hold on the English heart?" you ask.

"The others turn in their chairs to look at you. One stops to play in the loading of his pipe, another in the scratching of a match. No one answers. You have broken the current.

"Isn't it?" you ask, presently.

"Rather," assents the man in the blazer and tennis-shoes.

"That's the great pull we have over foreigners," says the pea-green youth, proudly; "look at the heastly French. They're not like men. You can't get 'em to play an out-and-out game."

"Or the Germans, either," adds the pea-green young man; "they're like a lot of women. They know nothing of tennis or cricket."

"No other country but England has a national game," says a fresh youth, in a Chinese blouse, which would be pretty swell if it didn't make him look like a coolie, for his hair is smooth, and his hair almost shaven on the crown, so close is it cut; "what duffers the men of other countries must be, when you come to think of it! No better, as you say, than a lot of women."

"You are on the point of casting in the bombshell you have been silently manufacturing, but the pea-green speaks before you decide how to begin:

"Oh, the Yankees have a game they call base-ball."

"Call that thing a game!" shouts the man in the Zingari blazer; "it's no better than rounders. Women play rounders. That's a pretty sort of national game that women can play!"

"Women play tennis, don't they?" you ask.

"By Jove, don't you know, the women have grown most awfully keen on tennis," says the young man in the Chinese blouse.

"But just look here. Tennis isn't a national game!" calls out the man in the blazer.

"Cricket is, though?"

"Right you are."

"Women play cricket," you then remark, in a casual sort of voice, as you flick the ash off your cigarette.

"It is remarkable how silent the cricketers have become. They smoke on without a word. You have set them a-thinking. Presently the man in the blazer drops his pipe out of his mouth. Ten minutes of continuous thinking have been too much for him. He has actually anticipated its action himself by dropping asleep. He gets up with a yawn and stretches himself like a great mastiff at the door of his kennel on a hot day. He taps the ashes out of his pipe into the ash-dish, pours himself out a stiff glass of brandy, and fills up his glass from the soda-syphon. This he drains at one draught; says "Night," in a subdued growl, and, lighting one of the candles which stand in a row of silver hand-candlesticks on a side-table, strides out of the room. Breaking up in the smoking-room is generally a game of "follow my leader," and the others quickly imitate the blazer's example.

A few days after an experience in a smoking-room not altogether unlike the foregoing, I chanced to be staying with some friends in one of the southern counties, and while there had the good fortune to be present at a "Ladies' Cricket-Match," and to witness some of its peculiarities. It was between Lady Syhil Ashton's eleven and Miss ——'s eleven, the latter being the "Home" team, as it was got up by the daughter of my hostess from among the girls of the neighborhood. Lady Syhil's team was one of considerable celebrity in the cricket (female) world, and came by train early in the morning. The home-team was rather a scratch assemblage of young lady-cricketers, and was got up in somewhat of a hurry sooner than give up having the match, suggested by an elaborate written challenge from Lady Syhil some days before.

A four-horse break met the visitors at the station, from which they drove over in fine style, one of their number, a rather rotund young lady with small, wicked eyes, performing many flourishing movements on a coach-horn as they rattled along between the hedge-rows and beneath the limes and elms. Just as soon as they arrived, they walked down to the ground and passed the intervening hour before the beginning of the match in practice. They were certainly a fine lot of girls (there were two married ladies among them—I must not forget that), almost without exception stout, well-built, straight, muscular, and ruddy. They were dressed thus: Imagine a short, white-flannel skirt reaching to midway between the ankle and lower calf of the leg, and so tight as to make the wearers look in the distance as if their sole nether garment consisted of a pair of short trousers, for the skirt was wide enough for that, though narrow for a skirt. It was not divided. A narrow edging of work, which you only saw when close by, ornamented the bottom of the skirt. This garment was fastened at the waist by a three-corner folded crimson-and-yellow silk-handkerchief, in true cricket fashion, the handkerchief even passing through flannel loops on the band of the skirt. The bodice consisted of a man's white-flannel shirt, worn under a crimson-and-yellow striped blazer. Small, round, peakless, crimson-and-yellow caps were set jauntily on their heads, while beneath their skirts were as fine a set of well-developed, shapely legs, incased in tight, black stockings, without bag or wrinkle, as the eye of man would desire to rest upon. I was particularly and forcibly struck by the sense and wisdom of a recent article by Mr. Blakely Hall, in a New York paper, on this subject of women's legs. The black-stockinged extremities of Lady Syhil Ashton's eleven filled me with silent admiration.

Balls were bowled, thrown, caught, and batted with the same style and dash, the same freedom and skill, by some of the girls, as though they were men. Naturally, they could not bowl or hit or throw with the same power.

"Oh, well bowled, Mrs. Anstruther!" called out Lady Sybil, the "captain"; "your break from the off is perfect. Only give us a few of those half an hour hence, and I shall be most awfully grateful."

Mrs. Anstruther was a tall, broad-shouldered blonde of about two-and-twenty. She was bowling at a single stump, while Lady Syhil kept wicket and the Hon. Cecilia Hardwick batted, the quick and free action of both bowler and batsman—batswoman, I should say—in no way decreasing the extent of black stocking presented to the eye.

Well, in due time the match began. The home-team, who, by-the-bye, only made their appearance just before the hour of play, were attired in a dress almost identical with that of the visitors, the only difference being that they wore dark-blue handkerchiefs, blue-flannel caps, and blue-and-white striped blazers, and white-canvas shoes, instead of the russet-leather worn by Lady Syhil's team. The match lasted from half-past eleven till after six in the evening, with the usual luncheon adjournment from two to three; that the scores were for the most part high, one hard-and-free-hitting young lady making eighty-seven runs, while one of the bowlers of the home-team took four wickets running in as many overs for less than twenty runs. It should be noted that the hall was not a regulation cricket-ball. A lighter and considerably softer india-rubber substitute was used instead of the miniature cannon-ball.

"If we could use pads, we should not mind how hard the ball was," I heard Lady Syhil explaining to a gentleman cricketer of some local note, who looked on with a cynical smile; "it's not our hands we're afraid of hurting."

"Why, Lady Torquay wears pads when she bats," spoke up one of the team, who was buttoning on her batting-gloves preparatory to taking her place at the next wicket that went down.

"How does she manage it, I wonder," asked Lady Syhil.

"Oh, she wears her frocks much shorter than we do, you know. I say! There's Emmie Wilton out leg-before."

You do not wonder at the young lady's manner of dismissal, as, with her hat tucked under her arm, she walks slowly back from her lost wicket, and raises her cap knowingly to acknowledge the applause which greets her, for she has made twenty-four runs.

And so the match goes on, the same lingo filling the surrounding atmosphere, in illustration or embellishment of each succeeding good or bad point of play. The visitors are again victorious, Lady Syhil being carried to the break on the shoulders of four of her team, in recognition of her successful "captaining" and her well-played innings of "fifty-one, not out."

COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, September 21, 1889.

Some electric railways will be laid along the rivers of Northern Russia, where the extreme cold endures during a great part of the year.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Count Taafe, the Austrian Prime Minister, is the Baron of Ballymote in Ireland.

Little King Alexander of Servia is much impressed with a sense of his own dignity. He can scarcely write three lines on any topic without using the expression "I, the king."

Count Berthier, a grandson of Bonaparte's marshal, recently lost a roll of bank-notes, containing one hundred thousand dollars, on a railway train. He offers four thousand dollars reward for its return.

Miss Wheeler, of Philadelphia, who is engaged to Count Pappenheim of Bavaria, is only eighteen years of age. Miss Wheeler is tall and fair. She will have a considerable fortune in her own right. Her father, the late Charles Wheeler, left a fortune estimated at two million dollars. Count Pappenheim does not possess much cash, but owns large tracts of land of more or less value in Bavaria. His family seat is a big, old-fashioned castle at Aufmuhl, in the Bavarian highlands.

Ira Paine, the famous American marksman, who died recently in Paris, was a victim of iced beer. After performing at the Folies Bergères, he went to the bar of the establishment one evening and drank two glasses of cold malt liquor. Shortly afterward, he complained of a suffocating feeling and a heavy oppression on the chest. He went home, took to his bed, and, despite the efforts of his doctors, died in great agony. Mr. Paine was a robust man, only fifty-three years of age, and his death is a striking illustration of the danger which lurks in iced drinks.

On going to the top of the Eiffel Tower, Mr. Edison wrote in the visitors' book as follows: "Top Eiffel Tower, September 10, 1889.—To M. Eiffel, the brave builder of so gigantic and original a specimen of modern engineering, from one who has the greatest respect and admiration for all engineers, including the Great Engineer, the *bon Dieu*.—THOMAS A. EDISON." He subsequently wrote his name upon Mlle. Eiffel's fan, which forms a valuable collection of autographs, bearing the signatures of all the princes of the blood royal and the princes of science who have visited her father's *chef d'œuvre*.

M. Christicz, the Servian Minister at Berlin, has been placed on the retired list. He was the former private and confidential secretary of King Milan, but the relations between the king and Mme. Christicz, and the complacent attitude of the husband, were so flagrant that Christicz was gazetted as minister plenipotentiary to Rome, where King Humbert declined to receive him. M. Christicz was thereupon created plenipotentiary to Berlin, but he was ostracized both by his colleagues and by society. Mme. Artemisia Christicz, who is the daughter of the sultan's millionaire architect at Constantinople, is now living with the ex-King Milan as his wife at Carlsbad. It is asserted that her influence over Milan is due not so much to her superb style of beauty as to hypnotism.

Another sad instance of the *folie des grandeurs*, or mania for magnificence, has just occurred in Paris. M. Marquet, a young comedian of the Odéon Theatre, has been very strange in his manner lately. Since his recent journey to London with Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, he began to wear all sorts of ribbons as decorations, to which he had no right. After M. Damala's death, he gave out that he was about to marry Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, as he was the only actor capable of performing by her side. A few Sundays ago he rushed on the stage, his face chalked with ochre, and attired as one of Buffalo Bill's redskins; and on the night of the revival of "Tosca," at the Porte Saint-Martin, he appeared in the stalls in the uniform of an infantry officer, wearing an *aigrette* in his *képi* like that of the Shah of Persia. M. Marquet has since been confined in the Asylum of Saint-Anne, and his case excites great commiseration.

The Russian imperial family have very indifferent health, and two or three members are always more or less seriously ill. The condition of the Grand Duchess Maria Paulovna has been pronounced hopeless by her physicians. Her mother died young, of consumption, and her sister and brother, the Grand Duchess Vladimir and the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, suffer with their chests, and spend a large portion of the year at Mentone. The Czar's two uncles, the Grand Dukes Constantine and Nicholas, are now confirmed invalids. Nicholas, who resembles his father and was one of the handsomest men in Europe, is now a tottering and bent old man, the victim of an incurable liver malady. It is said that when his sister, the Grand Duchess Marie of Leuchtenberg, was taken ill in her sixty-third year, she was visited by the late Czar, who, on taking his leave, wished her a speedy recovery. "I shall not recover," answered the princess; "we Romanoffs never get older than sixty-three." The Grand Duke Nicholas is now nearly sixty, but his brother Constantine is rapidly approaching the fatal age.

Maurice Sand, son of the famous novelist, George Sand, and who has just been borne to his grave at Nohant, will be remembered in the United States as one of the companions of Prince Napoleon (Jerome) on the occasion of the latter's visit to America in 1866. He spent several days at Washington with the prince, and on his return to his picturesque château at Nohant, published an account of the trip under the title of "Six Thousand Leagues at Full Steam." Born in 1823, he has joined the "great majority" without leaving behind him a single enemy or detractor. Although educated by his mother, and passionately devoted to her, his career was unmarked by any of those irregularities which constituted so notable a feature of George Sand's stormy life. Married in 1862 to the beautiful daughter of a famous Italian engraver, his domestic happiness was unclouded until the day of his death. Twenty-five years ago he was severely wounded while engaged in saving life at a fire, and was decorated by Napoleon the Third for the great gallantry he displayed on that occasion. A prolific writer and a painter of considerable talent, he leaves numerous works, both of pen and brush.

Albert Grimaldi is the reigning Prince of Monaco, and his approaching marriage with the widow of Armand Chapelle de Jumilhac, Duke of Richelieu and Fronsac, is the sensation in Europe at the present moment. Prince Albert's first wife was daughter of the Duchess of Hamilton, a princess of Baden, and her son, Louis, now nineteen years of age, is heir to the throne of Monaco. The Pope annulled the marriage in 1880, and the ex-Princess of Monaco, granddaughter of Sophie de Beauharnais, became the wife of a Hungarian noble, Count Tassilo Festetics de Tolna. The Duchesse de Richelieu is a beautiful woman, tall, blonde, with aristocratic features; she is not only beautiful, but also very intelligent and very accomplished. The duchess has two children, Odile de Jumilhac, a daughter, aged ten years, and a son, now Duke de Richelieu, aged thirteen years. The duchess was born Alice Heine, and is a daughter of Michel Heine, head of the old banking-house founded by Napoleon's famous minister, Fould. The duchess is also niece of Heinrich Heine, the poet, and cousin of the celebrated Mme. Furtado-Heine, recently decorated with the Legion of Honor as a recompense for her generosity to the poor.

Prince Hatzfeldt had a part to play in a romantic episode. The three Loisset sisters were all circus-riders, but they were all three strictly virtuous, well brought up, graceful, clever, and pretty. The eldest sister married a French gentleman and retired from the circus-ring, and two of the most aristocratic and highly-born (one, indeed, being of quasi-royal birth) patricians of Germany fell in love with the two younger sisters—Prince Henry of Reuss and this only Hatzfeldt. When old Kaiser Wilhelm heard of these projected *mésalliances*, he was very angry. Von Reuss, openly ignoring the express commands of his sovereign, married the second Mlle. Loisset, sacrificing by so doing his princely rank and title, and taking up his residence in Belgium with his wife as simple Count and Countess of Reichenfels. But Von Reuss felt acutely the change in his social position; and, although the Countess of Reichenfels was the most devoted of wives, the prince destroyed himself a few years ago. The youngest of these three circus-riding sisters, Mlle. Emilie Loisset, was also by far the prettiest, the most graceful, and the most sought after. Prince Hatzfeldt laid his heart and coronet in the sawdust at the feet of the fair *écuyère*, and she promised to become his wife. But Mlle. Loisset, while trying a dangerous horse in the arena of the Winter Circus, in Paris, one afternoon, was severely crushed by the animal falling on her. Three days later, she succumbed to her terrible injuries. Hatzfeldt swore he would never marry; and, buying the horse which had caused all this mischief, he, in a very silly and melodramatic fashion, destroyed the poor brute which had crushed to death his affianced bride.

THE MAN-EATER.

A Story of India.

There were two entrances to the drawing-room; this must be borne in mind.

The house itself was old-fashioned, a large and many-gabled one, standing quite alone and solitary in a spacious garden; all the windows had been closed and the jalousies shut and secured from the outside; the tatty-grass blinds on the piazza had been rolled up and put away until another blazing morning called for their refreshing shade.

The locality was near that part of the delta called the Sunderbunds, through which the Ganges expands its branches as it approaches the sea—a labyrinth of creeks and rivers, of jungle and stagnant water. The night was perfectly fine, but moonless; there was a heavy dew rapidly falling, like misty rain, which, in hot countries, is a perfectly natural occurrence.

I went into the drawing-room by what might be called the back door, as it led into the back drawing-room, and smaller one of the two; the other, a far larger apartment, communicated with this one by great folding-doors of gold and white. The back drawing-room was very full of furniture, rather inconveniently so. As I was carrying an armful of books, and in my disengaged hand a lamp, I proceeded, with tolerable security, though slowly, but then, of course, I knew the room and could have gone to my destination in the dark. What struck me as both curious and irritative was the fancy that the room seemed more impeded than ever with the furniture—dark, old-fashioned rosewood furniture, which had been made to match the piano. The various articles looked as if they had been dragged about the room. Possibly the darkness above and around me helped the illusion; anyway, they had the appearance of having been gradually spread toward the centre of the room round a heavy and solid table. It was this table that I wished to go to. I walked very slowly, partly because I did not wish to spill the books which I had spent the last hour in collecting, and partly because of an unaccountably horrible feeling which had come over me. This part of the house was quite silent; indeed, it was often so of an evening. My brother had passed me on his way upstairs, having been all day at Madrepore, and no doubt being tired had gone to bed. There were very few stairs at all, as the house was practically a one-storied one, rambling and full of angles, having been built and added to at various times; here and there little staircases streamed out, leading to long passages and unexpected cupboards; the back drawing-room door itself opened from a side-flight of five stairs. As I had encountered two small chairs and an overturned music-stand, I stood still for a second, looking for a clear passage, and thereby holding the lamp high and well in front of me; as I paused amid the complete silence which reigned, an immense tiger slowly crossed the path of light, turning on me two burning, yellow eyes, gleaming like vivid topazes. I stood there in stiffened terror and heard my heart beat. The tiger's mouth was parted and running with saliva; so wide was it hanging open at the corners that the serrated edges of the lower lips were plainly visible. It glared with a steadfast look of such grinning cruelty, such conscious malignity, that it froze my blood and turned my limbs to stone.

The tiger crossed the India-matting of the room with a noiseless, swinging gait; as it appeared to have come from the obscurity near the piano, so it vanished into the obscurity beyond—that is, outside the pathway of the lantern-light. I stood perfectly immovable, still clutching the books with my left arm, still holding the lamp before me, still gazing at the placed it had crossed, and apparently forever seeing that awful look upon the tiger's face. It seemed as if my eyes saw the face, though my mind had rapidly suggested the frightful probability that the tiger was behind me. At the same time, by some dual mental process, it was holding out hope that the animal had passed through the great folding-doors into the dark room beyond. I have no remembrance at all of my mind dictating the next action I pursued; it seemed just an instinct indulged in by the body upon its own account and for its own immediate preservation.

I laid the books very carefully down without making the slightest unnecessary noise or disturbing the hand that held the lamp, and then, raising with slow effort one of the heavy little chairs that had blocked my passage, I silently swung it on to my shoulders and held it so that it covered my head, then turned slowly sidewise, with my mind impressed with the necessity of keeping the lamp as far as possible behind me. This struck me at the time as clever and of unquestionable importance in saving my life. I managed to walk gently out of the room. I suppose I had been in it five minutes, but it seemed like a weary hour.

As I closed the door and locked it, my brother unexpectedly came down the passage and passed me on the little flight of stairs; he was rather in a hurry.

"Godfrey," I called out after him, "do you mind pulling the front door to in the large drawing-room as you go by?" It seems strange now, but I could think of nothing else to say then, and I said it slowly and quite naturally.

He assented and disappeared, and I, without noticing it at the time, took up the chair again, and with my lamp ascended the short flight of stairs, and proceeded along the passage to my own room, walking slowly and guardedly. The mind had evidently been so shocked that it had not recovered its dominant sway over the body. Upon reaching my own room, I put the chair carefully down and sat upon it. The lamp I had placed on the table at the same time. I sat there a few seconds, feebly wondering which room the tiger was in. Then I got up with a sudden alacrity, took from its case a large revolver, and turned into the passage again. In a minute or so I was in Godfrey's room. He was half undressed. "What's the matter?" he demanded, with startled eyes. When I had told him, he took my hand and wrung it. "You may thank God that you are alive, old fellow." Then he dressed hurriedly, took a heavy rifle from a rack, and filled his pockets with cartridges. "Come along; stay, let me go first; your nerves are a bit shaky yet."

We crept out and awakened the *punkah-wallah*, an old and faithful Hindoo, whom my brother once nursed during a dangerous illness—a brave and trustworthy man, who would have laid his life down for Godfrey.

"It is the Man-eater!" said the Hindoo, after my recital.

"You will come with us, Rameè?" asked my brother. The old man smiled as if the question were superfluous.

"Will the sahib let his servant advise him?"

"Yes, Rameè; tell me your plan."

As the Hindoo rapidly unfolded it, my brother smiled dubiously at the strange idea.

"Cunning must be met with cunning," said the Hindoo.

"It'll take three hours to arrange," I remarked.

"Three hours will bring the dawn; now, who can see in the dark?—not the sahib, but yes, the tiger."

"Very well," said Godfrey, "let's set about it at once." From the gardener's out-house we brought a roll of wire-netting which had been put there for fencing in a paddock a few days previously. Together we collected armsful of shavings the workmen had not cleared away, quantities of dried leaves, rags—everything we could find soft and pliable; and, having cut the wire into three square lengths, firmly lashed them together, one over the other. When completed, it was the shape but rather larger than the window in the room in which the tiger lay hidden, and the doors of which had been locked. Our operations so far had been conducted upon the veranda outside, near the gardener's room; we then rolled up the wire-netting and carried it round the corner of the house to within a few yards of the big window; here it was unrolled again and flattened out, then upon its surface we poured all the shavings, rags, leaves, and refuse we had collected, and upon this mass smeared and spread a quantity of lime left by the workmen for the morrow. This we smoothed down as well as we were able, till the whole mass assumed some consistency and clung to the interstices of the netting. Rameè next took some stout twine and improvised a rough kind of needle from a bamboo-cane. With this implement he sewed all over the mass of stuff, thus making a string-netting which helped to keep the composition in its place. So far, so good; the most difficult operation yet remained.

"Take my gun," said Godfrey to me, "and give me the revolver."

"Sahib," whispered the Hindoo, placing a restraining hand upon my brother, "let Rameè complete his work—is it not his duty? If he fails he shall suffer."

"You foolish man," said Godfrey, "how can you do it alone?" With slow and noiseless steps the netting, looking very like a large mattress, was carried exactly opposite the window and laid gently down; then both retired as silently as they had advanced.

Rameè then brought from the out-house a ladder, and with a gesture of entreaty signed to my brother to stand aside and take his rifle in his hand. With bare feet the Hindoo crept up to the window again and reared the ladder against the wall. Taking a coil of rope from his neck, he deftly fastened it to the highest wall-staple of the outside shutter. Descending, he quickly enlaced the short strand in the netting, placed the ladder on the other side, and ran the thong through the other staple. For the first time he made a noise, but it was unavoidable, and was caused by the netting being drawn upwards till it hung like a great curtain, covering the shutter and hiding the window from us.

Godfrey and I stood ready to fire.

The Hindoo, perspiring at every pore, descended the ladder, which he lowered and placed horizontally on the window-sill, and lashed it to the bottom of the netting and again fastened that to the two lower staples on either side.

The thing was done; far away in the east the dawn was breaking, above which the morning star was slowly paling its silver fire.

"But, Rameè, the shutters are still fastened!"

"Sahib, I unfastened them; they are open the breadth of a man's hand; presently the light will stream through."

"Quick; fetch another rifle."

When he returned, I took the gun and gave him my revolver.

A light breath of wind passed murmuring through the feathery crowns of the slender cocoa-palms, two great spears of light shot up in the sky, somewhere in the garden a bird sang—the sun had risen. "Wait the signal," whispered my brother; "now, Rameè." The Hindoo knelt down and imitated the bleating of a kid that had lost its mother. At the instant Rameè sprang to his feet, the silence was rent by a sundering crash and a sudden, terrific roar; the shutters were torn from their sockets, a great mass hurled itself precipitately through the window, and the tiger, with its head and shoulders buried in the lime-covered débris, was grappling in maddened fury with an enemy he could not see nor make much impression upon.

Our guns were at our shoulders.

The animal was twenty feet from us, tearing up the graveled path, and coiling itself in inextricable confusion in the broken netting and splintered ladder. Rameè uttered a loud cry. The animal had freed its head, and stood with its bleeding mouth in an enforced listening attitude. It was the moment Godfrey had waited for, and he fired. The tiger, evidently not seeing him, sprang at the window again, but missed the opening, hurling itself against the wall and falling on the broken shutters. At the minute it alighted, I aimed at the spot behind the shoulder and fired; it gave a convulsive leap and turned its bloodshot eyes in our direction. Then Godfrey fired again and told me to do the same.

"Back! back!" cried Rameè.

The animal had gathered itself together and sprang forward with one mighty bound, and rolled over with a scream of dying rage.

When we came to measure the brute afterwards, we found it was fifteen feet from the nose to the tip of the tail.

Charles Lillie.

THE LATEST VERSE.

The Ballad of Dead Men's Bay.

The sea swings owre the slants of sand,
All white with winds that drive;
The sea swirls up to the still dim strand,
Where nae man comes alive.

At the gray soft edge of the fruitless surf
A light flame sinks and springs;
At the gray soft rim of the flowerless turf
A low flame leaps and clings.

What light is this on a sunless shore,
What gleam on a starless sea?
Was it earth's or hell's waste womb that bore
Such births as should not be?

As lithe snakes turning, as bright stars burning,
They bicker and beckon and call;
As wild waves churning, as wild winds yearning,
They flicker and climb and fall.

A soft strange cry from the landward rings—
"What ails the sea to shine?"
A keen, sweet note from the spray's rim springs—
"What fires are these of thine?"

"A soul am I that was born on earth
For ae day's waesome span;
Death bound me fast on the bourn of birth
Ere I were christened man.

"A light by night, I fleet and fare
Till the day of wrath and woe;
On the hems of earth and the skirts of air
Winds hurl me to and fro."

"Oh, well is thee, though the weird be strange
That bids thee flit and flee;
For hope is child of the womb of change,
And hope keeps watch with thee.

"When the years are gone and the time is come,
God's grace may give thee grace;
And thy soul may sing, though thy soul were dumb,
And shine before God's face.

"But I, that lighten and revel and roll
With the foam of the plunging sea,
No sign is mine of a breathing soul
That God should pity me.

"Nor death, nor heaven, nor hell, nor birth,
Hath part in me nor mine:
Strong lords are these of the living earth,
And loveless lords of thine.

"But I that know nor lord nor life
More sure than storm or spray,
Whose breath is made of sport and strife,
Whereon shall I find stay?"

"And wouldst thou change thy doom with me,
Full fain with thee would I:
For the life that lightens and lifts the sea
Is more than earth or sky.

"And what if the day of doubt and doom
Shall save nor smite not me?
I would not rise from the slain world's tomb
If there be no more sea.

"Take be my soul that gave my soul,
And give it thee to keep;
And me, while seas and stars shall roll,
Thy life that falls on sleep."

That word went up through the mirk mid sky,
And even to God's own ear:
And the Lord was ware of the keen twin cry,
And wroth was He to hear.

He's tane the soul of the unsained child
That fled to death from birth;
He's tane the light of the wan sea wild,
And hid it burn on earth.

He's given the ghaist of the babe new born
The gift of the water sprite,
To ride on revel from morn to morn
And roll from night to night.

He's given the sprite of the wild wan sea
The gift of the new-born man,
A soul forever to hide and be
When the years have filled their span.

When a year was gone and a year was come,
O loud and loud cried they—
"For the lee-lang year thou hast held us dumb;
Take now Thy gifts away!"

O loud and lang they cried on Him,
And sair and sair they prayed:
"Is the face of Thy Grace as the night's face grim
For those Thy wrath has made?"

A cry more bitter than tears of men
From the rim of the dim gray sea:
"Give me my living soul again,
The soul Thou gavest me,
The doom and the dole of kindly men,
To hide my weird and be!"

A cry more keen from the wild low land
Than the wail of waves that roll:
"Take back the gift of a loveless hand,
Thy gift of doom and dole,
The weird of men that hide on land;
Take from me, take my soul!"

The hands that smite are the hands that spare;
They build and break the tomb:
They turn to darkness and dust and air
The fruits of the waste earth's womb;
But never the gift of a granted prayer,
The dole of a spoken doom.

Winds may change at a word unheard,
But none may change the tides:
The prayer once heard is as God's own word;
The doom once dealt abides.

And ever a cry goes up by day,
And ever a wail by night;
And nae ship comes by the weary bay
But her shipmen hear them wail and pray,
And see with earthly sight
The twofold flames of the twin lights play
Where the sea-banks green and the sea-floods gray
Are proud of peril and fain of prey,
And the sand quakes ever; and ill fare they
That look upon that light!

—*A. C. Swinburne in the Athenæum.*

A WOMAN'S WORK.

"Parisina" writes of Augusta Holmes's Life-Story and her Ode.

Outside the great excitement of the elections, the lion's share of the public interest has been absorbed by a woman. The name of this woman is Augusta Holmes, poetess and composer—beauty, also, though somewbat on the wane now.

Musical composers who bave never had so splendid an opportunity for distinguishing themselves as the one voucbsafed to their feminine rival, and whose works lie unproductive, because the government can no longer afford to subsidize a Théâtre Lyrique—as in the old times when Gounod made his reputation—complain bitterly that sixty thousand dollars have been expended in bringing out "L'Ode Patriotique"—three hundred thousand francs, whicb would have kept an opera-house going for a twelve-month. They ignore the necessity whicb there is for governments, as well as persons, to run at certain times into extravagances, whicb would be culpable in them at others. *Exposition oblige!* It was decided months ago that a grand musical entertainment should be beld in connection with the exposition and that money sbould not be stinted in getting it up. A competition was opened and composers were invited to send in scores. They did so; but when the jury came to examine the works of the various candidates, they were all found to be utterly worthless or of hopeless mediocrity. Then it was that Augusta Holmes threw berself into tbe breach. She bad her idea and began to carry it out. She wrote a *scenario* and sent it to the all-powerful Alphand. He was enchanted with it. An ode written to the glory of the republic was just the thing to fetch tbe masses. The music was composed and the orchestration of it completed in a few weeks. Augusta was not the woman to let the grass grow under her feet; the opportunity was hers, let ber profit by it. M. Alpband obtained a subvention of sixty thousand dollars—a pretty penny—and he spent it all in scene-painting, dresses, electric-lighting, decorations, and the engagement of twelve hundred chariots. The representations were to be held gratis, so there was no tbought of repayment in the matter. The whole tbing was to be a generous, unbeard-of piece of official liberality.

Fortunately there was a building ready prepared for the purpose—the Palais des Champs-Elysées, where tbe mayors had dined so short a time before, and wbere, as you remember, we all gathered for that great ball of which a special description was given in these pages. This palace is not the best possible for hearing music in, mind you, but tbat could really not be helped—or it was quite a secondary consideration—the great thing being to accommodate some twenty-thousand-and-odd persons under one roof. If the large majority were too far off to see or bear much, wbat did that matter?

Everything was to be large in connection witb the ode—tbe stage bigger than any ever built, the choruses and instrumentalists more numerous, and the single solo part sung by the finest cantratrice with the loudest voice known—qualities found to be allied in the person of Mlle. Mathilde Romi, six feet in her stockings and warranted to make more noise than any other female in the artistic ranks of Europe. Though they might go to the expense and trouble of hunting up a "one gal" of this kind to personify the republic, it was not to be expected that they could be as particular about each member of the choral ranks, so tbat the tri-color goddess looked like a giant among pigmies.

Tbe furore for "making big," which devours people nowadays, has one curious result—it dwarfs humanity. What a little fellow M. Eiffel looks beside his wonderful tower, yet he is by no means a bad specimen of a man and a brother, and M. Alphand, as be stood in the official-box and gave the signal to the orchestra to attack the overture of "L'Ode Triomphale," had no more dignity about him than General Tom Thumb. When, at the conclusion of the representation, carried away by the excitement of the moment, he embraced Mlle. Augusta Holmes, kissing her on the two cheeks—"How very French!" of course we cold-blooded foreigners exclaimed—the effect was that of a couple of children—a buxom girl, it is true, and a gray-bearded boy.

"Making big" too, has another inconvenience. It leads to the agglomeration of masses, and whereas it may be relatively easy to marshal tbree or four thousand individuals, directly they come to multiply tbat number four or five times, the difficulties are increased tenfold. Therefore, when we found ourselves at the doors of the Palais des Champs-Elysées, tbe other night, we had to stand a good balf bour in the *queues*, wbich did not improve our tempers, and inside the usbers looked like men distraught, utterly incapable of directing us the way we should go. However, we managed to find seats at last, but whether we sbould ever have succeeded in getting out again, alive, if tbe accidentally catching fire of one of the huge wooden chandeliers had caused a worse panic than it did, I do not know. For my own part, surrounded, bemmed in by thousands of other spectators, I felt for a moment very uncomfortable, as I reflected on the trouble we bad bad to get in wben we were cool and collected, and how infinitely more difficult—nay, well-nigh impossible—it would be to effect a decent and hurried retreat under the circumstances. Fortunately, we were not forced into attempting anything so perilous; the firemen succeeding in pulling down the cbandelier and extinguishing the flames in the course of a somewhat bad quarter of an bour. What must have been Mlle. Holmes's feelings during tbat time? To bave arrived at the heigbt of ber ambition, to have sixty-two thousand persons impatiently waiting to applaud her work, and then to see tbe wbole representation (to say nothing of the lives of the guests) put in jeopardy by an ill-regulated electric current!

All is well that ends well, and Augusta Holmes, it is said, is to be rewarded with the ribbon of the Legion of Honor.

I daresay the reader has already asked bimself of what nationality is this Augusta Holmes—this probable *chevalière*. Well, it is wbispered that she is French on ber father's side, though poor old Captain Holmes was as unmistakably Irisb as his wife. And let it not be imagined that I am scandalmongering; Augusta herself is proud of an undeniable likeness to Alfred de Vigny. Anybow, sbe is a tborough Frenchwoman at beart, and has enrolled berself of late in the camp of the ardent patriots, tbougb we all mind the time well when, an enthusiast of Wagner, she was strongly suspected of Teutooic sympathies.

In writing about a woman's sympathies and admirations, it is generally necessary to *chercher l'homme*. George Sand, the most virile of French female writers, was always, more or less, under masculine domination, and her different lovers exercised a very notable influence on ber books. Augusta Holmes's story is so well-known in Paris that there is no breacb of etiquette in setting it down here. As well try to wink at the connection between Alfred de Musset and the author of "André" as deny tbe tender relationsbip once existing between Catulle Mendès and Augusta Holmes. Usually, on whichever side the greater fault lies, it is the woman wbo hears the brunt of the blame. Very properly so, doubtless. But, in this case, I must say it was Catulle at wbom the finger of scorn was pointed. Frenchmen are ripe for most sorts of wickedness. If they seduce a young woman in a lower rank of life, and it comes to be known, Mrs. Grundy is not extremely severe; she is probably of opinion that the hussy threw herself into his arms and would have come to grief somehow, if not with this man, with another. But when a married man makes love and turns from the path of duty a girl who is his equal in social rank and, perhaps, his superior in fortune, it is quite another matter. Society shows him tbe cold shoulder and pities tbe woman.

Augusta Holmes had inberited a competency from ber father. She resided under tbe wing of a humble but devoted cbaperon, and was the centre of a little circle of admiring friends and adorers when Catulle appeared upon tbe scene, came, and saw, and conquered. Ardent young poets were content to write sonnets to ber eyebrows; artists—who have since obtained fame—sought the honor of painting her portrait; and every one around treated ber with the respect due to beauty and genius. She might bave been the wife of more than one man wbo has now reaped bis harvest of laurels in literature or art. But it was not to be. How well I remember making one of the circle at Versailles, where sbe then lived, and admiring with girlisb fervor the gifted maiden wbo would play the hearts out of our breasts and carry us away witb her on the wings of ber enthusiasm!

The denouement affected us all painfully enough at the time, and all our reproaches were for the soft-spoken, blue-eyed, golden-haired reprobate—tbe man to wbom Tbéophile Gautier had given his superb daughter, Juditb. Had Naquet's bill been passed at that time, doubtless there would have been a divorce, and tbings would have mended themselves somehow. But when, some years later, Mme. Juditb obtained a decree, the love-dream was over. Catulle had shaken himself free of tbe shackles of *la vie à deux*, and the beautiful Augusta was once more alone, wedded to ber art and working bard to make herself a name as a composer. A lovely, highly gifted woman is never likely to want for friends, and Mlle. Holmes found many only too pleased to smooth the way for her. So you see the story has a very prosaic ending, and we are half-ready to regret all tbe righteous indignation with which we were inspired, the more so, perbaps, that Catulle has at least one virtue highly developed—no man, I suppose, is wbolly bad—and wben you meet him, still blue-eyed, still golden-haired (time has dealt gently witb bim), his band resting fondly on a youth with bair as golden and eyes as blue as his own, they make sucb a charming group that you forget the sin of the father. Who is this cbild? Well, every one knows well enough, of course. But if you are curious and go and hunt up the official proofs of the child's parentage, you will find he is inscribed on the civil register as the son of old Mendès, the father of Catulle. French law does not permit a man to recognize a child born out of lawful wedlock if be happens to bave a wife living at the time. Old Mendès was a widower, whereas his son was the busband of Judith Gautier. It is not difficult to put two and two together.

Old stories these. Perhaps I did not do well to rake them up. Yet I do not know why the readers of the *Argonaut* should he kept in ignorance of facts witb wbich every one in Paris is perfectly familiar.

After this digression, we may return to the ode. It was a great success. The twenty-two thousand invited guests on the first nigbt applauded it to the ecbo. Two days afterwards it was performed a second time, and the palace was open to the public free. A few extra thousands of persons found seats or standing-room in the great building. The ode and the composer were acclaimed vociferously; the music was pronounced grand, and the pageant—wbich, in my estimation, is a little monotonous—was declared well worth the money it cost. The plan of the work is simple in the extreme. After the overture has been played, tbe curtain rising displays a buge stage terraced at the hack, and in the centre a sort of altar surmounted by a tri-color flag, and there enters from one side a harvest-home procession of men and women, with sickles, sheaves of corn, and from the others vintners, each witb a car got up in appropriate fasbion. After them come the soldiers and sailors, with two more cars—the Sea on one, enthroned on coral reefs; War on tbe other, seated on a glistening array of bucklers. These are succeeded in their turn by the Workers—the bewers of wood, the drawers of water, the diggers and delvers; to be followed later by the Arts and Sciences—ladies and gentlemen got up in antique garb, beaded by two who would be Minerva and Apollo; and finally by Youth, Love, and Childbood, with their respective retinues. Those who bad gathered the grapes and cut the corn; those who figbt the nation's battles by land and by sea; the workmen and mechanics; those who represent the sciences and arts, as well as the young men, and young maidens, and tbe juveniles, each in turn sang triumphal strophes to the glory of the republic, and took up their places on the terrace, grouping themselves round the *autel de la Patrie*. Tbis constituted the opening part. After that the stage became dark, and the thunder rolled, and a tall, black figure arose, and, with gestures of despair, evoked the republic. The lightning flashed, the folds of the tri-color flag fell apart, and Mlle. Mathilde Romi stood confessed under a blaze of electricity—a fine woman, robed in white-and-blue, with a girdle of crimson. The finale—alternate verses sung by Romi and all the choruses combined—was certainly fine, and the climax capped the whole very cleverly. We all called out "*Brava! Brava!*" partly addressed to Romi, partly to Augusta. Both have excited our enthusiasm. In our calmer moments we may question whether the "Ode Patriotique" is really a great work; but we certainly are quite decided that it is not a little one.

PARISINA.

PARIS, September 20, 1889.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Lord Charles Beresford, having telegraphed his inability to obey a command to dine at Marlborough House, added to the "wire" the laconic postscript: "Lie follows by post."

The following is a good anecdote of George the Fourth: When the news of Napoleon's death reached London, some official announced it to the king in these words: "It is my duty to inform your majesty that your greatest enemy is dead." "Is she, by —— I" said the king.

The raid upon the London gambling-houses, with its exposure of high play among the upper classes, has evoked a great deal of indignation among those who have no weakness for the card-table. "I dinna mean drinking and flirting," once remarked a Scotch elder, when defending his son against the charge of immorality; "hut gamblin' and such things as you lose money by."

A certain State Department clerk, in Washington, whose income by no means accords with his desires, took a young lady to a restaurant for lunch. The gentleman rashly ordered a small bottle of champagne with the eatables. When it came in, the young lady seized it and drew it beside her plate, asking as she did so: "What are you going to drink? Beer?" This Washington youth had not the *savoir-faire* of the youth whose fair companion "guessed she'd take champagne" and who simply bade her "Guess again."

One of her majesty's ships collided with another while clearing out of the Portsmouth docks, and had her bowsprit carried away. The captain promptly notified the disaster to the admiralty in a dispatch worded as follows: "My Lords, I regret to have to inform your lordships that H. M. S. ——, while leaving the harbor, came into collision with another vessel, and her bowsprit has been carried away. Awaiting instructions from your lordships, I have the honor to remain," etc. Promptly came an admiralty wire in reply: "Report who carried away bowsprit, and where it has been placed."

Dr. Henry M. Scudder relates a case of Oriental justice that could hardly be outdone for sharp and subtle discriminations. Four men, partners in business, bought some cotton bales. That the rats might not destroy the cotton, they purchased a cat. They agreed that each of the four should own a particular leg of the cat; and each adorned with beads and other ornaments the leg thus apportioned to him. The cat, by an accident, injured one of its legs. The owner of that member wound about it a rag soaked in oil. The cat, going too near the fire, set the rag on fire, and, being in great pain, rushed in among the cotton bales where she was accustomed to hunt rats. The cotten therehy took fire and was burned. It was a total loss. The three other partners brought an action to recover the value of the cotton against the fourth partner who owned the particular leg of the cat. The judge examined the case and decided thus: "The leg that had the oil-rag on it was hurt; the cat could not use that leg—in fact, it held up that leg and ran with the other three legs. The three unhurt legs therefore carried the fire to the cotton, and are alone culpable. The injured leg is not to be blamed. The three partners who owned the three legs with which the cat ran to the cotton will pay the whole value of the bales to the partner who was the proprietor of the injured leg."

Joaquin Miller writes in the *Independent*: The Yakima War was a great deal more to Oregon than even the Blackhawk War or any other of the little Indian wars of old to the United States. And finally, when the Indians there were beaten and surrendered their camps, and cattle, and horses to the whites, the General of the United States Army ordered that, as there was no means of taking these horses out of the country, they should be killed. They were beautiful horses, spotted—as pied and spotted as Jacob's cattle—and by the same poetic touch of nature. These spotted mountains and dotted heights of snow and lava were as the spotted and the striped sticks which Jacob set up in the water for his cattle to look upon. The volunteer troops of Oregon were detailed to do this work of destruction, and the thousands of horses were hemmed in on a high plateau which rested against and hung a hundred feet above the rock-bound bank of the Oregon River. Volley after volley was poured in upon the poor brutes, till the men stopped loading and firing from very weariness. Then a splendid black steed came galloping out and stood right before the men as they drew up their guns to renew the deadly work. But the splendid audacity of this noble animal, as he stood with nostrils extended and mane like a banner of battle, challenged their admiration too deeply, and they refused to fire. At last, as if impatient to die, he galloped up and down the line which shut him and his doomed band in above the river, and gave that wild and desperate death-cry which few men ever hear, and, it is said, which a horse never utters but once. And, with this cry, he dashed through the remaining horses, and, leaping down the precipice into the rocky river, led every one of the faithful creatures to instant and glorious destruction.

Dr. Shark, of London, is a gentleman who believes in the rational treatment of patients in his private lunatic asylum. He gives them picnics in summer, and balls in winter, and plenty of amusement all the year round. Taking one consideration with another, says a correspondent, I should imagine that lunacy under these conditions is rather a pleasant thing. I always look forward to the dances he gives, for after considerable experience I have come to the conclusion that idiotic partners are rather less idiotic than the commonplace misses one meets with at ordinary balls. She was sitting in a corner of the ball-room toying with a fan—a large and massive woman whom one would no more have suspected of being insane than of being consumptive. I asked the doctor to introduce me, for I admire fine women. He did so, and I sat down beside her. We spoke about the weather, as new acquaintances will. She was perfectly rational on that point, at any rate. She thought it was appalling. I mentioned casually that I had been to Torquay for a brief holiday. "Do you know it?" I asked. "Oh, yes; there it is," she replied. I looked in the direction in which she pointed, and saw a rather extensive foot encased in a dancing-shoe. "That is the Land's End," she said, reflectively, indicating the place where the little toe of her right foot might be supposed to lie, "and that is the Lizard there. I am the United Kingdom, you know," she added, with a quiet dignity which seemed to presume I knew it. I bowed in silence. It was a colossal idea, and not to be comprehended at once. "That is the North Foreland over there," she went on, tapping her left foot; "I have had some trouble with it lately—and oh," and her voice became plaintive, "I was so afraid they were going to take Ireland from me," and she glanced affectionately at her left arm. I thought it better that we should join the dance, for these geographical confidences threatened to become embarrassing. So I put my arm round the top of Lincolnshire and the base of Yorkshire, and as far into Lancashire as I could get (for her waist was more than eighteen inches), and we danced. "My ear is burning so; I am afraid there must be a storm somewhere on the coast of Aberdeen," were the last words I heard her say as I led her to a seat.

VANITY FAIR.

Inch by inch, the social control of Newport is shifting from the hands of the Astors into the hands of the Vanderbilts (says a writer in a New York society paper). Ever since the time when Newport was called into prominence as a summer spa, the Astors have dictated the government of its social seasons. But the mastering spirit of the Vanderbilts has steadily instituted itself so firmly that no force now within the grasp of the Astors can wrench it from them. The Vanderbilts are the leaders of Newport, and the aristocracy of Newport recognize the lead. Possessed of a large and magnificent house, the most perfect establishment for routs and revels of any description, and a colossal fortune which allows them to entertain as often and as superbly as they like, they have it in their power to bring back the dazzling days of good Haroun al Raschid, and to eclipse all that modern lavishness and recklessness has done for American society. In Newport (says the Providence *Journal*) all worship the golden calf. Money is only a synonym for power, and the mighty dollar the open sesame to every door. "Gates of brass can not withstand one touch of that magic wand," and to the looker-on it is sadly amusing to see how inevitably, slowly, but with unerring precision, the possessors of vast wealth push their way to the front and stand triumphantly among those who have once despised and scorned them. To be rich means to be successful, that is, to the ambitious, who have cleverness and tact enough to do their climbing and pushing scientifically, but not to be rich in the ordinary sense of the word. Fortunes which would be regarded with respect anywhere else, fade into insignificance beside the incalculable hoards of Crœsus and Dives in their gilded palaces on the Cliffs and the avenues, and a million ceases to be written with a capital M. "I never saw so many millionaires running round loose in the streets before!" gasped an astounded little country-girl, to whom there had been pointed out necessarily half-a-dozen heaven's blest beings, whose bank-accounts run up into the tens of millions with easy rapidity—who live in houses which cost the price of a dukedom, with splendid retinues of servants, stables filled with horses, fifty or sixty perhaps, and who ride out upon the Ocean Drive in turnouts upon which kings and emperors might well cast envious eyes. Everything about their lives reeks of money. Their wives and daughters live in an easy luxury, which they accept without questioning as a right, and to which they adapt themselves with a graceful flexibility which is a peculiar characteristic of American women.

That was a marvelous ball—the Astors! (says the Chicago *News*). They are not an extravagant family, considering what a broad, deep tide of gold flows into their coffers each rent day, but they are profoundly determined not to be outdone by the Vanderbilts, who spend money with great freedom; and, knowing that the Vanderbilts were to give a ball the next week, they were determined to pitch the key of luxury so high that it would be a difficult thing to surpass them. Every part of their somewhat extensive grounds was hung with Chinese lanterns, and from the *porte cochère* all the way up to the drawing-room door stood a double file of lackeys, in knee-breeches, silk-stockings, buckled shoes, and powdered heads. Their plush clothes were the color of the well-known Astor liveries, and there were exactly one hundred of them. At the end of this file of servitors stood Mrs. Astor, just inside the entrance to the drawing-room, in white and silver, wearing all the famous family diamonds, which are valued at five hundred thousand dollars. On her right, stood her son, young John Jacob, the great American *parti*, whom every girl at Newport regards with covetous eyes as the heir of all this magnificence—a tall, high-nosed, rather aristocratic, blonde boy, immaculately arrayed, without a jewel, save three small gold studs down his smooth, satin shirt-front. A hot-headed young fellow and somewhat susceptible, but fast cooling away all his boyish romanticism in the chill splendor of his aureate world. On the other hand of this diamond-bedecked hostess, stands Mrs. Nellie Waldorf-Astor, one of the prettiest women in Newport. Tall, sumptuous, peach-skinned, with eyes like big, brown jewels, and a great mass of silken brown-hair wrapped carelessly around her head, she is the happiest-looking woman in millionairedom, and frankly, joyfully declares that she has not one wish ungratified. She and her clever husband are thoroughly devoted to each other; they have several handsome, healthy children; their wealth is enormous; their social position the highest. There were shoals of millionaires at this ball, all the famous New York beauties, men of distinguished name, a Cabinet member, diplomatists, and half-a-dozen English titled folk.

The Vanderbilt ball is the same, only fewer lackeys, not quite so many diamonds, and a great many more flowers. It is a flower-ball; six thousand dollars' worth of them, mostly hydrangeas and roses. A whole freight-car load arrived in the morning. While the cotillion is in progress, Harry Le Grand Cannon, who is leading it, pulls a ribbon which hangs from this flowery sphere, and it flies all over the dancers with a rain of costly little bijoux hid in its heart, favors for the fortunate bidden to this ball. Mrs. Vanderbilt, in spite of her Worth gown, her jewels, and her wealth, is not handsome, nor a perfectly happy-looking woman. She was attractive enough when young Vanderbilt met her, a black-eyed, vivid-cheeked, penniless girl, in a borrowed gown of yellow silk and black lace, in which she looked like a Spanish dancer; but hers was the sort of dark beauty which sometimes glances up in a sallow girl for a year or two and then fades away, leaving her yellow and ugly again. She is very much in love with her husband and watches him jealously, careful not to let prettier and fresher women seduce his heart away. Mrs. Vanderbilt made considerable sensation by refusing to send cards for her dance to the English folk who are visiting at Newport. It is the first time that an American has ever refused to extend this courtesy to a visiting British title, and the whole place has been excited over it. Lord and Lady Shrewsbury and Sir Julian and Lady Goldsmith arrived the first of August, but Mrs. Vanderbilt had never happened to meet them up to the time she issued the invitations to her hall. Hearing that they had received no cards to her dance, some mutual friend went to Mrs. Vanderbilt and suggested that she had overlooked this important matter. "By no means," said she; "I did not forget it. I simply didn't do it." "But," remonstrated the mutual friend, "you forget who they are, for you must certainly mean to show these visitors this civility." "I have no such intention," was the answer; "no doubt they are charming people, and if I knew them I should be very glad to ask them; but simply because they are visitors and English people seems to me no reason why I should invite them to come to my house, since I don't invite American visitors with whom I am not acquainted. If I were to go to England and be visiting in the neighborhood of the Duchess of Westminster, for example, and she had never met me, would she feel it necessary because I was a person of some importance in America to ask me to her balls? I think not, and I think hers is a good example to follow." So the titled folk were not there, to the great amazement of everybody.

Queen Margherita, whose Italian subjects speak of her as "The Pearl of Savoy," is yearly presented by her husband with a new string of pearls, the finest which can be found, and they now fall from her throat to below her waist, a solid mass. One string on this necklace was given her by her young son, who could not afford to pay for it all at a time, so he arranged with the jeweler to pay for it on the installment plan. There is no other row valued more highly by her majesty. Her jewel-caskets are heaped up with them like the treasure-chambers of the Shah of Persia. At a court *bal costumé*, she once appeared as the Princess of Pearl, when she wore not only all of those wonderful strings, but all the other pearls in her collection, and was completely covered with them. Her dress was cloth of silver, brocaded in pearls, while beautiful pearl-shaped pendants hung from the centres of the flowers in raised pearl embroidery.

"Within fifty years," said a man of national prominence to Blakely Hall, "there will be the same class-distinction in America as there is in England. It is as inevitable as death. The spirit of exclusiveness grows in every country where one lot of people get above the others. I do not mean to say that the millionaire is any better than the laboring-man. In nine cases out of ten he is not, so far as moral worth, honesty, and generosity go, but class-distinction was created in Europe originally for external use only. All over Europe there are waiting-rooms for first-class passengers, and other waiting-rooms for second and third-class passengers. Here everybody is huddled together. Take my party for instance. This morning we suddenly decided to go out to Larchmont to see my nephew's new yacht. It is the only chance I shall have before going back into harness, and the ladies have all accommodated themselves to my opportunity. The party was made up suddenly, and there was no time to get a special car. I have been here for five minutes waiting for the ladies to come, and when they do arrive I shall detain them on the sidewalk, for the condition of things in the waiting-room in the station is absolutely insufferable. There are thirty or forty Italian laboring-men there who have been working in the sewers, in the face of a blistering sun, and their presence is absolutely sickening. Every one of them ought to be taken down, drenched in the East River, and fitted out with entirely new attire in every detail. There are a dozen laborers and artisans of other nationalities going out on the road, a small army of riff-raff immigrants, to say nothing about two or three drunken hired men who apparently 'did' New York on a holiday and are going back to the country. The humidity is so great that the perspiration is rolling out of everybody, and the crowd is so thick that one can not move about without absolutely pushing people out of the way. A first-class waiting-room would do away with all this annoyance. The laboring men and poorer people could go where they belong in the second-class room, and they would feel more at ease than where they are among people of more prosperous conditions. On the train we will have to sit with all sorts of people. You understand that I say nothing against the social condition of the traveling public. What I do object to is the inconvenience that arises from the personal peculiarities of fellow-travelers. My daughter, who is a highly sensitive and nervous girl, does not show the slightest degree of snobbishness when she does not wish to sit beside a man who has been working for several hours cleaning out a sewer."

Among the latest novelties from Paris shown by a well-known importer, is a card-case of finely dressed leather, with a tiny watch set in one corner of the cover. For convenience this rather outdoes the watch-attachment bracelet which has obtained such favor in the eyes of our novelty-seeking belles. There is a peculiar fitness, too, about the watch in the card-case which every woman will be quick to recognize. For does not she know how difficult a thing it is to work off her calling-list—how she goes out day after day fully determined to get through a certain number of calls or perish in the attempt, and returns at twilight with only half the names checked off and just sufficient vitality remaining to be miserably conscious of failure? All this might be remedied by providing herself with the latest improvement in card-cases. The great difficulty in calling is the leaving. A merely fashionable call should be short. Being a mere formal ceremony, all its requirements can be fulfilled in ten minutes. But there is a constant temptation to extend the time, particularly if an interesting bit of gossip be introduced at the last moment.

In the last century, and for centuries before (says the New York *Sun*), the costumes of men were as gay and brilliant as those of women. They were composed of the same silks and velvets, laces and furbelows, worn by women, and were equally varied and attractive in color. The dudes and dandies of the period spent a great part of their time before the looking-glass, and the arrangement of their wigs and the falling of their curls occupied their most serious thought. They padded their calves, exposed to view by tights, disposed of their jewels in the most effective way for personal display, oiled and perfumed themselves, and then went forth to strut and pose with the vanity of peacocks. Coming down to our own days, we find that gorgeousness of color and variety of stuffs for raiment are confined to women chiefly. The female bird has the gay plumage, but that circumstance must not be taken as any convincing proof that fondness for dress has declined among men. Like women, they are the slaves of fashion, and existing fashions in their case impose raiment which lacks splendor of color and beauty of form. Yet they give much thought to making it as attractive as possible by the wearing of bits of color in cravats or in scarf-pins. They also put rings on their fingers, and when the fashion of wearing the brilliant blazer came in they rushed with eagerness to adopt it, and if the Prince of Wales or his son should set the fashion, they would be as quick to array themselves not less gorgeously on all occasions for display. The main reason why tights have so long remained out of use, is that few men have calves suitable for exhibition. A really handsome leg is uncommon among them. Therefore they prefer trousers, for one of the chief objects of dress in its modern evolution is to conceal and make up for natural bodily deficiencies. The fondness of men for dress is displayed in the delight they take in wearing gay uniforms. Take away the uniforms from the National Guard and it would soon fall to pieces. The new State uniform, soldierly as it is, has been objected to by some of the organizations on various pretexts, but unquestionably one reason is that it does not gratify the vanity of the troops so well as the old and special regimental toggery. It does not equally appeal to the admiration of women. Put a man in a becoming uniform, with cockade, gold lace, and brilliant colors, and he moves along as a hero. It sets him up wonderfully. He is a new being. He holds his head erect, squares his shoulders, and looks out of the corners of his eyes to observe the sensation he makes, especially among the lovely women by whom he passes.

Young men of moderate means, yet able to live above the boarding-houses, find the smaller New York clubs agreeable places of residence. A man who would rent two rooms in a lodging-house does very well with one in a club, since he has the use of parlors and library. Comfortable club-lodgings may be had at from fifteen to forty dollars a month, and club-restaurants are as cheap as anything above the degree of the boarding-house or the poorer *tables d'hôte*. An economical man can live in a respectable club at forty-five dollars a month, and for seventy-five dollars a month may have a spacious room and many table luxuries. Rooms at the New York Fellowcraft Club are occupied almost the year round, and the Authors Club usually has a few lodgers. The same is true of several of the Greek-letter clubs. Out of about fifty fully equipped clubs in that city, less than a dozen can be regarded as expensive by reason of initiation fees, dues, restaurant charges, or general standard of living. Among the other forty, almost any presentable young man may find at least one suited to his purse, pursuits, and taste.

The mission of woman does not begin and end with the platform or the writing of books. Even for those who are sometimes scornfully classified as "society women" there is a broad sphere of influence, wherein their graces of manner may have full sway. Nearly fifty years ago, when Edward Livingston was given the mission to the Court of France, John Randolph wrote to him: "In Mrs. Livingston you have a most able coadjutor. *Dowdies* won't do for European courts, Paris especially. There and at London the character of a minister's wife is almost as important as his own." The event proved him right, for Mrs. Livingston wielded an immense influence, scarcely less than that of her husband, in supporting the rights and honor of the American nation. A woman full of grace and the charm peculiar to one versed in social arts, she awoke everywhere the admiration of those with whom she associated, and proved to them that America could boast among her untitled citizens, a nobility equal to that of courts. Although she had the gentlest of natures, Mrs. Livingston could be a stickler for etiquette, when any point of precedence threatened the national honor. At one time there was a dispute concerning some social privileges claimed by the wives of the secretaries of legation, and the Comte de St. Maurice, whose province it was to settle points of etiquette, expressed surprise that the representative of a republic should attach importance to such matters. "Ah," said Mrs. Livingston, "we must attach to them exactly the same importance which you yourselves give them." She gained her point, for the chamberlain knew well that she understood her rights, great and small, and was capable of enforcing them. At another time, the Duchesse de Broglie, whose husband was minister for foreign affairs, proposed giving a dinner-party for diplomatic personages. None but embassadors or ministers and their wives were to be present, but it finally came out that one young lady, the niece of a certain dignitary, was also to appear at the table. This involved honoring one country more than the others, and Mrs. Livingston at once interfered, saying that like courtesy must be extended to the United States, or the young lady must be denied the privilege. The duchess knew that she spoke with the authority of one who understood her rights, and yielded the point. When the conversation touched in any manner upon subjects involving the credit or honor of her country, this feminine diplomatist was ready and keen in retort. The Prussian embassador, one day at Paris, spoke of Washington as a mere village, and turning to Mrs. Livingston asked what its population was. She replied at once, smiling and with a grace peculiar to herself: "About the same as that of Potsdam." Like most people who ventured to measure swords with her, even in playful encounter, he had no more to say.

Several new features, including a fencing bout between a member of the San Francisco Fencing Club and M. Tronchet, the latter being blindfolded, have been added to the programme of the benefit entertainment tendered to M. Tronchet by the club, of which he is *maître d'armes*. It takes place this (Saturday) evening at Union Square Hall.

SOCIETY.

The Petersnn-Somers Wedding.

out one thousand invitations were issued for the wedding of r. Ferdinand Claude Peterson and Miss Mae Somers, wh took place last Wednesday evening at the Howard Presbyterian Church. The groom, who is the son of Mr. S. B. Peterson, a prominent ship-owner of this city, is the city agent of e Commercial Union Assurance Company, of London, and s deservedly popular in both business and social circles. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. James Somersund is held in high esteem by her many friends.

e ushers were Mr. Frank D. Willey, Dr. George Somers Mr. Burhank Somers, Mr. Cutler Paige, Mr. James Tyn, and Mr. Charles Wood, and the quartet of brides-mas were Miss Carrie Peterson, Miss Margaret Nelson, Mi Emma Palmer, and Miss Gene Taylor. The maid of hor was Miss Ida Somers, a cousin of the bride. The groms brother, Mr. Frank B. Peterson, acted as best man. The ceremony was performed by Rev. M. N. Cornelius according to the Presbyterian rites.

e bride looked charming in an elegant Worth costume lite satin made with a very long court train. The front skirt, which was laid in wide plaits, was veiled by a flounce of Duchesse lace reaching to the hem. The corsage was cut a la Vierge and was trimmed with point lace, and the sleeves extended to the elbows where they were hidden by gloves of white undressed kid. From her coiffure a long veil of white silk moleine which completely enveloped her graceful form. She carried Bride roses tied with white silk ribbons.

s Ida Somers appeared in a pretty toilet of white India trimmed with lace and silk ribbons. She carried La France roses tied with silk tulle.

four bridesmaids wore becoming toilets of lavender-d India silk prettily trimmed with ribbons to match ith V-shaped. Their hand-bouquets were of La France tied with bands from the bride's veil.

hen the bridal party left the church to the strains of the ing march, they were driven to the residence of the s parents, 1034 Mission Street, where a reception was to which about one hundred and fifty friends were in-

Through a long archway of canvas the guests en-he residence, and found it bright with illumination and ective decoration. The happy young couple received ngratulations of their friends in the front parlor, stand-a bower of greenery at the hay-window, where gar-of pink roses were delicately traced across the em-ce. The double doorway opposite was ornamented asses of live-oak foliage, which clambered up the left the centre, where it met a wide band of pink watered aped diagonally from there to the other side. Pen-gainst the face of the mantel-mirror hung the pink and monogram, "P. S.," from strands of smilax, and be-the mantel rested elegant vases full of long-stemmed ance roses. The back parlor was neatly decorated raperies of pink silk and clusters of flowers and foli-nd the dining-room walls were trimmed with red silk and grape vines.

reception was an exceedingly pleasant affair. At half-n o'clock the bridal quadrille was danced in the front and half an hour later supper was served. Tête-à-bles were set in the dining-room and in a large canvas-d apartment which had been erected at the rear of the The elaborate menu was admirably served, and the assed in feasting was exceptionally pleasant. After de and groom left the residence, amid showers of rice, g was recommenced and continued until one o'clock enberg's music. Mr. and Mrs. Peterson were gen-y remembered by their friends in the way of presents, ey completely filling a large room and comprising an assortment of rich ware, jewels, and articles of *vertu*. eft the city on Thursday for Monterey, and on Satur-ll go East by the northern route, expecting to be away our weeks.

The Baker Dinner-Party.

and Mrs. L. L. Baker gave an elegant dinner-party ednesday evening, at their residence, 1882 Washing-eet, entertaining sixteen friends. The decoration of ing-room was both unique and pretty. The guests ated at a round table which was covered with a spread ow silk, over which was a cover of white-silk mull. In tre was a large, round Chinese wood basket, and ys arranged with numerous sticks of bamboo and showered with yellow Japanese chrysanthemums, which a few of terra-cotta color and some white-wax were scattered to heighten the color. Stuck here and mong the bamboo and flowers were Japanese fans of les, with flowing ribbons of yellow silk; some were thers were closed, and a few were arranged in the These fans were the favors for the ladies. Each an received, as a souvenir, a large yellow name-card, el in quaint Japanese characters, and having a little d a spray of chrysanthemums thrust through one cor-The menu was of a high standard of excellence, and njoyment several hours were most delightfully passed. e present were: Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Baker, Colonel nan, General and Mrs. J. F. Houghton, Mr. and . L. Tubbs, Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mrs. Lucy Otis, Mr. n T. Coleman, and Mr. W. E. Brown.

The Pierce-McKee Wedding.

Sallie Banks McKee, daughter of the late Judge ell McKee, was married on Saturday afternoon, Octo-, to Mr. Orestes Pierce, general manager of the Con-ta Water Company. The ceremony was performed home of the bride's mother, on Adeline Street, Oak-by the Rev. Dr. Akerly, in the presence of a few intim-nds and relatives. An elaborate supper was enjoyed rd, and, in the evening, the happy couple departed t East, to be absent about a month. They were the nts of many elegant wedding-gifts.

e were present at the wedding: Mrs. S. B. McKee, of the bride; Mr. S. B. McKee, brother of the bride; Tellie McKee and Miss Amy McKee, the bride's sis-Irs. Edward D McKee, of Portland; Mr. John B. ; Marshal Pierce, father of the groom; Miss Josie the groom's sister; Mrs. Ida Pierce, Mr. Henry r Mr. and Mrs. John R Glascock, Mrs. Albert Miller, Charlotte Miller, Miss Annie Miller, Mrs. John S. of Tacoma, Miss Daisy Ainsworth, Miss Nellie , Miss Bella Perkins, Miss Alice Grimes, Miss Belle , Mr. John Ainsworth, Mr. Will F. Bowers, Mr. T. gie, Mr. George T. Boyd, Mr. Duncan Hayne, Mr. n Lang, and Mr. H. M. A. Miller.

The Smedberg Angling Party.

Nellie Smedberg recently entertained a number of at her home on Larkin Street, making a progressive party the feature of the evening. Several hours were ly passed in its attractions, and a delicious supper lled the awarding of the pretty prizes.

ng those present were: Miss Nellie Smedberg, Miss oardman, Miss Eleanor Dimond, Miss Ella Goad, dith Taylor, Miss Emelie Hager, Miss Josephine Mr. Walter L. Dean, Mr. Samuel Boardman, Lieu-R. H. Nohle, U. S. A., Lieutenant Strother, U. S. utenant F. L. Winn, U. S. A., Lieutenant Maus, U. S. and others.

The Crocker Dinner-Party.

nd Mrs. William H. Crocker gave a sumptuous din-y last Wednesday evening at their California Street e, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Sharon. The able was adorned with rich service and was decorated ge baskets containing bright-yellow chrysanthemums France roses intermingled with pleasing effect. The as made one of much pleasure to all present.

The Morrow Farewell Reception.

nd Mrs. W. C. Morrow, previous to their departure n José, were tendered a farewell reception on Wed-evening, Oct. 2d. They have resided there for many d their literary work there is well known. Mr. Morrow o San Francisco to take charge of the literary bureau Southern Pacific Company. They received several d of their friends in the beautifully decorated reception room and the regrets at their departure were numerous and sincere. During the evening an interesting programme was enjoyed. Mr. Francis Stuart sang "Big Ben" and "More and More," Miss Jessie Calhoun recited an appropriate poem by Mr. Clarence Urmy, and Mr. C. M. Shortridge paid a glowing tribute to the sterling worth of Mr. Morrow and his estimable wife. Afterward dancing was participated in until a late hour and refreshments were served.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Colonel C. Fred Crocker, Mr. Evan J. Coleman, Mr. Russell J. Wilson, and Mr. J. B Wright, have been in Washington, D. C., and New York during the past week, and will leave for Europe to-day to visit the Paris Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Robinson will remain at their Redwood City home until January. Miss Caldwell is visiting them.

Mrs. J. C. Flood and Miss Jennie Flood have returned from their Menlo Park residence, where they have been since their return from Europe, and are now at their home on California Street

Baron and Baroness von Schröder and Colonel and Mrs. J. Mervyn Donahue departed for New York a week ago, and will be away about three months.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Dewey are visiting Vienna.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Howard, *née* Schmiedell, who have been traveling in Europe for the past year and a half, returned to the city on Friday after an exceedingly interesting and enjoyable trip.

Mrs. Theresa Fair, Miss Fair, Miss Birdie Fair, Mrs. A. H. Rutherford, and Miss Belle Smith have arrived in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, who have been visiting here for the past three months, returned to New York last Thursday. Mrs. Fred W Sharon and Dr. Harry L. Tevis accompanied them.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Gillig and Mr. Frank L. Unger have left Constantinople and gone to Egypt.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins have returned to their residence on California Street after a prolonged Eastern trip.

Mrs. A. M. Parrott will sail from New York to-day for Europe, where she will visit her daughters, Mrs. Douglass Dick, in England, and Viscountess de la Lande, in Paris.

Miss E. Ruth Drew, of La Lormita Vineyard, Oakville, has for the past two weeks been visiting Miss Edith Creagh at the Van Ness Seminary.

Mr. and Mrs. William F. Man have returned from an enjoyable Eastern trip.

Mrs. H. Albert Mau will soon occupy her new residence on Broadway.

Mrs S. L. Bee and Mr. E. N. Bee are residing for the winter with Colonel F. A. Bee at 1923 Pine Street.

Mrs. Percy L. Davis is entertaining Miss Belle Benjamin, of Denver.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Donohue, Jr., and Mrs. A. M. Parrott are passing a few weeks in New York city.

Dr. and Mrs. E. B. Perrin and Miss Adèle Perrin are expected back from the East next month.

Mrs. Alfred Poett came up from Santa Barbara recently to visit her friends here.

Miss Mamie Masten has returned to her home in Oakland after a visit to her sister, Mrs. Seymour H. Manning, in Baltimore.

Mrs. William B. Collier has returned to Lakeport after a short visit to Miss Jessie Bowie.

Miss Agnes Tobin has gone East, en route to England, and will remain away until next spring.

Mrs. John E. de Ruyter is visiting friends at San Mateo, and is greatly improved in health.

Mrs. Ivy L. Borden has returned from a visit to Mrs. Denman at Petaluma.

Miss Mamie F. Melrose has returned to the city after a delightful visit of one month with friends at Santa Barbara.

Captain and Mrs. A. H. Payson are now located at Colorado Springs, where they will remain throughout the winter.

Mr. Chauncey R. Winslow, who has been visiting Portland, Or., returned to the city early in the week.

Miss Therese Bissell was recently the guest of Miss Grace Thorne at San José.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Redding are located at the Hotel Pleasanton for the winter season.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller have arrived in New York from Europe, and are expected to return to Oakland in about a week.

Captain and Mrs. R. S. Floyd will remain at Coronado Beach until next month.

Mrs. Dorio Jones and Miss Constance Jones arrived here from Los Angeles last Thursday, and are at the Occidental Hotel.

Mrs. S. G. Wilder and Mr. G. P. Wilder, who have been passing the last four months here, returned to Honolulu on Friday.

Mrs. William M. Stewart is visiting Mrs. L. Aldrich at her residence, 1522 Clay Street.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs and Miss Nettie Tubbs have returned from a visit to their villa at Calistoga.

Mr. Daniel M. Hanlon will soon depart for his ranch at Eagle Lake, Modoc County, for a brief visit, and will be accompanied by Mr. Joseph Sheldon.

Hon. M. M. Estee has returned from his Eastern trip.

Mr. Richard Tobin is visiting friends in San Mateo.

Colonel and Mrs. Charles F. Hanlon are located at the Hotel Pleasanton for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Basil Heathcote have returned from a month's visit at Victoria, B. C.

Senator and Mrs. Leland Stanford returned to the city last Monday after an enjoyable visit to Northern California, where they were hospitably entertained and feasted at several of the principal towns.

Dr. and Mrs. O. O. Burgess were in Vienna when last heard from.

Mr. and Mrs. John Reis, *née* Brooks, have arrived in London after a rough voyage across the Atlantic.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Masten are in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. William M. Lent and family have left the Palace Hotel, and are at their residence on Polk Street.

Dr. William J. Younger is attending the Triennial Conclave, at Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Sherwood have returned from San Rafael, and are at their residence, 2121 California Street.

Mrs. E. B. Crocker and Miss Crouch, of Sacramento, are still in New York city.

Mr. Charles L. Fair is stopping at the St. James's Hotel in New York city.

Mrs. John S. Baker, *née* Ainsworth, of Tacoma, is visiting Captain and Mrs. J. C. Ainsworth in Oakland.

Mr. Arthur Bull has returned to the city after a visit of several weeks at his ranch, near Riverside.

Signor G. B. Galvani left last Wednesday evening for the East, en route for his former home, Novarra, Italy, where he will pass the winter, returning here next spring.

Mr. Robert McMillan, the Misses Jennie and Emma McMillan, and Miss Alice Mau have arrived in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Holloway came over from San Rafael on Wednesday and were a few days at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott has returned from her Eastern trip.

Mr. A. Della Casa has returned to the Grand Hotel after a five months' trip to Italy.

Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels left last Thursday for Philadelphia, going by the southern route.

Mrs. John McMullin will soon leave for an Eastern visit.

Miss Belle Wallace, of Auburn, is visiting Miss Marguerite Wallace.

Miss Lucia B. Gere has returned to the city after a prolonged visit to Eastern friends.

Notes and Gossip.

Mrs. Samuel L. Theller, assisted by Mrs. Wellington C. Burnett, gave an enjoyable angling party at her residence, 2026 Pacific Avenue, on Friday evening, October 4th.

All of the arrangements are progressing well for the success of the grand ball which the lady managers of the Woman's Exchange will give at the Palace Hotel on Tuesday evening, October 29th. Two bands will play alternately, one for dancing in the parlors and the other in the corridors for promenading. The decorations will be on an elaborate scale, and the supper will be tempting in every way. The members of the ball committee are working very earnestly, and success should crown their efforts. Mr. E. M. Greenway will have charge of the dancing and Mr. Henry Heyman will supervise the music. Many contributions are being received which will tend to beautify the scene of the ball. The tickets are five dollars each, including the supper.

Two rival nines from the Pacific-Union Club and the Bohemian Club have again decided to enter the base-ball arena and cope with each other for supremacy in our national game. Charity is the object of the contest, and the beneficiaries will be the Ladies' Protection and Relief Society, the Boys' and Girls' Aid Society, and the Fruit and Flower Mission. Game will be called at two o'clock on Friday afternoon, October 25th, at the Haight Street Grounds, and the price of admission will be one dollar per ticket. It is safe to say that all who witnessed the last spirited and interesting game between the representatives of these two clubs will attend, in addition to hundreds who did not go but wished they had when they heard of it afterward. Hardie and Stallings, the professionals, will officiate behind the plate, and Sheridan will act as umpire, through the courtesy of the California Base-Ball League. Mr. Joseph M. Quay, of the Pacific-Union Club, and Mr. Albert Gerberding, of the Bohemian Club, have the affair in charge.

The Bachelors' Cotillion Club now has its full complement of two hundred subscribers and the list is closed. The germans will be held in B'nai B'rith Hall and will close at midnight when supper will be served, except the first and last ones which will be prolonged. In all cases members must present their tickets at the door and ladies are requested not to wear or carry natural flowers. Noah Brandt's band will furnish the music this season. Mr. E. M. Greenway will lead the first german on November 18th; Mr. G. A. Newhall will lead the second one on December 6th; Lieutenant John A. Towers, U. S. A., will lead the third on December 20th; Mr George Vernon Gray will lead the fourth on January 10th. The fifth, an army and navy german, will take place on January 31st, and the sixth will be held on February 14th, but the leaders have not been decided upon yet.

What promises to be a delightful entertainment will be held this (Saturday) afternoon at "Meadowlands," the country villa of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young in San Rafael. It will be a concert and garden party, the proceeds of which will be devoted to the new College San Rafael, which is conducted by the Sisters of St. Dominic. Vehicles will be at the station to convey the guests to the villa. There will be numerous pleasant attractions in addition to the following excellent musical programme: Piano solo, "Spinning Song," Raff, Clarke W. Reynolds; "Parla," Arditi, Miss Gertrude Frost; "Farewell," Strelezky, Miss May B. Thorne; "Spring Song," Dessauer, Mr. and Mrs. J H. Rosewald; vocal trio, Marchetti, Mrs. Seminario, and Misses Barnard and Thorne. Intermission. "Dear Heart," Mattei, Mrs. S. Seminario; "Concert Waltz," Gelli, Miss Mary E. Barnard; violin solo, selected, J. H. Rosewald; vocal solo, selected, Mr. Sesnan; quartet, Macfarren, Mrs. Rosewald, Mrs. Seminario, Miss Barnard, and Miss Thorne; accompanist, Clarke W. Reynolds.

Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson will give a lunch-party to-day (Saturday) at her residence on Pine Street, in honor of the Countess of Shrewsbury and the Countess of Selkirk.

Mrs. Charles Sonntag recently gave a pleasant steam-boat excursion up the Sacramento River, passing two days on the water. Her guests were: Colonel and Mrs. William H. Shafter, Colonel and Mrs. Langdon, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, Mr. and Mrs. Charles O. Alexander, Colonel and Mrs. Samuel D. Mayer, and Mr. William A. Powning.

A number of the young people of St. Paul's parish will give an entertainment on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, October 16th and 17th, at Union Square Hall in aid of church charities. There will be a concert each evening, followed by Howells's farce, "The Sleeping-Car," the rôles being taken by amateurs.

The first Presidio hop of the season will be given this evening.

Army and Navy News.

General Nelson A. Miles has been visiting the military posts in Northern California during the past week.

Lieutenant Alexander T. Dean, Fourth Cavalry, has been granted two months' leave of absence, with permission to apply for a like extension of time.

Major Charles A. Wikoff, Fourteenth Infantry, U. S. A., is enjoying two month's leave of absence.

Lieutenant Charles T. Menoher, First Artillery, U. S. A., was married at the Presidio last Thursday evening.

ART NOTES.

E. Tojetti will leave for Europe about the latter part of October to visit Rome, Paris, and other art centres.

John A. Stanton has arrived safely in Paris and is comfortably domiciled there.

A gentleman who has just returned from the Paris Exposition saw Fred Yates in London and brings word that he is very busy with his brush. He was just finishing his portraits of the Marquis of Downshire, the work for which he went to England. There are two portraits of the marquis, one in boating costume with his dog, and the second a large canvas in which the marquis stands beside his mother, the Marchioness of Downshire, who is seated before a table on which is a portrait of the late marquis. He has also made a three-quarters length life-size portrait of the marchioness, who is in black crêpe de chine with green satin trimmings and jewels. The dowager marchioness, an old lady of seventy-two, also sat for a three-quarters length life-size portrait; she is seated in richly brocaded crimson velvet chair, she being in black. Mr. Yates has also done a three-quarters length sketch of Dr. Kingsley, the brother of Charles Kingsley, the writer. His next move will be to Hillborough Castle, where he is to paint Lord Arthur Hill in the costume of a Deputy Lieutenant, scarlet, with black and silver facings. Lord Arthur is well known in the House of Commons, where he is a Conservative whip, and also is Comptroller of Her Majesty's Household.

Rupert Schmid, the Bavarian sculptor who designed the Tillie Smith monument in New York and a number of other pieces of national repute, has recently come to San Francisco, and will soon open a studio on Ridley Street.

Cigarette advertisements are not always artistic, although they frequently are. Many of their illuminated announcements are taken from well-known paintings; the Kimballs, of Rochester, for example, are prone to reproducing the Directoire *genre* pictures of Kaemmerer (the painter of "A Wedding under the Directory," etc.), with good effect. But for all-round, elaborate hideousness, the cigarette sign of a woman in a hammock, now disfiguring the city, takes the cake. The picture is in execrable taste, to begin with, in addition to which it is most preposterously out of drawing; the woman, instead of being round, looks as if she were flat, and had been tacked up against a mosquito-bar.

A hint for briefless barristers in other countries may be gained from their learned brothers in France. Some of the junior members of the legal profession in Paris have placed their services at the disposition of the manager of the Ambigu for the trial scene in "Roger le Honte," and their offer has been gratefully accepted.

Society Assumes the Lead.

The continued efforts to establish a name for certain brands of champagnes which have outlived original merit, and obtain for them a foot-hold similar to that which Pommery Sec enjoys among all lovers of a good and incomparable wine, reminds one vividly of the antique coquettish damsel who can not grow old gracefully. These spasmodic attempts are like puny shadows passing before the sun, through which the reputation of Pommery Sec shines all the brighter and its hold upon the esteem of the aristocratic and refined grows stronger and more enduring than ever. As an example of this, in 1888 over sixty thousand cases of Pommery Sec were imported to the United States. Pommery Sec is the wine of princes and the prince of wines, and the high place it has steadily won among the refined and epicurean of this country is a good sign of the progress made in the discrimination of the best things in life. The verdict of the Prince of Wales and the wine-drinkers of Europe has received the amplest confirmation from the aristocracy of this country.

NEW ETCHINGS!

Recently selected for me by Mr. Bruce Porter in England.

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LITERARY DREAMERS.

How they may Utilize their Nocturnal Ideas.

Quite a long time ago I read in the "Literary Chit Chat" department of some paper that Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson obtained a great many "ideas" for plots, and sometimes entire stories, from his dreams. He would dream a strange, weird dream, and as soon as he could wake himself up he would fly to a table and jot down the skeleton of the plot to be worked out at his leisure.

The idea bad a strange fascination for me. I am an inveterate and industrious dreamer, but I bave never considered the work done by my intellect during the bours devoted in our house to somnolence as of a very marketable character. A large, adult, piebald mare, with green eyes and hoofs like Milwaukie hams dancing a hornpipe on a defenseless journalist's breast, never seemed to me likely to form a good subject for a narrative of excitement and adventure which would hold the reader spell-bound and net the author ten per cent. on a large number of editions; and I had, therefore, never endeavored to translate my visions.

Very frequently I find myself out of good, first-class plots, which begin in doubt and end in mystery, but I usually crawl around some way until an idea presents itself, even if it doesn't come with the chapter-heads all written out and a preface ready worded. A short time ago, however, I found myself one day in pressing need of a check from some responsible publisher. I had no MSS. on hand, the ragman having but just left tbe door, while I knew of dozens of editors who were waiting eagerly for anything from my pen, which, wbether suitable for their columns or not, they would be only too glad to examine and thank me for submitting to them—the great mass of MSS. received rendering individual criticism impossible.

But not an idea did I have in my head, until, as a last resource, the dream-plot scheme occurred to me. I could bardly wait for my usual hour for retiring, so certain was I that I would wake up in the morning with a full-fledged plot and a bad taste in my mouth. To encourage my dreamer to its very best efforts, I absorbed, before retiring, a large quantity of a German hrand of cheese, then in its second childhood, two pieces of mince-pie, four pickles, a glass of milk, and a sandwich. My head had no sooner touched the pillow than slumber marked me for her own.

I am not quite sure wbether my dream will prove successful as a novel or not, though if dramatized as a spectacular piece it might have a long run. I jotted down the leading incidents as nearly as I could remember them when I woke up, and arranged in the form of a narrative, the plot runs about as follows:

A beautiful maiden named Arabella lived in a little cottage on the borders of a lovely lake in the wilderness. Her early life ran as gently and easily as a man taking his hase on balls; hut she had no sooner grown up into a lovely ring-tailed orang-outang than her life began to be troubled. One day she was riding on the L-road, from One Hundred and Twenty-Fifth Street to the city hall, when her father, who was at that moment lassoing a wild Texan steer on the prairie near by, suddenly discovered her, and demanded that she marry One-Eyed Mike, who owned the magnificent mansion close at hand, built in the top of the large oak-tree. Quickly dismounting from the trained giraffe which she bestrode, she ran rapidly to the edge of a neighboring cliff and leaped into space. She struck head foremost upon the stomach of a newspaper man who was lying peacefully asleep in the sun.

He started up with a wild cry, but she was gone like a flash, and far down the shady walk he could hear her merry, mocking laugh; a moment he wavered, undecided what to do, while the good ship plowed her proud way through the night, when there, right in the vessel's course, he beheld with horror an immense house and lot. With rare absence of mind he signaled the engineer to go ahead full speed. In a second more the steamer would crash into the obstacle and go to destruction. Suddenly, Arabella sprang into his arms. "I am yours," she said—"save me!" He clasped her close in his arms and lashed his nearly-exhausted steed to a last effort. The red devils were now close behind, riding like mad, and filling the air with their demoniac yells. Visions of burning at the stake and dragging at the heels of wild horses flashed through the minds of the fugitives. At this iostant the horses stumbled and fell.

The wild horde of whooping savages came on like an avalanche. Not a moment was to be lost; together they jumped into the halloon and sailed away into space. On, on, on they sailed through the intoxicating air. They two, who loved each other so passionately, so devotedly, alone in the solemn stillness of the realm between heaven and earth. The thought was rapture. Suddenly the conductor rushed into the car and cried: "Jump for your lives; the train has run off the end of a bridge."

The next instant there was a horrible crash, and the frightened horses, now completely unmanageable, dashed away toward the cliff, dragging the frail carriage and its terrified occupants to certaio death. The young lovers clung to each other in agony. Thrice he reverently kissed her pallid and unresponsive lips, and then, raising her in his strong arms, he groped his way toward the door. The stairway was a roaring hell of flame. He turned toward the window. The ground was fifty feet below, and all of the ladders were too short. They must jump. Holding his loved one still more closely, he commended their souls to heaven, and leaped far out. Down, down, down, they went. Night was coming on, and still the foot of the mountain was not reached. It was growing bitterly cold, and evey minute the drifting snow in the path grew deeper and deeper. At last, exhausted, they sank down into the snow. The cold was intense, benumbing every member. They were slowly freezing——

At this moment I was constrained to reach out in a wild, groping way, to discover where the bed-clothes were spending the night, as there were positively none in my immediate vicinity; and, as I had sneezed myself into an almost perfect state of wakefulness, I decided that I would not again tempt the Brownies until I had written down a synopsis of what they had already given me, which will account for the lack of a more fitting denouement. I am at something of a loss to know how many volumes the plot, as bere outlined, ought to be padded out into, and just bow many butlers, and messenger-boys, and maiden aunts, and younger sisters, and maid-servants, and villains ought to be introduced to work up for "descriptive," and to supply the conversation while the principals are otherwise engaged.

If the editor will kindly advise me on these little points, I will gladly tackle the job, and have the story turn out in any way desired, except as an advertisement for a Nightmare Eradicator; but for the present my dream-plot Brownies are taking an unlimited vacation without pay.—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Foreman composing-room—"Some of the MS. of Miss Gushington's novel seems to be missing." *Editor*—"Well, here are 'Gray's Anatomy' and the 'Dress-Maker's Manual.' Make it up from them in about equal parts."—*Puck.*

On the Eiffel Tower: *Mother and the girls* (ecstatically)—"My; isn't it high?" *Popper* (in a gloom which reaches to the base of the tower)—"Well, what of it? Have you seen anything in Paris tbis summer that wasn't high?"—*Life.*

A NEWSPAPER FABLE.

Hnw the Wicked Partoer always gets There,

The Business-Manager came from his office downstairs and bied him to the editorial sanctum.

A Peculiar Light blazed in his Eyes—or, rather, in one of his Eyes, for the Other was not a Blazer.

As he ran up the Rickety Stairs with a Hop, Skip, and a Jump, he held in his Hand a Piece of Paper which is known to the Trade as Copy. This Peculiar Thing called Copy be beld Exultingly—for it was a very Nice Piece of Paper, and on it was tbe Notice of a Company of Philanthropists in Louisiana who give Money away for Nothing.

When he Entered the Presence of the Exalted Ruler of the Editorial Sanctum, he Smiled with a Smile which was Far-reaching and convincing. Then the Exalted Ruler—who is Commonly Known as the Editor-in-Chief—he also Smiled.

"Pard," said the Business-Manager, "we will have to Put this in this Time; I bave a rate of Two Dollars per Line on it, and I wish You would Mark it MUST."

"All Right," said the Accommodating and Good Editor; "What is It?"

"Let me Read it to You," replied the Business-Manager.

So be Struck his Best Attitude—tbe Attitude which he Strikes when he Gets up to Speak in Meeting at the Church wbere he is Vestryman. He Struck his Best Attitude and Began in Dulcet Tones to Read to the Editor what was on the Copy.

While he was Reading the Copy, the Smiling Face of the Editor First Grew into a Soher One; then tbe Smile was Succeeded by a Frown; then the Frowo, in its Turn, gave way to a Scowl.

"That Can't go in!" he Ejaculated, wben the Business-Manager had Finished Reading the Copy.

"What!" cried the Business-Manager, Aghast at the Temerity Displayed by tbe Editor.

"And, by the Eternal, it *Shall Not* go in," returned the now Choleric Editor, firmly.

"Do you Mean to Beard the Lion in his Den?" inquired the Business-Manager, in his Turn hecoming Very Much Vexed.

"I do," remarked the Editor. He pulled his Whiskers—which are of that Kind usually Called Jo-Jos—for a Moment, then folding his Arms, he Glared at his Wicked Partner from Under his Eye-brows.

Then the Business-Manager turned his Back upon him and let his Mind wander carelessly in the Realms of Tbought.

Presently he Turned About and Faced his Truly Good Partner.

With a Lofty Air, he inquired, "Can you Tell Me, Sirrah, who in the Blankety-Blank-Blank is Running this Paper?"

"Pardon me," returned the Editor, quietly; "hut be Kind Enough to be less Vulgar in your Expletives. I acknowledge that the Business Department has been Running this Paper for Many Years, and, so long as you have been Able to turn in the Ducats without Flagrant Violation of the Law, I have said Nothing. But *now*, Sir, you ask me to he a Party to an Open Breach of Law and Policy."

This Speech, delivered in a quiet Tone by the Editor, aroused all the Fury within the Breast of the Business-Manager. He could not Contain bimself, or Any Part thereof, and with a Wild Cry of Rage, be Lunged out at his Good Partner with Both his Dukes.

But the Editor was too Quick for him. He Seized from his Desk his Trusty Quill and proceeded to Defend himself—uttering his Shibboleth: "The Pen is Mightier than the Fist!"

The Business-Manager seized the Ink-Pot, and both thus Fully Equipped, they prepared for the Joust.

The Battle Raged Long and Furiously; Furiously and for a Great While the Battle Raged.

They were Well-Matcbed, these Two, and for Many Minutes it was Nip-and-Tuck between them.

First One would gain an Advantage, only to be Overcome by the Other; then the Other would, in turn, gain the Advantage, but he would also be Obliged to Succumb.

And when the Rosy Sun uplifted his Head above the Hills which Environ Pig's-Eye Lake, the Two Doughty Warriors lay bathed in Gore and Ink.

* * * * * * *

But there is a Moral to this Tale, my Children; do not think that I would Cbeat you of the Moral for any Consideration. Although our two Combatants were Collectively and Individually Done Up, tbe Nice Copy over which they Fougbt was Saved in the Heat of the Fray. I don't know whether it was a Fairy or an Angel who was the Medium of its Preservation. Perhaps it may have been the Printer's Devil. At all Events, it found its Way to the Composing-Room, and if you will ask your Papa to look over the Files of his Paper, he will doubtless Find it for you, and read it to you for your Edification.

But didn't you feel Sorry for the Truly Good Editor?—and didn't you Hate his Wicked Partner?—*The Eye.*

Personal Intelligence.

The Duchess of Bedford does not eat huckwheat cakes.

Miss Eastlake, the English actress, is twenty-six years old.

Thomas Hughes, the respectable English writer, uses three h's in spelling his name.

Miss Eastlake, the English actress, is thirty-six years old.

The Hon. Harvey Soss, member of the British Parliament, pronounces the word "riot," "wiot."

Miss Eastlake, the English actress, is sixty-three years old.

George William Curtis, the editor, who could speak distinctly at eight years of age, does so still.

Miss Eastlake, the Englisb actress, is the mother of the late Sir Charles Eastlake.

William H. Prescott, historical writer, is dead.

The Sbah of Persia was introduced to Miss Eastlake, the English actress, and asked her how she would like to be bis dear little Number 212.

Miss Eastlake, the English actress, may make an American tour.—*Evening Sun.*

Frayed Keegan—"Please, sor, can you give me a nickel to get a night's lodgin'?" *Rowne de Bout*—"But you can't get a lodging for a nickel." *Frayed Keegan*—"O' course not, sor; but Oi can repeat this act two or three times, can't I?"—*Puck.*

King of the Cannibal Islands (to his minister of interior)—"How do you account for the decrease in population of my island?" *Minister of interior*—"I know not, sire, unless it he that one man's meat is another man's poison."—*Life.*

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

The Inconstant.

I.

A pretty girl,
A summer night,
A moon,——
Impassioned fellow.
A gentle word,
A solemn vow,
A kiss,——
And all is well, oh!

II.

Again the girl,
Another night,
Same moon,——
Thus far 'tis well, oh!
But if we took
Another look,
We'd see,——
Another fellow! —*Life.*

The Death of the D. S. T.

'Twill be a great relief, I ween,
To murderers to know
That when they leave this mortal scene
Through lightning's sudden blow,
The new reporter, sitting near.
With curdles in his blood,
Will not be able then to hear
A dull and sickening thud.
—*Washington Post.*

Grief that Woman Never Knows.

The mind with sudden grief is fraught,
The red life-currents freeze;
Alas! the trousers newly bought
Are bagging at the knees.
—*Washington Capital.*

A Pretty How-d'ye-do.

When maideos greet
Upon the street,
Exchanging love and kisses, too,
You must admit,
At sight of it,
Now "Here's a pretty how-d'ye-do."
—*Philadelphia Press.*

In Extremis.

A fly lay bleeding and wet with gore,
Crushed on the bald man's head,
But in dyiog he sprung this ghastly joke,
"I'm mashed on you," he said. —*Life.*

Vain Regrets.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dude lamb is there;
There is no club-side, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant stare. —*Time.*

Ladies and Women.

The sales-lady shines in a silken attire,
The price of scant comfort and long-hoarded hire;
The chambermaid-lady in garments of white
And ribbons of scarlet appeals to the sight;
The bluest of plushes the cook-lady shows,
And fills up the sidewalk wherever she goes;
And even the wash-lady proudly steps by
In velveteen ruffles that startle the eye;
While the woman they wait upoo goes about town
In a plain little, brown little, tailor-made gown.
—*Judge.*

Autumn.—By a Dry-Goods' Clerkess.

The earth is trimmed with frosty valenciennes;
The trees are robed with red and yellow plush;
Brown ribbon grass rustles in twilight's flush;
The lake's a watered silk of blues and greens;
The brook threads rocks whose emerald velveteens
Are mosses, and a polonaise doth gush
An opera flannel air that charms the hush,
While dances Autumn, first of Kentucky Jeans.
The crickets on the flower-bed tick loud—
Excuse me if no joke is moire antique.
Now Nature's in bright calico a-flash;
I see the apple-tree with yarn balls bowed,
While the split zephyr roams from peak to peak;
The blue-jay's squawk sounds very much like "Cash!"
—*Puck.*

At the Museum.

I wandered to the museum, and spent a juicy dime,
To see the cobra writhe and squirm, and watch the monkeys climb,
I passed before the skeleton, who weighed but sixty pounds:
A moving mass of bones I'd seen on former weary rounds.
He had that look of weariness such people always wear,
And though the passing years had touched with frost his flowing hair,
I recognized him as a freak I used to see and know,
When first I saw that museum, some twenty years ago.

I stood before the bearded dame, with eyes of tender blue.
She stroked her whiskers thoughtfully and asked me for a chew.
"Odds death!" I cried; "I've seen your face somewhere in days gone by."
She turned her mournful eyes on me and answered with a sigh,
"What hoots it to deceive you, sir. I well recall your face—
You've seen me, whiskers, eyes and all, in this the same old place;
I fear that from this life of mine I never more may go—
I work the same old fake I worked some twenty years ago."

Next to her was an Arab chief, fresh from his native sands,
A heavy spear, all stained with blood, was in his tawny hands;
I ventured near him shuddering, politely raised my hat,
And murmured in a husky voice: "Ah, there, how goes it Pat?"
"Begorrah," cried the haughty chief, "it's poor the outlook is,
I haven't seen it quite so dull since I've been in the biz;
And that is quite a little time, I'd have yez, sor, to know,
For I have been an Arab chief since twenty years ago."

I gossiped with the giantess, whose voice was full of tears,
She sighed with all her energy for dead and by-gone years;
And when the huildiog ceased to shake, the cave-troughs ceased to curl,
I took a trip across the hall to the Circassian girl.
I spoke to her in accents soft and asked her how things went,
And full of sorrow were the eyes that she upon me hent;
"Der don't vas any money now in dis here sort of show—
I vish dot times were like dey vas some dwenty years ago."
—*Omaha Republican.*

Farmer's son—"Did you hire the man, father?" *Farmer*—"I wanted to, hut he wouldn't accept the place." *Farmer's son*—"What did you offer him?" *Farmer*—"I offered bim sixty dollars a month and to find himself." *Farmer's son*—"And he thougbt sixty dollars too little?" *Farmer*—"No, he was satisfied with the wages, but he said he couldn't find himself." *Farmer's son*—"Why not?" *Farmer*—"Because he is an ex-detective from Chicago. He said he never could find anything."—*Boston Courier.*

Mistress—"What shall we cook for dinner to-morrow, Marianne?" *Servant*—"Just wait. I'll ask my policeman."—*Le Rappel.*

Grimes (society reporter for the *Haut Ton*)—"I reception at Blepsover's." *City editor*—"Wor column?" *Grimes*—"Easy. It was immense. rang at seven. Butler came and said Colonel B sover couldn't be seen; but the colonel had heard voice when I told who I was, and ordered the lac to admit me. Then he came and took me down the basement where they were preparing supper tell you it was grand! Then he seated me at a l table, opened a bottle of wine, and ordered m lunch. Then another bottle, and points about reception. Then he let me out by the basement d after giving me another bottle to take with me, a bundle of cigars. Tell you, I was treated like a fect gentleman!"—*Puck.*

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TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, October 13, 1889, and until ther notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

Fr SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.30, 3.25, 4.0, 6.10 P. M.
(Sdays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 1.30, 5.05, 6.30, P. M.

Fr SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week ys)—6.10, 7.45, 9.20, 11.05 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.55 P. M.
(Sdays)—8.00, 9.50, A. M.; 12.00 M.; 3.30, 5.00, P. M.
xtra trip on Saturday at 6.25 P. M.
Fa 50 cents. round trip.

Fr SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—5, 8.15, 9 55, 11.55 A. M.; 2.30, 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
(Sdays)—8.45, 10.35, A. M.; 12.45, 4 25, 5.45 P. M.
xtra trip on Saturday at 7.05 P. M.
Fa 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

A. M., Daily (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) from Francisco for Cazadern and intermediate stations. orning, leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12.25 P.M
P. M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations.
A. M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Point Reyes and intermediate stations. Returning arrives in San Francisco at 6.15 P. M.

EXCURSION RATES.

Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from stations, at twenty-five per cent. redncton from single rate.
r to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Sdays and Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.00; Tomales $2.25; Howard's, $3.50; Cazadero, $4.00.
y Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, good on day sold : Camp Taylor, $1.50; Point Reyes, $1.75.

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(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

	From Oct. 1, 1889.	ARRIVE
A.	Haywards, Niles and San José	*12.45 P.
A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis	7.15 P.
A.	Martiner, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	6.15 P.
A.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	11.15 A.
A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
A.	Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
M.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	*3.45 P.
P.	Sacramento River Steamers	**6.00 A.
P.	Express Haywards, Niles & San José	9.45 A.
P.	2d Class Ogden and East	10.45 A.
P.	Stockton and §Milton; Vallejo, Calistoga & Santa Rosa	9.45 A.
P.	Sacramento and Knight's Landing via Davis	10.15 A.
P.	Niles and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
P.	Niles and San José	† 4.45 P.
P.	Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
P.	Central Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	7.45 P.
P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East	7.45 A.
P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

A.	Newark, San José and Santa Cruz	‡ 8.05 P.
A.	Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
P	Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*11.20 A.
P	Centerville, San José, Almaden, and Los Gatos	9.50 A.

T DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

A.	San José, Almaden and Way Stations	2.30 P.
A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos; Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey, Pacific Grove; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations	6.12 P.
A.	San José and Way Stations	5.02 P.
P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	3.38 P.
P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and principal Way Stations	*10.00 A.
P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 7.58 A.
P	San José and Way Stations	9.03 A.
P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A.
P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	† 7.28 P.

morning. P. for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. days only. ‡ Sundays only. § Saturdays excepted. ** Mondays excepted.

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Belgic		Thursday, October 17
Arabic		Tuesday, November 5
Oceanic		Saturday, November 23
Gaelic		Thursday, December 12
Belgic		Tuesday, December 31

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City of Sydney....Thursday, Nov. 14, at 3 P. M.
City of Rio de Janeiro.....Dec. 3, at 3 P. M.
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LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

"The Union or the Dominion" is the title of a timely and sensible discussion of our commercial and traffic interests by James O'Meara in the October *Overland*.

It is related of the late Colonel Tomline, a very rich Englishman, who collected books and pictures, that he would not permit a book above a certain size to enter his library nor a book written by a clergyman or a woman.

William R. Jenkins announces a "definitive" edition (in French) of Victor Hugo's works, to comprise seventy volumes at seventy cents per volume. He promises, also, "Les Poètes Françaises du XIXme Siècle," a collection of French poetry, on the plan of Ward's "English Poets," giving specimens of all the poets of the present century, arranged according to the date of their birth by Professor C. Fontaine, a teacher of French, in Washington.

Joseph Kirkland, author of "Zury" and "The McVeys," has received a sixteen-hundred-dollar prize, from the Detroit *Free Press*, being the first of three prizes offered by that journal for the best original stories. The second prize, nine hundred dollars, was awarded to Mrs. R. B. Peattie, of Chicago; and the third, five hundred dollars, to Mr. Elbridge S. Brooks, of Boston. Major Kirkland's story is entitled "The Captain of Company K." It will be published during the winter as a serial in the *Free Press*, and afterward in book-form.

Herbert Spencer, according to a London correspondent of the New York *Sun*, has returned to London with his autobiography completed up to the present time. It is not to be published until after his death, but he is making preparations for it to be produced then on both sides of the Atlantic simultaneously. The manuscript has been put into type, and three proofs only are taken, all of which are sent to him. Before the type is distributed, two molds are taken for stereotyping, one of which is to be sent to America, where Spencer is more widely read than at home, to be used immediately upon his death.

Professor J. Hirschberg, of Berlin, made a trip from New York to San Francisco in August and September, 1887, and, for the instruction of his countrymen, has published his diary of the thirty-six days the journey occupied. His pages are crammed full of facts and figures; he is particular to give precise dimensions, dates, and back-fares, mentions the hour at which he leaves or arrives at a town, stating in parenthesis the population of the place and the omnibus-fare from the station to the hotel. In short, he furnishes a useful hand-book which will save those who follow in his wake the sad necessity of keeping or publishing a diary of their own.

Little, Brown & Co. are to publish soon a choice library edition, in two volumes, of Count Alfred de Vigny's famous historical romance, "Cinq-Mars; or, A Conspiracy under Louis XIII.," translated by William Hazlitt. It was from this stirring romance that Bulwer drew much of his material for the drama of "Richelieu." Among its characters are: Louis the Thirteenth, Richelieu, "His Gray Eminence" (Father Joseph), Cinq Mars, De Thou, and Maria of Mantua. This romance, which was first published in England in 1842, has been for many years out of print. By the way, the reprints of standard works which Little, Brown & Co. have lately been issuing, are all remarkably fine specimens of the book-maker's art, and would be desirable additions to any library. It is matter for congratulation to book-lovers that this firm has turned its attention to general literature.

Miss Jeannette Gilder, editor of the *Critic*, thus writes to the Boston *Transcript*: "I see that Mr. Belford, of the firm of Belford, Clarke & Co., which has just failed, attributes the cause of their failure to the want of an international copyright law. That may have had something to do with it, but I am convinced that the trouble was with the class of books that house published. They made a specialty of erotic books, and erotic books, to pay, must be literature, and not mere stories to pander to the vicious. Books that other publishers rejected with scorn were published by Belford, Clark & Co. with alacrity. There was a little flurry in the direction of such writers as Laura Daintry, Laura Jean Libby, Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, and Heron-Allen for awhile, but it was short-lived. There may be people who can read such stories, but even their appetites sicken with what they feed upon, and they soon turn from it to more nourishing food. I am happy to say that it is actually true that the demand for indecent literature has fallen off, and therefore that it no longer pays."

The *Critic* relates that when Maurice Thompson went to Indianapolis, four years after the war, a callow youth, "almost penniless and without any visible means of support," he wrote a dime-novel, and wasted time and postage upon it for a year before any one recognized its surpassing merit; but, at last, the *New York Weekly* accepted it, and a check for one hundred dollars was sent to him. This put him on his feet. Since then he has "got on." A few weeks since, he was told that "The League of the Guadalupe" was running as a serial in the *Weekly*. He therefore procured a copy of the paper, and, as he tells the story, "there, sure enough, all dripping with gore, and spangled with bowie-knives and pistols, and flaring with red lights, flamed my long-delayed masterpiece. Twenty years of delay had not even coagulated its blood or tamed its murderous spirit in the least. I had forgotten its title, and I could not recall the name of a single character in it, but a glance was sufficient. The long-lost vision arose before my eyes, like some of those memories of battle, with all the sulphur, and powder-blaze, and circling smoke, and thunder, and blood."

New Publications.

"As You Like It" is the title of a pamphlet containing sketches, poems, and essays contributed to the papers by Leo Haefeli. Published for the author at Ogden, Utah; for sale by the booksellers.

"Darell Blake," by Lady Colin Campbell, a novel which has caused some talk in London, is reprinted in the Red Letter Series by the National Publishing Company, New York; for sale by the newsdealers; price, 25 cents.

"The Golgotha of the Heart," translated from the German of Hans Wachenhusen by Hettie E. Miller, is issued in the Globe Library. Published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, 25 cents.

"Fedor" is the title of Laura Daintrey's latest novel. It is a story strong in some parts, insipid in others, and tinged with eroticism in still others. Published by the Empire City Publishing Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"Le Bleuet," a pretty little story of Alsace, by Gustave Haller, has been translated into English and issued with George Sand's brief introduction, which praises the book highly. Published at Brentano's, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 25 cents.

"A Chaplet of Verse" has been collected from the poetical effusions of California writers of the Catholic faith by Rev. D. O. Crowley and Charles Anthony Doyle. Charles Warren Stoddard (printed "Stoddarz" in the book) and Daniel O'Connell are the best-known writers whose verses have been levied upon, and the collection, as a whole, is by no means a poor one. Published for the benefit of the Youths' Directory by Diepenbrock & Co., San Francisco; for sale at the bookstores.

The third series of "Tales from Blackwood" has reached its third number, which contains five excellent short stories. This, with the third volume of the Travel, Adventure, and Sport Series—also taken from *Blackwood's Magazine*—which contains a like number of tales of adventure, makes an admirable pocket volume for a traveler, and will be enjoyed by any one who likes to take up an interesting and well-constructed tale and finish it in a half-hour. Published by White & Allen, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 40 cents each.

An indication of the difficulty of rearing children is to be found in the advertisements of various Infants' foods which stare at us from dead walls and the backs of the magazines, where they rank with patent-medicine advertisements. It is to do away with the hit-or-miss element in trying one food after another until the right one is found, if the child has not already died of starvation, that Dr. W. B. Pritchard has prepared a "Manual of Dietetics for Physicians, Mothers, and Nurses," and his standing among students of dietetics is a sufficient guarantee of the value of his work. He has extended his work to include the care of very young children in other matters than their food, and the result is a manual that will prove of great service to young mothers. Published by the Dietetic Publishing Company, 115 Fulton Street, New York; for sale through the booksellers.

Samuel Warren's novel, "Ten Thousand a Year," has recently been reissued in a three-volume edition, printed in large type on fine paper, with an etched portrait of the author as a frontispiece to the first volume. It is nearly fifty years since this story first saw the light, and it has been reprinted many times in English and in French and German translation, but these have generally been cheap editions, so that this new one comes in response to the demand for a library edition. Possibly a reason why there were so many cheap editions is the fact that "Ten Thousand a Year" is almost a text-book for beginners in the law. But its popularity has held as well among general readers, from the day Thackeray threw down the magazine in which it was appearing serially and declared he loved those unmitigated snobs, the Aubreys, until now, when many a one takes up the tale of Tittlebat Titmouse's glittering fortune and follows him with abiding interest, from his pitiable Sunday outing to the end of his marvelous career. These volumes are provided with the author's explanatory notes. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $4.50 per set.

The History of the Mormon State.

History of the Pacific States of North America. By Hubert Howe Bancroft. Volume XXI. Utah. 1540-1886. San Francisco: The History Company. 1889. pp. xlvii., 808.

Church and state were so inseparably bound together at the time of the discovery and settlement of much of the New World, that religion played a large part in the formation of the new States, driving the heterodox to colonization, as the Puritans and Huguenots were driven, and leading missionaries to go forth into the wilderness to extend the church's spiritual and temporal power, as in most of the Spanish-American countries. But the history of Utah offers the only instance in America of a great State founded upon principles of pure theocracy, and, in view of the magnitude of the undertaking in this nineteenth century and of the wonderful success attained, it is one of the most curious and notable episodes in the annals of the world; "it has been long," as Mr. Bancroft remarks, in his preface to this volume, "since the world has witnessed anything like a new religion successfully established and set in prosperous running order upon the fullest and combined principles of theocracy, hierarchy, and patriarchy."

The history of Utah up to the present time is necessarily the history of the Mormons. The Spaniard Coronado, in 1540, sent one of his captains into the southern part of the present Territory of Utah, to the beginning of the great cañon of the Colorado, in fact; and other Spaniards of that time pushed north until they heard tidings of, but did not see, the Great Salt Lake. But not until 1824 did a white man really reach that strange body of water; he was a trapper, Bridger by name, and the only persons who came here for many years came, like him, in search of furs and pelts or passed on their way to the West Coast. The country seemed to offer no special inducements to settlers, and so it was not until the Mormons came that Utah was inhabited by white men.

Sixty years ago, Western New York was essentially a new country, Ohio and Illinois were, for the most part, a wilderness, and Missouri was the United States limit, the lands beyond being held by the aborigines. There were some settlements between Lake Erie and the Mississippi River, but they were recent and rude, and the region was less civilized than the savage. The people, though practically shrewd and of bright intellect, were ignorant; though having within them the elements of wealth, they were poor. There was among them much true religion, whatever that may be, yet they were all superstitious—there was little to choose between them. Each sect was an abomination to the other. The Bible was accepted literally by all, every word of it—prophecies, miracles, and revelations; the same God and the same Christ satisfied all; an infidel was a thing woeful and unclean. All the people racked their brains in secret, and poured forth loud logic in public, not over problems involving intellectual liberty, human rights and reason, and other like insignificant matters appertaining to this world, but concerning the world to come, and more particularly such momentous questions as election, justification, baptism, and infant damnation.

Such were the people among whom Joseph Smith, the founder of the new church, was born and brought up. He was a farmer's son, a lad of fifteen when he saw his first vision, in response to his prayer for enlightenment, and it was seven years later, on September 22, 1827, that he found the Book of Mormon and the strange Urim and Thummim which enabled him to read the characters graven on the golden plates. The book purported to be a continuous record of the adventures of one of two tribes which, after the confusion of tongues at the tower of Babel, had journeyed to America, written by the prophet Mormon. The other tribe had lapsed into barbarism, becoming the progenitors of the Indians, and these had in time overcome the more civilized tribe, so that the records had been buried in the hill of Cumorah, in Western New York, some three or four centuries after Christ, to be found later by Joseph Smith. The book was seen by eleven witnesses of doubtful veracity or intelligence; copies of leaves shown to archæologists were described as composed of a meaningless jumble of Chaldaic, Syriac, Egyptian, and Arabic characters. But by the help of his wonderful spectacles—the Urim and Thummim—Smith was enabled to translate the writings; it was printed in March, 1830, and, a month later, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints—though not then known by that name—was organized. In foot-notes Mr. Bancroft gives here the story generally believed by non-Mormons—an imaginative clergyman named Spaulding had amused himself by writing a fictitious history of a tribe which came to America after the confusion of tongues, his manuscript was sent to the printers, but never set in type, and it is supposed that this fell into the hands of one Sidney Rigdon, who discussed it with Joseph Smith, and was by them shaped into the Book of Mormon.

The first conference of the new church was held on the first of June, 1830, there being thirty members. The new creed spread rapidly, missionaries being sent out, especially into the new West, and thriving under the persecution, the Mormons were driven to Nauvoo in 1840, where they were a sufficiently large and well-organized body to create a flourishing city of fifteen thousand inhabitants. Joseph Smith, who was now president of the Mormons, was mayor of the city, and an efficient body of soldiery was organized among the men. But hostilities with the "Gentiles," as they called their non-Mormon neighbors, broke out, partly because of intolerance of their religious views, partly because of their growing political power—the Saints always voting as a unit—and partly because of their immorality, which the Saints cloaked under the guise of polygamy, which was ordained in the last revelation vouchsafed to Joseph Smith in 1843. For years this most prominent tenet of the church was known to only a few, however, and it was not formally promulgated until the church had become well established in Utah. The growing hostilities—which Mr. Bancroft lays at the door of the "Gentiles," for "it must be admitted," he says, "that the Mormons in Missouri and Illinois were, as a class, a more moral, honest, temperate, and thrifty people than the Gentiles by whom they were surrounded"—culminated on the 27th of June, 1844, when the Mormons numbered fully one hundred thousand, in the assassination of Joseph Smith by citizens of Carthage, whither he had gone under the pledged protection of the governor of the State. The thrilling account Mr. Bancroft gives of this horrible tragedy is too long for even recapitulation here.

The leader of a sect embracing one hundred thousand men, women, and children, of whom the men between seventeen and forty-nine were enrolled in a well-drilled and well-equipped militia, had been murdered by a cowardly mob, and yet these people did not retaliate. Brigham Young, who succeeded Smith as president, checked the passions of his people and guided them, with a steady hand in peace and without confusion, out of their difficulties and into their present prosperity. He is thus vividly sketched by the historian:

Brigham possessed the combination of qualities which we find present primarily in all great men, in all leaders of men—intellectual force, mental superiority, united with personal magnetism, and physique enough to give weight to will a opinion; for Brigham Young was assuredly a great man. The secret of i man's power—a power that within a few years made itself felt throughout t world—was this: he was a sincere man, or if an impostor, he was one who fi imposed upon himself. He was not a hypocrite; knave, in the ordinary sense the term, he was not; though he has been a thousand times called both. If he w a bad man, he was still a great man, and the evil that he did was done with b est purpose. He possessed great administrative ability; he was far-seeing, w a keen insight into human nature, and a thorough knowledge of the good a evil qualities of men. He was now in his forty-third year, in the prime of a bale vigorous manhood, with exuberant vitality, with marvelous energy, and with swerving faith in his cause and in himself. In stature he was a little above dium height; in frame well-knit and compact, though in later years round pontly; in carriage somewhat stately; presence imposing, even at that time, later much more so; face clean shaven now, but afterwards lengthened by beard, except about the mouth; features all good, regular, well formed, sh and smiling, and wearing an expression of self-sufficiency, bordering on the perceilious, which later in life changed to a look of subdued sagacity which could not conceal; deep-set, gray eyes, cold, stern, and of uncertain expressi lips thin and compressed, and a forehead broad and massive—his appearance that of a self-reliant and strong-willed man, of one born to be master of him and many others. In manner and address he was easy and void of affectati deliberate in speech, conveying his original and suggestive ideas in apt thou bomely phrase.

For a brief space the Mormons enjoyed peace, but within a year th saw that they must seek new territory, and in September, 1845, a bo of fifteen hundred men was appointed to go to Salt Lake Valley a report on it as a future home for the Saints. The exodus to the n Canaan is one of the most remarkable movements of a great body people in history. The Mormons had been given notice to quit by th neighbors, and they had to sell out their belongings at a great sacrifi but they set forth with light hearts and perfect faith. Some few had go to California, under the leadership of Elder Sam Brannan, by way Cape Horn—for it was not known yet whether the destination was to the Sandwich Islands, California, or some nearer country—but greater number set forth in emigrant-wagons. The sufferings they derwent were fully as great as that of earlier and later emigrants; t suffered from sickness, scarcity of food and water, Indian raids, and the minor hardships attendant upon such a trip; but to the wisdom their leaders in providing entertainment, such as dancing and picn whenever new supplies of provisions were received or could be dra from the surrounding country, is due in great part their comparati easy survival. Mr. Bancroft's account of this is very interesting, a indeed, it is among the most curious episodes of this strange tory.

The war between Mexico and the United States occurred now m opportunely for the Mormons. At that time New Mexico and Califor belonged to Mexico, and Nevada and Utah were a part of Califor and the United States Government was glad to equip and pay forty lars bounty per man to a Mormon battalion which should cross the c tinent and take California for the United States. By the time t reached New Mexico, the soldiers were, many of them, naked exc for a breech-clout, and the only battle of their campaign was an counter with a herd of wild bulls, for when they reached San Diego, stars and stripes already floated over the town. But the governm was thereafter more lenient to them, and gave them many privileges that their early years in their new home were not so hard as they m otherwise have been. The Salt Lake was reached July 27, 1847, on the following day Brigham Young announced that there should the new Zion, and the city was accordingly determined upon.

At the opening of 1849, the Saints were housed, clad, and fed in m erate comfort, and at the end of the year there had been eight hund and sixty-three applications for lots, amounting to eleven thous acres; no lots were held for speculation, each city-lot being fenced improved, and the adjoining farming land divided into five, ten, fo and eighty acre-lots, where each farmer could build and reside, tho all these farm-lands were included within one fence, owing to the scar of fencing materials. The streets were kept open, but were barely w enough for travel, owners cultivating the space before their hou Lots were distributed by ballot, as in Israel of old; no ardent sp were sold; and though there were few laws, there was a whipping which was used once or twice. To follow the Saints in their st gles to lift their new home from a wilderness to a civilized city, woul very interesting, but is impossible here.

From this point the history of the Mormons has been a recor steady increase in wealth and numbers, and Mr. Bancroft finds little praise for them. Of the terrible Mountain Meadows massacre, he s in his exhaustive chapter on that event:

It may as well be understood at the outset that this horrible crime, so often so persistently charged upon the Mormon Church and its leaders, was the c of an individual, the crime of a fanatic of the worst stamp, one who was a m ber of the Mormon Church, but of whose intentions the church knew noth and whose bloody acts the members of the church, high and low, regard wi much abhorrence as any out of the church. Indeed, the blow fell upon brotherhood with threefold force and damage. There was the cruelty of it, w wrung their hearts; there was the odium attending its performance in their m and there was the strength it lent their enemies further to malign and p them. The Mormons denounce the Mountain Meadows massacre, and every connected therewith, as earnestly and as honestly as any in the outside w This is abundantly proved, and may be accepted as an historical fact.

This affair had its political side, inasmuch as the Mormons were ready at odds with the government. Mr. Bancroft takes a stan strict impartiality in this question; he has a long chapter on Mormo as a religion and polygamy as a moral or immoral institution, in w he draws impartial and enlightened conclusions from the widest evide but it is from purely political and patriotic motives that he most stro condemns the followers of Joseph Smith and his successors. says:

The theory of government of this republic is numerical equality, each man each hundred men being equal to every other man or every other hundred m industrial and political factors. In this case, however, it is not so, and it can be so. A hundred or a thousand Mormons are a unit, socially, politic and commercially, in a community organized theoretically upon the basis of one man to the unit. And until the principles of the United States Republi remodeled, Mormons and Gentiles can not live together in peace and amity is folly for Gentiles to enter a Mormon community and think to rule, or to any part in the government as at present existing, and following the line of and order. This is why the people of Missouri and Illinois drove them out because of their religion or immorality, for their religion was nothing to the tiles, and their morals were as good or better than those of their neighbors may as well be understood and agreed upon that, in the United States or o the United States, the Mormons are, and ever will be, a people self-contained apart.

The last few chapters are taken up with the anti-polygamy legisla and the operation of the Edmunds law, and with a review of the pre industrial and social condition of the State. The former treats of ev so recent that they need but to be mentioned to be recalled to the p mind; the last chapters, however, are gathered from a vast ran ordinarily inaccessible sources, and present probably the most com and impartial account of Utah's resources and possibilities extant.

Some Magazines.

The *North American Review* for October contains: "The War of the English Strikes," by Henry George; "Progress and the P by Don M. Dickinson, ex-Postmaster General; "The Tyranny Labor Organizations," by Austin Corbin; "Obstruction in the Nat House," by Thomas B. Reed, M. C.; "Theatres, Halls, and A ences," by Dion Boucicault; "A Storm-Centre in Theology," by Rev. Newman Smyth, D.D.; "An English View of the Civil War"— by Viscount Wolseley; "Ericsson and his *Monitor*," by Prof Charles W. MacCord; "Lord Wolseley's Mistakes," by Jeffe Davis; "The Open Door of Quackery," by Dr. William G. Eggles Dr. Austin Flint, and Dr. R. Ogden Doremus; and the usual bi Notes and Comments.

The *Popular Science Monthly* for October contains: "Pensions All," by General M. M. Trumbull; "The Old and the New Phr ology," by Professor M. Allen Starr; "Life at the Cameroons, Robert Müller, M. D.; "Evolution as taught in a Theological S nary," by Rollo Ogden; "The Art of Prolonging Life," by Dr. Ro Roose; "Education in Ancient Egypt," by F. C. H. Wendel, Ph. "The Bronze Age in Sweden," by W. H. Larrabee; "Anthropo at Washington," by Professor J. Howard Gore; "Digestion and lated Functions," by Professor Wesley Mills; "The Chemist as a structor," by W. Bernhard; "Industrial Family Names," by Prof D. R. McAnally; "The Home of the Ferns," by T. Johnston Ev "Origin of some General Errors," by Herr S. Exner; "The Plea of Motion," by M. P. Souriaou; "The History of the Fork," von Falke; and a "Sketch of Carolus Linnæus."

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GRAND TWO DAYS'

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KLAMATH CITY,

SISKIYOU COUNTY, CAL.,

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October 23d and 24th.

Here is something new in which to invest your money it will bring you heavy returns. It is not "something " to be invited to invest in lots of a new town; but it is phatically a new thing—a "refreshing event"—to be ed to buy property where the surroundings are so favor- e to the quick growth of a town—the sudden springing of a city in a day, as we find in this case. We will give reasons for the faith that is in us, and if you think those sons are not good, keep your money and some one else l reap the harvest.

The Klamath River Lumber and Improvement Company ith a capital of $500,000, composed of such well-known n as James E. McLaughlin, formerly of Milwaukie, o is president of the board; James Steele, president of Merchants' National Bank, of Portland, who is secre- and treasurer; and William G. Steele and M B. Ran- , both of Portland—own 27,000 acres of the best sugar Oregon (yellow) pine, skirting both banks of the Klamath er for twenty-four miles. It is estimated that there are r 10,000,000,000 feet of lumber on the banks of the river. eral other owners own as much more. Klamath City is be junction of the Klamath River and the California & gon Railroad and the point to which all this huge pile of ber must come en route to market.

his company is now building a saw-mill of a capacity of 00 feet per ten hours, employing 250 men, with a thly pay-roll of $15,000; other companies will employ any more. Within a radius of a few miles there are y 1,000 men engaged in placer and other mining, doing l. The washings show that while two men have taken as much as $25,000 in a single season, the most valuable d has not been washed. Here are 1,500 men through se hands not less than $90,000 per month is put into cir- ation, and all of whom will come to the stores and shops Klamath City to buy their goods and supplies. NETY THOUSAND DOLLARS per month, over a ion per year, ready to come to a new town even before company owning the site have had time to put up their s! What will the town be when it's a two-year-old? re are a number of improvements to be made by the pany, which can not be described in an article of this gth, a description of which will be sent to any one send- us his or her address, among them are a hotel and bank ding—parties with ample capital having agreed to oc- y the same when completed.

urchasers of lots desiring to build can do so at once, as company have all the materials at hand and will erect dings to suit, giving liberal terms of payment.

☞ Remember the date of the Auction Sale, the premises, OCTOBER 23d and 24th.

here is no trifling about this matter. The company are ying out their plans as they started in to do, and they make things hum. Those who can not see from the re statement of facts that Klamath City property is a l buy, would do better to stay at home and not attend auction sale, for we can assure them it is no place for er blind men or drones; only wide-awake, active men keep up with the town.

or further particulars, catalogues, etc., apply to

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The Real Estate Auctioneers,
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nd and Mission Streets, - Third and Brannan Streets.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Clay M. Greene, the well-known playwright, has been down for some weeks with an attack of fever. His friends will be glad to hear that he is out again.

Nellie McHenry, supported by Saulsbury's Troubadours, will be the attraction at the Alcazar next week. "For Sweet Charity's Sake" is the name of her play, which was written for her by Bronson Howard.

"The Tigress" has proved sufficiently popular at the Bush Street to satisfy the management, but "The Burglar" was so much more than satisfactory a few weeks ago, that it will be put on again next week, with the same cast.

"Little Lord Fauntleroy" shows a little abatement of its popularity. The Wednesday matinée was attended by a great number of women and children. It will be repeated next week at the Baldwin, with Wednesday and Saturday matinées.

Patti Rosa, a plump and vivacious soubrette, who appeared at the Bush Street in farce-comedy several months ago, will introduce a play which is new to us at the California next week. It is called "Margery Daw," and was well received in the East.

The story of Victorien Sardou's collaboration with Blanche Roosevelt in the dramatization of the latter's story, "The Copper Queen," is again set afloat by Kate Forsyth, who is back from London. Miss Forsyth says that there is such a dramatization, that she has it, and that she is going to star in it.

A new play was produced by the Daly Company, a week ago Wednesday, and was well received, though the tone of the criticisms so far give the impression that its success is due less to the play than to the players. It is called "The Golden Widow," and is an adaptation of Sardou's unpleasant "Marquise." The principal character is a Mrs. Tryphena Magillicuddy, widow of W. Nye Magillicuddy, a California Crœsus, and is, of course, intrusted to Ada Rehan.

Edgar S. Kelley, the composer of "Macheth" music, is writing musical criticisms for *Le Chat Noir*, a bright dramatic paper published in New York. He describes a clever bit of work in "The Pearl of Pekin," which is worth noting: "It is in the "Chop-Sticks Polka," where the xylophone plays a simple melodic figure, over and over again, while all about it, above and below, is woven a woof of vocal and instrumental designs, totally independent and yet most pleasing. Theoretically this might perhaps be termed a Passacaglia in a middle voice, the Passacaglia being a constantly reiterated bass, upon which a superstructure is built of constantly varying progressions. This is another of those proofs, which happily are becoming more and more frequent, that a piece may be tuneful and well written, catchy, and classic.

Few deaths in the theatrical profession have been so deeply felt in San Francisco as that of C. B. Bishop, the jovial comedian. He was a native of Boston and made his first appearances in that city, but ever since he came to San Francisco, in Jarrett & Palmer's eighty-four-hour train in 1876, we have looked upon him as a Californian and felt a local pride in his successes. He remained in the famous old stock-company at the California Theatre for several years, and the play-goers of that day will never forget his Launcelot Gobbo, his Peter, and his Pistol. Indeed, in certain lines of Shakespearean low-comedy he has for years been without a rival on the American stage. In farce and burlesque, he created many rôles, but the vogue of the society drama left him rather behind in the race of late years. He made money, if not fame, in "The Widow Bedott." A few years ago, he retired from the stage to become a physician and druggist, and had a large clientèle among theatrical people; but he could not live away from the footlights, and soon returned. He was last seen here with Sothern in "Lord Chumley"—in which he was acting when death came upon him—and he had made a place for himself in the play which Mr. Sothern will find it hard to fill.

Pita, the new remedy for hydrophobia recently discovered in Spain, seems to be a name given to the flower-stalk of the aloe, a plant common in some parts of Spain. The story goes that its virtues were discovered accidentally by a man in a fit of hydrophobia falling upon an aloe plant and unconsciously hiting the stem.

There is one prominent and noble patron of the English turf who is said never to have made a bet on a race, save on one occasion, when he betted sixpence against a horse with his trainer's wife. The horse won, and the sixpence was duly presented as a brooch set in diamonds.

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The waltz played during the *entr'acte* at the Baldwin this week, called "The Irresistible Waltzes," was composed by Harry Falkenau, and has been published by the Matthias Gray Company.

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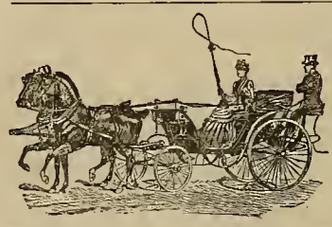

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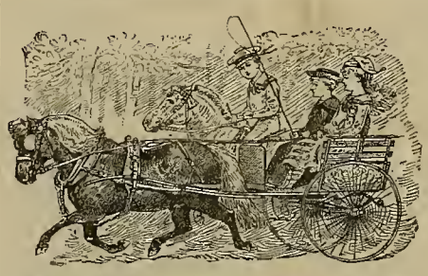

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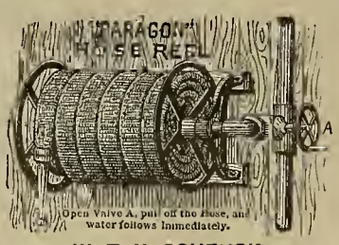

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The American jury system is a disgrace to modern civ- ation. It is based upon ignorance and stupidity. It ngs into the jury-box criminals to be bribed, cowards to be midated, and fools to be boodwinked and deceived. The which permits paid advocates in the interest of criminals waste the time of courts and exhaust the patience of judges browbeating timid jurors and insulting the intelligence of ; which gives the privilege of rejection from the panel for urd and ridiculous cause, and peremptory challenge of twenty ors in criminal cases for no cause at all, is a monumental blun- . All this is being illustrated in the city of Chicago in the l of the Irishmen who murdered Dr. Cronin. A secret con- ve of political Irish organized as a branch of the con- racy called the Clan-na-Gael, in Illinois, where, with secret hs, and grips, and passwords, they met and plotted assassination and murder of an American citizen who dif- ed with them in reference to Irish-English political airs, and who had threatened to expose the mode extent of plunder indulged in by the Irish patriots moneys begged for emancipation of Ireland from the cruelty of Saxon rule. That he was murdered is evidenced by the mutilated form found in a filthy sewer, where his remains were hastily secreted; that the conspiracy for his murder had been concocted in the secret councils of the Clan-na-Gael, Section No. 20, every one believes. The police of Chicago are, in a majority, Irish, and, in a majority, Romanist, and, in a majority, sympathize with the murder, and from the beginning have done and omitted everything which was calculated to bring these guilty conspirators to justice. The first lie circulated was that Dr. Cronin had been seen alive in Canada. A messenger was dispatched with his bloody garments to Ireland, and now, after more than a month has been spent in securing four jurors, it is ascertained that the bailiffs of the court are engaged in bribing jurors. Jurors are rejected because they are respectable and belong to the law-abiding class; they are rejected because they are intelligent enough to read the papers; on one side, it is a cause of challenge if the juror is Irish and Catholic; on the other, if he is German and Protestant. His politics, his nativity, his religious opinions, are inquired into to ascertain in what direction his bias tends. There are but few members of the Chicago bar, who, for sufficient coin, would not sell themselves for the defense of the rascally band accused of the murder of Dr. Cronin. It is doubtful whether there is any technicality in the law which the attorneys for the defense would not gladly use for the acquittal of the prisoners. The conspiracy which murdered Dr. Cronin is now strengthened with influential members, money, and political influence to shield the criminals from the consequences of their crime. Irish funds flow out in every direction to defend political criminals, and to promote crimes perpetrated in the advancement of political ends. Parnell had raised for him a "defense fund." There is a "skirmishing fund," a "dynamite fund." The assassins of Lord Cavendish have had money raised for their defense; there has not been a landlord murdered from behind a hedge in Ireland that money has not been contributed in America for the cowardly villain who fired the shot. This is Irish politics, and is being supported by Irish-American money in the city of Chicago for defense of the brutal and cowardly assassins who dispatched Dr. Cronin. Not a Democratic politician of prominence, not a Democratic party journal, not a Roman Catholic pulpit, nor a Roman Catholic politician has had the courage to denounce this most vile and cowardly murder. The conspiracy against the law will be too strong for it, and there is every probability that the Cronin murderers will escape, because the law is not strong enough to command the opportunity to give the case an honest investigation. This is a truthful statement of the dangers which threaten our republican form of government from behind one of the stanchest bulwarks erected by our fathers for our defense. Rank villainy lies in ambush behind the right of trial by jury. That which was conceived as a protection and shelter for honest men from the persecutions of tyrannical governments, the oppressions of misused power, and the persecutions of priestly rule is now being used by criminals to enable them to escape the consequences of their crimes. Party organizations are in collusion with the most abandoned of criminals and the most detested of crimes.

For a straightforward, common-sense, temperance platform we commend the Iowa State platform: Whenever the control of intoxicating beverages falls under the dominion of clear-headed men and sympathetic and sentimental women, let the subject severely alone, the sooner will temperance reform result. The control of alcoholic drinks is a political question, involving economical considerations affecting the tax-payer, and while we think Christian women and temperance men can work with usefulness and effect in the vineyard of its labors, they can never work out great and permanent reforms. The readers of the *Argonaut* are advised of our opinions concerning prohibition. It is more than fifty years ago that I had pinned upon my breast a temperance badge, and with infantile fist subscribed a printed oath that so long as I lived I would touch not, taste not, nor handle in any manner, spirituous, vinous, or malt liquors; not cider when it was sour, nor wine when it was fermented. My Sunday-school teacher explained away the miracle of the marriage-feast and Saint Paul's advice to take a little for the stomach's sake. I saw my excellent maiden Aunt Eliza—good Presbyterian that she was—partake of wine from the sacramental cup which I had brought home from Utica, where I had purchased it at a grocery. I saw my excellent father drink hard cider in the harvest-field, and so did all our neighbors when the apples and butternuts were passed around of a winter's eve. If I ever stole my father's horses and went sleighing to a neighboring village for a dance with the girls, and if I drank gin, as was the custom at a country frolic, I hope the offense of making me sign a temperance pledge before I was old enough to appreciate the allurements of hot-Scotch on a winter's night will be forgiven to Aunt Eliza and the excellent maiden ladies, who had no sort of appreciation of the variety and force of temptations to which young men are at times subjected. This temperance resolution, passed at an Iowa convention, says the sale of intoxicating beverages ought to be licensed. So think we. With a fair license, we shall be able to pay the national debt, and, in San Francisco, all municipal stealings, long before all the world will be brought up to the prohibition standard. We admit the force of early prejudice. We were taught that buttermilk was good for pigs, and we think so still, and somehow we are not prepared to admit that we have not as good right to drink good, sound, healthy grape-juice as our friend Dr. McDonald or Emily Pitts-Stevens to drink sour and nasty milk after the butter has been sent from the churn to market. We should like to be permitted to walk along the temperance path so far as it suits our pleasure. We should like to see party associations grow out of temperance reform. We should be delighted to see the American party, the Prohibition party, and the Republican party start out under the leadership of an American who will go as far as he can in the temperance direction, and not farther than he may think it advisable to go in the Republican. We would ask him to stop this side of Pat Egan and not unite with Father Gleeson in whooping up parochial schools. We are willing to compromise in the indulgence of all luxurious excesses; we will give up the use of buttermilk if our temperance allies will consent to forego alcoholic beverages. With the formation of such an alliance—Republican, Temperance, and American—we might incidentally work out other desirable reforms; we might reduce taxes, get rid of party bosses, and relieve our State from the burdens it is now staggering under. If an organization can not be made of the rank and file composing the parties we have named, the Democratic party will carry California, and we shall have a recurrence of the shameful events which characterized the last Democratic legislative session. If farmers, fruit-growers, and the owners and occupiers of property in the country prefer to indulge themselves in temperance sentimentality and permit the State to be overrun with political adventurers, whose sole idea of party management is to plunder the tax-payers, we shall be required to submit, and we shall endeavor to do so in patience.

Mr. Frank McCoppin has been suggested as a candidate of the Democratic party for representative in Congress from the Sixth Senatorial District, a position now held by General Vandever, a Republican. It would afford us pleasure for Mr. McCoppin to be nominated by any party, and it would afford us greater pleasure if he should be elected. In all the positions he has ever held in this State, he has performed his duties intelligently, with great credit to himself and with satisfaction to the constituency he has represented. As mayor of San Francisco, he did serviceable duty; as state senator from San Francisco, he made an honest record and left his impression upon the legislation of the State; as United States Commissioner to the World's Exposition at Melbourne, he did our government most excellent service in making its course understood and appreciated by the citizens of the sixth continent, and in having our Samoan difficulties properly represented to the English Government. Our orchardists may thank Mr. McCoppin for the lady-bug, which has distinguished itself in exterminating the scale and coddling-moth, which have so disastrously affected our fruit interests. Perhaps we have not been long enough a member of the American pa-

to wish the election of a Democrat to Congress, but we think it pretty good Americanism to assist, so far as lies in our power, the selection of so good a representative to Congress as we think Mr. Frank McCoppin would make.

In urging the union of the more respectable classes of society, by the "more respectable" we do not mean the professional class, or those of the social class who depend upon their wealth to give them consideration, or those who move in the more exclusive circles because of their style and pretensions of being more fashionable or more aristocratic—but we mean just what the old-fashioned word "respectable" means. It means being of good family, of good morals, of means enough to make it seem honorable to engage in any honorable employment, and in event of reverse of fortune to justify engaging in any labor that is honorable, and all labor is honorable which is honest. Men who own some property honestly acquired, who have the courage to live within their means, who are not afraid to wear a clean shirt, or ride in their own carriage, with a liveried servant, for fear they will be accused of putting on airs, are not to be excluded from this category. The respectable is composed of persons who live moral lives, pay their debts, send their children to the public schools to learn democracy and patriotism, or to private and select schools, if they can afford it; who have enough sense to understand that in municipal politics there is no reason for dividing into parties and very little excuse in national politics; who have the courage to despise the demagogue, and the sense and independence to dare to cast their votes for whom they please and for which party they please, without advice from the party boss or fear of the party lash. These are the kind of Americans we would bring together in party lines to perform their duties in obedience to principles. Of course, we know that the mere party dog, who howls when he is beaten, crouches when he is kicked, and licks the hand that gives him dole, has not the courage to unite with decent people for decent politics. We presume there are more voters belonging to the "respectable" class than are numbered by political vagabonds, or by the idle and criminal hangers-on for office, or by the criminal, drunken, and worthless individuals who estimate the value of the elective franchise for the price they can obtain from the ballot. People of the respectable class ought to belong to a patriotic American temperance reform party, the name of which is of no possible importance. If there are Republicans who are not a credit to the Republican party, or Americans who are so narrow-minded that they can not embrace within their party lines honorable, intelligent, and patriotic men, or temperance reformers who are straight-laced enough to think that under all circumstances buttermilk is better than wine or lager beer—they are not invited to join the party we propose, for two reasons: First, because we have no authority to invite anybody to join any party; and, second, because we would not be happy in political association with that class. We feel the more confident in making the appeal for a political alliance between the respectable classes, because, as the Democracy are going on, there is certainty that our rate of taxes will soon be insupportable. California is among the most prodigal and costly of all the States of the Union in the administration of its State and municipal governments, and, in addition to this, there is an almost utter abandonment of all party discipline and an entire disregard of party principles. It will stagger the credulity of the most credulous when we present the list of party leaders who have been most honored in both and all parties, and who have been most indifferent to what is commonly called loyalty to party and obedience to party discipline. Henry H. Haight was elected governor of California by the Democratic party. He was never a Democrat till he wanted office, and never a good Democrat afterward. He came from a Whig family in the city of Rochester, Western New York, and was chairman of the Republican State Central Committee at the time Leland Stanford was elected governor. The Hon. Newton Booth was, in the early time, a stanch Republican, and did good service as an orator in Republican ranks. He was a Republican State senator; but when the contest came with the Central Pacific Railroad he burned his bridges, shook his fist at the moon, and bolted. He did not go over to the Democracy, but he organized the Dolly Varden party, and had power enough to elect himself as governor and cause himself to be chosen as Senator of the United States. William Irwin was a Republican butcher in the northern part of the State, and was true, and stanch, and loyal when, in the early times, it required some nerve to be a Republican. He was an advocate of Fremont for the Presidency, and voted for him. How he became a Democrat we have no knowledge; but he was nominated and elected by the Democratic party as governor of California. General George Stoneman, so far as we know, never belonged to any party. He did not become a member of the Democracy until he conceived the ambition of becoming governor. He was an avowed member of the Working-men's party as it had operated under the leadership of Kearney. He was nominated because of his supposed availability, because he had not been over-loyal or over-distinguished for his achievements during the war. His habits were democratic, and he was elected. Washington Bartlett was a Democrat of the Southern type, and was as loyal to the Union as a Southern man, who was principled against fighting for the North and prejudiced against fighting for the South, could be. While in the State senate from San Francisco, he deserted his Democratic associates and voted for Newton Booth for United States Senator. He was independent and honest, and, to that extent, a had Democrat. He was elected governor of California. Morris M. Estee was twice a bolter. He covers the entire ground—he was in early days a Republican; he voted for Booth for senator and for Horace Greeley for President; and when he was in turn defeated by the Republican party, he joined the boycotting wing of the Pope's Irish, and would have become a member of the Working-men's party, if it had been successful and would have admitted him to its membership. Dr. Hugh Glenn was not a Democrat; he obtained a Working-men's new constitution nomination, was supported by the *Chronicle*, the present organ of the Republican party. George C. Gorham, who once obtained the gubernatorial nomination in competition with General John Bidwell, was always a Field Democrat, and, at the last Presidential election, bolted Blaine and voted for Cleveland. William F. White, who had been a member of the Democratic State Central Committee for twenty years, became the Working-men's candidate for governor in opposition to the Democratic ticket. John F. Swift was, in early days, a Democrat; being elected to the legislature, he acted as an Independent; he voted for Booth for governor, stumped the State for him, supported him for United States Senator, and, on one occasion, bolted the Republican ticket and was elected to the legislature upon the anti-water-monopoly issue; he was so very loyal and so very anxious to maintain his allegiance to the Republican party when nominated for governor, he declared that, in his opinion, the Pope's Irish were as good as Americans, and he solicited their political support, which defeated his election. George C. Perkins was nominated for governor by the Republican party, though it was remembered against him that he supported the Dolly Varden ticket at the time of Booth's election, and, as State senator, voted for him for senator of the United States. General Grant was nominated for President by the Republicans, though he had never voted a Republican ticket in his life. Horace Greeley was nominated for the Presidency by the Democratic party, though he had opposed it from his boyhood. Almost every successful newspaper in the country flies the track at pleasure—the New York *Herald*, *Times*, *Post*, *Sun*, *Harper's Weekly*, *Tribune*, and New York *World* have all been bolters from the parties whose organs they have professed to be. The Boston *Herald*, the greatest Republican paper in New England, bolted Blaine and supported Cleveland. The Chicago *Tribune*, the great Republican newspaper of the North-West, bolted Grant and voted and went for Greeley. The Chicago *Times*, the great Democratic paper of the North-West, bolted Hancock and supported Garfield. The Chicago *Inter-Ocean* beat General Logan for senator and elected Davis. The Cincinnati *Gazette* bolted Grant for Greeley. The Cincinnati *Enquirer* gave up its columns to the assassination of Cleveland, although it was a Democratic paper. The St. Louis *Globe*, after professing to be for Blaine, went for Cleveland. Samuel Bowles's Springfield *Republican* opposed Grant and went for Greeley. The Democratic journals which bolted the Democratic party on the tariff, were: The Philadelphia *Times*, Pittsburg *Post*, Cleveland *Plain-Dealer*, Nashville *American*, Memphis *Avalanche*, Atlanta *Constitution*, Detroit *Free Press*, New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, Augusta *Chronicle*, and these are the leading journals of the Southern and Middle States. The history of the *Alta*, *Bulletin*, *Call*, *Examiner*, and *Chronicle*, are doubtless as familiar for their tergiversations and rope-walking upon the political trapeze. To what extent they have been governed by principle, to what extent they are open to the blandishments of coin, how they are affected by advertising, whether they are brave and courageous, or cowardly and time-serving, whether their editors and proprietors love each other as do Christians—all these things are well known to the readers of the *Argonaut* and to the writer of this article. If this narrative of the conduct of politicians and party journals does not justify the formation of an independent American-Temperance-Republican and respectable party in this State at this time, it can never be possible at any time in the future.

There is a popular impression, as unaccountable as it is general, that this community is under heavy obligations to the street-railroad companies for their benevolence in building their own roads. It is true that the railroads have been instrumental in settling up the western portion of the city, and that they have made the steep hills accessible, thereby increasing the desirable building sites. But they have received an ample return for all they have done. They are daily paid an enormous sum for their services. As was shown on this page week, the railroad companies are receiving a very large ret on their investment. The construction of roads which bi the more remote sections into easy communication with heart of the city is not a benefaction, but is an investm made with the expectation of reaping a handsome pr In this expectation the companies have not been disappoin There is no reasonable basis for a feeling of obligation on part of the public. But that such a feeling exists is con sively proved, not only by the attitude of the public tow the companies, but by the extensive and valuable gifts wl have been made without the slightest return. The street-r roads exist only by exercising a more or less exclusive ow ship over public property. The city railroads occupy m than eighty miles of the public streets, and a portion of occupancy is to the exclusion of the natural traffic of streets. On Market Street, from the ferry-landing to the hall—a distance of one mile and a half, in the heart the city, on the main thoroughfare—they have virtually clusive control of one-half of the street. A space thirty wide is practically given over to the car-companies, teams must pass to and fro on the comparatively n row spaces between the tracks and the kerbs. Du the slack time of the day, from nine o'clock in the morn until nearly twelve and during the early hours of the af noon, fifteen cars pass every five minutes. One car ev twenty seconds will pass any given point when there is much travel. During the busy part of the day, the cars increased in number until they succeed each other as rapidly they can run. For any ordinary vehicles to drive along the sp thus given up to the car-companies is manifestly impractica Even passage from one side of the street to the other for tea and foot-passengers is attended with difficulty and even dan At the ferry-landings there is an accumulation of cars, con ually starting and stopping, passing to and fro in all directi It takes an active and agile man to cross East Street at the l of Market, during the busy time of the day. Old men, inf men, women, and children are frequently in actual dan while crossing the street. The cars of the Valencia Str Haight Street, Castro Street, Hayes Street, McAllister Str Howard Street, Mission Street, Folsom Street, Powell Str Turk Street, Sutter Street, and Union Street lines all b their termini at East Street around the foot of Market. I this mass—cars waiting for the turn-tables, cars upon turn-tables, cars leaving the turn-tables, cars bound up-to cars bound down-town, trucks, hacks, express-wagons, dodging foot-passengers—into this mass, we say, the Po Street cable-car hurls itself on its loop out of Clay i East, and out of East into Sacramento, cutting the l of travel at two points. The similarity in sound of gongs on these cars to those on the Market Street cars rend the utmost vigilance necessary on the part of pedestrians employees of the road to avoid accidents. This condition ists at the ferry-landings now—what will it be in ten yea But as the growth of the city and the increase of traffic c tinue, the same state of affairs will extend up Market Str Already the corners of Market and Second, Market and Thi and Market and Fourth Streets show a somewhat similar c dition. Cross-lines from Montgomery, Kearny, and Stock cut the Market Street systems and cause blockades conti ally. Teams attempting to pass at these points are blockad in a labyrinth of cars, and accidents are only prevented the utmost care. The junction of Montgomery, Market, a Second Streets is still further blockaded now by the fact t the Omnibus Company has two horse-cars and a cab car continuously on tracks and turn-table at this point. Sansome and Market, the Sutter Street car-crossing; at Mo gomery and Market, the Omnibus turn-table and No Beach car-crossing; at Kearny and Market, the Geary Str turn-table and Kearny Street car-crossing; at Dupont a Market, the Mission car-crossing and the projected tu table of the O'Farrell Street line; at Stockton and Mark the Ellis Street turn-table and the Fourth Street car-crossin at Powell and Market, the Powell Street turn-table; at Tay and Market, the Turk Street car-crossing; at Jones a Market, the McAllister Street car-crossing and the new Ca fornia Street turn-table; at Larkin and Market, the Hayes a Sutter Street car-crossings; at Tenth and Market, the Oa Fell, and Broderick Street car-crossings; at Gough a Market, the Valencia, Castro, and Haight Street car-crossin —this slight list will give people an idea of how the outlets Market Street are being blockaded. At Ellis and Mark the Omnibus turn-table takes up almost the entire width Ellis Street, extending to within about two feet of the kerb this will result in the permanent blockading of Ellis Stre At Eddy and Market, the Powell Street turn-table practical takes up the whole of the street, and is continuously occupie The people have thus abandoned a large part of the publ thoroughfares to the railroad companies. Experiencing son difficulty as a result, they propose to inconvenience themselv still more. They might require the railroad companies to el vate their roads above the line of travel, or to depress the

elow the streets at the points where the traffic is most exten-
ve. But instead of this, it has been proposed to hoist the
nfortunate foot-passengers. A bridge across East Street,
ading to the second floor of the ferry-landings, has been agi-
ted for some years, and probably, when the new union depot
constructed at the foot of Market Street, the project will he
ished. Build a bridge over East Street! Could anything
more ludicrous? After the unfortunate burghers have given
e car-companies an easement over their own property—the
reet—they are crowded off. Instead of resenting this, they
eekly determine to climb into the air or burrow under the
ound in order to cross their own thoroughfares. Nothing
uld show more forcibly, and yet more absurdly, the arrogance
the car-companies, and the humility of the citizens, than that
ch a project could receive serious consideration. Truly,
ax O'Rell was a shrewd observer when he said that
e American people were ready to put up with any abuses
ther than to undertake the disagreeable task of remedying
em. A bridge across Market, at the junction of Third,
uld follow the one at East. Another at Fourth would be
quired in a few years. As the travel on Market Street con-
ued, other bridges would have to be constructed, until foot
vel would be entirely on elevated platforms, while the rail-
ad companies enjoyed undisputed occupancy of the street.
hat exists on Market Street now will exist on other thor-
ghfares as the city grows. We should remember that this
a city of only about three hundred thousand inhabitants,
ile in twenty years we shall have over half a million. But
ile the population grows, the main streets do not. We are
der no obligation to abandon our streets to the car-
npanies, and any inconvenience that results from their use
the streets should fall upon them, not upon the public.
ey should be compelled to go up over bridges, or to travel
depressed ways, rather than have the people compelled
adopt these devices in passing through and over their own
roughfares; if they blockade the streets with their turn-
les, they should be forced to remove them, and made to
chase ground for their termini, as other corporations do.
ey should be made distinctly to understand that they have re-
ved very valuable privileges from the city; that they have
nothing for these valuable privileges; that the services
y render the citizens are paid for; that they are well paid
; that they are too well paid for; that the citizens are
dually awakening to these facts; that they did not sell
ir birth-right for a mess of pottage, but only an usufruct in
aforesaid birth-right; that they propose to scrutinize very
sely the duties, the conduct, the service, and the earnings
the car-companies. That the duties must be performed;
t the conduct must be less arrogant; that the service must
improved; and that the fares—well, that the fares will not
increased.

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ditors Argonaut: Your weekly wail on the impudent assump-
of the Romish Church would be much more effective if you, at the
e time, exposed the much more dangerous "tiger step of theocratic
potism," as attempted by your Protestant friends in the Blair Bill. On
infamous attempt to suppress the freedom of free-thinkers, you have
a word, and therefore tacitly indorse the action of those intolerant
ts. Hence, when you pose as an apostle of freedom, you, in attacking
holicism only, place yourself in the attitude of "bloody" Elizabeth,
avenged herself by burning all the adherents of "bloody" Mary,
, as far as mankind are concerned, it was only a toss-up between the
bigots.

Why are you not consistently an enemy of all bigotry—Catholic or
testant? The Catholics are just as detestable as you paint them, but
sleek Protestants are a shade worse. The Catholics have their
ochial schools; but they are not trying to force the Bible into the
versity as those other sleek individuals, countenanced by Unitarian
ents—who are "neither fish, nor flesh, nor good red-herring"—are
g. Why do not you go after them, when you know that tampering
the university is clearly illegal? Bible cosmogony at one end and
mboldt, Lyell, and Le Conte geology at the other. Yet you, the re-
mer *par excellence*, remain dumb as an oyster. E.

f our correspondent was sufficiently courageous to append
name to a communication like the above, he would have
commanded from us greater respect than we now entertain,
while we attack only *one* system of "theocratic despot-
," we do dare to attack that *one*, and that one, in our judg-
nt, the most aggressive and dangerous of all. It is hardly
to accuse the *Argonaut* of cowardice because it does not
ne within the policy of its polemics to open its batteries
ng the entire line of theological controversy. It is not re-
lion of any kind with which the *Argonaut* is at war. The
anization, church, or priesthood which will keep itself free
n interference with our political affairs, our republican gov-
ment, and the institutions which underlie our republic,
do little of which we may justly complain. We do not
ard "Rome" from the religious standpoint, but look
n it as a dangerous political organization, strong in
nbers, strong in leaders, and with a policy at vari-
e with the best interests of our republic, and in an-
onism to everything which is good in the future of
country. If it should ever become the policy of this
rnal to attack the religious dogmas of the Roman Church,
shall not discriminate in favor of Catholic or Protestant
otry. We admit that Catholicism is "detestable," because
s politically aggressive. We deny that Protestantism is
ressive, and, because it is not, we deny that it is politically
gerous. Members of the Jewish, Protestant, and Greek Churches do not endeavor to destroy our school-system; do not, as a rule, interfere with our political affairs. French and German Catholics are not, as a rule, governed by priests and party bosses and driven to the polls as are the Irish as a political squad. We have very little complaint to make of any class of Catholics other than the Irish, and we should have less fault to find with them if they were less bigoted, ignorant, and priest-ridden than we find them to be. We regard the members of the Roman Church as a dangerous Democratic party power, guided into the Democratic party by priests for the purpose of serving the church. We believe that through their ignorance, their superstition, and their religion, they are willing to advance the interests of the Roman Church, though its path lies across the bleeding form of republican liberty. We think the members of the Roman Church are of necessity disloyal to the country; that just to the extent they are devoted to Rome, just to that extent they are indifferent if not inimical to the American Constitution and the principles of free and independent government in America. If our correspondent "E." will bear steadily in mind the fact that the *Argonaut* is not fighting any religion or any church—except so far as we think that religion or church an enemy to the American Republic—he will more correctly understand the position we are endeavoring to maintain.

The striking difference between the New York and Chicago methods of bidding for the World's Fair of 1892 becomes more conspicuous as time goes on. New York can not dismiss the idea that it is entitled to the exposition as a matter of right. Its attitude is still one of surprise and indignation at the audacity of a Western city in aspiring to the honors and emoluments of the exposition, and this surprise has evidently incapacitated the people from doing anything but talking. In this talk, the mercenary disposition of the metropolis asserts itself at all points. With a clear recognition of the advertisement involved, prominent citizens step forward and offer munificent sums on conditions they know to be impossible of performance. The owners of river steamboats, plying in New York waters, offer five hundred thousand dollars on condition that other commercial and industrial interests shall contribute sums *in the judgment of the steamboat owners* proportional; Mr. Pulitzer, of the New York *World*, offers one hundred thousand dollars, provided twenty-four other citizens will contribute a like amount; another gentleman offers to make one of two hundred to contribute five thousand dollars each. Up to date, the committee have received just two actual contributions, one of ten thousand and another of twenty-five thousand dollars. Under these circumstances, they have decided to moderate their ambition somewhat and raise only five million dollars, leaving the rest for Congress to furnish. This five million—which is declared to be to "show the sincerity and willingness of the citizens of New York"—is to be in payment for stock, with a prospect of a handsome dividend after the exposition is closed. As an additional incentive, it is announced that the subscriptions shall not be binding until three million dollars have been subscribed. Chicago, with a subscription-list already footing up eight millions, cuts rather a better figure, and gives much stronger evidence of the sincerity and willingness of its citizens. In the meantime, New York, with astounding blindness, is devoting her energies to the evolution of startling and impracticable schemes for the central feature of the exposition. Among the new proposals are the following: A bridge spanning the four hundred years of the known history of America; the entrance to be across the deck of the *Mayflower* and the main stepping-stone to be the Plymouth Rock; the interior of the structure to be divided into compartments, each representing a certain period in the history of the country. A building eight stories high, each story representing fifty years in the history of America. Another bridge is to have a span of one thousand to twelve hundred feet, joining two Eiffel Towers. A gigantic ship, with two masts, each the size of the Eiffel Tower, an equally large reproduction of the *Mayflower*, an electro-magnet weighing two hundred tons, an immense Gothic arch, twelve hundred feet high, a monument, the pedestal of which shall represent in bas-relief the history of the world to the discovery of America, and the monument itself the history of America since that date. The globe idea asserts itself in a great variety of forms. One would have a history of the world represented on an immense globe, commencing with the period when it was a molten mass and continuing through succeeding geologic ages to the present time. Another globe is to have an electric-railway upon which people may travel from country to country, and complete the circuit of the earth in eight minutes. A monster aquarium, wherein whales might disport themselves, lighted up by electricity; a tower in the form of an American eagle, with outspread wings; a reproduction of the Tower of Babel; an electric cluster, one light for each State, suspended from a captive balloon, two miles in the air; an immense exhibition of gastronomic America; a reproduction of the seven wonders of the ancient world; a reproduction of the prehistoric remains of the mound-builders and cave-dwellers of America, and a roof over Central Park. The New York *World*, dissatisfied with this flood of gratuitous suggestions, now offers a prize of one hundred dollars for the most original account of an imaginary visit to the World's Fair of 1892, describing it as the writer would desire to see it, and embodying a more original and impressive feature than has yet been suggested. A heartless Western paper suggests that the most startling feature the New Yorkers could offer would be a monument at Grant's tomb, built with New York capital.

It is now four months since the country was shocked by the news of the disaster at Johnstown. The distress and hardships of these unfortunate people, who thus had their homes and all their possessions swept away under their eyes while they were powerless to save anything, appealed to the hearts of the people, and contributions of food, clothing, and money poured in from all directions in generous amounts. And now, after four months, we learn that a large part of the money thus contributed to supply their pressing needs is still in the hands of the committee charged with its disbursement. One million six hundred thousand dollars was contributed and has not yet reached the sufferers. And human greed is the cause of this delay. The money is deposited in the Bank of Philadelphia, and the bank profits by the interest, amounting to twelve thousand dollars a month. In the meantime, human vultures are snarling over the prey. The money was contributed to relieve the distress of those who were left homeless and destitute by the flood of waters. But now capitalists are putting in claims of the most extraordinary kind, in the hope of getting a slice of the plunder. James McMillan—a merchant, a director in the Cambria Iron-Works, a man worth half a million—lost one hundred and seventy thousand dollars by the flood and applies for "relief"; the holders of stock in the Cambria Iron-Works want "relief" on account of the depreciation of their stock; the holders of mortgages put in a claim for the depreciation in value of their security, and the mortgagors claim for the depreciation of the same land; a clothing merchant, who had compounded with his creditors at a few cents, put in a claim of sixty thousand dollars for his losses; a man who claimed three hundred dollars could only prove the loss of a clothes-line and a suit of clothes. Such examples of human cupidity are disgusting, but they are really encouraged by this colossal and indiscriminate charity. The sufferers at Johnstown needed assistance in the early days of their affliction, but the State of Pennsylvania was abundantly able to provide all that was necessary. The widespread sympathy was encouraged by ill-advised sentiment and newspaper sensationalism, and has given occasion for the disgraceful scenes now occurring in the neighborhood of Johnstown.

The London *Spectator* thinks Mr. Neagle "should have been tried and punished for revenging a slap in the face by a fatal shot." Mr. Neagle has been tried and acquitted for avenging with a fatal shot the cowardly and murderous assault on a judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, after threats to kill by a suitor in his court. If any one had threatened to murder Her Majesty of England, and had her under the murderous hand, would not John Brown, or her lord of the bedchamber, or any noble member of her household have been justified in shooting the assailant? Our law guards our judges and respects its courts as carefully as England guards the person of its queen and the majesty of its sovereign. The intelligent verdict of an intelligent and law-respecting people is that Mr. Neagle has committed justifiable homicide.

A Roman Catholic priest, at Southbridge, Mass., has had a verdict rendered against him by Louis Morase, a physician, under the following circumstances: Dr. Morase was a member of the Catholic Church, divorced and remarried. He was excommunicated, because the marriage ceremony was not performed by a minister of the Papal priesthood. From the pulpit, the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Eli Broehn drew attention to the matter by saying: "I have heard, with pain, a scandal that has taken place during my absence. When you need me in case of sickness, see to it that Dr. Morase is not there, for I do not wish to meet with an excommunicant under the same roof." For this effort at the cowardly and un-American boycott, this reverend Papist was mulcted in the sum of seventeen hundred and twenty dollars.

At the permanent organization of the Territorial Convention, recently convened at Santa Fé, N. M., a Roman Catholic chaplain was elected over a Protestant. We see no objection to that. Protestants of evangelical denominations introduced the custom of invoking the divine blessing upon their boodle legislation, and if they are occasionally beaten at their own game let them throw up their hands. There is a deal of hypocrisy and cowardly demagogy in all this noisy bombardment of the throne of God for His permission to carry on nefarious practices. The Congress of the United States should set the States an example of non-sectarianism by omitting any attempted official communications with God.

THE GREWSOME WAITER.

The quality of bis voice first attracted my attention, although with it came the uncomfortable sensation that I had been stolen upon unawares. Some one came and stood behind my chair, and said: "I think, sir, you will find a seat over there hy the window preferahle to this."

At all times given to he slightly nervous, I positively jumped on heing thus spoken to. First, I say, hecause of the quality of the voice. It was heavy and deep, like one of the hourdon pipes of an organ, and was of such volume and vihratory power that it sounded painfully in my ears, as though this same organ-pipe had heen leveled at them. Then, too, there was the suddenness of the thing. To he sure, the speaker might have worn soft slippers, as is the custom of many waiters, but even then there would have been a shuffling sound as he moved over the polished wood-floor of the great dining-room.

I turned quickly, and then it was his appearance that effaced all preceding sensations. He was unusually tall, of massive though angular frame, but it was his face that was the point of attraction. Upon shoulders of that peculiar breadth and squareness which often mark the consumptive, was set a head of such disproportionate smallness that it looked like a little apple on a big limh. The face was even small for the small head, but, as though nature had been seized with a fit of whimsical compensation, the features were grotesquely large. The eyes, of so pale a blue as to he almost colorless, occupied such a wide space that they seemed actually to intrude upon the root of the nose, which jutted forward like an eagle's beak. The mouth was extensive and ragged in outline, while the ears stuck out like the handles of an antique vase. Of hair he had scarcely any, the few remaining wisps being of the color of well-dried hay.

I see I have used the word "grotesque" in attempting to describe the man's appearance. This is wrong, for I should rather have said appalling; and, as I looked at him, I found myself wondering how the shrewd manager of the San Juan Capistrano Hotel could have engaged so repulsive a creature. Before many days had passed, however, I found that there was good reason for the employment. His service was about as near perfect as I ever experienced, and I found, too, that behind that distressing mask there lay an intelligence of a peculiarly high order.

"I am the son of an English clergyman," he told me, one day. I had spilled the salt, and, as I did so, I said: "Dear me, that means bad luck, I suppose."

"Never mind, sir," he said, "throw a little over your left shoulder and say 'Ahracadabra.'"

"Where in the world did you bear tbat form of conjuration?" I asked.

"In the 'Ingoldsby Legends,' as well as I remember," he answered, and then came a short conversation on reading—for I am not of the exclusive order—out of which grew the remark about his being the son of an English clergyman.

"I know, of course," he said, in that great bellow of his, "that there is a fine chestnuty flavor about this statement—still, it is strictly true. It is also true, sir, that you will find my name on the books of Brazenose College, at Oxford."

"Well, then, my good fellow," I said, "what in the name of all that's unpleasant brings you here as a waiter at a California sea-side hotel in the dead season?"

"Drink," was the laconic reply.

"Ah, the old story," I said.

"No," be replied, in quite a spirited manner; "by no means the old story."

"What is it, then?" I persisted.

"Don't ask me, please," he pleaded, and in the mirror, which was at the foot of the table, I saw that his eyes were drawn down as if in pain, and that his huge mouth was all of a tremhle.

I was interested, I must confess, but, at the same time, I was also a little chagrined to think that I might possihly be allowing a smart impostor to play upon my feelings. I therefore shrugged my shoulders with a gesture that meant something near disgust. He was quick to read the sign.

"Don't think I am attempting to excuse myself or impose on you, sir," he said; "let me come to your room this evening—I shall not make the privilege an excuse for the least attempt at intimacy, sir—and I shall be ahle to explain myself fully."

I hesitated a moment and then consented.

I was sitting out on the balcony smoking a cigar, listening to the slop-slop of the Pacific on the sands and watching the fog-bank slowly settling down over Point Loma, when he rapped at my door. He had exchanged his waiter's togs for a loose suit of tweed, and the change of attire was much to the advantage of his appearance, though nothing could soften the shocking character of his face. He asked permission to bring another chair outside my window, and then, having lit a cigar, he spoke as follows:

"I need not go over the story of who I am, or tell you what my real name is, sir. You know all that is necessary on those points, and all that you would care to know. It will he enough now for me to assure you that I am an English gentleman, born and bred, and to repeat that I owe my present dehased condition to drink. Yet I am not a drunkard by choice, or by vicious inclinations, but one made so by a hideous fate. Don't smile, sir, for it's the God's truth I'm telling you.

"I was not always the abominable-looking creature I am now, although I was never more than passably good-looking. Up to my twentieth year I had never tasted spirits, although our family table had always been provided with wine, and my dear father invariahly drank a toddy hefore going to hed. One night, it was in the long vacation, I was sitting with him in the library when the servant brought in the decanter and hot water. As she set them down on the tahle, an agonizing sense of fear came over me, then a numbness and the feeling that I was turned to ice. The coldness seemed to come from without rather than from within me, and glancing shiveringly around to see if the window was open, I saw behind my chair the figure of one draped in flowing white garments, and having a face of such unutterahle stoniness that my heart stood still at the very sight. I knew this to be the Angel of Death, and felt that I was summoned. But there was a worse fate for me, sir. Seizing my shaking hand in his, the angel thrust it forward until it lay upon my father's heart, and then there came the tumultuous sound of many voices within me, and one came rushing up and cried, 'You die where you sit.' And as I cried, my father's eyes seemed to start from their sockets, he gave a groan, stiffened, and was dead. As he died, the numbness left me, but not the fear, and, reaching out, I seized the decanter, drained it, and tumhled forward in a fit.

"From that time on I felt myself accursed, and passed the next few months in a series of drunken excesses. Then there came a great longing to tell some one the story of what I had gone through. This lasted for weeks, and at last I gave my sister my fatal confidence. We were walking in the garden, and after much nervous hesitation, I began my dreadful story. I had but commenced when the warm sun seemed to have suddenly disappeared, and an icy wind swept across the tulip-bed and blasted the flowers as though they had been struck by a frost. My sister shivered and cried out as though in pain, upon which I put my arms about her and asked in God's name what was the matter? On the instant of my doing so, I felt two icy arms enfold me, and over my shoulder was thrust the stony face of the Angel of Death. The mortal numbness once more seized me and was again transmitted to another, for as I held my sister she sighed but once and died."

He was silent for a moment, and glancing at him with not the most comfortable feelings in the world, I could see by the light which came through the open window that he had covered his eyes with his hand.

I did not know wbat to say; indeed, the whole story seemed so outrageous, yet so full of circumstance, that I hesitated sbowing that I either rejected or accepted it. As the best thing under the circumstances, therefore, I said nothing.

He went on without taking down his hand. "It was heart-disease in both cases, they said," he continued, "and it was proved to every one's satisfaction, except mine, that the malady was in the family. Of course, I knew better, and in the horror that this new tragedy brought upon me, I flew to drink. The debauch lasted so long, and was attended by such distressing circumstances, that my friends concluded the best thing they could do was to ship me to this country. I tbought it a good thing, too, for when I had come to my senses, I reasoned that the further I was removed from the dear ones that were left, the less chance there would be of ill happening to them through my malign influence. I arrived at New York about three years ago, and came on at once as far West as I could get, to San Francisco. I had been in this latter city but a few months, when, one day, wbile walking along Kearny Street, I was seized once more with that deadly chill and horror. As though running from an enemy, I dashed into a saloon and drank until the bar-keeper refused to let me have any more liquor. There were other places, though, where the condition of the customers was not so tenderly considered, and I had no difficulty in finding them and getting all the vile poison I asked for. I remember staggering down to the water-front, and then all was a blank until I opened my eyes and found myself with a bandaged head and slashed shoulder in the surgical ward of the city and county hospital. I had to lie on my left side because of the cut, and, so lying, I could see that in the bed next to mine there was propped up a boy with the bed-clothes raised over a frame-work about his legs. I learned afterward that the frame-work covered where his legs should have been, for the little chap had had them both cut off. He was a news-boy, he told me, and had tried to get on a car to sell his papers, when he missed his footing and fell beneath the wheels. He did not know what he was going to do without his legs, he said, but he guessed things would turn out all right, especially as he had survived the shock of the operation. He was very pale, but very patient; very helpless, hut very hopeful; and the doctor, in making his rounds in the afternoon, said there was no reason why he should not be using a go-cart in another week or two. I swear to you, sir, that I heard the doctor say so with unalloyed pleasure and with the belief that he spoke the truth, yet that very night the boy died, and I was instrumental in his death.

"It must have been about three o'clock in the morning when I awoke all in a shiver. The little fellow was sitting up and crying. I asked bim the matter, and he said he did not know, but that he was miserably afraid of something and asked me to take his hand. As I reached out to do this, I felt the old awfulness come over me, and, knowing what this meant, I drew back my hand with a cry, and prepared to leap out of bed and run—anywhere. With my first movement, however, there glided into view from behind me the pallid-faced Angel of Death. Coming between the heds with no sound in the sweep of its shroud-like garments, and with no relenting in its marble eyes, it seized my hand and laid it in that of the wondering boy. Even as I took the poor, thin hand in mine, it grew numb, but the weeping ceased, and with a faint cry of 'Mother!' the little fellow smiled and passed."

Again he was silent, and I was silent, too. What, I thought, does the fellow mean? Is he taking me for a credulous old man; is he in earnest, or is he a murdering lunatic? The latter idea was impressively persistent, and I concluded that it was wise to be as quiet as I could and to get rid of him as speedily as possible. So I got up, threw the end of my cigar away and yawned, as I said: "Very remarkable story, but——"

Then he rose, too. "Don't say anything further, sir," he said; "I understand exactly your sentiments, or, rather, I should say, your doubts. You douht my truthfulness, perhaps my innocence, and possibly my sanity."

Now this was getting too close to mind-reading to be comfortable, so I tried another tack.

"Now, look here," I said, plainly, "do you mean to tell me that your story is a true one?"

"I began hy telling you that, sir," he said; "it is as sadly and unaffectedly true as that nature is man's bitterest enemy; or, if that is too argumentative a protest, then let me say that it is as true as that we stand bere. I am a miserahle man, possessed of the Angel of Death."

"Then, for heaven's sake," I exclaimed, with some excitement, "why do you tell me your story when, at the same time, you know the dangers that hang to the relation? Are you experimenting in some devilish way on me?"

With that a strange thing occurred. He leaped in a peculiar way hackwards and then to the top of the piazza railing, steadying himself there hy grasping one of the uprights. Waving the disengaged hand toward my open window, he called aloud in his great booming voice: "Get in, sir, and holt your window and lock your door, too. Go quick, and remember this: *When next you see me, shun me as you would the rider of the pale horse himself.*"

I may as well tell the truth; I got into my room in very short order, and I took especial pains to secure every means of ingress. The fact of the matter is, I had a bad case of nervous disorganization—funk we used to call it when I was a hoy. I did not even go to bed that night, but sat up with the lights burning, waiting for I did not exactly know wbat. I do know, though, that when the morning came I had my things packed, and went quaking down the stairs and took the early train for San Francisco.

By the time we reached Los Angeles, I had measurably recovered my equanimity and was busily trying to convince myself that I had business up north which required my presence there. The train was by no means crowded and I bad a section to myself, with no one to object to the rather selfish disposition of my belongings on both seats. I felt the necessity of company, however, and just before we reached San Fernando, I went into the smoker, where three lively drummers were making the air blue with tobacco and tougb yarns.

Apprised by the whistle's shrill toot that the big tunnel was quite near, I started up to see that my section window was closed, and had got round into the aisle, when, to my disgust I saw a tall man planking down a big valise in my seat. I hastened forward in no very good bumor, and had just reached the fellow, when the whistle gave a last shriek and the train rushed into the tunnel. As it did so, the tall man straightened up, and then my blood stagnated in my veins, for there in the half-light, the ghastly face of the grewsome waiter gleamed down upon me. With a sort of groan, I turned and tottered in the direction of the car-door. My idea, I believe was to get out and jump off, but I only got as far as the door when my knees gave way and I sank in a swoon.

I was shaken into consciousness by a terrific crash which seemed to stagger the car as though it had been struck hy a thunderbolt. There were cries from within, the bell-cord over my head was violently shaken, and, with a sudden shock and rasping, the train slackened up and stood still. I staggered to my feet and saw that we were yet in the tunnel. Lanterns were flying here and there, and one train-man was coming through tbe cars, asking if any one was hurt. Then I heard the voice of our porter call out something in a quick, sharp way. The drummers and train-men made a rush, carrying me with them, and we soon saw what had happened. A rock, fully a ton in weight, had fallen from the roof of the tunnel and had crashed into the side of the car. It was wedged in between the broken timbers and splintered seats, and, as I am a sinner, the spot where all this ruin lay was my section!

But there was something more than crushed wood-work and shattered glass underneath the murderous rock. There was a dead man there, and I did not need to see the strangely quiet face to know who it was for whom the Angel of Death had come.

Thomas J. Vivian.

San Francisco, October, 1889.

Most people take it for granted that because musk is sold in what is called a pod, therefore it is a vegetable product. But the truth is that it is entirely an animal product, heing a substance found in a two or three-inch sac in the body of the little musk-deer of Asia. This sac, when tied up and dried goes by the name of a pod among the hunters who bring it into market. Probably there are few things subject to such adulteration, as one part of pure musk will scent thousands of parts of some other powder mingled with it; and as the pods sell for from fifteen to twenty dollars apiece, the adulteration has its profits. It is indeed so pungent that when just fresh it bas been known to produce violent bleeding at the nose, and many people are so susceptible to it as to have sad headaches brought about by contact with the pure article; and while a suspicion of it is very agreeable to many persons, one atom becomes offensive, as the case is with patchouli and many other odorous substances. It was formerly largely used in therapeutics, especially in the Orient, having become disused as much from the difficulty of obtaining it in a pure state as from anything else, and it is now seldom given except in hysteria and hiccough.

Many people do not know that good billiard-playing is, to a certain extent, dependent on atmospheric pressure. Slosson believes that it is. Of course a good player will always play well, but unless he studies atmospheric conditions, he will make wrong calculations as to the amount of force with which he must strike the ball. Mr. Slosson claims to he ahle to foretell a storm eight hours before its arrival by the sound of the ivory globes. How the weather affects the ivories, Mr Slosson does not know, hut when the barometer is falling they do not give that clear, ringing click which sounds so musical to the ear of the player, nor do they rebound with the same elasticity. With a rising barometer, the balls resume their wonted elasticity and clear click.

"Mr. Hepworth Dixon," says the New York *World*, "when he saw *Harper's Bazar* for sale on Salt Lake City news-stands declared that polygamy was doomed. Whatever might have been possible in an isolated community, where women dressed in calico and sun-bonnets, plural marriage could not exist in company with fashion journals which set wives dressing against each other."

PRINCE "PLON-PLON."

How Parisian Society regards the Head of the Napoleonic Dynasty.

Although the result of the French elections shows that the Bonapartist clique is so entirely disorganized as to have no immediate future, still it was, but a few years ago, one of the most powerful families in Europe.

The head of the Bonapartist party to-day is, without any doubt, the son of the ex-King of Westphalia and nephew of the *petit caporal*, Prince Jerome Napoleon, better known as "Plon-Plon." It is perfectly absurd to ignore this fact (as some members of the Bonapartist party endeavor to do), for the poor little prince imperial had most assuredly not the shadow of right to ignore the claim of his uncle and to point out his cousin as his successor. "Plon-Plon" is a man of great personal beauty, with a robust constitution, and with an intelligence but rarely to be equaled. He began life with all the trumps in his hands; but it would seem as if an evil fairy had come to his cradle after he had been endowed with these precious gifts, and, by a touch of her wand, cast an evil spell upon them. His beauty and vigorous health have led him into such monstrous debaucheries as shocked even the tough susceptibilities of his cousin's courtiers. His marvelous intellectual abilities bred in him a scorn for his less happily endowed cousin, Napoleon the Third, and thus provoked him into a constant and insolent mutiny which no kindness, nor forgiveness, nor magnanimity on the part of Cæsar could induce him to stop. Women have ruled forever, and to still rule France, and feminine influence has ever been of paramount importance in French affairs. To ignore this fact is simply suicidal for a man who seeks to become a leader of France, and Prince Jerome Napoleon has ever wantonly ignored it. Nay, he has done worse than ignore it. He has held it up to ridicule, and has trampled the sacred traditions of the supremacy of woman under foot in his wild, vulgar, cruel, and selfish debaucheries, with the result that the women of France have poured upon his head all the vials of their wrath and marked him out as one absolutely to be abborred—a man to whom all permanent success in life must be denied.

All the women he has ever been brought in contact with, "Plon-Plon" has treated badly, whether they were relatives and friends or merely mistresses and toys. Some forty odd years ago, meeting the beautiful young Comtesse de Téba, in Madrid, Prince Napoleon fell in love with her, and proposed. She refused him, thereby making him an enemy forever, a feeling of animosity which was, of course, greatly increased when, a few years later, this same lady became the wife of his cousin, Napoleon the Third, a man whom he looked upon with scorn as being his intellectual inferior. Hating the empress as he did, and despising the emperor, who overwhelmed him with kindness, Prince Napoleon, from the very beginning of the Second Empire, set himself to work to do all that lay in his power to bring this same empire into disrepute. He openly declared himself a republican and an atheist, while greedily accepting all the good things which fell from the imperial table, and while seeking the hand of a rich and rigidly Catholic princess in marriage; and he even went so far as to circulate reports that his cousin, to whom he owed everything, was a bastard, who had no right to the name of Bonaparte. His poor old father, ex-King Jerome, was afraid of his terrible son, and spent his life in endeavoring to soothe the feelings of those persons—and their name was legion—whom "Plon-Plon" had outrageously insulted—the emperor first of all, of course. No weapon was too vile for Prince Napoleon to use in his hatred and envy of his cousin. It was he who, on the connement of the empress, expressed to a famous *demi-mondaine* of those days, Anna Deslions, a grave suspicion of the legitimacy of the little prince. Had the empress had her own way, of course Prince Napoleon would have been disgraced and very possibly exiled within the first few years of the Second Empire; but it was the nature of Napoleon the Third to be long-suffering and forgiving, and he would always listen to, and accept, the humble apologies which would invariably follow some gross outrage and insult on the part of his cousin, this remarkable magnanimity being inspired not a little by the strong feeling of respect and affection with which Napoleon the Third always regarded "Plon-Plon's" sister, Princess Mathilde.

Of this lady many have written, and all have noted her great beauty, her remarkable intelligence, her love of literature and things artistic, her splendid hospitality, her unhappy marriage with Anatole Demidoff, and her devotion to her brother, so that it only remains to chronicle now that this same brother has treated this devoted sister so badly, has returned her love with such base ingratitude, that her kindness at length got tired of thus wasting her affection, and made "Plon-Plon" very distinctly understand a few years ago that he could no longer look to her to help him out of his scrapes, political and social. That he has broken his wife's heart is, of course, a matter of history; but that Victor Emanuel, who knew all the vices of Prince Napoleon, whose companion in debauchery he had been during his visit to Paris, would have allowed such a man to wed his daughter, is inconceivable, for with all his faults the *Ré Galantuomo* was a fond and indulgent father. "If she only knew what is in store for her," exclaimed cynical old Persigny to the Marquis de Talhouet, when he heard of the approaching nuptials of Prince Napoleon and the Princesse Clothilde of Savoy, "she would jump into the river!" Quiet, retiring, simple in tastes, but with a very exalted idea of her rank, and very religious—almost bigoted, indeed—poor Princesse Clothilde found herself the wife of a cynical atheist, one of the most depraved *débauchés* even in an age of debauchery, and at a court partly composed of a mushroom nobility and partly of *grands seigneurs*. One can easily imagine the feelings of this timid young Italian lady, who firmly believed in the direct and personal intervention of the Madonna in her affairs, when she discovered the situation into which she had been inveigled by political intrigue. The old Duchesse d'Abrantès used to tell of lonely days and nights passed by the poor princess in tears while her husband was scandalizing Paris by his conduct with Cora Pearl, Anna Deslions, or other disciples of Aspasia; openly insulting the ministers of religion by some clever sarcasm, or wantonly offending against the rudimentary rules of good taste by publicly giving a dinner-party on Good Friday, the menu being composed exclusively of meat!

Cora Pearl owed the birth of her celebrity to the favor shown her by "Plon-Plon," and her very succinct description of him was: "The cleverest man and *the biggest blackguard* that I ever met!" This is, of course, strong language, but then, Cora never cared to waste time in choosing her epithets. "Plon-Plon" has had by his martyr-wife three children—Prince Victor, Prince Louis, and the Princesse Lœtitia, Duchess of Aosta. Prince Victor is, without exception, a most uninteresting lad. Sent by his father, who pretends to be democratic in his ideas while in reality remaining the most proud, haughty, and overbearing of men, to the most vulgar school in Paris, the Lycée Charlemagne, where none but tradesmen's sons are to be found, Prince Victor distinguished himself by being the most crassly dull boy of his time, his stupidity, in fact, becoming proverbial among his school-fellows. The sad death of the prince imperial in Zululand gave Prince Victor at once an importance which turned what little brains the poor lad may have had, and rendered his general attitude so ludicrous as to have induced his aunt, the Princesse Mathilde, to exclaim: "Were not his mother a saint, I should think his father must have been a fool!"

People have asked, naturally enough, "How does Prince Victor get his money?" for not only has he quarreled with his father, but "Plon-Plon" himself is far from being a rich man, enjoying at the outside an income of only three hundred thousand francs. The general answer given is that the lad's aunt, the Princesse Mathilde, furnishes him with an income. Now this is entirely false. The Princesse Mathilde on one occasion gave him thirty thousand francs to pay some debts with, and has never given him a farthing since. His income comes solely from the generosity of the Marquis de Lavallette, who allows him seventy-five thousand francs a year, while his mother—who is sister of the King of Italy and Queen of Portugal—gives him small sums from time to time. "Plon-Plon" is greatly annoyed at this arrangement, and, with his usual good taste and want of *savoir-faire*, said only the other day to one of the leaders of the Bonapartist party: "On entretient mon fils comme s'il était une fille publique!"

The affectation of these boys is really most amusing. Only two months ago, in Paris, at the salon of a lady who shall be nameless, one of these young prigs said pretentiously, "I am leaving for Brussels to-morrow night. Je suis de service auprès de son altesse impériale!" "Ah, indeed!" exclaimed Mme. de Sagan; "and pray what do you do? Do you black his boots, or do you merely run on errands?" The idea of this lad, who lives by charity, forming an imperial household is, indeed, too grotesque. The second son, Prince Louis, takes after his extraordinary father, so far as intelligence is concerned, and is very clever. Were he the eldest son, the prospects of the Bonapartists would be, of course, much brighter, as even Paul de Cassagnac himself frankly confesses; but not only is Prince Louis not the eldest son, but his health is very delicate, whereas the constitution of Prince Victor would seem to be as strong as his intellectual abilities are feeble. The daughter is an exemplary maiden, and simply adores that saintly lady known as the Princesse Clothilde. By her marriage with her uncle she is rich, but ex-King Amadeo of Spain will not allow any of his many ducats to be spent in the Bonapartist cause. PICCADILLY.

The divorce law passed in France in 1884, seems to be operating with terrible effect. In 1884, there were three thousand six hundred and fifty-seven divorces; in 1885, four thousand one hundred and twenty-three; in 1886, four thousand and seven; in 1887, five thousand seven hundred and ninety-seven. But the most astounding statement made is that in the Department of the Seine—*i. e.*, Paris and its neighborhood—there are no fewer than sixty-two and eight-tenths divorces to every thousand marriages, or that considerably more than one in twenty marriages (say one in sixteen) ends in a divorce. On the other hand, in the Finistère and the Côtes du Nord not much more than one in a thousand marriages ends in a divorce—a curious testimony to the different morale of Parisian and provincial life in France.

Legacies to the amount of nine thousand dollars, left by Benjamin Franklin and John Scott to be expended upon public improvements, have amounted by investment for nearly a century to about one hundred and ten thousand dollars. Of this, one hundred thousand dollars will be devoted to the erection of a large public bath in Philadelphia, while the remaining ten thousand dollars will be laid aside for another hundred years.

An old book on the gunpowder-plot, published in London soon after it was discovered, speaks of the leaders in that attempt as "the darned conspirators." The word "darn" used in this way has always been supposed to be a vulgar Americanism, but it would seem that, like many other supposed Americanisms, it may be an importation from the mother country.

A movement is on foot in St. Petersburg for observing Sunday as it is understood in the United States and Great Britain. It is said that twelve hundred St. Petersburg merchants have already declared themselves willing to keep their places of business closed on the first day of the week.

A new gem, the *pierre Tonquinoise*, is in the market. When cut like the diamond, it is said to be very beautiful. Its color is a dark blue, more brilliant than sapphire, though some varieties have a purple or red tinge.

Evangelical churchmen in England are much alarmed at the prospect of a revival of the monastic system of the Anglican Church. The subject will be discussed at the next session of convocation.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Says a literary gossip: "I chanced to see, a few days ago, a letter written by one of our large publishing-houses, addressed to Jay Gould, in which the offer was made of fifty thousand dollars cash and a royalty of forty per cent. for a volume of reminiscences to be written by him."

Henry Bradley, the head-porter of the Lafayette Hotel, Philadelphia, is said to have made one hundred thousand dollars out of his position. He owns a fifteen-thousand-dollar house, in which he lives in great comfort and some luxury. Fortunately for Mr. Bradley he did not turn his attention to literature; handling trunks is a much more remunerative profession.

Nearly every so-called rich man's possessions are greatly over-estimated by the public. The tendency of the times is to exaggerate everything. When S. L. M. Barlow died a few months ago he was believed to have left a fortune of at least two millions of dollars. It appears now that there will be very little left after his debts are paid. His magnificent residence at the corner of Twenty-Third Street and Madison Avenue is to be sold immediately.

The restaurateur who furnished the luncheon to the South American delegates at the White House recently has had experience with six Presidents. He says: "Mr. Harrison is quite liberal. There were four cases of champagne, besides sherry and Château Margaux, and three cases of champagne were drunk. There was no limit placed upon anything. But that is the way they nearly all are. The first year they start in very liberal; next year they are not so much so; the third year they are still less, and the last year not at all."

General Boulanger's father was a shabby little old man who used to hang about the poorest cafés on the boulevards, ready and happy to do any job for a franc, from taking a letter to a *cocotte* to ascertaining for you the last quotation on the Bourse. He was agile, active, very poor, and tolerably honest. At one time he was generally to be found not far from the Maison Dorée. He was, in the eyes of the café and restaurant waiters, a celebrity, for he was reputed to be of very great age, and it was well known to all that he was the father of a general.

George Kennan has over thirty thousand dollars in lecture contracts booked for him at from two hundred to four hundred dollars per night. He opens the season in Tremont Temple, Boston. Bill Nye and James Whitcomb Riley, in their joint entertainment, have upwards of one hundred nights booked for 1889–90. Their profits on twenty weeks last season were twenty-one thousand dollars. George W. Cable will have all he can do the coming season, especially with institutions of learning. Henry George goes to Australia in January to lecture. A. Miner Griswold, editor of *Texas Siftings*, realized sixteen thousand dollars one season lecturing. Henry Watterson will lecture six weeks on "Money and Morals."

The expenses of George Gould's late trip abroad will, in all probability, be charged up to the Pacific Mail, of which company the thrifty son of the house of Gould is president. The last time young Gould went over the water, the Missouri Pacific Railroad paid his way, because the traveler was an officer of the company, and when he was in England the English railroads were inspected by him, so it was stated, in the interest of the great south-western roads. Pacific Mail will legitimately stand the disbursements of its president during the current trip, as it is young Mr. Gould's purpose to inspect a new steamship for the Pacific Mail Company, and he will go to the yards for that purpose. It is needless to say that the boat could not be launched until Mr. Gould had looked it over.

Professor Schweninger, who was recently summoned to Turkey to attend Khaireddin Pasha, is at present the guest of the sultan in Theropia. It is uncertain how long the distinguished physician will remain absent from his numerous patients in Berlin. Since his success in treating the two Bismarcks, Dr. Schweninger's fortune in Berlin has been marvelous. His practice to-day is among the largest in the city, where distinguished and celebrated physicians are no rarity. Despite the opposition of Professors von Helmholtz, Virchow, and the late Dubois Raymond—who refused to consult with him professionally, or to receive him socially—he has become a favorite of the people and the students who crowd the room in which he lectures. His income has become enormous. He has no fixed fees. His hallway is almost blocked during reception hours with persons of high and low degree, anxious to say that they have the same physician as the chancellor of the empire. He courts their good graces and is polite to all. His house, which he has built since he arrived in Berlin, is a palace in its appointments and appearance. The fierce, dark face, black beard, piercing eye, and the handsome figure make of themselves an interesting person of Dr. Schweninger, who is also a familiar sight along the principal streets of the metropolis. He is an especial favorite of Princess Bismarck, and has even made his way to the heart of the empress.

Some years ago, while mooning away his time in Rome, Italy, Edgar Saltus was honored with the acquaintance of a certain young lady who was studying music or painting, or some other of the *beaux arts*, and possibly the literary young man interested her. In the course of years, the lady has become the wife of Mr. Spencer Irwin, a popular clubman in Philadelphia. Mrs. Irwin is a handsome woman of a strong brunette type. Mr. Edgar Saltus recognized her a few weeks ago at Narragansett. He bowed and was "cut." As the gossips have it, Mrs. Irwin does not think the writer of the kind of novel such as Saltus now writes, the right sort of person to know. Saltus, however, would not take the lady's pointed hints, but watched his opportunity and attempted to address her. This time he received cut No. 2, and Mr. Irwin was told of the occurrence. The remainder of the comedy nearly developed into a tragedy, the scene shifting to the Narragansett Casino at an hour in the evening when the place was crowded with people. Mr. Irwin became aware of the fact that Mr. Saltus was in his vicinity, so he advanced a pace or two, and stretching out a muscular right arm, began to shake a coat-collar. "If you ever attempt to accost, or in any way annoy my wife again, I shall punish you severely," sounded above the hum of the general clatter, and everybody looked round and perceived Mr. Saltus apparently afflicted with the ague. "Do you understand," continued the Samsonian Philadelphian. "Perfectly," came through the rattling teeth of the literary celebrity. The grasp on the coat-collar was relaxed, muscle and letters parted and drifted in opposite directions, and once more time is rolling on.—*Truth.*

Czar Alexander the Third is an honest, simple, courageous man of frugal tastes and of a rather limited intellect—a man devoted to his wife and children, and far from happy in his lofty position. The empress is not popular among her subjects, nor is she good-looking. The Russians resent the fact of her having brought such feeble, plain-looking children into the Romanof family, hitherto renowned for the splendid physique of its members. The empress is not considered very clever, and the public is given to making fun of her love for dancing—which is certainly ridiculous in a woman of forty. The Grand Duke Vladimir, the commander-in-chief of the Russian Army, is generally spoken of as an ill-tempered bully, who, in point of temper, has a perfect match in his clever German wife, an intriguing woman of most handsome presence and exquisite taste in dress. Grand Duke Alexis is much liked for his easy-going ways and his strict adherence to his duties as chief of the navy, but being extremely handsome and still unmarried—though nearly forty years of age—his morals are none of the best; nor, for the matter of that, are those of his younger married brothers. The Czar and all of his brothers are possessed of most extraordinary strength, which they dearly love to display. Thus, they often indulge in the pastime of wrestling with one another in their private apartments, and when, in their family calls, one of them chances to find the master of the palace not at home, he is apt to leave a twisted poker or some other proof of strength in place of a card. The Grand Duke Constantine now lies at death's door. Grand Duke Nicholas, the former commander of the Russian Army, has, at all times, been considered a rather harmless simpleton, with a partiality for ballet-girls. His eccentricity assumes very varied forms. He used to startle St. Petersburg by driving about the city, with colossal Cochin-China fowls cheerfully cackling and crowing in his carriage. The Czar's uncle, the Grand Duke Michael, is declared to be a most handsome man of mediocre capacities, while the young cousin of the sovereign, Grand Duke Constantine Constantinovitch, is considered the savant of the family and a literary light.

THE STILL HUNT.

A Drama in Two Acts.

Act I.

Scene: The large hall of the hotel. Four charming young ladies are discovered in earnest conversation. These are Ethel, Mabel, Flossie, and Claire. They are all of the highest fashion and bluest blood. They wear dresses of fine striped flannel, loose thin-silk waists, blazers, and white straw-hats of the variety vulgarly known as "Song and Dance." Their hairs are neatly braided and rolled up into little wads, resembling the mats on which the coffee-pot stands in unæsthetic households. They converse with impassioned earnestness.

Ethel—How on earth did she do it? Describe the capture.

Flossie (despondently)—There's not much use in that. We never could imitate her.

Mabel—Well, it was this way: He was sitting over there in that chair, reading a paper, and Enid came by. She looked very artless—suspiciously so. When Enid is plotting, she always has that mild air. The minute I saw her, I knew that she'd heard a real, live man, neither married nor insane, had arrived by the morning train. She gave him the most careless glance, went over to the desk, and pretended to be reading the register.

Claire—I've seen her do that before. She was thinking out the campaign.

Mabel—Apparently, for when she turned, she walked over toward where he was sitting and began to look all about, under the chairs and round the table as if she had lost something. Then she backed slowly, and of course——

Flossie and *Ethel* (simultaneously in a burst of uncontrollable though envious admiration)—Bumped against his chair!

Claire (in the tone of one who grudgingly acknowledges another's supremacy)—Yes—she's clever—Oh, I never denied that—Go on, don't keep us in this agonizing suspense.

Mabel—Of course, apologies. She smiles and blushes. He gets up and bows. She says: "So sorry, but I was looking for something and I didn't see you." He, politely, "Can't I help you find it." She, "Oh, pray don't trouble yourself, it was only a thimble"—I beg you to notice the thimble. Enid was never known to sew in her life. He, "Oh, do let me help you!"

Flossie (in utter despondency)—They hunted for it together.

Mabel—Precisely—they hunted together. Then they talked. When a man helps you look for a thimble, you must be civil to him. You thank him—you implore him not to bother. You say, conversationally, "My father came across the plains in '49, and twenty years after went back and married my mother in New York," which, in the neatest way imaginable, proves you to be just nineteen at most. You are friends in five minutes, at the end of ten you lead The Captive gently, but firmly down the corridor that gives on the bowling-alley and the gardens.

Claire (solemnly)—Enid was born to be famous. Some day she'll invent a Bacon-Shakespeare cryptogram, or a patent car-coupling, or found a school of philosophy.

Flossie—Just at present she's enjoying the pleasures of the chase. I wonder where they went?

Mabel (carelessly)—Just down the corridor.

Ethel (sighing softly)—I suppose they'll go for a walk through the garden.

Mabel (absently repeating, as she twists her rings)—Just down the corridor.

Flossie (with sudden sprightliness, as if she had not heard)—Which way did you say they'd gone?

Mabel (indicating the direction with a nod of the head)—Down the corridor.

They all look longingly toward the corridor, but do not speak. Then they gaze round the hall.

Mabel (trying to appear fatigued)—It's awfully warm in here, isn't it?

Ethel (languidly)—Awfully. I wonder if it's pleasant outside?

Flossie—How bright the garden looks. Let's go out.

Claire—Yes—a little walk, out toward the bowling-alley.

Mabel (nonchalantly)—Well—if you want to. Let's go down this way.

They saunter with an air of well-bred ennui toward the corridor.

Act II.

Scene: The end of the corridor by the glass-door. Without, glaring sun, glimpses of brilliant gardens, smooth stretches of checkered turf. Within, coolness, shade, dim light, and quietude. Enid and The Captive are discovered by the door. Enid is as lovely as usual, in a pink gingham-gown, with puffed-out sleeves and a broad band of black velvet outlining the edge of her bodice. She wears a wide flowered-hat and carries a pink parasol, which she opens and shuts, looking down at it with her head inclined to one side and the dimple in her left cheek in full view. There is six feet of Captive, in white flannels. He pulls his mustache and looks down on his Captor with the suggestion of a smile in his eyes.

Enid (with the coolness of the veteran, but inwardly agitated by the conviction that the outwitted four are plotting a raid in the hall and will soon make a bold sortie into the corridor)—Have you seen the gardens—they are wonderfully pretty?

The Captive (after a slight pause)—No—I'm very much interested in gardens. Some time I must walk through them.

Enid (knowing that she must either fly with her booty or tamely surrender him up to the enemy)—And the drives—they're so delightful. We drive all the time here. Do you like it?

The Captive—I have a perfect passion for driving. It runs in our family. And you like it, too? That's quite a coincidence.

Enid (with honeyed enthusiasm)—Oh, I adore it!

The Captive (in a fatuously inquiring tone)—Yes?

Enid (still smiling, but with some ferocity)—Yes—I just said so.

The Captive—Ah!

Enid (growing decidedly nervous, racked by the internal calculation that if they ever get as far as the drawing-room door the prey is theirs, and determined that they shall pass over her dead body first)—And the walks—oh, the walks are so lovely, so sheltered and green! You can see how pretty they are through here (points outward).

The Captive—Exquisite! I love walking, don't you?

Enid (sick between hope and fear, her eye working round sideways toward the head of the corridor)—I worship it!

The Captive (in his most deadly tone)—So do I, to distraction.

Enid (chilled by a sudden sense of failure, but determined to make one more effort for the good cause)—And bowling. Do you bowl? We bowl here all the time. We're devoted to it.

The Captive—Bowling is the spice of my existence. Nothing is so delightful as a good game, with a charming opponent. Just two, you know. Don't you think so?

Enid (with upraised, pleading eyes)—Oh, really I do.

The Captive (complacently)—I thought you would. Isn't it funny how we agree on all these points?

A pause. In the distance a frou-frou of skirts is faintly audible. At this dread sound, Enid nails her standard to the mast and prepares to die game.

Enid (with the concentration befitting the occasion)—What way do you like best to spend your time?

The Captive (looking down tenderly)—This way.

Enid (seeing out of the side of her eyes four slim, belted, blazered shapes appearing at the other end of the corridor)—This way is too nice to last.

The Captive (keenly alive to the approaching shapes and the rustle of starched skirts, and much interested in the denouement)—I've told you my way—now you tell me yours.

Enid (vaguely conscious of the awful proximity of the belted forms, and fortifying herself against a sudden rally, in which they may bodily bear away The Captive as the nymphs did young Hylas)—My way—my way?

The shapes approach, reconnoitering with piercing eyes, and prepare to debouch upon the Still Hunter and her prey. They survey the field with practiced glances and call sweetly: "Enid, dearest Enid, is that you?"

The Captive (turning round and viewing them with an air of pleasantly Catholic interest extremely maddening)—Ah, your friends! They have come to look for you. I hope I haven't detained you.

Enid (striking a last blow for liberty)—Oh, my way?—through the glass-doors into the garden.

She pushes them open and exit, haughtily ignoring her pursuers, The Captive in tow.

The Baffled Hunters (dropping their arms and staring blankly at each other)—Well, of all the mean, selfish, stingy girls!

Iris.

October 15, 1889.

We commend to the Rev. William Gleeson, a father in the Roman Catholic Church, the following bit of information telegraphed from Texas, concerning a murder committed by Roman Catholic priests in one of the holy convents at Marionfold. To what order of pious monks these murderers, intrusted with the care and education of boys, belong, we have no means of knowing:

J. H. Peters and Henry Andrews, two priests, preside over the convent boys here. Two weeks ago, James Gross, a student, escaped and told of the murder last August of Lorenzo Esser, one of his fellow-students, by the two priests. The body was secretly buried by Father Peters and four of the students. Soon after the murder, Father Peters and the four students left for parts unknown. Justice of the Peace Coons held a private inquest at the time of Esser's death, and found that the boy had killed himself by hanging. Coons claims that Esser was found hanging by an eight-inch piece of rope in his cell. The body was exhumed and an investigation before Judge Allen showed that Esser's neck was broken, which could not have been caused by a fall of eight inches. Father Andrews and Justice of the Peace Coons have been bound over to the grand jury, and a search is being made for Father Peters. Gross says that other murders have been committed.

Perhaps the Rev. William can explain by what means the investigation of the terrible scandal which recently occurred at the Boys' Orphan Asylum, near San Rafael, in Marin County, was so suddenly and completely suppressed. The boys set fire to the orphanage and escaped to the country. Three were found in a starving condition, covered with vermin and festering sores. The investigation proceeded far enough to uncover brutality, cruelty, and neglect, but when the forces of the church were marshaled for the defense, and Sisters of Charity, or perhaps of Mercy, and reverend fathers were permitted to narrate the facts under oath, it was made apparent that these orphans are well fed, well clothed, provided with luxurious beds, given frequent baths, exercised in open playgrounds, and treated with the utmost care for their health and bodily comfort. At all events, the investigation was squelched and the boys' convent still draws its money from the State treasury upon vouchers which have no other authentication than the priests who run the concern. If the legislature ever reaches the position where it does not fear the Roman Catholic vote, there will be established a commission which will be authorized to investigate how much money is annually stolen in the name of charity, and how children are treated in Catholic orphanages, foundling hospitals, and Magdalen asylums. No one is permitted to know now or has the courage to inquire.

A purse has just been brought out which seems to offer many advantages for travelers. It is in form like an ordinary Portsea purse, fastening with a folding flap on a stud, but there are stitched to the sides two frogs which are to be buttoned to the side brace-buttons of the trousers, so as to hold the purse inside the waisthand. In this position the purse may be readily opened by the wearer, but it would certainly be difficult, if not impossible, for any pickpocket to open it without the wearer perceiving it.

The Russian naval manœuvres in the Black Sea began rather ignominiously, as three of the largest iron-clads could not leave Odessa for want of competent stokers.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"I believe your wife's mother is with you now?" "Yes; she's with me, but she's agin me."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Johnny—"Mamma, is a hat dangerous?" *Mrs. Treat*—"I don't know, my child. Ask your father."—*Time.*

Geographical: *Teacher*—"Howard, what does N. B. mean?" *Howard* (after a supreme effort)—"New Braskey."—*Puck.*

Proud mother—"Oh, John, the baby can walk!" *Cruel father*—"Good! He can walk the floor with himself at night, then."—*Detroit News.*

"You play tennis, of course, Mr. Snigglefritz?" "Aw, naw! I only dwess faw tennis. Get all the weputation without the terwible fatigue."—*Harper's Bazar.*

"Good-bye, Emma dear. Will you be a true little woman until I come back?" "Of course, dearest; but don't stay away long."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Lady (in intelligence-office)—"Have you ever minded children before?" *Nurse*—"No, mum; but I've made manny a choild mind me."—*New York Sun.*

Natural apprehension: "Why do you smoke such infernal cigars?" "Oh, just to kill time. Why?" "I thought perhaps you were trying to kill me."—*Boston Herald.*

McFingle—"How's that new cook of yours—economical?" *McFangle*—"Very. We haven't had to buy a broom since she's been at the house."—*Lawrence American.*

Charles Frederic Worth, of Paris, France, is a well-to-do dressmaker. He started out as a poor sewing-girl in Paris. His sex saved him from a life of shame.—*Bill Nye.*

Watermelon seeds were found in an Egyptian tomb that was three thousand years old. There was no doubt about their being watermelon seeds, because the mummy was all doubled up.—*Texas Siftings.*

Prodley—"I hear you've been getting married." *Tooker*—"Yes." *Prodley*—"Whom did you marry?" *Tooker*—"Milly Jones, her mother, her step-father, and two maiden aunts."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Mrs. Pancake (to tramp)—"Well, what do you want?" *Tramp*—"Here, mum, is der pie I stold off yer window yesterday. There may be two or three teeth stickin' in it, but otherwise 't ain't hurt any!"—*Life.*

He—"It is a fact, madame, that at present I know only two women in whom I have found all the virtues and excellences of their sex combined." *She*—"And what is the name of the other one?"—*Exchange.*

Mrs. Swaggerty (reading fashion report)—"So the Directoire and Empire styles are to be abandoned. What next, I wonder?" *Mr. Swaggerty*—"Something still more abandoned, I suppose."—*Town Topics.*

Put a beggar on horseback and he will ride to the devil; but he will never be able to show the cold, indifferent, haughty stare of the office-boy who swings in the "Old Man's" chair during the latter's absence.—*Puck.*

Such is the power of fashion's behest, that were Wales to carry his trousers on his arm, one-half the dudes in Christendom would be following his example. The other half would be waiting to find out which arm.—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Book-agent—"Going from hooks to babies, madam, that's a fine youngster. Allow me to congratulate you." *Young woman*—"Sir, that baby is not mine!" *Book-agent*—"I repeat, madam, allow me to congratulate you."—*Judge.*

Complainant—"He applied an appropriate epithet to me." *Judge*—"What was it?" "He called me a lying scoundrel." "Well, you mean opprobrious; but still I won't contradict you. It may have been appropriate."—*Exchange.*

Cobalt—"I have just been looking at Umber's latest study of the nude—charming female figure swinging on a branch, against a background of cold, gray sky." *Ochre*—"What is he going to call it?" *Cobalt*—"Winter."—*Puck.*

"What's the matter, Eddie?" "Willie Thomas has gone and moved out of this street, hoo, hoo." "Well, don't cry; there are plenty of other little boys in the neighborhood to play with." "Y-e-s, b-u-t he's the o-n-l-y one I could l-i-c-k."—*Life.*

"Must you go back to town to-morrow?" "Yes. On the early train." "But why?" "Duty calls." "But you told me you had no business; that you were a gentleman of leisure." "H'm! Well, yes, that's true. You know I'm a young lawyer."—*Harper's Bazar.*

The small one—"Say, if a man should call you a liar, what would you do?" *The large one* (with emphasis)—"I'd knock him down." *The small one*—"Thanks. I was just going to address a few remarks to you, but I'll wait till I get in Europe, and then drop you a few lines."—*Life.*

Youthful skeptic—"Say, Edna, do you believe that story about Adam and Eve and the snake and the Garden of Eden?" "Why, Agnes! of course I do." "Well, I don't! And nothing will ever make me believe that God made women wear clothes as a punishment."—*Boston Beacon.*

"She's the sassiest woman I ever applied to for a bite." "How did you find that out?" "Well, she offered me cold tomatter soup and stale bread, and I said I thought a little cake would do me good." "Well?" "She said if it was a cake of soap she thought it would."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Brown—"I always make it a rule to conceal nothing from my wife; I tell her everything." *Jones*—"Yes, and I can't say that I like you for it." *Brown*—"How so? Why not?" *Jones*—"Why, your wife tells everything you tell her to my wife, and my wife just rakes me over the coals for it."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Mrs. Newhand—"What! Twenty cents a pound for mackerel? Why, the man across the street asks only sixteen cents!" *Fishmonger*—"Very good, madam; but you must remember that my fish are all hand-caught; those you see opposite are caught in nets; it makes a difference, you know." *Mrs. Newhand*—"Of course—how stupid of me! You may give me that large one there."—*Puck.*

Mr. Hankinson—"You wish to enter my employ, eh? What experience have you had?" *Truthful James*—"Well, I was a bookkeeper in Omaha for six years, a clerk in Boston for seven years, and for four years I worked in a machine-shop in Kansas City." *Mr. Hankinson*—"Ahem—ah, how old are you?" *Truthful James* (after a little mental arithmetic)—"Seventeen, sir."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Meissonier, the famous French artist, has seen Buffalo Bill's show and says he believes he will come to America and make some studies of our Wild West from life on the spot. We do not profess to know enough about the painter's art to give many points to Mr. Meissongyeh, but if he will take a run down into Arizona and keep his eye on the boys when they set out to paint a town, he will, doubtless, learn something about strong coloring and rapid, accurate drawing.—*Washington Post.*

Mr. Forsythe—"Well, Baby Belle, aren't you going to kiss me this morning? Aren't you my little sweetheart still? I'll not forget those gum-drops next time." *Baby Belle* (aged six)—"No, I'm not your sweetheart—not after I saw you holding Cousin Maud's hand yesterday. I just want to let you know, Mr. Forsythe, that I'm a regular *enfant terrible*, and know how to use my opportunities. I don't want any gum-drops, but if you don't take me to 'Camille' to-night, you and Cousin Maud may expect some artless remarks from me at dinner."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

VANITY FAIR.

Previous to the series of liberal reforms introduced by Alexander the Second in the sixties (says the St. Petersburg correspondent of the New York *Tribune*), Russian girls of good family were mostly educated in boarding-schools and institutions supported by the crown, and were never allowed to go out, except in closed carriages for a drive, during the whole eight or ten years their education lasted. Since the female gymnasia have been instituted, however, the great majority of Russian girls of the "intelligencia" are receiving in them the same education as is given to the boys in the male gymnasia, preparatory to their entering one of the great universities. Mindful of the drift of the times, even such exclusively aristocratic educational establishments as the Convent of Smolny, the crown institutes, and the highest-priced boarding-schools have greatly deviated from the strict rules of the former method of cloistered education for young girls. In fact, former methods can no longer be enforced, for, out of hygienic considerations, little girls are on all sides encouraged to romp about like their brothers do. No girl is ever chided for being a tom-boy, and they grow to dread the appellation of "kisseynaya laryshnia"—"ribbon-and-lawn young lady"—mockingly applied to all namby-pamby, eminently proper young persons. Being brought up under very similar conditions, the young women and the young men of Russia develop a great similarity of tastes and ideas. The young girls enjoy nearly, if not quite, as much freedom in Russia as in England and America, and are generally considered equal to the young men in their intellectual resources, strength of will, and determination. When such young people marry there is, of course, complete equality between husband and wife; this equality is enhanced by the laws of the empire, which make any woman of twenty-one the complete mistress of her fortune, her income, and her personal earnings, though she is not allowed to live anywhere apart from her husband—unless he voluntarily provides her with a separate passport empowering her to do so. In that last respect, however, few men are obdurate enough to resist the strength of public opinion—scarce any man of the educated class would brave public censure and expose himself to ridicule by keeping his wife by force, were she determined to live apart from him; nowhere, outside of France, does public ridicule kill or cure a person so speedily as in Russia. Of course, the perfect equality, on which the majority of the Russian young women insist, has brought some drawbacks; they have heavier burdens to carry; they often have to face the brunt of life's battle, scorning to profit by any chivalric offer of aid from the men.

Still, no matter how strongly liberal-minded girls adhere to the principle of personal liberty, they easily relax from their cast-iron principles when happily married; and though, moved by a sense of honesty, many young women assert that they can not consistently vow that they will always love the man they wed, still, separations are very few indeed, and nowhere are children more thought of and cared for than in the families of educated Russians who have grown to be men and women since the "sixties." Only a generation or two ago it was considered improper for girls of well-to-do families to take a step in the street without the escort of a governess or some trustworthy attendant; on every side one's eye was met by the ludicrous sight of a six-foot servant in a cockaded hat and livery bringing up the rear of a couple of ladies out for their walk on the street or the boulevard. That would be considered a most unique sight nowadays. The most carefully brought up girls of the oldest noble families are free to go out alone on foot or in their own carriage; they even would feel hurt at the distrust of them, were they put under the obligation to account for every step they take. The young girls and women strongly insist on being trusted, and the liberty thus obtained makes them self-reliant, and is seldom put to unworthy uses. Of course, even now, in remote provincial towns or in old-fashioned Moscow, there are some narrow-minded mammas—female Rip Van Winkles—who, mindful of their own youthful escapades, insist on keeping their daughters under the same old régime; but then, the young women not being put on their honor, so to speak, indulge in many risky pranks on the sly. Such girls, however, willingly submit to the bother of an escort in the shape of a liveried flunkey, are generally plain girls who love to imagine that they stand in danger of importunate attentions from men in the streets, or else they may turn out to be some squeamish antiquated maiden ladies who prefer to imply that they are still so young and unsophisticated as to be entirely at the mercy of any had, hold man in this wide, wicked world—were they not blessed with the means of having safe escort in the person of "buttons," a foreign governess, or some dilapidated lady-companion with corkscrew ringlets framing her withered, pinched face. Still, it must be added that with all their pretensions to independence, none among the Russian girls would think of going to the theatre alone with any man not a near relative, and it is positively an unheard-of thing in Russia for a young woman to receive presents from any male acquaintance otherwise than in the shape of candy, fruit, plants, or flowers.

One of the most noted beauty-shows in the world may be seen on Fifth Avenue any day at about ten minutes after two o'clock, in the vicinity of Sixty-Eighth and Sixty-Ninth Streets. Literally, thousands of pretty girls troop from the schools and team up and down Fifth Avenue in chattering groups. There is absolutely no limit to the variety of types to be seen in this unique and startling procession. The people of various nationalities, who have come to New York, have intermarried, so that what might be called cross-types are to be seen in wonderful profusion. The girls of the public schools illustrate it. Coupled with the blackest eyes which ever came out of Spain, one often sees the white skin of the German, and there are often specimens of pure Irish gray eyes, coupled with the distinctive marks of other races. Many of the girls, ranging from twelve to sixteen years of age, are far more beautiful in face and figure than many of the celebrated portraits of beautiful women which they all view so carelessly in the neighboring art-galleries in the park.

Mrs. Maybrick is a blonde, and it is going the rounds of the press that it was easier for her to commit the crime of which she is undoubtedly guilty, because she is fair-haired and light-eyed. It must be confessed that if the statistics of crime and strategy and mischief by women are to be taken as establishing any law in the matter, then the dark women stand higher in the moral scale than their lighter sisters. A writer in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* finds that Eve, who set the example of disobedience and wickedness, was a blonde. No proof is cited, but the assertion is made that Lot's wife was also a blonde. Hagar and Bilhah were brunettes, but Delilah was fair of hair, eyes, and skin. The Greeks and the Romans, while ascribing virtue and faithfulness alike to blonde and brunette, nevertheless painted nearly all their fair sinners as light-haired, light-eyed, and white of skin. The locks of Venus shone as the sunlight when she rose over the sea, and Daphne was fairer still, she who abhorred marriage. Pandora, of the famous casket of woes, was painted as a blonde. So, too, Circe was depicted as a white and fair-haired woman. Helen, of Troy, who was such a precious sinner, was of golden locks and peach-bloom complexion. Penelope was a brunette, with jetty hair fluttering like the raven's wing, and her name stands to this day as the synonym for faithfulness and perseverance. Aspasia had honey-colored hair; Messalina was dark-haired, but to correct nature, wore a blonde wig when on errands of ill-intent; Cleopatra was fair of complexion, and not a dark Egyptian, for she was from Macedonia; Lady Macbeth was a slight, golden-haired, and blue-eyed woman, and not, as the stage-people make her, dark, strong, and muscular. Had she been a brunette, says our statistician, she would have counseled patience, not murder. Lucretia Borgia was of fair complexion, and had hair of silver blonde; Bianca Capello, a most mischievous woman, was fair, light, and delicate; Ninon de l'Enclos, Mme. de Chevreuse, and Helen Jegado, to whom twenty-five murders, direct and indirect, are charged, were all pronounced blondes; so was Mme. Monthazon, and Mary, Queen of Scots, also with auburn hair and blue eyes, and Elizabeth was red of head. And so the list runs on.

A new idea of a shoe-manufacturer, which is reported to have been the means of largely increasing his business, is recorded in the Boston *Advertiser*. The manufacturer in question sends out all shoes of his make, which are intended for ladies' wear, devoid of any stamp on sole or upper by which the size can be told. The reason for this is due to a request from some of his retail customers to that effect. When the shoe gets to the retail dealer, he may, if he chooses to do so, mark on the proper size; but he may, if he is unscrupulous enough, mark the shoe so as to make it appear smaller than it really is.

On no subject do English and American tastes differ more widely (says a writer in the October *Forum*) than on the pains and pleasures of publicity. The average Englishman, from the highest to the lowest, entertains a profound conviction that privacy is an invaluable privilege, for which it is quite worth while to barter, as regards his abode and grounds, light, air, and beauty; and, as regards his domestic circle, all the intellectual pleasures of varied society. If he be owner of a fine estate, he builds a high wall or a lofty paling, often excluding lovely and extended views, round his park; and if he be a shop-keeper, he prefers to spend a summer evening in a stuffy back-parlor, behind impenetrable blinds, rather than to sit, as a Frenchman or a German does every evening, at a table before a café in the airiest and liveliest street. Until the rise of the pestilent "society papers" in London, no public journal described the homes, the furniture, the dress, or the habits of eminent men and women, except, perhaps, in the case of a grandiose *Morning Post* report of a particularly splendid ball, or state dinner, or the court-milliner's list of dresses at the queen's drawing-room. Even to this day, when all manner of breaches have been made in the wall of the Englishman's "castle," he remains attached to the idea of a broad distinction between public and private life, and resents any infringement of the line where he still flatters himself he can divide himself as a private individual, from himself as a statesman, author, or artist. The queen and her great poet-laureate, at the summit of all "fame," are, perhaps, in the whole nation, the two who would feel most indignant at any invasion of their privacy.

Gentlemen seem to have grown as fond as ladies of wearing bright and rainbowy colors (declares a writer in a London society journal). I saw the other day some green-and-red boots and shoes made to satisfy their desire to be *aux couleurs en vogue*. Up to now, colored shoes were only indulged in in the house, tan being the sole shade ever ventured out with, and this merely in the height of summer in the country and when yachting. In future, we may see Pall Mall and Piccadilly full of the "dark" sex in green boots and pink ties or red boots and light-blue ties.

Probably no fashion or fancy (says New York *Truth*) has taken so firm a hold on the feminine portion of the population as has the hang which is now celebrating the eighteenth year of its reign. In the face of ridicule and criticism, it has held its own since 1871, when in some inexplicable manner it made its appearance upon certain fashionable brows. In a short time, all classes had adopted the white fringe, as it was then styled by the newspapers. The general adaptability to almost any type of face accounts for its popularity, and although decried and caricatured, it has never lost its hold upon the female heart. First came the severely straight fringe across the forehead, becoming to so few maidens. Then the curled bang was introduced, not to take its place, but to share its popularity. Montague bangs came next, with their suggestion of soap, water, and bandoline. Then the "Langtry," introduced by the Jersey Lily, necessitated a sacrifice of all the long locks on the crown of the head, whereas heretofore only a short fringe had been worn on the forehead. The Russian bangs, short and sharp-pointed, vied with the saucer-shaped, until Mrs. Cleveland changed the entire complexion of events by wearing the pompadour bang, made so popular by the first of her photographs which were sent broadcast over the land. Girls with broad, clear foreheads at once brushed back their hair, retaining only the soft rings of hair on the side, *à la* Cleveland. Now that the fair young mistress of the White House has been deposed, something new in the hair-dressing line has been brought into fashion. It is here, and evidently here to stay. If you should happen to meet a girl on the fashionable thoroughfare with a circular patch on her forehead, think not she has been wounded in a pugilistic encounter, or, if she be a brunette, that she is carrying a small stove-lid directly over the bridge of her nose, but remember that this is the very latest fad in hangs.

If we did not know we were the most progressive people in the world, the apotheosis of the flannel-petticoat would prove it. In the beginning, it was of white flannel, gathered around a muslin band, with a big button at the back, that always showed, by its strong imprint through your bodice that it was there; the skirt proper usually had a cluster of heavy tucks and a hem, unless, indeed, you were going to get married or expected a fire in the house, and then it was embroidered with white floss. An investigation proves that the favored design was one of bunches of grapes. The flannel-petticoat of to-day is of two colors. You are out of the swim, from the standpoint of the lingère, unless your flannel is of a glowing scarlet or a sombre black. It is of flannel, finished as finely as broadcloth, and is mounted on a yoke of silk, faced with ribbon of satin, and edged with a full plaiting or frill of lace. The black is all black, or, as the shop-keeper will tell you, "monochromatic." The red forms a diabolic combination by its facings of black satin and its frivols of black lace. "Diabolic" is not meant to be in any sense derogatory to the dignity of the flannel-petticoat, but it is used simply as a comparison, because if any man in the world has good taste, it is his Satanic Majesty, and he prefers black and red. With black stays, black-silk petticoat, and black-silk stockings, or the black-and-red combination, the average woman looks like an amateur fireman or an idealized roulette-board.

It undoubtedly is more fortunate for the daughters of a family to marry off in turn and in the order of their ages. If the youngest goes first, the elder sisters may feel that they have been unjustly slighted, and that the chances of their being condemned to maidenhood are increased. They may think that they are cast more deeply into the shade. As she goes to the marriage-altar in her blooming youth, their greater maturity may be made unpleasantly prominent, and they themselves may feel all the older because of comparisons they imagine will be made. Therefore, it is the habit of some mothers to hold back from view a young daughter with unmarried sisters, who are her seniors and who do not possess charms which equal her own. She will, perhaps, be kept in short dresses far beyond the time when she is entitled to wear long gowns, and be treated in the family circle as a child not yet eligible for the matrimony which has eluded the most vigorous pursuit of her elder sisters. It is a great mistake for an intriguing mamma, praiseworthy though she may be in her desire for the success of daughters so long worsted in the contest, to insist on compelling men to marry them in the order of their ages. She might begin with each as she came of marriageable age, and, by clever strategy, secure a husband for her. But if she fails in doing that, if season after season and year after year pass by, and they still remain unsought, until the youngest has grown into a woman, she would be wiser to give up the attempt and let nature take its course.

The fashionable girl of New York has modeled herself so closely upon her English contemporaries in dress, manners, and ideals that to the casual observer there seems to be no way of distinguishing them, not even by voice, for no New York girl rests content until she has acquired the exact tone and inflections of the Hon. Miss Charterises and Lady Gwendolens, who rule in such matters on the other side. The London tailor and coat-maker makes them indistinguishable as to dress; tennis, Russian baths, and horseback exercise give them the same erect carriage and glowing complexion, and careful imitation results in the same absolutely correct and colorless manner. There is but one point in which they fail of such exact reproduction that they can not be told apart by experts, and that is in the silken sleekness of their hair. Our climate, with its extremes, is very hard upon the hair, and tends, despite careful care and brushing, to make it harsh and rough and to break it and render it uneven. The smooth, shiny chestnut locks of the average English girl are one of her greatest charms, and this is the way she preserves their beauty: She takes half-a-pint of pure glycerine, which she puts in a quart-bottle, and to this she adds six ounces of lime-water, shaking the two together vigorously. When these are properly churned, the lime-water turns the glycerine into a white, soft cream. Upon going to bed the female Britisher takes a little of this and rubs it with her finger-tips into the roots of her hair, giving it a vigorous brushing that distributes the cream from roots to tip. This she does once a week, with the result of keeping her hair silken soft, and of not only preserving its bright chestnut color, but of keeping the scalp perfectly clean and white. Mrs. Kendal, who wears her hair in smooth bandeaux over her ears, has always used this since her girlhood, with the result that her locks look as fresh and bright as when she was sixteen, and all women know that hair ages as much as the face, not only by turning gray but by getting hard and losing its gloss and bright tints. This, with a little cold cream to rub stage-paint out of her cheeks with, is the only toilet aid that Mrs. Kendal ever uses.

LONDONERS OUT OF TOWN.

"Cockaigne" writes of a Dull Town and a New American Beauty.

These are the days of grouse and partridge-shooting at home, and German haths ahroad, when to he in London, much less to he seen there, means social degradation, if not ahsolute ruin. A man, to he anyhody (or a woman, either) in society must follow its edicts with slavish suhmission. Common sense must never he invoked, individual tastes never consulted, personal preferences never considered. Whether you like it or not, whether you find it convenient or not, you must not show your face in London when you ought to he somewhere else. So says society, and society must he oheyed. There is, however, no harm in heing in England, if you wish. You can stay in England, hut not in London, after society has fled. You have grouse, partridge, and pheasant-sbooting to keep you husy in England (fashionahly husy, of course) from August all through the autumn until fox-hunting hegins. Of course in saying England in this connection, I include Scotland, for there is where grouse-shooting is for tbe most part to he ohtained. But as grouse is to be shot only on tbe Scotch, northern English, and Welsb moors, partridges among the turnips and stuhble, and pheasants in the woods, and as there are neither moors, turnip-fields, stubble, nor woods in London, no man of fashion has anything to do there. Besides which, all the good cricket-matches at Lords's or the Oval are over for the season, if in cricket could he found an excuse for one's presence in the metropolis at the present moment. But every one has not a grouse-moor or an estate which preserves partridges and pheasants, you will say. True enough. But you can get an invitation from some one who has, if you have not one yourself, can't you? Still, you think, there must he a lot of people who never get asked to shoot anywhere, either hecause they do not shoot or do not know anybody. What are they to do? Go ahroad, if they can. Stay in the country anywhere out of sight until it is fashionahle to come home—only do not show up in London.

Going ahroad just at the present time is quite the swellest thing to do. If you have lots of shooting, it is even more swagger still to go away and leave it, and follow the example of the Prince of Wales, whose necessary recuperation at Homhurg every season makes it fashionahle for other people to go there, whether they want the haths or the vile waters. People may say what they like, and sneer at his goings-on, and call him vulgar and "really had form, don't you know; only nohody dares to say so, my dear," the Prince of Wales leads the fashion in everything. There is a dreary lot of old-fangled nohility and aristocracy who affect disdain for what the prince does, and pretend neither to know nor to want to he told of his doings. Their position hy hirth and wealth is such that they are independent of court favor or recognition from royalty in any shape. They are thoroughly good people—decent, proper, well-behaved, and, were such a word at all applicahle to such people, eminently "respectable." You never hear of them assaulting a cahman who asks to be paid a hill of sixty odd pounds (like Viscount Mandeville); traveling ahout the provinces as manager of a theatrical company (like the Earl of Lonsdale); marrying disreputahle women (like Lords Shrewsbury, Euston, and Ailshury); heing had up before the magistrates for obtaining money under false pretences (like Lord Huntley); or playing a grind-organ through the streets and otherwise conducting themselves in an unseemly manner (like Viscount Hinton). You never hear of them divorcing their own wives or eloping with other men's. Nor do you hear of them in any way. They never do anything to he heard of. They exist, and you know only of their existence when you look over a peerage, now and then.

"By Jove!" you will say, "what a lot of peers there are one never hears of! I don't helieve they are real."

"Oh, there are sucb loads of new ones," somebody will suggest; "you can't keep the run of tbem."

"But these are not new. Their creations go away back into the seventeenth century," you tell him; "how is it?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," he will say.

And that's all either of you think ahout it. Yet these people exist all the same, and think no small heer of themselves either. It is needless to say that sucb nobility are generally insufferably dull — heavy as lead, slow of thought, lacking originality of any sort, doing tbe same things, thinking the same thoughts from one year's end to another. They move about it is true, hut it is like so many puppets wbose strings are in the hands of servants, agents, and lawyers. Take servants, agents, and lawyers away from such people and they would not know what to do. I believe they would stay in hed for a month if their valets forgot to call them and fill their baths in the morning. They would starve if dinner was not announced — or worse yet, if the dressing-gong was not sounded. When they want money they sign a check. They have a hanker, who has had their family's money for centuries almost. How the money gets to the bank they do not know, except that their lawyer pays it in, and he gets it from——

"Oh, it's one's income (pronounced *ink'm*) don't you know," they will tell you, if you ask.

When they shoot, they have a keeper to carry their two guns for them, and to load as they fire. How they would manage to get to hed if the clocks did not strike eleven (the usual "old-fashioned" bed-hour), I am at a loss to conjecture. Stultz makes their clothes and sends them a consignment of new garments at stated intervals.

These are the men—and their women are made after the same pattern—who do not know the Prince of Wales—that is, as the people know him.

I expect the Prince of Wales manages to scratch along pretty comfortahly notwithstanding. He has a much better time of it without them, certainly. He would not have any fun at Homhurg if he had a few old "respectabilities" in his suite. As it is, he passes his time eating—so I am told by a friend who has just got hack from there. He is hours at his dinner, and eats enormously. One has heard, I know, quite the reverse, hut this is, I helieve, authentic. His latest admiration is a Mrs. Surtees—an "American, of course!" as a vinegar-faced girl snapped out, on hearing the name.

"Yes—an American," said my friend.

"I thought the name wasn't English."

"Oh, the name's English enough."

"By Jove! don't you know," drawled out a young man in a white-flannel—the conversation took place during a set at tennis on one of the hot days of last week. Alas, it is cold enough now!—"hy Jove, don't you know, I thought it was a Yankee name that some fellow'd been making Latin for a hit of chaff. They always say, 'Why, certainly,' and *certes* is 'certainly' in Latin."

"Don't happen to he spelt that way," said my friend; "it's s-u-r-t, douhle e-s."

"Yankee way of spelling!" shouted the white-flannel young man; "they change everything that comes in their way to suit them—even Latin."

"You're all out of it," continued my friend; "it's an English name, and it's the name of an Englishman."

"Thought you said she was an American."

"So I did. But ber name is her husband's. She was a Miss Crahhe."

"Don't know whicb is the worst," laughed the white-flannel youth; "fancy a Miss Lohster!"

"Or Shrimp!" exclaimed the vinegar-faced damsel, swinging her racket hackward and forward.

"Who care's ahout names? She was deuced pretty, I know."

"Oh, trust 'Tummy' for that!"

"Never saw a plain Yankee woman, did you?" asked the white-flannel youth of the vinegar-faced girl, with a wink.

"Dear me, no! They're all 'heauties.'"

"If 'Tummy' has anything to say to them, they are."

And so, I helieve, Mrs. Surtees is the reigning favorite at Homhurg. She will, of course, be all the rage next year. It is certainly curious how the American girls do cut out their Englisb sisters, who would give the world to have the Prince of Wales notice them if he only would. Apparently he will not. He does not seem to have cared for another Englishwoman since Mrs. Langtry. There has heen but one "Jersey Lily." If ever England and America get to war again, it will he on account of this cbange of front on the part of the Prince of Wales. COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, Septemher 21, 1889.

The third volume of Mr. Worthington C. Ford's edition of the "Writings of George Washington" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), has hotb an historical and a dramatic unity. It covers nine months of the years 1775–1776, from Washington's taking command of the forces ahout Boston to the evacuation of that city hy the British. The episode to the main action is the Canadian expedition of Montgomery and Arnold. Washington's annoyances, in this crude heginning of a contest of which few foresaw the extent, were numerous and constant. There was a deartb of powder, which restricted offensive operations and made the defense of his works precarious. The officering of his command developed the usual jealousies, especially in the collision between Continental and colonial commissions. Soldiers would not enlist till they knew wbo their officers were to be—with good reason, seeing that some were casbiered for fraud and cowardice—and in the Massachusetts regiments the officers were chosen hy the men, and were accordingly remarked for their subserviency to their creators. The absence of class distinctions among these New Englanders, and of what Charles Lee called the "decent distance of officers," struck Washington and the Southern memhers of his family as something very odd and deplorahle. General Greene wrote, in Decemher, 1775, that "his excellency . . . has not had time to make himself acquainted witb the genius of this people." Their homesickness, when it was a question of prolonging their service hy entering tbe Continental Army, so that furloughs had to be given them, was certainly not appreciated. Washington was for enlisting free negroes, but the Southern influence prevailed witb Congress to limit this practice to reënlistments.

In the illustration of bis lectures by the drawing of rapid caricatures on the stage, Mr. Nast is said to have the important lines pricked out heforehand with pin-holes invisihle to the spectators, and hy these his chalk is guided. Other "lightning sketchers" lightly sketch their outlines with a solution of gum arahic, which is made visihle to the artist hy the reflection of the glare of the footlights. The most common way, bowever, is to do the tracing with a mixture of soapsuds and Canada halsam, with a drop or two of some fixed oil. This leaves an invisihle hut sticky line. When the artist goes to work hefore the audience, he holds in his hand a rag on which crayon-dust has heen rubbed. This dust catches on the outline and really makes the mark that is apparently produced hy the stick of crayon held in the fingers.

An article in our esteemed and statistical contemporary, *Science*, gives some interesting calculations of the prohable growth of our population during the next hundred years. During the last century, Uncle Sam's lively little flock has heen douhling every twenty-five years, which means an increase of a trifle over one-third at eacb decennial census. If this rate is quite or nearly maintained, in the year 1990 there will be over twelve hundred millions of American citizens—all good ones, we sincerely hope. This will give us ahout four hundred people to the square mile—which will not he so very close crowding, for England now has just about five bundred, and Belgium yet more.

Oliver Wendell Holmes calls trees "vast beings endowed with life, hut not with soul—which outgrow us and outlive us, hut stand helpless—poor things!—while nature dresses and undresses them, like so many full-sized hut under-witted children."

INTAGLIOS.

A Tragedy in Three Acts.

Whispering to her lover,
Oh, but the world is beaven!
Poppies beneath and above her
The bright blue sky of Devon.

Backward and forward faring,
Oh, but the world is chilly!
Flaunting beneath the glaring
Gaslight of Piccadilly.

Standing beside the river,
Oh, but the world is hell!
Madly, with heart a-quiver,
Bidding it all farewell. —*Anon.*

Golden Eyes.

Ah, Golden Eyes, to win you yet,
I bring mine April coronet;
The lovely blossoms of the spring,
For you I weave, to you I bring:
These roses with the lilies wet,
The dewy, dark-eyed violet,
Narcissus, and the wind-flower wet,
Wilt thou disdain mine offering,
Ah, Golden Eyes?
Crowned with thy lover's flowers, forget
The pride wherein thy beart is set,
For thou, like these or anything,
Hast but thine honr of blossoming,
Thy spring, and then—the long regret,
Ah, Golden Eyes! —*Andrew Lang.*

The Singing Reeds.

FOUNDED ON AN ITALIAN CONTE POPULAIRE.

'Twas a piper gaunt and poor,
Piping at the palace door:
Sang his pipes so sad and clear
All the nobles turned to hear.

"Long ago sbe loved me dear,
She that slew and laid me bere.
Low sbe laid me down to rest
With a wide wound in my breast.
Lady, will ye never take
Pity on the dead that wake?
Take me hence and let me sleep
In the grave-yard, dark and deep,
For the ripples running chill
Keep me waking, waking still—
I am waking, waking yet—
Let me sleep, May-Margaret!"

Said the old King, bent and gray,
"Doleful airs thy pipes do play,
Where gat ye such plaining reeds?"
"In yon bonny water-meads,
Where the swaying, sighing sedge
Plaineth hy the river's edge:
I have lost my piping skill,
For they play but as they will."

And the Princess in ber place
Lifted up ber lovely face—
"'Tis my lover, false and fair,"
(Spake sbe thus), "that lieth there:
Bear him thence and let him sleep
In the grave-yard, dark and deep.
Lay him down, and let there be
By his side a place for me."
—*G. R. Tomson in Murray's Magazine.*

Between the Green Corn and the Gold.

Between the green corn and the gold,
Between the dawning and the noon,
Love, that at first was pale and cold,
Waxed ruddy with the summer moon,
And bearts beat bigb and lips grew bold
Between the green corn and the gold.

The primrose, precious key of spring,
Unlocked the casket of the year;
The flowers flew forth on rainbow wing
O'er hill and mead and mere
To woo the new year like the old
Between the green corn and the gold.

Between the gold corn and the green,
Between the midday and the dawn,
The summer woods have lost their sheen,
The flowers have withered on the lawn,
And love lies dead where love has been,
Between the gold corn and the green.

Love is not dead; be can not die,
Although his eyes be veiled with pain;
The woods shall waken by-and-bye,
The flowers shall blossom once again;
And we—shall we not wake, my queen,
Between the gold corn and the green? —*Anon.*

The Sailor's Dance.

What's be that talks of a jig or a reel,
Who has never been a sailor,
Or a hornpipe seen on a ship of the Queen,
Or an Arctic Ocean whaler?
You hear the ring of the Bosun's call—
"For a dance, my lads, all ready;
The moon is high in the radiant sky
And the old ship going steady!"

The tar alone has a dance of his own,
And it takes a tar to dance it,
Though a lassie sweet, with her two little feet,
Is the one charm to enhance it.
You dance with one or you dance with two,
As the notion takes your fancy,
In an Indian glade, with a dusky maid,
Or at bome with blue-eyed Nancy!

It speaks of bome to the hearts of a crew,
And it sets us all a-dreaming,
As we dance in tune, to the light of the moon,
On a lovely ocean gleaming.
It takes us back on the homeward track
To the friends that soon will greet us;
The ringing cheer, as we touch the pier,
And the welcome that will meet us.

Oh! it's heel and toe
To the tuneful bow,
And it's all so light and breezy;
You may look in France or in Spain for a dance,
But you'll say
Any day
That the hornpipe beats them easy.
—*J. L. Molloy in Temple Bar.*

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and u solicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

There can be no doubt that Mr. Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward" is having the most remarkable sale of any book of recent times. It leaped from the seventy-fifth to the hundredth edition, then almost immediately to the hundred-and-twelfth, and now the one-hundred-and-twenty-second edition is on the market.

The failure of Belford, Clarke & Co., the Chicago publishers, is said by the *Critic* to cause considerable trepidation among authors all over the country, as hundreds of literary productions are said to have been either in process of publication or formally accepted by the firm. Many writers breathe easier because *Belford's Magazine*, published by this firm, will probably be carried on by the receiver.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* is wroth with Mr. Gladstone because he recently proclaimed "the right of America to be the great organ of the powerful English tongue." "This surrender to the Americans," says the critic, "of a tongue which few of them can speak correctly, which fewer still of them can pronounce, and in which not half-a-dozen of them at most have written any great work, struck me at the time as a curious proceeding from a literary standpoint."

A close friend of Miss Amélie Rives denies the possibility of the alleged co-partnership which that lady is said to have formed with M. Catulle Mendès. "I remember," he says, "the last time I saw Mrs. Chanler, just before she left for abroad. She seemed much hurt by some comparison instituted by some would-be critic between her and the French author. 'I never even heard this author's name,' she cried, 'and so, as I wanted to see where the resemblance lay, I sent for one of his books. Why, it was vile! I stopped at the first page and threw it into the fire.'"

George Meredith has written a poem, to be published in the next number of the *Universal Review*, which is a satire on religious fanaticism in English country life. A new novel by him is also begun, entitled "A Romance of Journalism." A reviewer recently, in analyzing George Meredith's literary career, places "Diana of the Crossways" in the early virgid period and "The Ordeal of Richard Feveral" as the result of mental clarification. In point of fact, "The Ordeal of Richard Feveral" antedates some years "Diana of the Crossways," but it took persistent hammering to get the former introduced into the bookstores and libraries here.

Ever since the publication of "L'Immortel," M. Alphonse Daudet has been urged to dramatize it, or, at least, to take a play out of it. Hitherto he has refused, on the ground that this would be considered a new attack upon the Academy, and bring on him fresh odium of a sort of which he has already had enough. But he has written a play which appears to be a continuation of his novel, and read it, on the first of September, to M. Koning and the actors who are to interpret it. It is called "La Lutte pour la Vie," and is intended to answer the question: What became of the *ménage* of Paul Astier and the Duchess Padovani after the death of Astier *père?* The play will be brought out by M. Koning at the Gymnase in the course of the winter.

The most skillful and humorous draughtsman, who calls himself "Caran d'Ache," has just collected half-a-hundred pages of his comic sketches into an "Album Caran d'Ache," which may be recommended heartily to all lovers of pictorial humor. The Franco-Russian artist has an astonishing fecundity of humorous invention and an extraordinary industry in working out the subsidiary details of his subject. See, for example, the individuality of each of the dogs in the series called "La Jeune Belle Conquête de l'Homme," and again in the "Chasse au Tigre . . à Batignolles." Indeed, dogs—after horses and soldiers—are what M. Caran d'Ache does best. As good as anything in the book is the "Appareil à Duel," arranged first that there shall not be a fatal issue and then that there shall be. Here again the attendant dogs of the duelists are delightful; but they yield in humor to the attendant surgeon.

The Boston *Transcript's* Paris correspondent says: "The exhibition of vile books on the stalls outside librarians' windows is at times an offense against decency in Paris; but during the last three or four months the scandal has become such as to justify any modern Juvenal in describing this city as an immense *lupanar*. Old Rome, as described by Juvenal, could hardly have been more corrupt than is Paris of the present day, to judge from the literature that one sees everywhere offered for sale with absolute liberty and absolute shamelessness. The government pretends to exercise some control in the interest of public morals over pictures and illustrations, but the pen and the printing-press are free to pander to the very worst passions. Books professedly obscene are those which meet with the best sale. A gloss of luxury is generally put upon all this vileness by means of fine paper and printing, and engravings that are often beautiful from an artistic point of view. A work of this kind, entitled 'Pour Dire Entre Hommes,' which appeared a few months ago, has now run through several editions. No financial risk appears to be incurred in publishing literature of this sort. It pays, and consequently men of talent are enticed to wallow in the slough. The prostitution of the arts to the most sordid aims was never more flagrantly apparent in Paris than it is at the present time. In addition to the ordinary supply of indecent literature intended for French readers, a mass of literary obscenity has issued from the press this summer for foreigners attracted by the exposition. And the fact is worth observing, inasmuch as it is not at all to the credit of the Anglo-Saxon race, that when such putrescence is published in a foreign tongue, the language chosen is invariably English. It must find plenty of purchasers or there would not be such keen competition in supplying the market. The indifference of the French legislator, and the nation generally, to the disgrace that is inseparable from the public display of all this obscenity in the streets of the capital is really astonishing. One is forced to the conclusion that the spirit of uncleanness must be very strong in a people who can tolerate the spectacle of this villainous traffic being carried on with the same publicity as in the sale of any other *articles de Paris*."

New Publications.

"The Kingdom of Coins" is the title of a pretty allegory for children, by Bradley Gilman, illustrated by Frank T. Merrill. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 60 cents.

"The Life, Letters, and Journals of Louisa May Alcott," edited by Ednah D. Cheney, and a series of Miss Alcott's sketches, containing the third volume of Lulu's Library, have been published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price: $1.50 and $1.00, respectively.

The latest volume of the English Classics, edited by William J. Rolfe, is "Select Poems of William Wordsworth." With the biography, paper by Hawkshead, Matthew Arnold's essay, and James Russell Lowell's address, the poems and Professor Rolfe's notes fill more than two hundred and fifty pages. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 56 cents.

A new edition of "The Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus," in the standard version by George Long, with his copious notes, has been issued, in handsome library style, with fine type, heavy paper, and good margins. As with all the publications of this house, the work leaves nothing to be desired. It would be difficult to find a handsomer edition for the library. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.

Under the general heading of "Children's Stories in English Literature," Henrietta Christian Wright has printed fifteen chapters on the early writers, from Taliesin to Shakespeare, ranging through the old British and Saxon songs, through Caedmon, the Venerable Bede, Sir John Mandeville, Chaucer, and Spenser down to the rise of the drama in the Elizabethan period. The plan pursued is to string together simple versions of these old tales with a thread of comment and history. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.25.

"City Legends" is the title Will Carleton has given to his new book of collected verses. Most of the contents, if not all, have been published in various journals, and several have been widely copied. Carleton can scarcely be called a poet, but his verses all tell stories that the multitude like to hear, and there are many who will give this book a hearty welcome. The illustrations are many, and by such artists as Smedley, Gilbert Gaul, St. John Harper, and W. A. Rogers. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, $2.00.

In "The Boy Travelers in Mexico," Colonel Thomas W. Knox takes his two adventurous youths on a journey through Northern and Central Mexico, Campeachy, and Yucatan, skirting Central America from Vera Cruz to Progreso and further in Yucatan. It is unnecessary to recommend this volume to the thousands of young readers who have read Colonel Knox's earlier books in this city; and to others there is only space to say that the book brings the countries and the people up before the mind's eye, and points out the salient characteristics as only a trained traveler can do. Two maps are printed in the covers, and a great many cuts are scattered through the pages. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, $3.00.

Matrimony in Bohemia.

Probably the most charming of the series of Alphonse Daudet's books which a Paris publisher is bringing out in an unusually artistic style, and which are being reproduced with English text, is the latest, "Les Femmes d'Artistes." In the prologue, Daudet rehearses for us a conversation between an artist and a poet. The poet, a bachelor, expresses his envy of the artist in that the latter is so happily married, and declares his intention to go and do likewise. The artist, while admitting his own perfect happiness, strongly advocates celibacy for poets, painters, sculptors, musicians, and actors, and in support of his opinion furnishes the poet with a dozen tales of unhappy marriages between men of the artistic world and women in and out of it—an artist who has married a shallow, commonplace, vulgar, economical *bourgeoise;* a drawing-room poet with whom a foolish wife elopes, to the utter discomfiture of both; a dramatist who has married a beautiful Italian peasant, who later fills his home with Italian imprecations and the fumes of garlic; a tenor who marries the soprano he sings with, grows jealous of her popularity, and hires men to hiss her off the stage; a sculptor whose wife is jealous of his models and finally poses for him; a Bohemian household, where the artist works his fingers to the bone to keep his four pretty daughters in pretty dresses and yet can not marry them off—and so on through the gamut of these cases where men wedded to art commit a sort of bigamy by marrying into the cares which cement the foundations of a nation, but, if we would believe M. Daudet's artist, immure the artist in a living tomb. To praise these stories is superfluous to whoever knows Daudet's inimitable style, but a word should be said for the translation, which is in excellent English and yet preserves many of the beauties of the original. For the rest, the book is identical with the pretty French edition, in the beautiful reproductions of wash-drawings, the large type, heavy paper, etc. This book, by the way, like most of the others in the series, is made up of sketches which Daudet has been contributing to the papers for years past; the eighth tale, "Fragment of a Woman's Letter," was translated and printed in the *Argonaut* fully eight years ago, and one or two others have also appeared in these pages. Published by George Routledge & Sons, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.50.

Journalistic Chit-Chat.

With the first of the month, Mr. Maurice Thompson became associated editorially with the *Independent*.

Mr. Stead, of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, professes to regard with abhorrence the notion that a man should go into newspaper-work to make money.

The *Woman's Cycle* is the name of a new bi-monthly journal for women, edited by Mrs. J. C. Croly, better known as "Jennie June," and published in New York.

The Boston *Traveller*, after years of existence in the large folio form, has adopted the quarto, and with a new press and an entirely new outfit, takes its place with the modern newspapers.

Attracted, apparently, by the success of *Public Opinion*, Funk & Wagnalls announce the *Eclectic Bi-Weekly*, to consist of extracts from daily, weekly, monthly, and quarterly American, English, and continental publications.

Louisa M. Knapp, editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, is paid ten thousand dollars a year for conducting the paper under her charge, which is a publication not much over ten years of age, and has a circulation of over five hundred thousand.

Frederick Greenwood might have stood for Thackeray's Captain Shandon. He is an immutable Tory of rather uncertain financial ability. His literary vigor is undoubted. When Henry Yates Thompson obtained possession of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in 1880, Greenwood was the editor. Thompson insisted on making his paper liberal and radical. Greenwood promptly resigned and started the *St. James's Gazette*, in which he sunk three hundred thousand dollars of his friends' money.

The Transatlantic Publishing Company, of Boston, brings out this week the initial number of a new paper, called the *Transatlantic*. It will appear on the first and fifteenth of the month, and will be a large sixteen-page paper. It will be made up of extracts and translations from European literature, culled not only from the periodical press, but also from the newest books and pamphlets. The paper will have no policy of its own, but will aim to give a faithful picture of transatlantic life and thought.

The *English Illustrated Magazine* (Macmillan) begins a new volume with the October number, and is enlarged in size and printed from new type in a single broad column. The new editor is Kinloch Cooke, formerly Lord Dunraven's private secretary. There is a clause in the new manifesto which is of sinister omen. "In view of the growing demand for articles of a purely personal nature, the editor intends to introduce sketches from the lives of men and women whose position before the public fairly entitles them to rank as celebrities of the day." Hitherto the English magazines, whatever may have been their shortcomings, have been fairly free from this spreading taint of prying personality.

The final failure of the *Daily Graphic* of New York city, after nearly seventeen years of varying fortune, affords a striking illustration of the difficulty of establishing a metropolitan newspaper. The *Graphic* was started in 1873 with vary flattering prospects. As the only illustrated daily newspaper in the world it had a fertile field to itself, its patents on process work effectually excludiog all trespassers. Its proprietors had a ready-money capital of five hundred thousand dollars. They secured the services of capable and successful journalists. Yet the *Graphic* has never been able to establish itself upon a secure foundation. It passed into other hands and continued to lose; into still others, only to lose again. It has changed its politics and changed back again, all to no effect. It has had injected into its veins every species of life-elixir known to newspapers, but its decline has continued until at last it is dead and the sheriff is administering upon its estate. It is a sad story of loss and failure, and it may well serve as a warning to those who are rashly disposed to risk their money in like attempts. Establishing newspapers is like opening mines. For every bonanza there are hundreds of sink-holes into which money may be poured to any extent without the least chance of getting any of it out again.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Samuel Blatchford, the Pennsylvania justice, has a large piece of valuable silver to which is attached an odd story. He sent to England for it, and wishing his initials put on it, he wrote to that effect, giving his name and adding "C. O. D." This cash-on-delivery system is unknown in England, so to his dismay, the silver piece arrived with his initials and C. O. D. cut on it!

An English lady relates that on one occasion she had the privilege of an interview with the renowned Brigham Young, and, upon being presented to him, she said: "I was always very desirous to see you, Governor Young, and to make the personal acquaintance of one who has had such extraordinary influence over my own sex." To which the governor shortly replied: "You was, was you?"

Mr. Creighton Webb sustained the dying season at Lenox by his bright presence (says *Town Topics*). An incident, which would have given Du Maurier a subject for a sketch, occurred the other day at a musicale where Webb was present. His hostess begged him to play on the organ. "Oh, if you will allow me," he answered her, "I will play later on. I would enjoy it so much more when the guests have gone." "Oh, yes," she responded, absent-mindedly, "and so would they, I am sure."

"Don" Cameron told his father one day: "I'm going to put my man in as temporary as well as permanent chairman of the Republican State Convention to-morrow." "Don't do it," said Simon; "why not conciliate the other faction by letting their man go in as temporary chairman; it can't do you any harm, and when the time for real work comes your man will go in gracefully." Don refused to heed this sapient counsel, and vowed he would have both places. "All right," said the old gentleman, "have your own way, but if your man gets licked, don't you come to me for sympathy." Don persisted, and his candidate for permanent chairman did get badly licked. "Don," said his father that night, as they took a glass of wine together, "Don, when you die you'll be richer probably than I will, but you won't have half so big a funeral!"

It was an English justice of the high court to whom, in former days, was attributed the famous exordium of a charge to a jury in a case of larceny: "For forty centuries the thunders of Sinai have echoed through the world, Thou shalt not steal. This is also a principle of the common law and a rule of equity." When Swift and Pope made their celebrated excursion into the art of sinking in poetry, they never contrived any bathos more perfect or complete than this. Almost as delightful, though expressed without the same literary skill, is the sentence of a president of a court-martial: "Prisoner, not only have you committed murder, but you have run a bayonet through the breeches of one of her majesty's uniforms." Perhaps, however, the best of all such judicial utterances is that ascribed to a rural justice of the peace: "Prisoner, a bountiful Providence has endowed you with health and strength, instead of which you go about the country stealing hens."

An old soldier, gin-soaked and garrulous, was in the habit of frequently dropping into the sanctum of an editor and pestering him with stories about his old campaigns and battles. One day, he came just as the editor was in the bustle of "going to press," and with the generous but ill-timed desire of giving information for an article on modern warfare. He laid a map on the desk and proceeded to point out upon it the various positions in a battle in which he had taken part. "This," he said, pointing out, with the stump of a pencil, a certain part on the map, "is where the enemy were massed in front of us. "Here" (pointing to another place) "is where our division was drawn up in the square. We deployed in this direction, and our left wing was attacked by the enemy on this knoll. Just at this point I was wounded on the left shoulder, and two hundred yards further on, I got my right arm shattered by a piece of one of our own shells." "But," broke in the irritated and sarcastic editor, who was an unfortunate stammerer, "where d-d-did you get y-y-your b-b-brains bl-blown out?"

The native races along the southern coast of South America are described as professional wreckers and thieves. Their practices are thus mentioned by the author of "The Cruise of the *Falcon*." One sailor is sitting half-asleep on his sea-chest. A gancho comes up and taps him on the back. "Bueno, Johnny; bueno, Johnny." "If you are not off, I'll send a bullet into you," says Jack. "Bueno, Johnny; bueno; till to-morrow," and off skulks the gaucho to his horse, which he mounts. With a sardonic smile he takes off his hat to Jack, bids him farewell, and digging his spurs into the flanks of his wiry little horse, leans over his neck and is off at full gallop over the short grass of the sandy plains. At the first stride of the horse, to Jack's intense surprise, his box is wrenched violently from under him. He jumps up, rubs his eyes, and before he can recover his senses he sees his property rolling and bumping away over the sand-hills at the heels of the gaucho's steed; for this clever gentleman had managed to make one end of his lasso fast to the handle of Jack's box while engaged in conversation with him.

In the life of a Russian peasant there is a period anterior to all tunics, mantles, and even sheepskins, during which he lives a kind of mummy life. The author of "A Journey Due North" speaks thus of the peasant babyhood: The youngest children are always swaddled and rolled up tightly in bandages, so that they may be conveniently put away without risk of getting themselves into mischief or danger. I entered a peasant's house, and my first thought was that the Russian peasants had their idols and penates, with their heads carved out in a remarkably life-like manner, the bodies being left in block, rudely cut. One of these "idols" was lying on a shelf, another hung to the wall on a peg, and a third swung over one of the main beams of the roof. I looked curiously, and saw the eyes turn and the head move. "Why, that is a child!" I cried in astonishment. "What else should it be?" the mother asked. I went up to the little figure which hung from the wall and inspected it more closely. On a nearer view, I was impressed by the extreme untidiness of the little creature. I could not resist asking if the mother often washed these swaddled babies. "Washed!" almost shrieked the mother, "washed! what, *wash a baby?* You would kill it!"

An old railroad man told a Chicago *Herald* reporter recently of the time when he used to be conductor of a freight-train. It was his misfortune to have an abnormally lazy engineer, who would go to sleep on the slightest provocation. Whenever the train was side-tracked to wait the passage of an express-train, the engineer would lie down on his seat in the cab, prop his feet up against the boiler-head, and go fast asleep. He would remain that way until the noise of the flying express awoke him. Then he would yawn and prepare to pull out. The boys in the train-crew did not like this. "Why can't he stay awake and watch for signals as we do?" asked one of them one night, as the long train was on a siding waiting for the arrival of "No. 6." "Well, why don't you see that he keeps awake?" asked the old railroader, who was in charge of the train. "I will," said the brakeman. With the assistance of the other boys he firmly set the brakes along the train and then hung a red lantern from the roof of the engine-cab so that it was hanging in front of the window just in front of the slumbering engineer. These preparations made, he put his foot on the old-fashioned crank-whistle, and there came an awful shriek. The engineer jumped up and saw the red light. Confused for the moment, he thought he was about to run into the rear end of another train, so he reversed his engine and jumped into the ditch, nearly breaking his neck. Of course the engine did not move a peg. The boys were all back in the way-car by this time, and when the sleepy engineer recovered himself and limped out of the ditch he thought he must have been dreaming. However, he lost a year's growth and never went to sleep at his post after that. He was cured.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

Our citizens of San Francisco have been delighted and honored by a visit from Sir Edwin Arnold and his daughter, and we are quite confident that he carries away with him agreeable impressions.

The poet who has written such verse as "The Light of Asia," and who has demonstrated the versatile nature of his intellectual gifts by becoming the successful editor of the journal of largest circulation in the English language, must command a genius entitling him to the highest appreciation. To such a man and to the daughter inheriting, we hope, the taste and talents of the father and the love for the country, its institutions and its flag from her mother—now dead—who was of American birth, a trip across our continent must open up a field of observation both interesting and instructive. The visit of such men—with such opportunities as are afforded a writer in the London *Telegraph* for distributing information—is of as much importance as the visit of the Pan-American Congress now visiting our commercial cities and being entertained by our boards of trade. Sir Edwin Arnold has been a guest at Palo Alto; he has been entertained for an afternoon by the ladies of the Century Club in their elegant rooms on Sutter Street, near Van Ness; he has been entertained by the Bohemian Club, which gave the opportunity to many of our best citizens of personal presentation. Such sights as we have were exhibited to the visitor, and we unite with all in wishing them, father and daughter, a happy and successful voyage.

One of our most excellent fellow-citizens sends us a letter of criticism upon Sir Edwin Arnold, the censorious part of which we omit, not only because it is in bad taste toward our guest, but personally undeserved. We have a class of very excellent anglopbobists, who feel toward England and Englishmen as an acquaintance once expressed himself to us: "I feel like thrashing every 'bloody' Englisbman I meet." "And why don't you do it?" we inquired. "I have two good reasons: first, it would not be nice; and, second, it might not be safe." Of the communication we print the following:

When Sir Edwin Arnold said to his audience in Boston that he supposed the word "Upanisbad" was as strange to them as it was to Alexander of Macedon, wben he first penetrated the forests of India, he forgot that a greater than he, and whose shoe-latchet, as an Oriental scholar, he was not worthy to buckle, had died before he was horn, and that Sir William Jones's translations of Oriental literature have been available for every scholar for the past one bundred years. Has Sir Edwin ever beard of M. Anquetil du Perron, the Oriental scholar long since deceased; bas he read his translations of the "Upanishad," or "Oupnekhat," or "Ahridgment of the Veids"; does he remember this quotation: "The whole universe is the Creator, proceeds from the Creator, exists in Him, and returns to Him, the ignorant assert that the universe in the beginning did not exist in its Author, and that it was created out of nothing? Oh, ye, wbose bearts are pure, could something come out of nothing?" Another passage from the "Yagur Veid" says: "Thou art Brahma, Thou art Vishnu, Thou art Kodra, Thou art Prajapat, Thou art Deionta, Thou art air, Thou art Andri, Thou art the moon, Thou art substance, Thou art Djam, Thou art the earth, Thou art the world, O Lord of the World, to Thee bumble adoration, O Soul of tbe World, Thou who superintendest the actions of the world, who destroyest the world, who createst the pleasures of the world, O Life of the World, the visible and invisible worlds are the sport of Thy power, Thou art the sovereign, O Universal Soul, to Thee humble adoration, O Thou of all mysteries the most mysterious, O Thou who art exalted above all perception or imagination, Thou who hast neither beginning nor end, to Thee humble adoration." If he remembers, does be believe that the American student is so far helow himself in intelligence as never to bave drunk deep at this Pierian spring. Tbere are many intelligent Americans at this latter part of the nineteenth century who fully understand the "Monotheistic-Pantheism" of the Brahmins. The Unitarianism of New England is hased upon it. Sir Edwin comes too late to shake out bis "Robinson Crusoe sack" to the Harvard boys. Sir William Jones, M. Anquetil du Perron, Theodore Parker, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Thomas Starr King, William Cullen Bryant, and a host of other bright scholars have plowed and sown the field before him. A. C. D.

It will be remembered that it was the London *Telegraph* which, during our civil war, was one of the few among English journals having the courage to be the friend of the American Union, as Gladstone was not. In politics, the *Telegraph* is opposed to the home-rule of the Irish in Ireland.

While Sir Edwin Arnold was at the Palace Hotel, he met, unexpectedly, Mr. Lawson, one of the proprietors of the successful journal with which he is connected, "a gentleman who could draw his check for two millions of pounds sterling," a graduate of Cambridge, we believe. We narrate the incident for the purpose of drawing the moral between money and brains. Sir Edwin Arnold, poet and writer, is known, honored, welcomed by all. The graduate of one of England's most distinguished universities drops in upon us, and the entry upon the hotel-register is all tbat is known of his arrival or departure. And yet, all the same, we would prefer to have credit enough to write our check for two millions of pounds rather than to be the author of all the poetry that has ever been written about Asia. Money is so much more useful in this utilitarian age than brains. Perhaps, however, the moral is this: True happiness comes sweetest to the man of brains and courage, who has the luck to find a generous millionaire who has the sense to leave to the brainy slave his thorough independence.

In a few weeks' time the last of the boardings which, for twenty years past, have obscured the ducal palace at Venice from the eye of the curious will have been removed, and the famous old building will stand forth in all the glory of renewed youth and beauty. The restoration has been probably the most important work of the kind in recent times. It was found necessary in some parts to reconstruct the foundations, and even to extend the building so as to restore equilibrium.

A great deal of annoyance has been experienced by Americans visiting Ireland by the present prohibition against carrying arms in that country, and only the other day a Californian, quite unconscious that he had committed any offense, found himself hauled before a magistrate and fined five pounds sterling, beside forfeiting his revolver.

There is a growing demand in England for human-skin leather.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Interstate Commission.

For years the custom bas been at every session of the legislature of this State, to introduce bills relating to the management of railroads. It was proclaimed, as one of the advantages to be desired hy the adoption of the new constitution, in 1879, that the agitation would be removed hy tbe institution of the railroad commission. In measure this bas been the fact, since the installation of the present board of railroad commissioners, so far as the board itself is concerned. Still the agitation and captious criticism and comment is all the time put forth, as relates to the railroads of the State, together with the entire railroad system of the country, embracing roads with which California has little in connection. No system of railroads, or of anything of earth, is perfect, but there are managements with which fault-finding is more of inclination and habit than of just cause or reasonable pretense, and exception should he made in these cases. The legislature represents the popular sentiment, in the main, yet there are instances in which the action of the legislature is nearer sounding the prejudices of factions and demagogues than of voicing the demands of the public. Lobbies scheme and strive to control, regardless of the popular sentiment. Legislators are mortal, and among the many there is regularly a few who devote more attention to personal aggrandizement, in the desire for popularity, or in tbe greed for coin. In either case, corporate bodies are the objects aimed at, and as railroad corporations are most conspicuous, they are usually selected for the foray.

The establishment of State railroad commissions was wisely planned, bowever indifferently the object has been observed. The interposition hy Congress in the establisbment of an interstate commerce law is, in many respects, dissimilar, although the manifest intention was to make it an institution to subserve the interests of the people of tbe different States with reference to railroads wbicb traversed the continent or operated lines in more than one State. It transcends the principle of State rights and usurps the functions of the State by its expansion to control the railroads in all the States. By the authority claimed and exercised, the interstate commissioners ignore and neutralize, if they do not utterly disregard and nullify, the authority of the State commission. It is the wheel outside the State wheel which governs the movement of the latter, as though the State wheel was riveted to it, helpless as well as practically useless.

This interstate law to control the transportation of the continent, operates with distinctive hardship, and discriminates mainly against the States of the Pacific. It embraces the railroads of the coast with Eastern lines with which they bave no connection or community of interest, and imposes regulations which are onerous and unjust and depleting in effect. There is no greater fallacy in transportation than the sophistry of "the long and sbort haul," as the phrase is applied and the rule enforced. It is simply compelling the carrier to the demands of the occasional freighter to the injury of the regular shipper. The parallel would be in compelling the seller of a ton to the condition of the retailer of a pound in rates. If the government can do this, it can compel the wbolesale merchant to hreak packages and dole out the *quantum* the customer needs at the price the wholesaler huys. This would in turn hreak up the retail traffic, and the cry would come from that quarter. The wheel within the wheel would be drawn to the limit of exclusion, in local trade, of the retailer. Tbe law which can govern trade can likewise govern prices. The two are inseparable. Freight and the market are the regulators of prices.

The reading of the gross earnings and net profits of railroads is illusory and inaccurate. The real earnings are represented in the dividends. Thousands of share-holders are involved. They know nothing of the railroad proper; they are cognizant only of the stock-market report of the value of shares. Aged men, widows, guardians of estates and of children invest in them. A decline is a suffering; a hankruptcy is a calamity. Tbe officers of the insolvent road escape the disastrous consequences; but the share-holders have no relief, no resource. The senseless hand of the legal authorities hears upon all alike—the culpable and the innocent—and wreckage has no salvage for the stripped and poor.

The railroad situation is coming to this condition in the East. Roads are crumbling into bankruptcy. The Baltimore and Ohio road is an example. John Garrett made it an invaluable possession. It has dwindled to comparative insignificance—not in usefulness, hut in value. Jay Gould controls roads to bend them to bis system or to ruin them. He is not a pattern of the management of the railroads of California. His roads develop no new country. The railroads of California bave caused the arid lands of the San Joaquin to rival Spain and the Mediterranean in raisins, to advance Riverside to competition with Florida and Havana in oranges, to outdo Smyrna in figs, and to supply the wines which challenge those of France and Germany upon their native soil. The olives and olive-oil of Santa Barbara and Sonoma equal the best products of the Old World. Tbe prunes of California win the market against the choicest of France and Italy. The wheat of California ranks foremost in European markets. Railroads have opened the Dakotas, Minnesota, the entire West and North-West to the Atlantic traffic, to European markets. Railroads have redeemed the parched plains of California to the cultivation which commands the trade of China, of Japan, of Australasia, and the islands in staples, and is supplying the East and the Old World in luxuries.

Rightly to govern the roads is to facilitate their outreaching in connection with ocean commerce. To restrict them is to cripple them. The Interstate Commerce Law is as a Westinghouse air-brake, that imposes and hreaks hy its unwise management. It is an obstruction, mishandled by men appointed because they have been useful in elections, without consideration of their fitness. The sensible man does not go to a blacksmith to have his watch regulated or repaired; to the mender of shoes to mend irregularities in his plumhing. Yet upon this system the selections and appointments are made in public concernments. "He's a good fellow and should be rewarded," is the proposition. It goes; also does good performance of public duties. Civil service more aggravates than alleviates or reforms the condition. The formula is rotten with foul ripeness. As well propound the stale "What if an immovable body impinge upon an irresistible body?" or "Where is the blue man's helly?" More appropriate is the "You pays me the money and you then have your choice." The process is intricate, the examination depressing, the outcome preordained. It is a serio-comic ceremony, a will in wbich the little gods grind very slow and very small—to the output of their own sweet will—with the doors shut against investigation or reform of abuses.

The Interstate Commission is a fair sample of the lot. It is composed of men conspicuous for their lack of practical knowledge of the subject with which they are to deal. It is as appointing a man as coroner because he has been proved incompetent as a physician and surgeon. It is more congenial to pass upon the errors of another than to admit one's own blunders. The law instituting the commission is itself a blunder. The commission is an organization to travel free and report without responsibility. It sees and reports and draws the rich pay. Congress can do as it pleases with the reports, the people pay; they are entitled to something—anything—for the consideration. They yet report.

The commission abstains from stating facts. It does not tell that in the New England States alone there bas been a shrinkage in the last year of millions of dollars in railroad valuation—of nearly one hundred millions in the United States. It omits from mention that in the United States tbe average charge for passengers, per mile, is less than it is in England or in France, wbere labor, coal, and operating expenses are much lower. The commission does not, apparently, take into account that in England the charge on freight is more than double the charge on American railroads—more than two cents per mile, while it is less than one cent on American roads. These are important figures and facts; but the commission ignores or rejects them. It reports.

The Interstate Commerce Commission, one would think, should comprise in its membership the entire United States by geographical sections. Since the settlement of Oregon, and the acquisition of California, surely this farthest West has pushed its way to conspicuity of worth and rank adequate to the entitlement of fair notice by the government at Washington. No Cabinet Minister has been accorded—except during Grant's administration—to these Pacific States, nor even so much—or so little—as a member of the Interstate Commission. Yet the construction of the first overland railroad was the development of the enterprise and grit of four citizens of California. Since their accomplishment, other transcontinental roads have been built; but the powers that be in the administration of this vast country appear to be unaware of any other than the region east of the Rocky Mountains in national assent, and the Interstate Commission is therefore a machine of East side-ism, incapable of considering the conditions of this sublime West.

Some of these days a President will come from this neglected West, he will be as an advent in the administration of national affairs. He will bave to his immediate support as many States as comprise New England, with a territory as vast as all the States of the Atlantic. Railroads have been material in the making of tbese States. Railroads are to-day their means of settlement. The ox-team and the emigrant-wagon are no longer in vogue. Get aboard the train and make the trip in fewer days than were fatiguingly spent in months—is the prescription and the method. These States are growing to surpass the older commonwealths in production and in intrinsic wealth. The old men of the country will stay with the older portion; the young men of ambition and enterprise will pursue tbe star of empire westward. The Pacific is the Ultima Thule of the adventurous American. Here he seeks fortune and plants his destiny. The railroad enables his way as it opens the country for settlement. The wilderness hecomes populated; the immigrant succeeds to riches. Territories emerge to Statehood, as the hoy grows to manhood, and the whoop of the Indian is changed to the acclaim of citizens, rejoicing that the wilderness of their adoption has been made a State of the incomparable Union. The country grows and the railroads expand their lines. Still the government, which applies rules to all and governs all, is conducted on a plan which ignores this grander grafting of the Farther West upon the trunk of the older plant of the republic, and appoints all its commissioners from the East. No place in the Cabinet, no place on the Interstate Commerce Commission, no place on the Indian Commission—yet with more than three-fourths of the Indians—no place on any of the important hureaus of the government—is the situation as things go at Washington. One of these days we will bave a President from the Pacific Coast, then there will be a change. All portions, every portion, of the United States will then have consideration and recognition. The railroads which hring the emigrants to populate this coast, and transport the product of the varied industries of the Pacific States, will not he hampered by an Eastern commission, or suffer from the rulings of men who bave had no experience beyond a county line. Interstate commerce will not be interpreted to mean counter-State traffic, nor will the absurdity and injustice of the short haul and the long haul afflict communities and he imposed upon railroads. As well might the law impose upon the farmer the selling of his produce hy retail at wbolesale price, or compel the merchant to sell a yard or a quart at the strict proportionate price of a holt or a harrel. Tbe commission is simply a costly board of obstruction and inutility. It unhinges the State Railroad Commission and disturbs State lines of transportation. If it is of any good, the fact is not discerned. As a free-excursioning arrangement, it has the merit of facility; as a junketing opportunity, it bas no superior; but in every aspect of benefit and utility it is without the essence of good or merit. A commission to snuff the nose of the man in the moon would be about as utilitarian and not any more expensive. It is time the costly nonsense should cease. The country and the railroads will do hetter without it.

San Francisco, October 14, 1889.

A Slander on the British Drinker.

Editors Argonaut: Your correspondent, "Cockaigne," in his last ill-natured effusion about Englishmen and their habits and customs shows himself not very well informed upon the matter he deals with. In his enumeration of the drinks indulged in hy Englishmen, he omits all mention of whisky and Apollinaris, champagne and seltzer, gin and ginger-beer, wbisky and zoedone, sherry-cobbler, cider-cup, sparkling Burgundy, gin-sling, and many others.

Egg-nog is quite a common drink in winter, hut is called hy a slightly different name—"egg-flip." Rum-punch, whisky-punch, brandy-punch, port-negus, mulled-ale, and mulled-claret, drunk hot, are also not at all uncommon; so that it will be seen that the Englishman is hy no means confined in his choice to the small number of drinks enumerated by your correspondent.

I have a hook of recipes for the compounding of various drinks, upon which I am now unable to put my hand, hut several scores of drinks must be mentioned in it. Those I have enumerated are merely the few that happened to rise to my memory as I read your correspondent's letter. It must he remembered that gentlemen in England do not, except occasionally, drink at public bars or in saloons, and consequently the meagre number of drinks ohtainable, or commonly called for, at such places is not to be taken as an evidence that no other drinks are known. Yours faithfully, Arthur Inkersley.

San Francisco, October 7, 1889.

John Bidwell, of Butte.

Editors Argonaut: I have read the letter in favor of General Bidwell for governor in the last *Argonaut*, and indorse every word of it. What the writer says of the outrageous taxes levied this year in California is entirely true. Why, Salt Lake is a better governed city than San Francisco; its streets are kept cleaner and its pavements are in better order. Yet the total taxes on Salt Lake property are hut *one-half of one per cent.*, against nearly two-per-cent. taxation in this city. How long, O Lord, how long are we going to suhmit to be robbed by thieves in the legislature and in the city government of San Francisco? With such a man as Bidwell, himself a very large tax-payer, all public money filching jobs would be stopped and all wasteful extravagance cease.

San Francisco, October 13, 1889. Sentinel.

General Bidwett for Governor.

Editors Argonaut: I have read the communication in your paper of last week, advocating General John Bidwell, of Chico, for governor, I heartily indorse it. General Bidwell was the first white boy who ever crossed the Sierras into California. He was here five years before Fremont came. The great emigration to this State began in 1849, but John Bidwell came in 1841. He laid foundations bere before any other American. The Native Sons of the Golden West, now numbering nearly twenty thousand, are proud of such a pioneer as Bidwell, and they will vote for bim if they are given the opportunity. A Native.

San Francisco, October 15, 1889.

The Chicago *Herald* says: "A certain society young woman of Washington is gossiped about in an unpleasant manner. She is the daughter of a prominent official, has borne an excellent reputation, and is beautiful, but she bas become possessed of an ambition to shine as an erotic novelist. She has studied Amélie Rives carefully, and has devoted some little time to Miss Abi Jackman, who denuded her brain hefore the public in such an unblushing manner. She had her work almost completed, and if it had ever reached book-form the covers would have fairly quivered with passion. She did not pause at the limit—she stepped completely over it. The work was complete and it was read by a puhlisher, wbo agreed to spring the sensation on the public. But the young woman's parents hegan an investigation just in time to save her, temporarily at least, from a very unenviable notoriety. Her father could not he persuaded that all the time she spent in her room was devoted to social correspondence and her toilet. Finally he found out the truth, and there never was a more surprised parent than be. The book was suppressed in its incipiency, and the young lady is in a fair way to receive the benefit of a protracted European tour under rigid chaperonage."

The death of the Dowager Lady Holland, it is feared, will hring into the market Holland House, now almost in the heart of London, for nearly a hundred years the seat of elegant hospitality and the resort of wits and men of letters. A suggestion has been made that it be converted into a historical museum. It is reported, however, that Lord Ilchester, to whom this famous mansion, with its spacious grounds, covering nearly eighty acres, now belongs, has no intention of selling.

One of the visitors to the Eiffel Tower has expressed, in the Paris *Figaro*, his sense of its height. "I would throw myself down from the top," he writes, "but that I am afraid of dying from hunger before I reach the hottom."

In the recent autumn manœuvres in Germany the fortifying of an intrenched position with harbed-wire fencing was found very efficacious.

SOCIETY.

Base-Ball.

Our leading society ladies are taking much interest in the forthcoming match game of base-ball which will be played at two o'clock next Friday afternoon at the Haight Street grounds, between the picked nines from the Pacific-Union Club and the Bohemian Club. Some ladies are organizing parties, and one in particular intends to chaperon a party of her friends. They will wear the colors of the club they prefer, red for Bohemia and blue for the Pacific-Unions. The personnel of the two nines will not be known exactly for several days, but as near as can be ascertained the clubs will be represented by eight of the following gentlemen:

PACIFIC-UNION CLUB.

Mr. Fred Webster,	Mr. William Thomas,
Mr. W. J. Byrne,	Mr. James A. Robinson,
Mr. W. B. Bourne,	Mr. John Hays Hammond,
Mr. John Allen,	Mr. Fred W. Zeile,
Mr. Charles Eels,	Mr. H. I. Willey.

BOHEMIAN CLUB.

Mr. A. H. Small,	Mr. Osgood Hooker,
Mr. E. B. Pomroy,	Lieut. J. A. Towers, U. S. A.
Mr. George A. Story,	...Washington Berry.
Mr. Elmer de Pue,	...ert Hooker,
Mr. R. J. Woods,	...I. Noble.

The price of admission has ... ced at one dollar per capita, and from the advance sale ... there is no doubt but that the charities to be benefitted w... each receive a substantial addition to their funds. The beneficiaries are the Ladies' Protection and Relief Society, the Boys' and Girls' Aid Society, and the Fruit and Flower Mission. The Pacific-Unions will appear in regulation suits of white cloth trimmed with blue, and the Bohemians will be attired likewise with red trimmings. Mr. J. J. Mone has contributed the use of the grounds, and through the courtesy of the California Base-Ball League, Sheridan will umpire the contest, while Swett will act as catcher for the Pacific-Union nine and Stallings for the Bohemian nine. Mr. J. M. Quay is attending to the business arrangements of the former club and Mr. Albert ...rberding is similarly engaged for the latter club.

A Fête Champetre.

The handsomely arranged grounds surrounding "Meadlands," the San Rafael residence of Mrs. M. H. de ...ung, were the scene of a delightful fête champetre on Saturday afternoon, October 12th, when a garden-party and concert were given there in aid of the new College San Rafael, which is managed by the Sisters of St. Dominic. The place was made extremely picturesque through the aid of gayly colored pennants, fluttering from long bamboo standards, and numerous attractive booths, where refreshments were served and the Goddess of Fortune invoked in various ways, all being under the charge of a number of charming young ladies. Both financially and socially the affair was a success, as the attendance was large and about one thousand dollars was realized. The large tennis-court was used to accommodate those who listened to the concert, which was the chief attraction of the affair. The participants were: Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Rosewald, Mrs. Seminario, Miss Mary E. ...nard, Miss May B. Thorne, Miss Gertrude Frost, Mr. ...bert Sesnon, and Mr. Clarke W. Reynolds. The programme was admirably presented and highly enjoyed.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Miss Gertrude Wores has returned from a visit to her ...her, Mr. Charles Wores, at Tucson, A. T.

Mrs. Alvinza Hayward and Mrs. A. W. Rose have gone ...t, and will be away a couple of months.

Senator Leland Stanford, Mr. A. N. Towne, and Mr. ...liam H. Mills have returned from their trip to Ogden.

Colonel C. Fred Crocker, Mr. Russell J. Wilson, Mr. ...n J. Coleman, and Mr. J. B. Wright are expected to ...e in Paris on Monday.

Mr. and ... Louis F. Monteagle have been at the Fifth Avenue H... in New York city during the past fortnight.

Mrs. Th... Fair, M... Fair, Miss Birdie Fair, and ...s Belle Smith are ... the Hoffman House in New York ...

... and Mrs. Percival W. Selby will soon close their home ...enlo Park to occupy the former residence of Mr. Will... Coleman on Taylor Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins have returned from their ...ten ... European trip, and will remain at Menlo Park ...t of the winter.

... Eastland have leased the resi... Mrs. Theodore Payne, on Sutter Street, ...

... F. Low and Miss Flora Low departed ...day.

Mr. C... ...admann went to New York last Sunday ...

... H. Pratt and Mr. and Mrs. Samuel ... ...oying the autumnal beauties of the Yose... the past week.

Mr. H... Kohler left the city last Tuesday on the ... for Guatemala, and will pass the next six ... in other cities of Central America.

... Herbert W. Yemans who have been living ... the past two years, have returned to this ... permanently with Mr. and Mrs. D. J. ...

Mrs. ... Jones will go to Washington, D. C., about ... and will be accompanied by Miss Marguerite ... has been passing the entire summer at Santa ...nica. ... remain East about two months.

Mrs ... ...on and her son, Mr. Joseph A. Sheldon, ... last ... to New York city to visit relatives for ... months.

Mrs. ... Newhall and Mr. George A. Newhall will re... from ... Honolulu in about three weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Page are occupying their residence ...reet, after passing the summer at San Rafael.

Mrs. ...er Decker and Miss Alice Decker will return to ... in, after an extended tour of Europe and the East.

... ...son A. Miles is entertaining Miss Baldwin, an ...end.

... Mrs. J. Thomas Boyson, who have been residing ... during the summer, will return to the Palace ... in ...ber.

Mr. ... M. Masten have returned to their ... after ... brief Eastern trip.

...ggie Kitt... is expected back from the East soon.

... B. Haggin and Miss Rita Haggin have returned ... after a sojourn at Auburn. Miss Haggin is greatly ... in health.

Mr. and Mrs. George ... Bradley will pass the winter at Hotel Pleasanton.

The Misses Pierce, of Santa Clara, have been passing the ... at the Palace Hotel. They propose leaving here in ...ember to go to New York for the winter season.

Miss Jessie Newlands has been paying a visit to Mrs. ...cis G. Newlands at her home in Carson City.

Senator and Mrs. William M. Stewart, who have been ...ng a week in Virginia, Nev., have returned.

Major and Mrs. B. C. Truman have arrived in New York ... their European trip.

Mrs. Lucy Arnold, of Sacramento, who has been residing ...Washington, D. C., for some time, is now in New York ... where she is quite ill.

Mrs. Frank M. Pixley and her niece, Miss Morrisson, have ...ned to the city, and will receive on the second and fourth ...ays of each month, from November until May.

Mr. Harry Babcock is in New York city.

Mrs. John F. Miller and Mrs. Richardson Clover are ex...ed here soon from Washington, D. C. Lieutenant ...er has been ordered to Nicaragua.

Mrs. A. A. Porter departed for Fort Huachuca, A. T., ... in the week.

Mrs. A. A. Nickerson and the Misses Maud and Myra ...erson are comfortably domiciled in Dresden for the win... and will return home next spring. The young ladies are ...ng admirable progress in their studies.

Mr. William Corbitt and the Misses Laura and Minnie ...itt will close their home at San Mateo on November 1st, ... the intention of residing at the Palace Hotel during the ...er season.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall, who have been at San ...el since the commencement of summer, have returned ...eir residence on Post Street.

Mrs. A. M. Parrott is expected in Paris in a few days, and soon after her arrival there she will acco... Mr. and Mrs. John Parrott to Berlin.

Miss Stella Sears intends to leave for the ... soon to remain until spring.

Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Cook and Miss Eva Taa... ...ave for the East on Sunday, and will be away se... ...ths. Their residence on Hyde Street will be occupied ... ...eir absence by Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Jewett.

Mr. Lloyd Tevis is expected back from the East ...nday.

Miss Ernestine Giffard will leave in a few days to ... friends at Fort Huachuca, A. T., for a couple of months.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase will go to Guatemala on November 15th, to visit Hon. and Mrs. Lansing Mizner.

Mr. Walter S. Newhall has been paying a visit to Los Angeles and other southern points.

Miss Julia Shafter has been enjoying a visit to Mrs. Brainard at Petaluma.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Howard, *née* Schmiedell, intend passing the winter at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. John Skae and Miss Alice Skae, who have been passing several months at Eastern watering-places, are expected here soon to remain during the winter.

Mrs. O. C. Pratt, Miss Lillie Jones, and Mr. O. C. Pratt, Jr., have returned to the city after a prolonged and enjoyable Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Delmas, Miss Delmas, and Miss Sybil Tyler will close their villa at Mountain View soon, and intend remaining at the Palace Hotel throughout the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller have returned to their home in Oakland after an enjoyable European tour.

Mrs. J. A. Fillmore is visiting friends in New Jersey, where her daughter is at school.

Notes and Gossip.

A delightful lunch-party was given by Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson at her residence on Pine Street, on Saturday, October 12th, in honor of the Countess of Shrewsbury and the Countess of Selkirk. The table was prettily decorated with chrysanthemums of pink and corresponding tones. Several ladies were invited to meet the special guests of the day, and the hours were very agreeably passed.

The officers at the Presidio gave their first hop of the season there on Saturday evening, October 12th. The regimental band provided the music for dancing, which was enjoyed in the hop-room until midnight, light refreshments being served during the evening.

The lady managers of the Woman's Exchange are working with a will to make the grand ball at the Palace Hotel an unqualified success, and no obstacles have as yet been placed in their way. Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, the president reports a most encouraging sale of tickets, while Mrs. Henry Schmiedell, Mrs. Winsor L. Brown, and Mr. Henry Heyman, the ball committee, find their arduous labors progressing to their entire satisfaction. Miss Mary D. Bates will have charge of the decorations, and promises to make the parlors and corridors things of exceeding beauty. As the ball will take place soon—on Tuesday evening, October 29th, it is advisable to purchase tickets early before the supply is exhausted. The price of admission, including supper, has been placed at five dollars. A list of the managers and assisting gentlemen friends who have tickets for the ball will be found in another column. Their addresses may be obtained from the cashier of the Exchange.

The German Club will give its first cotillion of this season in December instead of November, as was previously announced. The membership roll is filling up rapidly.

Mrs. E. C. Atkinson recently gave two enjoyable high teas at her residence in Sacramento. She was assisted by Miss Gertrude Gates, of San Francisco, and Miss Eva Griffitts, and Miss Mamie Deming, of Sacramento. The spacious parlors, hall, and verandah were beautifully decorated with La France roses, pink cosmea, smilax, and sweet clematis. Delicious refreshments were served to about one hundred and fifty guests.

The committee of the United States Senate on subsidized railroads arrived here from the East last Wednesday and located at the Palace Hotel. The party comprises: Senator and Mrs. William P. Frye, Senator Charles B. Reade, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Briggs, and Mr Woodbury Pulsifer, of Maine, Senator H. L. Dawes and Miss Dawes, of Massachusetts, Senator and Mrs. C. K. Davis, of Minnesota, Senator George Hearst, of California, Senator David Turpie, of Indiana, and Senator John T. Morgan, of Alabama. They were hospitably entertained by Senator and Mrs. Leland Stanford last Thursday evening at their residence on California Street, and at Palo Alto on Friday. They intend passing Saturday, Sunday, and Monday at Monterey.

The Oakland Cotillion Club will give four germans this season at Simmon's Hall on the following dates: November 8th, and December 13, 1889, January 3d, and February 7, 1890.

Army and Navy News.

Lieutenant Samuel D. Sturgis, Jr., First Artillery, U. S. A., is enjoying a month's leave of absence.

Captain Robert G. Armstrong, First Infantry, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Eli A Helmich, Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., have each been granted a leave of absence for two months.

Lieutenant George W. Kirkham, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Sidney A. Cloman, U. S A., have been assigned to duty at Angel Island, and Lieutenant John P. Harris, U. S. A., and Lieutenant William G. Haan, U. S. A., to the Presidio They are all of the First Infantry and were recently detailed from West Point.

Lieutenant A E. Culver, U. S. N., formerly of the *Vandalia*, has gone East.

Lieutenant L. P. Brant, U. S. A., returned from Fort Gaston, last Thursday.

Lieutenant H. B. West, U. S. N., of the *Richard Rush*, returned from Alaska last Monday, and is at the Occidental Hotel.

ART NOTES.

Keith sent twenty-six water-colors to Oregon a week ago, and is now engaged on a portrait of the late Judge Campbell. He has completed two companion pictures, typical of California scenery, for an order, one of Mt. Shasta and the other of the Yosemite Falls. On the easels are also seen three pretty landscapes taken in Napa County.

Straus recently completed a battle-scene for an Eastern army officer, and a scene in the Louisiana swamps for a Chicago order. His latest work shows a hare hanging from the branch of a tree, and he has some fruit-pieces just finished. He has fully recovered from the effects of the severe accident he met with.

Hill will return soon from the Yosemite Valley and Wawona. He recently sold a couple of pictures at Wawona at good prices.

Miss Alice B. Chittenden is doing some portrait-work in crayons.

Miss Eva Withrow is engaged upon a new portrait.

Oscar Kunath sold his picture, "California," which he exhibited at the State Fair at Sacramento.

E. Narjot has returned from a pleasant visit to Los Angeles and other southern points, and brought back a large number of sketches. He has completed a portrait of his little grandchild.

Charles R. Peters, who returned from Paris several weeks ago, is occupying his new studio in the Donahue Building on Montgomery Street. He is arranging his European sketches, and will commence work within a short time on some local subjects. He brought back with him many quaint articles of bric-à-brac and some interesting copies of the works of noted European artists.

Much to his gratification, S. M. Brookes has been allowed to retain his old studio on Clay Street, where he has been located for the past twenty years. He is engaged upon portraits of himself and his wife as presents to his children.

There are now seventy pupils at the Academy of Design under the tutelage of R. D. Yelland and A. Joullin. The winter exhibition will be held in the first week of December.

Mrs. Virgil Williams, who is visiting friends in Santa Rosa, will return, about November 1st, to Boston, where she has a studio.

The Art Students' League now has thirty members and is progressing well. The life class especially is doing good work.

Fred Yates is expected back here in January for a short visit, but it is highly probable that New York city will be his future home.

Carlsen and Matthews are having Wores's old studio, at 728 Montgomery Street, fitted up handsomely and changed into two ateliers for their use. They are both kept busy at the Art League and with some canvases that they have just laid in.

A. C. Rodriguez is engaged upon a number of decorative sketches.

W. A. Coulter is painting a new marine, and devotes considerable time to his class in Stockton.

CCXLIX—Bill of Fare for six persons—Sunday, October 20, 1889.

Cream of Celery Soup.
Cantaloupe.
Fried Clams. Cold Slaw.
Beef-steak. Fried Potatoes.
Lima Beans. Egg Plant.
Roast Mallard Ducks. Current Jelly and Lemon Sauce.
Lettuce. Egg Dressing.
Ice-cream. Strawberries.
Cream Biscuits in Cases.
Fruits.

CREAM BISCUITS IN CASES.—Six ounces of sugar, two ounces of flour, vanilla flavoring, a grain of salt, a gill of double-whipped cream. Work the yolks, sugar, salt, and the flavoring, in a basin, into a thick batter, then add the whipped whites, the cream, and the flour simultaneously, mixing lightly together at the same time. Use this to fill small paper cases, dredge some fine sugar over the tops, and a few minutes after the sugar begins to melt, put into a moderately heated oven, bake fifteen minutes and serve hot.

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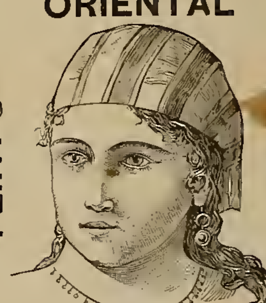

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A CANNY MISSIONARY.

How a Clergyman cleaned out a Roulette Game.

We had had ten days on the Indian Ocean. It was warm there, for it was the month of August; but it was a joke to what we experienced during the week in the Red Sea which followed. The one enjoyable hour of the twenty-four was at five A. M., when my fellow-passenger Brown, the captain, and myself went forward in our pyjama suits, and one after another enjoyed a refreshing douche of nominally cold sea-water (it was about seventy Fahrenheit) from the donkey-engine. Brown was a missionary, but he was not a bad fellow, for all that. Although our friend Brown was a missionary, it must not be supposed that he had not an eye to the main chance; he had the additional advantage of being a Scotchman; from this it may be conceived that he would be bad to tackle from a business point of view. As to the captain, he was a particularly good fellow. I do not think I should have cared to serve under him, for Captain Hare was a tremendous disciplinarian. I never heard him utter a word, save to give an order, to any of his officers. They would come to him at the conclusion of each watch, when the following apparently idiotic conversation would take place:

"It's eight bells, sir."

"Very well, Mr. Smith," or whatever the officer's name might be, "then make it so."

And then the officer would touch his hat to the captain, and I suppose he did make it so; though how he made it so, or what he did when he made it so, or why he made it so, or what *it* was that he made so, have to this day remained to me a mystery. From this it will be seen that I am not a nautical man.

The great function of the day was the heaving of the log, and we used to watch this ceremony with a simulated interest. We petted the captain's tame gazelle, who would rub his velvet muzzle against us, and gaze up at us with his beautiful eyes in search of eleemosynary biscuit, and we were very attentive to "Grimes." "Grimes" was a creature apart; a weird being of strange and unearthly appearance, who pervaded the vessel. The fact was that "Grimes" was a rare species of lemur, which had been caught in Madagascar and presented to the captain. "Grimes" was unique. Gray lemurs, black lemurs, lemurs little and big, are common pets on the coast of the Red Sea, at Zanzibar, and in Aden and Suez. But "Grimes" was no common lemur; his head, legs, and arms were the color of a sheep, but his chest, back, and shoulders were a rich purple; he presented the appearance of something between a baby, a monkey, and a young bear clad in velvet, with a very tightly fitting purple Cardigan jacket. The animal's fur was rather longer than that of a mole, but still more fine and soft. He was the size of a very new baby, and his face was that of the old man of the sea. His eyes were a bright yellow and sparkled like cairngorms. The eyes were very intolerant of light—the animal slept the greater part of the day, and when awake, he blinked like an owl; but at night his activity was preternatural, far exceeding that of the monkey. He would cling to the captain, emitting gentle moans of affection, and staring round in an affrighted manner with his yellow eyes. He was the picture of helplessness as he hung to the captain's neck with one or both arms, occasionally extending a very human-looking hand for a fruit or a biscuit. "Grimes," who weighed some thirteen pounds, when loose was a different animal. He would think nothing of a thirty-foot jump, and he was rightly called a "lemur," for his movements were decidedly uncanny and goblin-like; in fact, he really did resemble a disembodied spirit. He would fly about in the rigging and run along the ropes upon his hind legs; dropping from great heights on to the deck, lightly and noiselessly, as if perfectly imponderous. He flitted about in the air in a bogey-like manner, but always returned to the affectionate shelter of the captain's arms. The creature was wonderfully loving and gentle, but possessed a tremendous set of sharp, white teeth which inspired respect. And so we passed our days and the long hot nights, and were very glad indeed when we blew off steam for a twenty-four hours' halt at Suez.

Suez—excuse me—is a beastly hole. I am not fond of strong language, but no other words thoroughly express my impression of Suez. It has a strong and unpleasant smack of the worst parts of the Levant. It is not a penal settlement, and so I suppose the inhabitants must make a good thing of it; for otherwise no man in his senses would live in a hot and howling desert, having nothing to eat but biscuit and tinned provisions and nothing to drink but bad brandy and tepid salt-water. As for the population, it is cosmopolitan. Though widely differing in appearance, dress, and language, one single phrase will generally define the inhabitants of Suez—they are the scum of the earth. We all remember Dickens's wonderful description of the people at the East End, who were all employed in "waiting for Jack." This is apparently the occupation of the inhabitants of Suez, that modern City of the Plains. They seem to mouch about in a semi-fuddled manner, the shops and stores not even being thrown open. The whole place seemed half-asleep, and there was certainly nothing to see.

We went into the great Café of the Two Emperors, and, with the exception of a couple of Rock Scorpions—who breakfasted there, and afterward quarreled as to who should pay for the breakfasts—we were the only guests. "Well, gentlemen," said Captain Hare, triumphantly, "you insisted on coming ashore, and now I hope you're satisfied. I tell you the people here are all the same. They live upon the passengers of the big mail-steamers; they succeed in robbing them in some way or other, and then they get drunk and sleep until the arrival of the next batch of victims. Why, you wouldn't know this place at night; but the *Arbaces* is expected here this evening, and then if you want to see Pandemonium broke loose, you can come and see it here."

I called the waiter and paid him four francs for the syphon of atrocious lemonade which we had consumed.

Now, if there is a class of men who delight in the study of bad society, it is clergymen; and to missionaries particularly the wicked are dear as the apples of their eyes.

"Yee'll see no objection to our coming ashore this evening, Captain Hare? It will probably be an experience which ought not to be missed."

I chimed in with the Rev. Archibald Brown; for seventeen days of the Indian Ocean and the Red Sea had made me long for dissipation and high jinks of some sort, and anything was preferable to the eternal dummy-whist on deck till two A. M.

"You'll have to 'flutter,' parson," remarked the captain, "if you come ashore." (For all objectionable Suez, and their still more objectionable wives, show up here for the express purpose of "fluttering.")

"Do you mean that I shall be compelled to dance, Captain Hare?"

"No, you won't have to dance, unless you like; but you'll have to gamble."

"Rather than miss a unique experience I'm even prepared to do that," replied the missionary; "there's no crime in it if one is determined not to win and one is only present professionally."

"You need have no scruples on the subject of winning; nobody has ever been known to do that be[illegible]. They cheat quite openly, and if anything is left wh[illegible] you are going aboard, the interesting aborigin[illegible] their knobsticks are quite ready to murde[illegible] for it."

[illegible] aboard again and got through the afternoon as [illegible] we could. While we were at dinner, the great P. and O. steamer (the *Arbaces*) dropped her anchor close alongside. We sat and smoked, and at nine, Captain Hare's neat gig, manned by its six smart, red-shirted Lascars, took us across the fifty yards of muddy water which lay between us and the adjacent wharf. The captain, the missionary, and I walked over to the Café of the Two Emperors, which was not five hundred yards off. Captain Hare was quite right when he said that they woke up in Suez on the arrival of a mail steamer. The whole place was brilliantly illuminated by a profusion of strongly smelling paraffine lamps, the Café of the Two Emperors was crowded with Turks, Jews, infidels, and heretics. Upon the stage sat six elderly Teutonic sirens—all fat, all fair, each supplied with a large glass of beer, and each playing a different musical instrument, and, I verily believe, a different tune. One woman banged a drum, another played upon the violoncello, two others made night hideous with their efforts on the cornet and trombone, while one exhibited her skill and a pair of elephantine arms upon the harp. The principal performer, a Venus of forty summers, played upon the banjo and sang questionable French songs, with a broad German accent. These six ogresses smiled as one woman, and the noise they made was something tremendous. Dancing was kept up in a large adjacent room with great vigor; and the rank, beauty, and fashion of Suez, resplendent in sham jewelry and gay in gaudy silks, the shiniest of shiny boots, and the tallest of tall hats, kept the ball a-rolling. Arab peddlers, in gorgeous costumes, attempted to hawk gems and jewelry at impossibly cheap prices; there were curio-men, sweetmeat-men, and a gentleman who ate fire for a consideration. Refreshments were at a premium, and the proprietor was evidently doing a roaring trade in champagne of unknown and mysterious brands.

But all this was merely subsidiary to the real business of the evening, which was evidently gambling. There was a big faro-table in one corner; a large crowd surrounded the roulette-table; baccarat was in full swing; while a professional, in gorgeous attire, seated at a little marble table, was ready to accommodate all comers at the three-card trick. The Anglo-Indian and his wife, military men and civilians, were having their first fling of pleasure on their way home. Young Mr. Griffin and Captains Punter and Deuce-ace were enjoying themselves.

"I wouldn't have missed this on any account," said Mr. Brown, with enthusiasm; "as soon as I arrive, I shall point out to my society that there is a vast sphere of labor awaiting it here."

"Are you thinking of applying for the billet, then?" said the captain, as he rattled his rupees nervously.

We were standing at the back of the crowd which surrounded the roulette-table. Before we had quite made up our minds whether we should play or not, the obliging habitués had made way for us, and Captain Hare and I began to plank our money down manfully. I was cleaned out in about twenty minutes. Captain Hare held out for half an hour. We had each lost our fifty rupees, and we felt we had done enough for honor. I think we should have gone on, had we been provided with more capital. Then we both tried to borrow from the Rev. Archibald Brown; but the good man refused to encourage us in our iniquity.

"I've got only ten rupees with me," said he; "I'll lose that, and then I'll come away."

Then he began to play—at first very timidly—a rupee at a time.

The table won steadily; but so did the Rev. Archibald Brown. He did not look a bit like a clergyman in his white-linen suit and sola topee. His usually benevolent features were disfigured by a sardonic smile, and he won every time. I looked at Captain Hare, and the captain winked at me.

"You must have made a good thing of it, Brown," he said; "hadn't we better be making tracks, before you lose it all again?"

"Man," said the parson, "I don't like to go away a winner; it would not be seemly."

The Rev. Archibald Brown went on staking with the regularity of clock-work. He now put down ten rupees at a time, sometimes considerably more; but he invariably won, with a few exceptions when the zeros turned up, and of course the bank cleared the table. It was a rather monotonous thing to the captain and myself to look on at our clerical friend's good fortune without participating in it. Again we tried to borrow a few rupees of him, but he reproved us.

"It would but be encouraging iniquity," he replied, "and you'll disturb my calculations."

Time ran on, and we three began to attract the attention of the entire company. As I have said, the Rev. Archibald Brown seldom or never lost. So heavy had been his winnings that the rupees in his pockets absolutely chinked as he stretched forward to put down his stakes. I began to understand why he looked upon Suez as a suitable field for missionary enterprise. How much he would have won if he had gone on I can not tell; but just then the steam-whistle of the *Arbaces* began to give out a series of agonizing shrieks.

"She'll be off in half an hour," remarked Captain Hare; "we'd better get back with the crowd while we can do it in safety; for the place is horribly dangerous at night, and you've quite enough specie on you, parson, to make it worth some ruffian's while to knock you on the head."

We left the place and returned to the wharf with the numerous passengers of the *Arbaces*, reached our boat without adventure, and got on board in safety.

As we stepped upon the deck, "Grimes," with one spring, dropped from a yard above our heads, in his usual weird and noiseless fashion, and leaped into the captain's arms with a tender moan of welcome.

We sat down upon the quarter-deck at the little table where we used to play whist.

"What did you win, parson?" said I.

"We'll soon find that out," said he, with a smile, and then he proceeded to disgorge. Rupees, dollars, napoleons, imperials, and British sovereigns, with numerous five-pound notes, were soon arranged in little symmetrical heaps; the missionary had spoiled the Eg[illegible] to the tune of eight hundred and thirty pounds [illegible].

"It's [illegible] more than a year's pay," said Captain Hare[illegible] honest admiration; "a good evening's wor[illegible] Brown, even for a clergyman."

"[illegible]eer at me, man," replied the missionary, as [illegible]atly secured his miscellaneous plunder in a la[illegible]ndkerchief.

"[illegible] us how you managed it," said I with some curiosity; "you must have played before. Had you a system?"

"It didn't require a system, gentlemen," said the parson, complacently, as he rubbed his hands; "I am an observant person, and I watched the game. I very soon saw that, if the bulk of the money was staked upon the red, the black won and *vice versâ*. I am afraid the proprietors cheated; perhaps I was wrong in taking advantage of their wickedness, but it was very simple."

"Bra[illegible] parson!" I exclaimed, with enthusiasm; "to you belongs the credit of a great discovery. I shall never forget your ingenious system to my dying day."

"We will call it the *coup de Suez*," said Captain Hare, with a laugh.

"On my arrival in London, gentlemen, I shall place the ill-gotten dross to the credit of my society," said the Rev. Archibald Brown.

But that money was never destined to reach the coffers of the society; it never left Suez, and it is in Suez still.

A long and almost human hand was suddenly stretched forth, and "Grimes," with a single spring, disappeared into the rigging with the parson's ill-gotten gains. In vain we called upon the animal; he ran along the yard with his booty and calmly dropped it into the sea, where it disappeared with a splash. We were lying, alas! in thirty-fathom water with a muddy bottom.

The Rev. Archibald Brown swore us to secrecy; we promised never to betray him during his life-time. Alas! poor fellow, he has been recently devoured by the Caribbees; he must have been a tough morsel; and I now tell the story for the first time for what it is worth.—*St. James's Gazette.*

THE INNER MAN.

Longing for Society.

Vanderbilt's two-thousand-a-year cook has gone back to Paris, because he could find no congenial society at Newport.—*American Paper.*

THE MILLIONAIRE TO HIS CHEF.

Live on with me and be my cook,
And not to Paris take your hook;
Wealth's candle is not worth the *jeu*,
Without you, O my *cordon bleu*.

Artistic palate-tickler, stay!
A monarch's ransom I will pay.
You've dished his dinners, is it fair
To go and dish the millionaire?

High priest of Pan, remake, I pray,
Within my kitchen your *entrée*.
If by these pleadings you are shook,
Live on with me and be my cook.

THE CHEF'S REPLY TO THE MILLIONAIRE.

If all the world were offered me,
From these surroundings I would flee.
My finer nature can not brook
To live with you and be your cook.

Your guests are but pig-sticking swells,
Or bosses of petroleum wells.
No fit companions these; my lot's
Been cast among far bigger pots.

'Twas nice in amity to press
The fingers of "la haute noblesse."
Your low descent I *can't* o'erlook,
Nor live with you and be your cook.
—*St. James's Budget.*

The Ballad of Germs.

I was taking a woodland stroll one day,
When I came to a brook, and there,
Prone on the brink a young man lay,
With a face of white despair.
"Oh, what is your sorrow, young man?" said I,
"And why is your cheek so pale?"
He turned to me with a weary sigh,
And told me his dismal tale.
"Once I was a happy, thoughtless youth,
Without a fear or a care,
And the world about me seemed in truth
Beneficent as fair.
But alack, and alas! I went one day
To a college of high degree,
When fatal knowledge stole peace away,
And left me the wreck you see.
I learned of the deadly germs that lurk
In the home of each hapless man—
Of the direful bacilli, whose fatal work
Cuts short our mortal span.
I used to sit at a well-spread board;
Of the juicy *filet* I ate,
The noble sirloin its life-blood poured,
And the spring lamb graced my plate,
A brimming goblet I quaffed betimes,
The gift of the gentle cow—
Ah, those were happy, ignorant times—
I can never go back to them now!
Tuberculous germs in the goblet float—
With bacilli I know it swarms—
More germs in the mutton and beef I note
In some of their Protean forms.
Come, gaze awhile on this murmuring brook,
How it wooes my thirsty lip!
But bacteria lurk in each crystal nook—
There is poison in every sip!
Alas, there is nothing for me to do
But to die, and so foil these germs,
For sooner than yield to this noisome crew,
I'll be eaten by fishes and worms!"
Over the edge he swiftly sprang—
One moment he struggles and squirms—
Still in my ears his sad tale rang.
And I wept o'er his fate as I softly sang
This doleful ballad of germs. —*Life.*

In a Restaurant.

Like one who loves two dozen maidens fair,
But can not say just which he loves the most—
Lucille, whose supple figure's her chief boast,
Or Rose, with the Danaë shower of golden hair,
Or sweet Egeria—till in wild despair
He feels as though he would give up the ghost,
But flies headlong unto the "hitching-post,"
And weds an old red-headed freckled scare;
So I, sore puzzled as to what I'll choose
Of all these dishes in their French array,
For which my spirit musically calls,
Grow weary soon, and all my patience lose,
And in dazed manner to the waiter say:
"Oh, botheration! bring me codfish-balls!"
—*Puck.*

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From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.30, 3.25, 4.50, 6.10 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 1.30, 5.05, 6.30, P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.10, 7.45, 9.20, 11.05 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.55 P. M. (Sundays)—8.00, 9.50, A. M.; 12.00 M.; 3.30, 5.00, P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 6.25 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents. round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—7.45, 8.15, 9.55, 11.55 A. M.; 2.30, 4.05, 5.30 P. M. (Sundays)—8.45, 10.35, A. M.; 12.45, 4.15, 5.45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 7.05 P. M.
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10.00 A. M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Point Reyes and intermediate stations. Returning arrives in San Francisco at 6.15 P. M.

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Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From Oct. 1, 1889.	ARRIVE
7.30 A.	Haywards, Niles and San José	*12.45 P.
7.30 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis	7.15 P.
8.00 A.	Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	6.15 P.
8.30 A.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	11.15 A.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
9.00 A.	Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
10.00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	*3.45 P.
10.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	**6.00 A.
12.00 P.	Express Haywards, Niles & San José	9.45 A.
3.30 P.	2d Class Ogden and East	10.45 A.
4.00 P.	Stockton and §Milton; Vallejo, Calistoga & Santa Rosa	9.45 A.
4.30 P.	Sacramento and Knight's Landing via Davis	10.15 A.
5.30 P.	Niles and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
5.30 P.	Niles and San José	‡ 4.45 P.
5.30 P.	Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
6.30 P.	Central Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	7.45 P.
8.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East	7.45 A.
8.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

‡7.15 A.	Newark, San Jnsé and Santa Cruz	‡ 8.05 P.
8.15 A.	Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
4.15 P.	Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*11.20 A.
5.15 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, and Los Gatos	0.50 A.

EAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

7.25 A.	San José, Almaden and Way Stations	2.30 P.
10.30 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos; Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey, Pacific Grove; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations	6.12 P.
3.30 A.	San José and Way Stations	5.02 P.
3.30 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	3.38 P.
4.30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and principal Way Stations	*10.00 A.
5.20 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 7.58 A.
6.20 P.	San José and Way Stations	9.03 A.
5.15 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A.
5.45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	† 7.28 P.

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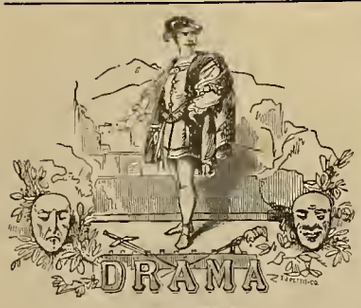

STAGE GOSSIP.

Patti Rosa will lay aside "Margery Daw" after Sunday night. Next week she appears in the title-rôle of "Bob," a farcical comedy in which she made her first appearance here.

Nellie McHenry will substitute "The Humming-Bird," a nondescript play which affords opportunity for her peculiar talents, for "For Sweet Charity's Sake" during the coming week.

"Little Puck" will be seen in this city again in a fortnight. Frank Daniels is still the unhappy father whose idle wish metamorphoses him into his own son, but the company is otherwise much changed.

"Il Trovatore" has been drawing good houses at the Tivoli. It will be withdrawn next week in favor of "Norma," in which most of this week's débutantes will sing. Monday night's receipts have been tendered as a benefit to the depleted treasury of the French Library.

It is pretty generally conceded that "The Golden Widow" is no more than a *succes d'estime* at Daly's Theatre, a stop-gap, in plain English, and now the old comedy revival of the year is announced. It is "As You Like It," and Ada Rehan will, of course, be the Rosalind.

"A Game of Cards," an old comedy adapted from the French, Godfrey's comedietta, "My Milliner's Bill," and "The Rough Diamond," a comedy by the elder Buckstone, will be given on each evening of the Vokes Company's first week. The rule of three plays each night will be continued through the engagement.

Felix Morris was not considered by any means a notable actor when he was with the old California company ten years ago, but since he has been with Miss Vokes, he has developed wonderfully. Now the bills read: "Miss Rosina Vokes, supported by Mr. Felix Morris and her London Comedy Company."

"The Yeoman of the Guard" still repeats its pretty harmonies at the Savoy, in London, and will doubtless run on until the new solo-less opera is pronounced ready by Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan. A most unusual thing, by the way, a secession from the Savoy's little company, has taken place, George Grossmith having gone off to the provinces—as theatrical Londoners designate any place outside the English metropolis—on a starring expedition.

It is said that John Maguire has become the lessee of the Grand Opera House, under a five-years' lease, and that the inaugural performance of the season will be on Saturday night, October 26th. "The Corsican Brothers" will then be produced, with Bandmann as Dei Franchi. Jay Rial may come out from New York to become the manager, and in that case the house will be given over to melodrama, scenic plays, spectacles, and such unusual attractions as Mme. Patti—for whom Abbey has already engaged a few weeks for her "last farewell tour."

"Bootle's Baby," the pretty story that set everybody in London and America to wondering who the author, John Strange Winter, could be, and set them wondering again when they found out it was a woman, is the very latest of the infant prodigy plays, and the Grismers are to set it forth for us next week. The English dramatization is not very new, for it has been running nearly a year in London, and in New York it was first seen nearly twelve weeks ago—and is still running. But the Grismer version is a new one, made by Frank H. Gassaway.

The Vokes Company comprises Rosina Vokes, Elenor Lane, Helen Standish, Emily Bancker, Courtenay Thorpe, C. J. Belle, Ferd. Gottschalk, Robert Rivers, J. Rolfe, and Felix Morris, and their repertoire, of which we shall see a good part during their four weeks' stay, includes "My Milliner's Bill," "The Tinted Venus," "The Circus-Rider," "A Pantomime Rehearsal," "Wig and Gown," "A Double Lesson," "My Lord in Livery," "In Honor Bound," "That Lawyer's Fee," "The Rough Diamond," "A Game of Cards," "The Old Musician," "My Uncle's Will," "Tears," and other comedies.

Willie Edouin, who, with his pretty wife, Alice Atherton, had many friends among the theatre-goers of ten years ago in this city, is now looked upon as an old-established manager in London. He has made the Strand the home of broad comedy—"farce-comedy" we might call it on this side—and has launched several plays which have found their way across ocean. "Our Flats," which he has been playing for a hundred nights, will replace "Lord Chumley" at the New York Lyceum on Monday night, with H. B. Conway in the leading rôle. Conway, who was brought over by Manager Frohman to be leading support to Mrs. James G. Blaine, Jr., is known in London as "Handsome Harry." His real name is Coulson, and it took ten thousand dollars to induce him away from England.

LONDON'S MUSIC-HALLS.

McDermott, the King of the People's Palaces.

As a rule, the entrances to the theatres in London are as inconspicuous at night as a lighted shop-front, the managers seemingly thinking that it pays better to rent the greater part of their front to the proprietors of restaurants and cigar-divans, who crowd out the hills of the play with menus of *table d'hôte* dinners for three-and-six and colored advertisements of Turkish cigarettes.

But the music-halls of London want all the room they can get. From the high bronze urns on their roofs, flames of gas lick up the evening fog and signal back to the dignified white lamp on the tower of the House of Commons that their people too are still sitting. Their windows and half fronts of stained glass blaze out over colored awnings, uniformed and be-medaled servants crowd the steps and sidewalks in superfluous numbers, and velvet carpets lead invitingly up broad stairways to foyer hung with silk curtains.

The music-halls are at night the people's real palaces, and though the queens who rule in them are numerous, they have but one king. He has reigned now for twenty years, and is called the Great McDermott. S. H. McDermott is his name.

The average stranger's idea of a music-hall is a place where one sits at a sloppy table and views a variety performance dimly through a cloud of tobacco-smoke, to an accompaniment of clinking beer-glasses. He may find it hard to conciliate this idea with the fact that the Shah visited one of these palaces—the Empire Music-Hall—with the English royalties, and he can hardly believe that three of the halls in the West End are larger and as handsome as any theatre in the United States; that one employs six hundred people; and that if he should go into certain parts of these halls in anything but evening-dress, he would feel very much out of it.

The king of the music-halls came down the steps of his hotel at nine o'clock one night, just as his royal brougham drew up in front of them and my democratic hansom turned the corner.

"We are all in very good time," said his majesty, graciously. He was in evening-dress, with an Inverness cloak hanging from his shoulders, and in his hand he carried a blonde wig, his only article of make-up.

"The Pavillion," he said to the driver. "I am only doing three turns to-night," he continued, as the brougham rolled toward the music-hall. "The Pavillion, the Royal, and the Charing Cross. But they will give you an idea of the different sorts of halls and the different artists."

On the stage, the king of the music-halls looks like a man of twenty-five. He is probably about fifty. Many years ago he introduced a new song, which said that "We don't want to fight, but, by Jingo, if we do," etc. The people who felt that way came to join in the chorus, the papers quoted it, and when an honorable member of the Lower House rose and recited it in Parliament, it became famous. And so McDermott gave a new word to political nomenclature and a new title to the Conservative party, and soon became as famous as the song. Since then, almost every good comic-song that you have heard has had him for a sponsor. He has his pick of the best songs, just as a good jockey has his choice of the best mounts.

The brougham escaped from the circular puzzle of moving vehicles in Piccadilly Circus, and drew up at the stage-door of the Pavillion. As we descended, three men, in the fantastic get-up of a knock-about negro act, hurried out of the stage-entrance and jumped into a waiting four-wheeler.

"How'r, Mac," called one of them, in a cockney accent that came very strangely from a black face; "we've taken all the laugh out of that house. You're too late."

A young girl, closely veiled and wrapped in a long dolman, got out of a hansom and followed us in. McDermott raised his hat and the girl nodded. "Late as usual," she said, impatiently; "I got blocked on the Surrey side. It seems to me they're always tearing up those streets." As she spoke, she whipped off the veil and bonnet and let the dolman drop from her shoulders. Her shoulders were bare and very, very pretty, and her skirts were short and fashioned after those introduced in the United States by the Gaiety Company. Her turn came before McDermott's, and we stood at the wings to watch her. Her name is Lottie Connors, and she dances almost as well as Letty Lind. There is more abandon and less of grace, but she gives one a very good idea of how very good a music-hall dancer is.

From the wings, I could see that the house was as richly decorated as a theatre could well be. There were no tables, an unobtrusive brass ledge on the back of the seats serving to hold the glasses, and the tobacco-smoke was drawn out of the way through an opening in the roof. The seats in the balconies only extended a few rows back, the rest of the balcony being given over to a promenade, where men and women walked on heavy velvet carpets or lounged in arm-chairs or over the railing which separated the lobby from the seats. In the boxes which lined the first balcony were many theatre-parties, the women without bonnets and in evening-dress. In the gallery and in the promenade which surrounded the stalls and pit, were the ubiquitous 'Arries from the banks and shops, who give most of the life to that part of the music-hall's performance, and it is a very large part, which takes place before the curtain.

"Everybody's Bessie" and "Good old Bessie" is what Miss Bellwood is fondly called by the young men, with briar pipes, in the pit promenade. This does not mean, however, that she is old, nor, I regret to add, that she is conspicuously good. Miss Bellwood is one of the most picturesque figures of the London Hall. She is pretty in an impertinent sort of way, has a very good voice, and can give a better imitation of the cockney lassie than any one on the London stage. This may be because the Bow Bells never rung over a greater cockney than her own fair, impetuous self.

We go to Charing Cross next; a small hall, with as clever people as one sees in the more swell places for more money. Here we see Marie Loftus, who has been very successful in the States and who ranks with Jenny Hill, "The Vital Spark," Vesta Tilly, "The London Idol," Marie Lloyd, Addie Conyers, and "Everybody's Bessie," among the highest-priced singers in England. All of them have some catch-line or title. Marie's is, "She comes high, but we must have her."

From Charing Cross we strike east to the Royal, in Holborn. This is not a large theatre, but its hill is very strong. It includes J. W. Rowley, who sings a very beautiful song called "A Starry Night." The audience always call for this as soon as he comes on, and he sings it very effectively with the lights turned low. The greater part of the audience join in the second chorus, singing it softly, and the effect of the three or four hundred men's voices, singing together in the darkened theatre, is very striking. McDermott's turn followed that of Addie Conyers, the most unconsciously graceful woman I have seen on the stage. She began in comic opera, but found she could make more money doing three turns a night in the music-halls. She is wonderfully popular, has a perfect figure, and moves in an indolently graceful way as if she were just waking up from a nap.

The Sisters Bilton follow McDermott. It is a happy conjunction of royal personages, for Belle Bilton, the fairest and most notorious of the two sisters, is the present Lady Dunlo, having married the eldest son of the Earl of Clancarty, of the oldest peerage in Ireland, and the only lord who sits in the Upper House as a peer of the three realms.

Some say that she was designing, and others that young Dunlo is an idiot. In any event, he married her a few months ago, and the next day his father, the earl, packed the bridegroom off to Australia in a sailing-vessel with his tutor. The blushing bride continues to dance and sing nightly, and manages to select as highly suggestive ballads as a music-hall audience will tolerate, even from a Lady Dunlo. It is understood that a special act of Parliament, provided as a protection for weak-minded sons of respected families, will annul the marriage before Dunlo is of age. He is now nineteen.

It is a long drive from the Royal to Harwood's, but McDermott thinks we should see all sorts of music-halls, and so, although it is late, we start at once for the far East End of London. The driver loses his way twice in these unfashionable surroundings, but a hobby sets him right again.

Even the stupidest policeman knows Harwood's.

The dirty, ragged boys, who fight to open the brougham door, are so dismayed at the sight of McDermott that they forget to ask for a copper, and gaze after him in wonder as he hunts up the proprietor. The proprietor is a young man, and seems much gratified with the visit of royalty. "All the boxes are full to-night," he says; "but I fancy you came to see the place more'n the show. There's some prize-fightin' chaps in the first box. I'll ask 'em to make room for you. Tell your friend not to mind if the boys don't like your clothes." We came into the box from the back, and in a second six hundred of the worst faces I have ever seen during a two years' *dilettante* experience in crime are turned on us. There are no seats in Harwood's, only long benches, which allow the strongest man to shove his weaker brother off the end into the aisle if he wants room. The place is packed, and fifty per cent. of the audience—they are all men—have prison-clipped hair.

One can better afford to miss seeing St. Paul's Cathedral than Harwood's.

This ended my ride with the king.—*Richard Harding Davis in Philadelphia Press.*

Sigmund Beel.

Le Courrier de Scheveningue of September 1st, a daily paper, has come into our hands. In it is given a report of a recent concert at that ancient watering-place on the southern shore of the Baltic, the "Eleventh Symphony Concert" given by the world-renowned Philharmonic Orchestra, of Berlin, with which Mr. Sigmund Beel, of Oakland, is playing an engagement as first violin. The reporter speaks of each concert as having been more classical than its predecessor, until now only the choicest of the best compositions are rendered. What is said of the composition and of Sigmund will interest many readers, for whom we translate the following:

"We believe that we are right in saying that all the musical world were most curious to hear Mr. Sigmund Beel play the famous concerto, for the violin, of Beethoven. Indeed, he must be sure of his art who attempts this composition, whose execution, even by the greatest contemporaneous artists, always gives rise to criticisms by the connoisseurs. There are many who assume that Joachim is the only one who plays it as it should be rendered. Even from the point of interpretation, there is no accordance. Often what one pronounces good, the other declares to be bad, while a third treats both as imbeciles. For our part, we will not risk a detailed opinion, nor make comparisons, our journal not being a musical review. We shall then say only that the interpretation was more than satisfying, that Mr. Beel appears to us an artist of great worth, possessing a developed technique, and a finesse of execution very laudable. We are glad to have renewed our acquaintance with this majestic work, whose gracious romance and coquettish and spiritueile first part never fail to make a profound impression on the auditor."

— The Fall Exhibition and Chrysanthemum Show of the State Floral Society opens at Irving Hall on Tuesday next. The numerous applications for space and large number of season tickets already sold, assure the success of the exhibition. All exhibits will be in place by Tuesday noon, and the formal opening will take place on Tuesday evening at eight o'clock, Hon. John P. Irish delivering the opening address. The leading private conservatories in both city and county will be represented by many rare and beautiful plants, and the chrysanthemum show will be the best ever seen on the coast. The evening concerts of the Lyra Zither Club, under the leadership of Lambert Becker, will be a charming feature. On the occasion last season when the club performed in the Mechanics' Pavilion, eight thousand tickets were sold.

— The Romances of Alexandre Dumas, including the Valois romances, "The Count of Monte Cristo," and the D'Artagnan series, and a large number of other classics, are being republished by Little, Brown & Co., of Boston. Their advertisement will be found in another column.

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SOME PRIVATE PAPERS,

Which Concern the Mystery of Marie and Rudolph.

Great consternation prevails among the members of the Austrian Imperial family and in court circles, writes an occasional correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, in consequence of the unpleasant discovery that the whole of the voluminous confidential and semi-official papers of the late Admiral Count von Bombelles have mysteriously disappeared. The nobleman in question, who died some time ago very suddenly of apoplexy, will be remembered as having held the post of chief chamberlain and grand master of the household to the ill-fated Crown Prince Rudolph. The son of Count Henri Bombelles, who was the tutor and military governor of the present emperor, and the nephew of Count Paul Bomhelles, who was the third husband of Napoleon the First's widow, the Empress Marie Louise, his whole life was spent in the service of the house of Hapsburg. At the age of eighteen, he was appointed aide-de-camp to the father of the present emperor, a prince who had been reduced by epilepsy to such a terrible condition that he was held by a family council to be incapable of succeeding to the throne in 1848, and was forced to abandon his rights to the imperial dignity to his son, Francis Joseph, the present emperor. The fact that the young nobleman should have begun his official life by attendance on so pitiable a mental and physical wreck as the Archduke Francis, appears to have, in some way, exercised an influence on his subsequent career, which is intimately associated with all the most sad incidents of the contemporary history of the house of Austria. In 1858, he became the chamberlain and equerry of the Archduke Maximilian, and on the latter's election to the imperial crown of Mexico, he accompanied him across the Atlantic. When the Empress Charlotte made her memorable visit to Paris and to Rome, in 1866–1867, for the purpose of invoking the assistance of Napoleon the Third and the influence of Pope Pius the Ninth in behalf of her husband, she was attended by Count von Bombelles, and it was he who first became aware of her insanity, and who had charge of all the arrangements for placing her under restraint. Returning to Mexico, in order to convey the sad news to Emperor Maximilian, he arrived just in time to take charge of the dead body of his imperial master, who had been court-martialed and shot at Queretaro.

On the late Crown Prince Rudolph attaining his majority, the count was created high chamberlain and grand master of his newly formed household. A more unfortunate choice could scarcely have been made. For, while exceedingly talented and accomplished in every possible way, the moral character of the count was scarcely such as to fit him for the post of mentor to a prince who had inherited the traditional failing of the Hapsburg family with regard to the fair sex. Indeed, when the count's will was admitted to probate a couple of weeks ago, it was found that he had bequeathed his entire fortune, including all the valuable jeweled souvenirs and portraits which had been presented to him by the various members of the imperial family, to a woman of the *demi-monde* in Vienna, who, for the past three years, has been known to his friends and, indeed, to the public at large, as his "belle amie consolatrice." Under the circumstances, it was scarcely to be expected that he either could or would do much to check or restrain the intrigues of the crown prince. On the contrary, he was even guilty of shielding and abetting them—so much so, indeed, that when the tragedy of Meyerling took place last spring, he was dismissed in disgrace by the emperor and banished from court. No trace of his papers can be found, and doubt exists as to whether they have been stolen or whether they have been confided by him to some third party for publication abroad in a spirit of revenge for the treatment to which he had been subjected by the court. People who knew him well are convinced that he would have been incapable of any such dishonor, and that the disappearance of the papers is due to a theft.

Meanwhile, the epilogue of the Meyerling tragedy is being enacted in the Court of Common Pleas at Pressburg, Hungary. The late Baroness Marie Vetsera left a small fortune, the origin of which was due to the generosity of the young prince, with whom her name was so intimately associated both in life and in death. The surviving members of her family, including her mother and sister, have appealed to the tribunals to be permitted to enter into possession thereof. The law officers, however, while admitting the validity of the claim of the mother and sister, as the nearest relatives, to the fortune of the ill-fated young baroness, insist that before granting letters of administration the court shall be furnished with a document of primary and indispensable importance, namely, the death certificate. This the relatives are unable to give, and Baroness Marie's mother even went so far as publicly to declare in court that the civil and ecclesiastical authorities, both at Meyerling and Vienna, had refused in the most absolute manner to grant her any official document certifying her daughter's death. The Presshurg tribunal has, in consequence, addressed an official demand to the local authorities at Meyerling for the certificate of the death of Baroness Marie Vetsera, with full details as to the exact nature and date of her demise. Meanwhile, the mother, who lost her only son at the time when the Ring Theatre, in Vienna, was burned down in 1881, has been completely ostracised, not only by the court, but also by society. The Countess Larish, on the other hand, who is the daughter of the Austrian Empress's favorite brother by his morganatic marriage with Baroness Wallersee, and who was banished from Austria last spring for having permitted the crown prince and the young baroness to meet at her house, has been pardoned by the emperor and allowed to return to Vienna.

A London journal is very despondent on the prospects of professional men in England. The rate of emolument for the professional classes, it says, is steadily going down. It is nearly as difficult now for a member of the professional classes to make five hundred pounds sterling a year as it was for his father to make a thousand.

A small picture was lately sold at the Hotel Drouot, in Paris, for a hundred francs, which, on being verified as his work by M. Meissonier, was immediately resold for eighteen thousand francs.

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MUSICAL NOTES.

The Bonelli Musicale.

The pupils of Professor E. S. Bonelli, assisted by Signor Martinez, gave a concert at his studio on Friday afternoon, October 4th. The programme was as follows:

Concerto.....Hummel
Miss Minnie Weeks, Mrs. May Robinson Gray, and Orchestra.

Recollections of Home.....Mills
Miss Etta Bayly.

Quartet.....Meyer
Master A. Harshall, Messrs. Carlmueller, Toepke, and Miller

Valse, Op. 34, No. 1.....Chopin
Miss Emma Stiefvater.

Trio.....Haydn
Miss Lulu Ayers, Messrs. Carlmueller, and Toepke.

Cornet Solo.....Rollinson
(With orchestral accompaniment.)
Professor C. von der Mehden.

Etude, Op. 10, No. 12.....Chopin
Miss Mary Baker.

Clarionet Solo, "Il Trovatore" (by request).....Luigi Bassi
(With orchestral accompaniment.)
Signor C. Caspari.

(a) Hungarian Dance, No. 26.....Brahms
(b) Octave Study.....Kullak
Miss Carrie Bowers.

Overture, "Orpheus".....Offenbach
Orchestra.

Impromptu, Op. 29.....Chopin
Miss Clara Nolan.

Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 5.....Liszt
Signor S. Martinez.

'Cello Solo.....Selected
Professor C. Toepke.

Gavotte.....Bohm
(With orchestral accompaniment.)
Misses Blanche Clinton and Lillie Goldstein.

The Mansfeldt Concert.

Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt gave his twenty-ninth concert of this season last Monday evening at Spencer Hall, where a large audience enjoyed the following selections:

Symphonie No. 2, Larghetto and Scherzo.....Beethoven
Miss Edith Reynolds, Miss Eva Crowley, Miss Ida Fording, Miss Hattie Dunlap.

(a) Queen Elizabeth's Minuet.....Boscovitz
(b) Mazurka, G minor.....Saint Saëns
Miss Hattie Bastheim.

Toccata, B flat major.....Clementi
Miss Eva Crowley.

(a) Allegro, G minor.....Scarlatti
(b) Tambourin, E minor.....Rameau
(c) Impromptu-Valse, Op. 94.....Raff
Miss Hattie Dunlap.

Valse de Concert.....Wieniawski
Miss Tessie Franklin.

Soirées de Vienne, No. 6.....Liszt
Miss Clara Selig.

(a) Moment Musical, A major.....Scharwenka
(b) Zur Lauter.....Hoffmann
(c) Erste Begegnung.....Nicode
(d) Cradle Song.....Kjerulf
Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt.

(a) Prelude, C minor.....Bach
(b) Impromptu, F sharp.....Chopin
Mr. Abe Sundland.

Sieges Marsch.....Liszt
Mr. and Mrs. Mansfeldt.

The Hartmann Recital.

The first of Ernst Hartmann's piano recitals, given under the auspices of the Channing Auxilliary, took place Saturday afternoon, October 12th, at the First Unitarian Church. A large audience was present, and greeted Professor Hartmann with enthusiastic applause. The programme was as follows:

Sonata Appassionata.....Beethoven
Prelude and Fugue, C sharp.....Bach
Kreisleriana.....Schumann
Polonaise, E flat.....Chopin
"Ernani".....Liszt

The second and last of Professor Hartmann's recitals will be given at the same place on Saturday afternoon, October 26th.

The first concert of the Philharmonic Society's eleventh season will take place at Metropolitan Hall on Wednesday evening, October 23d. Mr. Hermann Brandt is the musical director, and the society will have the assistance of Mrs. Ida de Seminario, vocalist, Hugo Mansfeldt, pianist, and Abe Sundland, accompanist.

— THE CHANNING AUXILIARY ANNOUNCE THAT the second of Professor Hartmann's piano recitals will take place on Saturday afternoon, October 26th. The programme is printed in another column.

— THE CHARITY BALL, TO BE GIVEN BY THE Woman's Exchange at the Palace Hotel a week from next Tuesday, will be the greatest society event of the winter. It is advertised in another column.

— PARTIES DESIRING FINE GOLD FILLINGS, BY the most skilled specialist on the coast, call on Dr. M. L. Cooper, 236 Sutter Street.

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FORTUNE SMILED GAYLY.

How a Family, on a Small Investment, Got Suddenly Rich.

A short time ago a number of ladies, of one family, at Hollister, in this State, formed a club, the purpose of which was to woo Dame Fortune to smile upon them. With this view, they jointly purchased a one-twentieth part of ticket No. 87,835, in the Louisiana State Lottery, and with fluttering expectation awaited the drawing. On the 15th of August last they were almost thrown into joyful hysterics over the news that No. 87,835 had drawn the capital prize. The ticket was placed in the hands of Wells, Fargo & Co., at Hollister, to whose agent, J. G. Shaw, the Anglo-California Bank, of this city, paid $15,000, which Mr. Shaw paid to the following ladies forming the club: Mrs. Emma Shaw, Mrs. William Shaw, Mrs. Geo. E. Shaw, Mrs. Rody Shaw, Mrs. B. F. Gould, Mrs. Etta Sowels, Mrs. S. E. Moore, Mrs. Wm. Wallace, Mrs. James A. Kearney, Miss Laura Roach, Miss Nellie Powers, Miss Susie Moore, Mrs. A. D. Shaw, Mrs. J. H. Shaw, Mrs. Robert Shaw, Mrs. E. G. Camplin, Mrs. L. T. Baldwin, Mrs. J. M. Black, Mrs. N. C. Briggs, Mrs. M. Speigle, Miss Hattie Backus, Miss Ella Davis, Miss Maggie Mead, and Miss May Mahoney.

Dame Fortune did not stop with these ladies, but smiled also upon San Francisco, where a gentleman, who refuses to allow his name to be made public, held another twentieth part of No. 87,835, and who, on the presentation of the same to the Anglo-California Bank, had his worldly stores increased to the extent of $15,000 in gold.—*San Francisco (Cal.) Examiner, Sept. 20th.*

— STUDENTS, TEACHERS (MALE OR FEMALE), Clergymen, and others in need of change of employment, should not fail to write to B. F. Johnson & Co., 1009 Main St., Richmond, Va. Their great success shows that they have got the true ideas about making money. They can show you how to employ odd hours profitably.

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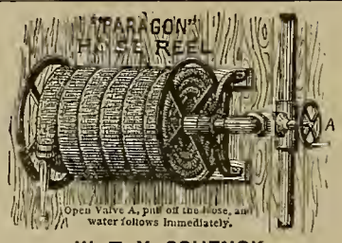

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at which in earlier times was called a conflict between and capital, and which occupied so large a share of at- n by moral philosophers and political economists, has, in later days, assumed a position which challenges the atten- f all classes, affects the interest of the rich as well as the and is destined very largely to influence all landed rty and all values dependent upon their relation to the . The results of universal education and the enjoyment unlimited elective privilege are beginning already to out effects of tremendous consequence to society. It is robable that these results can be obtained without in- g social upheavals, perhaps not without social chaos, and ly not without working an organic change in all essen- atters of government. The relations between the present of wealth and leisure, of men and women who can riot in pleasures and luxuries which wealth may purchase, and rd-working poor, who, by reason of the scarcity of labor s inadequate remuneration, are denied many of the com- nd all of the luxuries of life, are too unreal and too hard much longer endured. Labor will not be very much submitted to this condition of affairs, because through- vilization the authority of legislation and the choice of ive power is rapidly tending to the people. It is very ry government and authority well protected by bayonets, , in this ending of the nineteenth century, can pass ecute laws except in accordance with the popular will. the twentieth century dawns, some of the great but- which now support thrones and upon which dynastic power depends, will have been swept away. It is the countries of highest intelligence to which these changes will first come. England will in ten years probably find its throne occupied by a grandson of her present majesty, a young gentleman more interested at present about the fit and form of his shirt-collar than the welfare of the millions in Great Britain, India, and other parts of the colonial empire upon which the sun never sets, who must recognize him as king, emperor, and chieftain of the first power in the civilized world. England, under her present system of laws, and under the leadership of Gladstone and the opposition, is drifting to socialism. Across and over the prostrate form of Parliamentary authority, trampling down vested rights in land—rights guaranteed by constitutional traditions—Gladstone is marching his forces through free schools and through the ballot-box to the unlimited exercise of Parliamentary power. Balfour—if we may believe reported news—has been compelled to play the demagogue by attempting to conciliate invading Rome by conceding three colleges to Catholic Ireland. Mrs. Gladstone, in her open carriage, visits the head-quarters of Burns, the Irish leader of the rioters of London docks; openly gives her check and sympathetic aid to an organized opposition to the law. If this movement had been in support of the government and in maintenance of the law, Mrs. Gladstone would not have been thus ostentatiously benevolent and sympathetic—unless her husband had been premier. If education and the elective franchise he extended to all adult males throughout the Empire of Great Britain—as now in the United States—socialism will result in practical agrarianism before the first moon of the new century shall have reached its quarter. If Mr. Balfour, the Marquis of Salisbury, Lord Hartington, and the other distinguished men composing the Government of England, shall have the cowardly weakness to bend before the influence of the Vatican and Jesuitry, the period of chaotic and perhaps bloody revolution will be the sooner precipitated. The duty of the English Government should be first to enforce the law in Ireland and enforce it in England, and when the rule of law is fully acquiesced in, then proceed to its amendment. The first duty in this direction is to equalize the distribution of lands, and by legislation break to a more equitable line the barriers which now divide capital and labor. Hard-working men who have no other means of acquiring bread than by using their muscle, and toiling women who are driven by want of employment to the streets for subsistence, have the moral right to strike, to form labor guilds, to riot against the law, and revolt at authority. If Mr. Gladstone is the wise man, "the Grand Old Man," that England gives him the credit of being, and Mr. Balfour is the brave, broad-minded statesman he is supposed to be, the man who supports the hopes of England's patriotic men, that her empire may remain undivided; if the English lords and members of the House of Commons would preserve the greatness and the power of the British Empire, her supremacy of the seas, her head and front in the ranks of civilization—let it be the first duty of the English Parliament to see to it that labor does not strike for the privilege of earning sixpence per hour on her commercial docks and in the warehouses to which her fleets bring the rich commerce of the world. Such men as these, as soon as they are properly educated to their rights and clothed with political power, will reply to the taunts, grimaces, and jeers which came to them through the plate-glass windows of Regent Street, with stones which will break them; tailors will revolt against thieving Jews who sweat them; women who trail the streets in rags and shame will not patiently endure the harlots who flaunt their jewels from liveried equipages and riot in sensuous luxury. That this condition of things exists in the country of Christian civilization—where laws are best administered and the highest intelligence and wisest statesmanship prevail; where science, learning, philanthropy, and humanity have attained their most active field of operations—is not creditable to the moral or intellectual character of the nation of foremost civilization. Every wrong which annoys and disturbs social order and property rights in England is remediable by healthy legislation. This legislation is coming, and soon. It is night or Blucher. If English statesmen shall hold back in their divisions over paltry quarrels, over the right of Irish to home-rule, over the granting of conciliation to a spiritual shadow by conceding three colleges to keep alive the absurd dogmas which underlie the superstitions of a dangerous political organization, the sooner night will come, and in its darkness will come defeat to Parliamentary authority in England—disunion to the British Empire—to society, socialism—to property, agrarianism. English labor will smash the plate-glass windows of Regent Street swells, and harlots will despoil ladies (?) of their easily acquired gems. Whenever Mr. Gladstone and his opposition shall have established free schools and universal franchise shall prevail, England will become a republic; not more than one king will ever attempt to succeed to the throne which is soon to become vacant by the death of her present majesty. Titles and privileges will disappear like mists before the sun, perhaps hastened by the winds of revolution, and there is danger, in such event, that the leveling process will be more thorough and more complete than is desirable or rational.

On the hundredth anniversary of American independence was planted our first centennial mile-post—this but a few years since. We are the youngest of the great powers of the world; we are, in numbers, attaining populous dimensions. In military strength America has demonstrated sufficient ability to command respect. Our national credit is unsurpassed by that of any government. And now comes to us the information that the institutions adopted by our early fathers are becoming the models which the older European nations are being forced to imitate. In recasting political issues in England, Mr. Gladstone consents to make the disestablishment of the national church in Scotland and Wales a political and party war-cry. "Disestablishment" in one part of the British Empire means a disconnection between church and state throughout its home and colonial dominions. That there is no God in our constitution has been to us a subject of reproach. Thomas Jefferson has gone to his last resting-place with the memory surviving that he was "infidel," because he loved his country better than the unknown God over whose imaginary attributes Christians quarreled, and held liberty, conscience, and common sense as better foundations upon which to erect the superstructure of permanent government than religious dogmas, divine right of kings, titles of nobility, primogeniture, and entailed lands. Mr. Gladstone also consents to include in his liberal platform several socialistic and democratic planks. Let him take care that he does not advance too far in this direction. He leaves the question of the nationalization of lands, the salaries of members of the House of Commons, the question of direct or indirect taxation, abolition of ground rents, and other matters of local interest as fermenting leaven to work throughout all the loaves with which he is now crowding the political bake-oven. Jeffersonian Democracy, with the safe-guards and anchorage of a Jeffersonian constitution, is a safer helm of guidance to the ship of state than the management of the "Grand Old Parliamentary hand," who is endeavoring to pilot the English craft amid the rocks and perils of Irish home-rule and Jesuit intrigues by dragging at its stern an Irish Parliamentary mob and an English constituency of underpaid laborers, rioting for bread, women driven to prostitution, and children starving, while the Duke of Buccleugh owns an acreage extending across the entire width of Scotland, and all England is dotted with ancient forests and uncultivated fields kept for grazing sheep, stalking deer, with meadows appropriated for lawns and raising turnips, among which pheasants may breed. England exposes all her wealth as a temptation to the brigandage of a starving, toiling, suffering mob of mendicants, which she is arming with the ballot and intrusting with arms for the national defense. France, too, is imitating the American Republic—first, by becoming a republic, and then, as the result of its first national republican emotion, emancipating its people from the thraldom of the alien theocracy which has impressed itself upon the nation. Voltaireism takes the place of Romanism. Its civil institutions are being laicised. Its

schools become noo-sectarian, its theological students must fight for France—they may pray for themselves. The Chamber which is oow heing organized, proposes to follow American methods in reference to legislation, discipline, and authority, hy means of which the majority may rule; permanent committees are to be established, hy whom proposed enactments may be first licked into shape and considered before they are thrown into the *pot-au-feu* of French turmoil or referred to the harricades for settlement hy angry mobs in hloody encounters with French soldiers. Wheo France can adopt a constitution with no God in it, establish an educational system honestly oon-sectarian, and hring about a complete separation hetween church and state, and permit the national cooscience to enjoy perfect freedom, then, and not till then, may France he regarded as a free and permanent republic.

If the recent oews from Rome, concerniog the poisoning of Cardinal Schiaffino hy the Jesuits, he true, then has the Papacy returned to the period when the policy of the Borgias ruled the destioies of the Papal throne. Just now the rumor prevails that an effort is heing made by the Ultramontane party to induce Leo the Thirteenth to proclaim the necessity of civil power as an article of faith. A question of temporal expediency would thus, hy the fiat of Papal power, he transformed ioto a doctrine of the church, which no good Catholic would dare to dispute sooner than he would to deny the doctrine of transuhstantiation, immaculate conceptioo, or Papal infallibility. The Pope, and a very strong majority of the hierarchical authority of Rome, is, upon this question of civil power, in irreconcilable antagonism to the Italian Government. Crispi is premier of the Kiog of Italy, leader of the party in the Italian Parliament, aod opposed to the irreconcilahles of the Papal Church. Signor Crispi is the owner of ooe of the most prominent journals of Rome, the *Riforma*. The *Riforma* is the duly accredited organ of the Italian Governmeot. Seven of the cardinal hishops of Rome are io favor of a reconciliation between the Vatican and the Quirinal hy a renunciation, on the part of the Papal power, of all claims to temporal sovereignty. This minority thinks tbe Church of Rome would be in stronger and hetter position if it would rely upon the exercise of its spiritual authority alone, and no longer contest with Humhert, King of Italy, his right to govern the country and to possess the city of Rome as Italy's capital. Of these seven cardinals, Schiaffino was the ahlest, youngest, and most influential; he was regarded as one of the possihle successors of the present Pope; was enlightened, broad-minded, and liberal, and one of the leading memhers of the Benedictine Order, to whose generalship he bad attained and from which position he had heen elevated to the scarlet hy the present Pope, in violent opposition to the wishes of tbe Jesuits. The cardinal was recognized as the genius and leading spirit of the hand who were desirous of bringing ahout harmonious relations between the King of Italy and the Papal Church. He was in the prime of life, being fifty-six years of age; he was in full vigor of manhood, and, until within two days of his demise, had never an hour of sickness. How he came to find himself in a monastery, at a deserted village some distance from Rome, is not explained. There be spent his last hours in writing, and asked for a notary to authenticate his dying declarations, which was denied him; Dr. Cecarella, of the Vatican, alone visited him; within a few minutes of his demise, every scrap of paper and everything that could be found in his room were gathered together and conveyed in haste to the Vatican at Rome, where it never again saw the light. All this detail is puhlished in the *Riforma*, which, as we have said, is the official organ of the Italian Government, and the property of Signor Crispi, tbe Premier of Italy. This narrative of names, dates, places, and motives is not hinted at, hut is holdly and openly proclaimed as MURDER BY POISON AT THE HANDS OF THE JESUIT PARTY, who are irreconcilable upon the right of the Pope to be clothed with sovereign power in the capital at Rome. The *Riforma* also recalls the fact that Leo the Thirteenth—who was, when elected Pope, regarded as a liheral and filled with patriotic emotions toward his native land—was attacked with a sudden and mysterious illness. It was rumored that the Pope had heen poisoned; this rumor extended throughout Europe and was openly discussed in leading journals. No sooner had Leo recovered than he uoderwent a radical change. He fell into the hands of tbe Jesuits, and his first act in recognition of the new influence to which he had been subjected, was to restore to the Jesuit order all the rights and privileges of which it had heen deprived hy Pope Clement the Fourteenth. This act of Leo the Thirteenth was regarded as an act of direct hostility toward the goveromeot of King Humbert and the parliamentary power of United Italy. If this accusation he true, then Papal politics turns hack to the opening days of the sixteenth century, when Cæsar Borgia swung the poison-cup under the rule of Alexander the Sixth, and his sister Lucrezia was devoting herself to acts of devotion and charity, and another Borgia—subsequently canonized by Clement the Tenth—was general of the Society of Jesus. Rome returns to the arts of diplomacy so strongly commended hy that most excellent Catbolic statesman and apologist for crime, Machiavelli. The *Argonaut* hut seldom makes use of its columns to disseminate the gossip which surrounds the Catholic clergy, and never, but upon authority of the most uoquestioned character, does it give curreocy to the criminal accusations which are preferred agaiost the higher clergy who compose the political centre at Rome. But when so distinguished a statesman as Signor Crispi gives public accusation against so powerful a political order as the Society of Jesus, and when that society takes open and active participation in the political affairs of nations, it would he cowardice and not caution, pusillanimity and not prudeoce, to imitate all the San Francisco journals—except the *Examiner*—in hiding this crime, or aiding Jesuit priests in San Francisco to deny the fact, or palliate the accusation. We shall keep track of this oew development which returns Papal politics to the period of poison and the stah of the stiletto. If this act of the murder of Cardinal Schiaffino shall prove to have heen perpetrated by members of the Society of Jesus, under the direction of Papal power and for purposes of Papal politics, it is fortunate that it will have occurred in an age when its attempted suppression by journals, the calumnies of priests, and tbe cowardice of politicians, will only serve to give this most infamous of crimes greater publicity than it would have acquired if press, pulpit, and politicians had given it honest circulation and truthful criticism.

An earnest reader of the *Argonaut* is distressed because Cardinal Gibboos declares that io ninety-nine years tbe Roman Catholic population of the United States has increased to nine millions, has eight thousand clergymen, ten thousand churches, and six hundred and fifty schools of higher education. In the same time, the anti-Roman Catholic population of the United States has increased over fifty millions. The membership of Evangelical Christian churches outnumhers the memhership of Papal Rome. There are, in proportion, more evangelical clergymen in Protestant than Catholic churches; there are ten times more schools that are non-sectarian than Roman and Protestant combined. Tbere are seven times more Masons and memhers of other secret societies of adult age than of adults who compose all the members of all the churches in America; more people attend theatres, concert-halls, and other places of public amusement than compose the memhership of all the churches; there are ten times more people, and hetter people, who go into the country every summer Sahhatb than attend the churches of Rome in all the great American cities. The rural population is, in all respects, hetter than the population of cities, and it is almost solidly Protestant and Bob Ingersollisb. Nearly all the great colleges and seminaries of the country, all the scientific estahlishments, all the *great* journals of the land, without exception, are anti-Romanist. All the public, free scbools are non-sectarian, while, sad and serious as is the fact, a very large majority of the most intellectual, hest educated, and wealtbiest men of the country, who are embraced in the voting population, are free-thinkers and independent of any creeds, dogmas, and church discipline, and do not believe in hell. Of the professed Romanists—who are male and intelligent, who are nominal memhers of the Church of Rome through infant baptism, for which they are not responsible—not one in five ohserve their Christian duties or care a tinker's imprecation for hulls, anathemas, encyclical letters, pastoral communications, or pay a cent for masses, or attend the confessional. There are not 10,000,000 Roman Catholics in America hy any honest mode of enumeration. My neighbor's family is composed of Micbael and Bridget Muldoon aod twelve children—fourteen Roman Catholics. My Protestant neigbhor goes fishing on Sunday; bis wife is an Episcopalian; one daughter has heen confirmed and goes to cburch with her mother; two sons, who have never heen baptized, go fishing with their father; the family, with servants—coacbman, English; gardener, German; cook and boy, Chinese; lady's-maid, French—rated Catholic. In the religious statistics, Protestantism is accredited with two; Catholicism, fifteen. One family is intelligent, enterprising, and wealthy; the other is honest, higoted, industrious, and poor, hecause it is Roman Catholic. The *Independent* says the gain of memhership in Protestant churches was, in 1889, 876,995; new evangelical churches, 3,882; increase of ministers, 3,853; of church memhership, 20,667,318. These are adults who have made profession of their religious faith after arriving at years of discretion. While the whole following of Rome in America is 7,885,294, of Methodists alone there are 4,723,881. Roman Catholicism is not as rapidly increasing as infidelity and independentism, even in Roman Catholic circles.

Virginia Fair is the daughter of the ex-senator from Nevada, James G. Fair. The parents reside in San Francisco, in different establishments, having heen divorced. Senator Fair is a Protestant and attends the Episcopal Churcb. Mrs. Fair is a Roman Catholic and is a communicant of the Jesuit Church. The child, whose pet name is "Birdie," is twe years of age and resides with her mother. She was the school of Miss Lake, from which, without the fath knowledge, she was removed to a Jesuit school uo charge of French nuns. The question has arisen about disposition of this twelve-year-old daughter of prohably wealthiest man in California. Shall she he induced to e a convent and consecrate herself to the life of a *réligieu* Shall she take upon herself the vows which consecrate her fut to a career in the cloister and hehind the hlack veil? is said that the mother favors this, aod it is said t Mr. Fair, with an emphasis and decision which are marl characteristics, declares that under no circumstances sl her life be thus disposed of—that rather than to her in a convent and hehind the veil, he would prefe see her coffined and in her grave. Mr. Fair thinks the scheme is a Jesuit intrigue to rob him of bis chil order to gather in the money which it is presumed she will herit. He thinks that the long, bony fingers of the skeleto the order of the Society of Jesus are stretched for his child ber money. One of the revereod fathers of the church ha heen interviewed, said: "The young lady had exhihited a marked predilection for a religious life." This incideot co too near our social life to justify any attempt to avoid givi puhlicity. The family of the Fairs is too prominent in so political, and financial circles, and the iocidents of its ca too pathetic, to allow its further dismemberment hy the Ch of Rome without awakening a deep and earnest sympathy the father. Such an attempt as is cootemplated—if S tor Fair's surmises be correct and the motives pro ing the abduction of his daughter be persisted in— not he permitted in tbis community, and, if persisted will prove a very desperate undertaking. Seoator Fair's g wealth, great determination of cbaracter, and great love his child, might prove insurmountahle ohstacles for Order of Jesuits to overcome. The attempt to carry t consummation so evil a deed will not he approved hy booor and intelligent Roman Catholics, and it will he unanimo resisted by all persons wbose minds have not been poiso by the moral teaching of Jesuitical sophisms.

The very Rev. Father J. J. Boyle, of the only true, P and Apostolic Church and a priest of the only church in w souls may be entitled to a comfortahle eternity by the chase of masses, is condemned to he hanged at Raleigh C., on the twenty-ninth day of next Novemher. Crin assault upon a young lady named Geneva Whittaker, was a memher and organist of his church, was the crime which he was convicted and sentenced to death hy the s gulation of hemp. The place where the crime was p trated was near the sacred altar and within the holy e of the cburch to which she was induced to come for the pose of unhosoming her sins to ber pastor. It is not able that the churcb authorities will interest themselves much in assisting this recalcitrant priest, for we mus the authorities of the Churcb of Rome the justice to s them that they do not look with indulgence upon the cla crimes of which this Irish priest is accused, convicted, an wbich he is—properly—to he hanged. The historian, Le in his treatise upon the morals of Europe, and in whicb he hut few kind words to say for the Roman Church, recog bow faithfully the Irish clergy ohserve their vows of celi and how ohservant they are of their professions of cha Such men as Father Boyle, Archbishop Gihhons, and more reputahle of the Eastern clergy will not be very like do more than save the life of this worthless priest and him to end his days at penal lahor in the service of the S By the way, a very proper connection of cburch and Curiously enough, this law was passed for the punishme negroes.

Cahlegrams to our daily papers inform us that "Josepb Chamberlain has continued to excite the rage o "opponents and the disgust of his friends by charging "Gladstone with hrihery while in office. These hrihes "offers of titles to induce certain memhers of Parliame "help bim destroy the union." Twenty-four lines of same dispatch, interviewing the writer, conclude hy decl that "so outrageous are these hot-headed accusations, an "wide of any hasis of truth, that they have excited no fe "almost everywhere hut amusement at the fatuous folly o "loose-tongued gentleman who makes them." The same patcb informs us that Mr. Gladstone refuses to make dec tion of his legislative policy, but to leave his candidat Parliament free to advocate any programme popular i locality—sucb as nationalization of land, triennial Parliam witb payment of salaries to Memhers of the House of mons, modification of taxes, etc.; that Mr. Gladstoo make the disestahlishment of tbe church in Scotland Wales an electoral war-cry. Most of the foreign news to us colored by the partisans who send it, and is us

alse; but as a general Parliamentary election does not come or three years yet, we can have patience even under the fliction of partisan lies.

Some light is thrown upon the workings of the San Fran-isco cable companies from an unexpected source. When the able system first proved its practicability, a road was built on e same principle in New Zealand, which has been profitably perated ever since. Australia followed the lead of New ealand. The railways, or tramways—as they call the street-ar system there—are mostly owned by the government. But n enactment of the Australian Parliament permits tramways to e built and operated by private enterprise. Under the pro-isions of this enabling act, the Melbourne Tramway and mnibus Company, Limited, was organized a few years ago. he "limited" in the title evidently refers to the liability and ot to the amount of the profits, for the latter are enormous. alike our star-chamber corporations, the roads of Australia re required to make public statements of their receipts and sbursements, and thus their financial condition is known to e public. In San Francisco, these matters are carefully con-aled, and the public and the press are told that they are private affairs, with which the public has nothing to do." hey will be very public affairs, with which the people have a eat deal to do, before the press gets through with them. owever, to return: The last annual report of the Mel-urne company is at hand, and contains some very inter-ting figures. The paid-up capital of the company amounts two hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling, or y one and a quarter million dollars. During the last ar they have paid dividends of three per cent. every ree months. Twelve per cent. a year is a very fair re-rn on their capital, but this by no means represents e full measure of their profits. At the end of the year, a ge surplus was found to be on hand, and an extra dividend s declared. The receipts for the last year, coming entirely m the fares paid by passengers, amounted to two million hundred and thirty-two thousand nine hundred and forty llars, while the expenses, including interest on debt, running penses, office expenses, and all other forms of expenditure, ounted to only one million seven hundred and forty-six usand eight hundred and ninety-five dollars, leaving a profit eight hundred and eighty-six thousand and forty-five dollars an investment of one million two hundred and fifty thou-d dollars. This is a profit of a little more than *seventy cent.* for the year. The cable-car companies of this city discreetly silent as to all facts connected with their financial airs. The railroads of other cities at least announce the mber of passengers annually carried by them, but such in-mation regarding the passenger traffic of this city is inacces-le. A few weeks ago, we presented a careful estimate of receipts and disbursements of the car-companies of the y, based upon the most reliable figures attainable. We an-unced then that our estimate of profits was below, rather n above, the actual amount. But there has been some little sitation about accepting our conclusions. The rate of profit ich we announced as the minimum of the railroad com-nies of this city was twenty-three per cent., and this med incredible to many. They could not believe that y business enterprise was receiving more than three times normal interest on the investment. But here we have dence that our estimate was more than moderate. Mel-urne is a city about two-thirds the size of San Francisco; people there do not ride on the street-cars as much pro-rtionally as do the people of this city; the rate of fare is atively lower; accidents from the cable-cars are almost un-own there, and this means increased expenditure for the ety of the public. Yet, in spite of these facts, the cable-npany is able to divide seventy per cent. in dividends ong its stockholders! In view of such a showing as this s idle for the San Francisco companies to say that it would pay to make their service more efficient. They are re-ving enormous profits; they are enabled to do so by the tuities which they have received from the city, and they are ing a wbolly inadequate service at a high rate of fare.

At the Banker's Convention recently, Mr. W. P. St. John ocated an increase of the coinage of silver from two mill-s to four millions of dollars per month, and that this coin-be utilized to retire and cancel a corresponding amount in al-tender notes. The New York *Nation* in commenting on proposition evidently permits its anti-silver sentiments to rbalance its usual good sense. It says, speaking of Mr. John's plan to retire the legal-tender notes: "This is not a evident proposition, even if the field were clear. It is n to more serious question if the retirement of the legal-der notes involves the substitution of silver, which, in this e, involves taxation to the extent of three hundred and fifty-millions of dollars for bullion alone, besides the cost of nage. . . . The greenbacks stand for that portion of the ulating medium which experience shows will always and in circumstances float at par, if backed by a moderate re-demption fund." The burden of tbis repeats the argu-ment of the advocates of unlimited issues of "greenbacks." The portion of the currency which will float as paper money, with a moderate redemption fund, is a fluctuating amount, and it is always dangerous to travel in this direction. The country now is in a prosperous condition, but a sudden contraction of the metallic currency would render the present issue of paper money excessive. Mr. St. John's proposition is to increase the redemption fund until it equals the amount of paper money in circulation—for silver certificates may be issued in place of the silver dollars—and therefore means more ample security. Redemption funds are not for use in prosperous times, but during a panic, and on such an occasion the *Nation* would find Mr. St. John's fund very desirable, even though made up of the despised silver. But this opposition to Mr. St. John's plan is highly characterstic of the Eastern press. This country is a large producer of silver—the precious metal is dug from the bowels of her rock-ribbed mountains. She is a large consumer of silver in the arts. She is a large user of silver for specie. Out of the four hundred millions of silver dollars in the treasury-vaults, over which the gold men rave, all but a few millions are represented by silver certificates in circulation. The silver men believe in coining still more silver dollars, placing them in the treasury-vaults with Uncle Sam as their custodian, and issuing silver certificates in lieu of the dollars. Yet the *Nation* and journals of its kidney oppose this. They would coin no more silver dollars; they would let the silver certificates run against a fund already appropriated to the redemption of only a portion of the enormous outstanding legal-tender debt. Is this straightforward? Is it honest? Does it not tbe rather seem as though some sinister motive were behind sucb extra-ordinary financiering?

Tbe coming Pan-American Conference in Wasbington is causing a vast amount of discussion in Europe, but the feeling of uneasiness which was manifested at first seems to be giving place to a sense of confidence, very grateful to the feelings of our European friends. The *Stahl und Eisen*, a technical periodical, discussing the prospects of the establisbment of an American customs union, finds no little comfort in the fact that a century was required to establisb tbe German Zollverein among states speaking the same language, with similar eco-nomic conditions and homogeneous interests. The writer thinks that the republics of America, where the people differ in race, in mode of thought, and in language, and with conflicting in-terests, will not he united for many generations. The present conference undoubtedly labors under a disadvantage, in the fact that it has power only to consult and to recommend action to the different governments. The conclusions arrived at by the conference after repeated discussions and compromises, will probably not be acceptable to any of the nations involved. But the conference will accomplish much, and the analogy with the German states is not a good one. The German states—with their petty jealousies fostered and strengthened for generations, with their fear of any kind of concerted action which might destroy their autonomy, with the cupidity of the petty German princes, who saw in a customs union a cur-tailment of their revenue without any corresponding per-sonal advantage—do not present a case in any manner parallel to that of the American nations, whose delegates are now traveling through this country on a tour of inspection preparatory to the discussions in Washington next month. The republics of America are really anxious to trade with eacb other, and they have no fear that a commercial union will develop into a political union. The great difficulty will prob-ably arise from the conflicting details of the various tariffs. The countries of Central and South America raise their reve-nue principally from their tariff duties as do we in the United States. But there is this difference, they do not receive as much as they need, and therefore have not so much liberty of action in a revision of their tariffs. This question is therefore likely to give some trouble before the conference results in any decided improvement of tbe commercial relations.

The grand army of sight-seers is returning home from the Paris Exposition in larger numbers than the steamship com-panies can accommodate. Commencing in tbe early spring, the exodus continued with increasing numbers through the summer, and now that the exposition is about to close they are all returning with a rush. During the first week of Au-gust, when the return tide set in, 1860 passengers arrived in New York by the various lines; during the second week, 3239, the third week showed a slight falling off, but during the fourth week the number reached 5297. The rush continued in greater numbers during September. The daily average of ar-rivals in August was 489, the daily average for September was 560. From the steamship figures, it is shown that over eighty thousand tourists left this country this year to visit Europe, and thus a little more than one-tbird of the tourists bave returned during the last two months. As the steamship companies are now working at their full capacity, the return movement will probably con-tinue for four months more. It may therefore he assumed that as the exodus continued during the first half of the year and the return during the second half, the average stay in Europe of each one of these eighty thousand tourists is six months, or one bundred and eighty days. The expenses of living in Paris, with the incidental expenses attached to the exposition, are placed at five dollars a day; some tourists expend less than this amount, many expend much more. On this basis, each tourist paid nine hundred dollars, and the whole eighty thousand probably left seventy-two millions of dollars in Europe as a memento of the American visitors. In addition to this return of the tourists, a steady tide of immi-gration bas been pouring into the country, and this immigra-tion exhibits the peculiar feature of the cabin passengers ex-ceeding in number those coming in the steerage. The usual rule has been that the steerage passengers exceed the others in the proportion of about three to one. On a num-ber of selected trips during August and September, the cabin passengers were in excess by more than twenty-three hun-dred. On only four or five of tbe steamships arriving during these months did the steerage passengers exceed the others, and in each case the excess was very sligbt. Since August 1st, about fifty thousand steerage passengers have arrived from Europe, the greatest number coming from Germany.

Tbe Western Union Telegraph Company, the Pacific Bell Telephone Company, and the Brush Electric Light Company have franchises authorizing them to erect poles and run wires over the streets of San Francisco. The Market Street Cable Company, the Geary Street Cable Company, the Powell Street Cable Company, and the Omnibus Cable Company have fran-chises authorizing them to lay tracks and run cars over the streets of San Francisco. The cable-companies maintain and *continuously* occupy turn-tables at the intersections of Market and East, Market and Montgomery, Market and Kearny, Market and Stockton, and Market and Powell Streets—five of the busiest corners in the city. For this occupancy they pay nothing. Why should they thus continuously occupy portions of the streets of San Francisco? Suppose the Western Union should erect at Market and Kearny an office for the receipt of dispatches—in the street. Suppose the Brush Company should construct at Market and East an underground vault for engines and dynamos, and over it erect a supply-house—in the street. Suppose the Telephone Company should erect at Market and Powell a telephone-station—in the street. Would such use of the streets be any more extraordinary than that made by the cable-companies for their terminal points? If the telegraph and telephone-companies have to purchase or lease ground for continuous occupancy, why should not the car-companies be made to do the same?

A New York correspondent of the Providence *Journal* has this theory about the World's Fair:

There are lots of people in New York who are saying that we shall not hold the World's Fair of 1892 in New York city. Some of them are influential persons in commercial and public life, but they get their ideas from the politicians. The only grateful feature about this disappointing talk is that they say the fair will not go to Chicago. The idea is that it is to be held in Washington. It seems that Senator Quay is very much opposed to the idea of holding the fair in New York, not merely because it is a Democratic city, but because he thinks it can be made an instrument for perpetuating Republican rule if it is held in Washington and managed by the dominant party. Quay's idea is that just as the Paris Exposition has strengthened and enlivened the republican form of government in France, so any fair held in this country during a Republican administration will bring so great an outlay of money, so high a tide of prosperity, and such general good feeling, that the Republicans will be certain to reap the benefit of it. He hopes to be able to force Washington on Congress as a compromise, knowing full well that Chicago has canvassed the South and West very thoroughly, and that there are dozens of representatives who would vote for Washington as a makeshift, but who would not dare to vote for New York under any circumstances. But he has a bigger hold upon Congress than that. He and all the persons interested in the administration will offer the representatives and senators the golden bribe of managing the World's Fair themselves. They will have held up to them their opportunity to appropriate vast sums for the expenses of the enterprise, and to spend the money thus set aside, as well as to figure before the world as the managers of the scheme. The country, according to this gossip, is to be won over by the argument that the government has all the means of carrying out the enormous experiment successfully, with its army officers, engineers, surveyors, its property within the district for a site, and all the rest of the advantages it can offer.

"COCKAIGNE" DEFENDED.

Editors Argonaut: I am that, to the American mind, *rara avis*—an unprejudiced Englishman—a passing tourist who has taken great pleasure, during his stay in San Francisco, in the perusal of your excellent journal, and it has struck me once or twice that ill-natured notes have been sent you in relation to your London correspondent's very readable letters. A spirit of fairness prompts me to send you a line in his defense in answer to a fling at his remarks on the British drinker and drinks, in your last issue. The writer assails him particularly on the egg-nog question, saying that beverage is common in England under the name of egg-flip. My dear sir, this is absurd! The two drinks are not the same at all—flip being made with hot water and of a thin liquid consistency and usually flavored with sherry, while nog, as you know, is thick, cold, and largely composed of brandy and rum.

"Cockaigne" treads on the toes of many a British exile, no doubt; but, in the main, he is correct in what he says—their squealing to the contrary, notwithstanding. Visitor.

San Francisco, October 20, 1889.

General Faidherbe, who died recently in Paris, was almost the only French commander who, in the war of 1870–71, gained a distinct, undeniable advantage over the enemy, and quite the only one who in a pitched battle caused the Germans to retreat.

WHY HE MARRIED.

A Study of a Mind Diseased.

You can not understand it, my friend? And I can easily conceive that you can not. You think that I am going mad? Perhaps I may be, a little, but not for the reasons that you suppose.

Yes, I am about to marry.

And yet my ideas and convictions have not changed. I consider the legal union an absurdity. I am convinced that eight marriages in ten are failures. Less than ever do I feel myself capable of faithfully loving one woman — I shall always love all the others too well.

I would have a thousand lips, a thousand arms, that I might embrace at once an army of the charming creatures.

And yet I am about to marry.

I may add that I have but a slight acquaintance with my wife of to-morrow. I know that she is not displeasing to me, and that is sufficient for my purpose.

She is petite, blonde, and plump. But next week I shall long for a woman who is tall, dark, and thin.

She is not rich. She does not belong to a family of rank. She is one of those girls to be found by the gross in the middle classes, good girls to marry, with neither virtues nor faults.

People say of her: "Miss So-and-So is very pretty." They will say of her to-morrow: "She is extremely pretty, that Mrs. Blank."

Why, then, do I marry, you ask?

I scarcely dare avow to you the strange and incredible reason which impels me to this senseless act.

I marry that I may not be alone.

I know not how to say it, how to make myself understood. You would pity me and despise me, so deplorable is my state of mind.

I do not want to be alone at night. I want to feel a human being near me, beside me—a being which can speak, say something, no matter what.

Some one whom I can waken from slumber and question abruptly—any foolish question—only to hear a voice, to feel that my rooms are inhabited, to feel a consciousness on the alert, a reason at work, to see on suddenly lighting my candle, a human form at my side—because—because—it is hard to acknowledge it—because, alone, I am afraid.

Oh! you do not yet comprehend me.

I am not afraid of danger. If a burglar entered my room, I would kill him without a tremor. I am not afraid of ghosts. I do not believe in the supernatural. I am not afraid of the dead. I believe in the total annihilation of every being which disappears.

Well, I am afraid of myself! I am afraid of *fear*, afraid of my warring intellect, afraid of this horrible sensation of incomprehensible terror. Laugh, if you will. It is frightful, incurable. I am afraid of the walls, of the furniture, of the familiar objects which become instinct for me with a sort of animal life. I am afraid, above all, of the horrible agitation of my thoughts, of my senses which escape me in confusion, scattered by an anguish mysterious and indefinable.

I experience, first, a vague inquietude which penetrates to my very soul and causes a shudder to run through me. I look around me. Nothing! And I desire that there should be something. What? Something comprehensible! For I am afraid solely because I can not comprehend my fear.

I speak. I am afraid of my voice. I walk. I am afraid of the unknown behind the door, behind the curtains, in the closet, under the bed. And yet, I know that there is nothing.

I turn suddenly, afraid of what is behind me—though there is nothing there, and I know it. I grow agitated, I feel my terror increase, and I lock myself in my chamber and plunge into bed and hide under the coverings, and, cowering there, rolled up like a ball, I close my eyes in desperation, and remain thus for an endless time, knowing that my candle, left burning on my night-table, ought to be put out—and I dare not do it.

Is it not frightful to be thus?

Formerly, I experienced nothing of all that. I entered calmly. I went and came in my rooms, with nothing to disturb the serenity of my mind. If any one had told me then what a malady of fear—incredible, foolish, and terrible—would one day possess me, I should have laughed heartily. I opened the doors in the dark with assurance. I undressed slowly, without pushing the bolts, and I never arose in the middle of the night to make sure that the doors and windows were securely fastened.

It began last year in a singular manner. It was on a damp autumn night.

It was dreary everywhere. The wet sidewalks glistened. A moist warmth, of the sort which freezes you with sudden chills—an oppressive warmth of fine, impalpable rain, enveloped the street and seemed to lessen and obscure the flame of the gas. I walked slowly, repeating to myself, as I went: "I shall find no one to talk to."

For blocks and blocks I searched the cafés. The tired-looking men sitting at the tables appeared too listless to finish their repasts.

I wandered about thus for some time, and toward midnight started homeward. I was calm, but very tired.

My concierge, who retires before eleven o'clock, opened the door for me at once, contrary to his usual habit. I thought: "Doubtless another lodger has just gone up."

On going out, I always double-lock my door; I found it simply latched, a fact which struck me. I supposed letters had been sent up during the evening. I entered. The fire was still burning and faintly illumined the apartment. I took a candle, intending to light it at the fire, when, turning my eyes in that direction, I saw some one sitting in the arm-chair, with feet to the fire and back toward me.

I was not afraid. Oh, no, not the least in the world. Probably it was one of my friends who had called to see me. The concierge, informed by me on my going out, had told him I would return, and given him a pass-key. And instantly the circumstances of my return recurred to my mind—the cord pulled without delay the door on the latch.

My friend had fallen asleep while waiting for me.

I saw him distinctly; an arm hanging down on the right, his feet crossed one over the other, his head leaning over a little to the left side of the chair—unmistakable evidence of slumber.

"Who is it?" I asked myself.

It was impossible to see clearly in the dim light. I reached out my hand to touch him on the shoulder! . . . I encountered the wood of the chair! There was no longer any one there. The seat was empty! . . .

Merciful heaven, what a shock! . . . I recoiled at first as if before some terrible danger. Then I turned suddenly, feeling that some one was behind me.

But I am a man of considerable nerve, and I presently came to my senses. I thought: "I have had an hallucination, that is all."

I had had an hallucination—that was an incontestable fact. But my mind had remained clear all the time, acting regularly and logically. There was then no trouble with the brain. The eyes alone had been deceived—the eyes had had a vision, one of those visions which lead the simple to believe in miracles. There was a nervous affection of the optical organs, nothing more. A slight congestion, perhaps.

I lit my candle. I noticed, on bending toward the fire, that I was trembling, and I raised myself with a start, as if some one had touched me from behind.

Assuredly, I was far from tranquil.

I walked about, I spoke aloud, I sang in a subdued voice.

Then I double-locked my chamber-door and felt somewhat reassured. At least, no one could enter.

I sat down and reflected over my adventure a long time. Finally, I got into bed and put out the light.

For a time all went well. I was lying quietly on my back. Then I felt a desire to look around the room, and turned over on my side.

The fire had died down, only two or three red brands remaining, just brightening the feet of the arm-chair, and I thought I again saw the man sitting there!

I hastily struck a match. I had deceived myself. I no longer saw anything. However, I arose and concealed the chair behind the bed. Then I again darkened the room and endeavored to sleep.

I had not lost consciousness for more than five minutes before I saw, in a dream, and plainly as the reality, the whole scene of the evening over again. I awoke in consternation, and, having made a light, remained sitting on the bed without even daring to try to sleep.

Twice, however, slumber overcame me in spite of myself, and twice again I saw the same thing. I thought I must be going mad. When the day appeared, I felt that I was cured, and slept soundly until noon.

It was over—well over. I had had a fever, a nightmare, I know not what. I had been ill.

But I considered that I had acted very foolishly.

I was very gay all that day. I dined in a restaurant, I went to the theatre; finally, I started for home. But on approaching the house, a feeling of uneasiness took possession of me. I was afraid of seeing *him* again. Not afraid of him, not afraid of his presence, in which I did not believe—but afraid of a renewed trouble of my eyes, afraid of the hallucination.

For more than an hour I wandered aimlessly up and down the streets, then, ashamed of my weakness, finally entered the house. I was breathing so hard that I could with difficulty mount the stairs. I halted again on the landing, outside my door, for more than ten minutes, then, in a burst of courage, I unlocked the door and dashed forward, candle in hand, pushed the half-open door with my foot, and cast a startled glance toward the fire-place. I saw nothing.

What a relief! What joy! What a deliverance! I went and came about the rooms with a jaunty air. But I did not feel reassured. I turned with sudden starts; the shadows in the corners disquieted me.

I slept ill, constantly wakened by imaginary noises. But I did not see him. No. It was ended!

Since that day I am afraid—alone at night. I feel it there, near me, about me—the vision. It has never appeared to me again. And what does it matter, moreover, since I do not believe in it, since I know that it is nothing?

It harasses me though, for I think of it unceasingly. A hand hanging down on the right, the head leaning to the left, like that of a man asleep. . . . Enough, in God's name! I will think of it no longer! But what is the meaning of this obsession? Why this persistency?

He haunts me—it is folly, but so it is. Who? *He!* I know that he does not exist, that it is nothing! He exists only in my apprehension, in my fear, in my anguish!

But I may reason with myself, upbraid myself, in vain, I can no longer remain at home alone, for he is there. I shall never see him again, I know. He will not show himself again, that is ended.

But he is there all the same, in my thoughts. He remains invisible, that does not prevent his being there.

He is behind the doors, in the closets, under the bed, in every obscure corner, in every shadow. If I turn the doors, if I open the closets, if I throw the light under the bed, if I illumine the corners, the shadows, he is no longer there; but then I feel that he is behind me. I turn, certain, however, that I shall not see him, that I shall never see him again. He is none the less behind me still.

It is foolish, but it is atrocious. What would you? I can do nothing.

But if there were two of us, I feel, yes—I feel certain that he would no longer be there! For he is there because I am alone—solely because I am alone!—*Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Guy de Maupassant, by H. C. R.*

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Queen Victoria is said to have real-estate investments in New York which pay her a handsome income.

The King of Bavaria receives an income of one million of dollars a year from the profits of the Hofbräuhaus, or royal brewery.

Emperor William has prohibited the use of the word "cigar" on account of its French origin. In future, the fragrant weed is to be known in Germany by the excruciatingly Teutonic word of "glimmstengel."

Two of the most remarkable scientific men of the century—Thomas A. Edison, the well-known electrician, of Menlo Park, and William Crookes, the great London chemist and discoverer of radiant matter—are Theosophists. Mr. Edison is a member of the Aryan Theosophical Society of New York city, and Professor Crookes is vice-president of the London Theosophical Lodge.

The efforts which are being made to induce Oliver Wendell Holmes to write his autobiography do not seem likely to be crowned with success. Since his wife's death, he is disinclined to sustained work, and pleads that his books tell as much of himself as he wishes the public to know. He desires to do no more work except that which he has already promised, or, as he recently said to a friend: "I have sold all my unmown grass."

The Czar breakfasts at nine upon boiled eggs, ham, roast-beef, omelet, and tea, while at noon he recruits his exhausted energies by a luncheon of chicken-broth with an egg in it, cutlets, cold fowl, game, river fish, vegetables, and cake. At two, the Czar consumes a dish of rice boiled in milk. The Czar has a truly Gargantuan appetite, and he drinks oceans of champagne at and after dinner, but at the midday meal he contents himself with a bottle of either Bordeaux or Rhine wine.

C. M. Gifford, a Los Angeles printer, recently won in a raffle a watch which has an interesting history. It was presented, as the inscription on the inner case testifies, "by Her Royal Highness Dona Maria Teresa, Infanta of Spain, to Lieutenant J. Duffill, commander of H. B. M. steam-vessel *Pluto*, for his particular attention to the Spanish royal family during their voyage in said vessel from London to Rotterdam in June, 1835." Duffill is dead, and his widow, being in want, raffled off the watch.

The late Lady Holland, of the famous Holland House, left a most interesting collection of Napoleonic relics. In fact, she had a curious fancy for unusual relics, one, which held a conspicuous position in her drawing-room cabinet, being a bonnet once worn by the Princess Amelie, mother of the Duc d'Aumale. Few visitors to Holland House were ever shown into Lady Holland's private apartment, but those who were will remember the little iron staircase running from her bedroom to the room below, and the romantic reason for its existence.

Mr. Henry A. Cook, of Leominster, Mass., wanted to go to the legislature, so he put a card in the local paper, hired a hall, and placed himself in nomination before a convention of enthusiastic fellow-citizens. He made a speech, in which he said he proposed to spike all his opponents' guns by telling every mean thing he had ever done. He began with his birth, and showed that he had been a hostler, a peddler, a tramp, a groceryman, a stableman, a chair-maker, a comb-maker, a carpenter, a blacksmith, a manufacturer, a gambler, a thief, a large real-estate dealer, a lawyer, a detective.

"Prince Bismarck," says a correspondent, "is, in appearance, now a feeble old man. His face is waxen and flabby, and his hands are those of a very old man—yellow and swollen in the joints and marked with unnaturally big, blue veins. He is once more becoming very fat abdominally, and Dr. Schweninger is at his wit's end to keep this flesh down, for Bismarck is no longer able to walk much. To please his physician, he tries from time to time, but his legs hurt him too much to make this form of exercise possible. All this tends to depress him, and the further fact that his family have not been a long-lived race serves to deepen his conviction that his days are numbered."

Frederick Douglass, who looks fully twenty years younger than his three-score-and-ten, seems to enjoy a very happy domestic life with his white wife. It was a long time before the colored people in Washington—who look upon Mr. Douglass as the children of Israel did upon Moses—forgave him for not choosing a wife, when he wanted a second, from among the daughters of his own people. On two occasions, within a few weeks after the marriage, colored orators at public meetings went out of their way to score Mr. Douglass for his connubial eccentricity. It will be remembered that he married a copyist employed in his office when he was recorder of deeds for the District of Columbia. Nobody, not even Mr. Douglass's own children, had the slightest suspicion of the coming event and all Washington held up its hands in surprise.

Colonel Aldace F. Walker, chairman of the Interstate Railway Association, is a strapping six-foot Vermonter, of unusual executive ability. He was a leading New England railroad lawyer when President Cleveland made him a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and left that tribunal for his present position, one of the best-paid railroad places in the country. Colonel Walker was graduated from Middlebury, Vt., College in 1861, and was made the hero of his commencement by an incident which illustrates his character. The war fever was running high, and young Walker, then only twenty years old, had organized a company of soldiers in Bridgport, a town twelve miles from the college. On commencement morning he rode out to drill his command and in returning he reached the old Middlebury church just in time to throw his bridle over a post and walk up the broad aisle in his uniform as his oration was announced. The sight of the uniform and the shoulder-straps adorning it set the patriotism of the audience boiling, and the young soldier was accorded a greater ovation than any other speaker received that day.

Miss Mary Gwendolin Caldwell, whose engagement to Prince Murat has attained so much notoriety, writes to a friend that the formal betrothal has been indefinitely postponed on account of an unwritten law of the French and Italian aristocracy, which requires the contracting parties to produce, at their betrothal, the baptismal certificates of their parents and grandparents. This Miss Caldwell is unable to do, as there is no record of her grandmother's baptism, and a hitch in the proceedings is the result. Miss Caldwell intimates that she would not care if all if the wedding should not take place. She was engaged to an Italian prince about three years ago, and the match was considered the best to be made in Europe, but, like several others before, it was broken off by the young lady. Miss Caldwell's first love was a young lawyer of Louisville, but the engagement was objected to. He has since married. In a former letter, Miss Caldwell said: "You may be sure that I always intend to be my own financier. I am willing to allow any husband I may have a sufficient income to enable him to dress well and pay his club dues, but he will never have the management of a cent of my principal."

The successful career of Frederic C. Penfield, managing director of the Gatling-Gun Company (Limited), in London, is a good illustration of what American push and "nerve," accompanied by a quick comprehension of opportunity, may accomplish. About four years ago, Mr. Penfield was city editor of the Hartford, Conn., *Courant*, on a salary of twenty-five dollars a week, and left his desk to become vice-consul-general at London under ex-Governor Waller. He resigned this office to assume the financial management of the so-called American Exposition in the British metropolis, and under his guidance the enterprise made money. After a year or two he returned to Hartford, engineered the sale of all European rights in the Gatling-gun to London capitalists, formed a company in England with five million dollars capital, and at the close of the transaction was owner of one-seventh of the company stock. Although a young man, Mr. Penfield is now rich. He belongs to the Royal Thames Yacht Club, owns a steam-yacht, and cherishes plans for a forty-ton boat, which, combining the best principles of American and British yacht science, may outsail all the craft on the other side next season, and possibly cross the Atlantic for a brush with our crack sailors. With all his success, Mr. Penfield remains a thorough American, and has lost none of the geniality which characterized him as a Hartford newspaper man.

CALIFORNIA WINES.

In writing "Wioes and Vines of California," Mrs. Frona Eunice Wait has done for the *vignerons* of this State what they have never found time to do for themselves—*i. e.*, acquaint the public with the good they have accomplished. Written from the popular standpoint, the author has made no attempt to instruct wine-makers, but she has greatly strengthened the faltering allegiance of consumers and would-be connoisseurs to our native wines. The recent awards by the Paris Exposition have already much improved their bouquet and flavor, and people spring up on all sides witb words of praise for a product which, less than a dozen years ago, no gentleman kept on his sideboard or mentioned in polite society.

The State of California exports to the Atlantic Coast as much wine as is imported into the whole country from France, and consumes herself of native production three-fourths as much as is imported into the entire United States from all countries. The County of Napa produces as much wine, and good wine, too, as is imported into this country. No one acquainted with the varied soils and diversified climate of California can doubt that it is to this State that the American people are to look for the wines which will in time make them forget Bordeaux, Rheims, Epernay, Oporto, Madeira, and Tokay. We shall probably not get a Château Lafite, nor Romanée Conté, nor a White Hermitage, nor a Chablis, for many years; we may never have wines quite the same. Even if we succeed to perfect processes of wine-making, and furnish brands which are rich in bouquet and flavor, they may never, in the estimation of some, reach the perfection of those just named. No two wine-producing countries are precisely alike, although there may be similarity of climate in all, and often many similar conditions of soil, cultivation, and manipulation. California grapes are grown in all kinds of soil, at different altitudes, and where there are dissimilar atmospheric conditions. Some of these conditions of climate, soil, and altitude favor France and Italy, some Germany and Greece, and others Spain and Portugal, while not a few of the California conditions favor none of these. To a great extent, the result here will be a new one, like the individuality of a new race of human beings; but when science and skill have been exhausted in the preparation of the juices, we shall make good wines with a new nomenclature, and our ranches, with their pretty Spanish names, will sound as sweet to the ears of the connoisseur of the next generation as do Roussillon or Amontillado now in our own.

Planting a vineyard and making wine is a gentleman's occupation and the highest type of agriculture, and a visit to any section where the industry has taken root finds the beautiful valley and sunny slopes thickly studded with lovely country-houses, and one glance at the interior reveals the refined modern tastes of the viticulturist's family. The owners of our vineyards are thorough good fellows in every sense of the word. They represent the wealth and intelligeoce of the communities in which they live, and are noted throughout the State for their go-ahead principles in business, and their admirable social qualities. But the American proper is not a wine-drinker, that is, he does not make wine a part of his food the same as tea or coffee, but treats it as a foreign substance, to be used only for its exhilarating effects. He thinks of wine as a tipple, and, like his English cousin, much prefers something a little stronger, and unless his taste has been properly educated, nearly always selects a sweet wine when he indulges in sucb an extravagance. The terms "dry" and "sweet" in reference to wine, indicate the different processes in the first fermentation. For instance, a dry wine is one in which all the sugar has been turned into alcohol and carbonic-acid gas in equal proportions. If a grape contains twenty-four per cent. of saccharine, its alcoholic strength will be twelve per cent. of proof spirit, the remainder being thrown off in carbonic gas. With sweet wines, the fermentation is suppressed at a certain stage by the addition of brandy made from grape juice. Tbis latter is the common practice in making port, sherry, and Madeira, aod all sweet wines must be fortified with spirit to keep them or enable them to travel.

It is a common error to imagine tbat the natural acidity of wines—tartaric or even malic acidity—promotes acidity of the stomach. This opinion prevails largely among Americans, and tbey are very apt to look with aversion upon any wine of a tart nature, call it undrinkable, and claim that it disagrees with them. With some disorganized stomachs this may be true, and should it prove so, their owners should immediately apply for relief to some physician. Acidity of the stomach never arises from the use of a dry, tart, acid, sound wine, but does very frequently come from an imperfectly fermented, sweet, or half-sweet wine, which only too often ferments after it has been introduced into the system. In general, the sweetest wines have more acid than the dry wines, only this acidity is disguised either by the sugar, the added brandy, or the two combined. To prove this assertion, you have only to freeze a bottle of pure white wine or claret, with a bottle of angelica or port, and note the much more abundant formations of crystals of tartar in the latter two.

That wine-drinking is on the increase among educated and traveled Americans is bappily true, but the great masses of Americans do not yet appreciate the wholesomeness of our table wines. Wben the laboring-man shall drink a bottle of white or red wine witb his dinner, the temperance problem in the United States will be solved. At present he comes home from work, often with a brain as much wearied as his body, and has no appetite or appreciation of the poorly cooked meal awaiting him. He simply eats to live and leaves his table with a feeling of discomfort. He would be mucb less human than most men are if he could resist the light, cheerfulness, and warmth of tbe saloon on the corner. Men do not naturally prefer a drinking-house to their own firesides, but it is a physical as well as a mental necessity tbat they have rest and relaxation to counteract the day's wear and tear. That the neal bour in the average laborer's home is a cheerless time is largely the result of a false education. The wife does not know how to cook and neither knows how to eat. Let us all be thankful that there has been some slight ahatement of the harbarous habit of making a child sit holt upright at table, with a huge howl of mush and milk, and compelled to eat all of it on penalty of having its hands slapped, and sent away from tahle and starved into submission. Poor little distended stomach! How is it possihle to have correct gastronomic tastes under arbitrary rules? and it often happens that one of the first things a young man ur woman does on gaining majority is to revolutionize their home-table code. The great danger of breaking away from early teachings is the liability to opposite extremes, and this continual warfare against spirituous liquors is likely to produce partisans in its favor who are as obnoxious to thinking men and women as the prohibition fanatic.

The temperate and proper use of sound tahle wines, with their pleasant fruit acids and low percentage of alcohol, is the happy mean between the two factions, and this product should be so cheap that the laboring-man can indulge at his own tahle without it costing him more than the aggregate of coffee, heer, and whisky does now. The American champagoe producers are taking a step in the right direction by producing a good champagne within reach of modest purses. Wine dignifies a dinner, and when the toilers may have a bottle of champagne to commemorate a birthday anniversary or holiday, there will be more cheerful faces among them, because of improved digestion and a sense of having a share of the good things of life.

A curious trend of popularity among the native wine consumers is their predilection for clarets of a heavy order. It will be hard work even in California to educate the present generation up to an appreciation of the light, dry wines. The American is an imitative member of the human family up to a certain point, but beyond that his independence asserts itself. He travels much of late years, and he has discovered that all Europeans look upon wine as a necessity. Jonathan does not find it necessary to his happiness, but he is willing to imitate his European cousin by adding wine to his menu. There is room for fault-finding with the kind of wine he uses. He can not quite bring himself to indorse the acid wines. He has small appreciation of the more delicate properties of these wines, and asserts himself strong enough to show a decided preference for heavy-bodied clarets, those closely resembling Burgundy. The sons of these men will drink the right kind of table-wines, their fathers never will, but, as a compromise on whisky, it is a most hopeful sign.

Outside this State there is less wine consumed per capita, but the Eastern wine-drinker has correct taste, because he has excellent European wines to drink, and these men should not be slow to recognize the merits of California vintages. Unfortunately that class were largely induced to try the first shipments from California, and alas! they have never quite recovered from tbat experience. That was in the days when the Mission and Zinfandel were considered the only grapes for wine-making, when every kind of wine was made from one variety of grape and when cellar practice was on a par with these preposterous notions. The depression of 1876 taught the growers a severe lesson, and when phylloxera made sad bavoc in the then stronghold of the industry, with a zeal characteristic of American energy, these old vines were torn up and the very best French, German, Austrian, Spanish, and Italian vines were planted in their stead. On a par with this movement, inquiry and study soon corrected imperfect cellar-practices, and to-day California has some of the finest, as well as largest, cellars in the world.

Mrs. Wait has not been so aggressive as Kate Field in preaching the gospel of the grape, but she has done an amount of good which will make itself felt more and last longer. The scope of her work includes wine-making from the plowed ground to the bottle of old wine, and sbe has not only told the early history, but has brought much contemporaneous history to light, and has been equally just to grower, cellarman, and dealer. Considerable attention is also given to the districts wbicb have wholly or partially confessed themselves as adapted to certain kinds of wine, and it is doubtful if the future bistorian will bave mucb fault to find with her conclusions.

Passenger-elevators in the large buildings of the city are increasing very rapidly. Accidents have occurred, and, as the elevators become older and begin to get out of order, a greater number of accidents may be expected. In New York city, they have four elevator-inspectors, the office having been created in 1885. They are required to inspect each passenger-elevator at least once in three months and to make a report in writing as to its condition. At the building department there is a list kept of all passenger-elevators, the names of the owners, builders, and persons running them, the condition of the elevator at the time of tbe last report, tbe nature of the defects found, and tbe result of notice to remedy such defects. Persons building passenger-elevators are required to report the fact to the superintendent of buildings, and the elevator may not be used until it has heen inspected and approved. Every persoo in charge of an elevator must examine it tboroughly every twenty-four hours, and at once report any defects to the inspector of buildings. Failure to do so is punishable by fine and imprisonment. The lifting power of each elevator must be conspicuously posted upon it, and it is unlawful for more than eighty per cent. of this weight to be carried. A person running an elevator must be, at least, eighteen years of age, he must understand the machinery used in running the elevator, and he must have had at least one month's experience. During the last year, the New York inspectors reported two thousand five hundred and seventy-six inspections, and of these, two thousand three hundred and fifty-nine elevators were found to be in good order. The principal defects were defective cylinders, fronts of cars unprotected, and new ropes required. Similar regulations prevail in Brooklyn.

Eighteen tons of steel disappear daily on tbe single system of the London and Northwestern Railway, through wear and rust.

EXPOSITION NOTES.

By our Paris Correspondent.

Oh! the heartaches there have been over the exposition awards! Not an exhibitor among the fifty-and-odd thousand hut what considers himself entitled to a medal of some value or other in proportion to the importance of his exhibit. No one is much astonished to learn that the French have taken for themselves the higgest slice of the cake. In all the foreign sections I find discontent raging wildly—none less in the American than in the rest. Even in the French divisions contentfulness does not reign by any means; every man is not a laureate, though every other man certainly is—and something over. The Grands Prix are envied by the gold medals, and the silver medals wish they were gold ones; the bronze medals are black with envy of the yellow and white, whereas the honorable mentions consider that they have been dishonorably used, and their laments are almost as loud as those of the unrequited ones, who moan disconsolate. Of course, it is ahsolutely impossihle to satisfy the greed for prizes which devours all the exhihitors alike.

One of the principal sources of discontent to the mass of minor laureates is that only the big men, who have gained the more important medals and prizes, were invited to come and make their how at the Palais de l'Industrie yesterday. For how, indeed, would it have heen possihle to organize a cortege of thirty-seven thousand persons? If President Carnot was exhausted with having to shake hands with twelve thousand mayors, what would have heen bis condition had he heen forced to grasp the digits of thirty-seven thousand exhibitors? Homicide in any form is illegal, and a man may be a president and all that, but he is only human after all, and there are bounds to human courtesy, smiles, and hand-shakes, and to the strength of endurance in human legs—even those of the chief of the state are in bone and muscle, not iron. As it was, the ceremony was a dreadfully fatiguing one, not only for M. Carnot and his satellites, but also for us spectators.

Once the awards have been distributed, exhibitors are always eager to get away. However desirous the public may be to prolong the exposition, and however ready the authorities to gratify them, I do not think it will be kept open after the date originally specified, though, perhaps, admittance will be generally granted, to use up tbe remaining tickets in circulation, to the grounds and portions of the buildings wbere the packing and clearing away can be postponed.

If tbe Orientals suffered during tbe rainfall of August, what must be their feelings now, in these late September days, when the wind tosses the palm-leaves in the temporary tropical plantations, whistles through the rustic inclosures, lifts tbe heavy folds of the Arab tents, courses down the Hué Street to sweep Congo Avenue, and brings desolation to Reunioo Square? Indeed, they look miserable enough. The tall, handsome Senegalians no longer walk majestic through the Soudan village, but cower miserably heneath their low huts, looking almost as abject and wretched as the negro sailors in the neighboring encampment, who have built up a fire of twigs and sit round it—men and monkeys. You no longer see bronze-limbed Tonquinites doing their own and their comrades' wasbing in the back slums of the Anamite habitations. They wear dirty clothes and do not touch water in such weather, and, above all, do not strip to their waists and exhibit their finely-molded forms to the admiration of the crowd. Half the regiment of *pousse-pousse* drivers were sent home a week or two since, and the rest have exchanged their sandals for bob-nailed boots, and look dejected beneath their tawdry trappings and pent-house hats. No, the time is past for playing at Orientalism. The shade of the verandahs has ceased to be pleasant to us, and, instead of dallying in the Algerian and Tunisian bazars, we trip into the open and leave the turbaned Turks, the petticoated Albanians, and the veiled houris to their own devices.

Up to the very last, I suppose there will be something new to go and see, either in the Champ de Mars or the Esplanade. The latest novelty in the latter place is the Buddhist temple. For some time, no one knew what the square building, constructed of carved wood, in tbe close vicinity of the Anamite Theatre, was going to be, until one day, the doors on the front and sides were thrown open and disclosed to view a sort of parlor, furnished with seats and having, at the farther end, an altar, with a gilded statue of Buddha, surrounded by a number of smaller statues, and lamps and vessels of different kinds upon it. And while the Anamite actors screeched themselves hoarse next door, the Anamite priests went through their mysterious ceremonies in the rival establishment. A few of us were courteously invited to behold these ceremonies and were accommodated in the parlor, the public viewing the mysteries from the doorway. While unutterably hored after the first few minutes by the monotony of the show, I lent a willing ear to the remarks of the crowd outside. The majority seemed to consider the whole of the proceedings as supremely ridiculous—a thousand times more silly than tbe play-acting. As the priest and his acolytes walked with measured steps, tapping on little drums or murmuring low phrases, round and round the altar—but so slowly that it took them five minutes to make the circuit, which could not have heen more than a dozen yards—the most absurd jokes were cracked about them. Their *bon dieu* was treated with undisguised contempt; "Monsieur le Curé," in his chocolate and scarlet, was adjured to speak up louder, and the crooning followers with the drums got their share of criticism. All this was in terrihly had taste, and I—with many others—felt quite ashamed of the silly French crowd. For I wonder what the Anamites, or any other people unaccustomed to the rites of the Catbolic service, for instance, would think of the bowing and scraping, the opening aod shutting of books and boxes, the marshaling of priests aod choristers, the Suisse with his cocked-hat and halberd, the trumpery paper decorations of the altar, the plaster images, and all the mummery of Catholic ceremonial.

PARISINA.

PARIS, September 30, 1889.

A CHILL SEPTEMBER.

"Cockaigne" writes of the English Mode of Heating Houses.

The late "cold snap," as it would be called in America, coming directly on the heels of a heated term of a week or more, during which occurred the hottest day of the year—a most unusual thing for September—was not only trying to the constitutions of the aged, weak, and incautious, but became at once a gentle reminder that winter is at hand, and that the reign of short days, long nights, frost-bites, chilblains, influenza, tallowed noses, and fires, will soon hold its sway in the land for six long weary months.

On Saturday, the fifteenth, I went with a party of young people on a blackberrying excursion. As we drove along, the dust lay inches deep in the roads and whitened the leaves of the hedges and low-hanging tree-branches, while the sun poured down a brazen heat from a burnished-copper sky, with not a breath of wind to temper it. It was just one uninterrupted, unqualified, undiluted heat, which burned your face and eyes, made the slightest movement equivalent (in its porous effects) to a half-hour's violent exercise in a gymnasium, and parched your throat to a degree of dryness for which all familiar similes sank into inadequate insignificance. "Dry as a bone," or "as a kiln," "a *Times* leader," "Trollope's novels," "the Desert of Sahara," would in no wise express your condition of thirst, or adequately convey the fierce desire for drink which got you under its control. You sat in straw hat and blazer, flannel trousers, and white canvas shoes, with a big, white umbrella held over your head (shared, of course, by some one else next you in the wagonette), and pitied the horses and the groom who drove, on both of which the sun poured down its vertical rays unimpeded by shade or shelter of any sort. In one's loose flannel-shirt, with its wide, turn-over collar, one could feel for the buttoned-up torture of the tight-fitting livery, the stiff top-boots, and high, hard shirt-collar of the man, and the heavy harness, the cumbrous, thick-wheeled vehicle, and the lengthening "winter coat" of the beasts.

When we got to the blackberry-ground—two large, lately harvested corn-fields, with a winding, sunny (a trifle *too* sunny) lane dividing them—no one was inclined for such exertion as gathering blackberries. The carriage drew up beneath a row of Scotch firs.

"Gather blackberries?" said one young man; "not today, thanky. I've no ambition to become a modern Hercules."

"Any one like to come?" asked Mr. Wilcox (an American gentleman from Denver).

"Where?" inquired one of the young ladies, an ardent tennis-player.

"To pick blackberries."

Had Mr. Wilcox worn a blue, star-spangled dress-coat and a pair of red-and-white striped trousers strapped under his boots, and busied himself in the uninterrupted occupation of whittling a stick, he could not have advertised his nationality more flagrantly. Neither fruit nor flowers are "picked" in England. They are "gathered."

"Thanks, awfully," said the girl; "it's too awfully hot to think of it," and she leaned back lazily under the shelter of her deep-lace sunshade. "It was a mistake to come. Fancy grilling out there."

"Wouldn't mind a game of lawn-tennis, though?" queried Mr. Wilcox, while a sarcastic smile played about the corners of his mouth.

There, again—a game *of* lawn-tennis! An Englishman would say *at* lawn-tennis, and, indeed, leave the "lawn" out altogether.

"Dear me, no," answered the girl, all alive in a minute; "it's simply perfect weather for tennis. I vote we go back at once and play. Bother the blackberries."

"Quite so!" exclaimed half-a-dozen voices at once; "do let us go home."

"Not till I've interviewed those bushes over there," said Mr. Wilcox, springing out of the wagonette and striding away up the lane; "see you later!" he called back, waving his hand, and was then lost in a bush as he clambered up the bank.

In half an hour he returned, with his straw-hat full of blackberries. I hope in America he would have received a more appreciative reception. He looked as though he expected to hear: "Lo! the Conquering Hero Comes!" chanted by the entire party. He was quickly undeceived.

"How tiresome of you to keep us so long," mingled with a few incoherent growls, was the sole comment his achievement received, as the groom was ordered to drive home at once.

Poor fellow. I felt sorry for him. He is getting an insight into English ways, anyhow. He is gradually losing his enthusiasm.

Within a week after that everybody was chattering and shivering with cold.

The worst of these changes is that English people chatter and shiver, and sneeze and blow their noses, in a determined sort of way, as if there was no remedy for it all.

"Why don't you have a fire?" said I, one day, to a lady who was sitting with blue knuckles in a drawing-room that felt like a refrigerator.

"What?" she cried, "a fire in September! I never heard of such a thing. Fancy one's coal bill!"

"But," said I, "what if September is as cold as December?"

"Oh, I never begin fires till, at the very least, the end of October," she answered; "not till November, if I can possibly help it."

"It's not a question of dates," said I, "but one of temperature, I should think."

"I wouldn't break through my rule for the world," she replied; "my mother always followed it, and so shall I," and she looked over my head with the grand air of the regulation Primrose Dame. "Fancy a fire in September! I never heard of such a thing."

And so it is, I think you will find, with most English people. They prefer to shake and quiver with cold sooner than "begin fires" before the regular date for them.

Even then the fires do not do much good. As a general thing, I do not suppose there are worse warmed houses in the world than English houses, except, perhaps, the huts of the Esquimaux. An English fire is not intended to warm the house or the room in which it burns. It is only meant to sit at—a sort of spot where you can warm yourself by drawing your chair up to it, or standing with your back to it, whenever, after sitting out in the room away from it, you have got chilled through and through.

"It's unaccountable to me that you don't have your houses warmed by hot-air or hot-water pipes," I heard an American gentleman once say to the English owner of one of the finest houses in the southern counties, at which he was staying on a visit. "It would save you extensively in fires."

"I wouldn't have such a thing in my house," replied the Englishman, with a snort; "imagine the stuffy air! And fancy giving up one's fires!—one's cheerful fire-place of a winter's night! The blazing logs are one of winter's greatest charms."

"To look at," said the American; "not to feel. An oil portrait of a fire inserted in the grate would give as much heat twelve feet away from it."

"But who wants to get twelve feet away from it?" exclaimed the Englishman; "no one is such a fool as that, I should think. Draw your chair up to it, as close as you like. That's the way we do in England."

"If there are a dozen people in the room, what are you going to do? All draw up to the fire? Take a pretty big fire-place, I should judge. You can't squeeze in over four in front of any fire-place I've seen, when you consider the chairs. Going to let the other eight freeze before your face and eyes?"

The Englishman looked cornered for a moment.

"What? Eh? Oh"—and a smile lit up his face as a happy thought came to his rescue—"first come, first served. That's my motto."

"Better warm the whole room and give everybody a chance; that's *my* motto, then. Why, I never saw anything like it. It's just as you say. The first fellow who gets to the fire—men, generally—form a ring round it, if one or two are not already toasting their backs at it with their coat-tails spread apart. The other people can not even see the fire, much less feel it."

"Why don't the other people look alive and take possession?" asked the Englishman.

"Then the others would have to freeze. If you had hot pipes all would be warm, and there would be no scramble to reach the fire, or cursing and swearing by those who got left."

"Hot pipes!" exclaimed the Englishman again; "just fancy the black-beetles! They'd be all over the place."

"The roaches *are* an abomination in English houses, that's a fact. They couldn't be much worse than they are, so far as I can judge. I had two on my pillow last night—great, big, long fellows, with feelers like a lobster—and four on the wall over the head of the bed, ready to drop gently down as soon as I blew out the candle. It wasn't hot pipes that brought them."

"I'm sure I'm very sorry your room should be so uncomfortable," said the Englishman, stiffly, with a subdued huff in his voice.

"Why, pshaw!" laughed the American, "I don't mind it. Down in Arizona, I've had a tarantula and a couple of scorpions in my bed. It isn't likely I'd be afraid of a roach. But, no joke, I'm serious about these hot pipes. Try them. Your whole house will have the same temperature. There will be no occasion to read the riot act in front of your fire-places, and no cellar-like halls and passages to catch cold in when going from room to room or up to bed. Look at the economy of the thing. In your fire-places, more than half the heat goes up the chimney. What a waste! Send this through pipes all over your house, or have one fire to heat water, if you like that better."

"A pretty penny it would cost putting in the pipes," said the Englishman.

"The saving in coal would pay for it in a year. Now, let's see," taking out a pencil and the envelope of a letter, "what's the price of iron pipe per foot?"

The Englishman, who had about as much knowledge of the price of anything, beyond horses and guns, as a Hindoo has of Low Dutch, said, frankly, he didn't know, but added: "I daresay Robinson would know. I can write and ask him." Robinson was his family solicitor, whose knowledge on all subjects, to judge by the diversity of applications to him for advice, was regarded as unlimited.

"Well, say lead pipe, then?"

"Can't tell you that, either."

"Hum." The American scratched his jaw with the end of the pencil. "How much is coal a ton?"

"I'll just ring the bell for Hopkins. He knows, I haven't a doubt. However," stopping, with his hand on the bell-rope, "it can't signify, after all. I shouldn't dream of having them, you know."

"Just as you say, then," and the American put the pencil and paper back in his pocket, with a sigh; "it doesn't matter to me."

Now, it is a curious thing that, about six months after this, the Englishman let his house for a year and went abroad. The people who took it had hot-air pipes put into the house at their own expense and without the knowledge of the owner. After their tenancy was up and the Englishman back in possession again, I was staying in the neighborhood, and one day went over to call.

"So you put them in after all," said I, noticing a suspicious-looking grating in the wall of the library.

"No, I didn't, I'm ashamed to say," he replied; "but the people who had the house did. I was awfully angry when I found it out. But ——" (naming the American gentleman) "was quite right, and I've been thinking of writing to him to tell him and sending him an apology for my rudeness."

"Then you like them?"

"I never knew what comfort was before."

London, September 28, 1889. Cockaigne.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

We suspect it is poor poetry which makes Oscar *Wilde* and James Whitcomb *Riley*. Be calm, brethren.—*Life.*

She—"I visit this romantic spot annually." *He*—"Are your stays long?" *She*—"Sir, I thought you a gentleman!"—*Epoch.*

Fangle—"Do you know anything about the game laws? can we shoot woodcock now?" *Cumso*—"We can try."—*New York Sun.*

Clara—"Fanny didn't marry Mr. Smythe, after all, did she?" *Lulu*—"Oh, no; but she prevented Lucy from marrying him."—*Time.*

"I fought for glory," said one veteran. "I fought for my country," said another. "Well," said the Grand Army man, "I fought for revenue only."—*Life.*

Lalage (desperately)—"I'm going to learn the type-writer whether mamma likes it or not." *Viola*—"Why?" *Lalage*—"So that somebody will fall in love with me."—*Life.*

Footpad—"Any luck, Bill?" *Murderer*—"Yep; all bad. Used up four dollars' worth of chloroform drugging a fellow who'd only forty cents and a busted Waterbury."—*Life.*

Impecunious suitor—"Will you have me?" *Elderly spinster* (with cash)—"What could I do with you?" *Impecunious suitor*—"You might do Europe with me."—*Harper's Bazar.*

"Yes," said the stranger, "I have made over two thousand dollars this year by parachute descents." "You are a balloonist, eh?" "No; I am an undertaker."—*New York Sun.*

Ed.—"My grandfather died this morning." *Al.*—"And I suppose you will have to pay for the funeral?" *Ed.*—"Oh, no, the city pays the expenses; grandpa was hung."—*Epoch.*

Detrow—"Can you give me oysters on the half-shell, to-night?" *Waiter*—"Yessir; but you will have to wait a few minutes. All our half-shells is in use at present, sir."—*New York Sun.*

Charming widow—"And what are you doing nowadays?" *He*—"Oh, amusing myself; looking out for number one. And you?" *Charming widow*—"Looking out for number two."—*Life.*

Mrs. H., mistaking a mirror for a door and suddenly starting back: *Mr. H.* (laughing)—"Why didn't you go through, my dear?" *Mrs. H.*—"Upon reflection, I thought I would better not."—*Life.*

Mr. Griddle (of Philadelphia, communicating with the spirit of his late wife)—"How do you like it up there, my dear?" *The late Mrs. Griddle*—"Heaven is a nice place, William, but it isn't Wanamaker's."—*Life.*

"It's always a relief to me when it comes time to pay off Bridget," said Mrs. Howeskeep. "Why?" inquired her husband. "Because it is the only time when I feel positive that she doesn't employ me."—*Beacon.*

Native (to stranger)—"We have always a west wind here." *Stranger*—"But the wind now is right from the east." *Native*—"Oh, that's the west wind coming back, you know." *Stranger*—"Ah!"—*Beacon.*

Traveler (in a hantering tone)—"I say, landlord, what makes you call this wine Bordeaux?" *Landlord* (good humoredly)—"Oh! I am not very particular; sometimes I label it Burgundy—when required!"—*Grains de Sel.*

Mr. Brown (to stranger, who has saved him from drowning)—"My dear, good friend, I'll never forget you as long as I live! Come up to my store and get some nice, clean, dry clothes; I'll let you have them as cheap as anybody."—*Epoch.*

(Denslow has invited a party of friends to a home-poker symposium, and Mrs. Denslow brings in the luncheon just as Denslow gets his first hand in two hours)—"Why, Tommy! isn't it rather unusual to have every card in your hand clubs?"—*Judge.*

Miss Beacon (of Boston)—"Do you never feel an insatiate craving for the unattainable—a consuming desire to transcend the limitations which hedge mortality, and commune, soul to soul, with the spirits of the infinite?" *Omaha man*—"Ye-es, kinder."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Stranger (in Boston)—"What is the meaning of this vast crowd—something unusual happening?" *Boston man*—"I don't know, sir. I have just arrived on the ground myself. It may be that a symphony concert is just over, or it may be that Mr. Sullivan is drunk again."—*Judge.*

"What's the matter, Charlie? You look blue." "I am blue. I went to the mountains last month, and I never saw such a lot of pretty girls in my life, and as there was only one other man there, I expected to have a good time, but the other fellow was a Mormon, and was engaged to 'em all."—*Harper's Bazar.*

The chair rises to deliver his address of welcome just as the Roman punch is served: *Chairman McGookin*—"It affoords me more plisure than Oi can expriss to meet yez once more around the fistive hoord." *O'Reagan* (in a hoarse whisper)—"Whist, Dinnis; cut it short. There's whusky in the ice-crame." *Chairman McGookin*—"Me frinds, there he toimes whin silence is goolden. This is wan av thim."—*Life.*

McTavish—"Did ye see yon Ayrshire cattle at the exhibition, mon? Were they no grand? I never saw ony that I likit better. They were picked cattle." *Billins*—"Pict! I thought they were Scotch." *McTavish*—Aye, mon, so they are. What are ye girnin' aboot?" *Billins*—"It's a joke. Don't you see? Picked—Pict. Picts and Scots, you know." (Explains for the next five minutes, and finally redeems himself from the utter contempt of McTavish by standing a hot Scotch.)—*Grip.*

VANITY FAIR.

Concerning the divided skirt, "A Smart British Matron" us writes to the *St. James's Gazette:* "The 'divided skirt' tfully combines the inconveniences of the draggling skirt and e mud-collecting trouser. It is a bag with two mouths at e bottom and one at the top. The division commences at e knees only, and is carefully concealed by a heavy flounce. he upper part is hung with drapery according to taste—imition Greek, early English, modern French, and yokel's nocks are the favorite models. Versions of this costume are opular with the professional clown. The love for a 'divided irt' is as much an acquired love as a love for the dress-imover—in fact, it is even less comfortable, for the hustle does ot impede movement, the divided skirt does. What wonder at women scorn the hybrid thing which fears to look like ousers and pretends not to be a skirt? Were the divided irt-ists, the stay-less, and the heel-less prophetesses more in uch with their smarter sisters, they would know that a far ore practical costume is part of every fashionable young wo-an's wardrobe. Take the women who shoot and fish, go cycling or mountaineering, play cricket, fence, or practice mnastics, for instance. Where would they be in a 'divided irt'? Fancy a divided skirt running with harriers or splash-g after otter-hounds, climbing locked gates, or footing it over ck heather! The old-fashioned skirt is at least better an that, for it can be caught up by the hands as high as de-ed. But a more practical era has arrived. Dress nowa-ys is regulated more by one's occupation than one's sex. k any fashionable ladies' tailor, and he will tell you proudly the number of autumn costumes he turns out; which, with ght varieties of detail, consist of a jacket, a short full skirt ching a little below the knee, heneath which no petticoats e worn, but a neat-fitting pair of breeches or knickerbockers de of the same cloth as the dress. Below these come the g gaiters kept taut by a strap under the boot. Nothing he neater or more workmanlike. There is no superfluous pery to impede progress, the legs are entirely free from mmels; and should any accident occur, should the wind at one roughly, is there a high wall of loose stones to be mbered, or even should one happen to stumble and fall, all is nt and no embarrassment need be felt. Many women who ve thus regained the walking and running powers of their ort-frocked tomboy days keep up the habit of healthy exer-e, even in town. With breeches under an ordinary walking-ss ('well off the ground all round,' as the dress-makers y), instead of the unnecessary petticoat, a long or muddy lk need not be fatiguing or disagreeable.

'In France, the skirt is occasionally dispensed with. A Paris-lady has recently obtained permission to wear men's thes. She began the habit years ago, on account of the tection afforded by a manly disguise when obliged to trav-e the city alone. Rosa Bonheur and George Sand are l-known examples. Indeed, I have heard it whispered ly that more than one fashionable French lady has startled h husband and fascinated his friends by assisting at the *sse* in a sort of Nelly-Farren-Monte-Cristo-junior costume—n made of satin, of course, but of the approved *drap mastic*, w horn buttons and a wondrously netted game-bag. I kw of a lady in Wales, an enthusiastic salmon-fisher, to om a skirt would be a terrible incumbrance. Her fishing-ctume is completed by a tall pair of waders, over cloth panta-lons. People thereabouts have got accustomed to the sight, a even the horde of tourists leave her unmolested. There is not really anything more unfeminine in wearing clothes sed to pedestrian sport than in wearing the regulation hunt-n habit, boots, and breeches. It in no way diminishes the pularity of the skirt in its proper sphere. Not a woman in e thousand would relinquish the advantages offered by hall-gns, tea-gowns, wedding-gowns, house-dresses, and visiting-tcts. They know too well what trusty weapons these are anst unfortunate man, their natural enemy and victim. But by hus annexing the distinguishing garb of the would-be su-por male, woman has added yet one more to the list of her vories; and, by proving her oft-doubted common sense by diarding useless drapery, high heels, and a too-tightly laced cet when she emulates man by field and flood, she has dien him from yet another stronghold; while he, poor infat-ud creature, smiles indulgently and encourages her by his airation. Therefore, I say, let the timorous, the fad-mgers, and the misshapen foregather together in their use-le divided skirts; but let the woman of good proportions a sporting proclivities not fail to adopt a really 'rational' ds when she requires it."

fashion correspondent thus writes in an Eastern weekly: "ow that Mrs. Grover Cleveland has retired into private lif one is able to analyze her charm and attraction unin-fluced by the prestige of a high official position. That she is very pretty woman is an indisputable fact; that she is st young is to be attested by the record in the Folsom fam-ily ible; that she is courteous and amiable is to be readily as rtained by those who will observe her anywhere and ev ywhere. But, on the other hand, there is a certain truth w h all the good-will in the world can not but acknowledge as gards Mrs. Cleveland, and to the mind feminine a most pe lexing problem. It relates to no less a question than her dr s, which is hardly ever in harmony with her winsome and gr ous presence. For, despite the fact that she employs the be dress-makers, her gowns proverbially admit of improve-m . This reminds us of an anecdote told of M. Taine, who, wl horrified by the ugly garments worn by English ladies, ur le longer to control his surprise, was heard to say to his fa companion: 'How is it that you all dress so unhecom-in ? Where do you buy such impossible costumes?' 'In P s,' was her quiet reply. 'Ah, well,' said Taine, un-ab hed by the answer, 'the French modistes in that case m ly make what their English customers select.' Mrs. C eland looks better in her traveling-dress than in the evening. This consists of a black tailor-made serge, with a tight-fitting light-brown coat and a small dark bonnet. Oddly enough, when she passes through the train and along our Northern railway platforms, she is, as a rule, unrecognized by the crowd of habitual loungers, probably because in and about the great metropolis this former 'first lady of the land' is still an unfamiliar figure."

That Americans are mistaken in supposing London tailors to be the best, is the burden of a letter in the Philadelphia *Press*. The correspondent says: "It was my misfortune to order some clothing from a Regent Street tailor, and after selecting the goods, I was asked to step into a back room to be measured. I began at once to divest myself of my coat. The cutter looked at me in amazement, told me that was quite unnecessary, and proceeded in his own way and by aid of a tape-measure to gauge my chest. He did not even ask me to button my coat, but, as though he were in a hurry to finish a disagreeable job, he took my measure from shoulder to shoulder in a jiffy, then from my collar-button to my waist, then from my shoulder to my wrist, and twirling me around, glanced at the length of my coat, uttered some mysterious words to a dull-witted boy, who was jotting down the figures in a ledger, smiled a self-satisfied smile, and told me he was sure I would like the fit. When he came to measure me for a vest, he slipped the tape-measure in under my coat, measured my chest and waist, and said he knew exactly the vest I wanted. He took one glance at my trousers, measured my right leg from my waist to my foot, and then around the knee, and said the clothes would be ready the following night. I intimated that I was used to a little more careful measurement, and that I hardly expected the clothes would suit me. The tailor replied, in an unconcerned sort of way, that he was sorry for me, that I was simply an American, and, like all Americans, I had never been used to wearing clothes that fitted me. He did not consider that any American tailor knew his business. In the matter of cutting clothing, he said, the London tailors were unsurpassed. They never made a coat too tight for a man, and the trousers were never too small.

"This I afterward found to be true, for the coat sent to my hotel would have done duty as a smoking-jacket for a giant, and the trousers would not have been a bit too small for the fat boy who measured seventy-five inches around the waist. I have the suit of clothes still, I have never worn them but once, and on that occasion I felt myself the laughing-stock of all London. I found the trouble with the London tailors that they take everything for granted. They guess at your measurement. Everything is a mile too big, and there is more superfluous clothing rolled up and accumulated into great knots under the armpits of the coat and in the legs of the trousers than any man knows what to do with. With a proper system of cutting and fitting, and a little taste displayed, the Londoners should be the best-dressed men in the world. But they are not. The Frenchman is not in the race with the Englishman and American in the matter of dress. His clothing is well made, but it is lacking in style. The short-waisted, short-skirted frock-coat and tight trousers, with a broad-brimmed silk hat and a flaring necktie, make up the costume of the average Frenchman of the well-to-do class. The French dandy is fond of jewelry, a wide expanse of shirt-front, and an enormous flat-brimmed hat. He also likes to incase his feet in very small patent-leather shoes, and is fond of appearing on the streets in canary-colored kid-gloves. The English dandy, on the other hand, gets himself up in gorgeous, ill-fitting raiment. The dude of New York is so far ahead of the dude of London that the New Yorker would be laughed at if he appeared on the streets here. The Englishmen are all tall, broad-shouldered fellows, and their eccentricities in dress do not appear so marked as upon the small, effeminate men of New York."

The ladies' tailors this summer have been making shirts for them which were almost exact copies of the masculine *chemise*, except that the body of the shirts were of very fine, transparent linen cambric, which formed no bulk underneath the coat. The orders for them have not decreased with the change of season, and every well-dressed girl has half-a-dozen or more of them to wear with her tailor-made gowns, which are made double-breasted this season, the buttons beginning just below the bust, and the front opening over the shirt, with silk-lined revers. With these are worn plaid silk-scarfs, tied in a big bow.

A good many New Yorkers are adopting a custom new but very popular in England of putting their housemaids in livery. When the butler is assisted by a maid instead of a "second man," or when all the service is done by maids, they are dressing her in a skirt of some dark livery cloth, blue, green, or brown, as the taste may be, which is made plain across the front and with four or five broad, heavy plaits in the rear. She wears a high, stiff white collar and white cravat, and buttoned up close is a waistcoat of the cloth, covered with fine crosswise lines of red braid as on a footman's waistcoat. This, and the cloth coat, that comes down over the hips and is cut away in front, are buttoned with metal livery-buttons. She wears stiff white cuffs and a bit of a white cap, and looks very natty and smart. In small households that do not keep a man, she makes a very good figure to open the door and serve at table.

A writer upon Cuban manners says: "The thin and withered men with dark skins and hair almost invariably black, who have dyed their systems with incessant coffee-drinking, and tanned themselves with sunshine and tobacco, contrast strongly with the pink-cheeked beauties who are nearly all on their way to stoutness. Tobacco has not dried, nor coffee tinctured, nor sunshine baked those faces, necks, and arms in the windows, in the darkest of which there is no hue, except that of the blending of the olive and the rose. But there is a love of mischief in those orbs, which, for the stranger, are full of revelations in the possibilities of the pastime of flirting, which Cuban girls have reduced to a science. But to be dangerous she must have her fan, that deadly implement of Cupid, which she understands how to employ with raving potency. Without her fan she will not engage in the combat, as in such a case flirting becomes raw and clumsy, while with one it is artistic, electric, and instead of requiring boldness, the effect is heightened by the suggestion of modesty."

The announcement that the New York Liederkranz will hold no public ball this winter, was received with regret by a great many people. The determination is the direct result of the action of the police on the occasion of the annual masquerade held last year at the Metropolitan Opera-House. It will be remembered that on that occasion a detachment of police entered the supper-rooms shortly before one A. M., and ordered all champagne bottles removed from the tables. Vigorous protests upon the part of the guests led to several encounters, but the officers remained upon the scene and carried their point. Failing to obtain the satisfaction they expected, it was threatened that no more Liederkranz balls would be given and the action of the last meeting confirms the threat. It was unanimously decided to have no more Liederkranz balls.

Very singular is the whim with which the beaux of Mc-Allister's Four Hundred are capping themselves. That is to say, they are disposed to wear ashore caps primarily intended only for shipboard. It is curious to observe how the ultra-dandies distort some of the ideas which, in their anglomaniac way, they derive from the nobs of Great Britain. For example, the dog-cart was originally an English vehicle used in conveying dogs and accoutrements for fox-chasing, and never intended for any other purpose. But Americans transported the uncomfortable two-wheel cart and adapted it to pleasure-driving. It is just about the same way with the naval cap. It is worn abroad by amateur yachtsmen. Now, Newport is a rendezvous of American sailors for amusement only, and they got into the habit last summer of wearing their nautical caps on the land. That introduced the fashion locally, and fellows who would not know a halyard from a hand-rail appeared with their heads in naval caps.

When the next term of the court of oyer and terminer for the County of Richmond, N. Y., convenes next month, there may be work for it to do. Forty-five of Staten Island's farmers have signified their intention to appear before that court in an action to compel the Country Club to pay for damages which a certain fox has perpetrated upon their poultry-houses. An amateur fox-hunt was held recently under the auspices of the Staten Island Country Club, in honor of the Rockaway Hunt Club. The chase was thrilling, especially so when it was found that out of the thirty or more horses which were ridden by the ladies and gentlemen only two were able to take a three-bar fence. The wily fox, which had been imported from Virginia for the occasion, finally sought refuge in a tree-nursery, which was protected by an angry farmer and his still angrier wife, with gun and pistol in hand, and the hunt ended. Next morning, Farmer Bill Jones, who lives near Springville, discovered that his hen-house had been visited during the night by the fox, which had left nothing behind but the heads of ten fine white Leghorn chickens. Since then, the chickens and ducks of many farmers have disappeared. They now propose to collect the amount of their damages through the court.

A young girl, who occupies a minor position in the clerical department of a large railroad company, declared, one day, in a passionate tone: "I'd give anything in the world if I were out of the X, Y, and Z offices!" "Why?" asked her friend, knowing that the position was fully as good as she could expect to hold. "Because I've started out wrong and I can't get right. I thought when I began that I could be on friendly, sociable terms with the men in the office, and have nice, easy times with them as we worked together day by day. But, oh, it hasn't turned out as I thought it would, at all! They treat me in a familiar, slap-you-on-the-back kind of way that humiliates me constantly. When I come in in the morning, they say: 'Jennie, what have you got that thing around your neck for?' or they ask if I didn't forget some of my hairpins. And when I try to resent it, they only laugh at me. I am fairly degraded in my own eyes, and I can't help it, because I've started out wrong." There is a lesson here for the vast army of girls and young women who are privileged, under our liberal social requirements, to go out into the world and earn their own livings. It is hard for a girl, who has lived a free and unconstrained life at home, entertaining her male friends, usually in her mother's presence, and always with her sanction, to realize that the same unstudied atmosphere should not prevail in a public office. She does not take into account that she has not the accustomed background of home and parents to countenance her innocent gayety. The proverbial inch is given, and the ell taken, and often, when it is too late, she finds that the charmed circle of womanly sanctity, which is every girl's birthright, is trodden down and obliterated. Her name is handled from one pair of masculine lips to another, her actions openly commented on, the details of her dress discussed. She finds herself treated as a sort of anomalous creature, not a man, and not commanding the respect and deference due a woman. It is monstrous and humiliating, and once allowed, is nearly irremediable.

Amateur photographers who have lost great opportunities for views through bungling with their instruments, may cheer up after reading of the performance of Dr. Johnston-Lavis, deputed by the Royal Geological Society to investigate the volcanic phenomena of Vesuvius. Having advanced so near to an eruption that his porters ran away, he got two superb sights, only to discover afterward that a portion of his focusing-cloth had covered the lens, so that only a small corner of the plates showed any impression.

THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE.

Recollections of the Tuileries by one of her Ladies of Honor.

A short time ago, our correspondent, "Parisina," made some notes in one of her letters upon a book then just published in Paris, written by Mme. Carette, formerly lady of honor to the Empress Eugénie. A translation by Elizabeth Phipps Train has just appeared, and from it we make a number of extracts.

Mme. Carette's first view of the Empress Eugénie "in the radiance of her glory," was at a ball given at Brest during their majesties' visit in 1858. She thus describes the empress:

The empress wore a dress of pale-blue tulle, threaded with silver. Her incomparably beautiful bust and exquisitely modeled shoulders rose above its delicate folds as from a cloud. She wore her hair drawn away from the temples and confined upon the top of the head by a diadem formed of a fret-work of diamonds. The expression of her delicate features, though exceedingly brilliant, was as pure and youthful as that of a very young girl, while about her attire there was a refinement of taste, an air of simplicity, which made the magnificent display of jewels, which covered her corsage and neck, appear a most natural adornment—whereas, a woman of less elegant personality would have been completely overwhelmed by such splendor.

The empress's height was above the average; in fact, she was rather tall. Her features were very regular, and the wonderfully delicate line of her profile bad well-nigh the perfection of an old cameo, besides possessing an indescribable charm, an individual fascination of most peculiar power, which made it impossible to compare her with any other woman. Her brow was high and narrow, somewhat depressed at the temples, while the line of her long, fine eyebrows was a trifle oblique; the lids, which she had a habit of frequently dropping, following the line of the brows; veiled eyes, which were set rather too closely together—a marked peculiarity in the empress's physiognomy. These eyes were of a deep, intense blue, enveloped in shadow, full of soul, energy, and sweetness; they alone would have rendered any face remarkable. The delicate nose, perfectly proportioned to its finely-cut nostrils, bespoke aristocratic descent, while the mouth was very small, with graciousness in every curve, and its lips ever animated by her irresistibly winning smile. Her teeth were brilliantly white; her chin delicately molded, its pure oval becoming a little fuller as it merged into the cheeks; her complexion of a clear, transparent brilliancy. Beneath the fine texture of the skin showed a tracery of blue veins, reminding one of the vaunted purple blood of the old Spanish nobility. The setting of the head upon the long, slender neck was exquisite, shoulders, bosom, and arms resembling the most perfect works of statuary art. Her figure was erect and well rounded; her hands were small and shapely; and her feet smaller than those of a twelve-year-old child.

Mme. Carette gives this account of the first meeting of the emperor and his future wife:

Before her marriage, the empress, then Comtesse de Téba, had left Spain for a few months every year, and, accompanied by her mother, the Comtesse de Montijo, had paid a visit to friends either in France or England. It was on one of these occasions—in 1852—at a ball at the Elysée, that the emperor, then president of the republic, first saw his wife.

The great beauty of the young Comtesse de Téba, together with her brilliant and clever mind, made the most profound impression upon the prince-president, and immediately effaced every other feminine influence from his heart.

After the court retired from the Elysée, where the president had mingled English comfort with French elegance, the palace at Compiègne in the hunting season became the scene of renewed festivities.

The Comtesse de Montijo and the Comtesse de Téba were invited thither among other guests. Every attention which propriety and good taste permitted a woman in Mlle. de Montijo's position to receive, the prince-president, profoundly *éprit*, lavished upon the fair stranger, and soon among the numerous company gathered at Compiègne nothing was discussed but the prince's romance. At once gossip arranged a marriage between them.

If the emperor was not all that a husband should be, he was all that an empress should expect, according to Mme. Carette's picture of their domestic life:

The emperor never ceased to love the empress deeply and intensely. To the very close of his life, she and her son were alone the objects of his real affection and tenderness. Under all circumstances he was ever kind and loving to her, always addressing her with the familiar "thou" and calling her by her diminutive, which he pronounced in a peculiar manner, suppressing the *e* mute of the first syllable, with an infinite sweetness of accent. In his manner of looking at her, in the charm her beauty exercised upon him, in his familiar and caressing attitude toward her, one could discern that the lover still existed by the side of the husband.

Nevertheless, after eight years of wedded life, the empress had already experienced more than one conjugal affront. The emperor, yielding to his former easy indulgence in unworthy pleasures, and influenced by the laxity of morals in those by whom he was surrounded, did not always sufficiently consider her sensitiveness as queen and woman. In the very height of her youth and beauty she was made to taste the bitter cup of infidelity.

After abandoning himself to these temporary distractions, one of which gained such unhappy notoriety, the emperor, who, like most men, attached no importance to these passing caprices, always seemed surprised that they had troubled his wife, since she alone occupied a really important and honored place in his life.

Dating from this time, a marked change took place in her majesty's tastes and habits. It seemed that her youth had quite vanished, while the consciousness of her rank, hitherto scarcely discernible, was now plainly visible on the ever-charming features of the grief-matured woman.

Here is a little anecdote of the emperor:

After mass, to which the emperor always wore his general's uniform, it was his custom to hold a reception of all the officers above the grade of lieutenant-colonel. They were permitted to converse freely and unceremoniously, the emperor taking a great pleasure in these reunions, being able to call nearly all the officers by name, and interesting himself in their welfare and conditions with ready and unfailing kindness.

On one occasion, a newly appointed colonel presented himself, and the emperor, seeing him there for the first time, asked his name.

"Paillard," replied the colonel.

"You possess a fine name," remarked the emperor, misunderstanding the officer's pronunciation, "that of the chevalier '*sans peur et sans reproche*.'"

"Pardon, sire, it is Paillard," corrected the colonel.

"Ah! well," said his majesty, "that is a fine name, also."

The *vie intime* of the imperial family is thus described:

To the private apartments of the emperor led a door, concealed by the hangings, from which ascended a small, very narrow staircase, entirely unlighted, which led directly from the emperor's apartments to the empress's.

In the magnificent palace of the Tuileries, which had been constructed on so vast and sumptuous a scale, nothing had been planned for the requirements of private life. After the sixth of October, 1789, when Louis the Sixteenth and Marie Antoinette had taken possession of it, certain alterations in that respect had been improvised, but these had necessarily remained exceedingly imperfect and unsatisfactory.

Outside the state apartments all the passages and stairways were so dark that it was necessary to burn lamps constantly in order to enable people to find their way about, and this circumstance created a beat and closeness which were actually oppressive.

Aside from its luxury and state, the life of the emperor and empress was very different from the popular idea of the existence led by sovereigns. The emperor applied himself closely to work, and his hours of leisure were extremely rare; notwithstanding its outward appearance, his was scarcely to be reckoned a life of pleasure. Apart from state entertainments and occasional small balls in the spring-time, the empress, at Paris, led a very lonely existence. She was always occupied, being a great reader, and devoured the newspapers, following the doings of the Chambers most carefully, and keeping informed regarding all the works of interest which made their appearance.

She was very tender with the prince imperial, who was constantly with her, and interested herself in all the smallest details concerning him; and as up to the age of ten the prince was wholly delivered over to feminine care and instruction, the empress herself regulated the employment of his time, his exercise, his meals, and even chose his clothes like a most devoted mother, hearing directly from him, either through Miss Shaw, the English governess who had been with him since his birth, M. Bâchon, his master of horse, or his tutor, M. Monier.

At the Tuileries the emperor and empress breakfasted privately with the prince imperial; while at Saint-Cloud, Fontainebleau, Biarritz, or Compiègne breakfast was attended by all the service and their majesties' guests. This meal, served at noon in the salon of Louis the Fourteenth, was rapidly dispatched, after which the emperor repaired to her majesty's study, where he smoked cigarettes while talking with his wife or playing with his child.

At one o'clock the prince, in charge of Bâchon, his governess, or tutor, drove out in a large carriage, which was open or shut according to the weather. He was easily recognized by the troop of cavalry which formed his escort.

The prince was generally accompanied by Louis Conneau, the devoted companion of his sports, a boy about his own age and son of Dr. Conneau, the oldest and most faithful of the emperor's friends.

Every time the prince went out, the empress, after embracing him, made the sign of the cross with her thumb upon his brow. After the attempt of Orsini, she never parted from her husband or child without wondering if she should ever again see them return alive.

Of the portraits of the Empress Eugénie and of her artistic tastes, Mme. Carette has this to say:

None of the empress's portraits now in existence do her full justice. The grand state portrait of her majesty, which represents her in her court-robes and jeweled diadem, in the midst of all the emblems of royalty—copies of which hung in all the palaces and official residences—is marked by a sort of stiffness which spoils the resemblance. It possesses, indeed, her charming features, her clear coloring, and the noble grace of her beautiful figure; but, whereas the empress was, above everything else, animated and sparkling, the frigidity and immobility of expression which characterize this picture recall absolutely nothing of the personality it is intended to represent. This was painted by Winterhalter.

They have endeavored to reproduce the empress's beauty in a hundred different fashions; painting, sculpture, and engraving have each tried their skill upon her, and have failed equally. The truth is that there was something about her majesty which was fugitive and baffling; a mobility of expression, an animation of manner, which defied all interpretation.

Another portrait, also painted by Winterhalter, and representing the empress in profile and draped in a blue burnous, with pearls about her throat and her hair falling in careless ringlets upon her neck, is a much better likeness, the best, perhaps, in existence; but this is only a mere study. A copy of this was done by the artist himself for the Comtesse de Montijo. On the eve of her departure for Zululand, after her son's death, the empress gave to M. Rouher a portrait in which she was represented in a sitting attitude, with purple iris in her hair. This has been often copied.

Another portrait, surmounted by the imperial coat-of-arms, shows the empress dressed in black and wearing a diadem, while a long white veil floats about her. This was executed for the Duchesse d'Albe, and is one of the most successful likenesses of the empress. It is now in the D'Albe palace at Madrid. There is still another which was saved from the conflagration at Saint-Cloud, and which I had always coveted; this her majesty gave me in Camden Place, in 1880, as she was about to set out for Zululand. It is a tiny canvas, painted by Boulanger, in 1860, and represents the empress seated and wearing the Fellah costume, with an Egyptian turban of red ibis. It reproduces more successfully than all the state portraits the empress's peculiar expression and the partially veiled and mysterious look in her large blue eyes.

Most of the paintings and busts have a composed and rigid expression which forbids all resemblance to her majesty. The bust made by Comte de Niewerkerke, the worthy superintendent des Beaux Arts, though a trifle lacking in animation, is yet most spirited and graceful, besides being a very fair likeness.

Concerning Eugénie's habits, when alone, the writer says:

The empress usually occupied a low *fauteuil*, withdrawn a little into the shadow, near the mantel, with her feet resting on a small bassock; a low, silken screen sheltered her from draughts. At her left hand, in the chimney-corner, stood a little ebony-table covered with papers; on this were placed her blotting-case and inkstand, the latter being of the severe style pertaining to offices—a porcelain well surrounded by a moist sponge and bearing an equipment of goose-quills—writing implements which are seldom used nowadays. Her majesty always wrote on her lap, very rapidly, and in a large, well-formed, and extremely legible hand. At her right stood a small, round library-table, on which lay her favorite books.

A large table occupied a place near the second window, and was partially concealed by a gilded bamboo-screen covered with ivy, rooted in a *jardinière* filled with flowers. This screen formed a partition, isolating from the rest of the apartment this table, which was covered with albums, drawing-paper, and color-boxes. The empress was a skillful designer and painted well in water-colors. This talent was of excellent service to her in drawing plans for reconstruction or refurnishing, work in which she loved to indulge her taste.

The alcove was decorated after the same style as the study, and had a mantel opposite the window. Here were other book-cases, filled with classical works selected from the masterpieces of French, English, Spanish, and Italian literature. The empress spoke all of these languages with equal facility. Above the book-shelves were ranged statuettes, busts, vases, and a collection of small pictures, each of which was a gem. Among them were some priceless Wouvermans which her majesty valued highly; a tiny, white marble statue, deliciously draped, stood in the middle of a round *jardinière* placed before the window; upon the various tables were scattered pictures, photographs of the emperor, of the prince imperial at different ages, and of the persons to whom the empress was attached. A miniature of the Comte de Montijo, though the features were partially obscured by a black bandage bound across his face to conceal a wound which he had received in the service of France during the wars of the First Empire, yet bore a striking resemblance to the empress. He had the same noble cast of countenance, the same brilliant coloring, and the same golden hair.

Mme. Carette mentions a correspondence which should prove of immense interest if it is ever given to the world:

On leaving her majesty's study, one crossed an antechamber whose sole illumination came from a hanging-lamp which was always kept burning. The little staircase descending to the emperor's apartments led from this room; and here, also, was stationed the cupboard containing the imperial correspondence. On opening a closet door in the wainscoting, a large number of pigeon-holes were disclosed, marked with letters and numbers and filled with packets of alphabetically arranged papers.

Very soon after my arrival at the Tuileries, the empress instructed me in this work, and almost every day I spent several hours in her study, classifying, cataloguing, and recording this immense correspondence, which had accumulated since the time of Napoleon the First. It has greatly increased since the events of the war, the Commune, the exile and death of the emperor, and the tragic end of the prince imperial.

Here is a glimpse of an empress at her toilet:

The empress, who was very ill at the birth of the prince imperial, had remained for some time afterward in such a delicate condition that she was obliged to wear under her dress a steel corset, and to save her the fatigue of standing during the operations of her toilet there had been arranged a method of lowering her dresses from the ceiling, in such a fashion that, as she stood beneath, her gown and all her skirts, which at that time were exceedingly numerous, could be together placed upon her figure, thus accomplishing her toilet at a single stroke—quite like a transformation scene in a fairy pantomime. Such was the popular fable.

The first time that I had occasion to assist at the empress's toilet, which afterward became an event of frequent occurrence, I saw a sor small elevator, which was usually concealed by the decoration of ceiling, detach itself from above and descend over our heads. Th learned, was used by her majesty's tire-women to lower the garm required for her toilet, and thus do away with constant running up down stairs, which, as the private staircase was extremely narrow, wc have crushed and rumpled the delicate garments.

I could not refrain from smiling as I looked at the little lift, greatly amused the empress by recounting the fable to which it had gi rise. She remarked to me that the public imagination was only too tile when it dealt with persons of high rank, and that a very small g of truth sufficed as ground-work for monstrous and sometimes dan ous fabrications.

Thanks to this clever bit of mechanism and a speaking-tube conn ing with the apartments of her tire-women, her majesty's toilet could promptly and easily conducted. But it was none the less true that empress's health had indeed been severely tested at the time of her s birth, which had nearly cost her her life.

In the early months of her marriage she had had two miscarria and possibly these accidents had rendered her final *accouchement* m difficult; perhaps, also, the physicians in charge, burdened with the he responsibility which weighed upon them, were not as considerate of safety as they would have been of that of other women. This is of the case with royal mothers; state reasons direct every event in t lives. The hope of giving an ardently desired heir to the emperor cau the physicians to assume greater risks with the empress than they wo have employed with an ordinary woman. At all events, they allo her to suffer for three days and nights, and finally informed the empe of the necessity of having recourse to an operation, which they had ferred, fearing to compromise the life of the child.

"Consider the empress only," said his majesty.

As every minute was of vital importance, they acted with such extr hastiness that the empress purchased her child's life at the cost of a rible strain upon her own strength.

Of Eugénie's reputed luxury and extravagance in dre Mme. Carette has this to say:

There has been a great deal of hot indignation and exaggerat wasted upon her majesty's extravagant fondness for luxury and dre but luxury is the necessary appanage of royalty.

In her private life at the Tuileries, as well as elsewhere, the emp dressed most simply, with much less elegance than most young won of the present day display in their own homes. Her ordinary attire black silk or cloth, made plainly and with little trimming. When drove out in Paris she added a very handsome mantle and a pretty, coming bonnet or hat; and those who saw her pass in her carri drawn by four horses, with its two little jockeys in perfectly cor livery, preceded by an out-rider in the imperial livery, might have im ined her magnificently arrayed, whereas in reality she preferred, like really sensible women, to dress in a practical and comfortable mann It was thus that I always saw her attired.

However, the fashion in the early days of the empire was a most gular and striking one. Fashionable women of to-day, who shea their slender limbs in straight, scant draperies, would shudder in hor at the thought of enveloping themselves in such voluminous widths material, outspread upon the huge steel cages whose proporti scarcely admitted of three women sitting at ease in a medium-si boudoir. These skirts were decorated with innumerable flounc fringes, laces, and ruchings, all ending in an immense train, which quired the greatest skill to manage in the crowded salons. It wa commingling of all styles. Draperies *à la grecque* were disposed up paniers of Louis the Sixteenth's time, and the *basquines* of the Amazo of *La Fronde* were supplemented by the flowing sleeves of the naissance.

This oddly assorted toilet perhaps made it more difficult to appe charming then than now, when the style is adapted to heighten all t natural charms of its votaries, and it required all the grace which p ceeds from perfection of form and habit of observation to cope with difficulties which impeded an easy carriage, a gliding gait, and freed of movement. It is only necessary to glance at the engravings of t day to appreciate this; it needs but a slight accentuation of feature make actual caricatures of the persons therein portrayed. Distinct of manner and bearing, that elegant quality of breeding which we seldom remark nowadays, established an absolute line of caste amo the different social classes.

From childhood, young girls of high birth were taught a certain d nity of movement, a refinement of speech and gesture, which prohibit all vulgarity of appearance, and created what is called the heritage birth—which is, in fact, nothing but a clever feat performed by go taste. I speak of an epoch far remote from the present.

Feminine skill and tact had to be well developed to bear a woman s cessfully through the ordeal imposed by such an absurd fashion. walk, incumbered by this vast amplitude of dress which impeded eve movement, was anything but easy, while the slender bust, placed in t midst of these far-spreading billows, seemed to have no connection wi the rest of the body; to sit down and retain the proper adjustment all the mutinous flounces and furbelows was an almost miraculous fe of precision; to mount into a vehicle without crushing the masses light and airy tissues, at a time when almost all evening toilets we made of tulle and lace, was a work of time exacting much patience the part of horses, husbands, and fathers, the good-nature of the t latter classes of individuals being severely tested en route, when t slightest movement on their parts might be followed with the most d astrous consequences to their companion's toilet. As to traveling, lyi down, embracing one's children, or even taking their hands in walkin these were problems beyond solution.

It was from this time that the custom, so old-fashioned nowadays, taking a gentleman's arm in the street or salon began to fall into desu tude.

Hats were high pyramids covered with flowers and fruit, whose dimensions were out of all proportion to the sizes of the heads th adorned.

Worth finally released grace from its imprisonment within the bounds the crinoline, and women of all grades and stations, even those of the pea antry, owe him a debt of gratitude for delivering them from a tyran which enslaved a whole generation. To the artistic taste of the gre milliner, to his intuitive perception of æsthetic elegance, we owe t restoration of grace of attire. Armed with authority, he modified t amplitude of skirts, softened the quality of their fabric, and restored t female body to its original contour by gradual changes, until, when arrived at the court, in 1864, only the smallest hoops were used to su tain the trains, while in the morning, straight, narrow skirts permitte one to pursue her avocations or to walk in the streets without being han pered with the fear of the direful catastrophes which frequently attende the most careful manipulation of those horrible bell-like hoops.

In her turn, Mme. Virot transformed the bonnets. She released th neck by suppressing the ugly frills which fell from the edge of the bonn and shrouded the shoulders. Bonnets then became small *capotes*, wit strings, which showed the hair and framed the face most gracefully.

Worth and Virot have often been the collaborators of our most cel brated artists, and in the beautiful busts and portraits of that day w can distinguish the evidences of their talent, mingled with the genius the masters.

Twice a year the empress looked over her wardrobe and gave most the dresses she had worn to her women. This was a considerable sourc of profit to them. They generally sold them in America, where, it ap pears, it is the custom in certain circles of society for the women to hir their toilets, which are refitted to the figure for one evening's wearing and which, therefore, undergo many and frequent alterations.

In the chambers belonging to her wardrobe, the empress had estab lished a seamstress, who frequently fashioned after her directions som of the most exquisite and becoming dresses her majesty wore. At th beginning of each season the empress received her tradespeople, wh submitted to her their wares and fashions. She selected the number o toilets she thought requisite, tried them on, and gave them no furthe consideration, unless some unforeseen circumstance occurred.

At dinner, in the evening, the empress was always décolleté. Whe she was *en petit comité* in the winter, she usually wore a long dress o dark velvet or of plain white satin relieved by jewels, among which wa ever present the emerald clover-leaf, her first present from the emperor She loved simplicity, which was most becoming to her.

But reasons of state control sovereigns even in their choice of attire, and the empress was often obliged to wear heavy Lyons fabrics in orde

to encourage the silk manufacture, and to adorn herself with passementeries, laces, etc., so that the world should be influenced to patronize these various industries—these her majesty called her political toilets.

Her foot was wonderfully small, and the shoes which fitted her were only adapted to children's wear. They were generally sent to the Asylum Eugène-Napoléon, where the empress supported, at her own expense, three hundred orphans chosen from the poor children of Paris. The tiny white slippers of the sovereign served to adorn the feet of the little ones at their first communion.

The city of Paris had offered the empress, on the occasion of her marriage, a necklace of great value; but through a motive of pure generosity and benevolence her majesty had refused the gift, asking the city to consecrate its price to some work which should benefit the Parisian people. With the price of this necklace the empress founded the Asylum Eugène-Napoléon; but with delicate forethought and in order to show her appreciation of the gift offered her, she directed the architect charged with its construction to give the building the form of a necklace. Therefore, in its oval shape and outlying pavilions, the plan of the edifice does indeed resemble a necklace with pendants, as it would lie on a woman's neck. The empress herself superintended the management of this house, which was admirably conducted by nuns.

At the time of the siege of Paris all these children were employed in sewing sacks of earth, designed for the fortifications. During the Commune, the nuns, who had up to that time been enabled to protect their little ones, received a visit from the delegates of the National Defense, who ordered them to abandon the institution. They were obliged to depart, and, notwithstanding all their entreaties, were only permitted to take with them the youngest members of their flock, the communists desiring to retain possession of the older ones.

As soon as the troops reëntered Paris, the mother superior hastened to the asylum to try and discover what had become of her children. The drunken insurgents had made a place of debauch of the sacred precincts concentrated to the purity and innocence of childhood, and had attainted the unhappy little ones whom they had retained with the most horrible diseases. The good nuns returned to their work, gathered together their desecrated flock, comforted, relieved, and cared for them. Some of these unfortunate little creatures became mothers while themselves scarce more than children; and yet they were not the daughters of duchesses whom the communists subjected to this outrage.

The royal road to a good digestion pursued by the emperor is shown in these extracts:

Dinner at the Tuileries was served at half-past seven. All those who comprised the service of honor to their majesties assembled a little before that hour in the *Salon d'Apollon*, out of which opened the blue and rose salons of the empress.

The emperor presented himself in the empress's apartments at a little before half-past seven, and they entered the salon together, accompanied by the prince imperial, who had been admitted to the emperor's dining-table at eight years of age; he generally held the empress by the hand. As she entered, her majesty never failed to salute the persons assembled there, and whom she saw every day, with the same smiling grace which she would have employed on an occasion of state.

The emperor and empress sat next each other at table, with the prince imperial on his majesty's left, the aide-de-camp being on the left of the empress; the first lady in waiting was at General Rolin's right hand, opposite the emperor; I sat on the other side of the general, and the rest placed themselves according to their fancy.

Before my arrival at the Tuileries, there had been thirteen at table, and more than one superstitious soul hailed my coming as a means of obviating the daily temptation to Fate. The table was adorned by a hugh silver *épergne* filled with flowers, together with great silver candelabra and elegant vases also containing rare blossoms. The service was of plate, and the rims of the dishes were decorated with the imperial arms.

The food was of the rarest and most tempting description. During nearly the whole year we had strawberries, peaches, and green peas, raised under glass in the gardens at Versailles. There were usually four double courses—that is, two soups, two *relevés*, four *entrées*, two roasts, etc. The wines were of the choicest quality, and the service was so promptly rendered, with such perfect system and smoothness, that it frequently aroused the admiration of foreign princes. Even at the most elaborate repast we were never longer than three-quarters of an hour at table.

"Personal journalism" flourished in Paris in 1860 as it does in America to-day:

Among the officers of his majesty's table service was a worthy man named Sauton, who was forced to leave the Tuileries under the most painful circumstances. For some time the newspapers had been publishing, at intervals, various articles concerning certain greatly distorted incidents, which, harmless in themselves, had been so cleverly magnified and travestied that they were excellently well calculated to shock and influence public opinion.

All the persons composing the service at the Tuileries merited the most perfect confidence, and it was impossible to imagine who could be guilty of these miserable indiscretions. Finally, this man confessed to General Rolin that he had remarked that these lying articles coincided with the visits paid him by his son, M. Georges Sauton.

This young fellow, who owed his education to the emperor's benevolence, had entered the career of journalism, and, taking advantage of his father's simplicity and confidence, had extracted from him various incidents of the private life at the palace, which he had afterward embellished and altered to suit the interests of his paper.

The poor father, entirely above suspicion, was terribly grieved and shocked by his son's abominable conduct, and resigned his position at the Tuileries, where his absence was keenly regretted. The emperor bestowed a pension upon him, but he died shortly after.

A wager between the emperor and empress is an odd thing, and it was as oddly paid:

Usually not more than thirty or forty persons dined here, the most numerous party I ever saw assembled at table being on the occasion of a dinner which the empress gave in payment of a bet lost to the emperor. The stake was of an indeterminate character, to be paid at the loser's discretion, and her majesty thought she would surprise the emperor by giving a dinner to the twenty prettiest women in the capital. It would have puzzled the gallant Paris himself to have awarded the prize on this occasion.

An ingenious girl made this attempt to create a want and fill it herself:

She once received a cage of turtle-doves from a young girl, who offered them with so much feeling that the empress felt puzzled as to the meaning of this singular gift. Six months later she received a letter asking for a position in her employ; it concluded thus:

"It was I, madame, who offered you at —— two turtle-doves, which you accepted. As you love the birds, you might hire me to look out for them. I would give them the best of care."

Thereafter, the empress, suspecting a selfish motive hidden in all the presents addressed to her, caused them to be invariably returned. The quantity and variety of objects sent her were almost beyond belief. They were of all sorts and descriptions—family souvenirs, historical relics, and almost everything else. Had they been retained, the old lumber-chests at the Tuileries would have been more than filled with a worthless collection of rubbish.

Here is a pretty fancy of Eugénie's:

In her blue salon, the empress had been pleased to place above the doors portraits of the prettiest women who surrounded her. Each represented in her costume one of the great powers of Europe.

Mme. Carette's post was not always an enviable one:

The empress always withdrew from fêtes completely tired out. Often she would not take the time to summon her women, but, before entering her dressing-room, would strip off the diadem and jewels, whose weight oppressed her, and tumble them pell-mell into the skirt which I held up to receive them. I was always terribly frightened in transferring these precious gems to their repository, for there were some among them that represented a fortune in themselves.

The empress had had part of the crown diamonds reset to suit her own taste. To many of them a history was attached. I remember in particular a yellow diamond as large as a small walnut, which was set in a comb surrounded by white stones. It had been swallowed by an insurgent in 1848, during the pillage of the Tuileries. The sharp facets of the gem had produced internal disorders, and the unhappy man died in the greatest agony, after confessing his theft. The diamond was recovered at the autopsy. It was one of the largest stones in the crown collection.

The empress did not learn this story until some time later, and the tragedy connected with it was so unpleasant that she ceased wearing it.

The tragedy that Orsini's bombs so nearly accomplished was not without its humorous incident:

The attempt had been made just as the emperor's carriage drew up at the Opera House. An inspector of police, thinking that their majesties must have been injured, and fearing further explosions, hastened to open the door. The emperor, not recognizing him, and seeing a man, as it were, rushing upon him, believed him to be an assassin who had taken advantage of the general confusion to kill him, and dealt him a vigorous blow with his fist, which sent the poor man rolling in the gutter.

"I am quite reassured," said the unfortunate inspector, as he picked himself up.

The empress hurriedly followed the emperor from the carriage. Her cheek was bleeding from a cut made by a piece of broken glass, and her white satin-gown was stained with blood.

Mme. Carette is at least loyal to her master and discreet in her references to the Comtesse de Castiglione:

The celebrated Comtesse de Castiglione made her last appearance in the social world, I think, at a masked ball at the Tuileries. I had an opportunity of seeing her in 1865, at a dinner at Saint-Cloud given in honor of King Humbert, then Prince Royal of Italy.

Mme. de Castiglione's beauty was well-nigh faultless. It was at a ball given by the Duchesse de Bassano that she made her first appearance in Parisian society. She set the fashion of wearing those great feathers arranged like a crown, which gave her still more height and were vastly becoming to her lofty style.

At one of the last masquerade balls given at the Tuileries, the empress represented Marie Antoinette as she appeared in Mme. Lebrun's beautiful portrait, wearing a costume of red velvet, bordered with furs, with the great plumed touque on her head.

Mme. de Castiglione, who had been for some time unwelcome at court, had succeeded in procuring an invitation, no one knew how. She appeared dressed in black, looking marvelously beautiful in the widow's costume of Marie de' Medicis. Very few persons saw her, for she did not penetrate, so to speak, into the salons. It was generally understood that she was not among the invited guests, and a chamberlain was soon dispatched to escort her back to her carriage. She was thus one of the persons who underwent the humiliation of being shown the door.

We give here an account of the first ball spoken of and its consequences from another source:

In the early part of 1861, a magnificent fancy ball was given at the Tuileries in honor of some foreign royalty. The empress, who was dressed as Mary, Queen of Scots, never looked more lovely, but a deep frown came over her fair face when she saw Mme. de Castiglione approaching her in a dress which made even Eugénie blush.

The empress had been giddy in her young days, but since she had married, she had tried to clothe herself with imperial dignity, and such a dress, or lack of dress, as Mme. de Castiglione sported, she would not tolerate in her court.

La Castiglione appeared in the character of Flaubert's Salambo, the Phœnician priestess who surrendered her virtue to regain the veil of Isis. Her bodice was held to her shoulders simply by straps, a common enough fashion now, but twenty-eight years ago unknown. What little drapery she wore was transparent.

To add to the sensation, she was followed by a black boy who held a magnificently embroidered umbrella over her head.

The empress was furious. She refused to recognize her, and told the Duc de Bassano, chamberlain of the court, to order the woman away at once. The duke went to the emperor, and Napoleon told him to take her down to Bacciochi's *atelier*, where he would join her.

A stormy meeting in the *atelier* followed. La Castiglione raved like a mad woman. She threatened the emperor with death if he did not avenge the insult she had received. But eventually she cooled down, on the emperor promising that the next night she should have the box at the opera opposite his, and that he would bow to her so that all Paris should know he still held her in high favor.

It was a gala night at the opera. The emperor and empress were seated in their box and the house was crowded.

Mme. de Castiglione entered her box opposite the emperor's just before the overture ended. All eyes turned toward her. She stood up in full gaze of the whole house in an extremely decolleté dress.

She bowed. She was returning the emperor's salute. The hum which rose through the house showed that all Paris had noticed it.

The empress turned deathly pale. A few minutes later she left the house.

Here is an amusing anecdote of the Princesse de Metternich and her turn for repartee:

It was the annual custom for the court to spend the fifteenth of November, the empress's birthday, at Compiègne, where among themselves the guests took part in charades or some unpublished comedy, or arranged *tableaux vivants*. The Princesse de Metternich excelled in this species of amusement, whose preparations were conducted with a great show of mystery, to which the empress lent herself with ready complacency.

One year, Watteau's "Déjeuner Champêtre" was chosen for representation, and the princess undertook the distribution of characters and costumes. The Duchesse de Persigny was to take part in it, but, disliking the costume chosen for her, she declared that she would wear what she chose and appear with her hair undressed. The blonde locks of Mme. de Persigny were of a remarkable beauty.

"I want people to see my hair," she said, with that little lisp of hers, which always made her speech sound childish.

"But it is impossible," declared Mme. de Metternich; "you must, on the contrary, wear a small coiffure high on your head and powdered."

"No," replied Mme. de Persigny, stubbornly; "we are doing this for our own amusement, and it amuses me to wear my hair down."

"Very well, then, if you won't do like the rest of us, don't take part in the tableau at all," said Mme. de Metternich.

At last, thoroughly exasperated by Mme. de Persigny's obstinacy, the princess went to the empress and related the whole affair, begging her to use her influence with Mme. de Persigny.

The empress took the matter as a good joke.

"Let her do it," she advised; "it will be at least a novelty which may prove amusing."

"No, no," repeated the princess, in disgust; "she will spoil the whole thing."

"But, see, my dear princess," said the empress, soothingly, "what actual harm can come of it? She will be pretty enough under any circumstances. I would not quarrel with her for so simple a cause. Indulge her whim. Poor Mme. de Persigny! You know her mother is mad."

"Ah! her mother is mad, is she?" returned the princess, beside herself with anger; "well, my father is mad, too, and I will not yield any more than she."

Indeed, the Comte Chandor, who had been passionately fond of horses and who was considered the best rider in Europe, had met with so many accidents that his mind had become completely wrecked.

A Mr. John Leversha appeared as a plaintiff in a breach-of-promise suit in Sandhurst, Australia, during the last month. He claimed a thousand pounds sterling from Miss Sarah Wrangham. He was forty-one years of age. The defendant pleaded that she was an infant when the promise was made, but the jury found for the plaintiff, and awarded him a shilling damages.

It is reported in Paris that the Princesse de Sagan has sold her famous Rembrandts to the Chicago Art Museum for twenty-two hundred thousand dollars. The portraits represent three of the physicians who are prominent figures in Rembrandt's "Anatomy," the great picture in the gallery at The Hague.

OLD FAVORITES.

Verb. Sap.

Ye who would save your features florid,
Lithe limbs, bright eyes, unwrinkled forehead,
From age's devastation horrid,
Adopt this plan—
'Twill make, in climates cold or torrid,
A hale old man:

Avoid in youth, luxurious diet;
Restrain the passions' lawless riot;
Devoted to domestic quiet,
Be wisely gay;
So shall ye, spite of age's fiat,
Resist decay.

Seek not, in Mammon's worship, pleasure,
But find your richest, dearest treasure
In books, friends, music, polished leisure;
The mind, not sense,
Make the sole scale by which ye measure
Your opulence.

This is the solace, this the science,
Life's purest, sweetest, best appliance,
That disappoints not man's reliance,
Whate'er his state;
But challenges, with calm defiance,
Time, fortune, fate.

A Contented Mind.

I weigh not fortune's frown or smile;
I joy not much in earthly joys;
I seek not state, I reck not style;
I am not fond of fancy's toys:
I rest so pleased with what I have
I wish no more, no more I crave.

I quake not at the thunder's crack;
I tremble not at noise of war;
I swound not at the news of wrack;
I shrink not at the blazing star;
I fear not loss, I hope not gain,
I envy none, I none disdain.

I see ambition never pleased;
I see some Tantals starved in store;
I see gold's dropsy seldom eased;
I see even Midas gape for more:
I neither want, nor yet abound—
Enough's a feast, content is crowned.

I feign not friendship where I hate;
I fawn not on the great, in show;
I prize, I praise a mean estate—
Neither too lofty nor too low:
This, this is all my choice, my cheer—
A mind content, a conscience clear.

—*Joshua Sylvester*

My Minde to me a Kingdom is.

My minde to me a kingdom is;
Such perfect joy therein I finde
As farre exceeds all earthly blisse
That God or Nature hath assignde;
Though much I want, that most would have,
Yet still my minde forbids to crave.

Content I live; this is my stay—
I seek no more than may suffice.
I presse to heare no haughtie sway;
Look, what I lack my minde supplies.
Loe, thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my minde doth bring.

I see how plentie surfets oft,
And hastie clymbers soonest fall;
I see that such as sit aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all.
These get with toile, and keepe with feare:
Such cares my minde could never beare.

No princely pompe nor welthie store,
No force to win the victorie,
No wylie wit to salve a sore,
No shape to winne a lover's eye—
To none of these I yeeld as thrall;
For why, my minde despiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave;
I little have, yet seek no more.
They are but poore, though much they have,
And I am rich with little store.
They poore, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lacke, I lend; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's losse,
I grudge not at another's gaine;
No worldly wave my minde can tosse;
I brooke that is another's hane.
I feare no foe, nor fawne on friend;
I lothe not life, nor dread mine end.

I joy not in no earthly blisse;
I weigh not Crœsus' wealth a straw;
For care, I care not what it is;
I feare not fortune's fatal law:
My minde is such as may not move
For beautie bright, or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will;
I wander not to seeke for more;
I like the plaine, I clime no hill;
In greatest stormes I sitte on shore,
And laugh at them that toile in vaine
To get what must be lost againe.

I kisse not where I wish to kill;
I feigne not love where most I hate;
I breake no sleepe to winne my will;
I wayte not at the mightie's gate.
I scorne no poor, I feare no rich;
I feele no wante, nor have too much.

The court ne cart I like ne loath—
Extreames are counted worst of all;
The golden meane betwixt them both
Dost surest sit, and feares no fall;
This is my choyce; for why, I finde
No wealth is like a quiet minde.

My wealth is health and perfect ease;
My conscience clere my chiefe defence;
I never seeke by bribes to please,
Nor by desert to give offence,
Thus do I live, thus will I die;
Would all did so as well as I!

—*William*

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

"The Bursting of a Boom," by Frederick R. Sanford, derives its name from the land-craze in Southern California.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have in press for early publication "The Odd Number," which will contain thirteen of Guy de Maupassant's tales, translated by Jonathan Sturges, and accompanied with an introduction by Henry James.

The *Critic* says: "There is talk of starting a new literary enterprise on the principles of the undertaking outlined in Mr. Howells's 'A Hazard of New Fortunes,' now running in *Harper's Weekly*." This item would be more instructive if any human being had read the story.

Edward Bellamy, putative author of "Looking Backward," is now accused of plagiarism. The Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette* claims that the story was published in its columns in 1880-81 as the narrative of Vera Zarovitch, and extracts are given to prove a clean steal. Alas, whose literary reputation is safe in these days!

One hundred and sixty-two volumes of Zolasque literature has been seized and destroyed by the customs officers at Melbourne. A consignment of Mr. George Moore's "Modern Lover" is reported to be under detention, pending the decision of the commissioner of customs as to whether or not it comes under the category of obscene literature.

The Boston correspondent of the *Critic* hears that Eldridge S. Brooks wrote his new story, "A Son of Issachar," to justify his belief that the Bible affords one of the best fields for the writer of romances to find material in. The new story is described as a romance of the son of the widow of Nain and the daughter of Jairus. It is a story with thirty-two chapters, a proem, and an epilogue.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have ready the new edition of their index to the *Atlantic Monthly*, which covers the magazine from its beginning in 1857 to the end of 1888. In these thirty-one years, the *Atlantic* has made invaluable contributions to the stock of good influences in this country which have shaped and directed our institutions, morals, and intelligence. It has a noble and memorable history. Many years of honor and usefulness are still before it.

The following paragraph is now being circulated through the papers—possibly by means of Mr. Edward H. Bok's syndicate for the dissemination of literary news: "Edward H. Bok, of Brooklyn, has been made editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, of Philadelphia. Inasmuch as Mr. Bok is only twenty-five years old, and the office carries with it a salary of ten thousand dollars, the young man can probably lay claim to being the best paid editor of his years in the country." The *Home Journal* is one of the best advertised papers in the country, and this paragraph is a proof of the fact.

Little, Brown & Co.'s fall and winter announcements include the following: "Florida Days," Margaret Deland's conscientious guide-book; "Myths and Folk-Lore of Ireland," by Jeremiah Curtin; the Valois Romances in three volumes, "The Count of Monte Cristo" in four volumes, and the D'Artagnan Romances in three volumes; a complete "Concordance to Burns"; a new edition of Walton and Cotton's "Complete Angler," with an introduction by James Russell Lowell; Warren's "Ten Thousand a Year"; Hazlitt's translation of "Cinq-Mars"; Marcus Aurelius's Thoughts"; "The Swedish Revolution under Gustavus Vasa"; and Plutarch's "Lives and Essays."

A dispatch from California was published, saying that those who were disappointed in "The Wrong Box," by Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osborne, would be interested to know that Mr. Stevenson never wrote a line of the work, but lent his name to it to help his stepson. A private letter, received recently from the novelist, was given as authority. Charles Scribner, of the well-known publishing-house which bears his name, said, when seen in regard to the matter, that such could not be the case. "It is not possible," he continued, "that this statement can be correct. The original manuscript has been, of course, in our hands, and we know that this work is Mr. Stevenson's. It was in his handwriting. We had considerable correspondence with him in regard to the work and paid him for it as his own. It is not possible that he would deceive us. In addition to all this, the work shows intrinsically the hand of Mr. Stevenson."—*New York Tribune.*

Carleton, the publisher, tells a story concerning T. B. Aldrich, the poet, and Fitz James O'Brien, a brilliant essayist, and also a poet of no ordinary merit, but one who was often seen in his cups, and was always borrowing money of his cronies. Aldrich, now the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, commenced his literary career as a clerk in Carleton's bookstore. It was while he was in Carleton's employ, and yet in his teens, that Aldrich penned "Babie Bell." Carleton once saw the two young and embryonic poets crossing Broadway, Aldrich leading his unsteady companion in the most careful manner. "Why are you so cautious of O'Brien?" asked the publisher. Aldrich, whose purse was not very heavy at the time, answered: "Because O'Brien owes me a dollar, and I'm in need of it." In connection with O'Brien and his publishers, Harper & Brothers, Carleton relates this incident: The erratic poet, after he had been indulging freely one day, went down to Franklin Square and begged hard for the loan of twenty-five dollars, which, very justly, the firm refused. O'Brien picked up a large placard with "Livingstone's Africa" printed on one side. He turned it over, and on the blank side he drew, in large, black letters, these words: "One of Harper's Authors. I am Starving." He attached a string to the large piece of card-board, hung it about his neck, and then walked down to the street and paraded up and down before the great iron building. A large crowd gathered, and Mr. Fletcher Harper was soon very glad to compromise. He gave O'Brien a five-dollar bill, and thus got rid of the unpleasant advertisement.

New Publications.

"The Pariah," by F. Anstey, has been issued in the Series of Select Novels, published monthly in paper covers by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; for sale by the booksellers; price, 25 cents.

"Speaking Pieces" contains a number of original dialogues and recitations, suitable for public recitation, prepared by Ellen O. Peek. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, 50 cents.

"An Eerie He and She," a trumpery novel by "Alan Dale," and "The Sale of Mrs. Adval," by F. H. Costellow, are published in paper covers by George W. Dillingham, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 50 cents each.

"Within the Enemy's Lines," by "Oliver Optic" (William T. Adams), is the second volume of the Blue and the Gray Series. It is a healthily absorbing tale for boys. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.50.

The Caspian Sea, an inland sea in Japan, Nicaragua, and the Red River are the scenes of the four tales from *Blackwood's* which are reprinted in the fourth volume of the Travel, Adventure, and Sport Series published by White & Allen, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 40 cents.

W. Clark Russell has dropped his stories of the sea long enough to write a history of the sea for the English Men of Action Series. His "William Dampier" is a terse and yet vivid biography of the old navigator. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; for sale by the J. Dewing Company; price, 60 cents.

"A Colonial Boy," by Nellie Blessing Eyster, is a boys' story in which the early history of Maryland and Pennsylvania is cleverly mingled with a modern boy's adventures by means of old folks' tales and a colonial boy's diary. Published by the D. Lothrop Company, Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.25.

"Christianity and Agnosticism," the symposium of opinions which was noticed in these columns some months ago, was sold as fast as it could be taken from the binders, and a new edition of one hundred thousand copies has been issued by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, 50 cents.

"Recollections of the Court of the Tuileries," by Mme. Carette, lady of honor to the Empress Eugénie, has been translated in England and in America, the latter version being by Elizabeth Phipps Train. It is noticed at length elsewhere in this issue. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price 50 cents.

"The Travels and Adventures of Little Baron Trump and his Wonderful Dog Bulger," by Ingersoll Lockwood, is a tale of marvels such as delight all children of a certain age, and the illustrations, by George Wharton Edwards, add to the attractions of the book. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $2.00.

"The Constitutional History of the United States," as seen in the development of American law, was the subject of a series of lectures delivered before the Political Science Association of the University of Michigan by Judge T. M. Cooley, of Ann Arbor; Hon. Henry Hitchcock, of St. Louis; Hon. George W. Biddle, of Philadelphia; Professor Charles A. Kent, of Detroit; and Hon. Daniel H. Chamberlain, of New York. These lectures have been collected and published in a single volume by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Pierson & Robertson; price, $2.00.

"Summer Holidays" is the title of a book of charming sketches of travel by Theodore Child, contributed from time to time to the English and American periodicals, with a few new notes. They are quite unconnected, and take the reader down the Danube to Constantinople, among the dikes of Holland, through Naples, Milan, Verona, Venice, Bologna, Ravenna, and Florence, among the German cities, to Aix-les-Bains, along the French rivers, and to the Grand Chartreuse; but all are interesting and well worth reading. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

The rapid growth of electrical science and its intimacy with the affairs of every-day life have made a dictionary of electrical terms a necessity, and to fill this want "A Dictionary of Electrical Words, Terms, and Phrases" has been prepared by Edwin J. Houston, a well-known scientist. The work is a popular one, bringing together the technical words which have been coming to life of late in the electrical journals and many of which have not yet found their way into the dictionaries; these are here defined in exact phrases, but so clearly stated that, with the aid of the many illustrative cuts, they are clearly intelligible to the lay reader. The book is of handy size and shape, contains more than six hundred and fifty pages, and is well printed. Published by the W. J. Johnston Company, Times Building, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, $2.50.

Lafcadio Hearn has made a name for himself with his little story, "Chita: A Memory of Last Island." He had translated a lot of stories from the French of Gautier, he had written some charming verse, and he had done a vast amount of good newspaper work for the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*—among other things, "Some Chinese Ghosts"; but "Chita" first brings him really before the world. He has taken up a new field in the South, a field as interesting as Cable's 'Cajuns and yet widely different. It is the life of the Gulf, the fisher-folk, smugglers, and latter-day pirates of the coast about the mouth of the Mississippi. In the opening chapter, he describes this strange land of bayous and isles, and when we know the setting, he tells us of the terrible storm in which one of these sand-bars, risen a few feet above the sea and overgrown with verdure, and made a bathing-resort for the fashionables of New Orleans, is swept clean by the might of ocean as with a broom. Of the gay company of four hundred summer revelers, not one is left upon the island after the passage of the storm. But a little child is saved from the flood by a Spanish fisher, who takes her to his home, and there she lives, unclaimed and unrecognized, until her father, who, too, has been saved, finds her when he is dying of the cholera. It is a very simple tale, and yet Mr. Hearn has made a gem of it. His father was an English Army surgeon and his mother a native of the Ionian Isles, and in his writing he blends the strength of the North with the love of beauty and color of the South; his description of the growing storm is like De Quincey's "Flight of a Tartar Tribe" in its grand movement toward the final calamity. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

The Literary Man in Society.

The position of the professional man of letters in modern European society is ill defined (says Marion Crawford in "Sant' Ilario"). As a man who has been brought up in a palace would undoubtedly betray his breeding sooner or later if transported to live among a gang of thieves, so a man who has grown to years of discretion in the atmosphere of studios or in the queer company from which most literary men have sprung, will inevitably, at one time or another, offend the susceptibilities of that portion of humanity which calls itself society. It is impossible that it should be otherwise. Among a set of people whose profession it is to do always, and in all things, precisely what their neighbors do, the man who makes his living by doing what other people can not do, must always be a marked figure. Look at modern society. It can not toil nor spin; it can hardly put together ten words in a grammatical sequence. But it can clothe itself. The man of letters can both toil and write good English, but his taste in tailoring frequently leaves much to be desired. If he would put himself in the hands of Poole and hold his tongue, he might almost pass for a member of society. But he must needs talk, and his speech bewrayeth him for a Galilean. There are wits in society, both many and keen, who can say something original, cutting, and neatly turned, upon almost any subject, with an easy superiority which makes the hair of the learned man stand erect upon his head. The chief characteristic of him who lives by his brains is, that he is not only able to talk consecutively upon some subjects, but that he actually does so, which, in society, is accounted a monstrous crime against manners. Let him write what he wants to say, and print it; society will either not understand him at all, or will read his works with a dictionary in the secrecy of its own chamber. But if he will hold his tongue in public, society will give him a cup of tea and treat him almost like a human being, for the sake of being said to patronize letters. Any one who likes society's tea may drink his fill of it in consideration of wearing a good coat and keeping his wits to himself, but he will not succeed in marrying any of society's sisters, cousins, or aunts without a severe struggle.

Some Magazines.

In the *Fortnightly Review* for October, David F. Schloss writes on "The Labor Problem." Grant Allen contributes "Some Plain Words on the Woman Question." The articles on the military state of contemporary Europe are continued in an important paper, accompanied with a map, on the "Armed Strength of France in 1889." R. S. Gundy has an instructive article on "Progress in China." George Moore has a graceful piece of criticism on "Some of Balzac's Minor Pieces." Horace Victor writes on "Eastern Women." John Verschoyle contributes "Some Notes of Travel in the Forests of Navarre and Aragon." John Welsh reviews the present state of the Eastern question in an article on the "Last Days of the Ottoman Empire." Sir Samuel W. Baker presents some interesting facts on the "Development of the Soudan," and the number concludes with a second part of the papers on "Russian Characteristics."

The *Contemporary Review* for October opens with the remarkable article on the "Triple Alliance and Italy's Place in It," by "Outidanos," under which name Mr. Gladstone has thinly veiled his strong personality. Principal Miller has an article on "Cheap Missionaries and Mission Education." Austin Dobson gracefully reviews "The Life of Steele," by Mr. Aitkin. Colonel F. Maurice has a review of "Two Years of Naval Manœuvres." James Runciman presents a study of "The Ethics of the Drink Question." Dr. Albert Shaw discusses "The Functions of American State Legislatures." H. Arthur Kennedy treats of Shakespeare's classical knowledge in a paper entitled "Small Latin and Less Greek." W. S. Lilly continues his criticism of Mr. Herbert Spencer's ethical theories. Captain Sinclair has a suggestive paper headed, "Is a Soldier's Life Worth Saving?" and Justin McCarthy discusses "The Irish University Question."

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Auber, who was chapel-master at the Tuileries under the Second Empire, was a confirmed bachelor. One evening, as the Empress Eugénie was chatting with him, she asked if he had never regretted remaining unmarried. "Never, madame," replied the witty old man, "and less than ever now, when I think that Mme. Auber would be nearly eighty years old."

Professor C—— had gone to spend the evening at a friend's house. When he was about to leave, it was raining cats and dogs, wherefore the hostess kindly offered him accommodations for the night, which he readily accepted. Suddenly the guest disappeared, nobody knowing what had become of him, and the family were about to retire for the night when Professor C—— walked in, as wet as a drowned rat. He had been home to fetch his night-shirt!

Ten years ago, Mr. Toole, the English comedian, while passing through Stratford-on-Avon, saw a rustic sitting on a fence. "That's Shakespeare's house, isn't it?" he asked, pointing to the building. "Yes." "Ever been there?" "No." "How long has he been dead?" "Don't know." "What did he do?" "Don't know." "Brought up here?" "Yes." "Did he write anything like the *Family Herald*, or anything of that sort?" "Oh, yes; he writ." "What was it?" "Well," said the rustic, "I think he wrote for the Bible."

Dr. Burton and Dr. Gage were ministers of two Congregational churches in Hartford and excellent friends. Like many other clergymen, they loved a joke, especially at each other's expense. Dr. Gage had traveled abroad, and since his return had been delivering a course of lectures upon old-world subjects. One of the lectures—on Palestine—had been thought not so interesting as the others, and on its second delivery many of the auditors withdrew before it was finished. Not long afterward, Dr. Gage's house was entered by a burglar. Dr. Gage was giving Dr. Burton an account of the affair. "Why, doctor, I had him down flat on his back; I held him there; he couldn't move an inch." "Good!" said Dr. Burton; "but what a splendid opportunity that was to have delivered to him your lecture on Palestine!"

Some years ago (says the Minneapolis *Tribune*), when Judge H. G. Hicks was not as prosperous as he has been in later years, he owed a little bill of twenty-five dollars to a well-known firm, and one of the members came to see him about it. The judge, then a plain colonel, lately returned from the war, frankly confessed that he was "busted" and asked for an extension of time. "Can't do it," said the gentleman; "if you don't pay it we'll have to sue you." "How can I pay when I haven't got the money?" asked the colonel; "all I want is a little time." "Well, we'll have to bring suit," said the gentleman, as he started off. "Hold on," said the colonel, as a bright idea struck him; "if you must sue me, why not give me the case? You will have to employ some lawyer." "That's so," said the gentleman; "all right, bring the suit." Colonel Hicks brought the suit, confessed judgment, sent in his bill for fifty dollars attorney's fees, collected it, then settled the judgment. From that time on he had all the firm's law business.

It was while Judge Folger was secretary (said an old treasury official). One morning, an old man came in to me who was from a New England State. He said that about twenty years ago he found some old stocks or bonds among the papers of an uncle (mentioning his name); he had been a man of national reputation for ability, and had a comfortable fortune for those days—that is, from 1830 to 1840—and he had come to the United States Treasury to find out if they were worth anything, as they seemed to be United States bonds. I looked at them. They were ten of the "old debt" bonds, and were, indeed, curiosities. They were old and yellow from age, but were worth, principal and interest, in gold, seventy thousand dollars, for there was ten years' interest due on them. You can imagine the old man's amazement when I told him this. "Why, I would gladly have taken five thousand dollars for them," said he, "and I offered them to a Boston banker for less than that, but he declined to buy them at any figure." I took the old man in to see Judge Folger, who was very much interested in the matter when I explained it to him. He had never seen any of the "old loan" securities, and after these were paid and canceled, I believe he directed that one of them be framed and preserved. Well, in less than half an hour's time, the old New Englander walked out of the building with a check in his pocket on the New York Sub-Treasury for seventy thousand dollars in gold. How that "smart" Boston banker must have cursed his own ignorance and stupidity when he learned what he had thrown away.

For men on a long and wearisome march, something to laugh at is a piece of downright good fortune. The Thirty-Seventh Massachusetts Regiment had recently joined the Army of the Potomac, then in motion against the enemy. The men were little used to forced marches, and many of them were sadly exhausted before they were ordered to halt, shortly after midnight. It was toward twelve o'clock. The regiment was plodding wearily along, unable to see what lay before it, when suddenly there came a swashing, rustling, indefinable sound from a point just in advance, and extending some distance away. Somebody cried out that the leading regiments were fording the Potomac, and then all hands heard, or seemed to hear, the splashing of shallow water as men and horses went dashing through it. Still there were no signs of a halt to prepare for crossing. The men were evidently expected to look out for themselves in this respect, and immediately the roadside was lined with soldiers pulling off their shoes and stockings and rolling up their trousers. The rustling came nearer and nearer as the column advanced, and before long the smooth, shining surface of the river came plainly into sight. The officers were already riding into it. So it seemed. But as the barefooted stragglers came up, picking their way and looking for the "ford," they discovered, all at once, that the river was nothing but a big corn-field, in which the bivouac was to be made! The sound of the waters was simply the rustling of the leaves, as the troops in advance had pulled down the shocks for bedding. The noise, it is needless to say, was soon drowned by shouts of laughter.

There were two of the men in our gang of Pennsylvania oil-well drillers and blasters (says a writer in the New York *Sun*) who were constantly fooling with the nitro-glycerine. They would take chances to make your hair stand on end, and the trouble was they imperiled the safety of many others. One of their favorite pastimes was to get out after noonday lunch and toss a two-pound can of the stuff as far as they could heave it. I more than once saw them stand fifty feet apart, and on three or four occasions saw the can miss their clutch and fall to the earth. Our foreman and all the other men did a great deal of swearing over this foolishness, and once the men were discharged for it, but they were taken back after a time, and, as we grew more used to the stuff, we took more chances. One day the men got out with their can, and, as the fun was about to begin, our foreman said: "Boys, that nonsense will be the death of you yet!" "Bet you ten to five it won't!" replied one of them. "Yes, and I'll bet ten to one it won't!" bluffed the other, as he shook his wallet at the foreman. The latter failed to cover, and, as he sauntered off down the hill, I followed him. We had walked about two hundred feet when we were suddenly lifted up and thrown flat to the earth, and then followed a crash which seemed to have rocked the continent. As soon as we could get up we ran back to the derrick, or where the derrick was. It had disappeared, as well as our shanty, and on the site was a hole into which you could have dumped a cottage. Not the slightest scrap of the two can-tossers could be found, and the foreman and I stood for several minutes staring into the cavity. Then he suddenly slapped his leg, waved his hand in disgust, and growled: "What a two-story fool I was not to take those bets!"

SOCIETY.

The Stanford Dinner-Party.

The Committee of the United States Senate on Subsidized Railroads, together with the members of their families and a few friends whom they have met since their arrival here, were royally entertained last Tuesday evening by Senator and Mrs. Leland Stanford, who gave a dinner-party in their honor at their residence on California Street. The dining-room looked exceptionally attractive that evening, as the elaborate frescoing, the richly finished furnishings, and the novel table decoration combined most harmoniously, and they were accentuated by the elegance of the toilets worn by the ladies and the wealth of flashing jewels which adorned them. The table was embellished primarily with a rustic arch, eight feet long, stretched over the centre and reaching up to the chandelier. It was covered with grape-vines in the tints of both summer and autumn, and laden with luscious clusters of Tokay, Black Hamburg, and Muscat grapes. Below on the damask was a bed of soft moss, having as a centre-piece a large curly cabbage, half opened to display its delicate green heart. Around it were little cup-shaped receptacles formed of bark and of leaves of the curly cabbage, and they contained strawberries, raspberries, melons, and many varieties of fruit. At either end of the arch were silver epergnes, set with fancifully colored bon-bons, and at the ends of the table were silver jardinières holding pink, white, yellow, and terra-cotta-colored chrysanthemums. At each cover was a favor in the form of a satin scroll, bearing a piece of Chinese paper, hand-painted and tied on with parti-colored silk threads. The names were printed in Japanesque script. Throughout all of the apartments were seen vases and jars filled with the season's blossoms in all their beautiful colors. The menu was perfect in every particular, and in its enjoyment several hours were most delightfully passed, followed by music and conversation in the drawing-rooms.

The guests of Senator and Mrs. Stanford were: Senator and Mrs. William P. Frye, Senator Charles B. Reade, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Briggs, Mr. Woodbury Pulsifer, Senator J. L. Dawes, Miss Dawes, Senator and Mrs. C. K. Davis, Senator George Hearst, Senator David Turpie, Senator John T. Morgan, Senator Platt, Judge and Mrs. Thurston, Senator and Mrs. John P. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Towne, Hon. and Mrs. W. W. Morrow, Hon. and Mrs. McKenna, Hon. and Mrs. T. W. Clunie, Hon. and Mrs. T. G. Phelps, General and Mrs. Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., General and Mrs. William H. Dimond, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Jewett, Hon. Charles N. Felton, and Mr. Herbert C. Nash.

The Hohurg Dinner-Party.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank T. Hohurg gave what they termed a Japanese musical dinner last Wednesday evening at their home, 431 Bartlett Street. Covers were laid for twelve, and the dining-table was thoroughly Japanesque in its details, the idea being very successfully carried out. The table was set diagonally in the dining-room, and from the fancy festival chandelier above it hung, horizontally, a red bamboo pole about three yards in length. Suspended from this at intervals were miniature silken swings each holding a Japanese mannikin in a *kimono* of colored crêpe. They were amusingly executing varied movements, from comically posing to swinging through little hoops of Japanese chrysanthemums. At one end of the table was a large bronze jar and in it were two tri-cored fans of bright yellow chrysanthemums. Gradually sloping away from this all along the table were numerous Japanese and Chinese musical instruments with clusters of chrysanthemums mingled among them. There and there an odd little mannikin was to be seen, either among the blossoms or on one of the instruments, all arranged in peculiar attitudes. The favors were yellow, pale green, and white-silk ribbons to which was attached a card of Japanese parchment-paper hand-painted with Japanese figures playing on musical instruments, and also bearing a musical quotation in Japanese. The cards were fastened to a silk with tiny golden cords in loops and knots, and upon each band of silk was the name of the guest in Japanesque characters. Each guest also received a handsome ivory-bound book as a souvenir. Mrs. Hohurg was attired in her beautiful wedding gown, and entertained her guests most hospitably.

The Charity Ball.

The winter season in society will be auspiciously opened next Tuesday evening by the grand charity ball, which will be given at the Palace Hotel in aid of the Woman's Exchange. Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, the president, Mrs. Henry Clumiedell, Mrs. Winsor L. Brown, and Mrs. William M. Walker have been working assiduously to perfect the arrangements, and they are all sanguine of success. Great care has been exercised in the issuance of tickets by those who have had them for sale. All of this year's débutantes will be present, and it is an open secret that the toilets to be worn by the ladies will be marvels of elegance. Mr. Henry Heyman, who has charge of the music, has engaged Ballenberg for the dance music and Noah Brandt for the concert selections. Mr. E. M. Greenway will have charge of the dancing, and Mr. Livingston promises a delicious supper. The decorations will be a beautiful surprise to every one, as Miss Jones has a very pretty theme to work upon. A few of the boxes remain unsold, and they may be secured up to Tuesday evening from any of the ladies or gentlemen whose names appear in the advertisement of the affair.

Reception to Mrs. Kincaid.

Mrs. Kincaid, who has been absent from the city for some time, returned a week ago to the Berkshire Hotel, and her return was made the occasion of a very pleasant reception, which was given there in her honor by Miss Jewett and Miss Martin. They were assisted in receiving by the Misses Flint.

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. James Denman, Mr. and Mrs. Jasper McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Doolittle, Judge and Mrs. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan, of Alameda, Mrs. Kincaid, Mrs. E. S. Poulson, Miss Jewett, Miss Martin, Misses Hunt, Miss Fulton, Miss Kirkland, Miss Owen, Miss Short, Professor Stone, and Mr. John S. Farrell.

A Supper-Party.

Several of the members of the Bohemian Club, accompanied by their wives, were at a theatre-party last Monday evening, and, after the theatre, a supper was served at the Cliff. A string band was in attendance, and the affair was a very pleasant one.

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Redding, and Mr. and Mrs. James Robinson.

A Trip to the Sound.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Crocker have devised an exceedingly pleasant trip. They have stocked a private car with everything needful, and have invited a party of young people to join them in a trip north with them to points on Puget Sound. Doubtless the trip will be a very pleasant one.

The Base-ball Game.

The rain on Friday made it necessary to postpone the game of base-ball between the representatives of the Pacific-Union Club and the Bohemian Club. If the weather permits it will be played next Friday afternoon.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mrs. Gashwiler and the Misses Gashwiler arrived in New York a week ago, after a prolonged European tour.

Mrs. George Hearst, who has been devoting several months to European travel, returned to New York last Wednesday on the steamer *City of Paris*.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Dean, of Oakland, have been visiting New York city during the past fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Parrott are occupying their city residence, after passing the last six months in San Rafael.

Mrs. Mark A. Sheldon and Mr. Joseph A. Sheldon arrived in New York city last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. George M. Pinckard and Mr. and Mrs. Heathcote will pass the winter in San Rafael.

Mr. Lloyd Tevis has returned from a prolonged Eastern residence on the corner of Pacific Avenue and Steiner Street.

Mrs. Barreda, Miss Christine Barreda, and Miss Mattie Barreda are expected here from New York about the latter part of November.

General and Mrs. W. H. Dimond will close their residence in Menlo Park early in November.

Baron and Baroness von Schröder and Mrs J. Mervyn Donahue stopped on their way East to visit friends in Chicago.

Mrs. Crabbe and her daughter, Miss Jeanne Crabbe, who have been at San Rafael during the past season, have returned to the city, and will pass the winter at their residence, 2406 Washington Street.

Hon. O. P. Evans has been making a brief visit to Los Angeles.

Mr. Robert R. Grayson has returned from a two weeks' visit to New Mexico.

Mr. James D. Phelan is stopping at the Hoffman House in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs A. G. Booth have returned from their Northern trip, and will reside during the winter at 1522 Broadway.

Mrs. Fred W. Sharon is stopping at the Murray Hill Hotel in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs H. N. Cook and Miss Eva Taaffe postponed their Eastern trip until last Wednesday. They will return in January.

Mr. Charles N. Felton, Jr., Mrs. George Loomis, and Miss Mamie Kohl are at the Hoffman House in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Bowie and Miss Babette Howard are at their San Mateo villa, where they will remain most of the winter. Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Beylard are expected to return from Europe soon and will pass the winter with them.

Major Ben C. Truman is at Poland Springs, Maine.

Mrs. O. W. Childs and the Misses Carrie and Emma Childs, of Los Angeles, are passing a couple of weeks at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerret Wilder, Mr. and Mrs F. L. Stolz, and Mrs. A. Reid Kenney left on the steamer *Australia* on October 11th, for a prolonged visit to the Hawaiian Islands.

Miss May Kewen, of Sacramento, has been visiting friends here during the past week.

Miss Minnie Houghton has returned from a visit to friends in Sacramento.

Mrs. Irving M. Scott and Miss Alice Scott will remain abroad until next spring, when Mr. Scott will join them in Europe.

Consul and Mrs. Denis Donohoe, Mr. and Mrs. Denis Donohoe, Jr., and Miss Rose Donohoe, are occupying their residence, 2299 Sacramento Street, after passing the summer at San Rafael.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Adam Slaker, U. S. A., will soon leave the Presidio for an Eastern station.

Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Phelps, of Belmont, were in the city last Tuesday. They will close their country home in a few days and will pass the winter at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. James V. Coleman returned from New York last Wednesday.

Mrs. G. T. Smith and her sister, Miss Meta Page, of San Rafael, returned from Europe last Sunday.

Mrs. Carl W. Jungen and Miss Wood, of Mare Island, were visiting here during the early part of the week.

Notes and Gossip.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. T. Jackson, *née* Nightingale, have issued at home cards for Wednesdays at their residence, 308 Haight Street.

Miss Kathleen Van Norden was married to Mr. Charles E. Trevathan on Saturday evening, October 12th, at the residence of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Van Norden, 905 Steiner Street. Rev. E. J. Lion officiated. The residence was handsomely decorated and the affair was happily celebrated. Mr. and Mrs. Trevathan are passing their honeymoon in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Denis Donohoe, assisted by her daughter, Miss Rose Donohoe, gave a delightful matinée tea last Monday at her residence on Sacramento Street, in honor of Miss Davis, of Baltimore, who is visiting her. Clusters of beautiful flowers brightened the reception-rooms and light refreshments were served. About sixty ladies called and they were very pleasantly entertained.

Mr. and Mrs. William de Fremery have issued at-home cards for next Thursday evening at their residence on Prospect Avenue, Oakland.

Last Thursday, at the residence of her sister, Mrs. Henry Bigelow, Eireene, daughter of the late Augustus Baylis, M. D., of London, Eng., was united in marriage to Gerald R. Wehber, of Lower Lake, Cal. Rev. William S. Neales, of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, performed the ceremony.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Mauzy Musical Club.

The Mauzy Musical Club gave its second concert of the fifth series last Thursday evening at the warerooms of Byron Mauzy. A large audience assembled there and listened to the following interesting programme:

Overture, "Mirella" ..... Gounod
Orchestra.
Professor H. R. Austin, director.
Song, "Elene" ..... Batkin
Miss Fannie E. Ryan.
(With orchestral accompaniment.)
Piano Solo, "Erl King" (Schubert) ..... Liszt
Miss Nellie Joseph.
Romanza, "Amo" ..... Mattei
Mr. Alfred Wilkie.
Guitar and Mandolin, "Lucrezia Borgia" ..... Donizetti
Misses Theresa and Lily Sherwood.
'Cello Solo, "Gavotte" ..... Popper
Mr. Adolf Lada.
Gavotte, "Heimliche Liebe" ..... Resch
Orchestra.
Song, "Beloved Again" ..... Barri
Miss Fannie E. Ryan.
Piano Solo, "Impromptu," C sharp minor ..... Chopin
Miss Nellie Joseph.
Ballad, "My Pretty Jane" ..... Bishop
Mr. Alfred Wilkie.
Guitar and Mandolin, "Galop de Concert" .....
Misses Theresa and Lily Sherwood.
Piano (four hands), "Il Trovatore" ..... Melnotte
Miss A. Pfund and Miss M. Danskin.
Finale, "Patrol March" ..... La Thangue
Orchestra.

The Philharmonic Society.

The Philharmonic Society of San Francisco gave its first concert of the eleventh season last Wednesday evening at Metropolitan Hall, under the direction of Mr. Hermann Brandt. The society was assisted by Mrs. Ida de Seminario, vocalist, Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt, pianist, and Mr. Abe Sundland, accompanist. The following excellent programme was enjoyed by a large and fashionable audience:

Overture, "Die Falsenmühle" ..... Reissiger
Præludium, Choral and Fugue ..... Bach—Abert
"For My Soul Thirsteth for God" ..... Mendelssohn
Mrs. Ida de Seminario.
Hungarian Fantasie for Piano and Orchestra ..... Liszt
Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt.
Vorspiel, "Lohengrin" ..... Wagner
Priere et Barcarolle, "L'Etoile du Nord" ..... Meyerbeer
Mrs. Ida de Seminario.
Sous le Balcon, Serenade for String Orchestra ..... Wuerst
Violoncello obligato, Dr. Arthur T. Regensburger.
Scènes Napolitaines, Five suite d'Orchestra ..... Massenet
1. La Dance. 2. La Procession et L'Improvisateur.
3. La Fête.

Miss Alice Bacon and Miss Ella Partridge announce a series of four ensemble concerts to be given in the parlors of the First Unitarian Church on the following Saturday afternoons: November 2d, 16th, and 30th, and December 14th. They will be assisted by Mr. Hermann Brandt and Mr. Louis Heine. The feature of the first concert will be Rubinstein's sonata for the piano and violin in G major, Op. 13.

Mr. Edward Heimburger will give a piano recital at Irving Hall on Friday evening, November 15th. He will have the assistance of Mr. Hermann Brandt, Miss Jeannette Wilcox, and Mrs. Heimburger. The programme will include two of the best known sonatas for the piano and violin, No. 5, and the Kreutzer sonata.

Mr. Robert F. Sesnon, pupil of H. J. Stewart, M. B., will have a benefit concert at Pioneer Hall on Friday evening, November 1st. He will be assisted by his preceptor, by Mr. Henry Heyman, and others.

Ernst Hartmann will give his second piano recital this (Saturday) afternoon in the parlors of the First Unitarian Church. An excellent programme will be presented.

Miss Jennie Hobbs has a large class in porcelain-painting at her atelier in the Flood Building. She is also busy with Royal Worcester-ware work and some ornamental pieces for the holidays.

As "Society,"

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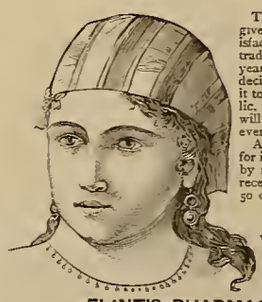

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A HONDURAS RAILWAY.

The Train Starts when Engineer "Jim" Fires Up.

Commuters and others accustomed to frequent railway trips in the United States, will find something to interest them in the account given by a well-known New York lawyer of his railroad experiences in Spanish Honduras. This gentleman had some business which required his presence in the interior of Honduras, about three hundred miles from the coast, and almost the entire distance had to be made on horse or mule-back. The only exception to this tiresome mode of travel was at the beginning of the journey, where, according to the maps, there was a railroad running between two towns, forty miles apart, the only railroad in the country.

On landing in Honduras, the gentleman took his family to the little native hotel—kept by a mulatto woman in Central American style, with frijoles and tortillas for the principal food and canvas stretched over frames for beds—and then started out to find the railroad, hoping to catch the morning train. After a long search through the town, he came upon a single track in the outskirts, which ended in a dilapidated wooden shed, but nobody was in sight and there was no sign of a train. He made inquiries and learned where the railway superintendent lived. That officer of the Honduras trunk-line came out of his house when summoned, and was immediately asked when the train would start.

"The train?" he repeated, in Spanish, of course.

"Yes; what time does it go?" his questioner asked; "it has not gone to-day, has it?"

"No; I don't think it has gone to-day; no, I'm sure it hasn't gone to-day."

"Will it go this morning?"

"No; I don't think it will go this morning."

"Will it go this afternoon?"

"*Quien sabe?* But I don't think so. No, I don't think so. How can I tell?"

"You ought to know if anybody does," the New Yorker replied, "as you are the superintendent.

While they were talking, the officer was shading his eyes with his hands and looking across a little bay in the distance.

"Can you see across the bay?" he asked; "my eyes are not as good as they used to be."

The New Yorker looked, and replied that he could see across the bay distinctly.

"Do you see any smoke coming up out of the trees?" the superintendent asked.

No, there was no smoke.

"Then I guess Jim won't fire up to-day," he went on; "I sent him out in the country yesterday to repair an engine on a sugar-estate, and most likely he hasn't got through yet. But I'm pretty sure he'll fire up to-morrow. Just come in on the steamer? And got a family with you? Well, you'll find it very comfortable down at the hotel, and I think there'll be a train out to-morrow; yes, I think there will."

There was nothing for it but to wait, for the chance of deducting forty miles from the long mule ride was not to be lost. Next morning, the New Yorker was out bright and early watching for a smoke across the bay. The smoke was there; evidently "Jim" was firing up. He hastened to the superintendent with the news and asked what time the train would start.

"About nine o'clock, if she goes," the officer answered; "may be a little earlier, may be a little later; but you may as well be on board by eight, to make sure."

Shortly after nine o'clock the train was ready to start. It consisted of an engine of the style of forty years or more ago, a tender containing some wood, and one of the earliest passenger-cars made, with no glass in the windows, a bench running lengthwise on each side, and boxes of old iron on and under the benches to give the car weight enough to keep it on the track. There were a number of passengers, and when all was ready and the conductor had shouted "All aboard" in Spanish, and the engine-bell had begun to ring, one of the passengers, a merchant in the town, clapped his hand to his pocket and exclaimed that he had forgotten to write some letters, and jumped off and went back to his office to write them. The train started with a vast amount of whistling and bell-ringing, and began to dash furiously across the country at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour. It had not gone far before the wood gave out, and the engine stopped and the fireman and another train-man went into the woods with an axe to cut a fresh supply. These stops to cut wood were made about once an hour throughout the journey. At the first station, which was reached at about eleven o'clock, the man who had stopped to write his letters came galloping up on a mule, which he gave in charge of a friend, and resumed his seat in the car.

When noon arrived the train was stopped and the engineer, fireman, conductor, and the two or three other men employed on the road made a little fire near the track and placidly proceeded to cook and eat their dinner. This occupied nearly an hour, and everything went slowly but well till two o'clock, when a little stream was reached, crossed by an old wooden bridge. Here the engine was stopped over the middle of the stream, and the fireman got off and without any hesitation removed all his clothes. The New Yorkers imagined that he was about to take a bath, but he was strictly in the performance of his duty. He lowered himself to the bed of the shallow stream, with a pail in his hand, and the other trainmen made a line to the tank of the engine, which they proceeded to fill with water from the brook, handing up pail after pail and pouring it in.

It was not till the middle of the afternoon, however, that the most interesting part of the journey was reached. The train came to a stop without any apparent cause, and stood still for some time. The New Yorker at length got out to see what was the matter. He found that a short distance ahead of the engine a rail was missing; if the train had gone two rods further, it would have run off, without the remotest chance of getting back again, for there is no machinery for such uses in Honduras. The engineer had taken a crowbar and walked back past the rear end of the car, and was feeling about with the bar for a loose rail. Presently he found one to suit and pried it up, and he and the other men carried it ahead and spiked it down in the place of the rail which was missing. Then the train went ahead, leaving, of course, one rail missing in the track. On making inquiries, the New Yorker learned that some years before somebody stole one of the rails, and that it had never been replaced, because there were no extra rails in the country, so every time the train reached that point, the engineer had to stop and replace the missing rail with one that the train had already gone over.

Everything connected with the road was managed on this principle, and no considerable repairs had been made since it was built, more than a quarter of a century ago. The same engine and the same car had been in operation all that time. The road was constructed by an English company under a contract with the government, and the principal and interest of the debt now mount up into so many millions that the whole country is hardly worth enough to pay it.

The train reached its destination at nine o'clock in the evening, having averaged about three and a half miles an hour in the twelve hours consumed in the journey; and the New Yorker who made the trip is emphatic in advising all other Americans who visit Spanish-Honduras to stick to the mules if time is of any value to them.—*New York Times.*

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

The Wrong Mouth.

Clogsey—How with such a perfect show
You should let that heiress go,
I don't know.
Grogsey—I'll tell you how I missed her;
I merely stooped and kissed her—
Younger sister. —*Town Topics.*

A Bony Heart.

"A statesman's heart lies in his head,"
Or so the great Napoleon said;
But hearts which in the head reside,
Just like the skull, grow ossified,
And thus Napoleon's chilly heart
Grew hard in such a Bony-parte.
—*Pittsburg Bulletin.*

The Song of the Tramp.

I gather here and there a pie,
And here and there a biscuit;
I snatch a spoon when no one's by,
It always pays to risk it.
I sleep at noon where waters flow
To soothe the weary comer,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on all summer.

I ride beneath the rushing freight
From Boston to Chicago;
I watch each chance to desecrate
The box of Wells & Fargo.
I sing and whistle as I go—
November'll find me lonely,
For in November falls the snow—
I walk in summer only. —*Exchange.*

The Clam.

The clam, of all the birds that swim,
And fish that cleave the air,
Doth most of all—both large and small—
Adorn the bill of fare.

In stew or fry, or wet or dry,
In batter, shell, or bake;
Nor ham, nor lamb, nor jam, nor yam,
From clam can take the cake.

He lends new cheer to lager beer,
Let him he fresh or "high";
He's good with ale, and gin cocktail,
And tolu, rock-and-rye.

Let others sing the joys of spring,
When skips the festive ram;
My pean high shall rend the sky
With "three cheers for the clam!"
—*Washington Post.*

Her First Pie.

Wifie tired of reading books,
Swinging hammocks, shady nooks,
In the little kitchen looks—
Watches Dinah while she cooks—
(There's goin' to be trouble in that household.)

Little wifie thinks she'll try
All alone to make a pie;
First attempt, and proud, oh my!
Bakes it brown and sets it by.
(There's goin' to be trouble in that household.)

Hubbie hurries home from town—
Gone his care and business frown—
Kisses wifie; both sit down;
Dinah brings the pie so brown.
(There's goin' to be trouble in that household.)

Twelve o'clock and all is still,
Mousie roams about at will;
Suddenly two shrieks, so shrill
That they're echoed from the hill.
(There is lots of trouble in that household.)

Mustard-plasters all in vain;
Only serve to make more pain.
Dinah rushes thro' the rain,
Hunts a doctor for the twain.
(There is lots of trouble in that household.)

Same old story—nothing new;
Doctor did what he could do.
Up the golden stairs they flew,
Hapless husband, wifie too.
(There is no more trouble in that household.)

MORAL.

Loving wifies, stick to books,
Swinging hammocks, shady nooks.
Off the cooking keep your hooks,
Leave pie-making to the cooks,
(And you'll have no trouble in your household.)
—*Hubsmith in Washington Post.*

Base-ball.

"He is out," said the man at the game of ball,
And he said it with half a sneer,
The player's chance was beyond recall—
And success had seemed so near.
He might have "come home" 'midst the cheering shout
That quenches ambition's thirst,
But now he is merely talked about
As the man who "went out at first."

There's many a youth who in life's great game
Starts in with a winning gait
Toward the goal where riches and tempting fame
For the chosen of fortune wait.
He fails, and is greeted with sniffs and sneers
Or with pity—by far the worst—
'Till a welcome grave hides the hopes and fears
Of the man who went out at first.
—*Merchant Traveler.*

In Pecuniary Parlance.

In all life's ways and walks, for chicks as well as hawks—
'Tis money talks!
Schemes may be strong or weak, and schemers bold or meek—
Simoleons speak!

Some men have truths to teach, some sour grapes to reach—
Plastres preach!
Some arguments are tame and some designs are lame—
Dollars declaim!

Some empty heads may rattle, some urge men on to battle—
But pennies prattle!
Some even have a "barrel," some glorious apparel—
But "cases" carol!

Hang banners on our walls, yea, hire domes and halls—
But coin calls!
Some men uphold a State, some conquer angry fate—
'Tis "plunks" that prate!

Some men there are make bets there, some boast that they are "vets" there—
Gold gets there!
Thank heaven for sites and mercies, and now out with the purses—
'Tis cash converses!
—*New York World.*

AERATED AIR.

"No," said Mr. Upson Downes, "it's a popular fallacy that the public likes to be humbugged. It don't. But it just hollers for a chance to bumbug itself. Never fool the public, that's my motto. Let the public fool itself.

"Now, eleven years ago, I was in Chicago, sitting on the ruins of a busted soda-water manufacturing business. I put seven thousand dollars into it on the representation of a fellow who had about a dozen new patents. So he had; but seven of 'em wouldn't work, and the other five were infringements. The chaps who were infringed on came down on us, and my partner skipped out and left me with the lease of our factory at Lakeside on my hands. My other assets were seven hundred dollars and a lot of machinery—most of it good for scrap-iron exclusively.

"Well, I sat there one day, on the charging-machine — that was good — looking at the tanks—you know those blue tanks they stick under the soda-water fountains. They were good, too, except that there wasn't anything in 'em besides air.

"'Well,' I thought to myself, 'what's the matter with air? Maybe there's money in air.'

"That afternoon I founded 'The Dr. Huyker Hygienic Sick-Room Air-Supply Co.,' to supply sick-rooms with fresh, invigorating air—aerated air, in fact."

"Aerated air?" queried a listener; "you mean oxygen——"

"Oxy rats!" returned Mr. Downes, sternly; "I wouldn't know oxygen from a hole in the wall. I mean *air*. I supplied the fresh air to aerate the sick-room air. See?

"Dr. Huyker was a newspaper reporter who'd been a chemist once. He hadn't anything to do with the company except to write the circulars, and I paid him ten dollars for that. He did 'em up in the finest scientific shape. I couldn't give you the language; but here's the idea, about as I gave it to him:

"What's the matter with all the sicks who get the right feed and the right medicine, and don't get well? Sick-room air. You can't open a window on a sick and let the January weather in on him. He gets the shakes. Well, what's that sick breathing? Germs, and microbes, and things. Why? Because such critters get fat on sick-room air. Put a microbe on the top of Mount Washington, and he won't have a show for his life. What kills him? Fresh air.

"Follow me? Well, air's naturally fresh. Leave air alone and it stays fresh. That being the natural tendency of air, when it does get stale, all you need to do is to sweeten it and get it started freshening itself. You know how a half-pint of blood injected into a sick's veins freshens up all the rest of the gallons of blood in him? You know how a little water trickling into an aquarium keeps all the fishes fine as silk? Same way with the sick-room air. Keep Dr. Huyker's Tank of Compressed Fresh Air, just off the Shores of Lake Michigan, injecting its precious ozone into your Sick Room, and the air will freshen itself and starve the germs and things out. Sure's you're born. That was the drift of my circulars."

"But *will* it?" inquired an interested hearer.

Mr. Upson Downes stared in amazement.

"Holy smoke!" he said, "I don't know. I ain't any College of Pharmacy. I'm only giving you what I gave the public. See?"

"And did it take?"

"Does a cat take milk? I painted six of my tanks bright red, loaded 'em up, and took 'em to six prominent citizens who were sick. A prominent citizen will try most anything he can get without paying for. The next week I got letters saying how much better they felt, how they'd got new leases of life, and so on. One poetical millionaire pork-packer wrote me that I'd brought the balmy atmosphere of spring into the pallid integuments of the sick-room. I published those letters. In a month, I had five wagons going all day, delivering tanks—five dollars a tank, and return the tank. And you couldn't go into a sick-room in Chicago where you wouldn't find one of my tanks sizzing away in the corner, letting out one cubic foot of compressed air per hour—and the sick sitting up telling how I'd saved his life.

"The doctors? Oh, that was all right. Two or three of 'em denounced me. Up came a lot of the people I'd saved and denounced them, for narrow-minded old fogies. But most of the doctors just dodged the issue. Doctors don't want to buck against the harmless whims of their customers. Suppose a doctor has a profitable sick and the sick thinks it would do him good to paint his nose sky-blue? Does the doctor kick?

"Well, I had my fortune on a string; and then I had to just make a fool of myself. I wanted to have a good time—not the kind of good time you have in Chicago; but a real, gilt-edged, diamond-tipped, metropolitan good time, with some style about it. So I came back here to the city, and for three weeks I painted New York a pale shrimp-pink, with spots of acute carmine. I felt pretty easy—I'd left the business in charge of an old Irishman that I'd known for years—a solid old cuss who obeyed orders and never had an idea of his own.

"Yes. It was all right—only it wasn't. First thing I knew, somebody sent me a Chicago paper with an editorial in it saying that I had poisoned every sick-room in town, and that I needn't be surprised if a mob of outraged citizens sacked my microbe-factory. Said I'd fled beyond the reach of justice.

"What was the matter? Well, I went back and found out. Somebody had leased the building next to mine and started a sludge-acid factory. His waste-escape was about three feet from the feed-pipe of my charging-machine. That old Irishman was cramming the tanks full of air that was worse than a dozen concentrated Hunter's Points. 'I had the har-r-r-d job follyin' yer ordhers,' he told me; 'sure, the min wud wor-r-rk only fifteen-minute shifts in that air—but I filled every tank as ye towld me.'"

"Well, couldn't you explain the mistake?" some one asked.

"There's no explaining a mistake," said Mr. Downes, decisively; "if I'd done it on purpose, I might have been all right. When I got through with the lawyers, I came back to New York, and sold Chicago pawn-tickets to drummers at ninety per cent. discount for a week after I got here. If I hadn't, I wouldn't be talking to you now."—*Puck.*

"Beastly weather, isn't it?" "Yes, been raining cats and dogs all day."—*Time.*

For Tired Brain

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. O. C. Stout, Syracuse, N. Y., says: "I gave it to one patient who was unable to transact the most ordinary business, because his brain was 'tired and confused' upon the least mental exertion. Immediate benefit, and ultimate recovery followed.

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In curing the people where they have failed. We have patiently waited for just this kind of an attack, as it will

CAUSE THE PUBLIC TO INVESTIGATE

And ascertain the truth.

WE INVITE THOROUGH INVESTIGATION

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AUSALITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN, via NRTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, October 13, 1889, and until ther notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

Fr SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN AFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.30, 3.25, 0, 6.10 P. M.
(Sdays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 1.30, 5.05, 6.30, P. M.

Fr SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week 0s)—6.10, 7.45, 9.20, 11.05 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.55 P. M.
(Sdays)—8.00, 9.50, A. M.; 12.00 M.; 3.30, 5.00, P. M.
tra trip on Saturday at 6.25 P. M.
Fa 50 cents, round trip.

Fr SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—5, 8.15, 9.55, 11.55 A. M.; 2.30, 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
(Sdays)—8.45, 10.35, A. M.; 12.45, 4 15, 5.45 P. M.
xtra trip on Saturday at 7.05 P. M.
Fa 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

0 A. M., Daily (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) from n Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations, turning, leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at 5 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12.25 P. M
P. M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazaro andintermediate stations.
A. M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Point yes and intermediate stations. Returning arrives in San ncisco at 6.15 P. M.

EXCURSION RATES.

y-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single rate.
y to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on days and Saturdays, good to return following Mon-: Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.00; Toma- $2.25; Howard's, $3.50; Cazadero, $4.00.
ay Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, good on day sold y: Camp Taylor. $1.50; Point Reyes, $1.75.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

s leave Cazadero daily (except Mondays) for Stewart's int, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Men-ino City, and all points on the North Coast.

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OUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.
(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

VE	From Oct. 1, 1889.	ARRIVE
0 A.	Haywards, Niles and San José	*12.45 P.
0 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis	7.15 P.
0 A.	Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	6.15 P.
6 A.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	11.15 A.
0 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
0 A.	Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
0 M.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	*3.45 P.
0 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	**6.00 A.
6 P.	Express Haywards, Niles & San José	9.45 A.
0 P.	2d Class Ogden and East	10.45 A.
0 P.	Stockton and §Milton; Vallejo, Calistoga & Santa Rosa	9.45 A.
0 P.	Sacramento and Knight's Landing via Davis	10.15 A.
0 P.	Niles and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
0 P.	Niles and San José	‡ 4.45 P.
0 P.	Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
0 P.	Central Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	7.45 P.
0 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East	7.45 A.
0 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

5 A.	Newark, San José and Santa Cruz	‡ 8.05 P.
5 A.	Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
5 P.	Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*11.20 A.
5	Centerville, San José, Almaden, and Los Gatos	9.50 A.

AST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

5 A.	San José, Almaden and Way Stations	2.30 P.
10 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos; Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey, Pacific Grove; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations	6.12 P.
10 A.	San José and Way Stations	5.02 P.
12 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	3.38 P.
10 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and principal Way Stations	*10.00 A.
10 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 7.58 A.
10 P.	San José and Way Stations	9.03 A.
15 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A.
45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	† 7.28 P.

for morning. P. for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. urdays only. ‡ Sundays only. § Saturdays excepted. ** Mondays excepted.

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City of Rio de Janeiro ..... Dec. 3, at 3 P. M.
Chiaa ..... Thursday, Dec. 26, at 3 P. M.
Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.
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Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., Oct. 7th, 22d, Nov. and Dec. 6th, 21st.
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Whatever your goods, wares, or merchandise may be, remember that system, perseverance, and success go hand-in-hand. If you are to introduce an article of value or necessity to would-be customers, it can not be done by a single effort or in a single medium. There are many who, regarding one trial sufficient, fold their hands after its accomplishment and wonder that so little satisfaction is attained thereby. In such cases the fault is invariably with the advertiser. He must *keep* himself before the people, not only this month or this year, but *constantly*. Pursuing this course, success is as certain as the revolutions of the earth. Above all, do not be spasmodic; but, regarding this like any other branch of business, treat it as such. Every prominent advertiser will testify to the truth of these remarks, and, furthermore, they will tell you it will *never* do to stop. Constant effort is required here, as elsewhere, and they who fail to observe the rule will learn its truthfulness by sad experience and at their own cost.

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It has been stated that the man intending to do business must first prepare himself to suit customers; and next that he must let every possible or probable customer know that he is so prepared. In a very small place he may *tell* all the people what he can do. In a village a printed hand-bill, poster, or circular, properly distributed, will be efficacious, but *whoever is in a place large enough to support a newspaper will find that its columns are the cheapest medium through which to address the public.*

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In looking over Miss Rosina Vokes's repertoire, nightmare memories rise before one of the deadly, desecrating amateur. This charming actress has rescued from the limbo into which all right-minded plays retire when the amateur lays violent hands upon them, those sparkling comedies which Tom Taylor stole and J. B. Buckstone adapted. "My Uncle's Will," "Cut Off with a Shilling," "My Lord in Livery," "The Rough Diamond"—is there a fashionable drawing-room in this or any other city in which these delicate farces have not been performed, on a stage built into the bay-window, and with every lamp and candle in the house doing duty as footlights?

The amateur of pretentions soon passes the simple stage of light comedy. She scorns such easy triumphs. She has an imposing repertoire—"The School for Scandal," "The Hunchback," "The Honeymoon," "Adrienne Lecouvreur"—costumes from Worth for each pet part, and fetich which she always wears; a reputation for genius to be lived up to, and of mornings, at the toilet, between the perusal of new plays, she receives embassies from languishing charities imploring her assistance.

This gorgeous being having soared into the empyrean of the legitimate, has left the field of light comedy free for beginners—her possible successors when either matrimony or the professional stage calls her hence into still higher spheres. The massacre of the comedies to which Miss Vokes has given the helping hand, is left to college-boys and buds. They fall upon them with avidity and proceed to dismember them. The stage is delightfully decorated with spoils from the homes of the leading lady and the soubrette, the dressing is sumptuous and effective, and the voices are so low as to be perfectly inaudible. This, coupled with the fact that very few of the gentlemen know their lines, renders the dialogue a profound secret. The audience endures silently, with that heroic fortitude which distinguishes the world of fashion in the performance of its duties.

Sometimes the dialogue is so clever that—when you can hear it—it carries the performance forward toward success. "My Uncle's Will," if recited with sufficient distinctness to be audible beyond the first row, can not fail to amuse. They all say such clever things! Having seen four of America's choicest amateur geniuses deck this comedy, one feels safe in hazarding an opinion. Like Mother Goose's son, they "were not very good, nor yet very bad." The female professional-amateur—if one may use the expression—is a person not easily daunted, and her performance, whatever else it may lack, is not deficient in ease and style. But the men! They have not the burning desire to show themselves off which distinguishes their sisters. They look very shame-faced and uneasy, and evidently wish themselves anywhere but on that two-foot elevation, facing the wavering line of irregular footlights and the dim sea beyond of horribly grinning faces. One of these unfortunates, intending to give an air of elegant realism to his personation, smoked cigarettes. The insidious weed is apparently only to be used when the smoker is in a condition of torpid tranquillity. For in his efforts to smoke and speak with nonchalance, he kept swallowing the smoke with painful results. It takes a particularly brilliant dialogue to survive such treatment.

A steady course of this sort of "show"—pardon the word, but it suits—will make the most enduring of humanitarians regard one-act comedies with suspicious horror. When they go to the theatre, they see "Monte Cristo," or "Kit the Arkansas Traveler," or "The Phœnix"—no fine-drawn lines of comedy for them. It never occurs to them that there may be latent charms in these nightmares which have caused them so many hours of pain and against which they cherish so bitter a grudge. They would have gone to their tombs without realizing the possibilities of "The Rough Diamond" or "The Game of Cards," had it not been for Miss Vokes. We owe her a great deal. She is carefully restoring these *illusions perdues*. She is repairing the damage wrought by that iconoclast of an amateur, who, if he had his own wicked will of the drama, would reduce us to a condition of mind where we found Sheridan a bore and s[illegible] through Goldsmith.

Miss Vokes has collected a company of somewhat varied merits. She and Mr. Morris are as delightful exponents of delicate comedy as one cares to see. To say that Mr. Morris's Old Chevalier is as perfect in its way as Coquelin's Noël—an assertion which has been made more than once—is going rather too far. But nothing is more true than that comparisons are odious, especially if you happen to be on the losing side. The Old Chevalier is a gem—a polished, brilliant, well-cut gem. His bowed figure, his tremulous hand, his faded old eyes, and head jerked suddenly when he wishes to focus his interlocutor with his glass—all these are the touches which make the picture live. His is the courtly dignity of a past day—a rather nice day it must have been, with all the men so laboriously polite. As a stage figure, the Old Chevalier might take a place beside the Dick Phenyl of Mr. Lemoyne. They are both proud achievements.

But to return to the company—Miss Vokes and Mr. Morris as its fixed stars have several satellites revolving about them, some who shine brightly and others who shine dimly. But they have all pretty English accents, the soubrettes are moderately good-looking, and the men are gentlemanly, also good-looking and well-mannered. Miss Vokes's company has always been wildly noted for its nice-looking young men. They used to say they were impoverished English gentlemen, just out of college, and anxious to see the world. They acted well, looked well, and drew well. Mr. Thorpe is the only one of the original lot now left. Whether the others have retired on fortunes or been married for their beauty, is not generally known. Among the soubrettes, one misses Miss Isabella Irving's attractive face, with curling love-locks and that peculiar prominent jaw which Ellen Terry has made the fashion—if one can say that of a jaw. Miss Standish takes Miss Irving's place—pretty, prim, and English—and there is also a Miss Lane, who hangs her head and says, in a deep voice: "Me parents urged the marriage." It must be said in defense of Miss Lane that her part is not such as gives scope for much dramatic power. She is an uncomfortable element in "The Rough Diamond." It is all nicely arranged for Lady Evergreen when the curtain falls, but what does happen to Lady Plato? We leave her murmuring to the young officer—quite enough to build six French dramas on—"I am always *glad* to see any friend of my husband's." Mr. Buckstone, in the preoccupation of bringing about a reconciliation between Sir William and Lady Evergreen, seems to have forgotten the other luckless pair.

There is one charming thing about the company, and that is its universal, not too exaggerated, English accent. You may say what you like of the glories of our country, but the American eagle does not shriek as musically as the British lion roars. The English companies show us this. They talk so neatly, so trimly, so crisply. There are two kinds of English accents—the rich, mellow, drawling, languid accent which Mrs. Langtry has, and the neat, short, clean-cut, natty little accent which Miss Vokes has. Nothing is left over or gone to waste. She talks like lightning, yet not a syllable is lost, not a letter undervalued, and all the tails of the words are left on. This accent fits Miss Vokes like a charm. She herself has such a crisp, decided, trim personality that the languid drawl would be as unbecoming to her as a chignon or a toga.

It is rather difficult to say anything about Miss Vokes herself. Singing praises is always hard work and dull reading, so it will be understood why unlimited praises are not forthwith sung. She has so often waked to ecstasy the living lyre, that there is very little left to say of her, except that she is one of the most delightful comediennes on the stage. She is most charming in "The Rough Diamond," a comedy so old that Matilda Heron used to play it in her youth—that pathetic, soulful lady, whose Camille, in later years, could draw tears as freely as Ellen Terry's Henrietta Maria. There is something pathetic in Margery Evergreen—a dear little lady, warm-hearted, kindly, countrified, and yet never in the least degree vulgar. She would be a good text for those reformers who say true refinement rises from the heart and beautifies the most unpolished exterior, as opposed to the sect who say true refinement may be the proud possession of a criminal who would do anything but steal the spoons. This is the place, I have heard, where the line is to be drawn—at the spoons.

Miss Vokes's dancing has also inspired paragraphs of praise in small print. The singular softness of her movement imparts an appearance of languid grace to her whole figure, as violently opposed as the poles to the fantastic wriggling and pirouetting of the ballerine. How she can dance so softly, so lightly, so easily, so grotesquely, yet so delicately, in such a costume, is a mystery which she alone can elucidate. The modified hornpipe, which accompanies "His Heart was True to Poll," is perfect of its kind.

G. B.

We have received a circular, printed in imitation of a type-written letter, at the top of which is *printed* the word "Dictated." The circular, among other things, says: "With the next issue, October 18th, *Le Chat Noir* translates its name and becomes *The Black Cat*, and changes its form from eight to sixteen pages." This is a good idea. No paper printed in English in this country has any use for a French name. The circular goes on to say: "Nym Crinkle will give us a weekly contribution from his facial pen." We have heard various adjectives applied to Wheeler's pen, but this o'ertops them all. Does the Nimble Nym write with his nose?

— The Channing Auxiliary announce that the second of Professor Hartmann's piano recitals will take place this afternoon, Saturday, October 26th. The programme is printed in another column.

—S. Monks, artist in hair, ladies' hairdresser, 122 McAllister Street, opp. New City Hall.

STAGE GOSSIP.

"Lucia di Lammermoor" will be substituted next week for one of the two operas now being sung on alternate nights at the Tivoli.

Bandmann opens here under Jay Rial's management with "The Corsican Brothers." Bandmann will be the Dei Franchi of the play.

Nellie McHenry, who has found "For Sweet Charity's Sake" popular enough to keep it going for two weeks, will substitute "The Humming Bird" for it next week.

"Little Puck" will be with us again next week. Frank Daniels, Bessie Sanson, and Harry Courtaine have their old rôles, but the company is much changed otherwise. Martinetti's part, Billy Giltedge, is now taken by A. E. Moulton.

In spite of the general opinion in the East that "Mr. Barnes, of New York," is not so good on the stage as in the book, it has proved a good attraction wherever it has been played so far. We shall have an opportunity to judge it next week.

A play called "The Witch" is to be given its first performance here in a fortnight. It was far from successful a few months ago in London, but the author, Wayne Ellis, has patched it up and now expects great things of it. Sophie Eyre is to play the principal rôle.

Last Monday evening, "Norma" was given at the Tivoli Opera House, for the benefit of the French Library. The object is a most worthy one, and the house was filled. The French colony evidently appreciated the action of the Tivoli management, for they turned out in force.

Archibald Clavering Gunter is to be represented on the stage next week by two plays, "Little Puck," which he dramatized from Frederick Anstey's story, "Vice Versa," and "Mr. Barnes of New York," which rumor says he wrote as a play, reconstructed as a novel, and, finally, worked back into a play.

"The Old Musician," an old comedy adapted by Felix Morris, in which he assumes the title-rôle; "The Circus-Rider," by Mrs. Doremus, of New York; and "A Pantomime Rehearsal," which everybody saw two years ago and wants to see again, are the three plays which Miss Vokes and her company have decided upon for next week.

Victoria Vokes is Rosina's senior by two or three years and has been on the stage quite as long, but even yet she has not freed herself entirely from stage-fright. She is starring in this country now, and on her first night, in Philadelphia, she was so nervous she almost broke down and made a very poor impression. But each night she improved, and now she is almost as great a favorite as her sister, who is now with us.

It is rumored that the panorama building on Mason and Eddy Streets is to be made a theatre in a few months. The wisdom of such a change is scarcely apparent to the lay mind, when one considers that, in addition to our five theatres which are kept going, the Standard and Bijou are almost permanently vacant, while the Grand Opera House has been closed the year round except at the Christmas holidays and when a big opera company comes here.

Those performances of "Il Trovatore" at the Tivoli, in which Mme. Valerga, Giorgi, and Campobello appear, have been excellent. They are very much better than many performances which have been given here by pretentious companies. They have far excelled the famous "off nights" of Manager Mapleson. Who does not remember those celebrated "off-nights"?—when the season subscribers took to timber?—when Mrs. Crœsus sent her box-seats to Cousin Belinda and Aunt Jane?—when foghorn Dotti loved and sung? Ah, who?

A JOLLY CROWD.

Lucky Holders of Louisiana State Lottery Coupons.

A jolly little German is Fred Falkenhahn, whose exchange at 79 Stevenson Street is the resort of the factory boys for blocks around. Fred serves a hot-lunch at his place daily, and over their stew and beer the iron and wood-workers daily vow that his is one of the best places in town. There was a feast at Falkenhahn's a short time ago. Fred, who has been a steady investor in the Louisiana State Lottery for thirteen years, was the lucky holder of one-twentieth of ticket 69,159, which drew the third capital prize of $50,000 in the September drawing, and when he received the $2,500 which his coupon entitled him to, he allowed his patrons to partake of his hilarity at no extra cost to themselves, and much to the appreciation of their bodily welfare. Falkenhahn had won a number of times before, and now he is a firmer believer in the smiles of fortune than ever.

Another twentieth of the same ticket which made the saloon-keeper happy, was held jointly by W. A. Nelson, of W. F. Nelson & Son, 601 Front Street, and John B. Robinson. Nelson has been investing with his father in the lottery for about a year past, buying two tickets each month. He won small amounts several times, and in September, besides the two regular tickets, took the third and lucky one with Robinson. Upon the receipt of the money, Nelson invested the $1,250 in his business, while Robinson made all the members of his family happy by presenting them with handfuls of $20 pieces.

Yet another large sum was won in this city in September. Two-twentieths of ticket 39,526, which drew the second capital prize of $100,000, were also held here and cashed through Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Bank.—*San Francisco (Cal.) Chronicle, Oct. 8th.*

STAGE-PEASANTS.

A Review of their Idyllic Lives.

They are so clean. We have seen peasantry [illegible] the stage, and it has presented an untidy—occasic[illegible] ally a disreputable and unwashed appearance; t[illegible] the stage-peasant seems to spend all his wages [illegible] soap and hair-oil.

They are always round the corner—or rather rou[illegible] the two corners—and they come on in a couple [illegible] streams, and meet in the centre, and, when they a[illegible] in the proper position, they smile.

There is nothing like the stage-peasants' smile [illegible] this world—nothing so perfectly inane, so calmly i[illegible] becile.

They are so happy. They do not look it, but [illegible] know they are, because they say so. If you do n[illegible] believe them, they dance three steps to the right a[illegible] three steps to the left back again. They can not h[illegible] it. It is because they are so happy.

When they are more than usually rollicking, th[illegible] stand in a semi-circle, with their hands on each othe[illegible] shoulders, and sway from side to side, trying to ma[illegible] themselves sick. But this is only when they are si[illegible] ply bursting with joy.

Stage-peasants never have any work to do. Son[illegible] times we see them going to work, sometimes comi[illegible] home from work, but nobody has ever seen th[illegible] actually *at* work. They could not afford to work, would spoil their clothes.

They are very sympathetic, are stage-peasan[illegible] They never seem to have any affairs of their own [illegible] think about, but they make up for this by takin[illegible] three-hundred-horse-power interest in things in whi[illegible] they have no earthly concern.

What particularly rouses them is the heroine's lo[illegible] affair. They could listen to that all day. Th[illegible] yearn to hear what she said to him and to be t[illegible] what he replied to her, and they repeat it to ea[illegible] other.

In our own love-sick days, we often used to go a[illegible] relate to various people all the touching conversatic[illegible] which took place between *our* lady-love and o[illegible] selves; but *our* friends never seemed to get excit[illegible] over it. On the contrary, a casual observer mi[illegible] even have been led to the idea that they were bor[illegible] by our recital. And they had trains to catch and m[illegible] to meet before we had got a quarter through the jo[illegible]

Ah, how often in those days have we yearned [illegible] the sympathy of a stage-peasantry, who would ha[illegible] crowded round us, eager not to miss one word of t[illegible] thrilling narrative; who would have rejoiced with [illegible] with an encouraging laugh and have condoled with [illegible] with a grieved "Oh," and who would have gone c[illegible] when we had had enough of them, singing about [illegible]

By the way, this is a very beautiful trait in the ch[illegible] acter of the stage-peasantry, their prompt and unqu[illegible] tioning compliance with the slightest wish of any [illegible] the principals.

"Leave me, friends," says the heroine, beginni[illegible] to make preparations for weeping, and, before she c[illegible] turn round, they are clean gone—one lot to the rig[illegible] evidently making for the back entrance of the pub[illegible] house, and the other half to the left, where they v[illegible] bly hide themselves behind the pump, and wait [illegible] somebody else wants them.

The stage-peasantry do not talk much, their stro[illegible] point being to listen. When they can not get a[illegible] more information about the state of the heroin[illegible] heart, they like to be told long and complicated sto[illegible] about wrongs done years ago to people whom th[illegible] never heard of. They seem to be able to grasp a[illegible] understand these stories with ease. This makes t[illegible] audience envious of them.

When the stage-peasantry do talk, however, th[illegible] soon make up for lost time. They start off altogeth[illegible] with a suddenness that nearly knocks you over.

They *all* talk. Nobody listens. Watch any t[illegible] of them. They are both talking as hard as they c[illegible] go. They have been listening quite enough to oth[illegible] people. You can not expect them to listen to ea[illegible] other. But the conversation, under such conditio[illegible] must be very trying.

And then they flirt so sweetly!

She has short skirts, and her stockings are so mu[illegible] tidier and better fitting than these things are in r[illegible] peasant-life, and she is arch and coy. She turns aw[illegible] from him and laughs—such a silvery laugh.

And he is ruddy and curly haired, and has such [illegible] beautiful waistcoat! how can she help but love hi[illegible] And he is so tender and devoted, and holds her [illegible] the waist, and she slips round and comes up [illegible] other side. Oh, it is so bewitching.

The stage-peasantry like to do their love-maki[illegible] as much in public as possible. Some people fancy [illegible] place all to themselves for this sort of thing—wh[illegible] nobody else is about. We ourselves do. But [illegible] stage-peasant is more sociably inclined. Give h[illegible] the village green, just outside the public house, or [illegible] square, on market day, to do his spooning in.

They are very faithful, are stage-peasants. No j[illegible] ing, no fickleness, no breach of promise. If the ge[illegible] tleman in pink walks out with the lady in blue in [illegible] first act, pink and blue will be married in the en[illegible] He sticks to her all through, and she sticks to him.

Girls in yellow may come and go; girls in gre[illegible] may laugh and dance; the gentleman in pink he[illegible] them not. Blue is his color and he never leaves [illegible] He stands beside it, he sits beside it. He drinks w[illegible] her, he smiles with her, he laughs with her, he dan[illegible] with her, he comes on with her, he goes off with h[illegible]

When the time comes for talking, he talks to [illegible] and only her, and she talks to him and only hi[illegible] Thus there is no jealousy, no quarreling.

There are no married people in stage-villages, a[illegible] no children (consequently, of course—happy villa[illegible] oh, to discover it, and spend a month there!) Th[illegible] are just the same number of men as there are wom[illegible] in all stage-villages, and they are all about the sa[illegible] age, and each young man loves some young wom[illegible] But they never marry.

They talk a lot about it, but they never do it. T[illegible] artful beggars! They see too much what it is li[illegible] among the principals.

The stage-peasant is fond of drinking, and wh[illegible] he drinks he likes to let you know he is drinkin[illegible] None of your quiet half-pint inside the bar for hi[illegible] He likes to come out in the street and sing about [illegible] and do tricks with it, such as turning it topsy-turv[illegible] over his head.

But, notwithstanding all this, he is moderate, mi[illegible] you. You can not say he takes too much. O[illegible] small jug of ale among forty is his usual allowan[illegible]

He has a keen sense of humor, and is eas[illegible] amused. There is something almost pathetic abo[illegible] the way he goes into convulsions of laughter o[illegible] such very small jokes. How a man like that wo[illegible] enjoy a real joke! One day he will, perhaps, hea[illegible] real joke. Who knows?

It will, however, probably kill him.

One grows to love the stage-peasant after awhi[illegible] He is so good, so child-like, so unworldly. He re[illegible] izes one's ideal of Christianity.—*Jerome K. Jerome.*

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is four miles in length and one mile in breadth, and is traversed by two steam-railroads a quarter of a mile apart. The soil is of a sandy loam and produces fruits and flowers of all kinds. Lemons, oranges, and olives are growing in profusion in many of the gardens The fogs, common in San Francisco, owing to the formation of the hills, pass to the north and south of Alameda, following the mountains north of Oakland, and the hills south of San Francisco. The city possesses all the advantages for climate that can be found in Southern California, and is a perfect sanitary location.

SEWERAGE.

Central Avenue extends the length of the city, and follows the elevation from which water flows north and south. This avenue has an altitude of thirty feet above the level of the bay, which gives thirty feet fall for drainage on each side in a distance of about half a mile. There is an intercepting cross-sewer on each side of the city, which is flushed by the tide every twenty-four hours. Forty miles of sewers in the streets and avenues of this city discharge in these intercepting sewers, and are automatically flushed daily. The system is the best ever devised. No city in the State is as well located for drainage, and none so well provided with sewers.

LIGHT.

The town is lighted by eighty-five electric-lights, mounted on towers and masts, aggregating two hundred thousand candle-power, all owned and operated by the city.

WATER.

The city is supplied with pure water, pumped continuously from artesian wells directly into the water-mains. These wells are located some distance south-east of the city, where a large tract of land is devoted to that purpose and where there is an abundant flow of artesian water to supply the city for all time.

STREETS

are broad, ranging from sixty to one hundred feet. During the past year about twenty-six miles of streets have been macadamized and nearly as much more is under contract. Thirty miles of artificial stone sidewalk have been laid and improvements are still being made at an undiminished rate.

THE PROPERTY.

The property to be sold is the very choicest of the choice, situated on the highest ground in the most desirable locality in Alameda, and is surrounded by the best improvements of the city. All of the property offered is between the two steam-railroads, and within one or two blocks of a station.

RAILROADS.

A street-car line from Oakland passes along Santa Clara Avenue, upon which much of the property fronts. Quarter-hourly steam-trains to and from San Francisco run from half-past five A. M. to midnight. Time of transit, thirty minutes. Monthly tickets, allowing one round-trip to San Francisco daily and return, three dollars, or at the rate of five cents per fare No fare is charged between points within the city. The view of the bay on the south, Oakland and Contra Costa hills on the north, is unsurpassed. The Alameda high-school is near by, as well as grammar and primary schools.

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AN AMERICAN PLAY.

The Remarkable Success of "Shenandoah."

It is no secret that, for three seasons, Mr. Frohman has been in very hard luck. He has lost money continually. Now his turn has come, and he has in "Shenandoah" an agent which will make a fortune for him in a year. Indeed, the fortune has been rolling into the Star Theatre ever since the play was produced in a fashion which is cheering to behold.

Perhaps the most amusing thing in the history of this play is the manner in which it was spurned and frowned down upon by the two men in this country who most steadily and persistently refuse to advance the work of American dramatists. These men are T. Henry French and A. M. Palmer. When "Shenandoah" was produced in Boston last year, both of them traveled over there in great state, sat upright in a box, in order to give a new American play, upon an American stage, and by a native author, the benefit of their critical judgment. Mr. Palmer had said, a short time before, that his assistants had read over seven thousand American plays, and had not found one of them worth producing. That was the reason why he never gave native dramatists a chance at his theatre, but always went to Europe for his material. Mr. T. Henry French does not often profess friendliness for American authors, his whole attention being turned to France and England. After the play that night was over, the author, Br nson Howard, was called forward and cheered to the echo. Every act of the piece had been heavily applauded and it was looked upon as a great and distinct success. But Messrs. Palmer and French shook their heads. It was American. It would not do. They refused to negotiate for the play and returned in state to New York. Then Mr. Frohman, who had not occupied a box, but who had stood in the rear of the house and watched the play and the people carefully, made an offer for the drama, got it, and he has made one of the most wonderful successes that has ever been known in New York city. Had Mr. Palmer taken it, it would have been precisely the piece for his new theatre, and would have been worth to him considerably more than a hundred thousand dollars a year. But is was by an American.

Bronson Howard, who wrote "Shenandoah," has had a brilliant career as a dramatist. He has a long list of successful plays to his credit, among the most famous of which are "The Henrietta" and "One of Our Girls." He is a man of sturdy physique, with a bald head, heavy mustache, and a pair of keen, intelligent eyes. Concerning his methods, it may be said that everything is embraced in the word industry. Mr. Howard built "Shenandoah" as a man might build a house. In the first place, he carefully laid out the structure of the plot; then worked a stated number of hours every day on the play until it was completed. After its production, he saw the weak points and began the work of polishing. It is an astonishing thing when one thinks of it, but he actually began in the early summer to make up his mind to devote ten hours a day to the construction of the piece until it was completed. He thought it might take him two months. Instead of this, it was nearly four months before it had reached a condition where he felt that there was nothing more to be done, and then he turned it over to the managers. Every detail had been worked out to the fullest extent, and the play stands now as it did on the first night, and will until it is withdrawn from the stage. Working ten hours a day for four months in his studio at New Rochelle has resulted in a piece of theatrical property which will have to be estimated in six figures. Play-writing at this rate is profitable work, to say nothing of the fame and honor accruing from its authorship.

The story of the play is one which may be told briefly, for only the barest idea of it can be given in the course of a criticism of this length. Two Northern officers are quartered in a Southern house during the war. While there, they fall in love with Southern girls. There is also a love affair between a Southern officer and a Northern woman. Altogether, there are three love-stories, crossing each other in an intricate but perfectly clear fashion, and they are woven into the great story of the rebellion. The nicety with which the love interest is balanced by the spectacular display and the great melodramatic force of "Shenandoah," is the key-note of the play's success. It is everywhere permeated with a sentiment of deep patriotism; but through the thunder of cannon and rattle of musketry run the beautiful love-stories which make up the lives of the heroes and heroines of this particular drama.

Howard's consummate skill is shown in the fact that, after the war episodes are finished in the third act and the great battle scenes are over, the people still sit with suppressed interest and excitement waiting for the development of the love-stories which go to make up the play. There is not a moment's cessation in interest from the rise of the curtain in the first act until its final fall.

The play gives an admirable idea of the art of war. It is the first drama of a military order which has ever been placed before the public which made the art and technicalities of the war plain to the million. Shakespeare's finesse consisted in sending rival troops on the stage, where they battled, with more or less clash of arms, until one or the other of the bodies of supers was driven into the wings. In "Shenandoah," the niceties of strategy and the whole fabric of modern warfare are laid bare. The system of signaling from point to point by fire, which prevails in the United States Army, is accurately given on the stage, and in the third act occurs the most realistic picture of a battle-scene that is known to the stage. It is where General Sheridan's troops have fought to the last moment and are then slowly driven into defeat.

The retreat of the troops across the stage is managed with extraordinary effect. The wounded and dying are dragged across before the audience while the boom of cannon and thunder of musketry goes on outside, and the men straggle away, shame-faced, wounded, and driven back. Just as the crowd of runaways is thickest, a sergeant, whose clothing has been shot away, and whose bared breast is spattered with blood, suddenly springs on the top of a dismantled cannon at the rear of the stage, throws his arms in the air, and sends forth a yell which drowns all of the uproar of battle and causes his retreating comrades to stop in their flight and stare up at him. He sees a cloud of dust in the distance, and divines that it is Sheridan on his historical ride from Winchester, twenty miles away. As they see him coming, the soldiers, beaten, wounded, and pressed back, feel the spark of hope. The main actors in the play spring to different points of vantage, and the approach of the horse, with its great hero, is described in a series of sharp and excited comments. At the last minute, the sergeant on the hill takes up the thread of the narrative, and the thunder of hoofs is heard on the soft earth without. It is impossible to exaggerate the effectiveness of the scene. When the enthusiasm is at its height, a man on a black charger, which is covered with foam and dust, gallops at break-neck speed across the stage, leaning forward in his saddle, and waving his sword in the air. He is the picture of "Little Phil." When the troops see him, they fairly spring in the air, and raising a shout which is almost deafening, they wave their arms in the air, and rush with the determination of bull-dogs back to the fray in the wake of the great leader—the man who, in the civil war, had a stronger following than any other general, because he never once sent a man to do a duty where he did not lead himself. As the troops rush off to the scene again, there is renewed uproar and clamor, and the curtain falls upon a scene rarely seen rivaled.

The people sit for a moment in their chairs almost dumbfounded, and then comes a roar of applause. Indeed, applause is not the name for it. On one occasion, on Saturday night at the theatre, the audience rose to their feet and cheered like mad, ending by singing the final strains of the "Star Spangled Banner," which the band plays as General Sheridan leaves the stage. American audiences are not often worked up to a pitch of enthusiasm such as this. The genius of Bronson Howard does it; and, if it is a good thing to develop the patriotism and love of country of the people, then Howard has accomplished a great and noble task.

It is stated that the receipts of the first three weeks of this play at the Star Theatre amounted to twenty-eight thousand dollars.

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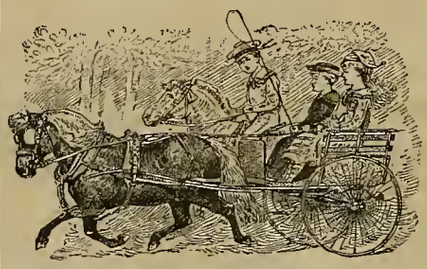

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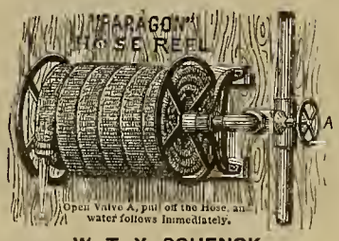

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The altogether unexpected death of Mrs. Charles Crocker uses a sorrow which is wider than the immediate circle of latives and friends who have been called to mourn her loss. hough an early and continuous resident of the State since its ooeer days, her personal worth and womanly traits were known ly to the small number who were within the limits of her usehold and social surroundings. To these she was known possessing the noblest characteristics of a genuine woman- ood. In the relations of wife and mother, and in the performance of all the duties which make the home and the mily circle attractive and beautiful, her life was the model of preme excellence. She shed around her pathway such an ample of stainless womanhood as is never reflected save from e moral attributes which only adorn the Christian lady. She as intellectual, well-born, well-mannered, gentle, tender, and ue in all the relations she held toward society; she had en disciplined in the earlier days of her married and other life with trials which tested the fibre of her womanly rength; she had lived to the enjoyment of wealth which sponded to every demand that could be made upon her enerous nature. It is here that we of the outside world ave the right to consider her acts. It was the conduct of her brief widowhood which gave evidence of the generous, kindly benevolence which animated her and gave promise of benefactions which would have made sorrowing hearts to rejoice. What she had accomplished in the few months of her mourning, the splendid charities she had endowed, and the hundred generous unknown bounties which made sad hearts glad, were but the premonitory droppings of a deluge of anticipated and wisely distributed charities. It was in this way that Mrs. Crocker came in touch with the class which lies outside the exclusive circle, and which brought her into sympathy with the working world into which she and her husband were born, in which they had struggled, and through which they came triumphant with unmeasured wealth and with stainless and honorable record. When Charles Crocker died, it was said of him that he had remembered few charities. He had not forgotten his struggling early career, his brilliant later triumphs, or been unmindful of his duties to the community in which all his wealth had been acquired, but he knew his wife and left to her the performance of charitable trusts, for which she had the highest qualifications and the most earnest desire to perform. The last time Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker dined together, outside of their own home, it was *en famille* at the table of the writer, and there, at the table and in the after hour, the conversation turned upon the duties of rich men in the disposition of their wealth. It was then, in detail, we heard of what Mr. Crocker had previously informed the writer, viz., of his intention to endow a technical school to enable poor boys and girls to enjoy advantages which had been denied him in his youth. This scheme was one of practical benevolence and large dimensions—less comprehensive, but more practical than the one now under direction of Governor Stanford, to which he has devoted so much of his vast and increasing estate, and to which he has so wisely given his personal direction. Mr. Crocker would have given an institution where—with work-shops and instruction in trades, industries, and works of handicraft—he would have fitted boys and girls to acquire honorable independence by their physical labors. This scheme was defeated by the riotous and disorderly conduct of the very class whose sons and daughters he was proposing to aid. The Irish rebellion, under Denis Kearney, was the lurid, baneful danger, in the light of which it was impossible for such a man as Charles Crocker to perform a charitable act which involved the expenditure of millions. That is a very amiable and Christian spirit of forgiveness which can exert itself freely when compelled to barricade itself in its own house with Springfield rifles, while Irish malevolence is howling around lighted bonfires in denunciation of the rights of property honestly acquired. Charles Crocker did not possess this spirit. Mrs. Crocker will be mourned by people who have never met her, and who will not be present to attend her funeral. In this State, no woman has ever departed who will have carried to her grave more earnest and loving regrets. If there is consolation for children, relatives, and friends, it is in the knowledge that the dead has left only gentle and kind remembrances in the hearts of those who are left to mourn her loss.

Nearly ten years ago we caused to be published in the columns of the *Argonaut* the names of one hundred and seven millionaires. The list, which was then a long one, considering the youth and growth of our city, has since increased, nor have there been very many of the men of larger wealth who have met with reverses sufficient to impoverish them. Having been contemporaneous with all these men and conversant with their leading characteristics and their modes of life and business, we are prepared to bear testimony to their general character, and say that, as a rule, they have not been other than good citizens. There have been among them usurers and men of overreaching ambitions in their greed for gold; there have been men given to their passions, their appetites, and their lusts, who have wrecked their unfortunate lives and terminated their careers in shame; there have been acts of crime attended by perfidious and shameful ingratitude; there have been men in the list of millionaires whom bigotry has reached through the want of opportunities and education in their earlier lives, and women who, under the influence of priests, have been unmindful of their marital obligations, criminally indifferent to the welfare of their children, and willing to concede to religious exactions what is not yielded to the demands of marital and maternal duties. Our millionaires are not all dead, and of those who have gone before many splendid charitable bequests have been left. Numerous institutions have been generously endowed, and gifts for science, art, and literature have not been forgotten. There are other beneficent schemes now occupying the minds of many of our wealthy citizens which will come to the fruition of generous harvests when they shall have acquired enough of wisdom to reflect that wealth is unburdened at the door which leads to the other world, and prudence enough to know that if it could be carried beyond the portals of the tomb it would melt with insufferable heat. For many men too much wealth is a misfortune, and to most it is a burden hard to bear. To have nothing, is the direst of all human calamities, for without money man is incomparably miserable. Without money, no man has friends, social enjoyments, or hope of immortality. The only happy man is the one who, with a moderate income from property honorably acquired, enjoys it in contentment. It is a misfortune to inherit wealth. The son of rich parents, knowing that he is destined to the inheritance of a fortune, is born with a curse, and one which, in a community like that of San Francisco, is infinitely more terrible than poverty. Inebriety, the passion of gambling, and the temptation of women, are luring the gilded youth to crime. Vicious associates surround them. For them there is no incentive to toil, and but small ambition to surmount obstacles in the path to honest fame. The boys of our rich men are, as a rule, an exceedingly worthless set; they are a deplorable lot. With a few honorable exceptions, they keep —and, what is worse, marry—concubines. The daughters of wealthy men are the prey of adventurers, who lie in wait for their fortunes. Daughters tenderly reared, educated to the highest accomplishments, mannered to perfection, become the victims of libertines—heartless, brutal, indifferent, and cruel. To them matrimony and motherhood is an inheritance of suffering and shame. The marriage of love and sentiment takes the place of the union of business common sense. We have never known, in California, the case where marriage relations were arranged between parents and settlements adjusted by lawyers. Divorces are to be deprecated, but, as a rule, they come from marriages hastily and imprudently contracted. Among the men of American birth and business education who have acquired their fortunes by their own industry—for of the original millionaires, we mean those of the first generation—we think there is not the exception of one individual in this State who did not commence life a poor boy. Hence, poverty must be respectable in youth unless an old age of wealth is dishonorable. We know of nothing more painful and of no spectacle more humiliating than that of American parents consenting to the sale of their daughters for foreign titles and patented distinctions. The father or mother who will consent to wed a daughter to a profligate, gambling, and criminal spendthrift without honor, character, or integrity, because he has inherited some title of nobility, commits a crime against nature for which they should be held inexcusable. The parent who would thus sacrifice a daughter must be accredited with having renounced every American, patriotic, and human emotion. There is only one baser degradation to which a girl can be submitted, and that is, to give her over to the imprisonment of a cloister, where she must live under the irresponsible tyranny of priests. Weakness and vanity are the incentives which favor the titled alliance; ignorance and bigotry are the motives which consent to the sacrifice of the cloister.

Our whilom friend and once fellow-townsman, our twice-twenty-millionaire, has met with a domestic misfortune which has all the sympathy it is entitled to receive from the *Argonaut*. It is more than a calamity when a family man so domestic, so generous, so enterprising, so successful as Mr. Collis P. Huntington makes a mistake in disposing of so

precious a treasure as a loved daughter to the wrong person for an inadequate consideration. There is no mountain peak attainable by toil from which a loftier summit is not visible in the distance. Our friend had reached the very apex of golden heights. He stood upon the loftiest summit of financial fame, and when, from that luminous position, he was compelled to look abroad for a husband for his daughter from beyond the men of his own class, and out from among the honorable guild of grocers from whose loins sprang the child, it was esteemed by the ambitious father a happy circumstance that from among the common, vulgar mob of barons, counts, and baronets, dukes, marquises, and earls, and proudest peers of the titled nobility, his eyes lighted upon a prince of the powdered House of Hatzfeldt. A prince! Though of an impoverished line, a prince is a prince all the same, and this noble line comes tumbling down through nine hundred years —sometimes through the smiling meadows of peaceful times, sometimes in the grateful shadows of dull prosperity, and then again over the troublous shallows of hot and angry strife, through border wars, stealing maidens and bullocks from neighboring barons, through the bloody murderings of civil strife, through criminal incidents which leave spooks and ghosts in the corridors of ancient baronial halls and skeletons among the pictures which hang on palace walls. It was a proud and happy incident that this frayed and somewhat tarnished canvas, acknowledged to be by one of the oldest masters, was for sale; better still, it was for sale cheap by reason of its moral dilapidation and its incumbered condition. The ship in which the scion of the Hatzfeldts had made the voyage had been compelled to put into so many ports for repairs, and had been so often wrecked, that when hailed by the House of Huntington its hull was covered with barnacles and bore heavy bottomry liabilities. But it was a good bargain, for the bark was stanch, well ribbed in landed entails, and it was cheap—*i. e.*, cheap for a prince. But, alas! cruel, envious, malignant fate! No sooner was the prince secured, the debts guaranteed, the trousseau purchased, the wedding-jewels presented, and the marriage ceremony concluded, than a king came upon the market matrimonial. Milan, King of Servia, offers himself for sale to some wealthy woman, and it is rumored that one of the fair ones of France, a rich beauty of the pleasure-house of Europe, offers herself as a candidate for the royal bed, and what is better, the royal title. Could our friend have had the opportunity of planting his daughter and his millions just one step higher up on the gilded ladder, how happy would he have been! We deeply commiserate our hard-headed, practical, businessman that he should so narrowly have lost the opportunity of marrying his adopted daughter to the King of Servia. We are proud and glad to know that to our most excellent Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore there has come the opportunity of wedding one of America's generous daughters to another prince, a shaky old libertine and *roué*, a bad sample of a bad lot—Prince Murat, allied by marriage to the last line of Bonapartes, is for sale. His debts must be paid, his club dues arranged, and his income provided, for all princes that we have heard of for sale in the marriage bourse are impecunious and of bad morals, but in the opinion of Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, good enough for a virtuous and respectable American girl to secure by sacramental rites at the altar of the Apostolic Church in marriage. We congratulate Miss Caldwell on the contemplated consecration of her fortune to the princely Romanist who bears the proud name of Murat, and we congratulate the prince of the Apostolic Church that he is likely to rock this old libertine in this easy-swinging hammock. We vindicate the lady's right to embroider a crown upon her under-linen, for it is the only honest purpose for which she can use it, and in the very well considered and deliberate opinion of the San Francisco *Argonaut* she will have made a better use of it than the part she invested in a Roman Catholic university to be established at Washington. How can any one blame vain girls for wishing to embroider coronets on their petticoats and emblazon heraldic emblems on their handkerchiefs and carriage-panels when a man like Collis P. Huntington — cold, prudent, calculating, and in no sense generous — is willing to waste his millions and sacrifice his daughter on a man whom—had he not been of princely lineage—he would have scorned for his poverty, and whom the lady would have refused for his scandalous and immoral life. How shall he estimate a primate of the church, a cardinal of Rome, when he is willing to sacrifice one of America's most generous and gifted daughters to an aged, impecunious, vicious libertine, simply because he is a Romanist and wears the bauble of a princely title. We hold American girls and the marriage ceremony of higher value than to be sold for the use of unprincipled and vicious foreign noblemen, or to be prostituted for the advancement of a church. Perhaps Cardinal Gibbons can pronounce the sacramental ceremony over a pure and virtuous Catholic girl wedded to a libidinous and vicious prince, and make the contract more binding in the sight of God, and more honorable in human estimation, than the Protestant ceremony which unites a virtuous girl to an American gentleman by an authorized magistrate under the law, or an evangelical clergyman of the Protestant faith.

Dr. Carr, a Romish prelate, has been delivering a harangue at Melbourne, on the occasion of opening a Roman Catholic school at Clifton Hill. The *Victorian Standard*, a weekly journal of Protestant faith, holds the Pope's archbishop to somewhat severe criticism. It says of Dr. Carr:

> It is evident from his own showing that ignorance, religious and secular, is the result of the institutions of the Roman Catholic Church. It is this willful and mendacious perversion of fact which has left the Pope's Irish as they are, the ignorant and besotted dupes of a designing and bigoted priesthood, and rendered them the rebellious subjects of a merciful and enlightened Protestant power. When Dr. Carr spoke about paying a price in blood, he evidently forgot St. Bartholomew's monstrously inhuman ensanguined day; he forgot Wexford Bridge, Scullabogue, Sligo, and the one hundred and forty thousand unfortunate Protestants slaughtered in Ireland during one night in 1641. He forgot the innocent Huguenots of France, the Waldenses, the Albigenses, the Protestants in the Netherlands, who for eighty years were slaughtered at the instigation of the inhuman Jesuits. The archbishop forgot all this, and so had not a word to say about the fifty millions of God's creatures ruthlessly butchered through the instrumentality of his church within a period of six centuries. He also conveniently forgot to allude to the hull sent to Ireland by one of the Popes, instigating the Romish Irish to exterminate their "heretical" countrymen and thus earn eternal salvation. When he next unburdens himself, let him deal plainly with history, and tell the whole truth concerning his idolatrous and sanguinary church, and his people may give up the cry of "home-rule" and pass from under Rome-rule at the same time, and be at least Christian within the proper meaning of the term.

The *Victorian Standard* is the type of an independent, outspoken, courageous, anti-Catholic journal that is becoming very common both in this country and in Australia, and wherever the English language prevails. Indifference to the aggressions of the Roman Catholic Church had become one of the most serious evils of the time, and it was not till the insolence of the Papal power, exercised by Papal priests, began to interfere with the political affairs of the countries where the church was located, that enough interest was aroused to combat it. Romanism has now, in all the countries where Protestantism is granted equal rights under the law, met a determined and unflinching adversary. We are proud to think that the *Argonaut* was early to take a hand in this conflict. There are *Argonauts* in every civilized country having the courage to resist and resent the illegal and improper interference of Popish priests with the political questions which interest the communities in which they are being agitated. In Chile, the Argentine Republic, Australia, Canada, and in every part of the United States, independent, fearless journals are turning up in every direction. These journals are conducted with an ability superior to that of the daily commercial press, and with a resolute earnestness which puts to shame their cowardly and mercenary contemporaries. The *British-American*, in Boston, the *America*, in Chicago, the *Standard*, in San Francisco, the *Victorian Standard*, in Melbourne, are best samples of journals which are becoming thick as falling leaves in the autumn forest when frosts are touching them. In this country they are beginning to arouse the religious journals; are beginning to incite the pulpit to honest and courageous efforts; are beginning to stir up the politicians to something like decent self-respect; are beginning to arouse a healthy American sentiment. In Canada, Australia, and in half the great cities of the United States, there is a premonition of danger to the free schools which is likely to raise strong arms for their defense. We hail and welcome these signs of a coming storm and a coming tempest. As the elements are purified by agitation and the waters of the ocean kept pure by constant movement, so it seems desirable that, in the moral atmosphere, no church ambitious of the exercise of political power should be permitted to think that its course can drift along unchallenged. The use of power always begets abuse, and in no organization of earth has the disposition to abuse ecclesiastical authority been demonstrated to a more vicious extent than by the Church of Rome. The Church of Rome has entered upon a troublous period, and one which will require all its courage and all its intellect to come out of successfully. The Papacy is at war with the Italian power, under the leadership of a chieftain more resolute and more determined than it has of late encountered. Bismarck, the man of iron, has disappointed the world, for we are greatly mistaken if he has not been worsted in his recent contests with ultramontane authority, which has developed itself in his own Parliament, while Crispi, the Italian premier, seems to come fresh and strengthened from every encounter with Jesuitry in Rome. The Pope is seriously contemplating the necessity of removing from Rome, and when he does, the Holy Apostolic Church will have received a staggering blow, for it is ready to fall to pieces whenever the Pope shall be compelled to vacate the Eternal City. This is not the age when a departure from Rome means the hope of speedy return. It is not Napoleon, who, with imperial finger, beckons his holiness to accept the hospitalities of Avignon or his palace near Paris; it is the people who are thinking; it is the press which is speaking; it is the independent thinking world which is contemplating the character of Roman dogmas, the mercenary greed and political ambition of the Roman Church. History is being reviewed, and what occurred at one era of the world's history may come again. We look forward to the agitation of the questions which J uitry and the mad ambition of Popery suggests, with pleas able anticipation, for, so sure as God reigns, good will come the people who have the courage to accept the conflict and heart to press the controversy.

It is coming to be generally recognized that we h given to the railroad companies very valuable concessi of public property without exacting any return therefor. we have shown in these columns, the claim of the railw companies that they give return in the largely increased val of lands resulting from the facilities of travel, is without weig because they receive more than adequate payment for t service in the receipts from fares. What they receive in form of franchises is really surplusage, and should not h been given without some adequate return being exacted. T land devoted to streets has been reserved from private own ship, in order that the public may have means of co munication. In some cases, land which has passed i private ownership has been condemned to this pu use. But the occupation of the streets by railroad c porations is a conversion of this public property t private use, and for this there is no excuse except the purpose of obtaining a public convenience which co not otherwise be obtained. The street-railways do provid public convenience, but this is no reason why they should given a practically exclusive occupation of the public highw without making some return. The public are beginning appreciate this fact, but there is a general impression that th is now no remedy for it. The supervisors have given th valuable easements to the railway companies for long peri of years—twenty-five or fifty years—and until these grants ended, nothing can be done. So many people argue, but t are wrong. The street railway companies are corporatio owing their existence to the government, and subject to a restrictions or conditions which the government may see fit impose. The Act of January 1, 1878—regulating the rate fare, and reducing it from six and one-quarter cents, the g eral rate prior to the passage of that act, to five cents is an instance of the exercise of this power. All stre railways, incorporated before the passage of this act, made subject to its provisions as well as those incorpora thereafter, and to this extent it is a restriction of the privile which they formerly enjoyed. The street-railroad corporati were created by the State government, and are therefore s ject to enactments of the State legislature. But the use of streets is a franchise received from the municipal governme and the enjoyment of this franchise is subject to the regulati and restrictions which may be imposed by the board of sup visors, the legislative body of the city. The second section the form usually employed by the supervisors in granting fr chises to the street-railway companies, reads as follows: "T rights and privileges granted in this order are granted to a shall be possessed and enjoyed by said grantees, their succ sors or assigns, upon such terms, conditions, and restricti as are now imposed, *or may hereafter be imposed*, by ord of the board of supervisors." Under this section, the sup visors may impose whatever regulations they may think prop and this offers a ready means for remedying the mistakes t have been made, by demanding from the companies some a quate return for the favors already gratuitously granted. In so of the franchises, indeed, a further condition has been impos as follows: "The rights and privileges are granted on c dition that whenever any of the streets, or portions streets, over which the railroad is operated, shall be accept by the city and county, that the said grantees, their success or assigns, shall thereafter, during the continuance of t franchise, keep the entire roadway of said streets, or portio of streets, in good order and repair, otherwise the franch shall become and be null and void." This is good as far it goes, but it is a very small step. The provision should b gin before the acceptance of the street, and should requi the railroad companies to pave the streets properly wi good and permanent pavement, and to keep them in ord after they have been paved. Furthermore, it should be e tended in its operations to all of the railroad companies, a not confined to the few whose franchises have been most r cently granted. The occupation of one-half of the roadw of those streets over which the cars are operated, practical doubles the wear and tear over the other half of the roadwa and, under existing conditions, increases the expense to the cit both in requiring more substantial paving and in renderi necessary more frequent and extensive repairs. It is, ther fore, but justice to require the railroad companies to pa and keep in order the streets over which they operate. Th requirement is, in fact, no return for the gratuitous use of t streets, but merely a transfer to the railroads of the burden which they are the cause. In addition to the paving, the ca companies should be made to sweep, clean, and sprinkle t streets. This would still be a very inadequate return for t gratuities they have received from the city. All of these r forms are entirely within the scope of the jurisdiction of t

supervisors, as shown in the language of the franchises quoted above. If, however, the car-companies should not yield gracefully, the city might resort to the drastic remedy of taking some of their earnings to perform their obligations.

Among those gigantic commercial monopolies which have grown up during the last few years under the name of "trusts," none has attracted more attention than the Sugar Trust. From the legal point of view, this trust presented an apparently invulnerable front. The early trusts were simply a consolidation of corporations, the separate bodies in their corporate capacity either forming a new corporation, or entering into an agreement as to the production and sale of the commodity in which they dealt. But the Sugar Trust presents a much more skillful method of evading governmental interference. A corporation being a creation of the State is under its control, and the formation of the trust corporation was easily overturned as being *ultra vires*, while the agreement was declared by the courts to be a conspiracy, and, therefore, illegal. But the Sugar Trust adopted another method. The stockholders in the various sugar-refineries transferred their stock to a board of trustees; these trustees, acting as stockholders, elected the directors of the various refineries, and the directors acted under the orders of the trustees. Though the courts might reach the corporations, they could not prevent an individual stockholder doing as he pleased with his stock, and thus all efforts at government control of the Sugar Trust have been defeated. But, though the government was powerless, the laws of trade were not. The Sugar Trust, at the time of its organization, controlled eighty per cent. of the output. With this large proportion of the sugar supply under their absolute control, they began to put up prices and succeeded admirably. Sugar that sold for five and seven-eighths in the fall of 1887 was increased to eight and one-eighth within the year. The profits of the trust during 1888 were declared by them to be ten million dollars; during the first half of 1889, the profits amounted to thirteen millions, and it was estimated that they would reach twenty millions. But the increased price of sugar had attracted new capital, and outside refineries increased their business considerably. From twenty per cent. of the consumption, they have increased their share of the business to nearly fifty per cent., and by the beginning of next year the daily output of the independent refiners will probably reach twenty-one thousand barrels to meet a total consumption of twenty-six thousand barrels. The trustees of the Sugar Trust have evidently foreseen this, for their trust certificates were listed in the New York Stock Exchange in January of this year. The refineries included in the trust represented a cash value of about fifteen million dollars, but the trust represented its capital at fifty millions, and has been paying dividends on this fictitious value. Before its appearance at the stock exchange the stock had been selling for about sixty. After being listed it rose to seventy-nine, and by successful manipulations and extravagant promises the stock was worked up to one hundred and twenty-six during June last. The trustees were trying to unload, and evidently they succeeded, for about the middle of last month the stock began to tumble. By October 1st, the shares had reached ninety, and by the middle of the month they were to be had in the seventies. Even at this price the certificates represent a value of thirty-five millions, an amount exceeding twice the actual value.

An important decision, bearing upon certain legal aspects of the "trust" problem, was recently handed down by the court of appeals in England. A combination had been formed for the control of the tea-trade from Shanghai and Hankow to London by a number of ship-owners. They agreed to allow a rebate of five per cent. to all firms shipping exclusively by companies included in the combination. An outside company brought suit against the members of the combination, on the ground that it was a conspiracy to deprive outside companies of the trade. On trial in the lower court, Lord Chief-Justice Coleridge held that the combination was a legitimate one and came within the bounds of legal trade competition. The court of appeals has now affirmed this judgment. The court held that in order to violate any rights of the complaining company, the combination must have done some act "which is calculated in the ordinary course of events to damage, and does, in fact, damage another," and that it must have been "done without just cause or excuse." The whole question turned on the just cause or excuse, and the majority of the court decided that the effort to increase the trade of the combination, unless accompanied by fraud or intimidation of some sort, was a legitimate and even praiseworthy example of business enterprise. They held it to be nothing more than a bitter war of competition pursued to the bitter end. Lord Esher presented a dissenting opinion, holding that an act done by the combination for the express purpose of injuring the business of the complaining company is in itself without just cause or excuse, and, therefore, illegal. "Merely to persuade a person to break his contract may not be wrongful in law or fact. But if the persuasion be used for the indirect purpose of injuring the plaintiff or of benefiting the defendant at the expense of the plaintiff, it is a malicious act which is, in law and fact, a wrong act." This last opinion, though it is not the opinion of the court, is more in harmony with the decisions in this country.

ROMAN CATHOLIC NEWS.

"Behold how these Christians Love One Another."

PARIS, October 30th.—The *Figaro* announces that Prince Murat left Paris yesterday and Miss Caldwell sails for New York Saturday. The marriage is off.

Arrangements are being made for the big Catholic parade, to take place at Baltimore, November 12th, when twenty thousand men will probably be in line.

The Baptist Union, at its sitting in Birmingham recently, passed a resolution against the endowment of a Roman Catholic University for Ireland, and recommending that Dublin University should be made altogether unsectarian.

Father Hyppolithus Baradski, of St. Casimir's Polish Catholic Church on Lawrence Street, Brooklyn, figures as defendant in a civil action brought by Magdaline Polyene, a former housekeeper, who sues to recover sixty dollars, which she alleges the priest owes her. She also brings another and far more serious charge against the priest. The woman, who is unmarried, appeared in court with a baby.

The body of Miss Theresa Kelley is to be placed in the Calvary Cemetery, pending an investigation by Mgr. Preston as to her connection with Dr. McGlynn's Anti-Poverty Society. If it can be proved that Miss Kelley was an active member of Dr. McGlynn's movement, she will be refused burial in consecrated ground and her soul will be condemned to wander in purgatory till redeemed by coin.—*Special News Dispatch.*

The suit of Leon Bernard, a Belgian Catholic priest, against ex-Sheriff Peter Bowe, of New York, for money which had been taken from plaintiff on a false judgment and turned over to François Bourgeois, an agent of Leopold, the Belgian King, came up in the New York Supreme Court a few days ago. Bernard held the money in trust for the Catholic Church, Leopold sought to obtain it, and Bernard fled to America with the funds. Argument was postponed until December.

The Rev. Francis Dent, of the diocese of Buffalo, brings suit against his ecclesiastical superior, Bishop Stephen V. Ryan, of the diocese of Buffalo, before Judge Dykman of the supreme court, for slander. Father Dent presented an affidavit in which he declares that the defendant, being a bishop, does not consider binding an oath taken before a civil magistrate. "Bishop Ryan," he went on to say, "has used power and is able to use it tyrannically for the purpose of intimidating witnesses."

ROME, October 20th.—The Pope to-day gave audience to a party of French pilgrims and delivered an address to them. He appeared feeble and his voice was almost inaudible. In his address, he urged the necessity of religion for the masses, and said that the Papacy was a protector of the working classes. He also reiterated his protests against the attitude of the Italian Government toward the Papacy. The Pope remained seated throughout the reception. He will say mass for the pilgrims tomorrow, but it is reported that all proposed private receptions to the various groups will be abandoned, owing to the Pope's feeble condition.

A murder was committed recently at Manonfield, Tex., in a boys' convent, of one Lorenzo Esser, a pupil. One of the students, James Goss, escaped and communicated information to the authorities. The body was buried secretly by Father Peters and four students, who have since left for parts unknown. A Roman Catholic justice of the peace, by the name of Coons, held an inquest at the time of Esser's death. Father Andrews and Justice Coons have been indicted by the grand jury, and if the priest is caught, he will be tried for murder.—*Associated Press.* This is the kind of schools favored by Zach Montgomery and Dr. Gleeson—they are sectarian.

KINGSTON (Ont.), October 29th.—Archbishop Cleary has caused a sensation by the public excommunication of a woman who was divorced in the courts of the United States, and who had been married again by a Protestant clergyman. The archbishop publicly called her an adulteress for living with her present husband, and said: "To add sacrilege to adultery, she produced a certificate of pretended marriage undergone by herself and her partner in guilt at the hands of a Protestant minister in a neighboring town. This but adds religious insult to her immorality, for there is no such thing as divorce under the Christian law." Many others here are under the same conditions.

BUFFALO, October 20th.—Two weeks ago, the Rev. Patrick Cronin, editor of the *Catholic Union and Times*, claimed that he had received threatening letters because he had denounced the Cronin murderers and the Clan-na-Gael. Father Cronin gives several reasons why "justice is powerless to inflict on the murderers the righteous punishment of their enormities." One of them is that "Illinois and Chicago have been so niggardly that scarcely a beggarly five thousand dollars has been set aside for the use of the people in this trial, while a thousand times that amount has flowed from unseen quarters into the treasury of the suspects. Chicago can raise millions for a World's Fair, but it can do nothing to stamp out a brood of human rattlesnakes."

MONTREAL, October 12th.—A very curious case is before the Montreal courts, which involves a conflict of authority between the church and the state. The Ville Marie Bank brought an action against the Hotel Dieu, and, during the proceedings, it was necessary to obtain the evidence of certain nuns belonging to that institution. When they were subpœnaed, they made answer that they were cloistered nuns, and, as such, could not appear in court without an order from the archbishop. A commission was asked for, and the attorney for the nuns presented a petition supported by an affidavit of the lady superior, stating that they were cloistered nuns, and that the archbishop, having refused them permission to leave the monastery, their coming to court would be a violation of their constitution and an act against their consciences.—*Boston Record.*

The château of Meyerling, where the Crown Prince Rudolph died, has been converted into a nunnery, and was occupied on the fifteenth of October by twenty-one Carmelite Sisters. The room in which the Crown Prince died has become a chapel, and out of the other apartments twenty-one cells, a parlor, and a refectory have been made. The emperor selected the Carmelites to be the custodians of Meyerling, as theirs is the strictest of religious orders. The nuns completely renounce the world and neither go outside the convent nor receive visits. They eat no meat, and those at Meyerling will be fed from the produce of the orchards, kitchen-garden, and dairy within the grounds. The walls of the property are being raised so that soon it will be impossible to see the buildings from without or the surrounding roads from within.—*St. James's Gazette.*

AUBURN, N. Y., October 13th.—The old fight between Rev. Louis A. Lambert, now in Rome, but formerly pastor of St. Mary's Catholic Church in Waterloo, and Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester, broke out with new vigor in Waterloo to-day and a riot was narrowly averted in the church. Seven weeks ago to-day, Rev. Father Hickey, the present pastor of St. Mary's Church, read a letter from Bishop McQuaid excommunicating William Dempsey and James Kelley, because they had been instrumental in bringing Rev. Dr. McGlynn, of New York, to Waterloo to deliver a lecture upon Father Lambert, a priest. Father Hickey refused to celebrate mass while Dempsey and Kelley remained in their seats, and, upon their refusing to go to the door, the reverend father had two constables on hand to put them out. Dempsey and Kelley remained in the church till it was too late to perform the mass. We are sorry that souls in purgatory should be detained by reason of these contentions.

Mrs. Portingall, a widow with two young children, is dying of cancer at the residence of her friend, John W. Wallace, a resident of Brooklyn, N. Y. When informed of the fatal character of her disease, she made her will, giving one thousand dollars, her life insurance, to her children, and appointed Mr. Wallace their guardian. In her extremity she sent for Father Nash, of the Church of the Sacred Heart, to administer the last rites of the church. He came, but refused the woman the last dying consolations, because she refused to make Father Nash trustee of one thousand dollars and guardian of the children. Father Nash refused to administer the sacrament because Mrs. Portingall refused to sign the will. If she had consented to expend the money in masses for her soul and left her children to beggary and want, she would have received absolution and gone at once to glory.—*Boston Herald.*

The Rev. J. J. Boyle came to Raleigh, N. C., in January last. He was priest in charge of the Roman Catholic Church in that city. He was twenty-six years old, six feet high, and a splendid specimen of manhood. He was highly educated, and belonged to the Propaganda at Rome. He indulged, of late, to excess in the use of intoxicating liquors. He was eloquent and literary, and his sermons drew the attention of the cultured people of the best society. On several occasions he was found to be intoxicated, and on one occasion endeavored to cut his throat. The crime he is accused of committing was upon the person of Miss Geneva Whittaker, a young lady member of his congregation and organist. For this crime he has been convicted and sentenced to be hanged on the twenty-ninth day of November. Great efforts are being made to secure a remission of the death penalty by the sectarians of his church.

The following are the jurors impaneled in the Chicago murder trial, where seven Irish members of the secret Clan-na-Gael Society are indicted for the murder of Dr. Cronin, an Irishman, for having accused Irish home-leaguers of embezzling and stealing the funds intrusted to them for political purposes in Ireland:

JAMES A. PIERSON,	JOHN CULVER,
FRANK ALLISON,	JOHN L. HALL,
W. L. NORTH,	C. C. DIX,
C. E. MARLOR,	HENRY D. WALKER,
E. S. BRYAN,	GEORGE L. CORKE,
B. F. CLARKE,	E. W. BONTECOU.

From appearances, the jurors are Americans, as indicated by their names. Of this we are quite content, although if the seven who murdered this Irish gentleman are not hanged for their cowardly murder, we shall have some one else to blame than the Pope's Irish.

Millionaire "Mike" McDonald's wife, who eloped with her priest, has been found in New York by her husband and has consented to return to her home and children. The New York *Herald* says: "A certain clergyman of this city had been requested by Archbishop Feehan, of Chicago, to act as intermediary between McDonald and his wife. She agreed to receive her husband, and the pair met in the blue parlor of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. They had a friendly talk in the presence of the priest, and McDonald suggested that his wife move out of the hotel and go to some quiet place at once, where they could discuss their differences. The woman responded that she would only be too glad, as she was tired of being followed and watched by detectives. Mr. McDonald and the priest went out together, and during the afternoon Mrs. McDonald slipped out by the Twenty-Fourth Street entrance with one of the servants. She was plainly dressed and heavily veiled, and no one knew but that she was one of the employees. She arranged with 'Mike' to return." How thankful this rich gambler must be that an archbishop and a Roman Catholic priest should so kindly interest themselves in patching up this domestic misunderstanding. If the woman had not eloped with her father-confessor, and if "Mike" had not been a millionaire, we question whether the church would have been so deeply concerned. If Mrs. McDonald had run away with the butcher and her husband had been a poor man, we should have heard nothing of priestly interference for purposes of reconciliation.

MINNEAPOLIS (Minn.), October 24th.—Threatening letters are the last move in a feeling which has been growing very strong here for some months. The following is the last received, and is self-explanatory: "MINNEAPOLIS (Minn.), October 19th.—A. AMES—*Sir:* By attacking the Irish Catholics I think you have done yourself a great deal of harm, not only as a politician, but the first you know of is that you will meet with the same fate as Dr. Cronin. You know that the Irish people will not stand such abuse without revenge, and the best you can do is to leave the city at once and go to some other part of the world. You have insulted not only the Irish but the Holy Catholic Church and its priests, who are working hard in Ireland trying to help the people along. It is a well-known fact that the Irish are superior to any other class of immigrants coming to this country, not only as church members, but in everything, and in knowing this ourselves we feel that you and Rev. Morrill, and others of such stamp, ought to be brought out of existence for your lying statements. Go out of the city at once.—AN IRISHMAN, CATHOLIC, AND A CLAN-NA GAEL." This is the fiercest, and was received by ex-Mayor Ames. The letters were evidently written by different persons, and there was not a distinctive mark about any of them. They are the outgrowth of the feeling created against Ames by his remarks concerning the Irish people on his recent return from Europe, which remarks were decidedly uncomplimentary. Since that time the feeling here among the Irish has been intense. The question of Catholicism has also entered largely into municipal affairs, and several city employees have been discharged through this religious sentiment. Several personal conflicts have also taken place on account of it, and its culmination is the above-mentioned letters.

PITTSBURG, October 11th.—Mrs. Maggie Berry, of No. 1005 Frederick Street, South Side, tells a startling story how, although innocent of any crime, she was arrested by an alderman's constable, frightened into submission and sent to the home of the Good Shepherd at Columbus, Ohio, at midnight. Mrs. Berry was at that time Maggie Hearst. She was released after two months' confinement in the Columbus home through the efforts of her mother. Maggie had lived with an uncle, who opposed her association with a certain young man. One day, Alderman Hartman's constable came to the house and told her she was wanted on a serious charge. At the alderman's office the latter official and Father Christopher, a Catholic priest, gave her the choice of the Reform School at Mogansca or the Columbus home if she persisted in her course, or absolute freedom if she gave up the young man. Maggie was so badly frightened that she selected Columbus and was taken there on the midnight train by the constable. She tells a bitter tale of the poor fare at the institution and of unsuccessful attempts of several girls to escape. She says she nearly starved because she could not eat the fare. One girl in trying to escape over a high fence, fell and broke a leg. Alderman Hartman denies all knowledge of the story, which leaked out to-day as the result of the talk about the imprisonment of Stella Wier, of this city, in the same home. Stella wanted to marry a Protestant young man, and it is alleged that Alderman Hartman, a Catholic priest, and Stella's mother conspired to send her to Columbus. The Junior Order of American Mechanics, a Protestant organization of which Stella's young lover is a member, has employed an attorney, who is said to be preparing the papers in the case.—*New York Tribune.* It would be very curious if some legal authority was able to inspect our Roman Catholic Magdalen Asylum, St. Joseph Foundling Asylum, and the Boys' Roman Catholic Orphanage in Marin County. We would give one thousand dollars for the privilege of inspecting them with opportunity to examine the books of the institutions.

A French scientist removed the shell on either side of an egg without injuring the membrane, in patches about the size of the diameter of a pea, snugly fitted the openings with bits of glass, placed the egg with the glass bull's eyes in an incubator, run by clock-work and revolving once each hour, and had the pleasure of looking through and watching the change upon the inside at the end of each sixty minutes.

THE TURN OF A HAND.

How a Killing was Postponed by Mutual Agreement.

When he learned that the train on which he had planned to leave the city that night had departed ten minutes before, Judge Horace Stratton, of the supreme bench, was considerably nonplused. He was a man of forty-five years of age, an able jurist, a successful politician, methodical, thorough, and accurate in his work, keen and vigilant in his planning, with a capacity for remembering infinite details. In short, he was the last man in the world to have missed a train.

But he had missed this one, and he now stood, with his watch in his hand, staring alternately at its dial and at the face of the great clock over the ticket-seller's window. What had ever put it into his head that the train left at half-past eight, when it did leave at quarter-past? He knew the time well enough, having made this journey often during the last few years. Memory thus arraigned, hastily proceeded to prove an *alibi*. Until the present moment, the judge had not once asked himself what was the time of the departure of the train, so he could not have forgotten it.

The judge thrust his watch into his pocket and buttoned his long overcoat. Then he went out into the street, and, as he walked slowly along the line of cabs and apple-carts, he continued his investigation into the causes for this absurd mistake about the train.

Judge Stratton had first achieved distinction as a criminal lawyer, and his political career had begun with his election to the position of prosecuting-attorney. His success in wrenching the truth out of reluctant witnesses was proverbial wherever he was known. Long habit had bred in him the instinct of a mental process of reasoning, or of memory, very much resembling a rigid cross-examination. On this occasion it proceeded something as follows:

Question—When did you decide to take this train?

Answer—This afternoon. I arranged the papers which I would need in the case and packed them in my valise. Then I rode out to my home and took dinner with my wife.

Q.—Did you mention your intended departure to her?

A.—Yes, and I told her that I should be gone two days. I remarked that the train left in the evening, but that I should go to the office immediately after dinner, as the papers in the Haworth *versus* Rigg case must he looked over again before they were returned.

Q.—Is not your wife twenty years younger than you, and is she not considered very beautiful?

Objected to as irrelevant, incompetent, and immaterial.

Overruled, the court desiring to learn all correlated facts.

A.—She is.

Q.—During the three years of your married life has she been happy with you?

A.—She has certainly been contented. I do not understand women very well. It may be she is happy.

Q.—Does she love you?

A. (given very slowly while the witness stands still for the moment and gazes at the smoky flambeau of a huckster's gasoline-lamp)—I can not tell; but I think not.

Q.—Did she exhibit any particular interest in the matter of your departure?

A.—Very little. She asked if she could be of assistance to me in any way, and desired to know just when I would return.

Q.—What were you thinking of as you went back to the office?

A.—Of her.

Q.—And at the office you looked over the papers in Haworth *versus* Rigg?

A.—I got them out, but I did not study them. I continued to think of her. I kept asking myself questions to which I could not find answers.

Q.—Such as for example——

A.—Well—if she did not love me, why had she consented to be my wife? Was it merely because my name has been mentioned for the Senate and I am said to he worth half a million of dollars? Or did her father, in his savage, bullying way, drive her into the marriage? If I were to be killed on this railway-train which I propose to take, would she care? Could things go on forever this way? Would it not he likely to happen some time that some other man—or perhaps already—bah! I dismissed all questions of this last order. (Here the witness smote the stone-flagging under his feet vigorously with the heavy cane which he carried.)

Q.—Has she not many admirers?

A.—Yes; but none that she encourages in the slightest degree. Her conduct in society is irreproachahle. The very hyenas dare not hark at her.

Q.—Then you are certain that it was not jealousy which caused you to spend all this time in the very uousual occupation of thinking about your wife, with the result that you missed your train?

A.—I am sure that I am not jealous. I have too much self-respect.

Obiter dictum hy the court: You are not jealous for the reason that no cause has ever offered itself. If it should, that terrihle tiger which you conceal in yourself would hound fiercely forth. The world does not know you as you are. It supposes you always cool and self-contained, and does not dream of the waves of passion that surge beneath the even surface. But you, who understand, will not give these dangerous thoughts the free rein that they seem to ask.

"No," said the witness, suddenly, aloud; "I will not think of her again."

The judge had quickened his pace while this self-examination was in progress, and now found himself near the building in which his offices were situated. Force of habit, rather than calculation, had guided him. He stopped for a moment to take his hearings. No train would leave for the place he wished to reach until late the next morning, and it was necessary that he should rearrange his plans to fit the changed situation. Should he ride out home and spend the evening with his wife? It was seldom that such an opportunity presented itself. Here was his car coming now. The judge stepped over the kerh-stone and advanced toward it. H'm—it was not the right car, after all. Well, it was not long to wait for the next one. The judge instinctively drew out his watch, as a man often does when he thinks of time, even though it may he to make an engagement a week ahead. After nine o'clock? When Mrs. Stratton did not go out of an evening, she was like to retire early. To-night, especially, as she was all alone, had she not probahly gone to bed? Here was the right car, at last. If Mrs. Stratton had retired, there was no reason why the judge should go home for some time. Of course she was not expecting him. The car passed.

"I will go to my office," said he, "and do some work on that Haworth *versus* Rigg case. I can put in two hours, and go home just ahout midnight, to let myself in quietly, and sleep in my own room. In the morning, I will explain my presence to her, and she will be much amused, for she considers that I am quite incapable of making mistakes."

It appears that the case of Haworth *versus* Rigg was one of unusual interest. Judge Horace Stratton sat for over two hours poring over the papers, occasionally turning aside to examine some one of the volumes bound in sheepskin, which were piled up ahout him. An intense worker, the judge was for the time dead to everything else except the one subject on which his mind was directed. At length he rose from the table and consulted his watch. It would be midnight before he reached his home. He turned out the lights in the room where he had been sitting and descended into the street.

A chill November wind was hlowing. There was a full moon, hut it shone with the glitter of steel rather than that of silver. Strips of white clouds were scudding along the sky, now and then shutting off its gleam. As he came out upon the pavement, a sudden gust of cold wind caused the judge to shiver. He looked up and down the street.

"A cah," said he, "will be warmer than a street-car, and it will get me home ten minutes sooner."

Even as he thought it, an empty hansom rattled over the stone pavement, coming toward him. The judge, wrapped up to the eyes in his long overcoat, squeezed himself into one corner of the vehicle to keep warm, and summed up again his final conclusions in the case he had just been studying. The wife had passed from his mind.

The residence of Judge Horace Stratton is an elegant structure of brick and marble, surrounded hy a considerable yard, at the intersection of two streets. There are two entrances; the one in front opens into a large hall, adjoining which on each side are the parlors; the one at the side is a small door leading to the judge's study and his private rooms. On leaving the cab, the judge walked with a brisk but quiet step down the gravel walk to the main entrance. There was a faint light hurning in the vestihule, and it was his intention to go in that way. Then it occurred to him that the opening of the great door would make a good deal of noise, and it would be necessary for him to pass through several rooms to get to his sleeping apartment. So he continued on around the house to the side-door. As he went up the short flight of stone steps, the moon shone out clearly for the moment and threw his shadow large and black against the wall. This part of the house was as dark as all the rest was silent.

Judge Stratton drew out his pass-key and softly unlocked and opened the door. For so large a man, the judge's step was always light, hut now it was quite without sound, save as the floor creaked slightly beneath it. In the hall, he drew off his overcoat and hung that, together with his silk hat, upon the rack, and deposited his cane in the corner. Then he turned to go down the hall to his room. Through the stained window above the door, the moonlight shone, making dimly-colored disks upon the oiled floor, otherwise the gloom was complete. It was necessary that the judge should feel his way along.

His hand had just met the portière which shut off a small alcove of the hall, when he heard the sound of a voice, very low and muffled, only a short distance from him. It was a woman's voice—it was his wife's. The judge's grip tightened on the curtain and he ceased to breathe. Some one—two people could be heard moving in the room at the end of the hall. The steps halted at the doorway. It was a man's voice that next came to the ears of the judge, and though as soft almost as a whisper, it smote upon his brain like thunder and for the instant stunned his understanding. . . . Only a few sentences were spoken. The judge had recovered himself and was listening intently to every word. It was enough. No room remained longer for doubt.

Now the woman's steps could be heard as she recrossed the room. The man remained at the door, waiting to see that she accomplished the dark distance in safety. In those few moments of time a mighty whirlwind tore through the mind of Judge Stratton, devastating wherever love and faith had been and leaving nothing hut a hideous wilderness of wreck behind. For ten seconds he was a maniac; then sanity returned and with it came mortal hate.

Slowly and silently the lover felt his way along the dark hall. He came to the curtain in which the fingers of the husband were knotted, and brushed his hand along over it. The judge remained perfectly motionless, waiting for the crisis now hut a moment away. The tips of the other's fingers swept across his chest. Here was a substance the groping stranger was not able to account for, and with both hands he started to investigate. Instantly his wrists were seized in a grip like steel and his arms were jerked down to his side.

At the front end of the hall was the doorway leading into the judge's study. It had suddenly occurred to Stratton that, as he entered, he had noticed the moonlight streaming in through the uncovered windows of this room. There would be light enough for him to see who the man was before he killed him. He therefore caught the stranger around the hody, and, half-lifting and half-pulling, drew him back to the doorway and into the study. The other resisted, but not vigorously.

Across the carpeted floor of the study fell a short but broad strip of white light. As the two men neared this, the stranger suddenly hraced his feet and drew hack.

"Who are you?" he demanded in a hoarse whisper.

"You know well enough," answered the other; "I am her husband."

"Ah. . . . And what do you propose to do?"

"Find out who you are, and then kill you."

The struggle that followed was grim, silent, and intense. Each understood that the slightest noise which could be heard out of the room would serve to rouse the household. Various unstable articles of furniture were scattered ahout the apartment, hut when these were neared each drew hack and gave up whatever advantage he might have gained. Horace Stratton was a large and powerful man. His antagonist, while smaller of stature, was agile as a cat. In the open space in the centre of the room, they rolled and tossed, now one above and now the other, like animals at play.

At last, hy the exercise of his utmost powers, the judge succeeded in drawing the stranger's arms behind his back. Then he began to slowly push him along inch hy inch over the floor to where the moonlight fell. The other writhed and twisted, but in vain. Presently, each looked and beheld for the first time the features of the other's face plainly visihle. The stranger turned his eyes upward to see the extraordinary spectacle of a judge of the supreme bench, his clothes torn and dusty, his thick hair hanging down over his eyes like that of a wild man, and his face, rigid and pale, streaked with flecks of blood. And the judge looked down to see the dark eyes, heavy brows, and pallid countenance of a well-trusted friend. Then his muscles suddenly grew nerveless and relaxed; his arms slowly loosed their hold, and he drew back.

"Ashley! My God! Is it you?"

The other was silent. He lay passive and made no effort to take advantage of the opportunity which was offered him to arise. Several seconds passed while the judge was endeavoring to believe what he saw. He remained motionless, with one arm across the chest of the prostrate man gazing into his eyes.

"Ashley," said he at last, in a low whisper; "there does not live a man of whom I could less readily believe this. I would have sworn to your honor as I would to my own very existence. For all the trust and regard that I have shown you for all that I have done to help you to your present place in the world, you make me this return. What have you to say? What can you say?"

"Let me get up," said the other, "and I will tell you what I have to say."

The judge drew hack and rose to his feet. The younger man followed his example; and the two stood confronting one another in the moonlight.

"There appears to be some kind of an absurd mistake," said Ashley, in a tone of voice so low that it could not be heard farther than a whisper; "you find me here, and you imagine—I don't know what you imagine. If you will listen, I can explain——

"*Explain!*" cried Stratton, with fierce aspiration; "would you dare—— Well," he added, more calmly, "let me hear."

"I called early in the evening," said the other, "and asked to look at a hook in your library. I brought it here to the study to examine, and I suppose I must have fallen asleep. Some servant who did not know of my presence here turned out all the lights. When I happened upon you in the hall, I was endeavoring to find my way out."

The judge had turned so that his face was concealed in the dark shadow. Yet it grew even hlacker as he listened to this story.

"But I heard voices," said he.

"Yes," answered Ashley, indifferently; "I heard them, too, and was just ahout to investigate. I imagine that a couple of servants were conversing at the end of the hall."

There was a moment of silence; then Stratton grasped the shoulders of the intruder with both hands.

"Liar!" he hissed; "I heard your voice and hers. You shall come with me. We will go to her room and hear what lie she may invent. Then I will kill you in her presence."

With his strong fingers wound into the collar of the other's coat, he sought to drag him across the floor; but Ashley drew back, with a violent jerk, and was free again.

"Stop," said he; would you arouse the house? Don't go to her; I will tell you everything. My story was a lie, hut I told it for her sake—yes, and yours—not for my own."

"I do not understand."

The younger man folded his arms and stepped back a few feet. He spoke slowly and with perfect calmness:

"You do not? Control yourself for just one moment until you hear. I have guarded against discovery with almost superhuman care. There was not a living soul who could have suspected, until a hideous fate brought you here. The lie was a forlorn hope, but I offered it. If you had believed me, the calamity of disgrace might have heen warded off."

"Is that all you have to say?" whispered the judge. His head was bent forward, his shoulders crouched, and his eyes glittered in the dark like those of a great cat.

"This is not a case for apologies," said the younger man, with something like a sneer upon his cold, quiet face; "do not imagine that I fail to understand the situation. My ingratitude and treachery combine to form a crime hesid which a brutal murder would be a mere pecadillo. I regrette it all before I did it, and now nothing remains hut to suffer punishment. Let the worst come, it will be less than I deserve."

"The worst has come," answered Stratton, in a whisper that was almost a shriek. He flung himself upon Ashley and, catching him around the body, bore him dowo. The latter's arms, folded upon his chest, were caught so as to afford him no assistance. But he did not struggle. He allowed himself to be dragged to a dark corner of the room, where stood a tall wooden cahinet of drawers and shelves. His captor reached up, and, an instant later, Ashley saw the gleam of an uplifted knife-hlade. He seized the wrist. The knife changed hands. There followed a brief struggle of which no sound was audible save that of the cracking of sinews. The

Ashley, who was the weaker man and had to do with one inspired with the terrible force of mortal hate, began to give way.

"Don't strike, Stratton. . . . One moment, for God's sake. . . Listen to me. I want to tell you just this—curse you, you shall hear me—take my life, if you wish, but not here, not now."

The judge, his untrammeled arm drawn back, ready to strike, remained motionless and listened.

"What will you do with my body when you have killed me?"

"Throw it out into the street."

"It will be discovered before daylight and everything will be made public. All the world will then know the disgrace which now you alone know. It will kill her, it will ruin you."

"Ashley," said the other, tightening his grip upon the knife, "you have wronged me more deeply than if you had taken my life. For my murder the law would have exacted a penalty by depriving you of existence. For my slaughtered honor, I would take more if it could be had. You have confessed, and the judge and the executioner are here in one. I will have your life, no matter what the results may be."

"You shall have it. Understand me, that I do not appeal from the sentence of death; it is just and right. All I ask, is that it may not be administered here and now. What difference would it make to me? None. But, for you, there might be secret vengeance and no public disgrace; and she . . . I acknowledge that my life is forfeited to you, and whenever I can pay it in such a way that the world may not suspect what is happening, I shall turn it over to you without a murmur."

The knife lowered a little. "What do you propose?" asked the judge, grimly.

"I will go to my room, write a note explaining that I am tired of life, and then kill myself. Plenty of fairly good reasons can be assigned for the act."

"It will not do," said the judge, through his teeth; "I will kill you myself. I will have no proxy vengeance."

"Very well," answered the other, in a perfect matter-of-fact tone, "we can arrange that feature of the plan if you wish it. I will kill myself in your presence and at your order, only in such a way that you may be protected from all inquiry."

"You are talking absurdities," said Stratton, coldly; "is it your object to delay me a few minutes that my anger may cool? It is not a matter of rage with me, but of calm determination. You have known me intimately for a number of years; when did I ever abandon a set purpose?"

"Never; and you will not now. Be reasonable. A plan has occurred to me while we have been speaking. Do you remember a visit which we paid together some time ago to the engine-room of the Metropolitan Power-House? As we stood upon the overhanging platform and looked down at those gigantic wheels, do you recall what I said: how always in such a place I felt an awful desire to fling myself into the machinery and be crushed—the very horror of the thought lending it force?"

"I remember it well enough; go on."

"It happens that I have made that same remark to one or two others with whom I have visited the place. They will remember it also. Probably you did not notice that some fifteen feet below where we were standing, and nearer the great wheels, there is a small, iron platform with a low railing around it. At twelve o'clock, noon, to-morrow—that is to-day, for it is now past midnight—I will stand there and watch for you to come into the upper gallery."

"Well," whispered the judge.

"You shall make the signal, and I will obey it. The Romans in the amphitheatre indicated by the turning up or down of the thumb what should be the fate of the fallen gladiator. The thumb turned up meant clemency, turned down it meant death. You will make the signal and I will throw myself into the wheels—to a certain but a painless death. It will be a suicide caused by a peculiar but not unknown form of mania."

The judge's hold had relaxed, and he was beginning to draw away a little from the prostrate man. There was stillness for a few seconds and then Stratton gave a low, hoarse laugh.

"I believe you propose this extraordinary plan," said he, "because you have a hope that my mind will change in the meantime."

"Neither as a hope nor as a wish have I any such thought," replied Ashley. The judge slowly rose to his feet and he followed suit. The moon had disappeared under a cloud, and it was now quite dark in the room. Ashley continued: "I shall go to this appointment as a condemned man, without hope of pardon or reprieve, goes to the gallows. I know that I have a judge of merciless temper and iron firmness. I would not have it otherwise."

Silence again; this time lasting for over a minute. Ashley shook out his coat, which had been much disarranged in the struggle, and from its pocket drew out a small felt-cap, which he put on as if for departure. The judge stood staring into the gloom. For once his keen intellect seemed to have lost power to act. Since he had made the discovery at the end of the hall, but one idea had ruled in his mind—that the lover must be killed. Questions of how and when had not entered. Now these came, and with them the necessity for reason and decision.

"Curse it," he said, aloud, "I can not tell what to do. I will not be balked of my revenge, and yet——"

"Suppose," interrupted Ashley, "that we two stood together *now* above those great wheels, would you not try to hurl me down to my death?"

"Yes!" cried the other, with an oath.

"Very well; then why not allow the space of a few hours to intervene and arrange so that you may accomplish this design unsuspected."

The mind of Judge Stratton began to clear. What did it matter if the deed were postponed a short time? It should be done if it required his whole life in which to accomplish it. The sentence had been given; the execution should follow.

"I will consent to the arrangement which you propose," said he; "you will be there at twelve o'clock noon?"

"At twelve precisely, on the lower platform."

"And at that hour when I appear above you, you will obey the signal?"

"Reach your hand out so that I may see it, and turn the thumb downwards; I shall instantly throw myself over the rail, and you will have the revenge which you desire and to which you are entitled."

Again the soft moonlight gleamed through the room and the eyes of the two men met. The judge laid down the knife which all this time he had been firmly grasping. He stepped a little nearer to the man he held in mortal hate and said: "Ashley, once more I swear to you that I will have your life, but it shall be at the time and place that you have selected. Make your peace with men, for assuredly these are your last hours upon earth. I shall be prompt to the moment at the appointed time. Now you may go. I will open the door and close it after you, that there may be no sound heard of your departure."

"One thing I must ask to know before I give up my life," said Ashley, as the two men softly made their way to the door. The judge paused, with his hand upon the knob. "You will let her remain in ignorance of all this, will you not?"

"Do you dare to speak of her? Go!" and Stratton opened the door.

"You shall tell me!" said the other, catching his arm; "I have a right to know it before I die. I give you my life, and do all in my power to save you from disgrace; can not you grant me this one request?" For the first time his voice showed agitation.

"She shall know nothing," answered the judge; "why should I make unneeded misery for us both?"

"I am grateful," said the younger man, bending his head; "I have loved her a thousand times better than life itself, and——"

"I spurn your gratitude. Go!"

An instant later the door closed between them. Judge Stratton made his way back into the study where the long struggle had taken place. He lighted the gas and looked around him. A small table was displaced and a waste-paper basket upset; otherwise the room was in perfect order and showed no sign of the strange play which had just been enacted there. On the table lay the large knife which, a few minutes before, had hung suspended over the head of the man he wished to kill. He picked it up, gazed at its keen edge. What a joy to have drawn it across the throat of this traitor—this liar—this unspeakable scoundrel! With an oath he flung it in the drawer standing open in the cabinet. At that moment a new idea suddenly entered and took possession of his mind.

"Duped!" he muttered; "what a fool I have been! The coward will not keep this engagement." The judge began to pace up and down the room with irregular steps, stopping at intervals to grind his heels upon the carpet. "And I listened and accepted his promises without question. Could I have been mad? To-morrow I will go to the place he has appointed and stand ready to make the signal. If he dared come, nothing could save him. Should he shrink back, I would hurl him down myself and watch the great wheels tear him to fragments. But he will not come, the coward! He will not come!"

Some distance away, Walter Ashley was strolling along at a pace very moderate for that of a man supposed to be escaping from death. Presently he stood still a moment and drew out his watch.

"Let me see how much of it there is left," said he. The moonlight shone full on the dial and showed the hour of two. "Ten hours remain," continued he; "why not that as well as ten years—or four times ten years, which is the most that I could hope for. Let me think—ten hours. I suppose I ought to write some letters and make arrangements generally for the finish. A man usually does not have the good luck to know that it is coming, by the way, so I ought to make the most of my opportunity and do things up in business-like style. Yes, and there are some letters and other documents that must be destroyed. If any woman chooses to regret my death, it shall be for some other reason than because she is compromised. Two hours ought to accomplish all these rites. There is a margin of eight hours. What a bore!"

He restored the watch to his pocket and continued his strolling pace. Here was a street-car line and a car in sight. He waited and climbed on board, and then laughed to think that he had taken pains to save time in this way.

"I might as well have walked," said he; "I would have been back into the city soon enough."

But he remained on the car. After a while he looked out and saw lights in a large building which they were passing.

"So they are still awake at Cerubini's," said he; "of course; he keeps open all night. Now, it would kill time if I should go up and have some oysters and Chablis."

He sprang off the car and went into the café. A tired-looking waiter showed him to a private room and took his order. The wine was brought at once, and, after inspecting the label, Ashley began to fill his glass. In the midst of the operation a thought struck him, and for an instant he lowered the bottle. Then he continued the pouring.

"No," he said, "that need not enter into the calculation. Stratton never was known to abandon a purpose."

The oysters were brought and were devoured very slowly. "They were unusually good," said Ashley to the waiter, as he rose from the table. He drew from his pocket a handful of silver and dropped it into the crumpled napkin.

"That party doesn't look drunk," said the waiter, reflectively, a moment later; "but, of course, he must be."

It was but a short distance to Ashley's lodgings, and he walked, instead of waiting for a car. "Here I am saving time again," he said, with a smile, as he reached the building. He lighted the gas in his room and then applied the same match to a coal fire which was laid in the grate. "I need your assistance," he said to the flames. He glanced at the clock upon the mantel. "Two out of the ten gone, and now for two or three more." He unlocked his desk and began work among the papers.

There was more to do than he had supposed. Long after daybreak a servant knocked at the door and asked when he would have his coffee sent in.

"You may bring it about ten o'clock," said he. Then he tore up the last remnants of the letters which he had selected and threw them in the flames. He directed two sealed envelopes, stamped them, and laid them upon the table. The desk was locked, but the key he drew out of the ring and laid it upon the table. The hour-hand of the clock pointed to eight.

"There are still four of them left," said he; "I can escape a couple by sleeping." He poured out a small glass of brandy and drank it off. Then he held up the bottle for a moment and looked at it. "That is the best that those people ever sent me. I will make sure that I have the same next time. . . . Ha! What a joke I have played myself. For an instant I had forgotten. Well, now I will forget for two hours."

He stretched himself upon the lounge in the warm rays of the fire and was almost immediately asleep.

At the same time Judge Horace Stratton was sitting at the breakfast table with his wife. The conversation lagged a good deal for some reason. He had explained the missing of the train and his return to the house after midnight. She had betrayed herself on meeting him, but he had affected not to notice it, and in a moment she recovered.

"I am afraid you did not get to bed early enough," she said; "you look as though you had missed sleep."

"I became interested in a case which I was studying at the office," he answered; "I did not retire until two o'clock." He did not add that he had not slept at all.

After breakfast, as the judge was preparing to leave the house, his wife came to him in the hall. "I expect to be down town shopping this morning," said she, "and if you will be at your office at noon, I will come up and we can drive out home together."

Judge Stratton slowly drew on his glove while he looked into his wife's face.

"I have an important engagement just at noon," said he; "I shall not be at the office." Then he drew on the other glove and with a cold "Good-bye," he left the house.

The last hour before noon passed rather slowly for Mr. Walter Ashley. He had left his lodgings and set out for a walk in the direction of the appointed place. "I will happen upon some one to talk with and thus spend the time," said he. But no one fell in his way. Not an incident occurred of any kind to distract his thoughts. He walked up one side of the street and down the other until he began to feel physical fatigue. "Really," said he, "this is a more tiresome affair than I supposed it would be. What makes this one hour so much longer than any of the thousands of its fellows that have gone before?" For the twentieth time he glanced at his watch. It still lacked the quarter. Slowly he turned his steps toward the great engine-house. It would be pleasanter to spend the time there watching the machinery than on the streets jostled by the hurrying crowd. It was all a wretched bore. Why had he gone to the trouble of planning it?

There were no visitors at the power-house. Both the upper and the lower platforms were empty. After standing a few minutes above and viewing critically each portion of the machinery, Ashley descended to the small, iron gallery just above the main shaft. Only a few feet away whirled the great fly-wheel, a splendidly poised mass of wood and iron. Its huge spokes, scarcely to be distinguished from the air through which they tore, sank with each revolution into a narrow cut through the solid masonry which supported the shaft. Ashley eyed the spot where the spokes disappeared. "Anything falling there," thought he, "would be wrenched to fragments in a second and then thrown out on the other side." He leaned far over the rail. "It will be a natural fall. If this little place had been constructed for the express use of suicide, it could not have been better adapted to the purpose."

He looked at his watch again and then at the platform above. "The preliminaries are all arranged," said he; "there is nothing now but to wait. There are seven minutes yet. He will not be here before the time; for he is wont to keep all his engagements to the exact minute." He turned to the rail and gazed long and steadily at the wheel. What was the mysterious fascination in its movement that held his attention like a vise? Presently, he ceased to think. He seemed to have become a part of the great machine. The minutes passed, but he no longer gave them notice. He had almost forgotten the purpose which had brought him to the spot.

There was a step upon the platform above, and, suddenly aroused from his stupor, Ashley turned and looked. It was the judge.

"At last," said the man below. He folded his arms and stood watching the man above. "What a face of stone," he said, "harder than the masonry below there. Well, why does he not make the signal? I am ready. Ha! He lifts his arm and turns his hand. What! Upward? Not the sign of death, but of life!"

The man above remained for a moment, his arm outstretched and the hand turned with the thumb pointing upward. Then he drew back from the rail and left the platform.

When he was out of sight, Ashley said: "Thank you—for nothing, Judge Stratton." He then resumed his former position, staring down into the wheel.

Presently it came to pass that his body, crushed, bleeding, and senseless, was flung out upon the floor.

Los Angeles, October, 1889. Philip Firmin.

A novelty in life insurance is "The Total Abstinence Life Association of America," insuring total abstainers only. Though less than two years old, they have over four thousand members. They say: "Our total abstinence requirement assures us a low death-rate, with proper care in selection of risks. We greatly prefer total abstainers for medical examiners."

SPANISH-AMERICAN TRADE.

Disagreeable Truths about the San Francisco Business Community.

While waiting in Corinto for the mail-steamer, I had an interesting conversation with the German consular-agent, in the course of which I learned that the entire German consular-service in Central and South America has received instructions from Berlin to do their utmost to assist in making a success of Germany's Floating Exhibition. Your readers have, of course, all heard of this enterprise, but I doubt if they realize that it is going to be an exceedingly strong rivet in the chain with which Germany is binding Central and South American commerce to herself. In all the commercial centres of Spanish-America, one finds the leading business houses to be German. Throughout the West Coast, from Guaymas to Panama, there is no American house of any capital or importance. What little trade California does in these countries generally passes through German hands. At the moment, I can recall nothing but German names among the leading houses of this coast. Look at the list:

Panama—Fürth & Campbell, Koephke & Co., and Henry Ehrmann.

Costa Rica—Juan Knöhr, O. von Schroeder & Co., W. Steinfurth & Co., and Luis Ellinger & Co.

Nicaragua—Alberto Peter & Co., and Blume & Poten.

Honduras—Theodor Kohncke and José Roessner.

Guatemala—Prinz & Mugden and Hockmeyer & Co.

Manzanilla—Seuthe & Co.

Mazatlan—Bartning Successors, Melchers Successors, Heymano Successors, and Friedrich Koerdell.

This latter is, however, considerably interested in the North Carolina trade. Now, remember that these are all the leading concerns in each of the places mentioned; they are all provided with ample capital and import the bulk of their goods in their own chartered ships, their trade with the United States being limited solely to a few articles which can not be produced so cheaply in Germany. The floating exhibition, to which I have referred, is expected to leave Hamburg in June, 1890, for a two years' cruise. The company fitting it out is composed of some of the leading manufacturers of Germany, who have subscribed about five million marks. It will be a large steamship, five hundred and sixty feet long, sixty-eight feet beam, and forty-four feet depth of hold, built especially for this purpose, and named *Kaiser Wilhelm II.* She will have four independent engines and four propellers, will be elaborately fitted up with electric-lights, etc., and arranged with show-rooms having every facility for the display of German manufactures. The goods will be shown under the most favorable circumstances and by those who are conversant with their merits and competent to enlarge upon them. The presence in any port of such an exhibition is sure to attract buyers from quite a distance, and it is reasonable to assume that the result will prove financially satisfactory. In many of these countries there are native merchants with limited capital but good local credit, who need four or five thousand dollars' worth of supplies at a time. This amount will not justify the expense of going or sending abroad to purchase, but if the goods were brought to the port, many of these people would be buyers.

Spain has already taken alarm at the German invasion of Spanish-America, and the steamship *Conde de Vilano* has left that country for South America, having on board a representative collection of specimens of Spanish industrial productions.

It behooves the merchants of the United States, and more particularly those of California—to whom the West Coast trade naturally belongs—to take some action and display a little enterprise abroad, instead of trying to cut each other's throats at home.

In the course of many conversations held with merchants in Central America, I have heard much complaint in regard to the merchants of San Francisco—in many cases, they are accused of short weights and adulteration—and I have been given names and dates of transactions in sufficient detail to be convincing. Another complaint is the extreme negligence in packing, and that no improvement is ever made after notice. Still another complaint is the almost universal refusal of Californians to change their mode of packing as regards size, shape, and weight of the packages, which, in many cases, can not be loaded on mules—as frequently must be done here—to advantage, thus entailing a repacking, with its added expense and annoyance. European houses notice these things and pack their goods to suit the market.

Something more must be given as a reason why San Francisco is losing trade down here—but this concerns larger transactions, and is a direct accusation of immorality. Mind you I do not mean to suggest that a merchant must be moral—the ideas of trade and morality are utterly incompatible; but still there is a limit and you should not "crowd the limit." Now I can best illustrate what I am driving at by detailing an actual occurrence of which I had cognizance, merely suppressing names and dates. Less than five years ago, in a certain port of Spanish-America, the merchants, including natives and foreigners, formed a company to supply a public necessity. The money, amounting to nearly half a million dollars, was subscribed, and all the preliminary work finished. Then it was necessary to purchase a lot of manufactured material, amounting in value to some ninety thousand dollars, as calculated from approximate estimates made in San Francisco the previous year, when the value of the crude material was a little higher in value than at the time in question. The president of the company, in order to obtain as favorable terms as possible, wrote to a house in San Francisco to obtain prices for the unit of the manufactured article. He was astounded on receiving by return mail inclosed bids from four extremely responsible concerns, all very nearly the same, but all at least *ninety per cent.* higher than the approximate estimates had been when the *material* was currently quoted higher. To make a long story short, a "ring" had been formed by the "house" written to confidentially, and it was arranged that one of the four bidders should take the contract and compensate the other members of the "ring." Circumstances, which need not be detailed here, exposed the whole business and broke up the ring, and then the house which had made a bid amounting to one hundred and fifty thousand dollars offered to furnish the manufactured material for eighty thousand dollars, thus showing that seventy thousand dollars had been stuck on by the ring. What was the result? The president called the company together and said: "Gentlemen, you have heard the story, San Francisco asked one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for what she thought she would have no competition in. We have bids for the same material from England for about seventy-five thousand dollars. It will take a year longer to complete our works if we get the material from England, and, taking the loss of business into account, that will bring the English price above the San Francisco price, but for my part, and I am, as you know, one of the largest stockholders, I would rather wait five years than trust ourselves in the hands of the San Franciscans again." And the company unanimously agreed with him and sent the order for all the material to England.

Another instance remains in my memory, told to me by the president of a wealthy silver mining company. The company ordered through a commission-house in San Francisco, which had their entire confidence, a hill of machinery amounting to about twenty thousand dollars. The commission-merchant sent his bill for the twenty thousand dollars, with his customary commission of two and one-half per cent., but his clerk, by some mistake, had inclosed the wrong voucher from the foundry, which disclosed the fact that the commission-merchant was receiving a commission from the other side of fifteen per cent. The foundry received seventeen thousand dollars, but made a duplicate bill for twenty thousand dollars to protect the merchant. Of course explanations were futile, and a change was made; but, as the aforesaid president said to me, "Who knows but what we have just jumped from the frying-pan into the fire?"

Now, is not this sort of thing rather "crowding the limit"? These cases are common.

There is much in the preceding remarks for the San Francisco mercantile community to chew on. That "honesty is the best *policy*" is a sentiment devoid of morality can not be denied, but it is a good enough one for a trader, if be will only live up to it. D. E. M.

Corinto, Nicaragua, October 4, 1889.

MAGAZINE VERSE.

The Peony.

A sturdy maid—
  Plump hands upon her hips,
White throat flung back,
  And laughing scarlet lips—
Full bodice laced
  With kerchief well tucked in—
Smile for each lad,
  A kiss, perhaps, no sin!
Plain speech or rough,
  No empty flattery—
But wholesome heart—
  That is the Peony!

—*Margaret Deland in November Century.*

An Aspiration.

When we have cut each other's throats
  And robbed each other's land,
And turned, and changed, and lost our coats,
  Till Progress is at stand;
When every "programme's" been gone through
This good old world will wake anew!

When Science, Art, and Learning cease,
  As Wealth and Commerce die—
The children they of Wealth and Peace,
  With Peace and Wealth they fly—
Then Ghosts will walk, and in their train
Bring Old Religion back again.

When Hunger, War, and Pestilence
  Have run their ancient round;
When Law has long been banished hence;
  When Hate has cleared the ground;
When men grown few as once they were:
Breathe uncontaminated air—

Till then I fain would sleep, and then
  Be born in other days,
A Hermit in some happy glen
  Where some clear river strays:
Nursed in some Faith—I know not, I—
Wherein a man might live and die.

Ah, early would I rise to pray,
  And early would I steal
From chapel, in the dawning gray,
  To earn the Friday's meal—
A Monk who never dreamed of doubt,
I'd catch uneducated trout!

A Priest where woman might not come,
  Nor any household care,
A land where Newspapers were dumb
  From scandal and from scare—
That Priest I'd be, that land I'd see,
Would Fortune work my wish for me! * * * *

—*Andrew Lang in November Scribner's.*

Mortis Dignitas.

Here lies a common man. His horny hands,
Crossed meekly as a maid's upon his breast,
Show marks of toil, and by his general dress
You judge him to have been an artisan.
Doubtless, could all his life be written out,
The story would not thrill nor start a tear;
He worked, laughed, loved, and suffered in his time,
And now rests peacefully, with upturned face
Whose look belies all struggle in the past.
A homely tale: yet, trust me, I have seen
The greatest of the earth go stately by,
While shouting multitudes beset the way,
With less of awe. The gap between a king
And me, a nameless gazer in the crowd,
Seemed not so wide as that which stretches now
Betwixt us two, this dead one and myself,
Untitled, dumb, and deedless, yet he is
Transfigured by a touch from out the skies
Until he wears, with all-unconscious grace,
The strange and sudden Dignity of Death.

—*Richard E. Burton in November Scribner's.*

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

The death of Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" always finds the audience in tiers.—*Time.*

Leading-man (to call-boy)—"Where is that bottle of beer I sent you for?" *Call-boy*—"In the supe."—*Puck.*

Professor Rodder—"Can you tell me anything about the Bahamas?" *Smart boy*—"Yes, sir. The Atlantic."—*Life.*

Jack Toosoon—"I'd like you to be my wife, Ethel. Is it a go?" *Ethel Unreddy*—"Well, it's a half go. You go."—*Puck.*

"The Prince of Wales is a very brave man. He is said to be afraid of but one thing." "What's that?" "That he'll die before his mother."—*Puck.*

"I am surprised at Charley's squandering so much money on a phonograph." "Well, I'm not. He always did like to hear himself talk."—*Puck.*

Fangle—"I understand that your pastor has left you and accepted a call to another church." *Cumso*—"Yes, we gave him his release last week."—*Time.*

Mr. Gotham (to his cousin from Boston)—"Will you take a milk-shake, Penelope?" *Penelope*—"Thank you, Bleeker, I think I will assimilate a lacteal vibration."—*Time.*

Gazzam—"I saw the ghost of a cow last night." *Simeral*—"Oh, noosense. Cows have nothing of the kind." "Yes, they have. I've often heard of animal spirits."—*Time.*

Cobwigger—"When your wife found those pool-tickets in your pocket, did she say anything before she threw them in the fire?" *Brown*—"Yes. She asked if any of them were winners."—*Life.*

"Are you an electrician, sir?" "I am." "How strong a current would be required to destroy human life?" "I said I was an electrician, sir; not a hobby-rider. How large is a house?"—*Puck.*

Fond mother (with ugly child)—"Well, Dr. Baxter, what do you think of that for a baby?" *The Rev. Baxter* (who has his own ideas of beauty, but is conscientious)—"Well, that *is* a baby."—*Life.*

"Where do the pins all go?" asks a contemporary. Well, some go into clothes, some go on the street, some go into paper, and many of them occupy chairs in our schools and colleges.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Miss Ethel—"Poor Clara! I'm so sorry for her. You knew that she had lost her sister, didn't you?" *Young Fitzherbert* (absently)—"No; I hadn't heard about it. Where did she lose her?"—*Judge.*

Boston girl—"What terrible scenes Doré has pictured for Dante's 'Inferno'!" *Smythe* (a traveling-man)—"Yes, indeed; but you ought to be in Troy some day when they are holding a labor-picnic."—*Judge.*

Willie (who has eaten his apple)—"Mabel, let's play Adam and Eve. You be Eve and I'll be Adam." *Mabel*—"All right! Well?" *Willie*—"Now you tempt me to eat your apple and I'll succumb."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

"What are you doing now, Gus?" said one young man-about-town to another. "Oh, I write for a living." "On the daily press?" "No; I write to father about twice a month for a remittance."—*Merchant Traveler.*

"Madam, can't you give me something to eat? I haven't had mouthful for two days." Certainly, you poor creature. Take this piece of chewing-gum. If treated kindly, it will last you four days."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Lord Charles Mudford—"I—er—want—er—to marry your—er—daughter." *The pater*—"Er—yes—but which one?" *His lordship*—"'Pon honor, no preference, don't-cher-know! They'll inherit equally, I suppose?"—*Life.*

Scene: A country residence. Two burglars discovered at work: "Wot'll I do with this burglar-alarm, Bill—take it along?" asks burglar number one. *Second burglar*—"Yes; slip it in the bag; we can get something for it."—*Exchange.*

Hostess (to guest)—"Mrs. Beacon, I want to introduce you to Mrs. Day, a new arrival in Boston, and a charming woman. She is just coming up from supper." *Mrs. B.*—"Oh, don't, I beg of you! She is my next door neighbor."—*Life.*

Conjugal scene between M. and Mme. de Bondamaousse: "Why," said the husband, "do you put the hair of another woman on your head?" "Why," retorted his better half, "do you wear the skin of another calf on your hands?"—*Le Voltaire.*

Jack—"Are you going to invite Lou Easer to your wedding?" *Miss Canton*—"Why, Jack, I'm angry with her. We haven't spoken for over a year." *Jack*—"Then you wouldn't care for her presence?" *Miss Canton* (musingly)—"Well, I might invite her. I should like her presents well enough."—*Time.*

Tommy—"Doesn't it say in the Bible that 'a soft answer turneth away wrath,' mamma?" *Mamma*—"Yes, dear." "I don't believe it, anyhow." "Why, dear?" "I shouted at Billy Buckeye to-day and he answered me with a soft tomato, and I've been mad clear through ever since."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

"What induced a married woman of your standing," said the newspaper reporter, "to leave such a charming family and elope?" "Because," sobbed the wretched creature, "I had never had a compliment in my life, and I knew if I did something atrocious all the papers would say that I was handsome and attractive."—*Judge.*

Mrs. Brown—"When you send the vegetables home, I wish you wouldn't always put the big ones on top." *Grocer*—"I—er—I——" *Mrs. Brown*—"Oh, I don't blame you in the least. I just spoke of it because the janitor of our flat always scrapes off the top of the basket for his own use before he sends up the elevator."—*Life.*

Dentist (to patient)—"This laughing-gas doesn't seem to have much effect on you, sir?" *Patient*—"No. I'm a professional humorist." And the old clock on the wall which had been in the dentist's family for eighty years, with never a stop, held its hands before its face as a dull thud announced that a cord had broken and a ten-pound weight had dropped.—*Time.*

Colonel Kyarter (of Kentucky)—"There, sah; have a drink of that whisky. It's nine years old, sah." *Mr. Monocle* (of Boston)—"Ah, well, I don't know much about whisky, Colonel Kyarter. Do you call it good at nine years old?" *Colonel Kyarter*—"Well, sah, I don't know what you think about it up in Boston, but in Kentucky we think nine-year-old whisky is too good to keep."—*Puck.*

Jones had been entertaining a few friends at dinner. Ordering coffee to be served in the library, he led the way to that apartment. Taking down a sword that was hanging on the wall and brandishing it with much affectation of martial ardor, he said: "Never, gentlemen, shall I forget the day when I drew this trusty blade for the first time." "And where was that?" asked a curious guest. "Why, in a raffle."—*Judge.*

Mr. Biznis—"Whew! but I'm tired out!" *Mrs. Biznis*—"What is the matter?" *Mr. Biznis*—"The second book-keeper asked me for a half-day off to attend his aunt's funeral, and like a smart Aleck, I said I would go with him." *Mrs. Biznis*—"Was it a very good game? What was the score?" *Mr. Biznis*—"That's just where I got fooled myself. He was really going to his aunt's funeral."—*Terre Haute Express.*

He (during the ballet)—"Yes, I think men are more considerate than women." *She*—"What makes you think so?" *He*—"Well, you see that young lady in front of us? She wears a high-crowned hat, and the man behind her can't see over it." *She*—"Well?" *He*—"Now see the man in front of her who is so earnestly watching the pretty girl in tights?" *She*—"Yes." *He*—"He is so considerate of those behind him that he does not even wear his hair, let alone his hat."—*Boston Budget.*

VANITY FAIR.

A London paper says: "During their trip to the United States, Lord Amberley and his wife traveled as 'Mr. and Mrs. Amberley,' but, of course, the title-loving Yankees were not to be cheated out of their lord in that way, and, indeed, punished the noble travelers for their modesty by increasing their real dignity. 'We started simply as Mr. and Mrs. Amberley,' his lordship said; 'the idea was, perhaps, a silly one, but it saved my wife; but, of course, the title was discovered at once, and then things went from bad to worse. From a viscount I sprang up into an earl, then a Western paper made me a marquis, and a friend from Boston told me that if we didn't hurry back to England soon we should be honored with a dukedom.' In those days, of course, our transatlantic cousins were not so well posted as regards our nobility as they are now (I am told that in fashionable girls' schools in America the 'Peerage' and 'Baronetage' are text-books very carefully studied, and as necessary to the completion of a fashionable young lady's education as French or the piano-forte), and in the opinion of the Yankees of those days, we 'Britishers' were divided into two classes only—noblemen and snobs. Lady Amberley was full of fun and used to tell some very interesting stories about this American trip. At some place or other, they were invited to a grand banquet, given in their honor by a gentleman and lady possessing more almighty dollars than knowledge of the ways of society. These worthy individuals fondly imagined that (having doubtless heard of the roast beef of Old England, and read, perhaps, some of Ainsworth's novels, in which it tells strange stories of boars' heads, foaming flagons, and the like), as our 'hupper suckles,' when in Belgravia and Mayfair, lived upon joints and plum-puddings, a very solid and strictly British repast would be a graceful and delicate compliment to pay their noble guests. So, to the horror first and then to the amusement of Amberley and his wife, they found themselves at this banquet confronted by enormous joints, stacks of boiled vegetables, venison pasties, flagons of 'nut-brown ale'—in fact, all the culinary enormities which are supposed to be so dear to the heart of John Bull. Of course, at the end of the repast, the inevitable plum-pudding made its appearance, but with it was brought an immense roly-poly pudding! This was too much for poor Lady Amberley's gravity, and she exclaimed, turning to her husband, 'Why, that's what we used to call "stick-jaw" at school!' The horror of the host and hostess and the other guests, who had so 'my-lordiog' and 'my-ladying' them all the evening, can be well imagined when a real live viscountess uttered such a terrible word as 'stick-jaw.'"

The *Ostasiatische Lloyd* says that the empress and members of the aristocracy of Japan have given up the idea of adopting the Western styles of dress for women. The Parisian models do not please the people in general, and the historic costumes are again be worn exclusively. The great "Lady-Tailoring Establishment" in Tokio, which has been under the charge of a Parisian, has closed its doors for lack of work to do. The *Lloyd* greets the failure of the pretended reform, declaring that no more complete caricature was never seen than a Japanese woman in a bonnet and dress of the boulevards.

A mortar-board may be defined as a square, black, flat, overshadowing hat worn by university men to distinguish them from mere citizens. It may also be defined as an affectation, as an anachronism, or as an absurdity, or as a folly. The university gown worn by students in England may be respected as a survival, a relic of clerical antiquity, a bit of uoiversal mediævalism preserved out of a love for antique bric-à-brac. But the mortar-board worn once in England as a distinctive university mark, and by what the old Puritans used to call the "Quatre-cornered Clergy," introduced into American universities, and worn by its boys or even girls, is but the affectation of an affectation, the assumption of an absurdity, which can never be naturalized within our simple institutions. It is reported that a clique at Johns Hopkins University are trying to bolster each others' courage up enough to don this mainsm in the streets of Baltimore. We do not wonder (says the *Independent*) that the other students have hooted at them and pelted them with jibes. If there be anything characteristic of the American gentlemao, or of the true English gentleman, it is his desire not to obtrude himself upon the notice of other people. He does not talk loud, he does not dress to. It is his desire that if he be noticed he shall be noticed for what he is and not for any display he makes. Now, the only purpose of this flat-head decoration is to attract attention; to have it observed and noticed as one passes by that he does not belong to the common civilian herd, but to a different and special class of people; that he, forsooth, is a university man! But what is a university man more than any other man? He is not yet even a scholar. He is hoping to become a scholar. He is a scholar in making, a scholar in the dough, a cake half-baked. President Gilman has too much sense to go about the streets of Baltimore making a guy of himself. Professor Gildersleeve would not assume distinction by his dress, so as to elevate himself above any merchant or banker who walks the streets. Give us more room in the upper story and less trash.

It is announced (says the New York *World*) that a number of New York gentlewomen intend to establish in that city a club of women, which shall be "like a man's club." There is a lot of definiteness in this idea which forebodes disaster, unless the gentlewomen concerned have much clearer notions of what they intend than their expression suggests. There are many different kinds of men's clubs, and each, if successful, is so because of some particular bond of sympathy and unity among its members, embodied in the fundamental constitution of the club itself. Some clubs have for their central idea mere luxury of living and the careful exclusion of every body who is not financially able to eat terrapin and canvas-back ducks, and to drink champagne for dinner every day. This kind of thing can not be what the ladies contemplate, as they have fixed upon ten dollars as the annual dues. Some clubs are instituted to enable highly respectable men of substance to do their part in corrupting the politics of the city and country without soiling their hands by actual contact with the dirty work. Some clubs exist to enable their members to advertise the fact that they are college graduates, some to provide members with facilities for getting drunk comfortably and having nothing said about it. Some are intended to draw together men of kindred pursuits, some to propagate ideas and promote causes, some to advertise the fact that all their members know who their grandfathers were, and are rather glad to mention the old gentlemen's names, and some for other purposes as various as it is possible to imagine. But apart from all these things there are certain conditions which the experience of men has shown to be essential to the successful maintenance of a man's club. First, there must be a thoroughly capable *chef*. People are much more captiously particular about their food in a club than anywhere else, and a badly prepared omelet has destroyed many an organization of the kind. Secondly, there must be a skillful compounder of mixed drinks.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Fife has common-sense ideas on the subject of linen collars and cuffs. The collars are all attached to habit-shirts, reaching to the waist, with tapes run in the hems, so that the arms pass through the apertures and keep them down firmly. Loops of tape about the collar itself are intended for the neck-tie to be slipped through, thus preventing any risk of its getting displaced. The linen cuffs are shallow and intended to be sewn inside the sleeve, the most comfortable of all ways of wearing them. No fear, thus, of a vacuum between sleeve and cuff, or that the latter should slip down too much over the band. Christine Nilsson, who is very particular about her linen, has regular shirts made with both collars and cuffs fastened on. They only differ from a man's shirt in the length of the tails and that they are cut in to the figure.

Scene—a shop. Thomson wants, let us say, a red tie. "Red tie, sir?" says the shopman, with a smile of polite contempt; "I can *get* you one, sir, if you particularly wish it, but red is never worn now, sir. Green is the fashionable color at present; indeed, we seldom sell any other color." And Thomson, caring nothing for fashion, knowing the shopman to be a fraud and a lie, but feeling none the less ashamed of himself for having asked for a red tie, forthwith buys a green one. Now, woman in her hours of shopping may be uncertain, coy, and hard to please, but she will have what she likes, or nothing at all. It may be, on the other hand, that a man never enters a shop without a fixed idea of what he wants, but in all humility it must be admitted that in nine cases out of ten he does not get it.

A writer in a London society weekly says: "It is amusing to note how, as the wheel of time revolves, the sons and daughters of the heroes and heroines of the *causes célèbres* of years ago grow up and meet us in the same drawing-rooms where we were wont to meet their parents—the same theatres wherein the sad tragedies which wrecked their parents' lives were acted in the bygone days. Here is the daughter of Claud Scott engaged to be married to Lord Russell; and Miss Mordaunt was one of the most sought-after girls last season. What has become of Lady Mordaunt? And what has become of Lady Mary Craven, who used to be so lovely? And where is Lord Desart's first wife, who ran away with Sugden, the actor? I always pitied poor Lady Mordaunt; but, then, I knew more about the real facts of the case than most people knew. Speaking of these 'belles dames du temps jadis,' as François Villon calls them, I must not forget to chronicle that I met the Comtesse de Castiglione the other day in Paris, in the Rue de la Paix, and was never so shocked in my life. Virginia Oldoini, when she was seventeen, was the most beautiful girl the eye of man ever lighted on, and when she came to Paris as the wife of the Comte de Castiglione, she literally took the Court of the Tuileries by storm, her famous dress as 'Salammbô' (or, rather, undress, for the principal covering consisted of her ear-rings!) causing a most terrible scandal. When at length, to use the words of Jeremy Taylor, her beauty and success 'fell into the portion of weeds and outworn faces,' Dr. Evans, the well-known American dentist, was kind to her, and such is the irony of fate that when on that terrible day the Empress Eugénie, aided by Di Nigra and Richard Metternich, fled from the Tuileries and went to Evans's house at Passy to seek that succor and assistance which be at once afforded her, Virginia de Castiglione was under the Yankee dentist's roof! A man like Evans, who has been the confidant of many illustrious people, should give *his* memoirs to the world. Félix, the valet of Napoleon the Third, who now lives very comfortably at Vichy, and whose son, Escalier, is a well-known and popular architect in Paris (the last-named fought a duel because some one called him 'Escalier de service!'), has nothing of any importance to chronicle; but the wealthy American dentist could a tale unfold concerning Paris, Petersburg, and London that would jump over its editions."

An express-wagon backed up to a building just below Delmonico's, on Broad Street, a few days since, and the driver and assistant began to tumble out four huge trunks on to the walk. The trunks blocked the way until they were hustled into the doorway of the building, and pretty soon they were on their way to the top floor. There were a dozen Wall Street brokers' offices in that building, and the sight of so many trunks caused comment. They were all like the trunks of the belles of New York which one sees lugged into the fashionable summer hotels and cottages at the seaside and in the mountains. After a little inquiry, it was ascertained that the four Saratogas held the wardrobe and finery of the daughter of the janitor of the building at whose door they were dumped. The young woman had simply returned from her usual three months' tour among the charming spots of America.

The following peculiar paragraph is from the New York *Sun*: "It seems to be a fact that the really fashionable men of New York do not assume evening-dress every night. When they go to the opera they put on the unconventional toggery of the street, and, as a rule, it is the cheap swells and the men who pose who are to be seen in claw-hammer coats regularly after six o'clock. The first-night performance of a fashionable nature will see thirty or forty society and club-men of unquestionable social position dressed in ordinary street clothes, while a lot of nobodies sit solemnly in the orchestra-chairs wearing evening-dress and deceiving no one but themselves."

This season's ball-slippers, to be quite correct, must accurately match gloves, and it is considered very good form to have both match the gown. Gray suède, in delicate shades, with square silver buckle, are among the newest novelties, and also a seamless tie, in red goat. The cross-bar, suède Oxford tie is extremely *chic*. For walking, the high-laced shoe of English cut is very much worn. It certainly supports the ankle much better than a buttoned gaiter. This is the preliminary season for wearing new cloth gaiters with half-worn Oxford ties, an economical plan which has the advantage of being very "smart," as our English cousins say. These gaiters come in black, navy-blue, and every shade of tan. The tan are most popular. The carriage-shoe, to be worn over a high-heeled evening-slipper, is a very comfortable affair. It is made of velvet, lined throughout with ermine, and has a border of black fur. Seamless foot-warmers, woven of listing and lined with wool, are a new and comfortable novelty for invalids, elderly people, or those suffering from cold feet.

Clara Belle says: "It is an accepted fact that men have better taste, so far as the dress of a woman is concerned, than have the women themselves. The man sees and appreciates the *tout ensemble*, while a woman is hunting for all the little adjuncts which go to make perfection in costume. A man has a keen, artistic sense of elegant materials, and never fails to appreciate the beauty of rich fur or fine lace. Generalizing, he is an aristocrat in dress. He wants to see his wife warmed by sealskin, her face enframed in sable, her bonnet of velvet, and the frills at her wrist and neck of fine lace. He abhors imitation—the satin which is cotton-backed, the velvet which soon has its pile crushed, the lace which is machine-made, are quickly recognized by him, and be has due scorn for the wearer thereof."

"At one moment," writes a Boston woman from the Paris Exposition, "I came across a bewildering array of corsets of the most varied styles, all curved into lines of beauty, bordered with a fluff of lace and embroidered and flossed in quaint designs. The most fashionable color for corsets at the present time seems to be vieux rose. Black, blue, pink, and carob—a dark red tint—are also favorite colors. Corsets for French military officers are small stays about ten inches wide made of drill and whalebone. They are much worn by the officers of the Zouaves, and cost eight dollars apiece."

It is becoming much more common than it was for Englishmen to make holiday trips to America. Englishmen of the prosperous middle classes are finding that it costs very little more to spend a holiday here than it does to spend one of the same length on the European continent. The New York hotels just now seem to be half full of Englishmen. One of them, dressed in the height of London fashion, who has recently arrived in New York, was talking about the way men dressed in New York city as compared with the way they dress in London. What struck him most forcibly was the comparative rarity of silk hats. "In London," he said, "a man is not considered dressed unless he wears a silk hat and frock-coat. Low black hats are only worn by shop-boys and people of that kind in London. Then I have noticed that the men who do wear silk hats here are often very seedy individuals, while those wearing the usual American bowler are generally rather dapper. I have not seen one man wearing the favorite kind of English cravat since I have been here. We have the waistcoats of our frock-coats cut very low and double-breasted, so that there is room for about a square foot of cravat. The cravats most worn are made of foulard silk of blue, black, green, brown, or red color. They have white lines running all over them in fantastic patterns. They are always tied into cravats by the wearer, and are sometimes fastened together by a gold safety-pin. Every self-respecting Englishman ties his own cravat. Sometimes they are made of black satin, with keys and jugs worked on them in white silk. By the way, Americans have no conception of an artistic frock-coat. We have them made now very long, very full in the skirts, tight in the waist, and well padded in the chest. Only a large man can wear one of these garments with grace, and then it makes him look majestic and tremendous. Englishmen of the well-dressed classes are probably the finest men, physically, in the world. Very young men wear these frock-coats in London. Here, I imagine, they would be stared out of countenance if they walked along the streets in them. Here is another thing: Americans are very fond of wearing light-colored overcoats of ribbed material. These would be considered hideous by Englishmen. I must say that, so far as I have been able to judge, American tailors make clothes very well and make them fit, too. But they do not improve a man's figure as a good English tailor knows how to. I fancy that your anglomaniacs, in trying to follow English fashions, have mixed Englishmen and English actors of the second-rate, a class which is about New York a good deal. These actors are very fond of wearing colored check-suits, round hats, and light, short overcoats, but they can not be regarded as models of English fashion."

THE AMERICAN ABROAD.

His Wife sets English Fashions and he acquires an Accent.

Although "town is empty"—to use the common remark expressive of the absence of fashionable people from the West End region—London is full of Americans on their way home. The hotels are fairly alive with them, and every Cunard, White Star, and Inman steamer, sailing from Liverpool, and North German Lloyds from Southampton, is crowded, as a yachting friend of mine, who affects the nautical in speech as well as in dress, says, "from truck to keelson." It is not near so easy to tell Americans abroad as it used to be. Constant visits to and travel in Europe have obliterated many of the old familiar ear-marks, and the "spotting of a Yankee" has become a task only within the ability of a studied expert. The returned European tourists, whom "Mark Twain" so cleverly described some years ago, are quite creatures of a past age. It is nothing to brag of, having been in Europe nowadays; and whether people have grown more unobtrusively self-asserting than they used to be, the Americans one ordinarily encounters in trains and in hotels might be English for all that appears to the contrary. In short, the American abroad as he "used to was" is as extinct as the mammoth or the dodo.

It is curious that while in so many other directions England is nothing loth to imitate America—in newspapers, illustrated magazines, restaurants, hotels, buggies, railway-engines, theatres, yachts, agricultural implements, steam-laundries, and dozens of other things which at this moment I can not call to mind—her people will not imitate Americans, or, indeed, the citizens of any other nation under the sun. All Englishmen are conservative in this. In the midst of this personal individual conservatism among men, it is worth noticing that there is a growing disposition on the part of English women to dress better than of yore; and in doing so they unconsciously are taking hints from American women, who, even the most prejudiced among them, can not refuse to admit are the best-dressed women in the world. Ever since London society has been graced by the presence in it every season of so many American ladies of prominence and wealth, the proverbial dowdiness in English women's dress has been disappearing.

Speaking of the Countess of Airlie, an Englisb lady of position said, the other day: "She dresses so well—just like an American woman."

"American ladies do know how to dress. There can be no doubt about tbat."

"Americans—ladies, I mean—always dress so beautifully." Such expressions are very common. Of course, no one mentions American men. There is no distinctly beautiful style about their dress different from any one else. *They* dress like Englishmen, and that is all there is about it. Tbe Countess of Airlie, who is thus said to dress so like an American lady, was, by-the-bye, a daughter of the Earl of Arran, the rather aged nobleman who some time ago was reported to be on the eve of marriage with Mrs. Hicks-Lord, but who has since consoled himself for the loss of the hand of that accomplished and fair American lady by marrying the Hon. Mrs. Stopford, tbe widow of one of Lord Courtown's sons and a lady-in-waiting of Princess Helena, who married Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein.

Any one who has noticed English women's dress during the last quarter of a century can not fail to observe the alteration wbich has taken place. Why, you can see it in *Punch*. Compare the women of John Leech with those of Du Maurier. Where else can tbe change have come from, but America? It can not be from France. Paris fashions were as well known twenty-five years ago as now and were as much followed by the world at large. Why did not English women follow Paris fashions then? Oh, no; the innovation has come from America. The homage may be silent, the imitation denied, and the copying unconscious. It is nevertbeless a tribute of the "sincerest flattery" paid by English women to Americans.

But speaking of tbe returning-home Americans who at present throng London, reminds me that the otber day I was having luncheon with a friend at the Metropole. At tbe next table to ours were a party of five—an elderly gentleman and lady, one young lady, and two young men. From their talk—for they sat so near and conversed in such loud and penetrating tones tbat I could not help overhearing it, unless I stuck my fingers in my ears—it appeared that they were father and mother, daughter, and two sons, and had been having rather a mixed time of it.

"How abominably underdone this steak is," growled the old gentleman; "it's not been grilled enough. One can see that with half an eye."

He was a refined-looking old gentleman of about sixty, with short, well-kept gray whiskers and clean-sbaven chin and upper lip.

"I'm afraid, my dear, we made a great mistake in not ordering a fowl," said the old lady—if one can be so ungallant as to so call a rather stout woman, well, but simply dressed, who looked some five years younger than her husband—"if it hadn't been exactly tbe thing, we could have fallen back on the bread-sauce."

"Do you know it's a curious thing, that oddly enough Lord Charles told me he had once dined off bread-sauce and Stilton," exclaimed the young lady, a petite maiden with blue eyes, blonde hair, and perfect teeth.

"Really? Had he?" remarked the old lady.

"Fancy that!" exclaimed tbe old gentleman; "bless me, wbo would have thought it!"

"What awful rot!" shouted the elder of the young men, a youth of two or three-and-twenty, clad in a dark morning-coat, a white scarf, tied in a sailor's knot, and a high shirt-collar—such being his sole attire visible above the table-cloth; "I'll back Charley Tavistock was drawing it rather strong when he confided that to you."

"Awful skittles, isn't it?" acquiesced the other youth, a year or two younger and similarly clad, except that bis scarf had blue dots and was fastened with a small pearl-pin stuck through the knot.

"Some more?" asked the old gentleman, sticking a rimless eye-glass in his eye to look for the carving-fork, wbich had fallen under the edge of the dish.

"Thanks, awfully," said the young lady, holding out her plate.

"Perhaps you'll be good enough to wait till I find the fork," said her father.

"A jolly mess you've made on the cloth!" cried the elder youth.

The waiter put a covered disb on the table and took off the cover.

"I say! French beans!" exclaimed the girl; "fancy! And it's just October."

"They must be dreadfully old and tough," said mamma.

"No fear," said the younger youth; "they're forced."

"Isn't this beer a trifle hard?" asked papa, holding his tumbler in his hand and tasting.

"Rather," agreed the elder young man.

"What rubbish! Tbe heer's right enough," dissented tbe younger.

"Do you remember the beer they gave us at Grasscroft?" asked the elder, "and what beastly filth it was?"

"Rather."

"It was just like this" (triumphantly).

"Rubbish!"

"Right you are. It *was* rubbish."

"I mean you're talking rot."

"It was home-brewed, his grace told me," remarked the old gentleman; "it couldn't have been otherwise than fit, as he said the duchess had been ordered to drink it by Sir William Gull."

"Charming person, tbe duchess," asserted the young lady; "who was she, mamma?"

"A daughter of Lord Blennerhassett, I believe."

"Jolly old boy, the duke," declared the younger son.

"Jolly old screw, *I* sbould call him," said the elder; "fancy a man like that giving people such rotten beer to drink!"

"I forgot if I showed you Lady Beatrice's letter, manma?" inquired the daughter; "they were still at Mentone."

"Oh, were they? No, you didn't show it to me."

"By-tbe-bye, I see by the *Morning Post* that Lady Beatrice's brother is going to marry," said tbe old gentleman.

"An American, of course?"

"No, not on this occasion. It's a daughter of Lord—Lord—Lord—hum! What is the name, my dear (turning to his wife), of that charming old fellow we met at Cannes?"

"Do you mean the people who lived on board their steam-yacht?"

"Oh, dear, no. He and his daughter were staying at the Beau Site."

"Oh, yes. Lord—er—er—how tiresome! I've actually forgotten his name, too."

"Wasn't it Portcullis?" ventures the daughter.

"Quite right, it was. Thanks, awfully, for remembering it."

"I expect that's the girl Bertie's going to marry."

"I don't know, I'm sure. I daresay you're right."

"Fancy Bertie marrying a fright like that!"

"Come, now, I say! I call her deuced handsome," expostulated the elder young man.

"So do I," concurred the younger; "Bertie's confoundedly lucky, so he is."

"It's a pity one of you didn't go in for her, then," with a sniff.

"Tbanks, awfully. I hope I'm not quite such an ass," from one of the brothers.

"I'm not *quite* daft," from the other.

The old gentleman looked at his watch:

"By Jove! don't you know it's close upon three?" he exclaimed.

"Never! and I've to go to Trufitt's and have my hair cut," said the elder son.

"So have I," added tbe younger.

"Better look sharp, then. You've only five-and-forty minutes," said their father.

"And I must see if those things have come from Howell & James's, and tell Simpson to pack them. She's sure to forget them, if I don't," said the daughter, folding up her napkin.

"We shall never catch the three-thirty-five, I'm afraid."

"It won't signify. There are dozens of trains."

"Perhaps we had hetter take the four-forty-eight," suggested the old gentleman; "that will give us loads of time, I should fancy. I must tell Stevens to wire at once, then, or there will be nothing to meet us."

The family party rose from the table and left the room.

My curiosity was excited to know who they were. I beckoned to the waiter who had been waiting upon them and asked him. He did not know. I put them down for swells, and wondered how they came to be staying at the Metropole, if they were. I was bound to find out their name; and to the successful achievement of that end, I hurried with my friend to the office of the hotel.

I was just in time. The old gentleman was paying bis bill with a check upon Coutts & Co., as I knew by the color. When he had gone, I asked the man in the office who he was. Fully expecting to be told it was the Marquis of This, Duke of That, or the Earl of the Other, what was my surprise to hear the man say:

"That gentleman, sir? Oh, that's Mr. ———, of New York."

The hiatus should not be filled by the name of "Barnes," but by that of one of New York's most prominent and wealthiest bankers.

I have reluctantly arrived at the conclusion that "spotting an American" in London is fast approaching, if it has not already become, a lost art. Cockaigne.

London, October 5, 1889.

Nearly two million dollars' worth of diamonds were taken from the Kimberley mines in August.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Lord Salisbury is a tennis-player, and a good one, too. Lord Id leigh (Stafford Northcote) was a capital croquet-player. By the w croquet is regaining its former popularity in England.

Mr. Stead, of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is going to Rome to investig and write up the condition and prospects of the Papacy. He is arr with a note from Cardinal Manning, introducing him to the Pope.

The Shah of Persia acquired a peculiar passion in England. He came infatuated with cape-coats and had a large number made of colors and from various kinds of materials. He wears these garm at all times.

Mrs. H. B. Burnett, widow of General Ward B. Burnett, died Washington recently. Mrs. Burnett was a woman of fine address was always arrayed in the costliest of silks and satins. She was kn as the "Queen of the House lobby."

Mme. Nilsson is not afflicted with insanity, with incurable sore thr with an abscess of the ear, with consumption, nor even with hyste and her voice is said to be as clear, strong, and brilliant as ever. T why is she not on the stage? Because she is worth a million.

Judge Leeper once owned one hundred and sixty acres of land joining Pierre, the new capital of Dakota, and thought he had struc rich when he sold out for three thousand dollars. To-day, at the ru prices, his quarter-section is worth over two hundred and fifty thou dollars, and the judge is shoveling coal for a living.

The Sultan of Morocco reads the newspapers and subscribes to sev published in Turkey, Egypt, and Tunis. Although his traveling lingent of wives alone amounts to seventy-five, yet he is up and in saddle by four o'clock in the morning, while he shocks the nervous tem of foreign ministers by appointing seven o'clock in the morning his official reception.

Through inadvertently kissing a pretty customer, George Winc hutcher at Sydney, New South Wales, has come into a fortune. girl objected to the attention, and had Winch taken up before the m istrates, who fined him. The local newspapers improved the occasion preaching several leading articles on human depravity in general the misconduct of George Winch in particular. He woke next morn and found himself famous, and it was then discovered, owing to the p licity given to his name, that he was a missing heir.

The new Prince of Monaco is to marry the widowed Duchess Richelieu. The duchess is a born Jewess, a daughter of Michel He who was a first cousin of the poet. The Heines have done well worldly things. They are now wealthy physicians, bankers, and ne paper proprietors. One of the poet's nieces is the wife of the Austr General von Kadolitsch and a leader of fashion in Vienna; anothe the Princess de la Rocca; and now a cousin, who has already acqui a ducal coronet, will shortly become the consort of a miniature reign prince.

The New York *World* says: The rumor that the Prince of Wale suffering from Bright's disease seems to be confirmed. There is doubt that the English royal family is plunged in gloom and Victoria is worried about the succession. According to the latest ports, the prince's physicians have informed him that he has not m than two years' lease of life. His trip to Egypt will be undertaken relieve, if possible, his mind of its present despairing tone. He always had a presentiment that he would never he king of Engla and he is now convinced that his forebodings were correct.

The Duc de Montpensier, the youngest of Louis Philippe's sons not one of the most lovable of princes. His intrigues for the Spa throne—he married the sister of Queen Isabella the Second of Spai and the great trouble to which they gave rise, are now matters of tory, as is also his slaying of his cousin, Prince Henry of Bourbon, duel. The regulations of this famous duel were that each advers should advance and fire three times. Prince Henry of Orléans fi and missed; then advanced, fired, and missed; and again, a third ti advanced, fired, and missed. Then the Duc de Montpensier shot through the heart.

Mme. de Valsayre, the French woman who wants to wear trou and fight duels, is a slim, well-dressed, rather elegant-looking pers with fine golden hair fixed with a hair-pin in the shape of a dagger, a strong masculine voice. The privilege of wearing male attire been conceded in exceptional cases—in those of George Sand, R Bonheur, Mme. Dieulafoy, the celebrated Persian explorer; and, am others, to Mme. Foucault, the hearded woman; to La Jeannette Mme. Fourreau, two female stone-cutters by trade. For this privile it is said, the women have to pay every year a tax of ten or twelve lars to the government.

One of the incidents of the banquet given to the Czar by Empe William, in Berlin, last week, will undoubtedly strengthen the war sc When the Czar's health was proposed by the emperor, in German, wh the Czar speaks fluently and had been speaking through the dinner, responded briefly and drily in French, a language now tabooed at German court. That this was done intentionally there does not seem be any doubt. Its object was, of course, to show that he was still satisfied with Germany and that France was his best friend. That s little freaks of one man should have immense political importance in day seems odd enough, but immense importance they will have so lo as there are men whose individual word can put a million of soldiers motion.

General Faidherbe was one of that small number of French gene officers who, in the last war between France and Germany, won a ba and came out with fame. The gallant soldier had, in his day, bee member of a mutual autopsy society, and as such had made a contra by the mere fact of membership, that his body should be delivered his death for *post-mortem* inquiry. And, therefore, forth came M. horde and claimed the body of the dead general. This was the first t Mme. Faidherbe had ever heard of the existence of the society or of general's relation to it, and she was shocked at the awful suggestion t the body of her beloved dead should be mutilated by the anatomis She made a great deal of noise about it, and half France became volved in the debate. As the surgeon possessed all the manly and gen sentiments of his craft, he yielded the question of right to the natu sensibilities of the bereaved lady, and so the general was buried in d to the society. There is some scientific reason to regret that the autop was not made. General Faidherbe had locomotor ataxy, and had be a victim of the malady for forty years.

The public reception which was recently given to ex-Queen Natal on her arrival at Belgrade, must be regarded rather as a demonstrati against the regency than one in favor of Milan's fair consort. The p ple at large are utterly sick and disgusted with the disgraceful quarr between the ex-king and ex-queen. The inhabitants are anxious tha clean sweep should be made of the Obrenowitch dynasty, and that b Natalie, with her theatrical displays of maternal affection, and Mil with his seraglio, should be driven out. Just what will become of Boy-King Alexander no one exactly knows. Several attempts ha already been made to assassinate him, notably on one occasion wit dynamite-cartridge at the Royal Riding School. But it is most lik that kidnapping will be resorted to, and that the crime will be laid Milan's desire to get him away from his mother. An old prophecy exi in Servia, according to which the eighth anointed King of Servia is d tined to reign but for a brief period. It is for this reason that Milan wo never permit himself to be anointed. His son, however, has be anointed, and is the eighth King of Servia who has undergone the functi Meanwhile, Milan, after spending several weeks at Carlsbad, where disgusted all decent-minded people by his relations with Mme. Artemi Cristics, the wife of his former plenipotentiary at Berlin, will shortly rive in Paris, where he proposes to make a long stay. For the win months, he has hired a villa near Constantinople and in the immedia proximity of the residence of Mme. Cristics's father, who is the archite of the Sultan and immensely wealthy. It is expected that she will co tinue to live under his roof at Stamboul in the same manner as she d at Carlsbad.

VICTORIEN SARDOU.

"Parisina" writes of the Famous French Dramatist and his Plays.

The final electioneering struggle is over. Boulanger has betaken himself to Jersey—the island of the proscribed—and his star is set. Autumn has come upon us with its cool blasts, burnished foliage, chestnut-merchants, fresh fashions, and interests, bringing us back our old friends and ordinary avocations. The exposition is drawing to a close, and when a few more batches of tourists have been disposed of, Paris will be the usual every-day Paris once more. Under these circumstances, theatricals assume their ordinary importance and claim our attention again.

Sardou, Coquelin, and Sarah Bernhardt are the heroes and heroine of the hour, *versus* "le brav' général," Rochefort, and the Eiffel Tower.

Sardou—Victorien, to his intimates—may be said to have reached the climax of his career. He moves, not nations, but the world of theatres and fashion, which is, perhaps, next best, as matters count nowadays. The revival of "La Famille Benoiton" at the Odéon has shaken the whole fabric of fashion to its basis. That dreadful bogey crinoline has leaped out from the forgotten past and is dangled in our faces. Strange, that a piece written as a skit on the modes of 1865 should threaten us with a return to hideous barbarisms which the dramatist showed up to ridicule and which his satire helped to sweep away! And yet such is the case—fools that we are.

It is owing, also, to the promise of a piece from the pen of Sardou that the way was paved for Coquelin to return to the Théâtre Français. And, finally, it is first in "La Tosca" and then in "Théodora" that Sarah reappears before her well-beloved Parisian public, and is fêted and applauded as she never was fêted and applauded before. Was I not right in saying he is one of the heroes of the hour?

I doubt not but I have some hero-worshipers among my readers, and I daresay that they will be glad to hear what this particular hero is like. Well, in the first place, he wears his hair long and somewhat unkempt—a peculiarity he has in common with Lord Tennyson. He is rather under middle size, with a head large in proportion to the rest of his body; has a long, sharp nose, cadaverous complexion, and voluble tongue. When he first made his reputation, Sardou believed in spiritualism, and there were stories of spirit-whisperings in his elf-locks; we never hear anything about them now. Success and the sunny smiles of fortune have scattered the visitants from the unseen world. Those who have traveled to and fro on the St. Germain line with the author of "Uncle Sam," know that he has a rooted antipathy to draughts, and woe betide the traveling companion who attempts to pull down the glass on his side, if the other happens to be open. During rehearsals, and to protect himself against the cool currents which blow in the wings, Sardou wears a huge comforter wrapped twice round his throat, and a Trouville basket-chair is generally kept for his special benefit at such times.

Unlike most French dramatists, Sardou does not begin with putting his plot in the form of a novel or romance and adapting it afterward for the stage. He writes the play straight off, and moreover dispenses entirely with a "Co." His pieces are his own, not joint productions like the majority; I think I may safely say he never went into partnership with any one at any time. One of his special crazes is a horror of any indiscretion on the part of the manager or company with respect to a forthcoming piece. He is disgusted if he hears it alluded to in any way whatsoever outside the theatre doors, and falls into a rage each time he sees the matter discussed in a newspaper; I daresay he is not best pleased to hear the piece to be brought out at the Français described as a story of the Terror. Dress-rehearsal he only tolerates, and never permits the press to get more than an inkling of the nature of his play before the first night. The announcement of the title is generally erroneous; he only allows the right name to transpire a short time before the piece is produced. Years ago it used to be the habit to accuse Sardou of plagiarism, but the press and public have got accustomed to find him borrowing ideas here and there, and he has so many of his own, and has been so thoroughly successful in almost all his ventures that they have forgiven him this as well as other harmless manias.

If Victorien has since reaped many harvests of laurels, he did not begin by doing so by any means. The difficulties and disappointments he met with at the début of his career are proverbial, and the remembrance of them has helped to raise the spirits of many a budding dramatist of talent, and to buoy up with false hopes others less well endowed. Sardou, disheveled and hungry-eyed, was a familiar personage to theatrical managers some twenty-five or thirty years ago; and it is reported that plays which were then "declined with thanks" by directors wanting in perspicuity have since run their three or four hundred nights, which accounts in a measure for the extraordinary rapidity with which he was able to supply new works after he had once made a hit. It can be safely said of Sardou that he has never pandered to the morbid taste for immorality prevalent in Paris. Without being goody-goody, or even a moralist in the strict sense of the term, Sardou's plays are always decent and their tendency healthy. Even when his heroines are neither chaste nor virtuous, as with Fédora, La Tosca, and Théodora, their unfaithfulness and their crimes are not condoned and they always meet with their deserts. The language placed in the mouths of the *dramatis personæ* is never free or licentious, and innuendo is an item of success he does not deal in.

Short comedies of Sardou's have been played at the Français, but if I mistake not, no new piece has ever been produced there and its characters created by the company of the Comédie. Therefore, the coming drama is an event, and would excite much curiosity without the additional interest attached to the *rentrée* of such a prime favorite as Coquelin. It was originally intended for the Porte St. Martin, where the celebrated comedian was to enact the principal character, but there were breakers ahead. The director of the Théâtre Français declared himself—backed by the committee—to be determined to prevent the *ex-sociétaire* from appearing on any other stage but their own, and threatened law suits and all sorts of unpleasant things—one of them being the indefinite postponement of the settlement of Coquelin's money claims.

You must know that when a man or woman becomes a *sociétaire* of the Comédie Français, he or she ceases to be a free agent. It is almost like selling one's self to the devil. There is no getting out of the agreement. They are bound to remain in bondage a certain number of years or forfeit a large portion of the profits allowed to accumulate under their name, and can be prevented forever and a day from carrying their talent to another market. True, the Comédie is seldom altogether obdurate, and, in some cases—as with Sarah Bernhardt—it has been known to behave *en bon prince*—quite magnanimously. It promised, however, to deal severely with Coquelin. He was one of them from the beginning, he had made his name there, had not—like so many actors—been a transfuge from other houses; a militant member of the committee was not to be permitted to star it elsewhere. No, indeed. The Comédie was prepared to be unusually obstinate and ready to put spokes in Coquelin's wheel at every turn. So he, hating broils (and, perhaps, nothing loth to settle matters amicably with his old colleagues), canceled his agreement with M. Duquesnel of the Porte St. Martin, paid his fine of twenty thousand dollars, and accepted M. Jules Claretie's conditions. For you must not suppose that he was going to be taken back, reinstated in his old place, and have the fatted calf killed in his honor. No, the prodigal should creep in by the back-door. The Decree of Moscow provided against all such contingencies; the reader knows that this decree, signed by Napoleon the First during his Russian campaign, is the table of the law at the Français, and it does not allow a *sociétaire* to resign and then resume his former position. Coquelin returns to the Comédie as a simple *pensionnaire*, no higher in grade than the last transfuge from the Conservatoire (though it must be admitted with somewhat better salary), and access to the committee-room will be denied him, as well as all voice in the choice of plays and the election of *sociétaires*. Perhaps he is tired of wielding authority and does not care a rap, so long as the public applauds and the press praises him. He is not supposed to be entirely indifferent to the financial question; he will be earning as much as a *pensionnaire*—or very nearly as much—as he did as a *sociétaire*, and he will have four or five months' leave every year to go where he lists and play what he likes so long as it is not in Paris. The truth is, the foreign tour is the mess of pottage for which Coquelin sold his birthright. While he helped to manage the affairs of the house of Molière, he had no chance of getting his share of gold dollars, and he has been hankering after the flesh-pots of Egypt considerably. So you may expect to see him over among you again before very long. When Sardou's new piece has run its time, we shall hear that Coquelin has made arrangements with an *impresario* to give another series of representations in the States.

They have all reaped their golden harvest—Sarah, Hading, Judic—why not Coquelin? It is whispered that some of the other *sociétaires* are not well pleased at the turn things have taken, and, having wept crocodile's tears over the departure of their comrade, are not by any means wreathed in smiles at the idea of his return. One or two have even gone so far as to insinuate that the director has overstepped his mandate in making arrangements for Coquelin's engagement as a *pensionnaire* without consulting them, and they, too, hanker, perhaps, after the American dollars! At any rate, his reappearance on their stage is an injury—all the greater that he brings with him, so to speak, a play of Sardou's in his pocket.

I daresay "La Famille Benoiton" will still be running at the Odéon when the play founded on a story of the Terror comes out, and "Théodora" will still be drawing full houses at the Porte St. Martin—Sardou on the bills in three of the principal Parisian theatres. There is reputation for you! And a pretty penny in the author's pocket, beside.

If M. Duquesnel had not been so sure that "Théodora" was good for a couple of hundred nights at least, you may be sure he would not have let Coquelin off so easily, or the new play drop through his fingers, either. But Sarah is always a trump-card, and an added interest seems to have surrounded her since she became a widow. Her admirers consider she has gained something from an emotional point of view, and that the grief she felt—or was supposed to feel—at the death of Damala has borne fruits. At any rate, it has not caused her to pay less attention to her dress. The new set of costumes she wears as Théodora are simply perfection, and it is impossible to say whether she looks best in the cloth-of-gold, veiled with gold tulle, embroidered with angel's beads, of the first act; the magnificent imperial splendor of the scene in the arena; or in the simple white tunic, worked with silver, of the final catastrophe.

Sardou does not disdain the aid of the dress-maker, or the scene-painter, or the property-man. Indeed, he attaches great importance to them, and M. Duquesnel is a manager after his own heart, who spares no expense or trouble in putting a play upon the stage; he has been known to spend a week hunting up a particular bit of furniture, and he employs first-rate artists to design gowns and head-dresses. And, in respect to "Théodora," he has surpassed himself. We only feel sorry that he did not bring it out sooner, so that more of our American friends might have seen and applauded it.

Paris, October 10, 1889. Parisina.

A remarkable fan has just been purchased by the Princess de Ligne at Brussels. It was painted by Watteau for Louis the Fourteenth, who presented it to the Duchess of Burgundy, and it remained in the possession of the royal family until the Revolution, when it was stolen and conveyed to Germany, and nothing more was heard of it until the other day, when it appeared among a collection which was offered for sale at Brussels.

The pockets of the British infantry-coat are to be sewed up until the men are on active duty.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The orthography of our great-grandmothers was uncertain. The old Duchess of Gordon used to say to her cronies: "You know, my dear, when I don't know how to spell a word, I always draw a line under it, and if it is spelled wrong it passes for a very good joke, and if it is spelled right it doesn't matter."

A well-known writer tells this anecdote of General Grant, in confirmation of his being too honest to assume an interest which he did not feel in any historical relic or work of art: "At St. Petersburg, in August, 1878, I talked much with General Grant about his travels. He spoke particularly of his disappointment in Venice, of which he had heard so much all his life, but which he found to be 'nothing but a *rickety old town*, with a lot of open sewers running through it'!"

One of the most remarkable stories to which the Paris Exhibition has given rise, is the tale of what happened to a London city man the other day. He went to Paris with a party of other tourists, and arrived in the morning. In the evening, they all went out for a stroll, and in some way he became separated from his companions. He could not speak French and he had completely forgotten the name of his hotel. So, after vainly endeavoring to discover it, what did he do but drive to the railway station and went all the way back to find out what address he had given to his wife. Then he started again triumphantly for Paris.

It had been posted on the bulletin-board of a New York morning paper to invariably put the time of day in figures. This was done to secure uniformity. Compositor Roberts had departed from the rule once and been admonished by the foreman. He said it would never happen again. The next night an editor, in reading over the proof of an article, thought to improve it by inserting the well-known line: "Meet me in the lane, love, at half-past nine." The proof was passed over to Compositor Roberts for correction, and this is how it appeared the next morning: "Meet me in the lane, love, at 9:30 P. M." There was a vacancy next day at the case of Compositor Roberts.

Last winter, a number of literary people in Brooklyn indulged from time to time in amateur theatricals. During February they produced a comedy. One of the actors played the part of a burglar and had to climb up the outside of the house in which the entertainment was given and enter through a window which was at the rear of the improvised stage. He hurried around from the dressing-rooms and valiantly commenced to struggle up the wall, when a policeman grasped him by the neck, thinking him a veritable burglar. He started to explain, but the minion of the law would have none of it. The audience was wondering in the meantime why the play did not proceed, and the young actors and actresses on the stage were eagerly waiting for the burglar to enter and give them their cue, when they heard shrieks, yells, oaths, and threats from the garden. Rushing out, they found the amateur burglar thrashing wildly around the grass, while a brawny policeman sat on his shoulders hammering his neck into the mud.

Franc Rea Richardson, writing from Washington to the *World*, tells this story of Mrs. Blaine. A stranger in Washington, a lady, happened to be stopping at the same hotel, but was unacquainted, even by sight, with the Secretary's wife. Intending to go from the parlor to the dining-room, the lady stepped inside the elevator, saying to the boy, "Down!" "Up!" and the first lady was confronted by a second one, who had immediately followed her. The stranger flushed, but stood her ground, saying, rather tartly: "Down!" "Up!" interposed the severe-looking elderly lady, staring blandly over the other's head. "Down!" "Up!" The bewildered elevator-boy just here caught sight of the clerk and called him. "What is it?" demanded that gentleman, glancing from the pale face of one lady to the burning cheek of the other. "I stepped into the elevator and ordered the boy to go down. This woman followed and ordered him to go up." The clerk turned to the boy and said, with severity: "Take Mrs. Blaine up at once, and, hereafter, never hesitate in obeying her order." A very angry and very much chagrined woman is said to have made an unwilling trio to the upper floor, while another, coldly triumphant, went "up," as she had desired.

The marriage of Talleyrand was a queer one. Talleyrand, although an eldest son, had taken holy orders, on account of his lameness, as it was said, and wholly without vocation to the priesthood, and had been made Bishop of Autun. When he came back from America, he was followed by a Mrs. Grant, who had been his mistress during his exile, and with whom he lived publicly in Paris. This shocked the sensitive morality of the first consul, and he insisted that a marriage should sanction the connection. Talleyrand did not wish to be married, but he did wish to keep his place as minister of foreign affairs and to avoid a quarrel with the head of the state. A dispensation was therefore obtained from Pope Pius the Seventh, and the wedding was celebrated both civilly and in church. Mme. de Talleyrand had the name of being as stupid as she was handsome, and her husband took a manly pleasure in leading her on to the commission of the most amazing blunders for the amusement of their guests. One day, for instance, when Denon, one of the savants whom Bonaparte had taken in his train on the expedition to Egypt, was to dine with them, Talleyrand told his wife that he was a traveler of note, whose last book he would give her to read. At dinner, Denon was at first delighted by the accuracy and discrimination of the compliments which Mme. de Talleyrand paid him, but she soon gave such feelings pause by saying: "And that good fellow, Friday—what a comfort he must have been to you!" Talleyrand had given her "Robinson Crusoe" to read.

Thomas Edison had been in several Western telegraph-offices, where he was looked upon as an expert, and was at length ordered to Boston to fill a vacancy. The weather was warm, and he donned linen-clothes and a broad-brimmed hat. Before he reached Boston, the weather turned cold and stormy, but just as he was, linen-duster and all, he reported at the telegraph-office. He walked into the superintendent's room and said: "Here I am." The superintendent looked the young fellow over with a critical eye, and asked: "Who are you?" "Tom Edison," was the reply. "Who's Tom Edison?" The young operator explained that he had been ordered to report for duty, and the superintendent told him to sit down in the operating-room. His advent there created considerable amusement, and the operators guyed him not a little. Edison sat quietly, making no outward sign of disturbance. An hour or more passed, and then a New York sender, noted for his swiftness, signaled the office. There was no one to receive his message, the operators all being otherwise engaged. "Let the new fellow take him," said the superintendent. Young Edison sat down at the instrument, and for four hours and a half wrote out messages in a clear, round hand, stuck a date and number on them, and threw them on the floor for the office-boy to pick up. The time he took in numbering and dating were the only moments he was not writing out transmitted words. Faster and faster ticked the instrument, and faster and faster moved Edison's fingers, till the rapidity with which the messages came tumbling out attracted the attention of other operators, who, when their work was done, gathered around to witness the spectacle. At the close of four hours and a half, and of the New York business, there flashed from New York the salutation: "Hello!" "Hello yourself!" ticked back Edison. "Who are you?" sounded the instrument. "Tom Edison," was ticked back. "Tom Edison, I'm glad to know you," came over the wires; "you are the only man who could ever take me at my fastest, and the first man who ever sat at the other end of my wire for over two hours and a half. I congratulate the office in getting you there." The young man in the limp duster and slouch hat had won his first laurels in the Boston office. He was never guyed after that first day.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The title of William Waldorf Astor's new novel is "Sforza: a Story of Milan." Thus Mr. Astor's studies of mediæval Italian history promise again to result in an interesting volume. Charles Scribner's Sons will publish it.

Two volumes of American short stories—"Gerald Ffrench's Friends," tales of California Irishmen, by George H. Jessop, and "A Family Tree and Other Stories," by Brander Matthews—will shortly be published by a New York house.

An outline history of the development of modern music, showing the growth of opera, oratorio, and symphony, without digressing into mere biography of composers, has been prepared by W. J. Henderson, of the New York *Times*. It will be called "The Story of Music," and will soon appear.

In addition to the announcements already made by Little, Brown & Co., Boston, they promise next month Alfred de Vigny's "Cinq Mars," translated by William Hazlitt, and illustrated with thirteen full-page etchings, besides smaller designs incorporated in the text. This will be published in two editions—a more and a less costly one.

M. Ernest Renan is engaged in correcting the proof-sheets of a new book, to be entitled "L'Avenir de la Science." It is an essay entirely written as long ago as 1848, and it deals, among other topics, with the theory of development subsequently enunciated by Darwin. He has neither added to nor excised a single passage from this essay, the only alterations introduced being those of style.

White & Allen will soon issue a series of books to be entitled "Folk-lore and Legends of Various Nations"—four volumes are now ready, covering Germany, Ireland, Scotland, and the Orient—that famous old-time fairy tale, "The Sleeping Beauty," with illustrations by George W. Brenneman, of the Salmagundi Club; and Henry Guy Carleton's "Lectures before the Thompson Street Poker Club."

Wilkie Collins, says *Truth*, of London, "possessed an immense collection of letters from literary friends—notably Dickens, Thackeray, the late Lord Lytton, George Henry Lewes, Fechter, Charles Reade, and others; but he had a great burning of correspondence in the spring of 1888, when he removed to Wimpole Street from the house in Gloucester Place which he had occupied for more than twenty years."

Baron Tauchnitz, the head of the great continental publishing firm, is a hale veteran of seventy-three. In two years' time the firm will celebrate its jubilee, for it was in 1841 that the baron initiated his series of cheap editions of British authors. The baron, who was plain Herr Tauchnitz then, acted in an honest fashion. Had he chosen, he might have pirated the works of English writers from the first, for the reason that at that date no such thing as international copyright existed. Instead of this, however, he asked permission of the living authors whose works he printed, and honorably paid them their dues and royalties. The baron's ancestors have been booksellers and publishers for three generations, but the present bearer of the name has conferred upon it world-wide fame. Baron Tauchnitz is a most accomplished English scholar, and he himself selects the works which from time to time he publishes in the cheap and excellent form so well known to all continental travelers.

In Paris has just been published the third volume of the correspondence of Queen Catherine of Westphalia and of her father, the King of Wurtemburg, with the First Napoleon, the letters having been, for the most part, taken from the Napoleonic archives at Prangins. They are all in French. Facts which appear in the correspondence show that Catherine did not like to marry Jérome Bonaparte, that she had only a miserable home-made trousseau and one hundred and twenty-five pounds sterling in money, that the emperor treated her so handsomely that she became passionately attached to her new family and thought herself in honor bound to share its evil fortunes. Accounts of the book state further that nothing could prevail upon her to desert her husband and return to live at Stuttgart, that her father acted very shabbily toward her, keeping for himself the presents of jewelry which Napoleon had made her. A letter of Napoleon's, in the collection, gives a description of the Queen of Wurtemburg, *née* Princess Royal of England. He says she spoke French admirably, entered a room well, and that, though by no means handsome, she affected one as though she were. What pleased him most was that there was not a spice in her of the intriguing spirit, and that she was one of the kindest souls who ever lived.

Sir William Fraser's book, "Words on Wellington," contains a number of good anecdotes, some of them well told, one at least very badly. This is the anecdote of General Grant which has attracted so much attention. The author, instead of giving it once for all, in its correct form, gives, as if true, a grossly impossible story at page 79, which, he says, when he heard it, "fascinated" him, as well it might, and then at page 170 he gives, as he says, with "regret," the real version. The first story is as follows: "General Grant was invited to dine at Apsley House by the second Duke of Wellington. A most distinguished party assembled to meet him. During a pause, in the middle of dinner, the ex-President, addressing the duke at the head of the table, said: 'My lord, I have heard that your father was a military man. Was that the case?'" Having put this libel in circulation, the author, at page 170, after expressing, as we have said, his regret that he ever took the chance of spoiling so good a story by inquiring what really took place, coolly says: "I must now, in the interests of truth, state what the duke told me happened." It seems that Grant, during the dinner, "kept trying to get him to say what was the greatest number of men that his father had commanded in the field." The duke, with his well-known cleverness, added: "I saw what he was at. If I had said forty or fifty thousand men, he would have replied, 'Well, I have commanded a hundred thousand,' so I was determined not to answer his question, as to this, and I succeeded." It appears, therefore, that the duke, because he chose to conjecture that Grant would be boastful and uncivil, was so rude as to refuse to answer a perfectly proper question addressed to him by a guest. The story does not shed any light whatever on the character of Grant. It might be told, however, to illustrate certain peculiarities in that of the second Duke of Wellington.—*Nation.*

Illustrated Publications.

"The Landscape Calendar," in which a leaf is devoted to each month, each leaf bearing three colored vignettes of American scenery, is published by F. A. Stokes & Brother, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, $1.50.

"A Year of Good Wishes," a series of twelve prettily colored and poorly drawn pictures of a little girl by J. Pauline Sunter, is published by F. A. Stokes & Brother, New York; for sale by the American Tract Society; price, 50 cents.

"The Wooing of Grandmother Grey" is a pretty tale of an old-time courtship, told in verse by Kate Tannatt Woods. It has been copiously illustrated by Charles Copeland, and is published as a handsome holiday book, by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $2.00.

In "Legend Lamone" Mrs. M. B. M. Toland has taken for her theme a legend of Southern California. It is an idyl of the loves and conversion to Christianity of an Indian lad and maid, and is told in an odd metre. It is copiously illustrated with photogravures from drawings by Hamilton Gibson, W. T. Richards, J. B. Sword, Maud Humphrey, F. S. Church, René de Quelin, Herbert Denman, Bolton Jones, Siddons Mowhray, and Francis C. Jones, and through the text are scattered a number of quaint decorations from modelings in bas-relief by John J. Boyle. It is uniform in size with the author's earlier books, and is a model of luxurious bookmaking. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; for sale by the booksellers; price: cloth, $2 50; ivory, $3 00; morocco, $5.00.

One of the most curious of holiday books—it is so classed because of its handsome make-up—is "Log-Book Notes through Life," by Elizabeth N. Little. It measures eight by fifteen inches and contains some thirty odd leaves. The text of the book consists of quotations, in prose and in verse, which may be construed to have a nautical bearing. These are printed in odd letterings made up like ropes, sea-weed, and other salt-water objects, and on every second page these quotations are accompanied with yachting or other sea scenes or are framed in borders of ropes and cables, the elaborate knots into which the latter are worked being ticketed, each with its technical name. Text and illustrations alike are lithographed in a sombre-greenish tint, and much care has evidently been spent on the production. Published by White & Allen, New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $2 50.

"In the '400' and Out," by Charles Jay Taylor, is a companion volume to "The Tailor-Made Girl," which was republished as a holiday-book from the pages of *Puck* last year. This volume has the same pictures of magnificent, well-groomed society women and over-dressed and under-developed society men, with the *dramatis personæ* filled in with servants and like incidentals to a fashionable career. But the clever satires which the late Mr. Welsh wrote for the first set of pictures—or which Mr. Taylor illustrated—were far and away ahead of the brief "humorous paragraphs" which constitute the text of "In the '400' and Out." In fact, Mr. Taylor's pictures are the *raison d'être* of the present book, instead of a happy combination of the wit's pen and the artist's brush in its predecessor, and it suffers by the inevitable comparison. Still, it is a pretty and amusing book. Published by Keppler & Schwarzmann, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.00.

The series of illustrations of poems which Edwin A. Abbey and Alfred Parsons have been contributing to *Harper's Magazine* during the past few months, have been collected and are now issued in a single volume with the general title "A Quiet Life," to which Austin Dobson has contributed a poetical prologue and epilogue. The other makers of holiday books will have to bestir themselves to surpass, or even equal, this. The poems illustrated are "The Garden," by Andrew Marvell; "The Wish," by Abraham Cowley; "Quince" and "The Vicar," by Winthrop Mackworth Praed; Pope's "Ode to Solitude"; that charming fragment by some unknown poet, "The Married Man"; and Thomas Randolph's address "To Master Anthony Stafford," and to these Messrs. Abbey and Parsons have given form and being in a series of pictures of homely peace and content that almost put one out of conceit with the railways, and telephones, and newspapers, and other time-destroying inventions that we call modern conveniences. It is a quarto of one hundred and six pages, bound in ornamental leather and with gilt edges. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, $7 50.

"Man and His Maladies."

Dr. A. E. Bridger, a London physician, has written a work, the title of which is as follows: "Man and his Maladies; or, The Way to Health. A Popular Hand-book of Physiology and Domestic Medicine, in Accord with the Advance in Medical Science." The book differs radically from the "Household Physicians," which are found in so many family libraries. Dr. Bridger says that such manuals usually propound "an abstract principle to impart a philosophic tone; a list of the *names* of diseases, treated as representing each a fixed quantity to give an appearance of precision; a formidable array of such animal, vegetable, and mineral compounds as can most surely set up some disturbance in the bodily economy to checkmate with their movements what have been assumed to be the invariable and deleterious symptoms of unvarying and essentially noxious diseases."

Dr. Bridger has followed a different plan. His purpose is "to tell the story of man's birth and growth, to explain the functions of and source of power in that wonderful piece of mechanism, man's body; to prove that he is not, as is calumniously asserted of him, the sport of malignant spirits in the guise of diseases; but the well-cared-for child of Nature, who leads him by what are called functional disorders, as tenderly and directly as possible, back to the paths of health when he has strayed therefrom; and purifies by organic disease his race of those least worthy of it."

Dr. Bridger comments on a strange fact—that nine-tenths of the sick think they discern in their disease the hand of the Almighty scourging them for some moral defect, whereas it is, "His hand leading them by the operation of natural laws back from physical transgressions and their certain consequences to the enjoyment of health." The average man (and, for that matter, the average doctor) believes that every disease has its specific poison, and that there is somewhere, in the animal, mineral, or vegetable kingdom, its specific antidote. "With redoubled vigor is the research pursued; every new chemical compound, every untried vegetable extract, very fresh emulsified and digested animal compound, nearly all foreign to his bodily needs and therefore worse than useless—even directly harmful to his organization—all have to be made a trial of, and when to rid itself of these antagonistic, because unusual and unutilizable, forces, the body calls up its reserve forces to expel the intruder, a peal of joy rises from the therapeutic choir, and a new weapon against disease is enrolled in the official catalogue."

The best means for restoring health (says the author) are food, habit, and climate. The place of food in causing disease is discussed by him at length. There can be no question that some of the most fatal maladies, such as Bright's disease, are caused by a dietary composed principally of albuminoid foods—or, in other words, too much meat. To this also is ascribed many of the diseases of the gouty diathesis—gout in its protean forms, rheumatism, albuminaria and its sequelæ, such as the various fatal forms of kidney disease—gouty kidney, cirrhosis of the kindey, etc. Sir Henry Thompson, the famous London physician, says that it is his deliberate opinion that more disease and suffering are caused by injudicious eating than by injudicious drinking.

Concerning the question of alcohol, Dr. Bridger says: "We have no right, because the spectacle presented by excess is shocking and frequently witnessed, to shut our eyes to the fact that small amounts of alcohol possess qualities which may be turned to useful account in disease, and which within certain limits are incapable of harming a man in health. . . . It is abundantly evident from the past history of the world that to alcohol, in certain proportions, man can become so acclimatized as to gradually overcome even the tendency to obesity and the decrease of heat, which are the first and invariable signs of its influence on bodies to which it holds the position of a new force. . . . Alcohol of the ethylic form in restricted quantities, and taken undiluted and by preference admixed with other foods, becomes an actual agent in the maintenance of health in those acclimatized to it by heredity or habit. In such, it can not any more than any other factor in the environment be omitted without inducing some derangement."

As to the form in which alcohol may best be taken, the author offers certain suggestions: All dyspeptics, whether gouty, rheumatic, glucosuric (diabetic), or neurotic, are cautioned against new and highly fortified wines; against champagnes; against light, natural wines which have begun to alter (to undergo acetous fermentation); against such spirits as rum, that contain much unfermented sugar, and against the heavier malt liquors, like old ale, London stout, and the heavier beers. On the other hand, Dr. Bridger commends to the debilitated, the dyspeptic, and the fever-smitten, well-made and well-kept natural wines poor in alcohol, such as Medoc and Rhine wine, well-kept cider, light beers, whisky, and unsweetened gin.

The book is an extremely valuable one, and can be commended in the highest terms.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, $2.00.

New Books.

"Grandma's Rhymes and Chimes for Children" is a nursery book of the kind children like—full of verses in large type and well-drawn pictures. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, $1 50.

"Plucky Smalls," by Mary B. Crowinshield, is the cleverly told story of a New York street Arab, who saves a child's life, and is thereupon taken in hand by the child's father and made a naval apprentice. Published by the D. Lothrop Company, Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.00.

"Character and Comment" is the title of a little volume of brief excerpts from the novels of W. D. Howells, selected by Minnie Macoun. They range from one-line sentences to paragraphs of a page or so, each being credited to the character in whose mouth the novelist put it. There is a world of wisdom, wit, and keen observation in these brilliant epigrams; indeed, there may be those who would enjoy reading Howells in this form quite as much as they do in the novels themselves. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1 00.

"Whither?—A Theological Question for the Times," by Dr. Charles Augustus Briggs, of the Union Theological Seminary, is a work which has already attracted much attention among Protestant theologians. It is an historical study of the Westminster Standards—which have been singularly ignored in the works of English and American divines—showing what they are, what the Protestant churches have done with them in the past, and interpreting them by copious citations from their authors. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Strickland & Co.; price, $1.75.

"The Swedish Revolution under Gustavus Vasa," by Paul Barron Watson, is an exceedingly valuable edition to the history of human progress. It has to do with the seven years' war by which the Swedes threw off the Danish yoke which had oppressed them for an hundred years. The author reviews the condition of the Swedes before Gustavus Vasa led them to freedom in 1821, follows the fortunes of their war in the first years of the struggle, details their legislative troubles, in which the Roman Catholic Church and clergy were banished, and concludes with the coronation of Vasa in 1828. It is a valuable work for the student, and the general reader will find it full of romantic and picturesque incidents and heroic characters. The book is handsomely printed and bound. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $2 50.

"The Petrine Claims: A Critical Inquiry," by Richard Frederick Littledale, LL.D., D.C.L., is an exhaustive consideration of the legal aspect—ignoring as far as possible the theological side of the question—of the claim laid by the Papacy to sovereign authority over the church universal. The two sources from which such authority is claimed to be derived are the charter of Holy Writ and a title by prescription, the memory of man running not to the contrary. The investigation, consideration, and adjudgment of this claim have been a tremendous work, and though the parts were published, as completed, in the *Church Quarterly Review*, they ran on for over six years. Now the completed work has been printed in a single volume, which is carefully indexed. Published for the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge by E. and J. B. Young, New York; for sale by the booksellers.

Journalistic Chit-Chat.

Eugene Field sailed for London a few weeks since, where he will remain as correspondent for the Chicago *News*.

Miss Elita Proctor Otis, a young lady who has won her laurels on the amateur stage, has taken a new departure and is now editing a political, social, dramatic, and musical journal which she calls the New York *Saturday Review*.

The much maligned compositor and proof-reader have saved one newspaper from serious loss. The *Gazette de France* is the lucky sheet. Accused with several other papers of printing without authority the act of accusation against General Boulanger, the *Gazette* escaped on showing that, owing to serious mistakes in composition and proof-reading, the document it published was not a true copy of the act, and that the offense contemplated by law had not been committed. The other papers, whose compositors and proof-readers were above reproach, were convicted and fined.

The number of eclectic periodicals has received several additions of late, and now comprises the *Eclectic Monthly*, *Littell's Living Age*, *Current Literature*, *Public Opinion*, the *Transatlantic*, and the *Eclectic Bi-Weekly*, the last two being recent ventures. The *Transatlantic* aims to give a summary of European intellectual life, in translations from the European magazines and new books. The *Eclectic Bi-Weekly* contains condensations of articles from the American and English magazines, extracts from those articles, translations from foreign periodicals, and comment from the American and English press.

Before newspapers, notoriety was hardly to be had without the commission of some atrocious crime. But it can now be had by jumping off a bridge, marrying a woman of the town, buying a large house, eating thirty quails in thirty successive days, keeping a fast trotter, writing an erotic book, fighting a duel, owning forty pairs of trousers, editing a silly or indecent newspaper, giving a large donation to a campaign fund, sending clergymen to Europe, walking a hundred miles in twenty-four hours, knocking a man out in two rounds, preaching sensational sermons, denying the rotundity of the earth, and so on. By the aid of the newspaper, our streets swarm with men who have that one note of fame which consists in being recognized and talked about. Any journalistic "Stroller" or "Lounger," as he "walks down Broadway," sees more notorious men in one hour than probably existed in the whole of Europe a century ago.—*Nation.*

Some Magazines.

Harper's for November contains: "The Mexican Army," by Thomas A. Janvier; "York," by Richard Wheatley; "A Century of Hamlet," by Laurence Hutton; "Bird Notes," by W. Hamilton Gibson; "The Republic of Colombia," by Hon. Ricardo Becerra; "The Building of the Cathedral at Chartres," by Charles Eliot Norton; and the usual supply of fiction and verses.

"A Belated Revenge," by Robert Montgomery Bird is the complete novel in the November *Lippincott's*. Other articles are: "The Violin," by Edward Heron-Allen; "William Cullen Bryant," by R. H. Stoddard; "Handwriting and Writers," by William S. Walsh; "Does College Training Pay?" by D. R. McAnally; "The Question of Pure Water for Cities," by William C. Conant; "The Seamy Side of Literature," by J. K. Wetherill; and "What it Costs to Issue Big Newspapers," by Melville Philips.

The November *Scribner's* contains: "Where Emin Is," by Colonel H. G. Prout (Baroud Bey); "The Effect on American Commerce of an Anglo-Continental War," by J. Russell Soley; "A Student of Salamanca," by William Henry Bishop; "In the Valley"—Chapters VIII.–XI, by Harold Frederic; "Electricity in Relation to the Human Body," by M. Allen Starr, M.D; "A New Field of Honor," by James E. Pilcher, Captain Medical Department, U. S. A.; "Goethe's House at Weimar," by Oscar Browning; "A Problem in Portraiture," by Arlo Bates; "Marie Bashkirtseff," by Josephine Lazarus; and verses by Andrew Lang, Richard E. Burton, and Mrs. James T. Fields.

The November *Atlantic* opens with "Character of Democracy in the United States," by Woodrow Wilson. Other articles are: "The French in Canada," by Eben Greenough Scott; "The First Mayor," by Octave Thanet; "Some Romances of the Revolution," by Edward F. Hayward; "Allston and his Unfinished Picture"—passages from the journals of R. H. Dana—by Charles Francis Adams; "The Nieces of Mazarin"—I., by Hope Notnor; "Materials for Landscape Art in America," by Charles H. Moore; "Marie Bashkirtseff," by Sophia Kirk; additional chapters of Edwin Lasseter Bynner's and Henry James's serials; verses by Edith M. Thomas and Christopher P. Cranch; and the usual reviews.

The *Popular Science Monthly* for November contains: "The Art of Cooking," by Edward Atkinson; "Old and New Methods in Zoölogy," by H. de L. Duthiers; "The Decadence of Farming," by Joel Benton; "Sensitive Flames and Sound-Shadows," by Professor W. Le Conte Stevens; "Conditions Affecting the Reproductive Power in Animals," by Professor James H. Stoller; "Israelite and Indian," by Garrick Mallery; "Is the Human Body a Storage-Battery?" by Hyland C. Kirk; "Responsibility in Mental Disease," by Sir James Crichton-Browne, M.D.; "The Lucayan Indians," by Professor W. K. Brooks (illustrated); "Speech and Song," by Sir Morell Mackenzie; and a "Sketch of John Le Conte," by Professor W. Le Conte Stevens.

SOCIETY.

The Perrin Dinner-Party.

r. and Mrs. E. B. Perrin charmingly entertained fourteen frds at dinner last Wednesday evening, at their residence, Clay Street. The dining-table, with its glistening array of lver and crystal-ware, was beautifully arranged with clusters of bright-yellow Japanese chrysanthemums. A licious dinner was served, and the time devoted to it delightfully passed, as was an hour or so subsequently in the richly furnished drawing-rooms.

hose present were: Dr. and Mrs. E. B. Perrin, Mrs. Mon S. Latham, Mrs. Gilmy, of England, Miss Perrin, Mr Brooks, Miss Bissell, Miss Therese Bissell, Miss Smith, of incionati, Mr. Walter L. Dean, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. William H. Sherwood, Mr. George D. Boyd, Mr. L. Stokes, Mr. Fred Webster, and Mr. Henry Dexter.

The Charity Ball.

he charity ball, which was to have been held at the Palace Hotel last Tuesday evening, was postponed on account of the death of Mrs. Charles Crocker. The exact date upon which the hall will be given has not been definitely determined, but in all probability it will be Tuesday evening, November 12th. The managers of the Women's Lyceum still have some tickets left unsold, and it is advisable to procure them as quickly as possible before the day is exhausted.

Movements and Whereabouts.

he sad demise of Mrs. Charles Crocker necessitated the return to this city of the absent members of her family. Lieutenant C. Fred Crocker, who was in Paris at the time, left immediately for Liverpool, but, as he missed the steamer, he will be unable to leave there until next Wednesday, when he will sail on the *Germanic*. Mrs. Charles B. Crocker left New York on Thursday and will arrive here to-day evening. Mr. and Mrs William H. Crocker, who are at Grant's Pass, Or., on their way to Puget Sound to make a pleasure trip with a party of friends, returned to the city Monday noon. Mr. George Crocker was in the city at the time of his mother's death.

Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Low and Miss Flora Low left New York on October 26th for Carlshad.

Baron and Baroness von Schröder and Mrs. J. Mervyn Donahue are at the Hotel Brunswick in New York city.

Mrs. J. B. Haggin and Miss Rita Haggin are seeking health and recreation at Riverside, San Bernardino County, where they will remain several weeks. Mr. Haggin accompanied them thither, but has since gone East.

Mrs. E. E. Eyre and Miss Mary Eyre will leave soon for New York, where they intend remaining during the early part of the winter.

Miss Maggie Kittle has returned to the city after an absence of two years in the East. She was accompanied by Miss Stockwell, who is visiting her.

Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Cornwall are now occupying their new residence on the south-east corner of Page and Buchanan streets.

Miss Maud Bourn has returned home after an enjoyable visit of four months to her sister in New York.

Miss Alice Hohart is visiting Mrs. John P. Jones at Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. William D. O'Kane have moved into their new residence, 2119 Broadway.

Mr. Louis T. Haggin has been in Washington, D. C., during the past week.

Mr. Harry L. Tevis is occupying bachelor apartments on Bush Avenue in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Hinckley Taylor have returned to their home in Oakland after a pleasant trip to Japan.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stubhs and family, of Oakland, departed for Chicago on Thursday evening.

Senator Leland Stanford accompanied the senatorial party on a Southern trip and as far north as Vina.

Miss Marguerite Wallace is visiting Miss Belle Wallace at Yuma.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey are now located at the Palace Hotel for the remainder of the season.

Mrs. J. W. Gashwiler and the Misses Gashwiler returned from Paris last Tuesday and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Phelps have closed their San Mateo home "San Carlos," and are domiciled at the Palace Hotel for the winter season.

Mrs. Morton Cheesman and Miss Jennie Cheesman returned from Dixon last Monday.

Mrs. Peter Decker and Miss Alice Decker, who have been living in Europe for several months, will arrive here today and intend passing the winter at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. F. L. Wooster has returned to the city after an absence of two months in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe, Jr., *née* Parrott, returned from their wedding tour of Europe last Wednesday, and are at the home of Mr. Donohoe's parents on Harrison street.

Mr. Charles L. Fair, who has been in New York for several months, has returned to the city.

Colonel J. P. Jackson, who has been at the Napa Soda Springs for several weeks, has returned to the city.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Plummer and their two sons, who left last November on a tour of the world, via Japan, were in New York recently, and are expected here in a few days.

Mr. S. G. Murphy, president of the First National Bank, returned from the East after attending the Bankers' Convention.

Mrs. H. Seymour Manning, with her son, of New York, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. K. Masten, in Oakland. In a few weeks she will join her husband in Portland, where which will be their future home.

Mr. and Mrs. William J. Younger are at the Hoffmann House in New York city. Mrs. Younger has been visiting relatives in Maine. They will visit Virginia and New Orleans en route home.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Gillig are expected in New York from Europe.

Mr. William Dunphy is now in New York city, and will proceed to Europe to join his family, who are in Paris.

Mr. Carlton C. Coleman is passing his time between New York and Washington, D. C.

Mr. William P. Morrison is at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York city with her father, Dr. James Simpson.

Miss Richard Ivers and Miss Aileen Ivers are at the Hotel Savoia in New York city.

Mr. Martin Regenshurger has returned to the city after an absence of several months in New York and New Jersey, successfully contesting the will of the late Mr. Christopher Meyer, of New Brunswick, N. J.

Miss Carrie M. Henderson and her younger sister left for New York a week ago, via Portland, Or., to join their father who resides there permanently.

Mr. and Mrs E. W. Hopkins will have Miss Maud Hopkins as their guest this winter.

Miss Gertrude Hyde is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Bayard Taylor at their home in Los Angeles.

Miss Grace M. Spencer, of San José, was in the city a couple of days during the week as the guest of her sister Mrs. James de la Montanya, Jr.

Miss Margaret Nelson is in Honolulu as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Wilder, and will remain away until the end of December.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Simpkins, Miss Simpkins, and Mr. Harry Simpkins will pass the first part of the winter in New York city.

Mr. Henry Matthews, of Oakland, has joined her daughter, Miss M. G. Matthews, the artist, in Paris. They will leave there for a tour through Spain, Portugal, Northern Africa, Egypt, and the Holy Land.

Mr. H. G. Hinckley, of Nevada, is visiting his parents in Yuba Vale.

Misses Ferris, of Novato Meadows, have returned home after a six months' visit to Europe.

Miss Jennie de la Montanya is passing a week at Mountview as the guest of Miss Adèle Martel.

Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Bender, of Carson City, Nev., arrived a few days ago, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Isaac Upham, of Oakland, has returned from a visit to Luis Ohispo.

Mr. and Mrs. James B. Wells, of Helena, Mont., are at the Palace Hotel on their wedding trip. Mrs. Wells was formerly Miss Sadler, of Salt Lake City.

Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Douty are now East on a visit to New York and Maine, the latter being the home of Mr. Douty's parents whom he has not seen for sixteen years. His niece accompanies them.

Dr. Millard H. Crawford, U. S. N., of the *Vandalia*, who has been at Samoa since the late war there, has returned to the city, and is at the Palace Hotel.

Notes and Gossip.

A slight change has been made in the arrangements of the Bachelors' Cotillion Club. The first german will be led by Mr. E. M. Greenway on Friday evening, November 15th, the second will be led by Lieutenant John A. Towers, U. S. A., on December 6th, and Mr. George A. Newhall will lead the third on December 20th.

Miss A. Joie McCabe, daughter of the late Mr. A. J. McCabe, was married to Mr. James Bryan, son of Postmaster Bryan, on Saturday morning, October 26th, at the Star of the Sea Church. Rev. Father McGinty officiated, assisted by Rev. Fathers Fassonotti and Noyers. Miss Etta Craig, the bride's cousin, acted as bridesmaid, and Mr. Jesse Bryan, the groom's brother, was best man. At nine o'clock the bridal party and several relatives assembled at the home of the bride's mother on Point Lobos Avenue, where a sumptuous breakfast was enjoyed. In the afternoon the happy couple departed for a trip in the country.

Miss Maud Smith gave a pleasant drive-whist party last Monday evening at her home, 2226 Jackson Street. After several games, dancing was enjoyed until a late hour, when the twenty-four guests sat down to a delicious supper, which prolonged the affair until the small hours of morning.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott will hereafter receive on the first and third Fridays of each month.

Army and Navy News.

Lieutenant H. J. McGrath, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted two months' leave of absence with permission to apply for an extension of one month.

Lieutenant Tasker H. Bliss, First Artillery, U. S. A., is absent from Fort Mason acting as aide-de-camp to Major-General Schofield.

Captain Walter W R Fisher, First Infantry, U. S. A., is on temporary duty at Benicia Barracks

Lieutenant Frank de L. Carrington, First Infantry, U. S. A., is on detached service at Fort Gaston, Cal.

Captain Leopold O. Parker, First Infantry, U. S. A, is awaiting retirement from service.

Lieutenant Millard F. Harmon, First Artillery, U. S. A., is on detached service at Fort Monroe, Va.

Lieutenant Hampton M. Roach, First Infantry, U. S. A., is at the Infantry and Cavalry School at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

Lieutenant James S. Pettit, First Infantry, U. S. A., is now at the Military Academy at West Point, N. Y.

Captain James M. Ingalls, First Artillery, U. S. A, is at Fort Monroe, Va.

Lieutenant John P. Wisser, First Artillery, U. S A., is on duty at the Military Academy at West Point, N. Y.

Lieutenant Charles H. Hunter, First Artillery, U. S. A., is absent on duty at the Military Academy at West Point, N. Y.

Captain Robert G. Heiner, First Infantry, U. S. A., is now on general recruiting service at Cleveland, Ohio.

Lieutenant Samuel Rodman, Jr., First Artillery, U. S. A., is now at the naval torpedo station, at Newport, R. I.

Lieutenant Frank S. Rice, First Artillery, U. S. A, is awaiting retirement from the service.

Captain James G. MacAdams, Second Cavalry, U. S. A., will soon be placed on the retired list.

Lieutenant John V. White, First Artillery, U. S. A., is on duty at the Agricultural and Mechanical College in Mississippi.

Lieutenant Edward McClernand, Second Cavalry, U. S. A., is acting as aide-de-camp to Brigadier-General Gibbon.

Lieutenant William H. Bean, Second Cavalry, U. S. A., is still in Pennsylvania on duty in connection with the National Guard.

Captain M. A. Healey, U. S. N., of the *Bear*, has returned from his northern trip.

ART NOTES.

Debat-Ponsan's "Trio Champêtre," from the Paris Salon of this year, has been added to the Gump collection at 581 Market Street, and has attracted a great deal of attention among the local connoisseurs. Edouard Bernard Debat-Ponsan is a native of Toulouse, studied with Cabanel, and was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor eight years ago, and his pictures are always among the most admired in the Salon. His forte is in pastoral scenes, and he surpassed himself this year with this "Trio Champêtre." On the coping of the stone culvert which spans a little meadow brook sprawls a peasant lad, who has deserted his cows to come and chat with the girl who sits near, bending over her sewing to escape the boy's prying eyes. Through the ferns and lush grasses of the brook a soft-eyed cow pushes her way, making up the trio, though she gives no thought to the little scene above her. In the distance, the herd is seen grazing in the meadow, and beyond them rises the line of tall poplars that mark the *métairie*. Over all is the calm of a summer day in Southern France: the scene breathes of peace and happiness, while the youthful couple give just the needed note of life and human interest. Another canvas from Debat-Ponsan's brush is a little gem that Mr. Gump saw while visiting the artist's *atelier* a few months ago and purchased on the spot; it also is a pastoral—a cow-herd and his charges on a grassy hillside, with a peasant woman in the foreground. But, though the country and the animals are like those in the other picture, the human figures show a harder phase of peasant life. Two other new pictures, of the Viennese school, are from the brush of Ed. Kasparides; the one shows three old cronies, who might be two farmers and the village notary, discussing over their wine in the corner of a Bavarian inn—a fine study of character they are—and the other presents a Tyrolean peasant-girl, gazing out at you in pleased perplexity over the words her laughing lover has been whispering in her ear as he leans in through the window at which she sits. The Viennese school is but little known here, but these two charming canvases introduce it to us most auspiciously. Still another new picture is by Haquette—a couple of Breton fishermen sailing home to the distant beach with their day's catch; the atmospheric effects and the distance are especially fine, and prove Haquette's title to a foremost place among the painters of the French fisher-folk. A number of dainty water-colors from Rome are among the other new pictures shown here. They are all figure-pieces, and combine almost the strength of oils with the softness and delicacy of water-colors. The collection, which has been noticed in detail in an earlier issue, is undoubtedly one of the finest in California—Mr. Gump's Diaz and that in the late Mrs. Charles Crocker's gallery are almost the only representatives of that great artist in California—and a couple of hours could not be more pleasantly or more profitably spent than in a careful examination of its treasures.

Henry Alexander has completed a painting of the old warship *Minnesota* for exhibition at the New York Art Association. He expects to visit this city in December.

Charles J. Carlson has at his studio, 523 Pine Street, an excellent portrait of the late Mr. Charles Lux, which is well spoken of by those who knew him.

Mr. E. B. Braden, formerly of the Southern Pacific Company, is now general agent of the Montana-Pacific route.

The Board of Lady Managers of the Old People's Home have adopted resolutions of sympathy with the family of Mrs. Charles Crocker in their bereavement, and directing that the building of the society shall be draped in mourning for thirty days as a mark of respect to her memory. The Directors of the Golden Gate Kindergarten Association have adopted similar resolutions.

The postal card was twenty years old on the first of this month. Austria has the credit of first adopting the invention, though it was first advocated by the German Postmaster-General, Dr. Stephan. On October 1, 1869, a "Correspondenz Karte" first burst on the astonished continental world.

During the past week, Manager Livingstone of the Palace Hotel has been the recipient of many testimonials from both guests and employees, but the culmination was reached last Wednesday evening, when General J. F. Houghton, on behalf of one hundred and fifty patrons of the hotel, presented him with a handsome, solid silver, gold-lined punch-bowl, valued at one thousand dollars. Mr. Livingstone has been succeeded as manager of the Palace by Mr. S. F. Thorn, who has for a number of years successfully managed the Grand Hotel. Mr. Thorn will hereafter conduct both hotels. The changes in the staff will be few. Luke D. Cafferty, formerly of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, of New York, and late of the Hotel Ryan, at St. Paul, will take a position in the office of the Palace in place of Mr. Arnold, and J. W. Young, of New York city and Manhattan Beach, will assume the duties of steward. Leopold Lignon, who served with Mr. Thorn twelve years ago, will take charge of the culinary department as *chef*. Mr. Thorn's friends serenaded him Friday night in the court of the Palace Hotel.

There were assembled at the royal palace in Copenhagen, the other day, one emperor, one empress, one empress dowager, three kings, one queen, four heirs-apparent, and thirty-five imperial and royal princes and princesses.

The success of the Australian wines at the Paris Exposition has quite realized expectations. At the kiosques on the grounds, and in one or two shops in the city itself, the wine has been very freely sold.

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VALUABLE COOKING RECEIPTS, by T. J. Murrey	75
LIVING ON $500 A YEAR, by Juliet Corson	1 25
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BOOK OF FORTY PUDDINGS, by Mrs. Susan A. Brown	50
FOOD AND FEEDING, by Sir Henry Thompson	1 25
CASSELL'S HALF-DOLLAR COOK-BOOK	50
ENTREES AND TABLE DELICACIES	50
THE KITCHEN COMPANION. The new work by Miss Parloa	2 50
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FIFTY SOUPS, by Thos. J Murrey	50
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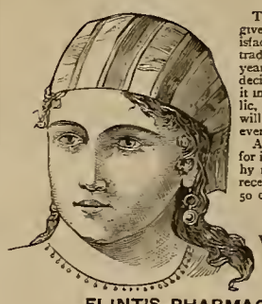

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A LOVING WIDOW.

The Cause of her Vigil by her Husband's Grave.

The Mandarin Tchung Tsen, of the Province of Soung, was a philosopher who pursued his researches beyond the mere concerns of earth, and his insight enabled him to escape the pitfalls which lie in the paths of those who strive for useless riches or empty honors. His satisfaction must have been profound when, after his death, the authorities proclaimed him happy and worthy of emulation.

During the days which the unknown rulers of the universe allotted to him to spend beneath the blue sky, among the flowers, and under the willow and bamboo, it was Tchung Tsen's custom to walk through the fields in meditation. One day, while wandering thus at random on the flowery slopes of the mountain, Nam Hoa, he came unawares upon a cemetery where the dead reposed, according to the custom of the province, under little mounds of beaten earth. At the sight of the numberless graves which stretched away to the horizon, the sage meditated concerning the destiny of mankind.

"Alas," he exclaimed, "this is the meeting-place of all the paths of life. When once we have taken np our abodes in this house of death, we return no more to the light of day."

As his vision followed his thoughts across the array of graves, it encountered a young woman, clad in the garb of mourning of the province, a long plain robe of coarse white cloth. She seated herself beside one of the little mounds and began industriously to ply a large white fan to and fro over the yet moist earth of the funeral hillock. Curious to know the meaning of this strange proceeding, Tchung Tsen approached the young woman, with respeciful salutations, and said:

"May I venture, madam, to inquire who lies buried in this grave, and why you are at such pains to fan it? I am a philosopher and search into the causes of things; but this one I can not divine."

The young woman, still plying the fan, blushed, hung her head, and murmured some unintelligible reply. The sage renewed the inquiry several times, but without success. She took no further notice of him, and it seemed to him as though her very soul had passed into the hand which moved the fan. Tchung Tsen turned away reluctantly. Though knowing well that all is vanity, it was still his wont to analyze the motives of human actions, especially those of women, for these little beings inspired in him a very lively interest. Slowly resuming his walk and turning bis bead at brief intervals to see the fan still beating the air like the wing of a great butterfly, he shortly came up with an old dame, hitherto unperceived, who beckoned to him to follow. She led him into the shadow of a mound somewhat higher than its neighbors, and said:

"I heard you ask a question of my mistress which she did not answer. I will satisfy your curiosity, out of my kindness and in the hope that you may be pleased to reward me with money to buy of the priests some magic paper to prolong my life."

Tchung Tsen gave her a piece of money and the dame narrated the following:

"The lady whom you saw at the grave is named Lu. She is the widow of the Mandarin Tao, who died some days ago after a long illness, and is buried in that grave beside which my mistress sits. They loved each other with a tender love. Even in his death agony, Tao could not reconcile himself to parting from her, and the thought of her, battling alone with the world, in the flower of her youth and beauty, was almost too much for his philosophy. But he was of a gentle nature, and his soul yielded to the inevitable. Weeping upon the pillows of her husband's bed, which she had never once quitted during his illness, the wife frantically took the gods to witness that she would not survive Tao, but would share his coffin as she had shared his couch. But to this Tao said:

"'Nay, madam, do not swear that!'

"'Well,' replied Lu, 'if I must survive you, if the gods condemn me still to look upon the light of day when you can no longer behold it, be assured that I shall never consent to become the wife of another, and that, as I have but one soul, I shall have but one spouse!'

"'Madam,' said Tao, 'do not swear thus!'

"'Oh, Tao, Tao,' she sobbed, 'let me swear, at least, that I will not marry again within five years!'

"But Tao said: 'Lu, do not swear so! Swear only to be faithful to my memory while the earth is still moist upon my grave.'

"Lu swore a great oath, and the good Tao closed his eyes to open them no more. The widow's grief exceeded anything that can be imagined. Her eyes were blind with weeping. Hardly could we restrain her from tearing her waxen cheeks with her little nails. But all things have an end, and the torrent of her grief at length subsided. Three days after Tao's death, she learned that one of his disciples wished to testify his sympathy for her bereavement, and, like a rational being, she rightly judged that she ought not to deny him. She met him, sobbing. He consoled her. He was a very elegant young man, with a handsome face. He talked to her a little about Tao and a great deal about herself. He told her how charming she was and how great was his love for her. She did not silence him, and when he went away it was with a promise to come again. While expecting his next visit, Lu, seated where you saw her by Tao's grave, passes the whole day in drying the earth upon it with her fan."

When the old woman had finished her recital, the wise Tchung Tsen pondered inwardly, and this was his conclusion:

"Youth is brief and the spur of their desires pricks on the young. After all, this Lou is an honest body, since she is not willing to break her oath."
—*Translated from the French for the New York Times.*

The Scottish Joke.

In order to disprove the frequent assertion that the Scotch are not humorous, the editor of a Scottish paper recently declared his columns open, and invited all the jokes of the people which his constituents would send him. These are fair samples of what were handed in:

I. "Two boys having met a man in white 'spats,' one of them said that he wore 'white penter's breeks below his ither anes.'

II. "A woman, having forsworn whisky in a glass, drank it out of a cup.

III. "A man took the hat worn by a scarecrow.

IV. "Whisky having been ordered for outward application, the patient drank it.

V. "A man, having caten a herring at tea, wished also for some treacle, which was refused.

VI. "A boy, being asked if he had 'passed the doctor' (in a medical examination), said, 'Yes, I passed him up at Cochrane's Corner.'

VII. "A clergyman said that he would visit the families in his district, 'embracing the servant girls as he went along.'

VIII. "An undertaker, being asked to pray at a funeral, said he would rather make a coffin gratis.

IX. "A woman in a shop, wishing to ask for a dolman, asked for a donkey.

X. "A horse falling down dead, a man asked, 'Did it ever do that before?'

XI. "Heaven was defined as a place where 'whisky is plentiful and policemen scarce.'

XII. "'Have you seen Tom since he left?' 'No; but I'm gaun tae write tae him tae speir his address.'"

A Professional Spanker.

The spanker sat in the small front-room of a Sixth Avenue flat, with her large and accomplished hands folded in her lap, and the light of gentle melancholy beaming from her eyes.

"I have abandoned my effort to establish myself here," she said, to a New York *Sun* reporter, "and am going to Vincennes, Ind., to assist my brother, who has a large shop there, in the management of his business."

"What is the matter with the spanking industry?"

"American women do not seem to understand the theory I am working on. There is very little punishment of children here by hand, I find, and the wholesome use of manual reproof is almost unknown. Again, if I might be permitted to make a slight reflection upon the character of your countrywomen, it seems to me that American women are too vacillating correctly to appreciate my work. My sister started this business in London, and she has been very successful at it for a number of years. Her theory is that children should be more frightened than hurt when they are punished, and that mental reproof is far more efficacious than physical. On this account she made it her regular business to pose as an ogre. If a child was naughty in London, its mother, instead of whipping it at once, would call a servant and send a note to Miss Matilda, my sister, and tell the naughty child that it might go and play until Miss Matilda arrived. As her name is known among the juvenile world from one end of the city to the other, the child, as a rule, did very little playing. When my sister went out for her afternoon work she would call at the house indicated, and, after the mother had told her all about the child's wrong-doing in the presence of the little one, she would administer punishment in a more or less severe manner. That part of it was of no particular consequence. The effect on the child, however, was invariably good, for it never forgot Miss Matilda's visit, and the mere threat of sending for the disciplinarian again was enough to quiet any ebullition of temper which the child might show. In cases where it was necessary to call several times, the most refractory children were brought to terms. This business of being a professional disciplinarian for children was gradually developed by my sister until it took in every degree of work touching childhood. She is a designer and maker of children's attire, and knows all about juvenile ailments."

"How long has she been in London?"

"About twelve years, and her income is very satisfactory. English women, you know, have a certain amount of determination in the management of children. Here it is lacking. One American lady on whom I called, with a letter of introduction, said that she considered my business the cruelest thing in the world."

"'I have five children,' she said, 'but I can imagine nothing more brutal than to threaten them with a visit such as you propose. I may, under a spur of anger, spank one of my children and send her to bed, but I can not conceive of any act on a child's part which would justify my frightening the little one by threatening it with a visit from a person coming for the express purpose of inflicting punishment.'

"This seemed to be the view everywhere. I called on a number of ladies whose names were given me, and they all talked freely and frankly. There is a delightful cordiality about the manner of New York ladies. They seem to make up their minds at once, and they never hesitated to tell me their views, which were invariably, I am sorry to say, adverse to my work. Very likely a time will come when the public need of some one filling the niche I sought to occupy will cause a successor of my sister to come along. Just now the times are not ripe for it."

San Francisco's Financial Centre.

The occupation of the handsome new building on Bush and Sansome Streets on Monday last by the First National Bank, settles the status of Sansome Street, from California to Market, as the future banking centre of the city. Beginning with the California Bank and the banking department of Wells, Fargo & Company, the line is filled out with the Bank of British Columbia, the Bank of British North America, the Pacific Bank, Anglo-California, the Sather Banking Company, and the London, Paris, and San Francisco Bank.

The property on which the First National Bank is built occupies a central position in this chain. A block away, on the corner of Sansome and Sutter, is the property recently sold by C. G. Hooker to the Parrott estate, at five thousand dollars a front foot, the highest rate ever paid for property in San Francisco, although some Market Street property is held higher. The move of the First National to this quarter was inspired by Mr. S. G. Murphy, who became president a couple of years ago, and the building, which has been completed during his incumbency, is a handsome specimen of the new style of bank building, combining massive strength with great architectural beauty.

The interior furnishings are equal in artistic magnificence and convenient arrangement to those of any business building on the coast. A special feature is the safe-deposit department, which occupies the entire basement and is under the personal supervision of Superintendent Lynch. The huge steel and brick-lined central vault is entered only through immense portals provided with time-locks, and each of the eighteen hundred and forty-eight boxes has two locks, one of which can be opened only by the bank and the other only by the box-holder. Separate rooms, supplied with every convenience, are at the disposal of the patrons, and a large room is provided for the storage of chests and valuables in bulk. The safe-deposit boxes are put at a very low rental, and the convenient location will especially recommend them to ladies.

Queen Victoria's pet dog is a Yorkshire terrier that weighs two and three-quarter pounds and cost seventy-five dollars.

HER POPSY-WOPSY.

He Pretended not to Guess.

A young man, who is diligently practicing stenography with a view to passing the civil-service examination, tells us that he was sitting in Franklin Square at about nine o'clock the other evening, when an excellent opportunity for practice was given to him and he availed himself of it. He was sitting in a comparatively light spot, but very near a densely shaded retreat. It was from that retreat that the voices he heard proceeded. This is his report:

Male voice—Who do you love?
Female voice—Shan't tell.
M. V.—You better had.
F. V.—Why?
M. V.—'Cos you had.
F. V. (hesitatingly)—Well, then, I—love——
M. V. (coaxingly)—Yes, go on; go on.
F. V.—Why do you want me to say it?
M. V.—Say what?
F. V.—What you want me to say.
M. V.—What do I want you to say?
F. V.—Who I love.
M. V.—Well, who do you love?
F. V.—Who do you s'pose?
M. V. (suspiciously)—That dude, Simpson.
F. V. (reproachfully)—Now, Charlie, you know that is not so.
M. V.—Well, it looks that way, anyhow. The idiot is always hanging 'round you.
F. V. (scornfully)—What if he is? I don't care a snap of my fingers for him.
M. V.—If you don't love him who do you love?
F. V. (coquettishly)—You know.
M. V.—Know what?
F. V.—Who I love.
M. V.—Haven't the slightest idea.
F. V.—Well, you are awfully stupid, if you don't know who I love.

Silence for one minute, broken by:

M. V.—Well, ain't you going to tell me?
F. V.—Tell you what?
M. V.—Who you love?
F. V. (laughing)—Goose!
M. V. (threateningly)—Tell me at once, or I'll do something desperate.
F. V. (incredulously)—What will you do?
M. V.—I'll—I'll—I'll bite you.
F. V. (alarmed)—Now, Charlie, if you do——
M. V. (determinedly)—Tell me——
F. V.—Charlie, you mean—— (sounds of a suppressed scuffle, a muffled shriek, followed by a slap).
F. V. (viciously)—There! I hope you are satisfied.
M. V. (scornfully)—Pooh! a love-lick that. Now, if you don't tell me at once who you love, I 'll hite you black and blue.
F. V.—Charl——
M. V.—Who do you love?
F. V.—Oh! Now, Charlie, don't. I love you—I love you. Now let me go.
M. V.—Not much, you darling. I've got to have a kiss for that.
F. V.—Don't! pettie, some one's coming—some one is coming—there! quick! let me go. (A hasty movement, followed by a minute's silence.)
M. V. (reproachfully)—You fibbed, you little wretch, no one was coming.
F. V.—Well, I thought somebody ought to be coming (rising). I'm going home.

And two shadowy figures disappeared down the walk.—*Washington Post.*

The Way of the World.

Roger von Pearlash, the only son of the millionaire soap manufacturer, had been reading an exciting novel by Howells. (Title not known.)

This unusual occupation had so worked upon his sensitive nerves, he imagined that he, too, might write something that would spur men on to less noble lives.

So for a week he toiled under the midnight droplight, and the result was, after promises of deepest secrecy, submitted to the coldly critical judgment of his sister Maude. She had graduated at Vassar a few months previous—too previous. She unhesitatingly pronounced it "bully."

So, buoyed with hope, he bought a No. IX envelope, placed the MS. therein, and, after the manner of all amateurs, took it to a drug-store to be weighed. Three ounces. He joyfully moistened six one-cent stamps, and soon the MS. was on its way to the editors of the *Dialect-Story-Writers' Monthly.*

For three wretched weeks Roger languished. He fell into an apathetic state and could only be aroused by the sound of a postman's whistle blown outside the house. Then the climax came.

One morning, the postman handed in an oblong envelope. The family were seated around the breakfast table. At first a deadly pallor overspread the face of Roger. This gradually gave way to a faint but triumphant smile. "Read that!" he said to his father.

MR. ROGER VON PEARLASH—*Dear Sir:* Your story, "A Walk on the Avenue," has been read with absorbing interest. We seldom receive a story of so polisbed a style, united to so original and striking a plot. But, nevertheless, it must be returned to its talented author, owing to the great quantity of accepted MSS. now on hand.

With many thanks for your courtesy in permitting us to read your clever story, we are, yours respectfully,

EDITORS D. S. W. MONTHLY.

"You astonish me, Roger," said Mr. Pearlash, looking as exultant as the advertisement for the Spotter Brace; "didn't you say something the other day about wanting a dog cart! Come to my office this afternoon and I'll write you a check."

Maude had been sitting by Roger when the returned MS. arrived. He did not observe that a bit of paper had slipped out when his trembling fingers opened the envelope. But Maude did. Unobserved she ran her eye over it and then destroyed it. It read as follows:

Perfect rot. But sender's father is a heavy advertiser. Let him down easy.

—*Puck.*

On the day of a general election, the French, it would seem, allay their excitement by heavy eating. On Sunday, September 22d, they ate four hundred and thirty-two thousand eight hundred pounds of oysters and one hundred and fifty-two thousand pounds of fowls. On the previous Sunday, a very fine day, they consumed one hundred thousand pounds less weight of oysters and eight thousand pounds less weight of fowls.

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TIME TABLE.

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Fin SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN AFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.30, 3.25, 50, 6.10 P. M.
(S days)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 1.30, 5.05, 6.30, P. M.

Fin SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week ys)—6.10, 7.45, 9.20, 11.05 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.55 P. M.
(S days)—8.00, 9.50, A. M.; 12.00 M.; 3.30, 5.00, P. M.
xtra trip on Saturday at 6.25 P. M.
F, 50 cents, round trip.

Fin SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—45, 8.15, 9.55, 11.55 A. M.; 2.30, 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
(S days)—8.45, 10.35, A. M.; 12.45, 4.15, 5.45 P. M.
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P. M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero andintermediate stations.
A. M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Point eyes and intermediate stations. Returning arrives in San rancisco at 6.15 P. M.

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AVE	From Oct. 1, 1889.	ARRIVE
30 A.	Haywards, Niles and San José	*12.45 P.
30 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis	7.15 P.
00 A.	Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	6.15 P.
30 A.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	11.15 A.
30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
30 A.	Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	*3.45 P.
00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	**6.00 A.
00 P.	Express Haywards, Niles & San José	9.45 A.
30 P.	2d Class Ogden and East	10.45 A.
00 P.	Stockton and §Milton; Vallejo, Calistoga & Santa Rosa	9.45 A.
30 P.	Sacramento and Knight's Landing via Davis	10.15 A.
30 P.	Niles and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
30 P.	Niles and San José	‡ 4.45 P.
30 P.	Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
30 P.	Central Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	7.45 P.
00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East	7.45 A.
00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

45 A.	Newark, San José and Santa Cruz	‡ 8.05 P.
15 A.	Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
45 P.	Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*11.20 A.
45	Centerville, San José, Almaden, and Los Gatos	9.50 A.

EAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

25 A.	San José, Almaden and Way Stations	2.30 P.
30 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey, Pacific Grove; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations	6.12 P.
30 A.	San José and Way Stations	5.02 P.
01 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	3.38 P.
30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and principal Way Stations	*10.00 A.
20 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 7.58 A.
20 P.	San José and Way Stations	9.03 A.
35 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A.
45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	† 7.28 P.

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When Corsica is introduced in either a play or a novel one immediately knows what to expect—the vendetta. There is going to be blood and murder to satisfy the most rabid consumer of dime literature—beautiful, black-browed maidens, hardy peasants, olive-skinned, lurid lovers, impassioned, gray-haired guardians will move for three hours against a background of blue Mediterranean and sunset sky.

This is "Mr. Barnes of New York"—Burton H. Barnes, whose acquaintance we made two years ago in a yellow cover, and who, on the railway especially, was one of the most popular gentlemen of the season. As a book, "Mr. Barnes" is more interesting than as a play. There are times in the book when one can draw two or three peaceful breaths, when the fiery Corsicans retire from the scene, when Marina neglects to assure one that she "is a Paoli and her brother's murder must be avenged," when Mossu Danelli is considerate enough to forget that he is the victim of a mad infatuation, and Tomasso has lucid intervals of comparative quiet. But in the play it becomes necessary to crowd all the Corsican fury into five acts and three hours, and in the compression, the Corsican fury gains an overwhelming amount of prominence.

Marina, the beautiful, black-haired heroine—there is a beautiful, blonde-haired heroine, but she comes in later—has a love for her brother which is found only on the stage and in some rare, exotic novels. She lives only for Antonio, an officer in the navy. When she hears that he is coming back to Corsica, her joy carries her away to the extent of embracing her guardian, Mossu Danelli—a fine, French stage-guardian, in brown velveteen and brown gaiters, who, of course, loves her madly. None of the houris in Mohammed's heaven were more beautiful than Marina. She has eyes like night and hair like a raven's wing, she has pearls for teeth and roses for lips—in fact, if one remembers rightly, the animal, mineral, and vegetable kingdoms were freely drawn upon for comparisons in the description of Marina's peerless charms. Besides, she was a "dramatic figure," what novelists are fond of calling "a tigress." Marina could do nothing by halves. She burns with revenge, she languishes with love. She is the Angel of Mercy of an Egyptian hospital; she is an assassin rustling about the gardens of Monte Carlo in a long black dress; she is the beloved of Guard Anstruther, in Chartreuse-green satin and a series of attitudes more limp and graceful than Mrs. Potter's.

Marina and Mr. Barnes are the figures of the play. They offer an agreeable contrast. Marina, the antique and forgotten type, the raven-tressed, the intense. Mr. Barnes, the New Yorker, as modern as an American's crest, not of Fifth Avenue, nor of Sixth Avenue, not of the monastic seclusion of the quiet "Benedick" in Washington Square, nor yet of gay bachelor apartments near noisy thoroughfares. It is rather hard to place Mr. Barnes, and yet he undoubtedly is of New York. He is the only real and attractive character in either the book or the play. There is something very friendly and nice about him, despite the almost absurd and always theatrical surroundings in which the author has chosen to place him. He excels as a marksman, and the thought gives one some tranquil pride. It is only too easy to make your hero or your heroine a proficient in every line: when he paints a picture, Michael Angelo and Raphael hide their heads; when she sings a song, Grisi and Malibran fade into insignificance. But that Mr. Barnes should be a crack-shot has none of this air of the exaggerations of fiction. It sounds natural and not overdrawn.

The fact is that the hero is the only character in the book that Mr. Gunter drew from personal observation. All the others are either stolen from the stage or the novel—commonplace, flimsy, meretricious. The impassioned Marina, the blonde English girl, Lady Charteris, Tomasso, and Danelli are all old stage figures—the Corsican group, one-half Bowery, the other cheap French fiction; the English party, such as one might draw who had read a dozen English railway novels. Mr. Gunter costumed a few old models in fresh dresses and arranged them in place against a flat depicting the Mediterranean and the shores about Nice. But among these lay figures he put one live character, a type that he knew, had met, talked with, studied—Mr. Barnes of New York. This one life-like figure redeemed the book from the dead level of the commonplace and gave vitality to the play.

"If Barnes of New York was what the author makes him out to be, he never would have worn reversible cuffs," was the criticism passed on Mr. Gunter's novel by one of the scions of the New York aristocracy. And this criticism has still more reason when we see what a splendid, superb creature Mr. Hilliard makes of Mr. Gunter's hero. Mr. Hilliard, it will be remembered, was for many years the hated rival of Mr. Berry Wall, in a deadly controversy for the Kingship of the Dudes. The contest was terrible, but finally ended in the victory of Mr. Hilliard, who has since worn the coveted crown with no rival to dispute his supremacy. Mr. Wall, ousted from his throne, languished for some time and finally totally collapsed, married, and retired into that seclusion which is so eagerly sought by dethroned monarchs and once great men. Mr. Hilliard, since his succession to the crown and sceptre, has been a well-known and much-admired figure on the stage.

He has improved greatly in his acting. He is a good Mr. Barnes, good-looking, characteristic, pleasant—a very nice fellow. It is a pity that we do not see more of him in the latter half of the play—those raging Corsicans take up such an amount of time. It seems quite familiar and natural to see Mr. Hilliard in black clothes and a silk hat at Monte Carlo. With Monte Carlo in a play, one always expects to see him. The last time he was there was in company with Mrs. Langtry. She was Lena Despard, and he Lord Daysey. It was just the same sort of scenery, only you could see the Casino and hear the familiar strains of "Dolores" echoing feebly from under the stage. Mr. Hilliard, as Lord Daysey, wore the customary black clothes and silk hat, but, unlike the sprightly Barnes, he was very unhappy, and, if I mistake not the dialogue, his heart broke in the middle of the scene and he left in tears, clutching his stiffly starched bosom.

Mr. Barnes at Monte Carlo is gay, cheerful, agreeable, worth a peerage full of broken-hearted Lord Dayseys. It is quite an amusing scene—would be extremely amusing if the parts of Enid and the Enfant Terrible were better rendered. The young lady who takes the part of Maud is a trifle too terrible. There is no need for her to have such a rasping, coarse voice, but stage-children are generally unsuccessful, impossible creations. Does any one remember the child Tomaso Salvini had in his company on his first visit? You need never say you saw a stage-child in all her fell horror unless you saw that one. Maud's looks are very pretty, but her voice and acting are coarse and unpleasant.

Two of the ladies of the company have been familiar, almost famous, stage figures for years—Miss Effie Germon and Miss Emily Rigl. Miss Germon was once the leading comedienne at Wallack's, and was pronounced by Lester Wallack himself as "the finest light comedy actress of her day." She has acted with most of the people in this country worth acting with—Lester Wallack, Harry Beckett, John Gilbert, Harry Montague—great lights gone out; with Mme. Ponisi, Ada Dyas, Agnes Robertson, Madeline Henriques—now fallen out of sight and memory or drifted into such highways and byways of the drama as that in which Miss Germon now pursues her way—Lady Charteris in "Mr. Barnes of New York." A hard profession! Your every word greeted with applause to-day, your existence forgotten to-morrow.

Miss Rigl used to act in Daly's Company with Miss Davenport and Jeffries Lewis. Miss Davenport was then fat and Miss Lewis thin. Miss Lewis used to be very limp, and clinging, and tender, a soulful creature who trailed about her lover like a Virginia creeper about a post. Miss Davenport could not twine about anything, because she was too fat, and, *on dit*, jealousy arose on the subject. But the revolutions of the wheel of destiny set all these grievances straight. Several years later—it would be hardly fair to say how many—Miss Davenport was as thin and limber as a contortionist and Miss Lewis was trying all the known anti-fat remedies.

To be limp and to cling was evidently popular in that company, for Miss Rigl is wonderfully lissome. She is a very impassioned and gesticulatory Marina; she sobs, and clutches, and spreads out her arms to "the incorporate ether." The finding of her brother's body is a dramatic situation of which Miss Rigl makes the most. Later on the dramatic situations are so thick, crowding on each other's heels with breathless haste, that they lose their value, and one comes to feel that a long arid stretch of dialogue would be almost a relief. In the last act the agony is too terrific—Danelli, Gerard, Tomasso, and Marina all at fever pitch in the true Corsican manner. The arrival of Barnes is the sole break in this *crescendo* of horror—Barnes in a deer-stalker and a drab-corduroy suit covered with snow, or dust, or manna, or something white, which has either descended upon him from the heavens or risen at him from the earth. Miss Rigl does well with this scene, but its effectiveness is lost through lack of contrast—a fault which is not hers, but the author's.

The most attractive act in the play is the second. This is bright, and natural, and amusing—well done by the author, well done by Mr. Hilliard, indifferently done by the guard, and not so well done as one could wish by the young lady, who is too affected and mincing—too prone to ogle Barnes. One can not be sure that she did not try a little eye-making on the guard.

G. B.

Mr. Irving's views on the prospects of those who adopt the stage as a profession are not very encouraging for youthful aspirants. Of the total number of actors in England, estimated to be above twenty thousand, he expresses the conviction that quite half of them would be glad of an assured one thousand dollars a year.

STAGE GOSSIP.

"Mr. Barnes of New York" will be continued for another week.

Last Monday was a gala night at the theatres, Rosina Vokes, Frank Daniels, and "Mr. Barnes of New York" all drawing packed houses.

George Osborne is now Minnie Maddern's leading man, and will soon be seen here with her in "Feather-brain," an adaptation of the French comedy, "Tête de Linotte."

Daniel Bandmann, in "The Corsican Brothers," continues for a fortnight, and he is to be followed by Sophie Eyre in "The Witch," Milton Nobles, "The Great Metropolis," and Patti and Tamagno.

Rosina Vokes's company will play next week "A Double Lesson," which they gave in their first week when they were here before, and two new comedies, "Crocodile Tears" and "My Lord in Livery."

Stuart Robson appears here in a couple of weeks with Bronson Howard's comedy, "The Henrietta," and a few weeks later, his erstwhile partner, W. H. Crane, comes to this city with three new comedies.

"Said Pasha" can boast at least one proof of Eastern popularity, in the fact that among the new songs Frank Daniels has introduced in "Little Puck" this year, the prettiest is taken from Stahl's comic opera.

Nellie McHenry closes her San Francisco engagement to-morrow (Sunday) evening with "The Humming Bird." She is to be followed on Monday night by the first of the holiday plays. It is a revival of the "Tour of the World in Eighty Days."

At the Tivoli, "Lucia," with its wealth of pretty numbers which Donizetti had such just cause to be proud of, forms an admirable foil to the more ponderous "Norma," and has proved a hit. Signora Valerga, Campobello, Norman, and Messmer have the principal rôles.

Verona Jarbeau, whom we saw in comic opera a couple of years ago, began as a star with a play of the farce-comedy order, called "Starlight." When she appears here in a few weeks, however, she will adopt Rosina Vokes's plan of presenting three short comedies each night.

The cables tell us that Adelina Patti has bleached or dyed her hair to a brilliant straw-color. It sounds like a *canard*, however; bleached blondes have gone out, even in San Francisco, and moreover, Mme. Patti is too sensible a woman to spoil the harmony of her brilliant eyes and glossy locks.

Frank Daniels in "Little Puck" seems to be as great a favorite with San Franciscans as Evans and Hoey were with their "Parlor Match." He was vociferously greeted by pit and gallery on Monday night, although his play is rather worn and his company inferior to his former one.

Performing elephants, educated monkeys, Japanese jugglers and acrobats, and a lot of fine riders on fine horses are among the attractions of Chiarini's Royal Italian Circus, which begins a brief season at Central Park on Monday evening next. Performances will be given every evening at eight o'clock and on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons at two.

Charles E. Pratt, the accompanist of the Gilmore Festival at the Mechanics' Pavilion, is a pianist of wide reputation. He has played accompaniments or wielded the baton for a great many famous people, including Mme. Anna Bishop, Clara Louise Kellogg, Alice Dunning Lingard, Mme. di Murska, Mme. Titiens, Emma Abbott, Christine Nilsson, Minnie Hauk, and a number of opera companies, but in the last few years he has given up all his time to what the New Yorkers term, with irreverent affection, "Paddy Gilmore's Band."

So Chiarini is among us once more, with a circus which we may be sure is a good one, for he always had plenty of handsome cavaliers and equestriennes, clever acrobats, and the rest of it in the old days. He left us ten or twelve years ago to go to Australia, and from there he took his troupe by easy stages to India, Borneo, Persia, and Turkey, meeting with adventures which would fill a very entertaining volume and making a pot of money. He has not been forgotten here, and many a man who went to Chiarini's for his own sake will now take his children to enjoy what he enjoyed.

The soloists for the Gilmore Festival at the Pavilion are—sopranos: Signorina de Vere and Mme. Blanche Stone-Barton, a sister of Marie Stone, of the Boston Ideals, whom she strongly resembles; contraltos: Miss Clara Poole, who has sung in this country with the National Opera Company, and Miss Jenny Dickerson, who was Carl Rosa's contralto for four London seasons; tenors: Campanini, who needs no word of introduction, and Duzensi, who created the title-rôle in Massenet's "King of Lahore"; and bassos: Bologna, who made his first appearance in America in this city with Mme. Pappenheim, and Myron Whitney, the greatest of American bassos and incidentally the pride of Boston.

A series of popular twenty-five-cent lectures on "Women's Lives" will be delivered by Mrs. Florence Williams at the Women's Educational and Industrial Union on Geary Street, on Thursday evenings in November.

COMMUNICATIONS.

"Cockaigne" and House-Heating in England

Editors Argonaut: Perhaps you will permit r as one who has highly appreciated the *Argon* since he came to this coast several years ago, to m one or two more remarks on "Cockaigne" and letters.

If his communications were not dated from E land, I should almost suspect that the letter appe ing in your last issue and signed "Visitor" was fr his pen, for the style and sentiments are somew similar to those of "Cockaigne." In any case, *rara avis* is disinclined to append his signature, is probably wise in this. He is evidently also one w does not object to the depreciation of his country, who is not displeased with those half truths, whi Tennyson somewhere remarks, "are always blackest of lies."

But what I desire to refer to particularly, is "Co aigne's" letter published in last Saturday's *Argona* and which seems to me the most absurd of all. pass over the somewhat disgusting incident of man filling his hat with blackberries, also the ext ordinary filthiness of the house where cockroaches twos and threes crawled over the pillows and parac the bedroom walls, and I come to the question of he ing English residences. Of course, it is a matte opinion, but I feel sure that the majority of th who know will agree with me, that the English clim is not sufficiently severe to render it necessary, even desirable, to use hot-water pipes for that pose. I have several relatives in England, a con erable portion of whose business it is to place water apparatus in churches, conservatories, etc., personally I know of only one English reside which contains such a thing, and in that case it put in when the house was built, special provis being made in the construction of the building fo accommodation.

But "Cockaigne's" narrative is utterly ridiculo for, in the first place, it is extremely improbable tenant *could* put in a hot-water or hot-air appara without the owner's knowledge; and, secondly, certainly would not and dare not do it at his own pense and without the owner's consent. He wo not, because it would be exceedingly expensive, o ing, to my own personal knowledge, not less than or three hundred pounds for a moderately large substantial house; he dare not do it, for it wo play such havoc with the ceilings, the floors, and walls, and with the internal economy of the ho generally, that he would render himself liable to would undoubtedly be mulcted in heavy damages the result of his Quixotic undertaking.

I think it must be evident on the most superfi examination that "Cockaigne's" tale is the fabr tion of a brain utterly ignorant of the most elem ary facts relating to the subject, and indeed, as himself observes, the anecdote is a very "curi thing." Very respectfully, T. A. Barnes

San Francisco, October 27, 1889.

"Cockaigne" Defended.

Editors Argonaut: The chap who sent yo communication about "Cockaigne's" letter on Bri drinkers and drinks must be a queer joker.

The class to which "Cockaigne" desires to add himself and that to which Mr. Arthur Inkersley longs, are apparently quite different.

Mr. Inkersley keeps in his library a book of cipes for mixing drinks, and his collection and method of arrangement and classification must perfect, for he says he "can not put his hand" on important volume.

He accuses "Cockaigne" of something whic reading of the letter does not bear out, for if my m ory serves me right, "Cockaigne" mentioned c (which he said was spelled *cyder*). Champagne-c claret-cup, Scotch and Irish whisky, and whisk think he said, were a good deal drunk in England

Now Mr. Inkersley in his closing inadverte makes a slip, for he says: "It must be remembe that gentlemen in England do not, except occas ally, drink at public bars or in saloons, and co quently the meagre number of drinks obtainabl commonly called for at such places is not to be ta as an evidence that no other drinks are known."

Exactly. The gentlemen within the circle of Inkersley's acquaintance all possess a book of reci as does he, and when one descends to the breakf room in the morning, he finds chopped ice, Angost orange-flower, limes, and sugar, and an assortm of liquors. Feeling like a "cocktail," he cons the book of recipes attached to the sideboard wi chain (like the Directory in some establishments), turning to *C*, concocts the appetizer he wants.

I am sure "Cockaigne" does not visit at th houses. Yours, J. H. Pag

San Francisco, October 22, 1889.

The Truth about Kankakee.

Editors Argonaut: A recent paragraph of yo citing the Squashville *Maverick*, Kankakee *Clar* and Wayback *Bazoo*, is at hand.

Don't make the mistake of thinking that K kakee is a jay town because Ella Wheeler Wi has said so, or because the name looks odd in pr "Kankakee" is pure Indian, and means "beau river." And very lovely this Kankakee River is, its waters are peculiarly blue and flow over a li stone bed all the way from the Indiana State-lin the Illinois River. It is fed quite largely by spri It floats two pleasure-steamers, and on its banks the Eastern Illinois Hospital for the Insane— second largest in the United States—with its qu of sixteen hundred patients, and the eighty-thous dollar Riverview Hotel. Kankakee furnishes all stone-ballast and construction-stone used in Ill by the Illinois Central Railroad. We have a hundred-thousand-dollar system of water-works, streets are lighted by arc lights, and our stores residences by incandescent lights to the numbe one thousand. We have an excellent fire de ment, macadamized streets, and fourteen fine churc We have a one-hundred-thousand-dollar arcade b ing in which is one of the prettiest little opera-ho in the State. We have a daily newspaper, w journalistic candor will not allow me to say is brill and a weekly which natural modesty prevents from declaring to be a model, but a copy of w I mail to you. Yours very truly, A. B. Hol

Kankakee, Ill., October 22, 1889.

A French statistician has just ascertained that a man being, of either sex, who is a "moderate e and who lives to be seventy years old, consumes ing" the days of the years of his life" a quantit food which would fill twenty ordinary railway b gage cars. A "good eater," however, may req as many as thirty.

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A new department of the Bank is the Deposit Vaults, now open for business. Every known precaution has been taken to make them not only ABSOLUTELY FIRE AND BURGLAR PROOF, but well lighted and ventilated.

Safes in sizes so varied as to meet the wants of all are offered for rent at from $5 to $100 per annum, affording PERFECT PROTECTION for valuables, combined with READY ACCESSIBILITY.

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THURSDAY EVENINGS IN NOVEMBER.

ABOUT GLOVES.

When you are buying *gloves*, remember that there is such a thing as a price that is too *cheap*. It is better to pay a fair price and get good gloves like *Hutchinson's*. They are made from selected skins in the best manner, and are *warranted* to be the most serviceable made. If you want to know more about gloves in general and Hutchinson's gloves in particular, inclose stamp for the book *about gloves*. It will interest you. Established 1862.

JOHN C. HUTCHINSON,
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DIALECT VERSE.

Apology for Woman.

We 'low that woman war made from a rib
Of Adam's, but shucks! Her brains
Air higgledy-piddledy, kos odds and e-ends
Fixed up from his remains;
But—the Lord made 'em.

It war by accident, though, we air thinkin';
He can't be proud of the job
With sech tongues as they have been given
Ter gossip an' scold an' sch;
But—the Lord made 'em.

It war a woman, ye know, who gossiped
In Eden with Satin hisse f;
They're just plumb sure to spread all the news
An' make it 'fore they're lef';
But—the Lord made 'em.

'Tain't safe to trest wimmin with nuthin';
Tell everyhin' they know;
For they hain't got no sense ter reason
An' do change their minds so;
But—the Lord made 'em.

They sets thareselves up on principle,
Frustratin' of the men;
'Gainst jestice and enny enjyment,
Nine of 'em out o' ten;
But—the Lord made 'em.

They're so onreasonable, thar answer is
"Because 'tis" to every why.
Some acts one way, an' some another;
We 'uns can't track 'em—don't try;
But—the Lord made 'em.

—*Eugene Field in the Chicago News.*

Kerrected.

When Mary Ann Dollinger got the skule daown thar on Injun Bay
I was glad, fer I like ter see a gal makin' her honest way.
I heerd some talk in the village abaout her flyin' high,
Tew high fer husy farmer folks with chores ter dew ter fly;
But I paid no sorter attention ter all the talk ontell
She come in her reg'lar boardin' raound ter visit with us a spell.
My Jake an' her hed been cronies ever sense they could walk,
An' it tuk me ahack ter hear her kerrectin' him in his talk.
Jake ain't no hand at grammar, though he haint his beat fer work;
But I sez to myself, "Look out, my gal, yer a-foolin with a Turk!"
Jake bore it wonderful patient an' said, in a mournful way,
He p'sumed he was behindhand with the doin's at Injun Bay.
I remember once he was askin' fer some o' my Injun huns,
An' she said he should allus say, "them air," stid o' "them is" the ones.
Wal, Mary Ann kep' at him stiddy, mornin' an' evenin' long,
Tell he dassent open his mouth fer fear o' talkin' wrong.
One day I was pickin' currants daown by the old quince-tree,
When I heerd Jake's voice a-sayin' "Be ye willin' ter marry me?"
An' Mary Ann kerrectin'—"Air ye willin', yeou sh'd say."—
Our Jake he put his foot daown in a plum decided way,
"No wimmen-folks is a-goin' ter be rearrangin' me;
Hereafter I say 'craps,' 'them is,' 'I calk'late,' an 'I be,'
Ef folks don't like my talk they needn't hark ter what I say,
But I ain't a-goin' ter take no sass from folks from Injun Bay:
I ask ye free an' final, 'Be ye goin' ter marry me?'"
An' Mary Ann sez tremblin' yet anxious-like, "I be!"

—*Florence E. Pratt.*

Too Old tn Learn.

I am sumthin' of a vet'ran, just a-turnin' eighty year,
A man that's hale and hearty and a stranger tew all fear;
But I've heerd some news this mornin' that has made my old head spin,
And I'm goin' to ease my conshuns if I never speak ag'in.

I've live my four-score years of life, and never 'till to-day
Was I taken for a jackass or an ign'rant kind o' jay,
Tew he stuffed with such durned nonsense 'bout them crawlin' hugs and worms
That's a-killin' human bein's with their microscopic germs.

They say there's "microbes" all around a-huntin' for their prey;
There's nothin' pure tew eat or drink or no safe place to stay.
There's "miasmy" in the dew-fall and "malary" in the sun;
'Tain' safe to be out-doors at noon or when the day is done.

There's "bactery" in the water and "tricheeney" in the meat
"Ameeby" in the atmosfeer, "calory" in the heat;
There's "corpussels and pigments" in a human bein's blood,
And every other kind of thing existin' sense the flood.

Terhacker's full of "nickerteen," whatever that may be,
And your throat will all get puckered up with "tannin" in the tea;
The hutter's "oily-margareen," it never saw a cow,
And things is gettin' wus and wus from what they be just now.

Them bugs is all about us, jest a-waitin' for a chance
Tew navigate our vitals and tew 'naw us off like plants
There's men that spends a lifetime huntin' worms jest like a goose,
And tackin' Latin names to 'em and lettin' on 'em loose.

Now, I don't believe sech nonsense, and don't intend to try;
If things has come tew such a pass I'm satisfied to die.
I'll go hang me in the sullar, for I won't be sech a fool
As tew wait until I'm pizened by a annymallycool.

—*Anon.*

In one of the law courts nf Helsingborg, Sweden, a queer case of hypnotism has puzzled the judges. A young medical student brought suit against a practicing physician in the tnwn for baving bypnotized bim several times against his will, with the result that bis nervous system was injured and bis mind somewbat enfeebled. Several witnesses appeared for the plaintiff, and, to the astonishment of the court, they all appeared to be crazy, and gave the most contradictory and astnunding testimony. Hereupon a medical gentleman came upon the stand and still further astonished the court with the announcement that his confrère, the defendant, bad hypnotized the witnesses and made them say jnst whatever be liked. Finally the court adjourned the case and appointed a commission to see if the entire crowd were not crazy.

A subterranean river has just been discovered in the Department of Lot, France. The discoverers worked their way down stream for a couple of miles through a succession of wonderful grnttoes sparkling with stalactites. They found seven lakes on the way and had tn shoot thirty-seven cascades or rapids.

Queen Victoria does not wear a great deal nf fur. She has an ndd cloak, however, in which she comfortably incases herself when traveling in the cold weather. It is made entirely nf ermine, and the ermine is outside. The cloak gives her a very regal appearance.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Farini Concert.

Signor A. Farini gave an operatic concert at Irving Hall last Tuesday evening which was well attended and quite interesting. The programme was as follows:

"La Gallena," Piano Duet ..... Gottschalk
Clarke W. Reynolds and A. Farini.
Cavatina, "Eroani," ..... Verdi
Miss Alice Gates.
"La Serenata" ..... Schubert
Miss T. M. Agnes.
Duet, "La Traviata" ..... Verdi
Miss A. Gates and Mr. Barkelew.
"Bolero," Piano Solo ..... Raff
Clarke W. Reynolds.

III Act.—"Faust."

King of Tule, Jewel Song, } Margherita, ... Miss Beattie
Flower Song—Siebel ..... Miss Bernice Holmes
Gold Song (First Act)—Mephisto ..... A. Farini

Cavatina—Roberto ..... Meyerbeer
Miss Alice Gates.

II Act.—"Martha."

Martha ..... Miss Luln Beattie
Nancy ..... Miss Bernice Holmes
Lionel ..... Ashley Barkelew
Plunkett ..... A. Farini

IV Act.—"Il Trovatore."

Leonora, In the Poison Scene } Miss Blanche Dorland, Miss Alice Gates
Azucena ..... Miss Bernice Holmes
Manrico ..... H. A. Barkelew
Count di Luna ..... A. Farini
Ruiz ..... W. Watson

The Sesnon Concert.

Mr. Robert F. Sesnon, a young local haritone and a pupil of Mr. H. J. Stewart, gave a concert at Pioneer Hall on Friday evening. He was greeted by a large and fashionable audience, who enjoyed the two hours that were devoted to the following programme:

Trio, in C minor, Allegro con brio, ... Beethoven
H. J. Stewart, Henry Heyman, and F. S. Gutterson.
Song, "I at thy feet would fain be lying," Graben-Hoffmann
Mr. Robert F. Sesnon.
Bolero, "To Sevilla" ..... Dessauer
Miss Josephine Pritchard.
Violin Solo, (a) Berceuse, (b) Valse } (Manuscript.) ..... Ovide Musin
Mr. Henry Heyman.
Aria, "Lucrezia Borgia," "Nella fatal di Rimini," Donizetti
Miss Isabel Hobron
Song, "Queen of the Earth" ..... Pinsuti
Mr. H. M. Fortescue.
Nocturne for Violoncello, Op. 43, No. 3 ..... Goltermann
Mr. Fred S. Gutterson.
Song, "Thy Sentinel am I" ..... Watson
Mr. Robert F. Sesnon.
Trio, in D minor, "Finale" ..... Mendelssohn
H. J. Stewart, Henry Heyman, and F. S. Gutterson.

The Mansfeldt Concert.

Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt gave his thirtieth concert of this season last Monday evening at Spencer Hall. A large audience was well entertained by the annexed programme:

Sonata D major ..... Haydn
Miss Clara Selig.
Sonata, B flat No. 11, opus 22 ..... Beethoven
(a) Allegro con brio ..... Mr. Sundland
(b) Adagio con brio, (c) Menuetto, (d) Rondo, Allegretto } ..... Mr. Mansfeldt
Berceuse ..... Chopin
Miss Ida Fording.
Etude melodique, A flat major ..... Raff
Mr. Emil Steinegger.
Scherzo, B flat minor ..... Chopin
Miss Ruth Reynolds.
Toccata, C major ..... Schumann
Mr. A. Sundland.
Ballade, A flat major ..... Chopin
Miss Eva Crowley.
"La Campanella" (The little bell) ..... Liszt
Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt.

The Gilmore jubilee concerts, which will undoubtedly be the musical event of the winter, are to be six in number, and will take place at the Mechanics' Pavilion on the evenings of November 11th, 12th, 13th, and 14th, and on the afternoons of the two last-named dates. The band is one of the most famous musical organizations in the world, being known and admired throughout Europe and America, and numbers in its ranks fifteen notable instrumental soloists. The repertoire includes ten thousand pieces, and ranges from Wagner to the latest popular airs. The vocal soloists are eight in number, and they are to be reinforced with the voices of the Handel and Haydn Society, under whose auspices the concerts are given, Mr. H. J. Stewart conducting the choral numbers.

Miss Alice Bacon and Miss Ella Partridge will give their first ensemble concert this (Saturday) afternoon in the parlors of the First Unitarian Church, and will have the assistance of Mr. Hermann Brandt and Mr. Louis Heine in presenting a very interesting programme.

One of the most important enterprises in Paris is the Compressed Air Company, which distributes power throughout the city. It began with a pneumatic clock-system about 1870. This business grew until there are now about eight thousand pneumatic clocks, public and private, driven from a station about four miles east of the Madeleine. The company distributes power for any purpose. There are about twn hundred and fifty motors, varying in power from one-eighth horse-power tn fifty horse-power, for all sorts of purposes, all driven from the central station.

The sideboard of the Duke nf Albuquerque, who died about the middle of the seventeenth century, was mounted by forty silver ladders. After his death, six weeks were occupied in making out an inventory nf the gold and silver vessels nwned by this luxurious autocrat.

Finest oysters in all styles, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

The women of Kansas are far ahead nf those of all the other States of the Union in progress. They put prohibition in the constitution, they have full municipal and school ballot, co-education in its State university, and the number of women preachers, doctors, and lawyers is larger than in any other State. The assistant attorney-general is a woman, and women are farmers, bankers, county schnnl-superintendents, editors, printers, and merchants. Women serve on the school boards in every county, and there are women treasurers of school boards, superintendents of schools, registers nf deeds, and at Cottonwood Falls the police justice is a woman.

For Sale.

A model fruit and stock farm in the citrus belt of the foot-bills of Butte County, nicely situated for a suburban home. Twn bundred acres. Twelve bundred fruit-trees—rasins, berries, running water, fountain, poultry etc. Fine scenery, healthy climate. Value, $7,200; cash price, $5,000; half, $3,000. Photographs can be seen. Address "Ranch," *Argonaut* office.

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— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 tn 5.

— GO TO BRADLEY & RULOFSON'S NEW PHOTOgraphic gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont Streets.

— EXTRA MINCE PIES, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

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Sale of seats opens at Sherman & Clay's as follows: Monday and Tuesday, November 4th and 5th, for season tickets only. Wednesday, November 6th, and each day thereafter, for single nights.
Season tickets (6 performances) $7 00
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Performance every evening at 8 and WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY afternoons at 2 o'clock.

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Private boxes (6 chairs) $6 00
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Box Office opens at Central Park on THURSDAY, October 31st, from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M.
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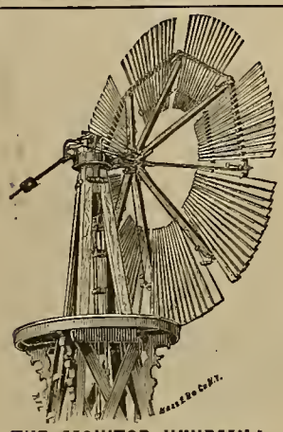

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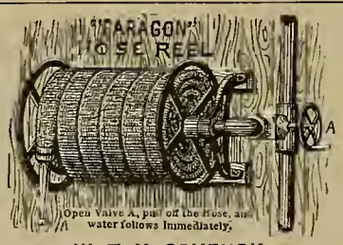

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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The earth in the fullness of its capacity of production is sufficient in all respects for the wants of mankind ; is capable of supplying not only necessities and comforts to all its inhabitants, but is adequate for contributing to the luxuries which are essential to the gratification and pleasure of all who people it. Population can not increase to an extent which may outrun that which is essential for its enjoyment and comfort—not alone the physical necessities which are necessary for sustaining life, but everything which human reason can require for the most complete gratification of the higher mental, moral, and spiritual requirements. With labor forces brought into intelligent subjection, there can be no conflict between labor and capital. With rights equally distributed, there can be no privileged classes. Poverty, sickness, sorrow, and crime ought not to exist if the laws of nature are rightly understood and properly interpreted. The progress made in this century has demonstrated the possibility of attaining the zenith at which human life is the perfection of human bliss. Philosophers in past ages have caught glimpses of a perfect day. The elixir of life and the waters which may rejuvenate the failing strength of years with the renewed vigor of youth, are prophecies which foreshadow what nature intended to be man's condition when the Creator planned the universe and spoke the world into existence for the habitation and support of human life. It is an imperfect scheme if this earth may not provide everything essential for enjoyment to all the beings who are assigned to it for their existence. If there is an intelligent and just creative power, it is an impeachment of its wisdom and beneficence to attribute to it so inadequate a plan of organization as we are called upon to contemplate when we look over a world with all its races engaged in destroying each other. War is the normal condition of man. The monsters of the deep that eat their smaller kind, the beasts of the forest that prey upon the weaker ones—are the types of man on the highest plane of what we call Christian civilization. When the human race shall realize that it was created to rule over the earth ; that all that exists in the sea and soil is produced for man's enjoyment, and is sufficient if intelligently produced and equitably distributed to suffice for all ; that to the human intelligence is given dominion over all the occult powers of nature, and that all the hidden mysteries are within man's reach for finding out, and that the exercise of this power is attended with the duty of recognizing that equal rights give to all men an equal share in the inheritance — then, and not till then, will the human mind be so disciplined that it may enter the field of investigation with a view of harmonizing and adjusting human rights, of discovering modes of developing the world's undiscovered resources, and of equally distributing them to all the members of the human family. There is a breadth of continent, an expanse of ocean, and a space above the land and sea for the habitation of all animals, fish, and fowl, and over these man is given dominion. The soil is adequate for the production of vegetation sufficient for all—grains, fruits, and flowers to satisfy the demands of human existence—while to the intellect and industry of man is intrusted the knowledge of cultivation. The ocean contributes incalculable products for food, and all its mysteries are open to the sounding-line, the diver, and the navigator. It no longer divides continents or separates islands. The air holds its winged denizens subject to the call of man, and time is on the eve of an invention which shall burden it with ships. Chemistry applies the key to open the vaults in whose chambers are locked nature's most hidden and most valuable mysteries. It analyzes the laws which govern the combination of elementary properties, and subjects each of them to scientific observation and inquiry. The earth has grown small with the century which has brought to perfection steam-machinery. Under its influence mechanics have bridged the seas and spanned the continents, space is annihilated, and time gives opportunity for marvelous progression. There are forces not yet harnessed for use, powers but half-discovered, in which remains undeveloped and masterful efficacy. In the moon there lies the power of moving tides which bring to the ocean's shore a perpetual force which, when subdued to the uses of man, should give him dominion over continents. The waters are under subjection, while the winds riot with untamed freedom. Electricity—that invisible, impalpable, subtle motor-nerve of the universe, which holds orbs in position as they harmoniously swing in space—has been caught upon the key of Franklin's kite, its current deflected upon our earth ; broken, harnessed, and driven tandem by Morse, till now Edison has subjugated it to the toil of field and shop, and it will soon become the patient slave of the farmer in his fields and the mechanic at his bench. With such forces trained to the performance of labor, why shall man toil and sweat ? or why shall he struggle and die from over-exhaustion of his physical forces ? Why shall not the inventive brain of man improve agricultural implements till they produce grain without other toil than mental direction and the necessary labor for their construction ? Why shall not ships be planned which will laugh at tempests and move safely through stormy seas with only intelligence at the prow and helm ? Why may not the tired muscle rest while powers of steam and water, winds and wave, of air compressed, and the other cunning forces of nature craftily hiding themselves, be dragged forth from their secret places and made to do unwilling duty ? Why should man strain his muscle while steel, and wood, cogged wheels, springs, balances, beams, and screws can, with dexterous manipulation, weave the gossamer webs of worm and wools of sheep into cloths ? If machinery and mechanical force can move the great leviathans of war for man's destruction—can plant, and pick, and gin, and weave the hempen fibre into cables which bind them—where shall the inventive genius stop its investigations short of demonstrating that man has a higher destiny and a nobler ambition than to delve with implements in the soil and with tools in the shop ? For this purpose he was not created in the God-like image. For this he was not endowed with the God-like qualities. Man is created not to labor, but is in the direction of ultimate emancipation from physical toil which exhausts and destroys him. All that mankind requires for its use, and for the indulgence of all its æsthetic tastes and the gratification of all its intellectual aspirations, is attainable through the development of its brain power. The world is journeying on a broad highway. The art of printing places the name of Gutenberg on the monument which marks the period of a new departure. The invention of every mechanical genius, the discovery of every philosophic intelligence, the production of every practical mind, are stones which mark in miles, and halves, and quarters every step of progress. In the development of this new philosophy —if philosophy it may be called, and, if "philosophy," it is that of materialism—Governor Stanford has devoted the accumulations of his successful life. Not in planting academic groves in whose shades philosophers may teach, but in the endowment of a university where may be taught all that is useful in the direction of emancipation from the peonage and penury which hold mankind subject to the slavery of physical toil and the bondage of subjection to the tyranny of classes. The university at Palo Alto is not only a monument to a gifted son, but is an academic grove which will be of more practical use than those of Athens and more richly endowed than the seats of learning which now grace the wealthiest empires of the civilized modern world. In the Leland Stanford Jr. University, men and women will be educated to think and act. Brains and muscles will be taught to work in harmony for the practical realization of the comforts and luxuries which shall minister to the enjoyments of this world. Speculations and conjectures in reference to the future, which lies beyond the confines of time, will be left to the theologians and the infallible spiritual guides who have organized profitable industries by undertaking to engineer wandering souls through the mazes of spiritual doubts, by interpreting to them the inspired commands of an omnipotence of whose existence they can have but limited knowledge and whose wishes they can have no means of ascertaining. To make of boys and girls better men, and better women, and better citizens, to endow them with higher aspirations and attainments for their better acquisition, to aid them to drive out poverty, and to qualify them for a more intelligent organization of republican government and its better administration, will be among the achievements which Governor Stanford hopes will come within the objects of the Leland Stanford Jr. University.

The *Argonaut* is not nearly enough allied to the Republican party to rejoice over its victories or mourn at its funerals. We have in turn belonged to each party—to the Republican when it was toiling and teething through infancy, when it was struggling through the civil war for the preservation of principles and for the perpetuity of the Union ; to the Democratic party when the war was ended, slavery abolished, the Union restored, and when Horace Greeley held out the hand of reconciliation across the gulf which ran crimson with blood. Tuesday's battle was a Waterloo for the Republican party. It was an Austerlitz but a few days since when victory came sweeping on with three new States chained to its chariot-wheels. We thought then that the victorious Northern campaign indicated for the Republican party a long career of power. If it was a mistake to think victory meant continued power to the Republicans, what value would an opinion be worth now if we should say the tide has turned ? That this is "an off year" we may be permitted to remark, if it will bring any consolation to the stricken forces and encourage them to a more honorable and manly contest than the one which placed President Harrison in the curule chair of state. It has

been a very off year for most of the pivotal States. New York, New Jersey, Indiana, Illinois, Ohio, and Iowa now hold the pendulums ready to swing backward or forward, as circumstance may determine, at the Presidential election, and there is no tick in the machinery denoting that the solid South will not strike high noon when comes the election of General Harrison's successor. Our sympathies are so strongly with the Republicans that we rejoice with them at the election of a governor in Massachusetts. If we may be permitted to tell the story of the physician who was called for the delivery of a woman in child-birth, it will express our idea of the true condition. The doctor said: "Yes, I have lost the child and lost the mother, but, by the help of God, I hope to pull the old man safely through." Massachusetts is safe! and it may be hoped that its electoral vote will be given to the Republican party for President. The Republican party ought to win, and if its leaders were as honest as its rank and file, it would win. But that with dishonesty, demagogy, political insincerity, and cowardice its fortunes are imperiled, no intelligent man can for a moment doubt. There are more men of adult age who have not been convicted of crime—who hold their ballots above price, who are loyal to the constitution, who love their country, and are brave enough to defend it at the ballot-box—than there are in State penitentiaries, than in all the whisky saloons, than in the toils of Roman Catholic bondage, than in uneducated and ignorant immigration which swarm upon our shores. Ignorance, superstition, alcoholic madness, mendicity, mendacity, and crime are allied—are fighting in line with organization and discipline—while intelligence, property, temperance, patriotism, and morals are too obstinate to unite even when property, order, and the moral welfare of society are imperiled. The Prohibition party is fighting for temperance, the American party contending for patriotism, the Republican party struggling for spoils—all disunited in selfish contentions—while the Democracy, disciplined by defeat, presents an united and impregnable front. While the Republican party is intriguing for the Irish, the alien, the negro, the Roman Catholic, and the criminal vote by every device which demagogy can conceive, how can the American party have any heart to join its fighting forces? While the Republican leaders are plotting and conspiring with the gin-mills, breweries, and stills, how can temperance men care whether they meet with Austerliz or Waterloo? How can the honest working farmer, mechanic, or laboring-man care whether the old man pulls through or perishes in the straw with mother and child? Our country is passing through perilous and prosperous times, it is going only in the skirmish line of the long political contentions it must endure, and who shall dare to say that such defeat as the Democratic party met in the new North-West, and such overwhelming rout as the Republicans met on Tuesday, will not serve to educate the American people to a higher estimate of the value of a free republic, and impel them to put forth bolder and more heroic acts of courage in defense of the inestimable privileges of free government than have so far characterized their political conflicts?

We have received from a warm supporter of Governor Waterman's administration an energetic argument in defense of his official and personal conduct, which we reserve for publication. The fact that Governor Waterman is a candidate for renomination has stirred no little commotion in the hive political, and, curiously enough, the San Francisco daily press—Republican, Democratic, and Independent—seems to have assumed an unfriendly and hostile attitude toward him. The press is now in harmonious yelp at his heels, while the politicians—who are ever exposing their persons, not clothed in white as was the Roman candidate, standing in the Forum for office, but clad in the fantastic patches which adorn modern politicians—pose on the granite pedestal of the kerb, pose for the votes which wallow in the gutter. From the *Examiner* and *Alta California* we may expect unfriendly and disingenuous arguments against Governor Waterman, because he is not a Democrat. Club-talk and street-gossip charge the editor of the *Chronicle* with indulging in ambition for an exalted position and in personal resentments for defeat of legislation around which individual interests cluster. The proprietors of the *Bulletin* and *Call* come under similar animadversions for not having received such consideration from the executive as, in their opinion, they were justly entitled to. Governor Waterman is criticised by a better and more independent class of citizens for not having interposed the executive veto more indiscriminately in arresting extravagant expenditures. But it must, in fairness to the executive, be admitted that the government under which we live and the constitution which forms our organic law divide the power of the State into three branches, legislative, judicial, and executive, and that it is the duty of the governor to administer laws, and not to make or interpret them. If the people of the State will choose bad legislators and feeble judges, they must bear the responsibility of such errors of judgment as they may make. Executive vetoes are for the purpose of arresting hasty and profligate unconstitutional legislation, for pardoning offenses when good reasons are shown that the judgment of the court is cruel, unreasonable, or illegal. It will be remembered that Governor Waterman came to his office with limited legal knowledge and with brief acquaintance with the intricate entanglements of politics, and that he was surrounded by Republicans who were not loyal, and by partizans who were altogether hostile. That he came out alive from the bramble-bush into which by accident he had been thrown, is creditable to his name and moral fibre, and to the business intelligence which distinguishes him, and to his common-sense and integrity, which have never been successfully challenged. Governor Waterman is a man of large wealth, active industry, with energy untiring, and with a positiveness which, in his resentment to selfish intrigue, seems rudely brusque. He may lack the polish of duplicity and the mannerism of the artful and smiling demagogue. Whether Governor Waterman may or may not be renominated by the Republican party in State convention, we shall have no voice in determining and no influence among politicians in directing. It might do worse than to nominate him, and by uniting all the better elements which once composed the party, thus strengthen it to gain a victory over elements and issues which are likely to give to a Democratic governor and a Democratic legislature an easy triumph over the discordant and inharmonious elements which ought to unite under the banners of the Republican party. That the press and the politicians, the bosses and their parasites, exert influence in sending delegates to conventions is widely recognized, but when the question of a fit candidate is presented to the people for election, it not infrequently happens that journals, politicians, and political bosses are swept aside with one brush of the flexible terminal which protrudes from the extreme vertebræ of the body politic.

The steam-railroads of this State are compelled by law and by the State constitution to submit to the supervision and regulation of a railroad commission. The steam-railroads which operate lines extending beyond the boundaries of the State are compelled to submit to the supervision and regulation of the Interstate Commerce Commission. They are called upon annually to present reports of their receipts and disbursements, their cost of construction and operating expenses, their payments for interest and for principal of their debt, the amount of freight carried, and the number of passengers. In short, they are compelled to lay bare their whole financial condition in order that the public may regulate the relative receipts and disbursements. The street-railroads, on the other hand, submit to no supervision by the government, and maintain a dignified and significant silence regarding their financial standing. Yet there is greater reason for supervision in the case of street-railroads than in the case of steam-railroads. The exercise of the right of eminent domain, with the public character of the services rendered, is the basis for the exercise of governmental supervision in the case of the railroads. But a steam-railroad exercises the right of eminent domain only for the purpose of condemning private property. The railroad, after fixing upon its course, must condemn and purchase the right of way. The street-railroad, on the contrary, does not purchase anything. It simply applies to the board of supervisors for the right to use the public property, and then proceeds to use it without giving any compensation. The street-railroad has as much of the quasi-public character as the steam-railroad, and should be compelled to submit to government control. A board of commissioners should have authority to regulate the rates of fare on street-railroads, and to secure more adequate accommodations and greater safety for the public. If there be objection to creating a municipal board of commissioners—as there certainly would be in San Francisco—the street-railroads could be placed under the supervision of the Board of State Railroad Commissioners. There is much in the management of street-railroads which requires reformation and regulation. The commissioners could examine into all applications for franchises, report upon the advisability of granting the franchise, and the terms upon which it should be granted. The great number of accidents on our street-railroads would also be reduced, if not completely avoided, by the efficient supervision of such a board, and the comfort of passengers might receive some attention. By providing for annual financial statements the commission would be placed in a position to know whether a reduction of fare might be made without interfering with the proper service, and if the receipts of the companies were found to be too high, the proper reduction of fare could be made. A somewhat similar plan has been in operation in Massachusetts for a number of years. In 1874, a law was enacted in that State placing the various street-railway companies under the supervision of the State Board of Railroad Commissioners. The companies are required to present annual reports setting forth the amount of capital stock actually paid in, the amount of debt, funded and unfunded, the cost of the road and its equipment, and the receipts and expenditures, the latter being divided accord ing to the payments for permanent improvements, running ex penses, interest and dividends. Besides this, the amount o the surplus on hand for the year and the total surplus must b given. As a further check on the companies, they are re quired to state the length of track operated, the number o round trips made, the number of passengers carried, the num ber of miles run, and the rate of speed. This forms a bas for determining the probable cost of the road, the receipts an disbursements, and other financial data which may serve as check on the figures furnished under these heads. This sy tem has worked well in Massachusetts for fifteen years. Wh should it not work well in California?

The stir that has been created in financial circles in this country b the purchases of "English syndicates" is likely to have a very differe effect from that anticipated, but an effect that is not less importan The sensational rumors that immense syndicates have been formed t control the more important branches of industry in this country; that th poor man's beer and the rich woman's dry goods are to pass under th control of the British capitalist, are of course exaggerations. But the has undoubtedly been a large movement by English investors in th direction, and the movement will increase rather than decrease in the f ture. This is partly because the Englishman looks beyond the limits of h own country and seeks investment in any part of the world which seem to offer good inducements, and partly because the laws of England pe mit the establishment of corporations under the Limited Liability Act. I the limited stock companies, the liability of the stockholder is limited t the number of his shares, and this method enables the poorer classes t invest in the shares. There is really no such powerful syndicate forme for the purchase of the breweries of this country, or for any other pu pose, as is generally supposed. The method of placing an America investment on the London market is interesting, and has given rise to new class of business men, known as "promoters." A good promot handles nothing unless he is satisfied, by the reports of reliable expert that it is a good thing. Being so satisfied, he goes to London and fee the pulse of the speculative market carefully. Instead of trying to pla his investment whether the public wants that class of investment or no he waits until his particular class of scheme is the fashion. Then a lim ited liability company is formed, a number of shares subscribed, ofte by dummy subscribers, a board of directors obtained, whose reputatio will give the scheme a standing, and then the stock is placed upon th market. If the scheme has been properly handled, the public snap u the shares in small lots, and the "subscribers" are enabled to unload a good price. The small importance of the subscribers, as permanen investors, has given rise to the establishment of "investment trusts incorporated companies which, for a commission ranging from two an one-half to ten per cent., agree to take the necessary number of shar if they are not taken by outside investors. If the shares are subscribe for, the investment trust gets its commission and takes no stock; if th public do not purchase in sufficient quantities, the trust subscribes fo the stock, and waits for an opportunity to unload it on the open marke In this manner a large number of shares of the so-called brewery synd cate have been taken by the investment trusts, and they are waiting fo an opportunity to unload. The profits of the promoters, where the are successful, are, of course, immense, and a successful promoter ha an excellent business. There are said to be thirty thousand men en gaged in "promoting" in London and New York, they having been a tracted to the business by the alluring profits of those who have bee successful. But of these thirty thousand probably not more than thre hundred understand the business thoroughly, and not more than thirt of these have been sufficiently successful to acquire large means The great advantage which England has as a field for placing these in vestments, is the existence of the Limited Liability Act, and the result o the development of this business will probably be the enactment of sim ilar laws in this country, thereby enabling those of small means to de rive the benefits of corporate industry, thus increasing considerably th amount of capital available for such enterprises.

A few weeks ago, we mentioned the offer by the New York *World* o a prize of one hundred dollars for the most original and suggestive ac count of an imaginary visit to the World's Fair of 1892. This offer ha now been expanded, and six prizes are offered. The first and secon prizes—one thousand and five hundred dollars, respectively—are for th best and next best original ideas for use in any department of th *World*; the third and fourth—two hundred and fifty and one hundre dollars—are for the largest number of suggestions; the fifth is two hun dred and fifty dollars for the best editorial; and the sixth is the World's Fair offer. The first five offers have been made annually about Christ mas time, but the competition has been confined to those connected wit the *World*. This year the offer is extended to the whole world and ideas, good, bad, and indifferent, have been pouring in upon them twenty-five thousand having been received during the first two weeks. Some idea of the variety offered may be gathered from the following se lections: To have nickel-in-the-slot stands where copies of the *World* may be obtained; to bring the house in which Columbus was born to New York for the World's Fair; to make arrangements with convicted person to shout when the noose is adjusted, to get the exact time of hanging to discover and expound to the world a system of politics impregnable to corruption and perpetually free from the means of temptation and degradation in official life; to advocate an international postage-stamp; to print the dry-goods advertisements and the base-ball news on separate pages in order to prevent domestic dissension; to discontinue the Monday morning's paper in order to permit readers to get through with the Sunday issue; to unearth a buried city in Texas; to offer a reward of one hundred thousand dollars for any man whose neighbors will all vouch for his honesty; to head the Want Directory of the *World* with a cut of the main building and tower of the World's Fair of 1892; to discover the Cronin murderers and "Jack the Ripper" by clairvoyance; to send a reporter to Whitechapel to discover the murderer; to invent a substitute for the brakeman in announcing the names of stations; to employ the detective-camera for exposing the undignified positions of senators and representatives during the sessions of Congress; to have a *World* reporter elected President in order to get the inside workings of that office; to print nothing but the truth; to publish a condensed edition to contain the briefest possible report of the news; to publish a series of articles by the kings and rulers of the universe. One ingenious man presents a plan for receiving reports from distant places by a combination of phonographs and telephones;

other suggests that interviewing should be done by means of the phonograph, and so the list spreads out until, on an offer of twenty-two hundred dollars, the *World* has secured enough ideas to run the paper for a year, and enough advertising to repay the amount which will ultimately be laid out.

A mass of interesting information regarding wages is contained in the 8th annual report of the Bureau of Labor Statistics of New York. The report adopts the newer plan of presenting the statistics of wages without averages, and also points out the fact that "permanent work is a theory, not a condition," but fails to follow this up by presenting any figures as to the unemployed and the number of idle days of the employed. An interesting fact regarding wages, brought out by the report, is that dangerous or unhealthful employments do not pay additional wages. There is a theory that a dangerous employment must pay more than the normal rate of wages as insurance for the risk run, but this is not sustained by the facts. Makers of dynamite-cartridges receive twenty-three to fifty-six dollars a month; awning-makers, having the same degree of skill, are paid fifty-six to seventy dollars a month, and these are not extreme cases. The fact seems to be that labor is sufficiently independent to choose its employment, and, therefore, the less desirable work is left for the lowest class of laborers. This condition will probably not continue, however, when the population becomes overcrowded. Again, the old theory that skilled labor is better paid than unskilled, is not carried out in these figures. As between different trades, the wages are not in proportion to the degree of skill required, but rather to the demand for the work. The building trades, for instance, show the highest general wages, and much higher than some forms of employment requiring more skill. Even as between the laborers of any one trade, skilled labor has an advantage in more steady employment rather than in higher wages. Regarding the wages of women, the familiar fact that their wages are lower than those of men doing the same work is pointed out. The report attributes this to the fact that there are more women than men seeking employment. This assumption, however, is open to doubt, and no statistics of the unemployed are presented to enable us to verify it. A more adequate explanation is contained in the fact that the timidity of woman, placed in novel and embarrassing circumstances, leads her to accept employment on terms that a man would refuse, rather than look further for it. This tendency is strengthened by the fact that public opinion in this country considers woman as outside of the regular field of industry. Whatever wages she can make are so much additional to the revenue of the family, but not an amount to be absolutely counted on. She is, therefore, able and willing to work for less than a man. Of course the entire body of female workers does not belong to this class, but a sufficient proportion of the whole does affect the wages of all. An illustration of this influence is seen in the statistics of wages of stenographers and type-writers. In 1883, the rate of weekly wages was fifteen to fifty dollars; in 1887, it was [illegible] to twenty-five dollars, having decreased a little more than half in the years, as a result of the increase of the number of females laboring in this field. This is more striking in view of the fact that a general increase of wages is noted during the last five years. Five thousand four hundred and sixty-four employers were interrogated on this subject, and of these, two thousand eight hundred and eighty-three reported wages unchanged, sixteen hundred and forty-nine reported higher wages, and [illegible] four hundred and thirty-seven reported that wages had been decreased.

"Nellie Bly," by which name a young woman who writes for a New York daily desires to be known, comes before the public with a grievance. Miss Bly will be remembered as the young woman who feigned insanity about two years ago and succeeded in being committed to Blackwell's Island. Her experiences she wrote up for her paper in the most approved journalistic fashion, implying—for the sake of creating what to her mind was an interest—that the doctors had taken indecent liberties with her. The doctors succeeded, without any difficulty, in showing that the charge was without foundation; but Miss Bly had accomplished her purpose, and was the subject of more or less discussion, favorable and otherwise. Since then she has followed her favorite line of newspaper-work. On one occasion she went to Central Park and made eyes at the passing men, until one responded to her advances. He made her acquaintance, suggested a drive, which was accepted, proposed a visit to a questionable resort, which was accepted, offered spirituous refreshments in a private apartment, which were accepted, and then made proposals to her which she asserts she rejected with scorn. She had secured material for a good sensational article, and she used it to her pecuniary profit. Her next exploit was to advertise for the position of "amanuensis." The language of her advertisement was equivocal; so, very naturally, were the replies. From the mass of letters received she selected those most favorable for her purpose, and called on the writers. By her actions and remarks she succeeded in bringing the conversation into her favorite channel, and thus secured several more dramatic opportunities for rejecting proposals which never would have been made to a woman whose actions did not invite them. Of course she published an account of her experiences, with the names and addresses of her victims. And this is the woman who has a grievance! It seems that some other young woman, of even shadier character, has been assuming her name, and has been guilty of conduct which Miss Bly considers likely to injure her "reputation." There is a class of women who are outcasts from society. Yet they have a certain sense of honor which is lacking in this creature. She levies her blackmail by exposing the weakness of individuals after she has wormed herself into their confidence. Men who make a living by writing scurrilous sensations are a disgrace to the journalistic profession; women who thus unsex themselves are unutterably low.

It is only a few years since the Knights of Labor were a power in the land, and District Assembly 49, with Martin Irons at its head, was disturbing seriously the industry of the whole country. The most serious results were threatened by the reckless action of this large body of men led by irresponsible persons. In October, 1886, the membership amounted to seven hundred and twenty-three thousand; in July, 1887, it was five hundred thousand; in 1888, four hundred thousand; and this year it has fallen below two hundred thousand. The organization is at such a low ebb that it is moribund. During the days of its prosperity, the order purchased valuable property in Philadelphia for head-quarters and erected a building worth forty-five thousand dollars. Mr. Powderly, as general master workman, received an annual salary of five thousand dollars, and other highly paid officials were carried on the roll. Now, all this must be changed. Mr. Powderly gave up his trip to Europe to inspect the Paris Exposition in the interest and at the expense of the organization. It is even probable that he may be obliged to give up his salary and go to work for a living. Unsuccessful and ill-advised strikes which caused the laborers extreme hardships and brought them no return have caused the dissatisfaction, and we may, perhaps, consider this phase of the labor troubles at an end. Strikes will continue in the future, but the laborer has become tired of the "walking delegate," who orders him out on strike without cause and lives in ease on the earnings of his hard-laboring dupe.

ROMAN CATHOLIC NEWS.

"Behold how these Christians Love One Another."

Miss Kate Drexel, of the value of five million dollars, has been acquired by the Church of Rome, and her wealth is in process of being drawn into that treasury, from which there is no outflow except in advancing the political designs of the church and promoting the ambition of its hierarchy. Miss Drexel is of no more value to the advancement of the spiritual interests of the Roman Catholic Church than any girl of equal intelligence, zeal, youth, and physical strength. It is the millions that are wanted, and for their attainment Bishop Phelan, of Pittsburg, Bishop O'Connor, of Omaha, Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, will leave no stones unrolled to inveigle this young woman into a nunnery. In this Order of the Sisters of Mercy, Miss Drexel will be required, by her vows, to perform the duties of a nurse to the sick. She will be required to perform menial service and toilsome, offensive labors in the rooms and at the bedsides of invalids. A worthy and kindly charity is that of the Sisters of Mercy; the order has a world-wide reputation for the daring acts of the devoted women who compose its membership. They brave the terrors of pestilence and move serenely amid the shadows of death. We will not doubt that Miss Kate Drexel, the petted child of fortune, the darling of society, may not become one of the most conspicuous of this holy band of devoted women who compose this order. But her millions can better perform the duties of hospital-nurse than herself. She is not wanted except for her money. She may immure herself in the cloister, and give herself up to the muttering of prayers in Latin, to personal flagellations, if that peculiar mode of humiliation may, in her judgment, serve to commend herself to the God she may think she has offended, and that priests may convince her she can propitiate by the sacrifice of her life to the duties and loathsome toil and her fortune to the enrichment of the Papal Church; but when she has relinquished her claim upon the money which her father earned, and which is hers by inheritance, the Church of Rome and its primates and clericals will have no further use for her. She may earn a reputation for sanctity by her devotions, by her fasting, prayers, and personal mortifications; she may most reverently believe in the dogma which elevates cannibalism into an article of faith; she may worship wax and adore a candle, and find consolation in crossed sticks, till she wastes her gloomy life in welcoming death—when she dies childless, leaving her millions to the Church of Rome, all the real interest that any Papal priest has ever taken in her will have ceased. If Miss Kate Drexel had some honest friend to advise her that half her millions deposited in some honorable trust for charitable use would be of infinite service to suffering humanity and that her womanly life might blossom into luxurious bountifulness upon the other half, a beautiful life would be rescued from the cloister and the Roman Catholic hierarchy saved from the perpetration of a great felony as despicable as it is treacherous and cowardly. Jesuitry is the ordinary channel through which private fortunes are drawn into the great financial reservoirs of Rome. The Jesuit is a trained financier—whatever else he may know, he knows how to get money. He understands financial economics, he knows the worth of landed property, and calculates with almost unerring accuracy the presumptions of future values. The Order of Loyola is trained and disciplined for the acquisition and accumulation of property. It educates the children of the rich because they are rich, and in the hope of gaining a spiritual influence over the sons and daughters of wealthy parents which will ultimately inure to the benefit of the treasury of the church. Jesuits are personally disinterested when they leave the world and join the order; they consecrate their lives and devote their labors to the accumulation of wealth, not for their own use, but for the advancement of the interests and the promotion of the ambitions of the church. Miss Kate Drexel is but a fly caught in the web of a great conspiracy; she will find herself drawn into a convent, with liberty to retire at pleasure, and whenever her inclinations prompt her to do so, but so long as her novitiate endures, she will be watched and guarded with tender and loving solicitude; she will be shadowed with spies, her soul will be tortured with terrors, and her torments kept alive through fears of an everlasting hell. Not one young girl in a hundred makes an escape when once seized by the talons of the vulture of Rome. When the white veil and the preliminary vows are exchanged for the black veil, and the final vow which excludes the world from the dungeon in whose gloomy vaults she has imprisoned herself, she has bid farewell to life and fortune, and unless the history of Rome's cloistered convents are criminally misrepresented, she will have lost the jewel without which life is no longer honorable. So the women of the working order of the Church of Rome may be honored for the motives which prompt them to consecrate their lives to the service of the church. The teaching orders may not command as much respect for their learning as for their piety, but even piety misdirected and religious enthusiasm gone astray may be entitled to some forbearance; but what shall be said of the idle, worthless monks who pray and starve in the vain hope that if they have souls they are worth saving? It seems as though the age of nunneries and monkeries of monastic orders and snuff-taking hermits should have gone out with the middle ages.

"A great source of Ireland's trouble is the miserable condition of the school-system," says Mr. William Sarsfield Purcell, of Cork. Mr. Purcell is an advanced Parnellite of high standing, but he has pulled up stakes and is going out West to invest his money in good American land. "The system is altogether the worst that was ever devised for broadly educated young people," he continued, "and a broad education is what is more needed in Ireland at this time than a separate national government. The time was when the clergy were violently opposed to the public-school system, and the reign of the hedge schoolmaster was of long duration. Agitation and liberal advancement finally turned the schools into the hands of the church. Now, in nearly every parish in the south and west of Ireland the local schools have priests as managers. They have the appointing power, and they have not used it, as a rule, with even ordinary good judgment. Instead of going abroad, if necessary, for well-read young men and women, they select their teachers from the lower classes—half-grown girls who have read through a school-reader, can write with labor, spell indifferently, and conjugate a regular verb. They are totally unread outside the narrowest acquaintance with the narrow text-books used in the schools. They teach lazily and, of course, imperfectly, and the boy who passes through their care is scarcely a bit better off than the graduate of the old hedge seminaries. It is true that there is a training-school in Dublin; but, obedient to the mandate of the late Cardinal Cullen, the school is practically unattended by Catholic girls. The result of this is that the youth of Ireland are no further ahead on the path to education than their fathers were fifty years ago, while the increase in the efficiency of the English schools is steady and marked. If the Irish schools were better managed, it would not be ten years before the turbulence which now deadweights Mr. Parnell's movements would cease; for, at present, it is in almost every case the result of the lack of mental training of the peasantry. Mr. Parnell himself has said this, and he may some day act on his own suggestion and plan some quiet movement for the reform of the system."

The carefully collected educational statistics of Prussia show that the Catholics are proportionately not so well represented in higher education as are the Protestants. Of the population, 64.24 are Protestant and 34.18 are Catholic. In the gymnasia, real schools, and universities the proportion is considerably in favor of the Protestants. In the universities alone these constitute 72.49 per cent. of the whole contingent, while the Catholics constitute only 20.12 per cent. In the medium grades between the lower school and the universities, such as the gymnasia, the Protestant percentage is 72.47 and the Catholics, 17.56; the rest being Jews and other non-conformists.

MONTREAL, November 2d.—*L'Etendard*, the ultramontane paper, referring to the possibility of a struggle over the Pope's temporal power, says: "Despite Great Britain's protest, the French-Canadians would send five thousand Zouaves to fight for the Pope against Italy."

NEW YORK, November 3d.—Archbishop Satelli, Papal delegate to the Catholic centennial in Baltimore, arrived here to-day on *La Champagne*. He was met by a number of representatives of Cardinal Gibbons.

ST. LOUIS, October 24th.—Professor D. H. Harris, of the Branch High School, was delivering a lecture on art and architecture, and in his treatment of the subject, embraced church architecture. While discoursing about churches, he is accused of giving utterance to the following remarks: "Protestants go to church to hear a sermon, which the minister has prepared, and Catholics go to church, pay their dollar for confession, go home, and think that their sins have been forgiven." In the class there are a number of Catholic girls, and they were so astounded at this startling statement and mortified at the ridicule of their religion, that one of their number, with more courage than the others, exclaimed: "That is not true." The girls went home in a very angry mood and made charges on which Professor Harris will be tried before the school-board.

QUEBEC, October 24, 1889.—Attention is now centered upon the educational methods in convents, separate, and public schools. At first, it was a question of religion and morals; now it is a question of politics and race. Bishop Baldwin, in an address delivered before the Synod of Huron and reproduced extensively since, dwelt upon the question of sending Protestant children to Catholic convents, and characterized the practice as one of the most dangerous evils of the day and of immense and growing dimensions, "until the whole community is accustomed to the sight." He affirmed that it was a downright sin to take their daughters at the age when they were most susceptible and place them in institutions where every effort which Rome could make would be used to subvert their faith and secure their allegiance to herself. The bishop held that in every department of learning the peculiar theology of the Church of Rome is apparent; that histories are used which are not impartial, and that the exposition of such events as those which occurred in the reigns of Henry the Eighth, Edward the Sixth, of Mary and Elizabeth, is not such as Protestantism can indorse. Of these convents there are, in the Diocese of Quebec, sixty-five; in Montreal, eighty-four; in Three Rivers, eleven; in Rimouski, six; in Chicoutimi, five; in Nicolet, eighteen; in St. Hyacinth, twenty-one; in Ottawa, twelve; in Pontiac, three—making in all, two hundred and twenty-five institutions of the church devoted to educational work. The number of inmates, including nuns, novices, and postulants, is four thousand seven hundred and twenty-three. These convents are trebly endowed. The buildings, grounds, and appliances are purchased with money raised by public subscription, the tuition of the nuns is given with almost no expense to the schools, the property is exempt from taxation, and the institutions being upon a benevolent or church basis, attract the donations of wealthy patrons and friends of education. For this reason the rates of tuition are very low, and are placed so as to allow the smallest margin of profit, unlike the case in Protestant institutions, where the expenses have all to be borne by the college authorities. There is no exact statement made of the number of Protestant girls attending convent-schools, but from the most trustworthy estimates it is placed at twenty-five hundred in Quebec and twelve hundred in the Province of Ontario. These convents are in every city and in every town in the provinces, and derive from one-third to one-half of their patronage from Protestant families. They outnumber Protestant boarding-schools five to one,

CONTINUED ON SIXTH PAGE.

TWO SOULS WITH BUT A SINGLE THOUGHT.

By Geraldine Bonner.

Act I.

Constance is discovered alone in her boudoir after the dance. On the dressing-table her jewels glimmer here and there, and the light is splintered on the facets of the cut glass hottles and the pendulating crystals of the candelahra filled with lit tapers. Her dress — a mist of white fading into the shadows — lies over a chair. Tbose are her slippers in the corner, reflected in the shining parquet, one on its side, one upright—little, pointed slippers, with high, slim heels. Her cloak, with its long-haired fur horder, is half on the sofa and half on the floor, where she sat curled up in it when she first came in. Constance, in a loose white *negligée* pulls her chair up to the dressing-table, and studying her reflection in the oval mirror, draws out her hair-pins.

Constance (dropping her hands suddenly in her lap, leaning her head against the chair hack, and scrutinizing her face in the glass with narrowed, musing eyes)—The situation is simply detestable! What am I to do? There are his flowers (casting a languid look at a huge houquet on the centre-table). I don't want them. There are his letters—a whole hoxful—I never read them. I did at first; every evening I read them all over until the collection grew too large. There is his picture (looking with an expression of refined *ennui* at a photograph on an adjacent stand). I never look at it any more. When he said this evening, "Constance, how lovely you're looking!" I wasn't pleased. I had almost rather he hadn't said anything. I know hy that feeling that it must come to an end. When you don't want your *fiancé* to think you're pretty, that's an infallihle sign that you don't want your *fiancé* at all. I don't want mine. Not that I'm willing to give him up to anybody else. No; it's just that I don't like heing engaged. I prefer my freedom. And yet he's a charming fellow. (Clasping her hands behind her head and looking up, her eyes suffused with dreamful memories, at the Dresden china garlands and cupids which wreathe the mirror.) I can still take pride in my good taste, as men take pride in pointing out to their friends the pretty woman they have once loved. But it must come to an end; it must he hroken off. Will he die of it? I don't think so. Men have died, and worms have eaten them, etc. They were just the same in Rosalind's day as they are in mine. Does he adore me? Oh, of course; how could he help it? (Laughs, yawns, stretching her arms over her head, catches sight of her face in the glass, and looks gravely at it, then laughs again under her hreath.) How could he help it? Poor Clem! I must write the fatal letter to-night.

She gets up to cross to her desk, trailing between the chairs in ber limp, white draperies weighted with edgings of lace. She lights the candles, and stares at the flickering flames with a pensive expression, her finger on her lip.

I wonder how he'll feel? Suppose he should come here and want to see me? I have a headache. I won't go to the dance to-morrow, for he'll get my letter some time during the day; hut he will meet me at the german on Tuesday. He can't make a scene; there'll he too many people there. He *may* cut me! I think I can stand that; hut it will seem a little queer to have Clem pass me with a glassy stare. I oon't think he'll poison me. Oh, no! Clement helongs to the nineteenth century; if he was the sort of man who poisoned, he wouldn't wear such well-made-clothes. I don't think my dear Clement is what the novelists call "a dramatic figure." There will be no green-and-yellow melancholy in his case, no Patience, and no monument—I feel quite sure about the Patience. Let me see.

She seats herself at the desk, draws out her blotting-book, and dips her pen in the ink.

Yes; let me see! "Dear Clement——" No, that won't do; it's too friendly. He isn't dear Clement any more. The succeeding announcement would he too much of a shock after such a tender heginning. The way I address him should prepare him. I will say, "Dear Mr. Randolph." Yes, that's a great deal hetter. "Dear Mr. Randolph: This letter will bear you sad news——" No; how can I say that? He might get furious, and write hack, "Dear Constance: Don't worry yourself ahout its heing sad news; quite the contrary." Of course he's a gentleman; hut gentlemen when they're jilted, like gentlemen when they've had too much wine, may he permitted to forget themselves. Besides, that looks too much like an announcement of a death in the family. It ought to he kind, yet dignified. I oughtn't to deplore what I'm doing, hecause if I didn't want to I wouldn't he doing it. It's rather difficult to find the right words. (Bites the end of the quill and ruminates with large, sleepy eyes fixed on the candle flame.) Now, I think this is hetter—"Dear Mr. Randolph: This letter will tell you that I have decided we must hreak our engagement. It is hetter for hoth of us. For though you have always heen kind and generous to me, and I have nothing to complain of——" Um! (Pausing with arrested pen and looking it over duhiously.) "I have nothing to complain of——" "This letter will tell you." I don't like "this letter." No, I don't like that. It won't do. It reads like a recommendation for a servant: "This letter is to certify that R. Clement Randolph is a good washer and ironer and understands the fluting-irons." Horrihle! Let me try again; an entirely new form—dignified, cold, resigned—heginning in the frozen manner: "Mr. Clement Randolph. Dear Sir"—yes, that's very good; "Dear Sir" will explain everything—"I find, on studying my feelings, that in the matter of our engagement I have come to too rash and hasty a decision. Without thoroughly reading my heart, I have consented to hecome your wife, and to love, honor, and ohey you. Can you bring yourself to tolerate or forgive me when I confess that I find I was mistaken, that I——"

Her pen gradually moves more and more slowly, and finally trails across the paper, leaving a wavering black line. She reads over the letter, thoughtfully stroking her lips with tbe quill feather, pauses, reflects, her hrows knit, then a slow blush creeps up to her ruffled curls, and she hangs her head.

How can I send him that after all that has passed? How can I write him such a stiff, unnatural letter, after the times we've waltzed together, and sat on the stairs together, and rode together, and swam from the wharf to the raft—and the evening he kissed me under the grape arhor when we were first engaged? Oh, I can't! (Crumples up the letter, and throws it angrily into the scrap-hasket, then sits mournfully musing, her chin in her hand.) I feel very sentimental and unhappy. It was so nice at first—Clem was so nice—I was so nice! I thought I was in love with him. I've thought that hefore—hut still! I wonder if that's a tear in my eye? (Delicately touches her eyelid with the end of the long, loose sleeve of her *negligée*, and then looks for the trace of the tear.) No, apparently not. It takes a good deal to make me cry. Papa says the only way is to pinch my finger in a door. (The clock strikes.) Heavens! Four! What a spectre I'll he to-morrow! Suppose I try a humorous letter? Suppose I treat it lightly, as if I thought he couldn't possihly he angry, this way: "Dear Clement——" This must he dear Clement; you can't he humorous and dignified at the same time—"Dear Clement: Here is a piece of good news! I am going to set you free. You are going to he at large once more. Doesn't that make you feel very gay and give you a high opinion of my generosity? *Entre nous*, I want to he set free myself"—this, at least, has the merit of heing more truthful than any of the others, hut—— There is a "hut"! (Reads it frowning, suddenly tearing it up in angry despair.) Oh, it's worse than any of the others. It's frivolous, hard-hearted, hateful! It makes me appear as though I was made of cast-iron. It's not only injuring him, hut insulting him. Yet it sounds very like me. Well (with resignation), I suppose I must he made of cast-iron, then. Oh, how sleepy I am! How I wish it was finished and I could go to hed! (Yawns weariedly, ruhs her eyes, then suddenly starts up and seizes the pen.) An inspiration! Quick, while I rememher: "Miss Leigh presents her compliments to Mr. Randolph, and regrets exceedingly that, upon reflection, she thinks it advisahle to consider their engagement annulled from this time forth." That's concise as Charles Reade — concise and to the point. Very dignified, too — in fact, a captious critic might find it too dignified. But a letter like that needs to he explained. There ought to be a key to go with it. He will want to know why Miss Leigh thinks it advisahle to consider the engagement annulled. He will insist on explanations. I will have to see him and tell him that I don't care for him as much as I thought I did, and he will stare at me all the time I'm saying it, then cry, "Heartless coquette, do you know that you have ruined the life of an honest man?" or something like that. Of course I couldn't stand such a scene. I'd die, or renew the engagement; and I don't know which would he the worst. No; the whole thing must he done in one letter. There must he no need for suhsequent recriminations.

She gets up and slowly paces back and forth witb soft, regular footfall, and folds of lace-edged material clinging about her graceful figure as she pauses.

How do other girls do it? Engagements have heen hroken hefore this, and no one has died, or gone mad, or sat up all night ruining their eyes composing letters that won't he composed. How did Claire do it? Now that I think of it, we always had our suspicions that Claire didn't do it at all; that it was Everett. But we never could find out. "Carry the war into the enemy's country"—some one told me that once. "Carry the war into the enemy's country"—make him think that I am angry. That's an idea! Let me think. (Leans against the hack of the sofa, her head drooped, the long coiled rope of her hair swinging down nearly to her knees.) "Carry the war into the enemy's country"? I don't know much ahout the enemy's country. (Goes hack to the desk and hegins writing on sheets of paper and then tearing them up.) The enemy's country is a harren wilderness as far as I know. Dear Clem! I don't believe he ever did anything wrong in his life. Oh, I am so tired! I'm sure there are tears in my eyes now. (Yawns once more, and runs her fingers through the roots of her hair, then leans hack and stares up at the ceiling with swimming eyes.) Now if one was only an English girl, one's mother would arrange this. She would see poor Clem and settle the affair with him, while I would be upstairs discreetly weeping behind the window-curtain. Or a French girl. They don't have any trouhle at all. Everything is fixed heforehand for them as neatly and pleasantly as possible—convent, *fiancé*, hushand. Happy French girls, I envy you! (Smiles a sweet, drowsy smile, which hreaks into a lazy laugh, suddenly stops, starts up, seizes the pen, and scratches down a few words on a sheet of paper.) Excelsior! I have it! The French girls inspired it. Oh, it's charming! (Holds off the letter, gazing fondly at it.) Just this, nothing more: "Je sais tout! Adieu!" It is certainly conclusive, and there can he no uncomfortahle questionings. Poor Clem! I hope he won't feel very much cut up. Just enough to preserve my vanity without injuring his appetite. How magnanimous I am, and how sleepy. (Rises and drifts toward the inner room, slowly shaking out her heavy hair.) Perhaps when he gets it he'll come and insist on an explanation. (Enters the room and turns up the gas; then, her voice sounding softly from the interior of the hushed and scented shrine into which she has withdrawn): He can't come before the day after to-morrow—where did Marie leave my hrush?—and I suppose if he should come that I ought to see him.

Act II.

Clement's sitting-room, lit by a tall, brass lamp, whose light vaguely reveals a dim, sumptuous perspective of heavy hangings, faint twilight tapestries, and lengths of gleaming mirrors fading away into the shadows of a darker sleeping-room. A fire of soft coal sends a fitful red light up the walls as the flame palpitates over the coal, glimmers on the glasses of the pictures, the smooth surface of the photographs in folding leather-cases, and strikes along the polished floor in warm, wavering reflections. Clement, in evening-dress, is discovered in a deep arm-chair, his heels on the fender, his hat on the back of his head, his cane between his knees, his right band caressing his mustache, while be looks into the fire with absently staring eyes.

Clement (dreamily)—If I was like a hero of romance, I would say that it was a dull evening because my Dulcinea was not there. But I'm not a hero of romance; I'm not the hero of anything hut one rather limp love affair, which hasn't got enough romance ahout it to put on the point of a pin. Cc stance wasn't there, yet I had a good time as such things Looking into the situation with a cold, critical eye, I thinl had a hetter time than if she'd heen there. Under those cumstances, I would have had to sit and talk to her half evening, and when I wasn't talking to her, stand and look her talking to some one else. That's what's expected o lover in these golden days. It's an exacting rôle. (Pulls his fair mustache, and then glances fondly down at it.) Cc stance is delightfully pretty; she has the loveliest little head all the world, and yet—and yet—— (Pushes his hat sudde down on the bridge of his nose, and for a space sits moti less, his chin sunk on his chest, his hands clasped over the h of his cane, occasional disjointed sentences issuing from shadow of his hat.) I loved her distractedly that summ Was she more loving then, or is it my fault now? I woulc go back to that place next summer for anything—not to b a dog. She wouldn't let me kiss her hand last night; I d think I cared much. Last summer, when Everett's enga ment was hroken, he exchanged the ring for a watch, a mat hox, and a pair of sleeve-links. I've got three wâtches alrea Never knew exactly who broke that engagement. Might round and see Everett to-morrow and try what a little j cious pumping will hring forth. Rather hright fellow, Ever much hrighter than I am, it appears.

Here he rouses himself to a sitting posture, and, the cane between knees, his chin resting on its silver top, his bat still on bis n be stares musingly into the fire.

Constance is rather high-tempered. She knows Cl quite well, and probahly knows how it was done. T makes it an impossihility for me to try Everett's racket, e if I knew what it was. Dear Connie, she looks very pr when she's angry. I made her furious that day on the ya race, when Beltran lost his hat, and I said it was a pity committed the mistake of keeping his hrains in it. She angry, and then we made up, leaning against the rail. had a deer-stalker on, and her hair curled up in the fog, the cheek with the dimple was on my side—since then grown accustomed to the dimple. We leant against the and talked in low tones—now that I think of it, I believe whispered. I don't know what we did that for. We mi have screamed and no one would have heard us, for they w all helow. Still (heaving a lingering sigh) it was nice! tran was in love with her then. I wonder if he is yet? hope he isn't. I couldn't stand the idea of her marrying clod. It strikes me that my conduct bears a curious res hlance to that of the dog in the manger. (Ruminates frowning silence.) Suppose she were to cry? I coul stand that. At the first tear, I'd ask her to fly with me he the pirate's bride. I could say I was only joking. Wo she he angry? That wouldn't be so dreadful, but then looks so pretty when she's angry. I wonder, now (droop his head to one side and staring at the rug) if she really ca for me? (Smiles sardonically.) As much as is consis with good style, we'll say. A heart, poetically not anato cally speaking, is one of the attrihutes of the parvenu in ahoriginal state.

He falls into another reverie, draws himself to the edge of his ch and, witb his chin on the top of his cane, sweeps the room w long, absent stare. His eyes finally rest on the tahle.

Aha, letters! Let me see. One from her—an unusual tention. (Takes off his hat and puts it on the tahle.) I w der how it will hegin? They used to he "Dear Clem then they got to he "Dearest Clem," then they came to "Dearest," and finally "Sweetheart." "Sweetheart" (ge repeating it); that was rather pretty. And now they h retrograded and got back as far as "Dear Clem." This r he "Dear Mr. Randolph." (Opens it and reads. Lo hlank, then puzzled. Turns it over and stares at the o side. Reads it again, pulling his mustache.) "Je—sai tout! Adieu!" "Adieu"—Good-hye! What does mean hy that? "Adieu—Je sais tout." Well! (witl startled laugh) this looks—"Adieu, adieu. Je sais to That isn't true. What can she know? How did she fin out? "Je sais tout." I'd give something to know what "tout" stands for. What the deuce can she have hea (Studies the letter, then suddenly says, with suppressed dictiveness): I'd like to find the fool who told her! It's she doesn't give some hint as to what she refers, so that a low could have a chance to vindicate himself. I can't den when I don't know what it is. (Throws the letter on tahle and looks gloomily at the fire.) I won't need to go see Everett to-morrow. No; I'm free. I don't feel ma exhilarated. I feel sleepy. Perhaps I'm too sleepy to rea that thrills of joy are coursing through my veins. (Gets and leans against the mantel-piece.) "I know all! Go hye." Poor Connie! I wonder whether she was angry sorry when she wrote that? (Looks sentimentally at her p ure.) She has the loveliest little head in all the world. (Si and turns away, crosses the room, stops, and comes hac the tahle.) Where's that letter? Here it is. I don't w that idiot James reading it. (Goes toward the inner ap ment, the letter in his hand, again stops, meditates, then s slowly, as if he had heen arguing with a persuasive adversar I think I'll have to see her ahout that. I must have "to explained. It may he a groundless calumny. When a m jilted, he likes to know the reason why.—*Harper's Weekly*

The smokeless powder intended for use in the Austr Army is now declared to he perfect. Besides its initial adv tage of heing smokeless, it is said to give a velocity so twenty per cent. greater than that of the ordinary powder.

The Spanish hull-fighters, having conquered high society Paris, have been received lately in the same circle in Mac in evening-dress. Formerly they were ohliged to wear t war paint. Next year they will he seen in London.

Among the many things, good, bad, and indifferent, which the Eiffel Tower is responsible, are the following ac tions to the French vocahulary: "Toureiffelomania," "tour felesque," and "toureiffelée."

THE GLORIES OF NIKKO.

There is an old Japanese saying of "Who has not seen ikko is not justified in using the word *kekko*"—which means lautiful and grand. To these almond-eyed, nature-loving ople, it is the loveliest spot in the whole Empire of Japan.

From Utsonomiya—after leaving the railroad—the road to ikko by *jinrikisha* is exceedingly lovely. The long, broad enue is lined on botb sides with magnificent cryptomeria, hich meet overhead and give delicious shade to the weary grim on the road. What a scene it must have been in the ys of the Shogunate!—when long, imposing processions led the avenue, blazing with the glory of the dead and gone oguns. The village of Nikko—consisting of one long, aggling street—is not particularly interesting; but after ossing the wooden bridge which spans the rushing torrents the Daiya-gawa, the real beauty of Nikko appears. The mous red lacquer-bridge—called Mi-hashi (the bridge)—is se by the one referred to. Its curves are lovely and aceful, and its piers of granite, against which the foaming pids dash, are of wonderful solidity. It is closed to all rsons but the Mikado. From the mists of the tradition hich envelop Nikko is one interwoven with the history of is bridge—a pretty bit of legend, telling of a Buddhist iest, Shodo Shonin, wbo lived in the eighth century. He ssed the river with his disciples, and, seeing no bridge to oss the rushing stream, he appealed to the gods for assistce, and immediately beheld on the opposite shore, through e floating mist, the god Shinsha Daio, with skulls hanging und his neck and two blue-and-green snakes in his hands. hrowing the serpents over the river, a bridge was formed d the priest crossed; but the moment he reacbed the opsite side, god, snakes, and bridge had disappeared. On is spot the sacred red-lacquer bridge was built.

As one ascends the Naga-saka, through the great vista yptomeria, one recalls the glories of the past when the allweiful Shoguns flourished, before the lustre of the old gime began to fade; when beneath the shade of the old est trees streamed the gorgeous pageantry; the grand cerenies held by the worshiping *samurai;* the life, botb holy d historical, which filled the old temple-grounds. All these emories fascinate one; I love to think of them as I walk the avenue to the temple of Iyéyasu, one of Japan's great- characters, the most powerful of the Tokugawas, the leader Japanese feudalism—a system of government which was ver thoroughly understood even by those who made it a study. e solution of some was that Japan had two emperors—e "spiritual" and the other "secular"; another, that there ver was but one emperor; that the Shogun, though a eat military power, was nothing more than an executive ficer, a sort of prime minister of the Mikado, who ed in great seclusion in his palace at Kioto. Tbe govning power had gradually passed into the hands of the ogun. This was in the twelftb century, when the great dal system was created, and the rule of the Mikado weaked under the powerful hand of the Shogun. From his tle in Yeddo—now Tokio—surrounded with magnificent lendor and tremendous forces of daimios and their retainers, guarded, with an iron will, his royal sovereign at Kioto. éyasu became Shogun in 1603, and for over two centuries e Tokugawa family governed the empire. It seems strange hen one thinks of that era in Japan's history, now a mere adow of the past, that the few remaining descendants of the okugawas, once princes and extensive land-owners, live a life seclusion and comparative poverty. Under the new régime, nce the restoration of the imperial power and the surrender- g of their lands, they pass their days in retirement.

Nikko is filled with these memories, for it holds all that reains of the great Iyéyasu. The immense granite *torii* which ands before the temple is a structure distinctively Japanese, hich is always found in front of temples, whether Buddhist r Shinto. Its origin is either forgotten or lost in the clouds f tradition whicb surround Japan. It originally consisted of vo upright wooden posts, with a horizontal one resting on the p and projecting at either end, and another directly undereath, on which was placed the offering of birds to the gods, custom of the Shinto religion. The Buddhists have somehat changed the character of the *torii* by making it of bronze r stone, and placing tablets inscribed with characters between e two horizontal beams.

The pagoda to the left of the *torii*, with its truncated pyraids blazing red in the sunlight, its gold ornamental carvings nd fantastic architectural designs, adds a brilliant bit of color the scene and rivals in height the immense trees surrounding it. The massive red Nio Mon (Gate of the Two Kings), few steps across tbe pavement, is beautiful in design, the arvings rich and varied, and enshrined in niches on either side re monstrous gilt lions. The adjoining court-yard contains uildings bandsomely decorated and used principally as a deository for all the temple literature—Sanskrit manuscript, estival cars, and different religious articles used in times of *natsun* (festival) in honor of the old Sbogun Iyéyasu's memry. There are wonderful bronze lanterns given by daimios, ell-towers and candelabra presented by the Dutch, but the ost interesting feature is a boly-water cistern called the n cbodza-ya, bewn from a solid piece of granite, witb a proecting roof beautifully carved and resting on twelve granite illars. So evenly is the water-basin made, and so carefully it placed, that the water, bubbling up from tbe bottom, treams in exactly equal volumes over each side and gives it he appearance of a huge block of water.

Across the pebbled court is tbe second gate, tbe famous omei Mon, an arcbitectural gem, a dream in its wbite, brown, nd gold coloring, so graceful and harmonious, so artistic in its lesign—a brancb of cberry blossoms, a spray of peony or chryanthemum carved in delicate brownisb wood and laid witb exquisite finish on the white ground of the paneled gate. A urious and exceedingly clever bit of carving, ornamenting one of the pillars, is a lion, tbe bair being represented by the natural grain of the wood. Tbe same subject is carved on another pillar, but for fear of its bringing misfortune and ruin to the Tokugawa family, it is carved upside down and is called the *nagoke no hashira* (evil-averting pillar). Above the niches holding colossal gold lions, which stand out against the gleaming gold-leaf background, are white dragon-heads, rivaling in their wild fierce beauty the gold dragons supporting the roof of the balcony, which glare at one, with flaming-red jaws extended ready to devour the evil spirits.

The third gate—the Kara Mon—is a lovely structure, with its trellis of gilt and its paneled walls of delicate tracery. The soft, mellow light from without steals in and brightens up the dim corners, falling on the floor with its finely matted *tatamis;* on the square paneled ceiling, an elaborate work of art, marvelous in detail and lavish in decoration; on the walls and screens covered with arabesque patterns and different figures in Japanese legendary art. One stands bewildered, as the shaven honze moves from one object to another, pointing out choice bits of painting or lacquer. Since the change to the Shinto form of worship, very few of the Buddhist vestments remain; everything is gone to give place to the *gohei* and circular steel mirror, emblems of the Shinto faith.

Coming out of the temple and turning to the left is the entrance to a broad flight of stone steps which leads to the last resting place of Iyéyasu. The approach is indescribably beautiful. Standing at one end of the first terrace and looking up the long gallery of moss-covered stone, to the terrace above completely surrounded by a grove of colossal cryptomeria, where the sunlight rarely penetrates, one is lost in admiration of the interminable wildness and the melancholy beauty of the scene. Not a sound to break the profound silence; there is a delicious coolness everywhere, a feeling of remoteness and peace. Nowhere else have I seen such tree coloring, such perfect harmony. The entire stone-work of the terraced galleries and steps is covered with lichens and crowned with rich, green moss, intense in color, and in the partial gloom of day the wild solitude of the place is awe-inspiring and indescribably touching. The tomb itself is reached after a climb of over two hundred steps, amid the noble forest trees, in a gorgeous shrine of bronze, the ashes of the great warrior rest, and only a memory now remains of the great dynasty which has crumbled to dust—a memory only of the wonderful military power which swayed and held the Empire of Japan. Not far from the Iyéyasu temple is the temple and mausoleum of Iyémitsu, his grandson and third Shogun, who also ruled with an iron hand, and carried out the laws made by his grandfather. The entrance-gate is similar to tbe Iyéyasu, except that in the niches are gigantic red figures representing wonderful physical development, and impressive only on account of their ample lines. The temple is less magnificent, and the tomb, notwithstanding its grand situation on the hill-side, its romantic aspect, and the dark, ricb green of its background, pales witb the remembrance of the magnificent glory of Iyéyasu's. Everywhere—on the temples, gates, inside and out, is tbe family crest of the Tokugawas—three leaves of the *awoi* (a mallow found in Central Japan), inclosed in a circle, and supposed by many to be the imperial crest.

Here and there, scattered through the dense forests, in most romantic spots, are temples interesting in their history, with wondrously lovely interiors, for Nikko contains the most magnificent temples in Japan, thoroughly typical of Japanese ecclesiastical architecture and kept constantly in excellent condition. What reverence these people pay to the memory of the dead! Deeds of saints and ancient heroes are recorded and commemorated by the erection of temples, monuments, and sbrines at great expense. Hidden away in shadowy gloom, among tangled masses of vines, in ravines where mountain torrents rusb or spray from a cascade falls, are picturesque shrines dedicated to tbe dead and gone.

Leaving the temple grounds with their cavalcade of phantoms, one turns to the living world. The sound of the tumultuous river, rapid and foaming in its flow, the life on its banks, the wild vegetation, the hum of voices from the little tea-sheds bring one to the realities of life. Turn in any direction, tbe sunny splendor of Nikko is always before one. A lovely walk is along the river, where, on one side, are innumerable stone images of Buddha. Buddha in Nirvana, all moss-covered and gray, sitting in reposeful majesty on pedestals which are crumbling to decay, looking with dreamy eyes on the ever-changing color of nature, mid the continuous sound of the torrents, becoming, as the years roll on, mere fragments, a broken record of decadence. Wander where one will, througb wooded lanes and groves of pine and cryptomeria, up steep and crooked mountain paths, a revelation of beauty awaits one. An hour's walk in any direction will reveal new scenes—to Jakko, wbere cascades fall over dizzy cliffs; to Urami-go-taki (seeing from behind), another fall of surpassing beauty, so named on account of it being possible to view the cascade from behind; to Kiri-furi (falling mist), where the water dashes over the precipitous rocks, through overhanging trees and brush, tumbling and plunging in its mad career into a lovely pool fifty feet below. The sparkling water shivers into spray, cooling the atmosphere and throwing dewdrops, wbich glisten in the sunlight, to each tender leaf as it opens to the day. Here are bundreds of sucb cbarming sylvan spots, bappy, restful, dreamy places where one seems lost and forgotten by the world.

Nikko is becoming a popular summer retreat; its situation among the mass of green hills, its delightful coolness, and clear, transparent atmosphere are refreshing after the intense heat of other places. The rains are almost constant, but if it were not for tbe perpetual moisture, the chief beauty of Nikko scenery would disappear. The lovely green mosses which crown every bit of tree and stone; whicb give life and beauty in the deepest gloom of the forests; whicb make, with their extreme vividness of color, luminous patches of light, always green, always tender, even when autumn colors the foliage and scatters golden flakes on the old stone walls—all would vanish and leave the landscape bare.

NIKKO, September, 1889. NELLIE HOPPS HOWARD.

Walter Scott was the peculiar object of the late Wilkie Collins's worsbip; he probably never passed a day witbout taking up one of the Waverly novels.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

John—"Elvira, do you love *me* or is it my money?" *Elvira*—"John, I love you both."—*Life.*

Visitor (departing)—"There, Bobby, there's a cent for you." *Bobby* (with dignity)—"Fanks, I'se dot one."—*Life.*

Tom—"May I kiss your little baby sister?" *Fannie* (aged sixteen, demurely)—"No, she isn't old enough."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Mrs. Newtwit—"I want to see some gentlemen's shirts. I don't remember the size; but Mr. Newtwit is about thirty-four bust-measure."—*Puck.*

"What do you get an evening for waiting at entertainments?" "Five marks, but if there is to be singing, I must ask six."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Mrs. Tathill—"I saw your wife out driving with another man this afternoon." *Mr. Tubbs* (excitedly)—"You did! Did they have my horse?"—*Life.*

Glenn—"Suppose we go down and see that poor Widow Masterson with a broken leg?" *Bertha*—"You can go that way if you like; I prefer to go whole."—*Judge.*

Teacher—"Anonymous means without a name; write a sentence showing you understand how to use the word." *Small girl* (writes)—"Our new baby is anonymous."—*Life.*

Farmer Squashead (observing a metropolitan daily on the counter of the village store)—"What! Aint that air paper husted up yet? Why, I quit takin' it fifteen years ago."—*Time.*

"Jones," said Smythe, as he watched a couple strolling near, "that is a first love-affair." "How do you know?" "I just heard her make him promise not to smoke or drink."—*Time.*

Wife (at front door)—"Who's there?" *Voice*—"I am—John—your husband." *Wife*—"I don't believe you. It don't sound like John's voice. Blow your breath through the key-hole."—*Epoch.*

Younghusband—"I didn't know you were to have company to-day, my dear." *Mrs. Younghusband*—"The servant's sister called and stayed to luncheon. She's now in the parlor, playing the piano."—*Life.*

Mabel (to Jack, who is about to drink her health for the ninth time)—"Oh, I wouldn't, Jack. 'Drink to me only with thine eyes,' instead." *Jack*—"All right. Well—er—bere's looking at you!"—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Honora—"I wisht y'd kape Master Dick out'r the kitchen, ma'am." *Mrs. St. Jones*—"Does he annoy you?" *Honora*—"He does, ma'am. He's jist afther eatin' all th' holes Oi punched out o' the jumbles."—*Puck.*

"What do you think of champagne at four dollars a bottle, Downes?" inquired Mr. Madison Squeer. "I *don't* think of champagne at four dollars a bottle," replied Mr. Upson Downes, sadly; "I think of beer."—*Puck.*

"Joe, you were up with Miss Jenkins until twelve o'clock last night." "Yes. I was trying to out-sit another fellow." "Oh, that was it, eh? I've been there myself. Wbo was the other fellow?" "Her father."—*Epoch.*

Viele (greatly excited)—"Don't you know, B-B-Biffie has got his c-c-cane-head fast in his mouth and c-c-can't get it out?" *Vanderbuff* (coolly)—"Can't it be duplicated?" *Viele*—"Y-Y-Yes; but B-B-Biffie can't."—*Puck.*

Frappe—"Say, Scribbler! Did you ever have writer's cramp?" *Scribbler*—"Yes. I have it nearly all the time." "Is that so? Isn't there anything that will cure it?" "Yes, about ten dollars would ease it considerably."—*Time.*

Mrs. Bandbox—"You said the train I should take leaves at ten-thirty, didn't you?" *Ticket-agent*—"Yes, madam; and I think I've told you that ten times already." "Yes, I know you have, but my little boy says be likes to hear you talk."—*Time.*

Lady of the house—"No, I make it a principle never to give away money at the door." *Tramp*—"Very well, madam, if you have any feeling about it; I am perfectly willing that you should hand it to me out of the window."—*Yale Record.*

"Where have you been, Brown, that you look so delighted?" "Circus." "Good show, eh?" "No, poor show; but I sat in front of a couple of young women and kept my heaver on till I made their necks ache. It was immense, old man."—*Life.*

Mr. Smart (as the church-goers pass)—"I'm surprised that Miss Sweet permits Podworth to accompany her. He's about the freshest young fellow I know." *Mrs. Smart*—"Perhaps that's the reason why she lets him carry her Psalter."—*Boston Times.*

Uncle Mompers—"I'm terrible sorry, gen'ral." *Conductor*—"What's th' trouble?" *Uncle Mompers*—"Mother, here, was afraid it warn't style t' eat in th' cars, an' when she seen you a-comin', she tried t' chuck her lunch out'n th' winder, which it was shet."—*Puck.*

Augustus—"My dear, that book you gave me a while ago to prop my feet with—ah, it was a cruel thing to do!" *His wife*—"Really! Darling, what has happened?" *Augustus*—"Why, it was a novel by Henry James, and it put my feet to sleep."—*Boston Beacon.*

Mr. de Brain—"Is the piano out of tune?" *Mrs. de Brain*—"No. Why?" *Mr. de Brain*—"Elvira has not touched it for weeks." *Mrs. de Brain* (with a troubled air)—"I have noticed that. I wonder if she has deceived us and got married on the sly."—*New York Weekly.*

Miss Effie Ancee (just engaged)—"What do you think Edwin said last night? That if he had to choose either me or a million dollars, he wouldn't even look at the million." *Miss May Tour* (still waiting)—"Dear, loyal fellow! I suppose he didn't like to risk the temptation."—*Time.*

Mr. Junior (feeling the necessity of saying something pleasant on the way to the ball-room)—"Er—may I admire that gown, Miss Plainfayce?" *Miss Plainfayce*—"Certainly, you may admire my clothes as much as you like." *Mr. Junior*—"Oh, of course it could go no further."—*Time.*

Anxious mother—"I am so glad you came, doctor. Little Johnny did nothing but rave all night. I hope his brain is not affected." *Doctor*—"His brain seems to be normal, but the digestive organs are slightly paralyzed." "That is very strange. I asked him he had eaten anything that disagreed with him, and he said he had not. He always tells me the truth. All he had eaten yesterday was a quart of chestnuts, half a-dozen pears, some apples, a few grapes, and a water-melon."—*Time.*

New York judge—"Prisoner, you are found guilty of murder in the first degree. Have you anything to offer to the court before sentence is passed upon you?" *Prisoner*—"I have, your honor. I object to being executed by electricity on account of the uncertainty of its ability to destroy human life with dispatch." *New York judge*—"Then I sentence you to work for the Delay, Linger & Wait Railroad Company as freight-brakeman until you are dead; and may God have mercy on your soul."—*Time.*

Caller—"Madam, I have called for the suit of clothes which needs brushing and fixing." *Lady of house*—"What suit?" "Your husband's Sunday-suit, ma'am. He called as he went down this morning." "And he said I was to let you have them?" "Yes'm." "Did he appear in good health and spirits?" "Why, certainly." "Look and act natural?" "Of course. Why do you ask?" "Because he has been dead eighteen years, and I have some curiosity on the subject!" "I—I have made a mistake, perhaps!" "Perhaps you have. The man you saw go out of here an hour ago is my brother. Good morning."—*Ex.*

ROMAN CATHOLIC NEWS.

CONTINUED FROM THIRD PAGE.

and in proportion to the population are twenty-five times as numerous. They have preëmpted the ground, and were in successful operation long before ladies' colleges were thought of. Attendance in them had become fashionable, and is so still, and the educational standard is fairly good, even if the course of study is not very extensive. The accomplishments of fashionable life, music, drawing, painting, and "fancy-work," are well taught, and the convents have earned a prestige from their success in this respect, since this curriculum is very attractive to those who have neither inclination, time, nor means to prosecute a more extensive and comprehensive course. The strong inducement is cheapness and convenience, and these two features can be prominently advanced since the nuns not only require no salaries, but have paid handsome sums for the privilege of becoming the hand-maidens of the church. As to the number of converts to Catholicism through conventual influence, of course, nothing definite can be learned. One authority places it at seven out of every ten in attendance, but this estimate is manifestly too high. In one convent in Toronto are six veiled nuns who at one time were Protestants, and in nearly all of them a similar state of affairs exists. These are very convenient places for fathers to place their children when the family has been broken up by death; and even if "all interference with the religious convictions of the pupils were scrupulously avoided," it is hard to see how young girls would not be attracted by the emotional power, the artistic beauty, and what Matthew Arnold termed the poetry of the Catholic Church. It is clear to Protestants that these institutions are not managed for purely educational purposes. Protestant patronage is sought unduly, and Protestant girls are authority for the statement that advantages are granted to them which their fellow-students of the Catholic faith do not enjoy to win first their approval and then their support. In European countries they are conducted on a higher basis. Aristocratic patronage is sought, but in Canada the whole bulk of Protestantism is appealed to with the powerful inducements of cheapness and a fair degree of efficiency in educational work. As a final proof of their value in "winning souls" comes the daily press. The papers often have a story of a daughter dying who has had the rites of the church secretly administered; of children, after their home-coming, enjoying the delights of crucifix adoration, imposing penances, and otherwise evincing a faith in the church of which they have heard and seen only all that was good. But under the fierce passions that have arisen all this will be changed, and the Protestant parent who will dare to send his child to a Catholic convent will be anathematized by his co-religionists as promptly as ever did Pope with bell, book, and candle. Our Protestantism is rapidly becoming a political Protestantism. These attacks upon the convent schools are acting as an aid and incentive to the higher education of women in Protestant institutions. Eight years ago there was not a college in Canada admitting women to its classes; now there are eight. Acadia College, Wolfville, N. S., was opened in 1880; University College, Toronto, in 1881; Queens College, Kingston, and Dalhousie College, Halifax, in 1883; McGill University, Montreal, in 1884; Trinity College, Toronto, and New Brunswick University, in 1886, and St. Hilda's, Toronto, in 1888. For years there was a bitter discussion on the question of the co-education of the sexes, but the joint system seems to have prevailed, for in only two colleges, McGill and St. Hilda's, are the classes separate. In all cases where the women have been brought into competition with men they have shown themselves equal to the task, and in many cases have won first place. The influence of these graduates is beginning to be felt; many of them are seeking higher and special courses in American colleges. Some are going in for the medical profession and others for educational work.

The bishop of the Mexican State of Tamaulipas is not a man to be trifled with. A short time ago, eight hundred of the bishop's flock addressed him a letter, asking what had become of the silver plate which had been given to the churches by their grandparents. Such a question was, in the highest degree, embarrassing and impertinent. The bishop considered the matter and then excommunicated the entire eight hundred. The letter of excommunication said nothing about the plate. After such a lesson, the people of Tamaulipas will doubtless mind their own business and let the bishop alone. They will find it best to let the dead past take care of itself.

Nuns of the Hotel Dieu, a convent in Canada, brought an action at law against a former agent, one Guimond, for an accounting. The attorney of the nuns made an application to Judge Tait, asking for a commission to take the testimony of the plaintiffs, on the ground that, being cloistered, they could not leave the convent without permission of the archbishop. This application was resisted, because, on a former occasion, the nuns were prompted by their agent during the examination; that, on another occasion, the nuns had been permitted to visit a paper-mill. The attorney for defendant argued if the nuns were civilly dead they were incapable of bringing an action at law in a civil tribunal. The judge denied the application, because the archbishop would not permit the nuns to appear in court without the order. In this the court erred, and the episcopal sanction was withheld, the archbishop protesting that as the nuns were only allowed to see their friends through the bars, it would be tyrannical to compel them to come into court to assert their claims. Judge Mathieu, who has upheld the ecclesiastical pretensions, is a French-Canadian, and has been for some years on the bench. The judgment has created a great deal of comment, and not a little indignation, as in the present state of public opinion people are not apt to look with favor upon the recognition of a privileged class of people who are not obliged to come before the courts of law like ordinary mortals. This may be good canonical law, but it would not work well in a court where priests and bishops are upon an equal footing with other men. We have some very clever men and excellent judges who are Roman Catholics presiding over our courts in San Francisco, but we do not believe that any monk or nun would be permitted to hide in a cloister and invoke spiritual authority in defiance of a legal process.

The Roman Catholic Primate of all Ireland, the Rev. Dr. Logue, said the other day, in the cathedral at Armagh, in reference to the Pope possibly seeking some other asylum than Italy, that the Irish people are losing their original simplicity of faith and gradually failing in devotion to the Holy See. Irish Catholic politicians were holding up to contempt the opinions of the Pope and his counselors.

NEW YORK, October 30th.—Lawyer Michael J. Scanlan appeared before Judge Andrews in the supreme court yesterday, to obtain the release from the House of Mercy, a Protestant-Episcopal institution at West Eighty Sixth Street and Riverside Drive, of Mary Mulligan, a girl eighteen years of age, who was committed to the institution in 1886 upon complaint of her mother. Mrs. Mulligan, in the affidavit accompanying her petition for the release of her daughter, alleges that when she secured the girl's committal the police justice asked her if he should send her to "the sisters," and she, supposing that the Catholic sisters were meant, said "Yes." It was not until she went to visit her daughter that she found that the institution was Protestant. She was told, she alleges, that the girl would probably be dismissed after six months, and so she did nothing about having her transferred. Afterward, she was told that her daughter would be free when she was eighteen years old, at any rate, and so the matter dragged along until after the girl's eighteenth birthday, when she learned that the committal would hold her three years longer. Then she hired a lawyer. Her daughter, she alleges, is compelled, against her will, to attend Protestant services, and is punished if she refuses to do so. The girl was in court yesterday in charge of persons connected with the House of Mercy, but Lawyer John B. Pine, appearing on behalf of the institution, secured an adjournment until Wednesday morning, on the plea that the absence of one of the officers made him unable to obtain the papers in the case. Mr. Pine said that the managers of the institution had no explanation to make of the case beyond the statement that the girl had been sent to them to be reformed, and that they did not deem her yet a fit subject to be released. In similar cases, recently, the courts have held that the judgment of the managers of such institutions was supreme in such a matter when the commitment was valid.

TOPEKA (Kan.), October 31st.—Adjutant-General Roberts has received a telegram stating that a riot was in progress at Axtell, Marshall County. The telegram is from the mayor, and asks that a detachment of militia be sent at once to quell the disturbance. The adjutant-general ordered out a company of the Third Regiment, located at Marysville, which has left for the scene of the trouble. Axtell is a town of seven hundred people, largely settled by Catholics. A Methodist revival began there on Wednesday. The preacher in his sermons attacked the Catholics, a fight resulted, and the preacher and two others were thrown out of the house. The whole town is aroused. Four Catholics were arrested. The Catholics organized this morning, and it is reported that the Catholic town of St. Bridget is organizing for a rescue.

Sweden is, perhaps, the most Protestant country in the world. Out of a population of six millions, there are only two thousand Roman Catholics, the remainder of the population belonging almost entirely to the Lutheran Church.

On the fourteenth of October was commenced a pilgrimage of French of the lower classes to Rome, which will continue to the eighteenth of the present month. The pilgrimage was undertaken at the especial request of the Pope, who wished to bestow his personal blessing upon as many of his followers as possible from France. The pilgrimage is vastly different, however, from the ancient affairs of that kind. The expenses of those too poor to pay their own are borne by collections raised in the churches, and the pilgrims are carried in special trains directly from their homes to the Eternal City, and are returned without discomfort.

A generous lady in Boston is agitating the matter of opening a home for priests who wish to leave the Romish Church. She offers to give money for such a purpose, but wishes to know if others are interested in the matter. Her idea is to have a home for them where they can support themselves by writing, etc., until they have fitted themselves for some chosen avocation. There is great need of such an institution.

A Milwaukie dispatch reports that an inhuman brute, named Father Seeley, in his seventieth year, who was teaching a parochial school in Granville, Wis., has been guilty of "mistreating a number of girl pupils." The exact nature of the mistreatment is not stated, but may be inferred from the fact that the parents of the children "would have given him a coat of tar-and-feathers" but for "the reverence felt for his calling" and his "patriarchal appearance." His misconduct had been going on for some months; he confessed everything, and was allowed to depart in peace.

WILKESBARRE (Penn.), October 22d.—About three months ago, Bishop O'Hara, of Scranton, deposed the Rev. Mr. Warnegari, the pastor of the Polish Catholic Church, at Plymouth, and afterward expelled him from the priesthood, for unbecoming conduct. The congregation was divided, and one faction insisted upon holding possession of the church and parsonage. This afternoon, Bishop O'Hara appeared in Plymouth for the purpose of obtaining possession of the church and its property. He sent for Father Mack, whom he authorized to act for him. The police were asked to interfere in case of trouble, and a call was made at the parsonage. Upon admission being refused, the officers were ordered to enter the building forcibly and a moment later they battered down the doors and arrested six of the inmates, among whom was Martin Welch, a saloon keeper, who acted as the leader of those on the inside. A fierce fight ensued while the prisoners were being removed and in the struggle Chief-of-Police Michael Melvin had his leg broken and his back injured. A number of other persons were hurt, but none are fatally injured.

The lecture which the Very Rev. Joseph Sasia, S. J., was to deliver on the seventh instant in aid of the new cathedral, has been postponed to the twelfth of next month. Father Sasia starts for Washington this afternoon by the Ogden route to represent the members of the Society of Jesus of the California Mission at the centennial and at the Catholic Congress.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Sextons' Supper.

(AFTER HOLBEIN.)

The Plague, his black hand lifted,
  Was floating down the Rhine,
His bark a soft-lined coffin
  (On each side grew the vine);
He struck the miller at his wheel,
  The woodman by his tree;
Before him rose the prayer and hymn,
  Behind, the *Dirige*.

He found them spinning wedding-robes,
  He left them digging graves;
High over faces pale and wrung
  The earth heaped up its waves.
He struck the baron at his gate,
  The peasant at the plow,
And from his sable banner shook
  Darkness on every brow.

At this time in a belfry-room
  Five sextons drained the wine,
Red from the toil that brought the fee
  And made their old eyes shine.
Their seats were cedar coffin-planks,
  All velvet-trimmed and soft;
The chalice-cups by them defiled,
  Were filled and emptied oft.

They drank "A long reign to King Plague!"
  "A wet year and a foul!"
As screaming through the open loops
  Flew in and out the owl.
Their shirts were made of dead men's vests
  (Dead men are meek and dumb),
And each one wore a dead knight's ring
  Upon his thievish thumb.

Down from the boarded floor above
  The heavy bell-rope swings,
It coils around the bowls and flasks,
  The cups and drinking things.
The cresset throws a gloom of black
  Upon the red-tiled floor—
Three faces dark—on two the lights
  Their golden lustres pour.

Beside the table sink the steps
  That lead into a vault—
A treasure-house no thieves but five
  Dared ever yet assault.
And through the darkness to the left
  Winds up the belfry stair—
Up to the old bell-chamber—
  Up to the cooler air.

The wall was hung with coffin-plates,
  The dates rubbed duly out
(Dead men are very dull and slow
  In finding these things out).
They toast "The Doctors of Cologne,
  Who keep the church-spades bright!"
Such toasts as these, such feast as that,
  Were fit for such a night.

Far, far above among the bells
  The wind blew devil fierce,
The sleet upon the beggar fell,
  And stabbed him carte and tierce.
There was a pother in the roofs,
  And such a clash of tiles,
That dying creatures' sobs and groans
  Were heard around for miles.

They drink to "Peter and to Paul!"
  And "All men underground!"
Then with a laugh, and wink, and nudge,
  The passing-bell they sound.
They drink to the tree that gives the plank,
  And the tree that guards the dead—
The coal-black tree with the blood-drop fruit,
  So poisonous, soft, and red.

Is God, then, sleeping? No! See there,
  How one tears at his throat,
And baring neck and shoulder,
  Bids all his fellows note.
A plague-spot, blue and swollen,
  Shows ghastly on the skin,
And on his knees he prays to Christ
  To yet forgive his sin.

Dead! And the eldest tolling
  The rope that o'er them hung,
Called, with a curse, "Lads, fill your cups,
  Let another song be sung!"
Then reels—his white face sickens,
  And as he staggers down,
Another drags at the heavy bell
  Stamped with the cross and crown.

So every time a toper fell
  Another rose to toll,
And all the rest screamed out a dirge
  For the sinner's passing soul.
And round they stirred the gallon jug,
  And high they flung the cup,
With half a song and half a prayer
  They tossed it, filling up.

Now but one left, and he, though faint,
  Staggers towards the rope,
And tolls—first draining cup and bowl,
  Half dead, without a hope—
Tolls, till the old tower rocks again—
  Tolls, with a hand of lead—
Then falls upon the wine-drenched floor
  Upon his fellows—dead!

—*Walter Thornbury.*

VANITY FAIR.

More widowers than widows marry again, perhaps because he opportunities of widowers are greater (says the New York *Sun*). The dictates of prudence, too, are more likely to be gainst a second marriage of widows. If a widow is left independent as to property and with children, it is often, if not sually, the wiser part for her to remain without a husband. Under such circumstances, when the first weight of her grief as been lightened by the passage of time, she may find enoyment in her independence. A rich widow has many comensations, and, even if she have no children, she takes a reat risk when she takes a new husband. Yet, so strong is he appeal of nature, and so needful to women are the affecion and protection of married life, that many such widows nake the venture. Neither the sweet memory of the past nor resent pecuniary independence can deter them from the step. No matter how happily they may have been married before, if hey are young and charming, the suggestion of marrying gain is not repulsive to the run of widows after a due period f mourning. Of all women, too, they may be the most irrestible, their becoming weeds and sweet expression of gentle adness cultivating in manly breasts the desire to bring again ove and joy to their lives. A young and pretty widow, who as begun to "take notice," as the Yankees say, makes a very angerous appeal to the susceptible masculine heart. If she ries, she is pretty sure to beat the most charming of maidens n the matrimonial game. Most widowers cultivate hopes of ew conjugal happiness, sometimes at an age when young eople would suppose that sentiment had been utterly extinuished by the hard experiences of life. The death of a wife nd mother, too, may make a gap in the household which renders it almost imperative that the bereaved husband should narry again for his children's sake, no less than his own. He nay feel helpless in his lonely state, and the lack of the comanionship of a wife may grow insupportable.

Royalty never traveled more luxuriously in England or on ne continent than does the International Congress in its inustrial tour of the country. Every piece of baggage is agged with the owner's name, the name of his car, and the umber of his section. When the train reaches a city where ne party are to stop at a hotel, everything has been arranged n advance. The tourist simply leaves his valises in his section nd his trunk in the baggage-car. When he reaches the hotel, e finds all his baggage in his room. When he goes back to ne train, he leaves his baggage in his room, only to find that has preceded him to the train. As at almost every place here the train stops for the night there are a reception and anquet, for which evening-dress is necessary, the importance f this quick and accurate handling of baggage is easily seen. ll the meals served on the train are delightful little feasts. . special menu, elaborately decorated, is printed for each, and ne members of the party are preserving all these, as well as ne menus of the banquets and luncheons given at different ties, as souvenirs. Mr. William W. Lord, Jr., traveling passenger-agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad, is always about a ay in advance of the party, acting as passenger-agent. He ees that, when the train reaches a certain point, the provisions nd delicacies necessary to meet the promises of the bills of are are ready to be placed in the larder of the dining-room ar. These Spanish-Americans are all accustomed to drink ine with their meals, and the wine-list is long and elaborate. he only imported wines upon it, however, are the champagnes. ll the other wines, red and white, are American. The South mericans express themselves as greatly pleased with the qualy and flavor of these American wines. The consumption of ine is not so great as might be expected from so large a party. is used by nearly all, but in great moderation. The tourists e relieved even of all care about their laundry. Each is proded with a linen bag, stowed away under the seat of his secon and tagged with his name. Into this bag he puts all his iled linen and underwear, and every three or four days the ag is sent on ahead to a city where a laundry has been notied by wire to be ready to do the work in twenty-four hours. ll the cars are lighted by electricity and heated by steam. very porter is expected to act as a valet, and, though there e several private valets on board, the porters have a busy ne of it when the tourists have to dress for dinner on the ain. Already the tourists have accumulated a big stock of uvenirs, most of which have been packed up and shipped away. here are bowie-knives, silver match-safes, fancy calendars, uminated pamphlets, printed handkerchiefs, silk flags, penives, and photographs in the collection already.

When a man once contracts the habit of wearing a high k hat, nothing will ever break him of it. His bank account ay, as it were, deteriorate, and his other clothes grow a little abby and drop a season or two behind the style, but he will ill cling to the silk hat. Indeed, the hat itself may drop ck to the year-before-last shape, and give the wearer a range, Rip Van Winkle-like appearance, yet he will not deend to any other sort of head-covering. But this is the exption—usually he will continue to wear a silk hat and keep to the latest style as well, whatever the consequences may . Time was that when a man bought a silk hat he felt cerio of its remaining in style several months at least, but this ne is past. You buy the latest thing to-day and to-morrow u find that the best-dressed men are wearing something ite different; the hat you proudly wear to the theatre may all out of style to come home with. The young man who s not yet contracted the stove-pipe-hat habit should be arned. Where silk-hat styles originate is a mystery. Some an, remarkable for his versatility, must be kept very busy mewhere designing the new shapes. What manner of an he is, no one knows. Even his name is unknown. e may live in Paris, or London, or New York—no one knows hich. But he is an artist, that is certain; and when he deles on a new shape we all go around to our respective bats and get it. He is an absolute monarch, and there is never a whisper of rebellion. When women do anything of this kind it is weakness, but in the case of men it is quite another thing, though we are not altogether prepared to say what it is. Of course there are individual cases of rebellion against the dictates of this unknown autocrat of the silk hat. It occasionally happens that a strong-minded man refuses to buy the January shape or the October shape, clinging to the December shape or the September shape, as the case may be; but after he has, while inadvertently pausing on the edge of the sidewalk, been requested to "drive his cab up around here" by a gentleman looking for a carriage, he has usually surrendered and secured the latest shape. Hackmen are the only persons privileged to wear a past shape and not lose their standing in society.

A superintendent of a New York store recently asserted that some of their most generous customers were people they had never seen. "What must a woman send to guide you in the selection of a costume or bonnet?" a *Sun* reporter asked him. "Of course her address gives us a clew to the climate, and her letter should set forth on just what occasions the dress would be worn, her height, complexion, age, color of her eyes and hair, and we like a photograph." "But does a woman tell her age?" "It is the one secret she doesn't tell. Men talk about keeping secrets, but a man's wife or best girl can always worm them out of him, and if his chum wants to find them out, he simply goes on a tipsy with his friend, gets the friend a little more salubrious than he is himself, and he can make him tell him anything he wants to know. But the Sphinx is not more silent than the worst chatterbox of a woman on that subject. Well, I'll tell you how we think she gets around it, but, of course, we wouldn't dare insist that our premises are infallible. Suppose a woman is sixty, and her hair is gray and the wrinkles have come to stay. Of course she doesn't admit that to us, but sits down and writes us an order for a bonnet for her mother, who is sixty, and then she describes herself. Now, after a woman has ordered bonnets for five or ten years for her mother, and never ordered one for herself, of course we draw our own conclusions, which may be entirely unwarrantable, of course."

The following paragraph is from the Philadelphia *Press:* "Miss Theodora Townsend, whose wedding will be one of the events of the coming season in New York, has, at least, one original idea. Around her dainty silken petticoats, just above the hem, are couplets from the verse of famous writers, embroidered in delicately colored silks. On one of them she has that exquisite thought of Bayard Taylor:

> 'The bravest are the tenderest;
> The loving are the daring.'

"Another, of pale-blue, has, in pink-and-white, with lilies of the valley interwoven, the inscription:

> 'Her gentle limbs she did undress,
> And lay down in her loveliness.'

"Miss Townsend seems to have a penchant for mottoes. Upon the silver horse-shoe which serves as a clasp for her silken garter, appears Prince Hal's gallant rebuke: 'Honi soit qui mal y pense.'" By the way, does not the *Press* think that our American belles are rather wearying the masculine half of the nation with their eternal *étalage* of their underwear? The whole country is not interested in their shifts and petticoats, although the newspapers seem to think so. This Miss Townsend's under-linen is described at further length with great particularity. We should imagine that the groom would prefer to learn the lady's mottoes gradually, instead of having them sprung on him in a morning paper at his club breakfast-table before he is married. The blushing bride should certainly leave a trifle to the bridegroom's imagination.

When Mme. de Stael visited Weimar with the avowed intention of intellectually capturing the literary lions of the day—Goethe and Schiller—she made one fatal mistake: she stayed too long. Goethe wrote to Schiller: "Mme. de Stael is a bright person, but she ought to know when it is time to go." The art of leaving is less understood by women than by men. The babits of business, the recognized fact that to a business-man time is money, the throng and press and exactingness of business life—all tend to make men who live in cities the best possible exemplars of the fine art of leaving quickly and neatly. A business-man's social call is usually a model of good manners in this respect. When he has said what he has to say and listened to what there is to hear, he takes his hat, says "good-evening," and is out of your presence without giving any time or chance for the too often tedious and embarrassing commonplaces of mutual invitations and promises to call again which seem to be a kind of social formula with women. In striking contrast with this neat and skillful method of cutting short the parting word of an interview or call, is the too common social practice of visitors, who, commencing to leave, seem temporarily to abandon their purpose and then linger as though it was a kind of compliment to the visiting party to appear loth to part. Who does not dread the visitor who starts, then thinks of something else to say; rises, and then thinks of another subject of conversation; nearly reaches the door, and, most probably holding it open, is aroused to a degree of mental brilliancy that threatens his health and that of his host or hostess by long detaining of both in a cold draught while he discourses? What a tax on the patience and politeness of the listener, who vainly strives, by assenting instantly to every proposition, to end the interview and break the restraining bond of polite attention!

There are many women in New York whose fashionable or other duties keep them too busy to permit of much leisure, who are glad to get the advertising cards of a widow who was an excellent housekeeper, when she had a home of her own, and is now turning her knowledge and experience to account. She keeps house for people who are too much occupied with the details of life elsewhere to give all the attention to these matters which they demand. She does it for bachelors as well as families, and for apartment-houses as well as private mansions. Having made her contract, she comes once or twice a week for an hour or two. If he be a bachelor in chambers she is looking after, she is getting out his winter clothes, airing them to get rid of the smell of camphor in which they were packed, putting his summer garments away in the same chest; looking over his underclothes, taking a stitch here and there, sewing on a button; setting his drawers in order, giving the whole place a thorough cleaning, and getting the curtains up and the carpets down and the whole establishment cosy and comfortable for the winter. After he is once well in order, it is only necessary for her to come once or twice a week to see that nothing is wanting. In the house of rich women she spends more time. Here she looks after the proper care of precious bric-à-brac, and knows how costly frescoing, gilding, marbles, rare carpets, and brocades must be treated to keep them from any injury in the cleaning. She looks after the cleaning of big services of rare plate, goes over the lists of linen-closets, silver-closets, china-closets, and the kitchen utensils, to see that there is no stealage, breakage, or waste, and, when new things must be purchased, goes and does it. She keeps her eye on the plumbing, the cleanliness of the entire house, and markets twice a week, paying the bills, and doing away with the commissions to servants and waste or theft in the kitchen. She sees that beds are aired, blankets properly washed, and all hangings kept free of dust. In some houses where there are children without mothers, she studies the question of the ventilation of their nurseries, the preparation of their food, and the proper warmth of their clothing. Her memory is, of course, an excellent one to be able to keep all these details in her head, and she has systematized her work so that she can keep house for a dozen families at once, and save enough in the proper care of the paint and furniture, and in the carelessness or dishonesty of servants, to more than pay for her wages. She is up by six o'clock, and three mornings in the week goes to Fulton Market, where she buys the best and newest the market affords, and enough to last each family until next marketing-day. She then goes shopping for whatever else is needed, having all of them marked down on her list from the day before, and gives her orders to plumbers, gas-men, confectioners, and tradespeople generally. By that time her bachelor clients have gone to their business, and she drops into the apartment and completes her labors there, leaving her families for the last, never attempting more than two or three households in a day, and being all through with her labors by four o'clock, unless some ball or dinner-party for that night makes it necessary to stay and see everything prepared.

A New York letter to the Chicago *Mail* contains the following: "Corsets upon the stage!" exclaimed Mme. Modjeska, the other day; "why, no woman can be graceful in a corset. I never wear one in a part. Let me show you what I do wear, it's an invention of my own." Carelessly throwing aside her loose morning-wrapper, an exceedingly Russian robe of white cashmere, with trimming of black fur, she showed a tightly fitted bodice of buckskin, which came up to the armpits and well down over the hips. "You see," said the actress, as she swayed her body to and fro, "that whatever pose I assume the contour of the body is preserved. I am supported without being restricted, as every one is in a corset." The buckskin-garment was laced on either side, and fitted the figure perfectly, yet there was no suggestion of stiffness. "I wear this in all my parts," continued Modjeska; "the idea was suggested to me by wearing an outer garment of buckskin in my rôle of Rosalind. I discovered that I could move with greater ease, and also that I made a better appearance than in any garment I had ever worn." The preservation of what is known as "the line of beauty" is a great fad with some of the leading stars. Mary Anderson, in her statuesque rôles, makes a great point of this particular. "I think a corset is an instrument of torture," she said once, when asked to give an opinion; "I am perfectly miserable if I put one on for half an hour. All my dinner-dresses are made to be worn without corsets, and they are considered, by good judges, to be very artistic." "What do you wear instead of a corset?" "Nothing when off the stage, but in my parts I wear this," and she held up a roll of stout linen, cut in a strip about four inches wide. It looked exactly like a surgeon's bandage, and she puts it on exactly as a bandage is put on, rolling it round and round her body, high enough up to support the breast and low enough to cover the torso. I ventured the remark that I should think it would be very stiff. "It is moderately so," said Miss Anderson; "it needs to be in order to support the body, but it is not like a barricade of whalebone." In some of the difficult movements which she executes upon the stage, Miss Anderson says that this bandage is so much of a support to her back that she could not do without it in such parts as the dance in the "Winter's Tale." Mrs. Potter wears neither a corset nor any substitute for one. "I wear just four things," said Mrs. Potter; "a 'Union suit' of heavy white silk-underwear, a broad bandage round the torso, knitted of heavy red wool, a flannel-skirt, and my dress. I never wore a corset in my life, nor did my mother." Mrs. Langtry says that the idea of going without a corset, or of substituting something else for it, is all nonsense. "There is nothing," she says, "so easy as a perfectly made French corset. Talk about the 'line of beauty,' there it is," and she turned her body just enough to show the curve of her superb hip. Miss Jessie Millward, the English actress, who has just come over, does not wear a corset on the stage, and substitutes only a tight bandage worn below the bust. Sarah Bernhardt wears a tightly fitted waist of flannel, "not as a support," she says, "only because it is comfortable and healthful." Mr. Boucicault says that the aspect of grace is dependent entirely upon the movement of the body at the waist. "Watch the Oriental dancing-girls," says this gentleman; "you will observe that all their subtlety of grace is in the swaying of the body by a peculiar movement of the hips. There is nothing else in the world so seductive or so entrancing. It is very simple, and yet there are hundreds of women with almost faultless figures who move like wooden ima-

LIBERALS AND RADICALS.

"Cockaigne" on the Social Aspects of English Politics.

Liberalism and Radicalism are at such a virtual standstill in England that it is difficult to conceive the *raison d'être* of either party. As things are, there really seems to be no reason for the existence of either, save and except so far as they may mean a reckless adherence to Gladstone and a blind support of his Irish policy, and a wholesale opposition to the Conservative party as embodied in Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour. The only political question with which Liberals and Radicals appear to care to have anything to do is—Ireland. Now, as Ireland is a question which, in its present absorbing form, has only been before the people since 1886, and, as the terms "Liberal" and "Radical," as applied to both parties and men, have been in use for many years prior to the initiation of Gladstone's Irish policy, one naturally asks one's self: What were the principles whose espousal called the Liberal and Radical parties into being at all? Could the men of either party ever have had a real, genuine liberal or radical sentiment in their breasts which they conscientiously felt, and which they meant, by every endeavor within their power and reach, to cultivate and establish throughout the length and breadth of the land? One used to think so. But how many do so any longer? What have become of the principles, the issues, which at one time made Joseph Chamberlain and Bradlaugh, John Bright and Jesse Collings, the most feared as well as the best hated four men in the United Kingdom? Do we ever hear the then pronounced principles of this quadrilateral enunciated from the lips of any Liberal or Radical orator today? I think not. It is true that but one of this once famous four remains to do battle under the banner of the great chief who then bound them together by his strength, but who has since severed them asunder by his weakness. Bradlaugh alone stands up to fight the old fight, or what purports to be the old fight—but is it? Does he ever now say a word but about Ireland and the Irish question? Does he ever, either in lengthy debate in the House of Commons or in political speech in the provinces, even so much as refer to the issues whose discussion first called Liberals or Radicals into existence, to the principles whose maintenance gave vitality to both parties for so many years? I should be pleased to have any one point out to me where and when. It is the same with Sir William Harcourt, John Morley, and Gladstone himself. You hear of nothing but Ireland, and you weary of the threadbare theme. Lord Granville and Lord Rosebery are quite as bad.

And so, I contend, for all practical purposes, the Liberals and Radicals of England have ceased to exist. Their original mission is at an end, for the Irish question, in the shape in which it has been placed before the country by Gladstone's policy, is no nearer solution than it was when it turned the Grand Old Man out of office three years ago, and severed from him the ablest men of his following; and it promises to occupy the minds of English statesmen for an indefinite period to the exclusion of everything else. The plain, unvarnished fact of the matter is that Gladstone has destroyed both the Liberal and Radical parties, and made them, compared with what they were, political nonentities, purposeless, aimless, and voiceless, save in what is exhibited in the futile endeavors of an impotent opposition. It is certainly not a very proud position for a once great party leader to hold. In view of this pitiful state of things, does it not seem almost grotesque to be elated over the recent so-called Liberal victory at Peterborough? Each by-election which results in the return of a Liberal or Radical member of Parliament means simply a victory for the Irish policy of Mr. Gladstone, nothing more. What use or benefit it can possibly be to the cause of Liberalism or Radicalism is a mystery. It only adds another puppet to "follow the leader" into the aye or no lobby, as Gladstone may direct, on every vote antagonistic to the Conservative policy for the government of Ireland; but another marionette to gyrate when Gladstone pulls the strings. They may be labeled "Liberals" or "Radicals," but neither their acts nor voices speak Liberalism or Radicalism.

After all, perhaps, it does not signify a great deal, for Liberalism and Radicalism, as they are theoretically understood to be in England, seldom if ever get a hearing in these days. There is, indeed, a deal of sham about both the Liberalism and Radicalism of Englishmen, a vast amount of humbug and insincerity, a load of pretense and inconsistency.

Take Lord Hartington as a sample. He is a Liberal. But will not every one agree that it is absurd for him to be one? He is the eldest son and heir of one of the richest and greatest peers in the United Kingdom—the Duke of Devonshire. Can it be possible that such a man can genuinely and conscientiously hold liberal opinions? The march of liberal ideas, the progress of sound social principles, the steady advance of enlightenment (I take the theory of Liberalism, not the practice) must mean the downfall of an hereditary form of government, the abolition of the House of Lords, the destruction of monarchical institutions, and the obliteration of all class distinctions. Does Lord Hartington really wish to annihilate himself? The same may be said of the Earl of Rosebery, the Earl of Kimberley, Earl Granville, Lord Spencer, and other so-called "Liberal peers." What is a Liberal peer? If he means what he says, and believes in what he contends to be the limit of its possibilities, he must, in the world's sense, be a fool. His opinions are all against self interest, his doctrines destructive of his own elevated position. If a Liberal peer acted up to what he pretends to believe, he would give up his peerage at once and become one of the people in whose cause he is supposed to be solely engaged. But it is not so much to the Liberal peers that I desire to refer.

In charging many English politicians with being inconsistent humbugs, I particularly direct my remarks against the Radicals. There is nothing a Radical so truly loves as a title. Of course he pretends not to care for rank and titles. But this is mainly because, like the fox with the grapes, they are beyond his reach. Let him in and he becomes a friend.

As an illustration of this in England, let me point to a man who, three years ago, was the "dearest foe" of the monarchy, nobility, and aristocracy of England which the kingdom held. He is a man, too, of eminent ability, an apparently conscientious man, if we may judge by his refusal to support the sophistries of Gladstonism against his convictions, and a man of wealth and education. I refer to Joseph Chamberlain. His desertion of Gladstone and his antagonistic position toward his former chief have opened the doors of the highest society to him wide. He has been invited to stay with the queen (he was not a cabinet minister at the time, as the Helena gentleman explained to you last spring), and has been the guest at Hatfield, of Lord Salisbury, who, three years and a half ago, would about as soon have thought of having Labouchère or John Burns in his house. Mark the change, observe the alteration, note the transmutation. Is there anything of a Radical about Chamberlain now? After all, who can blame him? Most of us, I daresay, would do likewise. But it only proves what I say. Some people say that he will be a Conservative before long. There is a saying that if you want to turn a Radical into a Tory, offer him a peerage. No one is supposed to be proof against that. It is well known that Chamberlain was offered a peerage by Lord Salisbury some time ago, but refused. It was rather too much of a "flop" all at once. Only wait. He may refuse again. But Cæsar's arm grew weaker each time he waved away the crown. The third time will be the test.

I have the pleasure of the acquaintance of a Radical lady. You meet one now and then as a sort of counterbalance to the Primrose Dames. This lady is a bright and clever woman, which the average Primrose Dame is not, and she is very pronounced. It is said that once at a dinner, when the health of the queen was drunk, she turned her glass upside down, and I do not suppose any woman could be more pleased than she is to be in the society of a lord!

English people have a sort of undefined impression that all Americans are Radicals. They never seem to realize that there can be no such thing as Radicalism in a republic, that there is no occasion, no field for it. They seem to forget (if they ever thought about it) that in this respect America begins where England will (possibly) end. They are, therefore, always greatly amused at the constant marriages of American girls with Englishmen of title.

"I'm so awfully fond of England and the English," gushingly said an American young lady to an elderly English woman, with several marriageable daughters.

"Then why do you always want to marry men of title?" asked the English woman.

"Because they're English" (naïvely).

"There are thousands of Englishmen without titles. They are just as good as the others."

"How can that be?" (doubtingly).

The English woman gave a sniff at the girl's ignorance. "Don't you know that an earl's grandson may have no title?"

"Hasn't he? What a shame!"

"He's just as good as the earl's sons."

"Why, Lady Slapdash! The idea!"

"He has the same blood in his veins."

"How can he, if he has no title?"

Another sniff. "He has. But it's just as I say. You must always have a title when you marry."

"You see, we Americans are a business people. We always want to get our money's worth and try to get the best the market affords," laughed the American girl; "that's why it is, I expect."

"But the men without titles are worth just as much as the others—in England."

"Ah, but not in America. You see we haven't time to study out the ramifications of a man's genealogy—to trace the roots and branches of his family tree. If a man has no title, that is what we should be compelled to do, not only to satisfy ourselves, but to let our neighbors see what a great swell we had married. Even then, not one out of ten Americans believe that an Englishman without a title is as great a swell socially as a man with one. It would take too much trouble to explain their mistake to them and really do no good. They'd think you were taken in yourself and were trying to make the best of it by a lot of fibs."

"How inexpressibly vulgar!" exclaimed Lady Slapdash, with her nose in the air.

The American girl's back was up in a minute.

"I don't see that we are a bit more vulgar than you are—or, indeed, so much so, for you ought to know better. Now look at yourself. Do you mean to say that you are not thought more of by your own countrymen and women on account of your title?"

"No; certainly not. As a marquis's daughter, my rank is really higher than that of my husband, who is only a baron. I could still call myself Lady Jemima, if I chose."

"Who knows that until you tell them? But just answer me this. As you charge us Americans with being so fond of titles, and call it vulgar, perhaps you'll pardon my asking you what you'd say if people didn't address you by your title? Eh?"

"That they were very rude."

"Or if servants and tradespeople omitted to say 'my lady' or 'your ladyship' to you?"

"That they were very impertinent."

"Yet you would be just as good if you had no title?"

"Eh? I don't understand."

"No, I see you don't—or *(sotto voce)* won't," and the American girl, quite satisfied, went on to talk of the beauties of English scenery, autumn tints, and country-houses.

LONDON, October 12, 1889. COCKAIGNE.

"Champagne," Mr. Pat Sheedy is recorded as having said, as he looked at a glass of it steadily, "makes a poor Irishman feel like a rich Jew."

At last a person has been caught writing his name on the Eiffel Tower. He was fined twenty francs.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

M. Massenet recently received two laurel wreaths from some admirers in Germany, and the discriminating customs officers taxed them as "medicinal herbs."

Jo Howard has struck the neatest descriptive title of that eminent mugwump, Mr. George William Curtis. He refers to him as an "understudy for an angel."

The Hon. Milan Obrenovitch, ex-King of Servia, tenderly and touchingly declares that his wife was "too fond of a row," and that was why he tried to divorce her.

The Count of Paris was seen at the Arts and Crafts Exhibition in London, the other day, with the countess on one arm and an umbrella under the under, reminding one irresistibly of the caricatures of his royal grandfather.

Mr. Cleveland is becoming quite a figure about New York city. His house on Madison Avenue is centrally located, and his constantly increasing weight makes exercise a necessity. He makes a virtue of necessity, and walks where other people climb into carriages or cabs. He moves at a slow and ponderous gait, and seldom smiles. Even at a theatre the expression of his face is habitually solemn and morose, though the play may be shriekingly funny.

Mr. Fred Gebhard has gotten himself into print again. It is charged against him that he has violated one of the rules of the Manhattan Club, of which he is a member, and that in doing so he was ably assisted by a gentleman who had previously been looking upon the wine when it was red. One evening recently, Mr. Gebhard is said to have gone into the Manhattan Club with Mr. George Work, Mr. Frank Work's son, and it is added that the latter gentleman conducted himself in such a manner as to attract attention to himself. The bringing into the club of a person under the influence of liquor is a violation of one of the house rules of the club. Charges have been made against Mr. Gebhard, and they will be acted upon by the board of managers at its next meeting.

Prince Hatzfeldt was a successful gentleman-rider; but people soon became reluctant to invest money in races in which he was to ride. His last appearance on the German turf was in 1882, on the famous Hoppegarten track, when Mr. Oehlschlaeger started his two horses, Prinz Eugen and Siegespalme, against Basta, mounted by Lieutenant von Heyden-Linden. According to the rules of the Berlin Union Club, Mr. Oehlschlaeger had to declare with what horse he intended to win, and people were surprised when the name of Siegespalme appeared on the board. There was but little betting, Basta being the favorite; but shortly before the flag went down, large sums were placed on Prinz Eugen. During the race Basta broke down, and according to the declaration of the owner, Siegespalme should have taken the prize. But Prince Hatzfeldt deliberately pulled her and allowed Prinz Eugen, mounted by a Scotch gentleman, Mr. Moore, to pass the post first. There was an uproar on the track never witnessed before, and Prince Hatzfeldt had to be protected by his friends from the excited crowd which wanted to lynch him. The race was declared void and all betting off. Since that time, Prince Hatzfeldt has not been seen on a German race-course. About that time he was engaged to Miss Loiset, the famous circus-rider, who was quite wealthy and universally respected.

One of the saddest spectacles is that presented by the prisoner of Furstenried, the mad King of Bavaria. Tall and almost as gigantic in stature as his brother, the late King Ludwig, his appearance is sufficient to startle any one who sees him for the first time. His hair is long and unkempt, and his bushy brown beard reaches down below his waist. There is a weird, wild look in his eyes, the gaze of which remains steadfastly fixed straight ahead into empty space. The only person who can succeed in bringing a gleam of intelligence to his face is the sixty-year-old Mme. Marie, who was his nurse when a child and who has now become one of the principal members of his household. She is the only one who is permitted to speak to him, everybody else being under strict orders not to address a single word to him or to take the slightest notice of him when he walks about the park. He is invariably dressed in black broadcloth, and requires a new suit almost every day, for owing to his strange objection to the use of either pocket-handkerchiefs or table-napkins, his coat-sleeves and coat-tails have to do service for both. All day long, except when overcome by one of his bi-weekly or tri-weekly fits of apathy, he will puff away at cigarettes, of which he smokes almost a hundred a day. His consumption of matches is still greater, for whenever he lights a fresh cigarette he delights in burning up the entire box of lucifers and in seeing the whole bundle blaze up at once. At dinner King Otto—when he consents to appear at table—takes his seat at one end of the table. Around the other end are seated the doctor, the aides-de-camp, and the chamberlains. King Otto, however, never takes the smallest notice of their presence, but preserves a sullen silence, which he only breaks from time to time to shout for champagne, of which, as also of beer, he absorbs large quantities. He uses his knife and fork in a perfectly normal manner, and sometimes appears to be able to appreciate and enjoy what he is eating. The apartments which he inhabits are all situated on the ground floor and are magnificently furnished, and the strictest orders prevail to the effect that all doors should be left wide open throughout the day. If King Otto happens by any chance to come across a closed door, he immediately falls into a kind of epileptic and maniac fury, and seeks to dash it down with his still powerful fists. It is, moreover, impossible to induce him to permit himself to be bathed, and he displays an almost hydrophobic antipathy for water. He likewise absolutely refuses to enter a carriage, and displays signs of terror whenever any efforts are made to induce him to enter one.

The Duc d'Aumale received a prize for the Zucco wine which he grows on his estates in Sicily. Of course the duke has leased his vineyards to a company, but he permits his coat-of-arms and coronet to be printed on the label of each bottle of this delicious wine. His brother, the Duc de Montpensier, Infant of Spain and brother-in-law of ex-Queen Isabella, derives a very large income from the sale of the oranges which ripen on his vast lands near Seville, and he also exports large quantities of wheat grown on his domains near Bologna. The Emperor of Russia himself sells wine made in Livadia from Crimean grapes, while Prince Leo Galitzin raises his own champagne, Medoc, Hermitage, and Burgundy from plants which he has imported from France to a sunny corner of the Crimea. He was vice-president of the wine jurors at the exhibition and has actually tasted in his official capacity thirty-two thousand bottles of the choicest brands, in three months, without being in any way inconvenienced thereby! The King of Holland's beer from the Brasserie-Royal was also rewarded by the jurors, and is said to rival that brewed and retailed at Munich, in the Hofbrauhaus, by the royal family of Bavaria. To this day, wines grown and sold by the late Cardinal Jacobini, secretary of state of the Pope, are sold in liquor-shops in and around Rome. Every bottle bears the arms and cardinal's hat of the prelate, who derived a large income from his vineyards. Another venerable prince of the church, Cardinal Lavigerie, received a first prize for his Algerian wines. The Duc de la Rochefoucauld-Doudeauville makes a large income by the sale of the wine and oil produced on his Italian property. Near his château of Bonnetable, the duke has also a large manufactory of earthen and china-ware. The Duc de Feltre is in the milling business. The members of the ducal family of Montebello sell champagne, which bears their coat-of-arms, while the Marquis de Lur-Saluces sells his own Château Yquem, dealing directly with his customers. Archduke Albrecht, the wealthy uncle of the Emperor of Austria, and generalissimo of the imperial armies, founded a kind of second Monaco on the "Margarethen-Insel," opposite Buda-Pesth, where public gambling-tables, luxuriously appointed baths, ball-rooms, and *salons de concerts* are to be found. Prince Bismarck superintends the sale of wood from his forests of Friedrichsruhe, and his powder-mills and pasteboard factories constitute a certain and profitable source of revenue to him. In England, one finds the Duke of Fife, son-in-law of the Prince of Wales, an active partner in one of the leading London banks, while in Portugal the king owns and runs the faïence manufactory of Caldas-Reinha. The royal manufactory of porcelain at Dresden furnishes a considerable portion of King Albert's private income, while the horse-breeding establishment of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin places him in the foremost rank of horse-dealers in Europe.

A SOUTHERN FIRE-EATER.

His Naïve Memoirs.

A curious volume of reminiscences, recently issued from the press, is entitled "Recollections of Mississippi and Mississippians. By Reuhen Davis." In a review, giving a numher of extracts from the hook, the *Nation* says:

This titular characterization of Mr. Davis is not intended to cast upon him ao injurious reflection. It merely states a fact. In the course of his narrative, Mr. Davis speaks of himself as a representative of the class known as "fire-eaters," and it does oot appear that he ohjects to heing so named and known. He has given to the world a very interesting and valuahle hook, a memoir that will serve the future historian of ante-hellum times to a remarkahle degree, as revealing hoth a type of character and a state of society which had much significance among the proximate causes of the pro-slavery rehellion. Except its persooal aspect, the hook contains little which is oew or strange. Even such well-known lives as those of Andrew Jackson, Thomas H. Benton, and Henry Clay hring us ioto the same circle of wild social lawlessness, into acquaintance with similar personal traits. But if we have had hefore an account of these things from the inside, written with ahsolute sympathy and complacency, it escapes our present recollection.

The hook is very readahle. It is written in a fresh and vigorous style, and we may not ohject to its floridity. This is part of the self-revelation; the style heing, as we know, the man. A sentimental strain recurs at least as often as the chapters end. This, in connection with the authors' story of his houts and hrawls, suggests

"the mildest mannered man
That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat."

The naïveté of the story is its greatest charm. We must go to Benvenuto Cellini for an equally unconscious mixture of murder and religion. The author has not a suspicion that he is not a strictly moral and religious man. He passes without violence from the most proper moral and religious generalizations to the most astooishing recitals of his own harharities, or those of others which he heartily approves. The general type showed in him at its hest. He was frank, generous, simple, straightforward, chivalric, hooest, quick to sympathize with outraged feehleness or innocence presented to him in a concrete way. In a different order of society one can imagine that he might have heen a model citizen.

The ahseoce of dates from his narratioo is irritating to exasperatioo, and we must go elsewhere to fiod the year of Mr. Davis's hirth. He was horn in 1813, io Tennessee, of Virginia parents, who removed to Alahama wheo he was five years old. His father was a Baptist minister, who "never douhted that it was his duty to knock dowo any rascal who happeoed to deserve such discipline." At sixteeo, he left home and crossed the near horder into Mississippi to study medicine io Hamiltoo, then the county town of Monroe County. He writes of the Mississippians of that time, that

Although a God-fearing people—for infidelity was unknown—there was nothing straight-laced about their religion. . . . Their creed was generally simple: A man ought to fear God and mind his business. He should be respectful and courteous to all women. He should love his friends and hate his enemies. He should eat when he was hungry, drink when he was thirsty, dance when he was merry, vote for the candidate he liked best, and knock down any man who questioned his right to these privileges.

Io 1832, he passed from medicine to law, and hegan its practice at Athens with a young wife and hut three dollars in his pocket. What a passioo there was in the community for litigation is shown hy the fact that in four years he had saved twenty thousand dollars. At the spring term of the county court in 1835, he hrought four hundred and eighty suits. He was district-attorney, a frequent source of emharrassment to him, as that in crimioal suits the murderer was a personal friend, "a man for whom he had respect aod friendship," and whom he thought "justifiahle uoder the circumstances of the killing." Once, when he had witnessed the murder, his emharrassment was so great that he went into court with five hundred dollars in his hand with which he asked the court to furnish counsel for the prosecution. When another friend, shortly after, killed his man, Davis resigned his office aod tendered his services in his defense. He pulled him through. "Sioce that day," he writes, "I have defended over two hundred cases tried for murder, and never had the misfortune to have a man hung." Could aoy stateme0t he more expressive of the quality of mercy in the admioistration of justice? It is very clear it was not strained.

Davis himself had never a douht of a man's right to defend his person or his "honor" at the risk of another's life. With him it was a word and a hlow, and if the hlow was oot first, it was nearly simultaneous. He could not have heen more than seventeen when he had his first personal encouoter. There was a question of precedence of claim upon the attention of one of the ladies at a hall:

no sooner withdrew my adversary from the ladies than I challenged him to defend himself, and assaulted him with my pocket-knife. . . . This action I have never regretted, holding that a man has a right to defend his honor whenever and by whomsoever assailed. Had I suhmitted tamely to this insult, my whole future career would have been affected by it, and I should have lost all claim to the respect and good opinion of my fellow-citizens.

In 1841, or thereahouts, he had a characteristic encounter with Judge Howry, "ao ahle jurist and most accomplished gentleman." Some difference arising on a point of law, the judge, offended hy his pertinacity, fined him fifty dollars, whereupon, "in a perfect hlaze of sudden fury," he threw his pocket-knife poiot foremost at the judge, to the end that he might offer him to jail—for which insult he meant to shoot him down. The court was suddenly adjourned, and Davis and the judge were dragged off in different directions hy their friends. Later in the day they met at their hotel, and Davis asked an explanation, which was refused. Then Davis slapped the judge's face, and the judge seized a claw-hammer and gave him three tremeodous hlows upon the head, while Davis hacked away hlindly at the judge's throat with his knife, which he had recovered. Again separated, Davis sent the judge a warning not to appear unarmed, as he would attack him at sight. He, however, concluded not to do so, when reminded of a remarkahle dream he had had the night hefore, which seemed a warning of his death.

The court met that evening. I had put on a fur cap, with the back part before to conceal my wounds, and the judge wore his overcoat with the collar well drawn up, to hide the tokens of combat on his person. . . . I did not meet Judge Howry for seven years after this affair. . . . I promptly replied (having been approached in a friendly manner) that I thought nothing of the affair; that Howry was a gentleman, and that our difficulty was casual and without malice. Although it had been a death struggle, it had been about almost nothing.

The point of view and the local color come out strongly in the characterizations of Davis's contemporaries, which are very numerous. Davis was very soon "Old Reuhe," and it is Tom this and Charlie that, and Jim or Jack another. "There was Joe Davis, elder hrother of our revered ex-president, who was heloved hy all who knew him. He was admitted arhiter of every question of honor, and his decision was always final." The mentions of Jefferson Davis are very slight, hut always ardently enthusiastic. The impression given is not that which has heen general at the North, where Davis has heen thought of as the opposite of Lincoln, in his coldness and his inahility to make himself an object of wide popular affection. We are told that "there was something ahout Davis which captivated the imagination and exalted him into a hero, dearer than all others to the popular heart." A very impressive account is giveo of the inauguration of Davis, following hard on the surrender of Fort Donelson, in which the narrator saw the heginoing of the end. "From that day of evil omen, he trod firmly and steadily the path which led him to his cell in Fortress Monroe, where, in his dauntless captivity, he was crowned with the passionate love and reverence of millions who had followed him to ruio and defeat."

In the description of his frieods, the author's preliminary adjectives of copious praise are often in amusing contrast with the particulars which afterward appear. He regrets how little the real character of Colonel McClung, Jefferson Davis's lieutenant-colonel in the Mexican War, has heen uoderstood, and then he pictures him eating his solitary lunch at a restaurant, with a large dueling-pistol oo either side of his plate, a hottle of wine and a howie-koife hetween them, in which attitude, aod with a corresponding temper, he encountered him with two friends, and harely hrought them off alive. Early in the war, Breckinridge was often at Davis's head-quarters at Bowling Green. "He was a goodly sight, sittiog on stool or tahle, with a glass of old shuck in his hand, and that graod voice vihrating through the teot like a deep-toned hell."

There is some general praise of temperance, hut it is evident that nooe of Mr. Davis's recollections make him happier than those of the five gallons of mint-julep at one sitting, and of many a night when he and others drank together till the morning hroke. "What nights those were! How hrave and generous, how gay and jovial; what wit and humor sparkled with the wine!" A drunkard's grave was the eod of many a hrilliant fellow. There is one lively picture of the Mississippi legislature, in a hody, gloriously drunk, paradiog the streets of the capital in the small hours of the morning, singing a jolly song. The hospitality was houndless as the drink. When Davis was in Congress, he invited the whole county to a party at his house. He spent as easily as he earned. He was always going security for a friend, until he reckoned that he had lost seventy-five thousaod dollars hy this genial disposition.

In the Mexican War he received a colonelcy, hut he speaks with hitterness of that experience. It "hroke his life in two," and he dates from it the misfortunes of his suhsequeot career, which consisted, so far as he reports, of political disappointments occasioned hy the eomities which originated with his hrief command. He had had no military training; his regiment was reduced hy almost constant sickness and never got a chance to fight. And so it happened that where Jefferson Davis got much glory, he got only curses for his pains. After many disappointments he was finally elected to the national legislature, and took his seat in the Thirty-Fifth Congress in Decemher, 1857. He had no definite convictions, hut he went with the tide, aod this was setting strongly toward secession. Quitman said to him at once: "You must move up, Davis, or you will he left hehind." He answered: "No, not left hehind, hecause wherever Mississippi goes she takes me with her." After that, he tells us, he kept pace with the rest, hut he had the frankness to say, everywhere, that war was in sight.

The policy of the leaders was to decry the chance of war, partly hecause they thought secession could he accomplished without a fight, and partly hecause they thought secession without war would be more popular. The impression is very stroog, in general, that the popular feeling had to he much forced and juggled with in order to hring it into line with the wishes of the chief conspirators. Mr. Davis's account of his two Congressional terms and the course of secession and the war is much too hrief. He characterizes few of the men he met in Washington, hut his account of Giddings is one of the most elahorate in his hook, and is, despite its misconception and misrepresentation, a fioe trihute to the "nohlest Roman of them all":

I never saw a more remarkable man, nor one who was inspired hy a spirit of more concentrated hitterness. He was very old and infirm, hut his hatred for the South and for slavery glowed like the hot fire of youth in his veins, and seemed potent enough to vivify with new energies his exhausted frame. The hoarded hate of a life-time gleamed in the sunken eyes and gave ferocity to a voice that was like the growl of a tiger about to spring upon his prey. I used to watch him with the sort of fascinated interest which the display of strong and sustained passion is sure to create, and I remember how the alertness of his attitude and the suppressed passion of his face used to suggest to me the idea of some fierce creature crouching for a spring. To this day, I believe that it would have given him pleasure to behold the South desolated with the sword, and with famine, and with pestilence, until neither man, woman, nor child remained. He had poured out so much tenderness upon the slaves that there was not a drop of pity in his heart for even the innocent babes of the slave-holders. Owing to the infirmities of his great age, he could not make a long speech without bringing on convulsions, hut he was always in his place, suggesting and planning every movement and the soul of every aggressive measure. Instead of moderating the stormy passions of the younger men, the glare of his furious eyes woke up responsive fires in both friend and foe.

He contrasts Tom Corwin with Giddings, greatly to the latter's disadvantage. Corwin is "that good man." "He would gladly have saved the Union and averted war hy any possihle concession." In 1859, when there was a long fight over the speakership, Davis spoke four hours in the fiercest manner of his set to kill time—a device necessary for the defeat of Sherman. Corwin replied to him in such a way that many a time afterward his words came hack to him like a prophecy, "especially in the dark days when defeat followed defeat and destruction was upon us."

Davis's part was henceforth a leading one in the secession movement. Immediately after the election of Lincoln, it was upon his motion that a convention was called "to secede the State of Mississippi hy separate action, such action to take effect *eo instanti*." This was at a special conference to which there came a telegram from South Caroliua, asking advice—whether it should secede at once, at the then imminent secession convention, or make its ordinance inoperative till the fourth of March. Davis moved they he advised to secede at once. Returning to Washington, "I spent much of my time," he says, "in consultation with Mr. Floyd, Secretary of War, who had heen for twelve months, and still was, engaged in sending to the Southern arsenals all availahle arms under his control." As one of the committee of thirty-three appointed Decemher 10, 1860, to consider the danger, serving against the wishes of Jefferson Davis, he soon proved that he was actuated hy oo conciliatory spirit. Making himself "the mouthpiece of a wronged and outraged people," his tone was admirahly calculated to put the Northern men upon their mettle. Later, he moved that the committee adjourn and report that "no remedy remained hut the final appeal to the God of hattles." It was at his rooms on the fourteenth that a manifesto was prepared and sent to all parts of the South, declaring "that argument was exhausted, and that the whole actioo of the committee showed a determination to go to the extent of emaocipatioo," though non-exteosion had heen the holdest word. On the fifteeoth, he proposed a resolutioo merely "to show the hopelessness of any agreemeot": "Be it resolved, that the Constitution of the United States of America recognizes property in the slave, and that it is as much the duty of the general government to give protection to that species of property, hoth at sea and on land, as to any other species of property known to our iostitutions and laws." Corwin's vote as chairman defeated the resolution, on which there was a tie—fifteen to fifteen. This, it seems, was oot a "possihle concessioo."

"With a fierce pang of renunciation," as he crossed the Potomac on his way to Mississippi, January 5th, lookiog hack on the capitol, he saw the stars and stripes drooping in the still, cold air. Appointed major-general in place of Jeffersoo Davis, who had resigned in order to preside over the Southern Constitutional Convention, eighty companies were accepted and ordered into camp at his instigation. So little general apprehensioo was there of the task in hand that this measure was denounced as a piece of useless and wicked extravagance, hut it was justified hy the event. After a hrief term in the field, he went to Richmond to represent his district in the Confederate Congress. "Every step taken up to that time had heen, I thought, defeated hy tardiness of movement and inadequate preparation, and I could discover no indicatioos of an improved system for the future." He never could. He was all the way along entirely out of conceit with the Southern cooduct of the war. Oo the Military Committee of the House, he urged the concentration of the whole availahle force of the South into two iovading columns. Meeting with no response, he resigned from the committee and assumed the rôle of Achilles sulking in his tent. After a speech deoouncing the whole military policy of the government, which gave great offeose to the administration, so that afterwards he had no influence and, indeed, no personal intercourse with the heads of government, he felt himself "a mere spectator in the final acts of our tragedy."

Of the twenty-five years since the fulfillment of his prophecies there is no account—only a foregleam, in the course of the narrative, of a second marriage which hrought children to a childless man, and of his separation from the Democratic party in 1878. His fiery hlood was slow to cool, and in 1873 he was shot down in a court-room hrawl. His impressions of the new South would have heen a welcome addition to his hook, hut we must not ask too much. An excellent photograph, with eyes like gleaming hayonets and a mouth like an iron clamp, is an exact reflection of the man who reveals himself to us so frankly in the pages of his hook.

The new city of Johannesburg, in the South African gold region, is attracting attention, and there are those who predict for it a pheoomenal future. They promise a million inhabitants in five years, an output of gold which shall gild the whole world, a commercial importance threatening the estahlished trade centres of the Old World, and a political and social position second to no city in Africa, north or south.

The natives of the Feejee Islands have taken up cricket through the efforts of an enthusiast, Mr. Wallington. They like the game much, although they do not like to confine themselves to the orthodox eleven on each side. They play their matches with forty or fifty a side, or trihe against trihe.

The first returns received in Paris after the recent electioo were from Cochin China. This was due to the clocks in Cochin China heing seven hours in advance of Paris time, so that the telegraph was ahle to transmit the news hefore even the Paris results were koown.

M. Nantet reached the Paris Expositioo from Brussels, after a seven-days' journey io a phaeton drawn hy a pair of dogs. He is a humane man, and when his dogs were tired he went hetween the shafts while they mounted the hox.

The latest Parisian novelty in gloves has a small purse inserted in the palm, wherein women can carry their railway-tickets and small coins.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personnat and Miscelteaneous Gossip.

Mr. Howells is writing one new novelette for *Harper's Magazine* and Mr. Lafcadio Hearn another, entitled "Youma."

"Froudacity" is the title of a book by Mr. J. J. Thomas, a colored man, which criticises some remarks on the West Indies by James Anthony Froude.

Mr. Frank R. Stockton's new novel hears the taking title, reminiscent of "The Arabian Nights," of "The Story of the Three Burglars." It is to be published by a syndicate of newspapers.

The first volume of Mrs. Stanton's valuab'e work on "Physiognomy," which is to be complete in two volumes, will be issued to subscribers in December by the publisher, F. A. Davis, of Philadelphia.

The journal of Marie Bashkirtseff, a young Russian artist, who died in Paris in 1884 at the age of twenty-three, and which has attracted the admiring attention of the foremost critics of Europe, will be published this month by a New York house.

"In the Wake of a Circus" is the title of an article by Minnie Buchanan Goodman, which will be published, with illustrations drawn by Arthur Jule Goodman, in a supplement to the number of *Harper's Weekly* to be issued November 6th.

The project for establishing a great annual Occidental Fair at Paris, has lately drawn the attention of the Paris journals to the descriptions of the fair at Nijnii-Novgorod, which were contributed by the Vicomte de Vogüé and Theodore Child to *Harper's Magazine* during the past year.

The first and second editions of "How to be Beautiful," by Teresa H. Dean, have been exhausted and orders are in now that will nearly exhaust the third edition of ten thousand copies, notwithstanding cheap imitations. A large edition has been brought out in England, it having been copyrighted by Trubner & Co., London.

The *Tribune* and the firm of D. Appleton & Co. have evidently kissed and made up, for that journal contained a column and a half of praise of the house of Appleton in a recent Sunday issue. For years no Appleton book was reviewed in the *Tribune*, nor was the name of any member of the firm allowed to be mentioned in its columns.

Readers of the *Forum* will he pleased at the announcement just made by the publishers of the magazine that, "witbout merely popular features, and always with the purpose of presenting serious and instructive discussions of living topics," it has "established itself before spending its capital, is financially independent, and its patronage is increasing more rapidly now than ever before."

M. Alphonse Daudet will again deal with bis delightful Gascon in a humorous novel to be entitled "The Colonists of Tarascon; the Last Adventures of the famous Tartarin." This story translated—of course in the most charming manner—by Mr. Henry James will be exclusively published by the Harpers in serial form in their magazine. It is not altogether pleasant to learn that this is to be the last record of Tartarin—he is too fascinating a personage to lose sight of thus.

The cost of the new catalogue of the Astor library, which has been in preparation for six or seven years, has amounted to about fifty thousand dollars. It is in four volumes of four thousand pages each, and is, in all respects, one of the finest catalogues ever made, embodying, as it does, all the newest and best ideas ot the foremost librarians. Copies of it have been sent gratuitously to all the large libraries in this country and Europe, and are also offered for sale at the library at thirty dollars a set.

That the day for the serial story in the modern magazine is rapidly passing, and is almost over, seems to be generally believed. A prominent magazine editor said, recently: "When I became an editor, some twenty years ago, we always regarded our serial as the trump card; and now! Take those which have been published recently in the magazines; how many can you remember? Look at Miss Woolson's story just ended in *Harper's*—one of the best that the author has written; but what talk have you beard about it? Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson is, perhaps, the most popular writer of the day, and his 'The Master of Ballantrae,' which is appearing in *Scribner's*, is certainly his strongest work, yet I have not met ten people who have read it. The *Century* people believed they bad a very strong card when they got hold of their last serial, 'The Romance of Dollard,' yet I have not heard it mentioned five times among all my literary friends. 'Little Lord Fauntleroy' was published in *St. Nicholas*, and little was said or thougbt of it; in book-form, it has sold one hundred and twenty-five thousand copies, and is selling yet. The career of these serials is often most interesting. Every one will remember Mrs. Burnett's 'A Fair Barbarian,' which appeared as a serial, was dead and buried, and when reissued nearly ten years after, sold like bot cakes. The day of serials in all but sensational publications, I believe, is passing. People seem to be too busy nowadays to follow them from month to month."

Concerning the Chinese fable in last week's paper, reprinted from the New York *Times*, "F. McC." thus writes to us from San Luis Obispo: "Almost one hundred and thirty years have come and gone since Oliver Goldsmith, of beloved memory, wrote for the delight of mankind and the five pounds sterling (twenty-five dollars) which Newbery paid bim for the copyright, those charming letters, under the guise of a Chinese philosopher, from 'A Citizen of the World,' to his friend, Fum Hoam, first president of the Ceremonial Academy of China. The humor of those productions is as fresh and enjoyable to-day as it must have been in 1760, when they were first published. That was, I think, before Goldsmith made the acquaintance of the great doctor, Sam Johnson, who, six years later, extricated him from a very pressing financial difficulty (alas! not the only one) by the sale of the 'Vicar of Wakefield' for sixty pounds. These reflections are called forth by an article, on page twelve, of the last *Argonaut*, headed, 'A Loving Widow,' which purports to bave been translated from the French for the New York *Times*, but which, in fact, is stolen from letter eighteen of 'The Citizen of the World,' and, it is almost needless to say, Goldsmith's pretty fable is spoiled in the 'translation,' for who could change without impairing the beauty of whatever came from the hand of the master, upon whose tomb Dr. Johnson himself bas written that he adorned whatever subject he touched? As an act of justice to the memory of a good and great man, I wish the *Argonaut* would publisb all that portion of letter eighteen, commencing: 'Choang was the fondest husband, and Hausi the most endearing wife in all the Kingdom of Korea,' and send a marked copy of the paper to the New York *Times*, which evidently has been imposed upon." It is a very common thing for French writers to make translations from the English without mentioning their origin. Frequently no clew is given. Mrs. Dinah Maria Muloch Craik's story, "The Double House," was translated into French, then translated back again, and printed in a New York periodical as a translation from the French. It was translated into German, translated back again, and printed in an English magazine as a translation from the German. This has occurred repeatedly witb the works of older writers. It is probably what has happened in the present instance.—EDS. ARGONAUT.

New Publications.

The volume noticed at length elsewhere this week, entitled "Recollections of Mississippi and Mississippians," is publisbed by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Charles C. Coffin bas completed and issued a new volume of his popular history of the War of the Rebellion for young readers. It is called "Redeeming the Republic," and deals with the tbird period, the year 1864. The narration is graphic and is supplemented by numerous illustrations. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Loss of the *Swansea*," by W. L. Alden, tells the story of two boys who fell into the hands of pirates off the Southern coast a hundred and fifty years ago. Published by the D. Lothrop Company, Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.00.

"Notes of Lessons for Young Teachers," by John Taylor, a useful handbook, with models from actual examination papers, has been published in the Boston School Series by the Boston School Supply Company, Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"An Appeal to Pharoah" is a discussion by an unknown hand of the negro problem, with suggestions for its radical solution—their removal from our shores by the government. Published by Fords, Howard & Hubert, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.00.

"Cliquot," by Kate Lee Ferguson, a racing story in which figure a mysterious jockey, two actresses, many women who attend races, and two lovers whose ardor surpasses that of Amélie Rives's Barbara and Jack, has been published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia; for sale by the booksellers; price, 25 cents.

"City Boys in the Woods," by Henry P. Wells, is a pleasant record of a hunting trip in the Maine woods. The party go up beyond the logging camps, and meet with a variety of adventures, bagging elk, beaver, and other game, into the killing of which skill and danger are mingled in proportions that make the narration interesting. The book is copiously illustrated. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Chata and Chinita," by Louise Palmer Heaven, is a tale of life in Mexico which has a powerful story and a vivid presentation of life in a Mexican *hacienda* to recommend it. In the opening chapters we see the murder of the American superintendent, as he comes from a stolen visit to Herlinda, the daughter of the house, to whom he had been secretly married four months before. Her fate and that of her children, in the hands of her proud mother, make up the story, and it is not lacking in incident. Published by Roberts Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, $1.50.

In "Personally Conducted," Frank R. Stockton constitutes himself the courier of all such as care to take a run through Europe under his guidance and seeing only such things as he cares to tell about. The book is intended for children, and has little of the whimsical humor which has made Stockton famous with older readers. The itinerary is to Genoa by way of Liverpool and Paris, thence through the Italian cities and back to Paris and London, then over to the Low Countries, and finally up the Rhine and round about the German cities. The book is copiously illustrated. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Strickland & Co.

"The Kansas Crusade," by Eli Thayer, is a condensed account of events, before the civil war, whereby Kansas was secured to the free-State cause. The subject-matter of the work has been confined to the agency and the methods employed outside her boundaries to arouse the people of the Northern States to active coöperation in the cause. Mr. Thayer places Garrison and his followers among the enemies of the Kansas crusade, and otherwise expresses his judgments on disputed points with aggressive fearlessness. He is indorsed in a brief introduction by Edward Everett Hale. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, $1.50.

Many years ago, George Bancroft, the historian, wrote a life of Martin Van Buren, prepared at the suggestion of Senator Silas Wright, of New York, who furnished much valuable material in the way of documents and correspondence. This book was written and submitted to Van Buren, who indorsed it as authentic and true; but the public mind was so agitated by party divisions on men and affairs that the historian laid the manuscript aside, and not till the present day has he deemed it wise to submit the work and its estimate of the man to the public. It is now published, under the title "Martin Van Buren to the End of his Public Career," by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the booksellers.

George Ticknor Curtis's two-volume "History of the Origin, Formation, and Adoption of the Constitution of the United States," published thirty years ago and considering the subject up to the adoption of the constitution by two more than the needed number of States, bas recently been republished as the first volume of a new "Consitutional History of the United States: from their Declaration of Independence to the Close of the Civil War." The work, which was interrupted by the civil war, is soon to be completed by the publication of a second volume, newly prepared and based on the later developments. Mr. Curtis's earlier work was highly valued by all students of political history, and, in this completer form, will be most beartily welcomed. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Lester Wallack's "Memories of Fifty Years," which constituted one of the features of *Scribner's* in the early part of the year, have been republished in a handsome little volume, with an introduction and biographical sketch by Laurence Hutton, who edits the book. Part of the contents was written by Mr. Wallack, part dictated by him, and though be revised a portion of the manuscript, it all bas the charm of facile and unstudied narration; it has to do chiefly with the great lights of the stage in this country during the half-century of Mr. Wallack's active life, and brings these people before us in the familiarity and relaxation of intimate companionship. The printing is handsomely done on wide-margined paper, and througb the book are scattered a great number of vignette portraits and autographs. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Stuckland & Co.; price, $1.50.

Some Magazines.

The November *Overland* contains: "Adam and Eve," a story by Flora Haines Loughead; "Halcyonian Hawaii," by Charles Warren Stoddard; "A Tale of the Incredible" (continued), by Leonard Kip; "Early Editors of California," by James O'Meara; "In Searcb of a Gold Mine," by S. S. Boynton; "Mrs. Gilmore's Diamonds," by E. A. Walcott; "The Queen of the Black Amazons"; "In the Prime of the Buffalo," by J. M. Baltimore; "Are the French Capable of Self-Government?" by F. I. Vassault; "Mr. Bodley and the Dragon," by C. E. B.; "Poverty and Charity in San Francisco," by M. W. Shinn; verses by M. C. Gillington, W. H. McDougall, J. P. Widney, and others; and the book-reviews.

The contents of the November *Forum* are: "American Rights in Bebring Sea," by President J. B. Angell; "Public Opinion and the Civil Service," by E. L. Godkin; "Modern Claims upon the Pulpit," by Archdeacon F. W. Farrar; "The Owners of the United States," by Thomas G. Shearman; "Industrial Coöperation in England," by Professor F. G. Peabody; "Municipal Control of Gas-Works," by Bronson C. Keeler; "The Cost of Universities," by President David J. Hill; "Wendell Phillips as an Orator," by Rev. Carlos Martyn; "Requirements of National Defense," by Adjutant-General J. C. Kelton; "The Domain of Romance," by Maurice Thompson; and "Types of American Women," by Professor H. H. Boyesen.

The leading place in the *North American Review* for November is given to "Is Divorce Wrong?" a discussion by Cardinal Gibbons, Bishop Henry C. Potter, and Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll. Other articles are: "The Hopes of the Democratic Party," by Senator Vest, of Missouri; "Our National Conceits," by Murat Halstead; "The Corroboration of Professor Huxley," by John Burroughs; "Are Telegraph Rates too High?" by Norvin Green, President of the Western Union; "The Future of Fiction," by Edgar Saltus; "The New Instrument of Execution," by Harold P. Brown, State expert; "An English View of the Civil War"—VI., by Viscount Wolseley; "The Tendencies of Modern Comedy," by Charles Wyndham; "Are the Republicans in to Stay?" by Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts; "The Dangers of Electric Lighting," by Thomas A. Edison; and notes and comments on "The Union Men of the South," "Taxation or Non-Taxation for Churches," "Some Early Harvard Customs," and "Civil-Service Reform."

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Said Lord Wellesley to Justice Plunkett: "One of my aides-de-camp has written a personal narrative of his travels; pray, what is your definition of 'personal'?" "Well, my lord," was Plunkett's reply, "we lawyers always consider personal as opposed to real."

Archdeacon Farrar's son, while he was in Philadelphia, was lionized a good deal. One evening, at dinner, a rather fresh young lady turned to him, and said: "Your father is one of the big guns of England, is he not, Mr. Farrar?" "He was at one time," replied the young man, politely; "he was a canon, you know."

The "saide Lord God" occurs in the will of the father of English real-property law, Sir Thomas Lyttleton: "First, I hequeath my soul to Almighty God, Fader, Sonne, and Hollye Ghost, and to our most blessed lady and virgin saynt, Mary, moder of our Lord and Jesus Christ, the only begotten sonne of our saide Lord God, the Fader of Heven, and to St. Christopher, the which our saide Lord God did truste to here on his shoulders," etc.

The following is an authentic story of the late Justice Maule on a question of costs: "This seems to me quite a novel application," said the learned judge; "I am asked to declare what amounts to this, that in an action by A against B, C, who seems to have less to do with the case than even I have, ought to pay the costs. I do not believe that any such absurd law has ever been laid down, although, it is true, I have not yet seen the last number of the Queen's Bench Reports."

General Mahone does not weigb more than one hundred and five pounds. Mrs. Mahone, however, tips the beam at two hundred and twenty-five. She has borne him triplets twice. The first time, the general was in his railroad-office. A colored boy came in and told him there was a boy at the house. The general ordered wine for those present. Again the boy appeared and announced the arrival of another baby. Mahone ordered more wine. A third time the messenger put in an appearance and told of a third baby. "Gentlemen, you must excuse me," exclaimed Mahone; "I am going bome to stop this business."

During the recent military manœuvres in Hanover, the German Emperor was highly delighted with the honors showered upon him. With the King of Saxony, he considered them proof of the complete resignation of the people and their submission to the new order of things. While driving through a small village, in the course of his journey, to his surprise he suddenly came upon a magnificent triumphal arch across the broadest street of the peasant town. Upon the side facing him, as he entered, were the words: "Welcome to His Imperial Majesty." He was so charmed with the evidence of loyalty that, after passing under the arch, he turned about to admire its beauty again with his majesty of Saxony. But what was his surprise to read on the reverse side the words: "Johann Bach, best brewery in the village. Beer, three cents a quart." They both laughed over it long and bard.

A few years ago, a pleasant, genial old gentleman called at one of the city banks in London and requested an introduction to one of the junior clerks. The clerk, who had noticed the stranger and seen him enter the manager's room, was startled by a summons to go inside. Once inside the manager's room the clerk found himself face to face with the stranger. The visitor immediately broke the ice by saying he had the pleasure to announce that by the death of an uncle, and in consequence of the death of several other relatives, this young gentleman was heir to a baronetcy. Hardly believing his ears, the clerk summoned up enough presence of mind to ask if it was an empty title. The visitor immediately and blandly informed him that his income was at least ten thousand pounds sterling a year, with fifty thousand pounds at a bank upon current account. It has since been ascertained that the income is not less than sixteen thousand pounds a year.

The owner of a very valuable pair of trousers was lately advertised for in the French papers by the honest finder of the same, who allowed the individual to whom they belonged fifteen days in which to come forward. After this delay, he stated, he would consider himself justified in profiting by this strange windfall, which, as be was in poor circumstances and about to be married, would be very serviceable to him. On the Place de la Concorde, he stated that be saw one evening a dark object on the ground, which he first took to be a sleeping dog. On closer inspection, however, be discovered his mistake and picked up the garment then in his possession. He took the trousers with him on board a boat which he owned, and on passing them in review, noticed that the buttons seemed different from ordinary ones. Prompted by curiosity, he undid the cloth which covered them, and found, instead of wooden molds, gold pieces. Carrying his investigations further, be came across some bank notes, stitched into the waisthand with other papers of value.

One of the humors of the campaign in New Jersey is the eagerness of the aristocratic Grubb to sbow his willingness to associate with men of the people in boh-nailed boots. Some days ago, General Grubb rode in the smoking-car from Camden to Trenton. When he entered this the least luxurious car on his train, he saw an empty seat by the side of a grimy son of toil. He also saw the opportunity to make a point, and he promptly sat down beside his unshaven constituent, who was smoking black tobacco in an aged but not enfeebled pipe. Various genial efforts were made by General Grubb toward conversation, but the gentleman at his side seemed to be of a morose disposition, and refused to discuss either the weather or the Republican canvass. By-and-bye it came to be whispered about among other occupants of "the smoker" that the tall English-whiskered person was General E. Burd Grubb. But nobody seemed to know who bis grimy companion was. It was supposed he was some person of consequence, however. When Trenton was reached, a deputy-sheriff, two seats back, arose, and kindly but firmly collared the grimy man, and trotted him off to State prison, where he is now serving a five-years' sentence.

Some years ago, a British frigate, bomeward bound, and an American man-of-war were lying at anchor in the same port. The captain and officers of the English vessel were invited to dine on board the American ship. The dinner was a long, jovial affair, and the toasts were frequent. Finally, about ten o'clock, the visitors were bundled into their boats to return to their vessel, which was to get under way as soon as all were on board and the boats hoisted. After a short interval, the vessel was seen to be moving, and from the American could be heard a number of orders given to the helmsmen, first porting the helm and then heaving it hard over the other way, repeating this operation several times. As the course was a fairly straight one, the reason for this vast amount of manœuvring was not at all apparent, and the mystery remained unsolved for quite a while. Several months later, one of the officers returned to the station aboard another British man-of-war, and he stated that, owing to too much Americanism or too many good-byes, they had neglected to give the order to baul down the vessel's staylight—as the light is called which all vessels hoist forward when at anchor—and, being firmly convinced that it was the light aboard of some other ship, they were shifting their vessel's course in vain endeavors to avoid it, and bring it to bear in some other direction than right ahead. It was not until they had taken up the greater portion of the anchorage, and had come within an ace of running down various craft, that some one, cooler-headed than the rest, discovered the offending lantern and had it bauled down.

Paul Du Chaillu was born in New Orleans, in 1837. His parents were also Americans, his great-great-grandfather having been a French Huguenot, who emigrated to South Carolina. It was not until he was ten or twelve years old that he went to France to study, and his first visit to Africa was made when he was about seventeen.

SOCIETY.

That Base-Ball Game.

At the Haight Street Grounds, on Friday afternoon, November 1st, two picked nines, composed of representatives from the Pacific-Union Club and the Bohemian Club, met to contest for supremacy in the national game, and at the same time to assist three worthy charitable institutions. It was a remarkable game; one perhaps unparalleled in the history of the diamond field, and the score, "fifty to nine," with the Bohemians ahead, will forever stand forth as an example of what aspirants to such honors can do when they really try. It is undoubtedly a fact that both clubs did their best, and the only thing to be wondered at is that the Bohemians did not make it an even hundred while they were about it. Socialty it was a success, as the attendance was large and comprised the élite of society, the fair sex predominating. From a financial standpoint the result was gratifying, as the net proceeds were about two thousand dollars, which amount will be equally divided among the Ladies' Protection and Relief Society, the Boys' and Girls' Aid Society, and the Fruit and Flower Mission. The honors are now easy, both clubs having won a game

The members of the Bohemian Club nine were as follows: Woods, third base; Coleman, left field; Stallings, catcher; Pomeroy, short stop; Small, pitcher; De Pue, second base; R. G. Hooker, centre field; Story, first base; C. O. Hooker, right field.

By special request of the members of the Pacific-Union Club nine, we have suppressed their names.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mrs. Peter Decker and Miss Alice Decker, who returned from their European tour a week ago, are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. John W. Mackay has left New York for Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferd C. Peterson are in New York city.

Miss Meta McAllister is visiting her cousin, Miss Julia McAllister, at Burlington, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Hopkins will pass the winter in Southern California, while their daughter, Miss Maud Hopkins, will remain here as the guest of her aunt, Mrs. E. W. Hopkins.

Mrs. John W. Conner and Miss Julia Conner are in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Delmas and the Misses Delmas have left their villa at Mountain View, and are at the Palace Hotel for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Jerome Smith are now at Niagara Falls. They will visit Florida and New Orleans before returning home.

The Misses Florence and Grace Pierce, of San José, have been passing the week at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Jennie de la Montanya has returned from a visit to Miss Adèle Martel at Mountain View.

Mrs Edward Stanley and Miss E. B. Garber, who have been at the Napa Soda Springs for several months, are now at the Palace Hotel for the winter season.

Hon and Mrs. F. F. Low and Miss Flora Low have arrived safely at Carlsbad.

Dr. and Mrs. J. Thomas Boyson, who have been residing in Oakland during the summer months, are now located at the Palace Hotel for the winter.

Mrs John P. Jones will leave Santa Moniea for Washington, D. C., early in December and will be away about six weeks.

Mrs. Alfred Poett has returned to Santa Barbara after a brief visit here.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King are expected back from the East in about a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles O. Alexander have left San Rafael and are at the Palace Hotel for a while, preparatory to passing the winter in Oakland.

Mrs E. E. Eyre and Miss Mary Eyre left for New York last Monday and will be away about six weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. James Spiers, Miss Kate E. Spiers, Mr. James Spiers, Jr., and Mr. William Spiers have taken apartments at the Palace Hotel for the winter.

Mrs. B. J. D. Irwin and Miss Ida Irwin will leave for the East in a few weeks to remain during the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Dimond departed for Honolulu on Friday and will be away several weeks.

Mr. Lloyd Tevis will return from the East in about ten days.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs and Miss Nettie Tubbs will be on return from Calistoga to remain at the Palace Hotel during the winter.

Mr. William Corbitt and the Misses Corbitt have closed their residence at San Mateo, and are at the Palace Hotel for the winter.

Mrs. A. L. Foye and Miss Stevenson, of Sacramento, have been visiting here during the week.

Miss Gertrude Hyde, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Bayard Smith, in Los Angeles, has returned to the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean, who are visiting in New York, will return here in about four weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander arrived here from New York last Monday, to attend the funeral of the late Mrs. Charles Crocker.

Miss May Kewen, of Sacramento, returned from a visit at Menlo Park last Tuesday, and is now visiting friends at 827 Sutter Street for a couple of weeks.

General and Mrs. Walter Turnbull are located at an Oakland hotel, having leased their residence on Leavenworth Street for the winter. They anticipate going East and to Europe later in the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Deering, *née* Estee, are passing a few weeks at "Hedgeside," Napa County, the Estee country residence.

Mrs. Peter Donahue and Mrs. Edward Martin will leave for the East about November 20th.

Miss Lillian Waters will sail for Japan on the *Oceanic*, November 25th, to pass the winter with U. S. Minister John Swift and family.

Mrs. Alfred MacGrotty, who has been traveling in Europe and the East for the past year, is now at Lexington, Ky., and is expected home next week.

Dr. John F. Foulkes has moved his family from Oakland to their new residence, 2500 Washington Street, corner of Fillmore Street.

Mr. Emile H. Breidenbach, who has been away for the last four months, has returned to the city.

Mrs. David Bixler has returned from a prolonged tour of Europe, and will be at home on the second and fourth Fridays of each month until Easter.

Mrs. J. B. Wright has returned to Sacramento after an absence of three weeks.

Notes and Gossip.

Miss Florence Caduc, daughter of Commodore and Mrs. Philip Caduc, will be married to Mr. Harry Alstrom Williams, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Williams, at noon on Wednesday, November 20th. The ceremony will be performed in the presence of but a few relatives and intimate friends at the residence of the bride's parents, "Mosswood," Oakland. The parents of the groom will tender them a reception at their residence, 1925 Octavia Street, early in December, and later in the season several receptions will be given by the young couple at their new residence, 2218 Devisadero Street.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis, *née* Pacheco, gave a charming dinner-party last Thursday evening, at their home on Hyde Street, and delightfully entertained eight of their friends.

Mrs. William M. Stewart was the guest of honor at a pleasant lunch-party given last Tuesday by Mrs. P. Van Ness at an up-town hotel.

The officers at the Presidio gave their second hop of this season on Saturday evening, the second instant, and it was enjoyed by many of their friends. The hop-room was prettily decorated, and the regimental band provided excellent music. Light refreshments were served throughout the evening, and the pleasant affair terminated at midnight.

The members of the Bachelors' Cotillion Club will hold their first german of this season at B'nai B'rith Hall next Friday evening. Mr. Edward M. Greenway will act as leader.

The managers of the Women's Exchange have definitely decided to hold the charity ball at the Palace Hotel on Friday evening, November 22d. In the meantime the sale of tickets still progresses and those who are charitably disposed may procure them at the exchange or from any of the patronesses.

The young ladies of Calvary Presbyterian Church have in course of preparation a series of tableaux illustrating Longfellow's celebrated poem, "The Hanging of the Crane," which will be given in the church parlors on Thursday evening, November 14th.

The Bishop Kip Orphanage of San Mateo makes an appeal to the public for financial assistance, and to that end will give two entertainments at Odd Fellows' Hall on Monday and Tuesday evenings, November 18th and 19th. There will be tableaux each evening under the supervision of Mr. John I. Housman, and a novel military drill by twenty-four young ladies in full uniform under the direction of Miss May Kewen, of Sacramento.

Two hops will be given at Angel Island each month on alternate Thursday evenings during the winter season.

A series of luncheons will be given at Irving Hall on November 13th, 14th, and 15th, in aid of the Parish Aid Society of St. John's Episcopal Church.

Army and Navy News.

Lieutenant Frank L. Winn, U. S. A., of the Presidio, departed for Willett's Point, N. Y. last Tuesday evening to remain there six months engaged in torpedo service. He was entertained at dinner before his departure at the Cosmos Club. Those present were: Lieutenant John A. Dapray, U. S. A., Lieutenant S. L. Faison, U. S. A., Lieutenant R. H. Noble, U. S. A., Lieutenant F. A. Tripp, U. S. A., Mr. William Macondray, and Mr. S. E. Tucker.

Lieutenant L. P. Brant, U. S. A., has returned from Fort Gaston, Cal.

Lieutenant Edward Eberle, U. S. N., and his bride, are passing several weeks at Monterey, where they have been since their marriage on the twenty-fourth ultimo. Mr. Eberle is attached to the *Albatross* now undergoing repairs at the Navy Yard.

Captain William C. Rawolle, Second Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted two months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant Charles B. Gatewood, Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A., aide-de-camp, has gone to Arizona on special duty.

Lieutenant Francis G. Irwin, Jr., Second Cavalry, U. S. A., of Fort Bidwell, has been detailed to temporary duty at the Presidio.

Lieutenant Benjamin S. Wever, First Infantry, U. S. A., of Angel Island, has gone to Fort Gaston to act as recruiting officer.

Dr. and Mrs. C. A. Sewell, U. S. A., have returned to Whipple Barracks, A. T., after a pleasant visit here.

Captain Daniel D. Wheeler, U. S. A., Assistant Quartermaster, who has been here on duty during the past four years, will soon go to New York on duty there.

Lieutenant Frank de L. Carrington, First Infantry, U. S. A., who has been in command at Fort Gaston, has returned to duty at Angel Island.

Dr. Millard H. Crawford, U. S. N., who has been in the city during the past fortnight, will return to Mare Island today.

Lieutenant James A. Swift, of the U. S. Signal Corps, who has been on duty at Ashland, Or., has been ordered to Norfolk, Va.

Lieutenant-Colonel William M. Graham, First Artillery, U. S. A., has been relieved from command at Alcatraz Island and assigned to the Presidio.

Lieutenant Samuel D. Sturgis, Jr., is expected back from the East in a couple of weeks, having been away on a prolonged leave of absence.

Lieutenant John L. Hayden, First Artillery, U. S. A., will soon proceed to join Battery B, at Fort Canby, W. T.

Major Edward Hunter, U. S. A., and family are now residing at 1204 Golden Gate Avenue.

Lieutenant Adam Slaker, First Artillery, U. S. A., will soon leave for Willett's Point, N. Y., to remain at the torpedo school for six months.

The Funeral of Mrs. Crocker.

Seldom has there been seen in San Francisco so great an exhibition of universal sorrow for the dead and sympathy for the living as was shown at Mrs. Crocker's funeral on Tuesday afternoon. The First Congregational Church was far too small to contain the thousands who had come to take their last view of the noble woman whose true sympathy and wide generosity had lightened many another's burden, and the altar-place was filled with beautiful floral emblems from family, friends, and the hundreds to whom Mrs. Crocker had endeared herself

The pall-bearers were: Senator Stanford, Judge Lorenzo Sawyer, Mr. A. N. Towne, Mr. W. E. Brown, ex-Judge S. M. Wilson, ex-Governor George C. Perkins, Mr. R. C. Woolworth, Mr. Adam Grant, Colonel Creed Haymond, Mr. Irving M. Scott, Mr. W. T. Coleman, and General W. H. L. Barnes

The Rev. Dr. Barrows conducted the church ceremony, and the funeral discourse was delivered by the Rev. Dr. J. A. Benton, who thirty-six years ago, at Mishawaka, Ind., had made Mary Ann Deming the wife of Charles Crocker, to whom she proved a loving helpmeet in the rough voyage to the New El Dorado, in his early struggles in Sacramento, in the great work which opened California to the world, and in the day of his hard-earned rest and comfort.

At the conclusion of the public ceremonies, the cortége proceeded to Laurel Hill Cemetery, to await in Nicholas Luning's vault, where are the remains of her late husband, the completion of the mausoleum in Mountain View Cemetery, which shall be their last resting-place.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Mauzy Concert.

The Mauzy Musical Club gave its third concert of this season last Thursday evening at Byron Mauzy's warerooms. A large audience was present and enjoyed the following programme:

Instrumental Trio.....Selected
Mr. and Miss Austin and Mr. Lada.
Vocal Solo.....Selected
Mr. J. Wesley Wilkins.
Piano Solo, "Last Rose of Summer".....Thalberg
Mr. Leslie R. Martin.
Vocal Solo.....Selected
Miss Sophie Chambers.
Violin Solo, "Souvenir de Posen".....Wieniawski
F. Victor Austin.
Contralto Song, "Angel's Serenade".....Braga
Miss Sophie Chambers.
(Violin obligato, F. V. Austin.)
Piano Solo, "Polka de la Reine".....Raff
Mr. Leslie R. Martin.
Song, "To the Wood".....Wekerlin
Miss Ida Ashley.
Zither Solo, *(a)* Erinerung an Triest.....
(b) Heimweh.....
Miss Julia Valentin.
Baritone Song, *(a)* "Porter Song" ("Martha").....Flotow
(b) "Three Fishers Went Sailing"...Hullah
Mr. J. Wesley Wilkins.
Finale, March.....
Mr. and Miss Austin and Mr. Lada.

Bacon Ensemble Concert.

Miss Alice Bacon gave an ensemble concert on Saturday afternoon, November 2d, in the parlors of the First Unitarian Church. She was assisted by Mr. Hermann Brandt in presenting the following programme:

Sonate for piano and violin in G major, Op. 96...Beethoven
1 Allegro moderato. *2* Scherzo.
3 Adagio expressivo. *4* Poco allegretto.
Fantasie Stück for piano and violin, Op. 73.....Schumann
Sonate for piano and violin in G major, Op. 13...Rubinstein
1 Moderato con moto *3* Scherzo.
2 Moderato. *4* Finale

Miss Partridge will give her next ensemble concert next Saturday afternoon, assisted by Mr. Louis Heine.

Tojetti Vocal Lecture.

Mme. Emilia Tojetti, under the patronage of the Laurel Hall Educational Association, gave her second vocal illustrative lecture last Wednesday evening at Irving Hall. She was assisted by Mrs. Carrie Tross Snyder, reader, and Mr. R. A. Lucchesi, pianist. The title of this lecture was "Songs of the Classic Era."

Mme. Tojetti's third and last lecture on the "Romantic and Dramatic Epoch" will take place on Wednesday evening, December 4th, at Irving Hall.

Mme. de Sadowska-Peixotto, a celebrated Russian contralto, will make her first appearance here at a concert which she will give at Irving Hall on Friday evening, November 29th. She will be assisted by Mme. Thea Sanderini, soprano, Miss Charlotte Tomlinson, pianiste, Mr. Thomas Rickard, basso, Mr. H. J. Stewart, pianist, and a string quartet comprising Mr. Henry Heyman, Mr. Noah Brandt, Mr. Bernat Jaulus, and Mr. Rudolf Patek. Mme. Peixotto was a favorite pupil of Marchesi.

Mr. Edward Heimburger will give a piano recital at Irving Hall next Friday evening, with the assistance of Mr. Hermann Brandt, Miss Jeannette Wilcox, and Mrs. Heimburger. An excellent programme will be presented.

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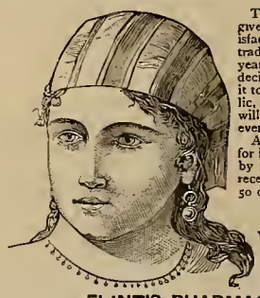

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AMERICAN WOMEN IN PARIS.

The Queer Places they are Seen at.

Julian Ralph, who has been doing the exposition for *Harper's Weekly* and the New York *Sun*, thus writes from Paris to the latter:

The most astonishing observation I made in Paris concerned our American ladies who were there at the same time. Their behavior was of such a nature that they are certain to keep back their most exciting experiences when they return to New York and talk the trip over with their mothers and daughters, for they made it a rule to observe the Parisian elephant in all its eccentricity and in its innermost retreats. The gay town is running a number of can-cans. They are given in the brilliant little gardens off the Champs-Elysées, and are also in the Latin Quarter. In some places they form the main and nightly performance, but in others, as in the Jardin de Paris, they occur two or three times a week on fixed nights. My opinion does not pretend to be that of an expert, but it is that in all these places expert dancers and high kickers, like the Majiltons we know so well in New York, are regularly hired to pose as women of the pavement, who have merely dropped in to see and share the fun. There is a certain mechanical and perfunctory air about what they do which rivets this impression. But the Parisians are artful, and they clothe these creatures with mysterious and interesting characteristics. Those at the better-decorated and higher-priced gardens are whispered to be the reigning queens of the uppermost circles of the *demi-monde*, who have slipped away from palatial chambers, maintained by dukes and marquises, to give rein to their fettered natures and high spirits.

Those girls who dance in the students' quarter are represented as very virtuous and hard-working shop-girls, whose parents understand very well what they are doing, which is merely that they are earning needed money for the bare necessaries of life. A complex consideration of the qualities of the French mind which permits young girls to take a wholly practical view of such a course, and to remain modest at heart, adds piquancy to the situation. It is the veriest humbug—but it goes.

The Americans in Paris are divided into two sets, those who live at the hotels—at least during a part of their stay—and the greater number who board or hire apartments. In both the hotels and the houses, these people form parties which unite in a determination to spend no night in-doors, but to see whatever is going on. They include the most estimable persons—the rich and cultivated, and the sober and reputable folks of means just sufficient for a European vacation. In one party, with whose members I was acquainted, was a deacon in a New York church, his wife, a Philadelphia merchant, his seventeen-year-old daughter, and a few others. Fancy my surprise at seeing them in the very front rank of spectators at a can-can.

The band was in a little pavilion rising from the centre of a circular board flooring, surrounded by trees, at the edges of whose foliage were brilliant lights in colored glass globes. The platform was crowded with dancers, the sexes being nearly equally divided. The air was heavy and pulsating with sensuous music, and slightly tinged with an admixture of loud perfumery and cigar-smoke. Some women at tables in the garden were smoking cigarettes, by the way. The women were nearly all pretty. Their faces might not have met all the rules of a sculptor's standard, but they were Parisian women, and a Parisian woman possesses an indefinable style and grace. These women might not look so well if one saw them before going to England; but to see the big-footed, big-boned, broad-shouldered, pinch-waisted, flat women of Great Britain, each looking as if she had on the gown of a bigger sister, and then go to Paris and see the laughing faces, full curving outlines, and stylish airs of the Parisians, is to praise them one and all as paragons of loveliness.

But, to get back to the can-can, the dancing had just begun, and was therefore reasonably decorous. Only now and then did one of the light-heeled dancers pinch her skirts and raise them just a trifle, showing a glimpse of rich lace which might have been the trimming of her outer petticoat. In a few minutes, however, the music quickened, and the couples fell apart to begin the pantomimic dance, whose only purpose is vicious and whose perfection is reached in Paris exclusively. Each man advanced and each woman retreated, each man stooped and launched his arms before him, but always to be eluded by the woman, who whipped the air with her skirts, as if to beat down the man's hands, should they come near enough to be hit. When the male-dancer retreated or rested a second, his agile partner would seize great masses of her clothing and fling them in clouds before her, up to her waist, her breast, her chin. In doing this she revealed, as the deacon's wife whispered, "Where all the lace goes to," for beneath each woman's gown every garment was entirely made of lace. If it was real lace, each of these women carried the price of a German coronet in her clothing—but of that I didn't know.

"What on earth did you bring your daughter here for?" the Philadelphian was asked.

"She can go anywhere that I can go. Why not?" he replied; "her mother went to all these places with me years ago before she became an invalid."

The deacon was glum. He was uneasy. This was the first stone he had tripped over in the path of a quiet life. His wife was a sight to see, young and vivacious, her face was radiant and her eyes shone. In the party was a Poughkeepsie manufacturer, in disposition a big boy. But he looked like a little boy suddenly led into a room filled with Christmas toys.

These people continued their sight-seeing, and, judging from personal experience, saw ten times more of the nether side of Paris than most young American men who had nothing but good taste to hinder them. A most unfortunate mishap turned the pleasure of these ladies and gentlemen into gall. They all made a night of it at the students' hall, where they were innocent enough to believe they were looking at honest shop-girls making extra money. There is much greater license at the students' hall than anywhere else, because it is the diversion of a more irresponsible and a lower stratum of society. There the dancing is the same, but there is little lace in the clouds of finery the women toss in the air. There the women try to kick off the hats of the men who stand around looking on. There, again, the men toss coins at the feet of the female dancers, and a singular cry of one word, repeated a thousand times, "Higher, higher," fills the smoke-laden air.

While the American was looking on at this mad and inexcusable dance, a male dancer leaped out of the circle and into the crowd of on-lookers, and seizing the deacon's wife, tried to drag her into the dance. There was the chance for a disgraceful row. The deacon called for a pistol with which to shoot the Frenchman. All was hubbub. But the insulted wife brought reason to her aid. She led her husband out, saying: "I am more to blame than that man. He supposed me to be like the rest. It is my fault for being here." That ended the experiences of that party.

I did not know how general a custom it was for Americans to yield to this form of temptation until I returned on the Guion liner *Arizona*, but there I learned that seven out of ten of the ladies had taken in all that Paris had to offer. There was not one aboard the vessel who would have gone to a reputable theatrical performance on the Bowery except under stress of circumstances, and then she would have told nobody of it.

TIGER-LILIES.

Song.

Señorita, red thy lips
As the roses in the South;
Is it yea or nay that slips
Bird-like from thy dimpled mouth?
Captive to thy sorcery
Cruel kindness thou dost show;
Sweetheart, if thou lov'st not me,
Break the spell and let me go.

Señorita, dark thy hair,
Gleaming with imprisoned light
Like a subtle shining snare
Tangling fast my dreams by night.
Sleep or waking still to thee
All my fevered thoughts do flow;
Sweetheart, if thou lov'st not me,
Break the spell and let me go

Señorita, soft thine eyes,
Lustrous, fair, and jetty-fringed.
Like twin stars that gem the skies
When the dawn is rosy-tinged;
Cease, ah, cease thy coquetry,
Teach their rays a warmer glow;
Sweetheart, if thou lov'st not me,
Break the spell and let me go.

—*Samuel M. Peck.*

A Capriote.

Upon her cheek a damask glows,
And comes and goes,
As fine as the pomegranate knows.

And such a light her eye escapes
As gleams on grapes
That purple all her island capes.

Her figure has the wondrous grace
That marks her race—
Well-rounded curves from foot to face.

I look! she smiles bewitchingly:
I turn and see
Two fierce dark eyes fixed fast on me.

That smile—that marveled poise of head!
Sweet dream he fled!
These Capriotes carry knives, 'tis said.

—*Anon.*

An Indictment.

Low-browed woman that stole my love!
Fairer than I—less true!
You fooled him first with your wily tongue,
And your eyes' deceitful blue.

You looked in his, till you made him swear
His first love was all a dream;
While you let him toy with your yellow hair,
And bask in your smile's false gleam.

Well-a-day for your eyes so bright!
Weeping has made mine dim:
You would smile on, though he lay in his grave—
I could have died for him.

—*Hartford Times.*

Hadidjé.

Oh, lissome and Albanian beauty mine,
Thou art the river where my parched caresses
Seek 'mid the wavy grasses of thy tresses
Refreshing waters, limpid and divine.
Ah, sing away upon thy low Kinoor,
The jealous doubt I strive to not endure,
That mocks me and oppresses. —*Anon.*

Under Southern Skies.

A face of pink and nacker! tiger eyes,
Fringed by long silken lashes black as jet;
A tortoise comb, high in dusk tresses set;
A fan in hand, colored with richest dyes,
Screening delicious spheres that fall and rise,
Draped in a frail mantilla's lace-wove net.
A satin slipper on a foot that vies
With Cinderella's, which will quickly fret,
When on the Prado sounds of castagnette,
Of riot, revelry, or dance apprise.
A vague, voluptuous, sad look you surmise;
You catch a pleasant scent like mignonette.
She passes—while from sensuous lips there flies
The blue smoke of her twisted cigarette.

—*P. S. Saltus.*

Cleopatra.

Death lurked within the velvet of her cheek,
And in the myriad tangles of her hair,
And in her eyes, which drew men to despair,
And on her lips, whose thrill made strong men weak.

Yea, all the honeyed accents she could speak
To men death-laden were, as unaware
Thoughtless they listened, heeding not the snare
Which caught their manhood in wild passion's freak.

Brave Antony! whene'er I pause to think
Of all thou wert, and all thou might'st have been,
Thy soul enmeshed and ever on the brink
Of cureless woe, thus bound to Egypt's queen,
From tears of pity I can scarce refrain
That in her arms were lost such soul and brain.

—*Alexander Macauley.*

An Arabian Night.

Midnight—the song is done; lay down thy lute,
Dark face, yet raptured from the music's close,
The lamp swings languidly—the soft light glows
Around thee, and thy passionate lips are mute,
Too near to mine. Warm fragrances of fruit,
Odors of musk and jessamine and rose
Float faintly past us; some late reveler goes
Homeward with far-off sound of fife and flute.
The curtains drop their deep embroidery
Behind thee, and the jeweled goblets gleam;
Thy hungry, yearning eyes are fixed on mine—
As in the mazes of a wild love-dream.
Slowly, by some magnetic law divine,
We tremble toward each other silently

—*M. C. Gillington.*

It is proposed to bring in a bill at the next session of the British Parliament to put a restraint on improvident marriages, the great proportion of such marriages being made by those under twenty-five years of age.

There is a French joke concerning a *grande dame* who started for Lourdes, or some other tryst of the faithful, "en pélerine" and came back "en sainte."

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

RELIEVES MENTAL AND PHYSICAL EXHAUSTION.

Educational.

MR. ALFRED KELLEHER,

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Mondays and Thursdays at Mills College. The class for ladies will commence Saturday, October 5, 1889. Ladies desirous of attending can address or call at

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Fall Term commences July 29th, 1889.

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SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS.

A new department of the Bank is the Deposit Vaults, now open for business. Every known precaution has been taken to make them not only ABSOLUTELY FIRE AND BURGLAR PROOF, but well lighted and ventilated.

Safes in sizes so varied as to meet the wants of all are offered for rent at from $5 to $100 per annum, affording PERFECT PROTECTION for valuables, combined with READY ACCESSIBILITY.

Trunks, Packages of Silverware, etc., taken on storage at moderate rates.

Private rooms fitted up with every convenience for the transaction of business are provided for customers' use. Special rooms reserved for lady patrons.

SAUSALITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN, via

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, October 13, 1889, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.30, 3.25, 4.50, 6.10 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 1.30, 5.05, 6.30, P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.10, 7.45, 9.20, 11.05 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.55 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 9.50, A. M.; 12.00 M.; 3.30, 5.00, P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 6.25 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents. round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 9.55, 11.55 A. M.; 2.30, 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.45, 10.35, A. M.; 12.45, 4.15, 5.45 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 7.05 P. M.
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

11.00 A. M., Daily (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at 6.45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12.25 P.M

1.30 P. M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations.

8.00 A. M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Point Reyes and intermediate stations. Returning arrives in San Francisco at 6.15 P. M.

EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rate.

Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays and Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.00; Tomales, $2.25; Howard's, $3.50; Cazadero, $4.00.

Sunday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, good on day sold only: Camp Taylor, $1.50; Point Reyes, $1.75.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Cazadero daily (except Mondays) for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, and all points on the North Coast.

JNO. W. COLEMAN, General Manager. F. B. LATHAM, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

General Offices, 327 Pine Street.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From Oct. 1, 1889.	ARRIVE
7.30 A.	Haywards, Niles and San José	*12.45 P.
7.30 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis	7.15 P.
8.00 A.	Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	6.15 P.
8.30 A.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	11.15 A.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
10.30 A.	Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
*12.00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	*3.45 P.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	**6.00 A.
3.00 P.	Express Haywards, Niles & San José	9.45 A.
3.30 P.	2d Class Ogden and East	10.45 A.
4.00 P.	Stockton and §Milton; Vallejo, Calistoga & Santa Rosa	9.45 A.
4.30 P.	Sacramento and Knight's Landing via Davis	10.15 A.
* 4.30 P.	Niles and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
* 4.30 P.	Niles and San José	‡ 4.45 P.
5.30 P.	Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
6.30 P.	Central Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	7.45 P.
7.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East	7.45 A.
8.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

‡7.45 A.	Newark, San José and Santa Cruz	‡ 8.05 P.
8.15 A.	Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
* 2.45 P.	Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*11.20 A.
4.45 "	Centerville, San José, Almaden, and Los Gatos	9.50 A.

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

7.25 A.	San José, Almaden and Way Stations	2.30 P.
8.30 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey, Pacific Grove; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations	6.12 P.
10.30 A.	San José and Way Stations	5 02 P.
12.01 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	3.38 P.
* 3.30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and principal Way Stations	*10.00 A.
* 4.20 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 7.58 A.
5.20 P.	San José and Way Stations	9.03 A.
6.35 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A.
‡11.45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	† 7.28 P.

A for morning. P. for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only. § Saturdays excepted. ** Mondays excepted.

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Agents for Pacific Mail S. S. Co.; Pacific Steam Navigation Co.; The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co.; The California Line of Clippers from New York; The Hawaiian Line of Packets; The China Traders' Ins. Co., Limited; The Baldwin Locomotive Works; steel rails and track material.

THE EVENING BEFORE.

(Outside Maud's house, and rather dark. Harry approaching.)

Harry (in joyous soliloquy)—Eight o'clock! At this time to-morrow we'll have been married just seven hours and a quarter. Jove! Doesn't it seem queer—and delicious? I want to see her once more—tell her how much I love her—hear her say how much she—Uh! Eh! Confound you; take care where you are going!

Indistinct figure (which has collided with Harry)—Beg pardon, sir, but I couldn't see. We're putung up an awning frame out here.

Second indistinct figure—Hi, there; look out for your toes! (Drops heavy scantling almost on Harry's foot.)

Harry (somewhat discomposed)—This is jolly, I vow! (Rings.)

Servant (opening)—Well, you're here at last, are you? Oh, excuse me, Mr. Spooner! Thought it was the man with the—

Voice (over banisters)—Has he come, James? Tell him——

Servant—It's Mr. Spooner, ma'am.

Voice—Oh! It's only Mr. Spooner, Maud. What can have become of that man? Now, Maud—— (Voice recedes.)

Harry—Hum!

(Enter, down the stairs, with a dove-like swoop and rustle, Maud, all smiles and happiness at seeing Harry.)

Maud—Dear!

Harry—Oh, Maud!

Maud (staying Harry's impassioned rush)—No, not here, you reckless boy! Don't you notice that carpenter in the vestibule? He's fixing the—and, oh, my darling, I don't know where to take you, for, you see, the florist is at work in the parlor, and then——

Harry (hopefully)—The music-room?

Maud—The presents are displayed there.

Harry—The dining-room?

Maud—No; the caterer's men have possession of that, and the women from madam's are in the library, and all my things are being packed upstairs, and——

Harry (sarcastically)—Perhaps the kitchen——

Maud (quite seriously)—It's a perfect pandemonium!

Harry (same)—Or the stable!

Maud (same)—Why, Patrick says he can't ever stow away—you're laughing at me, you wicked—but I'm simply wild to-night with all this bother—oh! papa's little studio! But it's a mass of confusion, for everything not immediately wanted is hustled in there.

Harry (aside)—Just the place for me, then. (They enter.)

Maud—Now, dear, we'll have a nice, delightful chat; for, you know, we've only seen each other four times to-day, and I've so many things to tell you.

Seamstress (parting portière)—If you please, Miss Maud, would you step upstairs? That back needs to be fitted again, and——

Maud—Oh, Harry, you can't think what trouble we've had with that dress! When it was sent home, we found that—coming, mamma! (Exit.)

(Harry contemplates ceiling with what patience he may for ten minutes, when reënter Maud.)

Maud—That's settled. Now, to begin again. It's so sweet——

Maud's Mamma (entering hurriedly)—Maud! Would you—oh, good-evening, Mr. Spooner! Would you put all those light things into the Saratoga or the little sole-leather? I think perhaps we'd better——

Maud—Any way you like, mamma—I don't care. (Exit mamma.) And, as I was saying, Harry——

Bridesmaid (outside)—I'm awfully sorry to disturb you, Maudie; but won't you please come out here for an instant? I don't quite understand how I am to—— (Maud slips out, remaining some time, while Harry listens to the following:)

Maud, The Bridesmaid, The Bell, and *Various Voices*—There's two dozen, I think, of white silk—lilies for the arch over the door—ding! ding!—where's James?—in the bottom of some trunk, I'm sure—if those are roses, bring 'em here—and, drive tacks through the dead centre of every one—ding! ding!—Mrs. Smith's compliments, and she sends—three cakes of toilet-soap—so please pack the handkerchiefs in—a salad-bowl or soup-tureen—for there aren't sachet-bags enough to—flavor the creams—and your Paris hat is put—in the ice-chest, where it ought to be—ding! ding!—you must see the floral bell; it's made of—one hundred chicken croquets, sprinkled with—Mr. and Mrs. Snyder's best wishes, mum—and set off by—four dozen dessert-spoons—and the minister's fee—tied up in a brown-paper bag!

Maud (reëntering)—Oh, Harry, isn't this awful?

Harry—Well, we'll be at peace now. Come, one little kiss——

Maud (shrinking away)—Ow!

Harry—What is it? Oh! (Before him stands messenger-boy, silently holding forth letter.)

Harry (petulantly)—I know well enough what this is! (Reads letter and tears it up.)

The Messenger-Boy—Dere ain't no ans'r?

Harry—No! Off with you! (Exit boy.) You see, Charley has never been best man before, and he's frightfully nervous about it. This is the fifth note today from him. He's asking whether he shall wear a white scarf like the ushers', or a pearl-gray one like mine! Let him wear both or neither or none at all, and be hanged to him!

Maud (tearfully)—Oh, now you're getting cross—I shouldn't think you would—and I don't blame you, it's so exasperating! I've been going through it all day, and I'm j-just t-t-tired t-t to d-d-death——

Harry (remorsefully)—Poor little girl! There! There! forget all about it, and we'll talk about something else. There! There! (Brief bliss, broken by:)

Voices—Maud! Miss Maud! Maudie!

Maud (springing up)—Oh, dear, it's no use! Just hear them!

Omnes—

Will you step		here? There's	
	up		the other dress to try on.
	down		a lovely present come.
	in		some one to see you.
	out		Aunt Martha driving up.
	across		something wrong with your hat.
	around		no more room in the trunk.

Harry (in despair)—Well, I'll go. But——

Maud (tenderly)—But remember, dear, that I love you just as much as if I weren't so awfully busy—getting ready to prove it!—*Manley H. Pike in Puck.*

There are almost as many means and manners of advertising as there are advertisers, and it would be strange indeed did not some of them fall short of their object. A few of the many reasons for failure may here be given: (1) Advertising at inopportune times and seasons; what good results can be hoped for from running a straw-hat or gauze-underclothing advertisement in the winter time? (2) Using inappropriate vehicles in which to carry the advertising; what good would it do to advertise farm-implements in a jeweler's journal? (3) Using methods and language not calculated to inspire confidence either in the advertiser or the articles advertised; it is a losing policy to advertise a known inferior article as the best in the world, or to advertise a good article when it is intended to supply the demand with a poor one. (4) Advertising to a wrong class of readers; it would be poor policy to advertise sporting-goods in a church paper, or church-goods in a sporting paper. (5) Advertising spasmodically—"by fits and starts"; it nearly always proves a losing investment to spend a large sum in one issue of an advertising medium, or in one kind of advertising, and not follow it up with more; better do less at once and make it last longer. (6) Doing but one kind of advertising and depending entirely upon that for satisfactory results; the kind of advertising which will reach and attract one reader will have no effect whatever upon another.—*Inland Printer.*

100 SONGS Words & Music Complete Choice collection of gems only 10c GUIDE PUB. CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

THE ARGONAUT CLUBBING LIST FOR 1890

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office; it must be understood, however, that by this arrangement a subscriber may not obtain more than one of these periodicals without an additional subscription to the *Argonaut* for each additional periodical.

The Argonaut and the Century for One Year, by Mail $7.00
The Argonaut and the Independent for One Year, by Mail 6.00
The Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine for One Year, by Mail 5.90
The Argonaut and St. Nicholas for One Year, by Mail 6.00
The Argonaut and the Magazine of Art for One Year, by Mail 6.20
The Argonaut and Harper's Magazine for One year, by Mail 6.50
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STAGE GOSSIP.

"The Grand Duchess" is to be reproduced soon at the Tivoli Opera House.

Chiarini's Royal Italian Circus is still running at Central Park on Market Street.

The Black Cat remarks, concerning Modjeska's assumption of Portia, that "Modjeska in black-silk tights does not look like a Pole."

Frank Daniels and Bessie Sanson have been drawing large crowds to see "Little Puck," and could easily fill the house for another week.

Anent the Booth-Modjeska performances of "The Merchant of Venice," a New York paper remarks "the slim attendance and lack of enthusiasm were remarkable."

"Madame Angot," with Belle Thorne and Louise Manfred in the cast, and "Lucia," are satisfying the Tivoli audiences, and by a strange coincidence the Tivoli managers.

Jefferson and Florence have got along so well together and so very well with the public, in their revivals of old comedies in New York, that they have determined to go into a partnership for two years.

"Kleptomania," an English comedy, will soon be given its first American performance at one of the local theatres. The company which is to present it comprises E. J. Henley, J. A. Mervin, and Mary Hampton.

In the company which is to produce "Featherbrain" are Minnie Maddern in the titular rôle, George Osborne and his wife, Helen Mason, Lulu Kline, Emma Maddern, Charles L. Harris, Samuel Edwards, and William Faversham.

Sophie Eyre is to give her first American presentation of "The Witch" on Monday night. Opinions of the play's merits differ, and it has been renovated lately; but there is but one opinion—and that strongly commendatory—of Miss Eyre's acting in the principal rôle.

"In Honor Bound"—which introduced the Vokes company, though not Miss Vokes herself, to San Franciscans two years ago—and "My Uncle's Will" will be the Vokes's new pieces next week. Beside these, the favorites of the past fortnight will be repeated.

Bronson Howard's "Shenandoah" has put him up at the top of the heap of American dramatists. We shall have an opportunity to judge of it in a few months, but another of his plays will be here in another week. It is "The Henrietta," and Stuart Robson has the leading rôle in it.

"Around the World" seems to be a perennial source of interest to people, especially those who go to the theatres only in the holiday seasons, and the version in which E. J. Buckley, Stockwell, and Miss Brandon appear has proved so acceptable that it will probably be continued for several weeks.

The chorus of comic opera is in good part the histrionic, as well as the lyric, nursery of the American stage. Among the page-and-peasant buds who have blossomed into emotional actresses are Marie Wainwright, Georgia Cayvan, and Clara Morris—the latter starting out in "The Black Crook" at Niblo's.

Next Monday the glare and tinsel of a Kiralfy ballet will be upon us, and the bald-head row will emerge from its long obscurity. "Antiope" had a good run in New York, and not only is the piece new to us, but the spectacular has been absent from the local stage so long that it now has the charm of novelty.

An observing man notes that Ada Rehan impresses her personality on the actresses in her company to such an extent that they all imitate her, in greater or less degree, in her drawling way of speaking, her curious walk, and her manner of holding her head. Similarly Ellen Terry exerts a marked influence on the mannerism of the women in Henry Irving's company. But Miss Vokes's fair companions do not imitate her to any noticeable extent in the matter of grace and abounding vitality.

Hoyt, the father of farce-comedy, is quiet as Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde in his way. Ordinarily he is mild and sweet of temper; but he becomes a fiend incarnate when "A Parlor Match" is mentioned in his hearing. While his other plays are running into the country places and into the ground, this child of his early fancy is waxing more popular each year, and captured Chicago for the twelfth time a fortnight ago. When Hoyt had written only "A Bunch of Keys," Mr. Evans, a "song-and-dance" performer, brought him a sketch called "The Book-Agent," and asked him to make a play of it. This Mr. Hoyt was glad to do, and he rejoiced to accept as a guerdon the modest sum of one hundred and fifty dollars. And he has not got a cent out of it since, while Evans and Hoey have each put away snug fortunes.

Henry Irving's revival of "The Dead Heart" has revived the old controversy as to whether Dickens stole from Watts Phillips's play or Phillips stole from the "Tale of Two Cities." It has also revived a bit of slang, which is now being heard all over London. When the play was brought out originally, where one of the characters says, "My heart is dead, dead, dead!" a voice from the gallery nearly broke up the drama with "How are your poor feet?" The phrase lived, died, and lives again in Piccadilly.

Gilmore's San Francisco Jubilee Festival will commence Monday night at the Mechanics' Pavilion, and will be continued on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday evenings, with matinées at two o'clock on Wednesday and Thursday. The great band will be assisted by a chorus of five hundred trained voices, and the solo vocalists are Campanini, Duzensi, Myron Whitney, Bologna, De Vere, Stone-Barton, Dickerson, and Clara Poole—an array of singers far ahead of those presented on "off nights" during the Patti season.

The more one hears of Francis Wilson, the more one respects his admirers—which is not the general feeling in San Francisco toward the people who go into hysterics over the funny men of theatrical New York. Wilson is a man of intelligence and energy, as is evinced by the method he adopted to make a success of "The Oolah," a French opera-bouffe which had lain in a mossy grave for years. He has acted as the chief editor of the opera. Employing a number of reporters, he has sent them out for news in the way of jokes and musical novelties, and the product has been carefully compiled by Editor Wilson for the use of Comedian Wilson to the profit of Wilson, the manager. As it stands at present, "The Oolah" is not a comic opera, but a musical comedy, the material for which has been collated from a variety of sources.

In some forgotten absurdity, Amy Ames paralyzed her audiences by starting in to turn a somersault; luckily she changed her mind. That was bad enough in Miss Ames, but when the fair Ada Rehan, during one scene in "The Great Unknown," arouses greater apprehensions by the same unexpected acrobatic aspiration, the whole audience nearly jumps into the air with excitement. As her special somersault faded in a glimmer of ankles, there is not much use of speculating about it now. But, as its powerful dramatic value has occurred to the inventive mind of Mr. Daly, it is to be inferred that we may receive it in some future comedy in all its well-rounded perfection. By the way, there was a Carrie Swain who used to turn a somersault on the stage, but, in the interests of modesty, we may add that she did it in trousers and not in petticoats.

AT THE CIRCUS.

There is something at once melancholy and romantic in Chiarini's circus. It is the ruin of a once brilliant spectacle, but a ruin which, in the midst of dust and dimness, is touched with a pensive picturesqueness. A remnant of past glory, a dash of Italian color, saves it from sinking to the dreary level of the country circus with its dingy tent—the roof heaving in the airs of a frost-bitten spring—pitched on a flat meadow where stretches of still sea-water gleam like silver and where other circuses, not lost but gone before, have left the earth scarred with rings, its menagerie of mangy animals, its wheezing, brazen band, its parted curtains showing a dazzling glimpse of lounging performers in tights and spangles, of gayly caparisoned horses, of clowns in baggy trousers, of the ring-leader with his long whip, its daring bareback rider in whom all the country girls see a hero for their dreams, its lovely equestrienne in gauze skirts and pink stockings, her arms blue with the cold, the searching light of afternoon betraying the wrinkles in her faded face.

There is none of this gray realism about Chiarini's. It looks like the background of a story, or one of those paintings in which the artist has attempted to depict a whole history of dramatic misery. Who, having seen it, does not say: Where did I read of this? or where have I seen this picture?—the tent's sagging roof blackened with the soot and dust of innumerable journeys and performances, under the dome two bunches of lights flaring out in torn strips of flame, their lustre absorbed by the shadows lurking in the corners of the tent, on the rough benches behind a sparse scattering of men, mostly Italians, their faces a deep glowing brown against the dun background, illuminated by the uncertain light of the swaying flames, nearer the ring a closer circle of attentive faces; in the doorways, throngs of supers in dingy uniforms, in evening-dress—the Italian evening-dress—which transforms every wearer into a waiter, a *garçon* with a napkin under his arm, a sleek, black head, a little black mustache turned up at the ends, and the obsequious, smiling manner of the true Henri; then the band, its clashing absorbed like the light into the recesses of the half-empty tent, sitting up in tiers against a pink-cotton background, each man intent upon a sheet of music and with a candle on the stand beside him cutting a little spark of light out of the gloom.

And now there comes a clash from the band. "Marguerite" has ended in throes of agonizing discord, and martial dance-music takes its place. The curtains at the end of the passage-way part and some one calls. Moment of delirious, almost painful, rapture to credulous and sleepy childhood! There is a glimpse of more flame darting out forked tongues into obscurity, the flash of spangles and tinsel, of gay colors, of moving faces, of the shining flanks of backing horses, a muffled thud of hoofs on the sawdust, and the cavalcade enters with some gayety—the sad gayety of the circus-performer, whose smile soon becomes as much a part of his make-up as the rouge and the tights.

Round and round they go, the hoofs clattering sharply on the wooden sides of the circle. The leader cries shrilly, the sawdust is sprinkled up in a shower and spreads abroad that peculiar, earthy, fresh odor which, in the woods, when the men are cutting trees, has power to transform the green and whispering forest aisles into the sawdust ring, and the broad-backed Irish laborer, who is sawing the logs into lengths, into a gauze-skirted sylphid standing on one leg and kissing her finger-tips from the back of a gently ambling steed.

The women who perform these feats of horsemanship are always shriveled, thin, prematurely old. Who then can describe the sensation of rapturous surprise with which one realizes that the lady of the second couple, she who wears red trimmings, is young, pretty, charming, and sits her horse with easy self-confidence? She is much occupied with her performance and with following the shrilly vociferated directions of Mme. le Blonde, who leads the cortege. Mme le Blonde, a little, spare, dark, bird-like woman, filled with circus traditions, never letting an opportunity pass of pointing her toes, or kissing her finger-tips—agile as a squirrel, light as thistle-down, moving with sudden leaps as if she was on springs—adds to the illusion that one is looking at a picture, or assisting at the first chapter of an old-fashioned romance. She is so like one of the stock figures in that sort of novel where the heroine is stolen by gypsies in her infancy and in the last chapter turns out to be the daughter of an earl.

There are men in the cortege, too—every Jill has her Jack—but they are not like figures out of any sort of romance. They look as if they were intended by nature to drive vegetable-carts up Polk Street, or play organs, or sell tamales on the street-corner, instead of caracoling round on gray horses, in spangles and jack-boots, and little pork-pie hats, adorned with sweeping plumes. One of them, in the unsteady glare of the quivering lights, looks like a tenor in the Italian opera, who used to sing Faust in a striped burnoose and a white felt hat, with a long pink feather. The likeness is extraordinary. It would hardly surprise one if he broke out into song—"Salve dimora casta e pura!" But the smell of the sawdust dispels all such dreams and illusions. We are at a circus and Mme. le Blonde is circling wildly round the ring, lashing her horse with a little switch and crying to her myrmidons: "Two by two!—single file!"

This quadrille introduces most of the evening's performers. The Italians in the pork-pie hats and jack-boots come in later, in pink tights as daring horsemen and in red tights as acrobats. One of the acrobats of the De Vere family is a boy of thirteen or so, who has not yet mastered his part in the performance. The poor fellow is nervous—once he slips and half falls. A faint laugh from the cheap seats almost wrecks the remnants of his confidence. He tries again, with reddening cheeks painfully concentrated in his endeavor to succeed, and openly trembling. This time all goes well, his performance even rouses a faint enthusiasm, and he retires immensely relieved.

The ladies of the quadrille all appear again. Mme. le Blonde performs on horseback with one of the daring bareback riders. They attitudinize together on two horses, which pace gently about the ring. Mme. le Blonde—who, by the way, is a dark brunette—is as quick and limber as a monkey. Another of the riders—Miss Jenny—jumps over banners and through hoops, flies through the air, lighting on her knees on the broad saddle of her horse with a thud, leaps to her feet again, stands in an attitude, or sits sideways on the saddle, her feet crossed, arranging her bracelets, and smiling indulgently on the clown. The pretty girl of the second couple comes in as an acrobat with the De Vere family. She looks very young, and goes through various antics—turning six back-somersaults in a line—springs up, kisses her hand. She smiles naturally, not with the regulation, stereotyped grin of the circus-performer. In fact, she looks as if she enjoyed it. But what a horrible existence!

The feelings evoked by the entire performance are melancholy. All these people are trying their best with almost painful concentration. They endeavor to be gay, spirituelle, amusing, when in reality they are anxious and harassed. The ushers and supers let their anxiety appear in their faces, but the unfortunate performers gyrate and dance and leap through hoops, always smiling that horrible, strained smile, and striving with desperate earnestness to lend a charm to their performance.

It is a relief to get away from this depressing spectacle to look at the tranquil immobility of the elephant in the front tent, lazily swinging his creased, leathery trunk, at the ponies tethered to a line of rough mangers, at the cows and goats crouched in the straw and drowsing in the dim light, at the ticket-taker, slumbering at his post—these at least appear to take life easily, to be carelessly indifferent to the success or non-success of the performance in progress in the rear tent. G. B.

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REAL-ESTATE NOTES.

One of the most important steps in determining the future of that part of the city at Hayes, Larkin, and Market, is the contemplated move of the Mechanics' Institute. At a recent meeting a committee was appointed to invite plans for a building to cover the entire block owned by the institute, bounded by Hayes, Larkin, Grove, and Polk Streets. The plan is to erect a handsome building, something on the lines of the Auditorium building in Chicago. The building will be four or five stories in height, and will embrace a large hall or pavilion for exhibitions and gatherings, rooms for the library, society halls, and class-rooms, and other apartments of different sorts. It is ought to put an effectual quietus on the movement to prevent the extension of the fire limits on Hayes Street.

The Van Ness Avenue Commissioners have organized with H. G. Platt as chairman, and P. J. Corbett and James Handly as commissioners; Philip S. Fay appointed secretary, and S. Harrison Smith, surveyor. The assessed district runs from the bay on the north to Market Street on the south, and from Larkin on the east to Gough on the west.

A block of land south of the park, and near Sunset Heights, was sold by Easton Eldridge & Co. last Tuesday for $27,315. The land is bounded by Twelfth and Eleventh Avenues, K and L Streets. The block was offered in 50 subdivisions. The lots ranged in price from $550 to $1,300.

Thirteen Pacific Heights lots will be sold at auction on Thursday noon, November 14th, at the salesroom of McAfee, Baldwin & Hammond. The lots are on Vallejo Street, between Broderick and Baker. They command an unequaled view, and are within one block of lots bringing $200 a front foot. The property is graded, bulkheaded, and ready for building.

Last Monday a local firm of auctioneers sold a lot, 137:6, on the south side of Sutter Street, between Stockton and Powell, to James G. Fair for $38,000.

Last Thursday, Bovee, Toy & Co. sold the south-east corner lot, 100x100, of Baker and Hayes, close to the panhandle entrance to the park, for $13,500.

The same firm sold the Parrott residence on the north-east corner of Washington and Gough, standing on two fifty-varas, to N. D. Rideout, the Marysville banker, for $90,000, and the south-west corner of Hyde and Pine, with improvements, leasing for $190 a month, was sold to J. de Laveaga for $35,000.

The gore lot and old brick buildings, 17¾ feet on the west side Montgomery, 158 feet on north-west side Market, 174 feet on south side Post, and 122½ feet in depth on west line, have been sold for over half a million to the heirs of the Crocker estate. It is said that a ten-story brick-and-stone building will soon be erected there.

Among recent sales, the following are of interest: The property north side O'Farrell, 186 west of Dupont, lot 60x137½ in size, has been sold for $102,000. The lot was bought by the seller in 1851 for $600.

The property north side Sutter, 137½ west of Leavenworth, 27½x137½ in size, has been sold for $1[illegible]00; not yet of record.

The property south-west corner Post and Taylor has been sold, 45⅞ on Post by 68¾ on Taylor, to Neasley, for $36,000.

The property south side Sutter, 57½ west of Taylor, lot 7½x100 in size, has been sold for $11,412.

The property north-west corner Van Ness Avenue and Grove has been sold for $22,000; price put in deed, $10; size 30 on Van Ness by 109 on Grove.

The property north-west side Market, 49⅞ north-east of Page and Market (between Van Ness and Franklin), 27 on Market by 127⅞ deep on west line and 12 on east line, is reported sold for $34,000; not yet of record.

Manager Thorn, of the Palace Hotel, has changed the evening for music. The band now plays in the courtyard on Fridays, instead of Mondays, from eight to nine o'clock P. M.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Does it Jell?

Now across the back-yard gate
Sounds the old domestic yell,
As Ophelia calls to Kate,
"Can't you make your jelly jell?"
—*Springfield Homestead.*

Kitchen Caresses.

A man may be bold as a lion,
But how sheepish he will look
If his wife comes into the kitchen
And catches him kissing the cook!
—*Ex.*

The Briefless Lawyer.

(LOQ.)

Here's a saying has two faces;
Either one my joy enhances:
"Circumstances alter cases—
Cases alter circumstances."
—*Judge.*

The Discovery.

When old Columbus with his ships
About America hovered,
Each Indian maid with sprightly grace
Skipped from the surfy bathing-place
And cried, with wonder-stricken face:
"Great Heavens! we're discovered."

A Simple Sign.

It was in a grocer's window
That she saw a simple sign,
And she stopped and slowly read it,
White her blue eyes seemed to shine.

Then with scornful lips she murmured,
As she tossed her pretty hat:
"How I wish that men were labeled
With a good plain sign, like that!"

So when she had passed, I ventured
Near that favored grocer's shop,
And espied this simple legend:
"This Corn Warranted in Pop."
—*Puck.*

Anglomania.

The Prince of Wales may will and dare
To some eccentric garment wear,
A garment which of loudness smacks,
But which the anglomaniacs
Adopt with most complacent air.

The royal manner debonair
They copy, hoping thus to share
The homage which he never lacks—
The Prince of Wales.

So it be English, naught they care,
From cut of coat to cut of hair;
Until in time upon their backs
They'll sport the stripes that English Jacks
As mutineers were wont to bear—
The prints of wales.
—*F. H. Curtiss in Judge.*

Mr. Henpeck.

Your wife, who's never been forestalled,
Each year appears much frisker;
For when your head has grown quite bald
She takes you by the whisker.
—*Judge.*

A Poser.

There's a matter that's troubled us greatly,
And it's never been settled as yet,
We should like to have some one inform us
Whether Eve was a blonde or brunette.
—*New York Sun.*

A Confession.

I think that moment in a woman's life
When writhes her soul in fiercest desperation,
And darkest gall and mutiny are rife,
Is when, in horse-car borne, she grows aware
Of the keen yet respectful observation
Of the young man across; no clownish stare,
But a charmed gaze of fine discrimination
And rapt approval—till she feels a glow
Through all her being, a soft, thrilled pulsation.
I think the sharpest anguish she can know,
The bitterest despair and desolation,
Is when she looks, in sweet, shy perturbation,
And notes his fine, discerning eyes full bent
Upon the woman next to her, intent,
Absorbed in musing, pleasured contemplation.
—*Puck.*

The city of Cologne is to hold next year an International War Exhibition, consisting of all articles appertaining to war or necessary for the use of an army. It is the intention of the promoters to make the show of an international character as far as possible.

In the entrance to the dining-room of one of the finest hotel restaurants of Vienna, is the photograph of the unfortunate Prince Rudolph, splendidly framed, and surrounded by the menus of the dinners which the prince partook of in this establishment.

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A model fruit and stock farm in the citrus belt of the foot-hills of Butte County, nicely situated for a suburban home. Two hundred acres. Twelve hundred fruit-trees—rasins, berries, running water, fountain, poultry etc. Fine scenery, healthy climate. Value, $7,200; cash price, $5,000; half, $3,000. Photographs can be seen. Address "Ranch," *Argonaut* office.

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— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

— GO TO BRADLEY & RULOFSON'S NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont Streets.

— USE SOUTHFIELD WELLINGTON COAL.

In "The Great Unknown," Augustin Daly's new play, Miss Ada Rehan is called upon to appear as a slangy daughter. Though it is doubtful (the *Epoch* says) whether slang could ever sound as seductively interesting in any woman's mouth as Miss Rehan contrives that it shall in hers, the rôle is entirely unworthy of her. It is to be deplored that in the vaunted "home of refined comedy" an actress of such distinction as Miss Rehan should be forced to occupy herself with such vulgarity and worthless nonsense. Unfortunately for Mr. Daly, the original German play of which "The Great Unknown" is a perversion, has just been seen at Amberg's Theatre, and the full extent of the liberties he has taken with the text can be appreciated by those who have visited both theatres. Daly's characters have no depth. They are superficial, ill-drawn, and unimpressive. The German originals are carefully sketched, admirably calculated men and women.

A New York paper says: "A stranger wandered on the Casino stage on Monday night. That she (for it was a she) was connected with the performance of 'The Drum Major' was evident, but no strange names were on the cast, and the beautiful, sylph-like stranger was the cynosure of all eyes. A long and flowing dress enveloped the fairy form, and this unwonted spectacle only increased the darkness of the mystery. All eyes were bent upon her, all ears were strained until she spoke, and then, and not till then, did the clouds of doubt roll by, and an excited whisper made the rounds, proclaiming to the anxious minds that it was Pauline Hall disguised in skirts."

In the Italian Army the system of siesta prevails, under which all troops in the field lie down to sleep for a couple of hours during the heat of the day. The practice is so universally accepted that the hour is fixed in general orders.

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Nos. 126, 128 and 130 Ninth Street, only 275 feet south of Mission. This is a safe and substantial investment, the lot being large and having a frontage on two streets. On the gore lot, Market and Hayes Street, the erection of a building to cost $800,000 has commenced. This is only one block and a half from the property. The new City Hall is only a short distance further. The closeness to Market Street, and the fact that it is on Ninth Street, where business is already firmly established, is a guaranty of its permanent value. Improvements cover only Ninth Street frontage of lot. Rents, $115.

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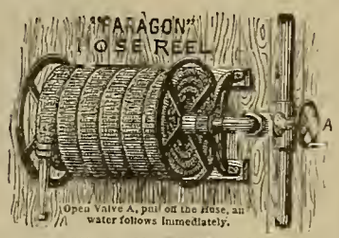

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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Whether the Republican party can or can not retain the administration of the government and of the Northern States, depends upon the question whether it is or is not willing to surrender to the principle of civil-service reform. The recent elections have demonstrated beyond a doubt that the people are beginning to think for themselves somewhat more directly than since the beginning of the civil war they have been accustomed to do. The Northern States had separated so completely from the South, and political principles had become so completely divergent, that it seemed as though it would be impossible ever to bring the people of the two sections again together so that they might unite in harmonious action. Perhaps it has fallen to the lot of Southern rebels and Northern copperheads to reorganize a national party out of the confusion and chaos attending an unsuccessful attempt to perpetuate the institution of slavery and destroy the nation. The recent elections at the North demonstrate beyond any controversy that a very great change of opinion has come over them, while in the Southern States there are evidences of organic changes in reference to the war issues—there has been but little evidence that the Democratic party has lost its strength or less that there is any inclination to come within the party lines of the Republican organization. It is evident that there must be, on the part of the Republican party, a relaxation and giving way, not only of ante-bellum prejudices, but a surrender of the party name and a modification of party principles. The South, it is evident, will not break ranks and abandon the Democratic party to enlist and take service with the political organization under whose party banners their cherished institution of slavery was destroyed and their Confederate Government humiliated and conquered. The Southern States feel no humiliation over the fact that their rebellion was unsuccessful in its struggle with the Government of the United States, with the people of the North, with the flag of the Union. A very large majority of them rejoiced at the termination of a prolonged combat in which they won only reputation for valor in the contest of arms, and which, from the very beginning of the conflict, did not commend itself to the reason and judgment of a large minority of its best and bravest citizens. The North was mighty in resources, outnumbered the South in soldiers, sustained a better credit, and the only sentiment which the South was compelled to yield was the admission that one Southern gentleman was not equal to five Northern men. This little bravado the South has gracefully relinquished, so easy is it for brave soldiers to acknowledge the bravery of soldiers with whom they have unsuccessfully contended. The armies have fraternized, the people have laid down their arms, the best citizens of both sections have determined that the time has come for the fullest and the most perfect reconciliation; the time has passed when the best citizens of any section of the Union are willing to see a party masquerading in the guise of loyalty and party leaders marching under the partisan rag of the bloody shirt. Between James G. Blaine and Corporal Tanner there is a wide divergence, but between the embittered utterances of partisan defeat and being stamped upon by wooden stumps, whose feet have been shot off in battle, there is but a difference. To refuse to surrender battle-flags or an unwillingness to see battle monuments erected on Southern battle-fields, is one thing; to listen to insane mouthings over a civil war, inaugurated by politicians, fought out between soldiers from the plow and the work-shop, is quite another thing. In the South, it was the class which did not imperil their tongues any further than to stir up the war, and in the North, which did nothing but to hinder the movement of troops and yawp at the management of Lincoln's administration; in the South, it was politicians, women, preachers, and valorous boys under age; in the North, Republican politicians and those who did the least to bring the rebellion to its honorable termination—in whose hearts survive the smoldering ashes of partisan bates and embittered emotions which personal interest style patriotism which serve to keep alive this undying partisan animosity. Those who did best service on Southern and Northern battle-fields have buried their political resentments in the graves where their dead comrades lie buried. The men who suffered most in Northern and Southern communities, who made the greatest sacrifices for their country or their cause, are now beginning to speak to the united sentiment of a common patriotism that the time has come for a division of parties into something more than the traditions of a generation which is passing away and political questions which have been settled by soldiers who are dead, or who, if surviving, have preserved none of the rancorous animosities which embitter hearts of non-combatants. There is evidence that the intelligence and patriotism of the Republican North is getting in readiness to relinquish the Republican organization and to abandon the party name. To a new party, with patriotic principles, there is an unformed, inchoate, national organization, with numbers strong enough to sweep North and South with a great triumphal party wave. Discontent is abroad in the land. There is distrust and lack of confidence in party leaders. There is an American sentiment abroad throughout all sections of the country—not confined to men who are native born, or who think that No-Nothingism should rule the country. The sentiment will be governed by no narrow prejudice; will confine itself to the citizens of no nationality; will proscribe none for their religious sentiments. It is "American" in that larger, and broader, and more generous sense. It is republican in the sense that the government is Republican, the Union must be preserved, and the constitution maintained. It is democratic in that general sense that the privileges and rights of all citizens are equal under the law. It will uphold and maintain the principles of government which underlie our material welfare; it will resist alien encroachments; it will oppose the influence of an alien church, and to the last degree resist any attempt to control in any respect the administration of our domestic affairs; it will not permit its priests or hierarchy to intermeddle with our civil government; it will make its first stand upon the platform of civil-service reform. This is necessary for the preservation of our government. No country, republican in form, where the electoral privilege is as widely distributed as ours, can long survive the political condition of the present. It is not probable that General Harrison can be renominated in national convention, and, if renominated, it is more than probable that he will be defeated at the polls. It is probable that Cleveland will be nominated by the Democracy, and, if renominated, it is more than probable that he will be reëlected. The time has gone by when successive Presidential terms will succeed each other. The patronage of a President increases his opportunities of renomination in national convention and imperils his chances of reëlection. General Grant—with a reputation gained by four years of successful war, four years of a partially successful administration, and four years of utter failure—could not marshal enough politicians under the leadership of four great senators—Conkling, Cameron, Logan, and Chandler—to secure a renomination for a third term. The combination was strong enough to beat Blaine for the Presidential nomination, and has been enduring and resentful enough to defeat him before the people when nominated. Hayes was weak enough in the distribution of his patronage and unreliable enough in his promises to compel even the politicians of the country to take his one-term promise as an honest one, and refuse to knock down to him the prize for which he had bid. Cleveland ought to be served in the same way, but he made so generally acceptable an administration that the politicians, in convention, will consider his availability before the people as more than an offset for the violation of a promise he never intended to keep. The people punished him for that offense, but the people are not apt to punish the same offense with a double penalty. General Harrison has put his foot into the same inquisitorial boot, and if he leaves it there, he will receive the deserved torment of inquisitorial torture. He will have deserved defeat in the next National Republican Convention for his appointment of an Irishman as minister to the sister republic of Chile—not because Mr. Pat Egan is an Irishman and a Roman Catholic, but because he was an adventurous exile from the government which he had offended, an enemy to the principles of a republican government, and more loyal to a Roman ecclesiastic than to the Constitution of the United States, under whose flag he had been appointed to serve. Mr. Harrison has promised that he will not be a candidate for renomination, and he will keep his promise with the faithfulness of a Presbyterian gentleman. Civil-service reform will be promised by the next administration with a realizing sense of the policy of carrying the principle into practice. Mugwumps are the subject of contemptuous derision with the kerb-stone statesmen of the nation, but they are the best and ablest, most sincere and patriotic, of all the political bands which now interest themselves in national politics. No bank, commercial house, railroad company, or other business corporation; no manufacturing, mining, or mechanical industry; no concern engaged extensively in any occupation, could live, much less flourish, by changing its employees each four years; no government can endure the demoralizing practice which at each change of administration subjects one hundred thousand of its servants to the fear of being turned out of an office they have expended more time and money than it was worth to acquire, and subjects half a million more of partisans to the expenditure of time, money, and personal pride to steal positions which they have performed no honorable service to earn and few have sufficient qualifications to fill. We look with gratification on the fact that the distribution of the patronage of office renders it almost impossible for any President or governor to succeed himself in office. The better the man, the more honest the distribution of official patronage, the more certain that the renomination by a partisan convention will be impossible. The time is approaching, and that most speedily, when the President and Cabinet of the party in

power will find its best policy in recommending the passage of a law through Congress which will render it impossible that any competent employee in a government office, or bureau, or department, shall be removed except for cause. Cabinet ministers and heads of the great departments of State must take their chances at popular elections; but to compel a clerk to vacate his office-stool to make room for some clamorous partisan, who has outbellowed and outguzzled him, is as unwise, unjust, and cowardly as it is indecent and impolitic. At the recent elections, the Republican governors of Ohio and Iowa were deservedly beaten and for good cause. Patriotic and temperance fanaticisms are on the ebb in these and all other Northern States; labor and socialistic fanaticisms are drifting out, and when the time comes that the classes now outside the two national parties can be organized with a new name, and the floating vote of Americanism, Mugwumpery, Temperance, honest labor, rational socialism, respectable Republicanism, and decent Democracy, can agree to occupy the same national platform and work together in harmonious opposition to demagogy, Roman Catholicism, boodlery and bossism, alien interference with American politics, adventurous political tramps and criminal mendicants—the better will it be for the American republic and the decent people who live in it and pay its taxes.

While entertaining for Mr. John P. Irish the highest appreciation of his ability as a writer, and holding toward him the most friendly relations, we reserve the privilege of saying that his editorial treatment of Mr. M. H. de Young, in the *Alta* of November 9th, was neither nice nor wise. It is not nice to write about the editor of the *Chronicle*, calling him "Mike de Young." This is indefensible personality, and the more offensive because Mr. Irish says, in the same article, that "he does not generally favor the use of personalities." It is not nice for one journal to accuse another of taking bribes, nor is it less guilty of "mud-slinging and the use of billingsgate" because it resorts to the cowardly device of quoting from a rural contemporary. That we may not misrepresent our friend of the *Alta*, we quote from his apology of November 11th the following:

"What does Mike want?" That he does want something and that that something is something for Mike, no one who knows the man and the history of his paper can doubt. For years he has thrived and fattened on the weakness of human nature. His coffers have been swelled by tolls levied alike on vice and on virtue. The fear of exposure has been used to extort contributions from the guilty, and innocence has been made to pay tribute to its dread of unmerited shame. These facts are so notorious that there is not a man in this city who does not know that there is not a brick in the tall structure at the corner of Market and Geary Streets that does not form part of a monument to the predatory habits of this journalistic freebooter.

This kind of writing is indefensible upon any ground which we recognize in journalistic ethics. It would, in our judgment, be more manly to be more explicit. Innuendoes and furtive suggestions involving personal assaults of a criminal character are only permissible when intentionally made, and with the understanding that the assailant is personally responsible for their truthfulness. Mr. Irish's position upon the railroad question is unassailable. The Government of the United States should reduce the interest upon the railroad debt and extend the time for its payment. The Central Pacific Railroad was a costly experiment, made in war times as a war measure. It was the pioneer enterprise which opened the Pacific to the commerce of the world and made its settlement possible. It has contributed to the comfort and safety of this side of the American continent and given to the people who are citizens of California an immeasurable increase of prosperity. The National Treasury is overflowing with a surplus of wealth; great river-channels in California are filled with gold-bearing gravel; inexhaustible silver-mines in Nevada are shut down because the demands of the creditor-class are not clamorous enough to silence the greed of speculation in Wall Street, the national bankers, and the usurious money-lenders, who deal in silver as a commodity and in gold as pawnbrokers. Mr. Irish is altogether right when he advocates the deferment of this railroad debt and the reduction of interest while the surplus is increasing in the National Treasury. It is for the best interests of all the people of California that the Central Pacific Railroad should have time in which to pay its liabilities to the government, with a small rate of interest. There is another unpleasant feature of this personal controversy between Mr. John P. Irish and Mr. M. H. de Young. Mr. de Young assumes that Governor Stanford owns the *Alta* and is responsible for what its editorial columns contain. Mr. Irish asserts with the most positive directness that Governor Stanford neither owns a dollar of stock in the *Alta* newspaper nor has any voice in the management or direction of the journal. Mr. de Young, assuming the ownership and responsibility of Governor Stanford, holds him responsible for the assaults of the *Alta*, draws his stiletto, and threatens Governor Stanford with personal assaults. The *Chronicle* should not be easily convinced that the ownership of the *Alta* is in other hands than those of the men who are responsible directors in its incorporation, or that Mr. Irish has not the courage and the willingness to hold himself responsible for its editorial utterances. The writer had, up to the death of Mr. Charles de Young, an intimate knowledge of all the business details of the *Chronicle* since it was a dramatic thumb-sheet. He has heard the names of A. A. Cohen, of Captain Isaiah W. Lees, of Reuben H. Lloyd, and of others accredited with proprietary interest in it. There was once a time when the *Chronicle* employed the writer to visit New York in company with Mr. Charles de Young, which resulted in the first of the great and improved presses which were imported to San Francisco—Governor Stanford was himself charged with their purchase and with holding an interest in the *Chronicle*. All these reports were unfounded and bore no semblance of truth. At that time, Mr. Charles de Young owned two-thirds of the *Chronicle* and Mr. M. H. de Young one-third. The journal was never incumbered by mortgage and never embarrassed for money. The great building which now towers above our city comes from the legitimate earnings of a prosperous business, and all this rot about ownership, or question about the wealth of its surviving proprietor, is the result of less successful rivalries in the same line of business. The *Chronicle* should have known better, and would have acted more wisely if it had extended to Governor Stanford the immunity from personal assault which it claims for its proprietor. Between the *Alta* and the *Chronicle* we hold to the most judicial impartiality; between Mr. John P. Irish and Mr. M. H. de Young, we are absolutely indifferent which gets the worst or best of any quarrel into which they may plunge themselves; they may, for all we care, drag all the city dailies and all the rural press into this nasty journalistic salmagundi; they may invite the *Argonaut* to wade in, but, for heaven's sake, let the newspapers keep the vendetta within the family, so that no bunest man may be burt.

A congress of the laymen of the Roman Catbolic Church bas concluded its work at Baltimore, and has issued a platform of principles. Its most important declarations are embraced in a protest against the interference of any temporal power with the sovereign independence of the Papal bierarchy, and recognizes the right of the Pope to a complete exercise of civil and spiritual power over the legislation of all human governments, and denies the right of any legislature tu enact any law affecting the interest of the Holy See, until the Holy Father bas first given his full approbation. The congress, in view of the fact that in our public schools no provision is made for teaching (the Christian) religion, declares that Papal schools, colleges, and universities must be established and maintained until every Catholic child is brought within tbeir influence. This is at variance with the underlying principles of the American Republic. Non-sectarianism is interwoven and interlaced witb every fibre of our constitutional government. It is the underlying feature of our educational system which was the work of Thomas Jefferson, who was not an infidel, but was opposed to the union of church and state, and who bad the statesman-like wisdom to fear the influence of any church upon the free institutions of our country. Jefferson saw tbe danger of clericalism. He was the friend of Lafayette; he was an admirer of Voltaire; he had been Minister to France, and be brought from that country a thorougb and complete detestation of the principles of the Roman Catholic Church; he saw that it was an irreconcilable enemy of republican government; be recognized the fact that the laws, institutions, and spirit of Papacy were at variance with the laws and institutions of republican government, and in antagonism to its spirit. The Papal laymen denounce Mormonism, protest against divorce laws, condemn nihilism, socialism, and communism, and favor the Catholicizing (education) of Indians; "it set its face sternly against the sale of intoxicating beverages on Sunday," leaving the communicants of the Holy Apostolic Churcb full liberty to get drunk on week days; favors the establishment of Catholic newspapers in the great cities, and hopes for the introduction of "proper" music in churches where classical music is now heard. The platform is constructed on the plan of a political convention, and is calculated to keep the members of the Papal Church in party lines, where, under priestly rule, they may cast their votes where they will best contribute to the political ascendancy of the church. The congress commends the establishment of circulating-libraries and reading-circles, where Catholic books and magazines can be obtained for such Romanists as may know how to read or who may be ambitious to acquire that accomplishment. That we may not misrepresent the doctrine which flows from the new dogma of Papal infallibility, we print that provision which, under our interpretation, claims for the Pope of Rome absolute civil authority over all governments and exacts the unquestioning obedience from every citizen of every state. It reads: "WE PROTEST "AGAINST ASSUMPTION BY ANY GOVERNMENT OF THE "RIGHT TO AFFECT INTERESTS OR CONTROL THE ACTION "OF OUR HOLY FATHER BY ANY FORM OF LEGISLATION "OR OTHER PUBLIC ACT TO WHICH HIS FULL APPROBA- "TION HAS NOT BEEN PREVIOUSLY GIVEN." We beg our readers to analyze carefully the foregoing, and determi whether the Italian Government, the American Congress, the California Legislature, if in majority composed of go Roman Catholics, would be free to pass any act of author interfering witb the policy of the Roman Church, or in c fiict with the political interests of tbe Holy See, until it b first obtained the approbation of the Holy Infallible Fath Has not this congress, by this act, placed the Papal Churcb Rome above the Constitution of the United States of Ameri Does it not subject all legislation to the approval of the Bish of Rome? In a word, is it not a treasonable declaration agai the American commonwealth? Is not the Romanist who lieves in the dogma of Papal infallibility a traitor to the co try, and in rebellion against its lawful authority? In c clusion of tbe proceedings of this foreign gathering—collec under the shadow of two ecclesiastical thrones, one filled Cardinal Manning and one by Cardinal Taschereau, s rounded by alien primates, archbishops, bishops, and layn of the Holy Apostolic Church which sits in the Vatican bes the Tiber, outside the seven-billed capital of Italy—the foll ing pledge was subscribed:

WE PLEDGE TO THE WORTHY PONTIFF, TO WHC HANDS ALMIGHTY GOD HAS COMMITTED THE HEI OF PETER'S BARK AMID THE TEMPEST OF THIS STOR AGE, THE LOYAL SYMPATHY AND UNTAINTED AID ALL HIS SPIRITUAL CHILDREN IN VINDICATING A PERFECTING THE LIBERTY WHICH HE JUSTLY CLAI AS HIS SACRED AND INALIENABLE RIGHT.

In a real-estate paper published in this city, a cable-car rector has taken up the cudgels in defense of the street-companies, and has made a number of statements intended show that tbe companies are barely paying expenses at pr ent, and that a reduction of fare or an increased efficiency service would result in destruction to the railroads. This ever been the cry, but the facts scarcely sustain such as tions. In the first place, the cable-car director claims that city bas by far the best of tbe bargain, because these ro "have added at least $100,000,000 to the taxable property the city in ten years." Assertions made in round numbers always objects of suspicion. The assessed value of r estate in this city last year was $210,953,360; in 187 was $190,280,819. These figures include the improveme on the real-estate, and giving the cable-companies credit for the increased value of real-estate *and improvements*, they h only about one-fifth of the amount claimed. If it is un that the assessed value of property is always below its value, we may admit tbat. Say that the assessment is one-half the real valuation, the increase in value of real pr erty and improvements is only forty millions for the years, and nobody will be wild enough to claim that all increase is due to the building and operation of cable-roa If the cable-roads have added to the value of property this city, they have been paid liberally for it, and t have no better right to public assistance than has any priv individual whose efforts to make a living incidentally incre the prosperity of the community in which he lives. The cal roads were not built for the purpose of adding to the value property in tbe city, except in so far as the owners of roads were also owners of property along tbe lines. T were built for the purpose of making money, and they succeeding in that object. The next assertion of the cable-director is that "the Sutter Street line bas not paid u lately." At the time when the Sutter Street line was chan from a borse-power line to a cable-motor, the road the worst equipped in the city. The management so bad that people walked rather than ride on it, and change was a necessity. The company's struggle agai poverty may be summed up thus: First, the horse-car r was entirely rebuilt to change it to a cable-line, but rebuil a very flimsy way; secondly, the road was extended on Su Street, from its original terminus at Polk Street, clear out Cemetery Avenue; thirdly, a cable-track was laid on the L kin and Polk Street branch; fourthly, a new and substan road-bed was built on the main line as far as Polk Street a new rails were laid, replacing the temporary and flimsy str ture first built; fifthly, a substantial road-bed was laid Larkin and Polk Streets; sixthly, a franchise was procu along Ninth Street to Brannan, and a cable-road laid there seventhly, the horse-car line along Polk and out Pac Avenue was changed into a cable-line and a substantial tra laid thereon; eighthly, the flimsy track along Sutter, from P to Cemetery Avenue, is now being replaced with a substan one; ninthly, a massive building has been erected on corner of Polk and Sutter Streets. These improvements permanent; they will last longer than the franchise. assert that the road is making no money, when it is putt the bulk of its receipts into permanent improvements of t kind, is absurd. The next point of the cable-car director that the roads are not paying dividends. He says that Powell and Jackson Street and the Cliff House lines, Union Street and the California Street lines, are not pay

dividends. The first has hardly been in operation long enough to pay dividends; but much of its earnings have been wasted in patching up faulty construction and paying for cables chewed up in short order by the way in which the road is built; doubtless, also, much of the earnings of the Powell Street Cable Company have gone to compromise suits at law threatened by the many passengers injured in the numerous accidents on the steam and cable-lines of this company. These accidents have been very frequent, the worst being a collision on the steam-line at Sixth Avenue and California Street, when many people were injured; the next when a grip broke, and a car shot down the steep hill at Washington and Taylor, killing one man and wounding many others. Numerous other accidents have occurred on the lines of this company, most of which have been kept out of the papers and compromises made with the injured passengers. The amounts paid out in these directions, therefore, must have been very large—how large the public does not know. We should know if the street-railroads of this city were forced to report to the railroad commissioners. However, we may point out that if this company would have fewer accidents, they would have more dividends. In addition to this, much money has been wasted on the Cliff House extension of the Powell Street road. Owing to bad judgment in the original survey, the road has been rebuilt about four times. A long tunnel, costing many thousands of dollars, has been found to be in the wrong position, and a new and parallel tunnel has been built, costing many thousands of dollars more. Owing to the way the road is built, the engineers require a search-warrant to find the track after every heavy rain-storm. A large force of men has been continuously employed on this road ever since it was "completed," about eighteen months ago. When these facts are presented, it is not strange the Powell Street Company has not yet paid a dividend. It would be very strange if it had. As to the Union Street line and the California Street line, both paid dividends at the rate of six per cent. up to within a few weeks. The Union Street line has temporarily ceased paying dividends, owing to the cost of putting guards on their cars. But from the way this road has allowed its opportunities to slip, it can never expect to keep up with the other roads. Its managers did not build their cable to the ferry-landings, but trusted to a horse-car; the result is that the Powell Street system gets all the ferry travel going to that part of the city. The Union Street line also skirts along the busy part of the city, without coming where passengers want to go; the Powell Street system, tapping the same residence portion of the city, delivers passengers at the doors of the principal stores in the day-time and at the theatres in the evening. The Union Street line has allowed itself to be surrounded by another line offering better service. The California Street line presents a somewhat similar spectacle. It does not reach the ferries, and until recently it did not have any connection with the park. It begins nowhere and ends nowhere. Years ago it should have secured the California Street franchise of the North Beach and Mission road, thus securing an outlet to the ferries. It failed to do so, and now that franchise can not be purchased. It was paralleled on both sides, and is rapidly losing its business. Recognizing the gravity of the situation, however, it has commenced the construction of a cross-town line on Hyde Street that will tap an important portion of the travel. But while it is building, it can not expect to pay dividends. It is paying running expenses and is putting its surplus into an increased plant. As to the assertion that a reduction of fares would "bankrupt all the cable-roads in the city, the Market Street system possibly excepted," it is worth just what an assertion unsupported by facts always is. We have shown, in these columns, that the car-companies are making immense profits, and we have shown the figures upon which the conclusion is based. The final assertion of this defender of the car-companies is, that "one of the directors of the Union Street cable last month assured us that every passenger carried on that road cost the company over four cents." If it costs over four cents to carry a passenger on the Union Street cable-line, how is it that horse-car lines all over the United States can carry passengers at a profit for five cents? If that assertion be true, the Union Street cable-line requires an overhauling. The cable-roads are operated under such conditions that an increase of the number of passengers carried does not add to the total cost of carriage, and, therefore, decreases the cost of carrying each passenger. The travel on the cars will undoubtedly increase greatly during the next few years, and the car-companies can double their facilities by running twice as many cars at a very slight increase of expense. If the Union Street line carries its passengers at a cost of four cents now, it can not cost the other roads more than three, and it will be only a few years before the cost of carriage will be reduced to two cents for each passenger. On the whole, the cable-car director makes out a very poor showing. If a road like the Union Street, two miles long, expensively run, cut off from the ferries, and girdled by more enterprising roads; if a road like the California Street, two and a half miles long, cut off from the ferries, cut off from the park, paralleled by other and longer roads, beginning nowhere and ending nowhere—if, we say, such roads can pay *six* per cent. on watered capital stock, what must be the present and prospective earnings of roads like the Powell Street, with twenty-three miles of single track, the Omnibus, with eleven miles of double track, the Market Street, with seventeen miles of double track—roads which run from bay to ocean, which cross and girdle and bisect the city?

A convention of unusual importance will be held at St. Louis during the latter days of this month. Silver conventions have been held from time to time, the interests of silver have been discussed, the demands of silver have been set forth, and resolutions have been adopted. But the circumstances must be favorable for resolutions to be hardened into action, and hitherto the circumstances have not been sufficiently favorable for the just demands of silver to receive adequate consideration. But the dispatches this week inform us, on the authority of Senator Sherman (hitherto not a silver man), that the Congress which will meet in December will be called upon by the President to take some action favorable to silver, and under the circumstances, his advice is not likely to pass unheeded. The St. Louis convention, coming so shortly before the assembling of Congress, therefore, and discussing the necessities of silver and considering the legislation which will be proposed, will have unusual significance. There is no industry in this country which has received more inadequate recognition than silver-mining. When we consider that, during last year, the silver-mines of this country added over fifty-three millions of dollars to the material wealth of the country, or almost one dollar for each man, woman, and child of the population; when we consider that, during the last ten years, our silver production has averaged over four hundred and sixty-six millions of dollars; when we consider that, of the silver product of the world, the United States produces over forty per cent., leading Mexico, the next greatest silver-producing country, by over twenty millions of dollars, we can begin to appreciate the magnitude of the interests involved. When we consider that, of this immense production, the Western States furnish more than ninety-nine per cent., we can begin to appreciate the opposition of the "gold-bugs" of the East to silver coinage. This opposition has been persistent and bitter, and no prophecy of disaster has been too extreme for them to advance as a result of the continuance of silver coinage. The law under which the silver dollar is now coined was enacted February 28, 1878. It provides that each month the Secretary of the Treasury shall purchase an amount of silver bullion, not less than two millions of dollars in value and not exceeding four millions of dollars, and shall coin the same into silver dollars. Under this law the Secretary of the Treasury, influenced by the Wall Street ring, has stuck tenaciously to the lower limit and has confined his purchases to the two-million-dollar limit. Up to the first of this month, something over three hundred and thirty million silver dollars had been coined. The law further provides for the issuing of silver certificates upon the deposit of silver of equal value in the treasury. These silver certificates were at first issued only in denominations of ten dollars and over, and therefore were not convenient for use in general and retail business. Later, however, provision was made for issuing silver certificates in denominations of one, two, and three dollars, and since then the silver certificate has made its way into the channels of business, and has become one of the favorite circulating mediums. In 1880, the outstanding silver certificates amounted to $12,374,270; on October 1st of this year they amounted to $276,619,715, an increase of over twenty-six millions of dollars annually—slightly more than the amount coined in silver dollars. This increase has been steady, continuing through the decade with an annual increase ranging from five millions to eighty-three millions. And this increase has come, despite the opposition of the bankers of Wall Street. They have done all that they could to discredit the silver dollar and its representative, the silver certificate. Yet, in spite of this opposition, it has grown steadily in favor. The silver dollar is the coin of the people, and it is its popularity with the people which has carried it into general circulation. A significant fact is, that side by side with this increase in the money of the people, there has been a decrease in the money of the bankers. The national bank-note has been steadily retired. The following table will give some idea of the relation between the two movements:

	National Bank-Notes. Decrease.	Silver Certificates. Increase.
1881	$ 2,900,000 (incr.)	$38,800,000
1882	5,200,000	14,900,000
1883	4,500,000	22,500,000
1884	20,700,000	32,300,000
1885	20,800,000	19,000,000
1886	50,800,000	24,000,000 (decr.)
1887	50,800,000	29,600,000
1888	15,700,000	83,900,000
1889	39,900,000	47,000,000

During nine years the national bank-note circulation has been decreased two hundred and eight millions of dollars, while the silver certificates have been increased two hundred and sixty-four millions of dollars, showing that the latter have replaced the former, and have also filled the increasing demand for circulating medium. According to the prophesies of the "gold-bugs," dire destruction should have enveloped the country long ere this. They said that if we made silver a legal tender, the gold-standard countries would pour in their surplus silver upon us, the price of silver would go down, the price of gold would rise correspondingly, silver would, according to the operation of Gresham's Law, supplant gold, the latter flowing out of the country, and we should go headlong to destruction. Such were the inspired ravings of that weird sister, General Cassandra Spinner, sometime treasurer. According to all the financial laws of the Wall Street banking fraternity this should have happened long ago. Yet it has not come to pass. On the contrary, we received from abroad during the year 1887—the last for which we have the figures at hand—$5,373,001, in silver bullion, and $1,202,474 in silver coin. Against this immense inflow of silver we may set off the exports of silver coin and bullion amounting to $19,718,967. Instead of being flooded with foreign silver, we are therefore exporting three times as much as we import. Further than this, the value of silver bullion has increased in price rather than decreased, indicating that the mass of silver in the country has not been increased beyond the needs of the country. It might be urged that while we export more silver than we received from foreign countries, we are also producing more silver than we need for our own consumption. Our annual production being over forty-six millions, while our coinage of silver consumes only thirty-three and one-half millions, it is but natural that we should have a surplus for export, and it might be urged that our net exportation of twelve millions does not use up our surplus production. But this contention is done away with by the fact that the price of silver not only holds its own, but is advancing. In May of last year silver was worth 91.2 cents, the price now is over 95 cents. The object of the bankers of Wall Street is easy of comprehension. They are money-lenders in the market, and their profits are measured by the rate of interest that their money will command. Scarcity of money means high interest, and the free coinage of silver means plenty of money and low interest. They are therefore unalterably opposed to the coinage of silver, and as strongly opposed to anything which will tend to increase the supply of the circulating medium. This opposition to anything which would tend to promote the interests of silver accounts for their rejection of Mr. St. John's proposition to replace the legal-tender notes—the "greenbacks" of popular parlance—by silver certificates. Since the defeat of the national bank-notes, the legal-tender notes are the only rivals of the silver certificate as paper money. These legal-tender notes are now outstanding to the amount of $347,681,015, secured by a reserve of about one-third their value. Mr. St. John proposed to retire these greenbacks and to substitute silver certificates for them. This would mean an investment of about two hundred and forty millions of dollars in silver bullion, but it would result in placing the currency of the country practically on a metal basis. The silver certificate is issued merely as a convenience; it is secured by money deposited in the treasury equal in value to the certificate. Mr. St. John's proposition, therefore, amounts to a proposal that for each dollar of paper money in circulation there shall be specie on deposit equal to one dollar, instead of thirty cents. This makes practically little difference at the present time when the country is prosperous. But in case of serious financial troubles, it would make a great difference. "Hard times" are always intensified by panics, and a knowledge that three hundred millions of the circulating medium really represented a value of only one hundred millions, would be calculated to create a very lively panic. It would be at such a time that the reserve of dollar for dollar would be found more than useful, and there is great wisdom in creating the reserve at the present time, when we are able to do so without feeling it. There is no wisdom in the government using its credit to float even two hundred millions at a time when there is no necessity for it, and should the necessity again arise, in case of a serious war, we shall find that our credit is the stronger for not having been unnecessarily strained in time of prosperity.

The city of Livorno, Italy, is at present excited over the disappearance of the Duchess d'Aurei, a member of one of the most aristocratic houses in the kingdom, who has left debts to the amount of two hundred thousand dollars behind her. The police are endeavoring to discover her whereabouts, but as yet have been unsuccessful.

Ancient Rome received from without well nigh seven times the volume of water now poured into modern Rome. This city is the best supplied with water in the world. Next to Rome, Vienna is said to be the most favored capital, if not in the abundance, at least in the purity of its drinking-water.

"Chicago's World Fair prospects," according to our playful contemporary, the Chicago *News*, "are now as brilliant as a room full of red-headed girls."

THE MIRRORED DEMON.

A Weird Tale of the Black Pool at The Alders.

Toward the end of a cloudy summer day, having slowly climbed to the top of a hill thickly wooded with young pines, I saw at last the gables and towers of The Alders, an estate which occupies the foggy bottom of the valley. I was coming to take possession of this domain, abandoned for forty years past to the insufficient care of a superannuated steward by the late proprietor, my father, who had recently died and whose heir I was.

Urging my horse forward, I commenced to ascend the hill. The grade was steep, and the animal's iron shoes slipped perilously in the loose gravel of the road. Under the dark and heavy sky, the pines to right and left took on a gloomy hue; below me, blurred in the haze of the valley, rose the château, a dark and broken mass, which was almost hidden from sight by the great forest about it, broken here and there with open heaths and reed-fringed pools of a sickly greenish hue. I remembered that my father had always evinced a great distaste for The Alders; the very name made him shudder.

A cold, drizzling rain was now falling, and I soon felt very uncomfortable, for the morning had been fine and I had neglected to bring a top-coat or traveling wrap.

Arrived at the foot of the hill, I had to pass through a little village of a hundred or a hundred and fifty homes, the last cottages extending quite to the main entrance of the château. The noise of my horse's hoofs brought to the doors eight or ten peasants, who stared at me curiously, but with no sign of a salutation. I attributed to my long contemplation of the young pines, through which I had been traveling, the singular coloration which certain objects assumed in my eyes; the arms and faces of the miserable villagers, who stared at me with a cowed and brutish persistence, seemed very sallow, almost green. A few women's heads and hands showed amid the group of men. It seemed to me that these heads and hands were also sallow and green.

The château gates were closed. Through the bars, leper-blotched with rust, could be seen the great seigneural court, grown over with rank weeds, and further the abandoned château. The rain, become sharper now, was chilling me to the bone. I descended from my horse, tied the poor beast—which hung its head through sheer fatigue—to a ring mortised into the stone wall, and presently found the handle of a bell half concealed in the intricate wrought-iron work of the gate. I pulled it violently several times; but, in place of the expected cheerful peal, two slow, heavy, and solemn strokes of an alarum-bell resounded ominously in the distant gloom—for it was already dusk.

From a little lodge at the right of the château emerged an old woman, who held aloft a lamp. Very tall, very thin, and enveloped rather than dressed in a robe of coarse grey stuff, which looked like a grimy shroud, she came to the gate with the measured and noiseless tread of a spectre. The lamp, which shone full on her face, revealed to me beneath her gray locks her eyes, dim and haggard; her cheeks were very sallow.

"Welcome to your estate, sir," said she, as a great key grated in the lock. She was the manager's wife.

"Thanks, Mme. Chartier," I responded; "but I come in evil weather."

"In evil weather, indeed."

She conducted me to the little house; the wet weeds reached to my knees.

"Who will look to my horse?" I asked.

"I will," she said.

"You have no servants, madame?"

"No."

"Who, then, looks after the château and keeps the grounds in order?"

"There are no grounds," she replied.

We entered the living-room, which was dimly lighted and poorly warmed by the fitful blaze of a peat fire. There was, doubtless, but one lamp in the establishment, that which Mme. Chartier had taken up when she came to meet me.

"Chartier," said the woman, shakiog the shoulder of an old man who seemed to be dozing in the chimney-corner; "Chartier, get up; here is the new master."

The old man turned toward me; his face was sallow, too, with the same dim and haggard eyes.

"Welcome to your estate, sir," said he, as he arose and offered me a chair; "warm yourself, sir, lest you take cold."

Mme. Chartier who had gone out, doubtless to lead my horse to the stable, returned laden with dishes and glasses, and quietly set about laying the table, which she pulled up from the side of the chimney.

"These seem to be very sullen people," I thought, and I determined to send away this lugubrious couple as soon as possible.

"Well, Chartier," I said, to break a silence which had become disagreeable to me, "do you get on well, and may I hope to see you here for many days to come?"

"You will not see me here for many days to come," he replied.

"How so? Do you then wish to leave The Alders?"

"Oh, I, sir—I shall never leave The Alders. But you will depart very soon."

I smiled, for my intention was to install myself definitely in my new property.

"Yes, sir," said Mme. Chartier's voice behind me, "you will depart very soon."

I was about to exclaim against this singular affirmation, when the old woman added, "Dinner is ready, sir." We drew up about the table.

"Do you expect some one?" I inquired, for four covers had been laid.

"Yes, sir; we expect our daughter," said the manager, serving the soup.

"So you have a daughter?" I had hopes that a young face might bring some gayety to the scene.

"We have no daughter," said Mme. Chartier.

The dinner was not abundant; nevertheless, I had the wherewithal to satisfy amply the appetite my long day's ride had given me, for my hosts ate scarcely at all.

I asked Chartier if he were sick.

"Every one is sick here," he replied, "because of the pool."

"Indeed, I had remarked that the inhabitants of the village are singularly pale."

"They have the fever; but they suffer less than we, for they are not so near."

"True," I said, with a slight shiver; I had always particularly feared malarial fevers.

After dinner, Mme. Chartier retired to prepare my chamber, not in the château, which long abandonment had rendered uninhabitable, but in the lodge on the upper floor. The manager and I drew up to the fire.

"Sir," said the old man, "excuse us if we receive you poorly. It is sad in this country; the fever takes the children from the very cradle, and only at the grave-yard does it leave the men who have resisted it. It is because of the pool, which should be drained," he added, extending his hand toward the window. "And then we, sir, we are sadder than the others, for we lost our daughter a month ago."

"Your daughter is dead, Chartier?" I asked.

"God knows, sir. As for us, we do not know what has become of her." Presently he went on in a very low tone: "Madeleine was very sad, very ill; she was as we are, my good sir. But the birds still sing when they are ill, and Madeleine sang near us, who do not even talk. I thought she would resist the scourge, and I said to myself, 'Some day, God willing, I shall take her to live in a city.' To see the roses in her cheeks, we would have given our lives, my poor wife and I. But she was very pale; she went too often to the edge of the water. She loved—I do not know why—that water, which harmed her so. Often, when her mother called her to dinner, she was seated in the wet grass at the side of the pool. We scolded her, but it did no good. It pleased her, she said, to listen to the noise of the wind in the reeds. She had nothing else to amuse her, the dear child. In other countries, the little girls of poor people can gather flowers, peep in the birds' nests, and have doves and play with them as in the pictures I have seen in the city shops; here, sir, there are no other flowers than the lilies of the pool, the little birds would be afraid to build their nests in our great, gloomy trees, and the only doves are ravens. My poor girl, then, loved the pool. Sometimes, of an evening, I would hear her open the window of her chamber—the chamber where you will sleep to-night, sir. 'Come in!' I would cry; 'go to bed, you will take cold.' 'No, no!' she would say; and when I asked her what she was looking at, 'There is a star in the pool,' she would answer. One morning at the breakfast hour, Madeleine did not come down-stairs. Her mother went up to her room. 'Madeleine is not here!' cried my wife. It was a month ago, one Suoday morning. Madeleine has not yet come back."

Chartier had spoken slowly, in a monotonous tone. Now he wept silently.

The disappearance of their child more than accounted for the gloom of my hosts. I repented having judged them harshly, and it was with sincere pity that I pressed the old man's hands as I retired.

My chamber was a small room, covered with a moldy paper; in one corner an iron bed, two cane-seated chairs at right and left of a walnut commode, a portrait of a young girl—Madeleine, doubtless—faciog the single window—that was all. I went to bed and to sleep, not without some difficulty, for the steward's tale had predisposed my mind to lugubrious thoughts, and then I thought of the fever which I dreaded so.

After an hour of restless sleep, I awoke with a start.

"Who's there?" I cried.

The lamp, which I had not extinguished, enabled me to convince myself that I was alone—absolutely alone with the portrait. From my bed, where I could no longer sleep, I looked long at this picture. It was a young girl, very pale, dressed in white, in an attitude of meditation; she gazed at the window with a strange earnestness. As one involuntarily follows the glance of a person near, I directed my eyes parallel to those of the portrait. The window had no curtains; beyond the panes appeared vaguely the indistinct silhouettes of the forest, and in the shadow there was a single star. Turning back toward Madeleine, I noticed that her gaze had become more intense, but it was easy to explain to myself why it seemed so: plunged for an iostant into the night, my eyes should now see more clearly those of the portrait, on which the lamp shone full.

What I could not explain, what I do not understand even yet, was an absurd idea—the result, no douht, of my nervous excitement—which led me to get up, open the sash, as if in obedience to the desire of the portrait, and, the window open, turn back to it to receive its thanks. A breath of wind which entered the room extinguished the lamp, and the portrait disappeared.

Without, the shadows were profound; beneath the low and black sky vast trees stood out, terrible against the night, about a great, pale space in which shivered furtive, steely lights and the dimmed reflection of a single star—it was the pool.

Shuddering, I knew not why, I gazed at the heavens, the trees, the pool. It slept, but it lived. I divined that a ceaseless agitation moved it, revealed on the surface by the trembling of the weeds; strange visions were in its inky depths, shadowy dreams of that slumbering water whose respiration rustled dolorously among the reeds. Something inquieting and fascinating lay prone in that sea. Near the side toward the house the reeds were very thick; their heads, now bowed, now lifted up by the breeze, formed a moving black surface, which made still more sombre the shadows of the neighboring trees. Was it possible that the thing I now saw balancing itself on the tips of the reeds was but the reflection of a tree? I could distinguish perfectly a body and a gigantic head, lightly stirred like those of a giant asleep, rocked on shadowy waves, and two terrible arms stretched forth toward my window.

I strove in vain to draw myself from the casement; a greater power than mine, a mysterious desire, held me rooted to the spot. I seemed to wait. For what? I did not know—for something which was to happen.

I heard a slight noise beneath the window and lowered my head. Along the wall, something, I know not what—white, furtive, swift, like a white cloth in the wind—moved toward the pool. It was a woman or her ghost. One instant this vague form stopped and turned back. By the pale ray of the single star I saw a face and recognized it. Had I gone mad? I recognized the face of the portrait. That face was Madeleine's!

While she approached the pool the wind must have shifted for the reeds, which just now had leaned from the side of my window, bent down now to meet the young girl, and toward her reached the long arms of the Shadow cradled on the reed-tips. Madeleine seemed to hesitate, a prey to violent emotion. Now she started toward the phantom of the pool; now she stood motionless and seemed about to retrace her steps; but soon she took up her interrupted course, and reached the spot among the interlacing trees, the obscure and indefinite line where land and water met. At the edge of the pool, almost within reach of the fantastic arms which strained toward her as if to enfold her, she stopped.

In the heavens there was but a single star; there was a single star, too, in the pool. I was not dreaming, for I noted that.

Long, long she stood undecided, and sometimes she seemed to wish to fly to the house; but oftener, lost, shivering in the breeze, in the garb of death or of a bride, she held out her arms to the Shadow which silently called her.

At last she threw herself into the terrible pool. The water must be up to her waist, for I saw only the whiteness of her breast. She advanced ever toward the Shadow, and the Shadow came to meet her. Then I saw only her head, appearing from time to time between the reeds—then I saw nothing.

But the rushes rattled more dolorously, twisted, bent, pushed aside; the phantom which followed the movement of their tips writhed so that his chest shrank away from one side, while his legs grew long on the other, and his arms, as if they enlaced in the depths some prey caught at last, disappeared all at once in a mighty parting of the reeds.

Madeleine had drowned herself in this black, awful pool. I had not seen her, but surely I would have heard her cry out if the terrible water had not filled her mouth. Oh, horrible death!—her feet sinking in the humid slime of the pool and her hands vainly clutching at the elusive support of the rushes. Little by little the motion became more rare, more convulsive, less prolonged; Madeleine was dead beyond a doubt. Anew the wind alone agitated the great, noisy grasses, and I saw the constant phantom slowly re-form itself on the surface of the greenish blackness.

The next day, at breakfast, I ate little and spoke scarcely at all; the old steward asked when it would suit me to inspect the estate.

"Immediately," I replied; "for I leave this evening."

As we started toward the pool, I noticed in the forest a old piece of ruined wall.

"What is that?" I asked.

"It is all that is left of an ancient chapel," replied Chartier; "your father greatly admired the stained-glass window, which represents an apostle stretchiog his arms toward heaven. When the moon rises behind the window, it casts the image of the apostle on the reeds of the pool. Sometimes, in the night it is terrible."

As Chartier said this, I felt my legs brushed by something furtive, soft, and light, as if a cat had rubbed against me. It was a napkin, still damp, detached by the wind from a cord where linen hung to dry a few steps from us, between two trees before the house.

"Well," said I, to myself, "I must confess that the fever and wakefulness have played the fool with me. I have taken for a woman in white some sheet or garment borne by the wind and for a phantom the reflection of a stained window on the reeds." And I began to laugh, to reassure myself completely. But I returned to Paris that evening.

Three years passed. I had sold The Alders to an industrial company which intended to drain the marshes. I had given no thought to my sojourn at the melancholy château except now and again on a sleepless night, when one morning in a journal opened at hazard, I read the following:

In the unhealthy district of ———, whose inhabitants already begin to enjoy better health, thanks to the draining of the marshes by a celebrated philanthropic society, there still remains a vast pool which forms part of the estate known as The Alders. This pool is famous in the legends of the country. Each night, it is said, a gigantic phantom is to be seen, sleeping lightly on the tips of the reeds. Some enlightened persons having supposed that this phantom was nothing but the reflection of an ancient stained-glass window in a wall near by, the wall was demolished; but, by the report of the people of the place, the phantom has not ceased to appear every night. . . .

"It has not ceased to appear!" I repeated, with a shudder, and I read on with a feverish eye:

However that may be, recently, while the workmen labored at the draining of the pool, one of them, in rolling some stones from the bank nearest M. Chartier's house, discovered among the reeds, deeply embedded in the mud, a skeleton absolutely stripped of flesh; it is supposed that it is the skeleton of a young woman whose death must have taken place three or four years ago.

Then it was not a piece of linen flying in the wind, that pale and hesitating form I had seen from the window—it was Madeleine herself, drawn into the pool by the mirrored demon! Her death had taken place a full month before my arrival at the château. Some inscrutable will, then, had accorded me for a few hours the unpleasant power of retrospective vision; or, perhaps, the dead come from their shadowy abode, sometimes, at night, to visit again on earth the scene of their agony.—*Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Catulle Mendès, by L. S. Vassault.*

THE ATHLETIC MAIDEN.

"Cockaigne" discusses Brawn versus Peaches and Cream.

If one may judge by the constant reference to the fact in the American papers, it would seem that the American girl (as she is to be found at home, for I certainly have yet seen oo samples on this side) has become an athlete. I, of course, refer to the fashionable girl. Whether this is another phase of anglomania or not, I do not know, but am inclioed to suspect it is. All I can say is, if this be true, and there ought to he no reason to doubt it, the American girl is making a big mistake. Her mistake is two-fold. In the first place, in "going in" for athletics, either for sport or exercise, she is not imitating the best class of English girl, as no doubt she fondly imagines; and, in the second, in thus masculinizing herself, she is destroying her greatest charm and attraction in English eyes. Apart from her easy, self-possessed manners, her conversational powers, her store of imformation on all subjects, and her money, her delicate skin, peach-like complexion, and fragile frame have given her that delightful effeminacy of *tout ensemble* which is rarely, if ever, seen in English women outside of old family portraits in the picture-galleries of the aristocracy. Sun-burned cheeks, throats, and foreheads, and freckled noses may betoken health and physical strength, or they may not. I leave the discussion of the subject to professors of hygiene, retaining a strong belief myself that brawn and muscle and red faces in man or woman are by no means indispensable to an exemption from doctors' hills. I know this, however (and I think most people not affected by the athletic craze, which appears to be sweeping over American society like an Iowa tornado, will agree with me), that such so-called indications of health are not indications of beauty.

If so, why are all the portraits of the English nobility's mothers, grandmothers, great-grandmothers, and great-aunts, which one sees staring down from the walls of every great house in the kingdom — why are they of pink-and-white-skinned women, with soft, pale faces and slightly built, fragile figures? Now and then you may see a fat old dowager in a turban and with a bust to out-Juno Juno, but it is the fat of indolence and ease, not the developed muscle of the dumb-bell, the foil, and the boxing-glove. All, however, have pale faces and delicate, transparent skins. I do not mean to say that all the women who sat for these portraits had pink-and-white cheeks, soft, pale skins, and slight, willowy figures. Douhtless the majority had. Why not? Who can say to the contrary? But even suppose they had not, and that the tender complexions, white skins, and slender figures were, in nine cases out of ten, but artists' flattery. Does it not show that the artists' ideal of female beauty was not a sunburned forehead, a bronzed cheek, a brown tbroat, a swarthy neck and shoulders, a biceps developed arm, and a red-knuckled hand? What all the great painters, whose names adorn the "beauty" collections in all the picture-galleries, both public and private, would do if asked to-day to paint one of the sun-tinted, muscular maidens one reads about, I am sure I do not know. Lay in an extra stock of sepia and burnt sienna; or, more likely, work in the flesh-coloring according to tbeir ideal pink-and-white, and think they were doing their best to please.

There can be no doubt that Englishmen consider tbeir old family portraits as models of womanly beauty. They look on them as a sort of ideals, however, and simply because they never nowadays see in real life their counterpart, not in feature, but in color. Now and tben, perhaps, there might be a complexion of that sort, but very rarely. I speak, of course, of their own countrywomen. Therefore has it been a surprise to them, wbich might be termed an awakening from a delusion, to find the skins, complexions, and slender outlines of tbeir female ancestors' portraits reproduced in the American girl. This (witb her own or her "popper's" money) has been her greatest charm in tbeir eyes. I do not mean to imply that ber own or her "popper's" money would not have sufficed if her complexion had been that of an Iroquois squaw. Still, let us, for the romance of the thing, believe that it would not. At all events, we can assume that in all the titled marriages whicb American girls have made of late years among the British nobility, tbeir beauty was what first attracted the Englishmen's attention and captured their—admiration. I was going to say affections. But I can not run the romance to that length. What, of course, made marriage possible was their money. Ten to one if the question of marriage would have arisen had not beauty suggested it and a consequent ascertainment of the satisfactory financial condition of its possessor.

So, therefore, I say to American girls, who want to marry English dukes and marquises, earls and barons, lords, and honorables, and sirs, preserve your beauty; wear your veils aod broad-brimmed hats; keep out of the sun and wind; dread tan and freckles as you would the bite of a rattlesnake; retain your peach-like skins and your fragile figures. English dukes and marquises, earls and barons, lords, and honorables, and sirs, have enough bronze, leather-faced young women to choose from in England without wanting any more from America. Give up tennis, unless beneath a wide-awake, and even then just think of your poor hands! A backhander which skims the net may cause you a thrill of delight, but it adds to the circumference of your wrist every time. Do not you find it so? Driving four-in-hand enlarges the knuckle-joints. India-rubber-soled shoes swell the feet and lay the seeds of bunions. Neither Lady Mandeville nor Lady Randolph Churchill was an "atblete." They had American complexions, unspoiled by sun and wind. As Minnie Stevens, Mrs. Arthur Paget had the softest white skin. Could there be a more perfect complexion than Miss Jennie Chamberlain's? Could there be a softer, tenderer figure than hers when the Prince of Wales's notice first gave her fame as a beauty? It is one of the first things you will hear an English person say wben American girls are mentioned. *The* first thing is, "They all dress so well"; the second, "They have such beautiful complexions." In forming this opinion, they judge by the American girls tbey have seen. What they will say when the brown and brawny damsels begin to come over, I can not imagine.

I have said that the highest class of English girls are not athletic, and I think I am right. Most of them hunt, it is true. A few have made themselves very silly of late, trying to play cricket. But I do not think they rush lawn-tennis as the middle-class girls do. They have brown faces I know, and red faces, and thick skins, coarse and leathery. But they do not go out of their way to try and get them. They would far sooner have delicate pink-and-white cheeks, like their great-grandmothers' portraits, if they could. But all the veil-wearing in the world would not help them. They have inherited their coarse skins from their fathers. Perhaps it may be the climate. Possibly the beer and stout at luncheon. Who can tell? But whatever may be the cause, be sure that the high-born girls—the Ladies Ethel, and Gwendolen, and Muriel, and Clara—do not try to acquire coarse complexions, and do not tear about wildly in the sun for that purpose. They live the life they were born to, and never imitate any one. They are not constantly going in for some new thing because it is the fashion. They have no need to be in the fashion for that matter. They would be just exactly the same people and have the same position and rank, whether they were followers of fashion or not. They know this, and it makes them satisfied and indifferent. In "going in" for out-of-door exercise, long walks, surf-bathing, rowing, fencing, boxing, and lawn-tennis, American girls do not imitate them, for these English girls do not "go in" for anything. They merely do what they are accustomed to do.

It is my belief that in their endeavor to be rough and mannish, brawny and brown-skinned, the American girls are overdoing it. It is a fad that will soon fade. It is too bot to last. There is really no stay in it. Unaccustomed to exercise, as exercise and for exercise's sake, these American girls will presently tire of their muscle and brown skins. Muscle and brown skins will then cease to be the fashion, and the pale faces and pink-and-white complexions will "come in" again. In England, bowever, there will be no change.

LONDON, October 19, 1889. COCKAIGNE.

In January next, Louis Kossuth will become a man without a country. He will, on the ninth of that month, complete the period of absence from Hungary which will terminate and forfeit his citizenship of that country. His two sons have become Italian citizens, and the venerable patriot has been strongly urged to do likewise, but he probably will not do so.

HER FIRST NIGHT UNDER-GROUND.

Her first night under-ground; droop, wings of dusk,
And summer eve, drop here your tears of musk!
Winds of the gloaming gently circle round
Her grave; it is her first night under-ground.

I wonder is she lonely? Does she weep
Down there, close cradled in ber shrouded sleep?
Oh, cold white slumber, that she questioned here,
Dost softly sil upon ber brow so dear?

In the dim church-yard on the moonlit bill,
Where sentry shadows pace austere and still,
In the strange silence, in the funeral shade,
For the first time her dreamless couch is made.

Time's mystic fountain-head may waste and fail,
Day's ruddy brow witb creeping age grow pale,
Past and still past unchristianed eons go,
Nor break to-night's deep slumber; does she know?

—*Mary A. Leonard.*

A Vienna correspondent recently wrote: "The only son of the late Duchess Galliera M. Ferrari Galliera, is at present in this city with an inseparable companion, one M. Boulanger. Two days ago, M. Galliera took the oath as a Servian subject. The reason of this is interesting. For several years, M. Galliera has lived in the firm conviction that Boulanger, who is really the son of his coachman, is his brotber. I am told that the illusion is the work of hypnotism. He bas made attempts in several countries to give M. Boulanger the place of a brother and failed. In Servia, this extraordinary wish has been fulfilled, and M. Boulanger is now the beir-presumptive to the Galliera property, amounting to more than fifteen million francs."

H. A. Playter, a stenographer of New York, has undertaken the most difficult task which ever fell to the lot of a short-hand expert. The two languages used at the sessions of the Maritime Congress, Washington, are English and French. When a speech is delivered in English, it is Mr. Playter's duty to rise and translate the speech orally into French from stenographic notes. He reverses this process when a speech is first delivered in French. The magnitude of this achievement can be fully appreciated ooly by stenographers.

King Otto of Bavaria receives four million two hundred and thirty-one thousand and forty-four marks, or a little over a million dollars, a year, from which two hundred and fifty thousand dollars is deducted to pay off the debts of his predecessor, King Ludwig. How large those debts are may be inferred from the fact that it will take fifteen years to wipe them out entirely.

There are several good reasons for the attempt to train swallows for military messages, instead of carrier-pigeons. The swallows are swifter and more difficult marks to shoot at. The experiment so far promises well. A young swallow from Roubaix flew home from Paris, one hundred and fifty-tbree miles, in an hour and thirty minutes.

A gentleman was out shooting near Tolness, Eng., the other day, when he had the misfortune to shoot his dog. For a moment he was too much overcome to see what damage he had done, and before he had recovered himself, the animal, a black retriever, had come up to him, bringing in its mouth its own tail, which had been shot clean off.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

The polecat is a little animal for a scent.—*Time.*

Know thyself. If you can't get the requisite information, run for office—*Time.*

Bootblack—"Shine, sir?" *Actor* (egotistically)—"Well, I should say I do."—*Judge.*

Minister (to Sunday-school class)—"Yes; all you little children are made of dust. Now, boys, what am I made of?" *Class*—"Mud!"—*Time.*

When a married man buttons his suspenders on with eight-penny nails it is sure evidence that he has been disappointed in love.—*Binghamton Republican.*

Mr. Cambridge—"Miss Lakeside, have you ever read 'Looking Backward?'" *Miss Lakeside*—"No; I tried to once, but it gave me a crick in the neck."—*Life.*

"There," said the new lady of the castle, "are the graves of the former owner's ance-tors. My ancestors," she added, proudly, "are all living."—*Harper's Magazine.*

Had Robinson Crusoe been an Irishman, there can be little doubt that, when first he saw the footprints on the sand, he would have exclaimed: "It is fate!"—*Harper's Bazar.*

"I can't understand all this fuss about using electricity for execution," remarked Judge Lynch, of Kansas, reflectively; "out in our section we bave used the telegraph-pole for years."—*Life.*

"Well, how are you getting along in your profession?" "First rate. I began as a policeman, then I got to be night watchman, and now I'm breaking into banks on my own account.'—*Life.*

He—"I don't see why you won't marry a man without capital if he bas a good salary. Mother Eve married a gardener." *She*—"Yes, and the first thing he did was to lose bis situation!"—*Life.*

Wife—"George, didn't you say you were the heaviest batter in the nine last summer?" *Husband*—"Yes, dear." "Well, would you mind beating a carpet for me about half an hour?"—*Time.*

Doctor—"Take these powders as directed, and your cold will be gone in two or three days." *Patient*—"You seem quite hoarse, doctor?" *Doctor*—"Yes; I've had a bad cold for four weeks."—*Epoch.*

First thespian—"So old Hevyvillan has gone to the poor-house?" *Second thespian*—"Yes, he'll feel at home there, too. The poor old fellow has been used to poor houses all his life, you know."—*Life.*

Fond mother (to governess)—"The dear children know no slang at all, and I want you to take care that they never hear any." *Baby* (aged eighteen months)—"Oh, come off the roof-tin, birdie!"—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Louise (of New York)—"What! Have you been married eight times, Elsie?" *Elsie* (of Chicago)—"Yes; I've had eight husbands. And I've been very fortunate, too; not a single one of them died on my hands."—*Time.*

Dog fancier—"Yes, madam, I have all kinds of dogs here. Is there any particular breed you wish?" *Old lady* (who reads the papers)—"Oh, anything that's fashionable. Lemme see an ocean greyhound."—*New York Weekly.*

First book—"Oh, how I wish I had been 'She' instead of being a miserable treatise on geology. Just think how widely I should be sought after if I had been 'She.'" *Second book*—"Yes, indeed. I only wish I had 'Ben Hur.'"—*Time.*

"Her brother Hank went over on the prairie shuckin' corn, an' clumb a tree one evenin' to pound down some hicker-nuts, an' fell an' struck on the fence head fust." "Broke his fall, didn't it?" "Broke his neck!"—*Harper's Bazar.*

Managing editor—"This won't do, Mr. Dixon. In this wedding notice you use the words 'Mated for life.'" *Reporter*—"Isn't that expression customary, sir?" *Managing editor*—"But in this case the parties are an actor and actress."—*Life.*

A West Virginian trained a tiny stream of water to fall, drop by drop, on a rock, and in five years it has worn a hole seven inches deep in solid stone. He could have made the same hole in fifteen minutes with a chisel and hammer.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Enraged father—"Well, that's the last time I'll ever be fool enough to give any of my daughters a wedding-check." *Mother*—"Why, Charles? There's nothing wrong, I hope." "Yes, but there is. That fool of a son-in-law has gone and had it cashed."—*Judge.*

"Let me look at your winter underwear, please," said the stylish young lady, as she stood at the counter of the dry-goods store. "Excuse me, madam," answered the obliging clerk, as he shivered unconsciously; "but I am still wearing my summer clothes."—*Puck.*

Lawyer—"Judging from your replies, you do not seem to have any opinions on any subject." *Possible juror*—"No, sir, I ain't tried to have no opinion of my own fer a good many years." "Humph! How many years?" "Oh, I dunno; ever since I married."—*New York Weekly.*

Jack (a Harvard man, philosophically)—"Well, as that duffer Marcus Aurelius said, 'Life is but a halt between two eternities.'" *Stunning cousin*—"Yes; I believe every word that *dear* man says. Have you read his 'John Bull and His Island?' It is just *too* lovely!" *Jack (sotto voce)*—"Good Gord!"—*Once a Week.*

They say—we don't know who they are, but whatever they say goes—they say every shot of one of Krupp's newest guns costs fifteen hundred dollars—that is to say, it costs this much at one end of the shot. What it costs at the other end, depends on how much the thing it hits is worth and what it will cost to remove the debris.—*Washington Post.*

Haberdasher—"Here is a very pretty necktie, sir. It is called 'The Progressive.'" *Customer*—"Well, it's too progressive for me. I've got one like it at home, and whenever I put it on it progresses up over my collar and half way to the bald spot over my left eye. Gimme one a little slower—something that'll stay down without a clock-weight."—*Time.*

Scribbler—"When is that review of my novel coming out, Scather?" *Scather* (professional critic)—"Well, to tell the truth, I have not read it yet." *Scribbler*—"Yet when I brought the book to you, you assured me that you would lose no time in reading it." *Scather*—"So I did. Well, I have lost no time in reading it yet."—*America.*

Mr. Primus—"Who is that girl eating so enthusiastically over yonder at the other table?" *Miss Secunda*—"Why, that is Miss Blackhill, granddaughter of the Dakota millionaire. She looks as if she had always had what she wanted, doesn't she?" *Mr. Primus*—"Well, yes. She looks like a girl who was born with a silver-knife in her mouth."—*Life.*

"Speaking of mushrooms and toadstools, gentlemen," chimed in Dunley, "a friend of mine not long ago gathered a quantity of what he supposed were mushrooms and took 'em home. His wife cooked 'em and the whole family ate heartily of 'em." "And did they all die?" inquired the rest, very much shocked. "No; they happened to be mushrooms, you see," replied Dunley, with a far-away look in his eyes; "but it was a narrow escape."—*Tid-Bits.*

"Gentlemen," said the quiet citizen, who was attending his first political caucus, "in rising to nominate Mr. Simoson for this office, I wish to say that I know him to be well qualified and in every way worthy. He is not a man of many words, it is true. He is a plain, unassuming American——" And amid wild yells of "Down wid 'im!" "Put 'im out!" "Hang the blag'yard!" the quiet citizen put on his hat, jumped out of the nearest window, and abandoned politics forever.—*Chicago Tribune.*

ROMAN CATHOLIC NEWS.

"Behold how these Christians Love One Another."

An Associated Press dispatch says:

"A grand scene was presented on the opening of the Papal Congress at Baltimore. In the morning, a cordon of the Catholic societies formed about the cathedral square, and between the lines of knights in gay uniforms and gilded banners, the procession of prelates and priests, in their white-and-gold vestments, moved from the cardinal's residence by way of Charles and Mulberry Streets to the main entrance of the church. Cardinals Gibbons and Taschereau followed the bishops, walking under a gold-and-crimson canopy borne by the members of the Young Catholic Friends Society. No one was admitted to the cathedral except pew-holders and those having special invitations, enough of which had been issued to fill every seat in the edifice. Archbishop Williams, of Boston, celebrated the Pontifical Mass and Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, preached the centennial sermon. Cardinal Gibbons occupied his throne of red damask and gold, and Cardinal Taschereau sat on a similar elevation on the epistle side of the sanctuary."

Christ entered Jerusalem sitting upon an ass! Contrast the humble simplicity of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, entering the imperial city of Christendom, surrounded with poor, lowly disciples clad in fishermen's garb, while a great multitude spread their garments in the way, and others cut down branches from the trees and strewed them in the way, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken to the daughters of Zion: "The king cometh unto thee, meek and sitting upon an ass, and a colt the foal of an ass." Compare the humble entrance of Christ the King, the Son of Jehovah, into Jerusalem, with the ridiculous and ostentatious pageant of a pre-arranged procession of knights in "gay" uniforms, with "gilded" banners" and "gold" vestments, bearing a pair of red-legged cardinals from their "palace" in Mulberry Street to a cathedral church, not yet one hundred years old, under "gold-and-crimson" canopies borne by liberty-loving American boys acting as lackeys and menials, *jinrikisha*-bearers to the holy father, who holds a false power-of-attorney to represent Him who entered Jerusalem upon the foal of an ass. It is a great evolution for the ass, in that his descendants are now astride the conscience and wisdom of the age. Christ upon an ass, cardinals upon thrones of damask and gold, fittingly represent the contrast between the simple Christian church of the primitive era and the political fabric which now makes ostentatious exhibition of its gilded pomp for the admiration of the ignorant and vulgar masses.

In several parts of Georgia—in Macon, Augusta, etc.—the public schools are taught by the Sisters of Mercy, to whom the salaries of ordinary teachers are paid by the school-board.

This is the Jesuitical programme, to be carried out in all the States.

A Roman Catholic priest, the Rev. Father Boyle, of North Carolina, is to be hanged at Raleigh, on the twenty-ninth of this month, for the crime of rape, committed upon the person of Miss Geneva Whittaker, a young lady member of his congregation. There is apparently no hope for a remission of the sentence by the governor of the State of North Carolina, and the clergy of the Catholic Church are represented as putting forth but insincere efforts for a modification of the death penalty.

NEW YORK, November 6th.—At three o'clock to-morrow afternoon, Bishop Loughlin will lay the corner-stone of the beautiful Romanesque Church of the Transfiguration, at the corner of Hooper Street and Marcy Avenue, Brooklyn. Chapin, the Democratic mayor, will be present, and an elaborate musical programme will be rendered.

The Rev. Dr. John McQuirk, of St. Paul's, East One Hundred and Seventeenth Street, New York, has been appointed "Defender of the Marriage Tie," the diocesan office originally held by the Rev. Dr. Burtsell.

This office is held in the Diocese of San Francisco by Judge Jeremiah Sullivan.

The Rev. Dr. Foster, of the Congregational Church, has recently delivered in Chicago a notable attack on Romanism, in which he used the following language:

"Rome is always antagonistic to the best spirit of liberty. She uses it only as a means of advancing her own interests. We have opened to her a haven, and she has unloaded on our shores eight million Roman Catholics of Europe, dominated by the great political organization known as the Catholic Church. The government of that church is a self-continuing oligarchy. It is not dependent on the will of the communicants. The Pope appoints the cardinals. The cardinals elect the Pope. The Pope appoints the bishops and the bishops the priests. The Pope is autocrat, king of kings. He obtains obedience through the confessional. The priests ascertain in the confessional whether the Pope is obeyed or not, and withhold or give absolution accordingly. Once make a man believe that his salvation depends on the priest in the confessional and his subjection to Rome is absolute. The Pope has declared himself infallible on all questions of morals, and if morals touch politics he controls politics. Thank God there are many Catholics who have broken away from the bondage of the confessional and are Catholics yet."

The Rev. Dr. Meloy, a Protestant Irishman, preaching at the Presbyterian Church, in Chicago, said of the Cronin trial:

"Mark my words. The men who were the instigators of the murder are not yet indicted. There is no crime these men are not ready to commit. Pray for these jurymen that their lives may be spared and that they may be able to reach a just verdict. Cain was a murderer. He was not given over to the executioner. But a mark was put on his brow. It may be better for some of these guilty dupes, who are now on trial for this murder, to die for the crime than for others—the archconspirators—to continue to live and have their liberty with the mark of Cain upon their brows, known of all men wherever they go. Their names are now a by-word and a hissing in our city. God grant that right and truth may prevail, and that our city may be purged of the stain of blood."

The Protestant clergy are beginning to exhibit the courage of their convictions.

Bernard Cohn, a Jewish resident of Los Angeles, died intestate on the first of November, leaving an estate valued at seven hundred thousand dollars, leaving two sons and a married daughter. The eldest son, Julius B., has been appointed administrator of the estate. Cohn was a Polish Jew. A Roman Catholic Spanish woman now turns up with another family which she claims was begotten under the solemn sanction of a sacramental marriage. This woman, who bears the name of Delphina Varelas, presents four children for their share of the inheritance. All of which is very good for the lawyers.

The statue of Giordano Bruno stands undisturbed at Rome, guarded by the vigilance of Italian students, who daily crown it with wreaths or flowers in mark of their respect for the honored dead whom it commemorates. This monument of Bruno in bronze represents, as a symbol, the emancipation of Italy from the superstition which crushed out independent thought and personal liberty for nearly six centuries of time.

LIMERICK, November 10th.—Bishop O'Dwyer has issued a pastoral letter, forbidding the clergy of the diocese to grant absolution to any person guilty of boycotting or pursuing the "Plan of Campaign." The bishop retains to himself alone the right to absolve such persons.

Cardinal Schiaffino, who died in Rome on September 24th, was the sixty-third member of the Sacred College who passed away since the election of Pope Leo the Thirteenth, February 20, 1878. The number of cardinals now living is sixty-five. Seven are over eighty, twenty-one between seventy and eighty, twenty-two between sixty and seventy, eleven between fifty and sixty, and four between forty-two and forty-eight. Cardinal Newman, who was born on February 21, 1801, is the oldest member of the Sacred College.

If all these cardinals have passed away as mysteriously as did Cardinal Schiaffino, the Jesuit poison-policy is working well.

NEW YORK, November 9th.—The *Mail and Express* cable from Rome says:

"The official newspapers of the city, in articles referring to the extreme feebleness of Pope Leo the Thirteenth, state that the Pope, in view of the fact that he expects to die soon, has given orders that he shall be buried in the Basilica of San Giovanni in Laterano. He has selected a spot which opens on the gallery which runs round the apse, and he has set apart a sum of money to defray the expenses of his funeral. His body physician, Dr. Ceccorelli, has absolutely forbidden him to hold any more receptions for some time, and directs that every means shall be employed by those about him to divert his mind from these gloomy thoughts. The mental condition of His Holiness, indeed, is pitiful despite his nervous energy."

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., October 27th.—The Rev. Father Bruns of the Catholic parish of St. John Baptist, has incurred the dislike of some of the young men of his congregation for his outspoken condemnation of a ball announced to be held by the Young Men's Union of the church. The hall was held despite his refusal to give his permission, and the priest followed up the matter by censuring the men both from the pulpit and in the papers. Since then he has been subjected to many petty annoyances, and unknown persons have even circulated stories about him that prove on investigation to be entirely untrue. Recently he was obliged to call a policeman because his door had been blockaded by cobble-stones. The young men of the union say that they are as ignorant as is the priest of the identity of his tormentors. The leading members of the congregation and, in fact, all the parishioners, with the exception of a few of the younger people, uphold the priest in his course, and it was at their request that the bishop stationed him here permanently.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Oliver Goldsmith.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The story of "A Loving Widow," published in your paper of November 4th, and the criticism of the same by your genial correspondent, "F. McC.," of San Luis Obispo, published November 11th, have suggested some thoughts on the writings and methods of Goldsmith which may be of interest to your readers. I can not agree with "F. McC." that the story of "A Loving Widow," published as "translated from the French for the New York *Times*," was stolen from Goldsmith's "Citizen of the World." There is strong evidence that Goldsmith himself adapted the narrative from the French, and enlarged and beautified the story, as was his wont with everything he touched. He commences his brochure with the marital felicities of the husband Choang and his wife Hansi; relates the incident of the widow who tried to fan her husband's grave until it was dry; brings the widow to his own home to be consoled by his wife; then introduces a wicked disciple into the family circle, who makes love to the too susceptible Hansi. A tragedy follows, which is comic in its results, which has its ending in the nuptials of the recently bereaved Choang and the grave-fanning widow. Thus Goldsmith, in his inimitable manner, makes a delightful story out of the meagre details gathered from an old French writer, Père Dentrecolles.

In all the realm of incidents connected with literary men, there is perhaps nothing more picturesque than the experiences of Goldsmith on his first visit to Paris, in the year 1755. With a flute under his arm, a guinea in his pocket, and one extra shirt tied up in a handkerchief, he walked gayly into the French metropolis and set about making the acquaintance of the Bohemians of that day, and for a few months led with them a joyous and inexpensive career. From his old tutor, the parish-priest of Ballymabon, he had learned a little French, which enabled him to be instructed by the chemical lectures of M. Rouelle and to be amused by the piquant performances of Mlle. Clairon, a celebrated actress of that period. Diderot and Voltaire were, at this time, in the prime of life and of literary work, and Fontenelle was dying of old age. Goldsmith made the acquaintance of these three celebrities, as well as of the minor wits and writers of the French capital. He studied the serious works of prominent authors, and familiarized himself with the *vers de société* of that brilliant period. He doubtless made copious notes of what he felt and saw and read, which were of service to him in after life.

Having learned the language from an Irish priest, he was interested in the writings of French priests, and thus it was that he selected, from works offered him to read, a volume written by Père Dentrecolles, who had been superintendent-general of the French missionaries in China. In this book he found the charming story which Père Dentrecolles had translated from the Chinese into French, and which Goldsmith afterward embodied into one of his letters from a "Citizen of the World."

In the "Deserted Village," Goldsmith writes:

> "Princes and lords may flourish or may fade,
> *A breath can make them as a breath has made.*"

An old French poet, De Caux, in comparing the world to an hour-glass, says:

> "C'est un verre qui luit,
> Qu'un souffle peut detruire, et qu'un souffle a produit."

How grandly he adapts the idea in the noble line just quoted.

The elegy on the glory of her sex, "Mrs. Mary Blaize," "On the Death of a Mad Dog," and "The Gift to Iris," were imitations from a collection of epigrams and witty poems published in Paris under the name of "Ménagiana." Goldsmith made no secret of these borrowings from another language, but published the lines as imitations from the French. In a volume of poems, written by the cynical but amusing Ségur in 1719, he found this verse:

> "Lorsqu' une femme, apres trop de tendresse,
> D'un homme sent la trahison,
> Comment pour cette si douce faiblesse,
> Peut-elle trouver une guérison?"

How well the author of the "Vicar of Wakefield" remembers these lines when he tells how the poor, betrayed Olivia sings to her father, with trembling lips:

> "When lovely woman stoops to folly,
> And finds too late that men betray,
> What charm can soothe her melancholy,
> What art can wash her guilt away?"

How the idea, conveyed in the French lines, is intensified and softened by its change into English—it is pathos personified—Mrs. Barbeauld, the writer of hymns and lessons for children, says: "This specimen of Goldsmith's poetical powers is wonderfully pathetic. It is sweet as music and polished like a gem."

From these evidences of Goldsmith's use of ideas, gathered from the French, in the composition of some of his minor efforts, we can not escape the conviction that the writer in the New York *Times* has unearthed an old copy of Père Dentrecolles's volume of translations from Chinese into French, and has evolved therefrom his translation from French into English of "A Loving Widow; the cause of her Vigil by her Husband's Grave." W. E. BROWN.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 13, 1889.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Old Lord Hertford used to tell about meeting old Baron James de Rothschild (whom his lordship cordially detested) in the street one day, almost weeping, and of how the baron, on being questioned as to the cause of his melancholy, naïvely exclaimed: "You English are such brutal people. I called on Lord X. this morning" (mentioning a Cabinet minister) "to make him a present of a splendid miniature set in diamonds, and he threatened to kick me down-stairs!"

Louis the Fourteenth had a terrible fear of hell, and believed that anybody not in favor with the Jesuits would surely be damned. A courtier once wished to take a certain gentleman into his service. The Jesuits, to injure the said gentleman in the king's estimation, said he was a Jansenist. His majesty sent for the courtier, and said to him: "What is this I hear? Are you thinking of taking a Jansenist into your service?" "I?" answered the courtier; "I never even thought of such a thing." "But," said the king, "you are certainly going to take ——, whose mother is Jansenist?" "As for him," replied the courtier, laughing, "far from being Jansenist, he does not even believe in God!" "Oh," said the king, much relieved, "if that is all, take him and welcome."

The Grand Duke Constantine, the most talented and clever member of the imperial house of Romanoff, was wont to disconcert prosy hores who were presented to him for the first time. His single eye-glass hung from his neck by an elastic cord, and as soon as ever his interlocutor had embarked on some long-winded speech, he would quietly give the elastic an imperceptible twitch, which had the effect of sending the eye-glass rebounding up to his eye, where it remained fixed, without any apparent effort or action on his part. He would then gaze fixedly through the eyeglass at the unfortunate speaker, just as though nothing had happened. The effect of this little manœuvre was generally to disconcert completely the new presentée, whose utterances were cut short not only by the manner in which the monocle appeared to fly up to the grand duke's eye of its own accord, but also by the fact that his imperial highness seemed totally unmoved thereby.

The little German Crown Prince seems to have inherited some of the pleasing qualities of his father. The prince was driving out with his governess. As usual, the Germans cheered the little one or lifted their hats to him as he passed, to which the young prince replied by raising his bonnet. At last, the crown prince got bored with having continually to acknowledge the salutes of the populace. Flinging himself back in the carriage, he said to his governess: "I am tired now and shall not lift my bonnet any more to them, no matter how much they cheer." "You are a naughty boy," replied the governess; "and, unless you acknowledge the salutes of the people, I shall not continue to drive with you." The little crown prince sat up immediately. "Coachman," said he. The coachman looked round. "Stop the carriage, coachman," continued the little one; "this lady will get out," he added, with a lordly wave of the hand toward his governess.

It has been noticed (says the *Youth's Companion*) that sometimes people who are slightly deaf appear to be able to hear certain sounds better than they are to hear others; and from this the proverb, "None so deaf as those who won't hear," has arisen. The story is a well-known one of the rich father, who was somewhat deaf, and who was asked one day by his scapegrace son: "Father, will you give me fifty dollars?" "What?" said the father, putting his hand to his ear. "Will you give me a hundred dollars?" shouted the young man. "Hold on!" said the father; "I heard you well enough the first time." A somewhat similar story is told of Sir Richard Steele, who, when he was preparing a room in York Buildings, London, for public orations, happened to be a good deal behind in his payments to his workmen. Coming one day into the hall to see what progress was made, Steele ordered the carpenter to get into the rostrum and make a speech, in order to observe how it could be heard. The carpenter mounted the stage, and, scratching his head, told Sir Richard that he did not know what to say. "I'm no orator, sir," he said. "Oh, no matter," said Steele; "say the first thing that comes uppermost in your head." "Why, then, Sir Richard," said the man, "here we have been working for your honor these six months, and can not get a penny of our money. Pray, sir, when do you intend to——" "That will do—that will do!" said Steele; "you may come down. I heard you quite distinctly, but I didn't like your subject."

A writer in *Murray's Magazine* eulogizes the intelligence and amiability of the elephant, which, he says, has a heart, though the way to that organ may be through the stomach, and its affection dependent on offerings of oranges, pine-apple rinds, and other refuse of fruit. An elephant employed in Ceylon, in building a huge stone dam, to close up a river and thus form a lake, was one of the sights of the place. He first of all drew from the quarry the huge stone which was to be used; be then undid the chain by which he had drawn it. He next proceeded to roll it with his forehead along the narrow stone-wall, or embankment, until he fitted it exactly into its place. On the one side of this wall was a precipice, on the other a deep lake. As the stone was pushed by his forehead, it would at one time incline to the lake, at another over the precipice, but he immediately made it straight again with his foot. He was doing the work of ten men and with the accuracy of a skilled mason. One day, when he was at work, a by-stander asked if he would take up a large sledge-hammer, lying on the ground, and break an enormous rock close to it. The officer in charge of the work said this was asking too much, but the Mahout who heard the conversation replied, gravely: "Bombera can and will do everything he is asked." He then said something to the elephant, who took up the sledge as if it were a feather, and knocked the stone to pieces. "Now take your pipe and smoke it," said the Mahout, upon which the animal stuck the sledge in his mouth and walked off with it. Another elephant, also employed in moving stones, performed, of his own accord, a most intelligent act. He was carrying a large and heavy stone down a steep declivity, and, as the chain was somewhat long, the stone struck repeatedly against his knees. He stopped, made what the sailors call a hight of the chain, and, having thus shortened it, carried the stone to its destination without further discomfort.

In the "Personal" column of the *World* there was published an advertisement offering one thousand dollars reward to the person who will first place in the possession of the advertisers a genuine original copy of the newspaper containing a description or mention of David Drawhaugh's "talking machine or telephone invention," printed some time between the years 1870 and 1876. At the trial of the suit to establish the right to the patent for the art of telephoning, which was commenced in 1880, certain witnesses for Drawhaugh said that they had read in a Harrisburg, Pa., paper a description of a telephone which Drawhaugh had at his home. His attorneys, not appreciating the importance of this evidence, or thinking that they did not need it, did not produce the newspaper clipping. But during the last eight months, in view of the reopening of the case by the government, they have commenced a search for the article in question. They have been so far unsuccessful, and claim that the files of the newspaper which they have examined in libraries and newspaper-offices are, in many cases, complete, both prior and subsequent to the years mentioned, but the files covering the precise periods have either disappeared or been mutilated. A reward of one thousand dollars is also offered for the detection and conviction of the person or persons causing such mutilation or disappearance of the files.

Dr. Isaac Bartlett, of Hope, Me., is a man who has nearly lived his three-score-years-and-ten on bread and milk, because he was born with a liking for bread and milk, and a taste, or appetite, with slight exceptions, for no other kind of food; a man who has never eaten an ounce of meat in all his life, who has never taken a teaspoonful of intoxicating liquors of any kind, who has never used tobacco, tea, or coffee, except in the case of coffee once or twice, but very weak, and a man, too, who is hale and hearty, bright and active for a man of his age, and who tips the beam at two hundred and forty pounds.

VANITY FAIR.

The following paragraph is from the New York *Sun:* "Occasionally fashions start in New York and swing through to popularity at a pace which attracts the attention even of people who have no direct interest in the attire of women. Such a movement occurred last year with the Jane Hading veil. The most obtuse of men discovered that a new veil had come to town, and began to talk about it within a month after Mme. Hading's arrival. Since that time nothing has come up which approached the sudden popularity of the veil until the little capes, which are just now affected by women, came to the surface. The cape, though a single garment, looks as though composed of five or six capes, each one an inch or two shorter than the other. They are patterned apparently after the ones that have been worn by coachmen for the last eight or ten years, and the fashion is said to have been set by Lady Beresford, the wife of one of the most enthusiastic coaching-men in Great Britain. They are exceedingly pretty and effective, and they seem to please the men. Perhaps this is one of the results aimed at." From this it would seem that the many-caped coat is a novelty in New York, while it has been known in San Francisco for several months. It is probable, however, that the newness is not in the fashion, but in the fashion becoming a matter of comment. San Francisco, by the way, is as near Paris as any American city, and new modes are as soon adopted here as in New York. This is due to the fact that several of the leading houses here are direct importers.

Some woman writes thus to the *Commercial Advertiser:* "During the rushing hours of business nowadays, it is a refreshing sight to see a man remove his bat in an elevator when there is a lady present. I happened to be in one of the Equitable Building elevators recently, and I noted a surprising lack of this form of courtesy. Pompous lawyers, who doubtless consider themselves the personification of politeness, tilted their chapeaux back upon their learned heads, and dapper clerks, usually very respectful to ladies, seemed to forget my presence. One little man, however, who got in at the fourth floor, very politely removed his Derby and cast about him a look full of reproach when he saw every other man with his hat on. Surely Americans are not as polite as they might be." The question as to whether or not men shall uncover in an elevator if there be ladies present, has long been a disputed one. A ray of light is thrown on the discussion by the courts, which have decided that owners of elevators are common carriers. Consequently, elevators are public conveyances, like street-cars. Men do not keep their hats off in street-cars because women are present; hence they should not in elevators. It might be said, on the other hand, that elevators are luxuriously fitted up, that in them the surroundings are like those of a private house. But the same conditions prevail in Pullman cars, and few men keep their heads uncovered in Pullman cars—indeed, there are hats made especially for this service, showing that hats are intended to be worn there.

The Athenians of the fashionable world who constantly learn after some new things are, at present, interested in the suggestion of the triangular table for dinner-parties. It is done by arranging three tables in a triangle. The host sits at the point of the triangle, with the two most distinguished female guests on his right and left hand. The hostess occupies the centre of the base of the triangle, and has the distinguished men with her. The beauty of this arrangement is that at large dinners the host and hostess are not entirely removed from the guests at the centre of the table. As is usually the case, they are so far removed that they can not keep an eye upon them and see that they are well served and are being amused. But with the triangular table every one faces them, is near enough for conversation to be possible and agreeable, and altogether the conversation is easier to start and to regulate.

Mrs. Langtry has a silver bath, but, of course, that fact could not be known were it not for the keen nosing of reporters after the details of her daily existence. Bath-makers believe that there is only one silver bath in the world. This was made some years ago for an Indian prince by a London bath-maker, and he supposes that, the owner having died, the silver bath came into the market and Mrs. Langtry purchased it.

A silver bath is a tremendous affair. Some few wealthy people have copper baths plated with silver, but the cost is but a trifle compared with the genuine article. The baths most commonly used in the best houses are of enameled copper. This is what is placed in the bath-rooms of Marlborough House. There is no special luxury about the prince's bathing apparatus. Some wealthy people, who go in for luxurious bathing, fill their bath-rooms with statuary; have painted tile walls, and the bath itself is fitted into a case of carved oak. Then there are marble baths. They are both cold and costly. The most novel thing in baths, however, is one fitted with a shower-bath overhead, a needle-spray bath at the sides, and a wave-bath which rushes out at the foot. These are in addition to the ordinary hot and cold taps. So that a possessor of one of the ingenious things can have five styles of bathing. They cost about one hundred dollars.

In "Young Mr. Ainslie's Courtship," the author of "As in Looking-Glass" writes: "Most men, whether they will own much or not, would be thankful to be relieved of the restraint which the presence of ladies in season and out of season continually imposes on them. And this is especially the case after a hard day's hunting. On the other hand, there is a growing tendency on the part of a certain section of the gentler sex to make their presence felt at the most inopportune times. Only fancy what a smoking-room of a club would be if there were little tables in it with silver *bonbonières*, at which ladies were permitted to suck maraschino and water and stay themselves with nougat and rahat lakoum. Man does not penetrate the recesses of the ladies' boudoir, nor even attempt to do so, except on proper occasions. Nor ought women who wish to please to be always worrying to force their way into the masculine sanctum. Certainly, if they heard what was said of them on their departure they would hardly repeat the experiment."

In the upper ranks of English society (says the New York *Commercial Advertiser*), the circumstance of women, as a rule, not valuing intellectual qualifications in men so highly as some others, finds its corollary in their indifference to the advantages of education as regards their own sex. In cases tried in the divorce court, letters occasionally are put in and read, written by ladies of position, which prove—to say nothing of the morality of them—that they can not even express themselves in good English. On one occasion, not long ago, a ladies'-maid, who had been in the service of the Duchess of Westminster, brought a suit for defamation against her late mistress. The cause of the action was that the duchess had stated the reason of the dismissal of the plaintiff was that, at times, she was "out of her mind." In the course of the trial, some letters written by the duchess were read in court, and very curious compositions they were. The writer, in the opening paragraph, began in the third person, but, subsequently, this and the first person were used indiscriminately. The consequence was an almost inextricable confusion of the pronouns, it being difficult for the reader to decide whether, where the duchess employed the words "she" and "her," she meant herself, her correspondent, or the servant whose character was in question. In fact, the grammar of these epistles was so bad that it would have been discreditable to a child of fourteen years of age, who had passed through a board-school. Yet the lady, who wrote in this style, was the daughter of one duke and the wife of another.

"The Garmond of Fair Ladies," brought up to date from the sanitary point of view, with apologies to the spirit of good old Robert Henryson:

Yf my gud Lady wald be drest
Accordant with my will,
Na silken robe suld hir invest—
I have to paye the bill.

I wald nocht have my Lady's forme
By tailyeours hand arrayed,
Bot in materyel saft and warme
Maid uppe by hir owne mayde.

Of simpell mousseline wasbyng stuffe
Suld be hir dansyng frocke,
About hir necke not low aneuch
My modestie to shocke.

Also for walk and in the streit
Sche suld provyd a gown:
The Stores I thynk sche scarce wald beat
For ane confectioun.

No crinolette, no crinoline,
No hoope of any kynd
Suld e'er environ hir: my queene
Suld have no pouf behynd.

No corset suld with its embrace
Hir tender ribbes restraine;
My arme suld be the onlie lace
Hir boddie to sustaine.

Hir lingeries I will nocht mynd;
Sche suld have plentifulle,
Likwys ane garmond well combynd
Of some one's patent woolle.

Hir bonnet suld nocht be a joke
Of yellow flouirs and redde,
Nor suld sche spoil a damie toque
With lytill birdis beid.

Hir hat of quheaten stra swa quhyt
Suld sone and heate withstande,
And "fourteen-button sixes" mycht
Engluve hir tinie bande.

Hir low-heeled schone of fyttinge size
Suld have na pointit toes;
Nor suld coal-tars unhailsum dyes
Bedye my Lady's boiss.

Quhen sche those garmonds wald put on,
To make ane oathe I dare,
Thair is no way in Kensington
Couth schow a nymphe so fair.

—*St. James's Gazette.*

The New York *Sun* says: "The decline of the English tailor in America is announced by some of the trade journals, and it would seem that there is a reason for the assertion that he is no longer as fashionable as the American tailor. At all events, the signs of English tailors are coming down on many of the Broadway shops, and the distinctively American tailors are getting about all of the trade which is worth having. It has been discovered, at last, that the conventional English clothes do not fit."

"Some weeks ago, the editor of the *Eye* proposed to a number of St. Paul society people that they would give the *Eye* a list of names which would unquestionably be included in a supposititious roster of four hundred people who would form what is called 'society.' After considerable solicitation, an agreement was made with ten society leaders—five ladies and five men—by which a conclusion could be reached by the following *modus operandi:* Each of these ten persons was to send in to the editor a list of four hundred people. After these had all been received, they were to be printed upon separate tickets and placed in a box. Then a certain number were to be drawn at random each week, and the weekly list so made was to be submitted to each of the persons individually, and those names upon which they all agreed were to form the desired list of four hundred. Out of the four thousand names so submitted, it was found that there were twelve hundred and seventy-one distinct names. Many, of course, were duplicated, and of these but one ticket for each was printed. These twelve hundred and seventy-one were placed in an ordinary cylinder, were thoroughly commiogled, and from the cylinder were drawn one hundred tickets. The names on these tickets were printed separately upon ten slips of paper, and one slip sent to each of the ten persons forming the committee, with the request that the ineligible names he crossed out. These ten people are unknown to each other in connection with the matter, and are not permitted to disclose their identity. After the slips had all been returned to the editor, twenty-six out of the hundred were found to be unanimously mentioned." In the list the *Eye* publishes are the names of twelve unmarried women—who must have had at least mothers who are excluded—and as some are "Miss Blank" and some "Miss Alice Dash," it is presumable that these latter young ladies have sisters who must stand weeping at the gates of the St. Paul Paradise.

I was once showing some photographs of friends of mine to a Moorish lady (says a writer in the *Fortnightly Review*). She did not try to conceal her astonishment at the fact that "well-behaved women," as I had repeatedly to assure her they were, could be so bold as to have their pictures taken in this way to be exhibited to every chance acquaintance. But when we reached one taken in full evening-dress, she seemed simply stupefied. "Wallah!" she exclaimed; "you are laughing at me. This is impossible! No modest woman could allow any strangers to see even a picture of herself with her bosom thus exposed. This must be some work of imagination, not the portrait of a real living woman." But I assured her that she was mistaken. I explained to her the mysteries of a ball-room. "Then," she exclaimed, in high excitement, "may Allah curse her, and her house, and her offspring to all eternity! Shame on her!" Now this lady was no old and haggard maiden, such as even among ourselves is sometimes found to frown upon the gayly dressed damsels around her, and to reprove, in the bitterness of her envy and loneliness, their mad and merry frolics. She was a young woman of eighteen years of age, herself a perfect type of the far-famed Moorish beauty, a wife for the last five years, and a mother of three children. The tone of her voice left no doubt on my mind as to the honesty and genuine character of her disapprobation. In other words, she regarded her Western sisters, who never cease pitying her condition, and are always busy forming themselves into societies for the relief of herself and her fellow-prisoners and slaves, with just the same amount of contempt and aversion as they themselves are accustomed to regard the brazen *figurante*, who nightly displays the charms of her limbs and person for the delectation of miscellaneous audiences reeking with the fumes of tobacco and whisky!

It is not uncommon to hear of a man who is arrested for kissing a woman against her will, and being fined all the way from twenty-five to one hundred dollars; but it is not so common to hear of a woman coming before a police court for the same offense. But the record was broken by a fair Chicago maiden, recently, who seized upon a mild and unoffending old gentleman, as he was quietly going about his business in a street of the world-fair-hungry metropolis, and placing her arms about his neck, bestowed upon his unwilling cheek a warm kiss of the most unreserved proportions. Most men would feel flattered at such a mark of appreciative attention from a blushing, or, in fact, from an unblushing maiden, especially an old man whose magnetism for the gentler sex might be supposed to have waned; but this old man did not see it in that light, and gave the maiden, who had lost her head over his personal charm, into the custody of an officer, and caused her to be fined five dollars for an assault upon him. This lack of gallantry on the part of the undeservedly favored being admits of no excuse; but if beneath his resentment there lurked any sense of conceit for the favor so unexpectedly bestowed upon him, it must have been mortifyingly dissipated upon learning the fact that the over-ardent maiden had taken an enemy into her mouth to steal away her brains—in other words, that she looked upon the wine when it was red.

Given a young man with an income of twenty-five hundred dollars a year and a taste for quiet, social pleasures, and you have one well fitted to live in a club of modest proportions (says the New York *Star*). New York abounds in such clubs. Out of the fifty or more thoroughly equipped clubs in the city, less than a dozen are of the costly and fashionable kind. It costs three hundred dollars to get into the Union League, and seventy-five dollars a year for dues, and the membership is full. Much the same facts and figures are true of the Manhattan, the Union, and the University Clubs. Rates are less at the Lotos, Century, and St. Nicholas, but these are hardly clubs for the young man on twenty-five hundred dollars a year. After these comes a long list of clubs whose entrance-fees vary from ten to fifty dollars, and whose dues seldom exceed thirty dollars per year. Most clubs lose money on their restaurants, and the man who dines steadily at his club gets some part of what the club loses. Club *tables d'hôte* are usually better than those of equal price at public restaurants. *A la carte* prices in most clubs are from ten to twenty per cent. below those of first-rate *à la carte* restaurants. The little D. K. E. Club runs a seventy-five-cent *table d'hôte*, at which from eight to twelve men dine every night. The club professes to make both ends meet. The Reform Club has an unusually good *table d'hôte* at seventy-five cents. There are from thirty to forty diners every night. The restaurant, however, is not a paying institution. At the Press Club, the Harvard Club, the Fellowcraft Club, or the Southern Society, a man may dine *à la carte* for what he will. If he is content with soup, roast, two vegetables, salad, and coffee, his bill will not exceed a dollar; but if he is determined to go through the whole list of soup, fish, entrée, roast, vegetables, dessert, cheese, coffee, wine, and liqueur, he will have to pay something between three and five dollars. The Little Delta Psi Club, which has a charming house in East Twenty-Eighth Street, is famous for its grill-room, but its prices are not of the kind which poor young men admire. The Racquet Club has a moderately good *table d'hôte*, to which it admits outer barbarians. Here are some figures which will fit the case of almost any young man living at a modest club: Lodging, fifteen to fifty dollars per month; breakfast, if of rolls and coffee, served in his own room, twenty cents; if a more elaborate meal in the café, say sixty-five cents; dinner, from seventy-five cents to two dollars. This figures up from forty-five to one hundred and thirty dollars per month. The first is a pretty low minimum; the last a fair maximum for a man who is not extravagant, but likes comfortable lodgings, good dinners, and an occasional bottle of wine. For fifteen dollars a month the club-lodger will get a bedroom pretty high up in the house. If the club is well managed, however, he will have an electric bell-button within reach of his door, and at the other end a reasonably prompt boy to answer the call. He will have, in addition to this, access to vastly more comfortable drawing-rooms than most boarding-houses afford; the use of handsome stationery, and the best magazines, reviews, and newspapers. If he smokes cigars and drinks alcoholic stimulants, he ought to obtain them at something below market rates.

EXPOSITION NOTES.

By our Paris Correspondent.

"What, still crowded!" I can imagine the reader exclaiming. Yes, more crowded than it has been before. Visitors to the exposition gather in numbers like a snowball, and the further we go the bigger become the totals. Last June, when we recorded more than two hundred thousand entrances, we thought we had reached a pretty maximum, and here last Sunday were upwards of three hundred and eighty thousand souls congregated in that inclosure. I was not one of them, I am glad to say. Perhaps, had I been, I should not be here to tell the tale. It is quite bad enough week-days. There are people everywhere, in the most unlikely corners. You meet them trooping along between rows of railway cars—immaculate cars, bright as varnish and wash-leather can make them; tiles, chimneys, and paving-stones, specimens of coal and marble, drain-pipes, and iron boilers seem to have charms for them; they even invade the once desolate realms of cotton and flax, and gaze at bales of wool, coils of rope, and acres of the unloveliest of textiles.

The public of to-day is democratic. It has an inquiring mind; it does not content itself with lounging about purposeless, as the *dilettante* public did earlier in the season. When it goes into the grounds, it is generally to eat its dinner or lunch spread out on a bench or to listen for a while, after having consumed the victuals, to the military bands, or else to take up a position for the show of the evening—the illuminated fountains; for the bands and the fountains continue to play, and will do so to the end of the chapter.

It seems to have a mission to see everything there is to be seen, which is the right spirit in which to go about visiting an exposition, of course. Nevertheless, it has its favorite sights. It delights in the agricultural and gastronomic sections, never seeming to tire of the sheaves of heavy-eared corn, the marvelous growth of mangel-wurzel and beet-root, the corpulent casks of polished and carved oak, the cool Spanish wine-vaults constructed after the Alhambra pattern, the noisy chocolate-making, soda-water pumping, biscuit-mixing, sugar-plum-rolling machines; the Brobdingnagian ovens, where the crackers, and the rolls, and the buns are baked light and crisp; the incubators where so many eggs are hatched a minute; the steam-churns, hay-compressors, winnowing and washing-machines; the model dairies, with the peaceful cows chewing the cud, the poultry-fattening apparatus, and many other things shown on that mile of quay between the Esplanade and the Champ de Mars. All of which appeal to average minds and intellects far more than the History of Habitations and its pseudo-ancient Egyptians, Etruscans, Gauls, and Huns, looking like masquerading mountebanks in their tawdry costumes and their eager desire to entrap customers into purchasing cheap mementoes of the exposition.

The democratic public loves soldiering. It dotes on the superb show made by the Ministère de la Guerre; it likes to marvel at the variety of the engines of destruction exhibited therein, to shiver at the deadly shell, to admire the uniforms worn by the different wooden sentinels at the doors, to look with complacence at the strength of the citadels reproduced in miniature.

The models are a great feature here and elsewhere. In the marine pavilion, down by the river, there are models of all the great seaport towns. Men from Havre, L'Orient, Larochelle, and Marseilles can point out the street they live in—the very roof which covers their heads when at home. The models of the defenses on the eastern frontier, in the military section, give quite the illusion of reality—there are the undulating hills, the sparkling torrents, the expanses of woodland and pasture—one might be looking down on them from the heights of the Jura. Then there are the models of farms and breeding-stables in the agricultural departments, the model of the Kimberley diamond mines and the gold mines of Peru in separate buildings on the Champ de Mars, and models of factories, aqueducts, stations, and railways in the machinery hall, where that of an open-air metropolitan railway, cutting through the heart of Paris, excites special interest.

Second only to the models are the manikins, large as life, shown pretty well through the whole length and breadth of the exhibition—here a group of your American soldiers, clad in the curious uniforms worn during the War of Independence; there specimens of each class of modern French soldier; figures of Russian, Roumanian, Italian, Spanish, and Swiss peasants in the different foreign sections; figures of Australian aborigines from Victoria and Adelaide, of South Sea Islanders, clad in feathers; specimens of all the provincial French costumes, gowns and head-dresses, jackets and small clothes, which have been hoarded from generation to generation by Normans and Breton, Berrichons and Franc Comtois, Gascons and Provençals—congregated in one of the galleries of the Trocadéro Palace. The History of Work is illustrated by figures of the stone and iron age, the first weavers of Egypt, Indians and Chinese of far-off centuries, the potters of Etruria, the glass-blowers of Venice, etc., in the Palace of Applied Art; there, also, are grewsome skeletons *ecorchés*, models for the surgeon, and automatic figures of maniacs and hysterical patients, and worse, before which are hung curtains which the curious draw aside. And beneath the central dome a collection of figures in theatrical costumes surround a wax statue of Mounet-Sully as Hamlet, and also dolls dressed to represent the great tragedy queens, comedians, and ballet-girls of the last three centuries—quite a museum in itself.

No wonder the visitors to the exposition may be reckoned by hundreds of thousands. Tickets of admission were to be had last week for five cents, there being still some six millions in circulation. Speculation is rife with respect to them. As soon as it was known that the exposition would remain open till the sixth of November certainly, and probably till the twelfth, up they went; their value was doubled in a twinkling. The six millions might perhaps be needed—all of them. So now you have to pay fourteen cents, and perhaps to-morrow they may be dearer still. Who knows? Unless the Cabinet is inexorable, and the time of closing is decided for the sixth after all, when there will be a fall in the prices surely, and we shall be pestered with venders at every turn crying, "*Six sous les tickets!*" "Monsieu; madame, here are tickets, six sous—only six sous!" I am told that ticket-selling is quite a lucrative employment, that ten or twelve francs a day may be earned by hawking them. When the exposition closes, hundreds of vagrants will be thrown on their own resources again, who now haunt the neighborhood of the entrance-gates and bawl themselves hoarse—one against another; and the ticket mart on the steps of the Bourse will have ceased to be. Such is life!

PARISINA.

PARIS, October 19, 1889.

Marie Bashkirtseff was the child of Russian people of rank and wealth, and passed most of her short life in Paris, where she studied music and art, and distinguished herself in the latter study. At the age of five, she showed evidences of a precocious genius, and at twelve, she was writing in her journal with all the worldly wisdom of a Machiavelli and the apparent *naiveté* of a child. For nearly twelve years, until she was almost twenty-four, when she died, she poured her confidences into the pages of her journal; all her weaknesses, her vanities, her aspirations, were written down; and she wrote until within a few days of her death. She knew most of the artists in Paris and was free in her criticism of them. Bastien le Page was the only man for whom she seemed to have had a real affection.

POE'S COTTAGE AT FORDHAM.

Here lived the soul enchanted
By melody of song;
Here dwelt the spirit haunted
By a demoniac throng;
Here sang the lips elated,
Here grief and death were sated;
Here loved and here unmated
Was he, so frail, so strong.

Here wintry winds and cheerless
The dying firelight blew,
While he whose song was peerless
Dreamed the drear midnight through,
And from dull embers chilling
Crept shadows darkly filling
The silent place, and thrilling
His fancy as they grew.

Here, with brow bared to heaven,
In starry night he stood,
With the lost star of seven
Feeling sad brotherhood.
Here in the sobbing showers
Of dark autumnal hours
He heard suspected powers
Shriek through the stormy wood.

From visions of Apollo
And of Astarte's bliss,
He gazed into the hollow
And hopeless vale of Dis;
And though earth were surrounded
By heaven, it still was wounded
With graves. His soul had sounded
The dolorous abyss.

Proud, mad, but not defiant,
He touched at heaven and hell.
Fate found a rare soul pliant
And rung her changes well.
Alternately his lyre,
Stranded with strings of fire,
Led earth's most happy choir
Or flashed with Israfel.

No singer of old story
Luting accustomed lays,
No harper for new glory,
No mendicant for praise,
He struck high chords and splendid,
Wherein were fiercely blended
Tones that unfinished ended
With his unfinished days.

Here through this lowly portal,
Made sacred by his name,
Unheralded immortal
The mortal went and came.
And fate that then denied him,
And envy that decried him,
And malice that belied him,
Have canonized his fame.

—*John H. Boner in November Century.*

A London paper announces that a Worcestershire village, from the fact of its being called Broadway, first attracted the attention and then the visits of Americans, and now there is quite an American season and a small artist colony, which is six miles from a railway station. The American artists have established a Broadway school at this spot, which, with its ivy and creeper-covered Worcestershire houses, is regarded by them as the most typical of English villages. The object of Mr. Alma Tadema's special journey to this favorite resort was to paint some wild roses growing in a cottage-garden.

M. Schneider, the great Creuzot iron-master, has read a paper upon his proposed bridge across the English Channel, between Cape Grisnez and Folkestone. He proposes to build it entirely of steel, for thirty-four millions of pounds sterling, in ten years. The large spans would be from five hundred to eight hundred metres, and there would be a headway from the sea of at least fifty-seven metres. The cantilever principle would not be adopted. The length is twenty-four miles and the number of piers proposed to be built in the sea is one hundred and twenty.

The Rev. Baring Gould, who is a musician as well as an author, has organized a company of amateurs, who have had great success in singing old Cornish and Devon ballads through those counties.

The German papers call General Boulanger "General Ex"; citing that he is an ex-general, ex-minister, ex-deputy, ex-party chief, ex-future dictator, and is now living in exile.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Buffalo Bill and troupe will be immortalized by Rosa Bonheur. She is painting Bill, Indians, animals, and all in one large picture.

Joseph Pulitzer, of the New York *World*, is about starting from Paris upon a tour around the world, accompanied by his family and invited guests. Mr. Pulitzer goes by way of the Suez Canal, India, and Japan.

M. Laguerre, the friend of General Boulanger, has a political poodle called Mirza. When he asks it, "What do you think of Ferry, Mirza?" it barks viciously and then howls dismally. M. Laguerre taught it to do this by kicking it whenever M. Ferry's name was spoken in its presence.

Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer—who, at the age of twenty-five, became president of Wellesley College, but resigned in a few years to marry Professor Palmer, of Harvard—has become a member of the board of education of Cambridge, Mass., as successor to Mr. Horace E. Scudder.

The most famous harber now living, probably, is about to celebrate his silver wedding in Paris. He is M. Adolph Paques. He was the greatest of his kind sixty years ago. He numbered among his clients Chateaubriand, Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Theophile Gautier, Mlle Mars, and Malibran.

Baron Hirsch, one of the richest of the French bankers, who was black-balled a few months ago by the Paris Jockey Club, is about to take his household to England. He thinks of buying Houghton Hall, one of the most magnificent of English places, near Sandringham, for three hundred thousand pounds sterling. The baron is reputed to be worth ten millions of pounds.

The Princess Feodore of Schleswig-Holstein, who did the Eiffel Tower the other day, chaperoned by her elderly maiden aunt, Amelie of the same house, is in all likelihood the coming Princess Albert Victor of Wales. She is a sister of the German Empress and a niece of Prince Christian—the dull old husband of the best of Queen Victoria's daughters—is going on sixteen, looks a good sort of girl, and is almost pretty.

"Miss Eastwood has accomplished a very remarkable feat at Amat, Rossbire, Scotland, when fishing with a nine-foot trout-rod. She had on only two flies. With one she hooked a salmon, and, at the same time, a sea-trout with the other, and after a severe struggle landed both fish. The salmon weighed eleven and a half pounds, and the trout one pound." After this, the ordinary masculine fish liar will have to give up.

Francis R. Tassiter, one of the Democratic stump-orators in Virginia, in a recent speech at Richmond, alluded to the historical incident of Archibald Cary's threatening that in case Patrick Henry became dictator his dagger would finish the great orator's heart. "Yes," continued the speaker, "and in the event that Mahone becomes the governor of Virginia some modern Archibald Cary will emulate his revolutionary predecessor's example."

Prince Napoleon ("Plon-Plon") was the victim of a misunderstanding a few weeks ago which was almost fatal to his freedom. He took passage on the steamer *Mont Blanc* at Ouchy, Switzerland, without remembering that the boat crossed the lake to the French ports Evian and Thonon. Suddenly, while standing on the deck at Evian, the provisions of the act of banishment rushed to his mind, and he hastened to his cabin. There he remained concealed for several hours until the vessel had left the port. A repetition of the shock in Thonon was too much for him, and he fell senseless to the floor from fear. He was brought to after considerable trouble by a sailor, through the free use of ammonia and cologne-water. He was happy at last to arrive in Nyon, where a wagon conveyed him to the hotel at which he had planned to remain.

There never was a sovereign more obedient to rules which he accepted than the late Dom Luis of Portugal. It may be that his naval education taught him such obedience. In the many years he has reigned he has been always on the best terms with his subjects. If he cut down court expenses, it was not to save for children and grandchildren, but to ease the budget. The paralysis which overtook the king was hastened by the death of his youngest brother a few weeks ago. Three out of five of the sons of Maria da Gloria died in a mysterious manner, in the same year as the Prince Consort, and almost at the same time. It was believed at Lisbon that they were got rid of by the partisans of Dom Miguel—son of the prince—who disputed the right of Maria da Gloria to the throne of Portugal. It is probable that a similar cause will be sought for to explain why the late Duke of Coimbra is rapidly followed to the tomb by the King of Portugal, instead of Bright's disease, from which he has suffered for years. It originated remotely in a severe attack of ague caught when he was a naval officer in the tropics, and the unhealthy sedentary life he led perhaps hastened its invasions. His eldest son is married to the eldest daughter of the Comte de Paris. They have one delicate child—the Duke de Biera. The second son is a bachelor.

Seven years have now elapsed since the Italian monarch and his beautiful queen paid their visit to the Austrian court, and the courtesy has never been returned. The cause of this delay is due to the passive attitude which the Roman Government observes toward the Irredenta Association, an organization formed for the express purpose of obtaining the possession for King Humbert of Austria's Italian-speaking provinces. The Irredenta is one of the most important and influential bodies of the kind in Europe. Large numbers of Italian statesmen and politicians belong to it, and the government does not dare attempt to suppress it. Regularly on every anniversary of the Austrian emperor's birthday, bombs are thrown against the doors and walls of his two embassies at Rome, without the perpetrators of the outrage being ever brought to punishment. On frequent occasions, the windows of the same embassies have been smashed by the mob with stones, and once the imperial envoy to the Vatican has been pelted while driving through the streets, and even injured by the missiles. The Irredenta make no effort to conceal their connection with these outrages; indeed, they positively glory therein, and devote vast sums of money to flooding the Italian provinces of Austria with pamphlets filled with scurrilous abuse of the imperial family, and bearing the stamp of the association. Under the circumstances, the emperor and the Court of Vienna can hardly be expected to be imbued with friendly or affectionate sentiments toward Italy.

The famous Princess Lise Troubetskoi, who has not been seen in Paris since the death of Gambetta, was at the Carnot's last ball. The "Egeria intern" of the late Duc de Morny, and afterward that of M. Thiers, Princess Lise, as she is called in Paris, has played a considerable part in the history of France since the year 1859, when she first visited the banks of the Seine with her husband. The avowed object of her trip to France at that time was to visit her relative and countrywoman, who has recently become the wife of the Duc de Morny, but the true purpose of the voyage was to foster the *entente-cordiale* between France and Russia. Graceful, vivacious, extraordinarily witty, and captivating, the fascinating little Russian princess, who is petite and delicate, like a Sèvres statuette, soon had all Paris at her feet. All shades of political opinion were represented in her salons, and among the habitués were the Duc de Gramont, Emile Olivier, Remusat, Berrier, and Rouher. She was in particular a great favorite of Princess Mathilde Bonaparte, and within a few hours of her arrival in Paris the other day, she hastened out to St. Gratien with her daughter to call on "Plon-Plon's" popular sister. The latter, whose seventy years have very much increased her *embonpoint* and, at the same time, her good-nature, is now married to a young man named Porquet, who performs his rôle of master of her household with less distinction, but with considerably more discretion, than the superb Comte de Nieuwerkerke used to do. Princess Troubetskoi delights in political intrigue, and as such is regarded by many as an exceedingly dangerous woman. It is rumored that the princess is writing her "Memoirs," and great curiosity is aroused on that account, for her keen wit and her ready pen bid fair to rival Mme. de Stael's works.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Gossip is again busy in Boston with a rumor that Mr. Aldrich will retire from the editorship of the *Atlantic*.

Allen Thorndike Rice was supposed to be worth one million dollars when he died a few months ago. It is now said his estate will not foot up more than fifty thousand dollars.

Lord Tennyson's new volume is delayed in consequence of the new poem he is writing. "His powers of producing poetry are as vigorous as ever," says the *Athenæum*, "as this volume will very strikingly show."

It is not generally known that there are in existence some very spirited ballads by Lord Macaulay, which, in accordance with the author's wish, have never been published. The best of them relates the story of Bosworth field.

Alphonse Daudet is about to publish in English a story entitled "The Colonists of Tarascon; The Last Adventures of the Famous Tartarin." Henry James will translate the story, and Rossi and Myrbach, who illustrated the former Tartarin volume, will illustrate the new work.

"Edgar Saltus is going to Egypt to study the mysticism of the East. His wife remains behind." So says the *Sun*. The fact that Edgar is married will be news to most people. It may have been suppressed by his publishers lest it should interfere with the sale of his books among the girly-girls who thought he was a bold, bad, and untrammeled man.

This year the annual example of work from the old Chiswick Press in Chancery Lane, which has been the feature of White & Allen's list each fall since the organization of the new firm, will be the "Aldine" edition of "The Arabian Nights Entertainments," in four volumes, illustrated with one hundred full-page printed photogravures after designs by Stanley L. Wood, of the *Illustrated London News*. Only five hundred sets will be issued as the regular edition, but there will be fifty sets in a larger size, printed on Van Gelder paper, as an *édition de luxe*.

A discussion has been raging in the *Athenæum* with regard to the sale of autographs of celebrities. Provided the letters do not contain any private matter, or anything that the writer would desire not to be made public, I can not see that it can do any harm (J. Asbby-Sterry comments in the *Book Buyer*). As the copyright of any letter is the property of the writer and not the receiver, its publication can be at once stopped should it appear to be desirable. This course in special instances has frequently been taken. The author of "Adam Bede" used to have printed on the top of her letter-paper, "*You are particularly requested to burn this letter when read.*" And probably if most letters were burned directly they were answered, it would save a great deal of trouble to everybody. But people will not, as a general rule, carry out this excellent precept. I believe there is a kind of ink, known to chemists, which will, in the course of a week or two, fade away altogether and leave nothing but a sheet of blank paper. People who dislike their letters being hawked about might use this to advantage.

We have often heard the wail of the authors. Here is the wail of the publishers, from the *American Bookmaker*: "A more capricious, tyrannical, and utterly spoiled set of people never existed than the great book-buying public. The merest trifle gives it offense. A price a few cents too high, a cover of the wrong color, too thick or too thin a paper, too small or too large a style of type, publication a few days too late, two volumes instead of one, or one instead of two, any one of these happenings is quite sufficient to kill a book and leave its unfortunate maker with nothing but so many pounds of paper-stock and old metal to turn into cash. Not the book in twenty calls for a third thousand, for the 'book-buying public' will not buy old books. Every season the makers are besieged by this vast array of unlaid spirits, apparently doomed to walk the earth and cry, 'Give us new books!' without designing even to intimate what sort or kind of books it wants. It may possibly—that is, there is a slight possibility that it may—take a fancy to some few of the new ones; but as for the old, it does not want them at any price. The result is that these book-makers go on from year to year piling up their store of paper stock and old metal. After all, why should these book-makers expect to be freed from the operation of the ed principles which control other makers, such as hat makers, hat-makers, shoe-makers, etc. What are books? Simply manufactured products, which all civilized nations have a certain vogue, and then pass 'out of fashion.'"

Professor Bryce's ingenious idea of securing a copyright in the United States for his great book "The American Commonwealth," by including in it certain chapters written by American authors, threatens to involve a most unlooked-for and unfortunate financial calamity. The third volume contains a chapter of twenty-six pages on "The Tweed Ring in New York City," written and copyrighted by Frank J. Goodnow, a writer on the staff of the New York *Evening Post*. It appears that Mr. Goodnow relied upon old files of Tammany New York papers in preparing his account of the Tweed Ring. Throughout this account he classes Mr. A. Oakey Hall, who was mayor of the city from 1869 onwards, among the corrupt members of the ring. Even in mentioning the fact that Mr. Hall was acquitted after an exhaustive trial he adds the qualifying line: "But he has chosen to live out of America." Mr. Hall is now a naturalized British subject and is a well-known resident of London. He did not leave America until some ten years had elapsed after his acquittal, and he then went to England as the legal adviser in Europe of Mr. James Gordon Bennett. Mr. Hall has brought suit against Professor Bryce for one hundred thousand dollars damages, and his solicitor, Mr. George Lewis, has embodied the entire chapter in his bill of complaint. By an unfortunate coincidence, which nobody deplores more than the plaintiff, the papers in the suit were served upon Professor Bryce on his wedding day. The professor is now abroad, and it is not expected that the case will come up for trial before the Christmas holidays.

New Publications.

"Babyland," for 1889, is issued in an attractive form for the little ones by The D. Lothrop Company, Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, 75 cents.

"A Lawyer's Don'ts," by Ingersoll Lockwood, is the latest of the "Don't" volumes published by G. W. Dillingham, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 25 cents.

"Priest and Puritan," a novel which has much to do with theology and sectarianism, is published without the author's name at Brentano's, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"Belief," an exposition of the views of George Leonard Chaney on the subject of theology and religion, is published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, $1.00.

An interesting account of the life of "Monk," by Julian Corbett, has been added to the English Men of Action Series. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; for sale by The J. Dewing Company; price, 60 cents.

Mme. Carette's "Recollections of the Court of the Tuileries" and "A Colonial Boy," by Nellie B. Eyster, which have already been noticed in these columns, are for sale by William Doxey; price, 50 cents and $1.00, respectively.

"The New Litany," a reprint of an English book detailing in brief phrase the modern forms of boredom and worse from which society would be delivered, is published by G. W. Dillingham, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Every Man his own Doctor," by J. Hamilton Ayers, M. D., is a reprint of an old-fashioned English book which has probably done as much harm as good. Published by G. W. Dillingham, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

The sixteenth and seventeenth volumes of Alden's Manifold Cyclopedia carry this handy publication from "Galvanized Iron" to "Heliography." Published by John B. Alden, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 85 cents per volume.

"A First Book in American History," by Edward Eggleston, is a simplification of this author's school history, written down to the comprehension of the youngest readers. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, 75 cents.

A mass of information about commercial laws and business methods for the young man about to enter business is contained in George J. Manson's "Ready for Business." Published by The Fowler & Wells Company, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 75 cents.

"Their Canoe Trip," by Mary P. W. Smith, is an account of a journey in a canoe, made by two boys, down the Merrimac River, up the Sudbury, over to the Charles, and down that stream to Boston. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, $1.25.

"The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood" has been made the theme of a series of charming pictures by G. W. Brenneman, which have been printed in monotint and in colors, making a pretty holiday book. Published by White & Allen, New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.50.

Those who have read "Jupiter Lights," Constance Fennimore Woolson's interesting novel as it appeared in *Harper's Monthly*, and those who have waited to read it uninterruptedly, will be glad to know that the book has been published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Witch Winnie," by Elizabeth W. Champney, is a story with a moral, telling of the work of a charitable association founded by some school children, and of the good work accomplished by them. It is described as a story of a "King's Daughter," and is in the line of work accomplished by that association. Published by White & Allen, New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.50.

"Two Coronets," by Mary Agnes Tincker, tells how a party of American tourists find a little Italian countess in distress, succor her, and aid her to regain the title and fortune of which she is being defrauded by relatives of the old man whom she has married. The story is full of incident, and contains many clever pictures of Italian life. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by Chilion Beach; price, $1.50.

"Metzerott, Shoemaker," is the title of a book which makes its appearance without the sponsorship of the author's name. It is a novel with a purpose, indeed the purpose almost smothers the story; the author is strongly socialistic in his tendencies, and draws a strong picture of the poor man's hardships; but his suggestions for their mitigation are visionary. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.50.

"Mito Yashiki," by Arthur Collins Maclay, is an interesting tale of old Japan. The story is set in the time of the Shoguns' last struggles against the growing power of the Mikado, and Mr. Maclay's pictures of feudal Japan, in this period when every man was a partisan and was ever ready to defend his life, are striking and evidently a labor of love. The philosophical disquisitions in the latter part of the book grow a trifle tiresome at the last. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by William Doxey; price, $1.50.

Boston, more than any other city in this country, was the centre and the type of the early history of the United States, and "The Story of Boston," by Arthur Gilman, necessarily presents much of the spirit and history of the earliest days of the colonies and the republic. The story is one which will interest the class of readers to whom it is addressed, perhaps, more than the two which have preceded it in the series. From the nature of the subject, it presents more of the individuals who were prominent in the history of the city, and these men are the same who have been among the most prominent in the country. The illustrations add much to the interest of the book, though they are drawn more from the modern city than from the more interesting colonial and revolutionary city. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, $1.75.

There is a new and distinct pleasure in store for those who have read Alexander Dumas's masterpiece in English only. "The Count of Monte Cristo" is undoubtedly one of the most splendidly imagined stories in literature, and one could not but be interested in it if it be but intelligibly told. And so it has had as great a vogue in England and America as in France, in spite of the wretched translations which have hitherto been published, mere adaptations in which the incidents—and these often sadly mutilated—have been told as the translator saw fit, with no thought to the delicate shades of meaning and careful selection of words which gave Dumas his power. A translation has now been made, however, which follows the original in thought and word, inserting and omitting nothing, and rendering the author as nearly as the different idioms of the two languages will allow. The result is a story which seems almost new to those who had read the earlier translations, and will henceforth be the standard version. The edition is in four volumes, illustrated with eight excellent photogravures from designs made especially for this edition by Edmund H. Garrett, printed on heavy paper, and bound uniformly with the D'Artagnan Romances, so handsomely issued by the same publishers, Little, Brown & Co., of Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $6.00.

Journalistic Chit-Chat.

Melville Philips, in *Lippincott's* for November, says: "Perhaps the best-paid editorial writer on any daily journal in the country is Mayo W. Hazeltine, of the New York *Sun*, who is said to receive one hundred and seventy-five dollars a week."

The New York *World* has begun the publication, in serial form, of Robert Louis Stevenson's new story, "The Master of Ballantrae." This is rather hard lines on the author and on his authorized publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons, who have just placed a handsome edition on the market.

Mayo W. Hazeltine thus writes in the New York *Sun*: "A great change has come over the newspapers, a change which, while it may have improved the form and substance of their contents, has tended to open a broad gulf between journalism and literature. For the amateur and casual contributor, independent of a weekly wage, there is no longer any room in American journalism. The standard of excellence is higher and the pay is higher—conditions which at first sight might seem likely to insure outside contributions of a superior order. Occasionally such a result does follow, but the drift of things is otherwise. The nameless amateur or casual contributor, who used to play so large a part in American journals, is now shut out, because, although the fund at the disposal of editors is larger, it has limits, and most of it is needed for the maintenance of the large and growing body of well-educated and intelligent men who have been attracted to newspaper writing, considered as a life-long vocation, by the prospect of steady employment and good pay."

The Youth's Companion is allowed to send its issues direct from the publishing-house to the postal cars, without first going to the Boston post-office (says the *Critic*). The arrangement was entered into more for the convenience of the post-office than that of the paper, for the reason that the mail has grown so large as to cause serious embarrassment in getting it into the post-office. The paper's mail amounts to one-third of all the second-class matter that is mailed at the Boston post-office. This single weekly paper averages from five to six tons daily. From a circulation of about six thousand in 1866, Mr. Daniel S. Ford has extended it to more than four hundred and thirty thousand. The annual premium number of the paper (1889–90) has an edition of six hundred thousand copies; and it has been estimated that these, placed in a pile the size of a page, would make a column two thousand feet in height—twice as high as the famous Eiffel Tower. The *Youth's Companion*, as is well-known, has a small army of distinguished special contributors; it has ten office editors and a large number of salaried editorial attachés, among them being James Parton, William H. Rideing, Rebecca Harding Davis, George Makepeace Towle, Clarence Pullen, Edward Stanwood, Bradford Torrey, and Thomas H. Clay, a grandson of Henry Clay. There are four readers, each of whom writes an opinion on every MS. received, and on the basis of these opinions the editor-in-chief forms his decision in regard to its disposition.

Magazines.

The features announced for the coming year by the *Century* make a very attractive list. Among them, not the least interesting will be Joseph Jefferson's autobiography, begun in the November number. Mr. Jefferson is the fourth in a generation of actors, and with his children and grandchildren now upon the stage there are six generations of actors among the Jeffersons. It will be richly illustrated. Mrs. Amelia E. Barr's novel, "Friend Olivia" (whose novels, "Jan Vedder's Wife," "The Bow of Orange Ribbon," etc., are widely read both in America and England), will run through the year. Mr. Stockton's new serial, "The 'Merry Chanter,'" fully illustrated, will run until February. The series of "Present-Day Papers," by Professor Shields, of Princeton, Bishop Potter, Rev. Dr. Munger, and others, begins in the present number with an article on "The Problems of Modern Society," by Rev. Dr. Langdon, formerly the representative of the Episcopal Church at Rome and elsewhere in Italy. Beside the above, the new volume will include an interesting series of papers on "Prehistoric America," by Professor Putnam, of Cambridge. The series will include a detailed description of the strange earth-work known as "The Serpent Mound," of Adams County, Ohio. Papers on some of the latest studies and discoveries in astronomy will be contributed by Professor E. S. Holden, of the Lick Observatory, and by others. A great number of complete stories will be published through the year, many of them illustrated. The writers will include H. S. Edwards, Arlo Bates, James Lane Allen, Richard M. Johnston, Sarah Orne Jewett, and many others. Mr. John La Farge's "Letters from Japan" will describe the landscape, art, architecture, life, and religion of the country, with sketches and reproductions of rare photographs of architecture. Professor George P. Fisher, of Yale University, will contribute a series of articles on "The Nature and Method of Revelation," to begin in the December number, in which the author will discuss questions of living interest in connection with Christianity and the Bible. A series of illustrated articles on "The Women of the French Salons," by Mrs. Amelia G. Mason, will include pen-portraits of many noted social and intellectual leaders. The brief papers by Mr. W. J. Stillman, supplementing Mr. Timothy Cole's engravings of the great pictures by Italian masters, will be continued. Masterpieces of Botticelli, Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Titian, and Michael Angelo, are among those to be given.

NOW READY!—The December Part of
THE SEASON,
Ladies' Illustrated Magazine;
Containing the newest Paris Fashions and the most elegant designs in Fancy-work, Needle-work, Crochet, Embroidery, Etc. The only Magazine publishing about 200 Original Designs and 3 Elegant Colored Plates monthly.
Price, 30 cents per part. Of all Newsdealers.
THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS CO., New York.

THE CENTURY
FOR NOVEMBER
Begins a new volume (the twentieth year), and presents a table of contents of remarkable interest and variety. First chapters of the long-expected
AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF
JOSEPH JEFFERSON
open the number. No more interesting record of a life upon the stage could be laid before the American people. The present installment is full of delightful reminiscences of the boyhood of Mr. Jefferson, and is richly illustrated with portraits, etc.
NOVELS
BY FRANK R. STOCKTON AND AMELIA E. BARR
begin in this number. Mr. Stockton's is a characteristic story, by the author of "The Lady, or the Tiger?" describing the remarkable voyage of the *Merry Chanter*; Mrs. Barr's is a powerful love story of the days of Cromwell, by the author of "Jan Vedder's Wife." The first of the
"PRESENT-DAY PAPERS,"
BY BISHOP POTTER, SETH LOW, AND OTHERS,
is printed in this number—a series of discussions of timely social questions by prominent writers and thinkers who are associated for this purpose. In December the series by Prof. Fisher of Yale, on "The Nature and Method of Revelation," will begin. Accounts of the latest discoveries at the Lick Observatory, by Prof. Holden, and illustrated articles on "Prehistoric America," by Prof. Putnam of Harvard, will appear soon. The November number contains, also, "The Grolier Club," by Brander Matthews, "Street Life in Madrid," and other illustrated articles; a new story, "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," by
MARK TWAIN,
illustrated by Dan Beard; a story by Judge Ernest H. Crosby, poems by Walt Whitman, Margaret Deland and others, George Kennan's Adventures in Eastern Siberia, Cole's Engravings, etc.
Among the great number of important articles in preparation for THE CENTURY is an illustrated series on "The Gold Hunters of California," by men who were in California in '49.
Yearly subscribers to THE CENTURY may count on receiving nearly 2000 pages of the best and most entertaining reading, enriched with illustrations by the leading artists and engravers of the world. The magazine is always issued on the first of each month. Terms, $4.00 a year, in advance; 35c. a number. Buy of any bookseller or newsdealer, or subscribe through them or direct. Remit by check, draft, registered letter, money or express order.
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SOCIETY.

The Bachelors' Cotillion Club.

The winter season in society was practically opened on Friday evening when the members of the Bachelors' Cotillion Club gave their first germao of this season. B'nai B'rith Hall was, as of yore, the scene of the ball, and it was decorated in a particularly attractive manner, the pretty tints of light colored draperies combining most harmoniously. Noah Brandt's orchestra occupied the stage, and introduced some taking music. Soon after nine o'clock all of the seats were occupied, and then the german commenced.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway led, with Miss Kittie as his partner, and the other participants in the first set were: Mr. Walter E. Dean, Miss Emelie Hager, Mr. George A. Newhall, Miss Mary E. Pope, Mr. Allan St. J. Bowie, Miss Edith Taylor, Mr. George Vernon Gray, Miss Jessie Coleman, Mr. Wakefield Baker, Miss Jennie Blair, Lieutenant M. P. Maus, U. S. A., Miss Cecilia Miles, Lieutenant S. L. Faison, U. S. A., Miss Minnie Houghton, Mr. A. H. Small, Miss Corbitt, Mr. Elliott McAllister, Miss Newlands, Mr. Frank J. Carolan, Miss Ella Goad, Mr. Fred Moody, and Miss Nellie Corbitt.

The orchestra played Schumann's "Traumerei" and Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" for the first figure, which was the familiar "Grand Right and Left." This figure served to give the non dancers an excellent opportunity to observe the toilets of the others, and, at the same time, it gave the participants a chance to greet their friends face to face. Some very pretty souvenir badges were distributed, being of colored silk, bearing the title of the club, the date, and a ballroom scene done by a new photographic process.

The second figure was termed "A Night in Japan." It was cleverly designed and its execution was greatly admired. Appropriate music from "The Mikado," "Pearl of Pekin," and "Little Tycoon" was played. Twelve gentlemen and twelve ladies led out, and after they had secured partners, the ladies retired to the dressing-room and the gentlemen promenaded to the centre of the hall, where there was an immense Japanese umbrella, surmounted by a flag. From each of the eight ribs depended a scarf of colored tarletan, which was caught by one of the gentlemen, thus making a circle of eight beneath the rim, where lighted Japanese lanterns were hung. The other gentlemen secured semi-circular hoops, covered with tarletan, and formed a chess with them by standing two abreast of the first row of gentlemen. At a signal, the ladies marched from the dressing-room in single file, each carrying a lighted lantern, and proceeded to the centre, where they marched in two sections underneath the arches. As the ladies revolved to the right, the gentlemen revolved to the left. During this figure, colored calcium-lights were thrown upon the scene, and the effect produced by the combination of colors, the revolving lights, and the moving participants was so beautiful as to call forth applause from the spectators.

"Opposite Rounds" was the name of the third figure, which was simple but effective. Three circles were formed inside of a large outer one, the ladies and gentlemen alternating in rows. Each participant carried a colored lantern, the shades being from the centre autumnal, green, ruby, orange, and purple. Calcium lights were used on this figure, and as the circles revolved in opposite directions another pretty scene was effected. The five-step polka ended the figure to varied music.

The fourth figure was the "Greek Cross," which was such a favorite last season. Nickle-plated Pullman palace-car lights and Thompson lights were used respectively by the ladies and gentlemen. The intricate figure was well formed and pleased every one. The last figure of the series was the "Serpentine," which is always popular. Here also the dancers carried lanterns.

It was close upon midnight when the cotillion ended, and all proceeded to the commodious dining-hall in the lower floor. The room had been tastefully decorated with streamers of smilax, large sprays of mountain ferns, and numerous clusters of bright-hued chrysanthemums, which made it a very attractive place for the enjoyment of the excellent supper that was served. After supper the ball-room was again sought, and round dances were participated in until two o'clock, when "Home, Sweet Home" was played as the signal for departures.

In every way the affair was successful and Mr. Greenway was highly complimented upon its pleasant outcome. The next cotillion will be held on Friday evening, December 6th, when Lieutenant John A. Towers, U. S. A., of the Presidio, will act as leader.

The Miles Matinée Reception.

Fort Mason has never appeared more attractive than it did last Thursday when Mrs. Nelson A. Miles gave a matinée reception there, which was attended by nearly four hundred of her friends. Coming as the guests did through the long waste of sand, the pretty spot seemed like an oasis on a desert, with its well-kept lawns, its parterres of bright flowers, and its weather-shielding trees. The hours of the reception were from four until seven o'clock, and as the guests arrived they were cordially welcomed by Mrs. Miles, who was assisted in receiving by her mother, Mrs. Sherman, her daughter, Miss Cecilia Miles, and by Mrs. William H. Curtis, Miss Dimond, and Miss Baldwin. The old-fashioned rambling-house, with its commodious rooms, made an excellent place for entertaining, and it was decorated in quiet taste, with potted plants set here and there and masses of roses and chrysanthemums, which adorned the mantels and other receptacles. Ornamenting the walls of the reception-room and the entrance were the regimental flags of silk and our national colors artistically draped. In the dining-room was a handsomely appointed buffet from which light refreshments and iced punches were served. The Presidio string band played concert selections in the parlors, where the guests chatted, feasted, or enjoyed the charming view of the bay from the windows, while out on the lawn the brass band also gave pleasing numbers at intervals for the pleasure of those who thronged the inclosure. It was a lovely autumnal day, with scarcely a bit of chilly wind to disturb the warmth of the sun, so it was as comfortable and pleasant out of doors as within the residence. It was after seven o'clock when the last guests departed and all were highly pleased with the reception and the generous hospitality of Mrs. Miles.

The invited guests were as follows: Mr. and Mrs. William Alvord, Mr. and Mrs. Audenreid, Mr and Mrs. J. Q. Adams, Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Boardman, Mr. and Mrs. A. Bouvier, Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Baker, Dr. and Mrs. W. Boericke, Mr. and Mrs. C. Bennett, Commodore and Mrs. Benham, U. S. N., Mr. and Mrs. Barber, Mr. and Mrs. W. Vande Buller, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Bowen, Dr. and Mrs. George J. Bucknall, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Bowie, Mr. and Mrs. Burnett, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. J. William Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Dix Bolleo, Major and Mrs. Bennett, U. S. A., Lieutenant and Mrs. Barry, U. S. A., Lieutenant and Mrs. C. L. Best, U. S. A., Mr. and Mrs. David Bixler, Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Boruck, Colonel and Mrs. Burton, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Breeze, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Evan J. Coleman, Commander and Mrs. Cook, U. S. N., Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Dodge, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Caduc, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Coleman, Major and Mrs. Coxe, U. S. A., Mr. and Mrs. John Doyle, Dr. and Mrs. Dietz, Mr. and Mrs. J. Mervyn Donahue, Mr. and Mrs. Denis Donohoe, General and Mrs. W. H. Dimond, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Dimond, Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Delmas, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Earl, Captain and Mrs. Edmunds, U. S. A., Mr. and Mrs. Parmelle Eels, Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge, Mr. and Mrs. Foutz, Mr. and Mrs. O. P. Evans, Dr. and Mrs. Fisher, U. S. A., Lieutenant and Mrs. Fuller, U. S. A., Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Frank, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Ford, Mr. and Mrs. W. Frank Goad, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Gould, Lieutenant and Mrs. C. B. Gatewood, U. S. A., Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Gibbs, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Harrison, Colonel and Mrs. Hawkins, U. S. A., Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Houghton, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Houghton, Lieutenant and Mrs. Honeycutt, U. S. A., Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Major and Mrs. Hawley, U. S. A., Lieutenant and Mrs. Harris, U. S. A., Judge and Mrs. Hayes, Colonel and Mrs. A. G. Hawes, Major and Mrs. Hunter, Mr. and Mrs. George Hyde, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Hooker, Senator and Mrs. George Hearst, Dr. and Mrs. Irwin, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Jarboe, Major and Mrs. Kress, U. S. A., General and Mrs. Kirkham, U. S. A., General and Mrs. E. D. Keyes, U. S. A., Colonel and Mrs. Ludington, U. S. A., Colonel and Mrs. W. R. Smedburg, Colonel and Mrs. Langdon, U. S. A., Mr. and Mrs. P. La Montaigne, Mr. and Mrs. McKittrick, Mr. and Mrs. R. McCeney, Captain and Mrs. Markland, Mr. and Mrs. McCoy, Mr. and Mrs. H. McLean Martin, Dr. and Mrs. Meyer, Major and Mrs. McGregor, Mr. and Mrs. J. Newlands, Judge and Mrs. Myrick, Colonel and Mrs. Edward Moale, U. S. A., Lieutenant and Mrs. Mason, U. S. A., Mr. and Mrs. A. Moulder, Mr. and Mrs. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. James Otis, Mr. and Mrs. C. O'Connor, General and Mrs. Perry, U. S. A., Mr. and Mrs. James Phelan, Mayor and Mrs. E. B. Pond, Mr. and Mrs. John Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Pixley, Mr. and Mrs. Ira Pierce, Lieutenant and Mrs. E. F. 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Smith, Mrs. Schweitzer, Mrs. Turin, Miss Ashe, Miss Bourn, Miss Bissell, Miss Dora Boardman, Miss Burnett, Miss Mary Bowen, Miss Bucknall, Miss Breeze, Miss Boericke, Miss Boruck, Miss Carrey, Miss Crabbe, Miss Fanny Crocker, Miss Corbitt, Miss Caduc, Miss Clarke, Miss Daisy Casserly, Miss Jennie Cheesman, Miss Evelyn Carolan, Miss Dutton, Miss Jennie de la Montanya, Miss Rose Donohoe, Miss Dimond, Miss Eldridge, Miss Ella Goad, Miss Carrie Gwin, Miss Gray, Miss Grube, Miss Hubbard, Miss Minnie Houghton, Miss Holladay, Miss Sadie Huie, Miss Gertrude Hyde, Miss Hunt, Miss Virginia Hanchett, Miss Emelie Hager, Miss Jennie Hooker, Miss Bessie Hooker, Miss Irwin, Miss Kate Jarboe, Miss Kirkham, Miss Lake, Miss Moulder, Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Merrick, Miss McNeil, Miss Sallie Maynard, Miss Morgan, Miss Morrison, Miss O'Connor, Miss Lucy Otis, Miss May E. Pope, Miss Phelan, Miss Patterson, Miss Pierce, Miss Florence Reed, Miss Stone, Miss Smedburg, Miss Josephine Scott, Miss Sarah Tompkins, Miss Nettie Tubbs, Miss Turin, Miss Edith Taylor, Miss Thompson, Miss Daisy Topping, Miss Van Winkle, Miss Voorhies, Miss West, Lieutenant H. M. Andrews, Captain Andrews, Captain Armstrong, Mr. C. J. Burns, Lieutenant L. P. Brant, Colonel Bartlett, Lieutenant Burr, Lieutenant Benjamin, Lieutenant Burnett, Colonel Benyaurd, Captain Callinran, Lieutenant S. A. Cloman, Mr. W. H. Chapin, Mr. C. C. Coleman, Mr. E. K. Clarke, Mr. F. H. Coon, Captain Capron, Captain Gilbert P. Cotton, Mr. Childs, Mr. F. J. Carolan, Mr. Herbert Carolan, Captain G. C. Doane, Captain J. W. Dillenback, Mr. Henry Dimond, Major Darling, Colonel De Russey, Chaplain Dunbar, Mr. Foster, Lieutenant S. L. Faison, Lieutenant Ferris, Colonel Graham, Lieutenant Hubbell, Lieutenant Hollay, Mr. E. Burke Holladay, Lieutenant Haan, Judge Ogden Hoffmann, Lieutenant Harmon, Major Haskin, Lieutenant Harrington, Lieutenant Kirkham, Lieutenant Lyman, Mr. F. B. Lake, Judge McKinstry, Lieutenant Menoher, Mr. H. Mendell, Mr. E. Martin, Mr. Edward Martin, Lieutenant Marsh, Lieutenant Maus, Lieutenant R. H. Noble, Dr. Norris, Lieutenant Oyster, Mr. James Otis, Captain O'Connell, Chaplain Pearson, Lieutenant T. C. Patterson, Mr. Cutler Paige, Lieutenant R. H. Patterson, Lieutenant Phister, Lieutenant Peck, Mr. James D. Phelan, Lieutenant Pope, Captain Pierce, Lieutenant J. E. Runcie, Lieutenant Ruger, Lieutenant Rafferty, Captain Russell, General Ruggles, Mr. Mark Requa, Lieutenant Strother, Lieutenant Skerrett, Lieutenant Starr, Lieutenant Adam Slaker, Lieutenant Willram Smith, Captain Shaw, Mr. Silent, Mr. C. T. Swift, Mr. C. N. Shaw, Mr. Savage, Chaplain Scott, Judge Sawyer, Dr. Town, Dr. W. E. Taylor, Mr. Alfred Tubbs, Lieutenant John A. Towers, Lieutenant F. A. Tripp, Lieutenant Todd, Lieutenant Van Deusen, Lieutenant C. B. Voedes, Lieutenant Van Ness, Lieutenant West, Captain Woodruff, Captain Wheeler, Mr. W. S. Wood, Mr. E. J. Wilson, Mr. Willard, Mr. Watson, Dr. Wood, Mr. Mountford S. Wilson, and others.

The Hotel Beresford Ball.

The guests at the Hotel Beresford gave a delightful ball on Friday evening, November 8th, through the courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. William Chamberlin. The parlor, hall, and large dining-room were all prettily decorated with foliage and blossoms, and the floors were canvassed for dancing. There was a large attendance, and many pretty toilets were worn. Dancing commenced at nine o'clock and continued until early morning, with an intermission at midnight when light refreshments were served.

Among those who were present were the following: Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Mulford, Miss Mulford, Hon. and Mrs. W. W. Morrow, Miss Maud Morrow, Mr. W. H. Morrow, Mr. Rod Smith, Judge and Mrs. T. B. McFarland, Miss McFarland, Miss Mollie Carpenter, Major and Mrs. F. M. Coxe, Dr. Petersen, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Wetmore, Mr. and Mrs. H. McD. Spencer, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Brittan, Miss Brittan, Mr. Robert Lloyd, Lieutenant A. L. Broadbent, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. York, Judge and Mrs. Searls, Mrs. E. K. Wilder, Miss H. K. Wilder, Mr. Samuel G. Wilder, Mrs. John Sime, Captain Sime, Mr. George Barnhart, Mr. Charles Brewster, Mr. O. B. Fogle, Mr. and Mrs. W. Chamberlin, Miss Gertrude Smith, Miss Jessie Wright, Miss Agnes Wright, Miss Gunn, Miss Bessie Mosgrove, Mr. W. Mosgrove, Mr. Charles Wheaton, Mr. Lawrence Kip, Mr. G. Bates, Mr. E. B. Coggins, Miss Kate Hinkle, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Brown, Mr. O. P. Serrat, Mr. Walter Hinkle, Miss Helen Walker, Mr. Houghton Sawyer, Miss Nellie Sterns, Miss Julia Fraser, Mr. C. S. Spinney, Mr. and Mrs. N. D. Rideout, Miss Grace Rideout, Mr. A. T. Badlam, Miss Maude Badlam, Mr. E. P. Danforth, Miss Danforth, Misses Tay, Miss Marion Ransom, Mr. Walter Kaufman, Lieutenant Faust, Mr. C. P. Thore, Mrs. W. Ayer, Miss Mable Ayer, Miss Denigan, Mr. Edward Denigan, Mr. H. M. Hudson, Miss Susie Morris, Mr. Grant Morrill, Mr. Charles Wood, Mr. A. A. Watkins, Mrs. Baltams, Miss Chapin, Mr. Stafford Parker, Captain and Mrs. Healey, Mr. and Mrs. Hayes, Miss Lou Hayes, Miss Mary Hayes, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Forsythe, Miss Dickerson, Mr. W. Moore, Mr. Falkenstein, Mr. Barnes, Mr. Fred H. Hood, Mr. Percy Garvey, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis R. Mead, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gallatin, Miss Brown, Miss May Woods, Mr. J. E. Polhemus, Mr. J. H. Wallace, Mr. Todd, Mr. Frank H. Powers, Mr. Edwin W. Fraser, Mr. J. H. Deering, Miss Catherine Hittell, and Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Potter.

The floor-managers were: Mr. A. L. Broadbent, Mr. Tyson, Mr. Charles Brewster, and Mr. George Barnhart.

The Charity Ball.

The grand charity ball to be given for the benefit of the Women's Exchange will positively take place next Friday evening in the Palace Hotel. The previous postponement of the affair has given the lady managers ample time in which to perfect their plans, so that now nothing remains but to decorate the parlors and corridors. This Miss Mary D. Bates will attend to, and she promises something very pretty in her special line. Noah Brandt's band will play for the dancing, and another band will provide music for the promenaders. Manager Thorn intends to make the supper a particular effort of his culinary department. The ladies have all worked so hard to make this affair a brilliant success that it behooves every one to assist them all in their power, especially in a financial way. Quite a number of tickets still remain unsold, and they may be procured, at any time before the evening of the ball, at the Exchange or from any of the patronesses. The tickets, including supper, are five dollars each.

The Newhall Dinner-Party.

At her residence on Van Ness Avenue Mrs. H. M. Newhall gave an elaborate dinner-party a week ago in honor of Prince Henry de Bourbon and the Princess de Bourbon who have been enjoying a short visit to this coast. Covers were laid for twelve, and the decorations and favors were unique as well as beautiful. The souvenirs for the ladies consisted of clusters of prettily toned chrysanthemums held together by silk cords which sustained a miniature silver battle-axe upon which were engraved the initials "M. J. N." The gentlemen were favored with small pug dogs of silver. The name cards were in the form of sweetly-scented sachet envelopes, tied with cords of colored silk and bearing the monogram of the hostess. The table glistened with an array of rich service, and was adorned in the centre with an attractively formed chariot, freighted with lovely roses and chrysanthemums. On the box seat sat a wise looking owl, driving a quartet of white doves. Hovering in mid-air over the table was a flight of doves with outstretched pinions which completed a very pretty picture. Mrs. Newhall's hospitality was bountiful and her guests highly enjoyed the sumptuous repast as well as the time that was subsequently passed in the parlors.

Those present were: Mrs. H. M. Newhall, Prince and Princess de Bourbon, Baroness Herteling, Miss Edith Taylor, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Evelyn Carolan, Count Lunzerzi, Count Zeleri, Baron Heidbryandt, Mr. Walter S. Newhall, and Mr. George A. Newhall.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mrs. George S. Ladd has returned from Europe, owing to the illness of her mother.

Hon. and Mrs. F. F. Low and Miss Flora Low are now at Kissengen, Germany.

Mrs. John McMullin and Mr. Morgan McMullin will soon leave New York for Europe, where they will travel for about a year.

Mrs. Peter Donahue and Mrs. Edward Martin will leave for New York next Wednesday, and will be away almost all of the winter.

Mrs. E. E. Eyre and Miss Mary Eyre have arrived safely in New York.

Hon. and Mrs. William W. Morrow and Miss Maud Morrow departed for Washington, D. C., last Tuesday, via Portland, Or., and will pass the winter at the national capital.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King have returned from an extended Eastern trip.

Mrs. A. M. Parrott and her daughters, Viscountess de la Lande and Mrs. Douglass Dick, will pass the winter in the south of France. During her absence, Mrs. Parrott's residence here will be occupied by Mr. and Mrs. C. de Guigne and Judge and Mrs. R. V. Hayne.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Rose, Jr., and Mrs. Alvinza Hayward are at the Hotel Brunswick, in New York city.

Miss Maude Badlam has been passing the week at Fresno as the guest of Miss Maude Berry.

Mrs. Frederick Barreda and the Misses Mattie and Christine Barreda have returned from the East after a long absence. Miss Rose Barreda will remain in New York city to pursue her musical studies.

Miss Mae Wickersham, of Petaluma, has been making a pleasant visit to friends here.

Mrs. William Kohl and Miss Mamie Kohl, of San Mateo, are at the Windsor Hotel, in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Morgan are passing a couple of weeks in the southern part of the State.

Miss Kate Hinkle will return to Petaluma in about a week, after a month's visit here to her sister, and will make trips to the city occasionally throughout the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Monteagle have returned from a prolonged Eastern trip.

Judge and Mrs. William T. Wallace have been entertaining Mrs. J. F. Sheehan, of Redwood City, during the week.

Mr. Jerome Watson and Miss Jennie Watson have gone East to remain several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Sharon, of Virginia, Nev., have been passing the week at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Hugh Tevis has been making a visit to Santa Barbara.

Misses Grace and Florence Pierce, of San José, have gone East to remain during the winter.

Miss Roberta E. Lee Wright is making a pleasant visit in Japan to Hon. and Mrs. John F. Swift.

Judge H. C. Dibble has been recuperating this week at Byron Springs.

Mrs. Alexander Forbes is residing at 725 Sutter Street for the winter, having closed her San Rafael residence.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferd C. Peterson are expected to return soon from their wedding tour of the Eastern States.

Mr. and Mrs. Orestes Pierce have returned from their wedding trip, and are residing for the present at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. S. B. McKee, in Oakland.

Mrs. Spalding has as her guest Miss Florence Cassans, of London, Eng., who is making a short visit to this coast.

The Misses Jessie and Kate Morse have returned to San Rafael after an absence of four years in the East.

Mr. and Mr. Charles E. Bancroft have left the city to pass the winter in Los Angeles and Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Verrington, of Carson City, Nev., arrived here last Tuesday and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Hewlett, of Stockton, have been passing the week at the Palace Hotel.

Dr. and Mrs. Paolo de Vecchi are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Follis at their residence, 2534 Mission Street.

Miss Maud Bourn returned from her Eastern visit last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Herrmann, *née* Cooper, have gone housekeeping at 2102 California Street.

Mrs. H. Albert Mau is now located in her new residence, on Broadway, with her daughters, Mrs. Charles J. Bandmann and the Misses Alice and Julia Mau.

Miss Alice Mau and the Misses McMillao have returned home after a six weeks' visit in the Eastern States.

Mr. Charles J. Bandmann, who has been visiting London and Homburg, is now in Paris.

Army and Navy News.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Selim E. Woodworth are in town, and are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. James S. Wethered at their residence, 320 Van Ness Avenue.

Lieutenant Samuel D. Sturgis, Jr., U. S. A., has been granted an extension of one month on his present leave of absence.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Edward Eberle, U. S. N., have returned from Monterey and are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Harrison at their residence, 800 Ellis Street.

Miss Florence Williams will deliver three more lectures this month on "Women's Lives" at the Women's Educational and Industrial Union. The first lecture was a decided success in every way.

Champagne Statistics.

The following are the imports of champagne into the United States from January 1st to September 1st, 1889:

Pommery Sec	46,659	cases
Mumms Extra Dry	40,730	"
Piper Heidsieck	25,000	"
Louis Roderer	10,322	"
Vve. Cliquot	8,625	"
Moët & Chandon	8,280	"
Perrier Jouët	5,530	"
Dry Monopole	5,361	"
Divided among 29 various brands, ranging from 110 to 2,800 cases each	16,714	"
Total	167,221	"

The increased importations of Pommery & Greno Sec Champagne is indisputable proof of the great popularity which this renowned brand is acquiring in the more select circles of American society. For a long time past this wine has been almost exclusively used among the royalty and nobility of Europe, more particularly in England and Russia. Its intrinsic merits commend it to the critical and discerning judgment of those who have the means to indulge in the best of everything which is to be had. Persons who intend giving select entertainments should be particular to have this wine on the table, and bear in mind the Prince of Wales's opinion: "There is no headache in Pommery Sec."—*Eastern Exchange.*

BOOK BARGAINS!

We will sell the following-named books at the reduced prices until our stock now on hand is exhausted. We request our patrons to buy early and secure the advantage we offer:

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RAMONA	1 50	9[illegible]
SANT ILARIO	1 50	9[illegible]
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BACON'S ESSAYS	1 00	75
MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND 5 vols	5 00	3 75
SARA CAREW	1 00	75
DADDY JAKE	1 50	1 00
HUME'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND, 6 vols	6 00	4 50
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HILDRETH'S HISTORY OF UNITED STATES, 6 vols	12 50	9 00
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CARLYLE'S FREDERICK THE GREAT, 13 vols	13 00	9 50
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CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA, 10 vols	15 00	12 50
BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS	4 00	2 00
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STOCKTON'S POPULAR NOVEL, "The Hundreth Man"	1 50	1 00
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SAN FRANCISCO.

"Antiope" is of the regular extravaganza type. irtue, in scanty attire, is pursued by Vice through ree acts, eventually to triumph in a blaze of red fire id a tableau of "woven paces and of waving nds." There is even a little less story than usual, id what there is, is even more absurd than usual. nce the days of "The Black Crook," the story part these ballets has grown small by degrees and beauilly less, the spectacular part augmenting in proporn. There was a golden time when people thought ballet-extravaganza could work on less material an that offered by the trials of the beautiful Almina was that her name, or was it Elvira?—when fleeing e importunities of Count Wolfenstein. But in const to the lack of plot we have tolerated since then, The Black Crook" is as complicated as a Gaboriau vel—what a dazzling, bewildering labyrinth of story ens before us when we hear those mystic words, There's blood on the face of the moon; our queen's danger!"

True to tradition, the cast of "Antiope" contains villain, a maiden, a lover. There are also the two rring spirits, who are especially interested in the airs of the lovers. In "Antiope," they take the e of Concord and Discord, and come in and talk en the scenery in the back is being pulled into ce. Concord, as her name suggests, is a beautiful ng, airily clad, who is so light of foot that she alys comes in with leaps, waving her arms like a immer. Concord is not unlike the Spirit of Purity "Mazulm." They were both young, lovely, and liging, and when anything went wrong, from the ving of the scenery to the loves of the hero and roine, they had but to wave their arms, utter a few stic words, and all was well again.

Concord and Discord open the play in a conversa- against a flat. Their relations appear to be ained; vague threats are exchanged in still vaguer nk verse. In fact, every one in the cast speaks in nk verse at first. Then the Queen, the Prince, and tiope, becoming wearied of the strain, relapse into loquial American, varied—especially in the Queen's e—by the highly colored, strenuous English of lvanus Cobb; when the Queen is attacked by the ise, the boldest holds his breath for a time. She es upon the neck of the dictionary with awful maj-y. Hers was clearly a case where Roget's "Thesurus" would have done no good and even Crabbe's Synonyms" would have been thrown away. Con-d and Discord, in the midst of this general abaning of blank verse, cling faithfully to their first e, and never express any sentiments except in this ssic form. They stand firm amid the wreck, and last we hear of them they are liberating their ls in stately Alexandrines.

t is in the second scene that we are introduced to full strength of the company. Prince Tesio is ning back from the wars, and the Queen is going entertain him. It appears afterward that the een cherishes matrimonial views with regard to nce Tesio, who, poor victim! never suspects her designs. In the midst of great revelry, he enters, s to the Queen, in the Spanish style, "I kiss your nd," without attempting to do it—which must have appointed the Queen, considering her ambitions to l him hers—and, seeing the lovely Antiope, clasps throbbing heart and cries: "Great heaven! who his lovely being?"

This is a trifle sudden, even in a ballet-extravaza. The Queen remarks it; in fact she becomes ite uneasy when the Prince declares his passion to tiope, who looks coy. The coryphées, however, ear to regard it as quite the thing. They do not ibit any unseemly surprise or curiosity, but look the lovers with apathetic glances. In this respect, y are unlike the chorus of an opera-bouffe, which ays takes particular pains to repeat to each other last words of every sentence exchanged between principals.

The revels which follow are extensive and not unilly excellent. The *secundas* are poor, and the eral ballet so out of training and so nervous that y spoil some exceedingly pretty effects. For ocional instances of individual ungainliness, it would hard to rival this collection of youth, grace, and uty. One does not, of course, expect to find the ndeur that was Greece and the glory that was me among the coryphées of a performance on the d, but there should be a little sympathy between dancer and her art. Moreover, it is essentially turbing to the audience to see that the majority of performers do not know what to do with themves, and are causing dismay and exasperation to proficient dancers, who are so distraught that they not properly attend to their own part of the piece. ere will be some very pretty effects of color and movement in this scene when the mass of the ballet can be prevailed upon to keep their own places and dance the steps allotted to them.

The *prima assoluta*, Mlle. Paris, is of the Italian school at La Scala, the school of which Cavalazzi is now the head. Their dancing always seems more surprising and remarkable than beautiful. It is a sort of *tour de force* that rouses your wonder, but not your admiration. Looking at Mlle. Paris flying across the stage on the tips of her toes, one can not but marvel at the agility and dexterity of her movements, but of grace there is none. Even her body has lost all lithe softness of movement in the over-development of the muscles. She is more like a piece of steel mechanism than a woman—every gesture is true, every movement exact, but there is no individuality in the performance, its very mechanical accuracy robbing it of most of its charm. Soon one loses sight of the fact that Mlle. Paris is a human being and comes to regarding her as an extra neat and clever toy. Yet in her style she dances beautifully—every movement is as true, as precise as the ticking of a metronome. Her lightness is marvelous, her strength amazing, and her little, sleek black head, small and well-set, is perfectly in keeping with her neat, firm, resolute style of dancing.

Could anything be more unlike this than Mlle. Carmencita's performance? This is all personality—the individuality of the *danseuse* is almost too highly colored. There is no observable method in her wild posturing, or perpetual, sinuous motions—but there is something barbaric in their unrestrained spontaneity. Carmencita looks as if she might invent her strange dance as she went along, inspired by the rhythmic throb of the music. Her performance is unique—spirited, wild, thrilling, languishing, her body gently swaying with a slow, writhing motion, her dark, captivating face peeping from between her lifted arms, now smiling wickedly, now melting into sombre gravity. She has a weird beauty, her appearance suggesting, as George Eliot says of one of her heroines, a trace of demon ancestry. In looks she is Carmen.

The merits of the performance are concentrated in these two dancers and in Miss Alice Gilbert. The story meanders on in a sufficiently aimless and maudlin style. In fact, there are places where it becomes so supremely ridiculous that it is actually amusing. There is an elopement scene in the second act which is thrilling. The Prince and Antiope fly in a Lohengrin boat, like those on the lake in Central Park. Antiope can not resist an avowal of love from the Prince, during which he clasps her to his armored heart in a way which drew from a hard-hearted and unromantic audience suppressed giggles. When the Queen hears what has happened, her rage is such that she makes war on the Prince with a band of Amazons, whose sole ambition is to cut the Prince off, like a flower, in his prime and leave him weltering in the fluid which is known on the stage as "ber-lud."

The Amazons, true to their character, pant for the fray. There is an inspiring scene where they assemble, attired for the combat, in helmets, shields, and swords. At this tremendous moment the Queen has one of her highest flights of language. "Swear death to the whole Illyrian race, or to die in the attempt!" she cries, brandishing a battle-axe. "We swear!" cry the Amazons, falling on one knee in answer to repeated entreaties to "get down" which came from the wings. Then they get up and the Queen, like Boadicea, leads them on to glory and the annihilation of the entire Illyrian race. But the Illyrian race was not to be annihilated. Like Duncan, no one would have supposed it had so much blood in it. It annihilated the Amazons, whose queen is brought in chained. She bows her crested head and tames her heart of fire to the extent of forgiving the Prince and his bride and blessing them; whereupon there is another act devoted to revelry, and the curtain falls on a grand tableau, with Mlle. Paris piroueting in the midst. G. B.

Mme. Camilla Urso's Concerts.

Subscribers to Mme. Camilla Urso's séances de musique classique are respectfully reminded that the first concert takes place next Friday afternoon at three o'clock, at Mrs. W. J. Younger's, 1414 California Street. The parlors will be open at half-past two P. M.

Programme: Schubert's Posthumous String Quartet in D minor; Beethoven's Sonata, dedicated to Kreutzer; and Haydn's String Quartet, No. 7.

The next concerts will take place Fridays, December 20th and January 17th.

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— USE SOUTHFIELD WELLINGTON COAL.

NOTES AND GOSSIP.

There will be an hop at the Presidio this week or during the coming week.

Grace Church will be the scene of a pretty wedding on Thursday evening, December 5th, when Miss Mamie Blethen, daughter of the late Captain Blethen, will be married to Mr. Robert L. Sherwood, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sherwood. Rev. R. C. Foute will perform the ceremony at half-past eight o'clock, and it will be followed by an informal reception at the home of the bride, on Sacramento Street, to which only relatives and a few intimate friends will be invited. Miss Elida Wilbur will be the maid of honor and the bridesmaids will be Miss Marie Voorhies, Miss Lizzie McCormick, Miss Annie Buckbee, and Miss Jennie Blair. Mr. Frank D. Madison will act as best man and the four ushers will comprise Mr. Fred H. Beaver, Mr. A. B. Moulder, Mr. Frank L. Matthieu, and Mr. E. L. Jacobs.

Miss Florence Caduc, daughter of Commodore and Mrs. Philip Caduc, will be married next Wednesday noon to Mr. Harry Alstrom Williams, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Williams. The wedding will be quietly celebrated at the home of the bride's parents, "Mosswood," in Oakland.

For the benefit of the Bishop Kip Orphanage of San Mateo, two interesting entertainments will be given at Irving Hall on Monday and Tuesday evenings, November 18th and 19th. The special attraction will be a military drill by twenty-four young ladies in full uniform, captained by Miss May Kewen, of Sacramento. There will also be some pretty tableaux each evening under the direction of Mr. John I. Housman.

Early in December, Miss Lily Jones, daughter of Mrs. O. C. Pratt, of this city, will be married to Mr. George J. Harding, a wealthy gentleman, residing in Philadelphia, where he is associated with his father, Mr. George Harding, who is one of the most prominent lawyers in the East. They have a beautiful home in the Katskill Mountains, where they entertain largely during the summer. Owing to a recent bereavement in the family of the groom, the wedding will be celebrated very quietly at noon, at the residence of the bride on Sutter Street. They will proceed East after the wedding, and will make Philadelphia their home.

An enjoyable but informal party was given last Thursday evening by Mrs. L. L. Baker, at her residence, 1882 Washington Street, in celebration of the birthday anniversary of her sister, Miss Kittie Stone. About thirty friends were present and they passed the evening very pleasantly in the delights of music and conversation, ending with a delicious supper.

Mrs. A. W. Scott gave a pleasant party recently at her home in honor of the birthday anniversary of her son, Mr. A. W. Scott, Jr. Music, dancing, and a supper made the affair very enjoyable.

The Women's Educational and Industrial Union intend giving in February a grand pageant of the centuries. Elaborate preparations are now being made for it.

Evidence of the agricultural depression in New England grows aboundingly, and Masssachusetts ranges up alongside of Vermont and New Hampshire. Here is an advertisement from the Springfield *Republican* of October 22d: "Don't go West, when you can get a fine one-hundred-and-fifty-acre farm right at home, on good road, near neighbors, for eight hundred and fifty dollars. Excellent land; hay cut by machine; plenty of fruit; no end to the wood. Cottage house in good shape, good barn, sheds, etc. The farm is well located, only one-half mile to school, only five and one-half miles to Orange, as good a market as there is in the State."

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AT AUCTION!

— BY ORDER OF —

CLAUS SPRECKELS, ESQ.,

THURSDAY,

THURSDAY.....NOVEMBER 21, 1889,

At 12 o'clock M., at salesroom,

10 MONTGOMERY STREET,

WITHOUT LIMIT OR RESERVE,

38--38

SUPERB LOTS

On Park Road, Ridley, South Broderick, and Alpine Streets. Only two blocks south of Haight Street and one block west of Devisadero Street, immediately adjacent to Buena Vista Park, which acts as a bulwark to this property, sheltering it from winds and fog.

AN INCOMPARABLE VIEW.

Have you ever driven on the road which meanders around the base of San Francisco's hill-side park, Buena Vista? If you have not, a treat is in store for you. As you ascend the road from the western side of the park, a fine view of the Golden Gate Park and ocean is presented. As you move along toward the southern limits of the Buena Vista Park, a glimpse of a portion of the city and bay, through the higher hills to the south, can be had, presenting in itself a picture beautiful enough to cause an exclamation of delight; but, inspiring as it may be, it is nothing in comparison to the panorama which is spread out before you when you reach the eastern edge of the park. Here you will stop instinctively to rejoice over your good fortune to have lived and looked upon such a view. Here the Contra Costa hills form in their verdant beauty a background to the enchanting picture. Here you see the sister cities, Oakland and Alameda, and the tributary towns as far north as Berkeley—the whole appearing, as they in a very few years will be, one grand and imposing city, second only to our own great and rapidly growing metropolis. From this point you watch with interest the smooth sailing of the stately ships, the regular crossing of the ferry-boats, the busy little tugs flitting in and out, and the countless smaller craft—all a scene of life and animation upon the deep, blue waters of the placid bay. San Francisco's greatness is impressed upon you more fully in looking upon the city here than from any other point, because it is from here you see over a wider expanse of territory. With a field-glass, there is scarcely a building in San Francisco that can not be distinguished.

DO YOU DOUBT IT?

Go see for yourself. You need not drive unless you prefer it. For five cents, the Haight Street cars will land you almost there—within two blocks of it. The Park Road opens into Haight Street nearly opposite Baker, and it is only a minute's walk to the spot from whence this charming view may be had, and where you will see the place beyond all others for a lovely home

DON'T DELAY!

Procrastination is the thief of time. Go out and select your lot before the sale. Buy as many as you can. If you haven't got the money, borrow it, for the increase in the value of this property is certain to be enormous, and you can not lose. We say this with no hesitancy and with no fear of regret.

☞ **Remember, the place to get off is Haight and Baker Streets, from which point walk south two blocks along the Park Road. Our signs are on the property.**

LIBERAL TERMS.

Only one-half cash, balance payable in one and two years, with interest at 7 per cent. per annum. Taxes paid up to June 30, 1890.

☞ For further information, apply to

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REAL ESTATE AGENTS AND AUCTIONEERS,

10 MONTGOMERY STREET.

THE STRANGE CASE OF DR. BEGOSH.

It was a lovely spring morning when Dr. Begosh arose to a sitting posture in his bed, feeling as if the roof of his head were floating in the air. Dr. Begosh had been to a little reunion of twenty or thirty classmates of '81, and there had been cheese, and salmon, and apollinaris, and other things.

"I wonder what I ate?" mused the doctor, holding his temples; "must have been resin or alum; I'm all puckered up; and what a strange buzzing in my head! I wonder what's the matter with me? What makes my hand shake so?"

The gentle reader may wonder why a doctor should not know his own ailments; but the gentle reader does not know a doctor in private life.

Dr. Begosh arose and drank a quart of water, and then drew on his garments with some difficulty. When he came to his hat, he found to his dismay that it was much too small for his head, and only a careful inspection convinced him that it was his own.

"I wonder," he repeated again, "what *is* the matter with me? I believe I'll see Dr. McSwat."

Dr. Begosh had been in practice about eighteen years, but was not troubled with patients, which did not trouble him, as he was in receipt of a large income from a deluded aunt.

In five minutes the doctor had felt his way to the street, and almost the first man he met was Dr. Blupil.

"Ah, Begosh," said Blupil, affably, "howdy, howdy? Not looking well; bilious, my boy, bilious—take blue mass and follow up with castor-oil. Ta-ta——"

"I thought I was bilious," said Begosh, gloomily; "I've had such a dull feeling—ah! Dr. Sawem! I was on my way to see you. I have such a queer feeling in my head."

"Say no more," said Sawem, pleasantly; "I can see it in your eyes. Incipient aneurism of the heart. Must take care of yourself; avoid excitement, and take this three times a day."

He dashed off a prescription and walked away, leaving Begosh all in a tremble.

"I never noticed it before, but now," said he to himself; "I believe I *do* perceive a weakness in the cardiac region. Ah! there's Megrim; he's a specialist in heart and lungs."

Dr. Megrim drew his friend in a convenient doorway and tapped him around a bit.

"Rather peculiar symptoms," he said, gravely.

"I understand," said Dr. Begosh; "my heart——"

"Heart be—blowed," said Dr. Megrim; "there's nothing the matter with your heart; but I think I detect—yes, I am certain there are symptoms of pulmonary tuberculosis. Haven't time now to go into extended diagnosis—call around this evening."

Dr. Begosh was so overcome that it was all he could do to walk to McSwat's office. He found that learned man in deep discussion with Dr. Cardiac, from Boston.

"Begosh, happy to see you—Cardiac—Begosh. What! not sick? Well, well! Let me see tongue. Pulse. Hum—haw! Well, really, it looks—I don't say it is—but it looks like cirrhosis of the liver."

"What?" gasped poor Begosh.

"Very much like cirrhosis," said McSwat, complacently; "what is your opinion, Cardiac?"

"You're right," said Cardiac; "but, don't you think"—walks twice around Begosh—"don't you think there are symptoms of Bright's disease?"

"Well—hum—haw—yes," said McSwat, courteously agreeing in his turn; "if I were you, Begosh——"

But Begosh had seized his hat and fled.

"Blast it all!" he exclaimed, resentfully; "I can't have had *all* those fatal diseases and not know anything about it until to-day. Yet, I can't deny that I *do* feel very queer all over——"

"Hello, Begosh!" cried a young man, saluting him with a hearty slap on the back; "well, you did yourself proud at the feed last night. By Jove, how eloquent you were after that second howl of punch!"

"Don't!" said Begosh, appealingly; "it makes me shudder to talk of festivities. If you knew what was the matter with me, Carver, you'd——"

"I *do* know," replied Dr. Carver, promptly; "I've been there lots of times."

"Eh?" said Begosh; "aneurism, cirrhosis, Bright's disease——"

"What!" roared Carver; "why, old man, you've simply been having a jag, and what you want is a cocktail or gin-fizz. What shall it be?"

* * * * * * *

Thirty minutes later, Drs. Begosh and Carver were manipulating the ivories on a green cloth, and Begosh was explaining that if the history of his case was published it would ruin the profession.

But it won't.—*Puck.*

Mr. Firebrand (stumbling over a footstool while trying to light the gas)—"Ow-woo! Oo-oo! Gee whiz! Thunder and dernation!" *Mrs. Firebrand*—"What's the matter, dear?" *Mr. Firebrand* (forgetting he placed the footstool there himself)—"Some infernal imbecile and idiotic dolt put the footrest in the middle of the room, right under the chandelier, and I almost shattered my ankle bone against it." *Mrs. Firebrand*—"George, I should think you would have more self-respect than to call yourself such names before your wife and children."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Take a spool of white basting-cotton. Drop it into your inside coat pocket and, threading a needle with it, pass it up through the shoulder of your coat. Leave the end an inch or so long on the outside of your coat and take off the needle. Four men out of five will try to pick that whole thread off your shoulder, and will pull on the spool until it actually does seem as though your clothes are all basting and that they were unraveling not only your clothes, but yourself.

For Dyspepsia

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. LORENZO WAITE, Pittsfield, Mass., says: "From its use for a period of about eight weeks, to the exclusion of all other remedies, I attribute the restoration to health of a patient who was emaciated to the last degree, in consequence of nervous prostration and dyspepsia. This patient's stomach was in such an irritable condition that he could not bear either liquid or solid food. An accomplished physician of many years experience, whom I called in consultation, pronounced his case an incurable one. At this stage I decided to use Horsford's Acid Phosphate, which resulted as above mentioned.

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Special line of Axminster, Wiltons, Moquettes, and Brussels, in new designs and colors, to accord with the Upholstery Hangings for the present season, including Velvet Pile Carpets, now made in double widths.

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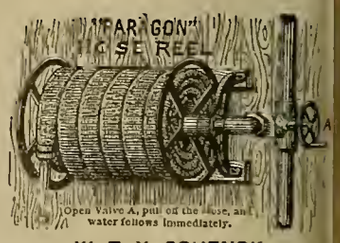

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SAUSALITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN, via

IORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE.

ommencing Sunday, October 13, 1889, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

rom SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.30, 3.25, 4.50, 6.10 P. M.
undays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 1.30, 5.05, 6.30, P. M.

rom SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.10, 7.45, 9.20, 11.05 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.55 P. M.
undays)—8.00, 9.50, A. M.; 12.00 M.; 3.30, 5.00, P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 6.25 P. M.
are, 50 cents, round trip.

rom SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.45, 8.25, 9 55, 11.55 A. M.; 2.30, 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
undays)—8.45, 10.35, A. M.; 12.45, 4 15, 5.45 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 7.05 P. M.
are, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

.00 A. M., Daily (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at 6.45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12.25 P. M.
.30 P. M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations.
00 A. M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Point Reyes and intermediate stations. Returning arrives in San Francisco at 6.15 P. M.

EXCURSION RATES.

irty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rate.
iday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays and Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.00; Tomales, $2.25; Howard's, $3.50; Cazadero, $4.00.
unday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, good on day sold only: Camp Taylor, $1.50; Point Reyes, $1.75.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

ages leave Cazadero daily (except Mondays) for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, and all points on the North Coast.

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.
(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From Oct. 1, 1889.	ARRIVE
7.30 A.	Haywards, Niles and San José	*12.45 P.
7.30 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis	7.15 P.
8.00 A.	Martinez, Yallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	6.15 P.
8.30 A.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	11.15 A.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
9.30 A.	Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
12.00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	*3.45 P.
1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	**6.00 A.
3.00 P.	Express Haywards, Niles & San José	9.45 A.
3.30 P.	ad Class Ogden and East	10.45 A.
4.00 P.	Stockton and §Milton; Vallejo, Calistoga & Santa Rosa	9.45 A.
4.30 P.	Sacramento and Knight's Landing via Davis	10.15 A.
4.30 P.	Niles and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
5.30 P.	Niles and San José	‡ 4.45 P.
5.30 P.	Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
5.30 P.	Central Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	7.45 P.
7.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East	7.45 A.
8.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

7.45 A.	Newark, San José and Santa Cruz	‡ 8.05 P.
3.15 A.	Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
2.45 P.	Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*11.20 A.
4.45	Centerville, San José, Almaden, and Los Gatos	9.50 A.

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

7.25 A.	San José, Almaden and Way Stations	2.30 P.
8.30 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations	6.12 P.
9.30 A.	San José and Way Stations	5.02 P.
2.01 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	3.38 P.
3.30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and principal Way Stations	*10.00 A.
4.20 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 7.58 A.
5.20 P.	San José and Way Stations	9.03 A.
5.35 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A.
11.45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	† 7.28 P.

A for morning. P. for afternoon. *Sundays excepted. Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only. § Saturdays excepted. ** Mondays excepted.

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LURKING DANGERS FOR MEN.

Men can not be too careful how they plunge into work which rightfully belongs to the feminine portion of the household. Disaster is the usual outcome of such recklessness. Only last week an account came of a man in Baltimore, who, while helping his wife with the family washing, was severely injured by the explosion of the stove, or one of the tubs, or something connected with the work—we do not remember the exact article. Last summer, a man in Dayton, O., was struck by lightning while gathering the newly laundered clothes from the line in the backyard. Nor does it seem to go better with man when he ventures on these various household labors, where, like Desdemona, he sees a divided duty—he having a theory that his wife should attend to the matter, while she has different ideas. Only a few weeks ago, an account came from Big Bridge, in the State of Jersey, of a prominent citizen of that place who had cut his foot severely while splitting wood, the writer observing at the end of the dispatch, with touching artlessness, that "the other men in our thriving village now let their wives split the wood." Nor must we forget that man, reduced to a state of gibbering lunacy, occasionally found wandering in our large dry-goods stores, trying to match a piece of light calico with a small figure, nor the unfortunate who lays his thumb on his button and then calmly pushes the needle through the cloth, button, and on up through the thumb.

But, after all, there are probably few men who have suffered more deeply from getting outside of his sphere of action than Mr. Fairworth, of our neighboring city of Yonkers. Mr. Fairworth is the proud father of a boy somewhere between three and four years of age, and he has long prided himself on the skill with which he could manage this infant. Mr. Fairworth's idea was that he was born to command, something like Napoleon the First. Recently, Mrs. Fairworth went down-town on an errand and left Mr. Fairworth to the mercy of their son and heir. Before Mrs. Fairworth had got out the front gate, little Willie had whooped twice in a manner closely resembling the style of the down-trodden North American Indian, and asked his father six questions. The elder Fairworth gently reproved his son and began to peruse the current copy of one of the magazines.

Mr. Fairworth now noticed for the first time how short a small boy's questions can be, but how exceedingly long the answer invariably is. Any attempt to consider this peculiarity of small boy's questions by Mr. Fairworth was rendered difficult by his young hopeful, at this point, attempting to extract the family cat from beneath the sofa in a way which clearly indicated that the enterprising child looked on the tail of the patient creature in the light of a convenient handle provided by thoughtful nature for use in conveying the animal from place to place. Another gentle reproof brought forth a series of startled cries which astonished Mr. Fairworth. To quiet this insurrection, the father got down on the floor on his hands and knees and allowed the child to mount his back and convert him into an impromptu race-horse. While resting after coming off the track, Mr. Fairworth got his son six drinks of water, prepared him four pieces of bread and butter, answered a few miscellaneous questions, and fell over a cast-iron train of toy cars, thoughtfully left in the centre of the room by the same painstaking child. Mr. Fairworth also sang him several songs, largely improvised as to words and music, and showed him, at his urgent demand, how a monkey looked a number of times. He then got his son another drink and something to eat, answering a few questions while doing so, ranging from the simple query as to why cats were not provided with six legs to the more complex interrogation touching the attraction of gravitation as observed when acting on a rubber ball. At this point, the youthful investigator burned his finger on the stove, and forthwith there issued from him cries of whose volume a much larger person need not have been ashamed. To quiet him, Mr. Fairworth again went on the turf, until, discovering that his back appeared to be permanently injured, he sank down in a chair, while his son made his way cheerfully to the pantry, where he poured the vinegar and molasses into the sugar-firkin and was adding a dash of butter and two eggs, when Mrs. Fairworth came in and rescued him. She made a few subdued yet earnest remarks to Mr. Fairworth, and that gentleman, being unwilling to meet the issue, went out in the back-yard until it should blow over. Unfortunately he contracted a severe cold, and to-day is only just beginning to recover from a dangerous attack of pneumonia.

Few men, probably, have met with such serious trouble when venturing on feminine accomplishments as did Mr. Fairworth, yet, with his experience, the exploding clothes-wringer and the man who laid the axe to the foot in mind, a man can not, as we observed at first, be too careful how he rushes in and mixes himself with feminine employments of which he knows nothing.—*New York Tribune.*

Stranger—"Boy, will you direct me to the nearest bank?" *Street gamin*—"Will f' twenty-five cents." *Stranger*—"Twenty-five cents! Isn't that high?" *Gamin*—"Bank-directors always gets big pay, mister."—*New York Sun.*

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS
Beware of Imitations.
NOTICE AUTOGRAPH OF Stewart Hartshorn ON LABEL AND GET THE GENUINE HARTSHORN

The object of display in an advertisement is to attract additional attention.

An advertiser of much experience has said that an advertisement should be so arranged that the first glance conveys the idea.

The theory being that the catch words or lines convey to the mind of the interested reader the idea of the thing he needs, without his having the power to overlook it, he is sure to read the whole advertisement, no matter how small the type in the body thereof.

To make an advertisement really attractive the display should not be too general. It is often possible to make a more noticeable card in three inches' space than could be done in four inches when attention is not paid to this fact.

It is usual to put the display line in as large type as the width of column will permit.

To confine the display to a single word is always wise when the meaning can be properly expressed thus, as the attempt to put several words in a display line is very apt to prove a failure.

In a handsomely displayed card, when the proper words or lines can be selected without giving too many letters to each, a very effective advertisement is made by using the same type for each display line.

A fashion of display, which is at the same time simple and effective, and has the additional important advantage of being unobjectionable to the most fastidious publishers, is simply a white space at the head of the reading matter of the card. In a closely printed sheet this white space catches the eye instantly, and curiosity is excited to ascertain the object of its being there.

It not unfrequently happens that the columns of a newspaper are filled with advertisements all profusely displayed or illustrated with cuts, and in such cases a modest, plain card, without any attempt at display, will be attractive from the contrast.

For latest examples of condensed display, in small space, the leading magazines and the most expensive weekly papers should be examined each issue. Two dollars per line of space will make advertisers ingenious.—*Printers' Ink.*

100 SONGS Words & Music Complete Choice collection of gems only 10c GUIDE PUB. CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

THE ARGONAUT CLUBBING LIST FOR 1890

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office; it must be understood, however, that by this arrangement a subscriber may not obtain more than one of these periodicals without an additional subscription to the *Argonaut* for each additional periodical.

The Argonaut and the Century for One Year, by Mail	$7.00
The Argonaut and the Independent for One Year, by Mail	6.00
The Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine for One Year, by Mail	5.90
The Argonaut and St. Nicholas for One Year, by Mail	6.00
The Argonaut and the Magazine of Art for One Year, by Mail	6.20
The Argonaut and Harper's Magazine for One year, by Mail	6.50
The Argonaut and Harper's Weekly for One Year, by Mail	6.70
The Argonaut and Harper's Bazar for One Year, by Mail	6.70
The Argonaut and Harper's Young People for One Year, by Mail	5.00
The Argonaut and the Weekly New York Tribune (Republican) for One Year, by Mail	4.50
The Argonaut and the Weekly New York World (Democratic) for One Year, by Mail	4.50
The Argonaut, the Weekly Tribune, and the Weekly World, One Year, by Mail	5.50
The Argonaut and Wide-Awake for One Year, by Mail	5.50
The Argonaut and the English Illustrated Magazine for One Year, by Mail	4.75
The Argonaut and the Atlantic Monthly for One Year, by Mail	6.70
The Argonaut and Outing for One Year, by Mail	5.75
The Argonaut and Forest and Stream for One Year, by Mail	6.50
The Argonaut and Judge for One Year, by Mail	7.25
The Argonaut and the New York Spirit of the Times for One Year, by Mail	8.00
The Argonaut and the Nineteenth Century (monthly) for One Year, by Mail	7.25
The Argonaut and the Contemporary Review (monthly) for One Year, by Mail	7.25
The Argonaut and the Fortnightly Review (monthly) for One Year, by Mail	7.25
The Argonaut and the Westminster Review (monthly) for One Year, by Mail	7.00
The Argonaut and the Edinburgh Review (quarterly) for One Year, by Mail	6.20
The Argonaut and the Quarterly Review (quarterly) for One Year, by Mail	6.20
The Argonaut and the Scottish Review (quarterly) for One Year, by Mail	6.20
The Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine (monthly) for One Year, by Mail	6.20
The Argonaut and the Critic for One Year, by Mail	5.90
The Argonaut and Life for One Year, by Mail	7.25
The Argonaut and Puck for One Year, by Mail	7.25
The Argonaut and Demorest's Family Magazine	5.00
The Argonaut and Current Literature for One Year, by Mail	5.50

This offer is not open to residents of San Francisco and Oakland. In those cities the Argonaut is not delivered by mail, but is entirely in the hands of our carriers, with whom we do not wish to interfere.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL
STEAMSHIP COMPANY.
FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, at 3 o'clock P. M. for YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG, Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

Steamer	From San Francisco for Hongkong, 1889.
Oceanic	Thursday, November 21
Gaelic	Saturday, December 14 1890.
Belgic	Tuesday, January 7
Oceanic	Tuesday, February 4
Gaelic	Thursday, February 27
Belgic	Saturday, March 22
Oceanic	Tuesday, April 15

Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Offices, Room 74, cor. Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.
For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or at No 202 Market Street, Union Block, San Francisco.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
GEO. H. RICE Traffic Manager.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.
FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA

Taking freight and passengers direct for Mazatlan, San Blas, Manzanillo, Acapulco, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, La Libertad, and Panama, and via Acapulco for all lower Mexican and Central American ports

For Hong Kong, via Yokohama:

City of Rio de Janeiro	Dec. 3, at 3 P. M.
China	Thursday, Dec. 26, at 3 P. M.
City of Peking	Tuesday, Jan. 21, 1890, at 3 P. M.

Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.
For Freight or passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.
WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., Gen. Agents.
GEO H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., Oct. 7th, 22d, Nov. and Dec. 6th, 21st.
For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports 9 A. M. every five days. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesdays, 9 A. M. For Mendocino, Fort Bragg, etc., Mondays and Thursdays, 4 P. M. For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every fourth day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo, every fourth day at 2 P. M. For ports in Mexico, 25th of each month. Ticket office 214 Montgomery Street.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, San Francisco.

25th ANNUAL EXHIBIT, JANUARY 1, 1889.

HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.,
No. 216 Sansome Street.

Capital (Paid up in Gold)	$300,000 00
Net Surplus (over everything)	287,531 34

PRESIDENT ..... J. F. HOUGHTON
VICE-PRESIDENT ..... J. L. N. SHEPARD
SECRETARY ..... CHARLES R. STORY
GENERAL AGENT ..... ROBERT H. MAGILL

London Assurance Corporation
Of London. Established by Royal Charter 1720.
Northern Assurance Company
Of London. Established 1836.
Queen Insurance Company
Of Liverpool. Established 1857.
Connecticut Fire Insurance Co.
Of Hartford, Conn.
ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.
South-east corner California and Montgomery Streets (Safe Deposit Building), San Francisco.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital $3,000,000

WILLIAM ALVORD ..... President.
THOMAS BROWN ..... Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR. ..... Assistant Cashier.

AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Australia and New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; China, Japan, and India, Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China.

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents at all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.
Letters of Credit issued available to all parts of the world.
Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiana, Locano, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.

WELLS, FARGO & CO.
BANKING DEPARTMENT.

Capital and Surplus $4,694,805.04

DIRECTORS:
LLOYD TEVIS, President; JNO. J. VALENTINE, Vice-Pres't. Leland Stanford, Charles Crocker, J. C. Fargo, Oliver Eldridge, Charles Fargo, Geo. E. Gray, C. F. Crocker.
H. WADSWORTH, Cashier.

Receive deposits, issue letters of credit, and transact a general banking business.

ALASKA
COMMERCIAL COMPANY,

No. 310 SANSOME STREET,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN FURS.

STAGE GOSSIP.

"Antiope," which ran six weeks at Niblo's in New York, is to continue here for three weeks.

The Kendalls have been so well received in America that they have decided to extend their original plan, and will be seen in this city next spring.

Burt Haverly, formerly of the minstrel stage and later with Patti Rosa, has left the latter's company, and joined Frank Daniels in "Little Puck."

"Nancy & Co.," one of the Augustin Daly comedies, is to be done on Monday night, with Ethel Brandon, E. J. Buckley, and L. R. Stockwell in the cast.

Mme. Patti is to open the Auditorium, Chicago's monster theatre, on Tuesday, December 10th, and will be in this city soon after. Albani, Nordica, and Valdi are in her company.

Minnie Maddern will open her engagement in this city on Monday evening in "Featherbrain." George Osborne is her leading support, and Helen Mason and Emma Maddern are other members of the company.

After Monday night next, "La Grande Duchesse" will be continued during the week at the Tivoli, and on the following Monday, Henry Peakes will make his first appearance as Devilshoof in "The Bohemian Girl."

George Riddle, who was the prime mover in the Greek plays at Harvard and has since become Boston's favorite Shakespearean reader, will repeat his visit here of last year in a few weeks, to give a new series of readings.

Milton Nobles is in town again. He is engaged for three weeks, opening on Monday with "From Sire to Son," following a week later with "Love and Law," and keeping for his last week "The Phœnix"—which, apparently, never dies.

Stuart Robson will appear before us next Monday for the first time since the dissolution of the long partnership in which be and William H. Crane made fame and money. He is now the star of a comedy, "The Henrietta," by Bronson Howard.

"Hands Across the Sea" is soon to be seen in town, and it is to be followed, during the holidays, by "The Great Metropolis." Both are melodramas of the most melodramatic type, the latter rejoicing in a "great wreck and life-saving scene."

The actresses in New York are to organize an actresses' club, with Mme. Modjeska as their dean. They will go in for improvement, devoting a day to Senac, the fencing-master, and another to Bibeyran, the ballet-master, and a third to French lessons.

Marie Wainwright is said to scold her stage-people so that the audience can hear her, but she carried her attentions further, a few nights ago, and mightily surprised a Boston audience. There were a lot of people in a box, who kept up a chattering which disturbed her, and she turned about and deliberately hissed them. The chatterers got up and left the box, much embarrassed.

Monday evening, November 18th, is the fiftieth anniversary of the production of Verdi's first opera, "Il Conte di Bonifazio," which was produced at La Scala, in Milan. The event will be celebrated throughout Europe by the performance of the first act of "La Traviata," the trio from "Attila," the last act of "Il Trovatore," the quartet from "Rigoletto," and the third act of "Ernani" at all the principal opera-houses. The Tivoli will present the same programme on that evening, with the most distinguished operatic artists in the city in the casts.

Phyllis Broughton has been singularly honored by the London play-goers. The Londoners, it seems, are daft over the scheme of submitting all manner of disputed questions to popular vote, and a firm of soap-manufacturers, adding up the returned tickets on which purchasers of a cake of soap had been requested to record the name of the handsomest actress, found that Phyllis Broughton was the favorite, and accordingly presented her with a bouquet in which was a check for twenty-five pounds—just the one-hundredth part of the sum Viscount Dangan involuntarily paid not long ago for holding the same opinion of the lady's charms.

Rosina Vokes's idea of giving three little comedies in an evening has won her two disciples in Vernona Jarbeau and Lydia Thompson, both of whom are going in for that sort of thing. Vernona Jarbeau has abandoned the comic-opera stage. She objects to wearing décolleté dresses and full tights; "you must not burn the candle at both ends," she holds. Lydia Thompson has also experienced a reaction in favor, not of less exposure, but of more covering-up. Another reason for her change is that she claims the right to produce "A Double Lesson," one of Miss Vokes's best plays. It was written by Burnand, the editor of *Punch*, who, according to Miss Thompson, sold it for two thousand dollars to Mrs. Bancroft, from whom Miss Thompson bought the American rights for a royalty of twelve dollars for each performance.

For Bronchial, Asthmatic, and Pulmonary Complaints, "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" have remarkable curative properties. *Sold only in boxes.*

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Heimburger Recital.

A piano recital was given by Mr. Edward Heimburger on Friday evening in Irving Hall. He was assisted by Mr. Hermann Brandt, violinist, Miss Jeannette Wilcox, contralto, and Mrs. May L. Heimburger, pianist, in presenting the following excellent programme:

Sonate for Piano and Violin, Op. 24 ..... Beethoven
Allegro, Adagio, Scherzo, Rondo.
Mrs. M. L. Heimburger and Mr. Hermann Brandt.

Balladina, Etude Caractèristique, May Queen, Caprice Waltz, } ..... E. Heimburger
Mr. E. Heimburger.

"Sognai" ..... Scbira
Miss Jeannette Wilcox.

Sonate, Op 26 ..... Beethoven
Andante con Variazioni; Scherzo;
Marcia Funebre; Allegro.
Mr. E. Heimburger.

Romanze in G major ..... Beethoven
Mr. Hermann Brandt.

Fantasie Impromptu, Etudes in Ab and Gb, Op. 25 } ..... Chopin
Mr. E. Heimburger.

"Song of Shelley,"
"Ave Maria"
(violin obligato by Mr. Brandt) ..... E. Heimburger
Miss Jeannette Wilcox

Danish Air—"Fly Bird, Fly" ..... Wilmers—Heimburger
"Campanella" ..... Liszt
Mr. E. Heimburger.

The Gilmore Concerts.

The Gilmore Jubilee Concerts at the Mechanics' Pavilion have been fairly successful. The famous band, with its solo-players, was augmented by the voices of Signorina de Vere and Mme. Stone-Barton, sopranos; Miss Clara Poole and Miss Jennie Dickerson, contraltos; Campanini and Duzensi, tenors; Bologna, basso cantante; Myron W. Whitney, basso profundo; Charles E. Pratt, pianist; and a chorus of five hundred voices from the Handel and Haydn Society—under whose auspices the concerts were given—who were led in the choral numbers by Mr. H. J. Stewart. The programmes were well chosen to suit the popular and cultivated taste. Lack of space makes it impossible to give the programmes in full, but the especial features were: the overture to "Tannhauser," the grand sextet from "Lucia," and Mozart's "Twelfth Mass" on Monday night; the overture to "Robespierre" and the Hallelujah Chorus from "The Messiah" on Tuesday; Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony," and the amusing "Trip to Manhattan Beach" on Wednesday afternoon; Rossini's "Stabat Mater," Liszt's "Rhapsodie Hongroise," and Pilgrims' Chorus "Lombardi" on Wednesday evening; the overture to "Der Freischutz" and Mendelssohn's "Rondo Capriccioso" on Thursday afternoon, and the overture to "Rienzi," selections from Bizet's "Pearl Divers," and Gilmore's own national anthem, "Columbia," on Thursday night.

The series of three *séances de musique classique* which Mme. Camilla Urso is to give in the music-room at Mrs. W. J. Younger's residence, 1414 California Street, are announced to take place on Friday afternoons, November 22d, December 20th, and January 17th, at three o'clock. There will be a string quartet, consisting of Mme Urso, first violin, Charles Gottlie, second violin, Louis Schmidt, viola, and Louis Heine, violoncello; Mrs. Carmichael-Carr and Miguel Espinosa will be the pianists, and the accompanist will be Sigismondo Martinez. The tickets are limited to one hundred and fifty, as Mme. Urso's pupils are invited to attend, and are sold only by subscription, costing five dollars for transferable tickets for the season, which may be obtained of Mme. Urso at the Occidental Hotel. The programmes of the three concerts have been arranged and may be had by addressing Mme. Urso.

Miss Lena Devine has returned to San Francisco after an absence of four years abroad. She has been a leading pupil of the Italian maestro Lamperti, and has appeared with much success, singing in Germany, Italy, and London during the past season.

At the concert to be given on November 29th by Mme. de Sadowsky-Peixotto, she will sing for the first time in this city some of her national Russian songs, which will be quite a novelty. Mme. Thea Sanderini will also sing some of her best numbers.

Miss Partridge will give an ensemble concert this (Saturday) afternoon in the parlors of the First Unitarian Church. She will have the assistance of Mr. Louis Heine in presenting an excellent programme.

The Herrmann Brandt String Quartet announce a series of chamber music concerts. The quartet consists of Messrs. Herrmann Brandt, Louis N. Ritzau, Henry Siering, and Theodore Mansfeldt.

REAL-ESTATE NOTES.

At the old Lone Mountain Cemetery, something like seven thousand bodies are to be dug up and reburied. About thirty acres are being disinterred, and as soon as it is completed, five streets, comprising Boyd, Williamson, Chase, Mears, and Merrifield will be extended from Post Street on the south boundary clear through the old cemetery and on to the Presidio.

John T. Doyle is about to erect a three-story brick building on the north-west corner of Sacramento and Drumm Streets.

The first contract for a three story and basement brick building to be built on the north side of Pine Street, west of Kearny, has just been let. The front will be pressed brick, laid in red mortar.

At Stockton and Vallejo Streets a four-story apartment-house is to be built; it will contain six stores and twelve flats, each flat having its own entrance-hall, kitchen, bath-room, etc. The owner is R. R. Hind. The cost will be about $40,000.

Plans are being prepared for improving the Donohoe property at the north east corner of Golden Gate Avenue and Taylor, at the intersection with Market Street. The intended structure is expected to be seven stories in height, with a basement.

The Baroness von Schroder is building twenty-seven houses in the Mission, each divided into flats of six and seven rooms each.

A line of thirty-eight fine lots adjoining Buena Vista Park are to be sold at auction by McAfee, Baldwin & Hammond at their sales-room, 10 Montgomery Street, on Thursday, November 29th. These lots are on Park Road, Ridley, South Broderick, and Alpine Streets. The property is sold by order of Claus Spreckels. The view from the property is one of the finest in the city.

Next Wednesday the gore lot on the north-east corner of Market and Castro Streets, 93 4½ feet on Market by 118.5 on Castro by 90 feet in depth, is to be sold at auction.

The board of supervisors has been petitioned to appropriate fifteen hundred dollars for the purpose of defraying the cost of removing bodies now buried in the cemetery at the Mission Dolores, in that portion of it which extends into Dolores Street on the west side, between Sixteenth and Seventeenth, being a strip about eighty feet in length and twenty-five or thirty feet in width. This is for the purpose of opening Dolores Street.

Two blocks of Southside property go on the market next week at the stated figure of seventy-five dollars per lot, payable in monthly installments.

The Alameda sale of the Stewart property, last week, netted $76 860 in the short space of half an hour, there being thirty-eight large lots sold. The sale was conducted by W. J. Dingee and Easton, Eldridge & Co.

At McAfee, Baldwin & Hammond's auction sale of real-estate Thursday, twelve inside lots on the south side of Vallejo, between Broderick and Baker, each 25x137½ feet, went at prices ranging from $1,550 to $1,650 per lot. The south-west corner of Vallejo and Broderick, 37½x137½ feet, brought $2 900. A 50x80 foot lot on the east side of Second, between Minna and Natoma, $34 250; rental, $155 per month.

A lot on the west side of Ninth Street, between Mission and Howard, 50x113½ feet to a rear street, sold for $35,100, Robert Hamilton being the purchaser. Lot on Howard Street, near Fourteenth, 50x95 feet, with livery-stable thereon, sold for $11,550. The south-west corner of Market and Noe, fronting 105 feet on the former and 156 feet on the latter street, realized $30 000.

Three lots on Willard Street, near Carl, better known as Sunset Heights property, went at the uniform figure of $1 425 per lot of 25x105 feet.

The private sales of the week include the following:

The unimproved lot 60x127 on the south side of Pacific, west of Laguna, was sold for $9 600, which is just $160 a front foot. Four months ago, it was sold for $140 a foot.

Five 50-vara lots, close to Central Avenue, facing the Presidio, were sold during the week, price not known.

The north-west corner of Grant Avenue and O'Farrell Street, north 36 6x50, in fifty-vara 908, was sold by Ellen Ives to Fanny M. Irwin for $50,000. There is a four-story brick building on the lot.

The property on Market, south-east line, 45.10 south-west of Steuart, south-west 45.10x137.6, in bay and water lot 580, was sold by Andrew Crawford to Eugene Meyer. Price not known.

A Fight Between Locomotives.

When street-car No. 32, of the Jackson Mound Park line reached the steam-railway crossing at Calhoun and Tennessee Streets, at half-past three on a recent afternoon, the way was found blocked by two freight trains, with the two engines facing each other.

Neither of the trains made any motion to move, and the car-driver, whose name is Thomas, inquired of a brakeman the cause of the delay. The answer surprised him: "Well, they met on the same track; both of the engineers claim the right of way, and neither one will back down."

At this juncture the engineer of one engine pulled his lever and attempted to force the other train back, but the effort was unsuccessful. Then the engineers argued the matter, and one suggested that they were keeping the crossing blocked, to which the other replied that he did not care if it was kept blocked for an hour.

Then the first engineer made another attempt to run the opposing train back, and again failed, whereupon he backed his engine a few feet and attacked the enemy with a running start, but in vain. It was a battle of giants, in which both were equally powerful.

The engineer then signaled an engineer who was in his engine in the yard south of the crossing, for assistance. He responded and ran his engine up in the rear of the north-bound train. Then both engineers started their engines together, and by their combined strength the south-bound train was pushed back and the crossing was cleared.—*Memphis Avalanche.*

Manager Thorn, of the Palace, has accentuated his incumbency by discharging all the colored waiters, and replacing them with white servants. Those who have had friends or relatives die lingering deaths from inanition, while seated in the Palace dining-room, will appreciate the change. A darkey is slower than a district messenger-boy or the wrath of God.

Macaulay every Sunday dined alone at a London coffee-house. After dinner, he would build a pyramid of wine-glasses, topping it off with a decanter. The edifice usually toppled over. Macaulay then paid for the broken glass and left.

LADIES!

ALFRED WRIGHT'S PERFUMERY,
SACHET POWDERS
AND FACE POWDER

Are still acknowledged to be the finest.

FOR SALE ONLY BY FIRST-CLASS DRUGGISTS

COBURN & STAFFORD,
SOLE AGENTS.

LADIES
Who Value a Refined Complexion
MUST USE
POZZONI'S
MEDICATED
COMPLEXION
POWDER.

It imparts a brilliant transparency to the skin. Removes all pimples, freckles and discolorations, and makes the skin delicately soft and beautiful. It contains no lime white lead or arsenic. In three shades pink or flesh, white and brunette.

FOR SALE BY
All Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers Everywhere
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

FINE ARTS.

The European Collection of Fine Oil Paintings and Water Colors specially imported by us, is now on exhibition and for sale at our art rooms, Nos. 581 and 583 Market Street.

S. & G. GUMPERT.

THANKSGIVING FURNITURE.

This is a very appropriate season of the year to make a change in your dining-room.

We show an endless variety of new style

SIDEBOARDS, BUFFETS,
TABLES, CHAIRS, AND
CHINA CABINETS

Do you not need a China Cabinet? The entire back and sides are of the finest plate-glass, which reflects back the prismatic rays of light from each glass inclosed.

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CREAM
BAKING
POWDER
MOST PERFECT MADE

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RAPAU'S
FRENCH
ASTHMA
CURE.
GIVES IMMEDIATE RELIEF.
Price $3.50 per bottle. For sale by all Druggists.

CATARRH
HAY FEVER
CATARRHAL
DEAFNESS
A NEW TREATMENT.
Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result of this discovery is that a simple remedy has been discovered which permanently cures the most aggravated cases of these distressing diseases by a few simple applications made (*two weeks apart*) by the patient at home. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent *free* by A. H. DIXON & SON, 337 and 339 West King Street, Toronto, Canada.

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— AND —
GASLIGHT
FIXTURES
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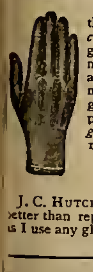
Makers are
THOMAS DAY & CO., LIMITED,
No. 222 Sutter Street.

ABOUT GLOVES.

When you are buying *gloves*, remember that there is such a thing as a price that is too *cheap*. It is better to pay a fair price and get good gloves like *Hutchinson's*. They are made from selected skins in the best manner, and are *warranted* to be the most serviceable made. If you want to know more about gloves in general and Hutchinson's gloves in particular, inclose stamp for the book *about gloves*. It will interest you. Established 1862.
JOHN C. HUTCHINSON,
Johnstown, N. Y.

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J. C. HUTCHINSON—*Dear Sir:* Gloves all right. Wear better than represented. Will send you my orders as long as I use any gloves and you make them. Very truly,
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J. M. PIERCE, 135 Market Street.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

The Passing Crank.

I saw him oft before
As he passed by my door
Long ere fall,
In the summer afternoons
When the sluggers and maroons
Played base-ball.

A smile was on his face
As he rushed for a place
In the front.
Where he yelled his very worst
When a slugger got to first
On a bunt.

Now to himself he talks
When down the street he walks
As of yore;
And a tear is in his eye
As he asks each passer-by,
"What's the score?"

A poor old base-ball crank,
His mind is now a blank—
Evermore
He is doomed to walk the streets
And to ask each one he meets,
"What's the score?"
—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

The Ladies at Election Time.

If registrars were ladies,
With eyes as black as Hades,
Fair and petite,
With laughter sweet,
As many a Buckeye maid is,

A simple invitation
To come for registration
Would bring all men
With ink and pen
With trifling hesitation.

Whate'er the voter's trade is,
Or his complexion's shade is,
He'd go and sign
In rain or shine.
If registrars were ladies.
—*Columbus Dispatch.*

A Ky. Custom.

Way down in the State of Kentucky,
Afar where the Cumberland rolls,
The people select,
The social elect,
Serve Rye in the Fin-
Ger
Bowls. —*Life.*

What Wonder?

Young Digby went to Vassar
To lecture to the girls;
And there, in fine orations, showered
A wealth of wisdom's pearls.

But soon his courage faltered,
And went into eclipse,
What wonder, when five hundred girls
Were "banging on his lips"? —*Time.*

Melissa's Misadventure.

Melissa Melinda McCann
Projected a laudable plan
To reform woman's dress
On a standard no less
Than the models affected by man.

She invented remarkable ways
Of belaying her garments, and praise
Was distinctly her due,
For the neighbors she threw
Into constant and breathless amaze.

Unmindful how some might deride,
She determined her skirt to divide;
No change was too radical—
Transient—nomadical—
Each idea new should be tried.

All draping she wholly abhorred—
Her vials of wrath she outpoured
Upon tailors and dress-makers
Calling them mess-makers,
Banded in fiendish accord.

Point de Venise was as bad—
Never a trimming she had;
For her no chimerical,
Cheap, millinerical,
Passementerical fad.

And so she elected to go
Unadorned from her crown to her toe;
A strong common sensible—
Quite indefensible
Funny old feminine crow!

These were the thanks that she got:
From naughty newspapers, hot shot;
From her friends, levity—
Hints of longevity—
Tragical, quite, was it not?
—*Evening Sun.*

Gathering Chestnuts.

The funny man sits at his desk all day,
And works in a silent, industrious way;
And out in the woods the squirrel light
Is gathering chestnuts from morn till night.
—*Washington Capitol.*

The Biggest One.

I caught a string of beauties
Up on the North Fork to-day,
The finest trout that were e'er pulled out—
But the Biggest One Got Away!

And down in the mill-pond meadow,
The boys that were making hay,
With forks and rakes kill 3,000 snakes—
But the Biggest One Got Away?

And so I have heard of liars
Since Ananias's day;
There are just a few that receive their due—
But the Biggest One Gets Away!
—*C. F. Lummis.*

John Sullivan My Jo.

John Sullivan my jo, John,
When first I kenned ye weel,
Your airms were like twa iron flails,
Your hands like slugs o' steel;
But noo ye've gathered pelf, John,
An' t' Congress ye maun go,
Where they fight less fairly than yourself,
John Sullivan my jo.

John Sullivan my jo, John,
Wi' braid an' manly breast,
Ye hae faced fu' mony a mon, John,
T' try which ane was best;
There were tough knocks fairly dealt, John,
But if t' Washington ye go,
Ye'll find they strike below the belt,
John Sullivan my jo. —*Omaha World.*

A Modern Romance.

Although they went to school together,
And grew up children side by side,
He never dreamed how much he loved her
Until her wealthy uncle died
—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Los Angeles correspondent thus writes to the Boston *Transcript:* "The 'boom' of 1887, undesirable as it was in some respects, wrought many happy changes here. It found Los Angeles and San Diego overgrown country towns, and left them both metropolitan in appearance. Los Angeles has now streets paved almost as well as the famous thoroughfares of Washington, D. C., and the churches, theatres, public schools, and public buildings of the chief cities here would be considered creditable in any of the large cities of the Middle or Atlantic States. The building of residences, hotels, and business-blocks has been largely overdone, but still goes on. The rents asked here for handsome residences and cottages in the suburbs are so small that, if they were quoted, the statement would hardly be believed. There are so many houses that the unfortunate landlords simply have to submit to any and every demand tenants choose to make. Two years ago, house-rents, room-rents, and hotel-charges were enormous. The cost of living drove hundreds away. Now it is doubtful if there is a city in the United States where so much can be had for a little money."

The San Francisco Police Department

Is a unique institution. To judge from the high and mighty tone assumed by the Police Commissioners whenever one of their pets is charged with what in a private citizen would merit condign punishment, one would imagine that the Archangel Michael had sent down a deputation of Heaven's policemen to patrol our pavements for the sake of exercise. Police Judge Lawler, a day or two ago, intimated that any one who accused the police of venal motives, is guilty of a contempt of court. This is probably a logical outcome of the sentence of the editor of the *Star*. We wonder if it is a contempt of court to call the attention of the police to the existence of the Little Louisiana Lottery Company, who do a flourishing business right under their noses in broad daylight, and escape with a semi-occasional fine of sixty dollars? This concern deserves no more consideration than any tan game in Chinatown. It has feloniously appropriated the name and is using the prestige of the Louisiana State Lottery to impose upon the confidence of the public and beguile them into believing that it is organized legally and is solvent. The Louisiana State Lottery is a lawful enterprise in the State of its creation. It also has this to recommend it—that a large percentage of its receipts go to charitable and other public purposes in Louisiana, while it is no small merit that the winner is sure of his prize. The so-called Little Louisiana Lottery, on the contrary, is a California scheme, utterly without warrant of law and headed by irresponsible individuals, who any day may find a trip to Canada advantageous to their financial and bodily safety. The police know the location of their offices as well as that of the City Hall, and yet they are never raided. The managers seem to have devised a cunning system of surrendering one of their number every month or two to undergo a small fine as a sort of peace offering to the offended majesty of the law.
—*San Francisco (Cal.) Wasp, Oct. 26th.*

For Sale,
A model fruit and stock farm in the citrus belt of the foot-hills of Butte County, nicely situated for a suburban home. Two hundred acres. Twelve hundred fruit-trees—rasins, berries, running water, fountain, poultry etc. Fine scenery, healthy climate. Value, $7,200; cash price, $5 000; half, $3 000. Photographs can be seen. Address "Ranch," *Argonaut* office.

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— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

Finest oysters in all styles, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

CATARRH.
Catarrhal Deafness—Hay Fever.
A NEW HOME TREATMENT.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result of this discovery is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness, and hay fever, are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made at home by the patient once in two weeks. N. B.—This treatment is not a snuff or an ointment; both have been discarded by reputable physicians as injurious. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free, on receipt of stamp to pay postage, by A. H. DIXON & SON, 337 and 339 West King Street, Toronto, Canada.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Sufferers from Catarrhal troubles should carefully read the above.

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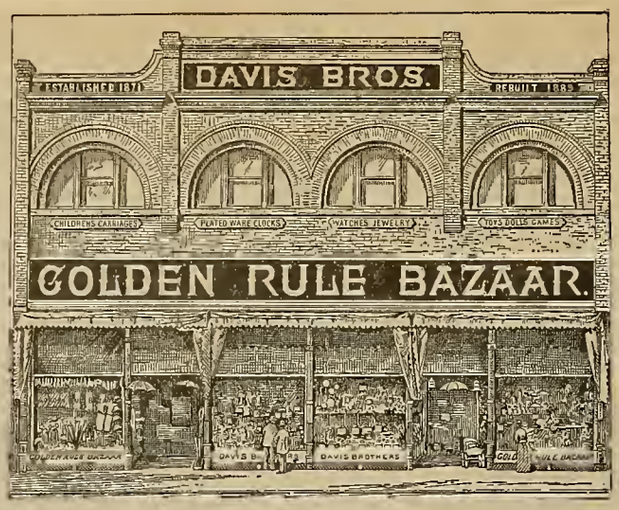

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VOL. XXV. No. 21. SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 25, 1889. PRICE, TEN CENTS.

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A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, ... EDITOR.

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The meeting of the Roman Catholic Congress, in convention Baltimore, denotes a new departure of the Roman Church. is a most unusual thing to admit laymen to participation the councils of the Church of Rome. Indeed, we may that it is almost unprecedented to pay any deference the opinions of other than ecclesiastics, in reference to spiritualities or temporalities of the institution which is sely called a "church," and whose mode of government is properly designated as "religion." The Catholic—or, more perly, the Papal—Church is a political government. It ceeded the pagan empire of Rome, and, ever since the era Constantine, it has provided all the methods resorted to by most artful, most corrupt, and most criminal of politi- organizations. It has exercised all the rights and put forth the pretensions incident to sovereignty. Its Popes have, a rule, been chosen from among Italian cardinals through rigue and the most consummate arts of political chicanery, d when Archbishop Satolli, "the fine-looking Italian primate about fifty," who represents the Pope at Baltimore, talks about the "moral" force of the Apostolic See, as against the "brute" force of standing armies, he ignores the period and principles of the Papacy when it was the most arrogant and unscrupulous of governments, in the exercise of the most criminal and cruel of expedients for the annihilation of all forces which opposed the exercise of its sovereignty. The persecutions of all religious communities—Lollards, Waldenses, Huguenots—the suppression of all heresies by the use of fire and torture, the perpetration of all crimes for the punishment of enemies of the church, the resort to the most shameful of expedients for the attainment of its ambitious ends—is the darkest page in the history of the darkest of ages; murders perpetrated by civil authorities, under the direct control of ecclesiastical power and done in the interest of the church; murders and assassinations by the stiletto in the bands of avenging priests; murders done in wars to uphold the interests and advance the ambitious designs of the Roman Church—present a sum total of villainies and crimes which have been equaled by no human organization. Nothing is comparable with the infamies perpetrated by the Church of Rome under the dominion of its Papal authority—the atrocities of pagan ages and barbaric tribes are not measurable beside the terrible work of the Spanish Inquisition, the more terrible and destructive career of the Duke of Alva in the Netherlands, and the inhuman persecution of heretics wherever in the world the banner of the cross has been elevated as an emblem of authority. In comparison with these crimes, all other human atrocities sink into insignificance. Every drop of blood shed upon the cross on Calvary becomes a devastating river of blood when set in motion by the Church of Rome. The conquests of the cross in Peru, the *triste noche* in Mexico, the plundered condition of all of Spanish America under the conquest of invading warriors of Spain, the starving peonage of nearly nine millions of Indians in a sister republic—more than justify the statement of Voltaire that the estimated number of victims sacrificed to the insatiable ambition of the Papal Church has amounted to more than nine millions of human victims; add to these all who have been sacrificed to the lust of sacerdotal ambition in wars of religious invasion and conquest, and the number of human beings who have fallen before this implacable and bloody Moloch outnumber tens of millions of times all the souls redeemed from purgatorial fires by masses purchased for their repose. In this church there is no religion. It is a political organization claiming supernatural authority to enforce the obedience of its ignorant and superstitious followers by pains and penalties. It threatens hell. It was in France a religion which had the Bastile behind it. In Spain, it prayed and persecuted with the rack to enforce its moral power. In the Netherlands, it ruled by the use of fagots and the sword. It is, and ever has been, a money-making industry. It secured two out of every five acres in France. It stretched its abbey-lands over the most fruitful areas in England. It seized without law and plundered without mercy the wealth of Europe. It enslaved and held in bondage—the bondage of the cross—millions of barbarians. It seized the most valuable and productive valleys of California. It holds to-day in San Francisco—in the hands of the Jesuit order and in the legal ownership of one archbishop as a "corporation sole"—more wealth than has been accumulated by the Spring Valley and the Central Pacific Railroad corporations. It is a conspiracy which recognizes no claim of honest merit other than to travesty in the guise of piety. It is undemocratic. The Pope appoints the college of cardinals; the college of cardinals elects the Pope. The Pope sits himself upon a gilded throne; he is always an old man; upon his head he wears a three-storied tiara, in his hand a stick imitating the shepherd's crook, wears the flash raiment of a tawdry female, and enjoys a princely revenue. His cardinal, in America, sits upon a crimson canopy, gilded and embroidered, calls it a "throne," and is called "His Eminence," while our constitution forbids the use of foreign titles. All this is not religion—it is a ridiculous and absurd travesty of a government which has no country, no capital, no recognized legal authority, no army, no navy, no treasury, no finances which do not come through the arts of mendicancy. Its court is composed of old Italians, not one of whom now living has extended his reputation or name beyond the Vatican. The corral around the Church of St. Peter's, the palace of the Vatican, and the castle of St. Angelo, is not as large an empire as the Methodist Grove at Monterey. This church has no literature, save the worthless speculations and dogmatic hair-splitting by ancient fathers, treasured in missals painfully written and hidden in cloisters. It has spent its force in suppressing science, and its aged chief now mourns because Giordano Bruno has been resurrected to immortality by Italian students, and Galileo, whom it persecuted and imprisoned, has been enshrined in the memories of all wise men who have the courage to think. This church and this religion has the audacity to pose in the United States. It has the arrogance to pretend that it thinks of reëstablishing its power, reasserting its authority, and restoring itself to a position where it may dictate terms to the American people. It calls a congress at Baltimore, authorizes a committee to wait upon the President of the United States, and a silver-tongued Irishman—the same who placed Cleveland in nomination—invites his recognition of a disloyal band of alien politicians and foreign ecclesiastics, and impliedly promises him the political support of ten millions of Roman Catholics. The President did not forget that there were fifty millions of other people in the United States; he was polite, but was too busy to go to Baltimore. He did promise to attend the inauguration of the university, but God was kind enough to send a preventive rain, as he did once under similar circumstances to President Cleveland. The concubinal and much-married King of Judea went to his tomb under the impression that "there was nothing new under the sun," but we must do him the justice to admit that, at that time, there was no representative of God on earth. The Christ was not born at that time and had no vicegerent residing at Rome, with infallible powers to define all the truths which were to have existence in the domain of faith and morals when the new church was to be established by the Babe of Bethlehem, from the family of one of his carpenters, engaged in the business of joinery at the village of Nazareth. Lord Macaulay had not then lived, and had not written his eloquent and fanciful historical essay upon the magnificent institution which carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when camelopards and tigers bounded in the Flavian Amphitheatre. Popes had not then crowned either Pepin or Napoleon. The Republic of Venice had not then existed. Older ecclesiastical establishments than that of Rome have been born and still survive. The Saxon has, since the time of Solomon, set foot in Britain; the Frank has crossed the Rhine; England is Protestant; Germany is Protestant; America, younger and stronger than Germany and Britain, is Protestant; Italy, France, Spain, Portugal, Austria, Hungary, and Belgium are only within the nominal lines of the Roman Church; the Pope is dethroned; Rome is no longer the capital; France is Voltairized and in successful rebellion; Germany is Lutheranized and is no longer within the spiritual dominion of Roman Catholic ignorance; Russia has her Greek religion, Asia has Buddhism, Africa has Mahommedanism, and, wider than all these defections from the ecclesiastical institution which Macaulay prophesied was to flourish in undiminished vigor when some traveler from New Zealand should, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand upon a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul—there now exists a theism, an independent common-sense rationalism which thinks for itself. It is the growth of science, letters, free thought, liberty, and emancipation from church disciplines and dogmas; it comes from the printing-press and from personal liberty, guaranteed by every government in civilization not now in domination to the Babylonian harlot. The Roman Church no longer dominates the intellect of man. The intelligent world does not longer believe in the God which this church has created, and no longer credits the assumption that the Omnipotent Creator permits an Italian priest to hold and exercise his irrevocable power-of-attorney beside the yellow Tiber. The intelligent world does not believe that the Pope is the vicegerent of an All-wise Omnipotence, nor that he is infallible nor that he is in any respect unlike, or superior to, or in his

nature more spiritual, or in his morals more pure, or in his actions more unselfish than other men. The intelligent world which indulges in the freedom of independent reason does not believe that a Roman pontiff has bad transmitted to him the spiritual power of Christ or the imperial power of Cæsar. The intelligent American who has the courage to love liberty does not believe that, whether the Bisbop of Rome represents either Christ or Cæsar, that he has any pretext to the enjoyment of civil authority in the political affairs of the people's commonwealth in the United States of America. If the Pope is not the vicegerent of God—infallible, clothed rightfully with civil dominion over all the earth—then the act of the alien primates who come from Canada, from Italy, from the Vatican, from any part of the world, representing the Papal hierarchy and speaking in its name concerning the civil administration of our governmental policy, or attempting to intermeddle in our political affairs, is an intolerable insult to the sovereignty which alone rests with the American people. It is treason to our constitution. With all respect to Solomon's wisdom, we thiok he made a mistake when he prophesied that there was to be nothing new uoder the sun. The Roman Church is very new, is some centuries junior to Confucius, some centuries later than Buddhism, and only a few centuries older than Mohammedanism. It is ephemeral. It can not exist in the light of modern learning nor stand the test of scientific investigation. Papacy was an ingenious organization, well calculated for an age of ignorance. It was intended to flourish and survive only so long as superstition kept the human mind in bondage. It was like ao Arctic iceberg dropping from the snout, a polar glacier drifting down to warm southern seas; it was strong, massive, and brilliant; it reflected the coruscations of the sun while it emitted no heat, and from its frozen, compact mass generated no warmth to the cold waves which fretted against its sides. Like the drifting iceberg, it seemed irresistible to the influence of sun and wave; hut when the warm waters of the sea had melted its hase, the warm rays of the sun bad penetrated to its icy heart, it became porous and rotten; then storms arose which, heating against its hollow sides, seot it sbattered and broken to the unfathomed depths helow. The Church of Rome is now an ancborless, rudderless, drifting pretense; it is a political sham; it is doomed, and nothing is needed to fill its place; it has no more cbance to live io this age of independent thought and personal liberty—this age of freedom, law, and printing, of uoiversities, free schools, aod newspapers—than has the snow of a polar iceberg to survive in the warm waters of a tropic sea.

The peculiar feature of the Baltimore Catholic Congress was the fact that it was largely composed of laymen, or, to he more exact, of politicians. The complexion of the congress was political. Its methods, its objects, and its results were political, indicating not so much a change of purpose—for the Roman Church bas always kept its political aims steadily in view—as showing a disposition to enter into more active political combinations than it has been its former policy to engage in. When a Catholic Congress indicates its willingness to come into more friendly alliance with Protestantism, and to coöperate witb non-Catholic citizens in the management of hospitals and prisoos, and in other measures for reclaiming the unfortunate and reforming tbe erring, and, in spite of injustice and overreaching zealotry, showing a willingness to accept as final the non-sectarian plan of education, with a "desire to organize educational institutions upon a more liheral hasis, and to estahlish daily journals for the education of Catholics io the great cities"—it is an iodication that the priest is to he retired from the arena of active politics and the layman to he pushed into the forward ranks. Of course we know and fear that these Greeks are hearing dangerous gifts, and that in the belly of this Trojan horse there are armed warriors to assail the intrenched fortifications of our repuhlican citadel. We know this is a false movement, and that it covers some treachery; hut it is always satisfactory to see an enemy change position on the eve of ao engagement, and when the opposing army retires from the open and seeks an amhuscade, the intelligent commander of opposing forces knows that it is fear and not prudence which suggests the change of hattle-lines. The Roman Church is on a new field of hattle—tactics and strategems appropriate for night assaults in the dark ages and for the conquest of harbaric forces are inadequate for a fair fight in an open field in hroad light. It is into this kind of a combat that Rome is now entering; arms of precision are now in the haods of its antagonistic forces. Thrones and dynasties no longer shelter its pretensions. It is no longer in the shadow of cloisters that the spiritual combat is to be carried on; it is not from the arsenals of monks, and hermits, and learned fatbers—stuffed with the dogmas and traditions of an ignorant and superstitious age—tbat the weapons of this conflict are to be drawn. Hence, when we see politicians entering the field of comhat to support religious dogmas, intrenching themselves hehind school-houses, armed with newspapers, to fight with logic and reason, to comhat in the arena with common sense, we know that we have driveo the priest to cover. Of politicians we stand in no awe; of priests we live io mortal fear. If ever we can see the hoys of our common schools, tbe graduates of our learned universities, the writers of our daily journals, and the memhers of our secret societies engaged in an intellectual eocounter concerning the truths of the Christian religion, as interpreted hy the infallihle church—we care not hy whom they are led or in what manner they are disciplined—we are as certain as that God rules the universe the result of the conflict will he a triumph of common sense and human reason over the ahsurd mystifications which now enshroud all spiritual speculations. It is the printiog-press, free government, unrestricted liherty of conscience, freedom of thought, and freedom of action within the law which has emancipated human intelligence from spiritual hondage and set men free from the persecuting bloodhounds of a cowardly ecclesiasticism. When Voltaire lived, men were hroken on the wheel and hurned at the stake; imprisoned, tortured, their goods confiscated. Wheo he died, he was denied burial in consecrated ground in Paris. This was in the eighteenth century and after the Battle of Bunker Hill. Louis the Sixteenth and Marie Antoinette have since lost their heads upon the scaffold; Voltaire is huried io the Pantheon of France—consecrated as the resting-place of the philosophers and encyclopedists—and France is a republic. In a repuhlic, the Papal Church can not survive. Where human intelligence may exercise unrestrained liherty, tbere the Church of Rome can not live. In a constitutional monarchy, it can only suhsist hy keeping the people in ignorance and in suhjection to a criminal conspiracy eotered ioto between tbe governing powers and the priesthood. Intelligence and law are incompatible with the existeoce of priestly rule. Royal prerogative and divioe right of kings always run in leash with the fawning greyhounds that kennel in the cloister. Since the sixth century, not a repuhlic has struggled for existence which was not in rebellion against the ecclesiastical hierarchy of Rome. Not a repuhlic now exists that is not endeavoring to effect complete emancipation from clerical influence; not a republican statesman in Europe who does not recognize the malign despotism of the Papal Church. The politicians of Ireland are in antagonism to Rome. It is very rarely that a Roman Catholic is trusted as a political leader—Curran, Grattan, Lord Fitzgerald, Smith, O'Brien, Parnell, and nearly all the reliahle and trusted patriotic leaders bave heen Protestants. Fenianism was in opposition to Rome; the hoycott is denounced by the Pope; the "Plan of Campaign" is not in favor with Roman ecclesiastics. Garihaldi, the republican leader of Italy, was the pioneer of constitutional government for Italy. The Repuhlic of France is an expressioo of revolt from the priestly influence of Rome and tbe iotriguing dominion of Jesuitical statecraft. Every freethinker of Germany is a repuhlican; every independent statesman of Spain looks to an overthrow of royal power, because he knows it is dependent upon priestly influeoce; every student of a liheral uoiversity, where the mind has free range, is republican. Intelligence is always republican. Thrones are crumhling, dynasties are disappearing, and, in their place, republics are governing the world. England will soon he a repuhlic, Germany will follow, Brazil is in tbe throes of a revolution wbich will soon triumph, kings and emperors are on sufferance, and the time is not far distant when Dom Pedro will yield up his one million five huodred thousand square miles of territory to a repuhlican government, and the Crown Priocess of Brazil will he relieved from the humiliating mortification of sweeping a churcb in penance for her sins. The continents of Asia, Africa, and Australia are emancipated from Papal rule; tbe American hemisphere has only here and tbere a hlack spot—one in Canada, one in Bogota—which lies under the hlighting curse of ecclesiastical domination. Politicians will wrangle, will dispute, will quarrel; newspapers never agree; editors do not love one another. In disputations, men think; men who tbink are never Papists. Hence, we hail with pleasure the fact that the Papacy proposes to intrust itself to the politicians. The hest Roman Catholics in tbe world are the Irish, and all the Pope's Irish are politicians. St. Patrick would not have successfully introduced Papacy into Ireland, except for the luck of emhroiling the ancieot Irish Druids io a wrangle on the slope of the Hill of Chariots, and while they were in hot dispute with shillalahs, he extinguished the fires burning on Druid altars. We hail the establishment of a theological university at the national capital, with newspapers everywhere, and it will not be long hefore common sense will steal the rock for a schoolhouse upoo which Peter huilded tbe church, against which the gates of hell are not to prevail. If tbe Churcb of Rome can gain political ascendency in this free American Repuhlic, and ohtain dominion and influence over its people, the *Argonaut* will admit that it is apostolic, that the Pope is the successor of the Fisherman, that it is the only true church, that it is the Holy See, that its head is infallihle, and that salvation is only possible through its sacred portals. Wheo convinced of all these things, the *Argonaut* will confess its sios, receive absolution, order masses for the repose of the soul of its editor, pay for them, and endeavor to sneak into Paradise, and for eternity enjoy association with the penitent thief who died upon t cross.

The *Evening Post* of San Francisco has favored the edit of this paper with an "Open Letter," contaioing a numher suggestions of great value regarding the conduct of the *Ar naut*. The *Post* shows "how the *Argonaut's* present circu tion of fifty thousand copies cao he iocreased to five hundr thousand hy a reduction in price to four cents." In conc sion, the *Post* writer says: "If yon should feel like criticisi our opinion as to your present husiness affairs, and should cuse us of stealing your own methods of judging other p ple's incomes, you will have some consolation in the thou that you nursed the opinion that impelled the steal." T *Post* writer is probably inspired to his flights of fancy hy articles on the ahuses of the street-car system which have peared io these columns, although his meaning is ratber scure. However, the *Argonaut* will gladly accept the impli proposition advanced by him. If the city will grant us same privileges which have heen so generously given to street-car companies, we shall at once make the *Argonau* public necessity, and we shall he more generous with puhlic than the companies are. We shall not content o selves with a reduction to four cents. We will make the *gonaut* a daily, and publisb the hest newspaper io the city one cent a copy. From this generous people, hringing g in their hands, we shall accept tbe grouod at the ferry-landi now *permanently* occupied hy the street-car compani amounting to ten thousand square feet. Upon this prope we shall erect a handsome ten-story Renaissance huildi about fifty feet front with a depth of two hundred feet. In basemeot—the space now occupied by the underground g of the turn-tahles—we shall have our printing presses, engin stereotyping plant, etc.; oo the ground floor we shall h handsome business offices, and the upper stories we shall out as offices. We promise the citizens of San Francisco t the structure will he an ornament to the city. Then at corner of Montgomery aod Market Streets, wbere the tu tahle of the Omnihus Company permanently occupies street, we shall huild a branch office, where people may le their small ads (to the great detriment of Mr. Pickering), a where they also may obtain the *Argonaut* for one cent copy. Another hranch office will be erected at tbe corne Kearny and Market, in front of tbe new *Chronicle* buildi and on the land now permanently occupied hy the Ge Street turn-tahle. Tbere, under the very nose of Mr. Young, we shall take advertisements at lower rates than while we undersell bim hy vending the *Daily Argonaut* one cent a copy. Mr. de Young will doubtless he dri out of husiness, and forced to spend a melancholy a emhittered old age in cutting coupons off his honds. Ot hranch offices of the *Daily Argonaut* will he estahlisl at Ellis and Market, on the site of the Omnihus turn-tahle in the street; at Powell and Market, on the site of the Po Street turn-tahle—in the street; at Jones and Market, on site of tbe projected California Street turn-tahle—in the stre the North Beach branch office will he at Bay and Pow Streets, on tbe site of the Powell Street turn-tahle—in street; the Western Addition Branch Office No. 1 will he Geary Street and Central Avenue, on the site of the Ge Street terminus—in the street; Branch No. 2, at Sutter a Central Avenue, on the site of the Sutter Street turn-table io the street; Branch No. 3, at California and Central Aven now occupied hy the Powell Street turn-tahle, the Califor Street terminus, the Park motor-line terminus, and the Sutt Street-Bush-Street bobtail terminus—in the street; the Cl House motor-line would also have had a terminus there—the street—hut there was no room left, and the company regretfully forced to huy some land. This will he an impo ant office; the huilding will be a large one, occupying cons erahle ground, as will he seen from the foregoing. The Pa Branch Office No. 1 of the *Daily Argonaut* will he at the tersection of Haight and Stanyan Streets, on the ground n entirely occupied hy the Haight Street turn-table, the Om hus turn-tahle, and the terminus of the Park and Ocean Bea motor-line. The *Argonaut*, however, will he more gener to the citizeos than the present occupants, for it will leave the sufficient space to drive around its huildings; at present t car-companies force vehicles to take to the sidewalk. Pa Branch Office No. 2 will he at the corner of Hayes and Sta yan, on the site of the Hayes Street turn-tahle—in the stre No. 3, at Fulton and Stanyan, on the site of the McAllis Street turn-table—in tbe street. At points where the lines tersect, like Ninth and Market, Tenth and Market, McAllis and Market, Valencia and Market, McAllister and Pow Geary and Powell, Sutter and Powell, California and Pow McAllister and Larkin, Geary and Larkin, Sutter and Po California and Polk, and the score or more of similar cro ings where only a signal station is or should he kept, the *Ar naut* would erect small and bandsome kiosques similar those in Paris, where this invaluable journal would be sold the price of one cent—in tbe street. With all tbese privile

given to this journal by the generous citizens of San Francisco, we could follow the *Post's* thoughtful suggestion, reduce the price of the *Argonaut*, and make money. And thus endowed by a generous public, the *Daily Argonaut* would, through its low rates, so monopolize advertising and subscriptions, that presently all of our esteemed contemporaries would find themselves fired out of the public favor and—in the street.

The World's Fair struggle between New York and Chicago seems to be narrowing down to the question of how the former city can most gracefully withdraw from the contest. The fact is, New York capital was not forthcoming, in spite of the most strenuous efforts of those engaged in pushing the affair. The New York *World* and other papers did all they could to boom it, but it would not boom. The publication of the names of subscribers even did not bring out a great number of candidates for this class of advertising. Mr. Astor was persuaded to subscribe twenty-five thousand dollars, but only on condition that it was to be refunded to him in case the affair proved successful financially, and the total subscriptions to the guarantee fund on November 12th amounted to only $2,753,592. In the meantime, Chicago has drafted a bill to be introduced in Congress next month providing for the holding of the fair in that city. The bill lays particular stress on the fact that Chicago asks no national aid, beyond the sum of fifty thousand dollars, to be expended in the necessary work of entering foreign exhibits at the custom-houses. They ask, also, that goods for exhibition shall be admitted free of duty, but beyond this they ask for no outside help. The largest New York subscription by any individual has been twenty-five thousand dollars; Chicago has received three of one hundred thousand dollars each, and one of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and the total amount has reached eight million dollars. Having thus made a good start on the financial side, Chicago is following New York by adding to the "idea" crop. Among the Chicago contributions are: A tower three thousand feet high, with a car, capable of accommodating two hundred persons, attached to the top of the tower by a cable of rubber—when the people get in, the car is dropped nineteen hundred feet and bounces up and down like a gigantic baby-jumper; a pyramid two thousand feet high, to be utilized as a hotel for visitors; two towers forming an arch, and supporting another tower, while between them is an immense wheel, revolving, and with cars attached to its circumference to lift people to the top; a harbor light-tower, surmounted by a colossal statue of Columbus, and erected in the waters of Lake Michigan. The New York "ideas" also present some novel features, such as a swinging tower, which should bend to the ground, take people aboard and then swing to an upright position; a circular tower four hundred feet in diameter, with a spiral railway around the outside, measuring 3.76 miles in length; a reproduction of the ship of Columbus, with steel frame sheathed with glass, an elevator to the foretop-mast head and toboggan slide back to the mainyard, the ship half a mile long, the main-mast one-third of a mile high; a tower bearing on its summit a huge windmill to furnish power for the fair, upon each sail of the windmill a passenger-car large enough to hold several persons. On the whole, one is impressed by the fact that New York is more prolific in "ideas" than in financial contributions; perhaps because "ideas" cost nothing.

The Rev. Horatio Stebbins, pastor of the First Unitarian Church of San Francisco, has made—if his sermon is correctly reported in the *Morning Call*—the most impudent declaration that has disgraced an evangelical pulpit in this State or in this generation. This remarkable Unitarian preacher says: "For fifteen centuries the Roman Church was the only conservator of all that was good and ennobling to mankind." This falsehood is discreditable to any scholar of history, and is dishonorable to any man who pretends to represent an intelligent Protestant association. The assertion that the "American commonwealth has been advanced to greatness or "had the prosperity or moral welfare of its people aided in "any important sense by immigration from foreign lands," is unworthy of any honorable descendant from patriotic American stock. "Were I not an Unitarian, I should be a Catholic, as there is no middle ground between Roman authority "and Christian liberty," is an unworthy utterance from an unworthy source. The loss of temporalities by the Roman Pontiff is a matter of concern to the Rev. Dr. Stebbins, while there is not a man of intelligence in his congregation who holds the same opinion or who credits him with sincerity and honesty in its utterance. In a final and disgraceful culmination, he says: "The Know-Nothing party, of which you have all heard, I consider the "meanest and most contemptible political combination that "ever existed on American soil." This preacher would have San Francisco raise three millions of dollars instead of one for the support of the common schools of San Francisco, and it is our opinion that if his opinion could be ascertained, he would divide it with Romanists. If Dr. Horatio Stebbins should conclude to make his vows to Rome, and take upon himself the obligations which distinguish so many most excellent priests and perform them, it will please us if, when he makes his confession, he will explain his connection, if any, with the most pitiable death of Dr. Lefevre, the Oakland dentist, and can then receive absolution for all his sins. When we read this most shameless, un-American, and dishonest abandonment of religious sentiment by a Unitarian preacher, we remember and regret the eloquent, patriotic, sincere, and gifted Starr King, whose honored place Horatio Stebbins so indifferently supplies. Extracts from the sermon alluded to are printed in another column.

In an article on the revolution in Brazil, the *Examiner* of the seventeenth has this to say concerning a somewhat peculiar action of Dom Pedro's daughter:

> Crown Princess Isabella, some years ago, created a great sensation in Rio by appearing in the morning at the cathedral dressed in the plain garb of a working-woman and carrying a broom. She would sweep out the building with her own hands, and then the steps and sidewalk in front. The newspapers made mention of it and an explanation followed that the princess was doing the self-imposed penance for some sin she felt she had committed. People became much interested and much comment was in condemnation of the princess. She was not, however, in the least degree influenced by it, but kept up sweeping until she felt spiritually relieved.
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> The princess seems to have grown in public favor. Recent reports from Brazil indicate that whatever feeling of hostility toward her existed previously has been greatly modified.

This is so far from the truth, both as regards the princess's motives and the public sentiment toward her, that we feel impelled to give a correct account, which is as follows: The persecution of Free Masons by the Catholic Church in Brazil had become so relentless that many lives were sacrificed, and, finally, public sympathy became so much aroused that the law was successfully appealed to in their defense. The emperor quite openly supported this humane action. Finally, two priests were sent to prison, for an extended term, for inciting the people to acts of violence against Masons, whose only crime was their Masonic affiliation. A most determined effort was made to save the criminals, and, as a last resort, the strongest pressure was brought to bear upon the emperor to influence him to pardon them. He remained firm and refused a pardon. The princess, then some twenty-eight or thirty years old, was a bigot, completely under the thumb of the Jesuits. She beset her father with the most impassioned appeals, which he resisted. Finally, she appeared in a new rôle, doing penance for the crimes of the state against her adored priests, and, bare-headed, barefooted, and armed with a broom, she openly left the palace and marched to one or more churches and swept them out. She was followed and encouraged in this pious work by some of the Jesuit priests, who instigated the disgraceful farce. This was repeated daily for some time, till the emperor gave way—he surrendered and pardoned the criminals—father and daughter fell upon each other's necks and wept. Humiliated and beaten, the emperor asked the Brazilian legislature for a leave of absence. This was granted to him and a liberal appropriation also, with which he came to the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, leaving the princess as regent and free to carry out the directions of the triumphant churchmen.

We were reminded, this week, by a deputation from the San Francisco Fruit and Flower Mission, No. 304 Post Street, that Thanksgiving Day approaches, and that with it comes the only period in the year when the young ladies comprising it permit themselves to ask alms; that this day is for them the opportunity of especial exertion. On the few days before Thanksgiving, they embrace the opportunity of reminding their old friends, and suggesting to new ones, that their exertions in aid of the poor and sick still continue; that the San Francisco Mission works all the twelve months around to carry cheer to desolate hearts, courage to desponding ones, endeavors to minister creature-comforts to the poor, with delicacies to the sick, and to carry sunlight and joy to cheerless homes and chambers, and that it makes a special effort on Thanksgiving Day. It will endeavor this year to provide one hundred and seventy-five dinners to the deserving poor. The mission can perform this work and its other charitable labors only by the aid of the generous, whose almoners it aims to become in distributing gifts. The young ladies must have three hundred dollars in money. It seems but a small amount, and it is; but a little money is indispensable in carrying out the beneficent objects of this most deserving charity. We have written often for these young girls, and our efforts in behalf of the Fruit and Flower Mission have met with generous response. Again we make for them our annual appeal. Their wants are now so well known that the merchant, grocer, fruit-grower, the business-man, and family matron need only to be reminded that Thanksgiving Day approaches. Those who are not in position to dispense gifts from their stores will not need the hint that money will purchase all that is purchasable in alleviation of the sick and suffering poor. The kind of charity performed by the ladies of this mission is a delicate, kindly, unobtrusive charity, which falls like refreshing dew upon the bruised and broken plant. We hope our readers will not let it languish for want of three hundred dollars and enough good things to fill one hundred and seventy-five Thanksgiving baskets, sent before Thanksgiving Day to No. 304 Post Street.

That the *Examiner* has discovered the soul in the *corpus callosum* is not so strange as that its enterprise had not previously ascertained that fact; but it is extremely comical that such wide divergence of opinion as to its location should be entertained by all the priests and preachers who have made their livings by condemning it to the torments of eternal hell. If it is good advice to the cook to catch the hare before he cooks it, it would seem advisable at least to determine the existence of the human soul, before it is burned in eternal fires, before money is received for masses to deliver it from purgatorial torments, or men are broken upon the wheel, burned alive, disemboweled, and tortured for entertaining heretical opinions. Of all the questions asked by the *Examiner's* reporters as to the existence and location of the human soul, not one man interrogated has had the honesty to confess that he did not know and the courage to admit that he did not believe. If such men have souls at all, there is something defective in Divine Providence if no place is provided for their eternal torment.

The Broadway and Seventh Avenue Railroad Company, of New York, is about to adopt the cable-system for motive power. It is interesting for us to note the conditions under which the city government of New York grants the franchise to this company. Last year the company paid to the city $40,000 rent for the use of Broadway; three per cent. on the gross receipts, amounting to $32,231.55; tax on real-estate, $11,655; personal property tax, $30,163.55; track tax, $1,074.90; car license, $8,000; besides $14,000 for street-cleaning. In making application for permission to change to the cable-system, the company guarantees to pay the city, in addition to the minor taxes, at least $150,000, and more in case the percentage on the receipts should exceed that amount. It is strange that one company in New York city is able to pay, in addition to its taxes, more than $150,000 to the city as rental for the use of city property, when the street-car companies of this city would be driven out of business if required to make any return for the city property which they have used gratuitously for so many years.

ROMAN CATHOLIC NEWS.

"Behold how these Christians Love One Another."

The San Francisco *Call* says: Notwithstanding the bad weather, the First Unitarian Church was well filled last night at Rev. Horatio Stebbins's lecture on the American Catholic Centennary. "I have been accused," said the reverend doctor, "of too much leniency toward Catholicism, but whatever kind feelings I may have toward that ecclesiastical system are the result, not so much of sentimentalism, as of justice. For fifteen centuries the Roman Church was the only conservator of all that was good and ennobling to mankind. There is no nation, even at the present day, nor any state or society with so perfect an organization. This great church has now two hundred and eighteen millions of adherents throughout the world, though some statisticians make the number even greater. The first prelate in the Roman Church of the United States was John Carroll, a native of Maryland. He was a cousin of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. When Bishop Carroll was consecrated, he found himself the spiritual head of about forty thousand souls. Now Catholicism counts nine millions of adherents in this country—a greater number than belong to any other religious body, though not as large as the Protestant sects and the Jews combined. This great increase has been caused in a great measure by immigration. In this connection, while not desiring to take issue with any native American, I can not refrain from expressing my belief that this country would not have been much had it not been for immigration from foreign lands. This centennial at Washington must have been a grand affair. The Roman Church excels any other in her magnificent display of ecclesiastical grandeur. She can wave banners, sing chants of inspiring sound, and gather about her crowds of faithful followers. Were I not an Unitarian I should be a Catholic, as there can be no middle ground between Roman authority and Christian liberty as I understand it. The loss of the Papal temporalities has had the effect of reducing in a remarkable degree the power of the Roman pontiff, and has greatly modified the entire ecclesiastical machinery of the church. I have never been a believer in the eventual conquest by Catholicism of the United States. The Know-Nothing party, of which you have all heard, I consider the meanest and most contemptible political combination that has ever existed on American soil. My conviction is that there is no danger that Catholicism will ever obtain control of the civil government in this country. I think the Catholic view of the parish school-question is erroneous, and the more the matter is discussed the more its error will be apparent. At the same time, the grade of the public schools should be raised. Instead of one million of dollars, this city should expend three millions annually for purposes of public education. The State should take charge of education in order to prepare future voters for their weighty duties."

Mrs. Parnell, the mother of the Irish leader, is in poverty and want, in ill-health, suffering for food, suffering from congestion of the brain, and without meat, coffee, bread, or vegetables. If it is true, which we altogether discredit, it is a disgrace to the leader of the Irish cause that of so much money which has passed through his hands there was nothing for his mother.

The Vatican is engaged in the preparation of a new catechism, which is designed for universal use. Its object is to replace the great variety of catechisms which are now in existence in the Roman Catholic Church throughout the world, and thus to attain literal uniformity in the instruction of children. Before the adoption of the catechism, it will be submitted to the hierarchy everywhere.—*New York Mail and Express.*

OTTAWA (Ont.), November 16th.—The anti-Jesuit agitation promises to be prolonged. It transpires that Premier Mercier, of Quebec, had an ulterior object in view when he incorporated the Jesuits and paid them indemnity for surrender of all rights to the confiscated estates. He purposes taking action against the Dominion Government for the recovery of the Champ de Mars, or military parade-ground, in Montreal. This property was included in the confiscated Jesuit property, and instead of being applied to educational purposes was reserved for the use of imperial troops. At the time of the confederation it passed into the hands of the Dominion Government. Premier Mercier claims that the Jesuits have ceded all their claims to the Quebec Government by the settlement, and believes that the courts will award the property to the Province of Quebec.

A MODERN BAYARD.

His Midnight Adventure with a Modern Damsel Errant.

Miles Welkin followed his friend with dejected mien into the smoking-room, and settled down comfortably for a long chat.

"Have a cigar?" began Frank Sawyer, the friend in need.

"Thanks! It is a long story, you know," Miles said, as he struck a match and lighted the cigar; "if the whole affair had happened to any one but me, I should have regarded it as the best joke in the world. I must go into details and tell you everything, because, unfortunately, appearances are a bit against me, and I want you to understand exactly how it all came about."

"Fire away! I'm good for an hour, at any rate," and Frank leaned back lazily in the luxurious, upholstered chair, puffing forth wreaths of smoke into the air.

Well, it began like this, you know. Mabel, my sister, went off to stay over Sunday with the Vellacotts, and the servant took it into her head that she, too, would like a Sunday off. I packed her off on the Saturday evening.

Well, the evening seemed long and dreary. You know my house is still a novelty to me, and to while the time away, I wandered from room to room, feeling the proud satisfaction that a respectable house-owner has in contemplation of all his lares and penates. All seemed calm and peaceful, as, candle in hand, I mounted the staircase on my way to seek the rest and slumber of the just.

"By Jove! I never thought it was so late!" I remember exclaiming, as I wound my watch and saw the small hand at eleven. I began to undress and mooned about generally, as is my custom. From one of the contemplative moods that often overtake me, I woke to hear a carriage draw up outside. Of course I thought it was at the next house, and refused to believe that it was my door-bell that had just rung. I was seated on the edge of the bed, facing the looking-glass, in the airiest of costumes. "Holy poker! there's no mistake about it this time, at any rate!" I muttered, listening to a loud peal that rang defiantly through the house. Looking with dismay at my slightly clad extremities, I hastily determined that, come what would, I was not going to dress again, but would hail the obtrusive visitor through the window.

"Hello! Who's there? What do you want?" I shouted in stentorian tones, hastily pulling up the window-sash. No answer. "Who's there?" I roared again, feeling convinced that the deaf individual had mistaken the number of the house.

"Mrs. Carmine," came in muffled tones from below.

"Who the deuce is Mrs. Carmine?" thought I to myself.

"What can I do for you madam?" I called out again.

"I thought I was expected," the voice answered; "your sister invited me, and I've come. My trunks are here, too." The lady spoke hoarsely, as if she had a bad cold. Then, like a lightning-flash, it came upon me that Mabel had a friend called Mrs. Carmine, who had given her French lessons once upon a time. Now I remembered some story Mabel related the day before, how she had met Mrs. Carmine on the street, and "the poor woman was in great distress; had to leave her rooms because she couldn't pay the rent; she had been ill and lost her pupils; and I was so sorry, Miles, dear," said soft-hearted Mabel, "that I asked her to come here for a few days till she had found other rooms. She is coming next week some time. Do you mind?"

"No, of course not; it's all right," I remember answering, as I put on my great-coat in the hall and speculated in how many minutes I could get to the office, forgetting Mrs. Carmine and her woes the next instant. In less time than it takes to relate, without stopping to think, I plunged into my clothes, drew my boots on over my bare feet, and went downstairs to let in this belated visitor. "She can have Mabel's room, I suppose," thought I to myself.

I opened the door and found Mrs. Carmine surrounded by her trunks; numerous small packages were lying about the steps. The cab had driven away.

"Come in, Mrs. Carmine. My sister did not expect you to-day, so is not at home. You are very late. I was going to bed," I said to the lady, who did not speak, but followed me into the hall and sat down on a chair, while I pulled her baggage into the hall, mentally wishing that she and her belongings were at Jericho. Then I lighted a candle and gave it to her, saying: "As it is so late, I will show you your room at once."

She took it without a word, and looked as if she were dazed.

"What a peculiar woman! Is she drunk, or is this her normal condition?" I speculated. I looked at the well-developed figure going up the stairs in front of me, and noticed that she supported herself with one hand on the balusters, and held the candle very crookedly but stiffly in the other. At the same time a strange but not wholly unfamiliar whiff was wafted across my olfactory nerves. "If this were any one but Mabel's respectable friend," I reflected, "I should say, in plain language, she had had just one glass too much of—well, to draw it mildly—wine."

Landed safely, to my relief, at the bedroom door, I explained that the servant was away, that I should be out early next morning (alas! for my promised Sunday-morning snooze!), and gave her *carte-blanche* to do what she liked in the house. "Thank you!" was the reply, in a hoarse tone of voice. Mrs. Carmine closed her door, and I went back to the privacy of my own room.

As you may imagine, I had become strangely wakeful, also uneasy, and I sat down to reflect upon what had just happened. Half an hour passed, and then I opened my door softly to see if the light was out. No! it was still burning. I have a horror of fire, and determined to sit up and wait for the extinction of that candle. It now seemed as if I had been too hasty in receiving her into the house when my sister was away. The responsibility weighed upon me like a nightmare. If I had taken only two minutes to consider, what an easy matter it would have been to direct her to the nearest hotel, even if I had had to give Mabel the money for all expenses incurred.

Twenty minutes passed; the light was not out. Then I knocked at my visitor's door. "Mrs. Carmine!" I called; "I am very particular about lights in my house. Will you be sure to put yours out before you go to sleep?" I imagined I heard a faint "Yes" in reply, and walked off.

"What an infernally long time women take to undress! Confound it all! What an ass I was to let the woman in and disturb me in this way," I muttered, exasperated, as I looked yet again after the lapse of another quarter of an hour, and was still confronted with that everlasting light shining under the door. I knocked once, twice, three times at the door. No answer. Then I began to hammer, and thump, and bawl. Still the same unearthly stillness. I roared; I bellowed out the woman's name loud enough to awake the seven sleepers. Frightful visions of my beloved house in flames, with all the pretty furniture I had chosen so carefully doomed to destruction, rose before me; worse than all, my insurance papers not yet taken out. In a second, I formed a speedy resolution.

"Mrs. Carmine, if you do not put out that light this moment, I shall come in and put it out myself," was my remark, in loud, firm tones.

Not a word or sound came in reply. "I'm coming in," I shouted out, still hesitating, however. Then I turned the handle of the door—it was not locked—and entered boldly. Bah! the air was laden with whisky-fumes; the candle in a rickety position on a chair by the bedside; on the bureau, within reach, a large, uncorked bottle of "Best Bourbon Whisky."

"Good Lord!" I ejaculated, "and this is Mabel's lovely Mrs. Carmine," as my eyes caught a view of the lady stretched out on her bed in anything but a graceful position, still dressed, but with her bonnet and cloak off and her bodice loosened.

What, in the name of fortune, was I to do? I could not possibly keep such a woman in the house. It was too bad! "Mrs. Carmine!" I exclaimed, rescuing the candle from its precarious position, "what do you mean by behaving in this manner? You can not stay here in such a condition, so you had better get up at once and go. In a word, you are drunk!"

The woman stared at me with muddled gaze. "I'm not—d-d-dwunk," she mumbled.

"You are," I said peremptorily—"beastly drunk. Get up at once."

She rolled off the bed, and then seemed disinclined to move any further. I looked around for her bonnet, and at last discovered it in a crushed condition under the rocking-chair, where it had evidently fallen when she tossed it aside on her entrance. I clapped it on her head anyhow. Then I took her by the arm, and, after a few bumps and collisions, got her safely down-stairs. She stopped short in the hall, declined to go any further, and promptly dropped into the nearest chair.

"Now look here, madam," I said, decidedly; "out of this house you are going, there's no mistake about *that;* and if you won't go quietly with me, I must fetch a policeman."

She put out a stockinged foot from under her dress and murmured: "I—have—no—h-h-boots."

I could not exactly send her off without her boots, so I started upstairs to fetch them. At the head of the stairs I turned round and saw her ladyship following me, hanging on to the rails for bare life. "Not if I know it!" said I, hastily springing down; and, seizing her by the arm, I opened the hall door and put her on the steps outside.

"If you stay there I will bring your boots in a moment," I said. I closed the door, of course, and when I came back she was sitting on the ground. Then came the agonizing business of putting on those boots. A chair had to be fetched; the lady lifted on to it; the right boot put on the right foot. I had to pull and tug and nearly strain my eyes out of my head before either could be properly fitted.

"Now, Mrs. Carmine, come along, I will take you to a hotel." She took my arm as meekly as a lamb, and once outside the garden-gate I breathed again. "That trouble is over, at any rate," I thought; "nobody need ever hear of all this." Down the street we walked cheerfully enough; Mrs. Carmine, to my surprise, chatting in the most amicable way, as if she had quite forgotten her surrounding circumstances and what led to them. She related part of her family history; gave me details of all her favorite pupils; expatiated on the harsh conduct of her late landlady. Suddenly the amicable mood vanished; she stopped short.

"What's up now," I said, unfeelingly it must be confessed; "come on. I don't wish to be out all night."

"My j-j-jacket!" she exclaimed, hopelessly. I looked at her, and, sure enough, I had dragged the poor creature into the cool night air without any wrap over her dress. I left her alone and tore back to the house. No jacket could I find anywhere. I rummaged all the bureau drawers and ransacked the cupboards. In the wardrobe, however, I found a sealskin, which I immediately seized and rushed off with. The helpless beauty was leaning against a garden-wall, and a fierce struggle ensued in helping her into the jacket. It seemed too small everywhere for her ample proportions, and no wonder, for, as a matter of fact, it was Mabel's last birthday present from her uncle, the very pride of her heart.

It was after one o'clock now, and I determined to get rid of Mrs. Carmine as soon as ever I could. I hurried her along, but, to my chagrin, the lady relapsed into a mightily aggressive mood. All at once, she pulled her arm away and came to a standstill.

"Come along, this won't do!" I said; "I shall leave you alone if you won't come on."

"You are—no—g-g-gentleman!" she murmured, thickly, allowing me, however, to pull her on again. "You call yourself a g-g-gentleman?" she went on; "you say I'm d-dwunk? *You're* no gentleman—you're d-d-dwunk," in spasmodic jerks. "I'm a lady—*you're* no g-g-gentleman!"

"All right," I replied, cheerfully—inwardly, I was boiling with rage, wondering what on earth I should do or say, if I met a friend coming home late from the theatre. Once this miserable scrape leaked out, I was done for, and there were one or two people I knew who would cut me forever.

"I'm a lady!" went on in maudlin tones beside me; "my family very g-g-good; brother a lawyer. Know my brother? *He's* a g-g-gentleman—*you* no gentleman!" with withering scorn.

The streets were dimly lighted in this distant part of the town, and there were few passers-by. At last we met a policeman, and I, thinking he could possibly give me some good advice, stopped to speak to him. After my explanation, he looked contemplative and answered: "Well, sir, I don't know what to say. It would have done no harm, I expect, if you had kept the lady in your house. If the hotels are closed, there is always the lock-up to take her to. She would be safe for the night and would soon find her way out in the morning, when she came to her senses."

The lady in question had not been able to follow the last remark, and appealed to the policeman herself: "This man says I'm d-d-dwunk. I say, *he* is—you tell me, which of us is d-d-dwunk?"

"Well, ma'am," was the worthy man's reply, "if you want an answer, I give it as my opinion that you are drunk and not this gentleman."

"Thank you," I said to the policeman; "I will try the hotels first, I think."

I urged Mrs. Carmine on again; she had once more become submissive and allowed me to drag her along. The hotel loomed in sight; it was still open. I mounted the steps and interviewed the night-clerk, who was in the vestibule. "This lady wants a room for the night," I said, in as unconcerned a voice as I could muster.

The man looked at my companion. "I'll see if we have one, sir," he said, hesitating, and walked into the office on one side, where I saw him whispering to another man, and both of them looked across at me and Mrs. Carmine. Viewed in the strong gas-light, she certainly was a striking personage—her bonnet askew, her jacket, too small in every respect, refusing to meet round her plump figure, no gloves, her eyes wandering, and an idiotic expression. I never felt so ashamed in my life.

"I'm very sorry, sir," the night-clerk came forward, rubbing his hands and smiling blandly—I could have punched his head—"but the hotel is quite full—not a room vacant."

I bundled my disreputable companion into the street and trudged to a smaller hotel; it was closed for the night. Heavens! I could not leave the woman in the street, and nothing would induce me to take her back to my house. I was becoming desperate, and the incessant chatter Mrs. Carmine kept up was enough to drive a fellow crazy. It was after two o'clock now, and not a soul was to be seen in the deserted streets. I turned over all sorts of plans in my head and could see no way out of the difficulty. Suddenly two figures came round a corner on the other side, and, to my horror, the lady hailed them. They stopped, and came across to us arm in arm. One man was, like myself, acting as escort to a friend hopelessly far gone.

"Gentlemen! This man tells me I am dwunk—d-d-dwunk, actually!" Mrs. Carmine exclaimed. The sober man looked at me with a comprehensive wink. We were standing just under a street-light. "I say he's d-dwunk! What do you say? Which of us is dwunk?"

"*He's* drunk, of course," was the reply from the red-haired, bottle-nosed, bloated individual, who could scarcely keep upright, in spite of the strenuous efforts of his friend.

With a triumphant air, Mrs. Carmine said "Good-night," gentlemen!" and we passed on.

"Goo-o-d-night! Pleasant dreams!" came faintly back in answer.

I was dead tired by this time, and was not going to be fooled any more. "Mrs. Carmine, as you can not get a room anywhere, I suppose you must come back again to my house," I said. But whether the night air and walking about had somewhat cooled her brain I do not know; at any rate she refused to come. I argued and argued, and tried to pull her along as before, but this time she resisted.

"Well, if you will positively not come, I shall be obliged to leave you and go alone," I said, as a last resource. In answer to this, she turned round and coolly walked off as fast as she could under the circumstances. I was, so to speak, struck all of a heap at this, and stood stupidly staring at her.

When I came to my senses, I walked after her, but, though I went at least a mile all round, not a trace could I find of her.

The friendly policeman turned up again, and he advised me to go home. "She'll be all right. She won't be hurt any way, and it's beginning to dawn already," he said, pointing to a thin line of light just appearing along the horizon toward the east. I followed the man's advice and went home. My feelings of repulsion were strong, I can tell you, when I passed her trunks and things lying in the hall.

"Well," said Frank, "it is the queerest story I ever heard, and I thank my stars it did not happen to me. I don't see how the story got abroad, though. How did people get to know?"

"That wretched hotel business for one thing—the man in the office knew me by sight. Then, it seems that some one at the Mortimers, our-next door neighbors, saw us leave the house together. It was about midnight then, you remember," Miles said, dismally; "by degrees it crept out, and probably the hall has attained huge proportions since it was first started, judging from the number of people who have cut me to-day. I can not deny the story, and it would be useless to try to tell the truth, for no one would believe me. My only hope rests in Mabel; if she tells it as a dead secret to her best friend, my innocence will soon be published throughout the land."

Ada Inchbold.

San Francisco, November, 1889.

THE FOUR HUNDRED AND THE FAIR.

Our New York Correspondent on this Important Topic.

The World's Fair is the topic of the hour. Subscribing has been enthusiastic among the masses, slow among the classes. John Claflin gives a hundred thousand dollars, John Jacob Astor twenty-five thousand dollars. This is typical of the degree of interest felt by the two worlds of which John Claflin and John Jacob Astor are the heads. The rich commercial class are eager for the fair, the rich fashionable class are indifferent or averse to it. The Four Hundred have never been public-spirited, and now that their pleasure-ground is menaced, their city threatened with an inundation of indifferently bred humanity who will pack their theatres and crowd their cars, they are less so than ever.

They are willing to let Chicago have it. It will be more suitable there than here—quite suitable to the progressive, enterprising city where the women wear circular-cloaks, where they think Gunther makes good candy, where they put a bottle of Durkee's Salad-Dressing on the dinner-table, and talk of reading William Black's novel "Yolandy" and "Geeth's Forst." It is not for the purpose of forestalling disappointment that the fashionables are willing to agree to this. They would be sincerely pleased if the fair was moved to Chicago, and in venting their ideas on the subject they have the pleasure of proving their superiority over the Western metropolis by affecting to scorn that which it is burning to gain.

This is one of the most blandly galling snubs so far offered to the hated rival. It will create a breach which blood alone can heal. The dislike between the two cities is stuff o' the conscience to both—how long is it now that they "have hated, with a hatred found only on the stage"? There is desperate jealousy on Chicago's side, and a sort of envious dislike on New York's. "Can anything good come out of Nazareth?" asks the latter, and then is bound to confess that certain of Nazareth's products have an amount of attractiveness hardly to be expected when Nazareth's prize citizen, Mr. Potter Palmer, keeps a hotel and pursues foreign dignitaries with a zest which is worthy of Mrs. Parrafine Stewpans when equipped for the lion-hunt. Talk on the subject of the fair to the superb haunter of club-land, she will answer:

"Oh, yes; let them have it if they want—it will suit them better than it will us. We don't want our city lumbered up with a lot of exhibition-buildings and hayseeds from Begoshville. The star of empire can wend its way westward as fast as it likes. Chicago belongs to the West and likes it—yes, yes, I admit it's getting on. They have cuspidors under the front parlor-table now, don't they? That certainly is an advance in the great cause of civilization. From this and various other signs of the times, I infer that 'The Sister Metropolis' will like to have its hotels jammed to the roof with local legislators from Arizona and Oregon. Let them have the fair, by all means. I daresay the 'mass of the people,' as the papers say, want it here. Perhaps I don't know anything about them or what they want. I only know one thing—oh, yes, my point of view is as narrow as the line between genius and insanity—and that is that when I come back to town from a holiday or a cruise, I don't want to find the city infested with gays in linen-dusters and Panama hats. I don't want to go down to Del's and find the best tables filled with a lot of red, English people carousing on underdone roast beef and 'arf-and-'arf. I love humanity with a passionate ardor, but I don't love to be crowded out of my local habitations. I would speed the fair toward Chicago with the most winning grace. Don't imagine that I have anything against the West—it breeds good residents and horses—but it's a little raw yet. Good-bye."

Such is the attitude of those rare and radiant beings whose lives of luxurious placidity would be ruffled and whose fortunes would not be augmented by the founding of the fair in New York. New Yorkers are like Parisians—they won't admit anything tolerable outside their own metropolis. They look upon the West, like English people, as "characteristic"; they look upon New England as "repressed"; they look upon the South as "used up." The United States is to them New York. The Chicagoans' "Sister Metropolis" galls their proud spirits. If they have a sister metropolis it may be Paris. To go deeper, a New Yorker will not believe there is any one in his own country as nice as himself. He will admit that there have been geniuses, great men, in other parts of the republic, but for pure, consummate style and finish, he is the man.

The West, if he is broad, is full of "types"; if he is narrow, of "hayseeds." He likes to welcome and study the types, feeling the while that he is studying humanity from the round up. The more unusual and impossible the types are, the more he glories in them. "These fellows are so original, after one's own gang," he observes, complacently, suffused with satisfaction that they should be different from his own gang. When any member of the gang meets an outsider who is like himself, he resents it bitterly. He feels as if his sacred rights had been abused; as if some one had "jumped his claim." Can it be possible that anything but types are going to come from the wilderness beyond the Mississippi? Can it be possible that the wild and woolly West is going to produce rivals? Hideous thought!

The women—of the same rich, narrow class—are a thought worse, as naturally having no reasoning faculties and taking their cue from the more knowing and experienced male. Boston women, who are always looking for "material" whether they write or not, delight in an outsider from any point of the compass. New York women simply look to see if he be *de notre monde*, and if he is not, better for him that a mill-stone were tied round his neck and he were cast into the sea. Such unenlightenment in this refulgent nineteenth century is sad. Moreover, the poor things never know what they lose in renouncing the acquaintance of the American Lochinvars, but go blindly on through life, cutting off their noses to spite their faces. The English women who come over here are always after the look-out for dashing, daring, unconventional males, like the cowboys in the Wild West Show, or "those splendid creatures you read about in Bret Harte—gamblers, and road-agents, and things. These are just like the men we meet everywhere else!" But the beautiful Metropolitan is horrified as much as a beautiful Metropolitan can be horrified by anything. She, in the flower of youth and beauty's pride, would as soon have tender relations with a tight-rope dancer as bow to a man on the avenue who wore his hat on the right side when The Fellows—with large capitals—wore theirs slightly tilted to the left. Thus are the artistic perceptions of Gotham hopelessly blunted. For these reasons do they fail to see the "good in everything," which the Banished Duke recommends as a safe line of conduct through life.

But to return to the fair. The hand of part of the community is also against it, because the committee have selected as a site the North Meadows, at the end of the park, running up to Bloomingdale and down as far as the Metropolitan Museum. This, on paper, looks very harmless, but any one who knows New York knows that the North Meadows are as dear to the Gothamite's heart as the scenes of his childhood, when fond recollection presents them to view. They stretch up along the Riverside Drive toward Manhattanville, where the little Catholic girls promenade in couples in their prim-walled garden and the good sisters come and go like velvet-footed ghosts, their gentle faces framed in a clean, starched muslin frill. Some of the meadows are bleak and rocky, some of them offer a barren pasturing-ground for the browsing goats of Shanty-town, in some, bald excrescences of rock crop up through sere grass, in others, tennis-clubs have rolled and enriched the soil to the point of producing a velvet turf.

It would be hard to describe with what a fond eye the New Yorker dotes upon his North Meadows. When he bowls up the Riverside Drive on clear, tingling autumn afternoons steeped in sunshine, yet keen with the breath of winter, his glances rest appreciatively on that furzy expanse. All about, the landscape is brilliant with autumnal tints, through which the lazy river steals "his silver-winding way." The air is permeated with the sweet, damp, aromatic smell of the fallen leaves, lying crisp and dry on the ground, or idly circling downward, detached by sudden whiffs of air, bronzed, brittle, up-curled like *plaisirs*. At these times, the North Meadows have a beauty of their own. They are a feature of the afternoon drive—pleasant to let the eye wander over, while the hard road rings to the regular fall of the horses' hoofs, which echoes rhythmically through the thin frosty air.

The meadows have another charm not entirely spectacular. They are a popular resort for suicides. Silver Lake Woods and Weehawken Heights are gloomy with the memories of the murders committed in their dark recesses. He who reads the annals of these dismal spots will have supped full of horrors. But the North Meadows and Central Park are the haunts of the suicide. The meadows are secluded, lonely, and melancholy—a fitting retreat for such farewells. To get to them you generally have to pass through the park, which, in some cases, has had a singularly beneficial effect.

A well-known artist and illustrator, whose delineations of a phase of fashionable New York life have made him famous, once contemplated suicide in the North Meadows. He had been ill for a long time, broken down by overwork and insufficient nourishment; he was unsuccessful in every effort. His state of poverty and gloom was desperate. All day he lay on a sofa in his lodgings smoking cigarettes and cogitating on the troublous problem of living. He ate nothing, could do no work, and fell a prey to a creeping self-despair. It was then that he cast his eyes on the North Meadows, resolving on suicide. His mind made up, he put a pistol in his pocket, and went out. The day was gloomy, cloudy, and chill, and the people whom he met as he walked toward the park all seemed to him to be as wearied and oppressed as he himself.

Inside the park gates, he followed devious ways till he found himself on the drive. A stream of splendid carriages went flashing by, with a long, continuous rumble, and the glittering of fresh paint and varnish and glistening-coated, high-stepping horses. It is a fine show, and presently he found himself watching, admiring, criticising—his eyes caught by a pretty face shining among high-rolling collars of fur, rich combinations of crushed, glossy fabrics, and long-haired furs, the light on the horses' flanks, the red-faced, smug English grooms. Equestrians cantered across the bridle-paths, some sitting their horses finely and justifying the saying that a woman looks her best *en Amazone;* others, bumping up and down like sacks of meal. He became delightfully engrossed in all this smiling luxury, and, the sun coming out in a warm, cheerful blaze, his spirits shot up. By the time he reached the meadows he recalled his resolve with a guilty start. It was quite lonely—no one to see, so, setting up a glass-bottle on a fence, he began shooting at it with his pistol. When he had broken it, he went homeward through the dusk. If I were to tell his name, there would be general astonishment—the world at large regarding him as the type of a successful artist—but then I am not going to tell his name.

NEW YORK, November 12, 1889. VAN GRYSE.

A St. Louis man writes thus in the *Globe-Democrat:* "I have only one hobby, and that is shoes, or, rather, a peculiar fashion I have of wearing them. I used to think that a man got the best service out of a shoe by putting on the best pair a shoemaker could make him and wearing them constantly until the leather gave way somewhere, but I now think that is the most extravagant way of dressing the feet. I am never without three or four pairs of shoes in good wearable condition. I never wear the same pair two days in succession, and at least once a month I go over each pair with a brush dipped in vaseline. Thus, with three pairs of shoes, I give each pair one day of work and two days of rest, and the leather has time to regain its elasticity and stretch out the wrinkles the foot has made. These wrinkles become breaks in the leather when the shoe is continuously worn. The vaseline is better than any oil for fine leather. I used to wear out four pairs of eight-dollar shoes a year, one at a time. The same number now lasts me two years."

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Russian Emperor, as he grows older, becomes in appearance more and more a typical Cossack; colossal in figure, entirely bald, flat-nosed, and enormously mustached and bearded.

After the capture of Jefferson Davis, there were numerous applicants for the reward offered by President Lincoln, and it has been a long task to sift out the deserving claimants. Honore Levernier, a private, has just received his share of two hundred and ninety-three dollars, and four others are yet to be paid.

Jay Gould will begin in a few days a series of sittings for his portrait in oil to Benjamin Constant, of Paris, in the artist's studio overlooking Fifth Avenue. So far as is known, Mr. Gould has never sat for an artist before. He is by no means a vain man and does not seem to care about having his features perpetuated.

It is announced that F. Marion Crawford, the novelist, is to become a resident of Washington, D. C. Crawford is a very handsome man, in robust health, and is known all over Europe as an accomplished swordsman. He is a good deal above the average height, and keeps his muscles in perfect condition. He will form an attractive addition to Washington society.

Among the eccentricities of the Paris boulevards at the present time is a young woman, very fashionably attired, who goes about distributing yellow leaflets, calling on the peoples of the universe to rise and put a stop to the atrocities of bull-fighting. This is Marie Huot, the secretary of the Anti-Vivisection League. Her leaflet is headed, "Panem et Circensis," and the language of it is remarkably strong.

The *Sun* quotes, with great appositeness, the following extract written on the first of August last by Collis P. Huntington, the California railway millionaire: "I wish to call the attention of the public to an offense against civilization—the buying and selling of men." The *World* adds: "The fact that Mr. Huntington has just purchased a German prince, one Hatzfeldt, of Schönstein, paying therefore something like three million dollars, makes his philanthropic utterance quite pertinent."

If things were done in Turkey as elsewhere, the decease of the Sultan's mad half-brother, Murad the Fifth, would have been notified to the diplomatic body, and the Turkish Court would have gone into mourning. But it is forbidden to speak openly of the Sultan's female relatives or of the Sultan's heir. The man who will succeed Abdul Hamid is a wretched, lean, pale-faced creature of five-and-forty, named Mohammed Rechad. He is the Sultan's own brother, and is kept a close prisoner in the palace-grounds, lest he should conspire for his majesty's downfall.

The death of Mr. C. R. Delaunay, a member of the eminent firm of dyers of that name in England, breaks a very curious link between the present and the past. Exactly one hundred years ago—in 1789—the grandfather of this gentleman, the Marquis de Launay, governor of the Bastile, was horribly murdered by the infuriated mob. His son went to England with his wife and established himself near Bradford, where he introduced the famous Turkey-red dye, out of which the family made a large fortune, and its eldest living representative died last week.

The papers announce the intention of Archduke John of Austria to abandon Austria altogether, renounce all his titles, rights, and privileges, and accept a post which has been offered him as captain of a British merchantman. He is at present in Paris, and has left his yacht *Bassin*, which he has commanded since he passed the examination of a captain at Fiume. Archduke John is thirty-seven years old and the youngest son of the late Grand Duke of Tuscany. He was born in Florence, and from his earliest youth proved his many talents. Although somewhat his senior, he was the intimate friend of Crown Prince Rudolph.

The Messrs. Gaillard & Co., a firm of caterers, run on the Paris boulevards a restaurant which they style the "Delmonico" and which has been generally supposed in Paris to be a branch establishment of the famous New York house of that name. Charles Delmonico is determined to put a stop to the illegal use of his well-known name for trade purposes, and he claims one hundred dollars per diem damages until the use of his name be abandoned. Mr. Delmonico also demands a further sum of ten thousand dollars damages. The story is that several well-known New Yorkers were interested in the establishment, and that a gambling-room was run in connection with it.

Verdi completed his seventy-sixth year on the tenth of this month, and in another month, he will have completed his fiftieth year of artistic life. Some kind of commemoration will certainly take place on this occasion; but, whatever this may be, his friends are begged not to allude to music in any way. This is quite a fixed idea with him; he hates to hear any one speak of music in his presence. So far back as 1865, when writing to a fellow-composer to spend a few days with him at his villa of Saint Agatha, he warned him that in his house "no music was ever played or even spoken of." "You may, perhaps, find a piano-forte, not only out of tune, but even without chords," he wrote, though, at the same time, he was writing "Don Carlos."

Dr. Philipe Ricord, whose death in Paris was announced on October 22d, was the most "decorated" man in Europe, having more than two hundred crosses, medals, insignia, and other tokens of gratitude and admiration bestowed on him by European potentates, and was buried amid an almost national display of military and civic honors. He was born on the tenth of December, 1800, at Baltimore. His parents had taken refuge there from the French West Indies, desolated at that time by the revolt of San Domingo and Guadaloupe. Dr. Ricord established himself at Paris soon after having obtained his diploma. He was the first of those American doctors who have won wealth and fame in the Old World, as, for instance, Dr. Sims, the obstetric practitioner, and Dr. Thomas W. Evans.

E. Berry Wall was subjected recently to the cross-fire of Lawyer Julius Lehmann's questioning. The case was that of Rock *versus* Wall, in which Tailor Matthias Rock sues to recover a bill of three hundred and eighty-seven dollars, which had long been outstanding against the King of the Dudes. Mr. Wall testified that he had no regular occupation. All the money he received was for articles which he had written for the American Literary Association. He had written six articles, for which he had received "not more than two hundred and fifty dollars." The exact sum he could not state. All of the articles had been published, some of them in the *Herald*. He had no definite agreement about pay. "Did you sell champagne last summer on commission?" asked Lawyer Lehmann. "No, I did not." "Were you in any way connected with a brand of champagne known as St. Marceaux?" "I said I would recommend it, as it was a good wine." "Did you receive any pay for recommending it?" "I received a few bottles of wine, perhaps half-a-dozen." "Did you ever receive any money to order this wine for your friends?" "They sent me a check for one hundred dollars to buy wine, and that is all I ever got from them."

Cyrus W. Field parted with his large interest in the United States National Bank two years ago (says the *World*), when the break in Manhattan Elevated Railway stock from about one hundred and sixty to one hundred caused him to retire permanently from active life in Wall Street. On that occasion, Mr. Field pledged the bank stock, his stock in the Washington Building at Broadway and State Street, and the shares of the *Mail and Express* with Mrs. Mark Hopkins, now Mrs. M. F. S. Searles, to secure large advances. In time, the collateral became her property, and she succeeded in selling the newspaper to the gentleman whom the late Commodore Vanderbilt was fond of describing as being "more kinds of a d——n fool at once than any one he had ever heard of." About six months ago, Messrs. Stillman and Hubbard and certain of their friends bought the greater part of the United States Bank stock from Mrs. Searles and practically reorganized the institution. Mrs. Searles retains an interest in the concern. The bank has bought the marble building at 45 Wall Street and will move into it on May 1st. It may be remembered that the bank was organized to give General Grant a position. It is said that the *Mail and Express* was not sold for enough to reimburse Mrs. Searles for the amount she advanced on the stock, but her compulsory investment in United States Bank stock is working out all right, and it is understood she is satisfied to retain her interest in the Washington Building, which virtually amounts to sole ownership.

MABILLE'S SUCCESSORS.

"Parisina" writes of Public Dance-Halls and Hired Dancers.

Dancing? Why, of course, every one knows the French dearly love it. Or, at any rate, they have the reputatioo of doing so. Why, otherwise, should so many of the refugees set up in London and elsewhere as dancing-masters, when obliged to earn their livelihoods somehow—or as cooks? Some in their exile took to the kit, others to the kitchen, founding a race of Soyers aod Vestrises.

Every American who comes to Paris makes up his mind to visit one or other of the public dancing-places. Perchance he may have read Mrs. Beecher Stowe's account of her visit to Paris, and remembers her somewhat exaggerated description of the splendors of Mahille, and though he may have heard that this celebrated garden is no more, will imagioe its successors to be very much after the same pattern, and his mind will he set on not missing a sight so novel, delightful, and amusing. He longs to see the celebrated Parisian dancers, whom the biographer of Uncle Tom describes as so nimhle and refined in their caperings, and will cooverse familiarly of the cancan, poor man, hlissfully ignorant of the origin of the word and little knowing that to French ears polite it has a most dissipated sound.

The caprices of fashion are merciless. Society twenty years ago could hardly have imagined Paris without Mabille. And yet there came a time wheo it was ahandoned completely by Parisians, and though foreigners continued to patronize it for some time longer, it was finally closed and the land sold for huildiog purposes, following Tivoli, Ranelagh, Valentino, and the Château Rouge into oblivion. Yes, the very name—Mahille—smacks of another era, and is as past and done away with as crinoline or as Mlle. Mogador, Rigalhocbe, Clara, and Pomaré—who each had their hour of celehrity.

Within the last few weeks, workmen have pulled down the last vestiges of the Grande Chaumière—famous, too, in its day as the rendezvous of studeot life—while, at the same time, an eoterprising director has opened a new dancing-place—the Moulin Rouge—oo the Boulevard de Clichy. It is *le roi est mort, vive le roi!* as usual. The Moulin Rouge is the vogue and is crowded every evening. Men saunter in there as they would to the Chat Noir, and ladies, true daughters of Eve, are devoured with the wish to visit it to see what it is like. "Parisina," who must, of course, go everywhere, has had her peep, too.

It is not tbe first time you have heard of the Moulin Rouge, I daresay. But the Red Mill of to-day is oot the Red Mill of yesterday. The first of its name was a dining-bouse—very dear, very select in a certain way. Tbe choice spirits of the Parisian Hig' Lif' patronized it, also literary and political *bons vivants*. Gamhetta often went to dinner tbere, and one repast, to which he invited the Prince of Wales, has a place in history. The Moulin Rouge stood in the Aveoue d'Antin, a few hundred yards from Mahille, and a lantern, in the form of a small windmill, with a light inside showing through red glass, served as a heacon. There was a flavor of naughtiness ahout the place, owing, doubtless, to its secluded situation. If a *dame du monde* were persuaded to dine with her lover, he invariably took her to the Moulin Rouge. She could make her entrance and exit so quietly, trip from the fiacre, with its hlinds dowo, up the private staircase to the private room. The impassive faces of the waiters—engaged expressly for such service—betrayed no curiosity; they were a hlank, and saved her hlushes. Now these interesting couples go to Madrid or the Pavillon d'Ermenonville, in the Bois.

But the new Moulin Rouge is in quite a different quarter, on the exterior houlevards, near to the cradle of the Chat Noir, not far from the Elysée Montmartre, another dancing-place of an inferior order, and in the close vicinity of a crowd of eccentric *brasseries* and the spot wbere Zola places the famous Assommoir. As an advertising medium, nothing could be hetter than the mill which surmounts the gateway—large as life and with great revolving sails, hrilliantly illuminated with crimson lamps. The mill itself bas pink-glass windows lighted from within, and is flanked hy two fanciful constructions huilt up against tbe boulevard houses oo the right and left; a Moorish palace and a Norman chalet, likewise all aglow, with electric light pouring through their respective Byzantine arcbes and small diamond panes. When you have passed the monumeotal portals, you ônd yourself in a long gallery which leads to the hall-room, opening out on to a gardeo rather prettily laid out; but the rooms themselves are ordinary enough, and do not in any way carry out the promise of dazzling splendor suggested hy the façade. The whole place reeks with smoke and heer. Looking at the deal floor and hare rafters, you might imagine yourself in a huge harn, and you hegin to wonder what sorts and cooditioos of men you are going to meet there. Oh, the meo are well enough! The cream—just now while it is fresh and a novelty—of the masculioe "Tout Paris"—authors, actors, artists, men ahout town, who drop io there for ao hour or so to lounge, and talk, and drink their post-prandial hock. If the unsophisticated reader thinks they go there to dance, he is very much mistakeo. At Bullier's, the students still dance, and their partners are the successors of Mimi and Fanchon—degenerate, perhaps, but still loving danciog for itself, and if not better than they should he, at least gay-hearted and often disioterested; ready to share their lover's poverty, to deck his garret with flowers, laugh and *faire la noce* when fortune smiles on him, divide their seamstresses' wages witb him when he is off his luck, and teod him kindly in sickness. The Quartier Latin is not wbat it was in Mürger's time, yet there is some of the old *camaraderie*, reckless folly, and kindliness still remaining. Tbe students do oot come so far north, and no one thinks of sketching a *pastourelle* at the Moulio Rouge, this is left to a nameless hand of pale-faced youths who were never students in any school save that of vice. They come there as the companions of the females who are engaged to amuse the public. When the music strikes up, the loungers form a circle round the few couples who occupy the floor, exciting them hy rattling their umhrellas on the hoards. They dance without mirth, going through it as a duty, throwing their limhs about in a manner that is not graceful, simply scandalous. Over the shoulders of the crowd you catch sight now of a hoot, now of starched petticoat-flounces, and you turn away in disgust and wish you had never come to the place at all. Let us draw a veil over this part of the exhibition, it would he impossihle to find fitting words in whicb to describe it. And outside, in the garden where other females are swinging and riding the Cairo donkeys, it is little hetter.

What are the police authorities ahout, to tolerate such posturing and capering which defiles the name of dancing? Twinkling hoots and flounced-petticoats have twinkled and flounced hefore now, hut never were they so horrihly suggestive, never did their wearers degrade themselves so miserahly. Lahire, who was the director of the Grande Chaumière, used to keep a severe eye on the dancers. "Gohillard!" he used to cry "that *avant deux* is not to my taste; Patureau" (apostrophizing another choice spirit), "do not repeat that step, or you will find yourself in Queer Street hefore you are an hour older." And he would admooish the women, too, whenever they overstepped the hounds of decency. Even "Grille d'Egout" and "La Goulue" would never have dared to emulate Valentine la Désossée, though Grille d'Egout and La Goulue had stolen a march on Pomaré, Nini Patte-en-l'air, Rigalhoche, and the rest, wbo used to dance at Mahille and the Closerie des Lilas. Pomaré died of consumption in an hospital-ward, aod the rest have gone the way of their kind; Rigalhoche has retired to ooe of the towns on the Littoral, where she keeps a private gamhling-house. They were the terror of the God-fearing *bourgeois* in their time. Io the present day we have worse, and perhaps worse still to come, though I can not certainly imagine anything more scandalous than Valentine's boneless caperings, that would disgrace a clown at a pantomime.

While we deplore the fearful degeneracy of the times, it is some relief to find that the dancing-places are decreasing in number. Zidler, who has so distinguished himself in this instance, was the director of the Jardin de Paris, which was long oo the verge of hankruptcy, and would have been shut up months since had it not heeo for the exposition and the great influx of foreigners. Twenty years ago there were twenty casinos open in Paris, now there are not half-a-dozen—only two, indeed, enjoying anythiog like a reputatioo, oamely, Bullier and this spick-and-span new Moulin Rouge. The former is kept alive hy the students, as I have said, who like upholding old customs, and the latter has just a passing vogue. Even the *bals des canotiers* are not what they were.

If the visitor to Paris really wants to know what French danciog of this sort is like, let him hie him in the summer to Joinville or Asnières. He will not he condemned to blush at the unseemly pirouetting of a few couples, hut will see a whole room full of dancers who really appear to enjoy themselves; meo in hoating costumes and grisettes out for a holiday—leaping, whirling, kicking up, and sprawling, too, sometimes, but in a relatively unobjectiooable manner.

One of the most famous of these river-side halls was that of Bougival, which was the prey of tbe flames the other day. Poor Grenouillère, will you be rebuilt? True, your old reputation had deserted you, *la jeunesse dorée* had ceased to congregate at Bougival, and the company was chiefly composed of linen-drapers' assistants. Yet, under the empire, Zizi, the ferryman, often punted nohles across tbe arm of the river. Gramont de Caderousse and other young hloods would go down there and treat the musicians to champagne, and carry off the prettiest of the grisettes to supper. Nowadays they hang about tbe Moulin Rouge and take their amusements more sedately. The viands are more spicy, too. They do not care for larking. Valentine, the honeless, without heauty or wit, is more to their taste than sprightly Mimi, with her print-dress and pretty face, and so tbey will not return to La Grenouillère, even if it arises from its ashes like a new phœnix.

Youth must sow its wild oats somewbere, I suppose, hut we like to know that it is sowing them gayly. To see it looking on gravely while Valentine goes through her contortions, is exceedingly painful to us. It is one thing to be carried away hy your feelings and an ionate love of fun and frolic, and another to tolerate license witb a calm face and the manner of a used-up old *roué*. Let us hope that the Moulin Rouge will have a short life, if oot a gay one. I, for one, shall never set foot witbin its mill-door again, and I strongly advise others of my sex, who should be tempted to visit the place, sternly to resist that temptation. PARISINA.

PARIS, October 31, 1889.

The city of Lexingtoo, Kentucky, is hereaved. Two of its "most prominent and highly respected citizens" met in the post-office, and, during a slight misunderstanding, one shot the other twice while be himself received thirteen stahs from his opponeot's howie-knife. The affair has heeo discussed longer than usual hecause one of the colonels—the ooe who was shot—lingered between life and death for several days. There are some characteristic features in the proceedings following the affray. At the inquest, the postmaster testified that he was husy writiog a postal-note at the time that the shooting began, and, uofortunately, waited to finish the note before goiog to the wiodow to look out. Io this way be missed the most ioteresting part of the affair, and was only able to see the colonel who was shot going to the door, waving his hands, and sayiog of his opponent, "He hellowed like a calf." This—from the Lexingtonian standpoint—is the most unfortunate feature of the affray. Colonel Swope uttered a groan each time he was stahhed. However, he was killed, and left no relatives to he disgraced hy his lack of grit. Another curious occureoce took place at the inquest. Ooe of the witnesses, becoming warmed up as he described tbe affray, drew his own knife, and in making a pass with it, to show how the cutting was done, cut bis thumh. There is something incoogruous to us in this—not in the fact that a witness should, without exciting comment, produce a coocealed weapoo during the course of a judicial proceeding, hut in the fact that in such a community there should have heen any judicial proceeding at all.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

When Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria reached Paris the other day, he went to see his uncle, the Duke of Montpensier. The latter had not seen him for a long time and did not at first know him; but when his identity was disclosed, he shook his hand warmly and exclaimed: "By my faith! I am like the Powers—I did not recognize you!"

Thomas Hart Benton was a fighter by temperament and experience. Once in the Senate, a Senator had referred to what he called "a quarrel" of Benton's. "Mr. President, sir," said the great Missourian, sternly, "the Senator is mistaken, sir. I never quarrel, sir; but I sometimes fight, sir; and whenever I fight, sir, a funeral follows, sir!"

It is told that Senator Vest was once playing poker when he had on a new and particularly handsome flannel "outing" shirt. He had been losing steadily, and his chips were nearly gone, when one of the other players remarked: "That's a mighty handsome shirt you're wearing, Vest.' "That's settles it," exclaimed the statesman jumping up; "blessed if I'm going to play in a game where they cast lots for a fellow's garments."

The rigid punctuality of Washington was illustrated by an incident during his visit to Boston just a hundred years ago. Having appointed eight o'clock in the morning as the hour at which he should set out for Salem, he mounted his horse just as the Old South clock was striking that hour. The company of cavalry which was to escort him did not arrive till after his departure, and did not overtake him till he had reached Charles River Bridge.

There have been many preachers whose pulpit jokes are the only remembered portions of their harangues. Michel Menot, reproving the ladies for being late at church, told them that it would take less time to cleanse the Augean stables than to stick in all a woman's pins. The story is told of Rowland Hill that he once began a sermon with the words, "Look at my wife there, with a chest of drawers on her head." The congregation stared at the poor lady thus pointed out, but only perceived that she wore a new honnet. "She has sold a chest of drawers and bought a new bonnet with the proceeds." Then he went on to inveigh against female love of dress.

Once there was great difficulty in securing a jury in a newly laid-out town in Nevada (says a writer in the New York *Tribune*). Nobody seemed willing to serve whom counsel on one side or the other had not serious objections to. Finally, a desirable-looking stranger was called. "Your honor," said he, "I am not qualified to serve; I am not a freeholder." "Where do you live?" said the judge. "In my tent on Washington Boulevard," was the reply. "Married?" "No." "Living all alone?" "Yes." "For how long?" "Six weeks." "You'll do," said the judge, decisively; "I never knew a tenderfoot yet to keep bachelor's hall in a tent for six weeks but he had accumulated enough dirt to become a freeholder." So the man served.

At the Buffalo Free Soil Convention, which nominated Van Buren for President, a committee on nominations was in session, and Van Buren's chief fugleman, Benjamin F. Butler, was addressing the delegates on behalf of his friend. He gave an animated and picturesqne description of a visit he had recently made him at his house in Kinderhook. As he was describing the almost boyish activity with which Van Buren went over his farm, and the pride he took in his fields of grain, and cabbage, and turnips, a tall, gaunt delegate from Ohio, named Brinkerhoff, slowly and spirally elevating himself like a jackscrew, shrieked out, in shrill, piercing tones: "Damn his cabbage and turnips! What does he say about the abolition of slavery in the Deestrick of Columby?" This was a thunderclap. Silence reigned, but not long. The committee spontaneously burst into a roar of mingled laughter and cheers.

Caroline, Queen of George the Second, was once moved by a covetousness similar to that which incited Ahab to ask Naboth for his vineyard adjoining the royal palace, that he might make it "a garden of herbs." The queen lived in St. James's palace, and thought that the adjoining St. James's Park, belonging to the public, would make a nice palace garden. She therefore asked the Prime Minister, Sir Robert Walpole, what it would cost to shut it up and make it a royal garden. "Oh, a trifle, madam; a trifle," answered the cynical, shrewd premier. "A trifle, Sir Robert!" replied the queen; "I know better. It will be expensive, but I wish you to tell me the cost as near as you can guess." "Why, madam, I believe the whole will cost but *three crowns*," rejoined the minister, looking her calmly in the face. The queen, seeing that Sir Robert meant the three crowns of England, Scotland, and Ireland, had the tact to answer, "Then I will think no more of it."

The following strange history has been whispered abroad concerning one of the principal dress-makers of Paris, a woman whose taste and elegance of design in certain details of feminine costume are well known. It appears that there exists in Paris a law forhidding any house which employs work-people from forcing them to work after a stipulated hour, which is ten o'clock. The pressure of orders inevitable to the exhibition season tempted Mme. X. to break this law. Her work-rooms were in full tide of operation one evening, near midnight, when an ominous summons sounded at the door, followed by the dreaded mandate: "Open, in the name of the law!" In an instant the goods and sewing implements were whisked out of sight, the lights were extinguished, and the work-women were hidden away here, there, and everywhere. One girl, a delicate little creature, was hurriedly thrust into a great wardrobe hung with dresses, the door closed and locked upon her, and the key removed. The visit of inspection of the police revealed nothing, and as soon as they had taken their departure the girls were released from their hiding-places. But when the wardrobe-door was unlocked, the corpse of the unhappy child who had been concealed there fell upon the floor. She had died of suffocation. This story has been hushed up, not a hint of it appearing in the Paris papers.

Entertaining are some anecdotes told of Gonella, jester to Borso, Duke of Ferrara, in the fifteenth century. As Gonella was on his way to mass, three blind beggars implored an alms of him. "Here is a florin for you," said the jester; "divide it among you." He gave nothing and passed on. The beggars invoked hlessings on him, each supposing that one of his fellows was in possession of the coin. When they wished to divide the gift, not one of them would allow that he held it, and they mutually accused each other of cheating, and from words proceeded to blows. Gonella watched the fray with great complacency, and when the beggars were all bruised and bleeding, he went on to church with a clear and calm conscience. The Duke of Ferrara fell ill, and the doctors declared that only a sudden fright would restore him to health. He was too great a man for any one to play tricks on, except his fool. Gonella was with him in a boat, and cleverly pushed the duke into the water. Aid had been previously provided, and the prince was drawn ashore and put to bed. The fright and the bath and the bed cured the invalid, but he was so enraged with Gonella that he exiled the man who was both a fool and a physician. Gonella returned in a car filled with Paduan soil; an evasion of the edict of hanishment said to have been practiced by many a jester. The duke ordered him to be beheaded, but saying privately that he would only repay fright with fright, he directed the executioner not to use the axe, but to let fall a single drop of water on the culprit's neck. Gonella was led to the scaffold; all the usual gloomy preparations were made. He was blindfolded and made to lay his head on the block. The executioner, from a vial, let fall a drop of water on Gonella's neck. Then amid shouts and laughter, the jester, silent now, was bidden to rise and thank the duke for his clemency. But Gonella never moved; he was dead—killed by his master's jest.

VANITY FAIR.

The great and glorious Four Hundred will soon be no more. It will he swallowed up and merged into a hrand-oew douhle Four Hundred, who will daoce at society halls, entertain each other at Newport, and follow all the fashionahle diversions of their immediate predecessors. The New Year's hall which is to be given at the Metropolitan Opera House oo the eveniog of January 2d, under the direction of Ward McAllister — whicb will he the largest fashionable society hall ever given in New York—will mark the first expansion of these, the social houodaries. This New Year's hall will he a suhscription affair, just as the Patriarchs' are. The first New Year's hall was given two years ago at Delmonico's and was a hrilliant success. The entire huilding, iocluding the café and restaurant on the ground floor, was closed at twelve o'clock and society took full possession. There were ahout eight hundred present. No New Year's hall was given last year on account of the deatb of Ward McAllister's brother. The New Year's ball of this year will, therefore, be the second of the series, and it is interesting to note that it will be the first large society hall ever given in the auditorium of the Metropolitan Opera House. It is expected that fifteen hundred people at least will he on hand. Up to date, there are one hundred and nine suhscrihers to this hall, the suhscriptions being ooe hundred dollars each. The suhscrihers will reacb one huodred and twenty-five within a few days, the additional numher having indicated their intention to suhscrihe. Wben one hundred and twenty-five bave subscrihed, it is the present iotention to accept no further subscriptions. Each suhscriher is entitled to twelve iovitations to admit his own family, and the remainder to he distributed among his friends. This will make fifteen hundred invitations. Besides this, there will he a numher of guests of honor, so that, allowing for people invited who do not attend, there will be fifteen hundred at the ball. Some of the subscrihers will undoubtedly place invitations with society people in Boston, Philadelphia, and Washington, so that the assemhlage will be very interesting, not only from a social, but from a geographical point of view. In fact, tbe placing of invitations outside will be, to a great extent, a matter of necessity. It is seriously doubted that there are fifteen bundred fashionahle people in New York. At the Bachelors' ball, several years ago, a great deal of difficulty was found in getting the number up to one thousand. On that occasion, however, the management was in the hands of young people, and the dowagers and old bachelors were left out. At the New Year's ball, bowever, the fashiooahle people of the last generation and the generation immediately preceding will bave places of honor. For a great many reasons, the forthcoming New Year's hall must he regarded as a social experiment. At the Patriarchs' balls, as held at Delmonico's, there have usually been four hundred people present, and, of course, everybody was engineering for an invitation from one of the snhscrihers, and tbere was no difficulty in keeping the affair to a point of exclusiveness wbicb nobody inside of the Four Hundred could possihly criticise. Here the number bas suddenly increased from five bundred to fifteen hundred, which lets in ten hundred extra people, and the result will he watched with a great deal of interest. Members of the Four Hundred themselves admit that to confine a society ball to four hundred people in a town where there are two millions of inhabitants, is ahsurd in the higbest degree. There were as many people as that entitled to social recognition fifteen years ago, when the Patriarchs' balls were started, and, of course, there must he many more now. The question is, bow many more are there? Whether the numher can be increased to fifteen hundred or not, remains to be seen. One hundred and twenty-five subscrihers will contrihute, at one hundred dollars each, twelve thousand five bundred dollars for the expenses of tbe ball.

A Frencbman, wbo has an important position in the business world of New York, in speaking of Miss Caldwell's engagement to Prince Murat, said recently: "It is, perhaps, right enougb for the American papers to make a great lot of fun over the refusal of Prince Murat to accept the *dot* wbicb Miss Caldwell offered him, but Americans, wbo are fair in all things, sbould remember tbat there are customs in every country which must be rigidly observed by society people just as there are bere. Frenchmen see absolutely nothing in the prince's refusal but an exhibition of good sense and a due regard for bis family and bis name. Witb us, the preservation of the family in a country whicb undergoes so many governmental cbanges as France is absolutely necessary. A man of the rank of Prince Murat can not engage in business, and he must of necessity look out for bis own interests. He was giving in exchange for a not particularly pretty or attractive young woman a title of great prominence and importance, and a title has a distinct value in Europe. Miss Caldwell will come back to America to live. She will never be able to make any social success now on the other side of tbe water, for continental society is strict to a remarkable point about such *faux pas* as sbe has made."

The recent symposium of women's views publisbed in the West bas accentuated some absurd ideas which women bold concerning men (says a New York society weekly). A number of prominent women were asked wbat they would do if bey were men, and nearly all went violently for club life, and announced that they would get even with mankind, if they could assume the other sex, by living in the clubs, talking about the gentler sex, ogling women from the windows, sitting with their beels on mantel-pieces, and so on. Perhaps nothing is more preposterous than the average woman's idea of club life. For some reason or other, sbe insists upon it that men in clubs lead noisy, rowdy, wild, and dissipated lives, and the popular feminine idea of a club is a sort of a place wbich no man of decency would frequent. In point of fact, there is no more solemn and quiet spot on earth than a tboroughly well-constituted club. Men speak in a low and well-modulated voice, move quietly about, address the servants in an undertone, and the atmosphere of tbe place is more like a church than a festive gathering. In the dining-room of any of the big New York clubs, fifty or a hundred men may be at dinner, and you will never hear an unusually loud laugh, or a voice raised above the ordinary pitch. Even at the club dinners, whicb are supposed to he such boisterous and rabid orgies, the only spectacle which presents itself to the eye is that of a numher of men io evening-dress, sittiog erect, conversing amiahly, and exhihiting precisely the same demeanor as they would if the women were there. After the cigars are brought in, there is more or less laxitude in the way of lounging ahout in cbairs; hut any man who put his feet on a table io a club would he tahooed at once. In a similar way, the helief that there is a great amount of tippling in a club is an error, for nearly all of the hetter clubs have adopted the English fashion of every man paying for his own drink, so that the vulgar vice of treating is to a great extent suppressed.

Constant, when he was in New York last winter, exhibited, among other paintings, a portrait of a beautiful woman, in a dress which would prohahly he considered, even by the most daring helles in this country, somewhat *risqué*. The fair sitter half reclined on a lounge, leaning lightly on her left arm, which found support where the lounge rises at the bead. In this attitude, the strap over the left shoulder had slipped from the shoulder to the upper portion of the arm, and gave to the picture a wonderful piquancy and suggestion. "That is the portrait," said Constant, "of the famous French beauty, the Countess of Tanre. She is what you Americans call a great swell. Her reputation has come quite as much from her heautiful figure and marvelously clear skin as from the faultless beauty of her face. Do you notice where the sboulder-strap has slipped down? Of course she wanted to readjust it, hut the flesh where the arm joins the shoulder was so exquisite in tint that I hegged her to permit the painting of it just as she was. But look at the dress for a moment. Can you imagine anything more heautiful? The waist, so far from suggestiog the straight-jacket, follows the natural lines of the figure, and displays no ugly curve away helow where nature intended the waist to be. A dress like this will he just as acceptahle to the artist of a century hence as it is to-day, and yet it is quite ahreast of the fashion and recommends itself to the fashionahle woman of the present day."

The experience of a hapless chaperon at a Highland hall is thus sung by a Scottish bard in a London society weekly:

"Come, come," exclaimed the matron, "make haste; I'm nearly dead
With waiting for my daughters—I want to be in bed.
The coachman is impatient; we really can't delay;
The Royal must see us back again before the break of day.

"Three times I've been to supper. I can't go down again.
Pray tell me how much longer you expect me to remain?
I've stayed for twenty dances because your cards were full—
My patience is exhausted," said impatient Mrs. Bull.

"Oh, mother, we are coming; we've but a 'Reel of Eight,'
A 'Foursome' and a 'Highland Fling'—it isn't very late;
Think of our education, neglected it has been,
This is the only 'Gathering' that we have ever seen.

"We're going south to-morrow, and we clearly understand
That we never hear the pipes in that solemn, formal land.
This is our final effort, and it pains us much to feel
That till this very moment we've never danced a reel.

"The partner we've been used to in any ball-room scrimmage
With miserable face revolves like penny clock-work image.
And all throughout the dreary round he never speaks a word—
To call such rubhish 'pleasure' is really too absurd.

"But we love the kilts and tartans, we love the Highland reels.
We can not stay to argue, quicksilver's in our heels.
The pipers are beginning; we're off to join the ring.
We couldn't miss the 'Hoolichan' for any mortal thing."

At last the ball is over, the clock is striking five,
The miserable chaperon can scarce be called alive.
"We've had," say both the lassies, as they shut the carriage-door,
"A better time this evening than we ever had before."

The project of a ladies' club, in New York, whicb has heen so mucb discussed in public and private during the past few years, seems at last in a fair way of being realized. The first attempt in this direction failed tbrough the indisposition of certain ladies wbose friends had been black-balled wben proposed for membersbip to allow other friends of the fair black-ballers to enter in turn, so that matters came to a decided standstill, the projectors being divided into bostile camps, and there heing no possibility of reacbing the necessary membership, because neither side would permit the name of any lady proposed by the other to pass. Last winter, a second attempt on a somewhat different plan was made, but came to naught from lack of support. Finally, this autumn, a bouse has heen secured on Lexington Avenue, near Twenty-Nintb Street, and the club will soon go into active operation. Mrs. Henry Wrigbt Shelton will probably be the manager, and amoog those wbo are active in the formation of the organization are Mrs. John Van Rensselaer, Mrs. Pierpont Morgan, and Mrs. Hilhorn Roosevelt. If properly managed, there seems to be no reason wby this club should not succeed. Its chief beoefit will be to those of its members who live out of town, and who want a place wbere they can leave their parcels, take luncheon with congenial company, or spend the night, if necessary, without being obliged to go to a friend's house. It is proposed to bave afternoon teas occasionally, and, now and then, a loan collection of laces, embroidery, etc. Skeptical club-men declare that, witbout a bar, billiard-room, and other like sources of revenue, and with the constant financial drain of a restaurant, the club is sure to run behind financially. Other reasons which the same "borrid men" advance for the club's non-success are feminine rivalries, jealousies, etc. The experiment will be watched with much interest in both club and society circles.

Mrs. Kendal between times knocks off her chosen profession for a bit, and throws out a little surprise in the shape of a dressing-case fan or a oew sort of engagement-ring, and these she patents and calls them "Ladnek's," which, as may he seen, is Kendal spelled backwards. She brougbt out a supply of the fans and rings with her wheo she came, and distrihuted them in places where they could easily he hought, and they have had a great sale, particularly among society women, who have seen a great deal of her owing to the vogue she has had in a social way among the Four Hundred. She appeared at a reception given in her honor, with one of these fans in her hand, and it immediately attracted a crowd of curious womeo who wanted to know all ahout it and where it conld be hought, and since then, most of them have supplied themselves with her patented coovenience and sent samples as gifts to friends in other towns; and others, under the influence of the Kendal craze, have hought both fan and ring, and feel that now they have nothing more to desire. The fan is a fan and entire toilet-case in one, and should a woman he wrecked on a desert island with this in her hand she need not he dismayed—sbe will still possess the means of making herself heautiful. The sticks of the fan are of silver and the leaf of hlack gauze, and in the centre of the fan is set a hlack-velvet mask, like those the Venetians carry at carnival time. This has two eye-holes, and when the fan is lifted to the face it is quite concealed, but permits one to see everytbing. Behind this mask can he carried on all the toilet duties for which the fan contains conveniences, for on the hroad outer stick heing turned hack a little mirror is revealed, and underneath the other is a place that holds twelve pins, six hair-pins, a tiny pair of scissors, and a hit of a glove-hook. At the bottom of the fan is a little silver hox in which is a minute powder-puff, and they do say that beside powder Mrs. Kendal carries in here a hit of rouge for her ears as well. She never allows any paint to touch her smooth, milky cheeks, hut her little ears, under the waves of her chestnut hair, are always as rosy as if she were heing botb abused and praised somewhere. This is a great improvement on Ellen Terry's fashion of carrying a powder-puff and some red lip-paste in ber handkerchief, rolled up in a ball in ber pocket, and surreptitiously applying them hehind another handkerchief in the midst of conversation. Bernhardt never permits herself any such crude beautifying methods. When she makes her appearance socially, she is so exquisitely painted with indelihle paint that one is only aware of a faint glow of warmth in her cheeks, aod her powder is only applied after her face has heen carefully kneaded and ruhhed with cream, the powder on top of this giving it a waxen softness, and as she is not excitable in ber manner, her face needs no repair by the end of the evening. The powder over the cream retains its rose-leaf delicacy and the faint glow has not died away or rubbed off.

Anotber illustration of the dangers attending marriages between foreigners and Americans, wben the latter are ignorant of the legal formalities required in Europe to render the union valid, is furnished hy the case of a young and charming widow well known in Chicago. Ahout five years ago, she made the acquaintance of Lieutenant de Servan, of the French Navy, wbo gained the officer's cross of the Legion of Honor for great gallantry during the insurrection in New Caledonia. Like many other officers of his rank, he accepted, in 1882, a temporary engagement as captain, or first officer, of one of the French transatlantic liners, and it was while acting as such that he first met the lady in question, who was a passenger on hoard his vessel. The acquaintance soon ripened into intimacy and love, and a few weeks later M. de Servan and the young widow were married in London by an American clergyman of New York. The bride was ignorant of the fact that the consent of M. de Servan's parents, granted in proper legal form, was necessary to render her marriage valid according to the French law, and her hushand took no paios to enlighten her upon the subject. Shortly after the wedding, which took place on June 21, 1884, M. de Servan obtained from the transatlantic steamship company an appointment as naval superintendent at St. Lazaire, where he took up his residence with his wife. They lived there happily enough for a time, hut, in 1887, a serious quarrel took place between them, and M. de Servan ohtained his transfer to Nantes, leaving her in St. Lazaire. A few months later, baviog in the meanwhile hecome infatuated with the beauty and fortune of a Mlle. de Dorides, of Nantes, he began proceedings to obtain, not a decree of divorce, but an annulment of his marriage, on the ground that consent of his parents had not been obtained, and that the ceremony of marriage bad heen performed by an American clergyman in a country where neither of the contracting parties was at home. Before the case had even come up for beariog, M. de Servan caused the bans of his marriage to Mlle. de Dorides to be published at Paris and Naotes. On reading the anoouncement thereof in tbe newspapers, the American Mme. de Servan immediately wrote to the mayor of Nantes, explaining her position, and demanding tbat he should refuse to permit any furtber publication of the bans to he made at the Hotel de Ville. The mayor gave way to ber request and forbade both the publication of the bans and the celebration of the marriage with Mlle. de Dorides until the courts had pronounced their verdict as to the validity of the London marriage. But judgment was soon given in the case to the effect that the ceremony performed in London did not constitute a legal marriage according to French law, and that the American lady wbo had borne the name of De Servan bad no just claim to it. The court, moreover, declared that under the circumstances no legal obstacle existed to M. de Servan's marriage witb Mlle. de Dorides, and the wedding took place at once.

Wilbur Blair, a young man of Woodland, was returning home from a hop the other night, and as footpads were known to iofest the town, he took the twenty dollars which he possessed from his pocket and carried it in his band. He had not walked far when he was astonished to see a menacing figure emerge from the gloom and demand that be throw up his hands. As the man had a pistol pointed at his breast, Blair elevated his hands without parley. The footpad then searched bis pockets, but was unable to fiod anything, so he allowed Blair to pass on.

STATUS OF AMERICANS ABROAD.

"Cockaigne" presents his Views upon the Matter.

I see by the "Vanity Fair" of my lately arrived *Argonaut* that not only has the New York *Tribune* done me the honor to copy into its columns my letter on the non-marriage of English ladies of rank with American gentlemen, but that a lady calling herself "An Englishwoman" has been so good as to write to that paper commenting on my remarks. Now, as this lady's letter raises a point which is susceptible of some discussion and touches a subject as to which there exists considerable error among English people, I should like to say a few words thereon in the hope of correcting the erroneous idea so prevalent in the British mind, and in none more so, it would appear, than in the mind of "An Englishwoman." In my letter (published in the *Argonaut* of August 26th), I asked why it was that while we had plenty of instances of intermarriage between Englishmen of title and American girls, there never was a marriage of an English lady of title to an American man. I gave the opinions of two ladies—one American, the other English—with whom I had conversed; and I endeavored, myself, to explain my belief as to what the causes and reasons were which hindered such alliances. I need not recapitulate those causes and reasons here. Suffice it to say that "An Englishwoman" does not agree with them, but gives a reason of her own which (she will pardon me for saying so) she states, with much questionable taste, considering that she was writing to an American newspaper, for Americans to read, put it in whatever light you please. She holds that the marriage of an English lady of title with an American gentleman would mean, for the English lady, social degradation. Why? Because American gentlemen have not a social position equal to that of an English lady of title, and, as the wife, whatever her own position may he, immediately assumes the rank of her husband, she therefore degrades herself (technically, of course, and not in the general sense) when she marries a man who is what she considers heneath her.

I really must be permitted to deny this. And in doing so—which I do most emphatically—let me observe that even in England, hy whose rules and regulations of rank and precedence "An Englishwoman" would appear to he governed in arriving at her conclusion, a lady does not *always* take the rank of her husband. I am afraid "An Englishwoman," with all her knowledge, does not know this. Without entering into the many abstruse and—to American minds, at all events—meaningless ramifications of *status* as established in England, which would but mystify and weary the general reader, I would respectfully ask "An Englishwoman" the following questions: Does the daughter of a duke or marquis take the rank of her husband if she marry the younger son of an earl? Does, indeed, *any* English lady of title take the rank of her husband if she marry a titleless commoner? Does she not, even if she marry a baronet, retain her Christian name hefore her new surname, to show that she still keeps her own rank? And I ask, Would it not he the same were she to marry a titleless American? If "An Englishwoman" but reflects, and, reflecting, knows about such things, she must see the mistake she has made.

But it is not about English marriages on hoth sides that I wish to speak. My desire is to deny and flatly contradict the statement of "An Englishwoman" that the rank of an American is beneath that of any English lady of title. Unfortunately, English people are given (not unnaturally, perhaps, but erroneously, all the same) to look upon Americans as of the same grade as their own titleless people, simply hecause Americans have no titles—in short, that, so far as social status is concerned, Americans are regarded as Englishmen. I suppose this false impression comes from mentally classing Americans and English together, hecause they both speak the same language, and have, in many respects, identical ways and customs. But it is all wrong. English people simply forget that Americans are foreigners. I do not blame them quite for thinking that Americans are English—would-be English, anyhow—if they judge hy some of the specimens I myself have seen. But it is hard that a whole nation should he judged and gauged—misjudged and misgauged—hy a few pitiful anglomaniacs who would sooner hold the English rank of "gentlemen of the back stairs" to the Prince of Wales than that of American citizens. Americans in England are foreigners. All the sophistical rubbish prated hy toadying American embassadors and all the anglicized affectations of American Secretaries of Legation tending to create the idea that Englishmen and Americans are brothers and sons of a common mother, can not gainsay or alter the fact that Americans have a country of their own, a government of their own, an allegiance of their own, a flag of their own, and a social status of their own. All of these institutions have nothing whatever to do with England. They are totally separate and distinct. And when Americans go abroad and come to England they carry, so far as a separate and distinct national individuality is concerned, their country, their government, their flag, their allegiance, and their social status with them. Now, the social status of a foreigner in England (as in all civilized countries under the sun) is the social status he possesses *at home*. It is not what he would he were he a citizen of the country he is visiting. Can any one deny this? What, then, is the social status of an American at home? I mean his legal social status, not what the self-constituted arbiter of the requirements of a select "Four Hundred" or "Four Thousand" may consider it. If we are to judge him hy and compare him with English people of rank and title, his legal social status only can he considered. English rank and precedence, as the world but too well knows, are things quite apart from and independent of conduct, manners, morals, education, or wealth. An English duke is superior to and above all other grades of nobility, whether he he a drunkard or a libertine, a hoor or a blackguard, an ignoramus or a bankrupt. And so, it is only fair to apply the same rule to Americans. Legally, every American citizen is a sovereign, owning and having no superior. As such, hoth at home and abroad, he is actually the superior of the highest grade of English nobility and the equal of the queen herself. I hope I shall not he misunderstood as claiming that *any* American citizen, as such, is fit to enter on equal terms the society of the Queen of England, the royal family, the nobility, the gentry, or, indeed, that of the lowest and humblest grade in England, any more than he is to mix in the refined and cultured society of America, though I fully expect an indignant outhurst from the transplanted clerks and commercial travelers who, if *they* were accorded in America the social position they hold in England, would not he received as kindly and hospitably as they are. I merely contend that the American's grade and rank, hy the laws and customs of his own country, are such as to confer upon him the status of equality with all the world, and that should he he endowed with the breeding, manners, education, accomplishments, and wealth usually considered requisite to fit a man for entrance into polite society in any civilized country, why then he is the peer of any man, either in America or England, and, as such, no English woman, whatever her rank or title, could he degraded hy marrying him. Who can say me nay? If it he, as "An Englishwoman" suggests, fear of this supposed degradation which prevents English ladies of rank and title from marrying American gentlemen (who ask them), then it surely is time that the question were put before them in its true light, and that a corrected estimate of American gentlemen in England be taught, and their real status as such he established and authoritatively acknowledged in the land.

It is time that the constantly recurring covert English sneer at American society and all Americans in it (except heiresses) should he put a stop to, and the English people made to understand that Americans—as Americans—are not their inferiors, nor yet their equals, but actually their superiors on a point of logical and legitimate rank and precedence. Americans themselves are much to blame that a different estimate of them should exist and has existed so long as it has. When they come to England, they try to sink the American as much and as quickly as they can. They want to he English directly. They seem ashamed of their nationality. Instead of resenting the calm smile of toleration with which their speeches and actions are generally treated, and of which they seem to be totally oblivious, they are content to he patronized, tolerated, horne with, apparently utterly unconscious that they are heing treated otherwise than with what they consider civility and politeness. They never seem to catch the quizzing eye, or to hear the chaffing tone which accompanies the mechanically polite demeanor, or the outwardly civil speech. Possibly their own good-nature, sincerity, and unartificiality may lead them into the error of overweening credulity. It is also possible that they may possess the true anglomaniac's consciousness of the superiority of everything English, and so slavishly how to the will of their superiors. But whichever it is, the effect is the same, England looks down on America, and America—America in England—not only allows her, but encourages her to do so. I am, therefore, not surprised that "An Englishwoman" should share her national sentiment, and say that the marriage of an English lady of title with an American gentleman would degrade her. She hut speaks out what her countrymen and women think, and will continue to think so long as Americans regard it as an honor to marry their daughters into the English nobility and indirectly exhibit their own belief in the superiority of Englishmen by imitating them.

For my own part, I do not believe that it is this supposed and (as I have endeavored to explain) erroneous social inferiority of American men that deters English ladies of rank from marrying them. If social degradation he the bugbear which induces the painful prevalence of so much young, aging, and aged spinsterhood among the British nobility, why then do we constantly hear and read of the marriages of peers' daughters with the sons of rich retired brewers, tallow-chandlers, soap-boilers, pen-makers, and cotton-spinners? There, I grant you, *is* social degradation for the Ladies Clara Vere-de-Vere. As Englishmen, these tradesmen's sons have no rank whatsoever. They are below every recognized grade of established precedence. They are nohodies in their own country. Yet, the Ladies Gwendolen, Muriel, Constance, Mabel, Ethel, and Beatrice marry them but too willingly; the fact being that the daughters of one earl, let alone a hundred, are only too glad to get bushands at all.

The ranks of ancient maidenhood are like the old lady at the Pickwickian tea-party, "swelling wishily" every day and hour. The supply increases while the demand decreases. The "Is Marriage a Failure?" agitation has made the eligible young men more shy, offish, and uncatchable than ever, and girls are driven to their wits' ends. Sure never was there such a time for girls in England as now. None of them care to live at home forever. English daughters are not made hy any manner of means *too* much of at home at any time. Fancy what it must be when their market is over! Poor things! See the way they hunt the young clergymen. The unmarried rectors and vicars, incumhents of good livings, are obliged (curious anomaly) to marry to he left in peace. Better one woman in the house than fifty knocking at the door. As for the curates who have sufficient private means above their meagre stipend (rarely over one hundred and twenty pounds sterling a year, and frequently much less) to enable them to marry, they have a fight for their bachelorhood. How often, do you suppose, is the family or connections of these gentlemen made a subject of consideration? Their names might be Smithkins as well as Percy, Stickleback as well as Grosvenor. There is no thought of degradation at all. To all who do not believe me, I say come over to England and stay awhile and see for yourselves. You will soon admit I am right. And so, I still adhere to my helief in the cause to which I attributed the total absence of English ladies of rank from among American wives. It is easy enough to get them, hut it takes too long. American men have not the patience to go through the routine and formalities. Therefore they do not ask them.

London, October 29, 1889. Cockaigne.

The French army officers are now all armed with revolvers; during the war of 1870 they had none.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Miss Amy Levy left, besides the new poems already announced, a volume of short stories, which will also be published hy Mr. Fisher Unwin.

The *Athenæum* says: "Lord Tennyson's new volume is being kept hack for the best of all reasons: he is writing for it some fine new poems. His powers of producing poetry are as vigorous as ever."

A second collection of poems hy the late Edward Rowland Sill has just heen published in New York. The title chosen for the volume is "The Hermitage and Other Poems." A portrait is given.

A new poem from Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich is called "Wyndham Towers." It is the longest and most important poem Mr. Aldrich has written, and deals with the history of a manor-house in the time of Elizabeth.

Wall Street is getting into fiction. It figures conspicuously in Charles Dudley Warner's first novel, "A Little Journey in the World"; it influences the course of George Parsons Lathrop's new story, "Would You Kill Him?"; it is not overlooked in William Dean Howells's "A Hazard of New Fortunes," and Bronson Howard's play, "The Henrietta," would he nothing without the Wall Street element.

The readers of the publishing-houses, as well as the editors of the magazines, find that three-quarters of the MSS. offered are from women. A young lady sent MS. after MS., all of which met with the printed "unavailable, with thanks." Suddenly she bought a camera, with which she illustrated her sketches. As suddenly her wares found a market. The camera probably did not add to their literary value, hut to their practical availability.

The number of new writers who write well and are only debarred publication by the fact that life is brief and capital circumscribed, a New York publisher says, is astounding. The great fault is diffuseness, hut the average of intelligence and literary form is surprisingly good. These statements only refer to the number of courageous people who essay book-writing. The millions who are at this moment writing stories, sketches, and poems make one dizzy to think about.

A New York firm which makes a specialty of illustrated gift-books, has factories situated in Nuremburg, Germany, where one of the partners spends most of his time. It has been found that, although duty has to be paid, hooks of this class can be made cheaper over there than they can in this country. The firm has, for fifteen years, used the lithographic process for illustrating all and even printing entire some of its hooks, and the results it has accomplished are wonderful.

The Librairie Anguste Fontaine has in preparation a "Nouvel Armorial du Bibliophile," by M. Joannis Guigard, which is to he in two large octavo volumes, and to contain fac-similes of some two thousand five hundred coats-of-arms and hindings stamped with the owners' arms. The *Nation* says: "The one regret of an American who loves rich and sumptuous hinding is that there is a certain snobhishness in the use of a coat-of-arms—even if hy chance he may be entitled to it—for certainly there is no device more appropriate as a mark of ownership or more decorative."

MM. Erckmann and Chatrian have shaken hands and become Erckmann-Chatrian once more. Their difference has at least brought out two rather good *mots*. One is of Dumas *fils*, who is reported to have said to a friend who proposed that they should work together: "Collaborate? Why should I wish to quarrel with you?" The other is told of M. Aurélien Scholl, and neatly puts some of the truer part of the truth about collaborations into a nutshell. A yoke-fellow had been imposed on him whom, for certain good reasons, he was obliged, at least for the moment, to accept. The first morning of their work together, Scholl began: "Well, my dear fellow, do you feel in trim for writing?" "Never more so, *cher maître;* I am in great form." "Sit down, then, and take your pen—I am going to dictate."

Zola's publishers did a smart stroke of business in bringing out, in the middle of the exhibition season, a worthless book of his called "The Wish of a Dead Woman" ("Le Vœu d'une Morte"), which was written when Zola was doing hack-work in a garret. It is a dull, sentimental hook, with the sole advantage of being entirely free from the nasty characteristics of his later works. Of course it was in the hope of finding these that the public took up ten editions of the book in as many days. Since then, "Le Vœu d'une Morte" can be seen in every second-hand book-stall in Paris. Zola himself says that the reason why he had it brought out again was to show that he was not ashamed of his early work. He says that he is constantly getting letters from people offering to sell him copies of his former works with the idea that he is anxious to destroy them.

Sacher-Masoch once met the elder Dumas in Vienna and told him long stories about the East, of which Dumas knew nothing. When their talk came to an end, Dumas looked up suddenly and said, "Do you know what lies dormant in you? A novelist!" When Sacher-Masoch repeated this remark to Dumas *fils* years afterward, his comment was: "Well, my father gave you a hit of good counsel—for once." This utterance of filial piety is characteristic, and recalls another remark of the same good son's: "Rather than have it said that he could not keep a negro footman, I believe my father is quite capable of getting up behind the carriage himself." Sacher-Masoch's first novel was called "Le Comte Donski," and its scene was laid in the time of the Polish Revolution. Then followed "Kaunitz," a romance after the manner of Dumas. Then came "Don Juan de Koloméa," which he wrote some time during his five years of life with a woman of high connections in Poland, whom he had taken away from her husband. After this *liaison* was broken, his book appeared in 1866 in Westermann's review, and afterward, in 1871, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and the career of its author began. By the way, the *Argonaut* printed, some years ago, a novelette hy Sacher-Masoch, entitled "The Committee on Virtue."

New Books.

"The Master of Ballantrae," hy Robert Louis Stevenson, after running its course in *Scribner's*, is now issued in book-form. It will be eagerly read, and with pleasure, hy those who have not had the patience to await the monthly installments. The time is the latter part of the last century, and in the opening chapter we are introduced to an estate in the west of Scotland, where the head of the house determines that of his sons, the Master of Ballantrae and Mr. Henry, the younger, the one shall espouse the cause of the Pretender and the other shall remain loyal to King George, so that in any event the house of Durrisdeer shall be represented in the victorious party. The Master is driven out with Prince Charlie's forces and reported dead, and the younger son, a sturdy, honest young man, succeeds to the titles and impaired estate, and marries his cousin, an heiress, whom he loves, hut who had loved the dashing, dare-devil Master. But the Master is not dead; we learn of his marvelous adventures in many climes. And soon he comes back to revive, if he can, the love his brother's wife had borne him and to compass the ruin of that hrother. The Master is an accomplished and hrilliant fellow, and not merely devoid of conscientious scruples hut maliciously villainous; indeed, the story is largely a study of this villain. It is impossible here to give an idea of how the brothers fight a midnight duel, how the younger hrother becomes a monomaniac over the Master's malignant persecutions, how the scene shifts to America and the Adirondacks—it need only be said that Mr. Stevenson has made his story of a glittering chain of thrilling incidents, so linked the one on the other that the reader's interest can not fail, and telling them with the vivid and

graceful English of which he is past-master. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Strickland & Co.; price, $1.50.

"The Death Trust," by Ada L. Halstead, is published by the author, Boston and San Francisco; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"Three Little Maids," by Mary Bathurst Deane, with illustrations by F. O. Small, is published by the D. Lothrop Company, Boston; price, $1.50.

"The Bell of St. Paul's," by Walter Besant, has been added to the Franklin Square Library. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, 35 cents.

"Quicksands, or His Double Life," by J. J. Fleetwood, is published by the Minerva Publishing Company, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

A fable for children, with the title "Flipwing, the Spy," by Lily F. Wesselhoeft, has been published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, $1.25.

"The Loss of the Swansea," a boy's tale of the Florida Coast, by W. L. Alden, has been published by the D. Lothrop Company, Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.00.

"Arthur Merton," the new novel by Admiral David D. Porter, who wrote "Alan Dare," is published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, 50 cents.

"A Life's Remorse," a new novel by "The Duchess," has been published in their Series of Select Novels by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; for sale by the booksellers; price, 25 cents.

"Every-Day Business" is a manual intended to explain the details of business to young people, prepared by M. S. Emery. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 35 cents.

"Nero," a romance translated from the German of Ernst Eckstein by Clara Bell and Mary J. Safford, in two volumes, is published by W. S. Gottsberger & Co., New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, 40 cents per volume.

"Chatterbox for 1889" and "The Little Ones Annual," two English collections of stories, verses, and pictures for children, have been republished by Estes & Lauriat, Boston; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, $1.25 and $1.75, respectively.

A collection of brief biographies of prominent persons, arranged under the days of the year by Amelia . Calver, is entitled "Every-Day Biography." Published by the Fowler & Wells Company, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, $1.50.

"Lora," from the German of W. Heimburg, forms number four in the International Library. It is illustrated by photogravures in the style that has made this library so popular. Published by the Worthington Company, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Herbert Severance," a novel by M. Frenchheldon, and "Roland Oliver," by Justin McCarthy, M. P., have been published in paper covers by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; for sale by The Bancroft Company and by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, 50 and 75 cents, respectively.

The first collection of Thomas Nast's drawings is very appropriately published at the present time, the Christmas drawings of the famous caricaturist having been collected in an attractive book with the title "Christmas Drawings for the Human Race." Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the Bancroft Company.

Three volumes which are continuations of series of books of travel which have won a wide popularity, are: "Three Vassar Girls in Russia and Turkey," by Elizabeth W. Champney; "The Knockabout Club in Spain," by Fred A. Ober; and "Zigzag Journeys in the British Isles," by Hezekiah Butterworth. They are all profusely illustrated. Published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price: $1.50, $1.50, and $1.75, respectively.

An altogether delightful volume is "A Collection of Letters of Charles Dickens," selected and extracted from the three-volume collection published some years ago. The genial tone of the original letters—written while "Boz" was traveling in England and America and describing what he saw as amusingly as if written for publication rather than the uncritical eye of a friend—has been retained by careful selection. The book is handsomely printed and tastefully bound. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Strickland & Co.

The "Lectures Before the Thompson Street Poker Club," which have appeared in the columns of the Ledger from time to time during the past year, have been issued in book-form. The lectures, six in number, are printed with numerous characteristic illustrations, upon heavy paper, and with large type. The name of Henry Guy Carleton, who created the Thompson Street Poker Club, does not appear in the book—a singular omission, if some one has not been stealing his thunder. Published by White & Allen, New York; for sale by C. Beach; price, $1.50.

"Great Leaders" is a series of historical portraits extracted from the standard histories by G. T. Ferris. The portraits extend from the early Greeks, as described by Grote, and, of course, Plutarch; include Roman heroes, as depicted by Mommsen and Froude—in association to distress historians—and conclude with Bonaparte and Wellington, Gibbon, Green, Motley, Hume, and Macaulay having been liberally drawn upon. The portraits with which the book is embellished are generally good specimens of process reproduction. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by William Doxey.

Donald G. Mitchell, who is best known by the pseudonym "Ike Marvel"—under which he wrote his Reveries of a Bachelor"—has put forth a new book after a long period of non-production. It is entitled "English Lands, Letters, and Kings," and is made up of a series of "short talks" on the various writers and the different periods of literature from Celtic days to the Tudors, arranged in chronological order, and so told that the usual dry-as-dust facts are made more interesting and should whet the appetite of the novice in this field. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Strickland & Co.; price, $1.50.

A book which will be read with interest not only by teachers, to whom it is specially addressed, but by the general reader, is Dr. L. R. Klemm's "European Schools." It is the result of a ten months' trip through Germany, France, Austria, and Switzerland, and contains information regarding the every-day school-life in those countries. Specimen recitations are given, methods of instruction are described, and the class of work done in the schools is presented in a manner which is light and attractive. The technical industrial schools receive a fair share of attention, and the fundamental difference between those of France and Germany is pointed out. A perusal of the book will convince one that the public schools of this country have still much to learn from the educational institutions of Europe. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by William Doxey; price, $1.50.

A very thorough and comprehensive "History of the First Administration of Thomas Jefferson" has been prepared by Henry Adams. The work commences with an excellent description of the economic, social, intellectual, and political condition of the people during the first years of the nineteenth century, before commencing the discussion of the events properly belonging to the administration. These events are then treated with the fullness which their importance deserves. The inauguration derives an increased importance from the fact that, for the first time, a President who did not belong to the party of the constitution assumed the office. The events following and resulting from this fact receive attention. Then come the difficulties with Spain, the closure of the Mississippi River, and the Louisiana treaty. These events form an interesting period in our history, and Mr. Adams's treatment of them is interesting and readable. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Strickland & Co.; price, 2 vols., $4.00.

Among the holiday books which have been brought out this year, one which will attract unusual attention, both on account of its beauty and because of its more permanent interest, is Margaret Deland's "Florida Days." Mrs. Deland's announcement that she would not write the book unless she found the subject worthy, whetted curiosity, and, judging by her treatment, the reader will be inclined to indorse her favorable verdict. The book has two divisions—The Town and The Country; St. Augustine being the town, and the region watered by the St. Johns River being the country. Concerning the style in which the narrative of incidents and emotions is told, it is enough to say that it is by Mrs. Deland. The illustrations are numerous and attractive, the artist being Louis K. Harlow. Among these are two etchings, that of "An Old House" being the more striking; four colored plates reproducing water-colors, and a large number of process engravings. "Florida Days" is a very beautiful book. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; for sale by Samel Carson & Co.

Holiday Publications.

"Picturesque Alaska," a souvenir album of photographs reproduced by a photogravure process, has been published by A. Wittemann, New York; for sale by Josepb A. Hofmann; price, 75 cents.

"Hurrah for the New Year," "One Merrie Christmas Time," and "A Happy New Year to You" are the titles of three series of designs by J. Pauline Sunter, suitable to children's and young mothers' ideas of the winter holidays, printed in light tints on heavy sbeets of paper, and secured together with silver-gilt rings and cbains. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, 75 cents each.

Frances Scot Key's "Star-Spangled Banner," printed in fanciful lettering with vignettes in monotint, and interleaved with colored reproductions of sketches of American scenery, and "The Calendar of the Nations," a series of twelve colored sketches of child-life in various countries, each with a calendar of the month, designed by Maud Humphrey, are published by Frederick A. Stokes & Brother, New York; for sale by Pierson & Robertson; price, $1.50 each.

"Our Baby's Book" is a series of leaves of heavy paper, hung upon a chain, in which are set down in fanciful lettering various interesting traditions about babies and blank spaces properly indicated whereon to inscribe the date of any particular baby's birth, his weight at various ages, the date of his first observed walk, and of his first comprehended talk, and other data that inexperienced parents may wish to record. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.50.

A number of essays have been extracted from Thomas Wentworth Higginson's "Out-Door Papers," and have been illustrated by Irene E. Jerome. The result is a large oblong volume, measuring thirteen inches by nine, entitled "In a Fair Country." Colonel Higginson's text is printed on alternate leaves of the book, in handsome type, and the other pages are devoted to Miss Jerome's pictures, which are reproduced by excellent wood-cuts. The appearance of the work is handsome, and its cover gaudy, not to say "loud." Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $6.00.

Journalistic Chit-Chat.

On the first of December will be published in Boston the initial number of the *Arena*, a monthly magazine. "A field of combat where the great intellectual giants of to-day will defend those principles which appear to them to be founded on truth, justice, and wisdom." In size and general make-up the *Arena* will resemble the *North American Review* and *Forum*; each issue will contain one or more finely executed portraits of leading thinkers.

The *Journalist* says: "A lawsuit has just been commenced by Walter Murphy against S. P. Palmer, Eastern manager of the well-known California manufacturing firm of Palmer & Rey, and J. H. Metcalfe, secretary of the American Newspaper Publisher's Union. Messrs. S. P. Palmer, J. H. Metcalfe, and an unknown are partners in a project to establish a new high-class humorous illustrated weekly, modeled after the plan of *Life*. The story will be interesting to journalists and artists when recited in court."

The New York *Ledger* has undergone a notable transformation. It is now a sixteen-page paper of the same size as the *Argonaut*, and its contents have been improved. In the first issue of the new style, Anna Katharine Green, Julian Hawthorne, and the Marquise Lanza contribute stories; Leo Hartmann writes of Nihilism; and James Parton, Henry W. Grady, of Georgia, Thomas Dunn English, and Maria Parloa contribute essays and verse. But the most striking change in the *Ledger* is the fact that for the first time since its birth—over thirty years ago—advertisements appear in its columns.

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Testimony equally as enthusiastic has been received from Mrs. Agnes Booth, Miss Maude Harrison, Miss Virginia Dreher, Miss Lillian Russell, Miss Pauline Hall, Miss Marie Jansen, Miss Verona Jarbeau, Miss Gertrude Griswold, Mlle. Zelie de Lussan, Miss Madeline Lucette, Miss Annie Pixley, Miss Lole Fuller, and many others.

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SOCIETY.

The Williams-Caduc Wedding

The wedding of Miss Florence Dunlap Caduc and Mr. Harry Alstrom Williams was very quietly solemnized last Wednesday noon in the Church of the Advent in East Oakland. The bride is the daughter of Commodore and Mrs. Philip Caduc, of Oakland, and the groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Williams, of this city. They are both well known in society circles on both sides of the bay, and are highly esteemed by their many friends. The ceremony was witnessed only by the relatives of the contracting parties and a few friends of the bride, who had been present at her christening, among them being her grandfather and grandmother and her godfather and godmother. The church had been very prettily decorated, the chancel being especially attractive. Across it was a long rustic arch, with a rustic fence and gate beneath, the whole being intertwined with hundreds of yards of smilax and set with chrysanthemums of varied shades, all harmonizing perfectly with the light-tinted interior furnishings. In the background of the chancel was an array of palms, ferns, and potted plants and numerous tall shoots of green bamboo in blossom.

Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" announced the arrival of the bridal party, and after marching up the aisle, they were met by the groom and his best man, Mr. Fred Moody. Miss Cora Caduc, the bride's sister, acted as her maid of honor, and the bride's father gave her into the keeping of the groom. Rev. H. D. Lathrop, who officiated at the christening services of the bride, performed the marriage ceremony, and, by a peculiar coincidence, used the same book at both services.

The bride looked lovely in an elegant toilet of heavy, cream-colored corded silk, which was made with a court train. The front of the skirt was draped with cream-colored crêpe lisse, which was beautifully adorned with seed-pearl embroidery in the form of marguerites, and finished with a deep fringe of seed pearls. The corsage, which was V-shaped back and front, was laid in plaits, which crossed at the front and were held at the left-hand side by a handsome pearl ornament. The elbow-sleeves ended with De Medici cuffs, which were covered with pearl embroidery, and her waist was encircled by a girdle of pearls. Her coiffure was arranged in a Greek coil, and in it were two marguerite pins of pearls and diamonds, which held in place the long, flowing veil of white-silk mousline. The gloves were of white undressed kid, her hand-bouquet was of pure white chrysanthemums, encompassed by ribbons of white silk, and she wore superb solitaire ear-rings, a gift from the groom.

Miss Cora Caduc appeared to a becoming walking-length costume of sage-green bengaline, trimmed with velvet, which was elaborately embroidered with gold, pink, and green in floriated designs. She wore a pretty toque to match the dress, and carried a bouquet of La France roses.

Mrs. Philip Caduc wore a rich combination costume, the corsage and court train being of gray brocade in three shades, and the skirt was of gray bengaline deeply fringed in tints of gray and steel. The garniture was of steel passementerie, mounted on black velvet. The toque matched the costume exquisitely, and her ornaments were diamonds.

Immediately after the conclusion of the ceremony the bridal party and guests were driven to "Mosswood," the beautiful home of the bride's parents, where the young couple received the sincere congratulations of their friends. The rooms were all tastefully decorated with flowers, chrysanthemums predominating. The rich golden-hued furnishings of the reception-room, whence a vista of the pretty fernery adjoining was obtained, were embellished by blossoms of the same color, while in the spacious hall and dining-room pink and yellow bloom, tooed by garlands of smilax, gave an additional charm. At one o'clock all were seated at the wedding breakfast, and the enjoyment of the sumptuous menu was heightened by many felicitous sayings apropos to the happy occasion. An hour or so of feasting was followed soon after by the departure of the newly-married couple, who left to make a bridal tour of the southern portion of the State. They were unusually favored in the way of presents, as gifts were received from friends in all parts of the world. Gold and silver service, rich jewels, works of arts, and the many things that are appropriate for weddings were literally showered upon them, the array filling several apartments. Mr. and Mrs. Williams will return about December 10th, when their new residence, 2218 Devisadero Street, will be ready for occupancy, and later in the season they intend giving a number of receptions there. Some time during December, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Williams, the parents of the groom, will tender the young couple a reception at their residence on Octavia Street.

The Keeney Reception.

Mrs. Charles Keeney gave a delightful matinée reception on Saturday, November 16th, at her residence on Pacific Heights, in honor of her sister, formerly Miss Susie Russell Johnstone, who was married on November 5th, in Alameda, to ex-County Recorder A. T. Spotts. The residence was beautifully decorated with choice flowers, foliage and bright tinted draperies, and a string orchestra was in attendance discursing concert selections. Mrs. Keeney was assisted in receiving by her sister, Mrs. T. Z. Blakeman, Mrs. William Alvord, Mrs. Crittenden Thornton, Mrs. Henry McLean Martin, Miss Maggie Gwin, Miss Maggie Brooks, Miss Imogene Johnstone, and Miss Lucia Morgan. Light refreshments were served throughout the afternoon, and the hostess entertained her many guests charmingly.

The Charity Ball.

The grand charity ball, given in aid of the Women's Exchange, was held in the Palace Hotel on Friday evening, too late to receive an accurate or extended notice in these columns. From the number of tickets sold, it is believed that the exchange will be materially benefited.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander have returned from a visit to Monterey.

Mrs. D. J. Tallant and Miss Tallant are at the Hotel Castiglione in Paris.

Mr. Fred Otis, who has been in the city on a visit for several weeks, will return to his cattle ranch in Arizona in a few days, where he will remain for the next three months.

Mrs. E. E. Eyre and Miss Mary Eyre are at the Hotel Brunswick in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase and Mr. William G. Mizner are now on route to Guatemala, Central America, where they will visit Hon. and Mrs. Lansing B. Mizner and Mr. Edgar A. Mizner for several weeks.

Mrs. William Burling and Miss Mamie Burling, who have been in Philadelphia and New York for a couple of months, have returned to their residence, 1618 Washington Street.

Major and Mrs. B. C. Truman are at Young's Hotel in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Bowie, Mrs. Isaac Friedlander, Miss Bessie Bowie, and the Misses May and Fannie Friedlander, who have been at San José for several months, have returned to their residence, 1917 Clay Street.

Misses Elise and Louise Kelly, of Mendocino, are visiting their aunt, Mrs. Samuel M. Blair, at her residence on Van Ness Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Simpkins and Miss Alice Simpkins, have arrived safely in New York city, where they will pass most of the winter.

Mrs. Peter White has returned to Alameda after a visit to the Eastern States and Canada.

Mr. Thomas Hill, the artist, returned from Wawona last Tuesday.

Miss Lizzie Tevis, who has been visiting Japan and China, returned to the city on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Newball returned from the East last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac L. Requa, of Piedmont, were at the Palace Hotel during the week.

Miss Mamie Harrington is entertaining Miss Alexander, of Vancouver, B. C.

Colonel C. Fred Crocker has returned from Europe. Mr. Russell J. Wilson, Mr. Evan J. Coleman, and Mr. J. B. Wright remained in New York after their arrival there, but are expected here soon.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. McKittrick went East several days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis G. Newlands expect to go to New York soon to visit Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Sharon.

Miss Leovy has returned to New Orleans after a delightful visit to Miss Ella Goad. It is probable that Miss Goad will be Miss Leovy's guest later in the season at her Southern home.

Mrs. A. H. Rutherford, who went East with Mrs. Theresa Fair, has returned from New York.

Mr. D. O. Mills has returned to New York after a visit to Hon. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid in Paris.

Mr. Frank S. Hicks has returned to Los Angeles after an enjoyable visit here.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry McLean Martin have been visiting Santa Cruz during the week.

Mrs. Daniel Noyes, of La Porte, Ind., is the guest of Mrs. A. D. Wilder at her residence, 953 Magnolia Street, Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tubbs are now occupying their new residence on the corner of Van Ness Avenue and Jackson Street.

Mr. H. B. Alvord is at the Windsor Hotel in New York city.

Miss Mary Taylor, of Sacramento, has been paying a visit to her aunt, Mrs. William H. Taylor.

Mr. R. H. Pratt and Mr. C. F. Smurr have been in Portland, Or., during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller have moved into their new residence on Pine Street, next to that of Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Jones.

Miss Maude Badlam has returned from a pleasant visit to Miss Maude Berry at Fresno.

Mrs. B. J. D. Irwin, Miss Irwin, and Miss Annie Irwin returned last Wednesday from their Eastern trip.

Mrs. E. A. Fargo and Miss Atkinson, of New Brunswick, returned to the city last week after passing two weeks in Southern California.

Mrs. Ella Sterling Cummins and her daughter, Miss Viva Cummins, have returned from a visit to Mrs. Franklin B. Poore, at Fort Bidwell, and will pass the winter with Mrs. D. H. Haskell.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Searles are expected here in December from Great Barrington, Mass., to occupy their California Street residence for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. J. de Barth Shorb, of San Gabriel, have been visiting here during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Franklin B. Poore, *née* Haskell, have arrived here from Fort Bidwell, Modoc County, and will pass the winter here.

Hon. and Mrs. Walter Yarde-Buller will pass the winter in San Francisco, and will receive on Monday afternoons.

Mr. F. Dohrmann, Jr., has been admitted a student of architecture at the Royal Polytechnum in Charlottenburg near Berlin. Mrs. F. Dohrmann will spend the winter with him in Europe, and the rest of the family have taken the Livingston residence at 1303 Laguna Street, where they will be at home Fridays till they return to their Alameda home in March.

Notes and Gossip.

La Fontaine's well known fable suggested the formation of the Cricket Club here about four years ago, and its meetings were always very pleasant. It disbanded, however, after a successful season, but recently was reorganized with a membership of thirty-five ladies and fifty gentlemen. The first meeting of the club will be at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. James Carolan, on California Street, next Wednesday evening, and the second one at Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Jarboe's on December 4th. Mrs. J. F. Houghton, Mrs. W. H. Taylor, and others will also entertain the club later in the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott gave an enjoyable excursion around the bay on a tug-boat on Saturday, November 16th, in honor of Hon. and Mrs. Williamson, and Miss Williamson, of London, who are here on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Balfour. Miss Josephine Scott and Mr. Christian Froelich, Jr., were also members of the party. The outing was made very pleasant to all on board.

The membership of the German Club is rapidly increasing and the prospects are very favorable for a successful hall in December.

Mrs. Ben C. Truman gave a dinner at Young's Hotel, Boston, in honor of her husband's fifty-fourth birthday, on the evening of the twenty-fifth ultimo, at which there were sixteen young ladies from the New England Conservatory of Music; Professor Porter, pianist of the same institution; Professor Morse, voice teacher of Wellesley College; and Mr. Walter Raymond, of the excursion firm of Raymond & Whitcomb.

For the benefit of the Bishop Armitage and Maria Kip Orphanages two entertainments were given in Odd Fellows' Hall last Monday and Tuesday evenings, which were largely attended and highly interesting. Each evening a series of tableaux were presented under the direction of Mr. John I. Housman, and a military drill by twenty-five young ladies, under the command of Miss May Kewen, was also given. The latter feature was quite unique, and the young ladies executed the varied movements in a most perfect manner.

At the Bohemian Club last Tuesday a very pleasant dinner was given by the Board of Park Commissioners to their colleague, General R. P. Hammond, on the occasion of his becoming a member of the real-estate firm of McAfee, Baldwin & Hammond. With toasts and conversation the guests passed a most agreeable evening.

There will be an informal hop at the Presidio on Tuesday evening, November 26th.

Mrs. Langdon, of the Presidio, had a card-party of about twenty young people on Wednesday evening.

Army and Navy News.

Lieutenant S. L. Faison, U. S. A., of the Presidio, left for New York a week ago.

Lieutenant Thomas S. McCaleb, Ninth Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted two months' leave of absence to commence December 1st.

Lieutenant Thomas H. Barry, First Infantry, U. S. A., has gone to New York under instructions to conduct a detachment of recruits to this city.

Colonel D. R. Clendenin, Second Cavalry, U. S. A., will be allowed two months' leaves of absence commencing December 1st.

The highest price which Wilkie Collins ever received for a novel was five thousand guineas, which was paid to him for "Armadale" before a line of the story had been written. Thackeray, only a short time before his death, congratulated Wilkie Collins on the transaction, and told him that he had never himself made as much as five thousand pounds sterling by any of his books.

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UNDER PALACE HOTEL

SAN FRANCISCO

About these days, Mr. A. M. Palmer, of Palmer's Theatre, New York, must be reconsidering his opinion that the American intellect is unequal to the task of composing plays which will please the public. An interest in Mr. Bronson Howard's "Shenandoah" has enabled one manager to buy a fifty-thousand-dollar lot, on which he proposes to erect a palatial home; and for once, critics and theatre-goers are agreed that "Henrietta"—by the same author—came honestly by the tremendous run it had in New York. Americans may, as a rule, as Mr. Palmer says, be deficient in the ability that is required to construct a dramatic work and clothe it with suitable dialogue, so that be and his friend, Mr. Daly, are forced to appropriate the work of French, German, and English playwrights; but one American, at all events, seems to be able to write plays which fill managers' purses with dollars and the public soul with delight. Of course it is a good deal cheaper to give Mr. Pinero a couple of thousand dollars or M. Sardou ten thousand than to pay to Mr. Howard or to Mrs. Burnett royalties which may amount to one or two hundred thousand; and if Mr. Palmer had frankly said that it was cheaper for him to steal than to buy, his position would have been incontrovertible. But to excuse his felonious practices by belittling native authorship is hardly fair.

It is a stage tradition that Americans prefer foreign scenes, with foreign characters and foreign plots, to plays of American life. It is said that they like to see lords on the stage and Englishmen who go dropping their h's all over the boards. There must be something in this, or Miss Rosina Vokes, who played a four-weeks' engagement here with an excellent company, would have found room for at least one American play in her large repertoire of English and French pieces. But the success of "Henrietta" and "Shenandoah" proves that the dogma must not be accepted without reservation. These are both American plays, written by an American, dealing with American scenes, illustrating phases of American life, and exhibiting Americans from a dramatic standpoint. And they are the successes of the day. These two, with "Little Lord Fauntleroy," also by an American, have made more money for managers within the past two years than all the other new plays which have been produced during that period, put together. They are likely to hold the stage when Mr. Palmer's and Mr. Daly's adaptations have been forgotten. This, not merely because they are American, but because they are good. As between a good French play and a poor American play, American audiences will prefer the former every time; but quality being equal, they will give the preference to the home work, because it touches them more closely than foreign work can. That this country, where a dramatic author's chance of selling his work is infinitesimally small, and he is openly discouraged from trying by the leading manager of the day, will turn out as many brilliant playwrights as France, where dramatic authorship has been a sure road to fame and fortune for a century, is not to be expected; but neither is it to be believed—Mr. Palmer to the contrary notwithstanding—that a nation whose writers have achieved success in every other branch of letters will fail altogether to produce writers of plays.

Mr. Bronson Howard won his first triumph with "Saratoga," nearly twenty years ago. Mr. Daly had had it in his drawer for months before he ventured to produce it; when he did, it ran to crowded houses for one hundred and seven nights—a phenomenal run at that time. Since then, Mr. Howard has written a number of plays of unequal merit. He is a slow, conscientious workman, who takes his time, as his income from his plays enables him to do; he will devote a year to a single comedy. Hence, his work is elaborate, sometimes almost painfully so. Every sentence in the brilliant dialogue, which flashes with sparks of wit, has been carefully studied out, matured, and polished. He is as patient with detail as Meissonier. From the first scene to the close of the last act, there is not a slovenly sentence. He believes that the public is entitled to the best he can give them, and that a playwright who slights his work will soon lose his place in public favor.

"Henrietta" is a play in which the son of a stock-speculator tries to break his father in the hope of winning his fortune, is wrecked in the attempt, and dies—which was the only thing he could do. It introduces the audience to the methods of the stock exchange, and finds therein abundant material for drollery. As a general rule, people who speculate in stocks are apt to find more matter for grief than for laughter; but Mr. Howard exhibits stock-gambling in so humorous a light that the audience think it capital fun. They roar when old Van Alstyne, who wants to marry the Widow Opdyke, leads her on to speculate, and cleans her out, in order to dispose of a rival who, he knows, is after her money; and they are convulsed when Bertie, whose success on the street has led people to dub him the Young Napoleon, explains that his method is very simple; he flips a quarter—if it comes down beads, he buys; if tails, he sells. This is all good, honest, wholesome drollery; like the best kind of wit, the sharpest sayings have a substratum of common sense.

There is a good deal of side-comedy growing out of the fact that a stock, a dancer, and a horse are all named the Henrietta, and that one is constantly being taken for the other; there is a sweet love episode, in which that charming young lady, Miss Florence, tells the old, old story to Stuart Robson; there is a love affair between the villain's wife and her doctor, which is only saved from becoming tragic by the opportune death of the husband; there is a third love affair, between old Van Alstyne and a beautiful widow, which nearly comes to grief, because, just as the widow consents and lets herself sink into his arms, the ticker starts up, he rushes to see how the market is, and lets the lady fall on the floor; and, finally, there is some droll business between Van Alstyne's daughter and an English lord whom she has married. The lord has insisted on a settlement of a million and a half; Van Alstyne agrees; but the lord's family request him to invest the money, and he does so in such a manner that Van Alstyne gets back the settlement a few weeks after the marriage. He is so inveterate a gambler that when his daughter asks him to give her a point, he tells her to buy a stock which he is bearing and which he knows is going to decline. When she returns, with smiling face, and tells him she has made money by doing exactly the opposite of what he advised, he is delighted, tells her she is a chip of the old block, just like her mother. "I used to try to win back from her the Christmas and birthday money I gave her, but the dear, good woman always coppered me, and got twice as much as I had given her."

Mr. Howard is fortunate in the company which interprets his work. Mr. Frank Mordaunt is admirable as the old Wall Street operator; the part suits him, and he plays it with ease and verve. Stuart Robson is, of course, as funny as usual as Bertie the Dude. By accident or design, most of the brightest lines fall to his share; he speaks them in a dry, quizzical fashion which is very taking. By the time the play ends, the audience are so used to laugh at everything he says, that if he observed that two and two make four, the parquet would guffaw. Mr. George Woodward gives a good representation of the money-hunting clergyman. The ladies were all pretty and well up in their parts. It is hard to say whether the widow, Miss May Waldron, or Bertie's charmer, Kate Florence, was the more delicious. It is no wonder that father and son succumbed to their charms.

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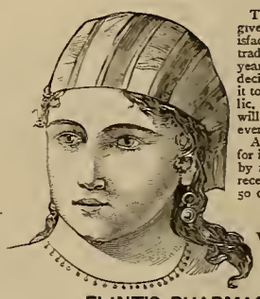

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Mr. H.—"Congratulations, old fellow. Boy or girl?" *Mr. B.* (sorrowfully)—"Both."—*Life.*

Crusty—"Be careful, waiter, your thumb is in the soup." *Waiter*—"I don't mind it, sir; I'm used to it."—*Epoch.*

"What an enigma you are, Nell!" "Why?" "I never know how to take you." "You've never tried."—*Life.*

He—"Will you marry me?" *She*—"Do you drink rum?" *He*—"No; do you chew gum?"—*Munsey's Weekly.*

"I think the world of that girl, Harry; in fact, I adore her, and I don't know how to get over it." "Why don't you marry her?"—*Time.*

"Mary," said Mr. Bridges, who wished to enjoy a quiet evening with his wife, "if any one calls this evening, say that 'Betsey and I are out.'"—*Munsey's Weekly.*

"Well, I see old Mithomer has died at last." "Yes; it was a sad loss to me." "I didn't know you were a friend of his." "No; I was his physician."—*Life.*

St. Peter—"Who are you" *New spirit*—"Um—I was the manager of a British syndicate——" *St. Peter*—"Well, you skip. This place is not for sale."—*New York Weekly.*

Ugly-looking wayfarer—"Whar is the man o' the house?" *Farmer's wife* (with rare presence of mind)—"He's back of the wood-shed, hurying a tramp."—*New York Weekly.*

Mrs. Cumso—"Isn't it awful in Sarah Bernhardt to act so soon after the death of her husband?" *Mrs. Fingle*—"Yes; but I understand she wears black tights."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Ballet-girl (to her comrade)—"What do you think, Clementine? Here I have received an important note signed 'Your Max.' Now, how can I tell which Max?"—*Fliegende Blätter.*

"If there is one hit of slang which I dislike above all others, it is that phrase: 'Where did you get that hat?'" "Well, so would I, Brown, if I wore a hat like the one you have on now."—*Puck.*

Lady of the house—"Why, you are the same man to whom I gave a loaf of my home-made bread the other day." *Tramp*—"Yes, mum; and I merely came around to show you that I was still alive."—*Time.*

"Hard work has done Charlie Bartlett good. Just see what huge muscles he has on his arms." "Yes; he wasn't so last year. What was his work on the ranch?" "He did the carving at meals."—*Harper's Bazar.*

"I have here an article on 'How to Manage a Wife,'" remarked a man, as he advanced to the editor's desk. "You are unmarried, I believe," replied the editor. "Yes; why?" "Nothiog. I just thought so."—*Life.*

Mrs. Pongee—"Isn't that Mr. Dolliver, near the chairman?" *Pongee*—"Yes, my dear." "How utterly miserable he looks! Has he been ill?" "Oh, no; he's all right. The poor fellow is booked for a funny speech to-night."—*Time.*

She—"George, you were at the club last night." *He*—"Yes, Miranda." *She*—"George, did you take anything?" *He*—"Only half-a-dozen bottles of champagne with Griggs." *She*—"George, dear, I'm dreadfully afraid you were drinking last night."—*Epoch.*

Chippie—"Yaas, Gladstone is a gweat man, hut I'd wather he Bwight, doncherknow!" *Chappie*—"John Bwight is dead, deah boy." "Aw, I mean the fellah who intwoduced Bwight's disease. The pwince has taken it up, doncherknow!"—*Boston Times.*

Short-sighted gentleman chooses a pair of spectacles: "These glasses," he says, "are not strong enough for me." "But, sir, they are No. 2." "What have you next to No. 2?" "No. 1." "And after that?" "After No. 1, sir, you will want a dog!"—*Le Voltaire.*

A late song is entitled "Nohody Knows hut Mother." Generally speaking, nobody knows but mother what kind of a temper a daughter has, but after the honeymoon is over the young husband begins to find out something of what mother knew.—*Boston Courier.*

Prohibitionist (to prisoner)—"Well, my poor man, what brought you here?" *Prisoner* (weeping)—"Rum." *Prohibitionist* (taking out note-book)—"Ah, how was that?" *Prisoner* (breaking down completely)—"The judge and jury were both drunk."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Young Mr. Green—"Really, my dear, you must get rid of that cook of ours. This dinner is particularly dreadful!" *Young Mrs. Green*—"I don't dare to, Richard. I must give her a week's notice, you know, and there is no telling what she might do in that time!"—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Absolute rest: In a New York newspaper office. *City editor* (to reporter)—"Billings, you are overworked." *Billings*—"I fear so, sir." *City editor*—"You need absolute rest, Billings, and must have it. Go out and report the donations made to the World's Fair Committee."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Mr. Goodheart (to old friend at a hanquet)—"Say, colonel, it's getting late. Why don't you make a speech? Shall I propose a toast for you to——" *Colonel Silvertongue* (noted after-dinner speaker)—"For mercy sake, not yet. It will ruin my reputation. The audience isn't half drunk enough."—*Life.*

Bald-headed and very homely old gentleman (to photographer)—"Drat such pictures! Can't you make me look any better than that, after five sittings?" *Photographer* (thoroughly exasperated)—"I think I can, sir, if you allow me to take the hack of your head. It hasn't so much expression as the other side, but it's a blamed sight prettier."—*Burlington Free Press.*

Thornton—"I want a lady's parasol—a red one." *Saleswoman* (frigidly)—"We don't keep red parasols." *Thornton*—"What's that thing in the wiodow with a long stick?" *Saleswoman*—"That's a sun-shade, sir." *Thornton*—"It's red, ain't it?" *Saleswoman*—"No, sir; it's cardioal." *Thornton* (savagely)—"Oh! I want a red parasol. I wouldn't buy a cardinal sun-shade at any price. Good-day."—*Ex.*

"BUT NOT FOR LOVE."

A Seaside Soliloquy.

I used to know her years ago—
How long it seems since then!
I was a tow-haired lad of twelve,
And she was only ten.
A short and shahby roundabout
My boyish heart confined,
She wore a hlue-checked pinafore
Which hittoned up behind.

Her hair had then a ruddy tinge,
Now late-leaf-hrown its sheen,
She wore it "à la Kenwigs" then,
Now "à la Josephine."
The same small Louis Quinze-shod feet—
All dainty beads and hows—
Once trudged beside me in a pair
Of sturdy copper-toes.

Who'd think those old *young* memories
Would from their sleep arise?
Yet when to-night above her fan
I met her laughing eyes,
I felt the same queer flutter come
That used to come when she,
Above her tattered spelling-book,
Would sweetly smile at me.

And though her eyes are just as hlue
As in those olden days,
She never could have used them then
In such bewitching ways.
Alas, that e'er such woeful plight
Of me could he presaged!
Away down in my heart to-night
I'm sorry I'm engaged.

—*Munsey's Weekly.*

In the Latin Quarter.

You wore a hraided coronal
Of dusky hair, Vivette;
Though hlack your heavy lashes were,
Your eyes were darker yet.
A careless sort of smile you had,
As native to your face
As to the tender twilight sky
The first star's vagrant grace.

Those old Parisian days were vowed
To love and you, Vivette.
How sweet they were my colder heart
May never quite forget.
What feasts our meagre attic knew
Of hread and wit divine!—
I think you made the hread, Vivette;
The flowing soul was mine!

I sang you rhymes of his who said
He cared not who, Vivette,
Should frame the people's laws so he
Their souls to song might set.
I talked as Heine would have talked—
In fact my words were his;
And all Rousseau's expressions lent
Expression to my hliss.

Oh, lavishly my heart outpoured
Its ûdes to you, Vivette!
Oblation 'twas, hut idly spilled
Before a statuette.
My Grecian mien and sou-less purse
You scorned as coquettes can,
To wed that rich old Pierre, who kept
A café in Moulins!

—*Eva Wilder McGlasson in Judge.*

A Truthful Romance.

We wandered in the twilight dim,
Down hy the river-side;
My arm embraced her figure slim,
My young heart throhbed with pride.
The glowing moon, a ball of gold,
Shone out, as darkness grew—
And I was just sixteen years old,
And she was thirty-two.

I looked into her witching eyes,
Bent toward her upturned face,
Enraptured hy her shy surprise,
Enchanted with her grace.
I little knew her heart was cold,
I thought her words were true—
For I was just sixteen years old,
And she was thirty-two.

But soon she stopped my lover's plea
With a sharp soh of pain,
And said, with tearful voice, that she
Could never wed again.
Her tender tears my grief consoled,
Her grief was real, I knew—
For I was just sixteen years old,
And she was thirty-two.

Since then I've been in many lands
And roamed the wide world o'er,
I've held in mine fair female hands—
And pressed them—hy the score.
She is a widow still, I'm told,
But I've no mind to woo—
For now she's forty-eight years old
While *I* am thirty-two.

—*William H. Hills in Life.*

Rondel.

How kind fate was to us that night,
When down the lane, moon-veiled in white,
We walked upon the dewy grass,
A hlissful twain, with hearts so light,
I think we did not reckon, quite
How kind fate was.

An envious ray sulked in your hair
And paled the gold it could not share;
One lock, loosed from the silver mass,
Blew half across a cheek so fair
I proved upon it, then and there,
How kind fate was!

Love duped us, sweet! Last year you wed
Another man, and I, instead
Of muttering oaths in hitter hass,
Sent silver-spoons, and as I read
Your hridal cards, devoutly said
How kind fate was!

—*Time.*

This Morning.

On the old gray terrace where we had parted,
With vows, and pledges, and many a sigh,
Where the sunlight slept and the swallows darted,
I met her—my sweetheart of days gone hy.

'Twas the ghost of a courtsey, silken, stately,
That she dropped as she passed, and turned from me
To the grand Milord she has wedded lately,
The gouty, tyrannical, rich Marquis.

But I smiled to myself in cynic fashion,
As I watched the hloom on her proud cheek fade,
And the stir of a long-forgotten passion
That fluttered her bodice of gold hrocade.

Oh, the fickle world! . . . All the boughs are hudded,
There are flocks of sails on the glancing sea,
And my heart with an April joy is flooded,
Though Dolly is married, and not to me!

—*M. E. W. in Life.*

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(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 1.30, 5.05, 6.30, P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.10, 7.45, 9.20, 11.05 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.55 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 9.50, A. M.; 12.00 M.; 3.30, 5.00, P. M.
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Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From Nov. 17, 1889.	ARRIVE
7.30 A.	Haywards, Niles and San José	*12.45 P.
7.30 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis	7.15 P.
7.30 A.	Sacramento, Auburn, Colfax	5.45 P.
8.00 A.	Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	6.15 P.
8.30 A.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, and Los Angeles	11.15 A.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
9.30 A.	Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
10.00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	*3.45 P.
1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	**6.00 A.
1.00 P.	Haywards, Niles & San José	9.45 A.
1.30 P.	2d Class Ogden and East	10.45 P.
4.00 P.	Stockton and §Milton; Vallejo, Calistoga & Santa Rosa	9.45 A.
4.30 P.	Sacramento and Knight's Landing via Davis	10.45 A.
5.30 P.	Niles and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
5.30 P.	Niles and San José	‡ 4.15 P.
5.30 P.	Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
6.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.
7.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East	7.45 A.
8.00 P.	Central Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	9.45 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

7.45 A.	Newark, San José and Santa Cruz	‡ 8.05 P.
8.15 A.	Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
* 4.45 P.	Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*11.20 A.
4.45 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, and Los Gatos	9.50 A.

EAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

7.25 A.	San José, Almaden and Way Stations	2.30 P.
8.30 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos; Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey, Pacific Grove; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations	6.12 P.
10.30 A.	San José and Way Stations	5.02 P.
1.01 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	3.38 P.
* 3.30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and principal Way Stations	*10.00 A.
* 4.20 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 7.58 A.
5.20 P.	San José and Way Stations	9.03 A.
6.30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	8.35 A.
† 4.45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	† 7.28 P.

A for morning. P. for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only. § Saturdays excepted. ** Mondays excepted.

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THE TOURNAMENT OF LOVE.

The two young men had called almost simultaneously. George sat on the sofa; Albert on the little reception-chair with the gilt legs. Between them, in the great arm-chair, sat the fair girl whom they had assiduously courted during the whole summer at the salubrious resort of Squillville Springs. The two young men glared at each other, and each stole furtive glances at the lovely Gladys. Conversation languished. A pall of gloom had settled down upon the stately parlor, crowded with luxurious furniture and rare bric-à-brac. At last Gladys spoke, with resolution in her silvery tones.

"Gentlemen," she said; "this thing has gone far enough. Business, it is generally conceded, is Business. Am I in error in assuming that each of you has called here to-night with a special object in view, and I am that special object?"

"Miss Onderdonk—Gladys—" began both the young men at once.

"That will do!" interrupted the fair girl; "that is the usual formula. Let us waste no more time. If you have any propositions to make and specifications to submit, you might just as well do it while the furnace-fire holds out to burn. It is as fair for one as for the other. May I suggest that the arbitrament of a coin, heads or tails, might appropriately decide who is to have the initial innings?"

"Will you match me?" inquired George, covering with his hand the quarter which he had laid upon his knee.

"I will, now or any time," responded Albert, fiercely, as he flattened his palm over a half-dime with a hole in it.

They lifted their hands. Albert had not matched.

"Gladys," began George, with a heightened color, "I love you. Whatever wealth can do to make you happy shall he yours. If I were the lowest, the humblest, the most hopeless of all your suitors, I would not be more your slave."

"Do you mean that?" queried the girl, with downcast eyes.

"Indeed I do!" cried the young man, with vehemence; "if I were—why, if I were William Bliven, that poor devil you used to snub so at the springs, I could not be more at your mercy."

"And you," inquired the lovely Gladys, turning toward Albert, whose heels were working nervously and ruhhing all the gilt off the legs of the reception-chair; "what have you to say?"

"Gladys," he began, "I can not dazzle you with visions of wealth and splendor. I am not rich——"

"You are not," interrupted George; "you and William Bliven might just pair up on wealth, and then, may he, you'd he able to buy one beer between you."

"I may not be Mr. Bliven's superior in worldly goods," retorted Albert, flushing proudly; "but I certainly am in manners, and I wish I could say as much for *you*."

"Indeed?" returned the young plutocrat, superciliously; "I always supposed that you and Bliven got your manners together, in the same place that you got your clothes. They always struck me as being ready-made."

"You appear to know more about Mr. Bliven than I do," was Albert's icy response; "your taste for low associates was well known at the springs. But, as I was saying, Gladys, while I have not material wealth, if the devotion of a heart that is wholly yours——"

"Say no more, gentlemen," said Gladys, rising and smiling sweetly; "it is but yesterday that Mr. William Bliven wrote me, asking me for my hand. I had just written my acceptance of his proposal, when you arrived, and I thought it was only just to give you both a chance. You have had it. Here's the letter. Will one of you gentlemen do me the kindness to mail it? If Mr. Bliven is not here by nine o'clock to-morrow, I shall have reason to doubt the affection you have so eloquently expressed. Good-evening, gentlemen."

And as the fair young girl swept gracefully from the room, the fire in the furnace collapsed with a chilly thud.—*Puck.*

Black (an expert stenographer)—"Say, Green, the boy from the *Journal* office is here after the transcript of that temperance lecture. Is it most finished?" *Green* (a novice)—"All but a short sentence in about the middle of it, and I'll be hanged if I can make out from my notes what it is." *Black*—"Just insert 'great applause,' and let it go." (Green acts upon suggestion, and the lecture is sent to the *Journal* office for publication with the doctored part reading): "Friends, I will detain you but a few moments longer." (Great applause.)—*Life.*

When people see a man advertise, they conclude he is a business-man.—*Elmira (N. Y.) Advertiser.*

The man who does not find advertising profitable, generally finds business unprofitable.—*N. C. Fowler, Jr.*

Advertising is the rhetoric and not the logic of trade; its business is to persuade and convince.—*The Modern Advertisement.*

Newspaper advertising, rightly started, rightly stuck to, solidly backed up, insures business success.—*Ayer's Newspaper Annual.*

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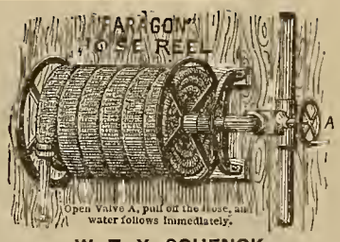
Let the skeptic look around him in any city or business centre, and note the most successful business-men there. Who are they? The careful and judicious advertisers, invariably.—*Reading (Pa.), Eagle.*



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STAGE GOSSIP.

E. H. Sothern, who is still playing "Lord Chumley," is to come to San Francisco again next summer.

The "Mikado," which never fails to fill the Tivoli, is announced for next week, and "Aida" is to follow, with a strong cast.

Milton Nobles, who has been doing "From Sire to Son" during the week, will revive "The Phœnix" next Monday evening.

Emily Soldene, who headed a comic-opera company years ago at the California Theatre, is now playing a minor part in Mestayer's "Tourists."

"The Henrietta" has proved the most attractive play given here in many weeks, and will apparently run to full houses throughout the engagement.

"Featherbrain," with Minnie Maddern and George Osborne, will be continued for another week. The comedy is broadly farcical, and seems to have pleased the audiences.

"A Noble Rogue," a five-act comedy by Steele Mackaye, will be given next week, with Buckley, Stockwell, John Jack, Ned Tayher, Ethel Brandon, Emmie Wilmot, and Nellie Young in the cast.

Isabel Morris, supported by William Morris and a local company, will introduce "Hands Across the Sea" to San Francisco during the first week in December. "Hands Across the Sea" is a lurid melodrama which has been done in London and New York.

The ballet-girls—a title of courtesy—in "Antiope" have profited by the fortnight of rehearsing they have had at the performances, and can now wheel and pose without more than one mistake to the four girls in each evolution. The specialists will introduce a few changes in their performances next week.

The Parisians are much exercised about the production of "The Mikado," which has been translated by Armand Sylvestre, and is soon to be done at the Eden Theatre. They were indignant to the verge of tears when they heard of the few phrases derogatory to French valor which Gilbert put in the sailor's song in "Ruddigore," and they threaten to wreak their vengeance on "The Mikado" if the Eden manager has the temerity to produce it.

Paul Potter, who wrote "The City Directory," went to see it at the Chicago Opera House last week. He had not seen it since the original production in Chicago shortly before it came to San Francisco. When it was all over Mr. Potter seemed dazed, and remarked that after a troupe of clever burlesquers have played a farce-comedy for a few months its own father would not recognize it. But his wounded author's pride is rapidly healing under the soothing ministrations of the manager, who is pouring on Mr. Potter a Pactolean stream of ducats.

Bronson Howard's first play was "Saratoga." It was produced by Augustin Daly nineteen years ago, and the author's royalty was voluntarily raised by the manager from ten to twenty-five dollars a night. "The Banker's Daughter" and "Old Love-Letters" were his best-known plays before "The Henrietta" and "Shenandoah." For the latter, Howard receives a weekly income of about fourteen hundred dollars, which will rise to something like five thousand dollars in January, when "Shenandoah" will be played in San Francisco and two other American cities and in London.

Cronin, the Irish minstrel, and Mrs. Yeamans, who was a gem in Harrigan's company and has lost much of her lustre in her new setting, have not pleased the regular patrons of Augustin Daly's theatre. The effect of their old admirers who have drifted up to see them in Mr. Daly's exotic comedies, is thus hit off by the *Black Cat*: "When the gallery-boy hangs over the rail at Daly's and sees 'Mr. T. Cronin' come on with a card on a plate and vanish with one line, he has extreme difficulty in keeping his balance. The idea of 'Mr. T. Cronin' is enough to break his heart, but when the song or the dance is not forthcoming, he wonders what kind of a variety show Mr. Daly is giving, anyway."

Wilton Lackaye, a young actor who made a name for himself in "Bootle's Baby" and "Shenandoah" and was thereupon engaged by Augustin Daly, has already "secured his release." It seems that Mr. Daly insists that each and every member of his company shall take any rôle the manager chooses to assign him or her, even though it be to say "Me lud, the carriage waits." But Mr. Lackaye was above doing Oliver in "As You Like It," and so has been discharged. He bought a seat for the following night's performance, and, on refusing to abandon it, was coerced by the management threatening to discharge the young man who sold the ticket to Mr. Lackaye if the latter did not go. This latter feature of the affair is pretty small business for Augustin Daly.

The Verdi Jubilee performance at the Tivoli on Monday night was a credit to the house and a pleasure to its patrons. The performance, selected from the composer's first twenty years' works, opened with the overture to "Nabuco," after which came the first act of "Traviata," then the third act of "Ernani," followed by the tower and prison scenes from "Trovatore," the trio from "Attila," and concluding with the quartet from "Rigoletto." Those taking part were Signora Ida Valerga, Misses Belle Thorne and Ida Spengler, and Messrs. Arthur Messmer, Charles Thrower, Henry Norman, and Signor Napoleoni. Miss Lulu Ward, a new aspirant on the operatic stage, made her first appearance and created a favorable impression. Messrs. Winfield Blake and Edgar Temple, also new faces, assisted by Miss Thorne, gave the trio from "Attila."

Patti's alteration of the color of her hair has made a sensation among women. Her appearance with the new shade is thus described by a London contemporary: "Mme. Patti is still, of course, in mourning for her sister Carlotta; hence her appearance at the Albert Hall on Monday in a black-velvet gown, which showed off her *petite*, graceful figure to perfection. Less blooming, perhaps, was the new color of the diva's hair, which had mysteriously altered since she was last here from a deep black to a reddish auburn tint. When Mme. Patti first came on, even people with good eyes had to 'look twice' before they could make sure it was the great prima donna herself." The presumable reason for this is, that Patti, whose hair was raven black, has begun to get gray—she was born in 1843—and rather than submit to the ghastly intensity of black dye, she has boldly taken on the softness of auburn brown. A head of hair dyed black is always manifestly and obtrusively a dyed head, but when tinged a lighter color it looks natural. The *Sun* remarks of the change that "this is absolutely her farewell change of complexion."

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A few large oaks furnish firewood for the premises shade for the stock. The past two seasons the owne put up three hundred tons of hay each season and pas his teams and cows besides. The portion of the place alfalfa and grapes has been devoted to wheat, prod good crops; but is, if there is any difference, better fo first-named crops than that already planted. A fine story school-house is only one-half mile away, and the canning and drying establishment of Page & Morton is one mile away.

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MUSICAL NOTES.

Mauzy Musical Club.

The Mauzy Musical Club gave its fourth concert of this season last Thursday evening at Byron Mauzy's warerooms, and presented the following programme before a large audience:

Trio, "Novelleten" ..... Gade
Mrs. Lada, and A. and E. Lada.
Song, "Giunse Alfin il Momento" ..... Mozart
Miss Nina Lyon.
Recitation, "Flying Jim's Last Leap" ..... Danks
Miss Bertha Marie Parce.
Song, "A le Accanto" ..... Bassini
Mr. Alois Werner.
Piano solo, Ballade G minor ..... Chopin
Miss Nellie Joseph.
Song, "Le Parlate d'Amor" ..... Gounod
Miss Nina Lyon.
Trio, "Kartner Weisen" ..... Koschat
Violin, Edward Lada; 'cello, Adolph Lada; piano, Mrs. E. Lada.
Recitation, "Tom's Little Star" ..... Foster
Miss Bertha Marie Parce.
Song, "Gute Nacht, Mein Kind" ..... Aht
Mr. Alois Werner.

The Loring Club.

The Loring Club gave its second concert of the thirteenth season last Thursday evening, in Odd Fellows' Hall, under the direction of Mr. David W. Loring. The club was assisted by Miss Carrie Millzner and Mrs. Carmichael-Carr. A large and fashionable audience was present and enjoyed the following programme:

"The Trumpeter" ..... T. Strong
"Good-Night" ..... H. Goetz
(a) "A Summer Love Dream" ..... F. H. Cowen
(b) "Pizzicati" ..... Delibes
Miss Carrie Milzner.
"Beloved, I Wait for Thee" ..... F. Debois
"Evening at Sea" ..... F. H. Hofmann
"Proposal" ..... G. L. Osgood
"Longheard's Saga" ..... C. H. Lloyd
"Evening Song" ..... A. Dregert
(With soprano solo.)
"Good-Night, Farewell" ..... Fr. Kücken
"Oh, Earth, Thou art Wondrously Fair" ..... A. Dregert
(With soprano solo.)
"Student's Song" ..... Fr. Liszt

The Partridge Ensemble Concert.

Miss Ella Partridge gave an ensemble concert on Saturday afternoon, November 16th, in the parlors of the First Unitarian Church. She was assisted by Mr. Hermann Brandt and Mr. Louis Heine in presenting the following interesting programme:

Trio for Piano, Violin, and 'Cello, in D minor, Op. 49 ..... Mendelssohn
1. Molto allegro ed agitato.
2. Andante con moto tranquillo.
3. Scherzo leggiero e vivace.
Sonata for Piano and Alto (Viola) in F minor, Op. 49 ..... Rubinstein
1. Allegro appassionato. 3. Allegro non troppo.
2. Andante. 4. Allegro con fuoco.
Sonata for Piano and Violin, in F major, Op. 8 ..... Grieg
1. Allegro con brio. 3. Allegro molto vivace.
2. Allegretto quasi andantino.

The next concert of the series will be given by Miss Alice Bacon on Saturday, November 30th, at three o'clock.

The Mizpah Reception.

The Mizpah Club, a charitable organization of this city, gave a high tea and musicale on Saturday afternoon, November 16th, at the residence of Mrs. E. F. Preston, 1922 Sacramento Street, who had generously given the use of her home for that purpose. All of the apartments on the first floor were neatly decorated with flowers, and they were crowded all of the afternoon by the hundreds of guests who called. Flowers and refreshments were disposed of for the benefit of the club, and over two hundred dollars were realized. The young ladies who kindly assisted Mrs. Preston were: Mrs. Bessie Smith, Miss May Norton, Miss Minnie Hennessey, Miss Jennie Tay, Miss Hattie Tay, Miss Etta Tracy, Miss Fannie Danforth, Miss Preston, Miss Bughee, Miss Love, Miss Bowman, Miss Platt, Miss Taggart, Miss Wheaton, Miss Dibble, Miss Learned, Miss Hoffmann, Miss Celia Hoffmann, Miss Kittredge, Miss Edith Kittredge, Miss Hooper, and Miss Hall.

Mr. Henry Heyman had prepared an excellent musical programme for the entertainment of the guests, and its execution afforded them much enjoyment. The selections were as follows: Overture, "Merry Wives of Windsor" (Nicolai), Miss Fannie Danforth and Professor Gortatowski (piano), H. H. Gutterson (violin), and Fred S. Gutterson ('cello); vocal selection, Robert F. Sesnon; piano solo, valse (Chopin), Miss Baldwin; nocturne for 'cello (Golterman), Fred S. Gutterson; recitation, John I. Housman; song, "Salva Maria" (Garcia), Mme. Thea Sanderini, with violin obligato by Henry Heyman; piano solo, Miss Fannie Danforth; violin solo, caprice waltz (Wieniawski), Henry Heyman; song, "I'm Waiting for Thee" (Denza), Miss Alvina Heuer; piano solo, scherzo (Chopin), Miss Ada E. Weigel; recitation, Mrs. Haight; vocal solo, R. F. Sesnon; 'cello solo, Mr Gutterson; recitation, Miss Bugbee; Hungarian dances for piano, violin and 'cello by Miss Danforth, Professor Gortatowski, H. H. Gutterson, and Fred S. Gutterson.

The affair ended at seven o'clock, but later in the evening several gentlemen called, at the invitation of the young ladies who had assisted Mrs. Preston in the afternoon, and until midnight dancing was enjoyed in the parlors. It was pleasantly varied by several songs which Mrs. Rix sang, and a recitation of Bulwer Lytton's "Aux Italiens," by Miss Ruth Dibble. Mr. Heyman arranged some special music to accompany it, he playing a violin obligato with a piano accompaniment by Miss Fannie Danforth. Both the afternoon and evening entertainments were made very delightful by Mrs. Preston.

Owing to a death in the family, Mme. de Sadowska-Peixotto has been compelled to postpone her concert set for November 29th. It will take place on Friday evening, January 3, 1890, at Irving Hall.

Mme. Emilia Tojetti will give her third and last lecture on the "Romantic and Dramatic Epoch" at Irving Hall, on Wednesday evening, December 4th.

Mme. Billoni will give a concert at Irving Hall on Friday evening, December 6th.

The Hon. James G. Blaine is said to have expressed sorrow at the defeat of Governor Foraker. His tears, if he shed any, were truly gracious drops. There was a time when "Blaine and Foraker" were dreamed of by Republicans of a bustling temperament as the ticket wherewith to fire the Northern heart and sweep the country. But in 1888 Mr. Foraker began to show marked symptoms of cephalic tumefaction. He regarded himself as out of the Vice-President class. He fixed his glittering eye upon first place. Three weeks ago last Tuesday he was withdrawn for repairs. As a Republican and a friend of Foraker, Mr. Blaine may regret the Ohio calamity. As a politician still in the prime of life, and not without a certain gentle interest in the Republican National Convention of 1892, he must be aware that the disappearance of Ohio's cockiest son probably means not only the elimination of one Ohio candidate for the Republican nomination, but of all Ohio candidates. So Brother Blaine's grief over the collision of Foraker's marble cheek with the recent cyclone can not be poignant.—*New York Sun.*

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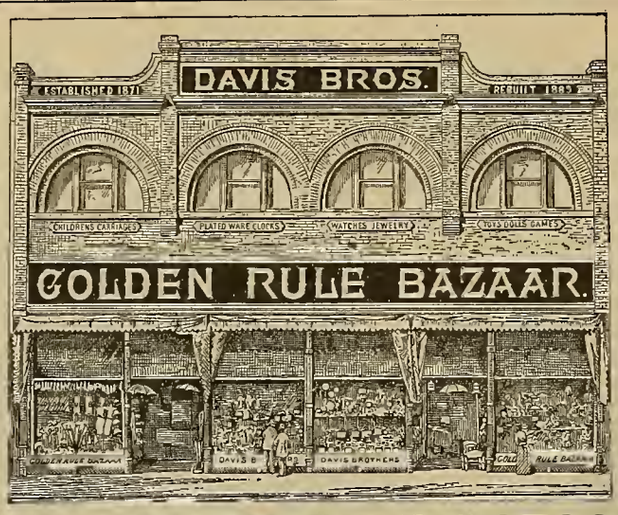

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The Leland Stanford Jr. University, now in process of construction at Palo Alto, will, when completed, be the most magnificent seat of learning on the American continent. It will be more munificently endowed than any college of Europe. If the views of its founders are carried out successfully, it will become an educator of educators. It will be conducted on a scale of liberality, teaching a broader philosophy and a more natural theology than is comprehended by any sectarian institution now extant, if the views of its originators are carried into practical application. It will teach a more comprehensive recognition of the divine attributes than is acknowledged by any religious sect or comes within the definition of any religious organization. It will recognize a supreme intelligence, a power immense, an order admirable, which controls the system of nature and through the human conscience teaches man's dependence on God. Speculative definitions of the eternal presence, limitations, and boundaries of the divine power—whether the universe is guided by a special Providence or subject to an universal law of nature which governs revolving worlds and guides the sparrow in its flight—will be left to the schools of speculative theology. Dogmas will not be considered. Theories concerning man's fall, his redemption, and his future state will not be imposed upon the student's mind, nor will the student speculate concerning other mysteries than concern his presence upon this earth. No terrors of fore-ordained torments in a future state will preoccupy minds sufficiently engaged in looking out for their physical comforts, their moral well being, and their intellectual enjoyments in this, the only life of which the human mind has any comprehension, any right to speculate concerning, or any possibility of knowledge. There are enough mysteries and miseries incident to this life, enough wants to supply, enough unfortunates to aid, to engage and occupy all human faculties if man's life is rounded off to its fullest, possible limits. The superannuated, the supernatural, the superstitious speculations, will be left to the research of scholars in other fields of learning. The students of the university at Palo Alto will confine their labors to investigations for something more real, and more practical, and more useful. It will be assumed that the Omnipotence which has created and which governs this globe, has been so beneficent and just that it will provide for the inhabitants all that is required for their welfare, and place it within the reach of their labors; that the creative power is infinite, the productive sources inexhaustible, and that everything necessary for the fullest enjoyment of mankind is placed within the reach of its capacity to provide. How to attain these wants and how to reach the moral and physical and intellectual condition for their enjoyment is man's supreme object of attainment in this life. To assume the inability of an Omnipotent power to provide for all the real wants and satisfy all the reasonable requirements of the human family, is to question the intelligence of a just and generous Providence. To withhold what human reason requires for its use from an inexhaustible supply is to challenge the beneficence of the creative power. To assume that God has predestined man to an eternity of torment of any description, makes a criminal of the author of man's existence, and is an insult to the divine faculties. Any theology which thus questions the goodness, the justness, and the wisdom of God by assuming that He has deliberately fore-doomed mankind to sin and for sin damned him to eternal torment, is in opposition to every sentiment of justice, reason, and right. It is a part of the same divine creation which gives to man reasoning faculties and a conscience which may discriminate between right and wrong, and imposes upon him the duty of considering and determining these very questions, which priests and theologians have arrogantly and sacrilegiously set themselves up to determine. To establish a dogma of faith and say to the human intellect it must, with unquestioning obedience, accept it as true under penalty of physical torture in this life and torment in the world to come, is a system of brutality which never found exercise in a barbarous age or indulgence by a pagan people. In no creed, in no religion, in no system of faith or philosophy, from Jupiter to Jesus, did so monstrous and cruel a sentiment ever find advocacy. Reason and common sense have run mad under the teachings of this doctrine for the last twelve hundred years; it was organized and disciplined into a system of governmental machinery to enable a hierarchy and priesthood to govern the world and live in idleness upon the credulous ignorance up to which the Church of Rome has educated it, and which the Protestant world has become so accustomed to imitate that it finds its own emancipation difficult. While a seminary of Roman theology is being established at the nation's capital, while England is contemplating the endowment of another in Ireland, while an assault is being made upon our system of free schools, it is a matter of just pride that a man and wife have been found upon our coast who will lay the foundations of a university, and endow it with ample provisions to enable students to work out in their own free minds and in an independent manner all the theoretical conundrums which envelop the mysterious speculations of theology.

The congress of Roman Catholic laymen at its first session at Baltimore gave utterance to an expression of opinion which receives the unqualified approval of the *Argonaut*, and is evidence of a marked step in the direction of practical reform. Many of the priests of Rome have displayed great zeal in the direction and advancement of a reasonable temperance reform, but no body so large, so respectable, and so influential has ever in America taken so bold a position as the congress alluded to. This congress indorsed the principle of high license as against the more impracticable and, as we think, unreasonable policy of prohibition, and passed the following resolution expressive of its opinion upon the influence of the saloon in politics. It says:

> The corrupting influence of saloons in politics, the crime and pauperism resulting from excessive drinking, require legislative restriction which we can aid in procuring by joining our influence with that of the other enemies of intemperance. Let us resolve that drunkenness shall be made odious, and give practical encouragement and support to Catholic temperance societies. We favor the passage and enforcement of laws rigidly closing saloons on Sunday and forbidding the sale of liquors to minors and intoxicated persons.

These sentiments we cordially and thoroughly approve. If the *Argonaut* was a daily journal, we would not permit it to go to press without showing the evils which attend indulgence in the use of intoxicating liquors and surround drinking-saloons. We have no complaint against the vine, we have indulgence for those who drink beer, but for alcoholic stimulants, and their use as beverages, and for the vile class who sell alcoholic compounds — whether Dutch or Irish — we have the contempt which criminal and vulgar employments justify. The daily commercial press has not the courage to discuss the temperance question openly or fairly. The temperance press is narrow-minded, impracticable, and unreasonable. Prohibition is going backward in every part of the United States, and is not making progress in any country of civilization. We are glad that the Roman Catholic Church, with its ability and disposition to do much harm, has the inclination and ability to do great good in the direction of temperance reform.

The peaceful character of the Brazilian revolution has attracted considerable discussion. A change of government, effected with scarcely a struggle, without armed resistance, and without the death of a single person, is certainly remarkable, but Brazil is an eccentric among nations, and has furnished more than one example of the unusual and original in matters political. When the irresistible personality of Napoleon proved so expansive as to crowd other rulers out of Europe, the King of Portugal came to Brazil, then a dependency merely, and the curious spectacle was presented of the government of a mother country emanating from a colony. The incongruity of the situation led to Brazil's first peaceful revolution, the movement coming from the ruler instead of from the people, and the colony became a kingdom standing on a par with Portugal itself. A few years later, Brazil was the scene of another bloodless revolution, whereby its complete independence from Portugal was established. The peaceful character of the third revolution—by which the empire has been overthrown and a republic established—is, therefore, not so unprecedented as it appears on first view. There is, nevertheless, much that is impressive in this latest revolution, and we may dwell upon its incidents with interest inspired not alone by the fact that by it the last American monarchical government has been overturned, but the American continent has become the continent of republics. South American countries are really so far from us, despite their geographical proximity, that we have but a hazy idea of the magnitude of the interests involved in this change of government. We remember in an indefinite way that at school we learned that the Amazon was the largest river in the world, and that it lay almost entirely within a large block of color labeled "Brazil." When we consider, however, that Brazil lacks very little of being as large as the whole of Europe; that the United States might be put inside of it, and there would still be room for all of France; that twenty States as large as California might be carved out of it—we begin to appreciate the extent of the interests involved. And when we wake up in the morning to learn that the government of this vast territory has, without a note of warning, been changed; that an empire as vast in extent as the United States has been overthrown and a republic set up in its place; that the political allegiance of ten millions of human beings has been changed while we slept—we may well pause in wonder. Nothing is certain but the unexpected, says the Frenchman, yet this event has a suddenness which amazes us. Scarcely less striking than the suddenness of this revolution is the lack of an apparent cause for it at the present time. Every one who has followed events in Brazil has known that there has been

for years a sentiment there favoring a republican form of government, and that a mild agitation has continued in favor of the change. But nobody expected it to occur before the death of Dom Pedro. Had the overthrow of the government been postponed until next June, Dom Pedro would have been emperor just fifty years. During these years he has ruled wisely and well. The few struggles with foreign countries which marked the earlier years of his reign were carried to a successful conclusion; in the case of the war with Paraguay, at the enormous expense of two hundred and fifty millions of dollars it is true, but the people contentedly met the increased taxation. Measures of reform liberalizing the government have been passed from time to time, until it was practically in the hands of a legislature elected by the people—every man possessing a property qualification amounting to an annual income of two hundred dollars, has enjoyed the franchise. Two political events of the reign have been of sufficient importance to attract general attention. The first of these, the attempted expulsion of the Free Masons, was referred to in these columns last week. The church of Brazil is Roman Catholic, the clergy are maintained by the state, and the church establishment receives support from the public funds. But Protestants are allowed to worship in their own way, though not permitted to build churches, and Protestants are eligible to election in the legislature. But this freedom was obnoxious to Princess Isabella and her French husband, the Count d'Eu, who are rabid Catholics, and the hostility of the Masons to the Catholic Church roused their resentment. The Masons were not expelled from the country, but their persecutors were left unpunished. The other important event was the emancipation of the slaves. In September, 1885, a law was passed providing for gradual emancipation and for indemnifying the slave-holders for their loss. At that time, the slave population numbered one and a quarter million, and under the operation of the law, assisted by local enactments of a similar nature, the number of slaves was reduced, by the beginning of last year, to half a million. But the operation of the law was not sufficiently rapid to satisfy the more impatient reformers, and last year another law was passed providing for the total abolition of slavery, but this time no provision was made for the indemnity of the slave-holders. Yet they had but little right to complain of this, as the extinction of slavery had been foreshadowed by the earlier legislation, and the temper of that portion of the people, whose influence was felt in the government, was known to the slave-holders. There was reason to believe, therefore, that during Dom Pedro's life, no change of government would occur.

The elections held on August 31st certainly gave support to this supposition. The Republicans did not gain a single seat on the first ballotings, and elected only one or two members on the second ballot. Furthermore, the Liberals—who represented the progressive tendency in the government, and might have been expected to act with the Republicans had the Conservatives gained the day—secured a majority in both houses. Besides this, the emperor was known to be ready to abdicate in case a majority of the people declared in favor of a republic. About two months ago, the Count d'Eu, in a public address at Pernambuco, made formal announcement of this fact on behalf of the emperor and Princess Isabella. The necessity for a revolution to accomplish that which might peaceably be brought about through the ballot-box, was not, therefore, very apparent. But there was cause for complaint in the financial condition of the empire. The public debt of Brazil is five hundred and thirty-five millions of dollars, and nearly one-third of this has been created during the past ten years, a period of peace and with a constantly increasing revenue. A large part of this expenditure has gone to develop the railroad and telegraph communication of the country; but the people have felt the steady increase of taxation, and general discontent has been the result. This discontent has played into the hands of the Republicans, and they have been further strengthened by another element of discontent. The planters, deprived of their slave labor without receiving compensation, have preferred to risk getting something from a new government rather than to cling to a government from which they know that they might expect nothing. Thus the Republicans have received support from the class from which they might reasonably have expected the least—the extreme Conservatives. The revolution itself has been carried through, however, by the Republicans, and among these the army has furnished the leaders. This is the least reassuring feature of the movement. A military revolution among an impetuous people like the populations of the South American countries has elements of instability which may counteract for a time all the benefits of self-government. The question of settling the details of the government, it is announced, is to be left to the people; but who constitute the people? The population of Brazil, exclusive of the quarter of a million of wandering aborigines, is made up of eighty-four per cent. of illiterates, who are utterly incapable of taking any intelligent part in any government. Of the twenty provinces into which Brazil is divided, only those on the coast and those portions of the provinces which border upon the great water highways of the interior have any regular communication. In some parts of Brazil, the people are probably even yet unconscious of the fact that there has been a revolution; in other parts, they probably will not understand its meaning when told of it. This is unpromising material from which to build up a permanent republic. But there is an education in the very existence of self-government, and if the franchise is wisely restricted at first, the republic will undoubtedly grow in strength. Besides, there is an influence not generally appreciated which will furnish a powerful support to the republic. The antagonism between the Roman Catholics and the Masonic fraternity in Brazil has already been alluded to. The Masons naturally look with hostility upon Princess Isabella and her Bourbon husband, and would regard with apprehension any proposition looking toward placing them upon the throne. And any reëstablishment of the empire at the present time could have only this effect. They are, therefore, committed to the support of the republic and may be counted upon to bring all their influence to bear in this direction. And this influence is by no means so insignificant as might be supposed. Lodges of Masons have been organized throughout all of South America—Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, Venezuela, Uruguay, Paraguay, and the Argentine Republic are net-worked with lodges, and, in Brazil, they are more thoroughly organized than any other power in the country. Of the provinces into which Brazil is divided for purposes of administration and local government, three—Espirito Santo, Parahyba, and Sergipe—have one lodge each; six—Amazonas, Ceara, Goyaz, Parana, Pianhy, and Rio Grande do Norte—have two each; Alagoas and Pernambuco, three each; Matto Grosso, four; Maranhoa, five; Minas Geraes and Para, six each; and one—Bahia—has seven. Of the larger provinces, Rio de Janeiro has sixteen; Rio Grande do Sud, twenty-one; and San Paulo, twenty-two. The city of Rio de Janeiro alone has thirty-six lodges, besides those in the province. Only one province—Santa Catarina—has no formal organization, but its proximity to Rio Grande do Sud, where there are twenty-one, would overcome this. This net-work of lodges, all in communication with each other and all thoroughly organized, presents a force which would be efficient against a vastly superior number in any peaceful political movement. The names of the lodges in the city of Rio de Janeiro present some interesting features, though the majority refer simply to the sentiments usually affected in the titles to such orders. For instance, Felix Martin, the prominent Republican, has one lodge named in his honor, while Camoens, the Portuguese poet, receives a similar distinction at the hands of his admirers. The controlling sentiment of other lodges may be gathered from the following list: "Amizade Fraternal," "Amor ao Trabalho," "Amor da Ordem," "Amor da Patria," "Amparo da Virtude," "Asylo da Paz," "Asylo da Prudencia" (let us hope these two are appropriately named), "Commercio," "Commercio e Artes," "Concordia Segunda," "Dezoito de Julho," "Discreçao," "Dous de Dezembro," "Esperança," "Esperança de Nitherohy," "Estrella do Norte," "Estrella do Rio," "Ganganelli do Rio," "Igualdade e Beneficiencia," "Imparcialidade," "Luiz de Camões," "Monte Sinaï," "Paranacapiaba," "Phœnix Dous de Dezembro," "Redempçao," "Regeneraçao," "Salamao," "Siencio," "Silencio," "Uniao e Tranquilidade," and "Urias." If the lodges carry out the implications of their titles, they certainly present a combination of virtues and talents which it would be difficult to surpass.

Though the Silver Question has been the subject of vigorous, if intermittent, discussion since 1873, and though it was one of the great agitating themes in the last two Congresses, the agitation of the past years, compared to that which will mark the coming winter, will have been but as a primitive Methodist love-feast to a south of Market primary. The signs of the times all point to this conclusion, and the handwriting on the wall needs no Daniel to interpret it. Let us briefly consider the situation: From all sides there comes the demand for a more abundant currency—for more money; that is, for more money with which to conduct the gigantic and growing commercial and financial operations of the country. Times are hard in nearly the whole of the civilized world, compared with what they would be if there were more money in circulation. Our agriculturists are not getting half what they should for wheat, and corn, and cotton, and other products of the soil, for this reason. It may seem strange to the untechnical reader, who has ventured thus far into this article, that with a circulating total of $1,414,121,121 of all kinds of money outside the Treasury, there could possibly be any need of more money in the country—yet such is the case. In a discussion of this sort, it is always necessary to establish an axiomatic plane, or the ramifications of inquiry would be interminable. It must be accepted, for instance, as a fact that there is a demand, a need for more money. It is true that the money-lending bankers of Wall Street, who grow fat on usurious rates of intere in such times as these, may not be very anxious to see a mo abundant currency, but neither would that druggist, who ha secured a corner on quinine, be pleased to hear of the disco ery of an immense cinchona forest in Texas. The oppositic of the banker element to the increased coinage of silver as means to relieve the needs of the great class of currency-use is, in fact, a very pertinent piece of evidence that such nee do exist. It is a condition, we repeat, that must be concede and it is because the imperative demand for an increase in th volume of currency comes from a class of the populatic whose intelligence and business and number are every day e panding that the coming discussion in Congress will be such a surpassingly interesting character.

In the next place, the gold men know that they are in the last ditch. They have been driven back from line to lin from parallel to parallel; their weapons have been shown t be ineffective and old-fashioned; and the bugaboos of di disaster and national disgrace with which they affrighte some of the good, honest folk of 1873 and 1878, are now n more effective than were the hideously painted shields of th Chinese in keeping out Elgin blue-jackets from Peking People have found out that all the terrible things which wer predicted as the certain result of the increased coinage c silver under the Bland Bill, have not come about; that the have been benefited instead of ruined; and that the Amer can glory has not been tarnished in a single spot. All thi has set them thinking, and they have begun to study up th Silver Question themselves. They have found that while the could not grapple with all the intricacies of so abstruse a sub ject, they could readily master its broad, general principles and they have found, too, that as they mastered these, thei apprehensions were quickened and they became instinctivel hostile to the class whose business it is to advance the advan tages of the money-lender. Honest senators who vote against the Bland Bill have acknowledged that they were mis taken, and have announced their intention of supporting an movement of the government which has for its object the es tablishment of a financial policy based on a full, equal, an unqualified recognition of both gold and silver. A conven tion is now being held at St. Louis at which papers have been or will be, read by such authorities as Stewart, Jones, Beck Bland, St. John, and other leading silver men of the country where the discussions tend to show that every industry will b benefited if favorable legislation can be had; and where a united effort will be made to secure such favorable legislation That all this will have its effect upon the new Congress there can be no doubt; nor is there any doubt that the effort tc have the monthly purchases of silver under the Bland Bill increased from the minimum two millions of dollars to the maximum four millions will be better directed and more hopefully conducted than any previous endeavor on the part of the silver men. The silver star is in the ascendant; the gold men are shrewd enough to appreciate this—indeed, it does not need any particular shrewdness to recognize what is so self-evident—and their endeavors to defeat any pro-silver legislation will be of the desperate character of a forlorn hope.

No better illustration of the weak, effete, and dishonest arguments of the gold men can be imagined than those found in the speech of ex-Comptroller Knox, now president of the New York National Bank of the Republic, made before the recent Bankers' Convention at Kansas City. It was delivered as a reply to Mr. St. John's proposition for the issue of additional silver certificates, and is supposed by the anti-silver men to be a squelcher. It is permissible to repeat here that the St. John proposition involved the gradual withdrawal of the legal-tender notes (greenbacks), the disbursement of the one hundred millions of dollars of gold stored up as partial security for these notes, the increased issue of silver coinage and of silver certificates from two millions to four millions of dollars per month, and, finally, the giving of these silver certificates the quality of legal tender. In the demolition of the St. John proposition, Mr. John Jay Knox brings forward the four following battering-rams:

First—The old proposition of giving the legal-tender quality to circulating notes was such a serious, knotty, and debatable one, that it is the height of folly and presumption for any one to consider a new question of legal tender as a simple financial proposition.

Second—The legal-tender note is a promise to pay one hundred cents in gold for every dollar, the one hundred millions of dollars of gold coin set aside in the Treasury being a "sacred fund in gold to be paid to every man in this country upon the presentation of these legal-tender notes." But,

Third—The country, in the event of Mr. St. John's proposition being accepted, would be forced to take a silver certificate of an intrinsic value of but seventy-one and one-half cents as full payment for a gold dollar. And,

Fourth—That the government would be writing itself down an ass, if it went into the market with the deliberate inten-

tion of making a corner on itself by buying silver bullion until it advanced to ninety-nine and one-half cents.

It is scarcely possible to believe that Mr. Knox was seriously of the opinion that he had knocked out the St. John proposition in these four rounds, and it is especially hard to do so when one remembers the ex-comptroller's reputation as a weak brother. As a fantasy, his speech is clever in its effrontery; as the best Mr. Knox could do, it is a model of the disingenuous and stupid. The argument that the Bankers' Convention should go slow because others had gone slow is simply puerile. But it is not the puerility of the entreaty which stamps it as bad, it is the fact that Mr. Knox assumes the two propositions to issue legal tender to be parallel, when there is no point at which they lie together. The issuance of the greenback currency was, as Mr. Knox himself says, "a measure made necessary to provide for carrying on a silver war, unequaled in the history of the world," and its promised redemption was based on no assets but the nation's honor and stability. The silver certificate to which Mr. St. John has proposed to give the quality of legal tender, is issued at a time of peace and prosperity and has for assets dollar for dollar. Mr. Knox knew that he was a dishonest teacher when he lumped the two conditions as one, but this is not so surprising as that he should so boldly venture to trade on the willing obtuseness of his hearers.

In the next place, he says the legal-tender note is a promise to pay one gold dollar for every such paper dollar. This is a bald untruth. The government does not promise to do anything of the sort, and never did promise to, as any reader of the *Argonaut* may prove to himself by reading the legend on a dollar greenback. He will find there this statement and promise:

Legal Tender.
This note is a legal tender for One Dollar.
The United States will pay to bearer One Dollar.

The form of the dollar is not mentioned, it may be silver or gold. It is true that there is a popular idea that the redemption money is to be in the form of gold coin, but no promise of that sort exists. In fact, the very act of January 14, 1875, which provides for the redemption of the United States legal-tender note, says it shall be done "in coin of the United States." Just that and nothing more—"coin of the United States." Much stress is laid upon the fact that the "sacred fund" of $100,000,000 is in gold, but Mr. Knox fails to explain how from this $100,000,000 there is to be paid out $316,867,515 in gold—that being the amount of greenbacks in circulation on the first of the present month. The third count, that the silver men intend to force the country to take a seventy-one and one-half cents silver certificate for a dollar, is equally absurd. Instead of the country being forced to take the silver certificates, the country has clamored for them. They have become one of the favorite circulating mediums, the growth of the demand for them being something astonishing. As was mentioned in an article on this subject in the *Argonaut* of two weeks ago, the law under which they were issued was passed in February, 1878; in 1880 they were outstanding to the amount of $12,374,270; and now it is learned that on November 1st of this year the amount of these certificates in circulation was $277,319,944. This does not look much like forcing a questionable tender upon an unwilling people. Mr. Knox is as ridiculous in this as in everything else, for in the very next breath he brings forward his last argument that the government is going to make a corner on itself by forcing the price of silver up from seventy-one and one-half to ninety-nine and one-half cents. This is the very foolishness of blind fighting. Everything that looks like silver must be kicked as being rascally and dishonest. But Mr. Knox is right in one way; it is the aim of the silver men to have silver put back to its former rightful place, and there is no concealment on their part of the very hearty belief that the sooner it gets there, the better it will be for the whole country, for the silver-consuming East as well as for the silver-producing West.

Since the cable-car companies of San Francisco make such piteous complaints about their small earnings, let us look into the question of the income from horse-car roads. These—the Pacific Cable-Car Syndicate admits in its printed estimates—cost forty per cent. more to run than the cable-roads. Still, they seem to make money. Inasmuch as there are absolutely no figures obtainable about the car-lines of San Francisco, either cable or horse-roads, we are forced to go elsewhere for our figures. The annual report of the Massachusetts Board of Railroad Commissioners for 1889 has just been issued, and the returns received from the street-railroads furnish instructive reading. Under the Massachusetts law, the street-railroads, as well as the steam-roads, are placed under the supervision of the railroad commissioners, and are required to make reports to them, presenting elaborate details concerning the financial status and the operations of the roads. From this report, it appears that there are forty-six companies in Massachusetts, all of which presented reports, but the returns of one road being defective in form are not included in the tables setting forth the information gathered by the commissioners. The aggregate capital stock of the companies is $10,894,850, an increase of $798,050 during the year. The mileage of the roads has been increased 54.733 miles during the year, making a total of 561.818 miles. The average cost per mile was $16,920.79 for the roadway, $7,317.25 for equipment, and $9,449.67 for land and buildings. The number of passengers carried during the year was 134,478,319, being 44,791,907 more than were carried by the steam-railroads. The gross income was $6,860,504 32, an average of five and one-tenth cents for each passenger carried. The number of round-trips during the year was 3,220,578, and the average number of passengers per round-trip was forty-one and eight-tenths, an apparently small number, but it should be borne in mind that many of these roads pass between two adjacent towns, and the bulk of their passengers are carried the whole distance. The strictly city roads pick up a large percentage of transient passengers. Thus, one road reaches an average of eighty-six, another of sixty-five, others more than fifty. Reduced to the standard of one mile, the cost of construction of each mile owned is $16,920.79, and the cost of equipment is $7,086.22, making the total investment per mile $24,007.01. Of this, $11,885.90 is represented by indebtedness and $12,121.11 by actual investment. The expenses for the year, reduced to this same mileage basis, were $10,460.54, and the income $12,451.23, leaving a balance of $1,990.69 per mile, or a total income of $1,096,852.79 above expenses. This represents an income of eight and three-tenths per cent. on the total amount invested, or, after allowing six per cent. for the indebtedness, ten and five-tenths per cent. income on the amount actually invested. One of the roads actually paid the ten per cent. dividend, five of them paid eight per cent., one seven, eight six, and one five. But a portion of the receipts have gone into permanent improvements, not included in the repairs ordinarily incurred, and another part has gone into a surplus fund. The surplus now amounts to $1,111,490.72, it having been increased during the year by $952,099.81. The income per passenger, as has been stated, is five and one-tenth cents, the cost of carriage is four and seventy-two hundredths cents, leaving a profit of eighty-two hundredths cents on each passenger. This showing is not a bad one under the circumstances, when we consider that these roads depend upon the thrifty New Englander, who ponders long before spending a nickel. Furthermore, the roads of Massachusetts are practically all horse-roads. There is a short electric-road of three-quarters of a mile, and one road employs Baldwin dummies, but the majority of the roads are run by horse-power. The substitution of cable-motors for the horses would result in a saving of forty per cent. and would reduce the cost of carriage to three and eighty-four hundredths cents per passenger, thus sustaining the figures the *Argonaut* has used in discussing the street-railroads of this city.

The Paris Exposition of 1889 is a thing of the past. On the sixth of November, amid a blaze of glory, the exposition was closed. That it has been a success is admitted. But there is no city on the face of the earth better prepared to carry such an enterprise to a successful conclusion than Paris. It has been the city of fêtes and exhibitions ever since it was a city, and it has at its command specialists trained for just such work. M. Alphand, the director-general, has devoted his life to the management of public fêtes and the laying out of the parks and gardens of Paris; M. Berger has managed half-a-dozen world's fairs; M. Méry, who arranges the annual salon of Paris, has had charge of the artistic department, while under him has been a trained staff permanently attached to the Ministry of Fine Arts, having under their charge the state museums, art galleries, etc. With such management of the different departments, it is scarcely surprising that the exposition has succeeded, despite the fact that at the time of its opening France appeared to be on the eve of another revolution, and the further fact that the republic was snubbed by the other countries of Europe. Greece, Norway, and Switzerland were the only countries of Europe sending official representatives. The finances of the exhibition have been well managed, and the success is largely due to this fact. The original estimate placed the required amount at $8,600,000—$3,600,000 subscribed by a guarantee company of hotel-keepers, railway directors, etc., and the rest by the state and the city of Paris. The guarantee company caused so much trouble to the director-general by their interference and objections, however, that he inaugurated a lottery scheme, by which a sufficient amount was raised to pay off the guarantee fund, thus getting rid of the company and leaving $2,400,000 for supplementary credit, cost of operation, and sinking fund. The lottery scheme also had the effect of cheapening the price of admission, as the lottery company was given thirty millions of tickets. Thus, the average price of admission has been ten cents, and the attendance has been greatly increased thereby. The average week-day admissions amounted to one hundred and twenty-five thousand, while Sunday admissions averaged above three hundred thousand. The Decanville Narrow-Gauge Railway, which carried people through the grounds, from the Esplanade des Invalides to the Eiffel Tower, and thence to the machinery gallery for five cents, was patronized by one million people a month. In spite of the fact that Paris has been so crowded with all classes and conditions of men, coming from all parts of the world, and living in all manners of ways, it is an extraordinary fact that the city has been exceptionally healthy—the mortality has actually been less than in ordinary times. This is the result partly of the unusually fine weather, and partly of the active exercise of the sight-seers. A curious feature has been the number of congresses held. No less than seventy have met in Paris during the last six months. Of these the more striking are the Anti-Vaccinators, Anti-Tobacco, Anthropological, State Intervention, Coöperation, Socialists, Accountants, Public Charities, Railways, International Monetary, Fire Departments, Geographical, Commerce and Manufactures, Sunday Rest, Electrical, and Feminine Work and Institutions. But the crowning feature of the exposition has been the Eiffel Tower. It is the tower that has attracted the most universal attention. Its total receipts have been one million three hundred thousand dollars, exactly equaling the cost of construction. The exposition has been successful largely on account of the Eiffel Tower; the republic has been preserved by the exposition; it is therefore not too much to say that the Eiffel Tower has saved the republic. It is related of the first Napoleon that one day Savary, the Minister of Police, came to him with the report that the Parisians were in an extremely discontented condition, and were liable to break out into open revolt at any moment. "Indeed?" said the emperor, "then gild the dome of the Invalides." It was done, and Paris was appeased. After the lapse of three-quarters of a century another government has been saved by another toy.

When the Hon. Frank McCoppin was made Commissioner for the United States to the Melbourne Exposition last year, he seized the opportunity to do one thing of far more value to the people of this State than the exposition itself could possibly be. The orange groves of Southern California were being devastated by the fluted scale, and apparently no remedy could be found. Mr. McCoppin had heard something of the *velodia cardinalis*, or Australian lady-bug, an insect said to be destructive of the scale pest. He communicated with the Department of State and determined to use a portion of the fund placed at his disposal to defray the expense of an entomologist to accompany him to Australia to study the insect. Mr. Alfred Koebele, of the Bureau of Entomology, was detailed with the express understanding that he was to report to Mr. McCoppin, and that that gentleman would include this in his report to the Department of State. The habits of the *velodia* were studied, and a number of them were imported into Southern California, where they proved even more destructive of the scale pest than had been anticipated. But now a difficulty has arisen between the Department of Agriculture, represented by Professor C. V. Riley, United States Entomologist, and the Department of State about who is to receive credit for the introduction of the lady-bug. Mr. Koebele is a subordinate of Professor Riley, and the latter attempted to publish the report as part of the work of his bureau. Further than this, he has, in a public address delivered at Toronto, Canada, and published in the *Scientific American*, September 21, 1889, attempted to give the impression that the entire credit is due him. A somewhat spirited controversy between the two departments followed, which resulted in the withdrawal of the report by Professor Riley, and Mr. McCoppin will receive the credit which is justly his due.

The Mercantile Library Association has had a lucid interval. After a number of years of moribund mania, it has dismissed the idea of deeding its property gratuitously to the Mechanics' Institute, and has sold its Bush Street building for the market price—which is all anything will bring in this cold and prosaic world. It has also decided to erect a building on Van Ness and Golden Gate Avenues, in the heart of the residence quarter—another evidence of returning reason. If, now, it will conduct its business—as other institutions are conducted—on business principles, it may hope for success. But it will be forced to purchase new books; to keep all the newer works of reference; to keep up with the current demand for the latest fiction; and, in short, to have something younger than a quarter of a century on its shelves. It would be well, also, for the institution to sell off its surplus of new novels when the demand is over, as Mudie does, rather than to keep scores of duplicate trash to swell the number of "volumes" in its library.

The annual gift of fifty dollars to the Fruit and Flower Mission, "to help along its Thanksgiving work," which for a number of years has been sent in the care of the *Argonaut*, has reached this office, and been duly forwarded to the young ladies of the mission. In their name, we thank the generous donor, "M. R.—M. F.," for this encouragement in their labor of love.

THE ELECTRIC HAND.

While I am not disposed to question the dogma that man possesses but five senses, I am never surprised at the abnormal development of any particular one, or at the expansion of muscular strength to such a high degree as to surpass the understanding of that stage of psychological or physiological science which has yet been obtained. In future ages, such powers as were possessed by the late Washington Irving Bishop and other prodigies of this era may be far from phenomenal, and exercised as generally as we now do those of determining between colors or the notes of a musical instrument. I am certainly entitled to this belief, for an apparently supernatural power possessed by an individual undoubtedly saved my life upon one occasion.

Early in the summer of 1866, I was sent out from Yuma with dispatches for the commanding officer at Prescott, Arizona, being at that time in the employment of the government as courier and scout. This was shortly after George H. Leighy, Indian superintendent, had been ambushed and massacred, and all the tribes in the Territory, except the Pimas and Papagoes, were hostile, and most of them were on the warpath. I decided, therefore, that it would be less dangerous for me to cut across the country than it would to follow the usual roads or trails on which travelers were being daily killed, and as heavy rains had fallen during the preceding two weeks and filled the isolated water-tanks, it would not be difficult to cross the deserts. I struck out in a north-east course, and followed that direction as nearly as the configuration of the country would permit.

The weather was hot—scorching and boiling hot. Even the lizards sought protection from the sun's rays during the middle of the day, and the rattlesnakes took shelter under a cactus or mesquite bush, and did not move till after the ardent orb had sunk in the west. The gaunt, giant cactus on the mountain-side and desert plain seemed to give forth waves of heat, while the scant foliage of the *palo verde* and the prickly branches of the mesquite-tree afforded but little shelter for myself or horse. I was necessarily compelled to take the full force of the sun's rays, as it was impracticable to travel at night, for the reason that I had never crossed the country that way, and, besides, was somewhat likely to ride into an Indian camp unawares. Consequently, my speed was not great.

On the afternoon of the third day, shortly before sundown, I struck the trail from Woolsey's Agua Caliente Ranch to Wickenburg, and, following it for two miles or more, came to some water-tanks. I was then about twenty miles west of the Vulture Mine, and, by way of travel, more than one hundred and thirty from Yuma. As I was getting into the Indian country, I resolved to be very cautious, as in two days more, if nothing happened, I would be at the end of my journey. After preparing and eating my supper, I carefully extinguished the small fire I had made and scattered the embers and ashes about so as to leave no trace of it. After having given my pony a good drink at the tank, I resorted to tactics with which every scout and mountaineer is familiar. Having ridden forward on the trail until I found rocky ground where the hoofs of my pony would make no impression, I dismounted and put the mufflers on his feet. I then turned round and rode back, and passed the water about half a mile, where, at a point some five or six hundred yards from the trail, I found good galletta grass for the horse and made camp. I was on the east side of the trail and safe from observation from it or the tanks, through the fact that I was behind a thick clump of mesquite-trees. As these manœuvres were executed after dark, I felt sure that they could have been witnessed by no one, and that it would be as difficult to discover me out there on the desert as it would be to find the old-time needle in the hay-stack. I made down my blankets and went to sleep with a feeling of absolute security.

Some time about the middle of the night, as I could determine by the stars, I awoke without any apparent reason. Looking about me and listening attentively, all seemed quiet. Sinking back to rest, and when in a condition between semi-consciousness and oblivion, I noticed that my pony had quit eating. This again aroused me, and soon the perfect silence was broken by faint sounds of horses' feet in the distance. "If it be Indians," I thought, "my caution has been warranted, for they can't find me for some time at least, and no matter what their number, I can reach Vulture before they harm me; if white travelers, they do not concern me, and will camp at the tanks, where I will see them in the morning." Notwithstanding my confidence, I sat up and listened.

The sounds of the hoofs became plainer, and I was soon able to determine that a single animal made them, and that it was being hard ridden. Wonder and alarm took possession of me when, at a point on the trail directly opposite from which I was sleeping, the gallop broke, and at a much slower pace the horse came in my direction. I reasoned that it could not be an Apache, for a solitary Indian would select an open place at some elevated point to sleep, and would himself drink and also water his horse at the tank. It followed then that the midnight rider was white and a stranger to the trail. Not knowing the proximity of water, he had selected the clump of mesquites as a good place at which to rest for a few hours, and his approach was nothing more than a chance. This reasoning was completely upset, when, in a loud voice, the strange horseman, now quite near, sang out:

"Hello, stranger! where is you? Don't be 'tall alarmed; it's all right!"

How the man could possibly know that I was in that vicinity was something passing my understanding, but I answered his salute, although in a lower and more cautious voice, and when he came up to me, proceeded to inform him in language more forcible than polite that we were in an Indian country, and that people who went riding over it yelling like Comanches were likely to lose a lock or two of hair; that this might be a trivial matter with him, but for my part I considered my tresses valuable.

"Beg pardon; but that's all right, partner," he coolly replied; "there ain't no Injun in five mile of here; that I can bet. But it's lucky for me you camped on the right-hand side of the trail, or I wouldn't have found you. Where's your water?"

I handed him my canteen, and as I was thoroughly vexed at his imprudence in exposing us to the danger of an attack by making known the location of the camp, as well as nettled at the ease with which he found me after all the precaution I had taken to prevent such a thing, I inquired, in a manner not at all intended to disguise my feelings:

"How in the devil did you find me, anyway? Were you hanging around here watching me make camp and waited until this time to make your presence known?"

"No," he answered, in an undisturbed manner, as he took his lips from the canteen.

"I know you did not trail me. My horse must have attracted you by some noise?"

"No, partner, I did not hear you or your ho'se, and I reckon I was fifteen or twenty mile out on the desert, seeing the time of night it is, when you spread your blankets. I didn't trail you, either; I *felt* you. It's lucky for me you're on the right-hand side of the trail."

He *felt* me at a distance of five or six hundred yards! The reply convinced me that I had been overtaken by a lunatic, but as my unknown companion had so little difficulty in finding me, I did not see how I could easily be rid of him. Before I had a chance to speak again, he inquired:

"Where's nighest water?"

I told him where the tank was, and with the assurance that he would be right back, he rode away. That I was completely confounded at the strange visit and nonplussed with the traveler, feebly expresses my sensations at the time. That he was a stranger to the trail was evident from the fact that he did not know the location of the water-tanks. That he was a greenhorn in the country was equally plain, for the reason that he did not appreciate the existing danger, and by his noise needlessly exposed himself; yet the mysterious manner in which he found my camp, saluting at the proper time to avoid all chances of receiving a rifle-ball, was contradictory of the latter proposition, as was also his positiveness when he assured me no Indians were near. After the unknown traveler had returned from water, he unsaddled and staked out his horse, and I heard him gathering up twigs of the mesquite. Divining his intentions, I asked:

"What are you going to do now?"

"Build a little fire, partner, and have a bite to eat; haven't had nuthin' since mornin'."

"Well, if you are an escaped lunatic and desire to commit suicide, I am not. Do you want to bring a hundred or more Apaches down here within the next hour and have us both killed? This is my camp and you shall not build a fire here to-night. You can wait until morning to eat; if not, go some place else and make your fire, far enough away so that I will not be compelled to suffer for your stupidity and d——d nonsense," said I, losing all patience.

"Well, partner," the midnight horseman replied, in an injured and disappointed tone, but free from all offense, "I don't like to be unsociable, and won't do nuthin' when you says no, and I can wait till mornin' for my coffee and bacon. Man, I don't danger myself or nobody. A little fire in that wash there couldn't be seen ten yards by a Injun or nobody else, and when I tells you there's no Injuns nigher to us than five miles, I know what I is talking about. I was born in Western Missoury, twenty-nine years ago, when the Injuns was tryin' to burn our cabin, and my good mother—leastwise, I never seen her—died two hours after I came to the world. Do you think that's for nuthin'? Do you think a good woman gives up her life for a boy who grows to be a man and give up whites to the Injuns? No, sir-ee. I hates 'em, and I wish I could kill every one of 'em, for the whole lot of 'em, ten million times over, is not so good as my mother. I can *feel* 'em if they is nigh, and I have had one of them for every hair that was in her poor head—leastwise, if she was like other women. Travel with me, pard, and there is no danger to nobody. I's a friend to every man as had a white mother, and an enemy to all Injuns. Good-night to you!"

The simple and earnest manner in which these few words were uttered caused me to regret that I had denied the fellow the privilege of building a fire, although I knew it would have been imprudent. They also convinced me that he would be an acceptable companion for the remainder of my trip, if he was going that far.

I awoke first in the morning, made a fire, and was getting coffee ready, when the stranger got up. He was tall and slender, with a round, good-natured face, black eyes, hair, and mustache, and appeared several years younger than the age he gave the previous night. His countenance was frank and open, and his actions simple and modest. He greeted me cheerfully, and we shook hands. I noticed at that time that his grasp was what we term "hearty," but the sensation which I experienced in my hand was not that of a fierce squeeze, but rather of an indefinable and peculiar nature. He gave the name of Dick Harbert; was going to Santa Fé—a very dangerous trip at that time—and was glad to have company. So, after our breakfast, we saddled up and started off together.

I learned little of my strangely met companion during our ride that day. In fact, his conversation never related to himself. He was a good rider, excellently mounted, and well armed, and the only physical peculiarity I noted was that he was decidedly left-handed. His right arm and hand may as well have been of wood for the uses made of them, yet they were apparently sound and uninjured. Without being able to assign any reason, I became more and more mystified with the man every hour we traveled together. He rode along, so far as I could see, without giving the slightest attention to his surroundings, but his peculiar confidence was expressed and illustrated, whenever he detected me inspecting the country with especial care, by some such remark as: "There's no Injuns here; never you mind, partner, I'll tell you when they is around."

We had a good, hard wagon-road for the greater part of the day's travel, and, as water was plentiful, made good time. We entered Peeple's Valley toward evening and intended to make the old station, a few miles further up, for the night. Harbert was riding slightly ahead of me, when I noticed him drop a switch which he carried in his right hand and extend that arm in front of him. A moment or two afterward he turned to me and said, with a smile which I thought unsuited to the situation: "There's Injuns about here."

I could not see the slightest thing to justify the assertion and we rode on for about fifteen minutes before Harbert drew up his horse and said:

"Yes, they is to the north of us and not mor'n half-mile ahead of us. They think they'll s'prise us, but they won't do nuthin' of the kind. How's your guns, partner?"

I took a careful look at my weapons, while Harbert examined his pistols, handling them with his left hand, but did not take his rifle out of the holster. My curiosity had by this time overcome all other considerations, and I could not refrain from asking my companion how he knew that Indians were in that vicinity.

"Know? Why, I allus knows. Didn't I tell you before I *feel* 'em. Listen."

With this, he held his right hand close to my ear, and my astonishment was complete. His fingers, which were slightly tremblling, as I first supposed through fear or excitement, gave forth a very faint yet distinct metallic sound, more closely approaching that made by a tuning-fork than any I had heard before or have since heard.

"It's my alarm-clock; it allus goes that way when Injuns are nigh," said he, in answer to the look of perplexity which he noticed in my countenance. "Now, if you is ready, we'll go on. We'll cut from the road to the right and give the Apaches a long shot. You use the rifle and I'll make my pistol count at short range, if need be; leastwise, I won't waste no ammunition, you can bet."

We started down the gentle slope at a long, swinging gallop and, sure enough, when we had covered about half a mile, I saw an Apache raise his head from behind a rock, on the hill side to our left. As I drew up my Winchester to shoot, a volley from four or five rifles was fired at us, but the range was too long and we suffered no injury. I returned the fire and although there was no prearranged plan of action, both Harbert and myself wheeled our horses and started toward the Indians.

They broke from their shelter and scattered, all endeavoring however, to pass beyond the ridge of the hill on the side on which they had made their ambush. I followed several up the hill in the direction from which we came, firing eight or ten shots and having the satisfaction of seeing one of the murderous fiends fall to the ground. As I had not heard a shot from Harbert, I turned around to see what had become of him, and thus witnessed one of the most extraordinary and inexplicable occurrences in my life. Harbert was pursuing, in a diagonal direction from me, three Indians who were endeavoring to cross the ridge at a lower point than those whom I attacked, but, while within close range, did not attempt to shoot. Just at this moment, a buck, who was nearest to him, pulled up his weapon, but the pistol in the left hand of my companion cracked, and the Indian fell over dead. I could see that Harbert's horse had a free rein and that it understood its work in hand as well as its master, for in another moment it was alongside of the second Indian. No shot was fired this time. Harbert clutched the Apache by the neck with his right hand and threw him from the pony he was riding scarcely pausing in his mad chase after the third savage. Thinking that the Indian who had been pulled from his horse was simply stunned, I rode rapidly toward him, but was surprised upon reaching the body to see, by the distorted features and protruding tongue, that life was extinct. By this time, Harbert had come up to the last wretch; again his right arm went out and his hand clutched the throat of the Indian who rolled from his horse as though his skull had been cloven. Again turning into the road and shouting to me to follow, Harbert started in the direction we had been previously traveling at a speed which my pony could not begin to maintain.

The entire fight, if fight it may be called, did not last over five or six minutes. Although not unfamiliar with such things I was completely bewildered. How did Harbert kill the two last Indians? He surely did not strangle them to death, for he did not take sufficient time, and he certainly did not possess the strength to dislocate a man's neck while using but one hand. Why did not he shoot them, like an ordinary man would have done? Was he a wizard, and what unseen power did he possess? While trying to settle these and other questions of a similar nature which rapidly came to my mind, I overtook my companion, who lay writhing on the ground in apparent agony, while his horse was quietly grazing on the grass near by.

Believing that he had been wounded, I sprang to his side to render what assistance I could, when he turned his face toward me and fairly hissed:

"For God's sake, man, don't touch me; it'll kill you!"

His jaws set, his eyes rolled, and his features gave evidence of the most intense pain; great beads of perspiration stood out on his brow. His limbs were twitching and his entire frame was convulsed. I never saw any one suffer such agony as Harbert did for the next five or six minutes, and when the throes became less violent, he sat up and began rubbing and beating his right arm, repeating, over and over again in a moan, "Oh it'll kill me; it'll hust; it'll break; some time I'll cut it off—cut it off!" It was fully half an hour before the suffering man was able to mount his horse and ride to the station, hut, in the meantime, he assured me that he had not been wounded by the Indians.

We reached Prescott the next evening without any further encounters with the Indians, and during the day Harbert explained to me reluctantly—for he was averse to talking on the subject—the nature of his peculiar gift or ailment. It seems that he had possessed it since childhood, and he was inclined to attribute it to the painful circumstances attaching to his birth. It was never thoroughly developed until he came into the Indian country, when he found that by the sensation in his right hand he was able to detect the presence, at considerable distances, of his inherent foe, and also that of other peo-

ple if they were to the right of him. When unduly excited or angry, his "electric hand," as Harbert himself called it, became an instrument of certain death, instantaneously killing any one upon whom it was laid. After such occasions he invariably suffered the agony I had witnessed the day before.

After Harbert left me at Prescott, on his trip to Santa Fé, I learned that he had been a guide and scout in New Mexico for General Canby during the war. Many had heard of his strange power, yet few believed the reports concerning him. He was generally considered as being slightly unbalanced in his mind, although all agreed that he was a remarkably skillful and reliable Indian scout.

Poor Harbert never reached Santa Fé alive, his dead body—stripped of its flesh by the coyotes—having been found near Navajo Springs some two months after our meeting. The cause of his death still remains a mystery, and his premature demise unfortunately closed to the medical fraternity all opportunity of ascertaining the cause and determining the nature of the strange power which I saw him exercise in such a tragic way. CHARLES LANE MOSHER.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 14, 1889.

NEW YORK'S SALONS.

"Van Gryse" on the Latest Fad of Gotham's Blue-Stockings.

With the opening of the winter campaign, the papers are full of the fact that Mrs. This and Mme. That are about to reopen their "delightful salons." This is the winter fad—the salon. Among the literary and artistic lot there are no more receptions, no more teas, nor "afternoons"—but there are salons by the score. Bohemia, out-at-elbows on the fifth flat of apartment-houses; Bohemia, comfortably untidy and grimily picturesque in silent by-ways; Bohemia, magnificently set in tapestry-hung studios, in splendid dens—has gone salon-mad.

The literary ladies have the mania in a particularly virulent form. They think you insult them if you happen to remark that you are coming to their "At Home" on Friday or their reception on Tuesday. "We hold our salon on Friday," they answer, and pass on in offended dignity with a subdued frou-frou of hustleless skirts. They have come to regard a salon as part of the education of the literary aspirant. You are nobody in the polite world of letters without one. Moreover, it gives the presiding genius a fine opportunity to show herself off. The accomplished wielder of that implement which, according to good authority, is more powerful than the sword, arrays herself in the most amazing tea-gown—copied from Mrs. Potter's Cleopatra swathings—and stands on the hearth-rug, her hands behind her back in the attitude of Mme. de Stael. The background of her apartment is as bizarre and Bohemian as her taste or her money will allow; sometimes a faint color which tones in with her complexion, as in Mrs. Atherton's case, who figures in a black gown against sea-green walls; sometimes a fantastic intermingling of all sorts of strange, crude colors and old-pink from odd corners of the world; and sometimes, when it is a case of complexion, dark, dim, harmonious, mediæval-stained rafters, old Delf, moth-eaten tapestry, iron hanging-lamps—as gloomy as the Tower of London.

But this is the salon in luxury. The salon in penury is a little more Bohemian, more picturesque, more effective. It finds a local habitation on fifth floors under skylights. It is more piled with old junk than the others' old-pink and the family wardrobe. The hostess's waists and hats have a way of turning up over the backs of chairs and under the tables. If you move the sofa-cushion of Louis Quinze brocade—worth enough to clothe the family for a winter—you may come on all sorts of bosom secrets in the way of infantine apparel. There is always a mine of wealth under the sofa—wonderful things would be divulged if one were to dive recklessly into that crowded hiding-place. But no one minds. The queen of the salon, incommoded in her movements by her husband's slippers, kicks them carelessly under the *prie-dieu*. Her husband, finding the flannel-petticoat of his heir concealing the face of the clock, hangs it on the nail which keeps in place a water-color of Inness's. The daughter of the house—a handsome girl of seventeen—studies of whose head in red chalk and charcoal are pinned up here and there on the walls, takes round claret-sangaree in a punch-bowl of Sévres. When not occupied in this manner, she gets into a hammock hung across the room, and swings gently, throwing remarks into the conversation, and scraping the floor with one lazy, large foot. That her slipper is down-at-heel, thus betraying a large hole in her stocking, does not trouble her tranquil mind.

In all the salons, the conversation and the food differ. There is a good deal of bright, if personal, conversation in some, of good eating in others. In the elegant Bohemian sets, the gentlemen wear dress-suits and distribute cups of cold bouillon and salads to ladies in fashionable attire, who sit about and look pretty. This is the sort of salon the Marquise Lanza has. The marquise is an American, married to an Italian of title. She is Dr. Hammond's daughter, and has written some clever stories and poor novels. She is extremely pretty, short-haired, stouter than New York women generally are, bright, attractive. Some time ago, she had receptions, now she has a salon. Here there is good fare, bright talkee-talkee, a pretty woman in an artistic, limp costume, and well-dressed men lounging about. There is an attempt to create a literary atmosphere—but there are not half enough literary people in New York to make one genuine salon. At the marquise's—or, indeed, at any one else's—to have known a *littérateur* is to be sought after, to have had one in the family is to be courted as a curiosity.

Up under the skylight, in the studio salons, the talk is generally as bright, the fare very poor. As for the dressing—the queen and her daughter are both mediæval enough to take part in any one of Shakespeare's plays. They have long trains, big Elizabeth ruffs, pearls in their hair, and girdles confining their flowing draperies at the waist. Having shared their hospitality and their brilliant talk, one can forget that their high-art draperies are begrimed with the dirt of many encounters with midnight Welsh-rarebit suppers and recalcitrant beer-bottles, which never will yield up the cork until you get them fondly pressed to your heart, when out it comes, followed by an irrepressible stream of the friendly juice of the hop. The queen herself, being complacently aware of her bedraggled condition, disarms all embarrassment. It is, in fact, with a somewhat dingy hand that she smooths down her spotted draperies and settles the diadem, set with monstrous glass rubies, emeralds, and sapphires, which holds in check her bounteous chevelure. Despite these slight drawbacks, hers has more of the real salon than any of the others. There is a careless bonhomie about the gathering, a jovial unconcern as to the quality of the sangaree or the condition of the sandwiches, a ripple of studio talk, which bear some resemblance to the conditions which should prevail at the true salon.

This was the sort of salon—only, of course, on a more elaborate and brilliant scale—which Mme. Botta once held, and this was the only salon ever organized and held in New York. Mme. Botta, as Miss Lynch, was Henry Clay's private secretary, an ugly, quiet, clever, charming woman. Her salon formed itself. She was delightful, and people came to see her—clever professional people—who talked to her about their work and their hopes, and whose confidences she encouraged by an unobtrusive, sympathetic interest. Others came to meet Mme. Botta and to meet her friends. There was a very brilliant throng used to gather there—all the acknowledged great men of the day, all the crowd of younger Bohemians whose head-quarters were at Pfaff's—Fitz-James O'Brien, Stoddard, Bayard Taylor, George William Curtis, Nathaniel Hawthorne. Foreign celebrities came there, too. Conversation ran wild—there was no attempt to force it into æsthetic channels—but in such a company it could hardly drop to the commonplace. It was the head-quarters of the art and literature of the day—books and stories were worked out there, plots suggested, subjects of coming paintings discussed. Over a supper of beer, bread and cheese, and cigars, the choicer spirits lingered and talked well on into the night to the always appreciative, always intelligent, always interested hostess.

In this one attempt the American salon lived and died. The nearest approach to a successor of Mme. Botta is Mrs. John Sherwood, who has written every sort of thing, from a book on etiquette to articles in the *World*, and has literary Wednesdays all through the season. They are regular *omnium gatherums*. Like the literary evenings of Mme. de Beauharnais, any one who wants can come and read his productions, and must take the chance of getting listened to or not. They are unlike Mme. de Beauharnais's, however, in the matter of refreshment. At the latter lady's, the dinner was never on time, and when it did eventually appear, it was never cooked and rarely eatable. The smiling hostess, true to the indolent Creole temperament, was not in the least put out by this defect in her ménage, and presided over the melancholy meal with exquisite grace. At Mrs. Sherwood's "the spread" is good, the recitations and readings what are generally to be expected under the circumstances. But no one need listen if he does not want to. Those social souls who can not support a mutual silence can go into one of the other rooms, and there chatter gayly over *café mousse* and *biscuit Tortoni*. This is liberty-hall—a cheerful do-as-you-please policy prevails. The hostess herself is the brightest and most delightful old lady in the world, with hair as black as a patent ink, and three handsome sons—each a six-footer—whom she jocosely alludes to as her "eighteen feet of sons."

There was a time when Mrs. Paran Stevens had a sort of salon—Sunday evening dinners, followed by receptions, when any one who had a visiting acquaintance with the lady dropped in, and there was gossip, social and literary, smoking, eating of a choice supper, pretty women, and men who had got beyond the stage of holding up the door-posts. Mrs. Paran Stevens, having been interested in hotels in her early youth, had the art of being mechanically hospitable down to a very fine point. She always looked glad to see people and sorry when they went—such is the force of habit! Her Sunday evenings were quite the thing, more especially as they were covertly condemned from the pulpit and generally regarded as particularly godless, which made people imagine that they were particularly fascinating. But in those days she had her daughter to assist her—Miss Maggie Stevens, since married to Mr. Alfred Paget, who was not a lord, but was a friend of the Prince of Wales, which went further then than it does now, when the prince has as many bosom friends as King Solomon had wives. Miss Stevens was not handsome, but she had *chic*, style, *ton*, and she was the gay, dazzling sort of person whose movements the society papers like to chronicle in the fullness of their fond, foolish hearts. When she married, the Sunday evenings drifted into the commonplace. Mrs. Stevens took to lion-hunting and Newport, imported the Duke of Marlborough, routed his enemies in the famous charge of the Four Hundred, took ten subscriptions to *Town Topics*, and then had the pleasure of seeing the late Stevens's cigar-store written up in those refined columns in all its two-for-a-center simplicity, and has, altogether, become one of the show members of our great republic.

The sad fact is that American women—indeed, no Anglo-Saxon women—have the requisite talent for the formation of a salon. There is no nonsense about the real salon. It is a gathering together of brilliant, devoted minds for the purpose of discussing topics of art, literature, or politics, in which each person present feels a deep interest. No one goes to see, no one to be seen. But they all go to hear, and a few to be heard. Mme. Mohl, in describing her salon, says that the conversation was generally confined to a dialogue to which every one listened respectfully, an interruption being regarded as the worst possible taste. Imagine such an evening in New York, where every one goes to be seen and every one goes to be heard!

Some months ago, Mme. Adam had an article in *Harper's Monthly* called "How I formed my Salon." That apparently harmless article has brought on the craze for salons in New York. For, mark you, it had illustrations—every one reads *Harper's* by the illustrations—and it was those illustrations which fired the social mind. One of them represented Mme. Adam, while learning how to conduct a salon, at the house of Mme. d'Agoult, a charming blue-stocking of somewhat defective morals. Here the ladies sat in arm-chairs, their feet on cushions, their hair falling in curls over their ears, surrounded by a semi-circle of obsequious men, who appeared to be basking in the smiles of the neophyte and Mme. d'Agoult. There was another picture, where the neophyte, having mastered the art, had started a salon of her own, and was represented in the most lovely black-velvet dress, *décolleté* and diamonded, and still more densely surrounded by a phalanx of dress-coats.

This article did the work. Mme. Adams, started up as thick as leaves in Vallambrosa. Every woman of ambition wanted to be like the heroine of those pictures with the admiring men, the black-velvet dress, the diamonds. The salon was an inferior consideration—the talk would be led by her, guided with consummate skill through the whirlpools of art, the shallows of politics. It would be tempered with personal anecdotes and flavored with compliments. The men would be there, of course, to hear her, and to go away struck dumb with her charms and beauty. There would be no other women about, because in the real salon there never were more than one or two moving spirits, and one, if it was a very good one, would be quite sufficient. She will never realize that the joys of the debate are the *raison-d'être* of the salon. Where will you get a pretty woman, moderately clever, who will come round to admitting that men congregate at her house for the pleasure of talking to each other, rather than for the pleasure of looking at her?

In brief, the woman to form a salon must be as much of a paragon as the ideal female described by Iago. She must be willing to sink her own individuality in the salon's; she must not want *all* the men to be in love with her; she must be able to bear the idea that some of them come to see each other. She ought to be attractive-looking; she ought to have the social instinct. She must know how to make people feel at home without having the appearance of half-killing herself to do so. She should have a sufficient income; she should be clever enough not to appear too clever. She ought to have a husband as a quietly respectable background, or an aged parent who comes in and talks to the people no one else will tolerate. She ought to know whom to ask; she ought to be independent, without offending people; and she ought to have reached that perfect mean where a man is treated neither as a woman in trousers nor yet as "the not impossible he."

No wonder the salon confines itself to France. Those adorable French ladies whom Mr. Brownell described in his book are the only creatures who unite these various attributes. French women are everything but pretty—the divine law of compensation holds good even in the land of revolutions. When we read of the French women Gouverneur Morris loved and sung, we know why they had such brilliant salons. They lived for their politics more than their lovers. They took more interest in their country than they did in their children. They sat at their toilets with members of the ministry, but they talked about who was coming into power and who was going out. Mme. de Flahaut, the victim of a cold, sits wrapped in a blanket, her feet in hot water, discussing with Morris and Tallyerand—who is warming her bed with a warming-pan—the policy of Necker. No wonder the amazed American remarks: "This is, indeed, the country of women!" No wonder they can not form a salon in New York!

NEW YORK, November 20, 1889. VAN GRYSE.

A certain well-known New Yorker, who has to hustle for his bread and butter, this summer fell in love with a girl, and ever since August has been on the eve of proposing to her. His income is twenty-five hundred dollars a year, but he wanted to be certain that he could pay all the expenses before rushing into the fray. He estimated that the rent and running expenses of a suburban residence would cost eighteen hundred dollars a year. He allowed three hundred and fifty dollars a year for his personal expenses, and thought that the girl could get along on a like sum. To be sure, he did not expect to save any money while living at this rate; but, like other young men, he had abounding faith in a special Providence which would cause a long-forgotten uncle or other relative to die some time and leave him a fortune. So he asked an intimate friend of his lady-love how much the latter spent for her wardrobe during the year. The friend said: "Why, she told me only day before yesterday that her clothes cost sixteen hundred dollars a year, but she *did* think she could get along on fifteen hundred dollars." The engagement has not yet been announced.

We confound "communist" with "communard." Hamerton explains that a communist is a man who wants to have goods held in common. A communard is a person who wishes that every commune (township) should be practically self-governing. M. Beslay became a communard and was governor of the Bank of France under the "Commune," but so far from being a communist that he defended the bank's treasure and handed it back safe and sound after all.

Mr. Sarbadhicary, an East Indian, gives his impressions of New York. "In wealth, population, dignity, and sanctity, it is now one of the foremost cities in the world. About one million five hundred thousand motley-colored people (the Europeans, the Asiatics, the Africans, the Mexicans, and the genuine Americans) inhabit the labyrinth of the lofty alleys of New York."

Truth of London says Abbotsford is "still so popular a resort that the fees paid by tourists usually exceed two thousand dollars a year, so that it is twice as profitable to show the place as to let it, for the rent paid by Mr. Thorburn, who has taken it for five years, is only one thousand dollars a year."

An English guest, upon being asked his opinion of American cross-country riders, said he thought them "the horsiest set on foot and the footiest on horse" he had ever seen.

EXPOSITION NOTES.

The Last Day at the Paris Exposition.

So it is all over. The Paris Exposition is a thing of the past. The great international fair, the biggest gathering of modern times, has come to an end—the Champ de Mars is no more the cynosure of the universe. But the exposition died no lingering death, it was game to the last. More—public interest in it grew as time went on, and yesterday reached a climax; the sixth of November, 1889, will count in the history of exhibitions.

It was just such a day as the sixth of May—bright, sunny, with light clouds scudding over the blue, followed by a gorgeous moonlit evening. Happy San Francisco folks, you do not have to burn candles to the fair-weather saints as we have! Parisians consider it a special dispensation of Providence that the sun should have shone so blithely on both these auspicious occasions. They are very proud of the success of the great enterprise, and if they crow somewhat loud and strut a bit, they must be forgiven; aye, even if they brag and boast that other nations are jealous of them because their exhibition has taken the shine out of all its predecessors.

The figures speak for themselves, and the statistical reports of the last six months are eloquent indeed. Over twenty-five million paying visitors have passed through the portals of the exposition, and to these must be added many thousands each day of the one hundred and eighty-four. It is computed that the provinces must have sent about six millions of persons to Paris, and other countries one million and a half. The United States alone is down for ninety thousand, and twenty-five thousand were here from South America; three hundred and eighty thousand British visitors crossed the channel and two hundred and twenty-five thousand Belgians the frontier; Spain and Italy supplied a further contingent of one bundred thousand; there was a fresh invasion, too, of Teutons—one hundred and sixty thousand strong; German Austria mustering thirty-two thousand, which, with another hundred thousand from various parts of the globe, makes up the total. Now, supposing each provincial, on an average, to bave spent twenty dollars during his stay in the capital, and each foreigner a hundred (and this is certainly putting it at a very low figure), we find the stupendous amount of two hundred and seventy million dollars to have been pocketed by the Parisians, over and above what they expended themselves. The slice of the cake for the exposition restaurateurs amounts to three hundred thousand dollars; for the Omnibus Company to nearly eleven millions of dollars; for the Tour Eiffel Company to more than one and one-half millions of dollars, and so on through the whole list. Paris bakers have been baking during the last six months more than two and one-half million pounds of bread a day! And the Paris butchers selling one million pounds of meat! And no statistician dares even to guess at the number of litres of wine and bocks of beer which bave been needed to wash down this pantagruelic amount of food.

But enough of figures. I had made up my mind to spend a long day at the exposition on this last day of all, and to enjoy it thoroughly. I seemed to grudge the time I had not employed in this way. Just when the doors were about to close, I recalled so many things left unexamined—so many unexplored corners here and there. In the first place, there were pictures to he gazed at—pictures that were like old friends it would he sad not to see once more before the final parting. So I spent an hour or two with them and found myself in good company; hundreds of artists had had the same idea as myself. On the lapel of some of their coats a fresh bit of red ribbon was visible—they were the *décorés* of yesterday—and were airing their freshly cut laurels. Of course we all saluted Meissonier, whose promotion to the highest rank in the order of the Legion of Honor shed a lustre on the artistic world generally, and gave special notice to the works of Breton, Carolus Duran, and the other newly invested commanders, officers, and simple knights; it is curious what importance these crimson insignia give a man. Nor did we forget to look once more on our old favorites in the centennial collection, the dreamy Corots, daring Courbets, those exquisite bits of woodland scenery by Rousseau, and Millet's scenes of rustic labor—all men whose reputations have grown since their deaths and who were not beroes in their own generation by any means. But they are the heroes—the veteran heroes of the exposition, at any rate.

But it was impossible to linger anywhere that day, and the galleries were filling fast. So I tore myself away from the pictures to go and refresh the inner woman—in company with a friend or two—by an oyster luncbeon. Alas! only to have discovered this restaurant under the tent by the river at the eleventh hour! For nothing can be better than an oyster luncheon, if the mollusks are of a good sort, and if there be fresh rolls and butter, pungent lemons, and excellent Chablis to set them off, and, moreover, a glimpse of rippling river to gladden the eyes the while you eat. By the time we had finished our meal, the quays were swarming with people, and borne along in the current, we found ourselves in the Pavillon de l'Alimentation. It was the first time I had been there, too, and the noise of the machinery, and the scent of baking cakes and boiling chocolate was overpowering. We did as the others were doing, and bought *gaufres* and ate them standing; tidbits of confectionery they proved. Here the crowd was mostly composed of *peuple* ready with quibs and jokes; but you must not think the upper ten disdained the exposition on this occasion. It was all the world and his wife—work-people, *petits bourgeois*, and fasbionables—the prince and the peasant side by side. Half-an-hour later, I was standing on the footbridge which crosses the Avenue de la Bourdonnais, watching the vehicles on the bridge—omnibuses and broughams, vans and landaus, fiacres and tram-cars—pushing and squeezing, urged on by their drivers. And, below it, each entrance-gate a jostling crowd—no well-ordered *queue*. The influx of outsiders seems to have disturbed the equanimity of the Parisian, who is no longer awed by the *serjot* into sheep-like docility.

In the industrial galleries, whither I strayed later in the afternoon, there was the same mêlée of classes. People with money in their pockets were looking out eagerly for bargains—not so plentiful, bowever, as one might have imagined. Most of the best things were sold, and the trumpery was sold at twice its proper value. Many of the sections were so tightly packed that it was impossible to get in, and when in, to get out. It was thus in the court where the jewels and dolls are shown, and in the machinery-hall, in the vicinity of the more interesting processes, the crushing was frantic. In dread of the final exodus, when the cannon should boom from the Tour Eiffel, I left the buildings and was soon seated in one of the cars of tbe Decanville Railway, for a last jaunt in the direction of the Esplanade. Spinning along, you get a grand view of the people who clustered thick as blackberries on the bridges, in the grounds—everywhere. On all the walls were pasted huge posters of the Decanville Company to the public, thanking its "six millions of passengers" for their countenance and support.

The bargain-hunters had mustered largely in the Algerian and Moorish bazaars, where the wily Easterns were selling their wares below exposition—extortion—prices, sufficiently above market value to please their cupidity. Then, baving made a few purchases also, I drove home to dinner, deeming, with reason, that the restaurants would he taken by storm; and I afterwards beard cruel stories of persons reduced to dine off dry bread and Duchesse pears, or to divide a single "biftek" between half-a-dozen, with a splinter of fried potatoes for each.

Not that I had yet taken my last peep at the exposition. Oh, dear no! By the time the rockets were flying up in the air, I was once more on the scene of the revels, and from the terraces of the Trocadero Palace I watcbed the fire-works and the Eiffel Tower glowing with Bengal fire, and afterwards wandered beneath the alleys of leafless trees hung with myriads of golden lanterns, getting ever and anon, in the distance, a glimpse of the densely crowded Pont d'Jéna, and listening to the roar of the multitude and the loud report of the cannon, until finally the *rataplan-plan* of the drums told us that there was an end to all things, and that the International Exposition was about to close for the last time.

Where will the world gather next? Will it be at Chicago? Or must we say in 1900? PARISINA.

PARIS, November 7, 1889.

TWO LYRICS.

A Dedication.

Take these rhymes into thy grace,
Since they are of thy begetting,
Lady, that dost make each place
Where thou art a jewel's setting.

Some such glamour lend this Book:
Let it be thy poet's wages
That henceforth thy gracious look
Lies reflected on its pages.

Pillar'd Arch and Sculptured Tower.

Pillar'd arch and sculptured tower
Of Ilium have had their hour;
The dust of many a king is blown
On the winds from zone to zone;
Many a warrior sleeps unknown.
Time and Death hold each in thrall,
Yet is Love the lord of all;
Still does Helen's beauty stir
Because a poet sang of her!

—*Thomas Bailey Aldrich in the December Atlantic.*

New York educational circles have been in a state of unusual excitement. Three years ago, the mayor appointed, under the provisions of the city charter, seven school commissioners, and of these, two were women. The terms of these commissioners expire in January, and Mayor Grant has been torn by conflicting factions until he probably wishes that tbere were no school commissioners and no scbool department. The two ladies, whose term expires so soon, have rendered themselves obnoxious to many with whom they have come in contact, and particularly to a majority of the other commissioners, and these have protested against their reappointment. Backing this action of the commissioners is another protest signed by a large number of women-teachers, demanding tbat no woman shall be appointed on the board. The forces seem to be divided into three camps. One party favors reappointment, a second favors the appointment of women, hut not the reappointment of the present incumbents, and the third opposes the appointment of any women on the hoard. Mayor Grant has solved the problem by retaining Mrs. Agnew on the hoard and appointing another lady, Mrs. Clara N. Williams, to succeed Miss Dodge.

The Queen Regent of Spain has raised Santa Anna, the editor of the popular journal, *Correspondencia d'España*, to the rank of a marquis. The new noble is a man of great energy. Forty years ago, he reached Madrid with ten francs in his pocket. He has not only created a newspaper, but he has founded savings banks and pension funds for old age. He is widely popular.

All critics agree that in the review before the German Emperor at Constantinople, the Turkish troops cballenged comparison with any in Europe. Even the Germans admitted that nothing better in the way of appearance and marching could be shown in Berlin. Kamphovener Pasha, the German Instructor-General of the Turkish Army, led them.

The debt of the city of Paris amounts to 790 francs for every man, woman, and child within the city limits. In Frankfort the debt is equivalent to 317 francs per head, in Milan to 218, in Berlin to 154, in the Hague to 136, in Brussels, the most heavily indebted of all European cities, to 1,605.

The gallery of Madrid, one of the very greatest in existence, has received a new windfall in the gift of the pictures belonging to the Dowager Duchess of Pastrano, two hundred and twenty-five in all.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mrs. William Cassius Goodloe is left with a family of eight children She will be an applicant for the office made vacant by the death of her husband, that of collector of internal revenue for the Seventh District of Kentucky.

The late John F. Smith, the great Philadelphia type-founder, gave to various charities more than one hundred thousand dollars a year during the closing years of his long and useful life. "Everything I have to give away," he said, "I shall give away before I die."

"The late Mrs. George Bancroft, a keen observer, once told me," says Colonel Higginson in *Harper's Bazar*, "that she never knew an Englishman, however eminent in art or science, who, if he had dined with a duke, could help mentioning the fact to all his acquaintances."

Tom Murphy, a once powerful politician, is now a pauper. During the Grant régime he was Collector of the Port of New York, with an annual income of one hundred thousand dollars. He was the prince of good fellows. He spent a fortune in champagne. One hundred dollars a day went for his own personal expenses.

The Portuguese give all their sovereigns special titles, supposed to be indicative of their dominant characteristics. Thus there have been Dom John the Restorer (of the Braganza line), Alfonso the Victorious, Pedro the Reformer, Mary the Pious, John the Clement, and Pedro the Unfortunate. The estimable king who has just died will be known as Luis the Good.

The appearance of Colonel Lamont before the mayor, on behalf of the Broadway Railroad, calls to mind how many young men who made names in politics have abandoned that profession for money-making. William G. Rice, the secretary of Governor Hill for many years, is now the chief spirit of a great car-heating corporation; John A. McCall, late superintendent of insurance, is the comptroller of the Equitable Life Assurance Company at a splendid salary. Colonel Lamont is an officer of three great corporations. Seth Low is out of politics for good.

General Cassius M. Clay, the late Colonel Goodloe's great uncle, has a record with the knife which is noteworthy even for a Kentuckian. He had three personal encounters before the war, in which knives were used, and in each case he succeeded in killing his opponent. A fourth victim he cut almost to pieces, but the man was stitched up and recovered. A few years ago he killed a negro who had insulted him, again using the knife. Governor Warmoth, of Louisiana, saved his life in New Orleans a few years ago by vivisecting with a knife a man who attempted to assassinate him.

Colonel Nicholas Smith, who was recently appointed United States Consul at Three Rivers, Canada, walked up and down the corridors of the State Department at Washington, a few days ago, looking as beautiful as ever. He wore no hat, and his silky gray locks, curling slightly, gave a venerable appearance to his radiantly handsome face. He wore a tight-fitting Prince Albert, which made his tall, graceful figure appear to the best advantage. He was the most ornamental thing in Washington, and those who gazed upon him agreed that it was too bad to bury such rip-roaring beauty at Three Rivers, Canada.

Colonel A. M. Swope, who was stabbed to death in the post-office at Lexington, Ky., in a fight with Colonel W. C. Goodloe, was probably the largest man physically in Kentucky. He was simply a giant in frame, and yet was so well proportioned that one had to place an ordinary large man beside him to realize how big he was. To an imposing presence, he added a voice which was as big as his frame. The colonel was a bachelor. It was said by his political opponents that his housekeeper in Lexington was a handsome mulatto girl, and the inference from that charge was sufficient to prevent his oratory from converting many mountain men, even if they did like to hear him speak.

It is now barely over thirty years since the first Jew, Baron Lionel Nathan de Rothschild, was allowed to take his seat in the House of Commons. Baron de Worms, Rothschild, Mundella, Goldsmid, Montagu, Jacoby, Samuelson, and many other equally obvious and familiar names appear now on the roll. The name Montagu, for instance, has become almost distinctively Jewish, though nobody can tell why. The great bulk of the family whose name is Moses have chosen the name Lumley instead. Aaronson has more intelligibly become Anderson, and Davids is Davis or perhaps Davies. The names Phillips and Lewis are also in great request. The Levys, for example, adopt the name of Lawson, a palpable translation of the hereditary Levite's name, but also a common English name.

Count Francis Esterhazy has refused to accept the challenge to fight a duel with Count Victor Orsitz de Sclavetich. Both noblemen are members of the Table of Magnates, as the Hungarian House of Lords is called, and the cause of the challenge is a vote of censure, which was passed a short time ago by a quorum of thirty of the magnates on the conduct of Count Orsitz. Count Orsitz, a fiery-tempered man of about fifty years, has announced his intention of demanding satisfaction from each one of the thirty magnates. He began last week by sending his seconds to Count Franz Esterhazy, a handsome and stately looking grand seigneur of some sixty-five years, whose flashing, coal-black eyes present a striking contrast to his snow-white beard and hair. Count Esterhazy curtly declined the challenge, stating that the vote of censure passed by the Table of Magnates constituted an official and privileged act, which did not require to be accounted for outside the walls of the assembly chamber. Count Esterhazy is on official record as having fought no less than seventy duels during the last forty years, in six of which encounters he shot his adversary through the heart.

Much curiosity prevails as to the real object of General Count Ignatieff's sudden trip to Rome. The distinguished diplomat for many years represented Russia at Constantinople, and subsequently held the post of minister of the interior. During his stay in Rome, Count Ignatieff spent a great deal of time with M. Tswolsky, the Russian Envoy to the Vatican. He is accompanied by his wife, his two daughters, and his son. During his last stay in the City of the Popes, one morning, Count Ignatieff, when taking his usual constitutional, espied an intimate friend a few paces in front of him, with his hands behind his back and holding his hat, in the inside of which he had deposited a beautiful white-silk handkerchief and a pair of brand-new gloves. Count Ignatieff, cautiously and noiselessly advancing on tip-toe, removed the handkerchief and gloves with the lightness of hand of a professional pickpocket, and was already inwardly chuckling at the good joke he had practiced on his friend, when a heavy hand grasped him by the collar, and the count, thoroughly astounded, found himself face to face with a policeman. So certain was the officer of the law of his prisoner's guilt, that it required the most energetic intervention on the part of the alleged victim of the theft to induce him to release the count.

The Czar is hypochondriacal and terribly shaky in the nerves. The Czarina is even worse, and is subject to attacks of intense nervous prostration. The Emperor of Austria is a healthy, but a heart-broken man; and the empress, a martyr to sciatica, rheumatic fever, and melancholia, belongs to the Wittelsbach family, which produced other samples of royal misery in the demented Kings of Bavaria. The King of Wurtemberg is said—by North Germans, at any rate—to be more than half crazy; King Milan of Servia is haunted day and night by the dread of assassination; and lastly, the Sultan can not enjoy a moment's peace because he expects to meet the fate of his predecessor. Three more miserable men, they say, can not be found in all Europe than the Czar, the Sultan, and King Milan. The German emperor's physical defects are well known. The King of Holland is paying the penalty of violent liberties taken with a naturally strong constitution, and has now sunk into the dotage of an irritable invalid. The King of Italy suffers from chronic gastric derangement, brought on by excessive smoking of green cigars. The infant King of Spain has no constitution at all, for his father ruined his by excesses, and was only kept alive latterly by opiates and champagne. The King of the Belgians is lame. The Queen of Roumania is haunted by hallucinations which sympathetically affect King Charles. Of all the sovereigns in Europe, only Queen Victoria and the Kings of Denmark, Sweden, and Greece seem to be blessed with sound minds in sound bodies. It should be added that the late King of Portugal had been a most unhealthy and unhappy man for nearly thirty years, as he had never had a month's respite from illness of one sort or another since 1860.

VANITY FAIR.

Consternation prevails among the officers of every rank of the Vienna garrison (says a Vienna correspondent of the New York *Tribune*). An order has been issued prohibiting officers in uniform from promenading up and down the Ringstrasse, except when on duty. The Ringstrasse is like the Fifth Avenue of New York, the Champs Elysées, or rather the Boulevard des Italiens, of Paris, and the Pall Mall and the Ladies' Mile of London. Regularly every afternoon, between the hours of three and five, the whole of Vienna society can be seen sauntering up and down the Ringstrasse, chatting, laughing, and stopping here and there to talk with friends and to exchange the gossip of the day. As civilian clothes are not permitted to be worn by officers except on rare special occasions, the number of handsome uniforms was very great, and lent much brilliancy to the scene. Indeed, there was not a court beauty, a clubman, or an officer who would have considered the day complete without the stroll on the "Ring." Unfortunately, however, the assemblage was not altogether confined to the *beau-monde*. The ladies of the *demi-monde* speedily realized the advantages to be obtained by an afternoon appearance on the fashionable promenade, since at no other place or time in the day could the Sons of Mars and the *jeunesse dorée* be met in such large numbers. Accordingly, all flocked to the "Ring" every afternoon, and by their gorgeous display of raiment added still further color and picturesqueness to the gay and merry crowd. To such proportions did the latter grow that the beautiful and spacious thoroughfare—one of the finest in Europe—became almost impassable during the afternoon, and at length attracted the attention of the emperor, who, since the tragic death of his only son and the sad affliction of his beautiful consort, has become exceedingly strict both toward himself and those about him, and likewise exceedingly bigoted and even morose. It is known that he attributes the painful circumstances which attended Crown Prince Rudolph's death to the easy and thoughtless gayety and the lack of moral stamina which constitute both the charm and defect of Austrian character. His majesty, therefore, came to the conclusion that since the advent of the *demi-monde* the "Ring Parade," as it is called, had become something like a public scandal, and that means must be adopted to put a stop to it. Accordingly, he gave the instructions, which were issued in the form of a general order, being convinced that the disappearance of the military uniforms from the scene would deprive it of all further attraction. It is needless to state that the order has given widespread offense to all classes of the population, most of all, of course, to the officers, whose sentiments of discipline and loyalty are put to a severe test thereby.

Some few days ago (says the *Sun*), Mrs. Bret Harte, the wife of the novelist, was journeying through the wilds of New Jersey toward her home in Plainfield. On the train she met a very lovely girl who had just returned from Europe and with whom she was acquainted. The two chatted a little while and then the young lady thrust the toe of her boot out from beneath her skirt, remarking as she did so: "Perhaps you don't know it, but that's a Bret Harte toe." "A what toe?" exclaimed the author's wife, in considerable surprise. "A Bret Harte toe," answered the young lady laughing; "yes, it is, really. When I was in London I went into a store there to get a pair of shoes. A young man asked me if I wanted henying in the line of the Bret 'Arte toe. Well, I said I did, and there it is. Isn't it too lovely?" While Mrs. Harte admitted the beauty of the shoe she felt called upon to remark that her husband had not only attained greatness, but had some of it thrust upon him.

I wish some leader of fashion would shorten our skirts for us (writes "Madge" in London *Truth*.) Men can have no idea of what we suffer with our long ones. In going upstairs we have to provide a free hand for clutching up the skirt in front, or else raise the knees two or three inches higher than would otherwise be necessary, in order to lift the dress well out of our way. Even when we succeed in clearing the front in this manner, we often trip ourselves up by treading on the side breadths. In coming downstairs the gown rests on the step above the one on which our feet are, and, if there is any one at hand to hoof it, hoofed it is, while the wearer sprawls, more or less gracefully, from the shock of being suddenly pulled up. If the staircase to be descended is in a public place, such as those at railway-stations or exhibitions, the gown has to be held high at the back, in order that it may be kept from the dust or mud that may have accumulated. I have never seen the woman who could accomplish this business gracefully. Even a French woman makes herself all angles in performing it.

Miss Mary Leiter is the daughter of L. Z. Leiter, formerly of Chicago, whose wealth is variously estimated to be somewhere between five million and fifteen million dollars. The daughter is a tall, lithe girl, spirited and dashing in manner, and a brunette. She is running the Leiter family at present, and seems quite bright and clever enough to do it. It was she who took them on from Chicago after Mr. Leiter retired from business and established them at Washington, where the beautiful heiress became at once prominent in diplomatic society. It is by no means difficult to get into Washington society as into New York society, and Miss Leiter seems to have understood this fact perfectly well. She made a sensation in the capital, and was sought after and fêted on all hands. The father hired the house which Mr. Blaine built but never lived in, because, as the statesman declared, he could not afford to do so, and the Leiters gave stunning entertainments, to which the best people were invited and which they numerously attended. Miss Leiter's fame as a beauty and an heiress came to New York just about the time that the Duke of Marlborough arrived there for the first time with the idea of securing some American millions to straighten out his affairs in England. He heard of Miss Leiter, of course, and the gossip in society for some time was that he proposed to devote himself in this direction, but his meeting with Mrs. Ramersley, and the undoubted impression which she immediately made upon him, nipped this interesting procedure in the bud. The Duke of Marlborough did not go on to Washington, and Miss Leiter and he have never met. After Miss Leiter had thoroughly established herself and her family in Washington society, she began to cast her eyes toward New York and to visit people whom she had met in Washington. She made a distinctly favorable impression on such society people as she met in New York, and at the beginning of the last Newport season, the family secured the Travers house on Narragansett Avenue there, at a rental of six thousand dollars, and took possession of it with its hall-room, grapery, tennis-grounds, and other belongings. Here the Leiters entertained during the season, and wholly through the brightness and cleverness of Miss Leiter obtained a place in what is, in many ways, the most exclusive society in this country. This was the more surprising as Miss Leiter was handicapped by the fact that both her father and mother are people whose early education scarcely fitted them for shining in Newport drawing-rooms. On one occasion, indeed, Leiter *père* came into very violent collision with the *jeunesse dorée* of Newport, after a fashion which might have been avoided had he been possessed of a little more tact and experience. It seems that after the Leiter hall, late in August, some of the young men, including Center Hitchcock, had demanded of the butler of the establishment a supply of brandy and cigars. The butler reported the fact to his master, who came into the smoking-room, and, in an indignant way, protested that his Newport cottage was not a house of call, and that if the young men wanted brandy and cigars, they must go down for them to the Ocean House or to the town. Mrs. Leiter, by the way, is described as a Mrs. Malaprop sort of lady, and it is said that when she and Mrs. Marshal Field, of Chicago, happen to meet, that they are able between them to fracture every five-syllabled word in the dictionary.

A writer says: "The society of America devotes too much attention to dancing. In England, over Europe generally, society is the mingling of the best elements of the people. Learning, talent, wit, music, art, and literature are represented in all gatherings of a social nature. Young women study, as necessary graces of their position, to acquire fluency and ease in conversation, to know something of liberal sciences, a knowledge of books, and pictures, and statues. They really desire to make the *élite* superior in culture and worth. Here, what is society? A collection of vapid young men and silly misses, whose sole occupation, mental, moral, and spiritual, is to train their heels to the highest degree of nimbleness."

Will some one of the agreeable-looking young gentlemen (asks the *Tribune*) who would not be seen in the streets without creased trousers — four regular creases to the pair, front and back of each leg—kindly impart the secret source whence they drew the name Prince Albert coat? If called after Albert the Good, the Prince Consort, The Prince in short (irreverently called by some cynic churl, The Prink), then a long way after, don't you know, for he has been dead these eight and twenty years. Tell why, and even that hideous crease, that Malay crease, shall be forgiven you; that crease prepense, falsely pretending that you fold them and lay them in a drawer like a true Briton, when you know you hang them Yankee-fashion on a hook.

Before 1870, in attacks published against the empire, Compiegne came in for a giant share of the scandals then assiduously put into circulation. There are numerous details in the furniture of the rooms and the disposition of the apartments which suggest dissipation such as was described at the time. The apartments of the guests were so arranged that they could be visited or could visit each other without being observed. It was the pretty women especially who were invited when the court went to Compiegne, and if they were incumbered with husbands, it was surprising how often the latter were intrusted with an important state mission which compelled them to return to Paris or to travel in the provinces and abroad. Compiegne is a sufficient distance from the capital and so small a town that newspaper reporters found it difficult of access; and when they did reach Compiegne, their presence was at once noticed. Thus the gay ladies and gentlemen of the court had less to fear from the indiscreet bark of these public watch-dogs than when they were at the Tuileries in Paris. So Compiegne soon acquired a questionable reputation, which the adversaries of the empire did not fail to utilize. The palace has a nice little theatre, which can seat comfortably eight hundred persons. Here numerous gala performances were given, and the empress showed herself of the utmost severity with respect to dress. No lady was admitted unless she wore a low-necked dress. On one occasion, an old lady nearly eighty years old, ventured to put in an appearance in a most beautiful dress, covered with jewelry of every description. Nothing could be more rich than her apparel and more dignified, but her neck and shoulders were covered over. This fact did not escape the empress's notice. In a moment, a messenger was dispatched and the old lady was asked to retire. In vain she protested she was too old to wear a low-necked dress. The empress, who was still young in those days, was relentless, and the old lady, in spite of her diamonds and the rich robe she wore, had to retire into the privacy of her apartment. The play then commenced, and the actors and the empress were able to contemplate an unbroken line of bare shoulders. The rigor displayed by the empress certainly contributed to make the scene one of unequaled splendor. Eight hundred persons dressed in the latest and most extravagant fashions, gathered in a theatre where all the seats were equally good and equally well placed, where the brightest illuminations set off the jewelry to the best advantage, certainly must have produced a remarkable effect and have constituted a sort of apogee of those pomps and vanities which are called wicked, but are none the less eagerly envied and desired.

An exchange, commenting upon the terrible risks to which women expose themselves by removing underwear for evening parties, notices that it is surprising how seldom colds are taken. A prominent physician accounts for it with the theory that the excitement attendant upon anticipation of a social event accelerates the circulation. He furthermore states that if the flannel, silk, or whatever is usually worn, is kept about the lower part of the body instead of being removed entirely, the chances for taking cold are reduced to a minimum. This can easily be done by turning the undervest upside down and drawing it to the upper edge of the corsage. Do this, keep a pretty light wrap near you to throw about your shoulders when not dancing, if the rooms are chilly, and wrap up warmly going to and fro, and you will never suffer any inconvenience from what is termed "imprudent exposure."

The other day, a woman asked a saleswoman in a Chicago store for black-silk underwear. The saleswoman told her she could find the article across the aisle. After the sale was made and the woman had gone, a *Tribune* reporter asked the clerk if black-silk underwear for women was the rage, and she said it was. "Black-silk tights, black-silk hosiery, and black-silk skirts are considered the proper thing this winter by women who dress well. There are two kinds of tights. One comes to the knees and the other comes below, and, like stage-tights, has feet. Hosiery is not worn with these. It is such a common rage that nothing is thought by ladies of asking for them."

Professor Boyesen says in the *Forum*: "I first met the original typical American girl in 1869. I was sometimes in danger of misinterpreting her conduct, but soon came to the conclusion that there was no harm in her. She ruled her father and her mother, who sometimes interposed feeble objections to her plans for her own and my amusement; but the end invariably was that a puzzled assent was yielded to all her proceedings. She had about as much idea of propriety (in the European sense) as a cat has about mathematics. She recognized no law except her own sovereign will, and her demands were usually so emphatic that no one could disagree with her without the risk of quarreling. Patriotic she was—bristling with combativeness if a criticism was made which implied disrespect of American manners or institutions. She was good-natured, generous to a fault, and brimming with energy. This young girl is the type of American womanhood which has become domesticated in European fiction. She is to French, English, and German authors the American type par excellence. She is a familiar figure in the French drama, and her pistol-firing and her amusing rowdyism relieve the monotony of many a dull novel. 'Ouida' has caricatured her in 'Moths' and Sardou in 'L'Oncle Sam.' Henry James ventured, some years ago, to publish a mild edition of her in 'Daisy Miller,' and outraged patriotism denounced him as a slanderer of his country, declaring that he had libeled American womanhood. I, too, in a recent novel, was tempted to make a little literary capital out of an early acquaintance with this personification of the Declaration of Independence. I was told by a chorus of reviewers (and I suspected the soprano note in most of them) that the type was one of my own invention; that it did not exist except in my jaundiced eye; that, if it did exist, I had outrageously caricatured it; and that I had conclusively proved myself an alien, devoid of sympathy with the American character. Now, I had prided myself on having avoided the farcical exaggerations of my European confrères. I had imagined that my 'emancipated young woman' was strictly true to life, and that no single trait of her vivacious personality had been set down in malice or for the sake of effect."

It is singular that more ladies are not robbed on the public thoroughfares, for the majority of them carry every cent they possess in their pocket-books, which in turn are carried in their hands. However, the reason thieves do not snatch more of these money-books is that they know well the chances are they would get but little, even if successful in evading the police after an assault of the kind upon a woman. The great, handsome, silver-tipped, Russia-leather affairs called purses are very attractive in themselves, but, in nine out of ten cases, the inside of them is "very lonesome." A professional thief once said that it was regarded as extra hazardous in his profession to rob a woman, either in the house or on the street, and for two reasons: first, that a woman always screams; and, second, she seldom has much to be taken. A man, on the contrary, either gives the thief a chance to get away or fights, and then his watch, money, or valuables are much easier to get at.

The art of blushing prettily is considered one of the divine charms of maidenhood. The delicate rose-leaf tint, the changing shade as it deepens to pink, the gradual fading away of the hue, leaving the skin pure and white and clear, is as bewitching a phenomenon as one would wish to behold. But when speaking admiringly of the blush, it must be taken into account how very, very few people blush prettily. For most every one, the most uncomfortable of all minor discomforts, is this sudden rushing of the blood to the face. There is the consciousness that one's complexion is growing red; then, at the thought of such a thing, the color becomes deeper and reddens and reddens until you know full well that your skin rivals a boiled beet in color. Then you begin to tingle and the back of the neck to grow pink, and you feel the color crawling in little creepy waves up the scalp, and you begin to wonder that people do not see the illumination and call out "fire! fire!" and throw a pail of water over you. And all because something disagreeable has been said, or because some one has spoken suddenly, or some unexpected pleasure has been proposed. A physician, to whom a woman went for a cure for excessive flushing, far from admiring the color, pronounced it a symptom of disease, saying that, in every case, flushing was a symptom of either plethora or anæmia. In the former case, aperients, cooling drinks, and, if possible, manual labor or active pedestrianism, are needed; in the latter, the patient should take plenty of nourishing food, use tonics, and have an abundant supply of oxygen and exercise.

French ladies take more and more every year a share in the excitement of the chase. The Comtesse de Paris and the Duchesse d'Uzès are the leading huntresses. The fleetness with which they follow the hunt and their exploits in the field have won for them fame. A number of ladies who do not hunt on horseback, hunt on foot, and, gun in hand, prove themselves untiring pedestrians. French women were at one time little addicted to taking open-air exercise; now, during the autumn season, their walking exploits rival the prowess of the hardier English women. They tramp through woods and across country clad in skirts scarcely coming down to the knees, wearing high boots of untanned leather reaching up to the hem of the skirt; a business-like-looking little bag hung with a strap across the shoulder, a gun, and a small felt hat complete their attire. The dresses are made of velvet or light woolen material of the color of the woods in autumn—russet and golden-brown heather, or dim green like the green of the pine-trees. To describe one of these dresses is to describe all. The one we have in mind, destined for one of the most accomplished Dianas, and made by a leading house, was of woolen stuff, checked fawn and brown. The short skirt was plaited and edged with a band of brown velvet. The velvet vest-bodice opened over a chamois waistcoat fastened with filigree buttons. Untanned leather boots, a Russia-leather sachet, a small brown-felt hat, trimmed with a pheasant's wing, carried out the sober autumnal harmony of color.

RECENT VERSE.

Meleager for Heliodora.

Tears for my lady dead—
  Heliodore!
Salt tears, and strange to shed,
  Over and o'er;
Tears to my lady dead.
  Love do we send,
Longed for, remembered,
  Lover and friend!
Sad are the songs we sing
  Tears that we shed,
Empty the gifts we bring,
  Gifts to the dead!
Go, tears, go and lament
  Far from her tomb,
Wend where my lady went
  Down through the gloom!
Ah, for my flower, my love,
  Hades hath taken,
Ah, for the dust above
  Scattered and shaken!
Mother of blade and grass,
  Earth, in thy breast
Lull her that gentlest was
  Gently to rest!

—*Version by Andrew Lang.*

Her Friend.

Marie has lovers half a score,
  She wears them as she does her gloves;
One pair when driving on the shore,
  Another for the modest loves
Of country lanes, 'mid flowers and dew,
  A whirl that never seems to end;
And yet, 'tis serious and true,
  I much prefer to be her friend!

When tired of Charley's tennis talk,
  And wearied quite with George's drawl,
When sated with the moonlight walk
  After the ennui of a ball;
Ah, then she takes my arm in hers,
  And I to her rare moods attend,
Beneath the pines and junipers,
  And still I'd rather be her friend!

Her soul is like an open book,
  Wherein the fairest thoughts I read;
No strangers 'twixt its covers look,
  Or, glimpsing, feel no anxious need.
The utmost trust she asks of me,
  That trust where two twin natures blend;
My comrades woo right gallantly,
  But I would rather be her friend!

We read for hours in quiet nooks,
  The few deep authors of our choice;
Somehow, the music of the brooks
  Is not so sweet as her low voice;
And while the breakers strike the beach
  And over, under, curve, and bend,
Her heart my heart doth truly teach,
  Until—but I must be her friend!

Sometimes the daring thought will rise,
  When touch of hand has thrilled me through,
And in her tender girlish eyes
  One sees the heavens reflected blue;
What would I do if she some day
  Her wedding-cards to me should send?
I could not truly, frankly say:
  'Tis better just to be her friend!

—*Eugene Field in Chicago Daily News.*

In Church.

A sudden shifting light that paints
  Your dead-white brow and dead-gold hair
Comes from the rows of gilded saints,
  The puppets in the window there,
That watch and keep you free from harm,
  So the church teaches you to say;
But all the tribe could scarcely charm
  Your tedious righteousness away.

What should you know of love and hate?
  You are like one of those who bore
Full lamps at watch time, fain to wait
  Till Christ should pull them through the door.
Well satisfied and well content,
  You see some with their lamps gone out,
Locks torn and garments frayed and rent,
  And take much joy of it, no doubt.

Go, watch and pray; to-morrow's sun
  May find not your sweet limbs alive,
And glad for many a soul undone.
  Go, watch and pray! your soul shall thrive;
And He that fed five thousand, He,
  With some small fishes and two loaves,
Shall kiss your lips and bid you see
  The lost wail past in buddling droves.

Could mere men love you? Men draw nigh
  To Paphos and the Cyprian fire
Where Venus stood like death on high
  Beyond man's love and man's desire;
For human eyes learn women's ways,
  And fingers touch a woman's hair,
But you!—the window's purple haze
  Encrowns you Venus in its glare.

Yet once one understood you well
  With all your magic, flesh and soul,
Whose heart you found a thing to sell,
  Whose curse became an aureole
Around your brows. Oh, sterile saint,
  The girls that walk the lamplit way
With draggled charms of gauds and paint
  Shall mock you some time. Watch and pray!

—*W. J. B. in the Agnostic Journal.*

The Bursting of the Monsoon.

Pale was the morn, with deep cloud-masses hung,
  But ever and anon a fitful ray
  Of watery sunlight pierced the curtain gray
And o'er the plain, long spectral shadows flung.
Deep lay the dust, to every leaf it clung,
  And every blade of the sun-whitened grass.
  Faint and obscure as through a smoking glass,
All nature showed. Silent was every tongue
Of languid beast and bird, save when some kite
  Circling in far-off spaces of the sky,
  Shrilled loud his melancholy, homeless cry.
  Long, rainless weeks of scorching wind and glare
  Had burnt green field and garden brown and bare,
Till all things ached with fierce excess of light.

But far away, across the broad expanse
  Of shifting sand, where through meandered slow
  The shrunken river's course, I marked a low,
Long bar of leaden-colored cloud advance
Swiftly against the wind. With eager glance
  I watched the curving headlands whitely gleam
  Against the nearing darkness. On the stream
Gray ripples shivered, and in spiral dance
Dust-eddies whirling rose. The headlands first,
  And then low spits of sand, as in a shroud,
  Were covered by the overwhelming cloud
  That filled half heaven; and now the scent at last
  Of longed-for rain I knew; a sudden blast
Roared through the trees—and the monsoon had burst!

—*Ex.*

The leading wine merchants of Constantinople are organizing a society with a view to improving the culture of vineyards and the antiquated processes by which wine is still made in Turkey.

The head of the London Waiters' Union says that the tip system has developed to such an extent that in some restaurants the waiters pay five shillings a day for the privilege of waiting.

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OPEN EVENINGS.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Wilkie Collins's personalty has been sworn to at a sum something over fifty-two thousand five hundred dollars.

A new edition of Sterne's "Sentimental Journey" is a reduction to 16mo size of the edition which was illustrated by Maurice Leloir, with twelve full-page etchings and many text illustrations.

Nicholas Paine Gilman's "Profit Sharing between Employer and Employee," now in its third thousand, received a gold medal at the Paris Exposition, in recognition of its merits as a contribution to the settlement of the "labor problem."

Frank J. Mead, of Minneapolis, Minn., suggests in the columns of the current *Writer* the formation of a guild of writers. The idea is a good one, if it could be carried out in the proper spirit. France has her Société des Gens de Lettres and England her Society of Authors.

On November 8th, Kingsley's "Hypatia" was issued in the sixpenny edition. So many advance orders were received that the first issue consisted of one hundred and fifty thousand copies. This (comments the *St. James's Gazette*) is to do business on the American scale.

The house of George Routledge & Sons, started by the late Mr. George Routledge in 1835, is to be turned into a limited liability company. The entire stock—about one million dollars—will remain in the hands of the present partners (Messrs. Robert W. and Edmund Routledge), who will be the directors of the new company.

Guy de Maupassant is of ancient and noble Norman lineage. He was born August 5, 1850, at the Château Miromesnils, and his full name is Henri René Albert Guy de Maupassant. For seven years he studied the art of literature, like an apprentice at an ordinary trade, and then at last, in 1880, his master, Flaubert, allowed him to make his literary début.

When *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* was "new," there was rather a peculiar outside illustrated cover, where strangely drawn children were blowing soap-bubbles, scattering flowers, the little dears perched on very dangerous supports. Slow modifications of an artistic character took place with this cover, until to-day that title-page, with the same familiar look, has, however, no inaccuracies of design.

Mr. George A. Sala will publish soon, through the Messrs. Bentley, a selection of his reminiscences. Mr. Sala is now sixty-one years old. He, as is well known, was indebted for his start in literature to Charles Dickens. Thirty-five years ago, he sent Dickens a roll of manuscript, saying he had been an engraver, and having recovered from a painful disease of the eyes, was anxious to do something in literature. Dickens accepted the manuscript, and published it in *All the Year Round*.

Mr. A. W. Hutton, the librarian of the National Liberal Club, has been writing to the *Publishers' Circular* to propose a new notation for book sizes. He thinks the following scale would be sufficient: Under four inches, A (pocket volumes); four to eight inches, B (handy volumes); eight to twelve inches, C; over twelve inches, D. There can be no doubt that the varying usage of the present unmeaning and illogical terms—octavo, duodecimo, quarto, etc.—is most confusing and misleading.

Walter Besant is a striking-looking man. He wears a luxuriant beard, which covers most of his face. His features are regular, and he has a splendid broad forehead. Large eyes look out at you from under heavy eyebrows and through gold-rimmed eye-glasses. His whole appearance is that of an earnest, intellectual man. He has one of the best libraries in London, in which he takes an especial pride. He is a hard worker and a very practical man, who believes in getting as much money as he can out of his books. He is the head and front of the Incorporated Society of Authors.

It is just at this season that every publisher issues his most attractive books—fine illustrated works, of importance both as art and literature, volumes of verse in tasteful bindings, complete editions of favorite authors, and fiction which is out of the doubtful category of "light summer reading." A lover of books knows not what to choose; a lover of reading, in his bewilderment, selects an old favorite; and a reviewer, despairing of a chance to read even the best of them, makes a column of brief notes, based on his general knowledge and decorated by the assistance of a good preface and a table of contents. It is probable that a reviewer is best performing his functions when acting as a sign-board or finger-post at the junction of many ways in Bookland. Certainly he is a more worthy creature in good-natured work like this than when he assumes the ungenerous task of critic.—*Life.*

What publisher in the face of Thackeray's prohibition of publications concerning himself and of the remembrance of the great novelist's sensitive and fastidious disposition will dare to print his secretary's journal? "Mr. S. Langley," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "was Thackeray's private secretary for a year or two, and he kept a diary in 1860. This is to be sold. The record of daily events is a full one. Notes of the great author's conversations and remarks have been jotted down day by day, and his opinions on all sorts and conditions of men and events are in the chronicle, and his personal peculiarities have also been noted. Besides the diary, there is also a large quantity of MSS. in Mr. Langley's hand, including his data and remembrances of his master that at one time he intended to publish as 'Recollections of Mr. William Makepeace Thackeray.'" Concerning this the New York *Tribune* says: "Reminiscences of a writer so great and a man so wise and witty and so loved, would be very delightful no doubt; but what are we to think of one who could record for the public such intimate details of a hero so reserved? If Mr. Langley be publishing them himself, it must be said that he is an ungrateful cur; if he be dead and this is the work of sordid survivors, not much less can be said of them. Thackeray's feelings on this matter were so strong that honorable people have regarded his expressed wish with something of the same respect inspired by the legend on Shakespeare's grave-stone."

Recent Fiction.

"Polish Blood," a novel by Baroness Nataly von Eschstruth, a maid-of-honor at the Berlin Court, whose novels and plays have made her a name in Germany, have been translated into English by Cora Louise Turner. Published and for sale by John B. Alden, New York; price, $1.00.

"The Administratrix," by Emma Ghent Curtis, is one of the first novels to embalm in literature the cowboy as he is to-day. The scene is laid in Colorado, and the incidents of life among the cattle-ranchers are breezily and vividly depicted. Published and for sale by John B. Alden, New York.

"A Knight of Faith," by Lydia Hoyt Farmer, is written "to refute 'Robert Elsmere.'" It would be unkind to affirm that the book was written to take advantage of the demand for theological novels arising from the popularity of Mrs. Ward's novel; as to how far it refutes that popular work any one who has the patience to read may learn. Published by J. S. Ogilvie, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.00.

"To the Lions," by the Rev. Alfred J. Church, is a novel of life among the Christians of the second century. Mr. Church is better known as a historian, and, though he has chosen for his story a period and a phase of life which are full of romantic possibilities, his erudition shines in it rather than his faculty of depicting human interests. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by William Doxey; price, $1.25.

Charles Dudley Warner's "A Little Journey in the World" is one of the few novels which one can read in monthly installments with enjoyment and without irritation at the interruptions. But a great many will be glad to know that it is now issued in book-form, after its career in *Harper's Magazine*, being published in uniform binding with the same author's other recent books, and printed in large type. It presents an entertaining picture of life in the American metropolis, from Wall Street to the Wild West Show, and cleverly analyzes the American man and woman of to-day. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Odd Number" is the striking title of the book in which are printed translations of thirteen of Guy de Maupassant's short stories, preceded by a critical notice of De Maupassant by Henry James. The stories are well translated by Jonathan Sturges, and have been carefully selected from the hundreds of tales De Maupassant has written in the last ten years, embracing a sufficient range to show his best qualities and chosen especially for the Young Person—a literary *bête noire* which this disciple of Flaubert is happily spared in his own country. Several of the tales have been translated for and printed in the *Argonaut*. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Stepniak is the pseudonym of a writer who is familiar with all the ins and outs of Nihilism, and his works have attracted attention for their power and enthusiasm as well as their intimate knowledge of the causes and methods of that mysterious body of men and women who have kept the Czars of Russia in terror in spite of the most elaborate and least restricted police system the world has ever known. His latest book is "The Career of a Nihilist," and though it preaches the sermon of Russian emancipation, it is a novel of deep interest, well-drawn characters, and thrilling incident. The scene changes from Geneva, the favorite haunt of Russian Nihilists, to St. Petersburg, and shows Nihilism among all classes. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

A novel by an American millionaire is a rarity, but it is not unique. Indeed, "Sforza" is William Waldorf Astor's second essay in fiction. As in "Valentino," Mr. Astor has laid the scene in mediæval Italy, but the centre of action is Milan. The Sforza who is presumably the hero—for the construction of the story is loose and the interest is not focused upon any one person—is the nephew of Ludovico, who ruled Milan when the twelfth Louis of France assailed that city. He is sent by his uncle to Venice to persuade that power against a combination with the French, and the story follows him to his death. But other persons are fully as important in the action, and the passage which inspires the author to his best effort describes one of the Chevalier Bayard's marvelous feats of arms when fighting for the French. A romantic element is introduced in the person of a young Spanish fencer, the companion of young Sforza, who in the end proves to be a woman; but the value of the book is not as a work of fiction but lies in its depiction of mediæval life and customs. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Strickland & Co.; price, $1.50.

"The Heritage of Deadlow Marsh" is the first of four new tales of California life by Bret Harte, and gives its name to the volume in which they now appear. It is a story of a brother and sister whose heritage is a tract of marsh land, a portion of which the government condemns as a site for a fort, thereby turning these children against the civilization of which the fort's flag is the emblem. In time the encroachments of the growing city make their land valuable; but the interest flags, and the reader remembers with most pleasure the opening scenes of this story. "A Knight Errant of the Foot-Hills" is a study of the influence of advancing American civilization on the Mexican native; "A Secret of Telegraph Hill" tells of a school-teacher who, under his cloak of piety and asceticism, carries on the life of a libertine; and "Captain Jim's Friend" takes the reader to the mines in 1850, and introduces Captain Jim and the cowardly, scheming knave for whom the large-hearted captain has an unreasoning and unswerving affection. These stories may not compare advantageously with Bret Harte's earlier work, but they bear the stamp of his individuality and show that Bret Harte's worst is better than many another's best. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.

Writers and Editors.

There is a constant complaint from new and ambitious writers that they can not get a proper hearing in the magazines and newspapers. They send their wares to one market after another, only to have them repeatedly declined; and out of these successive disappointments, they evolve the belief that there is a conspiracy against them on the part of the editors who thus complacently dispose of their pretty dreams. It seems impossible to them that there can be two opinions about the value of the productions to which they have devoted so much time and thought. Now and then, to be sure, they receive nice little notes from these veiled autocrats commending their work and regretting that it is not available; but that simply strikes them as an insult added to injury. If their manuscripts are really worth praising, they argue, why are they not worth buying and publishing? The inconsistency of the thing is palpable, from their point of view; and they can not understand why editors should take the trouble to disclaim sincerity in such a deliberate and conclusive way. They see material used by these same editors which they are sure does not surpass theirs in literary merit. Perhaps they detect some of their own ideas in the accepted contributions, and it is difficult for them to avoid the conviction that they have somehow furnished fuel to boil the pots of lurking and favored competitors. In a certain sense, these industrious poets, essayists, and novelists are not to blame for harboring the feeling that some sinister influence is at the bottom of their numerous disappointments. They are often right when they think that their efforts are at least equal to the average of those who find purchasers. Many of them do really good work, and it is no wonder that they are surprised and chagrined when it comes steadily back to them. It is not possible for them to realize the circumstances under which their manuscripts are necessarily considered. They do not know how many other people are capable of doing work as admirable as their own in every respect, and how little out of the abundance of such matter that is offered the editors can make a place for. It is possible that the best choice is not always made; but when mistakes of that kind occur they are not intentional. The whole matter is one of demand and supply. There is no sentiment in it, and no discrimination except on strict business lines. The editors are not less anxious to buy good things than contributors are to sell them; but they can utilize only a stipulated amount, and that is very small in comparison with the quantity from which the selections are made. During recent years there has been a wonderful increase of the writing habit in this country. The time was, and not very long ago, when the people who could perform literary service of reasonable merit were exceptional, whereas they are now plentiful in every section. This causes overproduction, and the multiplication of manuscripts which truly deserve praise is greatly in excess of the wants of the editors. A thing of superior quality is certain to be taken at a fair price, no matter where it comes from. But literary miracles are scarce, and the editors must accordingly purchase what they need out of what they find in the market—not all which meets their approval, but only so much of it as is essential to their purposes. They give preference to writers of established reputation, naturally enough, for reasons of a practical sort, which prevail in every business; and beyond that they do their choosing with trained intelligence and a degree of impartiality which leaves no just cause of complaint.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

New Books.

"Little Miss Weezy's Sister" makes a third in Penn Shirley's popular series of stories for little girls. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, 75 cents.

"Queen Hildegarde," by Laura E. Richards, is a healthy and entertaining story for young girls. Published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston; for sale by Pierson & Robertson; price, $1.25.

The eighteenth volume of Alden's "Manifold Cyclopædia" continues this handy reference work from "Haliotis" to "Holywell." Published and for sale by John B. Alden, New York; price, 85 cents.

"The Adventures of David Vane and David Crane" is J. T. Trowbridge's latest story of boy-life among the farms of New England. Published by the D. Lothrop Company, Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.00.

"Deb and the Duchess," by L. T. Meade, is a long story for little children, but so full of incident that their youthful interest will not flag. Published by White & Allen, New York; for sale by Pierson & Robertson; price, $1.50.

"In the Beginning" is the title of a collection of stories retold from Genesis, by Annie R. Butler. Published in the Stepping Stones to Bible History Series by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.00.

"Osborne of Arrochar," a novel by Amanda M. Douglas, and "Heroes of the Crusades," by the same writer, a sketch of the crusades and a series of biographies, have been published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.50 each.

"The Favorite Speaker," a volume comprising the four latest issues of the Reading Club, edited by George M. Baker, contains pieces in prose and verse suitable for recitation. Published by Lee and Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.00.

A life of "Saint Theresa of Avila" has been prepared from her voluminous autobiography and other sources by Mrs. Bradley Gilman, and is published in the Famous Women Series by Roberts Brothers, Boston; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, $1.00.

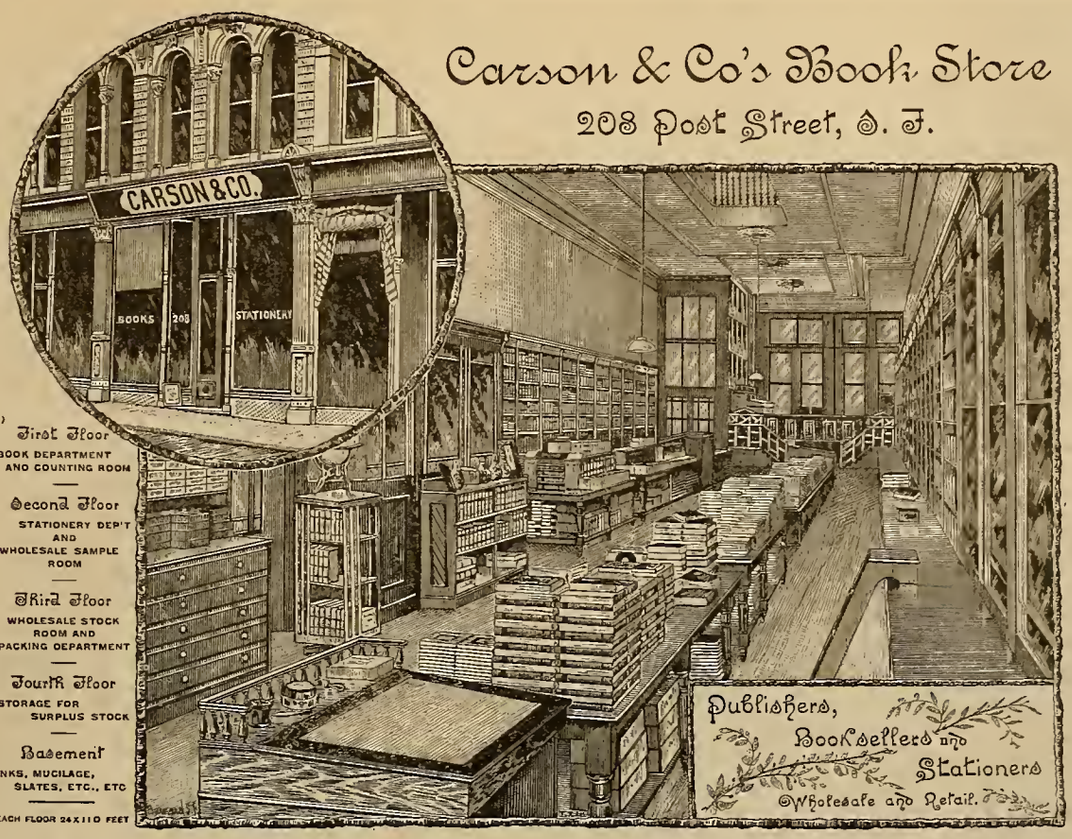
A carefully prepared and judicious biography of "Lord Strafford," by H. D. Traill, has been added to the list of the English Men of Action Series. An engraved portrait is given. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; for sale by the J. Dewing Company; price, 60 cents.

"Margaret Ellison: A Story of Tuna Valley," by Mary Graham, is the story of a girl's life, from her belated entry into the school-world to her marriage. The story is pervaded by a strong religious spirit. Published by M. G. Connell, Philadelphia; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.

"Les Poètes Français du Dixneuvième Siècle," by C. Fontaine, B.L., L.D., contains biographical notices of eighty-two poets and extracts from their works in French, with explanatory, grammatical, and historical notes in English. Published by William R. Jenkins, New York; for sale by William Doxey; price, $1.50.

"A Hand-Book of Precious Stones," by M. D. Rothschild, defines precious stones, explains their physical characteristics and optical properties, and gives a detailed description of all the various gems known to civilized man. The book is properly indexed. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Pierson & Robertson; price, $1.00.

The series of papers on the care of very young children which Christine Terhune Herrick has been contributing to *Harper's Bazar*, have been reprinted in book-form. Together they constitute a valuable guide to the young mother in the management and care of children from their birth until they are eman-



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cipated from the nursery. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Marooned," a novel by W. Clark Russell, is the latest issue of the Harper's Franklin Square Library; "Passion's Slave," by Richard Ashe King, of the Appleton's Town and Country Library; and "Allan's Wife," by H. Rider Haggard, and "Dr. Wilbur's Note-Book," by Dr. N. T. Oliver, of Rand, McNally & Co.'s Globe Library. For sale by The Bancroft Company; price: 25 cents, 50 cents, and 25 cents, respectively.

"Joe Bently, Naval Cadet," by H. H. Clark, of the United States Navy, is a good story of the life of an embryotic Farragut. The author knows well whereof he writes, and his descriptions vividly put before the reader the excitements of a sham naval battle, a real shipwreck, and the social warfare of Bar Harbor, from which latter peril the hero finally emerges an engaged man. Published by the D. Lothrop Company, Boston; for sale by the booksellers.

"Money," by James Platt, F. S. S., has been reprinted from the nineteenth English edition, and will doubtless soon be as widely known and as highly prized in this country as in England. It tells what money is; explains the advantages, disadvantages, and inter-relation of the various kinds of legal tender; tells about bank shares, banking, exchange, panics, etc.; and concludes with chapters on individual success and national prosperity. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 75 cents.

The Valois romances have been added to the handsome reprints of Dumas's novels which have been appearing recently over the *imprimatur* of Little, Brown & Co. The beauty of type and binding combined in these volumes has already been mentioned here, as also the fact that the translation of each book has been carefully compared with the original and made to reproduce it as closely as the difference between French and English idioms will allow. The Valois romances are three in number, the first, "Marguerite de Valois ("La Reine Margot"), opening with the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, and "La Dame de Monsoreau" and "The Forty-Five" continuing to tell the story of the troublous reigns of Charles the Ninth and Henry the Third. They are among the most vivid of historical romances, and it is a pleasure to find them so well translated. Portraits of Charles the Ninth, Catherine de Médicis, Henry the Third, the Duc de Guise, Henry of Navarre, and Marguerite de Valois have been inserted in the series. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $3.00 for each set of two volumes.

Journalistic Chit-Chat.

The New York *Ledger* has secured Mr. Mayo W. Hazeltine as its managing editor. Mr. Hazeltine has long been literary editor of the New York *Sun*.

One of the peculiarities of Uncle Sam's naval management is the rigid exclusion of both artists and reporters from the war-ships that are bound on any sort of a trial trip or expedition. Rufus F. Zogbaum recently applied for permission to go with the fleet of new war-ships that is sailing for Europe, but, although backed by one of the oldest and richest publishing houses in the country, his request was denied (says the New York *Sun*). When Secretary Tracy was asked why he excluded trained observers from the ships, he said he could find no precedent for admitting them.

An attorney wanted to buy a copy of the New York *Herald*, issued about two years ago, which he needed for the purposes of a law-suit. He went unavailingly to a good many places, including the *Herald* office. Finally he struck a cellar where old papers were kept, and was accommodated with the single copy of the *Herald* that he needed for one dollar and fourteen cents. This is the cellar known as "Back-number Smith's."

London is soon to have another morning paper, to be called the *Daily Graphic*. It is, of course, an offshoot of the *Graphic*, which, as every one knows, is a Golconda. In tackling daily illustrated journalism, Mr. Thomas and his colleagues have set themselves a tough task, but they have twenty years' experience, a million or two of money, a couple of thousand artists and correspondents all over the world, and machinery specially adapted for the printing of illustrations.

For years shrewd business-men have realized the immense value of the New York *Ledger* as an advertising medium, and have offered large prices for space in its columns. Mr. Bonner was, however, firm in his refusal, and the *Ledger* has stood almost unique among weekly publications in publishing no advertisements, and relying entirely upon its enormous sales for its support and profit. The issue of November 16th, however, marked a new departure in its history. Robert Bonner's Sons at last yielded to the importunities of advertisers. Mr. Lyman D. Morse, of J. H. Bates's Advertising Agency, is the man whose shrewd judgment and sound arguments finally prevailed upon the Messrs. Bonner to make the change, and Mr. Morse has contracted, for J. H. Bates, to fill the pages with high-class advertising.

Some Magazines.

"All He Knew," by John Habberton, is the completed novel in the December *Lippincott's*. Other articles are: "The New Troubadours at Avignon," by William Henry Bishop; "Against his Judgment," by Robert Grant; "Leon the Exile," by Melville Philips; "Building Associations," by Thomas Gaffney; "Fiddler Rakes's Fiddle," by Rosewell Page; "The Power of the Future," by Charles Morris; "Novelistic Habits and 'The Morgesons,'" by Julian Hawthorne; "The Evolution of Famous Sayings," by William Shepard; "An Apostle of 'Frankness,'" by Maurice Francis Egan; and verses and book-talk.

Scribner's for December contains: "How the Other Half Lives," studies among the tenements, by Jacob A. Reis; "The Pardon of Ste. Anne d'Auray and Other Breton Pictures," by William Perry Northrup; "Contemporary American Caricature," by J. A. Mitchell; "Notes of a Sub-Tropic Study," by Edgar Mayhew Bacon; "The Age of Words," by Edward J. Phelps; new chapters of Harold Frederick's serial, "In the Valley"; two short stories—"Mrs. Tom's Spree," by H. C. Bunner, and "A Midwinter Night's Dream," by Henry A. Beers; and verses by A. Lampman, Lloyd McKim Garrison, Edith Wharton, and Duncan Campbell Scott.

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SOCIETY.

The New Dancing-Club.

A new club has been organized here, similar to the dancing-classes in New York city, which are so popular there. This is what has been known recently as the Cricket Club, but it really has no title, although its objects are about the same as those of the above club, which flourished here a few seasons ago. It is managed by a committee of seven married ladies, the only matrons in the club, all of whom have agreed to give a party this season at their respective residences. They collectively have determined who shall be members, and none but members are to be allowed at the parties. There are one hundred and thirty-two members in all, the gentlemen being honorary, as the ladies defray all the expenses. Early attendance is one of the strict rules of organization, dancing commencing at nine o'clock promptly. The committee has made certain rules about entertaining, which will preclude any hostess from being more hospitable than another in the matter of refreshments, decorations, and minor details.

The committee decided upon having parties at the residence of the following ladies, the chaperons, on the respective dates mentioned: Mrs. James Carolan, Wednesday evening, November 27th; Mrs. John R. Jarboe, Wednesday evening, December 4th; Mrs. L. L. Baker, Wednesday evening, December 18th; Mrs. J. F. Houghton, Friday evening December 27th; Mrs. William H. Taylor, Thursday evening, January 9th, 1890; Mrs. A. J. Pope, Thursday evening, January 23d; and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Friday evening, February 7th.

The first party of the series took place last Wednesday evening at the home of Mrs. James Carolan, 1714 California Street, and it was a very merry one, betokening well for the others in the future. The assemblage was thoroughly congenial, and the charming toilets worn by the young ladies added to the beauty of the interior, and combined in color prettily with the fair blossoms that were placed advantageously here and there. Ballenberg provided the music, and he played all of the latest popular airs to the delight of the happy dancers. A delicious supper was one of the many pleasant features of the affair, which ended about one o'clock. The party was most successful in every way, and the members all felt grateful to the hostess for making the affair so pleasurable.

The names of the members of the club are as follows: Mr. and Mrs. James Carolan, Mr. and Mrs. John R. Jarboe, Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Baker, General and Mrs. J. F. Houghton, Captain and Mrs. William H. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. A. J. Pope, Miss Evelyn Carolan, Miss Kate Jarboe, Miss Ella Goad, Miss Minnie Houghton, Miss Emelie Hager, Miss Dora Boardman, Miss Helen Otis, Miss Mary E. Pope, Miss Edith Taylor, Miss Tompkins, Miss Millie Ashe, Miss Nettie Tubbs, Miss Minnie Corbitt, Miss Mary Eyre, Miss Cecilia Miles, Miss Josephine Perry, Miss Scott, Miss Maud Hopkins, Miss Julia Bissell, Miss Evelyn Shepard, Miss Daisy Casserly, Miss Sally Maynard, Miss Inez Macondray, Miss Dimond, Miss Rose Donahoe, Miss Maggie Kittle, Miss Carroll, of Sacramento, Miss Lena Blanding, Miss Bessie Bowie, Miss Edith Forbes, Miss Christine Barreda, Miss Nellie Smedberg, Miss Dutton, Miss Fanny Crocker, Miss Williamson, Miss Lockwood, Miss Stockwell, Miss Mollie Torbert, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Alice Decker, Miss Jennie Cheesman, Miss Jennie Hooker, Miss Bessie Shreve, Mr. Frank J. Carolan, Mr. Herbert E. Carolan, Mr. A. Casserly, Mr. J. B. Casserly, Mr. George Pope, Mr. Walter Newhall, Mr. George A. Newhall, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. A. H. Small, Mr. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. Samuel Boardman, Mr. Bissell, Mr. Allan St. J. Bowie, Mr. E. H. Sheldon, Mr. Harry Babcock, Mr. Henry Redington, Mr. A. Redington, Mr. Warren D. Clark, Mr. Walter L. Dean, Mr. Christian Froelich, Jr., Mr. Claude T. Hamilton, Mr. George Vernon Gray, Mr. F. P. Deering, Mr. J. H. Deering, Jr., Mr. Horace G. Platt, Mr. T. Coon, Mr. Clinton E. Worden, Mr. Spencer C. Buckbee, Mr. Samuel G. Buckbee, Mr. Frank S. Hicks, Dr. Whiting, U. S. N., Mr. Lansing Mizner, Mr. William G. Mizner, Mr. Williamson, Mr. Daniel T. Murphy, Mr. Donald Y. Campbell, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. W. H. C. Lee, Mr. Arthur Lee, Mr. Fred Otis, Mr. Southard Hoffman, Mr. Ogden Hoffman, Jr., Mr. Fred H. Beaver, Mr. Frank D. Madison, Mr. H. B. Houghton, Mr. O. Shafter Howard, Mr. William R. Sherwood, Mr. George Shreve, Mr. Henry Spaulding, Mr. Everett N. Bee, Mr. Carter Tevis, Mr. Perry Eyre, Mr. Wakefield Baker, Mr. F. C. Beazley, Lieutenant S. L. Faison, U. S. A., Lieutenant R. H. Noble, U. S. A., Lieutenant J. A. Dapray, U. S. A., Lieutenant F. P. Peck, U. S. A., Lieutenant Charles G. Lyman, U. S. A., Lieutenant John A. Towers, U. S. A., Lieutenant John L. Hayden, U. S. A., Lieutenant S. D. Sturgis, Jr., U. S. A., Lieutenant L. H. Strother, U. S. A., Lieutenant Sydney A. Cloman, U. S. A., Lieutenant George W. Kirkman, U. S. A., Mr. McCreary, Mr. Sol. Lent, Mr. W. H. Fisher, Mr. S. Brin, Berry, Mr. Jerome B. Lincoln, Mr. C. Osgood Hooker, Mr. Robert Hooker, Mr. Nicholas Kittle, Mr. John Kittle, Mr. R. P. Hammond, and Mr. J. Brett Stokes.

The Forbes Reception.

Mrs. Alexander Forbes entertained quite a number of her friends on Friday evening at her residence, 725 Sutter Street it being the first party she has given since her removal from San Rafael. She was assisted in receiving by her two daughters and their time was wholly devoted to the comfort and pleasure of their guests. The floors were all canvased for dancing and the apartments were all graced by pretty arrangements of mountain ferns and vari-colored chrysanthemums and roses which produced effects that were greatly admired. As it was purely a dancing party all joined in the pleasures of the waltz, polka, and york and continued this diversion until about two o'clock in the morning stopping, however, about midnight to partake of the delicious supper that had been prepared.

Among the many present were: Miss Dora Boardman, Miss Evelyn Carolan, Misses Maynard, Misses Tompkins, Miss Edith Taylor, Miss Clara Taylor, Miss Ella Goad, Miss Julia Bissell, Miss Theresa Bissell, Miss Castle, Misses de Fremery, Miss Page, Misses Barber, Miss Ames, Miss Gertrude Hyde, Miss Helen Otis, Miss Maggie Kittle, Miss Edith Clarke, Miss Lottie Clarke, Miss Nellie Smedberg, Miss Newlands, Miss Garber, Miss Story, Miss Fitch, Miss Inez Macondray, Miss Barreda, Miss Wheeler, Miss Stockwell, Miss Belle Garber, Miss Alice Boalt, Miss Perrin, Mr. E. H. Sheldon, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. Samuel Boardman, Mr. Chauncey Boardman, Mr. Walter Newhall, Mr. Eugene Garber, Mr. Turner Messersmith, Mr. M. Tompkins, Mr. Duncan Hayne, Mr. H. McLaren, Mr. B. Jones, Mr. F. A. Berlin, Mr. George D. Boyd, Mr. Nicholas Kittle, Mr. John Kittle, Mr. Donald Y. Campbell, Mr. W. H. C. Lee, Mr. Arthur Lee, Mr. Colin Smith, Mr. Frank J. Carolan, Mr. Herbert E. Carolan, Mr. W. Page, Mr. Southard Hoffman, Mr. Ogden Hoffman, Mr. Stafford Parker, Mr. Henry Deering, Mr. T. T. Dargie, Mr. W. Richardson, Mr. John Blanchard, Mr. John W. Twiggs, Mr. E. K. Clarke, Mr. Sewall, Mr. Wakefield Baker, Mr. A. James, Mr. S. Story, Mr. Coggins, Mr. H. Pringle, Mr. Richard Allen, Colonel Mosby, Mr. H. Bissell, Mr. H. Chauncey, Mr. C. Howard, Mr. F. Howard, Mr. C. Boyd, Mr. Jesse Godley, Mr. A. Williamson, Mr. J. Brett Stokes, Mr. Sudd, Mr. Reis, Mr. Perry Eyre, Dr. Parson, Lieutenant H. B. West, U. S. N., and others.

The Clarke Lunch-Party.

A delightful lunch-party was given recently by the Misses Edith and Lottie Clarke at the home of their mother, Mrs. Jeremiah Clarke, on California Street. Pretty decorations and a delicious menu made the affair very enjoyable. Their guests comprised: Miss Kittle, Miss Voorhies, Miss Bowie, Miss McKinstry, Miss Huie, Misses Ashe, Miss Perry, Misses Graham, Miss Stockwell, of New York, Miss Hyde, and Miss Smith.

The Selby Matinée Tea.

A particularly pleasant affair of the past week was the matinée tea given on Tuesday by Mrs. Percival W. Selby at her home, 1299 Taylor Street, formerly the residence of Mr. William T. Coleman. About two hundred and fifty invitations were issued, and there were fully that number of callers, all of whom were charmingly entertained by the hostess. In receiving her guests she had the assistance of Mrs. Faxon Atherton, Mrs. Edward L. Eyre, Miss Selby, Miss Inez Macondray, Miss Helen Otis, Miss Ralston, Miss Kittle, Miss Barreda, Miss de Fremery, and the Misses Doyle, of Menlo Park. In all of the apartments were seen large clusters of bright-hued chrysanthemums placed attractively in vases and other handsome receptacles, which added much to the beauty of the scene. Conversation was enjoyed throughout the hours of the reception, and light refreshments were served. The affair ended about seven o'clock.

Notes and Gossip.

Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson will give a high tea at her residence on Pine Street, on Saturday, December 14th, from three until nine o'clock.

Mrs. George Hyde will give a matinée reception on Saturday, December 14th, at her residence, 719 Geary Street.

Miss Lillie Jones, daughter of Mrs. O. C. Pratt, will be married next Thursday noon to Mr. George J. Harding, of Philadelphia, at the residence of Judge and Mrs. O. C. Pratt, on Sutter Street. The reception afterward will be attended by only a few relatives and intimate friends.

The members of the Bachelors' Cotillion Club will give their second german next Friday evening at B'nai B'rith Hall. Lieutenant John A. Towers, U. S. A., will act as leader.

Mrs. N. G. Kittle has issued invitations for a matinée reception which will be held at her residence, corner of Pacific Avenue and Steiner Street, next Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Williams will give a reception at their residence, 1925 Octavia Street, on Thursday evening, December 12th, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Alstrom Williams, *née* Caduc.

Mrs. George C. Boardman will give a high tea at her residence on Franklin Street, on Saturday afternoon, December 14th.

Owing to the serious illness of Mrs. A. J. Bowie, she has been obliged to postpone the high tea which she intended giving Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Florence Williams's fourth lecture at the Women's Educational and Industrial Union has been postponed to Thursday evening, December 5th, when her subject will be "Thinking Women."

Mrs. James Otis will give a dancing party at her residence, 1900 Washington Street, on Monday evening, December 2d.

The wedding of Miss Mamie Blethen, daughter of the late Captain Blethen, and Mr. Robert L. Sherwood, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sherwood, will take place at half-past eight o'clock next Thursday evening at Grace Church. It will be followed by an informal reception at the home of the bride on Sacramento Street.

Mr. Charles J. Woodburg will give "An Evening with Emerson" at 908 Sutter Street next Wednesday evening.

The officers at the Presido gave a very pleasant hop there last Tuesday evening, which was attended by quite a number of their friends. The hop-room was gayly decorated with flowers and the national colors, and the band at the post furnished excellent music for the dancing, which was enjoyed until midnight.

The committee of arrangements, consisting of Colonel Charles F. Hanlon, Dr. W. J. Younger, and Mr. A. A. Andrews, have perfected arrangements for the annual banquet given by the members on the late Governor Bartlett's staff, and the "Feast of Little Thanksgiving" inaugurated by them will take place on Thursday evening, December 5th, at a Grant Avenue restaurant.

Mrs. Volney Spalding gave a charming dinner-party recently complimentary to Miss Lillian Waters, of Oakland, who will be the guest this winter of Hon. and Mrs. John F. Swift in Japan.

A private view of the pictures and studies of Mr. Arthur F. Mathews will be given at the Art Students' League next Friday evening, and the studio will be open to the public on the following afternoon.

The term of the Art Students' League closed on Friday for the holidays. The winter term will commence January 2, 1890. Fred Yates will then be back and the other instructors will remain.

The new buildings going up in Wall Street have about every convenience and comfort known to business people. The very latest idea is to have a New York city directory on all the floors just beside the entrance to the elevator. The directories are on a little table and—chained fast.

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MACAULAY'S ENGLAND. 5 vols	1.50	KINGSLEY'S HYPATIA. Unabridged. Cloth, gilt	.15
GEIKIE'S HOLY LAND AND BIBLE. 2 vols	2 00	CUMMIN'S LAMP-LIGHTER. Cloth, gilt	.25
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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mrs. George Hearst, who has been traveling through England, France, Russia, and Germany for several months, arrived in New York about a week ago and is at the Hotel Brunswick. She will go to Washington, D. C., for a few days and will then come here for a brief visit, returning to Washington about Christmas. On the same steamer, the *City of Paris*, Mrs. A. E. Head and Miss Anna Head returned from their long sojourn in Europe. They are now visiting Mr. Head's relatives in Hamilton County, N. Y., and will soon proceed to Washington, D. C., for a brief visit. About the first of the year they expect to arrive here.

Mrs. J. Mervyn Donahue is paying a visit to some friends in Chicago.

Mr. Fred Otis returned to his cattle ranch in Arizona early in the week after a prolonged visit here.

Mrs. J. B. Wright and Mr. George Crocker went quite a distance by rail to meet Colonel C. Fred Crocker and Mr. J. B. Wright when they returned from Europe a week ago.

Mr. Richard R. Wallace, who has been in Fresno for several months, came to the city last Monday to pass Thanksgiving Day with his parents, Judge and Mrs. W. T. Wallace.

Senator and Mrs. Leland Stanford departed for Washington, D. C., last Tuesday, to remain there during the session of Congress.

Senator William M. Stewart and Mr. Francis G. Newlands are in St. Louis.

Mr. Emile H. Breidenbach returned from Los Angeles Thursday to spend the holiday in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Moody, Miss Eda Moody, and Mr. Fred Moody will soon leave on an Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles O. Alexander have left the Palace Hotel, and will pass the remainder of the winter in Oakland.

Mr. Charles J. Bandmann is en route across the Atlantic on the return from Europe, and will be here in about two weeks.

Mrs. James Ashley Turner, *née* Sullivan, wife of Lieutenant Turner, U. S. M. C., is in the city on a visit to her sister, Miss Ada Sullivan, after an absence in Sitka, Alaska, since her wedding, in April, 1888.

Baron and Baroness von Schröder are still in New York city.

Hon. M. M. Estee is at the Hoffmann House in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferd. C. Peterson have returned to the city after an extended wedding tour in the Eastern States.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean, who are at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York city, are expected here soon.

Mr. George Bonny returned from Paris a week ago.

Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco is the guest of Colonel and Mrs. Cockerill in New York city.

Mr. Robert Bonner and Mr. David Bonner, of New York, are stopping at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Towne and Mr. and Mrs. Charles N. Shay have gone East and will be away about five weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Drory Melone, who have been passing the summer at their country residence, Oak Knoll, in Napa County, will go to the Palace Hotel on Monday for the winter.

Mr. W. E. Sharon, of Virginia, Nev., has been passing the week at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Annie Bliss and Miss Mary Sheehy are visiting Mrs. Rudolph B. Spence at San José.

Mrs. Alfred MacGrotty, who has been traveling in Europe and the East for the past year, returned home this week.

Major John I. Rodgers, First Artillery, U. S. A., has been ordered to visit Vancouver Barracks, Fort Canby, and Portland on a tour of inspection.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Urso Classical Musicale.

The first of the series of three *séances de musique classique* which Mme. Urso will give here this winter, took place on Friday afternoon, November 22d, at the residence of Mrs. William J Younger, 1414 California Street. The string quartet comprised Mme. Camilla Urso, first violin; Mr. Charles Goffrie, second violin; Mr. Louis Schmidt, viola: and Mr. Louis Heine, 'cellist; the pianists were Mrs. Carmichael-Carr and Mr. Miguel Espinosa, and the accompanist was Mr. Sigismondo Martinez. There was a large and fashionable attendance, and all present were highly pleased with the following excellent programme:

Schubert, Op. Posthumous.
String Quartet in D minor.
Allegro.
Andante con moto.
Scherzo.
Presto.
Mme. Camilla Urso, Messrs. Goffrie, Schmidt, and Heine.
Beethoven, Op. 47.
Sonata in A major, for pianoforte and violin.
(Dedicated to Kreutzer.)
Andante con Variazioni.
Finale.
Mr. Miguel Espinosa and Mme. Camilla Urso.
Haydn, Op. 64, No. 5.
String Quartet.
Allegro moderato.
Adagio cantabile.
Menuetto.
Finale.
Mme. Camilla Urso, Messrs. Goffrie, Schmidt, and Heine.

The second concert of the series will be given on Friday afternoon, December 20th.

Francesca Relief Society.

For the benefit of the Francesca Relief Society an enjoyable musicale was given last Tuesday evening at the residence of Mrs. M. H. de Young, who kindly gave the use of her home to the ladies of the society for that purpose. The spacious music-room contained about one hundred and fifty auditors when the musicale commenced at eight o'clock, and the participants pleasantly entertained them for almost two hours. The opening number was a piano solo, "Qui Vive Galop," which was admirably played by the Misses Gadsby. The second was a vocal duet, "L'Addio," by Miss Amy Waters and Mr. Robert Sesnon, and it was followed by "Non Destarmi," which Miss Waters sang. A recitation by Miss Mary Deane entitled "Faithful Soul" was greeted with warm applause. Liszt's "Tenth Rhapsody" was then played by Mrs. Albert Elkus, who was followed by Miss Alvina Heuer in the soprano solo "Hush! My Little One." Next in order was a guitar solo by Miss Adele Ferrer. "Thy Sentinel am I," a baritone solo, was sung by Mr. Robert Sesnon, and he was followed by Miss Josephine Tucholsky who recited "The Chariot Race" from "Ben Hur." The last instrumental selection was a trio for the violin, 'cello, and piano which was executed by Mr Willard, Mr. A. T. Regensburger, and Mr. Martin. The affair terminated with a paper on the "Charity of Santa Francesca Romana," by Miss Skidmore. The audience was highly pleased with every number. Between three and four hundred dollars was realized, and this amount will be devoted to the purchase of clothes and other necessaries of life for poor people about Christmas time.

Mr. J. H. Rosewald will commence a series of chronological musical recitals next week in Oakland, similar to those he gave here last year. There will be four recitals in all, and the best local talent has been engaged.

Miss Alice Bacon will give an ensemble concert this (Saturday) afternoon in the parlors of the First Unitarian Church, and has arranged an interesting programme for the entertainment of her auditors.

Mme. Emilia Tojetti will give her third and last lecture on the "Romantic and Dramatic Epoch" next Wednesday evening. On the programme is a song from Massenet's "Esclarmonde."

The first concert of the Hermann Brandt String Quartet will take place on Thursday evening, December 5th. Miss Maud Cohen, the pianist, will assist the quartet at this concert.

A testimonial concert will be given to Mme. Billoni next Friday evening. An excellent programme has been arranged.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Smacking the lips is a vulgar habit—unless they belong to a pretty girl.—*Life.*

"Many people down to see you off, Dumley?" "Yes." "Mostly relatives, I suppose?" "No; tailors."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Goslin (startled)—"What noise was that upstairs?" *Miss Weekawken*—"Oh, papa just dropped his voice, that's all."—*New York Sun.*

Moses Kleiderstein—"Sarah, my dear, don't let Rachel come out; dis shentlemans looks too enticing in dot new suit of clo' he's going to buy!"—*Puck.*

Aunt Keziah—"Well, Kitty, so you're to be married." *Kitty*—"Yes, aunt, Providence permitting; but wouldn't it be awful if that dress shouldn't come?"—*Time.*

Mark Antony—"Friends, Romans, and countrymen, lend me your ears——" *The dead Cæsar (sotto voce)*—"Cheese it, cully, cheese it, I'm going to sneeze! I feel it coming."—*Life.*

Young wife—"A horrid rat ate one of those lovely canaries my husband gave me, and that's why I got a cat." *Matron*—"Well?" *Young wife*—"And then the cat ate the other."—*Life.*

Mrs. A.—"And how did you prevent the marriage when things had gone so far?" *Mrs. B.* (of Chicago)—"I just set my foot right down on it." "And that settled it." "Of course."—*Time.*

"Oh, the whole play was ruined." "Don't be cast down. What happened?" "Why, at the close of the third act, one of the steam pipes broke and hissed me off the stage."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Parrott—"I can't see why Miss Cashly married young Algy Bahoony. He hasn't a spark of business ability." *Wiggins*—"No business ability!—why, old boy, didn't he catch her?"—*Munsey's Weekly.*

The way it begins: "I believe there's been a big row up at Bronson's." "You do?" "Yes. I went up to see Bronson last night and the butler told me he was 'out' with his wife."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

"It would be better if men were to drink at home if they must drink," said the temperance lecturer. "They will," said a Prohibitionist, rising, "if you only vote for a prohibitory law."—*Boston Courier.*

"Can you give me any information about the game-laws?" said the gentleman, in the white hat. "Certainly, sir. You may shoot that hat as soon as you choose—the sooner the better."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Mr. Swell (reading to his wife)—"Diamonds are rising and may be expected to be higher than ever before." *Mrs. Swell*—"Dear me, Algernon! I guess I'll have to have my garter-buckles made into a hairpin."—*Jeweler's Weekly.*

Raffle—"Ah! there is Miss Coupon, the heiress. I used to be an old flame of hers." *Van Riper*—"You did, hey! (facetiously) you aren't shining around her very much now." *Raffle* (sadly)—"No, her father put me out."—*Time.*

Probably no man so fully realizes the empty hollowness of all sublunary and terrestrial things as the one who ladles a teaspoonful of freshly grated horseradish into his mouth under the impression that it is vanilla ice-cream.—*Richmond Recorder.*

Peacemaker—"I wouldn't fight, my good men." *First combatant*—"He called me a liar, sur." *Second combatant*—"An' he called me a lazy loafer." *Peacemaker*—"Well, I wouldn't fight over a difference of opinion; you may both be right."—*Life.*

"What are the Knights of the Bat, Mr. Dolly?" asked Amy of her caller; "I saw that term in the paper this morning." "Saturday night, usually," replied Dolly, absent-mindedly; "er—I mean—that is to say the Knights of the Bat are base-ball players, Miss Amy."—*Time.*

Lieutenant—"How I wish that my earnest entreaties would soften your heart until you consented to bestow your daughter's hand upon me." *Banker*—"In matters of this kind I never follow my heart, but my head." *Lieutenant*—"Well, then, I hope you may have softening of the brain."—*Vetter Jakob Kalender.*

"Poor?" said Jones, to a young man who was complaining of his lack of worldly goods; "of course. But think of the great men who have come to the city worth fifty cents and died worth millions." "Yes," answered the wise young man; "but I would rather come to the city worth millions and die worth fifty cents!"—*Life.*

"What is this scandal about Wanamaker?" "Why, he uses his inside knowledge of the weather bureau to help business along. He has information about the weather twelve hours in advance, and knows exactly what to display in his windows—parasols or umbrellas, patent-leathers or goloshes."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Wife—"I believe that more women than men go to heaven." *Husband*—"You do? What makes you think so?" "Women live better lives than men." "I grant it, Mary, but there's one thing that leads me to think there are very few women on the other side." "What is that?" "It is spoken of as the silent shore."—*Boston Courier.*

Foreman (excitedly)—"Here's a go! Johnson, the murderer, has just been found innocent and the governor has telegraphed a pardon. We've got the whole account of the hanging set up, with illustrations, and the form is on the press." *Editor* (coolly)—"Don't get excited, my boy. Just set over the account in large caps: 'JOHNSON PARDONED!—Below is a Full Account of What he Escaped!'"—*Life.*

"Say," said the hotel-keeper to the reporter, "if there's one thing I do get tired of it's the way people have of telling me how to run a hotel. One feller says I ought to do this, and another says I ought to do that. By the way, it's a wonder to me you fellows don't write that kind of people up. It's just the thing you ought to do. If I was running a newspaper you bet I'd—what are you grinning at, I'd like to know?"—*Terre Haute Express.*

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Smith—"Hello, Jones, I hear you're to be married next week. Congrat——" *Young Benedick Jones*—"Yes, I'm going to be married Monday. Say, Smith, what's the address of that doctor you think so much of?" *Smith*—"Why, you ain't sick, are you?" *Young Benedick Jones*—"I d' 'no', Smith—I feel awful queer. I have chills every few minutes, and a kind of sensation as if all my bones were sort of melting away cold. Ever hear of anything like it?"—*Puck.*

City cousin—"How's your father, James?" *Country cousin*—"Father isn't very well." *City cousin*—"He must be getting along in years?" *Country cousin*—"Only eighty-nine last spring." *City cousin*—"What seems to be the matter with him?" *Country cousin*—"Can't just say; I guess farming's beginning to tell on him."—*Time.*

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TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, October 13, 1889, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.30, 3.25, 4.50, 6.10 P. M.
Sundays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 1.30, 5.05, 6.30, P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.10, 7.45, 9.20, 11.05 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.55 P. M.
Sundays)—8.00, 9.50, A. M.; 12.00 M.; 3.30, 5.00, P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 6.25 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 9.55, 11.55 A. M.; 2.30, 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
Sundays)—8.45, 10.35, A. M.; 12.45, 4.15, 5.45 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 7.05 P. M.
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

1.00 A. M., Daily (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at 6.45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12.25 P.M.
3.30 P. M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations.
8.00 A. M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Point Reyes and intermediate stations. Returning arrives in San Francisco at 6.15 P. M.

EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rate.
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Sunday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, good on day sold only: Camp Taylor, $1.50; Point Reyes, $1.75.

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LEAVE	From Nov. 17, 1889.	ARRIVE
7.30 A.	Haywards, Niles and San José	*12.45 P.
7.30 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis	7.15 P.
7.30 A.	Sacramento, Auburn, Colfax	5.45 P.
8.00 A.	Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	6.15 P.
8.30 A.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, and Los Angeles	11.15 A.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
10.30 A.	Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
12.00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	*3.45 P.
1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	**6.00 A.
3.00 P.	Haywards, Niles & San José	9.45 A.
3.30 P.	2d Class Ogden and East	10.45 P.
4.00 P.	Stockton and §Milton; Vallejo, Calistoga & Santa Rosa	9.45 A.
4.30 P.	Sacramento and Knight's Landing via Davis	10.45 A.
4.30 P.	Niles and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
4.30 P.	Niles and San José	† 4.15 P.
5.30 P.	Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
5.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.
7.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East	7.45 A.
8.00 P.	Central Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	9.45 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

7.45 A.	Newark, San José and Santa Cruz	‡ 8.05 P.
8.15 A.	Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
2.45 P.	Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*11.20 A.
4.45 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, and Los Gatos	9.50 A.

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

7.25 A.	San José, Almaden and Way Stations	2.30 P.
8.30 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos; Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey, Pacific Grove; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations	6.12 P.
10.30 A.	San José and Way Stations	5.02 P.
12.01 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	3.38 P.
3.30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and principal Way Stations	*10.00 A.
4.20 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 7.58 A.
5.00 P.	San José and Way Stations	9.03 A.
6.30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A.
11.45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	† 7.28 P.

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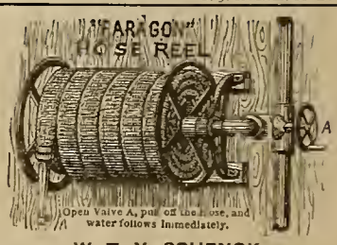

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CORNER OF EDDY AND POWELL STREETS.
Savings Bank deposits received, and interest paid on same semi-annually, in January and July. Rates of interest for last term: 5.22% on term deposits; and 4.35% on ordinary deposits, free of tax. Deposits received from one dollar upwards. Open Saturday evenings.

STAGE GOSSIP.

"Ranch 10," a melodrama of border life, is to be among the attractions of next week.

Nelson Decker, who has been a stranger to San Francisco for some years, is in town, and will appear in "Hands Across the Sea."

Milton and Dolly Nobles will cross the Market Street Rubicon next week and invade another theatre. They will devote the week to "Love and Law."

Maggie Bursell, who has a reputation as a clever and artistic dancer, appears in Japanese specialties at the Tivoli, this week, when "The Mikado" is revived.

Stuart Robson and "The Henrietta" have but one more week in town. They have had large and enthusiastic houses right along, and may expect the same good fortune next week.

Campobello is about to open the Bijou in grand opera. His company includes Ida Valerga, Annie Gleason, Therese Harnett, Miss Spengler, Mme. Billoni, Karl Formes, Stantini, and himself. They open in "La Sonambula."

George Osborne, who has already proved himself a shrewd manager in this city, has joined John Maguire and Jay Rial in the management of the Grand Opera House. He will supervise the production of all the plays, and will occasionally take part in them.

Charles Jefferson, a son of Joseph Jefferson, is a part owner in the American rights to "Hands Across the Sea," and is now on his way hither to superintend the local production of that elaborate melodrama. George Osborne and Isabel Morris will be in the cast.

Minnie Maddern has introduced something of an innovation by giving three matinées this week, on Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday afternoons, when an adaptation by Steele Mackaye of Sardou's "Agnes" has been presented under the title of "In Spite of All."

"Kleptomania," an English comedy which has run for something like one thousand nights in London and the provinces, will have its first American production here next Monday evening. It will be presented by the Keogh Comedy Company, which includes E. J. Henley, Mary Hampton, and Jean Clara Waters.

E. J. Henley is a brother of William E. Henley, who wrote "Deacon Brodie" in collaboration with Robert Louis Stevenson. It is said that the poet was once so severely injured that he was confined for some time in a hospital. Here he met Robert Louis Stevenson, and the result of their long talks during convalescence was that Henley was persuaded to turn his hand to verse-making. Allusions to the fruitful friendship thus oddly begun may be found in Henley's charming little "Book of Verses," published a couple of years ago.

Giovanni Emanuel, an Italian tragedian who is already called "the successor of Salvini," though Salvini is not yet out of it by any means, is to appear in the United States next year, under the management of Signor de Vivo, and will include San Francisco in his tour. He is a favorite in Spain and the Spanish-American countries, but on this side of the world he has never yet come farther north than Mexico. He has a repertoire of forty-six plays, including "Lear," "Hamlet," "Othello," "Romeo and Juliet," "Le Maltre de Forges," "Camille," "Le Nozze de Figaro," and "Nerone," and is supported by Signorina Virginia Reiter.

E. J. Henley, who is a most entertaining *raconteur*, tells a good story of the late Henry J. Byron. The author of "Our Boys" was once sitting out the first night of a new play in company with the anxious author, who grew more and more depressed as the play progressed, for the house was changing from passive chilliness to active derision. Three acts had been done, and the wait before the fourth grew longer and longer. There was a great noise of carpentry from the stage, shrill cries from gallery and pit, and the poor author grew frightfully nervous. At last, after the orchestra had played three *entr'actes*, the playwright could stand it no longer, and demanded of Byron what could cause the delay. "Well," said Byron, above the pounding of hammers and the shrill shrieks of saws, "I am afraid they must be cutting out the fourth act."

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe will deliver a lecture entitled "Is Polite Society Polite?" on Thursday evening, December 5th, at the First Congregational Church, under the auspices of the Delta Sigma Literary Society.

THE INNER MAN.

A Ballad of Salad.

I can not eat the red, red rose,
  I can not eat the white;
In vain the long laburnum glows,
Vain the camellia's waxen snows,
  The lily's cream of light.

The lilac's clustered chalices
  Proffer their bounty sweet
In vain! Though very good for bees,
Man, with unstinted yearning sees,
  Admires, but can not eat.

Give me the lettuce that has cool'd
  Its heart in the rich earth,
Till every joyous leaf is school'd
  To crisply crinkled mirth.

Give me the mustard and the cress,
  Whose glistening stalklets stand
As silver-white as nymphs by night
  Upon the moonlit strand;

The winking radish, round and red,
  That like a ruby shines;
And the faint blessing, onion-shed,
  Whene'er Lucullus dines.

The wayward endive's curling head,
  Cool cucumber sliced small,
And let the imperial beet-root spread
  Her purple over all.

Though shrinking poets still prefer
  The common floral fashions,
With buds and blossoms hymn they Her,
These vegetable loves would stir
  A flint-heart's mineral passions!

"All About Rice" shows us what an important article of food it is, and how long it has been known to man. In Sanskrit *vrihe*, Tamil *arisi*, Arabic *aruz*, Latin *oryza*, Italian *riso*, all attest a common linguistic root. There are one hundred varieties of rice, though we are somewhat skeptical as to there being any rice which is "coal black." Before our civil war, the best rice came from the Carolinas and Georgia, but the quantity has materially diminished since then. Of the total rice which England receives, over one-half is used on the continent. Mr. Japp compares the nutritive value of rice and the potato. When rice costs twopence a pound and potatoes a penny, the scientific proof that the rice is the cheaper is thus shown:

	Water.	Flesh Formers.	Starch, etc.	Total Food.
Rice	13	6.5	80.0	86.5
Potatoes	75	1.4	22.6	24 0

Thus, one pound of rice is worth more than three and one-half pounds of potatoes; but if we take into account the loss in the peeling of the potatoes, then certainly one pound of rice is worth more than four of potatoes. In the mechanical action of food, its form and condition have something to do with digestion, and because grains of rice are regular as to size, this makes rice a desirable aliment.

Mr. T. Adolphus Trollope, who is a robust young man of eighty years, and has not had a day's illness for more than seventy years, is almost a teetotaler, though not professedly so. "On the very rare occasions," he says, "on which I find a glass of port in my hand, which has come from a bottle worth about a guinea, I take a second or even a third of the same. But I can not afford high-class wine, and do not care for second-class. So I habitually take none. Nor do I drink beer, or any kind of spirit. The former, I take it, is not a good, habitual drink for muscles that would probably be rheumatic, if they got an excuse for such misbehavior; and the latter, one and all, are extremely disagreeable to my palate. But I abominate cold water as a beverage. The result is that my drink consists of tea, coffee, and milk, which, especially when it comes from a good Alderney cow with plenty of cream in it, I hold to be an excellent drink, very specially fitted to be the accompaniment to a cigar, for intelligible reasons which any chemist can understand."

The menu of the farewell banquet to the members of the Oriental Congress at Stockholm ought to take a permanent place in collections of literary curiosities. The initial "sup" or nip of schnapps which always begins a Scandinavian dinner, was recorded with a song in the Kairs tongue. The soup was described in Getziani and the song in Chinese; Professor Max Müller wrote a song in Sanskrit praising the salmon. The *filet de bœuf* was mentioned by a verse in Malay and by another in Javanese. *Artichaut au beurre* was treated in Coptic; Gateau à la Victoria in hieroglyphics; the ices in Himyaritic; the cheeses in Bichâre. The menu concluded, according to the Swedish custom, with "Thanks for Dinner" written in Persian.

A writer in London *Truth* has discovered that the reason why French cooking is better than English, is because the former "always cook in copper." Butter melted in an iron vessel, even though it have a porcelain lining, soon blackens. Potatoes fried in butter in a copper saucepan take a beautiful golden tinge. In an iron one, they get black. That glory of the French *cordon bleu*, "canard aux navets," would stick to the bottom of any but a copper stew-pan, and get burned if not constantly stirred, and frequent stirring involves a loss of aroma.

The biggest edible oysters in the world are found at Port Lincoln, in South Australia. They are as large as a dinner-plate, and the same shape. They are sometimes more than a foot across the shell, and the oyster fits his shell so well he does not leave much margin. It is a new sensation, when a friend asks you to lunch at Adelaide, to have one oyster set before you fried in butter or egg and bread-crumbs. But it is a very pleasant sensation, for the flavor and delicacy of the Port Lincoln mammoths are proverbial in that land of luxuries.

A New York lawyer of rather ponderous proportions has been surreptitiously keeping a list of things which his type-writer eats at luncheon. She is in perfect health, robust, pretty, and cheerful. He is suffering from gout and the other effects of over-eating. The heaviest luncheon which she ate in one week, according to the lawyer, cost exactly eleven cents. It was made up of the following courses: One pear, two cents; one Vienna roll, three cents; four bananas, four cents; one pear, two cents.

— LADIES WHO WOULD PRESERVE THEIR COMPLEXION should use Rachel's Enamel Bloom, which is a protection against sun and wind, and imparts a dazzling clearness to the skin. For sale by all druggists.

REAL-ESTATE NOTES.

The Mercantile Library Association has sold to the Pacific Bell Telephone and Telegraph Company its Bush Street property for $157,500. It is now about to purchase the lot on the north-east corner of Van Ness and Golden Gate Avenues—120 feet on Van Ness Avenue, 109 feet on Golden Gate Avenue, and 109 feet on Elm Avenue; price, $70,000; the sellers are the Knights of Pythias Association; a four-story building will be erected. The building complete will cost about $100,000 and will cover the entire lot.

A large number of property-owners petition for a change of grade on Market Street, from Valencia to Seventeenth and Castro, so as to make the rise through the "cut" gradual instead of heavy, as at present. The cut would be about twenty-five feet and the fill about thirteen. This would overcome the present rise of forty-five feet and make the street suitable for business purposes. The probable cost would be between $100,000 and $125,000, all of which would be paid by those on the line of the street.

A. S. Baldwin, of McAfee, Baldwin & Hammond, will take advantage of the holiday lull in business to visit his old home in Virginia, which he has not seen for eleven years. He will be absent some six weeks.

Isabella Stevenson has mortgaged the property on the south-west corner of California and Montgomery Streets for $115,000.

Newman & Samuel have sold the property 50x77½ feet on the west side of Battery Street, north of Bush. The consideration is reported to be in the neighborhood of $130,000. There is a four-story brick structure on the lot.

According to the report of the Bank Commissioners, the Hibernia Bank's lot for the new building on the north-west corner of Jones and McAllister Streets is valued at $262,500.

McAfee, Baldwin & Hammond last week sold the line of thirty-eight Buena Vista Park lots for $71,395. It is said that the owner's highest expectation was $56,000.

The native Egyptian is an extremely good subject for surgical operation. Clot Bey, the founder of modern medicine in Egypt, has it that "it requires as much surgery to kill one Egyptian as seven Europeans. In the native hospitals, the man whose thigh has been amputated at two o'clock, is sitting up and lively at six." Shock is almost entirely unknown, and dread of an impending operation quite an exception. In explanation may be noted the resignation inculcated by their religion; the very small proportion of meat in and the total absence of alcohol from their diet; and in general, their regular, abstemious, out-of-door life.

According to a paper read before the recent meeting of the Library Association, short-hand has flourished, more or less, two thousand years. Cicero's famous writer, Tiro, is known to have had rivals in his own time, and Cæsar's feats in dictating several letters simultaneously while traveling still remain unequaled. But short-hand, as now understood, is the product of the present century. It is computed that the literature relating to the subject would fill no fewer than thirteen thousand volumes, and England alone has given birth to three hundred and seven different systems.

The testimony of Professor Orton, the State geologist of Ohio, given in a natural-gas case at Toledo, is not calculated to pull natural gas very far out of the slump in which it is. Natural gas, he said, is now a fixed quantity, its manufacture having ceased long ago. Hence the more that is taken out of the earth the less that remains to be taken out. With care and economy, the north-western Ohio field, with the present draft upon it, will last for from five to eight years, but not for ten, he thinks. Three years he gives as the average life of a gas-well.

From "an American-Catholic," writing in the *No Name Magazine*: "I find that in these United States of America, of thirteen archbishops and sixty bishops, only three of the former and ten of the latter are genuine Americans."

— A FINE STOCK OF BONBONNIERE CANDIES JUST received from Paris and New York, at Greenbaum's, 128 Post Street.

LADIES!
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SACHET POWDERS,
AND FACE POWDERS
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WILD OLIVE BLOSSOM SOAP,
Elegantly perfumed.
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An Englishman, who had been invited to dine with Prince Kaunitz, had the misfortune to upset a glass of wine on the table. "Is that the custom in England?" inquired a German princeling. Not in the least abashed, the Englishman answered: "Not exactly; but when it does happen, nobody makes a fuss about it."

Sir Daniel Gooch used to pay the closest attention to all details of railroad management. It is told of him that finding a porter at Acton in calling the name of the station prefixed an aspirate while a porter at Hanwell omitted it, he ordered that the men should be transposed, with the result that the ears of a critical people were not again offended.

Joseph Jefferson, in the December *Century*, tells a curious story of a moonlight performance of "The Lady of Lyons" and "The Spectre Bridegroom" in a Mississippi barn. One old lady in the audience audibly insisted that the lovers in "The Lady of Lyons" should be "allowed their own way," and a stalwart young farmer warned the villain not to interfere again, "if he knew what was best for him."

During the civil war, a man, great in his own eyes, was, by some influence, appointed a brigadier-general. His sense of his own importance was at once greatly increased. He could hardly speak of anything else but his new dignity. Meeting a "homespun" Yankee one day, he accosted him thus: "Well, Jim, I suppose you know I have been appointed brigadier-general?" "Yes," said Jim; "I heerd so." "Well, what do folks say about it?" "They don't say nothin'," replied truthful James; "they jest laugh."

Charles Wyndham had given W. S. Gilbert an order for a three-act play, and Gilbert had written two acts. The third was not forthcoming, and all Wyndham's coaxing and urging could not get it out of him. The actor at last lost his patience and indited a note like the following: "MY DEAR SIR: I have waited as long as I propose to for that third act. You will send it to me at noon to-morrow, or please to consider our business relations at an end." This was Gilbert's reply: "MY DEAR SIR: Since you choose to address me in this peremptory and arrogant manner, the third act will be ready for you at the hour mentioned."

The Parisians, though they are a lively people, are exceedingly fond of angling, and sometimes sit on the banks of the Seine for hours, with a hook and line, waiting for bites which never come. A sojourner in that city, crossing one of the bridges, saw a man leaning over the parapet, patiently watching another who sat on the river embankment below, fishing. As the stranger came up, the man on the parapet pointed his finger at the fisherman, shrugged his shoulders, and said, with a pitying expression on his face: "Would you believe it, monsieur? I have been here watching that man for two hours, and during all that time he has never caught a fish. Can you conceive how a man can carry patience to such a point as that?"

During the recent Paris Exposition there was a little railroad, five miles in length, running around the grounds. The track ran in and out among the trees and buildings, and so near them that a passenger's head or arm thrust out of window was in danger of being knocked off. To prevent accidents of this sort, warnings were printed on large posters and tacked up at intervals of a few yards along the entire track. They were printed in almost every known language, including Asiatic and African tongues, short-hand and Volapük. But there was one omission, and a very important one. Not a single word of warning was printed in German! Some one said to the manager of the road: "It looks as though you didn't care whether the Germans got their heads and arms knocked off or not." He smiled a quiet smile and replied, "It does look that way, sure enough."

A lady related in the hearing of a Chicago *Herald* reporter the following bit of experience: I imagined that it would do me good to visit the natatorium for a daily swim, and supposing, of course, that the place was open to the public all the year around, I went over there to get what information I could about lessons and terms for the course. I met in the office a very pleasant young lady, and I asked her if she was in charge. She said she was. I requested a catalogue, but she said the catalogues were locked up, though if I would sit down for a few minutes, the teacher would be in and give me one. I sat down, and for ten or fifteen minutes I chatted pleasantly with the polite young girl. Finally, I said: "I suppose that all I need is a bathing-suit?" A look of horror overspread the young girl's innocent face, as she said: "What?" I couldn't make her out. "Must I have more than a bathing-suit?" I asked. "Well, I should hope so!" exclaimed the girl. Then I began to trust that something was wrong. "Isn't this the natatorium?" I asked. A smile chased away the girl's look of horror. "No," she answered; "it is the natatorium in the summer, but now it is a dancing-school."

The adjutant of a regiment made some rather laughable blunders during drill, and General Phelps felt called upon to rebuke him. "Adjutant," said he, "if you spent more time over your books, and less in drinking and carousing, you would appear to better advantage on drill." "Excuse me, general," replied the adjutant, "but I don't drink." "Well," said Phelps, "I am very sorry for it. There's no excuse whatever, then, for your blunders. 'Tis sheer stupidity." At another time, a young artillery officer, fresh from civil life, was observed to have the wrists of his new white gauntlets covered with tables of figures written with ink. General Phelps asked what they meant. The young officer explained that his memory for ranges and elevations was poor, and he had hit upon this plan for having them always before him. "Well, now, that is very ingenious," said General Phelps; "a West Point officer, I daresay, would never have thought of that." "Yes," said the delighted officer, "I thought it an excellent idea." "Very excellent," answered the general; "I see but one drawback to it. If you should happen to lose your gloves, you would have to let your sergeant command the battery."

Use Brown's Bronchial Troches for Coughs, Colds, and all other Throat Troubles.—"Preëminently the best."—*Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.*

Thousands of Americans who have been up in the Eiffel Tower will be interested to know that they have run an alarming risk. On Sunday, November 3d, an elevator, in which visitors to the tower are carried from the second stop to the summit, fell almost one hundred feet, and thirty occupants were more or less injured. The authorities of the exposition took every precaution to conceal the accident, as was done in the instances of loss of life during the building of the tower. It is said that since the opening of the exposition fully a dozen men have lost their lives in the Eiffel Tower elevators, but in no instance have such accidents been made public. A great many workmen were killed during the construction of the tower, and these tragedies were also kept from the public.

CATARRH,
Catarrhal Deafness—Hay Fever.
A NEW HOME TREATMENT.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result of this discovery is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness, and hay fever, are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made at home by the patient once in two weeks. N. B.—This treatment is not a snuff or an ointment; both have been discarded by reputable physicians as injurious. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free, on receipt of stamp to pay postage, by A. H. DIXON & SON, 337 and 339 West King Street, Toronto, Canada.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Sufferers from Catarrhal troubles should carefully read the above.

The Latest Out.

A Daily Through Car Service has been established by the Union Pacific & North-Western Line between San Francisco and Chicago via Council Bluffs, thus offering to the public facilities not given by any other line. "The Limited Fast Mail," which runs daily between the above points, carries the *Overland Fast Mail*, a limited number of first-class passengers without extra charge, and is composed of Pullman Vestibuled Sleepers, San Francisco to Chicago via Council Bluffs, Pullman Dining Cars, Ogden to Chicago via Council Bluffs.

This is another indication that the Union Pacific is desirous of meeting the requirements of the people. For information in regard to this and other trains on this line, apply to J. B. Kirkland, Agent, Union Pacific Railway, or E. A. Holbrook, General Agent, Chicago & North-Western Railway, San Francisco.

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Subject: "Is Polite Society Polite?"
ADMISSION, - - 50 cents.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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The President's message to Congress contains the usual review of the affairs of the country. Concerning foreign relations, the disputes with Canada regarding the fisheries and sealing receive prominent notice, and a hope is expressed that all causes of difference may be amicably adjusted. As an attempt in this direction, he suggests that the boundaries between the United States and Canada, running through the narrow channels joining the great lakes, be marked by visible marks. The enlargement of the list of offenses covered by the extradition treaty is also recommended. The action of the Government of Portugal in regard to the railroad at Delagoa Bay, and the interests of American stock-holders therein, are also referred to. In regard to the Brazilian Republic, the information is given that our representatives in Brazil have been directed to recognize the new government as soon as the people of that country have declared in favor of the change. The greater part of the message is naturally taken up with internal affairs. The financial statement shows that the surplus, after providing for the sinking fund, last year was $57,470,129.59. For the current year the estimated surplus is $43,678,883, the surplus for the first quarter of the current year being $37,838,937.87, which has been passed over to the sinking fund. The existence of so large and so constantly increasing a surplus is commented on, and the President emphasizes the pressing necessity for an immediate revision of the tariff, which, without abandoning the protective feature, shall materially decrease the surplus. A reformation of the administrative features of the tariff which have been somewhat criticised is also recommended. The evasions of the Chinese Exclusion Act by Chinese crossing the boundary from Canada are commented on, and the difficulty arising from the fact that an entrance-tax of fifty dollars is exacted from every Chinese entering Canada, and the Canadian authorities refuse to receive back any Chinese crossing the boundary without a repayment of the tax. The necessity for more effective coast defense — the fact that the naval hospital receives as many vessels as there are new ones added, so that the numerical strength of the navy is not increased — the necessity for a more stringent administration of our naturalization laws, to the end that a representative of the government shall be present at the hearing of all applicants, in order that their character may be more effectively inquired into—are among the subjects touched upon. In the comments on Indian affairs, the progress of the work of civilizing the Indians by educating the children and placing the adults on farms, is reported. The enactment of land laws and provision for municipal laws in Alaska are recommended, the mining laws being the only ones as yet extended to Alaska. In regard to pensions, the message goes the full length of recommending that the government support not only those disabled during the war, but also those disabled at any time since the war, it being asserted that the honor of the nation requires that they shall not be left as subjects for local relief. The transference of the signal service from the War Department to the Department of Agriculture is recommended, and an increase of the clerical force of the Civil Service Commission is advised. The extension of the merit system to the railway mail-service, is noticed, as is the beneficial tendency of the law, though the abuse of the system by defects in its administration is referred to. In regard to education, the point is made that national assistance should be denied except where required by exceptional circumstances. The enfranchisement of the blacks is referred to as such a case, and the advisability of Federal assistance for the purpose of educating the blacks, with restrictions to avoid the establishment of a precedent, is urged. The encouragement of the merchant marine by postal appropriations and for the purpose of creating a naval reserve is recommended.

The reference to the silver question in President Harrison's message to Congress is a distinct disappointment to those who hoped for some positive legislation in favor of silver. Not only does he declare against free coinage of silver, but he also sets himself against any increase in the present amount coined. This position of the President is particularly disappointing when we consider the condition of the public mind on this matter. Numerous conventions, either called together for the particular discussion of the financial problem or for other purposes, have declared in favor of silver recently. The most important of these conventions—those at St. Louis and Denver—have declared themselves in no uncertain tones and have just completed their sessions. Backing this up and more strikingly significant of the drift of public opinion, has been the recent change of front of certain Eastern "gold-bug" papers. The New York *Times*, for instance, has recently shown a decided leaning in favor of a freer coinage of silver, and treats Mr. St. John's proposition for replacing the legal-tender notes by silver certificates with a degree of consideration which would have been astonishing a few years ago. Concerning this plan, the *Times* recently remarked, editorially: "We regard it as a matter for very serious consideration and the entire proposition as one not to be accepted off-hand." It is not so many months ago that these journals would have regarded it, not as a "matter for very serious consideration," but as a matter for unsparing ridicule. Again, the *Times* says: "In any case, the silver certificates, made legal tender, would have a different intrinsic value from that of the mere paper promises to pay, which, under the law as it now stands, may be satisfied with silver as well as with gold." Speaking of an issue of seven hundred millions: "But if the issue could be fixed at even that wide limit, it would be rash to say that the country could not absorb it. The country has already absorbed more silver than one thought ten years ago it could absorb." These expressions, coming from a newspaper which has been until very recently avowedly and uncompromisingly a monometallic organ, are very significant, and their force is added to, while the attitude of the paper is explained, by what happened at the recent Bankers' Convention, at which Mr. St. John propounded his scheme. At that convention, it is true, the resolutions adopted were opposed to silver, but there was a strong minority in its favor, and it was a startling innovation to find such a movement in a gathering of bankers in which the Eastern element so strongly preponderated. But the fact is that Wall Street is divided on this question for the first time, and does not now present a solid front in favor of gold. There are two factions among the New York bankers, one the old conservative, single-standard faction, of which Mr. John J. Knox is perhaps the most prominent representative, and the other under the leadership of Mr. St. John. The division on the silver question has heretofore been a division on geographical lines—the East has favored gold, the West silver. And this attitude is not so difficult of explanation. The merchants of the East, importing largely from Europe and being obliged to pay for their goods with gold, have looked with alarm and unnecessary apprehension on the proposition to place silver on an equal footing with gold. That their fears were without foundation has been shown by the ease with which this country has absorbed the output of silver without affecting the relation between the two metals. During the eighteen months ending October 1, 1889, there was an increase in the circulating medium of the country of $713,976,403, and of this increase $334,173,815 was in silver. Since the passage of the Bland Bill, the silver dollars have been regularly coined and issued until there are now two hundred and seventy-seven million standard silver dollars in actual circulation. The increase in the circulating medium represents the growing demands of trade in the country, and the fact that silver has been demanded for its full share in meeting this increased demand proves that it will naturally circulate with equal facility with gold. Another lesson to be drawn from this increased circulating medium in the country, and the antecedent increase of internal commerce, is involved in the fact that merchants, whether in the East or the West, will follow their interests without regard to any sentimental or political preferences. The growth of internal commerce will necessarily result in increasing the proportionate amount of business that Eastern merchants will transact with those of the West. As they come to deal less with Europe and more with the silver-producing States of the West, they will recognize the fact that their interests are not jeopardized, but rather secured by an increase of silver coinage. America is a silver-producing country, and it must add to the prosperity of the whole country to foster the market for this product. The fear of being swamped by silver from foreign countries has been proved to be unfounded, and the fact might have been obvious to any one before it had been demonstrated by experience. Mexico is the only silver-producing country that could export any appreciable amount of that metal to us, and she already has a more profitable market in China for her surplus product than we could hope or fear to offer. The fact is that the United States is the great silver-producing country of the world, and there is no other country which produces a sufficient amount of that metal to flood us with it. The silver mines of Bolivia are reputed to be immensely rich, and great anticipations are based upon the prospect of bringing them within reach of the consumers of silver. But they are yet practically inaccessible, and it will be long before they can be made sufficiently accessible to have any appreciable effect on the silver markets of the world. And when they are brought within the circle of modern progress, we shall probably find, as we have found so often before, that the fabulous wealth of Potosi existed largely in the fervid imagination of the Spanish explorers. The other source from which we are to be showered Danae-like with silver—the accumulation of silver-plate and jewelry—is equally imaginary. The bullion value of any article of use or ornament, made of silver, is small compared with the added value of the workmanship; hence, the amount of plate that is likely to be melted to be

converted into silver dollars is too trivial to be takeo into account. The only class of the community taking any interest in the "melting-pot" phase of the silver question is the hurglar class. In truth, the increase of the circulating medium wbich has already beeo noted is very likely to continue, and it is the part of wisdom to permit silver to hear its proper share in meeting the increased demand. In view of the President's message, we are not likely to see any far-reaching silver legislatioo during this session of Congress, and it is perhaps as well that action should he postpooed until next year. The legislation now on the statute-hooks permits a douhling of the silver coinage, and it permits the retirement of the legal-tender notes hy the issuance of silver certificates. For tbe year this will he a sufficient increase, and it is to he hoped that the President will come to recognize the requiremeots of the situation and will rise to the occasion.

That the Nicaragua Canal will prove a more difficult and expeosive undertaking than the officers of the constructing company might wisb investors to helieve, there is very little douht. Nor is there any reasonahle doubt that the trans-isthmian water-way, via Greytown, San Juan del Sur, and the great lake, will he constructed. Nor, again, is there much douht that the vast importance of tbe Nicaragua Canal has not as yet made its proper impression upon the complacent spirit of the majority of San Francisco's husiness-men. Yet, notwithstanding the limpness of our attitude toward what will he the Gihraltar of the American continent, the fact remains that the construction of the Nicaragua Canal is an affair in wbich we are hoth called upon to take our share of national interest, and in which there are peculiarly valuahle local considerations. Not only is the canal destined to play a prominent part in the new life—the virile epocb—of the United States, it will also huild up a new San Francisco, and the new San Francisco will very mucb resemhle the old one. Once everything consumed in California was hrought in through the Golden Gate, and everything exported from the State was sent to the world's market by the same route. Since the advent of the railroad era, bowever, San Francisco has heen reduced to a position very little above that of a railway terminus. It has heen drawiog simply by reason of its greater wealth and population and its climatic attractiveness. But in the importation of goods from the East it stands on no better footing—proportionally—than Sacramento, Los Angeles, or San Diego.

It was ahout the year 1879 that the transcontinental roads, having absorhed every then present line of transportation except God's free higbway—the ocean—reacbed out for that. As the first move in this design, they started in to drive out the clipper trade. Extraordinary efforts were made to get our merchants within tbe grasp of that velvet-covered steel-grip, tbe Special Rate Contract. Goods were brougbt from New York to tbe favored ones bere as low as twenty dollars a ton, but tbis tariff was jumped to forty dollars if tbe contract-bound shipper was caught receiving or sending anything away by steam or sail. Nothing could stand against this double game of cajolery and compulsion, and tbe forest of masts around the water-front grew monthly tbinner. Having secured the carriage of the general merchandise, the wheat trade was next sought after. Gloomy predictions tbat the Cape Route must he abandoned were made, fair promises of a cheaper and speedier mode of transportation were held out, and these were so far made good, that, in 1885, wbeat was taken from New York to New Orleans at one-balf cent per ton per mile. This last part of the programme was not as successfully carried out as the managers had intended, but the sbipping trade of San Francisco, though not fatally strickeo, received a staggering blow from wbich it has not yet recovered.

A fact or two in contrast will he of interest:

On a certain week in October, 1877, there were eight clipper-sbips loading in New York for San Francisco and eigbteen on the way, the total tonnage of the twenty-six heing 42,816 tons. On the same week, in this last October, there were three ships loading in New York for San Francisco and seven on the way hither, with a total tonnage of 17,440 tons. At the same time in Philadelphia, there were three ships loading for and three on the way to San Francisco, with an aggregate tonnage of 9,885 tons. At the same time this year, there was one sbip loading in Philadelphia and one on the way here, with a total tonnage of 4,961 tons. In Boston, on the 1877 date, there were three ships loading for San Francisco and two on tbe way bere, with an aggregate tonnage of 5,453 tons. In this year of grace and railways, there are none. In San Francisco in that October week of 1877, there were two clippers loadiog for New York and three on the way there, the total tonnage of the five sbips heing 5,368 tons. In the correspondiog week of this year, there was one ship loading and two on the way, witb a total tonnage of 4,560 tons. This little statement is pregnant with lessons, many of whicb can be learned at a glance. One, bowever—and a very noteworthy one—requires the addition of a few other figures. The matter of populatioo bas to be considered, and the striking decrease of the clipper trade of San Francisco will he all the more accentuated hy remarking that in 1877, with a population of, say, 200,000, San Francisco supported a fleet of forty-two ships, witb a tonnage of 63,522 toos; while this year, with a population of over 300,000, there are only sixteen clippers, with a tonnage of 26,570 tons. That is, our populatioo has increased thirty-three and one-third per cent., while our sea commerce with the Atlantic ports of our own country has decreased over sixty per cent. Or, to put the fact another way: if our sea trade had increased in the same ratio with our populatioo, San Fraocisco's wharves to-day would herth fifty-six outgoing and incoming clippers instead of sixteen, with a tonnage of 85,000 tons instead of 26,000.

The railroad transportation of goods is not such an important factor in a man's husiness as some folks would have us helieve. The grain trade, for instance, has not heen ruined hecause the railroads failed in their attempt to take it away from the ships. The English merchant grows wealthy in his Oriental commerce, and the crowded coodition of the London and Liverpool docks can scarcely he considered a sign of Great Britain's decadence. The fact of the matter is, we have heen so long a railroad town that we have almost forgotten the existence of the unsuhsidized ocean which laves this peninsula, and have almost overlooked the other fact that San Francisco is set down in the public-scbool geographies as having one of the three great harhors of the world. Sea trade does not mean retrogression. The richest nations of the earth, from Phœnicia to England, have grown great and have maintained their greatness hy ocean commerce. The assertion, too, can he made in detail, as well as in generalities. There is no reason, for instance, why these goods can not he brought from the East hy water as well as by rail: hard woods, furniture, wagon-spokes and hubs, whisky, nails, pig-iron, carpets, oil-cloths, sbeet-iron, lard, alcobol, paper-hangings, paper, matting, domestic cottons, hardware, agricultural machinery and implements, safes, and clocks. The fashion in none of these tbings alters year in and year out, and there is not a man on the coast to whom it can matter a cent whether the paper with which he covers his rooms or the sheet-iron with which he mends his kettle bas taken a week or a year in coming here. Our clipper exports to-day include hrandy, wool, barley, wine, boiler compounds, sugar, bone-dust, chrome ores, horns, mustard-seed, boney, leather scraps, lead, and hides, and there is no reason why the list sbould not he largely extended. It is true tbat husiness credits are now conducted on the railroad time-hasis, hut that is a matter ahout whose modification tbere would not be nearly as much trouhle as is claimed in sundry quarters.

So far, we have only glanced at the condition and possihilities of tbe clipper trade between San Francisco and the East under existing circumstances of route—tbat is, without a canal to shorten the distance by balf. With the Nicaragua Canal in operation, our international sea trade would be benefited to an almost incalculahle degree. Of course, a large amount of the exchanges between tbe Atlantic and Pacific must, no matter wbat new routes are opened, be conducted hy the railroads. Fruits and all perisbahle products will, of necessity, always follow these lines. But the more hulky and less perishable articles—the extension of the list given above—would seek tbe Nicaragua Canal. Tbe whole, or nearly tbe wbole, of the trade wbicb is now done by way of the Horn would he transferred to the canal, provided tbe tolls were reasonable. Tben it would surely come about that tbe old conditions of commerce would be restored, and that San Francisco's life as a port would he revived.

In wbat bas heen tbus far written, we have but dealt with the question of sea trade hetween San Francisco and otber American ports. There is anotber avenue tbat sbould he filled with the rustling of sails and clouded with the trailing smoke of steamers. A direct trade between San Francisco and Liverpool would work wonders both in our importance and the price of goods. Instead of dealiog with the European merchants through New York, and swelling the business and custom-bouse receipts of tbat port, San Francisco would, via the canal, deal directly with them. Tbey are our debtors, and what there is coming to us we might just as well take out in trade as in bills of exchange. The douht is entertained by some people whether the opening of the canal will not divert trade from instead of attracting it to San Francisco. It is questioned whether the Oriental trade, which now goes through this city, might not pass away from us by way of Nicaragua; and wbether the Australian products and passengers might not also be forwarded through the isthmus.

There is no such danger.

In tbe first place, a great city is always a point of attraction both to travelers and to trade, and tbe more San Francisco grows the greater will be its drawing power. This is not a matter of sentiment, hut a hard fact in trade. In the next place, personal comfort and injury to goods will have to be considered, and neither tea, nor silk, nor men will be sent through the tropics if they can he forwarded hy the temperate zone. In the tbird place, all the western coast and middle portions of the United States will become such a factor in coosumption that San Francisco must, hy all the rules of commercial economy, hecome the great port of supply. In a word, with the Nicaragua Canal as a practicahle route, there is every reason to helieve that San Francisco will become the privileged provider and the chief emporium of the two worlds which lie arouod the Pacific Ocean.

The Paris Exposition has been closed, and the people of France are settling down to ordinary humdrum life once more. The return to the ordinary in politics has heen marked hy one or two features which partake somewhat of the extraordinary, and yet they are full of good promise for the republic. The recent elections proved two things heyond douht. First, that the Frencb people were dissatisfied with the government as it had heen conducted, and second, that it was with the cooduct of the government and not witb the repuhlic itself that they were satisfied. As a result of this, the Radicals—tbe party of Floquet—have lost ground, the Opportunists have gained somewhat, hut the chief gain has heen hy the Left Centre, or Moderate Repuhlicans. The Monarchists and Imperialists both come into the Chamher with decreased forces, while the Boulangists show an increase in numhers, but a fatal loss in the defeat of their leader. The most striking feature of the meetings of the Chamher is the changed attitude of the Monarchists. Their alliance with Boulanger during the campaign was forced upon them hy tbe Comte de Paris, and the failure of the coalition has served to alienate their support of a leader none too popular before he put his prestige to such a strain. The Monarchists now show an inclioation to accept the repuhlic as an estahlished fact, and to make the hest of the situation hy strengthening the hands of the Moderate Repuhlicans. The election of Floquet to the presidency was distasteful to them, hut, on the two important divisions, a sufficient numher of Monarchists have voted with tbe Moderate Repuhlicans to save the government from defeat. Most of these votes were of the new members, of whom there are two hundred and eighty-two in a total of five hundred and seventy-six. This is an unusually large proportion of new memhers, and not only empbasizes the rebuke of the old Chamher, hut it furnishes an element of uncertainty in the new, whicb may promise well for the permanence of the repuhlic or may prove a menace to it. The action of these new members among the Monarchists has, therefore, heen received as a reassuring sign hy the friends of the French Repuhlic.

When the Central Pacific Railroad Company ohtained the right of way througb Oakland, and the virtual control of its water-front, tbe city had sufficient foresigbt to drive a bargain witb tbe company by which tbe citizens received some return for tbe privileges granted. They saw that tbe francbise they were giving to tbe railroad company was a valuable property for whicb tbey were entitled to some adequate return. The city of Oakland, tberefore, required of the railroad that it sbould carry passengers between the different stations within the limits of Oakland without charge. Tbe difference to the railroad company amounts to a very large sum annually. Say that tbree tbousand five hundred passengers ride free daily—a very moderate estimate; this would he one hundred and five thousand per month; at ten cents fare, this would be one hundred and eigbty thousand dollars per annum as the amount that might have been charged for this local passage now carried free. While tbe railroad company thus feels all the expense attached to this condition upon whicb the franchise was granted, the people of Oakland receive no permanent or tangible henefit. Tbe privilege of riding free is divided among so many that the saving amounts to only a trifle for each. Tbe city itself might have profited much more by imposing other conditions. Suppose tbat the railroad company had been required to pay a certain small percentage of its receipts. Suppose, for example, it had heen permitted to charge ten cents for fares within the limits of Oakland, on condition that it paid to the city one-half thereof. The concentration of the benefit in this manner would enahle it to take some tangible form. After all these years, during which Oaklanders have enjoyed the privilege of free riding, they have practically ootbing to show for it. Had the railroad company paid an equivalent to the city, however, a fund might have been created wbicb would have improved Oakland immensely. On the very moderate figures given ahove, it would amount to ninety thousand dollars per annum. In all probability it would amount to thrice that sum. Oakland streets are practically unpaved. Such a fund would have placed tbe principal streets in good condition and kept them in repair. Or the fund might have been devoted to a public park, which could have been made by this time the most beautiful on the coast. The land hordering on the estuary migbt have heen ohtained at small expense, reclaimed, and laid out as a public park without calling on any fund other than that received from the railroad.

The estuary here offers the only sheet of water in this part of the bay which is well adapted to boating and aquatic sports. A wide boulevard, shaded by trees and winding along the shore, might have been built, extending from Lake Merritt to Oakland Point, to be used as a drive, and also furnishing a position from which rowing regattas might be witnessed. Extending back from this boulevard would be the park proper, which might be laid out with trees and shrubbery, the arms of the estuary which now extend into the land being converted into streams and artificial lakes, to be stocked with aquatic birds. What has been accomplished in our own Golden Gate Park with inadequate funds, and almost without natural advantages, gives some indication of what Oakland might have accomplished had she adopted a more far-sighted policy in dealing with the railroad. But the time for this has passed, and it has been dwelt upon here only for the sake of emphasizing the opportunity which we are missing in this city. We have shown conclusively that San Francisco has given to the street-railroads immensely valuable property, amounting in value to millions of dollars, without exacting any return. Fortunately, however, the terms of the franchises of these railroads permit the people to remedy this defect. If a single railroad in New York city—the Broadway Company—can guarantee to the city an annual payment of at least one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, surely all the railroads of this city can make some return for their exceptional privileges. The map of San Francisco is dotted with public parks, a majority of which are wastes of sand. The land has been reserved for public purposes, but nothing has been done toward beautifying the parks. Let us run over the list of public parks in San Francisco (excluding Golden Gate Park), almost all of which are unimproved :

Lobos Square ; four blocks ; bounded by Laguna, Webster, Chestnut, and Bay.

Alta Plaza ; four blocks ; bounded by Clay, Jackson, Steiner, and Scott.

Lafayette Park ; four blocks ; bounded by Gough, Laguna, Sacramento, and Washington.

Washington Square ; one block ; bounded by Filbert, Union, Stockton, and Powell.

The Plaza ; one block ; bounded by Kearny, Clay, Washington, and Brenham Place.

Union Square ; one block ; bounded by Stockton, Powell, Post, and Geary.

Hamilton Square ; two blocks ; bounded by Post, Geary, Steiner, and Scott.

Jefferson Square ; four blocks ; bounded by Gough, Laguna, Golden Gate Avenue, and Eddy.

City Hall Park ; bounded by Park Avenue, McAllister, and Larkin.

Alamo Square ; four blocks ; bounded by Hayes, Fulton, Scott, and Steiner.

Holly Park.

Franklin Square ; two blocks ; bounded by Centre, Santa Clara, Bryant, and Hampshire.

Jackson Park ; two blocks ; bounded by Santa Clara, Mariposa, Arkansas, and Carolina.

Public Park ; four blocks ; bounded by Steiner, Waller, Ridley, and Scott.

Buena Vista Park ; thirty-six acres ; bounded by Haight and Baker Streets and Park Avenue.

Mountain Lake Park ; between Lake Street and the government reservation ; twenty acres.

Of all this long list of parks, but three or four have been improved in the slightest degree. Now the proposition has been made to reduce street-car fares from five to three cents. This is entirely within the powers of the government. But it is doubtful whether it is the best remedy that can be applied. The people of this city do not at present recognize any smaller coin in their business transactions than the five-cent nickel, and until pennies have come into general circulation it is doubtful whether they would care to use them for one particular purpose. Besides this difficulty of small change is the further disadvantage of the infinitesimal division of the resulting benefit. The saving to individuals would be so small as to be scarcely appreciated. But this saving, taken in bulk, might be put to permanent use. The railroad-companies are now required to pave and keep in repair only that part of the streets lying between their tracks and extending for two feet on each side. This is utterly inadequate to the benefits they have received ; they drive ordinary traffic from the centre of the street to the sides, thereby doubling the wear and tear on the part of the street which the city and the citizens have to pave and repair, and consequently doubling the expense of keeping it in repair. The car-companies, while paving a portion of the street, can pave the whole width at a slightly increased expense, and they should be required to do so. The return which they make to the city for gratuities already granted and enjoyed for years, should be exacted in the manner which will bring the greatest benefit to the city at the least expense to the car-companies, because the object is not to "cinch" the companies, but to exact even justice from them. A further burden which might be transferred from the city to the car-companies for this same reason is the sweeping and sprinkling of the streets. The service can be performed by the car-companies, with the advantage of their tracks, cars, and motive power, for a much less sum than it now costs the city, and it could be more effectually done. The expense of this would not begin to be a reasonable interest on the valuable property received by the companies from the city, and the balance should be paid annually to the city, either in a fixed sum or as a percentage on the receipts, to be expended for the improvement of public property, such as the waste spots now marked on the map as public parks. In this manner, the gratuities to the car-companies would be turned to permanent profit, the companies would make a just return to the community, and these necessary public works would be performed at a decreased expense to all persons interested. If, instead of reducing the fare to three cents, the city were to take one cent out of the five paid by each passenger, the sum thus acquired for the streets and parks would be a large one, and still would be no more than the car-companies should pay for the valuable privileges they have acquired. In previous articles we have estimated the total street-car travel of this city at eighty million fares annually. This gives a gross annual revenue to the car-companies of four million dollars. One-fifth of this would be eight hundred thousand dollars, a very handsome sum. Think how it would beautify our city if devoted to the improvement of the streets and parks. Take Lafayette Park, for instance, in the heart of the richest residence quarter ; it is now a waste of unsightly sand. Take Alta Plaza, near the beautiful Pacific Heights residence quarter ; it is also entirely unimproved. These are two of the many we might name. As for our streets, we have given away over eighty miles of them to the car-companies. It does not seem like asking too much when we demand that they shall keep the gift in decent order.

The meeting of Congress has to a certain extent transferred the World's Fair controversy to Washington, with the effect of bringing that city somewhat more prominently to the front in the list of competitors. The Washington plan is to have the District of Columbia contribute a certain portion of the money, while Congress appropriates the rest. Congressmen are likely to favor the plan because they either own real-estate in the city or are interested in the sale of real-estate owned by somebody else. Washington is, therefore, not so completely out of the race as at one time appeared to be the case. Meanwhile, as the necessity for action becomes more pressing, New York is waking up and is really making active efforts to secure the plum. The utmost activity is displayed by the New York newspapers, and they have adopted every plan to secure subscriptions, even to the very questionable one adopted by the New York *World* of publishing lists of millionaires who have refused to subscribe to the guarantee fund. A man has a right to spend his money for a particular object or not as he pleases, even though he may have the temerity to be a millionaire and to disagree with Mr. Pulitzer, and the attempt to bully men into subscribing in this manner is not calculated to advance the chances of the Empire City. Mr. George William Curtis shows a just appreciation of the situation when he says that it is very much easier to excite a feeling of prejudice and hostility toward New York than any other city. This is true, and it is not owing to any feeling of jealousy. New York and New Yorkers have always been arrogant and snobbish in their attitude toward other cities. For instance, Mr. William Waldorf Astor, writing in the *Cosmopolitan* magazine, expresses his opinion of Chicago as follows :

> We know them well, those palaces all of which are built with borrowed money, the most of which to-day are mortgaged from corner-stone to skylight. We know them well, those palaces where every sign of wealth abounds, and where the front-door is opened by a house-maid. We know them well, those palaces, whose occupants sit on their front-door steps as they used to sit in New York seventy years ago, when our palaces were built on twenty-five-foot lots, and when social life was primitive in the extreme.

This is not the attitude nor the language of a gentleman, but of a snob. Chicago, in its collective capacity, has many unpleasant characteristics ; it often exhibits that American loudness and "cheek" which inspire adverse criticism, but it also presents, in a high degree, many of the most admirable characteristics of the American people, and snobbishness is certainly not one of its characteristics. The acrimony which has been developed on both sides in this contest is ill-advised, ineffectual, so far as gaining friends for either is concerned, and augurs ill for the success of the exposition should it be held in either city. Both cities seem to forget that the fair is to be not only national, but international ; it is not, as they seem to imagine, a local side-show to either Chicago or New York.

The recent decision of Judge Anderson, of the United States District Court, that aliens whose churches have paramount claims over them can not lawfully take the oath of allegiance to the United States Government, has received the unqualified approval of the press. Even the *Call* approves of it. Readers of the *Argonaut* will be amazed on perusing the following editorial from the *Call* of December 4th :

> It is not easy to determine the logical effect of the decision of the Federal court that American citizenship must be denied to all aliens who have assumed other obligations not consistent with such citizenship. The decision is assumed to apply to Roman Catholics especially, but it includes as well all others who have undertaken similar obligations to those which Roman Catholics are charged with holding to their church. The English of the decision is that to American citizens the United States Government is the highest power on earth. An oath to sustain that government is paramount to every other on the conscience of the person taking it. The decision does not recognize any revelation which absolves a person from the obligation of this oath. If he has opinions inconsistent with the discharge of all the duties the oath contemplates, he is not eligible to citizenship. The application to Roman Catholics is made clear by the fact that members of that church claim to have received through their leaders revelations which, in their opinion, have a superior claim upon their conscience over the fealty they have sworn to the United States Government. In other words, if their leaders in the Roman Catholic Church should give them an order in conflict with one they have received from the government, they would obey their church leaders. The decision of Judge Anderson excludes all aliens holding such views of their obligation to the Roman Catholic Church from American citizenship. Our readers will bear in mind that this decision does not deny the right of any man to hold such views as may commend themselves to his conscience. It simply declares that aliens who consider that they owe a higher fealty to another power than to the United States shall not become citizens of the United States. They shall not take an oath, with the intention of breaking it when the higher power gives the word. The decision will not affect the civil rights of Roman Catholics. The law will continue to protect them in life and property. They may do anything that an alien may do, but they shall not be given the power to betray the government. . . .

We will remove the amazement of our readers by informing them that in the *Call* editorial we have substituted "Roman Catholic" for "Mormon" wherever it occurred, just to see how it would sound. Really, it sounds very well. This Mormon business is exceedingly awkward. Whenever we level a law at that frugal people, it turns out to be a boomerang, and hits somebody else. Some years ago, the United States passed a Federal law—leveled at polygamy—making "illegal cohabitation" a felony. Unfortunately, an officer in the navy, said to be a very nice fellow, was arrested in Washington city under this law for keeping as a mistress the daughter of a former friend. Federal law prevails in the District of Columbia. It was exceedingly disagreeable—the naval officer came near going to the penitentiary. But after this little matter was fixed up, the Federal officials resumed their labors in Salt Lake City with renewed zeal. Now a similar trouble is threatened in this recent decision. How is a good Catholic to take the oath of allegiance?

In recent reports of the State Board of Health, the contagious character of consumption was referred to and the bad policy, not to put it more strongly, of inviting consumptives to take up their homes in California was urged. Upon this hint, the daily papers interviewed a number of the "leading physicians" as to the contagious character of consumption, and unearthed the usual pleasing variety of opinions which always exists among doctors. The "bacillus tuberculosis" was one of the earliest of the bacilli to be discovered. Of all the bacilli, it is probably the most thoroughly understood by scientific men. They have observed it in all the stages of development and experimented with it in every way. But scientists have found no remedy for the disease. According to the reports of the Board of Health, consumption has caused an average of one hundred and forty-three deaths monthly during the last year. Of the ten thousand seven hundred and twenty deaths reported, seventeen hundred and twenty-one were attributed to consumption. Not only is there no cure when the bacillus tuberculosis has once attacked its victim, but kindred diseases are transmitted to the posterity of those afflicted. This condition of affairs raises a very serious question as to the wisdom of inviting consumptives to make their homes with us. A population with any large proportion of invalids is not one which will build up a great State. In the health-resorts of Europe the natives are mere fungoid growths on diseased humanity. The Riviera is a community of greedy parasites, without ambition, without dignity ; the people living in those sanitariums among the Swiss Alps, where invalids come for the rarefied mountain air, are not only worthless, but they have become infected with consumption, and are now dying by the disease they have lived upon. Can California afford to aspire to such a condition? Stirpiculture is more laudable than microbe-culture. We raise fine horses here—let us also raise strong men.

In the production of World's Fair "ideas," the inventors' originality seems to be almost exhausted. Globes and towers are suggested without number, differing in their details, but with similar general designs. An original plan is a building of type, another is a collection of buildings arranged in a circle, similar to the wheel of a wagon, with a lake in the centre forming the hub. Each building presents a scene in the history of America. A plan which has the recommendation of impracticability is a long cable from the Statue of Liberty to Staten Island, with the words "Christopher Columbus" and "Liberty" arranged in electric-lights of red, white, and blue. It is astonishing how many of the proposals have nothing to recommend them beyond the immense expenditure involved and the uselessness of the structure proposed.

It is quite a long time since Bret Harte has published a poem. His later efforts have all been confined to prose. His admirers will therefore be interested in his latest production, "The Station-Master of Lone Prairie." It will be found on page four, among the current verse.

Baron Dounezal, a French officer, proposes that France and Germany should fight on a new principle, each country to have one hundred thousand men on its side only.

THE SPECTRE IN THE WARDROBE.

All night long Marescot had tossed and turned, unable tn close his eyes. The image of his betrothed would not leave him; her name, Virginia, haunted him, like a strain of music that keeps running through the head. He was thinking, his head huried in the pillow: "It is to-morrow. To-morrow the church, the ceremony, the wedding-breakfast." And he wished that he might awaken older hy twenty-four hours, married, all the ceremonies nver, alone with his little wife. Ah! hnw happy they would he! At first, at least. And why not always? He had known of happy marriages. His own had heen such a one. And he arranged plans for the future, while awaiting the dawn. When it appeared, rose-colored, through the chinks in the hlinds, he sprang out of hed and opened wide his window to the morning of this spring day that was tn he famous in his existence.

"Wednesday, May 12th." Only three words, yet how much was contained in them! Hnw they hrightened his spirits and warmed his heart!

"Wednesday, May 12th." That day belonged to him, seemed to shine, smile, perfume the air expressly for him—a surprise that nature had reserved for his marriage. He drew a long hreath of the velvety air that came up nver the garden and rested his elbow on the railing nf the halcony.

Faint sounds disturhed the silence and quiet of the morning—the chirp of wakening hirds, the palpitations of invisihle wings, rustling nf leaves, blades of grass stirred, one could not tell how, the tear nf a rose that dropped a petal. To the left, beyond a moldering wall covered with clustering lilacs, stretched a park.

Marescot left the window and turned his attention toward dressing himself. His watch indicated the hour of six. He was to meet the bride at eleven. He had time enough and to spare. After having hathed and dressed, he hegan a tour of the rooms, inspecting each one with the satisfaction of a man of taste who finds nothing to alter.

Everything was ready for her reception. In the drawing-room—white-and-gold—the vases were filled to overflowing with fragrant flowers, the silken curtains, half drawn, tempered the light, the piann waited her white hands. What cosy breakfasts, what long tête-à-tête dinners, they would enjoy in the oak-paneled dining-room! With what care he would wait on her. Every time he went out, in winter, he would hring home delicacies for her, the first nf the seasnn, and he pictured to himself his return home in the evening, a little late, laden with little pink-stringed parcels that would rouse her curiosity and cause her to spring up joyously, clapping her hands and crying, "Oh! what is it? what is it?"

The hedchamber! It was all in bright blue, like her eyes, with flowers on the mantel, flowers on the table, flowers hefore the window, flowers in the corners, flowers everywhere, even on the hed. He threw a long look around the room, then softly withdrew. From door to door he went, from the library to the billiard-room, from the billiard-room to a little conservatory, from the conservatory to the guest-chamber. And, concluding his inspection, he entered a large room used as a store-rnom, where were piled up pell-mell old pieces of furniture, old iron, rubhish of all sorts, a glohe, trunks, watering-pots, nld oval-framed portraits, a magic lantern.

He was leaving the room when, suddenly, his eyes falling on an old wardrohe, he trembled. It was of black walnut, very large, very high, having the key in the lock. It occupied a corner of the room, near the window. And, in an instant, recollections nf his first wife filled his heart, suffocating him, forcing him to lean against the wall to save himself from falling. He had, indeed, heen a widnwer fnr fourteen years. A romance which had ended like a tragedy. Katherine . . . it all seemed so long agn! He, orphaned, deeply enamored, had wedded her when he left college. She, consumptive, had died six years after. He had suffered much. Then the days, the years had passed and he no longer thought of the dead. Thus he had reached his fnrtieth year, withnut ever having noticed its approach, and had decided to make an end. And here, after fourteen years, during which time he had lived immersed in business, traveling often, moving at least four or five times, he once more found himself—incredible chance!—the very morning of his wedding-day hefore the wardrohe in which were kept the garments and trinkets with which he would not part, all that remained to him of his first wife. What should he do? Look at them? Never! And then, was this the moment to sadden himself hy awakening memories of all that mournful past which had slumbered so long? But, on the other hand, ought he to leave these things as they were? His wife, to-morrow, might notice this old piece of furniture, open it. . . . At any price he must prevent such a painful discnvery. And a wild longing, violent, unconsidered, to turn the key and cast his eyes for nne moment only over the contents of the wardrobe, took possession of him. He hesitated; then, steeling himself for the task, he opened it with a great noise. A gust of confined air struck him in the face, and the moths escaped, flying in every direction.

On the shelves were ranged parcels, rohes, hoxes. It seemed to him that these garments, these things helonging tn the dead, that is to say, to a shadow, a negation, a person who *had* existed, assumed a peculiarly sinister immohility, and to destroy this impression he emptied the wardrohe of its entire contents, overturning everything, throwing nut linen, hoxes, everything, haphazard. When this was done, he began, with trembling hands, to examine each article separately. There was, first, a little hag, filled with herbs and faded flowers, which she had embroidered on returning from an excursion; next, a pair of tiny, hlack-satin slippers; linen with the faint scent of the lavender she always had about her still clinging to it. A hodice that yet retained the rounded impression of her form, skirts, handkerchiefs with her heloved initial, K.—Katherine—"the first letter of the word kiss," she had said, holding up her lips to him. Oh, that kiss! fresh, perfumed, which she gave him even in her last agony, her arms around his neck! He recalled it nnw, in spite of the fourteen years which had elapsed since then.

She had loved him, once and for all. Her affection had never for one moment waned. She had adored him to her last hreath. Fool—triple fool that he was to remarry! Was it possihle to win twice in succession in the lottery of happiness? He recalled his furious despair when the undertaker's men entered the death-chamher one morning in November. He had thrown himself on the cnffin, clasping it frantically, shrieking: "No one shall take her from me!" What must she think nf him if she should he present at this shameful scene! And, in an access of exaltation, he threw himself on the garments, pressing to his lips the dainty finery which he drenched with his tears, clasping to his heart the poor little relics, repeating, hetween his sohs: "I love you! I love you!—I love no one hut you!"

He lived nver again the six years passed with her. She reappeared to him, slender, caressing, as in the nld days. . . .

Suddenly, he heard the clnck strike twelve. He sprang tn his feet, recollecting, with a shudder of horror, that this was to have heen his wedding day; every one had heen awaiting him—the relatives, the hride—for over an hour already.

He realized the dreadful and ridiculous catastrophe, hut he could do nothing to avert it. His hride, in truth, was the little dead girl whom he had never loved enough. He felt that she was there, pleading with him to he faithful to her.

She had come hack to him through the gates of death, and he would never leave her again.

The sound of footsteps on the stairs startled him.

The wedding-party, alarmed at his unwarranted delay, had sent in search of him. What should he say to them? They would not understand! He would be forced to go with them. He cast a rapid, frightened look around him, like a trapped animal seeking some avenue of escape. His hreath was coming in quick, short gasps. Great drops of sweat stood on his pallid hrow. The footsteps were drawing nearer. . . .

A slender steel stilettn gleamed up at him from the depths of a quaint Indian hasket—his little dead love leaned toward him, the grave-damp clinging to her garments, hut the old love-light in her eyes. . . .

There was a flash of steel in the sunlight, then a fall.

* * * * * * *

When the old housekeeper, Agatha, hv had been searching for him everywhere, entered the room, she found him lying at full length among the scattered cnntents of the wardrohe—dead, a smile on his lips, the hlood oozing slowly from a wound in his left hreast.—*Adapted for the Argonaut from the French of Henri Lavedan by H. C. R.*

Mr. Alexander Black, literary editor of the Brooklyn *Times*, author of "Talks on Photography," etc., and president of the Photographic Department of the Brooklyn Institute, has put himself in the hands of Major Pond, with a lecture called "Life Through a Detective Camera"—the first considerahle attempt, it is said, to display publicly the work nf the hand-camera. The photograph is "the thing," in this particular form of entertainment, the lecturer merely furnishing a running commentary on the pictures as they are thrown, life-size, upon the screen. Mr. Black is great on the "snap shot" himself, hut he has not depended upon his nwn camera for the hundred or more views of American, European, and Egyptian life that practically constitute his lecture. Well-known artists and amateurs of the dry-plate—W. M. Chase, Hamilton Gibson, J. W. Champney, Richard H. Lawrence, John H. Dingman—and the "professional" Sarony, have put their stores at his disposal, and the only difficulty has heen to keep the collection down to a practicahle limit. Such an entertainment as this illustrates "each shade of many-colored life" with a piquancy and vividness impossible a few years since, when the detective-camera was a thing unknown.

M. Eiffel, the builder of the great tower in Paris, has recently invented a hridge which promises to "fill a long-felt want" of the railroad companies. It is to he used temporarily in the place of the ordinary hridges when they have heen damaged. It is made nf steel, carries a track, and weighs, with a length nf one hundred and fifty feet, ahout eighty-six tons. It can he put in position from either end without the aid of machinery or any preparation, simply hy human hands. At a recent trial in Paris, M. de Freycinet and many officers of high rank and railway officials from several countries expressed their hearty admiration of it.

In France, when a patient is under chloroform, on the slightest symptom appearing of failure of the heart, they turn him nearly upside down—that is, with his head dnwnward and his heels in the air. This, they say, always restores him; and such is their faith in the efficacy of this methnd that the operating-tahles in the Paris hospitals are made so that in an instant they can he elevated with one end in the air, sn as to hring the patient into a position resembling that nf standing on his head.

The Orient express-train, running hetween Paris and Vienna, seldom has an applicant on Fridays fnr the thirteenth compartment of the ladies' Pullman sleeping-car. The cars are always reserved beforehand, but the numhered tickets are distributed only at the last moment. In spite of this precaution, however, No. 13 of the ladies' tickets on that day of the week is almost invariahly returned, and the train, although otherwise crowded, has to travel with one herth empty.

The waistcoat worn by the ill-fated Louis the Second of Bavaria, on the day of his mysterious death, is now exhibited at Furth, in the shop-window of a liquor-dealer, who purchased it at the auction-sale of the personal effects of the late king. Lest there should he any douht as to the authenticity nf the garment thus displayed, the auctioneer's warrant and hill of sale are pinned to it.

During the twenty-odd years he was on the turf, the late Lord Falmouth took in nne million five hundred thousand dollars in stakes and purses. He never bet hut once.

MAGAZINE VERSE.

The Library.

Give me the room whose every nook
Is dedicated to a book,
Two windows will suffice for air
And grant the light admission there;
One looking to the south, and one
To speed the red, departing snn.
The eastern wall from frieze to plinth
Shall be the Poet's lahyrinth,
Where one may find the lords of rhyme
From Homer's down to Dobson's time;
And at the northern side a space
Shall show an open chimney-place,
Set round with ancient tiles that tell
Some legend old and weave a spell
About the firedog-guarded seat,
Where one may dream and taste the heat:
Above, the mantel should not lack
For curios and hric-à-hrac—
Not much, hut just enough to light
The room up when the fire is hright.
The volumes on this wall should be
All prose and all philosophy,
From Plato down to those who are
The dim reflections of that star;
And these tomes all should serve to show
How much we write—how little know;
For since the problem first was set
No one has ever solved it yet.
Upon the shelves toward the west
The scientific books shall rest;
Beside them, history; above—
Religion—hope, and faith, and love:
Lastly, the southern wall should hold
The story-tellers, new and old;
Haroun al Raschid, who was truth
And happiness to all my youth,
Shall have the honored place of all
That dwell upon this sunny wall,
And with him there shall stand a throng
Of those who help mankind along
More hy their fascinating lies
Than all the learning of the wise.

Such be the lihrary; and take
This motto of a Latin make
To grace the door through which I pass:
Hic habitat Felicitas!
—*Frank Dempster Sherman in December Century.*

A Burial.

The moon, as yellow as a citron, smolders
In the hrown dusk of air;
Dull, oily puce the dreadful water molders,
An image of despair.

With lurid flame the smoky torches burning
Make hlinder still the night;
The loathsome flood in viscid eddies turning
Swirls in the rower's sight.

Dim, noisome reptile shapes after it thronging,
Into the dark lagoon
A thing is slipped that throhbed with love and longing
When last the sun marked noon.
—*Arlo Bates in December Century.*

The Station-Master of Lone Prairie.
(UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD, 1880.)

An empty bench, a sky of grayest etching.
A bare, hleak shed in hlackest silhoutte,
Twelve yards of platform, and, beyond them stretching,
Twelve miles of prairie glimmering through the wet.

North, south, east, west—the same dull gray persistence,
The tattered vapors of a vanished train,
The narrowing rails that meet to pierce the distance,
Or hreak the columns of the far-off rain.

Nanght hut myself—nor form nor figure waking
The long hushed level and stark shining waste—
Nothing that moves to fill the vision aching
Where the last shadow fled in sullen haste.

Nothing heyond. Ah, yes! From out the station
A stiff gaunt figure thrown against the sky,
Beckoning me with some wooden salutation
Caught from his signals as the train flashed by;

Yielding me place beside him with dumh gesture
Born of that reticence of sky and air.
We sit apart, yet wrapped in that one vesture
Of silence, sadness, and unspoken care;

Each following his own thought—around us, darkening,
The rain-washed boundaries and stretching track;
Each following those dim parallels and hearkening
For long-lost voices that will not come back;

Until, unasked—I knew not why or wherefore—
He yielded, hit hy hit, his dreary past,
Like gathered clouds that seemed to thicken there for
Some dull down-dropping of their care at last.

"Long had he lived there. As a boy had started
From the stacked corn the Indian's painted face;
Heard the wolves' howl the wearying waste that parted
His father's hut from the last camping-place.

"Nature had mocked him; thrice had claimed the reaping
With scythe of fire of lands he once had sown;
Sent the tornado—round his hearthstone heaping
Rafters, dead faces, that were like his own.

"Then came the War-time. When its shadow beckoned
He had walked dumhly where the flag had led
Through swamp and fen—unknown, unpraised, unreckoned—
To famine, fever, and a prison bed;

"Till the storm passed, and the slow tide returning
Cast him, a wreck, beneath his native sky;
At this lone watch gave him the chance of earning
Scant means to live—who won the right to die."

All this I heard—or seemed to hear—half hlending
With the low murmur of the coming hreeze,
The call of some lost hird and the unending
And ceaseless sohhing of those grassy seas.

Until at last the spell of desolation
Broke with a tremhling star and far-off cry.
The coming train! I glance around the station.
All is as empty as the upper sky!

Naught hut myself—nor form nor figure waking
The long-hushed level and stark, shining waste—
Naught but myself, that cry, and the dull shaking
Of wheel and axle, stopped in hreathless haste!

"Now then—look sharp! Eh, what? The station-master?
That's none! We stopped here of our own accord.
The man got killed in that down-train disaster
This time last evening. Right there! All aboard!"
—*Bret Harte in the Independent.*

AFTER THE HOUNDS.

"Cockaigne" on the Man who Hunts and the Man who Talks Hunt.

These are the initial days of fox-hunting, and all the packs of hounds are at work again after their annual eight months of idleness. People who live out of England, and even those Americans io and ahout New York who get their ideas of fox-hunting from the imitative doings of the "Essex County" and "Rockaway" hunting gentlemen, can form no adequate conception of what fox-hunting means in England or what an established institution it is here. There are some people of advanced utilitarian predilections, whose opinioos lead them away from the realities of life, who would have you believe that fox-hunting is gradually hut surely falling into decay. There never was a greater error. I do not believe hunting was ever more popular or ever more fashionahle. Indeed, the fact that it is fashionahle gives it its greatest popularity. It is the thing to hunt, and so long as that is the case, hunting will continue. I do not mean to say that there are not hundreds of men who hunt for the sake of the sport which fox-hunting is supposed to provide; men who were hrought up, if not born, in the hunting-field; who look upon hunting as an Englishman's hirthright quite as much as any provision in Magna Charta; who enjoy a ride to hounds with a zest as keen as ever their grandfathers' was; and who would regard the discontinuance of hunting as a national calamity quite as overwhelming as the overthrow of the monarchy, and equally the result of modern vandalism.

But while such men form the hackhone of hunting and keep it true to its traditions, they do not constitute the majority. Out of their numhers are chosen the masters, and they, as a rule, dictate and control, hut they are like the officers in a regimeot. They do the ordering and leading, hut the rank and file make the show. Every country gentleman hunts who can. To do so is neither so difficult nor so expensive as one might suppose. A small annual suhscription toward the maintenance of the hounds gives a man the right—not that he could not hunt if he likes without suhscrihing a farthing. But it would he decidedly *infra dig.* to do that. No gentleman would wish to enjoy the henefit of a thing at other people's expense, and if he did, he would he speedily cut hy the neighhorhood. He would meet averted faces and distant nods, and experience that coldest of all shoulders—a sending to Coventry. No man, however thick his skin or hrazen his cheek, could stand this in the hunting-field. He could not enjoy himself. The very essence of the whole thing—good-fellowship—would be lacking. Io a word, he would hunt alone. Of course men visiting in a neighhorhood for a short period are not expected to hecome suhscrihers to a hunt: they may hunt with a pack, say, two or three times, for nothing. But if they take up their residence in the neighhorhood, and hunt regularly, they must suhscrihe. I say "must," hut it is not what you would call ohligatory. There is no law compelling subscription except good taste and good form. In short, no gentleman would dream of doing otherwise.

As for the expense, all a man needs is one horse. This must he a saddle-horse, hut not exclusively one. It may he driven in harness all the summer, and, indeed, at odd times during the winter on days when the hounds do not meet. This sort of thing can not be, and is not, regarded as very "tony" huoting. Swells, of course, have a stahle full of hunters, kept only for cross-country work, and would as soon think of putting one in harness as of shooting partridges with a rook-rifle. Yet there are many men, of means, too, who drive their hunters and hunt their carriage-horses. Of course, again, such horses, albeit classified as hunters, are not first-class animals. They are called hunters hecause they can jump, and an occasional day's work between the shafts of a brougham or a dog-cart, or as one of the leaders of a four-in-hand, is not thought to interfere with their ahility to do that when wanted. Except in such first-class hunting-counties as Leicestershire and Northamptonshire, and with such smart packs as the Pytchley, Quorn, Cottesmore, or the Duke of Beaufort's, this sort of thing may he coosidered the rule; that is to say, the hulk of the field is made up of such mixed mounts.

That every ooe should hunt who can is, therefore, not surprising. Nothing would seem easier or more within the reach of the average gentleman of but moderate means. However, the "hunting" of such men is not of a very extensive character. They may get themselves up in "pink" two or three days a week, and ride knowingly away to the meet, the admiration of the couotry humpkins who gaze at them over the hedge-rows as they trot along the lanes, or the eovy of other men less fortunate in the non-possession of any description of horseflesh. They may joio the hunt hreakfast and shout "Tally ho!" with the hest of them as the fox breaks covert and "goes away." But there they must stop. Their hunting after that consists of riding along roads, searching for gaps in hedges and ditches, and strioging along (with others similarly handicapped) "saving" their horses, and knowing from actual personal knowledge ahout as much of the run as if they were sitting at home reading the morning papers over the fire. As they ride home, they pick up from the few ahle to ride straight, and keep in sight of the hounds, what the day's run really consisted io, and to hear them talk when they get home, or hold forth at dinner in the evening, you would think they had heen with the "first flight" from start to fioish. This is called hunting. How meo can go in for this sort of thing day after day, from Novemher till March, is surprising. They, however, seem happy and conteoted with it, aod I really helieve grow not ooly to look oo themselves as very great and knowing sportsmen, but to regard men who do not do the same as ohjects of a pity almost verging on contempt. If hunting was oot fashionable, they would not go in for it. They think it a swell, a swagger thing to do, and fondly imagine they are exponents of the sport. Yet take them away from the meets, and where would the field he? Where would the mooey to support "the keooels" come from? The real hunting-men, who do hunt and know all ahout it, would have to pay the piper unassisted. And so the "rag-tag and hohtail" are useful. Their money is as good as that of the swells who can ride a fresh hunter every day, and their numhers make a hig show of "pink" at every meet. If you want to get a man who revels in a scarlet coat, it is he who hunts his one horse. It is like the officers of militia and volunteers. They are the fellows who sleep in their uniforms, while the regulars get out of them as soon as they can.

Perhaps it is a pity, hut you nowadays see a vast oumber of hlack coats in the hunting-field. Like everything else in the world of fashion, what is one day thought right is the next day thought wrong. The very correctness of "pink" gradually made it common. Every man who wanted to he thought a hunting-man had only to put on a scarlet coat and top-boots. It was too easy. The snobs and pushing parvenus who hardly knew a fox from a ferret, or a hunter from a Shetland pony, quickly vulgarized the old color. What were the real sporting men to do? Change to hlack. There was nothing else. But the snobs and parvenus and petty "one-horse" hunting-men are heginning to follow suit, and so the oldsters will have to try scarlet again. There is one thing—it is good for the tailors.

There has heen quite a spirited controversy in the papers lately on the question as to whether fox-hunting is cruel or not, and if it is, whether it is consistent for members of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to hunt? Technically, whether it is cruel or not, the society can not interfere, because the law, as emhodied in the Act of Parliament, only protects domestic animals, and foxes are wild—so claim the upholders of fox-hunting. The fox, as a species, is undouhtedly classed as a wild animal. He was wild once upon a time in England, hut is he so now? Can any animal he strictly called wild that is preserved, cultivated, and protected? Certainly not, and yet that is the condition of the fox in England. He is kept solely for hunting purposes, hy which is meant that he is kept to he chased and worried hy dogs. Call it what you like, chasing and worrying an animal, whether wild or domesticated, is wanton cruelty unless it he absolutely necessary. The only real excuse offered, in the recent controversy, is that foxes are vermin, and that cruelty is therefore not to he ohjected to in destroying it. This is true so far as it goes—that is to say, the vermin part of it. Foxes unquestionahly are vermin, hut only for four months in the year. That is where the difficulty lies. They are vermin when they can he hunted in the good old English fashion, with forty or fifty couples of hounds; hut when the hunting-season is over they hecome game, as carefully preserved aod protected from harm as though they were pheasants or partridges. Indeed, more so, for no one would he considered an outcast from society who shot a pheasant or partridge out of season; but woe hetide the unlucky wight who injures a fox. If foxes are vermin, let them he treated like rats and mice aod fleas. Who would think of preserving *them* for sport? Then again, stags and hares are hunted quite as cruelly as are foxes, and certainly they are not vermin. Yet, in the face of all this, memhers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals hunt hy the score and see no inconsistency in it. They forget that cruelty in the abstract is the same whether practiced upon wild or domestic animals, and it is cruelty in the ahstract that the society ought to put down. There should be no quihbles or technicalities ahout it. I have frequently wondered how, in respect to this question, the anglomaoiacs of "West Chester" and "Essex County" managed. Surely foxes are not vermin in America. If they have become so, either the annual "importatioo" must have far exceeded that of any other foreign commodity, or foxes excel the Australian rabbits in the matter of bewildering fecundity. COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, November 9, 1889.

There is a rich family of the name of Lofting in England, whose fortuoe was founded by the thimble. The first ever seen in England was made in London less than two hundred years ago by a metal worker named John Lofting. The usefulness of the article commended it at once to all who used the needle, and Lofting acquired a large fortune. The implement was then called the thumh-bell, it heing worn on the thumh when in use, and its shape suggesting the rest of the name. This clumsy mode of utilizing it was soon changed, however, hut the name, softened into "thimhle," remains.

Tweoty years ago there roamed over the plains and mountains of the far West nearly eight million huffaloes. To-day there are less than five hundred and fifty head of the animals in existence. There are hut eighty-five head of wild buffaloes, three hundred and four alive in captivity, and ahout two hundred under the protection of the government in Yellowstone Park. There is also said to he ahout five hundred head in the British possessions, north of Montana, hut this is rumor.

While in Englaod the average numher of letters per head of the population was only three, fifty years ago, to-day it is forty-one, or, in proportion to population, seven times more than Spain, nearly six times more than Italy, nearly thrice as many as Germany, more than twice as many as Fraoce, and not very far short of twice as many as America.

Bill Nye, on a recent visit to Philadelphia, called upon a well-koown music-lover, aod while there was asked to write in an autograph-alhum. He did so, and among other thiogs wrote the following: "Wagner's music, I have heeo informed, is really much better than it sounds."

Both in appearance and manner, the Czar has hecome a Muscovite of the old Cossack type. He is a colossal figure, heing a giant, hoth in height and girth, quite hald, with a flat nose, an immense sweeping mustache, and a stupendous beard, which flows over his chest.

Sir John Lubbock has just discovered that the death rate in London is sixteen and ooe-half per thousand as against seventeeo and one-half in other Eoglish cities.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

An echo of childhood: *He*—"Will you have me?" *Bud* (first offer)—"If you please."—*Life.*

"What's all this talk of illicit whisky made in the South?" "Oh, that's all moonshine."—*New York Sun.*

Archie—"Now, Bess, I'm going to kiss you." *Bess*—"If you do I'll scream! (Archie pauses.) Well, I'm all ready to scream."—*Time.*

"The human race is a great one," said he. "Yes," said the widow to whom he was engaged; "I am now on the second lap."—*New York Sun.*

She—"Patti's next tour of the United States is really to be a farewell one." *He*—"Of course it is. She fares well on all her final tours."—*Life.*

"Where did you get your dictatorial ways, anyhow?" asked Mr. Henpeck. "From you, while I was your type-writer," retorted Mrs. H.—*Puck.*

"And what is this?" asked the visitor. "This is Wall Street. It is the most celebrated of all our American watering-places." "Fawncy!"—*Epoch.*

"Well, Tom, do you ever write to your fiancée?" "Oh, yes, three times a week. I only see her on Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Sunday."—*New York Sun.*

"Do you know Mr. Marcus Browne?" "Know him? I guess. He was my *champignon de voyage* when I went abroad last summer," replied Mr. Malaprop.—*Life.*

She—"I wish the car would come along." *He*—"I thought you liked walking best—in fact, you said so." *She*—"Oh, that was before we had the oysters."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

"Were you ever in love?" "Well, I thought I was once, hut I found out my mistake later." "When did you find it out?" "After I was married."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Customer (finishing his hash)—"Check, waiter." *Waiter* (who forgot what the order was)—"What did you have, sir?" *Customer*—"I haven't the slightest idea."—*New York Sun.*

"There are five of the guests under the table and I can't move 'em." "Get old Colonel Blowhard to make a speech and they'll get up and leave of their own accord."—*New York Sun.*

Registrar of voters—"How old are you, madam?" *Ancient female*—"I have seen nineteen summers, sir." *Registrar*—"Er—um! How long have you been hlind?"—*New York Sun.*

Salesman—"Can it be possible! Miss Coupon, whom I had the pleasure of meeting at Bar Harbor last summer? How long——" *Miss Coupon*—"Three yards, please."—*Texas Siftings.*

Thanksgiving week: *Tramp*—"If that's turkey an' mince-pie yer offerin' me, take it away. I've been a livin' on it till I'm sick. Ain't yer got a hit of plain, good, ole-fashioned roast beef rare?"—*Life.*

Cantwaite (as the steamer nears Fire Island)—"Hurrah! there's land. Why don't you throw up your hat?" *Pangborn* (faintly)—"I guess I'd better keep it. I've thrown up everything else."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Finding is keeping: "Jove, this knife's a dandy." (Pause.) "Wonder who it belongs to." (Another pause) "Four hlades. Guess I know who it belongs to." (A third pause.) "Belongs to me."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Old sport—"You don't want ter shoot at them ducks, young feller; them's decoys." *Young sport*—"Well, if they're as hard eating as they are shooting, Decoy can keep his ducks, and welcome to 'em."—*Harper's Weekly.*

Mamma (to Harry, who has been troubling the parrot)—"You must be a better boy, Harry, or you won't go to heaven when you die. *Harry*—"I don't want to go to heaven, mamma, I want to go with you."—*Town Talk.*

"Say," said the river to the rain-cloud, "won't you let up for awhile? I'm growing altogether too large, and will soon overflow my banks." "You be dammed," said the rain-cloud, smiling through his tears, for he loved his little joke.—*Time.*

Wealthy wife—"You don't mean to tell me that you haven't money enough to get to and from business to-day." *Her Husband*—"I haven't a cent in my pocket." *Wealthy wife*—"Dear, dear, where's that fifteen cents I gave you yesterday?"—*Epoch.*

Mistress—"Did you drown the kittens as directed, Marie?" *Marie*—"Yes, madam." "Did you warm the water?" "No, madam." "What! do you mean to tell me that you drowned those poor little kittens in ice-cold water? You cruel girl!"—*Pick-Me-Up.*

Miss Waite (who has been a wall-flower all the evening)—"A waltz? Mr. Henderson, you are too kind!" *Mr. Henderson* (host of the occasion)—"Not at all, Miss Waite. You know the performance of one's duty is sometimes sweeter than actual pleasure."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Cincinnati friend (to Chicago hride)—"Did you enjoy the journey, Clara?" *Chicago bride*—"Oh, yes, indeed." *Cincinnati friend*—"Is the scenery beautiful?" *Chicago bride*—"I didn't notice the scenery very much, hut those seventeen tunnels are a perfect dream."—*Judge.*

Mrs. Gushington—"I am going to the dress-maker, Tom, and I owe her fifty dollars. Will you be angry with me if I ask you for a little money?" *Mr. Gushington*—"How could I be angry with you when you are growing dearer and dearer io me every day?"—*Munsey's Weekly.*

A cathedral from two points of view: *Pompano* (on the grand tour)—"We have nothing like this in America, Blotterwick. I love these deep-arched doorways; they suggest quiet, contentment, and—er—repose, you know." *Blotterwick*—"Yes, I like them first-rate. Capital places in which to light a cigar."—*Time.*

Lady (to tramp)—"Are you going off? You promised before I gave you your dinner that you would saw some wood." *Tramp* (from Boston)—"Yes, madam; hut you err in assuming that the words necessarily apply to your wood. The remark has reference to the wood-pile of another lady further up the road. Good afternoon."—*Rochester Jury.*

"Do you know," said Algernon, "your face reminds me of a mirror, for I can see nothing in it hut the truth." "Oh," said Gertrude, "I thought you were going to say that when you looked in my face you expected to see your own." "Eh!" said Algernon, and then a great light came into his eyes, and he cried: "If you *would* be my own!" "I will," said Gertie.—*Puck.*

Publisher's agent (on his semi-annual hunt after plunder)—"Can't I get your order for some of the new geographies we are getting out, squire?" *School trustee*—"Wa-al, I dunno; we haven't been usin' those last ones hut a few months." *Publisher's agent*—"But these contain the correct name of the new government of Brazil! Do you want to be behind the times?"—*Puck.*

This is one of the usual delightful dinners. They consist of many courses of mysterious dishes which no intelligent adult would ever think of ordering for himself, washed down with a combination of wines which he knows is bad for him. The hostess is ready to break down with nervousness and anxiety, and most of the guests will feel headachy to-morrow. *Vive le plaisir!*—*Life.*

Sunday-school superintendent—"Now, children, who is it that gives us wonderful hlessings and gifts of every kind?" *Susie* (who is thinking of Christmas)—"Santa Claus!" *Superintendent*—"No; one greater than Santa Claus, greater than any man, to whom even the President of the United States looks for direction and guidance." *Susie* (whose father is a Democrat)—"Mr. Wanamaker."—*Puck.*

THE LADIES' CLUB.

"Van Gryse" describes a Temple wherein no Man may Enter.

Amid the jeers of the press, the groans of the multitude, the applause of the Four Hundred, and the apprehensions of its founders, the Ladies' Club has been started. It is a strictly feminine establishment, never to be defiled by the foot of man. A brother can only enter on those rare occasions when a sister feels the necessity of fraternal support; even a husband—the most harmless form to be assumed by the male biped—is regarded with disfavor. The grocer and butcher deliver their wares to neat maid-servants at the back-door. The milkman can penetrate no further than the area-steps, on pain of being shrieked at in a way only bearable to an actor inured by a series of Madison Square dramas, or of being servilely ejected at the point of the broom.

The secrets of the club's interior economy are jealously guarded. No fluids are to be sold stronger than lager beer and cider. Spirituous liquors are never to cross the sacred threshold.

"Suppose one of the ladies should faint—should be taken suddenly ill, what then?" inquired one of the governors, the iron entering her soul when she heard this dictate of the law and the prophets.

"Under those circumstances," said the presiding officer, darkly, "there will be restoratives ready at hand." But she did not tell where the *cache* was to be, leaving all the members in a state of chafed curiosity.

But every member can get a good meal, charmingly served, in a little dining-room on the second floor. This is a sombre, artistic back-room, with tapestry paper on the walls, and a large carved sideboard. Neat-handed Phyllises in caps and aprons wait on the guests, who, of course, read the papers and discuss politics, but not one of whom is allowed to put her feet any higher than the first rung of the opposite chair. So far, no one has had the temerity to establish a claim to the corner-table or the table by the window, possibly because there are only three tables in the room, and probably because the two windows, which serve to light the apartment, command the condensed and somewhat monotonous view of a paved back-yard, in which flourishes one umbrageous alanthus-tree and two geraniums in pots, and sections of four more back-yards, wherein the weekly wash of four metropolitan families boisterously rides the passing zephyrs.

From the dining-room opens the library, where the weary are to rest when the wicked cease from troubling with inquiries for the Directory, the stub-pens, and the last *Scribner's*. The library is a cosy room, pleasant for either a lounge or a gossip. The book-shelves are to be filled by the donations of generous members, who have not yet dawned upon the club's horizon. All the new magazines are scattered about on the tables and deep chairs are drawn up near the windows. There is a large desk in one corner, furnished forth with ink, pens, stamped paper, and sealing-wax, and opposite is a big fire-place, round which the chilly mortals may gather. Whether smoking will be allowed here or not is a desperate question. No decision has so far been made public. A club where one can not smoke the meditative cigarette, is worse than a club without a front window.

Apropos of the front window, there is a good one in the reception-room. Unfortunately, Lexington Avenue is not all that one's fancy could desire in the way of an avenue on which a club-window should give. It is not a thoroughfare for the fashionable crowd. The dear girls never walk up that way in all the glory of Piccadilly toes and fur-collars turned up to their ears. They only patronize the echoing *trottoir* of Lexington when in the company of a best man who is "coming up to the scratch." The silence and solitude have worked wonders in cases such as these. Under the yellowing leaves such couples slowly saunter along, the lady looking coy though encouraging, while the gentleman, short of conversation—having, in fact, said everything but the fatal words—strikes the pavement with his stick, thinking up safe topics, and clusters of nurse-maids, wheeling fat-faced babies in perambulators, gaze yearningly after the silent pair. This is not an encouraging prospect for a club-window to develop upon. The majority of women, however, find an esoteric interest in spooning couples and babes. When a particularly fat, pink, puffy baby is trundled past, there will probably be a wild rush to the window, just as there is to the window of the New York Club on Fifth Avenue when anything of the female persuasion, from fifteen to fifty, dawdles by.

As for furnishing, the reception-room is the gem of the club. It is all in white-and-gold, with a polished floor and curtains of muslin in the windows. White-and-gold is the rage everywhere now, and is supposed to impart a particularly elegant and classic air to an apartment. But it is death to blondes, and it makes brunettes look like Patti when arrayed for Aïda. Only the brown girls look well against those gleaming, tufted walls. But to return to the club—the chairs are spindle-legged and much gilded, and there are little low tables in the corners, where the members brew tea in samovars. What a charming place for unoccupied young ladies to drop into in the short winter afternoons! They will gather by appointment just before dusk, to find the fires alight, the reception-room, in its classic white-and-gold, dim and warm — draw up around the table, light the alcohol-lamp, unfasten their jackets and furs, pull off their long, wrinkled gloves, warm their white hands, aglow with handsome rings—and then what a gossip! "At every word a reputation dies." At least, that is what people say whose reputations died long ago, after a severe struggle for existence.

The flat above is all bedrooms, let to club members only. These will be mainly used by the suburbans. The fact is that the suburban is going to be the real gainer by the club. No one who has not been a suburban resident knows the unhappy existence of this unfortunate being, all of whose vitality is expended in a perennial race for boats and chase for cars. His long and happy day is ushered in by a blood-circulating run to catch the train—a piece of toast in one hand, a cup of coffee in the other—and the sun of evening looks down on the drooping bucolic with the perspiring brow which is the great, original, and only curse of man, pursuing a Broadway car that flits before him like an orange *ignis-fatuus*.

But imagine the feelings of this afflicted creature when, having taken a party of men and girls to the theatre, they miss the last boat or train! No desirable hotel will take the ladies in. The only course left open to the party is to repair to the house of a friend and demand shelter. Pale and weary they wander up those dark, void, melancholy cross-streets, full of the silence and desolation of the night, echoing sharply to their footsteps, and resonant with hollow reverberations as a cab rattles by. A belated reveler in a tall hat and a drab coat, his cane hugged up under his arm, his hands deep in his pockets, a thin line of smoke drifting out above his up-turned collar, regards them from between the shadow of his hat and the edge of his muffler with a surmising glance and passes on, enough interested to look back twice over his shoulder.

At the house, after ringing the bell for ten minutes, a window is raised and a voice demands: "What the devil do you want?" The case is explained—apologies on both sides. "Wait a moment and I'll let you in." They converse on the steps in the clear, bitter air, their breaths ascending in smoke. Then comes a rattling of keys and chains on the inside of the door, the portal creaks and opens. The host stands confessed in shirt and trousers, his hair on end, a candle in his hand. He begs the ladies to enter, who, as they straggle in, are greeted by a chorus of shrill, soprano inquiries from the gloom at the stair-head. Then the door closes and the gentlemen clatter down the steps, swearing gently and lighting cigars.

A still worse case than this is where the suburban has managed to melt the parental heart to the extent of a reluctant permission to take the beloved object to the theatre alone. Terrible breach of etiquette, for which the Goddess of Conventionality visits them with her wrath! They miss the last boat. The beloved object weeps! In this tragic crisis, even the bucolic mind develops. The gentleman goes out on the end of a wharf and hails for a tug, with cries piercing enough to penetrate the senses of the drowsy mariner. The few adjacent people flee away like startled deers. Even the river police hear him, and come softly dropping along on the tide in the shadow, regarding him as an interesting suicide who is making an invocation to the gods before hurling himself into the sea. Finally, a tug hearkens to his cries. It is chartered, they board it, and steam home, a nocturnal sail which costs the young man just forty dollars.

These belated females the Ladies' Club will take to its bosom, provided they are members. If they are not, they may pound on the doors as loudly as the Peri at the gate of Eden, but they will never gain admittance. Admission to the club is going to be hard. It sets out as something extra exclusive. The Four Hundred stretch a fostering wing over it. Ward McAllister has mentioned it in the same breath with a new brand of champagne. It inspires the last verse of the topical song and the latest gags at the opera-bouffe. Reporters climb up on the trees opposite to see how the upper flats look. The Vanderbilts have given their views about it—it is a success!

There is no reason why it should not be. There have been women's clubs before this which have gone on flourishing like green bay-trees. There are a variety in London, the most swell being the Alexandria—called after the Princess of Wales—in which no women are eligible for membership until they have made their bow before royalty, with three feathers in their heads and their shoulders bare. No male over twelve can enter under any circumstances whatever—the whole club would rally to eject him. Then there is the old Sorosis here, recruited mainly from the stage and the press—just at present in a condition of innocuous desuetude and showing among its members some interesting fossils of the quaternary period. Members of the Sorosis used to write poetry, which appeared in a gilded volume once a year. This volume was circulated among the ladies who, however, began to languish, and languishing, did die in the most mysterious manner. To preserve the society from untimely dissolution the publication of these flowers of poesy ceased, and the surviving members once more took on the florid hues of health. There are smaller clubs all over — artistic, literary, fortnightly. Even Chicago has its woman's club, the president wearing as an insignia of her rank a wreath of silver-mounted sausages of the most chaste and ornate design.

VAN GRYSE.

NEW YORK, November 27, 1889.

THE SCHOOL OF DESIGN.

The sixteenth annual exhibition of the School of Design opened last Wednesday evening in the rooms of the Art Association and was visited by a large number of the friends of the scholars and other invited guests. The exhibit made this year is quite extensive and interesting. The programme of the evening commenced with an overture by Brandt's band and then followed the opening address of Mr. L. L. Baker, president of the Art Association in which he pleasantly commented on the good work the institution has accomplished, stating that over three hundred former pupils are earning a livelihood by the practical use of the talent developed in the school, commending the improvement noticeable in the work of the pupils, and making the welcome statement that the association was out of debt and had money in the treasury. Lack of space alone prevents our printing Mr. Baker's interesting address in full. Mr. Edward Bosqui then read the annual report of the committee on design, and in conclusion highly complimented Mr. R. D. Yelland, Mr. A. Joullin, and Mr. Oscar Kunath, the instructors, upon their efficiency. The report of the committee on awards was afterward read by Secretary Martin. The Avery gold medal for excellence in oil painting was awarded to a young Japanese student, Oroko Soyeda. Miss J. M. Gamble received honorable mention. The Alvord gold medal for excellence in drawing was awarded to Miss Isabel Hunter and honorable mention was made of Miss C. Bodwell, Mr. R. E. Robinson and Mr. Tokahashi, a Japanese. The latter part of the evening was devoted to the presentation of Sir Arthur Sullivan's operetta "Cox and Box" with the following cast: Cox, Mr. H. M. Fortesque; Box, Mr. Louis Sloss, Jr.; Bouncer, Mr. F. G. B. Mills. It was given under the direction of Mr. H. J. Stewart, and was well presented. An inspection of the work of the pupils followed this, and about eleven o'clock the affair was over.

IRVING INSTITUTE CANTATA.

The cantata of "Little Red Riding Hood," by Franz Abt, was given on Friday evening by the young ladies of Irving Institute under the direction of Mr. H. J. Stewart. The story was recited by pupils of Mrs. Graham's elocution class with a prelude by teachers of the institute. The participants were as follows: Mr. H. J. Stewart, Mrs. May L. Heimburger, Miss Jeannette Wilcox, Mrs. F. Taverner-Graham, Mr. E. Heimburger, Miss Ida Lane, Miss Lula James, Miss Lottie Gray, Miss Grace de Forest, Miss Carrie Roper, Miss Alice Davis, Miss Myrtle Shearer, and Miss Clara Williams. A fashionable audience was present and greatly enjoyed the entertainment, which was given for the benefit of the Protestant Episcopal Old Ladies' Home.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Queen of Italy is growing stout, to her great distress. She has several times tried to diet, in hope of reducing her weight, but is too fond of good living to persevere in such a course.

Emilie Augier, the recently deceased French writer, once replied to an interviewer: "I was born in 1820, and since then nothing extraordinary has happened to me. That is all I have to tell you."

Letters which have recently arrived from Spain have borne a new postage-stamp, marked with the effigy of the King of Spain, Don Alfonso the Thirteenth. The King of Spain is less than four years old, having been born May 17, 1886.

A Bismarck Museum is to be opened at Berlin next April, on the chancellor's seventy-fifth birthday. It is to contain every species of object relating to the prince's public life, including a large collection of poems, praising, denouncing, or ridiculing him, and an immense number of caricatures.

Miss Josie Holmes, of Cincinnati, who became widely known through her connection with the Fidelity Bank failure, has been personally notified that she must give up her clerkship in the Census Bureau. It was decided that her record in Cincinnati would render her census work valueless, and, despite all protests, her services have been discontinued.

Mrs. Milner-Fothergill, the widow of the eminent London physician, is now in this country making arrangements for the publication of the writings left by her husband. Dr. Milner-Fothergill, who was probably more widely known on this side of the water than any other English physician, used to make it his boast that he had the handsomest house and the handsomest wife of any doctor in London. His widow does not look more than thirty-five, and is a beautiful woman, with a very graceful figure, dark hair, and a pair of singularly fine eyes. She has divided her time in the United States between Chicago and the East, and is now visiting friends in Connecticut.

Stories of Mme. Christine Nilsson's hopeless ill-health have been current of late, but they are vigorously denied by her nephew, Mr. Bjorksten, who declares that her health is excellent. He ought to know. A correspondent of the *Star* of London testifies to the same effect. He saw her traveling in Switzerland, a curious company attending her. There was a tiny toy terrier, which gave her a great deal of trouble; then there were two old ladies who might have been a hundred, were evidently sisters, and possibly were old servants. Finally, there was a tall, dark girl with deep, dark eyes. This was the daughter of Mme. Nilsson's husband and her inseparable companion.

It is said that the Duke of Edinburgh very nearly missed the funeral of the King of Portugal. When he got to the station in Paris he found that the train was completely full, and that no compartment nor even a single place had been retained for him. The Austrian Archduke Albert was leaving by the same train, and for him a carriage had been specially reserved—probably he did not mind paying for it. Hearing of the dilemma of his royal cousin, he offered him a place in his saloon, and so the honor of England was saved. Everybody will wonder how the two princes arranged about paying, and whether the duke offered to contribute his share—everybody, that is, who does not know the duke.

A very bad impression was made by the Cesarewitch at the German autumn manœuvres. He is a delicate, stupid-looking lad, with execrable manners. As a proof of his glaring want of tact, it may be mentioned that he persisted in addressing the German officers in French, although he speaks their own language very well. The Emperor William was palpably disgusted by the manifold *gaucheries* of his boorish guest and treated him with the most frigid courtesy. After the state banquet, when the emperor and Cesarewitch passed slowly through the saloons, the Russian prince did not in any way acknowledge the salutations he received, and his ostentatious indifference excited a variety of caustic criticisms.

In the early days of the exhibition, just one year after the death of his wife, the great and unique Ernest Meissonier sent out cards announcing his marriage with Mlle. Besançon, a lady with whom he had had a *liaison* of twenty years' standing. Thereupon, M. Charles Meissonier called upon his new mother-in-law, and said to her: "Madame, je vous respecte comme la femme de mon père, mais je vous méprise comme ayant été sa maîtresse du vivant de ma mère. Bonjour!" Naturally, after this subtle speech, the relations between the father and the son became embarrassed. But the father used his influence to obtain the ribbon of the Legion for his son. Naturally, after this proof of paternal affection, M. Charles Meissonier tied the red ribbon in his buttonhole, called upon his father, and fell weeping into his outstretched arms, and so there was an end of the family feud.

Mr. F. Marion Crawford is a very handsome man, and is as perfect physically, with his six feet of manliness, as a Greek statue. By long-continued physical culture he has developed each muscle to its perfection, and he has distinguished himself as a brilliant fencer. His wife is as perfect in her way and one of the most beautiful of American women. She has a statuesque figure that is lithe and graceful as a reed. Those who know General Berdan remember his wonderful gray eyes and his fine physique, both of which are femininely duplicated in his daughter. When General Berden went to Turkey, after superintending the construction of his musket invention in Russia, he was accompanied by his daughter. It was there that Marion Crawford met the woman he was fortunate enough to win for a wife. Miss Berden created a great sensation in official society in Constantinople by her great beauty and grace of manner. It was there that the wedding took place which united two of the handsomest residents of this country. Mr. Crawford is a nephew of Mrs. Julia Ward-Howe.

Baron Haussmann is writing his memoirs, and the first two volumes are nearly ready for publication. The baron is still hale and hearty and as straight as an arrow, notwithstanding his eighty years. Since 1870, he has been out of political life, spending most of his time at his château of Cestas, in the Gironde Department; but, for sixteen years previous to the war, he was in reality the master of Paris. M. Haussmann is the son of a military commissary under the First Empire, and grandson, on his mother's side, of one of the Napoleonic generals. The first three volumes of the forthcoming memoirs are to be devoted to explaining the use and justifying the employment of the one billion dollars that the improvements of Paris cost the city and the state. The fourth volume will be exclusively political, and will show us M. Haussmann as senator, counselor, and confidant of Napoleon the Third. Concerning the large sum of money expended during his administration, the baron declares that, although he has been accused of making eight millions out of the improvements, he defies any one to show that he has speculated or received a cent from any one interested in the changes made.

The Emperor of Russia is in a state of panic which can neither be imagined nor described. It was given out that he would be the guest of the German Emperor at the Marble Palace, Postdam, and when all kinds of expensive preparations had been made there, he decided that he would be safer in Berlin, and a large sum was expended in arranging for his reception at the Schloss. Finally, only one day before the emperor arrived, Count Schouvaloff received a telegram from Copenhagen to intimate that his majesty would alight at the Russian Embassy, and the message was quickly followed by the arrival of the imperial workmen, seven in number, who now go in advance of the emperor whenever and wherever he travels. There are two carpenters, two masons, two locksmiths, and a foreman. They most carefully examine the chimneys, locks, floorings, walls, and furniture of the house which the emperor is to occupy, and his own apartments are subjected to a most rigorous search. The chimneys are objects of special attention, and every flue which leads to a room which the emperor is likely to enter, is thoroughly barred both top and bottom, and, as if these precautions were not sufficient, police agents from St. Petersburg patrol the roof both night and day. The emperor is in constant dread of assassination, and this state of ever-present fear, added to the hereditary melancholy of the Romanoff family, has so utterly shattered his nerves that for days together he is practically not responsible for his actions. He smokes incessantly, and not only endeavors to sustain his spirits by copious libations of champagne and brandy, but of late he has taken to drugging himself with chloral.

VANITY FAIR.

Talk about the dangers of the amateur stage, of drink, or cigarette-smoking—they are as nothing compared to the ickedness of the first-class dress-maker. You are a nice-oking little woman, with a pretty figure which Tom has al-ays liked to see well dressed, and he thinks that if any oman does understand the art of gowning it is you. All ur life long you have bought your materials at a first-class op, taken them to a fairly good dress-maker, paid a reason-le price for the making, suggested to the modiste a frill re, a puff there, an artistic effect some place else, and when u wore the frock, it was with an easy conscience and a ppy heart which added to your good looks. Some day, you ter the parlor of Serpent, Cash & Co.; suddenly your pretty wn has a second-rate look. Mrs. Serpent admires your fig-e; Mrs. Cash moans how unfortunate it is that you are not essed properly, and the Company sits behind the desk and ins, knowing what the outcome will be. You see a won-ous gown, just from Paris, which is certain to suit you. You e induced to try it on, and then you hear the price. You udder at it. You say you can not get it; but, oh! you do ok so handsome in it. You know Tom can not afford that oney; you know that usually you get three frocks for that nount; but the style is so good and the voice of the charmer listened to. You go out of that house with the knowledge at you are going to get that frock, for you have been fitted r it, and you are the most miserable slave in the world. rs. Cash has told you that you can pay twenty-five or fifty llars at a time on your bill, and get everything you want ere. Well, you begin by paying your twenty-five or fifty llars; you get more and more new clothes; the bill does t come in for a year, and when it does, you gasp with ter-r. Coats were sold to you that you were told would cost thing, and nothing, to Serpent, Cash & Co., means any-ing from one hundred and fifty to three hundred and fifty llars. Still, you think that you can raise a few hundred llars and that Tom may give you a little extra money with-t your telling him what it is for, and then you chirp up and member that Mrs. Cash said you could pay a little at a time, d, after all, it was just the bill coming in. Poor little etch! You have a feeling at your heart all the time now if you were a thief, and, within a week, you get an insolent te from Mrs. Serpent suggesting that you remit at once.

The fifty patriarchs (writes the New York correspondent of e Providence *Journal*) and their families are very well aware the hold their proud position gives them upon society, and me of these manage to get a great deal more from them an is nominated in the bond. The plain, uninteresting aughters dangle possible invitations as an alluring bait before e eyes of struggling young clubmen and get taken out for a altz or a polka many a time in consequence. Then, when the vitations do come, the recipients feel compelled to take one ughter or the other for the cotillion, so that, judiciously sent, e cards always procure a partner and several bouquets. ast fancy how useful, nay, invaluable, such an arrangement s this must be! Why, you may be three such unattractive sters that they call you "Battle, Murder, and Sudden Death," d fly from you as if you were the plague when they meet u ordinarily, but let your papa work his way in among the atriarchs, and hey, presto! Never again will you be left to t partnerless by your chaperon's side.

"Ada Rehan wear the divided skirt? Never!" (said the *un's* "Woman about Town.") "But she does," said the harming young woman in the Jenness-Miller gown, who pre-des over Mrs. Miller's sanctum; "she does, indeed. Haven't you noticed how unimpeded her stage action is and ow perfectly free from angularity and awkwardness every ovement is? That is possible because she wears the divided kirt and is not bound down by a weight of garments that no oman could carry and be graceful." "Is she the only ctress who has taken up the new system?" asked the listener. By no means. Mrs. Langtry was among the first to adopt . So was Sarah Bernhardt, who, you must concede, has ade a closer study of the possibilities of expression in the uman body than any other living actress. Could that lithe, sinu-us body of hers be as eloquent as words (as it is) if it were orseted in steel and weighted with superfluous garments? Not at all. Miss Fannie Davenport also wears the divided kirt, so do Mrs. J. K. Emmet, Mrs. Drury Hart, Kathryn Price, Rosina Vokes, Mme. Cara Daniels, Mrs. Kellar, Miss Louise Larrendon, Miss Carpenter, and the Countess de Montagu."

"When I first came here," says Mrs. Kendal, "I was in-vited out to dinner one evening. Now, in England, when one goes out after eight o'clock at night they are supposed to be dressed, no matter what the occasion, and by dressed I mean o make themselves very smart, with a décolleté gown, long gloves, and jewels and all that. Well, I dressed myself that night and put on my diamonds, but when I arrived there the ladies were in high dresses, and some of them were in bon-nets. I would not offend them by wearing that style of dress again. It was not good dressing in America, though in Eng-and the higher up you go the plainer you will find ladies dressed in the morning, and the smarter in the evening." Per-haps there was some confusion about the terms "dinner" and 'supper."

A writer of the last century gives this advice to an English-man visiting Paris in 1730: "If you come by post-horses you must look out for an hostelry. The best of these are in the Faubourg of St. Germain." With time to look about him the traveler should soon find suitable apartments. He must be careful in his dress, not to be singular, but to dress after the prevailing fashion. "The English do not willingly alter their mode when they come to Paris. They still wear their short *juste au corps*, their little cravats, their little hats, and strangely fashioned perruques, an equipage which distinguishes them from everybody else." But our traveler, *comme il faut*, will have provided himself with all that is necessary. He must have a laced coat *à la mode*, which will introduce him at court and at all the aristocratic assemblies. He must also have a simple coat of taffetas, or other silk stuff, for ordinary occa-sions, with a waistcoat of gold or silver cloth—modest and un-conspicuous. A scarlet surtout is indispeosable, and a black coat must be in reserve, in case of court mourning. Go to a good tailor and perruquier, and do not spare a few crowns, adds our author, sententiously—a good perruque is the orna-ment of the noblest part of man. A valet is indispensable and easily to be had. He costs you a franc a day, for which he feeds and clothes himself. These gentry are generally faithful and honest; it is to their interest to be so, for justice treats them unceremoniously enough. The one who steals to-day, perhaps, is hanged to-morrow. You will dine at the public tables—the fare is much the same everywhere: a soup, a piece of boiled beef, a so-called *entrée* of ragout, a fricassee of veal or cutlets, a few vegetables, the roast; and for dessert, milk-cheese, biscuits, and such fruits as are in season. And this from one year's end to another. But you will have good company, with plenty of mirth and laughter. At dessert you will be plagued enough by the importunates. Monks appeal to you who are collecting for their convent and offer you a plate of salad as an inducement to open your purse. Then there are the flower-girls and sellers—both male and female—of all kinds of toys and friandises—and the money goes that way!

What is the life of a fashionable and emancipated lady? Let us turn to the *Nineteenth Century* and read what Lady Catherine Milnes Gaskell has to say. Here is a specimen of the day's routine: "She plays with the children; she gives orders to the cook and other servants; she arranges for the reception of visitors (expected and unexpected); she takes a turn at Herbert Spencer; she settles a dispute between butler and gardener (the gardener had 'given orders' to the butler); she confutes the French governess who complains of the eldest daughter (*qu'elle était d'une impertinence incroyable*); she soothes the board school-master (the curate had been presum-ing); she pacifies a tenant who wants his rent reduced and does not like being bitten in the leg by a pet mastiff; she goes for a drive with her husband; she opens a music-hall and makes a speech; she reads the Bible to a sick woman in the parish; she receives her guests; she explains to her husband why the fish is not up to the mark." And then, perhaps, she writes an article for a monthly magazine.

New York swells have entered upon a régime of short coats and soft hats. It is all very well for them, since they have short memories, but it is unpleasant for us scribes who try to follow and justify the fashions, to have to chew our words so often (says a writer in the Boston *Transcript*). It was only a few years ago when a man who appeared in a sack coat and a silk hat was unhesitatingly set down as a cad, while the man who, in town, wore a soft hat was out of all mention. Last spring brought our anglomaniacs over from England in short coats and shiny beavers, and now comes the soft hat. Well, we will follow the lead, and will assert that this time the fash-ion has at least the merit of comfort.

A few years ago, a Paris house sent out a small lot of very excellent opera-glasses, bound in filigree metal and attached to a slender rod, by means of which the lenses, when properly focused, could be handled like a lorgnette. The innovation, while admirable, was not a success, since the ladies objected to discarding really beautiful glasses and paying sixty dollars for others, which were no better, just for the sake of the handle. It remained for a New York firm to patent an ad-justable rod with a snap-clasp, which can be secured to any glass with a moderate-sized stem. These rods are made in silver, gold, and platinum, exquisitely carved, and vary in price from two dollars to twenty-five, according to the weight of metal used. On matinée days hosts of fashionable girls may be seen en route for the theatre with these carved rods, which are about eight inches long, stuck in between their basque or jacket.

Only a woman knows the suffering of women in wet weather. A man, with an umbrella and a good pair of shoes, can turn up his coat-collar and the bottoms of his trousers, and brave the fiercest elements, but there is nothing which a creature in skirts can do to keep dry, keep her temper, and look pretty. Some of the New York women who are honest in their study of physical culture, and who, health permitting, get a regular amount of out-door exercise in all sorts of weather, have adopted the low English shoe, made on a broad last, with a flat heel and cork sole, with which leather spatter-dashers are worn. The shoe is admitted to be the king of shoes, and is a favorite with the people and royalty of England. It is the shoe which the princesses take their constitutionals in, the shoe which Mrs. Ashton Dilke, Miss Ellen Terry, Miss East-lake, Mrs. Langtry, and a host of other charming and sensible women crossed our continent in, and it is to-day the choice of half the girls in the Berkeley Lyceum, and all the students in the psycho-physical and recreation clubs. As the cost is but four dollars and a half, women who study the fitness of things have two pairs on hand—a light weight straight goat for dry weather and a calf-skin, with cork soles, for storms, to fight which the leather is dressed with oil. Over the shoe, the leg-ging buttons like a glove, fitting close about the ankle, and reaching to the knees. Being lined, the spatter-dasher is a comfort as well as a protector, and no amount of mud-splash-ing or swishing of wet skirts can inconvenience the pedestri-enne. The leather usually selected is fine French calf or kan-garoo, for which an oil-dressing is used. Made to order, the "spats" range from five to seven dollars, and a pair will last a life-time of rain and storms. To complete the outfit, an En-glish plain skirt of mixed goods or plaid in all wool, which has been "sponged" before making, is worn, with a short jacket, well wadded and easy in fit.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The story is an old one of the party of tired travelers who entered a house decorated by a peculiar sign, and demanded oysters. "This is not a restaurant," said the courteous gentleman who met them; "I am an aurist." "Isn't that an oyster hung outside the door?" asked one. "No, gentlemen, it is an ear."

The Columbia *Spectator* says: "A rather amusing incident occurred during the Yale-Columbia foot-ball game. One of the Columbia rush-ers had been kicked in the head by a Yale player as he lay on the ground. On rising, he expostulated with his adversary, who, advancing his lower jaw with that peculiar Yale accent, replied: 'Ah, wot d'ye tink yez playing, checkers?'"

Many years ago a youthful man of letters arrived at Etretat with a letter of introduction to Alphonse Karr. He had been particularly told of Karr's passionate love of the sea; and, finding the author of "Gene-vieve" seated on the beach, mending a net, he immediately began an enthusiastic outburst of commonplaces about the grandeur of the ocean. "Monsieur," interrupted Karr, "I love the sea; we have lived together a long time. But if you have come all the way from Paris to disgust me with it, I can only say it is a wicked thing to do."

The colonel of the —th Cavalry was a martinet in all save his own hab-its. On one occasion the regiment was about to start on a long march through Texas; and orders were issued that baggage should be reduced to the minimum. Lieutenant B—— had just received from his father a small box of books twelve by fourteen inches in measurement, and tim-idly asked the colonel if he might not take it along. "Good gad! Sir! *No*, sir! Couldn't hear of such a thing, sir!" "I'm very sorry, colo-nel!" "It will be very dull out there, without any reading. My father sent me a barrel of whisky, too, but of course I couldn't take that." "Good gad! Sir! Of course you can, sir! Anything in reason, sir!"

John Heywood was fool to Henry the Eighth, having been introduced to the king by Sir Thomas More. Mary Tudor had a great regard for Heywood, who indulged in much audacious talk. Bold as were his say-ings, few of them appear witty. A landlord asked him: "How do you like my beer? Is it not well hopped?" "So well," replied Heywood, "that had it hopped a little further it would have hopped into water." A buffoon of Elizabeth's reign was so scurrilous in his talk that Sir Walter Raleigh and Lord Knollys made him drunk and then had him built round with masonry, and only desisted from roofing him in on his promising never again to joke at their expense. Another gentleman whom he had abused stopped his mouth by sealing his beard and mus-tache together with wax.

Fogg entered the car (says the Boston *Transcript*) to find every seat occupied and the aisle filled with standees. But he was equal to the oc-casion. He shouted, with the voice of one having authority: "Plenty of seats in the next car." Instantly there was a rush for the next car. The standing passengers started first, of course, but there were lots of the sitters who wanted to sit together and several more who thought by going into the other car they might get two or three seats to themselves. The result was that Fogg selected one of the vacated seats, and was deep in his newspaper by the time the crowd came pouring back, with an evident desire to shed Fogg's blood. You see, it was an oversight on Fogg's part. There were plenty of seats in the next car; he merely for-got to mention that they were all full.

When T. H. Benton was in the House, he was of the opinion that the third day of March, and consequently the Congressional term, ended at midnight of that day, instead of at noon on the fourth, as un-broken usage had fixed it. So on the last morning he sat with his hat on, talked loudly, loafed about the floor, and finally refused to vote or answer to his name when the roll was called. At last, the speaker, the Hon. James L. Orr, of South Carolina, picked him up and put an end to these legislative larks. "No, sir; no, sir; NO, sir!" shouted the venerable Missourian; "I will not vote. I have no right to vote. This is no House, and I am not a member of it." "Then, sir," said Speaker Orr, like a flash, with his sweetest manner, "if the gentleman is not a member of this House, the sergeant-at-arms will please put him out." And so this vast constitutional question settled itself.

Arlo Bates tells this story, in the Providence *Journal*, of two Boston-ians, both literary people: The man had a sentimental fashion of con-stantly alluding to his wife, who, strangely enough, was seldom to be seen with him, and in the end, his acquaintances became dreadfully weary of hearing him go on about his better half. One evening, he was at a dinner given by a literary lady of note, and the conversation turned upon religion. There were opinions of various sorts, but the whole tone of the talk was serious until this man broke in by saying, in a most sen-timental fashion: "My beautiful wife, she is my religion!" The com-pany in general regarded the speaker with feelings of anything but ap-proval, and there was a moment of silence. "Mr. G.," one of the ladies said, breaking the silence, "I have always understood that a re-ligion to be true must be universal. Is your wife universal?"

The tramp entered the diaconal council. He had on a long frock-coat, fastened closely around his waist by a thorn, and from the flowing lap above oozed out the ends of a much soiled handkerchief. His closely fitting trousers, through numerous portals of which protruded his interesting self, seemed to run without any dividing line into the shoe and boot which respectively incased his feet. The deacons had time to note these peculiarities before the stranger broke the silence. "Gentle-men," he began, "your pardon for disturbing you, but I am very sick." He paused after this announcement to note the effect. "I went to the doctor," he soon continued, "and he gave me the pills—see, the pills," and he held up to view a small bottle which he had in the palm of his hand. "He said take the pills, three after each meal, and I would like very much to have some assistance." "Well, why in thunder don't you take your pills, then, and not come bothering here?" interposed a dea-con, who was becoming tired. "Gentlemen," replied the tramp, with much unction, "I can not take the pills; I have no meal." He got a meal.

Among the passengers on a Western train recently (says the Boston *Journal*) was a woman very much overdressed, accompanied by a bright-looking nurse-girl and a self-willed, tyrannical boy of about three years. The boy aroused the indignation of the passengers by his continual shrieks, and kicks, and screams, and his viciousness toward his patient nurse. He tore her bonnet, scratched her hands, and finally spat in her face without a word of remonstrance from the mother. Whenever the nurse manifested any firmness the mother chided her sharply. Finally, the mother composed herself for a nap, and about the time the boy had slapped the nurse for the fifth time, a wasp came sailing in and flew on the window of the nurse's seat. The boy at once tried to catch it. The nurse caught his hand and said, coaxingly: "Harry mustn't touch. Bug bite Harry!" Harry screamed savagely and began to kick and pound the nurse. The mother, without opening her eyes, or lifting her head, cried out, sharply: "Why do you tease that child so, Mary? Let him have what he wants at once!" "But, ma'am, it's a——" "Let him have it, I say." Thus encouraged, Harry clutched at the wasp and caught it. The scream which followed brought tears of joy to the passengers' eyes. The mother awoke again. "Mary," she cried, "let him have it!" Mary turned in her seat and said, confusedly: "He's got it, ma'am."

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OPEN EVENINGS.

"JOHN SMITH, U. S. A."

By Eugene Field.

To day I strayed in Charing Cross, as wretched as could be
With thinking of my home and friends across the tumbling sea;
There was no water in my eyes, but my spirits were depressed
And my heart lay like a sodden, soggy doughnut in my breast.
This way and that streamed multitudes that gayly passed me by—
Not one in all the crowd knew me and not a one knew I!
"Oh, for a touch of home!" I sighed: "oh, for a friendly face!
Oh, for a hearty hand-clasp in this teeming desert place!"
And so, soliloquizing as a homesick creature will,
Incontinent I wandered down the noisy bustling hill
And drifted, automatic-like and vaguely, into Lowe's,
Where Fortune had in store a panacea for my woes.
The register was open, and there dawned upon my sight
A name that filled and thrilled me with a cyclone of delight—
The name that I shall venerate unto my dying day—
The proud, immortal signature: "John Smith, U. S. A."

Wildly I clutched the register and brooded on that name—
I knew John Smith, yet could not well identify the same.
I knew him north, I knew him south. I knew him east and west—
I knew him all so well I knew not which I knew the best.
His eyes, I recollect, were gray, and black, and brown, and blue,
And, when he was not bald, his hair was of chameleon hue;
Lean, fat, tall, short, rich, poor, grave, gay, a blonde, and a brunette—
Aha, amid this London fog, John Smith, I see you yet:
I see you yet, and yet the sight is all so blurred I seem
To see you in composite, or as in a waking dream.
Which are you, John? I'd like to know, that I might weave a rhyme
Appropriate to your character, your politics, and clime.
So tell me, were you "raised" or "reared"—your pedigree confess
In some such treacherous ism as "I reckon" or "I guess";
Let fall your tell-tale dialect that instantly I may
Identify my countryman—" John Smith, U. S. A,"

It's like as not you air the John that lived a spell ago
Down East where codfish, beans, 'nd *bona-fide* schoolmarms grow;
Where the dear old homestead nestles like among the Hampshire hills,
And where the robin hops about the cherry-boughs 'nd trills;
Where Hubbard squash 'nd huckleberries grow to powerful size,
And everything is orthodox from preachers down to pies;
Where the red-wing blackbirds swing 'nd call beside the pickril pond
And the crows air cawin' in the pines uv the pasture-lot beyond;
Where folks complain uv bein' poor, because their money's lent
Out West on farms 'nd railroads at the rate uv ten per cent.;
Where we ust to spark the Baker girls a-comin' home from choir,
Or a-settin' namin' apples round the roarin' kitchen fire;
Where we had to go to meetin' at least three times a week,
And our mothers learnt us good religious Dr. Watts to speak,
And where our grandmas sleep their sleep—God rest their souls, I say.
And God bless yours, ef you're that John, "John Smith, U. S. A."!

Or, mebbe, Col. Smith, yo' are the gentleman I know
In the country whar the finest Democrats 'nd horses grow,
Whar the ladies are all beautiful an' whar the crap of cawn
Is utilized for Burbon, and true awters are bawn;
You've ren for jedge and killed yore man, and bet on Proctor Knott—
Yore heart is full of chivalry, yore skin is full of shot,
And I distremember whar I've met with gentlemen so true
As yo' all in Kaintucky whar blood an' grass are blue;
Whar a niggah with a ballot is the signal fo' a figbt,
Whar the yaller dawg pursues the coon throughout the bammy night;
Whar blooms the furtive 'possum—pride an' glory of the South!
And anty makes a boe-cake, sah, that melts within yo' mouth!
Whar, all night long, the mockin' birds are warblin' in the trees,
And black-eyed Susans nod and blink at every passing breeze,
Whar in a hallowed soil repose the ashes of our Clay—
H'yar's lookin' at yo', Col. "John Smith, U. S. A."!

Or wuz you that John Smith I knew out yonder in the West—
That part of our republic I shall always love the best!
Wuz you him that went prospectin' in the spring of '69
In the Red Hoss Mountain country for the Gosh-All-Hemlock mine?
Ob, how I'd liked to clasped your hand an' set down by your side
And talked about the good old days beyond the big divide;
Of the rackaboar, the snaix, the bear, the Rocky Mountain goat,
Of the conversazzbyony, 'nd of Casey's tabble-dote,
And a word of them old pardners that stood by us long ago
(Three-Fingered Hoover, Sorry Tom, and Parson Jim, you know)!
Old times, old friends, John Smith! would make our hearts beat high again,
And we'd see the snow-top mountains like we used to see 'em then;
The magpies would go flutterin' like strange sperrits to 'nd fro,
And we'd hear the pines a-singin' in the ragged gulch below;
And the mountain brook would loiter like upon its windin' way,
Ez if it waited for a child to jine it in its play.

You see, John Smith, just which you are I can not well recall,
And, really, I am pleased to think you somehow must be all!
For when a man sojourns abroad awhile (as I have done)
He likes to think of all the folks he left at home as one—
And so they are! for well you know there's nothing in a name—
Our Browns, our Joneses, and our Smiths are happily the same;
All represent the spirit of the land across the sea,
All stand for one high purpose in our country of the free!
Whether John Smith be from the south, the north, the west, the east—
So long as he's American—it mattereth not the least;
Whether his crest be badger, bear, palmetto, sword, or pine,
He is the glory of the stars that with the stripes combine!
Where'er he be, whate'er his lot, be's eager to be known
Not by his mortal name but by his country's name alone!
And so, compatriot, I am proud you wrote your name today
Upon the register at Lowe's: "John Smith, U. S. A."

—*Chicago News.*

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"THE PRETTIEST WOMAN IN PARIS."

How she Won the Title.

It was Friday, April 19, 1889. They were playing the third act of "Roméo et Juliette" at the Opera, and Prince Agénor was positively beside himself with excitement. He ran from box to box, his enthusiasm bubbling over in each.

"That blonde! Oh, that blonde! Exquisite! Do look at that blonde! Do you know that blonde?"

He had just entered Mme. de Marizy's box, a large one in the grand tier, and for the hundredth time that night he burst into rapturous ejaculation.

"What blonde?" asked Mme. de Marizy.

"What blonde! There is only one this evening in the house! There, opposite you, in this same tier—in the Saint-Mesmes' box. Look at her, baronne, do look at her!"

"Yes, I am looking at her. She's vilely dressed, but she *is* good-looking."

"Good-looking! She's a dream! A perfect dream! Vilely dressed, I grant you!—some country cousin—the Saint-Mesmes have relations in Périgord. But what a smile! What a neck! What shoulders!"

"Oh, my dear prince, do be quiet, or go away! I want to listen to Reszké——"

The prince went away. No one, it seemed, knew anything of his lovely blonde! And yet she had often been to the opera before! But she had come in *bourgeois* fashion, to the second tier. Now, so far as Prince Agénor was concerned, there were no places in the opera-house out of the grand tier. Above and beyond was chaos, a space without form and void. The prince had never in his life entered a box in the second tier. Practically, therefore, there *were* no such places.

While Romeo, kneeling before Friar Lawrence, was vowing eternal faith to Juliet, the prince was wandering about the corridors. Who could this blonde be? He must and would find out!

And then he suddenly remembered that the highly respectable Mme. Picard was the Saint-Mesmes' box-opener, and that he himself had long enjoyed the privilege of that respectable lady's acquaintance. In the days of the Second Empire had she not initiated him, the Prince de Nérins, into the various mysteries of bézique—Chinese, Japanese, etc.? He was then twenty, and Mme. Picard forty. At that time, Mme. Picard was not an employee of the National Academy of Music. Her calling—and it was no sinecure—was that of "aunt" to a charming young person, whose pretty face, to say nothing of her pretty legs, formed an attractive item in the Christmas piece at the Variétés. In those youthful days, the prince had spent three or four years of tranquil, almost domestic bliss, in the society of "niece" and "aunt." Then each had gone their several ways, and ten years afterward, Agénor had one evening banded his coat to a venerable-looking old lady at the opera, and been greeted by her with the following little speech:

"Ah! Prince! How delighted I am to see you again! And you are not changed, not the least bit! You are just the same! Not a day older!"

It was Mme. Picard, raised to the dignity of box-keeper. They had a long chat together over old times, and since that evening the prince had never passed Mme. Picard without a smiling "Good-evening," to which she responded by a deferential little bow. She was one of those persons, now almost extinct, who have an intuitive perception of the finer degrees in rank, and of the observances due to each. There lurked, nevertheless, the least touch of familiarity, almost of affection, in the tone with which she said: "Mon prince." But this was in no way offensive to Agénor; he had none but pleasant recollections of Mme. Picard.

"Ah! Prince," said Mme. Picard, as Agénor approached her, "I have none of your friends in *my* boxes to-night. Mme. de Simiane has not come, and Mme. de Saint-Mesme has lent her box."

"Exactly. That is what has brought me to you. Don't you know the people who have Mme. de Saint-Mesme's box!"

"No, not at all, prince. They have never been in the marquise's box before."

"Then you haven't any idea who they are?"

"Not the very least, prince. Except that I can see they don't belong to——" "*Our set*," she was going to say. But with that tact which rarely failed her, she stopped herself in time, and concluded: "They don't belong to *your* set. They are middle-class folks, very well off, I should say, but still, only middle-class. Ah! you are not satisfied? You want to know more because of the fair lady, don't you, prince?"

These last words were uttered, or rather murmured, with wonderful delicacy. In themselves, they were perhaps somewhat unbecoming as between prince and box-keeper. But the perfect good taste of tone and accent saved them. Yes, it was an attendant who addressed him; but an attendant who preserved something of her former status as "aunt" in the realm of Cythera. Mme. Picard continued:

"Ah, a lovely creature! She came with a little dark man. Her husband, I am sure, for while she was taking off her cloak—and she was some time over it—he never uttered a single word. There were no little attentions; he showed no interest. Yes, he must have been her husband. And then I examined the cloak. One always feels a little bit curious about new-comers, and I and my colleague, Mme. Flachet, often amuse ourselves by guessing what sort people are from their belongings. Well, the cloak was made by a good dress-maker, but not by a smart one. It is expensive, well cut, the material of the best, but there's no style about it. No, they're rich middle-class people. I'm sure of it, prince. But how stupid I am! You know M. Palmer? Well, he came to see your lovely blonde just now——"

"M. Palmer?"

"Yes. And he would be able to tell you——"

"Many thanks, Mme. Picard; many thanks."

"*Au revoir*, prince."

And Mme. Picard went back to her stool beside her colleague, Mme. Flachet, exclaiming, as she seated herself: "Ah! my dear, what a charming man! After all, there's nothing like your really well-bred people!"

The prince was condescending enough to rank Palmer—the rich, vain, corpulent Palmer—among his friends. He even deigned, and not infrequently, to consult the banker in his pecuniary embarrassments, and Palmer was only too delighted to help him. In return, the prince had submitted to figure as director on the prospectuses of two companies engineered by Palmer, who took no little pleasure in the fact that the representative of one of the greatest families in France was under obligations to him. The prince further acknowledged Palmer's services in a variety of good-natured methods. He showed himself publicly in the banker's company, appeared in his box at the theatre, organized his festivities, and took an interest in his stud. He had even pushed his gratitude so far as to carry on a most compromising flirtation with Mme. Palmer. "I am rubbing the *bourgeois* rust off her," he used to say; "I feel I owe some sort of return to Palmer, who is really the best fellow in the world."

The prince found the banker alone.

"Do tell me the name of that fair woman in the Saint-Mesmes' box."

"Mme. Dagand."

"And there is a M. Dagand?"

"Certainly. He is a lawyer. My lawyer—the Saint-Mesmes' lawyer. And if you want to have good look at Mme. Dagand, come to our ball next Thursday. She will be there."

The wife of a lawyer! She was only the wife of a lawyer! The prince installed himself in the front of the box, opposite Mme. Dagand, and as he gazed upon her, he mused thus within himself: "Have I sufficient prestige and authority to make Mme. Dagand the prettiest woman in Paris?"

For there is always a "prettiest woman in Paris," and Prince Agénor had arrogated to himself the functions of discoverer, herald, and consecrating pontiff of all such ephemeral queens of beauty. Would he be able to make Mme. Dagand the rage? Why not? He had never taken up any little *bourgeoise* before. The enterprise would have all the charm of novelty and audacity. He took stock of Mme. Dagand through his opera-glass, and found her graces and perfections in her pretty person every moment.

When the curtain fell, the prince went and planted himself at the bottom of the grand staircase. He had already inoculated two of his friends, so to speak. "Come along," he had said, "I want to show you the prettiest woman in Paris." Now, as the prince pronounced these words, there happened to be at his elbow a certain smart young journalist, who was on the staff of a fashionable morning paper. This young man had remarkably sharp ears, and heard every word that passed between the brilliant trio as Mme. Dagand went by. Twenty minutes later he presented himself at the office of his journal.

"Is there time to put a dozen lines into the 'Society' column?"

"Yes, if you look sharp."

The young man's hand was as quick as his ears. He had dashed off fifteen lines in a twinkling. They brought in seven francs and a half to the young reporter, but they cost M. Dagand a good deal more than that!

Meanwhile, Prince Agénor had betaken himself to his whist at the club, and as he shuffled the cards, he remarked: "There was the most exquisite creature at the Opera to-night."

And the next morning in the Bois, at the Poterinière, the prince sat his roan mare in the bright spring sunshine, and delivered himself oracularly as follows to a little group of respectful disciples: "You can take my word for it. The prettiest woman in Paris is a certain Mme. Dagand. This new star will be visible at the Palmers' on Thursday evening. Don't forget the name—Mme. Dagand."

The disciples went their way, spreading the great news far and wide.

Mme. Dagand had been admirably brought up by an irreproachable mother. She had been taught to rise early, to keep a strict account of her expenditure, not to employ a fashionable dress-maker, to believe in God, to love her husband, to visit the poor, and to put by half her income for the dowries of her daughters. She led a calm and peaceful life in an old house of the Rue du Dragon, a house which had sheltered the fortunes of three Dagand couples since 1825, the three husbands all lawyers, the three wives all virtuous.

The next morning, Mme. Dagand woke at eight o'clock, conscious of some disturbance and perturbation. She had passed a very restless night, she who generally slept like a child! Mme. Dagand had been vaguely conscious at the opera that something unusual was in the air. All through the last act she had felt a certain opera-glass fixed steadily upon her—the prince's opera-glass—and she had experienced a not altogether unpleasant excitement. She was wearing a rather low dress—much too low, according to her mother—and once or twice, under the unflinching scrutiny of her *vis-à-vis*, she had blushed, and drawn up the laces that veiled her shoulders.

So, after opening her eyes, Mme. Dagand closed them again lazily, and lay dreaming, between sleeping and waking. She was in the Opera-House again, and felt a hundred, two hundred, five hundred glasses riveted upon her.

Her maid came in, placed a tray upon a little table, lighted the fire, and withdrew. On the tray there was, as usual, a cup of chocolate, and the morning paper. Mme. Dagand roused herself valiantly, sprang out of bed, slipped her little bare feet into a pair of small, furry slippers, wrapped herself in a white cashmere dressing-gown, and, shivering slightly, curled herself up in an arm-chair by the fire. She lifted the cup of chocolate to her lips. It was too hot, and burned her. She put it down, and as she waited for it to cool, she unfolded the paper and glanced over the six columns of the first page. At the bottom of the sixth column were the following lines:

"Last night there was a brilliant rendering of 'Roméo et Juliette' at the Opera. Most of the great leaders of society were present, among them, the beautiful Duchesse de Montaiglon, the pretty Comtesse de Lardac, the lovely Marquise de Muriel, the charming Baronne de——"

To learn the name of the charming baronne, it was now necessary to turn over the page. Instead of which, Mme. Dagand laid the paper on her lap and gave herself up to reflection. She remembered how she had amused herself the evening before by getting Palmer to point out the famous *élégantes* present, and the banker had specially directed her attention to this self-same "lovely marquise." Now, Mme. Dagand considered this "lovely" an inordinately superlative epithet. The marquise was forty-five, if she were a day. And Mme. Dagand, who was twenty-two, raised herself in her chair and glanced at her face in the glass. She smiled, well-pleased at the charming blonde she saw reflected, all youth and fresbness, a bloom of pink and white.

"Ah!" said she, "if I were a marquise, perhaps the gentleman who wrote this might have thought it worth while to notice me, and my name might have figured in his list. How amusing it must be to see one's name in print!"

Thus reflecting, she turned the page and went on with her paper:

"The charming Baronne de Myrvoix, etc. We must further note the appearance of a new star in the Parisian constellation. The whole house was in an ecstasy of admiration over a mysterious, gray-eyed blonde of distracting loveliness, whose shoulders—such shoulders—were the topic of the evening. 'Who is she? Who is she? Who is the owner of those exquisite shoulders?' Who, indeed? We

are fortunate enough to know and generous enough to give our readers the benefit of our knowledge. The lady is Mme. Dagand——"

Her name! She had read her own name! A mist rose before her eyes. All the letters of the alphabet seemed to have begun a frenzied dance across the page. Then they gradually calmed down, subsided, and regained their places. She was able to find her name again and to go on with her paragraph.

"The lady is Mme. Dagand, the wife of one of the most wealthy and popular lawyers in Paris. The Prince de Nérins, whose word is law in these matters, gave it as his opinion last night that Mme. Dagand was 'the prettiest woman in Paris.' We quite agree with him."

Then came a dash. There was no more. But it was enough! It was too much! Mme. Dagand felt herself perfectly overwhelmed by an extraordinary conflict of feeling, a mingling of fear, pleasure, delight, confusion, satisfied vanity, and wounded modesty. Her dressing-gown had fallen away a little from her neck. She drew it together almost fiercely, throwing it over her feet, which she tucked away under the chair. She had a strange sensation of defenselessness, of nudity. It seemed to her that the whole city had assembled to stare at her in the inner sanctuary of her young married life, and that the prince stood foremost among them, crying to all Paris: "Look at her! Look at her! She is the prettiest woman in Paris."

The Prince de Nérins! She knew the name well, for she took a lively interest in those newspaper articles headed: "La Vie Parisienne," "High Life," "Echos Mondains," etc., and was thoroughly versed in the chronicles signed "Mousseline," "Fanfreluche," "Brimborion," "Veloutine"; accounts of great marriages, great balls, great first nights, great fancy fairs. The prince's name figured perpetually in these records, and always as the supreme authority in matters of taste.

And he it was who had pronounced her to be—— Here pleasure undoubtedly got the better of fear! Still trembling with excitement, Mme. Dagand placed herself before a large mirror, an old-fashioned chevalglass from Jacob's, which, up to that moment, had reflected only the virtuous partners of conscientious lawyers. In this respectable glass she examined herself with the most eager scrutiny, the most intense curiosity. She had always known she was pretty! But now, oh, magic power of printers' ink! she discovered that she was positively enchanting. She was no longer Mme. Dagand. She was the prettiest woman in Paris! Those little feet of hers, the nudity of which no longer distressed her, seemed to tread on air! And she felt herself floating softly heavenwards, cloud-borne towards a gorgeous apotheosis.

But a disturbing thought broke in suddenly upon her dream. "Edouard! What would Edouard say?" Now, Edouard was her husband. She had thought of no other man in her life by his Christian name. Strange to say, she really loved her worthy lawyer. And just as she was asking herself what Edouard would say, the door opened abruptly, and Edouard himself came in.

He was rather out of breath, having rushed up-stairs four steps at a time. He had been at work in his study below, when one of his professional friends had come in and shown him the famous article, with many laughing congratulations. He soon got rid of his confrère, and, greatly exasperated, hurried up to his wife's room, where he burst at once into a flood of angry eloquence.

"Confound these newspaper fellows! It's a deliberate insult! Just look here! Your name—your name, I say, in this rascally paper!"

"Yes, I know; I have seen it——"

"You know! You have seen it! And you think that sort of thing is to be tolerated, I suppose?"

"But, my dear——"

"What an age we live in! And it's your own fault, too."

"*My* fault!"

"Yes, your fault."

"What do you mean?"

"The gown you wore last night was not decent. Your mother told you so——"

"Oh, as for mamma——"

"You have no right to speak of your mother in that tone. She was perfectly right! Just read this: 'Whose shoulders — such shoulders ——' Good heavens, do you know these shoulders they are writing about are your shoulders! And this prince, too, who dares to award you a prize for beauty!"

But Mme. Dagand knew how to deal with her irate partner. She talked to him with the prettiest, the most insinuating grace imaginable. Her words were eloquent and persuasive in themselves, but reinforced by her tender looks, by her arch smile, they were irresistible.

"What was the cause of all this distress and anger? He was accused of being the husband of the prettiest woman in Paris! Was this really such a horrible, such a hopeless calamity! And might she ask which of his friends had been kind enough to show him the horrid article?"

"M. Renaud."

"Ah! M. Renaud! Poor, dear M. Renaud!"

And here Mme. Dagand threw herself back in such a paroxysm of mirth, that her beautiful fair hair was shaken down upon her shoulders, framing a laughing face and a pair of dark eyes that could look very soft, coaxing, and seductive when their owner was so minded.

"M. Renaud! M. Renaud! The husband of the lovely Mme. Renaud! You had better start off at once; don't lose a moment. Go to the president and demand an immediate divorce, you can say to him: 'M. Aubépin, rid me of my wife! Her crime is this, she is pretty, very pretty, much too pretty. I want an ugly one, a very ugly one—one like Mme. Renaud, with a great long nose, a huge foot, a sharp chin, a red complexion, and a scraggy neck!' You would be content then, wouldn't you? Come, you old simpleton, kiss your poor little wife and forgive her for not being absolutely hideous."

This oration had been emphasized by a lively pantomime on the part of the fair speaker. Her movements had thrown the cashmere dressing-gown into disorder, and the offending neck and shoulders gleamed within reach of M. Dagand's lips. Of course he succumbed. He himself, in spite of his anger, was not entirely unaffected by the verdict of the press. His wife had never seemed to him so radiantly lovely, and, utterly subjugated, he went down into his study and set to work to make money for the prettiest woman in Paris.

A most wise and opportune course! For as soon as she was left to herself, Mme. Dagand fell into a train of thought which pointed to a run of considerable magnitude on the exchequer of the Rue du Dragon. Mme. Dagand had intended to wear a certain gown at the Palmers' ball, which had already done duty on many occasions. But her new position brought new duties in its train. She could not go to the Palmers' without a fresh gown—a gown signed with some famous name. She ordered her carriage in the afternoon, and with much decision, gave her coachman the address of one of the most eminent men-milliners in Europe. She felt a little fluttered as she entered, running the gauntlet of a crowd of footmen who were chatting and laughing in the ante-room.

Mme. Dagand passed into a sumptuous—a too sumptuous reception-room. About twenty important customers were already waiting, great ladies and famous actresses, all equally anxious, feverish, and excited. They sat watching a file of tall, good-looking girls, who marched slowly backwards and forwards before them. These were the *marcheuses*, or show-women, clad in the latest creations of the master's genius, their bearing full of a sort of audacious elegance. The great artist himself was present, dressed like a diplomatist of rank, his black frock-coat closely buttoned, in his cravat a diamond-pin, the gift of a royal highness who was never in a hurry to pay her bills, at his button-hole a many-colored rosette, the gift of a reigning princeling, who hurried still less over the bills of a certain lady of the *corps de ballet*. He moved about, calm, cold, correct, unmoved by the supplications and beseechings of his clients. "M. Arthur! M. Arthur!" Such was the cry that resounded on every side. It was M. Arthur! He passed from one to the other, deferential, yet not servile with the duchesses; easy, yet not familiar with the actresses. And on every side heaved billows and cascades of velvets, satins, brocades, embroideries, silver and golden tissue, the whole thrown carelessly over chairs, and tables, and divans, as if by accident. But what cunning calculation underlay this seeming disorder!

Mme. Dagand first ran up against a work-girl carrying a white gown on her outstretched arms. She retreated and took up her station against the wall, but here she found herself in the way of one of the fitters, a tall, resolute-looking brunette, who was giving orders in an authoritative tone through a speaking-tube. "Bring me up the princess's gown at once," she was saying. Mme. Dagand moved into a corner in a state of dazzled bewilderment, and watched her opportunity to waylay some passing saleswoman. Never would she dare approach the terrible M. Arthur himself. She saw him take stock of her in a rapid glance, which seemed to say: "Who can this be? Not dressed at all! Dress-maker on the other side of the river!"

At last Mme. Dagand succeeded in getting hold of a saleswoman, who looked at her with the same slightly disdainful expression, and remarked: "Madame is not one of our regular customers?"

"No, I am not a customer."

"What is madame's pleasure?"

"I want a dress — a ball-dress — for Thursday night."

"Next Thursday?"

"Yes, next Thursday."

"Oh! Madame, it is quite out of the question! We could not undertake it, even for one of our own customers."

"But I want it so very much——"

"You had better see M. Arthur himself. He is the only person who could help you——"

"Where is M. Arthur?"

"In his study. He has just gone in. That door opposite, madame."

Through the half-closed door, Mme. Dagand caught a glimpse of a room furnished in a style of subdued luxury, a sort of embassador's cabinet. The great European powers were represented by four photographs on the walls: the Empress Eugénie, the Princess of Wales, a Russian grand duchess, and an Austrian archduchess. M. Arthur lay back in his arm-chair, snatching a few moments of rest; he looked weary and exhausted; across his knees was a newspaper. He arose as Mme. Dagand entered, and she made her request in a trembling voice.

"Oh! Madame, a dress of that class—a ball-dress—by Thursday! I could not really undertake such a thing; if I promised I could not keep my engagement. There are certain responsibilities which I can not accept." He spoke slowly and seriously, with the air of a man who has a perfect understanding of his duties and capabilities.

"Oh! I am so disappointed! It was for a very special occasion! And they told me that you were the only person who could help me!"

Two veritable tears glistened on her eyelashes! M. Arthur was touched. A woman, and a very pretty woman too, weeping at his obduracy! No such delicate incense had ever been offered at his shrine.

"Well, well, madame, I will see what I can do for you. I will make an effort. A very simple little gown——"

"Oh, no! not very simple! a very splendid gown, one of your very best. I have two friends who are customers of yours. (Here she gave their names.) And I myself am Mme. Dagand."

"Mme. Dagand! You are Mme. Dagand!"

The effect of those two words was dramatic to a degree. The exclamation was followed by a glance and a smile—a glance toward the newspaper, a smile for Mme. Dagand—a perfectly well-bred smile, reserved, discreet, benignant. The glance and the smile said as plainly as words: "Ah! you are Mme. Dagand, the already famous Mme. Dagand, the Mme. Dagand of the opera last night. I understand—I understand. You need say no more. You should have told me who you were at once. Yes, you want my help; you shall have your gown; I am willing to contribute to your triumph."

M. Arthur called through the door: "Mlle. Blanche, at once. Mlle. Blanche." He turned to Mme. Dagand: "She is a person of great intelligence. But you may rely on me. I will see to your dress myself."

Mme. Dagand felt a little confused, overwhelmed, but radiant nevertheless. Mlle. Blanche appeared.

"Take madame away with you," said M. Arthur; "measure her for a ball-dress, with a very low bodice, the arms bare to the shoulder. Meanwhile, madame, I will meditate on what I can do for you. You must have something quite new. Ah! before you go, just allow me——" He walked slowly round Mme. Dagand, examining her with profound attention; then he retreated, and considered her from a little further off. His face was grave, anxious, and careworn. He looked like a great savant wrestling with some difficult problem. He passed his hand over his forehead, cast his eyes heavenward for inspiration, in travail with some tremendous idea! At last his face brightened! The powers above had come to his aid.

"You can go, madame," he said; "your gown is made. When you come back, mademoiselle, bring me that piece of pink satin—you know that piece I have put by for a great occasion."

In a few minutes, Mme. Dagand found herself alone with Mlle. Blanche in one of the fitting-rooms, a sort of little cabinet surrounded by mirrors. The measurements were duly taken, and when Mme. Dagand came back a quarter of an hour later, she found M. Arthur hemmed in by a mound of satins of all colors—crêpes, tulles, laces, guipures, and brocades.

"No, no, I won't have the pink satin," he said, to Mlle. Blanche, who had brought the piece demanded; "I have thought of something better. Now, listen—listen attentively. This is what you are to do. I have decided against pink, and I have chosen this peach-blossom satin. You are to make a closely fitting under-dress, classic in style, showing all the curves, suggesting the supple forms of the body. It must lie very flat—scarcely any petticoats—a surah underskirt; madame must be molded, outlined—do you understand—in this. On the foundation we will drape this crêpe—yes, this one—in fine, light folds. It will be like a cloud floating over the dress—transparent, misty, impalpable. The arms perfectly bare, as I told you. On each shoulder a simple knot, showing the junction of the arm. What is this knot to be made of? I still hesitate. I must think it over again. Come back to-morrow, madame, to be fitted. Good-morning; good-morning."

Mme. Dagand came back the following morning, and the next day, and every day until the eve of the famous Thursday, and each time she came she filled up the interval of waiting for her turn to be fitted by ordering new dresses, very simple ones, but none of them under seven or eight hundred francs.

And this was not all. When Mme. Dagand felt the great establishment, after her first visit to M. Arthur, her heart sank at the sight of her own brougham. It had been her deceased mother-in-law's brougham, and had done service for a good fifteen years in the streets of Paris. Mme. Dagand got into this pitiful equipage, and drove straight off to a very fashionable carriage-builder. In the evening, she seized a propitious moment, and explained to M. Dagand that she had seen a certain little black brougham, lined with deep blue, which would go most divinely with her new gowns!

The brougham was purchased the next morning by M. Dagand; he, too, began to feel the magnitude of his new duties. By the next day, however, it was discovered that it would be impossible to harness the old horse, who had drawn the old carriage, to this gem of a brougham, and no less impossible to put the old coachman, who had driven the old horse, on the box.

Whence it came to pass that on Thursday, the twenty-fifth of April, at half-past ten o'clock, a very pretty chestnut mare, driven by a very correct English coachman, drew M. and Mme. Dagand to the Palmers' house. One thing was still lacking—a little groom by the side of the English coachman. But Mme. Dagand was not wanting in tact, and the prettiest woman in Paris had made up her mind to wait ten days or so before asking for the little groom.

As she passed up the staircase, she could hear her heart beating. This evening would decide her fate. She knew that the Palmers had gone about, saying to every one: "Come to us on Thursday and you will see Mme. Dagand, the prettiest woman in Paris." Curiosity would be fully awakened, and jealousy, too.

From the first moment of entering the room, she felt the delicious certainty of success. Their passage through the Palmers' long gallery was a sort of triumphal progress. She walked erect and firm, her head held high, her hands clasped before her. She appeared utterly unconscious, but nothing escaped her. She saw all faces turned to look at her, she felt all eyes fixed on her bare shoulders. A buzz of admiration rose on every side, and no music had ever sounded sweeter to her ears.

Yes, all was going well. She was about to take all Paris by storm! Sure of herself, gaining confidence with every step, graceful, and unabashed, she advanced slowly on Palmer's arm, her host pointing out counts, dukes, and marquises on the way.

Suddenly Palmer remarked: "I am looking for one of your greatest admirers, who wishes to be presented to you—the Prince de Nérins. He would talk of nothing but your beauty the other night at the Opera."

Mme. Dagand blushed red as a rose. Palmer looked at her and began to laugh.

"Ah! I see you read the paragraph in the paper——"

"Yes, I saw it, I——"

"Where can the prince be? I saw him to-day and he promised to be here early."

Mme. Dagand was not destined to meet the prince that evening. And yet, he had fully intended to come to the Palmers' and be present at the apotheosis of his latest discovery. He had dined at the club and had been induced to go to a first night at one of the minor theatres. The piece was an operetta modeled on classic lines. The principal character was a young queen, attended by the four regulation maids of honor.

Three of these young women were well-known to the first-night public, having already figured in many an opera finale and in many a fairy procession, but the fourth—ah! the fourth! She was a novelty, a tall brunette of the most startling beauty. Among many attracted like himself, the prince was especially conspicuous for the excitement into which he was thrown by her appearance. He forgot that he had to go away after the first act. The piece did not end till very late, but the prince stayed to the end, his eyes glued to the superb brunette, and not a word of the "book" nor a note of the music having penetrated to his brain, except the one couplet which she had contrived to massacre in the middle of the second act. And all through the evening the prince called to any who cared to listen: "That brunette! ah! look at that brunette! There's nothing like her in any theatre! She's the prettiest woman in Paris!"

It is now one o'clock in the morning. The prince is asking himself whether he shall go on to the Palmers.' Poor little Mme. Dagand, she is, indeed, a poor affair beside this new wonder! The prince, moreover, is a methodical creature in his way, and this is his time for whist, so to his whist he goes.

Next morning, Mme. Dagand found ten lines about the Palmers' ball in the society column of the newspaper. The marquises, the countesses, the duchesses who were there were duly named, but of herself, of Mme. Dagand, not a word.

On the other hand, the theatrical contributor belauded the beauty of the operetta in enthusiastic terms. "Moreover," he added, "the Prince de Nérins declared Mlle. Miranda to be incontestably the prettiest woman in Paris."

Mme. Dagand threw the paper into the fire. She did not wish her husband to know that she was no longer the prettiest woman in Paris. But she has kept the smart *couturière*, and she has kept the English coachman—although she has never had courage to ask for the little groom.—*Translated from the French of Ludovic Halévy in the Paris Figaro.*

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SOCIETY.

The Sherwnnd-Blethea Weddiag.

Grace Church was filled last Thursday evening with the many friends of Miss Mary Adeline Bletben and Mr. Robert Lincoln Sherwood who were married there in the midst of pretty decorations at half-past eight o'clock. The affair was one in which their friends have taken much interest as the young couple are very popular and are most happily mated. Miss Blethen is the daughter of the late Captain Blethen and granddaughter of Mrs. J. B. Chalmers, in whose name the wedding invitations were issued. She is tall, stately, and of the brunette type of beauty, possessing far more than the usual allotment of good looks. Her accomplishments are varied, her manners charming, and she is held in the highest esteem by her friends. The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sherwood and is a partner in the well known importing firm of Sherwood & Sherwood. He is thoroughly genial and whole-souled, and is regarded by all who know him as a gentleman of sterling worth.

Over seven hundred invitations were issued for the ceremony, and it was evident from the crowded condition of the church that the storm kept but few away. While the ushers seated the guests, the organist played several voluntaries and Mr. Henry Heyman gave a number of arias on the violin. The blazing Star of Bethlehem above the altar shone down npon a prettily arranged chancel, where the tall burnished brass candelabra at either side gave a further illumination than that furnished by the chaptel-lights. A forest of cypress-trees lined the choir seats in double rows, with numerous lighted candles set behind them to bring out their color. The gate-posts at the altar-rail were robed with white chrysanthemums and La France roses, while above the gate a filmy bridal veil of smilax was suspended from invisible wires. Through this the altar was seen, with its setting of silver candelabra and flowers, in the centre being a large vase wrought of white chrysanthemums and filled with long-stemmed La France roses. Behind this, the reredos, outlined with white and pink chrysanthemums, mingled among fern sprays.

The bridal party was a little late, but when they arrived every head was turned to see them as they proceeded down the central aisle to the notes of the wedding march. First came the four ushers, Mr. Frank L. Matthieu, Mr. E. L. Jacobs, Mr. A. B. Moulder, and Mr. Fred H. Beaver. Then came the quartet of pretty bridesmaids, Miss Lizzie McCormick, Miss Annie Buckbee, Miss Jennie Blair, and Miss Marie Veorhies. Following them was the maid of hooor, Miss Elida Wilbur, and then the bride leaning upon the arm of her uncle, Mr. J. B. Chalmers. They were met at the chancel by the groom and his best man, Mr. Frank D. Madison.

The bride looked very pretty in a beautiful toilet of white brocade and heavy corded bengaline. The court train was of the handsomely figured brocade, while the corsage and front of the skirt were of the bengaline, which was finished at the sides with falls of white flowered mousseline de soie. The corsage was cut V-shaped back and front, and was draped with the mousseline, while encompassing the waist was a sash of beogaline ending with a deep fringe. The sleeves were puffed at the shoulders and tight to the elbows, and the gloves were of white undressed kid. She wore a fleecy veil of white silk moleine depending from her coiffure, where it was held in place by a diamond pin. A diamond brooch nestled at the point of her corsage, and in her ears she wore sparkling solitaires. Her hand bouquet was of white lilacs and lilies of the valley tied with white tulle.

Miss Elida Wilbur, a petite and pretty blonde, appeared charming in a lovely toilet of white figured tulle over white surah, cut décolleté without sleeves. She carried a bouquet of white larkspur and maiden's-hair ferns.

The bridesmaids were all attired alike in handsome costumes of Nile green figured tulle over surah of the same shade, and cut décolleté without sleeves. There were light puffings at the shoulders and trimmings of watered silk. Their elbow gloves were of tan colored undressed kid and they carried bouquets of white snow drops and maiden's-hair ferns.

When all had taken their proper positions, the ceremony was performed by Rev. R. C. Foute, while the happy couple stood before the prie-dieu of white silk. Then the wedding march was heard again and the party left the church. At the residence of Mrs. J. B. Chalmers, 2297 Sacramento Street, a reception was held, to which relatives and intimate friends only were invited. The parlors had been beautifully decorated in hooor of the affair, and the decoration did Miss Bates much credit. There was a canopy in front of the bay-window, constructed of long sticks of bamboo, decked with clusters of ferns and set with a realistic shower of stars, which were made of white chrysanthemums. The red-silk curtains at the windows were decorated with ferns and white chrysanthemums, tied with ribbons of white silk, making an attractive background. The mantel was draped with Nile-green and cardinal-red silk, over which Virginia creeper vines trailed among the vases from which arose bunches of roses and sprays of the umbrella plant. In the corners of the front parlor were tall shoots of green bamboo, and at the entrance hung a green wicker basket full of chrysanthemums pendant from red and green-silk ribbons. A myriad of narrow green-silk ribbons hung from the molding at the folding-doors and sustained a trio of green baskets, which contained scarlet Christmas berries. Cordons of smilax and red silk were suspended from the arch in the back parlor, to hold in place a Japanese bamboo screen and clusters of red berries. Then there were immense bunches of ferns and chrysanthemums in jardinières and at the bookcase, vases of roses on the mantel, and hanging-baskets of smilax, roses, and ferns at the doors, all combining in beautifying the rooms. The bannisters in the hall were ornamented with draperies of yellow silk and fern sprays, and the hat-rack was trimmed with French marigolds and baskets of roses. The decoration of the dining-room comprised clusters of yellow chrysanthemums, draperies of red and blue-silk, and sprays of fern. Here was the bride's table, which was prettily ornamented.

Passing from the carriages under the long, lantern-lighted canopy from the kerb to the front door, the guests first sought the dressing-rooms and then the parlors, where, under the canopy, the young couple received the heartfelt felicitations of their friends. After that the guests conversed, enjoyed Ballenberg's concert music, or else viewed the array of presents, which were numerous and of great value. Then supper was announced. It was served at tête-à-tête tables, which were set in all the rooms, and it was the occasion of much seasonable gayety. Later in the evening the newly wedded pair left the scene amid the customary shower of rice. Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood departed on Friday for Coronado Beach, where they will remain a couple of weeks.

Little Thanksgiving Diaaer.

The Thursday following Thanksgiving day is called "Little Thanksgiving," and on the evening of that day the former members of the late Governor Bartlett's staff gave an elaborate dinner-party at a rotisserie in order to celebrate the day, and at the same time to appropriately commemorate the memory of the deceased. The dining-room and table were beautifully decorated with flowers and military emblems, and a sumptuous menu was provided. The speeches and toasts were numerous and felicitous, and the affair proved one of much enjoyment. A feature of the evening was the photographing of the scene by flash-light. The pictures will be preserved as souvenirs.

The original members of the staff are: Colonel A. Andrews, Colonel George E. Raum, Colonel Henry Carroll, Colonel William J. Younger, Colonel Charles F. Hanlon, Colonel Charles L. Ackerman, Colonel A. F. Jones, Colonel Bendel, and Colonel James D. Phelan.

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The invited guests were: General W. H. Dimond, General John T. Cutting, General George Cosby, General Walter Turnbull, Colonel Robert Tobin, Judge F. A. Lawler, Judge W. H. Levy, Mr. William R. Hearst, Mr. John P. Irish, Signor Enrico Campobello, and Signor Roberto Stantini.

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SOCIETY.

The Harding-Jones Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Lilian Madeline Jones and Mr. George Jasper Harding was quietly solemnized last Thursday noon at the residence of the bride's parents, 731 Sutter Street, in the presence of about fifty relatives and intimate friends. The wedding was a very pretty one in every particular, and seemed like a happy augury of the future felicity of the wedded couple. The bride, a strikingly handsome brunette, stepdaughter of Judge and Mrs. O. C. Pratt, of this city, is a great favorite in society circles. But a few months ago she met her future husband at the elegant summer residence of his parents in the Katskill Mountains, and the friendship there formed resulted in the marriage of last Thursday. The groom is the son of Mr. George Harding, of Philadelphia, who is one of the leading patent lawyers in the East and a gentleman of considerable wealth. He is associated with his father in business, and has already attained much prominence in the world of law. The family have a handsome residence in Philadelphia, where they entertain extensively. The happy couple start out in their new life under the most favorable auspices, and the bride will grace the social circles of the City of Brotherly Love as charmingly as she has here

To heighten the effect of the pretty decorations which adorned the residence, the gas-jets were lighted so that when the guests entered they left the rain and gloomy weather behind them to have their eyes greeted by a vista of brightness, where lovely flowers combined their tones with those of the elaborate frescoing and rich furnishings. The bridal bower in the main salon was both unique and attractive, being arranged in the bay-window, where the curtains of blue silk and lace were sprayed with fern-leaves and clusters of chrysanthemums. The canopy overhead was formed of oaken boughs and bamboo sprouts, gilded and entwined with the Virginia creeper vines in the warm tints of autumn. Mingled throughout all of this were numerous narrow ribbons of green silk which sustained a number of squares and spheres of white chrysanthemums. The arch spanning the centre of the room was hung with heavy white-silk cords, in many loops and turns, which ended at intervals with large rings of colored celluloid. Running along the arch and winding around one of the fluted Corinthian columns were traceries of meadow-grasses, set with bell-shaped yellow blossoms, and at the other column was a pendant drapery of light-blue tulle, falling to the centre, where it met a large cluster of chrysanthemums, ferns, and long blades of umbrella grass. A charming effect was produced at the mantel-mirror which was partially veiled by a drapery of very thin pale-blue tulle, among the folds of which was a flight of pretty butterflies. Some had escaped and were perched upon the high projecting branches of the foliage, which arose at one side from the blue-velvet lambrequin. The etagère was draped with yellow silk and strands of smilax, and before the mirror swung a little blue jar full of yellow roses. At the entrances and at the windows were clusters of ferns and chrysanthemums, deftly arranged, and several little wicker baskets were hung around from silken ribbons, which also contained blossoms and foliage.

The wide hallway was decked with ferns and yellow Japanese chrysanthemums in tasteful profusion. At the top of the hat-rack was seen a true-lover's-knot wrought of pink, white, and yellow chrysanthemums, and all the way up the staircase were huge clusters of mountain ferns ornamenting the newel post and railing. Three large apartments at the rear were used for dining, and each of them had also received the careful attention of Miss Mary Bates. Luscious apples, oranges, and lemons were displayed in great clusters at the doorways and mantels and beautiful wreaths made of the leaves of the curly cabbage were set against the walls. Then there were masses of fern sprays, bunches of chrysanthemums and light tinted draperies of silk which were placed where deft fingers knew they would produce harmonious effects. The buffet was especially attractive with its centre formed by a flat mirror bordered with crimson velvet and flanked by silver fountains from which issued a ceaseless flow of perfume. Small tables were set in each room and in the main dining-room was the bride's table.

It was just at noon when Ballenberg played the "Bridal Chorus" from "Lohengrin" and the bridal party entered the parlor, led by two little pages, Miss Mary Keeney, daughter of Mrs. James W. Keeney, who wore a lovely gown of white silk and Valenciennes lace, and Master O. C. Pratt, Jr., who was dressed in dark blue velvet with a Vandyke lace collar and cuffs. Judge Pratt was unfortunately not able to witness the ceremony owing to his illness, which has confined him to his room for the past fortnight. There was no maid of honor or best man.

The bride never looked lovelier than when the marriage vows were pronounced, and her responses were clear and distinct. Her wedding robe was an elegant confection of heavy white faille Française, having a long train à la cour. The front of the skirt was entirely draped with exquisitely designed point de Venise lace, sprayed with white lilacs and orange blossoms, and the sides were laid in deep plaits. The corsage, which was also trimmed with the point lace, was V-shaped back and front, while high, puffed sleeves extended to the elbows, meeting the gloves of white undressed kid. A little wreath of orange blossoms was set in her dark tresses, and from it fell the wavy veil of white silk moleine rippling to the end of the train. She was fairly ablaze with rich jewels, wearing in her coiffure a diamond pin and at her corsage a pendant of nine solitaires, another of pearls and diamonds, and a third one of rubies, pearls, and diamonds, besides her diamond ear-rings. Her hand bouquet was of delicate Niphetos rosebuds encompassed by bands of white silk and tulle.

Mrs. O. C. Pratt stood near her daughter and appeared in a rich combination costume, which was very becoming. The court train and back of the bodice were of sapphire blue velours de Lyons, while the entire front was of white moiré, elaborate with passementerie, silk spikes, and golden hued balls and deep fringes of satin ribbons. The elbow sleeves were met by gloves of tan-colored undressed kid. A superb parure of diamonds completed the details of her beautiful toilet.

The ceremony, which was short but impressive, was performed by Rev. Father Cottle. At its conclusion the happy couple received the congratulations of their friends for half an hour and then the elaborate breakfast was enjoyed. During its service, concert selections were played by the band. Every one had an opportunity to inspect the presents, which were exceedingly elegant. Mr. and Mrs. Harding left later in the afternoon for Monterey to remain there two days and will return here to-day (Saturday). On Sunday they will go to Philadelphia, where they will henceforth reside. The groom's father and sister came here especially to be present at the ceremony.

The Otis Reception.

The residence of Mrs. Lucy Otis, 1900 Washington Street, was the scene of a delightful reception last Monday evening, which was attended by about one hundred of her friends. Young unmarried people predominated, although there were quite a number of married couples present. The hostess was assisted in receiving by her daughters, Miss Helen Otis and Mrs. Hall McAllister, and by Mrs. James Otis, *née* Davison. All of the apartments on the first floor were canvased for dancing, and in each of them were seen pretty clusters of flowers arranged with artistic effect. The evening was passed wholly in dancing, with the exception of the time devoted to a delicious supper, and it was after two o'clock in the morning when adieux were said and the pleasant affair was brought to an end.

The Dancing Club.

Mr. and Mrs. John R. Jarboe entertained the members of the new dancing club last Wednesday evening at their residence, 917 Pine Street. It was the second *soirée* of the club, and the pleasures of the first were happily repeated. Mrs. Jarboe and her daughter, Miss Kate Jarboe, were untiring in their efforts to make the affair a success, and they succeeded admirably. There was ample room for dancing in the neatly decorated drawing-rooms, and supper was served at midnight.

The tabatière which the Czar gave Bismarck during the Berlin visit cost six thousand dollars.

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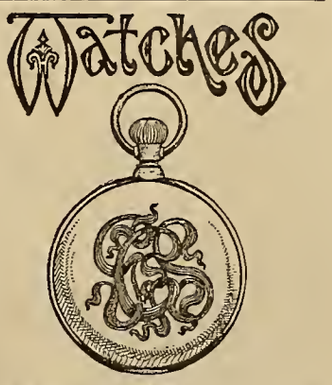

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LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mr. Gosse says that Mr. Stevenson, several years ago, contemplated the writing of a novel of life among the Scottish clans in the middle of the last century. This book was to be called "The Murder of Red Colin."

"John Ward, Preacher," is now in its fiftieth thousand. It is, moreover, being translated into the Dutch. Mrs. Deland's new serial story, "Sidney," which is promised by the *Atlantic*, is looked for with a good deal of curiosity.

Wilkie Collins, by his will, directed that he be buried in Kensal Green Cemetery, at a cost not exceeding one hundred and twenty-five dollars; that no scarfs or hat-bands should be used, and that a plain stone cross, placed over his grave, should bear only the inscription which he had prepared.

The breath had hardly left M. Emile Augier's body when an active reporter of the *Petit Parisien* set out to interview M. Emile Zola as to his candidacy for the vacant chair at the Academy. Zola naturally protested against the indelicacy of such haste, but said that he was willing, speaking generally, to have it known that he expected at some time to become a candidate.

The story is told of Ludovic Halévy, member of the French Academy and author of many successful books and plays, that his daughter lamented to him that she had never read a line that he had written; for the parental edict had gone forth to that effect. Moved by her complaints, he set himself to write a story for her especial behoof, and the result was "The Abbé Constantin."

Emile Zola, who has become fabulously wealthy for an author, even in these flush days of authorship, was extremely poor upon starting out and before he secured a place in Hachette's book concern; while writing his first romance he was often reduced to bread and water, and playfully remarked that he was compelled "to play Arab," or to stay in bed night and day because he had no clothes.

The large-paper editions of the fascinating stories of Alexander Dumas, "The Valois Romances" and "The Count of Monte Cristo," have just been brought out by Little, Brown & Co. They have been largely sold in advance of publication. "Florida Days," Mrs. Deland's delightful book, published by the same firm, has passed through its first edition, and the demand for it is steadily increasing.

Among the magazine announcements for the coming year is "Passages from a posthumous story by Nathaniel Hawthorne, with an introduction and commentary by Julian Hawthorne," the same being in four parts. The announcement further states that this work is "a version, hitherto unpublished, of the theme of 'The Elixir of Life' and of 'The Bloody Footstep,' also treated by Hawthorne in 'Dr. Grimshawe's Secret,' 'Septimius Felton,' and 'The Dolliver Romance.'"

Mr. Froude is said to have made much progress already with his biography of Lord Beaconsfield, of whom he makes a hero as an upholder of social and political order. The recent hope expressed by the London *Truth* that if Mr. Froude "will only show up that 'melancholy harlequin' (as Carlyle termed him) as thoroughly as he depicted Carlyle himself, he will bring desolation and despair to the souls of the Primrose Leaguers," seems likely, therefore, to meet with disappointment.

The Queen of Italy once tried to write a novel. It was enthusiastically praised by the court ladies when one day she read them a few chapters. She was bright enough to wish a less partial test, so she sent it under an assumed name to a leading publisher, who politely declined to accept it. The publisher was much chagrined when the affair came out, and on the story being paragraphed in the London newspapers, three English houses telegraphed to the queen asking for the book, but she sensibly thinks best to abide by the decision given when no royal name protected the child of her fancy.

The *Atlantic Monthly* has received from Theodore Roosevelt a letter addressed to his unknown critic (Dr. William F. Poole) regarding the late review in the November *Atlantic* of his "Winning of the West." Mr. Roosevelt winces a little, and admits the justice of some of the strictures, excuses himself on the ground of being engrossed by his duties as civil service commissioner, and promises careful revision before the issuance of the second edition. He writes in an excellent spirit, saying of Dr. Poole's article: "It is the first criticism of my book from which I have learned anything."

In "Les Paysans," the author of the "Comédie Humaine" seems to have anticipated the Irish land-war which was to spring up so long after his death. As George Moore says: "In this book will be found every incident of the land-war in Ireland; indeed, the murder of the bailiff differs not at all from the many such murders we have read of in Ireland in these last ten years, and the boycotting of the general might be included, with very little alteration, in Captain Boycott's memoirs; while the schemes for land reform propounded in that wonderful chapter, 'Comme quoi le cabaret est le parlement du peuple,' wonderful from the title to the closing word, might pass without exciting suspicion for extracts from one of Michael Davitt's speeches." This is the more interesting, inasmuch as "Les Paysans" is to be the next Balzac story translated by Miss Wormeley.

Recent Books of Verse.

"Owen Meredith's" poem, "The Earl's Return," has been illustrated with some fifty engravings by Andrew, after original pictures made by W. L. Taylor in Normandy, where the scene of the story is laid, and appears as a holiday volume, a handsome small quarto. Published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, $1.50.

"Florecita" is the title of a long poem by Bella French Swisher. The story is of a young American who in some strange tropic town finds his affinity in a Spanish street-singer, who is desired of a haughty Spanish don. The tale trips along so lightly that some lines fairly stumble through excess of feet. Published by John B. Alden, New York; for sale by the booksellers.

"The New Pandora" is the title of a drama in blank verse, in which Harriet H. Robinson has retold the Greek legend of the all-endowed woman who brought to the men of earth their troubles and their hope. There are well-handled scenes and thoughts of no mean beauty here and there. A century ago "The New Pandora" might have made a stir. This is not the age of long poems, however, and few will dive down into its five acts to find the gems it bears. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by the booksellers.

There is always a new generation of young women coming up to adore "Lucile," and even some older folk who rank "Owen Meredith's" longest poem above Tennyson, and these will be glad to find the story of the Comtesse de Nevers and Lord Alfred Vargrave in the attractive new dress it has been given for the holidays. It is a handsomely bound octavo volume, clearly printed, and is illustrated with a great number of vignettes by Frank M. Gregory, which make up for their slight anachronisms in the modern dress of the actors by their prettiness. Published by Frederick A. Stokes & Brother, New York; for sale by the J. Dewing Company; price, $1.50.

"Between Times," by Walter Learned, is a dainty little volume of verses, printed on heavy uncut paper and bound in white parchment, uniformly with the poems of Clinton Scollard, John Vance Cheney, and others put forth by the same publishing house. At the end of "Between Times" there are a number of translations from Béranger, Gautier, De Musset, and other French poets who have doubtless had their effect on Mr. Learned, for he uses the French forms —triolets, rondeaux, etc.—and his forte lies in *vers de société* and the allied child-verse. But his diction is Anglo-Saxon, which he deftly fits to his pretty fancies. Published by Frederick A. Stokes & Brother, New York; for sale by the booksellers.

David L. Proudfit, whose name has been appended to a number of clever verses in the *Century* in the past few years, has collected his poems and published them in a volume which takes its name from his most striking poem, "Mask and Domino." It is a tragic story, and very well told. The other poems range from such as this, through *vers de société* and pretty rhymes of child-life to "Prehistoric Smith," a witty treatment of a theme the name suggests. At the end of the volume are eight "metropolitan character sketches"—The Bar-tender's Story" and the like—which Mr. Proudfit contributed to the New York *Graphic*, some years ago, over the pseudonym of "Peleg Arkwright." Published by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia; for sale by the booksellers.

"American War Ballads and Lyrics" is the title of a new collection of the songs and ballads of the colonial wars, the revolution, the War of 1812, the war with Mexico, and the civil war. It was edited by George Cary Eggleston, and while far from complete, is thoroughly representative, including many which are rude yet striking and characteristic, as well as those whose poetic quality has earned them a place in other anthologies. The poems are arranged in chronological order, and the author's name, the source from which the poem came, and other interesting data are given wherever they could be ascertained. It is to be regretted that the table of contents is not supplemented with indexes of first lines and of authors. The two volumes are illustrated, and are published uniformly with the tasteful Knickerbocker Nuggets Series by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Pierson & Robertson; price, $2.50.

The modest little book of poems, printed for private circulation, which first showed Edward Roland Sill as a producing poet—whoever knew him recognized the poet in his nature—was soon supplemented by a book a little larger, and now a third, still modestly small, appears with the title "The Hermitage and Later Poems." The contents of this volume comprise the long and broken poem which gives its title to the volume and a few shorter ones. Mr. Sill's poetry is pervaded by a wide and wise philosophy, the teaching of an earnest, noble, and cultured mind. While he filled the chair of English Literature at the university at Berkeley, he made many friends on this coast, who will be glad to learn of the publication of these poems, the last productions of one whose untimely death removed a poet of unusual promise. Published uniformly with the two earlier books by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.00.

New Publications.

"Kathie," by Anna Oldfield Wiggs, is published by G. W. Dillingham, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price 50 cents.

"Retribution," by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, is published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia; for sale by the booksellers; price, 25 cents.

"Lotus Bay," by Laura D. Nichols, is an account of a summer at Cape Cod, described for children. Published by the D. Lothrop Company, Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.50.

"The Awakening of Mary Fenwick," by Beatrice Whithy, has been added to the Town and Country Library. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"The Second Year of the Look-About Club" is an attempt by Mary E. Bamford to popularize the study of the insect world with the youngest class of readers. Published by the D. Lothrop Company, Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.50.

"Taken Alive," by E. P. Roe, preceded by a short autobiography and succeeded by ten short stories by the same author, and "Feet of Clay," a novel by Amelia E. Barr, are published by Dodd, Meade & Co., New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

A novel by Adolph Belot has been translated from the French by Edward Wakefield, and appears under the title of "My Good Friend," as the initial issue of the Banner Library. Published by the Worthington Company, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 25 cents.

Florida enters the field as the scene of a story of adventure for boys, with "Paddling in Florida," by St. George Rathborne. It tells of the adventures of two young men during a canoe voyage on the coast of Florida. Published by G. W. Dillingham, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

The nineteenth volume of Alden's Manifold Cyclopedia—from "Homage" to "Infancy"—continues the favorable impression made by the earlier volumes. The latitude of selection brings many subjects into the volume that one would have to look far to find elsewhere. Published by John B. Alden, New York; for sale by the booksellers.

The necessity for such a book as Benjamin Drew's "Pens and Types" is best appreciated by those who are the victims of badly prepared manuscript, but that its usefulness is more generally felt is shown by the fact that two editions have been needed to supply the demand. It contains valuable information on such subjects as "Writing for the Press," "Proof-Reading," "Style," "Punctuation," "Use of Words," etc. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.25.

A volume of short biographies has been written by Oliver Dyer and published under the name of "Great Senators of the United States." Calhoun, Benton, Clay, Webster, Houston, Jefferson Davis, Seward, and Van Buren are among those who furnish subjects for the sketches. Published by Robert Bonner's Sons, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price $1.00.

"Swanhilde, and Other Fairy-Tales" is a collection of tales adapted from the German store-house of this class of literature, by Carrie Norris Horwitz. The illustrations are by L. J. Bridgman, and the use of brown ink in printing them adds not a little to the attractive appearance of the book. Published by the D. Lothrop Company, Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.50.

The theory that it is the army rather than the leader that wins victories, is impressed by "The Story of the American Soldier in War and Peace," as it is narrated by Elbridge S. Brooks. The development of the American fighting man, from the days of discovery to the present time, through the revolutionary battle and on the fields of the civil war, is his theme, and he writes of what is most noble in man fighting, rather than what is most sensational. Published by the D. Lothrop Company, Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, $2 50.

The rage for travel to Alaska has brought forth a number of books of travel to that far northern resort that those who have not journeyed thither may at least know how the country impressed another who has. One of the more interesting of this class is "The New El Dorado," in which M. M. Ballou presents his impressions of Alaska and incidentally of the Yellowstone Park and British Columbia. The impressions are those of an experienced and observant traveler, and reach below the surface, a feature not too common in books of this class. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.50.

The fourth volume of the new edition of Chambers's Encyclopedia, extending from "Dionysius" to "Friction," has been received. Among the more important articles are "Dynamite," "Division of Labor," "Dynamos," "Electric-Lights and Railways," "Education (Dr. J. G. Fitch), "England" (Bright), "Evolution" "Exhibitions" (including that of Paris this year) "Factory Acts," "Edward Fitzgerald," "Folklore" and "Eiffel" (the inventor and his tower). The articles written for this edition and referring to America subjects are: "District of Columbia," "Dollar," "Duluth," "Emerson" (Ralph Waldo), "Florida" and "Benjamin Franklin." The maps include the District of Columbia; England; Florida; France provinces and departments; and Europe, political, physical, and historical, the latter representing the principal divisions in the ninth, twelfth, seventeenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, per volume $3.00.

Journalistic Chit-Chat.

A new periodical is the *Magazine of Music and History*, to be published in Buffalo quarterly, beginning with the new year.

A new periodical devoted to serious discussion of serious public questions is the *Arena*, of which the first number has just appeared. The aim of the *Arena* apparently is to do in Boston something like what the *Forum* is doing in New York.

One of the magazines is making arrangements for a series of papers on newspaper life, as working journalists see it, and announces papers with the following titles: "The Managing Editor's Story," "The City Editor's Story," "The Dramatic Editor's Story" "The Literary Editor's Story," "The News Editor's Story," and "The Reporter's Story."

Miss Kate Field, in the interesting prospectus of her forthcoming journal, says: "From an impartial public I hope for support in the welcome guise of subscription, advertising, and suggestion." A long experience in journalism warrants the Washington *Post* in assuring Miss Field that if she will bustle around and get the subscriptions and advertising, the public will take great pleasure in keeping her supplied with suggestions.

A Chicago paper, which has been interviewing prominent people as to how a daily newspaper should be managed, has produced a sort of composite photograph of a daily paper. In other words, each person interviewed stated that he would exclude all matter which did not interest him. The result is that a paper produced to please all the people interviewed would somewhat resemble the average daily, as it would comprise varied features.

The Latest Out.

A Daily Through Car Service has been established by the Union Pacific & North-Western Line between San Francisco and Chicago via Council Bluffs, thus offering to the public facilities not given by any other line. "The Limited Fast Mail," which runs daily between the above points, carries the *Overland Fast Mail*, a limited number of first-class passengers without extra charge, and is composed of Pullman Vestibuled Sleepers, San Francisco to Chicago via Council Bluffs, Pullman Dining Cars, Ogden to Chicago via Council Bluffs.

This is another indication that the Union Pacific is desirous of meeting the requirements of the people. For information in regard to this and other trains on this line, apply to J. B. Kirkland, Agent, Union Pacific Railway, or E. A. Holbrook, General Agent Chicago & North-Western Railway, San Francisco.

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TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, October 13, 1889, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.30, 3.25, 4.50, 6.10 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 1.30, 5.05, 6.30, P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.10, 7.45, 9.20, 11.05 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.55 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 9.50, A. M.; 12.00 M.; 3.30, 5.00, P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 6.25 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents. round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 9.55, 11.55 A. M.; 2.30, 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.45, 10.35, A. M.; 12.45, 4.15, 5.45 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 7.05 P. M.
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

8.00 A. M., Daily (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at 6.45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12.25 P. M.
3.30 P. M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations.
8.00 A. M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Point Reyes and intermediate stations. Returning arrives in San Francisco at 6.15 P. M.

EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rate.
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Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From Dec. 1, 1889.	ARRIVE
7.30 A.	Haywards, Niles and San José	*12.45 P.
7.30 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis	7.15 P.
7.30 A.	Sacramento, Auburn, Colfax	5.45 P.
8.00 A.	Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	6.15 P.
8.30 A.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Mojave, and East, and Los Angeles	11.15 A.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
10.30 A.	Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
2.00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	*3.45 P.
1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	**6.00 A.
3.00 P.	Haywards, Niles & San José	9.45 A.
3.30 P.	2d Class Ogden and East	10.45 P.
4.00 P.	Stockton and §Milton; Vallejo, Calistoga & Santa Rosa	9.45 A.
4.30 P.	Sacramento and Knight's Landing via Davis	10.45 A.
4.30 P.	Niles and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
4.30 P.	Niles and San José	† 4.15 P.
5.30 P.	Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
6.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.
7.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East	7.45 A.
8.00 P.	Central Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	9.45 A.
	SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.	
3.00 A.	Hunters' train to San José	‡ 7.20 P.
8.15 A.	Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	5.50 P.
12.15 P.	Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*11.50 A.
4.15 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, and Los Gatos	9.50 A.
	COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)	
7.25 A.	San José, Almaden and Way Stations	2.30 P.
8.30 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos; Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey, Pacific Grove; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations	6.12 P.
10.30 A.	San José and Way Stations	5.02 P.
12.01 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	3.38 P.
3.30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and principal Way Stations	*10.00 A.
4.20 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 7.58 A.
5.20 P.	San José and Way Stations	9.03 A.
6.30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A.
11.45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	† 7.28 P.

A for morning. P. for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only. § Saturdays excepted. ** Mondays excepted.

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City of Peking..Tuesday, Jan. 21, 1890, at 3 P. M.
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SOCIETY.

The Bachelors' Cotillion Club.

The members of the Bachelors' Cotillion Club gave their second german of this season on Friday evening. The affair was fully as pleasant as the first one. The hall was attractively decorated with hanging baskets, streamers of hunting, colored draperies, and American flags, all of which, under the bright gas-light, made a picturesque setting for the handsome toilets of the young ladies. Noan Brandt's band provided the music which was excellent. This was called a military german, as it was led by Lieutenant John A. Towers, U. S. A., of the Presidio, who, in his figures, introduced many evolutions with which army men are familiar.

Lieutenant Towers had Miss Kate Jarboe as his partner, and the other participants in the first set were: Lieutenant Charles C. Lyman, U. S. A., Miss Cecilia Miles, Mr Edward M. Greenway, Miss Jennie Blair, Mr. Mendell, Miss Josephine Perry, Lieutenant William C. Rafferty, U. S. A., Miss Dimond, Mr. Frank D. Madison, Miss Gertrude Hyde, Lieutenant L H. Strother, U. S. A., Miss Minnie Houghton, Mr. Fred H. Beaver, Miss Marie Voorhies, Lieutenant Delamere Skerrett, U. S. A., and Miss Nellie Smedberg.

According to the time-honored custom the ball was opened with the "Grand Right and Left," ending with a waltz, and then as the polka music was heard the second figure commenced. This was called "Dividing Columns," in which there were twenty-four couples, half facing the stage and the others looking toward the entrance. After marching to the end of the hall and then to the centre where they faced each other, the two columns divided and marched singly to either side of the hall Then the divided columns advanced to the centre, and as the partners met face to face they danced.

The third figure was termed "Company Drill" The participants all formed at the side of the hall in company front, the ladies being in the rear rank. Half of the company executed right wheel and the other left wheel, which brought the two companies in the centre of the hall back to back. They then both executed left four left about and advanced down the side of the hall in columns of fours. When they met in the centre they wheeled into line and then advanced across the hall, where they halted and then all waltzed.

The "Skirmish" figure was the fourth and last one. In this they formed at the side in company front, with every other set of fours having gentlemen in the front rank. After counting fours, all those who were No. 1 advanced to the other side of the hall. In like order the others did the same. Then forming company front, they executed rally on battalion, and the figure ended with a polka.

Though seemingly intricate the figures were all gone through nicely, and Lientenant Towers well sustained his reputation as a clever leader, and received many congratulations upon his success. Supper was the next event in order, and as usual it was served in the spacious hall downstairs, where bright flowers and pretty foliage had been artistically used in making the place very attractive. The supper was quite elaborate, and the service was admirable. There was no dancing after supper, so a little after one o'clock the members were all homeward bound with most pleasant recollections of the affair.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mrs. Morton Cheesman and Miss Jennie Cheesman have gone to Colorado Springs to remain throughout the winter.

Miss Edith Clarke is paying a visit to friends in Marysville.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding, who have been traveling in Europe and the Eastern States for several months, have returned home. Miss Lena Blanding is paying a short visit to Mrs. Fred W. Sharon in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Robinson, of Redwood City, passed the early part of the week at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. H. B. Alvord has returned from his Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Hunt and Miss Annie Hunt have returned from the Triennial Conclave at Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry McLean Martin will pass the Christmas holidays at their cottage in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Ryan and the Misses Ruth and Daisy Ryan have returned to their residence on Rincon Hill, after having passed the summer and autumn months at their villa in Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Jerome Smith have returned from an extended Eastern and Southern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Buckingham are located at the Hotel Pleasanton for the winter, after their three months' visit in the Eastern States.

Miss Kate Hinkle, of Petaluma, is in the city on a short visit to her sister, Mrs. Frank K. Zook.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Holloway will pass the winter at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. M. M. Estee has arrived safely in Washington, D. C., where Mr. Estee awaited her.

Mr. Charles J. Bandmann is expected to return from his European trip in about a week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Booth will remain at their residence in San Mateo for the winter.

Mrs. D. B. Hinckley, with the Misses Laura and Blythe McDonald and several other friends, will pass New Year's Day at Blythedale.

Mrs. Theresa Fair, Miss Fair, Miss Birdie Fair, and Miss Belle Smith are having a very enjoyable time in New York city. They will pass a few weeks in Washington, D. C., before they return home, which will probably be late in January.

Mr. W. Frank Whittier and his daughter, Mrs. Henry E. Bothin, who have been paying a visit to New York, are expected home in a few days.

Senator John P. Jones departed for Washington, D. C., last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Drury Melone and family are at the Palace Hotel for the winter.

Mrs. A. H. Rutherford, while in Washington, D. C., was the recipient of much social attention in a quiet way. While visiting Mrs. George B. Williams, that lady gave an elaborate dinner-party in her honor, and the affair was duplicated later by Mrs. Colonel Eddy. The Misses Patten also entertained her at their home on Massachusetts Street.

The French steamer *La Gascogne*, which sailed from New York for Havre on November 23d, carried among her passengers Mrs. A. A. McAllister, wife of Chaplain McAllister, U. S. N., and Mrs. G. L. Carden, wife of Lieutenant Carden, U. S. R M. Both ladies are going to Southern France to pass the greater part of the winter in Nice.

Mr. Richard R. Wallace has returned to Fresno after a visit to his parents, Judge and Mrs. William T. Wallace.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs and Miss Nettie Tubbs are at the Palace Hotel for the winter.

Miss Cassans, of London, is visiting Mrs. John A. Paxton at her home near Healdsburg.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Williams, *née* Caduc, are expected back from their wedding trip in a few days, and will occupy their new residence, 2218 Devisadero Street.

Mrs. Julius Bandmann and Miss Bandmann contemplate a trip to Europe early next Spring.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Hobart went down to Santa Monica on Tuesday, and returned on Friday accompanied by Miss Alice Hobart, who has been a guest of Mrs. John P. Jones for a few weeks.

Notes and Gossip.

The next german of the Bachelors' Cotillion Club will take place on Friday evening, December 20th.

The new dancing-club will give its next party at the residence of Mrs. L. L. Baker on Wednesday evening, December 18th.

The charity ball of the German Ladies' Benevolent Society will take place Saturday evening at Odd Fellows' Hall. The lady managers have so far succeeded admirably in their efforts and all arrangements are complete. The ball will undoubtedly prove a great social and financial success.

Mrs Samuel M. Wilson will not give a high tea next Saturday, the previous publication of the announcement having been an error.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Williams will give a reception on Tuesday evening, December 17th, at their residence, 1925 Octavia Street, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Alston Williams, *née* Caduc.

The officers at the Presidio will give a dance in the hop-room next Tuesday evening.

Mrs. N. G. Kittle will give a matinée reception to-day (Saturday) at her residence on the south-west corner of Pacific Avenue and Steiner Street.

Mr. Charles J. Woodbury, a personal friend of Ralph Waldo Emerson, gave an interesting lecture last Wednesday evening at the residence of Mrs. John Vance Cheney, 908 Sutter Street, his subject being: "Emerson's Friends, Personal Memoirs, and Anecdotes, the Concord Circle, the Saturday Club, and School of Philosophy."

A reception will be given this (Saturday) afternoon in the parlors of the Women's Educational and Industrial Union, in honor of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. She will be present from three until half past four o'clock, and a cordial invitation is extended all women to attend, especially members of the Century Club, the Women's Club, the Channing Auxiliary, and to all such organizations.

An entertainment will be given at Irving Hall on Friday evening, December 20th, for the benefit of the Pioneer Kindergarten, and the lady managers promise an unusually interesting programme.

Mrs. George C. Boardman will give a high tea at her residence on Franklin Street next Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. George Hyde will give a matinée reception at her residence, 719 Geary Street, on Saturday, December 21st.

Army and Navy News.

Lieutenant James A. Leyden, Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted one month's extension on his leave of absence.

Lieutenant John L. Hayden, U. S. A., will be relieved from duty at Fort Mason on December 15th, and will join his battery at Fort Canby, Washington.

Captain W. W. R. Fisher, U. S. A., has returned from Benicia Barracks to the Presidio.

Lieutenant M. P. Maus, U. S. A., and Lieutenant R. H. Noble, U. S. A., have gone to Fort Gaston on official business.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Mansfeldt Recital.

Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt gave his thirty-first piano recital of this season last Monday evening. The hall was well filled with auditors, and the following excellent programme was presented:

Soirées de Vienne ..... Liszt
Miss Clara Selig.
Nocturne, D flat major, Op. 27, No. 2 ..... Chopin
Miss Hattie Dunlap.
Scherzo, E flat minor, from the Sonata, Op. 35 ..... Chopin
Miss Lily Lewison.
Romanze, from the Concerto in E minor ..... Chopin
Mr. Emil Steinegger.
Impromptu, F major ..... Thome
Miss Josie Dunlap.
Romance ..... Mansfeldt
Miss Amy Cellarius.
Finale, from Concerto in G minor ..... Mendelssohn
Miss Jennie Beasey.
Berceuse ..... Chopin
Miss Ida Fording.
Fantasie, Polonaise, Op. 106 ..... Raff
Miss Henrietta Kahn.
Study, C sharp minor ..... Chopin
Mrs. Martha Crowley.
Valse de Concert ..... Wieniawski
Miss Tessie Franklin.
Scherzo, B flat minor ..... Chopin
Miss Edith Reynolds.
Gavotte Bohemienne ..... Redding
Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt.
Grand Duo ("Norma") ..... Thalberg
Miss Eva Crowley.
Hungarian Fantasia ..... Liszt
Mr. Ahe Sundland.
Second Rhapsodie ..... Liszt
Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Mansfeldt.

Tojetti Musical Lecture.

Mme. Emilia Tojetti gave her third and last illustrative lecture on "Songs of the Romantic and Dramatic School" last Wednesday evening, under the auspices of the Laurel Hall Educational Association. She had the assistance of Mrs. Carrie Fross Snyder as reader, and Mr. R. A. Lucchesi as accompanist. Quite a large audience enjoyed the following programme:

"Assisa al pie" (from "Otello") ..... Rossini
"Ma negli estremi" (from "Il Giuramento") .. Mercadante
La Mère et l'Enfant ..... Donizetti
"Casta Diva" (from "Norma") ..... Bellini
Moonlight ..... Schumann
La Partenza ..... Mariani
"Plus Grand" (from "Reine de Saba") ..... Gounod
Faithfulness ..... Brahms
"Comme il tient" (from "Esclarmonde") ..... Massenet
Arioso ..... Delibes
Songs of My Mother ..... Dvorak
La Dernière Feuille ..... Tosti
Dreams ..... Wagner
Ave Maria (from "Otello") ..... Verdi

Mauzy Musical Club.

The Byron Mauzy Musical Club gave its fifth concert of this season last Thursday evening at the warerooms of Mr. Byron Mauzy. The audience was entertained by the following programme:

Piano and Organ Duet, "Faust" ..... Gounod
Miss Elene Austin and Mme Lada.
Song, "To Seville" ..... Jos. Dessauer
Mrs. George Monck.
Piano Solo, "Rhapsodie Hongroise" ..... Liszt
Miss Anna Werner.
Song, "Time and Tide" ..... Rodkey
Mr. Robert Lloyd.
Recitation, "Carl (The Martyr)" .....
Mr. Guy Durrell.
Song, "Il Bacin" ..... Arditi
Mrs. George Monck.
Song, "An Old Garden" ..... Hope Temple
Mr. Robert Lloyd.
Recitation, "Debatin' Society" ..... Eugene J. Hall
Mr. Guy Durrell.

Mme. Camilla Urso will give the second of her classical musicales on Friday afternoon, December 20th, at the residence of Mrs. William J. Younger, 1414 California Street.

An opposition Academy, planned by the Brothers Goncourt, is to be established in Paris. Fictionists will be elected by preference, but poets will not be excluded, and Alphonse Daudet, Theodore de Banville, and Emile Zola will be the first of the ten—not forty—members who are to compose the new institute. It will receive young and struggling literary men, who will be enabled by its aid to develop their talents and to work at ease, each academician receiving an annual allowance of twelve hundred dollars. In addition to this, there will be offered a quinquennial prize of one thousand dollars for the best prose work.

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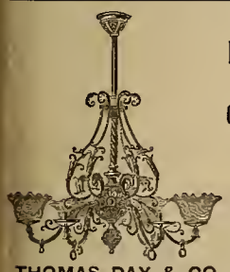

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STAGE GOSSIP.

"The Mikado" has lost none of its popularity, and draws crowded audiences to the Tivoli every night. Verdi's "Aida" is announced to follow.

"The Great Metropolis," another melodrama in which the stage mechanician plays a star part, is announced to follow "Hands Across the Sea."

Georgie von Januschowski, Laura Joyce Bell, Kate Gilbert, Mark Smith, and Digby Bell are the principals of the Duff Opera Company, which appears in "A Trip to Africa" next week.

Leonard Grover's comedy, "Our Boarding House," is to be done next week by a cast including E. J. Buckley, L. R. Stockwell, Lee and Scott Cooper, Ethel Brandon, Fanny Young, Nellie Buckley, and Freddie Stockmeyer.

May Yohe is no longer with "The City Directory," her place being occupied by Marguerite Fish. Why Miss Yohe left the company is not generally known, but it is rumored that she has come to this city in an entirely unprofessional capacity.

Mary Hampton, the Violet of "Kleptomania," is a new-comer on the stage, having made her first appearance only a few months ago. She is a daughter of Mr. Hubert, the New York architect who built the Lyceum and is a part owner with the Frohmans.

In "The Charity Ball"—the newest thing theatrical in Gotham—Herbert Kelcey assumes the rôle of a young minister and appears without a mustache. The effect of his expanse of shaven upper-lip is said to be appalling. He may be likened to a lily-stalk without the lily.

Wilton Lackaye's secession from Daly's company has been followed by the dismissal or resignation of two others, William Gilbert, who seems to be charged with intoxication—though his having been with Daly for nine years shows that he has not been a drinking man—and Laura Hollis, who objected to the costume provided for her.

Frank Mayo is to be here next week with "Nordeck." He has been playing that romantic drama of Polish patriotism for several years, but it still seems almost new to him when he thinks of "David Crockett." Mayo is as tired of Davy as the elder Sothern was of Lord Dundreary, but it is an infallible ally with which to retrieve financial disaster.

Charles Arnold is a young man with a good figure, a bright, cheery face, no small grace as a dancer, and a pleasant way of singing a song. Clay Greene wrote a play for him two or three years ago, and he has made quite a pot of money out of it. It is called "Hans, the Boatman," and the central figure is a light-hearted lad who is, like Rip van Winkle in his young days, a great favorite with the children. Arnold will make his first appearance here in "Hans" next week.

THE WINNER.

The Promptness with which Mr. Harris Received His Money from the Louisiana State Lottery.

The fact of the winning of the $15,000 by our townsman, Henry Harris, in the last drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery, is not new to our people, but meeting the ex-sheriff yesterday, we asked him if he had yet received his check and if he was going to endow some charitable institution with the money. Mr. Harris replied, "that the money had promptly come, and that everything connected with its receipt had been most satisfactorily done. I like," said he, "the way The Louisiana State Lottery Company do business. The fortunate holder of the winning number sends his ticket to the home-office, and as soon as the mail can return, a check is received for the full amount. There is no quibbling, no discounting, no delays—everything is done promptly and squarely. As to what to do with the money I haven't yet exactly settled. An endowed medical college bearing my name would read fine and perpetuate the Harris name for all time to come, would it not?" he said, turning to the news-gatherer, "but" he added, "I am not seeking fame, and guess I will invest the money in real-estate in the best county in the State of California—Napa—and enjoy the fruits of my good fortune."—*Napa (Cal.) Reporter, November 12th.*

Investment—Santa Rosa.

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Commencing Sunday, March 17, 1889, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

Leave San Francisco.		Destination.	Arrive San Francisco.	
Week Days.	Sundays.		Sundays	Week Days.
7.40 A. M. 3 30 P. M. 5 00 P. M.	8.00 A. M 5.00 P. M	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10.40 A M. 6.10 P. M.	8 50 A. M. 10 30 A. M. 6 05 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M.	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Litton Sp'gs. Cloverdale, and Way Stations.	6.10 P M.	10 30 A. M. 6 05 P. M.
7 40 A. M.	8 00 A. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.	6.10 P M.	6 05 P. M.
7.40 A. M	8.00 A. M	Guerneville.	6.10 P. M.	6.05 P M.
7 40 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	8.00 A. M.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10 40 A. M 6.10 P. M.	8 50 A M. 6.05 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs, Sebastopol, and Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, and at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Hopland for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs, and at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Willits, Cahto, Calpella, Potter Valley, Sherwood Valley, and Mendocino City.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays, to Petaluma, $1.50; to Santa Rosa, $2.25; to Healdsburg, $3.40; to Litton Springs, $3 60; to Cloverdale, $4 50; to Hopland, $5.70; to Ukiah, $6 75; to Guerneville, $3.75; to Sonoma, $1 50; to Glen Ellen, $1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, $1; to Santa Rosa, $1.50; to Healdsburg, $2 25; to Litton Springs, $2 40; to Cloverdale, $3; to Guerneville, $2 50; to Sonoma, $1; to Glen Ellen, $1.20.

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon and San Rafael: Week Days—7.40, 9.20, 11 20 A M; 3.30, 5, 6.15 P. M.; Sundays—8, 9.30, 11 A. M; 1.30, 5, 6.20 P. M.

To San Francisco from San Rafael: Week Days—6 20, 7.55, 9.30 A. M.; 12.45, 3.40, 5.05 P. M; Sundays—8.10, 9.40 A. M.; 12.15, 3 40, 5 P. M.

To San Francisco from Point Tiburon: Week Days—6 50, 8.20, 9.55 A. M.; 1.10, 4 05, 5.30 P. M.; Sundays—8 40, 10 05 A. M; 12 40, 4.05, 5 30 P. M.

On Saturdays an extra trip will be made from San Francisco to San Rafael, leaving at 1.40 P. M.

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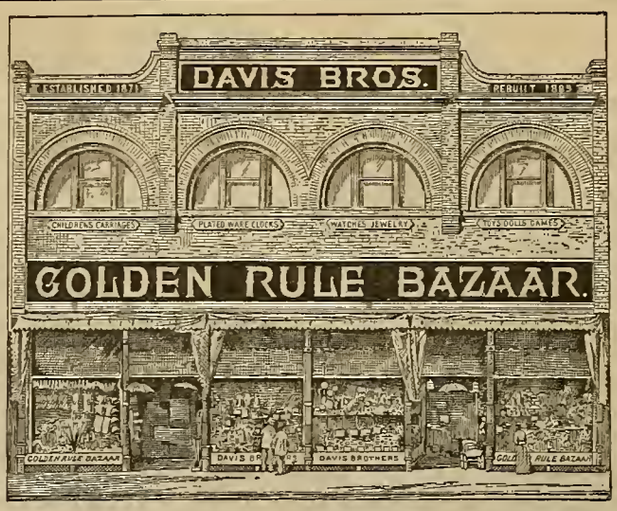

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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Something more than forty years ago the writer came to California in the pursuit of gold. On the twentieth day of November last we returned, to meet in national convention a body of our fellow-citizens at the city of St. Louis, to endeavor to rectify a crime in legislation. For eighty-one years, silver and gold had been used as money upon equal terms, performing all the functions required of money; but, in 1873–4, by a trick of legislation, silver was demonetized. Just how or by whom it was accomplished was not then known, nor has it since been discovered. That it was the result of a conspiracy between financial and political villains was then believed, and this has since crystallized into conviction. The consequences of the demonetization of silver have been so disastrous, so unjust, and so criminal that public opinion is beginning to be aroused to the consequences resulting to the entire debtor class; consequently there gathered from the Northern and North-Western grain-growing States, from the Southern cotton-raising States, from the Rocky Mountain silver-producing States and Territories a number of representative men to consider what, if anything, might be accomplished to correct the legislative blunder, and restore silver to its proper position as one of the metals which had been so long and so successfully used as money. The passage of the Bland Bill in 1878 had somewhat broken the force of the act which had demonetized silver in 1873, and by the passage of that bill the Secretary of the Treasury had been required to coin $2,000,000 per month, with discretion to extend the coinage of silver to $4,000,000 per month, which discretion no Secretary of the Treasury has since exercised. Mr. Bland, of Missouri, was an active member of this Silver Convention, and was chairman of its committee upon resolutions. The convention was composed of eminently respectable and representative men. There was a noticeable absence of the politicians of the country, very little exhibition of demagogy, able papers were read and discussed. Senator Stewart, of Nevada, was the only senator present, and the fact that he took an active part in its deliberations was conclusive that he has the courage of his convictions and was not afraid to make his record in the Senate the chart to govern his political course in public. There was a strong delegation of strong men from Colorado. The deliberations of the convention were marked with dignity. Able papers, submitted from financiers of national reputation, gave indication that, among the leading bankers, there was at least a divided opinion, while it was demonstrated beyond any question that from the grain and cotton-growing districts and gold and silver-bearing communities there was an united opinion in favor of the "free and unlimited coinage of silver." The question is too important for hasty decision, and is too grave and earnest for flippant discussion. The charge is made by a national convention, composed of respectable men, that the demonetization of silver was the result of fraudulent legislation growing out of a prearranged and criminal conspiracy on the part of Wall Street, national bankers, trust syndicates, millionaire "gold-bugs," and other plutocrats interested in the monopoly of gold, and its use as the only metal of which circulating money could be composed, or used in the redemption of the nation's bonded debts, or in liquidation of obligations due the government, or in settlement of liabilities due from the debtor to the creditor-class. The charge of fraud having been openly made, it should be investigated. But whether investigated or not, the issue is made, and it is a dangerous one if left to be fought out in the political field, for it will most assuredly array debtors against creditors; it will array the poor against the rich; it will marshal the great labor mass, who toil for existence, against the plutocrats, who exercise only for digestion. The men who toil on farms, on cotton plantations, in shops and factories, who work as laborers for their daily bread, and who vote, are dangerous opponents, for they will be led by demagogues, and it is of the first importance, in any issue to be decided at the ballot-box, which is liable to lead up to agrarianism, that the property-class should not be in the wrong. It will not be a wise policy for millionaires, bankers, railroad magnates, "Coal-Oil Tommies," and the patient usurers, who have acquired wealth by the sweating of unearned accumulations, that they should be in the wrong when the hour of struggle comes; when the charge of the Socialist is made that "all wealth is robbery" and "all gain is theft," it ought not to be permitted to be a demonstrable truth. It will be hard enough to defend great landed properties honestly obtained and great accumulations of wealth if honestly acquired. It will not do to permit the question, raised by Henry George, of the "unearned increment" arising from the enterprise and pushing industries of a great metropolis to be raised over the $150,000,000 landed estate of John Jacob Astor or Trinity Church; nor will it do to call Cornelius and William Vanderbilt, Jay Gould, Leland Stanford, and the heirs of Charles Crocker upon the stand to ascertain by what means they have gathered together the $100,000,000 of which they find themselves possessed; nor will it be in order to cross-examine Mr. J. D. Rockefeller and William Rockefeller to ascertain how they have become possessed of oil from earth worth $140,000,000; nor of Mr. J. W. Mackay, Mr. James Fair, and the heirs of Mr. Flood, how from Bonanza mines they gathered ores valued at $250,000,000; or how Mr. Huntington could acquire sufficient wealth to purchase a prince for a son-in-law; or how the Havemeyers or Claus Spreckels could have gathered so much sugar as they have extracted from the cane-brake of life; or how Mr. J. B. Haggin could have redeemed 400,000 acres of land from the Sahara of San Joaquin. Seventy names, printed in one of our popular monthlies, represent $2,700,000,000, while the statistician discovered fifty others owning $500,000,000, and another list of one hundred persons worth $2,500,000. Twenty-five thousand persons, says Mr. Sherman, the statistician, own half the wealth of the United States, while the whole wealth of the country is practically owned by 250,000 persons—less than the present population of San Francisco; and the same statistician prophesies that under present conditions 50,000 persons will practically own all the wealth of the country when it shall number 150,000,000 of people. This time is only thirty years distant. In the agrarian conflict which dishonest plutocrats and money-kings provoke—through bribery of dishonest politicians and dishonest secretaries of the Treasury—the fat-paunched minority will hold but an uneven conflict with the lean and hungry mob, whether waged around the ballot-box or in the sterner conflict which riots around the sand-lot. Would it not be better that the fortunate ones—who by the exercise of the higher faculties and the more exalted virtues, which are the acknowledged possessions of the successful money-makers—should go slow and give the panting, laborious mob breathing time before it is driven to consider the powers by which it shall equalize the distribution of all this abnormal wealth? Would it not be well to give the toiling masses this bauble of free silver coinage, this "poor man's dollar," which for eighty years has been the coequal of its golden brother, under the coinage of which the nation had been prosperous, had passed through a great war successfully, and had, within a few years thereafter, reëstablished a national credit upon a sounder basis than has been attained by any nation of Europe? This is a financial war of the classes against the masses, of the money-lender against the borrower, of the creditor against the debtor, and it is neither just nor honorable that the "gold-bugs" should be permitted to enlist the administration on their side, as they have done since the war ended. The administration of Grant permitted the demonetization of silver, and since that time the enemies of cheap money and plentiful money have been enabled to control the legislation of the country to the prejudice of the free coinage of the white metal. The law of 1873 was a fraud, and the results of its passage were disastrous to the best interests of the country. It was in its effects most deplorable to the legitimate industries of the working-classes. From 1873 till 1883, the average price of silver was $1.32¾ per ounce. For the next ten years it was worth in the market $1.16.9. It is now worth 75 cents. For the first ten years the price of wheat in New York was $2.10 and a fraction; for the next ten years the price fell, in the same market, to $1.21; the present price of wheat in California is $1.27½. For ten years previous to the demonetization of silver, the average price of cotton in New York was 36.45 cents; and for the following ten years the price of cotton averaged, in the same market, 12.41 cents; the present price is 9 50 cents. The warfare inaugurated by the "gold-bugs" and financial conspirators was ruinous to the working-classes, because by the fall of values in all agricultural and manufacturing productions, a fatal blow was struck at the industrial and working-classes. There is no over-production of silver, and all the talk in this direction is intended to mislead. The Americas are the only silver-producing States in the world, and if all the productions of the silver-mines of the United States were admitted to free coinage, the result would only operate to increase the volume of currency to a healthful condition. Gold is now appreciated in value; free silver coinage would reduce the value of gold, bring both metals to an equilibrium, add to the price of labor and of all productions, and give prosperity to every department of industry. France has a population of 37,000,000, and provides for the uses of its people $52.50 *per capita*. This compact and small state, which produces no silver, has $52.50 *per capita* for the transaction of its business, while the United States of America, which is both a gold and silver-producing country of more than fifteen times its area, has less than $15 *per capita*. If the United States have 60,000,000 of population, a *per capita* coinage of $52.50 would give $3,150,000,000, and if this amount were represented by certificates, based upon gold and silver bullion in government vaults, it would not be excessive or unsafe. Abundant money promotes general prosperity. From the year 1870 to the year 1885, silver bullion decreased in value 19.71 per cent; wheat, 26.03; cotton, 42.98; flaxseed, 25.63; and all

other farming productions in like proportions. The Secretary of the Treasury becomes a "bear" in the silver market. He purchases enough silver, at say 75 cents per ounce, stamps the fiat value of 100 cents upon a dollar, and thus steals from the silver-producer 25 per cent. of his earnings. England gobbles up the balance of our silver bullion, purchases it at a ruinous price, and, while she maintains a gold standard for the redemption of Bank of England notes, sends her silver to India to be coined into rupees for the purchase of cotton and wheat produced by laborers, who work for one dollar per month, and whose corn and cotton are brought into the Liverpool market in competition with our farmers and planters and our working laborers, who demand for their compensation one dollar per day and board. This demonetization of silver was a legislative fraud. It was consummated through bribery. It is maintained by the "gold-bugs" of Wall Street, the national bankers, the plutocrats, and millionaires of the nation by debauching our senators and members of Congress, and keeping in its pay such men as fill the office of Secretary of the Treasury. Arthur, Cleveland, and Harrison are anti-silver men. John Sherman was a dishonest promoter of the iniquity, and is still struggling to keep himself balanced across the political gulf which he sees widening between his legs. Reed, of Maine, has just been elected Speaker of the House of Representatives in the same interest and through the same conspiracy. The present Secretary of the Treasury is suspected of belonging to this gang of financial bandits. The press and all the plutocratic classes still snivel over the crime of issuing a "dishonest dollar"—a dollar made dishonest because of the crime which displaced it from circulation with gold. The politicians of all parties are holding their breath to decide upon which side to shout. The question is to-day more important and more active at Washington than any other. Candidates for President will take sides. John Sherman is coming round; Cleveland is admitting his mistake of four years ago; Hill, governor of New York, who refused to send delegates to the Silver Convention at St. Louis, will take water. In six months, all the political pack will be in full cry for free coinage of silver. The press will yelp in unison; Republicans will vie with Democrats in bidding for the popular support; every labor-league, mechanics' guild, and working-man's union—every farmer, planter, mechanic, and manufacturer—will be in accord to restore the provisions of the Act of 1878, which shall open all the mints of the United States to the free and unlimited coinage of silver, as provided by the terms of the resolution passed at the St. Louis Silver Convention, and that, in the meantime, the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Windom, shall be required to purchase $4,000,000 in value of silver bullion and coin the same into silver dollars of the present standard of fineness, weight, and value. The people are in earnest and have a right to be, for the country is suffering from this most shameless fraud of the demonetization of silver.

Erratum.—An error appears in the editorial on our first page. In the *per capita* of circulation we should have written less than $22 *per capita* instead of $15. There is money in circulation in the United States amounting to $1,405,098,000; France, with 37,000,000 of people, has money in circulation to the extent of $1,942,500,000.

The Papal Church gives us a deal of annoyance. We find it difficult to arrive at the truth of any rumor concerning it. On Friday, there comes to us by way of the New York *Herald* the statement that one Colonel Leybourn has been authorized under the Papal benediction to establish a great bank, with a capital of one hundred million dollars, in the city of New York, with branches in all the leading commercial cities of Europe and America. The purposes and objects of this bank are set forth with great particularity. Eugene Kelly, of New York, was to have been its governor, and just why Colonel Leybourn, who is a Scotchman and presumably a Presbyterian, was selected for its manager is not explained. Perhaps Scotch sense and integrity are regarded at Rome as of more consequence than Roman Catholic piety and Papal infallibility in the direction of financial affairs. On Saturday, there comes a complete denial of the truth of the rumor, and the press bristles with ecclesiastical denunciations of the fraud. Archbishop Corrigan charges Colonel Leybourn with attempting to bribe him with a cardinal's hat, a pair of red stockings, and one thousand shares of stock, and forgetting the Christian charity which covers other people's sins, this good and pious archbishop denounces the colonel as a "liar, a fraud," and guilty of having forged the Papal benediction for his banking scheme. On Sunday, Colonel Leybourn retorts upon the Irish-American successor of the apostle; sneers at and laughs at this holy Roman archbishop; charges him with ignorance of the intentions of the Vatican, and jealousy "because he was unable to obtain what he had secured," viz.: the bank and the Papal "benediction." He says 'the bank is already formed in Italy, France, and England, and will be organized for business within a week," and gives the name of Cardinal Laureozi, secretary of memorials at the Vatican, who signed the benediction for the bank and affixed to it the Papal seal. Colonel Leybourn retorts upon Priest Corrigan, and charges him with the utterance "of the most infamous lie ever invented" in charging that the Pope ever sells benedictions. Only two commercial benedictions have ever been issued from the Vatican, says Colonel Leybourn, while spiritual benedictions are cheap and common. *Very* cheap and *very* common, as we know. The writer received one from Pope Pius the Ninth. We shall give this commercial benediction further consideration, and, if attainable, will purchase one for the Argonaut Publishing Company. Now, whether the bank is to be established or not is very much mixed. We do not see why it should not be. Of course, it will be very hard on Donohoe & Kelly, of San Francisco, and Kelly & Donohoe, of New York, and on the Hibernia Bank, of San Francisco, and on all the priests and Jesuit laymen who are banking without the "commercial benediction" of the Pope, if this Scotch Presbyterian is cunning enough to secure the blessing of the father of all the faithful and the business and coin deposits of all true believers. We see no reason why the only true and holy Roman Catholic Church—with the only successor of St. Peter at its head and the only vicegerent of God on earth, who claims apostolic succession from Christ and infallibility from God—should not have a bank with one hundred million dollars of capital. If this infallible head of a political organization can claim God's power-of-attorney to do its business on earth, and can claim political supremacy for the exercise of all civil power, can run parties and have political bosses, can hold property in every city in America, can set up parochial schools and establish universities, and hold conventions composed of laymen, and generally run things, we see no good reason why it should not have a commercial bank. We are inclined to take Colonel Leybourn's side and take stock in his bank, notwithstanding the opinions of Archbishop Corrigan, Father Montgomery, Messrs. Donohoe & Kelly, and the directors of the Hibernia Bank. The only mystery is that the Roman Church has not had a great bank long since. Jesuitry is not possessed of the wisdom and financial ability with which it has been accredited that it has not seized upon a banking corporation as one of its most useful means for advancing the political organization, of which the Society of Jesus is presumed to be the most efficient part. On Monday the Pope denies the establishment of a Papal bank—we are more nonplused than ever. Perhaps he does not know what is going on around him at St. Peter's and is not infallible concerning it, while it is quite possible that he may have given his apostolic benediction without knowing it. If, in twenty years, the Hibernia Bank, with its altogether curious clique of Irish Catholics—unskilled in finance and not distinguished in business circles—can gather from Catholic laborers and Irish servant-girls twenty millions of dollars in the city of San Francisco, how powerful a financial organization might not have grown up in America, if it had embraced all its cities and been conducted with the skill and ability displayed by our Jesuit fathers in acquiring property here? When we consider what use might have been made of these accumulated millions in legislative lobbies and in the corridors of courts in aiding Irish political bosses to run the politics of the nation, in corrupting officials, and in bribing the ever cowardly and mercenary press, we confess we stand surprised that the Church of Rome should not have availed itself of so powerful an aid.

The death of President Davis, of the Confederate Government that did not live, revives in the minds of the country the memories of a great and disastrous struggle, in which our people were divided into two great parts. In this civil conflict, the American people were divided almost equally. It involved great principles of government, and upon its result depended the emancipation of some five millions of slaves. Two great civilians divided the responsibilities, the dangers, and the honors of the contest. Abraham Lincoln was the idol and hero of the North, surrounded by military chieftains and distinguished statesmen; Jefferson Davis was the embodiment of Southern ideas, and around him was grouped the most eminent of his countrymen in civil and military positions. Lincoln, with Grant, Sheridan, Thomas, Stanton, Halleck, and a host of others, have passed into history. Davis has lingered longer upon the stage of action, while many of the band of heroes who fought the battles of the Confederacy have preceded him. Davis fought in a cause which was lost. Slavery is abolished; national sovereignty is maintained; Southern States are restored to the Federal Union; soldiers have fraternized, and in the councils of the nation, there is a growing tendency to bury the resentments of the past. The young men of the South accept the results of the war. Davis dies without having acknowledged his allegiance to the flag, or confessed his error in an attempt to destroy the government. It is proper that the nation should make no pretense of sorrow over his death. It is proper that the flag should not be draped, nor the office of the Secretary of War be put in black. It is not unbecoming nor unnatu that the elder men of the South who sympathized with t Southern cause should gather as mourners around the de body of their chief, and march in procession with sole music to his burial; nor is it unbecoming for soldiers of t Grand Army, who fought under the triumphant banner of t stars, to drop a tear of sympathy for the brave soldier who dead. The war is ended, the States are reunited, and if i generous for the men who fought on Southern and North battle-fields to forget their contentions, to fraternize wh sitting together at their banquets, and on Commemoration D to place flowers on the graves of the blue and the gr where, in the soil, their ashes lie commingled, it is not inapp priate for the North to stand respectfully silent while the el South indulges somewhat its grief over the loss of him wh they considered as the embodiment of a lost cause which th esteemed, and upon the result of which they staked th honors, their fortunes, and their lives.

We have received from Mr. J. Keymer Kane, of Lond —whose very valuable communications to the *Argon* upon the Irish political question will be remembered by readers—an appeal from an association of titled ladies of E land, at the head of whom is her majesty the queen, soliciti aid for Irish ladies pauperized by the refusal of Irish tena to pay their just rents, which refusal is supported in Engla by the Gladstone party and in America by the friends of Irish rebellion. The editor of the *Argonaut* would sugg to the wealthy Englishmen residing in California and doi business in San Francisco that it would be highly creditable they would aid their distressed countrywomen by organizing charity for their relief. If the poor Irish in San Francisco willing to give their money in aid of political agitation for relief of distressed tenants, who, with abundant means, refi to pay their legal rents in Ireland, it will be a very grace thing for English bankers, merchants, and men of wealth make some organized effort in aid of ladies distressed by r son of its non-payment. Her majesty the queen stands patroness. The whole list is a guarantee of the most hon able fidelity in carrying out the trust. The executive comm tee is composed of the following named ladies:

President, H. R. H. the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne; vice-pr dent, Her Grace the Dowager Duchess of Marlborough; chairman, the Marc of Waterford, K. P.; the Marchioness of Waterford, the Lady Mary Howa the Countess Waldegrave, the Countess of Rective, the Lady Emma Talbot, Lady Agnes Daniell, the Dowager Lady Westbury, the Hon. Mrs Swinton, L M'Clintock, Mrs. Goschen, Mrs. Hatton, Mrs. Lecky, Mrs. Montgomerie, M Edgar W. Brodie, Mrs. Hastings R. Lees, Miss Emily Leslie, Miss Craigie, M Phillips, General Sir Henry de Bathe, Bart., Lieutenant-Colonel Davidson, Li tenant-Colonel Hatton, E. Parker Young, Esq., Augustus Hill, Esq., Rob Martin, Esq.

They put forth the following argument in aid of their d tressed sisters:

The non-payment of rent in Ireland has reduced an immense number of ladi left entirely dependent on land for their support, to a pitiable state of destitut and distress. To assist in alleviating their sufferings, the committee endea (1) to provide employment for those able to work, and (2) to grant pecuniary sistance to those who, either through age or infirmity, are incapable of help themselves; in many deserving cases the education of children is paid for, a medical assistance is provided for others who can not otherwise obtain it.

Relief is administered without reference to creed or politics.

It is stated also by them that many ladies have entered t work-house in assumed names before the fund was organize This fact testifies to the intensity of suffering. The *Argona* would be glad to aid this charity, and will do so if our Engli fellow-citizens will take the lead. Moneys can be remitt through the Bank of England and the lord mayor of Londo

Elsewhere in our advertising columns will be found a cor munication sent to the editor of the *Argonaut* as one of t executive committee of the National Silver Convention, he at St. Louis. We have no mode of ascertaining who a more directly interested in the question of silver coinage, ar take this mode of calling their attention to what is expected them, viz.: Organization and action in the direction of educatir public opinion and influencing Congressional action to the in portance of free and unlimited silver coinage.

The use of steam as a motive power on the cable-roads ha created a condition in this city which does not exist elsewhe The engine-houses of the companies are dotted throughou the residence portion of the city, and each is topped by a ta factory chimney which may be picturesque to those admirin this class of architecture, but is an eyesore to the majority c the community. In other cities, the factories are collected i the manufacturing part of the town, while the residences ar erected as far away as possible from these monuments of in dustry. This peculiar condition should impress upon the com panies the necessity of making their chimneys as little of nuisance as possible. They are here on sufferance, and shoul recognize that fact. But, instead of this, they add to th æsthetic offense by wrapping the neighborhood in clouds o black, sooty smoke. To the claim that this nuisance shoul be abated, they reply that it can not be done. But it certainl can be done. A better quality of coal will not give out smok of this peculiarly offensive kind. Smoke-consuming ma chinery can be obtained which will effectually prevent the es cape of any smoke. Besides this, the coal itself may be treated so as to destroy its smoke-producing qualities. No

change of furnaces is required, no mechanical appliances are needed. The coal is treated by an inexpensive chemical compound and is rendered absolutely smokeless. The invention has been introduced in London, with the effect that London smoke is likely to become an historical memory. Can not the railway companies of this city reduce cable-car smoke to the condition of a memory of the barbarous past? They will say that it would not pay to do so, but they should be compelled to consider the rights of the people whose beneficiaries they are.

It is rather surprising when one considers the amount of land permanently occupied by the street railroads of this city. They temporarily occupy a length of streets sufficient to extend from this city to San José. But this occupation is in its nature temporary; they use the streets only for passing over them, and vehicles and foot-passengers still retain a limited use of the streets. But the termini of these roads are permanently and exclusively occupied by cars. From the earliest hours of the morning until the latest hours of the night, the cars are always standing, or turning on the turn-tables, or switching about on the switches. The following table will give some idea of the amount of land so occupied:

TURN-TABLES.

Market Street system	Ferry	900 sq. ft.
	Castro and Twenty-Sixth	900
	Haight and Stanyan Streets	900
	Hayes and Stanyan Streets	900
	McAllister and Stanyan Sts.	900
	Valencia and Twenty-Eighth	900
Powell Street system	Powell and Market Street	900
	North Beach	900
	Central Avenue	900
	Ferry	900
Omnibus Company	Howard and Twenty-Sixth	900
	Ellis and Market Streets	900
	Post and Market Streets	900
	Stanyan Street	900
Miscellaneous	Clay and Van Ness Avenue	625
	Fifth and Market Streets	144
	Geary and Market Streets	225
Mission Street system	Mission and Twenty-Eighth	144
	Sansome and Market Streets	144
	Bush and Grant Avenue	144
	Ferry	144
		14,170 sq. ft.

Besides these turn-tables the cars enjoy a permanent use of their termini as follows:

Union Street system	Ferry	450 sq. ft.
	Montgomery Street	200
	Montgomery Avenue	500
	Steiner Street	500
Sutter Street system	Ferry	450
	Sansome Street	500
	Central Avenue	500
	Ninth Street	500
	Pacific Avenue	500
	Polk and Union Street	200
Folsom Street line	Ferry	450
	Folsom and Twenty-Sixth	200
	Montgomery and California	200
	Folsom and Eighth Streets	200
Third Street line	Townsend Street	200
	North Beach	200
Fourth Street line	Townsend Street	200
	North Beach	200
Turk Street line	Ferry	450
	Fillmore Street	200
Sixth Street line	Ferry	450
	Brannan Street	200
California St. line	Kearny Street	750
	Central Avenue	500
Powell Street line	Ferry	500
	Powell and Clay Streets	300
Geary Street line	Geary and Central Avenue	500
Market Street	Ferry	3,000
		13,000 sq. ft.

We have thus a total area of 27,170 square feet permanently dedicated to the use of the street railroads for which the city gets nothing. Reduced to business-lots this area is equal to fourteen lots, each with a frontage of more than twenty-five feet. It amounts to nearly twice the land covered by the Nevada Block, and is about equal to the land covered by the Baldwin Hotel.

A few weeks ago, a paragraph in the *Argonaut* mentioned a New England farm of one hundred and fifty acres that was offered for sale for eight hundred and fifty dollars. The farm was improved, to the extent of having a cottage in good repair, a good barn and sheds, with plenty of fruit and wood on the place, and located about five and one-half miles from a good market. A recent correspondent of the *Nation* mentions another farm advertised for sale. The farm consists of one hundred and six acres, has upon it a farm-house and ten farm-buildings, is within two miles of a railway-station, where trains stop twenty times during the day, and has won for its owner two premiums for being the best managed farm in the town. The improvements cost ten thousand dollars, and the farm and improvements are offered for sale for six thousand five hundred dollars. The buildings, allowing for all wear and tear, are worth fully this amount, and, therefore, the land is really offered as a premium for any one who will buy the buildings. The *Nation's* correspondent declares that the reason given by the farmers in that vicinity for selling is that they can make more in other business, and therefore do not wish to continue farming. New England is a manufacturing centre, and the value of farm produce should be as high there as in other parts of the country. Indeed, a large portion of the agricultural products consumed there are imported from the West. In view of this proximity to a good market, it seems as if those who come to this country to go on farms, and those who, already here, engage in farming, would do better to establish themselves in New England rather than in the West. The vast quantities of waste land in the West attract people until there is a competition for Western lands which increases their prices beyond what they would seem to be reasonably worth. This tendency is increased by the syndicates in the Eastern States, organized solely for the purpose of advancing money on Western mortgages, thereby enabling a man with scarcely any capital to engage in farming there, while the New England farmer is unable to secure any advances on his farm, and must transact business on a cash basis or under the grinding incubus of debt to the petty traders of his vicinity.

PARISIAN NOTES.

"Parisina's" Budget of Gossip from Lutetia.

The popularity of a minister abroad generally depends on the amount of gayety which he sees fit to foster. Since Mr. Morton's time, the American Legation has been rather a dreary place. Mrs. McLane—poor woman—suffered from chronic ill-health, and though Mr. and Miss McLane were punctilious enough in the matter of paying calls, and generally accepted the invitations sent them, owing to the enforced retirement of the mistress of the house, hospitalities were not the rule but the exception in the Avenue Marceau. Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, however, have inaugurated a new era, and the American colony is looking forward to a merry time. The elders have already had occasion to find out that the minister and his wife give capital dinners and have an excellent cook. We are assured that there will be receptions later on, and the young people have made up their minds that they are to be indulged in a ball from time to time, hence a delightful tremor of expectancy in the bosoms of the girls on promotion.

Promotion, in Paris, usually means the capture of some more or less impecunious French noble. Though, of course, American girls are sufficiently *au fait* with French customs to know that unless they happen to possess a pile of dollars—or, at least, a parent or guardian richly endowed with this world's goods—it is very little use of their putting themselves on the lists, for not one Frenchman in a hundred ever dreams of taking to his arms a portionless bride. "What will you? Every one must live!" they answer, if you expostulate to them on the subject. Oh! they like to dance and amuse themselves with the dowerless ones, and they think — putting dollars out of the question altogether—that *la jeune Américaine* is particularly charming, so fresh, gay, unsophisticated (they think), so very desirable in every way. American marriages have been very much on the *tapis* lately, owing to the mishap with respect to the Murat-Caldwell union, and the matter has been thoroughly discussed in its various phases. Was Prince Murat justified in his resentment? By his disdainful refusal of the settlement offered, did he not show his hand too plainly? Ten thousand dollars, "too much for a hutler, and too little for a husband!" This was putting it like a lackey. Why should Prince Murat have the handling of old Caldwell's dollars, I should like to know? If the wife paid for the housekeeping and the stables, and gave her husband a matter of twenty-seven dollars a day in his pocket beside, with an extra dollar or two for Sundays, was that not a fair exchange; and is the Murat blood so blue and the title so old that a woman need pay through the nose for the right of allying herself to its chief? After all, no one imagined that there was any romance about the affair; Prince Murat is a middle-aged widower, and Miss Caldwell's heart has spoken before now.

The newest and "swellest" of all the Paris clubs, the "Epatant," is the only one that keeps any of its members in its salons out of the season. It has been got up on a grand scale, and most of the men who belong to the other *cercles* are also members of the "stunning" club—for that is the literal translation of *epatant*. The Duc d'Aumale pays frequent visits there, and the Prince of Wales always goes to it when in Paris; he will saunter over from the Bristol on foot like any ordinary mortal, as he did twice last time he was here. A few days ago, General Thomassin "dined" there a number of other illustrious warriors of the French Army; no doubt they enjoyed the dishes, as they had the honor of being prepared by a *chef* who took the great prize at the general international culinary competition. A fact that reminds one that Vanderbilt's French cook, Joseph, has returned to Paris, his pockets stuffed with money, which, like a good patriot, he is desirous of spending in his native town. A thorough artist Joseph, and one who takes a pride in his profession. It is whispered that one of his principal reasons for sending in his resignation to the great American millionaire was that Mr. Vanderbilt seldom lunched at home, and the rest of the family lacked the delicate appreciation of its chief.

But to return to our muttons. This winter the "Epatant" will go on as usual with its artistic and musical soirées and its exhibitions of paintings, which have taken the place of the renowned shows which used to be held at the "Mirlitons," now extinct. All the other Parisian clubs are quite deserted during the autumn months, and there is a great number of clubs in Paris, though most persons imagine they are only an English institution. The principal ones are the Cercle de l'Union, mostly composed of politicians and diplomatists; the Cercle Agricole, which is not a farmer's club, despite its name—"Pommes de terre"—in the vulgate; and, lastly, the famous Jockey Club, which is a copy of the London one and is certainly the most swell in Paris. All these are practically empty for four or five months of the year, as it is the *grand chic* to do as Englishmen do, and spend the autumn shooting on the French equivalent for turnip-fields and moors. The great event which brings all French clubmen back is the election of new members, who are presented by the sponsors in December and January. It is no easy thing to gain admittance into the Jockey, the most exclusive club in Paris. PARISINA.

PARIS, November 25, 1889.

MAGAZINE VERSE.

Celia's Home Coming.

Maidens, knit your skirts, and go
  Down the stormy garden ways;
Pluck the last sweet pinks that blow,
  Gather roses, gather bays,
Since our Celia comes to-day,
That has been so long away.

Crowd her chamber with your sweets—
  Not a flower but grows for her!
Make her bed with linen sheets
  That have lain in lavender;
Light a fire before she come
Lest she find us chill at home.

Ah, what joy when Celia stands
  By the leaping blaze at last,
Stooping down to warm her hands
  All benumbed with the blast,
While we hide her cloak away
To assure us she shall stay.

Cider bring, and cowslip wine,
  Fruit and flavors from the East,
Pears and pippins, too, and fine
  Saffron loaves to make a feast;
China dishes, silver cups,
For the board where Celia sups.

Then, when all the feasting's done,
  She shall draw us round the blaze,
Laugh and tell us every one
  Of her fair triumphant days—
Celia, out-of-doors a star,
  By the hearth, a holier Lar!

—*A. Mary F. Robinson.*

Ode for a Mariner Ashore.

There is his room, whene'er the moon looks in
On shells laid cheek to cheek and weapons thin,
And glides across the chart south-west by sea,
  Quiet and old sits he.
Danger! he hath grown homesick for thy smile.
  Where hidest thou the while, heart's boast,
  Strange face of beauty, loved the most
Since first his soul was shipwrecked on this isle?

He covets the dear season he was made
Thy catechumen in a tiger's glade,
And when from out the treacherous battle-cloud
  The mortal dew fell loud;
When, not from his nativity exiled,
  He saw the toppling maples throw
  Filigreed shadows on the snow,
And tropic torrents strand their sea-folk wild.

His dreams are still of Spanish guns afar,
Odors of Surinam and Zanzibar,
And ever doth he plough in visions new
  The Labradorian blue;
The homeless hurricanes about him break,
  The purples of spent day he sees
  From Samos to the Hebrides,
And drowned men dancing leeward on his wake.

Peer of the day-star, friend to thunders rude,
King-creature of the central solitude,
Away, away, away his thought is borne,
  Riding the bubbly morn,
At every joyous plunge and gyre to know
  The tightening muscles of his ship
  Follow the urging of his lip,
And scoff at sullen earth a league below!

Now chance hath robbed him of his heirdom high,
And shackled him with many an inland tie,
And of his only wisdom made a jibe
  Amid an alien tribe.
No wave abroad but lisps his fallen state,
  Who sits at rose-time of the year
  To thumb a placid page, and hear
A tree-toad fluting by the garden gate!

But, Danger! thou the priestess of life's truth,
The awful angel of his eldest youth,
Shalt speak of thine evangel yet the whole
  Unto his breaking soul,
Which not such palsy hath of her long drouth,
  Nor hath so tamely worn her chain,
  But she shall know that voice again,
And shake the winds with answer of her mouth.

Oh, give him back, before his passion fail,
The singing cordage and the hollow sail!
And level with those aged eyes let be
  The bright unsteady sea:
Till, like a film, slips from his waking brain
  The mile-long frosty boughs that run
  Their evening arches to the sun,
The foreign roofs, the herds, the sown champaign.

Oh, from the shut space and the heavy hour,
Our Lady Danger! to thy spousal bower,
With many a rapt and solemn loitering,
  Him whom thou lovest, bring;
That there thy fool who worshiped most and best,
  Not having at the last less grace
  Of thee than had his loyal race,
Sum up his strength to perish on thy breast!

—*Louise Imogen Guiney in December Harper's.*

In consequence of the sentiment against Jews and all things Jewish, the Hungarian Cabinet has decided that official documents shall henceforth read "Israelite" or "Israelitish" instead of "Jew," the term used heretofore, by reason of the hateful idea implied in the word.

HIS FIRST BATTLE.

A Young Lieutenant's Vivid Picture of the Horrors of War.

The stars had gone out; dawn reddened the horizon; the air was warm, perfumed; the birds chirped in the grasses. A fresh breeze fanned the heavy eyelids of Aliochine as he lay disturbed and restless in a half sleep.

Presently, he roused himself abruptly, threw himself into the saddle, and looked about him.

To the right a foggy curtain concealed the spectacle, the fresh killing about to begin. Directly in front of the advancing army rose the menacing front of the Turkish fortresses; in the distance, on the side toward the east, the snowy summits of Alaguez and Ararat sparkled under the fires of the coming sun like two great emeralds.

"How beautiful," began Aliochine, but the smile on his lips quickly vanished at sight of the ambulance corps in the wake of the batteries, with its litters swinging low.

The dazzling spectacle of the morning was gone for him in a moment, his lips trembled, his heart contracted with bitter pain.

"I, too, shall soon be dead!" came anew the haunting thought; "those same litters, those silent bearers, will carry me, as pale, as motionless as the others!" and he felt a great pity for himself, for his youth, for the brief happiness allotted him on the earth.

"It will be finished to-day," thought he, "everything—to-day!" but he instantly thrust from him the cowardly thought which all at once seemed to have seized upon him.

Was it not by his own desire he had gone to war? He had buried even to be in time for the taking of Kars, and now—Aliochine turned his eyes from the train of litters to the left of the hill and the black mass of the advancing army.

Before his battery marched the gallant regiment of Radolfski. It moved slowly, almost noiselessly. The faces of the men were pale and lined with fatigue, but tranquil. Two young officers at the head of the regiment were talking together; one of them seemed to laugh.

Aliochine rubbed his eyes and looked again at these officers. Were they laughing? Yes—laughing joyously. A wave of fiery courage flowed instantly to his heart. What, after all, was there so frightful in war and battle? See! how clear and blue the heavens, how brilliant the sun, how gay these young officers, and how tranquilly marched that intrepid army corps, now blackening the road, now shining in the gathering light!

At this instant, a courier—an adjutant by his dress, begrimed with smoke and powder, his horse covered with foam—dashed up to the battery. He panted for breath; he was soaking with sweat, and his restless eyes literally protruded with excitement. In a second he was surrounded—questions rained upon him. Zaitzef and Litvinof, the captains of the battery, caught him by the arms.

"The battle! the battle!" they cried; "tell us how goes the battle!"

"Badly," stammered the courier; "Kisil-Tapa taken by the enemy, the Illitski regiment cut down, Generals Karovich and Golinski killed, Colonels Tetraloff and Varinski and Prince Dahenoff wounded, and God knows how many more made prisoners!" And, having delivered this encouraging information, the courier set spurs to his horse, and they saw him in the distance in the grasp of the second regiment, shaking and waving his arms with despairing gestures. He was giving them the same particulars.

A feeling of anger and shame swept like a flame through all the battery.

"Forward, march!" sharply commanded Litvinof to the line, which had instinctively halted, his habitually grave and measured tones bitter and irritated.

"Forward, march!" repeated Zaitzef after him, with still more irritation.

Aliochine said not a word; but his heart throbbed wildly under a weight of emotion, and he asked himself, like all the others: "My God! what is going to happen now?"

And, as if in answer to the question, a horrible spectacle at the moment unrolled before his eyes—a grizzled dragoon, urging on, with difficulty, his jaded horse, spurred beside the battery, carrying on the crupper of his steed the still warm but headless body of a comrade. The bleeding neck, the blood-stained uniform, the hanging hands—would Aliochine ever be able to forget them!

"It begins," he thought, "it begins; the moment approaches!"

By the side of the battery a wounded horse now struggled painfully, dragging a mutilated leg and leaving in the dew-wet grass a trail of smoking blood. The eyes of the intelligent animal turned upon them so piteous and appealing a glance that Aliochine was amazed to see that no one save himself even noticed the patient creature, silent and abandoned.

"Trot!" commanded Litvinof, and the battery, obeying, swept with the roar of thunder across field and meadow, past the awful spectacle of the provisional ambulance surmounted by the Geneva Cross, surrounded by a groaning, formless heap of human bodies.

"Forward, faster!" leaving behind them a pallid foot-soldier, sleeping solitary and alone in the midst of the fields and the waving grass.

"Forward still!" and on through a deep and rocky ravine, a battalion of sharp-shooters, a fresh heap of motionless bodies, into a thick cloud of smoke that curtained the hideous picture of war. They saw nothing, but the earth resounded with the moans and cries of a furious battle.

Aliochine had been in camp only two days. An orphan from infancy, brought up in the military school of St. Petersburg, he took his vacations at the house of his grandmother on the Isle of Vassili. He was a good scholar, marched well, would soon have been able to take his place in the Imperial Guard, his heart's desire at first. But war had come; he had wished to go to the front, and they had attached him at his own request to the artillery of the Caucasus.

"Battery halt!" rose the voice of Litvinof. They stopped with a dull rumble, a heavy shock.

"What is it *now?*" demanded Aliochine of a soldier near him, with a vague presentiment of something terrible.

"It is the wounded, lieutenant; they are bringing them in."

Rising in his stirrups, he saw them, black spots in the distance, growing larger and larger, till the lugubrious procession began to pass the battery; the cortege headed by an old man, a sabre-cut in his neck, his shirt unbuttoned, around his throat the red circle of a gaping wound. His eyes were staring; a low groaning came from his laboring lungs. Behind him was a handsome conscript, shot in the breast, a red wave spreading across his bosom, his young face of a mortal pallor, the blood leaping like a fountain with every step. On a litter lay a young sub-officer; in place of an arm he had but a bleeding remnant of flesh and cloth.

"God!" thought Aliochine, "a few minutes more, and *I* may be thus!"

And he moved aside to give room to something carried in a bloody cloak.

"The major!" cried a voice from the ranks.

"What battalion?"

"The third."

His own battalion, his own major, who had received him so cordially on his arrival in camp! Could that be the major's face?—that distorted countenance, bluish, covered with spots of coagulated blood, the mustaches stained red, the kind eyes wide and staring, and seeming to say to him reproachfully: "Ah! it was you who wished to know war! Very well, you have seen it—do you admire it?"

The major passed; new corpses and new wounded followed him, pale visages, fading glances, dismembered bodies—but Aliochine saw only those two glazing eyes which had smiled on him but yesterday, which looked at him to-day with mute reproach.

"Second battery! where is the second battery?" cried at his ear a despairing voice.

Roused from his lethargy, Aliochine turned and saw an orderly whom dust and sweat had made black, hurriedly talking to Commandant Litvinof. He caught but the closing words "——to the death—hold it!" and the orderly, like the courier, was gone, straight at the hill into the flying shells, to lose himself in a cloud of smoke.

At the same instant, a shell burst behind the battery, and the neighbor to the right of Aliochine was numbered with the dead.

"Advance!" cried the voice of the commandant.

"Advance! Advance!" the officers repeated.

"Advance!" cried Aliochine, his soul suddenly fired with a desire for vengeance—the bestial instinct of destruction; his step unfaltering, as he, too, mounted the fatal hill.

At first he saw nothing; he was stunned by the thunder of the battery, intoxicated by the odor of blood and powder which filled the air. But gradually the vision cleared, the smoke on the plain had scattered—before him was the black front of the Kisil-Tapa belching flame.

The Turks maintained their advantage with stubborn heroism; the Russians battled to regain it with furious courage, while behind the one and in front of the other, the blazing circle of the Russian artillery toiled to position—indomitable, formidable, and guarding with menacing mouths the daring madmen who sought to climb those inaccessible rocks—who did climb them to the infernal music of the cannons and guns, and a ceaseless chorus of cries and human groans uniting in a hymn of merciless devastation.

To the left of the hill long black lines crept patiently and courageously—the attacking columns. One of the lines crawled faster than the others; echo repeated a far-away hurrah; a white cloud rose above the crest of the rock—and the black line, broken into little particles, glided rapidly down the flank of the hill to vanish in the smoke of the plain.

Soon the smoke died away; another line replaced the routed one; another discharge, new losses, and yet without a pause and with singular constancy, more human beings crept upward to encounter the same death.

On the other side of the hill, from the smoky plain, more lines and broader ones crawled as steadily toward the Kisil-Tapa—cavalry lines closing in to the attack, and beyond them, farther still, to the right of those emerald summits, crowned now with smoke clouds, the tender blue of a cloudless heaven.

"And this was war! This was battle!" and like a flash there came before Aliochine's memory, regarding the picture before him, war and battle as charted on the black-boards of the military school; platoons of soldiers in symmetrical squares, the infantry exactly aligned, the cavalry aligned beside them; the artillery aligned behind the cavalry, everything correct, exact, and neat as a new pin. Only, the professor forgot to mention in his eloquent and daily explanations that his well-shaped squares were made up of human lives, and that interesting battles poured out rivers of human blood.

The squares were not regular, nor the infantry aligned in the scene before Aliochine's eyes, and they moved without symmetry across that bloody plain.

"Halt!"

The command ran through the battery.

Aliochine reined in his horse and looked about him. They had stopped abruptly. In front, Litvinof explained something to the gunners, pointing to the horizon. Other officers advanced before their divisions, gesticulating with anger.

Until then, Aliochine had not seen how his platoon was formed. He turned about and scanned the faces of his soldiers. Young men, all of them, and mostly recruits like himself. He regretted that all this had come so soon—he did not know the name of even one man in his company.

At his elbow stood a handsome stripling. Aliochine bent toward him: "Your name?" he asked.

"Attention, men! To the carriages!" rang the voice of Litvinof, before the lad could answer; and though his voice was clear and unhurried as when he left the camp, the battery knew that the commandant was preparing a decisive move. A prayer, ardent though mute, rose from every soul.

"Advance, men! March!" again cried Litvinof, waving his sword above his head like a battle-flag. "Advance, men! March!" repeated the young voices behind him, for now the commandant on his bay horse was far ahead of them, the swaying battery thundering at his heels, obedient, courageous, heroic.

The fort of the Kisil-Tapa had disappeared, and before them smoked the murderous rock of Alagi.

"To place, first piece!" roared the voice of Avalof, the platoon's captain. Aliochine leaped to the ground, tossed his reins to a soldier, and sprang for position. A grenade from the enemy whistled shrilly by his ear.

"God is merciful; it missed me!" he murmured, instinctively.

But the first was followed by a second grenade, then a third, a fourth, a dozen, too many and too fast to count them—a hail-storm of balls, a veritable rain of fire—and, sooner even than he had thought, the battery was crushed, scattered, pulverized.

Pale, trembling, but keeping his self-command, Aliochine gave his orders, always by the side of the cannon, around which the Turkish balls hummed and sang.

"How goes it with you now, my lad?" cried a voice at his side—the voice of Litvinof, gentle and caressing in its tone, to his brave young officer; "how goes it with——"

But Litvinof did not finish his sentence; he had fallen forward, face downward, with outstretched hands.

Aliochine sprang to lift him, but in place of Litvinof he saw before him a mutilated trunk, some tatters of flesh, clothing and blood.

"Second captain in command take charge!" cried Avalof, who had seen the tragedy, and thus called Zaitzef to Litvinof's duties.

And all this while the enemy continued the carnage; three of the pieces were entirely dismounted and reduced to uselessness. Men and horses fell like flies, and the battery, with half of its gunners gone, its ammunition exhausted, and helpless under the shots of the victorious enemy, was extinguished like a taper. Three men only of the battery's complement remained by the eighth cannon.

"Fire!" began Aliochine, but stopped suddenly; the gunner had thrown himself on the ground, writhing and twisting like a serpent.

His right hand had gone with that last screaming ball.

No matter—the gunner of the seventh was at his post, on his knees by the wheel, but when Aliochine approached him, he, too, seemed to be sleeping, so calm and peaceful was his dead face.

Behind him again, the lad whose name he had asked lay groaning on the ground, his breast plowed by a shell.

It was too much; Aliochine's nerves began to give way; he moved as a machine would move; his strength was going; exhaustion and a dull indifference weighed him down, and did not leave him even when an orderly, sent by the artillery chief, arrived beside him with orders to retreat.

"Retreat! Retreat, battery!" cried the orderly, with frantic gestures; "to the rear!"

Aliochine found himself now in a ravine, but not that wide ravine where the battery had awaited the convoy of wounded; no, it was a smaller gorge, narrower, walled in, and as yet unoccupied.

He listened; shots still resounded heavily, but in the distance. He was out of danger—he had done his duty—he still lived!

"I am alive—alive!" he repeated, inwardly, with the indescribable sensations of a man in whom suddenly extinguished life revives and quickens his being. He gazed about him; the battery had stopped, and the men prepared for action.

"I am alive! I live!" he murmured again; "but Litvinof and those poor soldiers who climbed that murderous hill in the face of that hellish fire——" And a thrill of shame, mingled with his gladness, that he, so young and without a family, should have come from the conflict safe and sound, while useful, mature lives had gone out like candles.

Here and there in the ravine groups of soldiers, with pale, saddened faces, lay stretched on the ground. Beside them a jaded horse cropped wearily the sun-browned grass.

Poor beast! how tired it looked, and how tired Aliochine felt, and how suffocatingly warm! Oh, for a drop—a single drop of water!

He staggered, his eyes closed, his strength exhausted, he fell on the burning earth.

How long had he lain there? He did not know.

"Mr. Officer! Mr. Officer!" the voice was at his ear.

He opened his eyes; a hand held out to him a brimming pannikin of muddy water and two hard biscuits. The face of a soldier smiled at him, the face of a boy. He turned to thank him—the boy had disappeared.

Stretched on his back, his hand under his head, Aliochine sought to sleep; but sleep fled from him; his excited brain saw naught but horrible visions—a bleeding neck, a mutilated, dismembered trunk, and fading, sunken eyes. Killing men was truly a wicked act; war unworthy of humanity.

"Boom—boom—boom!"

The cannonade, which had ceased for a moment, had begun anew. Aliochine anxiously regarded Zaitzef and his poor soldiers, in each tortured heart but a single prayer: "My God, when will all this end?"

Meanwhile, the shots grew louder, the heat more insupportable; the sun, which had reached its zenith, hung like an incandescent spot in the midst of the dazzling firmament.

The killing had begun anew!—*Translated for the Argonaut from the Russian of Tcheyloff by E. C. Waggener.*

Since 1882 eighty-two miles of streets have been built, paved, and drained in Rome, at the cost of thirty million dollars, and three thousand houses erected in large, modern blocks, where old quarters formerly stood, and five new bridges thrown across the Tiber. In consequence of these improvements the old city has been so changed that the visitor of twenty years ago would hardly recognize it.

PUZZLE-MAD.

"Cockaigne" writes of the Londoner's Latest Freak.

There is a veritable craze just now for puzzles. I do not know if the American people are in the same condition. For the sake of an uninterrupted reign of legitimate business and a quiet state of the national mind, I sincerely hope not. But here, in England, every one seems to be engaged in doing a puzzle. "Pigs in Clover," of which several English editions have been published in London, set the thing going, and now there must be quite a dozen different puzzles of the ball-rolling principle under glass, and all more or less imitations of the "Pigs." Of these, the one called "Pick-me-Up," or more generally known as the "Eiffel Tower," appears to be the most popular, as it is the most difficult. It consists of a round, glass-covered, cardboard box, some six inches in diameter and four deep, within which is a plaster of Paris cone-shaped "mountain," surrounded by a continuous spirally ascending edge, or shelf, half-an-inch wide, and culminating at the top in a small round indentation or cup. The puzzle is to roll a small ball, about the size of a pea, up to the top from the bottom by this spiral roadway. It sounds easy, and so it would be if the circuitous path were always level and there were not sudden dips, which tend to make the ball "jump the track" every now and then. The most difficult point of this description is at the last turn, just before the ball reaches the cup. By dint of the most adroit tilting of the box and the exercise of a sublime patience to gain this point and then to see the ball coolly skip over the edge, when you have to begin all over again, is the sixty-times-an-hour experience of an overwhelming majority of essayers of the task. As a test of human endurance and a provocative of the most blatant profanity, the "Pick-me-Up" puzzle stands without a rival. No one but a fool would attempt it. It can be done, I know, for I have seen it, but the infrequency of its accomplishment raises a person who has achieved it into a sort of hero, beside whom a winner of the Victoria Cross becomes equivalent to a blower of soap-bubbles, and a Cambridge senior-wrangler to a doer of a simple sum in addition.

A few days ago, I was staying at a country-house, and among the other guests was a young lady whom I had seen before, but did not know. She was a dull-looking girl, with heavy eyebrows and a sulky, obstinate expression. I asked a man who she was.

"Oh, don't you know?" he asked, dropping his eye-glass with the suddenness of his brow-knit stare of surprise.

"No, or I shouldn't have asked."

"Why, she's the gal who's done the 'Eiffel Tower,'" and he put his eye-glass back, with a toss of the head which said as much as "What a fool you must be not to know."

"Nothing very remarkable in that," I replied; "there must be thousands of other girls who have——"

"What? Oh, you can't be serious," and he turned away with a wave of his hand.

"I think it is you who can't be serious," I said.

He turned round again and brought his fist down on the back of a chair. "I'll take my oath she's the first woman, gal, female, or lady—if you like it better, who's done it, that *I* have heard of."

I looked at him to see if he was joking. Not a bit of it. His face was as straight as a minstrel interlocutor's and his eye as barren of fun.

"Do you ever read the papers?" I asked.

"Yes, of course."

"What do you call the Princess of Wales?"

"Tummy's missus."

"Come, I'm not chaffing. I mean, don't you know that she, for one—as well as hundreds of other ladies—has been up the Eiffel Tower?"

"Who's talking of going up the Eiffel Tower?"

"You are."

"No, I'm not."

"Yes, you are. You just said," etc.

"What bosh! I was talking of the puzzle."

Explanations quickly followed, and the dull-faced girl given her full credit as the only woman who had got the ball to the top of the "Pick-me-Up" puzzle.

Another puzzle is a profile (under glass—they are all that) of a bicycle, the hubs of the two wheels being surrounded by a cardboard ring about an inch high, the box itself being about two inches deep. Outside the rings, rolling about, are six small shot, say No. 9, and the puzzle is to get three of the shot into each ring. This can only be done by shaking the box with spasmodically perpendicular shakes, and making the shot jump over the edges of the cardboard into the rings. To get one or two into one of the rings is easy enough. It is a chance affair altogether. But it is the getting of three shot into one ring, and *keeping them there* while you get the other three shots into the other ring. Shaking the second three in, shakes the first three out, and so it goes. As a patience perturber and profanity provoker this puzzle holds its own with "Pick-me-Up."

A day or two ago, I had occasion to pay a visit to a barrister friend of mine in the Temple. Although a middle-aged man, he is a "junior" still. He has been offered "silk" more than once, but, as is not unfrequently the case with juniors of large practice, the honor has been declined, for as a Q. C. a barrister (except on rare occasions) can accept only "leading" briefs. So that the dignity of a silk gown, with a square collar, and the right to wear a "full-bottomed" wig, is dearly bought if a large and profitable "junior" business has to be relinquished in consequence. He has comfortable chambers in Paper Buildings, and, as I opened the door of the ante-room, his clerk came forward, with an annoyed look in his face, as he seemed to be hiding something he held in his hand behind his back.

"Mr. Bosanquet-Puller in?"

"Yes'r."

"Can I see him?"

"Nos'r."

"Busy?"

"Yes'r."

"Engaged?"

"Nos'r."

"Ah! Brief, I suppose?"

"Nos'r."

"Hum! Consultation?"

"Nos'r."

"Oh! Drafting an opinion?"

"Nos'r."

"Well! Framing a bill?"

"Nos'r."

"Just so. Any one with him?"

"Nos'r."

"Exactly. Can't I go in?"

"Nos'r. I think you'd better not."

"Why not?"

"Interrupt him, s'r."

"But if he's doing nothing and there's no one there, I——"

"He is busy, s'r."

"But what at?"

"Well, s'r, I ——"

Before the clerk could finish his sentence there was a crash against the door of the next room, and a jingling of shivered glass as though some object had been thrown violently from a distance. This was accompanied by a volley of exclamatory remarks in my friend's voice, which politeness forbids the repetition of, save in a series of dashes and notes of admiration, somewhat thus:

"——! —— ——! —— —— —— —— ! —— !"

"What the deuce is up?" I exclaimed; "he must be ill!"

"No fear, s'r. It's nothing. I expected he'd lose his temper."

Quiet reigned again within, and I determined to go and see what was the matter. I opened the door and walked in. My friend, with his hands thrust into his pockets, was standing at the window, looking out over the Temple Gardens, and softly whistling a popular air.

He turned as I came in, and his face wore an expression of sheep-like blandness which I have never seen equaled.

"Hello, old chap!" he said, cheerily; "what brings you——"

"Look here," said I; "what was that row in here a minute ago? I heard a devil of a smash and you yelling like a——"

"Oh, yes, to be sure. I was a bit riled. My clerk left that confounded thing on my table and I tried to do it. That's all."

My eyes followed the inclination of his head as he spoke, and in the middle of an arm-chair, which stood in the proper angle to receive it, lay the débris of a bicycle-puzzle.

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Puller, as the clock in the Law Courts struck twelve, "it can't be possible! I thought it was about half-past ten. I'm blessed if I haven't wasted a couple of hours, and there's two new briefs in last night that I haven't so much as looked at, except to see the fee."

It would be impossible to enumerate all the puzzles there are. They seem endless. What with "Old Bailey, or securing the Prisoners," "Answers," "Five Pigs," "Chicken Coop," "Cat and Kittens," "Solar System," etc., there is no lack.

LONDON, November 16, 1889. COCKAIGNE.

Collaboration in novel-writing is getting to be quite a common occurrence (writes James Payn in the *Independent*). One gentleman does the plot and the other the dialogue; or, better still (though surely a little dangerous in the case of such sensitive natures), a lady is introduced into the partnership, to do the love-scenes from her view of the question. Men are apt to make mistakes in this matter and *vice versa*. An author was once discovered to be a spinster from her describing a husband and wife going on with a quarrel at the breakfast-table at the exact point where they had left it at supper-time. Still, collaboration does not do in everything. In athletics, for instance, it was recently discovered that two gentlemen were in the habit of entering one another's names for races, instead of their own. The less speedy of the two modestly appeared on the list and was given a start on account of the indifference of his previous performances, which the quick one ran for him and won. Untouched by this spectacle of so much friendship, a magistrate sent both Orestes and Pylades to jail for obtaining money under false pretenses.

It is certainly very odd (says the *Nation*) that the popular faith in "blood" should, for political and social purposes, be as strong as it is, in view of the extreme rarity with which parents transmit either great mental or moral qualities to their offspring. Able sons of able fathers are by no means unknown phenomena, but they are too scarce to warrant the respect with which all children of remarkable parents are still treated. The explanation of the anomaly probably is that the popular mind is still so much affected by the transmission of physical qualities, that it infers from it the transmission of the nobler ones also. The hereditary transmission of physical qualities is as common among men as among the animals. The large men and the strong men are apt to have large and strong sons, and *may* have sons with as much brains, or tenacity, or industry, or integrity; but the popular presumption is apt to convert the "may" into "must."

The king of the Warramangas, an Australian tribe, died last month in the Adelaide Hospital. He was a boy of nineteen, six feet six inches in height, and had for several years been a guide to an explorer named Lindsay, to whom he was much attached. When he became king last year he refused to take his royal rank.

For two years past there has been an insurance company against burglaries, flourishing in London. According to the regular rates you can insure the contents of your residence, or the damage to it through burglary, or any special article you desire.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Lord Tennyson has read all of Rider Haggard's novels.

The Prince of Wales, on his present trip, drinks nothing but German mineral water.

James Whitcomb Riley, the bachelor poet, is in receipt constantly of letters from women who want to marry him.

"Senator Ingalls," says the Atchison *Globe*, "drove through the streets lately in a rusty spring-wagon, a lot of hickory poles sticking out behind. It is a part of a United States Senator's duty to look tough occasionally when he is in the wild and woolly West."

Secretary Blaine attributes his good health to the fact that he has given up the habit of eating meat three times a day. He eats eggs for breakfast, cracked wheat for lunch, and roast meat for dinner. Since he adopted this régime his health has been greatly improved.

Professor Asa Gray, the greatest botanist of our time, had wonderful keenness of sight and manual dexterity. Until late in life, he delighted to use these powers in a queer kind of sport. Crouched on the floor of his parlor or study, he would patiently watch for mice and catch them with the expertness of Grimalkin herself.

William the Second is determined to resent any insinuation to the effect that he is not a first-class emperor. For he has caused the editor of the *Potsdamer Zeitung* to be tried on a charge of leze-majesty, for the publication of a paragraph in which it was stated that the Kaiser had recently been seen driving in a second-class cab.

George Francis Train offered to bet a considerable sum in the corridor of a big hotel the other day that he was the "biggest fool in America," whereupon a thoughtful-looking little man, who evidently did not know him by sight, stepped up and responded: "Look here, stranger, I'll take that bet, provided you're not George Francis Train."

The New York grand jury has indicted Siegfried H. May, of No. 29 First Avenue, for manslaughter in the first degree. May, it is alleged, jabbed Martin J. Flynn in the eye with an umbrella at Thirty-Sixth Street and Broadway on the night of October 28th, from the effects of which Flynn died. The coroner's jury exonerated May, but the grand jury was not satisfied with the result of the inquest and took up the case, with the above result.

Sir Lyon Playfair, who sailed from New York for Liverpool on Wednesday of last week, began to make his mark at an early age. When a young man he was commissioned by Sir Robert Peel to prepare a government report. So ably was the task accomplished that the premier said: "I must recognize this. I'll advance you in any way I can." Drawing up to his desk, he committed his promise to paper. Mr. Playfair's reply was characteristic: "Sir Robert, your word is enough." As he spoke he tore the note into fragments.

Sir Henry Isaacs, the new Lord Mayor of London, is the third Jew who has filled that office since the date of its institution, just seven hundred years ago. Henry Fitz-Elwin, who first held the office, was appointed by the crown. The two previous lord mayors of the Jewish persuasion were Sir David Solomons and Sir Benjamin Phillips, and, curiously enough, the year 1890, during which Sir Henry Isaacs will exercise his authority, is the six hundredth anniversary of the expulsion of the Jews from England by King Edward the First.

Rosa Bonheur is robustly and compactly built, although quite short, her peculiarly mannish dress having the effect of heightening her stature. She walks with her shoulders thrown well back, swings her arms as she moves along, and carries her head proudly, almost defiantly. Her cheeks are still pink, her face is full of health, and her short, thick hair is beginning to show more silver than brown. Between her and Buffalo Bill an animated friendship has sprung up. The secret of their sympathy is not hard to explain. They both love animals.

A famous English artist was once ordered to take down a military picture for exhibition at Windsor. He did so, and the queen, on seeing it, at once remarked that in a certain unimportant particular one of the uniforms was incorrectly painted. The artist was so little of a courtier as to protest respectfully that he was right, and her majesty, to convince him, sent for a specimen soldier from the guard on duty. He came, and an examination of his coat proved that the artist was correct. It is only fair to add that an alteration had recently been made by the authorities, of which the queen was, apparently, not aware.

When Patrick Hogan, a shoe manufacturer of Newark, New Jersey, failed in 1881, his daughter Elizabeth, who was forewoman of his shop, settled with his creditors for twenty cents on the dollar, and assumed the business in her own name. She kept her father and brother with her, and the business prospered. Her father died, leaving fifteen thousand dollars insurance money and a request that the remaining eighty per cent. of his indebtedness be paid. This Miss Hogan determined to do, and she has done it, expending $42,002.32 for that purpose. She had handsomely engraved receipts made, and when they were all signed they were bound in book-form, to be kept in honor of her father's memory.

During his stay of several hours in Bozen, the Emperor Francis Joseph paid a visit to the Archduke Henry, on which occasion the archduke's consort, Baroness Waideck, and their daughter, Baroness Marie, were introduced to his majesty. In his marriage, the archduke had committed such a breach of the traditional rules and usages of the Hapsburg family, that for twenty-one years he has lived estranged from the head of the imperial house. On the fourth of February, 1868, Archduke Henry married Fraulein Leopoldine Hofmann. She was the daughter of a very humble official employed in the assessment-office at Krems, in Upper Austria. It was when stationed in Graz that he made the acquaintance of Fraulein Hofmann, a singer at the theatre, with a monthly salary of fifty florins. She was by no means a great singer, but she was pretty, quick-witted, the very type of a Viennese girl, and, above all, irreproachable in her conduct and manners. To the marriage of the Archduke Henry not only was the emperor's approval not obtained, but the prohibition of the nuptials issued by his majesty was disobeyed, and the archduke was for many years expatriated. Archduke Henry, who is now sixty-one years of age, felt deeply the loss of his military rank, and still more his exile, but otherwise his marriage brought him unalloyed happiness. At length, the emperor's displeasure began to disappear, and the archduke was allowed to take up his permanent residence in a Tyrolese town. With his wife, who had meanwhile been raised to noble rank under the title of Baroness Waideck, and with the only child of their marriage, a daughter, who is now eighteen years old, the "civilian" Archduke Henry for some time lived the quiet, contented life of a lauded proprietor.

Two colonels of the Guard, Lassoff and Shermer by name, are dismissed from the Russian Army, and General Tomanowsky, who has hitherto commanded the cavalry division of the Guard, has been placed on the retired list for gross financial irregularities. Their disgrace is due to the investigations of an ugly little colonel of the name of Baranok—a word which means in English "little sheep." Wherever he appears upon the scene, a catastrophe is certain to ensue. A Jew by birth, he, at an early period, forsook the creed of his fathers and became converted to orthodoxy. On entering the military service, he was quickly promoted by General Skobeleff, under whom he served, from the ranks to the office of his private secretary, and at the close of the White General's eventful career, found himself invested with the dignity of a major of the general staff. Since then, he has become the factotum and right-hand man of the present minister of war, who makes use of his keen powers of perception to discover and run to ground the numerous corrupt rings in the army. Only nine months ago a general holding one of the principal commands in Turkestan and [illegible] members of his staff were ignominiously dismissed from the service for dishonesty, within a couple of weeks after receiving a visit from Colonel Baranok at their quarters. The disgrace of General Tomanowsky, however, has attracted more attention than any other. For, in addition to his glorious record as a successful commander and to his great popularity at court and in society, he was on terms of warm friendship with most of the grand dukes, almost all of whom had started their military career under his auspices. Under the circumstances, it would astonish nobody if Baranok were found murdered one day.

PAPAS AND GRANDPAPAS.

"Van Gryse" on the Four Hundred's Ancestors and Elderly Belles.

What are the qualifications necessary before one can force an entrance into the blessed realms of the Four Hundred? This is one of the questions of the day. It has power to agitate the whole town. It is discussed with as much eagerness in the top floors of apartment-houses across town—only accessible by the bobtail cars—as it is in the fronts of boxes at the Metropolitan on Wagner nights. It engrosses Mrs. Brown and her daughters, who live in a boarding-house on Eighth Avenue, and who spend the Sabbath morn, in curl-papers and Mother Hubbards, reading the society columns. It whiles away dreary hours in country-houses when the rain lashes the window-panes, prohibiting the exciting chase of the fox's understudy, the anise-seed bag. The ladies who have bangs and beaux, and go down to Macy's to "make bargains," have got views on it. The matinée girl—about whose respectability there are always interesting doubts, who sits in the fifth row beside a creditable "Ma" and ogles the boxes through a lorgnon—knows all about it. The distant connections of families who have "got there," think they have penetrated the mystery. The rich Westerner, come to stay and to conquer, with a slim daughter in the foreground and a fat wife roughly blocked in somewhere in the back, maintains that he has "got on to its curves."

These all say that what is necessary is unlimited money and unlimited cheek. A fine marriage will do it—as in the case of D. Ogden Mills and Miss Livingston. A relentless and unbending series of entertainments will do it, as in the case of Mrs. Mackay at home and abroad. A keenly developed social *flair*—that indescribable and unerring instinct for the genuine article amid a host of clever imitations—will do it. The Four Hundred, of course, will not admit this. They say you must have the real *Je ne sais quoi*, the grand air, to be taken to their bosom. Money will not do it—at least, money alone. Even handsome daughters with large dowries will not win their cold hearts. They have been known to resist silver mines in the West and pork-packing establishments in the Mississippi Valley.

These passing reflections have been suggested by an engagement just announced, the contracting parties the very core and heart of swelldom—Miss Hall and Mr. Stanley Mortimer. The innermost sanctuaries of exclusiveness are open to this happy pair. They are the beloved of the society journals; they furnish the sacred fire which inspires the muse of Jenkins. Miss Hall is a charming girl, goes back four generations quite creditably, has family portraits, archives, a crest, and can talk of "grandpapa" without any chilling fears. The modern family group is delightful—a widowed mother, looking like the elderly dames pictured by Van Schaik in *Life*, a lovely married sister, allied to a Roosevelt—which is next best to having been born a Roosevelt, this fortunate family being one of the most aristocratic and disagreeable in New York—and a brother, a boy-about-town of the deepest dye, who has the amateur theatrical craze worse than any one else in the city. Young Hall is quite a public figure; people who like to do the correct thing always allude to him as "Vally Hall," just as the gods, who study Cora Urquhart Potter from beneath the skylight, speak of her with careless familiarity as "Mrs. Jimmy Potter."

The gentleman who is about to form an alliance with this attractive family is possessed of youth, beauty, wealth, and a grandpapa who was a tailor. He was a very good tailor—but still he was a tailor. The Four Hundred have tried to call attention from the damning fact that one of their proudest members once wielded the tape-measure for other purposes than laying a tennis-court; but their efforts have been fruitless. The Mortimer family themselves have had it on their consciences to marry well. They have concealed the trail of the tape-measure with religious care. They did not go in for heiresses; they went in for blood, the illustrious founder of the family—whose forte, by the way, was Scotch tweeds and English broadcloth—having made this a possibility, by the soaring altitude of his prices, the extreme elegance of his cut. It has been said of him that he could impart style to the torso of William Vanderbilt, and majesty to the lissome form of Jay Gould. He could have made Delancy Kane look slender—and as every one knows, Delancy Kane's is now a case for corsets. His death left a void, rapidly filled by the reigning Mortimer by a family portrait on the dining-room wall and a crest in the outer ball. Old Mortimer, after his demise, underwent an apotheosis—otherwise than celestial, that being improbable when one considers his prices—and had his shade returned to its earthly haunts, it would hardly have recognized itself in the glorious being who was being handed down to posterity as the founder of the Mortimer family. The "establishment" was forgotten, veiled in oblivion, and the portrait on the dining-room wall was alluded to as "our grandfather, the importer." The point of view of society is at times confusing: An ancestor who has made a fortune in honest labor is shuffled out of sight and memory as in some way discreditable, but an ancestor who has squandered a fortune in riotous living is always regarded as a bright jewel in the family crown, and kept well before the public's memory.

The case of the Mortimers and the case of the Learys afford great satisfaction to the rising generation of tailors and hatters. The lives of these great men remind them they can make their lives sublime, and departing, leave behind them footprints in the sands of time which their fond and faithful descendants will hasten to efface. The Learys was a case of hats and only went back one generation, it being Father Leary's habit while he lived to fit all the swell heads—not the swelled, mark the distinction—in Gotham. This, of course, makes the Learys a cut below the Mortimers—in such delicate matters as these one generation makes a difference inconceivable to the man whose ancestors are only of importance in having paved the way for his advent upon "this terrestrial ball." It is impossible for the Learys to conceal the blot on their scutcheon, when that blot is fresh in the memory of man and was situated under the Astor House, and even went so far as to put forth a sign bearing the crushing announcement "Leary, the Hatter."

Father Leary's hats, like Grandfather Mortimer's suits, had a peculiar charm irresistible to the existing form of dude. To be crowned with a Leary head-piece sufficed for most men. The block of the Leary hat became as famous as the block of the Tower of London—a comparison which suggests itself in that both blocks were connected with heads. Father Leary gathered the roses while he might—he, too, put up his prices, and while his confections became the crowning glory of the Knickerbocker head, his wealth grew large by degrees and beautifully great. The shop was closed some time before he died, and the obnoxious sign of "Leary, the Hatter," passed into the limbo of the things which ought to be forgotten and are not.

His children—who are getting on in years—are the pride and blossom of New York fashion. They early evinced the social instinct. They had a passion for journalists, and so the hat-factory was not spoken about in the papers, and when "esteemed contemporaries" made allusions to it, they were quietly crushed. Arthur Leary and his sister have neither married. Whether this was because the manufacture of hats is not conducive to the tender passion in the manufacturer, or tends to the production of an unresponsive coolness in the beloved object upon whom the manufacturer has set his heart, is too deep a question to be entered upon thus lightly. Arthur Leary still leads germans and opens the charity ball. Miss Leary, who was once one of the most beautiful girls in New York, gives musicales and receptions, and occupies the proud position of one of the richest unmarried women in the country.

It is an odd thing how many such women there are here—rich, handsome, admired, charming—who will not marry. Perhaps, like your California heiress, Miss Flood, they suffer from an *embarrass de richesses* in the way of suitors, which makes it too much of a task to choose one finally. Fortunately, the majority of women are relieved from this anxiety. When the lady's circumstances are not affluent, the not impossible he's come in Indian file, not in those dense battalions which besiege the heart of the impoverished beauty in tenent editions. Miss Leary, with personal charms and wealth, has resisted all temptations to buy expensive titles and impecunious beauties. Perhaps she has discovered the difficulties of separating what is worth having from what is only a smart imitation.

There is another lady, Miss Beckwith, who is a beauty, and a belle, and unmarried at nearly forty. Miss Beckwith is a genuine patrician, with a pale, thin face, high features, and a dimple in her chin. She is an elegant creature, always quietly dressed and always wearing a little bunch of the rarest flowers in her dress. For years the choicest members of the Four Hundred have proudly alluded to her as "Our Beauty," and some of the best men in town have offered incense at her shrine. All her affection seemed centred on her father—now quite an old man. Every fine afternoon they drive up the avenue together in a victoria, splendidly appointed—a most interesting pair. The old man, white-haired, bent, and feeble; the lady, pensive, pale, rather faded, but combining an expression of charming sweetness with an air of refined *ennui*. In her appearance there is that suggestion of extreme delicacy which is the peculiar charm of the New York women and which generally conceals a constitution of iron. Her world has never swerved from its devotion to her—she is still "Our Beauty," though she is to her former self what a withered leaf in autumn is to the same leaf, fresh, green, shining, in the spring.

When these lovely creatures do condescend to bestow themselves upon some adoring man, they put it off as long as they can. New York women marry later than any other women in this country—not much under thirty. They are supposed by that time to have attained a rich and fruity flavor. They certainly are more charming than the buds, of whom the saying goes: "In the first season they are good to look at; in the second, good to dance with; in the third, good to talk to." The New York woman of thirty is a dangerously fascinating creature, and knows it better than any one else. At thirty-five, she begins to fade, though there are shining exceptions who have gone on blooming in perennial beauty up to forty. There is Miss Constance Schaak, who is just engaged to be married. Miss Schaak, like the lady of whom Rosina Vokes speaks in one of her plays, is "just twenty-five years old, in which case she must have been fifteen when she was born." And yet she is one of the prettiest women in New York. It is wonderful how they wear! Last winter, meeting a lady the day after the Patriarchs' ball, one asked her: "Well, who was the prettiest woman there?" "Oh, Miss Schaak! I know she is nearly forty, but what will you have? She is prettier than any one else, with those delicious dimples." And she is—it is miraculous how they manage it. Miss Schaak is to marry a gentleman who is mainly remarkable for having several times attempted to effect an entrance into West Point, and each time was "found on his prelim.," in the esoteric language of that academy.

They have a new play at the Lyceum—"The Charity Ball"—ground out by the De Mille and Belasco combination. These two are indefatigable at producing plays of a mildly sentimental class, where the female pupils of the Madison Square School of Acting can sob and break their hearts in a more scientific manner than any other—stock—actresses in town. Miss Cayvan is the most accomplished sobber in the company; but in "The Charity Ball" they have given Miss Grace Henderson a chance, and her heart breaks slowly through four acts, amid a gentle shower of tears. Miss Henderson, who is the prettiest woman in the cast, threatened to leave the company and join a husband who is in Chicago, unless they gave her something to do in which she could show her mettle as an actress. Hence "The Charity Ball." She is the heroine, in white satin, to Miss Georgia Cayvan's confidant, in white linen—a combination which is quite interesting. Miss Cayvan grows a little too fat, but is as soft and clinging as ever. She is said to have more men in love with her than any actress in the city; it is also rumored that her temper is such that when the flood-gates of her wrath are opened, Frohman, De Mille, Belasco, and the whole Madison Square Company stand from under. As to Miss Henderson, having made a success, she remains with the company, and the husband in Chicago—he has a theatre, too—supports her absence with the fortitude of the Chicago husband under such circumstances.

But the most amazing part of the whole performance is Herbert Kelcey without his mustache. Those luxuriant tresses have been sacrificed, have fallen beneath the razor of the tonsorial artist. Mr. Kelcey was cast for a young divine—an orthodox young divine—who is the good brother of the bad villain, and, in order to personate the character more appropriately, he cut off his mustache. It was an awful shock when he first appeared—he himself looked quite conscious and guilty. But his eyes are left, and these he rolls with all his accustomed ardor. There never were such black eyes before or since—"there's many a black, black eye, mother, but none as black as mine," as the hard gracefully expresses it. VAN GRYSE.

NEW YORK, November 30, 1889.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Forsaken—A Threnody.

Alas, the big, bright boom
Whose course is run;
Shelved in the cold, cold tomb,
Ended and done;
Oh, gleam now killed in gloom!
Oh, ungrasped sun!

The Bloody Shirt is furled,
The war-cry hushed;
The yell whereat the world
Trembled and flushed
Dies, and the chief who hurled
Red wrath is crushed.

His mouth was the storm-wind's cave,
Basalt his cheek;
Loud would he roar and rave
Seven days i' th' week;
Make, make his lonely grave
Beside Salt Creek! —*New York Sun.*

Getting Square.

Maid of Oshkosh, ere I go,
Tell me what I want to know!
Does your father still declare
I can never be his heir?
Hear my vow before I get—
I'll be even with him yet.

By those tresses bleached to gold,
And those hangs in tinfoil rolled;
By your highly frescoed cheek,
By my dollars, six a week;
You can say I told you so—
I'll be even with him, though.

By the aid which he might lend,
By his cash I'd like to spend;
By the joy which he could crowd
Upon one who's poor but proud;
Tell him that I make my brags—
I'll be even with his jags.

Maid of Oshkosh, I must flee,
For another waits for me;
I shall wed your rival, sweet,
Who resides across the street.
When her wealth secure I've got—
Then I'll show him what is what.
—*Chicago Herald.*

Consolation.

(To be sung to slow music by a foot-ball player.)

We played a noble game to-day,
And though we got the sack,
With my good foot I kicked—hooray—
Browne's lungs out through his back.
—*Munsey's Weekly.*

The Lunch-Counter Sandwich.

I dwell in haunts of hurried men
And have for many ages,
Before the railroads were, and when
The public rode in stages,
I can't remember whence I came,
And e'en the oldest liar
Can not a date so distant name
But I can name one prior.
While time shall last I'll still be so,
Naught can destroy me, never,
For trains may come and trains may go,
But I'll stay here forever.
Oh, many scores of men I've seen
Come smilingly to greet me,
And mutter something low and mean
Because they couldn't eat me.
They tried to cut me with a dirk,
In coffee sought to drown me;
But all their schemes have failed to work,
I'm still just as they found me.
And when they're gone I'll yet be so,
They can destroy me never,
For hungry men may come and go,
But I'll stay here forever.
Sometimes it makes me sad to see
The aged men and toothless
Put up their hard-earned cash for me,
Because I know I'm useless.
But when smart alecks happen by
It really does delight me
To do my level best and try
To have the goslings bite me.
For well I know they stand no show,
They can affect me never,
For young and old may come and go,
But I'll stay here forever.
Thus do I labor on, and so
I'll keep it up forever,
For sound teeth come and false teeth go,
But I'll stay here forever.
—*New York Sun.*

A Fair Athlete.

She could swing a six-pound dumb-bell,
She could fence, and she could box;
She could row upon the river,
She could clamber 'mong the rocks;
She could do some heavy bowling,
And play tennis all day long;
But she couldn't help her mother,
'Cause she wasn't very strong! —*Puck.*

The Old Story.

"'Twas ever thus from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay,"
I never held an ace or bower,
But some one would the "joker" play.

I never drew a bobtail flush,
Three of a kind, or kings full high;
But some one hurriedly would "rush"
Four aces, with a gentle sigh.

I never played the game of bluff,
With sixty antes in the pile,
But some one always saw the stuff,
And took it with a modest smile. —*Time.*

VANITY FAIR.

The town of Ada, Ohio, is famed for its normal school, which is attended by several hundred students, male and female. This college, as a matter of course, has a star literary society. Not long ago this association found the treasury contained a surplus, and in order to reduce it the decision was reached to purchase a fine piece of statuary with which to adorn the hall of the society. Upon a vote being taken a choice was made of the statue of Apollo, the most graceful of the gods. None of the students had ever seen a statue of Apollo, but all agreed it was just what the society wanted. An order was sent East for the piece of art, and in due course of time it arrived, securely boxed, and was taken to the hall to be opened and placed on exhibition. This was carefully done in the presence of the assembled and expectant students of both sexes. The large and handsome statue was lifted from the packing-case, still covered by the customary drapery, and placed on the pedestal. When all was ready the drapery was drawn aside by the president of the society, a modest young lady. Then came the deluge. There were wild screams and a precipitate scattering of the students, who fled in all directions, leaving the god master of the situation. The students were not familiar with the nude in art, and shrank from the faithful representation of the human form divine. The evening following the unveiling ceremony an anxious consultation was held by the gentlemen belonging to the society, and as it was deemed impossible and impolitic to return the statuary, it was decided after numerous suggestions had been voted down to resort to heroic measures. A committee was appointed to confer with the leading tailor in the town, and have that tradesman make a pair of fine velvet knee-breeches, which was done; and when they were completed the famed Apollo was recently clothed with them; and there he stands, glad as no god was ever before adorned, a monument to the modesty and ingenuity of the students of Ada College.

In a letter to a friend in Chicago, Mme. Patti imposes a small *carte-de-visite* photograph, showing the new style of coiffure she has adopted, and makes some playful allusions to her new, bright-red hair. "It isn't blonde," she writes, "nor even golden brown, but red—bright red of the most quarrelsome shade. You know, I daresay, that I am in mourning for my sister. Black was never becoming to me. I look positively wicked in a black wrap, and with a whole toilet and my black eyes and hair I was a most dismal creature to look upon. I not only found that the sombre tone in which I was cast had a depressing effect upon my own feelings, but was also displeasant to my friends, and for their sake, as well as my own, I had my dark locks brightened." Adelina Patti, in her auburn chevelure, will certainly produce a sensation when she sings in America.

One hears much now of the need of etiquette in the Boston schools (says the *Post* of that city). By all means, do not confine it to those quarters. Spare a little for every-day affairs. For instance: The other night an empty car reached Winter Street, bound south. A young woman entered by the front door, marched to the other end of the car, and sat down. She left the door open, sat there, and shivered. The conductor was busy at one end, the driver was busier at the other. A young man entered by the rear door, closed the front one, returned to the rear, and sat down in the second corner. Came another woman by the front door, marched to the rear, sat down, leaving the door open, and shivered. A man sprang on the moving car, entered the open door, closed it after him, and sat down. The car stopped to avoid running down a dray. A third woman, of uncertain age, entered by that front door, walked to the other end of the car, sat down, and shivered. She, too, had left the door open. Further, by actual count, within that half-mile, nine women entered that door and left it open, exposing the passengers to the full force of the wintry air. Seven men entered by the same door, each shutting it behind him. Are we to infer that these nine women were brought up in saw-mills?

Mme. Weatherby, a noted London milliner, asserts that the most excellent and refined taste in head-gear now reigning supreme in Paris. The days of formidable towering feathered monstrosities are past, and the new bonnets are most simple and unexaggerated. The modern theatre-goer should doff his hat to Dame Fashion, who has abolished the Eiffel Tower tendency and established the reign of what might be called the Queen Anne style of architecture in bonnets. The nearer a hat or bonnet resembles the proverbial pancake, the more correct and swell it is considered. In toques only the slightly ruffled brim, and large hats only the ribbons, are slightly raised, and the witching little low capotes are raised a little by the upward slant of a stiff wing. Brims of a different color from the crowns are quite the thing, and, except in the few large felt shapes with low crowns and wide brims, the narrower they are the better.

That was a happy thought (says the New York *Sun*) which recently led one of the Pennsylvania railroad companies to include in the usual parlor and sleeping-car service, the services of a ladies'-maid. The chances are that the first suggestion of it came from a woman, and from one who had suffered the ill-meant but blundering ministrations of the son of Ham, who has so long been a means of grace to the traveling woman. With one more need supplied, the woman who journeys will have nothing left to wish for. That is a sleeping-car which shall be set apart for the use of women who are traveling alone. The advantage of such an arrangement, the real necessity of it, needs no expansion. There is scarcely a week in the year, and there would probably not be a day in a week, if one were in the way of hearing it, that some woman does not protest (in her home usually, where it does no good) against the unpleasant but unavoidable experiences of the sleeping-car, as it is managed in America. The suggestion, doubtless, has been made to the railway companies scores of times before, for the need is a real one.

The new canes which are occasionally seen in the hands of men up-town, combine a good many valuable points under the usual and neat-looking exterior. The cane generally has a silver handle of the ordinary right-angle shape, with a small watch set in one corner; the lower end of the handle is arranged so that it will hold a dollar in five-cent pieces, a spring pushing the coins up so that one may be drawn out at the top by a gloved thumb or finger. The other end of the handle has a spring top, and is fitted to carry matches. Thus equipped, a good many of the unnecessaries of life are avoided, particularly in the winter when unbuttoning two or three coats to get at a watch, a match-box, or a pocket-book involves everything, including chills and profanity.

Women who are accustomed to traveling now carry robes and blankets on the cars precisely as they do on the steamships. They unstrap them and use them during the day-time to throw over their skirts whenever they feel like putting their feet on the seats in front of them in the parlor and sleeping-cars. Thus equipped, it matters not how far their skirts may work up above their shoes—the blankets cover them from the knees down. Of course, they explain that they carry the robes to save themselves from colds. On the other hand, the colored porters of the same cars keep the temperature at ninety degrees, and would consider themselves incompetent if a whiff of fresh air should steal into a car in their charge.

In Queen Anne's time, it was the fashion to laugh at the rusticity of country squires and to vote rural sports vulgar. Among the middle-classes, tastes were narrowly insular, and the traveled wit only returned to town a fop and a fribble. Without political interests, country pursuits, or artistic tastes, the fashionable world concentrated its attention upon amusement or upon dress. Early rising was not the vogue; Belinda wakes at twelve to summon her maid with band-bell or slipper. A great part of the morning was spent both by men and women in an elaborate toilet. The young man of fashion, who lodged in some "great street near the court, like Pall Mall," lounged from one till four in the Mall or the Ring to exhibit his new sword-knot, show the height of his toupee, select a beauty for the evening's toast, or feed the ducks in the canal and "Rosamunda's Pond." Dressed for the park, he wore a full-bottomed Duviller wig, and carried under his left arm his low felt-hat, looped or cocked according to taste, and edged with silver. Round his neck was tied the Berdash, or Steinkirk, neck-cloth of Mechlin lace, probably dusted with snuff, and he wore his waistcoat unbuttoned at the top to show the fineness of his ruffled holland shirt. His embroidered, or brocaded, suits, with silk stockings to match, were of various colors. His shoes had high, red heels. The tails of his coat were stiffened with wire to display the silk lining. From a button of his coat hung his fox-skin muff; at his side dangled his sword. With one hand he played with his clouded cane, which was suspended from his right wrist by a blue ribbon, and trailed harmoniously upon the pebbles; in the other hand he carried his fringed gloves and one of his numerous snuff-boxes. The dress of the fine lady was equally elaborate. When she exchanged her mob, morning-gown, and handkerchief for full dress and the park, she appeared in a lace bodice, worn open in front over tight stays, surmounted, after Addison's remonstrances, by the tucker of modesty. Her sleeves were shortened so as to show the lace bangings, which fell to the wrist. Her apron covered but a tiny portion of the rich, brocaded petticoat, which was distended upon the German hoop—a huge rotunda, such as that which was brought into the Spectator's Court of Judicature. As the bodice descended, the petticoats rose and revealed the bright stockings of thread or silk, which terminated in beautifully worked shoes of embroidered satin or morocco leather. In nothing were the fashions more changeable than in the height of the head dress. Addison remembered its "rise and fall above thirty degrees."

Women who know the ropes spare themselves trouble when making several purchases at the larger stores of New York city by asking for a shipping-card at the first counter they buy at. Their name, residence, the article purchased, and its cost are recorded on this, and the process is repeated at each counter they visit. When all their purchases are made, they take the card to the cashier and pay for everything at once. All the articles are sent home in one package.

A young man, who was holding forth in a New York club-room recently, declared that it was more difficult for a stranger to make friends in New York than in any other city in the civilized world. "I don't mean," he said, "that it is hard to make acquaintances. That is very easy. You may even get very chummy with some men, but there is always a certain barrier which you can't overcome. You won't be asked to meet your friends' relatives or his intimate visiting friends. I have even known where men have lived together for several years, lent each other money, helped each other in business, and yet each had his own line of friends whom he visited, and neither knew the other's sister or parents. It wasn't because they had not similar tastes or because they did not thoroughly appreciate each other's character. I warrant there are thousands of such instances in this city now, and I will guarantee, too, that such peculiar conditions exist nowhere else."

It was rather an innovation to the old-time jewelers to discover in some of the leading magazines and newspapers advertisements offering their wares at prices which strike the casual reader as being remarkably cheap. One of the oldest houses in New York, for instance, has offered to sell diamond-rings, which "are fit for the hand of any lady or gentleman in the land," at prices varying from fifty-five dollars upward. The high standing of the house naturally stamps such an offer as being sincere and honest, but certainly most men would be impressed with the idea that a diamond-ring for that amount of money could not present many points of value. A slight investigation shows that the general cheapening agency of machinery is at work in this branch of trade as in all the others. What formerly required the work of a single man for nearly a day—that is, the metal part of the ring—is now stamped out and fitted ready to receive the stone with a rapidity which is astonishing. The only cost to be considered is the rent of the machine and the value of the crude gold. Inserting a cheap diamond in the surface of the ring is about all the manual labor involved. The journeymen jewelers do this work with great rapidity, and practically there is very little cost to the jewelry firm beyond the first cost of the gold and the diamond.

The London sailor-hat, made of tarpaulin or varnished water-proof cashmere, was introduced to the Newport set of New York society by Mrs. Captain Paget, the daughter of Mrs. Paran Stevens. When Mrs. Paget came to town in her trim little reefer-jacket and smart tarpaulin, Murray Hill went wild. The hat was borrowed and tried on and orders rung over the telephone to be filled at once. But they were not filled with any such speed and a full month elapsed before the hatter to the Four Hundred could get the proper block. It had to come from the London designer, and the tarred canvas was brought from the other side as well. It cost about two dollars to import them and they sold on Fifth Avenue for five dollars, and it is impossible even now to meet the demand. On the East Side and down among the shops of Fourteenth Street, a water-proof sailor may be bought for half the money, but it is not the jaunty tarpaulin with the jet-like polish that crowns the heads of the heiresses of swelldom. The shape does not begin to have the London set about it; it is not smart, so to speak, and there is no fluting of velvet and no silk head-band to keep the stiff edge from ridging the fair brow of youth and beauty. Then, too, there is a difference in the blocks, and if a lady is determined to have a tarpaulin who has not the face for it, the brim is narrowed or the crown changed to suit her peculiar style of beauty. Children, girls, débutantes, belles, young married ladies, and mothers with marriageable daughters alike affect the tarpaulin. No trimming is used but the lustreless band of corded silk. To hold the hair in place and soften the roses that bloom for art in place of beauty, small veils of dotted net or gray-silk tissue are worn.

The best matrimonial market in the world is said to be the lower end of New York city. Of recent years women have opened up an entirely new field for labor, and they have invaded it in proportions which suggest a small army. They extend through every channel of trade, but the majority of them are located in that portion of New York which is nearest to the Statue of Liberty. There would seem to be no limit to their occupations. They are cashiers, book-keepers, stenographers, clerks, private secretaries, and, in some instances, have the entire charge of offices, extending in character from those of bankers and brokers all the way down to small agencies for manufacturing houses. The women have been found to be quick, deft, invariably courteous and cheerful, and strictly reliable, but they have one large and overwhelming disadvantage as employees. They insist upon getting married when the opportunity offers, and the notable point is that opportunities tumble over one another for these shrewd and wide-awake business women, while their more "accomplished" sisters dawdle about the houses up-town and wait for the offers which seldom come. If it were not for this tendency on the part of the young women who toil in New York, their services would be practically invaluable. Any woman who enters a well known business-house down-town, if she is clever, wide-awake, and self-respecting—and she can not get a situation unless she does possess these requisites—has a thousand chances of making a good marriage where her sister up-town has one. Perhaps the greatest advantage is that she makes the acquaintance of men who form the best sort of husbands. They are not the over-dressed young poppinjays and immature club-men who insult women on the up town street-corners and spend their lives in idleness, but industrious, hard-working, intelligent, and keen business-men, who have a right to expect a good future. The young women working constantly beside these men get a good idea of the kind of men they are to marry, during the long hours of toil day after day, and the success of such unions as these is nearly always complete. It is based upon something more than sentiment.

The latest fad in furniture is the divan, "M. E. W." declares in the Providence *Journal*. No drawing-room of any pretensions in New York is without one, and usually they cost from seventy-five dollars up. They are nothing more or less than an especially luxurious couch, with no head or arms, generally set in a corner and heaped high with soft cushions filled with down and covered with silk of all colors, the daintier and more delicately blended the better. On one of these Oriental innovations, among cushions of pale pink-and-green and blue and fawn color, in a luxurious tea gown of faint-tinted silk and lace and embroideries, madam reclines at the hour of afternoon tea in her dimly lighted drawing-room and smokes a friendly cigarette with her last adorer, who lounges at her side. It is *chic*, Frenchy, picturesque, Byronical, anything you like, but certainly a little startling at first sight.

In the Garden of Eden circumstances were such that a lack of bodices in Eve's wardrobe caused no comment. Her daughters to this day have shown an inclination more or less strong, from century to century, to follow the fashion set by her. The Roman Church has threatened excommunication in vain in an age when excommunication meant much more than it does now; queens and princesses have endeavored to abolish low necks; wits have turned them into ridicule; and men of science have predicted, with grave faces, the evils which must result from the fashion. The moralists from the time of Tartuffe and earlier have been unanimous in condemning them. And they are worn yet. Nay, they are even, like the swallow-tailed coat, indispensable at times of festivity. It is curious (says the Albany *Express*) to observe that, as far back as the record goes, there was at first no objection to bare necks; it was bare arms which shocked the moral sense of the community. The interval between the reign of Henry the Eighth and that of George the Third was hardly long enough to reconcile people's minds to the abolition of sleeves. The Puritans are largely to blame for the practice. While they controlled England they would not allow low-necks and short sleeves to be mentioned, much less worn, so that, at the Restoration, every woman who knew that she had a fine neck and well-rounded arms—and every woman who had them knew it—was dying with impatience to let the fact be known by the world. So much for unnecessary prudery. Concerning the healthfulness of the fashion, everybody should judge for herself; it doubtless is injurious to health in some instances, just as smoking harms one man and does not harm another. Society will grant permission to invalids to wear sealskins about their necks if their health requires it, and the invalids should have the courage to wear the sealskins when necessary. It appears from statistics not yet made public, that, while the low-neck may only occasionally be directly answerable for the taking off of some delicate bud, or weak-chested belle, it is more fatal to men than either war, pestilence, or strong drink—that is, to men who habitually come under its influence. The reason for this lies in the fact, that, in order to keep the wearers of low-necks warm enough, rooms must be made so hot that the constitutions of the men are insensibly undermined, and at the first exposure they succumb, victims of the low-necked dress.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A Vermont farmer and his wife, on their first visit to the capitol at Montpelier, paused before the statue of Ethan Allen. They gazed long and thoughtfully, and then the silence was broken by the husband: "Gosh, mother, I allus thought Ethan Allen was a horse."

Two autograph letters of Talleyrand have just been sold in Paris. They were written to a lady, the first on the death of her husband: "Dear madam: Alas! Your devoted Talleyrand," and the second on her remarriage: "Dear madam: Bravo! Your devoted Talleyrand."

A body of sailors from an American vessel, stopping at Samoa, went to the German Consulate and demanded dinner. "This is not a hotel," said the offended domestic official who met them. "Well, if it isn't a restaurant, what's that black fowl hung out for? Ain't it a sign?" inquired the spokesman. The "sign" was the German eagle, the consular coat-of-arms.

When the Forty-Second Highlanders, or "Black Watch," landed in Calcutta in the end of 1857, they were marched to the Scotch Kirk on Sunday in their full dress, with kilts and bonnets, to the great admiration of the public. But the mosquitoes from the large tank near the kirk smelt fresh blood, and invaded the sacred building, and soon found their way to the unprotected parts of the Highlanders' legs, especially about their naked knees. For a while the men endured it bravely. Then one soldier, and next another, began to slap at the mosquitoes, until so many of them were fiercely slapping at their knees that the noise overwhelmed the preacher's voice, and he stopped his discourse, so that the men could be marched away to their barracks.

When young Conroy was playing right guard on Yale's foot-ball team, his father was strongly opposed to his having anything to do with the game, and forbade his taking any part in it. Conroy wrote him to come up to Yale to see a game, and assured him that he would find it anything but brutal, dangerous, or ungentlemanly. The old gentleman and his brother went up to New Haven full to the brim with prejudice against foot-ball. But you can imagine Conroy's astonishment and delight to see his father and uncle leaning far over the ropes, their eyes starting out of their heads in their excitement, and yelling at the top of their lungs: "Break his neck, Charley." "Down him hard!" After that Conroy had no further trouble with his goverooor. Now here is a Harvard father: When Holden's father was telegraphed by the boys that his son had broken three of his ribs and that he had better come and see him, did he come? Not he. He telegraphed simply, "Did you win the game?" and the men posted the telegram up to show what Spartan fathers there were around Cambridge.

Frank G. Kammerer is a Chicago Board of Trade man, who is moderately well-to-do. In spite of the latter fact, however, Mr. Kammerer thought that the ordinary thirty-dollar opera-tickets were good enough for himself and family, and accordingly dispatched his settling-clerk to the box-office of the Auditorium several days ago. The tickets, which called for seats in the family-circle well to the skyward, were purchased in good form. The settling-clerk got carried away with the opera fever and made up his mind that he would go, too. At last, he gathered the money together. He appeared one evening in the line at the box-office, resplendent in evening-dress. At this stage of the proceedings, Vice-President Morton's party drove up. Mrs. Morton, who was in evening-dress and incumbered with her wraps, train, and a large bouquet, stepped to the sidewalk. "Oh, dear," she exclaimed, "I wish some one would hold my bouquet." The rest of the party were engrossed in taking care of their own accoutrements and did not hear the remark. Not so the settling-clerk. He floated up to the scene in an instant. With Chesterfieldian grace, he doffed his hat and offered his assistance. "Thanks," murmured Mrs. Morton. The settling-clerk tripped lightly by her side bearing the bouquet aloft, and, of course, passed the door-keeper without a question. Down, down, down the aisles they sailed until they reached the private box set aside for Mrs. Morton's party. The settling-clerk ensconced himself in a seat in the box and proceeded to enjoy the opera. But the best part of it all was when he borrowed Mrs. Morton's opera glasses to see his employer perched in the upper circle.

In a New York State Insane Asylum, a reporter recently noted these incidents: In one of the pavilions, a demented barber was shaving a fellow-patient, using a safety razor, while a score of other lunatics were awaiting their turns. In the midst of the operation, the barber quietly wiped his razor, laid it aside, and, taking a seat by the window, fell into what was apparently a brown study, with his dull, dry eyes sweeping the distant forest and his finger-tips drumming a tune on the window-sill. The man in the chair, one-half of whose face was still lathered and unshaved, gave no evidence of impatience or vexation with the unpleasant eccentricity of his barber, and the other occupants of the room did not appear to observe anything unusual in the course of events. After an interval of at least ten minutes, the half-shaven individual arose from the chair, and, with the lather still sticking upon one cheek, walked out to resume his work on the farm. Not a ripple of amusement disturbed the empty faces of the other customers in the shop. One of them, a huge fellow in brown jeans, arose and remarked quietly: "I should like to pull down the Brooklyn Bridge." The barber, by this time, had recovered from his fit of abstraction, and walking to the chair, said "Next!" in a perfectly business-like tone, but all his customers had wandered away. In a neighboring laundry, half-a-score of men were busily engaged with suds up to their elbows. One fellow quietly lifted a dripping undergarment from the tub, and wrapping it around his shoulders like a soldier's coat, announced that he was Napoleon Bonaparte. A fellow-lunatic informed him that he was crazy, and he immediately returned to his washing as though nothing had happened.

One man in the New York idea-contest says: "Do away with the idea that air-ships have to get up in the clouds. Let them pick up and follow a cable. They could be arranged so that the friction would be comparatively nothing." There is an idea worth trying.

YOUR HUSBAND

Would appreciate any of the following

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SAN FRANCISCO.

OPEN EVENINGS.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

A book about Balzac has just been completed by the English critic, Frederick Wedmore.

Lewis Carroll—otherwise Mr. Dodgeson and author of "Alice in Wonderland"—has written a new book, which is to be published under the title of "Sylvie and Bruno."

A writer in a London newspaper says he recently asked a literary man of business in what English-writing novelist of high class there was the most money. He replied, without hesitation: "Marion Crawford."

"Justice and Jurisprudence," by an anonymous author, is announced. It is "an inquiry concerning the constitutional limitations of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth amendments," and the publishers look for much discussion in regard to its authorship.

"I always think," said Edward Fitzgerald of critics, "that utter strangers will be fairer judges than those who know and live with authors, editors, publishers, and belong to the clubs and societies they are to be met at." There is a great deal of truth in that, as most writers will testify.

An autograph lately sold in London was a note from Tennyson, reading thus: "I have many thousands of these applications, and rather make a point of neglecting them; for why should I flatter the madness of the people? Nevertheless, as the request comes from an old friend, behold an autograph!"

Edgar Saltus, the erotic novelist, has not gone to the Nile after all. According to dispatches from London, he is still confined in the English capital, and it is said that he may eventually settle in the tropics on this side of the ocean. He found some relief at one time in Mexico from neuralgia, which has harassed his latter-day existence. Saltus's wife has sued for a divorce.

The library of Sir John Harnage, soon to be sold in London, contains an interesting collection relating to the first Napoleon. There are upward of two hundred and fifty volumes, dating from 1798 to 1855, including memoirs of all kinds, both of the emperor and of the men who made up his circle. There are memoirs of his court and some of those fine picture-books which made the art of the First Empire notable. "If the English do not secure the set," says the London *World*, "the Americans will."

Laura Jean Libbey believes in advertising. She has been making a tour of the West, and has employed her time to good advantage. Laura Jean Libbey, author of "Miss Middleton's Lover," "That Pretty Young Girl," etc., is the legend she inscribes upon hotel-registers. Then she asks the clerk to call the attention of newspaper men to her arrival. The local journals come out next day with a glowing description of the "famous New York novelist," and generally print her picture. The result is that her books are having a large sale in Oshkosh, Kalamazoo, and Omaha.

An English writer says of Wilkie Collins's modest fortune that the personalty was only about fifty thousand dollars, and adds: "Those who think this little in comparison with the immense prices he was paid at one time, must remember that his figure went down in his old age. There can be no harm in saying now that those who were inside the market have known for a long time that many younger and inferior novelists commanded far higher prices than he did latterly—that, in fact, he took what they refused. Nor was he singular in this respect. Anthony Trollope and many other novelists have left it on record that at the last the public seemed to get satiated with their wares, and that accordingly less was given for them."

Miss Blanche Willis Howard, of Bangor, who is now in Germany, proposes to translate her books into that language, and in order to arrange for her copyright, it was necessary to prove the place of her nativity. This proved rather a complicated process. Miss Howard wrote to her father, in Bangor, who attended to the matter. Victor Brett, city clerk of Bangor, first certified to the fact that Miss Howard was born in Bangor. His signature was certified to by United States Commissioner Hamlin, whose official signature was in turn certified by Judge Webb, of the United States District Court. The clerk of said court then certified to the signature of the judge, when the document was forwarded to Washington. There it was taken to Attorney-General Miller, who certified to the signatures of the court officials, then it received the indorsement of Secretary Blaine, of the State Department, and finally the signature of the head of the German legation.

Journalistic Chit-Chat.

The *American Sentinel*, for the past four years published in Oakland, Cal., will be removed at the beginning of the year to New York city.

"Nym Crinkle" (A. C. Wheeler) has discontinued writing for the *Mirror*, and is now furnishing a weekly essay for *The Theatre Magazine*.

It is said that a new magazine, to be called the *Gotham Monthly*, will be published in New York city next year. The first number makes its appearance in January.

The New York *Dispatch*, a weekly paper, was sold at public auction recently by order of court for twenty-one thousand dollars. The *Dispatch* has been an organ of the Free Masons.

The new London weekly paper devoted to the cause of the Gladstonians, and which is looked upon as a rival of the *Spectator*, will be called the *Speaker*. It will be edited by Wemyss Reid, and the first number will appear on January 4th.

The syndicating of reading matter through the newspapers of the country at large has led to a very queer development. One of the brightest of the humorous weeklies now issues whole weekly papers in the smaller cities, giving them the best work of New York artists, New York wits, and New York printers. Companies are formed in the small cities, and they look after the circulation and advertising, while the New York concern attends to the publishing. The consequence is that places like Syracuse, Albany, Trenton, and Poughkeepsie now possess very artistic and attractive weeklies that they never could have had by any other means.

"James Macdonell, of the *Times*; a Story of Self-Help," is the title of a volume now in the press in London, the author being a gentleman named Nicoll. The *Pall Mall Gazette* says of it: "It is believed to be the only life of a journalist [English?], pure and simple, ever written. It is meant especially for pressmen, and details are given of the papers with which Macdonell was connected in Aberdeen, Edinburgh, Newcastle, and London. His method and training as a journalist are minutely described. The volume contains notices of many famous journalists, including Russel, of the *Scotsman*, Delane and Chenery, of the *Times*, and many others. It contains vivid reminiscences of Mr. Macdonell's intercourse with eminent literary men—Carlyle, Ruskin, Froude, Taine, and others." By the way, the cable announces the death of Macdonell on December 10th.

The proprietors and editors of a number of leading newspapers in Great Britain assembled at the Metropole Hotel recently for the purpose of presenting a handsome piece of silver plate to Mr. Barratt, the managing partner of Pears & Co. Sir Algernon Borthwick, the proprietor of the London *Morning Post*, presided at the banquet, and around the table were gathered men such as George Augustus Sala, Robinson, Lucy, Lesage, and T. P. O'Connor, M. P. In his speech responding to the toast of his firm, Mr. Barratt said that they "could boast of a circulation through the press of two millions a day. Their opinions were carried every day into every household in England and America." Mr. Barratt, by the way, is the inventor of what may be described as artistic advertising. Twenty-five years ago, advertisements consisted of mere dry business announcements. To-day they sparkle with the best work of the best artists and of the best writers. Art in advertising no longer consists of a coarse wood-cut tucked away at the bottom of a column, but pages of distinct artistic value, paid for at liberal prices. By inaugurating this, and forcing other business firms to follow his example, Mr. Barratt has revolutionized the whole system of advertising and been the means of causing millions of dollars to be spent thereon that would otherwise have been absorbed in other channels. With a view of recognizing these services, the banquet mentioned above was given in London by the leading newspaper editors and proprietors of England. Mr. Barratt's business in America is in the hands of Mr. L. D. Morse, of J. H. Bates's Advertising Agency, New York.

New Books and New Editions.

"A Winning Wayward Woman," by Flora Adams Darling, has been published by the Judge Publishing Company, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 25 cents.

"A Far Look Ahead, or The Diothas," by Ismar Thiusen, was published six years ago, presenting views of the social condition of future ages. The success of "Looking Backward," in a similar field, has led to its republication. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Pierson & Robertson.

A new translation, by Edward Wakefield, of Alphonse Daudet's "Femmes d'Artistes" has been printed with the title "Wives of Men of Genius." The translation is well done, but the vignettes by Rossi and Myrbach are wretchedly reproduced. Published by the Worthington Company, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 75 cents.

"The Illustrated Fraternal Directory" contains a mass of data concerning the fraternal, beneficial, and educational institutions of this State. The information presented is extensive and of a kind that can not be obtained elsewhere without extensive search, but the arrangement of the book leaves much to be desired. Published by The Bancroft Company; price, $2.00.

"Fifty Years on the Trail," by Harrington O'Reilly, is a true story of the adventures of John Y. Nelson, now a member of Cody's Wild West Combination. It presents the usual installment of massacres, stage robberies, and original Western characters. The illustrations by Paul Frenzeny are numerous and characteristic. Published by Frederick Warne & Co., New York; for sale by Pierson & Robertson; price, $1.50.

The series of short stories based upon actual occurrences, and published in *Scribner's* from time to time by George W. Cable, have been collected into a book with the same generic title of "Strange True Stories of Louisiana." "The Adventures of Françoise and Luzanne" and "The War Diary of a Union Woman in the South" are perhaps the best, and there are five shorter ones of varying merit. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Strickland & Co.

Albert Stickney has already expounded his views as to our political condition in one or two volumes, and now issues another, entitled "The Political Problem." The book is in three chapters, which refer respectively to "The Theory of Our Political System," "The Practical Results," and "The Changes Needed." The changes which he advocates are, as usual, a more complete democratization of the government. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

A clear statement of the railway problem is presented in "The Public Regulation of Railways," by W. B. Dabney. The question is considered first in its legal aspect, the sources and limitations of legislative power being discussed. The limitations are those arising from charter contracts, from the personal rights of owners, and the limitations on the States resulting from the control of interstate commerce by Congress. The economic aspect of the question is then considered, and final chapters are devoted to the Interstate Commerce Commission and express traffic. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Alfred de Vigny's "Cinq-Mars," that absorbing romance of France under the thirteenth Louis, a tale not less remarkable for its historical accuracy and elaborate description of the manners of that day than for its power, vividness, and interest, has been almost out of print in English, and many will be glad to learn that the classical translation made by William Hazlitt half a century ago has been reissued. This new edition is in two volumes, and embraces a critical sketch of De Vigny and "Thoughts on Truth in Art"; it is illustrated with a portrait of the author, drawn and etched by Gaujean, and many drawings by A. Dawant, also etched by Gaujean, with appropriate chapter-heads and tail-pieces engraved on wood. The type, paper, and binding are handsome, befitting a book that one reads often and loves much. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $6.00 per set.

As a general thing, it is the characters, not the incidents, which one talks of in Mr. Howells's novels; he writes of individuals, not classes or social problems. But his latest story, "A Hazard of New Fortunes," is a broader and better novel than any he has yet given us. He brings Mr. Marsh and his wife from Boston, and shows New York as it appears to the intelligent outsider. He brings old Dryfoos, his wife, his saintly son, and his untamed daughters—who are surprised that their aristocratic neighbors are not "sociable," and ascribe it to the supposition that the news of their father's wealth has not "got round"—from the natural-gas regions of the West, and shows the isolation which sudden wealth brings to the ignorant and narrow. And he brings together a "rustling" manager of syndicate matter for the papers, a girl whose artistic aspirations have drawn her mother from the quiet of country life, an old Southerner and his daughter—with an astonishing new Southern dialect—a German socialist, a facile and unstable young artist, a fashionable woman and her niece—whose charities are not merely a fad—and other incongruous elements of metropolitan life. He binds these people together by their common interest in a novel venture in the magazine world, and he makes a strong presentation of the problem of the struggle between labor and capital. The story has run its course in *Harper's Weekly*, and now appears as the initial volume of a new series in the Franklin Square Library. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Paul B. du Chaillu is, perhaps, best known to the reading public through his stories of African travel. Not long ago, however, he presented the first results of his study in another little-known part of the globe in his "Land of the Midnight Sun," and now a more ambitious work in the same field, "The Viking Age," appears. The book is published in two large volumes, with the generous paper and type that characterize the publishers' productions, and with a wealth of illustrations. This book again marks a new departure in Mr. du Chaillu's work, in being an historical study rather than a description of the country and people of the present day. The early Scandinavian ancestors of the English-speaking race are his theme, and he has drawn on the ancient sagas and eddas as well as the antiquities unearthed in the mounds, cairns, and bogs. The Roman and Greek accounts of the Northmen are first discussed, then the Norse mythology and cosmogony are described. The life of the people is reconstructed from the relics and inscriptions, and their religious views and superstitions are described at length. The social customs, laws, and character are interestingly reproduced; their methods of warfare, naval architecture, dress, and occupations are presented, and finally there is an account of some of their more important expeditions. This outline will give some idea of the completeness of the treatment and its interest. The incentive for commencing the work was Mr. du Chaillu's conviction that the generally accepted idea that England was first settled by the Angles and Saxons was incorrect. His investigations satisfied him that his theory was the right one, and his evidence is strongly set forth throughout the book. The high state of civilization of these early Scandinavians is proved by the extracts from the original sagas which Mr. du Chaillu studied in Copenhagen and the relics which he studied and photographed in Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Strickland & Co.; price, two vols., $7.50.

Holiday Publications.

"Hints to a Silent Friend upon Writing Letters," a booklet made up of epigrams on letter-writing and kindred topics signed by various famous names, has been published by Peter Paul & Brother, Buffalo, N. Y.; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Corals," a booklet containing six sea-songs by "E. Nesbit" and E. Dawson, each illustrated in colors by A. Wilde Parsons; and Poe's "The Bells," illustrated by a variety of hands, have been published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; for sale by the W. W. Brier Company; price: 35 cents and 75 cents, respectively.

"Off the Weather Bow" is a large oblong volume containing poetical extracts which furnish the theme for illustrations of nautical scenes, designed by Elizabeth N. Little. The text is lettered in imitation of sea-weeds, ropes, and other tractable maritime objects; the book is, in fact, a companion volume to "Log-Book Notes," also made by Miss Little, which was noticed in these columns a few weeks ago. Published by White & Allen, New York; for sale by William Doxey; price, $2.50.

"The Calendar of the Seasons," with fac-similes of water-color designs by Maud Humphrey; "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," illustrated with bits of American scenery in colors and monotints; "The Sunter Calendar of the Months," illustrated in colors by Mrs. J. Pauline Sunter; and "The National Songs of America," a book profusely illustrated in colors and in monotints, with the music, are published by Frederick H. Stokes & Brother, New York; for sale by C. Beach and the W. W. Brier Company; price: 50 cents, $1.50, 50 cents, and $3.50, respectively.

The holiday publications issued by L. Prang & Co., of Boston, are exceedingly pretty this year. The tendency toward over-elaboration that had been creeping in during the past few years has been corrected, and the cards, calendars, and art-prints of this season have increased just so much in artistic beauty. The cards are now the pretty bearers of good-will and good-wishes that they should be, the calendars are useful as well as objects of beauty, and the pictures, satin-prints, and booklets are of a quality that does not lose its freshness and power to please. These booklets are all American in sentiment, in conception, and in execution; among the artists who have been levied upon for them are A. F. Tait, C. D. Weldon, the late Miss Lisbeth B. Humphrey, Miss Ida Waugh, Louis K. Harlow, F. Schuyler Matthews, and others whose names rank high among those of decorative artists; for the text, Hawthorne, Emerson, Holmes, Longfellow, Bryant, and Whittier have contributed from their works; and living poets have even written poems for these publications.

The Genesis of "Kidnapped."

In a foot-note to the third volume of "Rob Roy," Allan Breck Stewart's name appears; and this is what Scott had to say of him: "Mr. Campbell, of Glenure, who had been named factor for government in the forfeited estates of Stewart, of Ardsheil, was shot dead by an assassin as he passed through the wood of Ardsheil, after crossing the ferry of Ballichulish. A gentleman named James Stewart, a natural brother of Ardsheil, the forfeited person, was tried as being accessory to the murder, and condemned and executed upon very doubtful evidence,

the heaviest part of which only amounted to the accused person having assisted a nephew of his own, called Allan Breck Stewart, with money to escape after the deed was done. Not satisfied with this vengeance, which was obtained with little honor to the dispensation of justice at that time, the friends of the deceased Campbell, of Glenure, were equally desirous to obtain possession of the person of Allan Breck Stewart, supposed to be the actual homicide. James Mhor Drummond (son of Rob Roy) was secretly applied to trepan Stewart to the sea-coast and bring him over to Britain to almost certain death. . . . But the intended victim was put upon his guard by two countrymen, who suspected James's intention toward him. He escaped from his kidnapper, and . . . Allan Breck Stewart threatened to put him to death in revenge of the designs he had harbored against him. Allan Breck Stewart was a man likely in such a matter to keep his word. James Drummond MacGregor and he, like Katherine and Petruchio, were well matched 'for a couple of quiet ones.' Allan Breck lived till the beginning of the French Revolution. (The events in 'Kidnapped' occurred in 1751.) About 1789 a friend of mine (Scott's), then residing in Paris, was invited to see some procession which was supposed to be likely to interest him, from the windows of an apartment occupied by a Scottish Benedictine priest. He found sitting by the fire a tall, thin, raw-boned, grim-looking old man, with the *petit croix* of St. Louis. His visage was strongly marked by the irregular protections of the cheek bones and chin. His eyes were gray. His grizzled hair exhibited marks of having been red, and his complexion was weather-beaten and remarkably freckled. Some civilities a French passed between the old man and my friend, in the course of which they talked of the streets and squares of Paris, till at length the old soldier, for such he seemed and such he was, said, with a sigh and a sharp Highland accent: 'De'il ane o' them a' is worth the Hie Street of Edinburgh!' On inquiry, this admirer of Auld Reekie, which he was never to see again, proved to be Allan Breck Stewart. He lived decently on his little pension, and had, in no subsequent period of his life, shown anything of the savage mood in which he is generally believed to have assassinated the enemy and oppressor, as he supposed him, of his family and clan." Mr. Stevenson makes Allan Breck short and Scott makes him tall. But Stevenson's David intimates the little man always impressed people as one of good size. Scott accepted the ill-reports against Allan Breck, but Stevenson knew him better, of course. Did he die before the Reign of Terror? Or was he one of those who rode in the cart? He was surely a hot-tempered, honest-hearted gentleman, whatever his fate.

Some Magazines.

The December *Atlantic* contains: "The Old Punch of Grapes Tavern," by Edwin Lassetter Bynner; "The Tragic Muse"—XXXIV.–XXXVII., by Henry James; "December Out-of-Doors," by Bradford Torrey; "Euryalus," by Edith Wharton; "The Pieces of Mazarin"—II., by Hope Notnor; "Architecture in the West," by Henry Van Brunt; "The Begum's Daughter"—XXV.–XXVI., by Edwin Lasetter Bynner; "Delphi: The Locality and its Legends," by William Cranston Lawton; "Border Warfare of the Revolution," by John Fiske; "School Vacations," by N. S. Shaler; "Latin and Saxon America," by Albert G. Browne; "Two Lyrics," by Thomas Bailey Aldrich; and the book reviews.

The December *Century* contains: "Selections from Wellington's Letters"; "The Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson"—II.; "The New Croton Aqueduct," by Charles Barnard; "Captain Joe," by F. Hopkinson Smith; "Nature and People in Japan," by William Elliot Griffis; "Friend Olivia"—II., by Amelia E. Barr; "The Paris Panorama of the Nineteenth Century," by Alfred Stevens and Henri Gervex; "Pundita Ramabai," by Elizabeth Porter Gould; "The Nature and Method of Revelation"—I., by George P. Fisher; "The Taming of Tarias," by Mary A. Owen; "The *Merry Chanter*"—Part II., by Frank R. Stockton; "Lincoln": The Fall of the Rebel Capital; Lincoln in Richmond, by John G. Nicolay and John Hay; and verses by Florence Earle Coates, Margaret Crosby, Constantina E. Brooks, T. H. Hayne, Frank Dempster Sherman, Joaquin Miller, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Arlo Bates, Harrison S. Morris, Louise Chandler Moulton, Louise Imogen Guiney, Boyd, and Harriet Monroe.

A Book-Buyer recently entered the establishment of Dewing & Co., in the Flood Building. To him approached a Book-Seller's Clerk. Knowing the deadful pall of imbecility which apparently shuts out book-Sellers' Clerks from the rational world, the Book-Buyer remarked, slowly, deliberately, and with a pause after each word to allow it to sink it into the preemptive brain of the Book-Seller's Clerk:

"I—believe—this—establishment—deals—in—subscription—books. —— Have—you,—then,—among—your—subscription—books—one—called—*The—Bible*,—written—by—Alessandro—Filippini—(formerly—chef—at—Delmonico's),—and—published—by—the—New—York—firm—of—C.—L.—Webster &—Co.?"

There was scarcely room for error here, but the possibilities of a Book-Seller's Clerk are great. This particular one gazed blankly at the Book-Buyer, gasped, gurgled, and then hurriedly said:

"*Webster's*-Dictionary,-did-you-say,-sir?-Cert'nly,-Have-'em-in-three-styles,-sir.-Please-step-this-way."

But the Book-Buyer was gone.

FLORIDA DAYS.

BY MARGARET DELAND,

Author of "John Ward, Preacher." Illustrated by Louis K. Harlow, with 4 colored plates, 2 etchings, 8 full-page plates, and 48 illustrations in the text. 8vo. Cloth, extra, gilt top. $4.00.

No more exquisite volume has ever been offered at this season to those who value all that goes to the making of a perfect book.—*Boston Transcript.*

It engenders an almost irresistible longing to go at once to the land of "the gracious sky, of the trees and flowers, of the hush of dreams" it so adequately portrays.—*The Independent.*

. . It is like Maupassant's "Sur l'Eau," which reproduces the old Provençal coast in the same sunny, meditative, poetic way.—*The Critic.*

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In many instances, they could never have been secured as contributors, were it not for the far-reaching influence which is given to their words by enormous circulation.

Every one who sends to THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, 41 Temple Place, Boston, will receive a *prospectus containing the Full Announcements for* 1890. It is a veritable feast in 52 courses.

NATIONAL SILVER CONVENTION.

SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
319 NORTH THIRD STREET,
ST. LOUIS, December 2d, 1889.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, ESQ., San Francisco, Cal.—*Dear Sir:* Inclosed please find copy of resolution adopted by the National Silver Convention which held its meeting in this city November 26th, 27th, and 28th, also the names of the gentlemen composing the National Silver Committee.

You have been appointed a member of the committee at large, together with the following gentlemen:

EDWARDS PIERREPONT, of New York city, N. Y.,
J. A. MCKENZIE, of Oak Grove, Ky.,
N. G. HAMMOND, of Atlanta, Ga.,
L. M. RUMSEY, of St. Louis, Mo.,
J. M. S. EGAN, of Georgetown, Col.,
FRANCIS G. NEWLANDS, of Reno, Nev.,
J. W. RUSH, of Larned, Kan.,
A. E. STEVENSON, of Bloomington, Ill.,
ALFRED M. SCALES, of Reedsville, N. C.

Truly yours, A. SINGLER.

Resolved, That a National Silver Committee be appointed, to consist of one member from each State and Territory represented in this convention and one member from the District of Columbia, to be selected by their representative delegations, and ten members to be selected by the president of this convention;

That the said National Silver Committee be empowered to call another National Silver Convention at such time and place as may be selected, and provide for the election of delegates thereto upon such basis of representation and in such manner as it may deem expedient;

That the said National Silver Committee be further empowered to provide for the organization of State and National Silver Leagues, for the printing and distribution of documents, and for the employment of speakers, and such other measures as it may in its discretion adopt to promote the purpose of this convention, and for the collection of funds to defray the expenses of such work;

Said National Silver Committee shall meet and organize by the election of a president and other officers immediately upon the adjournment of this convention;

Said National Silver Committee shall be further empowered to appoint from its own members an Executive Committee of nine members, of whom five shall constitute a quorum, who may be vested with all the powers of the full committee, except the power to call a National Silver Convention, which power shall only be exercised at a meeting of the full committee called for that purpose, at which meeting a majority of said full committees shall be present, either in person or by proxy.

The following are members of the National Silver Committee:

ALABAMA	ALONZO IRWIN, Selma.
ARKANSAS	JOHN G. FLETCHER, Little Rock.
ARIZONA	W. J. CHENEY, Tombstone.
CALIFORNIA	JAMES MCCUDDEN, Vallejo.
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA	LEE CRANDALL, Washington.
ILLINOIS	W. E. PHELPS, Elmwood.
INDIANA	THOMAS H. NELSON, Terre Haute.
IOWA	HON. H. L. WELLER, Nashua.
KANSAS	W. M. FORTESQUE, Leavenworth.
KENTUCKY	YONDER POIGNARD, Taylorsville.
MISSOURI	COL. JOHN DONIPHAN, St. Joseph.
MICHIGAN	HON. BEN COLVIN, St. Charles.
MONTANA	CHARLES F. MUSSIGBROD, Deer Lodge.
NEBRASKA	ALLEN ROOT, Omaha.
NEVADA	HON. THOS. FITCH, Reno.
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SOCIETY.

The Kittle High Tea.

A high tea was given by Mrs. N. G. Kitle at her residence on Pacific Avenue, on Saturday afteroon, December 7th, which was attended by about four hundred of her friends. She had the assistance of her daughter, Miss Maggie Kittle, in receiving, and the callers were most hospitably entertained. The residence was prettily decorated with choice flowers and foliage, and light refreshments were served throughout the afternoon. A string band played coocert selections at intervals and in fact, every measure was taken to make the affair the success it proved to be.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander will remain bere about one month longer before returning to New York city.

Mrs. George S. Ladd will soon leave for New York with the probable intention of residing there permanently.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker have recenily been entertaining the Misses Adelaide and Lucy Upson, of Sacramento, and Mrs. M. B. Euford, of Promontory, Utah., at their Califoroia Street resideoce.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, of Fruit Yale, are domiciled at the Palace Hotel for the remainder of the season.

Mrs. Peter Decker, Mrs Morton Cheesman, Miss Alice Decker, and Miss Jennie Cheesman are at Coronado Beach, where they will remain until about the eod of January.

Miss Beans, of San José, was in Geneva, Switzerland, at last accounts, and will pass the remainder of the winter in Paris.

Miss Marie Naglee, of San José, has reached Philadelphia after her European trip, and will pass the winter with her relatives in that city.

Colonel and Mrs. William Edwards have returoed from a two months' trip through Canada and the Eastern States.

Miss Violet Gratz Brown, daughter of the late Governor B. Gratz Brown, of Missouri, has returned to St. Louis after passing six months on this coast.

Judge J. H. Boalt is making a brief visit to New York and Washington, D. C.

Mr. W. Frank Whittier and his daughter, Mrs. Henry E. Bothin, returned from New York early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Alstoo Williams, *née* Caduc, have returoed from their Southern trip and are at their new residence, 2218 Devisadero Street.

Dr. and Mrs. O. O. Burgess, wheo last heard from, were in Spain en route to Malaga, Gihraltar, Tangiers, Algiers, Marseilles, and Rome

Mrs. A. H. Rutherford has returoed from her Eastero trip and has brought with her as her guest Miss Haft, of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis have been paying a short visit to Bakersfield.

Mrs. A. J. Pope and Miss Pope will pass the holiday week at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry B. Williams have rented their residence, 2016 Yan Ness Avenue, to Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tuhbs, and are now located at Santa Barbara for the entire season.

Miss Baldwin, who was recently the guest of Mrs. Nelson A. Miles, is visiting friends in Oakland.

Mr. Frank L. Unger has returned from bis European trip, and is in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. William Alvord will pass the coming holidays at Monterey.

Baron and Baroness von Schröder and Mrs. J. Mervyn Donahue will return in a few days from their Eastern visit. Colooel and Mrs. Donahue will pass the winter at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. W. W. Montague is paying a visit to New York and Wasbington, D. C

The Misses Miller, of San José, will leave Paris this month, and reach their home in January.

Mrs. B. D. Murphy, Miss Grace M. Spencer, Miss Mary Murphy, and Miss Ruth Benson, of San José, passed last week at the Santa Marguerita Rancho as the guests of General P. W. Murphy.

Miss Margaret Jones, of San José, has been in the city during the past week as the guest of Miss Mattie Gibbs.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Robinson will soon close their Redwood City home, with the intention of passing the winter here.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs, Miss Nettie Tubbs, Mr Austin Tuhbs, and Mr. Alfred Tubbs will be at Mooterey during the approaching holidays.

Mr. Charles J. Bandmann has returoed from a trip to England, France, and Germany.

Dr. and Mrs. E. B. Perrin have beeo paying a visit to Fresno

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Dean and Miss Dean, who recently returned from their Eastero trip, are located at the Hotel Pleasanton for the winter.

Mr. Francis G. Newlands is at the Hotel Arlington in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Gillig have returoed from their extended European tour and are in New York city.

Mrs. Thomas Breeze and family are at the Windsor Hotel in New York city.

Miss Currier and Miss Florence Currier, of New York, who were here last winter, have again come to the city and will pass the winter at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. and Mrs. James Otis, *née* Davison, will pass the winter at one of our leading hotels.

The Misses Morrison and Mr. Henry Edwin Morrison, of San José, have leased the elegant residence and grouods of Mr. W. P. Dougherty, north-east coroer of Sixth and Washington Streets, San José, wbich they will occupy until the erection of their new Queen Anne residence on Julian Street.

Miss Mamie Burke, of San José, has been visiting the Misses Ferris at Novato Meadows near San Rafael.

Among the Califoroians lately registered in Milan and Yenice are Mrs. Charles Maubec and Miss Maubec.

Mr. Duncan Hayne left on Thursday for Santa Barbara to enjoy a short visit there.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean will return to the city next Wednesday after an Eastero visit.

Miss Virginia Hanchett returned last Wednesday from a visit to Mrs. J. B. Wright at Sacramento.

Mr. Mountford S. Wilson and Mr. Charles O. Alexander bave gone East, and will be away about six weeks.

Mrs. Henry Conway, of Cheyenne, is visiiing her sister, Mrs. Bernard Faymonville, of 2502 Fillmore Street.

Miss Edith Clarke is visiting friends in Marysville and will remain there a couple of weeks longer.

Notes and Gossip.

A high tea will be given this (Saturday) afternoon, by Mrs. George C. Boardman at her residence on Franklin Street.

Mrs. Louis B. Parrott gave an enjoyable fancy-dress party at her residence on Franklin Street on Friday afternoon, December 6th, to the little friends of her children. It was a very merry gathering, and the little ones danced and feasted to their heart's content.

The officers at the Presidio gave a hop there last Tuesday eveoing, which was as pleasant as the former ones, although the storm kept many away who otherwise would have attended. The hop-room was gay with flowers aod flags, and the music, as usual, was excellent.

Mrs W. Mayo Newhall will give a high tea, at her bome on Post Street, this (Saturday) afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Williams will give a reception next Tuesday evening at their residence, 1925 Octavia Street, in honor of Mr and Mrs. H. Alston Williams, *née* Caduc.

Mrs. L. L. Baker will entertain the members of the new dancing-club next Wednesday evecing at her residence, 1882 Washington Street.

The third german of the Bachelors' Cotillion Club will take place next Friday evening. Mr. George A. Newhall will be the leader.

A matinée reception will be given by Mrs. George Hyde next Saturday at her residence, 719 Geary Street.

The Cosmos Club will give a large reception about the middle of January.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip N. Lilienthal gave an elegant dinner-party last Tuesday evening nt their residence. Covers were laid for thirty and the unique decorations were characteristic of the event they were celebrating—their tin wedding. The evening was very enjoyably passed.

Mrs. E. W. McKinstry gave an informal tea last Thursday nt her home, and entertained about thirty ladies, with the assistance of her daughter, Miss Laura McKinstry.

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MUSICAL NOTES.

The Polyclinic Concert.

Another wortby charitable institution is making an appeal to the generous public for financial assistance, and it proposes to give full value for tbe money expended in its aid. This time it is the San Francisco Polyclinic, which, as is generally known, provides the best medical aid and medicine free of charge to the afflicted poor. For the benefit of the Polyclinic a grand concert will be given at the Grand Opera House on Monday evening, December 16th, under the auspices of many of our most prominent ladies, all of whom are deeply interested in its successful outcome. All of the private boxes and a large number of admission tickets have already been sold, and the outlook is very promising for a crowded and fashionable audience. The principal local male and female vocalists and instrumentalists, the Handel and Haydn Society, and the Oakland Harmonic Society have all volunteered their services, and they will assist in providing a programme of exceeding interest. A special feature of the evening will be the production of Haydn's "Toy Symphony" by the doctors of the Polyclinic and other well-known amateurs The general admission will be one dollar, with reserved seats fifty cents extra. Tickets may be procured at the leading music stores and from any of the patronesses.

The Philharmonic Society.

The Philharmonic Society, of San Francisco, gave its second concert of the eleventh season last Wednesday evening. A large audience was assembled in the hall and enjoyed the following programme:

Overture, "Mignon" ..... Thomas
Air et Variations ..... Proch
Mrs. Wadsworth Vivian.
Scherzo, B minor ..... Chopin
Miss Ada E. Weigel.
Suite, "L'Arlesienne" ..... Bizet
1. Prelude. 3. Adagietto.
2. Menuetto. 4. Carrillon.
Overture, "Egmont" ..... Beethoven
"Ave Maria" ..... Gounod
Mrs. Wadsworth Vivian.
Violin obligato, Mr. Joseph M. Willard.
Norwegian Popular Melodies ..... Svendsen
String orchestra.
Waltz, "Artists' Life" ..... J. Strauss

Miss Lena Devine after an absence of four years has returned to her native city, and announces her first appearance Wednesday evening, January 8, 1890. Miss Devine sang under the name of Miss Lena Doria with great success in Italy, England, and Germany. In Southern Germany, starting from Baden Baden, she sang in concerts with Mme. Metaura Toricelli, one of the most famous violinists of the world. Mme. Sembrich speaks in the highest terms of Miss Devine

Miss Ella Partridge will give an ensemble concert this (Saturday) afternoon in the parlors of the First Unitarian Church at three o'clock. She will be assisted by Mr. Hermann Brandt. A sonata in C minor by Beethoven, a suite, op. 11, by Goldmark, and a sonata in D, by Gade are the features of the programme.

Signor A. Farini will give his second concert of this season at Irving Hall on Friday evening, December 20th. He will present the first and last act of "Il Trovatore," the second act of "Martha," and tbe first act of "La Traviata," all in full costume.

Mme. Camilla Urso will give the second of her classical musicales next Friday afternoon at the home of Mrs. William J. Younger.

Two musicales were given bv Mrs. Estelle Hancbette-Chown at her residence on tbe seventh and eleventh instant. Miss Amalia Volkman assisted on the eleventh with her fine soprano, Tbe programme consisted of selections from Doring, Tauhert, Weber, Brahms, Moszkowski, Cbopin, Wallace, and Liszt.

ART NOTES.

The new additions to the pictures in the Gumps' gallery, at 581 Market Street, have created a great deal of talk in the local art world, and the Messrs. Gump have been compelled to keep the gallery open in the evenings as well as throughout the day to accommodate the *amateurs* who wish to go there in the evening. The approach to the gallery is through a bewildering variety of *objets d'art*—statuary, busts, and plaques in bronze and porcelain, old-fashioned clocks, vases, etc., from the collections and factories of Europe—which is a fitting preparation for the riches of the collection, undoubtedly the most notable ever gathered together under one roof on this coast.

The latest additions have been sent out by Mr. Gump's commissioner in Europe, who has secured several gems from Paris and Munich. Among them are a Julien Dupré, a *paysage* which takes high rank among the productions of this foremost of French pastoral painters. It is a bit of French peasant life; in the green meadow, where the skimming clouds and the fresh, clear atmosphere show a summer shower has just passed, a young woman chats with another, who is milking a gentle-eyed cow, while her other charges lie about in the glistening grass. It is a scene of brooding peace, and the figures, the animals, the grass, the trees even, seem to exhale an air of new vigor which is deepened by the sense of freshness after rain which the wonderful atmospheric effect gives.

A large canvas from this year's Salon is "Les Relevailles," by Jeanne Rongier, whose "Entering the Convent" created so much talk throughout the world two years ago. It shows a woman come to receive the priest's blessing after childbirth; she is attended by the sympathizing grandmother, and the priest, preceded by two red-robed acolytes, is just coming to give her the blessing without which she may not enter the sanctuary. It is a large canvas, and is as full of life and feeling as was "Entering the Convent"; the weakness of the convalescent, the grandmother's sympathy, the curiosity of the little acolytes, and the purity and kindness in the old priest's face—all these are painted in stronger lines than mere words can tell.

Another canvas by George Haquette has just been placed in the gallery—four weather-beaten fishermen pulling in the seine, from which gleaming fish and sparkling spray drip into the sea. It is fully as fine as the other Haquette which was in this collection, and the two would make a splendid pair to represent the finest of modern marine painters.

There are several new pictures from Munich among the new arrivals, among them a little gem by M. Scholz; it is a scene in the refectory of a monastery where the monks are anything but ascetics. A farmer stands in the centre, haggling with the portly abbot over the price of the fowl he holds aloft for inspection, while one jolly, well-fed friar examines the bird and another looks up from his culinary duties to watch the bargain and chuckle over the prospective capon.

There are a score at least of new pictures which would be noticed here but that space forbids; it is possible only to add that the collection is one that only much wealth, directed by well-trained judgment, could bring together, and that it is so comprehensive that the art-lover, be he millionaire or one of the less fortunate, can surely find here something that will suit his taste and his purse, whether for his own gallery or to be given to a friend in the holidays.

Army and Navy News.

Lieutenant Richardson Clover, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Dolphin* and placed on waiting orders.

Lieutenant W. D. Rose, U. S. N., has been ordered to the *Monongahela* which is now at Mare Island.

For the benefit of the Pioneer Kindergarten a Christmas entertainment will be given at Irving Hall, at two o'clock, next Saturday afternoon. The price of admission will be ten cents for children and twenty-five cents for adults. The lady managers are working hard to make the affair a success, and doubtless they will succeed, as they have secured some of our best local talent and intend presenting an excellent programme. This is a very worthy charity, and money expended in its behalf will do much good.

Mme. de Sadowska Peixotto's concert will positively take place on Friday evening, January 3, 1890. She will sing some wonderful Russian songs in her native tongue.

Miss Susie Sroufe has returned to the city after passing three years in Paris, where she devoted herself to the study of water-color painting.

At the Paris Exposition of 1867 the theatres took in $2,100 000; at the Exposition of 1878, $2,600,000; and in 1889, $3,050 000.

Mme. Pommery and her Champagne.

[*Paris Letter to the Philadelphia Bulletin*]

Mme. Pommery, owner of the Pommery and Greno champagne, is now about sixty years old, and she still watches over her wine interests with the greatest care. Her delight is to spend her money in good works, and the city of Rheims, where she lives, is the recipient of great liberality. It is worth a visit to Rheims to see the Pommery cellars; they are hewn out of chalk and are made like a subterranean city, with streets and squares, and contain people and animals. Over these cellars Mme. Pommery has built a palace, but in this palace she never lives. Mme. Pommery spends her winters in the house at Rheims, where are all her offices, and where Prince von Hohenlohe took refuge in 1870. In the summer she goes to her castle of Chigney, a magnificent place, designed by herself. This contains superb works of art, and all French painters and sculptors have in Mme. Pommery a beneficent patron. Her daughter is the Duchess de Polignac.

— ALL KINDS OF WATCHES, DIAMONDS, AND Jewelry, suitable for Christmas gifts, at very low prices. Country orders promptly filled. Albert A. Ritter, 11 Montgomery Street, formerly on Kearny. Open evenings.

— ANY WOMAN MAY APPEAR AS FRESH AS A flower, and as beautiful, if she will use Rachel's Enamel Bloom to preserve her skin and improve her complexion. For sale by all druggists.

A choice collection of Etchings, Water-Colors, and Engravings, suitable for HOLIDAY PRESENTS, can be procured at

MORRIS & KENNEDY

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Fine Framing our Specialty. Free Art Gallery.

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211 SUTTER STREET.

HOLIDAY CLEARANCE SALE OF BOOKS.

The entire stock, comprising Standard, Miscellaneous, Holiday, and Juvenile Books, Bibles, Prayers and Hymnals, sold without reserve

FOR 50 CTS. ON THE DOLLAR.

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French Fruits Glacé, Wiesbaden Preserved Fruits, Wiesbaden Fruits in Rhine Wine, Stuffed Prunes, Stuffed Olives, German and French Asparagus, Imported Frankfurt Sausage, Imported French Cheese in great variety, Fresh German Servelat Sausage, Pomeranian Goose Breasts, Fine Liqueurs, Cordials in miniature bottles, and Rare Wines.

We desire to call special attention to our large and well-selected stock of Havana, Key West, and New York cigars, for which we have made SPECIAL LOW PRICES for our Holiday Trade.

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We have made unusual preparations for this HOLIDAY season, and are prepared to furnish to Families and Parties, at the shortest notice, the finest assortment of Plain and Fancy Cakes to be obtained in the city.

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FIVE-O'CLOCK TEA-KETTLES.

Wrought-iron Stand, Copper Kettle, to stand on Table,	$5 00
To stand on Floor,	12 00
All Brass, as illustration,	7 50

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The Public expected Bargains, but our Prices are so Much Lower than the most vivid imagination anticipated that every one pronounces this, without any restriction, the Greatest Sale of the age.

A Saving of One-half, and in many cases even More than this, is the Cause of the Fact just mentioned.

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741, 743 AND 745 MARKET STREET.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

In order to appreciate being kissed, a girl should be old enough to know better.—*Life.*

He (a property-holder)—"How much do you love me, darling?" *She*—"Lots."—*Time.*

Kind lady (to tramp)—"Can you saw?" *Tramp*—"I can that. Have you got a violin?"—*Time.*

Mrs. Gabble—"Your husband seems to be a well-preserved man." *Mrs. Martyr* (an old man's darling)—"Alcohol will preserve most anything."—*Time.*

"Why doesn't that poor gentleman wear an overcoat, Madge; hasn't he got any?" "Yes, little sister, but he couldn't get it on over his chrysanthemum."—*Time.*

Customer—"This is vegetable soup. I ordered chicken." *Waiter* (examining the soup)—"Dat's so, sir; my mistake. I t'ought dem celery tops wus feathers."—*Life.*

Resident (to organ-grinder)—"If you'll stop playing 'White Wings,' I'll give you five cents." *Organ-grinder*—"'Sweet Violets,' fi' centa; 'White Wings,' ten centa."—*Life*

"Hans, you got punished to-day; what for?" "Because, papa, Edward Lang had been fighting." "And with whom had Edward been fighting?" "With me, papa."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Reporter (to city editor)—"I have an account of a row between John L. Sullivan and another drunken bruiser. What head shall I put on it?" *Editor*—"Call it "The War of the Tight 'Uns."—*Time.*

Cop—"I arrest you, Mr. Abrams, on a charge of arson." *Hibernian*—"Ain't yer got a mistake, mein frendt? My name vosn't Abrams; it's O'Duffy, unt I'm an Irisher. Don't you tell it from my oxcent?"—*Life.*

"Young man," said the temperance orator, "if there was no liquor in the world you would not be standing round on the corners, out of work." "But you would," came a voice from the gallery."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Young hopeful—"Father, what is the meaning of the word 'opera'?" *Father*—"It means a work." "That's what I thought. Now, can I opera you for three dollars to buy a couple of tickets for the comic work to-night?"—*Time.*

Wife (reading history of the Pilgrims)—"Those old Blue Laws must have been horrible; the idea of prohibiting a man from kissing his wife on Sunday." *Husband*—"Yes, they made a great many unnecessary laws in those days."—*Life.*

De Smythe (to aged colored brother)—"Good morning, uncle!" *Aged colored brother* (who objects to familiarity on short acquaintance)—"I ain't yo' uncle." *De Smythe* (angered)—"Well, you're a d——d old fool, anyhow!"—*Life.*

Mabel—"Let's play house; I'll be the mother." *George*—"Yes; and I'll be the father." *Clara*—"And I'll be the cook." *Mabel* and *George* (indignantly)—"Yes; that's just you! You always want to be the boss of everything!"—*Life.*

Mrs. O'Brien—"Man, dear, that was a hard whack whin Officer Callaban's club came down on yure poor head lasht noight. Did it hurt you?" *Mr. Spud Murphy*—"Hurt me, is it? Well, now, he'd be a-hittin' me wid it a long toime before Oi'd laugh."—*Puck.*

Mrs. Broughne—"I bought some sugar of Jones to-day, and when he was weighing it, I saw him rest his hand on the end of the scales that my sugar was on. I believe that man is a cheat." *Mr. Broughne*—"Oh, he doesn't mean anything—it's only a weigh he has."—*Time.*

"Do yez hear the cat, Dennis?" said Mrs. Dolan, as she sat up in bed. "Dade, an' Oi do that same." "Isn't it the terrible noise the baste is makin'?" "Terrible. It may be that a cat has only noine lives or noine tails, but it has about two or three hundred songs, Oi'm thinking."—*Commercial Traveler.*

Miss Vere-de-Vere—"Only think, Mr. Tumley, they have a custom in Spain that when one admires anything, the owner immediately presents him with it." *Mr. Tumley* (desperately)—"I admire your hand very much, Miss Vere-de-Vere." "I beg your pardon, Mr. Tumley, but we are not in Spain; we are on Staten Island."—*Time.*

"There, darling, the last one," said he, as he started down the steps. He had nearly reached the gate when she called him back. "I've just been counting up," she said, "and that last kiss we took was the thirteenth, and that is an awfully unlucky number, you know." When he finally got away the score was thirty-seven.—*Terre Haute Express.*

Tragedian—"I am to be led to execution, you say, and not allowed to say one word at the injustice of the act, and *you*, YOU, who have partaken of my bounty on former state occasions, prove recreant now, and carry a bear-r-t as false as hell itself." *Supe* (his first appearance)—"Yer a liar if yer say so! Yer told me to do this yerself only twenty minutes ago!"—*Life.*

A cook who had burned up a piece of veal weighing four pounds, threw it away, and afterward explained to her mistress that the cat had eaten the meat: "Very well," said the lady, we will see to that directly." So saying, she took the cat, put it on the scales, and found that it weighed exactly four pounds. "There, Frederica," she said, "are the four pounds of meat—but where is the cat?"—*Kölner Tageblatt.*

Proprietor (at telephone)—"Hello, central! What seems to be the matter? I have been trying for the last half hour to get you. Give me one-naught-five." (Waits ten minutes longer and no answer.) "Dear, dear, this telephone puts me all out of patience. Here, Thomas, call up one-naught-five, and wait till you get it." *Office-boy* (giving handle a vigorous whirl)—"Hullo—bullo! Say, central, w'at's achin' you? Why don't you git us one-ought-five, hay? Come, now, git on a rush there and shake 'em up or we'll drop onto you from de roof and paralyze you!" *Central* (obsequiously)—"Yes, sir, I'll connect you right away; excuse delay, please."—*Time.*

For Nervous Prostration

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. W. GRAEVES, Northfield, Minn., says: "I have used it in cases of nervous prostration, and also in combination with other remedies in indigestion, it has proved as satisfactory as could be expected."

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Beware of Imitations.

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A NEW TREATMENT.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result of this discovery is that a simple remedy has been discovered which permanently cures the most aggravated cases of these distressing diseases by a few simple applications made (*two weeks apart*) by the patient at home. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent *free* by A. H. DIXON & SON, 337 and 339 West King Street, Toronto, Canada.

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Having recently purchased the entire stock of watches of the Bankrupt firm of Welden, Richards & Co., consisting of solid gold, silver, and gold-filled cases, we shall offer a portion of the entire lot at prices never before heard of in the Watch trade. Among the stock are 5,780 **American Make** stem winders, in solid gold-filled Cases, which we shall sell singly or by the dozen to private parties or the trade at the unheard-of low price of **$3.50 each**. Each and every watch is guaranteed a perfect time-keeper, and each watch is accompanied with our written guarantee for five years. Think of it! A genuine, Stem-winding, American Movement watch, in solid, gold-filled cases and guaranteed for five years, for **$3.50**. Those wanting a first-class, reliable time-keeper, at about one third retail price, should order at once. Watch speculators can make money by buying by the dozen to sell again.

Solid Gold Watches at $3.50.

These watches must be sold, and as an inducement for you to order quickly, we will send to each of the first one hundred, ordering from this advertisement, a solid, 14k **Gold Watch** worth **$50**, provided $3.50 is sent with the order. Elegant, **SOLID ROLLED GOLD CHAINS** of the latest patterns, for **$1.00, $2.00, $3.00,** and up. **ORDER AT ONCE.** Be one of the first and get a solid gold watch for **$3.50.** All are stem-winding, elegantly finished, and guaranteed perfectly satisfactory in every way. Send money by registered letter or P. O order at our risk. Watches and chains sent safely by registered mail to any address, provided 25 cents extra is sent to pay postage.

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SAUSALITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN, via

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, October 13, 1889, and until further untice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.30, 3.25, 4.50, 6.10 P. M.
Sundays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 1.30, 5.05, 6.30, P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.10, 7.45, 9.20, 11.05 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.55 P. M.
Sundays)—8.00, 9.50, A. M.; 12.00 M.; 3.30, 5.00, P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 6.25 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 9.55, 11.55 A. M.; 2.30, 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
Sundays)—8.45, 10.35, A. M.; 12.45, 4.15, 5.45 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 7.05 P. M.
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

11.00 A. M., Daily (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at 6.45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12.25 P.M.
1.30 P. M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations.
5.00 A. M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Point Reyes and intermediate stations. Returning arrives in San Francisco at 6.15 P. M.

EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rate.
Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays and Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.00; Tomales, $2.25; Howard's, $3.50; Cazadero, $4.00.
Sunday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, good on day sold only: Camp Taylor, $1.50; Point Reyes, $1.75.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Cazadero daily (except Mondays) for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, and all points on the North Coast.

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General Offices, 327 Pine Street.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.
(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From Dec. 1, 1889.	ARRIVE
7.30 A.	Haywards, Niles and San José	*12.45 P.
7.30 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis	7.15 P.
7.30 A.	Sacramento, Auburn, Colfax	5.45 P.
8.00 A.	Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	6.15 P.
8.30 A.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Mojave, and East, and Los Angeles	11.15 A.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
10.30 A.	Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
12.00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	*3.45 P.
1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	**6.00 A.
3.00 P.	Haywards, Niles & San José	9.45 A.
3.30 P.	2d Class Ogden and East	10.45 P.
4.00 P.	Stockton and §Milton; Vallejo, Calistoga & Santa Rosa	9.45 A.
4.30 P.	Sacramento and Knight's Landing via Davis	10.45 A.
4.30 P.	Niles and Livermore	*8.45 A.
4.30 P.	Niles and San José	‡4.15 P.
5.30 P.	Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
6.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.
7.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East	7.45 A.
8.00 P.	Central Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	9.45 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

‡3.00 A.	Hunters' train to San José	‡7.20 P.
8.15 A.	Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	5.50 P.
2.15 P.	Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*11.50 A.
4.15 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, and Los Gatos	9.50 A.

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

7.25 A.	San José, Almaden and Way Stations	2.30 P.
8.30 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos; Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey, Pacific Grove; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations	6.12 P.
10.30 A.	San José and Way Stations	5.02 P.
12.01 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	3.38 P.
3.30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and principal Way Stations	*10.00 A.
4.20 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	*7.58 A.
5.20 P.	San José and Way Stations	9.03 A.
6.30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A.
11.45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	†7.28 P.

A for morning. P. for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only. § Saturdays excepted. ** Mondays excepted.

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SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY.

THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, March 17, 1889, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

Leave San Francisco.		Destination.	Arrive San Francisco.	
Week Days.	Sundays.		Sundays	Week Days.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M. 5.00 P. M.	8.00 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10.40 A. M. 6.10 P. M.	8.50 A. M. 10.30 A. M. 6.05 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M.	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Litton Sp'gs. Cloverdale, and Way Stations.	6.10 P. M.	10.30 A. M. 6.05 P. M.
7.40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.	6.10 P. M.	6.05 P. M.
7.40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	Guerneville.	6.10 P. M.	6.05 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	8.00 A. M.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10.40 A. M. 6.10 P. M.	8.50 A. M. 6.05 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs, Sebastopol, and Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, and at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Hopland for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs, and at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Willits, Cahto, Calpella, Potter Valley, Sherwood Valley, and Mendocino City.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays, to Petaluma, $1.50; to Santa Rosa, $2.25; to Healdsburg, $3.40; to Litton Springs, $3 60; to Cloverdale, $4 50; to Hopland, $5.70; to Ukiah, $6 75; to Guerneville, $3.75; to Sonoma, $1 50; to Glen Ellen, $1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, $1; to Santa Rosa, $1.50; to Healdsburg, $2 25; to Litton Springs, $2 40; to Cloverdale, $3; to Guerneville, $2 50; to Sonoma, $1; to Glen Ellen, $1.20.

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon and San Rafael: Week Days—7.40, 9.20, 11.20 A. M.; 3.30, 5, 6.15 P. M.; Sundays—8, 9.30, 11 A. M.; 1.30, 5, 6.20 P. M.

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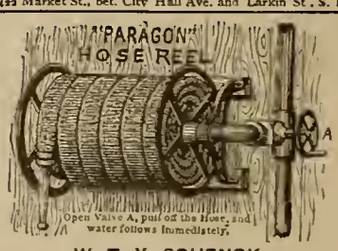

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If you studied it closely, gave your mind up to it religiously, you might probably find some plot, some connecting link of story holding together the three acts of "A Trip to Africa." The question is—is "A Trip to Africa" worth the trouble—would the story when discovered repay one for the toil of digging it out of that melée of princes, pashas, heiresses, Nubians, Sicilians, and odalisques?

Several love-stories are visible to the naked eye. The Pasha has a good deal of love-story, having forty-eight wives, and yet being desirous of adding Tessa—a Sicilian?—to the collection. This much-married man furnishes the funny part of the play. When the action sticks, he comes in, and is as funny as the circumstances will permit. When the moment arrives when even his humor palls, they turn on the forty-eight wives, who come tripping in, waving their arms, and sing and sway back and forth, their beauty successfully hidden under a fine layer of paint and gauzy yashmaks.

Then Tessa, for whom the Pasha cherishes an unrequited passion, has a little love-story on her own account with Miradillo, a gentleman in white flannels, who has come to Africa to escape either from Tessa or from his debts—one is left in doubt on this point, which, it must be admitted, is a rather delicate one. Tessa and her mamma are resolved to chase this coy fox to his lair, and they set out on the hunt to Africa, equipped in leghorn hats and lace parasols. It is while pursuing the pleasures of the chase of Miradillo that they meet the Pasha, who immediately offers Tessa that fraction of his heart which is left over after its forty eight previous attachments. Tessa—an eminently practical person, quite prepared to follow the poet's advice that when far from the lips that we love we should make love to the lips that are near—looks favorably upon the Pasha, and coquettes with him in her artless, Sicilian way by sticking her parasol into his eye. The Pasha—who, after forty-eight successful courtships, ought to be quite a connoisseur, who, we may infer, has never loved a dear gazelle hopelessly—finds this very captivating. The approbation of a man of such wide experience is naturally flattering to the star-eyed Sicilian, who showers smiles upon him.

But there is yet another couple who love and sigh throughout the three acts. This is Titania and the Prince. Titania is the Pasha's niece, and is the heiress of two millions which the Pasha covets. In the first act, Titania enters most imposingly, heralded by a Nubian, who announces her as the Swan of Something—perhaps of Old Nile, in contradistinction to the serpent of that river. The Swan, who knows of her uncle's leaning toward her two millions, is more like a serpent than a swan, for she proceeds to impose a deceit upon the Pasha, which suggests long practice. She tells him she is married, when such is not the case, and when asked to produce her husband, selects Miradillo as the victim.

Five minutes after, the Prince entering, he and the Swan fall madly in love with each other. The Prince is one of those fascinating princes, who grow so luxuriantly in fiction and on the stage. From Cinderella's prince down, they are all of the same calibre. They wear light-satin doublets, boots with red heels, daggers in their waist-bands, and big, red-glass jewels in their turbans. One glimpse of the beloved object kindles a life-long affection in their susceptible hearts. The Prince in real life needs more encouraging—but that is neither here nor there. The Swan's prince does not believe in wasting time in useless preliminaries. Where the weather has so long held undisputed possession of the field, he introduces a telling, if somewhat antique, compliment. "Were you to look at the desert it would break into blossom like the rose," is the exotic manner in which he chooses to express himself. The Swan does not reply that should this be the case irrigation would cease to be a necessity—she probably thinks of this half-an-hour later, in the seclusion of her own apartment. What she does say is: "Prince, you have arrived in the nig of time"—and what "the nig of time" is, she cruelly leaves you to infer.

It is hardly necessary to state that in the end all these tangled loves are straightened. Tessa gets her Miradillo—with all his bills paid, the Prince and Titania pair off, and even the Pasha is induced to offer the position of forty-ninth Pearl of the Harem to Tessa's mamma. Incidental diversions in the way of a sudden rising of the Nile, an old Jew peddler selling love-potions and philtres, a slave-girl—property of Miradillo, apparently—choruses by the Pasha's wives, Bedouins, and a burnt-cork regiment, seven strong, are sprinkled through the performance, materially adding to the confusion of the ill-defined and erratic story, and deteriorating from the artistic effectiveness of the whole. This hurling together *pêle-mêle* of odd and incongruous elements, results in a jumble too absurd and nonsensical for a person of average intelligence to sit through.

Then the libretto is unforgivably poor. It is simply stupid. No one says bright things, the situations are neither new nor amusing. To try and rectify this error becomes the work of Mr. and Mrs. Digby Bell, who furnish the most persistently humorous element of the cast. Mr. and Mrs. Bell have been popular for some years, they have a good metropolitan reputation as clever interpreters of farce comedy—it is, therefore, but just to assume that their lack of success in making "A Trip to Africa" attractive is less their fault than that of the "Trip." It is only another case of Don Fernando. Mr. and Mrs. Bell could no more make a good thing out of the materials before them than the Israelites could make bricks without straw. Nevertheless, in their efforts to add zest to the drowsy performance, they have gone a little too far and vulgarized it. It is time for "the gag" to be put an end to. Gags fill with rapture the soul of the amateur, and when he has sufficiently recovered from stage fright to feel the boards beneath his feet, he breaks out into an unbridled ecstasy of gags. This ought to be enough to eliminate forever that form of joke from the professional stage. When the gifted amateur exhibits a fondness for any particular methods or expressions, all self-respecting professionals should relinquish the same without a murmur.

Mr. Bell makes the gallery laugh with gags and topical jokes and new slang, while Mrs. Bell achieves the same triumph by squeaking ecstatically whenever the Pasha approaches and by kissing him against his will. It is very raw humor this; it is an easily satisfied soul who can find food for laughter in the antics of Bucametta when striving to captivate the Pasha by dancing around him and ogling and screaming. Further than this: why does Mr. Bell sing the "Birdie" song? Such a ditty as that would be of a low order even among the gentlemen of the burnt-cork fraternity. It might be appreciated in a Hoyt farce, or a burlesque like "Evangeline," but it is sadly out of place among Von Suppé's delicate if trivial harmonies. While such songs as this and such plays as Hoyt's "Brass Monkey" are encouraged and applauded here, San Francisco's dramatic taste will be counted of as provincial a kind as even that of Chicago.

Some other members of the company do fairly well. Miss Thorne is handsome and sings conscientiously, but she lacks that indescribable *chic* which should appertain to all artists, especially to the singer in light opera. No matter how ugly a woman may be, should she be blessed with this charm, she will be a delight to the lover of the tinkling melodies of the opera bouffe. To sing them *au grand sérieux*, as if one were singing arias of Meyerbeer's, is on a par with playing Offenbach on a pipe organ. In this sort of singing, manner is everything; the words may be idiotic—they usually are—the air tuneless; the secret of success lies in the style in which they are delivered. Mlle. Januschowsky has quite a good deal of piquancy in her manner of singing, and her foreign accent is rather charming.

As the son of his father, Mark Smith deserves attention. He has been and is a very handsome man and a good actor, but the peculiar indolence of his style is at times rather exasperating. It would be pleasant to see him exert himself. He sings his little high note, his little low note, with just the same air of subdued boredom. And he has always done this. He was a languid Black Hussar and the most nerveless of all the army of elegant Caddys. This came in appropriately in the minuet. Mr. Smith danced as only a courtier of the old school could dance, treading the stately measure with a slow and haughty grace. They have never had an actor or an actress in "Erminie" who so thoroughly realized one's ideal of the courtly style of that defunct and splendid day. But whether Mr. Smith danced this way because he knew it was the right way, or because it is impossible for him to be anything but indolent and languid, is, of course, an important question. G. B.

Miss Belle Thorne's operatic career is often inquired about. The young lady's admirers will be interested in this paragraph from the *Post*: "Miss Thorne was born twenty-two years ago in Memphis, Tenn., but has been a resident of California since she was six years old. She made her first appearance on the stage some years ago in this city. Soon after, she went back East and played a season at the New York Casino in "Erminie" Returning to San Francisco, she appeared at the Tivoli as Serpolette in the 'Cloches de Corneville.' At the close of her engagement at the latter house, she played a three months' season at a minor theatre, appearing in 'Allan Quartermain' and sundry other productions. During this engagement, E. E. Rice's company was playing 'Adonis' here. He was so struck with Miss Thorne's abilities that he immediately induced her to sign a contract for his 'Pearl of Pekin' company. Her contract with the latter company expired on the twenty-seventh of last April, and, though Mr. Rice was very anxious for her to renew her contract, she refused, on the ground that she would rather return to San Francisco, where her mother and two sisters were living. Last July, she signed a contract with the Tivoli management, which has not yet expired. Miss Thorne says that she likes San Francisco audiences, as they have always treated her most generously. She also likes to be near her family, and that is why she sticks to the Tivoli and does not return East, where the field is far wider, and where she has had most flattering offers. With the consent of the Tivoli management, she has agreed to play with the Duff Opera Company during their engagement here. Miss Thorne studied under Mme. Rosewald."

STAGE GOSSIP.

Frank Mayo is to revive his popular rôle of Davy Crockett next week.

"Paola," the new opera by Paulton and Jacobowski, is to be sung by the Duff Company next week.

Charles Arnold and little May Hannan will continue to appear in "Hans the Boatman" for another week.

Rowland Buckstone, the Tommy Tucker of "Lord Chumley," has been advanced to the rôle C. B. Bishop played in Sothern's company.

Louise Dillon is a daughter of Fanny Mowbray, the dancer, and she tripped the light fantastic long before she became a soubrette. She was married last week to a New York stock-broker.

"The Great Metropolis" is to be presented for the first time in this city next Tuesday evening. George Osbourne, E. J. Henley, William Morris, Harry Bell, and Isabel Morris will be in the cast.

Kate Claxton, who has other claims to celebrity than being burned out of her hotel oftener than any other actress, is to begin an engagement next week in "The World Against Her," a melodrama.

"The Pirates of Penzance" was put on at the Tivoli on Thursday evening to finish the week. "Aida" will be produced on Monday night on a grand scale, and will be continued through the holidays.

"Said Pasha" is now in Philadelphia, where it had a long and successful run some months ago. Stanley Felch alone remains of the original cast, and Ida Mulle and H. W. Frillman are the only other members of the present company who are well-known here.

Sybil Sanderson has been at her post at the Opéra Comique with a regularity which shows her earnestness in her career. She has not missed a performance for over eighty nights. Besides this she is studying "Manon" with Massenet, and the repertoire with Bourgeois, the *chef de chant* of the theatre.

The Campobello opera troupe opened last Monday evening in "La Sonnambula," with a large audience in attendance. Artistically, the performance was not a success. Next week, the programmes will be as follows: "Sonnambula," "La Traviata," "The Barber of Seville," "Martha," and Sunday evening, a German opera.

Those who have observed the scaffolding in the portal arches of the New California Theatre building will be surprised to learn that it is placed there for the purpose of removing the stone pillars supporting the front of the building. It has been discovered that the stone used in the building is cracking, and the fire wardens and the city architect have ordered it removed. It is a misfortune that such weak material should have been used in so beautiful a building.

Every theatrical company in St. Louis was visited by constables, a fortnight ago Saturday, and was forced to disgorge various sums for printing bills and like expenses. The Duff Company, singing "Paola," was mulcted in the sum of $750; Charles Hoyt paid a long-standing account to a member of his "Brass Monkey" company; a New York printer got $300 out of Lewis Morrison for "Faust" placards; May Howard had to pay an ex-member of her company $37 50; and "Lost in Africa" yielded up the ghost at sight of an attachment for $487 50.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's lecture, "Is Polite Society Polite?" which was announced to take place last Tuesday, was postponed on account of the rain, and will be delivered at the First Congregational Church on Thursday evening next, December 19th.

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WINNING HIS WAD,

Or, the Bunco-Steerer's Christmas.

In a neat but humble room on the east side of the city, Mary Sawdust sat with her sewing on her lap, and her children playing on the floor beside her. There were traces of tears on her young face, and a quiver in her lip as she diligently plied her needle, for it lacked but two days of Christmas, and she had no money with which to buy presents for her little ones.

"Mamma," said little Ethel, suddenly, placing her hand on her mother's knee, "do you think kind papa has caught a sucker on the bridge to-day?"

"I do not know, darling," replied Mary Sawdust; "we must hope for the best; but if he has, he will work him for all he is worth."

She turned to her work again with a deep sigh, and little Ethel ran off to join her brother Willie in a merry game of "Catch the Jay."

It was late when Henry Sawdust returned to his home, wearied with his hard day's work on the Brooklyn Bridge. As he hung his dinner-pail on its accustomed hook, and threw himself into a chair, his faithful wife noticed that his cheeks wore a hectic flush, while there was a strange glitter in his eyes.

"It is nothing," he said; "it will pass off." But the next morning he awoke in a raging fever, and poor Mary Sawdust realized that her Christmas was likely to be even a sadder one than she had looked forward to.

"You must be very quiet to-day, little ones," said she to her children, "for poor papa is very sick, and I can not leave his bedside."

Little Willie was still and thoughtful for some time after his mother left the room. Then he said softly to his sister: "I wish I were a big man, so that I might help papa while he is sick. I have often asked him to let me go with him to carry the gold brick and the directory of bank cashiers, but he says I am too little. I know what I will do. I will go out on the bridge and try to win a roll. Oh, how pleased mamma will be if I succeed, and what nice Christmas presents we would get!"

Putting on his little ulster and hat, he set forth on his mission. As he was walking down the Bowery, he encountered a man who wore a broad hat and a coat of quaint pattern, and carried in his left hand an old fashioned carpet-bag.

"Please, sir," said the child, clasping the stranger's right hand in his slender fingers, "how are all the folks in Chenango?"

"Hey! what!" gasped the astonished provincial, turning his gaze from the tops of the houses to the childish face before him.

"Oh, sir," continued little Willie, "poor papa is sick, and I am trying to earn money enough to buy him a new ulster and some dye for his mustache. Won't you please let me steer you into the joint? I am such a little boy that I can not work you myself; but Thirsty Bill, dear papa's friend, is there, and he can win a sucker's roll every time in great shape."

"Well, I swan!" exclaimed the stranger; "I've had 'em try this on me every time I've come to town for the last ten years; but this is the youngest one I ever seen in the business."

"Oh, sir," pleaded the child. "Christmas is coming, and we have no presents! Papa is ill, and so poor that he had no benzine to put on his silker yesterday when he went out on the bridge. Won't you please come and be buncoed, and then dear mamma will be *so* happy."

The stranger seemed deeply moved by Willie's simple tale.

"Take me home with you, child," he said, "and I will try to help you."

In a few minutes he was standing in Henry Sawdust's cheerful parlor, talking to the faithful wife, and learning from her lips the story of their poverty and suffering. "Would you like to see my husband?" she said, leading the way to the little bedroom.

The sick man stirred uneasily on his cot as they entered, and feebly murmured: "Ah! do my eyes deceive me? Can this be my old friend, Mr. Johnson, of Elmira?"

The stranger turned aside and wiped his eyes.

"Madam," he said, "I have been the president of a Hartford insurance company for twenty years, but this sight has completely unmanned me. And to think of your two innocent babes not having any Christmas presents. Well, it shall never be said of Hiram Duzenbury that he didn't do at least one generous act in his life."

He turned to the sick man and said, gently: "Yes, I am Mr. Johnson, of Elmira, and I met you at your uncle's bank. Hush! Do not try to speak, for you are not strong enough yet. I want a gold brick—I deal in 'em when I'm home; and I want to see the prize you've drawn in the lottery and the picture you painted in Paris. And when you're better, we'll see the town together. Meantime, take this and credit me with the usual cash discount."

He laid five crisp one-hundred-dollar bills on the coverlet, then grasped his carpet-bag and departed before Mary Sawdust could collect her scattered senses.

And on Christmas day the children gathered about the beautiful tree, and gave thanks to the kind stranger who had buncoed himself that they might be happy. —*Puck.*

Robert H. Lamborn's prizes of one hundred and fifty, thirty, and twenty dollars for the best essay on ways and means to exterminate flies and mosquitoes have appealed to a great many people with ideas. The essays have been sent to the American Museum of Natural History, where they will be examined at once by Dr. Henry C. McCook, vice-president of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Science and vice-president of the American Society of Entomologists, and Dr. J. S. Newberry, president of the New York Academy of Sciences and professor of Geology in Columbia College. It is expected that some very unique schemes will be disclosed.

The Australian Legislature has passed a law taxing all married couples living with their mothers-in-law; nine hundred dollars if residing with the husband's mother-in-law, and one hundred and twenty dollars if with the wife's.

German papers assert that both ex-Empress Frederick and her sister, Princess Alice, regularly reported to their mother, Queen Victoria, the secrets of Germany's diplomatic and military operations during 1870.

Prince Bismarck, in consequence of recent illness, has lost the hairs that were on the top of his skull, which is now as smooth as a billiard-ball.

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Two poems by Julia Clinton Jones have been published in a pretty folio of parchment paper. They are "A Christmas Carol," which was first printed in the *Argonaut* some ten years ago, and has since been widely copied, and "The Old Year and the New." They appear most appropriately at this holiday season, and will be heartily welcomed by those who wish to send their friends some small token of good will. Published and for sale by The Bancroft Company, San Francisco.

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Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result of this discovery is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness, and hay fever, are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made at home by the patient once in two weeks. N. B.—This treatment is not a snuff or an ointment; both have been discarded by reputable physicians as injurious. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free, on receipt of stamp to pay postage, by A. H. DIXON & SON, 337 and 339 West King Street, Toronto, Canada.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Sufferers from Catarrhal troubles should carefully read the above.

The Latest Out.

A Daily Through Car Service has been established by the Union Pacific & North-Western Line between San Francisco and Chicago via Council Bluffs, thus offering to the public facilities not given by any other line. "The Limited Fast Mail," which runs daily between the above points, carries the *Overland Fast Mail*, a limited number of first-class passengers without extra charge, and is composed of Pullman Vestibuled Sleepers, San Francisco to Chicago via Council Bluffs, Pullman Dining Cars, Ogden to Chicago via Council Bluffs.

This is another indication that the Union Pacific is desirous of meeting the requirements of the people. For information in regard to this and other trains on this line, apply to J. B. Kirkland, Agent, Union Pacific Railway, or E. A. Holbrook, General Agent, Chicago & North-Western Railway, San Francisco.

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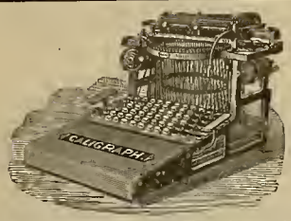

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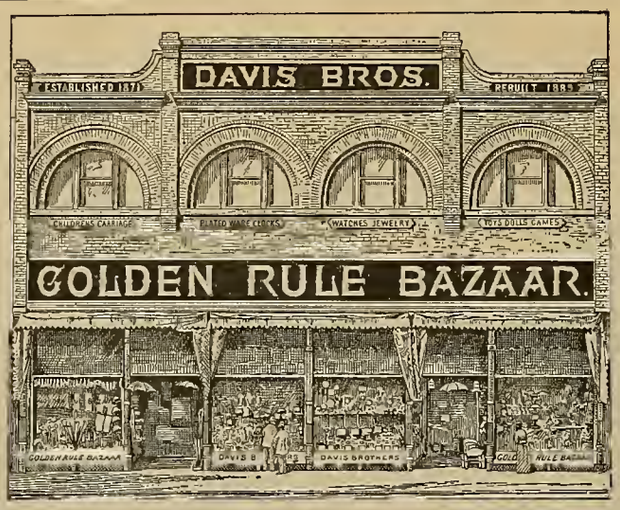

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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A trip across the continent from the Missouri to the Sacramento, made on muleback and on foot forty years ago, is in marked contrast with the luxury of a transcontinental journey made by rail in a Pullman palace-car in the year 1889. On the first day of May, A. D. 1849, having spent the previous winter at the home of a relative in Cooper County, Missouri, in preparation for the unknown journey across the unexplored continent, gathering such fugitive and unreliable information as could be obtained concerning the mode and route of travel, purchasing and breaking mules for the journey, the writer rendezvoused at Independence, on the banks of the Missouri, with his companions, for the perils and hazards of a journey across the Plains, the Rocky Mountains, the Sierras, and the unknown regions which lay between. Our "outfit" of four mule-wagons, canvas-covered and filled with everything we did not want, with everything that was heavy to haul, was, after infinite annoyances and delays, ferried across the Missouri and launched upon the measureless plains of boundless seas of grass, from whose horizon the sun rose in its splendor, and into which it sunk in calm indifference to the toilsome struggle which we were plodding through on our way to the El Dorado of our hopes. We may not indulge in any narrative of dangers, toils, and hardships; of the cholera epidemic left in camp as we took up our line of march; of Indians—Crows, Arapahoes, Cheyennes, Snakes, Utes, and Piutes—whose territory we crossed, of the great Valley of the Platte and of the great Plains of Laramie, where we saw herds of buffalo measurable only by square miles; of the beautiful and picturesque valleys in the mountains we traversed, so abounding in game, and so strange to the sight of man, that even the antelope gazed in open-eyed wonder at our approach; of mountain passes so grand, chasms so deep, rivers so madly bounding in their rocky gorges. But, since then, the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad has been carved out of mountain and valley to afford picturesque views for luxurious and wealthy tourists. What are now the States of Kansas and Nebraska were then unoccupied and unformed territories, homeless plains, within whose borders civilization had not yet entered; and when we remember their fruitful, deep-soiled lands we are surprised that an intelligent emigration could have overlooked their abounding agricultural wealth in search of gold in California, for silver was not then known to exist in Colorado or Nevada. In what is now the State of Colorado—having within its borders Denver, the most attractive, prosperous, and promising mountain city within the boundaries of our republic—there was not a home, or farm, or fence, or white family; not a horse broken to harness; not a domestic cow; not a mirror save in translucent waters; not a fine-tooth comb. Where our journey led near the foot of Pike's Peak and across the Middle Park, there were only Indians, game, and grass. We toiled onward and upward to what has since proved the very treasure-house of the continent. Where Leadville now stands we found only mica shining in its sands, its streams and rivulets crowded with speckled trout, broad-antlered elk abounding in its forests, valleys rich in grass. We crossed Green and Grand Rivers where they were splendid mountain torrents, and saw this part of the continent in its primitive condition where never before had any band of white men penetrated. Our guide was a Delaware Indian from an Eastern tribe. At the great city of the Salt Lake, we came upon the pioneer Mormons, camping in their covered wagons, amid corn-fields just in the tassel, worshiping in a temple of boughs. Polygamy was not then acknowledged. It was a primitive church, with such primitive virtues as sobriety, industry, and honesty. There was a common field for a common granary, and communism was a feature of the primitive Christian church. Tithes were paid for the support of the priesthood—the same custom prevails in the Church of England to-day. Ignorance, bigotry, and disloyalty are charged against the Mormons—these are among the religious virtues which adorn the oldest of the hierarchical organizations. Polygamy is a crime against the law, made a crime by law, and it is in mode to denounce it, and yet it is historically venerable, by all ancient religions sanctioned, and within all modern churches practiced. We crossed Nevada, passed through the Devil's Gate, camped a night at the foot of Mount Davidson, slept over bonanzas—never dreaming of their treasures—climbed the Sierras in the snowy months, and looked down from one of the ragged heights on the sun-browned, arid Valley of the Sacramento in the early days of November. Our journey was ended. It had been a splendid march across a continent, upon every mile of which there were inexhaustible, undeveloped, and undiscovered treasures. It was a pleasant summer's jaunt, with something of fatigue, something of danger, and something of peril; but dangers, perils, and fatigues which health, youth, and love of adventure found only pleasure in encountering. It was a splendid emigration, that of 1849—young, ambitious, hardy, and brave, equipped to encounter all the hazards of journeying overland, ready to encounter the dangers of the isthmus or the stormy passage of the cape—an emigration which could assault the placers with picks and muscle, which had the intelligence to carve out States and plant the foundations of civil government upon the unknown shores of an unknown sea. Is it not a regrettable fact that this birth of new States goes into history as the work of a roaring camp of picturesque gamblers?

Again, after forty years have passed away, we recross the mountains and the plains, through sovereign States and Territories, organized under the law, from the Sacramento to the Missouri, in a palace-car—upholstered, velvet-cushioned, provided with bed and buffets—in five days, at an expense of ninety dollars. We flash through great cities, with opera-houses, theatres, and private dwellings, thronged streets lined with commercial edifices and busy with traffic; we are banqueted by boards of trade and chambers of commerce; are driven in elegant carriages over paved streets lighted with electricity; wined, dined, banqueted, and brandy-cocktailed at luxurious clubs and at hotels palatial; we go swinging down the iron grooves at forty miles an hour, leaping chasms, crossing plains amid homes, farms, gardens, and bellowing kine, through broad and cultivated acres. Instead of a mule and fifteen miles a day, we speed half an hundred while we dine, half a thousand while we sleep—five days accomplish the work of five months. We started with five hundred dollars in a buckskin belt, forty years ago, and arrived in California with a buckskin shirt, buckskin pantaloons, a buffalo robe, and long hair tied up with a buckskin string. We visited St. Louis to meet delegates from silver States and Territories—where, forty years ago, there was no dream of silver wealth, but whose production has been so enormous that it has alarmed the "gold-bugs" of civilization for the safety of the one metal for which they have lost their consciences and imperiled their souls to monopolize—to meet the toiling agriculturist from the great West and the breezy North-West, the result of whose early adventures and years of toil in redeeming a wilderness and converting a wild desolation into luxurious homes and farms have resulted in mortgages no longer payable in silver extracted from mines they had aided to discover, but in gold, hoarded by usurers and coined from gambling enterprises; to meet the cotton-grower, whose fields are emancipated from slave-labor to come into competition with a slavery in India more terrible and more oppressive than the patriarchal institution which our country wasted so many lives and so many millions to destroy; to meet the representatives of a labor class, now sweating on Northern farms and Southern plantations, to rival the Indian *ryot* who toils under Indian suns for one dollar per month, to produce cotton and grain in competition with American labor and American machinery, because the government is too cowardly to give silver (which the Americans alone produce) the value which comes to its use through free coinage and circulation as money. England may buy our silver bullion and coin it into rupees for the purchase of cotton and corn in India, in competition with American farmers, planters, and laborers, while our government cowardly haggles over the purchase of our silver bullion, lest it should give the debtor class an opportunity to pay their debts contracted before the war in the silver money of their fathers, as by an agreement fairly entered into with their creditors when the obligations were created. We did not intend to be serious in this comparison of the days of mule transportation and railroading; we only drifted away from our theme for fear that we would say some complimentary things to the railroad men who have given us this opportunity of crossing the continent in five days for ninety dollars, and be chargeable with wearing the brand and chains of the hated monopoly which has created this cruel oppression; but as we paid for our ticket and drawing-room, and do not run a Democratic paper, and are not ambitious to succeed Governor Stanford in the United States Senate, we have the courage to tell the truth and not betray the vanity which usually accompanies the too

lofty elevation which attends the successful climbing of the pole of financial success.

While fifty years is not a long period in the history of the Roman Empire and but a dot to mark recurring historic events, yet it is a long time in the history of our Western States and measures an important epoch in the life of our republic. Some of the most important and eventful discoveries in the arts and sciences have been made within fifty years. Within that period, which does not bound the intellectual span of an ordinary life, the world has made marvelous progress. In agriculture and the mechanical arts, wonders have been accomplished. Geographical discoveries have opened the barred entrances to old continents and thrown them open to the investigation of intelligent exploration. Religious dogmas—the crude, old, fossilized, antiquated bigotries of minds imprisoned and intellects chained in darkness—have been rejected of the human reason, and brains emancipated from slavery to the freedom of independent thought. The world has undergone and is undergoing political revolutions more startling and more important than those wrought out by bloody conflicts in earlier periods of time. Fifty years ago our fathers reaped with the sickle, thrashed with the flail, winnowed by a fanning-mill turned by the hand. Now steam drives the plow, the mower, and the great harvester gathers, thrashes, winnows, and drops the filled bags in rows. All other agricultural appliances are perfected to completeness. Steam is the invention of the half-century, having worked a revolution in all machinery requiring power to direct. Continents are crossed, oceans are navigated, spindles set whirling. Electricity is invading the domain of steam. Calling up the marvels of the telegraph and telephone, we converse around the world. Carry our period only a little backward and we reach the invention of printing, which, with education in free schools, has sent all the ghosts of ignorance and superstition trooping in hot confusion out from among the tombs and sepulchres where for all the ages they had hovered. The past fifty years has seen the world enter upon untrodden paths leading in new directions, and no mind of to-day can more than conjecture what results may be reached, what ends attained. In another half-century of time, what class will style itself privileged? What order of men will possess the world's wealth? What church will presume to claim universal dominion? What dynasties will govern? In half-a-century we have seen our millions of Africans emancipated from slavery and serfs in Russia set free. The capital of the Cæsars is freed from the ecclesiastical dominion of a church which rivaled the crimes of paganism, and in another fifty years it will represent a faith as mystic and incomprehensible as the belief in heathen mythologies. Religion will be harnessed to reason. The age of priestcraft is vanishing, and all the pomps and pretensions of "God's vicegerency" will be dissipated with the fogs and fantasticisms which now cloud the theological skies. Brazil has set the world a dangerous example. Spain, Portugal, England, and every royal and imperial government in Europe, is in danger of giving the human reason the liberty of thinking in the direction of free government by the people. France has unloosed the spirit of the revolution of 1789. "The rights of God," says the Abbé of Salesmes, "have been trampled upon by the rights of man; the Deity has been hunted from civil society; His name has never been uttered, during the progress of the greatest exhibition ever seen, by the president or ministers of the Republic of France." England contemplates taking leave of her royal house, and intelligence gives welcome to a constitutional republic which shall outlive all the eloquent prophecies of the hefogged and befooled Macaulay; which shall outlive all the dynasties which are now contending for masterful supremacy in Europe. Let England take heed that, with the fall of her royal family, and House of Lords, and privileged classes, and titles of nobility, her landed estates do not fall a prey to the socialistic leveler and her accumulated wealth attract the greed of her agrarian mob. The devil of unrest and agitation is unchained and abroad in the world. Order will be longest maintained and law will be best preserved in those lands where intelligence shall have reached the highest development, where personal liberty shall have found the fullest protection, and where all human rights shall have received their most complete recognition.

The names and lives and charities of Charles Crocker and Mary, his wife, are happily destined to preservation through the filial love of their children and grandchildren. There is scarcely another couple among all our old residents of California who have come into such intimate relations with its people. Residents since 1849, their early struggles are part of the history through which all the argonauts have passed—and not all successfully. They met their adversities as they met their successes of life; they were not disheartened nor discouraged by them, and when, as a reward of struggles bravely met, there came the great fortune and all the delights which attend great fortunes honorably acquired, they neither lost their hearts or heads, nor withdrew themselves from association with personal friends, nor shrank from the performance of the duties which accompany its possession. It is now understood that the will left by Mr. Charles Crocker was codiciled by an unwritten confidence in the generous nature of his wife, whom he left in the apparent health and strength of moderate years. It is now understood that he had not forgotten the public nor those who were allied to him by the ties of blood, nor was he unmindful in any sense of his obligations to the community in which for so many years he had happily lived, nor his duties to the State where his fortune was acquired. To Mrs. Crocker was left the pleasant legacy of carrying to its consummation a schedule of charities which they had mutually considered, and conveying assistance to relatives and acquaintances whose positions and requirements they thoroughly understood. The death—so sudden and so unexpected—of Mrs. Crocker gave to the general public the idea that this purpose of benevolence, upon which she had so promptly, so energetically, and so generously entered, had been interrupted, and that the great fortune had dropped into the possession of children and grandchildren without any provision for the more extended charities of which the nature of Mrs. Crocker gave such abundant promise. The community will be glad to know that Mr. Charles Crocker and Mary, his wife, have left to their daughter and their sons a legacy more precious than money, and that promptly after their mother's death they met and gathered together all her penciled memorandums, remembered all her kindly utterances, gathered all her expressions of sympathy to the poor of the Crocker and the Deming relatives, to the friends and acquaintances whom the father and mother would have been willing to aid were they living, and with eleven hundred thousand dollars of property incorporated a trust, consecrated to charity, and called the "MARY A. CROCKER TRUST." The executors of this beneficence are the married daughter, Mrs. Harriet C. Alexander, of New York, Colonel C. F. Crocker, George Crocker, W. H. Crocker, the sons, of San Francisco, with Mr. W. E. Brown, a long-time confidential secretary of Mr. Charles Crocker, and upon the most confidential business relations with Mrs. Crocker after her husband's decease. To him she had confided largely her intentions in reference to the disposition of her large estate. Mrs. Crocker had made a provisional bequest of her estate, leaving it all to her children without conditions. Hence it is that their action in divesting themselves of so important an inheritance, and placing it in a trust to carry on every benevolence their mother expressed, and to preserve it to carry out every intention which their loving interpretation of her wishes may convey, seems to us something worthy of mention. The rearing of such a monument as this enduring and perpetual beneficence is something altogether grander than sarcophagus of bronze, or shaft of chiseled marble, or any architectural device which taste and wealth could erect to mark the resting-place of perishable remains. We are glad to write of THE MARY A. CROCKER TRUST and of the trustees who are charged with its control, and shall hope that these printed lines may be preserved for the perusal of their descendants as a reminder of their obligation to carry out for long enduring years the charitable intentions of Charles and Mary Crocker, their honored progenitors.

The conviction of the band of assassins who murdered Dr. Cronin goes far to revive confidence in American courts, and to give assurance that the sense of justice is not dead in the hearts of the American people. The Cronin case was submitted to an American jury not because men of foreign birth may not be safely intrusted with the administration of the law in American courts, but because so many alien prejudices, so much of religious bigotry, and so many race jealousies and so much of political bitterness had been stirred up in the Cronin investigation that, by common consent, it was left to the adjudication of an American jury. The attempt to prove that Dr. Cronin was an English spy altogether failed. He was a member of the Clan-na-Gael, and revolted from allegiance to its authority because it had been abused by conspirators who had combined to steal and misappropriate its funds. Could it have been proven that the Irish doctor had been removed because of his treason to the Irish cause, it would, in our opinion—little as we approve that cause—have had some weight in justifying the motives which impelled the conspiracy which resulted in his murder. The acquittal of John F. Beggs, the light sentence of John Kunze, will meet with public approval. The life sentences to imprisonment at hard labor of Daniel Coughlin, Patrick O'Sullivan, and Martin Burke are undoubtedly sufficiently severe to justify the verdict, when we consider that the proofs were confined to circumstantial evidence, and though many will regret that these men could not have paid the penalty of their offense by the sacrifice of their lives, we have no doubt that by an almost unanimous consent the verdict will be approved. Perhaps it is better that this sensation should die out in the forgetfulness which will attend these prisoners in their cells than that it should survive for demagogues and politicians to play with in motions for new trials, and applications for pardons, and all the attendant agitations which grow out of the death penalty whenever imposed upon the most contemptible conspirators who compose the meanest and most criminal of political gangs. The punishment of the Clan-na-Gael conspiracy, following that of the Socialists will, we think, serve to teach German, Irish, and all other alien criminals that Chicago is not a safe place to work out their political reforms upon murder lines. Chicago courts and juries have given the American Republic two important lessons in the direction of courage which will be of importance in the future administration of justice and law by the courts of the United States.

If there is great rejoicing in the heavenly kingdom over one sinner who repenteth, how much greater the satisfaction when Karl Formes, the singer, is admitted to the celestial choir and takes his place with the golden harpists who swell the anthems of the orchestra which surrounds the eternal throne. How vast the audience, how great the occasion when angels and archangels and all the heavenly hosts are silenced to listen to the soul of the grand singer upon his first introduction to the orchestra of the heavenly realm. There will be present the royal David and the son of David, the Son of God; there, the renowned singers of all the universe of worlds; there, all the divinities who have tuned their vibrating reeds to charm the animal and the invisible world; there will be bass, baritone, and tenor, contralto, mezzo-soprano, and soprano, and composers and executants of divine music; there, Knuie, who played his Chinese fiddle a thousand years before the era of Orpheus; there, Nared, the son of Brahma, who invented the vina; there, the Egyptian and Hebrew musicians who introduced their melodies to the temples of the heathen world before Thebes was founded, and before Joseph and his brethren had escaped from the bondage of Pharaoh; the music of ancient Greece and Rome, of modern Germany and Italy, will mingle their symphonies in choral harmony to the grander accompaniment of the music of the moving spheres. When we sometimes listen to the dreary music of masses and the less artistic melodies of evangelical churches, and think that the music of the celestial choir is necessarily recruited from the ordinary psalm-singers of our religious congregations, we are certain that the advent of Karl Formes to the celestial band of golden harpists will create a joy in celestial circles which surpasses that caused by the repentance of any number of unmusical sinners.

Vessels arriving in New York from Brazil have brought later and more complete accounts of the revolution than were contained in the dispatches. The movement appeared to people in this country as wholly causeless, and the usual premonitory symptoms of social upheaval were wanting. But it now seems that Dom Pedro himself recognized long ago the presence of disaffection to the imperial form of government and foresaw its inevitable overthrow. During his last visit to San Paulo, he remarked: "I shall reign as long as I live, for the Brazilians know me. My daughter—perhaps. My grandchildren—I don't know." He recognized fully the fact that the Princess Isabelle was not popular with the people, and that her French husband was distinctly unpopular. Dom Pedro, while he recognized the tendency, made the not uncommon mistake of supposing that the blow would not fall until after his death. But there was one feature of the case which he failed to consider. The princess has proved herself the possessor of a strong, positive character, very different from the easy-going disposition of her father. She has a passion for managing public affairs which he lacks; and though he has, during the half-century of his reign, pushed through many reforms as she would have done, he has ended his administration with an unresisting abdication as she would not have done. This is one of the secret causes of the precipitancy of the revolution. The Brazilians were determined that she should not ascend the throne, and this could be prevented with less resistance, and, therefore, less bloodshed now than after the death of her father. At first view the hostility to the princess seems unreasoning. She it was who, as regent, affixed her signature to the law emancipating the slaves. But it now appears that her action in this matter was the result of cold calculation. She was unpopular, and the idea of gaining popularity by this stroke was put into her head by the Jesuits. Here again is a potent cause of the disfavor with which she is regarded. She has the strong religious sentimentality of the female Roman Catholic. She is completely dominated by the church, and permits her religious superstitions to carry her beyond all bounds. Her performance of sweeping out the church aisles as a penance for the "un-Christian" action of the government, has been already alluded to in these columns. An exhibition of such bigotry shocked the liberal spirit of the people, not less than did the undignified proceeding of a member of the reigning house. Another illustration of the same narrow disposition was offered when a bill was introduced to give effect to the constitutional provision guaranteeing equality to all religious denominations. The bill passed the upper house and

it was supposed that it would easily become a law. But, inspired and encouraged by the Jesuit priests, the princess, accompanied by her husband, went from door to door asking signatures to a petition to defeat the bill. Through her efforts the bill was defeated; but the Brazilian sense of propriety was too severely shocked ever to recover from it. The Roman Catholic Church is the State church in Brazil, but the sense of fair play is strong among the people, and they resented so striking an exhibition of religious bigotry. The husband of the princess, the Count D'Eu, shares her unpopularity. He, also, is an ardent Catholic, and is popularly thought to furnish the inspiration for his wife's acts. This is complicated by the fact that he is a foreigner, very thrifty, and is generally accused of making a fortune out of the Brazilians. A fact that supplemented the unpopularity of the emperor's family as a cause of the revolution, was the desire for local autonomy among the provinces. The Government of Brazil was strongly centralized; all administration emanated from the emperor; the government was carried on by his appointees. This was a distinct cause of discontent among some of the provinces and prepared them for acquiescence in the overturn of the government. But while the provinces were thus ready to accept the results of the revolution, they were not prepared to precipitate it, nor did they do so. The revolution was effected, as was intimated in the first dispatches, by the military clubs, assisted by a clique of newspapers. The revolution was the work of a mere handful, and they would have been unable to accomplish it had the people not been prepared for it. And the people were prepared in two ways. The thinking minority dissatisfaction had prepared; the unthinking majority had not yet come to look upon themselves as part of the government or of the government as part of them. The unconcern of many of the Brazilians when they became aware that the government had changed, smacked too strongly of the middle-age acquiescence in a change of kings, and augurs but ill for the fate of the new republic. A republican form of government is the most perfect form of government known, but it requires skilled laborers to run it, and the preparation for self-government is a matter not of years, but of generations.

Here is a simple thing, easily worked out by the Rule of Three. The old Clay Street Cable Road, extending from Kearny Street to Van Ness Avenue, was sixteen hundred yards long—less than a mile. It paid six per cent. dividends on its capital stock up to the time when it was purchased by the Powell Street Road. It now forms one of the assets of the latter corporation, and doubtless "does not pay"—as the directors of the Powell Street Road claim that they are making no money. The Union Street Cable Road, extending from Montgomery Street to Steiner, is thirty-one hundred yards long—less than two miles. It has for years paid six per cent. dividends on watered capital stock. The California Street Cable Road, extending from Kearny Street to Central Avenue, is four thousand yards long—a little over two miles. It has for years paid six per cent. dividends on watered capital stock. Now here is the opportunity for the equation: If the California Street Cable Company, with a little over two miles of road, has for years paid six per cent., what are the probable and potential earnings of the Powell Street Cable Company, with fifteen and a quarter miles of single and double track? If the Union Street Cable Company, with less than two miles of cable track, has for years paid six per cent., what are the probable and potential earnings of the Omnibus Cable Company, with thirteen miles of double track? If the Clay Street Cable Company, with less than *one mile* of double track, has for years paid six per cent. dividends, what are the probable and potential earnings of the Market Street Cable Company, with (including lines purchased by it) *thirty-two miles* of double track?

The Charles Crocker estate has been thrown into an incorporation with seven millions of dollars of capital. Colonel C. F. Crocker is its president, George Crocker, vice-president and general manager, William E. Brown, treasurer, Charles E. Green, secretary; bankers, the Crocker-Woolworth National Bank. Into this incorporation has been turned the personal estate of Mr. Charles Crocker, as distinguished from his interests in various railroads and other properties connected therewith, it being the intention to preserve and administer this portion of the Crocker estate as left by Mr. Charles Crocker at the time of his death. It is becoming somewhat common of late to place estates under corporate control as an easier and more satisfactory mode of management. The disposition of the testator is more easily made by partition of corporate shares, while the management is provided for by placing it in the hands of competent persons.

A young Cossack engineer has designed a *bateau plongeur* which will dive into the Atlantic off the English coast and come up in New York harbor twenty-six hours later. It is the old story of being shaped like a fish, with a spiral ridge on the outside running around it twice, which in some way or other will be made to revolve.

A competent authority thinks that the Paris Exposition drew at least two hundred and fifty millions of dollars into Paris.

BRINGING OUT THE BUDS.

"Van Gryse" writes of the First Dress Parade at the Metropolitan.

The opening night at the Metropolitan is year by year growing to have a more pronounced social significance. In the first place, it opens the season. No dance or dinner before that is of any account. Then it is the only place where the Four Hundred is on parade for the other half to see. It also shows the fashions for the coming season, for the dressing in the boxes is generally of the most magnificent order, and it introduces to the gay world of society and the sombre world of outsiders the débutantes who are always set out in the fronts of the boxes and look as fresh and demure as English daisies.

Opening night, too, is a gala time for the young men. They pay visits assiduously from Jay Gould's proscenium-box on the right-hand side all the way round the horse-shoe to Ogden Goelet's. It is a very pleasant way of working off one's calls, for almost all the prettiest women in town are to be found there, and the call can last ten minutes or an hour just as the visitor feels about it. Moreover, the women make it as agreeable as possible, for to have your box full of men is the insignia of belledom. Some time ago, the girl who had most favors at the german was the belle—then this went out of fashion, for all the girls who did not get favors used to be in such low spirits that they depressed the beholder. After this, the programme came into favor, and the dividing of dances enjoyed a vogue among the fortunate beings who had more partners than dances. To split a polka up between six partners was considered the acme of happiness—not to the partners, however. I believe the Englishmen—who are always to be found in a New York ball-room—caused the death of this habit. They used to get in such furious rages if their dance was divided, even once, that it was as much as a girl's life was worth to attempt it. So the programme-crowding habit lived and died, like its predecessor the bouquet habit, and even the candy habit. To be the loadstar of a box at the opera is just now the thing.

The presentation of the débutantes is also an important feature of the great opening night. To people who take society seriously—and there are a good many of them—the débutantes are of the most enormous importance. They decide the future of society. Ten years hence, they will be giving the tone to the swim and ruling the Four Hundred. It is, therefore, a rather serious matter to see if they have the necessary capacity, the air, the balance, for the great future awaiting them. At present they are nothing but formless embryos in which the experienced eye detects their slumbering capabilities. Great men, born in the purple, such as Ward McAllister and the late Sam Ward, can form pretty accurate estimates of how the buds are going to "pan out." They study the sweet little creatures through their glasses, talk to them gently but firmly for ten minutes, look them over carefully and critically, and pronounce the verdict. Sam Ward's verdict has been known to make a girl. Ward McAllister's is not so unerring, as he spreads himself too much over dinners and balls and does not give sufficient time to the study of this still more important question.

After surveying the ground, the surveyors, encountering each other in the halls, en route from box to box, compare notes. "Polly Jones is very neat." "That little Brown girl is going to be as fine a woman as her grandmother." "Jones's daughter shows the car-wheel grease in her blood," etc. They are deeply interested, not from any tender feelings toward the girls, but from a large interest in the general welfare of society. The opinions of younger men are not worth a button. The young man only knows what he likes himself; his is no criterion of the taste of the great world. He is apt to fall foolishly in love with a girl and to think her a perfect fairy, when she has freckles and a number five foot. The veterans never make such mistakes—their feelings never carry them away. When one of them is reported to have said that "Polly Jones is very neat," one is safe in supposing that Polly Jones has the most stunning figure, the finest head, and the best manners of any girl in town. And if she were *laide à faire peur*, the great man's encomium would carry her through. People who had ventured to remark that her nose was perhaps a trifle too retroussée for the generally accepted standard of beauty, would be quietly crushed by the retort: "But Mr. —— approves of her!" What more can be said after that? The proper course of conduct is to curl up and die.

There was a splendid showing of pretty women and fresh débutantes at the opera-house on the opening night—a fine display of handsome dresses and jewels. The necks are not as décolleté as of yore. Three years ago, the display of bones or avoirdupois was positively relentless, and the people in the orchestra-chairs were stupefied by the brilliancy of the exhibition of shoulders and jewels. As the New York women in their girlhood are all slender to thinness, and in their matronhood very fat, and squeezed, and pink, the effect was not such as would have given unmixed delight to a sculptor. Necks are modified now to suit anatomies, though *en grande tenue* it is the correct thing to show the shoulders. English women always do, nobly flying in the face of personal becomingness or suitability. It is a relic of the queen's drawing-room, where every lady must have a regular, old-fashioned low neck and three feathers in her head. I once saw some swell English women dressed for a state-ball, and, being small and thin, the display of bones made by those generous creatures would have kindled the envy of a dime museum-keeper. But they would have died rather than cover them up; it is a sort of British tradition which must be respected.

Apropos of this vexed question of bare necks and bones, Miss Marion Langdon, who sat in Mrs. W. W. Astor's box, wore round her "swan-like throat," as the poet would express it, a boa of white ostrich-feathers—a dress of pale yellow crêpe and gauze, and a boa of white ostrich-feathers. Miss Langdon is brown-skinned, and one of the most beautiful of American women. No one has been so mercilessly paragraphed as she, or so ruthlessly engaged to any and every available young man whom the newspaper gentlemen happened to have in mind at the moment. At one time it was Perry Belmont; at another, an English baronet or a French vicomte. Miss Langdon, tranquilly oblivious to all this free advertising, continued on her way, and at twenty-six is still the reigning beauty and Miss Langdon. No one with such a face could have escaped numberless affairs, and when we add to the charms of the face a private fortune of a million dollars, we can readily realize why Miss Langdon is the belle of belles. But she is really a lovely woman, very high-bred looking, with a narrow head and charming manners. And she dresses beautifully. When she came from Paris to this country as a débutante, she had thirty-two ball-dresses in her trunks. There are a few glorious beings who can luxuriate in thirty-two ball-dresses at one fell swoop—but the trick comes in in having the whole thirty-two pretty, and knowing how to wear them. There is Miss Pullman, Sir George Pullman's daughter—she has no end of ball-dresses, and she always looks as if they had been thrown at her from a great distance. Miss Pullman was once interested in a young man—one of the Schemerhorns—who was interested in Miss Langdon. How unfortunate that these triangular affairs will occur in the best regulated society! They all appear to have "got left," for the trio are still single. Miss Pullman is not as pretty as Miss Langdon. She is just pretty in the way that a girl must be pretty who has unlimited money to spend on her clothes and her amusements. She affects the languid style, which is popular among a certain class, who think it the correct thing to look as if they could "die of a rose in aromatic pain." There are a lot of young women of fashion here who would be thrown into secret paroxysms of joy if some one told them they were *blasé*.

The débutantes are all as pretty as débutantes are—fresh and pink, but rather weedy. New York women are running very much to height. They are so slim that this is to be deplored. A year ago, at one of the patriarchs', a figure was introduced in the german where all the buds came forward in a line, and the watching veterans were quite alarmed by their height. It looked like a detachment of female grenadiers. One of the new beauties this year is nearly six feet high. The first time she appeared, the six feet of her were clothed in a bright-scarlet combination of odd stuffs, and those upon whom this remarkable apparition burst suddenly were overpowered.

But to return to the buds—who are really supposed to be the text of this letter—their lot is not so rosy as outsiders might suppose. They must combat tremendous rivalry. Whole families take the field in this sort of polite skirmishing. A handsome girl, who has been trained up carefully to be a belle, kept close by the family in order to be a surprise, is finally launched amid a flourish of trumpets. Great things are expected of her—and, from the first, a sense of fear of possible failure oppresses her. She contends against severe odds—other girls as handsome as she; other girls much cleverer or wealthier. But once plunged in, she must go forward; to retreat is to confess defeat. Meanwhile, she feels the eyes of her world are upon her. There are people who will take pleasure in her failure. Her family have what to an outsider would appear an absurd anxiety about her success. "Miss So-and-So is a success," you hear triumphantly on all sides; or, "Miss So-and-So's family are so disappointed because she is not a success." These triumphs and failures are of as much moment to this poor little warrior as the life-and-death questions of real life. Should it be proved that she is a failure, she hangs her head and feels that she is a cumberer of the ground, for all her existence is compressed within this circle. There is nothing outside it so far as she is concerned. It makes you feel uncomfortable to see her sitting lonely at a dance, too depressed to feign sprightliness, heavy-eyed, and wistful. And then the poor little devil goes home, and tearfully divests herself of those fine clothes she put on with such gayety and hope.

The successful débutantes have a lovely time. They are not necessarily handsome, but they must have *chic*, brilliancy, sparkle. The average man does not want to admire, he wants to be amused. A dashing girl, full of *diablerie*, will fascinate him where Venus would only bore. At the same time, the girl who makes the success requires a certain amount of hardness in her disposition. She must be able to give back hard knocks, she must know how to snub, and where her smiles will bring back the best returns. These dear creatures, who look all softness, candor, and innocence, know every fluctuation in a rival's popularity, and when she sits frowning and impatient by the wall, trip out on to the floor, partner in hand, with a graceful waggling of skirts and a cheerful titillation of pleasure in her wicked little heart.

Some of the buds are not at all anxious for the fray. One girl, I remember, who spoke openly of her objections to entering the arena. She was seventeen, very bright, and well bred—a delightful girl, but not pretty. She had the entrée into the best sets, her people were all nice, and she would undoubtedly have been a favorite. "But I don't want to come out," she said; "I don't care for that life. I know all the younger men I'll meet. I know them at the small dancing classes all the girls go to before they come out. They are not interesting. Then the older men who come here to dinner dislike débutantes, because they say they are all fools—and so we have nothing to talk to but the kids, who are dull, and the very old men who have been in society since before grandmamma was married. Then you haven't time for anything. I like to read, but I won't have time to read a word until Lent, when I'll be sent off to Point Comfort or St. Augustine to recuperate, and I'll be too used up to do anything but sit in the sun, wrapped up in shawls. I'd give anything to get out of it, but I don't see how I can. People will think I am idiotic or have spinal disease if I don't come out. And once you get in, you can't get out. It's on my mind all the time. I wish they'd take me to Europe."

Fate intervened and gave this poor girl her wish. She has become an invalid and only goes out to take long drives in the park.

VAN GRYSE.

NEW YORK, December 9, 1889.

AMERICAN FOX-HUNTERS.

"Cockaigne" tells how the Briton laughs at Our Anglomaniacs.

A good deal of amusement is being created over here by the fox-huntiog craze which appears to have taken possession of a more advanced set of anglomaniacs in, and in the neighborhood of, New York. I might remark that nothing amuses an Englishman more than being copied. While he takes it quietly as a silent tribute to his superiority, he regards it as absurd to the verge of grotesqueness. That any one who is not an Eoglishman should think it possible that he could become like one by trying to do—not doing, miod, hut trying to do—the same things which an Englishman does, he considers as little short of downright impertinence. After all, this feeliog, conceited though it may be, savors of a spirit of national pride, which is really nothing more nor less than patriotism. In an Eoglishman's opinion, no one can be an Englishman who is not born under the British flag. The idea that naturalization can change a German, a Freochman, a Spaniard, or an Italian into an Eoglishman any more than it can a Hindoo, a South Sea Islander, or a red Indian, never enters his head. He would not tolerate it a moment if any one else suggested it. In his eyes, England is so perfect, and the honor and glory of having heen born uoder her flag are so great, that to be of any other nationality by birth seems to him positive degradation, from which a person can never hope to raise himself. He will feel sorry for the people of other countries, because they are not English; he will understand that it must he natural that they should wish they were English and should try to make some endeavor to become so. But he pities them chiefly because he knows they can never be different, and his understanding of their desire to escape from the forlorn condition of "foreigners" is based upon an unalterable conviction of the impossibility that they should ever be otherwise.

It is a pity that this patriotic sentiment, for it is nothing more nor less than pure love of country, does not obtain more extensively and find more frequent expression among the people of America. Of all countries on earth, America should be more a country of patriots than any other. A republican form of government should encourage patriotism among its people more than any other form of government. There is no king, emperor, queen, or empress to share, if not altogether absorh, the suhjects' allegiance. There is nothing but the country, and the country means themselves. If there were no more than a selfish motive to inculcate patriotic sentiments, and that were all that were needed, they would have it to an unlimited degree. Far more than with Englishmen, who fight for and whose standing toast is "Queen and country," ought the national spirit of patriotism to he paramount with Americans. But is it? With some, no doubt, yes; with the really better class of Americans, who love their country well enough to live in it (for actions speak louder than words), people whose fashionable doings are not public property every week, but who prefer to live quietly to themselves, no doubt Americanism is the sentiment which prompts and guides every action. Unfortunately, such people are comparatively unknown. It is only fashionable people whom one hears about, and fashionahle people are getting more "English" every day. Not content with a country, they ardently long for a queen as well (because England has one), and in the absence of a monarch of their own, come over in throngs every summer to pay homage to that of another country at court levees and drawing-rooms. What Englishman or woman does this? I should be glad to know. I certainly never encountered one; and I think I have had opportunities of meeting them if any such exist.

"Oh, yes, of course," the England-loving "hrothers and sisters" of American birth will tell you when you hroach this subject; "we know all about that. The subject is stale. No one wants to hear any more about it. Let's talk of something else. Don't be a hore."

And that is the way it goes. You are shut up directly you speak. And so anglomania and anglomaniacs flourish and grow fat, because they have heen complained of so often that the complaint has grown ancient from *non-user*. It is hard to say how it will all eod. It must, in a great measure, depend upon the wealth, position, and energy of the British imitators, for money is a power which wars with patriotism as well as with anything else, and in the hands of monarchy-loving snobs can be wielded with overwhelming force. Once make anglomania fashionable—and that is what is being done with rapid strides—and you establish it upon a foundation which all the antagonistic talk in the world can not shake. Until it becomes fashiooable—and while there yet remain even a few Americans of wealth and position who prefer being Americans to anythiog else—it is the duty of every American who loves his country and wishes not to see her individuality of character reduced to a pitiful habit of hlind and slavish imitation, to raise his voice on every possible occasion and stem the fast increasing torrent which threatens to engulf her national existence.

I have frequently noted the fast growing spirit of English imitation in America. Liveried servants, dog-carts, four-in-hand drags, "Coaching Cluh" processions, and road-coaches run for hire with "gentleman" drivers; lawo-tennis, five-o'clock tea, Poole-made clothes, heavy carriages, cumbersome harness, docked horses' tails, hansom cahs, day weddings, "best men," kettledrums, and London slang—each and all have shown the drift. But I confess I was not prepared for this last fox-hunting foolery. I make no doubt that the gentlemen who are exerting themselves to establish this latest British "correct thing" on American soil fancy themselves very great swells, and indulge in the self-gratulation that they are doing a very smart thing in English eyes, whereas, if they could only see themselves as they are seen from this side through the newspaper reports of their "hunting season," they would know that they are rendering themselves supremely ridiculous.

I was staying at a country-house in one of the hunting counties some days ago. Being the first of the season, a large house-party was the result, and as with three packs of houods within reach, there was huntiog every day in the week, it may be imagined that the scent of the fox permeated the atmosphere from morning till night, and from night till morning, for the matter of that, so far as the smoking-room talk went, at all events. I strolled into the smoking-room one afternoon, intending to indulge in a quiet pipe "all alone hy myself," as the young ladies say. Everybody else had gooe hunting, and I expected to find the room empty. I had just put my hand on the door-handle and turned it, when a shout of the most deafening laughter came from the room. Wonderiog who it could he, I entered. Sitting hefore the fire was a young man in hunting-pink, with a cigarette between his lips and a large newspaper held wide open between his extended hands. He still kept on laughing, stopping every now and then to ejaculate "*I* say!" "What awful rot!" "What a lots of asses!" "By Jove, only fancy!" and similar commentative remarks on something he was reading.

"Hello, Findlay!" said I; "you here?"

His only reply was another explosion of laughter.

"You appear to be amused at somethiog," I observed; "it's too big for *Punch* or *Harper's Magazine*."

"By Jove, it's not altogether unlike the latter," he answered, as soon as he could find breath, and began wiping the water out of the corners of his eyes; "oh, dear!"

"But what is it?"

"There, read it yourself. But stop. No, I'll read it to you, if you'll wait a minute."

He picked up the paper from the floor, where it had fallen.

"It's an American paper," he hegan.

"Oh, yes. I see. You've been readiog the funny column."

"I don't know what you mean by funny column."

"It generally has a heading of some sort such as 'Waifs and Strays,' 'Chips from the Old Block,' 'Clippings,' or somethiog like that."

"Oh! Well, this is headed 'The Hunting Season.'"

"Sure it's an American paper?"

"It's the—hum, where is the top of the sheet? One ought to have a step-ladder. Oh, yes. Here it is. The *Home Journal*. It's published in——"

"I know where it's published," I said; "it's a New York paper and is considered one of the most respectable newspapers in the States."

"Who said it wasn't respectahle?" shouted Findlay; "I only say it has here some of the most awful ruhbish I ever read ahout fox-hunting. Here's nearly three columns of description of some hunting that appears to have been done near New York by a lot of duffers who seem to think they have only to rig themselves out in red coats and top-hoots, and shout 'Tally-ho!' to make them hunting-men."

"But look here," said I; "isn't there some mistake? You know that shooting is called hunting in America, and——"

"I'm not quite a fool," he answered; "just listen to this:

"'While New York has the largest "hunting set," quite as good sport is carried on upon nearly as large a scale at Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Montreal, Toronto, and Quehec, and various trencher-fed packs are showing capital sport at the South. At Genesee, Mr. Wadsworth's hounds are running and the rank and fashion of Buffalo and Rochester attend most of his meets. The hreeding of hunters at Genesee is getting to be extensive, and wherever the hounds run the Genesee horses are to be found well up and capable of staying there.'

"There! What do you think of that?"

"It's some joke, of course."

"Joke? I tell you there are three columns of it, all written in the exact lingo of our sporting papers, only instead of old hunting names appearing you read that Amos T. Spaulding 'put his horse at everything,' or that Emile de Trouville (some naturalized Frenchman, I daresay) 'rode like a bird.' The hest of the whole thing is that they have been having some 'Hunt Balls.' Fancy a hunt ball in Octoher!"

"Nonsense. They couldn't be so silly."

"Couldn't they? What do you call this? 'The Essex County Hunt Ball'—that's one; 'Westchester's Hunt Ball'—that's two. 'At these balls all the men wore red dress-coats,' etc."

"It makes one feel quite ashamed."

"And now just listen to this:

"'The hunting lancers was the jolliest dance of the evening. The music consisted of such venerable hunting-songs as "We'll all go a-hunting to-day," "A southerly wind and a cloudy sky proclaim it a hunting morning," "Drink, puppy drink," "John Peel," "The hright belvoir tan," and "Russell's Min." Every one danced with abandon, and the hearty "whoo-whoop!" that in the field proclaims the death of the fox was given at intervals lustily by the pink-coated dancers.'

"Oh, ha-ha-ha! ho-ho-ho! he-he-he!" laughed Findlay, till he lost his hreath again aod leaned against the tahle aod held his sides; "I wonder if they knew how to call Beever? And fancy old Jack Russell, what would he have thought? Just wait till the other fellows come in."

Findlay glanced back at the paper and then shouted out again: "Hark to this:

"'Riding as a fashionahle exercise in the North is comparatively of recent date, and even at the South it ohtained only as the best means of getting ahout over the bad roads. Englishmen have ridden in Rotten Row time out of mind, and the conditions which apply to their dress apply to ours. Until we can invent something better we must be content with their riding fashions at second hand.'"

"I wonder at it all, truly. Fancy *us* copying French fashions like that. Fox-hunting in America! We might as well get up grizzly bear and buffalo-hunting in Hyde Park, and dress ourselves up like Buffalo Bill and his cow-hoys."

London, November 16, 1889. Cockaigne.

The greatest heer-drinkers are those of Munich. They drink 492 litres per head per year, against Vienna's 296, London's 254, Berlin's 240, and Paris's 22. This costs the Munich inhabitants on an average thirty dollars a head annually.

The Papal stables, which used to have forty horses in Pius the Ninth's day, have been cut down to eight horses, and instead of a dozen carriages, they have four.

Two hundred a day was the average number of tourists who ascended last month the Vesuvius Railway to look down into the mouth of the volcano.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mr. Ward McAllister dates his career as a manager of society events from President Buchanan's inauguration ball. He was one of the floor committee on that occasion.

In a recent conversation with Deputy Miqnel, Emperor William said: "Political parties are sheer frippery. I know only two—the one that is for me and the one that is against me."

Sir Edward Guinness has given two million and a quarter dollars toward the housing of the London and Dublin poor. This is said to be hy far the most splendid example of private munificence hy any Englishman during his lifetime.

The Archduke John of Austria, desiring to earn his own living, has, finally, after a very protracted and difficult effort, received permission from the emperor to bear henceforth the name of John Orth. He has gone to work in an English ship-yard.

Since he returned to Teheran, the Shah of Persia has shown signs of an inclination to adopt certain civilized methods in his domain. He has had a number of foul-smelling houses pulled down and has ordered a system of sanitation for the Persian capital. His subjects think he has lost his mind.

George W. Cahle has been guilty of a serious offense against the sensibilities of good society in Nashville. According to the *American*, during his recent visit to that city, he "was entertained hy J. C. Napier, colored, where he spent a most agreeable evening in the society of our colored *élite*."

After the new justice of the supreme court shall have qualified and taken his seat, the remarkable spectacle will be presented of two members of the same family upon the bench of our highest judicatory. Justice Brewer is a nephew of Justice Field, his mother having been the second child of the Rev. D. D. Field, of Stockhridge.

Miss Mary Anderson has decided to live in Rome during the greater part of the winter of 1889–90. She will go there shortly from London, accompanied by her mother and sister. Miss Anderson has not yet made any arrangement for her return to the stage. Her health is excellent—and this is pleasant news to hundreds of friends.

Colonel North, the nitrate king, has been taking up a lot of New Yorkers who have made London their bead-quarters for a number of years, and incidentally he has made a number of them rich. Colonel North's schemes are multitudinous. He is what the Englishmen call a promoter, and everything he touches appears to turn to gold.

A Woman's Press Club has been formed in New York, with Mrs. D. G. Croly ("Jennie June"), as president; Mrs. Lippincott ("Grace Greenwood"), first vice-president; and Mrs. Mary E. Bryan, second vice-president. The first reception of the club will be held at Delmonico's some time in Decemher, and Miss Amelia B. Edwards will be the guest of the occasion.

Miss Miokossevitch, a Russian girl only seventeen years of age, is the first of her sex to make the ascent of Mount Ararat. Her hrother gave out after he had reached a height of 14,000, and her father stopped exhausted at 16 750, but the girl kept on with the guides until she reached the top, 16,917 feet. There she suffered so intensely from the cold that the guides tiad to carry her down.

The Prince of Wales is noted for the enormous quantity of luggage which he causes to be sent with him on his journeys. He takes whole boxes of hats and huge trunks of dress-suits, morning-coats, and other changes. He makes a point when visiting anywhere of not being seen twice in the same coat, and the variety of his garments is as astonishing as the tailor's bill for them must be long.

The Czarewitch greatly enjoyed his visit to Athens, and the somewhat democratic life of the royal family of Greece was a source of constant astonishment and surprise to him, accustomed as he is to the thralldom of Russian court etiquette. To see King George walk about the streets of Athens unattended, or to jump into a street-car when late for breakfast and in a hurry to get home, was an extraordinary novelty.

Prince Bismarck is constantly improving his estates and adding to the income which he receives from them. His distilleries at Varzin, the dairies in Schoenhausen, and the paper and street-pavement factories make him already one of the greatest tradesmen in the empire and show his industrial and business talents. He has recently added to this list a large brick-yard, which he has huilt in the forests of Louenberg.

Mme. Basbkirtseff, the mother of Marie (whose journal has attracted the admiring attention of Mr. Gladstone and other eminent people), is still living in Paris, surrounded by mementos of her gifted child, in the same house on the Rue L'Ampère. Although Marie died in 1884, her mother's grief is still fresh, and she can think of nothing and talk of nothing but the bright young life which hurned itself out just when it was nearest realizing its longings.

The story that Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe has lost her reason is positively denied. She is seventy-six years old now, and while her mind is not as clear as it was, and while she can not write with the vigor of her prime, she can not be called demented. She lives largely in the past, hut a word from any one will bring her back to the present. Mrs. Stowe is carefully cared for by her twin daughters, who live with her, and her property interests are in the hands of her son, the Rev. Charles E. Stowe.

Mr. Labouchère, who spent several years at Constantinople in his younger days as attaché of the British Embassy there, asserts that the present Sultan is the son of a Kurd slave, who was employed in the harem of his reputed father. He adds that it is believed at Stamboul that his real father was an Armenian coachman attached to the court. This rumor is, to a certain extent, corroborated hy the distinctly Armenian features of the Commander of the Faithful, and also by several peculiar traits of his character.

King Humbert of Italy, although only forty-five, is already quite gray. This fact worries his beauuful queen, and she recently gave him a box of a famous French hair-coloring material and anxiously awaited the effects of its application. But she was disappointed. Instead of a more youthful-looking king she found her favorite lap-dog dyed an ugly green the following morning. When she asked for an explanation, King Humbert said that he preferred to try the medicine first upon her dog. "To-morrow," he added, "your Brazilian parrot will have its turn." But from that tiour the hair-dye disappeared and the locks of King Humbert remain unchanged.

The new Lord Mayor of London, Sir Henry Aaron Isaacs, is acquiring much popularity by his capacity for singing comic songs in a good baritone voice, and playing a capital rattlety-hang obligato on the piano at the same time. At the police committee dinner, the company were agreeably surprised at the lord mayor's rollicking rendering of "The Low-backed Car," which he gave when called on for a speech. His intimates say that the way he sings "We've Both Been There Before" and "Where Did You Get That Hat?" would be worthy of the finest music-hall artist-impersonator. Altogether, civic gatherings during the year are likely to experience novel situations, and Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan are reported to be delighted at the prospect.

A great sensation was created at the opening of the Chamber of Deputies hy the appearance at the Palais Bourbon of M. Thivrier, wearing over his frock-coat a hlue hlouse, like those worn by the working-classes and peasants of France. The Socialist deputy worked in a mine for over eighteen years, and was dismissed by his chiefs for insubordination and revolutionary tendencies. He then entered the wine trade, and had hut little trouhle in converting many of his poorer customers to the theories of rahid socialism, which he had begun to profess while still in the mines. An almost equally great sensation was caused when the wealthy Comte de Greffuhle, the husband of the Princess de Caraman Chimay, who has now entered parliamentary life for the first time, declined the invitation extended to him hy his friends to take his seat on the Monarchial side of the house, and, crossing the floor to the other side of the Chamher, requested that his name should be inscribed as a member of the Republican party.

TAKING THE VEIL.

"Parisina" describes the Ceremony at Our-Lady-of-the-Fields.

Americans do not venture so far to the south of Paris as the Rue Notre Dame des Champs, unless they mean to worship at the Gardner shrine or to visit Harrison or any other of the many American artists who have pitched their tents in this distant quarter. Otherwise, the Bon Marché bounds their excursions on that side of the town, and they are never likely to know anything of Our-Lady-of-the-Fields.

It is many a long year since corn waved or animals were turned out to graze in these fields, which are placed under the immediate protection of the Virgin. Generations of passengers have worn the flags, and though the traffic is not great, not a blade of grass is to be seen through the whole length and breadth of these *soi-disant* fields. A strange agglomeration of houses hem in the street on either side; hardly two of one pattern, some quite old, others comparatively new. Picturesque and somewhat ramshackle tenements on the one hand, austere ecclesiastical architecture on the other. Studios and convents cheek by jowl. Why should the artists and the nuns have congregated together, I wonder? They live next door to each other, but they mix no more than oil and water would. They have one thing only in common: their windows are like blind eyes, and are merely meant for the passage of light into the interior and are not designed with a view to afford the inhabitants glimpses of the outer world. If the world were all after the pattern of the Rue Notre Dame des Champs, it would be a grim and a gloomy place. A lady friend, who spent several years of her youth in a convent here, told me, however, that—gloomy as it is—it had an attraction for her then which amounted to fascination. It was delight only to listen to the sound of the foot-falls as they reëchoed on the pavement. They were never permitted to be in a room from which they could descry anything that was going on outside, but once she remembered having discovered that from one corner of the play-ground they could distinguish a high garret-window, and that at a certain hour every morning a man was wont to stand at this window and shave with the help of a little hand-glass that hung against the panes. A man shaving! What a delightful spectacle! And morning after morning the girl and her cronies would watch the operation with breathless interest. Build they never so mighty walls, they are not high enough to keep the serpent entirely out of Eden.

It was this same friend, now a happy young wife, who said to me one day last week: "Have you ever seen a *prise d'habit?*" And I, to answer "No." So it was arranged I should accompany her to the convent, and this was how it came about that "Parisina" found herself in Our-Lady-of-the-Fields at a time of the year when there are no new pictures to see in the studios.

Our *fiacre* stopped at a small postern-gate, and passing through the portal—opened as if grudgingly to let us in—we entered a handsome stone vestibule, with a broad stone staircase leading straight from it. There was a crimson carpet on the steps, deodars and palms were placed in the niches on either hand, and the subtle perfume of burning incense seemed suddenly to envelop us with the odor of sanctimoniousness. At the top of the steps another vestibule, also softly carpeted with a sort of gallery on the left, and on the right the forged iron-doors of the chapel thrown open wide. This, as large as an ordinary parish church, built in the Byzantine style, lighted from above, on the altar-steps huge brass candelabra, over the altar a gigantic statue of the Virgin—Our-Lady-of-the-Fields—on a sort of stage in the middle of an appropriate landscape illumined from her wings—a pretty bit of ecclesiastic theatrical management. Around, on brackets, statues of divers saints—St. Clothilde, whose influence over her spouse caused him to embrace Christianity (oh! Clovis, what a henpecked husband you must have been); St. Geneviève, who tended herds in these same fields, perhaps, whereon now the convent stands; St. Cecilia with her harp—the patroness of musicians; St. Catherine, whose shapely limbs, alas! were torn on the rack; St. Barbe and St. Bridget and many another female equally deserving of heaven.

We are only a hundred or so of spectators grouped round the door. A soft-spoken, merry-eyed nun — La Sœur Econome—has ushered us in and pointed out a couple of seats on the raised platform of a side chapel, whence I get an admirable view of the nave, of the concourse of nuns, novices, and *pensionnaires*, seated there one behind the other. On either side of the chair a sombre patch of black shows where the mothers and sisters themselves, and behind them the novices, sit. Between them, close to the altar-rails, the twenty young women about to be admitted into the fold are kneeling. Each figure is entirely shrouded in a thick, white veil, and at the side of each a wax candle burns in a tall candlestick. Then, behind them, rows and rows of school-girls, half-metamorphosed into nuns outwardly, their black cashmere frocks tinging with gray the filmy white of the muslin veil they wear over their heads. As the light falls from the roof it is reflected from this wavy mass of white, like moonshine on a field of flowering buckwheat.

Solemn silence reigns.

My companion is kneeling against the chapel-rails, her broad-brimmed Gainsborough hat bent in devotion. Next to her, an Alsatian peasant-woman, in her national costume, is telling her beads. I look up and see St. Joseph's paternal eye upon us. It is prudent, they think, to have several strings to your bow, and so St. Joseph is to be propitiated as well as Our-Lady-of-the-Fields, and the chapel we sit near is dedicated to him, poor soul! There are flowers of gold paper in the porcelain vases which adorn his more humble altar, and a bowl of fresh roses has been placed at his feet by a devotee. My eyes get gradually accustomed to the semi-twilight of the chapel, and I find it is surrounded by marble slabs in commemoration of special cases where the direct interposition of the saint has wrought miracles—curing the sick, carrying the soldier safely through the dangers of war, and the like. Some of the inscriptions are inexpressibly touching; others call a smile to our cynical lips. There, a mother thanks St. Joseph for the safety of four sons—the date is that of the *année terrible;* there, a wife records the return to health of a beloved husband; a mother, the cure of her sick babe; a daughter, the restoration of a parent. But others thank God, or rather St. Joseph, for smaller mercies. One devotee for something she does not go to the trouble of explaining; another, for good luck in a matter she "has much at heart." This is vague, and leads one to suppose that either it was too trivial or of too private a nature for publication. Perhaps the saint is regarded as a special referee in conjugal differences. Others, again, are clearly explicit. "Four girls"—here follow four sets of initials—"are grateful to the saint for the happy success of their examinations." Now, I should like to know, what poor St. Joseph knows about the *brevet supérieur* and the *brevet simple?* He must be sore put to it sometimes to make out what all the prayers offered up at his shrine are about. And I wonder what he thinks of the medals and crosses which sometimes decorate these slabs — the *médaille militaire* gained by a soldier in battle, the cross of the Legion of Honor offered up as a tribute to heaven, or, at least, to that portion of it whereof St. Joseph is usher.

I am recalled from my study of the inscriptions by the solemn strains of the organ, the rustling of drapery, and a subdued wave of emotion among all those veiled forms before me. Even the twenty neophytes have risen from their knees. The cardinal-archbishop is in the vestibule. There is glistening of cloth-of-gold through the bronze gates. Hark! he is speaking. Not a word reaches us, though we listen to catch a stray word or two of the discourse. The homily ended, his eminence enters the chapel. Again there is a rustle of drapery; the girls, and the nuns, and the visitors are all kneeling devoutly as Mgr. Richard advances up the nave. He is an old man, with the face of an ascetic. The two fingers extended, as he blesses the prostrate forms around, are long and lean. His vestments are of gold and rich embroidery, and so is the tall mitre, with the touch of scarlet, which denotes his high dignity. A crowd of clergy walk after him, and some *desservants*, carrying censers, in their long muslin robes. When they have reached the altar, and each has taken up the place assigned, the service commences. It is almost entirely choral. Now and then you hear the priest reading the litany; but the sound of their mutterings is generally drowned in the peals of fresh female voices from the organ-loft. From my coigne of vantage I can get a view of the singers. Sister Cecilia stands with her back toward me, her little baton in her hand; above the balustrade there is a row of prim little faces, in *pensionnaires'* veils. Such a flood of sweet yet strong tones pours from the parted lips of the fair young choristers, led by the exquisite soprano of Sister Cecilia. Her attitude, even in her unlovely costume, is graceful; you feel the rich nature of the woman in every turn of the figure, in every note of her voice. Wherefore, one wonders, has this highly endowed creature foresworn the world, though so eminently fitted to shine therein? what could have induced her to hide her light in the cloister and to lift her voice only in the praise of God—a voice which would have earned her the applause of all men and the love of one, at least? No love-lorn maiden, I am told afterward. The daughter of a noble house—a common story enough—with more quarterings than land; a sister still prettier, whose *dot* might be doubled if her elder entered the convent, and which she had done, simply, happily, not by any means by way of a sacrifice. I can not see the organist, but I am thrilled by the grandeur of the music. Mother Seraphina is a musician of no mean order, and I hear that she composes, too.

Then the chanting ceases, and once more the hollow tones of the venerable priest are audible and the responses come like an ever-recurring dirge from the lips of the nuns in the choir and the hundreds of *pensionnaires* in the nave. I am amused by the children around me. They follow the service with careful attention to all its details, but you feel their thoughts are far away; they are too well drilled to whisper, even to one another. How the tongues will wag later to make up for their enforced inactivity now! These long intervals of complete silence are the hardest parts of convent life. Of course there must be silence in chapel; unfortunately, however, it does not end there. After morning service, there is a long interval of quiet, which should be one of self-communion, but girlish minds will wander, and, instead of dwelling on their shortcomings and dreaming of heaven and salvation, their thoughts are often of the earth, of the next holiday, of the brothers and sisters at home, or, perhaps, of Prince Charming, who must come some day, or of mundane pleasures and delights. To talk during *le grand silence* is a very deadly sin, to chat or whisper during meals is against the rules of the school only, to break which merely calls down a gentle reprimand from the sisters in charge, who are, in a usual way, sweet and sympathetic. It is this sympathy which gains them their ascendency over their pupils and leads so many to take the veil. They are never actually persuaded into doing so, but when a girl has chosen the convent, there is much rejoicing among the good mothers and sisters, and she is made so much of that others are tempted to follow her example, and having taken the first step, it is so difficult to draw back.

I note that the girls about me are interested spectators of the scene. They follow monseigneur's movements with some awe, though for the rest, habit has blunted their emotional perceptions, and the dimly lighted chapel and the solemnity of the scene hardly impresses them at all. A pretty, round-faced chit of fourteen is busy arranging the folds of her veil, another is admiring the fit of her new pair of black gloves. They are all dressed in black, as I have said, equally fine and soft—the well-dressed maiden and *la fille sans dot.* The dress is part of the obligatory trousseau, so there are no heart-burnings on this score. The veil is put on only for chapel; it becomes them well and enhances the spiritual charm of their faces.

While I have been pondering, the service has progressed. The archbishop is again addressing the congregation. Then, for the first time, I note three black-robed figures, sitting in the centre of the chapel, just behind the twenty neophytes and their candles. In answer to a whispered question, I am informed they are the mother superior of the order, the mother superior of this particular convent—there are others in different parts of the world, at Worthing, in England, in the East, in ever so many places—and the assistant superior. Instead of trying to listen to what the cardinal is talking about—I am afraid I am incorrigible—I find myself speculating about the girls now entering the novitiate. Several among them belong, I know, to families of importance in the world. Had it been otherwise, Mgr. Richard would not be here to give them *la bénédiction.* A convent is not a refuge for portionless maidens; a certain amount of dowry is necessary when a girl takes the veil, for she will be henceforth fed, clothed, and housed at its expense. True, if a postulant possesses talent of a particular order, or is remarkably accomplished, she is admitted on very easy terms, as her talents will be placed at the service of the community. The nuns of Notre Dame des Champs have a wide field for the exercise of such talents; they may stay at home and assist in the education of the *pensionnaires*, sing in the choir if they have a voice, or they may be told off for missionary work and be sent to help Christianize the East, or when they have risen to the higher ranks of the sisterhood, govern a single community, or travel about and superintend as the mother-general does, who is here to-day and gone to-morrow.

Agathe! Monique! Rosalie! The archbishop has done preaching, and they are calling over the names of the future novices. Each, as she is called upon, rises. I feel relieved that we are not to assist at any terrible ordeal; there are no open biers, no requiem will be sung, the girls have not donned the orange-blossom and veil as the brides of heaven, to be cast from them and replaced by a horrible black pall. You see, Our-Lady-of-the-Fields is a go-ahead community; it boasts of the breadth of its views; I might say it was radical, if I dared use such a word in such solemn company. Monseigneur, surrounded by the clergy, is standing now in front of the altar; one of the priests is holding a cushion covered with medals. Silently the first white figure on the right advances to the rails and casts herself on her knees. A nun whips off the white veil, the archbishop mutters a few words, the assistant-priest bands him a medal hung to a ribbon, which he throws over the maiden's shoulders, and then she rises, and with bent head—concealed beneath the black veil and hands meekly crossed on her breast—she walks down the aisle of the church to where the mother-general is sitting. Again she kneels. A white hand emerges from the mother's black robe and is placed on the head of the novice, who, rising, is kissed on the cheek. Then she takes a few steps to the left and stops in front of the mother-superior—she does not kneel this time—and is again kissed on the cheek; after which, she passes back the way she has come and stays her steps once more, this time before the assistant-superior, and the kissing is repeated. Finally, she returns to her place, and instead of a white figure beside the lighted candle, there is a black-robed one.

In the meanwhile, a second girl has arisen, walked to the altar, been unveiled, received her medal, and been blessed by the archbishop, knelt at the feet of the superior, obtained her blessing and the kiss, and the kiss of fellowship from the others; and for the next half-hour it is a constant succession of white-robed and black-robed figures, flitting hither and thither, of genuflections, of hand-imposings. Every movement is deliberate, perfectly rhythmical—the cardinal and the mother-superior each time repeat their gestures in exactly the same way. I get quite drowsy as I watch them. Poor things, I wonder, will they never get tired? Is not this ceremony the picture of their lives to come? and what a vision of monotony and self-abnegation it shadows forth! What have they before them? Two years of noviciate, during which they will have to prepare themselves by study and prayer for the part they must play in the convent or out of it as missionaries. Then there will be another ceremonial, and they will take the vows for ten years and become professed nuns—Sister Agathe, Sister Monique, Sister Rosalie. Will they still be animated by the same fervor as to-day, and renew their vows at the end of the decade as cheerfully, and so melt into Mother Agathe, Mother Monique, Mother Rosalie? Perpetual vows these last, or so called, though the law does not permit of nuns giving themselves up absolutely nowadays, as of old, and there is always virtually a door open by which they may return into the world. Some do. A few years ago, the mother-superior of the convent of Our-Lady-of-the-Fields, at Worthing, walked out of the nunnery one fine morning, shaking the monastic dust from off her feet. I wonder whether all these twenty young things will go on to the end of the chapter!

It is over. The last white veil has fallen. The organ is playing again. The cardinal and the priests have disappeared through a side-door, followed by the nuns; the lay-sisters are extinguishing the lights, one by one; the *pensionnaires* are filing out in procession, courtesying low as they pass before the altar—a filmy crowd of white with gray shadows. Our-Lady-of-the-Fields is looking down with the same beatific expression from out her theatrical niche. *Andiamo.* PARISINA.

PARIS, November 19, 1889.

In a little town near Chicago there is a school-house close to the tracks of a trunk-line railroad. The consequence of this juxtaposition of the two things is one which never would occur to any but the boyish mind. The boys got up a game which consisted in their seeing which one should be the last to jump across the track in front of the express-train which passes there at fifty miles an hour just after school lets out. This game has already cost three lives.

Probably the entire profits of the firm for the next twelve-month would not pay for the advertising which the enemies of Mr. Wanamaker have given gratuitously to the business with which he was formerly connected. And (says the *Pioneer Press*, of St. Paul) he is doubtless reflecting piously in these days on the text which assures the righteous man that the wrath of his enemies shall be made to praise him.

The vendetta is becoming as important a factor in the contemporaneous drama as the forged will, the stolen babe—reared by savage tribes, if not by a wolf with a finely developed maternal instinct, in mountain fastnesses—the villain who comes from Australia in the first act, the broken-hearted lover who goes to Australia in the last act, the silver-mine in California, and the servant-maid who is always to be kissed, and then says: "Law, sir!" but looks as if she liked it.

The true, old-fashioned vendetta, whose local habitation is Corsica, is not so very different from the domestic vendetta which obtains in Kentucky. The essential point in both places is to kill as many of the enemy in as short a time as possible, thus leaving to the survivors a comparatively unobstructed field in which to exchange the family souvenirs. Only in Corsica there is a choice of arms—guns, pistols, muskets, daggers, even swords—while in the old Blue Grass country, where "all the bi-god gentlemen are full of heart and sand"—rather an unnecessary assurance in a State where the vendetta is practiced—only pistols are permissible. The true Corsican vendetta can be found in "The Corsican Brothers" or "Mr. Barnes of New York"—especially in the latter. It would be hard for them, even in Kentucky, to produce anything more majestically bloodthirsty than the beautiful Marina when pursuing the slayer of her brother. Heart and sand must be extremely necessary for gentlemen—whether bi-god or otherwise, is of no matter—to support existence in a country where the vendetta attacks the female members of the interested families in such an exaggerated form.

In "Paola," the vendetta is treated somewhat more lightly. No blood flows, though there is always an interesting apprehension that it may flow at any moment. Knives are flourished freely, threats of murder fill the air. Apart from its melodious attractions, "Paola" is of merit in that it throws some light on the more complicated points of the vendetta which, in "Mr. Barnes of New York," were overlooked in the thrilling nature of the situations. It appears, according to "Paola," that when one member of the opposing families has been killed it is not etiquette to kill another until the enemy has had its revenge. This custom has its advantages—like all points of etiquette, it is founded on common sense—it prevents all of one family from being killed off, leaving the other family intact, and in the unpleasant position of having a vendetta on their hands with nobody to practice it upon. The killing must be done in order—first a victim from one family, then a victim from the other. This system being strictly adhered to, keeps the families even, and prolongs the feud in a delightfully indefinite manner.

The opposing families in "Paola" are the Baronis and the Carolis. For a long period they have been engaged in the national pastime of taking pot-shots at each other from behind rocks, and stabbing each other in the back when such a performance was least expected. The time has now come when a Baroni must kill a Caroli, and the vendetta is waiting to be performed. But, alas! Sapolo, the head of the Baronis, has formed an attachment for Lucien, the head of the Carolis, and Lucien to complete the dead-lock falls in love with Paola, Sapolo's sister. Things look blue for the vendetta. Sapolo has no "sporting blood" at all, in the Corsican sense. He is a tame creature, with no just appreciation of the game of his country. While Lucien is being fattened for the sacrifice, Sapolo wanders about in an atmosphere of "gags," vainly seeking refuge from the mingled dictates of duty and of affection. Shall he kill Lucien, as his country demands, or shall he bid Lucien live and be forever a disgrace to the proud banner of Corsica? This is a position for a Roman father.

Sapolo's perplexities are relieved by two little love-stories—Lucien's and Paola's particularly. Paola and Lucien, by the way, are a sort of modern representation of Little Bo Peep and Blondel the Minstrel. Paola is a Corsican Phyllis, carries a crook, and tends some animals upon the hills. She has grown up like a flower, and has that just appreciation of her own charms to which the stage heroine has lately lent herself. Paola, in her little artless song of praise, is like Yum-Yum and "puir Jeanie MacFarlane"—both creations of W. S. Gilbert, some of whose sacred fire bas helped inspire the muse of Messrs. Paulson and Tedde. Something piquant is always to be expected from a shepherdess, and this Paola furnishes, both in her singing and her remarks. It is rather a pretty part, though meaningless in the extreme. But the day when we will have operettas in which the story can be humorous without being absurd, the dialogue laughable without being honey-combed with cheap slang, the characters extravagant without being caricatures—is so far distant that it is only visible to those who have the eyes of Lynceus. Paulson and Jakobowski produced a work of art in "Erminie"—here was a story both rational and amusing. Nobody was too farcical to be utterly impossible, and the main characters of the plot were highly probable, interesting, and complete. Cadeaux was a creation, a dramatic figure; Ravennes was an element of genuine comedy. Who can forget this charming story, sparkling with brilliant melodies, gay with glowing costumes, with neat Javotte and splendid Erminie, with the slender, black-robed secretary, and the haughty, self-confident Cadeaux? Where are the figures in "Paola" to balance these? Alas, Paulson and Jakobowski—"what a fall is here my countrymen!"—though I do not suppose by your names that you have that honor.

The company is very creditable—in fact, this company is a great deal better than the pieces it appears in. Mlle. Januschowsky is really nice. She has a sweet little voice and a little method of her own, which is quite fetching. This is what you want in light opera—looks do not matter; indeed, to come down to facts, voice does not matter much—but that indescribable *je ne sais quoi de charme*, that is what makes the successful singer, though her voice may be as that of the Prince when he sang, "Oh, swallow, swallow!" Mr. Digby Bell, it is to be presumed, is wedded to gags. If in "A Trip to Africa" he used them with unfaltering generosity, in "Paola" he fairly reveled in them. Never has there been such a glorious exhibition of gags on the California stage. There have been people here who thought they knew something of this peculiar form of witticism—after Mr. Bell's performance they feel that there is nothing left for them but to retire quietly from the field. One can no more rival Mr. Bell in this particular than one can draw up leviathan with a hook. And in "Paola" the choice was so varied—there were old fossilized ones, and brand-new ones, sparkling from the mint, middle-aged ones, and moderately youthful ones, still showing some gloss and freshness. We may safely say that we have rarely seen an actor who scattered his witticisms with so prodigal a generosity.

As Lucien, Mr. Mark Smith was gracefully languid as ever. This air of reserved *ennui* has something attractive about it, especially among a company where the other members are all exuberantly lively. Fancy if they were all as vivacious as Mr. Bell! The audience would suffer a total collapse in that case. There comes a point where even a cast-iron audience, of immense reserve force, can endure no more. So Mr. Smith, as a soothing element, is very agreeable and restful. There is some comfort, too, in seeing an actor who does not tear himself to pieces in his efforts to entertain. Mr. Smith looked handsome as ever as Lucien, with his mandolin slung on his shoulder.

One of the features of "Paola" is the chorus and all the pretty girls in fine costumes. These beauties were imported from New York, and they make a good background for the intrigues of the vendetta. There was a little dancing and a little drilling, a good deal of satin, and stockings, and back-hair flowing on the ethereal zephyrs of the Mediterranean. They were not the exact regulation chorus of the operetta, for which too much thanks can not be given. They did not come bopping in, two by two, with a lover whose right arm was lightly disposed about their fairy waists, neither did they form a semicircle in the background, and, gazing at the performers with large, ox-like eyes, absently repeat the last sentence of every song by any of the principals. They were a right-thinking and reliable chorus, animated by true Corsican spirit, for when one detachment of them, portraying soldiers, came upon the Carolis and the Baronis inaugurating the mystic rites of the vendetta, they immediately disclaimed any intention of interrupting the sport and hurriedly retired. G. B.

A play not unlike Denman Thompson's "Old Homestead" in its accessories has just been put upon the stage at the Ambigu in Paris, and is having a great run, chiefly on account of the realistic manner in which it is staged. The scene passes entirely upon a farm, and the different settings include the interior of the farm-house (very real indeed), a harvest field (real harvest, real-looking field), bringing in the hay (real hay) out of a storm (imitation storm, but very well done), the sending out of the sheep to pasture (real ham, real sheep, imitation pasture, but you could not tell the difference unless you were a sheep), the fête of the last sheaf (real sheaf and real fête), the nocturnal watch of the shepherd over his flock (real shepherd, real flock, real night), and several other striking features of farm life. The hay-wagon drama does not have things all its own way, however, for one of the leading weeklies dismisses "La Fermière" with this scornful criticism: "In the first act there are two oxen, in the second some hay, in the third sheep, in the fourth a dog, and in the fifth a rabbit. All these beasts please the public greatly, and it does not notice that there is no play. So much the better for it for that matter, though I see nothing out of the way. What they show us of a play is very bad; the less there is of it the better. At the same time the scenery is superb, the hay smells good, and the dog barks to perfection. The dog is an artist of great talent."

Robert Mantell's sudden eclipse as a professional beauty among women is entirely due to the publicity which the fact that he wore a wig gained. The wig in question is not a large one. Mr. Mantell's forehead rises to an altogether unnecessary extent, and the toupée in question is pasted on his forehead and extends in an artistic hang down toward the actor's eyebrows. It is exceedingly effective on the stage, and it is impossible to detect it even in the broad daylight; but everybody knows that Mr. Mantell wears it, and it has shocked the sensibilities of his feminine admirers. Wig-making, by the way, has reached a wonderful pitch of perfection. Many a man wears a wig without having its existence suspected by his most intimate friend. The old-fashioned wigs are no longer used. The new wigs are of fine net, and each hair is sewn through the network separately; then it is pasted on the bald scalp, and the hair may be dressed by a barber and combed and brushed anywhere on the scalp. Once a week, or every ten days, the wig is taken off by the maker, the scalp thoroughly rubbed and dried, and the wig pasted on afresh.

Viscountess Dinlo, of the British peerage, who is known on the variety stage as one of the Bilton Sisters, song-and-dance artists, has got into the courts again. Her manager wants an injunction to prevent her signing a contract with another manager. The viscountess is the actress who, six months ago, married the son of the Earl of Clancarty, the young gentleman being in his twenty-first year. The viscount was at once borne from his bride, however, and is now on a tour around the world under the care of two tutors, while the viscountess returned to the stage at an increased salary.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"I hear you are going to be married." "No; I'm only engaged."—*Life.*

Proud father—"Do you think he looks like me?" *Sympathetic visitor*—"Yes, poor little thing."—*Life.*

"And why do they spell it Xmas, pa?" "Because, my son, it has so many tender recollections."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Mrs. Pancake (in dry-goods store)—"Will these goods wash?" *Clerk*—"No, ma'am; but they may be washed."—*Life.*

Ted—"Do you really think marriage makes a man give up all his bachelor friendships?" *Ned*—"Yes. If his wife is very pretty."—*Life.*

If your heart is larger than your head, you injure yourself, and if your head is larger than your heart, you injure your neighbors.—*Atchison Globe.*

Tommy—"Paw, what's the last word in the dictionary?" *Mr. Figg*—"I don't know. Don't bother me. Go ask your mother."—*Terre Haute Express.*

Visitor—"I suppose your daughter is busily preparing for her wedding." *Mother*—"Yes; she is up in her room now, destroying all her old letters."—*Life.*

Miss Rail—"Yes; we all hung up our stockings in the good old way, and I got mine full of candy." *Miss Partridge*—"What! Only one stick?"—*Puck.*

"I see that Joughnes is dead." "Yes. Poor Joughnes! He wasn't a bad fellow. I owed him a few dollars, but I forgive him."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

She—"There's Mr. Jones. He's a literary man, isn't he?" *He*—"Y—ye—es." *She*—"What's his line—fiction?" *He*—Yes—he's a journalist."—*Pick-Me-Up.*

Caller—"Has your daughter's married life so far proved a happy one, Mrs. Vernon?" *Mrs. Vernon*—Very; her husband, you know, is a traveling salesman."—*Epoch.*

"Begorra," said Bridget, as she opened a bottle of champagne for the first time, "the blame fool that filled this quart-bottle mus 'a' put two quarts in instid av wan!"—*Life.*

Mr. Younghusband—"My dear, this new clock of ours gives the whole room tone." *Mrs. Younghusband*—"Naturally; it's the only striking thing in it."—*Jeweler's Weekly.*

Mr. Bullion Bag (to Count Spaghetti, about to marry his daughter)—"See here, count, let me give you a tip." *Count Spaghetti* (holding out his hand)—"Sank you, sare."—*Life.*

Brown—"You know I'm quite a near neighbor of yours now, Mrs. Golightly. I've just taken a little house on the river." *Mrs. Golightly*—"Oh! Well, I hope you'll drop in some day."—*Judy.*

Gus—"How was the Gushington dressed last night, Jack?" *Jack*—"Lemme see, she had on French slippers, and striped-silk stockings, and—and—I'll be hanged if I remember what else, Gus."—*Epoch.*

Applicant (sadly, to proof-reader)—"I see you are all full here." *Proof-reader*—"Oh, come in; don't be discouraged. You mustn't judge everything by the waste-paper basket and the city editor."—*Life.*

Jeweler (writing on the slate of a gesticulating stranger)—"What can I do for you, sir?" *Stranger* (writing)—"Did you advertise for a silent partner?" *Jeweler*—"Yes." *Stranger*—"Well, I'm dumb."—*Ex.*

Brown—"You show a good deal of boyish enthusiasm over your coming trip to Europe. Why, you've crossed several times before, haven't you?" *Robinson*—"Yes, but this is my first trip without my wife."—*Epoch.*

Farmer Oatcake (on elevated train)—"I wish you'd hurry this thing up; I want to git to Fifty-Ninth Street!" *Train guard* (paralyzed)—"Beg pardon, mister, have you bought the whole road or only leased this car?"—*Life.*

Book-agent—"Going from hooks to babies, madam, that's a fine youngster. Allow me to congratulate you." *Young woman*—"Sir, that baby is not mine." *Book-agent*—"I repeat, madam, allow me to congratulate you."—*Boston Gazette.*

He (about to light his cigar)—"I know you don't object to my smoking, Mrs. Weeds, for I've been told your late husband was an inveterate smoker." *She*—"He smoked himself to death." (Musingly.) "I wonder if he's smoking yet."—*Syracuse Chit Chat.*

Algernon—"When we are wedded, darling, it is my greatest desire in life to live at the Old Manse." *Stephanie*—"Then, Algy, we can never wed. The old man said yesterday that he had one son-in-law on him already, and that he would never have another."—*Puck.*

Bad boy (getting in a body-blow)—"There, take that!" *Good boy* (folding his arms with a saintly expression)—"No, Tommy, I will not hit you back because I promised mother that I would never strike a playmate, but (kicking him in the stomach) how do you like that?"—*Life.*

Wholesale merchant—"We will give your boy a chance, sir, to learn the business, but the first year he will not receive any salary." *Father of the boy* (dubiously)—"What will he get the second year?" *Merchant*—"Well, if he is faithful and apt, the second year we will double what he gets the first."—*Epoch.*

Amelia (in an insane interval)—"Oh, Arthur, I fear you do not truly love me!" *Arthur* (struck to the heart)—"Not love you, my darling! What can I do to prove my devotion?" *Amelia* (frantically)—"I know not!" *Arthur* (after a pause)—"Will you—will you play something on the piano?"—*Puck.*

Barbarin relates his hunting adventures in South Oran: "One night I had gone out with Faridel when we suddenly found ourselves face to face with a lion." "What did you do then?" "I merely spoke to the lion a few words in Arabic: 'I am lean, Faridel is fat.' And it was not myself that was eaten."—*L'Elbeuvien.*

Jaggs—"Here comes Raggs." *Baggs*—"Let's turn the corner. I don't want to meet him." *Jaggs*—"How much do you owe him?" *Baggs*—"I don't owe him a cent, but he turned out to be a terrible crank." *Jaggs*—"A crank? How?" *Baggs*—"Why, the man has actually stopped drinking."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Mrs. Nuberide—"I want a box of your best cigars, to give my husband for Christmas." *Dealer*—"Yes, 'm. Here are some very fine Henry Clays, 'm." *Mrs. Nuberide*—"Is that Henry Clay? Why, I had no idea he was so homely. No; I don't want those. Give me that box with the pretty Spanish girl on the cover."—*Puck.*

T. Cholmondely Kerridge (of "Lumnon")—"But our railway-carriages are more comfortable than yours, don't you know." *Pullman A. Carr* (of Chicago)—"How are they heated?" *T. Cholmondely Kerridge*—"Well—ah!—they're not heated, don't you know; but you ought to see the delightful traveling rugs we carry."—*Puck.*

Uncle George—"So you went to the theatre this afternoon and saw the grand spectacular drama? How did you like it? *Small nephew* (who spent the summer at a fashionable seaside resort)—"Oh, it was awful nice! Right in the middle of it a whole lot of stylish young ladies came out and danced in bathing-dresses."—*New York Weekly.*

Kirby Stone—"I don't see you at the café where you used to take lunch with the boys, Younglove." *Younglove*—"No; I am eating very light lunches now. I sit on a high stool and chew a sandwich." *Kirby Stone*—"Economy, eh?" *Younglove*—"Yes; I am saving up enough to pay for the present my wife is going to give me Christmas."—*American.*

COMMUNICATIONS.

New York an un-American City.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I have recently noticed several articles in the various journals relative to the choice of New York as the seat of the coming World's Fair, or Exposition Universelle.

Will it be the object of the promoters of this very useful and laudable project to choose a typical American town for the fair? If so, can New York be for an instant supposed to fill the idea of a typical American town?

The answer must be "No." The New Yorker will refer to the town of his birth as the great Empire City, the very centre of American civilization; nay, like the inflated and pompous Parisian, will lead one to believe that all the United States are divided into two parts, New York and the provinces, and yet were any thoughtful man to seek out the most un-American town in the United States his choice of a necessity must be this very New York.

This may seem hyperpositive. Spare me a moment to give a few reasons for this strong affirmation.

What is society in this great city? One made up of a host of anglomaniacs and imitative sycophants whose only aim in life seems to be to change their mode of dress or expression according to the latest London or Paris fashion; whose imported carriages roll down Fifth Avenue with forged-tailed horses in imported harness, driven by imported coachmen, accompanied by imported footmen, the inmates being clad in imported fuss and feathers, their real selves being concealed by imported mannerisms. Carrying this imitative tendency further, they have their inner circle, their *crême de la crême*, made up of the descendants of a lot of square-headed, honest, slow-thinking Dutchmen, who must turn in their graves at the use made of their names to push forward the real, half, and spurious Van Thises and Thats of Gotham into positions, which, according to the very spirit of true American feeling, they are so unfitted to fill.

Politically, is New York typically American? If an overwhelming majority of Irish voters fill the vacant offices with typical Americans, then of a truth is New York American. Unfortunately, the frequency of Celtic feature and rich brogue makes this supposition untenable.

Leaving the social and political aspect of the question, the very business of New York is not typically American. I will be dogmatic enough to state that more than half the business interest of the city is owned by foreign individuals or companies.

No matter on what ground New York may be chosen as the seat of the World's Fair, I do not believe that it can, with justice, be on the ground that it is a typical American town. Yours truthfully,

SAN FRANCISCO, December 15, 1889. "BE TRAIST."

"The Pope and Ireland."

EDITORS ARGONAUT: We have just now finished reading "The Pope and Ireland," by McCormick, editor of the *Monitor* newspaper, in reply to Judge Maguire's "Ireland and the Pope," which we had previously read with a good deal of interest. We had oftentimes before wondered if an Irishman could be found bold enough to speak of and comment upon that curious and instructive episode of mediæval history, Pope Adrian the Fourth's bull granting Ireland to Henry the Second on condition of the payment of Peter's pence for every household in the land, A. D. 1155. We do not wonder that the reading of that disgraceful act makes the heart and brain of a patriotic Irishman flame with rage, especially when received in the light of its consequences, as shown in the subsequent history of Ireland.

The inducement to that grant by Adrian is measurably uncertain; but it was probably the desire to convert the church revenues of Ireland from the See of Armagh to the Papal treasury at Rome, and so to subrogate the Irish Church to the leadership of the Roman bishop or Pope, to which it had never as yet given its adhesion. It will be remembered by students that Ireland was Christianized before there was any universally recognized Pope or single leadership in the Christian Church.

There were various sees or bishoprics in Christendom of equal and coordinate authority before the consolidation, and Ireland, at this time mentioned, remained an independent see.

We are now told by McCormick that the grant of Pope Adrian and the confirmatory bull of Pope Alexander the Third, the succeeding Pope, are both forgeries—Catholic forgeries, of course, for there were no Protestants in those days.

To a "looker-on in Vienna," it seems very remarkable that these alleged forgeries of so important public documents as Papal bulls, affecting so large and important a section of the Christian community as Ireland, so loyal to church authority, should have escaped detection and exposure for so many centuries, and now, after the lapse of more than seven hundred years, should be seriously attacked as to their verity. So far as we can find, no suspicion ever was expressed for nearly four hundred years that these bulls were not all that they seemed to be. They were certainly acquiesced in by the church authorities of the time, and Henry the Second presently—as the circumstances of his kingdom permitted, A. D. 1166—took action under the bull of Adrian, and, with the aid of a deposed and fugitive Irish King of Munster, Dermod McMurragh, commenced the subjugation, to be later prosecuted by the Duke of Pembroke, known as Strong-Bow; and the subjugation seems to have been going on ever since amid Peter's pence and tears of blood.

What wonder, after the sad and woeful experience of so many generations under the domination of Papal authority, that Papal wisdom and disinterestedness should be questioned. And yet for daring so to do, this brightest, learned, and most genial young Irishman and able judge is assailed with the brutality and ferocity of language suitable only to a familiar of the Holy Inquisition.

Fortunate it is, indeed, that Judge Maguire lives in the nineteenth instead of the thirteenth century. Otherwise the *auto-da-fé* would certainly attest his patriotism.

But we commenced this communication with the intent more particularly to express our astonishment at the treatment of another matter in McCormick's remarkable brochure. We refer to his most astonishing attempt to rescue and make decent the character of Pope Alexander the Sixth, probably more infamous in his life than any king, prince, or potentate of whom history gives us any account.

Catholic, Protestant, and infidel have concurred in characterizing him as the bad and infamous Pope, a scandal alike to church and society. He was the father of the equally infamous Cæsar and Lucretia Borgia, by his mistress Vanozza Cantanci, a peasant-woman. (Borgia was the family name of Pope Alexander the Sixth.) This bad Pope is reputed—and the facts seem to be undeniable—to have caused the death of more than one rich Roman noble that he might plunder the dead man's estate; his greed was well-known to be wanton and insatiable.

Pope Alexander the Sixth is known to have been an infamous man even before he became Pope. During the time he was a cardinal at Siena, he was noted for his dissolute and licentious habits. While there, he was rebuked by his predecessor, Pope Pius the Second, in a letter, still extant, which reads, viz: ". . . Several ladies of Siena, habituated to frivolity, being together at the gardens of Jean de Bichis, your eminence, forgetful of your sacred office, shared with them in most licentious dances. The companions of the young women were excluded, and you alone instigated what followed, of which decency forbids me to speak." The authority for this letter is William Waldorf Astor, late United States Minister to Italy; see *North American Review* for January, 1886, in his article entitled "Lucretia Borgia."

It seems from Astor's article that "the favorite entertainments at the Vatican were bacchanalian dances of courtesans, occasionally followed by the performance of what was called a *tormo d'amore*.

Just what the words *tormo d'amore* correctly mean, or what a tornado of love is, as understood and performed at the Papal Court at that time, we will leave to Brother McCormick, of the *Monitor*, to state, he being doubtless better informed as to Papal technology than we are.

Astor, in that article, also mentions the well-known fact that the documents, in the Vatican library, of the period of the Borgia family are not allowed to be examined. Ranke, the great German historian, in his history of the Popes, speaks of the same exclusion, when he was denied access to them. Comment on this exclusion is unnecessary.

If, as McCormick says, the character of Alexander the Sixth has been blackened by "Protestant calumniators," why do not the Papal authorities give access to the evidence of the facts contained in the official documents of that period which might vindicate that "blackened" reputation, and possibly make it as white and pure as an angel's wings, as certainly it ought to be, if he was the vicegerent of God and vicar of Jesus Christ?

The death of Pope Alexander the Sixth was attended by circumstances fully in accord with the infamy of his previous life. That he died suddenly and unexpectedly is not to be disputed. It is alleged that he died at the table, from his own poison, prepared to compass the death of his host, the cardinal Datary, a man of noble family and of great wealth, at whose board the Pope and his son—Cæsar Borgia, the Duke Valentinos by his father's creation—were by previous announcement self-invited guests, and that being such, they would bring the dinner with them, at the country-house of the cardinal, outside the city.

The cardinal knowing the character of Pope Alexander, and having been previously warned of his danger, suspected the design and purpose of the prepared feast, and so immediately proceeded to his residence in the city and there procured an interview with the Pope's cook, and exhibiting to him the great wealth in his treasure-room, said: "I know your orders for to-day's dinner at my country-house. All I ask of you is to change the dishes, and all this gold is yours and more if you desire."

The dishes were changed—it was a confection, at the close of the dinner. The Pope ate freely, and died on the spot. Cæsar Borgia, his son, ate sparingly, and was made violently ill, but recovered.

This account of the death of Pope Alexander the Sixth was found by Ranke in the archives of the city of Venice, in an official letter or dispatch of the embassador of Venice at the Papal Court of that time, addressed to his home government, and giving the current and received account in Rome of the cause and circumstances attending the death of the Pope. Ranke says that he does not vouch for the truthfulness of the account, but only gives it as he finds it, having been compelled, by his exclusion from the records in the Vatican, to seek other sources of information. Certainly all the concurrent testimony of the period points to the probable truth of this account of the death of this bad and foul-lived Pope.

Of course it is easy for Papal bigots and swash-bucklers to say that all historical facts adverse to the Roman Church—misnamed Catholic—are Protestant lies, and to assume all the old, arrogant, and menacing airs of past ages; but we beg leave to inform such toothless hounds of the old breed that they are living in a century the stream of whose progress is mightier far than a thousand popes. The Papacy, like an old tigress, her fangs having been drawn, may lie upon the banks and utter fearful growls of impotent rage as she sees the stream pass by, but she frightens no one—not even women or children. W.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 18, 1889.

That Story about Germans Kissing American Girls.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: It is seldom that one can justly complain of anything which appears in the *Argonaut*. I have taken it for many years past, and during the coming one, it will be the only home paper I shall continue my subscription for; my habit of reading it has become so fixed and my enjoyment of it is so great, that I am willing to risk the loss of an occasional copy as it follows me about Europe. I inclose herewith my check for a year's subscription, beginning with the first number of 1890.

Naturally, from the foregoing, you will conclude that I have, or that I fancy I have, something to complain of, and such is the case. In one of the recent issues of your paper, there appeared—credited to the New York *Sun*, I believe—in the "Vanity Fair" department an extract from a letter of some Berlin correspondent. I have not the copy by me, but as nearly as I can recall it, it began thus: "Germans think it no trick to kiss an American girl," and it concluded with an alleged account of the kissing of one by a cabman in Berlin, while he was driving her home from a ball, without escort and at a lonely hour. This correspondent also stated in his remarkable letter that Germans have a poor opinion of Americans generally; that they believe our women insist upon being kissed by the opposite sex, even though the kisser be a comparative stranger, and that to gratify this osculatory passion, "kissing bees" are one of our national institutions; that they—the Germans—likewise have a poor opinion of American men, whom they concede to be shrewd and progressive, but whom they consider to be generally dishonorable.

Now, Mr. Editor, it is said to be a dirty bird which will befoul its own nest, and nations, like individuals, are apt in the end to be accepted at the value they place upon themselves, especially if the value is a low one. It can hardly be possible that the correspondent in question is an American; but if he has that honor, he certainly does not deserve it. I do not remember that his name appeared, and it is much better for his reputation that it should not appear in connection with such utter rot. If Americans write and publish such stuff, it will be only natural that foreigners should expect to find fire as the cause of such smoke. As a matter of fact, however, it is now "quite the thing" to be an American, and Europeans generally show our people the same, and, in some cases, even greater, respect than they show the average stranger in their lands, and such is the case, notwithstanding the ill-bred disregard of European conventionalities and etiquette occasionally exhibited by some Americans, who do not appear to consider it necessary, while traveling, to observe the same habits of quiet and unostentatious gentility which they practice at home. I am a close observer, but I have yet to find, excepting, perhaps, among some of the higher classes of our jealous English cousins, anything in the attitude of Europeans toward Americans which can properly be objected to. I am quite familiar with Germany and its people, and I am able positively to deny that the Berliners or that Germans generally entertain anything but the highest respect for our men and our women as a class. I am sure it would not occur to them to attempt with us any act which would not be regarded as acceptable to their own people.

The last statement in the extract of which I complain is quite sufficient, if duly considered, to stamp the whole as rubbish; for who ever heard of an American girl, or any other respectable and civilized girl, being permitted or being willing even to go to or return from a hall at midnight in a public cab and without escort, in her own or in any other city? If this Berlin correspondent really did hear anything to give color to his statement, it could only have emanated from some unrepresentative German who had, probably, taken too much Munich beer, and unless it was promptly and vigorously denied and resented by him, we can only hope that such an exceptional instance of a lack of manly spirit and chivalry will not be regarded as indicative of the character of our countrymen generally. G. E. OVERTON.

KARLSBAD, AUSTRIA, November 10, 1889.

"I don't Care a Dam."

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I have for three years been interested in the subject of derivation of words and phrases from the Hindoostanee. In a Hindoostanee dictionary, I found the following money values:

Dam, s. m., the twenty-fourth part of a paisa.
Pai, s. f., a coin, the fourth part of an ana.
Ana, s. m., the sixteenth part of a rupee.

The "dam" is, therefore, a coin of almost infinitesimal value, as may be judged from the table of "Foreign Moneys and their English Equivalents," in "Whitaker's Almanack" for this year (page 609), where it is said that a "rupee of sixteen anas, sixty-four pice, or one hundred and ninety-two pies." If the "dam" represents the twenty-fourth part of one of these "pies," what is its equivalent?

Your obedient servant, AN ENGLISHMAN.

OAKLAND, December 7, 1889.

One person at least will not grumble at the close of the Paris Exposition, and that is the fortunate winner of the *grand lot* in the lottery. Fraussens, yesterday a humble compositor, hard pressed to make both ends meet and to feed and clothe his six children, of whom the eldest, aged fourteen, was a grimy little printer's devil, is to-day the possessor of a fortune more than sufficient for all his wants—a hundred thousand dollars. The story goes that Fraussens bought only one ticket (how many people in the hope of winning the *gros lot* invested in a dozen or more!) and that one he sent a small boy, the son of one of his companions in the printing house to buy, telling him that if he brought him back *the* lucky number he should have ten thousand dollars for his pains. Let us hope that he will keep his promise.

The Prince of Wales, who used to be a constant shopper, has had to give it up. All his purchases now are sent to Marlborough House or to Sandringham. He was very popular with the shop-keepers, never leaving a shop without raising his hat and "thanking them very much."

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

This story is told about the captain of a schooner who had a band of sheep on the deck of his vessel. As he was turning and twisting the wheel to keep the schooner on her course, the old ram who headed the flock, taking umbrage at his motions, came up behind him, and at one fell swoop butted him over the wheel. The enraged captain seized his woolly assailant and threw him overboard, when, presto! away went the whole flock, popping over the rail, one after another, into the sea.

Once one of those itinerant and persistent gentlemen with a subscription-book kept presenting it while old Horace Greeley was writing. Horace had a habit, when any one would interfere, of kicking, and so he kicked at the subscription fiend. Finally, when he saw he could not get rid of the intruder by this means, he stopped in the middle of a sentence, turned round, and said, raspingly, in that shrill voice of his: "What do you want? State it quick, and state it in the fewest possible words!" "Well," said the subscription fiend, "I want a subscription, Mr. Greeley, to prevent thousands of my fellow-human beings from going to hell." Said Mr. Greeley: "I won't give you a damned cent. There don't half enough go there now."

During the War of 1812, many banks outside of New England suspended specie payments, and the people were forced to use irredeemable bank-bills as money. At the close of the war, a national bank was created upon a sound basis, which caused the "irredeemable rags" to disappear. Among the anecdotes of the time was this: A man carried to a bank in Pennsylvania some bills which it had issued, and demanded gold and silver for them. The cashier replied that the bank did not pay gold and silver. "Give me, then," said he, "bills of the United States Bank." "We have none." "Then give me bills on any bank in New England." "We have none of them." The man, growing desperate, exclaimed: "Pay me, then, in the best counterfeit bills you have!"

For several years before his death, in 1850, frequent draughts of sherry became a necessity with Dan O'Connell's friend, Browne. Owing to poverty, however, he was ill able to provide it. Attracted by the announcement "Funerals supplied," Browne one day, when fatigued in his rambles, waited upon an undertaker, his face buried in a handkerchief, his voice inaudible from emotion. The man ran for a decanter of wine; Browne drank and was relieved. He asked several questions about scarfs and bat-bands, coffins, hearses, mutes, and coaches. The undertaker assured him that he would provide all. Browne at last stood up to leave. "But you have not told me where I am to find the remains," remarked the undertaker. "You said you would find everything—find the body," exclaimed Browne, as he left the house and rapidly turned the corner.

The mention of the name of Dom Pedro, the exiled Emperor of Brazil, in the presence of Anthony Trollope, used to have almost the same effect on him as the sight of a red rag on a bull. It appears that, at the time when Trollope held one of the principal permanent places in the general post-office, it fell to his lot to show the emperor over the department at St. Martin's-le-Grand. Trollope, who was the most vain of mortals, had just bowed his imperial majesty to his carriage, and was pluming himself on the manner in which he had accomplished his task, when an aide-de-camp stepped up, and desiring to shake hands with Mr. Trollope, left him standing on the pavement with a couple of florins in the palm of his hand. Trollope met with many rebuffs in his life, but nothing could ever approach the horror with which he was wont to refer to Dom Pedro's recognition of his services.

In one of Chicago's public institutions is a bright-eyed, witty Irish widow who loves a joke as only the people from her country do. In the same institution is a stolid German professor who rather admires the pretty widow. The two often meet and indulge in pleasant chats. The German professor is married and is the lord and master of a happy family. The other day he chanced to meet the Irish widow and they entered into conversation, in the course of which the witty widow borrowed the professor's ear and said: "Professor, I don't mind telling you, as you're a married man, but I have a cork leg." The professor was surprised. He said he never would have thought it, as he had never noticed any limp. "No," said the widow; "and I can dance with the best of them." The professor marveled greatly and said he did not see how she could so successfully disguise it. "Well," she said, "I'll tell you, professor. I have a cork leg because I was born in Cork." This remark was made last Thursday. The German professor thought it over until Monday last, and then he laughed.

One day, Emile Augier received a visit from his nephew, Emile Guiard, who said, with some feeling: "Uncle, I've just finished a play." "Ah!" "Will you let me read it to you?" "Certainly." Whereupon the young writer settles down, and in a somewhat trembling voice begins to read his manuscript. "'Scene first: The count and the countess. At the rising of the curtain the count comes in from hunting. He places his gun in the corner and approaches the countess. Count: Good-morning, countess! Countess: Ah! it's you?'" And the play continues. Augier listens with the greatest attention. At last the reader comes to the end, folds up his manuscript, and looks anxiously at his judge. "Well, uncle?" "Well, my boy, that is not bad—not at all bad, only the gun——" "The gun?" "Yes, the gun which the count placed in the corner at the beginning of the first scene." "Yes, the count's gun." "What does the gun do?" "It doesn't do anything." "What! it does not go off?" "No." "It doesn't go off! Ah, my dear fellow, never put into a play a gun which is not to go off."

Seven ladies and eleven gentlemen were landed from a Pullman palace-car in Cincinnati, a few mornings since, without shoes to their feet, and this is how it happened: On the Pennsylvania West-bound express out of Pittsburg in the evening there was an unusually heavy travel from New York, and at Pittsburg it was necessary to attach an extra sleeper. The porter selected for the run was an Eastern-route man, and he discovered soon after the train left the depôt that an old friend of his was running on one of the regular cars ahead. The darkies met, exchanged salutations, and agreed, after getting all their people to bed, that it would be a good scheme to polish the passengers' shoes together in the forward car and spend the balance of the night in a social chat, with intervals devoted to libation from a pocket-flask. The porter of the extra gathered his people's shoes together in a pillow-case—three Parisian petite pairs owned by young ladies of Cincinnati en route home from Europe, four pairs of matronly gaiters, and eleven heavier pairs of various styles and sizes belonging to the men in the car. He took them forward to his chum's car, each shoe carefully chalked with the number of the berth, and the two guardians of the slumbering passengers had a genial time together, so pleasant a time, in fact, that it was nearly daybreak when it occurred to the porter of the extra that it would be well to take up his people's shoes and get back to his own car. He went back, but his car had vanished! To say that he turned white with astonishment would be no exaggeration. The Cincinnati car had been switched at Columbus, and the Cincinnati passengers' shoes were spinning along at fifty miles an hour toward Indianapolis, on the St. Louis section of the Vandalia express. The porter felt the gravity of the situation, so far as he was concerned, and at the next stopping station he disappeared rapidly toward the East with a pillow-case full of shoes over his shoulder. The passengers did not discover their loss until the breakfast hour, and the comical surprise can better be imagined than described. They reached their homes in carriages with slightly soiled hosiery.

A new sort of boot-sole has been introduced in Neuremberg, consisting of a sort of trellis of spiral metal wire, the interstices being filled with gutta-percha and resin. They can be fitted with nails like ordinary soles, are fifty per cent. cheaper than leather, and vastly more durable.

VANITY FAIR.

It is difficult to understand why people should be willing to pay such long prices for titular distinctions for their daughters when it would cost them so much less to acquire a title for themselves which they could leave to their children, and which has the great advantage of being free from any incumbrance. Nowadays nothing is easier than to develop into a duke, marquis, or count, and at a very small outlay. I remember (writes a correspondent of the *World* from Paris) being accosted once in the Villa Gardens in Naples by an old gentleman, who introduced himself as Prince Dei Cittadini, and who after sundry preliminaries offered to adopt me as his son for the trifling consideration of forty dollars and the expenses of the legal document which would have entitled me to wear the name and honors of the Dei Cittadini family. The man's title was all right. He was the representative of one of the oldest Roman families, and being a dead-beat, made a precarious living in this way. He told me that he had more than one hundred adopted children, and that accordingly there were that number of princes of the Dei Cittadini family in existence. The title of each of these was perfectly genuine as the Italian law stands, and the name is a most illustrious one. In France, one sees every day advertisements in the papers from nobles offering to adopt people who may wish to bear a sonorous name, and these offers are frequently taken advantage of by ambitious persons' sons. A case happened some time ago where a young marquis adopted as his son and heir a middle-aged grocer who had retired from business with a large fortune and wanted to do some shining in society. He figures now as a count, and should his juvenile adopted father die before him, he will blossom out into a full-blooded marquis. And there are many other ways of getting a handle to one's name without marrying some greedy dead-beat. There is a worthy American dentist living in Paris at this moment who some years ago acquired an Italian title, and who is now recognized as a marquis of the first water. His eldest son is a count, the next is a viscount, and the third is a chevalier. Their drawing-room is covered with coats-of-arms, and on either side of the fire-place hangs a gigantic pedigree which any one can get from the heraldic office in London for about a guinea.

The fashionable woman finds it a little difficult, at this time of the year, to keep clean, and it is by no means as inexpensive an operation as it is usually supposed. She walks out in her blue coat, with its heavy trimming of black fur, and comes home with a broad, black band around her throat which soap and water will not remove, even if prayer accompanies it. The finer your skin, the more difficult is this mark to get off, and it is usually best done as they recommend at the Turkish bath—by the use of a lemon; just halve it, and rub the raw part around your throat exactly as if it were a cake of soap. You are determined not to get rheumatism, and so you wear black-silk underwear. No matter how expensive it is, no matter how many times it has been washed, wherever your stays or a belt-band press against it you are marked—not necessarily for life, but until you get somebody to scrub you off with a small brush. Half the women go to the Russian bath to get these marks off them, because the gentle vapor and the hard rubbing will soon cause them to disappear. Half the women in New York would ask if they dropped dead on the street that their clothes might not be taken off them, and the reason can be understood.

A note of warning to tailors (says the *World*) comes over the water from Warsaw. A merchant tailor and haberdasher of that city is writhing in the grip of the law because he did not carry home a suit of clothes when he promised them. This tailor is sued for heavy damages by a young man who alleges that by the failure of the defendant to deliver the suit on a certain day, as agreed upon, he was prevented from attending a reception given on that date at the home of a lady he very much adored. It was his intention on this occasion, arrayed in his new suit, to have proposed for the hand of the lady in marriage, and he had reason to believe his proposal would have been accepted. The tailor did not finish the suit as promised, the young man had none other adequate to the important occasion, and he could not, therefore, go to the ball. His rival, however, who had a tailor who could be trusted, appeared at the ball, danced with the young lady, whispered sweet nothings in her ear, proposed before the night was over, and their marriage has just been celebrated with some pomp and circumstance. Young men have committed suicide on less provocation, but this young man of Warsaw wisely prefers to take it out of the tailor. To this end his suit for damages will be pressed. Sympathy will flow in upon him from the ends of the earth.

There is a continual flitting to and fro across the New York and Pennsylvania borders of persons who desire to make or break the matrimonial tie. Pennsylvania has an exacting marriage-license law, which, among other things, requires lovers under certain specified ages to procure the written consents of their parents, certified to by a public official, before any minister can lawfully unite the pair in wedlock. The result is that many couples living convenient to the border of New York get rid of annoying preliminaries by crossing the line and getting married off-hand. The practice is so common that popular clergymen at favorite crossing-points get handsome incomes in marriage-fees from Pennsylvania grooms. On the other hand, ill-matched and restive New York husbands and wives cross over into Pennsylvania to get the marriage-knot untied under the looser laws of divorce prevailing there. Pennsylvania courts will sever the tie for willful desertion for a period of two years, for conviction of a felony, and for other causes beside adultery. A residence of one year in the State is required to maintain the action. The number of New York married miserables, who are tarrying the probationary year out in the hotels and boarding-houses just across the Pennsylvania border, would count up to astonishing figures. It is stated that there are, at the present time, no less than ten New York State wives staying in the village of Susquehanna, Pa., for the single purpose of acquiring standing in the courts as plaintiffs in divorce proceedings against their respective husbands. Other towns along the border have their full quotas of New York applicants for divorce. So it is that the clergymen on one side of the line and the lawyers on the other side are getting plenty of fees for marrying and unmarrying folks.

The success of the Ladies' Guide Association in London has induced the starting of a similar project in New York. The matter has been talked about endlessly in the newspapers and out of them for the last year or two, and two or three young women have even experimented with it in a timid sort of way, but until within a fortnight no one has seized with any firm grip on the opportunity. Within a few days, however, a clever Brooklyn woman has opened a "ladies' guide and chaperon bureau." The district messenger-boy is the usual resort of the timid woman from out of town. He calls for her at the hotel and escorts her to the dry-goods stores. That is, he goes skipping along ahead of her, particularly at crowded crossings, leaving her to dodge the horses' heads as best she is able, or else he loiters behind in cheerful converse with other messenger-boys. The new idea is to substitute the lady guide for the messenger-boy, and so many women of education and refinement are left dependent on their own resources, without any business education to help them to a livelihood, that it is thought the evolution of one more occupation may prove a great gain.

TO AN OLD BALL SLIPPER.

Oh, little shoe! so worn and frayed,
With heel forlorn and bow decayed,
How changed since granny first displayed
Your pristine glory!
You poor bedraggled No. 3,
You are alive at least to me:
Whilst lying there I seem to see
Your simple story.

Bedight in raiment white and pure
Your mistress tripped, of conquest sure:
For damsels who look most demure
Are not uncanny.
P'r'aps grandpa came in garments smart—
Vast triumphs of sartorial art—
With valorous words, yet trembling heart,
To woo our granny.

Those were the days when wife and maid
Ingenious towers of hair displayed,
When single-lorgnettes strove to aid
Defective vision;
When beaux wore kerchiefs girt with straps,
Ingenious coats with many flaps,
And waistcoats which would now, perhaps,
Excite derision.

Partners, perchance, were much the same—
Some bright, some dull, some fast, some tame;
Some who to spurious wit laid claim,
Nor saw their error:
The men whose charms were scarcely mental,
The youth both shy and sentimental,
The "fascinating detrimental,"
Great-grandma's terror.

And did the chaperons then, as now,
Ecstatic happiness avow
Whilst watching with an aching brow
The flitting dancers?
And did they, gripped in Fashion's vise,
Receive a girl with looks of ice
If she sat out with some one nice—
Convenient lancers?

But, tiny friend, now must I flee—
A set of tennis waits for me—
For, rapt in pleasant reverie,
The moments fly by;
The hour has come to say adieu,
I make my courtesy to you:
Now, dear, pathetic little shoe,
Go back to "bye-bye."

—*Anon.*

We American ladies (writes M. B. Mackenzie in the New York *Star*) evinced our characteristic spirit of rebellion in a somewhat impotent essay at short skirts, for promenade wear, not many seasons since. It was impotent, compared with the success which attended their adoption by the earlier civilized females of Manhattan Island. Short skirts with the Dutch "vrouw" meant a garment which reached little below the knee, leaving ample opportunity for liberty of motion, and whose popularity was due without doubt to its utilitarian advantages, inasmuch as the social dames of New Amsterdam were renowned for their passion for house-cleaning. Irving, after the tendency of his sex to lay every female foible to vanity, surmises that the fashion was introduced "for the purposes of giving the stockings a chance to be seen, which were generally of blue worsted, with magnificent red clocks—or, perhaps, to display a well-turned ankle and a neat, though serviceable foot, set off by a high-heeled, leathern shoe, with a large and splendid silver buckle." Certainly nobody questions the propriety of these good dames of the "honest days, in which every woman stayed at home, read the Bible, and wore pockets"—which, by the way, were "of goodly size, fashioned with patch-work into many curious devices and were ostentatiously warm—on the outside." No one criticises her because she chose to wear comfortably short skirts. For work and for walking garb the gowns of our Dutch grandmothers were charming. Made very full, lengthened a few inches, worn over the pretty woolen buttoned "leggins" and dark worsted trousers, gathered and fastened just below the knee, they would, indeed, illustrate a genuine dress reform. How many ladies there are who, in the bathing season, when indulging in the freedom of the bathing-dress, wish they could wear it always? Draperies and light, trailing robes are beautiful and artistic for drawing-rooms, stage platforms, and carpeted boudoirs; but for dancing and walking the piquant short skirt is delightful to every young and active woman. How stout ladies shake their sides in laughter at the idea of appearing upon the street in a skirt which displays a sturdy ankle. Yet our Dutch ancestors—women as well as men—are recorded as being more given to waddling than to walking, on account of their obesity. The peasants' dress of Europe is always short. The flying skirts of the Norwegian post-chaise girl—who, quite as readily as her brothers, will mount behind the traveler's cart, and, with flourishing whip, will guide him and chatter to him at the same time through miles of wild country—are short, and beneath it are the low shoe and fancy stocking upon the outswung foot which she has relieved to balance upon her perch behind the solitary traveler.

Every effort is being made by the rulers of high-art fashions to bring forward the tea-jacket—a sort of night-gown made of crêpe or velvet, lined with down and satin, and cut to fly open so as to reveal a petticoat of lace and embroidery. Strong as are the efforts made in favor of this really beautiful and luxurious robe, it will never entirely replace the æsthetic tea-gown, which has a firm hold on the affections of woman, for the reason that it is a complete as well as a graceful and charming toilet, whereas the tea-jacket is a garment which should never degrade itself by going down-stairs. For invalids confined to their couch or bed-chamber by the treachery of health or the perfidy of an inheritance, it is certainly an admirable robe, as it does away with superfluous drapery, which must be uncomfortable under the circumstances; yet it is anything but elegant for a lady to appear in her drawing-room and administer to the ease of her guests in a white petticoat and a colored dressing-jacket—for what more is the tea-jacket than a slightly elongated, much-bedecked relative to the humble sacque in which a lady would be horrified at the mere thought of appearing before her friends or her own brother.

It will amaze most club-men to hear of a club advertising itself. Yet such is the fact—the annexed advertisement is copied from the regular advertising columns of a London weekly: "The Junior Travelers' Club, 8 St. James's Square, W. Committee—His Grace the Duke of Portland, president; the Marquis of Tweeddale, chairman; the Earl of Mayo, the Lord Henry Fitzgerald, the Lord Suffield, K. C. B., P. C., the Lord Ribblesdale." As the remainder of the committee are only baronets and commoners, we of course omit them. The advertisement then goes on: "The Junior Travelers' Club, which at present (October 1st) numbers over eight hundred members, is proprietary, on a non-political basis, and has been founded with a view to affording a convenient and attractive centre of resort to those interested in travel. To fulfill this object, the facilities offered by the Travelers' Club, Pall Mall, or kindred institutions, have, from various causes, long been entirely inadequate, and the block now existing in the admission of new members to those clubs is too well known to require comment. In supplying this admitted want, the founders of the present Junior Travelers' have decided, while enlarging the basis of membership, to strictly maintain the qualification for admission to *bona-fide* travelers, who have traveled a distance of not less than five hundred miles from the United Kingdom. Colonists visiting the United Kingdom will find in this club a convenient centre and advantages unequaled by any other club in town. The club affords its members residential accommodations and facilities for entertaining friends. The committee have great pleasure in recommending the club-house as one of extreme comfort, elegantly furnished, and suitable to the requirements of the club from every point of view. The club tape furnishes the latest telegraphic information on all subjects of general interest, and there is telephonic communication. A large circulating library of all the latest works, as well as all descriptions of special literature pertaining to home and abroad, are provided. High-class smoking and other concerts will be held periodically throughout the year in the magnificent suite of galleries of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colors, Piccadilly, W., to which members may invite their friends. In addition, under the auspices of the Junior Travelers' Club, a Sunday Concert Club has been founded, for the purpose of holding in the galleries high-class concerts every Sunday evening. Members of the Junior Travelers' will be deemed honorary members. The galleries, which afford special advantages for the holding of receptions, conversazioni, etc., can be acquired for private purposes, when every requirement attending such entertainment can be provided by arrangement with the club secretary. Arrangements have been made with the Richmond Club on the Thames, that members of this club should be honorary visiting members of the Richmond Club for the time being; and negotiations are pending with first-class clubs at home and abroad to secure similar privileges. The cuisine and wines are exceptionally fine, at very moderate charges. The annual subscriptions are: Town, eight guineas; country, five guineas; provincial, one guinea; foreign, two guineas; life membership, fifty-two guineas. Members residing within a radius of twenty miles of the club-house shall be deemed town members. Provincial members are those living in parts remote from town, and who pay, in addition to the above annual subscription, ten shillings each week they use the club. Members incur no liability beyond the amount of their annual subscription. All members are elected by the committee. The original list is limited to one thousand members, after which an entrance fee of ten guineas will be imposed."

One feature of the French Republic seems to have been the thinning out of the *coulisses* of the opera. They have lost all their old-time splendor, and they are no longer the rendezvous for statesmen and men of fashion. The ballet-dancers also have become more reserved. Instead of congregating in the *foyer de la danse* they stay in their dressing-rooms, where they receive a few very particular friends. Those who still are addicted to the *coulisses* are called *tompins*. The *tompins* are rather second-class *gommeux*.

An ice-palace, according to the American and Canadian style, is to be erected in January at St. Petersburg.

AN EXPERIENCE IN TELEPATHY.

In which Clairvoyance and Spiritual Telegraphy Play a Part.

"'A moderate anæmia of the periphery of the brain, and a moderate hyperæmia of the base of the brain, sufficient to bring within the sphere of automatic activity the latent cell groups; they (that is, the visions) appeared, subjective vision was accomplished.' There! I think Herbert Spencer accounts very satisfactorily, and on a purely physiological basis, for those visions variously classed under the head of clairvoyance or second sight," and Dr. Apthorpe closed the volume with an energetic snap which seemed to indicate that that point was settled and argument at an end, after which he settled back in his easy-chair with a satisfied sigh and resumed the consumption of his regalia, which he had left off for a minute while he went to one of the shelves of his library, took down the book he wanted and read the foregoing passage.

"Yes," I replied; "that is all very well. It is all very well to try to reduce metaphysical experiences to physical law; to bring what is commonly called the supernatural into accord with what we think to be natural, and the only natural, law. But supposing I deny your premises—question their validity—how then? Supposing I assert—which I believe to be true—that the world, and by the world I mean the scientific world of the day, has become so crystallized in the presumption that matter is the only real entity in the universe; that what we can not see, hear, smell, taste, or feel—that, in short, which has no palpable existence to one at least of what are ordinarily termed our five senses—has, therefore, no existence at all; must I, on the strength of this assertion, be written down an ass?"—here I drew breath, somewhat surprised at the heat and length of my own tirade.

"Pardon me," said the doctor, calmly—Dr. Apthorpe is provokingly calm and methodical in speech and gesture—"you are generalizing. And when you begin to generalize, there is no knowing when you will stop. We shall be likely sooner to arrive at some definite conclusion on what we started in to discuss, if we let go the abstract and stick to the concrete."

"You deal exclusively with matter and the material senses of which you have cognizance," I went on, carried away with the subject and regardless of the doctor's protest; "but suppose I assert that there are senses which, by fortuitous circumstance, let us say, the human race, as a whole, has lost. Further than this, that some still possess these senses; and still further that these senses, or their practical equivalent, can still be regained at will by those who do not possess them—what would you say then?"

"I should say," returned the doctor, slowly, between measured whiffs of his cigar, "that instead of having such things asserted, I would much rather have them proved."

"Would you take the assertion of a deaf man," I continued, "that there could be no such thing as sound; or of a blind man that the sun was a myth and the rainbow a fairy tale? You are too strict an investigator and too exact a physicist to dispute the existence of eyeless fish in the pools of the great underground caverns of Kentucky, or that the same phenomena have been brought to the upper strata on which we move by artesian currents from subterranean depths. In this case nature canceled a sense unused. Can you be positively sure that the human race did not possess certain refined senses in the past, of which their representatives of the present have neither conception nor cognizance? It is only yesterday that the microscope revealed to us the myriad life that is born, struggles, and dies each moment in a drop of water; only to-day that our vast telescopes are beginning to unfold the composition of nebulæ so distant that thousands, perhaps millions, of years as it has taken for their light to reach us across the abysmal ether, they may, at this moment, have already resolved themselves into distinct families of suns and planets. And, such being the case, is it not the height of intellectual presumption and scientific egotism on our part to deny the possibility of the existence of more refined senses than those which the human family at present possesses, or to say that we can not, by mechanical means at our command, enlarge the scope of such senses as it is conceded we actually possess?"

I could see that my reasoning had made an impression on even the imperturbable Apthorpe, for his brow became more contracted, his puffs slower, and he fixed his gaze more steadily on the fire. After a minute or so, he knocked the ashes from his cigar, wheeled his chair round, and looked me full in the face.

"You mistake me," he said; "on such matters I am simply an agnostic. I deny nothing—I assert nothing. The *onus probandi* is on your side. I am perfectly willing to be convinced if you can convince me. All I ask is to be allowed a fair and above-board examination into the phenomena we were talking about—an examination such as would, to my judgment, preclude the idea of humbug and trickery, and then, if I can not account for these phenomena by ordinary, natural law, why, then——"

"You would be convinced and acknowledge your mistake," I interpolated, as the doctor paused for an expression.

"But it can not be done—it can not be proved to my satisfaction," returned the doctor, testily; "all the stories about visions of distant people appearing at the hour of their death to relatives or friends can be satisfactorily accounted for on the theory of Spencer, which I just read, that subjective vision followed the withdrawal of blood from the surface of the brain and a corresponding overcharge to the interior cells. The activity of the mind's eye, so to speak, thus superinduced over that of the corporeal eye correspondingly weakened, may be accomplished artificially, as you well know, by the use of opiates."

"Granted," I returned; "but how do you account for the relevancy of such visions as are afterwards verified by facts?"

"Very easily. Whatever subject happened to be nearest the mind, at the moment subjective vision was accomplished, would naturally be the subject of such vision. Anxiety regarding friends at a distance would naturally cause those friends to appear before the mind's eye in this peculiar condition. That such friends should die, at or about that time, is simply a coincidence. Hundreds of such visions might appear and nothing follow for one with a coincidence. The hundreds are not spoken about, the one is."

"Well, suppose we put it to the test. We neither of us have any pressing engagement to-night. I, like yourself, am an agnostic in the matter. I do not like your materialistic theories, but I have been acting protagonist for the other side, not because I believe in it any more than you do, but that, otherwise, the subject would have lacked ventilation. What do you say—shall we go?"

For reply, the doctor rose, put on his hat and overcoat, and together we walked out.

The foregoing conversation had originated in a remark I had let fall, to the effect that I had heard, through a friend with spiritualistic tendencies, that there had lately arrived in the city a medium with peculiar powers, one of which consisted in establishing visual and oral communication between persons at a distance from each other, no matter how remote or in what quarter of the earth such persons might be. My interest was further aroused by the fact that he did not practice his art for money and did not advertise, but simply and purely, as I understood, in the interests of science and for the benefit of such friends as took an interest in phenomena of a recondite nature. My friend had been kind enough to give me a note of introduction to this gentleman, who was staying at a downtown hotel, and I had proposed to Dr. Apthorpe, whom I knew to be a man of keen penetration and strong materialistic tendencies, that he should accompany me on a visit I proposed making that evening to the gentleman in question, in order that we might make a joint investigation into the phenomena referred to. We were now on our way to make this visit in pursuance of our object.

Arrived at the hotel, we sent up our cards, and were presently informed that Mr. Minturn would be happy to see us. As we entered his apartments, a pleasant, kindly faced gentleman, past middle age, rose to meet us and begged us to be seated.

"You have come, gentlemen, I presume," he said, after glancing over my friend's letter of introduction, "to witness some of those remarkable natural phenomena which I have had the honor and the good fortune to discover."

"We have heard, Mr. Minturn," I remarked, "that you are possessed of certain remarkable mediumistic powers, by means of which it is possible for you to put other parties, ourselves, for instance, in communication with friends at a distance. Am I right in supposing this to be the case?"

"Partially so," returned Mr. Minturn; "the phenomena regarding which my friend has spoken to you are not mediumistic, so far as I am concerned. They are akin to, but not the same as those phenomena which are the outward and visible sign of communication with those who have passed the bounds of this material existence. The phenomena which I will presently show you deal with every-day life, and are of very practical character, indeed. They are simply the outcome of a series of scientific experiments, based upon natural law. There is nothing supernatural about them, even in the ordinary acceptation of that meaningless term, which ought long ago to have been expunged from our dictionaries. I can certainly put you, or any one else, for that matter, in direct communication with any relative or friend; that is to say, some one whom you have once intimately known and with whom a sympathy or *rapport* has accordingly been established. This is effected by a species of mental or spiritual telegraphy, to which I have applied the term 'telepathy,' the latter being in the spiritual world the correlative of what the former is in the material.

"To illustrate more fully: when you desire to communicate by ordinary telegraph with some one at a distance—say New York or Chicago—you indicate his name and address to the operator, and in a few minutes communication is established and your message is delivered. By this material means, you are enabled to communicate as fully and easily with an utter stranger as with friend or relative. The telephone has gone a step further, and has substituted for signs the actual sound of the voice, the vibrations of which are transmitted by the electric current and reproduced at the other end of the wire. Mr. Edison, I believe, means to go still another step further, and is now conducting experiments with a view to the transmission of light-waves in the same manner as sound-waves, so that in the near future, by the material medium of a wire, it is highly probable, nay, a foregone conclusion, that we shall not only be able to hold converse with people at a distance, but also to see the people with whom we converse. It is not impossible, following out the experiment to its ultimate conclusion, that a great singer, like Patti, should appear and sing upon half-a-dozen stages at once, though these stages be thousands of miles apart. The phenomena which I produce are similar in effect though not in kind. They are, in short, the subjective, mental, or spiritual correlative of the material communication established by the electric current. But my meaning will become plainer if we proceed to actual experiment."

So saying, Mr. Minturn led the way to a curtained alcove, from which the hangings were partially drawn. At one side of the alcove, close to the wall, stood one of those little tête-à-tête sofas, and on the floor two little footstools.

"Now, gentlemen, pray be seated," said our host, "it is immaterial whether one or both engages in the experiment. As you are friends and this is in the nature of a test, the effect may be stronger if both take part; likewise, the magnetic *rapport* will be sooner established." Dr. Apthorpe and myself seated ourselves on the sofa and Mr. Minturn proceeded:

"As I wish you to be put fully and unreservedly in possession of all the details connected with the experiment, I will state that the feet of the sofa on which you are now sitting are insulated, as also are the footstools on which you will please rest your feet. While electric insulation is not a *sine qua non* in mental telegraphy, or telepathy, as I term it, it is of great assistance in establishing and directing the magnetic current. Mechanical aids ought never to be despised in conducting experiments which deal with natural law. Insulation is not the only mechanical adjunct we shall employ."

So saying, Mr. Minturn stepped back into the apartment, returning a moment after holding in his hands what might be best described as two elliptical metal hoops, seemingly about seven inches in length through the major axis by about five through the minor. These hoops were capable of a certain amount of expansion or contraction, as one end of the ellipse terminated in two flanges which could be drawn together or set further apart by means of a set-screw.

"These metal bands I shall take the liberty of placing upon your heads, gentlemen," said Mr. Minturn, suiting the action to the word. "They are made of ordinary zinc and copper, the component metals, as you are aware, of the original battery of Volta, and serve the double purpose of inducing a strong magnetic current to the brain, and also enabling me to exert such pressure upon the temporal artery and other surface blood-vessels as to restrict the flow of blood to that quarter, thus superinducing what is termed, in surgical parlance, anæmia of the periphery of the brain."

As Mr. Minturn uttered the last words I started and looked toward my friend Apthorpe. His eyes met mine and a meaning smile played round his mouth. They were the very words used by Herbert Spencer, in accounting for the phenomenon of subjective vision by natural means, which Apthorpe had read to me that evening.

"My object in this, as I am anxious that you should unreservedly know, is to weaken the ordinary senses of perception, which take cognizance only of the things of the outside world; and by another means, which I will presently explain to you, to stimulate to renewed action the interior brain-cells which are the seat of subjective phenomena. Tell me, gentlemen, if I am constricting your temples too tightly," continued our host, as he turned the set-screws which brought the flanges of the hoops together; "all that is required is a pressure that is felt but falls short of inconvenience. Mental subjectivity is incompatible with corporeal inconvenience."

When matters had been arranged to the satisfaction of all concerned, Mr. Minturn again returned to the body of the apartment and presently reappeared carrying two transparent oblong objects in his hands.

"These are simply rhomboids of rock-crystal, which have assumed their present shape at the lines of natural cleavage. Clear-cut and transparent they are as the glass pendants of a chandelier, but no tool has ever touched them. No one yet knows the magnetic and otherwise occult virtues which inhere in these natural crystals. Baron von Reichenbach, lately deceased, one of the most diligent investigators the world has yet seen in the much abused and little known domain of esoteric science, has recounted in his memoirs some of the marvelous effects of which they are capable on the human organism. These crystals, gentlemen, you will please to hold in your hands—you," motioning to me, "in your right hand, your friend in his left. You will now join your disengaged hands and agree between yourselves on a certain person—known to both and *en rapport* with both—with whom you desire to communicate, while I make the last preparation for the experiment."

"Well," said Apthorpe, in an undertone, after Mr. Minturn had retired, drawing the curtain behind him, and leaving us to our reflections, "there certainly seems to be method in this mummery, if mummery it be. There seems to be a certain ring of sense in our friend's philosophy. He makes no secret of the ends he proposes to arrive at with all these appliances—the constriction of the blood-vessels, at all events, is eminently practical. All we want now is a dose of hashish, or a whiff or two of opium, to conjure up all the subjective visions from——"

"Come," I said, interrupting, and somewhat surprised at Apthorpe's levity, "we have been treated courteously, and the experience is of our own seeking, not his. Let us, in our turn, treat our host with the courtesy he deserves. He asked us to agree upon some one known to both, with whom we would like to communicate. Can you suggest any one, doctor?"

"Oh, I don't know," yawned Apthorpe, "there's Brooks, who went East the other day—you know him—it might be a breach of confidence, though, to communicate with him and intrude ourselves incontinently on his privacy at this hour of the evening. Then there's Harry, over in Europe, I wonder what he's about, and——"

"Stay," I said, "you recollect Dan Marsden, who went down to Mexico two months ago to negotiate for that mining property, and not a line has been received from him since? He had money with him, too. Suppose we select him for a subject."

"Agreed," said the doctor, as Mr. Minturn entered, bearing a little charcoal-brazier, and apologized for having kept us so long.

"Now, gentlemen," said our host, as he set the brazier on the floor in front of us, "you have, no doubt, by this time, agreed on some person with whom you wish to communicate. Everything is in readiness now, and I shall leave you, only requesting that you will keep your attention concentrated upon the subject of your thoughts. The powder which I throw upon this brazier," continued Mr. Minturn, as he emptied a little paper packet upon the glowing embers, "will also assist toward mental subjectivity. I have some instructions to leave with the clerk in the office, but will be back within half an hour. You will also excuse me for turning out the gas—light is not only not essential, but is an absolute drawback to the magnetic influence."

So saying, Mr. Minturn bowed, stepped out of the alcove, drew the curtain, turned out the gas, and we could hear the door close behind him as he went out.

All was darkness. On the settee sat I and Apthorpe—I on the right hand nearest the curtain, he on the left. My left hand clasped his right, in my right hand I held one of the crystal rhomboids. The metal hoop clasped my forehead easily—by this time I had grown accustomed to it. The perfume from the incense on the brazier rose pungently to my nostrils. Not a word was spoken between us. I thought in a

listless, easy way of Marsden who had gone down to Mexico upon mining business, and felt myself becoming more dreamy, more languid every moment. I became oblivious to my surroundings.

But only for a moment. All of a sudden I felt my left hand clutched.

"What is that going on there in front?" hissed Apthorpe; "do you see anything there?"

The glimmer of the street-lamps shone through the windows of Mr. Minturn's apartment, and a straggling ray or two penetrated the alcove where the curtains were not close, and shed a faint light upon the dead white wall in front. One could just see that there was a wall and nothing more.

But, as Apthorpe spoke, I became aware of a change in the frontage—while I could see the wall, and knew that there was a wall not eight feet in front of me, I could see through the wall and beyond the wall. Projected in the foreground and flooded by moonlight, stood one of those old ruined Mexican adobe *haciendas*, often to be found in the Eastern and Central States of Mexico, which, having been deserted by their owners for some reason or other, have become the abodes of *guerrilleros*, who put every one under contribution who comes within their reach. And as I looked, the walls of the *hacienda* opened out and I saw what was within. Seated at a table were two typical Mexican bandits, shaking dice, before them an *olla*, filled with *mezcal*, as I could see by the liquid left in the little tumblers beside them. Stretched on the floor, here, there, and all around, lay others, evidently in a drunken stupor. Rifles, revolvers, and *machetes* were scattered promiscuously everywhere. In one corner, remote from the rest, lay a figure which moved restlessly as one in pain. Presently, a twitch of the body, a turn of the head, disclosed the well-known lineaments of my old friend, Dan Marsden. A glance showed the cause of his uneasiness—he was bound with rawhide thongs at the wrists and ankles.

I can not tell what came over me at that moment. I seemed to be close by and capable of rendering assistance. I felt a harder pressure of Dr. Apthorpe's hand, as he said, in a suppressed, indistinct manner:

"That's Dan. We ought to help him out."

And then it seemed as if Dan Marsden began to think. He turned on his side facing us, and looked us square in the eyes, as if appealing mutely for assistance.

"Concentrate your will-power," I whispered to Apthorpe, "and see what can be done."

The next minute a change came over the scene in the adobe *hacienda*. The two bandits, who had been shaking dice and drinking *mezcal* by the light of a rag, dipped in a can of rendered fat, suddenly dropped to the floor, and lay unconscious with the rest of their *compañeros*.

Dan Marsden seemed to grasp the situation. While he was observed, no movement, of course, would escape detection—therefore, it would have been futile to try. But now that he saw all his captors *hors de combat*, it was a very different matter, and the fact seemed to give him redoubled energy. He tugged and strained at the thongs on his wrists, and, being small-handed, it was not more than a minute before he had wriggled out of them. It took only a few seconds for him to crawl over to where a long, sharp *machete* was lying loose, and with this the thongs on his legs were easily divided. Not a man moved as he picked up two revolvers and made his way stealthily to the door. I saw him saddle a good-looking mustang, jump on its back, and then the vision faded. The brazier was no longer giving forth the fumes of its incense, the dim wall confronted me again, the metal hoop began to press somewhat heavily on my brow, my left hand relaxed the grasp of Apthorpe, the crystal rhomboid dropped from my right—evidently reaction had set in.

At that moment, the lights in the apartment were turned up and Mr. Minturn drew the curtain.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I hope you have had a satisfactory experience."

We assented. I was not particularly effusive. No more was Apthorpe—perhaps because of the natural reaction from such an abnormal psychical condition. We, of course, expressed our thanks to Mr. Minturn for the great gratification his experiment had afforded us. On the way home, both of us were very reticent.

Three or four days afterward I called upon Apthorpe, and we discussed the pros and cons of that mysterious evening vision in the alcove. He had, by that time, settled back to the old ground of subjective vision, superinduced by anæmia of the periphery of the brain, hyperæmia of the interior cells at its base, and all the other linguistic and scientific paraphernalia with which the demons of prejudice are wont to veil the angels of fact.

His materialistic tendencies and positivist theories, however, have had a very serious set-back within the past day or two, and had not such been the case, I am not sure that I would have narrated the present experience at all.

In the beginning of this month, Dan Marsden returned from Mexico, and almost the first thing he told us—Dr. Apthorpe happened to be in my company at the time—was the history of his strange escape from bandits in an old ruined *hacienda* in Zacatecas, about three months before. A simple comparison of dates demonstrated that our experience in the alcove of Mr. Minturn's apartment was coincident with the fortunate escape of our friend. He told us, too, how thoroughly cowed he was, having been a prisoner for somewhere about six weeks and being held for ten thousand dollars' ransom, a sum beyond his wildest dreams for any one, let alone a heartless mining corporation, to pay. He told us how surprised he was when the two Mexican watchmen, whose special duty it was to mount guard at night, dropped suddenly to the floor; how something, he could not tell what, seemed to whisper encouragement, and how eventually he escaped.

Some of these days I may tell Dan what hand Apthorpe and I had in it. To do it now would simply be a needless casting of pearls. As for Apthorpe, the words "hyperæmia," "anæmia," "subjective vision," and "coincidence" are as red raiment to a mad bull. ROBERT DUNCAN MILNE.

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1889.

OLD FAVORITES.

Au Café.

A party of friends, all light-hearted and gay,
At a certain French café, where every one goes,
Are met, in a well-curtained warm *cabinet*,
Overlooking a street there, which every one knows.

The guests are, three ladies well known and admired:
One adorns the Lyrique; one . . . I oft have beheld her
At the Vaudeville, with raptures; the third lives retired
"*Dans ses meubles*" . . . (we all know her house) . . . Rue de Helder.

Besides these is a fourth . . . a young Englishman, lately
Presented the round of the clubs in the town.
A taciturn Anglican coldness sedately
Invests him: unthawed by Clarisse, he sits down.

But little he speaks, and but rarely he shares
In the laughter around him; his smiles are but few;
There's a sneer in the look that his countenance wears
In repose; and fatigue in the eyes' weary blue.

The rest are three Frenchmen. Three Frenchmen (thank heaven!)
Are but rarely morose, with Champagne and Bordeaux:
And their wit, and their laughter, suffices to leaven
With mirth their mute guest's imitation of snow.

The dinner is done: the Lafite in its basket,
The Champagne in its cooler, is passed in gay haste;
Whatever you wish for, you have but to ask it:
Here are coffee, cigars, and liqueurs to your taste.

And forth from the bottles the corks fly; and chilly,
The bright wine, in bubbling and blushing, confounds
Its warmth with the ice that it seethes round; and shrilly
(Till stifled by kisses) the laughter resounds.

Clarisse, with a smile, has subsided, opprest—
Half, perhaps, by Champagne . . . half, perhaps, by affection—
In the arms of the taciturn, cold, English guest,
With, just rising athwart her imperial complexion,

One tinge that young Evian himself might have kist
From the fairest of Mænads that danced in his troop;
And her deep hair, unloosed from its sumptuous twist,
Overshowering her throat and her bosom a-droop.

The soft snowy throat, and the round, dimpled chin,
Upturned from the arm-fold where hangs the rich head!
And the warm lips apart, while the white lids begin
To close over the dark languid eyes which they shade!

And next to Clarisse (with her wild hair all wet
From the wine, in whose blush its faint fire-fly gold
She was steeping just now), the blue-eyed Juliette
Is murmuring her witty bad things to Arnold.

Cries Arnold to the dumb English guest . . . "*Mon ami*,
What's the matter? . . . you can't sing . . . well, speak, then, at least:
More grave, had a man seen a ghost, could he be?
Mais quel drôle de farceur! . . . comme il a le vin triste!"

And says Charles to Eugène (vainly seeking to borrow
Ideas from a yawn) . . . "At the club there are three of us
With the Duke, and we play lansquenet till to-morrow:
I am off on the spur . . . what say *you*? . . . will you be of us?"

"*Mon enfant, tu me boudes—tu me boudes, chéri*,"
Sighs the soft Celestine on the breast of Eugène;
"*Ah bah! ne me fais pas poser, mon amie*,"
Laughs her lover, and lifts to his lips—the Champagne.

And loud from the bottles the corks fly; and chilly
The wine gurgles up to its fine crystal bounds.
While Charles rolls his paper cigars round, how shrilly
(Till kist out) the laughter of Juliette resounds!

Strike, strike the piano! beat loud at the wall!
Let wealthy old Lycus with jealousy groan
Next door, while fair Chloris responds to the call,
Too fair to be supping with Lycus alone.

There is Celestine singing, and Eugène is swearing—
In the midst of the laughter, the oaths, and the songs,
Falls a knock at the door; but there's nobody hearing:
Each, uninterrupted, the revel prolongs.

Said I . . . "nobody hearing?" one only;—the guest,
The morose English stranger, so dull to the charms
Of Clarisse, and Juliette, Celestine, and the rest;
Who sits, cold as a stone, with a girl in his arms.

Once, twice, and three times, he has heard it repeated;
And louder, and fiercer, each time the sound falls.
And his cheek is death pale, 'mid the others so heated;
There's a step at the door, too, his fancy recalls.

And he rises . . . (just so an automaton rises—
Some man of mechanics made up—that must move
In the way that the wheel moves within him;—there lies his
Sole path fixt before him, below and above).

He rises . . . and, scarcely a glance casting on her,
Flings from him the beauty asleep on his shoulder;
Charles springs to his feet; Eugène mutters of honor;
But there's that in the stranger that awes each beholder.

For the hue on his cheek, it is whiter than whiteness:
The hair creeps on his head like a strange living thing.
The lamp o'er the table has lost half its brightness;
Juliette can not laugh; Celestine can not sing.

He has opened the door in a silence unbroken:
And the gaze of all eyes where he stands is fixt wholly:
Not a hand is there raised; not a word is there spoken:
He has opened the door; . . . and there comes through it slowly

A woman, as pale as a dame on a tombstone,
With desolate violet eyes, open wide;
Her look, as she turns it, turns all in the room stone:
She sits down on the sofa, the stranger beside.

Her hair it is yellow, as moonlight on water
Which stones in some eddy torment into waves;
Her lips are as red as new blood spilt in slaughter;
Her cheek like a ghost's seen by night o'er the graves.

Her place by the taciturn guest she has taken;
And the glass at her side she has filled with Champagne.
As she bows o'er the board, all the revelers awaken.
She has pledged her mute friend and she fills up again.

Clarisse has awaked; and with shrieks leaves the table.
Juliette wakes, and faints in the arms of Arnold.
And Charles and Eugène, with what speed they are able,
Are off to the club, where this tale shall be told.

Celestine for her brougham, on the stairs, was appealing,
With hysterical sobs, to the surly *concierge*,
When a ray through the doorway stole to her, revealing
A sight that soon changed her appeal to "*La vierge*."

All the light-hearted friends from the chamber are fled:
And the café itself has grown silent by this.
From the dark street below, you can scarce hear a tread,
Save the Gendarme's, who reigns there as gloomy as Dis.

The shadow of night is beginning to flit:
Through the gray window shimmers the motionless town.
The ghost and the stranger, together they sit
Side by side at the table—the place is their own.

They nod and change glances, that pale man and woman;
For they both are well known to each other: and then,
Some ghosts have a look that's so horribly human,
In the street you might meet them, and take them for men.

"Thou art changed, my beloved! and the lines have grown stronger.
And the curls have grown scanter, that meet on thy brow
Ah, faithless! and dost thou remember no longer
The hour of our passion, the words of thy vow?

"Thy kiss on my lips it is burning forever!
I can not sleep calm, for my bed is so cold.
Embrace me! close . . . closer . . . oh, let us part never,
And let all be again as it once was of old!"

So she murmurs repiningly ever. Her breath
Lifts his hair like a night-wind in winter. And he . . .
"Thy hand, oh, Irene, is icy as death,
But thy face is unchanged in its beauty to me."

"'Tis so cold, my beloved one, down there, and so drear."
"Ah, thy sweet voice, Irene, sounds hollow and strange!"
"'Tis the chills of the grave that have changed it, I fear:
But the voice of my heart there's no chill that can change."

"Ha! thy pale cheek is flushit with a heat like my own.
Is it a breath, is it flame, on thy lips that is burning?
Ha! thy heart flutters wild, as of old, 'neath thy zone.
And those cold eyes of thine fill with passionate yearning."

Thus, embracing each other, they bend and they waver,
And, laughing and weeping, converse. The pale ghost,
As the wine warms the grave-worm within her, grown braver,
Fills her glass to the brim, and proposes a toast.

"Here's a health to the glow-worm, Death's sober lamp-lighter,
That saves from the darkness below the gravestone
The tomb's pallid pictures . . . the sadder the brighter;
Shapes of beauty each stony-eyed corpse there hath known:

"Mere rough sketches of life, where a glimpse goes for all,
Which the Master keeps (all the rest let the world have!)
But though only rough-scrawled on the blank charnel wall,
Is their truth the less sharp, that 'tis sheathed in the grave?

"Here's to Love . . . the prime passion . . . the harp that we sung to
In the orient of youth, in the days pure of pain;
The cup that we quaffed in; the stirrup we sprung to,
So light, ere the journey was made—and in vain!

"Oh, the life that we lived once! the beauty so fair once!
Let them go! wherefore weep for what tears could not save?
What old trick sets us aping the fools that we were once,
And tickles our brains even under the grave?

"There's a small stinging worm which the grave ever breeds
From the folds of the shroud that around us is spread:
There's a little blind maggot that revels and feeds
On the life of the living, the sleep of the dead.

"To our friends! . . ." But the full flood of dawn through the pane,
Having slowly rolled down the huge street there unheard
(While the great, new, blue sky, o'er the white Madeleine
Was wide opening itself), from her lip washed the word;

Washed her face faint and fainter; while, dimmer and dimmer,
In its seat, the pale form flickered out like a flame,
As broader, and brighter, and fuller, the glimmer
Of day through the heat-clouded window became.

And the day mounts apace. Some one opens the door.
In shuffles a waiter with sleepy red eyes:
He stares at the cushions flung loose on the floor,
On the bottles, the glasses, the plates, with surprise.

Stranger still! he sees seated a man at the table,
With his head on his hands: in a slumber he seems,
So wild, and so strange, he no longer is able
In silence to thrid through the path of his dreams.

For he moans, and he mutters: he moves and he motions:
To the dream that he dreams o'er his wine-cup he pledges.
And his sighs sound, through sleep, like spent winds over ocean's
Last verge, where the world hides its outermost edges.

The gas-lamp falls sick in the tube: and so, dying,
To the fumes of spilt wine, and cigars but half smoked,
Adds the stench of its last gasp: chairs broken are lying
All about o'er the carpet, stained, littered, and soaked.

A touch starts the sleeper. He wakes. It is day.
And the beam that dispels all the phantoms of night
Through the rooms sends its kindly and comforting ray:
The streets are new-peopled: the morning is bright.

And the city's so fair! and the dawn breaks so brightly!
With gay flowers in the market, gay girls in the street.
Whate'er the strange beings that visit us nightly,
When Paris awakes, from her smile they retreat.

I myself have, at morning, beheld them departing;
Some in masks, and in dominos, footing it on;
Some like imps, some like fairies; at cockcrow all starting,
And speedily flitting from sight one by one.

And that wonderful night-flower, Memory, that, tearful,
Unbosoms to darkness her heart full of dew,
Folds her leaves round again, and from day shrinks up fearful
In the cleft of her ruin, the shade of her yew.

This broad daylight life's strange enough: and wherever
We wander, or walk; in the club, in the streets;
Not a straw on the ground is too trivial to sever
Each man in the crowd from the others he meets.

Each walks with a spy or a jailer behind him
(Some word he has spoken, some deed he has done);
And the step, now and then, quickens, just to remind him,
In the crowd, in the sun, that he is not alone.

But 'tis hard, when by lamplight, 'mid laughter and songs too,
Those return, . . . we have buried, and mourned for, and prayed for,
And done with . . . and, free of the grave it belongs to,
Some ghost drinks your health in the wine you have paid for.

Wreathe the rose, oh, Young Man; pour the wine. What thou hast
That enjoy all the days of thy youth. Spare thou naught.
Yet beware! . . . at the board sits a ghost—'tis the Past;
In thy heart lurks a weird Necromancer—'tis Thought.

—*Owen Meredith.*

THERAMENES OF ATHENS.

An old priest of the Greek Church lives in a cabin on the top of one of the Coast Range Mountains. He has lived there for twenty years, and he is one of the men who make discoveries.

Father Agapion, some time last October, went down to certain limestone caves in the rocks at the head of Sheep Camp Cañon, above the iron springs. Here, in ten or twelve small caverns, he had hidden records and mementoes. On the wall of the largest he had cut the ancient cross of the holy city of Kief—an upright, with three cross-bars, the middle one being the longest. You very seldom see it now, but here, with many a mystic symbol, that only a theosophist would understand, it is cut deeply in an Alameda cave.

The thought had occurred to Father Agapion that there might be a cave further down, with its entrance hidden by a mass of earth and fallen rocks which lay at the base of the cliff. He took a spade from his cabin and began to sink a trench to uncover the face of the rock.

There were some strange things about that limestone cliff. It seemed to have a history of its own. The Indians must have known it ages ago, for a cavity that had been made to grind corn in was in the floor of one of the larger caves, and the hard sandstone pestle was still in the mortar when Father Agapion came to the region. There were stumps of live-oak in the gulch, that had been cut with axes, and had nearly decayed in the ground, showing that many years had passed since the trees were hewn down. In a dry and sheltered hollow of the rocks, a boy who herded sheep for one of the Russells had once found a Spanish *machete*, covered with rust and dark stains, and so ancient in appearance that the handle of horn was fairly rotted away. A deer-hunter from the Santa Clara, climbing the ridge above the caves, had picked up the discarded flint from an old flint-lock musket, and Father Agapion, while digging in his potato-field, unearthed the bell-mouthed barrel of an old Spanish arquebuse, such a one as Alva's men carried when they waded up to their chins on the submerged dykes at Antwerp in its famous siege.

The old Greek priest felt the romance and mystery in the air. The wall of gray limestone which overlooked the broad valley had been visited by white men, long before Commander Fages and Father Crespi, in that lovely Marchtide in 1772, entered the Santa Clara Valley from the south, skirted the base of Mission Peak, camped on the San Salvador de Horta, now the Alameda Creek, at Niles, hunted deer and bear on the plain toward San Leandro, and marched on past Berkeley, around by Martinez to the San Joaquin. This was only one hundred and seventeen years ago! If some of the slight traces of far earlier occupancy of the region were to be trusted, the priest believed that a lost chapter of history was hidden somewhere in the mountain-side. And so, one day, as has been told, he began to clear away the débris which lay like the terminal moraine of a glacier against the gray limestone cliff, a hundred feet below the caves. It was a warm, sheltered, beautiful spot where he began to work. The valley, the bay of San Francisco, and the blue hills and redwoods of San Mateo were before him.

How many hundreds of years it had been the same as now! If there was another cave, he thought as he worked, what ancient worthies might not have dwelt here, in this fortress of the hills! Father Agapion was wise in many languages and many traditions, and, as he worked, he hoped that it might be his fortune to uncover traces of human habitation far back of the Spanish discoveries, and higher in the scale of being than the rude Sacalanes Indians, whose shell-mounds still dot the eastern shores of the bay. And while he worked and meditated, watching with the easy attention to details which the born archæologist possesses above all other men, his spadeful of earth held a little disk of brown and green. He picked it up and cleaned it carefully with his knife—it was a coin of Alexander the Great!

Father Agapion, however, did not seem so much surprised as pleased. Years before, on the very top of the mountain, he had found a sword-hilt lying in a rattlesnake den. To his skilled antiquarian training it seemed of Grecian workmanship. The sword-blade was fallen into a line of rust, and of its owner there was no hint, except the sinister fact that the blade had been broken from the hilt. As he looked at the ancient coin lying in his palm, he thought of the sword-hilt and said to himself:

"No matter of what race were the men who once lived here—whether King Solomon's gold-hunters, or Egyptian exiles, or Hittite princes, or Phœnician traders, or officers of Alexander's fleet, as this would seem to suggest—there were men of the Greeks among them."

He turned again to his toil. The plan he was carrying out was to sink a narrow trench down the face of the rock. If he went below the mound of débris and loose stones, this trench would be fifty feet long and twenty-five feet deep in the middle, but fortunately it ran out to almost nothing at either end. The caves that were in the great lime-stone cliff were all of them wave-worn hollows, made by the beating of some prehistoric sea, and there were three distinct levels. The caves of the highest line were the smallest, and they grew larger and larger as one descended the cliff. Some were mere hollows fit for wild bees' dwellings; others were large enough for homes of bears and California lions; but only one in all the upper cliff showed signs of human occupancy, and that only of Indians. If there were a fourth level of the sea's carving, there were even larger caves, and on the wall of the opposite cañon there were signs of wave-action on such a level. This was the source of the hopes of Father Agapion.

The antiquarian worked all that day and the next, for he was old and slow, before his hopes found fruition. At fifteen feet from the base, he uncovered the arch of a cave-mouth. Then the winter rains began, and the wise old Greek cut a small ditch up the hillside in such a way that all the rainfall on the southern slope of the mountain ran upon the mound of débris at the base of the cliff and washed it into the cañon. By April—the April of 1889—the mouth of the hidden cave was clear, and he began to remove the debris that had fallen within.

After six months spent in study of the cave and its contents, Father Agapion wrote an account of what he found there. This is to be forwarded to Athens, but I have been permitted to take a copy of it for publication in America. The cave itself has been walled up and closed with an iron door. No one is permitted to enter without Father Agapion's permission.

Father Agapion writes to the leading Archæological Society of Greece:

"I have discovered a cave containing many articles and records of interest to the Greek-speaking world. It is in a mountain gorge, six miles from San Francisco Bay and about five hundred feet above the valley. Briefly, this is the story: When Alexander the Great sent Nearchus, his admiral, to sail up the Persian gulf, there was among his captains a Greek, an Athenian of high birth, Theramenes, a grandson of that trierarch of the same name in the Peloponnesian War. And with Theramenes there was at times a magician from India, as the record proceeds, a man of wonderful gifts, who had first appeared to Theramenes in his cabin, while the fleet of Nearchus lay at anchor near the mouth of the Euphrates, and offered him service and friendship, saying that he was in great danger, and giving him good advice, and then disappearing through the side of the ship, after the manner of the guild of magicians. Then, coming again to Theramenes, the magician brought him a letter to Nearchus, written in the hand of Alexander, the king, bidding him destroy Theramenes and his crew and sink his ship, for he had sworn to one of his favorites to grant a boon, and this was the thing asked. After this, the magician comes to Theramenes in the hour before dawn and tells him to rouse his officers and crew, show them the letter, draw anchor, and slip past the fleet; and a great wind begins to blow, favoring their design, and they escape and sail into unknown seas and meet with many adventures, all of which are written down on parchment, in Greek, by the hand of Theramenes himself, sufficient, if printed, to make a book almost equal in length to the Odysseus.

"I gather from the narrative that this lone Greek ship was blown across the Indian Ocean before the storm ceased, and that they took great treasures from a pirate vessel they conquered off the coast of Ceylon. Thence they sailed north among the islands. In a land of burning mountains, probably Java, they left one of their number, who married a daughter of the king, thus giving reason for the curious Javan traditions about white heroes from the south which has so puzzled folk-lore students. Again, in what seems to be Japan, others stay, and to this, perhaps, scholars can trace the source of that faint tincture of Aryan mythology, slight but perplexing, which hides in some of the Japanese myths. Then they sailed toward the sun-rise, among the Polynesian Islands, and three summers passed before they made their last pause on the Hawaiian group, where Theramenes himself taught the islanders, and left them that tradition which led them, centuries afterward, to welcome Captain Cook as their white god returned from the sea. And, leaving this place, the Greeks sailed last until they found, in the fourth summer, a great and rocky coast, with no harbors fit to enter, and skirting this north, seeing only deer and large, shaggy bears on shore, they came at last to an entrance between a cliff on the north and hills on the south, and a rocky island lay in front. Inside they found a wide and great harbor, and, sailing along the eastern shore, ran up a small creek behind low hills.

"They found the country full of wild-fowl—'geese abundant as on the plains of Cayster,' says the record. The natives were savages, who were not troublesome, but who could be taught little. And here they determined to spend the winter. Then came their misfortune. By some mischance, when most of them were absent hunting, the ship got on fire and burned to the water's edge. They saved only their weapons, their record, and some of their treasure.

"'There, in the salt creek,' writes Theramenes, 'the remains of the ship that had carried us so long lie in the ooze, still held fast by our faithful anchor.' This creek is probably one of the old Alviso Sloughs, which enter the land from the Bay of San Francisco, and extend into sheltered coves, on the east side of the Coyote Hills. Here, ten years ago, an old farmer, dyking his land, found a small grapnel of bronze. I have seen it, and it is of Greek workmanship of the Macedonian era. If the salt-water creek, or slough, were dammed at its mouth, the hull of the ship of Theramenes might be discovered.

"It happened that some of the Greeks, while hunting, had found a cave in the mountains, and here they went for shelter, for the air was frosty.

"I copy the exact words of the parchment:

"'We now numbered but fourteen men, besides the young son of Menandros, our companion, who had been killed by a bear. We went to the cave and cut down trees with which to furnish it, and made us new garments out of deer-skins which we had tanned and sewed. When the rain ended we recovered some timbers, iron, and bronze from the ship, and we took counsel as to what we had best do. Some said, build a new ship and sail back the way we had come; others said that we ought to go on, with brave hearts, to the end, for we had kept the favor of the gods in all our undertakings, and even the burning of our ship might only signify that we were henceforth to find our way home by land, as Xenophon did. And these last prevailed in the discussion.'

"Theramenes then sent out expeditions north, south, and east, to make journeys of a month and return with all the information they could gather. He seems to have obtained in this way, from wandering Indians, news of the mound-builders of the Mississippi Valley—'a great people who dwell by thousands in a rich land, and pile up earth in walls and strange shapes.' The Greeks make the cave their home for another year. Theramenes copies his record, and hides the original in the cave. From the closing lines I learn that he writes inscriptions on the walls in Greek, Persian, and Aramaic, all of which remain. He leaves the tables, couches, and foot-stools they had used, and also some of the timbers and heavier iron and bronze of their ship. Then he has his men roll rocks and earth over the mouth of the cave, and hew down trees and burn them there. Last of all, he cuts in three places—on the cliff itself, on a rock at the western mouth of the ravine, and on a rock at the top of the mountain—the following inscription: 'Theramenes of Athens, with his Greeks, left the fleet of Nearchus at the mouth of the Euphrates, in the second year of the one hundred and thirteenth Olympiad. He writes this in the last year of the one hundred and fourteenth Olympiad, and in his cave he places the whole record.'

"After this," writes Father Agapion, "I began to look for the inscriptions, and have found them, though so overgrown with bushes and scrub-oaks that it is no wonder that I have never seen them before. The cave contains all the things mentioned by Theramenes, and on the floor I have picked up a Persian pearl of great beauty and value. Examining again the Greek sword-hilt, which I discovered in the rock-hollow at the top of the mountain, I am led to believe that the first few letters of the name Menandros remain visible, woven in the bronze fretwork of the border. If this be so, then we can restore the scene—the Greek hero grappling with a California grizzly, his broken sword, and his death before his comrades can come to his rescue. It was nearing the last decade of the fourth century before the Christian era, and in a few weeks or months afterward, the fourteen men and the little son of Menandros move eastward, and the story ends."

CHARLES HOWARD SHINN.

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1889.

NOBLE BONES.

W. W. Story writes: "In that cold and splendid mausoleum of the Medici family in S. Lorenzo in Florence, lined and cased in rich and curious marbles, is their great sarcophagi dedicated to the dead Medicean grand duke. It cost nearly three millions of scudi. Any one would think that with all this splendor, some little consideration would have been bestowed on the bodies of the royal personages whom the tombs are raised to celebrate. But it is not so. In 1791, Ferdinand the Third gathered together all the coffins containing the royal bodies, and had them piled together pell-mell in the subterranean vaults of the chapel, caring scarcely to distinguish one from another, and there they remained uncared for and only protected from invasion by two wooden doors, with common keys, until 1857. But shame then came over those who had the custody of the place; and it was determined to put them in place and order. In 1818, a rumor was current that these Medicean coffins had been violated and robbed of all the articles of value which they contained. But little heed was paid to this rumor, and it was not until thirty-nine years afterward, in 1857, that an examination into the fact was made. It was then found that the rumor had been well founded. The forty-nine coffins, containing the remains of the family, were taken down one by one, and a sad state of things was exposed. Some of them had been broken into and robbed, some of them were the hiding-places of rats and every kind of vermin; and such was the nauseous odor they gave forth, that at least one of the persons employed in taking them down lost his life by inhaling it. Of many of them nothing remained but fragments of bones and a handful of dust; but where they had not been stolen, the splendid dresses, covered with jewels—the wrought silks and satins of gold embroidery—the helmets and swords, crusted with gems and gold, still survived the dust and bones which had worn them in their splendid pageants and ephemeral days of power; and, in many cases, where everything that bore the impress of life had gone, the hair still remained, almost as fresh as ever.

Some, however, had been embalmed, and were in fair preservation; and some were in a dreadful state of putrefaction. Ghastly and grinning skulls were there, adorned with crowns of gold. Dark and parchment-dried faces were seen, with their golden hair, rich as ever, and twisted with gems and pearls and golden nets. The cardinals wore still their mitres and red cloaks and splendid rings. On the breast of Cardinal Carlos (son of Ferdinand the First) was a beautiful cross of white enamel, with the effigy of Christ in black, and surrounded with emeralds, and on his hand a rich sapphire ring. On that of Cardinal Leopold, the son of Cosimo the Second, over the purple planeta was a cross of amethysts, and on his finger a jacinth, set in enamel.

The dried bones of Vittoria della Rovere Montefeltro were draped by a dress of black silk, of beautiful texture, trimmed with black-and-white lace, with a great golden medal on her breast, and the portrait of her as she was in life, lying on one side, and her emblems on the other; while all that remained of herself were a few bones. Anna Luisa, the Electress Palatine of the Rhine, daughter of Cosimo the Third, lay there, almost a skeleton, robed in a rich violet velvet, with the electoral crown surmounting a black, ghastly face of parchment—a medal of gold, with her effigy and name on one side, and on her breast a crucifix of silver; while Francisco Maria, her uncle, lay beside her, a mass of putrid robes and rags. Cosimo the First and Cosimo the Second had been stripped by profane hands of all their jewels and insignia, and so had been Eleonora de Toledo and Maria Christina and many others, to the number of twenty.

Two of the many bodies found were those of the Grand Duchess Giovanna d'Austria, the wife of Francisco the First, and their daughter, Anna. Corruption had scarcely touched them, and they lay there, fresh in color, as if they had just died. The mother, in her red satin, trimmed with lace, her red silk stockings and high-heeled shoes, the ear-rings hanging from her ears, and her blonde hair as fresh as ever; and equally well preserved was the body of the daughter—the color of their faces scarcely changed. And so, centuries after they had been laid there, the truth became evident of the rumor which ran through Florence at the time of their death, that they had died of poison. The arsenic which had taken from them their life had preserved their bodies. Giovanni delle Bande Nere was also there—the bones scattered and loose within his iron armor, and his rusted helmet with the visor down. And this is what was left of the great Medici."

ONE OF CLEOPATRA'S NIGHTS.

By Théophile Gautier.

Nineteen hundred years before the date of this writing, a magnificently gilded and painted *cangia* was descending the Nile as rapidly as fifty long, flat oars, which seemed to crawl over the furrowed water like the legs of a gigantic scarabæus, could impel it. The figure of a ram's head, surmounted by a golden globe, armed the point of the prow, showing that the vessel belonged to some personage of royal blood. In the centre of the vessel arose a flat-roofed cabin, a sort of *naos*, or tent of honor, colored and gilded, ornamented with palm-leaf moldings and lighted by four little square windows.

In lieu of a rudder, two immense oars—adjusted upon stakes decorated with stripes of paint, which served in place of our modern row-locks—extended into the water in the rear of the vessel like the webbed feet of a swan. The pilot, tawny as new bronze, appeared to be the only one on board the *cangia;* for the rowers, bending over their oars, were concealed from view by the gunwales.

The interior of the *naos* of honor was painted white, with green arabesques, bands of vermilion, and gilt flowers fantastically shaped; an exceedingly fine rush-matting covered the floor; at the further end stood a couch, having a sort of hemicycle of cedar-wood, supported upon a single leg, and designed to fit the nape of the neck so as to support the head of the person reclining.

Upon this strange pillow reposed a most charming head—one look of which caused the loss of half a world—an adorable, a divine head; the head of the most perfect woman who ever lived—Cleopatra.

Beside her stood her favorite slave Charmion, waving a large fan of ibis-feathers; and a young girl was moistening with scented water the little reed blinds attached to the windows of the *naos*, so that the air might enter impregnated only with fresh odors.

Either from caprice or policy, Cleopatra did not wear the Greek dress that day; she had just attended a *panegyris*, and was returning to her summer palace still clad in the Egyptian costume she had worn at the festival. For head-dress Queen Cleopatra wore a very light helmet of beaten gold, fashioned in the form of the body and wings of the sacred partridge; the wings, opening downward like fans, covered the temples, and extending below almost to the neck, left exposed on either side, through a small aperture, an ear rosier and more delicately curled than the shell whence arose that Venus whom the Egyptians named Athor. Hair, dark as a starless night, flowed from beneath this helmet, and streamed in long tresses over the fair shoulders exposed by a collarette, adorned with many rows of serpentine stones; a linen robe diagonally cut—a material of mist, of woven air—undulated in vapory whiteness about a lovely body, whose outlines it scarcely shaded. This robe had half-sleeves, tight at the shoulder, but widening at the elbows, and permitting a glimpse of an adorable arm and perfect hand—the arm being clasped by six golden bracelets and the band adorned with a ring representing the sacred scarabæus. A girdle, whose knotted ends hung down in front, confined this free-floating tunic at the waist; a short cloak, adorned with fringing, completed the dress. Finally, Queen Cleopatra wore very thin, light sandals, turned up at the toes and fastened at the instep.

But Queen Cleopatra did not wear that air of satisfaction which becomes a woman conscious of being beautiful and perfectly well dressed; she tossed and turned in her couch; and her rather sudden movements momentarily disarranged the folds of her gauzy canopium, which Charmion as often rearranged with inexhaustible patience and without ceasing to wave her fan.

"This room is stifling," said Cleopatra; "the air is like the breath of a furnace!" And she moistened her lips with the tip of her little tongue. "Oh, Charmion, I am weary unto death!

"I am horribly weary!" continued Cleopatra, letting her arms fall like one utterly discouraged; "this Egypt crushes, annihilates me; never a cloud, never a shadow, and always that red, sanguine sun which glares down upon you like the eye of a cyclop. Ah, Charmion, I would give a pearl for one drop of rain! And this land is truly an awful land—all things in it are gloomy, enigmatic, incomprehensible! Imagination has produced in it only monstrous chimeras and monuments immeasurable; this architecture and this art fill me with fear. Whithersoever one turns, only frightful monsters are visible—dogs with the heads of men, men with the heads of dogs—chimeras begotten in the shadowy depths of the labyrinths.

"In other lands of the earth, corpses are burned and their ashes soon mingle with the soil. Here, it is said that the living have no other occupation than that of preserving the dead; potent balms save them from destruction; the remains endure after the soul has evaporated; beneath this people lie twenty peoples; each city stands upon twenty layers of necropoli; each generation which passes away leaves a population of mummies to a shadowy city; beneath the father, you find the grandfather and the great-grandfather in their gilded and painted boxes, even as they were during life; and should you dig down forever—forever you would still find the underlying dead.

"Ah, truly is Egypt a sinister kingdom and little suited to me, the laughter-loving and merry one! How can one rejoice and live in a land like this, where the only perfume you can respire is the acrid odor of the naphtha and bitumen which boil in the caldrons of the embalmers; where the very flooring of your chamber sounds hollow because the corridors of the hypogea and the mortuary pits extend even under your alcove? If I only had some heartfelt passion to relieve this melancholy—some interest in life; if I could but love somebody or something; if I were even loved, but I am not!"

Charmion smiled incredulously. "That ought not, surely, to be a source of much grief to you, oh, queen! for every glance of your eyes transpierces hearts, like the arrows of Eros himself."

"Can a queen," answered Cleopatra, "ever know whether it is her face or her diadem that is loved? Were I to descend from the height of my throne, would I even have the celebrity or the popularity of the first courtesan from Athens or Miletus? A queen is not simply a woman; it is an august and sacred being, that has no sex and that is worshiped kneeling without being loved. Respect and fear chill hearts in our presence; and in order to obtain the love of our equals, one must descend into the necropoli."

Although she offered no further objection to the arguments of her mistress, a vague smile, which played about the lips of the handsome Greek slave, showed that she had little faith in the inviolability of the royal person.

"Ah," continued Cleopatra, "I wish that something would happen to me—some strange, unexpected adventure! The songs of the poets, the dances of the Syrian slaves, the banquets, rose-garlanded and prolonged into the dawn, the nocturnal races, the Laconian dogs, the tame lions, the hump-backed dwarfs, the Brotherhood of the Inimitables, the combats of the arena, the new dresses, the hyssus robes, the clusters of pearls, the perfumes from Asia, the most exquisite of luxuries, the wildest of splendors—nothing any longer gives me pleasure; everything has become indifferent to me—everything is insupportable to me!"

"It is easily to be seen," muttered Charmion to herself, "that the queen has not had a lover nor had any one killed for a whole month."

Fatigued with so lengthy a tirade, Cleopatra once more took the cup placed beside her, moistened her lips with it, and putting her head beneath her arm, like a dove putting its head under its wing, composed herself for slumber as best she could.

While Cleopatra slept, one upon the deck might perceive afar off, like a grain of dust floating upon quicksilver, a little brown speck, trembling in the net-work of luminous ripples. Is it a teal diving? a tortoise lazily drifting with the current? a crocodile raising the tip of his scaly snout above the water, to breathe the cooler air of evening?

It is none of these. By the atoms of Osiris so deftly resewn together! it is a man, who seems to walk, to skate upon the water! Now the frail bark which sustains him becomes visible—a very nutshell of a boat. Three strips of bark fitted together (one for the bottom and two for the sides) and strongly fastened at either end by cord well smeared with bitumen. The man stands erect with one foot on either side of this fragile vessel, which he impels with a single oar, which also serves the purpose of a rudder; and although the royal *cangia* moves rapidly under the efforts of the fifty rowers, the little black bark visibly gains upon it. He was a handsome youth of twenty, with hair so black that it seemed to own a tinge of blue, a skin blonde as gold, and a form so perfectly proportioned that he might have been taken for a bronze statue by Lysippus; although he had been rowing for a very long time he betrayed no sign of fatigue, and not a drop of sweat bedewed his forehead.

The sun half sank below the horizon. The royal *cangia*, closely followed by the little bark, stopped before a huge marble stairway, the landing-place of the summer palace.

Cleopatra, leaning upon Charmion, passed swiftly, like a gleaming vision, between a double line of lantern-bearing slaves.

The youth took from the bottom of his little boat a great lion-skin, threw it across his shoulders, drew the tiny shell upon the beach, and wended his way toward the palace.

Meïamoun, son of Mandouschopsch, was a youth of strange character. His glance had the steady brilliancy of a falcon's gaze and a serene majesty sat on his brow; a noble pride curled his upper lip and expanded his nostrils like those of a fiery horse; although owning a grace of form almost maidenly in its delicacy, and though the bosom of the fair and effeminate God Dionysos was not more softly rounded or smoother than his, yet beneath this soft exterior were hidden sinews of steel and the strength of Hercules.

The pleasures of Meïamoun were certainly of a singular nature. He would go forth quietly some morning with his little buckler of hippopotamus-hide, his curved sword, a triangular bow, and a snake-skin quiver, filled with barbed arrows; then he would ride at a gallop far into the desert upon his slender-limbed mare, until he could find some lion-tracks—he especially delighted in taking the little lion-cubs from underneath the belly of their mother. In all things he loved the perilous or the unachievable; he preferred to walk where it seemed impossible for any human being to obtain a foothold, or to swim in a raging torrent; and he had accordingly chosen the neighborhood of the cataracts for his bathing-place in the Nile.

For some time his humors had been growing more savage than ever; during whole months he buried himself in the Ocean of Sands, returning only at long intervals. And yet no one might have been happier than Meïamoun; he was beloved by Nepthe, daughter of the Priest Afomouthis, and the loveliest woman of the Nome Arsinoites. The charms of Nepthe could have been eclipsed only by those of Cleopatra. But who could dare to dream of loving Cleopatra? It was Cleopatra whom Meïamoun loved. He had at first striven to tame this wild passion; he had wrestled fiercely with it; but love can not be strangled even as a lion is strangled. The radiant and splendid image of Cleopatra, with her golden-pointed diadem and her imperial purple, standing above a nation on its knees, illumined his nightly dreams and his waking thoughts. Like some imprudent man who had dared to look at the sun and forever thereafter beholds an impalpable blot floating before his eyes, so Meïamoun ever beheld Cleopatra. He commenced at last to spend his life in wandering about the neighborhood of the royal dwelling, that he might at least breathe the same air as Cleopatra; he attended the sacred festivals and *panegyris*, striving to obtain one beaming glance of her eyes. At other moments, filled with sudden shame of his mad life, he gave himself up to the chase with redoubled ardor, and sought by fatigue to tame the ardor of his blood and the impetuosity of his desires.

He had gone to the *panegyris* of Hermonthis, and in the vague hope of beholding the queen again for an instant as she disembarked at the summer palace, had followed her *cangia* in his boat. And he felt that the supreme moment was nigh, that the decisive instant of his life was at hand, and that he could not die with his secret in his breast.

Lying upon the sand, supporting his chin on his palms, he permitted himself to be lifted and borne away by the inexhaustible current of reverie.

"Athor, mighty goddess," he murmured, in a deep voice, "what evil have I done against thee that I should be made thus miserable? Art thou avenging thyself for my disdain of Nepthe, daughter of the priest Afomouthis? Hast thou afflicted me thus far for having rejected the love of Lamia, the Athenian hetaira, or of Flora, the Roman courtesan? Is it my fault that my heart should be sensible to the matchless beauty of thy rival, Cleopatra? Why hast thou wounded my soul with the envenomed arrow of unattainable love? What sacrifice, what offerings dost thou desire? Answer me!"

Like all gods or goddesses thus invoked, Athor answered not a word, and Meïamoun resolved upon a desperate expedient.

Cleopatra, on her part, likewise invoked the goddess Athor. She prayed for a new pleasure, for some fresh sensation. As she languidly reclined upon her couch, she thought to herself that the number of the senses was sadly limited; that the most exquisite refinements of delight soon yielded to satiety, and that it was really no small task for a queen to find means of occupying her time. To test new poisons upon slaves, to test gladiators with each other, to drink pearls dissolved, to swallow the wealth of a whole province—all these things had become commonplace and insipid. Charmion was fairly at her wit's end, and knew not what to do for her mistress.

Suddenly a whistling sound was heard, and an arrow buried itself, quivering, in the cedar wainscoting of the wall.

Cleopatra well-nigh fainted with terror. Charmion ran to the window, leaned out, and beheld only a flake of foam on the surface of the river. A scroll of papyrus encircled the wood of the arrow; it bore only these words, written in Phœnician characters: "*I love you!*"

"I love you," repeated Cleopatra, making the serpent-coiling strip of papyrus writhe between her delicate white fingers; "those are the words I longed for. What intelligent spirit, what invisible genius has thus so fully comprehended my desire?" And she sprang out of bed with the agility of a cat which has scented a mouse, placed her little ivory feet in her embroidered *tathebs*, threw a byssus tunic over her shoulders, and ran to the window from which Charmion was still gazing.

"Do you not see far over there, almost in the middle of the river, the head of a man swimming? See! he crosses that track of light and passes into the shadow beyond! He is already out of sight!" And supporting herself on Charmion's shoulder, she leaned out, with half of her fair body beyond the sill of the window, in the effort to catch another glimpse of the mysterious swimmer. But a grove of Nile acacias flung its deep shadow upon the river in that direction and protected the flight of the daring fugitive. If Meïamoun had but had the courtesy to look back, he might have beheld Cleopatra, the queen, eagerly seeking him through the night gloom. He, the poor obscure Egyptian! the miserable lion-hunter!

"Charmion! Charmion! send hither Phrehipephbour, the chief of the rowers, and have two boats dispatched in pursuit of that man!" cried Cleopatra, whose curiosity was excited to the highest pitch.

Phrehipephbour appeared; his huge torso, entirely nude, black and polished like a globe of jet, shone under the lamp-light. He received the commands of the queen and instantly retired to execute them. Two long narrow boats were soon cleaving the waters of the Nile with hissing rapidity under the efforts of the twenty vigorous rowers; but the pursuit was all in vain. After searching the river banks in every direction, and carefully exploring every patch of reeds, Phrehipephbour returned to the palace, having only succeeded in putting to flight some solitary heron which had been sleeping on one leg, or in troubling the digestion of some terrified crocodile.

So intense was the vexation of Cleopatra at being thus foiled, that she felt a strong inclination to condemn Phrehipephbour either to the wild beasts or to the hardest labor at the galleys. Happily, Charmion interceded for the trembling unfortunate, who turned pale with fear despite his black skin. It was the first time in Cleopatra's life that one of her desires had not been gratified as soon as expressed, and she experienced in consequence a kind of uneasy surprise, a first doubt, as it were, of her own omnipotence.

"Who could have had the audacity to send me this avowal upon the shaft of an arrow? Could it have been the Nomarch Amoun-Ra, who fancies himself handsomer than the Apollo of the Greeks?—what think you, Charmion?—or, perhaps, Keâpsiro, commander of Hermothybia, who is so boastful of his conquests in the land of Kush? Or is it not more likely to have been young Sextus, that Roman debauchee who paints his face, lisps in speaking, and wears sleeves in the fashion of the Persians?"

"Queen, it was none of those; though you are indeed the fairest of women, those men only flatter you; they do not love you. The Nomarch Amoun-Ra has chosen himself an idol to which he will be forever faithful, and that is his own person; the warrior Keâpsiro thinks of nothing save the pleasure of recounting his victories; as for Sextus, he is so seriously occupied with the preparation of a new cosmetic that he can not dream of anything else. Not one of those fine lords would risk his head in so daring and dangerous an undertaking—they do not love you well enough for that. Yesterday, in your *cangia*, you said that men knew only how to turn pale in your presence. Now here is an ardent and youthful heart that loves you; what will you do with it?"

Cleopatra that night sought slumber in vain; she tossed feverishly upon her couch; she incessantly repeated that she was the most unhappy of queens—that every one sought to persecute her—and that her life had become insupportable.

Terrified at his own hardihood, Meïamoun had thrown himself into the Nile and had succeeded in swimming the current

and gaining the little grove of dhoum-palms, before Phrehipephhour had even launched the two hoats in pursuit of him. When he had recovered hreath and hrushed hack his long black locks, all damp with river foam, hehind his ears, he hegan to feel more at ease—more inwardly calm. Cleopatra possessed something which had come from him; some sort of communication was now established hetween them. Cleopatra was thinking of him. It was true that he had forgotten to inscribe his name upon the papyrus scroll; hut what more of him could the queen have learned from the inscription: "Meïamoun, Son of Mandouschopsh"?

Once assured that Phrehipephhour had returned with his rowers, he again threw himself into the current and once more swam toward the palace of Cleopatra, whose lamp still shone through the window-curtaios like a painted star. A strong hlow from some keen lance was certainly the worst he had to fear; and in truth he had hut little fear of such thiogs. He swam close under the walls of the palace which hathed its marhle feet in the river's depths, and paused an instant hefore a suhmerged archway into which the water rushed downward in eddying whirls. Twice, thrice, he plunged into the vortex unsuccessfully; at last, with hetter luck, he found the opening and disappeared.

This archway was the opening to a vaulted canal, which conducted the waters of the Nile into the haths of Cleopatra.

When Cleopatra awoke, a merry sunheam was playing through the window-curtain. In a faint voice, like that of a sick child, Cleopatra asked to he lifted out of hed; two of her women raised her in their arms and gently laid her on a tiger-skin stretched upon the floor. Charmion wrapped her in a *calasiris* of linen, whiter than milk, confined her hair in a net of woven silver threads, and tied to her little feet cork *tatbebs*.

It was the hour for the hath. Cleopatra went to hathe, accompanied hy her women.

The haths of Cleopatra were huilt in the midst of immense gardens. Vases of Pentelic marhle hloomed at the end of each step, like huge lily-flowers; chimeras, caressed into form by the chisels of the most skillful Greek sculptors, softly extended their limhs upon the flower-strewn turf—a douhle row of these lined the alley which led from the palace to the hathing-halls. At the end of this alley was a huge fountain-hasin, approached hy four porphyry stairways. Through the transparent depths of the diamond-clear water, the steps could he seen descending to the hottom of the hasin, which was strewn with gold-dust in lieu of sand. Here, figures of women terminating in pedestals, like caryatides, spirted from their hreasts slender jets of perfumed water.

Hither came Cleopatra, leaniog with one hand upon the shoulder of Charmion. She had taken at least thirty steps all hy herself—mighty effort! enormous fatigue! A tender tint of rose commenced to suffuse the transparent skin of her cheeks, refreshing their passionate pallor; a hlue net-work of veins relieved the amher hlondeness of her temples; her marhle forehead—low, like the antique foreheads, hut full and perfect in form—united hy one faultless line with a straight nose finely chiseled as a cameo, with rosy nostrils, which the least emotion made palpitate like the nostrils of an amorous tigress; the lips of her small, rounded mouth wore a disdainful curve; hut an unhridled voluptuousness, an indescrihahle vital warmth, glowed in the hrilliant crimson and humid lustre of the under lip. Her eyes were shaded hy level eyelids and eyehrows slightly arched and delicately outlined. An imperial chin, replete with force and power to command, worthily completed this charming profile.

She stood erect upon the upper step of the hasin, in an attitude full of proud grace—her figure slightly thrown hack, and one foot in suspense, like a goddess about to leave her pedestal. Her rohe fell in two superh folds from the peaks of her hosom to her feet in unhroken lines. Then the linen tunic, which had heen confined only hy one golden clasp, glided down over her marhle hody and fell in a white cloud at her feet.

Cleopatra dipped her pink heel in the water and descended a few steps; the quivering flood made a silver helt ahout her waist, and silver hracelets ahout her arms, and rolled in pearls like a hroken necklace over her hosom and shoulders; her wealth of hair, lifted hy the water, extended hehind her like a royal mantle—even in the hath she was a queen. She swam to and fro, dived and hrought up handfuls of gold-dust, with which she laughingly pelted some of her women. Again, she clung suspended to the halustrade of the hasin, concealing or exposing her loveliness, now permitting her lustrous and polished hack to he seen, now showing her whole figure, like Venus Anadyomene, and incessantly varying the aspects of her heauty.

Suddenly she uttered a cry as keen as that of Diana surprised hy Actæon. She had seen gleaming through the neighboring foliage a hurning eye, yellow and phosphoric as the eye of a crocodile or lion.

It was Meïamoun who, crouching hehind a tuft of leaves and tremhling like a fawn in a field of wheat, was intoxicating himself with the dangerous pleasure of heholding the queen in her hath.

The eunuchs rushed forward, lance in hand. Cleopatra pointed out to them the group of trees, where they found Meïamoun crouching in concealment. Defense was out of the question. He attempted none and suffered himself to he captured. They prepared to kill him with that cruel and stupid impassihility characteristic of eunuchs; hut Cleopatra, who, in the interim had covered herself with her *calasiris*, made signs to them to stop and hring the prisoner hefore her.

Meïamoun could only fall upon his knees and stretch forth suppliant hands to her, as to the altars of the gods.

"Are you some assassin hrihed hy Rome; or for what purpose have you entered these sacred precincts from which all men are excluded?" demanded Cleopatra, with an imperious gesture.

"May my soul he found light in the halance of Amenti, and may Tmeï, daughter of the Sun and Goddess of Truth, punish me if I have ever entertained a thought of evil against you, O queen!" answered Meïamoun, still upon his knees.

Sincerity and loyalty were written upon his countenance in characters so transparent that Cleopatra hanished her suspicions, and looked upon the young Egyptian with a look less stern and wrathful. She saw that he was heautiful.

"Then what motive could have prompted you to enter a place where you could only expect to meet death?"

"I love you!" murmured Meïamoun, in a low hut distioct voice.

"Ah!" cried Cleopatra, hending toward him, and seiziog his arm with a sudden hrusque movement; "so, theo, it was you who shot that arrow with the papyrus scroll! By Oms, the Dog of Hell, you are a foolhardy wretch! I recognize you now. I loog observed you wandering, like a complaioing shade, ahout the places where I dwell. You were at the procession of Isis, at the *panegyris* of Hermonthis; you followed the royal *cangia*. Ah! you must love a queen? You have no mean amhition. Assuredly I am going to love you! Why not?"

"Queen," returned Meïamoun, with a look of deep melancholy, "do not rail! I am mad, it is true; I have deserved death; he humane; bid them kill me!"

"No; I have taken the whim to he clement to-day. I will give you your life."

"What would you that I should do with life? I love you!"

"Well, then, you shall he satisfied, you shall die," answered Cleopatra. "You have indulged yourself in wild and extravagant dreams; in fancy, your desires have crossed an impassahle threshold. You imagined yourself to he Cæsar or Mark Antony—you loved the queen! In some moment of delirium, you have heen ahle to helieve that Cleopatra might some day love you. Well, what you thought impossihle is actually ahout to happen. It pleases me, for once, to secure the accomplishment of a mad hope. I am willing to inundate you with glories, and splendors, and lightnings. I intend that your fortune shall he dazzling in its hrilliancy. You were at the hottom of the ladder. I am ahout to lift you to the summit ahruptly, suddenly, without a transition. I take you out of nothingness, I make you the equal of a god, and I plunge you hack again into nothingness. That is all. But do not presume to call me cruel or to invoke my pity. Do not weaken when the hour comes. I am good to you; I lend myself to your folly. I have the right to order you to he killed at once. But since you tell me that you love me, I will have you killed to-morrow instead; your life helongs to me for one night. I am generous. I will huy it from you—I could take it from you. But what are you doing on your knees at my feet? Rise and give me your arm, that we may return to the palace."

The hanquet-hall was of enormous and Bahylonian dimensions; the eye could not penetrate its immeasurahle depth; monstrous columns heavily expanded their hroad-swelling shafts upon *socles* variegated with hieroglyphics, and sustained upon their hulging capitals gigantic arcades of granite rising hy successive tiers, like vast stairways reversed. The columns of the second tier, receding from the first, were more elegantly formed and crowned in lieu of capitals with four female heads addorsed, impassive spectators of nocturnal frenzy and the furies of orgie. A third story, constructed in a yet different style of architecture, crowned the edifice; ahove, the sky yawned like a hlue gulf, and the curious stars leaned over the frieze.

Meïamoun was clad in a linen tunic, constellated with stars, and a purple mantle, and wore a fillet ahout his locks, like an Oriental king. Cleopatra was appareled in a rohe of pale green, open at either side, and clasped with golden hees; two hracelets of immense pearls gleamed around her naked arms; upon her head glimmered the golden-pointed diadem. Despite the smile on her lips, a slight cloud of preoccupation shadowed her fair forehead, and from time to time her hrows knitted in a feverish manner. As for Meïamoun, his face wore the ardent and luminous look of one in ecstasy or vision.

Cleopatra seated him heside her upon a throne with golden griffins on either side, and clapped her little hands together. Instantly lines of fire, hands of sparkling light, outlined all the projections of the architecture; the eyes of the sphinx flamed with phosphoric lightnings; the hull-headed idols hreathed flames; the brazen elephants, in lieu of perfumed water, spouted aloft hright columns of crimson fire; arms of hronze, each hearing a torch, started from the walls; and hlazing aigrettes hloomed in the sculptured hearts of the lotos flowers.

The orgie was at its height. The dishes of phenicopters' tongues, and the livers of scarus fish; the eels fatteoed upon human flesh and cooked in hrine; the dishes of peacocks' hrains; the hoars stuffed with living hirds; and all the marvels of the antique hanquets were heaped upon the three surfaces of the gigantic triclinium. The wines of Crete, of Massicus, and of Falernus foamed up in *cratera*, wreathed with roses, and filled hy Asiatic pages, whose heautiful flowing hair served the guests to wipe their hands upon. Musicians playing upon the sistrum, the tympanum, the samhuke, and the harp with one-and-twenty strings, filled all the upper galleries, and mingled their harmonies with the tempest of sound which hovered over the feast.

Meïamoun, whose head was lying on Cleopatra's shoulder, felt as though his reason were leaving him; the hanquet-hall whirled around him like a vast architectural nightmare. Through the dizzy glare, he heheld perspectives and colonnades without end; new zones of porticoes seemed to uprear themselves upon the real fahric and hury their summits in heights of sky to which Babel never rose. Had he not felt within his clasp the soft, cool hand of Cleopatra, he would have helieved himself transported into an enchanted world.

Toward the close of the repast, humphacked dwarfs and mummers engaged in grotesque dances and comhats; then young Egyptian and Greek maidens, representing the hlack and white Hours, danced with inimitahle grace a voluptuous dance after the Ionian manner.

Cleopatra herself arose from her throne, threw aside her royal mantle, replaced her starry diadem with a garland of flowers, attached golden castanets to her white hands, and hegan to dance hefore Meïamouo, who was ravished with delight. Her heautiful arms, rounded like the handles of an alahaster vase, shook out hunches of sparkling notes; and her castanets prattled with ever-increasing voluhility. Poised oo the pink tips of her little feet, she approached swiftly to graze the forehead of Meïamoun with a kiss—then she recommenced her wondrous art, flitted arouod him; now hackward, leaning, with head reversed, eyes half closed, arms lifelessly relaxed, locks uncurled and loose-hanging like a hacchante; now active, animated, laughiog, fluttering—more tireless and capricious in her movements than the pilfering hee. Heart-consuming love, sensual pleasure, hurning passioo, youth inexhaustible and ever-fresh—the promise of hliss to come—she expressed all!

Cleopatra seated herself once more hy Meïamoun. Night advanced, the last of the hlack Hours was ahout to take flight; a faint hlue glow entered with hewildered aspect into the tumult of ruddy light as a moonheam falls into a furnace; the upper arcades hecame suffused with pale azure tints; day was hreaking.

Meïamoun took the horn vase which an Ethiopian slave of sinister countenance presented to him, and which contained a poison so violent that it would have caused any other vase to hurst asunder. Flinging his whole life to his mistress in one last look, he lifted to his lips the fatal cup in which the envenomed liquor hoiled up, hissing.

Cleopatra turned pale and laid her hand on Meïamoun's arm to stay the act. His courage touched her. She was ahout to say: "Live to love me yet; I desire it?" when the sound of a clarion was heard. Four heralds-at-arms entered the hanquet-hall on horsehack; they were officers of Mark Antony, and rode hut a short distance in advance of their master. Cleopatra silently loosened the arm of Meïamoun. A long ray of sunlight suddenly played upon her forehead, as though trying to replace her ahsent diadem.

"You see, the moment has come. It is dayhreak; it is the hour when happy dreams take flight," said Meïamoun. Then he emptied the fatal vessel at one draught, and fell as though struck hy a holt of lightning.

Cleopatra hent her head and one hurning tear, the only one she had ever shed, fell into her cup, to miogle with the molten pearl.

"By Hercules, my fair queen! I made all speed in vain. I see I have come too late," cried Mark Antony, entering the hanquet-hall; "the supper is over. But what signifies this corpse upon the pavement?"

"Oh, nothing!" returned Cleopatra, with a smile; "only a poison I was testing, with the idea of using it upon myself should Augustus take me prisoner. My dear lord, will you not please to take a seat heside me and watch those Greek huffoons dance?"—*Abridged from translation by Lafcadio Hearn.*

The money which John Jacob Astor gained in trade he wisely invested in real-estate in New York city, foreseeing, as few of his contemporaries foresaw, its future greatness. Transmitting to his son, William B. Astor, not only the fruits of his toil, but the wisdom he had acquired hy experience, he enahled him to continue the work he had hegun with almost equal success. His grandchildren have gone on in the same path, investing their surplus income in new purchases of land and in erecting huildings upon that which they already had until they have become the largest owners of real-estate in New York city. They have so many houses and stores to rent that they prefer taking low prices from good tenants to running the risk which small owners are ready to encounter to ohtain a little larger income. It is, therefore, really more advantageous for a merchant to hire his dwelling and his place of husiness from the Astors than from any one else, and far cheaper for him than to own the property himself.

It will surprise a great many persons to know that it does little good to mark "confidential" or "personal" on a letter to a great man. The private secretary of a man of national importance said that if a letter should come to his employer marked: "On no account to he opened hy the private secretary," he might hesitate for a moment, hut after that he would open it. "I would do that," he said, "hecause it would occur to me that this is what I am paid for. Originally, hefore the pestering of public men hy letter hecame such an art as it is, we opened all ordinary letters and gave the great man only his that were marked 'personal.' But these swelled in volume until, if he opened them all, there would he time for nothing else. As far as I know, all other private secretaries now follow the same rule."

The applications of electricity are hecoming hewildering in their number and variety. A recent affair of some local importance in a Western town developed the fact that a young woman had purchased a four-light chandelier specially designed to contain a detective camera, arranged to he operated hy the closing of an electric circuit, concealed pushers or circuit-closers heing placed at convenient points, while a miniature reflector directed a portion of the rays of light from one gas-jet directly on the plate. The apparatus worked to perfection on the fourth evening that the victim, a wealthy old gentleman, called on the young woman.

They have an effective way of dealing with habitual drunkards in Norway and Sweden. They put them in jail and feed them entirely on hread and wine. The hread is steeped in wine for an hour hefore it is served. The first day a man will take it, hut hefore many more he will hate the sight of it. After an incarceration of this sort many hecome total ahstainers.

A Western inventor is endeavoring to interest capital in his electrical magic-lantern for casting or reflecting advertisements on the dark clouds which often hang low over a city. The inventor claims to have secured contracts from several well-known firms for displaying their cards in this manner.

LUNATICS OF ROYALTY.

Something about the Inmates of the Famous Doebling Asylum.

The most famous insane asylum in the world, so far as the rank and station of its inmates are concerned, is that of Drs. Kraffi-Ebing and von Leidesdorff, at Doebling, a pretty village situated about an hour's drive from Vienna.

Among those who may be described as out-patients of the asylum are the Kaiserin of Austria and the Czarina of Russia. Among the inmates are the mother of the German Empress, the Duchess Adelaide of Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg, who, but for the opposition of her aunt, Queen Victoria, would bave become the bride of Napoleon the Third, in 1852; Princess Amelia of Bavaria, a Spanish Infanta by birth, who, some months ago, caused general consternation at the Grand Opera at Munich by sitting on the balustrade of the royal box with her legs dangling over; a princess of the royal house of Wurtemburg, another of that of Saxony, and several members of the reigning families of the petty sovereignties of Germaoy. The Duchess of Cumberland, sister of tbe Princess of Wales, spent a year in the asylum, while another royal princess, who has been released from restraint there, is tbe Duchess of Alençon, sister to the Empress of Austria, and at one time the betrothed of the late King of Bavaria. Prince Rupert of Bavaria, the eldest grandson of the regent of that kingdom, and in the direct line of succession to the throne, bas likewise been placed at Doebling. The young man mysteriously disappeared from Munich several months ago, and, after much searching, was discovered a few weeks later in the French metropolis, living with tbe beautiful, but rather elderly, wife of a Munich tradesman.

One of the most remarkable patients is tbe Prince of Montenuovo. His father was the ill-favored and one-eyed Field Marshal Count von Neipperg, who, on the deportation of Napoleon to St. Helena, was appointed to the post of high chamberlain and chief officer of the household of the Empress Marie Louise. Marie Louise fell deeply in love witb the grisly old warrior, who had been appointed more for the purpose of acting as a Cerberus than anything else, and gave him her hand in marriage within a fortnight of receiving the news of her first husband's death at St. Helena. Unfortunately, Prince Montenuovo was born just a year before Napoleon's demise took place. According to the technical terms of the law he was entitled to the name of Bonaparte, having been born during the wedlock of bis mother with the French emperor. As, however, the latter had been a prisoner in the Southern Atlantic, at a distance of many thousand miles from his wife, during the five years preceding the child's birth, it was deemed unadvisable to attempt to foist him on the Bonapartes. On tbe other hand, the brother and relatives of Count Neipperg resolutely declined to permit the child to bear their name. Thereupon, old Emperor Franz announced his intention of caring for the child, and conferred upon him the title and name of Count Montenuovo, which is the Italian translation of the word Neipperg. Fortune appeared to lavish all her gifts on the half-brotber of the little King of Rome until about ten years ago, when he was suddenly stricken witb an acute form of dementia, whicb rendered it necessary that he should be placed under restraint. All his life passionately fond of music, sioce the loss of his reason it has become the only means of soothing the fits of insane rage to which be is subject.

Another equally famous inmate of the asylum at Doebling is Prince Joseph Sulkowski, Duke of Bielitz. His wealtb may be estimated by the fact that his estates in Hungary alone yield an annual revenue of three millions of dollars, and that he owns the entire town of Bielsk, a trading centre, with a population of some twenty-five thousand inhabitants. He commenced by running away with his sister's governess, a young lady named Victorine Lenman, whom be married a couple of years afterward for the express purpose of exasperating his father and brother. His intentions were crowned with success, for the old gentleman died of a stroke of apoplexy on receiving the news that the wedding had taken place. Having come into possession of his father's titles and estates, he separated from the ex-governess, after settling upon ber ten thousand dollars a year for the remainder of her life.

Finding that being a Roman Catholic it would be impossible for him to obtain a divorce in Austria, he took up his residence in Prussia, where be likewise has large estates, and caused bimself to be naturalized as a German. Having accomplished this, he demanded and obtained a decree of divorce from tbe Prussian tribunals, and then set to work to search for another wife. With this object in view, he traveled from one end of Europe to another, accompanied by an enormous staff of secretaries, chamberlains, cooks, and servants, and also by an entire traveling menagerie, including two full-grown lions, a baby elephant, a cageful of monkeys, a private band of musicians, several female acrobats, and two danseuses. At length, in sheer disgust at the failure of his search, he contracted a matrimonial alliance with one of the danseuses of his private circus troupe. The ceremony by which pretty Ida Jaeger, one of the stars of the Berlin stage, was raised to the rank of Princess of Sulkowski and Duchess of Bielitz, took place in Switzerland, and was subsequently performed over again at Bonn-on-the-Rhine.

The union resulted in the birth of a daughter. When the child was about two years of age, the prince's mental condition became such that he was placed at Doebling. Prince Anthony Sulkowski at once put forward his claims to the care of his estates, on the ground that his brother's marriage with Ida Jaeger was illegal. The plea which he put foward was sustained by the lower courts in Austria, although subsequently reversed on appeal. For several years past the matter has been a subject of litigation in both the Austrian and German law courts, but has quite recently been entirely settled in favor of the ballerina and of her child. The decision, by which Prince Anthony's claims have been nonsuited, is perhaps partly due to his personal unpopularity, and also to the fact that Princess Ida's cause has been gallantly championed by Count Hans Wilczek, an intimate friend of Francis Joseph.

SONNETS OF THE SEA.

High Tide at Midnight.

No breath is on the glimmering ocean floor,
No blast beneath the windless Pleiades
But thro' dead night a melancholy roar,
A voice of moving and of marching seas—
The boom of thundering waters on the shore
Sworn with slow force by desolate degrees
Once to go on, and whelm for evermore
Earth and her folk and all their phantasies.
Then half asleep in the great sound I seem
Lost in the starlight, dying in a dream
Where evermastering Powers abolish me—
Drown, and thro' dim euthanasy redeem
My merged life in the living ocean stream
And soul environing of shadowy sea.

—*Frederick W. H. Myers.*

A Stormy Night.

It is a stormy night, and the wild sea
That sounds forever, now upon the beach
Is pouring all its power. Each after each
The hurrying waves cry out rejoicingly,
And crowding onward, seem as they would reach
The height I tread upon. The winds are high,
And the quick lightnings shoot along the sky
At intervals. It is an hour to teach
Vain man his insignificance; and yet,
Tho' all the elements in their might have met,
At every pause comes ringing on my ear
A sterner murmur, and I seem to hear
The voice of silence sounding from her throne
Of darkness mightier than all—but all alone.

—*Bryan Waller Procter.*

The Tide Coming In.

The husy waters multitudinous
Lip the dry beach, and, rippling every pool
Embathe the limpets in their swirlings cool,
And plash upon the rocks, returning thus
To their old haunts, with pleasure tremulous.
The sun just risen gladdens, yet seems to rule
The thronging floods. How grand their voices, full
Of a strange rapture which, alas! to us
Is half unknown; we can hut fear and wonder.
And now the breeze is waken'd, furrowing fair
The foam-tipp'd hillocks green that dip asunder
And with a gentle crash fall here and there,
In creamy plots. Anon, with voice of thunder,
Old Ocean doth his solemn joy declare.

—*J. Pierce.*

The Breakers.

Piling its dragon coils into a heap,
Far off and yet inaudible, hut dread,
The hreaker rears its crested neck and head,
And now flings out in very act to leap
Its long ungathered hosom of the deep.
At once, like armèd men with earthquake tread,
Waved on through hreach and gap, where captain led,
O'er rock, up beach, swift unlashed waters sweep:
Rush! roar! recoil! in froth, and flake, and foam
Back, hack they fall; hut clamorous of fight,
Pressed on by fresh hattalions' fiercer rage,
So scores that nomad horde without a home,
Billows, that from lone Lahrador took flight,
The war-hounds of old Atlas' unquelled rage.

—*E. H. Brodie.*

Night at Sea.

Night comes, and stars their wonted vigils keep
In soft unfathomable depths of sky:
In mystic veil of shadowy darkness lie
The infinite expanses of the deep,
Save where the silvery paths of moonlight sleep,
And rise and sink for ever dreamily
With the majestic heaving of the sea.
Night comes and ten-fold gloom where dark and steep,
Into hlack waters of a land-locked bay
The clifts descend: there tempest never raves
To break the awful slumher; far helow
Glimmer the foamy fringes white as snow;
And sounds of strangled thunder rise alway,
And midnight moanings of imprisoned waves.

—*E. G. A. Holmes.*

Storm and Calm.

The lone House shakes, the wild waves leap around,
Their sharp mouths foam, their frantic hands wave high;
I hear around me a sad soul of sound—
A ceaseless sob—a melancholy cry.
Ahove there is the trouble of the sky.
On either side stretch waters with no hound.
Within, my cheek upon my hand, sit I,
Oft startled hy sick faces of the drown'd.
Yet are there golden dawns and glassy days
When the vast sea is smooth and sunk to rest,
And in the sea the gentle heaven doth gaze,
And seeing its own heauty, smiles its hest;
With nights of peace, when, in a virgin haze,
God's Moon wades through the shallows of the West.

—*Robert Buchanan.*

Ocean, The Captive.

Men call thee free, and I have heard the wind
Pass landward, breathed of liherty and thee,
Have watched thy white-maned horses prancing free
As if their courses could not he confined:
But deeper than the hand of man has mined
Are set the holts of thy captivity;
Far higher than the eyes of man can see
The jealous moon thy limhs doth strangely hind.
Thou moanest. "I that am the heaven's own child,
Why laid within the cruel cradling shores
Should I hut grow to feel a prisoner's pains?"
And like a giant fretting in his chains,
Thou thunderest at Earth's never-yielding doors,
Untamed and tameless and unreconciled.

—*H. D. Rawnsley.*

A Waste of Sighs.

O senseless sea, how long shall men proclaim
Thy freedom and thy power! Slave of the moon,
Thy wrath is horrowed of the wind, the noon
Supplies thy smiles, thy life is but a name
That poets use. To thee nor praise nor hlame
Belong. And yet shall man, alas, not soon
Forget to fear thee, and thy dim hall strewn
With bones of hravest man and fairest dame?

The careless fish within thee sport and hreed,
The hird ahove thee spreads her scornful wing;
Yet thou, more lifeless than thy weakest weed,
Canst shake the very soul of priest and king.
And aye to man thy breathless breast appears
A waste of sighs, a wilderness of tears.

—*Cosmo Monkhouse.*

MR. M'CRACKLE'S SCHEME.

How he Utilized an Eiffel Tower Hat.

A peculiar question touching the rights of the play-going public has just been raised in Mifflin County, Penn. According to the *Blade*, of that place, it seems that a certain Mr. McCrackle, who conducts a prosperous boot and shoe establishment on Alleghany Avenue, recently attended a performance of "Richelieu" in the Grand Opera House. Mr. McCrackle is a man passionately fond of the legitimate, but, owing to the sequestered character of Mifflin Centre making the number of good dramatic companies which find it out small, it is seldom that he can gratify his liking for the Thespian art. So, naturally, Mr. McCrackle had looked forward with an excusable degree of enthusiasm to the occasion, and when be drew on the best pair of shoes his store afforded and wended his way toward the theatre, it was with the most pleasurable anticipations imaginable. But what was Mr. McCrackle's horror when, after having been seated ten minutes, and just as the curtain was rising, a lady took her seat directly in front of him wearing a hat, or some sort of head-gear, which, for height and breadth, exceeded anything be had ever before beheld. Mr. McCrackle was dumfounded. He craned bis neck as much as possible to either side, but he could not even see the boxes. He sat up as bigh as possible, but could not so much as catch a glimpse of the proscenium arch. If the earth had opened and swallowed up the stage and then closed again, it could not have been more completely eliminated from Mr. McCrackle's sight. He sank back and sat like one in a dream. A confused sound from the stage reached his ears, but he could not catcb the words, for the hat was of such extraordinary proportions that it not only removed the last possibility of seeing anytbing, but actually shut out the greater part of the sound as well. Mr. McCrackle remained in a state resembling coma during the first act.

As the curtain went up for act second, Mr. McCrackle was noticed to revive a little. He was observed to make another effort to see the stage, but on failing, he did not sink back into his former lethargy. The fact was, he had decided on a course by which he hoped to get a little profit, in a business way, out of tbe situation, if æsthetic enjoyment or intellectual benefit were out of the question. Mr. McCrackle remembered that just before starting for the theatre, the printer's boy had delivered bim some printed bills which he had purposed distributing about town to advertise his shoe establishment. Instead of taking them to his store, he had put them in his overcoat pocket, and had them with him. On the lady's hat was perched a bird, which to Mr. McCrackle appeared to be a bird of prey; but whatever its species, its beak pointed back and up at an angle of forty-five degrees. Reacbing up, Mr. McCrackle hung a yellow bill on this beak, ten inches wide and a foot and a half long, on which was printed witb red ink: "McCrackle sells the best $3 shoe."

Mr. McCrackle had been at first somewhat doubtful of the result, but be was instantly encouraged by a little subdued applause behind bim, which chiefly came from brother unfortunates, for the baleful influence of the head-covering extended back several rows. He accordingly reached up and posted another bill over the other, which read: "See McCrackle for repairing. Half-soleing, 80 cents!" Mr. McCrackle now settled down to business witb tbe regularity of an advertising stereoscopist, and displayed successively all the bills and posters in his possession. "Get your patent-leather shoes of McCrackle" was followed by "See McCrackle's celebrated $1 workingman's shoes"; while "School shoes, warranted not to rip," was succeeded by "Get the famous McCrackle felt insole, the boss thing for cold feet." Mr. McCrackle allowed a two-minute display for each bill, and, as he had a front seat, soon held the attention of the larger part of tbe people in the theatre. When Richelieu made his well-known remark concerning the greater value of tbe pen as compared with the sword, Mr. McCrackle illustrated the superiority of tbe job-printing press over either by banging up a green bill announcing that "McCrackle's Mammoth Emporium is where you get your A 1 Shoe Polish," and when the cardinal ranted about drawing the sacred circle of the churcb about the frightened Julie, McCrackle smiled softly and hoisted a large picture of a man before and after wearing McCrackle's Justly Celebrated $4 Button Shoe. He exhausted his supply of bills just as the curtain fell. He had intended to remove them from the hat, but the lady rose and turned too quickly for him. She discovered that she had been used in the guise of a bill board, and was, of course, indignant. Her escort reached for Mr. McCrackle, but that industrious dealer escaped up the aisle.

Tbe *Blade* makes no comment on the occurrence other than to observe casually that Mr. McCrackle "displayed his usual enterprise." It states that the people are divided in their sympathies, part believing that Mr. McCrackle was justified, and others denouncing his action as outrageous. The lady will bring suit against him for damages, but in the meantime he remains closely at his place of business and attends to the increase of trade which his advertising has brought him. Is there anything in the McCrackle plan for others who may find themselves overshadowed by the large hat? We do not feel prepared to say, and only give this account of it as gleaned from the *Blade* for what it may be worth.—*New York Tribune.*

In most European countries, if not in all, to paint city buildings white is forbidden by ordinance. Any other color to suit the taste of the owner, but not white. To any one who has endured the discomfort of living opposite one of these wbite abominations in the sunshiny days of summer, the reason of this prohibition will be obvious. There is nothing so hurtful to the eyes as the fierce glare from such a building when the sun shines on it, let alone the extra heat reflected across the street, and under the bright American summer sky the misery is ten-fold increased.

SAUSALITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN, via

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, October 13, 1889, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.30, 3.25, 4.50, 6.10 P. M.
Sundays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 1.30, 5.05, 6.30, P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.10, 7.45, 9.20, 11.05 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.55 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 9.50, A. M.; 12.00 M.; 3.30, 5.00, P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 6.25 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents. round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 9.55, 11.55 A. M.; 2.30, 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.45, 10.35, A. M.; 12.45, 4.15, 5.45 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 7.05 P. M.
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

11.00 A. M., Daily (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at 6.45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12.25 P.M.
1.30 P. M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations.
8.00 A. M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Point Reyes and intermediate stations. Returning arrives in San Francisco at 6.15 P. M.

EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rate.
Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays and Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.00; Tomales, $2.25; Howard's, $3.50; Cazadero, $4.00.
Sunday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, good on day sold only: Camp Taylor, $1.50; Point Reyes, $1.75.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Cazadero daily (except Moodays) for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Meodocino City, and all points on the North Coast.

JNO. W. COLEMAN, General Manager. F. B. LATHAM, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.
General Offices, 327 Pine Street.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.
(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From Dec. 1, 1889.	ARRIVE
7.30 A.	Haywards, Niles and San José	*12.45 P.
7.30 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis	7.15 P.
7.30 A.	Sacramento, Auburn, Colfax	5.45 P.
8.00 A.	Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	6.15 P.
8.30 A.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Mojave, and East, and Los Angeles	11.15 A.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stocktoo, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
10.30 A.	Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
*12.00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	*3.45 P.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	**6.00 A.
3.00 P.	Haywards, Niles & San José	9.45 A.
3.30 P.	2d Class Ogdeo and East	10.45 P.
4.00 P.	Stockton and §Miltoo; Vallejo, Calistoga & Santa Rosa	9.45 A.
4.30 P.	Sacramento and Knight's Landing via Davis	10.45 A.
* 4.30 P.	Niles and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
* 4.30 P.	Niles and San José	‡ 4.15 P.
5.30 P.	Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
6.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.
7.00 P.	Shasta Ronte Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sonod, and East	7.45 A.
8.00 P.	Ceotral Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	9.45 A.
SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.		
‡3.00 A.	Hunters' train to San José	‡ 7.20 P.
8.15 A.	Newark, Ceotreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	5.50 P.
* 2.15 P.	Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*11.50 A.
4.15 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, and Los Gatos	9.50 A.
COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)		
7.25 A.	San José, Almaden and Way Stations	2.30 P.
8.30 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinns; Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Mooterey, Pacific Grove; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations	6.12 P.
10.30 A.	San José and Way Stations	5.02 P.
12.01 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	3.38 P.
* 3.30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Mooterey, Pacific Grove and principal Way Stations	*10.00 A.
* 4.20 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 7.58 A.
5.20 P	San José and Way Stations	9.03 A.
6.30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A.
‡11.45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	‡ 7.28 P.

A for morning. P. for afternoon. * Sundays excepted.
† Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only. § Saturdays excepted.
** Moodays excepted.

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Leave San Francisoo.		Destination.	Arrive San Francisco.	
Week Days.	Sundays.		Sundays	Week Days.
7.40 A. M. 3 30 P. M. 5 00 P. M.	8.00 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10.40 A. M. 6.10 P. M.	8.50 A. M. 10 30 A. M. 6 05 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 3 30 P. M.	8.00 A. M.	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Littoo Sp'gs. Cloverdale, and Way Stations.	6.10 P. M.	10 30 A. M. 6.05 P. M.
7.40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.	6.10 P. M.	6.05 P. M.
7.40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	Guerneville.	6.10 P. M.	6.05 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	8.00 A. M.	Soooma and Glen Elleo.	10 40 A. M. 6.10 P. M.	8.50 A. M. 6.05 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs, Sebastopol, and Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, and at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Hopland for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Spriogs, and at Ukiah for Vichy Spriogs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Willits, Cahto, Calpella, Potter Valley, Sherwood Valley, and Mendocino City.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Moodays, to Petaluma, $1.50; to Santa Rosa, $2.25; to Healdsburg, $3.40; to Litton Springs, $3 60; to Cloverdale, $4 50; to Hopland, $5.70; to Ukiah, $6 75; to Guerneville, $3.75; to Sonoma, $1 50; to Glen Ellen, $1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Suodays ooly, to Petaluma, $1; to Santa Rosa, $1.50; to Healdsburg, $2 25; to Littoo Springs, $2 40; to Cloverdale, $3; to Guerneville, $2.50; to Sonoma, $1; to Glen Ellen, $1.20.

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon and San Rafael: Week Days—7.40, 9.20, 11 20 A. M.; 3.30, 5, 6.15 P. M.; Sundays—8, 9.30, 11 A. M.; 1.30, 5, 6.20 P. M.

To San Francisco from San Rafael: Week Days—6.20, 7.55, 9.30 A. M.; 12.45, 3.40, 5.05 P. M.; Sundays—8.10, 9.40 A. M.; 12.15, 3 40, 5 P. M.

To San Francisco from Point Tiburoo: Week Days—6 50, 8.20, 9.55 A. M.; 1.10, 4.05, 5.30 P. M.; Sundays—8.40, 10.05 A. M; 12 40, 4.05, 5.30 P. M.

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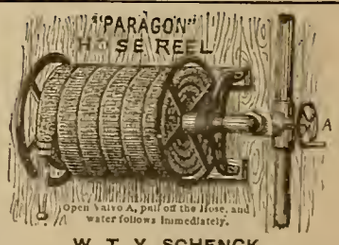

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POEMS BY ROBERT BROWNING.

Through the Metidja.

(1842.)

As I ride, as I ride,
With a full heart for my guide,
So its tide rocks my side,
As I ride, as I ride,
That, as I were double-eyed,
He, in whom our Tribes confide,
Is descried, ways untried,
As I ride, as I ride.

As I ride, as I ride,
To our Chief and his Allied,
Who dares chide my heart's pride
As I ride, as I ride?
Or are witnesses denied—
Through the desert waste and wide
Do I glide unespied
As I ride, as I ride?

As I ride, as I ride,
When an inner voice has cried,
The sands slide, nor abide
(As I ride, as I ride)
O'er each visioned homicide
That came vaunting (has he lied?)
To reside—where he died,
As I ride, as I ride.

As I ride, as I ride,
Ne'er has spur my swift horse plied,
Yet his hide, streaked and pied,
As I ride, as I ride,
Shows where sweat has sprung and dried,
—Zebra-footed, ostrich-thighed—
How has vied stride with stride
As I ride, as I ride!

As I ride, as I ride,
Could I loose what Fate has tied,
Ere I pried, she should hide
(As I ride, as I ride)
All that's meant me—satisfied
When the Prophet and the Bride
Stop veins I'd have subside
As I ride, as I ride!

Adam, Lilith, and Eve.

One day, it thundered and lightened.
Two women, fairly frightened,
Sank to their knees, transformed, transfixed,
At the feet of the man who sat betwixt;
And "Mercy!" cried each—"if I tell the truth
Of a passage in my youth!"

Said This: "Do you mind the morning
I met your love with scorning?
As the worst of the venom left my lips,
I thought, 'If, despite this lie, he strips
The mask from my soul with a kiss—I crawl
His slave—soul, body, and all!'"

Said That: "We stood to be married;
The priest, or some one, tarried;
'If Paradise-door prove locked?' smiled you.
I thought, as I nodded, smiling too,
'Did one, that's away, arrive—nor late
Nor soon should unlock Hell's gate!'"

It ceased to lighten and thunder.
Up started both in wonder,
Looked round and saw that the sky was clear,
Then laughed "Confess you believed us, Dear!"
"I saw through the joke!" the man replied.
They reseated themselves beside.

Porphyria's Lover.

The rain set early in to-night,
The sullen wind was soon awake,
It tore the elm-tops down for spite,
And did its worst to vex the lake,
I listened with heart fit to break,
When glided in Porphyria; straight
She shut the cold out and the storm,
And kneeled and made the cheerless grate
Blaze up, and all the cottage warm;
Which done, she rose, and from her form
Withdrew the dripping cloak and shawl,
And laid her soiled gloves by, untied
Her hat and let the damp hair fall,
And, last, she sat down by my side
And called me. When no voice replied,
She put my arm about her waist,
And made her smooth white shoulder bare,
And all her yellow hair displaced,
And, stooping, made my cheek lie there,
And spread, o'er all, her yellow hair,
Murmuring how she loved me—she
Too weak, for all her heart's endeavor,
To set its struggling passion free
From pride, and vainer ties dissever,
And give herself to me forever.
But passion sometimes would prevail,
Nor could to-night's gay feast restrain
A sudden thought of one so pale
For love of her, and all in vain:
So, she was come through wind and rain.
Be sure I looked up at her eyes
Happy and proud; at last I knew
Porphyria worshiped me; surprise
Made my heart swell, and still it grew
While I debated what to do.
That moment she was mine, mine, fair,
Perfectly pure and good: I found
A thing to do, and all her hair
In one long yellow string I wound
Three times her little throat around,
And strangled her. No pain felt she;
I am quite sure she felt no pain.
As a shut bud that holds a bee,
I warily ope'd her lids; again
Laughed the blue eyes without a strain.
And I untightened next the tress
About her neck; her cheek once more
Blushed bright beneath my burning kiss:
I propped her head up as before,
Only, this time my shoulder bore
Her head, which droops upon it still:
The smiling rosy little head,
So glad it has its utmost will,
That all it scorned at once is fled,
And I, its love, am gained instead!
Porphyria's love: she guessed not how
Her darling one wish would be heard.
And thus we sit together now,
And all night long we have not stirred,
And yet God has not said a word!

Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister.

Gr-r-r—there go, my heart's abhorrence!
Water your damned flower-pots, do!
If hate killed men, Brother Lawrence,
God's blood, would not mine kill you!
What? your myrtle-bush wants trimming?
Oh, that rose has prior claims—
Needs its leaden vase filled brimming?
Hell dry you up with its flames!

At the meal we sit together:
Salve tibi! I must hear
Wise talk of the kind of weather,
Sort of season, time of year:
Not a plenteous cork-crop: scarcely
Dare we hope oak-galls, I doubt:
What's the Latin name for "parsley"?
What's the Greek name for Swine's Snout?

Whew! We'll have our platter burnished,
Laid with care on our own shelf!
With a fire-new spoon we're furnished,
And a goblet for ourself,
Rinsed like something sacrificial
Ere 'tis fit to touch our chaps—
Marked with L for our initial!
(He-he! There his lily snaps!)

Saint, forsooth! While brown Dolores
Squats outside the Convent bank
With Sanchicha, telling stories,
Steeping tresses in the tank,
Blue-black, lustrous, thick like horsehairs
—Can't I see his dead eye glow,
Bright as 'twere a Barbary corsair's?
(That is, if he'd let it show!)

When he finishes refection,
Knife and fork he never lays
Cross-wise, to my recollection,
As do I, in Jesu's praise.
I the Trinity illustrate,
Drinking watered orange-pulp—
In three sips the Arian frustrate;
While he drains his at one gulp.

Oh, those melons! If he's able
We're to have a feast! so nice!
One goes to the Abbot's table,
All of us get each a slice.
How go on your flowers? None double?
Not one fruit-sort can you spy?
Strange!—And I, too, at such trouble
Keep them close-nipped on the sly!

There's a great text in Galatians,
Once you trip on it, entails
Twenty-nine distinct damnations,
One sure, if another fails:
If I trip him just a-dying,
Sure of heaven as sure can be,
Spin him round and send him flying
Off to hell, a Manichee?

Or, my scrofulous French novel
On gray paper with blunt type!
Simply glance at it, you grovel
Hand and foot in Belial's gripe:
If I double down its pages
At the woeful sixteenth print,
When he gathers his greengages,
Ope a sieve and slip it in't!

Or, there's Satan!—one might venture
Pledge one's soul to him, yet leave
Such a flaw in the indenture
As he'd miss till, past retrieve,
Blasted lay that rose-acacia
We're so proud of! *Hy, Zy, Hine* . . .
'St, there's Vespers! *Plena gratiâ, Ave, Virgo!* Gr-r-r—you swine!

Confessions.

What is he buzzing in my ears?
"Now that I come to die,
Do I view the world as a vale of tears?"
Ah, reverend sir, not I!

What I viewed there once, what I view again
Where the physic bottles stand
On the table's edge—is a suburb lane,
With a wall to my bedside hand.

That lane sloped, much as the bottles do,
From a house you could descry
O'er the garden-wall: is the curtain blue
Or green to a healthy eye?

To mine, it serves for the old June weather
Blue above lane and wall;
And that farthest bottle labeled "Ether"
Is the house o'ertopping all.

At a terrace, somewhat near the stopper,
There watched for me, one June,
A girl: I know, sir, it's improper,
My poor mind's out of tune.

Only, there was a way . . . you crept
Close by the side, to dodge
Eyes in the house, two eyes except;
They style their house "The Lodge."

What right had a lounger up their lane?
But, by creeping very close,
With the good wall's help—their eyes might strain
And stretch themselves to Oes,

You never catch her and me together,
As she left the attic, there,
By the rim of the bottle labeled "Ether,"
And stole from stair to stair.

And stood by the rose-wreathed gate. Alas,
We loved, sir—used to meet:
How sad and bad and mad it was—
But then, how it was sweet!

My Last Duchess.

FERRARA.

That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,
Looking as if she were alive. I call
That piece a wonder, now: Frà Pandolf's hands
Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
Will't please you sit and look at her? I said
"Frà Pandolf" by design, for never read
Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
But to myself they turned (since none puts by
The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)
And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
How such a glance came there; so, not the first
Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 't was not
Her husband's presence only, called that spot
Of joy into the Duchess' cheek: perhaps
Frà Pandolf chanced to say, "Her mantle laps
Over my lady's wrist too much," or "Paint
Must never hope to reproduce the faint
Half-flush that dies along her throat": such stuff
Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough
For calling up that spot of joy. She had
A heart—how shall I say?—too soon made glad,
Too easily impressed; she liked whate'er
She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
Sir, 'twas all one! My favor at her breast,
The dropping of the daylight in the West,
The bough of cherries some officious fool
Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
She rode with round the terrace—all and each
Would draw from her alike the approving speech,
Or blush, at least. She thanked men—good! but thanked
Somehow—I know not how—as if she ranked
My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name
With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame
This sort of trifling? Even had you skill
In speech—(which I have not)—to make your will
Quite clear to such an one, and say, "Just this
Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,
Or there exceed the mark"—and if she let
Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set
Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse,
—E'en then would be some stooping; and I choose
Never to stoop. Oh, sir, she smiled, no doubt,
Whene'er I passed her; but who passed without
Much the same smile? This grew: I gave commands;
Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands
As if alive. Will't please you rise? We'll meet
The company below, then. I repeat,
The Count your master's known munificence
Is ample warrant that no just pretence
Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;
Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed
At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go
Together down, sir. Notice Neptune, though,
Taming a sea-horse, though a rarity,
Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me!

Horsford's Acid Phosphate
FOR ABUSE OF ALCOHOL.
It relieves the depression therefrom.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

A. C. Wheeler ("Nym Crinkle"), has written a novel. The scene is laid in New York at the time of the Draft Riots.

A new volume of poems by Robert Browning—no fewer than thirty—will be published this month by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., under the title, "Asolando: Fancies and Facts." They will shortly issue also "Portraits of Friends," by Principal Shairp.

The bindery and storerooms of T. Y. Crowell & Co., the publishers, were destroyed by the disastrous fire in Boston recently. A new home has already been chosen, and the firm will resume work with better facilities than ever before.

It seems that besides the one million dollars' worth of stock which Messrs. Routledge retain in the stock company organized from the firm of George Routledge & Sons, three hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars of five per cent. first mortgage debentures are offered to the public.

A letter from Thackeray to a boy about Pendennis, sent from Onslow Square on July 10, 1858, runs as follows: "DEAR SIR: I think you have caught Mr. Pendennis in a scrape from which there is no escaping—unless, indeed, we suppose that a large passing cloud obscured the moon at the very moment when that little transaction between Pen and Fanny may have occurred. But did it? I assure you I am on that subject quite in the dark, and your very faithful servant, W. M. THACKERAY."

M. Zola describes his mode of working thus: "I am as regular as clock-work. Every morning I write four pages of manuscript, no more, no less. That makes about eight hundred words, and is all I can do in a day and do it well. As I take a year for each one of my novels, you see I have plenty of time at that rate. Of course a large part of my work has been done before I take up the pen, and what I write the first time goes to the printers with few erasures. No, I never dictate, but write every line of my books with my own hand."

A small row is going on between Murray and Baedeker over the guide-book question, Murray accusing Baedeker of plagiarism. In Baedeker's contributions to the controversy he shows the importance attached to his books by stating that in consequence of a very elaborate complaint he affixed to the name of a hotel in Nancy the words "complained of"; the *hôtelier* sued him for damages, and the court, while admitting his good faith and right of criticism in the interest of the public, condemned him to pay five hundred francs damages and costs, on the ground that the description was vague and not directly based on his own personal experience.

Statistics of the reading-rooms of the British Museum for 1886, 1887, and 1888 are just published in London. They show that visitors continue annually to increase. The number of readers in the year 1886 was 176,803, an average of about 580 per day, and the number of books supplied was 1,247,888. In 1887, the number of readers had risen to 182,778, or an average of 602 *per diem*, and the number of books supplied to them to 1,852,725. The latest completed statistics, those for 1888, show that the number of readers had risen to 188,432, or an average of 620 *per diem*, and the number of books supplied to them to 1,950,060. These figures do not include students who may have consulted the reference library, for which no special ticket is required.

M. Francisque Sarcey announces his final decision not to apply for admission to the French Academy. Certain of his friends among the immortal forty had urged him to come forward as a candidate for the chair now made vacant by the death of Emile Augier. M. Sarcey's reason for declining an honor he highly appreciates is that even a candidature would possibly, indeed probably, give grounds for doubting the absolute disinterestedness of his dramatic criticisms. There are a dozen dramatic authors in the Academy. M. Sarcey declares that his influence is due wholly to the belief that he always speaks his mind freely, and he is unwilling to do anything which might cast a doubt on his perfect independence. He is proud of his profession, and his letter, which is not without its pathos, declares that he hopes to have on his tomb only this inscription: "SARCEY: Professeur et Journaliste."

By the will of the late John Crerar, which was admitted to probate on the fourteenth instant, Chicago will come into possession of a public library calculated to rival in importance the great Newberry Library in that city. It is to be hoped, however, that the rivalry will be a friendly one, and that the two institutions will not attempt to cover precisely the same ground. Mr. Crerar makes various specified bequests aggregating about one million three hundred thousand dollars, and then directs that the residue of his estate—a sum estimated at about two million five hundred thousand dollars—be devoted to the establishment of the John Crerar Library. He directs that in the selection of the books, the creation of "a healthy moral and Christian sentiment" be kept in view," and that all "nastiness and immorality be excluded." In the last category he includes "dirty French novels and all skeptical trash." In recognition of this and other public-spirited bequests, the Common Council Committee on Street Nomenclature has decided to change the name of Lasalle Street to Crerar Avenue. Mr. Crerar was a New Yorker by birth, his parents, who were of Scotch extraction, having come hither about 1820. He was a member of the Century, Union, and Union League Clubs of New York, where he was engaged in business until 1862. His will directs that he be buried beside his mother, in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, and that a plain headstone, similar to hers, be erected over his grave.

New Publications.

George Sand's masterpiece, "Consuelo," has been newly translated into pleasing and idiomatic English by Frank H. Potter, and is now issued in four cloth-bound volumes by Dodd Mead & Co., New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company, price $6.00 per set.

A book that will be welcomed by all familiar with Kate Douglas Wiggin's pleasant style, is "A Summer in a Cañon," her latest story. It is the narrative of a camp among the California chaparral, with the redwoods, camp-fires, and a dozen agreeable people thrown in. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.50.

The article on United States history contributed by Professor Alexander Johnston to the "Encyclopedia Britannica," has been republished in book form and furnishes one of the most satisfactory short histories of our government yet published. The artificial division into administrations is abandoned, and each of the eleven chapters relates to a distinct period in the history. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Strickland & Co.

How much can be accomplished by a woman with a fortune and a noble purpose is told in the "Memoirs of a Millionaire," by Lucia True Ames. It is a story telling of the life-work of Mildred Brewster Everett, who devotes her life and her fortune to the alleviation of the sufferings of the poor. The book goes into personal details sufficiently to avoid being a bold narrative of good works, and is full of practical suggestions for the improvement of existing conditions. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.25.

"The Poetry of Tennyson," by Henry Van Dyke, is the work of an enthusiastic and intelligent admirer of the laureate. It is a discussion of the beauties and technique displayed in the poet's entire work, rather than an analysis of particular poems, and the broad view is far more satisfactory. "The Palace of Art" and "The Idylls of the King" receive particular attention, and a comparison of Milton and Tennyson, a chronology of the poet's works, and an examination of the Biblical quotations and allusions are given. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Strickland & Co.; price, $1.50.

There is no person better qualified to write of current events, from the economic standpoint, than David A. Wells, and his paper on the changes in the economic condition of the country during the last quarter of a century found many readers when published in the *Popular Science Monthly*, even among those not usually attracted by such discussions. The demand for these papers in a more permanent form has led to their publication, in book form, under the general title "Recent Economic Changes in the United States." Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Wm. Doxey; price, $2.00.

"Life" is the title of a book containing thirteen papers on the more serious problem of existence by James Platt—a writer who is, unfortunately, better known in England than in this country, for this is the first American reprint from the twenty-first English edition. Among the subjects treated are: "Is Life worth Living?" "Life of the Future," "Culture," "Health and Recreation," "Common Sense," "Marriage," "Happiness," "Religion," and "Future Life." The papers are rambling and are studded with quotations, prose and poetical, but they are filled with good things, and one who takes up the book for a glance reads on with unflagging interest. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Pierson & Robertson; price, 75 cents.

Ludovic Halévy writes as charmingly as only a Frenchman can of fashionable life in Paris, and his account of an American woman who desires to introduce her daughters into society in the gay capital may be taken as embodying the Parisian view of most American residents. This has furnished the theme of "L'Abbé Constantin," which created a stir in Paris some years ago, and those who have not read the original will be glad to learn that an excellent translation has been made and is published, with the original illustrations by Madeleine Lemaire, by Dodd Mead & Co., New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

The practical view of geology is presented by Professor N. S. Shaler in "Aspects of the Earth." The greater part of the book has already been seen in the pages of *Scribner's*, but these have been added to considerably, and a new chapter on "The Origin and Nature of Soils" has been added. The author endeavors to present those aspects of the questions treated which influence the material prosperity of mankind. The chapter on "The Forests of North America" gives the latest information on a subject which has lately attracted much attention, and Professor Shaler urges that the remedies proposed for the preservation of the forests are inadequate. The chapter on soils is of practical interest to agriculturists, the questions of fertilization and irrigation being treated, but the extent of the subject necessitates a very brief discussion. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Strickland & Co.; price, $4 00.

The first novel of that energetic young woman, "Nellie Bly," who is just now hurrying around the world in an effort to outdo Jules Verne's eccentric milord, is called "The Mystery of Central Park," and it is just such a book as one would expect from the person who has been doing all sorts of sensational things for the New York *World*. A New York manufacturer, desiring to marry a young woman of wealth and social standing, finds he must first dispose of his type-writer, whose relations with him warrant her in interfering with the scheme. So he murders her in an elaborate and well-planned way, and all would have been as merry as a marriage-bell if another young woman had not spurred her affianced lover on to make inquiries, which would have been made in real life by the police, and so expose the crime. In unraveling the not too intricate plot, "Nellie Bly" takes her reader through a variety of unusual metropolitan scenes to which her journalistic experience brought her. Published by G. W. Dillingham, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 25 cents.

History has been made in Europe during the last forty years to an astonishing extent, when one pauses to glance back over the period, and Harold Murdock's "Reconstruction of Europe" is not only well named, but is a timely book which will be read with interest by all who desire to keep up with current events. In reading of contemporaneous events in the papers and reviews, one fails to get a proper perspective, and the readjusting influence of a connected narrative is needed to clarify our view. The introduction, by John Fiske, glances at the parallel movement in the other quarters of the world during this period with that writer's admirable power of generalization. Stated from the military point of view, the period covers the Crimean, Italian, Austro-Prussian, and Franco-Prussian Wars, but the author's point of view is diplomatic rather than military. The subtitle, "From the Rise to the Fall of the Second Empire," is to fix the period rather than to indicate the subject, for the whole of continental Europe is brought into the field of view. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $2.00.

"Would You Kill Him?" is the striking title of George Parsons Lathrop's new novel, and it is not an easy question to answer. Who should be killed?—the young monomaniac who tries to separate Roger Holsclaw and his wife by telling her his distorted tale

o be breaking of the engagement between his sister a Roger, and whom Roger kills and throws into tl sea; or Roger, who has kept this story of an unfcunate love-affair from his wife, and, maddened by th other's taunts and blinded by his desire to preserve hown domestic happiness, engages in a struggle wi the brother and, underestimating the force of his sr-protective measures, kills his opponent. It is a hd question to answer in either case, and to apprecie the desperateness of Roger's position, it is necessr to have read of the machinations of that maiden vnpire, "a sort of semi-detached, unmarried mother-inaw of the malignant type," who has been Mrs. Hlsclaw's school-friend and whose perverse nature sr her to using all her powers of insinuation and dcotion to estrange Roger and his wife. This cbarer is the best studied in the book, and is drawn wn strong and telling strokes; even Roger pales besr her, and the reader follows his struggles with his clscience after the deed and after his legal acquittal wn interest in the psychological study rather than sympathy with the hero. In the first part of the book, th prologue which tells of that early love-affair, there is detailed account of the methods of speculators in reat options, made vivid by the great deal into which Hlsclaw is drawn. But the classical moral against sculating is lacking: Holsclaw loses, to be sure, at others are ruined; but it is equally sure that many ers win and that the farmer gets increased prices fhis grain because of the speculation. Published bHarper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bncroft Company.

The papers on railway construction and management whicb bave formed one of the most attractive ftures in *Scribner's* during the current year, have bn republished under the title "The American Railwy." The development of railway business in the cntry has been so remarkably rapid and has reached sh dimensions that his management presents a stem more complicated than that of any other busins. A comprehension of the railroad problem in tpolitical and economic aspects is impossible without aknowledge of the practical construction and workis, and this information is presented in this book. The introductory chapter, on the legal problems cnted with railroads, is by Judge Thomas M. Cooley, th chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commissn, and after it come: "The Building of a Railwy," by Thomas Curtis Clarke, civil engineer; "Feats of Railway Engineering," by John Bogart, Cte engineer of New York; "American Locomotbs and Cars," by M. N. Forney, author of the Catecbism of the Locomotive," editor *Railroad nd Engineering Journal*, etc.; "Railway Management," by General E. P. Alexander, president Corgia Central Railroad; "Safety in Railroad Travel," by H. G. Prout, editor *The Railroad Gazette;* "Railway Passenger Travel," by General Frace Porter, vice-president Pullman Palace Car Cmpany; "The Freigbt-Car Service," by Theodore Vorhees, assistant superintendent New York Central Rilroad; "The Prevention of Railway Strikes," by Carles Francis Adams, president Union Pacific Railrd; "How to Feed a Railway," by Benjamin North, second vice-president Long Island Railroad; The Railway Mail Service, by Thomas L. James, Postmaster-General; "The Railway in its Business Relations," by Arthur T. Hadley, professor in Ale College, author of "Railroad Transportation; Every-Day life of Railroad Men," by B. B. Adams, , associate editor *The Railroad Gazette;* "Statistl Railway Studies," by Fletcher W. Hewes, autr of "Scribner's Statistical Atlas." The text is pplemented with two hundred and twenty-five illustions, thirteen maps, and nineteen charts, and the ire work is indexed. Publisbed by Charles Scribr's Sons, New York; for sale by Strickland & Co.; rce, half leather, $6.00.

Mark Twain's New Book.

"A Yankee in King Arthur's Court" is the title of ark Twain's new book, which has at last been pubned. It has been a long time coming, and the nt has not been unheralded. Three years ago, *Argonaut* printed a brief summary of the story, sed on a speech made by Mr. Clemens at a dinner New York. Since then there have been occasional ragraphs in the papers referring to the forthcoming ok; last month the *Century* printed a few extracts m the advance sheets—making an article which ds very much like an advertisement; and finally Eastern papers have been interviewing the author his difficulties with the English publishers, arising m the uncompromising hatred of monarchical instiions which permeates the whole book.

But the book is out now, and is worthy of the stir as created. The central idea is one of the most vel in literature, and it has been worked for all it is rth, so to speak; and, though there is more serious rpose in this ridiculing of nonsensical survivals of cient customs and superstitions than Mark Twain linarily puts in his books, the humor which s made his pseudonym famous wherever the Englisb ngue is spoken sparkles as fresh and bright as in his st successes. The story tells of a Connecticut chinist, who, recovering his senses from a blow alt him by a refractory factory hand in Connecticut 1879, finds himself by some strange transmigration epochs in the England of King Arthur's day, with the knowledge of the nineteenth century. He is oused from his nineteenth-century sleep by hearing nan, incased in iron and mounted on an iron-clad rse, inquire: "Fair sir, wil ye just?" He thinks man crazy, but being taken prisoner and led to ng Arthur's castle, he is at length persuaded that has waked up thirteen centuries earlier than he nt to sleep.

He finds the people childishly credulous of the most probable statements, and so when he is about to put to death, he remembers that an eclipse of the n is due on that day and uses that phenomenon to ove to the people that be is a magician of unlimited wer. He is made King Arthur's right-hand man d chief executive, and immediately sets about bridg; the thirteen centuries that separate his two exriences by educating the people and starting all nner of factories and other industrial institutions. at he succeeds ultimately goes without saying; but path is by no means an easy one. Not only has the dense, unreasoning ignorance and superstition the people to work against, but Merlin, wbo has been great magician of the land up to the arrival of e Boss—as the new-comer is soon styled—is forever ing to catch him tripping in a spell or enchantment, d The Boss is also constantly harassed by misunrstandings with the punctilious knights. One of ese latter cballenges him to just, after the chalger has spent a few years a-grailing, as The Boss lls their searches for the Holy Grail, and before the ne is up The Boss is himself sent off to acquire a putation as a knight-errant. He is accompanied a young maiden, who directs his expedition against a castle wbere three ogres guard some forty-odd maidens. This fair guide—whose name Alisande he contracts to Sandy—relates marvelous and interminable tales of knightly valor, and alternately exasperates and delights bim by her credulity; she leads him into all manner of adventures, and extricates him from great perils; and finally becomes bis wife. He and the king, both traveling incognito, take a similar trip through the realm, and, being sold for slaves, are barely rescued from death by hanging by Sir Launcelot at tbe head of a band of knights mounted on bicycles.

Tbe end comes when, after a great victory, The Boss's old enemy, Merlin, manages to throw a spell over the Yankee which sends bim to sleep for thirteen hundred years.

The story is handsomely printed in a book of five bundred and seventy-five pages, and is illustrated by more than two bundred clever designs by Dan Beard. Published by Charles L. Webster & Co., New York; for sale, by subscription only, by A. L. Bancroft & Co., 132 Post Street.

Journalistic Chit-Chat.

The *Journalist* says: "Did any one ever see the lion and the lamb cuddling more affectionately than was exhibited in the 'write-up' of tbe New York *Sun* which appeared in the New York *Herald* of Sunday last? The question which is now agitating Park Row is: What does it all mean? The general opinion seems to be that the *Sun* and the *Herald* have entered into a coalition against the *World*."

Not long ago, one of the papers stated that Mr. Mayo W. Hazeltine, of the *Sun*, had been engaged by tbe brothers Bonner to edit the New York *Ledger*. Now, Mr. Hazeltine says that the paragraph had no foundation in fact, except that he is devoting some of his leisure time to writing for the *Ledger*. "I have absolutely nothing to do with tbe management. Mr. Oliver Dyer is, as be has long been, the editor of the paper."

Miss Kate Field bas announced her intention of starting, at the national capital, a journal of society, literature, and art, wbich sbe intends to call *Kate Field's Washington*. This is a euphonious and original name, and it may set a fashion in newspaper nomenclature. We may expect soon to hear of *Richard Croker's New York*, a metropolitan political organ; of *John Wanamaker's Philadelphia*, a Sunday-school and general merchandise advertiser; of *John L. Sullivan's Boston*, a pugilistic and Congressional record; and of *Baby Anson's Chicago*, a baseball and World's Fair journal.—*Munsey's Weekly*.

Plans for the establishment of a perfect journal have been promulgated in various shapes at various times. A new one is proposed in the current number of the *North American Review* by Henry E. Rood. Mr. Rood would bave a millionaire, or several of them, endow a newspaper and place it in charge of a board of trustees. This paper should print only such news as had been carefully verified in every detail. It should give no opinion without giving at the same time the argument on the opposite side. It should be pledged to no government, and it should be absolutely free from the task of making any return upon the capital.

Some Magazines.

Harper's for December contains: "The Merry Wives of Windsor," treated in the text by Andrew Lang, and in illustrations by Edwin A. Abbey; "The Flight into Egypt," by Henry Van Dyke; "Modern Russian Art," by Theodore Child; "Oratorio and Drama," by Rev. H. R. Haweis; six short stories—by Thomas Hardy, Ruth McEnery Stuart, Mary E. Wilkins, M. E. M. Davis, F. D. Millet, and Sarah Orne Jewett; a weird sketch, "A Ghost," by Lafcadio Hearn; verses by Louise Imogen Guiney and R. D. Blackmore; and the departments.

The contents of the December *Forum* are: "Divorce in the United States," by Edward J. Phelps; "Can the Race Problem be Solved?" by Professor Henry A. Scomp; "Religious Teachings in Schools," by Bishop B. J. McQuaid; "The Possibilities of Electricity," by Park Benjamin; "Do We Want Industrial Peace?" by Professor William G. Sumner; "Is Medicine a Science?" by Dr. George M. Gould; "Immigration and Crime," by William M. F. Round; "The Natural History of Dogma," by Professor Charles C. Everett; "Experiences with Spiritualism," by Rev. M. J. Savage; and "The Farmers' Defensive Movement," by William A. Peffer.

The *Popular Science Monthly* for December contains: "The Descendants of Palæolithic Man in America," by Dr. Charles C. Abbott; "Glass-Making," by Professor C. Hanford Henderson; "Plain Words on the Woman Question," by Grant Allen; "New Phases in the Chinese Problem," by William B. Farwell; "Governmental Aid to Injustice," by George M. Wallace: "Israelite and Indian," by Garrick Mallery; "Mental and Physical Training of Children," by Jessie O. Walker; "The Struggle of Sea and Land," by Dr. Vinzenz Hilber; "The Royal Society of England," by Dr. William C. Caball; "Speech and Song"—II., Song, by Sir Morell Mackenzie; "Suspension of Vitality in Animals," by M. Victor Laporte; and a "Sketch of Robert Koch."

In the December *North American Review*, the discussion of the subject of divorce is continued by Mr. Gladstone, Justice Bradley, of the United States Supreme Court, and Senator Dolph. Mr. Andrew Carnegie writes on "The Best Fields for Philanthropy," Colonel Ingersoll contributes part first of his answer to the question, "Wby Am I an Agnostic?" George Westinghouse, Jr., furnishes "A Reply to Mr. Edison." The Hon. Roger Q. Mills outlines the "Republican Tactics in the House." Karl Blind says "A Good Word for Jews" and Walter Damrosch writes of "German Opera and Every-day Life." Marion Harland writes on "The Incapacity of Business-Women." Lord Wolseley brings to a conclusion his "Englisb View of the Civil War," and General James B. Fry points out some of Lord Wolseley's errors of fact and judgment. "The New Method of Voting" is considered by Senator-elect Saxton, the author of the Saxton Bill; Governor Ames, of Massachusetts; Governor Buikeley, of Connecticut; and General William Mahone, of Virginia.

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SOCIETY.

The Williams Reception.

The elegant residence of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Williams, 1925 Octavia Street, was the scene, last Thursday evening, of one of the most delightful receptions of the winter season. Bright lights gleamed through every window, beautiful decorations gave a further charm to the richly furnished interior, and a galaxy of our prettiest rosebuds in their daintiest toilets graced the commodious apartments by their presence. There were over two hundred guests assembled there with the intention of making the night a merry one and their wishes were amply gratified. The affair was given in honor of the recently married young couple, Mr. and Mrs. H. Alston Williams, *née* Caduc, who had returned from their wedding trip a few days before. With the evident idea in their minds of coming late and staying late the guests were fashionably dilatory in arriving so it was after ten o'clock before the rooms were crowded. They were most cordially received by the hostess, who appeared in a handsome toilet of cream-colored watered silk striped with gold and pink and trimmed with rich gold lace. She was assisted in receiving by the young bride, who was radiant in her wedding robe of cream-colored silk draped with crêpe lisse and adorned with broderie Romien.

From nine until ten o'clock Ballenberg's band played concert selections, introducing in particular Edgar S. Kelley's Chinese song, "The Lady Picking Mu'berries," which was so well received that a repetition of it was called for later in the evening. The two parlors were canvased and used for dancing in conjunction with the spacious dining-hall adjoining with its smoothly polished floor. The apartments on the other side of the house were relegated to those who did not desire to dance. The decorations were exceptionally pretty, and Miss Bates's handiwork caused remarks of commendation from every one. In the main salon were seen arrangements of white and pink chrysanthemums and trailing blackberry vines adorning the mirror, bay-window, pictures, and doorways in exquisite taste and apparently without studied effort, all combining most gracefully with the artistic frescoing and the gems of art with which the walls are set. The back parlor was where the musicians were stationed, and here were clusters and wreaths of the scarlet-hued berries of Christmastide embellished by bow-knots and streaming ribbons of red silk, and in pretty contrast were bunches of little snowballs, on their light stalks, which were arranged in vases on the lambrequin-covered mantel. The hall was in shades of yellow, as the draperies of silk and the chrysanthemums were all of that color. The stairway was draped its entire length, and at intervals, in relief, were leaves of the fan-palm. In the drawing-room and library clusters of Russian and Marie Antoinette violets threw off their delicate fragrance under the influence of the warm air, and their beauty was enhanced by masses of roses and sweet mignonette.

The prettiest place of all, however, was the large dining-hall, which formed the last of the three rooms used for dancing. With a kind thought about the usual overheated condition of most ball-rooms, the decorator gave to this room the appearance of a midwinter forest scene in the far East, with the result that the place looked much cooler than it really was. Covering the molding of the deeply recessed, square bay-window were branches of oak whitened by an apparent fall of snow with the sparse foliage flecked perceptibly. These branches were draped with silvered net, from the cords of which, at intervals, hung glistening icicles so natural that one could almost see them drip. Long strands of silvered cord traversed the mahogany wainscotting to the left and mingled their ends in the corner among the bark and branches of a seemingly growing oak-tree upon which the chilly hand of winter had left its impressions. The other corners were set similarly with oak, cypress, and eucalyptus trees frosted and decked with moss. The sideboard showed materially the same effects as were produced at the window opposite and the large open fire-place was another charming scene. Here, however, a quartet of snowy-white doves had settled on the projecting branches of oak and cypress, and in their bills they held the ends of the tangled mass of silvered cords which were drawn in and out among the frosted foliage. Up and down the sides and into the depths of the broad recess was a graceful drapery of pale yellow tulle, caught among the branches here and there and fringing the mantel at the rear. The entire scene was one of much beauty.

When the dancing commenced, it was noticeable that there were but few who did not join in its pleasures. All of the latest music was played, the favorite seemingly being the "Little Annie Rooney" waltz, with its vocal accompaniment, as it was called for several times. Iced lemonade and punch were served constantly in the little conservatory. The many little nooks and corners in the rooms, which were furnished with tête-à-tête settees, were ever in demand, but the huge cluster of mistletoe at the entrance to the parlor was walked under unconsciously by almost all with but seldom an upward glance. It was about twelve o'clock when the march to supper was played, and the guests proceeded to the lower floor where seven rooms were prettily decorated and arranged with numbers of tables. The menu was elaborate, the service admirable, and the flow of sparkling wine unlimited. The supper hour was followed by more dancing until three o'clock, when the party came to an end, and the guests left the residence of their hospitable entertainers to be driven through the heavily falling rain to their respective homes. The affair was pleasurable in every way, and Mr. and Mrs. Williams are to be congratulated upon its unqualified success.

The Bachelors' Cotillion Club.

The third german of the Bachelors' Cotillion Club took place on Friday evening, and was a decided success, as the attendance was very large. The hall was decorated prettily with long streamers, garlands, and wreaths of evergreen brightened by clusters of scarlet Christmas berries. The stage was adorned with potted tropical plants, and Noah Brandt's band was stationed in the gallery. To Mr. George A. Newhall was assigned the task of leading, and, in deference to the many married members of the club who seldom actively participate in the german, he decided to have regular dancing until eleven o'clock. This enabled every one present to enjoy the ball fully, and then they adjourned to the dining-hall, where the usual delicious repast was partaken of. After three-quarters of an hour passed at the tables, the dancers were well refreshed and were ready for the cotillion. Only two figures were introduced, one a wheel figure and the other a marching figure. Mr. Newhall led without a partner, and managed the participants excellently, ably repeating his success of last season. The participants in the first set were Mr. Walter L. Dean, Miss Bates, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Miss Bessie Bowie, Mr. Herbert E. Carolan, Miss May E. Pope, Mr. Frank J. Carolan, Mrs. James A. Robinson, Mr. W. A. Douglass, Mrs. Louis B. Parrott, Mr. A. Casserly, and Miss Edith Taylor. It was one o'clock when the german ended, and every one enjoyed the affair very much. For contributions of Christmas berries the club is indebted to Mrs. D. M. Delmas, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Howard, and Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tubbs, who sent large quantities of them from their country residences.

The New Dancing-Club.

The members of the new dancing club held their third party last Wednesday evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Baker, 1882 Washington Street. They enjoyed a change from the usual stereotyped mode of entertaining, as this affair was a mask and domino party. The Baker residence is admirably adapted for large parties, as all of the rooms are spacious, and the dancers had the choice of either a canvased or a polished wood floor. A pretty decoration of choice flowers and foliage enhanced the beauty of the interior. The members commenced to arrive about nine o'clock, and for a couple of hours they danced and had a merry time in their endeavors to discover the identity of their partners. At eleven o'clock the masks were removed, and the succeeding hours were devoted to the pleasures of the delicious supper and more dancing.

The Newhall High Tea.

At her residence on Post Street, Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall gave a delightful high tea on Saturday afternoon, December 14th. Several hundred of her friends called from four until seven o'clock, and in the drawing-rooms, which were brightened by arrangements of chrysanthemums and other flowers, they conversed, listened to Brandt's music, and partook of the refreshing viands that had been prepared for them. Mrs. Newhall was assisted in receiving by Miss Jennie Blair, Miss May E. Pope, Miss Palache, Miss Edith Taylor, and Miss Nettie Tubbs. The affair was excellently arranged and proved enjoyable to all who called.

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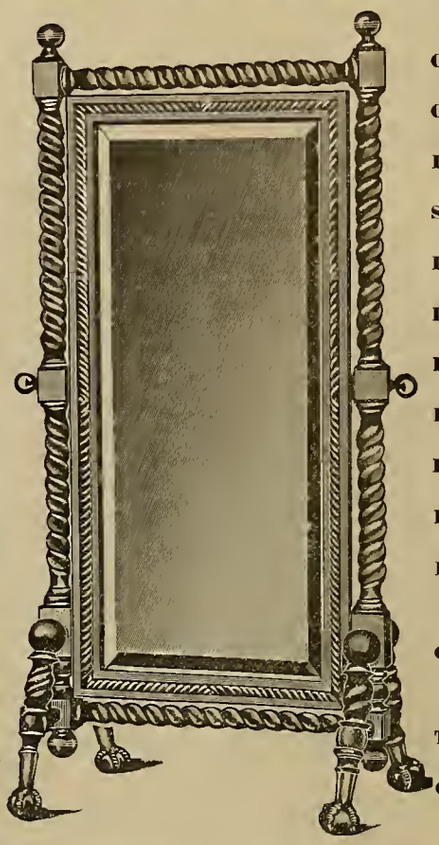

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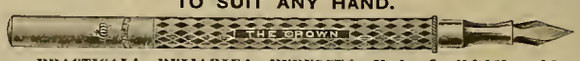

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SOCIETY.

The Boardman High Tea.

Mrs. George C. Boardman entertained a large number of friends at her residence, 1750 Franklin Street, on Saturday afternoon, December 14th when she gave a high tea. She was assisted in receiving by her mother, Mrs. Samuel Hort, her daughter, Miss Dora Boardman, and Mrs. R. S. Floyd, Misses Otis, Miss Evelyn Carolan, Miss Helen Otis, Miss Sally Maynard, Miss Nellie Smedburg, Miss Susie Tompkins, Miss Julia Tompkins, and Miss Emelie Hager. The apartments were all tastefully decorated with roses, chrysanthemums, marigolds, foliage, and potted plants and appeared particularly attractive. The conservatory was fitted up in the Oriental style and was a popular abiding place. A string band played concert selections during the hours of the reception and the time was pleasantly passed by the many callers in conversation and the enjoyment of the refreshments which were so bounteously provided.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Miss Jennie Sanderson has returned from Paris and is visiting her aunt, Mrs. John D. Yost, at her residence, 1422 Sutter Street.

Mr James V. Coleman left New York a week ago for Paris where he will meet his mother. He is expected back in the spring.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean will return from New York in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Cook are passing most of their time in New York and Boston.

Mr. James D. Phelan has returned from a prolonged eastern visit. While in New York he gave a dinner at the Hoffmann House to several of his California friends.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway will go to Monterey for the holidays.

Dr. George H. H. Redding has returned to the city after an absence of two years in Europe, where he has been pursuing his professional studies in the medical schools of Paris and Vienna.

Mr. A. H. Small went East a few days ago, and will be away about four weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Elliot M. Judge, of New York, will pass the winter at 1115 Van Ness Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank K. Zook have removed to 2136 Sutter Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph B. Spence, of San José, have been passing the week here.

Miss Annie Bliss has returned from a visit to San José.

Mrs. H. M. Gorham is visiting her mother, Mrs. Thomas Anderson.

Mr. William O'Brien and family, of Spokane Falls, are located at 1115 Van Ness Avenue for the winter.

Colonel Charles N. Felton has gone East.

Mr. and Mrs. O. O. Burgess are now traveling in Italy, after having visited Spain, France, and Algiers, Africa.

Mr. John W. Twiggs has gone to Europe and will be away several months.

Miss Ella Goad is the guest of Miss Leovy at her home in New Orleans.

Mrs. N. G. Kittle, Miss Maggie Kittle, and Miss Stockwell will be at Monterey during the New Year holidays.

Mrs. C. O. Alexander has been visiting Miss F. Thompson at Marysville.

The Misses Upson, of Sacramento, have gone East to remain during the remainder of the season.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis and Mr. Hugh Tevis have returned from an extended visit at Bakersfield.

Mr. Lansing B. Mizner, of Benicia, has been enjoying a visit here during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Brittan, of Redwood City, have been staying the week at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. A. C. Morse, Mrs. W. E. Pinney, and the Misses Josie and Kate Morse, have returned from San Rafael.

Miss Roberta E. Lee Wright has returned home after a prolonged and pleasant visit to Hon. and Mrs. John F. Swift in Japan.

Mrs. George Hearst will remain here until after the New Year holidays before going to Washington, D. C.

Miss Maude Berry and Miss Ellis will return to Fresno the day after passing a week here very pleasantly. Miss Berry will visit here again early in January.

Mr. and Mrs. George M. Pinckard are located at the Palace Hotel for the remainder of the season.

Miss Fannie Doyle, of Menlo Park, was recently the guest of Miss Addie Mills.

Judge John H. Boalt has returned from New York.

Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco is the guest of friends in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Rutherford, Miss Virginia Hanlett, and Miss Haft of New York, will pass the coming holidays at Monterey.

Hon. Newton Booth, of Sacramento, was in Cairo, Egypt, when last heard from.

Mr. J. B. Haggin has taken apartments for the winter at Le Croisic, in Fifth Avenue, New York.

Baron and Baroness von Schröder and Mrs J. Mervyn Donahue have returned from their Eastern trip. Before leaving New York they were entertained at dinner by Mrs. Clarke Roche.

Notes and Gossip.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Wise have issued invitations for a dance which they will give on Tuesday evening, January 21, at their residence on the corner of Washington and Leavenworth Streets.

The managers of the Children's Hospital and Training School for Nurses announce that a reception will be held there on New Year's Day.

Commencing at two o'clock this (Saturday) afternoon, a Christmas entertainment will be given at Irving Hall for the benefit of the Pioneer Kindergarten, which is sadly in need of funds with which to carry on its charitable work. The admission price is twenty-five cents for adults and ten cents for children. An interesting programme has been prepared, and all who attend will be well entertained.

A matinée reception will be given this (Saturday) afternoon by Mrs. George Hyde at her residence, 719 Geary Street.

The officers at the Presido will give a hop there next Tuesday evening.

Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Voorhies will give a dancing-party at their residence, 2111 California Street, next Thursday evening, to which about one hundred and fifty of their friends have been invited.

Mrs. James F. Houghton will entertain the members of the new dancing-club next Friday evening in her apartments at the Palace Hotel.

The next german of the Bachelors' Cotillion Club will be held on Friday evening, January 10, 1890. Mr. George Vernon Gray will be the leader.

The Oakland Cotillion Club will give its next german on Friday evening, January 3, 1890.

Army and Navy News.

Lieutenant Charles G. Ayres, Tenth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted two months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant James E. Runcie, U. S. A., and Lieutenant John L. Hayden, U. S. A., have gone to Washington to visit Olympia, Fort Canby, and other places on official business.

Dr. Millard H. Crawford, U. S. N., has been passing a week here on a visit from Mare Island.

Captain W. S. Schenck, U. S. M. C., has gone East, to remain away permanently.

"C. F H." writes us as follows: A society has been formed in Germany, with the world-renowned Joachim as its president, and has secured the house in which Beethoven was born, 515 Bonngasse. It is the intention of the society to put the house, as near as may be, into the condition in which it was in 1770, and to dedicate it in *æternam* to Beethoven's memory. The house is to be constituted a museum of relics of that great genius. I read in the *Musical World* of November 2d that funds are needed for the work, and that Mr. Theodore Thomas will give a Beethoven concert, the proceeds of which will be forwarded to the above-mentioned society to help carry out their work of love. The "Liederkranz," of New York, are also doing the same Will not the lovers of music in San Francisco and Oakland help the plan and show their feeling for the great *maestro* and his undying work?

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Polyclinic Concert.

Probably the largest audience ever assembled in the Grand Opera House was present there last Monday evening, when the charity concert was given for the benefit of the San Francisco Polyclinic. Musically, socially, and financially the event was a success, and it is expected that about three thousand dollars will be realized from it. The programme comprised the following numbers, with the addition of a brilliant address by Mr. Samuel M. Shortridge and some interesting remarks by Dr. Stallard, president of the society:

Overture, "If I were King".....Adam
Orchestra under direction of J. H. Rosewald.
Chorus, "Hallelujah"..... Handel
Handel and Haydn Society, H. J. Stewart, Director.
Duo (piano and violin).....Vieuxtemps and Wolf
Mrs. Carmichael-Carr and Mr. J. H. Rosewald.
Vocal Quartet, "Rigoletto".....Verdi
Mesdames Sanderini and Zeiss-Dennis, Messrs Alfred Wilkie and Thomas Rickard.
Concerto for Violin..... Mendelssohn
(*a*) Andante. (*b*) Finale.
Mme. Camilla Urso.
Vocal Quintet, "North Star".....Meyerbeer
Mme. Julie Rosewald, Misses Mary E. Barnard and May B. Thorne, Messrs W. Crandall and W. Blake.
Chorus, "Lullaby of Life".....Henry Leslie
Harmonic Society of Oakland, D. P Hughes, Director.
String Quartet, "Adagio and Rondo".....Haydn
Henry Heyman, Noah Brandt, B. Jaulus, and R. Patek.
Double Octet (four pianos, sixteen hands).
Overture, "William Tell".....Rossini
Mrs H. J. Stewart, Misses Amy Gell, Ada Wiegel, Alice Bacon, Messrs. S. M Fabian, H. J. Stewart, S. Arrilaga, and M Espinosa.
Sextet, "Lucia".....Donizetti
Mesdames Billoni and Dickman, Messrs. Herr Zimmerman, Hubert Fortesque, Enrico Campobello, and J. C. Hughes.
String Quartet, "The Maiden and Death".....Schubert
Andante con Variazione.
Hermann Brandt, Henry Stering, Louis Ritzau, and Theodore Mansfeldt.
"Toy Symphony" and "The Laendler" from the Kinder Symphony.....Haydn
Mrs. H. J. Stewart.....Piano
Dr. Couret.....Violin
Mr. Henry Heyman.....Violin
Dr. Arthur Regensburger.....'Cello
Dr. Stallard.....Trumpet
Dr. R. Bowie.....Rattle
Dr. H Bowie.....Cuckoo
Dr. Martin Regensburger.....Cuckoo
Dr. A. P. Whitrell.....Nightingale
John N. Featherston.....Nightingale
Dr. Maldonado.....Quail
Dr. George T. Shiels.....Quail
Dr. William J. Younger.....Triangle
Louis Sloss, Jr.....Drum
Charles Leonard.....Trumpet
H. J. Stewart, Conductor.
Chorus, "Gloria".....Mozart
Handel and Haydn and Oakland Harmonic Societies.
Mr. C. W. Reynolds, Accompanist.

Mauzy Musical Club.

The Mauzy Musical Club gave its Christmas concert, the last one of this season, on Thursday evening in Byron Mauzy's warerooms. There was a large attendance and the following excellent programme was presented:

Overture, "Lodoiska".....Cherubini
Mozart Octet.
Contralto Solo, "Cantique de Noël".....Adam
Mme. C de la Mothe.
Piano Solo, "Fileuse".....Chamanade
Miss Elene S Austin.
Baritone Solo, "Magic Song".....Helmund
Mr Robert Lloyd.
Guitar and Mandolin Duo, "Satanella".....Balfe
Misses Theresa and Lily Sherwood
Soprano Solo, "La Serenate".....Braga
With 'Cello obligato by Dr. Regensburger.
Mme. de Silveira.
Violin Solo.
(*a*) "Deux Menuette," Sonata No. 6.....Bach
(*b*) "Spanish Dance," Zepatedeo.....Sarasate
F. Victor Austin.
Selection, (*a*) "Berceuse".....Hauser
(*b*) "Menuette".....Mozart
Mozart Octet.
Contralto Song, "Alla Stella Confidente".....Robaudi
With Violin Obligato.
Mme. C. de la Mothe.
Guitar and Mandolin Duo, "Menuette".....Boccherini
Misses Theresa and Lily Sherwood.
Baritone Song, "The Pedler".....Scott
Mr. Robert Lloyd.
Violin Solo. "Hungarian Dances".....Brahm
Mr. F. Victor Austin.
Soprano Song, "Non ti Scordar di me".....Robaudi
With 'Cello Obligato.
Mme. de Silveira.
Boehm Flute and Piano, "Faust".....Arr. Wysham
Professor H. Clay Wysham.
Accompanist, Professor Uricochea.
Russian Dance, "Pas des Patineurs".....Glinka

The Urso Musicale.

Mme. Camilla Urso gave the second of her *seances de musique classique* on Friday afternoon at the residence of Mrs. W. J. Younger, 1414 California Street. The attendance was large and fashionable, and the programme was very successfully presented. The numbers were as follows:

Beethoven, Op. 18, No. 4.
String Quartet in C minor.
Allegro ma non tanto.
Andante scherzoso quasi allegretto.
Menuetto-Allegretto.
Allegro.
Mme. Camilla Urso, Messrs. Goffrie, Schmidt, and Hennie.
Rust. Violin Sonata No. 1.
Introduction.
Fugue.
Gigue.
Mme. Camilla Urso.
Haydn, Op. 76, No. 2.
String Quartet in D minor.
Andante a piu tosto allegretto.
Menuetto-Allegretto, ma non troppo.
Finale, Vivace assai.
Mme. Camilla Urso, Messrs. Goffrie, Schmidt, and Hennie.

The third and last musicale will be held at the same place on Friday afternoon, January 17, 1890.

The Partridge Concert.

Miss Ella Partridge, assisted by Mr. Hermann Brandt, gave an ensemble concert in the parlors of the First Unitarian Church on Saturday afternoon, December 14th. The following selections were given before an appreciative audience:

Sonata for Piano and Violin in C minor, op. 30, No. 2
.....Beethoven
1. Allegro con brio, 3. Scherzo,
2. Adagio cantabile, 4. Finale.
Suite for Piano and Violin, op. 11. .....Goldmark
1. Allegro, 2. Andante sostenuto,
3. Allegro ma non troppo.
Sonata for Piano and Violin in D, op. 21.....Gade
1. Allegro di molto, 2. Larghetto,
3. Allegro molto vivace.

Handel's oratorio, "The Messiah," will be performed by the Handel and Haydn Society at the Mechanics' Pavilion on Friday, the twenty-seventh instant. The soloists are Mme Thea Sanderini, Miss Mary E. Barnard, Mr. Alfred Wilkie, and Mr. J. C. Hughes. The chorus will number four hundred voices, all under the direction of Mr. H. J. Stewart. The performance will be on a larger scale than any previous concert of the Handel and Haydn Society.

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HE GOT OFF.

The Kennelville Railroad Accident.

Getting on and off a moving train is an art very difficult to master. There is certainly a limit to human possibilities in that direction, though if you have ever heard a little circle of railroad men exchange experiences on the subject, you may be inclined to doubt it.

I once ran up against this thing myself. It was during my early youthhood, when I was gaining experience and forty dollars per month pounding a bit of brass in the telegraph office of the night yard-master at the terminal of one of our great railroads, working twelve hours per night every night in the almanac.

One bright Christmas morning, it occurred to me that it would be pleasant to run down to my native town, about forty miles down the line, and spend the holiday with my beloved parents. Going to my boarding-place, I arranged myself as nearly in emulation of the great Solomon's example as a railroad telegrapher on the above-named salary could hope to, and boarded a through freight-train which was just starting out.

The engineer, who was an acquaintance, promised to "slow down" at Kennelville so that I could get off, and I climbed into the caboose and promptly went to sleep on one of the long seats.

My friend, the brakeman, woke me up when we struck the Kennelville grade about a mile above the station. The engineer had evidently forgotten his promise or thought differently respecting it. The engine, so far from being "shut off," was using every available pound of steam, and through freight No. 60 promised to tear past the place of my nativity at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour.

It looked dangerous to jump, but the conductor said that it could be done, the brakeman said that he had often performed more difficult feats than mine would be, and the live-stock man, who was going through with a car of cattle, swore he believed that he could get off and on again without the least bit of trouble. Then they each told me how it could be done in the most safe manner, and each one gave me different instructions. They all agreed, however, that it was much better to continue moving in the direction in which the train was going, after striking the ground, and this I found a little later on to be a very shrewd thing to do.

The brakeman "set up" all of the brakes that he dared to, and the entire party gathered on the rear platform of the caboose as we neared the little sleepy station, to see me safely off—or at any rate, to see me off.

Even after getting all ready for the leap I would have liked to give it up, but my reputation as a railroad man would not allow it. As we reached the strip of cinder-path in front of the station, I tried to follow all of the instructions I had received, at once, and jumped.

My left foot touched the ground first. Following instructions closely, I took a quick step with my right foot, which, by actual measurement, taken a little later on, landed said right foot exactly sixteen feet further on in the direction in which the train was moving at the time. Then I felt impelled to take another important step, which was ten feet long if it was a millimeter, and then another of about the same length, and then something seemed to tell me to lie down quickly upon my face and "slide to third," which I promptly did. There was about a quarter of an inch of snow on the top of the cinders, which I cleared away, to the best of my ability, with my Sunday clothes and my Roman nose, as I grandly swept along.

An ordinary fool would have thrown his valise before jumping, but I did not belong to that class and so retained it. That is, I retained it until I lay down to do my great toboggan act over the cinders, when I swung said valise in a half-circle and brought it down with considerable emphasis at arm's length ahead of me. When I got up at the conclusion of the slide, the handle was still in my grasp, but the valise proper had kicked itself loose from all incumbrances and ricocheted along for some distance, scattering the beautiful collection of laundry work that it had contained over a large tract of the company's property.

When I picked myself up, the train was far down the track, and I was much cheered by the sight of the conductor, the brakeman, and the live-stock man hanging over the rear rail of the caboose platform and laughing and howling as though their hearts would break.

I was a thrilling spectacle when I arose. The front of me, from my classic brow to the fringe on my trousers, was adorned with equal parts of soft coal-cinders and beautiful snow, and as much as possible of my facial cuticle and the epidermis of my hands and skin along my shin-bones were scratched up and lacerated to a shocking degree. I waved my fist half-heartedly at the rapidly vanishing conductor, brakeman, and live-stock man. Then, as I began sadly to gather up my belongings, Lew Hitchcock, the day-operator at Kennelville, aroused from his Sunday morning's snooze by the noise of the train, lounged lazily out upon the platform, stretched himself, yawned, and queried pleasantly:

"Did you get off?"

The bitter, sarcastic, ill-natured, almost profane things which I said will never be revealed by me.—*C. N. Hood in Munsey's Weekly.*

THE MILLIONAIRE'S CHRISTMAS.

A Tale of Humble Life.

It was a bitter cold night in December, and the wind moaned and shrieked through the leafless branches of the tall trees that stood like gaunt sentinels about the mansion of the humble millionaire.

Standing at the front parlor windows of the great house, the millionaire's family were awaiting the father's return.

The wife was trying, in her brave, hopeful way, to cheer the hearts of the little ones, so that the millionaire might be greeted by a cluster of happy, smiling faces when he entered his humble abode.

"Oh, mamma," cried little Mary, plaintively, "I don't want to go to school any more, because the other children will not play with me! They sneer at me because, they say, my father is not a son of toil. Oh, it is so hard that we should be only the children of a millionaire instead of an honest working-man!"

"My darling," cried the mother, in a choking voice, as she clasped her offspring in her arms, "you must be brave and patient! I know full well that the millionaires are down-trodden and oppressed, but your dear papa tells me that better days are coming, and that ere another winter sets in the honest working-men will find themselves in the soup."

"Is papa coming home soon?" whimpered little Charlie; "I am getting *so* hungry."

"Hush, my child!" replied the mother; "papa has gone to ask the haughty walking-delegates to permit him to keep his mill open four hours a day instead of three. It is but a poor boon that he asks, and yet I fear me they will refuse. But here he comes now. Run away and play, darlings, and you will soon have something to eat."

The millionaire entered the parlor and threw himself into an easy-chair with a deep sigh.

"It is useless!" he exclaimed; "they say that they can not break the three-hour law which was passed by the legislature last June. There is only one course left for us to take, and I have resolved to try that. But is not dinner nearly ready?"

"Not quite yet, darling," said the affectionate wife, in soothing tones; "the cook has gone to a meeting of her union, and she has promised me to ask their permission to let us have corned-beef hash occasionally. She is a good creature, John, and does all in her power to make our lot easy and pleasant for us."

"But isn't there a little cold meat in the house?"

"Why, John! Would you violate the laws of the Butchers' Union, which forbids us to serve a roast more than once?"

"True, true," murmured the millionaire; "but at least you can make me a cup of tea."

"I would willingly do it," replied the faithful wife, gently but firmly, "and we would drink it with pleasure, but it would be at the risk of our lives. You know the new union is furious whenever——"

"That is true," replied the millionaire; "let us be thankful we thought of it in time. We have much to be grateful for. We had better postpone our meal until to-morrow, and, in the meanwhile, we must not forget how unhappy our lot would be in another country. It is only in this great republic that statesmen are of sufficient calibre to cope with these labor problems."—*Life.*

THE CHRISTMAS LEDGER.

SHOWING VARIOUS AND SEVERAL MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY IN *a/c* WITH VARIOUS AND SEVERAL RELATIVES AND FRIENDS.

I.

MRS. HOSTAGES, in *a/c* with MR. HOSTAGES.

Dr. 1889.		$		1889.		$	Cr.
Dec. 25	To 1 dressing-gown	20	00	By 1 silk gossamer water-proof. ...	20	00	

Comment, by Mrs. Hostages—The usual thing.

II.

MISS MAMIE HOSTAGES, in *a/c* with MISS MAUD HOSTAGES.

Dr.							Cr.
Dec. 25	To 1 satin hand-painted fan.....	7	50	By 1 satin hand-painted fan....	7	50	

Comment, by Both—We struck the same bargain.

III.

MASTER JOHNNY HOSTAGES, in *a/c* with AUNT MARIA.

Dr.							Cr.
Dec. 25	To Nothing.....	0	00	By 1 chamois-skin pen-writer.	0	10	

Comment, by Mrs. Hostages—Aunt Maria never would notice that boy, but that's no reason why he shouldn't be civil to her—and she so rich—she really might do something for the poor child!

IV.

MRS. HOSTAGES, in *a/c* with AUNT MARIA.

Dr.							Cr.
Dec. 25	To 1 Christmas card, envelope, and postage.....	0	05	By 1 antique brass foot-warmer....	25	00	

Comment, by Aunt Maria—Nasty, time-serving creature! She thinks I'm going to leave my poor father's hard-earned money to one of those children of her's! The idea!

V.

MRS. HOSTAGES, in *a/c* with her GODDAUGHTER'S MOTHER.

Dr.							Cr.
Dec. 25	To 1 imitation Faience vase	0	97	By 1 Christmas card.....	0	05	

Comment, by Mrs. Hostages—I'd never stood godmother to that child if I'd known how her mother would try to impose on me. She must needs send a vase, when I sent her just a simple Christmas-card, which was all that was necessary. Vase, indeed! It was marked 97 cents. Do you suppose I don't know where it came from?

VI.

MR. and MRS. HOSTAGES, in *a/c* with MARY ANN DURGAN, Superannuated Nurse.

Dr.							Cr.
Dec. 25	To Overflowing Gratitude....	1,000,000	00	By 1 calico-covered comfortable	2	50	

Comment, by Mary Ann Durgan—An' is it a calico comfortable, an' me nussed ivry wan n' their foive, an' them rowlin' in wealth! Was it for this I brought up me own Mickey out of a tin-can, an' gev them the best o' me for twinty-foive dollars a month?

VII.

MR. and MRS. HOSTAGES, in *a/c* with their ELDEST SON.

Dr.							Cr.
Dec. 25	To 1 antique oak sideboard	225	00	By 1 walking-stick	2	25	

Comment, by the Eldest Son—Blew in the last cent of my credit to make myself solid with the old folks. $225 for that sideboard. Got a walking-stick. Bought one just like it yesterday—$2.25. Is Life Worth Living?

VIII.

MR. and MRS. HOSTAGES, in *a/c* with SMALL BOY ON THE SIDEWALK.

Dr.							Cr.
Dec. 25	To Shoveling Snow	0	25	By Christmas Enthusiasm.....	1	00	

Comment, by the Small Boy on the Sidewalk—Old gent give me a dollar, and didn't want no change. If I don't have apple-dump, plenty er both (wot's dat?—apple-dumplin', hard sauce an' soft, too), tapioker pud'n', an' er cup er cawfee, me name's MUD. Oh, Christmas is de boss day, an' don't yer forget it!—*Puck.*

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Swedish Sandwich Stands.....from $6.00 upward
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Decorated English Dinner Sets, 103 pieces, ...$12.00 per set
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LED ASTRAY.

A Tale of a Shop.

Customer (to saleslady with Psyche knot)—A parcel I bought here two days ago did not come.

Saleslady (regarding her stonily)—Cahsh!

Customer (again)—I did not receive a small parcel which——

Saleslady—Mr. Higgins! A dollar twenty-five. No. Rihbon counter in the next room.

Customer (once more)—A small parcel which——

Saleslady—Mr. Higgins!

Mr. Higgins (an imposing floor-walker)—Did you wish to speak to me, Miss Flanigan?

(Customers all about look up.)

Miss Flanigan—This lady says she has lost a parcel.

Mr. Higgins—Ah! (Takes out a note-book.)

Customer (turning to Mr. Higgins)—I bought some things here a few days ago, and one small parcel failed to come.

Mr. Higgins (beginning to write)—What was in the parcel?

Customer—Some Japanese hutter-plates.

Mr. Higgins—How many?

Customer (flushing slightly)—Only six. I got them with other purchases, and——

Mr. Higgins (loftily)—Yes; what price, please?

Customer—Eighteen cents.

Miss Flanigan (with ill-concea'ed scorn)—I don't sell hutter-plates.

Customer—I hought them at the Japanese counter, and gave them to you to he sent with other purchases.

Mr. Higgins (patronizingly)—It will he all right, madam. Miss Flanigan can not, of course, recall all of her sales.

(Miss Flanigan tosses her Pysche knot with a superior air, and viciously shoots a small metal cone through a neighboring pneumatic tuhe.)

Mr. Higgins (to customer)—This way, please. (Marches off with a stage tread, which is a cross hetween that of the ghost in "Hamlet" and Irving in "The Bells," down one aisle, up another, to a remote corner where a man is seated at a desk writing.

Mr. Higgins (waving the lady with a magnificent gesture to the man at desk)—This gentleman will attend to you, madam. (Starts on his return trip.)

Customer—I purchased some things here a few days ago, and one small parcel did not come.

Man at Desk (who has continued writing, looks up thoughtfully)—Now, madam, what can I do for you?

(Customer repeats.)

Man (strokes his chin, takes up long note-hook, and asks)—Your name, please?

(Customer gives it.)

Man—And address, please.

(Customer gives it.)

Man—What day did you huy the goods?

Customer—On Friday last.

Man—What were they?

Customer—Six Japanese hutter-plates.

Man—Price, please.

Customer — Eighteen cents (adding, apologetically:) it is a trifle, of course, hut I was passing the store and thought I might as well look them up.

Man (magnificently)—Certainly, madam; the house accounts for every spool of thread. (Calling.) Mr. Tihhits.

Mr. Tibbits—Yes, sir.

Man (handing him note-hook)—Go with this lady to the Japanese counter, and find the saleslady who sold these goods.

Customer—But I took them from that counter and gave them to the young woman in the umhrella department.

Man (with an air of explanatory patience)—We have to trace from the heginning, madam.

(Customer goes off with Mr. Tibhits.)

Mr. Tibbits (at Japanese counter, to customer)—Do you perchance recall which saleslady waited upon you?

(Other customers look up.)

Customer (very tired)—That young woman there.

Mr. Tibbits—Miss Burke.

Miss Burke (glaring)—Yes.

Mr. Tibbits—Did you sell six hutter plates at three cents to Mrs. A. B. C. Blank, —— West Forty-Fourth Street, on Friday last, the eighteenth?

Miss Burke (looking over check-hook)—I sold six hutter-plates; goods delivered.

Customer (wearily)—I told you so.

Mr. Tibbits—Very good, madam; we have made a start, you see. Your number please, Miss Burke.

(Miss Burke gives it.)

Mr. Tibbits—At what counter did you leave the parcel?

Customer—The umhrella counter.

Mr. Tibbits—Ah, we will go there, please.

(They go.)

Mr. Tibbits—Do you see the saleslady who waited upon you?

Customer—That young person there.

Mr. Tibbits—Ah! Miss Flanigan, please refer to your check-hook, and see if you received a parcel containing six hutter-plates, at three cents each, to he sent with other goods to Mrs. A. B. C. Blank,—— West Forty-Fourth Street.

Miss Flanigan (carelessly jahhing a pencil into her Psyche knot)—Oh, I think I took it.

Customer (quietly)—I am certain she did. I remember distinctly noticing her diamond-pin and emerald finger-rings.

(Sensation among salesladies; surrounding shoppers look up, wondering at customer's temerity.)

Mr. Tibbits—Oh, certainly, madam, Miss Flanigan recalls taking the parcel. Your number, please, Miss Flanigan. Thanks. That is all, madam, I believe, It will not he necessary to detain you. I have the matter fully in hand now.

(Customer thinks it possible, and wearily leaves the store.)

N. B.—The hutter-plates never came.—*Haprer's Bazar.*

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NATIONAL SILVER CONVENTION.

SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
319 NORTH THIRD STREET,
ST. LOUIS, December 2d, 1889.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, ESQ., San Francisco, Cal.—*Dear Sir:* Inclosed please find copy of resolution adopted by the National Silver Convention which held its meeting in this city November 26th, 27th, and 28th, also the names of the gentlemen composing the National Silver Committee.

You have been appointed a member of the committee at large, together with the following gentlemen:

EDWARDS PIERREPONT, of New York city, N. Y.,
J. A. MCKENZIE, of Oak Grove, Ky.,
N. G. HAMMOND, of Atlanta, Ga.,
L. M. RUMSEY, of St. Louis, Mo.,
J. M. S. EGAN, of Georgetown, Col.,
FRANCIS G. NEWLAND, of Reno, Nev.,
J. W. RUSH, of Larnad, Kan.,
A. E. STEVENSON, of Bloomington, Ill.,
ALFRED M. SCALES, of Reedsville, N. C.

Truly yours, A. SINGLER.

Resolved, That a National Silver Committee be appointed, to consist of one member from each State and Territory represented in this convention and one member from the District of Columbia, to be selected by their representative delegations, and ten members to be selected by the president of this convention;

That the said National Silver Committee be empowered to call another National Silver Convention at such time and place as may be selected, and provide for the election of delegates thereto upon such basis of representation and in such manner as it may deem expedient;

That the said National Silver Committee be further empowered to provide for the organization of State and National Silver Leagues, for the printing and distribution of documents, and for the employment of speakers, and such other measures as it may in its discretion adopt to promote the purpose of this convention, and for the collection of funds to defray the expenses of such work;

Said National Silver Committee shall meet and organize by the election of a president and other officers immediately upon the adjournment of this convention;

Said National Silver Committee shall be furthur empowered to appoint from its own members an Executive Committee of nine members, of whom five shall constitute a quorum, who may be vested with all the powers of the full committee, except the power to call a National Silver Convention, which power shall only be exercised at a meeting of the full committee called for that purpose, at which meeting a majority of said full committees shall be present, either in person or by proxy.

The following are members of the National Silver Committee:

ALABAMA ..... ALONZO IRWIN, Selma.
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STAGE GOSSIP.

Charles Constantine, the *maitre de ballet* of the late Kiralfy show, will have charge of the ballet scenes of "Aida" at the Tivoli next week.

"The Queen's Mate," to be produced here next week, gives opportunity for spectacular effects, and will be put on as a holiday production.

The Boston Howard Athenæum Company, which has been the best variety company in the country, will be among the attractions of next week.

The Campobello company did not play on Thursday night. They announce "Il Trovatore" for this (Saturday) night. Mme. Billoni has left the company.

Campobello's opera company is to have a new tenor next week in Signor Zimora, who will sing Manrico to Miss Grace Porter's Leonora in "Il Trovatore."

Bessie Cleveland, the Dare Brothers, the Allen Sisters, Dorst and Oreste, Hilda Thomas, Tommy Dare, and Adams and Siegrist are the members of the "Spider and Fly" company.

Of the Boston Howard Athenæum Company the Irwin Sisters and George Thatcher, the minstrel, are well-known in this city, and the new people are said to be very clever in their various ways.

Miss Emma Merchon-Faria, of this city, who made a favorable impression as a soprano in Nice last year, has repeated her former success at her recent début in "Rigoletto" at Vigevano, near Milan.

"Spider and Fly" is the work of Fraser and Gill, and is described as a pantomimic burlesque. Whether through the cabal of a venal press or not, the Eastern press has been singularly silent on its merits.

"The Great Metropolis," a melodrama in which the seamy side of life in and about New York is shown, will be continued through the holidays. George Osbourne, E. J. Henley, William Morris, Isabel Morris, Mary Hampton, Kate Chester, and others are in the cast.

The Madison Square Theatre is keeping its company busy. "Aunt Jack" and "A Man of the World" are given every evening except Sunday and also on Saturday afternoon, and "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is given as a matinée on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays.

Undeterred by the financial failure of "Antiope"—the daily papers had it that the manager of that show at the California Theatre was besieged at his hotel by ballet-girls shouting for their pay—two other managers have announced Christmas spectacular pieces, "The Spider and the Fly" and "The Sheep's Foot."

"Mankind," a seven-act melodrama by Merritt and Conquest—of the kind dear to the British heart, and not without charms for some Americans—will be given its first performance here next week. In one of the scenes a fog arises and obscures the stage, concealing a ship, which is gone when the haze disperses a moment later.

It has been erroneously stated that Miss Mary Hampton, E. J. Henley's wife, is a daughter of Philip G. Hubert, the architect of the New York Lyceum. Mr. Hubert's daughter is known on the stage as Mary Hamilton, and in private life is the wife of one of the Frohmans. She has been seen in New York and the neighboring cities, but has never crossed the Rockies.

A man named Frederick L. Grunewald has sued Paul Potter and Russell, the author and manager of "The City Directory" for an accounting, claiming that he is the author of the play; that he adapted it from "Preh Schultze," a German farce by Salinger; that he submitted it to Potter, who rejected it; and that he was surprised to find the identical play in Potter's creation, "The City Directory." The courts have not yet decided the question.

An attempt to galvanize the moribund remains of negro minstrelsy into new life has recently been made in New York by Lew Dockstadter. He introduces an act of comic opera as the closing feature of the show, the performers being in white face. Mrs. Padelford, who sang here in "The King's Fool" under the name of Bettina Girard, was to have been the prima donna, but as she did not materialize, her rôle was taken by Nera Vernon, who is described as "with a good Californian reputation." J. C. Taylor was the tenor of the company.

"Kajanka" is the spectacle which is now filling Niblo's in New York. It is a great spectacle, but as for plot—this is what *The Black Cat* says of it: "The plot of "Kajanka" is an involved one. It tells a brilliant story about two hundred young women who started out for a walk before breakfast and kept going round in a circle for three hours while a band played an accompaniment. No one is killed, and the only villain of the occasion is the man with the powerful opera-glass in the front row of the stalls. When the girls get through their walk, some one turns a red light on them, and that is the denouement."

The production of "Aida" at the Tivoli is to be on a scale of considerable magnificence. Scene-painters and costumers have been busy with preparations for weeks, the chorus has been augmented to over one hundred, and the best available people secured for the cast, which includes: Mlle. Ida Valerga and Miss Tellula Evans as Aida; Fraulein Lina Spengler as Amneris; Miss Kate Marchi as the Grand Priestess; Messrs. Arthur Messmer and Oscar Wilkelmy, from the Royal Opera House, Vienna, as Rhadames; Herr Jacob Müller and Signor G. Napoeleoni as Amanasro; H. C. Peakes as the King; Henry Norman as Ramfis; and Richard Valerga as the Messenger.

Karl Formes, who died in this city on Sunday last, was undoubtedly one of the greatest operatic bassos of the age. For fifty years he had been upon the stage, and in that time he has sung in all the principal cities of the world, in all the great basso rôles of the ante-Wagnerian school, and with such singers as Grisi, Mario, and Tamberlick. Thursday evening of last week he sang with the Campobello troupe in "The Barber of Seville." After the performance he complained of pain in his chest, and on Sunday he died of pneumonia. His funeral on Tuesday was attended by most of the musical people in the city; Signor Campobello sang the "Pro Peccatis" from Rossini's "Stabat Mater," and Miss Mary E. Barnard sang the "Piu Jesu, Domine" of Palestrina; the pall-bearers were Enrico Campobello, J. A. Giusti, H. J. Weeks, David Hirschler, H. C. Seib, Gustav Panitza, Charles Thrower, and Hermann Brandt; and the Musicians' Union formed an honorary guard of the remains to the train by which they were taken to interment at the Cemetery of the Holy Cross.

DLII—Bill of Fare for six persons—Sunday, December 22, 1889.

Artichoke Soup.
Fried Clams. Coldslaw.
Broiled Quail on Toast. Fried Potatoes.
Rice, Spanish Fashion.
Oyster Plant.
Roast Pork. Apple Sauce.
Vegetable Salad.
Mince Pie.
Fruits, Nuts, Raisins.

RICE, SPANISH STYLE.—Fry the boiled rice with a spoonful of olive-oil until a light golden brown, then add two or three tomatoes free from juice and seeds; season with red pepper and a little grated cheese, pile up lightly on a hot dish, garnish with thin slices of ham and Bologna sausage.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Miss Lena Devine will be heard here in a concert at Irving Hall, Wednesday evening, January 8, 1890. It will be her first appearance after an absence of four years in Europe. Miss Devine is recognized as a leading pupil of Lamperti, under whose supervision she made an emphatic success about a year ago. Miss Devine has sung with increasing success in Nice and in London, where she is under contract to appear next season. At Baden-Baden she sang at a grand concert under the patronage of Empress Augusta and Princess Elizabeth, and subsequently went on a concert tour through Germany with the most famous lady violinist of the world, Metaura Torricelli. Miss Devine's voice is a pure high soprano of great flexibility and range, and possesses a rare sympathetic quality.

Mme. de Sadowska-Peixotto is a young and handsome Russian, coming of one of the first families of St. Petersburg. She has a contralto voice of a dramatic quality, and has studied for three years with Mme. Marchesi. She has sung in London and Paris with success, and while in the latter city was highly complimented by her compatriot, Rubinstein, the composer of "Nero." At her forthcoming concert she will be assisted by Mme. Sanderini, a soprano who comes to us with high recommendations from London; by Mr. H. J. Stewart as pianoist; Miss Tomlinson, pianist; Mr. Thomas Richard, basso; and Mr. Henry Heyman's string quartet. The entire affair will be under Mr. Heyman's direction.

The Novus Juvenile Opera Company will produce "The Mikado" at Saratoga Hall next Thursday evening for the benefit of St. Paul's Episcopal Sunday School.

MME. K. DE SADOWSKA-PEIXOTTO—*Dear Madame:* Knowing you to possess a splendid voice, and deeming your talents too considerable for merely personal and social pleasures, we cordially call on you to give your many friends and appreciators an opportunity of hearing you.

It certainly would be the source of great enjoyment to all lovers of music to hear a songstress who for *three years* has had the *careful training* of the great *Marchesi*, and it is with this object in view that we respectfully invite you to give a public concert in this city.

Trusting that you will gratify our request with a favorable reply, we are, dear madame,

Very respectfully,

WILLIAM ALVORD,	JAMES G. FAIR,
LEVI STRAUSS,	W. H. L. BARNES,
L. L. BAKER,	J. L. FLOOD,
W. MAYO NEWHALL,	W. H. DIMOND,
P. N. LILIENTHAL,	JOSEPH D. REDDING,
SAMUEL M. SHORTRIDGE,	M. H. DE YOUNG,
E. B. POND,	EUGENE MEYER,
LOUIS SLOSS,	ANT. BOREL.
G. NIEBAUM,	GUSTAV SUTRO,
ROBERT SHERWOOD,	WM. D. ENGLISH.

MESSRS. WILLIAM ALVORD, LEVI STRAUSS, L. L. BAKER, AND OTHERS—*Gentlemen:* I take great pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of your communication extending me a very flattering invitation to sing in concert in San Francisco.

I shall be happy to comply with your request, and beg to inform you that the concert will be held on Friday evening, January 3, 1890, at Irving Hall.

Very respectfully yours,
KATHERINE DE SADOWSKA-PEIXOTTO.

"Cleopatra," by J. C. J., is a little booklet containing two poems which treat of the serpent of old Nile—"The Meeting of Antony and Cleopatra" and "The Death of Cleopatra." Both of the poems were originally published in the *Argonaut*, the first having been written on a wager that the author could not treat the subject with the necessary warmth and color. Those who have not yet read the poem may settle the wager to suit themselves by reading the poem in this pretty booklet, which is published and for sale by The Bancroft Company, San Francisco.

— AS WILL BE SEEN FROM THE ADVERTISEMENT on page 21, any one sending to Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer, 52 Park Place, New York, and mentioning this paper, can obtain a free package of Récamier Toilet Powder.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

She had Him.

Whenever Boggs came home at eight
Appearing worse for wear,
He told his wife that he got tight
Because it banished care.
Said he, "My darling Mary Ann,
It makes me quite another man."

One night the door was tightly locked
And though he raised a din,
As loud he called and louder knocked
She would not let him in.
"A faithful wife," said Mary Ann,
"Can not admit another man."
—*Washington Post.*

The Perennial Cupid.

All tennis outfits, flannel suits,
And yachting costumes gay,
The straw hat, blazer, yellow boots,
Have now been put away.

Upon the lawn are seen no more
Young men and maidens fair,
And where is heard old ocean's roar,
The stormy beach is bare.

Deserted are the haunts of old
Where summer's winds were tame,
Yet Cupid never minds the cold,
He gets there just the same.
—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

An Appeal to Stanley.

Intrepid Stanley! Cease to roam
And bring your gray hairs safely home.
We're very much obliged to you
For proving the Gheegheelahyuh
Flows through the Ootahkoolah land
Of Warasura's bloody hand,
And that the roaring Ahlkazaac
Flows clear across and half way back.
We thought lake Ulahkahzoozelzee
Was larger than it seemed to be.
But you have made these things as clear
As though we had them all right here;
So there just let the matter stand,
And cease to live on hope and sand.
You've done quite well for a beginner,
Come home and eat a Christmas dinner.
—*Chicago Herald.*

They all do it.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"Into society, sir," she said.
"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"If you've plenty of money, good sir," she said.
"I haven't a penny, my pretty maid."
"I wish you good-morning, sir," she said.
—*Puck.*

Too Late.

(An Episode of a Recent Engagement.)

Young Smithwick calls, and in the drawing-room,
Where all is fixed the doting heart to please—
His mission aided by the kindly gloom—
Before his love he falls upon his knees.

Just then the door-bell rings, and Smithwick hears
His rival's voice—to Bridget 'tis addressed.
His heart beats fast with maddening hopes and fears;
Mademoiselle seems also much distressed.

The rival asks, "Is Miss Le Moyne engaged?"
'Pon which they hear this child of Erin swear—
And thus is Smithwick's rising grief assuaged—
"No, sorr, she ain't; hut, sure, *she's gittin' there!*"
—*Harper's Bazar.*

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Wesley's Hark! The Herald Angels Sing,
The Sweet By and By,
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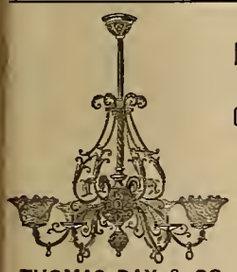

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THE McGINTY MANIA.

Among the many crazes which sweep over our great metropolis, New York, not the least curious are those epidemics of slang which occasionally desolate the presumptive metropolitan mind. Not long ago, the remark "His name is mud," would excite roars of laugbter in any well-bred New York circle. At present, all that is necessary, to be voted a wit, is to remark, semi-occasionally, "Down goes McGinty." It may have no relevancy to anything at all—so much the better—the less relevancy, the more humor. There are some laconic wits who content themselves with simply saying "McGinty." This is also a source of much amusement. There were several bundred foot-ball students from Yale and Princeton at the Casino the other evening, who dubbed one of the chorus-girls "McGinty." Whenever she appeared, they repeated the magic word "McGinty," and then the several hundred foot-ball students laughed immoderately. The female hippopotamus at Central Park, Mrs. Fatima Murphy, gave birth to an infant a fortnight ago. The superintendent christened this little stranger "Baby McGinty"; the name of the superintendent is now emblazoned on the scroll of fame (in the minds of New Yorkers) with Charles Lamb and Sidney Smith.

We take pleasure in laying before the readers of the *Argonaut* the words of this great song which has so powerfully impressed the New York mind:

Sunday morning just at nine, Dan McGinty dressed so fine,
Stood looking up at a very high stone wall;
When his friend young Pat McCann, says I'll bet five dollars, Dan,
I could carry you to the top without a fall;
So on his shoulders he took Dan, to climb the ladder he began,
And he soon commenced to reach up near the top;
When McGinty, cute old rogue, to win the five he did let go,
Never thinking just how far he'd have to drop.

CHORUS.

Down went McGinty to the bottom of the wall,
And tho' he won the five, he was more dead than alive.
Sure his ribs, and nose, and back were broken from getting such a fall,
Dressed in his best suit of clothes.

From the hospital, Mac went home, when they fixed his broken bones,
To find he was the father of a child;
So to celebrate it right his friends he went to invite,
And he soon was drinking whisky fast and wild;
Then he waddled down the street, in his Sunday suit so neat,
Holding up his head as proud as John the Great,
But in the sidewalk was a hole to receive a ton of coal,
That McGinty never saw till just too late.

CHORUS.

Down went McGinty to the bottom of the hole,
Then the driver of the cart, give the load of coal a start,
And it took us half an hour to dig McGinty from the coal,
Dressed in his best suit of clothes.

Now McGinty raved and swore, about his clothes he felt so sore,
And an oath he took he'd kill the man or die;
So he tighly grabbed his stick, and hit the driver a lick,
Then he raised a little shanty on his eye;
But two policemen saw the muss, and soon joined in the fuss,
Then they ran McGinty in for being drunk;
And the Judge says with a smile, we will keep you for a while
In a cell to sleep upon a prison hunk.

CHORUS.

Down went McGinty to the bottom of the jail,
Where his hoard would cost him nix, and he stayed exactly six,
They were big long months he stopped, for no one went his bail,
Dressed in his best suit of clothes.

Now McGinty, thin and pale, one fine day got out of jail,
And with joy to see his boy was nearly wild;
To his house he quickly ran to meet his wife Bedaley Ann,
But she'd skipped away and took along the child;
Then he gave up in despair, and he madly pulled his hair,
As he stood one day upon the river shore.
Knowing well he couldn't swim, he did foolishly jump in,
Although the water he had never taken before.

CHORUS.

Down went McGinty to the bottom of the say,
And he must be very wet, for they haven't found him yet.
But they say his ghost comes round the docks before the break of day,
Dressed in his best suit of clothes.

After a careful perusal of the above, we think no unprejudiced man will deny that the World's Fair (or any other instructive institution) ought to go to New York.

Gerald Evans, an undergraduate of Exeter College, died in the college from blood-poisoning, brought upon him because, while playing foot-ball, he had received a slight scratch on the face.

SECRETARY BLAINE BUYS A KNABE GRAND.

[From the Washington Post.]

Secretary James G. Blaine has recently purchased a magnificent rosewood concert grand piano, which will be used by his many musical friends in the superb salon of the Red House. This instrument was made by the celebrated manufacturers, William Knabe & Co., of Baltimore, New York, and this city.

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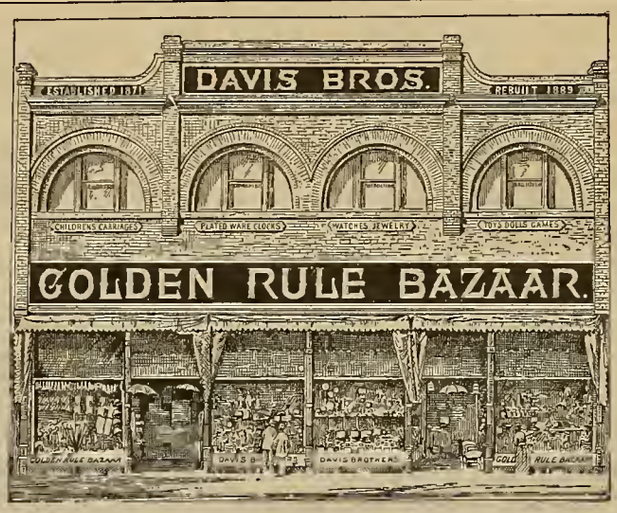

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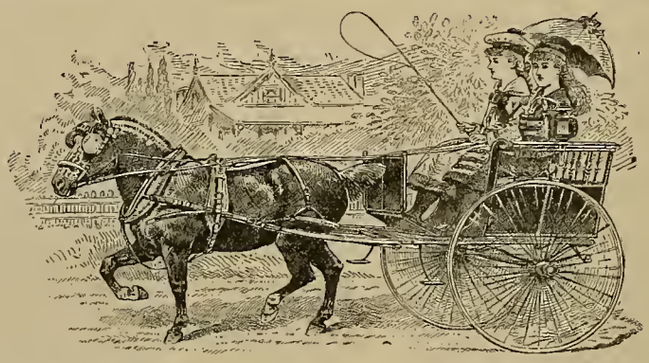

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RANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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The birth of Jesus Christ—whether it occurred on the wenty-fifth day of December, in the first year of the Christian ra, or whether the event happened in the month of January, hree years and eleven months before that period—is the randest incident of the world's history. We mean that part f the world's history embraced within twenty centuries of me, and concerning the Christian world—the only time and he only portion of the earth with which we are especially inerested. Curious and strange is the eventful history of the Roman Empire which antedates the birth of Him—the sinless and perfect man—who stands forth in the exaltation of His humanity as the accepted Son of God and as the representative in this modern age of all the attributes with which intelligent man clothes the Author of our existence and the Architect of the universe. We do not learn from heathen writers whether Jesus ever lived at all. Jewish historians, contemporaneous with the age in which He is claimed to have existed, afford but little proof of the fact. We search the pages of Tacitus, Suetonius, the elder Pliny, Herodotus, and all the Hebrew writers, and we are still in scholastic clouds whether the life and history of the incomparable author of the Christian faith and founder of the Christian church is not a legend. The Christian history, from the period when John the Baptist came crying from the wilderness, announcing the coming of one greater than himself—the Messiah—is clouded in darkness and in doubt. The Roman world was passing through a bad epoch; it had attained the zenith of its power and splendor. The Augustine era was passing away; the period was rich in disasters, rent by internecine strife, torn by rebellions; the philosophies and vices of the pagan world had brought it to confusion; chaos rioted in crime. The Hebraic world stood in expectation of a coming king. He was to have been a monarch clothed in royal splendor, clad in the regalia of earthly power; and when the humble preacher came from the desert, clothed with the skins of wild beasts, girdled in belt of leather, feeding upon locusts and wild honey, to proclaim the coming of Him, the latchet of whose shoes he was unworthy to untie—the lowly born, the carpenter of the humble village of Nazareth—it was disappointment to the scribes and Pharisees, to the men of wealth and power among the Jews. Christ was the subject of derision at the Roman court. He antagonized the Jewish people. His claim to the Messiahship was accepted only by the common people. His apostles were chosen from among the fishermen who plied their vocation on the Sea of Galilee; His disciples and followers were from among the poor and lowly. He inculcated a new religion, He attacked hypocrisy, He fed the hungry, He assailed sacerdotalism, He set himself in violent opposition to traditional ceremonies, He came into open conflict with the priests of the Sanhedrim. Christ and His apostles were of the laboring poor; Himself a carpenter, He established no hierarchy, set up no order of priesthood, organized no ecclesiastical government, called no councils, formulated no dogmas, and Rome was not the seat of the universal church. He did not claim to be infallible, except so far as He led a sinless life; never said masses for the repose of the dead, nor His prayers in Latin. He was poor and sent His apostles throughout the world to preach the gospel without purse or scrip; acknowledged Cæsar; did not claim the sovereignty of any state, nor endeavor to exercise the authority of civil power. His was the religion of humanity. He loved little children and called sinners to reform themselves, and whether we credit His miracles, His fables, His life, His miraculous conception, the story of His infancy and childhood, His youth and early manhood, His public ministry, the closing scenes of His crucifixion, His resurrection and ascension, or whether we regard all these things as fables, we are compelled to admit the example of His sinless life. For absurd mythological superstitions He substituted common sense; He replaced the terrible Jehovah of the Jews with a God of infinite love, and in place of philosophic creeds gave the world a code of morals which taught forgiveness, peace on earth, good-will to man. He taught the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man; He taught brotherly love and the community of property. With the Christians' early life, we have no quarrel, with the church which Christ established, we have no controversy—not till the conversion of Constantine; not till politics were ingrafted into the primitive church; not till it became a political organization and a money-making industry; not till it grew into an ambitious hierarchy; not till its ecclesiasticism became a crime, and in the name of religion were wars inaugurated and persecutions instigated to suppress free thought and free conscience; not till it became the enemy of science and education did it challenge the antagonism of the intellectual world. Had the religion of Christ remained as in the primitive period before the early fathers became involved in the dogmatic controversies which resulted in the ancient councils of Nice, Constantinople, Ephesus, and Chalcodon, the intelligent world would not, as to-day, be found in infidelity and rebellious antagonism to its teachings. There is nothing in the life, or example, or teachings of Christ which does not command the entire respect of the intellectual and moral world. His code and teachings have changed the current of history. He is worshiped as the Messiah—as "Christ, the Son of the living God"—by all the most brilliant and civilized nations of the world. The most advanced skeptics do Him homage. Kant and Hegel recognize His divinity; Spinoza regards Him as an example of heavenly wisdom. His divinity and goodness impressed Voltaire and compelled the admiration of Napoleon. Rousseau, Stevens, and a long line of the most illustrious of the wise men—the scholars, the scientists, the philosophers of all the ages—have willingly accorded to Him His divine position. Renan accepts Him as "the most beautiful incarnation of God in the most beautiful of forms." The intelligent world is not at war with the Christ whose birthday we have this week celebrated throughout all civilization; is not at war with the church He founded upon earth, nor the religion He taught. Infidelity and incredulity wars upon Papacy and all the abominable and superstitious innovations which it has imposed upon an ignorant and credulous following.

Whether the Christmas festival is handed down from the heathen period; whether it is a relic of Scandinavian mythology or grows out of the Roman Saturnalia; or whether its origin is from the birth of our Saviour, and its observance, its songs, and feasts, and gifts, the growth of religious observance—it may not be profitable at this late day to inquire. The yule-log has been burned, the Christmas carol sung, gifts have been exchanged ever since Virgil's time, and we may trace the Christmas festival far back into the past. The chimes of Christmas-bells have rung out in every age of the Christian era, and there are few children in the Christian world who have not known of Santa Claus; who have not hung their stockings in the chimney-corner, and who have not put their faith in the reindeer team, its chiming bells, its box bursting with gifts, and the cheery-faced old man who clambers over snowy roofs and down the chimney-flues to distribute them. Whether the Christmas festival be of heathen or Christian origin, it is the brightest, cheeriest, gladdest day of all the year. Around it cluster the tenderest and sweetest emotions; it is hallowed with the holiest of sentiments; the hardest heart softens with generous kindliness on Christmas Day, and charity flows at full tide; old age is genial and childhood smiles. The miser relaxes his hold upon his purse-strings. The bourse and the bank close their doors, trade is suspended, colleges and schools give vacation from study, parliaments and Congress adjourn, labor gives itself relaxation from toil, gifts are exchanged, gladness prevails, and all the world rests and feasts. Into the prisons and the homes of the destitute there comes the gleam of sunshine; into the house of sorrow, a breeze of tenderness laden with the honey of flowers and sweet as the breath of milking cows. If all the world could continually enjoy the comforts and pleasures which gather in and about the Christmas holidays, the millennium would have come. If religion is what it professes to be and what it would be if the simple teachings of Christ could have been preserved as they affected the primitive followers of Him, whose kingdom was peace—who taught Christians to love one another, whose doctrine was the duty of doing to another as one would be dealt by, whose sentiment was charity—this would be a better world than it is. The religion which Christ established is a creation of wonderful beauty; the doctrines He inculcated were ennobling; His moral code incomparably elevating, but the church, the ecclesiasticism, which was created in His name is a hateful, evil thing. It has filled the world with strife; it has become a thing of greed and ambition; it has kept nations in darkness and the people in ignorance; its history has been a cruel one; it has kept the poor in poverty, in sin, in degradation, in ignorance, and in superstition. The Church of Rome has been for fifteen centuries the teacher of absurd doctrines and dogmas revolting to the intelligent world, and its influence has been felt throughout all religious denominations. The Greek and English churches never but half revolted from the superstitions of Rome. The Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, and all other evangelical branches of Protestantism never had the courage to go back to an honest interpretation of the teachings and examples of Christ. The result is infidelity and disbelief as broad, as permanent, and as indestructible as the truths of science. The Church of Rome has been for all these centuries at war with every branch of scientific learning and every dictate of common sense, until there is not an honest, cultivated, healthful, fearless mind in all the broad universe of thought which does; or can, or ought to accept as universally true the dogmas and doctrines of the Roman faith. The result is universal hypocrisy. The church has become political. Its priests are demagogues. It is the highway to

political power. It is a money-making industry. The successor of the carpenter is a potentate, living in a palace, claiming civil power, guarded by Swiss mercenaries, and wearing a tiara of triple coronets. The successors of the fishermen are princes, riding in glass coaches, wearing red pantaloons and embroidered vestments, sitting on gilded thrones, while the simple masses, from whose labor is yielded all the revenues which enrich and maintain the aristocratic hierarchy, from whose toil comes all the architectural splendor of cathedrals, all the gilded glory of altars, and all the ceremonies attending the exhibition of ecclesiastical pomp, are sweating in poverty and toiling in ignorance, like chained galley-slaves. From these masses the Christian church is to be reformed through intelligence, and upward will move the reformation which will correct the abuses that grow out of ignorance, superstition, and priest-craft. From the common schools of Germany, America, France, England, and Italy is coming this great, last, and most complete of all the reformations which have agitated the Christian world. With it will come the downfall of thrones, dynasties, and privileged classes, and in their place will be established governments clothed with republican garments, recognizing freedom and the rights of man.

For the first time in the history of California, a large amount of money has been paid into the treasury of the State, being funds not necessary in the support of an institution in whose favor it was originally appropriated. Some two or three weeks since, in accordance with the wish of Governor Waterman, one hundred thousand dollars to the credit of the prison fund at San Quentin was withdrawn therefrom, and, as we remarked above, paid back into the treasury of the State, as not being required in the support of the prison. The judicious action of Governor Waterman, when he succeeded to the gubernatorial chair, in requiring two shifts of men in the jute-mill, produced an income which lessened the demands on the State treasury, and hence the action just related. It is an extraordinary exhibit and one which reflects marked credit upon the administration of Governor Waterman, for it is an occurrence without precedent in the prison management of this State. In accordance with tradition, this money could have been so disposed of as to leave it in a position whereby it might be uselessly squandered on imaginary outlay. The money was put where it would do the most good, for it enriched the State treasury to an extent which put the State upon a cash-paying basis, thus preventing delay in paying the employees of the State and those furnishing supplies. Had this money, or any part of it, been injudiciously expended or embezzled, there would have gone up a howl against Governor Waterman and his conduct of affairs that would have been loud and long; but as it has been secured to the State, there is not one word in commendation by the daily press. And why should there be? The daily press seems to have joined hands and made a compact to ignore Waterman, and, however creditable his acts may be, not to notice or praise him. Mr. Boruck, the private secretary of Governor Waterman, says, in the journal published by him, that the *Chronicle* opposes him because he did not sign the Mutual Insurance Bill; the *Bulletin*, because he signed a bill looking to the improvement of Golden Gate Park—in that it added to the value of property owned by De Young, of the *Chronicle*—and also because the governor signed a bill in the interest of the *Bulletin's* deadly foe, the *Daily Report*, of which the governor was not aware; the San José *Mercury*, because he did not appoint the brother of the editor insurance commissioner; the *Bee* and the *Record-Union* which Mr. Boruck charges with having been guilty of most disgraceful conduct in connection with the governor. Of his own volition Governor Waterman, seeing the dangerous condition of Sacramento, by reason of the storms, called together as many of the leading people of Sacramento as he could reach in the executive office. He pointed out the dangers that threatened the capital city. He drafted a telegram to Senator Stanford in regard to the threatened disaster, and asked that the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars appropriated for the improvement of the river, be placed at the disposal of the people interested. There was an immediate response. Colonel Mendell was on board the steamer about leaving for San Diego when he received a dispatch from the Secretary of War to proceed immediately to Sacramento and investigate the condition of affairs. He did so; and in seventy-two hours after Governor Waterman's dispatch reached Washington, upon a resolution offered by Congressman McKenna, the unexpended balance of the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars—being nearly one hundred and eleven thousand dollars—was ordered to be expended in the protection of the interests of the people of Sacramento. In the journey down the river to inspect matters, Governor Waterman accompanied Colonel Mendell, showing the great interest he took in the matter; and yet neither the *Bee* nor the *Record-Union* had a word of commendation or approval for the action taken by the governor. The governor has ordered on a third shift in the jute-mill, which will be in operation February 1st, and we understand that within the year another one hundred thousand dollars will be paid back into the State treasury, making two hundred thousand dollars in all; and the governor is confident in another year the income of the prison will reach such an amount that it will cost the State only sixty thousand dollars per annum to sustain the prison at San Quentin, being five thousand dollars per month. Only a few days since the *Chronicle*, which affects to be the organ of the Republican party and whose proprietor is a member of the Republican National Committee, attacked Governor Waterman because he had caused to be constructed upon the American River, at Folsom, a water-power. It was true that it had cost the State nothing but the labor of unoccupied prisoners and had given to the State an available water-power of immense value, and had made it possible that a manufacturing enterprise could be established upon the banks and amid the granite-quarries of the American River which, in time, will contribute manufacturing and mechanical employment to a large working force and a taxable revenue from a valuable private property for all time. The *Chronicle* found its objection in the fact that some person other than the State was to reap, in part, the benefit of the work, because he had furnished the necessary capital for its construction. This not only seemed narrow but unreasonable. We thought then, and think now, that it was unjust and illiberal toward Governor Waterman. No one questions the integrity of Mr. Waterman or discredits his business capacity, and yet it is a curious fact that the politicians and the party press have united against him. It is understood that Governor Waterman will be a candidate for renomination, and it is equally well understood that there will be an intrigue to defeat his candidacy. The politicians, who have been disappointed in securing appointments, and the press, which has not felt that it had its deserving influence in controlling party affairs, are now in full cry against the governor. If it should happen, as we think it may, that the American party should make Governor Waterman its candidate for governor, and if it should happen that the irrigationists should also choose him, the Republican Nominating State Convention will be in face of serious difficulties. It is not quite a demonstrable proposition that an united Republican party can beat an united Democracy. It will not, we think, be wise for the politicians of either party to antagonize the plain people or invite a controversy over the gubernatorial nominee.

In the general appropriation bill for 1887 was an item appropriating a sufficient sum to enable the commissioner of labor statistics to collect information regarding marriage and divorce in this country. The result has just come to hand, being the report of the bureau for 1889. The purpose of collecting the statistics was to form a basis for more accurate knowledge regarding the influence of the great diversity in the State laws regulating the marital relation, and the result has been somewhat surprising in a number of ways. Some of the accepted ideas have been sustained, others overthrown, while some hitherto unsuspected facts have been established. In the collection of his statistics, Commissioner Wright found not a little difficulty. There is no general provision throughout the States for the registration of marriages, and the figures relating to this side of the subject are very incomplete. The period covered by the inquiry is twenty years—1867–1886—and statistics of the number of marriages celebrated during the whole of this period were obtainable only from Connecticut, Massachusetts, Ohio, Rhode Island, Vermont, and the District of Columbia. In nine other States complete statistics were obtained, but not covering the full period. The divorce statistics are much more complete. Of 2,627 counties in the United States, 2,496, or more than 95 per cent., reported on divorce, while only 66 per cent. reported on marriage. The 131 counties which failed to report divorce statistics represent only two per cent. of the population, and, as they are generally sparsely settled, it is fair to presume that they had practically no divorces. The report proper is preceded by a statement of the statutory provisions regulating marriage and divorce in the several States, and it is curious to observe that while forty-two causes of divorce are enumerated, only one of these is included in the statutes of all the States. On the other hand, the various causes may be generally grouped into five or six classes. Indeed, when we look at the divorces actually granted, the causes are practically reduced to four. Desertion is the most common cause, representing 38.5 per cent. of all; adultery is second, with 20.6 per cent; and cruelty and drunkenness follow, with 15.7 and 4 2 per cent., respectively. As between the husband and wife, divorces are granted about equally to both for the first two causes, while those granted to the wife are largely predominant in the other two. For cruelty, only 6,122 divorces have been granted to husbands during the twenty years, while wives have obtained 45,473 for this cause. Taking the whole number of divorces, for all causes, the men have either shown more patience or have given more cause for complaint, because 65.8 per cent. of the divorces granted have been to wives. An interesting point in the investigation is the length of time that marriage has continued before divorce. More than 25,000 of the divorcees had been married "twenty-one years and over." It is surprising that, after having lived together so long, they should seek a legal separation; but the average duration of marriage in this class is over 27 years, and in some cases the period reached 40 years. As to causes, these old people show the same variety and the same preferences as their youngers. The four principal causes stand in the same order and almost in the same proportions. The average duration of marriage for all divorcees is 9.17 years, the greatest number being granted during the fourth year, and the next greatest number during the third year. The duration of marriage, classified by causes, shows desertion the most common cause for divorce, as following the second longest average, 9.41 years; while drunkenness, as would be expected, has the longest average, 10.96 years. The average duration of marriage before divorce for cruelty is 9.31 years; for neglect to provide, 8.67 years; and for adultery, the shortest average, 8.58 years. The influence of children is not very clearly seen from the statistics, and, indeed, it would be impossible to gather the necessary facts to determine this influence. In the divorces granted, only 39.4 per cent. make any mention of children. The statistics are gathered from court records, and it would probably happen that in some cases the children would not be mentioned. But the necessity of making provision for minors would compel some mention where the children were not of age and therefore it is fair to presume that in a majority of the divorces the marriage has been childless. Another striking fact is that four times as many wives as husbands are granted divorces where there are children. The divorces granted to wives with children, during the twenty years under consideration, number 101,913, while those granted to husbands were 27,469. The causes for which these divorces were granted bear about the same numerical proportion to each other as in the case of childless marriages. The most impressive fact developed by this investigation is that divorce is increasing very rapidly in this country. In 1867, the first year covered by the investigation, there were 9,937 divorces; in 1886, there were 25,535, an increase of nearly 157 per cent. A part of this increase is accounted for by the increase in population during the period; but this increase has been only 60 per cent., and the rate of increase of divorces is out of all proportion beyond this. In number, Illinois is the banner State, with 36,072 divorces for the period; Ohio comes next, with 26,367; followed by Indiana, 25,193. New York has 15,278, and California has 12,118. The actual number of divorces is, however, no basis of comparison, and a comparison on the basis of population is equally vicious. The number of married couples in each State is the only fair basis for comparing, and, unfortunately, accurate statistics on this subject are not in all cases obtainable. On a careful estimate of married couples, there were, in 1870, 664 to each divorce, while in 1880, the divorces had increased until the proportion was one to 481 married couples. Wyoming has the smallest number of married couples to each divorce, the proportion being 123 in 1870 and 173 in 1880. This is a slight improvement, but Delaware shows a violent movement in the opposite direction, the ratio was 23,628 in 1870 and 5,542 in 1880. The tendency has been to increase the number of divorces throughout the United States, but in three—Connecticut, Maine, and Vermont—the number of divorces has fallen off; and the increase of divorce has not kept pace with the increase of population in five—Connecticut, New York, Utah, Vermont, and Wyoming. The interesting problem of how far the number of divorces is influenced by legislation is examined at some length, and the evidence from most of the States is that the number of divorces responds very rapidly to changes in the divorce law. In France, the same thing is seen, the number of divorces in 1883 being 3 010, while in 1884 it increased to 4,478, in 1885 to 6,245, and in 1886 to 6,211. This increase is striking when it is remembered that prior to 1883 the number was always below 3,000. In Connecticut, the number of divorces decreased from 1878, when the law was made more stringent. In Indiana, a similar change was made in the law in 1873; the divorce rate was as follows: 187 1,157; 1873, 864. It was five years before the old rate was reach again. In Mississippi, the rate increases in 1871 in response to a chan in the law; in Maine, the rate drops from 373 in 1883 to 244 in 1884, consequence of increased stringency in the law. Utah shows a ve peculiar line of fluctuation—1874, 149; 1876, 709; 1877, 914; 1878, 25 1879, 122. The cause of this was the number of foreign divorces o tained there in 1876 and 1877, owing to the looseness of the law. T territorial legislature amended the law in 1877, however, and the divor rate settled to its normal condition. It is probable that a large propo tion of the decrease resulting from more stringent legislation is the effe of shutting out foreign divorces. The provisions requiring prior re dence appear in the statutes of all the States now, and Commission Wright shows that migration for the purpose of obtaining a divorce very little practiced. On the final point, as to the ease with which a vorce may be obtained, the statistics are incomplete, but they indic that the application is denied in thirty per cent. of the cases. A sele tion that excludes one-third of the applicants does not argue very gre laxity in the administration of the law.

The two great and disastrous conflagrations which visited Boston, t first some years ago, the other but a short time since, were a revelati to the building interests of the world. The massive blocks of gran buildings composing the wholesale portion of that city were thoug to be impregnable not only to fire, but capable almost of def ing the ravages of time. Bostonians pointed to them with pride as perfect, a superlative example of fire-proof solidity, and they were su posed to be the acme of success, and that architectural skill had e pended its resources in the avoidance of danger from fire. But wh the test came, these frowning monuments of wealth and enterprise melt down like snow images under an ardent sun, and raised the question once, then and there, whether the whole theory of fire-proof buildi was not a dismal failure; dismay followed their destruction before t devouring flames, which were not subdued until nothing was left consume.

Whether a perfectly fire-proof building can be erected is a proble not yet solved. It is, however, pretty generally conceded that such one as can not be injured by fire is an impossibility, for, with some fe exceptions, the usual methods and plans adopted by architects an builders are conspicuous examples of how not to do it, and a study such methods will be fruitful of faults to be avoided.

The term "fire-proof" means nothing in itself, nor conveys any co clusive meaning, but merely an impression that some material out which something is constructed, a dwelling, for example, is incombust ble, and that it has an inherent quality of withstanding the damagin influence of fire. Designating the well-known materials, or substance usually employed in the construction of the various classes of building designed for human habitations, or for business purposes, "fire-proof, is but a convenient opinion, which, practically, is merely the imperfectl expressed representation of a fact, implying only that the thing spoke of is not of wood, but of some other material not inflammable.

To proclaim that any portion of an edifice is fire-proof, is but to ad mit that some other part of the same structure is not so; and hence th idea of its indestructibility is immediately destroyed, and its lack of suc quality becomes a conviction. If it is only partially capable of resist ing the flames, then it is not fire-proof at all.

There can be no such thing as an absolutely fire-proof building unti science has further supplemented human wisdom and experience, an all three are advanced much more than anything known at this time, o which may be conjectured as being likely in the future. There must, o necessity, with our present knowledge, be some wood in the construction of every building. The window-frames and sash can be of no materia but wood, and other parts must comply with this same necessity Floors may be laid upon groined arches, and they may be of stone the foot of these arches may rest upon iron girders, but when the intense heat generated by conflagration acts upon that contrariety of substances of which houses are composed, and all is bathed in fierce flame, the futility of calling it "fire-proof" is apparent.

Fire acts differently upon the various kinds of building material. Wood consumes, the different stones receive the heat with various results, and iron, which is indestructible only in that degree to which its form may be changed, does, when exposed to great heat in a building of mixed material, warp and twist itself out of the places designed for it in the general architectural proportions, and the mass tumbles into confusion and ruin.

Wooden stairways court the flames to attack and invite their progress to the upper parts of a burning building, and if made of iron the status of affairs is not improved, for they, too, are liable to a quickly changed condition by writhing out of place and falling in upon themselves. Elevators are also sources of great danger, for they become the huge draught-funnels up which the fire leaps its way according to natural principles, carrying the flames to upper stories, spreading destruction and death with as much celerity as if they were designed for this very purpose.

The rapid progress of the recent Boston fire, and the complete destruction of that portion of the city above spoken of, was the result of many causes growing out of careless interior construction, and the concealment of numerous traps for fire to lurk in. Granite is a massive, impressive, and imposing stone in appearance when architecturally wrought and employed, but is not a material capable of exposure to high degrees of heat. It is hard, resisting stubbornly the tools of the mechanic, susceptible of a high polish, compact enough for monuments, statuary, and such works as can not be subject to fire, but it is open and porous in the sense of being able to resist great heat. It is filled with cells which contain water and saline solutions, and has a capacity of absorption in addition to its ability to hold water, all of which makes it an unreliable material for the construction of houses, unless the interior could be made comparatively safe from fire.

Granite divides into strata when quarried, is traversed by parallel seams, and separates into blocks without very much labor. It sustains a very great pressure, but is so irregular in granulation as to have no binding quality; the particles of its formation, in place of being solid, are separated into cells which absorb as much as three and one-half gallons of water to the cubic yard, and this, together with the water which it always contains, when subjected to great heat causes explosion, and hence the rapid manner in which it goes to pieces. This stone is unaffected by heat up to five hundred degrees, disintegration commences at six hundred degrees, and over eight hundred degrees destroys what little adhesion the particles have, when it is completely ruined.

The idea of its grandeur no doubt led to the employment of granite, and from that its indestructibility was assumed as a fact by architects and builders; but while impressed with this, they lost sight of other

causes which render all houses liable to destruction by fire, and neglected inside precautions which but aided the consuming progress of conflagration. The protrusion of floor-timbers into chimney-flues, spaces behind plastering, spaces between the timbers upon which floors are laid, and the boxes, so to speak, formed by timbers, floor, and plastering, partition-walls of insufficient thickness, formed of salmon brick, and the hundreds of holes and corners left by careless workmen, all concealed effectually in the process of completion, where fire nurses itself until started by unseen draughts. Cast-iron beams are not so safe as those of wood, for the former loses strength from exposure to fire in a conflagration, expanding and driving other materials apart and out of place, while wooden beams are almost intact until burned through, and even in that state they sustain each other. Stairways and elevators are distributors of fire.

Brick seems to be, after all, the only really fire-proof material for walls, but the bricks must be properly made to serve that purpose efficiently. The component parts of brick should be proportioned after certain formulas, or they will not withstand a hotter fire than that to which they were subjected in the baking process of the kiln. Pure clay mixed with water enough to form a paste so flexible as to be pressed into molds, would be all right as to consistency, but would shrink and warp when the necessary heat is applied to solidify them; with an alloy of sand, loam, or a proper proportion of other ingredients, it will make an indestructible brick. There are yet standing, in various parts of the world, walls of brick which have withstood repeated fires, defying any degree of heat, thereby becoming a solid mass harder than any stone known to builders, and resisting attempts to cut into them, until the finest tempered tools and the most persistent workmen applied themselves to the task. All of the interior, however, inclosed in these walls was consumed, and the only fire-proof portion of these structures remaining attest the fallacy of that theory.

A dispatch reaches us that a project is now being set on foot by a syndicate of Eastern capitalists, to establish direct communication with the sister South American republics on both oceans by means of a system of railroads, starting from a point in the United States of Colombia, where there is good harborage and there are not many engineering obstacles to encounter in building a trunk-line to penetrate the wild and comparatively unexplored region lying to the south. It is proposed that from this trunk-line shall branch, at some point either at or on this side of the Amazon, two main arteries, one of which will extend to Buenos Ayres and the Argentine Republic, the other to Peru and Chile. A fast-mail service will connect our own railroad systems with the proposed South American one, by means of steamers running between New Orleans, Key West, and other Southern railroad termini, and the port on the Colombian Coast. It is claimed that the time of transit between New York and Buenos Ayres can be shortened to about fourteen days, and that the commercial advantages thus afforded will attract even European travel. There can be no question that it is the genius of the age to explore, open up, and develop the resources of hitherto unknown lands, to bring them under the subjection of modern civilization, and to make them minister to the wants of the stronger and more fortunate members of the human family. Whether or not there be a providential dispensation in this, it must be admitted that there will come a time in the not very distant future, if the rate of increase in population continues the same as it does now, when the interior of the dark continent of Africa, which is just beginning to be mapped, as well as the boundless pampas and trackless forests of South America, will be as much the theatres of colonization as our own Western States were fifty years ago. The physical and constitutional toughness of the Caucasian, or, more properly speaking, the Indo-Germanic race, is such that it easily and naturally adapts itself to climatic conditions which would seem, on *à priori* grounds, to be hostile to its persistence. The reputed population of South America can be numbered in millions on the digits of two hands. Its area is greater than that of Europe; its resources are more varied; it extends from the equator to the Arctic circle; its great river—fed by affluents which drain the watershed of some two thousand miles of the mountain chain of the Andes, besides the vast territory of Brazil, itself almost equal in extent to these United States—rolls to the ocean a volume of water greater than that of the Mississippi and Rio Grande combined; the unpenetrated forests along the banks of this mighty stream are rich in arboreal vegetation—mahogany, iron-wood, cinchona, guava, maguey-trees—which minister alike to the arts, the pharmacopœia, and the luxuries of life. The Amazon and its tributaries—the Maranon, the Madeira, and others—are navigable for vessels of commercial burden to from two to three thousand miles from the mouth. A railroad system, such as is proposed, will run through the heart of this virgin country, inviting immigration and affording a commercial highway for the export of its products. So far as present adaptability to colonization is concerned, Equatorial Africa bears no comparison to South America. The Andes or Cordilleras are as rich in metalliferous ores as is the Pacific chain in the sister continent north of the Isthmus of Darien. Nor, it is believed, will the construction of such a railroad entail nearly the same amount of difficulty or of outlay as that which attended the construction of the Central Pacific line. To bridge the Amazon will be mere child's play beside the grading and tunneling of the Sierra Nevada, nor will it be one whit more difficult to lay a track across the pampas of La Plata than was the same operation on the prairies of our own Central West. Whether or not such a road will pay from the outset is not so much a matter for consideration as is the approved fact that colonization seeks the line of railroads, and that those who are first on the field will found the commercial centres. Such a road, too, would constitute another link in the political chain which should bind the two Americas together.

The average daily consumption of water in this city is eighteen millions of gallons; the capacity of the distributing reservoirs, dotted over the city, is over eighty millions of gallons, or a little more than four days' use. These distributing reservoirs, seven in number, are located as follows: Laguna Honda, Lafayette Park, Lombard Street, Francisco Street, Clay Street Hill, College Hill, and University Mound. It will thus be seen that every section of the city is covered by one conveniently located distributing reservoir. These reservoirs hold only about four and one-half days' supply, but this does not suggest the capacity of the storage reservoirs in San Mateo County. The capacity of the Crystal Springs reservoir is ten billions of gallons, the capacity of the San Andreas reservoir is seven billions, and of the Pilarcitos reservoir one billion. The new reservoir about to be constructed on the San Francisquito Creek will have a capacity of ten millions, giving a total of eighteen billions and ten millions of gallons, or just about three years' use at the present rate. Of course this is the capacity of the reservoirs, not the amount actually on hand. But this is no insignificant amount. When the rains commenced this year, the company had on hand 4,700,000,000 gallons, or two hundred and sixty-one days' use. This year's rains have added 6,900,000,000, giving a total of 11,600,000,000, or six hundred and forty-five days' use. This is sufficient, without any increase, to supply the city for nearly two years. Some idea of the magnitude of the reservoirs necessary to store this amount of water may be gathered from the fact that the Crystal Springs dam, when completed, will be six hundred feet long in its longest part—much longer than a city block—while its height will be one hundred and seventy feet. It is one hundred and seventy-two feet wide at the bottom and will be twenty-five feet wide at the top.

New Yorkers are just now excited over the problem of rapid transit. The growth of the city has forced the residence portion so far away from the business-houses that the time consumed in passing to and fro has become a serious matter. The Brooklyn Bridge was constructed to accommodate the traffic between Brooklyn and New York, but already it has proved inadequate. The elevated roads have long proved unequal to the travel which passes over them, and the cars are overcrowded and inconvenient. The lesson which San Francisco may draw from this is obvious enough. We have practically given the use of our principal streets to the cable companies. The occupation by them is now an inconvenience, but not a serious one, save in exceptional places. But the traffic in this city will inevitably increase as it has in New York. The Brooklyn Bridge was sufficient for all needs when it was constructed; the elevated roads carried their passengers without difficulty at first. The cable-cars are now carrying more passengers during the busy hours of the day than any consideration of the convenience of passengers would justify. But this inconvenience reaches only to the passengers on the cars. As the traffic increases, the number of cars will be increased until their frequency will be a serious inconvenience to foot-passengers and passing vehicles. On Market Street now, during the slack time of the day, a car passes every twenty seconds; during the busy hours, the interval is reduced to fifteen seconds. What is to become of the public when this condition of affairs exists on all the principal streets, as it must with the natural increase of population?

The tenth annual report of the State Railroad Commission reveals some curious facts. For two or three years prior to 1889, railroad building was active in this State; in 1888, our increase of mileage was greater than that of any other State in the Union. No less could have been expected from the development of the fruit and wine industry in counties which had not previously been producers. But in 1889, a change took place. The new mileage is only seventy-two miles, less than one-quarter of that of 1888. And this is not all. Railroad business in 1889 fell off to a surprising degree. On the lines of the Southern Pacific, East-bound first-class travel showed an increase; but there was a decrease as compared with 1888 in East-bound second-class travel, in West-bound first-class travel, in West-bound second-class travel, in East-bound freight, and in West-bound freight.

The decrease in traffic reflects the inroads which the Canadian Pacific has made upon the business of our lines. Of the money which that government institution received in 1889, a considerable proportion was taken out of the treasury of the American lines. It enjoys the peculiar advantage of being a competitor for American business, without being subject to the restrictions of the Interstate Commerce Act; and this vantage-ground has enabled it to insist upon differentials which secure for it a traffic which our lines could not afford to lose. When five lines compete for a business which is barely sufficient to support two, the least diversion of traffic converts a possible profit into an absolute loss.

Under the circumstances, the temptation to extend mileage was not strong. But even if the Southern Pacific had been disposed to build new feeders so as to give an outlet to sections of the State which are now suffering from want of a market, it would have been hampered by the difficulty of selling its bonds. There is an active demand in the East for bonds of all classes, and first-mortgage railroad bonds, bearing four per cent. interest, or even less, find ready purchasers. The United States, and some of the older States, can borrow at two and three-fourths per cent. San Francisco could undoubtedly float a three per cent. bond at par. The Missouri Pacific Fours are selling at ninety-nine, and the new Erie Fours at one hundred and three. But the Southern Pacific Fives of California are only a trifle above par, and the Coast Division Fours, which were issued when the line changed owners, are still in first hands. Considering the high credit which California has always enjoyed at the East, and the extinction of the debt of the State and of this city, this is rather a curious anomaly.

It is chiefly due to the uncertain relations between the government and the Central Pacific on the subject of the subsidy bonds. They are a cloud on the company's credit, and will remain so, impeding the sale of bonds and preventing necessary railroad extensions in this State, until some adjustment has been reached. It is high time that the subject received consideration in an impartial spirit among those to whom the due development of the State is a matter of moment.

The principal of the bonds issued by the United States to the Central and Western Pacific Railroads amounts to $27,855,680; and when the interest paid by the United States and not repaid by the company falls due, in 1893–7, it will probably amount to ten millions more, making the total indebtedness of the company, in round figures, something under $38,000,000. This money has got to be paid. The American people would not consent to waive payment. It is very true that there are equities in the case in favor of the company; that the government has saved, in transportation alone, more than the whole amount of the bonds and interest; that, by subsidizing competitors of the Central Pacific, the government impaired the ability of its debtor to meet his obligations; that the mismanagement of the sinking fund by the government has caused it to contain much less money than it would have held had it been administered by men of business; that the completion of the transcontinental line in 1869, six years ahead of time, saved the government a vast expenditure which, without that line, it would have been compelled to incur for the defense of the Pacific Coast—all these matters deserve consideration in adjusting the account. But they would not be regarded by the people as justifying the government in forgiving the debt of the Central Pacific. That debt must be paid; the only question is how and when?

Nobody imagines that the company could draw its check for thirty-eight millions and ask Mr. Windom for a receipt. No corporation in the world could do that.

For a long time it was believed that the subsidy bonds, with their accrued interest, could be met by an issue of new bonds of like amount and tenor, to be sold in the markets of the world. But an examination of the property shows that the road on which the government lien attaches is part of a system, the bulk of which is not covered by that lien. The traffic of the aided line depends on its connection with lines which were not aided. Thus a new bond on the Central Pacific line would not only be a second mortgage, the original first mortgage being still in force, but its value would rest on its maintaining the closest kind of alliance with the lines east and west of it. Such a bond would not sell. Capitalists do not put money in bonds which may be made valueless by a quarrel with connections over which their owners have no control. They would be afraid of being frozen out. Even if they dismissed this fear, the new issue would raise the bonded indebtedness of a line which runs mainly through the desert of Nevada and Utah to about eighty thousand dollars a mile. People are not hankering after that kind of investment. And it is safe to say that the belief that the subsidy bonds could be redeemed by an issue of new bonds has been abandoned in all well-informed quarters.

Nobody imagines that the government would ever undertake to operate a railroad from Sacramento to Ogden. Railroads in India and in Australia are run by government; the governments of Belgium and Germany are in the same business. Here and there, in other parts of the world, pieces of railroad are operated by the authorities. But the thing is so foreign to our notions of the proper business of government that there is no likelihood of the experiment being tried here. We would as soon expect to see the executive, as such, go into the grocery or the dry-goods trade.

If, then, the subsidy bonds must be paid, but can not be paid in cash, nor the security taken by the creditor, what course remains? A number of gentlemen have offered answers to this question. Senator Stanford has a plan. Mr. Huntington has a plan. Congressman Outhwaite, of the Pacific Railroad Committee in the fiftieth Congress, had a plan of his own. Senator Frye has just embodied a new plan in a bill which he has laid before the Senate. All these plans agree in insisting that the government shall not lose a dollar. But they differ in the method by which the required money is to be raised and as to the time when it is to be paid. They are generally so elaborate that they confuse the mind, and hardly any one understands them.

The average every-day citizen sees no reason why there should be so much difficulty in adjusting the account. He looks at it just as he would look upon a debt due by an individual who was solvent and anxious to pay, but could not raise the whole money required at the time the debt matured. Such a debtor would be asked how soon he could pay, and if he said that he could meet notes at six, twelve, eighteen, and twenty-four months, the creditors, if they believed him, would accept the offer. Now, suppose the Central Pacific should be found, on some day in 1893–7, to owe to the government $27,855,680 for principal and $10,000,000 for interest, in all, $37,855,680. Then suppose it should further be found that the shippers living on the line of the aided road—out of whose pockets the money would of course have to come—could afford to pay a million a year, over and above operating expenses, interest, and a small return on capital invested, would it not be a simple matter to close a bargain between the government and the company, by which the latter should liquidate its debt in thirty-eight annual payments without interest? The sum of a million a year has been named merely as approximate. What the shippers could afford to pay might be determined by the court of claims, or the United States Interstate Commission, or a board of arbitrators. The award of any impartial tribunal should be acceptable to the government and the committee.

Most of the trouble over the subsidy bonds has arisen from the blundering estimates of Congress of the future business of the road. When the subsidy was first granted, Mr. Campbell, chairman of the committee on railroads, who reported the bill, based his calculations on the fact that the average annual expenditure of government for transportation to the Pacific Coast was $7,357,781, and assured Congress that half the government transportation, and five per cent. of the net receipts, would "more than extinguish the bonds before they came due." Sixteen years later, this calculation having proved fallacious, Senator Thurman introduced his bill, increasing the amount of the sinking fund from five to twenty-five per cent.; he assured the Senate that this sinking fund would increase at the rate of five per cent., and "would, at the maturity of the debt, produce a sum sufficient to liquidate the same." The senator's calculations proved as wide of the mark as the Congressman's. Owing to the manner in which the sinking fund has been managed by the government, it has lost instead of gaining money, and is worth to-day less than the principal originally invested.

The natural-gas movement is assuming a new phase. Indiana was one of the latest States in discovering natural-gas deposits within its territory, but it is the first to bring up the interstate phase of the question. A company was formed to open gas-wells in Indiana and to deliver the gas through pipes to Chicago. The legislature had passed an act authorizing natural-gas companies to exercise the right of eminent domain to secure the right of way for piping their gas across the State; but it also passed a law providing that the gas should not be delivered beyond the boundaries of the State, prescribing forfeiture of the franchise and plant in case such an attempt was made. The object, of course, was to secure to Indiana all the benefits of the natural-gas deposits within the State to develop manufacturing interests. The Chicago company determined to test the matter in the courts, alleging that the latter statute was in violation of the provisions of the constitution securing to Congress the control of interstate commerce. The Supreme Court of Indiana has sustained the company, and the work of construction will probably be commenced shortly. The enterprise is the most extensive yet projected in connection with natural gas. The pipe is to conduct the gas from the neighborhood of Kokomo to Chicago, a distance of about one hundred and thirty miles. The difficulties of the company are not solely the legal questions involved, however. The natural gas is one of the rarest gases known, and it has been found almost impossible to pipe it for any great distance, owing to the impossibility of preventing leakage at the joinings of the pipe. Improved piping has recently been invented, however, and the company hope, by erecting pumping stations along the line, to be able to deliver the gas in Chicago with practically very little loss. The outcome of the experiment will be watched with interest, as important results may flow from this, if it is proved that the gas can be piped successfully and economically for so great a distance.

The Pope has received a bequest of $3,400,000 from Baron Lilienthal. The latter was by extraction a Jew, and made money in the Union Générale speculation, and his desire was to render the Pope independent of Peter's pence. The will will very likely be disputed.

A REVENGE AT LANSQUENET.

The Last Chapter in the Life of an Adventurer.

Among the habitués of the different pleasure-resorts at the time of the Restoration are many who remember an enigmatical personage, Count Andrea de Monteleone. The count, as his name indicates, was of Italian origin. He was at that time, about 1830, nearly sixty, but he bore his years vigorously. Always of an irreproachable elegance and perfect address, he allowed himself to be surpassed in foppishness by none of the young dandies of the day. He was not known to possess any property, at least no one had ever seen his châteaux, his estates, or his rent-roll. Nevertheless, he lived in great state. He was to be met with in all the capitals of Europe, was conversant with the different languages, and appeared at home everywhere. In the summer, he frequented the mineral springs, the watering-places, and the picturesque regions where the idle congregate from the four corners of the earth. Always and everywhere landlords treated him as an old and valued guest, and always and everywhere he discovered friends or acquaintances among the company. His easy bearing, his habits of life, elegant and cosmopolitan, his high-sounding title, his fortune, which he threw on the green cloth of the gaming-table with unexampled recklessness, opened all doors to him. Moreover, he was a brilliant and charming conversationalist or an indefatigable *viveur*, according to the place and the people.

At the epoch at which this story opens, he had led this strange life for at least thirty years. In reality, very little was known of him, but he was received everywhere for the sake of his title and his good company. If, by chance, any one manifested surprise at his wandering existence, protracted beyond the latest years of youth, *they say*—that multiple voice which charges itself with the easy explanation of all mysteries—*they say* responded: "Count Andrea is eccentric." And all was said.

However, from time to time, unpleasant rumors were circulated in regard to the brilliant foreigner. Some were heard to declare, guardedly, that he was a spy. Others hinted more cautiously still that he was a blackleg.

"At Spa, several years ago," murmured these timorous persons, "he played with M. de Comeray and won from him his entire fortune in one night. Comeray was a married man, father of a family—he shot himself the next morning."

"Is that so? Are you sure? But it may have been pure luck. The count is a great gambler, and he wagers extravagant sums," responded the indulgent. It would not do to play with him—that was all.

"In Paris, he won so much money from a Jewish banker that he forced him to suspend payment. In London, at Lord B.'s, he made a clean sweep of more than one fortune."

"Because there are weak heads that become excited and don't know when to stop. Besides, he loses in his turn."

"Rarely."

"He is received everywhere."

"That is because every one is either ignorant of or has forgotten his adventures. Do you consider poor Comeray's tragic end a very glorious chevron? And, admitting that his ruin was due solely to chance, do you not think that an honest man, after such a catastrophe, would have renounced cards forever?"

"The passions are so strong! And the count is a born gambler! Besides, now, every one has forgotten that affair."

"Because he has changed his name. At that time he called himself Count Raggi. On leaving Spa, he altered his cards and inscribed on them 'Count Raggi de Monteleone.' The following year the cards read 'Count R. de Monteleone.' At present, he has simply 'Monteleone' engraved beneath a coronet."

Such conversations, fortunately for the count, were rare, for he remained too short a time on any one stage to occupy long the attention of the public.

In the month of August, 1830, when all Europe was absorbed in the revolution at Paris, and politics were the supreme interest of the moment, Monteleone was at Aix-la-Chapelle. There, as everywhere, he was well-known among the gamblers; but in spite of his notorious good fortune, he did not lack for antagonists. However, the old players, who had all, at some time or other, left portions of their fortunes in his hands, watched him with unceasing vigilance. Whether it was that this surveillance annoyed Monteleone, or that the political echoes which reached him aroused in him a desire to visit Paris, still in the commotion caused by her recent barricades, he seemed little disposed to remain at Aix. His winnings at cards, moreover, were very insignificant.

One evening, in the Kursaal, Monteleone mentioned carelessly his approaching departure.

"What!" exclaimed a Frankfort banker, who during the preceding years had left more than a million in Monteleone's hands, "are you going to desert us so soon? You generally remain for the season. You shouldn't sulk because the play is light this year. After all, if you don't gain as much as usual, still you are not a loser!"

Monteleone paled slightly, but recovered himself almost instantly.

"Ah!" he exclaimed with a gesture of weariness, "I should like to lose, in order to give a little zest to my life. I have arrived at the age when one pays willingly for emotion. And I am bored; will you play me for a few thousand louis?"

"No. Whatever the price you put on your emotions I do not care to sell them to you," replied the banker, with a smile.

"And why not?"

"I am not rich enough this year. Next year, perhaps, I may risk it," he added, on seeing Monteleone frown.

"Will you allow me to try to win a few hundred louis from you, M. de Monteleone?" exclaimed a young Frenchman seated at a lansquenet table near the count.

The count raised his head and looked at his interlocutor. He was a young man about twenty-five years of age, who had arrived only the night before.

"Willingly, sir," he responded; "lose or gain, it will be no great matter, either for the one or for the other; but we shall make acquaintance, and I hope to prove to these gentlemen that the race of good players is not extinct."

Notwithstanding the smallness of the stakes, the witnesses of the preceding scene gathered around the two players.

The new arrival threw his gold on the table and passed the cards to his adversary. The count won. "Here are two hundred louis, sir, will you play for them?" he exclaimed, as he collected the stakes. "Certainly," responded the young Frenchman, drawing some bank-notes from his pocket-book.

It was his turn to deal. This time the two hundred louis returned to him.

"Double again, if you like," he said, stacking the gold and the notes together.

"Agreed; here are eight thousand francs."

The young man continued to win.

"Double again. Keep it up."

"Sixteen thousand francs. Ah, bah, that isn't worth playing for—a thousand louis?"

"A thousand louis." And once more Monteleone lost.

He arose, saying: "To-morrow, sir, we will try it again, if you will. I have not about me the sum I owe you, but I will send it to you by my valet. Whom shall he inquire for at the hotel?"

"M. de Lascours. But we shall meet again, my dear count; you can pay me to-morrow."

"M. de Lascours, I am fortunate in the slight loss that has procured for me the honor of your acquaintance," responded Count Andrea, bowing profoundly. And so saying he took his leave, with head erect, eyes brilliant, and a smile on his lips.

Truly, seeing him thus—elegantly attired, irreproachable from head to foot, courteous as a grand seigneur, and cold as a statue—it was difficult to repress a strange feeling of mingled fear and admiration. In a drawing-room, Count Andrea was so charming a companion that his foppishness and his reputation as a *viveur* were readily condoned. But at play, his marvelous facility in handling the cards, his impassibility in the face of the most violent emotions, his glance, cold and piercing as the blade of a sword, fascinated his adversary, and kept him under his domination as under a yoke. To play against him was a luxury indulged in only by *blasé* millionaires who desired to experience, for an instant, the excitement of gambling at the price of a breach in their fortunes. But the most practiced eye could never detect the least irregularity in Monteleone's play. But, then, the fear that he inspired was in some sort superstitious. The oldest gamblers grew confused before him.

When they saw the young Frenchman seat himself opposite the terrible count, they sympathized with him from the start.

"Hum," remarked the Frankfort banker, in an undertone, as he watched the young man place the bank-notes in his pocket-book; "another man overboard!"

"You have just gained twenty thousand francs that will cost you dear," said an English tourist, a man who never touched a card himself, but passed his days observing the gamblers in all the casinos in Europe.

"Really! How so?"

"Because you will give your adversary an opportunity to revenge himself, and Count Monteleone always wins."

"What, always? Do you mean by that to say that he has the reputation of correcting unfortunate chances and governing the hazard?"

"I have observed him during the last ten years. I can distinguish a marked card among a thousand and am familiar with all the tricks for forcing the cut. When he holds the cards I can see nothing irregular. Nevertheless, he has gained millions here and elsewhere. All the habitués of the gaming-tables know that his presence is the signal for disaster. For my part, I would not play with him."

"Oh, well, I will risk it!" exclaimed Lascours; "and, by God! we will see which of us two will ruin the other!"

Up to this point the dialogue had been carried on in a subdued tone, but this last sentence was ejaculated in a loud voice and with an accent of determination. The by-standers turned to look at the foolhardy youth, who was about to become an adversary of that old haunter of *tripots*, the redoubtable Count de Monteleone. But the calm and resolute expression of De Lascours's countenance changed the astonishment into interest. Standing in the middle of the immense salon, with hands convulsively clasping the back of his chair, he seemed to call upon the assembled company to witness his challenge launched at the man who, for thirty years, had gathered his tithes from all the green tables.

Meanwhile, Monteleone had left the Kursaal, gained his hotel, and mounted to his room.

The apartment he entered was situated at the extremity of the left wing of an immense hotel. For twenty years past the count had occupied this same suite during all his visits to Aix. For a man of such nomadic tendencies he had very regular habits. Except for grave reasons, he never changed his hotel. He had his caprices and clung tenaciously to certain pieces of furniture. When the landlord and employees of a hotel had become accustomed to his ways of living, he remained constant to them. At the Cheval d'Or, his apartments consisted of a salon, a bed-chamber, and a dressing-closet. The salon was hung with heavy damask, and all the chinks were carefully closed up by means of curtains and portières. As this room was situated in a corner of the wing, there were windows on two sides. The bed-chamber opened off one of the other sides, and the fourth was taken up by the dressing-closet and the stair-head, which was closed by double-padded doors and formed a sort of ante-chamber. Count Monteleone was, therefore, in perfect seclusion when in these rooms, out of the roar of all noise and screened from the indiscretions of his neighbors. His curtain down, his doors closed and covered by their portières, he could talk, sing, or sleep with no fear of being overheard. The bed-chamber was contiguous to the other rooms which had formerly formed a part of the suite. But curtains and hangings covered the walls, and the door of communication was carefully nailed up, and, furthermore, concealed behind a high wardrobe. The dressing-closet, encircled by the balustrade of the stairs, had no other issue than the door opening into the salon.

He threw off his hat and gloves, sighed heavily, and sat down, appearing for an instant to be overcome by fatigue or reflection. Finally, he arose and looked around the salon, dimly lighted by a single candle. Probably he found this light insufficient, for he turned toward a console, whence he took a lamp, which he lighted with infinite care. Then he adjusted a little apparatus which, by raising or lowering a screen, suddenly illumined or darkened the room, without extinguishing the lamp. He repeated this operation several times, until he had assured himself that the mechanism was in good order. Then he put out the candle.

A folded gaming-table was standing in the embrasure of a window. He drew it out into the middle of the salon, opened it, and placed on it cards, counters, and the lamp. Undoubtedly the old gambler was expecting the arrival of an opponent, with whom, despite the lateness of the hour, he was about to dispute a few handfuls of gold.

After walking around the table several times, the count approached the mirror. He rearranged his hair, tightened the corsets which braced his figure, bathed his eyes in cold water, adjusted his cuffs, and retied his cravat. In five minutes he had resumed his mask of courtesy and his aristocratic and insolent bearing. The expected adversary might arrive when he would—Count Andrea was under arms.

However, no one knocked at the door; on the contrary, the noises from outside died away little by little into the silence of the night, and the sound of closing doors along the corridors of the hotel was heard. But Monteleone showed no signs of impatience. He returned to the card-table, placed a chair facing his own, sat down, and shuffled the cards. This done, with a marvelous dexterity he laid them down before the empty place.

"Cut, M. de Lascours," he exclaimed, and at the same time he turned the screw of his lamp and plunged the room in darkness. During this interval of obscurity he cut at hazard, then repossessed himself of the cards and turned up the lamp.

Then ensued an engagement with an imaginary *vis-à-vis*, and seizing five or six hands at once, he changed them, mingled them, made them disappear, with an adroitness that the cleverest of jugglers might have envied him. While he deftly fingered the marked or slightly beveled cards, or dexterously forced the cut, or got rid of a bad hand, he carried on a conversation with his adversary, both asking and answering questions, without confounding either his cards, his ideas, or his words; without missing by so much as a second a necessary movement or ever risking a compromising gesture. When the clock struck two, he was still seated at the lansquenet table, repeating his performance of lowering and turning up the lamp and talking.

"So, M. de Lascours, you witnessed the three glorious days?" he was saying; "do you approve of the barricades? Did the king bear himself well? I have heard not. Really? But the Royal Guards fought bravely Ah! so much the better. What will you bet? The Swiss Guards were at the bottom of the trouble. Here are a thousand louis—make your game. But what the devil—M. de Polignac, also? Nine—it is mine. Will you take the hand? No, not yet; but the next deal, whatever I get. Good—seven and a king. I have been told that the Duc d'Orleans—one, two, three, four, five—it is a seven. Pass again!"

At last he arranged the cards, disposed of them up his sleeve, in his pockets—everywhere; extinguished the lamp, and went to bed.

The next day, in the Kursaal, M. de Lascours lost the thousand louis he had won, and five hundred more beside. This loss did not depress him, however, any more than the winning of the day before had elated him. This impassibility, equaling that of the count himself, interested the spectators. They neglected all other amusement to follow, with eager gaze, the fluctuations of the game.

The second day of the contest, luck seemed to change suddenly, and M. de Lascours won fifty thousand francs.

The stakes grew heavy, the interest was on the increase. But—strange chance!—the losses and gains balanced each other.

In the midst of the tumult caused by the impatient and the curious, M. de Lascours preserved his imperturbable calm. When he sometimes interrupted his play for an instant, it was to talk of the ball of the day before, or the concert of the day following. Monteleone, on the contrary—for the first time in his life, probably—appeared confused. His keen glance grew dull beneath the cold regard of his adversary, and his vivacity deserted him in the presence of such continual self-possession.

At first he had, for an instant, feared that he had met with a confrère. He debated with himself as to whether he had not better retreat. But, after having observed De Lascours with an attention cultivated in thirty years of experience, he was satisfied as to his perfect good faith. This certainty, instead of restoring his spirits, only served to disquiet him the more. On the one hand, he saw that the young man was determined to persist until he lost his last louis or had ruined his adversary. On the other hand, he perceived that the society of the moment at Aix was of such character that he could not fleece Lascours without awakening a mistrust which would be disastrous to him. Ten or twelve of his ancient victims had become indefatigable witnesses of the contest. De Lascours's stakes were rising to reckless sums, and the gaze of over six hundred persons was fastened on the table.

What was to be done? Monteleone did not want to lose, and he could not win without risking discovery a hundred times over. He began to play feverishly, and in spite of his mastery over himself, his forehead was bedewed with perspiration. The impassible countenance of the young man intimidated him strangely. Generally it was he who was cool and collected in the face of an excited adversary, and this coolness doubled his address; now he felt confused, troubled, ready to drop the game where the new deal was prepared in advance.

For the first time he comprehended the effect he produced on others when he was master of himself.

By dint of looking long at De Lascours, he seemed to recognize him. He persuaded himself that this encounter was not their first, and that at some previous time they had faced each other, cards in hand. But where—when? Monteleone, endowed with an excellent memory, never forgot the names of persons with whom he had had relations, even of the most superficial character. But neither the name nor the face of M. de Lascours occupied a precise place in his memory. It was a vague shadow—a sort of phantom which flitted through his recollections and inspired in him an inexplicable terror.

This uncertainty became before long an insupportable anguish to Monteleone. He began to experience a fear, real and exaggerated, of his adversary; he felt his strength deserting him, his skill at fault, and the earth trembled beneath his feet. He determined, at any cost, to end the struggle on which De Lascours was bent, and leave Aix. He endeavored by every means in his power to bring about circumstances favorable for his withdrawal. But De Lascours would admit of no retreat. He must either gain or lose.

Monteleone shut himself up in his chamber and *worked* whole nights through. He endeavored to invent a trick so clever that it would be impossible to suspect it or to detect the slightest sign of it. So, his blood in a fever, his nerves unstrung by an intense terror, the old gambler shuffled the cards, mixed them, fingered them, practiced his most adroit sleight-of-hand, forced himself to attain to an invisible jugglery, and rendered theft as simple as honesty itself. With brow bent and trembling hands, he feverishly repeated a cut, the conception of which had been a stroke of genius. Now, he would set to work at the table where his imagination placed M. de Lascours opposite to him; he conversed, he addressed himself, without interrupting his operations, to an invisible company. Again, he would lie back completely exhausted, dropping the cards, his forehead bathed in perspiration.

Suddenly the sonorous striking of a clock roused him from his torpor. He recovered himself, gathered up the cards, rearranged them, lowered the lamp, and recommenced that fantastic struggle with an absent adversary.

"So, knave and king, M. de Lascours!" he exclaimed, throwing the cards right and left; "the knave is my lucky card, you know. It is yours! I have lost! Did you notice the three young ladies who danced last night?" he continued, in an altered voice, simulating an interruption. "Yes, milord, the youngest was the prettiest. Good! M. de Lascours! now for another deal!"

Talking all the while, addressing his remarks now to this one, now to that one, the gambler lowered the lamp from time to time and repeated his trick in the dark.

"Pass me the band," suddenly exclaimed a strange voice near to Monteleone; a real voice, sonorous and imperious.

The lamp turned up as if by magic, flooded the room with light, and the gambler fell back into his chair with haggard eyes and open mouth. Opposite, the place was no longer empty, but De Lascours in person was gathering up the cards and gazing fixedly at him.

"Sir—what do you want—where did you come from?" he stammered, as soon as he could collect his thoughts and comprehended that the form of his adversary was not a phantom of his diseased mind, but a reality.

"From my rooms, naturally," replied De Lascours, with that inexplicable calm that baffled Monteleone.

The marked cards were there—no denial was possible, nor was any explanation capable of extenuating the *flagrante delicto*. Monteleone felt that all was lost.

"But—how——"

"How did I effect an entrance, you mean?" went on De Lascours; "I have rented the room adjoining yours, I opened the nailed-up door last evening before you entered. I cautiously displaced the wardrobe and entered softly, and for more than an hour I have been watching and listening to you."

Monteleone sprang from his chair, threw himself on De Lascours, and seized him by the throat.

"One of us two shall never leave this room alive," he hissed between his clenched teeth.

"Come, come, my dear count, are you mad? At least, let me speak," said the young man, freeing himself from Monteleone's grasp with a single effort.

"Sir, this is no time for pleasantries—all explanation is superfluous, and——"

"And, my dear count, it is precisely for that reason that we shall come to an understanding together."

"I don't understand——"

"You will understand presently."

Monteleone looked about him for an avenue of escape. Lascours comprehended his intention and laughed.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "my dear count, it is one of two things, is it not? Either I am here as a friend or as an enemy. If I came as a friend, of what use is it to flee? If, on the contrary, I came as an enemy, you may be sure I did not neglect to have all the issues well guarded."

Monteleone resumed his seat.

"What do you want, then?" he demanded, grinding his teeth in rage at his helplessness.

"Lessons, *par dieu!*"

"Lessons?"

"Why, yes. You have won nearly a hundred thousand francs from me since we began to play, have you not? It was all that remained to me of an immense fortune. Alas! play—honest play, you understand, such as I have played up to the present time, the sort of play at which one loses—women, luxury—all that leads to ruin. At my majority I had already dispensed of the greater part of my patrimony, for usury had lent its aid to gaming. Since then I have dissipated the remainder. In short, let us waste no more time in talking. I said that you had taken nearly a hundred thousand francs from me. Keep them as the price of your secrets and let us begin at once."

"I do not exactly understand you, M. de Lascours," responded Monteleone, who was yet uncertain as to what course to pursue.

"Yet it is very clear. I have gone through my inheritance, I tell you. I am ruined. Now, after having led the life I have described to you, you do not expect, I hope, that I should become a lawyer, doctor, or a clergyman. The luxury of the past has left me with a thirst for greater luxury in the future. I want horses, carriages, brilliant mistresses—everything that gold thrown away by handfuls will procure. Come, Count de Monteleone, how do you force the cut?"

For a few seconds Monteleone, brought back to the situation and to himself, reflected profoundly. He said to himself that, after all, nothing was more natural or more probable than this explanation. He began to perceive the bright side of this new situation. For the present, in lieu of an adversary, he encountered a confederate; for the future, an associate.

"I regret the disagreeable surprise I caused you just now, but you must acknowledge that there were no other means I could have employed that would have decided you. I could not in decency make my proposition to you in the Kursaal, could I? And then, too, I needed the opportunity of convincing myself in regard to you."

"Come, then, as you desire it," responded Monteleone.

"Add, 'and as I can not do otherwise,'" continued Lascours, with a smile.

"And as I can not do otherwise—take this card, like that—in the right hand—good!"

"It appears that I am apt."

"But tell me, you have met me before, then, as you have remarked my good fortune at cards?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Indeed, your face did not seem unfamiliar to me. Yet, surely, I had never heard your name pronounced before you told it me yourself in the Kursaal. And then, your youthful appearance misled me. Where the devil have I seen you?"

"Think well."

"Was it at Baden? Everybody goes there."

"No."

"At Vichy?"

"I have never been there."

"In London?"

"No."

"In Paris—it must have been in Paris—in one of those charming houses where one is not announced at the door of the salon."

"Not there, either."

"I give it up. Tell me where it was."

"Tax your memory, seek a frame for the picture, a background for the figure. Do you not see an enchanting country?"

"No, by my faith! I see before me a most gracious youth, and nothing more. Hold your hand better and finger your cards more lightly—like that. Pass me the band—let me show you. See? With the nail of the little finger you detect the leveling."

"A little more practice and I shall succeed better."

"I will lower the lamp presently; we shall see if you can play without looking at your cards."

"Yes," went on De Lascours, as if talking to himself, "it is a pretty country—forests, and meadows, and rolling lands."

"What is that you are saying, De Lascours?"

"Oh, nothing! I was thinking of Spa, where I count on first exercising my little accomplishments."

"At Spa!" exclaimed Monteleone, with a start; "why at Spa?"

"Because I like the place immensely. That is the place where you find the rich Englishmen with the pretty daughters. And, then, I love to ride over the wooded hills and through the picturesque valleys. Have you never been at Spa?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, you must allow that the society there is very select. They play heavily there. Let us go there together."

"No, by my faith! I am in haste to quit Aix, to go to Paris."

"Poor business. When Paris is playing at revolutions she does not play at cards."

"I don't wish to play."

"*Sapristi!* what disinterestedness! It is evident that you can afford to rest. But, at Spa, I count on doing great things."

"You must be cautious."

"Oh! I know there are some strong games there. I have witnessed more than one. Turn down the lamp, I think I know the trick now. Very good, thanks—Count, were you not at Spa in the month of August, 1812?"

"I—why do you ask?" he stammered.

"For information. That year I witnessed a remarkable catastrophe there."

"You!" exclaimed Monteleone, beside himself this time; "you! but how old are you, then?"

"Twenty-five, come next All Saints' Day, as the country people say. I tell you it was the devil's own game that was indulged in by the *blasé* lords and the young fools, who rushed on to their ruin as if urged by some incomprehensible vertigo. Among these gambling fiends there was led astray, I know not how, a young Frenchman of good family and father of two or three children. His name, I believe, was——"

"Leave your tales and attend to what you are doing," interrupted Monteleone, shortly, as he hastened to turn up the lamp; "where were we?"

But suddenly he turned deathly pale and his words died in his throat. By the light of the lamp he caught sight of his companion's face. What he saw there had undoubtedly alarmed him, for he was gazing at him with terror-stricken eyes.

Had he suddenly given a name to this visage, the features of which had continually haunted his memory.

"Comeray!" he exclaimed, in a faint voice; "are you Comeray? But, no! Comeray is dead. Are you his ghost?—or am I mad?"

Monteleone checked himself abruptly and clasped his head with both hands, as if to keep it from bursting. Then, after an instant's silence, he threw the cards on the table with an oath.

"The devil!" he exclaimed; "these damned cards make my head whirl. What have I been saying, M. de Lascours?"

"I don't exactly know. You asked me if I were a ghost—the spectre of M. Comeray, it seems to me."

"Let us go on with the play," cried Monteleone, furiously; "for several days, or several nights, if you prefer it, I have overtaxed myself, and my brain is growing weak, I believe. Let us repeat the cut one last time and then to bed!"

"Was it not precisely by the *new deals* prepared in advance that Comeray was ruined?" continued Lascours; "it was impossible to prove that his adversary understood how to rule the hazard, but it was suspected. Show me how to arrange the new deal skillfully. I am curious to see the trick that ruins a man and kills him at the same time!"

Monteleone made no response. The gaze of De Lascours held him spell-bound, and he was powerless to control either his anger or his terror. His self-possession left him. He felt that he had become the sport of a fatality against which there was no defense.

"Come," cried De Lascours, energetically, to rouse the gambler from his torpor; "come! show me the card that served to wad Comeray's pistol."

"Who are you, and what do you want?" stammered Monteleone, his eyes haggard, his teeth chattering with terror; "what is your object in speaking to me thus? And yet at this moment I seem to see him there in your place. But what were you in 1812? A child of scarcely six years?"

"And yourself, Monteleone, what were you then? A young and handsome adventurer, filing the cards, to the detriment of players in good faith, and paying for your orgies with the patrimony of widows and orphans."

"M. de Lascours——"

"Let us have done with sonbriquets and pseudonyms, Master Raggi," cried the young man, throwing the marked cards full in the other's face; "my task is accomplished. I will commit myself with you no further!"

"What does this mean? Sir—I have pistols there!"

"It means that I have avenged my father and unmasked a swindler. Enter, gentlemen," he called out, turning toward the door.

In response to his call, five or six of the chief players of the Kursaal came out of the bed-chamber.

A magistrate and two policemen accompanied them. Monteleone was seized by the collar as he was presenting his pistol-case to young Comeray.

"Pardon," exclaimed the Frankfort banker, whom he had formerly robbed of millions; "pardon—pistols may be tampered with also; a duel is a game of chance like another, you see!"

"Remove this man," commanded the magistrate; "M. de Comeray, I thank you for having volunteered to play this part, enabling us to take this thief *in flagrante delicto*."

"It was a personal vengeance against the man who made an orphan of me at six years of age. You owe me no thanks. But I have had a hard night! Good-evening, gentlemen."

He passed out. The witnesses of the scene dispersed. Monteleone, sent back to France, was tried and convicted. He killed himself in his prison.—*Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Claude Vignon by H. C. R.*

On the street (says the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*), the Ottoman dame is less distinctly Oriental in appearance than at home amid her servants, and were it not for the ever-present yashmak and the many-hued ribbons and trimmings, she might pass in a crowd of Europeans without attracting much attention. Indeed, the higher class of Turkish ladies dress quite à la Parisienne. French shoes, a handsome Parisian parasol, and a long silk cloak gathered about the shoulders and reaching to the feet, entirely concealing the dress beneath, complete the costume. The white veil swathes the face and neck, and serves the double purpose of a modest concealment and a cool neckerchief. It is only fair to say, however, that the yashmak is gradually becoming more and more transparent, and that every lineament can easily be traced through its gossamer folds. So light a face-covering does not impose any restraint on conversation or breathing, and in the dusty and unwholesome streets of Constantinople is a positive benefit, keeping the dirt from the lungs. It will be many years before the ungainly cloak retires before the more fashionable garments of Western Europe, for all the Turks, except the official class, are very poor, and the big cloak hides a multitude of shortcomings. Diaphanous veils, high-heeled shoes and slippers, fine dresses, and European styles belong to the owners of palaces and villas, whose mistresses never leave home unattended, and whose Nubian girls trotting behind remind the American visitor of the custom of the Southern States in ante-bellum days.

One of the most gorgeous of the recent weddings at the Madeleine was that of Mlle. Jeanne Bidel, a really beautiful daughter of the Parisian lion-tamer, and M. Rancy, a very well-favored son and assistant of a rich circus-owner. They had loved from infancy, and Mlle. Bidel had often applauded her future husband while he was turning somersaults in the ring. All the circus attachés were at the wedding breakfast, given at a restaurant on the boulevard.

The schedule for service by the great guns is thought to be as follows: The 160-ton gun, with good luck, can be fired 95 times before becoming unfit for service; the 67-ton gun 127 times, and the 45-ton gun 150 times. The cost of each round for the big one is £327, £184 for the 67-tonner, and £98 for the 45-tonner.

The Brazilians are said to form the largest and richest foreign colony in Paris. They never haggle over anything.

THE HOUSE-PARTY.

"Van Gryse" discusses the Winter Hegira of the Gothamites.

Year by year, the dictates of fashion and health ordain that the New Yorker shall see less and less of that dear, delightful, distracting town which his soul loves so well. The summer exodus begins in May and the winter season opens in November. The Lenten exodus takes place in February and March, when the fashionable world packs its bag and is off for Point Comfort, St. Augustine, or California. And the Christmas exodus began last week.

This is the exodus to country-houses. One is nobody these days who spends the holidays in town. All the country-houses have been warmed, aired, brushed, dusted, decked, and car-loads of guests steam down on every train to the bronzed and leafless slopes of Westchester and Orange, to the silent purple distances of the Rapano Valley, with its clustering, low-roofed Dutch farm-houses, to the winding country roads, the red sunsets behind bare branches of Staten Island, the russet hills, the level marshes of Long Island.

While the hostess makes up her party in town, picks the brightest girls and the nicest men, a posse of servants have been putting the house in order, raking up the dead leaves—how delicious that smell of burning dead leaves is! it always has power to recall the hard drives outside a Long Island villa, where from piles of heaped-up leaves thin spirals of blue smoke rise in the still frosty air and spread a pungent, spicy odor—lighting fires in all the bedrooms, bringing down the carriage and saddle-horses, and rolling the gravel.

Somewhere about the twentieth the party begins to gather. The house in the backwoods of Long Island is a beautiful Queen Anne, stone and brick, two miles from the railway-station, and only accessible by the worst kind of country roads. The dispenser of Christmas hospitalities is a magnate of social celebrity—a widower, very rich, gentlemanly, and exclusive. He has a first-tier box at the opera for the odd performances, in which his daughter is to be seen occasionally, backed by an elderly chaperon. She is rather a remarkable girl, quite a *grande dame*. The manner in which she presides over her father's two houses is imposing, for though she is only twenty-two, she has a gravity and repose of manner which are almost Oriental. Unfortunately, she is stupid—there is not a girl in New York to whom it is more difficult to talk. When the men are preparing to tackle the débutantes who are notoriously "heavy in hand," they always work up to it by an hour's conversation with Miss C——. "If," say they, "we can stand the strain of an hour's talk with her, we fearlessly approach any bud in the ring."

The first detachment of the party—a smart girl or two, a man who talks well, the smart girls' best men—come up in the afternoon train and reach the house by sundown after a good shaking up on the worst roads they have ever seen. But when they turn in through the big red gates, the drive is as hard as stone, a long road winding amid clumps of melancholy Norway spruce and denuded oaks. Everything is apt to look bedraggled at this season—the vines hang off the house in dripping festoons, the cropped green lawns of summer-time are a soft and spongy drab expanse.

But the house is cheerful. The great front-door—a half-door crossed with massive iron hinges—has the upper half hospitably thrown open, an invariable custom of the house. At the sound of wheels the butler flies to assist the guests, followed by Miss C——, herself in an old-rose-and-buff tea-gown, and surrounded by dogs of every size and breed. Delightful picture! The young lady smiling hospitably on the top step in her mediæval dress, with her great, loose-jointed, fawn-colored mastiff rubbing his black muzzle against her hand.

Then they all straggle in with much chattering and laughter. The hall is the handsomest part of the house. It is one of the most successful halls in any of the modern country-houses. Wainscoted to a great height in English oak, with a heavy staircase crossing one end at right angles and a floor of polished wood, it looks like the interior of some baronial manor. There are some odd pieces of china hung along the wall by the stairs, and trophies of the hunt above the chimney-piece. Opposite the door is an enormous fire-place, the chimney jutting out so far into the room that there is place between it and the fire for two small wooden settles. Here logs burn on iron dogs of the roughest workmanship. This fire—owing to the fact that the upper half of the door just opposite is always left open—is the dogs' fire. When not taking walks with Miss C—— they sprawl before it, winking their sleepy eyes and stretching luxuriously in the warmth. In the evening, one can hear the peculiar regular clicking of their soft, padded footsteps as they meander through the house, loaf up the shallow, oak stairs, saunter through the passages. Not infrequently the door of your room is silently pushed open and the head of Boris, the mastiff, appears. He slowly enters, surveys you with an air of wistful *ennui*, and turning, retires dejectedly with a weary, swaggering gait.

The dinner is at eight and is the event of the day. Every one is in full dress, the women bare-necked, with diamond ornaments in their crimped hair. It is a very splendid and laborious meal—and the tableau presented is that of the sumptuous luxury of a life where pleasure is the only serious business. Here are all the refinements of *la haute vie*—handsome surroundings, beautiful women, soft voices, bright conversation, delicate food, choice wines. What wonder that the votary of society can never tear himself free from its allurements!

The lights are so dim that the room is almost in shadow; what light there is coming from sheafs of candles under red-silk shades in twisted silver candelabra. These concentrate their lustre on the table and cast a faint, pink glow on the faces gathered round, a pink glow in which a pretty woman is exquisite and an ugly one pretty. But all the women are pretty here—if not originally so by nature, made so by art, and not the common, cheap art of rice-powder and rouge, but the refined and expensive art of a French modiste, massage, Turkish baths, and a life of unclouded ease. A refined environment of several generations' standing has given them taper fingers and arched, pink nails, delicate ears, sensitive, curved nostrils, and the indescribable air of inborn elegance which is the despair of the *parvenue*.

Amid the shadows of the room, the table is an island of light, perfectly round, and glittering with crystal and china—Royal Worcester, Crown Derby, Sévres. There is no silver and no centre-piece, but a plate of looking-glass set in a frame of orchids and maiden-hair. In the background linger the butler and his assistants in striped waistcoats, who gently insinuate dishes near your arm and never interrupt a conversation.

As for the talk, it is about what talk is anywhere among ladies and gentlemen who live "for society." The fashionable crowd talk much the same all the world over—as there is very little difference in an American, French, or English gentleman. The women are always the brightest, and amuse the men. It is delightful to listen to these fascinating nymphs, and to note the skillful, the easy, the consummately artful manner in which they manage their cavaliers. Some of them have that surface brilliancy which is peculiar to New York women—a capacity for dashing off bright sayings as a grindstone throws off sparks, and for keeping this up indefinitely. They seem never tired—there seems never a cloud on their brightness. Strange, soulless, beautiful beings like cold sea-nymphs!

After dinner, come dancing and gossiping and flirting—as taste dictates. There is a recess off one end of the hall—the most romantic spot—to which the sentimental couples drift. The place is three steps higher than the hall, lit by four low windows with leaded panes and squares of stained glass let in above, through which a pale, watery, winter moon sends feeble gleams. There is a spinning-wheel in one corner, some high-backed oak-chairs, and a wooden bench built into the wall below the window and piled with innumerable India-silk cushions. Curled up here among the cushions, one looks down into the great hall. Here the leaping flames of the burning logs play on smooth surfaces of yellow oak, the polished floor, the glaze of the china hanging along the stairs, and the sleeping forms of the drowsy dogs.

From the music-room, shut off by a pair of sea-blue portières, comes the sound of "The Waves of the Danube" being furiously hammered out by a player whose performance is something more than indifferent. Sitting stiffly upright, with two candles in silver holders standing on either side of the music, she thumps away regardlessly, talking over her shoulder to the spinning couples. By twelve o'clock the house is wrapped in silence, save suppressed gigglings which issue from the young ladies' rooms, where, according to their own statement the next morning, they were comparing the length of their hair.

In the morning, one is awakened by the entrance of a domestic, either a man-servant or a maid-servant, with a cup of coffee and a slice of thin bread and butter.

"What time is breakfast?" asks the drowsy guest.

"Whenever Miss C—— gets up," is the answer.

Miss C—— does not usually choose to get up before half-past ten, and it is some time after eleven before the party has straggled together round the breakfast-table. Some of the men, in knickerbockers and velveteen coats, have been scouring the country for the past two hours. The breakfast, served in the English manner, is all on the sideboard, and the guests help themselves, any of the women who happen to be on hand pouring out the tea.

By twelve the meal is over and the party separates—some to drive in the village-cart and pay visits to neighboring house-parties ten miles off, where they take five-o'clock tea and drive home in the frosty evening; others ride—one of the smart girls, looking smarter than ever in a Redfern habit and a silk hat, with two of the men. Lazy women sit about the fire and yawn and do fancy-work. Energetic men, whistling the dogs about their heels, go out for a tramp over the hills and through the marshes, returning laden with bitter-sweet and red marsbberries. If there is a hard frost, and the ponds will bear them, there is skating, and the whole day is spent circling about on the ice. Flying by in threes, with linked hands, in swaying couples rocking lazily in the Dutch roll, cutting eights, or, still more exciting, playing "hockey" the whole afternoon.

At six the party reunites over a fire and tea, and at seven retires for the great business of dressing for dinner.

NEW YORK, December 20, 1889. VAN GRYSE.

It is always well (says the Boston *Courier*) to be instructed in matters of social etiquette, and the remark which Mrs. A., one of the leaders of Boston society, was overheard making to a young friend recently is admirably instructive. "Do you know Mr. S.?" somebody asked the young lady, speaking of a man just then the fashion of the moment. "Oh, yes," she replied; "I have known him for years." "My dear," Mrs. A. said, the moment she had an opportunity of speaking to the other aside, "you must not say you have known Mr. S. for years. Nobody could have known him before last winter, for he wasn't taken up till then."

It has now become a well-established fact that waste-water power can be converted into electric energy, conveyed from ten to one hundred miles on a small copper wire in amounts from ten to five hundred horse-power, at a cost not to exceed six thousand five hundred dollars per mile for the greater distance and the larger power.

The Paris women have annexed "shop" to their vocabulary. "To fiveoclock" has been long in use as a term meaning to take afternoon tea. So now when madame goes out she says: "*Je vais shoper, et à mon retour nous fivoclockquerons à six heures.*"

Coningsby Disraeli, the nepbew of Lord Beaconsfield, sbares his rooms at Oxford with a member of the Gladstone family.

MAGAZINE VERSE.

Echo-Song.

Who can say where Echo dwells?
In some mountain-cave, methinks,
Where the white owl sits and blinks;
Or in deep sequestered dells,
Where the foxglove hangs its bells,
Echo dwells.
Echo!
Echo!

Phantom of the crystal Air,
Daughter of the sweet Mystery!
Here is one has need of thee;
Lead him to thy secret lair,
Myrtle brings he for thy hair—
Hear his prayer.
Echo!
Echo!

Echo, lift thy drowsy head,
And repeat each charmèd word
Thou must needs have overheard
Yestere'en, ere, rosy-red,
Daphne down the valley fled—
Words unsaid,
Echo!
Echo!

Breathe the vows she since denies!
She hath broken every vow;
What she would she would not now—
Thou didst hear her perjuries.
Whisper, whilst I shut my eyes,
Those sweet lies,
Echo!
Echo!

—*Thomas Bailey Aldrich in January Atlantic.*

Comanche.

A blazing home, a blood-soaked hearth;
Fair woman's hair with blood upon!
That Ishmaelite of all the earth
Has like a cyclone, come and gone—
His feet are as the blighting dearth;
His hands are daggers drawn.

"To horse! to horse!" the rangers shout,
And red revenge is on his track!
The black-haired Bedouin in route
Looks like a long, bent line of black.
He does not halt nor turn about;
He scorns to once look back.

But on! right on that line of black,
Across the snow-white, sand-sown pass;
The bearded rangers on their track
Bear thirsty sabres bright as glass,
Yet not one red man there looks back;
His nerves are braided brass.

* * * * * * * * * *

At last, at last, their mountain came
To clasp its children in their flight!
Up, up from out the sands of flame
They clambered, bleeding, to their height;
This savage summit, now so tame,
Their lone star, that dread night!

"Huzzah! Dismount!" the captain cried.
"Huzzah! the rovers cease to roam!
The river keeps yon farther side,
A roaring cataract of foam.
They die, they die for those who died
Last night by hearth and home!"

His men stood still beneath the steep;
The high, still moon stood like a nun.
The horses stood as willows weep;
Their weary heads drooped every one.
But no man there had thought of sleep;
Each waited for the sun.

Vast nun-white moon! Her silver rill
Of snow-white peace she ceaseless poured;
The rock-built battlement grew still,
The deep-down river roared and roared.
But each man there with iron will
Leaned silent on his sword.

Hark! See what light starts from the steep!
And hear, ah, hear that piercing sound.
It is their lorn death-song they keep
In solemn and majestic round.
The red fox of these deserts deep
At last is run to ground.

* * * * * * * * * *

Oh, it was weird—that wild, pent horde!
Their death-lights, their death-wails each one.
The river in sad chorus roared
And boomed like some great funeral gun.
The while each ranger nursed his sword
And waited for the sun.

Then sudden star-tipped mountains topt
With flame beyond! And watch-fires ran
To where white peaks high heaven propt;
And star and light left scarce a span.
Why none could say where death-lights stopt
Or where red stars began!

And then the far, wild wails that came
In tremulous and pitying flight
From star-lit peak and peak of flame!
Wails that had lost their way that night
And knocked at each heart's door to claim
Protection in their flight.

Oh, chu-lu-le! Oh, chu-lu-lo!
A thousand red hands reached in air.
Oh, che-lu-lo! Oh, che-lu-le!
When midnight housed in midnight hair,
Oh, che-lu-le! Oh, che-lu-lo!
Their one last wailing prayer.

And all night long, nude Rachels poured
Melodious pity one by one
From mountain top. The river roared
Sad requiem for his braves undone.
The while each ranger nursed his sword
And waited for the sun.

—*Joaquin Miller in the Arena.*

A new Anti-Semite book, called "Le Mystère du Sang chez les Juifs," has come out in Paris, the author being M. Henri Desportes. Edouard Drumont contributes a preface. The object of the book is to perpetuate the notion current in the middle ages against the Jews, that the blood of murdered Christian children was necessary for the performance of their rites, by making the astounding assertion that these rites are still continued. It even includes a letter from Cardinal Rampolla, saying: "His Holiness was rejoiced at your filial homage (the presentation of the book), and orders me to thank you in his name, and to say that he sends you with his whole heart his apostolical benediction, for His Holiness greatly approves of your work on the horrible custom of the Rabbinical Jews."

An Englishman has bought the contents of the royal castle of Nuremberg, containing the most complete collection of instruments of torture extant, costing thirty thousand dollars in all. There is a library of three thousand volumes, giving the history of crime and torture for many centuries.

The mother of M. de Paris, Mme. Deibler, died at her son's house near the prison of La Roquette a week ago, aged ninety. She was the daughter of a provincial headsman. Her son, the present execution-in-chief, married the daughter of the headsman of Algeria.

VANITY FAIR.

From an article on "Marriage," by Mrs. Frank Leslie, we make several extracts. She says: "Until lately, a young unmarried man was considered and accommodated as a sort of bird of passage. He had a room in his father's house, or he boarded somewhere, or he lived at a hotel, or he lodged in one house and ate in another or at a café; he was on his promotion; he was not living, but staying; he was the half of a pair of scissors; he was a transitional formation, not worth placing or formulating very accurately. If he hung long on hand, people began to say: 'Why doesn't he marry? He surely has salary enough, hasn't he?' And if by chance he remained unmarried, he became a sort of phenomenon, was called 'an old bachelor,' ridiculed, offered in jest to each other by merry girls, and made the subject of comic songs, stories, and jests. It was in those days, not so long gone by, either, a matter of course that a young man's one idea of contented personal life was to marry a nice girl, set up a home where he should be lord and master, and accept, with equanimity, the little responsibilities likely to accrue. But the luxurious and carefully planned 'Benedict Chambers' of to-day do not accord with this idea. They are evidently intended for men who already have secured a sufficient income for modest marriage, but who do not intend to spend their money in that way; for men who say of two or three or five thousand a year, as the gourmand did of the goose—that it was an inconvenient roast, being a little too much for one, but not enough for two. These gentlemen consider that a pretty suite of rooms, where they may smoke as much as they choose, stay up until they wish to go to bed, have guests when they like, or play hermit if they prefer, have the morning coffee and roll served at their bedside and lunch and dine at Delmonico's, is better than to establish a partnership household, where the domestic portion is more apt to rule than the one whose business takes him away for most of his waking hours. From a purely selfish point of view probably Benedict judges wisely. He can be more comfortable, he can be more independent, he can escape a good deal of annoyance and perplexity, but then—he can not be married. And placing Benedict Chambers in one scale and married life in the other, which has solid gold enough in its composition to bear down the scales? Is marriage an essential of the happiness of life? Fifty years ago, as I have just intimated, no such question could have been seriously asked or answered. It was a matter of course that young people were to marry just as soon as they had the means. But, taking all one's friends together, do the married men to-day seem absolutely happier than the bachelors, even if they have means large enough or a wife economical enough to make marriage possible? I am inclined to think they are not. Married men, as a rule, have a speculative, absent-minded expression upon their faces, as if they were mutely pondering over some intricate domestic or commercial affair. The bachelor face on the other hand, has its own handwriting of ill-success. It is apt to wear a bored expression, a look of is life worth the living? or else a cynical indifference to this and every other question outside of his own material comforts, which is very painful to read upon a young man. An unmarried man grows selfish, narrow, and material almost as a matter of course. The unmarried man, and more especially the unmarried woman, has not filled his or her amplest sphere of existence, and can not be called a success, whatever he or she has achieved, for they leave the place where they stood vacant when they fall, and the world, although it may be wiser, can not be the richer because they have lived."

A week or two ago we printed in this department a paragraph stating that an Ohio Normal School had put a statue of Apollo in knee-breeches. The following extracts from the *Ohio State Journal* show the falsity of the rumor, and will enable Ohio culture to settle back into its ordinary state of æsthetic calmness: "The statements made in regard to the piece of statuary, 'Apollo,' are wholly false, as many of our students now engaged in your city as lawyers, doctors, teachers, etc., can testify. The statuary was procured in Germany and placed in the hall of the Franklin Literary Society in the summer of 1885, and did not at that time, or any time since, create any sensation or unpleasant comment. It came just as all statuary does, and no one was so ignorant as to expect it otherwise or to be surprised. It was unpacked at Wagner Brothers' bookstore by the committee having it in charge, and *all occasion for unpleasant comment was removed by a satin sash being tastefully draped around it* before it was placed in the hall. Thus it has stood ever since, and is admired by all, being an elegant piece of work and speaks well for the enterprise of the society which placed it there. For four years 'Apollo' has been the pride of the Franklin Literary Society, instead of causing a stampede among the members."

One of the leading merchants of New York married his secretary a few days ago. Another business-man, commenting on the event, said: "Men marry their secretaries and typewriters so often in the business world of New York that there is now no novelty at all about the performance. These combinations of two business people in a marriage are very often successful. It is a secret of the wonderful success of the French. All the small shop-keepers, tradesmen, and business-people marry in this fashion, with the result that they live within their means, and there are two brains and two pairs of hands at work toward a common end, where formerly there was only half that equipment. The most successful instance of a marriage of interest that I recall among Englishmen was that of D'Oyly Carte to Miss Helen Lenoir. She came in his employ originally, in London, as a copyist, at a salary amounting to about three dollars a week. She showed a good deal of an aptitude for business, and gradually Mr. Carte passed the details of the work of his big opera companies over to her, until she was practically in control of all the Gilbert and Sullivan enterprises, with Mr. Carte as director-in-chief. She was a little woman, of decisive and determined manner, quick to decide, and implacable in her likes and dislikes. Carte married her about two years ago, though he was a very rich man, and it was thought that he would make an alliance of some social distinction. Since then, the Cartes have built the biggest hotel in London and are running two theatres. It is said that Mrs. Carte's judgment has prevailed in the manner in which the 'Gondolier' has been disposed of for the American rights. She lived in New York, and her prejudices against certain managers are strong. She still controls most of Mr. Carte's affairs."

The last hunting-coat of a North Carolina girl, who rides with the Orange hounds, is just as "swagger" as Lady Gay herself could have ordered. It is of brilliant scarlet cloth, and fits like a glove. It has a swallow-tail which reaches not quite to the crupper of her brown hunter's saddle, and it buttons over a white corduroy waiscoat, with small flat gilt buttons. Her jockey-cap is also scarlet. Her gloves are white chamois, stitched on the back with bands of black. Sometimes she wears a dark-green skirt, again a black one, and occasionally one of dark army-blue cloth. But you should see this Southern mountain-girl ride. When she mounts, she actually vaults into the saddle from the hand of her escort or groom. Then she adjusts herself and her skirts so quickly you can not see how it is done.

A new craze has conquered Paris since Judith Gauthier and Guy de Maupassant threw the glamour of their talent over the land of the Mikado and Pierre Loti published his piquant "Mme. Chrysanthème." It is simply the desire revived for all things Japanese. Japanese rooms and Japanese ornaments have long since become a fixture, but the cultivation of the Japanese drama and the study of Japanese literature are novel. A clever young actor has taken advantage of this and introduced a unique drawing-room entertainment which he calls a Japanese pantomime. This new diversion consists of monologue tempered with pantomime proper. The actor, who wears a most gorgeous Japanese embroidered gown, gives so-called character studies of the various odd personages supposed to exist in court circles and among the street-hawkers of far-off Tokio. A pianist accompanies the entertainer with quaint music written in the Japanese scale, and at times the audience is treated to songs, serious and comic, some as sung in polite circles and others popular in Japanese *cabarets*. The latter are presumed to be slightly *risqué*, but as nobody understands them, little if any harm or impropriety is effected. It has been whispered recently by several who have visited Japan, and who are familiar with the manners and customs of that country, that this performance is by no means as truthful a representation as it should be, and that its author betrays a woeful lack of knowledge as to the language and manner of the people he essays to portray. Indeed, the whole affair has been criticised as having the elements of what is known in American slang as a "fake." But Paris, especially drawing-room Paris, is enchanted. It has passed its verdict on the pantomime as *tout ce qu'il y a de plus chic*. The authnr intends to introduce it in New York next season, as it has gained credence in Paris that Americans at present have developed a thirst for novel drawing-room amusements.

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NEW YORK LEDGER

to every reader of this advertisement who will cut out of any paper in the United States, and send to the address below, the advertisement of any illustrated paper or magazine containing so much high-class matter for so little money as the following advertisement of the New York Ledger for 1890 announces:

INSECT PESTS. Prof. J. H. Comstock, of Cornell University, will contribute a series of six useful papers on the study of insects. Prof. Comstock treats of bugs that are useful to the agriculturist, as well as those that are destructive. He points out in the clearest scientific way how to destroy the pests of our grain, rice and cotton fields, of our orchards, our gardens, and our vineyards. His articles are of inestimable value.

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ILLUSTRATED SOUVENIRS. SENT FREE TO ALL SUBSCRIBERS. The first of these souvenir supplements will be a poem by John G. Whittier, illustrated by Howard Pyle, and engraved by H. Wolf, R. G. Tietze and E. A. Clement. The next souvenir will be a beautifully illustrated poem by James Russell Lowell.

SERIAL STORIES BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED. Continued stories will be contributed by such wholesome and captivating authors as Frances Hodgson Burnett, Anna Katharine Green, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Robert Louis Stevenson, Col. Thomas W. Knox, Albion W. Tourgee, Prof. W. C. Kitchin, Robert Grant, Frank H. Converse, Harold Frederic, and others.

CONTINUED ARTICLES. These articles were written especially for the "Ledger" by writers whose reputation and capability establish them as the persons most eminently fitted to treat that particular subject assigned to each.——The Hon. George Bancroft contributes three articles on The Battle of Lake Erie, beautifully illustrated.——Hon. Henry W. Grady furnishes six articles on The Wonderful Development of the New South.——James Parton contributes a series of articles on Incidents in the Life of Andrew Jackson.——Rev. John R. Paxton, D. D. contributes six articles on Experience in My Army Life.

POPULAR INFORMATION. Throughout the year the "Ledger" will contain hundreds of sketches of popular information which will supply an amount of beneficial information that will be of inestimable value to those who are in search of something instructive and useful.——Prof. Alexander M. Stevens will explain the manners and customs of the Moki Pueblos, a peculiarly strange tribe of Arizona Indians.——Dr. Felix L. Oswald is, by special arrangement, contributing a series of popular scientific sketches, embracing the observations of the writer during his investigations into the unfamiliar phenomena of natural history and occult science.——C. F. Holder contributes an extended series of articles on singular aspects of animal life on sea and land. His articles are brimful of information.

SHORT STORIES COMPLETE IN EACH NUMBER. Hundreds of illustrated short stories will be given during the year from the pens of such familiar and fascinating authors as Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren, Col. Thomas W. Knox, The Marquise Lanza, Margaret Deland, Julian Hawthorne, Harold Frederic, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Clara Whitridge, George F. Parsons, Marion Harland, Mary Kyle Dallas, Amy Randolph.

IMPRESSIVE PAPERS. These papers are a medium through which the readers of the "Ledger" will be entertained by many of the most eminent men of the day. The benefit derived from these articles will in itself compensate any one for the price of the "Ledger."——Murat Halstead contributes a series of papers on The Journeyings of a Journalist, being the experience of the author during his travels Around the Globe.——Rev. Dr. McCosh, ex-President of Princeton College, furnishes a series of papers on the present state of religious thought and development, entitled On the Border Land of Religion.——Hon. George Bancroft tells of A Day Spent With Lord Byron.——Prof. Eliot Blauvelt explains how Egypt fell into a state of ruinous distraction, consequent on the decline of the Roman government, and how every species of barbaric rudeness superseded the refined habits of the people.——Rev. Dr. Henry M. Field contributes a paper on The Lopez Expedition, the first of a series of articles descriptive of thrilling historical episodes.——Many other highly impressive papers are in preparation by M. W. Hazeltine, E. L. Godkin, Rev. Dr. John Hall, James Parton, Prof. W. C. Kitchin, Rev. Emory J. Haynes, and George Frederic Parsons.

HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES. Six articles will be contributed by Miss Parloa on American Cookery, explaining why it is imperfect, and giving some ways by which it may be improved and economy practiced.——Dr. Julia Holmes Smith will write a series of articles on Common Sense in the Nursery, offering valuable suggestions concerning the care of children.

OTHER FEATURES. The "Ledger" will also contain Historical and Biographical sketches, Poems, Ballads, Travels, Adventures, Science Items, Answers to Correspondence, and a vast quantity of matter interesting to the household.

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THE CITY OF CHICAGO.

A Californian Thinks she will be the Capital of the United States.

I promised to write to the *Argonaut* after I had seen Chicago. I have been in Chicago six weeks and bave not yet seen it. When a Chicagoan gets his first view of a California big tree, he sees no big tree. He needs to stay by it, stare at it, walk around it, go away from it, to look at its top, return to it ; then after a while he becomes conscious of beiog smaller than he ever thought himself to be before, and at last he finds out that he feels so little because he is in the presence of somethiog so big. So a Californian sees no big city wben he first reaches Chicago. He is like a pismire crawling up Monte Diable, which sees no mountain.

I had lived in California sioce before my boyhood days were over. To me San Francisco was one of the magnificeot cities of eartb. To me its growtb aod prospects were marvelous ; its proportions, magnificeot ; its wealth, superabundaot ; its splendor, transcendent. I used to look curiously at tbe strangely garbed Europeans in the Palace corridors under their crystal firmament, and wonder if they did not feel like Digger Indians getting tbeir first glimpse of the bewildering complications of civilization. I used to eojoy seeing Eastern people take the cable-cars on their first arrival in San Francisco ; because I proudly thougbt they must be tryiog to hide their amazement under an affected air of unconcern at riding without a visible motor, and at the sight of a car a minute passing any given point on the line. I used to gaze admiringly up Market Street on reaching tbe city at night by the Oakland boat, and wonder if any otber city on earth could boast such a brilliant array of electric and colored lights as garnished wbat to me was the widest and grandest street in the world. I used to wonder if the Palace Hotel, the Flood Building, the Baldwin, the Nevada Block, the new *Chronicle* building, the residences on Nob Hill, did not just sort o' terrify New Yorkers, Chicagoans, and Bostonians on tbeir first arrival in tbe metropolis of the Pacific.

I have been in Chicago six weeks. I sball take a look at it after a wbile, wben this feeling of stupidity produced by amazement partially wears off. But I shall not describe it. I am not writing books just now. If tbe Palace Hotel, the Flood Building, the new *Chronicle* building, the Baldwin, the Nevada Block, and all the palaces on Nob Hill were suddenly lifted up and set down in the midst of Chicago in one night, they would not be noticed next morning—unless they were set down in the middle of the streets so as to interfere with traffic. Miles and miles of Flood buildings, groups of Baldwin theatres, townsful of Nob Hill palaces, whole streets of new *Chronicle* buildings, innumerable Occidental hotels, all the elegant dry-good stores of San Francisco merged into one and then reduplicated till you are weary ; all its restaurants rolled into one and multiplied until you are faint ; cable-cars going in trains like steam-cars, witb tbree conductors on eacb train ; four elevators in a group and no use ringing, because one or two are constantly ready to carry you up or bring you down ; morning papers, noon papers, evening papers, and extras at midnight ; a hundred miles of asphalt drive-ways for pleasure ; innumerable streets so long and so brilliantly ligbted that, standing at any point on one of them at night, you will see the parallel rows of ligbts come to a point in either direction, making the street look like a long, narrow diamond ; granite, marble, brass, glass, colored crystals, electric-lights, gorgeousness, brilliance, luxuriousness, magnificence—Chicago !

Let us, of San Francisco, of St. Louis, of New York, of Boston, be proud of Chicago. Tbis is a distinctively American city. During tbe Cronin trial every last daily paper in all this glorious city sides with American sentiment, and is outspoken in favor of American principles. I do not wonder tbat the serpent of nihilism in America was strangled in Cbicago. If the street-car atrocities of San Francisco bad been attempted bere, tbe Chicago press would bave squelcbed at their inception the disgraceful outrages which made all California blusb for shame.

Chicago is tbe proper site for the administration of our government. Here sbould tbe President and Cabinet reside and Congress bold its sessions. The Treasury, the Postal Department, tbe Printing Department, and the Records must, in time, come here. Tbe Patent Office and tbe rest may remain at Washington. Chicago would build a Congressional Hall for the Federal Legislature more readily than New York would build a monument to Grant.

Cbicago will have tbe World's Fair. If her having it depended upon a vote taken in California, there can be no doubt of what tbe result would be.

One of the sigbts, which is common to all Eastern cities and which can not fail to interest intensely a Californian, is the vast crowds of youog women and boys who are seen every morning of the six working days swarming by street-car and afoot into Central Chicago to their work. We know them in the morning when their lunch is in sight, we guess at them in the evening when that lunch is stowed out of sight. They are a happy appearing set. They are well dressed, good looking, and intelligent. To my mind, each one represents a family of five occupying six rooms, using the furniture and appliances of civilization, employing and paying the butcher, the baker, the shoe-maker, the tailor, the hatter, the printer, the teacher, the minister, the capitalist ; furnishing business for tbe railroads, the merchants, the manufacturers, the farmers, the miners ; giving life to the press, the school, the church, the theatre—in short, to civilization.

In San Francisco, these young Americans are replaced by Chinamen. These carry no lunch, for their dried fish and rice have come all tbe way from China and need warming up before tbey can be eaten. Each adult Chinaman competes with some American boy or girl in those light employments which American fathers create and to which their cbildren have a natural right. Eacb Chinaman means the crowding out from the paths of civilized industries of one American family. Each Chinaman means a sleeping-shelf, three by six, in a room eigbt by ten by eight, and occupied by three, and often by six meo ; provisions and clothing from China ; one hundred and fifty dollars of coin per annum out of the country with no return ; tbe introduction of new and revoltiog vices to Caucasian civilization, and a general undermining of all our institutions—intellectual, moral, civil, and industrial. No wonder Chicago is bigger than San Francisco.

The great fire was a royal beneficence to Cbicago. It gave scope to the enormous enterprise, energy, and capital of her citizens. So long as a row of ragged shanties on a splendid street can be made to pay the lowest rate of interest endurable to capital, so long will that row of shanties disfigure that street ; but a fire sweeps sordidness aside and furnishes opportunity to enlightened business methods, combined with public spirit.

Let no city on earth boast of having anything claimed to be the biggest, tbe best, the most artistic, the most ingenious, the most useful, the most luxurious, the most costly. That city will only attract the attention of Chicago to its pet, and that pet will be immediately eclipsed. If it were shown that some other city, seated, like Chicago, on the border of a broad expanse of water, enjoyed a superior advantage in being favored with a salt sea-breeze, Chicago would immediately salt Lake Michigan until cannon-balls would float upon its bosom.

One city has been claiming tbe biggest hotel ; another, the tallest building ; another, the most capacious theatre ; another, the grandest organ ; another, the most magnificent architecture. Now comes Chicago, and with just one twist of her American wrist stops all the boasting of all tbe cities of earth. She bas finished the Auditorium, a combination of hotel and theatre. Sball I describe it? No. The *Argonaut* could not spare the space. I will merely mention a few points. I have stood on the corner of Kearny and Market Streets and have gawked at the top story of the new *Chronicle* building. I bave time and again counted the windows from the ground up to assure myself tbat tbe top story was really the tenth. Yet bere is a Chicago building that has a twentieth story. The United States Signal Service is accommodated in the eighteenth. It has tbirteen elevators. Although the entire four fronts are of stooe, it yet contains seventeen millions of brick. It is lit up by ten thousand electric-lights. Eleven boilers and twenty-one pumping engines are in constant operation in it. It required twenty-five miles of gas and water-pipe, and two bundred and thirty miles of electric wire inside the building. It contains sixty thousand square feet of polisbed plate-glass—enougb to make a mirror ten feet wide and over a mile long. It has fifty thousand square feet of Italian marble mosaic floors, containing over fifty millions of separate pieces. There is only one otber building in tbe world wbich contains as mucb mosaic floor, and that building is vastly inferior in every other respect. The only mistake the management of the Auditorium made was in not adding just one more square foot to its mosaic floor. The stage alone, and its equipment, cost a bundred and seventy tbousand dollars. The French Government spent nine millions of dollars and thirteen years of time to eclipse tbe world in an opera-bouse, but this Chicago corporation, in three years' time and witb three millions of money, has a more magnificent theatre and twice as large. Not one of the grand cities of Europe has an opera-house as capacious, as magnificent, as acoustically perfect as tbis new tbeatre of Chicago.

San Francisco bas one thing which Chicago can not imitate, mucb less improve upon. Of all the cities of earth, San Francisco alone can claim to be both a summer and a winter city. This great advantage is due to her climate, and that climate, as I claim here, is due to the intelligence, energy, and enterprise of her people. The Chicagoans laugb at the idea, but, of course, their laugbing is merely an exhibition of impotent jealousy.

B. MARKS.

CHICAGO, December 15, 1889.

A subterranean river is believed to flow under the soil of tbe Dakotas along the valley of the Jim River. Tbese are the demonstrated facts : That water will gush fortb upon the sinking of a sbaft to a deptb of from one thousand to three thousand feet anywbere along this remarkable valley ; tbat the length of tbe strip of country within which an artesian flow may be relied upon is about tbree hundred miles due nortb and soutb, from Yankton, where the Jim flows into the Missouri, to the Devil's Lake country, where it rises ; that the widtb of tbe strip varies from five to about twenty-five miles on either side of tbe narrow and languid Jim ; that from the northernmost extreme of this strip, a subterranean water supply is to be found witb more or less certainty along a narrower strip running almost due west from tbe Devil's Lake country ; that this strip crosses the Missouri north of Bismarck and runs parallel with it until it meets the river again at Great Falls. Artesian basins exist all over the world, but to no great area or extent. Here is one known to be three hundred miles loog north and soutb, and believed to be six hundred miles long east and west. Is it a river? Does the water flow? If so, in wbat direction? Where from? Where to? If we are to believe it is a river, its superficial area must be about as great as that of Lakes Superior, Huron, and Michigan combined.

Most of the old houses on both sides of tbe Tiber, at Rome, have been removed, fine embankments of masonry have been erected, slightly deepeniog and widening the river to an average width of sixty-five yards, and on top of the embankments, on both sides, esplanades are formed as on the Thames embankment at London. One of the new bridges crossing the stream is thirteen yards wide, and near it, at either end, stand new buildiogs seven stories high, completely shutting out the views of the Janiculum and San Pietro hills.

A bomb-sbell has been thrown into the scientific world through the discovery of Mr. Brereton Baker, of Dulwich College, about oxygen. That gas, which is known as the great agent of combustion, loses its cbaracter when dried. It becomes inert. Even charcoal will not burn in it when heated to redness, nor phosphorus become luminous. As yet there is no explanation.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The widow of Jefferson Davis is at once eligible to receive a pension by reason of her husband's services in the Mexican War.

Mrs. Olga Neymann, a New York dentist, hires female assistants, all of them young, pretty, and earnest, whose duty it is to stand by the patient, and, if it is a lady, stroke her hand sympathetically.

Lieutenant-Governor Jones, of New York, tells a Philadelphia *Press* reporter that he has given up all idea that the World's Fair of 1892 will be held in New York, and that if he attends such a fair anywhere he expects to go to Chicago.

Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis were in Washington together at different times, notably 1847–8, when the first was a member of the House and the second of the Senate, but it is said they never met, or even knew each other's faces.

Sir Henry Edwards, of England, appears to be one of the liveliest of modern travelers. In nine weeks he covered fifteen thousand miles, and within twenty days, after his return to London, he issued a complete record of his wanderings, charmingly printed and daintily bound in vellum.

Increasing age and infirmities are greatly altering the once jovial character of the Prince of Wales. He is said to feel greatly the disappearance one by one of all the personal friends and companions of his early years, some to untimely graves and others into dark abysses of dishonor ten thousand times more terrible.

Two of the daughters of Sir Henry Aaron Isaacs, the new lord mayor of London, are deaf and dumb, but they have been so admirably educated on the oral system in Holland that they can by lip-reading even understand what goes on at a theatre. They have such bright, intelligent faces that no one could possibly imagine them to be deprived of two of the best senses.

Mr. Blaine's new house in Washington is about completed, and it is said to divide the attention of the public with the White House. It was in this house that the attempt to assassinate Secretary Seward was made. To wipe out the memory of this deed, Mr. Blaine has had the partition taken down between the late secretary's bedroom and the room adjoining it, and has thrown them into one, which he has made the drawing-room.

The doctors who attended the late King of Portugal, during the last few weeks of his illness, presented bills for their services amounting to nearly one hundred thousand dollars. One of them demanded fourteen thousand dollars for ten visits, another demanded seventeen thousand for fifteen, while a third thought that thirty thousand was not too much to ask for his attendance at eighteen consultations. Eventually the new king succeeded in effecting a settlement of their claims by means of a lump sum of sixty thousand dollars.

Kossuth has not visited Hungary since 1848. He refused to accept the offer of amnesty which every other Hungarian exile accepted when the Austrian Emperor was crowned King of Hungary, and has since that date lived in Turin. Now there is a Hungarian law which provides that any Hungarian who willfully remains away from his country for forty years forfeits his nationality. On the first of January next, Kossuth will have been more than forty years absent from Hungary, and he will, therefore, cease to be a Hungarian citizen.

Mr. Oscar S. Strauss, late American minister at Constantinople, says that the Sultan is a serious, painstaking sovereign, kind-hearted and compassionate, a reformer withal, and greatly beloved by the people. Mr. Strauss mentions that Abdul Hamid the Second has practically abolished capital punishment, that he sent one thousand dollars to the Johnstown sufferers, and that scarcely a month passes but that he contributes from his private purse to alleviate sufferings, irrespective of race or religion, among his subjects. Moreover, that he goes in for schools and railroads.

Emperor William spent a good deal of money last year in entertaining the royalties who visited him at Berlin, and distributed gifts with a lavish hand. The bread cast upon the waters then seems to have been returned to him in a very substantial way during his recent trip to Constantinople, however, as he is said to have brought back a ship-load of presents, valued at nearly three hundred thousand dollars, among them one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of diamonds for the empress. Altogether, this pleasure of seeing his German friends in his own dominions cost the somewhat impecunious Sultan about seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

The queen rises early in the morning when at Balmoral, and, after breakfast, reads and answers her letters and transacts business. If the weather be favorable, she often has her papers taken into a tent or summer-house upon the lawn. After this comes a walk or a drive in a pony-carriage and then luncheon, at which no one is ever present except members of the royal family. During the afternoon, the queen takes a long drive, often extending to over thirty miles and always in an open carriage. She dines late, never before half-past eight P. M. An hour spent in the drawing-room talking with the guests who may have been invited, finishes the day, and the queen retires to rest.

The withdrawal of Prince Aloys Lichtenstein from the leadership of the Clerical party in the Reichsrath, and, in fact, from all further participation in active politics, which gave rise to a considerable amount of comment and discussion, is now known to be due to his approaching marriage with Frau Klinkosch, one of the most celebrated beauties of Vienna. The personal charms of the lady in question enjoy probably a wider fame than those of any other lady now living, owing to the fact that she figured with her sister, now Countess Zceczeny, as models for the scantily robed figures which graced Makart's celebrated picture of "Charles V.'s Entry into Antwerp." Prince Aloys Lichtenstein belonging to a reigning house, the marriage will be a morganatic one—that is, Frau Klinkosh will not be able to take either her husband's rank or title.

José the Gitano and his three daughters, who formed a Spanish troupe of dancers at the Paris Exposition, remained when the exposition closed, and soon obtained an engagement at the Alcazar d'Hiver, and José was in high spirits, when a great calamity befell him. His daughter Soledad, although only fourteen years of age, has eloped—it is supposed with a noble Russian. José had taken every precaution against an accident of this kind. Every night after leaving the exhibition he saw his daughters safely home, and it was not until he had locked them up in their room that he felt he could amuse himself in the neighboring cafés with an easy mind. Then, before going to bed, he would look into their room to see if they were all safe. Notwithstanding all this vigilance, Soledad found opportunities for flirting, and José, to lead her into better ways, used the stick, so report says. The other evening, José decided to take his daughters to the Montagnes Russes, and while he was engaged upon his toilet, the cry was raised that Soledad was missing. She has not been heard of since. José has been plunged into black misery, for the beautiful, gazelle-like Soledad was the star of his troupe and was worth a fortune to him. She seems to have grown tired of earning money for him and being beaten.

The Marquis de Caux, formerly the husband of Adelina Patti, died in Paris on the fourteenth of this month. Louis Sebastien, Henri de Roger de Cahusac, Marquis de Caux, has a place in biographical literature only because of his marriage with Adelina Patti, in the year 1868. He was one of the courtiers attached to the Court of the Tuileries in the brilliant days of the Second Empire, a distinguished and impoverished *roué*, who was willing to exchange his title for a goodly share of the Diva's worldly possessions, to please, it is said, the Empress Eugénie. The marriage took place at Clapham, the witnesses being the Duke of Manchester, Michael Costa, and the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne. Patti was then twenty-five. The marriage was an unhappy one, and all accounts agree that she led a miserable life as the Marquise de Caux. She was finally divorced from him in 1883. The story of the Diva's married life has been interestingly told by that most peculiar of Abigails, Louise Lauw, who also gives the details of Patti's union with Sig. Nicolini, to whom she was afterwards married with religious rites. The marquis came out of his wedded state financially the gainer ; in fact, would not consent to a divorce until he had received a million francs and a share of the singer's jewelry.

THE CAD.

"Cockaigne" explains this Term by Definition and Illustration.

A treatise on cads might be written with profit by some understanding person. The profit, however, would not be so much of pecuniary gain to the author as it would be a means of apprising the foreign reader of the genuine peculiarities of the genus, and therehy rescuing him from a misconception of what a cad actually is. There are no people who misapply the term "cad" more than do Americans. I do not know why this is, I am sure. It comes, I should fancy, from imagining that cad is a term of description of characteristics instead of one of designation of social station. The word is one strictly English, hoth in its origin and legitimate use, and in England it is applied to a class of men who do not exist in any other country. Its use and application in America, except when in reference to this class of Englishmen, is, therefore, meaningless. Just as there are no *grisettes* and *gamins* out of France, so are there no cads out of England. I mean among the native resident population. I have heard Americans say "So-and-So is a cad," or "What's-his-name is a cad," when speaking of some man whose behavior had offended them, and notwithstanding the fact that the offender was either an American or an Englishman of the acknowledged upper classes. With such people whether a man is a cad or not is a mere matter of opinion, hased upon an ohservance of his conduct and manners. The fact that he is a gentleman—meaning one hy hirth, which is the English sense—neither directs the formation of their opinion, nor prevents their expression of it when formed. With them it is what a man *does*, not what he *is*, which makes him a cad. I do not douht that many peers of the realm frequently behave like cads, and do "caddish" things. But they are not cads in consequence. I daresay the term has heen thought hy Americans a good one to use. It is short and expressive (as they think) and fills a vacancy in the vocahulary which neither "rough," "rowdy," "h'hoy," nor "hoodlum" will fit. In short, it supplies a want long felt. In this way the word has douhtless acquired an American acceptation. It is none the less meaningless when gauged hy the English standards, and its use should, therefore, he discouraged, especially when Americans are in England. To call a gentleman in England a cad would not only give great offense, hut he a proof of foreign hirth in the caller. It seems self-evident that a gentleman could not he a cad, and superfluous to say so. However, it is quite within the possihilities that men called gentlemen in England, on account of their hirth, might not he considered gentlemen hy Americans on account of their manners and general conduct, and he thought proper suhjects for the term cad. It is to guard them against falling into this error that I write.

Now, in England, a cad is a man engaged in retail trade. The derivation of the word, as I understand it, is "cadger," of which it is an ahhreviation. The definition of cadger is "huckster," and a huckster is a "dealer in small wares," heing also defined as "a mean fellow." So that cadgers and hucksters are synonymous, and are hoth unquestionahly "mean fellows." It is really difficult to explain, in so many words, what a cad is, so as to reach the understanding of people who do not live in England. It may he observed that the middle-class English have the same ideas ahout cads that Americans have. This is natural. To them, a cad is an ill-mannered, scurvy sort of fellow. They know nothing of the upper class's view on the suhject, and douhtless think they are similar to their own.

For that reason, I quite expect to he taken to task hy some of these middle-class gentry residing in America, who will thus admit themselves to he outside the line within which all social questions are settled in England. I often wonder whether these exiled natives of Putney, Highgate, and Pentonville, these hanished citizens of Manchester, Leeds, Birmingham, and Liverpool, really do conscientiously helieve that they are representatives of the English gentry. They are not, of course, and they ought to know the fact; hut the question is, do they? Is it not hecause they have posed and swaggered hefore Americans for so long a time, and humhugged them into regarding them as specimens of England's aristocracy, that they have actually grown to helieve that they are so? In no other way can I account for the humptiousness of these transplanted nohodies. It is amusing to hear them talk in America and affect the airs and graces of the ideal (*their* ideal) duke or marquis. Real dukes and marquises, as everyhody knows who have heen hrought in contact with them, are the last men in the world to give themselves airs and graces ahout anything. They are the simplest of men. If you want to see pomposity, arrogance, disdainful condescension, rude indifference to others, a hlatant assumption of superiority, and a never-ceasing suggestion of self-importance, you will find it in the commercial travelers, place-seeking "city" clerks, third-rate professional men, and second-rate actors of England. These are the fellows who talk of other men who do not suit them as "cads," when, as a matter of fact, they, themselves, are the real cads of England. Of course they will tell you otherwise. Why should they not? It is self-preservation. But, all the same, it does not follow that they must he helieved. It may he that among these people a gentleman may he discovered, now and then—a decayed gentleman whose patronymic of Percy, or Villiers, or Grosvenor, shines out with peculiar lustre among the Hodges, and Jinkinses, and Blinkershys, Collingses, Blodgets, and Tompkinses. You can not call *him* a cad, whatever he may do, even to associating with cads. He may, from long association, become *like* them, hut he is not one of them.

I remember once hearing an American gentleman hold forth in the smoking-room of the Langham Hotel ahout the behavior of a certain nohleman toward him. It appeared that the gentleman (he was a New Yorker) had shown Lord ———, a nohleman well known in New York city, considerable attention and hospitality during his stay there, and that on "looking him up," when he came to London, he was made acquainted with the "old, old story," now a threadhare tale to American ears. After a long account of the unrequiting conduct of Lord ———, the New York gentleman would hring his fist down on the table and exclaim, in a voice in full keeping with the hlow, while the glasses rattled and jingled: "Lord ——— is a cad! That's my opinion. Lord ——— is a cad!"

The class of Englishmen who, as a rule, frequent hotel smoking-rooms in London are not exactly the sort to appreciate the nice distinctions of high society or to understand the lines within which caddom exists, any more than are the common run of American travelers who make the Langham their head-quarters when in London. There was, therefore, a rousing volley of "Hear! Hear! Right you are! Quite agree," etc., mixed with "Correct! That's so! That's what I say," etc.

In the Langham Hotel smoking-room, Colonel ——— (I have reasons for withholding his name) carried the audience with him. He was addressing a sympathetic assemhlage and talking to men of similar views to his own. Had he, however, said the same thing in one of the Pall Mall clubs, his greeting would have heen different. Not that any one would have resented the calling of Lord ——— a cad as an insult. Lord ———'s conduct is not hy any means gilt-edged. He may he "a had lot," hut he is not a cad. The ahsurdity of calling him so would have heen made apparent to Colonel ———'s comprehension, that is all. A great many Americans get erroneous views of English ways from taking the people they meet at London hotels as specimens of English ladies and gentlemen, when they are not so.

"That's the way they do in England," you will hear a man say in reference to some astounding idea heard hy you for the first time.

"How do you know?"

"On the best authority, sir—a Londoner's."

"But, my dear sir," you hegin to expostulate.

"Now, look here," he cuts you short; "I know what I'm talking ahout. A man I met at the Langham told me; a man who'd lived in London all his life."

What are you to do?

I remember once, when crossing in one of the Cunard hoats, a circumstance which illustrates the suhject under discussion. Among the passengers was a tall young Englishman with a loud voice, a long neck, pushing manners, hig feet, a red neck, glossy cheek-hones, a four-inch shirt-collar, and an eye-glass. Wherever you went you saw him or heard him. Frequently it was hoth. Even at night you would hear him singing out: "Steward!" (he called it *st'yard*) every half-hour, to have his lamp turned down, or turned up, to hook hack his door or to shut it, to ask the time, or the weather, or something or other. He was always in evidence. To most of the passengers the fellow hecame and was an insufferahle hore. You could not put him down or silence him. His name was Mr. Bertie Frederick FitzGeorge Armytage—that is what he called himself in the passenger-list—and he was never done talking of or alluding to "my cousins," the Armytages of Stakwill Park, or of Jawton Manor, or some other place. "My uncle, Lord Allcastle," or "my great-uncle, Sir Marmaduke," you made the acquaintance of a dozen times an hour—if you listened. There was one other passenger—also an Englishman—whom he cordially hated. He was a small, retiring man of quiet manners and a low voice. He would not have anything to say to Armytage. Armytage said he would not have anything to do with him. But I thought it was the other way. His name was Mr. William Henry—at least that was the only name on the printed list which seemed to he his, hecause it helonged to no one else and no one knew him.

"Don't waste time talking to that fellow," Armytage said to me, one morning; "he's a cad."

"Is he?" said I; "he seems an inoffensive sort of man."

"No fear. There's something queer ahout him. He's got a friend among the second-cahin passengers that I constantly see him talking to on deck in the early morning. Last night, I came on them talking together near the funnel. Such a name, too—Henry! I wouldn't know a fellow like that. I know what he is—he's a cad!"

Well, so things went on throughout the voyage. Armytage was always calling Henry a cad. To make a long story short, when we arrived it was found out that Mr. Bertie Armytage was a traveler for a Birmingham "cheap jewelry" factory, and that his real name was Simpson. Mr. Henry was the Earl of Clandonald, traveling *incog.*—his friend in the second cahin heing his valet.

COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, Novemher 30, 1889.

The Sultan has heen very much terrified hy the Brazilian revolution, and, in consequence, he has distrihuted large sums of money among his guards and the pay due the Turkish Army is to he paid off as soon as possihle. He has also decided to have the contents of the treasuries at Zildiz Kiosk and Dolma Batché valued, with a view of selling a great portion of them. They have heen collected during the last three centuries and are enormously rich.

A peculiarity ahout the hlind is that there is seldom one of them who smokes. Soldiers and sailors accustomed to smoking, and who have lost their sight in action, continue to smoke for a short while, hut soon give up the hahit. They say that it gives them no pleasure when they can not see the smoke, and some have said that they can not taste the smoke unless they see it.

The press of Italy is discussing the question of capital punishment, which is at present illegal, confinement at hard lahor for life heing the maximum punishment hestowed hy the Italian laws. It is contended hy many influential papers that a return to death sentences is necessary, in view of the great increase in murder since the existing laws went into operation.

The late Vicar of Fotheringhay, in his passage through the hankruptcy court, acknowledged that he had striven to redeem his fortunes hy hacking a horse or two, hut he had had no luck.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

He—"Well, it is growing quite late. I fear I must go." *She*—"Oh, stay a little longer and see the sun rise."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

"Lend me a fiver, will you, Bill?" "I can't, old fellow. I haven't even paid for my wife's present to me yet."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Jack—"How very fresh and rosy Miss Tracy looks to-night, Tom." *Tom* (who has been jilted)—"Oh, yes, she is always very fresh."—*Time.*

Mrs. Fangle (who is reading the paper)—"What are these Caledonian sports, dear?" *Fangle*—"Caledonian sports are Scotch dudes."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Violet—"Ma, do angels eat angel-cake?" *St. Clair*—"Of course they don't. If they did they'd be so heavy they couldn't fly."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Angry father—"Another tailor's hill, I suppose. Well, what's to be done about it?" *Son* (meekly)—"That's for you to settle."—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

Impatient guest—"Hi, waiter, where's my chop?" *Waiter*—"It's on the grid', sir. Will you have it now or wait till it's done?"—*Humoristische Blätter.*

Waiter (at public dinner)—"Wine, sir?" *Legislator* (from the South)—"No; if anybody is settin' up the drinks gimme straight whisky."—*Epoch.*

Measles, whooping-cough, etc.: *Ole Bache*—"And were you never in love, Miss Dennice?" *Mai Dennice*—"Never; but I've had everything else."—*Puck.*

Editor—"I really don't know whether you intended this article to be funny or otherwise. *Author* (inspired)—"Can't you use it in your puzzle department, then?"—*Puck.*

"Why don't you go to work? Why do you waste your time begging?" "Did you ever beg?" "No; of course not." "Den ye don't know what work is."—*Puck.*

Physician—"What is your profession, sir?" *Patient* (pompously)—"I m a gentleman." *Physician*—"Well, you have to try something else; it doesn't agree with you."—*Life.*

Snodgrass (to grocer)—"Those apples I got from you were not half bad." *Grocer* (cheerfully)—"I'm glad you like them." "Yes; only about a third of them were bad."—*Life.*

Urgent suitor—"With any sort of management, we could certainly keep alive on eight hundred dollars a year." *She*—"Yes, dear, but I would sooner be comfortably dead."—*Life.*

Huskins—"Ethel, aren't you afraid your sister will tell your mamma that you've been sitting in my lap?" *Ethel*—"I guess she'd better not; I know lots of things to tell about *her!*"—*Exchange.*

Little Roger—"Why is this little town called a hamlet, Uncle John?" *Uncle John*—"After Shakespeare's character of that name, Roger. He was a melancholy man; this is a melancholy place."—*Puck.*

Mrs. Fangle—"The papers mention a man who has cooked his own breakfast for fifteen years." *Mr. Fangle*—"He must have been very hungry when he finally got it done."—*Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.*

Mrs. Monde (dressed for the ball)—"Take good care of the baby, Marie. Don't let the little beggar cry." *Mr. Monde*—"How can you call the child a beggar, my dear? He certainly has visible means of support."—*Puck.*

"Oh, Edward, why are you so late? I have been *so* frightened." *Edward* (who has "taken in" champagne supper)—"'Portant hisnish, m' dear." "Wouldn't it keep till to-morrow?" "No, love; not after corksh drawn."—*Life.*

Miss Prim—"Oh! it was awful. I didn't mind their stealing the silver and my jewelry, but when one of those burglars entered my room and took a flashlight photograph of me in my—my—my curl papers, with a Kodak, I nearly died with mortification."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Mamma—"Well, Willie, what good resolve are you going to make for the New Year?" *Willie*—"I won't fight with Johnny any more." *Mamma*—"I'm very glad my little son sees how wrong and sinful it is to fight." *Willie*—"Yes'm; he always licks me."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Sister Grace—"How you are blushing! Give an account of yourself, sir." *Brother George* (confidentially)—"I have been in the conservatory for the last half-hour with—Miss Beauty." *Sister Grace*—"I always suspected that her blushes would come off."—*Saturday Evening Herald.*

Female novelist—"Darling, I have been untrue to you. I love another." *Husband*—"W-h-a-t! —— ! ! * * ! * ? ? ? * * * ?———?" *Female novelist*—"Calm yourself, dear, calm yourself; that is only what my new heroine says to her husband, and I wanted to see how the husband would act."—*Life.*

Mrs. Toto (strictly temperate)—"Why, you know, Mr. Lusher, that I am so conscientious in my temperance principles that I never allow my cook to put brandy in the mince-pies." *Lusher*—"It does you credit, madam; great credit. I agree with you. It does seem like a waste of good liquor to put it into pies."—*Boston Transcript.*

Lieutenant (to his man)—"Bring me a glass of punch, steaming hot." *Johann*—"Yes, sir. (Returns with glass.) I'm afraid it's not hot enough." *Lieutenant*—"Not hot enough! How do you know? Been tasting it, eh, you rascal?" *Johann* (indignantly)—"No, sir; I did like this" (dips his finger in the glass).—*Fliegende Blätter.*

She—"I have come to see if you can give me a part in your new piece." *Manager*—"What are your usual rôles?" *She*—"Oh, I have never acted yet, but my dresses are superb. I have been a society belle for the last four seasons and I know all the men in town." *Manager*—"Consider yourself engaged at your own terms."—*Life.*

A Kentucky gentleman, who recently came to Washington to consult with his member of Congress about an office under the new administration, was asked yesterday by a gentleman from Boston whether it is really true that the people of Kentucky are so very bibulous. "Bibulous!" said the Kentuckian; "bibulous! I don't reckon you could find a dozen Bibles in the whole State!"—*Washington Post.*

Mr. Jackman Hattan—"Oh, yes. It's a pretty good-sized picture; but then, you know, paintings don't sell by the yard." *Miss Packer* (of Chicago)—"I know that; but just think, it's all done with those tiny little brushes, and Mr. Bromley uses only the *very best of oil.*" *Mr. Hattan*—"As to that, I have a friend who paints water-colors and he uses exclusively imported Apollinaris." *Miss Packer*—"Oh! Isn't that lovely!"—*Puck.*

Agnostic (argumentatively)—"You say that you believe in the immediate efficacy of prayer?" *Christian friend* (firmly)—"I do." *Agnostic*—"Well—now suppose a mother kneels down and prays fervently for favoring winds to blow her son's ship safe home from China, and another mother prays for winds to blow her son's ship safe *into* China, and these ships are passing each other on the same course, do you mean to tell me that both these prayers can be answered satisfactorily?" *Christian friend*—"I—er——" *Listening boy* (triumphantly)—"Why, of course, pa; don't you see? That's what makes so many cyclones."—*Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.*

At rehearsal: *Mr. Comdy* (to dramatic author)—"Mr. Lynes, here in this scene I have to say, 'Gladys, it is now a quarter to five.' Would you mind my making that 'A quarter *of* five?' I've been in the habit of saying it that way, and I might forget the other." *Dramatic author*—"Cert'nly, Mr. Comdy, say 'a quarter *before* five,' if you want to." On the street: *Admiring friend* (to Mr. Comdy)—"I say, Comdy, that's a neat little part you've got in the new play." *Mr. Comdy*—"I may be able to make something of it. But I can tell you, Smith, that part wouldn't have been what it is if I hadn't gone over it with that young fellow who wrote the play."—*Puck.*

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The Boston *Advertiser* thinks that the best-made books are manufactured in Boston. "The work of New York," it says, "is more pretentious, but not better."

The *Athenæum* sounds a note of warning against a piratical American reprint of Fitzgerald's "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyám," which is making its way into England.

That unpleasant young person, the Duc de Morny, has been for some time compiling and arranging the memoirs of his father, the first duke of that name. The father was also an unpleasant person, but he had brains, says the New York *Tribune*.

"Public Schools as Affecting Crime and Vice" is the title of an article, by Benjamin Reece, to appear in the *Popular Science Monthly* for January. Mr. Reece cites figures which show that crime does not decrease as illiteracy is diminished, and says that our school system should be made more effective by the addition of moral teaching.

A new company has been formed to amalgamate the publishing business of Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., Trübner & Co., and George Redway & Co., and carry them on all under one management. The share capital is one hundred thousand pounds sterling, divided into five thousand seven per cent. preference shares of ten pounds each, and five thousand ordinary shares of ten pounds each. The debenture capital is fifty thousand pounds in five per cent. bonds.

The *Critic* says: Little, Brown & Co. have in press "Bird-Songs about Worcester," by the late Henry Leverett Nelson. The two hundred large hand-made copies of "Cinq-Mars," Alfred de Vigny's famous historical romance, published by this firm, are all sold. The popular edition is almost as fine; it has the same beautiful etchings by Gaujean from designs by A. Dawant, and the powerful story, with its thrilling and pathetic incidents, is appropriately presented in these two exquisite volumes, which contrast so strikingly with the original English edition, in one small volume, without illustrations.

Mr. Bryce's "American Commonwealth" is out of print in England. The first edition, in its three octavo volumes, was of one thousand five hundred copies, and is destined to become moderately scarce, for it is not likely to be reprinted in its complete form. Messrs. Macmillan are just bringing out a new and cheaper edition in two volumes, with the dangerous chapter by Mr. Goodnow omitted, or, at least, not fully reprinted. Mr. Oakey Hall has chosen to bring his action for libel against Mr. Bryce and not against the publishers, but no firm would wish to reprint an alleged libel while an action was pending; nor would Mr. Bryce himself care to.

Now let the native novelist execute a war-dance round the Boston *Advertiser!* "It is a lamentable fact," it says, "that the average foreign novel is much better written than the average American one; the foreign book is interesting, not because it has a foreign locale, but because it is a better piece of workmanship. No one would desire that readers should remain ignorant of the best foreign novels. Not to be ignorant of them is entirely compatible with knowing and reading the best American novels also. But to read the best makes one critical, and then one inevitably perceives that of foreign novels and native novels which do not attain the first rank, the foreign are the better."

Mr. Homer Greene, of Honesdale, Pa., author of "The Blind Brother," "Burnham Breaker," "Coal and the Coal-Mine," etc., had the misfortune to lose the manuscript of a new novel in the recent fire which destroyed the Crowell establishment in Boston. The story was based upon the special temptations to deviate from honest courses to which the legal profession exposes its followers; and as Mr. Greene, who acquired his intimate knowledge of mining life while serving as a civil-engineer in the Pennsylvania coal region, is to-day a practicing lawyer, the book probably bore the same marks of mastery of its subject which distinguishes his other writings. It will take the author several months to re-write the story from the mere skeleton of it which is all he has to guide him

Captain Andrew Haggard, Rider Haggard's brother, calls his just-published novel "Dodo and I." His characters have an Oriental setting; and two of them, Lady Aidee and Zuleika, the fair Circassian, can disintegrate and materialize themselves by a mere pin-prick. The most notable instance of disintegration occurs at a regimental dance in Cairo. Lady Aidee is dancing with Captain Ross—the Dodo, as he is called by his brother officers—when suddenly a strange thing happens. He finds himself waltzing alone, with outstretched arms, in the middle of the ball-room. A few minutes afterward, the guests at a London dinner-party are aware of a bluish opaque film or shade which floats about their heads; and in the space of ten seconds more, the film hardens into a beautiful woman in her ball-dress of mauve silk and gold brocade.

It seems that authors are not the only people who play tricks upon the unhappy readers of manuscripts. According to a writer in the *Commercial Advertiser*, the publisher occasionally indulges in this pastime at his reader's expense. The writer relates an anecdote showing how a publisher, receiving the MS. of a book by a well-known author, had it copied out on a type-writer and gave it to the reader without the author's name. The reader—a woman, by the way—gave an opinion condemning the story as tiresome and not worth publishing. Then the publisher confessed the trick, but he did not shake the lady's first judgment. She insisted that it was a poor performance and unworthy of the author's reputation. The publisher accepted the story, however, and it fell as dead as a door-nail. So the reader was sustained by the public, and the publisher has played no more tricks on her from that day to this.

New Publications.

"The Curse of Marriage," a novel by Walter Hubbell, is published by The American News Company, New York; for sale by the news-dealers; price, 25 cents.

"Countess Loreley," a novel, has been translated from the German of Rudolf Menzer by Miss Dandridge, and has been published in the Town and Country Library by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

Another translation of Ludovic Halévy's "L'Abbé Constantin," which was noticed in this column last week, has been issued, with lithograph reproductions of the pictures of the handsome French edition, by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; for sale by the booksellers.

W. Clark Russell's latest completed novel, "An Ocean Tragedy," and "Kit and Kitty," a new novel by R. D. Blackmore, the author of "Lorna Doone," have been published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price: 50 and 35 cents, respectively.

"Basil Morton's Transgression," by Marquise Clara Lanza; "Misled," by Charles Affery; and "Mike Fletcher," by George Moore, are the latest issues of the Minerva Series. Published by the Minerva Publishing Company, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents each.

"Rhea; or, The Case of Dr. Plemen," from the French of Réné de Pont-Jest, and "Kings in Exile," translated from Daudet by Virginia Champlin, have been published in paper-covers by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price: 25 and 50 cents, respectively.

"Dunleath Abbey; or, The Fatal Inheritance," by Hanson Penn Diltz, is a novel which describes phases of elegant life which exists only in the heated minds of sentimental chambermaids and of the hack-writers who conjure up such scenes for that especial audience. Published by G. W. Dillingham, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Dorymates," by Kirk Munroe, is a clever story for boys. It details the adventures of two fisher-lads who are kidnapped and taken off on a whaling expedition, and finally bring up in England, where one of them proves to be the heir to a vast estate. It is a healthy and interesting tale for young Americans. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, $1.00.

"Henriette; or, A Corsican Mother," translated from the French of François Coppée by Edward Wakefield, with a critical notice of Coppée by the translator, and "Magdalen's Fortune," from the German of W. Heimburg by Mrs. J. W. Davis, have been published in the International Library by the Worthington Company, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 75 cents each.

The bound volume of *Harper's Young People* for 1889 contains exactly nine hundred pages of text and pictures of the kind to amuse and instruct young readers. In each of the fifty-two numbers of this foremost of juvenile weeklies are two or three short stories; installments of one or two continued stories; sketches of men and women, industries, and animals; verses, humorous and serious; and the "Post-Office Box," in which questions of all sorts are answered. The list of contributors comprises some of the best writers in America, and the full-page and other illustrations are all admirably drawn and reproduced. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"A Dictionary of Quotations in Prose," by Anna L. Ward, is a valuable addition to the list of reference books. The quotations are chiefly from English sources, though American writers and translations from other languages have been laid under contribution, five hundred and fifty-three authors supplying the six thousand and more extracts in the book. These have been grouped under eight hundred and forty-one heads, and there are twelve hundred and thirty-eight cross-references; the source is indicated by author, book, and lesser subdivision; a topical index and an index by the principal word, and an index of authors (with brief biographical data) conclude the work, which will be widely welcomed. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, $2 00.

There are few books of travel which tell of the Algiers of to-day—for the French have made "Alger la Blanche" a fashionable resort in the last few years—and none describe it better than F. A. Bridgman's "Winters in Algeria." Mr. Bridgman has the eye of an artist and the keen scent for the interesting which makes the journalist, and he has used both in his inspection of this strange quarter of northern Africa. He has gone among the people, his very audacity and business-like air protecting him from the ousting another intruder would have received, has set up his easel and sketched away regardless of the comments of the natives, and has woven these pictures together with a woof of breezy, personal, and intelligent criticism, description, and narrative which make his book a charming companion and one from which much can be learned. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Journalistic Chit-Chat.

The Lagerman Typotheter will be the first type-setting machine in the field in quantities. One hundred will be offered to the public in February. It has been greatly altered since it was shown in New York city two years ago, and it is much smaller and more compact.

The *Youth's Companion* announcement for 1890 gives the paper's circulation as four hundred and thirty thousand. At five readers per copy—the customary estimate—this means that the *Companion* is read every week by two million one hundred and fifty thousand pairs of eyes

Ninety periodicals were founded in France during the month of September—forty in Paris and fifty in the departments. The electoral period was the cause of this over-exuberant blossoming, for fifty-nine of the number were political sheets—forty in the departments and nineteen in the capital.

All Americans who have seen *Les Lettres et les Arts* will regret to hear that its publication has been discontinued, after an existence of four years. It is an old story which explains the step: *Les Lettres et les Arts* was too good for this world. Subscribers willing to pay five dollars for a single number were found to be too few. Those who possess the four volumes, however, will have the consolation of owning a complete file of the finest specimen of a magazine that the world has yet seen. The French publishers were Boussod, Valadon & Co. In New York, the work was supplied by Charles Scribner's Sons. The first editor of it was Hector France. It then passed into the hands of Frederic Masson.

The *Illustrated American*, a twenty-four page weekly, will make its first appearance in New York and Chicago on February 1st. It is promised that the illustrations will be of the best (as they should be, considering that the price is to be ten dollars a year), and that each number will contain a colored supplement, "drawn, engraved, and printed by the best artists in their various lines, aided by the best mechanical effects known to science." The literary contents will include serials, short stories, essays, and sketches; and it will be the aim of the present management to present, furthermore, the general news of the day, eschewing only politics and crime, and treating every subject in a manner proper to a "clean, wholesome family sheet"—the sort of paper that one would expect to emanate from the Bible House, where the new-comer will make its home. Mr. William S. Walsh, late editor of *Lippincott's*, Baron C. de Grimm, the illustrator, and Mr. Maurice Minton, will be the editor, art-director, and business-manager, respectively.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A judge had made a decision particularly galling to a young advocate, who had been arguing for an hour on the wrong side. "Your honor," exclaimed the lawyer in his indignation, "if that decision is law I will burn every book in my library." "Better read them," was the laconic comment.

Louis the Eighteenth was indulgent toward all short-comings, with the exception of disdain of gastronomic pleasures. He came near to disgracing the Duc de Blacas on this score. "How do you find this salmi?" asked the king one day. "*Ma foi*, sire, I confess that I never pay attention to what I eat." "You make a great mistake," replied the king, dryly; "people should always pay attention to what they eat and to what they say."

"The most severe rebuke I ever got from the bench" (said a lawyer to a New York *Tribune* reporter), "was from one of those typical Western judges who had determined that it was time to introduce a little more of the formality of the East in his court than he had formerly insisted on. It was my first case in court anyway. I had gone out there about as green as they make them, and had purchased a half-interest in the practice of a sharp lawyer, who immediately retired from practice in that town and made me a present of the remainder of his business, when he felt my money safe in his pocket. So I was thrown on my own resources, and was soon floundering so deep in legal quagmires that the judge felt called on to interpose. A few months before he would probably have poured out some choice abuse on my head, and would have offered to fight me if I did not like it. But now he was standing on formality. 'Young man,' he said, impressively, 'the best thing you can do for yourself and for your client would be to hire a lawyer.' I did so."

Frazier Asburst, '87 of Pennsylvania, was the first man who ever combined the tender passion and the game of foot-ball. It was in the fall of '87, on Princeton's grounds. Ashurst had spent the summer at Bar Harbor and had been given a chain bangle by some girl there, with a padlock attached, which the girl presumably locked on his wrist. He played end-rush on the Philadelphia eleven, and, in the first half, the man opposite to him complained that Ashurst had cut him with a ring. The man was laughed at and silenced, but a little while later he showed a scar on the side of his face which decided the umpire to investigate. He examined Ashurst's hands and found the bangle. He told him to take it off, which Ashurst promptly refused to do. They called the referee, who dived down into his pocket for his book of rules, but the rules had nothing to say about bangles. He told Ashurst he must take it off or leave the field. Ashurst said the referee had no right to make him follow either alternative. He had promised to wear it as long as he lived and he would. The referee finally ruled that bangles came under the head of "spikes on the shoes" and were unpermissible adjuncts to foot-ball costume. Sooner than stop playing, Ashurst borrowed a knife and filed off the gold chain, to the grinning delight of the teams and the disgust of the girls on the stand.

George Stephenson was a strong and original thinker on many scientific subjects, but he had not always sufficient fluency of speech to defend his views. One evening, he held an animated discussion with an acquaintance, Dr. Buckland, on the theory of the formation of coal, and as Buckland excelled him in tongue-fence, Stephenson was completely silenced. Next morning, he was walking thoughtfully through his grounds, when Sir William Follett came up, and asked what he was pondering. "Why, Sir William," said he, "I am thinking over that argument I had with Buckland last night. I know I am right, and that if I had only his command of words, I should have beaten him." "Let me know all about it," said Sir William, "and I'll see what I can do for you." The two sat down in an arbor, and the astute lawyer entered with zeal into the points of the case. When he had completely mastered the subject, he said: "Now I am ready for him." After dinner, Sir Robert Peel, who had been acquainted with the plot, adroitly introduced the subject of the controversy, and the result was that in the argument which followed, the man of science was overcome by the man of law. "And what do you say, Mr. Stephenson?" asked Sir Robert, laughing. "Why," he replied, "I say this: that of all the powers above and under the earth, there seems to me to be no power so great as the gift of gab."

— THE TIME HAS PASSED WHEN "CHAMPAGNE" is ordered in San Francisco; we have learned to distinguish the good brand from the bad, and the man who drinks Perrier-Jouët is recognized as a connoisseur. In less than ten years the annual shipment of Perrier-Jouët to the United States has grown from six hundred cases to twenty-five thousand, and no small portion of this has come to San Francisco consigned to W. B. Chapman, of 123 California Street, the Pacific Coast agent for this favorite brand. He receives consignments from the East twice in every month, and is now receiving "Perrier-Jouët—1884," which is said to rival the famous vintage of 1874, a few cases of which were sold in London recently at fifty dollars a dozen. Besides this champagne, Mr. Chapman imports a few fine clarets and sherries, among which may be mentioned Sandeman, Buck & Co.'s (Pemartin) sherry, Barton & Guestier's Bordeaux, and the wines which won for H. Cuvillier et Frère, of Bordeaux, the post of special purveyor to the court of Russia. These wines are known to the *bons vivants* of Europe and America, and Mr. Chapman sees to it that the shipments he receives are of the best. His Barton & Guestier wines are specially selected vintages. If you contemplate replenishing your wine-cellar or adding a few choice wines during the holidays, you can not do better than to select them from among Mr. Chapman's importations.

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OPEN EVENINGS.

SOCIETY.

The Voorhies Reception.

Thursday evening was passed very pleasantly at the residence of Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, 2111 California Street, by about one hundred and fifty of their friends, who were assembled to make the night merry with dancing. Every provision had been made for the comfort of the guests and the various apartments were decorated with extreme taste. Mountain fern sprays were appliqued on the walls of one of the parlors with unique effect, and the foliage of eucalyptus and cypress-trees was arranged in wreaths, bunches, and garlands in every room with a bright touch of scarlet berries here and there to heighten the verdant tints of the leaves. The floor of the front parlor was polished for dancing and the large rear parlor had its floor canvased. Noah Brandt's band provided its latest music, and as the affair was essentially a dancing-party almost every one joined in the pleasures of the waltz and polka. The Misses Marie and Katie Voorhies assisted their parents in receiving and entertaining the guests. About midnight a sumptuous supper was served, and its enjoyment was followed by more dancing until after two o'clock when departures were made.

The Hyde Matinée Tea.

Invitations were issued a couple of weeks ago by Mrs. George Hyde for a matinée tea to take place on Saturday, December 21st, at her residence, 719 Geary Street. The hostess, in receiving, had the assistance of her daughters, Mrs. Camillo Martin, Miss Gertrude Hyde, and Miss Mamie Hyde, and of Miss Marie Voorhies, Miss Katie Voorhies, Miss Lottie Clarke, and Miss Moulder. In every apartment were pretty combinations of flowers; violets gave their fragrance, chrysanthemums their varied hues, scarlet berries were tokens of approaching Christmastide, while tropic palms and waving pampas plumes made the setting for the whole. At seven o'clock, departures were made and the pleasant affair ended.

The Dancing-Club.

General and Mrs. James F. Houghton entertained the members of the new dancing-club, on Friday evening, at their apartments in the Palace Hotel. Choice blossoms adorned the rooms in pretty arrangements and added materially to the charming scene presented to the view of the arriving guests. The young ladies wore their prettiest toilets and everybody was in the humor to make the affair one of joyous gayety. Dancing occupied the attention of all until an early hour in the morning, and it was only interrupted by the service of the delicious supper about twelve o'clock. Taken altogether, it was a decidedly pleasant party and contributed much to the enjoyment of Christmas week.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, who arrived here soon after the demise of Mrs. Charles Crocker, departed for New York city last Thursday. They may possibly return here next July.

Mrs. Peter Donahue and her sister, Mrs. E. Martin, have secured apartments at the Palace Hotel for the winter, and will receive their friends on Mondays during January.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Sloss are in Washington, D. C., where they will pass most of the winter.

Mrs. A. E. Head and Miss Anna Head have been visiting Mr. Head at Deming, N. M., for a few weeks. They are expected in this city soon, to remain during the winter.

Miss Edith Clarke has returned from a two weeks' visit with friends in Marysville.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean have returned to the city after passing several months in New York city.

Mrs. A. J. Pope and Miss May E. Pope are passing a couple of weeks at Monterey.

Mrs. E. E. Eyre and Miss Mary Eyre, who are at the Buckingham Hotel in New York city, will remain East until the middle of January.

Captain and Mrs. William H. Taylor and Miss Edith Taylor have gone to Monterey, where they will remain until after the holidays.

Mrs. Witcher Jones and Miss Margaret Jones, of San José, have gone East and will be away a couple of months.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Rutherford, Miss Virginia Hanchett, and Miss Haft, of New York, have gone to Monterey to remain for a fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Brittan have returned from their trip to Europe.

Captain and Mrs. William B. Collier have closed their villa at Lakeport and will pass the remainder of the winter in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Sherwood, *née* Blethen, who went as far south as Coronado Beach on their wedding trip, have returned to the city.

Mrs. Henry McLean Martin will receive on Tuesdays in February at her home on the corner of California and Taylor Streets.

Mrs. Joseph Durbrow and the Misses Emma and Carrie Durbrow, who have been visiting relatives in the East for several months, have returned to the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Gillig are at the Hotel Victoria in New York city, and will remain there throughout the winter.

Mr. John W. Twiggs is crossing the Atlantic Ocean en route to Europe.

Notes and Gossip.

The german to be given by Mr. and Mrs. John H. Wise, will take place on Tuesday evening, January 7th, at their residence on Leavenworth Street.

The next party of the new dancing club will take place at the residence of Captain and Mrs. William H. Taylor on Thursday evening, January 9th.

Miss Josephine Perry, daughter of General and Mrs. Alexander Perry, has sent out invitations for a dance to take place at the Presidio on Friday evening, January 3d.

The Oakland Cotillion Club will give its next german on Friday evening, January 3d.

Mr. and Mrs Charles E. Gibbs have issued invitations for the wedding of their daughter, Miss Sophie Gibbs, and Mr. Frederick S. Johnson, which will take place on Tuesday evening, January 7th, at Grace Church. It will be followed by a reception at the family residence, 833 Post Street.

The hop at the Presidio last Tuesday evening was one of the pleasant affairs of the week, and even the stormy weather did not prevent a large attendance. The usual excellent music was given and dancing was enjoyed until midnight.

MUSICAL NOTES.

An Organ Recital.

Under the direction of Mr. H. J. Stewart an organ recital was given at St. Paul's Church on Wednesday evening, December 18th. The concert was given to display the new organ, and the following programme was presented:

March of the Priests ("Athalie")..... Mendelssohn
Fugue in E flat (St. Ann's)..... Bach
Mr. Stewart.
Soprano Solo, "O Thou that Tellest"..... Handel
Miss Anna Wood.
Invocation in G..... Boynton Smith
Minuet in B minor..... Callen
Mr. Stewart.
'Cello Solo, "Nocturne"..... Colterman
Fred S. Gutterson.
Bass Solo—Rec., "And God Said Let the Waters," Aria, "Rolling in Foaming Billows"..... Handel
H. B. Pasmore.
Cantilene..... Grand Chœur..... Salome
Mr. Stewart.

Owing to the inclemency of the weather, the directors of the Handel and Haydn Society have decided to postpone the performance of the "Messiah" set for December 27th. The chorus will meet for next rehearsal on Thursday evening, January 2, 1890.

On Friday evening, January 3d, Mme. de Sadowska-Peixotto, the celebrated contralto, will give a concert at Irving Hall with the assistance of Mme. Thea Sanderini, soprano, Miss Charlotte Tomlinson, Mr. Thomas Rickard, Mr. H. J. Stewart, and the Henry Heyman string quartet. An exceptionally interesting programme will be given, several of the selections being new to this city. An attraction of interest will be some Russian songs by Mme. Peixotto.

The Misses Carmelita and Adèle Ferrer and Mr. Richard Ferrer are going to Washington, D. C., late in January, and before their departure, at the earnest solicitation of their friends, they intend giving a musicale, which will take place on Monday evening, January 20th. Their reputation as artistic interpreters of pretty melodies will insure for them a very large, as well as a fashionable audience.

Signor A. Farini gave his second operatic concert at Irving Hall on Friday evening, December 20th, in honor of Miss Blanche Dorland and Miss Bernice Holmes, who will soon leave for New York to enter upon their professional careers. Scenes from various operas were given in full costume and with ample scenic effects, and they were highly enjoyed by a large audience.

Mme. Billoni will give her concert on Tuesday evening, January 7th, and she will have the assistance of some of our best local talent.

The Boston Quintet Club, whose concerts were a feature of last season's musical events, will be here again in the latter part of February.

Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt gave his thirty-third piano recital last Thursday evening in Byron Mauzy's ware-rooms.

Mrs. Kate Prescott, a Boston artist, has just modeled a clay bas-relief of Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, which is said to be a charming bit of work and an excellent likeness. The first cast has been sent to San Francisco, and will probably be seen at one of the bookstores before it is placed in the Silver Street Kindergarten, where it will remain. Mrs. Wiggin's last book, "A Summer in a Cañon," the scene of which is laid in California, has met with a very cordial reception.

The Pacific Coast rights to the new Gilbert and Sullivan opera, "The Gondolier," have been secured by David Henderson, a young Chicago manager. Mr. Henderson is practically unknown here, but in the East he has the reputation of being a "rustler," which means a great deal in Chicago, and we may expect a good production of the opera. Mr. Henderson is the husband of Grace Henderson, the tall and handsome young woman whose blond gracefulness was contrasted with Georgia Cayvan's generous beauty in "The Wife."

A CARD.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: The daily papers have announced the decision of the superior court in the Ryer divorce case. They report that one of the charges brought by her husband against Mrs. Ryer was held well founded. The evidence given at the trial does not support this finding, and I am confident her attorneys can convince the court to that effect. Whatever may be the outcome of the legal proceedings, I, her son—who would be the last to forgive such a crime, if it existed; who know her as no one else can know her, of my own absolute knowledge, as well as by the perfect faith I have in my mother—assert that she is innocent of the evil imputed to her. I reverence her—the noblest mother, the best, the purest woman in all the world—and my work in life shall be to take from her name every vestige of reproach.

Her friends, even now, are many and loyal, and all assure me of their aid. You, sir, and those who have read of the injustice done her, I ask to suspend judgment for a time, and I promise you every one shall yet be as proud to call her friend as I am proud to call her mother.

Yours, FLETCHER F. RYER.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 26, 1889.

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LOOKING FORWARD.

Things as they will be in the Republican Era.

It was a clear, sunny morning in the winter of 1901. On the verandah of a neat little hostelry in Hoboken sat the seven members of the Ex-Monarch's Social Coterie, who had gathered where the morning sun fell on their faces, and the house was between them and the fresh north-west breeze. They looked down on the blue and sparkling Hudson, flecked with cakes of glittering ice. Between them and the majestic flood lay the Hoboken flats, studded with canal boats. A briny flavor came up from the gray expanse of mud, for the tide was low.

"Not much like old times, is it, your imperial majesty?" said Francis Joseph to Alexander.

"If it were," replied Alexander, gloomily, "there'd be a moujik or two hustling around to get me a glass of vodki, or I'd know why."

"May be there wouldn't be a glass of brandy and a bottle of soda reposing on a table right here at my elbow," remarked Albert Edward, who was paring down the frayed edges of his cuffs with a pen-knife.

"Ah, you royal and imperial gentlemen may think you used to know what luxury was, but you didn't. Hard drinks are all very well in a c imate where nothing but a strong sense of personal dignity and the tender associations of old times impel me to maintain my present costume," said Dom Pedro, as he drew the flaps of his linen duster over the knees of his white-duck trousers; "but what I call solid comfort is to lie in a hammock under the shade of a banana-tree, and be served with a steady series of sherry-cobblers."

"Yes," rejoined Alexander, "served by niggers with no pants on."

"I regret," said Dom Pedro, mildly, "to note that you are falling into the low republican habit of saying pants instead of trousers. My negroes had trousers, and frequently shirts. And let me tell you that there is no better fun than bossing negroes. When you boss a negro, you feel that you are getting the full value of your money. You are bossing him from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet. But when you undertake to boss a white man, you never know when he is going to strike for higher wages, or inform you politely that he has an insurrection concealed about his person."

"If any of my subjects had tried anything of the sort in *my* time," observed Alexander, grimly, "the things that would have happened to him are too numerous to mention."

"Much difference that would make to you," remarked Frederick, "after he had given you a chunk of dynamite to chew on for a filbert."

Alexander made no reply. He thrust his hands deep into his pockets, where they encountered no resistance, and looked coldly off over the broad expanse of the North River.

"His imperial majesty rarely cares to talk about dynamite," observed Humbert; "how high did you go up, anyway, when they touched you off?"

"Higher than your government bonds ever went," said Alexander.

"Gentlemen," interposed Alphonso the Thirteenth, "we wander from the subject. We spoke of the luxurious past. My memories of that happy period cluster most strongly around the nursing-bottle. At present, however, my soul yearns for something more vigorous in its action on the tissues than the lacteal fluid. Would it not be well to pool our issues and see if we can not prevail upon William, our genial friend at the bar, to let us have seven cocktails for seventy cents, being thirty-three and one-third per cent. off for cash?"

Alphonso, it will be noticed, still retained the rich and elaborate diction of the Spanish court.

"I doubt if it can be done," said Frederick, gloomily; "the days are gone when William would yield to promises of dukedoms, contingent upon our going back. He is stern cash now."

"If my allowance would only come," sighed Dom Pedro.

"Your allowance!" sneered Alexander.

"Didn't I get ten dollars on it last April?" demanded Dom Pedro.

"You sat on the Brazilian Minister's steps all night and he gave you ten dollars to go away and not spoil his credit with the milkman," returned Alexander.

"Yes; and then you went over to New York with Alphonso and didn't show up for two weeks," added Humbert, bitterly.

"Gentlemen," again interposed Alphonso the Thirteenth, "we wander from the subject."

"We have wandered from all our subjects," was Humbert's gloomy observation; "but what is there in the pot?"

A general collection was at once taken up in Dom Pedro's straw hat. It amounted to sixty-five cents, including a plugged nickel.

"Perhaps," suggested Alphonso the Thirteenth, in a tone permeated by very little hope, "he will hang up five cents."

They filed inside and drew up before the bar, spreading out the coins, which they had carried in in Dom Pedro's hat.

William shook his head as he shoved back the plugged nickel.

"No go, gents and monarchs," he said.

"No go?" queried the Coterie, wistfully.

"No go whatever," said William, decisively.

There was silence for a minute, and then Alexander, with a sigh, thrust his hand into his breast and produced a glittering object.

"It is the last," he said; "but I will sacrifice it. This, William of the stony heart, this is the Star of the Imperial Order of the Most Puissant and Pious St. Kmoffski of Moscow, only given to emperors of the first rank. Does that go?"

William weighed it doubtfully in his hand.

"I d'no," he said; "Simpson, around the corner here, swears he won't take no more of them orders. The market's glutted, the enamel ain't no use, an' the gold don't pay for pickin' out. Well, I'll take it fer a nickel; but one of you royal gents has got to take beer."

"*I* will take the beer," said Alexander, with resignation; "let the sacrifice be complete."

An appetizing odor arose as William mixed the fragrant cocktails in a celery-glass. Slowly he poured them out—one—two—three—four—five—six. There was just enough left for a seventh. William hesitated; then he reached for another wine-glass and filled it.

"Here, Aleck," he said, "my soft-heartedness will be the death of trade; but you can have a cocktail, too."—*Puck.*

"Hello, Browne, what's the good word?" "Good word for what? The good word for men who ask idiotic questions is Blankphool."—*Puck.*

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THE BARBER AND THE BEARS.

[For reasons unknown, Charles Dickens did not publish this characteristic story in the "Pickwick Papers." To many admirers of Sam Weller, this one of his stories may be new.]

"I never knew," said Sam Weller, "I never knew hut vun barber, but *he* wos worth a dozen, and wos, indeed, dewoted to his callin'! Easy shavin' was his natur', and cuttin' and curlin' was his pride and glory. His whole delight wos in his trade. He spent all his money in bears, and run in debt for 'em besides, and there they wos a-growling away down in the front cellar all day long, and ineffectorally gnashing their teeth, vile the grease o' their relations and friends wos being retailed in gallipots in the shop above, and the first-floor vinder wos ornamented vith their heads; not to speak o' the dreadful aggravation it must have been to 'em to see a man always a walkin' up and down the pavement outside, with the portrait of a bear in his last agonies, and underneath in large letters, 'Another fine animal wos slaughtered yesterday at Jinkinson's!' Hows'ever, there they wos, and there Jinkinson wos till he wos took wery ill with some in'ard disorder, lost the use of his legs, and wos confined to his bed, vere he laid a wery long time, hut sich wos his pride in his profession even then, that whenever he wos worse than usual the doctor used to go down-stairs, and say: 'Jinkinson's wery low this mornin'; we must give the bears a stir;' and as sure as ever they stirred 'em up a bit and made 'em roar, Jinkinson opens his eyes, if he wos ever so bad, calls out: 'There's the bears!' and revives agin.

"Vun day the doctor happenin' to say: 'I shall look in as usual to-morrow mornin',' Jinkinson catches hold of his hand and says: 'Doctor,' he says, 'will you grant me a favor?' 'I will, Jinkinson,' says the doctor. 'Then, doctor,' says Jinkinson, 'vill you come unshaved and let me shave you?' 'I will,' says the doctor. 'God bless you,' says Jinkinson. Next day the doctor came, and arter he'd been shaved all skillful and reg'lar, he says: 'Jinkinson,' he says, 'it's wery plain this does you good. Now,' he says, 'I've got a coachman as has got a beard that it 'ud warm your heart to work on, and though the footman,' he says, 'hasn't got much of a beard, still he's a trying it on vith a pair o' viskers to that extent that razors is Christian charity. If they take it in turns to mind the carriage w'en it's a-waitin' below,' he says, 'wot's to hinder you from operatin' on both of 'em ev'ry day as well as upon me? You've got six children,' he says, 'wot's to hinder you from shavin' all their heads and keepin' 'em shaved? You've got two assistants in the shop down-stairs, wot's to hinder you from cuttin' and curlin' them as often as you like? Do this,' he says, 'and you're a man agin.' Jinkinson squeedged the doctor's band and begun that wery day; he kept his tools upon the bed, and w'enever he felt hisself gettin' worse, be turned to at vun o' the children who wos a-runnin' about the house vith heads like clean Dutch cheeses, and shaved him ag'in. Vun day, the lawyer come to mak' his vill; all the time he wos a-takin' it down, Jinkinson was secretly a-clippin' avay at his hair with a large pair of scissors. 'Wot's that 'ere snippin' noise?' says the lawyer, every now and then; 'it's like a man bavin' his hair cut.' 'It *is* wery like a man havin' his hair cut,' says poor Jinkinson, hidin' the scissors and lookin' quite innocent. By the time the lawyer found it out, he was wery nearly bald. Jinkinson was kept alive in this vay for a long time, but, at last, vun day he has in all the children, vun arter another, shaves each on 'em wery clean, and gives him vun kiss on the crown o' his bead; then he has in the two assistants, and arter cuttin' and curlin' of 'em in the first style of elegance, says he should like to hear the voice o' the greasiest bear, vich rekvest is immediately complied with; then he says that he feels wery happy in his mind and wishes to be left alone; and then he dies, previously cuttin' his own hair and makin' one flat curl in the wery middle of his forehead."

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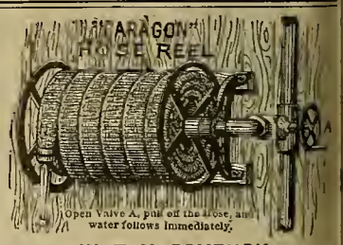

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TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, October 13, 1889, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.30, 3.25, 4.50, 6.10 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 1.30, 5.05, 6.30, P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.10, 7.45, 9.20, 11.05 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.55 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 9.50, A. M.; 12.00 M.; 3.30, 5.00, P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 6.25 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 9.55, 11.55 A. M.; 2.30, 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.45, 10.35, A. M.; 12.45, 4.15, 5.45 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 7.05 P. M.
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

11.00 A. M., Daily (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at 6.45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12.25 P.M.

1.30 P. M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations.

8.00 A. M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Point Reyes and intermediate stations. Returning arrives in San Francisco at 6.15 P. M.

EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rate.

Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays and Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.00; Tomales, $2.25; Howard's, $3.50; Cazadero, $4.00.

Sunday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, good on day sold only: Camp Taylor, $1.50; Point Reyes, $1.75.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From Dec. 1, 1889.	ARRIVE
7.30 A.	Haywards, Niles and San José	*12.45 P.
7.30 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis	7.15 P.
7.30 A.	Sacramento, Auburn, Colfax	5.45 P.
8.00 A.	Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	6.15 P.
8.30 A.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Mojave, and East, and Los Angeles	11.15 A.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
10.30 A.	Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
*12.00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	*3.45 P.
1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	**6.00 A.
3.00 P.	Haywards, Niles & San José	9.45 A.
3.30 P.	2d Class Ogden and East	10.45 P.
4.00 P.	Stockton and §Milton; Vallejo, Calistoga & Santa Rosa	9.45 A.
4.30 P.	Sacramento and Knight's Landing via Davis	10.45 A.
4.30 P.	Niles and Livermore	*8.45 A.
*4.30 P.	Niles and San José	‖4.15 P.
5.30 P.	Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
6.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.
7.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East	7.45 A.
8.00 P.	Central Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	9.45 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

‖3.00 A.	Hunters' train to San José	‖7.20 P.
8.15 A.	Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	5.50 P.
*2.15 P.	Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*11.50 A.
4.15 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, and Los Gatos	9.50 A.

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

7.25 A.	San José, Almaden and Way Stations	2.30 P.
8.30 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos; Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey, Pacific Grove; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations	6.12 P.
10.30 A.	San José and Way Stations	5.02 P.
12.01 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	3.38 P.
*3.30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove and principal Way Stations	*10.00 A.
*4.20 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	*7.58 A.
5.20 P.	San José and Way Stations	9.03 A.
6.30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A.
†11.45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	†7.28 P.

A for morning. P. for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‖ Snodays only. § Saturdays excepted. ** Mondays excepted.

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SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY.

THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, March 17, 1889, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

Leave San Francisco. Week Days.	Leave San Francisco. Sundays.	Destination.	Arrive San Francisco. Sundays	Arrive San Francisco. Week Days.
7.40 A. M. 3 30 P. M. 5 00 P. M.	8.00 A. M 5.00 P. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10.40 A M. 6.10 P. M.	8 50 A. M. 10 30 A. M. 6 05 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M.	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Litton Sp'gs. Cloverdale, and Way Stations.	6.10 P M.	10 30 A. M. 6.05 P. M.
7.40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.	6.10 P. M.	6.05 P. M.
7.40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	Guerneville.	6.10 P. M.	6.05 P. M.
7.40 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	8.00 A. M	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10 40 A. M. 6.10 P. M.	8.50 A. M. 6.05 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs, Sebastopol, and Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, and at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Hopland for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs, and at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Willits, Cahto, Calpella, Potter Valley, Sherwood Valley, and Mendocino City.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays, to Petaluma, $1.50; to Santa Rosa, $2.25; to Healdsburg, $3.40; to Litton Springs, $3.60; to Cloverdale, $4.50; to Hopland, $5.70; to Ukiah, $6.75; to Guerneville, $3.75; to Sonoma, $1.50; to Glen Ellen, $1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, $1; to Santa Rosa, $1.50; to Healdsburg, $2.25; to Litton Springs, $2.40; to Cloverdale, $3; to Guerneville, $2.50; to Sonoma, $1; to Glen Ellen, $1.20.

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon and San Rafael: Week Days—7.40, 9.20, 11.20 A. M.; 3.30, 5, 6.15 P. M.; Sundays—8, 9.30, 11 A. M.; 1.30, 5, 6.20 P. M.

To San Francisco from San Rafael: Week Days—6.20, 7.55, 9.30 A. M.; 12.45, 3.40, 5.05 P. M.; Sundays—8.10, 9.40 A. M.; 12.15, 3.40, 5 P. M.

To San Francisco from Point Tiburon: Week Days—6.50, 8.20, 9.55 A. M.; 1.10, 4.05, 5.30 P. M.; Sundays—8.40, 10.05 A. M.; 12.40, 4.05, 5.30 P. M.

On Saturdays an extra trip will be made from San Francisco to San Rafael, leaving at 1.40 P. M.

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City of Rio de Janeiro.....Feb. 15, at 3 P. M.

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25th ANNUAL EXHIBIT, JANUARY 1, 1889.

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Receive deposits, issue letters of credit, and transact a general banking business.

Mr. J. C. Duff is not treating San Francisco fairly. Ours is a theatre-going community. Whenever the Baldwin advertises a novelty, it is sure to be filled the first night, and, if the piece has any merit at all, it will draw paying houses for a week or a fortnight. An Eastern manager, with a fair repertoire and an average company, can count on taking eight thousand to eight thousand five hundred dollars of California money for each of two or three weeks. Under the circumstances, San Francisco is entitled to the worth of its money, and this Mr. Duff has not given us. Of the three pieces which he has produced, two are decidedly second or third-rate, and the third is only saved from a nearly similar classification by the ballet.

There seems to be a notion prevalent in the minds of some managers and authors that comic-operas belong to the mollusk order of created beings—that they need neither vertebrate frame nor radiate system—that it suffices to put on the stage a lot of idiots who conceive idiotic schemes, carry them out in an imbecile way, and talk to each other about them in an insane fashion—and then you have the scaffold of a comic-opera, which needs only a little bright music, a lot of young women in fancy costumes, and a dexterous play of color and lights to commend itself to public approval.

That is all a mistake. It was not by such paltry mechanism that the "Pré aux Clercs," "La Dame Blanche," "Fra Diavolo," and "Zampa," of the old days, or "La Belle Hélène," "La Grande Duchesse," or "La Perichole," of the Offenbach era, or even Gilbert and Sullivan's "Pinafore" and "Mikado," won fame and fortune. They were symmetrical works of art, constructed according to the laws of art; their personages were rational beings, moved by normal passions, stirred by real emotions, with a *raison d'être* for their mirth, and a plausible excuse for their jollity. If the plots which they acted were not precisely in line with the current events of the day, they were not monstrously and absurdly impossible. In Horace's phrase, their ladies did not eventuate in a fish's tail. But some of the modern comic-operas contain such preposterous departures from the rules of life and the springs of human action, that they seem to have been intended to be played by lunatics in the grounds of an insane asylum.

Of such are "A Trip to Africa" and "The Queen's Mate." Something was said of the former in this column a couple of weeks ago. "The Queen's Mate" is quite as absurd. A princess, the lineal heir to a throne, somewhere—we should suppose in some other planet—finding her sceptre usurped by a cousin, hies to the woods in company with her foster-sister. When Rosalind has the same queer experience, she has at least the excuse that she may be in search of her exiled father, and thus the proprieties are saved. Inez and Anita, in "The Queen's Mate," are not concerned about the proprieties, but finding two coarse, rural humpkins keeping a country tavern, they forthwith marry them, and the four resolve themselves into a couple of pairs of Darbys and Joans, the Joans being a little ahead in the race for mastery. It is safe to say that the United Kingdom, which is renowned for its product of country humpkins, never gave birth to two such stupid, wretched, low-lived clods as the husbands of the princess and her sister. They are simply boors. But the ladies find nothing repulsive in their boorish breeding, and bestow upon them the affection of wives, tempered with boydenish coquetry.

It is to be presumed that Inez and Anita would have gone on to the end of time making beds and cooking ham and eggs for the guests of the tavern, had it not been that it occurred to a noble of the court, one Bombardos, that it would be a good idea to find Inez and crown her queen. In the country where these ladies lived, it seems, heirs-apparent of the feminine gender slip out of sight unnoticed. Nobody suspected that the pretty pair had taken unto themselves husbands, and tavern-keepers at that. So Bombardos had to look around for some time before he found them. When the discovery was made, he finds no difficulty in persuading them to leave their husbands and elope—they were ladies of a philosophic habit of mind, prepared for any fortune which might befall them.

The husbands missed them and gave chase, and the usurper of the throne, with the assistance of General Pataques, prepared to defend his rights or his wrongs. He has the two women arrested, and likewise their husbands. But there is nothing bloodthirsty about the usurper. Let Inez renounce her claim to the throne, and she will be free to return to her husband and her dish-washing. Here is where the author of the libretto gets in his fine work. Mrs. Digby Bell as Inez wears a blonde wig and black stockings, whereas her foster-sister, Miss Januschowsky, wears a brown wig and brown stockings. A word in her ear, in young Lochinvar's style, and the charming young Pole makes a hasty trip to the dressing-room, and reappears with a blonde wig and black stockings.

This is quite sufficient to deceive the usurper and his minions, and when the foster-sister is asked, in tones of thunder, whether she will renounce her claim to the throne, she cheerfully consents. The villain is now about to triumph, when, to his stupefaction, the real queen trips on the stage, no longer in wig or visible stockings, but in a train dress of white satin—which, as everybody knows, legitimate queens always wear as a symbol of their rank. Thus wickedness is confounded and virtue triumphs—though whether Mr. Mark Smith and Mr. Digby Bell get back their wives, or are sent back howling to their tavern, is left in some obscurity.

Not so the stage when five-and-forty Amazons—all in shining armor, and looking as if their knees were cold—climb down an exceedingly rickety-looking flight of stairs in their rear, and, under the blaze of a score of bright electric lights, perform those wonderful evolutions with which the Kiralfys have made us all familiar. There are pretty faces and comely figures among them, and a more generally modest air than one expects among figurantes. But one is disturbed by the thought of how extremely cold they must be with nothing but tinsel and India-silk between them and the draughts, and of how utterly inadequate they are to atone for the failures of libretto and score.

In fact, a play with an Amazon army is a play to be avoided. When everything else has failed to breathe life into the moribund body of the average operetta, Amazons are resorted to in the last extremity of despair. If these fail, there is nothing to be done but to resign it to innocuous desuetude. Country cousins have a fancy for the Amazonian charmer. When they see twenty-four of this species advertised to cheer with their inspiring presence the latest dreary effort of the comic-opera muse, they cherish dreams of amusement, of beguilement, of entertainment. But to the knowing metropolitan the performance which relies for its success on an army of beauteous coryphées, is a thing to be eschewed. It means a poor libretto, dull music, hoary jests, the gaps filled by relays of the tinseled figurante who, it is hoped, will beguile the audience from brooding on the horrors of the plot and the dialogue. This is what the Amazons of "The Queen's Mate" are for. They are meant to call the audience's attention off those points in the performance which, too closely studied, might superinduce the total collapse of the spectators. They occupy the same place in the modern opera comique that the tank does in the popular "tank-dramas."

A good, short story is said to be a rarity in literature. This must also be the case with a good comic-opera in music—judging by our past three weeks' experience with Mr. Duff's company. But why, instead of inflicting us with performances which are as wretched as they are new, does not he give us some good old ones? Any one in his senses would prefer "Iolanthe" or "Olivette" to "The Queen's Mate." New operettas and operas are all very well, but when it comes to new poor operettas and operas, enthusiasm dies—witness the failure of the National Opera Company four years ago in New York. Mr. Duff has a good company—in some respects a capital company. Miss Januschowsky is a charming lady and a pretty singer; Mr. Smith, Mr. Bell—they are all fairly good. Instead of demeaning their talents by making them struggle with such a chaos of nonsense as "The Queen's Mate" or "A Trip to Africa," he ought to give them a chance to show their mettle. Surely this company could sing the "Perichole"—the most lovely operetta ever written. Mr. Carleton—also with a good company—saw the wisdom of sticking to what was good, if old. "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief," "Dorothy"—these are all pretty things, pleasant to hear an infinite number of times. It is certainly better to know beforehand what you may expect than to spend two hours in the appalled contemplation of a production which is too low to cope with even in one's moments of intellectual recreation.

G. B

STAGE GOSSIP.

"The Spider and the Fly" will be continued for another week, with some slight changes in the specialties.

The Duff Opera Company will repeat "The Queen's Mate" next week, which closes their engagement in this city.

J. C. Williamson and his wife—whom we knew as Maggie Moore before she went with him to Australia—are in town, and will probably play a few nights in "Struck Oil" before they return to the antipodes.

"The Pearl of Pekin," a comic-opera which ran well and long in New York and later in Chicago, will be here in a week more. Louis Harrison has the leading comedy rôle, and there are others in the cast for whom this will not be a first visit to San Francisco.

Bronson Howard's "Shenandoah" is to be brought to this city week after next, and is expected to run for a month or so to crowded houses. It has been the greatest success of the winter in the East, and has paid Howard a royalty which puts him among the magnates of literature.

The Boston Howard Athenæum Company will play here another week, the specialists all making changes in their programmes. This company contains about all the good people of the variety stage who have escaped the farce-comedy mania, and their performance is as good as a variety show can be.

Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, "the English Bernhardt," is casting a wistful eye on the flesh pots of America, and intends to come over here herself next year, if anything is left by the Kendalls, Charles Wyndham, Wilson Barrett, and the Gaiety girls. But, of all these, the Kendalls alone are to visit this city.

"Aida," at the Tivoli, seems to have been the popular success of the week. The cast is a long one, and includes several very good singers, the augmented chorus was well drilled, and the scenery and costumes are on a scale of splendor which gives the production high rank among San Francisco's record of notable holiday spectacles. It will be continued next week, and its popularity will not die probably for some weeks.

Emma Juch is one of the few women who can lay claim to such a triumvirate of talents as lie in her voice, her beauty, and her acumen in business matters. Of the first two we have already judged, and of the last we may form an idea from the rumors of her shrewd real-estate operations and the fact that she has kept her English Opera Company not only alive but making money for several months. The company has been very well received in Philadelphia, Brooklyn, and Chicago, and will reach San Francisco in a few weeks.

The two melodramas have been doing a driving business in the holiday week. If the holiday theatregoer can not get tights and tinsel, he wants blood and plenty of it, and he could not well be disappointed with either "Mankind" or "The Great Metropolis." The first is the English article, put together by Merritt and Conquest, who have been doing that sort of thing for years, and the second is by Jessop and Teal, an imitation, but with the improvements which American snap gives to British conservation. They will both be continued next week.

— A WOMAN'S FACE CAN NOT REMAIN PRETTY in this cold weather unless she uses Rachel's Enamel Bloom, which improves the complexion and is absolutely harmless. For sale by all druggists.

A Cough, Cold, or Sore Throat should not be neglected. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES are a simple remedy, and give prompt relief. 25 cents a box.

DLIII—Bill of Fare for six persons—Sunday, December 29, 1889.

French Vegetable Soup.
Deviled Crabs.
Broiled Squabs on Toast. Potato Croquettes.
Flageolets. Mushrooms.
Roast Mutton, Venison Style.
Beet-root and Spanish-Onion Salad.
Plum Pudding.
Fruits, Nuts, and Raisins.

BEET-ROOT AND SPANISH-ONION SALAD.—Boil beets and onions separately, slice and place in dish alternately, dress with two tablespoonfuls of oil, one of vinegar, salt, pepper, and chopped parsley.

The managers of the "Chi'dren's Hospital and Training School for Nurses" cordially invite the public to a reception on New Year's Day from eleven until five, when an opportunity will be afforded to inspect the addition to the building which is now complete in all its appointments. The park cars of the Jackson Street line will stop at the hospital.

Holiday Hats

In an endless variety and at prices as low as consistent with high standard of our hats, at the stores of C. Hermann & Co., 332–336 Kearny Street and 1212–1214 Market Street.

— ZANDER BROS., 209 SANSOME STREET, OFFER a large line of imported Music Boxes, Musical Albums, and Plush Sets at factory prices. Please call.

The Fifty-third semi-annual term of the
URBAN SCHOOL,
at 1017 Hyde Street,
Will begin on Monday, January, 6, 1890.
NATHAN W. MOORE, Principal.
A graduate of this school gained nine honors in the last Harvard examination held in this city. A candidate, prepared by the mathematical teacher of this school, won the highest standing in the recent California competitive examination for West Point.

BANJO
LESSONS.
GATTY JONES,
524 Sutter Street, bet. Powell and Mason.

THE BANCROFT COMPANY,
History Building, San Francisco.
PACIFIC COAST AGENTS FOR
HENRY F. MILLER & SONS'
The first choice of the great artists.
PIANOS.

STORAGE For Furniture, Pianos, and other goods. ADVANCES MADE.
J. M. PIERCE, 735 Market Street.

LADIES
Who Value a Refined Complexion
MUST USE
POZZONI'S
MEDICATED
COMPLEXION
POWDER.

It imparts a brilliant transparency to the skin. Removes all pimples, freckles and discolorations, and makes the skin delicately soft and beautiful. It contains no lime, white lead or arsenic. In three shades: pink or flesh, white and brunette.
FOR SALE BY
All Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers Everywhere.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

— FOR —
WALL PAPER,
WINDOW SHADES,
AND CORNICE POLES
— GO TO —
G. W. CLARK & CO.
653 and 655 Market Street.

MAISON DOREE.

MR. BERTON, OF THE FIRM OF BERTON TSCHURR, wishes to announce to his many friends and clients his return from Paris, and that he has bought the interest of J. Kriwanik, who no longer has any interest in the house.

Mr. Berton has brought with him from Paris the finest assortment of Bonbonnière Chocolate Novelties, and will take special interest in furnishing Private Balls, Parties, Dinners, and Receptions. F. BERTON & CO.

LEBENBAUM BROS.,
THE LEADING GROCERS, TEA, WINE, AND CIGAR MERCHANTS.

Do not fail to visit our Superb Establishment and examine our unequaled line of Fine Imported Goods, specially selected by us and suitable for the New Year.

215 AND 217 SUTTER STREET,
— AND —
COR. POLK AND CALIFORNIA STREETS,
☞ See our monthly catalogue for Prices and Description of Goods.

FOR THE HOLIDAYS
— GO TO THE ORIGINAL —
SWAIN'S BAKERY,
(ESTABLISHED 1856,)
No. 213 SUTTER STREET.

We have made unusual preparations for this HOLIDAY season, and are prepared to furnish to Families and Parties, at the shortest notice, the finest assortment of Plain and Fancy Cakes to be obtained in the city.

FURNITURE!
REMARKABLE BARGAINS
AT OUR GENUINE CLEARANCE SALE.

Such is the general expression of the Thousands who have attended this Grand Sale, which includes Every Article of Furniture and Bric-a-Brac to be found on the Six Large Floors which we occupy.

The Public expected Bargains, but our Prices are so Much Lower than the most vivid imagination anticipated that every one pronounces this, without any restriction, the Greatest Sale of the age.

A Saving of One-half, and in many cases even More than this, is the Cause of the Fact just mentioned.

F. S. CHADBOURNE & CO.
741, 743 AND 745 MARKET STREET.

FULL WEIGHT PURE

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

MOST PERFECT MADE

Its superior excellence proven in millions of homes for more than a quarter of a century. It is used by the United States Government. Endorsed by the heads of the Great Universities as the Strongest, Purest, and most Healthful. Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder does not contain Ammonia, Lime, or Alum. Sold only in cans.

PRICE BAKING POWDER CO.
NEW YORK. CHICAGO. SAN FRANCISCO.

THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE FOR ASTHMA.

RAPAU'S FRENCH ASTHMA CURE.

GIVES IMMEDIATE RELIEF.

Price $3.50 per bottle. For sale by all Druggists.

IMPORTANT
— AND —
WORTH INVESTIGATION.

We are making suits to order of the fine Huddersfield Worsteds for $25, which are worth $40. As the sales of these fine Worsteds, during the past three weeks, have proved such an immense success, we have added a large line of Kerseys and Meltons for overcoats, with fine silk serge lining all through, made to order, from $25 to $30, which would cost elsewhere at least from $40 to $60. We have also received, direct from the mill, over forty pieces of fine trouserings, which we bought at an immense reduction, and are now prepared to give our customers and the public the benefit. These are fine all-wool goods at prices never before known in San Francisco. Please call and examine goods and be convinced of the bargains now offered by

JOE POHEIM, THE TAILOR,
No. 203 Montgomery Street,
724 Market Street, and
1110-1112 Market Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.

ELECTRIC
— AND —
GASLIGHT
FIXTURES

The Only Makers are

THOMAS DAY & CO., LIMITED
No. 222 Sutter Street.

THE FINEST OF DRY WINES
DEUTZ & GELDERMANN'S
GRAND VIN D'AY

GOLDLACK SEC
CHAMPAGNE,
In Magnums, Quarts, and Pints.
CHARLES MEINECKE & CO.
Sole Agents, 314 Sacramento St., S. F.

POEMS Of Whittier, Longfellow and Tennyson. 3 vols. for only 10c. postpaid. F. W. BENTON, Pub., St. Louis, Mo.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

If.

If tongues were all attached to brains,
How thankful we should be!
If "bogs" were barred from railway trains,
How thankful we should be!
If fads and foibles were tabooed,
If gum were not by ladies chewed,
If death would kindly steal the dude,
How thankful we should be!
—*Chicago Herald.*

If cats would only sleep at night,
How thankful we should be!
If money would not get so tight,
How thankful we should be?
If women would not talk, forsooth,
If ladies' hats were less uncouth,
If weather clerks would tell the truth,
How thankful we should be!
—*Yonkers Statesman.*

If fishermen would stick to facts,
How thankful we should be!
If men would sit between the acts,
How thankful we should be!
If girls in front their hats would doff,
If folks would stop at home who cough,
If empty guns would not go off,
How thankful we should be!
—*Boston Courier.*

If drink men's grief would really drown,
How thankful we should be!
If, on the floor, tacks fell point down,
How thankful we should be!
If babies would not cry at night,
If politicians would do right,
If men would pay their debts at sight,
How thankful we should be!
—*Lawrence American.*

If railway trains were never late,
How thankful we should be!
If horse-cars never made us wait,
How thankful we should be!
If bens would scratch away from home,
If dogs would bark when burglars roam,
If beer was never two-thirds foam,
How thankful we should be!
—*Boston Transcript.*

They Knew their Time was Up.

The ichthyosaurus dived down deep,
While the huge deinosaurus roared,
The apteryx hopped, the archæopteryx flopped,
And the onomodont owned himself "floored."

The pterodactylus winked one eye,
And the megalotherium ran,
The cave-bear growled, the mastodon howled,
When they saw prehistoric man. —*Life.*

To Daphne.

Oft have I put opposing hosts to rout,
Nor trembled when 'gainst heavy odds I've battled;
But only let me see thy red lips pout
And I'll get rattled.

I've oft been full on rich Falernian wine
Cooled with crisp snow from huge Olympian crag;
But only let your eyes gaze into mine,
I'll have a jag.

Bid me do aught—but smile on me the while—
I'll brave the fates or ope the Gordian loop;
But do not shake me, Daphne, sweet, or I'll
Be in the soup. —*Washington Post.*

CATARRH,
Catarrhal Deafness—Hay Fever.
A NEW HOME TREATMENT.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result of this discovery is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness, and hay fever, are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made at home by the patient once in two weeks. N. B.—This treatment is not a snuff or an ointment; both have been discarded by reputable physicians as injurious. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free, on receipt of stamp to pay postage, by A. H. DIXON & SON, 337 and 339 West King Street, Toronto, Canada.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Sufferers from Catarrhal troubles should carefully read the above.

— A PROMINENT SAN FRANCISCO FIRM IS DESIROUS to increase its staff of traveling salesmen about the fifteenth proximo, to sell well-known standard specialties in the grocery line.

The idea of the advertiser is about as follows: As the traveling expenses of a poor salesman are as great—yes, generally greater than those of a first-class representative—the question of salary is of mild importance after tangible proofs of superior salesmanship are obtained—thus showing intelligence, supported by business capacity and combined with energy and industry.

To those who require a large salary in consideration of their verbal or written statements that they know themselves to be very superior salesmen, yet unable to guarantee returns that might justify any such compensation, and unwilling to let their compensation be gauged, if put to a practical test, by the results produced, it is suggested that they do not apply.

A *curriculum vitæ* is positively desired in the first letter of application, to prevent a slide into the waste-basket—though the name of the applicant need not be given until a personal interview is requested, when also a list of references is expected to be furnished.

The commodities to be sold are of large daily consumption in the household. A knowledge of their merits, they being sold under well-known brands, is easily obtained. It is, therefore, not considered of any marked importance that applicants should possess any experience as a traveler—intelligence, business capacity, address, energy, and a willingness being desired and required. No so-called "drummers" need apply. Address, XXX., *Argonaut* office.

— LADIES WHO PREFER A NATURAL COMPLEXION to one made artificially, can find, in the Crême Ganiso, a cure for the ravages of so-called beautifiers and the skin made soft, smooth, and white. Tan, freckles, blotches, and other imperfections removed by using this pleasant and natural remedy. Free from bismuth, arsenic, lead, or other mineral substances. Curative, refreshing, and pleasant. Price, $1.00 per jar, sent by mail. Send for circular. C. J. Berlin & Co., 1209 Polk Street, near Sutter.

— QUICK TIME AND THROUGH TRAINS OFFERED passengers and shippers by the Chicago, Union Pacific & North Western Line, San Francisco to Chicago.

IRVING HALL,
Friday Evening, January 3d, 1890,
CONCERT
— GIVEN BY —
MADAME DE SADOWSKA-PEIXOTTO,
CONTRALTO (First appearance in California.)
— ASSISTED BY —
MADAME THEA. SANDERINI, SOPRANO,
MISS CHARLOTTE TOMLINSON, PIANISTE,
MR. THOMAS RICKARD, BASSO,
Henry Heyman's String Quartet,
— AND —
MR. H. J. STEWART, Mus. Bac. Oxon., Pianist.
MR. HENRY HEYMAN, Musical Director.
Reserved seats at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s music store.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.
KRELING BROS.....PROPRIETORS AND MANAGERS.
Friday Evening, Dec. 27th, and Until Further Notice,
Verdi's Divine Inspiration,
AIDA!
Spectacular Grand Opera in Five Acts!
Libretto, containing the full English text of AIDA, will be distributed free of charge.
Prices for AIDA only. 75cts, 50cts, and 25cts.

THROUGH TRAINS DAILY
Via the Chicago, Union Pacific & North-Western Line.
San Francisco to Chicago.
The finest passenger equipment and best accommodations given.

BE NOT DECEIVED!
ALL THE GENUINE
P. CENTEMERI & CO.

Are branded with name in full in the left-hand glove. Sold only in San Francisco, at
110 POST STREET.
First quality gloves fitted if desired.

STORAGE WAREROOMS.
Light, dry, and commodious lofts for the storage of Books, Furniture, Household Effects, Pianos, etc., at the store of the undersigned. Experienced men in waiting to remove goods. Articles stored by the month or year at moderate rates. For full particulars apply to
SAMUEL CARSON & CO.,
208 Post St., near Grant Ave.

PATENTS THOMAS P. SIMPSON, Washington, D. C. No atty's fee until Patent obtained. Write for Inventor's Guide.

Dividend Notices.

THE CALIFORNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, cor. Powell and Eddy Streets.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1889, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and fifty-eight hundredths (5 58-100) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and four and sixty-five hundredths (4 65-100) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of tax, and payable on and after Thursday, January 2, 1890. VERNON CAMPBELL, Secretary.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 CALIFORNIA Street, cor. Webb. BRANCH, 1700 Market Street, cor. Polk—For the half-year ending with the thirty-first of December, 1889, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and four-tenths (5 4-10) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and four and one-half (4½) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, the second of January, 1889
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California Street.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1889, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and forty-hundredths (5 40-100) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and four and one-half (4½) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits. Payable on and after Thursday, January 2, 1890. GEO. TOURNY, Secretary.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
DEPOSIT VAULTS,
North-west corner Bush and Sansome Streets.

Safes to rent from $5 to $100 per annum (under the exclusive control of the renter) for the care of stocks, bonds, valuable papers, and jewelry.
Trunks, packages of silverware, bric-à-brac, etc., taken on storage at moderate rates and for long or short terms.
Special deposits of coin, bullion, stocks, or bonds taken by the month or year.
A specialty made of the care of wills, and any instructions regarding their disposition upon the death of the testator faithfully carried out.
S. G. MURPHY, President. JAMES K. LYNCH, Manager.

— THE —
BENICIA
AGRICULTURAL WORKS,
BENICIA, CALIFORNIA,
Is the largest Agricultural Implement Factory on the Pacific Coast.
— MANUFACTURERS OF —
PLOWS, HARROWS, SEED-SOWERS, CULTIVATORS, COMBINED HARVESTERS,
HEADERS, BARLEY CRUSHERS, FEED MILLS, HAY PRESSES, MOWERS, SPRING WAGONS,
BUCKBOARDS, CARTS, ROAD SCRAPERS, GARDEN BARROWS, HAND-TRUCKS, ETC.
Only the best materials used, and all goods first class.
For catalogues address as above.
BAKER & HAMILTON,
San Francisco and Sacramento,
SELLING AGENTS.

LADIES!
ALFRED WRIGHT'S PERFUMERY, SACHET POWDERS, and FACE POWDERS are still acknowledged to be the finest.
Try COBURN'S WILD OLIVE BLOSSOM SOAP, elegantly perfumed.
FOR SALE BY ALL FIRST-CLASS DRUGGISTS.
S. R. & J. C. MOTT'S PURE NEW YORK CIDER.
COBURN & STAFFORD, PACIFIC COAST AGENTS.

HIGHLAND BRAND MILK.
THE ONLY ABSOLUTELY PURE CONDENSED MILK IN THE MARKET.
A Perfect Substitute for FRESH MILK OR CREAM. The BEST KNOWN FOOD FOR INFANTS.
It contains no sugar or chemicals, but is simple pure cow's milk, and can be used the same as fresh milk for every purpose. For sale by all grocers and druggists.
THE JOHN T. CUTTING CO., Sole Agents, San Francisco.

KIMBALL'S
FRAGRANT VANITY FAIR & SATIN STRAIGHT-CUT CIGARETTES
Unsurpassed in quality. Used by people of refined taste.
16 First Prize Medals. Our Vanity Fair and Various Smoking Mixtures are the finest for the pipe.
WM. S. KIMBALL & CO., Rochester, N. Y.

DODGE BROS.,
ART STATIONERS AND ENGRAVERS.
Wedding Work our Specialty. A well-selected Stock of Holiday Goods.
225 POST STREET SAN FRANCISCO.

R. H. McDonald, PRES't. E. W. McDonald, CASHIER.

ESTABLISHED 1863.
Oldest Chartered Bank on the Pacific Coast.

PACIFIC BANK

Capital Stock $1,000,000.00.
Surplus $700,000.00.
Av. Resources $4,500,000.00.

Returning thanks for past favors, we respectfully ask a continuance of the same and solicit accounts from Individuals, Firms and Corporations.

R. H. McDONALD, President.

San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 1, 1889.

CALIGRAPH TYPE-WRITER. Most rapid and latest improved Writing-machine Furniture and Supplies.
THE SAMUEL HILL COMPANY,
General Agents, 29 New Montgomery Street, S. F.

MARK TWAIN'S
NEW BOOK,
A CONNECTICUT YANKEE
IN KING ARTHUR'S COURT.

A keen and powerful satire on English nobility and royalty. Nearly 600 pages; 300 unique illustrations. This is Mark Twain's best and most original book. Intensely humorous and thoroughly American.

FOR SALE BY SUBSCRIPTION ONLY BY
A. L. BANCROFT & CO.
132 POST STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO.
AGENTS WANTED.

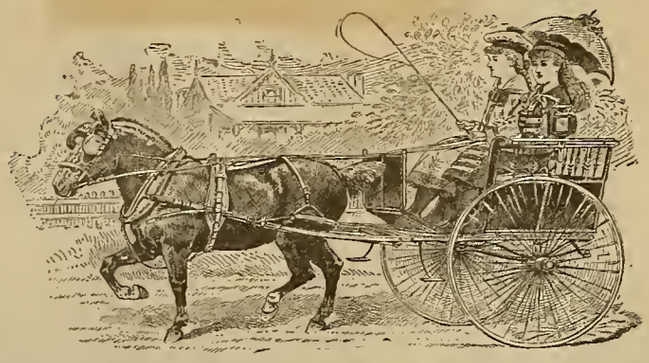
MAKE YOUR HOMES COMFORTABLE
And at the same time
SAVE MONEY
By warming them during the rainy season with a
"PALACE KING"
—OR—
"COMMANDER"
WARM AIR FURNACE.

W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.,
PACIFIC COAST AGENTS.
309 TO 317 MARKET STREET, S. F.

H. B. WILLIAMS. A. CHESEBROUGH. W. H. DIMOND
WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.
SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
UNION BLOCK,
202 Market St., and 3 Pine St., San Francisco.
Agents for Pacific Mail S. S. Co.; Pacific Steam Navigation Co.; The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co.; The California Line of Clippers from New York; The Hawaiian Line of Packets; The China Traders' Ins. Co., Limited; The Baldwin Locomotive Works; steel rails and track material.

"ALPHA" NURSES' AGENCY,
MRS. F. E. GOODBAN, Manager,
615 Pine St., near Stockton. Telephone No. 78.
Reliable Male and Female Nurses or Masseurs furnished at any hour of the day or night to all parts of the city or country. Over fifty members. NO FEE CHARGED.

ANDREWS' UPRIGHT
FOLDING BEDS,
Office and School
FURNITURE,
OPERA AND CHURCH CHAIRS.
C. F. WEBER & CO.,
Post and Stockton Sts., S. F.



Just received an elegant line of special patterns of Fine Robes, Blankets, Whips, etc., for the Holiday Trade.

J. C. JOHNSON & CO.,
400 TO 404 MARKET ST.,
Corner Battery Street, San Francisco.

A RICH, BLUE-GRAVEL DRIFT MINE.

The advertiser has bonded, for a term of years, a blue-gravel mine and wishes to secure capital to open and develop it. The channel secured is 10,000 feet in length and about 100 feet in width, and may yet yield millions in gold. There is an abundance of water for washing the gravel, ample supply of timber, and a fine chance to save the tailings to wash again for years to come. Title, U. S. Patent. For particulars and the very best of reference, address,
ALFRED H. NABOR, Glen House, 236 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

MACKINTOSHED COATS AND CLOAKS
FOR MEN AND WOMEN.
Goodyear's Cloth Coats can be worn in place of an overcoat, and are PERFECTLY WATERPROOF.
GOODYEAR RUBBER CO.
R. H. PEASE, JR. S. M. RUNYON, } AGENTS.
577 and 579 Market St., San Francisco.

TRADE MARK.
HYGIENIC! NOURISHING! AGREEABLE!
Ghirardelli's
Soluble Cocoa
HOME-MADE, FRESHER AND BETTER THAN THE IMPORTED.

CROWN FOUNTAIN PENS!
TO SUIT ANY HAND.

PRACTICAL! RELIABLE! PERFECT! Made of solid 16k. gold.
No. 3. Hard Rubber Holder, fine, medium, or stub pen, - - $2 50
No. 5. " " " " " " " - - 3 50
Beware of imitations and of poor makes. The CROWN is the Best.
If your dealer can not supply you, refuse all substitutes and order direct from the manufacturers. Sent, post paid, to any address upon receipt of price.
CROWN PEN CO., 120 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

SOHMER PIANOS ARE PREFERRED by Leading Artists
—ALSO SOLE AGENT—
HALLETT & CUMSTON, NEWBY & EVANS' PIANOS.
BYRON MAUZY, UNION CLUB BUILDING, Corner Post and Stockton Sts.

THE LEADING COAST CO.
FIREMAN'S FUND
INSURANCE COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA.
CAPITAL, - - - - - - $1,000,000
ASSETS, JUNE 30, 1889, - - - - - 2,350,000
AGENTS IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL LOCALITIES.
D. J. STAPLES, President. WM. J. DUTTON, Secretary.
ALPHEUS BULL, Vice-President. L. FAYMONVILLE, Assistant-Secretary.

PERRIER-JOUËT & CO.

CHAMPAGNE.
W. B. CHAPMAN,
123 California Street, San Francisco.
SOLE AGENT FOR THE PACIFIC COAST.
For sale by all first-class Wine-Merchants and Grocers.

Fine Table Wines
From our Celebrated Orleans Vineyard.
Arpad Haraszthy & Co.
Producers of the
ECLIPSE
CHAMPAGNE,
530 Washington St.
SAN FRANCISCO.
NEW YORK—PARK & TILFORD,
PHILADELPHIA—F. P. DILLEY & CO.,
CHICAGO—C. JEVNE & CO.,
ST. PAUL—C. JEVNE & CO., } Agents.

EAGLESON'S
FINE SHIRTS,
UNDERWEAR, ETC.
748 & 750 MARKET ST.

MILLBRAE DAIRY,
The Model Dairy of California.
F. H. GREEN, Proprietor. C. H. TILTON, Manager.
PURE COUNTRY MILK AND CREAM
Produced from healthy cows, wholesome feed, and rich pastures. Fresh from Millbrae, San Mateo County, twice daily. Delivery to all parts of the city.
The farm and city departments are open to inspection at all times.
OFFICE AND DEPOT:
MISSION AND NINTH STREETS
BRANCHES:
Second and Mission Streets, - Third and Brannan Streets.

CATALOGUE FREE
GLADDING, McBEAN & CO.
SEWER & CHIMNEY PIPE,
DRAIN TILE,
ARCHITECTURAL TERRA COTTA ETC.
1358-1360 MARKET ST. S. F.
MANUFACTORY AT LINCOLN CAL.

G. F. BOWMAN,
Bonds, Investment Securities, Real Estate, Insurance, Loans,
No. 210 SANSOME ST.
First-class residence and business properties.

GERMEA
FOR BREAKFAST.
DELICIOUS.
TRY IT!